

**WINE'S**  
**REFRESHING**  
**SHOWERS**

REFRESHING SHOWERS  
OF GRACE DIVINE  
FROM JESUS FLOWS TO EVERY ONE  
WHICH MAKES THE DEAD  
REVIVE.

New York: C. M. TREMAINE, 481 Broadway.

SCA  
1877

49949



32,650

# Evans's Refreshing Showers

A NEW REVIVAL

## HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,

Containing nearly 300 Hymns and Tunes principally used by  
WHITFIELD, WESLEY, KNAPP, NETTLETON, FINNEY, EARL,  
and other Evangelists, in their Revival Meetings.

ALSO, ADAPTED TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS.

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### COMPILED BY HORACE WATERS,

Author of ATHENÆUM COLLECTION, CHORAL HARP, DAY SCHOOL BELL, CHRISTIAN MELODIST, S. S. BELL, No's 1 & 2, etc.  
One Million Forty One Thousand copies of the BELL have already been issued.

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NEW YORK:

Published by C. M. TREMAINE, No. 481 Broadway.

## INTRODUCTION.

The Compiler of "Zion's REFRESHING SHOWERS," having witnessed the power of the old hymns and tunes, in awakening the Church and the conversion of sinners in the great revival meetings held in Boston and other cities and towns in New England from 1830 to 1842, has selected a large number of these old hymns and tunes used at that time, and which have been used by WHITFIELD, WESLEY, KNAPP, NETTLETON, FINNEY, EARL, HAMMOND, POTTER, and other Evangelists in their revival meetings. There is in this work a large number of our best modern hymns and tunes now in use in the Church and Sunday School; also, a few secular melodies that have so long been sung with sacred words, that they have to a great extent lost their secular associations. The hymns applied to these tunes are of the most solemn character, and calculated to awaken the purest and holiest feelings of the soul. Some objections have been made to the use of secular melodies for sacred purposes. In answer we have only to point to that beautiful hymn, "I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL" which has been the means of the conversion of thousands of children, the music of which was for years one of our most popular ballads. The same could be said of many of the sweetest melodies now in use in our Churches and Sunday Schools, and are considered as sacred as Old Hundred or Dundee. There should be more singing in our prayer-meetings, and this little work is offered at a very low price, so that all may sing. It is the duty of the Church to sing: a duty which she can no more perform by proxy, than she can pray, repent, or believe by proxy. The prayer of the Compiler is, that this Book may be the means of the salvation of thousands of souls. We copy the following from the NEW YORK CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER:

A NEW BOOK OF OLD TUNES.—Mr. Horace Waters has just issued a new book of music for the use of prayer-meetings, revival gatherings, and Sabbath-Schools. The ruling idea in its compilation has been to select *old tunes* which have been in use among all denominations, and which have been familiarized to the devout feelings of eminent and devout Christians in all lands. The growing popular discontent under the inflictions of a multitude of new-fangled tunes that have been forced into partial use is in itself a proof that a work of the kind here mentioned will be sought after with avidity.

Having devoted some time to an examination of this *new-old tune-book*, and having heard many of its delightful hymns sung, we feel justified in calling especial attention to it, knowing how gladly many will receive it as a timely friend, whose coming has been long desired. The work will bear the title of ZION'S REFRESHING SHOWERS, and will contain tunes and hymns used by NETTLETON, WHITFIELD, WESLEY, KNAPP, FINNEY, EARL, HAMMOND, POTTER, and by many conductors of Sabbath-School singing. The prayer of the poet

—"*Sing me again old songs, The precious music of the heart,*"

shared as it is by thousands, is answered in this compilation of hymns and tunes, some of which for centuries have vocalized the faith of the Church, while others, more modern, have been approved by a well-nigh universal experience of their fitness to raise and express the emotions of pious souls,

# Zion's Refreshing Showers

## THE HEAVENWARD TRAVELER.

Music by BILLINGS. Arr. by Prof. A. CULL.

*Andante.*

1. I'm a lonely traveler here, Weary, oppressed, But my journey's end is near—Soon shall I rest!

Dark and dreary is the way, Toiling I've come; Ask me not with you to stay, Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary traveler here, I must go on,  
For my journey's end is near, I must be gone.  
Brighter joys than earth can give, Win me away;  
Pleasures that for ever live—I can not stay.

3 I'm a traveler to a land Where all is fair,  
Where is seen no broken band—All, all are there.  
Where no tear shall ever fall, Nor hearts be sad;  
Where the glory is for all, And all are glad

4 I'm a traveler, and I go Where all is fair;  
Farewell, all I've loved below—I must be there.  
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain, All I resign;  
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain, If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveler—call me not—Upward's my way;  
Yonder is my rest and lot; I can not stay.  
Farewell, earthly pleasures all, Pilgrim I'll roam;  
Hail me not—in vain you call, Yonder's my home.

## COME, SINNERS, TO THE GOSPEL FEAST.

CARTWRIGHT. L. M.

Arr. by S. J. VAII.

Cho.—O, come, and go a - long with me, A - long with me, A - long with me; O, come, and go a -

long with me, A - way un - to the promised land.

D. C.

4 My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live:  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.  
*Cho.*—O come, &c.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious bleeding sacrifice:  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.  
*Cho.*—O come, &c.

## TUNE—SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

1 There'll be something in heaven for children to do,  
None are idle in that blessed land.  
There'll be loves for the heart, there'll thoughts for the  
mind,  
And employment for each little hand:

## CHORUS.

There'll be something to do; there'll be something to do;  
There'll be something for children to do.  
On the bright shining shore, where there's joy evermore,  
There'll be something for children to do.

2 There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,  
As they wander the green meadows o'er;  
And they'll have for their teachers in that blest abode,  
All the good that have gone there before.  
There'll be something to do, &c.

3 There'll be errands of love from the mansions above,  
To the dear ones that linger below;  
And it may be our Father the children will send,  
To be angels of mercy in woe.  
There'll be something, &c.

# THE JUDGMENT HYMN. C. M.

5

Music by C.

Arranged by A. CULL.

1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer, in that day, For ev - ery vain and

## CHORUS.

i - die tho't, And ev - ery word I say? The judgment day is rolling round, The judgment day is

roll - ing round, The judgment day is roll - ing round, Pre - pare to meet thy God.

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done. CHO.
- 3 How careful, then, ought I to live;  
With what religious fear;  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here! CHO.

- 4 Thou mighty Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
In all I speak or do. CHO.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,  
Oh, let me feel thee near,  
And make my peace with thee, before  
I at thy Bar appear. CHO.



1. Jesus, full of all compassion, Hear thine humble suppliant's cry; Let me know thy great salvation;  
D. S. Prostrate at thy feet repenting—



See! I languish, faint and die. Guilty, but with heart relenting, O-verwhelmed with helpless grief,  
Send, oh, send me quick relief!



2 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives?  
Whither, from the dead or dying,  
But to him who ever lives?  
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
Breathless, on the cursed tree,  
Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
Thou didst suffer thus for me.

TAKE ME, O, MY FATHER.

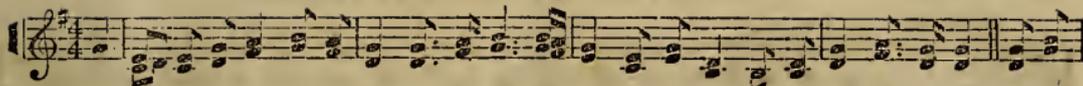
1 Take me, O, my Father, take me!  
Take me, save me, through thy Son;  
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,  
Let thy will in me be done,  
Long from thee my footsteps straying,  
Thorny proved the way I trod;  
Weary come I now, and praying—  
Take me to thy love, my God!  
2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,  
Humbly I confess my sin;  
At thy feet, O Father, falling,  
To thy household take me in.

3 In the world of endless ruin,  
Let it never, Lord, be said,  
"Here's a soul that perished, suing  
For the Saviour's boasted aid!"  
Saved!—the deed shall spread new glory  
Through the shining realms above:  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptured with thy love.

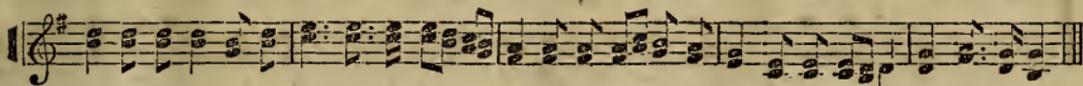
Freely now to thee I proffer  
This relenting heart of mine;  
Freely life and soul I offer—  
Gift unworthy love like thine.  
3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,  
Bare our sins upon the tree;  
On that sacrifice relying,  
Now I look in hope to thee;  
Father, take me! all forgiving  
Fold me to thy loving breast;  
In thy love forever living,  
I must be forever blest!

## BOWER OF PRAYER.

ARRANGED. 7



1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And go from my home it affects not my heart, Like the  
2. Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread, And woven their branches a roof o'er my head; How oft



thought of absenting myself for a day, From that blessed retreat where I've chosen to pray, I've chosen to pray.  
have I knelt on the ev - er-green there, And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer, Saviour in prayer.

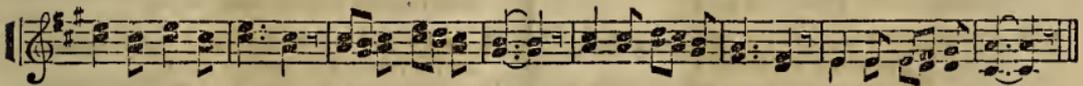
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|---|--|
| <p>3 The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale,<br/>That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell<br/>To call me to duty, while birds in the air<br/>Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.</p> <p>4 'Twas under the covert of that pleasant grove,<br/>That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;<br/>Presented himself as the only true way<br/>Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray.</p> | <p>5 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed with the<br/>The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine! [pine,<br/>But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were<br/>The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.</p> <p>6 For Jesus my Saviour oft deigned to meet,<br/>And bless with his presence my humble retreat;<br/>Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there<br/>Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer.</p> |
|---|--|

## CALVARY'S MOUNTAIN.

ARRANGED.



1. Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high?



O, thou heir of heaven, Think of Jesus' love! While to thee is giv - en, All his grace to prove.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 Is thy burdened spirit<br/>Agonized for sin?<br/>Think of Jesus' merit,<br/>He can make thee clean:<br/>Think of Calvary's mountain,<br/>Where his blood was spilt,</p> | <p>In that precious fountain<br/>Wash away thy guilt.</p> <p>3 Is thy spirit drooping?<br/>Is the tempter near?<br/>Still in Jesus hoping,</p> | <p>What hast thou to fear?<br/>Set the prize before thee,<br/>Gird thine armor on,<br/>Heir of grace and glory<br/>Struggle for thy crown.</p> |
|--|--|--|

## O THOU, IN WHOSE PRESENCE.

BELOVED. 11s &amp; 8s.

1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes de-light, On whom, in af-flic-tion, I call ;

My com-fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,<br/>To feed in the pasture of love?<br/>For why in the valley of death should I weep,<br/>Or alone in the wilderness rove?</p> <p>3 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,<br/>Or cry in the desert for bread?<br/>Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,<br/>And smile at the tears I have shed.</p> <p>4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen<br/>The star that on Israel shone?<br/>Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,<br/>And where with his flock he has gone?</p> | <p>5 Love sits in His eyelids, and scatters delight<br/>Through all the bright mansions on high!<br/>Their faces the cherubims veil in His sight,<br/>And tremble with fullness of joy.</p> <p>6 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,<br/>And myriads wait for his word;<br/>He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,<br/>Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.</p> <p>7 Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow Thy call;<br/>I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;<br/>Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all,<br/>And in Thee I will ever rejoice.</p> |
|---|--|

# WE'RE GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE.

9

D. C. CHORUS.



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

2. The ways of God are ways of bliss, And all his paths are happiness, Then weary souls your sighs give o'er. We're going home to die no more.

3. There is a land beyond the sky Where happy spirits never sigh, Then, erring souls, your sins deplore. And sing of where we'll die no more.

4. Come, sinners, come, O, come along, And join our happy pilgrim throng; Farewell, vain world, and all your store, We're going home to die  
 no more.

## COME TO JESUS.



1. Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now,

2 He will save you, just now, &c.

3 O believe him, just now, &c.

4 He is able.

5 He is willing.

6 He'll receive you.

7 Call upon him.

8 He will hear you.

9 Look unto him.

10 He'll forgive you.

11 He will cleanse you.

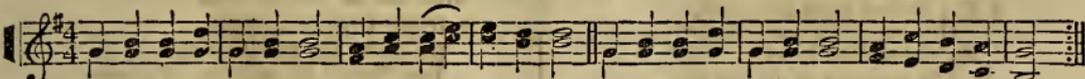
12 He will clothe you.

13 Jesus loves you.

14 Don't reject him

15 Only trust him.

## LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT. Arranged by CULL.



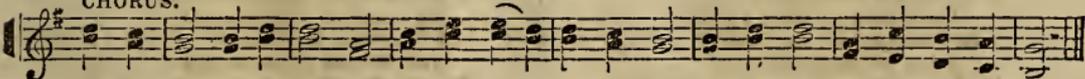
1 'Tis religion that can give—In the light, in the light: Sweetest pleasure while we live—In the light of God.

'Tis religion must supply— In the light, in the light: Solid comfort when we die—In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be—In the light, in the light: Lasting as e-ter-ni-ty— In the light of God.

Be the living God my Friend—In the light, in the light: Then my bliss shall never end—In the light of God.

CHORUS.



Let us walk in the light, Walk in the light: Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

## ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE. H. M.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake of thy guilt-y fears; The bleed-ing sac-ri - fice In my be - half ap -  
2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter - cede His all re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to

pleas; Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.  
plead; His blood a - toned for all our race. And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me:—  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son:  
His spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;  
His pard'ning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

## HE GENTLY LEADS ME. H. M.

1 My Shepherd's name is Love—  
Jehovah, God above;  
Where tender herbage grows,  
— And peaceful water flows,  
He gently leads, He kindly feeds,  
And lulls me then to sweet repose.

2 If e'er I heedless stray,  
He shows my feet the way;  
Yea, though through dreary glades,  
I walk in dismal shades,  
No harm I fear, for Thou art near,  
Thy faithful staff my progress aids.

3 When raging foes surround,  
My comforts still abound;  
I breathe a fragrant air,  
— And feed on sweetest fare;  
Thus in Thy fold, when worn and old,  
I'll dwell secure beneath Thy care.

# SAVE, O JESUS SAVE!

11

Melody by S. C. FOSTER.

Arranged by Mrs. PARKHURST.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged be-

CHORUS.

neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Save, save O Je - sus save, Save a poor sinner while

crying, Save, save O Je - sus save, Save a poor sin - ner from dy - ing.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.  
CHO. Save, &c.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.  
CHO. Save, &c.

4 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.  
CHO. Save, &c.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
While this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave.  
CHO. Save, &c.

CHORUS.

1. (Of Him who did, sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing,  
A - rise, ye nee - dy,—he'll re - lieve; A - rise, ye guil - ty,—he'll forgive.) Oh, whose like

Je - sus, He died on the tree. He died for you, and He died for me, He

died to set poor sin - ners free, Oh, whose like Je - sus, He died on the tree.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus thy balm will make it whole. *Cho.*

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood;  
He closed his eyes to show us God:  
Let all the world, fall down and know,  
That none but God such love can show. *Cho.*

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan;  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love. *Cho.*

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;  
I drink, and yet am ever dry:  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves, can love enough? *Cho.*

## TUNE—WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above,  
And from that flowing fountain  
Drink everlasting love?  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus,  
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 Through grace, I am determined  
To conquer, though I die,  
And then away to Jesus,  
On wings of love to fly:  
Farewell to sin and sorrow—  
I bid you all adieu;  
And, O, my friends, prove faithful  
And on your way pursue.
- 3 And if you meet with troubles  
And trials on your way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray;  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith, and hope, and love;  
Then when the combat's ended,  
He'll carry you above.

## TUNE—BOYLSTON. S. M.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul;  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

## TUNE—WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s.

- 1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears.  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us  
In many a gentle shower;  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour;  
Each cry to heaven going  
Abundant answer brings;  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—  
A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

## TUNE—ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

- 1 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,

- Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TUNE—JESUS, I MY CROSS  
HAVE TAKEN.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.  
When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 2 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds new lustre to the day. [ure,  
Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-  
By the cross are sanctified; [ure,  
Peace is there that knows no meas-  
Joys that through all time abide,

1. The Lord in - to his garden comes, The spices yield their rich perfumes, The li - lies grow and thrive;  
D. S. Which make the dead re - vive;  
2. O that this dry and barren ground In springs of water may abound, A fruitful soil be - come:  
D. S. And makes his people one:

**FINE.**

The lilies grow and thrive; Re - freshing show'rs of grace divine From Jesus flow to ev' - ry vine,  
Which make the dead revive.  
A fruitful soil become: The desert blossoms as the rose, While Jesus conquers all his foes,  
And makes his people one.

**DAL: S**

- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is new begun,  
My soul a witness is:  
I taste and see the pardon free  
For all mankind as well as me,  
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 We feel that heav'n is now begun,  
It issues from the sparkling throne,  
From Jesus' throne on high:  
It comes in floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet we still are dry.

- 5 But when we come to dwell above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We'll drink a full supply;  
Jesus will lead his armies through,  
To living fountains where they flow,  
That never will run dry.
- 6 Amen, Amen, my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
And claim my mansion there;  
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

# WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

15

As sung by the soldiers in the army. POINT OF ROCKS. C. M. Music by S. Arr. by Mrs. PARKHURST.

1. (When I can read my ti - tle clear,..... When I can read my ti - tle  
I'll bid fare - well to eve - ry fear,..... I'll bid fare - well to eve - ry  
ti - tle clear,  
eve - ry fear.  
clear,..... When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies ;  
fear,..... I'll bid farewell to eve - ry fear. And wipe my weeping eyes. )  
ti - tle clear,  
eve - ry fear,

- 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.
- 5 When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun ;  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun.

## THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

ALLEGRO. *TO*

Music by G. H. BATES, Arr. by A. CULL

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll, Where in all tho  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and  
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der ci - ty, Where the towers of crys - tal shine, Where the walls are

Chorus to each verse.

bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? Shall we meet?  
 cast the an - chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore? Shall we meet? Shall, &c.  
 all of jas - per, Built by workman - ship di - vine? Shall we meet? Shall, &c.

Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

Where the music of the ransomed  
 Rolls its harmony around,  
 And creation swells the chorus,  
 With its sweet melodious sound?

Shall we meet with many a loved one,  
 That was torn from our embrace?  
 Shall we listen to their voices.  
 And behold them face to face?

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
 When he comes to claim his own?  
 Shall we know his blessed favor,  
 And sit down upon his throne?

# AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

17

Allegretto.

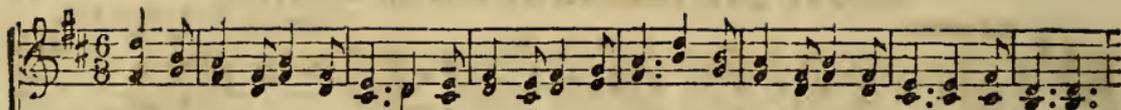
Arranged by H. E. MATHEWS.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand; Children, whose sins are all  
[forgiven; A

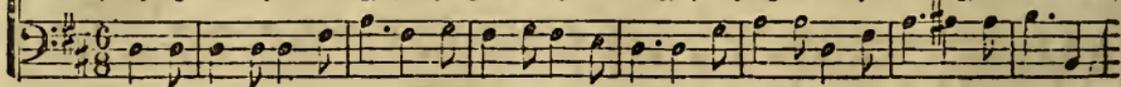
ho - ly, happy band, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2. In flowing robes of spotless white,<br/>See every one arrayed:<br/>Dwelling in everlasting light,<br/>And joys that never fade.<br/>Singing glory, &amp;c.</p> <p>3. What brought them to that world above?<br/>That heaven so bright and fair,<br/>Where all is peace, and joy, and love;—<br/>How came those children there?<br/>Singing glory, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4. Because the Saviour shed his blood,<br/>To wash away their sin;<br/>Bathed in that pure and precious flood,<br/>Behold them white and clean!<br/>Singing glory, &amp;c.</p> <p>5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,<br/>On earth they loved his name;<br/>So now they see his blessed face,<br/>And stand before the Lamb,<br/>Singing glory, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|---|

## GIVE ME JESUS.



1. And I heard the mourner say, And I heard the mourner say, And I heard the mourner say, Give me Jesus,  
 2. When I'm happy hear me sing, When I'm happy hear me sing, When I'm happy hear me sing, I have Jesus,  
 3. O, the judgment day is coming, O, the judgment day is coming, O, the judgment day is coming, Give me Jesus,



Give me Je-sus,  
 I have Je-sus,  
 Give me Je-sus,

Give me Je-sus, And you may have all the world—Give me Je-sus.  
 I have Je-sus, And you may have all the world—I have Je-sus.  
 Give me Je-sus, And you may have all the world—Give me Je-sus.



4. Thus I heard a convert sing,  
 Thus I heard a convert sing,  
 Thus I heard a convert sing,  
 I have Jesus, I have Jesus, I have Jesus,  
 And you may have all the world—I have Jesus.

5. Oh now hear the voice that calls,  
 Oh now hear the voice that calls,  
 Oh now hear the voice that calls,  
 Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus,  
 For him give up all the world—Come to Jesus.

6. When the waves of trouble rise,  
 When the waves of trouble rise,  
 When the waves of trouble rise,  
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,  
 And you may have all the world—Give me Jesus.

7. When I languish, worn with pain,  
 When I languish, worn with pain,  
 When I languish, worn with pain,  
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,  
 And you may have all the world—Give me Jesus.

8. When I tread death's valley dark,  
 When I tread death's valley dark,  
 When I tread death's valley dark,  
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,  
 What then will be all the world?—Give me Jesus.

