

THE
ARK
OF **PRAISE**

FOR THE
Sabbath-School or Prayer Meeting.

EDITED BY
JOHN R. SWENEY & WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

PHILADELPHIA :

John J. Hood,

1018 Arch Street.

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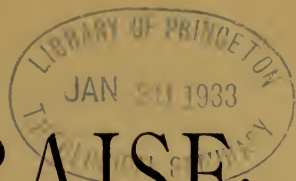
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✓ THE



ARK OF PRAISE:

CONTAINING

SACRED SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR THE

Sabbath - School, Prayer Meeting, Etc.

✓ ✓ EDITED BY ✓

JNO. R. SWENEY & WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Philadelphia :

JOHN J. HOOD,

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PREFACE.

THIS being a companion work to our former efforts, *THE GARNER* and *THE QUIVER*, is of a similar character. Like care as before has been exercised in the selection of such pieces only as are likely to prove valuable in the Sabbath-School or Prayer Meeting. For two reasons we have avoided as much as possible the use of hymns already found in the above mentioned works, first, our friends who expect from us a *new* music book each year do not wish to invest in the purchase of pieces with which they are already supplied and are familiar; second, it is the publisher's intention to bind the three works in one volume, and we wished to avoid duplicates in that form of issue.

The entire contents of *The Ark* may not, strictly speaking, come under the division of Praise hymns; yet, as the presentation of evangelical truths, in whatever relation, is to the glory of God, so all hymns relating to our salvation may be used in praise. Such pieces occupy a large space in our collection.

Having completed the labors of another year, we now dedicate them to the use of Sabbath-schools and churches everywhere, with the prayer that the *ARK OF PRAISE* may prove an *Ark of Blessing* to all with whom it may find a lodging place.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

THE ARK OF PRAISE.

Glory to the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus!"
3. Je-sus is wor-thy to re-ceive Hon-or and power di-vine;
4. The whole cre-a-tion join in one, To bless the sa-cred name

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts re-ply, "For he was slain for us."
And blessings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine.
Of him that sits up-on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb.

CHORUS.

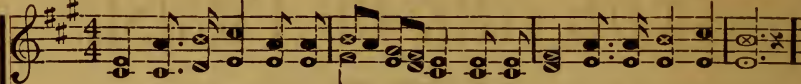
Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb!

Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the Lamb! Glo-ry to the bleeding Lamb!


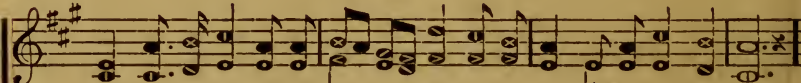
Speed to the Life-boat.

F. J. C.

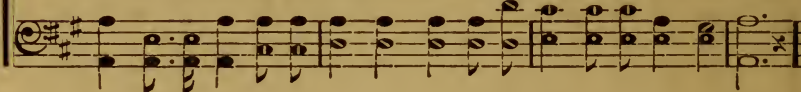
JNO. R. SWENET.



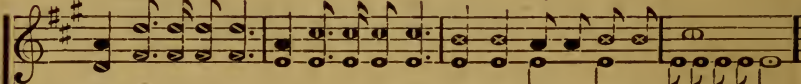
1. Out on the deep, on a star-less deep, In the midst of the billow's roar,
2. Out on the deep, on a treacherous deep, And alone, with no hand to guide,
3. Turn from your course to the beams of hope, As they shine from the light-house tow'r,
4. Haste, while the time and your strength remain, You can trust to your barque no more,

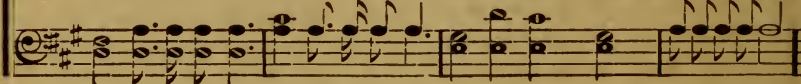

Out on the deep, in a slender barque, That will sink e'er you reach the shore.
 Out on the deep, and a storm is nigh That will break o'er the rolling tide.
 Turn to the arm of re-deeming love, And be saved by its gentle power.
 See how its sails by the winds are torn, It will sink ere you gain the shore.



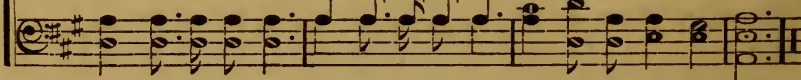
CHORUS.



Speed to the life-boat! quick, to the life-boat! List, while warning voices call;
 List, oh, list, while warning voices call;

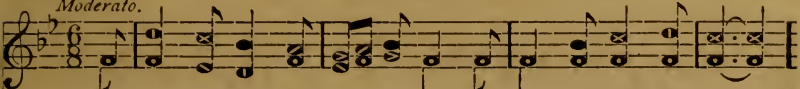
Speed to the life-boat! quick, to the life-boat! Come, there is room for all.



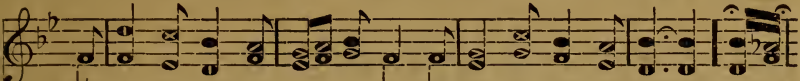
He Saved My Soul.

Mrs. E. M. SANGSTER.

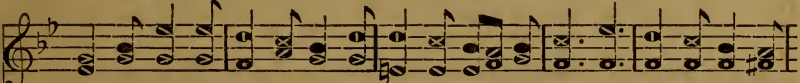
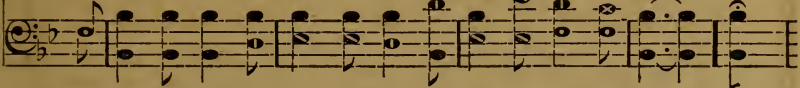
T. C. O'KANE.

Moderato.

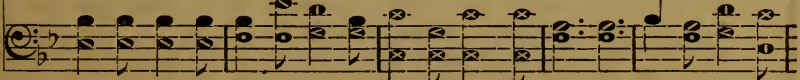
1. You ask me, brethren, how I know that Je - sus is di - vine:
2. A wand'rer from my Father's house, he took me by the hand;
3. He saved me! saved me from my-self, and saved me from my sins,



The rath - er ask me how I know that yonder sun doth shine; The
A mar - in - er on rag - ing seas, he guid - ed me to land; A
And here, just in that precious truth, my par - a - dise be - gins; I

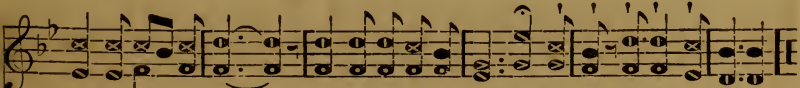
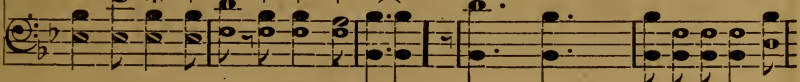


rath - er bid me tell you how I know that bil - lows roll, Or winds sweep on from
weary, storm-toss'd man, he came, and made me like a child, As hungry to re-
know that Christ the blessed One is Man, and is Di - vine, I know because—oh!

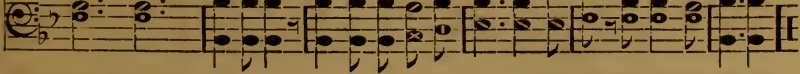


CHORUS.

north to south! Why, friends, "He saved my soul," Glo - ry, glo - ry to Je - sus,
ceive the truth, as gen - tle and as mild.—
brethren, hear! "He saved a soul like mine."—Glo - ry, glo - ry to Je - sus,



Let the chorus roll! Glo - ry, glory to Je - sus, Because "He saved my soul."
Let the chorus roll!



Everlasting Love.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Jer. xxxi. 3.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Wondrous words! how rich in bless-ing! Deep-er than th'unfathomed sea;
 2. Down to low - est depths it reach-es—The all - lov - ing Father's arm,
 3. Wea - ry spir - its—sad with toil - ing, 'Mid the sor - rows of life's way—

Broad-er than its world of wa - ters, Boundless, in - fi - nite and free:
 T'ward his re - bel children yearning, Drawing them with ma - gic charm;
 Feel their heav - y bur - dens lightened, As they journey day by day.

High - er than the heavens a - bove, Is that ev - er - last - ing love;
 Till the yield - ing spir - its move, Touch'd by ev - er - last - ing love;
 How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by ev - er - last - ing love;

High - er than the heavens a - bove, Is that ev - er - last - ing love.
 Till the yield - ing spir - its move, Touch'd by ev - er - last - ing love.
 How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by ev - er - last - ing love.

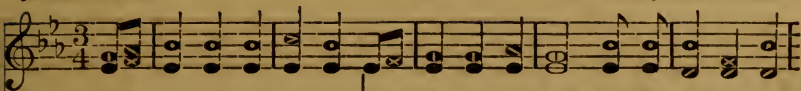
4 I have set thee as a signet,
 Graven on my hands thy name;
 Lo, I still am with thee always,
 Evermore thy Friend—the same;
 ||: Never changing—thou wilt prove
 Mind is everlasting love. ||

5 In my house of many mansions
 I've prepared a place for thee,
 Where are no dark clouds or tempests,
 Where I am, there thou shalt be—
 ||: All the untold bliss to prove,
 Of my everlasting love. ||

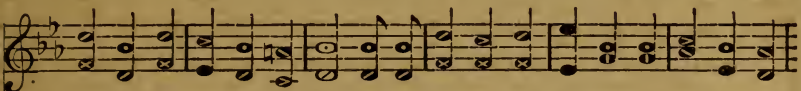
What hast Thou for Me?

JENNIE GARNETT.

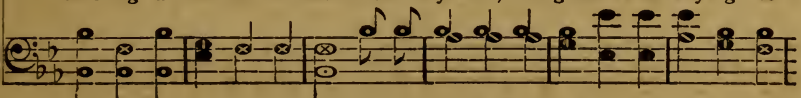
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O servant that, knowing thy Master's command, Still with-holdeth from
2. The dews of his mercy have dropped like the rain, He has crowned thee with
3. Re - member the fig-tree that fruitless was found, And they said, cut it
4. While others are reaping and binding the sheaves Wilt thou bring as thy

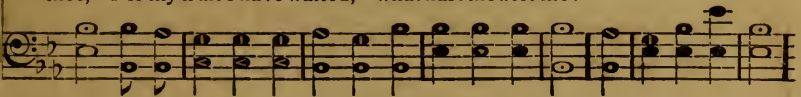


la- bor thy heart and thy hand, He is calling this moment and saying to blessings a - gain and a - gain, But, a - las! dis - ap - pointed, he saith un - to down, for it cumbers the ground; But the Lord of the vineyard, how patient with off'r-ing a bun-dle of leaves? Still thy kind, loving Master is saying to

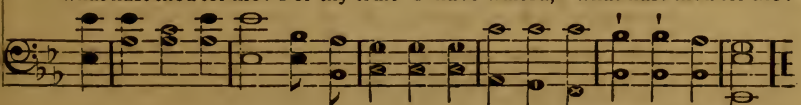


REFRAIN.

thee,—For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me? What hast thou for me?
thee,—For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me?
thee! For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me?
thee,—For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me?



what hast thou for me? For thy fruit I have waited,—what hast thou for me?



Still Closer to Jesus.

Rev. B. L. AGNEW, D. D.

J. T. HOLLOWAY.

1. Still closer to Jesus! still clos-er, we pray, O let us be drawn, blessed
 2. As down thro' the vale of life's sorrows we move, There's nothing so joyful and
 3. His promis-es precious, all sweet and most choice, His covenant blessings,—in
 4. On homeward, yes, homeward, fast homeward we go; Our friends fondly lov'd we must

Father, each day; In mid'st of our doubts, tribulations and tears, When close drawn to cheerful can prove As joys of sal-va-tion in Je-sus our Lord, And confident these we rejoice: On Jesus our Saviour, with faith and with prayer, How firm a foun-leave here below; But o-ver the riv-er, in heaven so fair, On far brighter

CHORUS.

Je-sus, he quiets our fears. Then clos-er to Je-sus! still closer, we pray, trust in our God's blessed word, da-tion! we rest fully there, shores, we shall meet them all there.

Oh, let us be drawn, blessed Father, each day; While working and singing, with

faith and de-light, As homeward we go to the land ev-er bright.

Cleansed from Sin.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. M. MORRIS.

1. A sin - ner lost a - mid the gloom That darker, deep - er grew, Till
 2. A sin - ner lost: with heedless step The downward path I trod, A
 3. A sin - ner lost: but saved by grace; Oh, wondrous grace di - vine, That

low I heard my Saviour's voice, And well its tones I knew: He found me helpless,
 reb - el then, but now a child, A hap - py child of God; I lean con - fi - ding
 stooped to lift me from the dust, And saved a soul like mine I My heart is full of

weak and faint, He bade me look and live; I told him all, he smiled and said, I
 on his arm, He calms my ev'ry fear; I walk with him in pastures green, By
 grateful song, I sing his love and power Who clothes me in his righteousness, And

CHORUS.

free - ly all for - give. Cleansed from sin, I'm cleansed from sin, Washed in the crimson
 fountains cool and clear. [tide
 keeps me hour by hour.

That flows at the cross, the precious cross, Where once my Saviour died.

Rest Thee by the Way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take up, take up thy burden, Why wea - ry should'st thou be?
 2. Take up, take up thy burden Of du - ty, toil and care,
 3. Take up, take up thy burden Of sor - row if 'tis thine;
 4. Yes, bear thy burden meekly Till God shall lay it down,

Far great - er were the tri - als Thy Sav - iour bore for thee.
 And if its weight oppress thee, Then find re - lief in prayer.
 Thro' clouds that seem the darkest The bright - est beams will shine.
 And thou for faithful service From him receive thy crown.

CHORUS.

Lean thou on him for comfort, Whose gen - tle voice will say,
 lean thou gen - tle, gentle

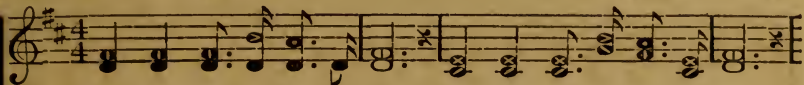
"There's rest beside the fountain;" Go, rest thee by the way.
 sweet rest go, rest

Entire Consecration.

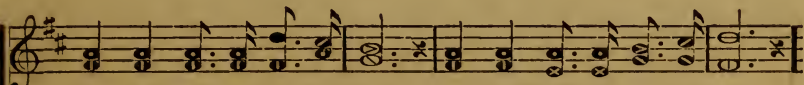
11

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

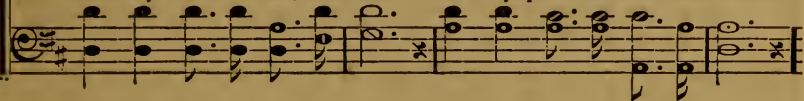
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



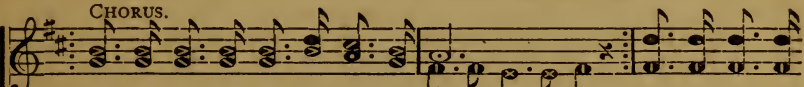
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messag - es for thee;
 4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;



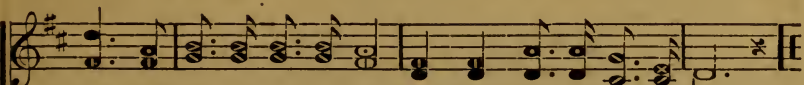
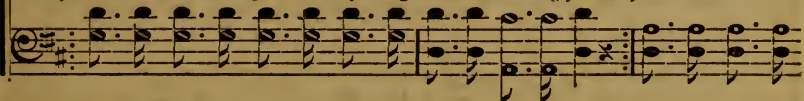
Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, — Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my in - te - lect, and use Ev' - ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.



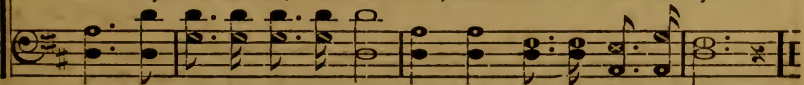
CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, *the precious blood,* } Lord, I give to
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, *the healing flood,* }



thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth e - ter - nal - ly.



5 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.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee!

What a Reaping there will be.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the field of Christian du-ty there's a place for ev'-ry one, And the
 2. O, that field of Christian du-ty all a-round us we may find, And we
 3. Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,—there are sinners to reclaim,—We must
 4. In that field of Christian du-ty we are toiling not in vain, For the

moments like the shadows glide a - way ; But there's work to do for Jesus, and a
 need not turn our footsteps far a - way ; There are weary ones to comfort, there are
 scatter love and kindness in their way ; With a patient, humble spirit we must
 Saviour will reward us by and by ; Oh, 'tis worth our strongest efforts, more than

work that must be done, From the dawning till the closing of the day.
 brok - en hearts to bind, From the dawning to the closing of the day.
 la - bor in his name, From the dawning to the closing of the day.
 worth a life of praise! When we think of yonder mansion in the sky.

CHORUS.

Sowing, praying, trusting, waiting, Till the coming of the
 Sowing, praying, trusting, waiting,

Master we shall see, Then a-mong the tried and faithful in the
 we shall see,

harvest-fields a-bove, What a reaping, what a reaping there will be.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

Invocation Hymn.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thou gracious Lord, Cre - a - tor ev - er - last - ing, Whose name is Love,
2. We come to thee and plead the precious promise Once made by thee,
3. We come to ask for zeal and christian patience Our cross to bear,
4. More grace we need, more perfect con - se - cra - tion, And deep - er love ;

Be - hold us now, and bless thy waiting children From heaven a - bove.
 That in thy name where two or three are gathered There thou would'st be.
 For strength to toil and live - ly faith, in - spir - ing Our ev' - ry prayer.
 Oh, rain up - on us, Lord, thy richest blessings, From heaven a - bove.

CHORUS.

E - ter - nal Spirit, from on high descending,—From that bright throne where

purest songs are blending,—Breathe on our souls, in supplication bending, O Holy Dove.

A Host with Banners.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a shout from a host with ban - ners; How they gleam as they
 2. There's a shout from a host with ban - ners, And it breaks like a
 3. There's a shout from a host with ban - ners,—How their numbers in-
 4. There's a shout from a host with ban - ners; But their rapture, oh,

wave in the light! 'Tis the host of the Lord, at his roy - al word Going
 flood on the soul, And the eyes of the deep it shall wake from sleep, And the
 crease as they move To the gates of the blest, and the vales of rest, In the
 what will it be When the bat - tle is done, when their crowns are won, And the

CHORUS.

forth, in his ar - mor bright. Sounding the war - cry, shouting, ho-san-na!
 na - tions from pole to pole.
 beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
 King on his throne they see.

On where the con - flict is wild - est; Marching bold - ly they

go, dealing death to the foe, In the strength of the Lord their shield.

The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

I Cor. ii. 9.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earthly joy, For
2. I know that thou art near-er still Than an - y earthly thron'g, And
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad With-
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour mine! What will thy presence be If

thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
sweet - er is the thought of thee Than an - y love - ly song.
out the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
yet been told, yet been told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told, yet been told, cleanseth me.

16 Bless Me, O Thou Bleeding Lamb.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thee, O Lamb of God, to thee I come, with all my fears;
2. Thy o - pen wounds supply the balm That heals the suff'ring heart;

With all the sins that bur - den me, In pen - i - tence and tears,
'Tis on - ly this, thou pre - cious Lamb, Can life and health im - part.

CHORUS.

Oh, re - ceive me, Lord, I pray, Weak and sin - ful though I am;

Take, oh, take my sins a - way; Bless me, O thou bleeding Lamb!

3 Be merciful, O Lamb of God,
Hear this, my only plea,—
That thou canst cleanse me by thy blood,—
Have mercy then on me.

4 Thy saving blood, of greater worth
Than aught the world hath given,
Shall be my last blest song on earth,
And first glad theme in heaven.

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

My Saviour Keeps Me Company. 17

Words arranged.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My Sa-viour keeps me com - pa - ny A - long the nar - row way,
 2. My Sa-viour keeps me com - pa - ny, So I am ne'er a - lone,
 3. My Sa-viour keeps me com - pa - ny, Yes, Je - sus, thou art mine;
 4. My Sa-viour keeps me com - pa - ny, Friendless, and poor, and lone;

And I am trust - ing in his grace To keep me day by day.
 Tho' earth - ly friends may turn a - way, And leave me, one by one;
 With con - fi - dence I now look up, As - sured too I am thine.
 Yet he be - stows rich love on me, And claims me for his own.

The path may be a rug - ged one, Yet cheer - ful - ly I'll sing;
 Those too I've loved and trust - ed most, And thought were tru - est friends;
 Re-deemed from sin and Sa - tan's power, Bought with thy precious blood,
 Then let the world des - pise me now, He loves me just the same

For there's such love, and joy, and rest, Be - neath his shelt'ring wing.
 But his is an un - changing love, Mine till the jour - ney ends.
 Earth has no claims up - on me now, For I be - long to God.
 For Je - sus keeps me com - pa - ny, And Je - sus knows my name.

O Praise His Name.

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Praise the Lord, the Rock of A - ges, come be - fore him with a song, While the
 2. Praise the Lord, whose loving kindness has redeemed us from the fall, And has
 3. Praise the Lord that in his kingdom there are mansions bright and fair, Where the

sto - ry of his goodness we re - peat, *we repeat*; Praise the Lord, the King of
 bought for us a par - don full and free, *full and free*; Praise the Lord that all are
 streams of life and joy in beau - ty glide, *beauty glide*, Praise the Lord that all the

Glo - ry, with the everlasting throng Who are shouting, Hallelu - jah! at his feet,
 welcome to accept the gracious call, Ho, ye weary, hea - vy - laden, come to me,
 faithful by and by shall enter there, And fore - ver in his tender love a - bide.

CHORUS.

O praise his name, . . . his ho - ly name, . . . O come with
 O praise his name, his ho - ly name,

joyful, joyful song; his wondrous love proclaim: O praise his name, . . . his
 his love proclaim: O praise his name,

ho - ly name; . . . Rejoice, re-joice and sing with loud ac - claim.
with loud acclaim.

his holy name;

Ah, My Heart.

