

THE

CHRISTIAN HARP:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

FOR THE USE OF

SOCIAL, RELIGIOUS MEETINGS, AND SABBATH SCHOOLS.

COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE NEW-ENGLAND CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

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"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—PSALM 150.

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SECOND EDITION.

B. F. CARTER, NEWBURYPORT.—E. EDMUNDS, BOSTON.  
J. B. WESTON, PORTLAND.

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PREFACE.

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This work is compiled and published by the request of the New England Christian Convention. It is intended to meet a want which has been long felt throughout the Connexion.

It is designed to promote devotional singing in social, religious meetings and Sabbath Schools; and it has been the aim of the compilers to accomplish this object in the best manner. Some of the tunes will be recognized as old and familiar—some are newly harmonized and arranged—and some are composed expressly for this work. The limits of the book forbid the insertion of many others which all would be glad to see. The tunes, “Long Time Ago,”—“Afton,”—“The Decision,” and the “Saint’s Adieu,” are taken by permission, from the American Vocalist, a large and valuable collection of music, by Rev. D. H. Mansfield.

Our acknowledgments are due to several friends, (especially Mr. M. D. Randall, and J. W. Cheney) for the assistance which they have rendered us.

That the book is without fault, is not supposed; yet that it will compare favorably with others of the kind, is confidently believed. That their endeavors may be blest of the Holy Spirit, and sanctified to the quickening of the religious life in our churches—and promote the best interests of Zion—so that we sing with the spirit and with the understanding, is the prayer of—

THE COMPILERS.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853,  
By B. F. CARTER, E. EDMUNDS, & J. B. WESTON,  
in the Clerk’s Office of the District Court for the District of  
Massachusetts.

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A. B. KIDDER’S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY, 6 SCHOOL ST.

THE  
CHRISTIAN HARP.

LONG TIME AGO. 8 & 4.

AMERICAN VOCALIST, by permission.

Slow.

1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time a - go ;

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is a bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes.

And salvation's rolling fountain Now free-ly flows.

The second system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody from the first system. It features the same three-staff arrangement (treble, bass, and bass clefs) and 4/4 time signature.

2. Once his voice, in tones of pity, Melted in woe,  
And he wept o'er Judah's city, Long time ago.
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 in heaven, 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. When he comes, a voice from heaven Shall pierce the tomb,  
"Come, ye blessed of my Father, Children, come home."

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus

far his pow'r prolongs my days; And eve-ry evening

shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

### Prayer.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear;  
O may thy presence ne'er depart,  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall  
come,  
My flesh shalt rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give:  
Long as they live should Christians  
pray,  
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay:  
If guilt deject; if sin distress;  
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's  
weak,  
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,  
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not, speak  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fall;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known,  
Fear not, his promise must prevail;  
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

**Holiness.**

- 1 Let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God,  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
While justice, temperance, truth and  
love,  
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

**The Christian's Solace.**

- 1 There is a heaven o'er yonder skies,  
A heaven where pleasure never dies,  
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,  
But fear again 'tis not for me.
- 2 I travel through a world of foes,  
Thro' conflicts sore my spirit goes ;  
The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,  
Or reach fair Canaan's happy land.
- 3 Come life, come death, come then  
what will,  
His footsteps I will follow still ;  
Thro' dangers thick, and hell's alarms,  
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
- 4 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,  
Yonder's thy Captain and thy King,  
With pleasing smiles he now looks  
down,  
And cries "press on, and here's thy  
crown."
- 5 "Prove faithful then, a few more days  
Fight the good fight and win the race,  
And then thy soul with me shall reign,  
Thy head a crown of glory gain.

**Peace.**

- 1 Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not  
fear,  
Thy great Provider still is near :  
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,  
Be calm and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and  
sky,  
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry ;  
His promise all may freely claim ;  
Ask but in faith, in Jesus' name.

3 The ravens daily he doth feed,  
And sends them food as they have need,  
Although they nothing have in store,  
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

4 Then do not seek with anxious care,  
What ye shall eat or drink or wear ;  
Your heavenly Father will you feed,  
He knows that all these things you  
need.

5 Thus shall his grace to all be given,  
Who trust in Christ, our hope of Hea-  
ven--  
Thus shall the soul be truly blest,  
That finds in God, his only rest.

**The Unity of the Saints.**

- 1 How pleasing to behold and see  
The friends of Jesus all agree,  
To sit around his sacred board,  
As members of one common Lord.
- 2 While here we sit we would implore  
That love may spread from shore to  
shore ;  
Till all the saints, like us, combine,  
To praise the Lord in songs divine.
- 3 To all we freely give our hand,  
Who love the Lord in every land ;  
For all are one in Christ, our Head,  
To whom be endless honours paid.

**The Eternal Sabbath.**

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we  
love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor pain shall reach the place ;  
No groans, to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
No cares to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.
- 4 Around thy throne grant we may  
And give us but the lowest seat ; I meet,  
We'll shout thy praise, and on the  
song,  
Of that triumphant, holy throng.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give

thanks, and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And

talk of all thy truths at night. And talk of all thy truths at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest—  
No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
Oh may my heart in tune be found  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works—and bless his word:  
Thy works of grace—how bright they  
shine!

How deep thy counsels—how divine!

4 Sure I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see—and hear—and know  
All I desired, or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

### Doxology.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,  
In songs of praise divinely sing,  
The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name!

4 In ev'ry land begin the song,  
To ev'ry land the strains belong;  
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

**God and his Church.**

1 Great God attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence  
springs:

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

2 Might we enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease — nor thrones of  
power [door.

Should tempt our feet to leave thy

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

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

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign  
sway

The glorious host of heaven obey,  
Display thy grace, exert thy power,  
Till all on earth thy name adore.

**Delight in worship.**

1 Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be  
Let my religious hours alone: [gone,  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!

2 O warm my heart with holy fire,  
And kindle there a pure desire:  
Come Sacred Spirit from above,  
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Bless'd Jesus what delicious fare!  
How sweet thy entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above,  
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

4 Hail great Immanuel, all divine!  
In thee thy Father's glories shine:  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
That eyes have seen, or angels  
known!

**Sinners invited to Christ.**

1 Come sinners to the gospel feast,  
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind;  
For God has bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,  
The invitation is to all; [thou!  
Come all the world! come sinner  
All things in Christ are ready now

3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,  
Ye weary wand'ers after rest, [blind,  
Ye poor and maim'd, ye halt and  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive,  
You all may come to Christ and live;  
O, let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious bleeding sacrifice!  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

**Not ashamed of Christ.**

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Who lives by angels now adored;  
That Jesus who once died for me,  
Who bore my sins in agony.

2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,  
Nor to defend his noble cause,  
The way he's gone, is lined with  
blood,

O may I tread the path he trod.

3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,  
With those who his disciples are;  
Christian, sweet name! its worth I  
O may I wear the nature too. [view,

4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,  
For which I count all things but  
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say [dross;  
When Christ commands, I will obey.

5 I'm not ashamed to be despised,  
By those who ne'er religion prized:  
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,  
For all that men can say or do.

**The Christian Race.**

1 Awake, our souls, away our fears,  
Let ever trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and narrow road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
Who feeds the strength of every  
saint;— [power

3 The mighty God whose matchless  
Is ever new, and ever young;  
And firm endures, while endless  
Their everlasting circles run. [year

1. Jesus my all to heaven is gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon ;

2. Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb, Shalt take me to thee as I am ;

His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.

My sin-ful self to thee I give, Nothing but love shall I receive.

This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not ;

Now will I tell to sinners round, What a dear Saviour I have found ;

Till late I heard my Saviour say "Come hither soul; I am the way."

I'll point to thy redeeming blood, And say, "behold the way to God."



**The Mercy Seat.**

1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all beside more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend;

Tho' sunder'd far—by faith they meet  
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,  
Or how the host of hell defeat  
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat.

5 There! *there*, on eagle wings we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to  
greet,  
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

**Retirement and meditation.**

1 My God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with  
earth,

And thus debase my heavenly birth!  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
Thy voice of love can draw me thence;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes with-  
drawn;

Let noise and vanity be gone;  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

**The pilgrim's song.**

1 I'm glad I ever saw the day  
We met to sing, and preach, and pray;  
Here's glory, glory, in my soul,  
Which makes me praise my Lord so  
bold.

2 I hope to praise him when I rise,  
And shout salvation through the skies;  
Sing glory, glory, in the air,  
Meet all my Father's children there.

**Not ashamed of Jesus.**

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of thee!  
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glory shines through endless  
days!

Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,  
Bright morning-Star! bids darkness flee.  
Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,  
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!  
No when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more adore his name.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.  
His institutions will I prize,  
Take up the cross, the shame despise.  
Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.

**Afflicted Saint.**

1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear,  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That as thy days thy strength shall be  
Let not thy heart despond and say,  
"How shall I stand the trying day?"  
He has engag'd by firm decree,  
That as thy days, thy strength shall be

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong  
And though the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,  
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.  
Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 When call'd to bear the weighty cross  
Of sore affliction, pain or loss;  
Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.  
When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,  
He comes to set thy spirit free,  
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

1. When marshalled on the night - ly plain, A glit -

'ring host be - stud the sky; One star a-lone of all the  
But one a-lone the Sa- viour

**Fine.**  
train, Can fix the sin - ner's wand'- ring eye. Hark!  
speaks, It is the star of Beth - le - hem.

Hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem:

3 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.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem :  
When suddenly a star arose,  
I was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
And through the storm and danger's  
thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever, and forever more,  
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

#### Power of Prayer.

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 darkest cloud with-  
draw ;

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 While Moses stood with arms spread  
wide,

Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? ah, think again!  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ears,  
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half the breath, thus vainly  
spent,

To Heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful songs would oftener be—  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

#### Christ Commended.

1 When strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell,  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne  
On hills of light in worlds unknown ;  
But he descends and shews his face  
In the young gardens of his grace.

3 In vineyards planted by his hand,  
Where fruitful trees in order stand,  
He feeds among the spicy beds,  
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He hath engross'd my warmest love  
No earthly charms my soul can move ;  
I have a mansion in his heart,  
Nor death, nor hell shall make us part.

5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,  
And shows me where his glories are ;  
No chariot of Amnidab,  
The heav'nly rapture can describe

6 O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
Till death shall make my fast remove,  
To dwell forever with my love.

#### Babylonish captivity.

1 When we our weary limbs to rest,  
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,  
We wept with doleful thoughts oppress-  
ed,

And Zion was our mournful theme.  
Our harps that, when with joy we strung,  
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,  
With silent strings neglected hung,  
On willow-trees that wither'd there.

2 Then they that led us captive, said,  
Come sing us one of Zion's songs ;  
And of our griefs derision made,  
Nor Jacob's God avenged our wrongs.  
How can we sing on Babel's shore,  
Where songs profane offend the ear ;  
Where strangers idol gods adore,  
And hateful images appear?

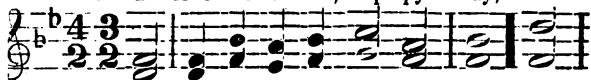
3 If I forget Jerusalem,  
Although she now in ruin lies,  
Let every object cease to charm,  
Then cleave my tongue, and close my  
eyes.

O could I see the house of God,  
Whose sacred ashes bleach the plains,  
Once more my brethren's bless'd abode,  
There would I dwell while life remains.

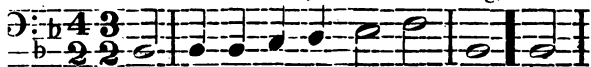
AMES. L. M.



1. I love my Lord, I love his laws, I  
 2. I love this nar-row, hap-py way, I



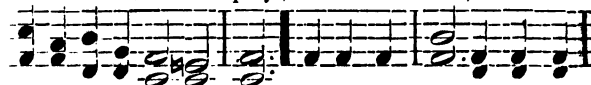
8. I love to shout, I love to sing, I



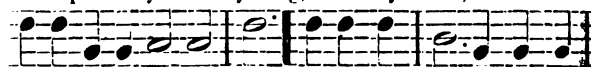
4. I love the saints that are be - low, I



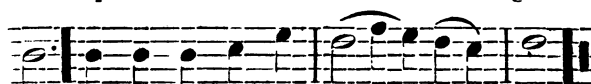
love religion's blessed cause; I love his faithful children  
 love to watch, I love to pray; I love the crown, I love the



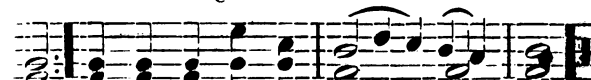
ove to praise my heavenly King; I love my Lord, I know I



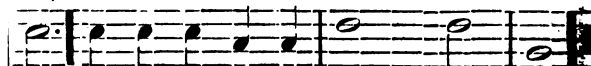
love the precious sinner too, I love those who are gone be-



too, I love his, pre-cious will to do.  
 cross, I love the gold with - out the dross.



do, I love the souls that he loves too.



fore, I love my Je - sus more and more.

**Blessing God for his goodness.**

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
His favors claim thy highest praise;  
Why should the wonders he hath  
Be lost in silence and forgot? [wrought,

3 'Tis he, my soul, who sent his Sou  
To die for crimes which thou hast done,  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Praise Him in grateful, cheerful songs,  
To him your highest praise belongs;  
Bless him who does your heav'n prepare,  
And Him you'll praise forever there.

**Opening of worship.**

1 Great God! before thy throne we bow,  
In humble praise—in humble prayer;  
O let thy Spirit's influence now  
Descend on all assembled here.

2 Diffuse thy love and peace abroad,  
Bid worldly cares and tollies flee,  
While in thy house, O Lord, our God,  
We dedicate ourselves to thee.

3 An offering poor—yet thou wilt own  
The humble and the contrite heart,  
That meekly worships at thy throne,  
Nor would from thy commands depart.

4 Accept the humble strains we raise  
And when our Sabbaths here decay,  
O may they rise in loftier praise,  
Through an eternal Sabbath day.

**THE DECISION. L. M.**

1. Je - sus my all to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes up - on, So I

2. Now will I tell to sin - ners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found, So I

leave my young companions Re - solved I will be free— So I  
left my old companions And re - solved I would be free— So I

leave my young companions, To sound the Ju - bi - lee!  
left my old compan - ions To sound the Ju - bi - lee!

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And

2. "De - ny thy - self and take thy cross," Is

thousands walk to - geth - er there, But wis - dom shows

the Re - deem - er's great command ; Na - ture must count

a narrow path, With here and there a tra - vel - ler.

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,  
Is but esteemed—almost a saint—  
And makes his own destruction sure.

**4** Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new—  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;  
Which false apostates never knew.

### Pardon Implored.

**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 are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace;  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.

**3** O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean,  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

**4** 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.

**5** Should sudden vengeance seize my  
breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

**6** Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy  
word,  
Would light on some sweet promise  
there—  
Some sure support against despair.

### Death of the Righteous.

**1** Sweet is the scene when Christians  
die,  
When holy souls retire to rest:  
How mildly beams the closing eye!  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

**2** So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

**3** Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing:  
O grave! where is thy victory now,  
And where, O death, where is thy sting?

### Life the day of Grace.

**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  
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

**3** The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead in silence lie;  
Their memory and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.

**4** Their hatred and their love is lost,  
Their envy bury'd in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

**5** 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.

### The Son of Man lifted up.

**1** He dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo Salem's daughters weep around!  
A solemn darkness veils the skies!  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

**2** Come saints and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groan'd beneath your load  
He shed a thousand drops for you!  
A thousand drops of richest blood!

**3** Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus the dead revives again!

**4** The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise!  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies!

Break off your tears, ye saints and tell  
How high our great deliverer reigns!  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell  
And led the monster death in chains:

**6** Say, "live forever, wondrous King!"  
Born to redeem, and strong to save!  
Then ask the monster! "Where's thy  
sting?  
And where's thy victory, boasting  
grave?"

1. All hail the great Immanuel's name, Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all—

Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from his altar call;  
Praise Him who shed for you his blood,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
3. 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.
4. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
6. O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a-rise.

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh 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 armor 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,  
Up to his blest abode.

**The Christian Armor.**

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,  
And put your armor on ;  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
In his beloved Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And mighty in his power ;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Put on then, for the fight,  
The armor of your God ;  
And, trusting in your Leader's might,  
Pursue the path he trod.

4 Lord, grant, that all things done,  
And all our conflicts past,  
We may o'ercome, through thee alone,  
And stand entire at last.

**Ministers the Bearers of glad Tidings.**

1 How beautiful are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet their tidings are !  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad !  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their Lord.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly dove, With all thy quick'n'ing

pow'rs, Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In  
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love, Kin - dle a flame of

these cold hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.  
sa - cred 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.

#### Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 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 Lord, 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.

**Worthy the Lamb.**

1 Come let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that God, they cry  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

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

**Seeking God.**

1 Early, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face:  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand;  
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

**For the Lord's Day Morning.**

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

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

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

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

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness!  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

**Pride goeth before destruction.**

1 Lord, search and try this heart of mine,  
Put every sin to death;  
I long to see my pride resign  
Its pestilential breath.

2 I dread its power, I hate its name,  
Its sad effects I fear;  
Extinguish, Lord, this dang'rous flame,  
Nor let one spark appear.

**The song of Simeon.**

1 Lord, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy Simeon came,  
And hope to meet our Saviour here;  
O make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was filled,  
When fondly in his withered arms,  
He clasped the holy child.

3 "Now I can leave this world," he  
cried,

"Behold thy servant dies!  
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the Light, prepared to shine,  
Upon the Gentile lands;  
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,  
To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms!  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings  
break,

How sweet my minutes roll!  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and  
2. Where is the blessed - ness I knew, When first I

heav - enly frame; A light to shine up -  
saw - the Lord? Where is the soul - re -

on the road, That leads me to the Lamb.  
fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

1 Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry.  
Ye living men come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers,  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God, is this the certain doom?  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepared no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening  
To fit our souls to fly, <sup>[grace]</sup>  
Then when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

**The Key of Heaven.**

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unutter'd or express'd,  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glaucing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,  
That infant lips can try,  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watch-word at the gate of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Oh, thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

**Return, O Wanderer.**

- 1 Return, O wanderer, now return!  
And seek thy Father's face!  
Those new desires which in thee burn  
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
He hears thy humble sigh;  
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
Thy Saviour bids thee live;  
Go to his feet—and grateful learn  
How freely he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, now return,  
And wipe the falling tear;  
Thy Father calls, no longer mourn!  
'Tis love invites thee near.

**Aspirations for Heaven.**

- 1 There's nothing round this spacious  
earth  
That suits my large desire;  
To boundless joy and solid mirth,  
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 2 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd climb the heavenly road;  
There sits my Saviour, dressed in love,  
And there my smiling God.

**Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.**

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so!  
Awake, my sluggish soul;  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain,  
Labor, and tug, and strive:  
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,  
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move;—  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above;—
- 4 We, for whom God's dear Son came  
down,  
And labored for our good;—  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts!  
Come, Holy Dove, from Zion's hill,  
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise:  
With arms of faith, and wings of love,  
We'll fly and take the prize.

**Devotion.**

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting power,  
Be my vain wishes still'd;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought  
bestow'd,  
To thee my thoughts would soar,  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy thee crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on thee.

1. What heavenly mu-sic do I hear, Sal - va-tion sounding

free ! Ye souls in bondage lend an ear, This is the ju-bi - lee.

This is the Ju - bi - lee.

2 Good news, good news to Adam's race,  
Let Christians all agree;  
To sing redeeming love and grace,  
This is the Jubilee.

3 The Gospel sounds a sweet release  
To all in misery,  
And bids them welcome home to peace,  
This is the Jubilee.

4 Jesus is on the mercy seat;  
Before him bend the knee,  
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,  
This is the Jubilee.

5 Sinners, be wise, return and come,  
Unto the Saviour flee;  
The Saviour bids you welcome home,  
This is the Jubilee.

6 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,  
With songs of harmony,  
While on the road to Canaan sing,  
This is the Jubilee.

