CALVARY
SONGS


PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
NO. 1122 CHESTNUT STREET.
NEW YORK:
NOS. 8 & 10 BIBLE HOUSE.
CALVARY SONGS:
A COLLECTION OF
NEW AND CHOICE
HYMNS AND TUNES
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.


PHILADELPHIA:
AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
No. 1122 Chesnut Street.
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PREFACE.

It is hoped that this Book will be sufficient for the real use of any ordinary Sunday-school for at least twenty years. Only, let there be enterprise in learning to sing the pieces, so as to bring them all into service.

Mechanical reasons have forbidden any arrangement according to exact analysis of subjects. But the following table will furnish all suggestions that are needed.

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CALVARY SONGS.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

Mrs. Alexander.

T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1875.

1. There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,
   Where the dear Lord was crucified Who died to save us all.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell What pains he had to bear,
   But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.

3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
   That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by his precious blood.

4. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin,
   He only could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.

Chorus.

Oh, dearly, dearly...

has he loved, And we must love him too, And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.
SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

Muhlenberg.
Avison.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing:
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.
Zion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth;
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing:
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.
Messiah is King, Messiah is King.
SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS. Concluded

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.
2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

CHO.——Shout the glad tidings, etc.
3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing.
   And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing:
   One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.
Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Heber.

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
2. Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Che-rub-im and Seraph-im falling down before thee, Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be. Amen.

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

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

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

1. Hark! the herald-angels sing, Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
   God and sinners reconciled! Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
   Join the triumph of the skies; With the angel-host proclaim, Christ is born in Hail! th'incarnate Deity! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emanuel!

2. Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord; Late in time behold him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb, Vaulted in flesh the Godhead see;
   All he brings, Risen with healing in his wings, Mild he lays his glory by,
   Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to mercey mild,
**HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.**

Bethlehem! With the angel-host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Manuel. Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Second birth. Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.

**FIRST HYMN.**

1 "Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men, and angels! say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! and, earth! reply.
Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ has opened paradise.
Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"
Dying once, he all doth save;—
"Where thy victory, O Grave!"

**SECOND HYMN.**

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove!
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face!
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Canceled by redeeming love.
Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

3 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.
Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals! join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.
GOD OUR REFUGE.

W. F. S

1. Come now with joy and singing, Loud hallelujahs ringing, Our grateful tribute bringing
2. When to this Refuge flying, Turn sinners, helpless, dying, On Christ alone relying.

CHO. We sing with exultation, Lord God of our salvation; Thou art our sure foundation.

F IN K.

To our almighty Friend; Offering, with purest pleasure, To Him the heart's full treasure, Whose love no
No harm can reach them there; When floods of grief are dashing, And waves of sorrow plashing, Light to the

Our Refuge evermore.

D. C. CHO.

3 In waking or in sleeping,
   Bright days, or nights of weeping,
   Our souls are in thy keeping
   While here we wait below;
   In thee alone abiding,
   And in thy love confiding,
   Safe when thy hand is guiding,
   We'll ever onward go. Cho.
ARISE AND SHINE.

1. Out of darkness into light Jesus calls the sons of night;
   Out of midnight into day [Omit....] Jesus bids us come away.

CHORUS.

Arise, arise, arise and shine;
Arise, arise, thy light is come;

Arise and shine, thy light is come,
The glory of the Lord is ris’n upon our gloom.

2. From this world’s alluring snares,
   From its perils and its cares,
   From its vanity and strife,
   Jesus beckons us to life. Cho.

3. From the vanities of youth,
   Into rest, and love, and truth,
   Into joy that never fails,
   Jesus in his mercy calls. Cho.
THE HEAVENS DECLARE HIS GLORY.

T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. The heavens declare his glory, Their Maker's skill the skies: Each day repeats the story, And night to night replies. Their silent proclamation Throughout the earth is heard; The all pomp of day: The wanderer surely guiding, It makes the simple wise; And

2. So pure, so soul-restoring, Is truth's diviner ray; A brighter radiance pouring Than record of creation, The page of nature's word. Eternally abiding, Unfailing joy supplies.

3. Thy word is richer treasure Than lurks within the mine; And daintiest fare less pleasure Yields than this food divine. How wise each kind monition! Led by thy counsels, Lord, How safe the saints' condition, How great is their reward!
FIRST HYMN.
NORTHFIELD. C. M.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,
   My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

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

3 Jesus—the name that charms our
   That bids our sorrows cease; [Sears,
'Tis music in the sinners' ears,
   'Tis life and health and peace.

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

SECOND HYMN.
NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
   Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
   Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
   Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
   Mount of thy redeeming love!

SECOND HYMN.
NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

1 Strains of music often greet me,
   As I join the busy throng;
But there's nothing half so pleasant
   As the holy Sabbath song.

CHORUS.
No fear of ill, no fear of wrong,
   While I can sing my Sabbath song;
My Sabbath song, my Sabbath song,
   I love to sing my Sabbath song.

2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
   Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
   Where the Saviour they may find.

3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
   Songs of praise to God, their King;
But the song of blest redemption
   Man, redeemed, alone can sing.

4 While I live, oh, may I ever
   Love the holy Sabbath song;
And when death shall call me homeward,
   Join it with the blood-bought throng.

FOURTH HYMN.
WARWICK. C. M.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
   My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
   To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
   To plead for all his saints;
Presenting at his Father's throne,
   Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
   The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall never be thy delight,
   Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
   To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
   And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
   In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
   And plain before my feet.
THANK AND PRAISE JEHovah’S NAME.

1. Thank and praise Je-ho-va-h’s name; For his mercies, firm and sure, From e-ter-ni-ty the same.

2. In the wil-der-ness a-stray, Hith-er, thither, while they roam, Hungry, fainting by the way,

To e-ter-ni-ty en-dure. Let the ransomed thus re-joice, Gathered out of ev-ery land,

Far from re-fuge, shel-ter, home,—Then unto the Lord, they cry; He inclines a gracious ear,

3. To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

As the peo-ple of his choice, Plucked from the destroyer’s hand.
Sends deliverance from on high, Rescues them from all their fear.
W. F. S.

SHOUT FOR JOY!  WM. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1874.

1. Shout for joy! come before the Lord with singing; Young and old wake the glad refrain; Praise Je-ho-

vah! to him your tribute bringing, Till the skies e-cho back the strain. Praise the Father who

loves his children ever—Chant his goodness in cheerful song; He, our God, will for-sake his people

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

Dr. Mason.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
   O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
   On thee, the high and low-ly,
2. To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heavenly man-na falls;
   To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions The sil-ver trumpet calls,
   Where gospel light is glow-ing
3. New graces ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest,
   We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest.
   To Ho-ly Ghost be prai-es,

Bending before the throne, Sing Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly,
With pure and ra-dient beams, And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing
To Fa-ther and to Son; The Church her voice up-rai-ses
To the great Three in One.

SECOND HYMN.

1. Think holy day’s returning,
   Our hearts exult to see;
   Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
   We search for heavenly treasure,
   We learn thy holy law.

2. We join to sing thy prai-es,
   Lord of the Sabbath day;
   The loudest, sweetest lay!
   Thy richest mercies sharing,
   For nobler praise above.

   Each voice in gladness raises
WE COME WITH HEARTS OF GLADNESS.

1. We come with hearts of gladness, Our Father and our King! With brows undimmed by sadness, Thy wondrous love to sing; To crave thy Spirit's blessing Upon this hallowed hour, With grateful trust confessing Thy wisdom and thy power. God! look down with favor, And crown them with success.

2. Oh, fill our hearts, kind Father, With love from out thine own; While in thy courts we gather, As followers of thy Son! And on our plans and labor, The lambs of Christ to bless, O

3. Oh! wilt thou speed the dawning Of that eternal day, When earth and heav'n combining, Shall own thy righteous sway: When every tongue shall bless thee, And every heart shall own That Kingdom, Power and Glory, Belong to thee alone!
SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King.
2. Nearer, ev- er near- er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in a- dor- a- tion Bending low the knee:
3. Great and ever greater Are thy mercies here, True, and ev- er- last- ing Are the glories there,

All we have to of- fer; All we hope to be, Body, soul, and spir- it. All we yield to thee.
Thou for our redemption Cam' st on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.
Where no pain, or sorrow, Toil, or care is known, Where the angel- legions Circle round thy throne.

4. Brighter still and brighter Glows the western sun, Shedding all its gladness O' er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over, Toil and sorrow past, May we, blessed Saviour, Find a rest at last.

5. Onward, ever onward, Journeying o' er the road Worn by saints before us, Journeying on to God:
Leaving all behind us, May we hasten on, Backward never looking Till the prize is won.

6. Buss, all bliss excelling, When the ransomed soul Earthly toils forgetting Finds its promised goal; Where in joys unheard of Saints with angels sing, Never weary raising Praises to their King.
FIRST HYMN.

SABBATH. 7, 6, 6.

1 Safely through another week
   God has brought us on our way;
   Let us now a blessing seek.
   Waiting in his courts to-day;
   Day of all the week the best,
   Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
   Thro' the dear Redeemer's name:
   Show thy reconciling face—
   Take away our sin and shame;
   From our worldly cares set free,
   May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
   Let us feel thy presence near;
   May thy glory meet our eyes,
   While we in thy house appear;
   Here afford us, Lord, a taste
   Of our everlasting feast.

SECOND HYMN.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

1 I love to steal awhile away
   From every numbing care,
   And spend the hours of setting day
   In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
   The penitential tear;
   And all his promises to plead
   When none but God is near.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
   And future good implore;
   And all my cares and sorrows cast
   On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
   Of brighter scenes in heaven;
   The prospect does my strength renew
   While here by tempests driven.

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

For the good a rest remains,
   Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

CHO.

THIRD HYMN.

SABBATH BELL.

1 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
   Ref. In the light, in the light,
   Seeming much of joy to tell, In, &c.
   But a music sweeter far, In, &c.
   Breathes where angel spirits are
   Ref. In the light of God.

4 Chor. — Let us walk in the light,
   Walk in the light,
   Let us walk in the light,
   In the light of God.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell
   Where immortal praises swell!
   And can children ever go

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be,
   All the good shall Jesus see,
THROUGH THE JORDAN!

1. Sing aloud a joyful chorus! Come with rejoicing, Praising him who guided his people of old:

2. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; They shall not overflow thee nor give thee alarm;

3. Through the flames, if Jesus calls us, We'll go with singing, Where-so-e'er he lead-eth we fear not to stand.

For the God who led the fathers, Liveth for ever, And in tender mercy doth the Lord the Holy One of Israel, Mighty to save thee, Guardeth still the loved ones who will Trusting in the blessed promise 'I'm with you always, Till you reach the mansions of the

CHORUS.

chil-dren behold. Through the Jordan, through the Jordan, We will go when he gives us the}

through the Jordan,
THROUGH THE JORDAN. Concluded.

word,

In the Jor-dan, in the Jor-dan, We are safe with the Ark of the Lord.

the word,

In the Jor-dan,

ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD, GUIDE ME.

KARL REDEN, by per.

1. Is-rael's Shepherd, guide me, feed me, Through my pil-grim-age be-low,

2. Lord, thy guardian presence ev-er, Meek-ly kneel-ing, I im-plore;

And be-side the wa-ters lead me, Where thy flock re-joic-ing go.

I have found thee, and would nev-er, Nev-er wan-der from thee more.
1. My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lamentation, I catch the sweet
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die, The Lord my Saviour liveth; What tho' the dark -
3. I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin! I see the blue above it; And day by day

though far-off hymn That hails a new creation. Thro' all the tumult and the strife I
ness gather round, Songs in the night he giveth! No storm can shake my inmost calm While
this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

hear the music ringing: It finds an echo in my soul; How can I keep from singing!
to that refuge clinging; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from singing!
fountain ever springing: All things are mine, since I am his; How can I keep from singing!
HOLD THE FORT.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the signal Waving in the sky! Re-inforcements now appearing, Victory is nigh!
2. See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on; Mighty men around us falling, Courage almost gone.
3. See the glorious banner waving, Hear the bugle blow! In our Leader's name we'll triumph Over every foe.
4. Fierce and long the battle rages, But our Help is near; Onward comes our Great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

Chorus.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming." Jesus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven.—"By thy grace we will!"

SECOND HYMN.

1 Lift the Royal banner higher, Banner of the free; Let its folds of mercy waving Now encircle me.
Cho.—Ring aloud the glorious anthem, Anthem of the free! Wave the banner, love its motto—"Jesus died for me."

2 Floating out amid the gloaming, Wave it, lift it high, Till the myriad lost ones see it, Weary ones draw nigh. Cho.

3 As the serpent once uplifted On the burning plain, So our Jesus, now uplifted, Bids us look again. Cho.

4 Jesus waits to bid you welcome, Hear his loving voice; Come, my brother, heed his calling, Evermore rejoice. Cho.

5 "Come and taste my love unending," Jesus says to thee; Pleasures rich, and joy unceasing, Thine shall ever be. Cho.

6 When the waves of sin are rolling, Like a mighty sea, Trust in Jesus, he will help thee, Jesus died for thee. Cho.

7 Courage, brother, do not falter, Press with vigor on, Jesus ever beckons onward, On to glory, on! Cho.
THE ROCK BESIDE THE WAY.
C. S. R.