DUET.—SOPRANO AND ALTO.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ah, my heart is heav - y - lad - en, Wea - ry and oppressed!
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?
3. Is there di - a - dem, as monarch, That his brow a - dorns?
4. If I find him, if I fol - low, What's my por - tion here?

TENOR SOLO.

"Come to me," saith One, "and coming, Be at rest, be at rest!"
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side, and his side."
"Yes, a crown in ve - ry sure - ty, But of thorns, but of thorns!"
"Man - y a sorrow, man - y a conflict, Man - y a tear."

CHORUS.

ad lib.

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side."
"Yes, a crown in ve - ry sure - ty, But of thorns!"
"Many a sor - row, many a con - flict, Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What have I at last?
||:"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!":||

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
||:"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!":||

Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
 2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
 3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
 4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-
 5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je - sus may no

wash to - morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth - ers step in
 bur - den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you
 back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's
 cross the wa - ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev - er
 more in - vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you,

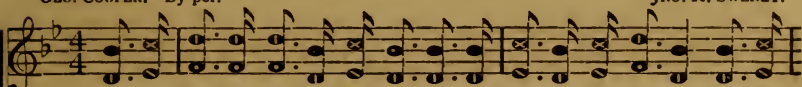
left and right, Wash their stained garments white, Leaving you in sorrow's night,
 nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirred The waters with his mighty word,
 hap - py shore, Sorrows past and la - bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
 more embrace Mother, or behold her face, If you keep the leper's place,
 take her hand, Seek with her the better land, And no longer doubting stand

Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait - ing, wait - ing at the pool.

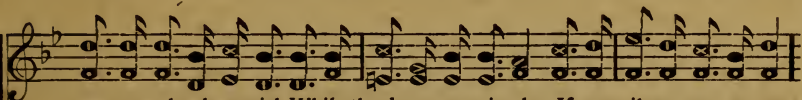
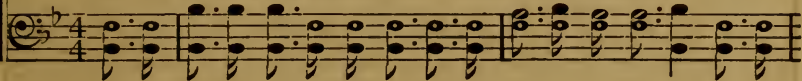
While the Days are Going By. 21

GEO. COOPER. By per.

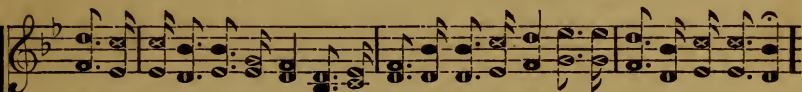
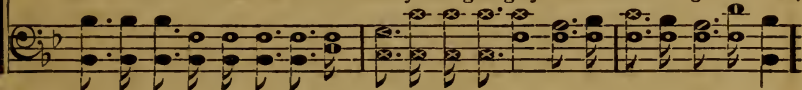
JNO. R. SWENEY.



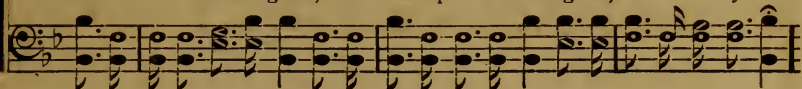
1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are going by ; There are
2. There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days are going by ; Let our
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us While the days are going by, One by



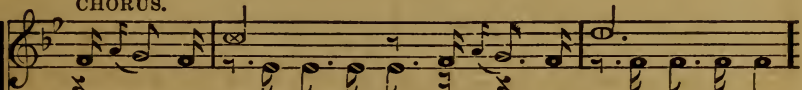
wear-y souls who per-ish While the days are going by. If a smile we can re-new,
face be like the morn-ing, While the days are going by. Oh, the world is full of sighs,
one we leave be-hind us While the days are going by. But the seeds of good we sow,



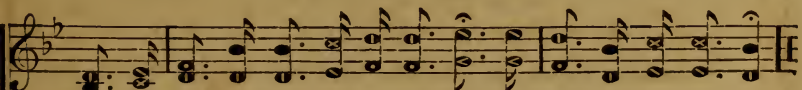
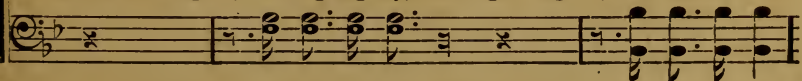
As our jour-ney we pur-sue, Oh, the good that we might do, While the days are going by.
Full of sad and weep-ing eyes; Help your fal-len brother rise While the days are going by.
Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days etc.



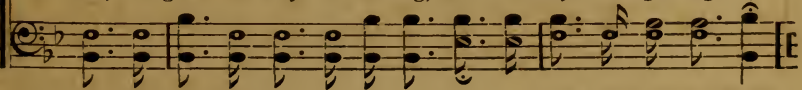
CHORUS.



While go - ing by, while going by, While go - ing by, while going by,



Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the days are go-ing by.



BEULAH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Heaven's joy bells are in my soul Ringing, sweet-ly ring - ing;
 2. Joy bells ring - ing all the time, Ad - verse winds a - bout me,
 3. Joy bells ring when o'er my path Fierce tempt - a - tions hov - er;
 4. Hap - py, hap - py, gold - en bells, Nev - er cease your ring - ing;

Mes - sa - ges of rest and love, To my spir - it bring - ing;
 On - ly make them sweet - er chime; Storms are all with - out me:
 For, with his al - might - y hand, Christ my head doth cov - er;
 When I reach the heavenly hills, Hear the ransomed sing - ing,

God's own hand doth make them chime, Keep's them ringing all the time,
 In my soul 'tis al - ways light, Christ's own presence makes it bright,
 And he whispers, "In my soul Sin shall nev - er have con - trol;
 I shall find your song the same; To the Lamb who once was slain,

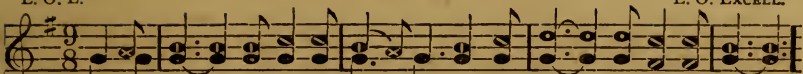
Oh, their mu - sic is sub - lime! Like the an - gels' sing - ing.
 Where he dwells is nev - er night, Though 'tis dark a - bout me.
 I, who cleansed, will keep thee whole, On - ly trust me ev - er."
 To the dear Redeem - er's name, End - less prais - es bring - ing.

Will You Meet Me.

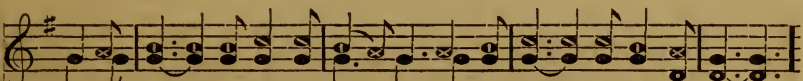
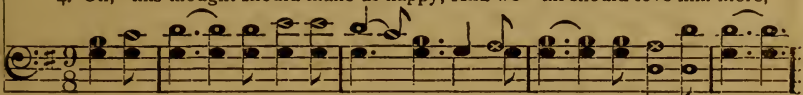
23

E. O. E.

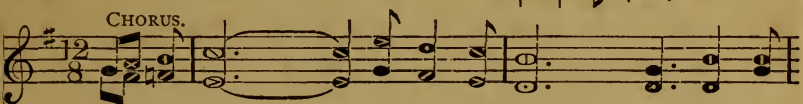
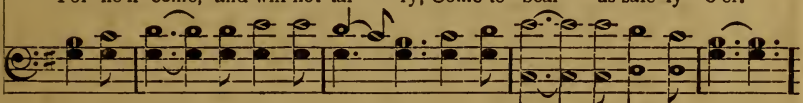
E. O. EXCELL.



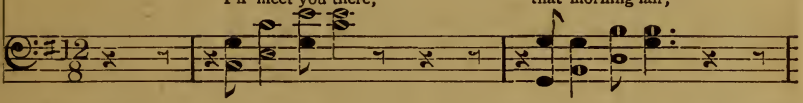
1. Will you meet me in the morn - ing, On that bright and golden shore?
2. Oh, to meet on that bright morning, When the clouds have passed away;
3. When we meet our loving Sav - iour, What a hap - py hour 'twill be,
4. Oh, this thought should make us happy, And we all should love him more,



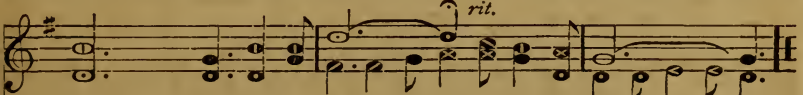
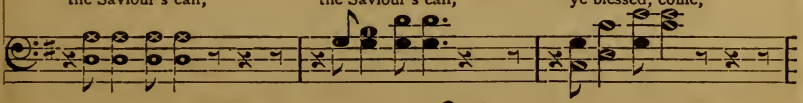
Will your lamp be trimmed and burning When he comes to take you o'er?
Oh, to walk and talk with Je - sus, There to dwell with him for aye.
When we're gathered with our loved ones, And their hap - py fa - ces see.
For he'll come, and will not tar - ry, Come to bear us safe - ly o'er.



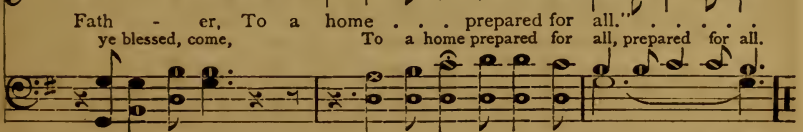
Yes, I'll meet . . . you in the morn - ing, When I
I'll meet you there, that morning fair,



hear . . . the Saviour's call, . . . "Come, ye bless - - ed of my
the Saviour's call, the Saviour's call, ye blessed, come,



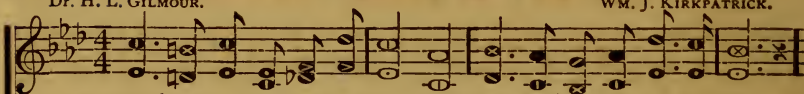
Fath - er, To a home . . . prepared for all."
ye blessed, come, To a home prepared for all, prepared for all.



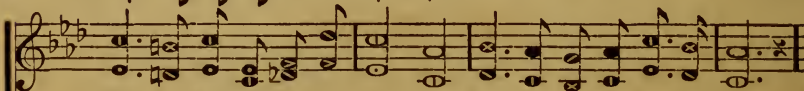
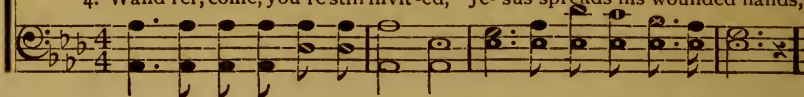
Wand'rer, Come.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

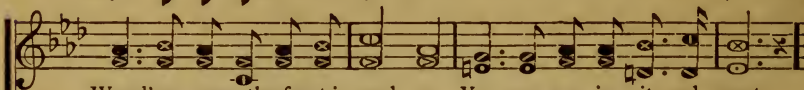
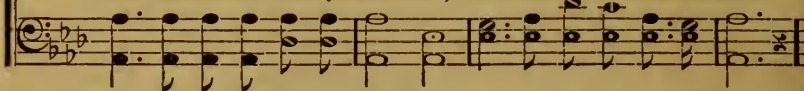
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



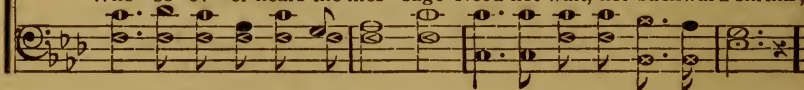
1. Wand'rer, come, oh, come to Je - sus, Come, and in con - tri - tion bow,
2. Wand'rer, come, oh, haste to Je - sus, He's the re - fuge in the storm;
3. Wand'rer, come, give all to Je - sus, Come, and find his promise true,
4. Wand'rer, come, you're still invit - ed, Je - sus spreads his wounded hands,



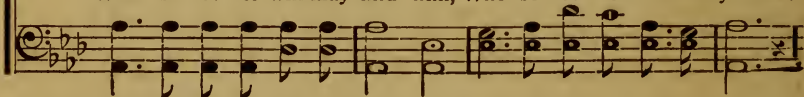
Lo! he waits to free - ly par - don, Give sal - va - tion, here and now,
Rocks and mountains will not hide you In the day of dread a - larm;
Come con - fessing, come be - liev - ing, He will meet and welcome you;
Let his love constrain you thith - er; Faith a - lone his love demands.



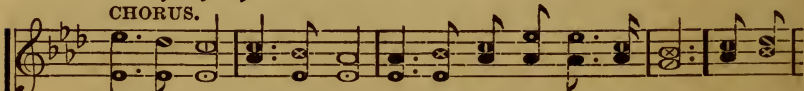
Wand'rer, come, the feast is read - y, You are an in - vit - ed guest,
Wand'rer, come, accept the mes - sage Faithful heralds now proclaim;
Wand'rer, come, tho' sins like scar - let May your waiting Saviour grieve,
Who - so - ev - er hears the mes - sage Need not wait, nor backward shrink;



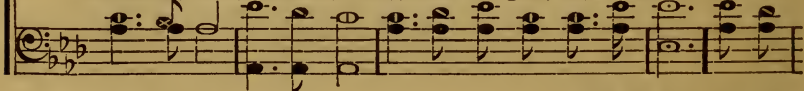
Banquet with the world's Redeemer, Calvary's He - ro gives sweet rest.
Christ is passing, venture to him, He may nev - er pass a - gain.
Still he lingers now to par - don, Come, repent, accept, be - lieve.
Who - so - ev - er will may find him, Who - so - ev - er thirsts may drink.



CHORUS.



Wand'rer, come, wand'rer, come, Jesus lin - gers, oh, what love! He is



wait - ing, he is plead - ing, He will all your sins forgive.

waiting, he is waiting, he is pleading, he is pleading,

My Wants.

J. GARNETT.

W. J. K.

1. I want that my feet should be firm on the Rock; I want the assurance divine,
2. I want to be cleansed ev'ry moment from sin, And filled with the fulness of love,
3. I want to walk worthy my calling in him Who suffered and languished for me;

Fine.

The Spirit's own witness, and sealed with the blood, That he, my Redeemer, is mine.
 I want to be perfect and pure in his sight, Who purchased my mansion above.
 I want to grow daily in knowledge and grace, And more like my Saviour to be.

D.S.—I want his dear presence to dwell with me here, And never, no, never de - part.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

And this is my prayer, that still I may wear The image of Christ in my heart;

- 4 I want to be earnest in seeking the lost
 And bringing them home to the Lord,
 I want to be clad in the armor of faith,
 And strong in the strength of his word.
- 5 I want to enjoy with my Saviour on earth
 His constant communion so sweet,
 I want to be wholly conformed to his will,
 And lay down my own at his feet.

1. O Sa - viour, I long for thy ten - der for - give - ness, I
 2. How oft have I slight - ed thy Spir - it so gen - tle, It
 3. 'Tis true I deserve not the least of thy no - tice, Yet
 4. 'Tis done, my Redeem - er, oh, how shall I thank thee, Thy

long to be free from the bondage of sin; While here at the door of thy
 strove with me long, but I would not believe, But now in my sor - row I
 none are ex - cluded from seeking thy face, My heart is o'erwhelmed, my
 ten - der com - pass - ion my soul doth restore, I hear the sweet voice of thy

mer - cy I'm kneeling, With all my transgressions, oh, let me come in.
 come, and re - pent - ing, I ask, I en - treat, thee my soul to receive.
 spir - it is broken, oh, pit - y and make me a child of thy grace.
 Spir - it that whispers, A - rise, thou are pardoned, go, sin thou no more.

Fine.

all my transgressions, oh, let me come in.

CHORUS.

Let me come in, oh, let me come in! Thy blood is suf - fi - cient to

cleanse me from sin; A life in thy ser - vice I fain would be - gin, With

D.S.

No Room.

27

Suggested by a remark made by Mr. Moody, "Supposing there was no more room in heaven."
 Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. It was said, and oh, I can hard - ly tell How sad - ly the
 2. And all through the breadth of the heaven - ly land The mansions were

news on my spir - it fell, That the heaven - ly world, all bright and
 man - y, and great, and grand; But all were full, there was room for no

fair, Was so full that no more could en - ter there,
 more, And bolt - ed and barred was the en - trance door,

Rit.

Was so full that no more could en - ter there!
 And bolt - ed and barred was the en - trance door.

3 O my soul went down in deep despair,
 As I said, no room—no room for me there;
 No room for me there, no crown and no rest,
 No fellowship sweet—for me—with the blest.

4 But soon as I turned to the word of God,
 I found there was room in the Saviour's blood;
 It was sin that had brought my soul in gloom,
 It was sin that had said, no room, no room!

5 I found there was room since the Saviour
 died;
 There was room—still room for the purified;
 To all such, at last, a crown shall be given,
 For sin, sin alone, can exclude from heaven!

6 Oh, then, to my Lord this moment I'll fly;
 That I may be cleansed from sin's deepest dye,
 So that when I arise from death's dark gloom,
 All heaven shall cry, *there is room, still room!*

1. Wand' rer, come home; you are slighting a Saviour, Pleading for you with his
 2. Wand' rer, look up, and take heed to your footsteps, Dangers a - wait you, be
 3. Wand' rer, come home, there is room, and a welcome; Think what a price your re-
 4. Come to the arms that will glad - ly en - fold you, Come and remem - ber He

Fath - er on high, Gracious - ly call - ing, and ten - der - ly say - ing, —
 wise and be - ware, Broad is your way, but the path you are treading
 demption has cost: Think of your Sa - viour, your wonder - ful Saviour, —
 on - ly can save; Hat - ed, yet lov - ing, despised, yet for - giv - ing, —

D.S.—Who will befriend you, Protect and de - fend you?

Fine. CHORUS.

"Turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?" Prayers are as - cending,
 Leads to the gate of e - ter - nal despair.
 Oh, how he yearns o'er the wretched and lost,
 Free - ly his life for your ransom he gave.

None but your Saviour; O wand' rer, come home.

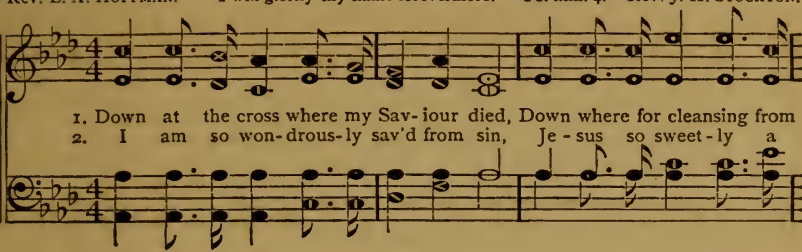
D.S.

An - gels are bend - ing, Mercy implores you no lon - ger to roam;

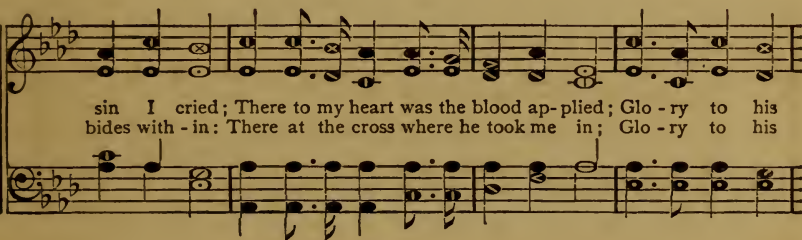
Glory to His Name.

29

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "I will glorify thy name forevermore."—Ps. lxiii. 4. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

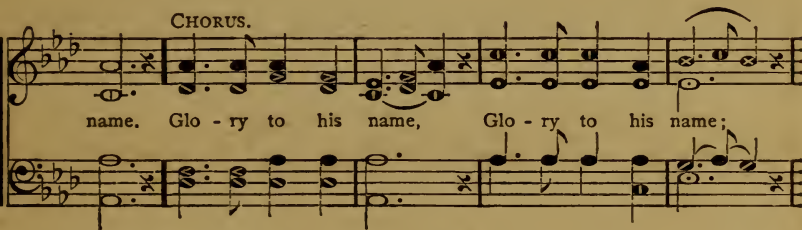


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-our died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a

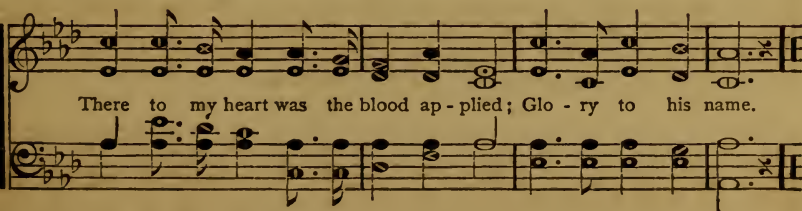


sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his
bides with-in: There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his

CHORUS.



name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his name;



There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his name.

- 3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean.
Glory to his name.
- 4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Time's Swift Chariot.

Mrs. M. SPARKES WHEELER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have heard of a country where pilgrim's forever Are free from all sorrow and care,
 2. I am weary of trusting in earth's fleeting treasures Of loving what passes away,
 3. There pilgrims who once o'er earth's sorrows were sighing Are safe in the haven of rest,
 4. And soon with the saints of all ages we'll meet them, And dwell with that heavenly throng,

Where friendship is changeless, where love dieth never, And oh, how I long to be there.
 But in that better country God tells me its pleasures Are lasting and ne'er will decay.
 With an - gel - ic choristers now they are vieing In singing the song of the blest.
 And the loved of our hearts, we in triumph shall greet them, And join in their rapturous song.

CHORUS.

Then let time's swift chariot roll by! Let time's swift chariot roll by—roll by! The
 roll by!

sooner earth's trials and sorrows shall cease, The sooner we'll enter the mansions of peace!

Then let time's swift chariot roll by! Let time's swift chariot roll by, roll by!
 roll by!

Let time's swift chariot roll by! Let time's swift chariot roll by!
 swift chariot roll by, roll by! roll by!

Precious Stream.

H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A stream from Calvary's summit rolls, Where all the weary, wand'ring souls,
 2. That stream of liv - ing wa - ter flows Where oft the weary pil - grim goes,
 3. Flow on, thou stream; oh, ceaseless flow, 'Till ev'-ry child of sin and woe
 4. Oh! thoughtless soul, why longer wait? Why tri - fle on the brink of fate?

Fine.

And who - so - ev - er thirsts to - day, May drink, and find Christ precious.
 He drinks, to quench his rag - ing thirst, And finds his Sa - viour pre - cious.
 Hath plunged beneath thy cleansing tide, And found the Sa - viour pre - cious.
 That stream still flows for you and me, Oh, come, and find Christ pre - cious.