9. When I reach the spirit land,  
 When I reach the spirit land,  
 When I reach the spirit land,  
 Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus, Give me Jesus,  
 For dark would be all that world—Without Jesus.

# A HOME IN GLORY.

Art. by H. WATERS. 19

1. A little longer here below, And we'll go home to glory, Where joy supreme we all shall know, In  
 2. And when we're laid beneath the ground With Christ, who reigns in glory, We all shall rise when the trump shall sound, To

you bright world of glory. O glory! O glory! There's room enough in Paradise, For all a home in glory  
 sit with him in glo-ry. O glory! O glory! There's room enough in Paradise, For all a home in glory.

3.

We hope to meet our brethren there,  
 In heaven, our home of glory,  
 Who oft have joined with us in prayer,  
 And praise of God, in glory.

*Chorus.*—O glory, &c.

4.

Come, fellow-sinners, flee for life,  
 There's room for you in glory;  
 Forsake your sins, and come to Christ,  
 And find a home in glory.

*Chorus.*—O glory, &c.

## TUNE—I'M A PILGRIM.

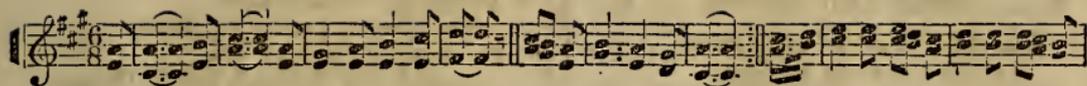
- 1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the fountains are ever flowing.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
- 2 There the glory is ever shining!  
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is  
there.  
Here in this country so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
- 3 There's the city to which I journey;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying;  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
- 4 Father, mother, and sister, brother!  
If you will not journey with me I must go!  
Now since your vain hopes you will thus  
cherish,  
Should I, too, linger, and with you perish?  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger, etc.
- 5 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,  
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed!  
He who has formed thee will soon restore  
thee!  
And then thy dread curse shall never more  
be:  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's  
night.

## TUNE—BRIGHT CANAAN.

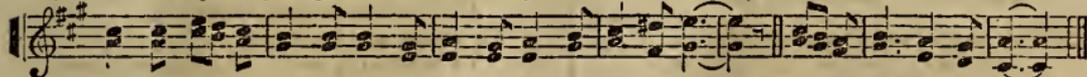
- 1 Together let us sweetly live,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan;  
Together let us sweetly die,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O Canaan, bright Canaan,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan;  
O Canaan, it is my happy home,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
- 2 If you get there before I do,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan;  
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O Canaan, etc.
- 3 Part of my friends the prize have won,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan;  
And I'm resolved to travel on,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O Canaan, etc.
- 4 Then come with me, beloved friend,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan;  
The joys of heaven shall never end,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O Canaan, etc.
- 5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan;  
While higher still our joys they rise,  
I am bound for the land of Canaan.  
O Canaan, etc.

# ALL IS WELL.

ARRANGED. 21



1. (What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame? Is it death? is it death?) [From  
(That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame, Is it death? is it death?) If this be death, I soon shall be

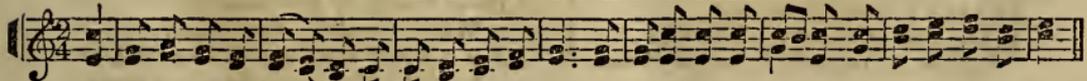


ev - ery pain and sorrow free, I shall the King of glo - ry see, All is well, All is well.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Weep not, my friends, my friends, weep not for<br/>All is well. [me.<br/>My sins are pardoned, pardoned, I am free,<br/>All is well.<br/>There's not a cloud that doth arise,<br/>To hide my Saviour from my eyes,<br/>I soon shall mount the upper skies.<br/>All is well.</p> | <p>Bright angels are from glory come,<br/>They're round my bed, they're in my room,<br/>They wait to waft my spirit home.<br/>All is well.</p>  |
| <p>3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in<br/>All is well. [glory.<br/>I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story,<br/>All is well.</p>   | <p>4 Hark, hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls<br/>All is well. [me.<br/>I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory.<br/>All is well.<br/>Farewell, dear friends, adieu, adieu!<br/>I can no longer stay with you,<br/>My glittering crown appears in view.<br/>All is well.</p> |

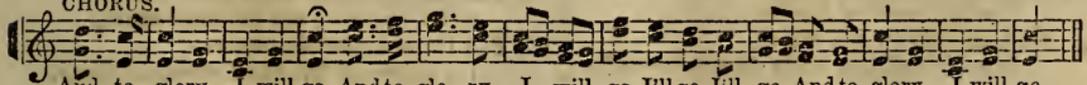
# WHEN I SET OUT FOR GLORY.

ARRANGED.



1. When I set out for glo - ry, I left the word behind, Determin'd for a ci - ty That's out of sight to find.

## CHORUS.



And to glory I will go, And to glo - ry I will go, I'll go, I'll go, And to glory I will go.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| <p>2 I left my worldly honor,<br/>I left my worldly fame,<br/>I left my young companions,<br/>And with them my good name.<br/>And to glory I will go, &amp;c.</p> | <p>3 Some said, I'd better tarry,<br/>They thought I was too young<br/>But to prepare for dying,<br/>I made that all my theme.<br/>And to glory I will go, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4 And now we are encouraged,<br/>Come, let us travel on,<br/>Until we join the angels,<br/>And sing the holy song.<br/>And to glory we will go, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|--|--|

## TUNE—CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here;  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free,  
And then go home my crown to wear—  
For there's a crown for me.

## YEAR OF JUBILEE. TUNE—LENOX.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly-solemn sound;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bounds,  
||:The year of jubilee is come:;||  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood,  
Through all the lands proclaim.—*Cho.*
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live.—*Chorus.*

- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pardoning grace,  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face.—*Chorus.*
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mourning souls, be glad.—*Chorus.*

## TUNE—REST FOR THE WEARY.

- 1 In the Christian's home in glory,  
There remains a land of rest,  
There my Saviour's gone before me,  
To fulfill my soul's request;  
*CHO.*—||: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,—*Chorus.*
- 3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,  
But in that celestial centre,  
I a crown of life shall wear.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;  
Shout your triumphs as you go;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through —*Cho.*

## TUNE—MARTYN. 7s.

- 1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb,  
Hasted at the early dawn,  
Spice she brought and sweet perfume,  
But the Lord she loved had gone.  
For awhile she lingering stood,  
Filled with sorrow and surprise,  
Trembling, while a crystal flood  
Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled  
When she heard his welcome voice;  
Christ had risen from the dead,  
Now he bids her heart rejoice:  
What a change His word can make,  
Turning darkness into day  
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake  
He will wipe your tears away.
- 3 He who came to comfort her,  
When she thought her all was lost,  
Will for your relief appear,  
Though you now are tempest toss'd,  
On His arm your burden cast;  
On His love your thoughts employ;  
Weeping for awhile may last,  
But the morning brings the joy.

## TUNE—LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

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

- 2 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 3 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving kindness in the skies.

## TUNE—NETTLETON. 8s. 7s. &amp; 4.

- 1 Hear, O sinner! Mercy hails you;  
Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls:  
Trust in Jesus;  
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.
- 2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour,  
Seek his mercy while you may;  
Soon the day of grace is over;  
Soon your life will pass away:  
Haste to Jesus;  
You must perish if you stay.

## MY BROTHER, I WISH YOU WELL!

D. O.



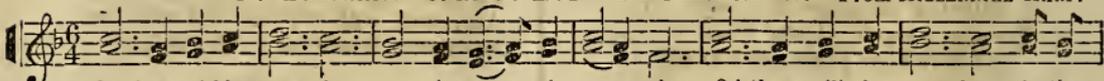
1. My brother, I wish you well! My brother, I wish you well! When my Lord calls I trust I shall be mentioned  
in the promised land.

CHO. Be mentioned in the promised land, Be mentioned in the promised land, When my Lord calls I trust I  
shall Be mentioned in the promised land.

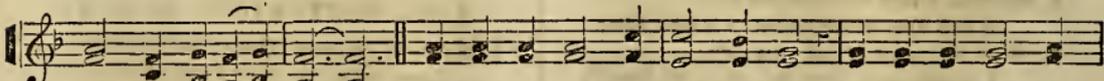
- 2 My sister, I wish you well!  
My sister, I wish you well! etc.
- 3 My father, I wish you well!  
My father, I wish you well! etc.
- 4 My mother, I wish you well!  
My mother, I wish you well! etc.
- 5 My neighbors, I wish you well!

- My neighbors, I wish you well! etc.
- 6 My pastor, I wish you well!  
My pastor, I wish you well! etc.
- 7 Young converts, I wish you well!  
Young converts, I wish you well! etc.
- 8 Poor sinner, I wish you well!  
Poor sinner, I wish you well! etc.

## O! THERE WILL BE MOURNING. FROM MILLENNIAL HARP.



1. O! there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning, O! there will be mourning, At the



judgment-seat of Christ. Parents and children there will part, Parents and children



there will part, Parents and children there will part, Will part to meet no more.

- |                                   |  |                              |
|-----------------------------------|--|------------------------------|
| 2. O! there will be mourning, &c. | : Wives and husbands there will part,   :    | : Will part to meet no more. |
| 3. O! there will be mourning, &c. | : Brothers and sisters there will part,   :  | : Will part to meet no more. |
| 4. O! there will be mourning, &c. | : Friends and neighbors there will part,   : | : Will part to meet no more. |
| 5. O! there will be mourning, &c. | : Pastors and people there will part,   :    | : Will part to meet no more. |
| 6. O! there will be mourning, &c. | : Teachers and children there will part,   : | : Will part to meet no more. |
| 7. O! there will be shouting, &c. | : Saints and angels there will meet,   :     | : Will meet to part no more. |

## COME HITHER, ALL YE WEARY. L. M.

1. "Come hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
2. "They shall find rest who learn of me.  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight:  
My yoke is easy to the neck;  
My grace shall make the burden light."
4. Jesus, we come at thy command;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

## WHAT VARIOUS HINDRANCES. L. M.

1. WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy seat!  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?
2. Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4. Have you no words? Ah, think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
5. Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To Heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful songs would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

## MY DEAR REDEEMER. L. M.

1. My dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word;  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

## TUNE—HEAVEN. 6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 I'm but a stranger here,  
     Heaven is my home.  
 Earth is a desert drear,  
     Heaven is my home.  
 Dangers and sorrows stand,  
 Round me on every hand,  
 Heaven is my Father's land,  
     Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests 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 Peace, oh my troubled soul,  
     Heaven is my home.  
 I soon shall reach the goal,  
     Heaven is my home.  
 Swiftly the race I'll run,  
 Yield up my crown to none,  
 Forward, the prize is won,  
     Heaven is my home.
- 4 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.

## TUNE—EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

- 1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,  
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?  
 Now Jesus invites you, the spirit says come,  
 And angels are waiting to welcome you  
     home.
- 3 How vain the delusion that while you delay,  
 Your hearts may grow better by staying  
     away;  
 Come wretched, come starving, come just  
     as you be,  
 While streams of salvation are flowing so  
     free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to re-  
     ceive,  
 O how can you question if you will believe?  
 If sin is your burden why will ye not come?  
 'Tis you he bids welcome: he bids you come  
     home.
- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour  
     your heart,  
 And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;  
 O how can we leave you? why will you not  
     come?  
 We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

## TUNE—SHIRLAND. S. M.

- 1 Now is th' accepted time;  
Now is the day of grace;  
Now, sinners, come, without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time;  
The Saviour calls to-day;  
To-morrow it may be too late;  
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time;  
The gospel bids you come,  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love;  
Then will the angels swiftly fly  
To bear the news above.

## TUNE—NO SORROW THERE. S. M.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound—  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.  
I'm glad salvation's free!  
I'm glad salvation's free!  
Salvation's free for you and me!  
I'm glad salvation's free.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.—*Cho.*

- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.—*Chorus.*

## SAY, BROTHERS, WILL YOU MEET US.

- 1 Say, brothers, will you meet us,  
Say, brothers, will you meet us,  
Say, brothers, will you meet us,  
On Canaan's happy shore.  
By the grace of God we 'll meet you,  
By the grace of God we 'll meet you,  
By the grace of God we 'll meet you,  
Where parting is no more.

*Full Chorus.*—Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
For ever, evermore.

- 2 Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
Jesus lives and reigns for ever,  
On Canaan's happy shore.  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
For ever, evermore.  
*Chorus.*—Glory, etc.

## DYING CHRISTIAN.



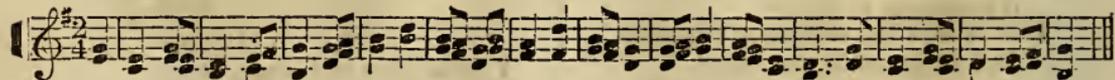
1. (My soul's full of glo - ry, in - spir - ing my tongue,)  
 (Could I meet with an - gels I'd sing them a song;) I'd sing of my Je - sus, and



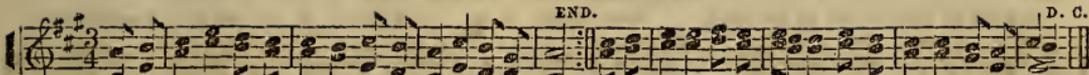
tell of his charms, And beg them to bear me to his lov - ing arms.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Methinks they're descending to hear what I sing;<br/>         Well pleased to hear mortals while praising their<br/>         O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame, [king;<br/>         I faint in sweet raptures at Jesus' blest name.</p> <p>3 O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul, [whole:<br/>         'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my heart<br/>         Oh bring me to view thee, thou glorious king;<br/>         In regions of glory thy praises to sing.</p> <p>4 Oh heaven! sweet heaven! I long to be gone,<br/>         To meet all my brethren before the white throne.</p> | <p>5 Come angels! come angels! I'm ready to fly,<br/>         Come quickly convey me to God in the sky.</p> <p>5 A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul,<br/>         I sink in sweet visions to view the bright goal;<br/>         My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go,<br/>         This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.</p> <p>6 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come;<br/>         Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going home;<br/>         Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,<br/>         Away to my Saviour my spirit will bear.</p> |
|---|---|

## EVENING HYMN.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear;<br/>         Oh, may we all remember well, The night of death draws<br/>         [near.</p> <p>2 We lay our garments by,<br/>         Upon our beds to rest:<br/>         So death will soon disrobe us all<br/>         Of what we here possess.</p> <p>3 Lord, keep us safe this night,<br/>         Secure from all our fears;<br/>         May angels guard us while we sleep,<br/>         Till morning light appears.</p> | <p>4 And when we early rise,<br/>         And view th' unwearied sun,<br/>         May we set out to win the prize,<br/>         And after glory run.</p> <p>5 And when our days are past,<br/>         And we from time remove,<br/>         Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,<br/>         The bosom of thy love.</p> |
|--|---|



1 (Come, thou long expected Jesus, Born to set thy people free,  
 From our fears and sins release us, Let us find our rest in thee;) [all the saints thou art,  
 D. C. Dear Desire of every nation, Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;  
 Born a child—and yet a King;  
 Born to reign in us forever,  
 Now thy precious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone;  
 By thine all-sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

BRETHREN, SEE POOR SINNERS.

1 Brethren, see poor sinners round you,  
 Slumbering on the brink of woe,  
 Far from God, and unconverted.  
 Can you bear to see them go?  
 There are fathers, there are mothers,  
 And their children sinking down;  
 Brethren, go, exhort poor sinners;  
 Speak the word to all around.

2 Now their Saviour offers pardon,  
 If they will repent and turn;  
 Brethren, go, exhort the sinners,  
 Speak the word to all around.  
 Tell them all about the Saviour,  
 Tell them that he may be found;  
 Brethren, go, exhort the mourner,  
 Speak the word to all around.

THE PENITENT THIEF.



1 As on the cross the Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He poured salvation on a wretch That languished by his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,  
 The penitent confessed;  
 Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,  
 And thus his prayer addressed:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,  
 Thou spotless Lamb of God,  
 I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,  
 And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,  
 In triumph thou shalt rise,

Burst through the gloomy shades of death,  
 And mount above the skies.

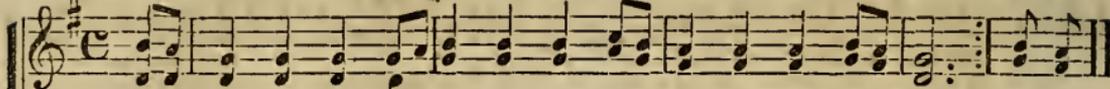
5 "Amid the glories of that world,  
 Dear Saviour, think on me;  
 And, in the victories of thy death,  
 May I a sharer be!"

6 His prayer the dying Jesus heard,  
 And instantly replied,  
 "To-day thy parting soul shall be  
 With me in Paradise."

As sung by the soldiers in the army.

CITY POINT. C. M.

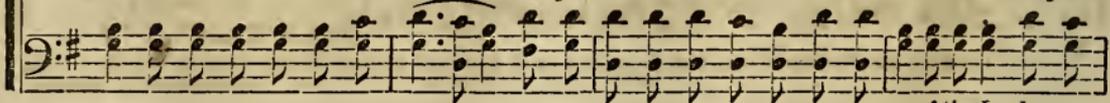
Music by S. Arr. by Mrs. PAREHURST.



- 1 { Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? } Oh, you  
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? }
- 2 { Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flowery beds of ease,  
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' blood - y seas? }
- 3 { Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend of grace To help me on to God? }



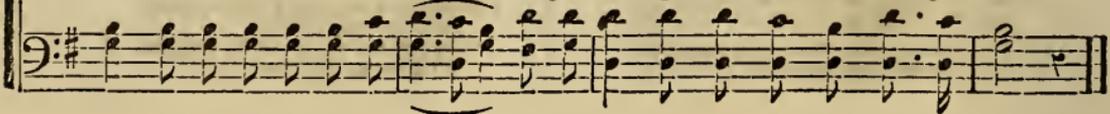
must be a lov - er of the Lord, Oh, you must be a lov - er of the Lord, Oh, you



of the Lord.



must be a lov - er of the Lord, Or you can't go to hea - ven when you die.



4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord,  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word. *Cho.*

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye. *Cho.*

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine. *Cho.*

A LOVER OF THE LORD.

*Tune, on opposite page—by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

1 Am I a lover of the Lord,  
A sinner saved by grace?  
Oh, speak dear Saviour while my soul  
Still waits before thy face.

||: ||: Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord.:|| :||  
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

2 Dear Lord, my soul is sick of sin,  
I thirst for joys divine;  
I long to give myself away,  
And know no will but thine. *Cho.*

3 That precious blood, that cleansing blood,  
Oh, was it shed for me?  
And can a guilty sinner claim  
The drops that flowed so free? *Cho.*

4 I have rebelled against his laws,  
And disobeyed his word;  
And yet I fain would turn and be—  
A lover of the Lord. *Cho.*

5 The clouds of sin have rolled away,  
I see a heavenly light;  
The burden of my soul is gone,  
And all around is bright.

||: ||: Yes, I trust I'm a lover of the Lord.:||: ||  
And will go up to heaven when I die.  
"I AM COMING."

*Tune—Shall we know each other there?  
Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

1 While we're singing, while we're singing,  
'Ere we join in holy prayer,  
Come ye sinners, poor and needy,  
With your load of sin and care.  
Come and join in our devotions,  
Humbly offered to the Lord,  
While we're singing, while we're singing,  
Come and give your hearts to God.

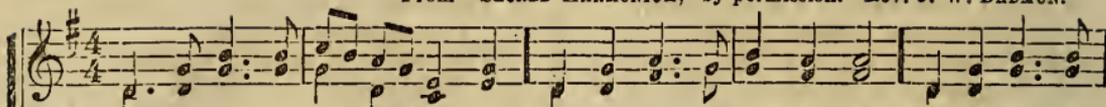
||: ||: I am coming, I am coming.:|| :||  
Forward now with you to pray.

2 I am coming, I am coming,  
Do not cease your singing yet,  
For I've heard about dear Jesus,  
Things I never can forget;  
And I know he will receive me,  
Though I've wandered from the way,  
I am coming, I am coming,  
Forward now with you to pray. *Cho.*

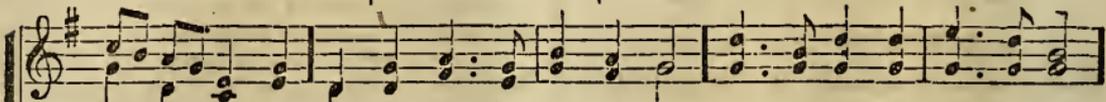
3 I am coming, I am coming,  
Now to join your praying band,  
Now to find a loving Saviour,  
Will you take me by the hand?  
And I mean to wait before him,  
Till his pardoning grace is given;  
For I'm coming, I am coming,  
To go with you to heaven. *Cho.*

## LET GO THE ANCHOR. 8s &amp; 7s.

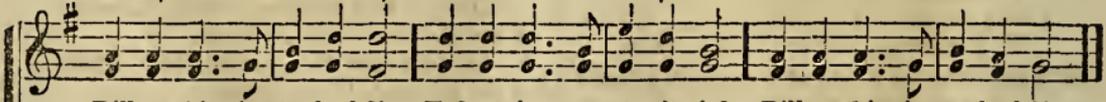
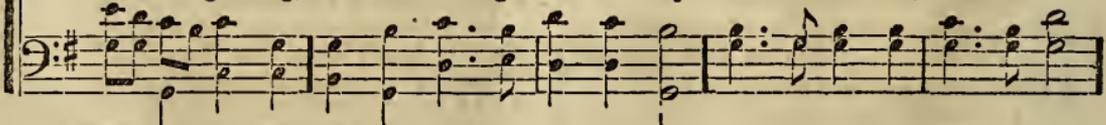
From "SACRED HARMONIUM," by permission. Rev. J. W. DADMUN.



