The American Sacred Songster

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS

8°Mus.pr.
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Souvenir à Monsieur

Félix Etienne

de R. Canfield de

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2895

Phillips

11161516

THE

AMERICAN

SACRED SONGSTER.

A SELECTION OF MUSIC

FROM

THE BEST AMERICAN COMPOSERS,

Designed for Sunday School and Home Use.

BY PHILIP PHILLIPS,

OF NEW YORK.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

In preparing this Volume of Sunday-School Music, it has been my purpose to insert nothing but *Real Gems of Sacred Song*, selected from the works of the most popular American Authors.

Thanks are especially due to Dr. Thomas Hastings, Dr. Lowell Mason, George F. Root, W. B. Bradbury, and S. J. Vail, for their most beautiful Sunday-School Songs; and while their productions have added richly to this Book, they will also be the means of extending still more widely their claims on the Christian world, as contributors to its spiritual enjoyment and improvement.

Much of the poetry is new, written expressly for Sabbath Schools, and adapted to all occasions needed in the Sunday-School work.

There will be found in this Book but very few of the old Standard Hymns or Tunes, as the Committee in charge desired nothing but the real American Melodies of Sacred Song; therefore, it is designed that each School continue to use (in connection with the "Sacred Songster") their former Books, or Hymns and Tunes.

In presenting these American Melodies to the British Public, it is with the hope and prayer that it may tend to render more attractive the great Sunday-School work, for which I labour and love.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

November, 1868.

11161516

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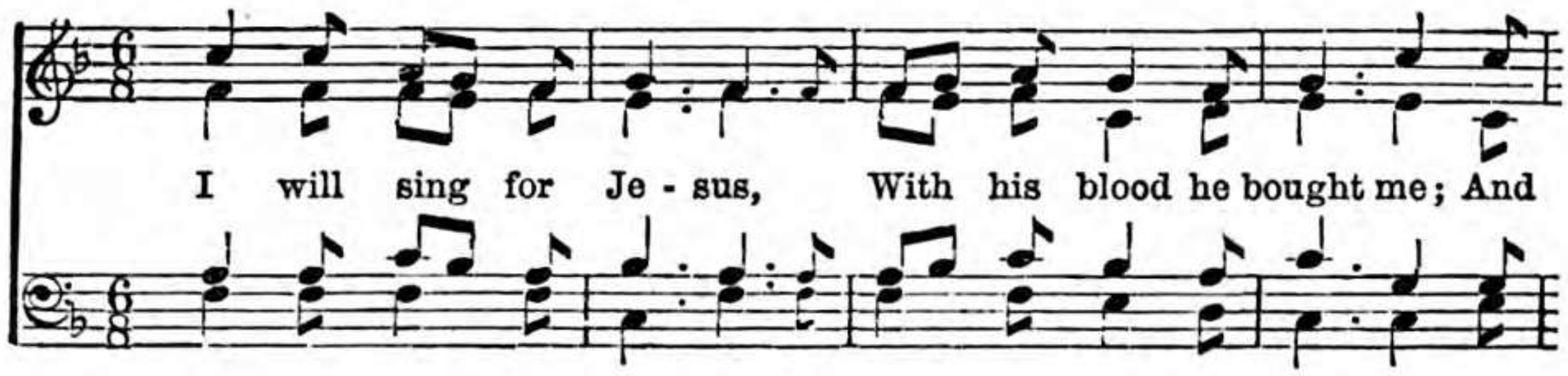
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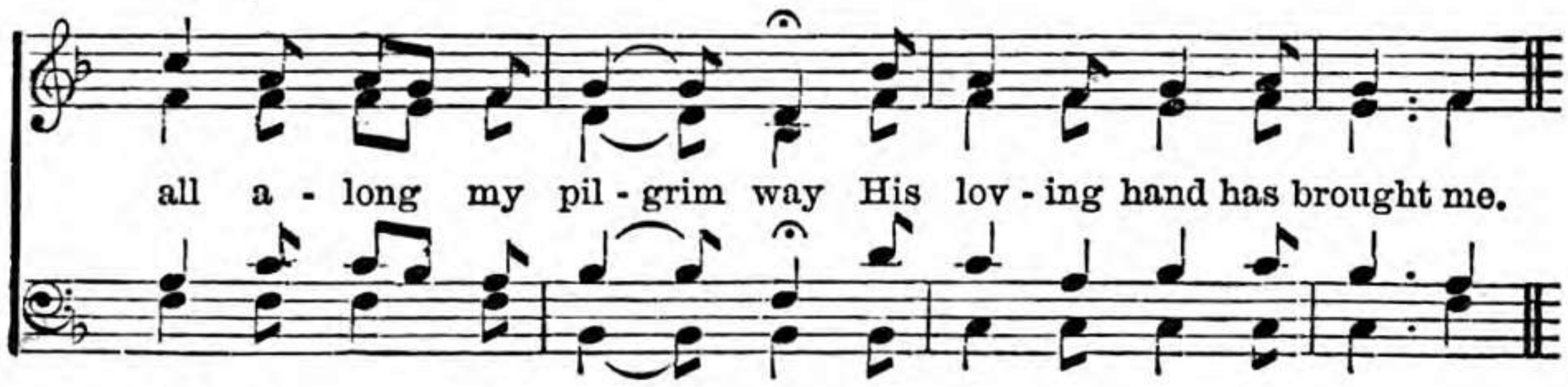
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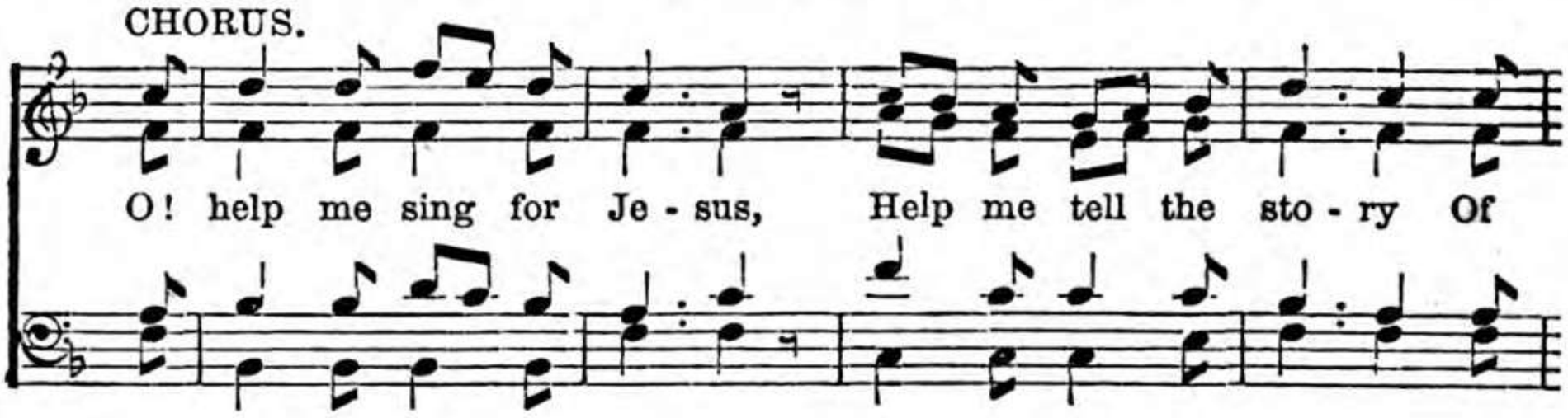
SING FOR JESUS.
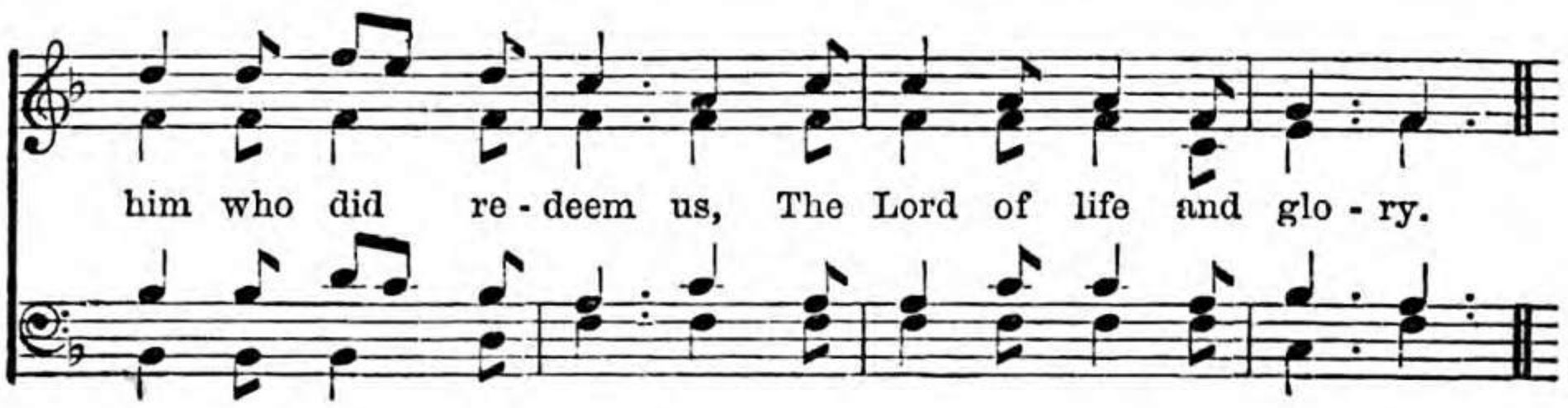
1.





CHORUS.
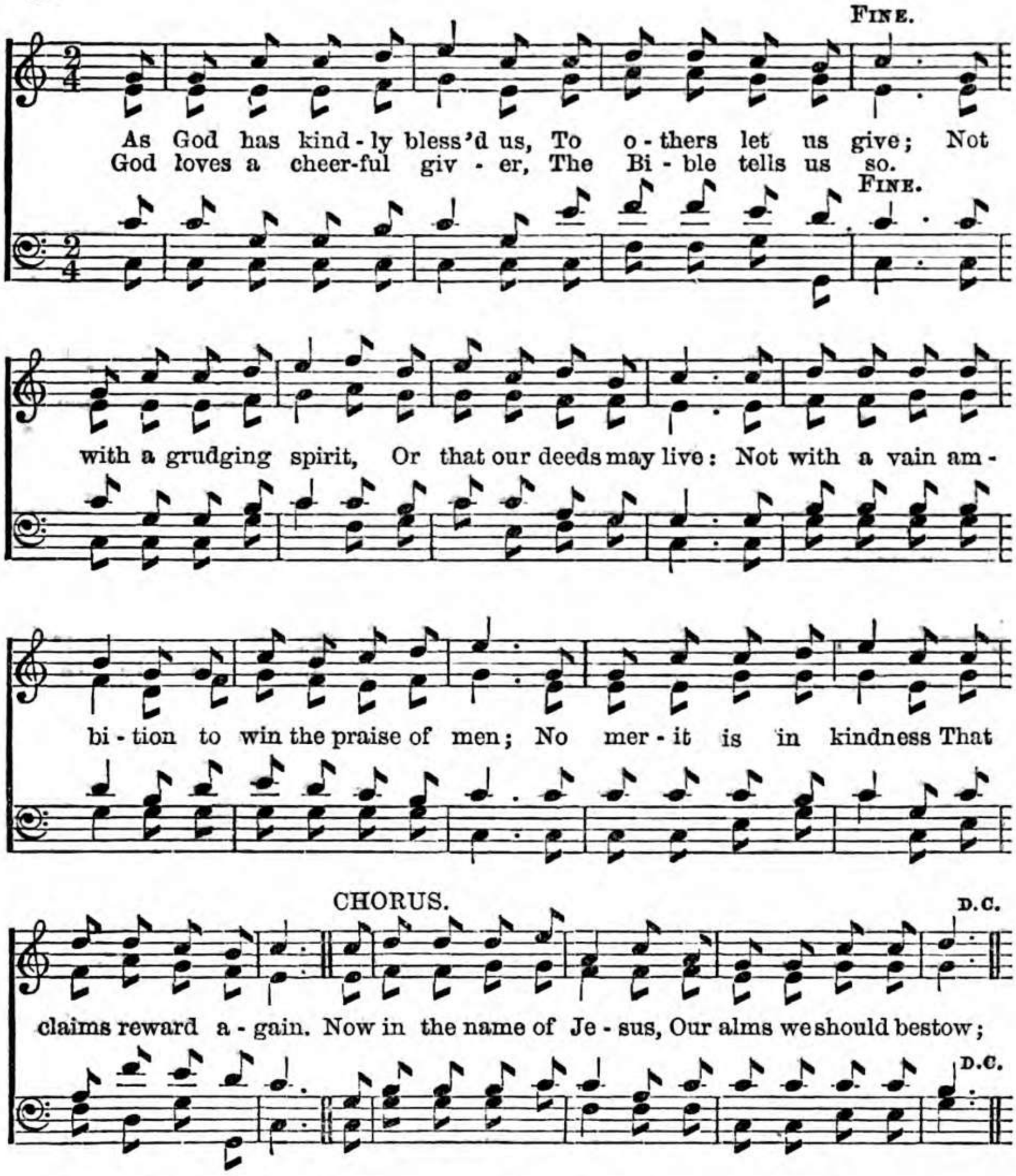




Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?
Chorus—O! help me sing for Jesus.

I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
Chorus—O! help me sing for Jesus.

Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
Chorus—O! help me sing for Jesus.

'TIS BLESSED TO GIVE.

2.



