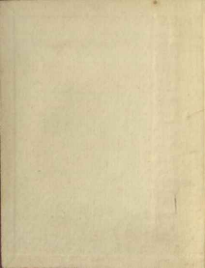
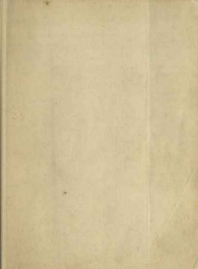


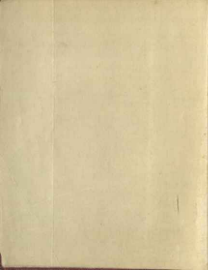
*Gospel Hymns*

*Nos. 1 to 6 Complete*

*Bevier Edition*









# GOSPEL HYMNS

Nos. 1 to 6.

BY

IRA D. SANKEY

JAMES McGRANAHAN

AND GEO. C. STEBBINS

(BRIEFER EDITION)

PUBLISHED BY

THE EGGLOW & WAIN CO.

127 W. Lake St., Chicago

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

Chicopee, Mass.

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EVANGELICAL

## PREFACE.

**G**OSPEL HYMNS Nos. 1 and 2, by F. P. BLISS and  
IRA D. SANKEY; Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, by IRA D.  
SANKEY, JAMES McGRATHAN and CHAS. C. STEPHENS,  
are now compiled in this volume under the title of

### GOSPEL HYMNS NOS. 1 TO 6.

All duplicate pieces have been omitted and the Hymns  
re-numbered in consecutive order from 1 to 134.

In addition to the large number of Gospel Hymns  
and Sacred Songs in this collection there will also be  
found over 125 of the most useful and popular **STANDARD  
HYMNS AND TUNES OF THE CHURCH.**

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THE PUBLISHERS.

# GOSPEL HYMNS

NOS. 1 TO 6 COMPLETE.

---

**1**  
**A**LL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
His mercy with us, His grace forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

**2** Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

**3** O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts with gladness;  
Praise Him, stand, and bless His name always,  
For it is meetly so to do.

**4** For whither the Lord our God is gone,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth of all times truly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

---

**2** DOXOLOGY. L. M.

**P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## GRACE.

*May be sung before and after meal.*

Stanzas, Invocant.

**B**E present at our table, Lord,  
In love and everywhere adored;  
Thou mercies bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

THIRD STANZA.

**W**E thank Thee, Lord, for this our bread,  
For life, and health, and every good;  
Let thanks by our words be given,—  
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

**T**HIS the promise of God, full salvation to give  
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will believe.

|| Hallelujah, We praise! I believe on the Son,  
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One. ||

1 The the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,  
Merely Jesus is able to carry me through.

Hallelujah, We praise! etc.

2 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,  
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:

Hallelujah, We praise! etc.

3 Little children I see standing close by their King,  
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing:

Hallelujah, We praise! etc.

4 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,  
And they sing as they march through the streets of gold.

Hallelujah, We praise! etc.

5 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,  
And the throne of our Father forever will be:

Hallelujah, We praise! etc.

**S**AFFER in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle bosom,  
There by His love encompassed,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,  
 Distant in a song to me,

Over the fields of glory,  
 Over the Jasper sea.

Chor. — Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There by His love embraced,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

I Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from troubling care,  
 Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin cannot harm me there,  
 Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more hours!

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

7

**I**n some way or other the Lord will provide;  
 It may not be my way,  
 It may not be thy way;  
 And yet, in His own way,  
 "The Lord will provide."

Chor. — Then, we'll trust in the Lord,  
 And He will provide;  
 Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,  
 And He will provide.

**I**n all some time or other the Lord will provide;  
 It may not be my time,  
 It may not be thy time;  
 And yet, in His own time,  
 "The Lord will provide."

3 Though all unworthy,  
Come, now, come hither—  
Say, while he's waiting,  
"Jesus, dear, I come!"

## 11

**H**O! my comrades, see the signal  
Waving in the sky!  
Re-enforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh!

Chor.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"  
Jesus signals still,  
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—  
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on;  
Mighty men around us falling,  
Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,  
Hear the trumpet blow;  
In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
Over every foe.

4 Flare and ring the battle raps,  
But our Help is near;  
Onward comes our Great Commander,  
Chase, my comrades, chase!

## 12

**T**HERE is a gate that stands ajar,  
And through its portals gleaming,  
A pathway from the Cross ajar,  
The Saviour's love revealing.

Chor.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be  
That gate was left ajar for me?  
For me, for me?  
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all  
Who seek through it salvation;  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
Of every tribe and nation.

- 3 From reward there, though loss may crown,  
While mercy's gate is open;  
Accept the cross, and with the crown,  
Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
The cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away,  
And love Him more in heaven.

## 13

**F**REE from the law, oh, happy condition,  
Jesus hath died, and thus is redemption,  
Cured by the law and trained by the fall,  
Gone hath redeemed us once for all.

- Chorus.—Gone for all, oh, sinners receive it,  
Gone for all, oh, heathen believe it;  
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,  
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.
- 1 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,  
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;  
"Come unto Me," oh, hear His sweet call,  
Gone, and He saves us once for all.
- 2 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,  
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;  
Passing from death to life at His call,  
Gone! salvation, once for all.

## 14

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

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
And come ere eve and noon.

Give every flying minute,  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright stars are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies,  
 Work till the last beam fades,  
 Fabled to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

## 15

- I** WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,  
 The far-away home of the soul,  
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
 While the years of eternity roll. ||
- Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,  
 Its bright, jasper walls I can see;  
 Till I fancy but thinly the vast interzones  
 Between the fair city and me. || Till I fancy, etc.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,  
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands,  
 The King of all Kingdoms forever, is He,  
 And He holds in His hands the crown of the King of, etc.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
 So free from all sorrow and pain;  
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,  
 To meet one another again. || With songs on, etc.

## 16

**T**HIS is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Eternal day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.  
 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers;



Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand covered in living green,  
So to the Jews old Calvary stood,  
While Jordan rolled between,  
Could we but stand where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

17

WE'RE going home,  
No more to roam,  
No more to sin and sorrow,  
No more to wail  
The hour of care,  
We're going home to-morrow.

Chorus.—We're going home, we're going home  
to-morrow,  
We're going home, we're going home  
to-morrow.

1 For weary feet  
Await a street  
Of woodroose pines and gables,  
For hearts that ache,  
The simple wake  
The story, sweet and olden,

2 For those who sleep,  
And those who weep,  
Above the portals narrow,  
The mansions rise  
Beyond the skies—  
We're going home to-morrow.

3 Oh, joyful song!  
Oh, ransomed throng!  
Where sin no more shall sever,  
Our King to see,  
And oh, to be  
With Him at home forever!

## 18

**I** AM so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of His love in the book He has given,  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

Chor.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,  
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,  
Still His love lets me wherever I stray;  
Back to His dear loving arms would I run,  
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

2 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,  
When in His beauty I see the Great King,  
This shall my song be eternally be:  
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."

**J**ESUS loves me, and I know I love Him,  
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem;  
Yes, His love made Him die on the tree,  
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.

Chor.—I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?  
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;  
God's Holy Spirit with mine both agree,  
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.

2 In His presence I had sweetest rest,  
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;  
Fears dissolved, from my soul now both run,  
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.

## 19

**R**EJOICE and be glad!  
The Redeemer has come!  
Go look on His cross, His crown, and His tomb.

*Chor.*—*Sung the praises, tell the story,  
Of Him who was slain;  
Sung His precious toll with gladness,  
He liveth again.*

*1 Rejoice and be glad!  
It is morning at last!  
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.*

*2 Rejoice and be glad!  
For the blood hath been shed;  
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.*

*3 Rejoice and be glad!  
Now the pardon is free!  
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.*

*4 Rejoice and be glad!  
For the Lamb that was slain  
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.*

*5 Rejoice and be glad!  
For our King is on high,  
He pleadeth for us on the throne in the sky.*

*6 Rejoice and be glad!  
For He cometh again;  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.*

*Chor.*—*Sung the praises, tell the story,  
Of Him who was slain;  
Sung His precious toll with gladness,  
He cometh again.*

30

**W**E praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

*Chor.*—*Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.*

*1 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our sins, and scattered our night.*

*2 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
Who hath borne all our sin, and hath cleansed every stain.*

24

**W**EARILY glances, whence comest thou,  
With empty hands and clouded brow?  
Flocking along thy lonely way,  
Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?  
Lone I found a barren field,  
The harvest past my search revealed,  
Others golden sheaves had gained,  
Only stubble for me remained.

**Ans.**—Forth to the harvest field, away!  
Oathes your handfuls while you may;  
All day long in the field abide,  
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.

**I** Careless glances, what hast thou here,  
Thine faded flowers and withered care?  
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,  
Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?  
All day long in shady bowers,  
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers;  
Now, alas! too late I see  
All I've gathered is vanity.

**I** Burdened glances, thy sheaves I see;  
Indeed thou need'st a weary be!  
Struggling along the homeward way,  
Oath me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?  
May me not, till day is done  
I've gather'd handfuls near by one;  
Here and there for me they fall,  
Close by the reapers I've found them all.

25

**A**H, my heart is heavy-laden,  
Weary and oppressed!  
"Come to me," saith One, "and resting,  
Be at rest!"

**Ans.**—"Come to me," saith One, "and resting,  
Be at rest!"

**I** Hark! He speaks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wounds-printed,  
And His side."

- 3 Is there distress, as mortal,  
That His brow shows?  
—Yes, a sorrow in very agony,  
But of Heaven!
- 4 If I had Him, if I follow,  
What's my portion here?  
—Many a sorrow, many a conflict,  
Many a tear.
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What have I at last?  
—Sorrow conquered, labor ended,  
Jordan past!
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will he say me nay?  
—Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away!

245

**O**NE more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me!  
Thou heaven is nearer,  
And Christ is dearer,  
Than yesterday to me,  
His love and light  
Fill all my soul to-night.

One.—One more day's work for Jesus,  
One more day's work for Jesus,  
One more day's work for Jesus,  
One less of life for me.

2 One more day's work for Jesus,  
How glorious is my King!  
The joy, not duty,  
To speak His beauty;  
My soul mounts on the wing  
At His pure thought  
How Christ my life has brought.

3 One more day's work for Jesus,  
How sweet the work has been,  
To tell the story,  
To show the glory,

When Christ's blood enter in?  
How it did shine  
In this poor heart of mine!

4 One more day's work for Jesus—  
Oh, yes, a weary day,  
But heaven shines clearest,  
And rest comes nearest,  
At each step of the way,  
And Christ is all—  
Before His love I fall.

2 Oh, blessed work for Jesus,  
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!  
There's full sweet pleasure,  
My wants are answered,  
And pain for Him is sweet;  
Lord, 'Tis my  
I'll serve another day.

**O**NE there is above all others,  
Oh, how He loves!  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
One day gentle, the next day fierce and  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,  
Oh, how He loves!

1 The eternal life to know Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Think, oh think, how much we owe Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
With His precious blood He bought us,  
In the wilderness He sought us,  
To His fold He safely brought us,  
Oh, how He loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Give yourselves wholly to Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
THINK no longer of the morrow,  
From the past now courage borrow.

Jesus carries all your sorrow,  
Oh, how He loves!

- 4 All your sins shall be forgiven,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Backward shall your sins be driven,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Fruit of blessing He'll provide you,  
Naught but good shall e'er befall you,  
Safe to glory He will guide you,  
Oh, how He loves!

228

**T**ELL me the Old, Old Story,

Of ancient things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the Story simply,  
As to a little child.

For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defined.

Chorus.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
Of Jesus and His love.

- 5 Tell me the Story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the Story often,  
For I forget so soon.  
The "early dew" of morning,  
Has passed away at noon.

- 6 Tell me the Story softly,  
With sacred tones, and grave  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me that Story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

- 4 Tell me the same old story,  
 When you have come to hear  
 That this world's empty glory  
 Is costing me too dear,  
 Yes, and when that world's glory  
 Is dawning on my soul,  
 Tell me the Old, Old Story:  
 "Christ Jesus makes them whole."

**T**HE Spirit, oh, sinners,  
 In mercy doth move  
 Thy heart, no long hardened,  
 Of sin to remove;  
 Resist not the Spirit,  
 Nor longer delay;

God's gracious attraction, May end with to-day.

O Oh, child of the kingdom,  
 From sin-service cease;  
 Be filled with the Spirit,  
 With comfort and peace,  
 Oh, prize not the Spirit,  
 Thy Teacher is He,

That Jesus, thy Saviour, May glorified be.

I Dashed in the temple,  
 His beauty had lost,  
 On God's holy altar  
 The carbons faint glow,  
 By love yet rekindled,  
 A flame may be kindled,

Oh, snatch not the Spirit, The Lord is at hand.

**I** LOVE to tell the Story  
 Of wondrous things above,  
 Of Jesus and His glory,  
 Of Jesus and His Love!  
 I love to tell the Story!  
 Because I know it's true;  
 It satisfies my longings,  
 As nothing else would do.



One.—I love to tell the Story!  
 'Twill be my theme in glory,  
 To tell the Old, Old Story  
 Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story!  
 More wonderful it seems,  
 Than all the golden fancies  
 Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the Story!  
 It did so much for me!  
 And that is just the reason  
 I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!  
 'Tis pleasant to repeat  
 What seems, each time I tell it,  
 More wonderfully sweet.  
 I love to tell the Story,  
 For some have never heard  
 The message of salvation  
 From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!  
 For those who know it best  
 Seem longings and thirsting  
 To hear it, like the rest.  
 And when, in accents of glory,  
 I sing the New, New Song,  
 'Twill be—the One, One Street  
 That I have loved so long.

31

**H**OLY Spirit, faithful Guide,  
 Ever near the Christian's side,  
 Gently lead us by the hand,  
 Flyings in a desert land,  
 Where you made Isaac's ravine,  
 While they hear that sweetest voice  
 Whispering softly, "Watch-ye, stand,  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near Thine and to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Creeping on in darkness drear,

When the storms are raging sore,  
 Storms grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

- 2 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wondering if our names were there;  
 Wading deep the "Dead Sea"  
 Plunging sought but Jesus' blood;  
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home!"

**B**ENEATH the Cross of Jesus  
 I fain would take my stand—  
 The shadow of a mighty Rock,  
 Within a weary land.

A home within the wilderness,  
 A rest upon the way,  
 From the hurrying of the noon-tide heat,  
 And the burden of the day.

- 2 O safe and happy shelter,  
 O refuge tried and sweet,  
 O resting place where Heaven's love,  
 And Heaven's justice meet!  
 As to the Holy Patriarch  
 That watchman dream was given,  
 He seems my Saviour's cross to me,  
 A ladder up to heaven.

- 2 There lies beneath its shadow,  
 Not on the farther side,  
 The darkness of an awful grave  
 That gapes both deep and wide;  
 And there between us stands the Cross,  
 Two arms outstretched to save,  
 Like a watchman set to guard the way  
 From that eternal grave.

- 4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,  
 Mine eye at times can see  
 The very living form of One,  
 Who suffered there for me.

And from my swelling heart with tears,  
Two wonders I confess,—  
The wonders of His glorious love,  
and my own worthlessness.

- 2 I take, O Cross, thy shadow,  
For my abiding place;  
I seek no other consolation  
Than the consolation of His face;  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain nor loss,  
My sinful will, my only shame,  
My glory all the Cross.

## 223

**W**ITH harp and with viol, there standeth great throng  
In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song—

Chor.—Praise Him who hath loved us and washed us from sin,  
Praise Him be the glory for ever. Amen.

- 1 All these once were sinners, fallen in His sight,  
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they write.  
2 He maketh the naked a priest and a king,  
He hath taught us and taught us this new song to sing.  
3 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,  
If He never had loved us till chosen from our sin.  
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,  
If He never had loved us till chosen from our sin.  
5 Aloud in His praise our voices shall ring,  
So that others believing, His new song shall sing.

## 224

**O**H, mine of the purified, mine of the free,  
I praise in the crimson tide opened for me;  
O'er sin and unbeliefness eviling I stand,  
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

Chor.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,  
Sing of His mighty love,  
Sing of His mighty love,  
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh, mine of the purified, Jesus is mine,  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;  
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,  
Who lifteth upon me the light of His face.

- 3 Oh, bless of the purified! bless of the pure!  
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified! These will I sing,  
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;  
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout it to the stars,  
And triumph in death in thee "Mighty to save."

35

**G**RACE! 'Tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the voice shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

*Ans.*—Saved by grace alone,  
This is all my plea;  
Jesus died for all mankind,  
And Jesus died for me.

1 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

2 Grace taught my sowing feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And now supplies each hour I seek,  
While pressing on to God.

3 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the heavenly crown,  
And will descend on our praise.

36

**P**RECIPOUS promise God hath given  
To the weary passer by,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

*Ans.*—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye;"  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly,  
Let this promise ring within thee,  
— I will guide thee with mine eye."
- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished,  
In the grave of years gone by,  
Let this promise still be cherished,  
— I will guide thee with mine eye."
- 4 When the shades of life are falling,  
And the hour has come to die,  
Hear thy trusty Father calling,  
— I will guide thee with mine eye."

37

**D**OWN life's dark vale we wander,  
Till Jesus comes;  
We watch and wait and wonder,  
Till Jesus comes.

Com.—All joy His loved ones bring,  
When Jesus comes;  
All praise through heaven ringing,  
When Jesus comes.  
All beauty bright and true,  
When Jesus comes;  
All glory, grand, eternal,  
When Jesus comes.

- 2 Oh, let my lamp be burning  
When Jesus comes;  
Let His my soul be yearning,  
When Jesus comes.
- 3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,  
When Jesus comes;  
All peace and joy and gladness,  
When Jesus comes.
- 4 All doubts and fears will vanish,  
When Jesus comes,  
All gloom His face will banish,  
When Jesus comes.

Each tin of earth must sever,  
And pass away for ever;

But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

1 Oh, when shall I be dwelling

Where angel voices, swelling

In triumphant hallogallo, make the vaulted heavens ring?

Where the purely golden are gleaming,

And the Morning Star is beaming?

Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King?

2 Oh, when shall I be yonder?

The longing growth strongest

To join in all the praise the redeemed ones do sing

Within those heavenly places,

Where the angels veil their faces,

In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

3 Oh, I shall even be yonder,

And lonely as I wander,

Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's

free wing.

The midnight may be dreary,

And the hour be worn and weary,

But there's no more shadow yonder, in the presence of the

King.

## 41

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strand,

Where Africa's sunny lowlands

Hell down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,

From many a palace state,

They call us to deliver

Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spiny heavens

Flow soft o'er Cayton's lake,

Through every prospect pleasant

And only men to vie?

In vain, with harsh kindness,

The gates of God are thrown;

The heathen, in his blindness,

Hews down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
By wisdom from on high,  
Shall we be men benighted  
The light of life deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Wash, wash, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, tell,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our manifold nature,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

13

**A**ll the way my Saviour leads me;  
What have I to ask besides?  
Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
Who through life has been my guide?  
Heavenly peace, divinely comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell?  
For I know what's best for me,  
Jesus death all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Cheer's each winding path I tread;  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the living bread;  
Through my weary steps my Father,  
And my soul a-Christ may be,  
Cresting from the Rock before me,  
Let a spring of joy I see.

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;  
Oh, the fullness of His love!  
Perfect rest to me is promised  
In my Father's house above,  
When my spirit, clothed immortal,  
Wings its flight to realms of day,  
This is my song through endless ages—  
Jesus led me all the way.

43

**G**O bury thy sorrow,  
 The world hath its share;  
 Go bury it deeply,  
 Go hide it with care;  
 Go think of it calmly,  
 When darkness is night,  
 Go tell it to Jesus,  
 And all will be right.

2 Go tell it to Jesus,  
 He knoweth thy grief;  
 Go tell it to Jesus,  
 He'll send thee relief;  
 Go gather the machines  
 He sheds on the way;  
 He'll lighten thy burden,  
 Oo, woe-y one, pray.

2 Hours growing a weary  
 With heavier wear  
 Now sleep 'mid the darkness—  
 Go comfort them, go!  
 Go bury thy sorrow,  
 Let others be blest;  
 Go give them the machines,  
 Tell Jesus the rest.

44

**T**he hall of the feast was the stately and fair,  
 She heard in the city that Jesus was there;  
 Catching the splendor that shined on the board,  
 She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

2 The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all,  
 That one so unshod should tread in that hall;  
 And some said the poor would be objects more meet,  
 As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His feet.

2 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;  
 She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;  
 And the hot tears gush'd forth at each hour of her breath,  
 And her lips to His words were thoughtfully pressed.



4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—  
 In the glances of the seafarers, as melteth the snow,  
 He looked on that lost one; "how sinners were forgiven,"  
 And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

45

**B**RIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy  
 From His light-house evermore;  
 But to us He gives the keeping  
 Of the lights along the shore.

Chor.—Let the lower lights be burning!  
 Send a gleam across the wave!  
 Some poor fainting, struggling creature,  
 You may rescue, you may save.

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

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brethren;  
 Some poor sailor tempest-tost,  
 Trying now to make the harbor,  
 In the darkness may be lost.

46

**A**LTHOUGH time I wandered in darkness and sin,  
 And wondered if ever the light would shine in;  
 I heard Christian friends tell of rapture divine,  
 And wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Saviour were mine.

Chor.—I wish'd He were mine, yes, I wish'd He were mine;  
 I wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Saviour were mine.

2 I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men,"  
 I read "whosoever" again and again;  
 I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?"  
 And then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

Chor.—I hoped He was mine, yes, I hoped He was mine;  
 I then began hoping that Jesus was mine.

3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!  
 "Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be."

On His word I'm resting—surely divine—  
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine;

Ans.—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;  
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

47

**T**AKE the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it then where'er you go.

Ans.—O precious name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven. ||

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

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
How it sweetens our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus hearing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.

48

**O**H, to be nothing, nothing,  
Only to lie at His feet,  
A broken and emptied vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet,  
Emptied that He might fill me  
As forth to His service I go;  
Broken, that as unobscured,  
His life through me might flow.

Ans.—Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
Only to lie at His feet,  
A broken and emptied vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet.

- 2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
Only as led by His hand;  
A messenger of His gateway,  
Only waiting for His command;  
Only an instrument ready  
His praise to sound at His will,  
Willing, should He not require me,  
In silence to wait on Him still.
- 3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
Faintest the sounding may be,  
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me  
That the world might say fervent are,  
Rather be nothing, nothing,  
To Him let my voice be raised,  
He is the Fountain of blessing,  
He only is meet to be praised.

42

- F**ULLY persuaded, Lord, I believe!  
Fully persuaded, Thy Spirit give;  
I will obey Thy call;  
Low at Thy feet I fall;  
Now I surrender all;  
Christ to receive.
- 1 Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry!  
Fully persuaded—pass me not by;  
Just as I am I come,  
I will no longer roam,  
O make my heart Thy home;  
Here, or I die!
- 2 Fully persuaded, no more afraid,  
Fully persuaded, now I am made;  
Jesus is now my Guide,  
I will in Christ abide,  
My soul is satisfied  
In Him to rest!
- 3 Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;  
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!  
O make my love to Thee  
Like Thine own love to me,  
So rich, so full and free,  
—Glorious divine!

50

**O**NLY an arrow-leaver, proudly I stand,  
Waiting to follow at the King's command;  
Marching if "onward" shall the order be,  
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

**Chor.**—Hear ye the battle-cry! "Forward," the call!  
See! see the following ones! backward they fall,  
Nearly the Captain may depend on us,  
Though but an arrow-leaver I may be.

**1** Only an arrow-leaver, now in the field,  
Guarding a shining helmet, sword and shield,  
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,  
Ready then to answer, "Master, here am I!"

**2** Only an arrow-leaver, yet may I share  
Glorious moments, and a bright crown wear;  
If, in the battle, to my trust I'm true,  
Mine shall be the honours in the Great Review.

51

**L**IGHT in the darkness, sailor, thy is at hand!  
See o'er the foaming billows fair Heaven's hand,  
Clear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,  
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

**Chor.**—Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!  
Head out the rolling waves, but bend to the oar,  
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more!  
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

**1** Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,  
Brave the surging dash and borrow the gale,  
Head out the stormy winds, though loudly they roar,  
Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.

**2** Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye!  
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!  
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore,  
"Glory, glory, hallooah!" pull for the shore.

59

**O**NE offer of salvation,  
To all the world made known;  
The only sure foundation  
Is Christ the Corner-stone.

**Chor.**—No other name is given,  
No other way is known,  
Tis Jesus Christ the First and Last,  
He saves, and He alone.

**I** One only door of heaven  
Stands open wide to-day,  
One sacrifice is given,  
Tis Christ, the Living Way.

**I** My only song and story  
Is—Jesus died for me;  
My only hope of glory,  
The Cross of Calvary.

60

**I** LEFT it all with Jesus  
Long ago,  
All my sins I brought Him,  
And my woe,  
When by faith I saw Him  
On the tree,  
Heard His smile, still white-hot,  
"Tis for thee,"  
From my heart the burden  
Rolled away—Happy day!

**I** I leave it all with Jesus,  
For He knows  
How to shut the bitter  
From life's wrong,  
How to gild the tear-drop  
With His smile,  
Make the desert garden  
Sweeten with His  
When my weakness length  
On His night, All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus  
 Day by day;  
 Faith can truly trust Him  
 Come what may.  
 Hope has dropped her anchor,  
 Fixed her rest  
 In the calm, sure haven  
 Of His breast:  
 Love remains if heaven  
 To abide—At His side.

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,  
 Drooping soul!  
 Tell not half thy story,  
 But the whole.  
 Worlds on worlds are hanging  
 On His hand,  
 Life and death are waiting  
 His command;  
 Yet His tender bosom  
 Makes thee room—Oh, come home!

54

Oh, think of the home over there,  
 By the side of the river of light,  
 Where the saints, all immortal and blest,  
 Are robed in their garments of white.

Refr.—Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the home over there,  
 Over there, over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the home over there.

5 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
 Who follow us the journey here and  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
 In their homes in the palace of God.

Refr.—Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the friends over there, etc.

6 My Saviour is now over there,  
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
 Then away from my sorrow and care,  
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Refr.—Over there, over there,  
 My Saviour is now over there, etc.

I'll soon be at home over there,  
 For the end of my journey I see  
 Many dear to my heart, over there,  
 Are watching and waiting for me.

Bar.—Over there, over there,  
 I'll soon be at home over there, etc.

55

**O**h, come to the Father, believe in His name,  
 And ask Him your heart to redeem;  
 He waits to be gracious, O turn not away,  
 For now there is pardon for you.

Ans.—O Yes, there is pardon for you; if  
 For Jesus has died to redeem you,  
 And offers full pardon to you.

1 The way of transgression that leads unto death,  
 Oh, why will you longer pursue?  
 How can you reject the sweet message of love  
 That offers full pardon for you?

2 Be warned of your danger, escape to the cross;  
 Your only salvation is there;  
 Believe, and that moment the Spirit of grace  
 Will answer your penitential prayer.

56

**"G**o work in My vineyard," there's plenty to do,  
 The harvest is great and the laborers are few,  
 There's weeding and sowing, and clearing of rocks,  
 And ploughing, and reaping, and gathering the fruits,  
 There are houses to take, there are widows to comfort,  
 All eyes and hearts I can fully employ,  
 I've sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed,  
 The lost must be gathered, the weary must lead.

Ans.—Go work, go work, go work in My vineyard; there's  
 plenty to do;

Go work, go work. The harvest is great, and the  
 laborers are few.

1 — "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine,  
 With blood did I buy thee, and all that is thine;  
 Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,  
 Thy warmest affections, thy sweetest hours.

I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee,  
The song of acanthus—in song on the tree;  
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,  
I paid thy full ransom; My purchase I claim.

- 2 "Go work in My vineyard," oh, "work while 'tis day,"  
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;  
And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast,  
Then the time for our labor shall ever be past,  
Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,  
Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay;  
and would, thrice blessed the diligent few,  
Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

57

**D**EPTH of mercy I can there be  
More still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
No, the chief of sinners, spare!

1 I have long withstood His grace;  
Long provoked him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 Now, incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my faith reveal thy power,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

58

**M**Y heart, that was heavy and sad,  
Was made to rejoice and be glad,  
And peace without measure I had,  
When the Comforter came.

But—Peace, sweet peace,  
Peace when the Comforter came—  
My heart that was heavy and sad,  
Was made to rejoice and be glad,  
And peace without measure I had,  
When the Comforter came.

1 To sin and to evil inclined,  
With darkness pervading my mind,  
No rest I could anywhere find,  
Till the Comforter came.



2 The voice of thanksgiving I raised,  
The Lord, my Redeemer, I praised;  
I was at His merry board,  
When the Conductor came.

**C**OME, sing the gospel's joyful sound,  
Salvation full and free;  
Proclaim to all the world around,  
The year of jubilee!

Chor.—Salvation, Salvation,  
The grace of God doth bring;  
Salvation, Salvation,  
Through Christ our Lord and King.

2 To mourning souls, aloud rejoicing,  
To blind, your favour see!  
To prisoners, sing with thankful voices,  
The Lord hath made you free!

2 With rapture swell the song again,  
Of Jesus' dying love;  
The peace on earth, good will to men,  
And praise to God above.

**O**NWARD! upward! Christian soldier,  
Turn not back, nor slouch thy sword,  
Let the blade be sharp for conquest,  
In the battle for the Lord.  
From the great white throne eternal,  
God Himself is looking down;  
He it is who now commands thee,  
Take the cross and win the crown.

2 Onward! upward! going, daring  
All for Him who died for thee;  
Face the lion and meet with boldness  
Danger whatever it be,  
From the battlements of glory,  
Holy ones are looking down,  
They cannot almost bear them shouting:  
"Oh! let no one take thy crown."

2 Onward! till thy course is finished,  
Like the purchased ones before;

Keep the faith through persecution,  
 Never give the battle o'er,  
 Onward! onward! till victorious,  
 Then shalt thy armor slough,  
 And thy loving Saviour bids thee  
 At his hand receive thy crown.

41

**M**ORE love to Thee, O Christ!  
 More love to Thee,  
 Near Thee the prayer I make  
 On lonely knee,  
 This is my earnest plea,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

1 Once earthly joy I craved,  
 Sought peace and rest,  
 Now Thee alone I seek,  
 Give what is best,  
 This all my prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

2 Let sorrow do its work,  
 Sweet grief at pain,  
 Sweet are Thy messages,  
 Sweet their refrain,  
 When they can sing with me,—  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath,  
 Whisper Thy praise,  
 This be the parting cry  
 My heart shall raise,  
 This still the prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

42

**T**HINE, most gracious Lord,  
 O make me wholly Thine—  
 Thine in thought, in word, and deed,  
 For thee, O Christ, art mine.

- Ans.**—Wholly Thine, wholly Thine;  
Thou hast brought me, I am Thine;  
Shouldst have me, Thou art mine;  
Make me wholly Thine.
- 2 Wholly Thine, my Lord,  
To go where Thou dost will;  
Thine to yield my very soul  
In all things, great and small.
- 3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,  
In every passing hour;  
Thine in silence, Thine to speak,  
As Thou dost grant the power.
- 4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,  
To fashion as Thou wilt,—  
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul  
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.
- 5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,  
For ever one with Thee—  
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,  
Liking, woe, and free.

**A**ll my doubts I give to Jesus!  
I've His gracious promise heard—  
"I shall never be confounded!"—  
I am trusting in that word.

- Ans.**—? I am trusting, fully trusting,  
Sweetly trusting in His word. 2)
- 2 All my sin I lay on Jesus!  
He shall wash me in His blood;  
He will keep me pure and holy,  
He will bring me home to God.
- 3 All my fears I give to Jesus!  
Rest my weary soul on Him;  
Though my way be hid in darkness,  
Never can His light grow dim.
- 4 All my joys I give to Jesus!  
He is all I want of bliss;  
He of all the worlds is Master—  
He has all I need in this.

1 All I am I give to Jesus!  
 All my body, all my soul,  
 All I have, and all I hope for,  
 While eternal ages roll.

84

1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
 Till oceans shall wax and waste no more,  
 From north to south the nations meet,  
 To pay their homage at His feet;  
 While wondrous signs upon their Land,  
 And strange tribes attend His word.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praise crown His head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice,  
 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with grateful song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His Name.

85

1 **M**y song shall be of Jesus,  
 His mercy crown my days,  
 He fills my cup with blessings,  
 And turns my heart to praise;  
 My song shall be of Jesus,  
 The precious Lamb of God,  
 Who gave Himself my ransom,  
 And bought me with His blood.

2 My song shall be of Jesus,  
 When, sitting at His feet,  
 I call to mind His goodness,  
 In meditation sweet;  
 My song shall be of Jesus,  
 Whenever I battle,  
 I'll sing the grace that saves me,  
 And keep me at His side.

3 My song shall be of Jesus,  
 While pressing on my way

To reach the blissful region  
Of pure and perfect day,  
And when my soul shall enter  
The gate of Eden fair,  
A song of praise to Jesus  
I'll sing forever there.

44

**O**NLY a step to Jesus!  
Then why not take it now?  
Come, and thy sin confessing,  
To Him thy sacrifice bow.

**But**—Only a step, only a step;  
Come, He waits for thee;  
Come, and thy sin confessing,  
Thou shalt receive a blessing;  
Do not reject the mercy  
He freely offers thee.

**I** Only a step to Jesus!  
Believe, and thou shalt live;  
 Lovingly now He's waiting,  
 And ready to forgive.

**I** Only a step to Jesus!  
A step from sin to grace;  
 What hast thy heart decided?  
 The moment is thy space.

**I** Only a step to Jesus!  
 O why not come and say,  
 Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,  
 I give myself away.

45

**T**HE winds of time are sighing,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed for—  
The fair, sweet morn awakes,  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In the morning's land.

- I've wrestled on toward heaven,  
 Against storm and wind and tide,  
 Now, like a weary traveler  
 That leans on his guide,  
 Amid the shades of evening,  
 While rocks life's lingering sand,  
 I hast the glory deriving,  
 From Inmanuel's hand.
- I Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
 The hedge of thorns was sharp!  
 Now there lie all behind me—  
 O! for a well-earned heap!  
 O, to join the halliciah  
 With you triumphant band!  
 Who sing where glory dwelleth,  
 In Inmanuel's land.

68

**D**ARK is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,  
 Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar;  
 Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge?  
 Make me, my Father, till the storm is o'er,

One—With His loving hand to guide, let the clouds above  
 me roll,  
 And the billows in their fury dash around me,  
 I can leave the wildest storm, with His glory in my soul,  
 I can sing amidst the tempest—(Praise the Lord!)

I Dark is the night, but shining is the promise;  
 He will go with me o'er the troubled wave,  
 And He will lead me through the pathless waters,  
 Jesus, the Mighty One, and steering to save.

I Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,  
 Toward my look, unfold thy every veil,  
 Now at the helm I see my Father standing,  
 Soon will my anchor drop within the veil.

69

**I** O! the day of God is breaking;  
 See the gleaming frons afar!  
 None of earth from slumber waking,  
 Hail the Bright and Morning star.

- One.—Hear the call! O gird your armor on,  
 Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword;  
 Take the Helmet of salvation,  
 Pressing on to battle for the Lord!
- 2 Trust in Him who is your Captain;  
 Let no heart in terror quail;  
 Jesus leads the gathering legions,  
 In His name we shall prevail.
- 3 Onward marching, firm and steady,  
 Faint not, fear not Satan's hosts,  
 For the Lord is with you always,  
 Till you wear the victor's crown.
- 4 Conquering hosts with banners waving,  
 Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,  
 No'er shall halt till ev'le the nations,  
 "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

70

- I'VE found a joy in sorrow,  
 A sweet balm for pain,  
 A beautiful to-morrow  
 Of sunshine after rain;  
 I've found a branch of healing  
 Near every bitter spring,  
 A whispered promise stealing  
 O'er every broken string.
- I've found a glad horizon  
 For every weep and wail;  
 A handful of sweet music  
 When grapes of Sodom fail;  
 I've found a Book of Ages  
 When desert wells are dry,  
 And after weary stages,  
 I've found an Elim sigh.
- I've found an Elim with its coolness,  
 Its bosom's and its shade;  
 A blessing in its fulness,  
 When beds of promise fade,  
 O'er hours of self-contrition  
 I've seen a rainbow light,  
 A glory and fruition,  
 No more!—put out of sight.

1 My harvest. These promising,  
 I have the joy, the labour,  
 The heat and the the blessing,  
 The sunshine and the pruning,  
 The promise for the fearful,  
 The bliss for the faint,  
 The rainbow for the fearful,  
 The glory for the saint!

71

**I** LOVE to think of the heavenly land  
 Where white-robed angels are,  
 Where every a friend is gathered safe  
 From toil and toil and care.

Rep.—: There'll be no parting, if  
 There'll be no parting,  
 There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 Where my Redeemer reigns,  
 Where rapturous songs of triumph ring,  
 In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 The saints' eternal home,  
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns we've slain,  
 And all our joys are one.

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 The greetings there we'll meet,  
 The harp—the songs forever new—  
 The walks—the golden streets.

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
 That promised land so true,  
 Oh, how my expiring spirit longs,  
 To be forever there.

72

**"CALL** them in"—the poor, the wretched,  
 So-stained wanderers from the field;  
 Fences and parsons freely offer,  
 Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
 —"Call them in"—the weak, the weary,  
 Laden with the debts of sin;



Did these come and rest in Jesus,  
He is waiting—"Call them in."

- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;  
Did the stranger to the host;  
"Call them in"—the rich, the noble,  
From the highest to the least:  
Forth the Father came to meet them,  
He hath all their sorrows met,  
Kiss, and ring, and royal mantle,  
Wait the low ones—"Call them in."
- 3 "Call them in"—the merry professors,  
Flourishing, sleeping, on death's brink;  
Sought of life are they professors,  
Yet of safety vainly think;  
Bring them in—the careless professors,  
Pleasure seekers of the earth;  
Toll of God's most precious offers,  
And of Jesus' priceless worth.
- 4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,  
Covering 'neath the brand of shame;  
Speak Love's message low and tender,  
True for sinners Jesus came;  
See, the shadows lengthen, twilight on,  
Soon the day-dews will begin;  
Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
Christ is coming—"Call them in."

73

**I** BRING my sin to Thee,  
The sin I cannot count,  
That all may cleanse and be  
In Thy name spared from doom;  
I bring those sinners, all to Thee;  
The burden is too great for me.

**I** bring my grief to Thee,  
The grief I cannot tell;  
No words shall needed be,  
Thou knowest all as well;  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.

3 My joys to Thee I bring,  
The joys Thy love has given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven,  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
Who hast provided them all for me.

4 My life I bring to Thee,  
I would not be my own;  
O Saviour, let me be  
Thine ever, Thine alone,  
My heart, my life, my all I bring  
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

## 74

I HAVE heard of a Saviour's love,  
And a wonderful love it must be;  
But did He come down from above,  
Out of love and compassion for me, for me,  
Out of love and compassion for me?

Ans.—Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me,  
Yes, yes, yes, for me,  
Our Lord from above in His infinite love,  
On the cross died to save you and me.

2 I have heard how He suffered and died,  
How He languished and died on the tree;  
But there is it anywhere said,  
That He languished and suffered for me, for me,  
That He languished and suffered for me?

3 I've been told of a heaven on high,  
Which the children of Jesus shall see;  
But is there a place in the sky  
Made ready and furnished for me, for me,  
Made ready and furnished for me?

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,  
To whom shall I go but to Thee?  
And say by Thy Spirit divine,  
There's a Saviour and heaven for me, for me,  
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

75

At the feet of Jesus,  
 Listening to His words;  
 Learning wisdom's lessons  
 From her loving Lord;  
 Mary, led by heavenly grace,  
 Chose the meek Disciple's place.

Chor.—At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,  
 There a humble learner would I choose to be.

I At the feet of Jesus,  
 Floating perfume rose,  
 Mary did her feet kiss,  
 For the grave prepare;  
 And, from love the "good work" done,  
 She her Lord's approval won.

Chor.—At the feet of Jesus is the place for me,  
 There in sweetest service would I ever be.

I At the feet of Jesus,  
 In that morning hour,  
 Loving hearts receiving  
 Reconstruction power,  
 Hark with joy to preach the Word,  
 "Christ is risen, Praise the Lord!"

Chor.—At the feet of Jesus, then now for me,  
 I shall sing His praises through eternity.

76

O for the power that flows as a river,  
 Making life's desert-places bloom and smile;  
 Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heaven's bright forever,"  
 Amid the shadows of earth's "little while."

- I "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,  
 To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;  
 "A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,  
 Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
- II "A little while" the northern pitcher taking,  
 To wispie brooks, from far-off mountain fad,  
 Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking  
 Beside the fountains of the Fountain-head.

- 4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,  
 "A little while" kindle a flickering lamp to burn;  
 And then the Redeemer's coming footsteps hailing,  
 We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

77

**N**OW just a word for Jesus,  
 Your dearest Friend on earth,  
 Come, cheer our hearts and tell us  
 What He has done for you.

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

1 Now just a word for Jesus,  
 You find your sins forgiven,  
 And by His grace are striving  
 To reach a home in heaven.

2 Now just a word for Jesus,  
 A cross it cannot be  
 To say, "I love my Saviour  
 Who gave His life for me."

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

4 Now just a word for Jesus,  
 And if your faith be dim,  
 Arise in all your weakness,  
 And leave the rest to Him.

78

**W**ITHER marching on to Canaan with banner and song,  
 We're soldiers enlisted to fight against the wrong,  
 Not lost in the conflict our strength should divide,  
 We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side?

**Ans.**—*Ps.*, who is there among us, the true and the tried,  
 Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?

1 The sword may be harnessed, the armor be bright,  
 For Jesus appears as an angel of light,  
 Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide,  
 While the lips are confessing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

- 3 Who is there coming to get under the rock,  
 Who knows not the panting agony of God?  
 Oh, bring to Him frankly the heart in its pride;  
 Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side.
- 4 Oh, heed not the arrows, the pain and the wrong,  
 For soon shall our sighing be changed into song,  
 So, bearing the cross of our Covenant Guide,  
 We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side."

79

**L**ORD and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would He devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

Chs.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,  
 And ever faithful be;  
 And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,  
 O Lord, remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He gave himself 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 Maker died  
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 When Christ, the dear Redeemer,  
 Should to my heart in darkness come,  
 And still mine eyes should see.
- 5 That drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
 'Tis all that I can do.

80

**L**OOK away to Jesus,  
 Soul, by sin oppressed;  
 Turn to Him the sinner,  
 Come to Him and rest,  
 All thy trials He will bear,  
 All thy sins He bears;  
 Look away to Jesus;  
 Trust Him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus,  
 Soldier in the fight;  
 When the battle thickens  
 Keep thine armor bright;  
 Though thy foes be many,  
 Though thy strength be small,  
 Look away to Jesus;  
 He shall conquer all.

3 Look away to Jesus,  
 When the skies are fair;  
 Calm seas have their dangers;  
 Murders, beware!  
 Earthly joys are fleeting,  
 Going as they come,  
 Look away to Jesus;  
 Evermore the same.

4 Look away to Jesus,  
 'Mid the toil and heat;  
 Soon will come the reaping  
 At the Master's feet;  
 For the guests are hidden,  
 And the feast is spread;  
 Look away to Jesus,  
 In His festal tent.

5 When, amid the noise  
 Of the maddest hour,  
 Saints will sing His praise,  
 Thine shall not be lost;  
 Then, amid the glories  
 Of the crystal sea,  
 Look away to Jesus,  
 Through eternity.

**O**UR lamps are trimmed and burning,  
 Our robes are white and clean,  
 We've waited for the Bridegroom,  
 Oh, may we enter in!  
 We know we've nothing worthy  
 That we can call our own—  
 The light, the oil, the robes we want,  
 Are all from His alone.

Chor.—Behold the Bridegroom cometh!  
 And all may enter in,  
 Whose lamps are trimmed and burning,  
 Whose robes are white and clean.

2 Go forth, go forth to meet Him,  
 The way is open now,  
 All lighted with the glory  
 That's streaming from His brow.  
 Above the invitation  
 Beyond deserving thank;  
 Make no delay, but take your lamps,  
 And joy eternal bring.

3 We see the marriage splendor  
 Within the open door,  
 We know that those who enter  
 Are blest for evermore,  
 We see He is more lovely  
 Than all the sons of men,  
 But still we know the door once shut,  
 Will never open again.

82

I LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly white;  
 I want Thee forever, to live in my soul;  
 Break down every idol, cast out every sin;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chor.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the sky,  
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice;  
 I give up myself, and whatever I know—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;  
 I wait, O Lord, at Thy crucified feet,  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou must I patiently wait;  
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;  
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never wilt set Thy face  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

53

**F**RESH from the throne of glory,  
 Bright in its crystal gleam,  
 Seeths out the living fountain,  
 Swells on the living stream;  
 Blessed River, let me ever  
 Fix my eyes on thee.

**I** Stream full of life and gladness,  
 Spring of all health and peace,  
 No harp by thee long silent,  
 Nor happy voices cease;  
 Trysted River, let me ever  
 Sit and sing by thee.

**I** River of God, I greet thee,  
 Not now afar, but near;  
 My soul to thy still waters  
 Flashes in its throbbing heart;  
 Holy River, let me ever  
 Drink of only thee.

54

**I**N His Book abiding,  
 My soul has triumphed strong  
 In His pavilion lodging,  
 I praise the King of kings.

**Chorus.**—My High Tower is He!  
 To Him I will bow;  
 In Him I will abide, in Him abide;  
 My High Tower is He!

**I** Wild waters are round me swelling,  
 Dark clouds above I see;  
 Yet, in my Fortress dwelling,  
 How safe I cannot be.

**I** My Tower of strength can never  
 In time of trouble fall;  
 No power of hell, however,  
 Against it shall prevail.

**I** STOWED outside the gate,  
 A poor, wayfaring child;  
 Within my heart there beat  
 A trumpet loud and wild.



A fear oppressed my soul,  
That I might be the last;  
And oh, I trembled more,  
And prayed outside the gate.

2 Oh, "Mercy!" loud I cried,  
"Now give me rest from sin!"  
"I will," a voice replied,  
And Mercy let me in;  
She bound my bleeding wounds,  
And soothed my heart oppress,  
She washed away my guilt  
And gave me peace and rest.

3 In Mercy's grace I know  
The Saviour long ahead,  
Who often sought my heart,  
And wept when I refused;  
Oh! what a bliss return  
For all my years of sin!  
I stood outside the gate,  
And Jesus let me in.

563

**L**ET us gather up the sheaves,  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us reap the wheat and corn,  
Gleaning out the thorns and chaff,  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day,  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from the way.

Chor. — [They scatter seeds of kindness,  
They scatter seeds of kindness,  
For our reaping by and by.

2 Strange we never prize the rose  
Till the sweet-rose's leaf is flown;  
Strange that we should slight the violet  
Till the lowly flowers are gone!  
Strange that summer skies and sunbeams  
Never warm our hearts so long,  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake the white down in the air.

- 2 If we knew the baby fingers,  
 Pressed against the window pane,  
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
 Never trouble us again—  
 Would the bright eyes of our darling  
 Catch the dawn upon our brow?—  
 Would the prints of tiny fingers  
 Vanish from us they do now!
- 4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,  
 How they point our memories back  
 To the baby words and actions  
 Thrown along our backward track!  
 How those little hands remained us,  
 As it starry gossamer they lie,  
 Not to scatter thence—but risen—  
 For our weeping by and by.

HT

**O**WARD, Christian soldiers  
 Marching on to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before,  
 Christ the Royal Master  
 Leads against the foe,  
 Forward into battle,  
 See His banners go.

One.—Oward, Christian soldiers  
 Marching on to war,  
 With the Cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.

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

3 Though each and throne may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane;  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain;

Gates of hell can never  
 Thwart that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise—  
 And that cannot fail.

- 4 Onward, then, ye faithful,  
 Join the happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph song,  
 Glory, honor, and honor,  
 Unto Christ the King,  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and angels sing.

58

**O**H, spirit, overwhelmed by thy failures and fears,  
 Look up to thy Lord, though with trembling and tears.

Weak Faith, to thy call soon the heavens only shrill?  
 To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."

Ans.—[ Hold fast till I come; ]  
 A bright crown awaits thee;  
 Hold fast till I come.

- 1 Hold fast when the world would allure thee to sin;  
 Hold fast when the tempter would lure thee within;  
 In weakness or sadness, in pain or in loss,  
 To falter were madness; Oh, cling to the Cross.
- 2 Thy Saviour is coming in tenderest love,  
 To make up His jewels and bear thee above;  
 Oh, child, in thine anguish, despairing or dumb,  
 Remember the message, "Hold fast till I come."

59

**T**ENDERLY the Shepherd,  
 O'er the mountains wild,  
 Came to bring His lost one  
 Back into the fold.

Ans.—[ Seeking to save, seeking to save,  
 Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save. ]

- 1 Patiently the owner  
 Seeks with earnest care,  
 In the dust and darkness  
 Her forsaken care.

1 Lovingly the Father  
 Sends the news around:  
 "He once dead now liveth—  
 Once lost is found."

20

**H**ALLELUJAH, He is risen!  
 Jesus is gone up on high!  
 Past the bars of death ascendeth,  
 Angels shout and men reply:  
 He is risen, He is risen,  
 Living now, no more to die.

2 Hallelujah, He is risen!  
 Our exalted Head to be,  
 Sends the witness of the spirit  
 That our advocates in He.  
 He is risen, He is risen,  
 Justified in Him are we.

3 Hallelujah, He is risen!  
 Death for you hath lost his sting,  
 Christ, Himself the Resurrection,  
 From the grave His own will bring!  
 He is risen, He is risen,  
 Living Lord and coming King.

21

**O** CROWN of rejoicing that's waiting for me,  
 When finished my course, and when Jesus I see,  
 And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding  
 word:

"Receive, faithful servant, the joy of thy Lord."

Chor.—O Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful song,  
 O joy everlasting, O glorious throng,  
 O beautiful home, my home can it be?  
 O glory reserved for me!

1 O wonderful song that in glory I'll sing,  
 To Him who redeemed me to Jesus my King,  
 All glory and honor to Him shall be given,  
 And praise unceasing forever in heaven.

2 O joy everlasting what heaven is won,  
 Forever in glory to shine as the sun.

No sorrow nor sighing—Gloom all has away,  
No night there, no shadows—'Tis one endless day.

- 4 O wonderful name which the glorified bear,  
The new name which Jesus bestows on us here;  
To him that's merciful 'twill only be given,  
Best sign of approval, our welcome to heaven.

92

**W**HILE I live are strong and danger near,  
A voice falls gently on my ear,  
My Saviour speaks, He says to me,  
That as my days my strength shall be.

Can.—He wold a Tower to which I flee,  
For as my days my strength shall be.

- 1 With such a promise wold I fear,  
For all that now I hold most dear?  
No, I will never anxious be,  
For as my days my strength shall be.
- 2 And when at last I'm called to die,  
Still on Thy promise I'll rely;  
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,  
That as my days my strength shall be.

93

**I**N the silent midnight watches,  
List—the woman's knock!  
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,  
Knocketh ever more!  
Say 'twas the jailer's beating  
'Tis the heart of sin;  
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
'"Hear, and let us in!"

- 2 Death comes down, with reckless footsteps,  
To the hall and hut;  
Think you death will tarry knocking,  
When the door is shut?  
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,  
But the door is fast;  
Graved, away thy Saviour goeth,  
Death breaks in at last.

- 2 Then let's haste to stand entreating  
Christ to let them in;  
At the gate of heaven beating,  
Waiting for thy sin!  
Nay! alas, those guilty creatures!  
Hast thou, then, forgot?  
Jesus would long to know thee,  
Now He knows thee not!

114

- W**E shall sleep, but not forever,  
There will be a glorious dawn!  
We shall meet to part, ah, never,  
On the resurrection morn!  
From the deepest caves of death,  
From the desert and the plain,  
From the valley and the mountain,  
Countless throngs shall rise again.  
Chorus.—We shall sleep, but not forever,  
There will be a glorious dawn!  
We shall meet to part, ah, never,  
On the resurrection morn!

- 2 When we see a precious blossom,  
That we tended with such care,  
Rudely taken from our bosom,  
How our aching hearts despair!  
Round its little grave we linger,  
Till the setting sun is low,  
Feeling all our hopes have perished  
With the flower we cherished so.

- 1 We shall sleep, but not for ever,  
In the lone and silent grave;  
Shouldst be the Lord that taketh,  
Shouldst be the Lord that giveth,  
In the bright, eternal day  
Death can never, never cease;  
In His own good time He'll call us  
From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.

115

- W**ATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning  
Of fair dawn's glory dawn,  
Have the signs that mark the morning,  
Yet upon my pathway dawn?

- Pilgrims, ye, arise, both round thee,  
Light is breaking in the skies;  
Spurn the shackles that bound thee,  
Moving down, arise, arise!
- 1 See the glorious light ascending  
Of the great Sabbath year,  
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming  
The Messiah's kingdom near;  
Watchmen, ye; I see just now,  
Canaan's glorious heights arise;  
Behold, ye, appear in grandeur,  
Towering north her radiant skies.
- 2 Pilgrims, in that golden city,  
Seated in the jasper throne,  
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;  
There, on verdant hills and mountains,  
Where the golden cedars play,  
Furling streams, and crystal fountains,  
Sparkle in th' eternal day.
- 3 Pilgrims, see! the light is breaking  
Brighter still upon thy way;  
Signs through all the earth are gleaming  
Omens of the coming day,  
When the last loud trumpet sounding,  
Shall awake from earth to sea,  
All the saints of God now sleeping,  
Clad in immortality.

**G**IVE us the wings of faith to rise,  
Within the veil, and see  
The spirits above, how glad their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

- Chorus.—Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,  
Happy on the golden strand,  
Many are the voices calling us away,  
To join their glorious band,  
Calling us away, Calling us away,  
Calling to the better land.
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears;  
They washed here! as we do now,  
With sin, and doubt, and fears.

I asked them whence their victory came,  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

**M**y heart now is sinking fast,  
My eye is nearly dim;  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun.

*Ans.*—O come, angel band,  
Come and around me stand,  
O bear me away on your snowy wings  
To my immortal home.

I know I'm meeting the holy ranks  
Of friends and kindred dear,  
For I break the dew on Jordan's banks,  
The crossing must be near.

I've almost gained my heavenly home;  
My spirit loudly sings;  
The holy ones, behold, they come,  
I hear the noise of wings.

O, bear my longing heart to Him  
Who bled and died for me;  
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
And gives me victory.

86

**T**HOU didst hate Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown,  
When Thou camest to earth for me;  
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room  
For Thy nativity.

*Ans.*—Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come!  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

I Herod's arches rang when the angels sang,  
Of Thy birth and Thy royal degree;  
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
And in greatest humility.



- 3 **Peace found their rest, and the birds had their nests,**  
 In the shade of the cedar tree;  
 But Thy wrath was the end, O Thou Son of God,  
 In the deserts of Galilee.
- 4 **Thou camest, O Lord, with Thy living word,**  
 That should set Thy people free;  
 But with weeping and woe, and with cries of them,  
 Did they hear Thee to Calvary.
- 5 **Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,**  
 As Thy coming to victory,  
 They will call me home, saying "yet there is room,"  
 There is room at My side for thee.

99

"**H**OME at last "on heavenly mountains,  
 Heard the "Come and enter in,"  
 Saved by life's fair flowing fountain,  
 Saved from earthly toil and sin.

Has—"Home, sweet home," our home forever  
 All the pilgrim-journey past;  
 Welcomed home to wander never,  
 Saved through Jesus—"Home is best."

- 2 **Free at last from all temptation,**  
 No more need of watchful care;  
 Joyful in complete salvation,  
 Given the victor's crown to wear.
- 3 **Saved to greet on hills of glory**  
 Loved ones we have missed so long;  
 Saved to tell the sinner's story,  
 Saved to sing redemption's song.
- 4 **Welcomed at the pearly portal,**  
 Ever more a welcome guest;  
 Welcomed to the life immortal,  
 In the mansion of the blest.

100

"**T**HREE mistakes of my life have been many,  
 The size of my heart have been more,  
 And I woe can see for weeping,  
 But I'll knock at the open door.

- Can.—I know I am weak and sinful,  
 It seems to me more and more;  
 But when the door merciful shall bid me come in,  
 I'll enter the open door.
- 2 I am lowest of those who love Him,  
 I am weakest of those who grieve;  
 But I come as He has bidden,  
 And He will not say me nay.
- 3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,  
 My sins He will wash away,  
 And the feet that shrink and falter  
 Shall walk through the gates of day.
- 4 The mistakes of my life have been many,  
 And my spirit is sick with sin,  
 And I scarce can see for weeping,  
 But the merciful will let me in.

COME, for the feast is spread;  
 Hark to the call!  
 Come to the Living Bread,  
 Broken for all;  
 Come to His house of wine,  
 Lay on His bread of life,  
 All that He hath to share;  
 Come, ah, come.

2 Come where the fountain flows—  
 River of life—  
 Healing for all thy woes,  
 Doubting and strife;  
 Millions have been supplied,  
 No one was ever denied;  
 Come to the crimson tide,  
 Come, ah, come.

3 Come to the stream of grace,  
 Boldly draw near;  
 He who would win the race  
 Must tarry here;  
 Whatever thy wound may be,  
 Here is the grace for thee.

Jesus thy only plan,  
Come, Christian, come.

4 Come to the Desert Land,  
Pilgrim, make haste!  
Earth is a foreign strand—  
Wilderness, waste!  
Here are the herds of gold,  
Here are the joys unshod!  
Crown us for the young and old!  
Come, pilgrim, come.

5 Jesus, we come to Thee,  
Oh, take us in!  
But Thee our spirits love;  
Cleanse us from sin!  
Thou, in your land of light,  
Clothed in our robes of white,  
Looking not day nor night,  
There will we sing.

1062

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm never home to-day, to-day,  
Than I have been before.

One.—1. Nearer my home, if  
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,  
Than I have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's home,  
Where many mansions lay;  
Nearer the great white throne to-day,  
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the land of life,  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to save the cross to-day,  
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink;  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Perhaps, than now I think.

## 103

**L**IFT up, lift up thy voice with singing,  
 Lift up, lift up thy voice!  
 The kingdoms of the earth are bringing  
 Their treasures to thy gates—rejoice!

*Chorus*—Arise and shine in youth immortal,  
 Thy light is come, thy King appeared!  
 Beyond the Century's swinging portal,  
 Breaks a new dawn—the thousand years!

2 And shall His flock with strife be riven?  
 Shall anxious lines His church divide,  
 When He, the Lord of earth and heaven,  
 Stands at the door to claim His bride?

3 Lift up thy gates! bring forth oblation!  
 One crowned with crowns, a message bring,  
 His word, a sword to smite the nation;  
 His name—the Christ, the King of kings.

4 He cannot let all the earth adore Him;  
 The path His human nature trod  
 Spreads to a royal realm before Him,  
 The Lament of Life, the Woe or Sorrow

## 104

**I** HAVE entered the valley of blessing,  
 And Jesus abides with me there;  
 And His spirit and blood make my cleansing complete  
 And His perfect love casts out fear.

*Chorus*—Oh, come to this valley of blessing,  
 Where Jesus will fellowship  
 And believe, and receive, and confess Him,  
 That all His salvation may know.