1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love, With a journey set for every day;
2. There we sometimes meet others going on before; Pilgrims come every hour a new array;
3. So we too pass on, and the end is drawing near, Weary footsteps suffer no delay:

And the sunshine hot casts a shadow from above, Underneath the cooling rock beside the way.
And our hands have clasped, as we told our toils o'er, Underneath the cooling rock beside the way.
We assuage each wound, and we banish every fear, Underneath the cooling rock beside the way.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blessed shadow where the pilgrims wait and rest, Laying off each burden that we bear;

And we sing our Saviour, who will welcome us at last, In the home he promised to prepare.
**FIRST HYMN.**

_SWEET HOUR. L. M. D._

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

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

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

---

**SECOND HYMN.**

_RETREAT. L. M._

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

2. 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!

3. Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

---

**THIRD HYMN.**

_BETHANY. 6s & 4s._

1. Father! what'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition 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  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

---

**FOURTH HYMN.**

_NAOMI. C. M._

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace.  
Oh, refresh us, oh, refresh us,  
Traveling through this wilderness.

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

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on his cra-dle, his cross, and his tomb.
2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-part-ed, the shadows are past.
3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is finished, the price hath been paid.
4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the pardon is free! The just for the un-just has died on the tree.
5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri-umph-ant and liv-eth a-gain.
6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.
7. Re-joice and be glad! For he cometh a-gain! He com-eth in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain.

CHORUS.

Sound his prais-es, tell the sto-ry, Of him who was slain;
Sound his prais-es, tell with glad-ness, He liv-eth a-gain.

CHO. FOR 7TH VERSE.

Sound his prais-es, tell the sto-ry, Of him who was slain;
Sound his prais-es, tell with glad-ness, He com-eth a-gain.

SECOND HYMN.

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love. For Jesus who died, and is now gone above. [Cho.]
   Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
   Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain. [Cho.]

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways. [Cho.]

5 Revive us again; fill each heart, with thy love: May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. [Cho.]

English Melody.
GLORY TO GOD!

1. "Glory to God! Peace on the earth! Good will to men!" sang the angels above; Glory to God!
2. Praise ye the Lord! Lift to his name High hal-lu-jahs from each happy voice; Strike the loud chord!

Peace on the earth! Good will to men!—sound the chorus of love! Bright dawns the morning, when
Praise ye the Lord! Let every soul in his glory rejoice! Oh, for a strain such as

heaven is so near; Sweet be our anthem, for Jesus is here; Come, let us sing—sing of his grace,
angels repeat, When the redeemed cast their crowns at his feet; "Worthy the Lamb! once he was slain,

3. O Christ of God! risen and crowned!
   Come with thy presence, thy Spirit impart!
   Come with thy love! come with thy power!
   Breathe on our souls, and enrich every heart!
   Sad were thy sufferings, shameful thy cross,
   Sharing our punishment, bearing our loss;
   Now, Lord of all, thee we adore!
   Bring we our souls to be thine evermore!

Grateful thanksgivings shall utter his praise.
Now on his throne he is reigning again!"
1. Hark! the mighty tones sublime, Trumpet tongues of olden time—Breathing on the silent air, Shouting glory everywhere! Hark! again their joyful sound Rings afar, the earth around; While a vast, a flood of light; Oh, what wondrous things are done By the Father, through the Son! Oh, the smile of harp of love; Hallelujah! sing with me; Hail our greatest jubilee! Sing, in purest, d. s. Eden lost, to

Fine Chorus.

"Dor-ing throng, Catch the strain and join the song. Un-to us a child is given; Open now the gates of heaven; pard'ning grace, Beaming in the Saviour's face! sweetest lays, On this holy day of days." man restored, Through the birth of Christ the Lord.
1. Hark! hark! my soul: Angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea:
4. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-ing, The music of the gospel leads us home.
And laden souls by thousands weekly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

CHORUS.

Angels of Jesus! Angels of light; Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we often forfeit, because we do not carry Every thing to God in prayer.

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

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

Mrs. H. Bonar.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine! Break every tender tie, Jesus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Jesus is mine! Here would I ever stay, Jesus is mine!
3. Fare-well, mortality, Jesus is mine! Welcome, eternity, Jesus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness, Earth hath no resting-place, Jesus alone can bless, Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven:
2. Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.
1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin; The Light of the world is Jesus. Like
2. No darkness have we who in Jesus abide, The Light of the world is Jesus, We
3. No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told, The Light of the world is Jesus. The

sunshine at noon-day his glory shone in, The Light of the world is Jesus.

walk in the Light when we follow our guide, The Light of the world is Jesus.

Lamb is the light in the City of Gold, The Light of the world is Jesus.

CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me;
Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Jesus.

I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Rev. Wm. McDonald.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at thy cross I

dross; I shall full salvation find.

2. Long my heart has sighed for thee;
   Long has evil reigned within;
   Jesus sweetly speaks to me.
   I will cleanse you from all sin. Cho.

3. In thy promises I trust;
   Now I feel the blood applied;
   I am prostrate in the dust;
   I with Christ am crucified. Cho.
JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD,

1. Jesus loves a little child, Smiling in its infant glee,—Says of such in accents mild,

2. In the blessed Sunday-school, They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find his holy way,

3. When life’s toilsome work is done, When the stormy strife is o’er—Then around his shining throne,

"Let them come to me;" Let them come, forbid them not; They will sing around the throne;

Learn to love his word; Arm’d with this they may go forth,—Triumph o’er every foe,—

On the blissful shore, Shall his happy children meet, Sing and shout, their sufferings o’er,—

CHORUS.

Millions now are singing there, Millions more may come. Jesus loves a little child,

Spreading joy o’er all the earth, Soothing human woe.

Cast their crowns at Jesus’ feet, Praise him evermore.

W. Bennett.
W. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1874.
JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD. Concluded

Smiling in its infant glee,—Says of such, in accents mild, "Let them come to me."

MY SHEPHERD.

1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car-ing in ev-ery need, Thy lit-tle lamb to feed, Trusting thee still:
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'erhanging nigh, My soul would ter-ri-fy With sudden chill,

In the green pastures low, Where living waters flow, Safe by thy side I go, Fearing no ill.
Yet I am not a-fraid; While softly on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid, I fear no ill!

Miss Thalheimer.

Cramer.
LOVE OF JESUS.

T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1870.

1. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Never to fade or fall, Till into the fold of the

CHORUS.

peace of God. He has gathered us all. Jesus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free; Oh,

turn to that love, weary wand'ring soul, Jesus pleadeth for thee.

2. There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filied with a tender love;
No throb nor three that our hearts can know,
But he feels it above. Cho.

3. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus;
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on his loving breast,
In the dear heavenly home. Cho.

COME TO JESUS TO-DAY.

Earnestly.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus to-day, To-day come to Jesus, Come to Jesus to-day.

2. He will save you, &c.
3. Oh, believe him, &c.
4. He'll receive you, &c.

5. Flee to Jesus, &c.
6. He will hear you, &c.
7. He'll have mercy, &c.

8. He'll forgive you, &c.
9. He will cleanse you, &c.
10. Jesus loves you, &c.
SING FOR JESUS.

1. Oh, may I while I live on earth, Sing for Jesus, sing for Jesus;
2. And may I while I live below, Speak of Jesus, speak of Jesus;
3. Then let me while my life remains, Live for Jesus, live for Jesus;

Praise him with my heart and breath, Sing to his dear name. For have I not great cause for praise. To
Never tire of his dear name, Tire of his dear name. Oh! how much he has done for me, He
Count it honor, though I oft suffer for his name. But when at last my life shall be, With

him who crowns my youthful days, And leads me through the pleasant ways, To sing of his dear name,
hung on Calv'ry's cursed tree; That I might ever more be free, To speak for his dear name,
him throughout eternity; Oh! then how sweet it there will be, To ever live for him.
1. Looking unto Jesus, for sustaining grace, That I may with "patience," run the heavenly race;

Looking unto Jesus, when I'm weak or strong, Looking unto Jesus, I am helped along.

Chorus.

Looking unto Jesus, looking every day, I have proved that Jesus is the life, the truth, the way;

Looking unto Jesus, I can never fall, Jesus is my Saviour, and my all in all.
Looking unto Jesus, I can always see
Jesus with approving smile looking down on me;
Looking unto Jesus, I can run straight on,
Looking unto Jesus, all my fears are gone. Cho.

Looking unto Jesus, through the stormy skies,
Jesus gilds with glory all the clouds that rise. Cho.

Looking unto Jesus, till the hour shall come,
When he sends his angels down to take me home;
Looking unto Jesus, till his face I see,
In his unveiled glory, through eternity. Cho.

MY SAVIOUR DEAR.

1. Thou that once on mother's knee Wert a little one like me, When I wake or go to bed,
2. Be beside me in the light, Close beside me all the night, Make me gentle, kind, and true,
3. Thou art near me when I pray, Tho' thou art so far a-way; Thou my little hymn wilt hear,

Lay thy hand about my head; Let me feel thee very near, Jesus Christ, my Saviour dear.
Do what mother bids me do. Help and cheer me when I fret, And forgive when I forget.
Jesus Christ, my Saviour dear, Thou that once on mother's knee Wert a little one like me.
I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

Whitfield.

Arr. T. E. Perkins.

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

2. I need thee, precious Jesus, I need a friend like thee, A friend to soothe and
pitiful, A friend to care for me: I need the heart of Jesus To
feel each anxious care, To tell my every trial, And all my sorrows share.

3. I need thee, precious Jesus, I need thee, day by day; To fill me with thy
fulness, To lead me on my way; I need thy Holy Spirit To
teach me what I am, To show me more of Jesus, And point me to the Lamb.
JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

1. All glory to Jesus be given, That life and salvation are free; And all may be wash'd and for-
2. From the darkness and sin and despair, Out into the light of his love, He has brought me and made me an
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of his love, The measureless depths of his grace, My soul all his fullness would
4. In him all my wants are supplied, His love makes my heaven below, And freely his blood is ap-

Chorus.

given, And Jesus can save even me. Yes, Jesus is mighty to save, .... And all his salvation may
heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.
prove, And live in his loving embrace.
plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

know ...... On his bosom I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whiter than snow.

sal-
1. I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet, And Jesus abides with me there;

And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete, And his perfect love casteth out fear.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will fullness bestow,

Oh, believe, and receive, and confess him, That all his salvation may know.
THE VALLEY OF BLESSING. Concluded.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
   And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
   And joy for the sorrowing heart. Cho.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
   Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
   And Christ sets his covenant seal. Cho.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
   That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
   Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain." Cho.

COME, JESUS, REDEEMER.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1860.

Dr. RAY PALMER.

1. Come, Je-sus, Re-deem-er, a-bide thou with me; Come, gladden my spir-it, that wait-eth for thee;
2. With-out thee but weak-ness, with thee I am strong; By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song,
3. Thy love, oh, how faithful! so ten-der, so pure! Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!

Thy smile ev-ery shadow shall chase from my heart, And soothe ev-ery sorrow though keen be the smart.
Though dangers surround me, I still ev-ery fear, Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm, That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace: Oh, then, blessèd Jesus, who once for me died,
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease; Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end, I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend. And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!
1. One there is above all others, Oh, how he loves! His is love beyond a brother's-
2. 'Tis eternal life to know him—Oh, how he loves! Think, oh, think how much we owe him—
3. Blessed Jesus! would you know him, Oh, how he loves! Give yourselves entirely to him,

Chorus.

Oh, how he loves! Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
Oh, how he loves! With his precious blood he bought us, In the wilderness he sought us—
Oh, how he loves! Think no longer of the morrow, From the past new courage borrow,

All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide you,
Naught but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory he will guide you,
Oh, how he loves!
MORE LOVE TO THEE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a- lone I seek, Give what is best:
3. Let sor- row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are thy mes- sen- gers, Sweet their refrain,

This is my earnest plea,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!
This all my prayer shall be,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!
When they can sing with me,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!

SUN OF MY SOUL.

1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav- iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born
2. When soft the dews of kind- ly sleep My weari- ed eye-lids gent- ly steep, Be my last tho’t,—how

cloud a- rise To hide thee from thy ser- vant’s eyes! sweet to rest For ev- 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 Be near to bless me when I wake,
   Ere through the world my way I take;
   Abide with me till in thy love
   I lose myself in heaven above.
FIRST HYMN.

PRICIOUS NAME.

Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die,
He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

REFRAIN.

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

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they sealed him,
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

SECOND HYMN.

JESUS LOVES ME.

Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die,
He will take me home on high.

FOURTH HYMN.

HEBRE. C. M.

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

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

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

THIRD HYMN.

ORIOA. C. M. D.

1 Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.

2 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there:
Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, I pray.
Hear young children when they
SAVIOUR, KEEP ME.

1. Saviour, keep me ever near thee, From thee may I never stray, Guide my wandering footsteps ever.

2. When 'mid doubts and dark temptations From thee oft my spirit strays, Be my strength, my firm foundation.

3. Thro' death's dark and gloomy valley, When all human aid must flee, Let thy presence and thy power be a light and strength to me. Thou, my hope, my joy, my comfort, ever.