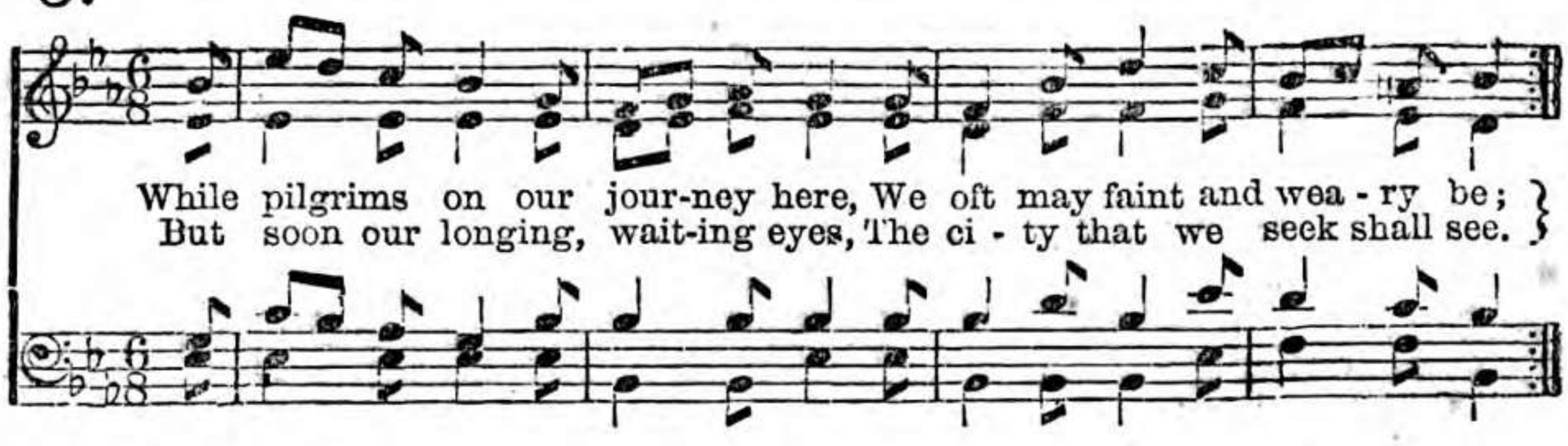
Now in the world before us,
A glorious field we see;
And in our Master's vineyard,
How active we should be.
The Sabbath-schools around us,
For help they loudly call;
Home missions, too, remember,
And freely give to all.
Chorus—Now in the, &c.
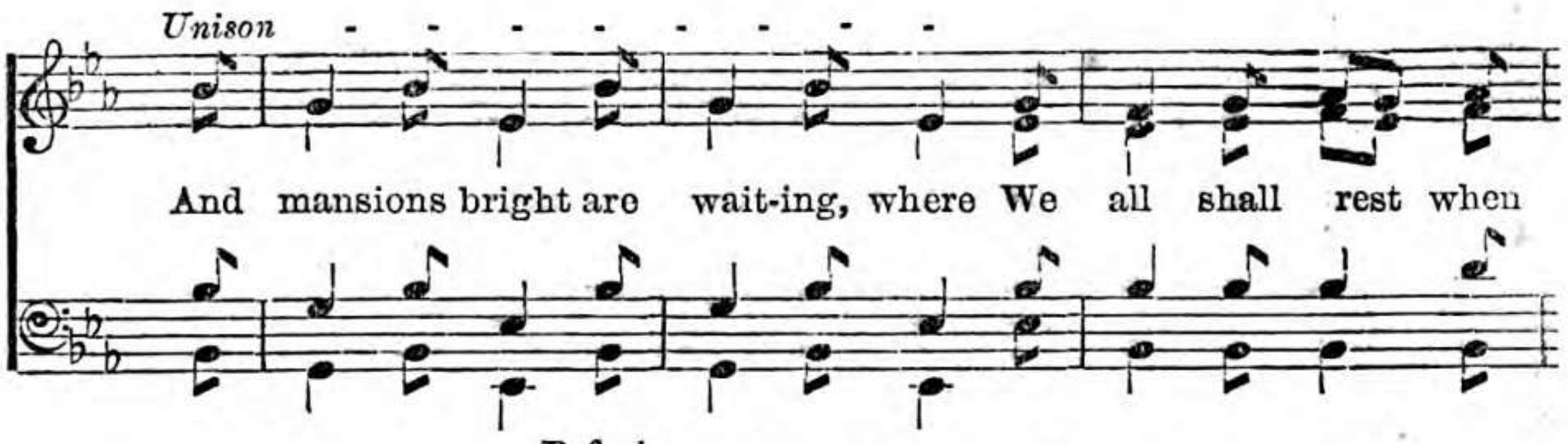
The cause of Foreign missions,
Our zealous care demands;
We'll send the blessed Bible,
To distant heathen lands,
That they may hear of Jesus,
Whom we so dearly love;
May leave their senseless idols,
And worship God above.
Chorus—Now in the, &c.
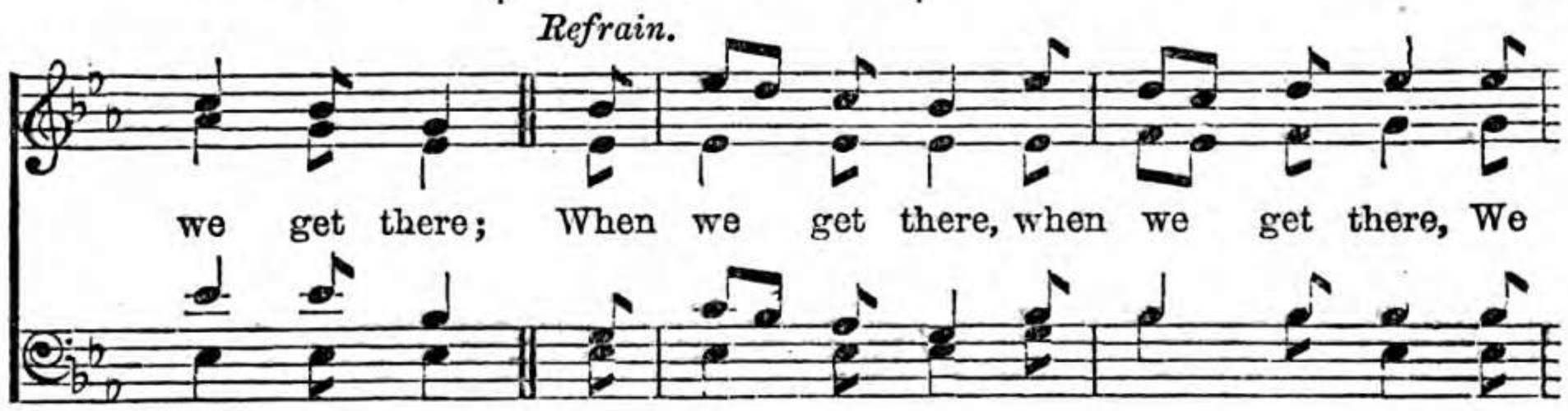
There is a sacred duty,
Which to the poor we owe;
And he who best fulfils it,
The greatest love will show.
Do good to those around us,
And with a generous hand,
O, give to him that asketh,
'T is God's divine command.
Chorus—Now in the, &c.
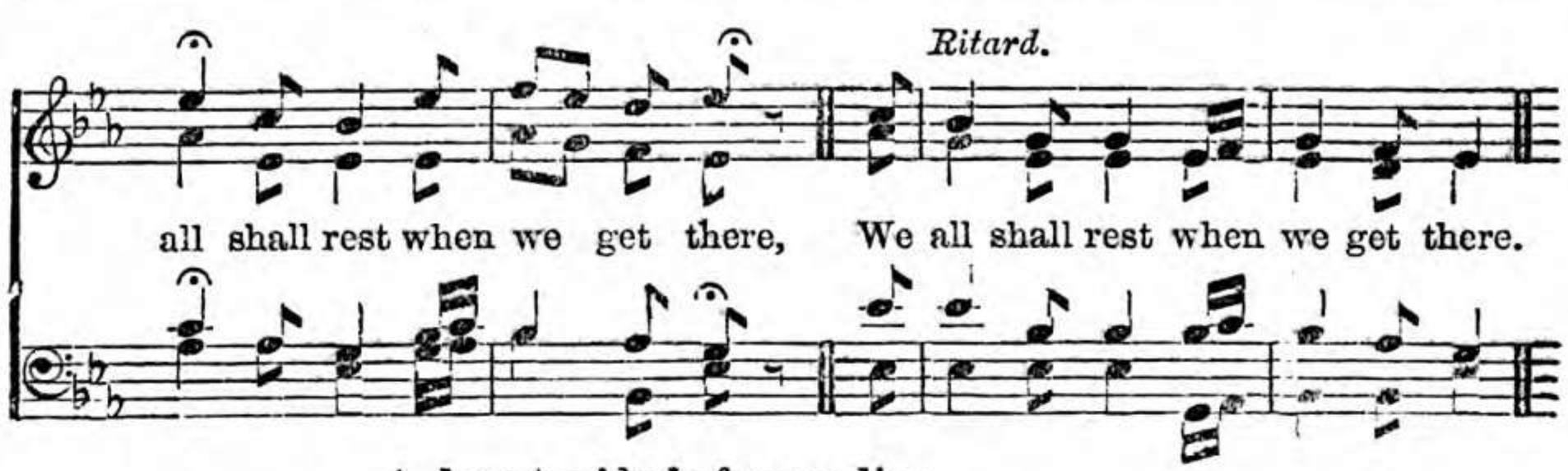
CROSS AND CROWN.

3.







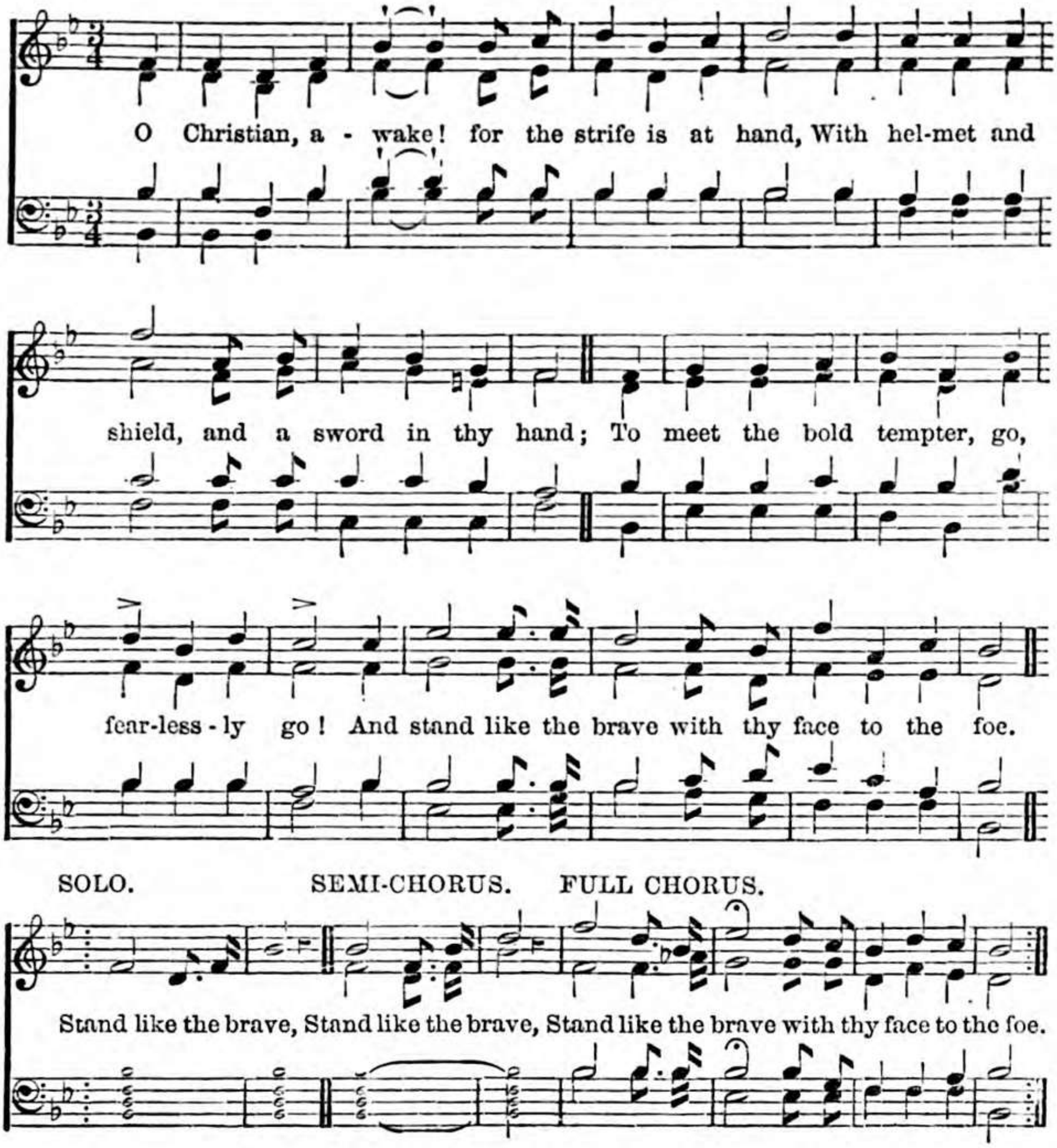


A desert wide before us lies,
But when its barren sands are passed,
Beyond the Jordan we shall see
The Canaan that we love, at last.
Its fields of fadeless green, its flowers,
If faithful, shall at last be ours;
When we get there, when we get there,
How sweet our rest when we get there.

Here we must bear the cross, and still
The path our Master trod pursue,
Keeping amidst reproach and shame
His bright example in our view.
When we get there we shall lay down
The cross and wear a glorious crown;
When we get there, when we get there,
How bright our crown when we get there.

O CHRISTIAN, AWAKE!

4.
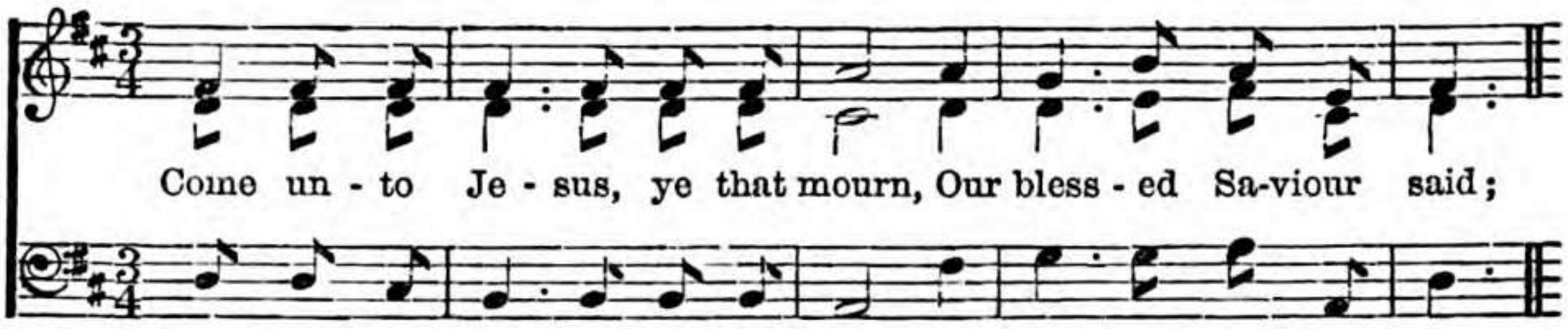


Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,
But turn not thy back, for no armour is there;
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, &c.

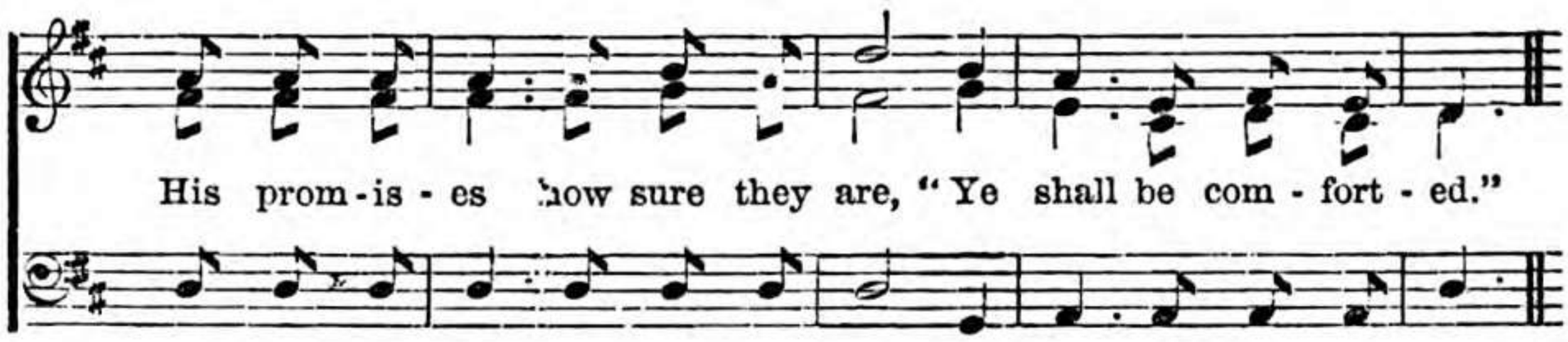
The cause of thy Master with vigour defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, &c.

Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.
Stand like the brave, &c.