1 There is peace in the valley of blessing,  
 And plenty the land both impart,  
 And there's rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,  
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.

2 There is love in the valley of blessing,  
 Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,  
 When Heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,  
 And Christ sees His covenant seal.

- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing,  
That angels would fain join the strain,  
As with rapturous strains we hear at His feet,  
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

105

- I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the streamside are ever flowing.
- Ans.—I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;  
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
- 1 Of that city, to which I journey;  
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
- 2 There the weavers are ever chining,  
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;  
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
I long have wandered barren and weary.

106

- O H, what are you going to do, brother?  
Say, what are you going to do?  
You have thought of some useful labor,  
But what is the end in view?  
You are fresh from the home of your childhood,  
And just in the bloom of youth;  
Have you tasted the sparkling water  
That flows from the fount of truth?
- Ans.—In your heart is the Saviour's keeping?  
Remember He died for you!  
Then what are you going to do, brother?  
Say, what are you going to do?
- 1 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?  
The morning of youth is past;  
The vigor and strength of manhood,  
My brother, are years of loss;  
You are rising in worldly prospects,  
And prospered in worldly things,  
A duty to those less favored,  
The souls of your fortunate things.

- Ans.**—*Do you prove that your heart is grateful—  
The Lord has a work for you!  
Then, what are you going to do, brother?  
Say, what are you going to do?*
- 3 Oh,** *what are you going to do, brother?  
Your eyes, of the Lord, is high;  
It shines in northern splendor,  
And rides through a shadowless sky;  
You are holding a high position,  
Of honor, and trust, and glory,—  
Are you willing to give the glory  
And praise to your Father's Name?*
- Ans.**—*The regions that sit in darkness  
Are stretching their hands to you!  
Then, what are you going to do, brother?  
Say, what are you going to do?*
- 4 Oh,** *what are you going to do, brother?  
The twilight approaches now,—  
Already your locks are silvered,  
And winter is on your brow;  
Your talents, your time, and your riches,  
To Jesus, your Master, give;  
Then ask if the world around you  
Is better because you live.*
- Ans.**—*You are wearing the belt of Jordan,  
But still there is work for you!  
Then, what are you going to do, brother?  
Say, what are you going to do?*

**A**RE thou weary, art thou languid?  
 Art thou sore distressed?  
 "Come to me," saith One, and resting,  
 "Be at rest."

- 2** Hath He marks to lead me to Him  
 Of the lot my guide?  
 — In His feet and hands are wound-paints,  
 And His side."
- 3** Is there darkness no research,  
 That His brow adorns?

- Yes, a crown is very costly,  
But of *thorns!*"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What my future here?"  
- Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."
- 4 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?"  
- *Heaven conquered, labor ended,  
Jordan past."*
- 4 If I ask Him to receive me,  
"Will He say no nay?"  
- *Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away."* Amen.

108

SHALL we meet beyond the river,  
Where the angels come to roll?  
Where in all the bright forever  
Sorrow ne'er shall pass the soul?

- Ques.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,  
Shall we meet beyond the river,  
Where the angels come to roll?
- 1 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,  
When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
Shall we meet and rest the anchor  
By the fair, celestial shore?
- 2 Shall we meet in golden city,  
Where the towers of crystal stand?  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship divine?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,  
When He comes to claim His own?  
Shall we know His blessed name,  
And all down upon His throne?

109

ALL glory to Jesus be given,  
That life and salvation are free,  
And all may be washed and forgiven,  
And Jesus our name ever be.

- Chs.—*You, Jesus, in mighty love,  
 And all His salvation may know,  
 On His bosom I lean,  
 And His blood makes me clean,  
 For His blood can wash whiter than snow.*
- 1 *From darkness and sin and despair,  
 Out into the light of His love,  
 He has brought me and made me an heir,  
 To kingdom and mansion above.*
- 2 *Oh, the rapturous heights of His love,  
 The measureless depths of His grace,  
 My soul all His fullness would prove,  
 And live in His loving embrace.*
- 3 *In Him all my wants are supplied,  
 His love makes my heaven below,  
 And freely His blood is applied,  
 His blood that makes whiter than snow.*

## 110

**T**HIS IS a land that is fairer than day,  
 And by faith we can see it afar,  
 For the Father waits over the way,  
 To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

- Chs.—*¶ In the sweet by-and-by,  
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore. ¶*
- 1 *We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
 The jubilation songs of the blest,  
 And our spirits shall never be weary,  
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.*
- 2 *To our beautiful Father above,  
 We will offer our tribute of praise,  
 For the glorious gift of His love,  
 And the blessings that hallow our days.*

## 111

**O**h, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?  
 When God in great mercy is coming to nigh?  
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,  
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home."



- 2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,  
Your hours may grow better, your chains melt away;  
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are,  
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.
- 3 The comfort in heart He will freely receive,  
O'er why will you not the glad message believe?  
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?  
'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

112

**M**UST Jesus hear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there's a cross for every man,  
And there's a cross for me.

- 1 The crucified cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.
- 2 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pleur'd feet,  
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.
- 3 O glorious cross! O glorious cross!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

113

**T**HROUGH the valley of the shadow I must go,  
What? the wild waves of Jordan roll,  
But the promise of my Shepherd will I know,  
Be the rod and the staff to my soul,  
Even now down the valley as I glide,  
I can hear my Shepherd say, — "Follow me!"  
And with Him I'm not afraid to cross the tide,  
There's a light in the valley for me.

- (Ch.) — 1 There's a light in the valley, 2  
There's a light in the valley for me,  
And we'll walk with I Jesus,  
While my Shepherd is so near,  
There's a light in the valley for me.

I Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,  
 As they beat on the surf-beaked shore,  
 But the beamen light of love so bright and clear,  
 O'ercome my fear, still and lone safely woe,  
 I shall lead down the valley no more,  
 For my Saviour's blood shall make I can see,  
 He will lead me in His loving, mighty arm,  
 There's a light in the valley for me.

## 114

**T**his a goodly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey  
 through,  
 And our Father's constant blessings fall around us like  
 the dew;  
 But its exultation and its beauty to our hearts no joy can  
 bring,  
 Like the splendours that await us in the palace of the King.  
 In this goodly pleasant land only strangers born are we,  
 For we seek a better country, and 'tis there we long  
 to be;  
 Yes, we long to swell the anthem that our evermore shall  
 ring,  
 From the pure in heart made perfect, in the palace of the  
 King.

**Ans.**—O the palace of the King, royal palace of the King;  
 Where our Father in His mercy all the ransomed ones  
 will bring;  
 Where our sorrows and our trials like a dream will  
 pass away,  
 And our souls shall dwell forever in the realm of  
 endless day.

**I** Our Redeemer is the King, what a sacrifice He made,  
 When He purchased our redemption, and His blood the  
 ransom paid;  
 In His cross shall be our glory, to that blessed cross we'll  
 cling,  
 Till we reach the gates that open to the palace of the  
 King.  
 We shall see Him, eye and eye, hallelujah to His name!  
 Through the blood of His atonement, life eternal we may  
 claim.

We shall meet our crowns before Him and our songs of victory sing.

When we enter in triumph to the palace of the King.

## 115

**T**HEY dreamed not of danger, those sinners of old,  
Whom Noah was chosen to warn;  
By frequent transgressions their hearts had grown cold,  
They laughed his entreaties to scorn;  
Yet daily he called them, "Oh, come, sinners, come,  
Believe and prepare to embark!  
Receive ye the message, and know there is room  
For all who will come to the Ark."

Ans.—Then come, come, oh, come!  
There's refuge alone in the Ark,  
Receive ye the message, and know there is room  
For all who will come to the Ark.

2 He would not answer them, unheeding they stood,  
Unmoved by His warning and prayer;  
The prophet passed in from the opening flood,  
And left them to hopeless despair;  
The flood-gates were opened, the deluge came on,  
The heavens as midnight grew dark,  
Too late, then, they turned, every foot-hold was gone,  
They perished in sight of the Ark.

3 O sinners, the bundles of money exploit,  
They are like a patriarch, "Come!"  
The Ark of salvation is opened to your shore,  
Oh, enter while yet there is room!  
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,  
And when by the fury you're tossed,  
Alas, of your perishing woe! Yell be said,  
"They heard—they refused—and perished!"

## 116

**W**HEN my final farewell to the world I have said,  
And gladly lie down to my rest;  
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"  
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast,

And when, with my glorified vision at last  
The walls of "That City" I see,  
Will any one there at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me?

Ans.—} Be waiting and watching,  
Be waiting and watching for me. }

2 There are little ones glancing about in my path,  
In want of a friend and a guide;  
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,  
Whose tears might be easily dried,  
But Jesus may beckon the children away  
In the midst of their grief and their gloom—  
Will any of these, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me?

3 There are old and forsaken who linger awhile  
In houses which their dearest have left;  
And a few gentle words of an action of love  
May cheer their sad spirits here,  
But the Reaper is near to the long standing corn,  
The weary will never be set free—  
Will any of these, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me?

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the beautiful grass  
Of Him who delights to forgive,  
Though I miss not the weary about in my path,  
Pray only for well while I live,—  
Mistake I should never e'er my sinful neglect,  
If sorrow in heaven can be,  
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me!

O! WHAT shall I do to be saved  
From the sorrow that burden my soul?  
Like the waves in the storm  
When the winds are at war,  
Chilling frosts of distress e'er me roll,  
What shall I do? what shall I do?  
O! what shall I do to be saved?

- 1 O! what shall I do to be saved,  
When the pleasures of youth are all fled?  
And the friends I have loved,  
From the earth are removed  
And I weep at the graves of the dead?  
What shall I do? what shall I do?  
O! what shall I do to be saved?
- 2 O! what shall I do to be saved,  
When sickness my strength shall withdraw?  
On the world in a day,  
Like a cloud roll away,  
And eternity opens to view?  
What shall I do? what shall I do?  
O! what shall I do to be saved?
- 4 O! Lord look in mercy on me,  
Come, O come and speak peace to my soul!  
Unto whom shall I flee,  
O'ercast Lord, but to Thee,  
Thou canst make my poor, broken heart whole,  
That will I do! that will I do!  
To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

## 118

**H**OLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

- 1 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
Censing Thine odoriferous throne around the glory seat;  
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thine art Holy, there is none beside Thee,  
Farthest in power, in love and purity.
- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky,  
and sea;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

## 119

**W**HEN the storms of life are raging,  
 Tempests wild on sea and land,  
 I will seek a place of refuge  
 In the shadow of God's hand.

Chorus.—He will hide me, He will hide me,  
 Where no harm can e'er befall me;  
 He will hide me, and by His hand  
 In the shadow of His hand.

2 Though He may send some affliction,  
 'Twill but make me long for home;  
 For in love and not in anger,  
 All His chastenings will come.

3 Envy may strive to injure,  
 Satan all his arts employ;  
 He will turn what seems to harm me  
 Into overhaunting joy.

4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,  
 Meeting storms and billows wild,  
 Jesus, for my soul is caring,  
 Naught can harm His Father's child.

## 120

**T**HINE, Jesus, Thine,  
 No more this heart of mine  
 Shall seek the joy apart from Thine;  
 The world is credited to me,  
 And I am Thine.

2 Thine, Thine alone,  
 My joy, my love, my crown;  
 Now earthly things may fade and die,  
 They cheer my soul no more, for I  
 Am Thine alone.

3 Thine, ever Thine,  
 Forever in my soul,  
 Oh love eternal, true and pure,  
 Yes, I am Thine for evermore,  
 Lord, Jesus, Thine.

4 Thine, Jesus, Thine,  
 Such is Thy grace to shine

When from the glory Thou shalt come,  
And with Thy saints shall take us home,  
Lord, Jesus, come.

131

**L**ONG in darkness we have waited,  
For the dawning of the Light;  
Now have left the things we hated,  
And we still in deepest night.

*Chor.*—Blessed Jesus, loving Saviour,  
Teacher, faithful, strong and true,  
Break the fetters that have bound us,  
Make us in Thy will new.

1 Now, at last, the Light appeareth,  
Jesus stands upon the shore;  
And, with tender voice, He calleth,  
"Come to me and sin no more!"

2 Nothing have we, but our weakness,  
Naught but sorrow, sin and care;  
All within, in loneliness and gloom,  
All without, in dark despair.

3 All our talents we have wasted,  
All Thy laws have disobeyed;  
But Thy goodness now we've tasted,  
In Thy robes we stand arrayed.

4 Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us,  
Guide us by Thy grace divine;  
Let the Holy Spirit lead us,  
That our light may ever shine.

*Chor.*—Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,  
Give us of Thy grace to-day;  
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,  
Send us, now, Thy power and joy.

132

**J**ESUS, gracious One, calleth now to thee,  
"Come, O sinner, come!"  
Call us tenderly, call us lovingly,  
"Come, O sinner, come."  
Words of power and blessing,  
Christ's own love confessing.

- BAR.**—Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,  
Full, full of love,  
Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,  
"Come, O sinner, come."
- I SILL** He waits for thee, pleading patiently,  
"Come, O come to Me!"  
"Heavy laden are, I thy grief have borne,  
Come and rest in Me,  
Weeds with love a'flowing,  
Lily and lily hastening;
- I WREAY**, sin-sick soul, called so graciously,  
Canst thou dare refuse?  
Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,  
Wilt thou still abuse?  
Come, for time is flying,  
Haste, thy lamp is dying!

1331

**W**HEN I journeyed many a day  
Upon an ocean wide,  
Aboard the mast and spray  
Of many a surging tide;  
Hark, lo! the land is near!  
Far just beyond the foam  
I see it bright and clear,  
The light of home, sweet home.

- BAR.**—There's a light upon the shore, brother,  
It shines from the strand;  
The night is almost o'er, brother,  
The haven's just at hand.
- I** We've had our storms of doubt,  
Our waves of bitter tears,  
Our lightnings fierce without,  
Within our anxious fears;  
Hark, lo! the storms are past,  
They cannot reach us now;  
We've sighted land at last,  
The blessed shoreless shore.
- I** O land of calmest rest,  
Where canst thou ever be,  
Where canst thou ever be,  
Where canst thou ever be!



O heaven of the Most,  
 With bliss and glory crown'd!  
 No more the storm, the dark,  
 The breakers and the foam,  
 No more the wall, the lock!  
 We hear the songs of home.

124

**T**AKE my life and let it be  
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
 Take my hands and let them move  
 At the impulse of Thy love.

Chorus.—All to Thee, all to Thee,  
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

- 2 Take my feet and let them be  
 swift and beautiful for Thee;  
 Take my voice and let me sing  
 Always—only—for my King.
- 2 Take my lips and let them be  
 Filled with messages from Thee;  
 Take my silver and my gold,  
 Not a word would I withhold.
- 4 Take my moments and my days,  
 Let them flow in rillings praise;  
 Take my intellect and use  
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 2 Take my will and make it Thine,  
 It shall be no longer mine;  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
 It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 4 Take my love, my God, I pour  
 At Thy feet the treasure store;  
 Take myself, and I will be  
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

125

**T**HOU Gospel bells are ringing,  
 Over land, from east to west,  
 Hallowed news of God salvation  
 Do they call you and me.

" For God so loved the world,  
That His only Son He gave,  
Whosoever believeth in Him  
Everlasting life shall have."

**Chor.**—Gospel bells, how they ring;  
Over land from sea to sea;  
Gospel bells freely bring  
Blessed news to you and me.

1 The Gospel bells invite us  
To a feast prepared for all;  
Do not slight the invitation,  
Nor reject the gracious call.  
" I am the bread of life;  
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul,  
Though your sin be red as crimson,  
They shall be as white as wool."

2 The Gospel bells give warning,  
As they sound from day to day,  
Of the fate which doth await them  
Who however will delay.  
" Escape ye, for thy life,  
Tarry not in all the plain,  
Nor behold thou look, oh, servant,  
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

3 The Gospel bells are joyful,  
As they echo far and wide,  
Dearing voices of perfect pardon,  
Through a Saviour crucified.  
" Glad tidings of great joy  
To all people do I bring,  
Unto you is born a Saviour,  
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

126

**J**OY to the world! the Lord is come,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the  
Prince of Peace.  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of  
Peace.

1 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace.

O praise Him, fountains, rocks, hills and plains,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace.

2 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace.

And saves us by His righteousness,  
The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace.

127

**A** HILLER came unto Jesus by night,  
To ask Him the way of salvation and light;  
The Master made answer in words true and plain,  
"Ye must be born again."

Chor.—[1<sup>st</sup> Ye must be born again.]  
I verily, verily say unto thee,  
Ye must be born again."

1 To children of men, attend to the word  
So solemnly uttered by Jesus, the Lord,  
And let not this message to you be in vain,  
"Ye must be born again."

2 O ye who would enter that glorious rest,  
And sing with the raptured the song of the blest,  
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,  
"Ye must be born again."

3 A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see,  
At the beautiful gate may be watching for thee;  
That list to the note of thy welcome refrain,  
"Ye must be born again."

128

*Psalm.*

**C**UT it down, cut it down,  
Spare not the fruitful tree;  
It spreads a harmful shade around,  
It spoils what else were useful ground,  
No fruit for years on it I've found,  
Cut it down! cut it down!

- Mercy.** 3 One year more, one year more,  
Oh, spare the fruitless tree!  
Behold its branches broad and green,  
Its spreading leaves have hopeful bloom,  
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen,  
One year more! one year more!
- Justice.** 3 Cut it down, cut it down,  
And burn the worthless tree!  
For other use the soil prepares,  
Some other tree will flourish there,  
And in my vineyard much fruit bear,  
Cut it down! cut it down!
- Mercy.** 4 One year more, one year more,  
For mercy spare the tree!  
Another year of care bestow,  
On its fair form some fruit may grow,  
If not—then lay the axe-blade low,  
One year more! one year more!
- 5 Still it stands, still it stands,  
A fair, but fruitless tree!  
The Master, seeking fruit thereon  
Has come—but, grieved at finding none  
Now speaks to Justice—Mercy down—  
Cut it down! cut it down!

130

- C**OME near me, O my Saviour!  
Thy tenderness reveal;  
O, let me know the sympathy  
Which Thou for me dost feel!  
I need Thee every moment,  
Thine absence brings dismay;  
Ere when the tempter leads his dark,  
Twine death with Thee away.
- R** Come near me, my Redeemer,  
And never leave my side,  
My back, when tossed on trouble's sea,  
The storm cannot divide,  
Unless Thy word of power  
Arrest the raging wave;  
No voice but Thine its rage can quell,  
No arm but Thine can save.

- 2 Come near me, blessed Jesus!  
I need Thee in my joy,  
No less than when the dust of  
My happiness doth dry;  
For whom the sun shines e'er so  
And flowers strewn my way,  
Without Thy wise and guiding hand  
More easily I stray.
- 4 Do not see, mighty Saviour,  
When comes the latest strife;  
For Thou dost death's shadow part,  
And open'st the gates of life;  
And when among the rescued  
I stand with crows and pigs,  
To Thee, Divine, unending Friend,  
I'll raise eternal praise.

130

**W**HY do you wait, dear brother,  
Oh, why do you tarry so long?  
Your Saviour is waiting to give you  
A place in His sanctified throng.

**Ans.—** Why not? why not?  
Why not come to Him now? He

- 1 What do you hope, dear brother,  
To gain by a further delay?  
There's no one to save you but Jesus,  
There's no other way but His way.
- 2 Do you not feel, dear brother,  
His Spirit now striving within?  
Oh! why not accept His invitation,  
And throw off thy burden of sin?
- 4 Why do you wait, dear brother?  
The harvest is passing away;  
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,  
There's danger and death in delay.

131

**I**n Jesus able to redeem  
A sinner's soul, like me?  
My sins are great, so many several  
Of sinners, "come and see."

- Bar.**—The blood that Jesus shed of old,  
Was shed for you and me;  
And there is room within the fold—  
O "come to Him and see."
- 2** Is Jesus willing to forgive  
A rebel child, like me?  
Who would not in His loving love?  
O rebel, "come and see."
- 3** Is Jesus willing to relieve  
A wanderer, like me,  
Who chose the Father's House to leave?  
O wanderer, "come and see."
- 4** Is Jesus ready now to save  
A guilty one, like me,  
Who brought Him to the cross and grave?  
Come, guilty one, and see.

**O** WHAT a Saviour that He died for me!  
From condemnation He hath made me free—  
"He that believeth on the Son," saith He,  
"Hath everlasting life."

**Chor.**—"Verily, verily, I say unto you,  
Verily, verily," message ever new,  
"He that believeth on the Son," 'tis true,  
"Hath everlasting life."

- 1** All my iniquities on Him were laid,  
All my iniquities by Him was paid;  
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,  
"Hath everlasting life."
- 2** Though poor and needy, I can trust my Lord,  
Though weak and sinful, I believe His word;  
O glad message! every child of God,  
"Hath everlasting life."
- 4** Though all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,  
For him that cometh, He will not cast out,  
"He that believeth," O the good news about,  
"Hath everlasting life."

133

**I**f never the gates of earth and moon,  
On the blestest home above,  
From whence are the rays of wisdom sent?  
Oh! "The Lamb is the light thereof."

**Chor.**—They shall walk in white, there shall be no night  
In the blestest home above;  
And the sheep shall ring as the ransomed ring,  
Oh! "The Lamb is the light thereof."

**2** And thus with the page of Holy Writ  
Of the land of song and love,  
"The glory of God did lighten it,  
And the Lamb is the light thereof."

**3** Then follow Him, till the eye grows dim,  
And the soul, as it tread above,  
Shall speed away to realms of day,  
Where "The Lamb is the light thereof."

134

**O**h, how happy are we,  
Who in Jesus agree,  
And expect His return from above;  
We sit round His vine, and delightfully join  
In the praise of His crucified Love.

**Chor.**—Oh, how happy are we  
Who in Jesus agree,  
How happy, how happy are we.

**1** When united to Him,  
We partake of the drink  
Ever flowing in grace from the Throne,  
We in Jesus believe, and the Spirit receive,  
That proceeds from the Father and Son.

**2** We remember the word  
Of our crucified Lord,  
When He went to prepare us a place,  
"I will come in that day and will take you away,  
And admit to a sight of my face."

**3** Come, Lord, from the skies  
And command us to rise  
To the mansion of glory above;  
With Thee to ascend and eternally spend,  
In a rapture of heavenly love.

135

**B**LISHED hope that in Jesus is given,  
 In our nature to cheer and to sustain,  
 That even in the mansions of Heaven,  
 We shall meet with our loved ones again.

*Ans.*—**I** should hope, should hope,  
 We shall meet with our loved ones again. **I**

**I** should hope in the word God has spoken,  
 All our power by that word we obtain;  
 And as sure as God's word was our broken,  
 We shall meet with our loved ones again.

**I** should hope! how it shines in our nature,  
 Like the star over Bethlehem's plain,  
 That it may be, with Him, on the morrow,  
 We shall meet with our loved ones again.

**I** should hope! the bright star of the morning,  
 That shall herald His coming to reign;  
 Oh, the glory that waits its fair dawning,  
 When we meet with our loved ones again.

136

**T**EMPTED and tried!  
 Oh! the terrible life

May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wild!  
 Yet its fury is vain,

For the Lord shall restrain,

And forever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

*Ans.*—Tempted and tried,  
 Yet the Lord at thy side,  
 Shall guide thee, and keep thee,  
 Though tempted and tried.

**I** Tempted and tried,

There is One at thy side,

And never in vain shall His children be tried!  
 He shall save and defend,

For He lives to the end,

Adorable Master and glorious Friend!

**I** Tempted and tried,

What's'er may befall,

In His secret pasture His children shall bide.



"Death the shadowing wing,  
 Of Eternity's King,  
 His children shall trust, and His servants shall sing.

4 Tempted and tried,  
 Yet the Lord will abide,  
 Thy faithful Redeemer, Thy Keeper and Guide,  
 Thy Shield and Thy Sword,  
 Thy ever-ready Seward,  
 Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord.

5 Tempted and tried,  
 The servant who died,  
 Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side;  
 His cross thou shalt bear,  
 And His crown thou shalt wear,  
 And forever and ever His glory shall share.

137

I CANNOT tell how precious  
 The servant is to me,  
 Since I have Him accepted,  
 And He hath made me free;  
 I cannot tell His goodness,  
 Enough to satisfy;  
 And if you'll only take Him,  
 You'll see the reason why.

Ans.—I cannot tell how precious  
 The servant is to me;  
 I only can entrust you  
 To come, and taste and see.

2 I cannot do for Jesus  
 As much as I should like;  
 But I will e'er endeavor  
 To work with all my might;  
 For, was not my dear Saviour  
 For sinners crucified?  
 For me, then, surely, Jesus  
 Hung on the cross and died.

3 Where'er I think of Jesus,  
 I cannot but rejoice;  
 To me He's ever precious,  
 For Him I value my voice.

I know He has in glory  
A home prepared for me,  
Where I shall live forever  
So happy, and so free.

185

**B**EAUTIFUL valley of Eden!  
Sweet to thy mountain-side calm,  
Over the heights of the weary,  
Breathing thy waves of balm.

**CHOR.**—Beautiful valley of Eden,  
Home of the pure and mild,  
How often amid the wild billows  
I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!

- 1 Over the heart of the mountain  
Shine with thy golden day,  
Wafting the song of the angels  
Down from the far away.
- 2 There is the home of my Saviour;  
There, with the blood-washed throng,  
Over the highlands of glory  
Hallelu the great new song.

186

**F**URIOUS and wild the storm is raging  
Round a helpless bark,  
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,  
O'er the waters dark!

**CHOR.**—Joy, behold the Saviour,  
Joy, the message bear,  
"I'll stand by until the morning,  
I've come to save you, do not fear."  
Yes, I'll stand by until the morning,  
I've come to save you, do not fear!

- 1 Weary, helpless, hopeless women  
Fighting on the deck,  
With what joy they hail their Saviour,  
As He calls the weak!
- 2 On a wild and stormy ocean,  
Ricking north the wave,  
None that perish heed the message,  
Christ has come to save!

- 4 Daring death thy soul to ransom,  
He in love has come;  
Leave the wreck, and in His breaking,  
Thou shalt reach thy home!

140

**W**E'RE saved by the blood  
That was drawn from the side  
Of Jesus our Lord,  
When He languished and died.

**Ans.**—Hallelujah to God,  
For redemption so free;  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Your Saviour, is He.

2 O yes, 'tis the blood  
Of the Lamb that was slain,  
He conquered the grave,  
And He liveth again.

3 We're saved by the blood,  
We are saved by its power;  
'Tis life to the soul,  
And its hope every hour.

4 That blood is a font  
Where the vessel may go,  
And wash till their souls  
Shall be whiter than snow.

5 We're saved by the blood,  
Hallelujah again;  
We're saved by the blood,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

141

**W**HAT though clouds are lowering o'er me,  
And I seem to walk alone—  
Longing 'mid my cares and woes,  
For the joys that now are flown—  
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"  
Then my sky will have a gem;  
He's a Sun of brightest splendor,  
And the Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 What though all my earthly journey  
Bringeth naught but weary hours,  
And, in grasping for life's bliss,  
Thence I find instead of flowers—

- If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"  
I possess a treasure rare;  
He's the "Lily of the Valley,"  
And the "Rose of Sharon," fair.
- 2 What though all my heart is yearning  
For the loved of long ago—  
Nearer lessons well learning  
From the shadowy page of woe—  
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only,"  
"He'll be with me to the end;  
And, wakened by mortal vision,  
Angel hands will o'er me bend.
- 4 When I want to realize of glory,  
And an entrance I want,  
If I whisper, "Jesus only!"  
Wide will open the heavenly gate;  
When I join the heavenly choir,  
And the angel hosts I see,  
Precious Jesus, "Jesus only,"  
Will my throne of rapture be.

142

- W**HOM have I loved, in heaven but Thee?  
None but Thee! None but Thee!  
And this my song through life shall be,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
He bathed for me the wine-press tread,  
He bath redeemed me "by His blood,"  
And reconciled my soul to Thee,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!
- 2 I envy not the rich their joys,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
I covet not earth's glittering toys,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow,  
"Fading" is stamped on all below;  
Mine is a joy no man can know,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!
- 3 Though with the great be met my lot,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!  
"Be known to him,"—I earnest seek,  
Christ for me! Christ for me!

Though "Vine and Fig-tree" might avail,  
 The "labour of the Olive-tail,"  
 And death o'er floods and lands prevail,  
 Christ for me! Christ for me!

- 4 Though I am now on hostile ground,  
 Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 And see host! see all around,  
 Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 Let earth her horrid battles wage,  
 And foes against my soul engage,  
 Moving in His strength I smite their rage,  
 Christ for me! Christ for me!

- 5 And when my life draws to its close,  
 Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 Safe in His arms I shall repose,  
 Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 When sharpest pains my frame pervade,  
 And all the powers of nature fade,  
 Still will I sing through death's cold shade,  
 Christ for me! Christ for me!

143

I HAVE heard of a land far away,  
 And the glories no tongue can declare;  
 But its beauty hangs over the way,  
 And with Jesus I long to be there.

Refr.—} To be there, to be there,  
 And with Jesus I long to be there. }

- 1 There are fore-tastes of heaven below,  
 Theirs are somewhat like joys of the blest;  
 But the splendours no mortal can know,  
 On the land where the weary shall rest.
- 2 In that moon-tide of glory we live,  
 In the gleams of the river of life,  
 There are joys that the faithful shall share;  
 O how sweetly they rest from the strife!
- 3 There the ransomed, with Jesus abide  
 In the shade of the sheltering fold;  
 Ransomed by Jesus' own side,  
 They shall dwell in the glory untold.

144

**G** LADENG a'at life's bitter waters,  
Heavy sages sometimes feel;  
And we sigh for purer heaven,  
For the Home-land of the soul.

*Ans.*—Should Home-land, every fair!  
We can never enter there;  
But the soul, in life awaiting,  
Everlasting bliss shall wear.

1 *Oh* we catch a faint reflection  
Of its bright and verdant hills;  
And though distant, how we hail it!  
How each heart with rapture thrilled!

2 To our Father, and our Saviour,  
To the Spirit, Three in One,  
We shall sing glad songs of triumph  
When our harvest work is done.

4 'Tis the weary pilgrim's Home-land,  
Where each longing eye shall gaze,  
And our language and our psalmings,  
Like a wave, be hushed by praise.

145

**W**OULD you lose your load of sin?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;  
Would you know God's peace within?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

*Ans.*—Jesus who on the cross did die,  
Jesus who lives and reigns on high,  
He alone can justify;  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

1 Would you safely walk the wave?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;  
Would you know His power to save?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

2 Would you have your eyes grow light?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;  
Would you songs have in the night?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

4 Grieving, would you comfort know?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus,

Humble be when blessings flow?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

- 2 Would you strength in weakness have?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus;  
See a light beyond the grave?  
Fix your eyes upon Jesus.

146

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints in immortal reign;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-fading flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
That heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.  
But thence no mortal e'er did think  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

- 3 O could we make our doubts remove,  
— These gloomy doubts that fly,—  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
— With unobscured eyes,—  
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.

147

**O**H, I am so happy in Jesus,  
His blood has redeemed me from sin,  
I weep and I sing in my gladness,  
To know He is dwelling within.

- Ans.—Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,  
From sin and from sorrow set free;  
So happy that He is my Saviour,  
So happy that Jesus loves me.

- 3 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,  
He taught me the secret of faith,  
To rest in believing His promise,  
And trust whatsoever He saith.
- 3 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,  
I lay my whole soul at His feet;  
The love He has kindled within me  
Makes service and suffering sweet.
- 4 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus,  
If earth in His love is so blest,  
What joy in His glorified presence,  
To sit at His feet as His guest.

## 148

**T**HE gospel trumpet's sounding  
The year of jubilee,  
And grace is all abounding,  
To set the bondman free.

- Can.—Return, return, ye captives,  
Return unto your home,  
In the gospel trumpet's sounding,  
The jubilee is come !
- 1 Forgive your wretched service,  
Your master's claims are o'er;  
And purchase of freedom,  
He Satan's slaves no more.
- 2 A better Master's calling,  
In accents true and kind;  
He asks a loving service,  
And claims a willing mind.
- 4 He offers you salvation,  
And points to joys above;  
And, longing, waits to make you  
The objects of His love.
- 5 In living faith accept Him,  
Give up all else beside;  
While grace is freely calling,  
Look to the Crucified.



149

**O**H, the bitter pain and sorrow

That a time could ever be,  
When I proudly said to Jesus  
"All of self and none of Thee,"

[1] All of self and none of Thee, [2]  
When I proudly said to Jesus  
"All of self and none of Thee."

**1** Yet He found me, I behold Him

Bleeding on the crucifixion tree,  
And my wretched heart said faintly,  
"Some of self, and none of Thee,"

[1] Some of self, and none of Thee, [2]  
And my wretched heart said faintly,  
"Some of self and none of Thee."

**2** Day by day His tender mercy

Healing, helping, still and true,  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
"Less of self and more of Thee,"

[1] Less of self and more of Thee, [2]  
Brought me lower, while I whispered,  
"Less of self and more of Thee."

**4** Higher than the highest heavens,

Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,  
"None of self and all of Thee,"

[1] None of self and all of Thee, [2]  
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered,  
"None of self and all of Thee."

150

**C**AN it be right for me to go

On in this dark, uncertain way?  
Say, "I believe," and yet not know  
Whether my sins are put away?

**One**—I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord!  
I will forever rest in Thy word.

**2** Can it be right in doubt to wait,

Wait for the day that tries the heart,  
Ere I shall learn what is my state,  
Feeling the Judge should my depart?

- 3 Can it be right each leads to hear,  
While He says - Come, I'll give you rest?  
Fidelling me out on His my care,  
Lending in love, upon His breast.
- 4 Can it be right to doubt His power,  
Both to forgive and ransom sin?  
Even in trials of darkest hour,  
Can not His love give peace within?
- 5 Can it be right no word to speak,  
Lest I should prove unfit to guide?  
Can He not teach my tongue to speak,  
Will He not ample strength provide?
- 6 Can it be right with such a Lord,  
Even to dread the hour of death?  
Waiting in faith the great reward,  
Calmly I'll yield my dying breath.

## 151

**I**N THE deep Rock there floweth,  
Loving water ever clear;  
Whose pilgrims, journeying onward,  
Know you not that Fountain near?

Chor.—Jesus in the Rock of Ages—  
Sustains, sustains, ho! He dwells  
From His side a living Fountain,  
Know you not it sustains?

2 "Without money, without price,"  
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,"  
Thirsty travelers, be encouraged,  
Know you not the Fountain here?

3 Peeking in the desert, dreary,  
Gaily water, look! 'tis He!  
'Tis the Spring still overflowing,  
Know you not He calls these?

## 152

**T**HOU art coming, O my Saviour,  
Thou art coming, O my King,  
Every tongue Thy name extolling,  
Well may we rejoice and sing.

They art coming! rays of glory,  
Through the veil Thy death has rent,  
Gladly now our pilgrim pathway,  
Glory from Thy presence sent.

**Ans.**—They art coming, They art coming,  
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,  
They art coming, we shall see Thee,  
And be like Thee on that day,  
They art coming! They art coming!  
Jesus our beloved Lord,  
O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
Worshipped, glorified, adored.

¶ They art coming, not a shadow,  
Not a mist and not a tear,  
Not a sin and not a sorrow,  
On that sunrise grand and clear,  
They art coming! Jesus reigning,  
Nothing else seems worth a thought,  
Oh, how marvelous the glory,  
And the bliss Thy path hath brought.

¶ They art coming, we are waiting  
With a hope that cannot fail,  
Aking not the day or hour,  
Anchored safe within the veil,  
They art coming! at Thy table  
We are witnesses for this,  
As we meet Thee in communion,  
Harvest of our coming bliss.

153

ONLY trusting in my Saviour,  
All to Him my soul would leave;  
He has suffered to redeem me,  
And His word I now believe.

**Ans.**—Now to Christ alone I'm clinging,  
Though the tempest round me blow,  
Heeding not the clouds above me,  
Dreading not the waves below.

¶ Only trusting, nothing doubting,  
This is all that I can do;

- Every trial that befalls me  
He will safely bring me through.
- 2 These are breakers in the distance,  
Yet no danger will I fear;  
On the Rock my feet are resting,  
Rougher waves can reach no here.
- 4 Only trusting, only trusting,  
This is joy and life to me;  
Thou, with never-loving me friendless  
While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.

154

**I**N my Father's house there is ready a room,  
And my Lord has gone to prepare  
A place for me; if ever it be  
That I shall be with Him there!

*Ans. — [I Forever with Jesus there;]  
What grace divine, that He be mine!  
And I shall be with Him there.*

- 2 In my Father's house there is endless day,  
With no cloud of sorrow or care,  
No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs,  
They know who are with Him there.
- 3 In my Father's house there's no want or war,  
And there can be no more prayer;  
For what beside can God provide,  
Since we shall be with Him there.
- 4 In my Father's house there is no more death,  
For the life of God we share;  
No thought of sin can enter in,  
For we shall be with Him there.
- 5 In my Father's house there are blessed Saints,  
Who His holy image bear;  
They feed in His their sweetest bliss,  
That they may be with Him there.

155

**T**HEN Christened thro' the downward  
In sparkling raiment bright  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steps of Light,

The finished, all is finished,  
 Their fight with death and sin;  
 Fling open wide the golden gates,  
 And let the victors in.

Chor.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah  
 To the Lamb who once was slain  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah  
 To Him who lives again!

- 1 What rush of hallelujah  
 Fill all the earth and sky!  
 What ringing of a thousand harps  
 Proclaims the triumph high!  
 O day, for which creation  
 And all its tribes were made!  
 O joy, for all its burden won  
 A thousand fold repaid!
- 2 O, then what rapturous greetings  
 On Heaven's happy shore!  
 What hymning several thousands up,  
 Where perhaps are no more?  
 Their eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
 That witnessed with tears of late;  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 But widows' consolation.

154

I FEEL, like singing all the time,  
 My tears are wiped away;  
 For Jesus is a friend of mine,  
 I'll serve Him every day.

- Chor.—I'm singing, singing,  
 Singing all the time;  
 Singing, singing,  
 Singing all the time.
- 1 What on the cross my Lord I saw,  
 Nailed there by sin of mine;  
 Feet hid the burning tears; but now,  
 I'm singing all the time.
- 2 When fierce temptations try my heart,  
 I sing, Jesus is mine;  
 And so, though tears of Grief may start,  
 I'm singing all the time.

- 4 The wonderful story of the Lamb,  
Tell with that voice of thine,  
Till others, with the glad new song  
Go singing all the time.

## 157

**M**INE! what eyes of glory bright  
Now upon the promise shined  
I have found the Lord my light,  
I see Him, and He is mine.

*Chor.*—Mine, oh, mine, mine, oh, mine,  
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,  
I see Him and He is mine!

- 1 Mine! the promise often read,  
Now its living truth impressed,  
Ours acknowledged in the bond,  
Now a fire within the breast.
- 2 Mine! the promise cannot change,  
Mine, though all my eyes are dim;  
Night can from His love estrange,  
Those who place their trust in Him.
- 3 Mine! though all my heart may fail,  
He is strong and holds me fast;  
By His blood I shall prevail,  
He shall lead me home at last.
- 4 Mine! when death the bars shall break,  
And thine glories all divine,  
"Outrived" I shall awake,  
Clasp His feet, and call Him mine.

## 158

**F**ORTY-NINE down on my vision, to-day,  
Gather round me my loved ones to sing and to pray!  
The shadows are past, and the veil is withdrawn,  
Brightly now does the noon of eternity dawn.

*Chor.*—Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah, we sing!  
Jesus recovered the grave, rebelling death of its sting;  
Hosanna! again let the glad anthems ring,  
"Sing and pray! Eternity dawn!"

- 2 "Eternity dawned! Oh, the glories that rise,  
How they burst on my soul in its blissful surprise;  
With rapture the glories of the city I see,  
Where the crown and the mission are waiting for me.
- 3 "Eternity dawned! There will be no more night,  
I am meeting the gates of the city of light;  
The shadows of time are passing away,  
They not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.
- 4 "Eternity dawned! Earth recedes from my view;  
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu,  
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,  
For ye not, " for my God shall supply all your need."
- 5 "Eternity dawned! 'Tis a source of content,  
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;  
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,  
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.

159

NOTHING, either great or small—  
Nothing, nearer, nor,  
Jesus died and paid it all,  
Long, long ago.

One—"It is finished!" you, indeed,  
Finished every jot;  
Surest, this is all you need,  
Tell me, is it not?

2 When He, from His lofty throne,  
Stepped to die and die,  
Everything was fully done;  
Harkken to His cry!

3 Woe, working, burdened one,  
Wherefore hast thou on?  
Cease your doing, all was done  
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling  
By a simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing—  
"Doing" ends in death.

I cast your destiny "doing" down—  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in His, in His alone,  
Gloriously complete.

180

**W**E speak of the land of the living,  
A country so bright and so fair,  
And oft are its glories our feet,  
But what mean it he to be there?

**Ans.**—[ To be there, to be there,  
Oh, what mean it he to be there? ]

1 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Its wonders and pleasures unbid,  
But what mean it he to be there?

2 We speak of its peace and its love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The songs of the blessed above,  
But what mean it he to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation and care,  
From trials without and within,  
But what mean it he to be there?

4 In Zion, Lord, midst pleasures of rest,  
For heaven our spirits prepare,  
Then shortly we also shall rest,  
And for what it is to be there!

181

**O**UR Master has taken His journey  
To a country that's far away,  
And has left us the care of the vineyard,  
To work for Him day by day.

**Ans.**—There's a work for me and a work for you,  
Something for each of us now to do,  
Yes, a work for me and a work for you,  
Something for each of us now to do.

1 In this "little while," both it matter,  
As we work, and we watch, and we wait.



- If we're filling the place He assigns us,  
Be its service small or great.
- 2 There's only one thing should concern us,  
To find just the task that is ours;  
And then, having found it, to do it  
With all our God-given powers.
- 4 Our Master is working most surely,  
To reckon with every one;  
Shall we then, whenat our bid or our sorrow,  
If His mission be, "Well done?"

102

**B**E our joyful song to-day,  
Jesus, only Jesus,  
He who took our sins away,  
Jesus, only Jesus,  
Name with every blessing else,  
Be our joy and hope through life,  
Be our strength in every strife,  
Jesus, only Jesus.

- 2 Once we wandered far from God,  
Knowing not of Jesus,  
Treading still the down-ward road,  
Lending ear from Jesus;  
Till the Spirit taught us how,  
Nigh the harbor's gate to bow,  
And we him would follow now,  
Jesus, only Jesus.
- 2 Be our trust through years to come,  
O Jesus, only Jesus,  
Furnish to the heavenly home,  
Jesus, only Jesus,  
When from sin and sorrow free,  
O through all eternity,  
This our theme and song shall be,  
Jesus, only Jesus.

103

**H**OW sweet the word of Christ the Lord,  
While on the cross He dies,  
A word to all who on Him call  
For life in paradise.

- Ans.**—From the cross the Saviour cries,  
Come with Me to paradise;  
Look to Me, believe and live,  
Accept the life I freely give.
- 1 The dying thief, in full belief,  
On Jesus fixed his eyes;  
His only plea, "Remember me,  
O Lord, in paradise."
- 2 By men condemned, without a friend,  
Will Jesus heed his cries?  
O blessed Lord, how quick Thy word,  
"To-day is paradise."
- 3 Through vile as he, O sinner, see  
While Jesus calls, he wins;  
His word believes, and now receives  
A life in paradise.

**R**EMEMBER with me, for now I'm free,  
I joy in a new pleasure:  
From God above, the gift of love  
Is mine in fullest measure.

- Ans.**—Believe, rejoice, Christ is my choice,  
His cross alone my glory;  
When life shall end, when death is past,  
I'll sing the joyful story.
- 1 Come side with sin, Christ makes me clean,  
Gives to all condemnation;  
For I believe and now receive  
A full and free salvation.
- 2 In Christ I live, and He death gives,  
Great joy where once was sorrow;  
And in this way, from day to day,  
My life is filled with gladness.
- 3 To all proclaim His wonderful name,  
Repeat the Old, old story;  
Till work is done and heaven won,  
Then praise Him more in glory.

165

**I** WILL praise in all before us,  
 1. To win, His words inspire us,  
 The eye of God is o'er us  
 From on high, from on high;  
 His loving tones are calling  
 While sin is dark, appalling,  
 'Tis Jesus gently calling,  
 He is nigh, He is nigh.

**Chor.**—By and by we shall meet Him,  
 By and by we shall greet Him,  
 And with Jesus reign in glory  
 By and by.

**2** We'll follow where He leadeth,  
 We'll pasture where He feedeth,  
 We'll yield to Him who pleadeth  
 From on high, from on high;  
 Thee sought from Him shall never,  
 Our hope shall brighten ever,  
 And faith shall fail no more,  
 He is nigh, He is nigh.

**3** Our home is bright above us,  
 No trials dark to move us,  
 But Jesus deat to love us  
 There on high, there on high;  
 We'll give Him loud adoration,  
 And praise His name forever,  
 His precious words our never,  
 Never die, never die.

166

**I** AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
 Trusting only Thee!  
 Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
 Great and free.

**2** I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
 At Thy feet I bow;  
 For Thy grace and tender mercy  
 Trusting now.

**3** I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
 In the crimson blood;  
 Trusting Thee to make me holy  
 By Thy blood.

- 4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,  
Thou shalt lead me,  
Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.
- 5 I am trusting Thee for power;  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.
- 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Never let me fall!  
I am trusting Thee forever  
And for all!

## 147

**G**OOD news from heaven, good news for thee,  
Thou dost have a pardon, full and free,  
To guilty sinners, through the blood  
Of the Everlasting Son of God;  
He paid the debt that thou didst owe,  
He suffered death for thee below,  
He bore the wrath divine for thee,  
He groined and died on Calvary.

**Chor.**—Good news from heaven, good news for thee,  
Thou dost have a pardon, full and free,  
To guilty sinners through the blood  
Of the Everlasting Son of God.

1 Good news from heaven, good news for thee,  
The Saviour cries, "Come unto me  
All ye who toil, with heavy loads;  
Come, weary one, oh, come and rest!"  
He loves thee with a flowing love,  
He hears thy prayer in heaven above,  
He all thy pasture shall prepare,  
And lead thee with a shepherd's care.

2 Good news from heaven, good news for thee,  
Has rescued from sterility,  
And lo! shall our homestead ring,  
When with the universal throng we sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb," whose precious blood  
Has made us kings and priests to God;  
Our lamps we'll tune to noble strains,  
And glory give to Him who reigns.

166

**S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
 Thy repose our spirits seek;  
 Sin and woe no more molesting,  
 Their cruel wars and Their cruel lead.

- 1 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrows past us fly,  
 Angel guards from Thee surround us,  
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee,  
 Thou art He who, never weary,  
 Watchest where Thy people be.
- 3 Should with death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our souls become our lead,  
 May the mercy in heaven awake us,  
 And in bright and deathless lead.

169

**S**OUND the high praises of Jesus our King,  
 His name and His conquest, His victory sing;  
 Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,  
 The triumph's complete o'er death and the grave;  
 Veils in their burning, Jehovah hath spoken,  
 And Jesus proclaimed Himself Rightly to save.

**Chor.**—Sound the high praises of Jesus our King,  
 His name and His conquest, His victory to sing.

- 1 Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord,  
 The enemy quailed at the sight of His word;  
 In heaven He ascends and unfolds the glad story,  
 The hosts of the blessed catch in His name;  
 In love He looks down from the throne of His glory,  
 And rescues the ransomed who trust in His name.

170

**T**HIS is the day of toil,  
 Beneath earth's valley soe,  
 This is the day of sorrow's weal,  
 But resting smooth weal.

**Chor.**—O Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 There remains a rest for us. 2]

- I Speed and be speed would we,  
While hastes time's brief day;  
No turning back in coward fear,  
No hesitating by the way.
- 2 Onward we press in haste,  
Upward our journey still;  
Ours is the path the Master trod  
Through good report and ill.
- 3 The way may rougher grow,  
The weariness increase,  
We gird our loins and hasten on,—  
The end, the end is near.

## 171

THERE is joy among the angels,  
Singing round the throne above,  
When repentant hearts are flowing,  
While the great Lord is showing  
All the riches of His love,  
|| All the riches of His love. ||

Ans.—There is joy, oh, there is joy,  
Joy that never can be told,  
When a soul that long has wandered,  
Comes within the Saviour's fold.

- 2 There is joy among the angels,  
When a sinner hears the call;  
When he turns to Christ believing,  
And from Him is love receiving,  
Grace that saves to one and all,  
|| Grace that saves to one and all. ||
- 3 There is joy among the angels,  
When His name is sounding on;  
When the notes of praise are ringing,  
That the gospel work is bringing,  
Pious hearts for harvest work,  
|| Pious hearts for harvest work. ||

## 172

OVER the ocean waves, far, far away,  
There the poor heathen live, waiting for day;  
Groping in ignorance, dark as the night,  
No blessed light to give them the light.

Chorus.—Pity them, pity them, Christians at home,  
Hasten with the bread of life, hasten and come.

- 2 Here in this happy land we have the light  
Shining from God's own word, free, pure and bright;  
Shall we not send to those billions to read,  
Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?
- 2 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,  
Lift! as that heathen band joyfully sing,  
"O'er the ocean wave, oh, see them come,  
Bringing the bread of life, giving us home."

178

WHEN we reach our Father's dwelling,  
On His throne eternal life,  
And our praise to Him is swelling  
Who the vast creation lifts,  
Shall we then recall the nations,  
And the clouds that bring us down,  
When our hearts were turned from hardness,  
And our feet from paths of sin?

Chorus.—Yes, we surely shall remember,  
And His grace we'll gladly sing;  
For the love so strong and tender,  
That redeemed and brought us home.

- 2 When the paths of prayer and duty,  
And affliction all are tried,  
And we wake and see the beauty  
Of our Father and our God,  
Shall we then recall the story  
Of our mortal trials and tears,  
When on earth we sought the glory  
Wandering off with doctors and seers?
- 2 And the way by which He brought us,  
All the privileges that He gave,  
All the patient love that taught us,  
We'll remember evermore;  
And His rest will be the dearest,  
As we think of weary wars,  
And His light will be the clearest  
As we gaze on cloudy days.

174

"**M**UST I go and empty-handed,  
 Thus my dear Redeemer meet?  
 Not one day of service give Him,  
 Lay no trophy at His feet?"

Ans. — "Must I go and empty-handed,  
 Must I meet my Saviour so?  
 Not one word with which to greet Him,  
 Must I empty-handed go?"

1 Not at death I shrink nor flatter,  
 For my Saviour saves me now;  
 But to meet Him empty-handed,  
 Thought of that now chills my brow.

2 Oh, the years of sinning wasted,  
 Could I but recall them now,  
 I would give them to my Saviour,  
 To His will I'd gladly bow.

3 Oh, ye saints, ye true, be earnest,  
 Up and work while yet ye day,  
 Ere the night of death o'ertakes them,  
 Serve for souls while still you may.

175

**M**y sin is great, my strength is weak,  
 My path beset with snares,  
 But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me,  
 And Thou wilt bear my prayers.

Ans. — "To Thee, to Thee, the Crucified,  
 The sinner's only plea,  
 Relying on Thy promised grace,  
 My faith still clings to Thee."

1 The world is dark without Thee, Lord,  
 I turn me from its shade  
 To find Thy love a sweet relief;  
 Thou art the light of life.

2 Temptations lure and fears assail  
 My soul, impatient heart;  
 But promises are Thy promises,  
 And they new strength impart.



- 4 Unfold Thy precepts to my mind,  
 And cleanse my blinded eyes;  
 Grant me to work for Thee on earth,  
 Then praise Thee in the skies.

176

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price  
 My heart doth sing for joy;  
 And sing I must, for Christ is mine;  
 Christ shall my song employ.

Ans.—I've found the pearl of greatest price  
 My heart doth sing for joy;  
 And sing I must, for Christ is mine;  
 Christ shall my song employ.

1 Christ is my Prophet, Friend, and King;  
 My Prophet full of light,  
 My great High Priest before the Throne,  
 My King of heavenly might.

2 For He indeed is Lord of lords,  
 And He the King of kings;  
 He is the Son of righteousness,  
 With healing in His wings.

3 Christ is my peace, He died for me,  
 For me He shed His blood;  
 And as my wondrous Sacrifice,  
 Offered Himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my all to all,  
 My comfort and my love;  
 My life below, and He shall be  
 My joy and crown above.

177

"FALINT, yet pursuing," we press our way  
 Up to the glorious gates of day;  
 Following Him who has gone before,  
 Over the path to the brighter shore.

Ans.—"Faint, yet pursuing," from day to day,  
 Over the sure and the blood-bought way;  
 Strengthen and keep us, O Father, Friend,  
 Ever pursuing, unto life's end.

- 1 "Faith, yet pursuing," 'neath'er behalf,  
He who has died for us, died for all;  
So should they come, as a mighty throng  
Singing His banner aloft with song.
- 2 "Faith, yet pursuing," till eventide,  
Under the cross of the Crucified,  
Knowing, when darkly our skins o'erspread,  
Destruction and fighting will end at last.
- 3 "Faith, yet pursuing," the eye afar  
Sees through the darkness that Morning Star,  
Shedding its ray for the weary feet,  
Keeping the way to the golden street.

178

**I** MENTAL the well at noontide,  
I hear a sad one cry:  
"I want that living water,  
Give me to drink, I pray;  
The well is deep, O pilgrim,  
But deeper is my need;  
I thirst for life eternal,  
The 'well of God' indeed."

**Ans.**—He, every one that thirsteth,  
The living water buy!  
Ye should even that bringest,  
Take, eat and never die.

2 Beside the pool Bethesda,  
I hear a sorrowful cry:  
"No help, no hope is offered  
To me as weak as I."  
Oh, cease thy sad complaining,  
The gospel gives thee cheer;  
Come to the house of mercy,  
For Christ the pool is here.

**Ans.**—"The life, the good IT giveth,  
Can cure the sin-sick soul;  
"Hup up and walk," He bids thee,  
"Thy leath'ly leath' made thee whole."

3 While seated on the hill-side,  
The hungry ones were fed

By Him who said most truly:  
 "I am the living bread,  
 'Tis He, the heavenly manna,  
 Who hath our souls restored;  
 By faith, of Him partaking,  
 We live for evermore,

Ans.—Ho, every one that thirsteth,  
 The living water buy!  
 Ye should not cease that longer,  
 Take, eat and never die.

179

**O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

Ans.—We will rest in the fair and happy land  
 Just across on the evergreen shore,  
 Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by,  
 And dwell with Jesus evermore.

- 1 O'er all these wide-extended plains  
 Shines our eternal day;  
 There God the Son forever reigns,  
 And neither night nor day.
- 2 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be forever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in His house be rest?
- 3 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would leave no longer stay,  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Forasmuch I launch away.

180

**O** LAND of rest, for thus I sigh,  
 When will the moment come,  
 When I shall lay my anchor by,  
 And dwell in peace at home?

Ans.—We'll work till Jesus comes,  
 We'll work till Jesus comes,  
 And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome;  
This world's a wilderness of woe,  
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;  
He bids me come to rest,  
And lean my weary on His breast,  
Till He conduct me home.
- 4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,  
No more my steps shall roam;  
With Him I leave death's chilling tide,  
And reach my heavenly home.

## 151

I KNOW not what awaits me,  
God kindly will mine open,  
And o'er each step of my onward way  
He makes new routes to Him;  
And every joy He sends me, comes  
A sweet and glad surprise.

Chorus.—Where He may lead I'll follow,  
My trust in Him repose;  
[And every hour in perfect peace  
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.]

- 2 One step I see before me,  
That all I need to see,  
The light of heaven more brightly shines,  
When earth's illusions flee;  
And sweetly through the silence, come  
His loving "Follow me."
- 3 O blessed lack of wisdom,  
That should not be known;  
He holds me with His own right hand,  
And will not let me go,  
And bids my troubled soul to rest  
In Him who loves me so.
- 4 So on I go not knowing,  
I would not if I might;

I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
 Than go alone in the light;  
 I'd rather walk by faith with Him  
 Than go alone by sight.

*Ans.*—Where He may lead I'll follow,  
 My trust in Him repose;  
 ♪ And every hour in perfect peace  
 I'll sing, He knows, He knows, ♪  
 He knows, He knows, He knows.

182

**W**HEN we get home from our sorrow and care,  
 And we stand with the angels of light,  
 Oh, what a meeting in heaven there'll be,  
 In that land without shadow or night,  
 Sorrow and care, tribulation and pain  
 We'll leave, when we pass through the lonely  
 Clouds of despair, storms of trial and care  
 We shall leave for that beautiful home.

*Ans.*—When we get home, oh, when we get home,  
 God home to glory lead,  
 Praises we'll sing to Jesus, our King,  
 A ransomed, a glorified band.

♪ When we get home to the mansions above,  
 With the loved ones gone over Jordan,  
 Oh, what can tell what joy that will be  
 That's in His and rejoice evermore;  
 Angels will praise, the Redeemer will smile,  
 And loved ones we'll clap up the band,  
 Free from all pain, far beyond earthly stain,  
 We shall dwell in that beautiful land.

♪ When we get home, when the morning is come  
 And dawn from the city of gold  
 Angels of God, coming down, shall call home  
 All of those who belong to His fold,  
 Will you be there, dear ones, loved ones so great,  
 Or will you forever be lost?  
 What is thy choice, fleeting pleasures of earth,  
 Or a home when death's river is crossed?

153

I HAVE read of a beautiful city,  
 Far away in the kingdom of God;  
 I have read how its walls are of jasper,  
 How its streets are all golden and broad,  
 In the midst of the street is life's river,  
 Clear as crystal and pure to behold,  
 But not half of that city's bright glory  
 To mortals has ever been told.

One—(1) Not half has ever been told, (1)  
 Not half of that city's bright glory  
 To mortals has ever been told.

2 I have read of bright mansions in Heaven,  
 Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;  
 And the souls who on earth have been faithful,  
 Must forever with Christ ever there;  
 There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,  
 The inhabitants never grow old,  
 But not half of the joys that await them  
 To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,  
 Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,  
 When our Father shall bid them—“Come, enter,  
 And my glory eternally share;”  
 How the righteous are evermore blessed  
 As they walk through the streets of pure gold;  
 But not half of the wonderful story  
 To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,  
 That His sinners may ask and receive  
 Peace and pardon from every transgression,  
 If when asking they only believe,  
 I have read how He'll guide and protect us,  
 If for safety we enter His fold,  
 But not half of His goodness and mercy  
 To mortals has ever been told.

154

ALL you coming Home, ye wanderers,  
 Whom Jesus bid to win,  
 All thoughts, lusts and wrongs,  
 Your garments stained with sin;

Will you wash the blood of Jesus  
To wash your garments white;  
Will you trust His precious promise,  
Are you coming Home to-night?

Ans.—[1] Are you coming Home to-night, [2]  
Are you coming Home to Jesus,  
Out of darkness into light?  
[1] Are you coming Home to-night, [2]  
To your loving, heavenly Father,  
Are you coming Home to-night?

2 Are you coming Home, ye lost ones?  
Behold your Lord doth wait;  
Come, then no longer linger,  
Come now it is too late;  
Will you come and let Him save you,  
O trust His love and might;  
Will you come while He is calling,  
Are you coming Home to-night?