### Glory of Christ.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is He than all the fair,  
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
And flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

**The name of Christ.**

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

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

3 Dear name, the Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place;  
My never failing treasury filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest and King;  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought,  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name,  
Refresh my soul in death.

**The successful resolve.**

1 Come, anxious sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
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 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess,  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his pardoning grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious king approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives,  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die."

**God's presence is light in darkness.**

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright Morning-Star,  
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows that he is mine,  
And whispers—*I am his.*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To embrace my dearest Lord!

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through ev'ry foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conqueror through.

**Breathing after Heaven.**

1 Return, O God of love, return;  
Earth is a tiresome place;  
How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
Our absence from thy face.

2 How long, dear Saviour, O how long  
Shall that bright hour delay?  
Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

3 Let heaven succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease;  
And, in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.

4 Thy wonders to thy servants show.  
Make thine own work complete;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.

5 Then shall we shine before thy throne  
In all thy beauty, Lord;  
And the poor service we have done  
Meet a divine reward.

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers

given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A

balm for every wounded breast—'Tis found alone, in heaven.

2 There is a soft, a downy bed,  
As fair as breath of even;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose—in heaven.

3 There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous  
shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
The heart with anguish riven,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom,  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.



**Prospect of Heaven.**

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 fading flowers;  
Death like a narrow sea divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

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

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise—  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unobscured eyes:

6 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.

**The Path to Heaven.**

1 There is a path that leads to God,  
All others go astray;  
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,  
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads strait thro' this world of sin,  
And dangers must be past;  
But those who boldly walk therein,  
Will come to heaven at last.

**Evening Devotion.**

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 is near.

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

[3]

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.

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

**Nothing true but Heaven.**

1 This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given,  
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;  
There's nothing true but heaven!

2 And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even;  
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;  
There's nothing bright but heaven!

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven;  
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way;  
There's nothing calm but heaven!

**Heaven on Earth.**

1 This world's not "all a fleeting show,  
For man's *illusion* given,"  
He that hath soothed a widow's wo,  
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know  
There's something here of heaven.

2 And he that walks life's thorny way  
With feelings calm and even;  
Whose path is lit from day to day  
By virtue's bright and steady ray;  
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He, that the Christian's course has run  
And all his foes forgiven;  
Who measures out life's little span,  
In love to God, and love to man,  
On earth has tasted heaven.

**Condescending Grace.**

1 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,  
Within this earthly frame,  
Thro' all the world, how great art thou,  
How glorious is thy name!

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on  
high,  
Employs our wondering sight;  
The moon that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feebler light;—

3 Lord, what is man! that thou shouldst  
To keep him in thy mind! [choose  
Or what his race! that thou shouldst  
To them so wondrous kind! [prove

1. There is a fountain, filled with blood, Drawn

from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose

all their guilt - ty stains, Lose all their guilt - ty stains.

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

3 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious  
blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

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.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

**Vain prosperity.**

1 No! I shall envy them no more,  
Who grow profanely great,  
Though they increase their golden store,  
And rise to wondrous height.

2 Go now, and boast of all your stores,  
And tell how bright they shine;  
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,  
And my Redeemer's mine!

**Redemption.**

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and—O amazing love!—  
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,  
And brake our iron chains;  
Jesus has freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.

5 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

**Mutual Love.**

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part:  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes soar above;  
We try each other's faults to hide,  
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flow;  
And union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action show.

**Faith's review and expectation.**

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

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

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come:  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God who owns me here below,  
Shall be forever mine.

**The Saint's Farewell.**

1 Ye fading charms of earth, farewell!  
Your springs of joy are dry:  
My soul now seeks another home,  
A brighter world on high.

2 Farewell! ye friends, whose tender care  
Has long engaged my love;  
Your fond embrace I now exchange  
For better friends above.

3 With joy I leave this vale of tears,  
Where pain and sorrow grow,  
Welcome the day which ends my toils,  
And every scene of woe.

4 No more shall sin disturb my breast,  
My God shall frown no more,  
The streams of love divine shall yield  
Transport unknown before.

5 Fly, then, ye intervening day!  
Lord, send my summons down!  
The hand that strikes me to the dust  
Shall raise me to a crown.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the  
And dwell with Christ at home, And dwell with

moment come, When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And  
Christ at home, When I shall lay my armor by, And

**End.**  
dwell with Christ at home.  
dwell with Christ at home.

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

8 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,  
He bade me cease to roam;  
And fly for succor to his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.

4 When, by afflictions sharply tried,  
I viewed the gaping tomb,  
Although I dread death's chilling  
tide,  
Yet still I sighed for home.

5 Weary of wandering round and-  
This vale of sin and gloom, [round  
I long to leave the unhallowed  
ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.

### Christ always new.

1 Since man by sin has lost his God,  
He seeks creation through,  
And vainly strives for solid bliss,  
In trying something new.

2 And could we call all Europe ours,  
With India and Peru,  
The soul would feel an aching void,  
And still want something new.

3 But when we know the Saviour's  
All good in him we view: [love,  
The soul forsakes its vain delights  
In Christ finds all things new.

4 The joy the dear Redeemer gives  
Will bear a strict review;  
Nor need we ever change again,  
For Christ is always new.

1. A charge to keep I have, A

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a dotted quarter note on G4, a half note on A4, a quarter note on B4, a quarter note on C5, a quarter note on B4, a quarter note on A4, and a dotted quarter note on G4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with half notes on G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, and G3.

God to glo - ri - fy! A nev - er dy - ing

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff has a quarter note on G4, a quarter note on A4, a quarter note on B4, a quarter note on C5, a quarter note on B4, a quarter note on A4, and a quarter note on G4. The bass staff continues with half notes on G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, and G3.

soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

The third system concludes the melody. The treble staff has a quarter note on G4, a quarter note on A4, a quarter note on B4, a quarter note on C5, a quarter note on B4, a quarter note on A4, and a quarter note on G4. The bass staff continues with half notes on G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, and G3.

### Jesus wept.

2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
O 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 O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
A strict account to give.


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

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!  
Angels with wonder see!  
Be thou astonish'd, 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.

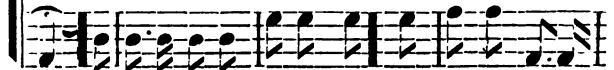

## BONNIE BOAT.





1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful  
2. There gen'rous fruits that never fail, On trees immortal


eye, To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions  
grow; There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and honey

lie. O the transporting, rapt'rous scene, That ris-es to my  
flow. O'er all those wide, extended plains, Shines one e - ter-nal

sight; Sweet fields, array'd in living green, And rivers of delight.  
day; There God, the Sun, forever roigns, And scatters night away



3 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blessed?

When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

How long, dear Saviour, O! how long,  
Shall this bright hour delay?

Fly swiftly round ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

#### The Heavenly Jerusalem.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
O how I long for thee!

When will my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold;

Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are paved with gold.

2 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,  
My study long have been!

Such sparkling light by human sight,  
Has never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence?

What folly 'tis that I should dread  
To die and go from hence.

3 Reach down, reach down, thine  
arm of grace,

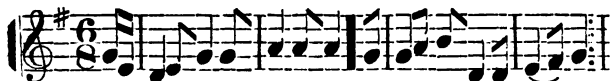
And cause me to ascend  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end.

When we've been there ten thousand  
years,

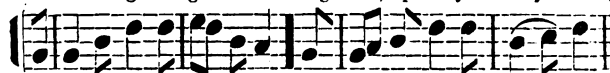
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days, to sing God's  
praise,

Than when we first begun.

### LITTLE FLOCK.



1. Glory to God that I have found, The pearl of my salvation;  
I'm marching through Immanuel's ground, Up to my heavenly station;



And I'm resolved 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.

1. O tell me where the Dove has flown, To build her downy  
2. I sought her in the groves of love, I knew her tender

nest; And I will rove this world all o'er, To  
heart; But she had flown! the Pen-sive Dove Had

win her to my breast; To win her to my breast.  
felt a trai-tor's dart, Had felt a trai-tor's dart.

3 I sought her on the flow'ry lawn,  
Where pleasure holds her train;  
But fancy flies from flower to flower,  
So there I sought in vain.

4 'Twas on Ambition's craggy hill,  
The Pensive bird might stray;  
I sought her there, though vainly  
still;  
She never flew that way.

5 Faith smiled and shed a silent tear  
To see my search around,  
Then whispered, "I will tell you  
where

"The Dove may yet be found.

6 "By meek religion's humble cot,  
"She builds her downy nest;  
"Go seek that sweet secluded spot,  
"And win her to your breast."



**The Convert.**

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood,  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevail'd,  
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm;  
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And leaned upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.

1 How sweet to be allowed to pray  
To God the Holy One,  
With filial love and trust to say,  
O God! thy will be done.

2 We in these sacred words can find,  
A cure for every ill,  
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,  
And bid each care be still.

3 O! let that will, that gave me breath,  
That gave the immortal soul,  
In joy or grief, in life or death,  
My every wish control.

4 O! teach my heart the blessed way  
To imitate thy Son;  
Teach me, O! God in truth to say,  
"Thy will, not mine be done.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.

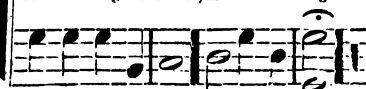


1. To - day the Saviour calls! Ye wand'ers come; O

2. To - day the Saviour calls! For ref - uge fly; The



3 To-day the Saviour calls!  
O hear him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.



4 The Spirit calls to day!  
Yield to his power;  
O, grieve him not away,  
'Tis mercy's hour.

1. The pi-ty of the Lord To those that fear his name,

Is such as ten-der 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.

**God's Care a Remedy for ours.**

1 How gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!  
'Come cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.'

2 While providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's  
throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day;  
We'll drop our burdens at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

**Penitential.**

1 Ah! whither should I go,  
Burdened, and sick, and faint?  
To whom should I my troubles show,  
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;  
Ah! why do I delay?  
He 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 Jesus, the hindrance show,  
Which I have feared to see;  
And let me now consent to know  
What keeps me back from thee.

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

**Love to the brethren.**

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are  
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 joined 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.

The Lord my shepherd is;  
I shall be well supplied;  
Since he is mine and I am his,  
What can I want beside?

- 2 He leads me to the place,  
Where heavenly pasture grows;  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my future days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

**Heavenly joy on Earth.**

- 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 men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's  
ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.
- 6 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,  
Should constant joys create.

**Salvation by Grace.**

- 1 Grace!—'tis a charming sound!  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all its steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught our roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour we meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days:  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone  
And well deserves the praise.

**Doxology.**

- 1 Thy name, Almighty Lord!  
Shall sound through distant lands:  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,  
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
'Till morning light and evening shade  
Shall be extinct no more.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?  
Whilst others fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?

Fine.

Shall I be carried to the skies, On flow'ry beds of ease;

#### Hope of Heaven.

2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?  
Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord,  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And faith presents it nigh.  
When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

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

2 Should earth against my soul  
engage,  
And hellish 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.

**The Christian's hope.**

1 Hail sweetest, dearest tie that binds  
Our glowing hearts in one,  
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds  
To harmony divine.

It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus' grace has given;  
The hope, when days and years are past  
We all shall meet in Heaven;  
We all shall meet in heaven at last,  
We all shall meet in heaven;  
The hope, when days and years are past  
We all shall meet in heaven.

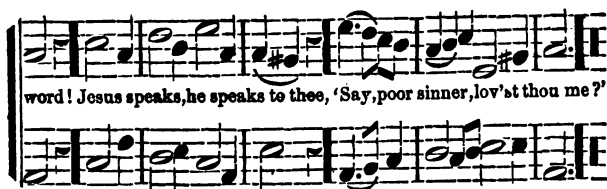
2 What tho' the northern wintry blast  
Shall howl around our cot;  
What tho' beneath an eastern sun

Be cast our distant lot?  
Ye still we share the blissful hope  
Which Jesus' grace hath given. &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's  
strand,  
From India's burning plain,  
From Europe, from Columbia's land,  
We hope to meet again—  
It is the hope, the blissful hope  
Which Jesus' grace hath given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,  
Our future meeting knows;  
There friendship beams from every eye,  
And hope immortal grows.  
O! sacred hope! O blissful hope!  
Which Jesus' grace has given. &c.

**LOVEST THOU ME? 7s.**



3 "Can a mother's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Tho' 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 grace is done,  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint,  
Yet I love thee, and adore:  
O for grace to love thee more!

[4]

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,

While the wa - ters near me roll, While the tempest still is high;

All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring,

Cov - er my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

**2** Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me !

Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
Oh, receive my soul at last !

### The Christian Warfare.

**1** Brethren while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear ;  
Foes we have, but we've a friend,  
One who loves us to the end :  
Forward then with courage go,  
Long we shall not dwell below ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.

**2** In the world a thousand snares  
Lay to take us unawares ;  
Satan with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded heart ;  
But from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.

**3** But of all the foes we meet,  
None so apt to turn our feet ;  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes we have within ;  
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these :  
Then the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.

### Come, said Jesus.

**1** Come ! said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice :  
I will guide you to your home,—  
Weary pilgrim, hither come !  
Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

**2** Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn ;  
Here repose your heavy care :  
Conscience wounded, who can bear ?

Sinner, come ! for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound ;  
Peace that ever shall endure ;  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

### The Christian's Inquiry.

**1** 'Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought,  
Do I love the Lord or no ?  
Am I his or am I not ?  
If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?  
Hardly sure can they be worse  
Who have never known his name.

**2** Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?  
Should I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the way I once abhorred ;  
Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?

**3** Lord, decide this doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's sun,  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If indeed it is begun.  
Let me love thee more and more ;  
If I love at all, I pray ;  
If I have not loved before,  
Help me to begin this day.

### Rock of Ages.

**1** Rock of ages ! cleft I see,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of fear and sin the cure ;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

**2** Should my tears for ever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
This for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and thou alone :  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.

**3** While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,  
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Jesus die?

Oh the Lamb, the loving Lamb! The Lamb of Calva - ry,

**Chorus.**



Would he devote his sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

The Lamb was slain, yet lives again To in - tercede for me.



2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ the mighty Saviour died,  
For man the creature's sin.

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

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

#### **The Tribunal.**

1 And must I be to judgment brought,  
And answer, in that day,

For every vain and idle thought,  
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart  
Shall shortly be made known,  
And I receive my just desert  
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!  
With what religious fear!  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow;  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,  
O, let me feel thee near!  
And make my peace with God, before  
I at thy bar appear.



1. Sal-vation! O the joy - ful sound; 'Tis pleasure  
2. Buried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark

3. Sal-vation! let the ech - o fly The spacious  
4. Sal-vation O! thou bleeding Lamb, To thee the

to my ears! A sovereign balm for eve - ry wound, A  
door we lay; But we a - rise, by grace di - vine, To

earth around, While all the ar - mies of the sky, Con-  
praise belongs! Sal - va-tion shall in - spire my heart, And

cordial for my fears, A cordial for my fears, A cordial for my fears.  
see a heavenly day, To see a heavenly day, To see, etc.

spire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, etc.  
dwell upon my tongue, And dwell upon my tongue, &c.

**Absence of God intolerable.**

1 That awful day will surely come;  
The appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sovereign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the word, "Depart?"

3 The thunder of that dismal word  
Would so torment my ear,  
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.

(4 x)

4 O, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love!

5 O, tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Show me some promise, in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands.

6 Give me one kind, assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.

1. Bright angels strike your loudest strains, Your sweetest voices raise

Let heaven and all created things, Sound our Immanuel's praise.

2 See how the conqueror mounts  
aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honor in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.

3 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters blessings down;  
He fills the mediatorial seat  
On the celestial throne.

#### **Earnest Petition.**

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise.

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

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

#### **Access to the Mediator.**

1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there,  
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord;  
No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly  
bliss,  
Are opened by the Son;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we  
bring,  
Great advocate on high,  
And glory to th' eternal King  
Who lays his anger by.

#### **Walking with God.**

1 Oh, could I find, from day to day,  
A nearness to my God,  
Then should 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.

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

1st end. 2d.

tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night. Do not de-

Ritard.

D. C.

tain me, for I am going, To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,  
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;  
Within a country unknown and dreary,  
I have been wandering forlorn and  
weary.

I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 Of that country to which I'm going,  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;  
There is no sorrow, or any sighing,  
Or any sin, or any dying.  
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

End.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades ap-  
The night of death draws near.

D. C.

pear; O, may we all re - mem - ber well,

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest —  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,  
And view th' unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O, may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love!

**Sacrifice.**

1 Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Can give the guilty conscience  
Or wash away the stain. [peace,

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 Believing, we rejoice  
To feel the guilt remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful  
And sing his bleeding love. [voice,

1. The Spir- it, in our hearts, Is whispering, 'Sinner, come;'  
 2. Let him that hear-eth say To all about him, 'Come!'

The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his children 'Come!'  
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness, To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
 Oh 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!

**Invocation.**

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Come;  
 Let thy bright beams arise;  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;  
 Then lead us to our Lord,  
 And to our wondering view reveal,  
 The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;  
 Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breasts the flame  
 Of never dying love.

4 Possess and rule our hearts,  
 Our minds from bondage free;  
 Then shall we know and love and  
 praise  
 The Father, Son and thee.

**Now the accepted time.**

1 Now is the accepted time,  
 Now is the day of grace;  
 Now, sinners, come, without delay,  
 And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,  
 The Saviour calls to-day;  
 To-morrow it may be too late,  
 Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,  
 The gospel bids you come;  
 And every promise in his word  
 Declares there yet is room.

1 All yesterday is gone!  
 To-morrow's not our own;  
 O sinner, come, without delay,  
 To bow before the throne?

2 Oh hear his voice to-day,  
 And harden not your heart:  
 To-morrow, with a frown, he may  
 Pronounce the word—depart.



1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace!

Oh refresh us, Oh refresh us, Travelling thro' this wilderness.



Let us, each thy love possessing Triumph in redeeming grace:

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

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey—  
May we ever  
Reign with Christ in endless day!

**The good Shepherd.**

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us  
Through this lowly vale of tears;  
And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
Thy rich grace in all our fears,  
O, refresh us—  
O refresh us with thy grace.

2 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land:  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

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

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

**The free Invitation.**

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 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify,  
True belief and true repentance,  
Will not fail to bring you nigh;  
Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you  
Nor of fitness fondly dream: [linger,  
All the fitness he requireth;  
Is to feel your need of him;

This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined one and all,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all:

Not the righteous—  
*Sinners* Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies!  
On the bloody tree behold him,  
Hear him cry before he dies,

"It is finished,  
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, the Son of God, ascended,  
Pleads the virtue of his blood;  
Venture on him, venture freely,  
Let no other trust intrude;

None but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name:

Hallelujah,  
Sinners here may do the same.

**Coming of Christ.**

1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain!  
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train:

Hallelujah!  
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty!  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply waiting,  
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day—

Come to judgment!—  
Come to judgment!—come away."

**The Missionary's Farewell.**

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee,  
All thy scenes, I love them well;  
Friends, connexions, happy country,  
Can I bid you all farewell?  
Must I leave you, can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,  
Joys no stranger's heart can tell;  
Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,  
Can I, must I, say farewell?  
Must I leave thee, can I leave thee,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days and Sabbath-bell;  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
Can I say a last farewell!

Must I leave you, can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I love so well,  
Far away, ye billows, bear me,  
Lovely, native land, farewell!  
Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave  
thee,

Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the desert let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell  
How he died, the blessed Saviour,  
To redeem a world from hell.  
Let me hasten, let me hasten,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,  
Let the winds, the canvas swell:  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion  
While I go far hence to dwell.  
Glad I leave thee, glad I leave thee,  
Native land, farewell, farewell.

1. Come, thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my  
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—Mount of

**End.**

heart to sing thy grace;  
songs of loud - est praise: Teach me some me - lo - dious  
God's un - chang - ing love.

son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove:

**D. C.**

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering soul to thee:  
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 for thy courts above.