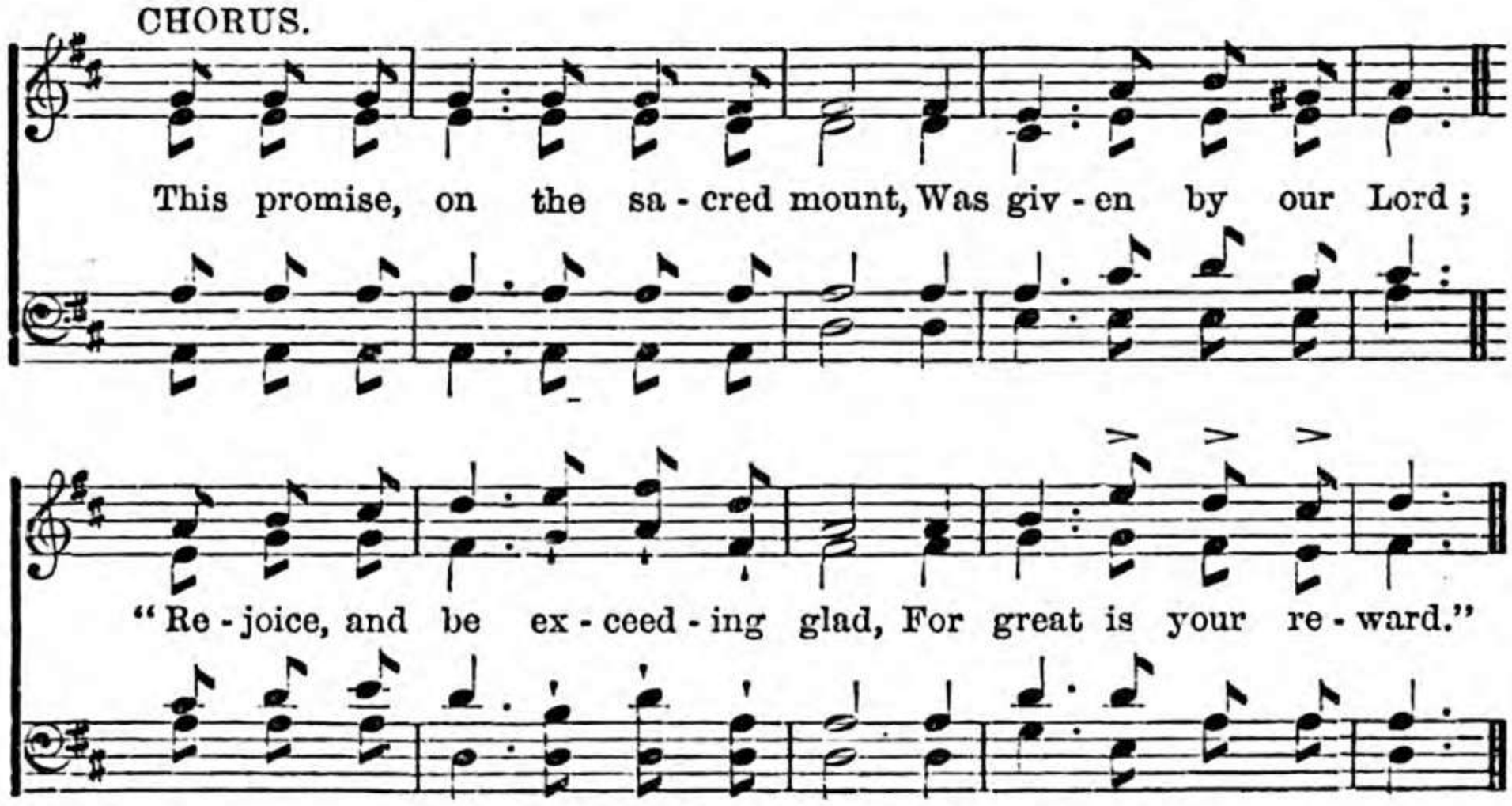
CHRIST ON THE MOUNT.

5.





CHORUS.



Ye poor in spirit, unto you
How great the blessings given;
His choicest promises are yours,
"Yours is the kingdom—Heav'n."
Chorus—This promise, &c.

The meek, and they for Jesus' sake
Who persecutions bear;
He promises a heavenly home,
A crown of glory there.
Chorus—This promise, &c.

Be merciful, for unto such
He spares His chast'ning rod;
Be pure in heart, our Saviour says,
And you shall dwell with God.
Chorus—This promise, &c.

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.

6.

Dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, why stand ye here i - dle, Go work in his

vine-yard, he calls you to - day; The night is ap - proaching, when

no man can la - bour, Our Master com - mands us, and shall we de - lay.

CHORUS.

The field is the world! The field is the world! Look up, for the

har - vest is near; When the reap - ers from glo - ry Will

shout as they come, And the Lord of the har - vest ap - pear.

Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
To each is appointed a message to bear;
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there.
Chorus—The field is the world, &c.
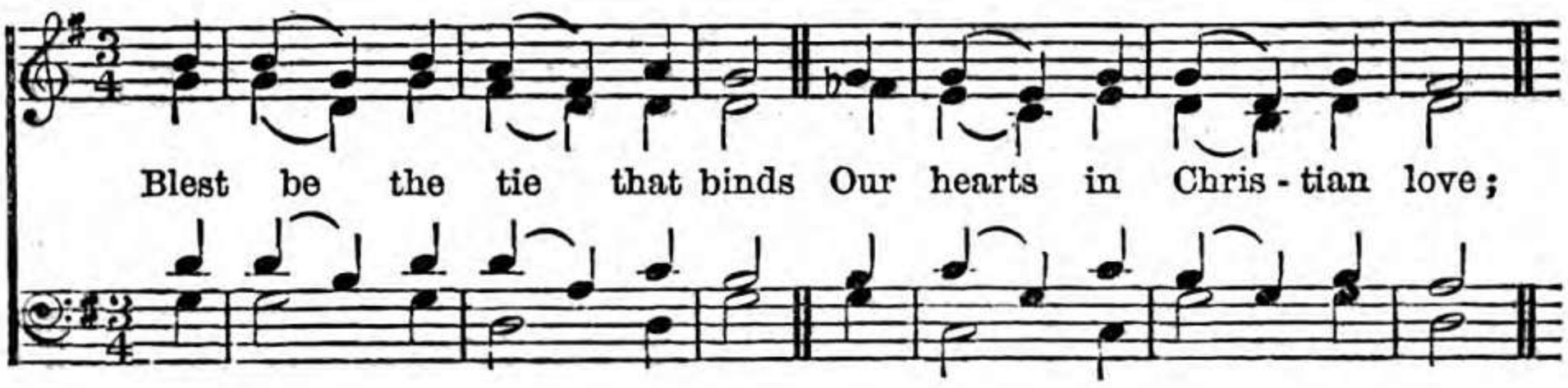
Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter,
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.
Chorus—The field is the world, &c.
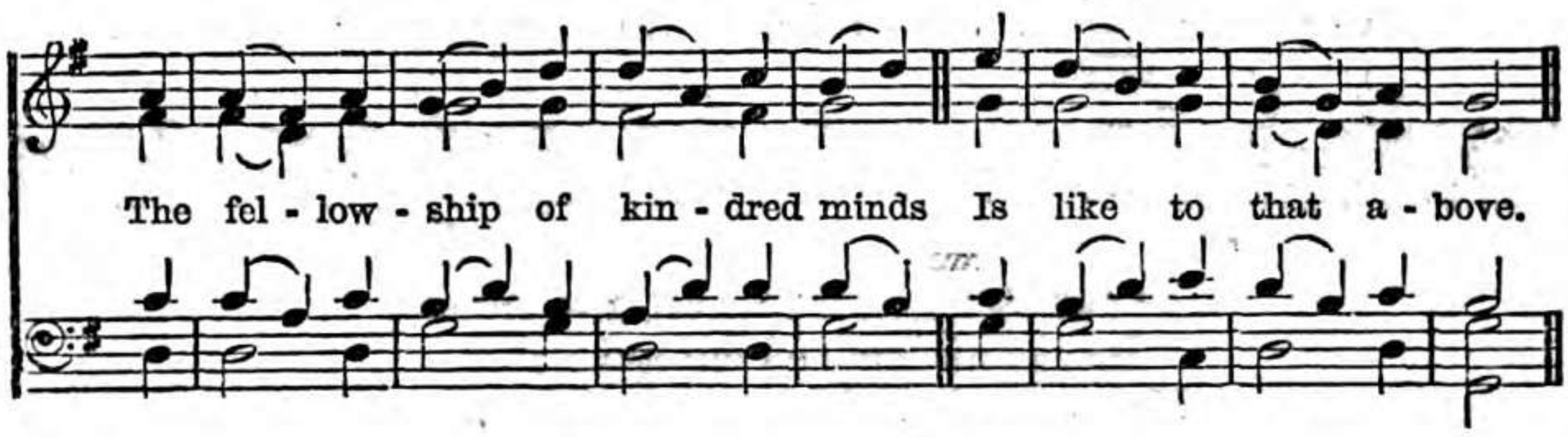
O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions, and rock-girded mountains,
The Lord will protect us his children are there.
Chorus—The field is the world, &c.

Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.
Chorus—The field is the world, &c.

BLEST BE THE TIE.

7.
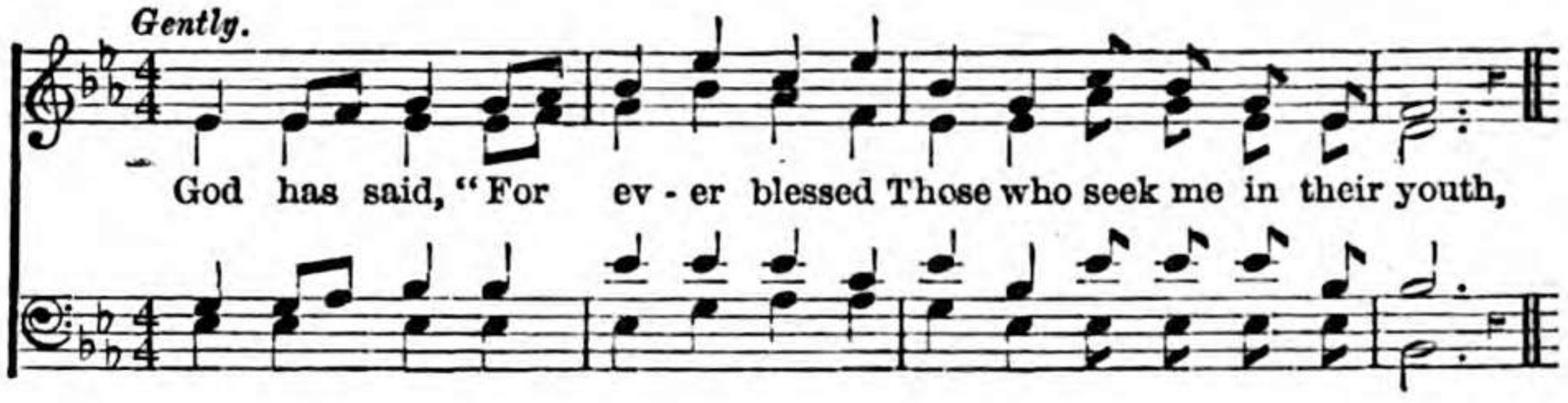




Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

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

GUIDE US, SAVIOUR.

8.
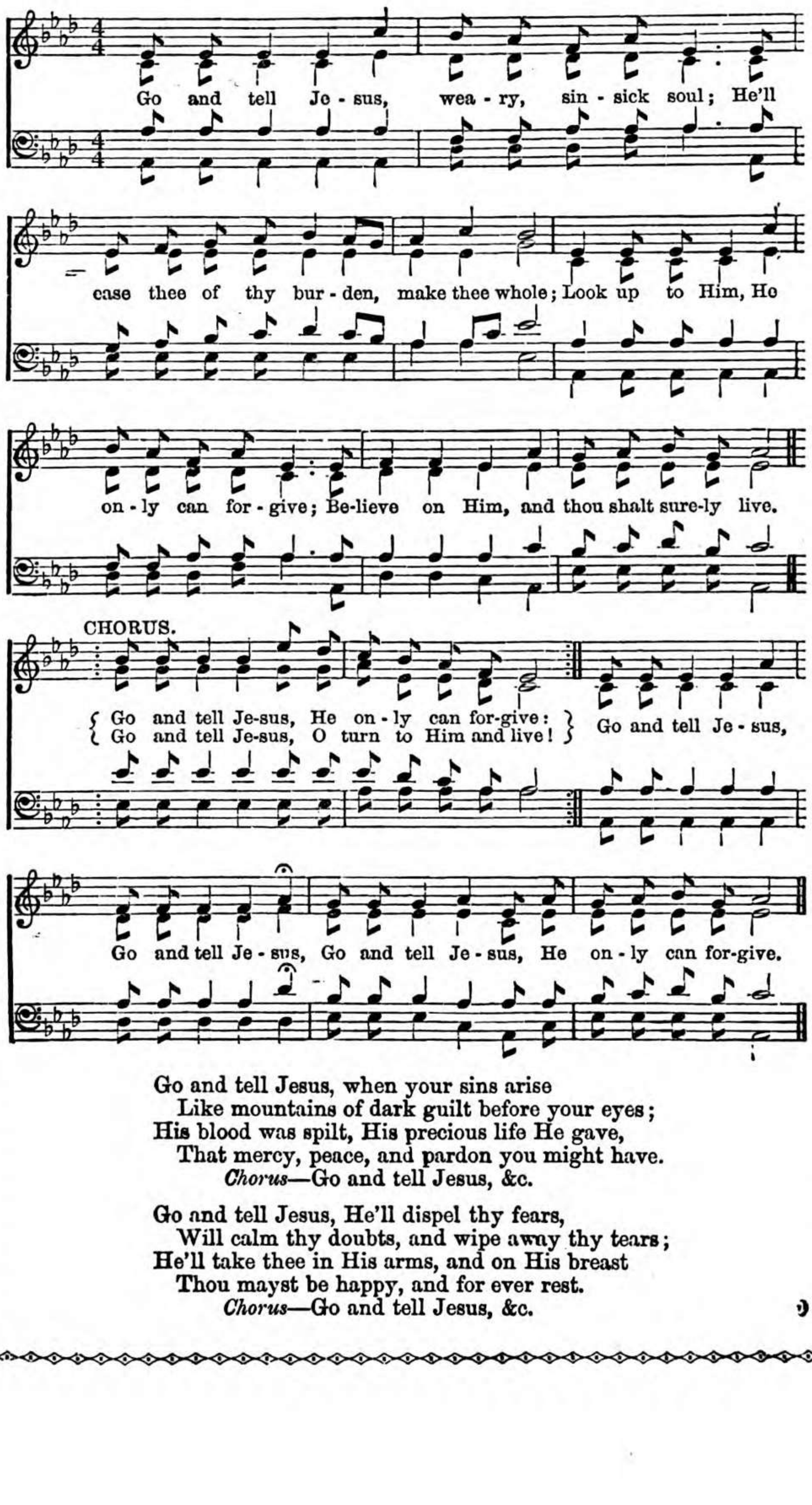


Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side.
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in Thee abide.

Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky;
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

9.
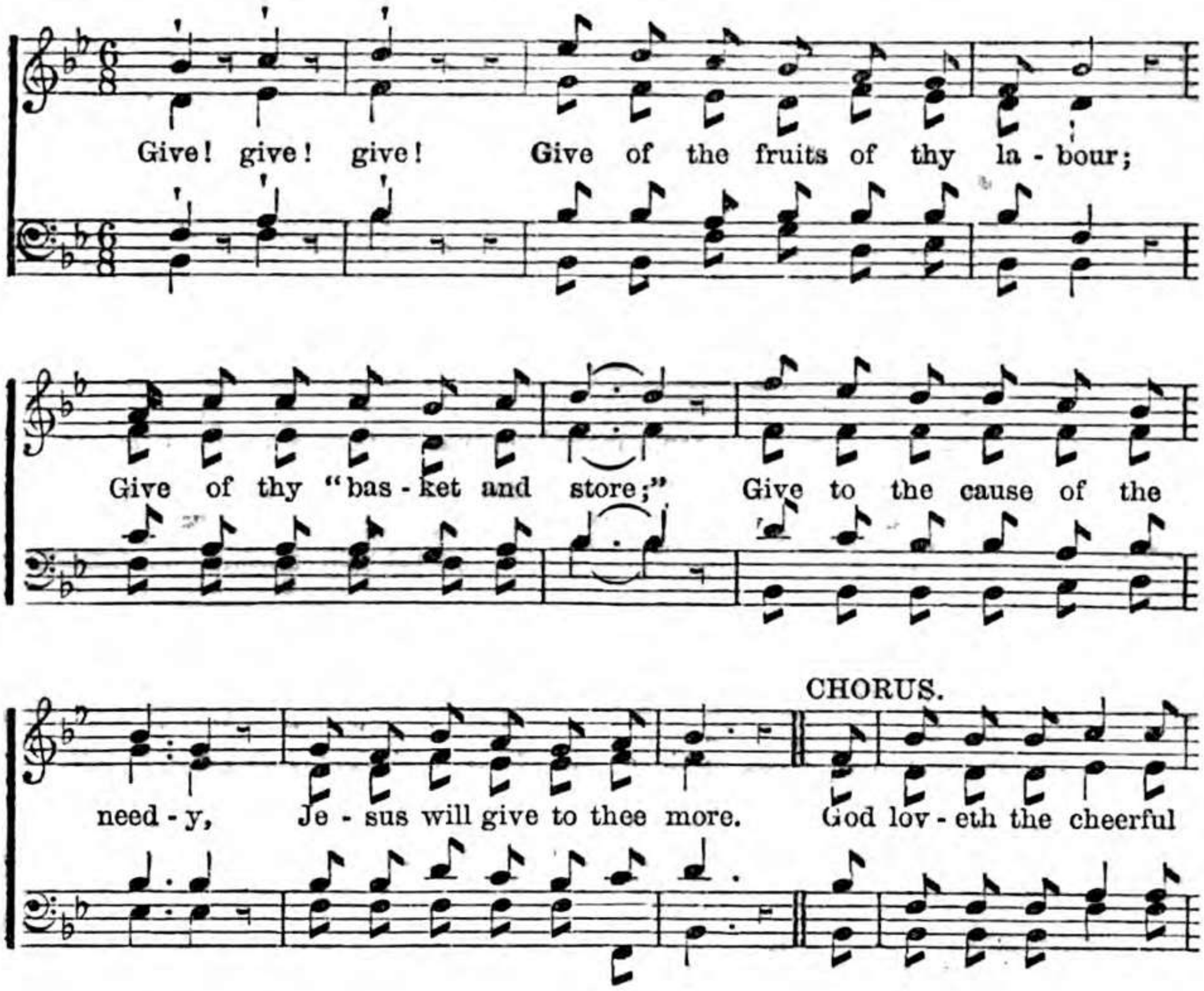


Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of dark guilt before your eyes;
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.
Chorus—Go and tell Jesus, &c.

Go and tell Jesus, He'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in His arms, and on His breast
Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest.
Chorus—Go and tell Jesus, &c.

CHEERFULLY GIVE!

10.
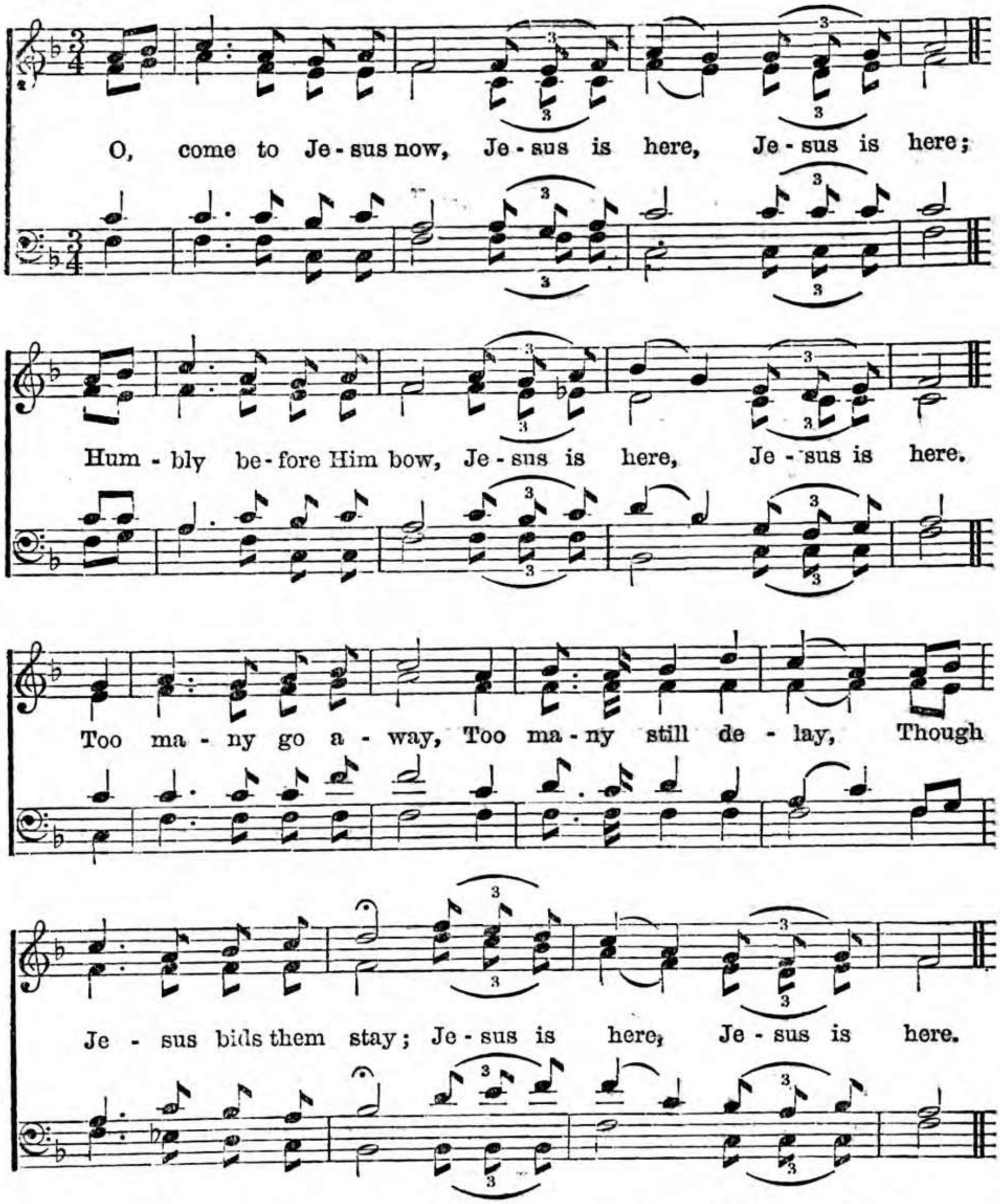


Give! give! give!
Give to the pilgrim and stranger;
Lighten their burdens of care;
Give to the widow and orphan,
Help them their sorrow to bear.
Chorus—God loveth, &c.

Give! give! give!
Give to distribute the Bible
Over the isles of the sea;
Nations now sitting in darkness
Light from its pages will see.
Chorus—God loveth, &c.

JESUS IS HERE.

11.



O, come this place within,
Jesus is here;
He sees you full of sin,
Jesus is here;
He knows you when you come,
Poor, wretched, and undone;
Seek Him and Him alone;
Jesus is here.
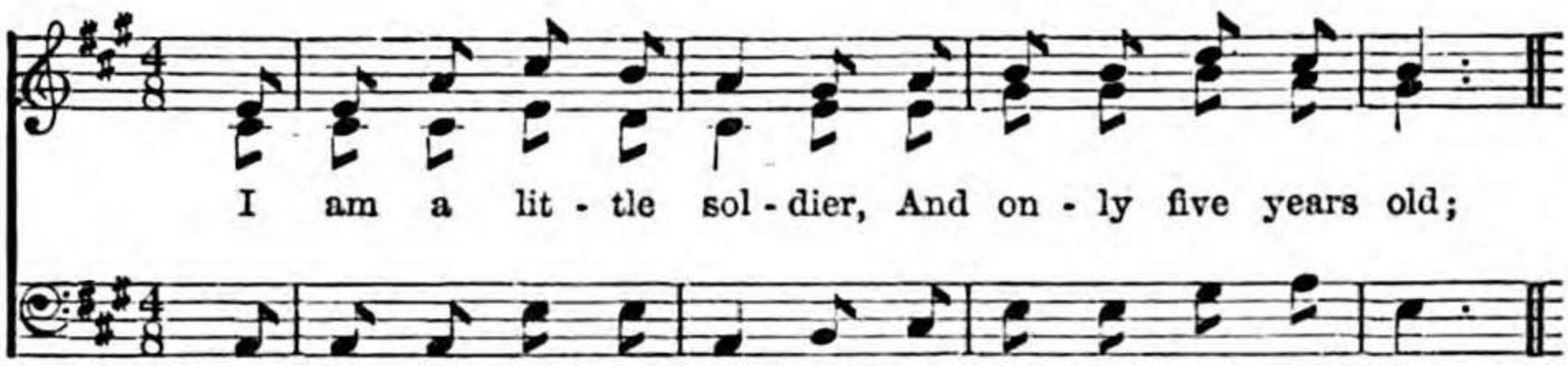
Come, then, to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
All near Him lowly bow,
Jesus is here;
O, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in Him;
Jesus is here.
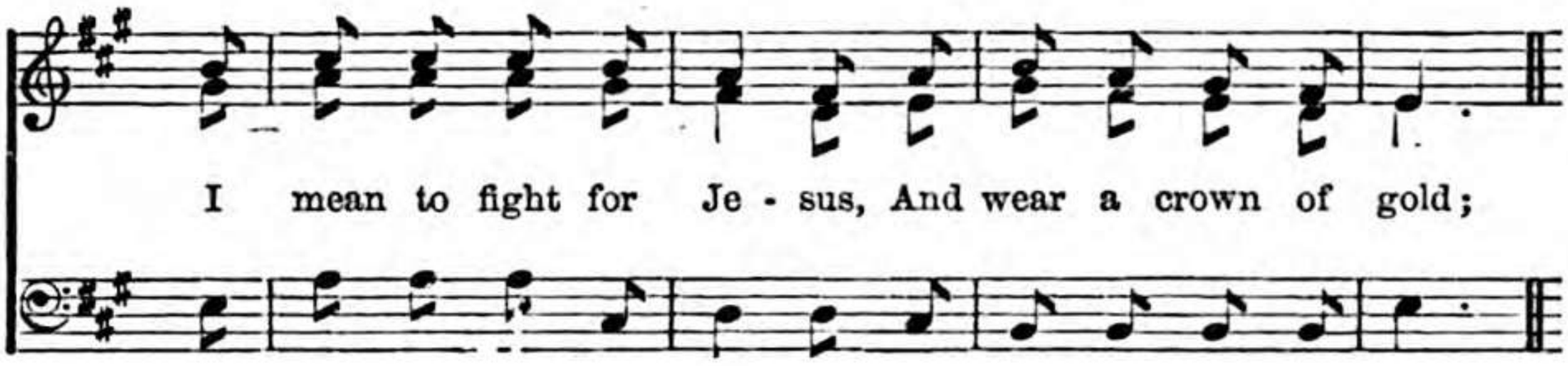
O, come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
The old and young may bow,
Jesus is here;
O, what a glorious thing,
Sin's weary load to bring,
And lose it while we sing,
Jesus is here.
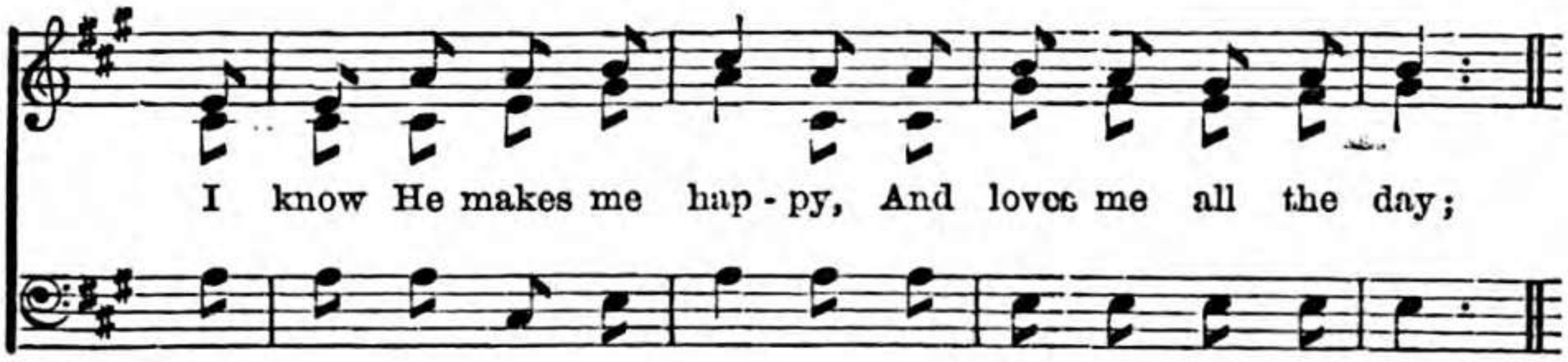
"THE BIBLE SAYS I MAY."

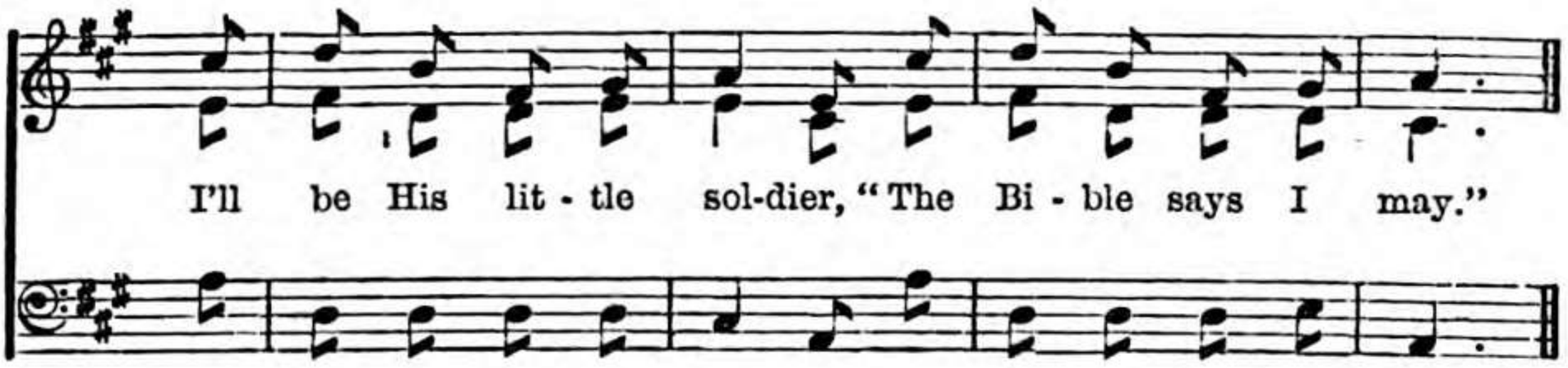
INFANT CLASS SONG.