In the path to heavenly day, Oft my faltering feet do wander In forlorn, Be my hope, my joy, my praise; And when sorrow's clouds shall hover Dark and low.

Bid the ways of sin, gently lead me To thy pastures back again. Let no surging billows roll, gloomy round my soul, Be thou near and stay the tempest, trusting thee I'll praise, And my life in sweetest numbers Still shall flow thro' endless days.
1. This is the glorious Gospel word—Our God his heavens doth bow, And cry to each believing heart,
2. God speaks who cannot lie; why then One doubt should I allow? I doubt him not, but take his word—
3. I trust not self 'twould throw me back In to Despond's deep slough; From self I look to Christ, and find
4. Temptations hard up on me press, No strength is mine, I know; Yet more than conqueror am I,
5. What e'er my future may require, His grace will sure allow; I live a moment at a time,

CHORUS.

Jesus saves thee now! Jesus saves thee now, Jesus saves thee now, Jesus saves thee,
Jesus saves me now! Jesus saves me now, &c.
Jesus saves me now! Jesus saves me now, &c.
Jesus saves me now! Jesus saves me now, &c.
Jesus saves me now! Jesus saves me now, &c.

6. Why doubt him? he who died now lives; The crown is on his brow; The Son of Man hath power on earth, Jesus saves me now! Cho.
yes, he saves thee, Jesus saves thee now!

7. And when within the pearly gates, I at his feet shall bow, The heaven of heaven itself will be— Jesus saves me now! Cho.
1. Looking to Jesus! this my watchword be, At every footstep of my Christian race;
2. Looking to Jesus, I attain to peace, Looking to Jesus, I advance in strength;
3. Looking to Jesus, I can scarce perceive The toils and dangers of my earthly way;

Fountain of every good! I look to thee, And trust for every help, for every grace.
Looking to Jesus, faith and love increase, And hope grows stronger all my journey's length.
There may I ever look, till I receive His welcome where his presence makes the day.

CHORUS.

Looking to Jesus! Looking to Jesus! Looking to Jesus for every help and grace!
1. In the silent midnight watches, List! thy bosom door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,

Knocketh evermore. Say not, 'tis thy pulses beating, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the

Spirit's voice entreat-ing Thee to let the Saviour in. Let him in, Let him in!

'Tis the Holy Spirit knocketh.—Rise, and let the Saviour in.
THE HEAVENLY VISITOR. Concluded.

2 Death comes down with ruthless footstep,
   To the hall and hut—
Think you death will stand there knocking,
   When thy door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
   But thy door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
   Death breaks in the door at last.
   Let him in, &c.

3 Then 'tis time to stand, entreatling
   Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
   Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish creature,
   Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
   But he then will know thee not.
   Let him in, &c.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; O child of weakness, pray, I am thine All-in-All.
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy faith, and thine alone, Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
3. For nothing good have I, Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash me in the blood, The blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

Chorus.

Jesus paid it all; All to him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.
JESUS, MY LORD.

1. Jesus, thy name I love, Jesus, my Lord! All other names above, Jesus, my Lord!
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Jesus, my Lord! Hast bought me with thy blood, Jesus, my Lord!
3. When unto thee I flee, Jesus, my Lord! Thou wilt my refuge be, Jesus, my Lord!
4. Soon thou wilt come again! Jesus, my Lord! I shall be happy then, Jesus, my Lord!

Oh, thou art all to me! Nothing to please I see, Nothing a-part from thee, Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love, All other loves above, Love that I daily prove, Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since thou art ever near? Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see, Then I shall like thee be, Then ever-more with thee, Jesus, my Lord!

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

PSALM 23.

1. The Lord | is my | Shepherd: || I shall | not | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down | in green | pastures: || He leadeth me be- | side the | still | waters.
3. He re- | storeth my | soul: || He leadeth me in the path of righteousness | for his | name's | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: || For thou art with me;
thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies; || Thou anointest my head with oil;
my | cup — | runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of | my | life: || And I will dwell in the | house | of the | Lord for | ever. || A - men.
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?
   Amazing love! how can it be
   That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me? Amazing love! how can it be

2. 'Tis mystery all, th'Immortal dies!
   Who can explore his strange design?
   In vain the first born scaphe tries
   To sound the depth of love divine;
   'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
   Let angel minds inquire no more.

3. He left his Father's throne above;
   (So free, so infinite his grace!)
   Emptied himself of all but love,
   And bled for Adam's helpless race;
   'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
   For, O my God, it found out me!

4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay
   Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
   Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
   I woke: the dungeon flamed with light;
   My chain 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 th'eternal throne
   And claim the crown through Christ my own.
1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richestgain I count but
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me
3. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small Love so amazing, so di

CHORUS.

loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The wondrous cross of
most, I sacrifice them to his blood.
vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Jesus; From all our sin, its guilt and power, And every stain it frees us. Then I'm clinging, clinging,

clinging, Oh, I'm clinging to the cross; Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.
ONLY ONE WAY.

Rev. J. Parker.

1. There is only one way to the cross, One cross to which sinners may cling; No
2. There is only one name under heaven, By which you may ever attain A
3. There is only one kingdom to win, One home with the blood-washed above; He'll

Refrain.

other can save you from loss, This only salvation can bring. Then counting but
hope to be heard and forgiven, And brought to salvation again.
help thee who died for thy sin; Oh, fear not, but trust in his love.

loss, The world and its dress, Believing on Jesus, Come kneel at the cross.
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; And might I though vile as he, Wash all my sins away, Wash all my sins away; Wash all my sins away; And

3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme And shall be till I die.

4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue When this poor, lisping, stammering Lies silent in the grave,
FIRST HYMN.
AZMON. C. M.

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
    That saved a wretch like me!
1 once was lost, but now am found—
    Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
    And grace my fears relieved;[fear,
How precious did that grace appear,
    The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and
    I have already come;[fears,
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
    And grace will lead me home.[fear,

SECOND HYMN.
PLEVEL'S HYMN. 75.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
    As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
    Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
    In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
    Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
    On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
    Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
    Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
    And we still will follow thee.

THIRD HYMN.
BROWN. C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
    To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
    And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
    And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
    And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
    And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
    My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul!
    In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
    Across my peaceful breast.

FOURTH HYMN.
HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
    On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
    And tell its raptures all abroad.

REFRAIN.
Happy day, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

FIFTH HYMN.
SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.

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.

REFRAIN.
On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

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

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. Ref.
1. When to those who sin and suffer, Jesus came to bring relief, Lo! he was despised, rejected,
2. He, for our transgressions wounded, Bruised for our iniquity, By his chastisement, procured us
3. He was led a lamb to slaughter, By his stripes we all are healed; In his blood our souls find cleansing,

Man of sorrows, full of grief. While we thought him stricken, smitten. By the hand of God alone,
Peace and pardon full and free. We like wayward sheep had wandered From our Father's fold a-stray;
By his death to glory sealed. Break, my heart, with godly sorrow, That thy sins such ruin brought;

CHORUS.

He was bearing others' burdens, Sins and sorrows not his own. Hallelujah! Swell the chorus,
Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, And on him our sins to lay.
Break, my heart, with holy rapture, That his grace thy rescue wrought.

Praising him, the Crucified; Oh, believe him, Oh, receive him, Who for sinners bled and died!
NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.

Watt.

Rev. J. H. Storvton, by per.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could give the guilt-y conscience peace,

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way—A sac-ri-fice of no-bluer name,

Chorus.

Or wash a-way the stain. Oh, the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me,

And richer blood than they.

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

   Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

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

Mrs. M. Stockton.

1. God loved the world of sinners lost, And ruined by the fall; Salvation full, at
2. Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine, The risen Son of God; Redemption by his
3. Love brings the glorious fullness in, And to his saints makes known The blessed rest from

Chorus.

highest cost, He offers free to all. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It
death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood,
in-bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ alone.

4. Believing souls, rejoicing go; There shall to you be given A glorious foretaste, here below,
    Of endless life in heaven. Cho.
brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary.

5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power Let all the ransomed sing,
    And triumph in the dying hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King. Cho.
WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

J. H. S., by per.

1. There is a fountain, deep and wide, Where flows the crimson flood, Once opened in my
2. How can I rest, my gracious Lord, Till I am pure within? Oh, purify me
3. With welcome kind thou dost receive My consecrated soul; While I in thee my
4. Oh, how shall I the Saviour praise Who shed his blood for me! In loudest strains my

Chorus.

Saviour's side, And filled with hallowed blood. Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
through thy blood, From all my inbred sin.
Lord believe, Thy blood doth make me whole.
voice I'll raise, And shout the victory.

Whiter than snow I shall be; Washed in the blood of the Lamb, Who died on Calvary.
1. There is life in a look at the crucified One, And joy to the spirit within; There is pardon for
2. There is peace in a look at the crucified One, He bore all my burden and shame; I have nothing to
3. There is rest in a look at the crucified One, When weary I fly to his care; He invites me to
4. There is hope in a look at the crucified One, A hope that a mansion is mine, Where the saints robed in

Refrain:
thee, Sinner, come and be free, For his blood giveth cleansing from sin. Oh, trust in his own precious blood, Who bring, To his mercy I cling, I am trusting alone in his name. come, In his love there is room, And I'm welcome his mercy to share. white, In the City of Light, Through faith in the Crucified shine.

gives us acceptance with God; He has pardoned my sin, He renews me within, I love him and trust in his word.
BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD,

1. Behold the Lamb of God, The sacrifice for sin! The fountain of his precious blood Can make the vilest clean.
2. Behold the Lamb of God! The Lamb for sinners slain. For thee, my soul, for thee he bled, And died, and rose again.
3. Behold the Lamb of God! The gift of matchless love! Seek full redemption through his blood, And share his joy above.

Refrain.

We would follow, follow the Lamb, Whithersoever he goeth; Now our load of guilt remove, O thou Lamb of God!
THE NINETY AND NINE.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

1. There were ninety and nine that safely lay\n   In the shelter of the fold, But one was
   out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold—\n   Away on the mountains
   wild and bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's care, Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
2. "Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for thee?" But the Shepherd made
   none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed; Nor how dark was the
   rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep,
   heard its cry—'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die, 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.
3. But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed; Nor how dark was the
   cry to the gate of heaven, 'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!' And the angels echoed a-
   round the throne, 'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own, Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own.
4. And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rocky steep, There rose a
   out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold—\n   Away on the mountains
   wild and bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's care, Away from the tender Shepherd's care,
O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

W. W. How.

1. O Jesus, thou art standing Outside the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His circle, And tears thy face have marred: Oh, love that passeth knowledge, So children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.

2. O Jesus, thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow en

3. O Jesus, thou art pleading In accents meek and low, "I died for you, my

patiently to wait! Oh, sin that hath no equal, So fast to bar the gate!

open now the door: Dear Saviour, enter, enter, And leave us never more!
1. I love to tell the story; Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his glory, Of Jesus and his love.

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the story; It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I sweet. I love to tell the story; For some have never heard The message of salvation From nothing else can do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell it now to thee. God's own holy word.

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderfully love. I love to tell the story, Because I know it's true; It satisfies my longings, As dreams. I love to tell the story; It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I sweet. I love to tell the story; For some have never heard The message of salvation From nothing else can do.

4. I love to tell the story, For those who know it best. Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the New, New Song. 'Twill be the Old, Old Story That I have loved so long! — Cho.
FIRST HYMN
AN OPEN DOOR

1. The mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping;
But I knock at the open door.

CHORUS
I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me
I'll enter that open door. [come in,
2. I am lowest of those who love him,
I am weakest of those who pray:
But I come, as he has hidden,
And he will not say me nay. Cho.

3. My mistakes his free grace will cover,
My sins he will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk thro' the gate of day. Cho.

4. The mistakes of my life are many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,—
But the Saviour will let me in. Cho.

SECOND HYMN
WINDHAM. L. M.

1. Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;

THIRD HYMN
TOPLADY. 3, 7 & 4.

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed.
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

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.

FOURTH HYMN
HE LEADETH ME.

1. He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught;

FIFTH HYMN
OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
CLOSE TO THEE.

1. Thou my ever-lasting portion, More than friend or life to me, All along my pilgrim journey, Savour, let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;

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

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

4. All along my pilgrim journey, Savour, let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;

5. Gladly will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee;

6. Then the gate of life eternal, May I enter, Lord, with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee.
THE MASTER'S CALL.

Fanny Crosby.

1. The Master is come, and calleth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart, No friend so for-
2. The Master has come with blessings for thee, Arise, and his message receive; Thy num-

Refrain.

giving, so gentle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him depart? Patiently waiting, earnestly purchased, thy pardon is free, If thou wilt repent and believe.

Patiently waiting,

pleading, Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart, Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading, waiting pleading,

3. The Master is come, and calleth thee now, This moment what joy may be thine; How tender the smile that illumines his brow, A pledge of his favor divine. Cho.

4. He waits for thee still, then haste with delight, Oh, fly to the arms of his love, Press on to that beautiful mansion of light, Prepared in his kingdom above. Cho.
I AM COMING, LORD.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee; For cleansing in thy precious blood, That
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till
3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For

Chorus.

flowed on Calvary, I am coming, Lord! Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me,
spotless all, and pure, earth and heaven above.