3 Are you coming Home, ye guilty,  
Who bear the load of sin;  
Perhaps you've long been stumbling,  
Come now and venture in;  
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,  
And dare to trust His grace,  
"Come unto me," saith Jesus;  
Are you coming Home to-night?

## 186

CLAY, where is thy refuge, poor sinner,  
And what is thy prospect to-day?  
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,  
The treasure that rust and decay?  
Oh! think of thy soul, that forever  
Must live on eternity's shore,  
When there, in the dust art forgotten,  
When pleasure can charm thee no more.

Ans.—"Thou'lt profit thus nothing, but hast'nd the soul,  
[1] To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost. [2]"

4 The Master is calling thee, sinner,  
In tones of compassion and love,  
To find that sweet rapture of pardon,  
And lay up thy treasure above.

Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered,  
 To ransom thy soul from the grave;  
 The arm of His mercy will hold thee,  
 The arm that is mighty to save.

- 2 As summer is waning, poor sinner,  
 Repent, ere the season is past;  
 God's goodness to thee is extended,  
 As long as the day-beam shall last;  
 Then slight not the warning repeated  
 With all the bright moments that roll,  
 Nor say, when the harvest is ended,  
 That no one hath cared for thy soul.

## 126

**B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward,  
 To their home on high;  
 Journeying o'er the desert,  
 Gladly thus we go,  
 And with hearts united  
 Take our heavenward way.

Chor.—Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
 At Thy sacred feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing,  
 See Thy children meet;  
 Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray,  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way.
- 2 All our days direct us,  
 In the way we go,  
 Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe;  
 Did Thine angels shield us,  
 When the storm-clouds lower,  
 Pardon Thee and save us  
 In the last dread hour.



- 4 Then with Saints and Angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering endless praise  
 At Thy Throne of love;  
 When the bill is over,  
 Then come rest and peace,—  
 Jesus, in His beauty,—  
 Songs that never cease.

187

**H**ELL ye the glad Good News from heaven?  
 Life to a death-doomed race is given!  
 Christ on the cross for you and me  
 Purchased a pardon full and free.

*Ans.*—He that believeth, he that believeth,  
 He that believeth hath everlasting life.

1 When we were lost, the Son of God  
 Made an atonement by His blood;  
 When we the glad Good News believe,  
 Then the atonement we receive.

2 Why not believe the glad Good News?  
 Why still the voice of God refuse?  
 Why not believe, when God hath said,  
 All, of our guilt "on Him" was laid.

188

**T**HIS way is dark, my Father! I, cloud upon cloud  
 In gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud  
 The thunders roar | w | here sit, | Yet now, I stand  
 Like one bewildered! Father, | take my | hand,  
 And through the gloom lead safely home,  
 safely home, safely home,  
 Lead safely home Thy child!

2 The day declines, my Father! I, and the night  
 Is drawing darkly down, My feeble sight  
 Faint | ghastly | visions, | Fears like a spectral band  
 Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,  
 And from the night lead up to light,  
 Up to light, up to light,  
 Lead up to light Thy child!

- 3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul  
Lungs for the rest and quiet / of this | good; ||  
While yet I journey through this weary land,  
Keep me from wandering, Father, | take my | hand,  
And in the way to endless day,  
Endless day, endless day,  
Lead safely on Thy child!
- 4 The path is rough, my Father! || Many a thorn  
Has pierced me! and my feet, all torn  
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command  
Bids me press forward, Father, | take my | hand;  
Then safe and glad, O lead to rest,  
Lead to rest, lead to rest,  
O lead to rest Thy child!
- 5 The thicket is great, my Father! || Many a doubt  
And fear of danger compass me about;  
And low am I | prone to | weep. || I cannot stand,  
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;  
And through the thicket, lead safe along,  
Safe along, safe along,  
Lead safe along Thy child.
- 6 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne  
It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn  
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land  
Where crosses are given. Father, | take my | hand;  
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,  
To the crown, to the crown,  
Lead to the crown Thy child.

## 189

**H**AVENLY Father, we beseech Thee,  
Grant Thy blessing ere we part,  
Take us in Thy care and keeping,  
Guard from evil every heart.

One.—Bless the words we here have spoken,  
Offered prayer and cheerful strains;  
If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee,  
Grant we all may meet again.

2 Loving Service, go Thou with us,  
Be our comfort and our stay;

Grateful praise to Thee we render,  
For the joy we feel to-day.

- 3 Holy Spirit, dwell within us,  
May our souls Thy Temple be;  
May we tread the path to glory,  
Led and guided still by Thee.

- 4 Heavenly Father, Loving Father,  
Holy Spirit, Thine in One;  
As among Thy saints and angels,  
So on earth, Thy will be done.

190

**T**HE gospel of Thy grace  
My stubborn heart has won,  
"For God so loved the world,  
He gave His only Son.

- Ans.**—"That whosoever will believe,  
Shall everlasting life receive!"  
"Shall everlasting life receive!"

- 2 The scepter "lifted up,"  
Should life and healing give,  
So Jesus on the cross  
Holds me to look and live;

**Ans.**—"For "Whosoever," etc.

- 3 "The word that strength gives"  
My woful doom I heard;  
I was forever lost,  
But for Thy gracious word.

**Ans.**—"That whosoever," etc.

- 4 "Not to condemn the world"  
Thou "Man of sorrows" came;  
Not that the world might have  
Salvation through His name;

**Ans.**—"For "Whosoever," etc.

- 5 "Lo, I help thy unbelief!"  
Gives me the peace of faith,  
To rest with child-like trust  
On what Thy gospel saith.

**Ans.**—"That whosoever," etc.

## 191

**G**OD ONLY be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy  
 Ghost,  
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
 without end. Amen.

## 192

**T**ELL, it out among the nations that the Lord is King,  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing;  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,  
 That the mighty King of glory is the King of Peace;  
 Tell it out with jubilation, let the song never cease;  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

- 1 Tell it out among the people that the Father reigns;  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains;  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,  
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives,  
 Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save,  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!
- 2 Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above;  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love;  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the high-ways and the lonely home,  
 Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,  
 That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam;  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

## 193

**L**IGHT after darkness,  
 Life after loss,  
 Strength after weakness,  
 Crown after cross,  
 Rest after toiling,  
 Hope after fears,  
 Home after wandering,  
 Peace after tears.

2 *Shadows after morning,  
Sins after faith,  
Night after mystery,  
Pains after peace,  
Joy after sorrow,  
Calms after trials,  
Rest after weariness,  
Sweet rest at last.*

3 *Now after distant,  
Glean after glean,  
Love after loneliness,  
Life after death,  
After long agony,  
Rapture of bliss,  
Right was the pathway,  
Leading to this.*

194

**G**LORY, glory be to Jesus,  
Glorious be His precious name;  
Sweet it is to sound His praises,  
Sweet it is to spread His fame.

*Chor.—Glorious, glory, hallelujah!  
Glorious be to Jesus' name,  
Sweet it is to sound His praises,  
Sweet it is to spread His fame.*

2 *In the place of His rejection,  
Where He suffered, where He died,  
Bards of holy praise ascending,  
Create the glorious Crucifix.*

3 *Here was nursed His blood-red wings,  
Here His brow was wreathed with thorns,  
Here the object of derision,  
Suffered taunt and mocking scorn.*

4 *Yes, triumphant hallelujah  
Still arise to greet His name;  
Sweet it is to sound His praises,  
Sweet it is to spread His fame.*

135

**W**HAT can wash away my stain?  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 What can make me whole again?  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

*Chor.*—Oh, precious is the flow  
 That makes me white as snow;  
 No other fount I know,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

1 For my cleansing this I see—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 For my pardon this my plea—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 Nothing can for sin atone—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 Naught of good that I have done—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 This is all my hope and power—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 This is all my righteousness—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 Now by this I'll overcome—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 Now by this I'll reach my home—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

5 Glory! glory! thus I sing—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;  
 All my praise for this I bring—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

136

**O** CHRIST in Thee my soul hath found,  
 and loved in Thee alone,  
 The power, the joy I sought so long,  
 The bliss till now unknown.

*Chor.*—Now none but Christ can satisfy,  
 None other name for us  
 There's love, and life, and lasting joy,  
 Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

- 1 I sighed for rest and happiness,  
I yearned for them, not Thee;  
But while I passed my harvest by,  
Thy love laid hold on me.
- 2 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,  
But ah! the waters failed!  
Even as I stooped to drink they fled,  
And mocked me as I wailed.
- 3 The pleasures had I sadly mourned,  
But never wept for Thee,  
Till grace my sightless eyes revealed,  
Thy lovefulness to me.

187

**O**WELL in the far away country,  
A weary, and famished, and sad,  
Thine rest in the home of thy Father,  
His welcome will make thy heart glad.

*Chor.*—Come, come, prodigal, come,  
And wander no longer else from home;  
Come, come, prodigal, come,  
A welcome awaits in thy Father's home.

2 Aford and come back to thy Father,  
He'll meet thee while yet on the way;  
Assured of His tender compassion,  
O why will thou longer delay?

3 Although thou hast sinned against heaven,  
And weak and unworthy may be;  
He offers the full restoration,  
And pardon abundant and free.

188

**W**HEN the Lord from heaven appears,  
When are banished all our fears,  
When the sleepers from the tomb,  
With the watchers reach their home,

*Chor.*—O Thou, returned our Lord with Thee,  
We shall reign eternally. ♪

- 2 When our eyes the King shall see,  
In His glorious Majesty,  
When to Him we're called above,  
Partners of His joy and love,
- 3 Debtors to His matchless grace,  
At His feet our crowns will place,  
And as eyes will bring,  
Still will sing the glad new song.
- 4 Let this hope now purify  
Those who in Thy word rely;  
Comfort to our hearts afford,  
Till the coming of the Lord.

123

**C**OME sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,  
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;  
Delivered thee from chains that bound,  
And brought thee to redemption ground.

**Ans.**—Redemption ground, the ground of peace,  
Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;  
Here let our praise to God abound,  
Who saves us on redemption ground.

- 2 Once from my God I wandered far,  
And with His holy will made war;  
But now my songs to God abound,  
I'm standing on redemption ground.
- 3 O joyous hour when God to me  
A vision gave of Calvary;  
My limbs were loosed, my soul unbound;  
I sang upon redemption ground.
- 4 No works of merit now I plead,  
But Jesus takes for all my need;  
No righteousness in me is found,  
Except upon redemption ground.
- 5 Come, weary soul, and here God rest;  
Accept redemption, and be blest;  
The Christ who died, by God is crowned  
To pardon on redemption ground.



## 200

**I** Rise up, and hasten! my soul, haste along!  
 And speed on thy journey with hope and with song;  
 Home, home is awaiting, 'tis coming into view,  
 A little more of toiling and then to earth below.

**Ans.**—Come then, come, and raise the joyful song!  
 To children of the wilderness, our time cannot be long,  
 Home, home, home, oh, why should we delay?  
 The noon of heaven is dawning, we've near the break  
 of day.

- 1 Why should we linger when heaven lies before?  
 While earth's last evening, and soon will be no more;  
 Pleasures and treasures which once here we knew,  
 No more can they cheer us with such a goal in view.
- 2 Loved ones in Jesus they've passed on before,  
 Now resting in glory, they weary are no more;  
 Tears all are wiped, and nothing now but joy,  
 And praises ascending, their ever glad employ.
- 3 No condemnation! how blessed is the word,  
 And no separation! forever with the Lord;  
 He will be with us who loved us long before,  
 And Jesus, our Jesus, is ours for evermore.

## 201

**I** THINK when I read that sweet story of old,  
 When Jesus was here among men,  
 How He called little children, so lovely to His folk,  
 I should like to have been with those then.

**Ans.**—[I should like to have been with those then,  
 How He called little children so lovely to His folk,  
 I should like to have been with those then.

- 1 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
 That His arm had been thrown around me,  
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
 "Let the little ones come unto Me."

**Ans.**—[Let the little ones come unto Me,  
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He  
 "Let the little ones come unto Me." [said.

2 Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go,  
 And ask for a share in His love;  
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
 I shall see Him and hear Him above.

Ans.—I shall see Him and hear Him above; I  
 And if I now earnestly seek Him below,  
 I shall see Him and hear Him above.

3 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,  
 For all that are washed and forgiven;  
 And many dear children are gathering there,  
 For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Ans.—For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" I  
 And many dear children are gathering there,  
 For "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## 2032

JESUS I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul,  
 Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.  
 There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:  
 Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

Ans.—In Thy love confiding I will seek Thy face,  
 Worship and adore Thee, for Thy wonderful grace.  
 Jesus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;  
 Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.

2 Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,  
 Since Thy voice of mercy I have often heard,  
 When Thy Spirit teacheth, in my taste how sweet—  
 Only may I hasten, sitting at Thy feet.

3 Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt:  
 "Whoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out."  
 Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—  
 Thine my soul's salvation, Thou my Father's God!

## 2033

"OF my own," but saved by Jesus,  
 Who redeemed me by His blood,  
 Gladly I accept the message,  
 I belong to Christ the Lord.

- One—"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!  
 Jesus, I belong to Thee!  
 All I have, and all I hope for,  
 Thine for all eternity.
- 2 "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour,  
 I belonging, trust my soul,  
 Everything to Him committed,  
 While eternal ages roll.
- 3 "Not my own!" my time, my talent  
 Freely all to Christ I bring,  
 To be used in joyful service  
 For the glory of my King.
- 4 "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me,  
 One among the ransomed throng,  
 Who in heaven shall see His glory  
 And to Jesus Christ belong.

204

WITH His dear and loving care,  
 Will the Saviour lead us on,  
 To the hills and valleys fair,  
 Over Jordan!

Yes, we'll rest our weary feet  
 By the crystal waters sweet,  
 Where the powerful stream we greet  
 Over Jordan.

One—Over Jordan! Over Jordan!  
 Yes, we'll rest our weary feet  
 By the crystal waters sweet,  
 Over Jordan, over Jordan,  
 Where the powerful stream we'll greet,  
 Over Jordan.

2 Through the rocky wilderness,  
 Will the Saviour lead us on,  
 To the land we shall possess,  
 Over Jordan!

Yes, by night the wonderful ray,  
 Cloudy pillar by the day,  
 They shall guide us on our way,  
 Over Jordan.

- 2 With His strong and mighty hand,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
To that good and pleasant land  
Over Jordan?  
Yes, where wine and olive grow,  
And the brooks and fountains flow,  
Threat no longer shall we know,  
Over Jordan.
- 4 In the Promised Land to be,  
Will the Saviour lead us on,  
Till fair Canaan's shore we see,  
Over Jordan?  
Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,  
Guide and lead us, on Thee last,  
Till the parted wave be passed,  
Over Jordan.

206

**P**RAISE ye the Lord; for it is good  
Praise to our God to sing;  
For it is pleasant, and to praise  
It is a comely thing.

**Chor.**—Praise the Lord, it is good,  
Praise to our God to sing;  
For it is pleasant, and to praise  
It is a comely thing.

- 2 Those that are broken in their heart,  
And troubled in their minds,  
He healeth, and their painful wounds,  
He tenderly binds.
- 3 He counts the number of the stars;  
He names them every one;  
Our Lord is great, and of great power,  
His wisdom reacheth unto heaven.

208

**O**L, I left it all with Jesus, long ago;  
All my sins I brought Him and my woe;  
When by faith I saw Him bleeding on the tree,  
Heard His still small whisper, "Go for thee!"

One.—*§* From my weary heart the burden rolled away,  
Happy day! happy day! *§*

2 Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows,  
How to clear the letter from sin's woes;  
How to glid the hour of sorrow with His smile,  
Make the desert garden bloom awhile.

One.—*§* Then with all my weakness leaning on His right,  
All is light! all is light! *§*

3 O, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day;  
Faith can truly trust Him, come what may;  
Hope has dropp'd; but eye has another, found her rest  
In the calm, safe haven of His breast.

One.—*§* Have entrance to joy of heaven to abide  
At His side! at His side! *§*

4 Leave, oh, leave it all with Jesus, drooping weak;  
Till not half thy woe, but the whole,  
Wails on wails are hanging over on His head,  
Life and death are waiting His command.

One.—*§* Yet His tender, loving mercy makes thee roam:  
Oh, come home! oh, come home! *§*

227

**D**EPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God the wrath forbear?  
No, the chief of sinners, spare!

One.—*§* God is love! I know, I feel;  
Jesus lives, and loves me still;  
Jesus lives,  
He lives, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood His grace  
Long provoked Him to His face;  
Would not hearken to His call;  
Grieved Him by a thousand fall.

3 Now incline me to repent,  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my soul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

289

**T**HE blood has always precious been,  
 'Tis precious now to me,  
 Through it alone my soul has run,  
 From fear and doubt and sin.

*Chor.*—Oh, wonderful in the crimson tide  
 Which from my Saviour flows,  
 And still to lighten my song shall be,  
 The precious, precious blood.

**I** will remember now to turn,  
 God's faithful Word has said,  
 The fellow and the sinner him  
 For whom my Son has died.

**I** feel all my well-remembered sins  
 Can shackle or destroy;  
 The precious blood atones for all  
 And bears my guilt away.

**I** Perhaps this feeble frame of mine  
 Will soon in sickness lie,  
 But resting on the precious blood  
 How peacefully I'll die.

290

**L**ORD, I care not for riches,  
 Neither silver nor gold;  
 I would make sure of heaven,  
 I would enter the fold,  
 In the book of Thy kingdom,  
 With its pages of life,  
 Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,  
 Is my name written there?

*Chor.*—Is my name written there,  
 On the page white and fair?  
 In the book of Thy kingdom,  
 Is my name written there?

**I** Lord, my sins they are many,  
 Like the sands of the sea,  
 But Thy blood, oh, my Saviour!  
 Is sufficient for me.

For Thy promise is written,  
In bright letters that glow,  
"Though your sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow."

2 Oh! that beautiful city,  
With its mountains of light,  
With its glorified beings,  
In pure garments of white;  
Where no evil thing cometh,  
To despoil what is fair;  
Where the angels are watching,  
Yes, my name's written there.

210

**H**ELPLESS I came to Jesus' blood,  
and all myself resign;  
I give my weakness to that blood,  
and gather strength divine.

Ans.—|| My soul will overcome by the blood of the Lamb, ||  
|| Overcome, || overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

1 'Tis Jesus gives me life within,  
And serves me for the sin;  
He opened the books of death and sin,  
and took their power away.

2 Though clouds of conflict hide my view,  
and foes are brave and strong,  
In Jesus' name I'll struggle through,  
and enter heaven with song.

211

**O** SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom, yet unnamed, we love;  
O Name of might and love,  
All other names above.

Ans.—We worship Thee! we bless Thee!  
To Thee alone we sing!  
We praise Thee and confess Thee,  
Our Saviour and our King!

2 O bringer of salvation,  
Who was bravely lost wrought  
Through the revolution  
Of love beyond our thought.

3 In Thine all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power deriving  
The glory that exulteth,  
O Son of God, in Thine.

4 Oh, grant the commemoration  
Of this our song, above,  
In endless adoration  
And everlasting love.

Ans.—Thou shalt us praise and bless Thou!  
Whose perfect praises ring!  
And evermore exult Thou,  
Our Father and our King!

## 312

**T**RUST us! trust on, believer!  
Though long the conflict be,  
Thou yet shalt prove victorious;  
Thy God shall fight for thee.

Ans.—Trust on! Trust on!  
Through dark the night and dreary  
Trust on! Trust on!  
The morning dawn is near.

2 Trust on! trust on; thy failings  
May lead thee to the dust,  
But in thy deepest sorrow,  
O give not up thy trust.

3 Trust on! the danger passes,  
Temptation strong is bent,  
Yet o'er life's dangerous rapids,  
He shall thy passage stem.

4 O Christ is strong to save us,  
He is a faithful Friend,  
Trust on! trust on! believer,  
O trust Him to the end.

## 313

**S**HOULD the Death angel knock at thy chamber,  
In the still watch of to-night,  
Wilt thou your spirit pass into torment,  
Or to the land of delight?



One.—Say, are you ready, O are you ready?  
 Is the Death-signal should call;  
 Say, are you ready? O are you ready?  
 Sleep stands waiting for all.

1 Many sad spirits now are departing  
 Into the world of despair;  
 Every brief moment brings your doom nearer;  
 Haste, O haste, beware!

2 Many redeemed ones now are ascending  
 Into the mansions of light;  
 Jesus is pleading, patiently pleading,  
 O let Him save you to-night.

## 214

**T**RUSTING in the Lord thy God,  
 Onward go! onward go!  
 Holding fast His promised word,  
 Onward go!  
 Ne'er deny His worthy Name,  
 Though it bring reproach and shame;  
 Spreading still His wondrous name,  
 Onward go!

2 Has He called thee to the plough?  
 Onward go! onward go!  
 Night be coming, serve Him now;  
 Onward go!  
 Faith and love in service blend;  
 On His mighty arm depend;  
 Standing fast until the end,  
 Onward go!

3 Has He given thee golden grain?  
 Onward go! onward go!  
 Sow, and thou shalt reap again,  
 Onward go!  
 To the Master's gate repair,  
 Watching he and waiting there;  
 He will hasten and answer prayer;  
 Onward go!

4 Has He said the end is near?  
 Onward go! onward go!  
 Serving Him with holy fear,  
 Onward go!  
 Christ thy portion, Christ thy stay,  
 Heav'nly bread upon the way,  
 Leading on to glorious day,  
 Onward go!

2 In this little moment then,  
 Onward go! onward go!  
 In thy ways acknowledge Him,  
 Onward go!  
 Let His mind be found in thee,  
 Let His will thy pleasure be,  
 There in love and liberty,  
 Onward go!

## 215

**T**HIS love that Jesus had for me,  
 To suffer on the cruel tree,  
 That I a ransom'd soul might be,  
 Is more than tongue can tell.

Chor.—**I** His love is more than tongue can tell,  
 The love that Jesus had for me  
 Is more than tongue can tell.

2 The many wounds that He bore,  
 And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,  
 That I might live for evermore,  
 Is more than tongue can tell.

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,  
 Who stands before the throne of God,  
 The merit of His precious blood,  
 Is more than tongue can tell.

4 The joy that comes when He is near,  
 The rest He gives us from our fear,  
 The hope in Him so bright and clear,  
 Is more than tongue can tell.

216

**A**ll-seeing, gracious Lord—  
My heart before Thee lies;  
All sin of thought and life absolved,  
My soul to Thee would rise.

**Ans.**—Hear Thee my prayer, O God,  
Unite my heart to Thee;  
Beneath Thy love, beneath Thy rod,  
From sin deliver me.

2 Thee knowest all my need,  
My inmost thought dost see;  
Ah, Lord! from all altitudes freed,  
Like Thee transformed I'd be.

2 Thee holy blessed One,  
To me, I pray, draw near;  
My spirit all, O heavenly man,  
With loving, Godly care.

4 Bid Thee my life be Thine,  
To me Thy life be given;  
While I my all to Thee resign,  
Thou art my all in heaven.

217

**S**AY, is your lamp burning, my brother?  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beam would fall brightly on me.  
There are many and many around you,  
Who follow wherever you go,  
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,  
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

**Ans.**—Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beam would fall brightly on me!

2 Upon the dark mountains they stand;  
They are huddled on the rocks, and they lie  
With white, pleading faces turned upward,  
To the clouds and the painful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted—  
 We behold them near and afar;  
 But not many among them, my brother,  
 Shine steadily on like a star.

- 2 If once all the lamps that are lighted  
 Should steadily shine in a line,  
 Wide over the land and the ocean,  
 What a gulf of glory would shine!  
 How all the dark places would brighten!  
 How the mists would roll up and away!  
 How the earth would laugh out in her gladness,  
 To tell the millennial day!

## 218

O THE way is often rugged  
 While here on earth we roam,  
 And thorns are in the pathway,  
 But we are going home.

Chor.—We're going, going,  
 Yes, we are going home;  
 We soon shall cross the river,  
 And be with Christ at home.

2 To March's bitter waters  
 We all have murmuring come,  
 But God the way has straightened,  
 And so we're going home.

2 When of the desert weary,  
 Our road His grace has shown,  
 By leading us of Zion,  
 With sweet fore-tastes of home.

With hunger often fasting,  
 We've made complaining moan;  
 But, led by heavenly manna,  
 We still are going home.

2 Some stand to-day on Nebo,  
 The journey nearly done,  
 And some are in the valley,  
 But all are going home.

219

**BROTHER**, art thou weary,  
Tempted, tried, and sore oppressed?  
Listen to the word of Jesus,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"

**Ran.**—(1) "Come unto me, and rest!" (2)  
Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"

**1** Oh, He knows the dark sorrows  
Of the conscience-troubled breast;  
And to each His word is given,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"

**2** To the Lord bring all your burden,  
Put the promise to the test;  
Hear His say, your Father-Heaven,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"

**3** If in sorrow thou art weeping,  
Grieving for the loved ones missed,  
Surely He to you His whispers,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"

**4** Trust to Him for all thy future,  
He will give thee what is best;  
Why then, lay when He is saying,  
"Come unto me, and rest!"

220

**T**HOU'ST ALL gathering homeward from every land,  
One by one! one by one!  
As their weary feet touch the straying strand,  
Yes, one by one!

They rest with the Saviour, they wait their crown,  
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;  
They wait the white garment the Lord shall prepare  
For all who the glory with Him shall share.

**Ran.**—Gathering home! gathering home!  
Fording the river one by one!  
Gathering home! gathering home!  
Yes, one by one!

1 Before they meet they pass through the strife,  
One by one! one by one!

Through the waters of death they enter life,  
Yes, one by one!

To some are the floods of the river still,  
As they feel on their way to the heavenly hill;  
The waves to others run fiercely and wild  
Yet they reach the house of the unadorned.

2 We too must come to the riverside,

One by one! one by one!

We are tossed its waters each eventide,

Yes, one by one!

We can hear the noise of a dashing stream,  
Off now and again, through our life's deep dream,  
None times the dark floods all the banks overflow,  
Sometimes its ripples and small waves go.

3 Oh, Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,

One by one! one by one!

We lift up our voices tremblingly,

Yes, one by one!

The waves of the river are dark and cold,  
But we know the place where our feet shall hold;  
O Thou who didst pass through the deepest mid-  
night,

Now guide us, and lead to the staff and light.

## 221

ONLY a little while  
Of walking with weary feet,  
Patiently over the thorny way  
That leads to the golden street.

2 Safer, if God shall will,

And work for Him while we may,  
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown,  
Is only a little way.

3 Only a little while,

For treading a few short days,  
And then across the rest, the quiet rest,  
Mercy's endless grace.

222

**I** HEAR the words of Jesus,  
They speak of peace with God;  
I see the Lamb, Christ Jesus,  
Who bore my heavy load;  
I trust the blood of Jesus,  
From sin it sets me free,  
I love the name of Jesus,  
Who gave Himself for me.

**I** His word divinely blest,  
It shows me what I see;  
The cross is living salvation,  
The victim was the Lamb;  
His blood purgeth from sin,  
And justifies the soul,  
His name, how sweet and precious,  
It makes the sinner whole.

**I** Oh! hear the words of Jesus,  
The tidings are for thee;  
Oh! cling the cross of Jesus,  
And there let refuge be;  
Oh! trust the blood of Jesus,  
To save this vilest wretch;  
Oh! love the name of Jesus,  
That name of wondrous power.

223

**M**Y soul is happy all day long—  
Jesus is my Saviour;  
And all my life is full of song—  
Jesus died for me.

**Chorus—**Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
To the loving Lamb for sinners slain  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
To the Lamb who lives again.

**I** My heavy load of sin is gone—  
Jesus is my Saviour,  
At His dear cross I laid it down—  
Jesus died for me.

3 I heard the voice of mercy call—  
*Jesus in my Saviour;*  
 I simply trusted, that was all—  
*Jesus died for me.*

4 Now will I tell it all around—  
*Jesus in my Saviour;*  
 How sweet a blessing I have found—  
*Jesus died for me.*

## 324

**S**AD and weary, lone and dreary,  
 Lord, I would Thy call obey;  
 Those believing, Christ receiving,  
 I would come to Thee to-day.

Ans.—I am coming, I am coming,  
 Coming, Saviour, to be blessed;  
 I am coming, I am coming,  
 Coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

2 Thee, the Holy, weak and lowly,  
 Jesus, none Thee I count;  
 Keep me ever, let me never  
 From Thy blessed keeping part.

3 Here abiding, in Thee hiding,  
 Bids my weary soul be rest,  
 Till the dawning of the morning,  
 When I wake among the dead.

4 So Thee meet me, keep and cheer me,  
 Through life's dark and dreary way;  
 Turn my weeping into gladness,  
 Turn my darkness into day.

## 325

**I** SAW a way-worn traveler  
 In tattered garments clad,  
 And struggling up the mountain,  
 It seemed that he was sad;  
 His look was laden heavy,  
 His strength was almost gone,  
 Yet he shouted as he journeyed,  
 Indivisible will come.



Can.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,  
Palms of victory I shall bear.

- 1 The summer sun was shining,  
The sweat was on his brow,  
His garments worn and dusty,  
His steps seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward,  
For he was watching home,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.
- 2 The angels in the air,  
That stood beside the way,  
Attracted his attention,  
Inviting him delay;  
His watchword being "Onward!"  
He stopped his ears and ran,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.
- 3 I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was fading low,  
He'd overtopped the mountains,  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city,—  
His everlasting home,—  
And shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance will come!
- 4 While going on that city,  
Just o'er the narrow flood,  
A band of holy angels  
Came from the throne of God;  
They bore him on their pinions,  
Safe o'er the dashing foam,  
And joined him in his triumph,—  
Deliverance had come!
- 5 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang up on that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
To suffer never more.

Then, casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, "Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!"

2236

**J**ESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry,  
Unless Thou help me I must die;  
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am,

Chor.— [ Take me as I am. ]  
Lord, I give myself to thee,  
Oh, take me as I am.

- 1 Helpless I am and full of grief,  
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt;  
And Thou wilt make me what Thou wilt,  
And take me as I am.
- 2 I bow before Thy mercy-seat,  
Behold me, merciful, as Thy feet;  
Thy work begins, Thy work completes,  
And take me as I am.
- 3 If Thou hast work for me to do,  
Inspire my will, my heart renew;  
And work both in, and by me too,  
And take me as I am.
- 4 And when at last the work is done,  
Thy battle fought, the victory won;  
HILL, still my cry shall be alone,  
Oh, take me as I am.

2237

**O**UEN words we count, God's word to hear,  
The word we give and holy;  
Now grant us, Lord, a living ear,  
A spirit meek and lowly;  
For if we hear, and love it not,  
We hear for common notions;  
For "doers of the word" we're taught,  
Are hearers of Christ's salvation.

- 2 The life of God is in the world,  
As I witness it believe.

The record shows of Christ the Lord  
Eternal life received;  
But if we hear, believing not,  
We hear for condemnation;  
For "deeds of the word," we're taught,  
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

2 The word of God, by faith received,  
Imparts regeneration;  
And he who truly in Christ believed  
Lives out a new creation;  
But if we hear, and do it not,  
We hear for condemnation;  
For "deeds of the word," we're taught,  
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

4 So when the word of God we hear,  
Let us be anxiously pleading  
The Holy Ghost to give us light,  
As we the word are hearing;  
But if we hear, and feel it not,  
We hear for condemnation;  
For "deeds of the word," we're taught,  
Are heirs of Christ's salvation.

228

**W**E praise Thee and bless Thee,  
Our Father in heaven,  
For the joy of salvation  
Thy gospel hath given.

*Ans.*—Hallelujah! we praise Thee  
Through Jesus our Lord;  
Hallelujah! we bless Thee  
For the gift of Thy word!

2 We praise Thee and bless Thee  
Ourselves sinful and sad,  
By the word Thou hast given,  
In Christ we were led.

3 We praise Thee and bless Thee;  
The Spirit hath come  
To dwell with, and teach us,  
And guide us safe home.

- 4 We praise Thee and bless Thee,  
For food by the way;  
The manna from heaven,  
Provided each day.
- 5 We praise Thee and bless Thee:  
Thy word hath gone forth,  
That Christ shall be King and  
Reign over the earth.
- 6 We praise Thee and bless Thee,  
And wait His return  
To fulfil every promise  
He made to His own.
- 7 We praise Thee and bless Thee:  
We'll reign with Him then,  
To praise Thee and bless Thee  
For ever. Amen.

1220

**M**y God and Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

**Bar.**—(1) Thy will be done! (2)  
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done!"

**Bar.**—(1) Thy will be done! (2)  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done!"

4 Let not my halting heart be blind  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guide,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest  
"Thy will be done!"

**Bar.**—(1) Thy will be done! (2)  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,  
"Thy will be done!"

- 4 Renew my will from day to day,  
Shed it with Thine; and take away  
All now that makes it hard to say,  
— They will be done! "
- 5 — 6 They will be done! "
- 7 All now that makes it hard to say,  
— They will be done! "
- 8 Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The paper oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
— They will be done! "
- 9 — 10 They will be done! "
- 11 I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
— They will be done! "

230

- I N Thy dark, O Book of Ages,  
Hide Thou me;  
When the sinful tempest rages,  
Hide Thou me;  
When the mortal arm can never  
From my heart Thy love remove,  
Hide me, O Thou Book of Ages,  
safe in Thee.
- 2 From the noise of sinful pleasures,  
Hide Thou me;  
Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,  
Hide Thou me;  
When the world its power is wielding,  
And my heart is almost yielding,  
Hide me, O Thou Book of Ages,  
safe in Thee.
- 3 In the lonely night of sorrow,  
Hide Thou me;  
Till its glory dawn the morrow,  
Hide Thou me;  
In the night of Jordan's billow,  
Let Thy heaven be my yellow;  
Hide me, O Thou Book of Ages,  
safe in Thee.

## 231

**W**HEN the King in His beauty shall come to His throne,  
 And around Him are gathered His loved ones, His own;  
 There he sees who will kneel at His feet palace door,  
 To be answered within, "There is mercy no more."

Chor.—*¶* "I have never known you," *¶*  
 "I have never, I have never,  
 I have never known you."

- 1 They had known whence He came, and the grace which  
 His presence had brought,  
 In their presence He healed, in their streets He had taught,  
 They had mentioned His name and their friendship pro-  
 fessed;  
 But they never believed, for of them He continued:
- 2 Now the righteous are reigning with Abraham there,  
 But for these is appointed an endless despair;  
 It is vain that they call: He once knelt at their gate,  
 But they welcomed Him not; so now this is their fate!
- 3 O sinner, give heed to this story of gloom,  
 For the hour is fast coming that have your doom;  
 Will you still reject mercy? will you harden your heart?  
 Oh, sinner, what will you do as the King cries—"Depart!"

## 232

**I** AM waiting for the morning  
 Of the blessed day to dawn,  
 When the sorrow and the sadness  
 Of this changeful life are gone.

Chor.—I am waiting, only waiting,  
 Till this weary life is o'er;  
 Only waiting for my welcome,  
 From my Saviour on the other shore.

- 2 I am waiting, worn and weary  
 With the battle and the strife,  
 Hoping when the warfare's o'er  
 To receive a crown of life.
- 3 Waiting, hoping, trusting ever,  
 For a home of boundless love;

Like a pilgrim, looking forward  
To the land of bliss above.

- 4 Rejoice soon to meet the loved ones  
Whom the "many mansions" lay,  
Listening for the happy welcome  
Of my Father's calling me.

223

**H**EAVENLY Father, as Thy children,  
Gathered round our dear Lord,  
Lift our hearts in earnest pleading:  
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

*Chor.*—Soul refreshing, soul refreshing,  
From Thy presence, gracious Lord!  
Soul refreshing, soul refreshing,  
And revive us by Thy word!

- 1 Blowing gales of heavenly blessing  
In Thy love to us afford,  
Let us feel Thy Spirit's presence,  
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

2 Weak and weary in the conflict,  
"Wasting not with flesh and blood,"  
Help us, Lord, as faint we fall;  
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

- 4 With Thy strength, O Master, give us,  
Be our Guide and be our Guard;  
Fill us with Thy holy spirit,  
Oh, revive us by Thy word!

234

**J**ESUS is coming! sing the glad word!  
Crying for those He redeemed by His blood,  
Crying to reign on the glorified Lord!  
Jesus is coming again!

*Chor.*—Jesus is coming, is coming again!  
Jesus is coming again!  
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountains and plain!  
Jesus is coming again!

- 2 Jesus is coming! the dead shall arise,  
Lured oner shall meet in a joyful surprise,  
Caught up together to Him in the sky,  
Jesus is coming again.
- 3 Jesus is coming! His saints to release;  
Giving to give to the warring earth peace;  
Singing, and sighing, and sorrow, shall cease,  
Jesus is coming again!
- 4 Jesus is coming! the promise is true;  
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few,  
Waiting and watching, prepared for review?  
Jesus is coming again!

## 335

**W**E are children of a King,  
Heavenly King, Heavenly King,  
We are children of a King,  
Singing as we journey;  
Jesus Christ our Lord and Guide,  
Bids us, nothing loathed,  
Follow closely at His side,  
Singing as we journey.

- 2 We are travelling to our home,  
Heaven's home, Heaven's home,  
We are travelling to our home,  
Singing as we journey;  
Toward a city out of sight,  
Where will fall no shadow of night,  
For our Saviour is our light,  
Singing as we journey.

- 3 Full of joy we onward go,  
Heavenward go, Heavenward go,  
Full of joy we onward go,  
Singing as we journey;  
Singing all the journey through—  
Singing hearts are brave and true—  
Singing till our home we view,  
Singing as we journey.



236

**W**HIO is on the Lord's side?  
 Who will serve the King?  
 Who will be His helpers,  
 Ourselves lives to bring?  
 Who will leave the world's side?  
 Who will save the soul?  
 Who is on the Lord's side?  
 Who for Him will go?

**Ans.—**Who is on the Lord's side?  
 Who will serve the King?  
 Who will be His helpers,  
 Ourselves lives to bring?  
 By Thy grand redemption,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

- 1** Not for weight of glory,  
 Not for crown and palm,  
 Enter we the army,  
 Raise the warrior-palm;  
 Not for love that cleaveth  
 Lives for whom He died,  
 He whom Jesus nameth  
 Must be on His side.
- 2** Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
 Not with gold or gem,  
 But with Thine own life-blood,  
 For Thy kingdom;  
 With Thy bloodstained tiling  
 All who come to Thee,  
 Thou hast made us willing,  
 Thou hast made us free.
- 4** Power may be the outlet,  
 Strong may be the foe,  
 But the King's own army,  
 None can overthrow;  
 Round His standard ranging,  
 Victory is ours,  
 For His death unchanging  
 Makes the triumph ours.

257

**T**RAVELING to the better land,  
 O'er the desert's scorching sand,  
 Father! let me grasp Thy hand;  
 Lead me on, lead me on!

2 When at Marah, parched with thirst,  
 I the sparkling fountain greet,  
 Make the bitter waters sweet;  
 Lead me on, lead me on!

3 When the wilderness is drear,  
 Show me Elow's palm-green spear,  
 And her wells as crystal clear;  
 Lead me on, lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,  
 Never let me fall or tire,  
 Every step brings Canaan nigher;  
 Lead me on, lead me on!

5 Did we stand on Nebo's height,  
 Gaze upon the land of light,  
 Then transported with the sight,  
 Lead me on, lead me on!

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,  
 Never let me fear or shrink;  
 Shield me, Father, lest I sink;  
 Lead me on, lead me on!

7 When the victory is won,  
 And eternal life begun,  
 Up to glory lead me on!  
 Lead me on, lead me on!

258

**L**OOK unto Me and be ye saved,  
 I loved the Just One say;  
 And as by faith on Him I gazed,  
 My burden rolled away.

Ans.—I've passed the cross at Calvary,  
 I'm on the Heaven side;

2) The world is crucified to me,  
 Since Christ my ransom died. 2)

- 1 By His abatement reconciled,  
My Father's love I see;  
The empty tomb now intervenes  
Between the world and me.
- 2 Oh, glorious height of vantage ground!  
Oh, bliss victorious here!  
In Him to trust and fully know  
His resurrection power.

233

NO words of law have we to heed,  
By nature ruined, guilty, lost;  
Condemned already, but Thy hand  
Provided what Thine anger demand.

Can—  
We take the guilty sinner's name,  
The guilty sinner's serious claim.

- 1 No faith we bring, 'tis Christ alone,  
Tis what He is—what He has done;  
He is for us as given by God,  
It was for us He shed His blood.
- 2 We do not feel our sins are gone,  
We know it by Thy word alone;  
We know that those our sins didst lay  
On Him who has put sin away.
- 3 Because we know our sins forgiven,  
We happy feel—our home is heaven;  
O holy as now as some of God,  
To tread the path that Jesus trod.

240

THINK to love, true love, and the heart grows warm,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes  
And the word of life has a wonderful charm,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes,  
There is joy, glad joy, and a feast is spread,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes,  
For His heavenly voice brings to life the dead,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes.

**CH.**—*Thus a happy, happy day in the olden time,  
When the Lord to Bethany came,*

*Open wide the door, let Him enter now!  
For His love is over the name!*

**[** *His love is over the name! ]*

*Open wide the door, let Him enter now!  
For His love is over the name!*

**I** *There is peace, sweet peace, and the life grows calm,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes;*

*And the trusting soul sings a sweet, soft psalm,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes.*

*There is faith, strong faith, and our hearts warm true,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes;*

*And the cross more bright, and the cross more dear,  
When the Lord to Bethany comes.*

## 241

**C**HILD of sin and sorrow,

*Filled with dismay,*

*Wait not for to-morrow,*

*Yield thee to-day:*

*Heaven bids thee come,*

*While yet there's room;*

*Child of sin and sorrow,*

*Here and stay.*

**I** *Child of sin and sorrow,*

*Why wilt thou die?*

*Come while thou hast borrow*

*Help from on high;*

*Believe not that love*

*Which comes above,*

*Child of sin and sorrow,*

*Wouldst bring thee nigh.*

## 242

**L**ORD, my trust I repose in Thee;

*O how great is Thy love to me!*

*Thou the strength of my life shalt be;*

*This I know, this I know.*

**KE.**—*Thine, Thine, and only Thine,*

*New and ever Thine;*

*Thou dost love me, Father mine;*

*This I know, this I know.*

- 2 These dust load with a sweet command,  
These dust load with a gentle hand;  
On the rock of Thy Truth I stand;  
This I know, this I know.
- 3 I shall rise to a world of light,  
I shall rest in a mansion bright;  
Thou my faith shalt be lost in sight;  
This I know, this I know.

243

**N**OT what these hands have done,  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this halting body has done,  
Can make my spirit whole.

*Ans.*—Thy work alone, my Saviour,  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.

- 2 Not what I feel or do,  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers, nor sighs, nor tears,  
Can ease my woful load.
- 3 Thy love to me, O God,  
Not mine, O Lord, is Thine,  
Can rid me of this dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.
- 4 Neath'er work nor Thine,  
No man's blood with do;  
No strength, nor that which is divine,  
Can lead me safely through.
- 5 I praise the God of grace,  
I trust His love and might;  
He calls me His, I will His name  
My God, my pop, my light!

244

**M**Y life flows on in endless song;  
I leave earth's journeying,  
I leave the dust, though small, beneath  
That bids a new creation.

- Through all the tumult and the strife  
I hear the music ringing;  
It seems an echo in my soul—  
How can I keep from singing?
- 2 What though my joys and comfort die?  
The Lord my Saviour liveth;  
What though the darkness gather round?  
Songs in the night He giveth,  
No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
While to that refuge clinging,  
Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,  
How can I keep from singing?
- 3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows thin;  
I see the bliss above it;  
And day by day this pathway smoother,  
Since first I learned to love it;  
The grace of Christ makes fresh my heart,  
A fountain ever springing;  
All things are better since I see Him—  
How can I keep from singing?

243

**O**FTEN again the Gospel message  
From the Saviour you have heard;  
Will you heed the invitation?  
Will you turn and seek the Lord?

CHR.—: Come following! come following!  
Come to Jesus, look and live!

- 1 Many seasons you have weeded,  
Sifted harvests you have won;  
Winter snows by spring have melted,  
Yet you linger in your sin.
- 2 Jesus for your sinner is waiting;  
Tarry not; at once decide!  
While the Spirit here is stirring,  
Yield, and seek the Saviour's side.
- 4 Come of thine own free thinking;  
Do not longer try to hide;  
It is waiting and not feeling,  
That will give the Spirit's aid.

- 3 Let your will to God be given,  
Trust in Christ's atoning blood,  
Look to Jesus now in heaven,  
Rest on His unchanging word.

246

**S**OUND the alarm! let the watchman cry—  
"Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;  
Who will escape from the wrath to come?  
Who have a place in the soul's bright home?"

**Ans.**—Sound the alarm, watchman, sound the alarm!  
For the Lord will come with a conquering arm,  
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance,  
Shall wither and fall at His glance.

- 1 Sound the alarm! let the cry go forth,  
Swift as the wind, o'er the realm of earth;  
Fly to the Lord where the soul may find  
Fly to the Lord! in the dark shade.
- 2 Sound the alarm on the mountain's brow!  
Tread with the host by the wayside now;  
Warn them to come and the truth to know;  
Urgo them to come and be saved by grace.
- 4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear,  
Warned is aloud that the old may hear;  
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!  
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

247

**B**EAUTIFUL morning! Day of hope,  
Dawn of a better life;  
Now in thy peaceful hours we rest,  
Far from earth's noise and strife.

**Ans.**—Morning of resurrection joy,  
Day when the Nations see,  
Singing shall greet thy opening hour,  
Singing shall mark thy close.

- 2 Beautiful morning! As the week  
Watches thy welcome light,  
Since the first dawning, calm and clear,  
Out of the darkest night.

- 3 Beautiful morning! Grief and pain,  
Weeping before the tomb,  
Fly at thy dawn; Jesus rose,  
Jesus dispelled the gloom.

## 246

"I WILL, not be long our journey home,  
Each broken sigh and falling tear  
Will soon be gone, and all will be  
A cheerful sky, a watchful sea.

CHOR.—Roll on, dark stream,  
We dread not thy foam;  
The Pilgrim is longing  
For home, sweet home.

- 2 'Twill not be long the yearning heart  
May feel its every hope depart,  
And grief be mingled with its woe;  
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.
- 3 Though sad we mark the closing eye,  
Of those we loved in days gone by,  
Yet sweet in death their latest song—  
We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.
- 4 These chinked wilds, with thorns o'erspread,  
Through which our way so oft is led—  
This march of time, with truth as strong  
Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

## 249

"I KNOW no earth, no heaven here,  
'Tis sweet to me because 'tis true;  
The "old, old story" is ever new;  
Tell me more about Jesus.

CHOR.—"Tell me more about Jesus!"  
How would I know who loved me so,  
"Tell me more about Jesus!"

- 3 Earth's fairest flowers will droop and die,  
Dark clouds o'erspread yon sunny sky;  
Life's dearest joys all destined by;  
Tell me more about Jesus.



- 2 When overwhelmed with unbelief,  
When tormented with a biting grief,  
Come kindly then to my relief;  
Tell me more about Jesus.
- 4 And when the Glory-lord I see,  
And take the "place prepared" for me,  
Through endless years my song shall be—  
"Tell me more about Jesus."

250

**T**HIS word of God is given  
To all who serve Him here,  
That when the Lord from heaven  
In glory shall appear,  
We then shall be delivered  
From sorrow, sin, and pain;  
And if for Christ we suffer,  
With Him we then shall reign.

**CH.**—We are going home to Jesus!  
Going home to Jesus!  
Going to the mansion  
He's preparing there on high!  
We are going home to Jesus!  
Going home to Jesus!  
And we'll gather there in glory,  
By and by!

- 2 Open by our sin we wandered  
Far, far away from God,  
All precious hours we squandered  
Upon the downward road;  
But God in grace hath called us,  
And given us to share  
The purchase of our Saviour,  
A ransom bright and fair.
- 2 Now with this hope to cheer us,  
And with the Spirit's aid,  
That all our sins were pardoned,  
Through Him whose stripes did heal;  
As "strangers" and as "pilgrims,"  
No place on earth we own,  
But work and watch as "strangers,"  
Until our Lord shall come.

## 251

**T**O Him who for our sins was slain,  
To Him for all His dying pain.

*Refr.—Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
Hallelujah to His name.*

- 1 To Him, the Lamb, our Sacrifice,  
Who gave His life the ransom price.
- 2 To Him who died that we might die  
To sin and live with Him on high.
- 3 To Him who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies.
- 4 To Him who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need.
- 5 To Him who doth prepare on high,  
Our home in immortality.
- 6 To Him be glory evermore!  
To twenty hours, your Lord adore.

## 252

**T**HIS world of mine was sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaking,  
The summer-morn I've sighed for—  
The fair, sweet morn awaken:  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day-spring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immortal's land.

- 1 I've wrestled on toward heaven,  
Thou'st storm and wind and tide,  
Now, like a weary traveler  
That leaneth on his guide,  
Aoid the shades of evening,  
With night life's lingering need,  
I hail the glory dawning  
From Immortal's land.
- 2 Deep waters crossed His pathway,  
The ledge of storm was sharp,  
Now thou'rt in all behind me—  
Oh! for a well-timed help!

O, to join the hallelujah  
With you triumphant band!  
Who sing where glory dwelleth  
In Immortal's land.

253

**I** KNOW that my Redeemer liveth!  
What comfort! this sweet message giveth!  
He liveth, who once was dead;  
He liveth, all-glorious in the sky;  
He liveth, seated there on high,  
My everlasting God.

Ans.— **I** He liveth! He liveth!  
I know that my Redeemer liveth! **I**

**2** He liveth, to bless me with His love;  
He liveth, to plead for me above,  
My hungry soul to feed;  
He liveth, to grant me rich supply;  
He liveth, to guide me with His eye,  
To help in time of need.

**3** He liveth, triumphant from the grave;  
He liveth, eternally to save;  
And while He liveth I'll sing;  
He liveth, my ever faithful Friend;  
He liveth, and loves me to the end,  
My Prophet, Friend, and King!

**4** He liveth, my sustainer to prepare;  
He liveth to bring me safely there;  
My Jesus still He saves;  
What joy this blessed message giveth!  
— I know that my Redeemer liveth!  
All glory to His name!

254

**A** LITTLE while!" and He shall come;  
The hour draws on apace,  
The blessed hour, the glorious morn,  
When we shall see His face.  
How light our trials then will seem!  
How short our pilgrim way!  
Our life on earth a brief dream,  
Dispelled by dawning day!

*Chor.*—Then come, Lord Jesus, quickly come,  
In glory and in light!  
Come, take Thy longing children home,  
And end earth's weary night!

2 "A little while!" with patience, Lord,  
I fain would ask, "How long?"  
For how can I with such a hope  
Of glory and of home,  
With such a joy awaiting me,  
Not wish the hour were come?  
How can I keep the longing look,  
And how suppress the groan?

3 Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue!  
Be calm, my troubled breast!  
Each passing hour is hastening on  
The everlasting rest.  
Thou knowest well—the time thy God  
Appoints for thee to live:  
The morning star will soon arise;  
The glow is in the East.

253

**I**MPRECATIONS, may I live,  
Only for Thee!  
Spurn the powers Thou dost give,  
Only for Thee!  
In my spirit's deep desire,  
Only for Thee!  
May my intellect aspire,  
Only for Thee!

*Chor.*—Only Christ who died for me  
Paid the price and made me free,  
Now, and through eternity,  
Only for Thee!

3 In my joys may I rejoice  
Only for Thee!  
In my sorrow make my choice,  
Only for Thee!  
Heavily may I suffer grief,  
Only for Thee!  
Gladly accept relief,  
Only for Thee!

- 1 In my smiles and in my tears,  
     *Only for Thee!*  
 In my young and ripe years,  
     *Only for Thee!*  
 In my youth and in my age,  
     *Only for Thee!*  
 In my love and in my life,  
     *Only for Thee!*

**O**NLY waiting till the shadows  
     Are a little longer growing;  
 Only waiting till the glimmers  
     Of the day's last hours is flowing;  
 Till the night of death has faded  
     From the heart even full of days;  
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
     Through the twilight soft and gray.

- 2 Only waiting till the raptures  
     Have the last shroud gathered home;  
 For the summer time has faded  
     And the autumn winds have come,  
 Quickly, raptures! gather quickly,  
     All the ripe hours of my heart;  
 For the bloom of life is withered,  
     And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting till the angels  
     Open wide the pearly gate,  
 At whose portals long I've lingered,  
     Weary, poor, and dejected;  
 Even now I hear their footsteps,  
     And their voices far away;  
 If they will run, I am waiting,  
     *They waiting to stay.*
- 4 Waiting for a brighter dwelling  
     That I ever yet have seen,  
 Where the tree of life is blossoming,  
     And the fields are ever green;  
 Waiting for my full redemption,  
     When my Saviour shall restore  
 All that sin has caused to wither,  
     Age and sorrow come to sore.

357

**O**NCE more, my soul, thy Saviour, through the  
 Word,  
 Is offered full and free;  
 And now, O Lord, I trust, I trust decide;  
 Shall I accept of Thee?

Ans.—I will! I will! I will, God helping me,  
 I will, I will be Thine!  
 Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—  
 I will be wholly Thine!

2 By grace I will Thy mercy now receive,  
 Thy love my heart hath won;  
 On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe,  
 And trust in Thee alone!

3 Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am,  
 And how I fear to stray;  
 For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—  
 The strength Thou must supply!

4 And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day  
 Thy grace to join our song;  
 And from the heart be gladly with us say:  
 "I want to Christ belong!"

5 To all who come, when Thou wast here below,  
 And said, "O Lord, with Thee!"  
 To them "I will" was ever Thy reply;  
 We rest upon it now.

358

**I**T'S a bonnie, bonnie wa'f that we're hiein' in the morn',  
 An' a'way in the ha' that now we affin' hae' o' thers;  
 But in vain we look for something here to which our  
 hearts may cling.

For the beauty is in naething but the palace o' the King,  
 We like the gilded chamber, wi' the merry, merry lewd,  
 An' we sigh when heavy winter lays its beauties o' the  
 dead; (a' a' wile)

For the' bonnie aye the snow-floes, an' the dews on Win-  
 ter's brow to ken it dawns hoo' the palace o' the King.

2 Then again, I've just been thinkin' that when a' thing  
 here's o'er hield, (a' a' wile)  
 The sun is o' its grandest, an' the moon o' quairies!

The ocean 't' the summit, or the woodland 't' the spring,  
 What means it be up yonder 't' the palace o' the King,  
 It's here we has our trials, an' it's here that He prepares  
 His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner  
 wears.

An' it's here that He wud hear us 'mid our tribulations  
 sing,  
 - We'll trust our God, who' reigneth 't' the palace o' the  
 King.

2 Oh! He honor heap'd on honor that His courtiers should  
 be his,  
 From the wood'rin' since He died for 't' this wail o' sin an'  
 pain.

An' He wud love us' service that the Christians eye  
 should bring  
 To the foot o' Him who' reigneth 't' the palace o' the King.  
 The time for merrin' now, it is a wonder, wonder done;  
 An' the time for winnin' souls will be over soon done.  
 Then let us a' be active, if a' freethin' abou' we'd bring  
 To adorn the Royal table 't' the palace o' the King.

4 Then let us trust Him better than we've ever done afore,  
 For the King will feed His servants from His ever bound-  
 less store:

Let us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time is on the wing,  
 An' soon He'll come an' tak' us to the palace o' the King.  
 It's very halls are bound upon which the rainbows  
 shine,

An' the Eden bow'rs are troddin' w' a never fallin' vine;  
 An' the pearl' gates o' Heaven, be a glorious radiant  
 King.

On the cherry floor that shimmer 't' the palace o' the  
 King.

1 Now night shall be in Heaven, an' the daylight' sun,  
 And the tyrant hoofs shall trample 't' the city o' the free;  
 There's an' everlasting daylight, an' a never fallin' spring,  
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory 't' the palace o' the King.

We see our heav'n's watch no ever posted at His gate;  
 Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken the gaitin' late,  
 Let our lamps be trimm'd bright; let us raise our voices  
 and sing.

For since we'll meet, to part no more, 't' the palace o' the  
 King.

259

"REDEMPTOR" — redeemed!  
 Oh, sing the joyful strain  
 Give praise, give praise  
 And glory to His name;  
 Who gave His blood our souls to save,  
 [ And purchased freedom for the slave? ]

Ans.—"Redeemed!" redeemed from sin and all its woe!  
 — "Redeemed!" redeemed eternal life to know!  
 — "Redeemed!" redeemed by Jesus' blood,  
 — "Redeemed!" redeemed! Oh, praise the Lord!

1 What grace! what grace!  
 That He who calmed the waves,  
 Should stoop, my soul,  
 My guilty soul to save!  
 That He the cross should bear for me,  
 [ A sinful wretch, His enemy? ]

2 — "Redeemed!" redeemed!  
 The word has brought repose,  
 And joy, and joy  
 That such redeemed one knows,  
 Who sees his sin on Jesus laid,  
 [ And knows His blood, the ransom paid. ]

3 — "Redeemed!" redeemed!  
 O joy, that I should be  
 In Christ, in Christ,  
 From sin forever free!  
 Forever here to praise His name,  
 [ Who here for me the guilt and shame? ]

260

CHILD is great, and God is good,  
 And we thank Him for this bread;  
 By His hand never all be fed,  
 Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

261

MISTLE, the trumpet is ringing!  
 The hills are sounding high!  
 The sky now embowered with blackness,  
 No shelter or help is nigh;



"Canst Thou not that we perish?"—  
How canst Thou be asleep,  
When each moment so deadly is threatening  
A grave in the angry deep?

**Ans.**—The winds and the waves shall obey My will,  
— Peace, be still!"

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,  
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,  
No water can swallow the ship where lies  
The Master of ocean and earth and air;  
§ They all shall sweetly obey My will;  
— Peace, be still! §

§ **Master, with anguish of spirit**  
I bow in my grief to-day;  
The depths of my soul have troubled;  
Oh, waken and save, I pray!  
Torrents of sin and of anguish  
Swamp o'er my sinking soul;  
And I perish! I perish! dear Master!  
Oh! listen, and take control.

§ **Master, the storm is over,**  
The elements sweetly rest;  
Earth's sea in the calm lake is mirrored,  
And heaven's within my breast;  
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,  
Leave me alone no more;  
And with joy I shall make the blissful harbor,  
And rest on the blissful shore.

