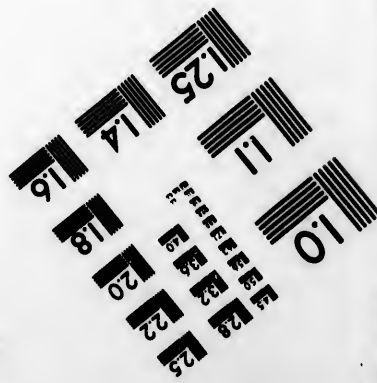
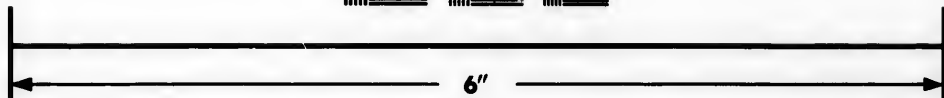
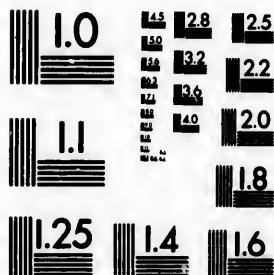


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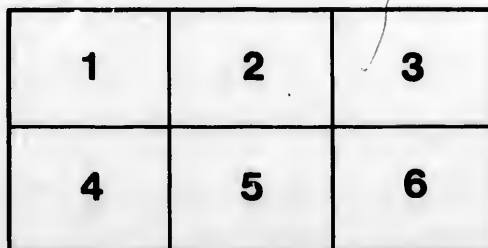
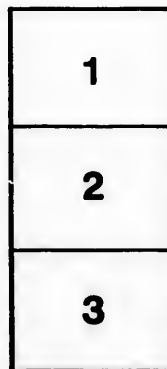
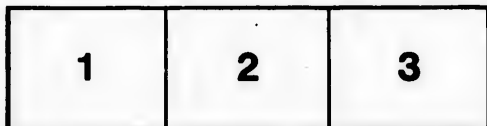
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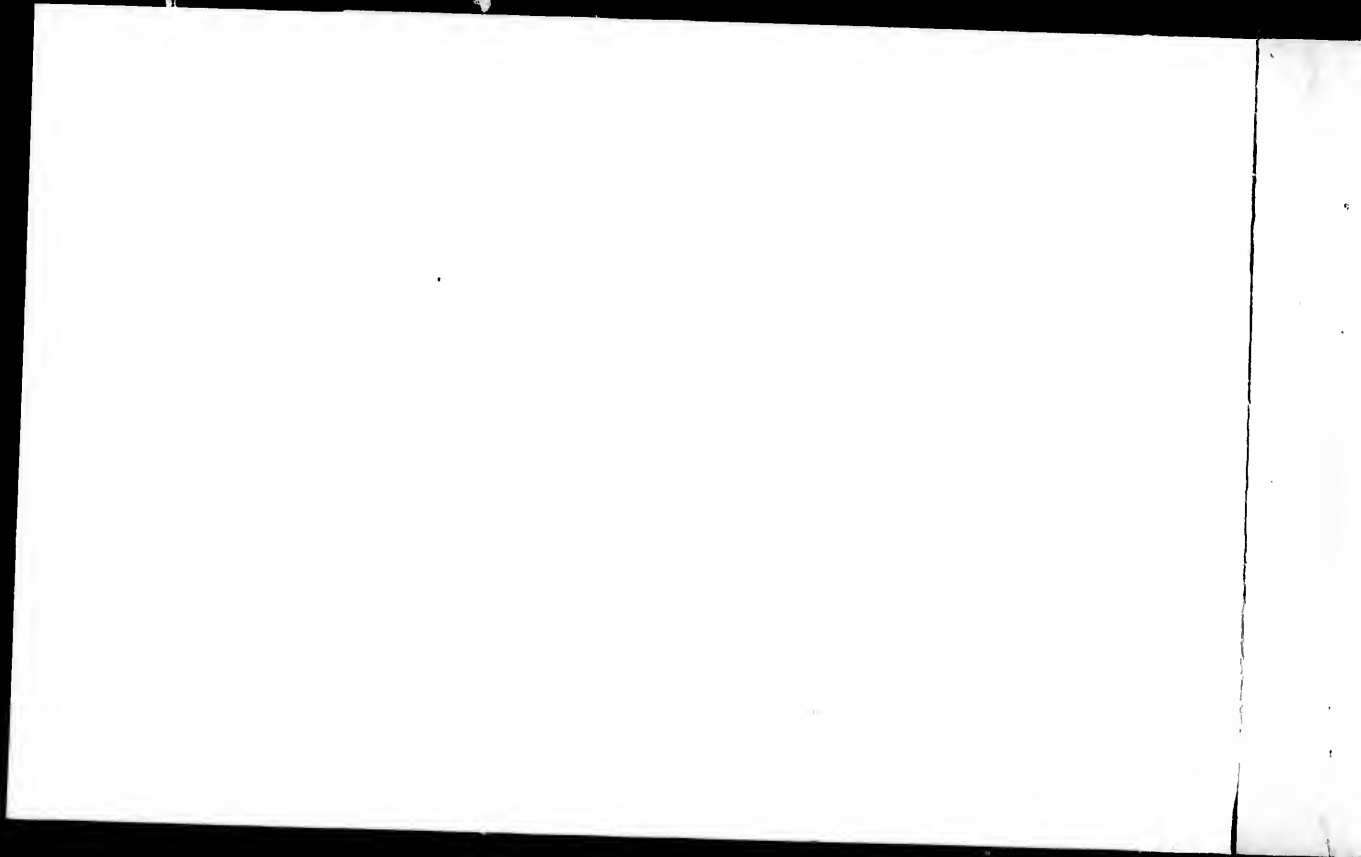
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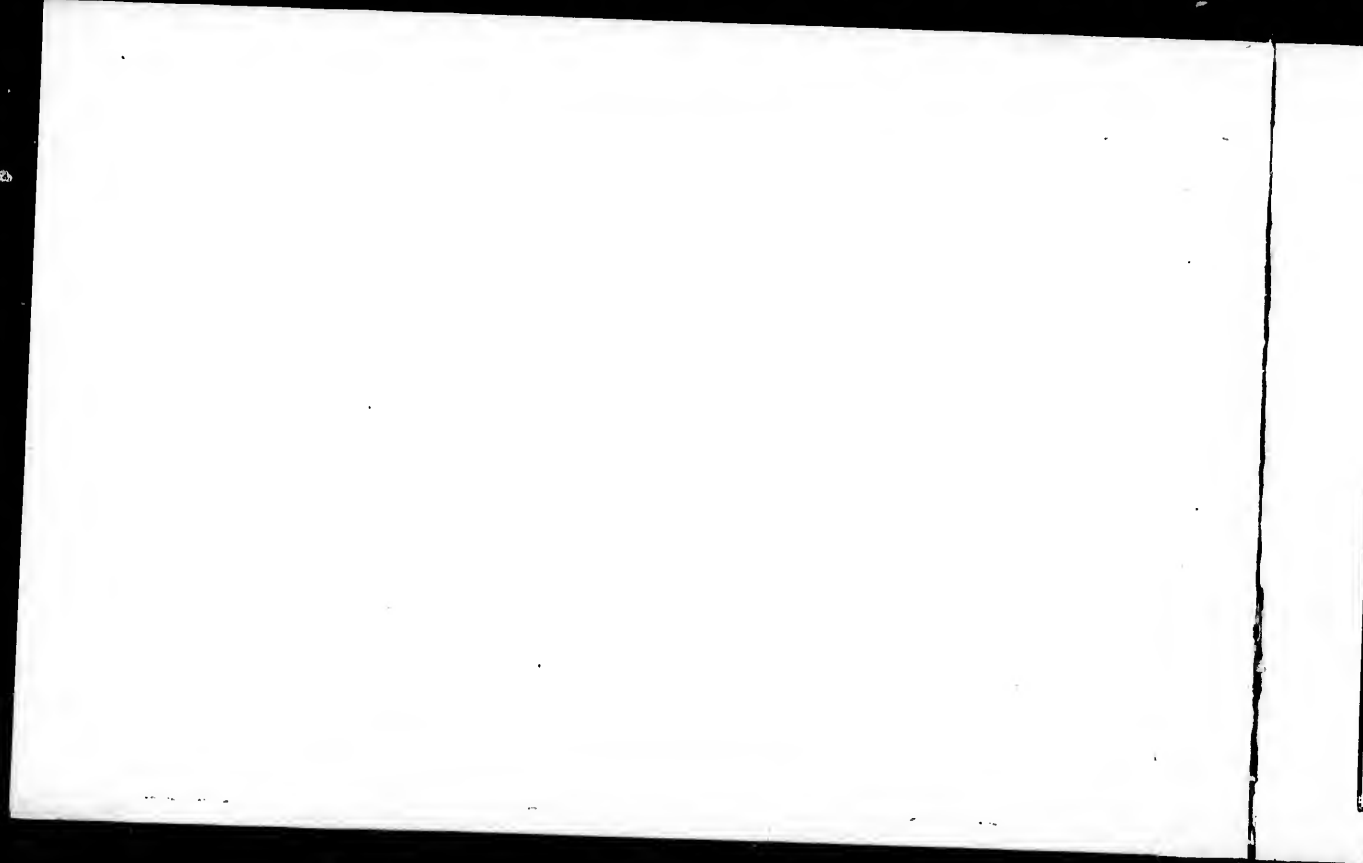
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THE DOMINION HYMNAL.



THE
DOMINION HYMNAL,

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND MUSIC

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

Toronto:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 KING STREET EAST,
C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE. S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.

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PREFACE.

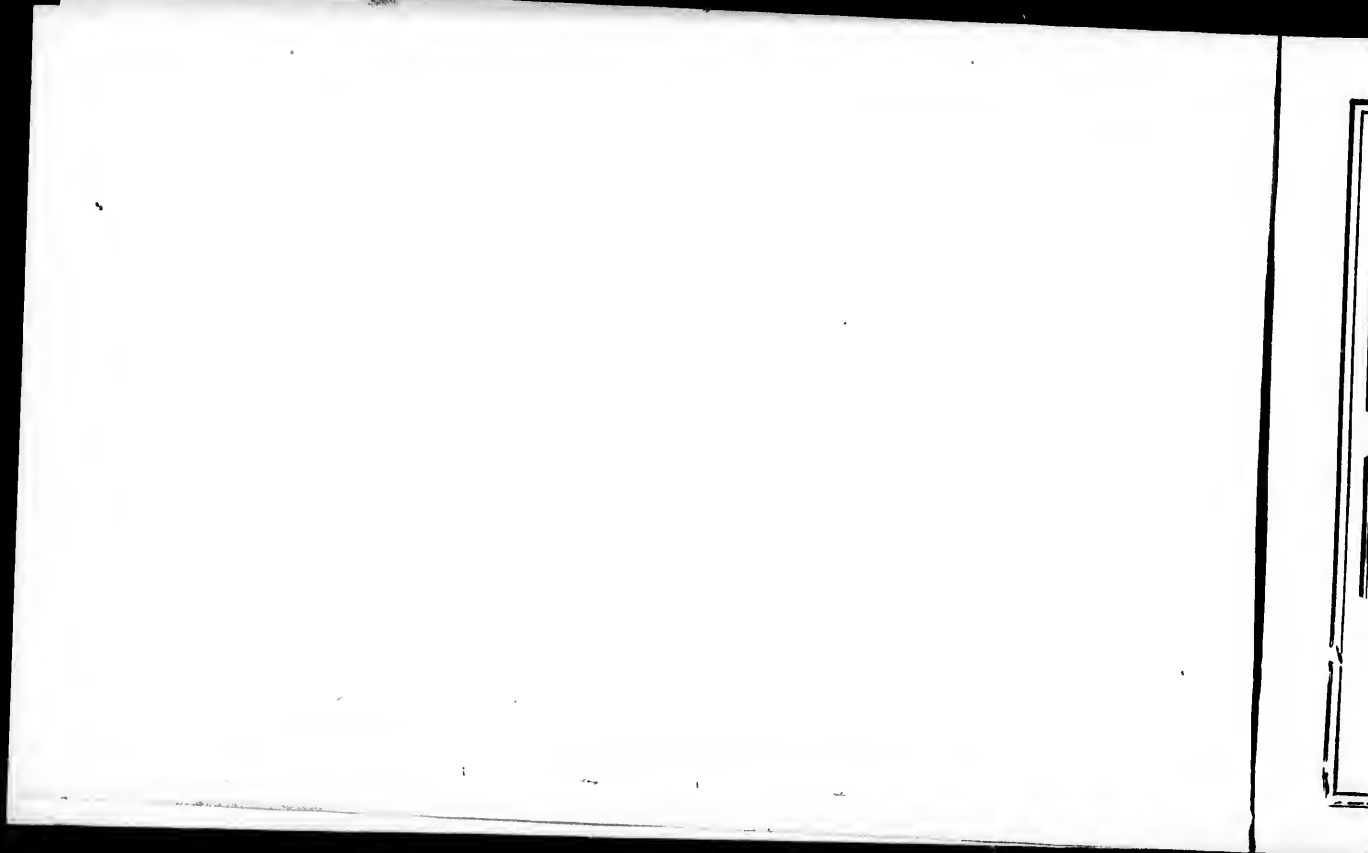
It is with great confidence we present THE DOMINION HYMNAL to the favourable notice of all lovers of Sacred Song. The words and the music have been selected with great care and fidelity, and with special reference to the wants of the Sunday Schools of the Dominion.

While the work contains a selection of familiar tunes, which will tend to bring the service of song in the Sunday-School into closer accord with that of the larger congregation, there will also be found a number of choice, bright, taking melodies, especially suited to the School and the Home, which can easily be learned, and will be greatly appreciated.

It is hoped that THE DOMINION HYMNAL may prove a help towards the advancement of good and worthy music in the Sunday Schools of our country.

THE PUBLISHERS.

TORONTO, 1883.



SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNAL.

(Hymn 1)—Belmont.

SAMUEL WEBER.

O for a thous - and tongues to sing, My great Re - deem - er's praise,

The glor - ies of my God and King, the tri - umphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrow cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

2

(Hymn 2)—Coronation.—C.M.

O. HOLMES, 1798.

All hail the power 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, crown Him, Lord of all.

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song
And crown him Lord of all. 2

3

(Hymn 3)—Antioch.—C.M.

HANDEL.

Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne;

Ten thous - and thous - and are their tongues, But all their joys are one. But

all their joys are one. But all But all their joys are one.

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

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine!

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

3

(Hymn 4)—Christian Children.

Arr. from BOLDIQU.

Come, Chris - tian chil - dren, come, and raise Your voice with one ac - cord;

Come, sing in joy - ful songs of praise, The glo - ries of your Lord.

2 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And loudest praises give
To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.

3 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who with his own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

Ho - san - na! be the chil - dren's song, To Christ, the chil - dren's King!

His praise, to whom our souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.

2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night
And heaven to earth, reply.

4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be
Hosanna to our King!
As is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing,

(Hymn 6)—The Children's Song.

WEALTH OF PRAISE.

When his sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Jes - us came, The chil - dren all stood

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line provides harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

sing - ing Ho - san - na to his name: Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

as he rode a - long, He let them still at - tend him, and smiled to hear their song.

The third system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. A small number '6' is visible at the bottom right of the page.

The Children's Song—(Continued).

REFRAIN.

Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang!

Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to Je - sus they sang!

2 And since the Lord retaineth,
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill.
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna!
To David's royal Son."

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

Regent Square.—8.7.8.7.4.7.

SIR HENRY SMART.

Chil - dren, loud hos - an - nae sing - ing, Hymned thy praise in old - en time, Ju - dah's

an - cient tem - ple fill - ing, with the mel - o - dy sub - lime. In - fant voi - ces, in - fant voi - ces,

Joined to swell the ho - ly chime.

2 Though no more the incarnate Saviour
We behold in latter days;
Though a temple far less glorious
Echoes now the songs we raise;
Still in glory
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.

3 Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem
All thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Till all heaven and earth resounding,
Echo with thy glorious name;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

Shepherd. — 8's, 7's, and 4's.

W. B. BRADFORD.

Sav - our, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care ;
In thy plea-sant pas-tures feed us, For our use thy fields pre - pare :

Bless - ed Jes - us, Bless-ed Jes - us, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

Bless - ed Jes - us, Bless-ed Jes - us, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way ;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray :
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us when we pray !

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will ;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill :
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, lovs us still. 9

(Hymn 9)—Hettleton.

Fine.

O thou God of my Sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all - sin,
I will praise thee, I will praise thee, Where shall I thy praise be - gin.

Moved by thy Di - vine Com - pas - sion, Who hast died my heart to win,

I will praise thee; I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be - gin? *D.C.*

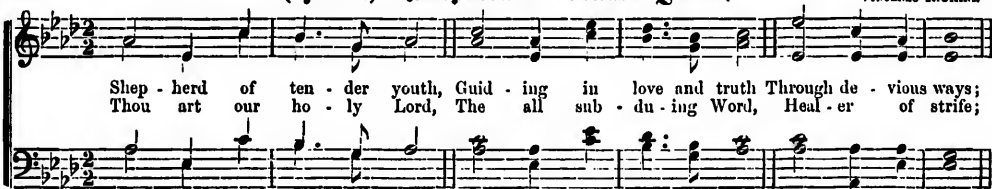
2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying—
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

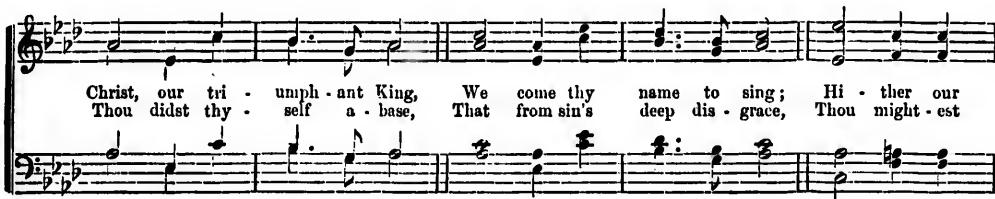
4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived among the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong! 10

(Hymn 10)—Shepherd of Tender Youth.

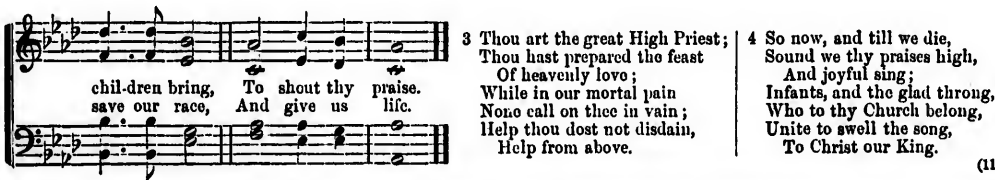
VINCENTO RIGHINI.



Shep - herd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth Through de - vious ways;
Thou art our ho - ly Lord, The all sub - du - ing Word, Heal - er of strife;



Christ, our tri - umph - ant King, We come thy name to sing; Hi - ther our
Thou didst thy - self a - base, That from sin's deep dis - grace, Thou might - est



children bring, To shout thy praise.
save our race, And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest; Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None call on thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song,
To Christ our King.

Dutlock.

Jes - us! the name high ov - er all, In hell, or earth, or sky;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And de - vils fear and fly. And

de - vils fear and fly. And de - vils, And de - vils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

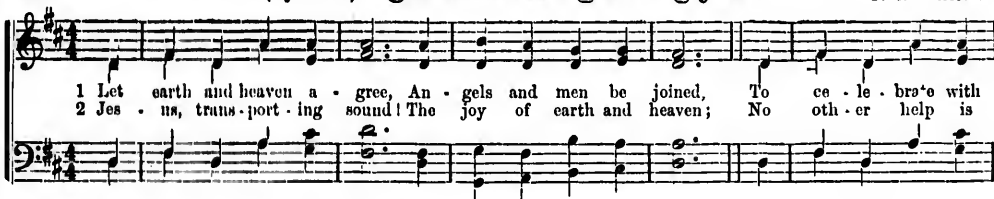
3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace. 12

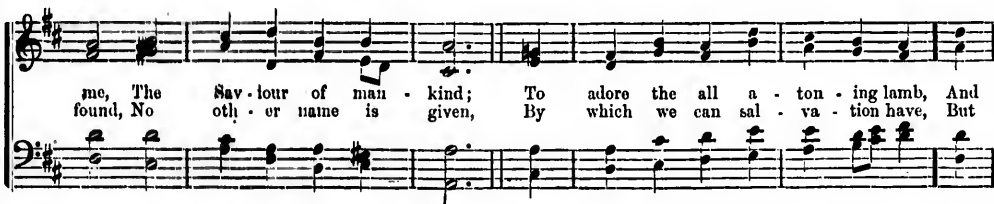
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(Hymn 12)—Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

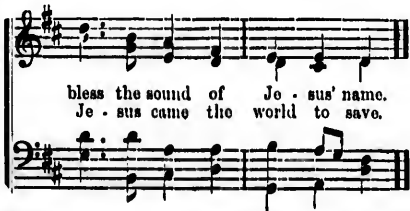
F. C. CHATTOCK.



1 Let earth and heaven a - gree, An - gels and men be joined, To ce - le - bra'te with
2 Jes - us, trans - port - ing sound! The joy of earth and heaven; No oth - er help is



me, The Sav - our of man - kind; To adore the all a - ton - ing lamb, And
found, No oth - er name is given, By which we can sal - va - tion have, But



bless the sound of Je - sus' name.
Je - sus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as

lambs to his fold, I should have liked to have been with him then. I wish that his hands had been

Salmis—(Continued).

placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown a-round me; That

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the Lit - tle ones come un - to me."

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of a treble and bass staff with the same key and time signatures. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Hark, ten thousand harps and voices, Sound their note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices, Jesus reigns, the God of love. See, he sits on yonder

CHORUS.

throne; Jesus rules the world alone. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-

lu-jah, A-men.

2 Jeaus, hail! whose glory brightens,
 All above, and gives it worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth.
 When we think of love like thine
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

3 Saviour, hasten thy appearing;
 Bring,—O bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,—
 Glory, glory to our King.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

15

(Hymn 15)—Salisbury.

RAVENSCROFT AND TURVET.

Cheerful. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for ev' - ry wound, A

CHORUS.

cor - dal for our fears. *Lively.* Glo - ry, hon - our, praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for - ev - er;

Jo - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! *praise* the Lord!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
Whi'o all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.—*Cho.*

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.—*Cho.*

n

17

(Hymn 16)—He so Loved Us.

SUNSHINE.

1 Dear Sav - our does thy love, So won - der - ful and free, De - light to own thy
2 Give us a deep - er love, That loves thy love a - lone; Re - signs all hope of

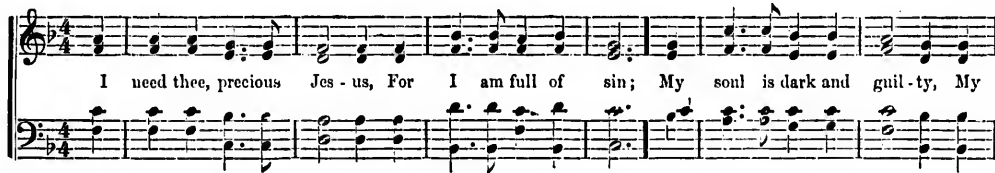
CHORUS.

weakest child Who upwards looks to thee! O love! O wondrous love! O love that stoops to me!
earthly gain, This wondrous gift to own.

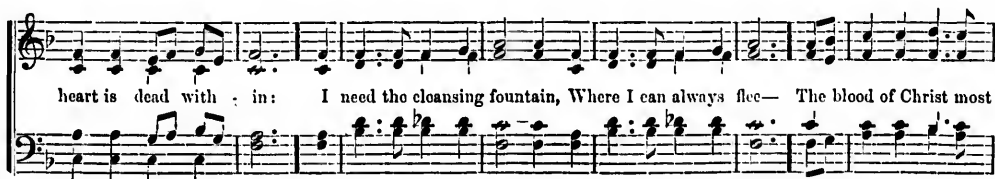
Slower.

A love that covers all my sins, And makes me free in thee.