D.S.—I love to drink, and sat - is - fy My thirsting soul with Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Oh! precious Je - sus, Rock for me, Stream in a des - ert, boundless, free;

1. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un-to the Lord ;
 2. I will praise him, I will praise him, Witness to his love for me ;
 3. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un-to the Lord,
 4. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un-to the Lord ;

For his plenteous, free compassion, Round the earth like floods outpoured ;
 How he chose, and sought, and found me, With his grace so full and free ;
 For the joy of his sal - va - tion Shining from his ho - ly word ;
 Loud ex - tol the roy - al boun - ty His full treas - u - ries af - ford ;

Reaching ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, To the earth's re - motest line,
 How he leads me on with blessing, Close - ly holds this hand of mine,
 Am - ply freighted with his mer - cy Is each sa - cred page and line,
 Half his goodness was not told me ! Oh, what glo - ries in him shine !

Touching, cleansing, healing, saving,—Oh, the *breadth* of love di-vine !
 Keeps me when I shrink and fal-ter,—Oh, the *length* of love di-vine !
 Ev - en to the chief of sinners,—Oh, the *depth* of love di-vine !
 I can nev - er, nev - er tell it, All the *height* of love di-vine !

CHORUS.

I will praise him, I will praise him, Ev - er be his name adored ;
 I will praise him, I will praise him, Ev - er be

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord.
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord.

5 I will praise him, I will praise him,—
Holy Ghost, my song indite,—
For the love that passeth knowledge,
Length and breadth and depth and height;

Sing, O earth! let every creature
Help this feeble tongue of mine
To declare a love so precious,
Endless, infinite, divine!—*Chorus.*

Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C.

J. R. S.

1. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ!—Wealth that can never be told;—
2. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ, Who shall their greatness declare!
3. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ, Freely, how freely they flow;
4. O the unsearcha-ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not gladly endure

Fine.

Riches exhaustless of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold!
Jewels whose lustre our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Making the souls of the faithful and true Hap-py wherev-er they go.
Trials, afflictions, and crosses on earth, Riches like these to se-cure!

D.S.—O the unsearchable rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Precious, more precious,—Wealth that can nev-er be told;

1. I will rise, I will rise, I will rise and go, For my Father's
 2. I've wasted the gifts that he gave me, and yet, The love of my
 3. The home of my Fa- ther is wondrous-ly fair, Its towers seem to

house hath a welcome, I know, There is light and love,—all is sha - dow
 Fa-ther will sure-ly for - get; I have fed on husks, he hath bread and to
 shine on my vi-sions of care, I fan- cy he stands at the wide open

CHORUS.

here; I will sob my sins in a Fa - ther's ear, Saying, my Fa-ther,
 spare I'll go in my shame, and my want, and despair, Saying, etc.
 door, To watch for the child who will seek it heart-sore, Saying, etc.

saying, my Fa-ther, saying, my Father, I have sinned 'gainst thee; O

heart of my Father, have mer-cy, on me, E - ven on me, e - ven on me.

Oh, wide as the heavens, and deep as the sea,
 Is the grace of my Father to sinners like me;
 And yet, in these rags, that a beggar would shun,
 I dare not entreat to be called his son, etc.

4.

Unworthy, unworthy the least of his grace,
 I'll plead as a servant to look on his face:
 His love will enfold me, his heart is my home;
 Tho' I die at thy feet, O my Father, I come.

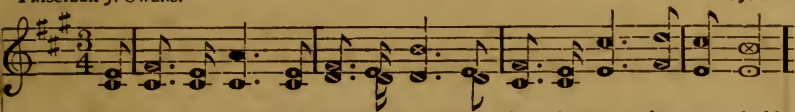
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A Precious Crown.

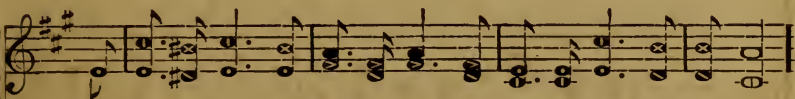
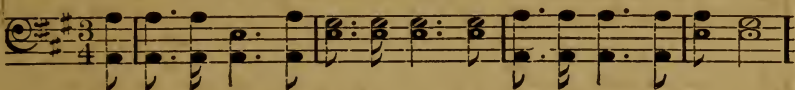
35

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

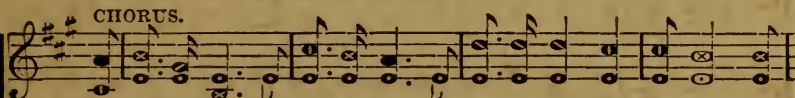
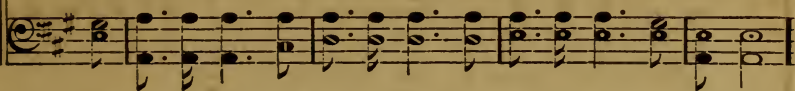
W. J. K.



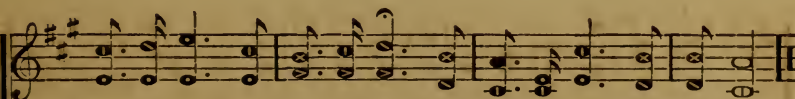
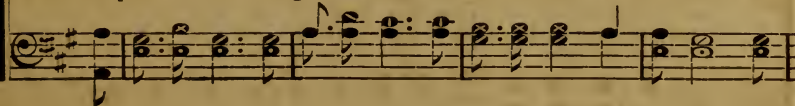
1. What is the crown that saints shall wear, When thorny paths are ended?
2. Fade, fade ye wreaths of earth's renown, Grow pale, ye star-flames gleaming,
3. And shall these brows be brightly crowned That once with pain were aching,
4. Then smooth the weary bands of care, Refrain thine eyes from weeping,



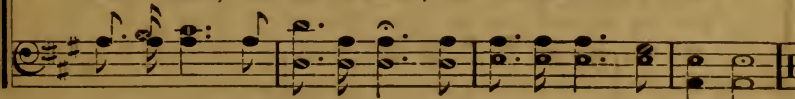
God's name up-on each forehead fair Shall shine, a to - ken splendid.
His saints shall wear a brighter crown, In end-less glo - ry beaming.
Or wrinkled with cares toilsome round, Or pale with mute heart-breaking.
This is the crown that saints shall wear, The crown that Christ is keep-ing.



A precious crown! a glorious crown! A crown that fadeth nev - er! Who



bears his name, come loss or shame, Shall wear this crown for - ev - er.



Comfort He hath Spoken.

ANON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Brok-en hearted, weep no more! Hear what com-fort he has spo-ken,
 2. Lamb of Je-sus' blood-bought flock, Brought again from sin and straying,
 3. Brok-en hearted, weep no more; Far from con-so-la-tion fly-ing;

Smoking flax who ne'er hath quench'd, Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken:—
 Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,—'Tis a true and faith-ful saying;
 He who calls hath felt thy wound, Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing;

Ye who wan-der here be-low, Heav-y-lad-en as you go,
 Greater love how can there be Than to yield up life for thee?
 Bring thy broken heart to me; Welcome off-'ring it shall be;

Come, with grief and sin oppressed, Come to me and be at rest;
 Bought with pang, and tear and sigh, Turn and live; why will ye die?
 Streaming tears and bursting sighs, Mine ac-cept-ed sac-ri-fice;

Come, with grief and sin oppressed, Come to me and be at rest.
 Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh; Turn and live; why will ye die?
 Streaming tears and bursting sighs, Mine ac-cept-ed sac-ri-fice.

The Tares.

37

As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of the world.—Matt. xiii. 40.

Mrs. M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. Sat - an the tares is sow - ing, So ear - nest - ly sow - ing, sow - ing,
 2. God for the wheat is car - ing, So ten - der - ly car - ing, car - ing,
 3. Yes, he the wheat is keep - ing, So lov - ing - ly keep - ing, keep - ing,
 4. When he the wheat doth sev - er, E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er,

CHORUS.

And with the wheat they're growing, To - geth - er growing here. And the
 And while the tares he's spar - ing The har - vest draweth near.
 Safe for the time of reaping, For gar - ners built a - bove.
 May we be his for - ev - er, To sing his grace and love.

A little faster.

an - gels will gath - er, By and by, by and by, The tares for the

burn - ing and the wheat for the sky; The an - gels will gath - er, By and

by, by and by, The tares for the burning and the wheat for the sky.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Master's Call.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

1. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart,
 2. The Master has come with blessings for thee, Arise, and his message receive ;
 3. The Master is come, and calleth thee now, This moment what joy may be thine;
 4. He waits for thee still, then haste with delight, Oh, fly to the arms of his love,

No friend so for-giving, so gentle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him depart?
 Thy ransom is purchased, thy pardon is free, If thou wilt repent and believe.
 How tender the smile that illumines his brow,—A pledge of his favor divine.
 Press on to that beautiful mansion of light, Prepared in his kingdom above.

REFRAIN.

Patently waiting, earnestly pleading, Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart,
 Patently wait - ing, plead - ing,

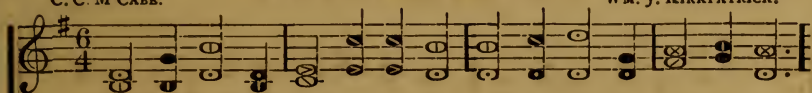
Patently waiting, earnestly pleading, Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart.
 wait - ing, plead - ing,

Sin No More.

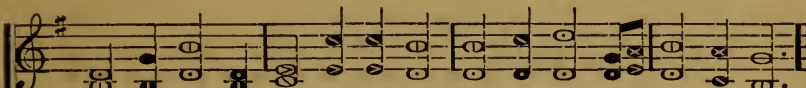
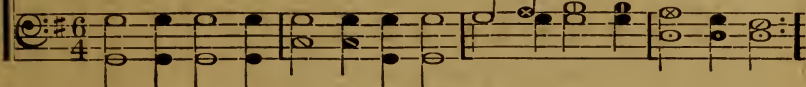
39

C. C. M'CALL.

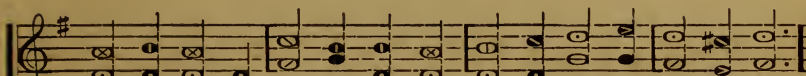
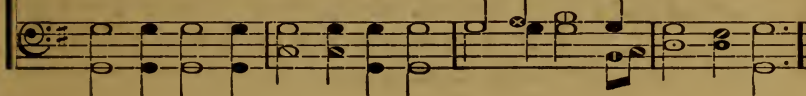
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



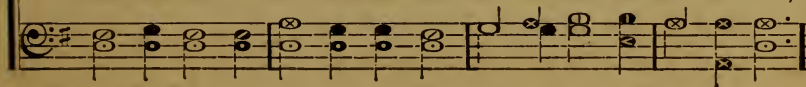
1. When did ev - er words so ten - der Fall on mor - tal ears be - fore,
2. Je - sus spake, and then the pow - er Of his great sal - va - tion came;
3. "I will know the way thou tak - est Till thou stand on Canaan's shore;



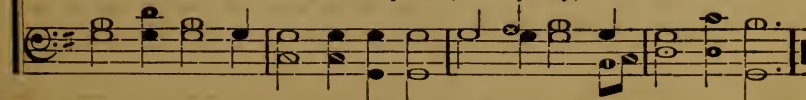
As the bless - ed words of Je - sus,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 All the bonds of sin were broken: Glo - ry! glo - ry! to his name.
 Nev - er, nev - er will I leave thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."



Pardoned! oh, that word of rap - ture! As I knelt at Mercy's door,
 "Rise, forgiven, O child of sor - row; Rise, for lo! thy light hath come;
 "From the world I will not take thee Till the bat - tle strife is o'er;



Burdened with my sin and sorrow,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 Put thy beauteous garments on thee; Take thy staff, and journey home."
 From its e - vil I will keep thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."



- 4 O the fight! I've learned to love it,
 For the victory is mine;
 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Triumphant in love divine.
 O the dawn of heaven's glory!
 O the day that has no night!
 O the sun that finds no zenith!
 O the host in raiment bright!

- 5 Oh, the King who dwells among them
 In his beauty I shall see;
 Heav'n shall ring with loud hosannas
 Unto him who died for me.
 But, 'mid all the joys of heaven,
 I will ne'er forget the hour
 When my Saviour said "Forgiven!
 Go thy way, and sin no more."

Abide with me.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. All the day, in sweet commun - ion, . . . Je - sus,
 2. One by one the ev'ning shad - ows Gath - er
 1. All the day, in sweet commun - ion, All the day, in sweet communion, Je - sus,
 2. One by one the ev'ning shadows, One by one the ev'ning shadows Gather

I . . . have walked with thee; . . . Do not now . . . withdraw thy
 dark - ly o'er the lea, Yet the light of peace re -
 I have walked with thee, Jesus, I have walked with thee; Do not now withdraw thy presence, Do not
 darkly o'er the lea, Gather darkly o'er the lea, Yet the light of peace remaineth, Yet the

pres - ence, From this hour . . . a - bide with me. . . .
 main - eth If thou still a - bide with me.
 now withdraw thy presence, From this hour abide with me, From this hour abide with me.
 light of peace remaineth If thou still abide with me, If thou still abide with me.

CHORUS.
 Thou my life, Thou my life, my on - ly guide, my on - ly guide, There is nought in heav'n or

earth I ask but thee; . . . Hear my prayer, . . . my soul's pe -
 I ask but thee; my soul's pe - ti - tion, Hear my

ti - tion, Go not hence, a - bide with me.
 prayer, my soul's petition, abide with me, go not hence, abide with me.

T. C. O'K.

They are Coming.

T. C. O'KANE.

With spirit.

1. They are com - ing! they are coming! Who have been in darkness long;
 2. Long they sat beneath the shadow, And the gloom of mor - al night,
 3. Hast - en, Lord, the coming morning, Of the bright mil - len - nial day—

They are com - ing to the Saviour, With a glad, tri - umphant song.
 Wait - ing on - ly for the dawning Of the promised heavenly light.
 And may we who love the Saviour, La - bor to ex - tend his sway,

From the lands be - yond the o - cean, From the is - lands of the sea,
 But they've heard the glorious gos - pel, Of sal - va - tion full and free,
 Un - til ev' - ry ransomed be - ing, On the land and on the sea,

From the val - leys and the mountains, They are coming, Lord, to thee.
 Now they read the "Blessed Bi - ble," They are coming, Lord, to thee.
 Shall u - nite in one grand chorus, "We are coming, Lord, to thee.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Is Your Lamp Burning?

ANON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Say, is your lamp burning, my broth - er? I pray you look
 2. There are man - y and man - y a - round you, Who follow wher -
 3. There is man - y a lamp that is light - ed; We behold them a -
 4. If once all the lamps that are light - ed Should stead - i - ly

D.S.—is your lamp burning, my broth - er? I pray you look

quickly and see; For if it were burning, then sure - ly Some
 ev - er you go; If you thought that they walked in the shadow, Your
 near and a - far; But not man - y among them, my brother, Shine
 blaze in a line, Wide ov - er the land and the o - cean, What a

quickly and see; For if it were burning, then sure - ly Some

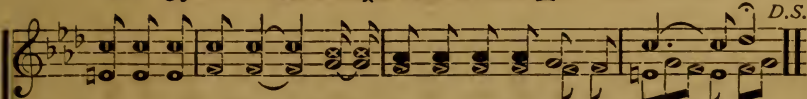
Fine.

beams would fall brightly on me. Straight, straight is the road, but I
 lamp would burn brighter I know. Up - on the dark mountains they
 stead - i - ly on, like a star. I think, were they trimmed night and
 gir - dle of glo - ry would shine! How all the dark plac - es would

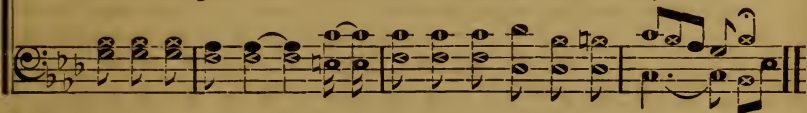
beams would fall brightly on me.

fal - ter, And oft I fall ut by the way; Then lift your lamp
 stum - ble, They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie With their white pleading
 morn - ing, They would nev - er burn down nor go out, Though from the four
 brighten, How the mists would roll up and a - way! How the earth would laugh

D.S.



high-er, my broth - er, Lest I should make fa-tal de - lay. . . Say,
 fa-ces turned upward, To the clouds and the pi - ti - ful sky. . .
 quarters of heav - en, The winds were all blowing a - bout.
 out in her glad - ness To hail the mil-len - ni - al day. . .



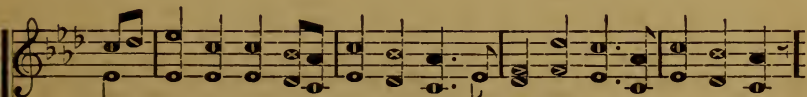
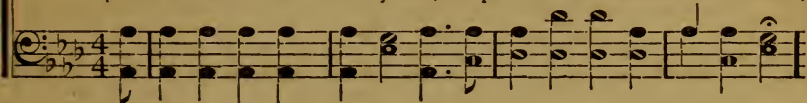
Whosoever.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

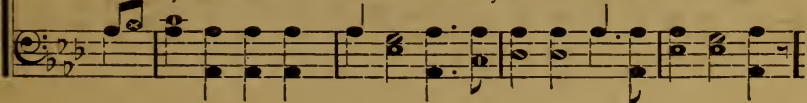
JNO. R. SWENEY.



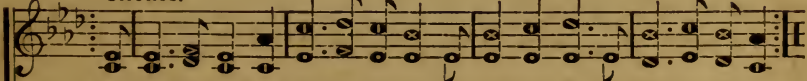
1. I praise the Lord that one like me 'For mer-cy may to Je-sus flee,
 2. I was to sin a wretched slave, But Je-sus died my soul to save;
 3. I look by faith and see this word, Stamp'd with the blood of Christ my Lord,
 4. I now believe he saves my soul, His precious blood hath made me whole;



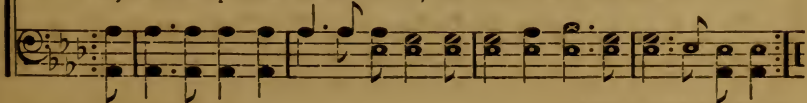
He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.
 He says that who - so - ev - er will May seek and find sal - va - tion still.



CHORUS.



My Saviour's promise faileth never; He counts me in the Who-so-ev-er.



Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the desert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
 2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O what compassion beams in his eye,
 3. Lov-ing-ly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mer-cy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
 4. Spir-its in glo-ry, watching, watching, Long to be-hold thee safe in the fold;

Ten-der-ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O come un-to me.
 Hear him re-peat-ing gently, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die.
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy, Come, ere thy life-star for-ev-er shall set.
 An-gels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?

CHORUS.

Je-sus is looking, Je-sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tar-ry a-way?

Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

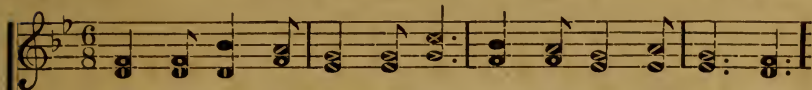
Overflowing Ever.

45

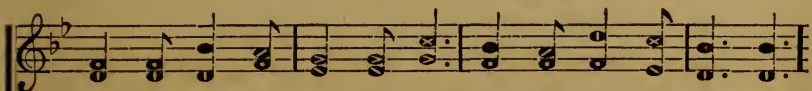
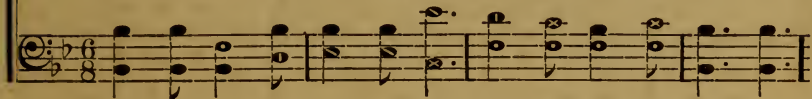
E. F. C. H.

"With thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

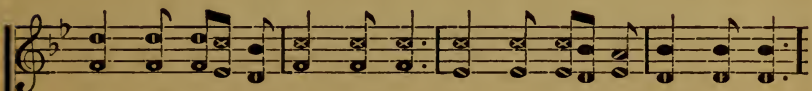
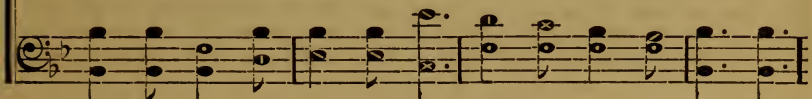
R. Lowry.



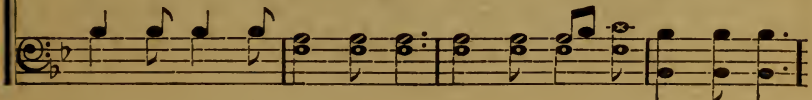
1. Lo! a fount - ain full and free, O - ver - flow - ing ev - er;
 2. List the mur - mur that it speaks, O - ver - flow - ing ev - er;
 3. Bless - ed fount! the pur - est known, O - ver - flow - ing ev - er;



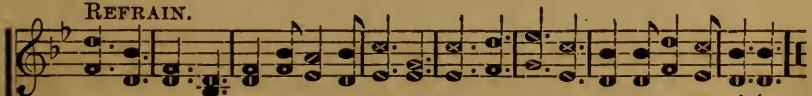
Faint - ing heart, it is for thee, O - ver - flow - ing ev - er;
 On the soul in song it breaks, O - ver - flow - ing ev - er;
 Stream of life from out God's throne, O - ver - flow - ing ev - er;



Gush - ing, sparkling, nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
 Sing - ing, sooth - ing souls to ease, Mu - sic of all mel - o - dies.
 Sa - cred blood for sin - ners spilt, This can cleanse a - way thy guilt.



REFRAIN.



Ov - er - flowing, o - verflowing ev - er, O - ver - flowing, Flowing now for thee.



Safe beneath His Wings.

J. GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHO.— 1. O the love that fills my soul, O the floods of joy that roll,
 2. Safe from thorns that pierce my feet, Safe from storms that wildly beat,
 3. Sealed with blood, oh, can it be! Sealed with blood he shed for me;

While I lean and sweetly rest On my dear Redeemer's
 Safe from deep and throbbing care, Safe with dear Redeemer's breast, On my
 I am his and he is mine, I the him who answers prayer, Safe with
 branch and he the vine, I the branch and he the vine, I the

Fine.

breast; There no bliss of earth can charm,
 dear Redeemer's breast; There my heart, my thought, my will,
 prayer; him who answers prayer;
 vine, Thus I lean and sweet-ly rest
 branch and he the vine;

There no dread of ill can harm, Faith to me the promise
 All subdued, are calm and still; Faith in tones Faith to me
 On my Lord and Saviour's breast, Till my soul Faith in tones of rapture
 Till my soul shall glide a-
 Till my soul

Safe beneath His Wings.—CONCLUDED. 47

Repeat first four lines as Chorus. D.C.

brings, I am safe . . . beneath his wings.
 sings, I am safe I am safe beneath his wings.
 way In - to realms . . . of end-less day.
 In - to realms of end-less day.

Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { Hover o'er me, Ho-ly Spir-it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, oh, come . . . and fill me now.
 D.S.—Fill me with thy Holy Spir-it,—Come, oh, come . . . and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

- 2 Thou can't fill me, gracious Spirit,
 Though I cannot tell thee how;
 But I need thee, greatly need thee,
 Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
 At thy sacred feet I bow;

- Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
 Fill with power, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me;
 Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!
 Thou art comforting and saving,
 Thou are sweetly filling now.

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MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

Key G.

- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died!
 Land of the pilgrims' pride!
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love:
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills:
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

Go and Tell Jesus.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Go and tell Je-sus, O des-o-late heart, Go and tell Jesus how weary thou art;
 2. Go and tell Je-sus, so ready to hear, Whisper thy sorrow a-lone in his ear;
 3. Narrow the gate but a light thou wilt see Shining above it, and shining for thee;
 4. Go and tell Je-sus thy soul is oppressed, Go and tell Jesus 'tis longing for rest,

Weary of trying without him to live, Seeking for comfort the world cannot give.
 Long hast thou grieved him, but still he is kind; Ask, he will give thee; go, seek thou and find.
 Go, and, be-lieving, acknowledge thy sin; Knock, he will open and welcome thee in.
 Helpless, dependent, bend low at his throne, Clinging by faith to his merits alone.

CHORUS.

Go and tell Je - sus, — Tell him how weary thou art,
 Go and tell Je - sus, tell Je - sus, how weary thou art,

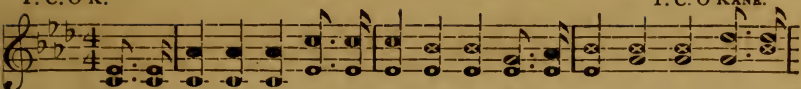
Go, thy Saviour is wait - ing, Waiting to comfort thy heart.
 to comfort thy heart.

Treasures of Heaven.

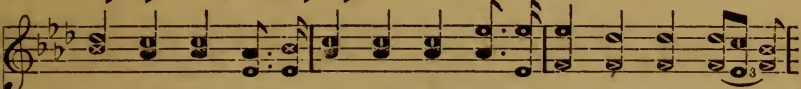
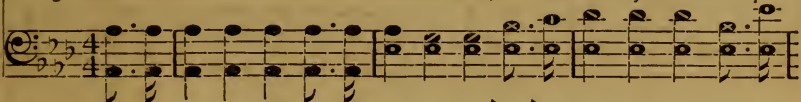
49

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.



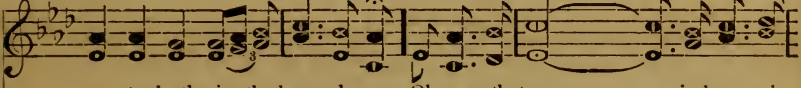
1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Je - sus him-
2. There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul, Though the tears may fall all the
3. There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul, In the man - y mansions pre-



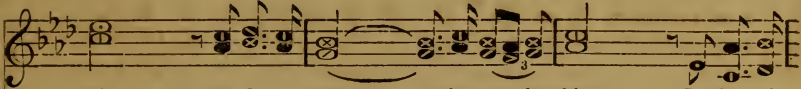
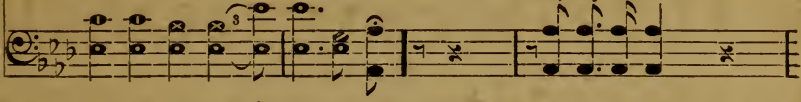
self will place On the head of each who shall faith-ful prove, Ev - en
earth-ly night; Yet the clouds of sad-ness will break a - way, And re-
pared a - bove, Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing, Of a



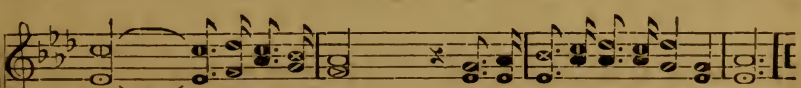
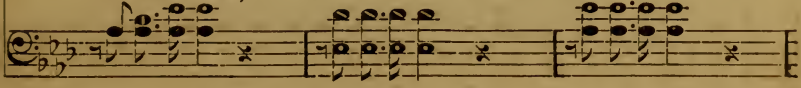
REFRAIN.



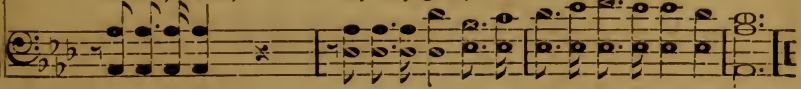
un - to death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that crown . . . in heaven be
Oh, may that crown
joicing come with the morning light. Oh, may that joy . . . in heaven be
Oh, may that joy
Saviour's free and un - bounded love. Oh, may that home . . . in heaven be
Oh, may that home



mine, And I a - mong . . . the angels shine; Be thou, O
in heaven be mine,



Lord, . . . my dai-ly guide, Let me ev - er in thy love a - bide.
Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,



Trusting in the Promise.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found repose for my weary soul, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;

And a harbor safe when the billows roll, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 Oh, the strength and love only God can give, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 I can smile at grief, and abide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;
 Who-so-ev-er will may be saved to-day, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour;

I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And the loss of all shall be highest gain, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.
 And be-gin to walk in the ho-ly way, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

REFRAIN.

Resting on his mighty arm for-ev-er, Never from his loving heart to sever,

I will rest by grace In his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Saviour.

CHARLES WESLEY.

My Only Plea.

T. C. O'KANE.

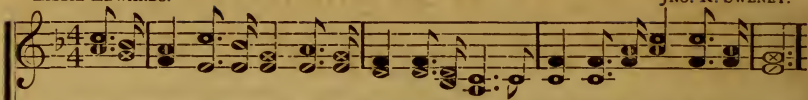
1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth - er help I know:
 2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel thy power;
 4. Au - thor of faith! to thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes:

If thou withdraw thy - self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
 And all my wants thou wouldst re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

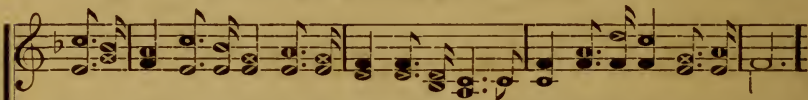
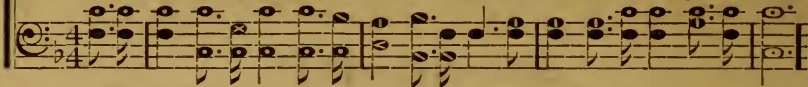
CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, to thee, 'Tis my on - ly plea, The Saviour died for me;

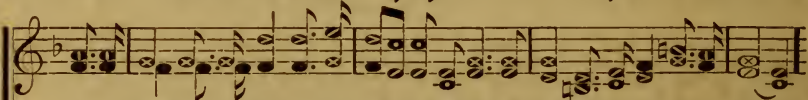
I am coming, Lord, to thee, 'Tis my on - ly plea, The Saviour died for me.



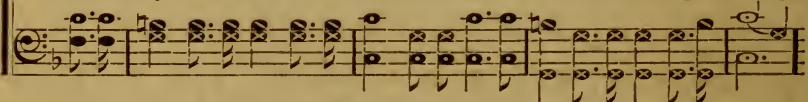
1. Slumber not, slumber not, for the time flies apace.—The time for the Bridegroom is near;
2. Slumber not, slumber not, tho' he tar-ry awhile, Not long will he lin-ger a-way;
3. Slumber not, slumber not, for the moments are brief; O think of their anguish of heart



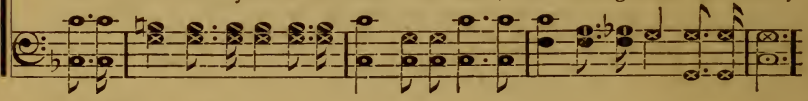
Let us watch, let us wait, with a firm, trusting heart, Be ready the summons to hear.
He has left his commands to the faithful and wise, Then let us in meekness o-bey.
Who will come, but too late, to the door of the feast, And hear from the Bridegroom, "depart"



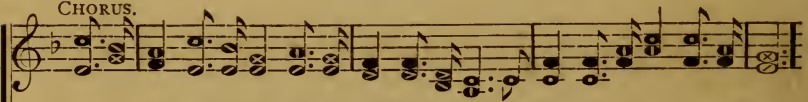
O provide for our lamps, let our vessels be filled With grace he will freely supply;
Yes, the Bridegroom will come to his long-waiting bride, And wipe ev'ry tear from her eye;
Let our lamps be well-filled and their lustre be seen When he to the marriage draws nigh,



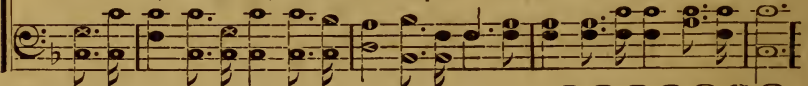
Then, with rapture complete, our beloved we shall meet, When midnight shall echo the cry.
"Go ye forth" may we hear, and with joy, not with fear, When midnight shall echo the cry.
Then our souls will rejoice at the sound of his voice, When midnight shall echo the cry.

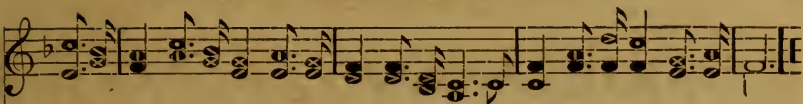


CHORUS.

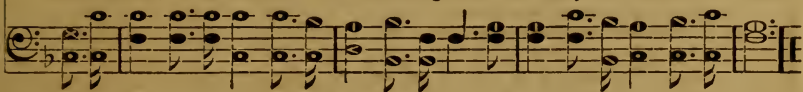


Slumber not, slumber not, for the time flies apace.—The time for the Bridegroom is near;





Let us watch, let us wait with a firm, trusting heart, Be ready the summons to hear.



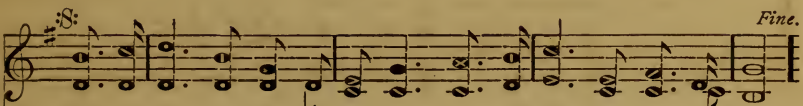
Shall I Wait.

Rev. THOS. FUREY.

J. R. S.

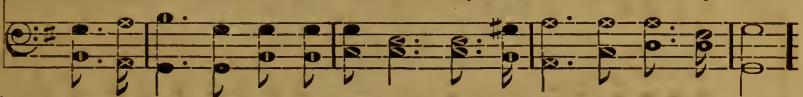


1. Shall I wait, un - til the sun - set Marks the close of life's short day,
2. Shall I wait for manhood's vig - or; Thinking that the world's vain toy,
3. Shall I wait, un - til the morrow Brings me near - er to the tomb;



Fine.

Ere I give my heart to Je - sus, And his word and truth o - bey?
Will then fail to give me pleasure, Or give place to oth - er joys?
When I know that death's keen arrow May be - fore then seal my doom?



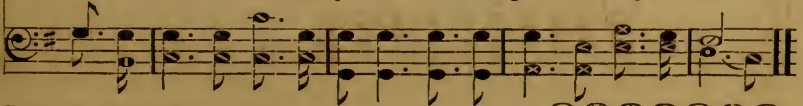
D.S.—Give myself un - to his ser - vice, Yield to his re - sistless power.



CHORUS.

D.S.

No! I will re - member Je - sus In this glad ac - cepted hour;



Take up thy Cross.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

HATTIE M. BIRD.

Matt. xvi. 24.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The way is long, and rough, and dark, But I have trod it all for thee;
 2. Let not the mountain's stony height, Nor yet the swelling of the sea,
 3. When storms arise and griefs as-sail, To me thy Ref-uge quickly flee,

My foot-prints all the journey mark,—Take up thy cross, and fol- low me.
 With foolish fears thy soul affright,— Take up thy cross, and fol- low me.
 My loving care shall nev-er fail,— Take up thy cross, and fol- low me.

REFRAIN.

Take up thy cross, its bur- den bear, If thou would'st
 Take up thy cross, cheerful-ly bear,

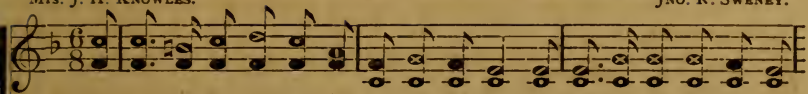
my dis-ci-ple be; Who bears the cross the crown shall wear,—
 If thou would'st my Who bears the cross the crown, the crown shall wear,

Though foes beset thee, do not yield,
 For I thy Leader strong will be;
 With breastplate on, and faith thy shield,
 Take up thy cross, and follow me. Take up thy cross and follow me,
 Then nobly strive, and vict'ry gain,
 A crown of glory waiteth thee;
 But if thou would'st thy crown attain,
 Take up thy cross, and follow me.

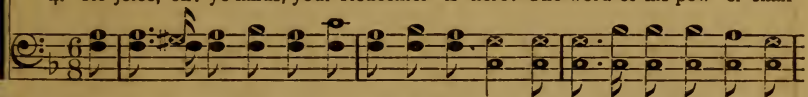
Send out the Glad Tidings.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

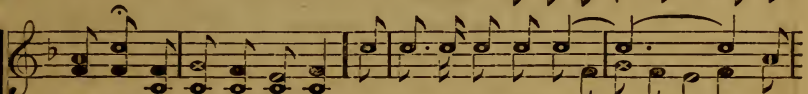
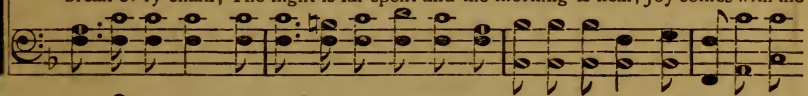
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Send out the glad tidings o'er o-ccean and plain, The gos-pel of gladness, the
2. Send out the glad tidings o'er land and o'er sea, The message of pardon, the
3. Oh, haste with the message! de-lay not to tell, For hearts bowed with sorrow are
4. Re-joyce, oh! ye lands, your Redeemer is here! The word of his pow-er shall

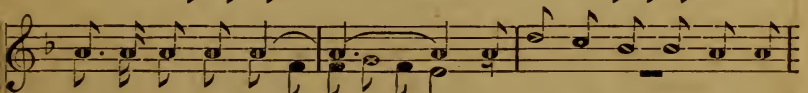
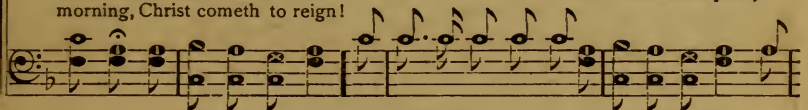


gos-pel of love; Bid earth look with hope from her long night of pain, For promise of message of peace; Say ye to the captive, from bondage be free, Deliv-rance has fainting to know The sto-ry of Je-sus, who loved them so well,—He died to re-break ev'ry chain; The night is far spent and the morning is near, Joy comes with the

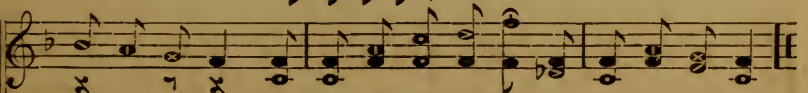
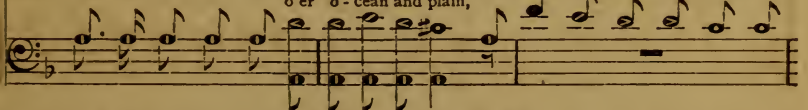


morning breaks forth from above. Send out the glad tid-ings, Send come, and oppres-sion shall cease. deem them from sin and from woe. morning, Christ cometh to reign!

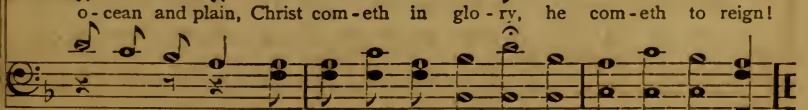
o'er o - cean and plain,

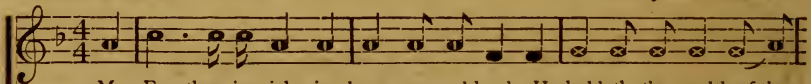


out the glad tid-ings, Send out the glad tid-ings o'er o'er o - cean and plain,

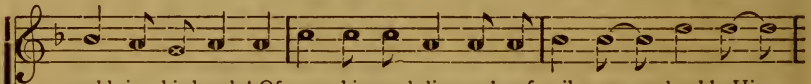
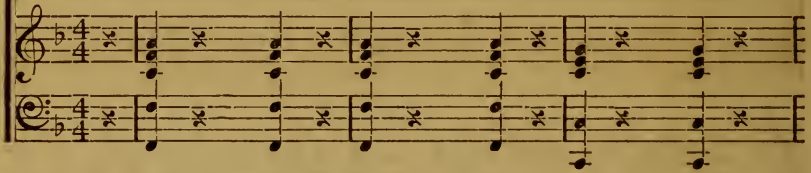


o - cean and plain, Christ com-eth in glo-ry, he com-eth to reign!

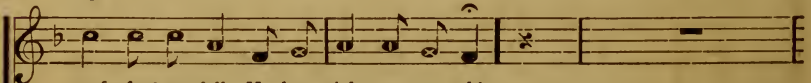




1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the "Saviour of men!" Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

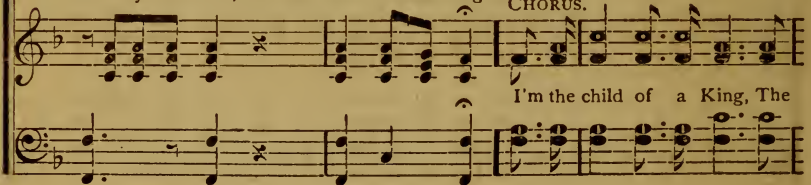


world in his hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
 poor - est of men; But now he is reigning for - ev - er on High, And will
 "al - ien" by birth! But I've been "a - dopted," my name's written down; An
 me o - ver there! Tho' ex - ilied from home, yet, still I may sing: All

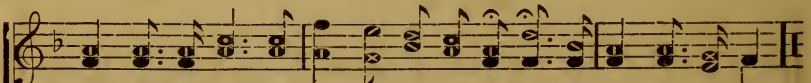


cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told,
 give me a Home in heaven, by and by!
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
 Glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

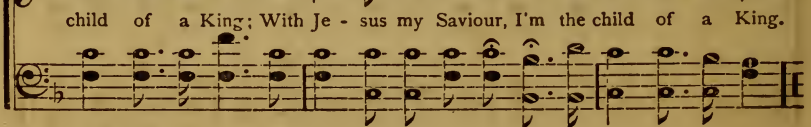
CHORUS.



I'm the child of a King, The



child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

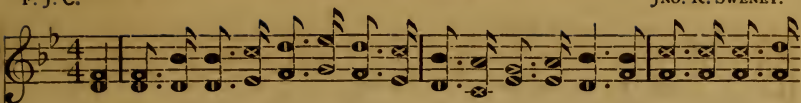


Our Light.

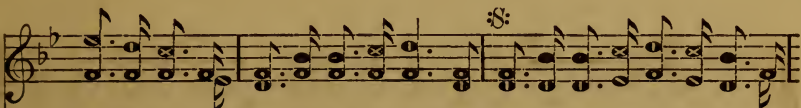
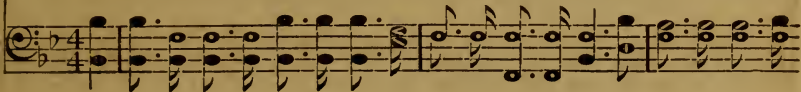
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F. J. C.

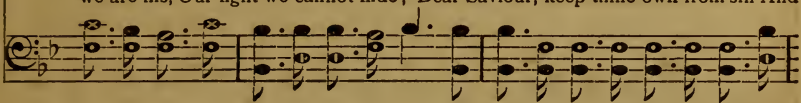
JNO. R. SWENEY.



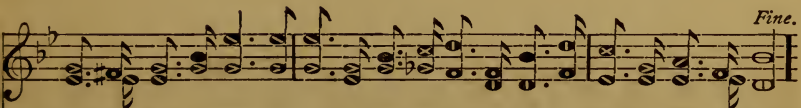
1. Our Lord and Saviour bids us shine, In all we do and say ; Our lamps, well filled with
2. Our hand must clothe the humble poor, Our store the hungry feed, Our homes the stranger
3. If as the branch within the vine Our love in Christ abide, If he is ours and



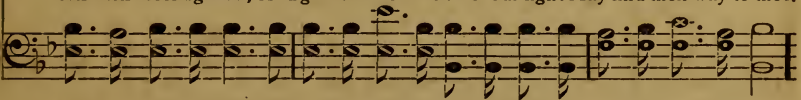
gospel grace, Must burn both night and day ; Thro' patient, self-denying love And must receive And shelter in his need ; Each others burdens we must bear, Each we are his, Our light we cannot hide ; Dear Saviour, keep thine own from sin And



D.S.—let our light before the world Shine

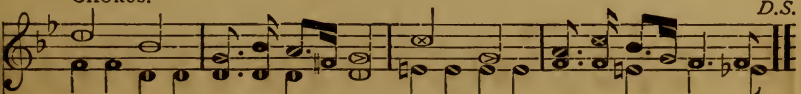


stead-fast faith divine, Thro' strict obedience to his law, The Saviour bids us shine. oth - ers faults forgive, And thus in perfect peace with all, And perfect union, live. self - ish feeling free ; And grant that others thro' our light May find their way to thee.