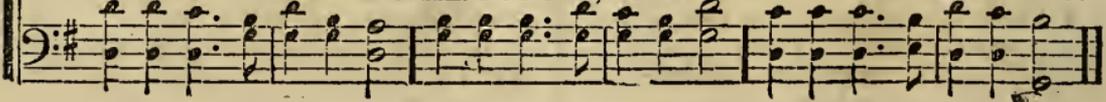
1. "Land ahead!" its fruits are wav-ing, On the hills of fade-less green; And the liv-ing
2. On - ward, bark! "The cape I'm rounding," See the bless-ed wave their hands! Hear the harps of
3. "Let the an-chor go"—I'm rid-ing On this calm and sil-very bay; Seaward fast the



wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav-en-ly forms are seen, E-den's breez-es o'er it sigh,  
 God re-sounding From the bright im-mor-tal bands, Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,  
 tide is glid-ing, Shores in sun-light stretch a - way. Strike the col-ors, furl the sail!



Billows kiss its strand and die; E-den's breez-es o'er it sigh, Billows kiss its strand and die.  
 When on that in-vit-ing shore; Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that in-vit-ing shore,  
 I am safe within the vale! Strike the col-ors, furl the sail! I am safe within the vale!



## TUNE—HEAVEN. 6s &amp; 4s.

- 1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy:  
Jesus is mine!

Break, every tender tie;  
Jesus is mine;

Dark is the wilderness;  
Earth has no resting-place;  
Jesus alone-can bless;  
Jesus is mine.

- 2 Tempt not my soul away;  
Jesus is mine:

Here would I ever stay;  
Jesus is mine:

Perishing things of clay  
Born but for one brief day,  
Pass from my heart away;  
Jesus is mine.

- 3 Farewell, mortality;  
Jesus is mine:

Welcome, eternity;  
Jesus is mine;

Welcome, O loved and blest!  
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest;  
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;  
Jesus is mine!

## TUNE—PLEYEL'S HYMN.

- 1 Haste, O sinner! to be wise,  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Wisdom warns thee, from the skies,  
All the paths of death to shun.

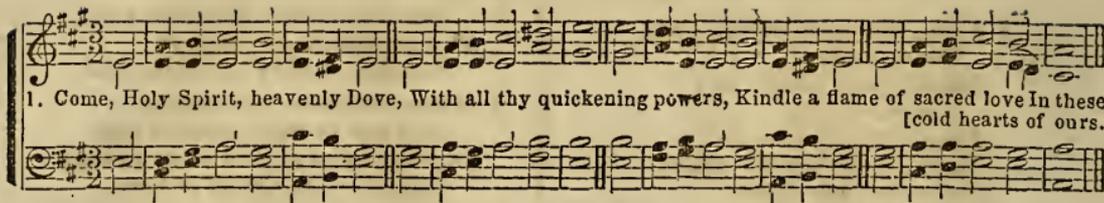
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore:  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Thy probation may be o'er  
Ere this evening's work is done.

- 3 Haste, O sinner! now return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.

- 4 Haste, while yet thou canst be blest;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Death may thy poor soul arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

## TUNE—I LOVE THEE.

- 1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;  
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God:  
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost  
know,  
But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 2 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!  
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest  
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my  
song,  
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and  
my tongue.
- 3 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's  
bright King; [to sing:  
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes  
loud and shrill,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.



1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

JESUS, I LOVE. C. M.

I Jesus, I love thy charming name;  
'Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there,—  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
With my last laboring breath,  
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.

TUNE—WHAT SHALL I DO.

1 O! what shall I do to be saved  
From the sorrows that burden my soul?  
Like the waves in the storm when the winds are at war,  
Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.

What shall I do?

What shall I do?

O! what shall I do to be saved?

2 O! what shall I do to be saved,  
When the pleasures of youth are all fled?

And friends I have loved, from the earth are removed,  
And I weep o'er the grave of the dead.  
What shall I do, &c.

3 O! Lord look in mercy on me,  
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul;  
Unto whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to thee,  
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.  
That will I do! that will I do!  
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

## JESUS SAVE MY DYING SOUL. 7s.

- 1 Jesus, save my dying soul ;  
Make the broken spirit whole ;  
Humble in the dust I lie ;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of every grace,  
Now reveal thy smiling face ;  
Grant the joys of sin forgiven,  
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to thee is known ;  
Thou art righteous, thou alone,  
All my help is from thy cross ;  
All beside I count but loss.
- 4 Lord, in thee I now believe ;  
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive ?  
Helpless at thy feet I lie ;  
Saviour, leave me not to die.

## MUCH IN SORROW, 7s.

- 1 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
Fight the fight ; and, worn with strife,  
Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe ;  
Faint not ; much doth yet remain ;  
Dreary is the long campaign.

- 3 Shrink not, Christians,—will ye yield ?  
Will ye quit the battle-field ?  
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,  
Nor your foes shall rally more.
- 4 But when loud the trumpet blown,  
Speaks their forces overthrown,  
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow  
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

## BLEEDING HEARTS, 7s

- 1 Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin,  
Jesus Christ can make you clean ;  
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,  
Jesus Christ can give you rest.
- 2 You that mourn your follies past,  
Precious hours and years laid waste,  
Turn to God, O, turn and live ;  
Jesus Christ can still forgive.
- 3 You that oft have wandered far  
From the light of Bethlehem's star,  
Trembling, now your steps retrace ;  
Jesus Christ is full of grace.
- 4 Fainting souls in peril's hour,  
Yield not to the tempter's power ;  
On the risen Lord rely ;  
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

## HOW LOST WAS MY CONDITION.

Music by REV. MR. PENDLETON.

Arr. by A. CULL.

1 (How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je - sus made me whole; There is but one Phy - si - cian Can  
Next door to death he found me, And snatch'd me from the grave, To tell to all a - round me His

## CHORUS.

cure a sin-sick soul.)  
wond'rous pow'rs to save.) O, how charming, charming is my Je - sus, O, how charming, charming is my;

Jesus, He is my Re - deem - er, my Lord, and my God.

2 The worst of all diseases,  
Is light, compared with sia .  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within ;  
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness, all combined ;  
And none but a believer,  
The least relief can find.  
*Cho.* O, how charming, &c.

3 From men great skill professing,  
I thought a cure to gain ;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain ;  
Some said that nothing ailed me,  
Some gave me up for lost ;  
Thus every refuge failed me,  
And all my hopes were lost.  
*Cho.* O, how charming, &c.

4 At length the great Physician—  
How matchless in his grace !—  
Accepted my petition,  
And undertook my case ;  
First gave me sight to view him—  
For sin my eyes hath sealed—  
Then bade me look unto him :  
I looked, and I was healed.  
*Cho.* O, how charming, &c.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,  
At once from danger free us,  
And save the soul from death,  
Come, then, to this Physician,  
His help he'll freely give ;  
He makes no hard condition ;  
'Tis only, look and live.  
*Cho.* O, how charming, &c.

## TUNE—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear,—  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls,  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent,  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,—  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled his relentings are,—  
Me he now delights to spare,—  
Cries, How shall I give thee up?  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands,—  
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;  
God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

## TUNE—MARTYN. 7s.

- 1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent!  
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;  
See his body mangled rent,  
Stain'd and cover'd with his blood!  
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
Crucified th' eternal Son.
- 2 Yes: thy sins have done the deed;  
Driven the nails that fix'd him there;  
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head;  
Plunged into his side the spear;

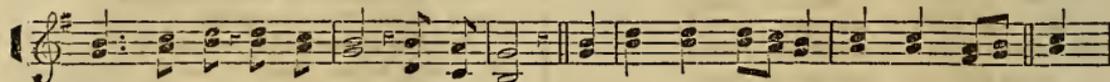
Made his soul a sacrifice.  
While for sinful man he dies.  
3 Wilt thou let him bleed in vain?  
Still to death thy Lord pursue?  
Open all his wounds again,  
And the shameful cross renew?  
No: with all my sins I'll part;  
Saviour, take my broken heart.

## TUNE—BOYLSTON. S. M.

- 1 How can a sinner know  
His sins on earth forgiven?  
How can my gracious Saviour show  
My name inscribed in heaven?
- 2 What we have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell;  
And publish to the sons of men,  
The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe  
That he for us hath died,  
We all his unknown poace receive,  
And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,  
Disburden'd of her load,  
And swells, unutterably full  
Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far  
The love of all beneath,  
We find within our hearts, and dare  
The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell  
The sacred power we prove;  
And conquerors of the world, we dwell  
In heaven, who dwell in love.



1. We're trav'ling home to heaven above, Will you go? will you go? To sing the Saviour's



dy - ing love; Will you go? will you go? Millions have reached that blest a - bode, A -

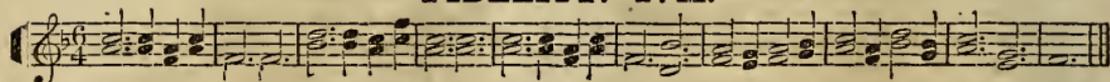


noint - ed kings and priests to God; And millions more are on the road; Will you go? will you go?

- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light;  
 Will you go?  
 Far, far from curse and death and night;  
 Will you go?  
 The crown of life we then shall wear,  
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,  
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share;  
 Will you go?
- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain;  
 Will you go?  
 Repent, believe, be born again;  
 Will you go?

- The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
 "Take up your cross and follow me,  
 And thou shalt my salvation see."  
 "I will go;"
- 4 O, could I hear some sinner say,  
 "Will you go?"  
 O, could I hear him humbly pray  
 "Make me go;"  
 And all his old companions tell,  
 "I will not go with you to hell,  
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell;  
 Let me go."

### FIDELITY. P. M.



1. Oh, brethren, be faithful, Oh, brethren, be faithful, Oh, brethren be faithful, faithful, Till we all arrive at home,  
 2. Oh, sisters, be faithful Oh, sisters, be faithful, Oh, sisters, be faithful, faithful, Till we all arrive at home.
- 3 There shall we Jesus see, &c. | 4 Then we will shout glory, &c, | 5 There'll be no more parting, &c.  
 When we all arrive at home. | When we all arrive at home. | When we all arrive at home.

## TUNE—SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known:  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
||:And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer:;||
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,  
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,  
Of those whose anxious spirits burn  
With strong desire for thy return.  
With such I hasten to the place,  
Where God my Saviour shows his face,  
||:And gladly take my station there,  
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:||
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wing shall my petition bear  
To him, whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless,  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
||:I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:||
- 4 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share;  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my heaven, and at the sight,  
Put off this robe of flesh, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
||:And shout while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.:||

## TUNE—ARIEL. C. P. M.

- 1 O, could I speak the matchless worth,  
O, could I sound the glories forth,  
Which in my Saviour shine!  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings  
||:In notes almost divine.:||

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine;  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all perfect heavenly dress  
||:My soul shall ever shine.:||
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
||:Make all his glories known.:||
- 4 Soon the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will bring me home  
And I shall see his face:  
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
||:Triumphant in his grace.:||

## TUNE—CORONATION. C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
||:Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all!;||
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,—  
A remnant weak and small,—  
||:Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all!;||
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
||:Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all!;||
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
||:To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all!;||
- 5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
||:We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all!;||

## DUET.



1. Come, O my soul, in joyous lays, Attempt thy great Redeemer's praise; But O what tongue can speak his fame,  
 2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of light divine, Ten  
 3. Raise on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul his glory sing; And let his praise employ my tongue, Till

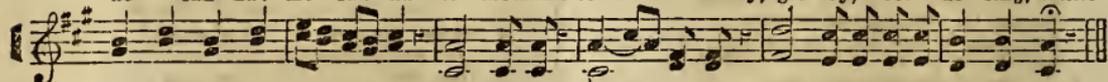
## CHORUS.



verse can reach the lofty theme? Glo-ry, glory let us sing, While heaven and earth with glory ring, Hosanna!  
 thousand suns around me shine. Glo-ry, &c.  
 listening worlds shall join the song. Glory, &c.



ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God. Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While



heaven and earth with glo - ry ring, Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 Glory, glory, &c.

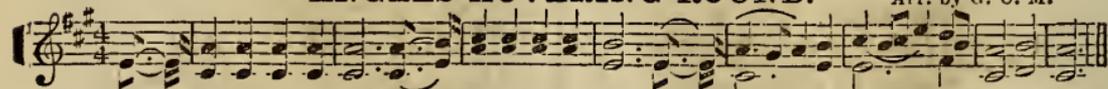
- 2 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
 And youthful voices shall proclaim

Their early blessings on his name.  
 Glory, glory, &c.

- 3 Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honors to our KING;  
 Angels ascend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.  
 Glory, glory, &c.

## ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

Arr. by G. C. M.



- 1 There are angels hovering round, There are angels hovering round, There are angels, angels hovering round.  
 2 To carry the tidings home. To carry, &c.  
 3 To the new Jerusalem.\* To the new, &c.  
 4 Poor sinners are coming home. Poor sinners, &c.  
 5 And Jesus bids them come. And Jesus, &c.  
 6 Repent, on him believe. Repent, &c.  
 7 And his rich grace receive. And his rich, &c.

## TUNE—LABAN. S. M.

- 1 My soul be on thy guard ;  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne'er give o'er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armour down ;  
Thy arduous work will not be done  
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God ;  
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,  
To his divine abode.

## TUNE—PETERBORO'. C. M.

- 1 Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King  
In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him ,  
One church above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream—  
The narrow stream—of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow ;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now to their eternal home  
Some happy spirits fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die,

## TUNE—WARD. L. M.

- 1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite ;  
Cast not a sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er thy grace received,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved.
- 3 Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare.  
In honor of my great High Priest ;  
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear  
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;  
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;  
O, guide me into perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

## TUNE—I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

- 1 We all must speak for Jesus,  
Who hath redemption wrought,  
Who gave us peace and pardon,  
Which by his blood he bought.  
We all must speak for Jesus  
To show how much we owe  
To him who died to save us  
From death and endless woe.
- 2 We all must speak for Jesus,  
Where'er our lot may fall,  
To brothers, sisters, neighbours,  
In cottage and in hall.  
We all must speak for Jesus,  
The world in darkness lies,  
With him against the mighty  
Together we must rise.

## TUNE—NO SORROW THERE.

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

CHORUS.—There'll be no sorrow there,  
There'll be no sorrow there,  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 When cold and sluggish drops  
Roll off my marble brow,  
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,  
Let heaven begin below.—*Chorus.*

3 When the last moments come,  
O, watch my dying face,  
To catch the bright seraphic gleam  
Which o'er my features play.—*Chorus.*

4 Then to my raptured ear,  
Let one sweet song be given;  
Let music charm me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven.—*Chorus.*

5 Then close my sightless eyes,  
And lay me down to rest;  
And fold my pale and icy hands  
Upon my lifeless breast.—*Chorus.*

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

## TUNE—HAPPINESS. 11s &amp; 9s.

1 Oh! how happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above!  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
When my heart it believed,  
What a joy it received,  
What a heaven in my Saviour's name.

3 It was heaven below  
My Redeemer to know!  
And the angels could do nothing more,  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight,  
Which I felt in the life giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possess'd,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

5 Then, all the day long,  
Was my Jesus a song,  
And Redemption through faith in His name;  
O that all might believe,  
And salvation receive,  
And their song and their joy be the same.

## TUNE—JOYFULLY.

- 1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,  
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;  
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy, says, Come,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.  
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go,  
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.
- 2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before ;  
Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore ;  
Singing to cheer us, while passing along,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.  
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,  
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
- 3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,  
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow ;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully we will go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone ;  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## SAFE IN THE PROMISED LAND.

- 1 Where, O where are the Hebrew children,  
Where, O where are the Hebrew children,  
Who were cast in the furnace of fire ?  
Safe now in the promised land.  
*CHO.*—By and by we'll go home to meet them,  
By and by we'll go home to meet them,  
By and by we'll go home to meet them,  
Way o'er in the promised land.
- 2 Where, O where is the good Elijah—  
Where, O where is the good Elijah,  
Who went up in a chariot of fire ?  
Safe now in the promised land.—*Cho.*
- 3 Where, O where is the prophet Daniel,  
Where, O where is the prophet Daniel,  
Who was cast in the den of lions ?  
Safe now in the promised land.—*Cho.*
- 4 Where, O where is the weeping Mary,  
Where, O where is the weeping Mary,  
Who was first at the tomb of Jesus ?  
Safe now in the promised land.—*Cho.*
- 5 Where, O where is the martyred Stephen,  
Where, O where is the martyred Stephen,  
Who was stoned for the love of Jesus ?  
Safe now in the promised land.—*Cho.*
- 6 Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,  
Where, O where is the blessed Jesus,  
Who was pierced on the mount of Calv'ry ?  
Safe now in the promised land.—*Cho.*

## TUNE—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

- 1 When thy mortal life is fled,  
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,  
When is finished thy career,  
Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?
- 2 When the world has passed away,  
When draws near the judgment-day,  
When the awful trump shall sound,  
Say, O, where wilt thou be found ?
- 3 When the Judge descends in light,  
Clothed in majesty and might,  
When the wicked quail with fear,  
Where, O, where wilt thou appear ?
- 4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,  
When the saints and thou must part ?  
When the good with joy are crowned,  
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?
- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
Quickly to the Saviour fly ;  
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer ;  
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

1 To day the Saviour calls Ye wand'ers come; O, ye benighted souls Why longer roam?

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| 2 To-day the Saviour calls;<br>O, hear Him now;<br>Within these sacred walls<br>To Jesus bow. | 3 To-day our Saviour calls;<br>For refuge fly;<br>The storm of justice falls,<br>And death is nigh. | 4 The Spirit calls to-day:<br>Yield to His power;<br>O, grieve Him not away:<br>'Tis mercy's hour. |
|---|---|--|

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s. DR. TH. HASTINGS.

1 { Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dis-may. }  
 { Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day; } Heaven bids thee come, while yet there's room.  
 D.C. Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey. *Fine.* D.C.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die!<br>Come, while thou canst borrow help from<br>Grieve not that love, [on high:<br>Which from above—<br>Child of sin and sorrow—<br>Would bring thee nigh. | Exiled from home,<br>Darkly to roam—<br>Child of sin and sorrow,<br>Where wilt thou flee?  |
| 3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee?<br>Through that long to-morrow, eternity!   | 4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eyes!<br>Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high!<br>In that high home, Graven thy name:<br>Child of sin and sorrow, Swift homeward fly! |

1. { How pleas-ant thus to dwell be - low in fel - low-ship of love; } The good shall meet a -  
 2. { And, though we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good will meet a - bove; } And nev - er part a -  
 3. { Yes, happy thought! When we are free From earthly grief and pain, } Of all their toil and  
 4. { In heav-en we shall each oth - er see, And nev - er part a - gain, } In nev - er end - ing  
 { The chil - dren who have loved the Lord, Shall hail their teachers there; }  
 { And teach-ers gain the rich re - ward Of all their toil and care; }  
 { Then let us each, in strength divine, Still walk in wisdom's way; }  
 { That we, with those we love, may join In nev - er end - ing praise! }  
 D. C. To meet, to part no

FINE.

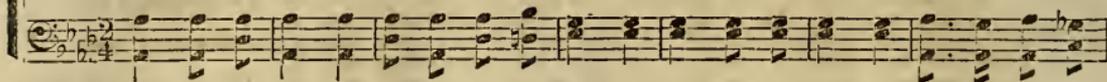
- bove, The good shall meet above; And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know, The good shall meet above.  
 - gain, And nev-er part a - gain; In heaven we shall each other see, And never part a - gain.  
 care, Of all their toil and care; And teachers gain the rich reward Of all their toil and care.  
 praise! In nev-er end-ing praise! That we, with those we love, may join In never ending praise!  
 more, On Canaan's happy shore. And sing the everlasting song With those who 've gone before.

*CHORUS to each verse.* D. C. ♯

O that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, O that will be joy - ful, To meet, to part no more;



1. Hearken ye sprightly, and at-tend, ye vain ones, Panse in your mirth, ad-ver-si-ty con-



si-der, Learn from a friend some truths that are most pain-ful, Sick-bed re-flec-tions.



2 Healthful and gay, like you I spent my moments,  
Fondly my heart said, joy shall last for ever,  
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyments,  
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful from the height of pleasure,  
By pain and sickness thrown upon a deathbed,  
Vain is its softness, vain is all my bitter,  
Death-bed repentance.

4 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are fruitless,  
Changing my place does not abate my fever;  
Here like a reptile, on a bed of embers,  
Tortured I languish.

5 Twenty-five years I've spent without considering  
Man was a mortal, dependent on a moment;  
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,  
Quick to dispel it.

6 Oft have I listened while death-bells were tolling,  
Seen the graves open, with spectators mourning,

But for myself was, spite of all these warnings,  
Long life expecting.

7 Counsels I've slighted, warnings I've rejected,  
In my gay moments thoughts of death I've banished,  
When grown gray-headed, I have oft resolved,  
Death to prepare for.

8 Time in advance to me seemed moving slowly,  
Days without numbering I proposed for pleasure  
But they are blasted! Now behold the end of  
Procrastination!

9 Tortured in body, not a limb escapes it,  
No sweet composure to direct one prayer,  
All is disorder! yet my state eternal  
Now is depending.

10 Now ghastly death! pray stop one moment longer,  
Till I give warning to my gay companions!  
No time is granted for expostulation,  
Shun my example.

## TUNE—MELODY. C. M.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee ;  
No other help I know ;  
If thou withdraw thyself from me,  
Ah ! whither shall I go ?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,  
Before I drew my breath !  
What pain, what labor, to secure  
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
I now could feel thy power ;  
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,  
In this accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift  
My weary longing eyes ;  
O let me now receive that gift,—  
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die ;  
O speak, and I shall live ;  
And there I will unwearied lie,  
Till thou thy spirit give.
- 6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,  
Could I but see thy face ;  
Now let me hear thy quickning voice,  
And taste thy pardoning grace.