4. And he the witness gives To loyal hearts and free, That every promise is fulfilled, If faith but brings the plea. Cho.

in the blood That flowed on Calvary!
in the blood That flowed on Calvary!

5. All hail! atoning blood! All hail! redeeming grace! All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness. Cho.
TAKE ME, O MY FATHER!

RAY FALKE.

1. Take me, O my Father, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst
2. Fruitless years with grief recalling, Humbly I confess my sin; At thy feet, O
3. Once the world's Redeemer dying, Bare our sins upon the tree; On that sacrificial

have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Father, falling, To thy household take me in. Freely now to thee I profess the
peace relying, Now I look in hope to thee; Father, take me! All forgiving

Thorny proved the way I trod; Weary come I now, and praying—Take me to thy love, my God!
This relentless heart of mine; Freely life and soul I offer—Gift unworthy love like thine.
Fold me to thy loving breast; In thy love for ever living, I must be for ever blest.
COME, OH, COME WITH THY BROKEN HEART.

Fanny Crosby.

1. Come, oh, come with thy broken heart, Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the open door,
2. Firmly cling to the blessèd cross, There shall thy refuge be; Wash thee now in the crimson fount,

D. C. Come, oh, come with thy broken heart Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the open door,

FINE.

Jesus is waiting there: Waiting to heal thy wounded soul, Waiting to give thee rest;
Flowing so pure for thee: List to the gentle warning voice, List to the earnest call,

Jesus is waiting there.

D. C. for Chorus.

Come and taste of the precious feast, Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that forever bloom,
Bright in the life above:

Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace;

Come, for he loves to clasp thee now,
Close in his dear embrace. Cho.
WHITER THAN SNOW.

1. Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want thee forever to live in my soul;
2. Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
3. Dear Jesus, for this, I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessed Lord, sitting low at thy feet.

Break down every idol, cast out every foe; Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
I give up myself, and whatever I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see the blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chorus.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
WHOSOEVER WILL.

1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti-dings all the world a-round;

   Spread the joyful news wherev-er man is found: "Whoso-ev-er will, may come."
   "Whoso-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will," Send the procla-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; "Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther
   calls the wand’rer home: "Whoso-ev-er will, may come."

2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
   Now the door is open, enter while you may,
   Jesus is the true, the only living way:
   "Whosoever will, may come." Cho.

3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
   "Whosoever will," for ever must endure;
   "Whosoever will," ’tis life for evermore:
   "Whosoever will, may come." Cho.
1. Pass me not, O loving Saviour, When I call to thee; As for mercy I am pleading, Mercy grant to me.
2. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour; Low I bend to thee! And for mercy now am calling, Saviour, pardon me.

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Thou of all most kind; Save me from the great temptations That allure the mind.
Pass me not, O tender Saviour; Hear my earnest cry; Help me, or I perish striving; Do not pass me by.

Refrain.

Hear me, hear me, Jesus, Saviour dear; Hear me as I plead for mercy; Oh, be ever near.
1. Entreat me not to leave thee, O pilgrim, on thy way Thro’ earthly storms and perils, To realms of endless day: The world with empty pleasures No more can satisfy; Where’er the Lord may faithful and the tried: My soul goes forth with longing, Turn not from me a-way; Thine own shall be my lead thee, With thee I'll live and die. Entreat me not to leave thee, Entreat me not to leave thee, people, Thy God shall be my stay.

2. Entreat me not to leave thee, For I would fain abide With those whom God has chosen, The

3. Forget me not, nor leave me, O God! for I would rest Within the arms of Jesus, And on his loving breast: With him to go rejoicing Through conflict, toil, and strife; To walk the vale of shadows, And enter into life! Ref.
1. Hear us from thy throne above, Thine forever—God of love! Here and in eternity,
2. They who find in thee, their rest, Thine forever—oh, how blest! Oh, defend us to the end,
3. Let us all thy goodness share, Sheltered only—only—in thy care; These thy frail and trembling sheep, Thine forever—Saviour, keep!

Refrain:
Show the way! Show the way! Guide us to the realms of day,

Guide us to the realms of day, Shield us thro’ the earthly strife, Thine forever—ever—Lord of life!
JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

Miss E. Campbell.

1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day! What means this strange com—\[Omit.\] motion, say! In accents hushed the
tongues re-plied: "Jesu—sus of Naz-a-reth passeth by;" In accents hushed the throng re-plied: "Jesu—sus of

2. Who is this Jesu—sus? Why should he The cit-y move so migh-ti-ly! 
A passing stranger, has he skill To move the mul-ti—\[Omit.\] tude at will! A-gain the stirring

er-plies: "Jesu—sus of Naz-a-reth passeth by;" A-gain the stirring tones re-plied: "Jesu—sus of

3. Jesu—is 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.

4. Jesu—is again he comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauses at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.

5. Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace,
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:

6. But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn.
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesu—is of Nazareth has passeth by."
O JESUS, WE ADORE THEE.

J. Wesley.

1. O Je-sus, we a-dore thee, Up-on the cross, our King; We bow our hearts be-fore thee; Thy gracious Name we sing; That Name hath brought salvation, That Name, in life our stay; Our peace, our con-so-la-tion When life shall fade a-way.

2. Ah, Lord, our sins ar-raigned thee; And nailed thee to the tree; Our pride, O Lord, dis-dained thee; Yet deign our hope to be. O glorious King, we bless thee, No long-er pass thee by; O Je-sus, we con-fess thee, Our Lord enthroned on high.

3. Thy wounds, thy grief behold-ing, With thee, O Lord, we grieve. Thy wounds, thy wounds receive. Lord, grant to us re-mis-sion; Lord through thy death re-store; Yea, grant us the fru-i-tion Of life for ev-er-more.

SECOND HYMN.

1 O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed Now scornfully surrounded [down; With thorns, thy only crown; O sacred Head, what glory, What bliss till now was thine! Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord! hast suffered Was all for sinners' gain; Mine, mine was the transgression, But thine the deadly pain: Lo! here I fall, my Saviour! 'Tis I deserve thy place; Look on me with thy favor, Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 Be near when I am dying; Oh, show thy cross to me, And for my succor flying, Come, Lord, to set me free. These eyes new faith receiving, From Jesus shall not move; For he who dies believing, Dies safely, through thy love.
I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. Lydia C. Baxter.

T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1868.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling hope and fear; I've waited long, and

2. None ever empty turned away, Who truly sought thy face: And I, my Saviour,

still I wait Thy gracious word to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast in
come today, To seek thy pardoning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea: This can my soul re-

store; O Lord, in mercy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door, I'm kneeling at the door,
Kneeling at the door, O Lord, in mercy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.

EVEN ME.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1868.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,
2. Pass me not, O God, our Father! Sin-ful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather

Let some droppings fall on me!—E-ven me, E-ven me! Let some droppings fall on me.
Let thy mercy fall on me!—E-ven me, E-ven me! Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee! For I'm longing for thy favor; While thou'rt calling, call on me. Even me, Even me! While thou'rt, &c.
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit! Thou canst make the blind to see; Testify of Jesus' merit! Speak some word of power to me. Even me, Even me! Speak some word, &c.
5 Love of God—so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ—so rich, so free; Grace of God—so strong and boundless, Magnify it all in me! Even me, Even me! Magnify, &c.
FIRST HYMN.

I WILL SING.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

SECOND HYMN.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

1 Little children, come to Jesus;
   Hear him saying, "Come to me,"
   Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
   Shed his blood on Calvary!

2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
   Given from the heaven above;
   Little ears to hear the story,
   Of the Saviour's wondrous love;

3 There are little crowns in heaven,
   There are little harps of gold;
   There are little shining dresses,
   There are gems and joys untold;

THIRD HYMN.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

1 Joy to the world,—the Lord is come;
   Let earth receive her King;
   Let every heart prepare him room,
   And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;
   Let men their songs employ;
   While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
   Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
   Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow,
   Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and
   And makes the nations prove grace,
   The glories of his righteousness,
   And wonders of his love.

FOURTH HYMN.

AUTUMN. 88 & 7S. D.

1 Saviour, King, in hallowed union,
   At thy sacred feet we bow;
   Heart with heart, in blest communion,
   Join to crave thy favor now!

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of bless-
   Oft have cheered us on our way; [sing,
   By thy power and grace unceasing,
   We continue to this day.

3 When we tell the wondrous story
   Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
   Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
   On the youthful heart to move! Oh, that he, the ever-living,
   May descend as fruitful rain;
   Till the wilderness reviving,
   Blossoms as the rose again.
THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

1. I stand all bewildered with wonder, And gaze on the ocean of love; And over its waves to my

2. I struggled and wrestled to win it,— The blessing that setteth me free; But when I had ceased from my

3. The Prince of my Peace is now passing, The light of his face is on me; But listen, beloved, he

Chorus.

spirit, Comes peace like a heavenly dove. The cross now covers my sins; The past is under the

struggles, His peace Jesus gave unto me.

speaketh:—"My peace I will give unto thee."

blood; I am trusting in Jesus in all, My will is the will of my God.
CALLING NOW.

1. This loving Saviour Stands patient-ly; Tho' oft reject-ed, Calls again for thee. Calling now for thee, prodigal, Calling now for thee; Thou hast wandered far away, But he's calling now for thee.

2. Oh, boundless mercy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of error, Heed the tender call.

3. Tho' all unworthy, Come, now, come home—Say, while he's waiting, "Jesus, dear, I come."

MY FATHER, GOD, TO THEE.

1. My Father, God, to thee, On reverent bended knee, To thee I bow; To thee my prayer I raise, To thee my psalm of praise, In thine unbounded grace, Oh, hear me now!

2. Weary and weak I come, Still seeking through the gloom, To see thy face; O Father, hear my plea, And take me nearer thee, And let thy bosom be My resting place.

3. My path is wrapt in cloud, This world is cold and proud, And shadows come; But yet I trust in thee, That o'er life's troubled sea, To where the mansions be, Thou'll lead me home.
1. Jesus, Jesus! visit me; How my soul longs after thee! When, my best, my dearest Friend! Shall our sep-a-ration end?

2. Lord! my longings never cease; Without thee I find no peace; "Tis my constant cry to thee, Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

3. Thou alone, my gracious Lord! Art my shield and great reward; All my hope, my Saviour thou,— To thy sovereign will I bow.

4. Patiently I wait the day; For this gift alone I pray, That, when death shall visit me, Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

MONTGOMERY.

CALVARY'S HOLY MOUNTAIN.

W. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Come to Cal'vry's ho-ly mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall; Here a pure and healing fountain Flows to you, to me, to all, In a full perpetual tide.

2. Come, in sor-row and con-trition, Wounded, im-po-tent and blind; Here the guilt-y fre-e re-mission, Here the troubled, peace may find; Health this foun-tain will restore;

3. He that drinks shall live for ever; "Tis a soul-re-new-ing flood; God is faith-ful; God will never Break his co-ve-nant in blood, Signed when our Redeemer died, Opened when our Saviour died. In a full perpetual tide, Opened when our Saviour died. He that drinks shall thirst no more, Health this fountain will restore; He that drinks shall thirst no more. Sealed when he was glo-ri-fied, Signed when our Redeemer died, Sealed when he was glo-ri-fied.
THE PENITENT.

1. My foot is on the threshold, My hand is on the latch; My heart is rent with sorrow, Oh! do not turn me back.

I've come a weary distance, Long miles of grief and sin;
Come sorely pressed and laden, [Omit.................]
Oh! wilt thou let me in?

Let me in,..... Oh! wilt thou let me in?..... I've come a weary distance, Oh! wilt thou let me in?
2 My hands hang limp and nerveless, 3 Oh, haste! unlatch, I pray thee!
  My burden to remove; I trust thy gracious word,
  My feeble knees are shaking,—  "To him that knocks I'll open!"
  Open, and show thy love. Thou true and faithful Lord.
  My eyes are dim with watching The latch turns on the promise,
  To catch a glimpse within; The door on hinge of gold;
  My heavy ear is aching Oh, wondrous grace and glory!
  To hear thee say, "Come in." The half had not been told.

C. S. R.

SAROuIR! I FOLLOW ON.  Karl Reden, by per.

1. Saviour! I follow on, Guided by thee, Seeing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;

Hushed be my heart and still, Fear no further ill, Only to meet thy will My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me 3 Often to Marah's brink 4 Saviour! I long to walk
Thirst to relieve, Have I been brought; Closer with thee;
Manna from heaven falls Shrinking the cup to drink, Led by thy guiding hand,
Fresh every eve; Help I have sought; Ever to be;
||: Never a want severe ||: And with the prayer's ascent, ||: Constantly near thy side,
Causeth my eye a tear, Jesus the branch hath rent, Quickened and purified.
But thou dost whisper near, Quickly relief hath sent, Living for him who died
"Only believe!" || Sweetening the draught. || Freely for me! ||
LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

H. MILLARD, by per.

1. Lo! he's knocking at every heart,—Let the Saviour in! He is waiting beside your door; Your sweet welcome he shall we tell him he must depart!—Let the Saviour in! He is pleading for-ev-er-more!