**Heavenly Manna.**

1 Brethren, we have met to worship,  
And adore the Lord our God,  
Will you pray in faith with fervor,  
While we strive to serve the Lord?  
All is vain, unless the Spirit  
Of the Holy One comes down;  
Brethren, pray, and holy manna  
Will be showered all around.

2 Brethren, don't you see poor sinners  
Slumbering on the brink of wo;  
Death is coming, hell is moving,  
Can you bear to see them go?  
There are fathers, there are mothers,  
And their children sinking down, &c.

3 Brethren, there's the poor backslider,  
Who was once near heaven's door;  
But, alas! he's sold his Saviour,  
And is worse than e'er before;  
But the Saviour proffers pardon,  
If he will repent and turn, &c.

4 Sisters, will you join and help us?  
(Moses' sister helped him;)  
Will you seek the trembling mourner,  
Who is laboring hard with sin?  
Tell them all about the Saviour,  
Tell them that he will be found.  
Sisters, &c.

5 Let us love our Lord supremely;  
Let us love each other too;  
Let us strengthen one another,  
Till our Lord makes all things new.  
And when we get home to heaven,  
At his table we'll sit down;  
Christ will gird himself, and serve us  
With sweet manna all around.

**For Family Worship.**

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.  
Should swift death this night o'er-  
take us, [5]

And our couch become our tomb.  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

**Prayer for a Revival.**

1 Saviour, visit thy plantation.  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again:  
Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high;  
Lest, for want of thy assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.  
2 Surely, once thy garden flourished,  
Every part looked gay and green:  
Then thy word our spirits nourished,  
Happy seasons, we have seen!  
But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;  
Help can only come from thee.  
3 Let our mutual love be fervent;  
Make us prevalent in prayer;  
May each one esteemed thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching snare,  
Break the Tempter's fatal power;  
Turn this stony heart to flesh;  
And begin, from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.

**The good Shepherd.**

1 Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,  
Come and bid our jarring cease;  
Come, O come, and reign for ever,  
God of love, and Prince of peace:  
Visit now thy precious Zion,  
See thy people mourn and weep,  
Day and night thy lambs are crying,  
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.  
2 Come good Lord, with courage arm  
Persecution we'll not fear; [us,  
Nothing Lord we know can harm us,  
While our loving Shepherd's near:  
Glory! glory! give him glory,  
Strong is he and he will keep;  
He will clear our way before us,  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven to

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving spir - it, In - to eve - ry

earth come down, Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing,

troubled breast! Let us all in thee in - her - it,

All thy faith - ful mercies crown, Je - sus thou art all com -

Let us find that sec - ond rest, Take a - way our bent of

pas - sion, Pure un - bou nd - ed love thou art, Vis - it

sin - ning, Alpha and O - me - ga be, End of



**3** Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy grace receive,  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave!  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise thee without ceas-  
ing,

Glory in thy perfect love.

**4** Finish then, thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in thee!  
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!

#### Sanctification.

**1** Ye who know your sins forgiven,  
And are happy in the Lord,  
Have you read that gracious prom-  
ise,

Which is left upon record;  
I will sprinkle you with water,  
I will cleanse you from all sin:  
Sanctify and make you holy,  
I will dwell and reign within?

**2** Tho' you have much peace and  
comfort,

Greater things you yet may find,  
Freedom from unholy tempers,  
Freedom from the carnal mind.  
To procure your perfect freedom  
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died,  
On the cross the healing fountain,  
Gushed from his wounded side.

**8** Be as holy and as happy,  
And as useful here below,  
As it is your Father's pleasure,  
Jesus, only Jesus know,  
Spread, O spread the holy fire,  
Tell, O tell what God has done,  
Till the nations are conformed  
To the image of his Son.

**4** Wake up brother, wake up sinner,  
Seek, O seek this holy state;  
None but holy ones can enter  
Thro' the pure celestial gate.  
Can you bear the tho't of losing  
All the joys that are above?  
No, my brother, no, dear sinner,  
God will perfect you in love.

#### Safety of Zion.

**1** Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word can ne'er be broken  
Chose thee for his own abode.  
Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,  
Still is precious in thy sight;  
Judah's temple far excelling,  
Beaming with the gospel's light.

**2** On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake her sure repose?  
With salvation's wall surrounded,  
She can smile at all her foes.  
Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,  
Chose thee for his own abode.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;

Naked, poor, despised, for-sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shall be.  
Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.

*End with 2d strain.*

Perish ev-'ry 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 art not, like them, untrue;  
And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends disown  
me,  
Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and trea-  
sure,  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain—  
In thy service pain is pleasure—  
With thy favor loss is gain.
- I have called thee Abba, Father!  
I have set my heart on thee—  
Storms may howl, and clouds may  
gather,  
All must work for good to me.
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory.  
Armed by faith, and winged by  
prayer—  
Heaven's eternal day 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.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take ;
2. Though in a foreign laud, We are not far from home,
3. His grace will to the end Stronger and brighter shine ;
4. Blest is the man, O God, That stays himself on thee ;

Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid eve-ry string a - wake.  
And nearer to our house above, We every moment come.

Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine.  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord, Shall thy salvation see.

**Reward and punishment.**

- 1 Oh 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:  
Oh what eternal horrors hang  
Around "the second death!"
- 5 Thou God of truth and grace!  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
For ever more undone. [5\*]

**Praise.**

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing:  
Jehovah is the gracious God,  
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Glory to God on high,  
All hail the happy morn:  
We join the anthems of the sky—  
And sing—"The Saviour's born!"
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.
- 5 Now is th' accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears,

The bleeding Sac-ri - fice In my be - half appears ;

Before the throne my Saviour stands, Be-

Before the throne my Saviour stands, Before the throne my

fore the throne my Saviour stands, My name is written on his hands.

Saviour stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

**2** He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede  
With his redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood was spilled for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of  
grace.

**3** Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me:  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

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

**5** To God I'm 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.

#### The Gospel's Voice.

**1** Ye dying sons of men,  
Immersed in sin and woe,  
The gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you;  
Ye perishing and guilty, come!  
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

**2** No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuse frame;  
He bids you come to-day,  
Tho' poor, and blind, and lame,  
All things are ready—sinners, come!  
For every trembling soul there's  
room.

**3** Compelled by bleeding love,  
Ye wandering souls draw near;  
Christ calls you from above:  
His charming accents hear;  
Let whosoever will, now come;  
In mercy's arms there still is room.

#### The year of Jubilee.

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

**2** The gospel trumpet, hear,  
The news of heavenly grace;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face;  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return to your eternal home.

**3** Extol the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atonng Lamb;  
Redemption in his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim:  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

#### Strength from Heaven.

**1** By whom was David taught  
To aim the dreadful blow,  
When he Goliath fought,  
And laid the Gittite low?  
No sword or spear the stripling took,  
But chose a pebble from the brook.

**2** 'Twas Israel's God and King  
Who sent him to the fight,  
Who gave him strength to sling,  
And skill to aim aright; [dures,  
Ye feeble saints your strength en-  
Because young David's God is yours

**3** Who ordered Gideon forth,  
To storm th' invaders' camp,  
With arms of little worth:  
A pitcher and a lamp? [known,  
The trumpet made his coming  
And all the host was overthrown.

**4** O! I have seen the day,  
When with a single word,  
God helping me to say,  
My trust is in the Lord,  
My soul has quelled a thousand foes,  
Fearless of all that could oppose.

1. I'm a lone-ly trav'ler here, Wea - ry, op - prest;

But my journey's end is near—Soon I shall 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 forever live,—  
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a traveler to a land  
Where all is fair;  
Where is seen no broken band,  
Saints, all are there.  
Where no tears shall ever fall,  
Nor heart 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 cannot stay.  
Farewell earthly pleasures all,  
Pilgrim I roam;  
Hail me not, in vain you call,  
Yonder's my home



1. We're trav'ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? Will you go?  
To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go? Will you go?

And millions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?

D. C.

Millions have reach'd that blest abode, Anointed kings and priests to God,

D. C.

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,  
In rapturous strains to praise his name;  
The crown of life we there shall wear,  
The conqueror's palms our hands shall  
bear,  
And all the joys of heaven we'll share.  
Will you go? &c.

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,  
To raise our voice, and tune the lyre;  
These saints and angels gladly sing  
Hosanna to their God and King,  
And make the heavenly arches ring.  
Will you go? &c.

4 Ye weary, heavy laden, come,  
In the blest house there still is room;  
The Lord is waiting to receive,  
If thou wilt on him now believe,  
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease.  
Will you go? &c.

5 The way to heaven is free for all,  
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,  
Make up your mind, give God your heart,  
With every sin and idol part,  
And now for glory make a start.  
Will you go? &c.

6 The way to heaven is straight and  
plain—  
Repent, believe, be born again;  
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,  
"Take up thy cross and follow me,  
And thou shalt my salvation see.  
Will you go? &c.

7 O, could I hear some sinner say,  
I will go! I will go!  
I'll start this moment, clear the way,  
Let me go! Let me go!  
My old companions, fare you well,  
I will not go with you to hell,  
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,  
Let us go! Let us go!

1. Come on my partners in distress, My comrades through this

wilderness, Who still your bodies feel; A- while for- get your

griefs and fears, And look beyond this vale of tears, To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
 The saint's secure abode;  
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
 And force your passage to the skies,  
 And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
 We shall before his face appear,  
 And by his side sit down;  
 To patient faith the prize is sure.  
 And all who to the end endure  
 The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss inspiring hope,  
 It lifts the fainting spirit up;  
 It brings to life the dead.  
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
 And you and I ascend at last,  
 Triumphant, with our Head.

5 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,  
 And at thy footstool fall;  
 Till thou our hidden life reveal—  
 Till thou our ravished spirits fill—  
 And God be all in all.—

**A Returning Jubilee.**

What sound is this salutes my ear?  
 'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear.  
 Th' expected day is come;  
 Behold the heav'n, the earth, the sea,  
 Proclaim the year of Jubilee,  
 Return ye exiles home:

2 Behold the fair Jerusalem,  
 Illuminated by the Lamb,  
 In glory doth appear;  
 Fair Zion's rising from the tomb,  
 To meet the bridegroom, now he's  
 come,  
 Which hails the Jubile year.

3 My soul is striving to be there,  
 I long to rise and wing the air,  
 And trace the sacred road;  
 Adieu! adieu! all mortal things,  
 O! that I had an angel's wings,  
 I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, gracious moments, fly, O fly!  
 I thirst, I pant, I long, I try,  
 Angelic joys to prove;  
 Soon I shall quit this house of clay,  
 Clap my glad wings and soar away,  
 And shout redeeming love.

**Regeneration.**

Wak'd by the gospel's powerful  
 sound,  
 My soul in sin and thrall I found,  
 Exposed to dreadful woe;  
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Or down to ruin go.

2 God's justice then I did behold,  
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul  
 It was a dreadful load;  
 This solemn truth did still remain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Or feel the wrath of God.

3 I heard some tell how Christ did  
 His life to let the sinner live, [give  
 But him I could not see;  
 I read my bible, it was plain,  
 The sinner must be born again,  
 Or die eternally.

4 But as my soul with dying breath,  
 Lay gasping near the second death,  
 Christ Jesus I did see;  
 Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,  
 I trust I then was born again,  
 In gospel liberty.

5 Now with the saints I'll join to tell  
 How Jesus saved my soul from hell,  
 To sing redeeming love;  
 Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,  
 The sinner now is born again,  
 To dwell with Christ above.

**Probation.**

1 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Yet how insensible;  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that 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 make me, ere it be too late,  
 Awake 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 serious industry and fear,  
 To make my calling sure;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.

5 Then Father then our souls receive  
 Transported from this vale to live  
 And reign with thee above,  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

1. Sa-lem's bright King, Je - sus by name, In

ancient time to Jordan came, All righteousness to fill ; 'Twas

there the an - cient Baptist stood, Whose name was John, a

man of God, To do his Mas - ter's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling  
stream

The Baptist led the holy Lamb,  
And there did him baptize;  
Jehovah saw his darling Son,  
And was well pleased in what he'd  
done,

And owned him from the skies.

3 "This is my Son," Jehovah cries;  
The echoing voice from glory flies,  
"O children, hear ye him;"  
Hark! 'tis his voice; behold, he cries:  
"Repent, believe, and be baptized,  
And wash away your sins."

4 Come, children, come; his voice  
obey;

Salem's bright King has marked the  
way,

And has a crown prepared;  
O then arise and give consent,  
Walk in the way that Jesus went,  
And have the great reward.

5 Believing children, gather round,  
And let your joyful songs abound,  
With cheerful hearts arise;  
See, here is water, here is room,  
A loving Saviour calling, "Come,  
O children, be baptized."

6 Behold! his servant waiting  
stands,  
With willing heart and ready hands,  
To wait upon the bride;  
Ye candidates, your hearts prepare,  
And let us join in solemn prayer,  
Down by the water side.

#### Hope of Heaven.

O glorious hope of perfect love,  
Which lifts my heart to things above!  
It bears on eagle's wings;  
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments  
With Jesus, priests and kings. [feast

2 The things eternal I pursue,  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those who basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen,  
Their honors, wealth and pleasures  
I neither love nor want. [mean,

3 Nothing on earth I call my own,  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise;  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a country out of sight,  
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart is there  
And my abiding rest;  
Then let the pilgrim's journey end,  
And O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to thy breast.

#### The Lord is in his garden.

The Lord into his garden comes;  
The spices yield a rich perfume,  
The lilies grow and thrive;  
Refreshing showers of grace divine!  
From Jesus flow to every vine,  
Which makes the dead revive.

2 We feel that heaven is now begun,  
It issues from the shining throne,  
From Jesus' grace on high;  
It comes like floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink and drink again,  
And yet for more we cry.

3 But when we come to reign 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,  
Which never will run dry.

4 Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
And claim a 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.

5 There, on that peaceful, happy  
shore,  
We'll sing and shout, our sufferings  
In sweet, redeeming love; [o'er  
We'll shout and praise our conquer-  
ing King,  
Who died himself that he might  
Us rebels near to God. [bring

1. When thou, my righteous Judge shalt come To  
Who

End.

call thy ransomed peo-ple home, Shall I among them stand!  
sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand!

End with 2d strain.

Shall such a worth - less worm as I

2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before thy gracious throne to bow,  
Though weakest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought,  
To have my worthless name left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,  
In that expected day:  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
To still each unbelieving fear,  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
When'er th' archangel's trumpet shall  
To see thy smiling face; <sup>[sound]</sup>  
Then loud, through all the crowd, I'll  
sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions  
ring,  
With shouts of boundless grace.

### Way to be happy.

1 If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast the jewel lies;  
Nor need we roam abroad:  
The world has little to bestow;  
From loving hearts, our joys must flow,  
Hearts that delight in God.

2 To be resigned when ills betide,  
Patient when favors are denied,  
And pleased with favors given;  
This is the wise, the virtuous part,  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

Thus thro' life's changing scenes we'll go,  
Its checkered paths of joy and woe,  
With holy care we'll tread;  
Quit this vain world without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je - sus no  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their

But when I am happy in him, De - cem-ber's as

lon-ger I see; } The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The  
sweetness to me; }

pleasant as May.

D. C.

fields strive in vain to look gay,

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,  
While blessed 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 unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

1. From whence doth this u-nion a-rise, That ha-tred is  
 2. It can-not in E-den be found, Nor yet in a  
 3. My friends are so dear un-to me, Our hearts are u-  
 conquered by love; It fas-tens our souls in such ties,  
 par-a-dise lost; It grows on Em-man-u-el's ground,  
 nit-ed in love; Where Je-sus is gone we shall be,  
 That na-ture and time can't re-move.  
 And Je-sus' dear blood it did cost.  
 In yon-der blest man-sions a-bove.

4 O why then so loth for to part,  
 Since we shall ere long meet again,  
 Engraved on Emmanuel's heart;  
 At distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see the bright,  
 United with angels above, [day,  
 No longer confined to our clay,  
 O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love.

6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,  
 And all his bright glory shall see,  
 And sing Hallelujah, Amen,  
 Amen, even so let it be.

Composed by George Whitefield.

1 Ah! lovely appearance of death,  
 What sight upon earth is so fair;  
 Not all the gay pageants on earth,  
 Can with this dead body compare!  
 With solemn delight I survey

The corpse, when the spirit is fled,  
 In love with that beautiful clay,  
 And longing to lie in its stead.

2 How bless'd is our brother, bereft  
 Of all that could burden his mind,  
 How easy the soul that has left  
 This wearisome body behind!  
 Of evil incapable thou,  
 Whose relics with envy I see,  
 No longer in misery now,  
 No longer a sinner like me.

3 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
 While bound in this prison of earth,  
 And still for deliverance pine,  
 And press to the issues of death.  
 What now with my tears I bedew,  
 O might I this moment become!  
 My spirit created anew,  
 My flesh be consigned to the tomb!



1. We sing of the realms of the blest, That country so

2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temp-

bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con-

ta - tion and care, From tri - als without and with-

fess'd, But what must it be to be there?

in, But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the first-born above—  
But what must it be to be there?

4 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or  
For heaven our spirits prepare; [wee  
Then, soon shall we joyfully know  
And feel, what it is to be there.



1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears,



2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gentle shower,



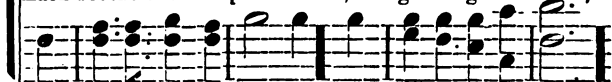
The sons of earth are waking, To pen - i - tential tears;



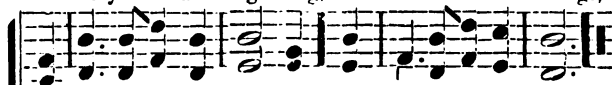
And brighter scenes before us, Are opening every hour;



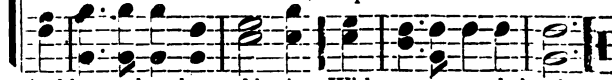
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from a-far,



Each cry to Heaven go - ing, A - bundant answers brings,



Of nations in com - motion, Prepared for Zion's war.



And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

8 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 thy 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 has come.

**1** Speak often to each other,  
To cheer the fainting mind;  
And often be your voices  
In pure devotion joined:  
Tho' trials may await you,  
The crown before you lies;  
Take courage brother pilgrim,  
And soon you'll win the prize.

**2** O, do not be discourag'd,  
For Jesus is your friend,  
And if you want more knowledge,  
He'll not refuse to lend;  
Neither will he upbraid you,  
Tho' often you request;  
He'll give you grace to conquer.  
Then take you home to rest.

**3** Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,  
In that auspicious day,  
When I make up my jewels,  
Released from cumb'rous clay;  
I'll polish and refine you  
From worldly dross and sin,  
And to my heavenly kingdom  
Will bid you enter in.

**4** On that important morning,  
When all the saints get home,  
And light celestial's beaming  
With radiance from the throne;  
Lift up your heads rejoicing,  
And wave your golden palms,  
Lo, you're redeemed forever  
From death's corrupted bands.

#### The Good Physician.

**1** How lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole!  
There is but one Physician  
Can cure the sin-sick soul.  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatched me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me  
His wondrous pow'r to save.

**2** A risen, living Jesus,  
Seen by an eye of faith,  
At once from danger frees us,  
And saves 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.

#### Longing for Heaven.

**1** O 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** But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before;  
He's given me my orders,  
And bid me not give o'er.  
If I continue faithful,  
A righteous crown he'll give,  
And all his valiant soldiers,  
Eternal life shall have.

**3** Thro' grace I am determin'd  
To conquer though I die,  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I'll fly.  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid you all adieu;  
And O, my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.

**4** 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 your heavenly armor  
Of faith, and hope, and love.  
And when the combat's ended  
He'll carry you above.

**5** And when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid the entombed millions  
From their cold beds arise,  
Our ransom'd dust revived,  
Bright beauties shall put on,  
And soar to the blest mansions  
Where our Redeemer's gone.