12.
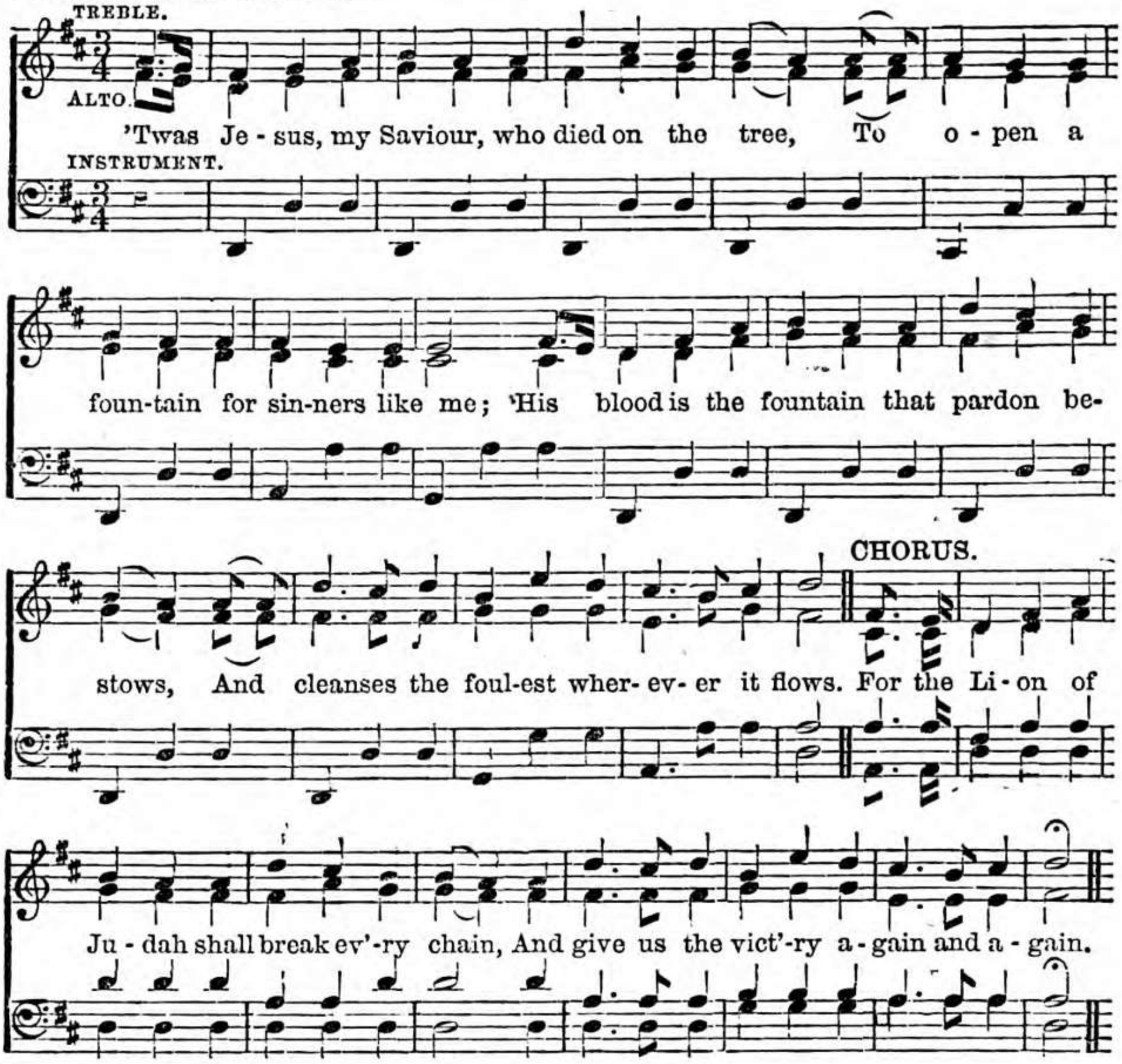








I love my precious Saviour,
  Because He died for me,
And if I did not serve Him,
  How sinful I should be;
He gives me every comfort,
  And hears me when I pray,
I want to live with Jesus,
  "The Bible says I may."

I now can do but little,
  Yet, when I grow a man,
I'll try and do for Jesus
  The greatest good I can;
God help and keep me faithful
  In all I do and say;
I want to live a Christian,
  "The Bible says I may."

THE LION OF JUDAH.

13.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, His love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.

Chorus—For the Lion, &c.

Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.

Chorus—For the Lion, &c.

And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be melting away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
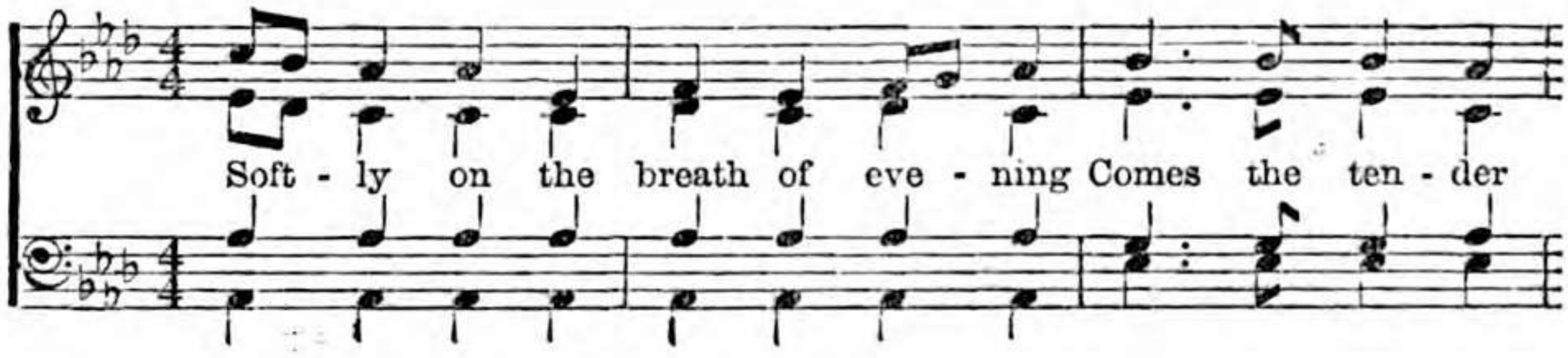
Chorus—For the Lion, &c.
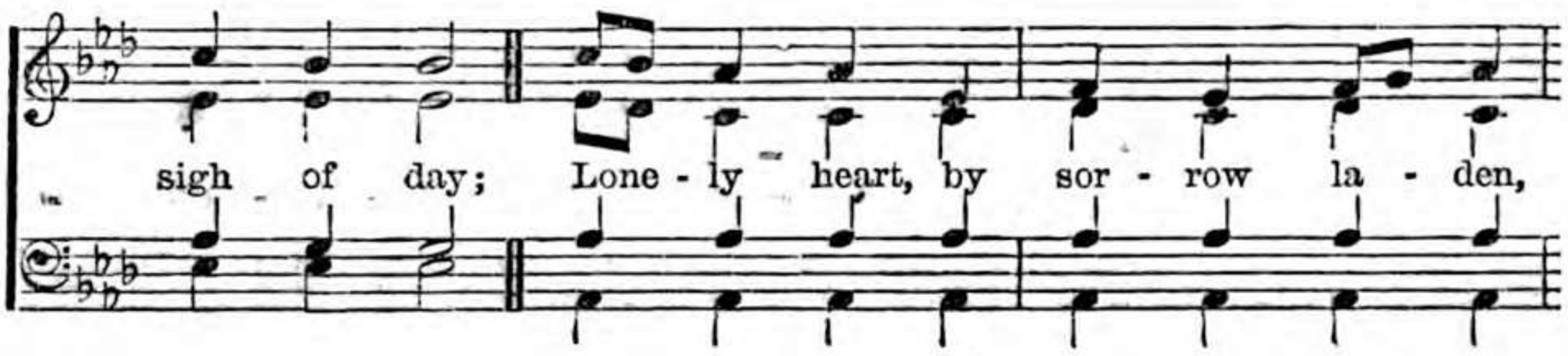
And when with the ransomed of Jesus, my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led,
I'll fall at His feet, and His mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.

Chorus—For the Lion, &c.
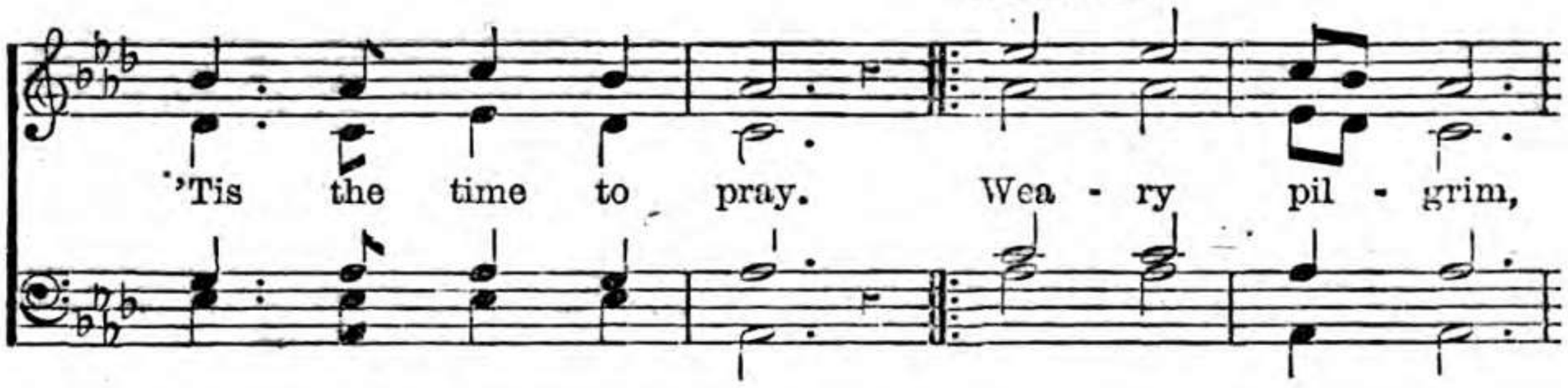
PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.
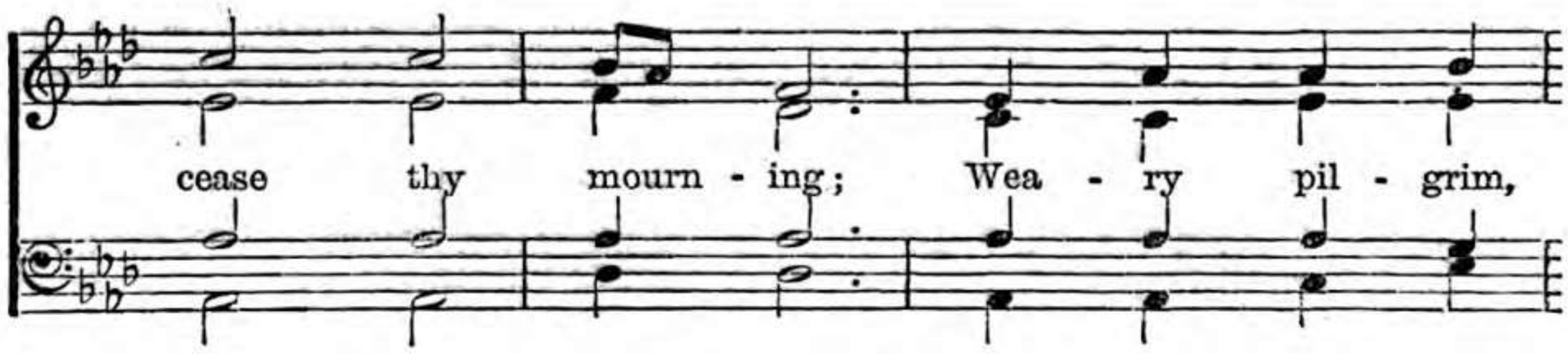
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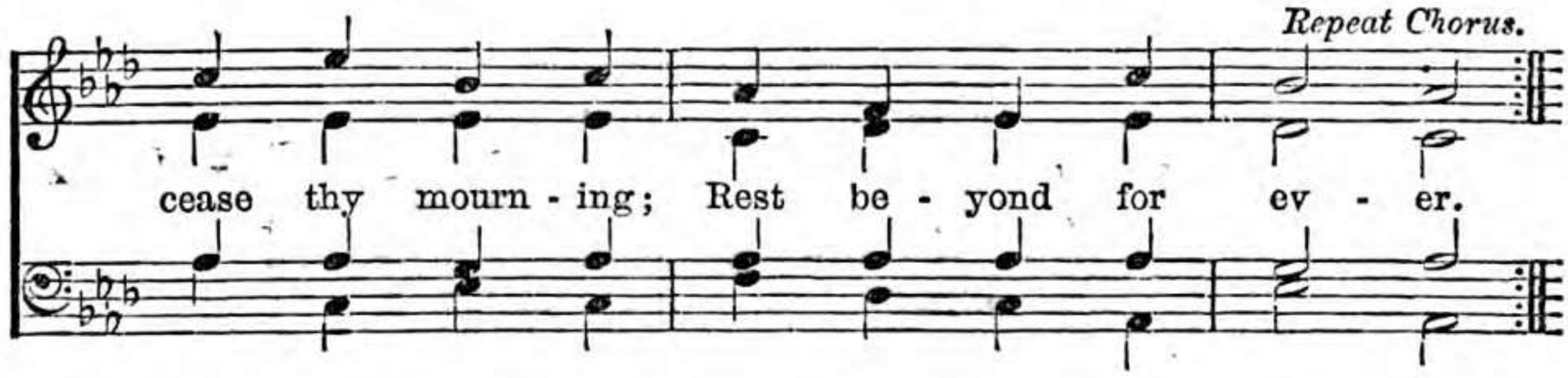




CHORUS.





Repeat Chorus.
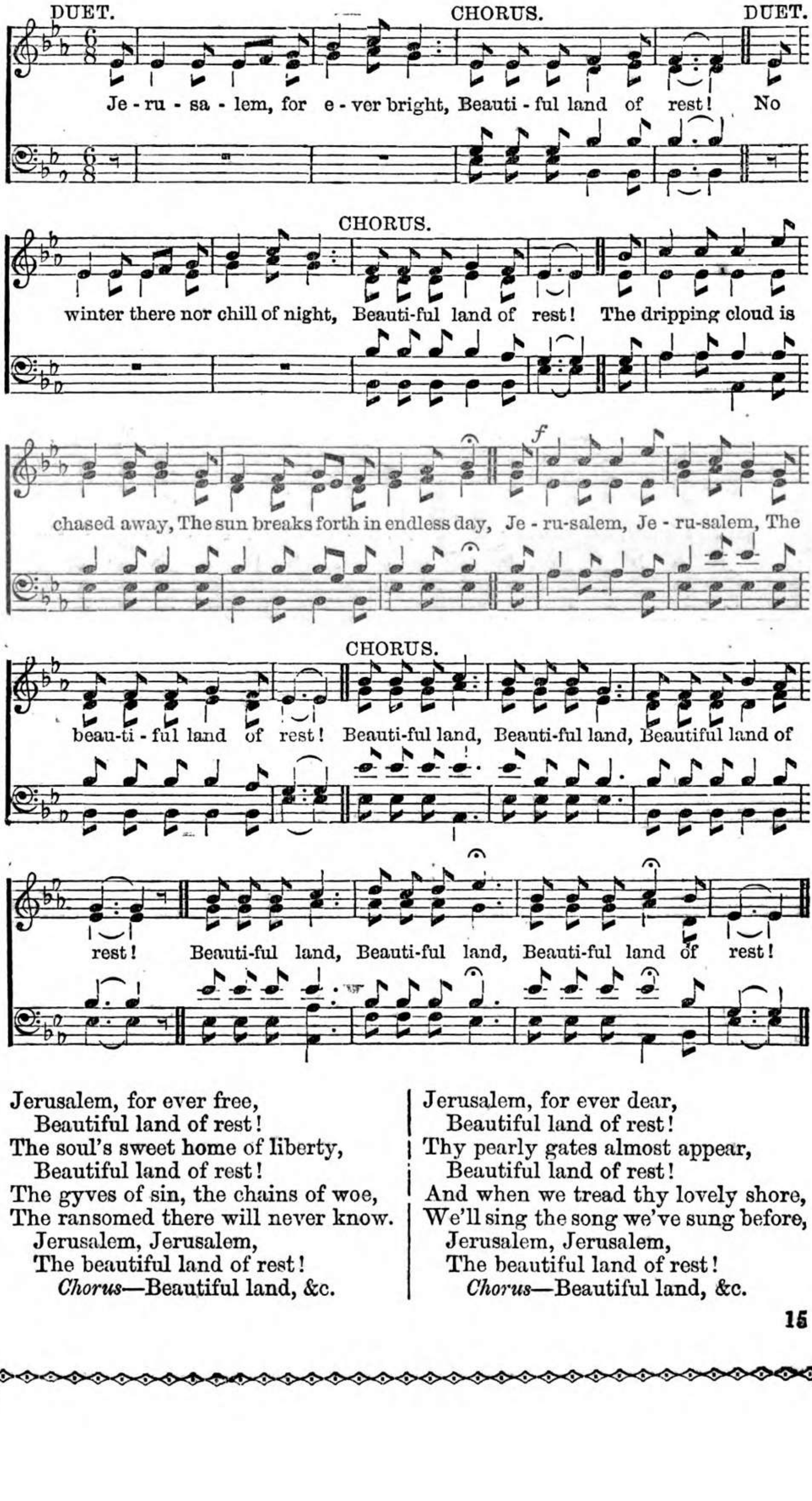


Pearly dews, like tears, are falling,
Gently on the sleeping flowers;
Stars, like angel eyes, are beaming
From celestial bowers.
Chorus—Weary pilgrim, &c.