2072

**O** WHAT shall I do to be saved?  
The gathering storm I behold,  
Exposed to the wrath of my God;  
§ Is there no sheltering hold? §

**Ans.**—§ I am the door, by me if any man enter in,  
He shall be saved, he shall be saved. §

§ **O what shall I do to be saved?**  
No light, no hope, can I see,  
No help or succor can I find;  
§ Is there no mercy for me? §

- 3 O what shall I do to be saved?  
 Oh woe, so laden with sin,  
 O how to the fold may I come,  
 O how may I enter therein! ¶
- 4 I enter the wide open door,  
 In Christ I now have believed;  
 I'm cleansed from my sins by His blood;  
 O I trust and now I am saved! ¶

283

- J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow Thee;  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou dost hence my all shall be.  
 Forth every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and heaven are still my own.
- ¶ Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
 They are not, like thine, untrue;  
 Oh! while Thou dost smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Face my hate, and friends I have me—  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- ¶ Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there;  
 None shall close thy earthly vision,  
 None shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

284

- A**LONG the River of Time we glide,  
 Along the River, along the River,  
 The swiftly flowing, restless tide,  
 The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing,  
 And soon, ah, soon, the end we'll see,  
 Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be

One —] Floating, drifting,

Out on the sea of eternity! ]

- 2 Along the River of Time we glide,  
 Along the River, along the River,  
 A thousand dangers its currents hide,  
 A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers,  
 And near our course the rocks we see,  
 Oh, doubtful thought! a wreck to be,
- 3 Along the River of Time we glide,  
 Along the River, along the River,  
 Our Saviour only our bark can guide,  
 Our Saviour only, our Saviour only,  
 But with Him we certain may be,  
 No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

265

- “TILL, He come!”—oh, let the words  
 Longer on the trembling chords;  
 Let “the little while” between  
 In their golden light be seen;  
 Let us think, how heaven and hell  
 Lie beyond that “Till He come.”
- 2 When the weary ones we love  
 Enter on their rest above,  
 When the words of love and cheer  
 Fall no longer on our ear,  
 Hush! be every murmur dumb!  
 It is twenty “Till He come.”
- 3 Clouds and darkness veiled us round;  
 Would we have no sunset here?  
 All the sharpness of the cross,  
 All that tells the world is lost,  
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
 Pain we only “Till He come.”
- 2 See the feast of love is spread,  
 Drink the wine and eat the bread;  
 Sweet sacraments,—all the Lord  
 Call us round His heavenly board;  
 Some from earth, from glory come,  
 Seated only “Till He come.”

## 2016

Oh, to be ever yonder,  
 In that land of wonder,  
 Where the angel voices sing, and the angel harp-strings ring;  
 To be free from pain and sorrow,  
 And the anxious, dread tomorrow,  
 To rest in light and wonder in the presence of the King.

One.—Oh! to be ever yonder,  
 In that land of wonder,  
 There to be forever  
 In the presence of the King.

2 Oh, to be ever yonder!  
 My yearning heart grows fonder  
 Of looking to the east, to see the shadowy day after being  
 Some tidings of the waking,  
 The shadow's, pure day breaking?  
 My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of the King.

3 Oh, to be ever yonder!  
 Alas! I sigh and wonder—  
 Why allegance poor, weak, sinful heart to any earthly thing?  
 Each tie of earth must sever,  
 And pass away forever;  
 But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling  
 Where angel voices, swelling  
 In triumphant halliciahs, make the vaulted heaven-strings—  
 Where the purely gates are glowing,  
 And the Morning Star is bounding?  
 Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the King.

5 Oh, I shall ever be yonder,  
 Though lonely here I wander,  
 Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the bird's  
 Sweet wing,  
 The midnight may be dreary,  
 And the heart be worn and weary,  
 But there's no more shadow yonder in the presence of the  
 King.

267

- C**OME, thou weary, Jesus calls thee  
To His wounded side,  
"Come to me," saith He, "and ever  
Thou shalt abide."
- 1 Seeking Jesus? Jesus seeks thee—  
Wants thee as thou art;  
He is knocking, ever knocking  
At thy heart.
- 2 If thou let Him, He will save thee—  
Make thee all His own;  
Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dying,  
To His throne.
- 3 Will thou still refuse His offer?  
Will thou say Him nay?  
Will thou let Him, grieved, rejected,  
Go away?
- 4 Dost thou feel thy life is weary?  
Is thy soul distressed?  
Take His offer, wait no longer;  
Be at rest!

268

**M**y Saviour's praise I will sing,  
And all His love express,  
Whom mercies each returning day,  
Prolifer His faithfulness.

- Ans.—[1] "Every day will I bless Thee!" [2]  
And I will praise, will praise, Thy name  
Forever and ever!
- 1 Redeemed by His almighty power,  
My Saviour and my King,  
My confidence in Him I place,  
To Him my soul would cling.
- 2 On Thee alone, my Saviour, God,  
My steadfast hopes depend,  
And to Thy holy will my soul,  
Submissively would bend.

4 Oh, grant Thy Holy Spirit's grace,  
And aid my feeble powers;  
That gladly I may follow Thee  
Through all my future hours.

269

1 "ONWARD, upward, homeward!"  
Joyfully I flee  
From this world of sorrow,  
With my hand to my  
Onward to the glory,  
Upward to the prize,  
Homeward to the mansion,  
Far above the skies.

2 — "Onward to the glory,  
Upward to the prize,  
Homeward to the mansion,  
Far above the skies.

3 "Onward, upward, homeward!"  
Here I find no rest;  
Travelling o'er the desert  
Which my Saviour passed;  
"Onward, upward, homeward!"  
I shall soon be there,  
From its joys and pleasures,  
I, through grace, shall share.

4 "Onward, upward, homeward!"  
Come along with me,  
To who love the Saviour,  
Have no company;  
"Onward, upward, homeward!"  
Press with vigor on;  
Let a little moment  
And the race is won.

270

O H, well-tossed on the billows, afar from friendly land,  
Look up to Him who holds thee in — "The hollow of  
His hand."

Ans. — In — "The hollow of His hand,"  
In the hollow of His hand,  
O how safe are all who trust Him,  
In — "The hollow of His hand."

- 2 Though raging winds may drive thee, a wreck upon the  
strand,  
Still cling to Him who holds thee in "The hollow of His  
hand."
- 3 When strength is spent in toiling, and weary you stand,  
Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The hollow of His  
hand."
- 4 When by the swelling Jordan, your feet in sinking sand,  
Remember still He holds thee in "The hollow of His  
hand."
- 5 And when at last we're gathered, with all the ransomed  
band,  
We'll praise our God who holds us in "The hollow of  
His hand."

## 271

**P**RAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!  
Sing, O earth—His wonderful love proclaimed  
Hail Him! hail Him! highest seraphim in glory;  
Strength and honor give to His holy name!  
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His children,  
In His arms He carries them all day long;  
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness,  
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

- 1 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!  
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and died;  
He our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,  
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the crucified,  
Sweet His presence Jesus who bids our sorrows,  
Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;  
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness,  
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

- 2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer!  
Heavenly pearls, land with hallelujah ring!  
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;  
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King!  
Christ is coming! over the world victorious,  
Power and glory unto the Lord belong;  
Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent greatness,  
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

972

**I** KNOW not why God's wondrous grace  
To me He hath made known,  
Nor why—surely—Christ is here  
Redeemed me for His own.

**Ans.**—But "I know whom I have believed,  
And am persuaded that he is able  
To keep that which I've committed  
Unto him against that day."

**I** know not how His saving faith  
To me He did impart,  
Nor how believing in His word  
Brought peace within my heart.

**I** know not how the Spirit moves,  
Convincing men of sin,  
Revealing facts through the word,  
Creating faith in Him.

**I** know not what of good or ill  
May be reserved for me,  
Of windy ways or golden days,  
Before His face I see.

**I** know not when my Lord may come,  
At night or Sunday eve,  
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him,  
Or "meet Him in the air."

973

**B**EHOLD a Fountain deep and wide,  
Behold its crystal flow;  
"Foes opened in the巔's side,  
And cleanness "white as snow." "

**Ans.**—Come to this Fountain,  
Thy flowing to-day,  
And all who will may freely come,  
And wash their sins away.

**I** From Calvary's cross, where Jesus died  
In sorrow, pain, and woe,  
Hath Loth the world—no crimson tide  
But cleanness "white as snow." "



- 3 O may we all the healing power  
 Of that blood'd Fountain know;  
 Trust only in the precious blood  
 That cleanseth "white as snow." ¶
- 4 And when at last the message comes,  
 And we are called to go,  
 Our trust shall still be in the blood  
 That cleanseth "white as snow." ¶

374

COME with thy sin to the fountain,  
 Come with thy burden of grief;  
 Dye them deep in its waters,  
 There thou wilt find a relief.

Can.—Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay?  
 Mark not thy soul on a moment's delay;  
 Jesus is waiting to save thee,  
 Mercy is pleading to-day.

3 Come as thou art to the fountain,  
 Jesus is waiting for thee;  
 What though thy sin are like crimson,  
 White as the snow they shall be.

3 These are the words of the Saviour,  
 They who repent and believe,  
 They who are willing to trust Him,  
 Life at His hand shall receive.

4 Come and be healed at the fountain  
 List to the peace-speaking voice,  
 Give a sinner's returning  
 Now let the angels rejoice.

375

O CHILD of God, wait patiently  
 When dark thy path may be,  
 And let thy faith look trustfully  
 On Him who saves for thee,  
 And though the clouds be darkly  
 Upon the brow of night,  
 Yet in the morning joy will come,  
 And all thy soul with light.

- 1 O child of God, He loveth them,  
 And thou art all His care;  
 With gentle hand He teacheth them,  
 That thou dost not walk alone;  
 And though thou watchest wearily  
 The long and stormy night,  
 Yet in the morning joy will come,  
 And all thy soul with light.
- 2 O child of God, how peacefully  
 He calms thy fears to rest,  
 And draws thee upward tenderly,  
 Where dwell the pure and blest;  
 And He who teacheth silently  
 Above the gloom of night,  
 Will take thee home where rapturous joy  
 Shall fill thy soul with light.

376

**O** WONDERFUL words of the gospel!  
 O wonderful message they bring,  
 Proclaiming a blessed redemption  
 Through Jesus our Saviour and King.

- Chor.—Believe, oh, believe in His mercy  
 That flows like a fountain so free;  
 Believe, and receive the redemption  
 He offers to you and to me.
- 1 He came from the throne of His glory,  
 And left the bright mansions above,  
 The world to redeem from its bondage;  
 So great His compassion and love.
- 2 O come to this wonderful Saviour,  
 Come weary and sorrow oppressed;  
 Behold on the cross how He suffered,  
 That you in His kingdom might rest.
- 4 There's no other refuge but Jesus,  
 No shelter where thou canst ever fly;  
 And now, while His tenderly calls,  
 O "turn ye," — for why will ye die?"

277

**C**LOSER, Lord, to Thee I cling,  
 Closer still to Thee;  
 Hide beneath Thy sheltering wing  
 I would ever be;  
 Bids the blast of doubt and sin,  
 Flies assaults without, within,  
 Help me, Lord, the battle win;—  
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

**1** Closer yet, O Lord, my Rock,  
 Refuge of my soul;  
 Dread I not the tempest shock,  
 Though the billows roll;  
 Wildest storm, maddest storm,  
 Fear, to me, can come no harm,  
 Leaning on Thy loving arm;—  
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

**2** Closer still, my Holy, my God,  
 Closer, closer still;  
 Meekly there I learn to say,  
 "Father, not my will,"  
 Learn that in affliction's hour,  
 When the clouds of sorrow lower,  
 Love directs Thy hand of prayer;—  
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

**4** Closer, Lord, to Thee I come,  
 Light of life I bring;  
 Through the ever-blessed Son,  
 Joy and peace are mine;  
 Let me in Thy love abide,  
 Keep me ever near Thy side,  
 In the "Book of Ages" hide,  
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

278

**R**IGHTEOUS in the Lord, O let His mercy cheer,  
 He renders the thanks that overflow;  
 Redeemed by His blood, why should we ever fear  
 When Jesus is our "all in all"?

**Ans.**—If God be for us, if God be for us, if God be for us,  
 Who can be against us, who, who, who,  
 Who can be against us, against us?

- 1 Be strong in the Lord, relying on His might,  
Be loyal and true, day by day;  
When evil's small, be valiant for the right,  
And He will be our strength, our stay.
- 2 Confide in His word, His promises are sure,  
In Christ, they are "yes, and amen;"  
Though earth pass away, they ever shall endure,  
"The written e'er and e'er again."
- 4 Abide in the Lord, secure in His control,  
"The One everlasting began;"  
To pluck from His hand the weakest, trembling soul,  
It never, never can be done.

279

"GOD is Love!—His word proclaims it,  
Day by day the truth we prove;  
Heaven and earth with joy are telling,  
Ever telling, "God is Love!"

Chs.—Hallelujah! tell the story,  
Sing by angel choir above;  
"Reverend forth the mighty chorus—  
"God is Light, and God is Love!"

2 "God is Love!"—Oh, tell it gladly,  
How the Saviour from above  
Came to seek and save the lost ones,  
Showing how the Father's Love.

3 "God is Love!"—Oh, boundless mercy—  
May we all its fullness prove!  
Telling those who sit in darkness,  
"God is Light, and God is Love!"

280

JESUS, my Saviour, in Bethlehem came,  
Here in a manger to nurture and shame;  
Oh, it was wonderful—bliss in His name!  
Seeking for me, for me!

Chs.—O Seeking for me! Seeking for me!  
Oh, it was wonderful—bliss in His name!  
Seeking for me, for me!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,  
Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;  
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be!  
Dying for me, for me!

**Ans.—** Dying for me! Dying for me!  
Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be!  
Dying for me, for me!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,  
While I was wandering afar from the fold,  
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,  
Calling for me, for me!

**Ans.—** Calling for me! Calling for me!  
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,  
Calling for me, for me!

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high—  
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;  
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,  
Coming for me, for me!

**Ans.—** Coming for me! Coming for me!  
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,  
Coming for me, for me!

**251**

**O**UT of my loneliness, sorrow and night,  
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;  
Into Thy mercies, gladness and light,  
Jesus, I come to Thee;  
Out of my sickness into Thy health,  
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,  
Out of my sin and into Thy will,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

2 Out of my shameful failure and loss,  
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;  
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,  
Jesus, I come to Thee;  
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy halls,  
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,  
Out of distress to Jehovah's praise,  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

- 2 Out of sorrow and arrogant pride,  
*Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;*  
 Into Thy blissful will to abide,  
*Jesus, I come to Thee;*  
 Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,  
 Out of despair into rapturous above,  
 Upward for aye on wings like a dove,  
*Jesus, I come to Thee.*
- 4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,  
*Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;*  
 Into the joy and light of Thy home,  
*Jesus, I come to Thee;*  
 Out of the depths of vain ungod,  
 Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,  
 Ever Thy glorious face to behold,  
*Jesus, I come to Thee.*

28

**G**LORY ever be to Jesus,  
 God's own well-beloved Son;  
 By His grace He hath redeemed us,  
 "It is finished," all is done.

*Chor.*—Saved by grace through faith in Jesus,  
 Saved by His own precious blood,  
 May we in His love abiding,  
 Follow on to know the Lord.

- 2 Oh the weary days of wandering,  
 Longing, longing for the light;  
 There at last is all behind us,  
*Jesus is our strength and might.*
- 2 In His safe and holy keeping,  
 Nought the shadow of His wing,  
 Gladly in His love confiding,  
 May our souls His praise sing.

28

**W**HAT came down from heaven to earth?  
*Jesus Christ our Saviour;*  
 Came a child of lowly birth?  
*Jesus Christ our Saviour.*

*Chor.*—Sound the shofar loud and clear,  
He hath brought salvation near  
None so precious, none so dear,  
Jesus Christ our Saviour.

- 1 Who was lifted on the tree?  
Jesus Christ our Saviour;  
There to ransom you and me?  
Jesus Christ our Saviour.
- 2 Who hath promised to forgive?  
Jesus Christ our Saviour;  
Who hath said, "Believe and live!"  
Jesus Christ our Saviour.
- 3 Who is now enthroned above?  
Jesus Christ our Saviour;  
Whom should we obey and love?  
Jesus Christ our Saviour.
- 4 Who again from heaven shall come?  
Jesus Christ our Saviour;  
Take to glory all His own?  
Jesus Christ our Saviour.

284

**W**E have heard the joyful sound:  
Jesus saved! Jesus saved!  
Spread the tidings all around:  
Jesus saved! Jesus saved!  
Bear the news to every land,  
Climb the steep and cross the wading  
Onward!—in our Lord's command:  
Jesus saved! Jesus saved!

- 1 Waft it on the rilling tide:  
Jesus saved! Jesus saved!  
Tell to strangers far and wide:  
Jesus saved! Jesus saved!  
Sing, ye islands of the sea,  
Echo back, ye coasting crews  
Earth shall keep her jubilee:  
Jesus saved! Jesus saved!

- 3 Sing above the battle strife,  
*Jesus saved! Jesus saved!*  
 By His death and endless life,  
*Jesus saved! Jesus saved!*  
 Sing it softly through the gloom,  
 When the heart is weary grown;  
 Sing it triumph o'er the tomb,—  
*Jesus saved! Jesus saved!*
- 4 Give the winds a mighty shout  
*Jesus saved! Jesus saved!*  
 Let the nations give rejoice,—  
*Jesus saved! Jesus saved!*  
 Shout salvation full and free,  
 Highest hills and deepest sea;  
 This our song of victory,—  
*Jesus saved! Jesus saved!*

1862

HE is coming, the "Man of Nazareth,"  
 Now exalted on high;  
 He is coming with loud hosannas,  
 In the clouds of the sky.

- Chorus.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 He is coming again;  
 And with joy we shall gather round Him,  
 At His coming to reign.
- 1 He is coming, our loving Saviour,  
 Whom old Isaiah had foretold;  
 In the glory of God the Father,  
 On the earth He shall reign.
- 2 He is coming, our Lord and Master,  
 Our Redeemer and King;  
 We shall see Him in all His beauty,  
 And His praise we shall sing.
- 3 He shall gather His chosen people,  
 Who are called by His name;  
 And the remnant of every nation,  
 For His own He shall claim.



256

**W**HETHER we may go, by night or day,  
A loving voice within doth gently say:  
My son, from every way of sin depart,  
Be Satan's slave no more, "Give me thy heart!"

*Ans.*—"Give Me thy heart, give me thy heart;  
O weary, wandering child, give me thy heart."

2 Might not that voice be kind, but gladly hear,  
And choose the Lord to-day, while He is near;  
He will His pardoning love to thee impart;  
Oh, hear His calling still, "Give me thy heart!"

3 We may have chosen long from Him to roam,  
Yet He will welcome us, if we but come;  
Oh, may we not delay, but quickly start—  
While Jesus speaketh still, "Give me thy heart!"

257

**O**LDT to the voice of the Prophet of old,  
Proclaiming in language divine,  
The wonderful, wonderful message of truth  
That "They that be wise shall shine."

*Ans.*—"They shall shine as bright as the stars,  
In the firmament jeweled with light;  
And they that turn many to righteousness  
As the stars forever bright."

1 Though rugged the path where our duty may lead,  
Oh why should we ever repine?  
When faithful and true, in the promise to all  
That "They that be wise shall shine."

2 The grandeur of wealth, and the temples of fame,  
Where beauty and splendor combine,  
Will perish, forgotten and crumble to dust,  
But "They that be wise shall shine."

3 Then let us go forth to the work yet to do,  
With zeal that shall never decline,  
Be strong in the Lord, and the promise believe  
That "They that be wise shall shine."

2256

**I** BELIEVED in God's wonderful mercy and grace,  
 Believed in the merit of His precious blood,  
 Believed in His message of pardon and peace,  
 I believed, and I keep on believing.

*Chor.*—Believed and the feeling may come or may go,  
 Believe in the word, that was written to show  
 That all who believe, their salvation may know,  
 Believe, and keep right on believing.

**I** I believed in the work of my crucified Lord,  
 Believed on redemption alone through His blood,  
 Believed in my Saviour by trusting His word:  
 I believed, and I keep on believing.

**I** I believed in the heart that was opened for me,  
 Believed in the love flowing like milk and like honey,  
 Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree,  
 I believed, and I keep on believing.

**I** I believed in Himself, as the true Living One,  
 Believed in His presence as high on the throne,  
 Believed in His coming in glory full soon;  
 I believed, and I keep on believing.

2257

**M**EET me there! Oh, meet me there!  
 In the heavenly world so fair,  
 Where our Lord has entered in,  
 And there remain no hint of sin;  
 With our friends of long ago,  
 And in radiant white array,  
 Such as all the ransomed were,—  
 Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

**I** Meet me there! Oh, meet me there!  
 Far beyond this world of care;  
 When this troubled life shall cease,  
 Meet me where is perfect peace;  
 Where our sorrows we lay down,  
 For the kingdom and the crown,  
 Jesus doth a home prepare,—  
 Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

2190  
 2 Meet me there! Oh, meet me there!  
 No lamentations we shall bear;  
 There no sighings for the dead,  
 There no farewell tear is shed;  
 We shall, safe from all alarms,  
 Clasp our loved ones in our arms,  
 And in Jesus' glory share,—  
 Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!

2191

**A**RE you ready, are you ready for the coming of the Lord?  
 Are you living as He bids you in His word?  
 Are you walking in the light?  
 Is your hope of heaven bright?  
 Could you welcome Him to-night?  
 Are you ready?

Ans.—Therefore be ye also ready, be ye also ready,  
 Therefore be ye also ready,  
 For in such an hour, such an hour as ye think not,  
 The Son of man cometh.

2 Are you willing, are you willing for the coming of the King?  
 Have you bottles of the golden grain to bring?  
 Can you lay at Jesus' feet  
 Any gathered sheaves of wheat,  
 There your blessed Lord to greet?  
 Are you ready?

2 Have you clean, have you clean from the heavy twilight  
 Have you shrift from your sin-lens long and deep? (sleep?)  
 Are your garments washed from sin,  
 Are you cleansed and pure within?  
 Are you ready for the King?  
 Are you ready?

2192

**I**NSURE the favour, ye who know Him,  
 Who can tell how much we owe Him!  
 Gladly let us render to Him  
 All we are and have.

2 Jesus in the name that charms us,  
 He for comfort His and arms us,  
 Nothing moves and nothing harms us,  
 When we trust in Him.

- 3 Trust in Him, ye saints, for ever;  
He is faithful, changing never;  
Neither fate—nor guile can sever  
Those He loves from Him.
- 4 Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us abiding  
To Thy will, and still believing,  
Till the hour of our receiving  
Promised joys in heaven.
- 5 Thus we shall be what we would be,  
Thus we shall be what we should be,  
Things which are not now, nor could be,  
Thus shall be our own.

291

SHINE on, O Star of beauty,  
Thou Christ enthroned above,  
Reflecting in Thy brightness,  
Our Father's look of love.

Chor.—| Shine on, shine on,  
Thou bright and beautiful Star. |

- 1 Shine on, O Star of glory,  
We lift our eyes to Thee;  
Beyond the clouds that gather,  
Thy radiant light we see.
- 2 Shine on, O star unchanging,  
And guide our pilgrim way,  
Till we see the dawning  
Of heaven's eternal day.
- 4 And when, with Thy redeemed ones,  
We reach the heavenly shore,  
May we with Thee in glory  
Shine on for evermore.

292

FAR, far away in heathen darkness dwelling,  
Millions of souls for ever may be lost,  
Who, who will go unbidden's duty telling,  
Looking to Jesus, looking not the east?

Chor.—|— All power is given unto me, |  
Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel, and lo,  
I am with you alway.

- 3 *See o'er the world the open doors inviting,  
Believers of Christ, arise and enter in!*  
Brethren, awake! our hearts all uniting,  
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.
- 4 "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling,  
"Why will ye die?" reaches in His name;  
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling,  
Life and salvation therefore ye proclaim.
- 4 *God speed the day when those of every nation  
" glory to God " triumphantly shall sing;  
Exultant, unrestrained, rejoicing in salvation,  
chant "Hallelujah for the Lord is King."*

## 214

I KNOW I love Thee better, Lord,  
Than any earthly joy;  
For Thou hast given me the power  
Which nothing can destroy.

Chor.—The hell has never yet been told,  
Of love so full and true!  
The hell has never yet been told,  
The blood—it cleanseth us!

- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still  
Than any earthly thing;  
And sweeter is the thought of Thee  
Than any lovely song.
- 2 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;  
Thou say'st I will be glad!  
Without the secret of Thy love  
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!  
What wilt Thy presence be,  
If such a life of joy can crown  
Our walk on earth with Thee?

## 215

O PRECIOUS word that Jesus said!  
The word that comes to Me,  
I will in no wise ever stand  
Whenever he may be.

MAN.—: Whoever he may be, *if*  
I will in no wise cast him out,  
Whoever he may be.

1 O precious word that Jesus said!  
Behold, I am the Door,  
And all who enter in by Me  
Have life for evermore.

MAN.—: Have life for evermore, *if*  
And all who enter in by Me  
Have life for evermore.

1 O precious word that Jesus said!  
Come, weary souls oppressed,  
Come take My yoke and learn of Me,  
And I will give you rest.

MAN.—: And I will give you rest, *if*  
Come take My yoke and learn of Me,  
And I will give you rest.

1 O precious word that Jesus said!  
The world I overcome;  
And they who follow where I lead  
Shall conquer in My name.

MAN.—: Shall conquer in My name, *if*  
And they who follow where I lead  
Shall conquer in My name.

## SONG

**W**HEN I glance in the field, poor or plenty in the field,  
Labour on for the Master, nothing fearing,  
There's a promise of reward, at the coming of the Lord,  
Unto all them that love His appearing.

CHOR.—O the crown, the glory crown,  
O the day, the happy day is coming,  
When the crown of rich reward shall be given by the Lord,  
Unto all them that love His appearing.

1 Jesus now has gone forth to complete His work of love,  
He returns, day by day, heavenly soaring,  
When His own He will receive, and a welcome He will give,  
Unto all them that love His appearing.

1 O how light will seem the grief, and the welcome way  
how brief,

When a crown in the glory we are wearing,

O the rapture who can tell, as far over them we dwell,  
With redeemed ones that loved His appearing.

2897

**W**E lift our songs to Thee,  
Our Saviour and our guide;  
O make us from our earthly lives,  
And keep us near Thy side.

2 We lift our prayers to Thee,  
Who only hearest prayer;  
They who in earth do thus agree,  
Shall feel Thy blessing there.

3 We lift our faith to Thee,  
Increased by grace divine;  
Help us, O Lord, Thy footsteps see,  
And on Thy holy vine.

4 We lift our all to Thee,  
For all things, Lord, are Thine;  
Take us, and all we have, and see  
Thy likeness in us shine.

2898

**I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And has prepared a place for me,  
And opened up victory He gives  
To those who would His children be.

One.—Then ask me not to linger long  
And for my soul and thoughts bring.

2 For I am only waiting here  
To hear the summons, "Child, come home!"

3 I'm trusting Jesus Christ for all,  
I know His blood now speaks for me,  
I'm listening for the welcome call,  
To say: "The Master waiteth thee!"

4 I'm now enraptured with the thought,  
I stand and wonder at His love—  
That He from heaven to earth was brought,  
To die, that I may live above.

- 4 I know that Jesus soon will come,  
I know the time will not be long,  
Till I shall reach my heavenly home,  
And join the everlasting song.

2000

**N**OT far, not far from the Kingdom,  
Yet in the shadow of sin,  
How many are coming and going!—  
How few there are entering in!

*Bar.—* How few there are entering in!  
How many are coming and going!—  
How few there are entering in!

- 2 Not far, not far from the Kingdom,  
Where voices whisper and wait;  
You stand to enter in, boldly,  
No longer shall outside the gate.
- 3 Away in the dark and the danger,  
Far out in the night and the cold;  
There Jesus is waiting to lead you  
So tenderly into His fold.
- 4 Not far, not far from the Kingdom,  
The only a little space;  
But oh, you may still be forever  
Shut out from your heavenly place!

2001

**O**NLY a beam of sunshine,  
But oh, it was warm and bright;  
The heart of a weary traveler  
Was cheered by its welcome sight.  
Only a beam of sunshine  
That fell from the arch above,  
And tenderly, softly whispered  
A message of peace and love.

*Can.—* Only a word for Jesus,  
Only a whispered prayer  
Over some good-worth spirit  
May rest like a cushioned chair.



- 2 Only a beam of sunshine  
That takes a dwelling-crypt,  
Where sits a fading soul,  
A mother's last night kept.  
Only a beam of sunshine  
That smiled through her falling tears,  
And showed her the best of promises,  
Forgotten perhaps for years.
- 3 Only a word for Jesus!  
Oh, speak it in His dear name;  
To perishing souls around you  
The message of love proclaim.  
Go, like the faithful apostles,  
Your mission of joy fulfil;  
Remember the Saviour's promise,  
That He will be with you still.

1881

**A**WAKE, my soul, to sound His praise,  
Awake my heart, to sing;  
Join, all my powers, the song to raise,  
And soaring heaven-ward bring.

- 1 Among the people of His care,  
And through the nations wide,  
His songs of praise will I prepare,  
And thro' His name revealed.
- 2 In Their realm, O my God!  
Above the starry train,  
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,  
And teach the world Thy reign.
- 3 So shall Thy chosen ones rejoice,  
And through Thy courts above,  
While angels bear Thy praising voice,  
And teach redeeming love.

1882

**M**Y Father is rich in houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hand;  
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,  
His coffers are full,—the less riches are had.

Chor.—I'm the child of a King!  
The child of a King!  
With down my tunic,  
I'm the child of a King!

- 2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,  
That watched e'er earth as the power of them;  
That now He is reigning forever on high,  
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.
- 3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,  
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!  
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—  
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
- 4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?  
They're building a palace for me over there!  
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:  
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King!

### 3033

SONGS of gladness, never sadness,  
Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;  
Lift up swelling, ever telling  
Of the joy of souls forgiven.

Ran.—Swelling never ever swelling  
Through the courts of heaven above;  
Ever singing, ever saying,  
God is Life, and God is Love!

1 Ever sunshine, never shadow,  
Calm, mild, clear celestial day;  
Ever summer in its brightness,  
Never winter or decay.

2 Ever greeting, loving, praising,  
With the angel hosts above;  
One eternal Hallelujah,  
One eternal song of Love.

4 Never sighing, never aching;  
No distrust, nor doubt; nor fear;  
Through the long ascending ages,  
Through the long eternal years.

304

**B**LESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!  
O, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Fare of salvation, purchase of blood,  
Dorn of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

*Ans.—* This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

1 Perfect satisfaction, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight,  
Angels descending, bring down above  
Robes of mercy, whispers of love.

2 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I, in my Saviour, am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, longing above  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

305

**A**LONE and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

*Ans.—* At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away,  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day.

1 Wilt it for crimes that I have done,  
Be grieved upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!

2 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
To all that Thou shalt do!

306

**I**N the shadow of His wings  
There is rest, sweet rest;  
There is rest from care and labor,  
There is rest for friend and neighbor.

In the shadow of His wings  
There is rest, sweet rest,  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is rest, sweet rest.

Chor.—[ There is rest, there is peace, there is joy  
In the shadow of His wings. ]

2 In the shadow of His wings  
There is peace, sweet peace,  
Peace that passeth understanding,  
Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending;  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is peace, sweet peace,  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is peace, sweet peace.

3 In the shadow of His wings  
There is joy, glad joy,  
There is joy to tell the story,  
Joy exceeding, full of glory;  
In the shadow of His wings,  
There is joy, glad joy,  
In the shadow of His wings  
There is joy, glad joy.

## 207

**J**ESUS, Thy name I love,  
All other names above,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Oh, Thou art all to me!  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blest Son of God,  
Hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Oh, how great is Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When wilt Thou I see,  
Thou with my Father be,  
Jesus, my Lord!

What need I now to fear?  
 What earthly grief or care,  
 Since Thou wilt ever be,  
 Jesus, my Lord!

- 4 Since Thou wilt come again!  
 I shall be happy then,  
 Jesus, my Lord!  
 Then Thine own face I'll see,  
 Then I shall like Thee be,  
 Then ever more with Thee,  
 Jesus, my Lord!

318

**J**ESUS is tenderly calling thee home—  
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
 Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam  
 Farther and farther away?

- **Ans.**—Calling to-day, calling to-day,  
 Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.
- 1 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—  
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;  
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest;  
 He will not turn thee away.
- 2 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to His side—  
 Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;  
 Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;  
 Chosen, and no longer delay.
- 3 Jesus is pleading, oh, bid to His table—  
 Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;  
 They who believe on His name shall rejoice  
 Quickly arise and away.

319

**S**OME one will enter the pearly gate  
 By and by, by and by,  
 Taste of the glories that there await,  
 Shall you? shall I?  
 Someone will leave the streets of gold,  
 Beautiful visions will there behold,  
 Feast on the pleasures so long forebidd,  
 Shall you? shall I?

- 2 Some one will gladly his cross lay down  
By and by, by and by,  
Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown,  
Shall you? shall I?
- Some one the glorious King will see,  
Ever from sorrow of earth be free,  
Happy with Him through eternity:  
Shall you? shall I?
- 2 Some one will knock when the door is shut  
By and by, by and by,  
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not,"  
Shall you? shall I?
- Some one will call and shall not be heard,  
Vainly will strive when the door is barred,  
Some one will fall of the saint's reward:  
Shall you? shall I?
- 4 Some one will sing the triumphal song  
By and by, by and by,  
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng,  
Shall you? shall I?
- Some one will greet on the golden shore  
Loved ones of earth who have gone before,  
Hale in the glory for evermore:  
Shall you? shall I?

## 310

O K. wonderful Name, by prophets heard  
Long years before His birth;  
They saw Him coming from afar,  
The Prince of Peace on earth.

Can.—The Wonderful, The Unsearched!  
The Great and Mighty Lord!  
The everlasting Prince of Peace!  
The King, the Son of God!

2 Oh, glorious Name the angels praise,  
And crowned with glory,—  
The Name above all other names,  
Our refuge evermore.

2 Oh, precious Name, exalted high,  
To Him all power is given;  
Through Him we triumph over sin,  
By Him we enter heaven.

311

**L**ET us sing of the love of the Lord,  
As now to the cross we draw nigh;  
Let us sing of the power of the blood of all grace,  
For the love that gave Jesus to die.

**Rev.**—O the love that gave Jesus to die,  
The love that gave Jesus to die,  
Praise God, it is mine, this love so divine,  
The love that gave Jesus to die.

2 O how great was the love that was shown  
To us—we can never tell why—  
Not to angels, but now let us praise Him again  
For the love that gave Jesus to die.

3 Now this love saves all God remembers,  
Not one would His mercy pass by;  
"Whoever shall call," there is pardon for all  
In the love that gave Jesus to die.

4 Who is he that can separate those  
Whom God death in love justify?  
Whoever we need He includes in His death,  
In the love that gave Jesus to die.

312

**O**BTAIN, His journey beginning,  
With courage and firmness arise;  
Look well to the course thou art choosing,  
Be earnest, be watchful, and wise;  
Remember, two paths are before thee,  
And both thy attention invite;  
But one leads on to destruction,—  
The other to joy and delight.

**Chor.**—God help you to follow His banner,  
And serve Him wherever you go;  
And when you are tempted, my brethren,  
God give you the grace to say "No."

2 O brother, yield not to the tempter,  
No matter what others may do;  
Stand firm on the strength of the Master,  
Be loyal, be faithful, and true;

Each trial will make you the stronger,  
 If you, in the name of the Lord,  
 Fight valiantly under your leader,  
 Obeying the voice of His word.

- 2 O brother, the Saviour is calling;  
 Beware of the danger of sin;  
 Heed not the voice of the Spirit,  
 That whispers so gently within;  
 God calls you to enter His service,—  
 To live for Him here, day by day,  
 And share by and by in the glory  
 That never shall vanish away.

## 313

**O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home—

- 1 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
 Still may we dwell secure;  
 Bulwark in Thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun.

## 314

**H**EAR not! God is thy shield,  
 And He thy great reward;  
 His right has won the field:  
 Thy strength is in the Lord!

- REF.—Fear not! 'tis God's own voice  
 That speaks to thee this word;  
 Lift up your heads, rejoice,  
 In Jesus Christ thy Lord!



- 1 Fear not! for God has heard  
The cry of thy distress;  
The water of His word  
Thy fainting soul shall bless.
- 2 Fear not! be not dismayed!  
No armour will be  
With thee, to give His aid,  
And He will strengthen thee.
- 3 Fear not! ye little flock;  
Your Shepherd soon will come,  
Give water from the rock,  
And bring you to His home!

385

"**T**HERE shall be showers of blessing;"  
This is the promise of love;  
There shall be seasons refreshing,  
sent from the Father above.

Chor.— Showers of blessing,  
Showers of blessing we need,  
Heavy-drops round us are falling,  
But for the showers we plead.

2 "There shall be showers of blessing;"—  
Precious reviving again;  
Over the hills and the valleys,  
Sound of abundance of rain.

3 "There shall be showers of blessing;"  
Send them upon us, O Lord,  
Grant to us now a refreshing,  
Come, and now hearst Thy word.

4 "There shall be showers of blessing;"  
Oh, that to-day they might fall,  
New as to God we're confessing,  
New as on Jesus we call!

386

**W**HEN we gather at last over Jordan,  
And the ransomed in glory we see,  
As the numberless souls of the numberless,  
What a wonderful sight that will be!

321

- “**N**EARER the cross!” my heart can say,  
 I am coming nearer;  
 Nearer the cross from day to day,  
 I am coming nearer;  
 Nearer the cross where Jesus died,  
 Nearer the fountain’s crimson tide,  
 Nearer my Father’s wounded side,  
 ¶ I am coming nearer. ¶
- ¶ Nearer the Christian’s merry end,  
 I am coming nearer;  
 Feasting my soul on nature’s sweet,  
 I am coming nearer;  
 Stronger in faith, more clear I see  
 Jesus who gave Himself for me;  
 Nearer to Him I still would be;  
 ¶ Still I’m coming nearer. ¶
- ¶ Nearer in prayer my hope expires,  
 I am coming nearer;  
 Deeper the love my soul desires,  
 I am coming nearer;  
 Nearer the end of toil and care,  
 Nearer the joy I long to share,  
 Nearer the crown I soon shall wear;  
 ¶ I am coming nearer. ¶

321

**T**HE Lord’s our Rock, in Him we hide,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;  
 Secure whatever ill betide,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

*Chor.*—Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
 A weary land, a weary land;  
 Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

- ¶ A shade by day, defence by night,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;  
 No fear alarm, no fear affright,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.
- ¶ The raging storms may round us beat,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;

We'll never leave our safe retreat,  
A shelter in the time of storm.

- 4 O Rock divine, O Refuge dear!  
A shelter in the time of storm;  
Be Thou our helper ever near,  
A shelter in the time of storm.

233

O H, who is this that cometh  
From Zion's eastern plain,  
With wounded sides; with garments dyed?  
Oh, tell me now Thy name.  
—I that saw thy soul's distress,  
A ransom gave;  
I that speak in righteousness,  
Mighty to save!

Chorus.—O Mighty to save! if  
Lord, I'll trust Thy wondrous love,  
—Mighty to save!

- 2 Oh, why is Thine apparel  
So very deeply dyed?—  
Like them that tread the wine-press red?  
Oh, why 's'thine eastern side?  
—I the wine-press trod alone,  
South sower's seed;  
Oh! the people there was none  
Mighty to save!

- 2 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,  
How couldst Thou bear this shame?  
With sorrow fraught, Thine arm has brought  
Salvation in Thy name!  
—I the victory have won,  
Conquered the grave;  
Now the year of joy has come,  
Mighty to save!

234

L OW in the grave He lay—  
Jesus, my Saviour!  
Waiting the coming day—  
Jesus, my Lord!

Chor.—Up from the grave He arose,  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;  
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives for ever with His saints to reign;  
He arose! He arose!  
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 Vainly they watched His bed—  
Jesus, my mercies!

Vainly they seek the dead—  
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Death cannot keep his prey—  
Jesus, my mercies!

He has the bars away—  
Jesus, my Lord!

325

**S**OFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me;  
He sees the portals He's waiting and watching,  
Watching for you and for me.

Chor.—Come home, come home,  
Ye who are weary, come home;  
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!

2 Why should we hurry when Jesus is pleading,  
Pleading for you and for me?  
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,  
Mercies for you and for me?

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,  
Passing from you and from me;  
The hours are gathering, death-hells are coming,  
Coming for you and for me.

4 Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised,  
Promised for you and for me;  
Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,  
Pardon for you and for me.

326

**O** WANDERING souls, why will you roam  
Away from God, away from home?  
The mercies wait, O hear Him say,  
Whoever will may come to-day.

- Hear,—Whoever will, whoever will,  
 [Whoever will may come to-day,]   
 And drink of the water of life.
- 2 Behold His hands extended low,  
 The dews of night are on His brow;  
 He kneels, He sobs, He wails, He waits, He stills;  
 Oh, come to Him, whoever will.
- 3 In simple faith His word believe,  
 And His abundant grace receive,  
 No love like His the heart can fill,  
 Oh, come to Him, whoever will.
- 4 The " Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"  
 And call to Him at once, and bring;  
 Let Him that hears, who still,  
 The blessed witness bring.

324

**A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,  
 In every age are seen;  
 They stopped the prodigal's career,  
 And caused him to repent.

- CAR.—"I'll not die here for bread,  
 I'll not die here for bread," he cried;  
 "Nor starve in foreign lands;  
 My father's house has large supplies,  
 And housewifery are his hands."
- 2 "What have I gained by sin," he said,  
 "But hunger, shame, and fear?"  
 My father's house abounds in bread,  
 While I am starving here!
- 3 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
 Fall down, before his face,  
 Dumbly to be called his son,  
 I'll seek a servant's place."
- 4 His father saw him coming back;  
 He saw, he ran, he called,  
 And threw his arms around the neck  
 Of his rebellious child!

- 3 "O Father, I have sinned—forgive!"  
 "Enough," the Father said;  
 "Receive, my Son, my love's alive  
 For whom I mourned as dead!"
- 4 '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.

337

**H**OW sweet, my Father, to repose  
 On Thine almighty power!  
 To feel Thy strength upholding me,  
 Through every trying hour!

Chor.—[Casting all your care upon Him.]  
 Casting all your care upon Him,  
 For His care, He cares for you.

- 1 It is Thy will that I should cast  
 My every care on Thee;  
 To Thee refer each rising grief,  
 Each new perplexity;
- 2 That I should trust Thy loving care,  
 And look to Thee alone,  
 To calm each troubled thought to rest,  
 In peace below Thy throne.
- 3 Why should my heart then be distressed  
 By dread of future ill?  
 Or why should unbeliefing fear  
 My trembling spirit fill?

338

**I**N the harvest field there is work to do,  
 For the grain is ripe, and the reaper few;  
 And the Master's voice bids the workers true  
 Hear the call that He gives to-day.

Chor.—Labour on! labour on!  
 Keep the bright reward in view,  
 For the Master has said,  
 He will strength renew;  
 Labour on till the close of day!

- 2 Crown the garnet wall with its obsidian all bright,  
 Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;  
 Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night  
 Take the place of the golden day.
- 3 In the glaucous path may be rich reward,  
 Though the toils seem long, and the labor hard;  
 For the Master's joy, with His chosen shared,  
 Drive the gloom from the darkest day.
- 4 Let the Harvest Home in the valleys above  
 Shall be gazed by each who has toiled and strove,  
 When the Master's voice, in the tones of love,  
 Calls away to eternal day.

2329

"I WILL God be loved!" Oh, wondrous theme!  
 Oh! wondrous key to wondrous scheme!  
 A Saviour sent to sinful men—  
 Glory to God the Father!

Chor.—(1) Glory to God the Father! (2)  
 Glory, glory,  
 Glory to God the Father!

1 In love God gave, in love Christ came,  
 That man might know the Father's name,  
 And in the Son salvation claim—  
 Glory to God the Father!

2 As man He tarried here below,  
 The power and love of God to show;  
 To help and heal all human woe—  
 Glory to God the Father!

3 Upon the cross His life He gave,  
 His people from their sins to save;  
 For them descended to the grave—  
 Glory to God the Father!

4 By God exalted from the dead,  
 He reigns on high the living head  
 Of every soul for whom He died—  
 Glory to God the Father!

320

**O** TROUBLED heart, there is a home,  
Beyond the reach of toil and care;  
A home where changes never come,  
Who would not fain be resting there?

**Ans.**—*O* wait, meekly wait, and sorrow not; *O*  
*O*, wait, *O*, wait,  
*O*, wait, and sorrow not.

2 Yet when bowed down beneath the load  
By heaviest sorrow, think earthly lot;  
Look up! there'll reach that blest abode,  
Wait, meekly wait, and sorrow not.

3 If in thy path some thorns are found,  
*O*, think who bore them on His brow;  
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,  
It reached a holier than thou.

4 Toss on, get down, though woe it be,  
One sigh unheeded, one prayer forgot;  
The day of rest will dawn for thee;  
Wait, meekly wait, and sorrow not.

321

**WINNERS** Jesus will receive;  
Send this word of grace to all  
Who the heavenly pathway leave,  
All who linger, all who fall.

**Ans.**—Sing it o'er and o'er again;  
Christ receiveth sinful men;  
Make the message clear and plain;  
Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Come, and He will give you rest;  
Tryd Him, for His word is plain;  
He will take the sinfullest;  
Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Now my heart embitters me not,  
Pure before the law I stand;  
He who cleansed me from all spot,  
Satisfied its best demand.



- 4 Christ receive these sinful men,  
 Even me with all my sin,  
 Purg'd from every spot and stain,  
 Heaven with Him I enter in.

3052

**T**HIS IS a stranger at the door;  
 Let Him in!  
 He has been there oft before,  
 Let Him in!  
 Let Him in ere He is gone;  
 Let Him in, the Holy one,  
 Jesus Christ, the Father's Son;  
 Let Him in!

- 2 Open now to Him your heart;  
 Let Him in!  
 If you wait He will depart;  
 Let Him in!  
 Let Him in; He is your Friend,  
 And your soul He will defend,  
 He will keep you to the end;  
 Let Him in!

- 3 Hear you now His loving voice?  
 Let Him in!  
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice;  
 Let Him in!  
 He is standing at the door;  
 Joy to you He will restore,  
 And His name you will adore;  
 Let Him in!

- 4 Now admit the heavenly Guest;  
 Let Him in!  
 He will make for you a nest;  
 Let Him in!  
 He will speak your sins forgiven,  
 And when earth-time all are o'er,  
 He will take you home to heaven;  
 Let Him in!

1133

**I** LOOKED to Jesus in my sin,  
 My woes and wants confounding;  
 Uplifted and lost, I came to Him,  
 I sought and found a blessing.

*Chorus.*—"I looked to Him, to Him I looked,"  
 "The true, the Whosoever,"  
 "He looked on me, on me He looked,  
 And we were one for ever."

**I** I looked to Jesus on the cross,  
 For me I saw Him dying;  
 God's word believed, that all my sins  
 Were there upon Him lying.

**I** I looked to Jesus there on high,  
 From death regained to glory;  
 I trusted in His power to save,  
 Believed the old, old story.

**H**e looked on me, O look of love!  
 My heart by it was broken;  
 And, with that look of love, He gave  
 The Holy Spirit's token.

**N**ow one with Christ, I find my power  
 In Him to be abiding,  
 And in His love for all my need,  
 In child-like faith confiding.

1134

**A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

*Chorus.*—Let us crown Him, let us crown Him,  
 Let us crown the great Redeemer Lord of all;  
 Let us crown Him, let us crown Him,  
 Let us crown Him Lord of all.

**L**et every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

1 O that with powder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlast'ning song,  
And crown His Lord of all.

222

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry;  
Unless Thou help me I must die:  
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am.

Chorus.—*And take me as I am, if  
My only plea—Christ died for me!  
Oh, take me as I am.*

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt;  
But yet for me Thy blood was spill'd,  
And Thou must make me what Thou wilt,  
And take me as I am.

3 No preparation can I make,  
My hand, my voice I only break,  
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,  
And take me as I am.

4 Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,  
Deal with me as Thou wilt best;  
Thy work begins, Thy work complete,  
And take me as I am.

223

**S**VOULS of men, why will ye wander  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
Foolish hearted why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep?  
Was there ever kinder Shepherd,  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?

2 It is God! His love looks mighty,  
And is mightier than it seems:  
Thy own Father and the goodness  
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

- There's a wisdom in God's mercy,  
Like the wisdom of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than thirty.
- 2 There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgments given.  
There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more grace for the good;  
There is mercy with the merciful;  
There is healing in His blood.
- 4 But we make His love too cruel,  
By false fears of our own;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.  
There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the arms of the Head.
- 6 If our love were but more simple  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would all be sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.  
For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

357

I In the land of strangers,  
Whither thou art gone,  
Have a far voice calling,  
"My son! my son!"

Chr.—"Welcome! welcome, welcome!  
Welcome back to home!  
Thou hast wandered far away,  
Come home! come home!"

2 "From the land of strangers,  
Fainting, famished here,  
Come to love and gladness,  
My son! my son!"

- 3 " Leave the banquets of sick,  
Washed, worn, begone,  
Sick at heart and weary,  
My son! my son!"
- 4 " See the door still open!  
Thou art still my own;  
Eyes of love are on thee,  
My son! my son!"
- 5 " Far off thou hast wandered;  
Will thou farther roam?  
Come, and all be pardoned,  
My son! my son!"
- 6 " See the well-watered fields,  
Unforgotten are!  
Here is rest and plenty,  
My son! my son!"
- 7 " Thou art idle, slow, homeless,  
Hopeless, and wretched;  
Mine is love strengthening,  
My son! my son!"

## 223B

**O**N that bright and golden morning, when the Son of  
man shall come,

and the brightness of His glory we shall see;  
When from every clime and nation He shall call His  
people home,

What a gathering of the redeemed that will be.

Chor.—What a gathering, what a gathering,

What a gathering of the redeemed in the summer  
land of love;

What a gathering, what a gathering,

Of the redeemed in that happy home above.

3 When the Christ who sleep in Jesus, at His bidding shall  
arise

From the silence of the grave, and from the sea,  
And with bodies all celestial they shall meet Him in the  
skies,

What a gathering and rejoicing there will be.

- 2 When our eyes behold the city, with its many mansions bright,  
 And the river, calm and peaceful, flowing free;  
 When the friends that death has parted shall in bliss  
 Again unite,  
 What a gathering and a greeting there will be.
- 4 O the King is surely coming, and the time is drawing nigh,  
 When the blessed day of promise we shall see;  
 Then the changing "in a moment," "in the twinkling of  
 an eye,"  
 And forever in His presence we shall be.

## 333

**O** HEAR my cry, be gracious now to me,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come;  
 My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.

*Ans.*—I've wandered far away o'er mountains wild,  
 I've wandered far away from home;  
 O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.

- 2 I have no place, no shelter from the night,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come;  
 One look from Thee would give me life and light,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.
- 2 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come;  
 Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.
- 4 Thou wilt not spare conviction's broken sigh,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come;  
 Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry,  
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.

## 340

**G**OD be with you till we meet again—  
 By His merciful guide, behold you.  
 With His sheep securely fold you;  
 God be with you till we meet again!

Chor.—Till we meet! Till we meet!  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;  
Till we meet! Till we meet!  
God be with you till we meet again!

1 God be with you till we meet again!—  
Nearly His wings protecting hide you,  
Daily mamma still divide you;  
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till we meet again!—  
When life's perils thick surround you,  
Put His arms unflinching round you;  
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again!—  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
So the death's threatening wave before you;  
God be with you till we meet again!

## 341

I MUST walk through the valley and the shadow,  
On my journey in a loving Saviour's care;  
He hath said He will never, never leave me,  
With His staff He will comfort me there.

Chor.—Through the valley, through the valley,  
Through the valley and the shadow I must go,  
But the dark waves of Jordan will not harm me,  
There is peace in the valley, I know.

1 When I walk through the valley and the shadow,  
All the weary days of toiling will be o'er;  
For the strong arms of Jesus will uphold me,  
And with Him I shall sorrow no more.

2 Though I walk through the valley and the shadow,  
Yet the glory of the dawning I shall see,  
I shall join in the anthem over Jordan,  
Where the loved ones are waiting for me.

3 I shall walk through the valley and the shadow,  
I shall follow where my Lord has gone before;  
Through the mist of the valley He will lead me,  
Till I rest on the Evergreen Shore.

## 342

**G**OD'S almighty arms are round me,  
 Peace, peace to bring;  
 Judgment never need not condemn me,  
 Peace, peace to bring.  
 Jesus saves Himself and might me  
 Sell to Death, He found and bought me  
 Then my blood freedom bought me,  
 Peace, peace to bring.

1 While I hear life's rugged billows I  
 Peace, peace to bring;  
 Why suspend my harp on willows I  
 Peace, peace to bring.  
 I may sing with Christ beside me,  
 Through a thousand ills beside me;  
 Surely He hath ways to guide me  
 Peace, peace to bring.

2 Every trial drives Him nearer,  
 Peace, peace to bring;  
 All His strokes but make Him dearer,  
 Peace, peace to bring.  
 How I love the hand that smiteth  
 Gently, and is heal' delighteth,  
 The agonist up close He fighteth,  
 Peace, peace to bring.

3 Welcome every rising sunlight,  
 Peace, peace to bring;  
 Neerer hours each rising midnight,  
 Peace, peace to bring.  
 Death and hell cannot oppress me;  
 Safe as Christ where'er I fall me;  
 Gladly wait I till He call me,  
 Peace, peace to bring.

## 343

**L**OOK unto me, and be ye saved,<sup>1</sup>  
 O' heart the best command,  
 Salvation full / salvation true!  
 Preacheth through every land.

Chor.—"Look unto me, and be ye saved,  
 All the ends of the earth."



- For I am glad, there is none else,  
Look unto me, and be ye saved."
- 2 "Look unto me," open the eyes,  
O weary, burdened soul,  
Trust them on, for thy sins were laid,  
Believe and be made whole.
- 3 "Look unto me," thy risen Lord,  
In dark temptation's hour,  
Thy faithful grace I'll freely give,  
To keep from Satan's power.
- 4 "Look unto me," and rest within,  
No help is there for thee;  
For pardon, peace, and all thy need,  
Look only unto Me.

## 344

- A**s I wandered 'round the lone street,  
Many a dear familiar spot  
Brought within my recollection  
Because I'd so longingly sought;  
There, the velvet cushion, reader—  
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,  
With its old, moss-covered bucket,  
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.
- 2 Though the house was held by strangers,  
All remained the same within;  
Just as when a child I reached  
Up and down, and out and in;  
To the garret dark ascending—  
O'er a scene of childish dread—  
Passing through the misty cobwebs,  
Lest I saw my trundle bed.
- 3 Quick I drew it from the rubbish,  
Turned o'er with dust so long;  
When, behold, I heard in fancy  
Musings of one familiar song,  
Often sung to my dear mother  
To me in that trundle bed;  
"Hush, my dear, be still and slumber!  
Gaily angels guard thy bed!"

- 4 While I listen to the music  
 Streaming on its gentle strains,  
 I am carried back to childhood—  
 I am now a child again:  
 'Tis the hour of my retiring,  
 At the dusky eventide;  
 Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,  
 As of yore, by mother's side.
- 5 Hands are on my head as loving,  
 As they were in childhood's days;  
 I, with weary tones, am trying  
 To repeat the words she says,  
 'Tis a prayer in language simple  
 As a mother's lips can frame;  
 "Father, Thou who art in heaven,  
 Hallowed, even, be Thy name."
- 6 Prayer is over: to my pillow  
 With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,  
 Secretly weeping while I whisper,  
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
 Then my mother, o'er me bending,  
 Prays in earnest words, but mild:  
 "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,  
 Bless, oh bless thy precious child!"
- 7 Yet I am but only dreaming:  
 Ne'er I'll be a child again;  
 Many years has that dear mother  
 In the quiet churchyard lain;  
 But the memory of her counsels  
 O'er my path a light has shed,  
 Daily calling me to heaven,  
 Even from my trundle bed.

345

**O**H wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!  
 True wisdom its pages unfold;  
 And though we may read them a thousand times o'er,  
 They never, no never, grow old!  
 Each line hath a treasure, each promise a pearl,  
 That all if they will may secure;  
 And we know that when time and the world pass away,  
 God's Word shall be ever and ever.

- 1 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!  
The lamp that our Father above  
So kindly has lighted to teach us the way  
That leads to the arms of His love!  
His warnings, His counsels are faithful and just;  
His judgments are perfect and pure;  
And we know that when time and the world pass away,  
God's Word shall for ever endure.
- 2 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!  
Our only salvation is there;  
It carries conviction down deep in the heart,  
And shows us ourselves as we are.  
It tells of a Saviour, and points to the cross,  
Where perishes no more any more;  
For we know that when time and the world pass away,  
God's Word shall for ever endure.
- 4 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!  
The hope of our friends in the past;  
Its truth, when so truly they anchored their trust,  
Through ages eternal shall last.  
Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!  
Unchanging, abiding and true;  
For we know that when time and the world pass away,  
God's Word shall for ever endure.

## 346

**T**HIS is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven;  
The name, before His wondrous birth,  
To Christ the Saviour given.

But — We love to sing of Christ our King,  
And hail His blessed name!  
For there's no word our ears have heard  
So dear, so sweet, as "Jesus!"

2 And when He hung upon the tree,  
They wrote His name above Him  
That all might see the reason we  
For evermore must love Him.

3 So now, upon His Father's throne —  
Almighty to release us  
From sin and pain — He ever reigns,  
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

3 O Jesus! by that matchless Name  
 Thy grace shall fail us never,  
 To-day as yesterday the same,  
 There art the same for ever!

267

O **T**h life is like a stormy sea  
 Swept by the gales of sin and grief,  
 While on the windward side the sea  
 Hangs heavy clouds of wretched;  
 But o'er the deep a call we hear,  
 Like Harbor bell's inviting voice,  
 It tells the lost that hope is near,  
 And bids the trembling soul rejoice.

On — This way, this way, O heart oppressed,  
 Be led by storm and tempest driven;  
 This way, this way, in love is rest,  
 Rings out the Harbor bell of heaven.

2 O let us now the call obey,  
 And draw our bark for yonder shore,  
 Where still that voice directs the way,  
 In pleading hours for evermore;  
 A thousand life wrecks strew the sea,  
 They're going down, at every swell;  
 "Come unto me," "Come unto me,"  
 Rings out the answering Harbor bell.

3 O tempted one, look up, be strong;  
 The promise of the Lord is true,  
 That they shall sing the victor's song,  
 Who faithful to the end endure;  
 God's Holy Spirit comes to thee,  
 Of His abiding love to tell,  
 To blissful port, o'er stormy sea,  
 Calls heaven's loving Harbor bell.

4 Come, gracious Lord, and in Thy love  
 Conduct us o'er life's stormy wave;  
 O guide us to the home above,  
 The blissful home beyond the grave;  
 There safe from rock, and storm, and flood,  
 Our song of praise shall never cease,  
 To Him who bought us with His blood,  
 And brought us to the port of peace.

348

**O**H, to have no Christ, no Saviour!  
 No Rest, no Refuge nigh!  
 When the dark days round thee gather,  
 When the storm sweeps o'er the sky!

**Chor.**—Oh, to have no hope in Jesus!  
 No Friend, no light in Jesus!  
 Oh, to have no hope in Jesus!  
 How dark this world must be!

**2** Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour!  
 How lonely life must be!  
 Like a sailor, lost and driven,  
 On a wide and stormy sea.

**3** Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour!  
 No hand to clasp thine arm!  
 Through the dark, dark vale of midnight,  
 Thou must press thy way alone.

**4** Now, we pray thee, come to Jesus!  
 His pard'ning love receive;  
 For the Saviour now is calling,  
 And he bids thee turn and live.

**Chor.**—Come to Jesus, He will save you,  
 He is the Friend of sinners;  
 Then, when thou hast found the Saviour,  
 How bright this world will be!