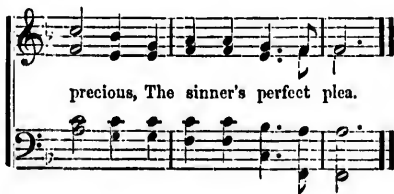
- 3 Thee only would we love;
Be this our constant aim,
To lose all thought of self in thee,
And glorify thy name.—*Cho.*
- 4 Then beautify us, Lord,
And may we meekly show
Our hearts to be thy temple-home,
Where love shall ever flow.—*Cho.*



I need thee, precious Jes - us, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and guilt-y, My



heart is dead with - in: I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can always flee— The blood of Christ most



precious, The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blessed Jesus!

For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:

I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blessed Jesus!

I need a friend like thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me:

I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, blessed Jesus!
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;
There, with the blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

(Hymn 18) — Earth Below is Teeming.

Arr. from HADYN by REV. J. B. DYKES.

1 Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heav - en is bright a - bove, Ev - ry brow is beam - ing, In the light of love;
2 For the sun and show - ers, For the rain and dew, For the nur - tur - ing hours, Spring and sum - mer knew.

Ev - ry eye re - joic - es, Ev - ry thought is praise; Hap - py hearts and vol - es, Glad - den nights and days.
For the gold - en au - tumn, And its pre - cious stores, For the love that brought them Teeming at our doors.

CHORUS.

O Al - migh - ty Giv - er, Boun - ti - ful and free, As the joy in har - vest, Joy we be - fore thee.

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens,
In a brighter sun;
Thou the orb that lightens
All we tread upon,

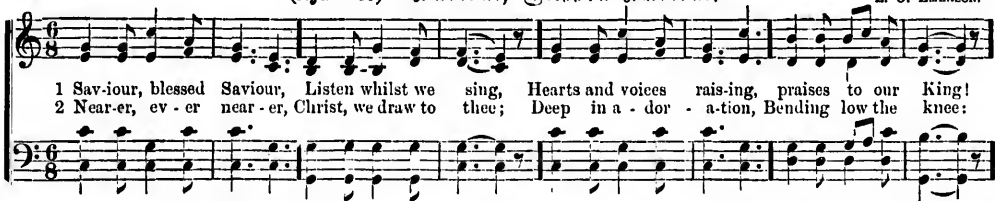
Send out labourers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave;
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.

O Almighty Giver!
Bountiful and free,
Then as joy in harvest,
We shall joy in thee.

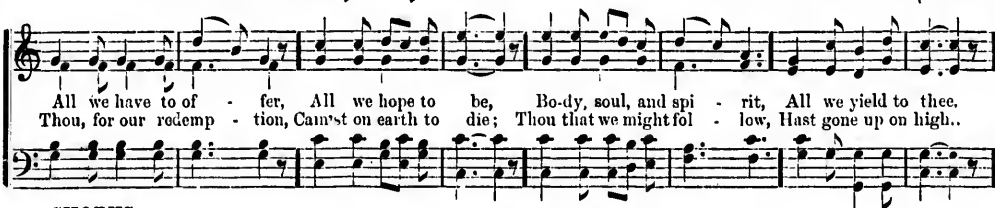
19

(Hymn 19)—Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

L. O. EMERSON.



1 Sav-iour, blessed Saviour, Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing, praises to our King!
2 Near-er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to thee; Deep in a - dor - a-tion, Bending low the knee:



All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be, Bo-dy, soul, and spi - rit, All we yield to thee.
Thou, for our redemp - tion, Can'st on earth to die; Thou that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high..

CHORUS.



Onward, upward, heavenward, To our ci - ty bright, Singing as we jour - ney For-ward in - to light.

3 Jesu, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet

Here with hearts rejoicing,
See thy children meet:

Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray,

Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—*Cho.*

(Hymn 20)—Leaning on Thee.

HEART AND VOICE.

Andly.

1 Lean - ing on thee, my Guide and Friend, My gra - cious Sav - our, I am blest; Tho' wea - ry,
 2 Lean - ing on thee, with child - like faith, To face the fu - ture I con - fide; Each step of
 3 Lean - ing on thee, no fear a - larms; Al - though I stand on death's dark brink, I'll feel the

f CHORUS.

thou dost con - de - scend To be my rest, To be my rest, Lean - ing on thee,
 life's un - trod - den path Thy love shall guide, Thy love shall guide, Lean - ing on thee.
 ev - er - last - ing arms, I will not sink, I will not sink.

p Lean - ing on thee, *f* Lean - ing on thee, Lean - ing on thee, My Guide and Friend.

(Hymn 21)—Sweetly Sing the Love of Jesus.

MURRAY.

1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me : Heav-en's light is not more
 D.C. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me : Heav-en's light is not more

Fine.

cheer - ing, Heaven's dews are not more free : As a child, in pain or ter - ror, Hides him in his
 cheer - ing, Heaven's dews are not more free.

D.C.

moth-er's breast,— As a sail - or seeks the ha - ven,— We would come to him for rest.

2 Gladly sing the love of Jesus
 Let us lean upon his arm ;
 If he loves us, what can grieve us
 If he keeps us what can harm ?

Still he lays his hand in blessing
 On each upturned seeking face,
 And in heaven his children's angels
 Near the throne have always place.—*Cho.*

1 Each coo-ing dove and sigh-ing bough That makes the eve

Each coo-ing dove, and sighing bough, That makes the eve

so blest to me Has something far di - vin - er now It bears me

so blest to me, Has something far di - vin - er now,

Memories of Galilee—(Continued).
CHORUS.

back to Gal - i - lee Oh, Gal - i - lee, Sweet Gal - i - lee, Where
It bears me back to Gal - i - lee. Oh, Gal - i - lee, Sweet Gal - i - lee, Where

Je - sus loved so much to be; Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.
Je - sus lov'd so much to be; Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

2 Each flowery glen and mossy dell,
Where happy birds in song agree,
Through sunny morn the praises tell,
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

3 And when I read the thrilling lore
Of him who walked upon the sea,
I long, Oh, how I long once more,
To follow him in Galilee.

(Hymn 23)—My Redeemer.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And his won - d'rous love to me ;

On the cru - el cross he suf - fer'd, From the curse to set me free.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing of my Re - deem - er, With his

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem - er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem - er, With his

My Redeemer—(Continued).

blood

blood he purchased me, he pur-chased me, On the cross He bought my
blood he purchased me, he pur-chased me,

blood he purchased me, With his blood he purchased me; On the cross he bought my par-lou, on the

Repeat pp after last verse.

par - don, Paid the debt, to make me free, To make me free, to make me free.

cross he bought my par-don, Paid the debt to make me free.

- 2 I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.—*Cho.*
- 3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,

- How the victory he giveth
Over sin, and death and hell.—*Cho.*
- 4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his heavenly love to me,
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with him to be.—*Cho.*

(Hymn 24)—Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

W. H. DOANE.

Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, There by his love o'er - shad - ed,

Chorus. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, There by his love o'er - shad - ed,

rit. Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. *End.* Hark! tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me, Ov - er the fields of

Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

D. C. Chorus.

glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.

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

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

(Hymn 25)—Open the Door.

SUNSHINE.

1 } Open the door for the children, Ten-derly gather them in ;
 In from the high ways and hedges, In from the places of . . . sin. Some are so young and so helpless,
 2 } Open the door for the children, See, they are coming in throngs ;
 Bid them sit down to the banquet, Teach them your beautiful . . . songs. Pray you the father to bless them,

Some are so hung - ry and cold ; O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gather them in - to the fold.
 Pray you that grace may be given ; O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Their's is the kingdom of heaven.
 D.S. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gather them in - to the fold.

CHORUS.
 O - pen the door gath - er them in, Gath - er them in - to the fold ; -

3
 Open the door for the children ;
 Take the dear lambs by the hand,
 Point them to truth and to goodness,
 Lead them to Canaan's bright land.
 Some are so young and so helpless,
 Some are so hungry and cold ;
 Open the door for the children,
 Gather them into the fold.—*Cho.* 29

Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain, Free to all, a

CHORUS.

heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal vary's moun - tain. In the Cross, In the Cross,

Be my glo - ry ev - er, Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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

3 Near the cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me:
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.—*Cho.*

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.—*Cho.*

(Hymn 27)—In the Cross of Christ we Glory.

In the cross of Christ we glo - ry, 'Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred

CHORUS.

sto - ry Gathers round its head sub - lime. 'Tis the cross of our sal - va - tion, May we

love it more and more, And with heavenly ex - ul - ta - tion, S'ng its glo - ries o'er and o'er.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake us,
 Hopes deceiva and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake us,
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.—*Cho.*

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

(Hymn 28)—I've been Redeemed.

Arr. by DR. T. H. PEACOCK.

1 There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sin - ners plung'd be -
 2 Dear dy - ing Lamb, thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran - som'd

♩ CHORUS.

neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains, I've been re - deem'd I've been re -
 Church of God Are saved to sin no more. I've been redeem'd

deem'd, I've been re - deem'd I've been re - deem'd I've been re - deem'd I've been re -
 I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been re - deem'd,

I've been Redeemed.

Fine.

- deem'd, I've been re-deem'd, I've been re-deem'd, I've been re-deem'd, wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,

Been re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb, Been re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb.
Been re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb, Been re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb,

Been re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry. *pp*
Been re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb, *D. S. to C.*

(Hymn 29)—The Water of Life.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.



- 1 { Je - sus, the wa - ter of life will give, Free-ly, free - ly, free - ly, Je - sus, the wa - ter of life will give,
 } Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Free-ly, free - ly free - ly, Come to that foun-tain, O drink and live,
- 2 { Je - sus has pro-mised a home in heaven, Free-ly, free - ly, free - ly, Je - sus has pro-mised a home in heaven,
 } Treasures un - fa - ding will there be given, Free-ly, free - ly, free - ly, Trea-sures un - fa - ding will there be given,

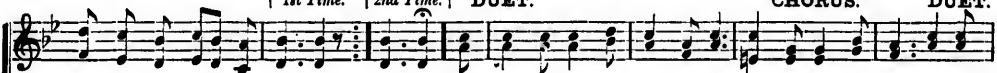


| 1st Time. | 2nd Time. |

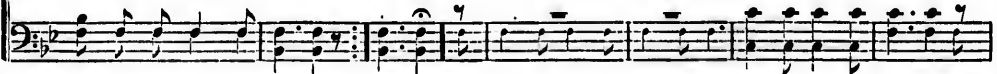
DUET.

CHORUS.

DUET.



- Free - ly to those that love him. } love him. The Spi - rit and the Bride say, come, freely, Free-ly, free - ly, And
 Flow-ing for those that }
 Free - ly to those that love him. } love him. The Spi - rit and the Bride say, come, &c.
 Free - ly to those that }



The Water of Life—Concluded.

CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

he that is thirs-ty, let him come And drink of the wa-ter of life. The foun-tain of life is

flow-ing, Flow-ing, free-ly flow-ing, The fountain of life is flow-ing, Is flow-ing for you and for me.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.
 The fountain, &c.

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

5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love him;
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely to all that love him.
 The fountain, &c.

30

(Hymn 30)—Flow Down thou Stream.

Flow down thou stream of life di - vine, Thy quick'ning truths de - liv - er;

Oh! flow through - out this soul of mine, For - ev - er and For - ev - er.

2 Flow down, and cause this heart to glow,
With love to God the Giver;
That love in which all virtues grow,
Forever and forever.

3 Flow down, as flows the ray and rain,
In vital work together,
Refreshing roots and quickening grain,
Forever and forever.

4 Flow down, as flows the living sun
Upon the sparkling river,
Which, chanting to the boundless, run
Forever and forever.

5 Flow down, revive this famished soul
And bear away all error,
And I will praise Thee, God of all,
Forever and forever.

1 } Be - hold the Rock, tho smit - ten Rock! With - in its rift - ed side,
I've found a bless - ed re - fuge, Where I may so - cure - ly hide.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Rock, the Rock, the riv - en Rock! My Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;

No oth - er shel - ter is so - cure, But Je - sus' wound - ed side.

2 Tho' thund'ring Sinai's terrors sound
Appalling to the ear,
Concealed within the Cleft, I'm safe;
No danger will I fear.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus, dear refuge of my soul!
My hope, my joy, my rest;
Confiding in thy changeless love,
I am supremely blest.—*Chorus.*

4 My peace, unbroken by life's storms,
While I in Christ's abide,
My spirit rests in sweetest calm,
As in the cleft I hide.—*Chorus.* 37

Jo - aus, lov - or of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll,

While the tem - pest still is high : Hide me, O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life be past ; Safe 'in - to the

ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! 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 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover 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.

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 which flowed, Be - of sin the dou - ble 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 cross 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.

34

(Hymn 34)—Thou My Everlasting Portion.

GARLAND OF PRAISE.

Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me; All a - long my pil - grim

CHORUS.

jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to

thee; Al a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.
Close to thee, &c.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.
Close to thee, &c.

Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe— It will joy and com-fort

CHORUS.

give you, Take it, then, where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Precious name, O how sweet,

earth and joy of heav'n. Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet.

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

3 O the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet, [him,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
When our journey is complete.

36

(Hymn 36)—He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd.

SILVER SONGS.

He shall feed his flock like a shep-herd, He shall gath-er the lambs in his arms, And

car-ry them in . . . his bos-om, And car-ry them in . . . his bos-om.

He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock like a
He shall feed his flock He shall feed his flock,

He shall feed his flock—Concluded.

shep - herd, He shall feed his flock, shall feed his flock like a shep - herd, And

gath - er the lambs in his arms, And gath - er the lambs in his arms, gath - er the lambs in his arms, And

arms, gath - er the lambs in his arms, And gath - er the lambs in his arms, The lambs in his arms.

37

(Hymn 37)—Our Blest Redeemer.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed his last fare - well,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be - queathed With us to

2 He comes, his graces to impart,
A willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 He breathes that gentle voice we hear
As breeze of even;
That checks each fault, that calms each fear
And speaks of heaven.

4 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling place
And worthier thee!

(Hymn 38)—Crown Him with many Crowns.

Crown him with many crowns, Tho Lamb up - on his throne; Hark! how the heavenly an-them drowns

All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing, Of him who died for thee: And hail him as thy

match-less King, Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

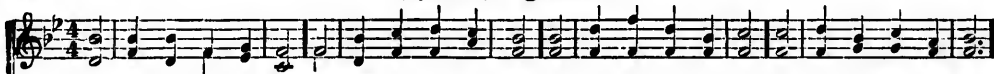
2.

Crown him the Lord of Love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

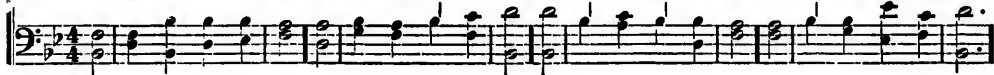
3.

Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the father known,—
And the blest spirit through him given
From yonder triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me.
Thy praise and glory shall not fail,
Throughout eternity.

(Hymn 39)—Lennox.



A - rise, my soul, a-rise, Shake off thy guil-ty fears, Tho bleeding sac - ri - fice, In my be-half ap-pears;



Be - fore the throne my sure-ty stands; My name is writ-ten on his hands, My name is writ-ten 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,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers;
 They strongly speak for me:
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed 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 reconciled
 His pardoning 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!

(Hymn 40)—Saviour, thy Dying Love.

Sav- iour! thy dy - ing love, Thou gavest me, Nor, should I ought with - hold, Dear Lord, from thee;

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off-ring bring thee now, Something for thee.

2 At the bless'd mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart -
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some work of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for thee!

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee!

(Hymn 41)—Just a Word for Jesus.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

Now, just a word for Je - sus, Your dear-est friend so true; Come cheer our hearts and tell us What

REFRAIN.

He has done for you. Now just a word for Je - sus—"Twill help us on our way; One

lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak or sing or pray.

2 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty,
Brings sorrow to its cost.

Now just a word for Jesus—
"Twill help us on our way;
One little word for Jesus,
O speak, or sing, or pray.

Slowly.

Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee; Let thy precious blood ap-

REFRAIN.

plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near thy side, Ev'-ry day, Ev'-ry day, and hour, Let me and hour, and hour,

feel thy cleansing power; May thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In the brighter, brighter world above.

For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;

This all my hope and all my plea— For the Sav - iour died!

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own;
Wash me and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone;
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

(Hymn 44) — A Martyr's Hymn.*

Je - sus, re - fuge of the wea - ry, Ob - ject of the spi - rit's love,

Foun - tain in life's des - ert drea - ry, Sav - iour from the world a - bove!

- 2 Oh! how oft thine eyes offended,
Gazed upon the sinner's fall;
Yet Thou on the cross extended,
Bore the penalty of all.
- 3 For our human sake enduring
Tortures infinite in pain,
By Thy death our life assuring,
Conquerors, through Thee we reign!
- 4 Jesus, would my heart were burning,
With more vivid love for Thee!

- 5 So in praise and rapture blending,
Might my fading eyes grow dim,
While the freed heart rose, ascending
To the circling Seraphim.
- 6 'Then in glory parted never
From the blessed Saviour's side,
Graven on my heart forever,
Be the Cross and Crucified.

* By Girolamo Savonarola, who was burned at the stake as a witness for Jesus, in Florence, in 1489.

1 } God has said, "For - ev - er bless - ed, Those who seek me in their youth ; Guide us,
They shall find the path of wis - dom, And the nar - row way of truth ;"

Sav - iour, Guide us, Sav - iour, In the nar - row way of truth. Guide us, Sav - iour, Guide us, Sav - iour,

In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness ;
Be our wisdom and our guide ;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side ;
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our father,
To our home beyond the sky ;
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

Hap - py the child whose young - est years, Re - ceive in - struc - tion well,

Who hates the sin - ner's path, and fears The road that leads to hell.

- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young:
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtues strong.

- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
 Our childhood we resign;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
 Employ my youngest breath:
 Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

47

(Hymn 47)—Come with thy Broken Heart.

T. E. PERRINS.

Come, Oh, come with thy bro-ken heart, Wea - ry and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door;

D.C. Come, Oh, come with thy bro-ken heart, Wea - ry and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door;

Fine.

Je - sus is wait-ing there, Wait-ing to heal thy wounded soul, Waiting to give thee rest; Why wilt thou walk where

Je - sus is wait-ing there.

D.C. for Chorus.

shadows fall? Come to his loving breast.

2 Firmly cling to the blessed cross,
There shall thy refuge be;
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,
Flowing so pure for thee;
List to the gentle warning voice,
List to the earnest call;
Leave at the cross thy burden now,
Jesus will bear it all.

3 Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that forever bloom,
Bright in the life above;
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace;
Come, for He loves to clasp thee now,
Close in his dear embrace.

Child of sin and sor-row! Filled with dis-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day:

Heaven bids thee come while yet there's room, Child of sin and sor-row! Hear and o-bey.

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

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Thy moments glide
 Like the fitting arrow,
 Or rushing tide!
 Ere time is o'er,
 Heaven's grace implore;
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 In Christ confide.

(Hymn 49)—Ask for the Old Path.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Ask for the old path; God will make it plain; Je - sus will lead us there; They who would find it
2 Knock at the por - tal, nar - row though it be; Pray that we en - ter in; Faith is the password,

CHORUS.

nev - er seek in vain; He will lead us there. When the val - ley safe - ly we have pass'd,
Prayer the bless - ed key; Strive to en - ter in.

God will gath - er us home at last; Home in the old path, glad - ly we will go; He will lead us there.

3 Walk in the old path; never turn aside,
Climb we the rugged hill;
Why should we falter? See our faithful Guide
Leading onward still.

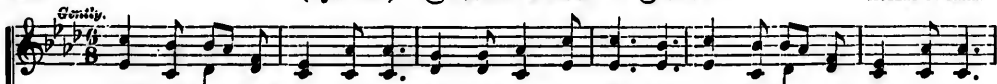
4 Keep in the old path; ever to the right;
Lo! 'tis the King's highway;
Soon will the shadows vanish from our sight,
Lost in perfect day.

50

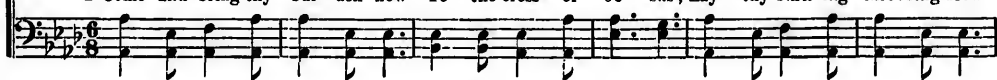
(Hymn 50)—Blessed Cross of Jesus.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

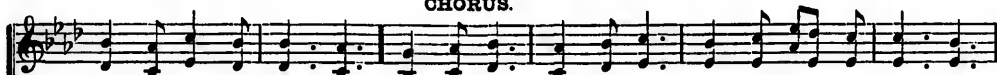
Gently.




1 Wand'rer come, there's room for thee, At the cross of Je - sus; Come and taste sal - va - tion free
2 Come and bring thy bur - den now To the cross of Je - sus; Lay thy burn - ing throbbing brow



CHORUS.



At the cross of Je - sus. Bles - sed cross! Precious cross! There my hopes are twin - ing.




There I see a fath - er's love, Through a Sav - iour shining.



- 3 Oh what comfort thou wilt find
At the cross of Jesus;
Love thy broken heart will bind
At the cross of Jesus.
- 4 See the crimson waters flow
At the cross of Jesus;
Come and tell thy every woe
At the cross of Jesus.

Sav - iour, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to thee ;

All my powers to thee sur - ren - der, Thine, and on - ly thine, to be.

2 Takeme now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine ;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way ;
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To thy service set apart ;
Suffer me to leave thee never ;
Seal thine image on my heart.

Gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus, Sav - iour meek and mild, Thou who once wast fash - ioned

Like a lit - tle child; And in grace and meek - ness, Up to manhood grew; Shar - ing hu - man

weak - ness, Hu - man sor - row too.

2 In thy word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
That of us thou sayest,
"Let them come to Me."
Glad we come! and render
All we have to give:
While our hearts are tender,
Help us, Lord, to live.

3 Like thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of thee.
May we copy closely
Him we so much love,
Till we bear his likeness,
Perfected above.

53

(Hymn 53)—Thronging Thy Temple.

JOY BELLA.

Flow'ns.

Thronging the tem-ple like those of old, Sav-iour, we en-ter thy ten-der fold, Here in thy pres-ence we

CHORUS.

glad-ly meet, Bow-ing be-fore thy mer-cy seat. Thronging the temple of par-a-dise, Thronging thy courts be-

yond the skies, We through the mer-its of Christ would be Thronging the courts of e-ter-ni-ty.

2 Thronging the temple with tuneful lays,
Saviour, we offer thee grateful praise,
For thy compassion and tender care,
Which through thy mercy, O Lord we share.

3 Thronging thy temple in heaven at last,
After the trials of earth are past,
Father in heaven, oh, may we be
Thronging thy courts in eternity.

I want to be like Je - sus, So low - ly and so meek, For no one marked an angry word
D. s.—A - lone up - on the mountain-top

Fine. *D. S.*
That ev - er heard him speak. I want to be like Je - sus, So fre - quent - ly in prayer;
He met his fa - ther there.

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

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

Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, lead us, O'er the world's tempestuous sea ; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,

For we have no help but thee ; Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - 'ry bless - ing If our 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 every passion blending,
 Pleasures that can never cloy ;
 Thus provided,
 Pardon'd, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the Sav - our, Tender-ly call-ing us home, Call-ing in sweetest of ae - cents,

CHORUS.

Dear children, why longer roam? Hear him call - ing, sweetly call - ing, Ten - der-ly calling us
Hear him calling sweetly calling,

home, Hear him call - ing, Sweet-ly call - ing, Dear children, why longer roam?
calling us home, Hear him calling, sweet-ly call-ing,

2 Ye that are lonely, forsaken,
Wearied, and by sin oppressed,
List to the pleading of Jesus,
Come to the joys of the blest.

3 Come in the bright hours of childhood,
Learn of the beautiful way,
Heed now the kind invitation,
Why will you longer delay.

57

(Hymn 57)—In His Arms.

C. C. CASE.

1 When mothers brought their children To Je - sus to be blest, He took them in his lov - ing arms, And
2 Just as of old, he bids them Come un - to him to - day, And takes them in his arms of love, And

CHORUS.

held them to his breast. From all the world's temp - ta - tions, From all that grieves or harms, There
list - ens when they pray.

is no place of re - fuge Like Je - sus' lov - ing arms.

3 With Jesus to protect us,
And his dear hand to lead,
We cannot wander from the way,
If we his voice will heed.

4 Thus, gentle, true, and patient
He'll help us each to be;
And if we give our hearts to him,
From sin he'll wash them free.