## TUNE—MARTYN. 7s.

- 1 From the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds we hear,  
Bursting on the ravished ear !

- " Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Come and welcome sinner come.
- 2 " Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan ?  
On my pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid ;  
Bow the knee, embrace the Son ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.
- 3 " Soon the days of life shall end ;  
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,  
Safe your spirits to convey  
To the realms of endless day,  
Up to my eternal home ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

## TUNE—ORTONVILLE. C. M.

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

## SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

Words by W. M.

DUET OR QUARTETTE WITH CHORUS.

Music by Rev. R. LOWBY.

1 When we hear the music ring - ing In the bright celestial dome, When sweet  
2 When the ho - ly angels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we

an-gel voi-ces sing - ing Gladly bid us welcome home, To the land of ancient  
know the friends that greet us, In the glorious spirit land! Shall we see the same eyes

sto - ry, Where the spir-it knows no care, In that land of light and glory, Shall we  
shi-ning, On us, as in days of yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fondly

CHORUS. Repeat (Ad Lib.) *pp*

know each oth-er there? Shall we know.... each other? Shall we know.... each round us, as be-fore? Shall we, &c.

\* We shall We shall

oth - er? Shall we know..... each oth - er? Shall we know each other there?

We shall We shall

3.

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
 And my weary heart grows light,  
 For the thrilling angel voices,  
 And the angel faces bright:  
 That shall welcome us in heaven,  
 Are the lov'd of long ago,  
 And to them 'tis kindly given,  
 Thus their earthly friends to know  
 Shall we know, &c,

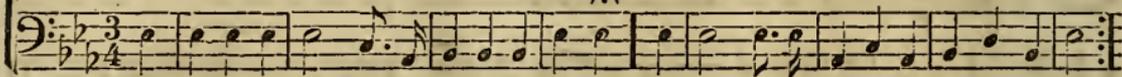
\*For last verse.

4.

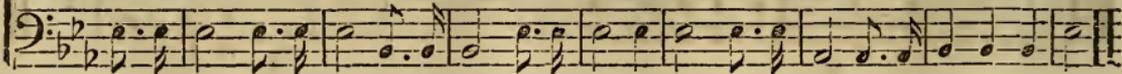
Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,  
 Droop not, faint not, by the way;  
 Ye shall join the loved and just ones  
 In the land of perfect day!  
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,  
 Murmur in my raptured ear,  
 Evermore their sweet song lingers,  
 "We shall know each other there!  
 We shall know, &c.



1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,  
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove? }
2. { In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove?  
Ye heart-burdened ones who in misery languish, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove? }
3. { Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression, Can in-jure the dwellers in that ho-ly grove;  
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression; O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove? }
4. { Nor poverty there—No, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of his glo-ry whose nature is love;  
Nor sickness can reach them—that country is healthy; O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove? }



Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, Will you go, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove?



5. Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished,  
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;  
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished:  
O say, will you go to the Eden above?  
Will you go, Will you go,  
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
6. March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before you,  
And soon its ten thousand delights we will prove:  
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,  
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.  
Will you go, Will you go?  
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.
7. And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,  
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;  
O come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,  
And bear thee along to the Eden above.  
Will you go, Will you go,  
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
8. Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,  
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?  
No other but Jesus; then come to him praying,  
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.  
Will you go, Will you go,  
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

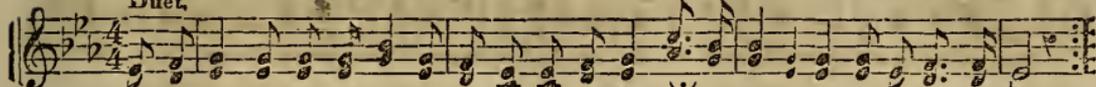
# SORROW SHALL COME AGAIN NO MORE.\*

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Words by W. K., from "Choral Hymn Book."

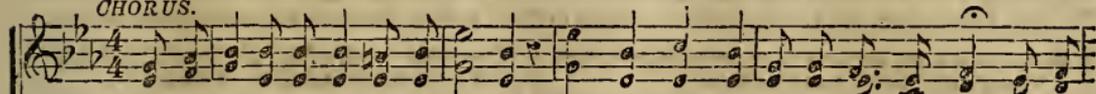
Music by S. C. FOSTER. Arr. by A. CULL.

Duet.

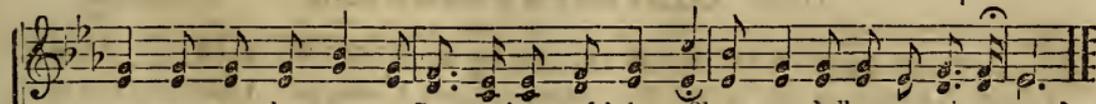
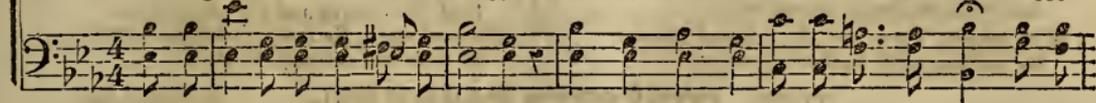


1. { What to me are earth's pleasures, And what its flowing tears? What are all the sorrows I deplore? }  
 { There's a song ever swelling, still lingers on my ears; Oh, sorrow shall come again no more. }

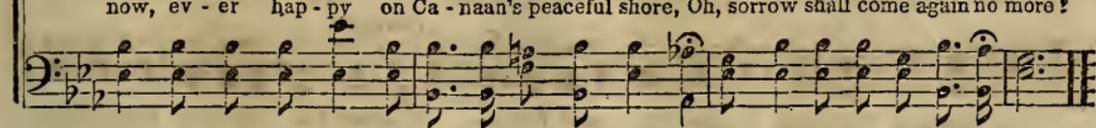
CHORUS.



'Tis a song from the home of the weary, Sorrow, sorrow is for - ev - er o'er; Happy



now, ev - er hap - py on Ca - naan's peaceful shore, Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!



2. I seek not earthly glory, nor mingle with the gay;  
 I court not this world's gilded store, [of day,  
 There are voices now calling from the bright realms  
 Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!  
*Chorus* 'Tis a song, &c.
3. Though here I'm sad and drooping, and weep my  
 life away,  
 With a lone heart still clinging to the shore,  
 Yet I hear happy voices, which ever seem to say,  
 Oh, sorrow shall come again no more!  
*Chorus*. 'Tis a song, &c.
4. 'Tis a note that is wafted across the troubled wave;  
 'Tis a song that I've heard upon the shore;  
 'Tis a sweet thrilling murmur around the Christian's  
 Oh, sorrow shall come again no more! [grave;  
*Chorus*. 'Tis a song, &c.
5. 'Tis the loud pealing anthem—the victor's holy  
 song,  
 Where the strife and the conflict are o'er;  
 Where the saved ones forever, in joyous notes pro-  
 Oh, sorrow shall come again no more! [long.  
*Chorus*. 'Tis a song, &c.

\* By permission of FIRTH, POND & Co.



1. Come away to the skies, My beloved, a - rise, And rejoice in the day thou wast born ; On this festival



day, Come ex-ult-ing a - way, And with singing to Zi-on re-turn, And with singing to Zi - on re - turn.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 We have laid up our love, and our treasure above,<br/>Though our bodies continue below ;<br/>The redeemed of the Lord, we remember his word,<br/>And with singing to Paradise go.</p> <p>3 With singing we praise, the original grace,<br/>By our heavenly Father bestowed ;</p> | <p>Our being receive from his bounty, and live<br/>To the honor and glory of God.</p> <p>4 For thy glory we are created to share<br/>Both the nature and kingdom divine ;<br/>Created again, that our souls may remain<br/>In time and eternity thine.</p> |
|---|--|

## TUNE. CONVERT'S FAREWELL.

H. PARKHURST.



1. Farewell, farewell to all be-low, The Saviour calls, and I must go ; I launch my boat up -



## CHORUS.

on the sea, This land is not the land for me. This world is not my home, This



world is not my home, This world is all a wil<sup>d</sup> der-ness, This world is not my home.

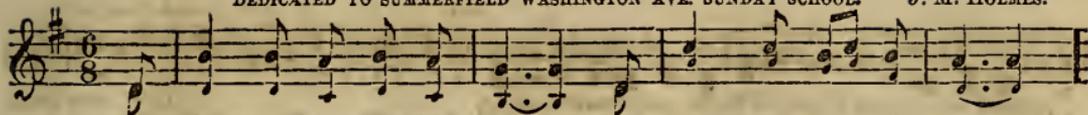
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 I've found the winding paths of sin,<br/>A rugged road to travel in ;<br/>Beyond the swelling waves I see<br/>The land my Saviour bought for me.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 Oh ! sinner, why will <i>you</i> not go ?<br/>There's room enough for you I know ;</p> | <p>Our boat is sound, the passage free,<br/>And there's a better land for thee.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>4 Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,<br/>The home I seek is far away ;<br/>Where Christ is not, I can not be<br/>This land is not the land for me.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|--|

# THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

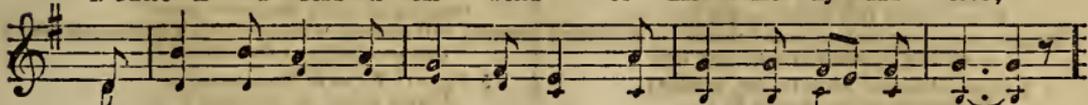
53

DEDICATED TO SUMMERFIELD WASHINGTON AVE. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

J. M. HOLMES.

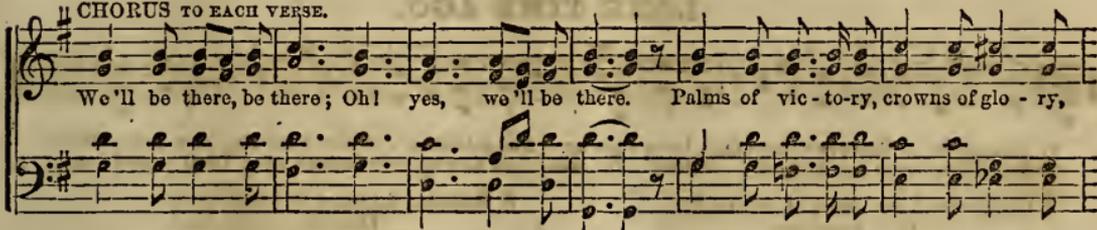


1. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where saints and an-gels sing;  
 2. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Where sor-row nev-er comes;  
 3. There is a beau-ti-ful world, Un-seen to mor-tal sight;  
 4. There is a beau-ti-ful world Of har-mo-ny and love;

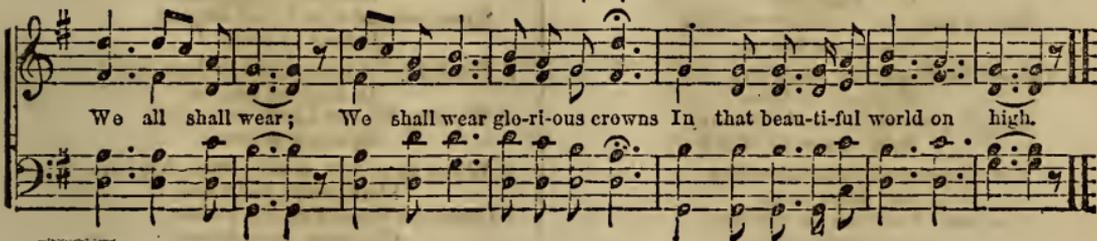


A world where peace and plea-sure reigns, And heav-en-ly prais-es ring.  
 A world where tears shall nev-er fall, In sigh-ing for our home.  
 And dark-ness nev-er en-ter there— That home is fair and bright.  
 Oh! may we safe-ly en-ter there, And dwell with God a-bovo.

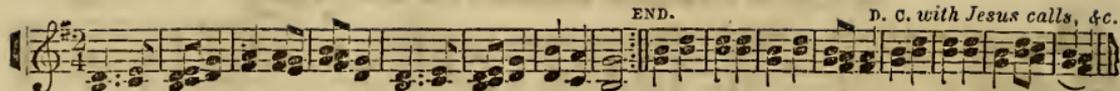
## CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.



We'll be there, be there; Oh! yes, we'll be there. Palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry,



We all shall wear; We shall wear glo-ri-ous crowns In that beau-ti-ful world on high.



1. (Sinner, we are sent to bid you To the gospel feast to-day,  
Will you slight the invitation, Will you, can you yet delay?) Jesus calls you, Jesus calls you; Come, poor sinner, come away.

2 Come, O come! all things are ready,  
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:  
If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,  
Sinners, can your souls appear ||: Guests in heaven, ||:  
Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?

3 Come, O come! leave father, mother;  
To your Saviour's bosom fly:  
Leave the worthless world behind you,  
Seek for pardon, or you die: ||: "Pardon, Saviour!" ||:  
Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4 Even now the Holy Spirit  
Moves upon some melting heart,  
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;  
Sinner, will you say "Depart?" ||: Wretched sinner, ||:  
Can you bid your God depart?

5 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,  
Linger not in all the plain;  
Leave this Sodom of corruption,  
Turn not, look not back again: ||: Fly to Jesus, ||:  
Linger not in all the plain!

## LONG TIME AGO.



1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time ago; And salvation's rolling fountain, Now freely flows.  
2. Once his voice in tones of pity, Melted in woe, And he wept o'er Judah's city, Long time a - go.

3 On his head the dews of midnight  
Fell, long ago,  
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight  
Sits on his brow.

4 Jesus died—yet lives forever,  
No more to die—  
Bleeding Jesus, Blessed Saviour,  
Now reigns on high!

5 Now in heaven he's interceding  
For dying men,  
Soon he'll finish all his pleading,  
And come again.

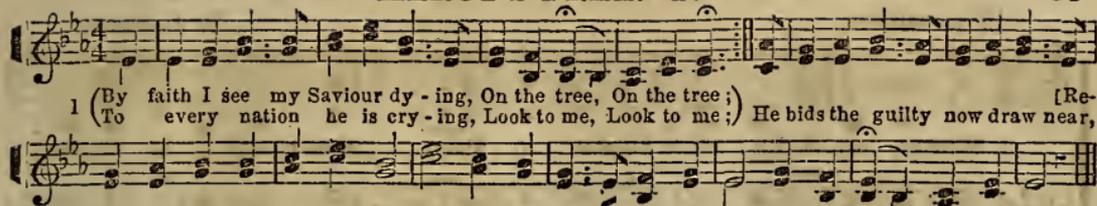
6 Budding fig-trees tell that summer  
Dawns o'er the land.  
Signs portend that Jesus' coming,  
Is near at hand.

7 Children, let your lights be burning,  
In hope of heaven,  
Waiting for our Lord's returning  
At dawn or even.

8 When he comes, a voice from heaven  
Shall pierce the tomb,  
"Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
Children, come home."

MERCY'S FREE. P. M.

55



1 (By faith I see my Saviour dy-ing, On the tree, On the tree;) [Re-  
 (To every nation he is cry-ing, Look to me, Look to me;) He bids the guilty now draw near,

- pent, be-lieve, Dismiss your fear. Hark! hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
 Pity me, pity me?  
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin,  
 Can it be, can it be?  
 Oh, yes! he did salvation bring,  
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 And now my happy soul can sing,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 3 Jesus, the mighty God hath spoken  
 Peace to me, peace to me;  
 Now all my chains of sin are broken,  
 I am free, I am free.  
 Soon as I in his name believed,  
 The Holy Spirit I received;  
 And Christ from death my soul reprieved;  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free—  
 And every moment Christ is precious  
 Unto me, unto me.
- 5 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it—  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free—  
 Ye ministers of God declare it—  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.  
 Visit the heathen's dark abode,  
 Proclaim to all the love of God.  
 And spread the glorious news abroad—  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
- 6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
 And this shall be my theme when dying,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
 And when the vale of death I've passed,  
 When lodged above the stormy blast,  
 I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

REMEMBER ME. C. M.



1. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a  
 [worm as I?  
 CHO. Remember me, remember me, Dear Lord, remember me. Remember, Lord, thy dying groans, And then  
 [remember me.
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done, 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, 4 But drops of grief can ne'er  
 He groaned upon the tree? And shut his glories in; The debt of love I owe; [repay  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown! When Christ, the mighty Maker, died, Here, Lord, I give myself away  
 And love beyond degree! CHO. For man the creature's sin. CHO. 'Tis all that I can do. CHO.

By permission.

Dr L. Mason.

1 Near-er, my God, to thee. Near-er to thee: E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me. Still, all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Near-er, my

God, to thee, Nearer to thee.

- 2 Though like a wanderer, 4 Then with my waking tho'ts.  
 Daylight all gone, Bright with thy praise,  
 Darkness be over me, Out of my stony griefs,  
 My rest a stone, Bethel I'll raise;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, So by my woes to be,  
 Nearer my God, etc. Nearer, my God, etc.
- 3 There let the way appear 5 Or, if on joyful wing,  
 Steps up to heaven; Cleaving the sky,  
 All that thou sendest me Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 In mercy given, Upward I fly,  
 Angels to beckon me Still, all my song shall be  
 Nearer, my God, etc. Nearer, my God, etc.

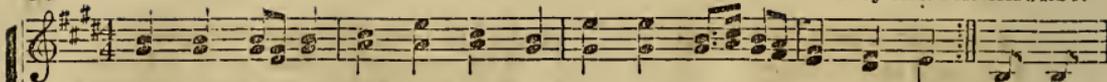
## TUNE—NEARER MY GOD

- 1 Jesus, I turn to thee,  
Be thou my guide ;  
Safe in thy loving arms,  
There let me hide.  
No other help I know,  
No other good below,  
Nothing but earthly woe,  
Nothing beside.
- 2 Lift up my fainting heart,  
Heavy with sin ;  
Guilty and full of wrong,  
Lord, I have been.  
Take me and make me white ;  
Lord, set my feet aright :  
Show me the morning light,  
Saviour of men.
- 4 If thou withhold thy love,  
Where shall I flee ?  
All will be dark and drear,  
All lost to me.  
But if thy Spirit brings  
Glory on angel's wings,  
My soul hosanna sings,  
Ever to thee.
- TUNE—HAMBURG L. M.
- 1 Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 2 Just as I am ; and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot—  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

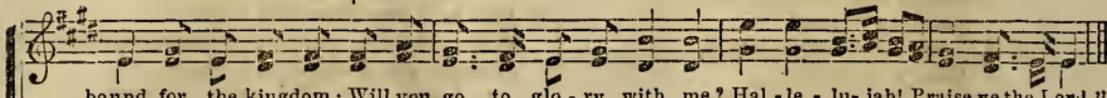
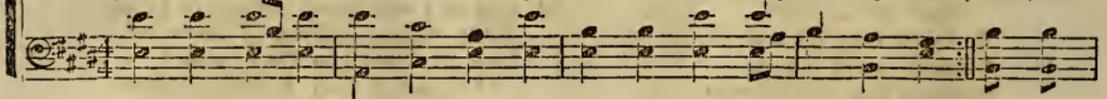
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt.  
With fears within, and foes without—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

## TUNE—NUREMBURG. 7s.

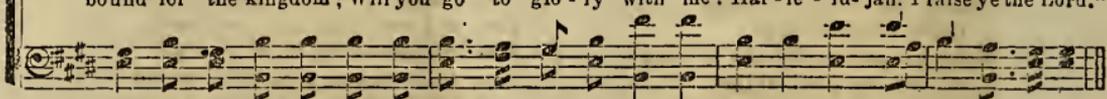
- 1 Lord, we come before thee now ;  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;  
In compassion now descend ;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace ;  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee ; here we stay ;  
Lord, from hence we would not go,  
'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn ;  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those that are cast down, lift up ;  
Make them strong in faith and hope,



1 (Whith-er goest thou, pilgrim stran-ger, Wand'ring thro' this gloom-y vale?  
 Knows't thou not 'tis full of dan-ger, And will not thy cour-age fail?) "No, I'm



bound for the kingdom; Will you go to glo-ry with me? Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord."



- 2 "Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,  
 Traveling through this lonely void;  
 But no ill shall e'er befall me,  
 While I'm blest with such a Guide."  
 "Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom," &c.
- 3 Such a Guide! no guide attends thee,  
 Hence for thee my fears arise;  
 If some guardian power defend thee,  
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.  
 "Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom," &c.

- 4 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,  
 Darkly rolling through the vale;  
 Should its boisterous waves roll o'er thee,  
 Would not then thy courage fail!  
 "No! I'm bound for the kingdom," &c.
- 5 "No; that stream has nothing frightful,  
 To its brink my steps I'll bend;  
 Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful;  
 There my pilgrimage will end.  
 "For I'm bound for the kingdom," &c.

DYING DAY. TUNE—page 6.

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;  
 Repent, thy end is nigh;  
 Death at the farthest, can't be far;  
 Oh, think before thou die.  
 The judgment day is rolling round,  
 The judgment day is rolling round,  
 The judgment day is rolling round,  
 Prepare to meet thy God.
- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;  
 Thy sins how high they mount!

- What are thy hopes beyond the grave!  
 How stands that dark account? *Cho.*
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence;  
 His time there's none can tell;  
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
 To heaven, or down to hell. *Cho.*
- 4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)  
 Shall into dust consume;  
 But, ah! destruction stops not there,  
 Sin kills beyond the tomb. *Cho.*

## TUNE—STEPHENS. C. M.

- 1 In all my Lord's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue ;  
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,  
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
I'll follow where he goes :  
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties and through trials too,  
I'll go at his command ;  
"Hinder me not," for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be,—  
"Hinder me not ;" come, welcome death ;  
I'll gladly go with thee.

## TUNE—WINDHAM. L. M.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall Death command you to the grave,  
Before his bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 3 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

- 4 While God invites, how blest the day !  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !  
Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

## TUNE—NORTHFIELD,

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood availed for me.