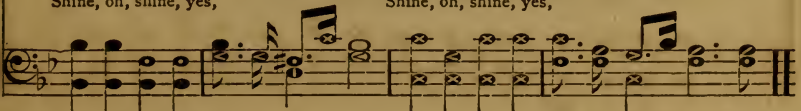


forth with constant flame, That all may see and glorify Our heavenly Father's name.

CHORUS.



Shine, shine, let our light shine, Shine, shine, let our light shine, Oh,
Shine, oh, shine, yes, Shine, oh, shine, yes,



Look to Jesus.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, dy - ing souls, look up, and see The glorious gos - pel rem - e - dy!
 2. The serpent's sting his blood can cure! His healing power un - fail - ing, sure
 3. Oh, man - y a poor sin-bitten soul Has looked to him, and been made whole,
 4. His lov - ing heart to sin - ners turns, And e'en t'ward guilty rebels years;—

Je - sus your Sa - viour cru - ci - fied! Look up, and see his wounded side!
 Can save the most despair - ing case,—So strong his love, so rich his grace!
 And man - y a hopeless one received A cure, who on his name believed,
 He pi - ties souls defiled by sin, His mer - cy takes the vil - est in.

CHORUS.

Look to Je - sus, look, and live! Look to Je - sus, he'll for-give;

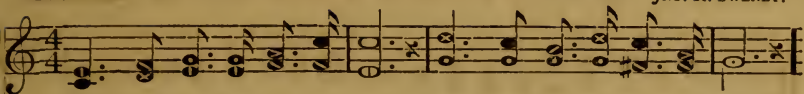
Per - ish - ing soul, he'll make thee whole; Look up, look up, and live,

Trusting Jesus, that is all.

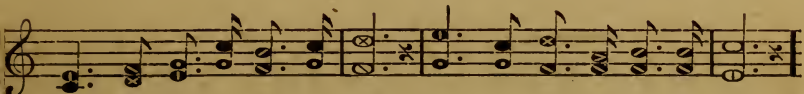
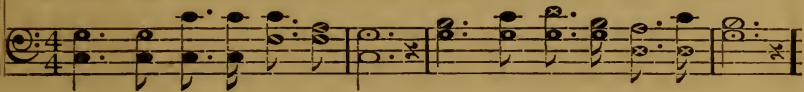
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EDGAR PAGE.

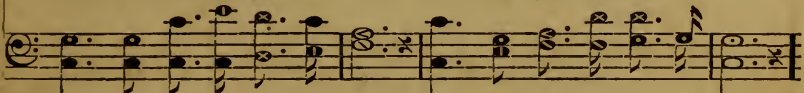
JNO. R. SWENEY.



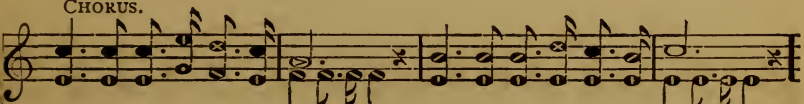
1. Sim - ply trusting ev' - ry day; Trust - ing, tho' a storm - y way;
 2. Bright - ly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
 3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
 4. Trust - ing him while life shall last, Trust - ing him till earth is past—



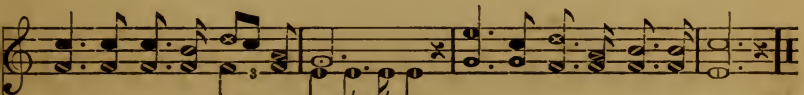
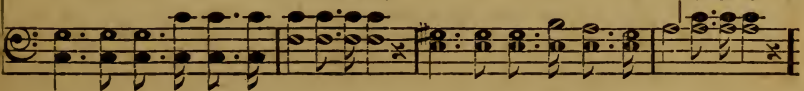
Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 While he leads I can - not fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for him call,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Till with - in the jas - per wall— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



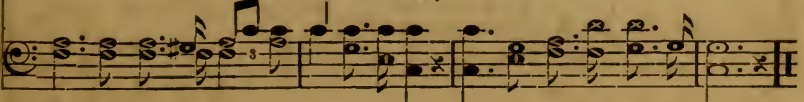
CHORUS.



Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by,
 moments fly, days go by,



Trusting him, whate'er be - fall,— Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 whate'er befall,



By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour sal-va-tion affords,
 2. Saved to the uttermost: Je-sus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
 3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
 4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hal-le-lu-jas to Je-sus, my King;

Gives me his Spir-it a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
 Trusting his prom-is-es, how I am blest, Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest.
 Beau-ti-ful visions of glo-ry I see, Je-sus in brightness revealed unto me.
 Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.

CHORUS.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut-termost, Saved, saved, by pow-er di-vine;

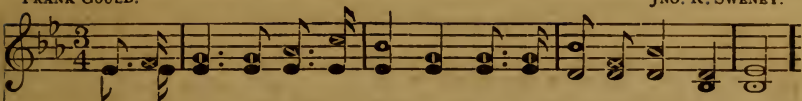
Saved, saved, I'm saved to the ut-ter-most, Je-sus the Saviour is mine.

In the Shadow of the Cross.

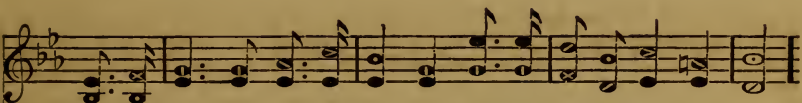
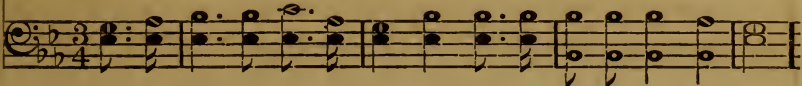
61

FRANK GOULD.

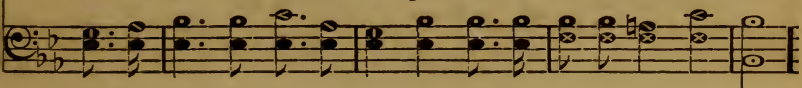
JNO. R. SWENEY.



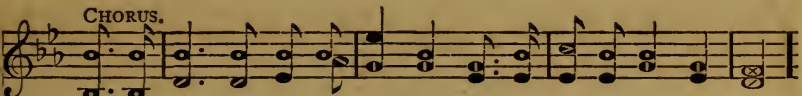
1. At the cross I found my Saviour, And my boasting there shall be,
2. At the cross I cried for mer - cy, Je - sus heard my hum - ble prayer;
3. At the cross he gave me com - fort, In my dark - est hour he came,
4. When among the just made per - fect My Re - deemer I shall see,



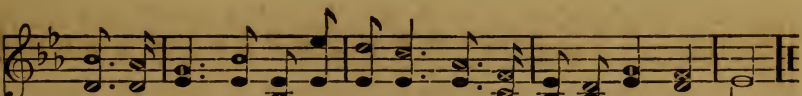
For my man - y sins are pardoned Thro' the blood he shed for me.
 I was wretched, weak, and helpless, Till on him I cast my care.
 And my faith looked up and saw him, Hal - le - lu - jah to his name!
 I will tell, thro' endless a - ges, What his love has done for me!



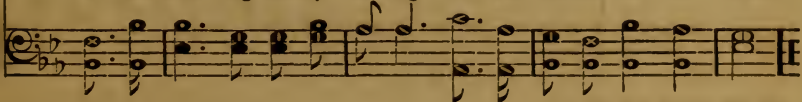
CHORUS.



O my soul in him re - joic - es, And the world I count but dross, -



I am walk - ing, dai - ly walking In the shadow of the cross.



Behold the Bridegroom.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you read - y for the bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

read - y for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes; He quickly cometh!
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

D.S.—Behold! he cometh!

Fine.
be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes,
he quick - ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes,
he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes,
lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes,

be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

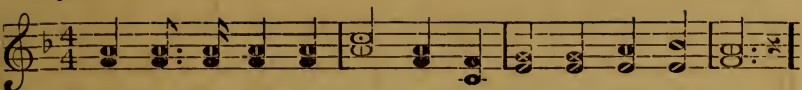
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

Only a Look.

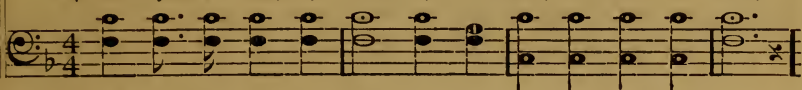
63

F. J. C.

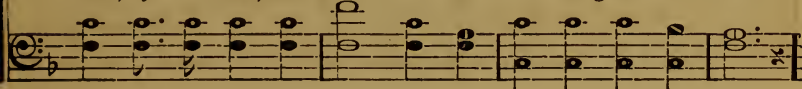
W. J. K.



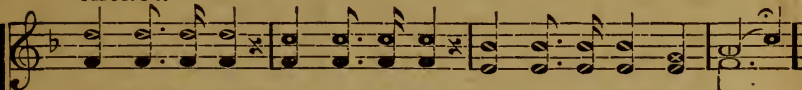
1. On - ly a look, my Sa - viour, While trembling here I bow;
 2. On - ly a look, my Sa - viour, Will all my sins for - give,
 3. On - ly a look, my Sa - viour, With joy my heart would fill,
 4. On - ly a look, my Saviour, Tis done, the work is thine,



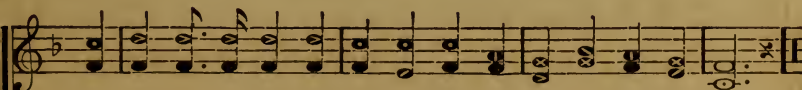
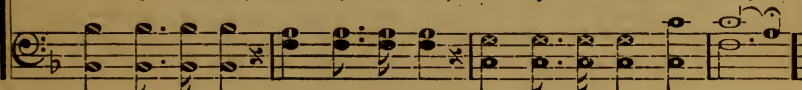
On - ly a look, my Sa - viour, My heart is breaking now.
 Ten - der - ly now be - hold me, And bid my spir - it live.
 Gra - cious - ly hear my plead - ing, And bend my way - ward will.
 Thou, by a look, hast made me An heir of grace di - vine.



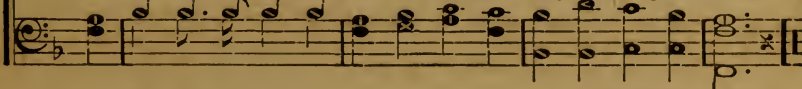
CHORUS.



On - ly a look, on - ly a look, On - ly a look from thee,

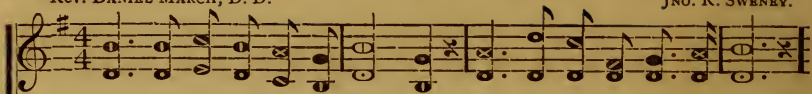


One look from the cross, the blood-stained cross, Will bring sweet peace to me.
4th. v. Has brought sweet peace to me.

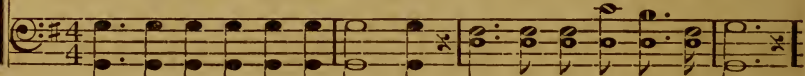


Rev. DANIEL MARCH, D. D.

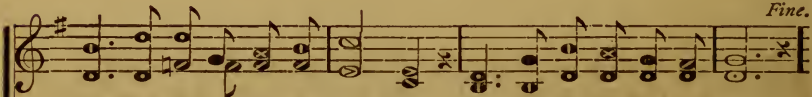
JNO. R. SWENEY.



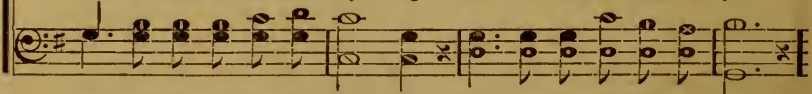
1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can-not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you have not gifts and grac - es, If you can-not preach like Paul,
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is nothing I can do,"



CHO.—Hark, the voice of Je - sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to - day?



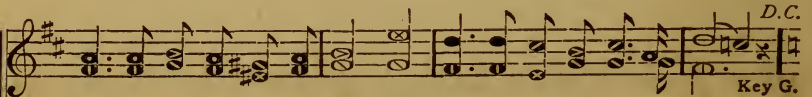
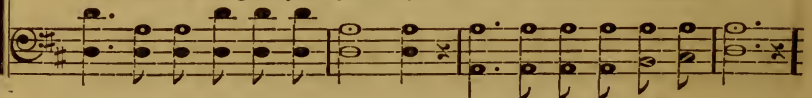
Fields are white, and harvests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?
 You can find the heathen near - er, You can help them at your door.
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all.
 While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Master calls for you.



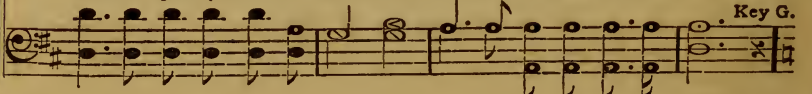
Fields are white, and harvests wait - ing,— Who will bear the sheaves away?



Long and loud the Master call - eth, Rich rewards he of - fers free:
 If you can-not give your thousands You can give the widow's mite,
 If you cannot rouse the wick - ed With the judgement's dread alarms,
 Take the task he gives you glad - ly, Let his work your pleasure be;



Who will an - swer, gladly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me."
 And the least you give for Je - sus Will be precious in his sight.
 You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren To the Saviour's waiting arms.
 Answer quickly when he call - eth: "Here am I, send me, send me!"

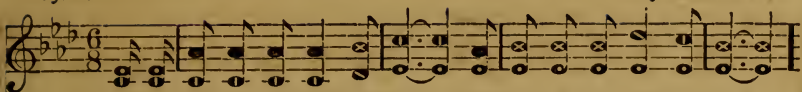


The Wages of Sin.

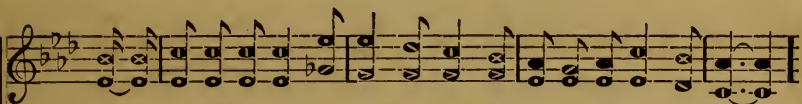
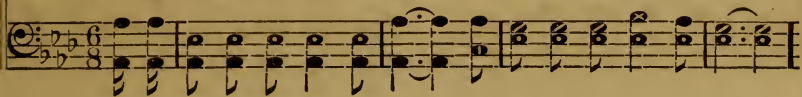
65

W. J. K.

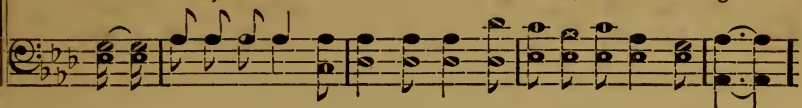
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



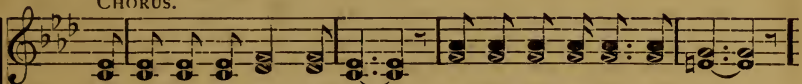
1. I have labored for thee, O sin, With en - er - gy, night and day,
2. But I've giv - en my youth and strength, My tal - ents and time to thee,
3. I have slighted the voice of God, And stifled my conscience too;
4. I have severed the ties of earth, And ruined my hopes of heaven,



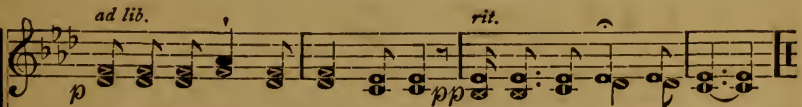
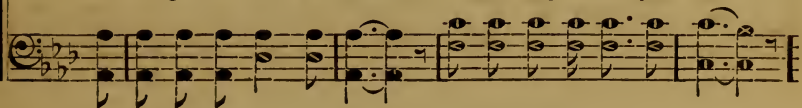
Now what shall I have for my reward, And what is my ut - most pay?
I have bartered a - way my words of truth, And nothing remains to me.
I have done despite to the Spir - it's power, In striving thy work to do.
And on - ly for thee I've lived and toiled, And now, what reward is given?



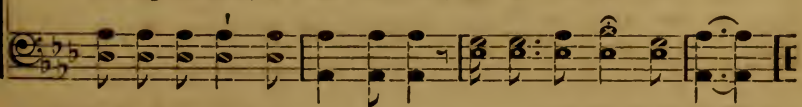
CHORUS.



"The wa - ges of sin is death," All that is promised, you know,—



Nothing but death, e - ter - nal death, Bit - ter remorse and woe.



Pray and Wait.

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Yes, pray and wait, poor, tempted, sorrowing one, Though all ob-
 2. Tho' all a - round seem dark, and drear, and cold, And naught to
 3. When faint and sad thy burdened soul would sink, Then of thy
 4. In fur - nace fires our grac - es must be tried Un - til from

sured by clouds the cheer - ing sun; Though rough and thorn - y
 cheer thee in this des - ert world; In dark - ness oft a -
 lov - ing Father's prom - ise think; And trust thy faith - ful
 nature's dross all pu - ri - fied, And he, the great Re-

be thy heavenward path; Oh, fal - ter not, nor faint, in
 ris - es glo - rious light, And bright - est morn - ing from a
 covenant keep - ing God, And rest thee on his sure, un -
 fin - er, shall be - hold His love - ly i - mage shin - ing

God have faith, Still pray and wait, pray and wait, pray and wait.
 storm-y night, Oh, pray and wait, pray and wait, pray and wait.
 fail - ing word, Still pray and wait, pray and wait, pray and wait.
 in the gold, We'll pray and wait, pray and wait, pray and wait.

Praise and Magnify our King. 67

LIZZIE EDWARDS

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Great is the Lord, who rul - eth o - ver all! Wake, wake and sing,
 2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,
 3. Great is the Lord: oh, come with ho - ly mirth; Wake, wake and sing,
 4. Great is the Lord, and ho - ly is his name! Wake, wake and sing,

wake, wake and sing; Down at his feet in ad - o - ra - tion fall,
 wake, wake and sing; Hon - or and strength, do - min - ion he has won,
 wake, wake and sing, Come and re - joice, ye na - tions of the earth,
 wake, wake and sing; An - gels and men, his wondrous works proclaim,

CHORUS.

Praise and magni - fy our King. O ye redeemed above, Strike, strike your

harps of love, Hail the Blessed One, hail the Mighty One, Sweetly his

wonders tell, Loud - ly his glo - ry swell, Praise and magni - fy our King.

Work with a Will.

J. GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sow with thy face to the sun-shine, Beau-ti-ful, smiling and bright;
 2. Sow with thy face to the sun-shine, Wheat for the Mas-ter to gain;
 3. Sow with thy face to the sun-shine, Gladly thy du-ty per-form;
 4. Sow with thy face to the sun-shine, Sow till its lus-tre shall cease;

Why should'st thou wait till the shadows Herald the coming of night?
 What tho' the soil may be rug-ged, Thou shalt not la-bor in vain.
 Sow with thy face to the sunshine, God will provide for the storm.
 Then for the reaping in glo-ry, Then for the rest-ing in peace.

CHORUS.

Work with a will, work with a will, Trust in the

ev-cr

prom-ise and the arm of the Lord; Work with a will,

ev-cr

work with a will, Faith-ful to la-bor, thou shalt reap thy re-ward.

Still Labor On.

69

FANNY J. CROSBY.

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. O workers, hap-py in the Lord, Still la - bor on; Our trust re-
2. O nev - er doubt a Saviour's care, Still la - bor on; While mer-cy
3. O reapers, in the field a - bide, Still la - bor on; Rich, gold-en

pos-ing in his word, Still la - bor on; His lov-ing hand to lead the way,
hears and answers prayer, Still la - bor on; For him we can-not toil in vain,
sheaves on ev'-ry side, Still la - bor on; Our hearts u - ni-ted, firm, and true,

Still la - bor on; Faith growing brighter ev'-ry day, Still la - bor on.
Still la - bor on; His grace will bring the summer rain, Still la - bor on.
Still la - bor on; Till yonder pearly gates we view, Still la - bor on.

CHORUS.