And
And

Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely give you rest, By

CHORUS.

There

trust - ing in his word. On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, Only trust him now, He will save you, he will save you,

He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;

Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

1 Give up all for Je - sus, Wea - ry child of sin! What are earth - ly pleasures, If his love you win?
 2 Give up all for Je - sus! He is call - ing you; Trust in his sal - va - tion, He will lead you through;
 3 Give up all for Je - sus, Keep - ing back no part! Give your best af - fections, Give him all your heart:
 4 Won - drous gifts he of - fers! Bliss with - out al - loy; Earth exchanged for - hea - ven, Grief for end - less joy:

What are all the rich - es That the world can give, When compared to hea - ven, Where the just shall live?
 Je - sus' blood so pre - cious Can for you a - void; Plead his gra - cious promise— It shall nev - er fail.
 For your full re - demption He has paid the cost: Come, while he is wait - ing, Or you must be lost!
 Come, for he is call - ing, Swift the moments fly; Has - ten to the Sav - iour, He is pass - ing by!

REFRAIN.

Give up all for Je - sus; Oh, take sal - vation free! Give up all for Je - sus; He gave his life for thee!

(Hymn 60)—Soul, Arise! and Give Christ Room.

MURRAY.

Soul, a-rise! and give Christ room; Not a-lone thy days of gloom; Not when sinks the setting sun; Not when

REFRAIN.

all thy work is done. Room for Je - sus, give him room! O-pen wide each heart and home! Let his banner

be un-furled, Through the kingdoms of the world.

2 Give thy brightest, noblest powers;
Give thy purest, sweetest hours;
Give thy will, thy mind, thy heart;
Give to Jesus all thou art.

3 Then 'twill be his time to give
More than mortals can conceive;
Rooms within his mansions fair,
Where all precious blessings are.

Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing, Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious

CHORUS.

in his works and ways. Sing of his love, ye angels of light; Carol his praise, ye seraphs so bright;
 Sing of his love, ye angels of light; Carol his praise, ye seraphs so bright;

Join in the song, Ye saints with de-light; Praising the name, wonderful name of Je - sua.
 Join in the song, ye saints, with delight;

2 We are travelling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod;

They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

I will go and toll my Sav - iour how I long his child to be; At the cross I'll seek and find him!

CHORUS.

He's wait - ing there for me. I will car - ry all my sins to Je - sus, Tho' I've nothing but my

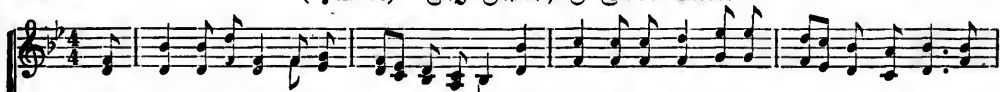
heart to give him; I will go and lay my bur - den at the fountain; I'll go and be for - giv'n.

2 I will toll him I have wandered
From the path that leads to heaven;
With a contrite, broken spirit,
I'll go and be forgiven.

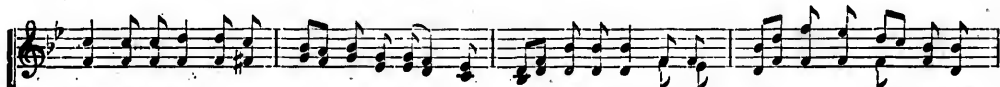
3 If my heart is truly humble,
He will not reject my prayer;
On the cross he died for sinners;
I'll lay my burden there.

4 I will tell him all my story,
With his mercy all my plea;
At the cross I'll seek and find him;
He's waiting there for me. 60

(Hymn 63)—My Jesus, I Love Thee.



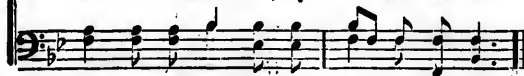
1 My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine; For thee all the pleasures of sin I resigu; My
 2 I love thee, because thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I



gra - cious Redeem - er, my Saviour art thou; If ev - er I loved thee, If ev - er I loved thee, If
 ove thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, If ev - er I loved thee, &c.,



ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus 'tis now.



3 I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee in death,
 And praise thee as long as thou givest me breath;
 And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
 I'll ever adore thee in yon heaven of light,
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
 "If ever I loved thee, dear Jesus, 'tis now."

Moderato.

Je - sus, 'Sav-iour, to thy side From th' av-en-ger I would flee; Let me safe-ly there a-

CHORUS.

side, Let thy grace my re - fuge be. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me

hide my - self in thee; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

2 Where-so'er my tent is spread,
There will I thy name make known;
Israel, by one Shepherd led,
Ever more in him are one.

3 To thy loving side each hour,
Close and closer would I cling;
Shielded by thy mighty power,
Trustful may I ever sing—

(Hymn 65)—The Sheltering Rock.

W. H. DOANE.

Come, stay thy feet by the shel't'ring Rock, And sweet thy rest will be; Come,

lave thy brow in the spray that falls So clear and cool for thee; Too long hast thou linger'd a-

- way, But mer - cy is plead - ing with thee; Oh, stay thy feet by the
long hast thou linger'd,

The Sheltering Rock—(Concluded)

CHORUS.

shelt'ring Rock, And sweet thy rest will be. Then hide thee, hide thee In the cleft
Then hide in the Rock, hide in the Rock,
of the Rock, Hide thee, Hide thee, hide in the cleft of the Rock.
Hide in the Rock, Hide in the Rock

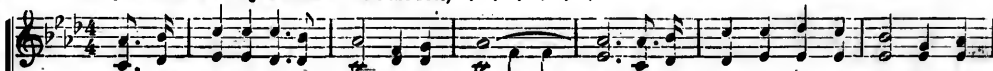
2 Come, bring thy heart to the sheltering Rock,
And all thy weight of care ;
Look up, the light of a Saviour's love
Is smiling brightly there ;
He waiteth to welcome thee home,
O breathe but one penitent prayer ;
The blood that flows from his wounded side,
Through faith will cleanse thee there.

There's life for thee at the sheltering Rock,
A life of peace and love ;
Sweet hope of rest in a brighter land
Of purer joys above ;
Then stay with thy Saviour, O stay
Where nothing thy soul can e'er move.
There calmly rest in that dear retreat,
The arms of Jesus' love.

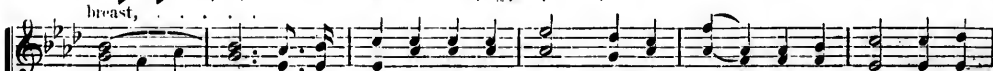
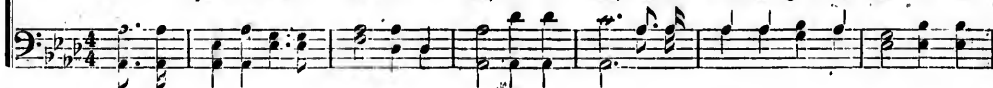
(Hymn 66)—In the Shadow of the Rock.

J. R.

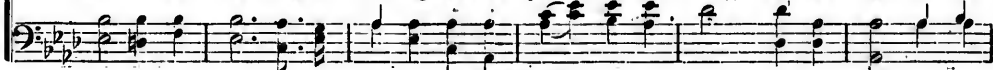
May be used as a Quartette. Let me rest,



1 In the shadow of the Rock Let me rest, let me rest, When I feel the tempest's shock, Thrill my
 2 On the parched and desert way Where I tread, where I tread, With the scorching noon-tide ray O'er my
 3 I in peace will rest me there Till I see, till I see, That the skies a-gain are clear O-ver



breast, thrill my breast; All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, while I hide, And my
 head, o'er my head; Let me find a welcome shade, Cool, and still, cool and still, And my
 me, o-ver me; That the burn-ing heats are past, And the day, and the day, Bids the



REFRAIN.



tran- quill sta- tion keep By thy side. In the sha- dow of the Rock, I will fear no tempest's
 wa- ry steps be stayed While I will. way.
 tra- vel- ler at last Go his way.



In the Shadow of the Rock—(Concluded).

shock, In the sha - dow of the Rock, Let me rest, Let me rest.

Rit. rest,

4 Then my pilgrim staff I'll take,
And once more
I'll my onward journey make,
As before;
And with joyous heart and strong
I will raise
Unto thee, O Rock, a song,
Glad with praise.

67

Only Thee.

On - ly thee! my soul's Redeemer! Whom have I in heaven beside! Who on earth, with love so ten - der,

CHORUS.

All my wand'ring steps will guide! On - ly thee, on - ly thee, Lov - ing Saviour, on - ly thee.

2 Only thee! no joy I covet
But the joy to call thee mine—
Joy that gives the blest assurance,
Thou hast owned and sealed me thine.

3 Only thee! I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;
Life, or health, or creature comfort—
I would give them all for thee.

4 Only thee! whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to thee.

(Hymn 68)—The Beautiful Stream.

1 Oh, have you not heard of that beau-ti-ful stream, That flows through our Fath-er's land? Its

CHORUS.

waters gleam bright in the hea-ven-ly light, And ripple o'er gol-den sand. Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream;

Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream; Its waters so free, are flowing for thee,—Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream.

2 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone;
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

3 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free:
A balm for each wound in its waters is found
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!

4 Oh, will ye not drink of that beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says "Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more."

earnestly.

Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay; Here in his Word he's shewn us the way; Here in our midst he's

CHORUS.

stand-ing to-day, Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come!" Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meet-ing be, When from sin our

hearts are pure and free; And we shall gath-er, Sav-iour, with thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his voice,
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, he's with us to-day;
Heed now his blessed commands and obey
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

(Hymn 70)—Come Children, Hail!

Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, O - bey the Sav - iour's call; Come seek his

face, and taste his grace, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.

And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children great and small;
Hosanna sing to Christ your king
And crown him Lord of all.

3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
O, haste! before him fall:
For you he died that you might live,
To crown him Lord of all.

(Hymn 71)—Why Longer Wait?

1 Why should I wait, when Jesus is calling? Why should I wait, when mercy is free? List to him
2 Why should I wait, when troubled and weary; Long - ing for rest the world cannot give? Rest and sweet

CHORUS.

now, so tender-ly saying, Come, my dear child, come now unto me. Why should I wait? Why should I
peace are offered so freely, Turn, O my soul, to Jesus and live. Why should I wait? etc.

f *Ritard.*
wait? Oh, why long - er wait?

Why should I wait, when death is approaching?
Thousands of spirits younger than I,
Now 'round the throne of Jesus are singing;
No one can tell how young he may die.

4 Why should I wait? though life is before me,
Rough is the path, and dark is the way;
Jesus alone can keep me in safety,
Guide me through life to heaven's bright day.

(Hymn 72)—Happy Day.

1 { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Hap-py day, hap-py day,
Well may this glow-ing heart rejoice, And toll its rapture all a broad. Hap-py day, hap-py day,

Fine.

When Je - sus washed my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D.S.
joic - ing ev - ry day.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine,

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

73

J. C. MORGAN, M.D.

(Hymn 73)—Trusting in the Word.

HARRY SANDERS.

All my doubts I give to Je - sus, I've his gracious promise heard; I shall nev - er be con -

REFRAIN.

founded, I am trusting in his word. Trust - ing, trust - ing, trusting, in his

pp
word, Trust - ing, trust - ing, trust - ing in his word.

2 All my sin I lay on Jesus,
He doth wash me in his blood;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.

3 All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rest my weary soul on him;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can his light grow dim.

Spirited.

We are com-ing, we are coming, Blessed Je-sus, at thy call; In the dew-y time of morning, Ere the

dark'ning shadows fall. We are com-ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, With our will-ing hearts and true, Out of

CHORUS.

ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, Out of ev-'ry clime and hue. We are com-ing, we are
We are com-ing, we are com-ing, Bless-ed

We are Coming—(Concluded).

com - ing, Blessed Je - sus, At thy call; In the
 Jo - sus, at thy call; We are com - ing, we are com - ing, Bless - ed Jo - sus, at thy call; We are

dew - y time of morn - ing, Ere the dark - 'ning shadows fall.
 coming, we are coming, In the dew - y time of morning, We are coming, we are coming, Ere the dark 'ning shadows fall.

2 We are singing, we are singing,
 Songs of gladness as we pass;
 For thy love in us distilling
 Like the showers upon the grass
 For the home in heaven preparing
 To receive our weary feet;
 For thy smiles, our pathway cheering,
 Songs of praises we repeat.

3 We are coming, we are coming,
 Speeding onward to thy throne,
 Where in majesty thou'rt waiting—
 Waiting to receive thine own.
 Out of every tribe and nation,
 We are gathering at thy call,
 For thy glorious coronation,
 Jesus, Saviour, Lord of all.

75

(Hymn 75)—Little Children come to Jesus.

Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus; Hear him saying, "Come to me!" Bles - sed Je - sus, who to

Cho. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus; Hear him saying, "Come to me!" Blessed Jo - sus, who to

Fine.

save us, Shed his blood on Cal - va - ry! Lit - tle souls were made to serve him, All his

save us, Shed his blood on Cal - va - ry! *D.C.*

ho - ly law - ful - fil; Lit - tle hearts were made to love him, Lit - tle hands to do his will.

Little Children come to Jesus.—(Concluded).

2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
 Given from the heaven above;
 Little ears to hear the story
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
 Little tongues to sing his praises,
 Little feet to walk his ways;
 Little bodies to be temples,
 Where the Holy Spirit stays!

3 There are little crowns in heaven,
 There are little harps of gold;
 There are little shining dresses,
 There are gems and joys untold;
 Jesus gave his blood to buy them,
 He has bought enough for all;
 Little children, come to Jesus,
 He has love for great and small.

76

(Hymn 76)—Seymour.

C. M. VON WEBER.

Take my life and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord to thee: Take my mo - ments and my days,

Let them flow in cease-less praise.

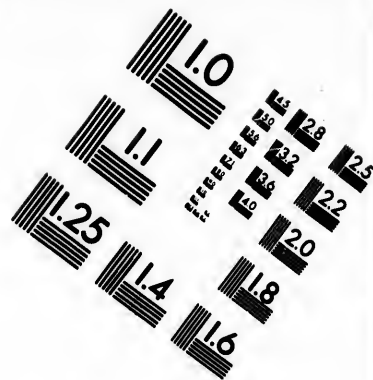
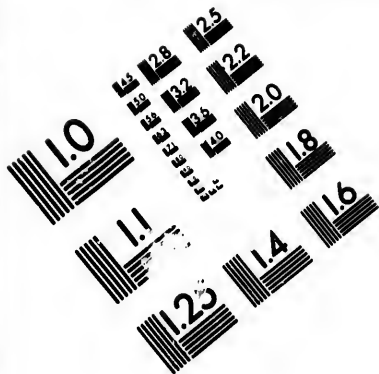
2 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of thy love:
 Take my feet and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for thee.

3 Take my voice and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King:
 Take my lips and let them be
 Filled with messages from thee.

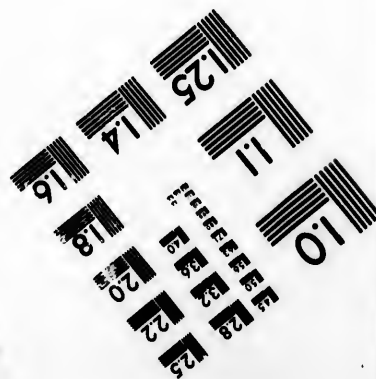
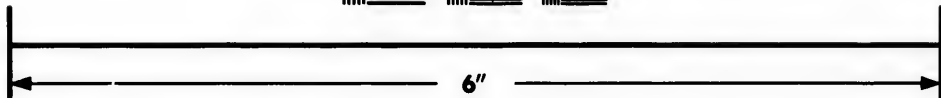
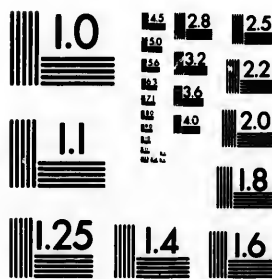
4 Take my will and make it thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is thine own;
 It shall be thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure store:
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee.





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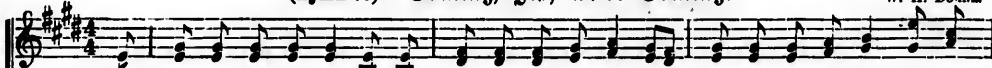
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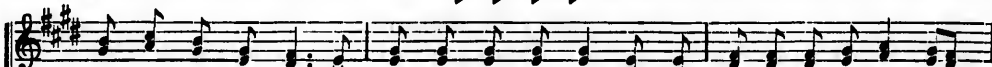
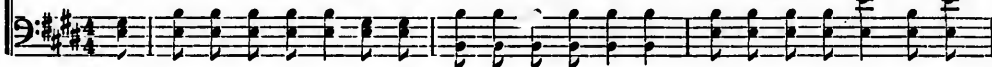
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(Hymn 77)—Coming, yes, we're Coming.

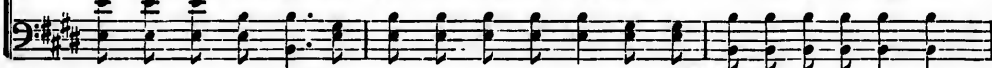
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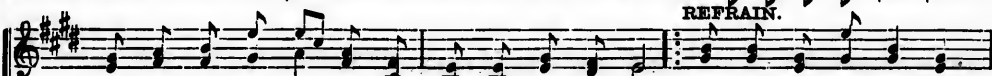
1 How sweet the call of mer-cy, In - vit - ing ev - 'ry heart To come and love the Sav - iour, Ere
 2 O may his Spir - it teach us To know and do the right; To walk as he commands us, That
 3 Our Saviour loves the children, On them his hands he laid, With - in his arms he held them, And



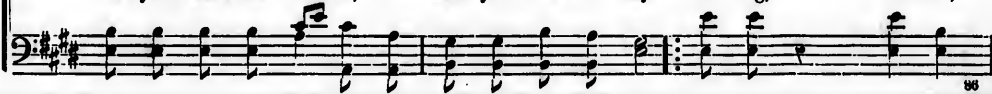
youthful days de - part; 'Tis in the ho - ly Bi - ble, These precious words we see: For -
 we may see the light; The bless - ed light that shin - eth A - long the nar - row way, And
 bless'd them while he prayed; And still his mer - cy calls them; Just now we hear him say: I



REFRAIN.



bid ye not the children, But let them come to me. Com - ing, yes, we're com - ing,
 al - ways grow - eth brighter, Un - to the per - fact day.
 want your hearts dear children, I want your love to - day. Com - ing, com - in ;



Coming, yes, we're Coming—(Concluded).

Repeat softly.

Com - ing, yes, we're com - ing, Com - ing, yes, we're com - ing, Dear Sav - iour, to thy fold.
Com - ing com - ing, Com - ing, com - ing,

78

(Hymn 78)—Come ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Finc.

Come ye sinners, poor and wretched, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Je - sus ready stands to save you,
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.

L.C.

Full of pity, love, and pow - er;

- 2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

1 Just as I am, with - out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me,
2 Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

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

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need, in thee 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!

6 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!

1 { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ings Thou art scatt' - ring, full and free—
 Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me—

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops] now fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God our Father
 Sinful though my heart may be !
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me—
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to thee !
 I am longing for thy favour ;
 Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me !
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak some word of power to me—
 Even me.

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ so rich and free ;
 Grace of God so strong and boundless
 Magnify it all in me—
 Even me.

81

(Hymn 81)—Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS.

1 "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re -
2 "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed," turn not a -

ceive; Seems now some soul to say, Go, Spi - rit, go thy way, Some more con -
way; Je - sus in - vited you here, An - gels are ling - ring near, Prayers rise from

ven - ient day On thee I'll call.
hearts so dear, Oh! wan - d'rer, come.

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

(Hymn 82)—I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry. I am com - ing, Lord,

Com - ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

(Hymn 83)—I am Praying for You.

IRA D. SANKEY.

I have a Sav-iour, he's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav - iour tho' earth-friends be few; And

now He is watch - ing in ten - der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav - iour too!

f CHORUS.

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

pp rall.

I am Praying for You.—(Concluded.)

2 I have a father: to me he has given
A hope for eternity, bless'd and true;
And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven,
But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered.—'twas answered for you!

84 [♯]

(Hymn 84)—Come let us who in Christ Believe.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

Come let us, who in Christ be-lieve, Our com-mon Saviour praise, To him with joy-ful voices give

The glo-ry of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;

In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

85

(Hymn 85)—I am Coming to the Cross.

I am com - ing to the cross; I'm poor and weak and blind; I'm count - ing all but

CHORUS. I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Bless'd Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly at thy cross I

dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee, I am prostrate in the dust,
Long has evil reigned within— I with Christ am crucified.

Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
"I will cleanse you from all sin." 4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfectd in him I am;

3 In thy promises I trust, I am every whit made whole,
Now I feel the blood applled; Glory, glory to the Lamb!

bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me, now.

86

FANNY CROSBY.

(Hymn 86)—I am Thine, O Lord.

W. H. DOANE.

I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to

I am Thine, O Lord—(Concluded).

me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near - er bless - ed Lord, To the cross where thou hast

died; Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To thy pre - cious bleeding side.

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

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee. 95

87

(Hymn 87)—The Song of the Reapers.

Geo F. Root.

Con Anima.

Oh, we are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the

fields of sin; With sick - les of truth must the work be done.

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "har - vest home." We are the reap - ers! Oh,

The Song of the Reapers—(Concluded).

who will come, And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home!" Oh,

who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all ;
The wheat may be there though the weeds are tall ;
Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
But gather from all for the home on high. -

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

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

1 Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from sin and the grave;
2 Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent child to re - ceive.

Weep o'er the err - ing ones; Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gent - ly; He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.

CHORUS.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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

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

(Hymn 89)—Work, for the Night is Coming.

1 Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing
 2 Work, for the night is comin'; Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labour, Rest comes sure and

Cres.

flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glowing sun; Work for the night is
 soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store; Work for the night is

ccm - ing, When man's work is done.
 com - ing, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work for daylight flies;
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, for the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.

There is work to do for Je - sus, Yes, a glorious work to do, For a har - vest ful - ly

ri - pened, Rich and gold - en lies in view; { With a prayer to God, our Fath - er, Let us
For our ris - on Lord is call - ing, And the

1st Time. **2nd Time.** **CHORUS.**
all our work pur - sue, }
har - vest - ers [OMIT] } are few. Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus, and the

Work to do for Jesus.—(Concluded.)

har - vest is in view, There's a great work ev - 'ry - where to do, There is

work to do for Je - sus, and the harvest - ers are few, There's enough work for all to do.

2 There is work to do for Jesus,
And we hear the Saviour say,
Why art standing here so idle,
At the neontide on the way?
Even now I will accept thee;
With the rest thy wages pay;
Go and labour in my vineyard
Till the closing of the day.

3 Yea, there's work to do for Jesus;
Who will answer to the call?
See! the vintage is abundant,
There is work to do for all;
God commands that we should labour,
Though the task our hearts appal;
For he claimeth our life-service,
Till the shades of death shall fall.

91

(Hymn 91)—Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Hark, the voice of Je - sus calling, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, and harvest's waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away?
 2 If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say he died for all;
 3 Let none hear you id - ly saying, 'There is nothing I can do,' While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you;

Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward he offers free; Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
 If you fail to rouse the wick - ed, With the judgment's dread alarms, You may lead the lit - tle children To the Saviour's waiting arms.
 Take the task he gives you gladly, Let his work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

92

(Hymn 92)—The Reapers.

J. H. KURZENKAMP.

Be - hold the changing autumn leaves, Be - hold the fields of rip'ning grain; Go gath - er in the golden sheaves

The Reapers—(Concluded).

From valley, hill, and distant plain. Then reapers haste, - - - the skies are clear, - - - The fields re-
Then reapers haste, The skies are clear,

sound, - - - the glad re - frain, - - - The harvest - ers, - - - from far and near, - - -
The fields resound the glad refrain, The harvesters, from far and near,

Are gath'ring in the gold - en grain.
Are gath'ring in the gold - en grain.

2 Behold the harvest of the Lord!
Behold the broad and whitening fields;
Send out the call, send forth the word,
Till hundred-fold the harvest yields.

3 Why idly stand? there's work for all;
The Master calls, why longer wait?
Go gather in both great and small,
Make haste or you will be too late.