1. The pearl that worldlings covet Is not the pearl for me ; }  
 Its beauties fade as quickly, As sun-shine on the sea ; }

2. The crown that decks the monarch Is not the crown for me ; }  
 It dazzles but a moment, Its brightness soon will flee ; }

But there's a pearl whose beauty Fades not, tho' bright it be ; But  
 But there's a crown whose radiance No mor-tal eye can see ; For

few its val-ue seeth, Oh ! that's the pearl for me. <sup>1</sup>

ev - er ev - er shining—Oh ! that's the crown for me. <sup>2</sup>

\*Words arranged for this tune by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

**3** The road that many travel  
Is not the road for me ;  
It leads to death and sorrow,  
In it I would not be ;  
But there's a road, though narrow,  
Hath pleasures rich and free ;  
'Tis marked by Jesus' footsteps ;  
Oh ! that's the road for me.

**4** The hope that sinners cherish  
Is not the hope for me ;  
Most surely they will perish,  
Unless from sin made free ;  
But there's a hope that calmeth  
The waves of life's dark sea ;  
It pointeth up to heaven ;  
Oh ! that's the hope for me.

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

**2** What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

**3** Shall we whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to man benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O Salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

**4** Waft, waft ye winds his story ;  
And you, ye waters roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

### Closet Prayer.

**1** Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night ;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thought away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

**2** Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray too for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be ;  
Then for thyself in meekness  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

**3** Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy tho'ts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach his throue of glory.  
Who is mercy, truth and love.

**4** Oh not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare ;  
The power that he hath given us,  
To pour our souls in prayer :  
When e'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall,  
And remember in thy gladness  
His love who gave thee all.

### Aspiration.

**1** Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Towards heaven, thy native place :  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

**2** Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source :  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

*Not too fast.*

1. I have sought round the verdant earth, For  
I have tried ev'ry source of mirth, But

un-fading joy; }  
all, all doth cloy. } Lord, be-stow on me, Grace to set the

spir-it free; Thine the praise shall be; Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark, Of doubt and distress,  
I have had not a kindling spark, My spirit to bless;  
Cheerless unbelief, Fill'd my laboring soul with grief,  
What shall give relief? What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy Gospel, Lord, From folly away,  
I then trusted thy holy word, That taught me to pray,  
Here I found release. Weary spirit here found rest,  
Hope of endless bliss, Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my Heavenly King, I'll praise and adore;  
The heart's richest tribute bring To thee, God of power;  
And in heaven above, Saved by thy redeeming love,  
Loud the strains shall move, Forevermore.

1. O how happy are they Who their Saviour obey, And have

laid up their treasure a - bove! Tongue can never express The sweet

com - fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

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

3 'Twas a 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 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song;  
O that all his salvation might see:  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possessed,  
I was perfectly blest, [God,  
And was filled with the goodness of

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam, Here is no rest,  
Here as a pilgrim I wander a-lone, Yet I am blest,  
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say, There, there is rest.

*Fine.* *D. C.*

is no rest, For I look forward to that glorious day,  
I am blest. When sin and sor-row shall van-ish a-way.  
there is rest.

## 2

Here fierce temptations beset me around; Here is no rest—is no rest;  
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround; Yet I am blest—I  
am blest.

Let them revile me and scoff at my name,  
Laugh at my weeping—endeavoring to shame;  
I will go forward, for this is my theme. There, there is rest—there is  
rest.

## 3

Here are afflictions and trials severe; Here is no rest—is no rest;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear; Yet I am blest—I  
am blest.

Sweet is the promise I read in his word;  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;  
They have been called to receive their reward;—There, there is rest—  
there is rest.

## 4

This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest—is no rest,  
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,—Yet I am blest—I am  
blest.

Soon shall I be from the wicked released,  
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,  
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—There, there is rest—there is rest.



1. Afflic-tions tho' they seem severe, In mercy oft are sent,  
I'll die no more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in foreign lands;

End.

They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And caus'd him to re - pent. I'll  
My Father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

D. C.

2 What have I gained by sin he said,  
But hunger, shame and fear?  
My father's house abounds with bread,  
While I am starving here. I'll die, &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 die, &c.

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

- 5 Father, I've sinned, but O forgive!  
Enough! the Father said;  
Rejoice, my house, my Son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd 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.
- 7 '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.
- [7]

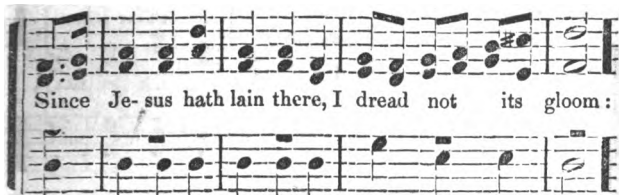
1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,

Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way;

The few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us here,

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

2. I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb,



Since Je- sus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom :



There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me a rise,



To hail him in triumph de - scend - ing the skies.

- 3 O! who would live alway, away from his God;  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet:  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

First time.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?  
And angels are waiting to wel . . . . .

2d time. End.

{ When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?  
come you home. } Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,

- 2 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 receive,  
O how can you question if you will believe;  
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.
- 4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,  
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?—  
To bear up your spirit, when summon'd to die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- 5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?  
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;  
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,  
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.
- 6 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.

**Delay Not. (Afton.)**

- 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 Lord?  
A 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 vale 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!

**Acquaint Thyself with God. (Afton.)**

- 1 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,  
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,  
And peace, like the dew drop shall fall on thy head,  
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.
- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,  
And he shall be with thee, when fears are abroad;  
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;  
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

**Why Sleep We?**

- 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, 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 honored, and sinners be sav'd.
- 3 O, how can we slumber, when death is so near,  
And sinners are sinking to endless despair!  
Now prayers may avail and they gain the high prize,  
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.
- 4 O, how can we 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.

[7\*]

End.

1. While na - ture was sink - ing in still - ness to rest,  
In deep med - i - ta - tion I wandered my feet.

{ The last beam of day - light shone dim in the west, }  
{ O'er fields, by pale moonlight, in lone - ly re - treat, }

D. C.

- 2 While passing a garden I paused to hear.  
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was there;  
The voice of the sufferer affected my heart,  
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
- 3 I listen'd a moment, then turn'd me to see  
What man of compassion this stranger might be!  
I saw him, low kneeling, upon the cold ground,  
The loveliest BEING that ever was found.
- 4 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,  
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears!  
I wept to behold him!—I ask'd him his name,  
He answered.—'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!
- 5 I am thy Redeemer! For thee I must die;  
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!  
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me;  
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."
- 6 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!  
His smile, O how pleasant! How cheering his voice.  
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad,  
I shouted Salvation! O! Glory to God!
- 7 I'm now on my journey to mansions above;  
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love!  
I think of the garden, the prayers, and the tears,  
Of that loving Stranger, who banished my fears
- 8 The day of bright glory is rolling around,  
When Gabriel descending—the trumpet shall sound;  
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise  
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes,

1. I love the holy Son of God, Who once this vale of sorrow trod,

And bore my sins a heavy load, On Calvary's gloomy mountain.  
While pains extreme his nature wrung, And streamed life's crimson fountain.

End.

High on the cross He mournful hung, The sport of many an impious tongue,

D. C.

2 The sun would not behold the scene,  
Around was thrown night's sable screen,  
Nature was dressed in mournful men,  
And sighed when Jesus suffered.  
But ah! his persecutors stood,  
That cruel and malicious brood,  
Unmoved to see his gushing blood,  
And shocking insults offered.

3 Say, why did not his anger burn,  
And floods of vengeance on them turn?  
Amazing! see his bowels yearn,  
In soft compassion o'er them.  
No fury kindles in his eyes,  
They beam with love; and when he dies,  
"Father forgive," the sufferer cries,  
And makes excuses for them!

4 O! was there ever such distress,  
Or such amazing proof as this  
Of mercy, love and tenderness,  
As our Redeemer's given?  
Not one among the host above,  
Could comprehend this matchless love  
That did within his bosom move,  
And brought him down from heaven.

5 How ardent ought my love to be;  
To him who's done so much for me,  
My faithful service, constant, free,  
And all my powers employing.  
I ought his cross with pleasure bear,  
And place my all of glorying there,  
In his reproach most glauldy share,  
In tribulation joying.

1. To leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part, And

go from my home, it af - fects not my heart; Like the thought of

absenting my - self for a day, From that blest retreat, Where I've

cho - sen to pray, Where I've cho - sen to pray.



- 2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,  
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;  
How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there,  
And pour'd out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.
- 3 The early shrill notes of a loved nightingale,  
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,  
To call me to duty, while birds in the air  
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.
- 4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,  
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine;  
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were  
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.
- 5 For Jesus my Saviour oft deigned to meet,  
And bless with his presence my humble retreat,  
Oft fill'd me with rapture and blessedness there,  
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.
- 6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,  
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,  
Well knowing my Saviour resides ev'ry where,  
And can in all places give answer to prayer.
- 7 Although I shall never revisit the shade,  
But oft shall I think of the vows I have made,  
And while at a distance, my mind will repair,  
To the place where the Saviour, first answer'd my prayer.

---

**The glory of Christ. 11. 8.**

- 1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call,  
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,  
To feed in the pastures of love;  
Say why in the valley of death should I weep?  
Or alone in the wilderne-s rove?
- 3 Ye children of Zion, declare have you seen  
The star that on Israel shone?  
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone?
- 4 The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow  
In the vales, on the banks of the streams;  
On his cheek does the beauty of excellence glow,  
And his eyes as the sun's radiant beams.
- 5 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;  
He speaks, and eternity fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

1. Midst scenes of confu-sion and crea-ture com-plaints,  
How sweet to my soul is com-mu-nion with saints?

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with two endings, marked '1' and '2'. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, providing harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, also providing harmonic accompaniment.

To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,  
And feel in the presence of Je-sus at - - - home.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It features the same three-staff format. The top staff melody includes a '2 End.' marking at the conclusion of the second ending.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory my home.

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It features the same three-staff format, with the top staff melody concluding the phrase.

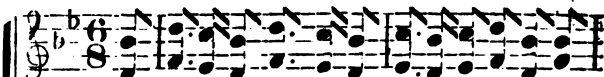
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,  
And their precious Jesus whose love cannot cease ;  
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold thee in glory, my home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee  
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.
- 4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine ;  
But in thy dear image arise from the tomb ;  
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

**Sweet Prayer.**

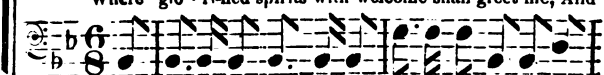
- 1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow or care,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer ;  
It eases, it softens, subdues, and sustains,  
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.  
Prayer, prayer, O, sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.
- 2 When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,  
What fond recollections still cling to the heart,  
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,  
Oh how mournfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.
- 3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,  
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms,  
We listen, we loiter, we're caught in the snare ;  
But looking to Jesus we conquer in prayer.
- 4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers to peace,  
Heaven pours its full streams thro' no medium like this,  
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,  
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.

**Be not afraid.**

- 1 Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear ;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide ;  
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past, forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in troubles to sink ;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.
- 4 How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live !  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine !  
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?



1. How sweet to reflect on those joys that a-wait me, In  
Where glo - ri-fied spirits with welcome shall greet me, And



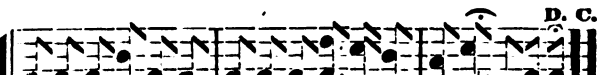
I'll bathe in the o - cean of pleasure unbounded, And



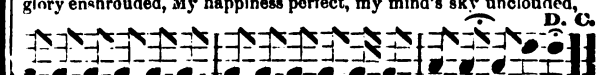
on blissful re - gion, the haven of rest; Encircled in light, and with  
ead me to mansions prepared for the blest:



range with delight thro' the Eden of Love.



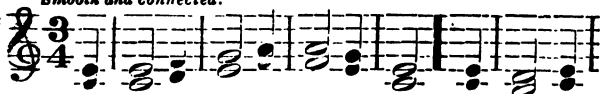
glory enshrouded, My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,



D. C.

- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,  
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,  
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,  
In loud hallelujahs their voices shall raise;  
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,  
My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given,  
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,  
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail ye songsters of glory!  
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!  
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,  
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."  
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,  
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,  
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;  
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love!

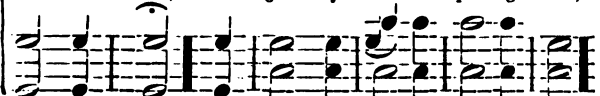
*Smooth and connected.*



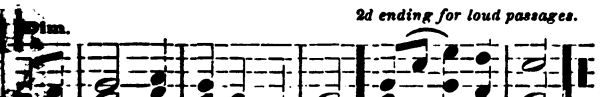
1 Be - hold the wes-tern even-ing light! It melts in  
2 The winds breathe low; the yel - low leaf Scarce whispers



leepening gloom; So calm - ly christians sink a - way,  
from the tree; So gent - ly flows the parting breath,



*2d ending for loud passages.*



De - scend - ing to the tomb.  
When good men cease to be.



3 How beautiful, on all the hills,  
The crimson light is shed!  
'Tis like the peace the christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering  
cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
So sweet the memory left behind,  
When loved ones breathe their last.

5 And lo! above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears:  
So faith lifts up the mourner's heart  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls, but soon the morning  
light  
Its glories shall restore;  
And thus the eyes that sleep in death  
Shall wake to close no more.

End.



1. 'Tis the last sun that e- ver, Will rise on my sight; {  
 For my earth-ly ex-ist-ence, Will fade with its light, {  
 And night's dreary mantle Spread o'er me its pall.



Life's sands will be numbered Ere twi-light shall fall,



2 T'was the last faithful warning  
 That fell on my ear,  
 T'was the last gospel sermon  
 I ever should hear;  
 That last prayer so earnest  
 Was offered in vain,  
 There remains to me only  
 The "wages of sin."

- 3 'Tis the last blooming summer these eyes may behold,  
 Long, long ere another this heart may be cold!  
 But time's golden moments my sins have beguiled,  
 And I grieve that so shortly this pulse must be stilled.
- 4 On a death bed of sorrow dark hours roll by,  
 Forsaken of Heaven, ah, who dares to die!  
 The turf will press sadly upon my lone grave,  
 For, alas! I have spurned Him who only can save. ❀

**Why should mortals be proud?**

- 1 O why should the spirit of mortals be proud?  
 Like a swift shooting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
 A flash of the lightning, a dash of the wave,  
 It passes from earth to its rest in the grave.
- 2 The leaves of the oak, and the willow shall fade,  
 Be scattered around and together be laid;  
 The young and the old, the low and the high,  
 Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.
- 3 The hand of the King, that a sceptre hath borne,  
 The brow of a Priest, that a mitre hath worn,  
 The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
 Are hidden alike in the depths of the grave.
- 4 The saint that enjoyed the Communion of heaven,  
 The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,  
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just  
 Have quietly mingled their bones with the dust.
- 5 We are the same beings our fathers have been,  
 We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,  
 We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,  
 We run the same race, that our fathers did run.
- 6 The tho'ts we are thinking our fathers did think,  
 From the woes we are shrinking they too did shrink,  
 To the life we are clinging, they too did cling;  
 But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.
- 7 They died, O! they died, and we, things that are now—  
 That walk on the dust that lies over their brow,—  
 That make in the dwellings a transient abode—  
 Meet the changes they met on the pilgrimage road.
- 8 So the multitude goes, even those we behold,  
 And repeat the same tale that our fathers have told;  
 So the multitude come, like the flower and the weed  
 That wither away, to let others succeed.
- 9 Thus hope and dependency, pleasure and pain,  
 Are mingled together like sunshine and rain,  
 And the smile, and the tear, and the song and the dirge,  
 Still follow each other like surge upon surge.
- 10 'Tis the glance of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,  
 O why, should the spirit of mortals be proud!

From the "American Vocalist."

1 Ye objects of sense and en - joy - ments of time,

2 Thou Lord of the day and thou queen of the night,

Which oft have delighted my heart; I soon shall exchange you for

To me ye no longer are known; I soon shall behold with in -

joys more sublime, For joys that will nev - er de - part.

creasing delight, A sun that will nev - er go down.



- 3 Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish mine eyes,  
Your glories recede from my sight;  
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,  
And stars more transcendently bright.
- 4 Ye mountains and valleys, ye rivers and plains  
Thou earth and thou ocean adieu;  
More permanent regions where righteousness reigns,  
Present their bright glories to view.
- 5 My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,  
Whose hearts are entwined with my own—  
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends  
Where friendship immortal is known.
- 6 The works of transgressors shall grieve me no more,  
Midst foes I no longer reside;  
My conflict with sin and with sinners is o'er,  
With saints I shall ever abide.
- 7 No lurking temptation, defilement or fear,  
Again shall disquiet my breast;  
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,  
Forever ineffably blest.
- 8 Ye Sabbaths below, which have been my delight,  
And thou blessed volume divine;  
You've guided my footsteps like stars during night,  
Adieu, my conductors benign.
- 9 Thou tottering seat of disease and of pain,  
Adieu, my dissolving abode;  
I soon shall behold and possess thee again,  
A beautiful building of God.
- 10 Come, come my dear Jesus, come quickly release  
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,  
And make me ascend the fair regions of peace,  
To feast on the smiles of my God.

[\*2]

From "Zion's Harp."

1 When sor-rows en-com- pass me round, And deepest dis-  
2 Few mo-ments of peace I en - joy, And they are suc-

resses I see; As - tonished I cried, can a mor - tal be  
ceeded by pain, If a moment in praising my God I em-

found That's sur - round - ed with trou - ble like me.  
ploy, I have hours a - gain to com - plain.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 O when will my sorrows be o'er?<br/>O when will my sufferings cease?<br/>O when to the bosom of Christ shall<br/>I soar,<br/>To mansions of glory in peace?</p> <p>4 If souls disembodied may know,<br/>Or visit their brother beneath,<br/>I hope I shall join you as shouting<br/>go,<br/>After laying my form in the earth.</p> <p>5 May no sorrows be vented that day,<br/>When Jesus has called me home;<br/>But with singing and shouting let<br/>each brother say,<br/>He has gone from the evil to come.</p> | <p>6 My spirit to g'ory conveyed,<br/>My body laid low in the ground,<br/>I wish not a tear on my grave to be<br/>shed,<br/>But all join in praising around.</p> <p>7 O then with the fullness of love,<br/>I there like an angel shall sing,<br/>Till Christ shall descend with a shout<br/>from above,<br/>And with him the sanctified bring.</p> <p>8 Our slumbering bodies obey,<br/>And quicker than thought will arise,<br/>Renewed in a moment go shouting<br/>away,<br/>To mansions above in the skies.</p> |
|---|---|

1 Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends,

or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis but the

voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to his arms.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><b>2</b> Are we not tending upward too,<br/>As fast as time can move?<br/>Why should we wish the hours more<br/>That bear us to our God? [slow,</p> | <p><b>4</b> The graves of all the saints he<br/>And softened every bed: [blessed,<br/>Where should the dying members<br/>But with the dying head? [rest,</p> |
| <p><b>3</b> Why do we tremble to convey<br/>Their bodies to the tomb?<br/>'Twas there the Saviour's body lay,<br/>And left a long perfume.</p>         | <p><b>5</b> Then let the last loud trumpet<br/>And bid our kindred rise; [sound,<br/>Awake, ye nations under ground;<br/>Ye saints, ascend the skies.</p>    |

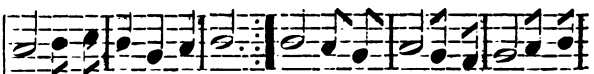
Slow.