349

**T**HIS is a land which lies afar,  
 Where glad to all unknown;  
 A land wherein the angels sing  
 Around the heavenly throne.

**Chor.**—O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet  
 Upon that distant shore,  
 Whom, on the glorious eve we met,  
 In our pilgrim's journey here.

**1** We are but pilgrims on the earth,  
 And brief our sojourn here;  
 But well we know where home we go,  
 There is a brighter sphere.

1 There is a realm of boundless love,  
A goal for hearts distressed,  
Where all may find for endless years  
A home among the blest.

254

**H**E died! He died! the lowly Man of sorrow,  
On whom were laid our heavy griefs and woes;  
Ours was His love, beneath that's awful shadow,  
And He hath triumphed over all our foes.

Ans.—“ I am he that liveth, that liveth and was dead; I  
And, behold, I am alive for evermore;  
Behold, I am alive for evermore,  
I am he that liveth, that liveth and was dead;  
And, behold, I am alive for evermore.”

- 2 He liveth! He liveth! what glories condescend!  
Exalted at His Father's own right hand,  
He pleads for us, and by His intercession,  
Rideth all His saints by grace to stand.
- 3 He comes! He comes! O blest anticipation!  
In keeping with His true and faithful word:  
To call us to our heavenly consummation—  
Caught up, to be “ forever with the Lord.”

255

**O** weary pilgrim, lift your head;  
For joy cometh in the morning!  
For God in His own Word hath said  
That joy cometh in the morning!

Ans.—“ Joy cometh in the morning! I  
Weeping my eyes have for a night;  
But joy cometh in the morning!”

- 2 To trembling saints, dissolve your fears!  
For joy cometh in the morning!  
Oh, weeping sinners, dry your tears:  
For joy cometh in the morning!
- 3 Let every hindered soul look up:  
For joy cometh in the morning!  
As I every trembling sinner hope:  
For joy cometh in the morning!

4 Our God shall wipe all tears away:  
For joy cometh in the morning!  
Sorrow and sighing flee away:  
For joy cometh in the morning!

**R** **EXULT**, rejoice, believe,  
And let thy joy and glory ever be  
In Him, the Great Deliverer,  
Who gave Himself a sacrifice for thee.

Our—Rejoice, believe,  
Rejoice and sing  
Of Him who lives forever,  
The great High Priest and King.

1 Rejoice in thy Redeemer,  
Thou hast a place that nothing can remove;  
He bids thee dwell in safety,  
And rest beneath the shadow of His love.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, believe,  
A house on high is waiting now for thee;  
And there, in all His beauty,  
The King of saints will wonder thou shalt see.

4 Rejoice, rejoice, believe,  
Press on to join the happy, happy throng;  
Where, given the Lord, with all His  
To realms of joy and everlasting song.

“**C**OME unto me,” It is the Saviour’s voice,  
The Lord of life, who bids thy heart rejoice;  
O weary heart, with heavy cares oppressed,  
“Come unto me,” and I will give you rest.

Bar.—“Come unto me, come unto me,  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest,  
[; I will give you rest.”]

2 Weary with life’s long struggle full of pain,  
O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again;  
Thy doubts shall vanish and thy sorrows cease,  
“Come unto me,” and I will give you peace.

- 1 Oh, dying men, with guilt and sin dismayed,  
With conscience awakened, of thy God afraid;  
Twain hopes and love-oh, and the anxious strife,  
"Come unto me," and I will give you life.
- 2 Rest, peace, and life, the flowers of deathless bloom,  
The Saviour gives us, but beyond the tomb—  
But here, and here, on earth, some glimpse is given  
Of joys which wait us through the gates of heaven.

354

STAFF hours, safe home in port!  
 Most cordage, shattered deck,  
 Your sails, provisions short,  
 And only not a wreck!  
 But, oh! the joy, upon the shore,  
 To feel our voyage ports o'pen.

- 1 The prize, the prize secured!  
 The weather nearly fell;  
 None all so cold and drear,  
 And here not always well!  
 But he may smile at troubles gone  
 Who sets the victor-quested on!
- 2 No more the foe can harm!  
 No more of hoarsest camp,  
 And cry of night alarm,  
 And land of rusty lamp—  
 And yet how nearly had he failed—  
 How nearly had that foe prevailed!
- 3 The sails is at home!  
 Oh, nights and days of loss!  
 Oh, longings not to roam!  
 Oh, sin and doubts and fears!  
 What matters now grief's darkest day,  
 When God has wiped all tears away!

355

ON Calvary's brow my Saviour died,  
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified;  
 'Twas on the cross He bled for me,  
 And purchased there my pardon free.



Ans.—O Calvary! dark Calvary!

Where Jesus shed His blood for me; P 2-1 1914

O Calvary! best Calvary!

'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

1 Mid' rending rocks and darting darts,  
My Saviour bore his head and arms;  
The opening veil reveals the way  
To heaven's joys and endless day.

2 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be,  
That Thou shouldst give Thy life for me,  
To bear the cross and agony,  
In that dread hour on Calvary?

354

**H**OLD Them my hand, as weak I am, and helpless,  
I dare not take one step without Thy aid;  
Hold Them my hand, for thou, O loving Saviour,  
No dread of it shall make my soul afraid.

2 Hold Them my hand, and cheer, cheer drive me  
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all;  
Hold Them my hand, lest haply I should wander,  
And, mistaking Them, my trembling feet should fall.

3 Hold Them my hand; the way is dark before me  
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;  
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,  
What thoughts of joy, what rapturous sighs are mine!

4 Hold Them my hand, that when I reach the margin  
Of that lone river—Thou didst cross for me,  
A heavenly light may dash along its waters,  
And every wave like raptured light shall be.

357

**"B**e ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might,"  
Firmly standing for the truth of His word;  
He shall lead you safely through the thickest of the fight,  
You shall conquer in the name of the Lord.

Ans.—Firmly stand for the right.

On to victory at the King's command;

For the honor of the Lord, and the triumph of His word,  
In the strength of the Lord firmly stand.

- 1 " Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might,"  
 Never turning from the face of the foe;  
 He will surely by you stand, as you battle for the right,  
 In the power of His might onward go.
- 1 " Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of His might,"  
 For His promises shall never, never fail; (right)  
 By my right hand He'll hold them while battling for the  
 Trusting them that shall for evermore prevail.

## 335

**O**N the Resurrection morning,  
 Soul and body meet again,  
 No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
 No more pain.

- 1 Here while they must be parted,  
 And the flesh its Sabbath keep,  
 Waiting in a holy stillness,  
 Wrapped in sleep.
- 2 For a space the lived body  
 Waits in peace the morning's dawn,  
 When there breaks the best and brightest  
 Easter morn.
- 3 On that happy Easter morning  
 All the graves their dead restore,  
 Father, mother, sister, brother,  
 Each one more.
- 4 Soul and body reunited,  
 Immediately nothing shall divide,  
 Waking up in Christ's own likeness,  
 Refined.

## 336

**S**ON of God, beloved in Jesus!  
 O the wondrous word of grace!  
 In His Son the Father sees us,  
 And as soon He gives us place.

- Chorus.—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God,  
 And it doth not yet appear what we shall be;  
 But if we love Him, whom He shall appear,  
 He shall be like Him;  
 For we shall see Him as He is."

- 2 I should hope now brightly beaming,  
 On our God we soon shall gaze;  
 And in light celestial gleaming,  
 We shall see our Saviour's face.
- 3 By the power of grace transforming,  
 We shall then His image bear;  
 Christ His promised word performing,  
 We shall claim His glory there.

360

**T**HIS is a name I love to hear;  
 I love to sing its worth;  
 It sounds like music to mine ear—  
 The sweetest name on earth.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love  
 Who died to set me free;  
 It tells me of His precious blood—  
 The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells of One whose loving heart  
 Can feel my sorest woe—  
 Who in each sorrow bears a part  
 That none can bear below.
- 4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,  
 And drive each rising fear;  
 It tells me in a "still small voice,"  
 To trust, and not to fear.

361

**B**LEND in the Fountain of blood,  
 To a world of sinners revealed;  
 Blend in the deep flow of God;  
 Only by His stripes we are healed.  
 Though I've wandered far from His fold,  
 Bringing to my heart pain and woe,  
 Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,  
 And I shall be whiter than snow.

Ans.—[I Whiter than the snow,] I  
 Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,  
 And I shall be whiter than snow.

- 1 *Thou'g' was the crown that He wore,  
 And the cross His body sustains;  
 Glorious was the nation He bore,  
 But He suffered there not in vain.  
 May I to that Fountain be led,  
 Made to cleanse my sins here below;  
 Wash me in the blood that He shed,  
 And I shall be whiter than snow.*
- 2 *Father, I have wandered from Thee,  
 Often has my heart gone astray;  
 Crispen'd do my sins seem to me—  
 Water may not wash them away.  
 Lead me to that Fountain of Thee,  
 Leading on Thy promise I go;  
 Cleanse me by Thy washing divine,  
 And I shall be whiter than snow.*

3452

**N**OW the day is over,  
 Night is drawing nigh,  
 Shadow'd of the evening  
 Shad' across the sky.

- 1 *Jesus, give the weary  
 Calm and sweet repose;  
 With Thy tenderest blessing  
 May our spirits glow.*
- 2 *Through the long night watch  
 May Thy angels spread  
 Their white wings above us,  
 Watching round each bed.*
- 3 *When the morning waketh,  
 Then may I arise  
 Pure, and fresh, and clean  
 In Thy holy eyes.*
- 4 *Glorify to the Father,  
 Glory to the Son,  
 And to Thee, Holy Spirit,  
 Whom all eyes see. Amen.*

323

**I**N the secret of His presence how my soul delights to  
 abide!

Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus'  
 side!

Easily ~~can~~ can I rest my soul, neither trials lay me low,  
 For when trials come to tempt me, to the secret place I go,  
 To the secret place I go.

**I** When my soul is faint and thirsty, "with the shadow of  
 His wing

There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crys-  
 tal spring.

And my ~~heart~~ heart rests beside me, as we hold communion  
 sweet.

If I tarry, I could not utter what He says when thus we  
 meet, what He says when thus we meet.

**I** Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my grief and  
 tears;

Oh, how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He  
 cheers!

Do you think He never repents me? what a false friend  
 He would be.

If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see,  
 of the sins which He must see.

**I** Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the  
 Lord?

Go and tarry beneath His shadow; this shall then be your  
 reward!

And when of you leave the silence of that happy meeting  
 place,

You shall ~~mind~~ mind and hear the image of the Master in your  
 face, of the Master in your face.

324

**"T**ELL, He says!" — oh, let the words  
 linger on the trembling chords,

Let the "little while" between

In their golden light be seen;

Let us think how heaven and hell

Lie beyond that, "Fill He says."

- 2 When the weary ones we love  
 Enter on their rest above,  
 When their words of love and cheer  
 Fall no longer on our ear,  
 Hush! be every morning drunk!  
 It is only "Till He come."
- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press,  
 Would we have one sorrow less?  
 All the sharpness of the cross,  
 All that tells the world is loss,  
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
 Pain is only "Till He come."
- 4 See, the host of love is spread,  
 Drink the wine and eat the bread:  
 Sweet memoria, till the Lord  
 Calls us round His heavenly board,  
 Come from earth, from glory come,  
 Rejoice only "Till He come."

**O**NWARD, Christian soldiers!  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before,  
 Christ, the Royal Master,  
 Leads against the foe;  
 Forward into battle,  
 See His banners go.

**Chor.**—Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus,  
 Going on before.

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

- 3 *Christus* and *Christus* may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane;  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain:  
Gates of hell can never  
Against that Church prevail:  
We have Christ's own promise—  
And that cannot fail.
- 4 *Onward, then, ye faithful,*  
*Sing our happy throng,*  
Blend with ours your voices,  
In the triumph-song:  
Glory, land, and honor,  
Praise Christ the King  
Thro' all eternity  
Men and angels sing.

3666

**J**ESUS, *Savior, pilot me,*  
O'er life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal:  
Chart and compass come from Thee,  
Jesus, *Savior, pilot me.*

- 2 As a mother calls her child,  
Thou must lead the storm-wild;  
Fretful waves obey They will  
When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
Wonderous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, *Savior, pilot me.*
- 3 When at last I reach the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
Tutal me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

3667

**I**VE found a friend in Jesus.—He's everything to me;  
He's the Father of my sinners and my soul.  
The "Lily of the Valley," in His arms I see,  
As I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;  
 He tells me every man on Him to rely;  
 He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and Morning  
 Star;  
 He's the latest of ten thousand to my soul!

Chorus.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay;  
 He tells me every man on Him to rely;  
 He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and Morning  
 Star;  
 He's the latest of ten thousand to my soul!

I He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne;  
 In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;  
 I've all my sin forsaken, I've all my sins torn  
 From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power,  
 Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me  
 sore,  
 Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;  
 He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and Morning  
 Star;  
 He's the latest of ten thousand to my soul!

I He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,  
 While I live by faith, and do His blessed will;  
 A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;  
 With His name He my hungry soul shall fill,  
 When crowned at last in glory, I'll see His blessed face,  
 Where rivers of delight shall ever flow;  
 He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright and Morning  
 Star;  
 He's the latest of ten thousand to my soul!

## 333

**J**ESUS, the very thought of Thee,  
 With sweetness fills my breast;  
 But sweeter let Thy face be seen,  
 And in Thy presence rest.

I No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 No can the memory reach  
 A sweeter noth' than Thy blood to taste,  
 O Saviour of mankind!

I Oh, hope of every contrite heart!  
 Oh, joy of all the meek!



To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a Bliss  
No tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our price wilt be;  
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

3430

**L**IST wandering sheep o'er mountains cold,  
L! Stand all here gone astray;  
To "Life" and peace within the fold,  
How may I find the way?

Chor.—[—"I see the way, the truth, and the life;  
No man cometh unto the Father, but by me."]

1 Bewildered all with doubt and care,  
To God I here would go;  
While many cry "Lo here! be there!"  
The Truth how may I know?

2 To Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
I come, no more to roam;  
He'll guide me to my "Father's house,"  
To my Eternal home.

3770

**H**AVE faith in God; what can there be  
For Him too hard to do for thee?  
He gave His Son; how all in Jesus  
Have faith, have faith in God.

1 Have faith the power to believe,  
Let God's own word thy fears relieve;  
Have faith the Spirit to direct;  
Have faith, have faith in God.

2 Have faith in God, and Trust His might  
That He will conquer us our fight,  
And give the triumph to the right;  
Have faith, have faith in God.

- 4 Have faith in God; press near His side;  
 Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;  
 In life, in death, what'e'er befalls,  
 Have faith, have faith in God.

371

**W**E shall reach the summer-land,  
 Some sweet day, by and by;  
 We shall press the golden strand,  
 Some sweet day, by and by;  
 Oh, the loved ones watching there,  
 By the tree of life we find,  
 Till we come their joy to share,  
 Some sweet day, by and by.

**Ray**—By and by, some sweet day,  
 We shall meet our loved ones gone,  
 Some sweet day, by and by.

2 **A**s the crystal river's brink,  
 Some sweet day, by and by;  
 We shall find each broken link,  
 Some sweet day, by and by;  
 Then the star that, fading here,  
 Left our hearts and homes so drear,  
 We shall see more bright and clear,  
 Some sweet day, by and by.

3 **O**h, those parting scenes will end,  
 Some sweet day, by and by;  
 We shall gather friend with friend,  
 Some sweet day, by and by;  
 Then before our Father's throne,  
 When the winds and clouds have flown,  
 We shall know us as we know,  
 Some sweet day, by and by.

372

**M**y Jesus, as Thou wilt;  
 Oh, may Thy will be done,  
 Into Thy hand of love  
 I would my all resign;  
 Through sorrow or through joy,  
 Conduct me as Thine own,  
 And help me still to say,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt;  
 Though weep through many a tear;  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear;  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 And sorrowed all about,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt;  
 All shall be well for me;  
 Each changing future scene  
 I gladly meet with Thee;  
 Straight to my home above  
 I travel outside me,  
 And sing, in life or death,—  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

1712

**O**H, what will you do with Jesus?  
 The call comes loud and sweet;  
 As tenderly He bids you  
 Your burdens lay at His feet;  
 Oh, need, so sad and weary,  
 That sweet voice speaks to thee,  
 Then what will you do with Jesus?  
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

**Ans.—** What shall the answer be?  
 What will you do with Jesus?  
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

2 Oh, what will you do with Jesus?  
 The call comes loud and clear;  
 The solemn words are ringing  
 In every listening ear;  
 Immortal life's in the question,  
 And joy through eternity;  
 Then what will you do with Jesus?  
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

2 Oh, think of the King of Glory—  
 From heaven to earth come down,  
 His life as yours and led;  
 His death, His cross, His crown;

Of His divine companions,  
 His warriors for His cause,  
 Then what wilt thou do with Jesus?  
 Oh, what shall the answer be!

374

**L** AMBERT of Christ, arise,  
 And gird you for the field,  
 The dew of promise from the skies  
 Already drenches the soil.

- 2 The where the sick perfiler,  
 Where mourning hearts deplore,  
 And where the seat of sorrow's power,  
 Disperse your hallowed gore.
- 3 Be both, which looks above,  
 With prayer, your constant goal,  
 And wrap the narrow's obligations here  
 A mantle round your soul.
- 4 Be shall you share the wealth  
 That earth may ne'er withhold,  
 And the best gospel's saving health  
 Enjoy your righteous hold.

375

**G**OD calling you! shall I not hear?  
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,  
 And still my soul be attached to?

Ans. — *Calling, oh, hear Him!*  
 God is calling you, oh, hear Him calling, calling,  
*Calling, oh, hear Him!*  
 God is calling you, oh, hear Him calling you!

- 2 God calling you! shall I not hear?  
 Can I His loving voice despise,  
 And leave His love's easy prey?  
 He calls me still, can I deny?
- 3 God calling you! will I not know,  
 And I my heart His chosen hold?  
 He still is willing to receive,  
 And shall I dare His spirit grieve?

- 4 God calling yet! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live?  
I wait, but He does not tarry;  
He calls me still, my heart, woe!  
5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
My heart I yield without delay.  
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
The voice of God has reached my heart.

378

**O**FF came, my wandering soul,  
On restless wing to roam;  
All this wide world, to either pole,  
Hath not for thee a home.

- 1 Behold the ark of God!  
Behold the open door!  
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,  
And save, my soul, no more.  
2 There only thou shalt abide,  
There rest shall be thy rest;  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.  
3 Ah, yes! I all forsake,  
My all to Thee resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take  
And seal me ever Thine!

379

**G**OD loved a world of sinners,  
For them He gave His SON;  
And whoso'er receives Him,  
He saves them, every one;  
He came to bring salvation,  
To hear our sins away,  
That we with Him in glory  
Might live through endless day.

*Chorus.*—How shall we escape if we neglect so great  
salvation?  
Neglect so great salvation?

- 7 Behold the bleeding Saviour  
Upon the cruel tree,—  
The Just, unbroken, broken—  
He dies for you and me;  
The "Son of God" beloved,  
For us a cross was made;  
That we might have redemption,  
The awful price He paid.
- 8 God loves the vilest sinner,  
But hates the vilest sin;  
Those who shall see His Kingdom?  
Or who may enter in?  
"The precious blood of Jesus"—  
Let every creature know—  
Can make the "chief of sinners"  
Full whiter than the snow.
- 4 Return to God, O wanderer,  
Thy purchased pardon take;  
Thy sins He'll not remember,  
For thy Redeemer's sake;  
He'll cast them all behind Him,  
Or wash the deepest sin,  
And love us ever truly  
Throughout Eternity.

378

- COME to Jesus' come away!  
Frends they sin—Oh, why delay?  
His arms are open wide and deep;  
He waits to welcome thee!
- 2 Come to Jesus' all be free;  
Mark! how He calls, "Come unto Me!  
I cast out sin, I'll pardon thee,"  
Oh, then shall welcome be!
- 3 Come to Jesus' cling to Him;  
He'll keep thee far from paths of sin,  
Thou shalt at last a victory win,  
And He will welcome thee!
- 4 Come to Jesus!—Lord, I come!  
Tired of sin, no more I'll roam,

But with my Father's love and love,  
I know He'll welcome me!

379

**A**T the feast of Belshazzar and a thousand of His lords,  
While they drank from golden vessels, on the Feast  
of Truth vessels—  
In the night, as they revelled in the royal palace hall,  
They were seized with consternation,—'Was the Hand  
upon the wall?'

Chor.—] 'Tis the hand of God on the wall! (1)  
Shall the record be?—'Fossil writing!'  
Or shall it be?—'Fossil writing!'  
While that hand is writing on the wall?

I see the brave captive, Daniel, as he stood before the  
kings,  
And rebuked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds  
of wrong;  
As he read out the writing—'Was the doom of one and all,  
For the kingdom now was finished—aid the Hand upon  
the wall!'

I see the faith, zeal, and courage, that would dare to do the  
right,  
Which the spirit gave to Daniel—'Was the secret of his  
might,  
In his house in Judah, or a captive in the hall,  
He understood the writing of his God upon the wall?'

4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing  
now!  
Hasten, give your heart to Jesus, to His royal mansion  
low;  
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,  
When the workers' condemnation will be written on the  
wall!

380

**J**ERUSALEM, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, to thee!

1 Oh, when, Ours city of my God,  
Shall I thy walls around,  
Where our captivities no'er break up,  
And Sabbath-bells hark us out!

2 Jerusalem! my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Thou shalt my heart have an end,  
When I thy joy shall see.

381

**T**HERE'S a royal banner given for display  
To the soldiers of the King;  
As our ranks fair we lift it up to-day,  
While we march'd where we sing.

Chor.—Marching on! Marching on!  
For Christ meant everything but loss;  
And to crown His King, we'll lead and sing,  
'Neath the banner of the cross.

2 Though the foe may rage and gather on the flood,  
Let the standard be displayed,  
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord,  
For the truth be not dismayed!

3 Over land and sea, wherever men may dwell,  
Make the glorious tidings known;  
Of the crimson banner torn the story tell,  
While the Lord still claims His own!

4 When the glory dwains - 'tis drawing very near—  
It is hastening day by day—  
Then believe our King the foe shall disappear,  
And the Cross the world shall sway.

382

**I** WILL look for away from the darkness,  
And as this as a vision would be;  
And I wonder'd if Christ the Redeemer  
Could see a poor sinner like me.

2 I wonder'd on in the darkness,  
Not a ray of light could I see,  
And the thought fill'd my heart with sadness,  
There's no hope for a sinner like me.



- 2 And then, in that dark lonely hour,  
A voice sweetly whispered to me,  
Saying, "Christ the Redeemer has power  
To save a poor sinner like thee."
- 4 I listened; and lo! 'twas the Saviour  
That was speaking so kindly to me;  
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,  
Thou must save a poor sinner like me!"
- 5 I then fully trusted in Jesus;  
And oh, what a joy came to me!  
My heart was filled with His promise,  
For saving a sinner like me.
- 6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me,  
And now unto others I'm telling  
How He saved a poor sinner like me.
- 7 And when life's journey is o'er,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.

## 362

- T**HREE is a valley beyond life's brief fever,  
A deep repose, an everlasting rest;  
Where white-robed angels welcome the believer  
Among the blest, among the blest;  
There is a Home, where all the soul's deep yearnings,  
And mind's propens shall be at last fulfilled;  
Where wide and narrow, many rings and boundless heights,  
At last are still'd, at last are still'd.
- 2 There is a Hope, in which the Christian clinging,  
Is lifted high above life's surging wave;  
Finds life in death, and selfish flowers springing  
From the dark grave, from the dark grave;  
There is a Crown prepared for those who love Him,  
The Christian sees it in the distance shine,  
Like a bright beacon glimmering above him,  
And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"

- I There is a spotless robe of Christ's own wearing,  
 Will you not wrap it round your sin-stained soul?  
 From watching child, upon thy past life grieving,  
 Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!  
 There is a Home, a Mary, a Crown in Heaven;—  
 Alas! that any should Thy gift refuse!—  
 The awful choice of life and death is given—  
 Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

284

**T**HERE is a stream, whose gentle flow  
 Supplies the city of our God;  
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
 And watering our divine shade.

- I That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,  
 Supports our faith, our hearts controls;  
 Sweet peace Thy presence affords,  
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
- I Local may the troubled weath'ring  
 In wretched peace our souls abide;  
 While every nation, every shore,  
 Troubles, and drinks the swelling tide.

285

**A** GUILTY soul, by Pharisees of old,  
 Was brought weeping, alone,  
 But Jesus said, "Let him without a sin,  
 Be first to cast a stone."

- Chorus.—"There is none righteous, no, not one;  
 All, all have sinned,  
 There is none righteous, but all have sinned,  
 And none short of the glory, the glory of God,  
 [None short of the glory,] of the glory of God."
- I A learned Master, Sinner of the Jews,  
 God's kingdom could not gain,  
 With all the law and culture of the age,  
 He "must be born again."
- I "Good Master," pray, can ought be lacking yet?  
 Thy law I do obey;  
 "Go sell and give, then come and follow me,"  
 Not and be turned away.

386

**J**ESUS bids us shine with a clear, pure light,  
Like a little candle burning in the night;  
In the world in darkness, as we must shine,  
You in your corner and I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine first of all for Him,  
Well He sees and knows it if our light is dim;  
He looks down from heaven, He sees us shine,  
You in your corner and I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine then for all around,  
Many trials of darkness in the world are found;  
Sin and woe and sorrow, as we must shine,  
You in your corner and I in mine.

387

**W**HOMSOEVER trusteth the Crucified One,  
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,  
A free and a perfect salvation shall have;  
For He is absolutely able to save.

Com.—My brother, the Master is calling for thee,  
His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;  
His blood is a ransom for sinners He gave,  
And He is absolutely able to save.

2 Whoever trusteth the message of God,  
And trusts in the power of the soul-quickening blood,  
A full and eternal redemption shall have;  
For He is both able and willing to save.

3 Whoever repents and forsakes every sin,  
And trusts in the blood of the Lamb to come in,  
A present and perfect salvation shall have;  
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

388

**C**OME, come to Jesus!  
He waits to welcome thee,  
O wanderer! eagerly  
Come, come to Jesus!

2 Come, come to Jesus!  
He waits to ransom thee,  
O slave! as willingly  
Come, come to Jesus!

- 3 *Come, come to Jesus!*  
He waits to lighten them,  
O hardened! tragically  
*Come, come to Jesus!*
- 4 *Come, come to Jesus!*  
He waits to give to think,  
O blind! a vision true;  
*Come, come to Jesus!*
- 5 *Come, come to Jesus!*  
He waits to shelter them,  
O woe! miserably  
*Come, come to Jesus!*
- 6 *Come, come to Jesus!*  
He waits to carry them,  
O lame! as lovingly  
*Come, come to Jesus!*

## 1863

**S**ITTING by the gateway of a yellow felt,  
Once a child of God was left to die;  
By the world neglected, woe's world nothing shares;  
Now the change awaiting there on high.

*Can.*—Carried by the angels to the land of rest  
Music sweetly sounding through the skies;  
Welcome'd by the Father to the heavenly host,  
Gathered with the loved in Paradise.

- 1 What shall be the ending of this life of care?  
Oh! the question cometh to us all;  
Here upon the pathway lead the Jordan's bar,  
And the burning hours of sorrow fall.
- 2 *Followers of Jesus, woe's through thy door,*  
*Travellers, pilgrims to-morrow wait on high;*  
Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er;  
O the change that's coming o'er us here.
- 4 Upward, then, and onward! onward for the Lord;  
Time and talent all in His employ;  
Small may seem the service, save the great reward;  
Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.

380

**O** CHRISTIAN traveler, fear no more  
The storms which round thee sweep;  
Nor yet the mountain's angry roar  
On thy delicious land.

*Ans.—* "Fear thou not, for I am with thee;  
Be not dismayed, for I am thy God," &c.

1 Thy Saviour, who upon the cross  
Thy full redemption paid,  
Will not from thee, His ransomed one,  
Withdraw His promised aid.

2 A safe retreat and hiding-place  
Thy Father will provide;  
And never shall His love  
Withdraw at His side.

3 No, in thy darkest days on earth,  
When every joy seems flown,  
Believe, there shall never stand  
The hellish way alone.

381

**H**AVE our hearts grown cold since the day of old?  
Have we lost our souls' "dear love?"  
Scarcely cold our love, God cannot make us so,  
Nor our inheritance ways remove.

*Ans.—* Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye!  
For the will of God be every land;  
Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye!  
For the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

1 Has the God above our supreme true love?  
Have we bowed to His wrong?  
To our own life claim and cover His name,  
And obscure His holy day?

2 Do we love a thing we have neither our voice?  
Have we reckoned good for ill?  
Are we pure in heart, doing of our part  
To fulfil the Saviour's will?

- 4 Are we always true in the thing we do,  
In our words, our works, our ways?  
Are we quite content with the blessings sent,  
Giving God alone the praise?
- 5 Dost a mortal say—for a single day—  
"I have kept Thy law, O God!  
Unshaken by ail, I am pure within,  
And I need no cleansing blood!"

## 3892

**C**LING to the Bible, though all else be taken;  
Lose not its promises precious and sure;  
Soul's that are sleeping the solemn awaken,  
Drink from the fountain, so powerful, so pure.

Chor.—O Cling to the Bible! O Cling to the Bible,  
Our Lamp and Guide.

- 2 Cling to the Bible, this jewel, this treasure  
Brought to us Jesus and never better seen;  
Fond those great truths no mortal can measure,  
Book and answer R. O word, while you men.
- 3 Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered,  
Guide for the youth that would otherwise fall;  
Hope for the sinner whose best days are squandered,  
Shall for the aged, and best book of all.

## 3893

**H**ARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-land  
above.

How sweet the truth these blissful strains are telling  
Of that new life when all shall be no more.

Chor.—Angels, sing out your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in countless love.

- 4 Far, far away, the bells of evening pealing,  
The voice of fountains o'er land and sea,  
And ladies' songs, by thousands meekly swelling,  
Kiss Shepherd, late their weary steps to Thee.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you enter!"  
 And through the dark, he shines sweetly singing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home."

2814

**G**UIDE 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, Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountains,  
 Whence the healing waters flow;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
 Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 2 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Bear me through the swelling flood,  
 Lift me safe to Canaan's side;  
 Songs of praise, Songs of praise,  
 I will ever give to Thee.

2815

**W**E bow our knees unto the Father  
 Of Christ the Lord of earth and heaven,  
 Thy riches of His grace and glory  
 And power for service may be given.

- Chor.*—We are waiting for the promise of the Father—  
 For the Holy Spirit's power;  
 O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are waiting, even  
 now, this very hour.
- 2 We are waiting for His coming;  
 For the Holy Spirit's power;  
 O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are waiting, even  
 now, this very hour.
- 2 O all the bowed-down with power,  
 As Christ within our hearts doth dwell;  
 Our rest is His, though storms may lower,  
 Victorious love we still shall tell.

- 3 The love that parents' knowledge give us,  
The height and depth and breadth and length  
Abundantly beyond our asking,  
Beyond our thought give us Thy strength.
- 4 Thy power it is that worketh in us,  
O multiply it here today,  
And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glory  
Within His church through endless day.

## 2284

**C**OME, praise the Lord, exalt His name,  
Our Father and our King;  
Thy name we should His praise proclaim,  
And hallelujah sing.

2 How great, how precious is His name,  
How great the praise we bring;  
His people still should own His claim,  
And hallelujah sing.

3 A day will come, he says we great,  
When heaven itself shall ring,  
And all the saints with joy shall meet,  
And hallelujah sing.

## 2287

**S**OMETIMES I catch a sweet glimpse of His face,  
But that is all;  
Sometimes He looks at me and seems to smile,  
But that is all;  
Sometimes He speaks a passing word of grace,  
But that is all;  
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice  
Upon me call.

- 1 And is this all He meant when first He said,  
"Come unto me?"  
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest  
In Him for thee?  
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?  
O come and see;  
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest  
In Him for thee?



- 1 Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,  
 But trust His love;  
 Do thou full justice to His tenderness,  
 His mercy prove;  
 Take Him for what He is, O take Him all,  
 And look above;  
 And do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,  
 But trust His love.
- 2 Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all  
 For evermore;  
 Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways  
 For evermore;  
 Christ and His power shall keep thy troubled soul  
 For evermore;  
 Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all  
 For evermore.

3386

**C**HRESTIAN, walk carefully, danger is near;  
 On thy journey with stumbling and fear,  
 Shunst thou wolves without and temptations within,  
 Seek to enter these eyes more into mine.

Ans.—O Christian, walk carefully,  
 Christian, walk carefully, danger is near.

- 2 Christian, walk sleepily through the fierce storm,  
 Dark through the sky with the threats of alarm;  
 Soon will the clouds and the trumpet be 't,  
 Then with thy nation thou'lt rest ever more.

Ans.—O Christian, walk sleepily,  
 Christian, walk sleepily, through the fierce storm.

- 3 Christian, walk properly, oft will thou fall,  
 If thou loagst on thy harbor to wall,  
 Safe thou shalt walk through each trial and care,  
 If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

Ans.—O Christian, walk properly,  
 Christian, walk properly, lest thou thou fall.

- 4 Christian, walk hopefully, sorrow and pain  
 Come when the hours of rest thou shalt gain;  
 Then from the lips of the Judge, thy reward:  
 "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Chor.—[Christian, walk hopefully,]  
 Christian, walk hopefully, rest thou shalt gain.

## 339

**H** E holds the key of all unknown,  
 And I am glad;  
 If only hands should hold the key,  
 Oh, if He trusted it to me,  
 I might be sad, I might be mad.

- 1 What if to-morrow's cares were here  
 Without its rest?  
 I'd rather He unlocked the day,  
 And, as the hours swing open, say,  
 "My will is best," "My will is best."

- 2 The very darkness of my night  
 Makes me aware;  
 For, groping in my lonely way,  
 I feel His hand; I hear His say,  
 "My help is near," "My help is near."

- 3 I cannot read His future plans,  
 But this I know:  
 I have the smiling of His face,  
 And all the refuge of His grace,  
 While here below, While here below.

- 4 Enough! His covers all my wants,  
 And so I rest;  
 For what I cannot, He can see,  
 And in His care I safe shall be,—  
 Forever glad, Forever glad.

## 400

**T** HEE span it stretcheth fast,  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Dying away hast,  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!

The winds of hell have blown,  
The world its hate hath shown,  
Yet it is not overthrown,  
Hallelujah for the cross!

Chor.—*Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah for the cross,  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, it shall never suffer loss.*

1 It is the old cross still,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Its triumph let us tell,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
The grace of God here shown,  
Through Christ the blessed Son,  
Who died for sin alone,  
Hallelujah for the cross!

2 'Twas here the debt was paid,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Our sins on Jesus laid,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
So round the cross we sing,  
Of Christ our offering,  
Of Christ our living King,  
Hallelujah for the cross!

401

**Y**OU'RE starting, my boy, on life's journey,  
Along the grand highway of life;  
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—  
Each city with evil is rife,  
This world is a stage of excitement,  
There's danger wherever you go;  
But if you are tempted to weakness,  
Have courage, my boy, to my God!

Chor.—*Have courage, my boy, to my God!*  
1 Have courage, my boy,  
Have courage, my boy, to my God!

2 In courage, my boy, lies your safety,  
When you the long journey begin;  
Your trust in a heavenly Father  
Will keep you unscathed from sin.

Temptations will go on increasing,  
 An streamer from a troubled bay;  
 But if you'd be true to your manhood,  
 Have courage, my boy, to say No!

- 2 Be careful in choosing companions,  
 Seek only the brave and the true;  
 And stand by your friends when on trial,  
 No'er changing the old for the new,  
 And when by false friends you are tempted  
 The taste of the wine cup to leave,  
 With firmness, with patience and kindness,  
 Have courage, my boy, to say No!

## 402

**C**OURAGE I want, and soon must choose  
 Religion, or heaven's love;  
 While what heaven loves, I hate,  
 What for me is heaven's gate.

- 2 Eadless are waters eadless, woe,  
 Eadless eadless are I go  
 If my soul, from heaven's rest,  
 Taken from me the great best.
- 3 As the stream its channel grows,  
 And within that channel flows,  
 So death hath's deepest tide  
 Carries its bed, and those abide.
- 4 Light eadeth in evermore light,  
 Light eadeth in evermore night;  
 Who shall give us will to choose,  
 If the love of light I lose?
- 5 Speed, my soul, this breaking yield;  
 Let the light its sceptre wield;  
 While thy soul go down the grass,  
 Make thee loved His holy law!

## 403

**N**OTHING say we say, we'll turn our eyes  
 To you in the far land of Paradise;  
 None say, none know, a new law and  
 Shall be given, that we'll love, to each heart;

Some day, some time, our eyes shall see  
The faces kept in memory; *2*  
Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,  
*3* Just over in the morning land; *4*  
Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,  
Just over in the morning land;  
O morning land! O morning land!

- 1* Some day our ears shall hear the song  
Of triumph over sin and wrong;  
Some day, some time, but oh! not yet;  
But we will wait and not forget,  
*2* That some day all these things shall be,  
And rest be given to you and me; *3*  
So wait, my friends, though years move slow,  
*4* That happy time will come, we know; *5*  
So wait, my friends, though years move slow,  
That happy time will come, we know,  
O morning land! O morning land!

## 404

**C**OME to the Father, hear His loving voice,  
Never will you find a Friend as true;  
Now He is waiting, trust Him and rejoice,  
Tenderly He calleth you.

*Chorus.*—O, what a Father's standing at the door,  
Waits while He imparts, pardon now implore;  
Still He is waiting, prove His love to learn,  
Tenderly He calleth you.

*1* Bless words of comfort, gently now they fall,  
Jesus is the Life, the Truth, the Way;  
Come to the Father, there is room for all,  
Jesus bids you come to-day.

*2* Softly the Spirit whispers in the heart,  
Do not slight the Father's offered grace;  
Quickly receive Him, let Him not depart,  
Happy they who seek His face.

*4* Light in the darkness, joy in any pain,  
Refuge for the weary and oppressed;  
Still He is waiting, calling you again,  
Come, and He will give you rest.

405

**O** GOLDEN day, O day of God,  
When sinners enter the garden wall  
In bliss supreme, "neath every stone,  
In Eden tale, in Paradise.

**Ans.**—O Paradise, sweet Paradise,  
From masses of earth we long to rise;  
O Paradise, bright Paradise,  
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

1 The fatal fall, the sin, the shame,  
The death, the curse, the awful shame,  
The cross, the crime beyond disguise,  
The earth no more is Paradise.

2 The lonely tower, the shattered hall,  
The sobbing heart, the vacant chair,  
The grassy grave, the broken urn,  
Are not the scenes of Paradise.

3 To Christ the Lord upon the tree,  
A sinner cries—"Remember me!"  
"To-day shall thou," the Lord replies,  
"Be with me there in Paradise."

4 O golden day when Christ descends,  
The cross removes and sorrow ends;  
All glorified, the redeemed rise  
To sing with Him in Paradise.

406

**I** WILL sing the wondrous story  
Of the Christ who died for me;  
How He left His home in glory,  
For the cross on Calvary.

**Ans.**—Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story  
Of the Christ who died for me;  
Sing it with the saints in glory,  
Gathered by the crystal sea.

1 I was lost, but Jesus found me,  
Forsook His glory that would set me free;  
Threw His loving arms around me,  
Drew me back into His way.

- 2 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,  
Faint was I from many a fall,  
Night was gone, and I was comforted me,  
But He freed me from them all.
- 4 Days of darkness still come o'er me,  
Sorrow's pathos I often spend,  
But the darkness still is with me,  
By His hand I'm safely led.
- 2 He will keep me till the river  
Rolls its waters at my feet;  
Then He'll bear me safely over,  
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

407

**A** WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!  
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

- 2 He saw me tripped by the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my last estate,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!  
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 2 Through numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Through death, and hell my way opposes,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!  
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick, and darkened loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!  
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,  
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

408

- W**ELL, wife, I've found the model church,  
 And worshipped there to-day;  
 It made me think of good old times,  
 Before my hair was gray;  
 The meeting house was finer built  
 Than they were years ago;  
 But then I found when I went in,  
 It was not built for show.
- 2 The sexton did not set me down,  
 Away back by the door;  
 He knew that I was old and deaf,  
 And saw that I was poor;  
 He must have been a Christian man—  
 He led me kindly through  
 The crowded aisle of that grand church,  
 To find a pleasant pew.
- 3 I wish you'd heard the singing, wife,  
 It had the old-time ring;  
 The preacher said with transport voice,  
 Let all the people sing,  
 "Old Testament," was the name;  
 The music upward rolled,  
 Until I thought the angels' choir  
 Struck all their harps of gold.
- 4 My deafness seemed to melt away,  
 My spirit caught the fire;  
 I joined my hands, trembling voice  
 With that melodious choir;  
 And sang, as in my youthful days,  
 "Let angels graduate here,  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all." ¶
- 5 I tell you, wife, it did me good  
 To sing that hymn once more;  
 I felt like one who had married  
 Who gets a glimpse of heaven;  
 I almost want to lay aside  
 This weather-beaten form,  
 And stretch in the blessed path,  
 Forever from the storm.



- 6 "Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,  
 But simple gospel truths;  
 It stirred him like warm wine and  
 It suited his helpful youth;  
 To win immortal souls to Christ,  
 The earnest preacher tried;  
 He talked not of himself, or crowd,  
 But Jesus crucified.
- 7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,  
 The victory soon be won;  
 The shining land is just ahead,  
 Our race is nearly run;  
 We're nearing Heaven's happy shore,  
 Our home so bright and fair;  
 Thank God, we'll never sin again;  
 "There'll be no sorrow there, §  
 In heaven above, where all is love,  
 There'll be no sorrow there."

409

- T**HE Spirit and the bride say, "Come!  
 And take the water of life!"  
 O shouldst call! Good news to all  
 Who live of sin and strife.
- Chorus—§ The Spirit says, "Come!"  
 The bride says, "Come!"  
 And take of the water of life freely. §
- 2 Let every one who hears, say "Come!"  
 And joyful witness give;  
 I heard the sound, The stream I sought,  
 I drank, and now I live!
- 3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake  
 Your broken cisterns dry;  
 Then come, partake, One draught will quench  
 Your soul's out-reaching thirst.
- 4 You, whoever will, may come,  
 Your longings Christ can fill;  
 The stream is free To you and me,  
 And whoever will.

410

**W**HILE Jesus whispers to you,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 While we are praying for you,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Now is the time to own His,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Now is the time to know Him,  
 Come, sinner, come!

**I** Are you too heavy laden?  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Jesus will bear your burden,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Jesus will not forsake you,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Jesus will now receive you,  
 Come, sinner, come!

**O**h, hear His tender pleading,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 Come and receive the blessing,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 While Jesus whispers to you,  
 Come, sinner, come!  
 While we are praying for you,  
 Come, sinner, come!

411

**W**HEN the mists have rolled in splendor  
 From the beauty of the hills,  
 And the sunlight falls in gladness  
 On the river and the hills,  
 We recall our Father's promise  
 In the rainbow of the sky:  
 We shall know each other better  
 When the mists have rolled away.

*Ans.*—We shall know as we are known,  
 Never more to walk alone,  
 In the morning of the morning  
 Of that bright and happy day;  
 We shall know each other better  
 When the mists have rolled away.

- 1 Oh we tread the path before us  
With a weary-burdened heart;  
Oh we toil amid the shadows,  
And our fields are far apart;  
But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed,"  
All our labour will repay,  
When we gather in the morning  
Where the mists have rolled away.
- 2 We shall come with joy and gladness,  
We shall gather round the throne;  
Face to face with those that love us,  
We shall meet as we are known.  
And the song of our redemption,  
Shall resound through endless day,  
When the shadows have departed,  
And the mists have rolled away.

412

- S**AVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;  
Thine name we bless, Thine are our worship songs,  
Thou, lovely-knocking, wait Thy word of peace.
- 1 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;  
Grant Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in His house have called upon Thy name.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the evening night,  
Turn Thou, O Lord, as its darkness bids, to light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our labors in sorrow, and our days in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

413

- C**HURCH has for its avowed end,  
"What a wonderful business!"  
We are reckoning the price to pay!  
"What a wonderful business!"

*Chor.*—What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Jesus!  
What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!

1 I praise Him for the cleansing blood,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
That reconciled my soul to God,  
What a wonderful Saviour!

2 He cleansed my heart from all its sin,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
And now He reigns and rules therein;  
What a wonderful Saviour!

3 He walks beside me in the way,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
And keeps me faithful day by day;  
What a wonderful Saviour!

4 He gives me strengthening power,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
And triumphs in each trying hour;  
What a wonderful Saviour!

5 To Him I've given all my heart,  
What a wonderful Saviour!  
The world shall never share a part;  
What a wonderful Saviour!

414

**A** MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our Helper He, amidst the din  
Of mortal life prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work his woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And armed with cruel hate—  
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength could,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The men of God's own choosing;  
Doubt not who that may be,  
Christ Jesus, it is He!

Lead triumph in His name,  
From age to age the same;  
And be true with the battle.

- 2 And through this world, with Devils fled,  
Should threaten to make us;  
We will not fear, for God hath willed,  
His arms to triumph through us.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever.

415

**B**ENEATH the glorious throne above,  
The crystal fountains springing,  
A river full of life and love,  
Is joy and gladness bringing.

Chor.—O glorious fountain, now flowing so free,  
O fountain of cleansing, opened wide to me,

- 1 Through all my soul its waters flow,  
Through all my nature stealing,  
And deep within my heart I know  
The consciousness of healing.
- 2 The barren wastes are fruitful lands,  
The desert blooms with roses,  
And He, the glory of all lands,  
His lovely face discloses.
- 3 My eyes no more gaze down by day,  
My tears no more in weeping;  
My feet run swift the shining way,  
The heavenly portals opening.
- 4 Oh, depth of mercy! breadth of grace!  
Oh, love of God unbounded!  
My soul is lost in sweet amazement,  
By your love how wonderfully.

416

**H**EAR us, O Father, while we pray,  
 Humbly our need confessing;  
 Grant us the spiritual showers we long,  
 Send them upon us, O Lord.

*Ans.*—Send showers of blessing;  
 Send showers refreshing;  
 Send us showers of blessing;  
 Send them, Lord, we pray.

2 Knowing Thy love, as Thou wilt call,  
 Doubtly Thy throne addressing;  
 Fearing that showers of grace may fall,—  
 Send them upon us, O Lord.

2 Trusting Thy word that cannot fail,  
 Master, we claim Thy promise;  
 Oh that our faith may now prevail,—  
 Send us the showers, O Lord.

417

**I**VE learned to sing a glad new song  
 Of praise unto our King!  
 And now with all my ransomed powers  
 His praise I will sing.

*Ans.*—His praise I will sing,  
 He is my Lord and King;  
 And now with all my ransomed powers  
 His praise I will sing.

2 I've learned to sing the song of praise,  
 To create every day,  
 Since Jesus raised my troubled soul,  
 And bore my sins away.

2 I sing the song of perfect love,  
 It exalts our ill fear!  
 O breadth, O length, O depth, O height  
 O love so full of cheer!

2 I've learned to sing the song of joy,  
 My cup is overflowing o'er,  
 With blessings full of peace and love,  
 And still there's more and more!

- 4 **HOPE** I shall sing the song, now long  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
With all the raptured hosts above,  
Before the great I AM!

419

**H**OPE on, hope on, O troubled heart,  
If doubts and fears disturb thee,  
Remember this—the Lord hath said,  
He never will forsake thee;  
Thou sorrowest not, still hast thy lot,  
Nor yield to care or sorrow;  
He sees the clouds that brew to-day  
Will break to smiles to-morrow.

- 5 **HOPE** on, hope on, though dark and deep  
The shadows gather o'er thee;  
Be not dismayed; thy Father holds  
The lamp of life before thee;  
And if He will that thou to-day  
Shouldst tread the vale of sorrow,  
Be not afraid, but trust and wait;  
The sun will shine to-morrow.

- 6 **HOPE** on, hope on, go bravely forth  
Through trial and temptation,  
Directed by the word of truth,  
Be full of consolation;  
There is a calm for every storm,  
A joy for every sorrow,  
A light from which the evil shall wake  
To hail an evil-morrow.

418

**W**HAT do you linger, why do you stay  
In the broad road, that most dangerous way—  
While right before you, narrow and straight,  
Is the bright pathway to heaven's pearly gate?

Bar.—|| Narrow and straight, ||  
Is the bright pathway to heaven's pearly gate.

- 7 **DO** you find pleasure, resting and ease,  
In the gay scenes that the thoughtless see,—  
While your Redeemer, with love so great,  
Points to the way that is narrow and straight?

2 *Leave this, beloved, no longer stay;  
Leave the broad highway, O leave it today!  
Make your decision, oh, do not wait;  
Take then the pathway so narrow and straight.*

420

**M**Y soul at last a rest hath found,  
A rest that will not fail;  
A sure and certain anch'ring-ground  
In Christ within the veil.

*Ans.*—O Rock of Ages clothe for me,  
In Thee my soul securely hide;  
My tower of strength, I fly to Thee,  
And safely there abide.

2 I'll hide me in this refuge strong,  
From every stormy blast;  
And sit and sing until the waves  
Of wrath are overpast.

3 To consolation and comfort-true,  
By sin and vice opprest,  
To tempted, troubled, vexed, and  
Come find in Christ your rest.

4 Ye thirsty, from this fountain Rock  
Let's crystal waters spring;  
Thou hide from every stormy shock,  
And rest, and drink, and sing.

421

**J**ESUS saved! O blessed story,  
Full of love and peace divine,  
Issuing from the realm of glory,  
Reaching through this world of mine.

*Ans.*—Jesus saved! O glory! glory!  
About the tidings o'er and o'er!  
Tell to all the earth the story,  
Jesus saves for evermore.

2 Jesus saved! O, who can fathom  
All the fulness of His love!



He once died for our redemption,  
Now He waits for us above.

- 3 Jesus saved O sinner, harketh  
To the call of love to-day;  
There's no other way to heaven,  
Jesus is the only way.

423

**H**OW sweet the joy that fills my soul  
Christ is my Redeemer,  
His precious blood has made me whole!  
Christ is my Redeemer,  
My sins were all upon His side,  
A full atonement He hath made,  
For me He hath the ransom paid!  
Christ is my Redeemer.

- 2 Though Satan oft my way opposes,  
Christ is my Redeemer,  
With this I boldly meet my foes:  
Christ is my Redeemer!  
True this that gave me life and light,  
'Tis this that saves me for the night,  
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright!  
Christ is my Redeemer.

- 2 When trials come I still confide,  
Christ is my Redeemer,  
He gives me grace each hour to abide:  
Christ is my Redeemer;  
He guides and keeps me day by day,  
He shows me where when dark the way,  
He doth, with this my foes ally;  
Christ is my Redeemer.

- 4 The victory by this I gain,  
Christ is my Redeemer!  
By this I break sin's galling chain:  
Christ is my Redeemer;  
And if He tarry and I sleep,  
My dying hour this hope shall keep,  
That when He comes the grave to sweep,  
Christ is my Redeemer.

423

**L**EAD to the shadow of the Rock of Refuge  
My weary feet,  
Give me the water from the life stream flowing  
Clear, pure and sweet.

*Chor.*—There from the billows and the tempest hiding,  
Under the shadow of Thy love abiding,  
Safe in the shadow of the "Rock of Ages,"  
Joy shall be mine.

1 Lead to the shadow of the Rock Eternal  
My heart oppressed,  
There in the secret of Thy holy presence,  
Calm shall I rest.

2 Lead to the shadow of the "Rock of Ages,"  
O keep them true  
Safe from the arrows of the world's temptations,  
Close, close to Thee.

424

**J**ESUS, I come to Thee for light,  
Shedders to me my blinded sight,  
And from my soul dispel the night—  
O Jesus, to Thee I come! 1

2 Jesus, I come—I cannot stay  
From Thee another precious day  
I would Thy word at once obey—  
O Jesus, to Thee I come! 2

3 Jesus, I come—"just as I am,"  
To Thee, the holy, spotless Lamb!  
Thou wilt my troubled spirit calm—  
O Jesus, to Thee I come! 3

425

**R**IDE on! ride on in majesty!  
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry!  
O march on, march, pursue Thy road  
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

*Chor.*—Ride on, ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp, ride on to die.

- 2 *Hide not, ride on in majesty!*  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 3 *Hide not, ride on in majesty!*  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father on His suppliant throne  
Awaits His own anointed Son.
- 4 *Hide not, ride on in majesty!*  
In lovely pomp, ride on to die;  
Now Thy weak hand is mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

456

**O**UR Sacrifice will descend again,  
Earth's buried millions waiting  
With Him will come a glorious train,  
Adoring Him and praising.

*Chor.*—Raise high the song that loud and long  
Before Him smooth forever,  
Till, casting down each golden crown,  
We worship Him forever.

- 2 And though these bodies be in dust  
Before that glad appearing,  
Yet shall they stand among the just,  
Our Saviour's image wearing.
- 3 What though earth's gathering tempests lower,  
And ages pass in sadness,  
Yet we may see that glorious hour,  
And join the dawn with gladness.
- 4 Then, safe at last, this blessed throng  
Set free from tribulation,  
Shall ever praise in holy song  
The God of their salvation.

457

**T**HIS a true and faithful saying,  
I deem thee dead for sinful men,  
Though we've told the story often,  
We must tell it o'er again.

- Chor.**—O glad and glorious Gospel  
With joy we now proclaim  
A full and free salvation,  
Through faith in Jesus' name.
- 1 He has made a full atonement,  
Now His saving work is done;  
He has satisfied the Father,  
Who accepts us in His Son.
- 2 Still upon His hands the nail prints,  
And the scars upon His brow,  
Our Redeemer, Lord and Saviour,  
In the glory standeth now.
- 4 But remember this same Jesus  
In the clouds will come again,  
And with Him His blood-bought people  
Evermore shall live and reign.

438

**W**HILE we pray, and while we plead,  
While you see your soul's deep need,  
While your Father calls you home,  
Will you not, my brother, come?

- Chor.**—Why not now? why not now?  
Why not come to Jesus now? **||**
- 1 You have wandered far away,  
Do not risk another day,  
Do not turn from God your face,  
But, to-day, accept His grace.
- 2 In the world you've failed to find  
Aught of peace for troubled mind;  
Come to Christ, on Him believe,  
Peace and joy you shall receive.
- 4 Come to Christ, confession make;  
Come to Christ and pardon take;  
Trust in Him from day to day,  
He will keep you all the way.

429

**C**ONQUERING now and still to conquer,  
 He hath a King in His sight,  
 Leading the host of all the faithful  
 Into the midst of the light;  
 Saw them with courage advancing,  
 Clad in their brilliant array,  
 Shouting the name of their Leader,  
 Hiss them exultingly say:

*Chor.*—"Not to the strong is the battle,  
 Not to the swift is the race,  
 Yet to the true and the faithful  
 Victory is promised through grace."

2 Conquering now and still to conquer,  
 Who is this wonderful King?  
 Whence all the armies which He leadeth,  
 Whence all His glory they bring?  
 He is our Lord and Redeemer,  
 Heroic and Marvellous divine,  
 They are the stars that forever  
 Bright in His kingdom will shine.

2 Conquering now and still to conquer,  
 Jesus, Thou Hero of all,  
 Thy name and their weapons all shall perish,  
 Opinions and their splendor shall fall,  
 Yet shall the armies Thou leadest,  
 Faithful and true to the last,  
 Fied in Thy righteous eternal,  
 Last when their warfare is past.

430

**H**OLY Ghost, with light divine,  
 Shine upon this heart of mine;  
 Chase the shades of night away,  
 Turn my darkness to to-day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
 Long hath sin, without remorse,  
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;  
 Bid my many woes depart,  
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine;  
 Cast down every idol-throne,  
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

431

**R**EJOICE! ye saints, again rejoice,  
 And sing with one accord;  
 Rejoice with all your heart and voice,  
 In Christ your risen Lord.

*Org.*—Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord!  
 Rejoice in the Lord always;  
 Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord!  
 And again I say, rejoice!

- 1 Rejoice! rejoice! lift up your head,  
 And praise the living God,  
 That for your sins the Father shed  
 His own most precious blood.
- 2 Rejoice! rejoice! let praise abound  
 Before Jehovah's throne,  
 For dead ones raised, and lost ones found,  
 And prodigals brought home.
- 4 Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord will come,  
 According to His word,  
 And gather all His ransomed home,  
 "For ever with the Lord!"

432

**N**EVER shall a light be put  
 Under a bushel or a song,  
 As the chimes in the air  
 Chanted by the angels throng;  
 Every star look up the story,  
 Christ has come, the Prince of glory,  
 Come in humble hearts to dwell  
 God with us, God with us,  
 God with us, Incarnate!

- 2 *Hail that Jubilee of song*  
*Breaks upon the rising morn;*  
*While the anthem rolls along,*  
*Flashes of light the earth adorn;*  
*Old and young take up the story:*  
*Christ has come, etc.*
- 3 *Welcome now the blessed day*  
*When we praise the Lord our King;*  
*When we need to praise and pray,*  
*And His love with gladness sing;*  
*Let the world take up the story:*  
*Christ has come, etc.*

433

**O** BEDIETHEN, rise and sing,  
 Make hallelujah ring  
 To our Almighty King,  
 And bless His name.

*Ans.—* Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, bless His name! *H*

- 1 *He wins for us the fight,*  
*He makes our darkness light;*  
*All dreary doubts take flight*  
*When He appears.*
- 2 *No lack or want have they*  
*Who make the Lord their stay;*  
*New strength for every day*  
*His grace supplies.*
- 3 *Canst thou them to guide,*  
*And for His own provide;*  
*Should woe or vice befall,*  
*Trust to the end.*

434

**O** NE day the Shepherd passed, and tending, said,  
 "Come, follow me."  
 What wonder that in haste I come,  
 no hind was He!

- 3 He led me through green pasture land,  
By waters still;  
With such a Guide, who would not follow,  
On where He will?
- 4 From out no other eye had ever beamed  
Such love on me;  
Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow  
Hard after Thee.
- 4 Black clouds were gathering on a blacker day, the  
World all in dread;  
Upon the night-wind came the cry of  
One in great fear.
- 5 Dear Lord, the darkness falls upon me,  
I cannot see;  
My feet are stumbling on the mountains;  
Oh! never me.
- 6 And now there comes a loving call by answer,  
"Be not afraid;  
Mine eyes shall guide the blind ones, and the weary  
Mine arm shall aid."
- 7 None ever perished following Jesus fully,  
No, never one;  
The weakest lambs are carried in His bosom, and  
Brought safely home.

436

**O** WANDERERS, awake, why longer roam  
Away from God, away from home?  
The Father calls, O hear His cry,—  
Whoever will may come to-day.

**CHOR.**—All praise and glory be unto Jesus,  
For He hath purchased a full salvation;  
Behind him stand from the preachers,  
"Whoever will may come!"

2 Behold His hands extended now,  
The dews of night are on His brow,  
He kneels, He calls, He waiteth still;  
Oh, come to Him, whoever will.



- 2 In simple faith His word believe,  
And His abundant grace receive,  
No love like His the heart can feel,  
Oh, come to Him, whoever will.
- 4 The "Spirit and the Bride say, come!"  
And stand in His sweet rest and home;  
Let Him that loveth us still,  
The blessed "whenever will."