(Hymn 93)—*Busy Little Gleaners.*

1 Gath - er - ing in the ear - ly dawn, Gath - er - ing, when the night comes on; Yonder in the ripen'd fields

Hundred-fold the har-vest yields. The golden grain is gathered in—The sheaves of good from fields of sin;

** Echo. pp*
By bus - y lit - tle glean - ers,* By bus - y lit - tle glean - ers.

2 Gathering in the early dawn, etc.,
Tho' reapers come from far and near,
The Master leaves an honoured share
For busy little gleaners.

3 Gathering in the early dawn, etc.,
Out in the highway where you go,
To plant or reap, there's work to do;
For busy little gleaners.

4 Gathering in the early dawn, etc.
Amid the glow of Autumn leaves,
We carry home our golden sheaves,
Such happy little gleaners.

* Echo may be sung by eight or ten girls, in an adjoining room.

(Hymn 94)—Bringing in the Sheaves.

Sowing in the morning, Sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the harvest,

CHORUS.

and the time of reaping, We shall come re - jole - ing, bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come re - jole - ing, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

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

95

P. P. BLISS.

(Hymn 95)—Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. BLISS.

Bright - ly beams our Father's mer - cy From his lighthouse ev - er - more, But to us he gives the

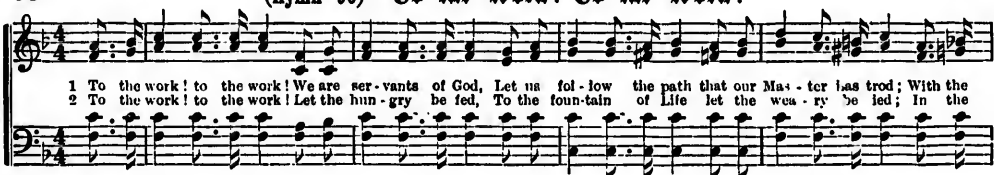
CHORUS.

keep - ing, Of the lights a - long the shore. Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a

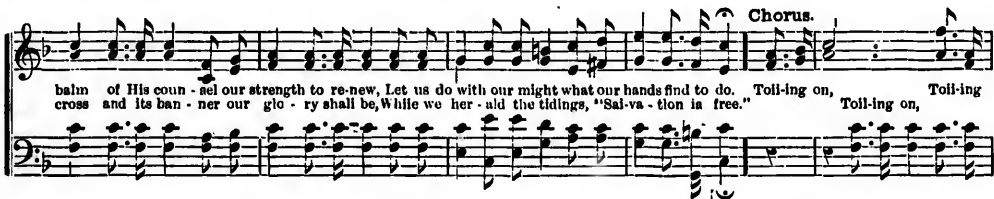
gleam a - cross the wave! Some poor faint - ling, struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness may be lost!"


(Hymn 96)—*To the Work! To the Work!*


1 To the work! to the work! We are ser-vants of God, Let us fol-low the path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the
2 To the work! to the work! Let the hun-gry be fed, To the foun-tain of Life let the wea-ry be led; In the



Chorus.

balm of His coun-sel our strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do. Toil-ing on, Toil-ing
cross and its ban-ner our glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the tidings, "Sal-va-tion is free." Toil-ing on, Toil-ing



on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Let us hope, and trust, Let us watch and pray, and labour till the Master come.

3 To the work! to the work! there is labour for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, "Salvation is free!"

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed, "Salvation is free!"

(Hymn 97)—Little Pilgrim.

1 The world looks ve - ry beau - ti - ful, And full of joy to me ;
The sun shines out in glo - ry bright, [omiv.] On ev - 'ry - thing I see.

I know I shall be hap - py, While in the world I stay, For I will fol - low Je - sus, I'll

CHORUS.

follow all the way, I'll follow, follow, fol - low, fol - low, Fol - low all the way, Follow all the way.

1st Time. 2nd Time.

2 I'm but a youthful pilgrim here !
My journey's just begun ;
They say I'll meet with sorrow
Before my journey's done.

The world is full of trouble,
And trials too, they say ;
But I will follow Jesus—
All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim ;
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
And lay at Jesus' feet.

He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away ;
With joy I'll follow Jesus—
All the way.

land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall lay my

CHORUS.

ar-mour by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till

Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.

Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home. 109

99

D. HAYDEN LLOYD.
Andantino

(Hymn 99)—What shall the Harvest be?

P. P. Bliss.

1 Sowing their seed by the dawn-light fair, Sowing their seed in the noon - tide glare, Sowing their seed in the
2 Sowing their seed by the way - side high, Sowing their seed on the rocks to die, Sowing their seed where the

fad - ing light, Sow-ing their seed in the sol - emn night, Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh,
thorns will spoil, Sow-ing their seed in the fer - tile soil, Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh,

CHORUS.

what shall the harvest be? Sown . . . in the dark . . . -ness or sown . . . in the light . . .
what shall the harvest be?

Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or sown in the light.

What shall the Harvest be?—(Concluded).

Sown in our weak ness, or sown in our might Gath ered in time . . . or e-

Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might Sown in our weakness, or sown in our might, Gather'd in time or e - ter - ni - ty,

ter ni - ty Sure ah sure will the har vest be.

Gathered in time or e - ter - ni - ty; Sure, ah yes, sure will the har - vest be, will the harvest, the har - vest be.

3 They're sowing the seed of word and deed,
The proud know not, nor the careless heed;
The gentle word and the kindest deed
Have blest sad hearts in their sorest need.

4 They're sowing the seed of noble deed,
With sleepless watch and an earnest heed;

With tireless hands they toil and sow,
And the fields are whit'ning where'er they go.

5 And many who stand with idle hand,
Are scattering seeds throughout the land,
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil has borne, and still must bear.

100

(Hymn 100)—Yield not to Temptation.

Yield not to temptation, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help us, Some other to win. Fight manfully

onward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through. Ask the Saviour to

help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain.

Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down,

He who is the Saviour
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through

101

(Hymn 101)—Gather up the Fragments.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

DUET.

Gather up the fragments, Scatter'd here and there, Wrecks of broken spirits, Overcome by care; Pit - y - ing behold them,

CHORUS.

DUET.

Tho' they make no plea, Labour to restore them, Wheresoe'er they be. Gather up the fragments, Gather up the fragments,

CHORUS.

DUET.

CHORUS.

Ad lib.

Gather up the fragments, Scatter'd tho' they be, Gather up the fragments, Gather up the fragments, Gather up the fragments, Gently, tenderly.

2 Gather up the fragments,
All that ye can find,
Fragments, oh, how many,
And of every kind.

Blighted hopes and fortunes,
Strewn along the way,
Sorrowful remind us
Of a better day.

3 Gather up the fragments,
Scattered through the land,
Gather them together
With a gentle hand;

Gather up the longings
Of the famished souls,
Hearts are sad and broken,
Strive to make them whole.

102

(Hymn 102)—Only an Armour-Bearer.

On - ly an armour-bear - er, firm - ly I stand, Wait - ing to follow at the King's command ;

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in the right hand, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in the left hand.

Marching, if "Onward" shall the or - der be, Standing by my Captain, Serving faithful - ly.

The second system of music also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line.

CHORUS. **Only an Armour-Bearer—(Concluded.)**

Hear ye the battle - cry "Forward!" the call! See, see the fal - t'ring ones; Backward they fall.

Sure - ly my Cap - tain may de - pend on me, Though but an ar - mour - bear - er I may be.

Sure - ly my Cap - tain may de - pend on me, Though but an ar - mour - bear - er I may be.

2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I."

3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear:
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honours in the Grand Review

103

(Hymn 103)—Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name;

Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, Or sailed thro' bloody seas?

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Sure I must fight if I should reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toll, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

104

MRS. W. R. GRISWOLD.

(Hymn 104)—We're Marching to Canaan.

P. P. BLISS.

We're marching to Canaan with ban-ner and song, We're soldiers en-list-ed To fight 'gainst the wrong; But

We're Marching to Canaan.—(Concluded).

CHORUS.

lest in the conflict our strength should di- vide, We ask who among us is on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there

among us the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his colours, who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there among us, the

true and the tried, Who'll stand by his colours, who's on the Lord's side?

2 The sword may be burnished, the armour be bright,
For Satan appears as an angel of light;
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,
While lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?
Oh, bring to him humbly the heart in its pride;
Oh, haste, while he's waiting, and seek the Lord's side.

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain, and the wrong,
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side."

105

(Hymn 105)—Onward.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIV

Bold.

On - ward, Christian sol - diers, marching as to war, Look - ing un - to Je - sus,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 2/2 time signature. The music is marked 'Bold.' and features a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

who is gone be - fore! Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, leads against the foe; Forward in - to

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff continues with the vocal line, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment.

CHORUS.

bat - tle See his ban - ners go. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers,

The chorus section of the hymn, consisting of a single system of musical notation. It begins with the word 'CHORUS.' and features a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The treble staff contains the vocal line, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment.

- sus,

in - to

ers,

Onward—(Concluded).

Marching as to war, Looking un - to Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
ne in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, praise, and honour,
Men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages,
Unto Christ the King.

106**(Hymn 106)—Cross and Crown.**

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.

107

(Hymn 107)—Stand up for Jesus.

Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye soldiers of the cross! Lift high his roy - al
Till ev - 'ry foe is

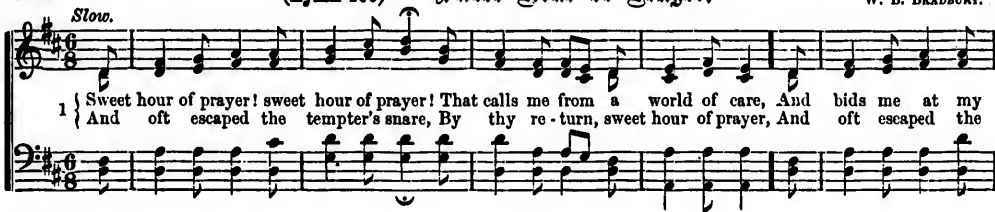
ban - ner; It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

D.S.
ar - my will he lead,

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

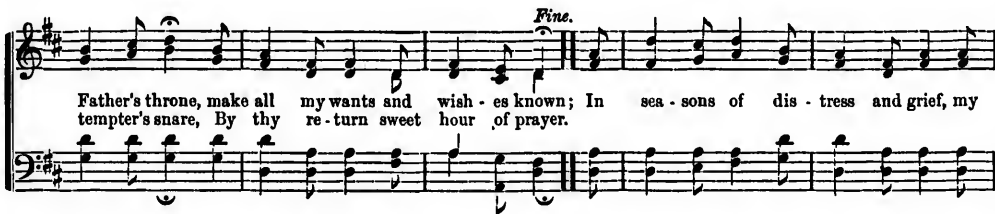
4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally

Slow.

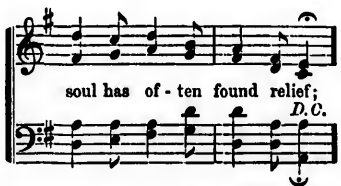


1 } Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the

Fine.



Father's throne, make all my wants and wish - es known; In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, my
tempter's snare, By thy re - turn 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 prayer!

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 prayer.

D.C.

Oh, some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like

CHORUS.

tempests down o - ver the soul.* Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, to the Rock that is high - er than

I; high - er than I. Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

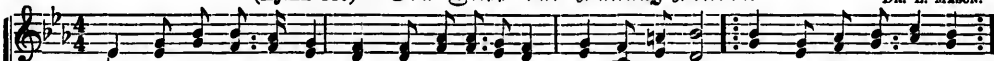
2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale:
Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

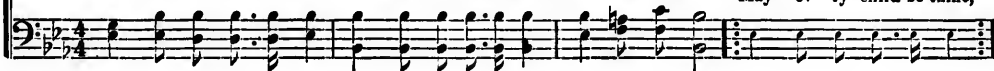
110

(Hymn 110)—God Bless our Sunday-School.

DR. L. MASON.



God bless our Sunday-school, Increase our Sunday-school, God bless our school! Send down thy grace divine,
May ev-'ry child be thine,



And love our hearts entwine, God bless our school!



2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls;
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by thee;
God bless our school!

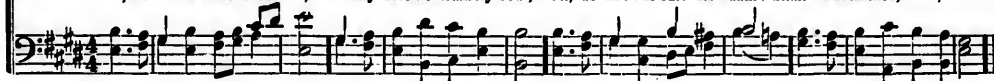
111

(Hymn 111)—Lord, we Come before Thee Now.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.



Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our suit dis-dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?



2 Lord on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

123

112

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

(Hymn 112)—*Father, Bless our School To-day.*

J. W. BISCHOFF.

Fa - ther, bless our school to - day; Be in all we do and say; Be in ev - 'ry

CHORUS.

song we sing, Ev - 'ry prayer to thee we bring. Come, oh, come, and with us meet; And, while

sit - ting at thy feet, May we in the les - son see Something draw - ing us to thee.

2 Jesus, well beloved Son,
May thy will by us be done;
Come and meet with us to-day;
Teach us Lord, thyself, we pray.

3 Holy Spirit, mighty power,
Consecrate this Sabbath hour;
Unto us thine unction give;
Touch our souls, that we may live.

4 Father, Holy Spirit, Son,
Sacred Triune, Three in one
Hear us, while once more we pray,
Bless our Sabbath school to-day.

113

(Hymn 113)—Holy Spirit, hear us.

E. BARKER.

Ho - ly Spi - rit! hear us On this Sab - bath day; Come to us with blessing,

Come with us to stay: Come, as once thou camest To the faithful few, Patient - ly a -

waiting Je - sus' promise true.

2 Lighten thou our darkness,
Be thyself our light;
Strengthen thou our weakness,
Spirit of all might!
In our doubt give counsel,
In temptation aid;
Say to us in danger,
"Be not ye afraid!"

3 Spirit of adoption!
Make us overflow
With thy sevenfold blessing,
And in grace to grow;
"Into Christ baptized,"
Grant that we may be,
Day and night, dear Spirit,
Perfectured by thee!

114

(Hymn 114)—Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side; Gent - ly lead us by the hand,
Whisp'ring soft - ly, wan - d'r'er come!

Fine. *D.C.*

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for e'er rejoice. While they hear that sweetest voice
Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.

When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,—
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

115

(Hymn 115)—Come, Holy Ghost, our Hearts Inspire.

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire, Let us thine in - fluence prove;

Come, Holy Ghost, our Hearts Inspire —(Concluded.)

Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire, Foun - tain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

116

(Hymn 116)—Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

ABRAHAM ABBOT.

Gracious Spirit, Love divine, Let thy light with - in me shine! All my guilty fears re - move;

Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of eternal rest.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

117

(Hymn 117)—My God, is any Hour so Sweet?

1 My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to ev - 'ning star, As that which
2 Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that so - - lemn hour of eve, When, on the

calls me to thy feet— The hour of prayer?
wing: of prayer up - borne, The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed,
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

118

(Hymn 118)—Come thou Fount of every Blessing.

1 { Come thou Fount of ev - 'ry bles-sing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, } Teach me some ce - les - tial
{ Streams of mer - cy, nev - er cea-sing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. }

Come, thou Fount of every Blessing—(Concluded.)

meas - ure, Sung by ransomed hosts a - bove; O the vast, the boundless treasure Of my Lord's unchang - ing love.

| | | | |
|--|--|---|--|
| 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer, Hither by thy help I've come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home. | Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed his precious blood. | 3 O to grace how great a debtor Dally I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee | Proned to wander, Lord, I feel it; Proned to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts above! |
|--|--|---|--|

119

(Hymn 119)—Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah.

Guide me, O thou great Je - hovah, Pil - grim through this barren land, I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with

thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my Journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

120

(Hymn 120)—Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

1 Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, I would fol - low, Weak, and pure, and ho - ly, Thy dis - ci - ple be.
2 Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Keep me near thy best the world's al lurements Cause my feet to slide.

Free from sin and fol - ly, Free from worldly strife. Trusting in thy mer - it For e - ter - nal life.
On the Rock of A - ges, Firm - ly let me stand, Yielding strict o - bedience To my Lord's com - mand.

3 Purer yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;

Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

4 Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain.

Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

121

(Hymn 121)—Our Father, who art in Heaven.

Our Fa - ther, God, who art in heav - en, All hal - lowed be thy name; Thy king - dom come; thy

Our Father, who art in Heaven—(Concluded).

will be done In heav'n and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread ;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not ;
From evil set us free ;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be

122

(Hymn 122)—New Song.

SHERWIN.

1 Be it my on - ly wisdom here, To serve the Lord with fil - ial fear, With lov - ing gra - ti - tude ;
2 O may I still from sin de - part A wise and un - der - standing heart, Je - sus, to me be given ;

Su - per - ior sense may I display, By shunning ev - 'ry e - vil way, And walking in the good.
And let me thro' thy Spi - rit know, To glo - ri - fy my God be - low, And find my way to heaven.

123

(Hymn 123)—Try us, O God.

W. JONES.

Try us, O God, and search the ground of ev - 'ry sin - ful heart; Whate'er of sin in us is found, G

bid it all de - part

2 When to the right or left we stray, Let each his friendly aid afford,
Leave us not comfortless; And feel his brother's care.
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

124

(Hymn 124)—More Love to Thee.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee; Hear thou the prayer I make, on bend - cl knee;

More Love to Thee—(Concluded).

This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest,
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best ;
This all my prayer shall be,

More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise ;

This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.

125

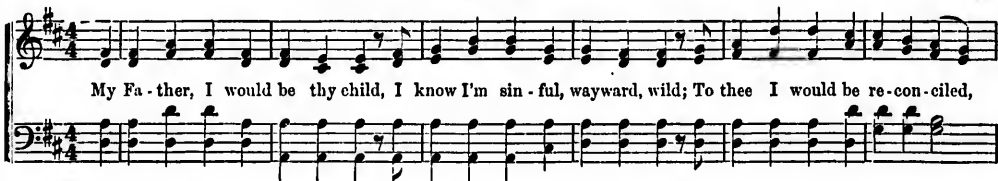
(Hymn 125)—Great God, and wilt Thou Condescend.

1 Great God and wilt thou con - de - scend To be my Fa - ther and my Friend? I a poor child, and
2 Art thou my Fa - ther? canst thou bear To hear my poor im - per - fect prayer? Or wilt thou lis - ten

thou so high, The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?
to the praise That such a lit - tle one can raise?

3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee ;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and praise thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.

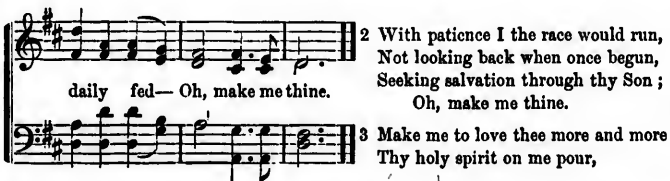


My Fa-ther, I would be thy child, I know I'm sin-ful, wayward, wild; To thee I would be re-con-ciled,

CHORUS.



Oh, make me thine. The nar-row way I fain would tread, And by thy gen-tle hand be led, With heav'nly manna



daily fed— Oh, make me thine.

2 With patience I the race would run,
Not looking back when once begun,
Seeking salvation through thy Son;
Oh, make me thine.

3 Make me to love thee more and more
Thy holy spirit on me pour,

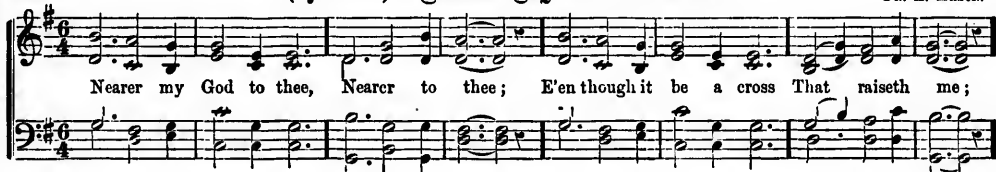
Grant me of grace a plenteous store;
Oh, make me thine.

4 When death's cold hand on me is laid,
My God, let me not feel afraid;
Be with me, for I've often prayed,
Let me be thine.

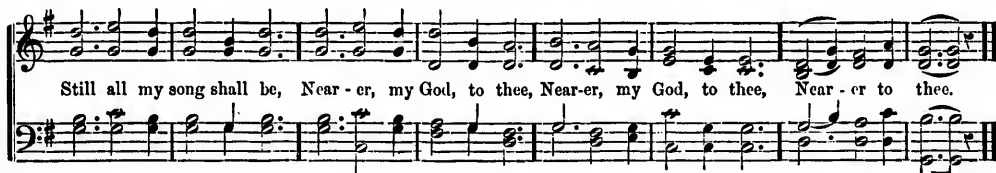
127

(Hymn 127)—Nearer My God to Thee.

DR. L. MASON.



Nearer my God to thee, Nearer to thee; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me;



Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

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

3 There let the 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!

4 Then with my waking thought, 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 Or, if 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!

128

(Hymn 128)—A Charge to Keep I Have.

EDWARD MILLER.

A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A nev - er - dy - ing soul to

save And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,
0 may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;

129

(Hymn 129)—My Faith Looks up to Thee.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine ;

My Faith Looks up to Thee—(Concluded).

DR. T. HASTINGS.

Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

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

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

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

130

(Hymn 130)—From every Stormy Wind that Blows.

H. K. OLIVER.

From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat;

'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.

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

3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

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

5 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

137

(Hymn 131)—Jesus, Name all Names above.

EMERSON.

Je - sus, name all names above, Je - sus, best and dear - est, Je - sus, fount of per - fect love,

Ho - liest, ten - derest, near - est; Je - sus, source of grace com - pletest, Je - sus, purest,

Je - sus, sweet - est, Je - sus, well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

2 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing through agony—
That, thy good confession;

Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain
Let not Calvary be in vain.

3 When I reach death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher;

Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;
Tell me,—"Verily, I sav.
Thou shalt be with me to-day."

132

(Hymn 132)—Come, my Soul, thy Suit Prepare.

Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer ;

Ho him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay,

Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;

There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 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.

133

(Hymn 133)—What a friend we have in Jesus.

What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a pri - vi - lege to

car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what need -

less pain we bear— All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!

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

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

134

(Hymn 134)—I Need Thee Every Hour.

I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No tender voice like thine Can

REFRAIN.

peace af - ford. I need thee, oh, I need thee; Ev - 'ry hour I need thee; Oh,

bless me now, my Sa - viour, I come to Thee.

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

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

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

5 I need thee every hour,
Most holy one;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Through thy dear Son.

DUET.

(ANNIVERSARY HYMN).

1 Dear Saviour, from thy throne above, Where countless children bow, Oh, let thy loving
2 Thy mer - cy led us through the year That sweetly passed a - way, And through thy grace we

CHORUS.

eye behold, And bless us children now. Our hearts in tune - ful num - bers wake, Our tongues with rap - ture
gath - er now To hail our festive day.

sing, All glory, honour, praise to thee, Re-deemer, Lord and King.

- 3 Oh, may we learn in early youth
Thy holy Word to prize,
The lamp that guides our feet to heaven,
Our home beyond the skies.
- 4 Oh, happy thought, if faithful here,
We work, and watch, and pray,
We'll spend with thee in heaven at last
An endless happy day

136

(Hymn 136)—Let us Sing with one accord.

Let us sing, with one ac-cord, Praise to Je-sus Christ our Lord, He hath made us by his power; He hath kept us

REFRAIN.

Sing, sing, sing, oh, sing Je-ho-vah's praises, sing,
to this hour. Sing his prai-ses, sing his prai-ses, sing his prai-ses, sing! Sing his praises,

sing!
his prai-ses, sing Je-ho-vah's praise.

2 He redeems us from the grave,
He who died our lives to save;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

3 Angels praise him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be;

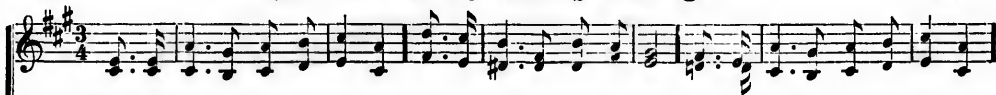
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus helps the weak and poor.