'Tis the hour when hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour for calm devotion,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Chorus—Weary pilgrim, &c.

Though temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Chorus—Weary pilgrim, &c.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

15.



Jerusalem, for ever free,
Beautiful land of rest!
The soul's sweet home of liberty,
Beautiful land of rest!
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransomed there will never know.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest!
Chorus—Beautiful land, &c.

Jerusalem, for ever dear,
Beautiful land of rest!
Thy pearly gates almost appear,
Beautiful land of rest!
And when we tread thy lovely shore,
We'll sing the song we've sung before,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
The beautiful land of rest!
Chorus—Beautiful land, &c.

GIVING.

16.

"Give," said the lit - tle stream, (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) "Give," said the

lit - tle stream, As it hur - ried down the hill. "I am

small, I know, but wherev - er I go, (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) I am

small, I know, but where - e - ver I go, The fields grow green-er

still." Sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, Give a - way, oh,

CHORUS.

give a - way, Sing - ing, sing-ing all the day, Give, oh, give a - way.

"Give," said the little rain,
As it fell upon the flowers,
"I will raise the drooping heads again,
And freshen the summer bowers."
Chorus—Singing all the day, &c.

"Give," said the violet sweet,
In its gentle spring-like voice,
"From cot and hall they will hear my call,
They will find me and rejoice."
Chorus—Singing all the day, &c.
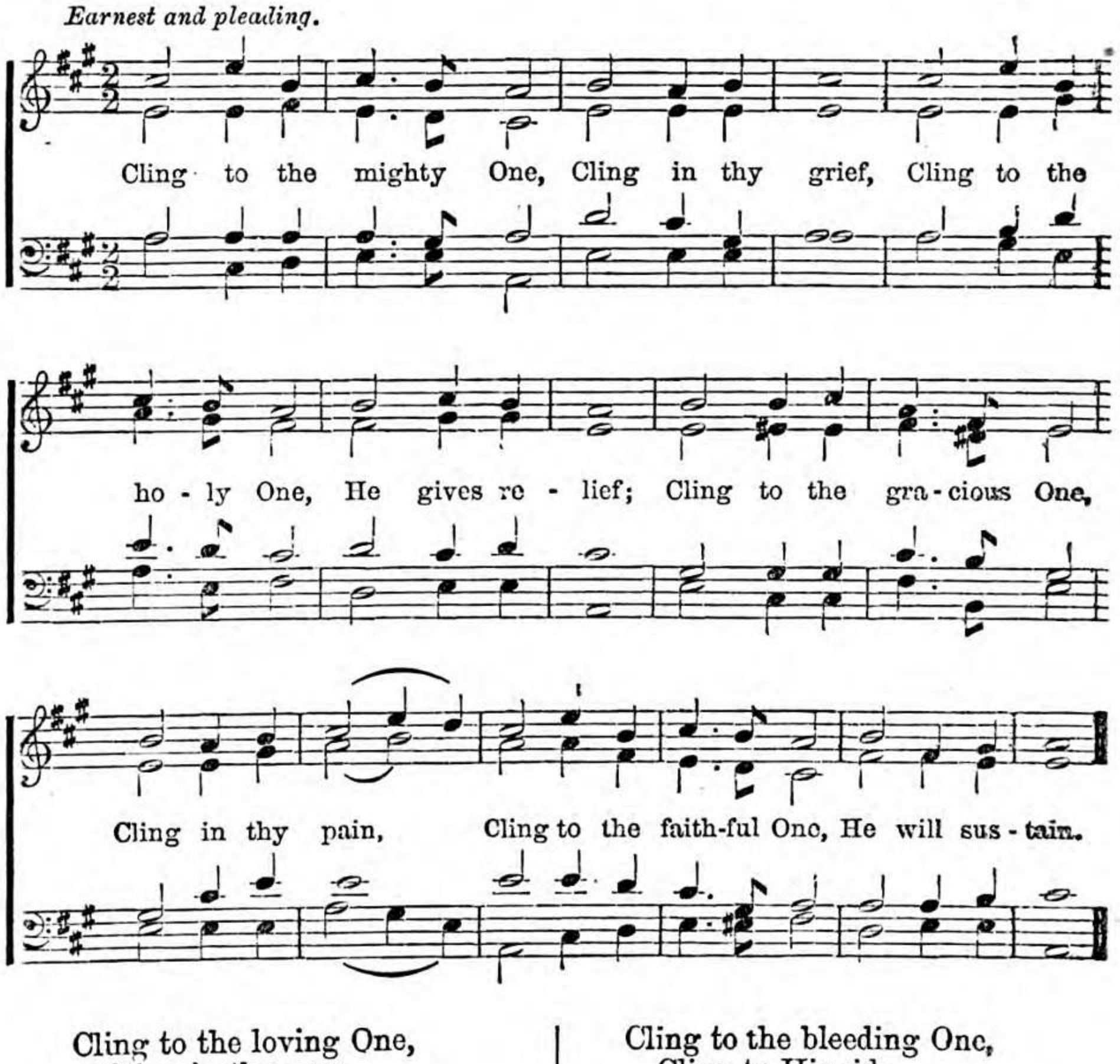
"Give," said they all, "Oh, give,
For our blessings come from heaven;
And we fain would give, yes, would only live
To give as God has given."
Chorus—Singing all the day, &c.

Give, then, for Jesus give,
There is something all can give:
Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
For God and others live
Chorus—Singing all the day, &c.

CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

17.

Earnest and pleading.



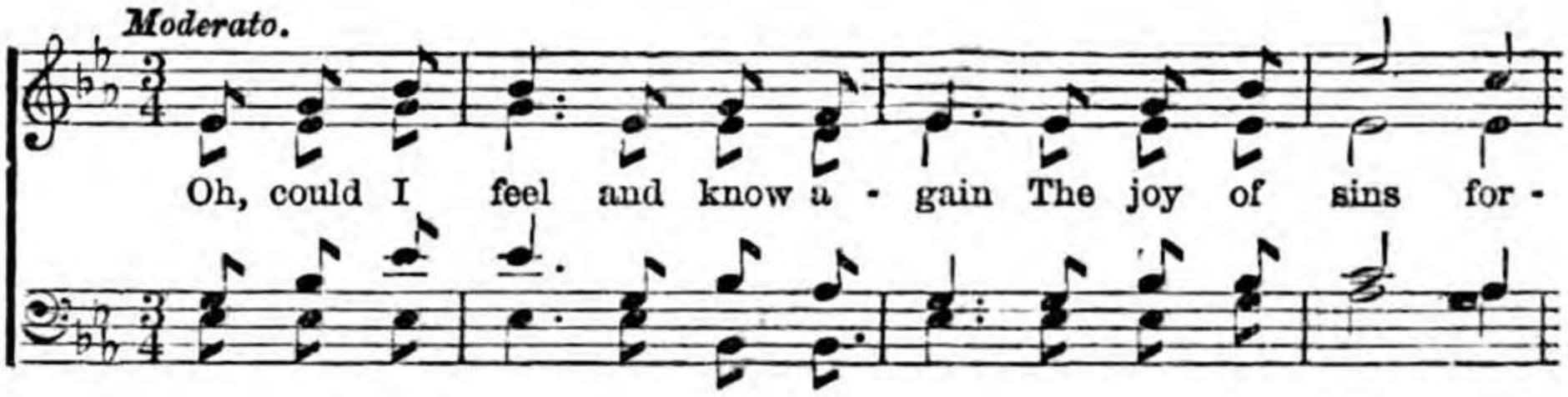
Cling to the loving One,
Cling in thy woe,
Cling to the living One,
Through all below;
Cling to the pardoning One,
He speaketh peace,
Cling to the healing One,
Anguish shall cease.

Cling to the bleeding One,
Cling to His side,
Cling to the risen One,
In Him abide;
Cling to the coming One,
Hope shall arise;
Cling to the reigning One,
Joy lights thine eyes.

THE MOURNING WANDERER.

18.

Moderato.



My burdened heart to Jesus, then,
Could tell its ev'ry care;
Could lean confiding on His breast,
And find a blessing there.
Chorus—I will arise, &c.

Why did I lose the guiding star
That cheered me on my way?
Why did I heed the tempter's voice
And cease to watch and pray?
Chorus—I will arise, &c.

Dear Father, take the wanderer back,
Thy erring child forgive;
Restore me to Thy love once more,
And teach me how to live.
Chorus—I will arise, &c.

LOVE FOR JESUS.

19.

Moderate time.

I love the name of Je - sus, That name the an - gels
sing, And with their loud ho-san-nas, The heaven-ly por - tals ring.
To Him my all con - fid - ing, In Him my joy com - plete,
I learn, with Christian meek-ness, My du - ty at His feet.

CHORUS.

I love, I love, I love the name of Je - sus, The
I love, I love, I love the name of Je - sus, The
sweet - est name, The name, the name the an - gels sing.
sweet - est name, The sweetest name, the name the an - gels sing.

[Additional verses to this hymn are published in the "Words to the American Sacred Songster," price 2d.]

HAPPY HOME ABOVE.

20.
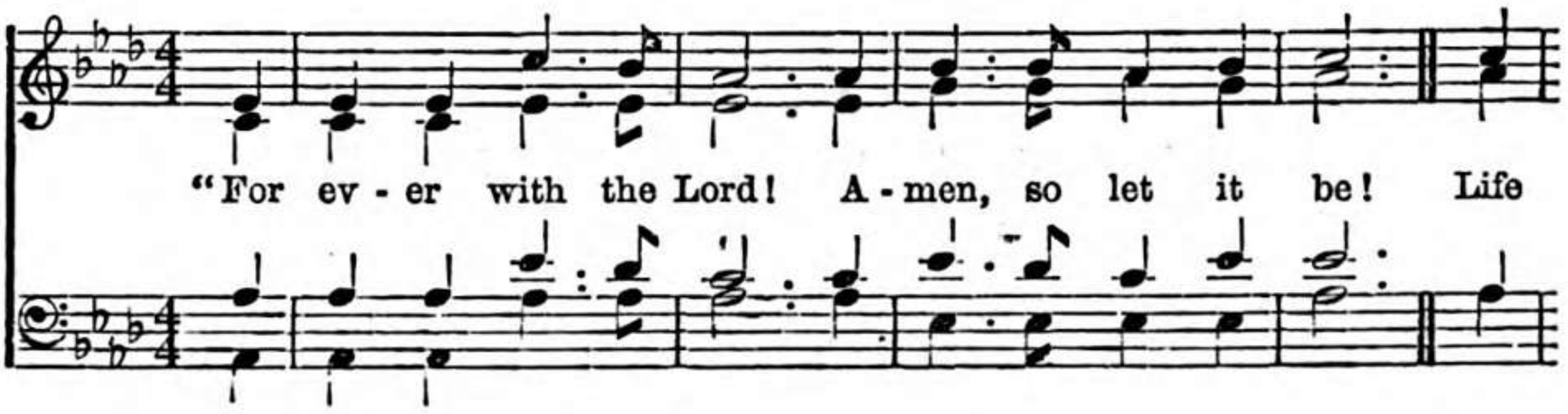


No sorrow there; from radiant eyes
No tears of grief are starting;
No sad farewell, no labouring sighs,
When friend from friend is parting.
Chorus—Oh, happy home above, &c.

No lurking foe, no hidden snare,
Shall evermore beguile us;
No pleasures false, as well as fair,
Shall evermore defile us.
Chorus—Oh, happy home above, &c.

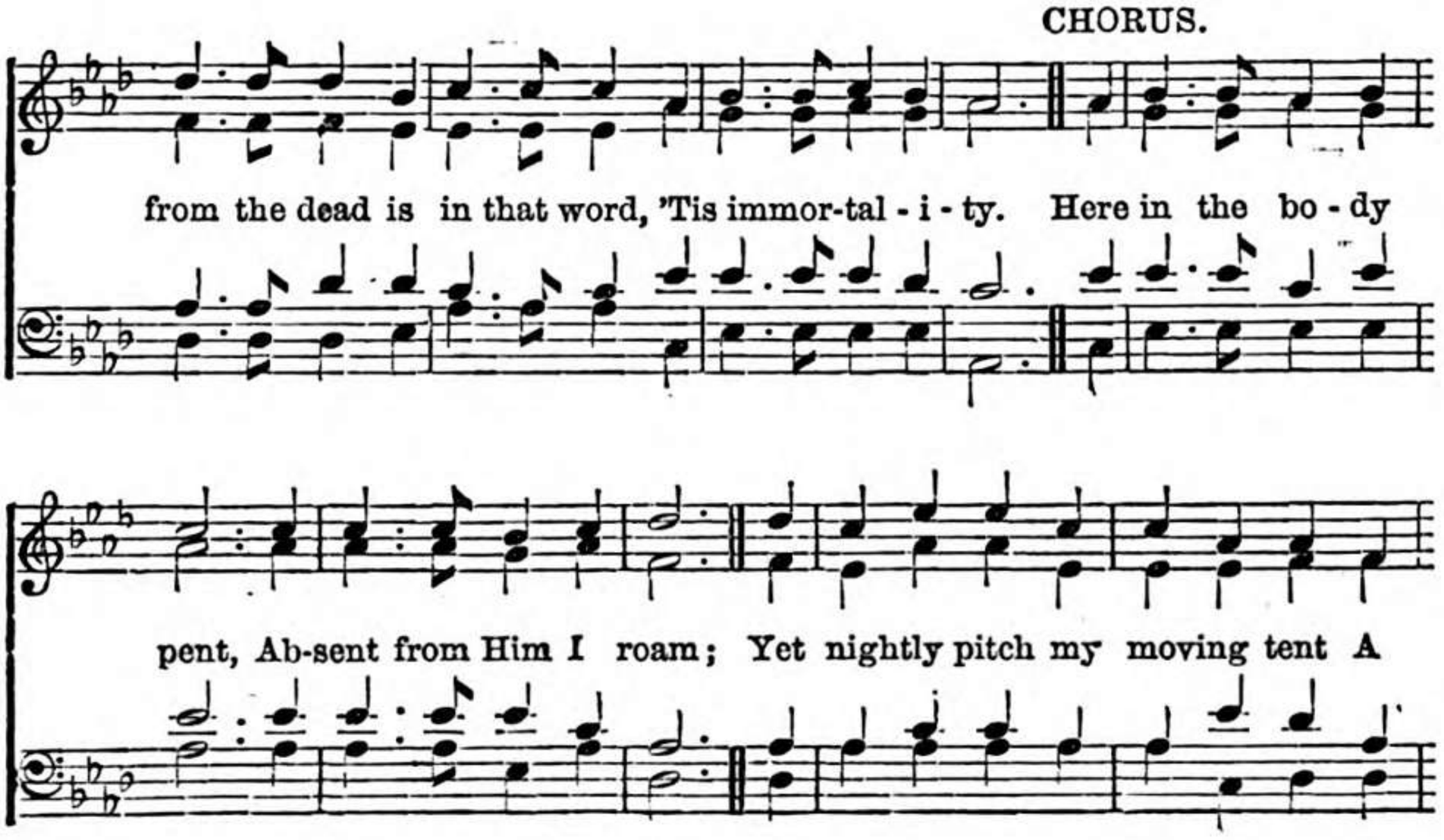
Then, children, now repent, believe,
And walk in paths of duty;
Then in the home above you'll live
Where reigns immortal beauty.
Chorus—Oh, happy home above, &c.