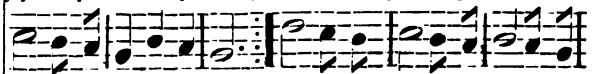
1. Joyful-ly, joy-ful-ly, onward I move, Bound for the  
An-gel-ic cho-ris-ters sing as I come, Joy-ful-ly,



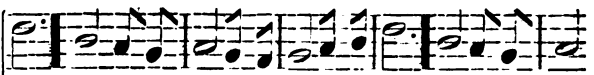
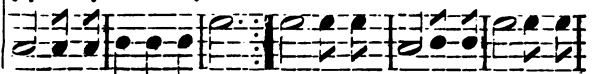
2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on be-fore, Waiting, they  
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom, joyfully,



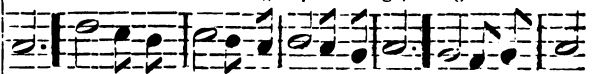
land of bright spirits above. }  
joy-ful-ly haste to thy home. } Soon will my pilgrimage end here be-



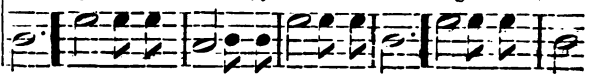
watch me approaching the shore; }  
joy-ful-ly haste to thy home. } Sounds of sweet melo-dy fall on my



low, Home to the land of bright spirits I go, Pilgrim and stran-



ear! Harps of the bless-ed, your voices I hear! Rings with the har-



ger no more shall I roam; Joyful-ly, joy-ful-ly resting at home.

mony heaven's high dome, Joyful-ly, joyfully haste to thy home.

- 8 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,  
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;  
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;  
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.  
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;  
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;  
 Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,  
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

**The Christian Victor.**

- 1 Happy the spirit released from its clay;  
 Happy the soul that goes bounding away;  
 Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,  
 Victory! victory! homeward I rise.  
 Many the toils it has passed through below;  
 Many the seasons of trial and woe;  
 Many the doubtings it ever should sing  
 Victory! victory! thus on the wing.
- 2 There is the wearisome body at rest;  
 Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast;  
 But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,  
 Victory! victory! sings in its flight.  
 While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,  
 Angels are singing their heavenly birth;  
 Welcome, oh welcome, to our happy shore;  
 Victory! victory! watch ye no more.
- 3 How can we wish them released from their home  
 Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?  
 Safely they pass from their troubles beneath,  
 Victory! victory! shouting in death.  
 There let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,  
 Bids them in glorified bodies arise;  
 Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,  
 Victory! victory! Jesus has come!

1. When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are  
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant

calm, and skies are clear, } The soul for joy then claps her wings, And  
hills of Canaan rise, }

loud her lovely sonnet sings, Vain world adieu, Vain world adieu, And

loud her love - ly sonnet sings; Vain world a - dieu.

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore  
Each landmark on the distant shore;  
The trees of life, the pastures green,  
The golden streets, the crystal stream;  
Again for joy she claps her wings,  
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,  
Vain world adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,  
More eager all her powers expand;  
With steady helm, and free bent sail,  
Her anchor drops within the veil;  
Again for joy she claps her wings,  
And her celestial sonnet sings,  
Glory to God.

## THE CRUCIFIXION. C. M.

1. As on the cross the Saviour hung, And  
2. His crimes, with in-ward grief and shame, The  
wept, and bled, and died, He poured sal-va-tion  
pen-i-tent con-fess'd; Then turned his dy-ing  
on that one That languished at his side.  
eyes to Christ, And thus his prayer ad-dress'd;

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

4 Yet quickly from these scenes of wo  
In triumph thou shalt rise,  
Burst through the gloomy shades of  
death,  
And shine above the skies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,  
Dear Saviour, think on me,  
And in the victories of thy death  
Let me a sharer be.

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,  
And instantly replies,  
To day thy parting soul shall be  
With me in paradise.

(When I left thy shores, O Naxos.) Arranged by M. D. RANDALL

*Andante.*

1. O'er the desert faint and weary, See the traveller bends his

way; Trackless is the waste and dreary, Yet his footsteps do not stray.

'Midst the dangers that be - tide him, One com - pan - ion keeps his

side; Faithful does his compass guide him, O'er the trackless desert wide.

\*Words composed while the author was riding a dromedary over the desert of Arabia Petrae, in Jan. 1812.



2 Or when night comes cool and airy,  
Still the trav'ler urged by haste;  
Mounts his faithful dromedary,  
Dares the darkness of the waste.

'Midst the orbs that sparkle o'er him,  
One there is that shines afar;  
Still to light his way before him,  
'Tis the faithful Polar Star.

3 What's this world but lone and dreary,

A vast wilderness spread wide;  
Where life's trav'lers faint and weary  
Roam too oft without a guide!  
Virtue, O my compass guide me,  
Through life's day and Desert far;  
And when death's lone night betide  
me.

Cheer me, Hope, thou Polar Star.

#### Psalm of life.

1 Tell me not in mournful numbers  
"Life is but an empty dream,"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real! life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us further than to-day.

4 Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and  
brave

Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

6 Trust no future, how'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living present!  
Heart within, and God o'er head.

6 Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time:

7 Footprints, that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main—  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

[9]

8 Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor—and to wait.

#### Retirement. 8. 7.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes and fond desires,  
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires.  
From the Fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes;  
Mercy from above proclaiming  
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salva-  
tion?—

Every pure and humble mind:  
Every kindred, tongue and nation,  
From the dross of guilt refined:  
Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds his care from none;  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of his throne

#### Expostulation.

1 Now the Saviour stands a pleading,  
At the sinner's bolted heart;  
Now in heaven he's interceding,  
Undertaking sinners' part.

#### CHORUS.

Sinners, can you hate this Saviour?  
Will you thrust him from your arms?  
Once he died for your behaviour,  
Now he calls you to his charms.

2 O be wise before you languish  
On the bed of dying strife!  
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,  
Turn upon th' events of life.

3 Now he's waiting to be gracious,  
Now he stands and looks on thee;  
See what kindness, love and pity,  
Shines around on you and me.

4 Open now your hearts before him  
Bid the Saviour welcome in;  
Now receive, and O adore him!  
Take a full discharge from sin.

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.

1. Thou dear Re-deem-er, dying Lamb! We love to

2. When we ap-pear in yon-der cloud, With all the

hear of thee; No music's like thy charming name,  
fa-vored throng; Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,

Nor half so sweet to me. Nor half so sweet to me.  
And Christ shall be our song, And Christ shall be our song,

**Wings of faith.**

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their  
How bright their glories be! [joys,
- 2 Once they were mourners here  
below;  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 And ask we, whence their victory  
They with united breath [came!—  
Ascribe their triumph to the Lamb,  
Their victory to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he  
His zeal inspired their breast; [trod,  
And following their triumphant Lord  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our  
For his own pattern given; [praise  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shows the same path to heaven.

**Mysterious Providence.**

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform:  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage  
The clouds ye so much dread, [take;  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace:  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour:  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he can make it plain.

**Fellowship with God.**

- 1 From all that's mortal all that's  
And from this earthly clot; [vain,  
Arise my soul and strive to gain,  
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
Can my best passions move;  
Or raise so high my cheeful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 3 Not all the richness of a feast,  
Can please my soul so well;  
As when Christ's richer grace I taste,  
And in his presence dwell.
- 4 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy Temple shine;  
My God repeat that heavenly hour  
That vision, so divine.

**The Gospel's power.**

- 1 Great God thy blessings are not  
Nor is thy Gospel weak; [few,  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn  
And heal the dying Greek. [Jew,
- 2 Christ's doctrine is almighty love  
There's virtue in his name,  
To turn the raven to a dove,  
The lion to a lamb.
- 3 While grace is offered to the Prince,  
The poor may take their share;  
No mortal has a just pretence,  
To perish in despair.

**The dead live. C. M.**

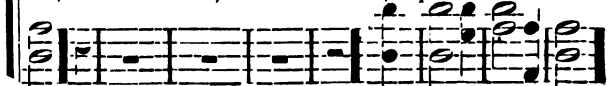
- 1 The dead are like the stars by day;  
Withdrawn from mortal eyes,  
But not extinct, they hold their way,  
In glory through the skies.
- 2 Somewhere within created space,  
Could I explore that round;  
In bliss or woe, there is a place,  
Where they might still be found.
- 3 Spirits from bondage thus set free  
I may, I must believe;  
Are somewhere in immensity,  
And know and love and live.
- 4 Ah! tis in heaven where Christ is  
Our friends with angels dwell; [gone,  
There we may hope to meet again,  
Those here, we loved so well.



1 By cool Si-loam's shady rill How sweet the li-ly  
2 Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have



grows! How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose!  
trod; Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God!



3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's  
And stormy passion's rage! [power,

5 O thou who giv'st us life and  
breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and  
To keep us still thine own! [death,

#### Exaltation of Christ.

1 Ye humble souls, that seek the  
Chase all your fears away; [Lord,  
And bow with pleasure down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was  
brought,  
Such wonders love can do;  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes and tune your  
songs,  
The Saviour lives again!  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands, he  
rears  
His once dishonored head;  
And through unnumbered years he  
Who dwelt among the dead. [reigns,

5 With joy like his, shall every saint  
His empty tomb survey;  
Then rise with his ascending Lord,  
Through all his shining way.

Composed for this work, by M. D. RANDALL.

1. What is it shows my soul the way, To

realms of ev - er - lasting day, And tells the dan - ger

of de - lay? It is the precious Bi - ble.

2 What teaches me I ought to love  
The glorious God who reigns above.  
And that I may his goodness prove?  
It is the precious Bible.

3 What is it gives my spirit rest,  
When with the cares of earth op-  
pressed,  
And points to regions of the blest?  
It is the precious Bible.

4 What tells me that I soon must die.  
And to the throne of judgment fly,  
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?  
It is the precious Bible.

5 O! may this treasure ever be  
The best of all on earth to me,  
And still new beauties may I see  
In this the precious Bible.

Original in this work. Words and Music by M. D. RANDALL

1. Pilgrim, youthful skies are o'er thee, Few the steps thy feet have trod;

On life's short but toilsome journey Leading home to life with God.

2 Pilgrim, as thou journeyest on-  
ward,  
Is thy pathway dark and drear?  
Heaven will guide thy footsteps up-  
ward,  
Far away from doubt and fear.

8 Pilgrim, years of grief and anguish  
On thy brow are traced to view,  
Cease then Pilgrim, cease to languish,  
Almost is life's journey through.

4 And when earthly scenes are ended,  
May the Pilgrim's joyful song,  
With the swelling strains be blended,  
Rising from the ransom'd throng.

#### Mariner's Hymn.

1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,  
Thou didst press a seaman's pillow,  
And canst feel a seaman's woe.

Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
"All, all's well," thy constant cheer.  
Never slumbering never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear.

2 And though loud the wind is howl-  
ing,

Fierce tho' flash the lightnings red,  
Darkly through the storm-clouds  
scowling

O'er the sailor's anxious head;  
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
All its noise and tumult still.  
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,  
At the bidding of thy will.

3 Thus my heart the hope will cher-  
-ish; While to thee I lift mine eye;  
Thou wilt save me, ere I perish;  
Thou wilt hear the seaman's cry.  
And though mast and sail be riven,  
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er,  
Safely moored in heaven's wide  
haven,  
Storm and tempest vex no more.

*Arranged from the Millennium Harp, by W. M. D.*



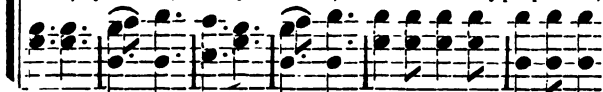
1. Our Father who in heaven art, Hallowed be thy name ;  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, In heaven and earth the same. }  
Then we will sing our sufferings o'er, And praise thee evermore.



2. Give us this day our daily bread ; Our trespasses for - give ; }  
As we forgive our fellow men, May we thy grace re - ceive. }



Come, my Saviour, O my Saviour, Come and bless thy people now,

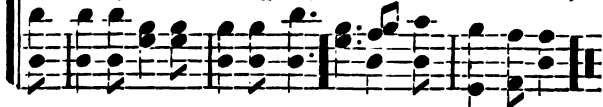


Come, my Saviour, &c.

D. C.



While at thy feet we humbly bow, O come and save us now ;



3 And in temptation leave us not ;  
From evil us defend ;  
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,  
Forever, without end.  
Come, my Saviour, &c.

4 Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring  
The kingdom down to men ;  
Thine is the glory evermore,  
And kingdom without end.  
Come, my Saviour, &c.

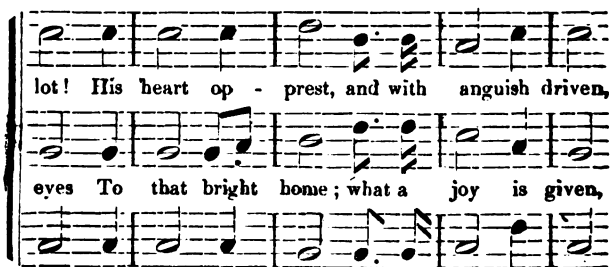
5 In that glad day shall all thy saints  
A joyful tribute bring,  
Of praise and power, of joy and song,  
To their exalted King.  
Come, my Saviour, &c.



1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful  
2. A home in heaven! as a suffer - er



thought, As the poor man toils on his wea - ry  
lies On his bed of pain, and up - lifts his



lot! His heart op - prest, and with anguish driven,  
eyes To that bright home; what a joy is given,



From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.

With the bless-ed thought of his home in heaven.

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the hymn. The second staff contains the melody for the second line. The third staff contains the melody for the third line. The music is written in a simple, accessible style with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

- 3** A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,  
 And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;  
 And strength decays, and our health is riven,  
 We are happy still with our home in heaven.
- 4** A home in heaven! when our friends are fled  
 To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;  
 We wait in hope on the promise given,  
 To meet them all in our home in heaven.
- 5** A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,  
 And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;  
 When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,  
 We will then fly up to our home in heaven.
- 6** Our home in heaven! O, the glorious home!  
 And the Spirit, joined with the bride, says "come!"  
 Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,  
 And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

1. I'm weary of sigh - ing, O fain would I rest, }  
In the far distant land of the pure and the blest, }

Where sin can no lon - ger her blandish - ments spread ;

And tears and temp - ta - tions for - ev - er are fled.

- 2 I'm weary of hoping where the hope is untrue,  
As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew ;  
I long for the land whose blest promise alone,  
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.
- 3 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth,  
O'er the pangs of the lov'd which we cannot assuage,  
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.
- 4 I'm weary of loving what passes away,  
The sweetest, the dearest also may not stay ;  
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,  
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more
- 5 I'm weary, my Saviour, of grieving thy love,  
O, when shall I rest in thy presence above ;  
I'm weary, but O, never let me repine,  
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine

Music by M. D. RANDALL.

Unison.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,

Solo.

To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, To Canaan's fair and

Solo.

hap-py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.

[Remainder of hymn on page 30.]

**Hinder Me Not.**

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways  
My journey I'll pursue;  
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved  
For I must go with you. [saints,

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus  
I'll follow where he goes; [lead,  
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,  
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties and through trials  
I'll go at his command; [too,  
"Hinder me not," for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour call's me  
Still this my cry shall be, — [home,  
"Hinder me not," come, welcome,  
I'll gladly go with thee. [death;

Music by H. S. THOMPSON.

Words by J. B. WESTON.

*Arranged expressly for this work by the Author.**Moderato.*

1. My Saviour hides his smiles from me, My sins have caused him

ain, And dark and lonely are the hours, Till He re-turn a - gain.

*Chorus.*

Return bless'd Lord to my lonely heart, Tho' my sins have griev'd thee sore,

Bid the sin-cloud ever hence depart, And I'll never leave thee more.

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2 His presence was my greatest joy;  
'Twas bliss his face to see;  
But I have wandered from his fold,  
And he withdrawn from me.

3 Now clouds of gloom enshroud my  
With sin my heart is prest; [soul;  
Thro' weary days and dreary nights,  
My spirit finds no rest.

4 No blissful ray from heaven de-  
scends;

And earth affords no charms;  
Alas! where can I look for peace  
But in my Saviour's arms?

5 To Jesus now my soul returns;  
To Him once more I cry;

Here, Lord, I give my all to thee,  
To serve thee till I die.

6 My Saviour hears my earnest  
prayer;

The clouds fly swift away;  
And the radiant smile of my Father's  
face

Restores my blissful day.

*Chorus to last verse.*

Welcome home, blessed Lord, to my  
joyous heart,

May thy love possess my soul;  
I yield my all forevermore  
To thy divine control.

THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING.

1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring

round, There are an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.

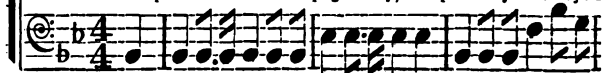
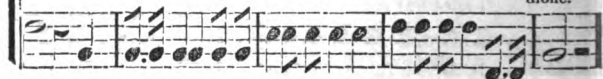
2 To carry the tidings home,  
To the new Jerusalem;  
Poor sinners are coming home,  
And Jesus bids them come;  
Let him that heareth come,  
Let him that thirsteth come.

We are on our journey home,  
Where Christ our Lord has gone.  
We will meet around his throne.  
When he makes his people one.  
We shall reign forevermore.  
In the new Jerusalem.

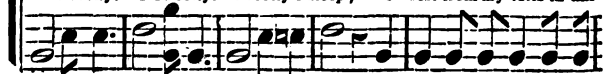
Words by REV. J. ELLIS.

*Arranged for this work by J. W. Cheney.*

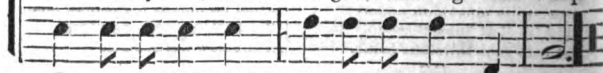
1. I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay, And pensively stood by his

tomb, When in a low whisper I heard something say How sweetly 'I sleep here  
alone.

O sweetly! O sweetly! sweetly I sleep; I rest from my toils in this

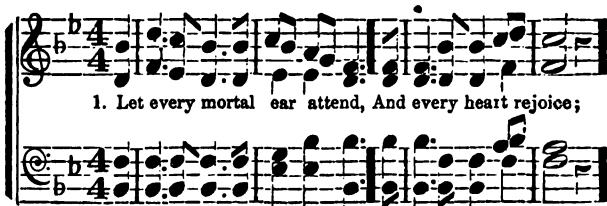


sweet lonely vale, While angels their vig - ils keep."



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- 2 The tempest may howl and the loud thunders roll,  
And gathering storms may arise;  
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,  
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.
- 3 The cause of my Master compell'd me to roam,  
I bade my companion farewell;  
I left my sweet children who for me now mourn,  
In far distant regions to dwell.
- 4 I wandered an exile and stranger below,  
To publish salvation abroad;  
The trump of the gospel endeavored to blow,  
Inviting poor sinners to God.
- 5 Go tell my companion and children most dear,  
To weep not for Joseph though gone;  
The same hand that led me through scenes dark and drear,  
Has kindly assisted me home.
- 6 I called at the house of the mourner below:  
I entered the mansion of grief,  
The tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow,  
I tried but could give no relief.
- 7 There sat the lone widow dejected and sad,  
By affliction and sorrow oppress'd,  
And there were her children in mourning array'd,  
And sighs were escaping their breast.
- 8 As I spoke to this mourner concerning her grief,  
I asked her the cause of her woe,  
Or why there was nothing could give her relief,  
Or soothe her deep sorrow below?
- 9 She looked on her children, then looked upon me—  
That look I shall never forget,  
More eloquent far than the seraph's can be;  
It speaks of the trials she met.
- 10 The hand of affliction falls heavily now,  
I am left with my children to mourn,  
The friend of my youth is silent and low,  
In yonder cold grave-yard alone.
- 11 But why should I mourn or feel to complain;  
Or think that my portion is hard?  
If met with affliction 'tis surely his gain;  
He has entered the joys of his Lord.



1. Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice;



The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an in-vit-ing voice,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an emp-ty mind.



Ho! all ye hungry starving souls, that feed up-on the wind,

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast;  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die—  
Here you may quench your raging  
With springs that never dry. [thirst]

5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day;—  
Lord—we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

**Devotion.**

1 May I, throughout this day of thine,  
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,  
Spirit of humble fear divine,  
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,  
And fix on things above;  
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,  
Of holiness and love.



**Opening of Worship.**

- 1 Jesus let not thy grace delay  
To meet us with thy love;  
Drive interposing clouds away,  
And make our guilt remove.
- 2 Come in with power, to ev'ry soul,  
O thou, immortal Dove;  
Make every wounded spirit whole,  
With thy redeeming love.
- 3 We long to meet our God to-day,  
And taste his grace divine;  
That every soul with joy may say,  
My Lord, my God we're thine.
- 4 What do we here without thy grace  
O, blessed Lamb of God!  
'Twill be a dark and tiresome place,  
Unless we feel thy word.