4 Dear to him is childhood's prayer,
Children's hearts to him are dear;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

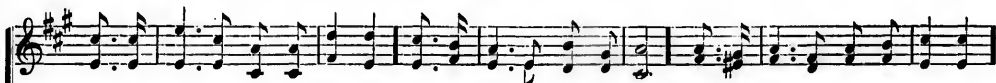
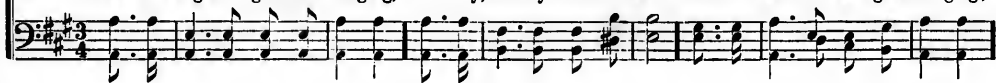
137

(Hymn 137)—Worthy, Worthy is the Lamb.

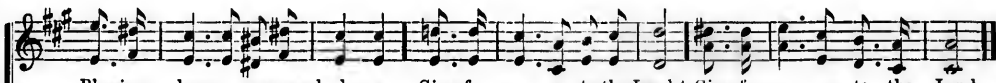
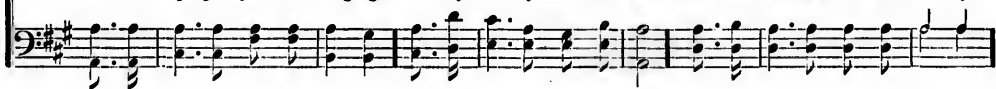
SHERWIN.



Hear the song through heaven ringing, "Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!" Down to earth the an-gels bringing;



Let the people join their singing, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb! Swell the chorus; tell the sto-ry;



Blessing, honour, power and glo-ry, Give for-ev-er to the Lamb! Give for-ev-er to the Lamb



Worthy, Worthy is the Lamb—(Concluded).

2 With his precious blood he bought us,—
 Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb!
 Lost in sin, he came and sought us;
 To the paths of peace he brought us;—
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!
 From our sins he came to save us,
 All the wayward past forgave us;
 Praise forever to the Lamb!

3 O'er and o'er our lips confessing,
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!
 Give him honour, power, and blessing,
 All we have in him possessing;
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb!
 Let our lives repeat the story;
 Blessing, honour, power, and glory
 Be forever to the Lamb!

138

(Hymn 138)—O Worship the King!

HANDEL.

O worship the King all glorious a - bove! O grateful - ly sing his power and his love;

Our Shield and De - fend - er, the Ancient of Days; Pa - villoned in splendour, and gird - ed with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
 His chariot of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form;
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,

4 Frail children of dust and feeble as fall,
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
 Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

139

(Hymn 139)—Sing with a Tuneful Spirit.

1 Sing with a tuneful spi - rit, Sing with a cheerful lay, Praise to thy great Cre - a - tor,
2 Sing when the heart is troubled, Sing when the hours are long, Sing when the storm-cloud gathers,

While on the pilgrim way. Sing when the birds are waking, Sing with the morning light;
Sweet is the voice of song. Sing when the sky is darkest, Sing when the thunders roll;

3 Sing in the vale of shadows,
Sing in the hour of death,
And when the eyes are closing,
Sing with the latest breath.
Sing till the heart's deep longings
Cease on the other shore;
Then with the countless numbers there,
Sing on forever more.

(Hymn 140)—Glory be to God the Father.

VINCENT NOVELLO.

Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son, Glo - ry be to

God the Spi - rit, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One: Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

While e - ter - nal a - ges run.

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain,
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign!
Glory, Glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,

Heaven and earth your praises
Glory, glory, [bring:
To the King of Glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings:
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of Kings!

141

(Hymn 141)—Praise the Lord, Praise Him.

MURRAY.

Praise the Lord! praise him! Men and an - gels u - nite in hap - py song; Praise the Lord! praise him!

Duet or Semi-Chorus.

Sing Jehovah's praises loud and long! Praise him, ye heavens! Praise him, ye stars of light! Praise him, ye

FOR ORGAN.

CHORUS.

moun - tains! oh, praise him day and night! Praise the Lord, praise him! Men and an - gels, u -

Praise the Lord, Praise Him—(Concluded).

- nite in hap - py song! Praise the Lord, praise him! Sing Je - ho-vah's prais-es loud and long.

2 Praise the Lord! praise him!
Praise his name, for his promises are sure;
Praise the Lord, praise him!
For his mercies ever shall endure.
Praise him ye children! men, maidens, old and young!
Kings bow before him from every land and tongue.

3 Praise the Lord! praise him!
Earth's Redeemer, the blessed Prince of Peace!
Praise the Lord! praise him!
May Jehovah's praises never cease!
Sing his glory, send forth his name abroad;
Tell the glad story of this our mighty God.

142

(Hymn 142)—With Joy we Lift our Eyes.

ISAAC SMITH.

With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - - bove, That glorious temple in the

skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou Almighty King
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

The trees are crowned with glo-ry, The hills are bright with praise; The voice of au-tumn sing-eth Thro'

all her for-est ways. With heart, and voice, and gar-land, Dear Lord, thy children meet To crown thee with their

praises,—To wor-ship at thy feet.

2 As once, in far Judea,
The little children came
With glad and sweet hosannas,
And blessings on thy name,
With waving palms and praises,
Thy lowly steps to throng;
So we, within thy temple,
Come seeking thee with song.

3 O lowly Lord and master!
We long to be like thee—
In purity, in patience,
In deep humility;
That when our autumn cometh,
And as a leaf we fade,
The glory of thy presence
May dissipate death's shade.

144

(Hymn 144)—Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

1 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our
 2 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their golden crowns a -

song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Mighty!
 round the glass - y sea; Cheru - bin and Seraphim Falling down be - fore thee,

God in three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert and art, and ev - ermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
 Tho' the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
 Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
 Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and
 sky, and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

145

(Hymn 145)—Glory to the Father Give.

W. B. GILBERT, Mus. Doc.

Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live ;
 Chil - dren's prayers he deigns to hear, Children's songs de - light his ear.

Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Prophet, Priest and King ; Children raise your

sweet - est strain, To the Lamb, for he was slain,

2 Glory to the Holy Ghost !
 Be this day a Pentecost !
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire !
 Glory to the highest be,
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the Gospel from above,
 For the word that "God is love."

(Hymn 146)—*In Happy Song.*

In hap - py song our voices we will raise, In hap - py song the Saviour's name to praise, For

CHORUS.

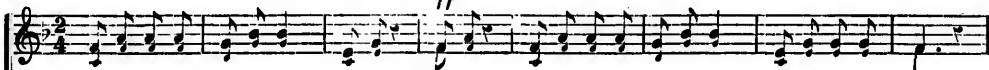
grace and mer - cy all the many days, For present blessings we en - joy, Hap - py song, . . . happy

hap - py song, happy song, happy song, happy song, happy song, We'll praise him in our happy song.

happy song, Happy song, happy song, Happy song, happy, etc.

2 We praise him for one blessed day in seven,
We praise him for his mercies daily given,
We praise him for our present hope of heaven,
We praise him for his holy Word.

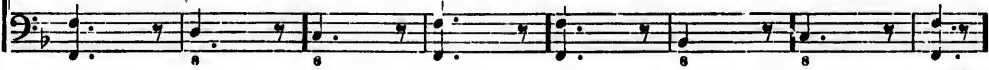
3 And when we meet on yonder happy shore,
When toil, and pain, and trials all are o'er,
We'll shout his praises ever, evermore,
We'll swell redemption's happy song.



1 If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it, sing it, As the birds sing in their sport, Sing it from the heart :
 2 Every gracious deed of his, Sing it, sing it, Nothing sounds so well as this, Sing it from the heart :
 3 Are you weary, are you sad?— Sing it, sing it, Make yourselves and others glad, Sing it from the heart :



Does the holy Spirit move, For the children of his love?— Sing, and point the home above, Sing it from the heart.
 How the Lord walked on the wave— Rescued Lazarus from the grave— Died our guilty souls to save— Sing it from the heart.
 Angels now before his face Sing of Christ's redeeming grace. Give the Saviour endless praise, Sing it from the heart.



CHORUS.

Singing from the Heart—(Concluded).

Singing, singing from the heart, Oh, the joy our songs impart! Jesus, bless the tuneful art, Singing from the heart.

148

(Hymn 148)—Come ye that Love the Lord.

WARELEY.

Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, And let your joys be known,
Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God, Who nev - er knew our God,

Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round his throne.
But servants of the heav'n - ly King, But servants of the heav'n - ly King, May speak their joys a - broad,

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,

He will send down his heavenly
powers,
To carry us above.

3 The men of grace have found
glory begun below;

Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,

We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

149

(Hymn 149)—I Sing the Almighty Power.

BRETHOVEN.

I sing th' al-migh - ty power of God, That made the moun - tains rise ;

That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the lof - ty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command
And all the stars obey.

3 All creatures, numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care,
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

4 There's not a plant nor flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

5 His hand is my p-perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh !

We praise Thee O God! for the Son of thy love! For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a -

CHORUS.

- bove. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

151

(Hymn 151)—The Lord of Sabbath.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise, In concert with the blest, Who, joyful, in harmonious lays,

Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
In faith and love we grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,

By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak a word from naught ;
'Twas greater to redeem !

152

(Hymn 152)—O Day of Rest and Gladness.

S. S. WESLEY.

O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;

O Day of Rest and Gladness—(Concluded).

On thee the high and lowly, Before th' eternal throne, Sing Holy, Holy, Holy, To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;

On thee our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;

To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

153

(Hymn 153)—With Joy we Hail the Sacred Day.

With joy we hail the sacred day, Which God has called his own; With joy the summons we o-

bey, To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temples Lord how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

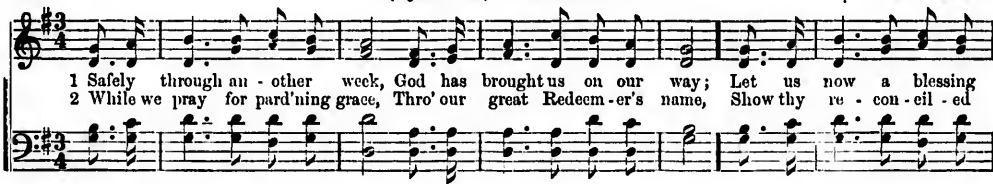
4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Thy gospel's glorious light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own!
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

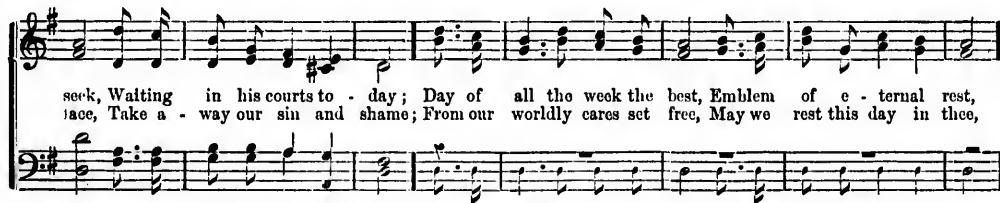
154

(Hymn 154)—Sabbath.

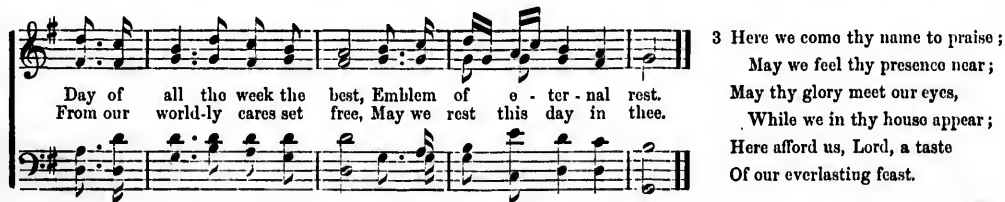
DR. L. MASON.



1 Safely through an - other week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' our great Redeem - er's name, Show thy re - con - cil - ed



seek, Watting in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ternal rest,
face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee,



3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

155

(Hymn 155)—Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Wel - come, de-light - ful morn! Thou day of sa - cred rest; I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord,

make these moments blest; From low de-lights and triff - ling toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I

soar to reach . . . im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach

2 Now may the King ascend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Reveal a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

156

(Hymn 156)—*Softly Fades the Twilight Ray.*

VON WERR.

Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gent - ly as life's set - ting sun,

When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

157

(Hymn 157)—*Father of Mercies, in Thy Word.*

DR. ARNOLD.

Fa - ther of mer - cies, in thy Word, What end - less glo - ry shines!

WARR.



sun,



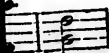
ear,
shipper
the skies,
prize.

aths be
in thee,
s repose,
er shall close.

DR. ARNOLD.



shines!



162

Father of Mercies, in Thy Word—(Concluded).



For ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.

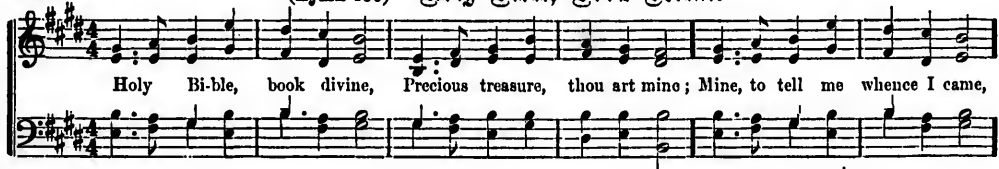
2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

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

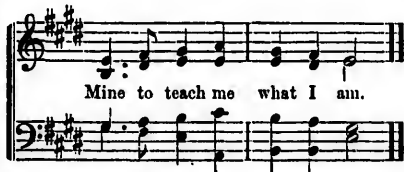
4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

158

(Hymn 158)—Holy Bible, Book Divine.



Holy Bi-ble, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine; Mine, to tell me whence I came,



Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure thou art mine!

163

Duet.

No book is like the Bi - ble, For child - hood, youth and age; Our du - ty, plain and sim - ple, We

Semi-Chorus.

find on ev'ry page; It came by in - spi - ra - tion: A light to guide our way, A voice from Him who
D. S. The pilgrim's chart of

Fine. **CHORUS.** *D. S.*

gave it, Re - prov - ing when we stray. No book is like the Bi - ble, The bles - sed book we love,
glo - ry, It leads to God a - bove.

2 It tells of man's creation,
His sad, primeval fall;
It tells of man's redemption,
Through Christ, who died for all;

In sacred words of wisdom
It bids us watch and pray,
And early come to Jesus,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

3 O, let us love the Bible,
And praise it more and more;
Our life is like a shadow,
Our days will soon be o'er;

But if we closely follow
The counsel God has given,
We then may hope with angels,
To sing his praise in heaven.

160

(Hymn 160)—The Half was Never Told.

P. P. Bliss.

Re-peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free; I love to hear it more and more, Since

CHORUS. The half was nev - er told,

grace has rescued me. The half was nev - er told, The half was nev - er
nev - er told,

The half was nev - er told.

told, 1 Of grace divine so won - derful, The half was nev - er told.
2 Of peace, etc. nev - er told.
3 Of joy, etc.
4 Of love, etc.

nev - er told,

2 Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real joy in life I know,
But in his service sweet.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of his love.

165

161

(Hymn 161)—Gospel Bells.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

The Gospel bells are ringing, O - ver land, from sea to sea: Blessed news of free sal-

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

va - tion Do they of - fer you and me. "For God so loved the world That his

This system contains the second two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

on - ly son he gave, Who - so - e'er be - liev - eth in him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."

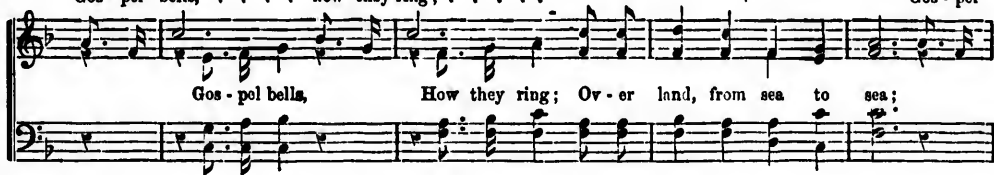
This system contains the final two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Gospel Bells —(Concluded.)

CHORUS.

Gos - pel bells, how they ring;

Gos - pel



Gos - pel bells, How they ring; Ov - er land, from sea to sea;

bells free - ly bring.



Gos - pel bells free - ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

2 The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all;
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.
"I am the bread of life;
Eat of me, thou hungry soul,
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as wool."

3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
"Escape ye, for thy life;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified.
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

Tell me the Old, Old Story, Of unseen things a . bove, Of Jeaus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his

love. Tell me the Story simp ly, As to a little child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And helpless and do - filed.

CHORUS.

Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story, Tell me the Old, Old Story, Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

3 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;

Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
"Jesus Christ makes thee whole."

163

(Hymn 163)---I Love to Tell the Story.

W. G. FISHER.

I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his

love. I love to tell the story, Because I know its true; It satisfies my longings, As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the Old, Old Story Of Jesus and his love.

1 I love to tell the Story !
 'Tis pleasant to repeat
 What seems, each time I tell it,
 More wonderfully sweet;

2 I love to tell the story !
 For some have never heard
 The message of salvation
 From God's own Holy Word.

3 I love to tell the Story !
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest.

And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the New, New Song,
 'Twill be the Old, Old Story
 That I have loved so long.

Hark! the Christmas bells are ring-ing, An - gel voi - ces join the lay, Peace on earth, goodwill for

CHORUS.

ev - er; Christ, the Sa - viour, born to - day. Come to the manger, come and worship Christ, the Saviour,

born to - day; Come with the shepherds, come and wor - ship; Star of Bethl'hem guide our way.

2 Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Hail with joy the auspicious day;
Sorrow, pain, and grief are banished,
Falling tears are wiped away.

3 Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Prince of Peace Emmanuel reigns;
King and Saviour, Christ, Redeemer,
Evermore his right maintains.

4 Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Precious gifts let all prepare;
Richer far than gold or jewels,
Gifts of holy praise and prayer.

165

(Hymn 165)—Hark! what mean those Holy Voices?

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces Sweet - ly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! the angel - ic

Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! the angel-ic

REFRAIN.

host re - joice; Heavenly al - le - lu - las rise. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry Which they

host re - joice;

Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry

chant in hymns of joy; Glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!

Which they chant in hymns of joy.

2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

3 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

166

(Hymn 166)—Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

MENDELSSOHN.

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

sinner re-con-ciled." Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With an-gel-ic hosts pro-

claim Christ is born in Beth-le-hem; Hark the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo-ry to our new-born King.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

4 Yelled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

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

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

167

(Hymn 167)—Angels from the Realms of Glory.

WILLIAM BEST.

An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang ere - a - tion's

sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth: Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship

Christ the new - born King. Come and Wor - ship, Come and Wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ the new - born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions gleam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

178

168

(Hymn 168)—*Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.*

R. LOWRY.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us thine aid ;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

REFRAIN.

Rit.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid.
Brightest and best of the morning,

2 Gold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining.
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings 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.

As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hailed its light,

Leading onward, beaming bright; So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet,
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King!

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

170

(Hymn 170)—Glory to God in the Highest.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

Glo - ry to God in the highest, Glo - ry to God! glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the

The musical notation for the full chorus consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support.

Semi-Chorus or Duet.

high - est, Shall be our song to - day. An - oth - er year's rich mer - cies prove, His

The musical notation for the semi-chorus or duet consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support.

ceaseless care and boundless love, So let our loudest voices raise, Our glad and grate - ful songs of praise.

The musical notation for the continuation of the semi-chorus or duet consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support.

Glory to God in the Highest—(Concluded).

FULL CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God in the highest, Glo - ry to God in the highest, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

glo - ry, glo - ry, *ff* Glo - ry be to God on high! God on high!

1st Time. *2nd Time.*

2
 Glory to God in the highest,
 - Glory to God! glory to God!
 Glory to God in the highest,
 Shall be our song to-day.
 The song that woke the glorious morn,
 When David's greater Son was born,
 Sung by an heavenly host, and we,
 Would join the angelic company.

3
 Glory to God in the highest,
 Glory to God! glory to God!
 Glory to God in the highest,
 Shall be our song to-day.
 O, may we an unbroken band,
 Around the throne of Jesus stand,
 And there with angels and the throng,
 Of his redeemed ones join the song.

171

(Hymn 171)—Christmas Carol.

We three kings of O - ri - ent are; Bear - ing gifts we traverse a - far; Field and foun - tain,

CHORUS.

Moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star. Oh, star of won - der, star of night,

Star with roy - al beauty bright, Westward leading, still pre - ced - ing, Guide us to the perfect light.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again—
King forever, coaxing never,
Over us all to reign.

3 Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God, on high.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom—
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Heaven singing Hallelujah;
Joyous the earth replies.

There is a green hill far a-way, With - out a cit - y wall; Where the dear Lord was

REFRAIN.

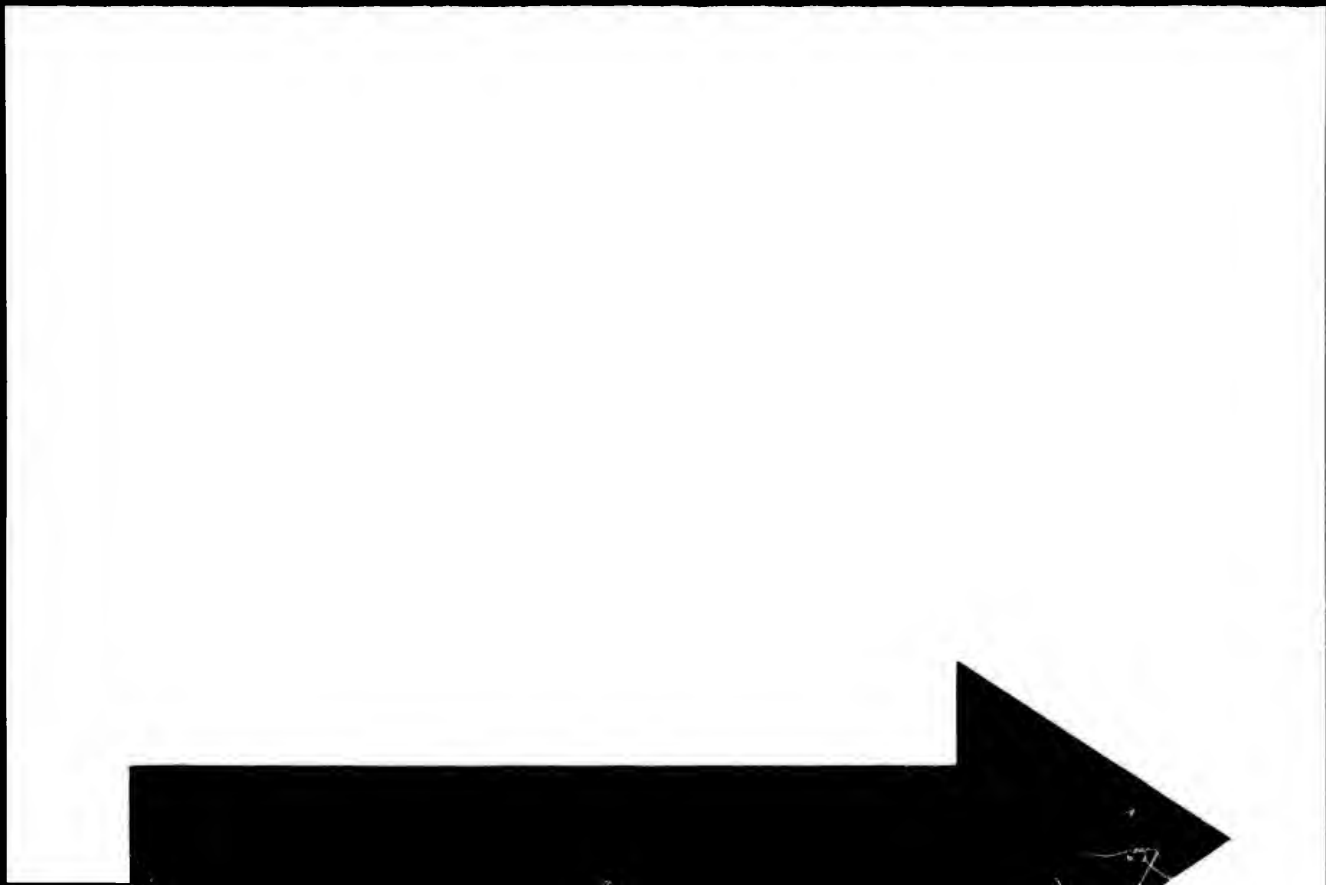
aru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved, And

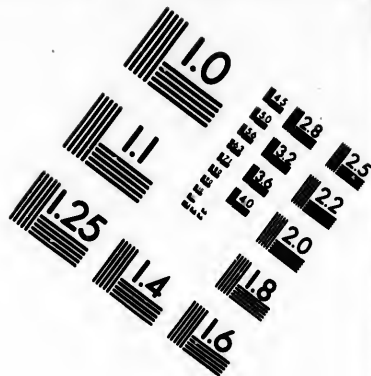
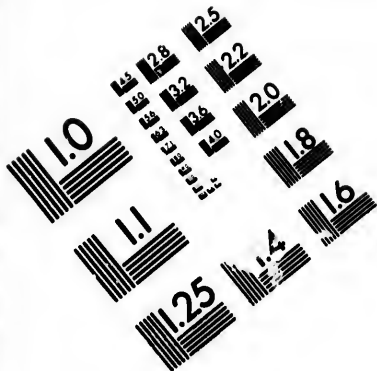
we must love him too; And trust in his re - deem - ing blood, And try his works to do.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

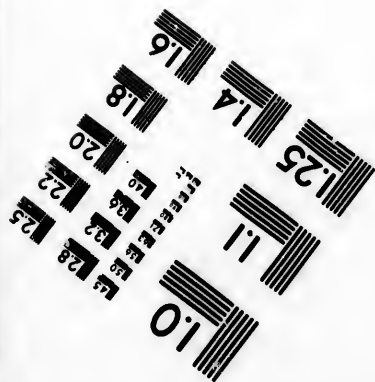
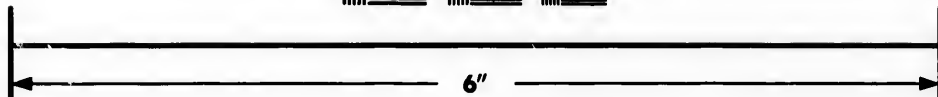
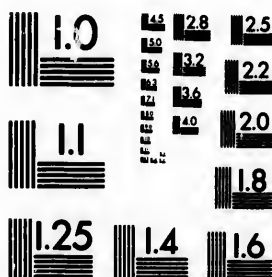
3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good.
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.