436

HEAR me, blessed Jesus,  
And all our fears depart;  
Let Thy sweet whisper  
Purse within my heart.

Com.—Then, whatever Thou sendest,  
Happy shall be,  
Jesus, my Redeemer,  
Looking into Thee.

2 Let me fully trust Thee,  
Feeling on Thy Word;  
Let me still with patience  
Wait on Thee, O Lord.

2 Hiding in the shadow  
Of Thy sheltering wings,  
I shall rest confident  
In the King of kings.

437

YEA, we'll meet again in the morning,  
In the dawn of a better day,  
When the night of watching and waiting,  
With its darkness has passed away,  
When we shadows tell the sunbeams,  
Over there in the heavenly land,  
And the crystal waves of the river,  
Bear God's ray the golden sand.

2 When our problems cease now are dwelling,  
Free from toil and busy every care,  
With their garments of joy, peace and shining,  
Like the robes that the angels wear.

When our pilgrimages completed,  
 And our footsteps no longer cease,  
 By the pearly gates gladly waiting,  
 They will give us a welcome feast.

- 2 O what joy when all shall be over,  
 And the journey on earth we cease,  
 And the angels homeward shall bear us,  
 Where the life-streams forever flow,  
 We shall see the King of glory,  
 We shall praise Him with harp and voice;  
 We shall sing the praise that redeemed us,  
 While our hearts in His love rejoice.

438

**G**OD on the sword and arrow!  
 On raise the banner high!  
 The Captain of Salvation  
 To thee is ever nigh.

Chc.—Then were the glorious banner  
 Press forward in His name;  
 And soon thy Guide and Captain  
 Will victory proclaim.

2 God on the sword and arrow!  
 Let faith be thy strong shield;  
 His promise shall sustain thee  
 On every battle field.

2 God on the sword and arrow!  
 Press on the foe to fight;  
 No enemy can harm thee,  
 For God sustains the right.

439

**H**OW do I know my sins forgiven?  
 My Saviour tells me so!  
 That now I see an heir of heaven?  
 My Saviour tells me so!

Chc.—Away with doubt, away with fear,  
 When this by faith I know;  
 God's word shall stand for evermore,  
 My Saviour tells me so.

- 2 By trusting Christ the witness bring,  
My Saviour tells me so!  
The Father's love in Jesus' name;  
My Saviour tells me so.
- 2 Believe and thou shalt surely live;  
My Saviour tells me so!  
The Spirit's witness God will give;  
My Saviour tells me so.
- 4 Through rough the way, I shall endure;  
My Saviour tells me so!  
His sheep are ever kept secure;  
My Saviour tells me so.
- 2 How do I know I'll live again?  
My Saviour tells me so!  
With Christ in glory I shall reign,  
My Saviour tells me so.

440

HIDE me, O my Saviour, hide me  
In Thy holy place;  
Resting there beneath Thy glory,  
O let me see Thy face.

Rep.—Hide me, hide me!  
O blessed Saviour, hide me!  
O Saviour, keep me  
Steady, O Lord, with Thee.

- 1 Hide me, when the storm is raging  
O'er life's troubled sea;  
Like a dove on ocean's billows,  
O let me fly to Thee.
- 2 Hide me, when my heart is breaking  
With the weight of woe;  
When in tears I seek the comfort  
Thou canst alone bestow.

441

THROW out the Life-Line across the dark sea,  
There is a brother whom none else should see;  
Somebody's brother! ah, who then, will dare  
To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to share?

Chorus.—*1* Throw out the Life-Line! *2*  
 Rescue one in drifting away;  
*2* Throw out the Life-Line! *1*  
 Rescue one in sinking to-day.

- 1* Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong;  
 Why do you tarry, why linger so long?  
 See! he is sinking; oh, hasten to-day—  
 And out with the Life-Line! away, then, away!
- 2* Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men,  
 Making us anguish where you've never been;  
 Wraps of temptation and billows of woe  
 Will sweep her! throw out where the dark waters flow.
- 1* Soon will the waves of sorrow be o'er,  
 Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,  
 Hasten them, my brother, no time for delay,  
 Nay throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

442

**O** WORSHIP the King, all-glorious above,  
 And gratefully sing His wonderful love,  
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,  
 Fortified in splendor, and girded with grace.

- 1* O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,  
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;  
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds drive,  
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 2* Thy beautiful sun, what tongue can recite?  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
 Its streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
 And sweetly dwells in the dew and the rain.
- 4* Fretful children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail—  
 Thy mercies, how tender! How firm to the end,  
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

443

**H**OLY Spirit, Teacher True,  
 At the shelter of grace we hew;  
 Come, perform Thine office now,  
 Teach us evermore.

**San.**—Holy Spirit, teach us ever,  
Comfort, guide, and leave us never;  
Dwell within us, we implore,  
Now and evermore.

2 Comforter indeed Thou art,  
Giving strength to every heart;  
Let Thy presence ne'er depart,  
Comfort evermore.

3 Meek to be our Guide to-day,  
Lead us in the narrow way;  
Grant that we may never stray,  
Guide us evermore.

4 Teacher, Comforter, and Guide,  
In our hearts do Thou abide;  
And in life, what'er betide,  
Help us evermore.

444

**P**REACH the gospel, sound it forth,  
Till of free and full salvation  
Spread the tidings o'er the earth,  
Go to every tribe and nation.

**Chor.**—Spread the joyful tidings in anthem and story;  
Jesus hath redeemed us, O give Him the glory.

1 Preach the gospel full of joy,  
While on grass and meadow dwelling;  
Heart and soul in full employ,  
As the story you are telling.

2 Preach the gospel, make it clear,  
By the blood of Christ revealed;  
Give the message, make them hear,  
This alone is our consolation.

3 Preach the gospel full of love,  
Christ's compassion fully knowing;  
Bark the power from above,  
While His great compassion showing.

4 Preach the gospel as if God  
Spoke out through you were speaking;  
His salvation through the word,  
Speak as if the Lord were speaking.

## 443

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Trusting only Thee!  
Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
Great and free.

Chor. — I am trusting,  
Trusting only Thee!  
I am trusting, trusting,  
Trusting only Thee.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow;  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In the precious blood;  
Trusting Thee to make me holy  
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee for power,  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,  
Must prevail.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
Never let me fail;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

## 444

AFTER the toil and trouble,  
Thine cometh a day of rest,  
After the weary conflict,  
Peace on the Saviour's breast;  
Peace on the Saviour's breast,  
After the wars and wrongs,  
The glory of light and love;  
After the wilderness journey,  
The Father's bright home above.

2 After the night of darkness,  
The shadows all flee away;  
After the day of weeping,  
Hope sheds her brightest ray.

- After the strife and struggle,  
The victory is won;  
After the work is over,  
The Master's own word, "Well done."
- 2 After the hours of chastening,  
The spirit made pure and bright;  
After the earth's dark shadow,  
Close in the light of Light;  
After the guiding counsel,  
Conscience full and sweet;  
After the willing service,  
All hail at the Master's feet.
- 4 After the pain and sickness,  
The tears are all wiped away;  
After the Sorrow are gathered,  
No more of earth's decay;  
After the deep heart-sorrow,  
An end of every strife;  
After the daily weeping,  
A glorious crown of life.

## 447

**CH** no more! thy soul is free,  
Christ has died to ransom thee;  
Now the power of sin is o'er,  
Jesus bids thee "sin no more."

**Resp.**—**CH** no more! thy soul is free,  
Christ has died to ransom thee;  
Now the power of sin is o'er,  
Christ forgives thee, sin no more.

- 2 Sin no more! but closely keep  
Near the Heart that grants the sleep;  
Share the grace that Jesus bestows,  
Trembling go, and sin no more.
- 2 Sin no more! His blood hath bought,  
Think on what His love hath wrought;  
Think of what for thee He does,  
Weeping go, and sin no more.

- 1 Sit no more! O sit no more!  
 Jesus loves to keep thee pure;  
 If forsaken He'll restore,  
 Saying, "Go, and sit no more."

## 448

**T**AKE time to be holy,  
 Speak oft with thy Lord;  
 Abide in Him always,  
 and feed on His Word;  
 Make friends of God's children;  
 Help those who are weak,  
 Forgetting in nothing  
 His blessing to seek.

- 2 Take time to be holy,  
 The world rushes on;  
 Spend much time in secret  
 With Jesus alone;  
 By looking to Jesus,  
 Like Him thou shalt be;  
 Thy friends in thy conduct  
 His likeness shall see.

- 3 Take time to be holy,  
 Let Him be thy God;  
 And run not before Him,  
 Whatever betide;  
 In joy or in sorrow  
 Still follow thy Lord,  
 And looking to Jesus,  
 Still trust in His Word.

- 4 Take time to be holy,  
 Be calm in thy soul;  
 Each thought and each motive  
 Through His control;  
 Thus led by His Spirit  
 To fountain of love,  
 Thou soon shalt be fitted  
 For service above.



449

**T**HIS Lord is coming by and by:  
 He comes when He comes!  
 He comes from His holy home: on high:  
 He comes when He comes!  
 He is the Lord our Righteousness,  
 And comes His chosen ones to bless,  
 And at His Father's throne reclines:  
 He comes when He comes!

**Ans.—** Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes? ]  
 Will your lamps be trimmed and bright,  
 As it is written, soon or night?  
 Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?

**S** He soon will come by earth again:  
 He comes when He comes!  
 He'll bring His universal reign:  
 He comes when He comes!  
 With Halcyon's peace His coming brings,  
 When Jesus' dove of consolation brings:  
 O trim your lamps to meet your King:  
 He comes when He comes!

**S** Behold! He comes to one and all:  
 He comes when He comes!  
 He quickly comes with trumpet call:  
 He comes when He comes!  
 'Till judgment called, at His command,  
 Drawn thither by His mighty hand,  
 Before His throne we all must stand:  
 He comes when He comes!

450

**B**EHOOLD a stranger at the door,  
 He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
 Has waited long,—is waiting still;  
 You treat no other friend so ill.

**S** O lovely attitude! He stands  
 With waiting heart and hushed hands:  
 O matchless kindness! and He shows  
 This matchless kindness to His foes.

- 2 But will He prove a Friend indeed?  
He will—the very Friend you need;  
The Friend of sinners, you, His He,  
With garments dyed on Calvary.
- 4 Else, touched with gratitude divine,  
Tear out His money and His thine,  
That evil-doing money, King,  
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

484

- W**E praise Thee, we bless Thee,  
Our Father divine,  
All power and dominion  
Flourish in Thee;  
We sing of Thy mercy  
With joyful acclaim;  
2 For Thou hast redeemed us,  
All praise to Thy name. 2
- 2 All honor and praise to  
Thine excellent name;  
Thy love is unchanging,  
Forever the same;  
We bless and adore Thee,  
O Father and King,  
2 With joy and thanksgiving  
Thy praises we sing. 2
- 2 The strength of the hills, and  
The depths of the sea,  
The earth and the fulness,  
Being made Thee;  
And yet to the lowly  
Thou hast sent Thine out,  
2 So ready their humble  
Petitions to hear. 2
- 4 Thine infinite goodness  
Our tongues shall employ;  
Thou great in riches,  
All things to enjoy;  
We'll follow Thy footsteps,  
We'll rest in Thy love,  
2 And soon we shall praise Thee  
In mansions above. 2

452

"It is finished" what a gospel!  
Nothing has been left to do,  
But to take with grateful gladness  
What the Saviour did for you.

Chorus— "It is finished," Hail to Jesus!  
Christ the work has fully done; Hallelujah!  
All who will may have their pardon  
Through the blood of God's own Son.

2 "It is finished" what a gospel!  
Bringing news of victory won,  
Telling us of peace and pardon  
Through the blood of God's dear Son.

3 "It is finished" what a gospel!  
Hear such news, let us be glad,  
That accept God's precious offer,  
Enter into perfect rest.

4 "It is finished" what a gospel!  
Jesus died to save your soul;  
Have you taken His salvation?  
Have you let Him make you whole?

453

THERE is a Paradise of rest  
On yonder tranquil shore;  
Beyond the shadow and the gloom of night,  
Where toil and tears are o'er.

Chorus— Meet me there! oh, meet me there!  
At the dawning of that morning bright and fair;  
Meet me there! oh, meet me there!  
In the land beyond the river, meet me there.

2 There is a City crowned with light,  
Its joys no tongue can tell;  
For they who enter shall behold the King,  
And in His presence dwell.

3 There is a crown laid up on high,  
That Christ the Lord will give  
To those who patiently His coming wait,  
And for His glory live.

1 Oh, then be faithful unto death,  
 Press on the heavenly way,  
 That we may enter through the Gates of Life  
 To realms of endless day.

454

**L**EAD, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on;  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
 Lead Thou me on;  
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
 The distant shore; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayest that I yet  
 Shouldst lead me on;  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 Lead Thou me on;  
 I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, now it still  
 Will lead me on;  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er strag and network, till  
 The night is gone,  
 And with the morn' those steep-faced mountains  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

455

**W**HEN God the way of life would teach  
 And gather all His own,  
 He placed some souls beyond the reach  
 Of death, by blood alone.

Cor.—It is His word, God's precious word,  
 A miracle forever true;  
 When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,  
 I will pass over you,

3 By Christ, the witness Lamb of God,  
 The precious blood was shed,  
 When He fulfilled God's holy word,  
 And suffered in our stead.

- 3 O soul, for thee salvation thou  
 See God is freely giving;  
 The blood of Christ atones for sin,  
 And makes us meet for heaven.
- 4 The wrath of God that was our due,  
 Upon the Lamb was laid;  
 And by the shedding of His blood,  
 The debt for us was paid.
- 5 How vain the judgment hour shall pass  
 To all who do not stay  
 The word of God about the blood,  
 And make that word their stay.

454

**O**UT on the mountain, and amid forsaken,  
 Lost in the thicket, no light can't find them;  
 Yet in His mercy, full of compassion,  
 Lo! the Good Shepherd is calling to them.

Chorus.—Calling to them, calling to them;  
 Jesus is calling, "Come unto me!"  
 Calling to them, calling to them,  
 Hear the Good Shepherd calling to them.

- 1 Far on the mountain, why will thou wander?  
 Danger to darkness thy pathway will be;  
 Turn from thy roaming, thy fence is danger,  
 While the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.
- 2 Free from thy bondage, Jesus will help thee,  
 Only believe Him, and thou shalt be free;  
 Wonderful mercy, boundless compassion;  
 Still the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.

457

**I** DO not ask for earthly store,  
 Beyond a day's supply;  
 I only want, more and more,  
 The close and single eye,  
 To see my duty face to face,  
 And trust the Lord for daily grace.

- One — Then shall my heart being singing,  
 While to the cross I cling,  
 Far rest is sweet at Jesus' feet,  
 [2] While home-ward faith keeps winging. [2]
- 2 I care not for the empty show  
 That thoughtless worldlings see,  
 I care to do the best I know,  
 And leave the rest with Thee—  
 Well satisfied that sweet reward  
 Is mine to those who trust the Lord.
- 2 What'er the crosses mine shall be,  
 I will not dare to shun;  
 I only ask to live for Thee,  
 And that Thy will be done;  
 Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day,  
 While pressing on my homeward way.
- 4 And when at last, my labor o'er,  
 I cross the narrow sea,  
 Grant, Lord, that on the other shore  
 My soul may dwell with Thee;  
 And learn what love I cannot know,  
 Why Thou hast ever loved me so.

**T**RAVELING to the better land,  
 For the desert's scorching sand,  
 Father, do Thou hold my hand,  
 And lead me on.

- 2 When at March, parched with heat,  
 I see sparkling fountain greet,  
 Make the bitter waters sweet,  
 And lead me on.
- 2 When the wilderness is drear,  
 Show me Eden's palm-groves near,  
 With its wells, as crystal clear,  
 And lead me on.
- 4 Through the water and the fire,  
 This, O Lord, my true desire,  
 Will Thy love my heart inspire,  
 And lead me on.

3 When I stand on Jordan's brink,  
Do not let me fear or shrink,  
Hold me, Father, lest I sink,  
And lead me on.

459

**I** WILL only a little way on to my home,  
And there in the sunshine heaven I'll roam;  
While all the day long I journey with song;  
O beautiful Eden-land, close set my home.

Ans.—The only a little way, only a little way,  
The only a little way on to my home.

1 The only a little way farther to go,  
O'er mountains and valley where dark waters flow;  
My Saviour is near with blessings to cheer,  
His word is my guiding star—why should I fear?

2 The only a little way, there I shall see  
The friends that in glory are waiting for me;  
Their voices from home now lead on the air—  
They're calling me tenderly, calling me there.

460

**I** WILL praise the Lord my Glory,  
I will praise the Lord my Light;  
He my sword by day to carry,  
He my feet to guide by night.

Ans.—I will praise Thee with my whole heart, will praise  
Thee, O Lord;

I will be glad and rejoice in Thee, O Thee most high.

2 I will praise the Lord my Prophet,  
Holy Priest and righteous King;  
With the angels who adore Him,  
"Holy, holy," I will sing.

3 I will praise the Lord my Shepherd,  
Keeper, Pasture, Door and Fold;  
O'er the lonely hills He sought me,  
When the night was dark and cold.

4 I will praise the Lord my Father,  
Saviour, Brother, Guide and Friend;  
He came for us like lamb led us,  
He will lead me to the end.

2 I will love Him, I will trust Him,  
 All the remainder of my days;  
 And I will sing through endless ages,  
 Only my Redeemer's praise.

461

**N**OT saved are we by trying,  
 None will ever come to life;  
 'Tis not the blood-roping,  
 Given for our ransom paid;  
 The looking unto Jesus,  
 The holy One and Just;  
 'Tis His great work that saves us,  
 It is not Try, but Trust.

Can — 2 It is not Try, but Trust; if  
 'Tis His great work that saves us,  
 It is not Try, but Trust.

2 True vain for Israel bitten  
 By serpents on their way,  
 To look to their own doing,  
 That awful plague to stay;  
 The only way for healing,  
 When furnished in the flesh,  
 Was of the Lord's revealing,  
 It was not Try, but Trust.

2 No deeds of ours are needed  
 To make Christ's merit ours;  
 No images of mind, or feelings,  
 Can add to His great store;  
 'Tis simply to receive Him,  
 The holy One and Just,  
 'Tis only to believe Him,  
 It is not Try, but Trust.

462

**C**OME, Holy Spirit,  
 Like a dove descending,  
 Rest Thou upon us  
 While we meet to pray;



Show us the Pathway,  
 All His love revealing;  
 Lead us to Him,  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

2 Come, Holy Spirit,  
 Every cloud dispelling,  
 Fill us with gladness,  
 Through the Master's name;  
 Bring to our necessary  
 Words that He hath spoken,  
 Then shall our tongues  
 His wonderful grace proclaim.

3 Come, Holy Spirit,  
 Sent from God the Father—  
 Thy Friend and Teacher,  
 Comforter and Guide—  
 Our thoughts directing,  
 Keep us close to Jesus,  
 And in our hearts  
 For evermore abide.

## 4151

“**J**ESUS of Nazareth!” O what a name!  
 Let us rejoice and His glory proclaiming  
 Shepherd and Keeper, for ever the same,  
 Shepherd, Redeemer and Lord.

Chorus.— Jesus of Nazareth! now crucified,  
 Jesus of Nazareth! now glorified,  
 Jesus of Nazareth! glorified at God's side,  
 Glory and praise to His name.

2 Jesus of Nazareth! truly a man,  
 Low in a cradle His life He began,  
 Lived before God, both in pattern and plan,  
 Righteous, obedient One.

2 Jesus of Nazareth! nailed to the tree,  
 Dying, that we by His death might be free,  
 Ending the curse of law for you and for me,  
 Dying a ransom for all.

- 4 Jesus of Nazareth! raised from the dead,  
 Spirit and body, and still in our stead,  
 Made for us ever our glorified Head,  
 Raised from the dead for us all.
- 5 Jesus of Nazareth! seated on high,  
 Sending the Spirit of grace to apply  
 Life through the word unto each far and nigh,  
 Offering salvation to all.
- 6 Jesus of Nazareth! earth's coming King,  
 Peace to the waiting world soon He shall bring,  
 Nations of men soon His presence shall sing;  
 All shall bow down at His name.

## 464

- I BELONG to Jesus;  
 I am not my own;  
 All I have and all I am,  
 Shall be His alone.
- 2 I belong to Jesus;  
 He is Lord and King,  
 Reigning in my inmost heart,  
 Over everything.
- 3 I belong to Jesus;  
 What can hurt or harm,  
 When He holds around my soul  
 His almighty arm?
- 4 I belong to Jesus;  
 Blessed, blessed thought,  
 With His own most precious blood  
 Has my soul been bought.
- 5 I belong to Jesus;  
 He has died for me;  
 I am His and He is mine,  
 Through eternity.
- 6 I belong to Jesus;  
 He will keep my soul,  
 When the deathly waters dark  
 Round about me roll.

7 I belong to Jesus,  
 And ere long I'll stand  
 With my precious Saviour there,  
 In the glory-land.

495

**O** COME to the Saviour while now He is calling,  
 O come while there's mercy and pardon so free;  
 O trust in His grace, He will keep thee from falling,  
 And strength to overcome He offers to thee.

Chorus.—O come, come to the Saviour,  
 O come, come while yet may;  
 If come, come to the Saviour,  
 He's tenderly calling to-day.

- 1 There's no other name among men that is given,  
 There's no other way to be saved but His way;  
 O trust in His mercy; no long hast thou stay;  
 With sin and with self; O come while yet may.
- 2 The dust of His mercy is now standing open;  
 O harken and enter, for "Yet there is room,"  
 For if you reject Him, this word He hath spoken,  
 That where He now is "Ye never can come."
- 3 And he that believeth, the promise is written,  
 Is saved through the blood of the Crucified One;  
 The Spirit is pleading; O will you not harken,  
 And find in His love a refuge and home.

496

**O** HEY, Lord, my inward heart,  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art;  
 Make me as a little child—  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleased with all that please Thee.

- 1 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;  
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;  
 Why should I the burden bear?

2 As a little child believe  
On a cross beyond its own,  
Being neither strong nor wise,  
Frees to take a step alone—  
Let me trust with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Friend, and Guide.

467

**H**OLY, holy, holy is the Lord!  
Sing, O ye people, gladly adore Him;  
Let the mountains tremble at His word,  
Let the hills be joyful before Him;  
Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy,  
Great in Jehovah, King over all.

Chor.—Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!  
Let the hills be joyful before Him.

2 Praise Him, praise Him, shout loud for joy!  
Watchman of Zion, herald the story;  
Sin and death His Kingdom shall destroy;  
All the earth shall sing of His glory;  
Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him  
Eternally in His splendor, matchless, divine.

2 King eternal, blessed be His name!  
So may His children gladly adore Him;  
When in heaven we join the happy strain,  
When we meet our bright angels before Him!  
There in His likeness joyful awaiting,  
There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

468

**P**RAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;  
To His feet thy tribute bring:  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise shalt sing?  
2 Praise Him! praise Him! 2  
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and love  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
True to child, and swift to bless;  
2 Praise Him! praise Him! 2  
Glories in His faithfulness!

- 2 Angels, help us to adore Him,  
To behold Him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,  
Heavens all in time and space;  
3 Praise Him! praise Him!  
Praise with us the God of grace!

466

**I**N the hour when grief assails me,  
On His precious name I call,  
Then I find the heavenly fullness,  
Christ, my righteousness, my all.

Chor.—All my song when standing ponder,  
Shall be Christ, my joy, my all,  
3 This shall ever be my anthem,  
"Christ my glory, Christ my all." 4

2 In the night when sorrow clouds me,  
And the burning tear-drops fall,  
Then I sing the song of praise,  
Christ, my Brother and my all.

2 In the day when this mortal  
Shall ring off its mortal thrall,  
Then my song of resurrection,  
Shall be Christ, my all in all.

470

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Eternal day enlivens the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

Chor.—O mountains land beyond the sky,  
O land so bright and fair,  
When shall we reach thy golden gates,  
And dwell forever there?

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

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

471

**A**S from the flower within the seed,  
As in the morn the tree,  
So, praise the Lord of truth and grace,  
His Spirit dwelleth in me.

- Ans.—* Christ liveth in me,  
O what a salvation this,  
That Christ liveth in me!
- 1 Ours for from God and dead in sin,  
No light my heart could see;  
But in God's word the light I found,  
Now Christ liveth in me.
- 2 As rays of light from yonder sun  
The darkness of earth set free,  
So life and light and love came forth  
From Christ living in me.
- 4 With longing all my heart is filled,  
That like Him I may be,  
As on the wilderness thought I dwell,  
That Christ liveth in me.

472

**W**HEN have I felt the love of Jesus  
In our hearts with rapture glow,  
Will that love forsake and leave us?  
Never, no, no, never, no!

If our beds of pain we languish,  
Earthly friends may lightly go,  
Will He leave us in our anguish?  
Never, no, no, never, no!

- 2 Chosen not for our deservings,  
 But that God! His grace might show;  
 For our iniquities His love us  
 Never, no! oh, never, no!  
 Tho' in Christ the Father sent us,  
 To His Son the love death flow;  
 Will He turn away from Jesus?  
 Never, no! oh, never, no!
- 3 Will He leave when ours are over?  
 When we're tempted will He go?  
 When the host should bear us off to glory?  
 Never, no! oh, never, no!  
 And when safely home in glory,  
 What, and leave us longer flow,  
 Can we e'er forget the story?  
 Never, no! oh, never, no!

473

- 4 **NOON** will come the setting sun,  
 When our work will all be done,  
 And the weary heart at last be still;  
 But the Lord with gentle eye,  
 Will wake us by and by,  
 And we'll meet again on Zion's hill.
- 5 **CHURCH** We'll meet each other there,  
 Yes, we'll meet each other there,  
 And the Saviour's glorious love,  
 When we meet each other there,  
 We'll meet each other there,  
 Yes, we'll meet each other there,  
 And His glory we shall share.

- 6 Deep the shadows in the vale,  
 Fierce the howling of the gale,  
 Long and dark the storm around our door;  
 But the Lord will make a way  
 To the abiding refuge of day,  
 With the shadow and the storm no more.

- 7 Flood the heart with parting tears,  
 Press the hand with parting fears,  
 Let the days of earth be filled with care;

But the Lord at length will come,  
 In His love to take us home,  
 And we'll never know a sorrow more.

474

**T**is midnight; and on Olive's knee  
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;  
 'Tis midnight; in the garden now  
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,  
 The Saviour writhes like one with pain;  
 He's that disciple whom He loved  
 Kneels not His Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt,  
 The man of sorrow weeps in blood;  
 Yet He, who bath in crimson blood,  
 Is not broken by the God.

475

**B**lesséd Saviour, ever sweet  
 I am drawing to Thy feet;  
 Thou hast borne my every sorrow,  
 I am made in Thee complete;  
 For Thy love my soul is yearning,  
 None and none its power imparts;  
 I have heard Thy tender pleading,  
 Come and dwell within my heart.

- 1 Blesséd Saviour, I would never,  
 Never more Thy love reject;  
 At Thy feet I bow the lowest  
 How Thine image to reflect;  
 There I go when all forsake me,  
 When by love I am oppressed;  
 Then I hear Thy loved voice saying,  
 Come to me, I'll give you rest.
- 2 Blesséd Saviour, draw me closer,  
 Ever nearer to Thy heart,  
 When I'm weary, lonely, sad,  
 And I feel the tempter's dart;  
 Oh I stumble, oh I falter,  
 Oh I'm tossed on angry seas,



But I know that Thou wilt guide me,  
Through the storm, to endless peace.

- 4 Behold! Behold! let me Engage  
Near unto Thy precious feet;  
THU I hear that welcome shout,  
"Come," they loud voice now to greet!  
Oh, the joy that thro' awails me,  
While I hope, and watch and pray!  
For the morning light is dawning,  
Of the fair and endless day.

476

LOOK up! look up! ye weary ones,  
Whom sin has led to night,  
For He who knows the path you tread,  
Will yet restore the light;  
Look up! and hail the dawning  
Of joy's triumphant morning.

- Chor.—Behold Him! behold Him!  
Your Saviour lives to-day;  
Behold Him! behold Him!  
The clouds have rolled away.

- 2 The gifts ye brought with loving hand  
Your Lord will not disown;  
While others seek to borrow shall the  
Like incense 'round His throne;  
Look up! and hail the dawning  
Of joy's transcendental morning.

- 3 Rejoice! the grave is overcome,  
And led the angels sing;  
The greatest triumph ever known  
Has come through Christ our King!  
All heaven proclaims the dawning  
Of love's all-glorious morning.

477

SAVE ME, Lord, lest I stray,  
Safely lead me all the way;  
I am weak when by Thy side,  
I would in Thy love abide.

Chor.—Lead me, lead me,  
 Servant, lead me, lead I stray;  
 Gently down the stream of time,  
 Lead me, Servant, all the way.

1 Then, the refuge of my soul  
 When life's stormy billows roll,  
 I am safe when Thou art high,  
 On Thy mercy I rely.

2 Servant, lead me, till at last,  
 When the storm of life is past,  
 I shall reach the land of day,  
 Where all tears are wiped away.

475

**R**ETURN! return! O wanderer, now return!  
 Return! return! And seek thy Father's love,  
 These new desires which in His love  
 Were kindled by His grace. 2

2 Return! return! O wanderer, now return!  
 Return! return! He loaves thy humble sigh;  
 He sees thy burdened spirit mourn  
 2: What He would do is nigh. 2

3 Return! return! O wanderer, now return!  
 Return! return! The Servant bids thee live;  
 Come humbly to His feet and bow;  
 2: How freely He'll forgive. 2

476

**T**URNS thee, O lost one, now more and woe,  
 Lo! the Good Shepherd! is calling today,  
 Seeking to save thee, waiting to cleanse thee,  
 Haste by to meet Him, no longer delay.

Chor.—Tenderly calling, patiently calling,  
 Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee;  
 Tenderly calling, patiently calling,  
 Lovingly saying, "Come unto me!"

1 Still He is waiting, why with thee perch,  
 Though thou hast wandered so far from the fold!  
 Yet, with His Father's love, He has redeemed thee,  
 With His own compassion that cannot be sold!

- 3 Lost to His message, think of His mercy!  
 Sadness, yet leaving thy sins on the lawn,  
 Further transgression, like evening,  
 Through His atonement, His offers to thee.
- 4 Come in the old way, come in the true way,  
 Enter through Jesus, for He is the Door;  
 He is the Shepherd, tenderly calling,  
 Come in thy weakness, and wander no more.

480

- S**EARCH me, O Lord, and try this heart of mine,  
 Search me, and prove if I indeed am Thine;  
 That by Thy word, that never changed can be,  
 My strength of hope and living truth in Thee.
- 1 Search me, O Lord, subdue each vain desire,  
 And in thy soul a deeper love inspire;  
 Ride Thou my life, that I, especially think,  
 Beneath Thy wings in perfect peace may rest.
- 2 Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of sin,  
 Purge me as gold, and keep me pure within;  
 Search Thou my thoughts whose springs Thine eyes  
 can see,  
 From every fault, O Saviour, cleanse Thou me.
- 4 Search me, O Lord, let faith through grace divine  
 Through Thy redempt in every act of mine,  
 Till as Thy call my waiting soul shall ring,  
 Caught up with joy to meet Thee in the sky.

481

**H**EAR the blood's invitation,  
 Come, come, come!  
 To the fountain of salvation,  
 Come, come, come!  
 Healing streams are flowing still;  
 Whosoever will,  
 Let him take the water of life freely."

Chor. — ♪ Let him take, let him take,  
 Let him take the water of life freely. ♪

- 1 'Tis the voice of Jesus saying,  
Come, come, come;  
Now His blood commenced obeying,  
Come, come, come;  
He will cleanse from every ill;  
Welcome, "whosoever will;  
Let him take the water of life freely."
- 2 'Tis the Holy Spirit calling,  
Come, come, come;  
Ere the shadow of death be falling,  
Come, come, come;  
He the heart with peace will fill;  
Welcome, "whosoever will;  
Let him take the water of life freely."
- 4 Let the Spirit and the Bride say,  
Come, come, come;  
And let him that heareth now say,  
Come, come, come;  
And let him that is athirst  
Come, and "whosoever will;  
Let him take the water of life freely."

482

- 1 **S** LIFE upon the heavenly shore,  
Done with pain for evermore,  
Weakness and weakness o'er, Up yonder;  
O the calm and quiet rest  
On the loving Father's breast,  
It is better than earth's best, Up yonder.
- 2 Storms shall never reach us there,  
No more sorrow, pain or care,  
No more stress for us to bear, Up yonder;  
Gains for those that suffered loss,  
Crown for those that love the cross,  
And a calm for hearts that sore, Up yonder.
- 3 Safe upon the heavenly shore,  
Done with sin for evermore,  
Weakness and weakness o'er, Up yonder;  
Never more to know a loss,  
Never more to shed a tear,  
Better far than ever here, Up yonder.

483

**I**N the heavenly pastures fair,  
 Feeds the tender Shepherd's care,  
 Let us rest beside the living stream to-day;  
 Calmly there in peace we'll sit,  
 Drinking in the truth divine,  
 As His loving call we hear with joy obey.

*Ans.*—Glorious stream of life eternal,  
 Sweetness fields of living green,  
 Though revealed within the word  
 Of our Shepherd and our Lord,  
 By the pipe in heart above our throats be seen.

2 Far from all the noise and strife  
 That disturb our daily life,  
 Let us pause awhile in silence and adoration,  
 Then the sound of His dear voice  
 Will our waiting souls rejoice,  
 As He summons us His own for evermore.

3 O how good and true and kind,  
 Seeking His way down to find,  
 If they wander no longer from His side;  
 True disciples may we be,  
 Where His holy feet have led,  
 By all that will Him in heaven we may abide.

484

**M**y heavenly home is bright and fair,  
 Now gone, my death can enter there;  
 It's glittering towers the sky outshine;  
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

*Ans.*—I'm going home, I'm going home,  
 I'm going home to die no more!  
 To die no more, to die no more,  
 I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,  
 Far, far above the starry sky;  
 When from this earthly prison free,  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

¶ Let others seek a home below,  
 Which flames descend, or waves overflow;  
 He mine a happier lot to own  
 I heavenly mansion near the Throne.

455

**W**HEN I shall wake in that fair world of mine,  
 After whose darkling hours night returns,  
 And with whose glory thy eternal burns,  
 I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

Rev. — (1) I shall be satisfied.

I shall be satisfied

When I shall wake in that fair world of mine. (1)

- 2 When I shall see Thy glory face to face,  
 When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,  
 When Thou shalt open all Thy store of grace,  
 I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.
- 3 When I shall meet with those that I have loved,  
 Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,  
 And bid how faithful Thou hast been proved,  
 I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.
- 4 When I shall gaze upon the face of Him  
 Who died for me, with eyes no longer dim,  
 And praise Him with the everlasting hymn,  
 I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

456

**T**AKE Thou my hand, and lead me—  
 Choose Thou my way;  
 "Not as I will," O Father,  
 Teach me to say;  
 What though the storms may gather?  
 Thou knowest best;  
 Safe in Thy holy keeping,  
 There I would rest.

- ¶ Take Thou my hand, and lead me—  
 Lead, I am Thine,  
 Fill with Thy Holy Spirit  
 This heart of mine,

Yours in the hour of trial  
 Strong shall I be—  
 Ready to do or suffer,  
 Dear Lord, for Thee.

- 2 Take Thou my hand and lead me,  
 Lord, as I go;  
 Into Thy perfect camp  
 (Help me to grow)  
 Still in Thine own position  
 Smaller than now;  
 Keep me, O Father, keep me,  
 Close, close to Thee.

487

I AM waiting for the Master,  
 Who will bid me rise and come  
 To the glory of His promise,  
 To the glimmers of His home.

Chor.—They are watching at the portal,  
 They are waiting at the door,  
 Waiting only for my coming,  
 All the loved ones gone before.

- 2 Many a weary path I've traveled,  
 In the darkest storm and strife,  
 Bearing many a heavy burden,—  
 Others struggling for my life.
- 3 Many friends that traveled with me  
 Reached that portal long ago;  
 One by one they left me battling  
 With the dark and empty sea.
- 4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,  
 And their triumphs never long;  
 Oh, how lovingly they'll greet me  
 When the tolls of life are done.

488

I'VE found the Bethlehem manger-home,  
 Walking the dark forest trails,  
 Where the Calvary's sacred love comes,  
 Where our Lord was revealed.

**Chc.**—Sweet tones of love come down the ages through;  
 "Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

2 Successful words the soldiers sing;  
 Wished others Him should die,  
 Saying, if There be the King,  
 Save Thee, Thou Crucified.

2 Wordless love for sinful men,  
 Of the sinless One that died!  
 May we witness Thee not again,  
 Then, O Christ, the Crucified.

450

**P**ASS along the invitation,  
 Whosoever will may come;  
 Pass it on, pass it on,  
 Pass along the loving message  
 Unto every thirty-one;  
 Pass it on, pass it on.

**Chc.**—Pass along the invitation,  
 Pass along the word of God,  
 Until every tribe and nation  
 Shall have heard of Christ the Lord,  
 Shall have heard, shall have heard,  
 Shall have heard of Christ the Lord.

3 Pass along the cup of comfort  
 That the Lord has given you;  
 Pass it on, pass it on,  
 Offer weary, troubled spirits  
 Bread to taste its sweetness too;  
 Pass it on, pass it on.

3 Pass along each boon and blessing  
 That may come to you through Me;  
 Pass it on, pass it on,  
 Let me help the weary-hearted  
 Who are faint amid the strife;  
 Pass it on, pass it on.

4 Pass along the watchword, "Courage,"  
 From the darkness will be over.



Pass it on, pass it on,  
See, already down is breaking  
On the bright eastern shore;  
Pass it on, pass it on.

430

**M**ORE of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
Tis the Christian's yearning cry;  
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
Only He can satisfy.

1 More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
While I tread earth's weary ways;  
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
Till in Heaven I hymn His praise.

2 More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
O to feel His love each hour!  
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
O to realize His power!

3 More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
In my weakness and my pain;  
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
He can turn my loss to gain.

4 More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
Surely do I need His grace;  
More of Jesus, More of Jesus,  
When shall I behold His face?

431

**W**HEN I survey the woeful cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And poor contempt on all my pride.

Chorus—O woeful cross where Jesus died,  
And for my sins was crucified;  
My longing eyes look up to Thee,  
Thou Island Lamb of Calvary.

1 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;  
All earthly things that charm the soul,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

- 2 Saw, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thence compass so rich a crown?
- 4 Were all the riches of nature mine,  
That were a gift by far too small,  
I love no great and no divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

4572

- J**ESUS, Thou Refuge of the soul,  
To Thy dear arms I flee;  
From Satan's wiles, from evil and sin,  
O make and keep me free.
- 2 Though clouds may rise, though tempests rage,  
Thou wilt my shelter be,  
While with a steadfast heart and true,  
My trust is stayed on Thee.
- 3 No power on earth, or power below,  
Can tear me from Thy side,  
H' hurls Thy sheltering wings of love,  
Dear Refuge, I abide.
- 4 Not death itself, that had dread fear,  
Can hold me with his chain;  
Through Christ, who conquered Death, I rise,  
And life eternal gain.

4593

- I**N times of sorrow, God is near,  
His eagle never ceases —  
His tender, loving voice I hear,  
— In mercy shall have peace.
- Com.—O should peace! sweet home of heaven!  
That bids our trouble cease,  
O precious word, divinely given,  
— In mercy shall have peace!
- 2 Though long and weary is the night,  
And more things to be said,  
Yet faith the promise still believes,  
— In mercy shall have peace.

- 3 His love we may not understand,  
While trials here increase,  
But yet we know His word is true,  
"In me ye shall have peace."
- 4 Soon shall our eyes the land behold  
Where pain and care shall cease;  
Till then we'll trust the promise true,  
"In me ye shall have peace."

494

**A** M I a soldier of the cross—  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His name,  
Or blush to speak His name?

**Ans.**—In the name of Christ the King,  
Who hath purchased life for me,  
Through grace I'll win the promised crown,  
What's in my cross may be.

1 Must I be married to the cross,  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others sought to win the prize,  
And walked through bloody seas?

2 Are there no lions for me to hunt?  
Must I not slay the beast?  
In this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to last?

3 Shall I meet fight if I would reign,  
To increase my settings, last?  
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

495

**W**HILE Thus, O my God, art my help and defender,  
No power can overthrow me, no terror appal;  
The wiles and the snares of the world will but render  
More lively my hope in my God and my all.

**Ans.**—O My God and my all,  
My treasure, my glory,  
My God and my all.

1 Yes, Thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,  
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall;  
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger,  
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.

2 And when Thou demandest the life Thou hast given,  
With joy will I answer Thy merciful call,  
And quit this poor earth but to God Thou in heaven,  
My portion forever, my God and my all.

## 496

O I love to talk with Jesus, for it smooths the rugged road,  
And it seems to help me onward, when I faint beneath my load,  
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with  
tears are dim,  
There is naught can yield me comfort like a little talk  
with Him.

2 Oh I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest;  
That I'm daily, hourly, longing to repose upon His breast;  
And He answers me so kindly, in the tenderest tones of  
love,  
"I am coming soon to take thee to My happy home  
above."

3 Through the way so long and dreary to that far-off distant  
time,  
Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys with me all the  
time,  
And the more I come to know Him, and His wondrous  
grace explore,  
How my longing grows the stronger still to know Him more  
and more.

4 So I'll wait a little longer, till my Lord's appointed time,  
And along the upward pathway still my pilgrim feet shall  
trudge,  
Soon within my Father's dwelling, where the many  
nations be,  
I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He then will talk with  
me.

487

**S**ING unto the Lord,  
 O ye saints of His, sing, sing,  
 Sing unto the Lord,  
 And at the remembrance of His holiness,  
 O give thanks unto the Lord."

1 O Lord, Thy loving kindness  
 Hath compassed all our ways,  
 And "Thy compassions fail not,"  
 Through all the passing days;  
 To Thee, O great Jehovah,  
 In "time of need" we cry;  
 And all who call upon Thee  
 Shall find Thy love ever nigh.

2 Thy goodness we remember,  
 We praise Thy holiness,  
 We look to Thee, O Saviour,  
 To save, and heal, and bless;  
 "Thou by Thy loving hand"  
 Thy trusting children stand,  
 Upheld, and kept, and guided,  
 By Thy protecting hand.

3 Let saints around His name,  
 And all His courts with praise,  
 Let all who know His goodness,  
 Their halcyons raise,  
 Praise God, the loving Father,  
 And Jesus Christ His Son,  
 With God the Holy Spirit,  
 The glorious Three in One.

488

**I** WAIT for Thee, O Lord!  
 Thy glorious face to see,  
 That holy face that once was married,  
 Was married, O Lord, for me.

2 I wait for Thee, O Lord!  
 Before Thy feet to fall,  
 To worship lowly and adore  
 My Saviour, all in all.

- 3 I wait for Thee, O Lord!  
Thy loving hand to heal,  
Whose tender touch can even now  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 I wait for Thee, O Lord!  
Thy repairs deep to know,  
Of living evermore with Thee;  
Love cannot more bestow.
- 5 I wait for Thee, O Lord!  
But for a little while;  
This night my longing eyes may meet  
Thy joyful, welcome smile.

496

**H**OW all our souls are lifted up,  
When clouds are dark and lower,  
For Jesus comes, and kindly speaks  
These loving words of cheer.

Com.—“In my Father’s house are many mansions;  
If it were not so I would have told you;  
In my Father’s house are many mansions,  
I go to prepare a place for you.”

- 3 Show off our daily toil,  
With anxious care oppressed,  
We hear again the precious word  
That tells of joy and rest.
- 3 O may our faith in Him be strong,  
Who feeds our every care,  
And will for us, as He hath said,  
A place in heaven prepare.
- 4 Then, let us work, and watch and pray,  
Relying on the love  
Of Him who now prepares a place  
For us in heaven above.

503

**W**E would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen  
Across the path—darkness of our life;  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen  
For the long warfare—the final strife.

- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock foundation,  
Whom our feet were set with our own groans;  
Not life, not death, with all their agonies,  
Can thence remove us, if we see His form.
- 3 We would see Jesus—other lights are falling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;  
The blessings of our pilgrimages are falling;  
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing,  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with our sight,  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, ascending;  
Then welcome, day! and farewell, mortal night!

501

**P**RAISE, brethren, praise! The sands are falling;  
Praise, brethren, praise! God's voice is calling,  
You turned others the dying shine;  
We kneel upon the wings of time!

    Ere — Eternity is drawing nigh!  
Eternity is drawing nigh! (is drawing nigh!)

- 2 Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are swelling!  
Praise, brethren, praise! The light is swelling!  
Behold, the glory draweth near,  
The King Himself will soon appear.
- 3 Watch, brethren, watch! The years are dying;  
Watch, brethren, watch! Our time is dying!  
Watch as men watch the pearl of price,  
Watch as men watch for life or death.
- 4 Look, brethren, look! The day is breaking;  
Mark, brethren, mark! The dead are waking;  
With grateful hearts all ready stand;  
Behold, the Resurrection is at hand!

502

**Y**OUNG men, to Christ the Lord,  
Own Him your Saviour God,  
His name above,  
For by His wondrous sacrifice,  
He paid the great redemption price,  
That all might have eternal life,  
That come to God through Him.

- 2 Young men in Christ the Lord,  
 He mighty in His word,  
 He walks declares,  
 And with the Holy Spirit's power,  
 By faith and persevering prayer,  
 That ye may witness anywhere,  
 That sinful men are saved.
- 3 Young men in Christ the King,  
 Your grateful tribute bring,  
 Of love and praise,  
 United in His royal name,  
 With loyal hearts His words proclaiming,  
 Throughout the world to all Young Men,  
 "To meet be here again."
- 4 Young men in Christ the Friend,  
 On Him all hopes depend,  
 Of love and joy;  
 To every burdened soul you meet,  
 His gracious, loving words, so sweet,  
 "Come unto me," with love repeat,  
 "And I will give you rest."
- 5 Young men in Christ, arise,  
 The world beholds you rise,  
 Encouraged in His  
 Make haste to swell the mission band,  
 Prepare to go at His command,  
 To every land men in every land,  
 At any sacrifice.
- 6 Young men in Christ the Son,  
 In Him we all are one,  
 For thus He prayed;  
 Then let us join the heavenly throng,  
 To sound His praise in endless song,  
 For all we have and are beholding  
 To Christ, our Lord and God.

FACE

**W**E are coming home to Jesus,  
 We have heard His voice so sweet;  
 We are trusting in His goodness,  
 In His mercy we repeat.



1 We are coming home, O  
We are coming from the darkness to the light!

2 We are coming home, O  
We are coming home to-night.

3 We are coming home to Jesus,  
For He died that we might live;  
He is willing to receive us,  
He is willing to forgive.

4 We are coming home to Jesus,  
By the cross, our only way;  
There He finished our redemption,  
And we can no more delay.

204

**A**T even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, would thank Thee best!  
Oh, in what fervent praise they sang!  
Oh, with what joy they went away!

1 Once more 'tis evening, and we,  
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;  
What if Thy love we cannot see?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

2 O Saviour Christ, our weak depend;  
For some are sick and some are old,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And all, O Lord, were perfect good,  
And to be wholly free from sin;  
And they who best would serve Thee best,  
Are conscious most of sin within.

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can freedom fail;  
Here in this solemn evening hour,  
Lord, is Thy mercy laid to all.

205

**O**TENDER mercies of our Lord!  
How sweetly they fall on the ear!  
O grass of green and of kindness,  
God's love and compassion brought near!

- Can.—Is the Spirit of Jesus now stirring?  
 His warning, my brethren, obey;  
 Resist not His gracious bestowings,  
 O grope not the narrow way.
- 1 Brooming in love for our Saviour,  
 Unworthy we pray in His stead;  
 Believe in the word of Congressmen,  
 Except of the Father He made.
- 2 Brooming His blood-bought, His ransom'd,  
 Your hearts to Him gladly yield,  
 That, in you, and through you, and by you,  
 His grace may be fully reveal'd.
- 4 Brooming the words to be holy,  
 Filled always with meekness and love;  
 Like Jesus so gentle and lowly,  
 Reflecting the light from above.
- 2 Brooming that all for His coming  
 Unshaken may ever remain,  
 And stand with the saved and the chosen,  
 With Him in His glorious reign.

## SONS

**T**RIBBLED heart, thy God is calling!  
 He is drawing very near;  
 Do not hide thy deep emotion,  
 Do not check that falling tear.

Can.—O, be saved, His grace is free!  
 O, be saved, He died for thee!

- 1 Come, the Spirit still is pleading,  
 Come to Him, the weak and wild;  
 He is waiting now to save you,  
 Will them not be reconcil'd?
- 2 Art thou waiting till the morning?  
 Thou may'st never see the light;  
 Come at once! accept His mercy;  
 He is waiting—comes to night.
- 4 Let the angels hear the tidings  
 Upward in the courts of heaven;  
 Let them sing, with holy rapture,  
 Over another soul forgiven!

547

**O** LORD, my soul rejoiceth in Thee,  
My tongue Thy mercy is telling;  
I've found Thy love no promise is true,  
My heart with its rapture is swelling.

**Ans.**—Wonderful love! O wonderful love!  
I'll sing of its fulness forever;  
I've found the way that leadeth above,  
The way to the life-giving river.

1 I came to Thee o'erwhelmed with care,  
My guilt with sorrow overshadowing;  
Thou love, Thy love, that touched my feet,  
And gave me for comfort a blessing.

2 To Thee, my hope and refuge divine,  
My faith is fervently clinging;  
And every hour some token of love  
New joy to my spirit is bringing.

3 I look beyond this valley of tears,  
Where Thou, a mansion preparing,  
Wilt call me home forever with Thee,  
The bliss of the glorified sharing.

548

**I**NTERNAL, like God's Word proclaimed  
To lost and dying men;  
By it alone we know the Lord,  
Chosen by mental men.

**Ans.**—O precious Word, O gracious Word,  
We love it more and more;  
O may it be our strength and sword,  
Till earthly strife is o'er.

1 God's grace is in His Holy Word,  
We need it every day;  
In all our conflicts, this the sword,  
Our every foe to slay.

2 By this same Word we know our work;  
And how it should be done;  
How we should live, and how through grace  
The promised crown to win.

## 509

**O** COME to the merciful Saviour who calls you,  
 O come to the Lord who forgives and forgets;  
 Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,  
 A bright home awaits you whose sun never sets.

*Chor.*—Come home, come home,  
 In darkness no longer to roam,  
 The Jesus who tenderly calls you to-day,  
 Oh brother, my brother, come home.

- 1** O come then to Jesus whose arms are extended  
 To hold His dear children in closest embrace;  
 O come, and your exile shall shortly be ended,  
 And Jesus will show you the light of His face.
- 2** Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter  
 The longer you look at the depths of His love;  
 O fear not, 'tis Jesus, and life's career grows lighter  
 While thinking of home and the glory above.

## 510

**I** AM not skilled in mathematics,  
 What God hath will'd, what God hath pleas'd,  
 I only know at His right hand  
 Is One who is my Saviour!

- 1** I take Him at His word instead;  
 "Christ died for sinners," this I read;  
 For in my heart I find a word  
 Of Him to be my Saviour!
- 2** That He should leave His place on high,  
 And come for sinful men to die,  
 You would it strange?—no more did I,  
 Before I knew my Saviour!
- 3** And O that He fulfilled my need  
 The travail of His soul in me,  
 And with His work satisfied be,  
 As I with my dear Saviour!
- 4** Yes, living, dying, let me bring  
 My strength, my glory from this spring,  
 That He who loved to be my King,  
 Once died to be my Saviour.

311

**F**OUNTAIN of purity opened for sin,  
Here may the penitent wash and be clean;  
Jesus, Thou shouldst Redeemer from sin,  
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Chor.—Whiter than snow, whiter than snow,  
Wash me, Redeemer,  
And I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Though I have labored again and again,  
All my self-justifying is utterly vain;  
Jesus, Redeemer from sorrow and sin,  
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart, I implore,  
Help me Thy light to reflect more and more;  
Daily in loving usefulness to grow,  
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Whiter than snow! nothing further I need,  
Christ is the Fountain; this only I plead;  
Jesus my Saviour, to Thee will I go,  
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

312

**TH**ING is There, O Master,  
My burden and my grief;  
I do believe Thy promise,  
Help Thou mine unbelief.

2 I bring my guilty nature,  
For cleansing and for cure;  
Oh, heal my sore sinners,  
Comfort and make me pure.

3 Thy mercy reaches lower  
Than all the depths of sin;  
As Thy compassions fail not,  
Oh, give me peace within.

4 My faltering faith I bring Thee,  
My weak and wavering will;  
My spirit fails and falters,  
Thy promises fulfill.

313

**O**UT on the doors, knocking, knocking;  
 Singing, "Ye Jesus knocking for them;  
 Tenderly calling, calling, calling,  
 Hither, then and now, O come unto Me.

**Ans.**—Jesus is calling, Jesus is calling,  
 Why doest thou linger? why tarry away?  
 Come to Him quickly, say to Him gladly,  
 Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

1 **HE** He is waiting, waiting, waiting,  
 O what compassion beams in His eye!  
 Hear Him repeating, gently, gently,  
 Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die?

2 Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading,  
 Mercy, though slighted, bears with thee yet;  
 Thou canst be happy, happy, happy;  
 Come ere the life-star forever shall set.

314

**"G**OD bless you!" from the heart we sing,  
 O God give to every one His grace;  
 Till He on high His ransomed bring  
 To dwell with Him in endless peace.

**Ans.**—God bless you! God bless you!  
 Bless and keep us all in Jesus' love;  
 And, when our partings here are o'er,  
 Take us to the joys above.

1 God bless you on your pilgrim way,  
 Through storm and sunshine guiding still;  
 His presence guard you day by day,  
 And keep you safe from every ill.

2 O God! bless you in this world of strife,  
 When, off the road world homeward fly,  
 And give the weakness to your life,  
 O'er waiting for the rest on high.

3 O God! bless you, and the patience give  
 To walk through life by Jesus' side;  
 For Him to love, for Him to live,  
 And them with Him be glorified.

- 2 God bless us all, and give us rest  
 When Christ shall come and glory dawn;  
 One sun is swinging toward the west,  
 Life's little day will soon be gone.

515

**I**n thy crisis of conflict failing?  
 Rise and share it with a friend,  
 And through all the years of famine  
 It shall serve thee to the end.  
 Love divine will fill thy store-house,  
 Or thy handful still repay;  
 [1] Neatly fare for one will often  
 Make a royal feast for two. ]

2 For the heart grows rich in giving;  
 All its wealth is living grain;  
 Seeds, which scatter in the gutter,  
 Scatter, all with gold the plain.  
 Is thy burden hard and heavy?  
 Do thy steps drag wearily?  
 [1] Help to lift thy brother's burden,  
 God will bear both it and thee. ]

3 Lost and weary on the mountain,  
 Wouldst thou sleep under the snow?  
 Gladly God's warm arms beside thee,  
 And together both shall grow.  
 Art thou wounded in life's battle?  
 Many strokes round thee come,  
 [1] Give to them thy precious substance,  
 And that pain shall lose thine own. ]

4 Is thy heart a well left empty?  
 None but God the well can fill;  
 Nothing but a ceaseless fountain  
 Can the ceaseless longing still.  
 Is thy heart a living power?  
 Well and wisely, the strength's mine low;  
 [1] It can only flow by loving,  
 And by serving, love will grow. ]

516

**L**ORD, at Thy mercy-seat  
Humbly I fall;  
Treading Thy promise sweet,  
Lord, hear my call;  
Now let Thy work begin,  
Oh, make me pure within,  
Cleanse me from every sin,  
Jesus, my all.

**I** Tears of repentant grief  
Sincerely fall;  
Help Thou my unbelief,  
Hear Thou my call;  
Oh, how I pine for Thee!  
Thou art all my hope and plea!  
Jesus has died for me,  
Jesus, my all.

**I** HILL at Thy mercy-seat,  
Saviour, I fall;  
Treading Thy promise sweet,  
Hear'd is my call;  
Faith wings my soul to Thee;  
Thou art all my song shall be,  
Jesus has died for me,  
Jesus, my all.

517

**C**OME into His presence with singing,  
O worship the Lord with a song,  
A psalm of gratitude bringing,  
To Him to whom praise belongs;  
But oh, while you join in thanksgiving,  
With voices in joyful accord,  
Remember, He watches your living,  
And sing with your hearts to the Lord.

*Chorus.—Singing, singing,  
This is true worship and love;  
Living, singing,  
This is accepted above.*

**Y** Not yet, as the angels in heaven,  
May sustain their gratitude song.



Not here upon earth is it given,  
Perfection of service to bring;  
But earnest and true affection,  
The heart in the hand and the power,  
Will be an accepted oblation,  
And lighten life's burden and care.

- 2 Then come to His courts with rejoicing,  
And join in the chorus of praise;  
The psalm and the anthem best voicing  
The thanks which your loving hearts raise;  
With grace in your hearts even duty  
Will change into pleasure and bliss,  
And seeing the King in His beauty,  
Your life shall then be as a song.

518

**T**RUE HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,  
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be;  
Under the standard enrolled and loyal,  
Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee.

*Ans.*—*Lead out the watchword! always it never!*  
*King of our spirits, rejoicing and true;*  
*Lead out the watchword! loyal forever!*  
*King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.*

- 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, full of allegiance  
Fighting hand-to-hand to our glorious King;  
Valiant endeavor and loving affection,  
Fervid and joyously now would we bring.
- 3 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fervent all-glorious  
Take Thy great power and reign these days,  
Over our wills and affection's vicissitudes,  
Fervid unswerving and wholly Thine own.

519

**B**LESSED Jesus, grant us strength to take  
Our daily cross, what'er it be,  
And gladly, for Thine own dear sake,  
In paths of duty follow Thee.

- 2 And day by day, we humbly ask  
That holy memories of Thy cross  
May sanctify each moment's task,  
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

- 2 Help us, dear Lord, our eyes to keep,  
Till all Thy feet we lay it down;  
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,  
And through the Cross obtain the Crown.

520

**H**OW sweet, O Lord, Thy word of grace  
Which bids a sinner seek Thy face,  
( And never seek in vain; )  
That face, come not so thoughtlessly  
To meet Thy cross of agony,  
( Can never see death's gloom. )

- 2 Thy wings, sacred and crowned with glory,  
Thou dost not hide from grief and woe,  
( Not from the dawn of night; )  
Yet, in that face a love appears  
Which soothes all my gloomy fears,  
( And fills my soul with light. )
- 2 The heavens declare Thy power and love;  
In all Thy works, below, above,  
( Thy majesty I trace; )  
But mercy shines not in the skies,  
And hope within my spirit dies,  
( Until I see Thy face. )
- 2 The brightness of Thy glory, Lord,  
Fills heaven and earth and written Word  
( With beams of heavenly grace; )  
But all the hosts of heaven shine  
With no such radiance divine  
( As Thy most blessed face. )

521

**T**HIS the hallowed hour of prayer,  
And we trustfully bring  
All our thoughts and our fears  
To our Father and King;  
For we know that He delights  
A glad welcome to give,  
And the blessings that we ask for  
We shall fully receive.