2. Would ye turn him in grief away?—Let the Saviour in! Sister, brother, do not delay,—Let the Saviour in! He is mighty to save and keep! He will comfort the eyes that weep! In his presence how sweet our sleep!—Let the Saviour in!

3. Take him fondly unto your breast,—Let the Saviour in! He will give to the weary rest,—Let the Saviour in! Shall his summons be heard in vain? Shall we turn him away again? Ye who linger in doubt and pain, Let the Saviour in!

YET THERE IS ROOM.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.

1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now. With its fair glory beckons thee along:

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.
ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing pity! grace unknown! And
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ the great Creator died For
D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, To make sal - va - tion free!

CHORUS.

such a worm as I? Jesus died for you, Jesus died for me;
love beyond de - gree! man the creature's sin.

for you, for you,
for me.

4. Such might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears, Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears. Cho.

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

YET THERE IS ROOM. Concluded.

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low; The shadow lengthen, light makes haste to go: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast; Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridgroom's guest; Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate, The gate of love; it is not yet too late: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee; That cup of everlasting love is free: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in; The angels beckon thee the prize to win: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call; Come, lingerer, come; enter the festal hail: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom, Then the last, low, long cry: — "No room, no room!" No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"
SITTING AT JESUS' FEET.

1. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Oh, what words I hear him say! Happy place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day! Sitting at the feet of Jesus, I would sit low at thy feet; Oh, look down in love upon me; Let me see thy face so sweet. Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus, Make me look upon the past; For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.

2. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Where can mortal be more blest? There I lay my sins and sorrows, And when weary, find sweet rest; Sitting at the feet of Jesus, There I sit low at thy feet; Oh, look down in love upon me; Let me see thy face so sweet. Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus, Make me look upon the past; For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.

3. Bless me, O my Saviour! bless me, As I sit low at thy feet; Oh, look down in love upon me; Let me see thy face so sweet. Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus, Make me look upon the past; For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.
1. The sea is wildly tossing, And often clothed with gloom, On which we're swiftly crossing To
2. We've many a foe to conquer, And many a storm to face, Ere we in heaven may anchor, And

CHORUS.

our e-ter-nal home. {O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea, Gracious Saviour, pi-lot me; }
sing re-deeming grace. {O-ver the sea, o-ver the sea, Spir-it kind, my guardian be; }

Over the

sea, wher-ev-er I roam, Father a-bove, Oh, bring me home, Under the bright ce-les-tial dome.

3. Though nature in commotion
4. Sail on then, comrades, boldly,
5. We'll float the gospel banner,
   Defy our power and skill,
   And make God's word your chart;
   And guard it with our life,
Our Jesus rules the ocean,
Do every duty nobly,
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"
And bids the winds be still. Cho.
With joyful, trusting heart. Cho.
Victorious in the strife. Cho.
CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

Rev. Alfred Taylor.

T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1870.

1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, danger is near; Cling close to thy Saviour, and doubt not, nor fear;
2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to-day, Ere waves of temptation shall sweep thee away;
3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may rage and tho' billows may shock;

For Jesus will hold thee, almighty to save, Thy Jesus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave.
Cling close to the Rock in the time of thy grief, For Jesus brings speedy and precious relief.
For Jesus the Saviour, thy Refuge, thy Friend, In mercy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.

CHORUS.

Cling close to the Rock, tho' the tempest may shock, Assured of salvation in Jesus the Rock.
1. Brother, take thy cross and bear it, Dark and heavy though it be; Jesus his com-
2. Brother, take thy cross of sorrow; Bear the heavy weight of pain; Jesus bent 'neath
3. Brother, take thy cross and follow Jesus through the shadows dim; Thou wilt find thy
4. Brother, take thy cross; for Jesus Gives thee strength its weight to bear; Trust him in the

manda has given, Take thy cross, and follow me. Take thy cross, Take thy cross,
such a burden, Why should such as thou complain. Take thy cross, Take thy cross,
burden easy, If thou wilt depend on him. Take thy cross, Take thy cross,
time of sorrow, He will hear and answer prayer.

Take thy cross whate'er it be; Take thy cross, Take thy cross, Learn to bear it cheerfully.
Looking unto Jesus. He has died for thee; Receive the great salvation. For all, so full, so free.

Chorus

Does the weight oppress thee? Cast it on the Lord; Run thy race with patience. Trusting in his word.

Chorus

Crowds of shining angels View thee from the skies; Run thy race with patience. Xonder is the prize.

In the darkest moment—In the deepest night, He will give thee comfort. Pressing on to God.

Through the vale of sorrow Once the Savour trod; Run thy race with patience. Never mind them, brother. Only water and pray.

Verses

1. Weary not, my brother; Cheerful be thy song:
   Call and he will hear thee. Ask him and receive:
   Newer mind them, brother. Only water and pray.

2. Seek and thou shalt find him. Still in faith believe:
   Thrums beset thy way. Thorns may fall thee:
   Labor on, my brother. Thou shalt reap at last.

3. Thrums may fall thee. Thrums beset thy way:
   Thrums may fall thee. Thrums beset thy way:
   Thrums may fall thee. Thrums beset thy way:

4. La-bor on, my brother. Thou shalt reap at last.
   La-bor on, my brother. Thou shalt reap at last.
   La-bor on, my brother. Thou shalt reap at last.
God I whatever be my lot, Thine eye can see; know that ever grief I bear, Thine eye can see.

Thine eye can see; have I no home, no resting place? Still opened here, Thine arms of grace, Thine eye can see; I thank thee for thy watchful care. How sweet thy tender love to share, And

Where'er I dwell it matters not; My home a pail, a cot, Thank Thine eye can see; Do friends forsake me one by one? When on my path, low calm I sleep,

My many wants, my trials too. Do clouds obscure my morning sun? Thine eye can see; What evening shadows o'er me creep, Thine eye can see; When evening shadows o'er me creep,

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Mrs. M. A. Kneass.

THINE EYE CAN SEE

T. E. Pankhurst. Cop. 1868.
1. O, Holy Saviour! Friend unseen, since on thine arm thou liest me near, prove and earthy friends and hopes re-move.

2. What though the world de-cay?-Thine eye can see.

3. Though oft I seem to tread alone, Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone, still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4. If I will serve thee day by day, Though faith and hope are oft subdu'd, and all I think and all I do,

5. Though faith and hope are oft subdu'd, and all I think and all I do;

Thine eye can see.
Refrain

It is better farther on.

It is better farther on.

It is better farther on.

It is better farther on.

Sweetly whispers Hope, "It's better farther on.

Singing as if God had taught it, "It is better farther on."

Singing as if God had taught it, "It is better farther on."

Singing as if God had taught it, "It is better farther on."

Singing as if God had taught it, "It is better farther on."

1. Hope is singing, singing sweetly. Softly in the under tone, Singeth while I sit a lone; Singeth so the heart may

2. Night and day it singeth sweetly. Singeth so the heart may
Tears of repentant grief
Oh, how I pine for thee!
Jesus has died for me,
My all, my all.

3. Hark! How the words of love
Now every soul is born
Blest is the realms above
Jesus, my all.

4. Still at thy mercy-seat
Pleading thy promise sweet
This all my hope shall be
Jesus, my all.

I. Lord at thy mercy-seat.
Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call.

2. Lord, oh Lord, how much farther
Now counting only trusting.
"It is better farther on," Ref.

JESUS, MY ALL.

3. Farther on, oh, how much farther?
No, no counting, only trusting.
"It is better farther on," Ref.
THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

Oh, twice as high as I;
Oh, twice as high as I;
Oh, twice as high as I;
Oh, twice as high as I.

Then quick to the Rock I can fly,
Then quick to the Rock I can fly,
Then quick to the Rock I can fly,
Then quick to the Rock I can fly.

To the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock let me fly.

To the Rock that is higher than I,
To the Rock that is higher than I,
To the Rock that is higher than I,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

Chorus

Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep.

And rough roads the path to the goal,
And rough roads the path to the goal,
And rough roads the path to the goal,
And rough roads the path to the goal.

But when I lean on the Rock,
But when I lean on the Rock,
But when I lean on the Rock,
But when I lean on the Rock.

And oftentimes how they sweep, like
And oftentimes how they sweep, like
And oftentimes how they sweep, like
And oftentimes how they sweep, like.

Oh, hear to the Rock let me keep,
Oh, hear to the Rock let me keep,
Oh, hear to the Rock let me keep,
Oh, hear to the Rock let me keep.

W. C. F. 265.
While the Days Are Going By

1. Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by,
   While the days are going by;
   While the days are going by.

2. Up then, trusty hearts and true, Though the day comes, night comes too;
   All the loving links that bind us,
   While the days are going by.

3. While the days are going by,
   One by one we leave behind us;
   While the days are going by;
   While the days are going by.

J. E. Gould, by per.

While the Days Are Going By.
TRUST IN THE LORD.

1. It is better to trust in the Lord Than to lean on the wavering arm Of the kings and the princes of earth; God’s love is a refuge from harm. Trust the Lord.

2. It is better to trust in the Lord For the word of his promise is sure; Tho’ the way may be rugged and dark. Trust the Lord.

3. It is better to trust in the Lord, Resting firm in his infinite love; And with gladness to serve him below. Trust the Lord.

Low at his feet let us fall! Trust the Lord. Oh, trust in the Lord. For he is the King over all.

Trust the Lord.

Trust the Lord.

Trust the Lord.
1. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, rest.
2. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, rest.
3. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, rest.

There is no other resting place this way. The Rock is near, O pilgrim, to this calm retreat.
Oh, sweetly rest, A wake-rejoicing for their home is near.

Well is clear, Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, rest!
Care oppressed, Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, rest!
Bed is made: Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, rest!
BATTING FOR THE LORD.

1. We've listed in the holy war. Battling for the Lord. End life, our guiding star. 1. We've girded on our armor bright, battling for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might.

2. Well stand like the roes on the field. Battling for the Lord! And in his strength we'll never yield.

3. God's armies in the war. Battling for the Lord! And in his strength we'll never yield.

4. Though sin and death our way oppose. Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might.

5. And when our glorious war is o'er. Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might.

6. We'll work till Jesus comes. Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might.

7. Jesus comes. And then we rest at home.

8. Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might.
FIRST HYMN

I'll sing of the cross, how precious a Friend
Sustained by the world, supported by love
And with it the world can ride the pain
And at the time appointed

SECOND HYMN

For there's a crown for me
And though I have nothing to wear
I'll dress myself in the cross alone
And there's a cross for me

THIRD HYMN

The glory shall be thine
But now they cast undervalued love
And only then will the treasures shine
In robes of victory through the skies

FOURTH HYMN

He who has the offer of the cross
May not the offer be rejected
If ever the soul endure the pain
All once may converge, Lord!
1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife,
Of the winding path before us, we have naught to fear;
Glor.-In the march of life, etc.

2. In the Christian race if we take our place,
We may run and weary never,
Unto Jesus looking ever;
Casting all our care on the Lord by prayer.
We will keep our feet from falling;
For the prize of God's high calling,
In the march of life, etc.

3. D. C. Groves

There's gold on
sunbeam shining.

D. C. Groves

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

W. F. SHERWIN
Copr. 1864.
I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

English

1. I left it all with Jesus Long ago;
   All my sins I brought him And lay low;
   When by faith I
   Leave it all with Jesus Day by day, can
   "Come what may!"
   Leave it all with Jesus, Day by Day, can

2. I sang his praise, and for his grace,
   That from his hand I might not be snared;
   Then the nest; Love seems it heaven.
   Leave it all with Jesus Day by Day, can

From my heart the burden rolled away—

4. Oh! leave it all with Jesus,
   But the whole.

Yet his tender bosom;

Marx thee room—Oh, come home!
Love the precious Word, which he spoke to them that heard, While he taught the waiting people by the sea.
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea; And I love the silver wave about where he taught the waiting people on the shore.

I love to think of Jesus as he sat beside the sea; Where the waves were only murmuring on the strand, When he sat within the boat on the silver wave about, Where he taught the waiting people on the shore.

JESUS BY THE SEA.
By M. J. Crampton & Co.
COME UNTO ME.

1. Come unto me when shadows darkly gather. - When the sad heart is weary and distressed.
2. Ye who have mourned, when the spring flowers were taken. - When the ripe fruit fell, nor to the ground.
3. Lapse are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling. - Glad are the homes that sorrow never dim.
4. There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fairest flowers the earth too rudely passed.

Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father. Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
When the loved step in brighter homes to walk, where their past leaves with spring-wind are forever blown.
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness. Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

JESUS BY THE SEA.

Concluded.

Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked beside the sea. He spoke to his disciples safe to land.
While he taught his loved disciples safe to land. His beloved ones forever.

Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon the sea. He passed the billows and waves were still, at the bidding of sin.
When the waves are rolling fearfully and grand;

And to his true disciples everywhere.
And I long to think of Jesus by the sea. And his true disciple everywhere to be.

Where the fishes spread their nets upon the shore;

My dear Redeemer's call.

And the true disciple everywhere to be.
I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

1. When my sins as mountains rise, Saviour, be thou near me; Wipe the tears from weeping eyes, With my Saviour at my side.

2. When, like gold in furnace tried, Thou shalt purge and prove me, With my Saviour at my side.


When I tread the vale of death,

May I trust thy gracious word: "I will never leave thee."