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173

(Hymn 173)—Behold the Saviour of Mankind!

Behold the Saviour of mankind Nailed to the shameful tree; How vast the love that him inclined To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

174

(Hymn 174)—When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

I. B. WOODBURY.

When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

When I Survey the Wonderful Cross—(Concluded).

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

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

175

(Hymn 175)—Dear Lord, Remember Me.

ASA HULL.

Al - as! and did my Saviour bleed! And did my Sov'reign die! Would he de - vote that

CHO.—Help me, dear Sa - viour, thee to own, And ev - er faithful be; And when thou sit - test

sacred head For such a worm as I!

on thy throne, Dear Lord remember me.

3 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

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

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.

Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly dawn; Spice she brought and rich perfume,

But the Lord she loved had gone; For awhile she lingering stood, Filled with sor - row

and sur - prise, Trembling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrow quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead—
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempt-tossed
On his arm your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for awhile may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to . . day! Al le . . lu . . ia! Sons of men and

angels say; Al le . . lu . . ia! Raise your joys and triumphs high: Al

. . . le . . lu . . ia! Sing, ye heavens; thou earth re . ply— Al le . . lu . . ia!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting!
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

4 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this;
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

178

(Hymn 178) — Golden Harps are Sounding.

Golden harps are sounding, An - gel voices ring, Pearly gates are opened, Opened for the King.

Christ the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in triumph To his throne a - bove.

CHORUS.

All his work is end - ed, Joy - fully we sing; Je - sus hath as - cended! Glo - ry to our King!

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At his Father's side.

Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.

3 Praying for his children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace;

His bright hopes preparing,
Little ones, see you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

179

(Hymn 179) — Entered the Holy Place Above.

J. B. DYKES.

Entered the ho - ly place above, Covered with meri - torious scars, The tokens of his

dying love Our great High-priest in glo - ry bears; He pleads his passion on the tree, He

shows him-self to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears;
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears;
While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer;
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalencé with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in his hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

(Hymn 180)—Lift up, O Little Children!

Lift up, O lit - tle children, Your voices clear and sweet, And sing the blessed story Of

CHORUS.

Christ the Lord of glory, And worship at his feet! And worship at his feet! Oh, sing the blessed

story! The Lord of life and glory is risen—as he said— is ris - en from the dead!

2 Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
The earth is not our prison
Since Christ himself hath risen
The life of every one.

3 Ring, all ye bells in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again!
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign.

181

(Hymn 181)—Hail to the Lord's Anointed!

Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's great - or Son! Hail, in the time ap -

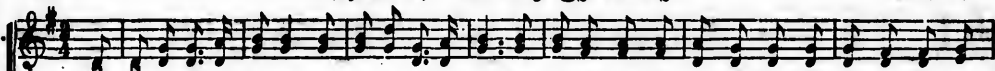
point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op - pression, To set the cap - tive

free, To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qual - ty.

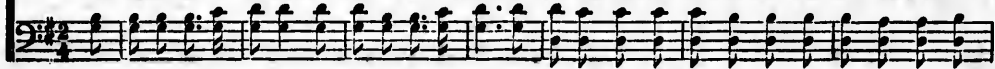
1 Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

2 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing, and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
His changeless name of Love.



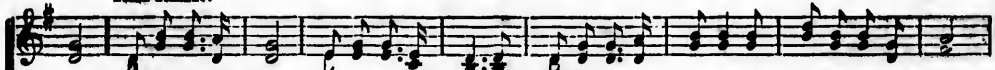
1 A better day is coming, A morning promised long, When girded Right, with ho - ly Might, Will o - ver - throw the
 2 The boast of haughty Error No more will fill the air, But Age and Youth will love the Truth, And spread it ev - 'ry -
 3 Oh! for that ho - ly dawning We watch, and wait, and pray, Till o'er the height the morning light Shall drive the gloom a -



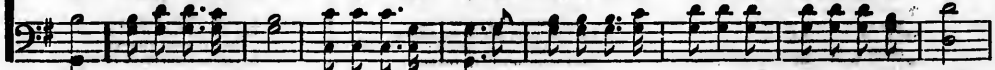
Wrong; When God the Lord will listen To every plaintive and stretch his hand o'er ev - 'ry land, With justice by-and -
 where; No more from Want and sorrow Will come the hopeless and strife will cease, and perfect Peace Will flourish by-and -
 way; And when the heav'nly glory Shall flood the earth and sky, We'll bless the Lord for all his word, And praise him by-and -



REFRAIN.



by. Coming by-and - by, coming by-and - by! The better day is coming, The morning draweth nigh;



Coming By-and-by—(Concluded).

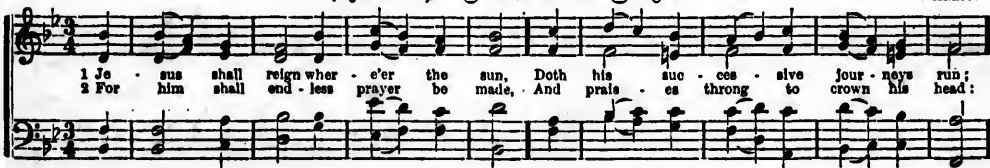


Com-ing by - and - by, com - ing by - and - by! The wel - come dawn will hasten on, 'Tis coming by - and - by.

183

(Hymn 183)—Jesus shall Reign.

W. KNAPP.



1 Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun, Doth his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2 For him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais - es throug - to crown his head:



His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise, With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain. 189

(Hymn 184) — Tell it out among the Heathen.

S.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out! Tell it out! that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out!

Fine.

out among the nations; bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out with a - do - ra - tion that he
 out! Tell it out! bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! Tell . . . it out! Tell it out that he

Tell it out!

shall increase, That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace; Tell it out with ju - bi - la - tion, tho' the waves may roar,
 shall increase,

Tell it out among the Heathen—(Concluded.)

D.S.

That he sitteth on the water floods, our King for ever more; Tell it

2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives;
 Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save;
 Tell it out among the dying that he triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above!
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
 Tell it out among the nations, that his reign is love!
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
 Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
 Like the sound of many waters let our glad shouts be,
 Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

185

(Hymn 185)—O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness.

SMART.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheered by no celestial ray, Sun of Righteousness a - rising Bring the bright the

glorious day! Send the gos-pel, Send the gos-pel, To the earth's re - motest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.
 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
 Win and conquer, never cease!
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around!

(Hymn 186)—The Morning Light.

The morning light is breaking, The dark-ness dis - ap - pears; The Sons of earth are wak - ing, To

pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from a - far; Of na-tions in com-

me - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Africa's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand,

From many an ancient river, From many a palmey plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.

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

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

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

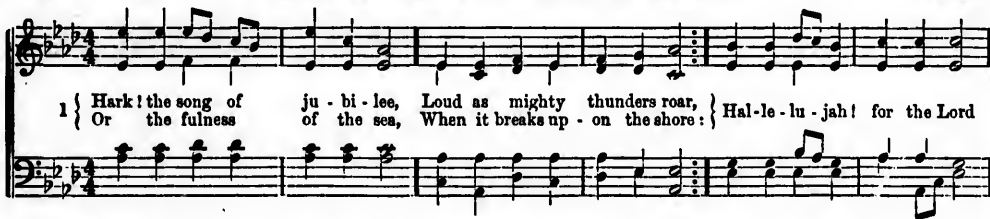
Our country's voice is pleading, Ye men of God a - rise! His pro - vidence is leading, The

land before you lies; Day-gleams are o'er it bright'ning, And promise clothes the soil; Wide fields, for harvest

whit - ning, Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
 Along the ocean shore,
 Christ's precious gospel taking,
 More rich than golden ore;
 Go to the woodman's dwelling,
 Go to the prairie broad,
 The wondrous story telling,
 The mercy of our God.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
 Speed on from east to west,
 Till all, his cross beholding,
 In him are fully blest.
 Great Author of salvation,
 Haste, haste the glorious day
 When we, a ransomed nation,
 Thy sceptre shall obey!



1 { Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, } Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord
 Or the fulness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore: }



God Om - ni - po - tent shall reign; Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the word Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies;
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens are passed away:
 Then the end:—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

190

(Hymn 190)—Jesus, Gentle Saviour.

R. LOWRY.

Je - sus, gentle Saviour, Hear our earnest prayer: Make us little children All thy constant care;

Softly shine up - on us, With thy smile of love; Lead us on our journey To thy home a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Lead us, lead us, Lead us, gentle Saviour, Lead us on our journey To thy home a - bove.

2 We are very happy,
All the world is fair;
Seldom do we sorrow,
Seldom have a care.

Yet we would be joyous,
Did we only know
That when life is ended
We to thee should go.

3 Dear and blessed Saviour,
Hold our little hands;
Lead our little footsteps,
Heeding thy commands;

So shall we in gladness
Spend our earthly days,
Till thy voice shall call us
Home to sing thy praise.

If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad, He will give me pleasure, When my heart is

CHORUS.

and. If I come to Je - sus, Happy I should be, He is gently call - ing

Lit - tle ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer,
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear.

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,

He will kindly lead me,
To a better land.

4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

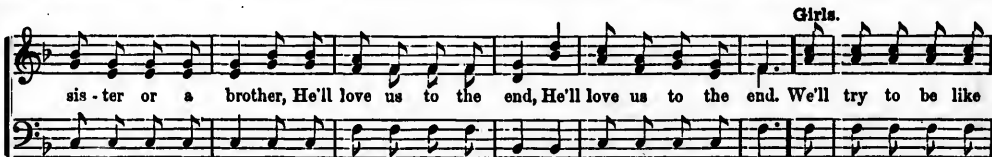
192

(Hymn 192)—Try to be Like Jesus.

Gentle, not too loud.

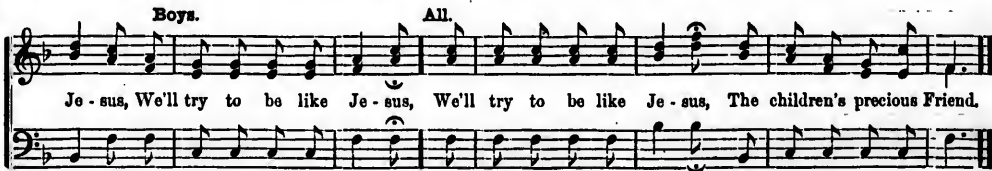

We'll try to be like Je - sus, Tho children's precious Friend, Far dearer than a mother, A

Girls.



sis - ter or a brother, He'll love us to the end, He'll love us to the end. We'll try to be like

Boys. *All.*



Je - sus, We'll try to be like Je - sus, We'll try to be like Je - sus, The children's precious Friend.

2 We'll try to be like Jesus,
In body and in mind ;
For pure he was and holy,
In temper meek and lowly,
And to poor sinners kind.

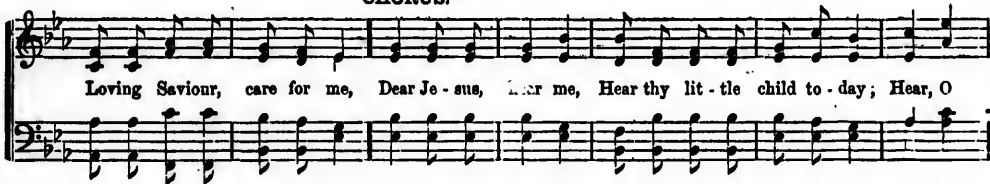
3 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will:
We'll seek his strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.

4 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At his right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story,
The ransomed sing on high.



Saviour bless a lit - tle child ; Teach my heart the way to thee ; Make it gentle, good and mild ;

CHORUS.



Loving Saviour, care for me, Dear Je - sus, hear me, Hear thy lit - tle child to - day ; Hear, O



hear me ; Hear me when I pray.

2 I am young, but thou hast said—
All who will may come to thee ;
Feed my soul with living bread ;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

3 Jesus, help me, I am weak ;
Let me put my trust in thee ;

Teach me how, and what to speak ;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from thee ;
Keep me in the heavenly way ;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

194

(Hymn 194)—Jesus, High in Glory.

T. M. MILLER.

Moderato.

Je - sus high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear, While we bow be - fore thee, In - fant praises hear.

CHORUS.

Hear us, lov - ing Saviour, Hear us now, we pray, Let thy Ho - ly Spir - it Dwell with us to - day.

2 Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak, and often stray,
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

195

(Hymn 195)—Gentle Jesus.

Gentle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child; Pi - ty my sim - pli - ci - ty,

Gentle Jesus—(Concluded).

Suf - fer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought ;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not ;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.

4 Fain I would be as thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.

3 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Like thyself, within my heart.

196

(Hymn 196)—Jesus, Holy, Undeiled.

Je - sus, Ho - ly, Un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child ; Thou hast sent the glorious light,

Chas-ing far the si - lent night. A - men.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of thine,
Warmth to give and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

4 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As become a little child ;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

3 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my dally bread ;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5 Help me never to forget
That in thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

197

(Hymn 197)—Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Je - sus loves the lit - tle children, Knows a - bout their work and play, Helps them when they

try to please him, hears them al - ways when they pray. Hap - py, hap - py lit - tle children,

Je - sus hears them when they pray! Happy, hap - py little children, Je - sus hears them when they pray!

Jesus Loves the Little Children—(Concluded).

He will keep them, when they ask him,
 Always patient, true, and mild;
 Jesus knows about their troubles—
 He was once a little child.
 Blessed, happy little children—
 He was once a little child!

3 By-and-by, for those who love him,
 He will come some happy day—
 Lead them to the pleasant pastures
 Of the land not far away.
 Oh, the safe and happy children.
 In the land not far away!

198

(Hymn 198)—Little Drops of Water.

Lit - tle dr: ps of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the migh - ty o - cean

Coda.

And the beauteous land, the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
 Humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages
 Of eternity.

3 And our little errors
 Lead the soul away
 From the paths of virtue
 Far in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of mercy
 Sown by youthful hands
 Grow to bless the nations,
 Far in heathen lands.

5 Little deeds of kindness
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.

199

(Hymn 199)—Do us Sinful Action.

Do no sin - ful ac - tion, Speak no an - gry word; Ye be - long to Je - sus, Children of the Lord.

2 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
Into every ill.

3 But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

4 If ye would be Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

200

(Hymn 200)—The Golden Rule.

Alto.

Never lose the golden rule, Keep it still in view; Do to others as you would They should do to you.

Fine.

CHO. Never lose the golden rule, Keep it still in view; Do to others as you would They should do to you.

The Golden Rule—(Concluded.)

D. C.

Kind - ly gent - ly, In their burden bear a part; Meek - ly, chid - ing With a loving heart.

2 Help the feeble ones along,
Cheer the faint and weak;
To the sorrow-laden heart,
Words of comfort speak.

Freely, freely,
From the bounty of your store,
Cheerful givers,
Help the humble poor.

3 Love the Lord, the first command,
With thy soul and mind;
Love thy neighbour as thyself,
Both in one combined.

Justly, justly,
With each other strive to live,
Ever ready,
Willing to forgive.

201

(Hymn 201)—Gracious Saviour.

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd, Lit - tle ones are dear to thee; Gathered with thy arms, and

car - ried In thy bo - som may we be.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us,
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way.

3 Taught to bless the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
May we with thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

202

(Hymn 202)—Little Hearts and Little Hands.

Lit-tle hearts and lit-tle hands, Giv-en up to Je-sus; On-ly wait-ing his com-mands, Looking

CHORUS.

up to Je-sus. Looking up, Looking up, Look-ing up to Je-rus, Look-ing up to Je-sus.

1st Time. 2nd Time.

2 Little lives and precious loves,
Given up to Jesus;
Waiting till his Spirit moves,
Looking up to Jesus.

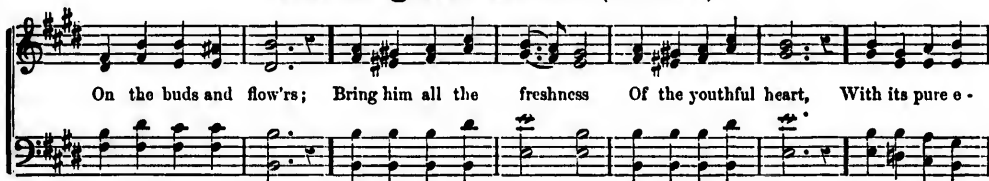
3 Ever ready to obey,
Given up to Jesus;
Willingly to work and pray,
Looking up to Jesus.

203

(Hymn 203)—Seek the Blessed Saviour.

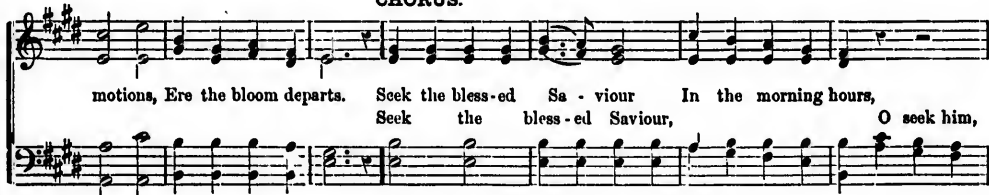
Seek the blessed Sa-viour In the morn-ing hours, While the dew still ling-ers

Seek the Blessed Saviour—(Concluded.)



Looking
On the buds and flow'rs; Bring him all the freshness Of the youthful heart, With its pure e-

CHORUS.



Je - sus.
motions, Ere the bloom departs. Seek the bless-ed Sa - viour In the morning hours,
Seek the bless-ed Saviour, O seek him,



ling - ers
While the dew still lingers On the buds and flow'rs.

2 Come! the Saviour pleadeth
In his tenderness,
Ho his lambs would gather,
Lovingly would bless;
In his arms enfolds them,
Bears them home above;
Trust his matchless mercy
And his priceless love.

3 Hasten! do not linger!
See his outstretched hand;
He will lead you, guide you
To the better land.
Soon the day will bring you
All its care and strife;
Give him all the brightness
Of the morn of life.

204

(Hymn 204)—Let me Learn of Jesus.

Let me learn of Je - sus, He is kind to me; Once he died to save me, Nailed upon the tree.

2 If I go to Jesus,
He will hear me pray,
Make me good and holy,
Take my sins away.

3 Let me think of Jesus,
He is full of love,
Looking down upon me
From his throne above.

4 If I trust in Jesus,
If I do his will,
Then I shall be happy,
Safe from every ill.

5 O, how good is Jesus!
May he hold my hand,
And at last receive me
To a better land.

205

(Hymn 205)—Sister, Thou wast Mild and Lovely.

Slow and Soft.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening,

When it floats a - mong the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shall know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;

But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He will all our sorrow heal.

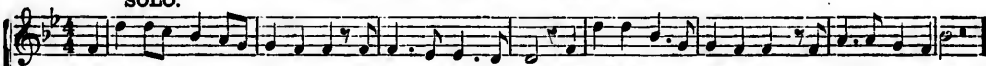
4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

THIS TUNE MAY BE SUNG AS A DUET BY TWO VOICES.

208

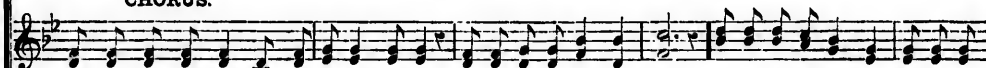
(Hymn 206)—Calling Us Away.

SOLO.

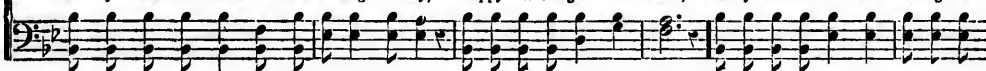


Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the vale and see The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.

CHORUS.



Man - y are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the gold - en strand, Many are the voices calling us



Repeat pp.



a - way, To join their glorious band. Calling us a - way, Calling us away, Calling to the better land.



- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came,
They, with united breath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breath ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

207

(Hymn 207)—Triumph By and by.

The prize is set before us, To win, his words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us

From on high, from on high; His loving tones are calling While sin is dark, appall-ing, 'Tis

CHORUS.

Je - sus gent - ly calling, He is nigh, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet him, By and

Triumph by and by—(Concluded).

by we shall greet him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a common meter (4/4 equivalent).

by we shall meet him, by and by we shall greet him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

We'll follow where he leadeth,
We'll pasture where he feedeth,
We'll yield to him who pleadeth
From on high ;
Then naught from him shall sever,
Our Hope shall brighten ever,
And Faith shall fall us never,
He is nigh.

3 Our home is bright above us,
No trials dark to move us,
But Jesus dear to love us
There on high ;
We'll give him best endeavour,
And praise his name forever,
His precious name can never,
Never die.

208

(Hymn 208)—*There is a Glorious World of Light.*

There is a glorious world of light, Above the starry sky, Where saints departed clothed in white, A -

dore the Lord Most High. But, hark! amid the joyful songs Those happy voices raise, Ten thousand, thousand

in-fant tongues U-nite with perfect praise.

- 3 Soon must our earthly course be run
 Our mortal frames decay;
 Parents and children, one by one,
 Must fade, and pass away.
- 4 Great God, impress the solemn thought
 This day on every breast,
 That both the teachers and the taught
 May gain thy heavenly rest.

(Hymn 209)—There is a Land of Pure Delight.

1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And
2 There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And nev-er withering flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This

CHORUS.

pleasures banish pain. Oh the land, the lovely land, The land over Jordan's foam; On the golden strand wait the heavenly land from ours.

hap-py, hap-py, band, To wel-come the ransomed home.

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

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.

210

(Hymn 210) — The New "Over There."

W. A. OGDEN.

They have reach'd the sun - ny shore, And will nev - er hun - ger more; All their grief and

pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night, For their day is always bright,

CHORUS.

And their Saviour is their light, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver there,

The New "Over There"—(Concluded.)

They can nev - er know a fear o - ver there; All their streets are shin - ing gold,
O - ver there.

And their glo - ry is un - told, 'Tis the Saviour's bliss - ful fold, O - ver there.

2 Now they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And their summers always last,
Over there;
They can never know a fear,
For the Saviour's always near,
And with them is endless cheer,
Over there.

They have fought the weary fight,
Jesus saved them by his might,
Now they dwell with him in light,
Over there;
Soon we'll reach the shining strand,
But we'll wait our Lord's command,
Till we see his beck'ning hand,
Over there.