## TUNE—CAMBRIDGE.

- 1 Salvation ! O the joyful sound !  
What pleasure to our ears ;  
A sov'reign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !  
To thee the praise belongs :  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

1. { Jo - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low Thee; }  
 { Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my All shalt be. }  
 D. C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heaven are still my own.

D. C.

Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

2. Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour, too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,  
 Thou are not, like them untrue;  
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
3. Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'T will but drive me to Thy breast;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring no sweeter rest.  
 Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me;  
 Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4. Know my soul thy full salvation,  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find in every station  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
 Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;  
 Child of heaven, can'st thou repine?
5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

# UNION HYMN.

Arranged by A. CULL. 61

1. From whence doth this union a - rise, That ha-tred is conquered by love! It fast - ens our

2. It can not in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost:  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3. My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts are united in love:  
Where Jesus has gone, we shall be  
In yonder bright mansions above.

4 O, why then, so loth, now to part, Since we shall ere long meet again? Engraved on Immanuel's heart, At distance we can not remain.	5 And when we shall see that bright And join with the angels above; [day, And leaving these bodies of clay, Unite with our Saviour in love.	6 With Jesus we ever shall reign; We all his bright glories shall see And sing, Hallelujah, Amen; Amen, even so let it be!
--	--	---

*Lively.*

# I LOVE JESUS.

Arranged by A. CULL.

1 Hark! the Gospel news is sounding, Christ has suffered on the tree; Streams of mercy are abounding,  
[Grace for all is rich and free.

Cho. I love Jesus, hallelujah! I love Jesus, yes, I do! I love Jesus, he's my Saviour, Jesus smiles and loves  
[me, too.

2 O, escape to yonder mountain, Now begin to watch and pray, Christ invites you to the fountain, Come and wash your ains away.	3 Grace is flowing like a river, Millions there have been supplied, Still it flows as fresh as ever, From the Saviour's wounded side.	4 Christ alone shall be our portion, Soon we hope to meet above, Bathe in the exhaustless ocean Of the great Redeemer's love.
---	--	--

Arranged by S. J. VAIL.

1. (Love di - vine, all love ex - celling,—Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
 1st. 2d. CHORUS.  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mer - cies crown :) The Lord is

mer - ci - ful, The Lord is pit - i - ful, O, how mer - ci - ful The Lord has been to me.

- 2 Jesus ! thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art,  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter every trembling heart. *Cho.*
- 3 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast !  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find the promised rest. *Cho.*
- 4 Come, almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive !

- Speedily return, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave! *Cho.*
- 5 Finish then thy new creation,  
 Pure, unspotted may we be :  
 Let us see our whole salvation  
 Perfectly secured by thee ! *Cho.*
- 6 Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place ;  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise. *Cho.*

*Tune, REST. L. M.*

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wake to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost its cruel sting.
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! O for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.
5. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be,  
But there is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep.

*Tune, WARD. L. M.*

1. BEHOLD a stranger at the door;  
He gently knocks—has knocked before,  
Has waited long—is waiting still—  
You treat no other friend so ill.
2. Oh! lovely attitude—He stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands;  
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.
3. But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will—the very Friend you need:  
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine,  
Turn out His enemy and thine;  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,—  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5. Admit him, ere his anger burn—  
His feet, departed, ne'er return;  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
You'll at *his door* rejected stand.

*Tune, WARD. L. M.*

1. SAY, sinner! hath a voice within  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control.
2. Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—  
It was the Spirit's gracious call;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
3. Spurn not the call to life and light;  
Regard, in time, the warning kind;  
That call thou may'st not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.
4. God's Spirit will not always strive  
With hardened, self-destroying man;  
Ye who persist His love to grieve,  
May not hear his voice again.
5. Sinner! perhaps, this very day,  
Thy last accepted time may be:  
Oh! should'st thou grieve Him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee.

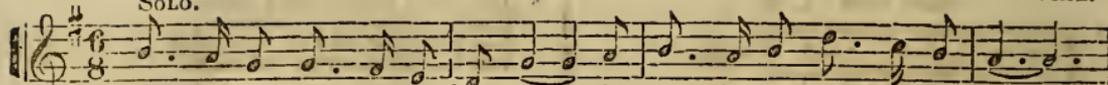
*Tune, OLD HUNDRED. L. M.*

1. FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,  
Thro' every land, by every tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
3. In every land begin the song;  
In every land the strains belong;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

## SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL THERE?

From the "DIADEM." S. J. VAIL.

SOLO.



1. Where do you jour - ney my bro - ther, Oh where do you jour - ney I pray?



Where do you jour - ney my sis - ter, For storm - y and dark is the way?

DUETT.



We're jour - ney - ing on - ward to Ca - naan, Through suf - fer - ing and trial and care, And

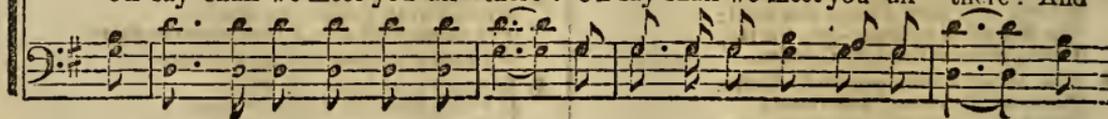


when we get safe - ly to glo - ry, Oh say shall we meet you all there?

CHORUS.



Oh say shall we meet you all there? Oh say shall we meet you all there? And



when we get safe - ly to glo - ry, Oh say shall we meet you all there ?

The image shows a musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (one sharp). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

- 2 What is your mission, my brother,  
 O! what is your mission below?  
 What is your mission, my sister,  
 As journeying onward you go?  
 Our mission is practicing mercy,  
 Sweet charity, patience, and love,  
 And following the footsteps of Jesus  
 That lead to the mansions above!  
 Cho.—Oh! say shall we, &c.
- 3 Oh! yes, you will meet us, my brother,  
 God keep us from weakness and sin,  
 And bearing the cross, we, my sister,  
 The crown we'll endeavor to win.  
 We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,  
 Through suffering, and trials, and care,  
 And when you get safely to glory  
 You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!  
 Cho.—Oh! yes, you will meet, &c.

*Over the river.*

- 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,  
 And filled it with treasures of gold,  
 ||: Yes, over the river I'm going,  
 ||: To where there are pleasures untold. :||
- 2 Over the river I'm going :  
 Oh, seek not to draw me aside ;  
 See, for the boatman is waiting  
 To ferry me over the tide.  
 My Saviour is there to receive me,  
 And shield me from suffering and cold ;  
 |:| Yes, over the river I'm going,  
 !:| To where there are pleasures untold. :|:|

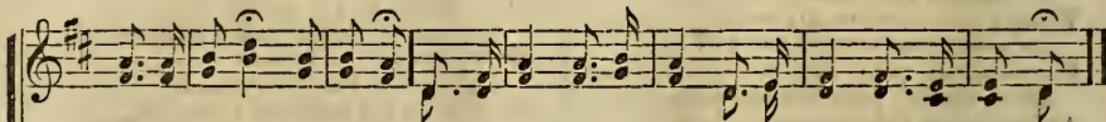
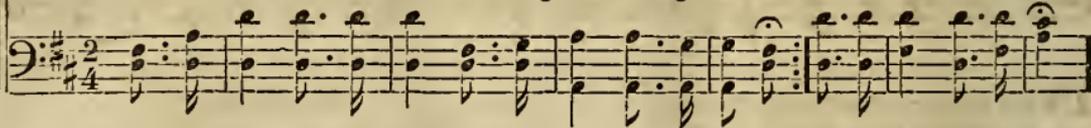
Words by REV. C. B. DAVIDSON.

6s &amp; 7s.

From "Devotional Melodies" by permission.



1 } Sin - ner, come, will you go, To the highlands of heaven. } Where the bright blooming flow-  
 } Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given? } } ers



Are their odors e-mit-ting, And the leaves of the bow'rs In the soft winds are flit-ting.



2 Where the saints robed in white,  
 Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,  
 Shining beauteous and bright  
 They inhabit the mountain,  
 Where no sin nor dismay,  
 Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
 Will be felt for a day,  
 Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 Where the rivers of joy  
 O'er the bright plains are flowing ;  
 There our bliss ne'er shall cloy !  
 To that land we are going.  
 Then say, will you go,  
 And the world leave behind you ?  
 Since its pleasures you know  
 Have but dazzled to blind you.

# STAND UP FOR JESUS!\*

67

BRADBURY'S Musical Tract, No. 1.

W.M. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. Stand up for Jesus! All who lead his host! Crowned with the splendors of the Holy Ghost!  
 2. Stand up for Je - sus! Ye of every name! All one in prayer and all with praise aflame!  
 3. Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand Je - sus himself for us delights to stand!

Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield, Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—  
 For-get the sad estrangement of the past, With one consent in love and peace at last—  
 Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace: Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race—

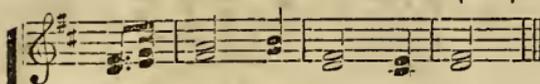
CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus! Stand up for Je - sus! Stand up for Je - sus!

\* Dying charge of Rev. DUDLEY A. TYNG.



1. By cool Si-loam's sha-dy rill How sweet the lily grows ; How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
 2. Lo ! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose secret heart with influence sweet,  
 3. By cool Si-loam's sha-dy rill The lily must decay ; The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,



Of Shar-on's dew-y rose !  
 Is up-ward drawn to God.  
 Must short-ly fade a-way.



- 4 And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour  
 Of man's maturer age  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.  
 5 O thou who givest life and breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.

#### PROSTRATE, DEAR JESUS.

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet  
 A guilty rebel lies ;  
 And upward to thy mercy-seat  
 Presumes to lift his eyes.  
 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
 To pay the debt I owe,  
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
 In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead  
 To expiate my guilt ;  
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,  
 No blood, but thou hast split.  
 4 Think of thy sorrow, dearest Lord !  
 And all my sins forgive :  
 Justice will well approve the word  
 That bids the sinner live.

#### TUNE.—THE SWEETEST NAME.

- 1 There is no name so sweet on earth,  
 No name so sweet in heaven,  
 The name before his wondrous birth,  
 To Christ, the Saviour, given.  
 CHORUS.—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 And when he hung upon the tree,  
 They wrote his name above him,  
 That all might see the reason we  
 For evermore must love him. *Cho.*  
 3 So now upon his Father's throne,  
 Almighty to release us  
 From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,  
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus. *Cho.*

## TUNE—GREENVILLE. 8s,7s&amp;4s.

1 Come ye sinners, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall,  
If you wait till you are better  
You will never come at all;  
Sinners only,  
Christ, the Saviour, came to call.

2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him;  
This He gives you—  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold Him,  
There He groans, and bleeds, and  
dies,  
"It is finished,"—  
Heaven accepts the sacrifice.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending  
Pleads the merit of His blood;  
Venture on Him—venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good.

## TUNE—DEVOTION. 7s.

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

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

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
Boundless love in Thee I find,  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am—  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

## TUNE—THE SHINING SHORE.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly—  
Those hours of toil and danger;  
CHO.—For now we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over;  
And, just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

2 Our absent king the watchword gave,  
"Let every lamp be burning;"  
We look afar, across the wave,  
Our distant home discerning;—*Cho*

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,  
We will not yield to sorrow,  
For hope will sing, with courage bold,  
"There's glory on the morrow;"—*Cho.*

4 Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,  
Each cord on earth to sever,  
There bright and joyous in the skies—  
There is our home for ever;—*Cho.*

## TUNE—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why;  
God, who did your being give,  
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why—  
Will ye not in him believe?  
He has died that ye might live.

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why—  
Often with you has he strove,  
Wooed you to embrace his love.

4 Will ye not his grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
O, ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye for ever die?

## TUNE—PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1 Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrims, hither come.

2 Hither come; for here is found  
Balm for every bleeding wound,  
Peace which ever shall endure,  
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

1 I have cast my "doing" down,  
Yes down at Jesus feet;  
Now I stand in Him alone.  
All glorious and complete.  
Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Something either great or small,  
From love to Him I'll do.

2 Now to Jesus' faith I cling,  
Alone by simple faith;  
Doing was a "deadly" thing,  
It would have been my death.  
3 Jesus once in anguish bled  
Upon the cruel tree;  
There he bowed His sacred head,  
And suffered all for me. CHO.

4 'Twas my sins that nail'd Him there,  
My sins that shed His blood,  
Mine that pierced his bleeding side,  
The blessed Son of God. CHO.  
5 All my life shall now be given  
To Christ, my risen Lord;  
Learning all the way to Heaven,  
My duty in His word. CHO.

## JESUS PAID IT ALL.

From "GOLDEN CENSER," by permission. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Nothing, either great or small, Remains for me to do; Je - sus died, and paid it all, — Yes,  
2. When he from his lof - ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die. Ev - ery thing was fully done; 'Tis  
3. Weary, working, plodding on, Oh, wherefore toil you so? Cease your doing, all was done; Yes,

### CHORUS.

all the debt I owe. Je - sus paid it all,.... All the debt I owe, Je - sus died and  
finished!" was his cry. Je - sus paid it all, &c.  
a - ges long a - go. Je - sus paid it all, &c.

Je - sus paid it, paid it all,

paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
Alone by simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing.  
Your "doing" ends in death. CHO.  
5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
All glorious and complete. CHO.

## I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD. 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.
4. Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
5. Jesus, thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,  
Shall great deliverance bring.
6. Sure as thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## THE SPIRIT, IN OUR HEARTS. S. M.

1. THE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come ;"  
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all his children, "Come !"

2. Let him that heareth say  
To all about him, "Come ;"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the fountain, come.
3. Yes, whosoever will,  
O, let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life ;  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
4. Lo ! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come :"  
Lord, even so ; we wait thy hour ;  
O blest Redeemer, come.

## COME TO THE HOUSE OF PRAYER. S. M.

1. COME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come ;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;  
He makes that house his home.
2. Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
3. Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love ;  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.
4. Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;  
Let not your hearts his praise disown  
Who gives the power to praise.

1. Lo! on a nar - row neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand, Secure! in - sen - si - ble'

A point of time, a moment's space, Removes me to yon heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress:  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And save me ere it is too late;  
 Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When thou with clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at thy bar;  
 And tell me, Lord! shall I be there  
 To meet a joyful doom!

4 Be this my one great business here,—  
 With holy trembling, holy fear,  
 To make my calling sure!  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure!

5 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,  
 Then bid me in thy presence live,  
 And reign with thee above;  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope, in full, supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

## TUNE—SHIRLAND. S. M.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
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.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

## TUNE—HAMBURG. L. M.

- 1 Eternity is just at hand!  
And shall we waste our ebbing sand,  
And careless view departing day,  
And throw this inch of time away?
- 2 For all an endless state there is  
Of woe extreme, or perfect bliss;  
And swift as time fulfils its round  
We to that final doom are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind  
Have left this fleeting world behind!  
All gone!—but where?—ah, pause and see:  
Gone to a long eternity!

- 4 Sinner! canst thou forever dwell  
Amid the fiery deeps of hell?  
Has death no warning sound for thee?  
O, turn, and to the Saviour flee.

## TUNE—BALERMA.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,—  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their mem'ry still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest:  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

Such testimony as the following, has induced the reprint of this beautiful hymn ;

"Thank you for singing that hymn. 'EVEN ME.' for it was the singing of that hymn that has saved me. \*

\* \* \* \* \* When they all sung those beautiful words, 'Let some droppings light on ME, and Blessing others, O bless me, Even me,' it seemed to reach my every soul. I thought Jesus can accept 'me, EVEN ME,' and it brought me to his feet, and I feel my burden of sin removed. Jesus has accepted ME, EVEN ME. Can you wonder that I love those words, or love to hear them sung? Ah! may I too sing them, when He shall take me before his throne at the last, and accept EVEN ME. Yours truly,  
A CONVERT."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "The Golden Shower," by permission.



1. (Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free; ) [fall on me.  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me. ) Even me, Even me, Let some droppings

2. ( Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful though my heart may be; ) [fall on me.  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let thy mercy fall on me. ) Even me, Even me, Let some droppings

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour  
Let me live and cling to thee:  
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;  
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—  
Even me.

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

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

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, O, bless me,—  
Even me.

Tune.—WE'LL STEM THE STORM.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?  
2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?  
4 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

## TUNE—BALERMA.

- 1 Come trembling sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve—  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve :
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 4 I can but perish if I go ;  
I am resolved to try ;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

## TUNE—SHALL WE SING.

- 1 Shall we sing in heaven forever—  
Shall we sing ?  
Shall we sing in heaven forever,  
In that happy land ?
- Yes! O yes! in that land, that happy land,  
They that meet shall sing forever,  
Far beyond the rolling river,  
Meet to sing and love forever,  
In that happy land!
- 2 Shall we know each other ever  
In that land ?  
Shall we know each other ever  
In that happy land ?
- Yes! O yes! in that land, that happy land,  
They that meet shall know each other,  
Far beyond, etc.

## TUNE—WINDHAM,

- 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 My crimes, though great, cannot surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace ;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound :  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord !  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

## TUNE—WINDHAM. L. M.

- 1 Is there no hope? O, sinner, pause!  
Turn not away from heaven thy face ;  
Despise no more God's holy laws,  
Resist not his inviting grace.
- 2 Is there no hope? That word recall,  
Thy steps retrace, nor dare delay,  
Lest, ere thou return, God's anger fall,  
And hope forever flee away.
- 3 Is there no hope? Yes, sinner, yes—  
Repent, and to the Saviour fly :  
Will he be deaf to your distress  
Who listens when the ravens cry ?
- 4 Return!—the bow of promise mark,  
Above where death's dark billows roar ;  
For soon, when sinks thy fragile bark,  
'Twill shine upon thy soul no more.

## WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

Harmonized by S. J. ANDERSON.  
CHORUS.

1. { To day, if you will hear his voice, Now is the time to make your choice; }  
 { Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go? Say will you have this Christ, or no? } We are

passing away, We are passing away, We are passing away To the great Judgment Day.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,<br/>         Say, will you be forever blest?<br/>         Will you be saved from sin and hell?<br/>         Will you with Christ in glory dwell?<br/>         We are passing away, &amp;c.</p> | <p>4. Leave all your sports and glittering toys,<br/>         Come, share with us eternal joys;<br/>         Or, must we leave you bound to hell?<br/>         Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.<br/>         We are passing away, &amp;c.</p> |
| <p>3. Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,<br/>         Obey the gospel's joyful sound;<br/>         Come, go with us, and you shall prove<br/>         The joy of Christ's redeeming love,<br/>         We are passing away, &amp;c.</p> | <p>5. Once more we ask you, in his name,<br/>         For yet his love remains the same,<br/>         Say, will you to Mount Zion go?<br/>         Say, will you have this Christ, or no!<br/>         We are passing away, &amp;c.</p>                 |

S. J. VAIL.

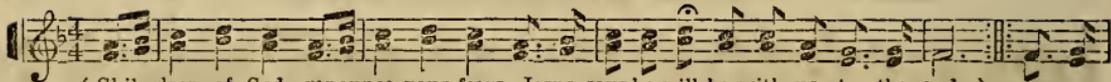
1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that  
D.C. Yes, Jesus died for all mankind, Bless God, salvation's free.

CHORUS. D.C. in Chorus

sacred head For such a worm as I! Je-sus died for you. Je-sus died for me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree! CHO.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty Maker died  
For man the creature's sin. CHO.

- 4 Thus 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.



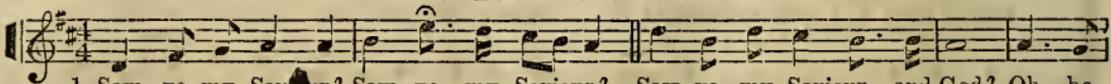
1. ( Chil - dren of God, renounce your fears; Jesus says he will be with us to the end,  
Lo! Je - sus for your help appears, Jesus, says he will be with us to the end, ) For he



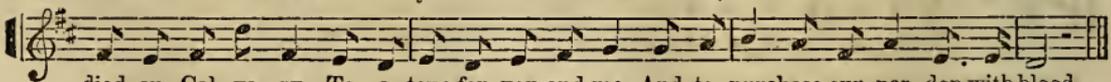
has been with us, and he still is with us, And he's promised to be with us to the end.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 He loudly speaks, as he draws nigh, Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>"Be not afraid, for it is I," Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>For he, &amp;c.</p> <p>3 When in the awful tempest tost, Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>You feel your strength and courage lost Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>For he, &amp;c.</p> <p>4 When mighty waves roll o'er your head, Jesus says, &amp;c.</p> | <p>Your Lord is near, be not afraid, Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>For he, &amp;c.</p> <p>5 When fierce disease attacks your frame, Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>Your Saviour's love is still the same, Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>For he, &amp;c.</p> <p>6 In death's dark shade you need not fear, Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>For Jesus will be with you there, Jesus says, &amp;c.<br/>For he, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|--|

### SAW YE MY SAVIOUR?



1. Saw ye my Sav-our? Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour and God? Oh, he



died on Cal - va - ry, To a - tone for you and me, And to purchase our par - don with blood.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 He was extended, he was extended,<br/>Painfully nailed to the cross;<br/>There he bowed his head and died,<br/>There my Lord was crucified,<br/>To atone for a world that was lost.</p> <p>3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,<br/>Three dreadful hours in pain;<br/>And the solid rocks were rent,<br/>Through creation's vast extent,<br/>When the Jews crucified the Lamb.</p> | <p>4 There interceding, there interceding,<br/>Pleading that sinners may live,<br/>Crying, "See my hands and side,<br/>Father, I was crucified<br/>To redeem them—I pray thee forgive."</p> <p>5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them<br/>When they repent and believe;<br/>Let them now return to thee,<br/>And be reconciled to me,<br/>And salvation they all shall receive."</p> |
|--|---|

# LET ME GO.

Arranged by A. CULL 79

1. Let me go, my soul is weary Of the chains that bind it here, Let my spir - it

bend its pinions To a bright - er, holier sphere. Earth, 'tis true, has friends who bless me, With a fond and

faith - ful love; But the arms of an - gels beckon Me to brighter worlds a - bove.