Let not fears confound me:

Help me trust thy gracious word: "I will never leave thee."

Com'fort thou and cheer me.

Sorrows shall not move me.

Give me peace, give me peace,

Then shall nothing grieve me:

Crotus.

T. E. Pierpont. Cop. 1850.
SECOND HYMN.

1. Oh, do not be discouraged. For Jesus is your Friend. His goodness stands approved. Unchanged from day to day. And sweet refreshment find. And bear a song away.

2. Why should th' anxious soul? Trust in the Lord, who never fails. His mercy shall be sure. And guide your feet to peace. And keep you to the end.

FIRST HYMN.

3. I am glad I'm in this army. Yes, I am glad I'm in this army. I shall fight to the very end. I shall fight to the very end.

4. I'll fight on, ye little soldiers. For the Saviour is your Captain. And he has vanquished sin. Oho. And has vanquished sin. Oho.

THIRD HYMN.

5. To you, who for refuge to Jesus have found a rest, and have set your trust in his word. What more can be said than you be

6. For I am thy God, I will give thee light. I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and uphold thee by my gracious omnipotent power. Cover my dearest ones. With the shadow of thy wing.

FOURTH HYMN.

7. Other refuge have I none. Have my refuge in thee alone. All my trust on thee is stayed. Oh, receive my soul at last.

8. While the billows still roll. Hide me, O my Saviour I lie; till the storm of life is past; till the storm of life is past.

9. Heavens, O my Saviour I lie; till the storm of life is past; till the storm of life is past.

10. While the billows still roll. Hide me, O my Saviour I lie; till the storm of life is past; till the storm of life is past.
1. There's nothing sweeter than the thought That I may see the Lord, If I but seat him as I ought, And have in him a book. I'd rather be the least of them That are the Lord's. And then wear a royal diadem, And sit upon a throne.

2. Once in his arms the Saviour took Young children just like me, And blessed them with a voice and song. He hath a name for every tongue.

3. And though to heaven the Lord would go, And seat him in his own love, And bless him with a voice and song. I would rather have a throne.
OH. WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

George W. Root. Cop. 1862.

1. We are volunteers in the army of the Lord. Forming in - to line at our Captain's word.
2. Oh, we are volunteers in the army of the Lord. Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord.
3. The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove. Glorious is the struggle in which we charge the sword.

Chorus.

Come and join the army, the army of the Lord. Jesus is our Captain, we rule at his word.

We are under marching orders to take the battle field. And we'll give for the right till the foe shall yield.

It shall spread from shore to shore, it shall reach from sea to sea. And his people shall be blessed for evermore.

Sharp will be the conflict with the powers of sin. But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.
Then haste, oh, haste, pilgrim on thy way! And let the morrow find thee, still farther than to-day.

Wings that e'en glist'ry Bear them in their light: So thy burden bear thee, E'en for thy mansion, Here receive thy crown.

1. Take thy staff, O pilgrim! Hasten thee on thy way: Let the morrow find thee. Further than to-day.

Of the Golden Street, Passe not on the pathway. Rest not weary feet. Surely then his light.

2. In the heavily journey, Press with zeal along—Hasting will but weary—Standing before the throne.

3. Hasten, if path be told thee—All things are thine own: Pass the pearly portals, Stand before the throne.
1. Soon shall I rest in Jesus, Rest in his dear embrace. Even to a life eternal, Trusting my all with Jesus. Why should my faith decline? What if I tell and labor.

2. Soon shall I rest in Jesus, Rest in his dear embrace. Even to a life eternal, Trusting my all with Jesus. Why should my faith decline? What if I tell and labor.

3. Soon will my sheaves be gathered, Soon will my work be done; Then shall I rise Triumphant, And wear the crown shown. If to my required sight Fields of immortals yellow, Come to my parished sight, Cheerfully I'll fly.
Lead Me On

When life's trials may cloud my blue,
E'en on the darkest day,
Come, Jesus, come to me and stay
When the shadows of the deep.

I. A bride with me! The waste till the ocean tide;
The darkness deepens! Lord, with me a bride!

2. Not a bride's grace I seek in a parting world;
But an ocean cloud with the disconsolate Lord.

3. I need thy presence here, ever preserving:
What but this grace can for the wretched power.

4. Lead me on,

Then transformed with the light,
When the victory is won.

Lead me on,

And the wild waves, as crystal clear:
When the wilderness is dear.

Lead me on,

And be my pilot, in the calm uttermost.

Lead me on,

And let me taste all thy life,
When the Jordan's brink I stand.

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

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Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,

Lead me on,
Lo! he cometh, see the King draw near; Zion shout, the Lord is here!

3. We are watching, we are waiting, For the beauteous King of day; When the beauteous day is dawning, We are waiting for the morning, For the golden spires of day.

1. We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophetic day. We roll a way. We are waiting for the shadows, weary shadows from the world shall roll away.

3rd
Chorus

THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

By per. of John Cruzen & Co.

115
BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH.

H. Mulland, by per-

1. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Joyfully let us meet him! Lovingly let us D. C. E - cho his wondrous praises in the sweetest ac-cord! Lo! every valley ringeth, Fillings of joy he
BLESSED is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

1. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Let every heart adore him! 

2. How wonderful things in the Father's presence! This is the dearest that Jesus knows. 

3. When in his beauty I see the great King, Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!

JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

By par. of Josu'Curnen & Co.

1. I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me; Jesus loves me.

2. He forget him and wonder away. Kindly he follows when I see the great King.

3. This shall my song in every tie. Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD!
Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus Going on before.

Unions.

We are not divided. All one body we. One in hope and doctrine, One in chari-ty. We have Christ the King. This true, countless ages Men and an-ge-les sing.

Onward, then, ye people Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus Going on before.

2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are marching. Where the saints have trod;

3. Crowns and thrones may pass, Kingdoms rise and wane. But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain;

4. Onward, then, ye people Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song.
Brightly gleans our banner, pointing to the sky:
Waving wanderers onward to their homes so high.

Journeying o'er the desert, gladily we play,
And with hearts unclouded, take our heavenly way.

But, oh! there we left these, Oh! gone a-slayin'.
Keep us, mighty Saviour, in the narrow way.

When the storm-clouds lower, pardon them and save us.
When the flood as o'er, then comes rest and peace, Jesus, in his beauty.

Songs that never cease.

1. Brightly gleans our banner, pointing to the sky.
   Waving wanderers onward.
   To their home on high,
   Behold it shining bright.

2. Jesus, Lord, and Master, At thy sacred feet.
   Have with hearts rejoicing, seen thy children meet.

3. All our days at rest us In the way we go.
   Lead us on, who's with Jesus.

4. Then with saints and angels, May we join a-bove, offering and less praises.
   At thy throne of love!
1. Who-e'er would win the battle, Must nev-er mind the blows; Who-e'er would en-ter heaven, Must
2. God's lit-tle bands are mighty, When girded with his might; And greatest wrongs are helpless Be-
3. Your en-e-mies may gather, Like clouds in days of storms; But Truth's bright blade, like lightning, Shall
4. The wrongs shall all be conquered, And ev-ery foe submit; All, in that day that's coming, Shall

not turn back for foes; But, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
fore the small-est right. Then tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
scat-ter their proud forms, Then, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
fall at Je-sus' feet. But now, take all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, And

Chorus.

shout for Truth and Vic-to-ry, And bat-tle for the Lord. I'll bat-tle for the Lord, Yes,
BATTLE FOR THE LORD. Concluded.

battle for the Lord; I'll shout for Truth and Victory And battle for the Lord.

SAVIOUR I TEACH ME DAY BY DAY. W. B. Bradbury, by per.

1. Saviour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to obey; Sweeter lesson

2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bidding may I move; Prompt to serve and

cannot be, Loving him who first loved me.

follow thee, Loving him who first loved me.

3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to follow in thy grace; Learning how to love from thee, Loving him who first loved me.

4. Thus may I rejoice to show That I feel the love I owe; Singing, till thy face I see, Of his love who first loved me.
Jesus saves.

1. Many at the cross are kneeling, Jesus, Jesus saves, By his boundless love revealing,
2. All the lost and all the lonely, Jesus, Jesus saves, Oh, come now, believing only,
3. Hearts are at this moment proving, Jesus, Jesus saves, Every sinful stain removing,

Chorus.

Jesus, Jesus saves. Hallelujah, light is beaming, Hallelujah, blood is streaming,
Jesus, Jesus saves.
Jesus, Jesus saves.

4. Come with tears your sin confessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Seek and find the choicest blessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. Cho.

5. Hallelujah, saints are singing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. Cho.
1. Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the
2. Shall I be missed if another succeed me, Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may
3. Only the truth that in life I have spoken, Only the seed that on earth I have sown, These shall pass onward when
4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won, Then will his faithful and

Refrain.

earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what I have done. Only remembered, Only remembered, Only re-
pass from his labors, Only remembered by what he has done.
I am forgotten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.
weary disciples. All be remembered for what they have done.

membered by what I have done, Only remembered, Only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done.
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

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

Mrs. E. H. Gates.

S. J. Vail. Cop. 1870.
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS. Concluded.

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

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
  Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
  Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
  Catch the frown upon our brow!
Would the print of rosy fingers
  Vex us then as they do now! Cho.

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

SAVIOUR, LISTEN TO OUR PRAYER.

E. W. K.

1. Saviour, listen to our prayer, Poor and sinful though we are; Guilt-confessing, Give thy blessing. Grant us thy loving care.

CHORUS.

O God our Father, Christ our King, Now to thee our hearts we bring; Keep them ever, Blessed Saviour. Till in heaven thy love we

2. Strength is thine; we often stray
  From thy pure and holy way;
Wilt thou guide us, Walk beside us,
  Nearer every day? Cho.

3. Then may we, when life is o’er,
  Stand with thee on yonder shore;
Freed from sinning, Heaven winning,
1. Sow ye beside all waters, Where the dew of heaven may fall; Ye shall reap if ye be not weary, For the Spirit breathes o'er all. Sow, tho' the thorns may wound thee—One wore the thorns for thee, And tho' the cold world scorn thee, little seed may hide. Fear not, for some will flourish; And tho' the tares abound, Like willows by the waters.

Patient and hopeful be. Sow ye beside all waters, With a blessing and a prayer, Name Him whose hand up-Will scattered grain be found. Work, while the day-light lasteth, Ere the shades of night come on; Ere the Lord of the vineyard

3 Watch not the clouds above thee; Let the whirlwind round thee sweep; God may the seed-time give thee, But another's hand may reap. Have faith, tho' ne'er beholding The seed burst from its tomb;

Thou know'st not which may perish, Or what be spared to bloom. Room on the narrowest ridges The ripened grain will find, That the Lord of the harvest coming, In the harvest sheaves may bind.
GATHERING SEED.

1. Out in the highways, wher-ev-er you go, Seed we must gath-er, and seed we must sown;
2. Here, where it seems but a lone des-ert place, Wanting in beau-ty and writ-ing in grace,
3. Gath-er-ing seed we must scat-ter as well; God will watch o-ver the place where it fell;
4. That which we gath-er is that which we sow; Seed-time and har-vest al-ter-nate-ly flow;

E-ven the tin-i-est seed has a power, Be it of this-tle or be it of flower.
Some gen-tle crea-ture in ten-der-ness goes, Pluck-ing the net-tle and planting the rose.
On-ly the gain of the har-vest is ours; Shall we plant net-tles or shall we plant flowers?
When we have fin-ished with time ’twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

CHORUS.

God speed the little seed that on its mission goes, Making this wilder-ness blossom as the rose.
HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,—Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
2. If you cannot cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore, You can find the heathen nearer,
3. If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus,

Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich reward he offers free:
You can help them at your door; If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite,
You can say he died for all; If you fail to rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread alarms,

Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." And the least you do for Jesus, Will be precious in his sight,
You may lead the little children, To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying, "There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Find it after many days; Jesus' toiling sons and daughters,
2. Sow in faith, on God depending, Even in hardest, poorest soil; Patient care and labor spending,
3. Sow in faith, nor ever weary, Hoping on, and fainting not, Though the day be dark and dreary,

**Chorus.**

Loud shall sing their harvest praise. God's own children gladly singing, Singing songs of harvest home;
God will recompense the toil. Reaping soon shall be thy lot.

4. Soon shall cease the time of sowing, Soon the waiting days be o'er, Plenteous harvest richly growing, For God's glory, evermore.

Golden sheaves in triumph bringing, Jesus bids us welcome home.

5. Golden sheaves in triumph bringing, Jesus' reapers hasten home! Harvest welcome gladly singing, Jesus meets them as they come.
**FIRST HYMN.**

**Work.** 78 & 63.

1 Work, for the night is coming;
   Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
   Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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**SECOND HYMN.**

**Lenox.** H. M.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow—
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of jubilee, etc.

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**THIRD HYMN.**

**Missionary Hymn.** 78 & 63.

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

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

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

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**FOURTH HYMN.**

**Webb.** 78 & 63.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
   But let us not waver nor turn from the way,
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along. Cho.
OH, TARRY NOT, DEAR LORD.