211

(Hymn 211)—When we Get Home.

W. O. PERKINS.

When we get home to that beau-ti-ful land, With its beau-ti-ful ci-ti-ty of gold; When

we have pass'd o'er the river of death, And are safe in the heaven-ly fold; Wearisome toil, tribu-

la-tion and care, That burden our spirits to-day, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass—Shall

When we Get Home—(Concluded).

CHORUS.

pass un-re-turning a-way. When we get home How sweet 'twill
 When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet, 'twill
 be! . . . When we get home, How sweet 'twill be! . .
 be! When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet, 'twill be! . .

2 When we get home from our wanderings here,
 To that clime where they wander no more;
 When, with the loved that have passed into rest,
 We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
 Sorrow and strife, and our proneness to err,
 The pain and the sickness we bear,
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
 And ne'er shall they trouble us there.

3 When we get home, (and it will not be long
 Till we finish our journey below);
 When we shall lose ev'ry cumbering weight,
 And the sins that doth hinder us so;
 Tears that we shed in our sorrowful hours,
 The fears and the doubts that molest,
 Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass,
 And reach not the home of the blest.

212

(Hymn 212)—A Home in Heaven.

T. C. O'KANE.

Joyful.

A home in heav'n! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his wea-ry lot, His heart op-pressed, and by

Ritard ad lib.

CHORUS.

anguish driv'n, From his home be-low to his home in heaven. Trav'ling on so glad and free, To a
Trav'ling on, so glad and free, so glad and free,

home for you and me, Come and join our pilgrim band, Trav'ling to the promised heav'nly land.
to a home for you and me, for you & me, Come & join our pilgrim band, our pilgrim band,

- 2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given
With the blessed thought of a home in heaven.
- 3 A home in heaven! when our treasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,

- When strength decays and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven,
4 A home in heaven! when our friends have fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead,
We rest in hope on the promise given
We shall meet up there in our home in heaven.

213

(Hymn 213)—Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Around the throne of God in heaven Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are

all forgiven, A ho - ly, hap - py band: Singing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry

be to God on high.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there?
Singing 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!

214

(Hymn 214)—The Home Over There.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light, Where the saints all im-mortal and
 2 O, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the

O-ver there,

REFRAIN.

fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O-ver there, o-ver there, O, think of a home o-ver
 air, In their home in the palace of God. O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends over

Over there,

there, O-ver there, there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O, think of a home o-ver there.
 there, O-ver there, there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O, think of the friends o-ver there.

The Home Over There—(Concluded).

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

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

215

(Hymn 215)—Happy Land.

There is a happy land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright bright as day.

Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour, King," Loud let his praises 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 land
 Beams every eye—
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.

Oh, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won ;
 And bright above the sun
 We reign for aye.

216

(Hymn 216)—*Shall I be There?*

T. E. PERKINS.

When saints gather round thee, dear Saviour, above, and hasten to crown thee with jewels of love,

Among those bright mansions of glory so fair, O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

CHORUS.

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

- 2 When those who have laboured and struggled to save,
Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark grave,
Are bringing the treasures they gathered with care,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?
3 When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore,
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,

- When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?
4 O blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place;
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair?
O tell me, dear Saviour if I shall be there?

217

(Hymn 217)—Sweet By and By.

There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far, For tho' Father waits o - ver the

CHORUS.

way, To pre - pare us a dwelling-place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on
by and by, In the sweet by and by,

In the Repeat dim. gradually to the end.

that beauti - ful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beauti - ful shore.
by and by, by and by, In the sweet by and by,

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

218

(Hymn 218)—On the Sweet Eden Shore

On the sweet E - den shore so peaceful and bright, The spir - its made per - fect are

dwelling in light; Their white wings are wafting them gently along, Through beautiful regions of

CHORUS.

glo - ry and song. On the sweet E - den shore so
On the sweet E - den shore,

On the Sweet Eden Shore—(Concluded.)

peace - ful and bright, On the sweet E - den shore, the home of the blest, With
On the sweet E - den shore,

friends gone be - fore, We'll tar - ry and rest, tar - ry and rest, Tar - ry and rest on the shore.

2 O, blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er,
To mount up to heaven and dwell evermore,
To never grow weary, and never know care,
In those beautiful regions so blooming and fair.

3 On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest,
With friends gone before soon we'll tarry and rest,
Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay,
We'll delight in the pleasures that never decay.

219

(Hymn 219)—Beyond Life's Raging Fever.

Dolce e Legato.

CHORUS.

1 { Be - yond life's raging fe - ver, Be - yond life's troubled dream, } The saints shall dwell in glo - ry,
 { Be - yond death's surging riv - er, Be - yond that sullen stream, }

In beauty fading not; O pilgrim are you praying That this may be your lot!

2 Beyond this land of sighing,
 Where countless tears are shed;
 Beyond the sick and dying,
 Beyond the mouldering dead:—

3 Beyond this scene of trial,
 Where heart and flesh do fail;
 Beyond the darkening shadows,
 Beyond the gloomy vale:—

4 Beyond earth's weary burden,
 The cross, the scourge, the rod,
 The saints shall dwell in glory—
 The saints shall dwell with God.

220

(Hymn 220)—Breaking through the Clouds.

H. P. MAIN.

Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the Christian's natal skies, Distant beams like floods of glo - ry

Breaking through the Clouds—(Concluded.)

Fill the soul with glad sur - prise; And we almost hear the e - cho Of the pure and ho - ly throng,

CHORUS.

In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the summer - land of song. On the banks beyond the riv - er,

Ritard.

We shall meet no more to sev - er; In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the summer - land of song.

2 Yet a little while we linger,
Ere we reach our journey's end;
Yet a little while to labour,
Ere the evening shades descend.

Then we'll lay us down to slumber,
But the night will soon be o'er:
In the bright, the bright forever,
We shall wake, to sleep no more.

3 O the bliss of life eternal!
O the long unbroken rest!
In the golden fields of pleasure,
In the regions of the blest.

But to see our dear Redeemer,
And before his throne to fall,
There to hear his gracious welcome,
Will be sweeter far than all.

221

(Hymn 221)—Home of the Soul.

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land, The far away home of the soul,

Where no storms ever beat on that glittering strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll

O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.

There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the River of Life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The king of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain! [hands,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our
To meet one another again.

222

(Hymn 222)—Precious Jewels.

Moderato.

When he cometh, when he cometh To make up his jewels, All his jewels, precious jewels, His

CHORUS.

loved and his own. Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a - dorning, They shall

shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom ;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

223

(Hymn 223)—We're Going Home To-Morrow.

P. P. Bliss.

We're go - ing home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sor - row; No more to wear The

CHORUS.

brow of care—We're go - ing home 'to - mor - row. We're go - ing home We're
We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, We're

go - ing home to - mor - row; We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home to - mor - row.
go - ing home to - mor - row; We're go - ing home, we're go - ing home, we're go - ing home to - mor - row.

2 For weary feet
Awaits a street,
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache
The angels wake
The story sweet and olden.

3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh! joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever;
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With him at home forever.

P. P. Bliss.

more to wear The
 We're
 ing home, We're
 We're
 ing home, We're
 come to - mor-row.
 come to - mor-row.
 ful song !
 omed throng !
 e sin no more shall sever ;
 g to see,
 to be
 him at home forever.

224

(Hymn 224)—Jerusalem, the Golden.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, the golden, With milk and honey blest ! Beneath thy contem - pla - tion Sink
 2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel And

heart and voice oppressed ; I know not, oh, I know not, What social joys are there, What radian - cy of
 all the martyr throng ; The Prince is ev - er in them, The daylight is se - rene ; The pastures of the

glo - ry, What light beyond com - pare.
 blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast ;
 And they who, with their Leader
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with God the Father
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Moderato.

I may not know all the joy-ful songs of heaven, Sung by the countless an-gel-ic host up there;

I may not feel the sweet peace of the immortals,— Sanctified, glo-ri-fied, crowns of love to wear;

Soll.

Yet in my soul there's a voice so low and tender, Telling the joys that the ho-ly angels know;

* This can be sung in E^b if preferred.

J. H. ANDERSON.

gel - ic host up there ;
crowns of love to wear ;
ho - ly angels know ;

229

Songs of Heaven—(Concluded).

Tutti.

Whisp'ring to me of a time when I shall join them, Joy - ful - ly leaving my burdens here below.

CHORUS.

Teach me, dear Je - sus, the songs of the im - mortals, Teach me to sing on my way to heav'n above ;

rit.
Teach me the songs of the ho - ly, ho - ly angels, Teach me the beautiful, the happy songs of love.

2 I may not know all the glorified immortals,
Standing before thee, the holy, lovely One ;
But I would join in the happy, happy chorus,
Singing forever around the glorious throne.

Then may I see all the angels pure and holy,
Then may I join in the happy songs they sing ;
Then may I kneel at thy feet within thy kingdom,
Praising my Saviour, my Priest, my Lord, my King.

238

226

(Hymn 226)—How Happy every Child of Grace.

FREDERICK WESTLAKE.

How happy every child of grace, Who knows his sins for-giv'n, This earth he cries is

not my place, I seek my place in heaven: A country far from mortal sight—Yet, O, by faith I

see The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heaven prepared for me.

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.

4 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

227

(Hymn 227)—Our Souls are in His Mighty Hand.

Our souls are in his might-y hand, And he shall keep them still; And you and I shall

sure - ly stand With him on Zi-on's hill. Him eye to eye we there shall see;

Our face like his, shall shine; O what a glorious com - pan - y, When saints and angels join!

3 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

4 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

235

228

(Hymn 228)—Gathering Home.

O. R. BARROWS.

1 Gath - er - ing homeward from ev - 'ry land, Gather - ing one by one; Pilgrims are join -
 2 Lov'd ones have gone to that distant shore. Gather - ing one by one; Oth - ers are go -

ing the heav'nly band, Gather - ing one by one; Each brow's enclosed in a golden crown,
 ing for - ev - er - more, Gather - ing one by one; Our sisters so gentle, our bro - thers so brave,

Their trav - el - stain'd robes are all laid down, Gather - ing homeward from ev - 'ry land, Gather - ing
 The beauti - ful children o'er the wave, Gather - ing homeward from ev - 'ry land, Gather - ing

Gathering Home—(Concluded).

CHORUS.

one by one. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
one by one. Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing home, Gather - ing, homeward one by one ;

Rit. *Repeat ad lib. pp.* *2nd ending.*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home.
Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing home, swee sweet home.

3 We, too, shall come to the riverside,
Gathering one by one ;
Nearer its wate, each eventide,
Gathering one by one ;
Oh, Jesus, our fainting strength uphold,
The waves of that river are dark and cold ;
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

4 Jesus, Redeemer, be thou our stay !
Gathering one by one ;
Cross the dark river with us, we pray,
Gathering one by one ;
Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's side,
And fearlessly breast its swelling tide,
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

229

REV. WILLIAM HUNTER

(Hymn 229)—I'm Going Home.

Arr. by WM. MILLER, M.D.

My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there; Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out -

CHORUS.

shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm go - ing

home to die no more, To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing 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.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow
Be mine a happier lot to own,
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fall this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heav'nly mansion stands for me.

230

(Hymn 230)—The Realms of the Blest.

We speak of the land of the blest, A country so bright and so fair, and oft are its
We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, its wonders and

REFRAIN.

glories con - fest, But what must it be to be there. To be there, To be there, Oh, what must it
pleasures un - told, But what must it be to be there.

be to be there; And oft are its glories con - fest, But what must it be to be there.

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there.

4 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.

5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall live,
And feel what it is to be there.

231

(Hymn 231)—The Morning Bright.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.

The morn-ing bright, with ro - sy light, Has waked me up from sleep: Fa-ther, I own thy

love a - lone, Thy lit - tle one doth keep.

2 All through the day I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live
Lord Jesus, near thy side.

3 O make thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace!
Make me like thee, then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

232

(Hymn 232)—Morning Hymn.

DR. MAINIER.

1 A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily course of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth and
2 Re - deem thy mis-spent moments past, And live this day as if thy last; Thy tal - ents to im -

Morning Hymn—(Concluded).

ear - ly rise, To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
- prove take care; For the great day thy - self pre - pare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, and words, and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King.

233

(Hymn 233)—Evening Hymn.

TALLES.

1 Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,
2 For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done; That with the world, my -

King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - mighty wings.
- self 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 awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

234

(Hymn 234)—Happy the Home when God is There.

JACKSON.

Hap - py the home when God is there, And love fills ev - 'ry breast; When one their wish, and

one their prayer, And one their heaven - ly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesu's name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lispen his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

235

(Hymn 235)—Sun of My Soul.

Sun of my soul, thou Sa - viour dear, It is not night if thou be near;

Sun of My Soul—(Concluded).

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise, To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

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

4 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.

236

(Hymn 236)—Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Je-sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy lit-tle lamb to-night; Thro' the darkness

be thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed, 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.

237

(Hymn 237)—Abide with Me.

W. H. MONK.

A - bide with me, fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deepens; Lord with me a - bide!

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!

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

2 I need thy presence every passing hour;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power!

Who like thyself my guide and stay can be
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

238

(Hymn 238) — Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

Sav - iour, breathe an ev - 'ning blessing, Ere re - pose our Spir - its seal;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;

Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.

4 Let thy presence, great Redeemer,
 Banish all our guilty fear;
 And the joy of thy salvation
 Every fainting spirit cheer.

239

(Hymn 239) — See, the Church of Christ Arises. *Harmonised by W. A. OGDEN.**Spirited.*

1 { See, the Church of Christ a - ris - es, Smile or frown of man des - pi - ses, For - ward,
Lis - ten to the drunkard's wail - ing, See his struggles un - a - vail - ing, Now when

is the cry it rais - es, For a great cru - sade; } Join us good and ho - ly,
hu - man help seems fail - ing, Christians lend your aid.

Bet - ter days come slow - ly, We will stand a temp'rance band, To aid the

See, the Church of Christ Arises—(Concluded).

weak and low - ly; Oh, how long shall Sa - tan's aim - ing, By this foe our

faith be shaming, And the Christian cause de - fam ing, Without ef - forts made?

2 Men of God, your help come lend us,
From the scorn and sneer defend us,
Loving hearts and prayers, Oh, send us,
In the great distress;
Help us, pastors, help us, teachers,
Harvest rich awaits the reapers,
There's no room for drones and sleepers,
God the work will bless.

3 Shall the drunkard perish,
While our ease we cherish,
And the foe unchecked below,
Destroy our best and bravest,
Talents, time, and life are flying,
We shall soon be with the dying,
For thy sake ourselves denying,
Love us Lord not less.

240

(Hymn 240)—Dash it Down!

R. LOWRY.

There's a de-mon in the glass—Dash it down! With a chain of tri-ple brass—Dash it
Dash it down!

down! There is many a bosom's thro', And a world of bitter woe, Lying under -
Dash it down!

neath its flow—Dash it down, Dash it down, Dash it down, Dash it down.
Dash it down, Dash it down, Dash it down,

2 There's a sting beneath its smile—Dash it down!
And it sparkles to beguile—Dash it down!
While it offers to defend,
And it flatters as a friend,
There is ruin in the end—Dash it down!

3 All its mirth is but a snare—Dash it down!
All its promises are air—Dash it down!
And its laugh becomes a grin,
And its pleasures turn to sin,
While it draws its victim in—Dash it down!

241

REV. F. DENISON.

(Hymn 141)—Strike for the Victory.

T. C. O'KANE.

Wake from in - tem - per - ance! Hear ye mer - cy's song! Rouse from your fes - tal trance!

CHORUS.

Grasp the arm that's strong. Strike for the vic - to - ry! Dash to earth the cup!

Christ gives us lib - er - ty; Lift his ban - ner up.

2 List to the trumpet-call, Sweet as angel voice;
Haste ere you down shall fall, Make to-day your choice.

3 Turn from the charmer's way, Fly the viper's breath;
Hear now the Saviour say, "I will save from death."

4 Sunder the chains of sin, Now's the hour of life;
Trusting a crown to win, Nobly meet the strife.

242

(Hymn 242)—Sparkling Water.

W. A. OGDEN.

Allegro.

Mer - ry laughing, sparkling wa - ter, Down the hillside flow - ing free; Making all so

CHORUS.

bright and hap - py, In the vale and on the lea. How I love thee, sparkling wa - ver,

Pur - est, pur - est drink for me; Mer - ry laughing, sparkling wa - ter, Down the hill-side flowing free.

2 Who would drain the flowing goblet,
Running o'er with ruby wine?
Better far to pledge of friendship,
In those cooling drops of thine.

3 See the bird his pinions 'aving
In thy stream, so glad and free;
Though he fills the air with music,
He would languish but for thee.

4 From the river or the fountain,
From the brooklet or the rill,
Merry, laughing, sparkling water,
Thou art welcome, welcome still.

243

(Hymn 243)—The Social Glass.

1 'Tis but the social, friend-ly glass,—This is the song of youth; Who lit - tle dream that time, alas! Re -
 2 There's sor - row in that glass for thee, I'morse, re-grets and pain; 'Tis dead - ly as the u - pas tree, Oh,
 3 Touch not the social, friendly glass, Son, husband, father, friend; For swift - ly on the mo - ments pass, Soon

veals this solemn truth, That he who e - ven dares to look, Up - on the spark - ling wine, Will find—'tis true as
 from its use ab - stain. Bring not disgrace up - on thy head, Wound not a father's pride, Let not thy mother's
 time will have an end. Then do not spend in sin - ful mirth, This life's bright golden hours, Nor grov - el in the

God's own book—It stingeth though it shine, Will find—'tis true as God's own book, It sting - eth, though it shine.
 tears be shed, But in her love a - bide, Let not thy mother's tears be shed, but in her love a - bide.
 dust of earth, But rise to lof - tier pow'rs, Nor grov - el in the dust of earth, But rise to lof - tier pow'rs.

Rit.

(Hymn 244)—National Anthem.

God save our gra - cious Queen, Long live our no - ble Queen, God save the Queen!

Send her vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign

o - - ver us, God save the Queen.

2 Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our Queen,
Long may she reign ;
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above ;
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

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

245

(Hymn 245)—God Bless our Native Land.

God bless our na - tive land, Her strength and glo - ry stand Ev - er in thee;

Her faith and laws be pure; Her throne and hearths se - cure; And let her

name en - dure, Home of the free.

2 God smile upon our land,
And countless as the sand
Her blessings be!
Arise, O Lord, Most High!
And call her children nigh,
Till heart and voice reply
Glory to thee.

3 Not in this land alone;
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore;
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

246

(Hymn 246) — Day by Day.

Day by day the man-na fell; Oh, to learn this les-son well! Still by constant

mer-cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai-ly bread.

- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads
Dally strength for dally needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, our times are in thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have planned;
To thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to thine.
- 4 Thou our daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee we live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not our own, our Father's will.

247

FANNY CROSS

(Hymn 247) — The Master is Come.

WM. F. SHEARWIN.

1 The Master is come, and calleth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart, No friend so for-
2 The Master has come with blessings for thee, A- rise, and his message re-ceive; Thy ransom is

The Master is Come—(Concluded.)

REFRAIN.

giving, so gentle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him de-part? Patient - ly wait - ing, earnest - ly -
 purchased, thy pardon is free, If thou wilt re-pent and be-lieve.

Patient - ly wait - - ing,

plead - ing, Je - sus, thy Sa - viour, knocks at thy heart, Pa-tient - ly wait - ing, ear-nest - ly plead-ing,
 pa - tient - ly wait - ing,

Je - sus, thy Sa - viour, knocks at thy heart.

3 The Master is come, and calleth thee now
 This moment what joy may be thine;
 How tender the smile that illumines his brow
 A pledge of his favour divine.

4 He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,
 O, fly to the arms of his love,
 Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,
 Prepared in his kingdom above.

(Hymn 248)—Happy is the Child who Hears.

A. R. REINAGLE.

O, hap - py is the child who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice;

And who ce - les - tial Wis - dom makes his ear - ly, on - ly choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

249

(Hymn 249)—Firmly Stand for God.

With Spirit.

Firmly stand for God in the world's mad strife, Tho' the bleak winds roar, and the waves beat high; 'Tis the Rock a-lone giv-eth

CHORUS,

strength and life, When the hosts of sin are nigh. Let us stand on the Rock! Firmly stand on the Rock! On the

Rock of Christ a-lone; If the strife we endure, We shall stand secure, 'Mid the throng who surround the throne.

2 Firmly stand for Right with a motive pure,
With a true heart bold, and a faith e'er strong;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth triumph sure,
O'er the world's array of wrong.

3 Firmly stand for Truth, it will serve you best—
Though it waiteth long, it is sure at last;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth peace and rest,
When the storms of life are past.

250

(Hymn 250)—Lo! a Fountain, Full and Free.

Lo! a fountain, full and free, O - ver - flowing ev - er; Fainting heart, it is for thee,

O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; * Gushing, sparkling, nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.

REFRAIN.

O - ver - flowing, o - ver - flowing ev - er, O - ver - flowing, Flowing now for thee.

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

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

251

(Hymn 251)—Wonderful Words of Life.

Sing them o - ver a - gain to me Wonder - ful words of Life, Let me more of their

beau - ty see, Wonder - ful words of Life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and

du - ty ; Beauti - ful words, wonder - ful words, Wonder - ful words of Life, Life.

2 Christ, the blessed One gives to all
Wonderful words of Life,
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life.

All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven,
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life.
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life.

Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever,
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.

252

(Hymn 252)—*Unexhausted Love.*

L. G. HAYNE.

Thy cease - less, un - ex - haust - ed love, un - mer - it - ed and free,

De - lights our e - vil to re - move, And help our mis - e - ry.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou doest with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

253

(Hymn 253)—*Let Him to Whom We now Belong.*

A. H. MANN.

Let him to whom we now be - long His sov - reign right as - sert,

Let Him to Whom We now Belong—(Concluded).

And take up ev - 'ry thank - ful song, And ev - 'ry lov - ing heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price ;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

254

(Hymn 254) Lord in the Strength of Grace.

Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free, My - self, My res - i -

due of days, I con - se - crate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thy own ;
And from this moment, live or die,
To serve my God alone.

(Hymn 255)—And can it be that I should Gain.

And can it be that I should gain an in - t'rest in the Saviour's blood? Died he for me, who caused his pain,

For me, who him to death pursued? A - maz - ing love! How can it be That thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
 Who can explore his strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine!
 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
 So free, so infinite his grace!
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out me.

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
 I woke—the dungeon flamed with light,
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
 Jesus, and all in him is mine!
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

256

(Hymn 256)—*He Leadeth Me.*

He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought, oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught; Whate'er I do, wher-

REFRAIN.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me. He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By

his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom
By waters still, o'er troubled sea, —
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

257

(Hymn 257) — We Give Thee but Thine own.

We give thee but thine own, What'er the gift may be; All that we have is thine a-lone, A

trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe;

To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

4 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
What'er we do for thine, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

258

(Hymn 258) — Jesus, my Truth, my Way.

Je - sus, my Truth, my Way, My sure, un - err - ing light,

Jesus, my Truth, my Way—(Concluded.)

On thee my fee - ble steps I stay, Which thou wilt guide a - - - right,

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor thou art ;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause ;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

4 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed ;
And then my spotless soul receive
And take me home to God.

259

(Hymn 259)—O, for a Heart to Praise my God.

O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free ; A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So

free-ly spilt for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;

Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

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

(Hymn 260)—*Shall we Gather at the River.*

Shall we gather at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod ; With its crys - tal tide for

CHORUS.

ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God ? Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the

beau - ti - ful riv - er ; Gather with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God

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

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

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

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

261

(Hymn 261)—Trusting Jesus.

Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust - ing through a stor - my way; E - ven when my

CHORUS.

faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all. Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the

days go by; Trust - ing him what - e'er be - fal, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

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

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call:
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past,
Till within the Jasper wall;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

(Hymn 262)—The Streets of the City are Full.

1 The streets of the city are full Of poor little perishing souls, Who wander away from the light
2 Then out of the desert of sin And out of the darkness of night, Go bring the dear lambs to the flock,

In places that Sa-tan con-trols! They see not the snare at their feet They know not the danger they're
And lead them up in-to the light. Their voices with tenderness train, Their wilfulness try to sub-

REFRAIN.

in : O Saviour, can these be thy lambs, So changed and disfigured by sin? Famishing, perishing
due : Be patient and tender with them, As Christ has been patient with you.