**The Joy of Conversion.**

- 1 When God reveal'd his gracious  
name,  
And chang'd my mournful state,  
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious  
And did thy hand confess; [change,  
My tongue broke out in unknown  
And sung surprising grace. [strains,
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest  
Can give us day for night; [skies,  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let those that sow in sadness wait  
Till the fair harvest come;  
They shall confess their sheaves are  
And shout the blessings home. [great,
- 6 Tho' seed lie buried long in dust,  
It shan't deceive our hope;  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For grace insures the crop.

**Prince of Peace.**

- 1 Let saints on earth their anthems  
Who taste the Saviour's grace; [raise,  
Let saints in heav'n proclaim his  
praise,  
And crown him "Prince of peace."
- 2 Praise him, who laid his glory by  
For man's apostate race: [die,  
Praise him who stooped to bleed and  
And crown him "Prince of peace."

**Baptism.**

- 1 Buried beneath the yielding wave,  
The dear Redeemer lies;  
Faith views him in the watery grave,  
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day  
Their ardent zeal t' express;  
And in the Lord's appointed way,  
Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,  
And would his cause maintain,  
Like him be numbered with the dead,  
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,  
And drives our fears away: [imparts,  
When he commands, and strength  
We cheerfully obey.

**Remembrance of Christ.**

- 1 If human kindness meets return,  
And owns the grateful tie;  
If tender thoughts within us burn,  
To feel a friend is nigh,—
- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell  
The gratitude we owe  
To him who died, our fears to quell,  
And save from death and wo!
- 3 While yet in anguish he surveyed  
Those pangs he would not flee  
What love his latest words displayed,  
"Meet and remember me!" [shame,
- 4 Remember thee!—thy death thy  
Our sinful hearts to share!  
O memory! leave no other name  
But his recorded there!

**Consecration.**

- 1 What shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?—  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne [house,
- 2 Among the saints, that fill thy  
My offering shall be paid; [vows:  
There shall my zeal perform the  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

1. Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not de-lore thee;

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb, The Saviour has

passed thro' its portals before thee, And the lamp of his love is

thy guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;  
But the wide arms of mercy, are spread to enfold thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,  
Perhaps thy tried spirit, in doubt lingered long;  
But the sun-shine of heaven, beamed bright on thy waking,  
And the song which thou heard'st, was the Seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee  
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;  
He gave thee, he took thee—and soon he'll restore thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

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**Voice of free grace.**

- 1 The voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain—"  
For Adam's lost race Christ has opened a fountain;  
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has brought us our pardon—  
We'll praise Him again, when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 That fountain so clear, in which all may find pardon,  
From Jesus flows freely, a plenteous redemption;  
Though your sins are increased, as high as a mountain,  
His blood flows most freely, O come to the fountain!
- 3 O Jesus! my Saviour, thy Kingdom is glorious!  
O'er sin, death and hell, now ride on now victorious;  
Thy name shall be praised in the great Congregation,  
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation—  
To the Lamb who has brought us our peace and our pardon,  
We'll praise Him again, when we pass over Jordan.
- 4 When in Zion we stand, having gained that blest shore,  
With harps in our hand, we'll praise ever-more:  
We'll range the bright plains, on the banks of the river,  
And sing of Salvation, for ever and ever.

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**Come ye disconsolate.**

- 1 Come ye disconsolate, where'er you languish  
Come, at the mercy-seat fervently kneel!  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the comforter, in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, living and pure;  
Come to this feast of love; come ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

**Spare us O Lord. L. M.** None proves less grateful for his care,  
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

1 Spare us O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon;  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon?

2 It is the Lord our Saviour's hand,  
Impairs our strength amid the race,  
Disease and death at his command,  
Arrest us and cut short our days.

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief  
This thought our sorrow shall  
assuage;

Our Father and our Saviour live;  
Thou art the same in every age.

4 The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments shall be laid aside;  
But still thy throne stands firm on  
high,

Christ's Church forever shall abide.  
Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign  
This fading world they shall survive,  
And rise to glorious life again.

**My soul thirsteth for God.**

1 I thirst but not as once I did,  
The vain delights of earth to share;  
Thy words Immanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross  
First wean'd my soul from earthly  
things;  
And taught me to esteem as dross  
The mirth of fools, and pomp of  
kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from  
thee,  
That quickens all things where it  
flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn like me  
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!  
No longer sink below the brim;  
But overflow, and pour me down  
A living, and life-giving stream!

5 For sure, of all the plants that  
share  
The notice of thy Father's eye,

**The true friend. 8. 7.**

1 One there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But this Saviour died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often,  
What a friend we have above.

L. M.

**Prayer answered by Crosses.**

1 I asked the Lord, that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 I hoped that in some favored hour,  
At once he'd answer my request,  
And by his love's constraining power  
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart;  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling  
cried,  
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to  
death?"

"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith."

5 "These inward trials I employ,  
From self and pride to set thee free;  
And break thy schemes of earthly  
joy,

That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

**Burial of Mrs. Judson.**

- 1 Mournfully, tenderly, bear on the dead,  
Where the warrior hath lain, let the christian be laid;  
No place more befitting, O Rock of the sea!  
Never such treasure, was hidden in thee!
- 2 Mournfully, tenderly, solemn and slow—  
Tears are bedewing, the path as ye go;  
Kindred and strangers are mourners to day;—  
Gently, so gently—Oh bear her away.
- 3 Mournfully, tenderly, gaze on that brow;  
Beautiful is it in quietude now!  
One look and then settle the loved to her rest,  
The ocean beneath her, the turf on her breast.
- 4 So have ye buried her—up and depart,  
To life and to duty, with undismayed heart  
Fear not; for the lov' of the stranger will keep—  
The casket that lies in the Rock of the deep.
- 5 Peace, peace to thy bosom, thou servant of God!  
The vale thou art treading, thou hast before trod:  
Precious dust thou hast laid by the Hopia tree,  
And treasures as precious in the Rock of the sea.

**Precious Promises. 11.**

- 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 unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,  
As thy days may demand shal' thy strength ever be.
- 3 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
He will not, He will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,  
He'll never, no never, no never forsake.

**The Crucifixion. C. M.**

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee! [shakes;  
2 Hark, how he groans! while nature  
And earth's strong pillars bend!  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.

[made,  
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's  
"Receive my soul!" he cries:  
O, see the holy Son of God!  
He bows his head, and dies!  
4 But soon he'll break death's en-  
vious chain,  
And in full glory shine:  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine!

**Divine Comforter. S. M.**

1 Blest Comforter divine,  
Let rays of heavenly light  
Amidst our gloom and darkness  
shine,

To guide our souls aright.

2 Draw with thy still small voice  
From every sinful way;  
And bid the mourning heart rejoice,  
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath  
Make every cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
With energy divine,  
And on this poor benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine.

**The penitent.**

1 O that I could repent,  
With all my idols part;  
And to thy gracious eye present  
A humble, contrite heart;

2 A heart with grief oppressed  
For having grieved my God;  
A troubled heart that cannot rest  
Till sprinkled with Christ's blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow  
The penitent desire:  
With true sincerity of wo  
My aching breast inspire;

4 With soft'ning pity look,  
And melt my hardness down; [stroke,  
Strike with thy love's resistless  
And break this heart of stone!

**The river of God. L. M.**

1 There is a stream, whose gentle  
Supplies the city of our God! [flow  
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro'  
And watering our divine abode.

2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
Supports our faith, our fear controls;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting  
souls.

3 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on his truth—and armed with  
power.

**Blest ones at home.**

Away on the banks of life's bright river,  
Far, far away—

There will my heart be turning ever,  
There's where the blest ones stay:  
All through this vale of sin and sorrow  
Sadly I roam,

Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,  
And for the blest ones at home.

All without is dark and dreary,  
Everywhere I roam,

O, brothers, how the heart grows weary  
Sighing for the blest ones at home.

Through all earth's sunny scenes I  
In youth's gay morn; [wandered  
How many precious hours I've squan-  
How many mercies scorned; [dered,  
When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,  
Wretched was I:

But now my heart has found a treasure  
There with the blest ones on high.

All without is dark, &c.—

One hour there is forever bringing  
Memories of love;

'Twas when my sighs were changed to  
Of the blest home above; [singing  
When shall I see my Saviour reigning  
On his white throne? [plaining  
When will be hushed my heart's com-  
There with the blest ones at home?

All till then is dark and dreary  
Everywhere I roam,

O, brothers, how the heart grows weary  
Longing for the blest ones at home.

**The Life of Christ.**

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. [air

3 Cold mountains and the midnight  
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. .

**The morning.** [o'er thee,  
 Christian the morn breaks sweetly  
 And all the midnight shadows flee ;  
 Tinged are the distant skies with  
 glory,  
 A beacon light hangs out for thee.  
 Arise, arise the light breaks o'er thee,  
 Thy name is graven on his throne :  
 Thy home is in that world of glory,  
 Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

**Asleep in Jesus. L. M.**  
 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
 From which none ever wakes to  
 weep!

A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

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

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

4 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
 Debars this precious "hiding place."  
 On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,  
 Believers find the same repose.

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 wakes to  
 weep.

**Death of the righteous.**  
 1 "I looked upon the righteous man,  
 And heard the holy prayer,  
 Which rose above that sinking form  
 To soothe the mourner's care—

2 And felt how precious was the gift  
 He to his loved ones gave—  
 The stainless memory of the just,  
 The wealth beyond the grave.

3 I looked upon the righteous man,  
 And saw his parting breath,  
 Without a struggle or a sigh,  
 Serenely yield in death :

4 There was no anguish on his brow,  
 No terror in his eye—  
 O, help us Lord, his life to live,  
 That we, his death, may die."

**Spiritual Watchman. 7.**

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are ;  
 Traveller! o'er yon mountain's  
 See that glory, beaming Star. [height,

2 Watchman! does its beauteous ray,  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
 Traveller! yes : it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn ;  
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight ;  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

4 Watchman! let thy wanderings  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home : [cease ;  
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace—  
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

**Losing friends. S. M.**

1 Friend after friend departs,  
 Who hath not lost a friend!  
 There is no union here of hearts,  
 That finds not here an end.

2 Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond the reach of death,  
 There surely is a blessed clime,  
 Where life is not a breath.

3 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown,  
 A long eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone.

4 Thus star by star declines  
 Till all are passed away ;  
 As morning high and higher shines,  
 To pure and perfect day.

**Day of rest. S. M.**

1 Welcome sweet day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise :  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes !

2 One day in such a place  
 Where Christ and God are seen,  
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days,  
 Of pleasure and of sin.

3 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And sit and sing herself away,  
 To everlasting bliss.

**Haste Thee. L. M.**

1 Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh hasten mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
Before the needful work is done.

**Coming to Christ. C. M.**

1 Ho, ye that pant for living streams.  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging  
thirst,

With streams that never dry.

2 Why was I made to hear his voice.  
And enter while there's room,  
When others make the wretched  
choice.

And rather starve than come.

3 'Twas Jesus' love that spread the  
feast

That sweetly drew me in,  
Else I had still refused his grace,  
And perished in my sin.

**Speak Gently. C. M.**

1 Speak gently—it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar  
The good that we do here.

2 Speak gently to the young—for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass thro' this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.

3. Speak gently to the aged ones;  
Grieve not the care-worn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run;  
Let them in peace depart.

4. Speak gently to the erring ones;  
They've toiled all day in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
O, win them back again.

5 Speak gently—'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

**Just as I am. 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,  
Oh 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 canst cleanse  
each spot,  
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am—tho' tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fighting within, and fears without—  
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Light, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,  
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse re-  
lieve;  
Because thy promise, I believe;  
Oh 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;  
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come.

**Redeemer's Praise. C. M.**

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

2 Jesus, thy name can calm our fears,  
It bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life and health, and peace.

3 Jesus can break the pow'r of sin,  
He sets the prisoner free,  
His grace can make the foulest clean,  
His death avails for me.

**God Exalted High. I. M.**

1 Be thou, O God! exalted high;  
And as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
'Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, our hearts are fixed, are bent  
'Their thankful tribute to present;  
And with our hearts, our voice we'll  
raise  
To thee, our God, in songs of praise.



# SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNS.

## 1. **The Sabbath Bell.** 8, 4.

*Long Time Ago.*

1 **HARK**, the deep-toned bell is calling,  
Come, children, come!  
Youthful ones, where'er you wander,  
Joyfully come.

2 Now again its tones are pealing,  
Come, children, come!  
In this sacred temple kneeling,  
Seek here a home.

3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,  
Come, children, come!  
Every heart pure incense bringing,  
No longer roam.

4 Haste, O haste, for time is flying,  
All soon is gone!  
Come to Jesus, living, dying,  
Heaven's your home.

## 2. **Opening of School.** L. M.

1 Assembled in our school once more,  
O Lord, thy blessing we implore;  
We meet to read, and sing, and pray;  
Be with us then through this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends,  
For parents, teachers, foes, and friends;  
And when we in thy house appear,  
Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no more,  
May we above to glory soar;  
And praise thee in more lofty strains,  
Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

## 3. **Punctuality.** L. M.

1 The clock has struck, I cannot stay;  
O! let me rise and haste away;  
I'll quit my bed, and leave my home,  
The hour of school at length is come.

2 I would be there when prayer begins,  
To seek the pardon of my sins;

I'd ask the favor of the Lord,  
And pray to understand his word.

3 O, shall my teachers wait in vain,  
While my neglect must give them pain?  
No, let me rather strive to be  
The first that in the class they see.

4 These Sabbath days will soon be o'er,  
And I shall go to school no more;  
I would not, then, endure the pain  
Of having spent my time in vain.

## 4. **Love for the Sunday-school.**

C. M.

1 I love the Sabbath-school — the place  
My youthful feet have trod,  
Where I have heard of wisdom's ways,  
That lead to peace and God.

2 I love the Sabbath-school — 't is there  
The praise of God we sing, —  
'T is there we bow the knee in prayer  
To God, our heavenly King.

3 I love the Sabbath-school — where we  
The Holy Bible read, —  
Which tells of Christ, who came to be  
A Saviour in our need.

4 O, that, when life's few cares are past,  
Our teachers we may meet  
Upon the blissful plains, and cast  
Our crowns at Jesus' feet.

## 5. **The Good Scholar.** C. M.

By \_\_\_\_\_

1 I love to go to Sabbath-school,  
And learn God's holy Word,  
And hear my teacher point the way  
That leads us to the Lord.

2 I love to hear them when they pray,  
And join them when they sing;  
I ought to sing the praise of God,  
From whom my blessings spring.

8 I hope that we shall all be good,  
And heed the warnings given ;  
That when we die we, schoolmates, all  
May have a home in heaven.

**6. Punctuality. L. M.**

1 I love to join the joyful play,  
To sport beside the shady pool,  
To watch my kite soar far away,  
But more I love the Sunday-school.

2 For there I meet my teacher's smile,  
And read and learn the holy book ;  
And O ! my heart doth feel the while  
That God is pleased on us to look.

3 And when we bend the knee in prayer,  
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,  
It seems to me that God is there,  
To hear us pray and sing his praise.

4 While others slight this holy day,  
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,  
O ! may I cleave to Wisdom's way,  
And ever in my class be found.

**7. The Lambs of Christ. 8, 7.**

1 Humble praises, holy Jesus,  
Infant voices raise to thee ;  
In thy mercy, O receive us !  
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2 Blessed Jesus, thou hast bidden  
Babes, like us, to come to thee ;  
Though by thy disciples chidden,  
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

3 Saviour, condescend to feed us,  
Richly let thy mercy flow ;  
Send thy Spirit, blessed Jesus ;  
Light and life on us bestow.

**8. Hymn for an Infant Class.**

S. M.

1 Saviour, do thou appear,  
Our Sabbath-school to bless ;  
Give to our youthful hearts thy fear,  
And perfect righteousness.

2 Thy boundless grace reveal,  
And all our fears remove ;  
And let our youthful spirits feel  
The kindlings of thy love.

3 Subdue our hearts to thee,  
And may our infant tongues  
From all offence and guile be free,  
And full of cheerful songs.

4 Call us each one by name,  
Receive each child as thine ;  
And O, regard our youthful claim,  
With benefits divine.

**9. Prayer for Grace. 7s.**

1 Jesus, let a little child  
Humbly supplicate thy throne ;  
Speak to me in accents mild,  
O thou great and holy One !

2 Fill my youthful heart with grace,  
Make it thy beloved abode ;  
Show thy reconciling face,  
O my Father and my God !

3 May I early learn thy ways,  
Early know thy power and love ;  
Then devote to thee my days,  
Till I am removed above.

**10. A Child's Prayer. C. M.**

1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,  
And O, accept my prayer !  
Thou canst hear all the words I say,  
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall  
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;  
And though I am so young and small,  
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do what'er is right,  
And when I sin, forgive ;  
And make it still my chief delight  
To love thee while I live.

**11. Going to Sabbath School.**

"Triumph." 10s.

1 Merrily, merrily rings the church bell,  
Echoing loudly from hill-side and dell ;  
Come, let us join with the Sabbath-school  
through,  
Joyfully, joyfully, hastening along.  
Hark, they are singing the soul-cheer-  
ing lay ;  
Hushed now their voices, they're kneel-  
ing to pray ;  
Rising, their lessons are soberly said,  
While the blest Spirit upon them is shed.

2 Blessed, thrice blessed, is he who in youth,

Listens with pleasure to God's holy truth,  
Who, like young Timothy, trusting the word,

Yields to the Spirit which leads him to God.

3 Sacred the light which illumines his way;  
Led by the Spirit, he goes not astray;  
Happy the bowers he frequents for prayer,  
Jesus the Saviour oft meeting him there.

3 Happy, thrice happy, when life's work is done,

Gained is the battle, the race fitly won;  
Looking to heaven with joy-beaming eye,  
Fearless of danger, he's waiting to die.

Angels commissioned to bear him away  
On their soft pinions most gladly obey:  
Upward he passes from death's deepest gloom,  
Joyfully, joyfully gaining his home.

## 12. The Sabbath. 11s. Afton.

1 How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest;

The day of the week which I surely love best;

The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,

And took from the grave all its terror and gloom!

2 O, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,

And not spend a minute in trifling or play,  
Remembering these seasons were graciously given

To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,

When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;

In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,

And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour; a child though I be,

I am not too young to be noticed by thee;  
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,

I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

## 13. Early Religion.

C. M.

1 Happy the child whose tender years  
Receive instructions well;  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,  
'T is pleasing in his eyes;  
A flower when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'T is easier work if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are hardened in their crimes.

4 'T will save us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God! to thee  
Our childhood we resign;  
'T will please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
Employ our youngest breath;  
Thus, we're prepared for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.

## 14. Early Instruction. C. M.

1 How happy is the child who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice!

2 For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

## 15. Seeking Christ Young.

C. M.

- 1 Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near,  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 The soul that longs to see my face  
Is sure my love to gain ;  
And those that early seek my grace  
Shall never seek in vain.
- 3 What object, Lord, our souls should  
move,  
If once compared with thee ?  
What beauty should command our love,  
Like what in Christ we see ?

## 16. Early Piety. S. M.

- 1 With humble heart and tongue,  
My God, to thee I pray ;  
O make me learn, while I am young,  
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,  
Teach me thy will to know ;  
O God, thy sanctifying grace  
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make me, a helpless youth,  
The object of thy care ;  
Help me to choose the way of truth  
And flee from every snare.
- 4 My heart, to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine ;  
Unite it to thyself alone,  
And make me wholly thine.

## 17. Religious Instruction.

C. M.

- 1 As Mary sat at Jesus' feet  
To learn her Maker's will,  
We in the Saviour's presence meet  
And hear his doctrine still.
- 2 O, for that meek, attentive mind,  
Which happy Mary showed !  
And that instruction may we find  
That was on her bestowed.
- 3 Here we are taught the sacred word  
The Saviour first conveyed,  
And here the doctrines we have heard  
Are plain and easy made.