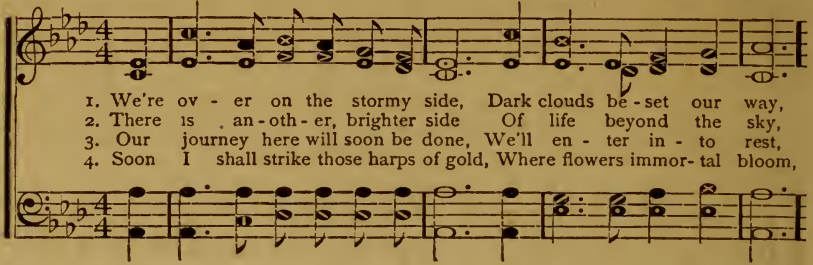
Labor on till the fields of de-light we shall roam,
Labor on till the fields of delight we shall roam,

There we'll sing, there we'll sing, And shout the merry harvest - home.
There we'll sing, there we'll sing,

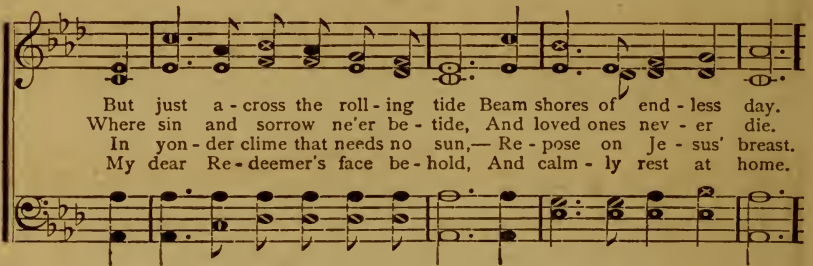
On the Other Side.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

E. O. EXCELL.

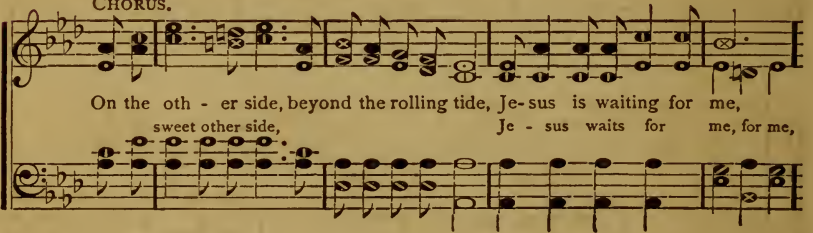


1. We're ov - er on the stormy side, Dark clouds be - set our way,
 2. There is an - oth - er, brighter side Of life beyond the sky,
 3. Our journey here will soon be done, We'll en - ter in - to rest,
 4. Soon I shall strike those harps of gold, Where flowers immor - tal bloom,

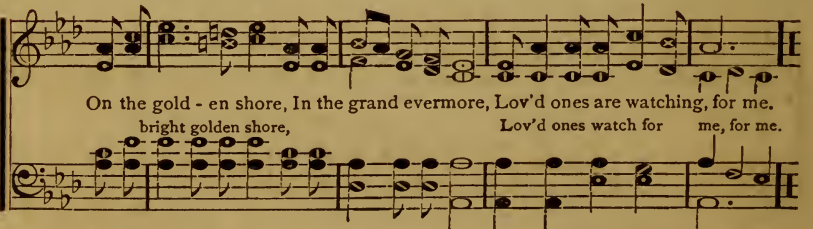


But just a - cross the roll - ing tide Beam shores of end - less day.
 Where sin and sorrow ne'er be - tide, And loved ones nev - er die.
 In yon - der clime that needs no sun, - Re - pose on Je - sus' breast.
 My dear Re - deemer's face be - hold, And calm - ly rest at home.

CHORUS.



On the oth - er side, beyond the rolling tide, Je - sus is waiting for me,
 sweet other side, Je - sus waits for me, for me,



On the gold - en shore, In the grand evermore, Lov'd ones are watching, for me.
 bright golden shore, Lov'd ones watch for me, for me.

It must be Settled to-night.

71

A miner in England went to church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

Rev. C. B. KENDALL.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. "It must be settled to - night, To - morrow may be too late;"
 2. A burden weighs my soul I can no lon - ger bear;
 3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—
 4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;

The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.
 Un - less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to des - pair.
 Till my Re - deemer speaks to me As - surance of his love.
 My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

It must be settled to - night, I can no lon - ger wait,
 to-night,

Peace with my God I now must have, To - morrow may be too late.

No Night have I.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. No night have I with Jesus near, No darkness hides the sunshine clear, But
 2. He loves me now, oh, blessed thought, He loved me when I knew him not, And
 3. I know not if across my way May come some dark and evil day, And

all my life is filled with cheer, With Je - sus near, with Jesus near, With
 with his blood my pardon bought, On Cal - va - ry he died for me; Then,
 thro' the clouds I see no ray, . Yet I will trust, in Jesus trust, I'll

Je - sus near how sweet to know My pathway he with flow'rs doth strew, And
 with such love my heart to cheer, How can I doubt or have one fear, Or
 trust him for the days to come, My tongue may soon be cold and dumb, But

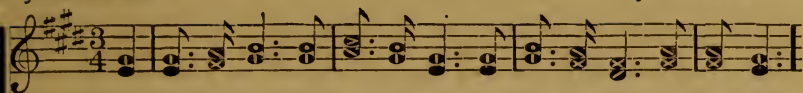
calms my soul in joy and woe, He loves me so, he loves me so.
 ev - er think the days are drear With Je - sus near, with Je - sus near.
 I'm assured he'll take me home, Then I'll be blest, in heaven find rest.

I'm Holding On.

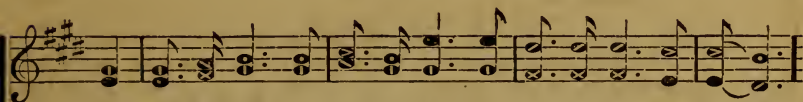
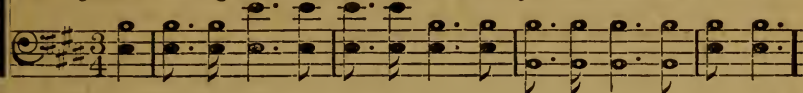
73

JAMES NICHOLSON.

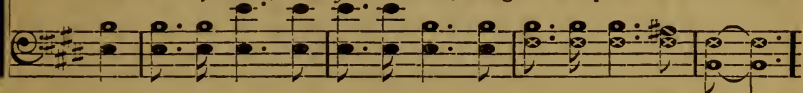
JNO. R. SWENEY.



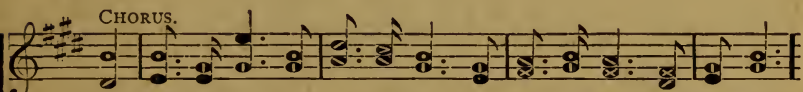
1. Tho' weak my faith, I'm holding on; To Je - sus I am cling - ing;
2. I'm holding on, tho' Sa - tan tries To keep me from be - liev - ing;
3. While holding on by faith I see The blood of Je - sus flow - ing;
4. I'm clinging, clinging, holding on, My faith is ris - ing high - er,
5. I'm holding on, and while I make A per - fect con - se - cration,



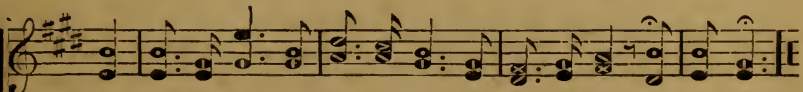
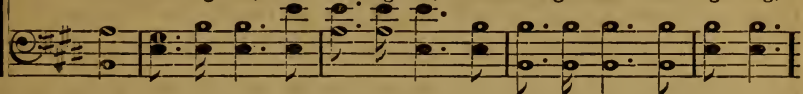
I feel that now the "Mighty One" Help to my soul is bringing.
 But, while my soul on God re - lies, The blessing I'm re - ceiv - ing.
 The healing stream is touching me, New life and peace be - stow - ing.
 The last remains of sin are gone; I have my heart's de - sire.
 The Ho - ly Ghost, for Je - sus' sake, Brings in complete sal - va - tion.



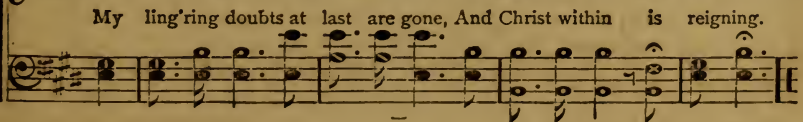
CHORUS.



I'm holding on, I'm holding on, Fresh strength each moment gaining,



My ling'ring doubts at last are gone, And Christ within is reigning.



I shall have Wings.

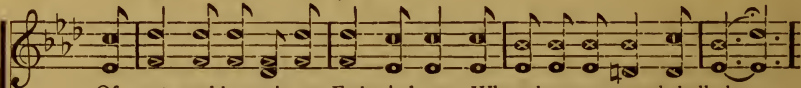
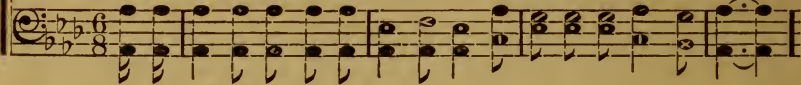
On the steam ferry-boat plying between Liverpool and Birkenhead there might have been seen a few years ago a poor crippled boy, his body was grown almost to a man's size, but his limbs were withered and helpless, and not bigger than the limbs of a child. He used to wheel himself about in a small carriage. He had a little musical instrument on which he played, and while he never asked for anything, very few of the passengers could hear his sweet music, or look at his honest, cheerful face, without dropping a penny or two into his carriage. One day a lady was standing near, looking at him with great pity; she thought how sad and lonely he must feel, unable to help himself, and with no prospect of ever being any better in this world, and turning to a friend who was with her, she said, "poor boy, what a sad life he has to lead, and nothing in all the future to look forward too." She did not intend that he should hear this remark, but he did hear it, and as she was leaving the boat she saw a tear in his eye, and a bright smile on his face trying to chase the tear away, as he said, "I'm expecting to have wings some day, lady."

FANNY J. CROSEY.

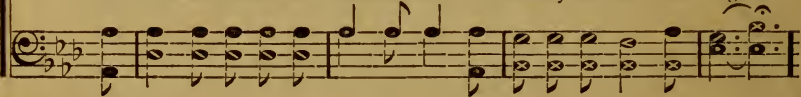
JNO. R. SWENEY.



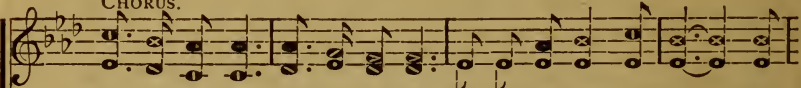
1. There's a voice that comes in my lonely hours And tender-ly speaks to me
2. O I sit and think of those radiant wings, By faith I behold them now,
3. There's a home for me, there's a home for me, My Saviour has told me so,
4. O the wings, the wings that I soon shall wear, And joyfully speed my flight



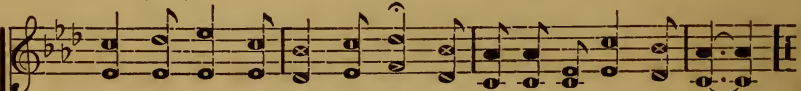
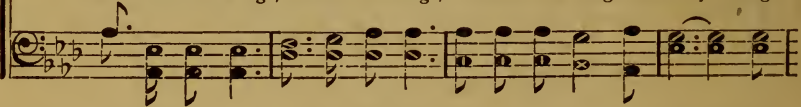
Of rest and home in my Father's house, Where happy my soul shall be.
And feel the hand of my Saviour laid So loving-ly on my brow.
Where tears and sorrow and pain shall cease And pleasure e-ter-nal flow.
From toil and care to a mansion fair Of beauty and end-less light.



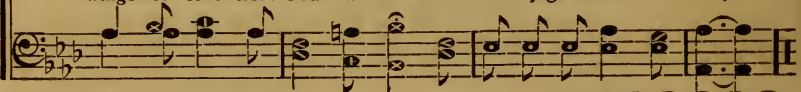
CHORUS.



I shall have wings, beauti-ful wings, I shall have wings some day,—Bright



wings of love from God a-bove To bear my glad soul a-way.

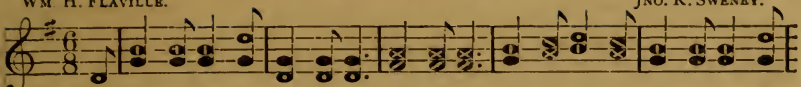


He Saves Me.

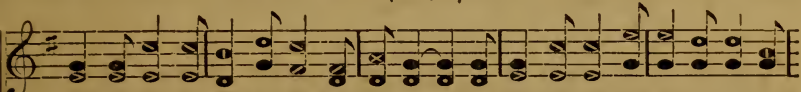
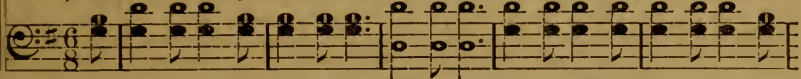
75

WM. H. FLAVILLE.

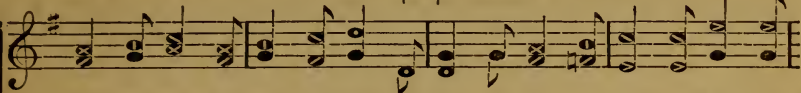
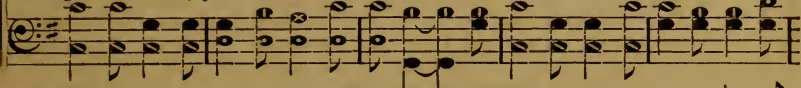
JNO. R. SWENEY.



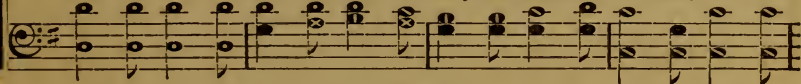
1. My loving Saviour, I am thine, I am thine, I am thine, Sav'd, sweetly sav'd by
2. Oh, if this love be here so sweet, here so sweet, here so sweet, Its full fru - i - tion
3. Tho' here our tears will often flow ; often flow ; often flow ; Be - reft and sorrowing
4. E'en tho' we weep, 'tis not in vain, not in vain, not in vain, E'en tho' we die, to



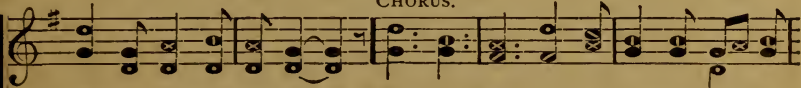
love divine, So sweetly Je - sus saves me. My soul so full still pants for more, The who can mete ? So sweetly Jesus saves me. I'll sing thy praises here below, From oft we go, Yet Je - sus sweetly saves me. For whilst I know thou art so near, No die is gain, So sweetly Jesus saves me. Who would mount up must needs bow down ; Who'll



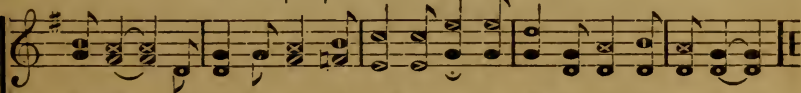
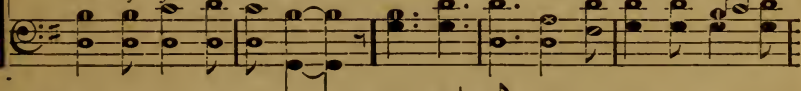
high - er up, we'd far - ther soar, And all thy glo - ry would explore ; So conqu'ring un - to conquest go ; 'Tis glo - ry all thy love to know, So dan - ger can I ev - er fear, The charge is still, "be of good cheer," For bear the cross shall wear the crown ; Whilst Jesus smiles the world may frown, So



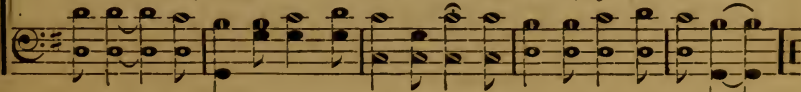
CHORUS.



sweetly Je - sus saves me. Saves me, saves me, So sweetly now he
sweetly Je - sus saves me.
Je - sus sweetly saves me.
sweetly Je - sus saves me.



saves me ; My soul is full of love divine, So sweetly Je - sus saves me.



Am I a Soldier.

ISAAC WATTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Maestoso.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
 3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die: They

shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? Must
 this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? Sure
 see the triumph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh. When

I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry
 Must I be car - ried to the skies
 I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my
 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all thy
 When that il - lus - trious day shall rise,

beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to
 cour - age, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en -
 ar - mies shine In robes of vic - t'ry

win the prize, And sailed through blood - y
 dure the pain, Sup - port - - - - - ed by thy
 through the skies, The glo - - - - - ry shall be

seas? And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 word, Sup - port - - - - - ed by thro' bloody seas?
 thine, The glo - - - - - ry shall -ed by thy word.
 -ry shall be thine.
 -ry shall be thine.

H. BONAR.

Lord, Thou art Mine.

W. J. K.

1. Lord, thou art mine, Send help to me; Christ, I am thine, De - liv - er me.
 2. Mercies are thine, Remem - ber me; Sad sins are mine, Oh, par - don me.
 3. Goodness is thine, Lord, pi - ty me; E - vil is mine, For - sake not me.
 4. All light is thine, Oh, shine on me! Darkness is mine, En - light - en me.
 5. True life is thine, Breathe it on me; All death is mine, Oh, quicken me.

CHORUS.

Then shall I praise thee, Then shall I sing; My soul shall bless thee, My God and King.

Can You Read a Clear Title.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Can you read a clear ti - tle to the mansions in the sky, That the
 2. Can you read a clear ti - tle to the robe of spotless white, That shall
 3. Can you read a clear ti - tle to the crown of life and love That a -

Lord your Redeem - er has prepared for you on high? Are your
 clothe all the faith - ful when they pass the gates of life? Is your
 waits ev' - ry vic - tor in those bles - sed realms a - bove? Have you

feet firm - ly anchored on the Rock that will not fail? Is your
 lamp trimmed and burning, will your long - ing soul re - joice? When at
 borne well your col - ors, have you tried to keep the faith? Tho' the

CHORUS.
 hope sure and steadfast, does it look within the vale. Praise the Lord, O my
 noon or at midnight you shall hear the Master's voice.
 grace that redeem - ed, you will triumph o - ver death.

brother, Praise the Lord, O my brother, you are safe from every fear; Praise the
 ev'ry fear:

Lord, O my brother, Praise the Lord, O my brother, for a sky serene and clear.

Where He Bids Thee.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. R. S.

1. Not where the work is the light - est, Je - sus may call thee to go,
2. Not by the side of the reap - ers Je - sus may call thee to - day,

Not where the yield is the great - est, Je - sus may ask thee to sow;
Not where the workmen are bu - sy Binding the sheaves far a - way;

But where the fields are so bar - ren, Nought that is fruit can be found,
But with the gleaners so pa - tient, Gath'ring the grains one by one,

Cho.—Oh, then, to hear when he calls thee! Listen - ing, all shall be plain,

D.S. $\text{\textcircled{S}}$
Digging 'mid weeds, and the bri - ers, Painful - ly till - ing the ground,
Bringing to Je - sus the hand - ful, Hearing the joyful "well done."

Oh, then, to go where he bids thee! Lit - tle, or much be the gain.

Trust in the Arm of the Saviour.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How sweet is our re-fuge who firm-ly be-lieve, And trust in the
 2. Our peace like a riv-er shall con-stant-ly flow, Who trust in the
 3. Tho' faith may be test-ed, a-bide in his love, And trust in the
 4. Oh, be not dis-couraged, what-ev-er be-fall, But trust in the

arm of the Saviour; What tokens of mer-cy we dai-ly receive, Who
 arm of the Saviour; The joy of his presence we ev-er shall know, Who
 arm of the Saviour; How bright is our prospect for glo-ry above, Who
 arm of the Saviour; Re-mem-ber his grace is suf-fi-cient for all, Who

CHORUS.

trust in the arm of the Sav-our. Our cross-es and tri-als he
 trust in the arm of the Sav-our.
 trust in the arm of the Sav-our.
 trust in the arm of the Sav-our.

helps us to bear, He knows our tempt-a-tions, he feels ev'-ry care; What

blessings he gives us in answer to prayer! Oh, trust in the arm of the Saviour.

We'll Shortly be There.

81

F. J. C.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Not far to the gate of that beautiful city, Where ties of affection are
2. O harps, that for ages have echoed the story Of wonderful mercy and
3. How sweet, as we journey, to pause for a moment And look at the foot-prints we
4. O blessed Redeemer, ere long thou wilt call us To join the great army be-

brok-en no more; Not far to the banks of that clear flowing riv-er, Whose
in-fin-ite love; O crowns ev-er-last-ing, laid up for the faithful, There's
see in our way; The footprints of pilgrims who've crossed over Jordan And
yond the dark sea; They fought the good fight, and their course they have finished, And

D.S.—glo-ry to Jesus! the land-marks grow brighter; Press

Fine. CHORUS.

stream we shall drink when life's burden is o'er. All glo-ry to Je-sus! the
one for us all in those mansions above.
now are re-joic-ing for-ev-er and aye.
now they in-her-it the kingdom with thee.

onward, press onward, we'll shortly be there.

D.S.

mists are dis-solv-ing, Each day we are nearing those regions so fair; All

The Dead March.

MARY T. LATHROP.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way, March the feet of a mil-lion
 2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom, Out of boy-hood pure and
 3. Tramp, tramp, tramp till a drunkard's grave Hides the brok-en life of

men, If none shall pit-y and none shall save, Where will
 fair, O-ver the thoughts of love and home, Past the
 shame, While souls that Je-sus has died to save Meet a
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

all this marching end? The young, the strong, and the
 check of a mother's prayer, On-ward and swift to a
 fut-ure we dare not name; God help us all—there's a
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

old are there, In woeful ranks as they hur-ry past
 drunkard's crime, O-ver the plea of the wife and child,
 cross to bear, And work to do for the might-y throng;
 tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

With not a moment to think or care What the fate that comes at last.
 O - ver the ho - li - est ties of time, Reason lost, and soul gone wild.
 God give us strength, till the toil and prayer Shall give place to the victor's song.

CHORUS.

pp. *mp.*
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, What a
 They are rushing mad - ly on,
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

fear - ful, gha - st - ly throng; Rouse, Christian, rouse ere it
 tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

ff rit.
 be too late, Res - cue these souls from the drunkard's fate.
 tramp, tramp, tramp,

Cleansed.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

"A."

1. I'm lean-ing on the arm of God, I see my Saviour's face; I'm
 2. No lon-ger migh-ty passions sweep Like tempests o'er my soul, I've
 3. I trust my God; he gives me grace In ev'-ry try-ing hour; He
 4. Tis joy to trust him,—joy to know My sins are washed a-way, To

cleansed in his a-ton-ing blood, I know the per-fect peace.
 now that heav'n-ly power with-in That gives me sweet con-trol.
 helps me run my earth-ly race, And holds me by his power.
 grasp the prize love doth be-stow,—The dawn of heaven's bright day.

CHORUS.

I'm cleansed, yes, sweet-ly cleansed, In my Saviour's precious blood, I'm
 O yes, I'm

cleansed, yes, I'm sweet-ly cleansed, While leaning on the arm of God.
 O yes,

Beautiful Light.

85

G. L. B.

GEO. L. BROWN.

DUET.

1. Beau-ti-ful Light, Ho-ly and true, Shining for me, Shining for you;
2. Beau-ti-ful Way, Ho-ly and free, Cast up for you, Cast up for me;
4. Beau-ti-ful Life, Ho-ly is he, Living for you, Living for me;

Star of the morn, Brighter than Day.—“I am the Light, I am the Way.”
Walk in the Way Narrow and straight, You it will lead To the bright gate.
Dwelling in him Mortals are blest, Perfect in love, Peaceful in rest.