The Streets of the City are Full—(Concluded).

ev - ry day; Lambs of the flock, how they go a - stray! Lambs of the flock, how they go a - stray!

263

(Hymn 263)—Praise ye Jehovah.

Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;

Praise him who will with glo - ry crown the low - ly, And with sal - vation beauti - fy the meek.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord for all his loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy he hath shown;
Praise him who pardons all our sin and blindness
And calls us sons and marks us for his own.
- 3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of all our blessing,
Before his gifts earth's richest boons are dim;

- Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.
- 4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son;
Praise ye the Son, who died himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in One."

264

(Hymn 264)—Over the Sea.

The sea is wild - ly toss - ing, And oft - en cloth'd with gloom, On which we're swift - ly crossing To our e - ter - nal home

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Gra - cious Sav - iour, pl - ot me; O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Spir - it kind, my guard - ian

Rit.

be: O - ver the sea, where - ver I roam, Fa - ther a - bove, Oh bring me home Un - der the bright ce - les - tial dome.

2 We've many a foe to conquer,
And many a storm to face,
E'er we in heaven may anchor,
And sing redeeming grace.

3 Though nature in commotion
Defy our power and skill,
Our Jesus rules the ocean,
And bids the winds be still.

4 Sail on then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's word your chart;
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trustful heart.

5 We'll float the gospel banner,
And guard it with our life,
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"
Victorious in the strife.

265

MRS. PIERCE PALMER.

(Hymn 265)—The Cleansing Wave.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

Oh, now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide; Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save,

CHORUS.

Points to his wounded side. The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it

cleanseth me! Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood
It speaks! polluted nature dies
Sinks! 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
'To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, on'y Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

266

REV. THEO. MONOD.

(Hymn 266)—None of self and all of Thee.

JAS. McGRANAHAN.

Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er be, When I

proudly said to Je - sus "All of self, and none of Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of

self and none of Thee, When I proudly said to Je - sus "All of self and none of Thee"

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

3 Day by day his tender mercy
Healing, helping, full and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered
"Less of self and more of thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
"None of self and all of thee."

267

(Hymn 267)—Gentle Words.

REV. R. LOWRY.

The sun may raise the grass to life, The dew the drooping flower; And eyes grow bright and watch the light Of autumn's opening hour;

But words that breathe of tenderness And smiles we know are true, Are warmer than the summer-time And brighter than the dew.

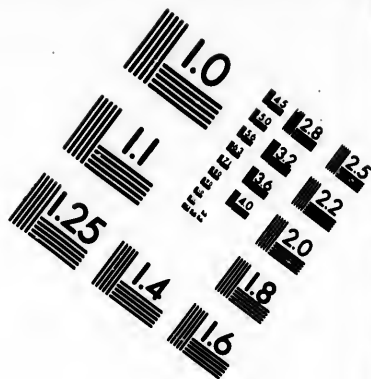
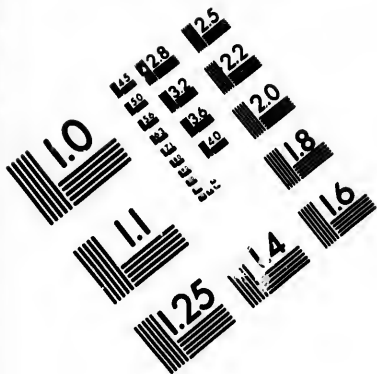
REFRAIN

Gen - tle words! Lov - ing smiles! How beau - ti - ful aro gen - tle words and lov - ing smiles!
Gen - tle words! Lov - ing, lov - ing smiles!

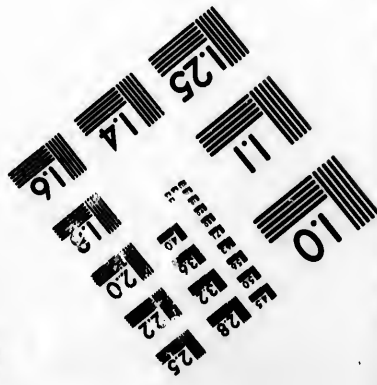
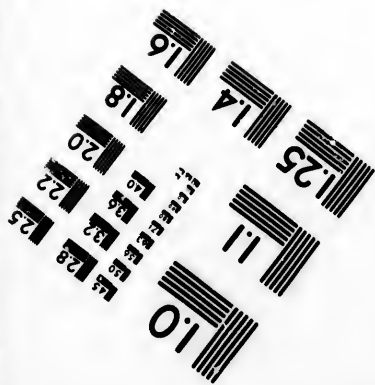
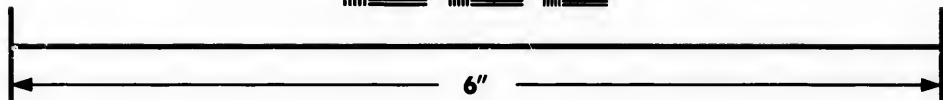
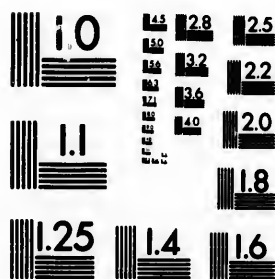
2 It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;

3 But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth;
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!





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263

(Hymn 268)—Grace! 'tis a Charming Sound.

Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mon - ious to the car; Heaven with the ec - ho

shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road

And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

269

(Hymn 269)—My Shepherd will Supply my Need.

My Shepherd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.

My Shepherd shall Supply my Need—(Concluded).

He brings my wandering spirit back, When I forsake his ways; And leads me for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth now my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

270

(Hymn 270)—Words are Things of Little Cost.

O. R. BARNICOOT.

Words are things of lit-tle cost, Quickly spoken, quickly lost; We for-get them, but they stand Wit-ness-es at God's right

hand, And a tes-ti-mon-y bear For us, or against us, there.

2 O how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin;
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin set free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

275

271

(Hymn 271)—Lord, I would own Thy Tender Care.

1 Lord, I would own thy tender care, And all thy love to me; The food I eat, the
2 'Tis thou pre - serv - est me from death And dangers ev - 'ry hour; I can - not draw an -

clothes I wear, Are all be - stowed by thee.
oth - er breath Un - less thou give me power.

3 My health and friends and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee, and obey.

272

(Hymn 272)—See the Shining Dew Drops.

See the shin - ing dewdrops On the flow - ers strewed, Proving as they sparkle, God is ev - er good.

REFRAIN.

See the Shining Dew Drops—(Concluded.)

Bring, my heart, thy tribute, Songs of gra - ti - tude: All things join to tell us God is ev - er good.

2 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming
God is ever good.

3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In its solitude,
With its ripple saying
God is ever good.

4 In the leafy trec-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing
God is ever good.

273

(Hymn 273)—Let us with a Gladsome Mind.

Let us with a glad - some mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind; For his mercies shall en - dure,

Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

2 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All our wants he doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 His own Son he sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

277

274

(Hymn 274)—*To thy Father and thy Mother.*

DR. DRES.

To thy father and thy mother Honour, love and reverence pay; This command before all other, Must a Christian child o-bey.

2 Help me, Lord, in this sweet duty;
 Guide me in thy steps divine;
 Show me all the joy and beauty
 Of obedience such as thine.

3 Teach me how to please and gladden
 Those who toil and care for me;
 Many a grief their heart must sadden,
 Let me still their comfort be!

4 Then when years are gathering o'er them,
 When they're sleeping in the grave,
 Sweet will seem the love I bore them,
 Right the reverence I gave.

275

(Hymn 275)—*God of Pity, God of Grace.*

God of pi-ty, God of grace, When we humbly seek thy face, Bend from heaven, thy

dwell - ing place, Hear, for - give, and save.

2 When we in thy temple meet,
 Spread our wants before thy feet,
 Pleading at thy mercy-seat:
 Look from heaven, and save.

3 When thy love our hearts shall fill
 And we long to do thy will,
 Turning to thy holy hill:
 Lord, accept, and save.

4 Should we wander from thy fold,
 And our love to thee grow cold,

With a pitying eye behold:
 Lord, forgive, and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
 Earthly care and want distress,
 May our souls thy peace possess:
 Jesus, hear, and save.

6 And what'er our cry may be,
 When we lift our hearts to thee
 From our burden set us free:
 Hear, forgive, and save.

I love to sing of that great Power That made the earth and sea ; But better still I love the song

Of "Je - sus died for me." Of "Je - sus died for me," Of "Je - sus died for me,"

- 2 I love to sing of shrub and flower,
Of field, and plant, and tree ;
My sweetest note for ever is,
That " Jesus died for me,"
- 3 I love to think of angels' songs,
From sin and sorrow free ;
But angels cannot strike their notes
To " Jesus died for me."
- 4 I love to speak of God, of heaven,
And all its purity ;

God is my Father, heaven my home,
For " Jesus died for me."

5 And when I reach that happy place,
From all temptation free,
I'll tune my ever rapturous notes
With " Jesus died for me."

6 And when I, at his sacred feet
Adoring, bow the knee,
I'll swell the everlasting song
With " Jesus died for me."

277

(Hymn 277)—Jesus, from Thy Throne on High.

Boys.

Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky, Look on us with lov - ing eye:

Girls.

Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus, Lit - tle chil - dren need not fear When they know that Thou art near ;

All.

Thou dost love us, Sa - viour dear : Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus. Little lambs may come to Thee,

Jesus, from Thy Throne on High—(Concluded.)

Thou wilt fold us ten - der - ly, And our care - ful Shep - herd be : Hear us, ho - ly Je - sus.

4 Little hearts may love thee well,
Little lips thy love may swell,
Little hymns thy praises tell. Hear, etc.

5 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine. Hear, etc.

278

(Hymn 278)—Sing to the Great Jehovah's Praise.

Sing to the great Jo - ho - vah's praise, All praise to him be - longs ; Who kind - ly length - ens out our

days, De - mands our choi - cest songs.

2 His providence has brought us through
Another various year ;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see thy face above.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still-continued care ;
To t'ee presenting, through thy Son,
What'er we have or are.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee.

279

(Hymn 279) — Be not Swift to take Offence.

S. J. VAIL.

Be not swift to take of - fence; Let it pass, Let it pass! An - ger is a foe to sense,

rall. *a tempo.*

Let it pass! Brood not darkly o'er a wrong, Which will dis-ap-pear ere long; Ra-ther sing this

rall.

cheery song, Let it pass!

2 Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred,
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dew-drops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay!
Let it pass!

3 If for good you suffer ill,
Let it pass!
O, be kind and gentle still,
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph will be great
Let it pass!

280

(Hymn 280)—Weeping will not Save Me.

Weeping will not save me! Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not al - lay my fears,

REFRAIN.

Could not wash the sins of years; Weeping will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me;

Jesus suf - fered on the tree; Jesus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me!

2 Working will not save me:
Purest deeds that I can do,
Hollest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew;
Working will not save me.

3 Waiting will not save me:
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,
In my ear is mercy's cry,
If I wait I can but die,
Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me:
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that he has done,
To his arms help me to run;
Faith in Christ will save me.

281

(Hymn 281) — *Whosoever Will.*

"Who-so-ev-er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings all the world around; Spread the joyful news wher-

CHORUS.

ev-er man is found, "Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will," "Who-so-ev-er will," Send the procla-

ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a loving Father calls the wand'rer home, "Who-so-ev-er will may come."

2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
 Now the door is open, enter while you may;
 Jesus is the true, the only Living Way;
 "Whosoever will, may come."

3 "Whosoever will" the promise secure:
 "Whosoever will," forever must endure;
 "Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore:
 "Whosoever will, may come."

282

(Hymn 282)—Hold the Fort.

Ho! my comrades, see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky! Re - in - force - ments

CHORUS.

now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh. "Hold the fort, for I am com - ing,"

Je - sus sig - nal's still, Wave the answer back to heaven, "By thy grace we will."

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

3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our Help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

283

(Hymn 283)—Happy are We.

W. H. DOANE.

Nev - er be faint or weary, Children of light Beaming so bright; How can the way be

drear - y? Je - sus our Friend is near; Trusting his love to guide us, Do - ing his will

Cheerful - ly still, Je - sus will walk be - side us; What has the heart to fear?

ay be

g his will

fear?

Happy are We—(Concluded).

REFRAIN.

Yes, hap - py are we: yes, hap - py are we; Ev - er we sing, Je - sus our King,

Honour and glo - ry to thee; Ev - er in hope re - joic - ing Loving our blessed Re -

deem - er, Hap - py are we, Hap - py are we, Yes, hap - py are we.

2 Never repine in sorrow;
Think of the care Others may bear;
Tell them a golden morrow,
Smiling their path will cheer;

Comf. . the sad and lonely;
Walk in the light, Beaming so bright;
Trusting in Jesus only,
He will be always near.

284

(Hymn 284) — Marching On.

W. B. BRADBURY.

We are march-ing on with shield and ban-ner bright; We will work for God and bat-tle for the right; We will
In the Sun-day school our ar-my we pre-pare, As we ral-ly round our blessed standard tierce, And the

REFRAIN.

praise His name, re-joice-ing in His might: And we'll work till Je-sus calls. Then a-wake, . . . then a-
Sav-iour's cross wa-car-ly learn to bear, While we work till Je-sus calls.

Then a-wake,

wake, . . . Hap-py song, . . . hap-py song, . . . Shout for joy, . . . shout for joy, As we

then a-wake, . . . Hap-py song, . . . hap-py song, . . . Shout for joy, . . . shout for joy,

Marching On—(Concluded.)

gladly march a - long. We are marching onward, Singing as we go, To the promised land where

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

liv - ing waters flow; Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here be - low, Come and work till Je - sus comes.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

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

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

(Hymn 285)—*Never Part Again.*

We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright; Come, join our happy youthful band, And

REFRAIN.

seek the plains of light. We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, And soon shall hear the trumpet sound;

And there we shall with Jesua reign, And never never part again. What, never part again? No, never part again; What

Girls.

All.

Never Part Again—(Concluded).

nev - er part again? No, never part a - gain; And there we shall with Jesus reign, And nev - er, never part a - gain.

The musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics written below the notes.

2 The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is freely given,
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.

3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there;
And youthful voices sweetly blend
In the angelic choir.

4 Our teachers kindly point the way
And guide our feet aright,
To the bright realms of endless day
Where Jesus is the light.

286

(Hymn 286)—When this Song of Praise shall Cease.

When this song of praise shall cease, Let thy chil - dren Lord, de - part, With the bless - ing

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The melody is composed of simple chords and single notes, with the lyrics written below.

of thy peace, And thy love in ev - 'ry heart.

This block continues the musical notation from the previous block, showing the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of the hymn.

2 Oh! where'er our path may lie,
Father let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
That thy care upholds us yet.

3 Blind are we, and weak, and frail,
Be thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

287

(Hymn 287)—*Blest be the Tie that Binds.*

HANS GEORGE NAEGLI.

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love ;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.

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 ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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

288

(Hymn 288)—*Wake the Song.*

T. AUSTIN.

Wake the song of joy and gladness, Hither bring your sweetest lays ; Banish every thought of sadness,

Wake the Song—(Concluded.)

Pouring forth your high - est praise; Sing to him whose care has brought us Once a - gain with friends to meet,

REFRAIN.

Who with lov - ing hearts have taught us ' Of the way to Jesus' feet. Wake the song, wake the

Wake the song,

song, The song of joy and gladness; Wake the song, wako the song wake the song The song of ju - bi - lee.

wake the song,
2 Some who came with songs and
 banners
 On our last high festal day,
 Now are singing glad hosannas,
 Where the angels homage pay;
 In the presence of his glory,

Wako the song,
 Jesus' praise they chant above,
 Telling still the old, old story
 Precious thome—redooming love.
3 Thanks to thee, O holy Father,
 For the mercies of the year;

wake the song,
 May each heart, as here we gather,
 Swell with gratitude sincere;
 Thanks to thee, O loving Saviour,
 For redemption through thy blood:
 Thanks to thee, O Holy Spirit,
 Sweetly drawing us to God,

289

(Hymn 289) — Joyfully, Joyfully.

Rev. A. D. MERRILL.

Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, on-ward we move, Bound to the land of bright spi-rits a - bove; Je-sus, our Sa - viour, in
mer-cy says "Come," Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to your home. Soon will our pil-grim-age 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.

2 Teachers and kindred have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
Singing to cheer us, and bidding us come,
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 hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death will be conquered, his sceptre be gone
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

290

(Hymn 290)—Father, from Thy Throne of Glory.

T. WILD.

mf

Fa-ther, from Thy throne of glo-ry, Lis-ten to our praise and prayer; Thou hast spared us in Thy mer-cy,

f *ff*

Here to meet an - o - ther year. Crown, crown it, God of love, With bless-ings from a - bove; Fill our hearts,

fill our hearts With Thy fear and love.

2 Blessings more than we can number
Hitherto have marked our way;
And thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Hath watch'd o'er us every day.
Praise, praise unto thy name,
Praise, praise we loud proclaim,
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring,
With the loud acclaim.

3 May we all, when life is over,
Teachers, children, meet above,
Joining in that song for ever
Of our risen Saviour's love.
Then shall we sweetly sing
Praise to our Saviour King;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall ring
With the strain we sing.

291

Spirited.

(Hymn 291) — Sunday-School War Cry.

W. H. DOANE.

1 On to the conflict, soldiers for the right, Arm you with the Spirit's sword, and march to the fight;
 2 Fiercely it ra-ges, deadly is the strife, But the prize that you shall win will be endless life;
 3 Valiant and cheerful, marching right a-long, Ev-'ry foe shall quit the field, tho' haughty and strong;
 4 Soon shall the warfare and the conflict cease, Soon shall dawn the welcome day of resting and peace;

Truth be your watchword, sound the ringing cry, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!
 Je-sus will crown you, your re-ward shall be Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!
 Fear shall op-press them, truth shall make them flee; Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!
 Foes all sub-dued, we'll raise to heaven the cry, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry!

CHORUS.

Ev-er this the war-cry, Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry; Ev-er this the war-cry, Vic-to-ry;

the fight;
less life;
and strong;
and peace;

to - ry!
to - ry!
to - ry!
to - ry!

to - ry;

Sunday-School War Cry—(Concluded).

Write it on your ban - ners, Waft it on the breeze, Vio - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry!

292

(Hymn-292)—Conducted by Thy Hand.

1 Con - duct - ed by thy hand Safe through an - oth - er year, A - gain, be - hold, we stand,
2 What gra - ti - tude we owe! Yet, O how poor our praise, A grate - ful heart be - stow;
3 If length of days be giv'n, Lord, as we old - er grow, Make us more fit for heaven,

O Lord, to worship here; Praise for thy mercies past to give, And ask thy guidance whilst we live.
And let our future days, With - out reserve, O Lord, be thine,—Bid us awake, a - rise, and shine!
Set free from things below; And when death brings us full release, O, may our lat - ter end be peace!

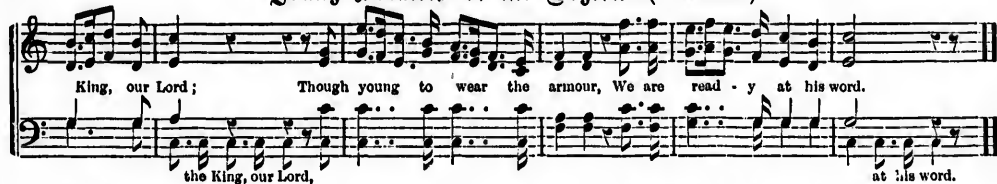
Young soldiers of the Legion, have you heard the King's command? His heralds are proclaiming it through

all the list'ning land. He seeks you for his service, and he bids you wear for him, The stainless golden

CHORUS.

armour, that shall never more grow dim. We hear the roy - al mes - sage, And we know the

Young Soldiers of the Legion—(Concluded).



King, our Lord; Though young to wear the armour, We are ready at his word.
the King, our Lord, at his word.

2 He calls, O loyal legion to a holy war with sin,
But the armour that he offers you is only worn within;
The strength of love and gentleness, the power of truth and right,
The beauty of unselfishness, must arm you for the fight.

3 Then courage, young crusaders, you, the flower of all the land!
Your King himself is with you all, to nerve the weakest hand,
His service is before you, with the glory and the strife,
Who wins the cross of honor shall receive the crown of life.

294

(Hymn 294)—Be Present at our Table, Lord.



Be pres - ent at our ta - ble Lord, Be hero and ev - ry - where a - dored;
These crea - tures bless, and grant that we May feast in Par - a - dise with thee.

295

(Hymn 295)—We Thank Thee, Lord.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, But more be - cause of Jo sus' blood ;
 Let man - na to our soul be given, The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

The musical score for Hymn 295 is written in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system covers the first two lines of text, and the second system covers the next two lines. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

296

(Hymn 296)—One More Hymn.

GEORGE S. WERES.

One more hymn we'll sing at part-ing, One more strain of grate-fui praise ; While our purest thoughts and

The musical score for Hymn 296 is written in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It consists of a single system of music with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes.

One More Hymn—(Concluded).

feel - ings Min - gle with the notes we raise; Children, teachers, lov - ing pas - tor,

D.S. One more hymn we'll sing at part - ing,

All to-gether join the lay; Swell the chorus till the echo Sounds along the heavenly way.

D. S. for Chorus.

One more hymn of grateful praise; While our purest thoughts and feelings Mingle with the notes we raise.

2 Be the measure sweetly tender;
Sing of mercy pure and free;
Sing of Jesus, precious Saviour—
Him who died for you and me;
Sing how great his loving kindness
To his children day by day,—
How with gentle hand he leads them
All along the shining way.

3 Let us look by faith to Jesus,
Lowly bending at his feet;
Humbly ask his love to guide us,
When we leave this dear retreat;
Father, grant us now thy blessing;
Saviour, make us ever thine;
Holy Spirit, be our comfort;
Fill our hearts with love divine,

297

(Hymn 297)—Parting Hymn.

Saviour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise, With one ac - cord, our parting hymn of praise.

We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease, Then, low - ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;

From harm and danger keep thy children free ;
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.

- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

298

(Hymn 298)—Once more Before we Part.

Once more be - fore we part, Oh, bless the Sav - our's name, Let

Once more Before we Part—(Concluded).

ev - 'ry tongue and ev - 'ry heart A - dore and praise the Lamb.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

2 Still on thy holy word
We'll live and feed and grow,
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

3 Give to the FATHER praise,
Give glory to the SON,
And to the SPIRIT of all grace
Be equal honour done.

299

(Hymn 299)—Doxology.

Praise GOD, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low ;

This system contains the first two staves of music for Hymn 299. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host; Praise FATHER, SON, and Ho - LY GHOST.

This system contains the second two staves of music for Hymn 299. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

praise.
peace.
Let
302

This block shows the right edge of the previous page, including musical notation and the words 'praise.', 'peace.', and 'Let'. The page number '302' is visible at the bottom.

300

(Hymn 300)—Lord, Dismiss Us.

Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy

love pos - sessing, Triumph in redeem - ing grace; O refresh us, O refresh us, Trav'ling through this

wil - der - ness! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

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.

8 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the sunimons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

301

(Hymn 301)—Thanks to God for every Blessing.

T. WALLHEAD

1 Thanks to God for ev - 'ry bless - ing Which his boun - teous hand be - stows ;
2 To his arms we're yet in - vi - ted ; 'Tis the Sav - iour bids them come,

All on earth that's worth pos - sess - ing, From that hand in - cess - ant flows. } Hal - le - lu - jah!
Let us, then, with hearts u - ni - ted, Seek through him a heavenly home, }

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

302

(Hymn 302)—Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Sound the battle-cry ! See ! the foe is nigh ; Raise the standard high for the Lord ; Gird your armour on ; Stand firm,

REFRAIN.

ev'ry one, Rest your cause upon his ho-ly word. Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the banner ! Ready ! steady !

pass the word a - long ; Onward - forward ! shout a loud ho-san-na ! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

2 Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go,
While our cause, we know, must prevail ;
Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light ;
Battling for the right, we ne'er can fall.

3 O thou God of all ! Hear us when we call ;
Help us one and all, by thy grace ;
When the battle's done, And the victory won,
May we wear the crown before thy face !

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F. SHERRIN.

Stand firm,

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