**Chor.**—Pious love of prayer!  
 Multitude love of prayer!  
 Sacred season of remembrance,  
 It is sweet to be there!

1 'Tis the pious love of prayer,  
 And we humbly entreat  
 Father, breathe the Spirit here,  
 As we bow at Thy feet;  
 Touch our lips with power of words;  
 Fill our souls with Thy love;  
 And bestow the benediction  
 Of Thy power from above.

2 'Tis the sacred love of prayer,  
 Calm as heaven above;  
 Soul to soul is breathing here  
 The communion of love;  
 Every heart is sweetly filled  
 With a peace most profound;  
 Oh, the place is like to heaven  
 Where such true joys abound.

323

**B**ENEFIT how plain the truth is made;  
 Since Christ the ransom price has paid,  
 And all our sins on Him were laid,  
 We must to Him be saved.

**Chor.**—If thou shalt confess with thy mouth,  
 Confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus,  
 And believe in thine heart  
 That God hath raised Him from the dead,  
 [Thou shalt be saved.]

1 The death of Christ upon the tree  
 Was for the judgment due to thee;  
 He died that thou mightest remember he  
 And live by faith in Him.

2 By raising Jesus from the dead  
 Our blessing God has sweetly said,  
 That He accepts the blood He shed  
 As cleansing us from sin.

- 4 And now to God we come brought nigh,  
We come and "Abba Father" cry,  
And seek the Spirit's full supply  
That we no more may die.

323

**T**HE Lord keep watch between us,  
The ever-present Friend;  
No love like His or mighty,  
To keep and to defend.

- Ans.—* *Migado! Migado!*  
Keep watch in tenderest love,  
Until our prayers bring  
Around the throne above.

- 2 Though absent from each other,  
We are not far from Him;  
Let not our courage falter,  
Let not our faith grow dim.

- 3 Though time and space may sever  
The Master's servants here,  
'Tis only for a season,  
The meeting-time draws near.

- 4 The Lord Himself is watching,  
In tenderness and love;  
Let praise meet and struggle  
Around the throne above.

324

**E**NSLAVED along the hills of Geth,  
To Christian soldiers, rise,  
And pass the battle ere the night  
Shall veil the glowing skies;  
Against the foe on valor bid;  
Let all our strength be tried;  
Faith is the victory, we know,  
That overcomes the world.

- Ans.—* Faith is the victory! O  
Oh, glorious victory,  
That overcomes the world.

2 His banner over us is love,  
 Our sword the word of God;  
 We tread the road the angels above  
 With shouts of triumph loud;  
 By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath,  
 Sweep on o'er every field,  
 The faith by which they conquered Death  
 Is still our shining shield.

3 On every hand the foe we find  
 Drawn up in deadly array;  
 Let hosts of sin be left behind,  
 And onward to the fray;  
 Salvation's helmet on each head,  
 With truth all girt about,  
 The earth shall tremble north and south,  
 And echo with our shout.

4 To Him that overcomes the foe,  
 White raiment shall be given;  
 Before the angels he shall know  
 His name contained in heaven;  
 Then onward from the hills of light,  
 Our hearts with love aflame,  
 We'll conquer all the hosts of night,  
 In Jesus' conquering name.

225

1 GREAT Jehovah, mighty Lord,  
 Vast and boundless is Thy word;  
 King of Kings, from shore to shore  
 Thou shalt reign for evermore.

2 Jew and Gentile, bond and free,  
 All shall yet be one in Thee;  
 All confess Messiah's name,  
 All His wondrous Love proclaim.

3 From her night shall China wake,  
 Africa's sons their shadows shall break;  
 Egypt, where Thy people tread,  
 Shall adore and praise our God.

- 4 India's groves of palm as fair  
 Shall tremble with praise and prayer;  
 Ceylon's tale with joy shall sing,  
 Glory be to Christ our King.
- 5 North and South shall own Thy sway;  
 East and West Thy voice obey;  
 Crowned and throned before Thee fall,  
 King of kings and Lord of all.

323

- SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;  
 Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;  
 We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best—  
 Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
- 2 Calm in thy slumber as an infant's sleep;  
 But thou shalt wake no more to feel and weep;  
 There is a perfect rest, secure and deep—  
 Good-night!
- 3 Until the shadows from this earth are past,  
 Until He gathers us in shadows at last,  
 Until the twilight gleams be overpast—  
 Good-night!
- 4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,  
 Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,  
 And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—  
 Good-night!
- 5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,  
 Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,  
 And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—  
 Good-night!
- 6 Only — "Good-night," beloved! — not — "farewell!"  
 A little while, and all the nations shall dwell  
 In hallowed union indivisible—  
 Good-night!
- 7 Until we meet again before His Throne,  
 Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,  
 Until we know even as we are known—  
 Good-night!

627

**C**HRIST hath risen! Hallelujah!  
 Bleamed source of life and light;  
 Lo, the grave is rent asunder,  
 Death is conquered through His might.

**Ans.**—Christ is risen! Hallelujah!  
 Giftedness like the world to-day;  
 From the tomb that could not hold Him,  
 See, the stone is rolled away.

2 Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!  
 Friends of Jesus, dry your tears;  
 Through the veil of gloom and darkness,  
 Lo, the Son of God appears.

3 Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!  
 He hath risen, as He said;  
 He is now the King of glory,  
 And our great exalted Head.

628

**T**HU living God, who by His might  
 Spoke out the word and there was light,  
 Hath promised now to show His grace  
 To sinful men, in Jesus' face.

**Ans.**—In Jesus' face! In Jesus' face!  
 O wonderful sight! O wonderful grace!  
 The living God through sin condemned,  
 In Jesus' face is now revealed.

2 This mighty Christ, so strong and true,  
 Has come from God, His work to do;  
 He comes with power the soul to save,  
 To give the victory o'er the grave.

3 In Jesus' face our God we know,  
 And trust in Him to bear us through;  
 He will not leave us to be defied,  
 But make our victory complete.

4 When darkness gives the soul distress,  
 When sorrow on our pathway press,  
 One look of Him will chase the gloom,  
 While comfort beams from Jesus' face.

- 2 Then come, ye weary ones, and rest;  
Come, sinful souls, and here be blessed;  
Within your heart give Christ his place,  
And let God's love in Jesus' love.

329

**O** SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom, yet unborn, we love;  
O Name of might and love,  
All other names above.

Chor.—We worship Thee! we bless Thee!  
In Thee alone we cling!  
We praise Thee and confess Thee,  
Our Saviour, Lord and King.

1 O bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought.

2 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power divine;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is Thine.

3 Oh, grant the consummation  
Of this our song, above,  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love.

330

**B**EYOND the light of setting suns,  
Beyond the clouded sky,  
Beyond where starlight fades in night,—  
I have a home on high.

Chor.—I maintain there, rest made with hands,  
A place prepared for me;  
And while that even, and a nightling sing,  
That home my home shall be.

2 Beyond all pain, beyond all care,  
Beyond life's mystery,  
Beyond the tangle of time and change,—  
My home's reserved for me.



- 3 Swift-flying worlds, their nights that roll  
Far out on seas of light,  
Will bring no darkness to my soul;  
My home's beyond the night.
- 4 My sins and sorrows, stripes and tears,  
I had them all forewell,  
High up amid th' eternal years,  
With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.

531

**O** DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light;  
O land of ease and calmness,  
Most beautiful, most bright!  
On thee the high and holy,  
Through ages joined in love,  
Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"  
To the great God Triune.

- 1 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious,  
The spirit went from heaven;  
And thou on that, most glorious,  
A triple light was given.
- 2 Now grace ever pouring  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest revealing  
To spirits of the dead;  
To Holy Ghost be praise,  
To Father, and to Son;  
The Church, her voice upraises  
To Thee, Most True in One.

532

- S**UBMITTING back thy hand " thy pointed hand,  
Fear not, it is thy Lord's command;  
Seek not from Him to hold thy sin,  
Confess, and ask to be made clean.

- Chs. — "Stretch forth thy hand," on Christ believe,  
 "Stretch forth thy hand," the power receive;  
 He offers grace as full and free,  
 "Stretch forth thy hand," He speaks to thee.
- 1 "Stretch forth thy hand," thy empty hand,  
 No gift of thine will God withhold;  
 The empty hand that shows thy need,  
 Of this alone will He take heed.
- 2 "Stretch forth thy hand," thy helpless hand,  
 Upheld by God, thy soul shall stand;  
 Fight not in thine own strength the foe,  
 But trusting Jesus, onward go.
- 3 "Stretch forth thy hand," thy dying hand,  
 When thou shalt come to Jordan's strand;  
 Through all the billows Christ shall guide,  
 And bring thee safe to Heaven's side.

523

NOT now, but in the coming years,  
 It may be in the better land,  
 We'll read the meaning of our tears,  
 And there, sometime, we'll understand.

Chs. — Then wait in God through all thy days;  
 Fear not! for He doth hold thy hand;  
 Though dark thy way, still sing and praise;  
 Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

2 We'll catch the broken threads again,  
 And knit what we have begun;  
 Heaven will the mystery explain,  
 And then, ah then, we'll understand.

3 We'll know why clouds instead of sun  
 Were ever many a cherished plan;  
 Why song has ceased when sorrow began;  
 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

4 Why what we long for most of all,  
 Eludes us oft our eager hands;  
 Why hopes are crushed and wishes fail,  
 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

5 God knows the way, He holds the key,  
He guides us with His loving hand;  
Sometimes with tearful eyes we'll weep  
You, there, up there, we'll understand.

534

**F**LASHING away like the stars of the morning,  
Leaving their light in the glorious sun—  
Thus would we pass from the earth and its tolling,  
Only remembered by what we have done.

123—Only remembered, only remembered,  
Only remembered by what we have done;  
Thus would we pass from the earth and its tolling,  
Only remembered by what we have done.

2 Shall we be missed, though by others surrounded,  
Reaping the fields we in spring-time have sown?  
No, for the reapers may pass by in their labors,  
Only remembered by what they have done.

3 Only the truth that in life we have spoken,  
Only the good that on earth we have done;  
These shall pass onward when we are forgotten,  
Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.

4 Oh, when the Master shall make up His people,  
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,  
Then shall His weary and faithful disciples,  
All be remembered by what they have done.

535

**W**ORK, for time is flying,  
Work, for souls are dying,  
Work, for souls are dying,  
Work, for night is coming;  
In the Master's vineyard,  
Go and work to-day;  
Be no useless sluggard  
Standing in the way.

2 In this glorious calling,  
Work till day is over;  
Work, till evening falling  
You can work no more.

Then your labor bringing  
To the King of Kings,  
Burst with joy and singing  
Haste on angels' wings.

- 3 There where saints adore Him,  
Where the ransomed meet,  
Joy they show before Him,  
Bowmg at His feet;  
Hear the Master saying,  
From His heavenly throne,  
When thy toil rewarding,  
— Laborer, well done!

536

**H**AVE you sought for the sheep that have  
wandered,

Far away on the dark mountain side?  
Have you gone, like the tender Shepherd,  
To bring them again to the fold?  
Have you followed their weary footsteps?  
And the wild desert waste have you trod,  
Not lingered till safe home returning,  
You have gathered the sheep that were lost?

- 4 Have you been to the sad and the lonely,  
Whose burdens are heavy to bear?  
Have you carried the name of Jesus,  
And tenderly breathed it in prayer?  
Have you told of the great salvation  
He died on the cross to secure?  
Have you asked them to trust in the Saviour,  
Whose love shall forever endure?
- 5 Have you knelt by the sick and the dying,  
The message of mercy to tell?  
Have you stood by the trembling captive  
Alone in his dark prison cell?  
Have you pointed the lost to Jesus,  
And urged them on Him to believe?  
Have you told of the life everlasting  
That all, if they will, may receive?
- 6 If to Jesus you answer these questions,  
And to Him have been faithful and true,

Then behold, in the majestic number  
 Are crowns of reigning for ever,  
 And there from the King eternal  
 Your welcome and greeting shall be,  
 "Inasmuch" as Jesus came for "my brethren,"  
 Even as it was done "unto me."

537

**W**HEN morning glides the skies,  
 My heart awaking rises,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised;  
 Alike at work and prayer,  
 To Jesus I refer,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

1 Have wisdom till my end?  
 A wisdom here I find,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised;  
 Or lack my earthly bliss?  
 My comfort still is this,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 In this, while life is mine,  
 My earthly desire,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised;  
 For this th' eternal song,  
 Through all the ages long,  
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

538

**T**HE call of God is sounding clear,  
 O Christian, let it reach thine ear;  
 Endeavor now of words to bring  
 A band to love and serve the King.

**Chor.**—Let us go forth, the call is clear,  
 Let us go forth, no tarrying here;  
 For Him to live, the Christ, the Lord,  
 A crown from Him, our high reward.

2 Let us go forth, as called of God,  
 Redeemed by Jesus' precious blood;  
 His love to show, His life to live,  
 His message speak, His mercy give.

- 2 Let "Christ alone!" our watchword be—  
The Son of God who made us free,  
He bore our sins, He makes us pure,  
For His name's sake we all endure.
- 4 The Christ of God to glorify,  
His grace it is to magnify;—  
His word of life to all made known,  
Be this our work, and this alone.

## 335

- I** WILL lift up mine eye unto the hills, from whence  
cometh my help; |  
My help cometh from the Lord, which made | heaven and  
earth. |
- 2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth  
thee | will not | slumber; |  
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither | slumber nor  
sleep. |
- 3 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy |  
right | hand; |  
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by  
night. |
- 4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall pre-  
serve thy | soul; |  
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in  
from this time forth, and even for | ever— | mine. |  
Amen. |

## 340

**I** TRUST in, trust in, O pilgrim,  
Rejoicing in the Lord;  
Believing in His promise,  
And trusting in His word;  
Fear not, for He is with us,  
Whose'er the cross we bear,  
And even, beyond the swelling tide,  
We'll gather ever there.

Refr.—O gather ever there; |  
And even, beyond the swelling tide,  
We'll gather ever there.

- 2 Press on, press on, O pilgrim,  
 Along the heavenly way;  
 Remember God commands us  
 To watch and work and pray;  
 He bids us all be faithful,  
 And cast us His net wide;  
 And soon, beyond the swelling tide,  
 We'll gather o'er there.
- 3 Press on, press on, O pilgrim,  
 Though clouds and darkness may rise;  
 The Light that never falleth  
 Shines brightly in the skies;  
 Press on where angels await us,  
 In yonder heavenly land;  
 And soon, beyond the swelling tide,  
 We'll gather o'er there.

541

**T**HERE'S a wisdom in God's mercy,  
 Like the wisdom of the sea;  
 There's a kindness in His justice,  
 Which is more than charity.

- 1 There is wisdom for the sinner,  
 And more grace for the good;  
 There is mercy with the merciful,  
 There is healing in His blood.
- 2 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take Him at His word;  
 And our lives would be all radiant  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

542

**O** DAUGHTERS take good heed,  
 Listen, and give good ear;  
 Thus, must I sing thy kindred all,  
 And father's house most dear.

The beauty to the King,  
 Shall them delightful be;  
 And do them humbly worship Him,  
 Because thy Lord is He.

Ans.—With gladness and with joy,  
 Them all of them shall bring,  
 And they together enter shall  
 The palace of the King,  
 [The palace of the King:]  
 And they together enter shall  
 The palace of the King.

2 The daughter thou of Tyre  
 There with a gift shall be,  
 And all the wealthy of the land  
 Shall make their suit to thee,  
 The daughter of the King  
 Adornments is within;  
 And with embroideries of gold  
 Her garments wrought have been.

3 She cometh to the King  
 In robes with needle wrought;  
 The virgins that do follow her  
 Shall make their suit be brought,  
 With gladness and with joy,  
 Them all of them shall bring,  
 And they together enter shall  
 The palace of the King.

4 And in Thy Father's stand,  
 Thy children thou shalt take,  
 And in all places of the earth  
 Their noble princes make,  
 I will show forth thy name  
 To generations all;  
 The people therefore everywhere  
 To Thee give praise shall.

B-43

**O** HAPPY day that fixed my choice,  
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
 Will ever this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.



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

- 1 O happy hour that seals my sins  
 To Him who merits all my love;  
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
 I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
 He drew me, and I followed on,  
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fixed on this blessed centre, rest;  
 Now ever from thy Lord depart,  
 With Him of every good possessed.
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
 Till in life's latest hour I live,  
 And bless in death a Lord so dear.

## 544

Speed away! speed away on your mission of light,  
 To the lands that are lying in darkness and night;  
 'Tis the Master's command, go ye forth in His name,  
 The wonderful things of Jesus proclaim;  
 Take your cross in your hand, to the work while 'tis day,  
 Speed away! speed away! speed away!

- 1 Speed away, speed away with the life-giving Word,  
 To the nations that know not the voice of the Lord;  
 Take the wings of the morning and fly o'er the water,  
 By the strength of your Master the best ones to save;  
 He is calling once more, not a moment's delay,  
 Speed away! speed away! speed away!
- 2 Speed away, speed away with the message of rest,  
 To the souls by the tempter in bondage oppressed;  
 For the Saviour has purchased their ransom from sin,  
 And the banquet is ready, O gather them in;  
 To the feast make haste, there's no time for delay,  
 Speed away! speed away! speed away!

545

**H**ALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!  
 Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
 Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
 He who on the cross a victim  
 For the world's salvation died,  
 Jesus Christ the King of glory,  
 Now is risen from the dead!

**I** Christ is risen, Christ the first fruits  
 Of the holy harvest-field,  
 Which will all its full abundance,  
 At His glorious advent, yield;  
 Then the golden ears of harvest  
 Will before His presence wave,  
 Rising in His sunshine, joyous  
 From the furrows of the grave.

**I** Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Glory be to God above!  
 Hallelujah to the Father,  
 Fount of life and source of love;  
 Hallelujah to the Spirit;  
 Let our high ascriptions be,  
 Hallelujah, now and ever,  
 To the blessed Trinity.

546

**"CAST thy bread upon the waters,"**  
 You who have lost your money;  
 Angels even will watch above it,  
 You shall find it by and by;  
 He who in His righteous balance,  
 Weighs each brother's action weigh,  
 Will your mercies remember,  
 Will your loving deeds repay.

**"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"**  
 Sad and weary, weep with care;  
 Often sitting in the shadow,  
 Have you not a word to speak?  
 Can you not to those around you  
 Sing some little song of hope,

As you look with longing vision  
Through Noah's mighty bulwarks?

- 1 "Canst thy bread upon the waters?"  
You who have abundant stores;  
It may float on many a billow,  
It may strand on many a shore;  
You may think it lost forever,  
But, as sure as God is true,  
In this life, or in the other,  
It will yet return to you.

347

O H, hark to the watchman crying,  
Come, come away!  
The arrows of death are flying,  
Come, come to-day.

One—O Come, come away, I  
Jesus is gently calling,  
Come, come to-day.

- 2 The Spirit of God is pleading,  
Come, come away,  
The Saviour is interceding,  
Come, come to-day.
- 3 The mercy of God is calling,  
Come, come away,  
How sweetly the words are falling,  
Come, come to-day.
- 4 The angels of God attend you,  
Come, come away,  
The Father Himself will meet you,  
Come, come to-day.

348

O H, hear the joyful message,  
The everlasting far and wide;  
Good news of full salvation,  
Through Him, the Crucified;  
God's Word is truth eternal;  
Its promises all may claim,  
Who look by faith to Jesus,  
And call upon His name.

Chor. — § "Whoever calleth, §  
 Whoever calleth on His name shall be saved! §  
 § Whoever calleth, §  
 Whoever calleth on the Lord shall be saved!"

2 To souls that long in darkness,  
 The path of sin have trod,  
 Behold the light of mercy!  
 Behold the Lamb of God;  
 With all your heart believe Him,  
 And low the promise claim,  
 That none shall ever perish,  
 Who call upon His name.

3 To weary, heavy-laden,  
 Oppressed with toil and care,  
 He waits to bid you welcome,  
 And all your burdens bear;  
 A precious gift He offers,  
 A gift that all may claim,  
 Who look to Him believing,  
 And call upon His name.

## 5-41

"I THOUGHT your sin be as scarlet,  
 They shall be as white as snow;  
 Though they be red like crimson,  
 They shall be as wool;"  
 § "Though your sin be as scarlet, §  
 § They shall be as as white as snow." §

2 Hear the voice that exhorts you,  
 Oh, return ye unto God!  
 He is of great compassions,  
 And of wondrous love;  
 § Hear the voice that exhorts you, §  
 § Oh, return ye unto God! §

3 He'll forgive your iniquities,  
 And remember them no more!  
 "Look unto me, ye people,"  
 Saith the Lord your God;  
 § He'll forgive your iniquities, §  
 § And remember them no more. §

330

**H**O, reapers in the whitened harvest!  
 O'er fields, faint and low,  
 Come wait upon the bleas'd Master,  
 His strength He will renew.

**Chor.**—For "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,

They shall mount up with wings, they shall ascend  
 up with wings as eagles;

2 They shall run and not be weary,  
 They shall walk and not faint." 3

1 They oft a weary and discouraged,  
 We give a sad complaint;  
 Believing in a living Saviour,  
 Why should we ever faint?

2 Rejoice, for He is with us always,  
 Let, even to the end!  
 Look up, take courage and go forward,  
 All needed grace He'll send.

331

**N**EITHER do I condemn thee,"—  
 O words of wonderful grace!  
 Thy sin was borne upon the cross,  
 Believe, and go in peace.

**Chor.**—"Neither do I condemn thee,"  
 O sing it o'er and o'er;  
 "Neither do I condemn thee,"  
 Go, and all be more."

2 "Neither do I condemn thee,"—  
 For there is therefore now  
 No condemnation for thee,  
 As at the cross you saw.

3 "Neither do I condemn thee,"  
 I came not to condemn,  
 I came from God to save thee,  
 And turn thee from thy sin.

- 4 "Naturally do I praise Him then,"—  
 O praise the God of glory,  
 O praise His Son our Saviour,  
 For thus His word of power.

## 152

**H**E lives and lives, our Saviour King,  
 With joyful lips your tributes bring,  
 Beyond His grace, still His Name,  
 Whose grace and truth are still the same.

- Cant.—His mercy flows, an endless stream,  
 To all eternity the same;  
 To all eternity, to all eternity,  
 To all eternity the same.
- 2 His hand is strong, His word unbroken,  
 His mercies our power weaken;  
 From sin and death He death reforms,  
 His changeless love be all our theme.
- 3 Each day reveals His constant love,  
 With "mercies new" from heaven above;  
 Through ages past His word has stood,  
 Oh, taste and see that He is good.

## 153

**O** THANK the Lord, the Lord of love,  
 O thank the God all gods above,  
 O thank the mighty King of kings,  
 Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.

Cant.—His mercy flows, etc.

- 2 Whose wisdom gave the heavens their birth,  
 And on the waters spread the earth;  
 Who taught you darkness light, their way,  
 The radiant sun to rule the day.
- 3 The moon and stars to rule the night,  
 With radiance of a soldier's light;  
 Who made the Egyptians' stubborn pride,  
 When in His wrath, their first-born died.
- 4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,  
 And rescued us from all our foes;  
 Who daily feeds each living thing,  
 O thank the heaven's Almighty King.

354

**W**HEN morning light is the eastern side,  
 Thy mercy, Lord, disclose;  
 And let Thy loving kindness rise,  
 On Thee my hopes repose.

*Ans.—* On Thee my hopes repose; I  
 And let Thy loving kindness rise;  
 On Thee my hopes repose.

1 Teach me the way where I should go;  
 I lift my soul to Thee;  
 Rescue me from the raging fire;  
 To Thee, O Lord, I flee.

2 Because Thou art my God, I pray,  
 Teach me to do Thy will.

3 Lead me in the perfect way  
 By Thy good Spirit still.

4 Rescue me, Lord, for Thy great name,  
 And for Thy judgment's sake;  
 From all my woes, O Lord, release,  
 My soul from trouble take.

355

**O**FFEND my soul, bless God the Lord,  
 And all that in me be;  
 Be lifted up His holy name,  
 To magnify and bless.

*Ans.—* "Bless the Lord, bless the Lord,  
 Bless the Lord, O my soul,  
 And all that is within me,  
 Bless His holy name."

1 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,  
 And not forgetful be  
 Of all His gracious benefits  
 He hath bestowed on thee.

2 All thy iniquities who doth  
 Most graciously forgive;  
 Who thy diseases all and pains  
 Doth heal, and thee relieve.

- 4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou  
To death mayst not go down;  
Who thou with living kindness doth  
And tender mercies crown.

184

- I LL, Thou shalt, my God, O King,  
Thy name I will adore;  
I'll bless Thee every day, and praise  
Thy name for evermore.
- 2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,  
His greatness search ye out;  
None who have seen shall praise Thy works,  
And show Thy mighty doings.
- 3 I of Thy glorious majesty  
The least will record;  
I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,  
Which wondrous are, O Lord.
- 4 Men, of Thine acts the might shall show,  
Thine acts that dreadful are,  
And I, Thy glory to advance,  
Thy greatness will declare.

187

- I CRIED to God, I cried, He heard;  
In day of grief I sought the Lord;  
All night with hands stretched out I wept,  
My soul as comfort would I wept.
- One.—Hath God forgotten to be kind?  
His tender love in wrath cast off?  
My weakness thin, yet faith doth stand  
Exalting yours of God's right hand.
- 2 I thought of God, and was distressed;  
Complained, yet trouble found me present;  
Thou hasten, Lord, my eyes awake,  
So great my grief I cannot speak.
- 3 The days of old I called to mind,  
The ancient years when God was kind;  
I called to mind my song by night;  
My mourning spirit sought for light.



- 4 Will God cast off for evermore?  
His favor with His mercies cease?  
His grace for ever passed away?  
Or, doth His promise fail for aye?

358

**I**n Thy great loving kindness, Lord,  
Be merciful to me;  
In Thy compassionate great love and  
All my iniquity.

*Ans.*—Wash Thou me, ye, wash Thou me  
and then I shall be whiter than the snow,  
I shall be whiter than the snow.

2 O wash me thoroughly from sin;  
From all my guilt be cleansed;  
For my transgressions I confess;  
I ever see my sin.

3 Quietest Thou, Thou only have I sinned,  
Done evil in Thy sight,  
That when Thou speak'st Thou may'st be just,  
And in Thy judging right.

4 Behold, I in iniquity  
My being first conceived,  
And with a nature all corrupt  
My mother me conceived.

359

**T**HREE will I love, O Lord, my strength,  
My fortress in the Lord;  
My rock, and He that doth to me  
Deliverance afford.

*Ans.*—My God whom I will trust,  
A buckler unto me,  
The horn of my salvation, too,  
And my high tower in His.

2 The Lord is worthy to be praised,  
Upon His name I'll call,  
And He from all my enemies  
Preserve me safely shall.

3 In my distress I called on God,  
 Cry to my God did I;  
 He from His temple heard my voice,  
 To His ears came my cry.

4 I therefore will to Thee, O Lord,  
 In songs my thanks proclaiming  
 And I among the heathen will  
 Sing praise to Thy name.

## 245

**F**LAME from Thy sacred courts my tears  
 Have been, my food by night and day,  
 While constantly, with bitter moans,  
 "Where is thy God?" the heathens say.

Ans.—As pants the hart for water brooks,  
 So pants my soul, O God, for Thee;  
 For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks,  
 And longs the living God to see.

5 These things I'll call to mind, and say,  
 When I shall tread the sacred way  
 To Zion, praising God on high,  
 With choirs who keep the holy day.

6 O why art thou cast down, my soul?  
 And what should so disquiet thee?  
 Still hope in God, and His word,  
 Whose love brings saving health to me.

## 246

**F**ROM the depths do I invoke Thee,  
 O Jehovah, give an ear,  
 To my voice be Thou attentive,  
 And my supplications hear.

Ans.—I am waiting, I am waiting,  
 And my hope is in His word;  
 I am waiting, ever waiting,  
 Yes, my soul waits for the Lord.

7 Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions,  
 Who before Thee, Lord, shall stand?  
 But with Thee there is forgiveness,  
 That Thy name may be ever praised.

1 Lord, hope them in Jehovah,  
 Mercies great are found with Him;  
 He, abounding in redemption,  
 Lord will from sin release.

2452

**O** PRAISE our Lord, whose rich in grace  
 Has promised His His holy place;  
 Praise Him in jubileant song,  
 Where leads His power in glorious march. ¶

2 Where leads His power in glorious march. ¶

Chor.—O praise Him, O praise Him for all His deeds of  
 power;

O praise Him, O praise Him, O praise His mighty  
 name;

Let all that breathe with glad accord  
 Lift up their voice, and praise the Lord.

1 O praise Him for His deeds of power,  
 O praise the goodness of His name;  
 O praise Him with the trumpet's sound,  
 ¶ With harp and psaltery answering sound. ¶

2 O praise Him with the notes of joy,  
 And every harp in praise employ;  
 On organ's loud, Jehovah give us,  
 ¶ On organ's high His glory raise. ¶

2453

**T**HU Thus I lift my soul, O Lord,  
 My God, I trust in Thee;  
 O let me never be ashamed,  
 Nor less earth's evil see.

Chor.—Remember me, remember me,  
 O Lord, remember me;  
 In mercy for Thy goodness' sake,  
 O Lord, remember me.

1 O Lord, let none be put to shame,  
 Open Thine who attend;  
 Let none make all those to be ashamed,  
 Who constantly offend.

3 Thy ways, Lord, show; teach me Thy path;  
Lead me in truth, teach me;  
For of my safety Thou art God;  
All day I wait on Thee.

4 Let not the stress of my youth,  
Nor sins remembered be,  
In mercy, for Thy goodness' sake,  
O Lord, remember me.

## 344

**D**OWN in the valley with my Harpist I would go,  
Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet  
waters flow;

Everywhere He leads me I would follow, follow on,  
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

CHOR.—Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus;  
Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on!  
Follow! follow! I would follow Jesus!  
Everywhere He leads me I would follow on!

1 Down in the valley with my Harpist I would go,  
Where the streams are ever-flowing and the dark waters flow;  
With His hand to lead me I will never, never fear,  
Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is near.

2 Down in the valley, or upon the mountain steep,  
Close beside my Harpist would my soul ever keep;  
He will lead me safely, in the path that He has trod,  
Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

## 345

**J**ESUS knows thy sorrow,  
Knows thine every care;  
Knows thy deep contrition,  
Hears thy fervent prayer;  
Do not fear to trust Him—  
Tell Him all thy grief;  
Cast on Him thy burden,  
He will bring relief.

1 Trust the heart of Jesus,  
Thou art precious there;  
Surely He would shield thee  
From the tempter's snare.

Safely He would lead them  
By His own sweet way,  
Out into the glory  
Of a brighter day.

2 Jesus knows thy weakness,  
Hears thy lowliest sigh;  
When thy heart is wounded,  
Hears thy plaintive cry;  
He thy soul will strengthen,  
Overcome thy fears;  
He will send thee comfort,  
Wipe away thy tears.

2446

**G**ATHER them in! for yet there is room  
As the dust that the King has spread;  
Oh, gather them in!—let His name be blessed,  
And the hungry and poor be fed.

Chor.—Out in the highway, out in the byway,  
Out in the dark paths of sin,  
Go forth, go forth, with a loving heart,  
And gather the wandering in.

2 Gather them in! for yet there is room;  
But our hearts—how they throb with pain,  
To think of the many who slight the call  
That may never be heard again!

2 Gather them in! for yet there is room,  
Tis a message from God above;  
Oh, gather them into the fold of grace,  
And the name of the Father's love!

2447

**C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known,  
[ Join in a song with sweet accord, ]  
[ And thus surround the throne. ]

Chor.—We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
[1] But children of the heavenly King, [2]  
[1] May speak their joys abroad, [2]
- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred streets,  
[1] Before we reach the heavenly holds, [2]  
[1] Or walk the golden streets, [2]
- 4 Then let our songs abroad,  
And every heart be dry;  
[1] We're marching through Jerusalem's ground, [2]  
[1] To better worlds on high, [2]

223

**H**AVE you any room for Jesus,  
He who bears your load of sin;  
As He knocks and asks admission,  
Never will you let Him in?

Chorus.—Room for Jesus, King of glory!  
Hasten now His word obey!  
Bring the heart's door widely open,  
Bid Him enter while you say.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business,  
Room for Christ the crucified;  
Not a place that He may enter,  
In the heart for which He died?

3 Have you any room for Jesus,  
As He grace He calls again?  
O to-day is time accepted,  
To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus,  
Room will pass that's day of grace;  
Soon the heart left cold and silent,  
And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

224

**A** LREADY persuaded,<sup>a</sup> Now to believe,  
"Almost persuaded," Christ to receive;  
Seems now some word to say,  
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way."

Some more convenient day  
On Thine I'll call."

1 "Almost persuaded," Come, come to-day;  
"Almost persuaded," Turn not away;  
I am in them yet here,  
Angels are lingering near,  
Fragments rise from hearts so dear;  
O woe! woe! woe!

2 "Almost persuaded," Harvest is past!  
"Almost persuaded," Doom comes at last!  
"Almost" was not true;  
"Almost" is but to fail!  
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
"Almost—but not!"

370

- T**HISSE was steady and wise that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far-off from the gates of gold—  
Away on the mountain wild and bare,  
[1] Away from the tender Shepherd's care. [2]
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy steady and wise  
Are they not enough for Thee?  
But the shepherd, woe! woe! — This of mine  
Has wandered away from me,  
And, although the road be rough and steep,  
[1] I go to the desert to find my sheep." [2]
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro'  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost,  
Out in the desert He heard the cry—  
[1] Sick and helpless, and ready to die. [2]
- 4 "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so red and torn?"  
[1] They are pierced to-night by many a thorn." [2]

- 2 But all through the mountains, thunder-strewn,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,  
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
 And the angels wheel'd around the throne,  
 [1] "Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!" [2]

571

**R**EVIVE Thy work, O Lord!  
 Thy mighty arm make haste,  
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
 And make Thy people haste.

Ans.—Revived, revived!  
 And give refreshing showers;  
 The glory shall be all Thine own;  
 The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
 Distract this sleep of death;  
 Quicken the numbing members now  
 By Thine almighty breath.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
 Create sustenance for Thine,  
 And hungering for bread of life,  
 Oh, may our spirits feast!

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
 Exalt Thy precious name,  
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love  
 For Thee and Thine increase.

572

**I** AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,  
 And it told Thy love to me;  
 But I long to see in the arms of faith,  
 And to sweet draw to Thee.

Ans.—Draw me nearer, nearer, O my Lord,  
 To the cross where Thou hast died,  
 Draw me nearer, nearer, O my Lord,  
 To Thy precious, bleeding side.

2 Commemorate us now to Thy service, Lord,  
 By the power of grace divine;



Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in Thee.

3 O, the pure delight of a single hour,  
That before Thy Throne I spend,  
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God,  
I converse as a friend with friend.

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

573

**W**HEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
Which murmurs like an hollow toll,  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Ans.—It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,  
Let this blood accusation control,  
That Christ hath redeemed my holy soul,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—  
My sin—not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
"Look on"—it is well with my soul.

574

**O**WTFE to the Rock that is higher than I,  
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;  
So sinful, so wretched, Thine, Thine would I be,  
Thou hast "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

Ans.—Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,  
Thou hast "Rock of Ages,"  
I'm hiding in Thee.

- 1 In the valley of the mountainside, in sorrow's lone hours,  
 In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;  
 In the tempests of life, on the wild, howling sea,  
 Then Christ—"Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.
- 2 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,  
 I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe;  
 How often when trials, like sun-blowers roll,  
 Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

375

**O**H, where are the reapers that garner in  
 The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin;  
 With sickles of truth reap the work to be done,  
 And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

- Chor.*—Where are the reapers, oh, who will come  
 And share in the glory of the "harvest home?"  
 Oh, who will help us to garner in  
 The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.
- 2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all,  
 The wheat may be shown, though the weeds are tall;  
 Then search in the highway, and reap some up,  
 But gather from all for the house on high.
- 3 The fields all are ripening, and far and wide  
 The world now is waiting the harvest tide;  
 But reapers are few and the work is great,  
 And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
- 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,  
 And gather together the golden grain;  
 Tied on till the Lord of the harvest come,  
 Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."

376

**T**he work! the work! we are servants of God,  
 Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;  
 With the faith of His command our strength to renew,  
 Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

- Chor.*— $\frac{1}{2}$  Telling us, telling us,  
 Let us hope, let us watch,  
 And labor till the Master comes.

- 3 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed,  
To the fountain of life let the weary be led;  
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,  
While we herald the tidings, " *Salvation is free!*"
- 4 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,  
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;  
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be  
In the loud swelling chorus, " *Salvation is free!*"
- 5 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,  
And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward;  
When the hosts of the faithful our swelling shall be,  
And we shout with the testimony, " *Salvation is free!*"

577

**I** WILL sing of my Redeemer,  
And His wonderful love to me;  
On the cruel cross He suffered,  
From the curse to set me free.

*Chor.*—Sing, oh, sing, of my Redeemer!  
With His blood He purchased me,  
On the cross He wiped my pardon,  
Paid the debt, and made me free.

1 I will tell the wonderful story,  
How my soul came to be,  
In His boundless love and mercy,  
He the ransom freely gave.

2 I will praise my dear Redeemer,  
His triumphant power I'll tell;  
How the victory He won  
Over sin, and death, and hell.

3 I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And His heavenly love to me;  
He from death to life hath brought me,  
Son of God, with Him to be.

578

**T**HERE are lonely hearts to cheer,  
While the days are going by;  
There are weary souls who perish,  
While the days are going by.

If a smile we can return,  
As our journey we pursue,  
Oh, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by.

Chorus.—*Going by, going by,  
Oh, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by.*

2 There's no time for idle dreaming,  
While the days are going by;  
Let your face be like the morning,  
While the days are going by;  
Oh, the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes;  
Help your father breathe new life,  
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us  
While the days are going by;  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by;  
But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and shine will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by.

## 378

378 Tell them over again to me,  
Wonderful words of Life,  
Let me hear of their beauty too,  
Wonderful words of Life,  
Words of life and beauty,  
Teach me faith and duty;

1 Wonderful words, wonderful words,  
Wonderful words of Life. 1

2 Christ, the blessed One given to all  
Wonderful words of Life,  
Hear us, but to the loving call,  
Wonderful words of Life,  
All so freely given,  
Willing us to live in,

1 Wonderful words, wonderful words  
Wonderful words of Life. 1

- 1 Sweetly echo the gospel roll,  
 Wonderful words of life,  
 Offer pardon and grace to all,  
 Wonderful words of life,  
 Jesus, only Saviour,  
 Sweetly answer.
- 2 Wonderful words, wonderful words,  
 Wonderful words of life.

560

**B**ENEFIT, what love, what boundless love,  
 The Father hath bestowed  
 On sinners lost, that we should be  
 Now called the sons of God!

Ans.—Behold, what manner of love!  
 What manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,  
 That we—that we should be called,  
 Should be called the sons of God.

- 1 No longer far from Him, but as we  
 By "precious blood" made right  
 Accepted in the "Father's will,"  
 Near to God's heart we lie.
- 2 What we in glory soon shall be,  
 It doth not yet appear;  
 But when our precious Lord we see,  
 We shall His image bear.
- 3 With such a blessed hope in view,  
 We would more bold be,  
 More like our risen, glorious Lord,  
 Whom here we see: shall see.

561

**S**IMPLY trusting every day,  
 Trusting through a stormy way;  
 Even when my faith is small,  
 Trusting Jesus that is all.

Ans.—Trusting as the moments fly,  
 Trusting as the days go by,  
 Trusting Him what'er befall,  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 1 Brightly doth His Spirit shine  
Into this poor heart of mine;  
While He leads I cannot fall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 2 Singing, if my way is clear,  
Praying, if the path is drear;  
If in danger, let Him call;  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 4 Trusting Him while life shall last,  
Trusting Him till death is past;  
Till within the Jasper wall,  
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

**542**

**Y**IELD not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin,  
Each victory will help you  
Some other to win;  
Fight manfully onward,  
Dark passions rebuke,  
Look over to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

*Ans.*—Let the Father be help you,  
Comfort, strength, and keep you,  
He is willing to aid you,  
He will carry you through.

5 Shun evil companions,  
And language disdain,  
God's name hold in reverence,  
Nor take it in vain;  
Be thoughtful and earnest,  
Kind-hearted and true,  
Look over to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

2 To him that circumcise  
God grant a crown,  
Through faith we shall conquer,  
Though often cast down;

He who is our Saviour,  
 Our strength will renew;  
 Look over to Jesus,  
 He'll carry you through.

563

**W**HAT a friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear;  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Everything to God in prayer.  
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
 All because we do not carry  
 Everything to God in prayer.

- ¶ Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged;  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Oh, we had a Friend so faithful,  
 Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- ¶ Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
 Overcast with a load of care?  
 Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
 In His arm He'll take and shield thee,  
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

584

**I**VE found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
 He loved me ere I knew Him;  
 He drew me with the words of love,  
 And thus He bound me to Him;  
 And found my heart still closely twin  
 Those ties which naught can sever,  
 For I am His, and He is mine,  
 Forever and forever.

- 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
 He kind, He died to save me;  
 And not alone the gift of life,  
 But His own self He gave me.  
 Thought that I have my own I will,  
 I hold it for the Given;  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
 Are His, and His forever.
- 3 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
 All power to Him is given;  
 To guide me on my onward course,  
 And bring me safe to heaven,  
 To eternal glory given also,  
 To nerve my faint endeavor;  
 He true to watch, to work, to war,  
 And then to rest forever.
- 4 I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
 So kind, and true, and tender,  
 He wins a Compassion and Guide,  
 He mighty a Defender!  
 For as Him, who loves the poor so well,  
 What power my soul can sever?  
 Shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?  
 Nay, I am His forever.

383

**P**ASS me not, O gentle Saviour,  
 Hear my humble cry;  
 While on others Thou art calling,  
 Do not pass me by.

Chor.—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,  
 While on others Thou art calling,  
 Do not pass me by.

- 1 Let me at a throne of mercy  
 Find a sweet relief,  
 Knowing there is deep contrition,  
 Help my unbelief!
- 2 Trusting only in Thy word,  
 Would I seek Thy face,  
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
 Save me by Thy grace.



4 Then the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heaven but Thee?

564

**M**y Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thee art mine!  
For Thee all the follies of sin I renounce;  
By gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,  
E'er since I loved Thee, my Jesus, to now.

1 I love Thee, because Thou hast led meid me,  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;  
I love Thee for washing the stains on Thy brow;  
E'er since I loved Thee, my Jesus, to now.

2 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
And praise Thee as long as Thou leadest me breath;  
And say when the death dew has cold on my brow,  
E'er since I loved Thee, my Jesus, to now.

4 In raptures of glory and endless delight,  
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;  
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,  
E'er since I loved Thee, my Jesus, to now.

565

**C**OME, every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord,  
And He will surely give you rest,  
By trusting in His word.

**Chor.**—Only trust Him, only trust Him,  
Only trust Him now;  
He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you now.

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

2 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way;  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

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

**5-59**

**I** HEAR the sweetest say—  
The strength I need is usually  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in His name all in all.

Chor.—Jesus paid it all,  
All in Him I see;  
His soul left a precious stain;  
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I feel  
Thy power, and Thine aloneness,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall praise the washed sinner.

5 And when before the Cross  
I stand in Thy company,  
I'll lay my tattered gown,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

**5-60**

**I** HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,  
A dear, loving Saviour the' earth's friends be few;  
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,  
But oh, that my Saviour were just Saviour too.

Chor.—For you I am praying,  
2 For you I am praying,  
I'm praying for you.

- 3 I have a Father: to me He has given  
A hope for eternity, blessed and true,  
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,  
But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
- 3 I have a robe: 'tis raiment in whiteness,  
Awaiting in glory my wondering show;  
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,  
Dear friends, could I see you receiving one too!
- 4 I have a power: 'tis called as a river—  
A power that the friends of this world never know;  
My Father alone is its Author and Giver,  
And oh, could I know it was given to you!
- 3 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,  
That my loving Father is your Father too;  
Then pray that your Father may bring them to glory,  
And prayer will be answered—'twas a power'd for you!

## 500

SOULS of mine, in earthly temples,  
Why not have rest and gladness?  
Why art thou forever pleading?  
Why art thou not satisfied?

Ans.—O I shall be satisfied,  
I shall be satisfied,  
When I awake in His Kingdom!

1 Soul of mine, my heart is straying  
To the earth's fair penny and pride;  
Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me?  
Why art thou not satisfied!

2 Soul of mine, must I ever be  
See myself as crushed,  
Turn from all of earth's afflictions,  
That thou may'st be satisfied.

4 Soul of mine, cease from pleading  
Sin tokens, and folly tricks;  
I accept the cross of Jesus,  
That thou may'st be satisfied.

591

**AVENUE** Thy dying love  
 These grieved sin,  
 Nor should I ought withhold,  
 Dear Lord, from Thee;  
 In love my soul would bow,  
 My heart fulfill the vow,  
 Some offering bring Thee now,  
 Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blood mercy-seat,  
 Pleading for me,  
 My feeble faith looks up,  
 Jesus, to Thee;  
 Help me the cross to love,  
 Thy weakness love do love,  
 Some way to raise, or pray,  
 Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—  
 Likeness to Thee—  
 That each departing day  
 Heart-faith may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some weakness sought and won,  
 Something for Thee.

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

592

**R**EMEMBER the perishing,  
 Care for the dying,  
 Reach them to pity from sin and the grave,  
 Warn 'em the crying sin,  
 Lift 'em the fallen,  
 Tell them of Jesus the mighty to save.

CHOR.—Remove the peevish,  
 Care for the strong,  
 Jesus is merciful,  
 Jesus will save.

1 Though they are slighting Him,  
 Still He is waiting,  
 Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
 Plead with them earnestly,  
 Plead with them gently;  
 He will forgive if they only believe.

2 Down by the human hand,  
 Crushed by the tempter,  
 Feelings he buried that grief can restore;  
 Crushed by a loving heart,  
 Wounded by kindness,  
 Clouds that were broken will vanish once more.

4 Remove the peevish,  
 Duty demands it,  
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
 Walk in the narrow way,  
 Patiently win them;  
 Tell the poor wanderer a merciful has died.

343

SAVIOUR, save that life to me,  
 I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;  
 Let Thy precious blood be applied,  
 Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

CHOR.—Every day, every hour,  
 Let us feel Thy cleansing power;  
 May Thy tender love to me  
 Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

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

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

## 544

**M**ORE holiness give me,  
 More cleanness within;  
 More patience in suffering,  
 More sorrow for sin;  
 More faith in thy salvation,  
 More sense of thy love;  
 More joy in thy service,  
 More purpose in prayer.

**I** More gratitude give me,  
 More trust in thy Love;  
 More praise in His glory,  
 More hope in His word;  
 More tears for His mercies,  
 More pain at His grief;  
 More meekness in trial,  
 More praise for relief.

**I** More purity give me,  
 More strength in adversity;  
 More freedom from earth-obscure,  
 More longings for heaven;  
 More fit for His kingdom,  
 More good would I be;  
 More thank and holy,  
 More fervent, like Thee.

## 545

**I** HEAR Thy welcome voice  
 That calls me, Lord, to Thee;  
 For cleansing in Thy precious blood  
 That flowed on Calvary.

**Ans.**—I am coming, Lord!  
 Cleansing me in Thee!  
 Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood  
 That flowed on Calvary.

**I** Though coming weak and vile,  
 Thou dost my strength increase;  
 Thou dost my sinfulness fully cleanse,  
 Till spotless all and pure.

- 3 The Jesus calls us on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 The Jesus who confides  
The blessed work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
Where reigns the power of sin.
- 5 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and true,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.
- 6 All hail, eternal blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace!  
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our strength and righteousness!

## 368

THE blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly  
bend,  
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend;  
If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share,  
What a bliss for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

Chor.—Blessed hour of prayer, blessed hour of prayer;  
What a bliss for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

- 1 The blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws  
near,  
With a tender compassion His children to hear;  
When He tells us we may rest at His feet every day,  
What a bliss for the weary! O how sweet to be there!
- 2 The blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried  
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow outside,  
With a sympathizing heart, He removes every care;  
What a bliss for the weary! O how sweet to be there!
- 3 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we believe  
That the blessings we're needing we'll surely receive,  
In the fulness of His trust we shall lose every care;  
What a bliss for the weary! O how sweet to be there!

## 587

**I** NEED Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

**Ans.**—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to Thee.

**2** I need Thee every hour,  
May Thee need I;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.

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

**4** I need Thee every hour,  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.

**5** I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.

## 588

**J**ESUS, keep me near the Cross,  
There a precious fountain  
Flows to all—a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

**Ans.**—In the Cross, in the Cross,  
In my glory ever;  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

**2** Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found I;  
There the bright and Morning Star  
Shed its beams around me.



- 2 Near the Cross O Lamb of God,  
 Bring the nations before me;  
 Help me walk from day to day,  
 With the shadows o'er me.
- 4 Near the Cross I'll wait and walk,  
 Hoping, trusting ever,  
 Till I reach the golden strand,  
 Just beyond the river.

SONNET

**T**HOU my overhauling portion,  
 Have thou served as life to me,  
 All along my pilgrim journey,  
 Merciful, let me walk with Thee.

Ans.— O Close to Thee, close to Thee; O  
 All along my pilgrim journey,  
 Merciful, let me walk with Thee.

O Not for man or worldly pleasure,  
 Not for fame my prayer shall be;  
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
 Only let me walk with Thee.

Ans.— O Close to Thee, close to Thee; O  
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
 Only let me walk with Thee.

O Lead me through the vale of shadows,  
 Past me sin life's fatal sea;  
 There the gate of life eternal,  
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Ans.— O Close to Thee, close to Thee; O  
 There, the gate of life eternal,  
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

SONNET

**I** GAVE My life for thee,  
 My precious blood I shed,  
 That thou might'st be redeemed,  
 And quicken'd from the dead;  
 I gave, I gave My life for thee,  
 What hast thou given for Me?

- 1 My Father's house of light,—  
My glory-streaked throne,  
I left, for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone;  
I left, I left it all for thee,  
That thou hast ought for Me!
- 2 I suffered much for thee,  
More than my tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for Me!
- 4 And I have brought to thee  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and true,  
My pardon and My love;  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to Me!

GOD

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

Chor.—Oh dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too;  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And by His works be true.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear;  
But we believe it was for us  
He long and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go and live in heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough,  
To pay the price of sin;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven and let us in.

6932

**B**EYOND the smiling and the weeping,  
I shall be seen, I shall be seen;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the mourning and the weeping,  
I shall be seen, I shall be seen.

**REB.**—Leave, rest and home!  
Sweet, sweet home!  
Lead, hurry not,  
Lead hurry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blossoming and the falling,  
I shall be seen, I shall be seen;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be seen, I shall be seen.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be seen, I shall be seen;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulch's fever meeting,  
I shall be seen, I shall be seen.

4 Beyond the front-chain and the lower,  
I shall be seen, I shall be seen;  
Beyond the back-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be seen, I shall be seen.

6933

**O**H, the clapping balls of Time!  
Night and day they never cease,  
We are worried with their chime,  
For they do not bring us peace;  
And we bask our heads in heat,  
And we strain our eyes to see  
If thy shoes are drawing near,—  
Hurry! Hurry!

2 Oh, the clapping balls of Time!  
How their changes rise and fall,  
But in unbroken schisms,  
Scampering clearly through them all,

In a voice that must be heard,  
 As our moments onward flow,  
 And it speaketh, yes, one word,—  
*Glory! Glory!*

2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!  
 To their voices, loud and low,  
 In a long, unceasing line  
 We are marching to and fro;  
 And we gaze, for aught we know,  
 On the life that is to be,  
 For the breath hath wisp no sound,—  
*Glory! Glory!*

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!  
 Soon their notes will all be dumb,  
 And in joy and peace sublime,  
 We shall feel the silence come,  
 And our souls their thirst will slake,  
 And our eyes the King will see,  
 When the glorious work shall break,—  
*Glory! Glory!*

604

**W**E shall meet beyond the river,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 And the darkness shall be over,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 With the welcome journey done,  
 And the glorious hall's own,  
 We shall shine forth as the sun,  
 By and by, by and by.

2 We shall make the lamps of glory,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 We shall sing redemption's story  
 By and by, by and by;  
 And the strains the evermore  
 Shall resound in sweetest o'er  
 Tender everlasting dove,  
 By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
 By and by, by and by.

Who a crown of life will give us,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 And the angels who shall  
 All the numbers of His will  
 Shall attend, and love us still,  
 By and by, by and by.

- 4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,  
 By and by, by and by;  
 All the blessed ones, who have gone  
 To the land of life and song,—  
 We with shouts shall repeat,  
 By and by, by and by.

606

CHRIST is coming! let creation  
 From her groans and travail cease  
 Let the glorious proclamation  
 Hope restore and faith increase.

Chor.— Christ is coming! Christ is coming!  
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of peace

- 1 Earth can now but tell the story  
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain;  
 She shall yet behold Thy glory,  
 When Thou comest back to reign.
- 2 Though we're called in a nation,  
 Oft we follow but the world;  
 Here we sin and a stranger,  
 Mocked of men, scorned of God.
- 3 Long Thy walls have been pining  
 Far from rest, and home, and love;  
 But in heavenly visions shining,  
 Soon they shall Thy glory see.
- 4 With that "I should have" before us,  
 Let us have sweetest watching;  
 Let the mighty ransomed chorus  
 Shout and sing from tongue to tongue.

## GMS

**J**OY to the World! the Lord is come;  
 Let earth receive her King;  
 Let every heart prepare Him room,  
 And heaven and nature sing.

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

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

## GOT

**I** AM far from my home, an' I'm weary afterwards,  
 For the long-jour'nal home-brings, an' my Father's  
 welcome awaits

An' I'll ne'er be in content, until my own do me  
 The gooder grace o' home's an' my ain country.  
 The earth is thick'd w' flowers, uncounted, fresh an' gay,  
 The lilies waltz blithely, for my Father made them so;  
 But these elude an' these men's will as nothing be to me,  
 When I hear the angels sing' in my ain country.

2 I've His guid word o' promise that some gl'orious day,  
 His King

To His ain royal palace His banished home will bring;  
 We'll see an' we'll hear our ain King, we shall see  
 The King in His beauty, in our ain country.  
 My sin has been sorry, an' my sorrow has been sore;  
 But there they'll never see me, but be remembered sore;  
 For His blood has made me white, an' His han' shall dry  
 my <sup>tear</sup> -

When He brings us home at last, to my ain country.

3 See little now I care, o' your blis'd, bonnie place,  
 I only see it's name, where we shall see His face;  
 It wad surely be enough for aye mair to be  
 In the glory o' His presence, in our ain country.

Like a lamb to the slaughter, a wee larkie to the nook,  
I wad gae to gungie's nook, wae to my father's breast,  
For he gather'd in His house widows, worthless lambs like His  
son,  
An' carrie them Himself, to His ain country.

- 4 He is father's that hath promised, an' He'll surely come  
again,  
He'll keep His troth wif me,—at what cost I dinna ken;  
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at a' moment to my ain country;  
But I'm watchin' aye, and waitin' o' my father, as I wait  
For the comin' in' o' His father this auld the golden gate;  
God gie His grace to like me what patience here to try,  
That we a' may gang to glory in our ain country.

1808

I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,  
And all the riches landy wine;  
How short'st of time and joyful day,  
For all my night has passed away.

- Chor.—O British land, sweet British land,  
As on thy highest mount I stand,  
I look away across the sea,  
Where nations are prepared for me,  
And view the shining glory there,  
My heaven, my home for evermore.
- 2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,  
And sweet communion have we;  
He gently leads me with His hand,  
For this is heaven's border-land.
- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze  
Is borne from ever verdant trees,  
And flowers that never fading grow  
Where streams of life forever flow.
- 4 The angels come to lead to me,  
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,  
As angels, with the white-robed throng,  
Join in the sweet resurrection song.

609

**S**OWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the midnight and the drowsy eve;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chor.— § Bringing in the sheaves,  
Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves. §

- 1 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 2 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss embittered our spirit often grieving;  
When our weeping's o'er, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

610

**D**EPTH of mercy! can there be  
Deeper still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear?  
§ No, the chief of sinners, spare? §

- 1 I have long withstood His grace;  
Long provoked Him to His face,  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
§ Grieved Him by a thousand falls. §
- 2 Now, incline me to repent,  
Let me now by sin be sent;  
Now my soul would depths explore,  
§ Look, believe, and sin no more. §

611

**O**UR Lord is now rejected,  
and by the world disowned,  
By the many still neglected,  
and by the few condemned,  
But soon He'll come in glory,  
The hour is drawing nigh.

For the morning day is coming by and by.



Com. — Oh, the crowning day is coming,  
 In coming by and by,  
 When our Lord shall come in "power,"  
 And "glory" from on high,  
 Oh, the glorious night will gladden,  
 Each waiting, watchful eye,  
 In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

1 The heavens shall glow with splendor,  
 But brighter far than they  
 The suns shall shine in glory,  
 As Christ shall then array  
 The beauty of the heavens,  
 Whose angels every eye,  
 In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

2 Our pain shall then be o'er,  
 We'll sin and sigh no more,  
 Devoid as all of sorrow,  
 And naught but joy before,  
 A joy in our Redeemer,  
 As we to Him are sigh,  
 In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

3 Let all that look for heaven  
 The coming joyful day,  
 By earnest concentration,  
 To walk the narrow way,  
 By gathering in the lost ones,  
 For whom our Lord did die,  
 For the crowning day that's coming by and by.

612

O H, tender and sweet was the Master's voice  
 As He lovingly called to me,  
 "Come over the sea, it is only a step—  
 I am waiting, My child, for thee."

But—"Over the sea," hear the sweet refrain,  
 Angels are chanting the heavenly strain,  
 "Over the sea,"—Why should I remain  
 With a step between me and Jesus.

- 2 But my sins are many, my faith is small,  
Let the answer come quick and clear,  
"Then needest not trust in thyself at all,  
Step over the line, I am here."
- 3 But the flesh is weak, I fearfully said,  
And the way I cannot see;  
I fear if I try I may sadly fall,  
And then may dishonor Thee.
- 4 Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back,  
Press forward I surely must;  
I will place my hand in His wounded palm,  
Step over the line, and trust.
- RE.—"Over the line," hear the sweet refrain,  
Angels are chanting the heavenly strain:  
"Over the line,"—I will not remain,  
I'll cross it and go to Jesus.

## 613

- H**OW 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,—  
[ To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? ]
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,  
For I say thy God, I will still give thee aid,  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
[ Upheld by My gracious omnipotent hand. ]
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow,  
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,  
[ And anxiety to thee My deepest distress. ]
- 4 "The word that on Jews hath looked for repose,  
I will not—I will not desert to His foes,  
That word—though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
[ I'll never—no never—no never forsake! " ]

## 614

- G**LORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy  
Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
without end. AMEN, AMEN.