## 18. Come unto me. 11, 8.

*Saint's Adieu.*

- 1 I think, when I read that sweet story of  
old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children, as lambs, to  
his fold,  
I should like to have been with them  
then ;  
I wish that his hands had been placed on  
my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around  
me,  
And that I might have seen his kind look  
when he said,  
" Let the little ones come unto me."
- 2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may  
go,  
And ask for a share of his love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above,  
In that beautiful place he has gone to pre-  
pare  
For all who are washed and forgiven,  
And many dear children are gathering  
there,  
" For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
- 3 But thousands and thousands, who wan-  
der and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home ;  
I should like them to know there is room  
for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.  
I long for the joys of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

## 19. Bible, the word of truth.

*Afton. 11s.*

- 1 The Bible—the Bible ! more precious  
than gold  
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold ;  
It speaks of salvation—wide opens the  
door—  
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.
- 2 The Bible—the Bible ! blest volume of  
truth,  
How sweetly it smiles on the season of  
youth !  
It bids us seek early the " Pearl of great  
price,"  
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage  
of vice.

3 The Bible — the Bible ! the valleys shall ring,  
And hill-tops reſcho the notes that we ſing ;  
Our banners, inſcribed with its precepts and rules,  
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our ſchools.

**20. Evening Prayer. L. M.**

1 Now I lay me down to ſleep,  
I pray the Lord my ſoul to keep ;  
If I ſhould die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my ſoul to take.

**21. Frailty. S. M.**

1 The lilies of the field,  
That quickly fade away,  
May well to us a leſſon yield,  
For we are frail as they.

2 Juſt like an early roſe,  
I've ſeen an infant bloom ;  
But death, perhaps, before it blows,  
Will lay it in the tomb.

3 Then let us think on death,  
Though we are young and gay ;  
For God, who gave our life and breath,  
Can take them both away.

4 To God, who made them all,  
Let children humbly cry ;  
And then, whenever death may call,  
They'll be prepared to die.

**22. Happy Death. L. M.**

1 Long let the breathing muſic float  
That ſoothes the dying child to reſt,  
And gently ſwell each riſing note  
That wafts it to the Saviour's breaſt.

2 O, when the youthful Chriſtian dies,  
How ſoft the ſtrains that angels raiſe !  
At reſt on their bright wings he lies,  
And learns their thrilling notes of praiſe.

Sweet is his Saviour's welcome there,  
And ſweet the voice that bids him reſt:  
O let me live a life ſo fair !  
O let me die a death ſo bleſt !

**23. Death of a Scholar. 8, 7, 4.  
Greenville.**

1 Where we oft have met in gladneſs,  
On the holy Sabbath-day,

Slowly now, with tearful ſadneſs,  
Each purſues his lonely way ;  
Tears are falling,  
On this holy Sabbath-day.

2 One we loved has left our number  
For the dark and ſilent tomb ;  
Closed his eyes in deathleſs ſlumber,  
Faded in his early bloom :  
Hear us, Saviour, —  
Thou haſt bleſt the lonely tomb.

3 Through its dark and narrow portal  
Once they bore thee to thy reſt ;  
There a ray of light immortal,  
Like a ſunbeam from the weſt,  
Burst the ſhadows,  
And the grave thenceforth was bleſt.

4 From our circle, little brother,  
Early haſt thou paſſed away !  
But the angels ſay, — Another  
Joins our holy ſong to-day !  
Weep no longer —  
Join with them the ſacred lay.

**24. Heaven. C. M.**

1 There is a glorious world of light  
Above the ſtarry ſky,  
Where ſaints departed, clothed in white,  
Adore the Lord moſt high.

2 And hark ! amid the ſacred ſongs  
Thoſe heavenly voices raiſe,  
Ten thouſand thouſand infant tongues  
Unite and ſing his praiſe.

3 Theſe are the hymns that we ſhall know,  
If Jeſus we obey ;  
This is the place where we ſhall go,  
If found in wiſdom's way.

**25. Immortality. C. M.**

1 The ſun that lights the world ſhall fade,  
The ſtars ſhall paſs away ;  
But I, a child immortal made,  
Shall witneſs their decay.

2 Yes, I ſhall live when they are dead,  
Though now ſo bright they ſhine ;  
When earth and all it holds have fled,  
Eternity is mine.

3 For I can never, never die,  
While God himſelf remains ;  
But either live in heaven on high,  
Or groan where darkneſs reigns.

4 If heaven and hell ne'er pass away,  
To Christ, O! let me flee;  
If pain be hard for one short day,  
What must forever be?

**26. Youth and Age.**  
*Millennial Dawn.*

8, 7.

1 To thee, in youth's bright morning,  
Father of all, we pray;  
While thought and fancy, dawning,  
Lead on the rising day.

2 To thee, in life's last even,  
We'll tune our feeble breath,  
Feel all our sins forgiven,  
And softly sleep in death.

**27. Importance of Religion.**  
C. M.

1 Religion is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sov'reign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
Amidst our youthful bloom;  
T will fit us for declining age,  
And for the silent tomb.

**28. Idols.**

C. M.

1 What is an idol? — every heart  
Has idols of its own;  
Some are of gold and silver bright,  
And some of wood and stone.

2 If there be aught the world contains  
Which I love more than Thee,  
That sinful love within my heart  
Idolatry must be.

3 Then take that sinful love away,  
And place thy love within;  
And break down every image there,  
That leads me into sin.

4 Deeply inscribed upon my heart  
Let thy commandments be;  
That there may live within my breast  
None other God but thee.

**29. Remember thy Creator.**  
C. M.

1 In the soft season of thy youth,  
In nature's smiling bloom,

Ere age arrive and trembling wait  
Its summons to the tomb,

2 Remember thy Creator, God;  
For him thy powers employ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heavenly truth;  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth.

**30. Obedience to Parents.**  
C. M.

1 Let children that would fear the Lord  
Hear what their teachers say;  
With reverence keep their parents' word,  
And with delight obey.

2 Judgments that fill the soul with awe  
Are written by the Lord,  
For him that breaks his father's law,  
Or mocks his mother's word.

3 But those who worship God, and give  
Their parents honor due,  
The blessings of this life receive,  
And life hereafter too.

**31. Golden Rule.** C. M.

1 To do to others as I would  
That they should do to me,  
Will make me honest, kind and good,  
As children ought to be.

2 I know I should not steal, nor use  
The smallest thing I see,  
Which I should never like to lose,  
If it belonged to me.

3 And this plain rule forbids me quite  
To strike an angry blow,  
Because I should not think it right  
If others served me so.

4 But any kindness they may need  
I'll do, whate'er it be,  
As I am very glad indeed  
When they are kind to me.

**32. Behavior at Church.** L. M. Let every heart prepare him room,  
And every voice a song.

1 In God's own house for me to play,  
While Christians meet to sing and pray,  
Is to profane his holy place,  
And tempt the Almighty to his face.

2 When angels bow before the Lord,  
And Satan trembles at his word,  
Shall I, a feeble mortal, dare  
To mock, and sport, and trifle there?

3 Great God, compassionate and mild,  
Forgive the follies of a child;  
Teach me to pray, and mind thy word,  
That I may learn to serve the Lord.

**33. Children invited to Christ.**

*Greenville.* 8, 7, 4.

1 Children, hear the melting story  
Of the Lamb that once was slain;  
'T is the Lord of life and glory:  
Shall he plead with you in vain?  
O receive him,  
And salvation now obtain.

2 All your sins to him confessing,  
Who is ready to forgive,  
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,  
On his precious name believe;  
He is waiting,  
Will you not his grace receive?

**34. Christ the Shepherd.** 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 't was 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.

**35. Christmas.** C. M.

1 The Saviour comes! what joyful news!  
The Saviour promised long;

2 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, to heal the sick and lame,  
To give the blind their sight;  
And on the mind, obscured by sin,  
To pour celestial light.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

**36. Religion.**

[Tune, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."]

1 'T is religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'T is religion must supply  
Solid comforts when we die.

2 After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity:  
Let me then make God my friend,  
And on all his ways attend.

**37. Self-Examination.** L. M.

1 I am the creature of the Lord;  
He made me by his powerful word:  
This body, in each curious part,  
Was wrought by his unfailling art.

2 From him my noble spirit came,  
My soul, a spark of heavenly flame;  
That soul by which my body lives,  
Which thinks, and hopes, and joys, and  
grieves.

3 To what should I then first attend,  
Or what esteem my noblest end?  
It surely must be this alone,  
That God, my Maker, may be known.

4 So known, that I may love him still,  
And form my actions by his will;  
That he may bless me while I live,  
And when I die my soul receive.

**38. Reward.**

C. M.

- 1 How pleasant 't is to dwell below  
In fellowship of love,  
And though we part, 't is bliss to know  
The good shall meet above.
- 2 The children who have loved the Lord  
Shall hail their teachers there ;  
And teachers gain the rich reward  
Of all their toil and care.

**39. The Value of Time.**

C. M.

- 1 If idly spent, no art or care  
Time's blessing can restore ;  
And God requires a strict account  
For every misspent hour.
- 2 Short is our longest day of life,  
And soon the prospect ends,  
Yet on that day's uncertain date  
Eternity depends.

**40. Time is Flying.**

C. M.

- 1 How long sometimes a day appears !  
And weeks, how long are they !  
Months move along, as if the years  
Would never pass away.
- 2 But months and years are passing by,  
And soon must all be gone ;  
For day by day, as minutes fly,  
Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an  
end,  
Eternity has none ;  
'T will always have as long to spend  
As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God, an infant cannot tell  
How such a thing can be ;  
I only pray that I may dwell  
That long, long time with thee.

**41. Life a Summer's Day.**

J. M.

- 1 This life is but a summer's day  
Of shadows and of light ;  
Its brightest sunbeams pass away,  
And soon give place to night.
- 2 Fair childhood is the early dawn,  
And youth the morning gay ;  
Manhood's the noon so quickly gone,  
And age the evening ray.

3 This life was given us to prepare  
For that which is to come ;  
O, may I gain admittance there,  
And find a heavenly home !

4 And will the Lord my sins forgive  
Through his redeeming love,  
And bid me to his glory live,  
And write my name above ?

**42. End of the Year.**

C. M.

- 1 While through another rolling year  
The care of God we trace,  
What bounties of his hand have crowned  
Each moment of its space !
- 2 His mercy loads each passing hour  
With some new mark of good ;  
And gives us, as our wants return,  
Our home, our clothes, our food.
- 3 Our lives, our health, and all we have,  
Our parents and our friends,  
Are all among the bounteous store  
Of blessings that he sends.
- 4 The richer treasures of his grace  
Are better far than they :  
O let us, from our inmost hearts,  
For these rich blessings pray.

**43. The New Year.**

L. M.

- 1 Great God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which, supported still, we stand :  
The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

**44. The Judgment Day.**

S. M.

- 1 A dread and solemn hour  
To us is drawing near ;  
When we, before the throne of God,  
All present shall appear.
- 2 What answer shall we give,  
When God himself demands  
The uses of such times as these  
In judgment at our hands ?



3 And must we then confess  
That all was spent in vain,  
The seasons that were once our own,  
But cannot be again ?

4 This will be dark indeed !  
To regions of despair  
Our own neglect will sink us down,  
To mourn forever there.

#### 45. Blessings of a Sabbath.

L. M.

*Teachers.*

1 Great God, accept our songs of praise,  
Which now with grateful hearts we raise ;  
Bless our attempts to spread abroad  
The knowledge of our Saviour, God.

*Children.*

2 O Lord, to thee our thanks are due,  
For those who did compassion show,  
In kindly pointing out the road  
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

*Teachers.*

3 We claim no merit of our own ;  
Great God, the work is thine alone !  
Thou didst at first our hearts incline  
To enter on this work of thine.

*Children.*

4 Now we are taught to read and pray,  
To hear thy word, to keep thy day ;  
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring,  
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

*Teachers.*

5 With these dear children we'll unite,  
Their songs inspire us with delight ;  
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,  
May angels join their notes above !

*Children.*

6 Great God, our benefactors bless,  
*Teachers.*  
And crown thy work with great success ;  
*All.*

O may we meet around thy throne,  
To sing thy praise in strains unknown !

#### 46. Instructing the Young.

C. M.

1 Blest work ! the youthful mind to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From dark and dangerous paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim ;  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Redeemer love.

3 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heavenly truth :  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than pure religious youth.

#### 47. The Teacher's Work. C. M.

1 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way  
To guide untutored youth,  
And lead the mind that went astray  
To virtue and to truth.

2 Delightful work, young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.

3 Almighty God, thine influence shed,  
To aid this good design :  
The honors of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

#### 48. Prayer for Children. L. M.

1 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
From thy secure enclosure's bound,  
And, lured by earthly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;

2 In all their erring, sinful years,  
O let them ne'er forgotten be ;  
Remember all the prayers and tears  
Which have devoted them to thee.

3 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,  
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

#### 49. Death of a Teacher. L. M.

1 The voice is hushed — the gentle voice,  
That told us of a Saviour's love ;  
And made our youthful hearts rejoice,  
In hope of heaven, our home above.

2 The eye is dim, the loving eye,  
That beamed so fondly on us here ;  
Sealed up in death, the anxious sigh  
No more bedews it with a tear !

3 But in the land beyond the grave  
That voice will swell in rapturous tone  
The song to Him who died to save,  
And bring the weary traveller home.

## 50. O Come, Come Away. P. M.

1 O come, come away ! the Sabbath morn  
is passing,  
Let's hasten to the Sabbath-school,  
O come, come away !  
The Sabbath bells are ringing clear,  
Their joyous peals salute my ear,  
I love their voice to hear,  
O come, come away !

2 My comrades invite to join their happy  
number,  
And gladly will I meet them there,  
O come, come away !  
'Tis there we meet to sing and pray,  
To read God's word on his glad day,  
Then joyful haste away,  
O come, come away.

3 'Tis there I may learn the ways of  
heavenly wisdom,  
To guide my steps to joys on high,  
O come, come away !  
The flowery paths of peace to tread,  
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,  
My wandering steps to lead,  
O come, come away !

4 I there hear the voice in heavenly ac-  
cents speaking,  
" Let little children come to me,  
O come, come away !  
Forbid them not their hearts to give,  
Let them on me in youth believe,  
And I will them receive," —  
O come, come away !

5 With joy I accept the gracious invitation,  
My heart exults with rapturous hope ;  
O come, come away !  
My deathless spirit, when I die,  
Shall on the wings of angels fly  
To mansions in the sky, —  
O come, come away !

51.

## The Soul.

L. M.

1 A human soul ! how great the worth !  
The price what mine of gold shall pay !  
Poor should we be to gain the earth,  
And give one human soul away !  
For this the Saviour left his throne,  
The costly price he knew, and paid ;  
And he the youngest child will own  
Who feels its worth and seeks his aid.

52.

## Be Kind.

11, 2

*The Pilgrim's Repose.*

1 Be kind to thy Father — for when thou  
wert young,  
Who loved thee more fondly than he ?  
He caught the first accents that fell from  
thy tongue,  
And joined in thine innocent glee.  
Be kind to thy Father — for now he is old,  
His locks intermingled with gray,  
His footsteps are feeble — once fearless and  
bold —  
Thy Father is passing away.

2 Be kind to thy Mother — for lo ! on her  
brow  
Many traces of sorrow are seen ;  
O, well may'st thou cherish and comfort  
her now,  
For loving and kind hath she been.  
Remember thy Mother — for thee will she  
pray  
As long as God giveth her breath ;  
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her  
lone way,  
E'en to the dark valley of death.

3 Be kind to thy Brother — his heart will  
have dearth,  
If the smile of thy love be withdrawn ;  
The flowers of feeling will fade at their  
birth,  
If the dew of affection be gone.  
Be kind to thy Brother — wherever you  
are,  
The love of a Brother shall be  
An ornament purer and richer by far  
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

4 Be kind to thy Sister — not many may  
know  
The depth of true sisterly love,  
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
The surface that sparkles above :  
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many  
sweet hours,  
And blessings thy pathway to crown,  
Affection shall weave thee a garland of  
flowers,  
More precious than wealth or renown.

53.

## Evening.

C. M.

1 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Let angels guard my head,  
And through the hours of darkness keep  
Their watch around my bed.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,  
 Since thou wilt not remove ;  
 And in the morning let me rise  
 Rejoicing in thy love.

**54. God is ever Good. 6, 5.**

1 See the shining dew-drops  
 On the flowers strewed,  
 Proving, as they sparkle,  
 God is ever good.

2 See the morning sun beams  
 Lighting up the wood,  
 Silently proclaiming  
 God is ever good.

3 Hear the mountain streamlet  
 In the solitude,  
 With its ripple saying  
 God is ever good.

4 In the leafy tree-tops,  
 Where no fears intrude,  
 Merry birds are singing  
 God is ever good.

5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,  
 Songs of gratitude,  
 While all nature utters,  
 God is ever good.

**55. God seen in his Works.**

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 At early dawn there 's not a gale  
 Across the landscape driven,  
 And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,  
 That is not sent by heaven.

3 There 's not of grass a single blade,  
 Or leaf of loveliest green,  
 Where heavenly skill is not displayed  
 And heavenly wisdom seen.

4 There 's not a tempest dark and dread,  
 Or storm that rends the air,  
 Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,  
 But God's own voice is there.

5 Around, beneath, below, above,  
 Wherever space extends,  
 There God displays his boundless love,  
 And power with mercy blends.

**56. God Everywhere. L. M.**

1 Among the deepest shades of night  
 Can there be one who sees my way ?  
 Yes, God is as a shining light,  
 That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,  
 May I not sin without control ?  
 No ; for a constant watch he keeps  
 On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,  
 Where human feet had never trod,  
 Yet there I could not be alone,  
 On every side there would be God.

**57. Creation praises God. C. M.**

1 My heavenly Father ! all I see,  
 Around me and above,  
 Sends forth a hymn of praise to thee,  
 And speaks thy boundless love.

2 The clear blue sky is full of thee ;  
 The woods, so dark and lone,  
 The soft south wind, the sounding sea,  
 Worship the Holy One.

3 The humming of the insect throngs,  
 The prattling, sparkling rill,  
 The birds, with their melodious songs,  
 Repeat thy praises still.

**58. The Mercy of God. H. M.**

*Lenox.*

1 No burning heats by day,  
 Nor blasts of evening air,  
 Shall take my health away,  
 If God be with me there :  
 Thou art my sun,  
 And thou my shade,  
 To guard my head  
 By night or noon.

2 To heaven I lift my eyes,  
 From God is all my aid ;  
 The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made :  
 He is the tower  
 To which I fly ;  
 His grace is nigh  
 In every hour.

**59. The Happy Land. P. M.***Experience.*

- 1 There is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day :  
O, how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour, King ;  
Loud let his praises ring  
Forevermore !
- 2 Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away ;  
Why will ye doubting stand ?  
Why still delay ?  
O, we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with thee,  
Blest evermore.
- 3 Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye ;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
O, then, to glory run ;  
Be a crown and kingdom won ;  
And bright above the sun  
Reign evermore !

**60. Spring. C. M.**

- 1 How smiling wakes the verdant year,  
Arrayed in velvet green !  
How glad the circling fields appear,  
That bound the blooming scene !
- 2 And hark ! from yon deep shady grove  
The feathered warbler breaks ;  
And into notes of joy and love  
The solitude awakes !
- 3 And shall the first-beloved of heaven  
Be silent as they sing ?  
Shall man, to whom the lyre is given,  
Not wake one grateful string ?
- 4 O, let us join the cheerful lay  
That gives our Maker praise ;  
And now, in louder notes than they,  
Our hearts and voices raise !

**61. Parting. S. M.**

- 1 Once more, before we part,  
We 'll bless the Saviour's name ;  
Record his mercies, every heart ;  
Singing, every tongue, the same.