CHORUS.

I am the Light, I am the Way, He that hath me Never will stray,

I am the Life, I am the Door, En-ter and live For-ev-er-more.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To the cross my steps I bend, Trembling though its light I see;
 2. I be - lieve; oh, let my faith, Thro' thy grace, prevail with thee;
 3. In the o - cean vast and wide Thou hast said is flowing free
 4. Not in vain, Re - deemer mine, Did I lift my voice to thee;

Lord, the sin - ners on - ly friend, Is there mer - cy still for me?
 Snatch me from the brink of death, O my Sav - iour, care for me.
 Let me now my sorrow hide: O my Sav - iour, smile on me.
 I am saved by grace di - vine, Thou has pardoned ev - en me.

CHORUS.

Grieved and slight - ed though thou art, Do not spurn my humble plea,—
 Grieved and slighted Do not spurn

At thy feet I lay my heart,—O my Sa - viour, look on me.
 O my Saviour,
 At thy feet

Cast thy Bread upon the Waters. 87

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply,
 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and wea-ry, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bundant store;
 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
 5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with praying breath,

An-gel eyes will watch above it;— You shall find it by and by;
 Of-ten sitting in the shadow,— Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on many a bil-low, It may strand on many a shore;
 Scat-ter it with willing fin-gers, Laugh for joy to see it go!
 In some distant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;

He who in his righteous balance Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh
 Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for-ev-er, But as sure as God is true,
 For if you do closely keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
 When you sleep in solemn silence, 'Neath the morn and eve-ning dew,

Will your sac-ri-fice re-remember, Will your loving deeds re-pay.
 As you look with longing vi-sion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
 In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-tur-n to you.
 If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stranger hands, which you have strenghtened, May strew lilies ov-er you.

The Home at Bethany.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When countless numbers came to share The healing power our Lord possessed, And,
2. There gen - tle peace with sil - ver tone Breathed hallowed music thro' the place, And
3. His presence shed a lus - tre bright, A ho - ly calm they knew so well, And

groaning 'neath its weight of care, His hu - man na - ture sighed for rest, 'Twas
christian faith di - vine - ly shone From eye to eye, from face to face; And
from his lips, with pure delight, They revered ev - 'ry word that fell; O

then he sought that calm re - treat, And welcome found in ev - 'ry heart, Where
when the Master's step drew near, At ear - ly morn or close of day, What
bless - ed Mas - ter, precious Friend, For this we ask, for this we pray, That

Fine.
Ma - ry at his sa - cred feet Had learned to choose the bet - ter part,
joy to each their guest to cheer, — Their heavenly guest at Beth - a - ny.
thou in love will con - descend To make our souls thy Beth - a - ny.

D.S. — Je - sus oft would steal a - way To those he loved at Beth - a - ny.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
Dear home at Beth - a - ny! Sweet home at Beth - a - ny! Where
Dear, dear home Sweet, sweet home

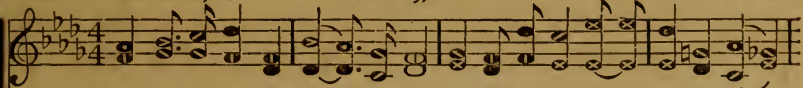
Sing of the Lamb.

89

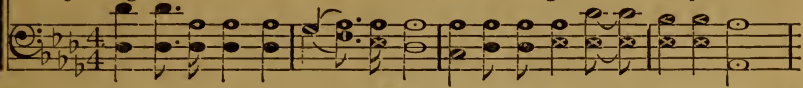
Rev. C. H. WHITECAR, D.D.

Rev. v. 9, 10.

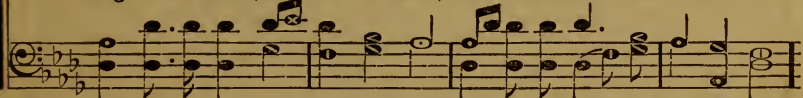
H. L. GILMOUR.



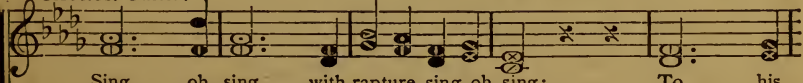
1. Sing of the Lamb, whose love and pow'r Rescued the world in its darkest hour,
2. Sing of the Lamb, whose blood was shed, Who lay among, yet left the dead;
3. Sing of the Lamb, his blood applied, That saves the sinner jus - ti - fied,
4. Sing of the Lamb who is to stand On Zion's Mount, in Glo - ry Land,
5. Sing to the Lamb, all kind - red here, Who in his glorious triumphs share;



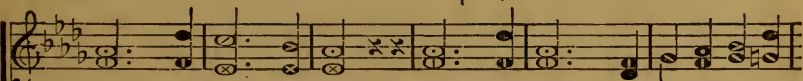
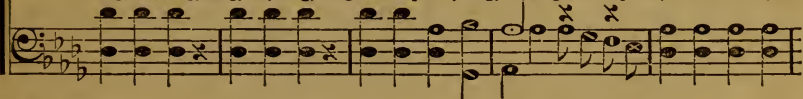
While an - gel hosts in - tent - ly gaze, And heaven is filled with ho - ly praise.
 To save from sin, and death's dread pow'r, He triumphed in the dark - est hour.
 Cleansing unrighteous - ness a - way, Which on the troubled conscience lay,
 When all the blood-washed host shall sing, "Jesus our Prophet, Priest, and King."
 Sing to the Lamb, with all a - bove, Who taste the ful - ness of his love.



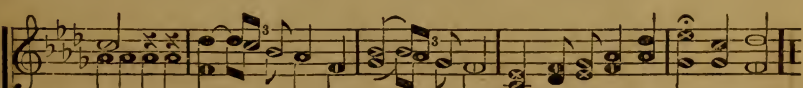
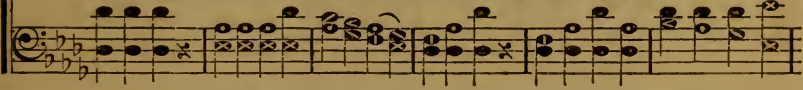
CHORUS. *Faster.*



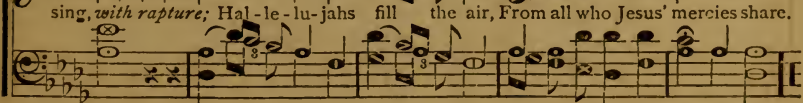
Sing, oh, sing with rapture, sing, oh, sing; To his
 Sing, oh, sing, sing, oh, sing, Sing with rapture, Sing, oh, sing with rapture, To his shrine your



shrine your prais - es bring; Sing, oh, sing with rapture, sing, oh,
 praises bring, To his shrine your praises bring; Sing, oh, sing, sing, oh, sing



sing, with rapture; Hal - le - lu - jahs fill the air, From all who Jesus' mercies share.



No River Here.

"There is no river here," said the late Bishop Gilbert Haven when dying; and again: "I am floating in light."
 Mrs. HATTIE BRADFORD SPOOR. J. NO. R. SWENEY.

1. We're told of a ri - ver, a dark roll - ing tide, Its
 2. No riv - er is here! Are my eyes growing dim? No,
 3. More dis - tant has seemed my heav - en - ly home When
 4. Earth bor - ders on heaven; there is no dark tide To

waves dash - ing high, the stream deep and wide, Which all must cross
 clear is my vi - sion; I'm trusting in Him Whose glo - ry so
 told of the "riv - er" to which we must come, — The dark, chil - ly
 those who in Je - sus most ful - ly con - fide; Transport - ed by

ad lib.
 o - ver when life's work is done, As down to its borders we come one by one.
 crowneth the close of life's day That the dark rolling tide has all passed away.
 waves we must cross safely o'er Ere joining the loved ones who've gone on before.
 an - gels, in rap - ture di - vine, With shouts of sal - vation we pass o'er the line.

CHORUS.

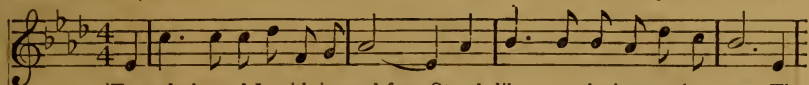
I am floating in light to the pearl - y gates near, And, glo - ry to

ad lib.
 God! no riv - er is here; I am :| God! no riv - er is here.

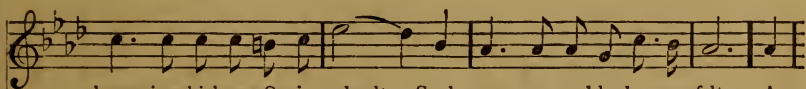
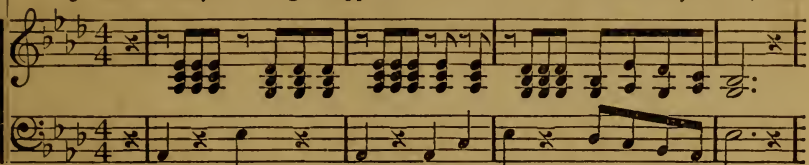
Lift up the Latch.

Rev. E. H. NEVIN, D. D.

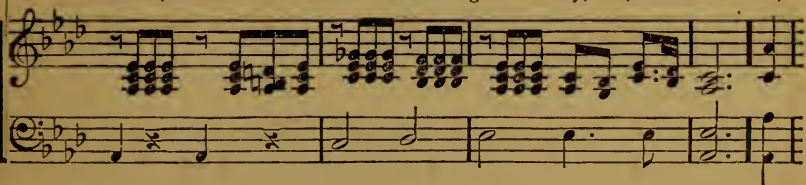
JNO. R. SWENEY.



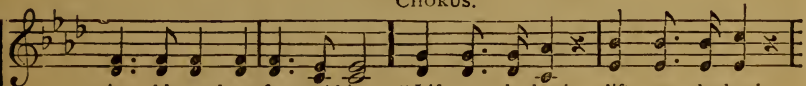
1. 'Twas dark, and I, with inward fear, Stood like a culprit, weeping, near The
2. But in my deepest heart I knew That I had sinned, and basely too; I
3. But I would rather not comply Un-til my soul to mend I try; I
4. "Not now," I said, "'twill do again, When I am free from all my pain; No
5. With all my sin and guilt oppresst, With heart of stone within my breast, Dear



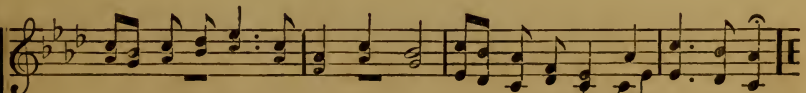
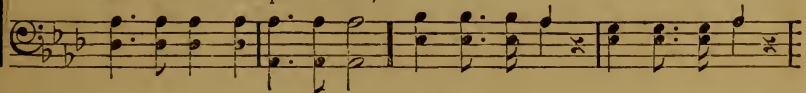
house in which my Saviour dwelt; Such pang my soul had never felt. A
trifled with his blood and tears, And slighted him for months and years. But
need a bet-ter heart be-fore I could be welcome at the door: But
sighing ones are want-ed there, Where songs of gladness fill the air." But
Saviour, wouldst thou honored be With guest unholy, vile, like me?" "Yes,"



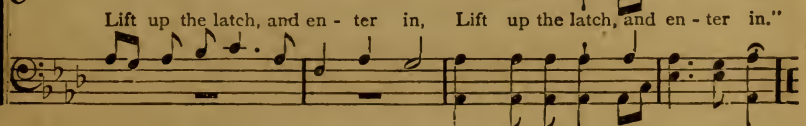
CHORUS.



voice addressed me from within:—"Lift up the latch, lift up the latch,
still the voice was heard within:—
said the voice that spake within,



Lift up the latch, and en-ter in, Lift up the latch, and en-ter in."

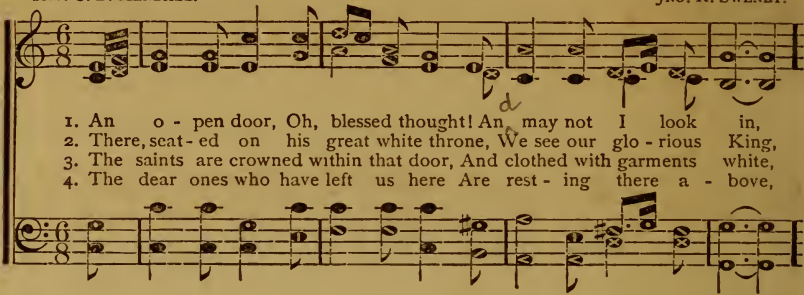


An Open Door.

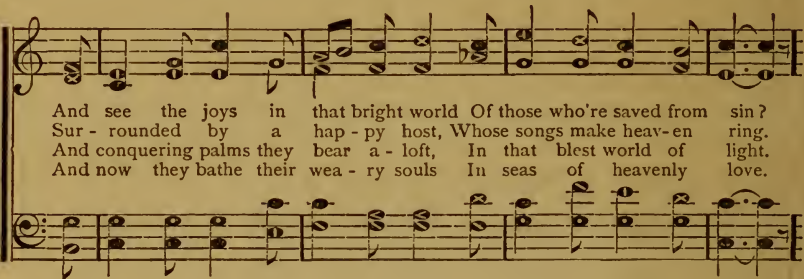
"I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven."—Rev. vi. 1.

Rev. C. B. KENDALL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

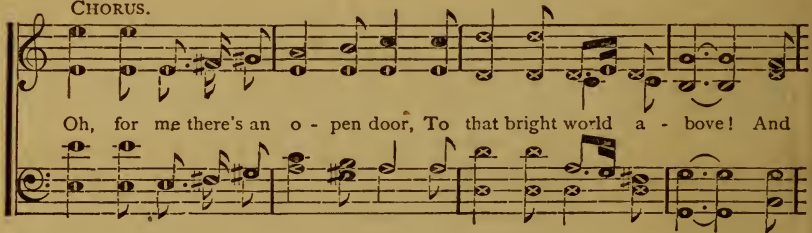


1. An o - pen door, Oh, blessed thought! An, may not I look in,
 2. There, scat - ed on his great white throne, We see our glo - rious King,
 3. The saints are crowned within that door, And clothed with garments white,
 4. The dear ones who have left us here Are rest - ing there a - bove,

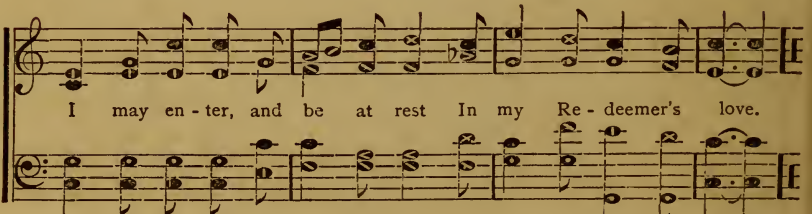


And see the joys in that bright world Of those who're saved from sin?
 Sur - rounded by a hap - py host, Whose songs make heav - en ring.
 And conquering palms they bear a - loft, In that blest world of light.
 And now they bathe their wea - ry souls In seas of heavenly love.

CHORUS.



Oh, for me there's an o - pen door, To that bright world a - bove! And



I may en - ter, and be at rest In my Re - deemer's love.

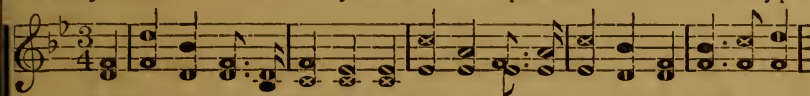
The Lion of Judah.

93

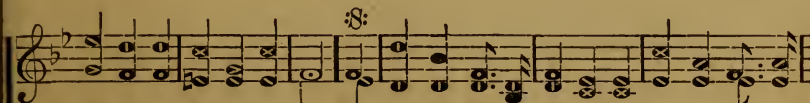
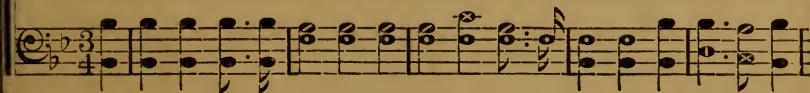
FANNY J. CROSBY.

The Lion of Judah . . . hath prevailed.

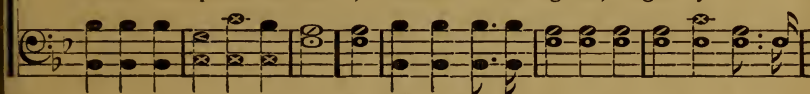
W. H. DOANE. By per.



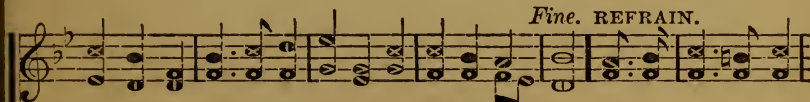
1. How sweetly o'er the mountain of Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on, The anthem of
2. O hap-py, hap-py tidings, the kingdom now is opened, The seals are all
3. Ho-san-na in the highest, all glo-ry ev-er-last-ing, The cross and its



a-ges comes sweeping along; The anthem of the faithful, we hear it, and, re-
broken; proclaim it a-far; From bondage and oppression by him we are de-
banner triumphant shall wave; Hosanna in the highest, all glo-ry ev-er-

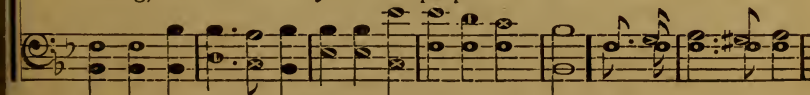


D.S.—Sweet anthem of the faithful, we hear it, and, re-

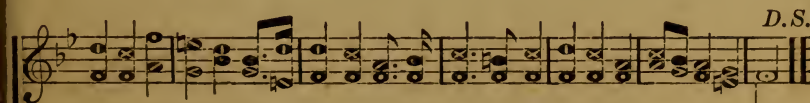


Fine. REFRAIN.

joicing, Our hearts in glad measure keep tune with the song. O the Li-on of
liv-ered, The Li-on of Judah, the bright Morning Star.
lasting, The Li-on of Judah his people will save.

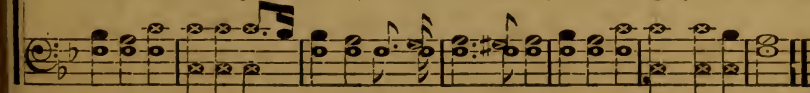


joicing, Our hearts in glad measure keep tune with the song.



D.S.

Judah hath triumphed forever, O the Li-on of Judah is mighty and strong;



We are trav'ling Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are trav'ling home to a goodly land, Where our loved have gone before;
 2. We are trav'ling home in the path they trod, And our hearts with joy o'erflow,
 3. We are trav'ling home in the King's highway To his realm so bright and fair;
 4. We are trav'ling home to a goodly land, That is clothed in fadeless bloom,

They have fought the fight, they have kept the faith, And have reach'd the golden shore.
 For we trace the prints of their pilgrim feet, As they journeyed long a-go.
 And he cheers us on with the happy thought,—There will be no sorrow there.
 It was bought by him who has conquered death, And is vic-tor o'er the tomb.

CHORUS.

They are watching, (*they are*) watching for the boat (*for the boat*) That shall

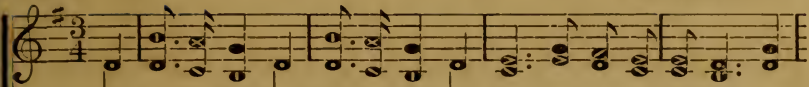
come to bear us o'er the sea (*o'er the sea*); When our work is done and our

crown is won, What a meeting, what a meeting there will be!

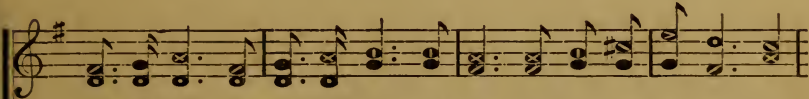
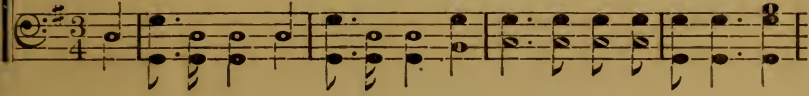
I've Found a Friend.

ANON.

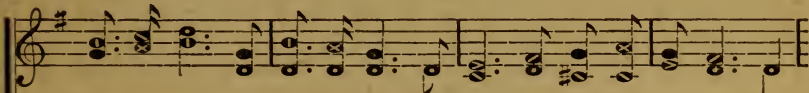
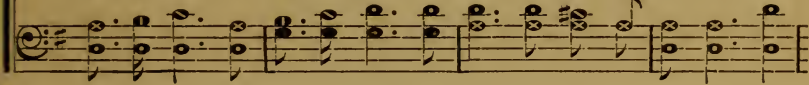
WM J. KIRKPATRICK.



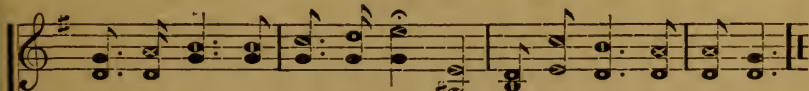
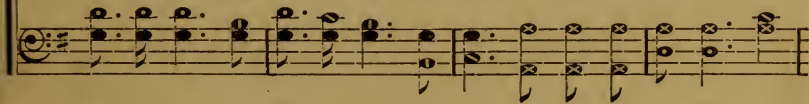
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him; He
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, he died to save me; And
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to him is giv-en; To
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der, So



drew me with the cords of love, And thus he bound me to him. And not a-lone the gift of life, But his own self he gave me; Naught guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to Heav-en. Th'e-wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er! From



round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sev-er, For that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er; My ter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or; So him, who loves me now so well What power my love can sev-er? Shall



I am his and he is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
 heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for-ev-er.
 now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.
 life or death, or earth or hell? No, I am his for-ev-er.



The Covert of His Wings.

"He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust."—Ps. xci. 4.