FOR EVER WITH THE LORD.

21.



CHORUS.



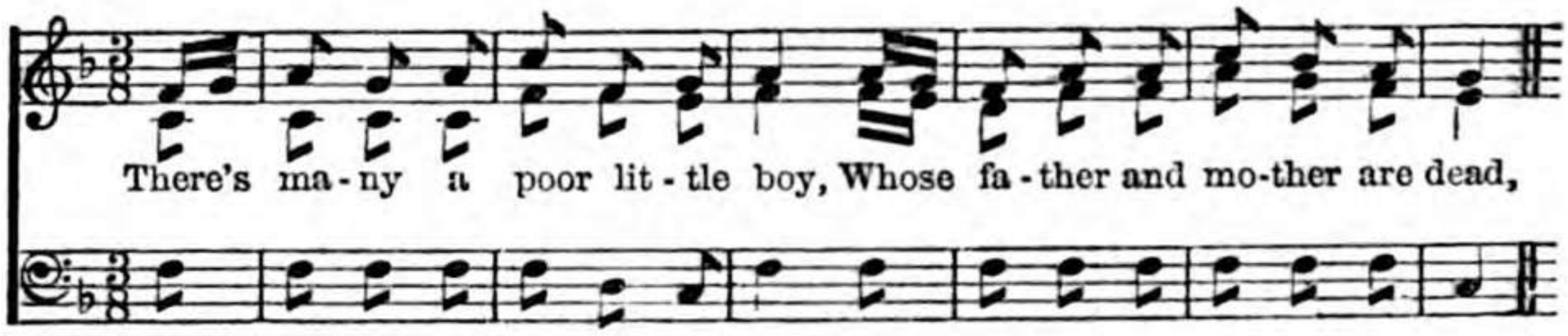
My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's farseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Chorus—Here in the body pent, &c.

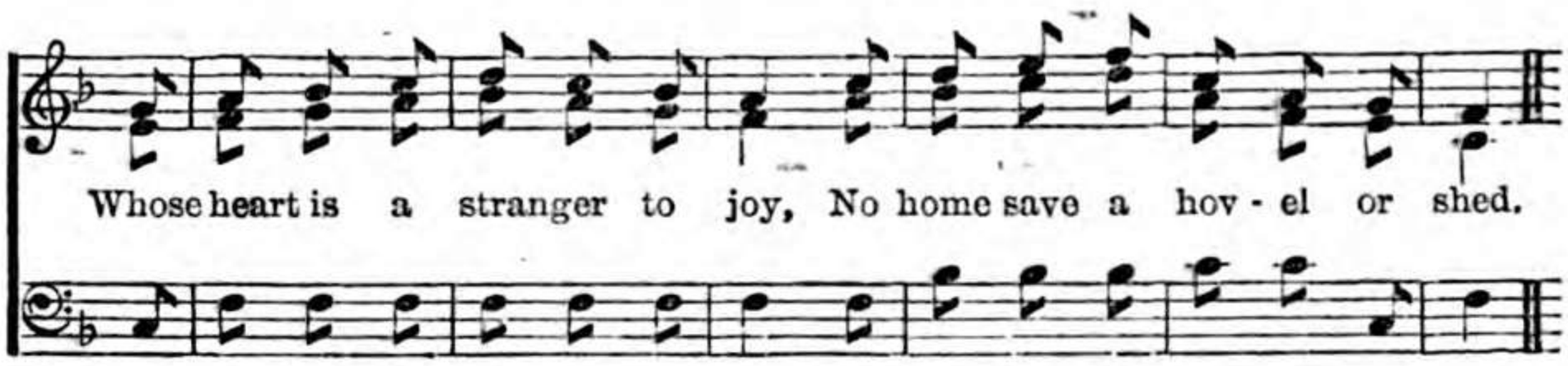
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,—
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Chorus—Here in the body pent, &c.

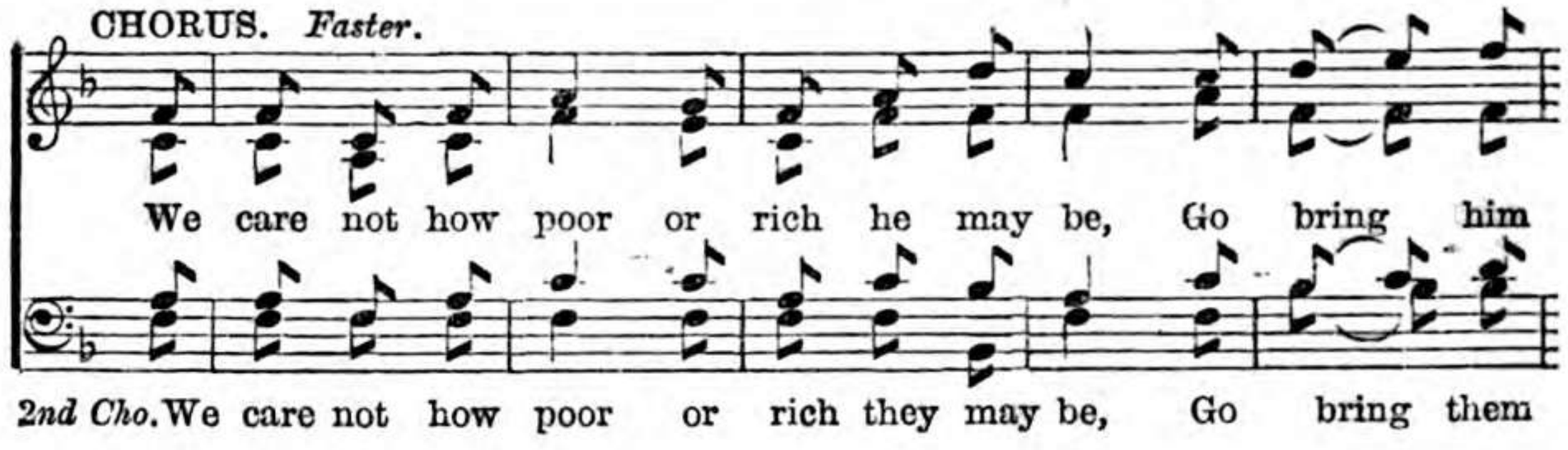
"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Chorus—Here in the body pent, &c.
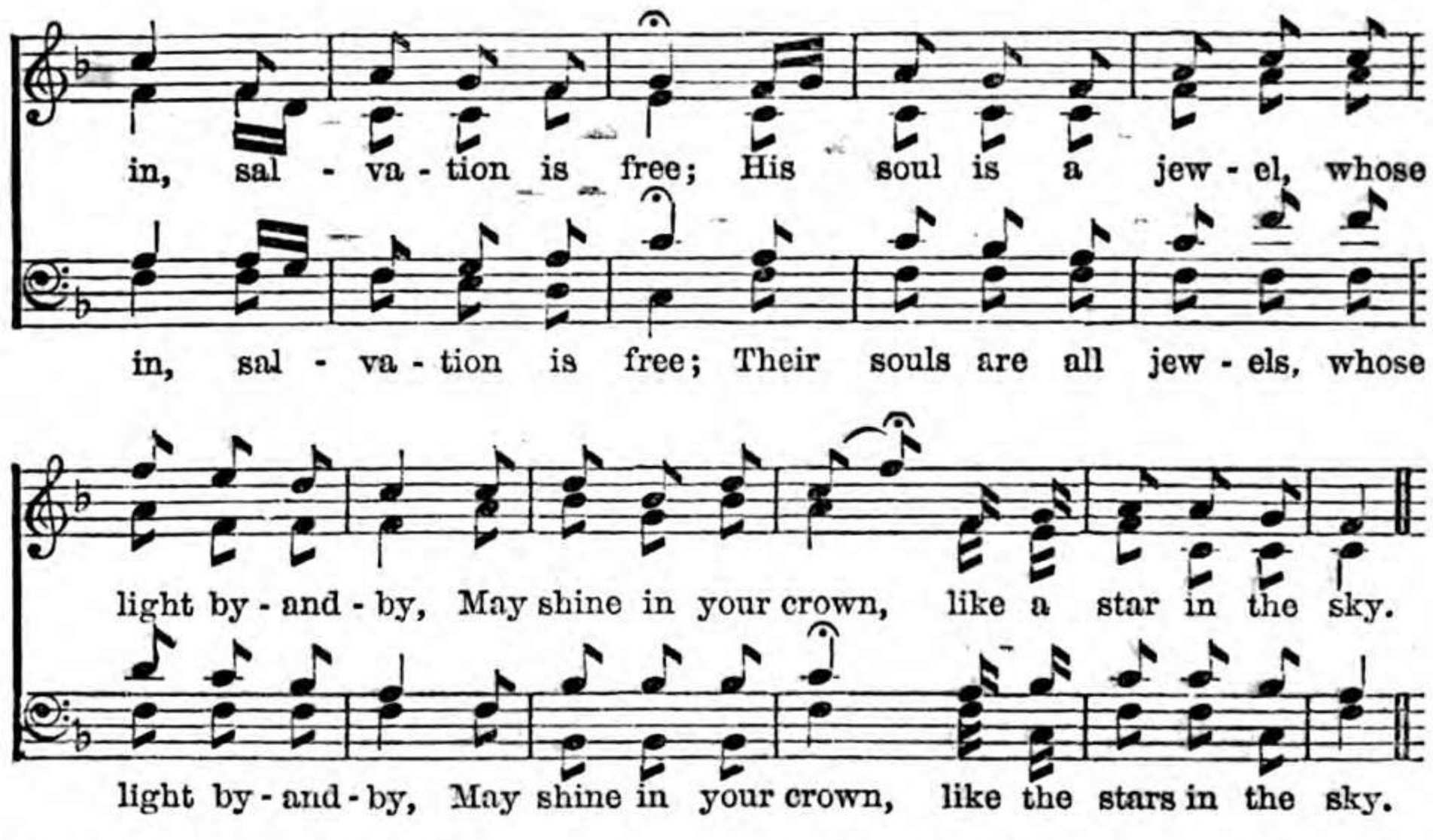
RECRUIT FOR THE ARMY ABOVE.

22.
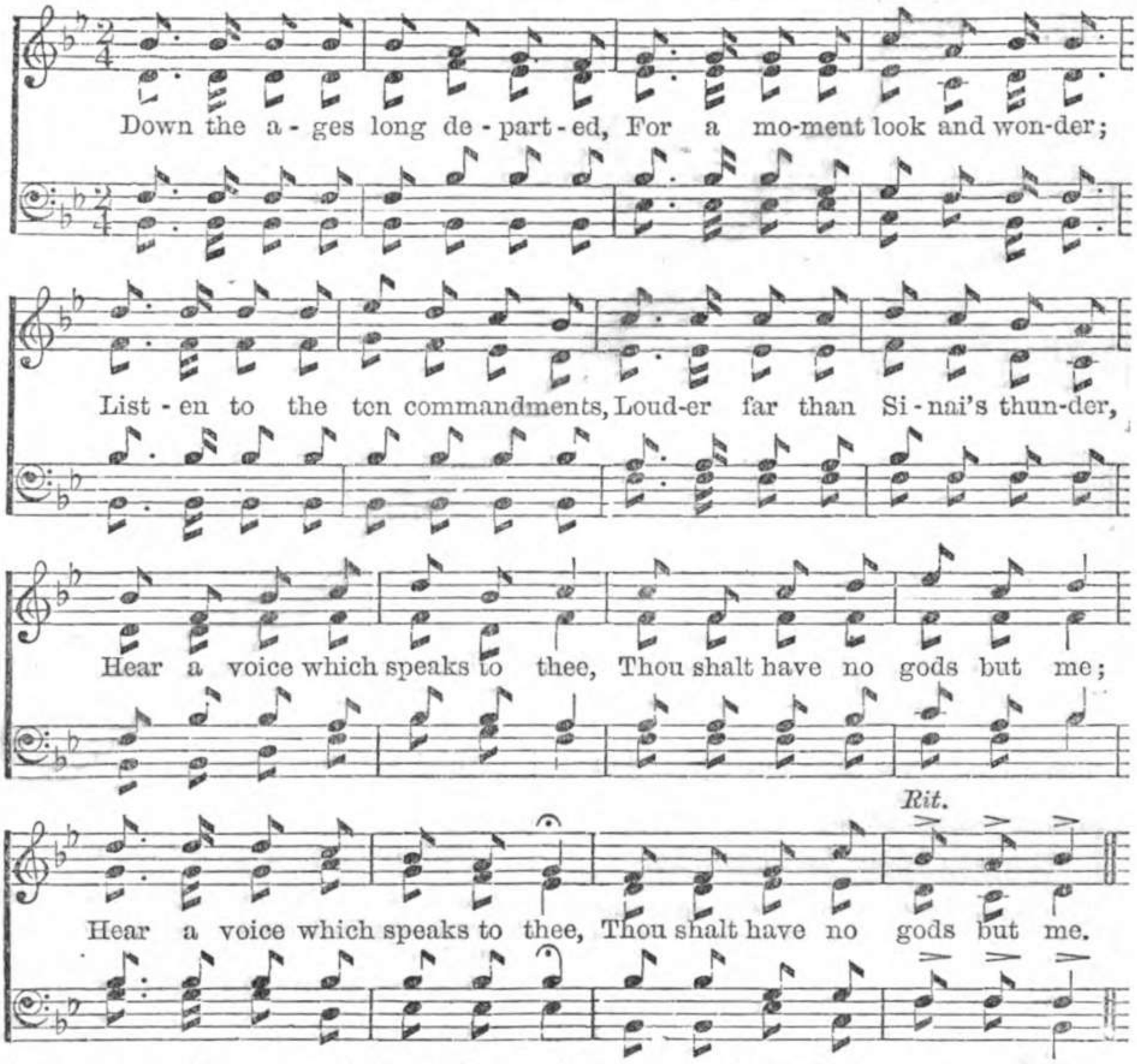








Go out in the hedges and find
(For Jesus has given the rule)
The halt and the maimed and the blind,
Go bring them all into the school.
Chorus—We care not, &c.

Go, bearing the ensign of love,
Its glories for ever unfurled,
Recruit for the army above,
Your warrant embraces the world.
Chorus—We care not, &c.

23. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.



See the clouds are round about Him,
And the awful trumpet soundeth,
While the Lord, upon the mountain,
His unchanging law propoundeth.
Jealous is thy God, and thou
To an idol shalt not bow.

Lo! He rides upon the tempest,
Death and hell themselves do fear Him;
All the worlds He hath created;
When He speaketh, let us hear Him.
Never shalt thou take the name
Of the Lord thy God in vain.

Standing by the quaking mountain,
All the hosts of Israel tremble;
In the presence of the Holy,
Who can trifle or dissemble.
Thou shalt mind the Sabbath day,
Keep it holy, hear Him say.