2 Let me go, my soul has tasted  
Of my Saviour's wondrous grace;  
Let me go, where I shall ever  
See and know him face to face;  
Let me go, the trees of heaven,  
Rise before me, waving bright,  
And the distant crystal waters  
Flash upon my feeble sight.

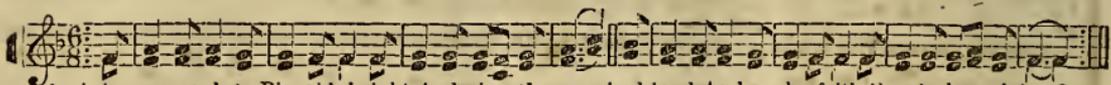
3 Let me go, for earth hath sorrows,  
Sin and pain and bitter tears,  
All its paths are dark and dreary.  
All its hopes are wro't with fears,  
Short-lived are its cherished flow'rs,  
Soon its brightest flowers decay;  
Let me go, I fain would leave it  
For the realms of cloudless day.

4 Let me go, for songs seraphic,  
Now seem calling from the skies,  
'Tis the welcome of the angels,  
Which to me seem hov'ring nigh,  
Let me go, they wait to bear me  
To the mansions of the blest,  
Where the spirit, worn and weary,  
Finds at last its long sought rest,



1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes. There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
 [Tis found beneath the mer-cy seat.
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 There is a place where Jesus sheds<br/>         The oil of gladness on our heads,<br/>         A place of all on earth most sweet ;<br/>         It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.</p> <p>3 There is a scene where spirits blend,<br/>         Where friend holds fellowship with friend,</p> | <p>Though Sundered far, by faith we meet<br/>         Around one common mercy-seat.</p> <p>4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,<br/>         And sense and sin becloud no more ;<br/>         And heaven comes down our souls to greet,<br/>         And glory crowns the mercy-seat.</p> |
|---|--|

## WE'LL STEM THE STORM.



1. Arise, my soul, to Pisgah's height, And view the promised land, And see by faith the glorious sight, Our  
 [heritage at hand
- CHO. We'll stem the storm, it won't be long, The heavenly port is nigh ; We'll stem the storm, it won't be  
 [long, We'll anchor by-and-by.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 There endless springs of pleasure flow<br/>         At my Redeemer's side,<br/>         For all who live by faith below,<br/>         And in their Lord confide. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,<br/>         Just o'er the narrow flood,<br/>         And fields adorned in living green,<br/>         The residence of God. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 O could I cross rough Jordan's wave,<br/>         No danger would I fear ;<br/>         My bark would every tempest brave,<br/>         For oh ! my Captain's near. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 My lamp of life will soon grow pale,<br/>         The spark will soon decay ;<br/>         And then my happy soul will sail<br/>         To everlasting day. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|--|

## TUNE—GREENVILLE.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Saviour, visit thy plantation,<br/>         Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;<br/>         All will come to desolation<br/>         Unless thou return again. ———</p> <p>2 Surely once thy garden flourished,<br/>         Every plant looked gay and green ;<br/>         Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,—<br/>         Happy seasons we have seen.</p> | <p>3 Some, in whom we once delighted,<br/>         We shall meet no more below ;<br/>         Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,<br/>         Scarce a single leaf they show.</p> <p>4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,<br/>         Thou canst make them bloom again ;<br/>         O, permit them not to wither,<br/>         Let not all our hopes be vain.</p> |
|--|---|

# GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT.

81

Arr. by A. CULL.

1. At life's ear-ly morn, When my Bi - ble was dear, A voice from its pa - ges Oft breath'd o'er my ear,

"Oh grieve not the Spir - it! Oh grieve not the Spir - it! Oh grieve not his love."

2 Of my mother I asked,  
As I knelt at her knee,  
To say my sweet prayer,—  
What was whispering to me?  
She answered, "The Spirit!—the blest Holy Spirit!  
Oh grieve not his love.

3 When I mused all alone,  
And gray twilight was nigh,  
While the bright streams of childhood  
Went murmuring by,  
A voice warned me heavenward— the voice of the Spirit,  
The Spirit of love."

4 Then youth with its snares  
Did my footsteps entwine,  
And I hardened my heart  
To that impulse divine—  
"Absent!" cried the Spirit, the witnessing Spirit,  
The Spirit of love.

5 But years fled apace,  
And with sin I grew wild  
For the world and its tempters  
My conscience defiled—  
So I slighted the Spirit, the pitying Spirit,  
The Spirit of love.

6 And now I am old,  
My temples are hoar,  
And I feel the warm breath  
Of His impulse no more,  
For I slighted the Spirit—the long waiting Spirit,  
I mocked at his love.

7 Alas! I must die,  
And I fear to depart,  
Forsaken by Him  
Who converteth the heart!  
Oh! grieve not the Spirit—the life-giving Spirit,  
The Spirit of love.

## COME, THOU FOUNT. (Nettleton.) 8s &amp; 7s.

Arranged by WM. B. BRADBURY.  
CHORUS.

1. (Come, thou Fount of eve-ry blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays;)  
(Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.) I love Je-sus Hal-le-

- lu-jah, I love Jesus, Yes, I do, I do, I do love Jesus, He's my Saviour, Jesus smiles and loves me too.

- 2 Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by raptur'd saints above;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I sing redeeming love.—*Cho.*
- 3 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;

- He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.—*Cho.*
- 4 Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above.—*Cho.*

## Tune.—MARTYN.

- 1 Nay, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.  
Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer:  
Merely heard and set him free,—  
Lord, that mercy came to ME.

- 2 Many years have passed since then,  
Many changes have I seen,  
Yet have been upheld till now,—  
Who could hold me up but thou?  
Nay, I must maintain my hold;  
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;  
I can no denial take  
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

1 (Come, classmates, don't grow weary, But let us journey on, The moments will not far - ry, This  
The pass - ing scenes all tell us, That death will surely come, These bodies soon will mould - er, In the

**CHORUS.**

life will soon be gone; dark and dreary tomb.) And oh, there is rest, and oh, there is rest, And oh, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Our friends have gone before us,  
They beckon us away,  
We never more shall see them,  
Till the fearful judgment day;  
But we have listed in the army,  
We have listed for the war,

We will fight until we conquer  
By faith and humble prayer.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,  
He bids us all to come;  
High up in endless glory,

He has fitted up our home;  
The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
Will strive to hedge our way,  
But we'll o'ercome their powers,  
If we only watch and pray.

### TO WHOM SHOULD WE GO? TUNE—DENNIS. S. M.

1 Ah! whither should I go,  
Burden'd and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my trouble show,  
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;  
Ah! why do I delay?  
And calls the weary sinner home,  
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,  
From which I cannot part,—  
Which will not let the Saviour take  
Possession of my heart?

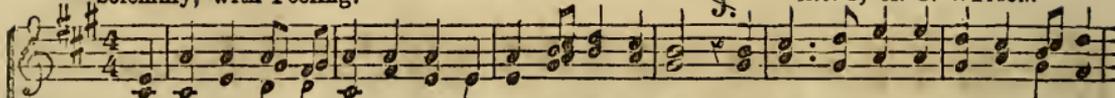
4 Some cursed thing unknown,  
Must surely work within;  
Some idol which I will not own,—  
Some secret bosom sin.

5 Jesus the hind'rance show  
Which I have feared to see;  
And let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from thee

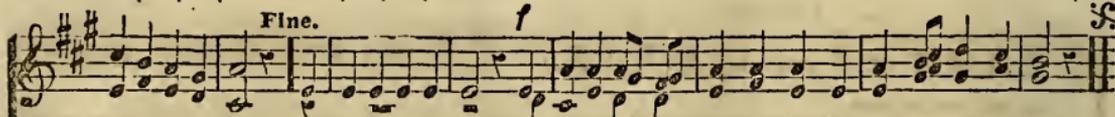
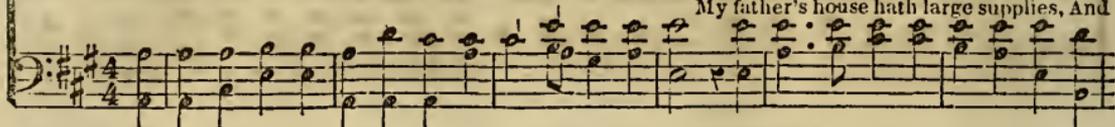
6 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
Thy trying power display;  
Into its darkest corners shine,  
And take the veil away.

Solemnly, with Feeling.

Arr. by H. C. WATSON.



1. Af-flictions tho' they seem severe, In mer-cy oft are sent, They stopped the prodigal's career, And  
My father's house hath large supplies, And



caused him to repent. I'll not die here for bread. I'll not die here for bread he cries, Nor starve in foreign lands,  
bounteous are his hands.



2. What have I gained by sin, he said,  
But hunger, shame, and fear :  
My father's house abounds in bread,  
While I am starving here.  
I'll not die here, &c.

3. I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face,  
Unworthy to be called his son,  
I'll seek a servant's place.  
I'll not die here, &c.

4. His father saw him coming back,  
He saw, he ran, he smiled .  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.  
I'll die no more, &c.

5. O father, I have sinned, forgive—  
Enough, the father said :  
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourned as dead.  
I'll die no more, &c.

6. Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
And spread the news around !  
My son was dead, and lives again,  
Was lost but now is found.  
I'll die no more, &c.

Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
To call poor sinners home.  
More than a father's love he feels,  
And welcomes all that come  
I'll die no more, &c.

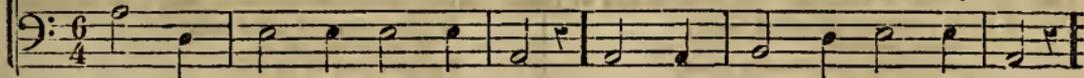
# SAY, POOR SINNER, LOVEST THOU ME.

85

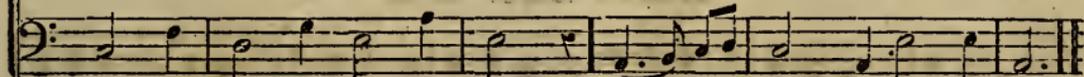
Arranged by G. C. M.



1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord! In thy Sa-viour! hear his word!  
 2. "I de-liv-ered thee when bound, And, when bleed-ing, healed thy wound;



- Je-sus speaks, he speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy dark-ness in-to light.

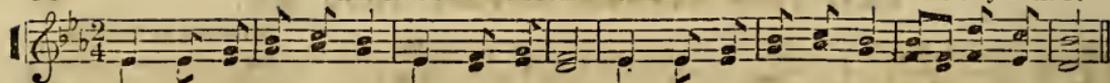


3. "Can a mother's tender care  
 Cease towards the child she bare?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet I will remember thee.

4. "Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above;  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

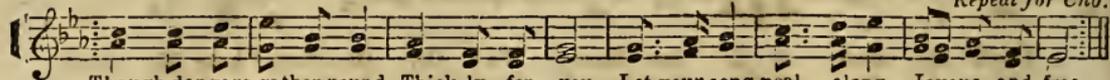
5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of faith is done,—  
 Partner of my throne shalt be:  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6. "Lord! it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is still so faint;  
 Yet I love thee, and adore:  
 Oh! for grace to love thee more!"



1. Brethren and sis - ters dear, Journey - ing home, Press thro' earth's wilderness, Cheerful - ly on ;

*Repeat for Cho.*



Though dangers gather round, Thick - ly for you, Let your song peal along, Joyous and free.  
 Cho. Pil - grims and wander - ers, Here though we roam, Earthly storms cannot harm, Heav'n is our home

2 Earth hath her pleasures sweet,  
 Luring us here,  
 Loved friends most fondly greet,  
 Friends that are dear.

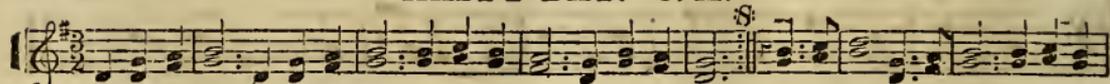
Yet though their forms we love,  
 We ne'er will stray,  
 Press we on—nearer home—  
 Home far away. *Cho.*

3 Worthies have passed before,  
 Heavenward they trod,  
 And we will follow on,  
 Trusting in God.

Bright crowns of glory now  
 On high they wear,  
 By their side let us sit—  
 Jesus is there. *Cho.*

4 There the redeemed we'll meet  
 Nearer the throne,  
 There the Redeemer greet,  
 Glorious One !  
 Deep-toned our songs shall swell,  
 Where angels love,  
 With delight—clothed in white,  
 Far—far above. *Cho.*

### HAPPY DAY. C. M.



1 ( O happy day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God ! )  
 ( Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. ) Happy day, happy day, When Jesus

END.

D S.



washed my sins away ; He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day.

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

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

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

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

Music by H.

Arr. by A. CULL.

1. A little longer here below, Climbing up Zion's hill, And then to glory I shall go. And stand on Zion's  
2. I have some friends before me gone, They've gone to Zion's hill, And I'm resolved to travel on. Till I reach Zion's

CHORUS.

hill. We're al - most there, We're almost there, We are al - most there, my Lord, Climbing up Zion's  
hill. We're al - most, &c. [hill.

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| 3 Go on, go on, my brethren dear,<br>Go on to Zion's hill;<br>Soon we shall meet together there,<br>And stand on Zion's hill. <i>Cho.</i> | 4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,<br>Climbing up Zion's hill;<br>I'm bound to meet you in the skies,<br>And stand on Zion's hill. <i>Cho.</i> | 5 Now here's my heart, and here's<br>Climbing up Zion's hill;<br>To meet you in that heavenly<br>And stand on Zion's hill. [land. |
|---|--|---|

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL. L. M.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone—He stands on Zion's<br>hill;<br>He whom I fixed my hopes upon; Climbing up Zion's<br>hill; <i>Cho.</i> | Because I was not saved from sin; Climbing, etc.<br>7 The more I strove against its power, Climbing, etc.<br>I felt its weight and guilt the more; Climbing, etc. |
| 2 His track I see, and I'll pursue, Climbing, etc.<br>The narrow way, till him I view, Climbing, etc. <i>Cho.</i>                         | 8 'Till late I heard my Saviour say.—Climbing, etc.<br>Come hither, soul, I am the way; Climbing etc.   |
| 3 The way the holy prophets went,—Climbing, etc.<br>The road that leads from banishment.—Climbing, etc.                                   | 9 Lo! glad I come; and thou blest Lamb, Climbing, etc.<br>Shalt take me to thee, as I am; Climbing, etc.  |
| 4 The King's highway of holiness, Climbing, etc.<br>I'll go; for all his paths are peace, Climbing, etc.                                  | 10 Only my sin have I got to give, Climbing, etc.<br>Only thy love shall I receive; Climbing, etc.  |
| 5 This is the way I long have sought, Climbing, etc.<br>And mourn'd because I found it not; Climbing, etc.                                | 11 Then will I tell to sinners round, Climbing, etc.<br>How dear a Saviour I have found; Climbing, etc.   |
| 6 My grief a burden long has been, Climbing, etc.   | 12 I'll point to thy redeeming blood, Climbing, etc.<br>And say,—Behold the way to God. Climbing, etc.  |



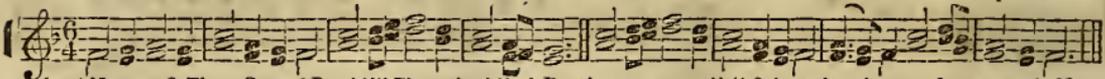
1 (There is a time, we know not when, A point we know not where,) es every path.  
 (That marks the destiny of men, To glory or despair ; ) 2. There is a time by us unseen, That cross-  
 D.C. The hidden boundary between God's patience and his wrath.

3 To pass that limit, is to die—  
 To die as if by stealth ;  
 It does not quench the beaming eye,  
 Or pall the glow of health.  
 4 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne,  
 By which our path is crossed ;  
 Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,  
 That he who goes, is lost.

5 How far may we go on in sin ?  
 How long will God forbear ?  
 Where does hope end ? and where begin  
 The confines of despair ?  
 6 An answer from the skies is sent :  
 " Ye that from God depart !  
 While it is called to-day, repent !  
 And harden not your heart.

## BARTIMEUS. 8s &amp; 7s.

Arr. by W.



1. "Mercy, O Thou Son of David!" Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed! "Others by thy word are saved, Now  
 [to me afford thine aid,  
 2 Many for his crying chide him,  
 But he called the louder still ;  
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him  
 Come, and ask Me what you will.  
 3 Money was not what he wanted,  
 Though by begging used to live ;  
 But he asked, and Jesus granted  
 Alms which none but he could give.  
 4 "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,  
 Let my eyes behold the day !"  
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,  
 Followed Jesus in the way.  
 5 Oh ' methinks I hear him praising,  
 Publishing to all around :  
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?  
 What a Saviour I have found!"  
 6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,  
 And would be advised by me!  
 Surely they would hasten to him,  
 He would cause them all to see."

## TUNE—MARCHING ALONG.

1 The converts are gathering from near and from far, 2 We've listed for life and we'll camp on the field,  
 The trumpet is sounding the call for the war, With Christ as our Captain, we never will yield,  
 The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long, The World and the Spirit, both trusty and strong,  
 We'll gird on our armor and be marching along. We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.  
 Marching along, we are marching along, Marching along, we are marching along,  
 Gird on the armor and be marching along. Gird on our armor and be marching along.  
 The conflict, &c. The conflict, &c.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What

more can he say than to you he hath said, You, who un-to Je - sus for re - fuge have fled, You

who un - to Je - sus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness and health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee—oh! be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in thy bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

1. Come and taste along with me, Con - so - la - tion running free, From my Father's wealthy home,  
2. Why should Christians feast alone? Two are better far than one; The more that comes with free good will

## CHORUS.

Sweeter than the hon - ey - comb. I'll praise God, and you'll praise God, We'll all praise God together;  
Makes the banquet sweeter still. I'll praise God, &c.

I'll praise the Lord for the work that he has done, And we'll bless his name for - ev - er.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,  
Asking for a little more,  
Jesus gives a double share,  
Calling me his chosen heir,  
4 Goodness, running like a stream.  
Through the new Jerusalem!  
By its constant breaking forth,  
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Saints in glory sing aloud—  
Joy to see an heir of God  
Coming in at heaven's door,  
Making up the number more.  
6 Heaven here and heaven there,  
Comforts flowing every where;  
This I boldly can attest.  
That my soul has had a taste.

7 Now I go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume;  
Gleaning manna on the road,  
Dropping from the mount of God.  
8 Oh return, ye sons of grace,  
Turn and see God's smiling face;  
Hark! he calls backsliders home.  
Then from him no longer roam.

## O FOR A SHOUT OF SACRED JOY. C. M.

1. O for a shout of sacred joy  
To God, the sovereign King!  
Let every land its voice employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. Jesus, our God, ascends on high;  
His heavenly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpet's joyful sound.
3. While angels shout, and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains;  
Let all the earth his honors sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
4. Speak forth his praise with awe profound;  
Let knowledge guide the song;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

## TO OUR REDEEMER'S. C. M.

1. To our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song!  
O, may his love—immortal flame—  
Tune every heart and tongue.
2. His love what mortal thought can reach!  
What mortal tongue display!  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

3. Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
4. O, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

## HOSANNA TO OUR CONQUERING. C. M.

1. HOSANNA to our conquering King!  
All hail, incarnate Love!  
Ten thousand songs and glories wait  
To crown thy head above.
2. Thy victories and thy deathless fame  
Through all the world shall run,  
And everlasting ages sing  
The triumphs thou hast won.

## COME, LET US JOIN. C. M.

1. Come, let us join, with sweet accord,  
In hymns around the throne;  
This is the day our risen Lord  
Hath made and called his own.
2. This is the day which God hath blest,  
The brightest of the seven,—  
A type of that eternal rest  
Which saints enjoy in heaven.

FINE.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see ! Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
D. C. But when I am happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May. [flowers.

Have all lost their sweetness to me ;—The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay ,

D. C.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice ;  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
No mortal so happy as I,—  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind :

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power :  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger ;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream :  
All the fitness he requireth

While blest with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I languish and pine ?  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky ;  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me to thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

## TUNE—COME YE SINNERS.

Is to feel your need of him :  
'Tis he gives you,—  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

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

1. When, marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky, One star alone of

all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye, Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From

ev-'ry host, From ev'ry gem, But one alone the Saviour speaks—It is the Star of Bethlehem!

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;  
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.  
 Deep horror then my vitals froz;  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose—  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It leads me to the port of peace.  
 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever, and forever more,  
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

## OH! LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

Words by Mrs M. A. KIDDER

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1 Oh! let not your hearts be troubled, Neither let them be a - fraid, For be -

CHORUS.

hold the bridegroom cometh In his wedding robes arrayed, There is joy for the

ransomed, There is joy for the ransomed There is joy for the ransomed, There is

joy for you. In the peaceful land of Ca-naan, Where the saints sing for -

ev - er, Far be - yond death's roll-ing riv - er, There is joy for you.

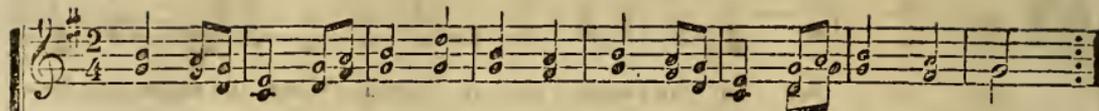
2 Let me drink sweet draughts of mercy  
From the fountain flowing free,  
Let me drink and live forever  
Where my Saviour I may see. CHO.