1. Dear Redeemer, loving Saviour, Now behold us from thy dwelling-place;
   We are longing, we are pining, For the sweet refreshing of thy grace;
   We have gathered in thy most holy name, And thy blessing, in trusting faith we claim;

2. Thou hast heard us, thou hast blessed us; Once again thy blessing we implore;
   And we give thee all the glory, While thy tender mercy we adore;
   We are looking with ever earnest eyes, We are waiting to see the cloud arise;

3. May thy Spirit, now descending, Rest upon us like a gentle dove!
   Oh, revive us, oh, refresh us, Till our hearts shall burn with sacred love;
   Thou hast promised, and we thy word believe, That thy children shall their request receive;

D. S. We are praying, we are longing, Oh, tarry not, dear Lord, but come?
SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Rev. E. Adams.

J. M. Evans, by per.

1. "Land a-head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the living waters
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re-
3. There, let go the anchor, rid-ing On this calm and silv'ry bay; Sea-ward fast the tide is
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion. All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our sal-

CHORUS.

laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
rounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
glid-ing, Shores in sun-light stretch a-way.
va-tion, We are safe at home at last!

that e-ter-nal shore; Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!
REJOICE, REJOICE, BELIEVERS.

1. Re-joice, rejoice, be-lievers! And let your lights ap-pear; The shades of eve are thickening, And
dark-er night is near; The Bridegroom is ar-is-ing, And soon he will draw nigh: Up!
pray, and watch, and wres-tle! At midnight comes the cry.
meet him as he com-eth, With hal-le-lu-jahs clear.

2. See that your lamps are burning, Re-plenish them with oil; Look now for your sal-va-tion The
end of sin and toil. The watchers on the mountains Pro-claim the Bridegroom near, Go,
meet the an-gel choir. The marriage-feast is wait-ing, The gates wide o-pen stand; Up,

3. O wise and ho-ly vir-gins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your ju-bi-la-tions, Ye

4. Our Hope and our Expectation,
pray, and watch, and wres-tle! At midnight comes the cry.
meet him as he com-eth, With hal-le-lu-jahs clear.

O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts, and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee.
A STARLESS CROWN.

1. Oh, shall I wear a starless crown In yonder world of glory? Or will some little
   The wondrous story of the cross, The sufferings of the Saviour, Who died that he from
   A youthful army now we stand Our Captain's word is given, We'll onward move, his
   When ransomed hosts shall gather round The Lamb on Zion's mountain, Oh, there may we in

2. friend be found To whom I've told the story-
   world-ly dress Might win us to his favor. Oh, happy day! Oh, happy place!
   blest command Will guide us on to heaven.
   ranks be found, Beside the living fountain!

FULL CHORUS.

We soon shall meet together, Where Jesus stands with smiling face To crown us his forever.
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Miss PHOEBE CARY.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er—Nearer my parting hour am I,
2. Near-er my going home—Laying my burden down—Leaving my cross of heavy grief—

CHORUS.

Near-er than ever be-fore. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be—Near-er the
Wearing my star-ry crown.

3. Nearer the hidden stream,
   Winding through shades of night,
   Rolling its cold, dark waves between
   Me and the world of light. Cho.

throne where Je-sus reigns—Nearer the crys-tal sea.

4. Jesus! to thee I cling;
   Strengthen my arm of faith;
   Stay near me while my way-worn feet
   Press through the stream of death. Cho.
THE GATE OF PEARL.

1. There is a Gate of shining pearl, Beyond the silent river, And happy souls who
2. There is a land whose radiant sky With constant light is glowing; And all along its
3. To every soldier of the Cross, The prospect, oh, how cheering; There is a crown laid

Chorus.

enter there, Shall dwell with Christ forever. Amazing love! oh, can it be That gate is open
verdant shore, The tide of joy is flowing. Amazing love! oh, can it be A land so pure and
up for those Who wait our Lord's appearing. Amazing love! oh, can it be There is a crown laid

4. The blood of him who died for all—Oh, wondrous, wondrous story!
   His blood that cleanseth every sin,
   Secures that land of glory.
   Amazing love! oh, can it be
   His blood secures that land for me?
   For me, for me?
   Secures that land for me?

now for me? For me, for me? Stands open now for me?
bright for me? For me, for me? So pure and bright for me?
up for me? For me, for me? A crown laid up for me?
THE OTHER SIDE.

S. L. CUTHBERT.

1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shining beam Across from yonder shore, Across from yonder shore;

2. The other side! ah, there's the place Where saints in joy past times retrace, And think of trials gone, And think of trials gone; The visions of a holy throng, And sound of harp and seraphs song Seem gently wafted o'er, Seem gently wafted o'er, vail withdrawn, they clearly see That all on earth had need to be, To bring them safely home, To bring them safely home.

CHORUS.

O ZION! CIT-Y FAIR! O ZION! CIT-Y FAIR! The other side, the other side, When shall we meet our loved ones there?

3 The other side! oh, charming sight! Upon its banks, arrayed in white, ||: For me a loved one waits; ||: Over the stream he calls to me, Fear not—I am thy guide to be ||: Up to the pearly gates. || Cho.

4 The other side! the other side! Who would not brave the swelling tide ||: Of earthly toil and care, ||: To wake one day, when life is past, Over the stream, at home at last, ||: With all the blest ones there? || Cho.
BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reap ing, I shall be soon.

2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dread ing, I shall be soon.

3. Beyond the part ing and the meeting, I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon.

4. Beyond the frost chain and the fever, I shall be soon; Beyond the rock waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon.

Refrain.

Love, rest and home! Sweet home, sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come, Lord, tarry not, but come.
FIRST HYMN.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

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

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
    There is rest for the weary,
    There is rest for you.

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

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
    Which eternally shall stand,
    For my stay shall not be transient
    In that holy, happy land. Cho.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
    Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
    But in that celestial centre,
    I a crown of life shall wear. Cho.

SECOND HYMN.

SHALL WE GATHER.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
    Where bright angels have trod;
    With its crystal tide forever
    Flowing by the throne of God?

3 There at my Saviour's side,
    Heaven is my home,
    I shall be glorified,
    Heaven is my home.

There are the good and blest,
    Those I love most and best,
    There, too, I soon shall rest,
    Heaven is my home.

FOURTH HYMN.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1 There is a happy land,
    Far, far away,
    Where saints in glory stand,
    Bright, bright as day.
    Oh, how they sweetly sing,
    Worthy is our Saviour King,
    Loud let his praises ring,
    Praise, praise for aye.

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

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

THIRD HYMN.

1 I'm but a stranger here,
    Heaven is my home;
    Earth is a desert drear,
    Heaven is my home.

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

2 What though the tempest rage,
    Heaven is my home;
    Short is my pilgrimage,
    Heaven is my home.

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

3 Oh, then to glory we rise,
    Be a crown and kingdom won;
    And, bright above the sun,
    We reign for aye.
1. When my soul within Sorrowed with its sin, Jesus swept the shades away;
2. And when oft oppressed, Wandering from my rest, Who was quick to see my grief?
3. Now when every task Tries the faith I ask, Who beside me comes to stand?
4. And when failing breath Tells the hour of death, Who will be my spirit's stay?

Christ, the Lord divine, Gave his life for mine, Turned my darkness into day.
Jesus, from above, Shed his helpful love, Came to bring me sweet relief.
Jesus, blessed Lord, Speaks the cheering word, Takes me by the trembling hand.
Jesus then will be Near to welcome me, At the shining gates of day!
D. S. His the joys untold, His the streets of gold,—Jesus is the Lord I love.

Chorus.
Jesus then I know! His the name below,—His the name to sing above;
JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

1. Jeru-sa-lem the gold-en! With milk and honey blest; Beneath thy con-templa-tion Sink heart and voice op-press. I know not, oh! I know not What joys a-wait me there; What ra-dian-ey of glo-ry, What bliss be-yond com-pare. shout of them that tri-umph, The song of them that feast. royal land of flow-ers! Oh, realms and home of life!

2. They stand, those halls of Zi-on, All ju-bilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the mar-tyr throng. There is the throne of Da-vid, And there from toil re-leased, The oh, land that seest no sor-row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife! Oh,

3. And they, who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight; For ev-er and for ev-er, Are Oh, sweet and blessed country! The home of God's elect! Oh, sweet and blessed country, That eager nearis expect! Jesus, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Father And Spirit, ever blest.
1. Time, thou speedest on but slowly, Hours, how tardy is your pace! Ere with him, the High and Holy,
2. Onward, then, not long I wander Ere my Saviour comes for me, And with him abiding yonder,

I hold converse face to face. Here is naught but care and mourning; Comes a joy, it will not stay; All his glory I shall see. Oh, the music and the singing Of the host redeemed by love!

Fairly shines the sun at dawning, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day. Oh, the hallelujahs ringing Through the halls of light above! Through the halls of light above!
WHEN JESUS COMES.

From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes; We watch and wait and wonder, Till Jesus comes.
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For him my soul be yearning, When Jesus comes.
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and gladness, When Jesus comes.
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Jesus comes; All gloom his face will banish, When Jesus comes.
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Jesus comes; He'll know the feet grew weary, When Jesus comes.
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how his arms will rest me! When Jesus comes.

Chorus.

All joy his loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes: All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes,

All beauty bright and vernal, When Jesus comes; All glory, grand, eternal, When Jesus comes.
THE NEW SONG.

From "Gospel Hymns."

By per. of John Church & Co.

1. With harps and with viols, there stand a great throng In the presence of Jesus, and

2. All these once were sinners, defiled in his sight, Now arrayed in pure garments in

Chorus.

sing this new song:—Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from sin, Unto praise they unite.

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing. Cho.

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If he never had loved us till cleansed from our sin. Cho.

5 Aloud in his praises, our voices shall ring,
So that others, believing, this new song shall sing Cho.

Rev. A. T. Parkson, D. D.
ONWARD TO OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.  

1. This is not my place of resting, There's a city yet to come; Onward to it I am
2. In it all is light and glory; O'er it shines a nightless day; Every trace of sin's sad
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, lead us, By the streams of life along; In the freshest pasture
4. Soon we pass this desert dreary, Soon we bid farewell to pain; Never more then, sad or

Chorus:

hastening, On to my eternal home. Farewell, then, all earthly treasures, Farewell,
sto-ry, All the curse, hath passed away.
feeds us, Turns our sighing into song.
wea-ry, Never, never sin again.

all its empty pleasures; Onward, onward, we are passing, Onward to our heavenly home.
EARTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR.

1. Earth has nothing sweet or fair, Love-ly forms or beauties rare, But be-fore my eyes they bring
2. When the day-beams pierce the night, Oft I think on Je-sus' light,—Think,—how bright that light will be,

Cho.—Earth has nothing sweet or fair Love-ly forms or beauties rare, But be-fore my eyes they bring

FINE.

Christ, of beau-ty Source and Spring. When the morning paints the skies, When the golden sun-beams rise,
Shin-ing through e-ter-ni-ty. When, as moonlight softly steals, Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Christ, of beau-ty Source and Spring.

D. C. Chorus.

3 When I see, in spring-tide gay, Fields their varied tints display, Wakes the thrilling thought in me,— What must their Creator be?
Then my Saviour's form I find Brightly im-aged on my mind. Lord of all that's fair to see! Then I think;—who made their light Is a thousand times more bright.
Let me, mid thy radiant light, Come, reveal thyself to me; See thine unveiled glories bright. Cho.
1. The sands of time are wasting, The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for, The
fair, sweet morn awakes, Oh, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glory, glory,
dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, Where glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.

2. Oh! Christ he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted, More
deep I'll drink above, There to an ocean fulness His mercy doth expand, And glory, glory
to his house divine, Up on the Rock of Ages, My soul redeemed shall stand, Where glory, glory

dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell-eth In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwell-eth In Immanuel's land.

3. Oh! I am my Beloved's, And my Beloved's mine,
He brings a poor vile sinner, In-

JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

1. Just a-cross the riv-er, On the gold-en shore, Where the crystal sunlight Beams for ev-er more.
2. Hark! the sound, of voices, 'Tis the ech-o sweet, Of the children singing At the Saviour's feet;
3. Je-sus loves the children, Who his praises sing; Though they wear the earth-robe, He is still their King:

DUST.

Mid the heav'nly bowers, 'Mid the fadeless bloom, Dwell the happy children, In their blissful home.
'Tis the glorious anthem,—Rising ev-er more, Of the love that brought them To that golden shore.
He will gently guide them, Till the night is o'er; Then they'll join the chorus On the gold-en shore.

CHORUS.

Would you cross the riv-er, To the gold-en shore, Give your heart to Je-sus, He will guide you o'er.
THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

Fanny Croggy.

Wm. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1872.

1. Life has many a pleasant hour, Many a bright and cloudless day; Singing

2. Earth has many a cool retreat, Many a spot to memory dear; Oft we

bird and smiling flower, Scatter sunbeams on our way; But the sweetest blossoms
find our weary feet Ling’ring by some fountain clear; Yet the purest waters

3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Here the fairest things decay;
There, are pleasures ever new.
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian’s promised land;
There is everlasting day;
There a Saviour’s loving hand
Wipes the mourner’s tears away;
Oh! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go.
NEARER THE CROSS.