615

- 1** STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!  
 In midships of the crowd;  
 Lift high the royal banner,  
 It must not suffer loss;  
 From victory unto victory  
 His army shall he lead,  
 Till every foe is vanquished,  
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2** Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
 The trumpet call obey;  
 Forth to the mighty conflict,  
 In this His glorious day;  
 — In that our God, now serves His,  
 Against manhood's sin;  
 Let courage rise with dauntless,  
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3** Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you —  
 Ye dare not trust your own  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 And, watching unto prayer,  
 Where duty calls, or danger,  
 — Be never wanting there.
- 4** Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day, the notes of battle,  
 The shout, the victor's song;  
 Ye hear that evermore,  
 A crown of life shall be  
 His with the King of glory  
 Whose reign shall evermore!

616

**T**HIS morning light is breaking;  
 The darkness is dispelled;  
 The sons of earth are waking  
 To perditional deeds;  
 Each knows that sweeps the coast,  
 Brings tidings from afar,  
 Of nations in commotion  
 Prepared for Zion's war.

- 1 See healthful nations bowing  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel well obey,  
And each the Saviour's blessing—  
A nation in a day.
- 2 Hast thou of salvation?  
Pursue thine onward way,  
Face them in every nation,  
Not in thy richness stay;  
May not all all the lowly  
Triumphantly their home;  
May not all all the holy  
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

887

- SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while He sings,  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in His wings;  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,  
We earnestly have pursued  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new;  
Not free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully our way,  
Let the unknown tomorrow  
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bring us through;  
Who gives the blind clothing,  
Will clothe His people too;  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

4 Through vine and fig-tree wither  
 Their wanted fruit shall bear;  
 Though all the fields should wither,  
 Nor bushes, nor herbs be there;  
 Yet need the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice,  
 For while in His dwelling,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

618

"**W**Hosoever loveth," above, about the world!  
 Send the blessed tidings all the world around;  
 Spread the joyful news wherever man is found:  
 "Whoever will, may come."

Ans. — "Whoever will, whoever will,"  
 Send the glad tidings over wide and hill;  
 'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home:  
 "Whoever will, may come."

2 — "Whoever cometh need not delay,  
 Now the door is open, enter while you may;  
 Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:  
 "Whoever will, may come."

3 — "Whoever will," the promise write,  
 — "Whoever will," let's enter and exult;  
 — "Whoever will," 'tis life for evermore!  
 — "Whoever will, may come."

619

**L**IGHT, ye saints, the light is glorious;  
 See the "King of kings" now;  
 From the light returned victorious,  
 Every knee to Him shall bow.

Ans. — **C**rown Him, crown Him, angels crown Him,  
 Crown the Father — "King of kings." **H**

2 Crown the Father, angels, crown Him;  
 Each the trophies Jesus brings;  
 In the seat of power enthroned Him,  
 While the work of heaven sings.

- 3 Singers in chorists crowned Him,  
Mocking Him the Saviour's claim;  
Hails and angels crowd around Him,  
O'er His title, praise His name.
- 4 Hark! the hymns of adoration!  
Hark! those loud triumphant chorals;  
Jesus takes the highest station,  
Oh, what joy the sight affords.

620

- I** KNOW Christ is passing by,  
Hence, O'er to Him throw open  
As the precious sacraments flow,  
Cry, "be merciful to me!"
- 2 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,  
"What wilt thou have from here of Me?"  
Hear, and tell Him all thy needs,  
Hear, He collects thee indeed.
- 3 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;  
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;  
Let it penetrate my soul,  
All my heart and life control."
- 4 Oh, how sweet the touch of power  
Comes,—and in salvation's hour;  
Jesus gives from guilt release,  
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

621

- I** KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come  
To take me away to His own dear home;  
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,  
And that will be glory for me.
- Oh,—and that will be glory for me,  
Oh, that will be glory for me;  
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,  
And that will be glory for me.
- 2 I know not the song that the angels sing,  
I know not the sound of the harp's glad ring,  
But I know there'll be music of Jesus our King,  
And that will be music for me.

Chor.—And that will be made for me,  
 Oh, that will be made for me;  
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King  
 And that will be made for me.

I I know not the form of my ransom paid,  
 I know not the cause that I thus shall stand;  
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,  
 And that will be heaven for me.

Chor.—And that will be heaven for me,  
 Oh, that will be heaven for me;  
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there,  
 And that will be heaven for me.

4322

**R**ING the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,  
 For a soul returning from the wild  
 And the Father sends him out upon the way,  
 Wandering His weary, wandering child.

Chor.—Glorious! glorious! how the angels sing!  
 Glorious! glorious! how the loud harps ring!  
 'Tis the returned army, like a mighty host,  
 Pressing forth the anthem of the East.

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

I Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,  
 Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain!  
 Tell the joyful tidings! hear it far away!  
 For a precious soul is born again.

4323

**G**OD loved the world of sinners best  
 And rained by the fall;  
 Salvation fell, at midnight noon,  
 He offers free to all.

Chor.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love  
 The love of God to me;  
 It brought my Saviour from above,  
 To die on Calvary.

- 2 'Tis now by faith I claim His name,  
The very Son of God;  
Redemption by His death I find,  
And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious Father in,  
And to His saints makes known  
The blessed rest from inward sin,  
Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing yet  
There shall to you be given  
A glorious inheritance, how below,  
Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power  
Let all the ransomed sing,  
And triumph in the dying hour  
Through Christ the Lord our King.

## 324

- 1 | **H**IS shall reign where'er the sun,  
Does his successive journey run,  
His Kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till ev'ning shades of darkness fall,  
Till ev'ning shades of darkness fall.
- 2 To His shall endless prayer be made,  
And praise throng to crown His head;  
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue,  
Devotion shall to Him belong;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,  
The prisoner leaps to loose His chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.



6326

**N**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our words and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The goodness of our Father God;  
When His salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion heats our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,—  
The bright appearance of the Lord;  
And both cheeks burning on His word.

6327

**T**HIS whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,  
The Light of the world is Jesus;  
Like candles at midnight His glory shows in,  
The Light of the world is Jesus.

*Chor.*—Come to the Light, We striving for thee;  
Truly the Light has dawned upon thee,  
Once I was blind but now I can see,  
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we when in Jesus abide,  
The Light of the world is Jesus;  
We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,  
The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 To dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,  
The Light of the world is Jesus;  
Oh, wait, at His bidding, and light will arise,  
The Light of the world is Jesus.

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,  
The Light of that world is Jesus;  
The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,  
The Light of that world is Jesus.

6328

**C**OME home! come home!  
You are weary of home,  
For the way has been dark,  
And so lonely and wild.

O prodigal child!

Come home! oh, come home!

Chorus.—Come home! Come, oh, come home!

1 Come home! come home!  
For we watch and we wait,  
And we stand at the gate,  
While the shadows are falling  
O prodigal child!  
Come home! oh, come home!

2 Come home! come home!  
From the sorrow and blame,  
From the sin and the shame,  
And the tempter that misled,  
O prodigal child!  
Come home, oh, come home!

3 Come home! come home!  
There is bread and is spare,  
And a warm welcome there,  
Then, in friendship reunited,  
O prodigal child!  
Come home, oh, come home!

1225

NOT now, my child,—a little more rough spring,  
A little longer on the hillside's slope,  
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,  
And then, the sunshine of thy Father's House!

- 1 Not now, for I have wanderers in the distance,  
And they must call there in with patient love;  
Not now, for I have sleep upon the mountains,  
And they must follow them where'er they rove.
- 2 Not now, for I have loved ones sad and weary;  
Will these not cheer them with a kindly smile?  
Will these, who need them in their lonely sorrow,  
Will these not tend them yet a little while?
- 3 Not now, for wounded hearts are surely bleeding,  
And they must teach these widowed hearts to sing;  
Not now, for orphan hearts are quickly falling,  
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

- 1 Oh, with the notes of Jesus, to the dying,  
 And speak that Name in all the living power;  
 Why should thy listening heart grow chill and weary?  
 Hast thou not watch'd with Me one little hour?
- 2 One little hour! and then the glorious evening,  
 The golden hour-of-strings, and the victor's palm;  
 One little hour! and then the hallicants!  
 Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

820

**T**HOU great Physician now is dead,  
 The sympathizing Jesus;  
 He speaks the drooping heart to dead,  
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Chor.—“Sweetest name is enough sung,  
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
 Sweetest name ever sung,  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.”

2 Your every step are all forgiven,  
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
 And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
 I now believe by Jesus;  
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name delights my soul and heart,  
 No other name but Jesus;  
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
 The precious name of Jesus.

821

**T**HOU art the Saviour called  
 To wanderers, woe;  
 O ye benighted souls,  
 Why longer tarry?

Chor.—“Come home, come home,  
 The Saviour calls, come home.”

1 To-day the Saviour calls;  
O hear His now;  
Within these walled walls  
To Jesus bow.

2 To-day the Saviour calls;  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

3 The Saviour calls to-day,  
Yield to His power;  
O grieve Him not away,  
'Tis mercy's hour.

6811

**W**HERE is my wandering boy to-night—  
The boy of my tenderest care,  
The boy that was once my joy and light,  
The child of my love and prayer?

Chorus.—O where is my boy to-night? O  
My heart's gladness, for I love him, he knows  
O where is my boy to-night?

1 Once he was pure as morning dew,  
As he knelt at His mother's knee,  
So fair was his bright, so honest were his eyes,  
And none was so sweet as he.

2 O could I see you now, my boy,  
As late we in olden times,  
When gentle and meek made home a joy  
And life was a merry rhyme!

3 Go for my wandering boy to-night,  
Oh, search for him where you will;  
But bring him to me with all his might,  
And tell him I have him still.

6812

**I** possess knowledge, that dear love of Thine!  
My Jesus! Saviour! yet this soul of mine  
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,  
Its height, and breadth, and overwhelming strength,  
Have more and more.

- 2 It surely tellings! that dear love of Thine!  
My Jesus! Saviour! yet these lips of mine  
Would fain prescribe to singers far and near  
A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
And love begin.
- 3 It surely praises! that dear love of Thine!  
My Jesus! Saviour! yet this heart of mine  
Would sing a love as rich, as full, as free,  
Which brought an endless sinners, such as thou,  
Right home to me.
- 4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,  
The fulness of that love which here below;  
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring  
O' Them who art of love the living spring,  
My vessel fill.
- 5 I see an empty vessel scarce the thought  
On look of love to Thee I've ever brought;  
Yet, I may come, and come again to Thee  
With this—the merciful sinner's trustful plea—  
—“Thou lovest me.”
- 6 Oh, Oh me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!  
May soon but drive me to the loved above;  
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly,  
But unto Thee!
- 7 And when my Jesus! Thy dear love I see,  
When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,  
Thine of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,  
Its height, and depth, and overhauling strength,  
My soul shall sing.

6313

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Turn my heart to sing Thy praise;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest strain;  
Teach me some melodious strain,  
Sing by sounding trumpet choir,  
Praise the Lord!—I'm glad upon His  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I'll raise my Champion,  
 Either by Thy help I'm coming;  
 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.
- 2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
 Peace be unnumbered, Lord, I feel it—  
 Peace to leave this world I love—  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

## 1524

- 1 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me at my Father's throne  
 Make all my wants and wishes known:  
 In seasons of distress and grief,  
 My soul has often found relief;  
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer! ¶
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear  
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
 And since He bids me seek His face,  
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
 I'll rest on Him my every care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! ¶
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
 May I thy consolation share,  
 Till, from Mount Sion's lofty height,  
 I view my home and take my flight;  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
 To wear the everlasting prize;  
 ¶ And shout, while passing through the air,  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! ¶

635

**T**HISSE is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, attend, look unto Him and be saved,  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

*Bar.*—Look! look! look and live!  
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee.

- 2 Oh, why was He there on the Saviour of sin,  
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?  
Oh, why from His side flowed the precious blood,  
If His dying thy debt has not paid?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers,  
But the blood, that atones for the world;  
Oh Him, then, who died it, God respect at once  
Thy weight of iniquities toll.
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared  
Thou comest no more to be done;  
That once in the end of the world He appeared,  
And completed the work He began.
- 4 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once  
Thy life everlasting He gives;  
And know with assurance thou never must die,  
Since Jesus thy righteousness, gives.

636

**C**OME to the Saviour, make no delay;  
Here in His word He's shown us the way;  
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,  
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

*Ans.*—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,  
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;  
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,  
In our eternal home.

- 2 "Hallel the children!" Oh, hear His voice,  
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,  
And let us truly make Him our choice;  
Do not delay, but come.

- 2 Think once again, He's with us today,  
Hear now His most comforting, and why?  
Hear now His accents tenderly say,  
— Will you, my children, come? —

657

**H**E leadeth me! old blessed thought,  
O words with heavenly comfort brought;  
What'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

**Bar.**—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faith be, wherever I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.

1 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
He watcheth still, who leadeth me—  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

2 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Not ever murmur nor repine,  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
If in death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Thou'lt lead through Jordan leadeth me.

658

**W**HEN He cometh, when He cometh  
To make up His jewels,  
All His jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

**Chor.**—Like the stars of the morning,  
His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty,  
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather  
The gems for His kingdom;  
All the precious, all the bright ones,  
His loved and His own.



2 Little children, little children,  
Who love their Father,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

638

**L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
They are weathering fall and snow—  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing  
Let some droppings fall on me—  
Even me, even me,  
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

1 Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Woeful though my heart may be;  
Thou mightest leave me, but like rather  
Let Thy mercy fall on me—

2 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy love;  
Wilt Thou not call me, oh, call me—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou must make the blind to see,  
Witness of Jesus' death,  
Speak the word of power to me—

3 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify them all in me—

5 Pass me not! Thy love me holding,  
Sweet my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
While the streams of life are springing,  
Kissing others, oh, kiss me—

640

**H**ARK! the voice of Jesus crying—  
— Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white, and harvest waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?

Lead and along the Master's path,  
 High reward He offers thee;  
 Who will answer, gladly saying,  
 "Here am I; send me, send me!"

- 4 If you cannot cross the desert,  
 And the southern lands explore,  
 You can lead the southern host,  
 You can help them at your door.  
 If you cannot give your thousands,  
 You can give the widow's mite;  
 And the least you do for Jesus,  
 Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
 If you cannot preach like Paul,  
 You can tell the love of Jesus,  
 You can say He died for all.  
 If you cannot rout the wicked,  
 With the judgment's dread alarms,  
 You can lead the little children  
 To the Father's waiting arms.
- 4 If you cannot be the watchman,  
 Standing high on Zion's wall,  
 Pointing out the path to heaven,  
 Calling life and peace to all,  
 With your prayers and with your breath  
 You can do what heaven demands;  
 You can be like faithful Aaron,  
 Holding up the people's hands.
- 4 If among the sinner people,  
 You may not be apt to teach,  
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,  
 "Place the feed within their reach."  
 And it may be that the children  
 You have led with trembling hand,  
 Will be found among your jewels,  
 When you reach the better land.
- 4 Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you."

Take the task He gives you, gladly,  
 Let His work your pleasure be,  
 Answer quickly when He calleth,  
 — There are to send me, send me!

641

**N**OTHING but leaved! The spirit grieves  
 O'er years of wasted life;  
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,  
 O'er vows and promises unkept,  
 And long long years of strife—  
 Nothing but leaved! Nothing but leaved!

**N**othing but leaved! No gathered sheaves  
 Of life's fair ripening grain;  
 We sow our seeds, but barren soil weeds,—  
 Weeds, like weeds, for earnest deeds—  
 Then reap, with toil and pain,  
 Nothing but leaved! Nothing but leaved!

**N**othing but leaved! Sad memory weaves  
 No veil to hide the past;  
 Ask us we trace our weary way,  
 And count each lost and unrepent day,  
 We sadly find at last—  
 Nothing but leaved! Nothing but leaved!

**A**h, who shall thro' the Master's mesh,  
 And bring but withered leaved?  
 Ah, who shall, at the Master's look,  
 Bask in the awful judgment-seat,  
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,  
 Nothing but leaved! Nothing but leaved?

642

**"Y**ET there is room!" The Lamb's bright hail  
 Of song,  
 With its fair glow, beckons them along;  
 Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

**T**hey are dwelling, and the sun is low,  
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go;  
 Room, room, still room! Oh, enter, enter now!

- 3 The herald bell is ringing for the feast:  
Pass in! pass in! and be the bridegroom's guest!  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 4 It kills, it kills, that bell of jubilee!  
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee!  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love, it is not yet too late!  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;  
That cup of overflowing love is free!  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in:  
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.  
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:  
Then the last, low, long cry—"No room, no room!"  
No room, no room!—oh, woful cry,—"No room!"

643

**D**O you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,  
At morning, noon and night, to pray?  
In his chamber he remembers Zion,  
Though in exile far away.

*Ans.*—Are your windows open toward Jerusalem,  
Though an captive here a "little while" we stay?  
For the coming of the King in His glory,  
Are you watching day by day?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,  
Nor shrank the lion's den to share;  
For the God of Daniel will deliver,  
He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage,  
Your great deliverance earnestly sing;  
For your Saviour toward the hill of Zion,  
Thence to lead your waiting King!

644

1 **S**IXTH shall we see the glorious morning,  
 Saints arise! Saints arise!  
 Singers, attend the notes of warning;  
 Saints arise! Saints arise!  
 The resurrection day draws near,  
 The King of Saints shall soon appear,  
 And high his royal standard rear;  
 Saints arise! Saints arise!

2 **H**ear ye the trump of God resounding,  
 Saints arise! Saints arise!  
 Through all the valleys of death resounding;  
 Saints arise! Saints arise!  
 To meet the Angel of Doom, haste, prepare!  
 Put on your royal garments fair,  
 And hail your Saviour in the air;  
 Saints arise! Saints arise!

3 **T**he Saints who sleep, with joy awake,  
 All arise! all arise!  
 Their beds of death are quick forsake,  
 "All arise! all arise!"  
 Not one of all the faithful few  
 Who have on earth the Saviour knew,  
 But starts with bliss his Lord to view;  
 All arise! all arise!

4 **F**ast by the drops of God behold them  
 Crowned at last! crowned at last!  
 See in His arms the Saviour fold them,  
 Crowned at last! crowned at last!  
 With wreaths of glory round their head,  
 No tears of sorrow now are shed,  
 To joy's full fountain all are led,  
 Crowned at last! crowned at last!

645

"**M**AN of Sorrows," what a name  
 For the Son of God, who came,  
 Sacred sinners to redeem!  
 Hallelujah, what a name!

- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rode,  
In my place crucified He stood;  
Healed my passion with His blood,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 3 Guilty, vile and helpless, woe,  
Spacious Lamb of God was met  
"Full atonement!" such it be!  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 4 Lashed up was He to die,  
"It is finished," was His cry,  
Now in heaven, exalted high,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,  
All His ransomed hearts to bring,  
Then ever this song we'll sing,  
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

## 645

THE reapers of life's harvest,  
Why stand with rusted blades,  
Ere the night dews round them,  
And day begins to fade?  
Why stand ye idle, waiting,  
For reapers more to come?  
The golden ears are pointing,  
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,  
And gather in the grain,  
The night is fast approaching,  
And soon will come again,  
The Master calls for reapers,  
Ah! shall He call in vain?  
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,  
And waste upon the plain?
- 3 Mound up the heights of Wisdom,  
And crush each error low;  
Keep back no words of knowledge  
That heaven's hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission,  
 In service of thy Lord,  
 And there a golden chaplet  
 Shall be thy just reward.

6-47

**F**ADGE, fade, each earthly joy:  
 I come to mine!  
 Break, every tender tie,  
 I come to mine!  
 There's in the wilderness,  
 Earth has no resting-place,  
 I come alone and blest,  
 I come to mine!

**I** Thought not my soul afloat:  
 I come to mine!  
 How would I ever stay,  
 I come to mine!  
 Parting things of day,  
 Here, but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away,  
 I come to mine!

**I** Farewell, ye dreams of night:  
 I come to mine!  
 Lost in this dawning light,  
 I come to mine!  
 All that my soul has tried,  
 Left but a distant word,  
 I come to mine!  
 I come to mine!

**I** Farewell, mortality:  
 I come to mine!  
 Welcome, eternity:  
 I come to mine!  
 Welcome, O loved and blest,  
 Welcome, sweet vision of rest,  
 Welcome, my Father's breast,  
 I come to mine!

648

**K**NOCKING, knocking, who is there?  
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fast!  
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kindly,  
 Secret work was ever his;  
 Ah! my soul, for such a wonder  
 Will thou not make the door?

2 Knocking, knocking, will He's there,  
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous late;  
 But the door is hard to open,  
 For the words are ivy-riven,  
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,  
 Ever round the hinges twined.

3 Knocking, knocking,— what! still there?  
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!  
 Yes, the pilgrim, hard and knocketh,  
 And beneath the opened door  
 Sees the patient eyes, as watchful,  
 Of thy Father, waiting there.

649

**I** heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting place,  
 And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water—thirsty one,  
 Draw down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am the dark world's light;  
 Look unto me, thy weary soul shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."



6 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my rest, my crown;  
 And to that light of life I'll walk  
 Till traveling days are done.

654

**R**EPEAT the story o'er and o'er,  
 Of grace so full and free;  
 I love to hear it more and more,  
 Since grace has rescued me.

Ans.—: The ball was never told, if  
 Of grace divine, so wonderful,  
 The ball was never told.

2 Of grace I only know the name,  
 Not found my soul to rest,  
 Until the cross-wood angels' name  
 To soothe my weary breast.

Ans.—: The ball was never told, if  
 Of grace divine, so wonderful,  
 The ball was never told.

3 My highest place is lying low  
 At my Redeemer's feet;  
 No rest, joy in life I know,  
 But in His service sweet.

Ans.—: The ball was never told, if  
 Of joy divine, so wonderful,  
 The ball was never told.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be,  
 With all the host above,  
 To sing through all eternity  
 The wonders of His love!

Ans.—: The ball was never told, if  
 Of love divine, so wonderful,  
 The ball was never told.

651

**I**T may be at noon, when the day is winking,  
 When outright sin's darkness and shadow is breaking,  
 That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory,  
 To rescue from the world — His own.

*Chor.*—O Lord Jesus, how long? how long  
 Ere we shout the glad song?  
 Christ returned! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Amen, Hallelujah! Amen.

- 1 It may be at midday, it may be at twilight,  
 It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight  
 Will burst into light in the blaze of His glory,  
 When Jesus returns "His own."
- 2 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending,  
 With glorified saints and the angels attending,  
 With grace on His brow, like a halo of glory,  
 Will Jesus receive "His own."
- 3 Oh, just oh, delight! should we go without dying,  
 No sighs, no weeping, no dread and no crying,  
 Caught up through the clouds with our Lord into glory,  
 When Jesus receives "His own."

### 453

**S**TANDING by a purpose true,  
 Holding God's covenant,  
 Honor them, the faithful few!  
 All hail to David's Band!

*Chor.*—Dare to be a David,  
 Dare to stand alone!  
 Dare to have a purpose true  
 Dare to make it known!

- 1 Many mighty men are lost,  
 Daring not to stand,  
 Who for Christ had been a host,  
 By joining David's Band.
- 2 Many guests, great and tall,  
 Strolling through the land,  
 Heading to the north or south,  
 If met by David's Band.
- 3 Hold the gospel banner high!  
 On to victory go!  
 Nathan and his hosts defy,  
 And shout for David's Band.

653

**A** HISS, my soul, arise;  
 Shake off thy guilty fears;  
 The bleeding saviour  
 In my behalf appears;  
 Before the throne my hearty thanks,  
 My name is written on His hands.

1 He ever lives above,  
 For us to intercede;  
 His all-redeeming love,  
 His precious blood to plead,  
 His blood atoned for all our sins,  
 And opened now the throne of grace.

2 Five bleeding wounds His hands,  
 Received on Calvary;  
 They point effectual prayers,  
 They strongly plead for ours;  
 Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,  
 But let that ransom sinner die.

3 My God is unsearched,  
 His pardoning voice I hear;  
 He cries out for His child;  
 I cry no longer faint;  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And - Father, Alas, Father! - cry.

654

**M**Y hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest trust,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

*Chor.*—On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand.

1 When darkness veils His lovely face,  
 I rest on His unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale,  
 My anchor holds within the veil.

2 His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
 Support me in the whirling flood;  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 His truth is all my hope and stay.

- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,  
O, may I then in Him be found,  
Clothed in His righteousness alone,  
Faithful to stand before the throne!

325

**T**HERE'S a beautiful land on high,  
To its glory I hate to fly,  
When by sorrow's plow I'm sown,  
I long for my crown  
In that beautiful land on high.

**CHOR.**—In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there,  
He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,  
I shall enter it by and by,  
There with friends loved in haste,  
I shall walk on the strand,  
In that beautiful land on high.

3 There's a beautiful land on high;  
Then why should I fear to die,  
When death is the way  
To the realm of day  
In that beautiful land on high?

4 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And my kindred no more sigh;  
And nations I now see  
There waiting for me,  
In that beautiful land on high.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,  
Where we never shall say "good-bye!"  
Where the righteous will sing,  
And their choirs will ring,  
In that beautiful land on high.

326

**O** do not let the Word depart,  
And draw thine eyes against the light;  
But stand, brethren, and thy heart  
There wouldst be moved—Why not to-night?

Chor.—Why not to-night? Why not to-night?  
 That wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

1 To-morrow's sun may never rise,  
 To bless thy long deluded sight;  
 This is the time! Oh, then be wise!  
 That wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

2 The world has nothing left to give—  
 It has no dew, no pure delight;  
 Oh, try the life which Christians live!  
 That wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

3 Our blessed Lord, refuse none  
 Who would to Him their souls commit;  
 That be the work of grace begun!  
 That wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

1857

SHE only touched the hem of His garment  
 As to His side she stooped,  
 And, like the crowd that gathered around Him,  
 And straightway she was whole.

Chor.—Oh, touch the hem of His garment!  
 And thou, too, shalt be free,  
 His saving power this very hour  
 Shall give new life to thee.

1 She came in fear and trembling before Him,  
 She knew her Lord had come;  
 She felt that from His virtue had healed her,  
 The mighty deed was done.

2 He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort,  
 Thy faith hath made thee whole;"  
 And gave that power to all who're trusting  
 With gladness that had been told.

1858

I AM coming to the cross,  
 I am poor, and weak, and blind;  
 I am trusting all my days,  
 I shall fall salvation find.

Chor.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
 Blessed Lamb of Calvary;  
 Doubtful at Thy cross I bow,  
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Loving my heart has rapt for Thee,  
Loving has ead reign'd within;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me—  
"I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends, and thine, and earthly care;  
Hail and holy Thee to be—  
Worthy Thee for evermore.
- 4 In the presence I stand,  
Now I feel the blood applied;  
I am grateful to the dead,  
I with Christ am crucified.
- 5 Jesus come! He fills my soul  
Perfected in Him I see;  
I am every what needs wonder  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

659

**W**HEN Jesus comes to reward His servants,  
Whether it be noon or night,  
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,  
With our lamps all trimmed and bright!

**Ans.**—Oh, can we say we are ready, brother—  
Ready for the Lord's bright home?  
Nay, will He find you and me still watching,  
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

- 2 If at the dawn of the early morning,  
He shall call us one by one,  
When to the Lord we render our talents,  
Will He answer thus—"Well done!"
- 3 Have we been true to the trust He left us?  
Do we seek to do our best?  
If in our hearts there is naught unbecome,  
We shall have a glorious rest.
- 4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,  
In His glory they shall share;  
If He shall come at the dawn, or midnight,  
Will He find us watching there?

680

**S**AVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
 Much we need Thy lead and care;  
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use Thy folds prepare.  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

1 We are Thine, O Thou beloved us,  
 In the temptation of our way;  
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
 Lead us when we go astray.  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
 Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
 We will ever trust in Thee.

681

**C**OME, ye Disciples! where'er ye wander,  
 Come to the marketplace, fervently bleed;  
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

1 Joy of the desolate! light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, inclusion and cure!  
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

2 Here see the bread of life: see wheat sowing  
 From the throne of God, pure from above;  
 Come to the feast of living water, ever flowing,  
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

682

**S**OWING the seed by the daylight fully,  
 Sowing the seed by the no-day glare,  
 Sowing the seed by the falling light,  
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night,  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be!

- Chor.**—Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,  
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sown, oh, sown with the harvest be.
- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering path,  
Sowing the seed of a momentous battle,  
Sowing the seed of a hatched nation,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- 4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart  
Sowing the seed while the hot-drops start,  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come  
Gladly to gather the harvest home:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

## GIVE

**T**AKE my life and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my hands and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.

- 2 Take my feet and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee;  
Take my voice and let me sing  
Always—only—for my King.
- 3 Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in endless praise;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 4 Take my will, and make it Thine;  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 5 Take my love, my God, I pour  
At Thy feet in treasure-store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.



664

**O** word of words the sweetest,  
 O words, in which there lie  
 All promise, all fulfillment,  
 And end of mystery;  
 Lamenting or rejoicing,  
 With doubts or fervent sigh,  
 I hear the "Come" of Jesus,  
 And to His cross I fly.

**Ans.**—Come, oh, come to me,  
 Come, oh, come to me,  
 Wary, heavy-laden,  
 Come, oh, come to me.

**I** O word! why shouldst thou wonder  
 From such a loving Friend?  
 Cling close, close to Him,  
 Stay with Him to the end;  
 Alas! I am no helpmeet,  
 In the very full of me,  
 For I am ever wandering,  
 And coming back again.

**I** O, each time draw me nearer,  
 That ever the "Come" may be,  
 Naught but a gentle whisper,  
 To me, close, close to Thee;  
 Then, over sea and mountain,  
 Far from, or near my home,  
 I'll take Thy hand and follow,  
 At that sweet whisper "Come!"

665

**M**y days are gliding swiftly by,  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them as they fly,  
 Those hours of toil and danger.

**Ans.**—For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand;  
 Our trials are passing o'er;  
 And, just before, the shining shore  
 We may also discover.

- 1 Should morning days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing;  
 That perfect rest taught our inmost,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.
- 2 Let sorrow's radiant trumpet blow,  
 Each word on earth be over;  
 Our King says—"Come!"—and there's our home,  
 For ever, ah! for ever!

[222]

I AM now a child of God,  
 For I'm washed in Jesus' blood;  
 I am watching and I'm longing while I wait,  
 Soon on wings of love I'll fly,  
 To my home beyond the sky,  
 To my welcome, as I'm sweeping through the gate.

But—in the blood of yonder Lamb,  
 Washed from every stain I am;  
 Bathed in whiteness, clad in brightness,  
 I am sweeping through the gate.

Oh! the blessed Lord of light,  
 He upholds me by His might;  
 And His arm outstretches, and conducts while I wait,  
 I am leaning on His breast,  
 Oh! the sweetness of His rest,  
 Hallelujah, I am sweeping through the gate.

3 I am sweeping through the gate  
 Where the blessed are no wait;  
 Where the weary workers rest for evermore;  
 Where the strife of earth is done,  
 And the crown of life is won;  
 Oh, the glory of that city just before!

4 There are all my prisons here;  
 And I wait beyond the door,  
 To my Father's home, the bright and blessed mine,  
 Let the moon eternal break,  
 And the song immortal make,  
 Bathed in whiteness I am sweeping through the gate.

407

**W**OULD we be joyful in the Lord?  
 Then count the riches o'er,  
 Revealed to faith within His word,  
 And note the boundless store.

*Ans.*—There is pardon, peace, and power,  
 And mercy, and Forgiveness;  
 With all of these in Christ for us,  
 Let joyful songs of praise to Him arise!

1 For every sin, by grace divine  
 A pardon free bestowed;  
 And with the pardon peace is given,  
 The peace is Jesus' blood.

2 Of grace to break the power of sin,  
 He gives a full supply,  
 The Holy Ghost, the best within,  
 From sin doth purify.

3 The power to win a soul to God,  
 The Spirit, too, is given;  
 And He, the gift of Christ our Lord,  
 Dwells now in all our hearts.

4 These blessings we by faith receive,  
 By simple childlike trust;  
 In Christ, the God's delight to give,  
 He promised, and He trust.

408

**C**OME unto that are longing for pleasure,  
 Our Father has pleasures to give;  
 Come find in His love the new treasure,  
 That makes every true pleasure live.

*Ans.*—Come now with the Lord, let us reason,  
 Come now and your purpose declare;  
 Is it pleasure of sin for a season,  
 Or pleasure the glorified share?

1 The pleasures of sin are deceiving,  
 They're nothing for yesterday's pain,  
 But joys of tomorrow revealing,  
 And then, He—Forever again.

- 3 The pleasures of sin are all fleeting,  
They vanish with life's passing hours;  
Like dew drops the morning sun greets,  
They gladden and soon they are gone.
- 4 Then all who are longing for pleasure,  
Ye weary and all who are woe,  
Come fled to the Lord a sure treasure,  
That from you shall never be torn.
- 5 Of Jesus, thy choice be now making,  
Endowment, and Service, and Love,  
And soon in the glory awaking,  
You'll share in the Father's good reward.

412

SHALL we gather at the river,  
Whose bright angel-foot have trod,  
With its crystal tide for ever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

Ans.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spring,  
We will walk and worship rivet,  
All the happy, golden day.

3 How we reach the shining river,  
Lay us every burden down;  
Gems our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the swelling of the river,  
Mirror of the Father's face,  
Saints, whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimages will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will river,  
With the melody of peace.

870

**C**OME, 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 love surely glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,—  
Every grace that brings you nigh,—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not sinners make you linger;  
Nor of sinners fondly dream;  
All the sinners He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him:  
This He gives you,—  
The Holy Spirit's gladsome beam.

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

871

**G**OD is love, His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we tread;  
Him we follow, and from the lightness,  
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Time and change are long away;  
Man deceives, and ages move;  
But His mercy waneeth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Even the love that darkest darkness  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom His brightness streams forth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 4 He with earthly cares and wealth  
 Hope and comfort from above;  
 Everywhere His glory shining,  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

472

**F**ROM 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 earth shall rise and set no more.

473

**I**n the Christian's house is glory,  
 There remains a band of men;  
 There my Saviour's gate before me,  
 To fulfil my soul's request.

- Chor.—There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for you,  
 On the other side of Jordan,  
 In the sweet fields of Eden,  
 Where the tree of life is blossoming,  
 There is rest for you.

- 2 He is lifting up my tentation,  
 Which eternally shall stand,  
 For my stay shall not be transient,  
 In that holy, happy land.
- 2 Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glory!  
 Shout your triumph as you go  
 Zion's gate will open for you,  
 You shall find an entrance through.

474

**S**IN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not right if Thou be gone;  
 Oh, may no earth-born's curse arise,  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 1 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eye like gently steep,  
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest  
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 2 Abide with me from now till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 3 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spoken today the voice divine—  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more be downy sin.

673.

COME every joyful heart,  
That loves the Saviour's name,  
Your noblest powers exert,  
To celebrate His name;  
Toll all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to Him yet owe.

- 1 He left His starry crown,  
And laid His robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died;  
What He endured no tongue can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 2 From the dark grave He rose—  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence His mighty form  
In glory triumphed forth  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode  
And reigns on high the Saviour God.
- 3 From thence He'll quickly come—  
His chariot will not stay—  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day;  
There shall we see His lovely face,  
And ever be in His embrace.

676

- M**Y soul, be on thy guard,  
 Thy thousand foes array;  
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard,  
 To draw Thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor let thine armor down;  
 The work of faith will not be done,  
 Till thou obtain the crown.

677

- A**WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on;  
 A heavenly state demands thy eare,  
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full array;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward steps thy way.
- 3 To God's all-animating voice,  
 That calls thee from on high,  
 To His own hand presents the price  
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 When heaven, intended by Thee  
 Hath I my race begun;  
 And crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
 I'll lay my laurels down.

678

- T**HU Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;  
 He makes me down to lie  
 In pasture green: He leadeth me  
 The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again;  
 And me He will not leave  
 Within the path of righteousness,  
 Ere He His own name's sake.



- 3 You, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet I will fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff are comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

679

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

- 2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
And flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 3 To heaven, the place of His abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.
- 4 Since from Thy bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord! they should all be Thine.

684

**A**KEENING grass, how sweet the sound,  
That sweet a wretch like me!  
I once was lost, but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

- 2 'Twas grass that taught my heart to love,  
And grass my tears relieved;  
Now passions did that grass appear,  
The love I had believed.

- 4 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

681

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thee to us so great?
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, and kindle a fervent flame,  
And that shall kindle ours.

682

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fighting and losing within, without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, reason, feeling of the mind,  
Yet, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

- 2 Just as I am; Thine will receive,  
With welcome, pardon, cleanse, deliver;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

686

**C**OME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and take My path to your choice,  
I will guide you to your home,  
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

- 2 Them who, homeless, sore, forlorn,  
Long had borne the painful world's scorn,  
Long had roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 To who, bound on beds of pain,  
Sick for aye, but sick in vain,  
Ye, by Jesus' anguish torn,  
In answer for guilt who mourn,—
- 4 Hither come! for here is found  
Heal that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, pure.

687

**W**HILE life prolongs its previous fight,  
Heavy is found, and power is given;  
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blind the day!  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!  
Clean, sinners, haste, O haste away  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, haste on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death condemn'd you to the grave,—  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to love or save.
- 4 In God have had of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—  
No God regard your former prayer,  
No Savior call you to the skies.

- 2 Now God loveth; how blest the day,  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

1855

**F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woe,  
There is a calm, a safe retreat;  
The Lord beneath the stormy sea.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus dwells  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place that all besides seems sweet,—  
It is the blood bought every soul.
- 3 There is a room whose spirits dwell,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
Though numbered far, by faith we meet  
Around one common every-need.

1856

**O**NCE I was dead in sin,  
And hope within me died;  
But now I'm dead to sin—  
With Jesus crucified.

Can.—And can it be that "He loved me,  
And gave Himself for me?"

- 2 Oh height I cannot reach,  
Oh depth I cannot sound,  
Oh love, O boundless love,  
In my Redeemer found!
- 3 O cold, ungrateful heart  
That cut from Jesus' side,  
When lying low of love  
Should on His altar lie.
- 4 I live—and yet, not I,  
But Christ that lives in me;  
Who from the law of sin  
And death hath made me free.

687

- O** Holy spirit, come,  
 And Jesus love declare;  
 Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,  
 And guide us safely there.
- 2 Our unbelief remove  
 By Thine almighty breath;  
 Oh, work the wondrous work of love,  
 The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Come with resistless power,  
 Come with almighty grace,  
 Come with the long-expected shower,  
 And fall upon this place.

688

- I** LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
 The home of Thine elect,  
 The Church our Lord Redeemer saved  
 With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God!  
 Her walls below Thy shade,  
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall  
 For her my prayers ascend;  
 To her my voice and tongue be given,  
 Till both and mine shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
 I praise her heavenly ways,  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 None as Thy truth shall last,  
 To Zion shall be given  
 The brightest glories earth can yield,  
 And brighter joys of heaven.

689

**N**OT all the blood of beasts  
 On Jewish altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
 Took all our sins away;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name  
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her head  
 On that dear head of Thine,  
 While like a penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
 The banner there didst bear,  
 While hanging on th'execrable tree,  
 And knows how guilt was there.

## GOD

- 1 **H**OW solemn are the words,  
 And yet so faith has plain,  
 "Whosoever uttered while on earth—  
 "Ye must be born again!"
- 2 "Ye must be born again!"  
 For no faith God demand;  
 No reformation will suffice—  
 The life past sinners' hand.
- 3 "Ye must be born again!"  
 And life by Christ must have;  
 In vain the soul may elsewhere go—  
 To life alone can save.
- 4 "Ye must be born again!"  
 Or never enter heaven;  
 The only blood-washed ones are there,  
 The righteous and forgiven.

## GOD

- 1 **G**OD, bless and pity us,  
 Shine on us with Thy face  
 That in earth Thy way, and nations all  
 May know Thy saving grace.
- 2 Let people praise Thee, Lord!  
 Let people all Thee praise!  
 Oh, let the nations all be glad,  
 In songs that voices raise!

- 3 There'll justify people judge,  
On earth and nations all;  
Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them  
Praise Thee, both great and small!
- 4 The north her fruits shall yield,  
Our God shall blessing send;  
God shall us bless: men shall His love  
Unto earth's utmost end.

1863

- A** WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb;  
Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 1 Sing of His dying love,  
Sing of His risen power;  
Sing how He interceded above  
For those whose sins He bore.
  - 2 To pilgrims, on the road  
To Zion's city, sing:  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God—  
In Christ, the eternal King.
  - 3 There shall each captured tongue  
His stilled voice praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices raise the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

1863

- W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 1 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind,—  
"Child-bearing of great joy I bring,  
To you and all mankind."
  - 2 "To you, in David's town, this day,  
Is born of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:—

- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,  
 To human view displayed,  
 All swaddly wrapped in swathing bands,  
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the wrapt—and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God, who thus  
 Addressed their joyful song—
- 6 "All glory to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good-will hereafter from heaven to man,  
 Begun, and never cease!"

## 484

**S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
 What pleasure to our ears,  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

- 1 Salvation! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 2 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,  
 To Thee the praise belongs;  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.

## 485

**S**PIRIT of truth, O let me know  
 The love of Christ to me;  
 His conquering, quickening power bestow,  
 To set me wholly free.

- 1 I long to know its depth and height,  
 To see its breadth and length;  
 Drink in its sweetest of delights,  
 And triumph in its strength.
- 2 It is Thine office to reveal  
 My Saviour's wonderful love,  
 Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,  
 And show me lives above.



- 4 Thy quickening power in me impart,  
 And be my constant Guide;  
 With richer gladness fill my heart;  
 Be unto glorified.

1846

**O** MY soul, bless them Jehovah,  
 All within thee, bless His name;  
 Bless Jehovah, and forget not  
 All His mercies to proclaim.

- 1 Who forgive all thy transgressions,  
 Thy sins all who believe  
 Who rebuke thee from d'struction,  
 Who with thee so kindly deal.
- 2 Who with tender mercies cleanse thee,  
 Who with good things fill thy mouth,  
 So that even like the eagle  
 Thou hast been restored to youth.
- 4 In His righteousness, Jehovah  
 Will deliver those distressed;  
 He will execute just judgment  
 In the cause of all oppressed.

1847

**J**ESUS only, when the morning  
 Shines upon the path I tread;  
 Jesus only, when the darkness  
 Gathers round my weary head.

- 1 Jesus only, when the billows  
 Cold and cruel o'er me roll;  
 Jesus only, when the tempest  
 Ranks the beach and wakes the wail.
- 2 Jesus only, when in judgment  
 Finding fears my heart assail;  
 Jesus only, when the wretched  
 On the rocks and mountains call.
- 4 Jesus only, when adoring,  
 Saints their crowns before His bring;  
 Jesus only, I will, Jesus,  
 Through eternal ages sing.

618

**I**N the cross of Christ I glory,  
Turning e'er the wheels of time;  
All the light of mortal glory,  
Gathers round its lowly shrine.

- 2 When the cross of life o'erwhelms me,  
Hope deserts and tears are many,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of life is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Aids my heart to the day.
- 4 Sins and blessings, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joy that through all time abides.

619

**W**E are waiting by the shore,  
We are watching by the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman,  
Till he'll come to land us o'er.

- 2 Though the wind hangs o'er the river,  
And the billows loudly roar,  
Yet we hear the ring of angels,  
Wafted from the other shore.
- 3 And the bright celestial city,—  
We have sought such radiant glories  
Of its towers like dancing sunlight,  
With its sweet and powerful attraction.
- 4 He has called for many a loved one,  
We have seen them leave our side;  
With our Saviour we shall meet them  
When we too, have crossed the tide.
- 5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,  
With its dark and chilling tide,  
In that bright and glorious city  
We shall evermore abide.

700

- 1** FAVOURITE visit Thy plantations;  
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;  
 All will come to desolation,  
 Unless Thy rain return again.
- 2** Keep us longer at a distance—  
 slide upon us from on high,  
 Lest for want of Thine assistance,  
 Every plant should droop and die.
- 3** Let our mutual love be fervent,  
 Make us prevalent in prayer;  
 Let each one, extended Thy network,  
 From the world's enticing snare.
- 4** Break the tempter's fatal power;  
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
 And lead us from this good hour,  
 To revive Thy work afresh.

701

- 1** HAIL, hail, enthroned in glory,  
 There for ever to abide;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side.
- 2** There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
 There Thou dost our pleas prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.
- 3** Worship, honour, power and blessing  
 There art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is fit to be given.
- 4** Help, ye bright angels spirit,  
 Singing praise unceasing, golden lays,  
 Help to sing our Saviour's praises,—  
 Help to chant Incarnate's praise.

702

- 1** HAIL ye angels those hosts are over  
 That His heart is still the same,  
 Kineman, Friend and Elder Brother,  
 In His everlasting name,  
 Saviour, who can love like Thee,  
 Gracious One of Deity.

- 2 When the pangs of trial seize me,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul,  
Surely, none can feel like *That*,  
Weeping One of *Bethany*.
- 3 Jesus reign! and still in glory  
He can teach each sinner's heart;  
Living to instruct the story  
Of the hearts He rescued here:  
Lord, when I am called to die,  
Let me think of *Bethany*.
- 4 Jesus reign! those tears of sorrow  
Are a legacy of love;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same death ever gave,  
That set all in all to free,  
Living One of *Bethany*.

## 703

- I WANTED for the Lord my God,  
And patiently did bear,  
As long as to me He did incline  
My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,  
And from the mire deep,  
And on a rock He set my feet,  
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,  
Our God be magnify;  
Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O thank in the moon whose trail  
Upon the Lord follow,  
Respecting not the proud, nor such  
As turn aside to sin.

## 704

- JESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man redeemed of *Thee*?  
Redeemed of *Thee*, whose angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days?

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! never let  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this enlightened soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No, when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more reveal His Name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I say,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No lust to wipe, no greed to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—our is my bounding vein,  
Till then, I bend a fervent strain,  
and O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ be not ashamed of me.

706

- H**OW 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 eases the troubled breast;  
'Tis medicine to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,  
My shield and Helmsman;  
My never-failing Treasure, God,  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
My Father, Prince and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would Thy nameless love proclaim  
With every beating breath;  
No shall the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul to death.

## 708

**S**AVE, Jesus, mine!

Thy blessing now be mine;  
For every nation's sinners born,  
Oh, let Thy mercy now appear.  
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

**H**EAR, Jesus, mine!

Thy blessing o'er us write,  
Of love eternal and divine;  
Oh, Lord, let each one here be Thine,  
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

**H**EAR, Jesus, mine!

Thou compassed o'er the globe,  
Givest every lettered soul release,  
And to the troubled whisper "Peace."  
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

**H**EAR, Jesus, mine!

And Thou alone shalt have  
The glory of the work divine,  
Yes, infinite praise shall be Thine!  
Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

## 709

**O**VER a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe.

**I** That will not waver or complain  
Demands the cheering word,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God,—

**I** A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without,  
And when its danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt.

**I** Look, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll trust o'er here the hollow blast  
Of an eternal storm.

708

**A**ll, this heart is void and still,  
And earth's noisy thronging;  
For my Father's mansion, still  
Earnestly I'm longing.

1 **How**—Looking hence, looking hence,  
Toward the heavenly mansion,  
Jesse hath prepared for me,  
In His Father's Kingdom.

2 **Soon** the glorious day will dawn,  
Heavenly pleasures bringing;  
Night will be exchanged for morn,  
Sighs give place to singing.

3 **Oh**, to be at home, and gain,  
All for which we're sighing,  
From all earthly want and pain  
To be swiftly flying.—

4 **Should** I stand up, should I stand  
There no more to weep;  
When we'll meet around the throne  
Praising God forever.

709

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

1 **Yield** it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

2 **Sw'ere**! Sw'ere! His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love how mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thence compass us such a crown?

3 **Were** the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering to Him small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## 710

**W**HAT various blessings we meet,  
In coming to the mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there!

- 1 Prayer makes the darkness clouds withdraw;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives access to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 2 Restraint of prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

## 711

**F**AITH is a living power from heaven  
Which groups the promise God has given;  
Narrowly based on Christ alone,  
A trust that cannot be withdrawn.

- 1 Faith bids in Christ what'er we need,  
To ease and strengthen, guide and lead;  
Strong in His grace it joys to share  
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.
- 2 Faith to the universe whispers peace,  
And bids the mercies' sating cease;  
By faith the children's right we claim,  
And call upon our Father's name.
- 3 Such faith is us, O God, implant,  
And to our prayers Thy favor grant,  
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,  
Who is our Lord of health and crown.

## 712

**B**EST is the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

- 1 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.

713

**D**ID Christ's own sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

- 1 The God of God in heav'n  
The weeping angels see;  
He thro' astonish'd, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 2 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heav'n alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

714

**H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wroth!  
May not for the morrow's wrong  
Wishers, if you still despair,  
Harder is it to be wroth.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to inquire!  
May not for the morrow's wrong  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage is run.
- 2 Hasten, sinner, to return!  
May not for the morrow's wrong,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be glad!  
May not for the morrow's wrong,  
Lest pollution thou arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

715

**C**OME, Thou almighty King,  
 Help us Thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise  
 Father, all-glorious,  
 O'er all the universe,  
 Come, and reign over us,  
 Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
 Dwell on Thy mighty sword;  
 Our prayer attend;  
 Come, and Thy people bless,  
 And give Thy word success;  
 Spirit of holiness!  
 On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear  
 In this glad hour;  
 Thou, who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,  
 The highest praise be,  
 Honor everlasting!  
 His sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

716

**S**PIRITS, sound the truth abroad,  
 Bear ye the word of God  
 Through the wide world;  
 Tell what our Lord has done,  
 Tell how the day is won,  
 And from His lofty throne  
 Hallelujahs be sent.

2 Speed on the wings of love,  
 Jesus, who reigns above,  
 Guide us to Thy

They who His message bear  
Should neither doubt nor fear,  
He will their Friend appoint,  
He will be nigh.

- 2 Ye who, forsaking all,  
At your loved Master's call,  
Conducts seeking,  
Soon will your work be done;  
Soon will the prize be won;  
Frightful than powder war  
That shall ye shun.

717

**R**ISE, glorious Conqueror, rise  
Into Thy native skies,  
Assume Thy right;  
And where in many a field  
The clouds are backward rolled—  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
and reign in light!

- 3 Victor o'er death and hell!  
Cherubic legions swell  
Thy radiant throng;  
Fugues all heaven inspiring;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire,—  
Then launch once shroud!

- 2 Enter, incarnate God!—  
No host but Thine, have trod  
The wayward down;  
Shew the full triumph, show!  
Wider your portals throw!  
Banners triumphant—up,  
and take Thy crown!

- 4 Lion of Judah—Rise!  
And let Thy name prevail  
From age to age;  
Lord of the rolling years!  
Chains for Thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage.

- 3 And then was heard afar  
 Her answering to that—  
 "Lo! these have come  
 Followers of Him who gave  
 His life their lives to save,  
 And now their palms they wave,  
 Brought safely home."

718

**M**Y faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Pastour divine;  
 Now hear me while I pray,  
 Take all my griefs away,  
 O, let me from this day  
 Be wholly Thine.

- 1 May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my faltering heart,  
 My soul inspire;  
 As Thou hast died for me,  
 Oh may my love to Thee  
 Pure, warm, and constant be  
 A living fire.
- 2 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my Guide;  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thy side.
- 3 When exile life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, cold stream  
 Shall o'er me roll—  
 Meet favour'd them, in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove,  
 Oh, hear me sigh above—  
 A ransomed soul.

719

**N**EARER, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee,

I've thought it be a vision  
That reveals me,  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

1 Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun goes down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'll be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

2 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thine angels fear,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

4 There with my waking thoughts,  
Delight with Thy presence,  
Out of my many straits,  
Rethel I'll take;  
So by my own confession  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, my joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Flew, swift, and clear forgot,  
Upward I fly—  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!

720

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now,  
Just now come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now.

- 2 He will save you, He will save you, etc.  
 3 He is able, He is able, etc.  
 4 He is willing, He is willing, etc.  
 5 He is waiting, He is waiting, etc.  
 6 He will hear you, He will hear you, etc.  
 7 He will cleanse you, He will cleanse you, etc.  
 8 He'll renew you, He'll renew you, etc.  
 9 He'll forgive you, He'll forgive you, etc.  
 10 If you'll trust Him, if you'll trust Him, etc.  
 11 He will save you, He will save you, etc.

## 721

**I** JESUS, Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past,  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 O how refuge have I found,  
 Haste my helpless soul to Thee;  
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover me with Thy dear shadow,  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thee, O Christ, art all I want,  
 More than all in Thee I trust;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind—  
 Just and holy is Thy name,  
 I am all unrighteousness;

Vile, and full of sin I am,  
 Their net full of truth and grace.

4. **Plentiful grace with Thee is found—**  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make me, keep me, pure within.  
 Those of life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

722

**SINNING**, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you—Why?  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with Himself to live;  
 In the fatal cross demands,  
 Take the work of His own hands,—  
 Why, ye thoughtless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross His love and die?

2. **Sinners**, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?  
 He who did your souls redeem,  
 Taught Himself that ye might live!  
 Will ye let Him die in vain?  
 Cruelly your Lord again?  
 Why, ye unthankful sinners, why  
 Will ye slight His grace, and die?

2. **Sinners**, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?  
 He, who all your lives hath saved,  
 Urged you to embrace His love;  
 Will ye not His grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners! why  
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

723

**SUFFERING** Sinner, with thorn-crown,  
 Bruis'd and bleeding, sinking down;  
 Heavy-laden, weary-worn,  
 Fainting, dying, crushed and torn—  
 All for me, you, all for me.

- 2 Jesus, merciful, pure and mild,  
Let me ever be Thy child,  
No unworthy though I be,  
Thou did'st suffer this for me—  
All for me, you, all for me.
- 3 Fain would I to Thee be brought,  
Shouldst Lord delect it not;  
In the kingdom of Thy grace,  
Give Thy wandering child a place;  
Oh, bless me, you, even me.

724

**J**ESUS loves me! this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so:  
Little ones to Him belong;  
They are weak, but He is strong.

Ans.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!  
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

- 1 Jesus from His throne on high,  
Came into this world to die;  
That I might from sin be free,  
And not die upon the tree.
- 2 Jesus loves me! He who died  
Heaven's gate to open wide!  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let His little child come in.
- 4 Jesus, take this heart of mine;  
Make it pure, and wholly Thine;  
Thou hast died and died for me,  
I will hereunto live for Thee.

725

**G**LORY to God on high!  
Let heaven and earth reply,  
"Praise ye His name!"  
His love and grace abound,  
Who all our sorrows bound,  
Sing loud for evermore,  
"Worthy the Lamb."



- 2 While they around the throne  
Charitively join in one,  
Praising His name—  
Ye who have felt His blood,  
Feeling your peace with God,  
Herald His dear name abroad,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Join, all ye ransomed ones,  
Our Lamb and God to praise,  
Praise ye His name—  
In Him we will rejoice,  
And make a joyful noise,  
Singing with heart and voice,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Soon must we change our place  
Yet will we never cease  
Praising His name;  
To Him our songs we bring;  
Hail Him our gracious King,  
And, through all ages long,  
"Worthy the Lamb!"

736

**M**y God I have found  
The thrice blessed ground,  
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound.

Chor.—Hallelujah! Praise the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Praise the glory!  
Revere us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood  
Of Him who once stood  
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He lives on the tree  
The sacrifice for me,  
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

4 And though here below  
'Mid sorrow and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.

4 And this I shall find  
 For such is His mind,  
 "He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

727

(See Number 721.)

728

**S**TAY, Thou insatiate spirit, stay,  
 Though I have done Thee such despite  
 And not the least quite away,  
 Not take Thee everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
 Of all who e'er Thy grace received;  
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,  
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness proved.

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honor of my great High Priest;  
 Not in Thy righteous anger spare  
 I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,  
 Uplift me by Thy gracious hand;  
 Guide me into Thy perfect peace,  
 And bring me to the promised land.

729

**A**Ll had the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tongue,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with powder sacred strong,  
 We at His feet may fall;  
 We'll join the everlastingly,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

730

**O** FILL a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.

- 1 My gracious Master, and my God,  
assist me to proclaim,  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy Name.
- 2 Jesus! — the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avails for me.

731

**A**SK us what great thing I know  
That I fight and strive to do,  
What the high reward I win?  
Whom the name I glory in?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

- 2 What is faith's foundation strong?  
What weakens my life to song?  
He who bore my sinful load,  
Purchased for me peace with God,  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 3 Who defeats my Saracen foe?  
Who conquers my wildest woe?  
Who restores my sinking heart,  
Fighting all the battles smart?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.
- 4 Who is life to life to me?  
Who the death of death will be?  
Who will place me on His right  
With the shining hosts of light?  
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

1 This is that great thing I know;  
 This delight and glory see,  
 Faith in Him who died to save,  
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave,  
 Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

## 732

**L**ORD, bless us with Thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us walk, Thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace;  
 O, refresh us. O, refresh us,  
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound;  
 Ever faithful. Ever faithful,  
 To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whenever the signal's given  
 To these earth's to call away,  
 borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever, May we ever  
 Be ign with Christ in endless day!

## 733

**T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

REF.—Lose all their guilty stains;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

1 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I, through woe be 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 Ever since, by faith, I saw the cross,  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my doom,  
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 There in a noble, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor longing, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

784

**B**y faith I view my Saviour dying,  
On the tree, on the tree,  
To every nation He is crying,  
Look to Me! Look to Me!  
He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, forsake their fears;  
Hark, hark what precious words I hear,  
Mary's love! Mary's love!

- 6 Did Christ, when I was sinning,  
Pity me, Pity me?  
And did He wash my soul from guilt,  
Can He be, Can He be?  
O, yes! He did salvation bring;  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
Mary's love, Mary's love.

- 7 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,  
Mary's love, Mary's love,  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me, Unto me,  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through this wilderness I rove,  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mary's love, Mary's love.

- 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
 Mummy's love, Mummy's love,  
 And this shall be my theme when dying,  
 Mummy's love, Mummy's love,  
 And when the rule of death I've passed,  
 When lodged above the stormy blast,  
 I'll sing, with endless eyes and  
 Mummy's love, Mummy's love.

715

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart that never can grow cold—  
 A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
 So freely shed for me—
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne,  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean;  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within—
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine;  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

716

- W**AIT, my soul, upon the Lord,  
 To His gracious promises flee,  
 Laying hold upon His word  
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 2 If the narrowness of thy way,  
 Seems peculiar still to Thee,  
 God has promised useful grace  
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."
- 3 Days of trial, days of grief  
 In succession flow away at me,  
 This is still thy sweet relief  
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

- 4 Back of Ages, Thy words,  
 With Thy promises full and true,  
 Faithful, potent, and sure—  
 "As thy days thy strength shall be."

737

**C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
 He Himself has bid thee pray,  
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
 Large petitions with thee bring,  
 For His grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.
- 2 With my burden I begin,  
 Lord, remove this load of sin;  
 Let Thy blood for sinners spill,  
 Let my conscience live from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast,  
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.

738

**M**Y country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing;  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountainside  
 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 tangled hills,  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the strains,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet Freedom's song:  
 Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The world's great King.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
 Author of Liberty,  
 To Thee we sing:  
 Long may our land be bright,  
 With Freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
 Great God, our King.

230

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee;  
 The Lord make his face shine upon thee,  
 And be gracious unto thee;  
 The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee,  
 And give thee peace. Amen.

*Wm*













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