2 May we receive his word,  
And feed thereon and grow ;  
Go on to seek and know the Lord,  
And practise what we know.

**62. Dismissal. S. 7***Fount.*

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord ;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

**63. Adoration. S. 7.**

- 1 May I love thee and adore thee,  
O thou bleeding, dying Lamb ;  
Teach my heart to bow before thee,  
Kindle there a sacred flame !
- 2 Teach me what I am by nature,  
How to lift my thoughts on high ;  
Teach me, O thou great Creator,  
How to live and how to die !

**64. Praise for Daily Mercies  
C. M.**

- 1 Lord, I would own thy tender care,  
And all thy love to me ;  
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,  
Are all bestowed by thee.
- 2 'T is thou preservest me from death  
And danger every hour ;  
I cannot draw another breath,  
Unless thou give the power.
- 3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,  
To me by God are given ;  
I have not any blessing here  
But what is sent from heaven.
- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,  
A child can ne'er repay ;  
But may it be my daily prayer  
To love thee and obey.

**65. Praise to Jesus. S. M.**

- 1 Awake and sing the song .  
Of Moses and the Lamb ;

Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 O praise his dying love,  
Adore his rising power;  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,  
In Christ the eternal King.

4 We soon shall hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come!"  
He soon will call us hence away,  
And take his wanderers home

**66. Lord's Prayer. L. M.**

1 Our Father, God, who art in heaven,  
To thy great name be reverence given;  
Thy peaceful kingdom wide extend,  
And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,  
As 't is by angels round thy throne;  
And let us every day be fed  
With earthly and with heavenly bread.

3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus  
To pardon those who injure us;  
Our shield in all temptations prove,  
And every trial far remove.

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,  
And thine the power to save the soul;  
Great be the glory of thy reign, —  
Let every creature say, Amen!

**67. The Bible. P. M.**

1 We 'll not give up the Bible,  
God's holy book of truth;  
The blessed staff of hoary age,  
The guide of early youth:  
The sun that sheds a glorious light  
O'er every dreary road;  
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,  
And calls us home to God.

2 We 'll not give up the Bible,  
For pleasure or for pain;  
We 'll buy the truth, and sell it not,  
For all that we might gain:  
Though man should try to take our prize  
By guile or cruel might,  
We 'll suffer all that man could do,  
And God defend the right!

3 We 'll not give up the Bible,  
But spread it far and wide,  
Until its saving voice be heard  
Beyond the rolling tide:  
Till all shall know its gracious power,  
And, with one voice and heart,  
Resolve that from God's sacred word  
*We 'll never, never part!*

**68. The Bible a Guide. C. M.**

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'T is like the sun — a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And, through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;  
We hate the sinner's road;  
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, our God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth,  
How pure is every page! —  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

**69. The Bible. C. M.**

1 How precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light and joy, it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

**70. Praise to God. S. M.**

1 The praises of my tongue  
I offer to the Lord;  
That I was taught and learnt so young  
To read his holy word.

2 Dear Lord, this word of thine  
Informs me where to go  
For grace, to pardon all my sins,  
And make me holy too.

3 O, may thy Spirit teach,  
And make my heart receive  
Those truths which all thy servants preach,  
And all thy saints believe.

4 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mould our souls afresh ;  
Break, sovereign grace, our hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh !

**71. How to Pray Aright. S. M.**

1 I often say my prayers,  
But do I ever pray ?  
Or do the wishes of my heart  
Suggest the words I say ?

2 'T is useless to implore,  
Unless I feel my need ;  
Unless 't is from a sense of want  
That all my prayers proceed.

3 Lord, teach me what I want,  
And teach me how to pray ;  
Nor let me e'er implore thy grace  
Not feeling what I say !

**72. Prayer for Youth. C. M.**

1 Bestow, O Lord, upon our youth  
The gift of saving grace,  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and heavenly root ;  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Ye careless ones, O, hear betimes  
The voice of saving love !  
Your youth is stained with numerous  
crimes,  
But mercy reigns above.

4 For you the public prayer is made,  
O, join the public prayer !  
For you the sacred tear is shed ;  
O, shed yourselves a tear !

5 We pray that you may early prove  
The Saviour's quickening grace ;  
Too young you cannot taste his love,  
Or seek his smiling face.

**73. Missionary's Departure.**

*The Pearl. 7, 6.*

1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean !  
And, as thy billows flow,  
Bear messengers of mercy  
To every land below.

2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them  
Safe to the destined shore,  
That man may sit in darkness  
And death's dark shade no more !

3 O thou, eternal Ruler,  
Who holdest in thine arm  
The tempests of the ocean,  
Protect them from all harm !

4 O be thy presence with them  
Wherever they may be ;  
Though far from us who love them,  
O, be they still with thee !

**74. Questions and Answers.**

C. M.

1 Who showed the little ant the way  
Her narrow hole to bore,  
And spend the pleasant summer day  
In laying up her store ?

2 The sparrow builds her skilful nest  
Of wool, and hay, and moss ;  
Who told her how to weave it best,  
And lay the twigs across ?

3 Who taught the busy bee to fly  
Among the sweetest flowers,  
And lay his store of honey by,  
To eat in winter hours ?

4 'T was God who showed them all the way,  
And gave their little skill,  
And teaches children, if they pray,  
To do his holy will.

**75. Independence. 7, 6.**

1 We come, with joy and gladness,  
To breathe our songs of praise,  
Nor let one note of sadness  
Be mingled in our lays ;  
For 't is a hallowed story,  
This theme of Freedom's birth ;  
Our fathers' deeds of glory  
Are echoed round the earth.

2 The sound is waxing stronger,  
And thrones and nations hear;  
Proud man shall rule no longer,  
For God the Lord is near:  
And he will crush oppression,  
And raise the humble mind,  
And give the earth's possession  
Among the good and kind.

3 And then shall sink the mountains,  
Where pride and power are crowned,  
And peace, like gentle fountains,  
Shall shed its pureness round.

0 God! we would adore thee,  
And in thy shadow rest;  
Our *fathers* bowed before thee,  
And trusted, and were blest.

**76. Anniversary. L. M.**

1 From year to year in love we meet;  
From year to year in peace we part;  
The tongues of children uttering sweet  
The thrilling joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by year  
We change, grow up, or pass away:  
Not twice the same assembly here  
Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, may strike  
Some in our number, marked to fall;  
Be young and old prepared alike—  
The warning is to each, to all.

**77. At a Funeral. C. M.**

1 When blooming youth is snatched away  
By Death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O may this truth, impressed  
With awful power, I too must die,  
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:  
Behold the gaping tomb,  
It bids us seize the present hour,  
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey:  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save;

Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

**78. Funeral Hymn. 8, 7.**

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,  
Gentle as the summer breeze,  
Pleasant as the air of evening  
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,  
Peaceful in the grave so low:  
Thou no more wilt join our number,  
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest *sister*, thou hast left us!  
Here thy loss we deeply feel;  
But 't is God that hath bereft us,  
He can all our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled;  
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed.

**79. The Bible a Delight. L. M.**

1 I love the sacred book of God;  
No other can its place supply:  
It points me to the saints' abode,  
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern  
The image of my absent Lord;  
From thine instructive page I learn  
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply  
His place, and tell me of his love:  
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,  
And thus partake of joys above.

**80. The Bible full of Christ.**

C. M.

1 Thou lovely source of true delight,  
Unseen, whom I adore,  
Unveilt thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;  
But in thy sacred word  
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, when'er my comforts droop,  
And sins and sorrows rise,  
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,  
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
O, come with blissful ray ;  
Break, radiant, through the shades of night,  
And chase my fears away.

### 81. The Parent's Plea. C. M.

1 Thou who a tender parent art,  
Regard a parent's plea ;  
My offspring, with an anxious heart,  
I now commend to thee.

2 My children are my greatest care,  
A charge which thou hast given ;  
In all thy graces let them share,  
And all the joys of heaven.

3 On me thou hast bestowed thy grace,  
Be to my children kind ;  
Among thy saints give them a place,  
And leave not one behind.

4 Happy, we then shall live below,  
The remnant of our days ;  
And when to brighter worlds we go,  
Shall long resound thy praise.

### 82. Parental Instruction. 7.

1 Lord, assist us by thy grace  
To instruct our infant race ;  
Grant us wisdom from above,  
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 May we teach them day by day,  
In the house and by the way ;  
When they rise, or go to rest,  
Till thy truth shall make them blest.

3 While in childhood's tender age  
They unfold the sacred page,  
May they see in every line  
Kindling rays of light divine.

4 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer,  
We commit them to thy care ;  
Be their shepherd and their guide,  
Bring them to thy bleeding side.

### 83. Precious Bible. 8, 7.

1 Precious Bible, what a treasure  
Does the word of God afford !  
All I want for life or pleasure,  
Food and medicine, shield and sword.

Let the world account me poor,  
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger  
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;  
Of excess there is no danger,  
Though it fills, it never cloy ;  
On a dying Christ I feed, —  
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,  
Or when Satan wounds my mind,  
Cordials to revive me quickly,  
Healing medicines here I find ;  
To the promises I flee, —  
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,  
Satan cannot make me yield ;  
For the word of consolation  
Is to me a mighty shield ;  
While the Scripture truths are sure,  
From his malice I'm secure.

### 84. Prayer for the Youth.

L. M.

1 Almighty God, show me thy truth,  
And give me grace while in my youth ;  
Raise up my thoughts to thee on high,  
And all my wants with grace supply.

2 My sins, so numerous, Lord, forgive,  
And let thy truth within me live,  
To lead me in the narrow path,  
From sin and sorrow, pain and death.

3 Dear Lord, let not thy anger swell,  
Nor drive me down in wrath to hell ;  
But pity show, and let me sing  
Salvation to my God and King.

4 I feel, O Lord, thy love is sweet,  
Thy blessings to my soul are great ;  
The burden of my song shall be,  
The Lord hath done great things for me.

### 85. A Child's Prayer. C. M.

1 O Father ! bless a little child,  
And in my early youth  
Give me a spirit good and mild,  
A soul to love the Truth.

2 May never falsehood in my heart  
Nor in my words abide ;  
But may I act a truthful part,  
Whatever may betide.



86. **Children, come to Christ.**11. *Afton*

1 In life's joyous morning, while hope still is bright,  
And all thy green pathway is beaming with light,  
O come to the Saviour, his mercy embrace,  
And sweetly surrender thy heart to his grace.

2 Soon cares and temptations thy steps will attend,  
And sorrow's rude tempest may on thee descend ;  
What arm can sustain thee, what wisdom can guide,  
If Christ, the Deliverer, be not at thy side ?

3 His love, if thou seek him, will gird thee with power  
In manhood's stern conflicts, and trial's dark hour ;  
With rich consolations thy anguish assuage,  
When stung by affliction, or sinking with age.

87. **The Family Bible.**

12, 11.

1 How painfully pleasing the fond recollection  
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,  
When blessed with parental advice and affection,  
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high !  
I still view the chairs of my sire and my mother,  
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,  
And that richest book, which excels every other,  
The family Bible, which lay on the stand.  
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,  
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,  
At morn and at evening could yield us delight ;  
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation  
For mercy by day and for safety through night.  
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,  
All warm from the heart of a family band,  
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling  
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand.  
The old-fashioned Bible, &c.

88. **Heaven.**

L. M.

1 There is a region lovelier far  
Than sages tell or poets sing ;  
Brighter than noon-day glories are,  
And softer than the tints of Spring.

2 There is a world we have not seen,  
Which time shall never dare destroy ;  
No mortal footstep there hath been,  
No ear hath caught its sound of joy.

3 There, from the bosom of my God,  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
There would I make my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

**89. Love of God.**

1 The love of God — what is it ?  
 Its bounds no tongue can tell, —  
 'T is high as heaven, 't is wide as space,  
 'T is deeper far than hell : —  
 'T was love that sent his Son to earth,  
 'T was love that bid him die,  
 'T was love that raised him from the dead,  
 And seated him on high !

2 'T is love that bids the little child  
 Draw near with humble trust :  
 'T is love that sometimes calls us home  
 To dwell amid the just.  
 O, that all things on earth might praise  
 His name all else above,  
 Might shout hosannas to our God  
 For all his boundless love !

**90. Closing Hymn.**

7, 6.

1 Come, let us join our voices  
 In strains of sweet accord,  
 And, while each heart rejoices,  
 Sing praises to the Lord.  
 And now that we must sever,  
 And go from hence away,  
 May we remember ever  
 What we have learned to-day.

2 Watch over us and lead us,  
 Lord, in the heavenly way,  
 And like a shepherd feed us,  
 And guard us, lest we stray ;  
 So, when our course is ended,  
 And we shall meet above,  
 Our voices shall be blended  
 In purer lays of love.

**91. "Remember thy Creator."**

7, 6.

1 "Remember thy Creator"  
 While youth's fair spring is bright,  
 Before thy cares are greater,  
 Before comes age's night ;  
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,  
 While stars the darkness cheer,  
 While life is all before thee,  
 Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator"  
 Ere life resigns its trust,  
 Ere sinks dissolving nature,  
 And dust returns to dust ;  
 Before with God who gave it  
 The spirit shall appear :

He cries, who died to save it,  
 "Thy great Creator fear."

**92. Winning Souls. C. M.**

1 If we should find a little boy,  
 Who breaks the Sabbath-day,  
 Who knows not what the good enjoy  
 And never learned to pray, —

2 'T were best to ask that little one  
 To come and go with us ;  
 Speak in a kind and gentle tone,  
 And try to win him thus.

3 For he is wise who seeks to win  
 The sinner from his ways ;  
 Who turns him from the path of sin  
 While in his youthful days.

4 Thus, if we find a little heart  
 That knows not Christ the Lord,  
 Let us the heavenly light impart,  
 The knowledge of his word.

**93. Little Things.**

1 Little drops of water,  
 Little grains of sand,  
 Make the mighty ocean  
 And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,  
 Humble though they be,  
 Make the mighty ages  
 Of eternity.

3 So our little errors  
 Lead the soul away  
 From the paths of virtue,  
 Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,  
 Little words of love,  
 Make our earth an Eden,  
 Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,  
 Sown by youthful hands,  
 Grow to bless the nations,  
 Far in heathen lands.

**94. Come Away.**

1 Come away to the skies,  
 My beloved, arise,  
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;  
 On this festival day,  
 Come exulting away,  
 And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love  
And our treasure above,  
Though our bodies continue below,  
The redeemed of the Lord,  
We remember his word,  
And with singing to Paradise go.

3 With singing we praise  
The original grace  
By our heavenly Father bestowed;  
Our being receive  
From his bounty, and live  
To the honor and glory of God.

**95. The Sabbath.** L. M.

1 Lord, how delightful 't is to see  
A whole assembly worship thee!  
At once they sing, at once they pray,  
They hear of heaven, and love the way.

2 I've been at church, and still would go,  
'T is like a little heaven below:  
Not all my pleasure and my play  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O, write upon my memory, Lord,  
The precepts of thy holy word,  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things  
divine  
Fill up this sinful heart of mine,  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

**96. The Gracious Promise.**

L. M.

1 "Where two or three," with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise,

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
Amid this little company;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

**97. Be not Weary.** S. M.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou not heed,  
Broad cast it o'er the land.

2 The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found,—  
Go forth, then, everywhere.

3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious grain alive,  
When and wherever strewn.

4 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stock, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain,  
For garnerers in the sky.

**98. Faithful in Little.** C. M.

1 What if a little drop should say,  
"So small a drop as I  
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,  
I'll tarry in the sky!"

2 What if a shining beam of noon  
Should in its fountain stay,  
Because its feeble light alone  
Cannot create a day!

3 Doth not each rain-drop help to form  
The cool refreshing shower,  
And every ray of light to warm  
And beautify the flower?

4 Then let each child its influence give,  
O Lord, to truth and thee;  
Then will its power by all be felt,  
However small it be.

**99. The Ruler's Daughter.**

Mark 5: 35. 11, 12.

1 A father is praying the Saviour to hear,  
For his daughter is dying with no helper  
near:  
Beseeching him greatly, he falls at his feet,  
And his story of sorrow, O, hear him repeat!

2 My dear little daughter, I fear she will die, —  
Thou merciful Saviour attend to my cry !  
If thou wilt but touch her, she surely will live ;  
Then to thee all the glory, O Jesus, I'll give.

3 And Jesus went with him, but soon it was said  
To the heart-broken father, Thy daughter is dead !  
Why trouble the Master thy woes to relieve ?  
But the kind Saviour whispered, Now only believe !

4 They came to the house, and the mourners were there,  
And with weeping and wailing were rending the air ;  
But Jesus reproved them, — “ Why do ye thus weep ?  
For the maid is not dead, she is only asleep ! ”

5 O ! see with a touch how the maiden awakes,  
When the mighty Physician her hand gently takes !  
And see ! from her features pale death quickly flies,  
At the voice of the Saviour, “ O, damsel arise ! ”

#### 100. Death's been Here. C. M.

1 Death has been here, and borne away  
A brother from our side ;  
Just in the morning of his day,  
As young as we, he died.

2 Not long ago he filled his place,  
And sat with us to learn :  
But he has run his mortal race,  
And never can return.

3 Perhaps our time may be as short ;  
Our days may fly as fast ;  
O Lord, impress the solemn thought,  
That this may be our last !

4 All needful strength is thine to give ;  
To thee our souls apply  
For grace to teach us how to live,  
And make us fit to die.

#### 101. Sons of Peace. S. M.

1 Blest are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;

Whose kind designs to serve and please  
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet ;  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy like morning dew distills,  
And all the air is love.

#### 102. Christmas. S. M.

1 We come, with joyful song,  
To hail this happy morn :  
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,  
“ This day is Jesus born ! ”

2 What transports doth his name  
To sinful men afford !  
His glorious titles we proclaim,  
A Saviour — Christ — the Lord !

3 Glory to God on high,  
All hail the happy morn :  
We join the anthems of the sky,  
And sing, “ The Saviour's born ! ”

#### 103. Christ's Second Coming. S. M.

1 In expectation sweet,  
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,  
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,  
And see an endless day.

2 He comes ! — the Conqueror comes !  
Death falls beneath his sword ;  
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,  
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 Thrice happy morn for those  
Who love the ways of peace !  
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,  
Or shade their perfect bliss.

#### 104. Evening Hymn. L. M.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings !

2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done ;  
And with the world, myself, and thee,  
May I at peace forever be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed :  
Teach me to die that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 O, be my guardian while I sleep,  
Thy watchful station near me keep !  
And when the sun again doth shine,  
O ! fill my soul with light divine.

### 105. Time Wings Away. 7, 6.

1 Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home ;  
Life is but a winter's day,  
A journey to the tomb :  
Youth and vigor soon will flee,  
Blooming beauty lose its charms ;  
All that 's mortal soon shall be  
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home ;  
Life is but a winter's day,  
A journey to the tomb :  
But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty soon above,  
Where no worldly griefs annoy,  
Secure in Jesus' love.

### 106. Union. C. M.

1 Come, let us join our friends above  
Who have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King  
In heaven and earth are one.

3 E'en now to their eternal home  
Some happy spirits fly ;  
And we are to the margin come,  
And soon expect to die.

4 O God, be thou our constant guide !  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

### 107. When Meet Again? 7.

1 When shall we all meet again ?  
When shall we all meet again ?  
Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
Oft shall wearied love retire,  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath a hostile sky ;  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls,  
And in fancy's wide domain  
Oft shall we all meet again.

3 When our burnished locks are gray,  
Thinned by many a toil-spent day ;  
When around this youthful pine  
Moss shall creep, and ivy twine,  
Long may this loved bower remain,  
Here may we all meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamp is dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, wealth and fame, are laid, —  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.

### 108. My Country. 6, 4.

1 My country, 't is of thee, sweet land of  
liberty,  
Of thee I sing :  
Land where my fathers died, land of the  
pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side let freedom  
ring.

2 My native country ! thee, land of the  
noble free,  
Thy name I love :  
I love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and  
templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills, like that  
above.

3 Our Father, God ! to thee, author of  
liberty,  
To thee we sing ;  
Long may our land be bright, with free-  
dom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might, Great God, our  
King !

### 109. Dextology. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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