1. Nearer the cross, my heart can say, I'm coming nearer, Nearer the cross from day to day.
2. Nearer the Christian's mercy-seat, I'm coming nearer, Feasting my soul on manna sweet.
3. Nearer in prayer my hope aspires, I'm coming nearer; Deeper the love my soul desires,

I'm coming nearer; Near-er the cross where Jesus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide,
I'm coming nearer; Stronger in faith more clear I see Jesus who gave himself for me,
I'm coming nearer; Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share,

Near-er my Saviour's wounded side, I'm coming nearer, I'm coming nearer,
Near-er to him I still would be, Still coming nearer, Still coming nearer.
Near-er the crown I soon shall wear, I'm coming nearer, I'm coming nearer.
IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

Miss C. Armstrong.

1. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! In that land of won-der, Where the an-gel voices mingle, and the
2. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of looking to the east, to see the
3. Oh, to be o-ver yon-der! A-las! I sigh and wonder Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to

an-gel harpers ring; To be free from pain and sorrow, And the anxious, dread to-morrow, To
blessed day-star bring Some tidings of the waking, The cloudless, pure day breaking; My
an-y earthly thing; Each tie of earth must sev-er, And pass a-way for ev-er; But there's

rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King. heart is yearning—yearning for the com-ing of the King. no more sep-a-ra-tion in the presence of the King.

4.

Oh, when shall I be yon-der? The longing growth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.
OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

J. M. EVANS, by per.

1. Over the river I'm going, Beyond where the pearly gates stand; Over the cold icy
   billows, To live in a fair sunny land; My Father has built me a mansion, More precious than silver and
   cold, Yes, over the river I'm going, To where there are pleasures untold.

2. Over the river I'm going, To meet, in the land of the blest, Loved ones, who long have been
   waiting, To welcome me home to my rest; The world with its pleasures no longer My spirit in bondage can
   hold, For over the river I'm going, To where there are pleasures untold.

3. Over the river I'm going, Oh, seek not to draw me aside; See! the bright angels are
   welcome me With harps and crowns of gold; Yes! over the river I'm going, To where there are pleasures untold.

Refrain.

gold, Yes, over the river I'm going, To where there are pleasures untold. The angels there will
FIRST HYMN.

REST. L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomous sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

SECOND HYMN.

FREDERICK. L.M.

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!

3 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

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.

FOURTH HYMN.

WHITE ROBES.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Singing one triumphant song?

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes,—
White robes are waiting for me!
Yes, clean robes, white robes,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.

3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
THE GATES AJAR.

1. There's a home of joy un-fading, Let us seek it, 'tis not far; There's a Saviour's love unchanging
   Just within the gates ajar. Enter in, and share his glory, Loving arms will fold us there,
   We'll behold the heavenly mansions Just within the gates ajar. Hark! hark! the music softly, softly
   Stealing from the angel choir afar; They are singing, sweetly, sweetly singing. Enter in the gates ajar.

Chorus. Hark! the music softly, softly

G. S. W.

Geo. S. Weeks. Cop. 1875.
THE GATES AJAR. Concluded.

2 'Tis a loving Saviour calls us,  
   Bids us all his glories share;  
Crowns of life he'll surely give us  
   When within the gates ajar.

Look to Jesus, trust his mercy,  
   Look to him by faith and prayer,  
Live for Jesus, precious Saviour,  
   Opening wide the gates ajar. Cho.

3 No more weeping, no more sadness,  
   No more strife nor anxious care;  
List, the heavenly songs of gladness  
   Stealing through the gates ajar.

No more longings, no more pining,  
   Wing their way through midnight air,  
Hark! the voice of mercy calling  
   Thro' the heavenly gates ajar. Cho.

4 Soon we'll reach the heavenly portals,  
   Angel bands will hail us there,  
Then we'll catch the stratus immortal  
   Bursting through the gates ajar.

Saviour, give us hearts to love thee,  
   Guide us to that land not far;  
Thro' the shade of death's dark valley  
   May we see the gates ajar. Cho.

JESUS WILL COME.

1. How bright that blessed hope! Jesus will come! Let us our heads lift up, Jesus will come!
2. Him ev'ry eye shall see, Jesus will come! Bright will the glory be, Jesus will come!
3. Full of this blessed hope! Jesus will come! Let us the cross take up, Jesus will come!

Morning so bright and clear, Mansions of God appear, Sin shall not enter there, Jesus will come!  
Soon shall the trumpet speak, Each sleeping saint awake, And the glad morning break, Jesus will come!  
Happy, reproach to bear, Shame, for his sake, to share, Since we our crown shall wear, Jesus will come!
FIRST HYMN.
AROUND THE THRONE.

1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
   Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven;
   A holy, happy band.
Ref.—Sing out glory, glory,
   Glory be to God on high.

2 What brought them to that world above?
   That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
   How came those children there? Ref.

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

SECOND HYMN.
NEWPORT. 7s & 6s.

1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
   While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
   The sinner’s only friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
   Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
   Exulting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
   Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
   Triumphant o’er the grave;

THIRD HYMN.
NO SORROW THERE.

1 Forever with the Lord!
   Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
   Tis immortality.

CHORUS.

There’ll be no sorrow there,
   There’ll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
   There’ll be no sorrow there.

2 Here in the body pent,
   Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
   A day’s march nearer home. Cho.

3 My Father’s house on high,
   Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith’s foreseeing eye,
   The golden gates appear! Cho.

FOURTH HYMN.
IOWA. S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
   A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
   And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
   My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
   To do my Master’s will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
   As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
   A strict account to give.

FIFTH HYMN.
SWEET STORY.

1 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
   When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold—
   I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed upon my head,
   That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
   “Let the little ones come unto me.”
AROUND THE HEARTH.

1. Whatever be our earthly lot, Wherever we may roam,
   Still to our hearts the brightest spot Is round the hearth at home; The home of
2. And when some little trouble weighed Up-on the childish heart,
   Till from our brimming eyes it made The gushing tear-drops start; How quick,
3. And brighter with the passing years Seems childhood's sweet employ,
   And even sweeter still app Each well-remembered joy; Around

   ev'n so lowly birth, The hearth by which we sat. No other spot on all the earth Will ev'er be like that.
   fore the genial glow, We felt each sorrow cease, And back the crystal current flow, To flood our hearts with peace.
   cheerful hearth at home, Where we in childhood sat, No other spot, where'er we roam, Will ev'er be like that.

SECOND HYMN.

Rev. P. A. Hanaford.

1. "Come unto me, earth's weary ones!
   The Saviour saith to-day;
   "Come, ye that, heavy-laden, sigh,
   Your burdens cast away!
   Come, in the sultry heat of noon,
   And I will give you rest;
   Come, weary pilgrim, hither come,
   And be forever blest!"

2. Lord Jesus! now thy voice we hear,
   No longer we delay!
   From earthly hopes and vain desires,
   Our spirits turn away.
   Thy voice, O Teacher, most divine!
   With gentle tones so sweet,
   Comes o'er us midst the din of earth,
   And stays our wandering feet.

3. Rest, rest in thee! my spirit longs
   For calm and sweet repose;
   To have my soul a tranquil lake
   Whereon faith's lily grows.
   I claim thy promise, gracious Lord!
   Thy love to comfort me,
   Repeating, hoping, loving now,
   O Christ! I come to thee.
1. Growing to-geth-er, wheat and tares, Clus-ter-ing thick and green, Fanned by the gen-tle summer airs,

Under one sky se- rene, O- ver them both the sunlight falls, O- ver them both the rain, Till the

angels come, when the Master calls, To gath-er the gold-en grain. Je-sus, oh, grant when thine angels

come, To reap the fields for thee, We may be gathered safe-ly home, Where thy precious wheat shall be.
WHEAT AND TARES. Concluded.

2 Growing together, side by side,
Both shall the reaper meet,
Tares aloft in their scornful pride,
Bowing heads of the wheat.
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain,
The sickle sharp shall fly,
And the precious wheat, the abundant grain,
Shall be harvested in the sky. Cho.

3 But for the tares, for them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast;
Bind and burn, said the blessed Lord,
They shall leave the wheat at last.
Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat. Cho.

4 Where shall the reapers look for us,
When that day of days shall come?
Solemn the thought, with grandeur fraught,
Of that wonderful harvest home.
None but the wheat shall be gathered in,
By the Master's own command,
For the tares alone, the doom of sin,
And the flame in the Judge's hand. Cho.

I NEED THEE, O MY GOD.

Wm. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1874.

1. I need thee, O my God, Thy all-sustaining power; I need thy cleansing blood To save me every hour.
2. I need thy Spirit, Lord, My comfort day by day, To guide my steps aright And warn me when I stray.
3. I need the sheltering Rock, Where, from the noon-tide heat, My soul may rest awhile Beneath its calm retreat.
4. I'm waiting at the cross; My faith takes hold on thee; In grief, in joy, or pain, O Lord, abide with me!

Chorus.

O Saviour! now behold me; Let thine arms enfold me; While at the cross I'm kneeling Oh, come, and bless me now!
I'M NEARER MY HOME TO-DAY.

Rev. George Gill.

1. There are mansions in the skies, I'm nearer my home to-day! To that bright and holy land,
   Thither my affections rise,
   Now with joyous strain I sing!

2. Death shall lose its power to sting,
   To my Father's house I haste,
   Purer joys I there shall taste,
   Where the ransomed rest at home,
   Where nor pain, nor sorrows come,

3. I with faith pursue my way, Led and kept by God's right hand, I'm nearer my home to-day.
   Earthly joys all fade away,
   Now I deem my sorrows light, I'm nearer my home to-day.
   Then my tears he'll wipe away;
   In his love my soul shall live, I'm nearer my home to-day.
   Spend the long eternal day,
   Praising Christ in endless song! I'm nearer my home to-day.

4. Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day; Nearer my home, Nearer my home, I'm nearer my home to-day.
1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, So weary, faint and sore; Waiting for the dawning, The opening of the door; I'm waiting till the Master Shall bid me rise and come To his all glorious presence, The gladness of his home. Kneeling at the threshold, Weary faint and sore; Kneeling at the threshold, My hand is on the door. Kneeling at the threshold, My hand is on the door.

2. A weary path I've traveled, 'Mid darkness storm and strife; Bearing many a burden, And struggling for my life; But now the morn is breaking, My toil will soon be o'er; I'm that far, sinless land, Oh, would that I were with them, Amid their shining throng, And

3. Methinks I hear the voices, Of loved ones as they stand, Singing in the sunshine, In

4. With them the blessed angels, That know no grief or sin; See them by the portals, Prepared to let me in! O Lord, I wait thy pleasure, Thy time and way are best; But I'm all worn and weary, O Father, bid me rest! Cho.
FIRST HYMN.

BEYOND THE TIDE.

1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Spread your sails while heavenly
Gently waft our vessel on; [breezes
All on board are sweetly singing—
Sweet salvation is the song.

SECOND HYMN.

DOYLANSTER. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares. [one—

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

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

THIRD HYMN.

RING THE BELLS.

1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wand'ring child.

CHORUS.
Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harp is ring;
'Tis the ransomed army like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

FOURTH HYMN.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

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 Our father's 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.
FIRST HYMN.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

1 Come, children, and join in our festival song,
The New Year has come, and the old year has gone;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise,
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

CHORUS.
Happy New Year to all! happy New Year to all!
Happy New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year to all!

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray. Cho.

3 And if, ere this New Year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well. Cho.

SECOND HYMN.

BENEVENTO.

1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state.
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait.
But how little none can know.

2 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

THIRD HYMN.

SHINING SHORE.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as the fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.

REFRAIN.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
ALL GLORY, PRAISE, AND HONOR.

1. All glory, praise, and honor To thee, Redeemer, King! To whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ring. Thou art the King of Israel, Thou, David’s royal Son, Who
   2. The company of angels Are praising thee on high, And mortal men, and all things Cre-
   ated, make reply. The people of the Hebrews With palms before thee went; Our
   in the Lord’s name comest, The King and Blessed One. praise, and prayer, and anthems, Before thee we present.

3 To thee, before thy passion, They sang their hymns of praise; To thee, now high exalted, Our melody we raise.
   Thou didst accept their praises, Accept the prayers we bring, Who in all good delightest, Thou good and gracious King!
PRAISE YE JEHOVAH.

1. Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy, Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak; Praise him who will with glory crown the lowly, [Omit ......................]

2. Praise ye the Lord for all his loving kindness, And all the tender mercies he hath shown: Praise him who pardons all our sin and blindness, [Omit! ......................]

2d time. SEMI-CHORUS.

And with salvation beauty the meek. Praise him for his constant care, His ever-present love; And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.

CHORUS.

Praise him, for he hears our prayer, And answers from above. Praise God the Father, Praise the ever blessed Son,

3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of every blessing, Before his gifts earth's richest gifts are dim: Resting in him, his peace and love possessing, All things are ours, for we have all in him.

Praise God the Spirit, Praise the Three in One.

4 Praise ye the Lord! God the Lord, who gave us, With full and perfect love, his only Son; Praise ye the Son, who died himself to save us, Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One.
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CALVARY SONGS.

A New Hymn and Tune Book for the Family and the Sunday-School, prepared by Rev.
CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D.D., and THEODORE E. PERKINS, and published by the
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

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