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Un - der his wings I am hid - ing, Till all the storms be o'er - past ;
 2. Calm in this cov - ert re - pos - ing, Here I am find - ing sweet rest ;—
 3. Myriads of foes are surrounding, Striving my peace to de - stroy ;
 4. What though I hear the commotion Fear - ful - ly rage ? While I cling
 5. Jesus, dear Saviour, my "Tower," Safe - ly in thee do I hide,

Safe 'neath his shadow a - bid - ing, While life's cold win - ter shall last.
 While his strong arms are in - clos - ing, What can my spir - it mo - lest ?
 Heav - en - ly comforts a - bounding, Fill all my be - ing with joy !
 Close to his breast, in de - vo - tion, Joy - ous - ly still I can sing !
 Shielded from Sa - tan's dread 'power, Blest will I ev - er a - bide.

CHORUS.

Under his wings, (*I am*) Under his wings, Safely I'm hid - ing under his wings ;

Hid - ing, (*I am*) Hid - ing, un - - der his wings.
 Un - der his wings, Un - der his wings ; Sweetly con - fi - ding, I'm un - der his wings.

FIFTY-TWO
HYMNS OF THE **H**EART,

SELECTED BY

C. C. M'Cabe.

Let one of these hymns be committed to memory every Sabbath, by every child in the Church. We shall have great singing then.—

97

Soldiers of the Cross.

J. B. WATERBURY.

Tune, CALEDONIA. 7, 7, 7, 6.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Lead-er from the skies
 2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin,

Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic-tor-y.
 Strive the vic-tor's palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord:

Seize your ar-mor, gird it on; Now the bat-tle will be won;
 Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, Warriors of the King of Light,

See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle man-ful-ly.
 Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your di-vine re-ward.

3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
 Met and vanquished earth and hell;
 Now he leads you on to swell
 The triumphs of his cross.
 Though all earth and hell appear,
 Who will doubt, or who can fear?
 God, our strength and shield, is near;
 We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
 Jesus points the victor's rod;
 Follow where your Leader trod;
 You soon shall see his face.
 Soon, your enemies all slain,
 Crowns of glory you shall gain,
 Soon you'll join that glorious train
 Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sa- viour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind- ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep,

O may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev- er on my Saviour's breast.

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

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Great God, Attend.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

1. Great God, attend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;

To spend one day, To spend one day with thee on earth, To
To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with

Great God, Attend. — CONCLUDED.

spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

thee on earth Ex - ceeds . . . a thou - - - sand days of mirth

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

100

Glorying in the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, EUCHARIST. L. M.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the

Prince of glo-ry died, My rich-est gain I
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. Of him who did sal - vation bring, I could forev - er think and sing;

A - rise, ye need - y, - he'll relieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y, - he'll forgive.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.</p> <p>3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.</p> | <p>4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.</p> <p>5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?</p> |
|---|--|

Come, O my Soul.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

Tune, LUTON. L. M.

1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Crea - tor's praise:
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory, like a gar - ment, wears;

But oh! what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
To for m a robe of light di-vine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.</p> | <p>4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.</p> |
|---|--|

Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, MIGDOL. L. M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc- ces - sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wan no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice. | 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name. |
|--|--|

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Tune, HAMBURG. L. M.

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 bids't 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,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come! | 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come! |
| 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come! | 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come! |

The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
D.S.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Prepared for - Zi - on's war.

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,

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!"

106

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

7, 6.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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 armor,
Each piece put on with 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.

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH.

Tune, MENDEBRAS. 7, 6.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright : }

2. { On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth ; }
 { On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth ; }

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
 On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heaven ;

Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
 And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 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.

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

7, 6.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here,
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed ?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back ;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack,

His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim,
 He knows the way he taketh,
 And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen ;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free,
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And he will walk with me.

C. WESLEY.

Fine.

1. { And can it be that I should gain An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pursued?

D.C.—A - maz - ing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

A - mazing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, 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 bleed 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, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne, town.
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my

O Thou to Whose.

Tr. by J. WESLEY.

Tune, STONEFIELD. L. M.

1. O thou, to whose all - search - ing sight The dark - ness
2. Wash out its stains, re - fine its dross, Nail my af-

shin - eth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it
fec - tions to the cross; Hal - low each thought; let

O Thou to Whose.—CONCLUDED.

pants for thee ; O burst these bonds, and set it free.
all with - in Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way :
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.</p> <p>4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.</p> | <p>5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.</p> <p>6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.</p> |
|--|---|

111

O that My Load.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, FOREST. L. M.

1. O that my load of sin were gone ! O that I could at last sub-mit
At Je-sus' feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet !

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.</p> <p>3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.</p> | <p>4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.</p> <p>5 I would, but thou must give the power ;
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.</p> |
|---|--|

112

O LORD, THY HEAVENLY GRACE.

L. M.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.</p> <p>2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy :
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.</p> | <p>3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.</p> <p>4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.</p> |
|--|---|

Jesus, Thou Joy.

Tr. by R. PALMER.

Tune, WELTON. L. M.

1. Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to thee a - gain.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on thee call ;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.</p> <p>3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still ;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill !</p> | <p>4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.</p> <p>5 O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light !</p> |
|--|--|

From Every Stormy Wind.

H. STOWELL.

Tune, RETREAT. L. M.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat : 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 There is a scene where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet :
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.</p> <p>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.</p> | <p>4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?</p> <p>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.</p> |
|--|---|

Jesus, the Name.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sinners given;

Angels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

Angels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he 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.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

116

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

1. O Friend of souls! how blest the time When in thy love I rest,

When from my wea - ri - ness I climb E'en to thy ten - der breast!

The night of sor - row end - eth there, Thy rays outshine the sun,

And in thy par - don and thy care The heaven of heavens is won.

2 The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this tried Friend and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident
Because it holdeth thee.

3 To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me:
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.
Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
To thy eternal peace.

Father, whate'er.

ANNE STEELE.

Tune, NAOMI. C. M.

1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,

Ac - cepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise :

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

119 **My Saviour, my almighty Friend.**

Tune, EMMONS. C. M.

1. My Saviour, my al - mighty Friend, When I be - gin thy praise,
2. I trust in thy e - ter - nal word ; Thy goodness I a - dore :

Where will the grow - ing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace,
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That I may love thee more,

The numbers of thy grace?
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song ;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Eternal Father, Thou.

R. PALMER.

Tune, ROLLAND. L. M.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all glory shall ob - tain ;
2. We wait thy triumph, Saviour King ; Long a - ges have prepared thy way ;

That he who once a sufferer bled Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign,
Now all a - broad thy banner fling, Set time's great battle in ar - ray,

Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.
Set time's great battle in ar - ray.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand ;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field ;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call ;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree ;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

The Solid Rock.

E. MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ; }
{ I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name : }

The Solid Rock.—CONCLUDED.

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand ; All oth - er ground is sinking sand,

All oth - er ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

122

He Dies! the Friend.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, DUANE STREET. L. M. d.

I. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A

sol - emn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

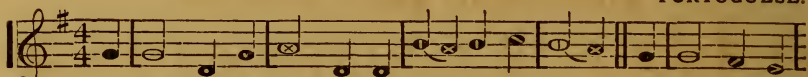
D.S.—shed a thousand drops for you,—A thousand drops of rich - er blood. *D.S.*

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For him who groaned beneath your load; He

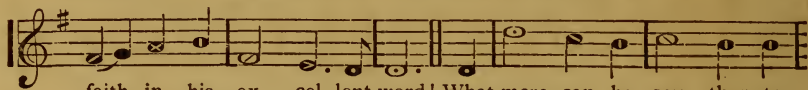
2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell
And led the monster Death in chains:
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

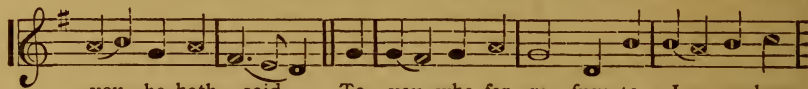
How Firm a Foundation.

Tune,
PORTUGUESE.

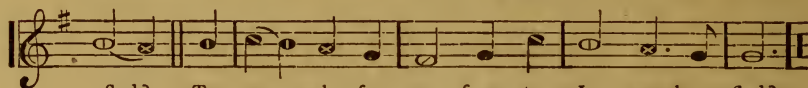
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy



faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



you he hath said, To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent



hed? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-o-tent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-
sign

Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people
shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall there temples
adorn, [borne,"

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,

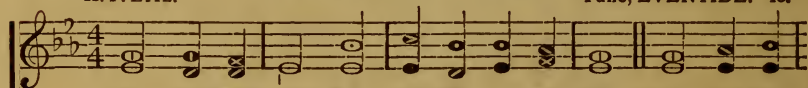
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to
shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

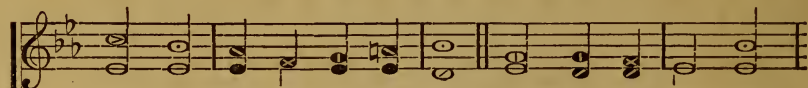
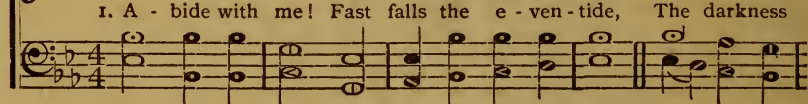
Abide with Me.

H. F. LYRE.

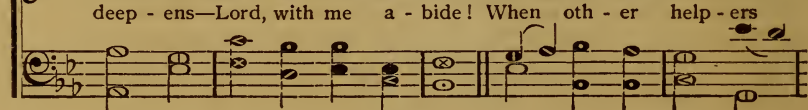
Tune, EVENTIDE. 10.



1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness



deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers



Abide with Me.—CONCLUDED.

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!

3 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, Lord, abide
with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies; [shadows flee;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

125

My Times are in Thy Hand.

W. F. LLOYD.

Tune, SELVIN. S. M.

1. "My times are in thy hand;" My God, I wish them there;

My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En-tire-ly to thy care,

My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En-tire-ly to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. CASWALL,

Tune, EVAN. C. M.

1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast ;
 But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
 The Saviour of mankind.</p> <p>3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek,
 To those who ask, how kind thou art !
 How good, to those who seek !</p> | <p>4 But what to those who find ? Ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show :
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his loved ones know.</p> <p>5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be ;
 In thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity.</p> |
|---|---|

O for a Heart.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, AVON. C. M.

1. 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 !

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.</p> <p>3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within !</p> | <p>4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.</p> <p>5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.</p> |
|--|---|

My God, the Spring.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, PEORIA. C. M.

1. My God, the Spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,
The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.</p> <p>3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.</p> | <p>4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.</p> <p>5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.</p> |
|--|---|

While Thee I Seek.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

Tune, CADDO. C. M.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled ;
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed ; To thee my thoughts would soar :

And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed ; That mer - cy I a - dore.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.</p> <p>4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.</p> | <p>5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.</p> <p>6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see :
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.</p> |
|--|---|

T. OLIVERS.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. O thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Re-deemer from all sin;
2. Tho' un-seen, I love the Sa-виour; He hath brought salvation near;

Moved by thy di-vine com-pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
Man-i-fests his pardoning fa-vor; And when Je-sus doth ap-pear,

Fine.

D.S.—I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be-gin?
Soul and bod-y, soul and bod-y Shall his glorious im-age bear,

I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise begin?
Soul and bod-y, soul and bod-y Shall his glorious im-age bear?

D.S.

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 amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

131

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

6, 4, 6.

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

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
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 thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 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!

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!

D.S.
 O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,

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.

133

O THOU, IN WHOSE PRESENCE.

11, 8.

1 O THOU, in whose presence my soul
 takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call,
 My comfort by day, and my song in the
 night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou, dear Shepherd, resort
 with thy sheep,
 To feed them in pastures of love?
 Say, why in the valley of death should I
 weep,
 Or alone in this wilderness rove?

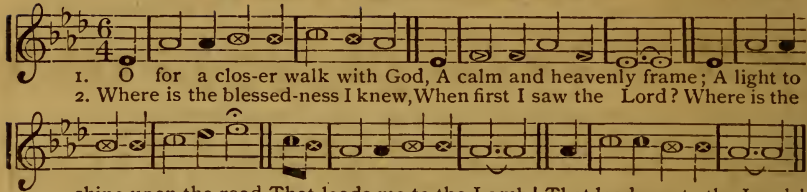
3 O why should I wander an alien from
 thee,
 Or cry in the desert for bread?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
 they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you
 seen
 The star that on Israel shone?
 Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
 And where with his flocks he is gone.

5 He looks! and ten thousands of angels
 rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word;
 He speaks! and eternity, filled with his
 voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

6 Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will follow
 thy call;
 I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
 Restore and defend me, for thou art my
 all,
 And in thee I will ever rejoice.

O for a Closer Walk.

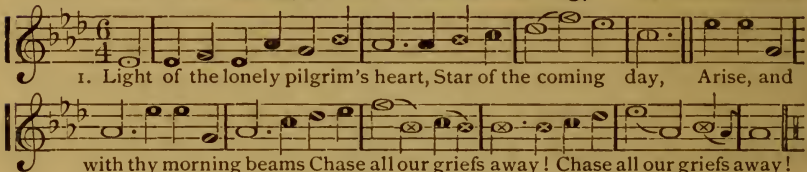
Tune,
ORTONVILLE.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to
2. Where is the blessed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the

shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
soul refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.</p> <p>4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.</p> | <p>5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.</p> <p>6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|

Light of the Lonely.

Tune,
NEWBOLD. C. M.

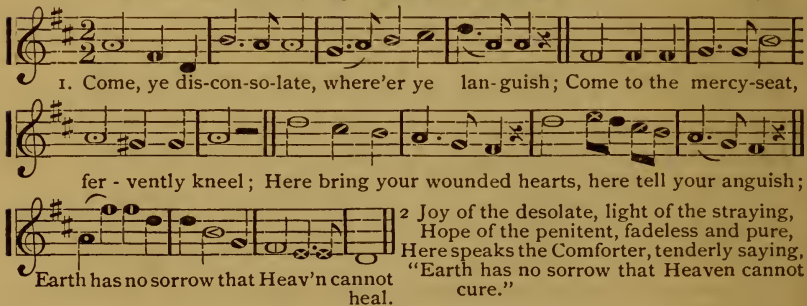
1. Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart, Star of the coming day, Arise, and

with thy morning beams Chase all our griefs away! Chase all our griefs away!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.</p> <p>3 Bid the whole earth responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.</p> | <p>4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.</p> <p>5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine!</p> |
|---|--|

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

II, 10.



1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mercy-seat,

fer - vently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot
heal.</p> | <p>3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.</p> |
|---|--|

In the Cross of Christ.

Sir. J. BOWRING.

Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.

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

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

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

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

Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

Tune, HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! }
{ Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }

CHORUS.

Fine.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. *D.S.*

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic - 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.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

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.

5 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.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever 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.

1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good!
Fine.

On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:
D.S.—On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

All thy pleasures I fore-go; I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride;

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atonng Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

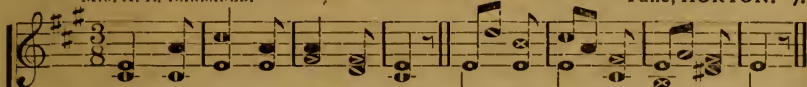
4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

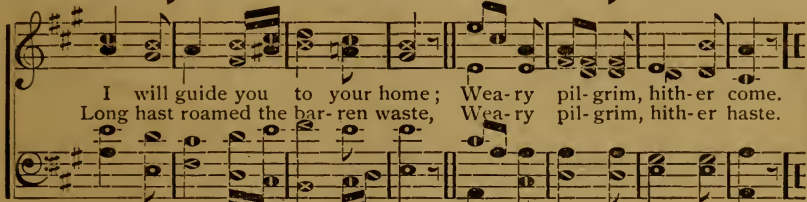
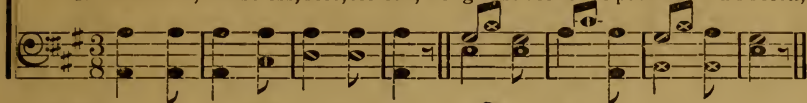
Come, Said Jesus.

MRS. A. J. BARRELLD.

Tune, HORTON. 7.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my path your choice ;
 2. Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,



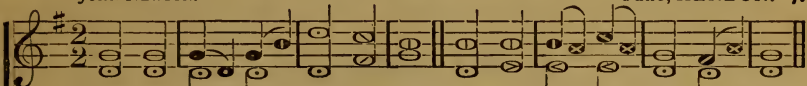
I will guide you to your home ; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
 Long hast roamed the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.

- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who morn ;
- 4 Hither come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound,
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

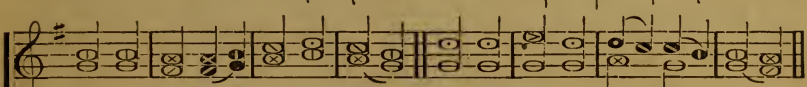
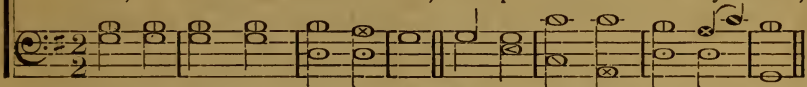
Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.

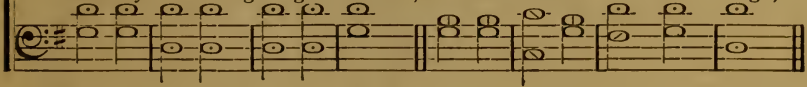
Tune, HENDON. 7.



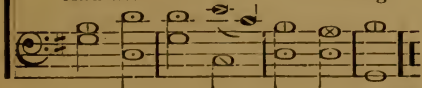
1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer ;
 2. Lord, I come to thee for rest ; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast ;



He him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear,
 There thy blood - bought right maintain, And with - out a ri - val reign,



Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
 And with - out a ri - val reign.



- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 4 Show me what I have to do ;
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

C. WESLEY.

Fine.

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
 L.C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

D. C.

{ Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, }
 { Till the storm of life is past; }

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make 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.

C. WESLEY.

Come unto Me.

Tune, HENLEY. II, 10.

1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is
 D.S. - Come un - to me, and

Fine. D.S.

wea - ry and distressed, Seeking for com - fort from your heavenly Father,
 I will give you rest.

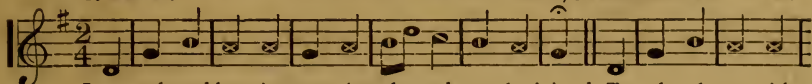
2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, [dim;
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never [ly pressed;
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swell - ing, [only hymn.
 Soft are the tones which raise the heav -

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in glad - ness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rude -
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

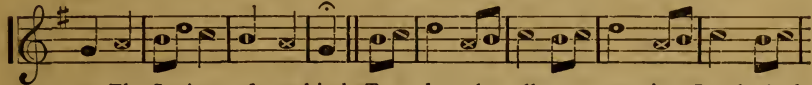
145 Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

C. WESLEY.

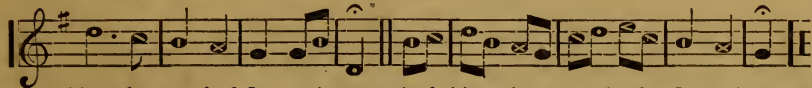
Tune, CARMARTHEN. H. M.



1. Let earth and heav'n agree, Angels and men be joined, To cel - ebrate with
2. Jesus! transporting sound! The joy of earth and heav'n; No oth-er help is



me The Saviour of mankind: To-a-dore the all-a - ton-ing Lamb, And
found, No oth-er name is given, By which we can sal - va - tion have; But



blest the sound of Je - sus' name, And blest the sound of Je - sus' name.
Je - sus came the world to save, But 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 there 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 with joy.

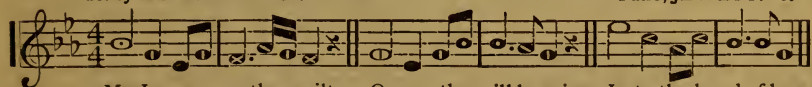
5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it know,
What thou for all mankind hast done?

6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

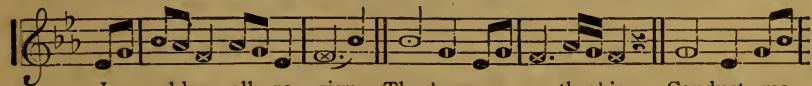
146 My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Tr. by MISS R. BORTHWICK.

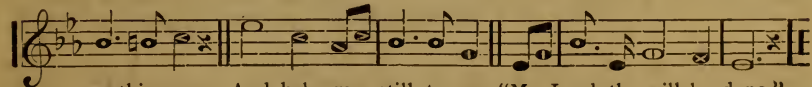
Tune, JEWETT. 6.



1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In-to thy hand of love



I would my all re - sign. Thro' sorrow or thro' joy, Conduct me



as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear.
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee.
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
"My Lord, thy will be done."

Enthroned is Jesus Now.

T. J. JUDKIN.

Theme of Chorus from Webster.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. En - throned is Je - sus now, Up - on his heavenly seat; The
 2. In shin - ing white they stand, A great and countless throng; A
 3. They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them; The
 4. Thy grace, O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy blessed help sup - ply, That

king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.
 palm - y scep - tre in each hand, On ev - 'ry lip a song.
 Lamb, thro' whose a - ton - ing blood, Each wears his di - a - dem.
 we may join that ra - diant host, Tri - umphant in the sky.

CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Saviour's side,

We shall be sat - is - fied By and by; By and by,
 There, there, with the glorified,

By and by; We shall be sat - is - fied By and by.
 Safe, safe, by our Saviour's side,

All-victorious Love.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my
 2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be
 3. O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my

heart a - broad: Then shall my feet no long - er rove,
 gin to glow, Burn up the dross of base de - sire,
 sins consume! Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call;

Root - ed and fixed in God.
 And make the mountains flow!
 Spir - it of burn - ing, come!

- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.
- 5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
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NOW READY!

— THE —

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