3 Tell me not ye weary laden,  
There is nought but sorrow here,

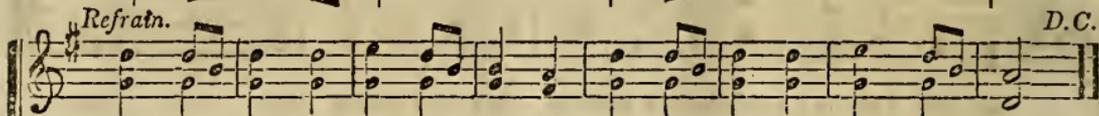
For the Lord hath sent his angels  
And his chosen need not fear. CHO.

4 Keep your lamps well trimmed and burning  
And the wedding garments nigh,  
For no man may know the moment  
Of his coming in the sky. CHO.

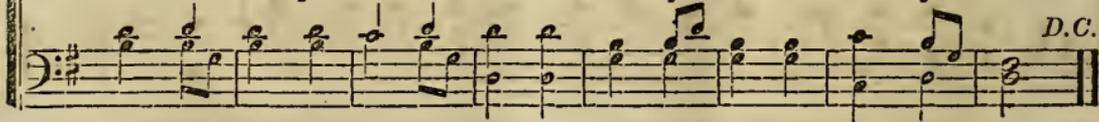
PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s &amp; 7s.



1 { Now the Sa-viour standeth pleading, At the sin-ner's bolt-ed heart; }  
 { Now in heav'n He's in-ter-ced-ing, Tak-ing there the sin-ner's part: }  
 D.C. Once He died thro' your be-hav-ior, Now He calls you by His charms.



2 Sin-ner! can you hate this Saviour? Will you trust Him from your arms?



3 Sinner! hear your God and Saviour,  
 Hear his gracious voice to-day,  
 Turn from all your vain behavior,  
 O repent, return and pray! *Refrain.*

See what kindness, love, and pity,  
 Shine around on you and me. *Refrain.*

4 Now He's waiting to be gracious,  
 Now He stands and looks on thee:

5 Come for all things now are ready,  
 Yet there's room for many more:  
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy,  
 Come to wisdom's boundless store! *Refrain.*

## TUNE—KENTUCKY.

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

## TUNE—BEAUTIFUL LAND.

- 1 A beautiful land by faith I see,  
A land of rest from sorrow free,  
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,  
And beautiful angels too, are there.  
Will you go? Will you go? etc.
- 2 That beautiful land, the city of light,  
It ne'er has known the shades of night;  
The glory of God, the light of day,  
Hath driven the darkness far away.  
Will you go? Will you go? etc.
- 3 In vision I see its streets of gold,  
Its beautiful gates I, too, behold,  
The river of life, the crystal sea,

The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

Will you go? Will you go? etc.

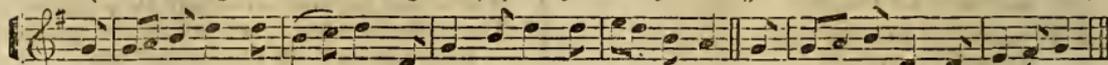
- 4 The heavenly throng, arrayed in white,  
In rapture range the plains of light,  
And in one harmonious choir they praise  
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.  
Will you go? Will you go? etc.

## TUNE—WATCHMAN.

- 1 Blest be the ties that binds  
Our hearts in christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.



1 (Glo - ry to God, that I have found The pearl of my sal - vation ;  
I'm marching thro' Immanuel's ground, Up to my heavenly station ;) And I'm resolv'd to travel on,



And nev - er to for - sake him, I'll always keep the narrow way, Till I do o - ver - take him.

2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock,  
Heirs of immortal glory ;  
For ye are built upon the rock,  
The kingdom lies before you.

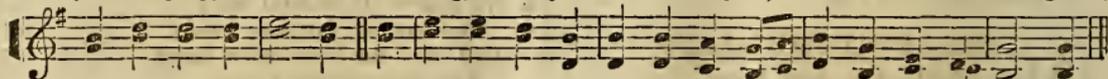
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of grace,  
And tell the pleasing story ;  
I'm with my little flock always,  
I'll bring them home to glory.

### THE YOUNG CONVERT.

Arr. by W.



1 (When converts first be - gin to sing, Wonder, won - der, wonder, )  
(Their hap - py souls are on the wing, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah ! ) Their theme is all redeeming love,



Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah ! Fain would they be with Christ above, Sing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah !

2 With admiration they behold, Wonder, &c.  
The love of Christ that can't be told, Glory, &c.  
They view themselves upon the shore, &c.  
And think the battle all is o'er, &c.

3 Come, take up arms and face the field,  
Come, gird on harness, sword and shield,

Stand fast in faith, fight for your King.  
And soon the victory you shall win.

4 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,  
Then meet him with these blessed lines—  
For Christ, our Lord has swept the field,  
And we're d etermined not to yield.

### TUNE—ST. THOMAS. S. M.,

1 Come, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known,  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind,  
Be banished from the place ;

Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

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

## TUNE—VALIANT SOLDIER.

- 1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,  
Ye happy, praying band,  
Though in this world you suffer loss,  
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.  
Let us never mind the scoffs nor the  
frowns of the world,  
For we all have the cross to bear,  
It will only make the crown the bright-  
er to shine,  
When we have the crown to wear.
- 2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,  
When heaven appears in view,  
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake  
To fight our passage through.  
Let us never mind the scoffs, &c.

## TUNE—I'M GOING HOME.

- 1 My heavenly home is bright and fair;  
Nor pain, nor death, can enter there;  
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;  
That heavenly mansion shall be mine;  
I'm going home, I'm going home,  
I'm going home to die no more.  
To die no more, to die no more,  
I'm going home to die no more.
- 2 My father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
- 3 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;  
Be mine the happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

## TUNE—ARLINGTON.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering 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,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 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 doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven,

## TUNE—A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

- 1 There's a light in the window for thee, broth-  
er,  
There's a light in the window for thee;  
A dear one has moved to the mansion above,  
There's a light in the window for thee.
- Cho.*—A mansion in heaven we see,  
And a light in the window for thee;  
A mansion in heaven we see,  
And a light in the window for thee,
- 2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, broth-  
er,  
When from toil and from care you are free;  
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home;  
With a light in the window for thee.

1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain, For A - dam's lost race Christ hath

opened a fountain; (For sin and un - cleanness, and ev - ery transgres-sion, His Halle - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon, We'll

blood flows most freely in streams of salvation, His blood flows most freely in streams of salva-tion. )  
praise him a - gain, when we pass over Jordan, We'll praise him again, when we pass o-ver Jordan. )

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded! O flee to the Saviour;  
He calls you in mercy,—'tis infinite favor;  
Your sins are increasing,—escape to the mountain,—  
His blood can remove them,—it flows from the foun-  
tain.
- 3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious,  
Or sin, death, and hell, Thou art more than victorious;

Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,  
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;  
With harps in our hands, we'll praise Him the more;  
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever!

## TUNE—WINDHAM. L. M.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
With here and there a traveler.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command ;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Shall be esteemed no more a saint,  
And make his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord ! let not all our hopes be vain ;  
Create my heart entirely new.  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain ;  
Which false apostates never knew.

## TUNE—WARD. L. M.

- 1 Sinner, oh, why so thoughtless grown ?  
Why in such dreadful haste to die ?  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,—  
Heedless against thy God to fly !
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams ?  
Madly attempt the infernal gate,  
And force thy passage to the flames ?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains ;  
And hear the Lord of life unfold

The glories of his dying pains !  
For ever telling, yet untold.

## TUNE—HEBRON. C. M.

- 1 Sinners, the voice of God regard ;  
'Tis mercy speaks to day ;  
He calls you by his sacred word  
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest  
You live, devoid of peace ;  
A thousand stings within your breast  
Deprive your soul of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark and leads to hell :  
Why will you persevere ?  
Can you in endless torments dwell,  
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways  
Of sin and folly go ?  
In pain you travel all your days,  
To reach eternal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,  
Through his abounding grace ;  
His mercy will the guilt forgive,  
Of those who seek his face.
- 6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
Renouncing every sin ;  
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,  
And learn his will divine.

Arranged by A. CULL.

1. When shall we all meet a-gain? When shall we all meet a-gain? Oft shall glowing hope expire,

Oft shall wearied love re-tire; Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet again.

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 Tho' in distant lands we sigh,<br/>Parched beneath a burning sky;<br/>Tho' the deep between us roll,<br/>Friendship shall unite our souls;<br/>And in fancy's wide domain,<br/>Oft shall we all meet again.</p> | <p>3 When these burnished locks are gray,<br/>Thinned by many a toil-spent day<br/>When around this youthful pine,<br/>Moss shall creep and ivy twine;<br/>(Long may this loved bower remain:)<br/>Here may we all meet again.</p> | <p>4 When the dreams of life are fled,<br/>When its wasted lamp is dead,<br/>When, in cold oblivion's shade,<br/>Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;<br/>Where immortal spirits reign,<br/>There may we all meet again.</p> |
|--|--|--|

\* This poetry, it is said, was "composed and sung by three Indians, who were educated at Dartmouth, at their last interview before leaving college, in an enchanting bower whither they had often resorted, and in the midst of which grew a 'youthful pine.' Nearly half a century afterwards they providentially met again—the recollection of by-gone days drew them to the same spot, and, at a meeting still more affecting, they composed and sung the second hymn following.

## THE MEETING.

- |  |   |   |  |  |
|--|---|---|--|--|
| <p>1 Parted many a toil-spent year,<br/>Pledged in youth, to mem'ry dear;<br/>Still, to friendship's magnet true,<br/>We, our social joys renew;<br/>Bound by love's unsevered chain;<br/>Here, on earth, we meet again.</p> | <p>2 But our bower, sunk to decay,<br/>Wasting time has swept away;</p> | <p>And the youthful evergreen,<br/>Lopped by death, no more is seen;<br/>Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,<br/>When, in age, we meet again.</p> | <p>3 Many a friend we used to greet,<br/>Here on earth no more we meet;<br/>Oft the fun'ral knell has rung;<br/>Many a heart has sorrow stung,</p> | <p>4 Since we parted on this plain,<br/>Fearing ne'er to meet again,<br/>Worn with toil, and sunk with years,<br/>We shall quit this vale of tears;<br/>And these hoary locks be laid<br/>Low in cold oblivion's shade;<br/>But, where saints and angels reign,<br/>We all hope to meet again!</p> |
|--|---|---|--|--|

From "CHORAL ECHOES," By permission.

Music by B. W. G.

Arranged by A. CULL.



1. Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb : The world is overcome, By the blood of the Lamb.

2 Glory to to the Lamb, &c.

My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb

3 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

The devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

4 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

I've wash'd my garments white in the blood of the Lamb.

5 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

I've lost the fear of death, thro' the blood of the Lamb.

6 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

The martyrs overcame by the blood of the Lamb.

7 Glory to the Lamb, &c.

I hope to gain the skies, thro' the blood of the Lamb.

LORD, WE ARE YOUNG. L. M.

Tune—WARD.

1 Lord, we are young—thy help we need,

For various foes infest our way ;

Be thou to us a friend indeed,

Nor let us from thy precepts stray.

2 From wayward paths our feet restore,

And keep our tongues from speaking guile ;

And oh, preserve us evermore

From sin's seducing smile.

3 Our youthful hearts with grace inspire,

To thee our every power incline ;

And may the pure celestial fire

Within our bosoms ever shine.

4 Oh, let the morning of our days

To thee, and thee alone, be given,

Increase our love, approve our ways,

And guide us safely into heaven.

HEAR YE NOT A VOICE. 7s.

Tune—PLEYEL'S HYMN.

1 Hear ye not a voice from heaven

To the listening spirit given ?

" Children come," it seems to say,

" Give your hearts to me to-day."

2 Sweet is a mother's love,

Tender as the heavenly Dove ;

Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,

Thus it wins us to his arms.

3 Lord we will remember thee,

While from pains and sorrow free,

While our day is in its dew,

And the cares of life are few.

4 While to thee, O Lord, we come

In our morning's early bloom,

Breathe on us thy grace divine,

Take our hearts and make them thine.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,

When shall I lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?

## CHORUS.

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

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'We'll Wait Till Jesus Comes'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

We'll wait till Je - sus comes,

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,<br/>No peaceful sheltering dome,<br/>This world's a wilderness of wo,<br/>This world is not my home,<br/>Cho. We'll wait, &amp;c.</p> <p>3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest ;<br/>He bade me cease to roam,<br/>And lean for succor on his breast,<br/>And he'd conduct me home.<br/>Cho. We'll wait, &amp;c.</p> <p>4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,<br/>No more my steps shall roam ;<br/>With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,<br/>And reach my heavenly home.<br/>Cho. We'll wait &amp;c.</p> | <p>2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,<br/>With those to glory gone ;<br/>For all the servants of our King,<br/>In earth and heaven are one.<br/>Cho. We'll wait, &amp;c.</p> <p>3 One family we dwell in Him,<br/>One church above, beneath,<br/>Though now divided by the stream,<br/>The narrow stream, of death.<br/>Cho. We'll wait, &amp;c.</p> <p>4 One army of the living God,<br/>To his command we bow ;<br/>Part of his host have crossed the flood,<br/>And part are crossing now.<br/>Cho. We'll wait, &amp;c.</p> <p>5 His militant embodied host,<br/>With wishful looks we stand,<br/>And long to see that happy coast,<br/>And reach the heavenly land.<br/>Cho. We'll wait, &amp;c.</p> |
|---|--|

COME LET US JOIN. C. M.

- 1 Come let us join our friends above,  
That have obtained the prize ;  
And on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise. We'll wait, &c.

## JESUS MY ALL TO HEAVEN IS GONE.

DUANE. L. M. Double.

Arr. by Prof. CULL. REV. G. COLES



1 Je-sus my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon ; His track I see, and I'll pursue  
D.C. The King's highway of holiness



The narrow way till him I view. The way the holy prophets went, The way that leads from banishment,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.



2 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
My grief a burden long had been,  
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.  
The more I strove against their power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul. I am the way !"

3 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee, as I am :  
Nothing but sin I thee can give ;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.  
Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God !"

*Tune, DUANE STREET. L. M.*

1. A POOR, wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often crossed me on my way,  
Who sued so humbly for relief,  
That I could never answer Nay.  
I had not power to ask his name,  
Whither he went, or whence he came,  
Yet there was something in his eye  
That won my love, I knew not why.
2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He entered ; not a word he spake ;  
Just perishing for want of bread,  
I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake,  
And ate, but gave me part again.  
Mine was an angel's portion then ;  
And while I fed with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.
3. I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;  
The heedless water mocked his thirst,  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
I ran and raised the sufferer up ;  
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
Dipped, and returned it running o'er,  
I drank, and never thirsted more.
4. 'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew  
A wintry hurricane aloof ;  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof.  
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest ;  
Laid him on mine own couch to rest ;  
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
5. Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
I found him by the highway side ;  
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
Revived his spirit, and supplied  
Wine, oil, refreshment, he was healed.  
I had, myself a wound concealed :  
But, from that hour, forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6. In prison I saw him next, condemned  
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for him would die ;  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, " I will."
7. Then, in a moment, to my view  
The stranger started from disguise ;  
The tokens in his hands I knew ;  
My Saviour stood before my eyes !  
He spake, and my poor name he named,  
Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;  
These deeds shall thy memorial be :  
Fear not ; thou did'st it unto me."

*Tune, WINDHAM. L. M.*

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee !  
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
2. Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star :  
He sheds the beam of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may  
When I've no guilt to wipe away ;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !  
And oh ! may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

1. I would not live al-way! I ask not to stay Where storm after storm ris-es dark o'er the way,  
 2. I would not live al-way! thus fettered by sin! Temptation without, and cor-ruption within!  
 3. I would not live al-way! no, welcome the tomb! Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;  
 4. Who, who would live alway, a - way from his God— A - way from yon heav- en, that blissful a - bode,  
 5. Where the saints of all a - ges in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,

## DUET.

The few lur-id mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thankgiv-ing with pen-itent tears.  
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me a-rise, To hail him in tri-umph de-scending the skies.  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glory e-ter-nally reigns.  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1. The lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;<br/>         I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;<br/>         He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,<br/>         Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.</p> <p>2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,<br/>         Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear.<br/>         Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,<br/>         No harm can befall with my Comforter near.</p> | <p>3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread,<br/>         With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er<br/>         With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;<br/>         O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?</p> <p>4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,<br/>         Still follow my steps till I meet thee above:<br/>         I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,<br/>         Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.</p> |
|---|--|

## O EYES THAT ARE WEARY. 11s.

1. O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore !  
L-ook off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more !  
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,  
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.
2. While looking to Jesus, my heart can not fear ;  
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near ;  
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,  
For, " Why are ye troubled ? " he saith unto me.
3. Still looking to Jesus, oh may I be found,  
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round :  
They bear me away in his presence to be :  
I see him still nearer whom always I see.
4. Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace  
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face ;  
Shall know how his love went before me each day,  
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

## I ONCE WAS A STRANGER. 11s.

1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God ;  
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;  
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the  
tree,  
Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.
2. When free grace awoke me by light from on high,  
Then legal fears shook me : I trembled to die ;  
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see :  
Jehovah, thou only my Saviour must be.
3. My terrors all vanished before his sweet name ;  
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came  
To drink at the fountain, so copious and free ;  
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4. Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast ;  
Jehovah my Saviour—I ne'er can be lost ;  
In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,  
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield !
5. Ev'n treading the valley, the shadow of death,  
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath ;  
For, while from life's fever my God sets me free,  
Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shali be.

## WHY SLEEP WE, MY BRETHREN. 11s.

1. Why sleep we, my brethren, come, let us arise ;  
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize ?  
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent,  
O let us be active awake ! and repent.
2. O, how can we slumber, the master is come,  
And calling on sinners to seek them a home ;  
'The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,  
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.
3. O, how can we slumber, when so much was done  
To purchase salvation by Jesus the Son !  
Now mercy is proffer'd, and justice display'd,  
Now God can be honor'd, and sinners be saved.
4. O, how can we slumber, when death is so near,  
And sinners are sinking to endless despair ? [prize  
Now prayers may avail, and they gain the high  
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.
5. O, how can ye slumber ! ye sinners look round,  
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound ;  
O, fly to the Saviour, he calls you to-day ;  
While mercy is waiting, O make no delay.

Arranged by A. CULL.

Musical score for 'My Beloved Wilt Thou Own Me'. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is primarily in the treble clef. The piece ends with a double bar line, a repeat sign, and the word 'D.C.' (Da Capo). Above the final measure of the first staff, the word 'FINE.' is written.

1. My Be-lov-ed, wilt thou own me, When my heart is so de-fled? Though thy dying love has won me,  
D.C. Though thy dying love has won me, Can I deem thee re-con-ciled.

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 2 My Beloved, pass before me;<br>Never from my sight remove,<br>Many waters, flowing o'er me,<br>Cannot quench my burning love. | 3 My Beloved, now endue me,<br>With thine own attractive charms;<br>May thy spirit sweetly woo me;<br>Fold me in thy sheltering arms. | 4 My Beloved, kindly take me<br>To thy sympathizing breast;<br>Never more will I forsake thee;<br>Guide me to thine endless rest. |
|---|---|---|

## LIGHT OF THOSE WHOSE DREARY DWELLING. 8s &amp; 7s.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling<br>Borders on the shades of death,<br>Come, and by thy love's revealing,<br>Dissipate the clouds beneath. | Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,<br>Come, and bring the gospel grace.   |
| 2 Come, and manifest the favor<br>Thou hast for the ransom'd race;   | 3 By thine all-sufficient merit,<br>Every burden'd soul release;<br>Every weary, wandering spirit,<br>Guide into thy perfect peace. |

## GREAT REDEEMER, FRIEND OF SINNERS. 8s &amp; 7s.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 Great Redeemer, friend of sinners,<br>Thou hast wondrous power to save;<br>Grant me grace, and still protect me,<br>Over life's tempestuous wave. | 4 See the happy spirits waiting,<br>On the banks beyond the stream:<br>Sweet responses still repeating,<br>Jesus, Jesus is their theme.         |
| 2 Oh, what madness! oh, what folly!<br>That my heart should go astray<br>After vain and foolish trifles—<br>Trifles only of a day.                  | 5 Hark! they whisper; lo! they call me,<br>Sister spirit, come away:<br>Lo! I come; earth can't contain me,—<br>Hail the realms of endless day. |
| 3 This vain world, with all its pleasures,<br>Very soon will be no more:<br>There's no object worth admiring.<br>But the God whom we adore.         | 6 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,<br>Far above yon azure sky!<br>Though by faith I now behold you,<br>I'll enjoy you soon on high.         |

## TUNE—WINDHAM. L. M.

- 1 That day of wrath! that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinners stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day!
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead;
- 3 O, on that day, that dreadful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou, O God, the sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

## TUNE—AUTUMN.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy streaming in His blood;  
Precious drops; my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before His cross to lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the cross I gaze;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death,
- 5 Lord! in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thine,  
Till I taste Thy whole salvation,  
Where, unveiled, Thy glories shine.

## TUNE—DEDHAM. C. M.

- 1 Repent, the voice celestial cries,  
No longer dare delay;  
The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,  
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
O'er looks the crimes of men;  
His heralds are despatched abroad,  
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess;  
Accept the offered Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow 'ere the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar;  
For mercy knows the appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.
- 5 Amazing love that yet will call,  
And yet prolongs our days!  
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall  
And weep, and love, and praise.

1. { Be - hold! behold! the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross. } { Now hear his  
 For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross. } { "E - loi la-

all - im - port - ant cry, }  
 ma sa - bac - tha - ni; } Draw near and see your Saviour die On the cross, On the cross.

2. Where'er I go, I'll tell the story  
 Of the cross, of the cross,  
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,  
 Save the cross, save the cross.  
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
 Through time and in eternity,  
 That Jesus suffered death for me  
 On the cross, on the cross.

3. Let every mourner come and cling  
 To the cross, to the cross,  
 Let every Christian come and sing,  
 Round the cross, round the cross.  
 Here let the preacher take his stand,  
 And with the Bible in his hand,  
 Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,  
 On the cross, on the cross.

## TUNE—OLIVET.

- 1 My faith, looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee,  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove  
O bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul.

## TUNE—WE'LL STEM THE STORM. C. M.

- 1 Yes, we part, but not forever,  
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;  
They who love the Saviour never

Know a long, a last farewell.

*Cho.*—We'll stem the storm, it won't be long,  
The heav'nly port is nigh;  
We'll stem the storm, it won't be long  
We'll anchor by and by.

- 2 Sweet this hour of benediction,  
When such unions come to mind,  
When each holy heart-conviction,  
Tells of bliss for us designed.  
We'll stem the storm, etc.

- 3 What a morrow beams before us!  
Brighter far than tongue can tell;  
Glorious morrow to restore us,  
HIM with whom we long to dwell.  
We'll stem the storm, etc.

## TUNE—WELLS. L. M.

- 1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t'insure the great reward;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given  
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace—and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might, pursue  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon past  
In the cold grave to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

Arranged by A. CULL.

1. Acquaint thy - self quickly, O sinner, with God, And joy like the sunshine, will beam on thy road : And  
 2. Acquaint thy self quickly, O sinner, with God, And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ; Thy

peace, like the dewdrops, shall fall on thy head, And sleep, like an an - gel, shall vis - it thy bed.  
 safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path ; Thy joy in the val - ley and shadow of death.

## DELAY NOT. 11s.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner—draw near ;  
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee :  
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,  
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not ; why longer abuse  
 The love and compassion of Jesus thy God ?  
 ▲ fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse  
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood ?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,  
 For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day :

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb ;  
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,  
 Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,  
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race  
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand—  
 The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,  
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand ;  
 What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

# AWAKED BY SINAI'S AWFUL SOUND.

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TUNE—GANGES. C. P. M.

1. Awak'd by Sin-nai's aw-ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go,  
2. I heard the law its thunders roll, While guilt lay hea-vy on my soul—A vast op-pressive load;

One solemn truth increas'd my pain, The sin-ner "must be born a-gain," Or sink to endless woe.  
All creature-aid I saw was vain; The sin-ner "must be born a-gain," Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—  
How Jesus conquered death and hell  
To bring salvation near;  
Yet still I found this truth remain—  
The sinner "must be born again,"  
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,  
My bondage to remove;  
The sinner, once by justice slain,  
Now by His grace is born again,  
And sings redeeming love.

TUNE—HAPPY LAND.

1 Now I have found a friend,  
Jesus is mine;  
His love shall never end,  
Jesus is mine,  
Though earthly joys decrease,  
Though human friendship cease,  
Now I have lasting peace,  
Jesus is mine.

2 Though I grow poor and old,  
Jesus is mine;  
He will my faith uphold  
Jesus is mine,

He can my wants supply,  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Nought can my hope destroy,  
Jesus is mine.

3 In the great judgment day,  
Jesus is mine;  
When earth shall pass away,  
Jesus is mine;  
Oh, what a glorious thing,  
Then to behold my King,  
On trueful harp to sing  
Jesus is mine.

Arranged by A. CULL

1. O fly mourning sinner, saith Je-sus to me, Thy guilt I will pardon, thy soul I will free,

From the chains that have bound thee, My grace shall release, Thy stains I will wash, and thy sorrows shall cease.

2 Too long, guilty wanderer, too long hast thou been,  
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;  
Thee the world has allur'd, and enslav'd and deceiv'd,  
While my counsel thou'st spurn'd, and my Spirit hast grieved.

3 Though countless thy sins, and though crimson thy guilt,  
Yet for crimes such as thine was my blood freely spilt;

Come sinner, and prove me; come, mourner, and  
The wounds that I bore, when I suffer'd for thee. [see

4 Thou doubt'st not my power—deny not my will;  
Come, needy, come, helpless, thy soul I will fill;  
My mercy is boundless; no sinner shall say,  
That he sued at my feet—and was driven away.

## REJOICING IN JESUS. 11s.

1 How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,  
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!  
His hands and his feet were nail'd to the tree,  
And all this he suffer'd for you and for me.

2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart  
To all who receive him by faith in their heart;  
No evil befalls them, their name is above,  
And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.

3 How precious is Jesus to all who believe  
And out of his fullness what grace they receive!  
When weak, he supports them; when erring he guides  
And every thing needful he kindly provides.

4 O, give then to Jesus your earliest days,  
They only are blessed who walk in his ways,  
In life and in death he will still be your friend,  
For whom Jesus loves, he loves to the end.

*Tune, HARVILLE. C. M.*

1. SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.
2. Permit them to approach, he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came
3. He'll lead us to the heavenly streams  
Where living waters flow;  
And guide us to the fruitful fields  
Where trees of knowledge grow.
4. The feeblest lamb amidst the flock  
Shall be its Shepherd's care;  
While folded in the Saviour's arms  
We're safe from every snare.

*Tune, WOODSTOCK. C. M.*

1. I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering 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.

*Tune, HARVILLE. C. M.*

1. THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,  
Or decks the lily fair;  
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,  
But God has placed it there.
2. There's not of grass a single blade,  
Or leaf of loveliest green,  
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
And heavenly wisdom seen.
3. There's not a star whose twinkling light  
Shines on the distant earth,  
And cheers the silent gloom of night,  
But Heaven gave it birth.
4. There's not a place on earth's vast round,  
In ocean's deep, or air,  
Where skill and wisdom are not found,  
For God is every where.
5. Around, beneath, below, above,  
Wherever space extends,  
There God displays his boundless love,  
And power with mercy blends.

*Tune, AVON. 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 for the weary, rest.
3. By thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.
4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

COME IN, THOU BLESSED. L. M.

1. COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;  
Stranger nor foe art thou;  
We welcome thee, with warm accord,  
Our friend, our brother now,
2. The hand of fellowship, the heart  
Of love, we offer thee:  
Leaving the world, thou dost but part  
From lies and vanity.
3. The cup of blessing which we bless,  
The heavenly bread we break,—  
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,—  
Freely with us partake.
4. In weal or woe, in joy or care,  
Thy portion shall be ours;  
Christians their mutual burdens bear;  
They lend their mutual powers.
5. Come with us; we will do thee good,  
As God to us hath done;  
Stand but in him, as those have stood,  
Whose faith the victory won.
6. And when, by turns, we pass away,  
As star by star grows dim,  
May each, translated into day,  
Be lost, and found in him.

BELIEVING SOULS, OF CHRIST BELOVED. L. M.

1. BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,  
Who have yourselves to him resigned,  
Your faith and practice, both approved,  
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2. Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,  
Though by a scorning world abhorred,  
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;  
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.
3. In fellowship we join our hands,  
And you an invitation give;  
Unite with us in sacred bands;  
The pledges of our love receive.
4. Do Thou, who art the church's Head,  
This union with thy blessing crown;  
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,  
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

O COULD I FIND, FROM DAY TO DAY. C. M.

1. O could I find, from day to day.  
A nearness to my God,  
Then would my hours glide sweet away,  
While leaning on his word.
2. Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day,  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
3. Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.
4. Thus, till my last, expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And when my frame dissolves in death,  
My soul shall love thee more.

## LORD, AT THY TABLE WE BEHOLD. C. M.

1. LORD, at thy table we behold  
The wonders of thy grace,  
But most of all admire that we  
Should find a welcome place—
2. What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That we, so lost, have room!  
Jesus our weary souls invites,  
And freely bids us come.
3. Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your sacred powers:  
No theme is like redeeming love;  
No Saviour is like ours.

## HERE, AT THY TABLE, LORD. C. M.

1. HERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet.  
To feed on food divine;  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.
2. Here peace and pardon sweetly flow:  
O, what delightful food!  
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,  
But think on nobler good.
3. Deep was the suffering he endured  
Upon th' accursed tree;  
"For me," each welcome guest may say,  
" 'Twas all endured for me."
4. Sure there was never love so free—  
Dear Saviour, so divine:  
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

## IF HUMAN KINDNESS MEETS. C. M.

1. IF human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie,—  
If tender thoughts within us burn  
To feel a friend is nigh.—
2. O, shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe,  
To Him who died our fears to quell,  
And save from endless woe?
3. While yet his anguished soul surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee,  
What love his latest words displayed!—  
"Meet and remember me."
4. Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,  
The griefs which thou didst bear!  
O Memory, leave no other name  
But his recorded there.

## JESUS INVITES HIS SAINTS. S. M.

1. JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board;  
Here pardoned sinners sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
2. This holy bread and wine  
Maintain our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in his death.
3. Our heavenly Father calls  
Christ and his members one;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'I Do Believe'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in common meter (C. M.). The score ends with a double bar line and the initials 'D. O.' in the upper right corner.

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

CHO. I do believe, I now believe, That Jesus died for me ; And thro' his blood his precious blood, I shall from sin  
[be free.]

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.—*Cho.*
- 3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.—*Cho.*
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.—*Cho.*
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.—*Cho.*

TUNE.—I DO BELIEVE.

- 1 FAITH is a very simple thing,  
Though little understood ;  
It frees the soul from death's dread sting,  
By resting in Christ's blood.  
CHO. I do believe, &c.
- 2 It sees, upon the throne of God,  
A victim that was slain ;  
It rests its all on his shed blood,  
And says, "I'm born again."—*Cho.*
- 3 What Jesus is, and that alone,  
Is faith's delightful plea ;  
It neither rests on *sinful* self,  
Nor *righteous* self, in me.—*Cho.*
- 4 The perfect One that died for me,  
Draws near his Father's throne,  
Presents our names before our God,  
And pleads himself alone.—*Cho.*

# I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

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LEBANON. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL. From "Plymouth Coll." By permission.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold: I did not love my

Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd, I was a wayward child, I

did not like my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.

- 2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,  
The Father sought his child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild;  
They found me high to death,  
Famished, and faint, and looe;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus, my Shepherd is,  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole:

- 'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—  
'Tis he that still doth keep.
- 4 No more a wandering sheep,  
I love to be controlled,  
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
I love the peaceful fold;  
No more a wayward child,  
I seek no more to roam,  
I love my heavenly Father's voice  
I love, I love his home.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands. Mourning captive,  
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
All thy warfare now is past;  
God thy Saviour will defend thee;  
Victory is thine at last;  
All thy conflicts End in everlasting rest.

## TUNE—TAPPAN. C. M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!
- 3 O'er all those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Sun forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face  
And in His bosom rest?
- 5 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay;

Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

## TUNE—HOMEWARD BOUND.

- 1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,  
We're homeward bound. homeward bound,  
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,  
We're homeward bound. homeward bound,  
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,  
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,  
Promise of which on us each he bestowed,  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
We're homeward bound;  
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,  
We're homeward bound;  
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,  
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,  
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,  
We're homeward bound.
- 3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,  
We're homeward bound;  
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,  
We're homeward bound;  
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress-  
Join in our number, O come and be blest: [ed,  
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,  
We're homeward bound.
- 4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,  
We're home at last;  
Softly we drift o'er its bright silver tide,  
We're home at last;  
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,  
We stand secure on the glorified shore,  
Glory to God! we will shout evermore  
We're home at last.

## THE PITY OF THE LORD. S. M.

- 1 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel :  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,  
Scattered with every breath,  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower :  
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

## LORD HELP ME TO RESIGN. S. M.

- 1 Lord help me to resign  
My doubting heart to thee,  
And, whether cheerful or distressed,  
Thine, thine alone to be.
- 2 My only aim be this,—  
Thy purpose to fulfil,  
In thee rejoice with all my strength,  
And do thy holy will.

- 4 So will I firmly trust  
That thou wilt guide me still,  
And guard me safe throughout the way  
That leads to Zion's hill.
- 3 Lord, thy all-seeing eye  
Keeps watch with sleepless care ;  
Thy great compassion never fails ;  
Thou hear'st my humble prayer.

## O WHERE SHALL REST. S. M.

- 1 O where shall rest be found—  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh :  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
And evermore undone.

1 Beau-ti-ful Zi-on built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love,  
 Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white. Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light:  
 He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, O-pens those pearl-y gates to me.

2.	3.	4.
Beautiful heaven, where all is light, Beautiful angels clothed in white, Beautiful strains that never tire; Beautiful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.	Beautiful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show; Beautiful robes the ransomed wear, Beautiful all who enter there; Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.	Beautiful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing, Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace. There shall my eyes the Saviour see, Hasten to this heavenly home with me.

## WHEN CLAD IN THE GARMENTS. 11s.

1. WHEN clad in the garments of sorrow and pain,  
And wand'ring distressed in temptation's domain;  
When pressed by rude foes from my Saviour to  
    roam,  
Oh! how I desire to enter my home.

*Chor.*—Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
    Assist me my Saviour in seeking my home.

2. The world is delusive, its charms soon must fade,  
A vortex of trifles, where trials invade ;  
But while these combine to invest me with gloom,  
The Christian is cheered with the prospect of  
    home. *(Cho.)*

3. When tempests and dangers with fury molest,  
And fearful emotions are tossing the breast,  
The love of my Saviour disperses the gloom,  
And fear is dispelled by the vision of home. *(Cho.)*

4. The beamings of love my spirit shall cheer,  
Shall chase all my gloom and dispel all my fear :  
And joy shall support, while continuing to roam  
On the road which will lead to my heavenly  
    home. *(Cho.)*

5. While sickness assails me, and death is in view,  
Ere I sink in its arms and bid earth adieu,  
The smiles of his grace, all the path shall illumine,  
And light up the passage which leads to my  
    home. *(Cho.)*

6. And when I arrive at the port of repose,  
Released from afflictions, distresses, and woes,  
My praises shall echo through glory's high dome,  
And I'll never more leave my eternal sweet home.  
*(Cho.)*

## 'MID SCENES OF CONFUSION. 11s.

1. 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,  
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;  
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

*Cho.*—Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
    Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not  
    cease !  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory, at home.

*Chorus*—Home, home, sweet, &c.

3. While here in the valley of conflict I stay  
O give me submission, and strength as my day ;  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

*Chorus*—Home, home, sweet, &c.

4. Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face  
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne.  
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

*Chorus*—Home, home, sweet, &c.

5. I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine ;  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine ;  
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

*Chorus*—Home, home, sweet, &c.

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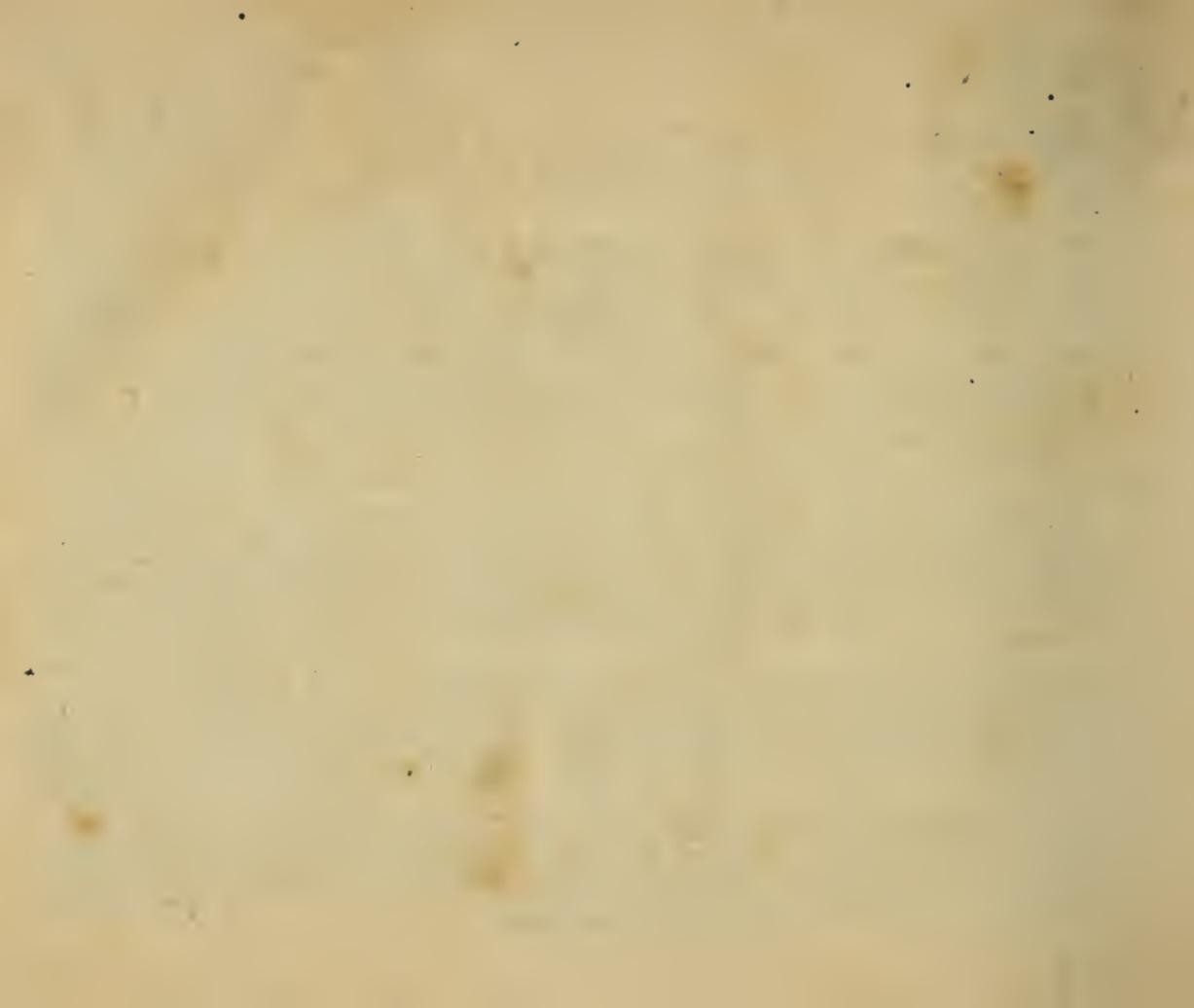
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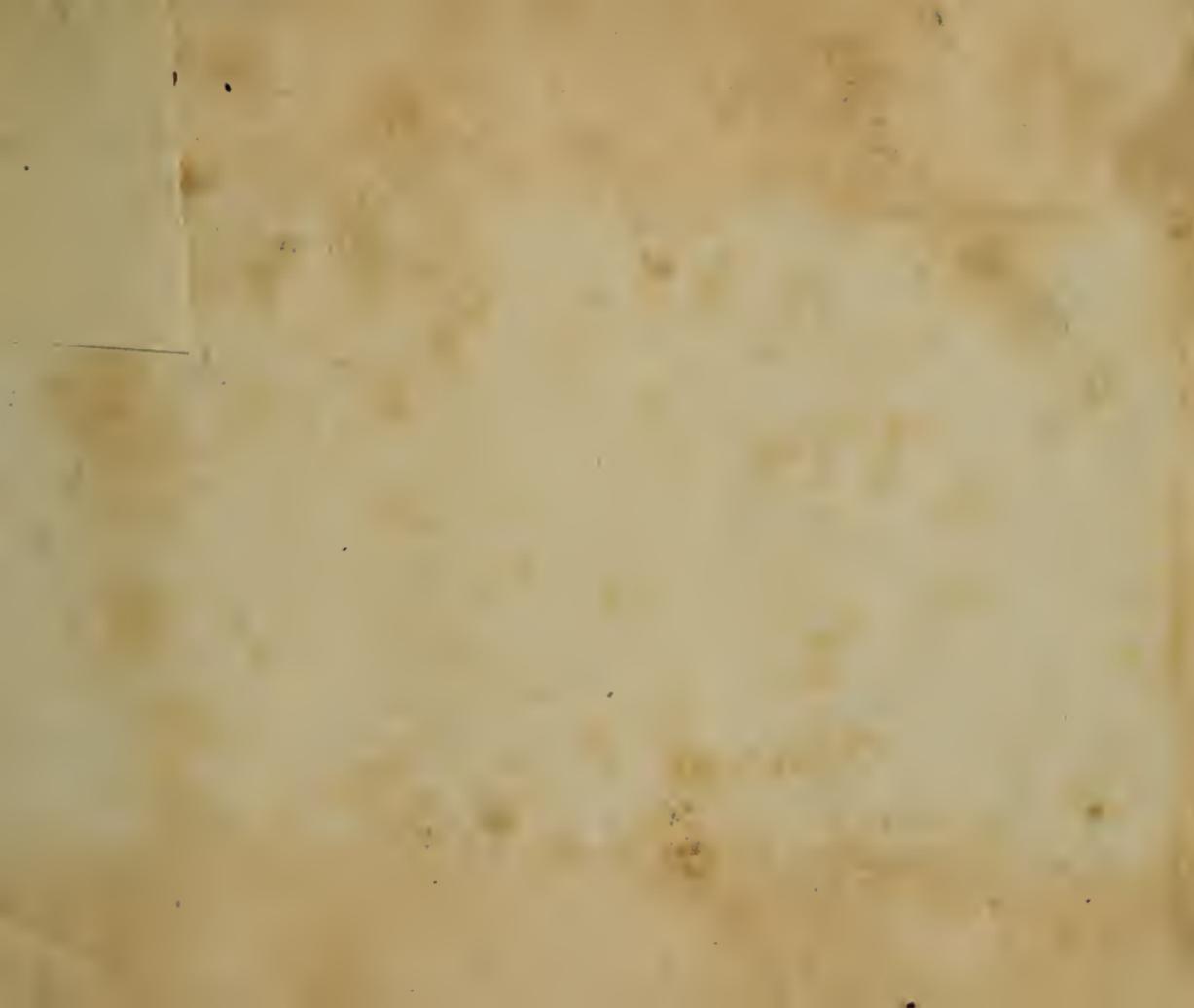
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