King of Kings! Jehovah-Jireh!
Thou art God, there is no other;
From of old we hear Thee saying,
Thou shalt honour Father, Mother,
That thy days full long may be
In the land God gives to thee.
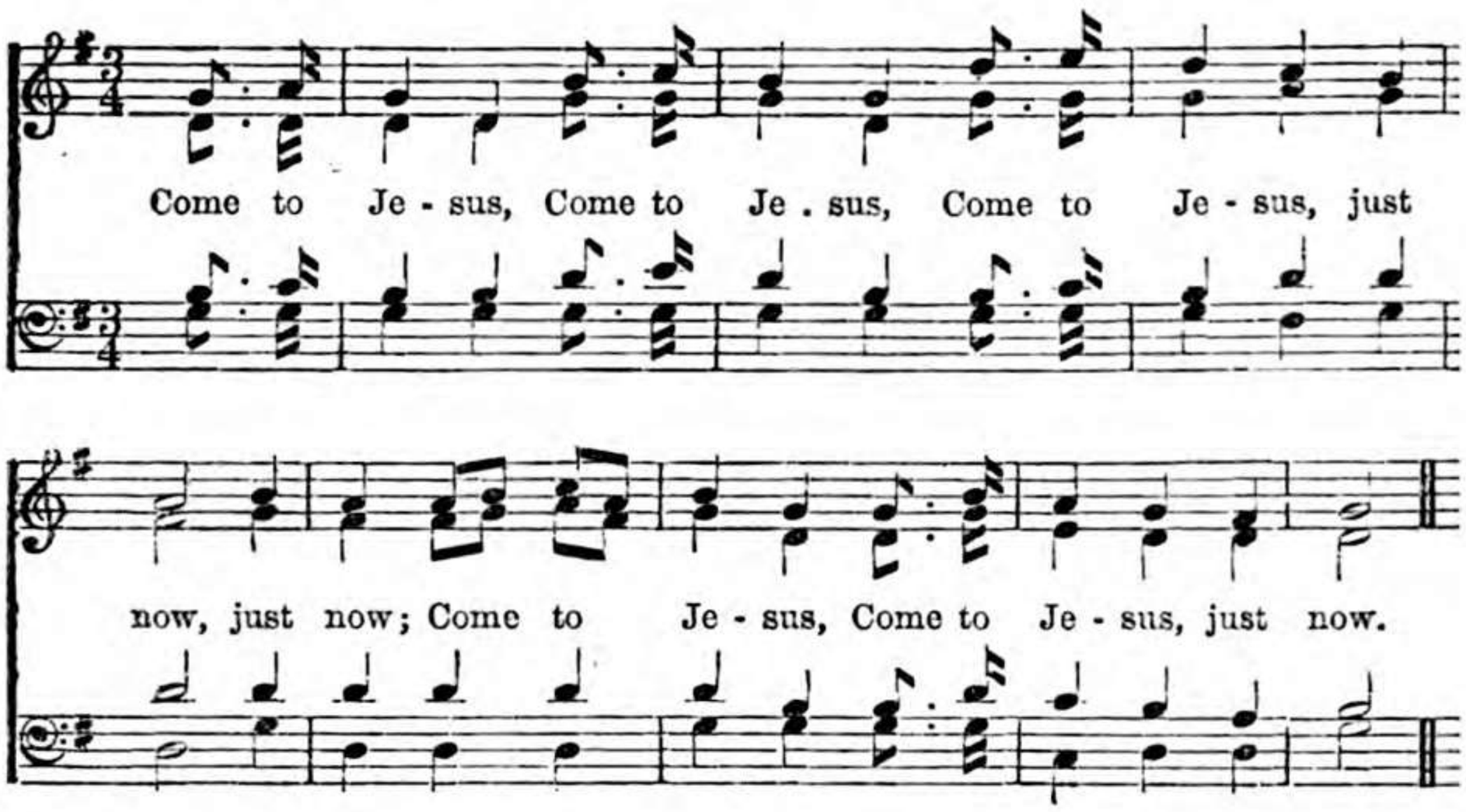
Awful words from Sinai sounding,
Who shall question or gainsay them?
Graven deep on marble tables,
Who shall dare to disobey them?
There, Thou shalt not kill was writ,
Nor adultery commit.

Lo! he looks through all disguises;
Tears each flimsy vail asunder;
Like the lightning are His glances,
And His voice is like the thunder.
And to us He doth reveal,
This His will, Thou shalt not steal.

No false witness 'gainst thy neighbour
Shalt thou bear, and thou shalt never
Covet aught that he possesses,
Saith thy God, who lives for ever;
The great God, who from on high
Waits to judge thee by-and-by.

24. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

INFANT CLASS SONG.



Teacher.—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi. 31.

He will save you, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

O, believe Him, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—Heb. vii. 25.

He is able, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"The Lord is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 Pet. iii. 9.

He is willing, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

He'll receive you, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"Flee from the wrath to come."—Matt. iii. 7.

Flee to Jesus, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts ii. 21.

Call upon Him, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole."—Mark x. 52.

He will hear you, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."—Mark x. 47.

He'll have mercy, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 John i. 9.

He'll forgive you, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

He will cleanse you, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 Cor. v. 17.

He'll renew you, just now, &c.

Teacher.—"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—Rev. iii. 5.

He will clothe you, just now, &c.
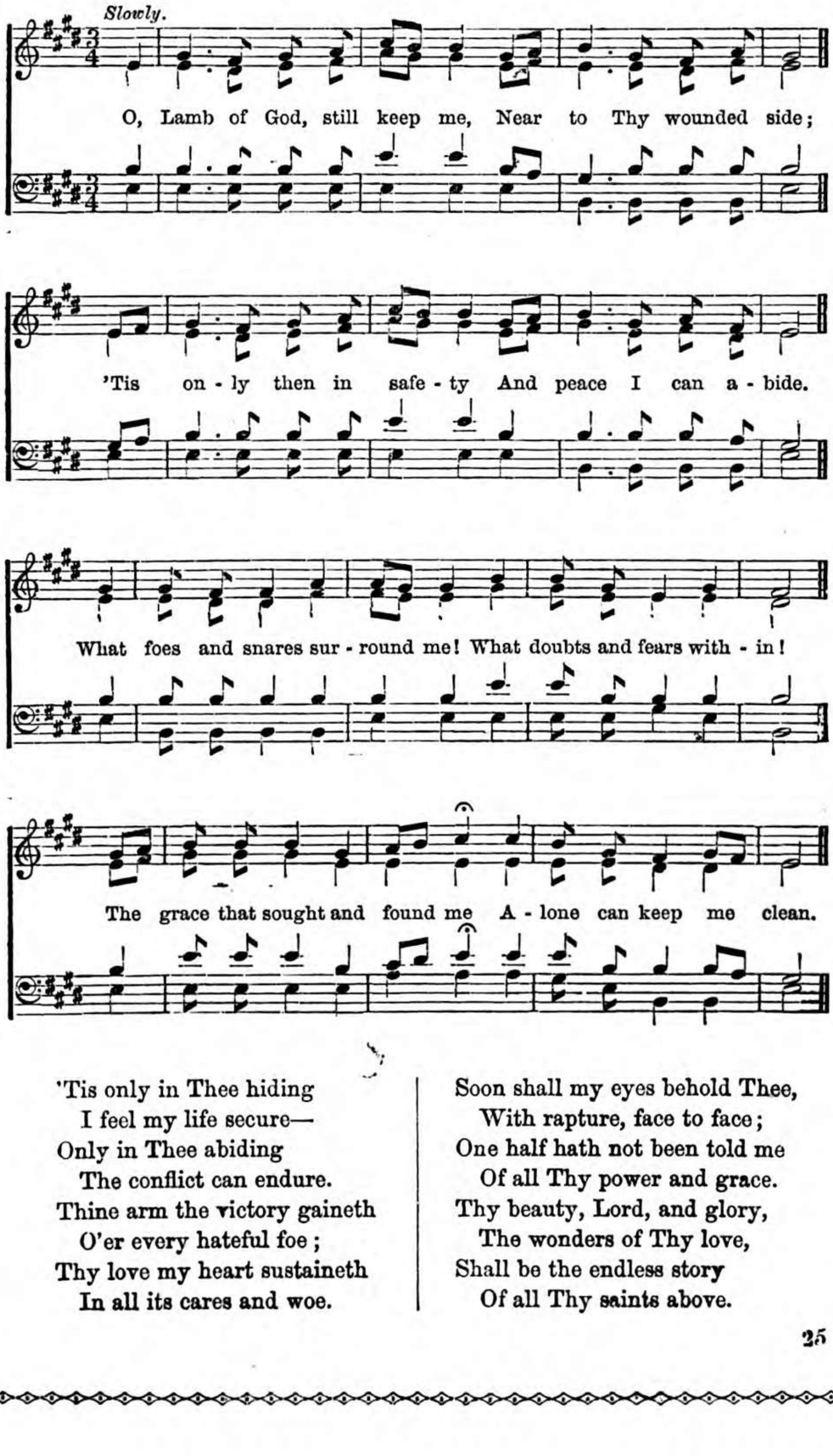
Teacher.—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John xv. 13.

Jesus loves you, just now, &c.

The Scripture pertaining to each verse should be read or recited by the Teacher in a plain and impressive manner *before* singing the verse.

O GOD, KEEP ME.

25.
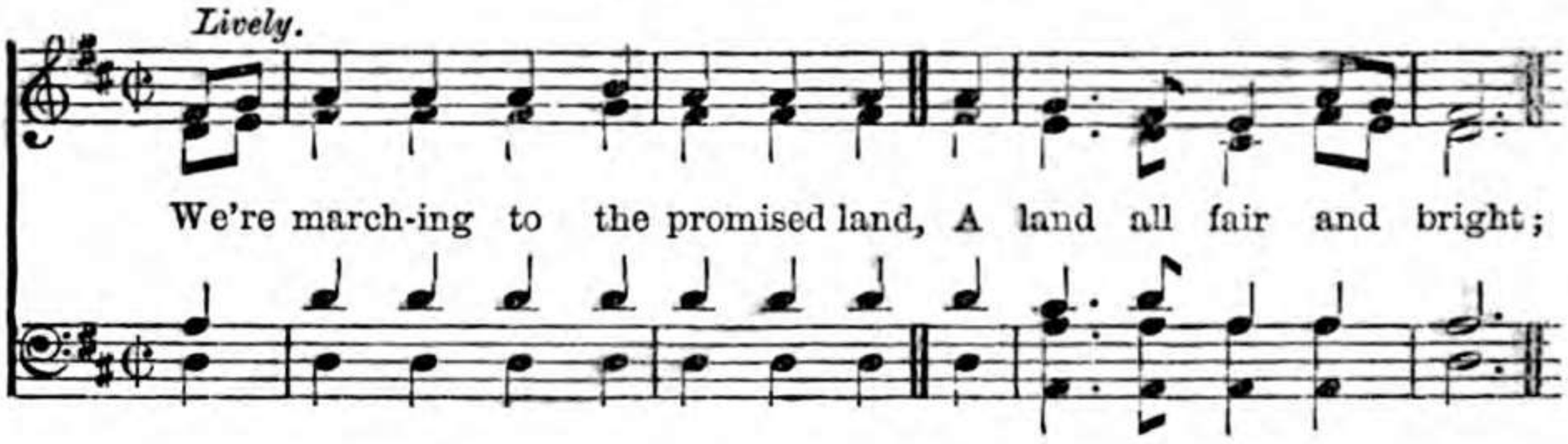


'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel my life secure—
Only in Thee abiding
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

COME, JOIN OUR BAND.

26.

INFANT CLASS SONG.
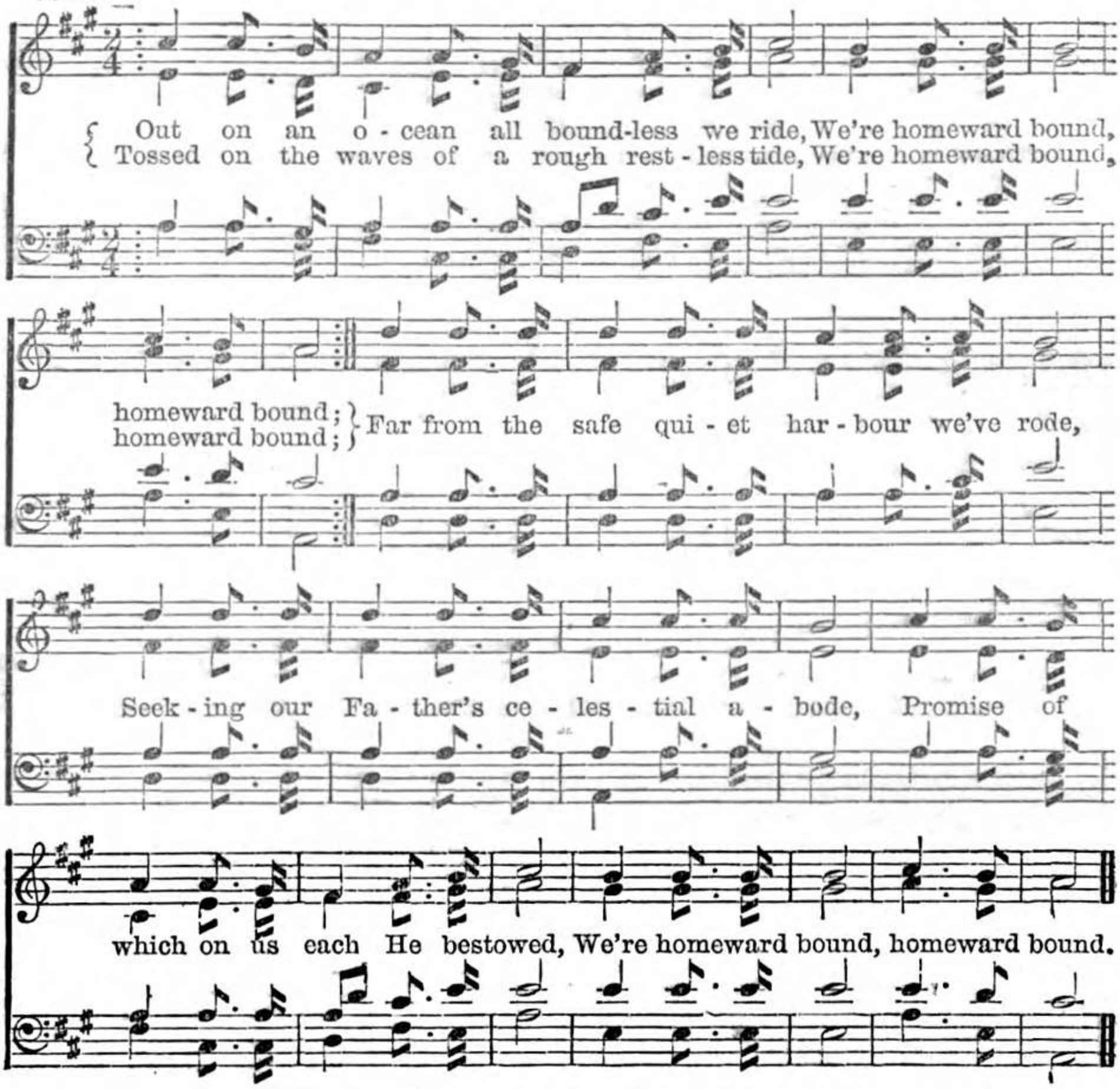


The Saviour feeds His little flock,
His grace is freely given;
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.
Chorus—Oh! come and join, &c.

In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there,
And youthful voices sweetly blend
In the angelic choir.
Chorus—Oh! come and join, &c.

Our teachers kindly point the way,
And guide our feet aright,
To the bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.
Chorus—Oh! come and join, &c.

27. HOMEWARD BOUND.
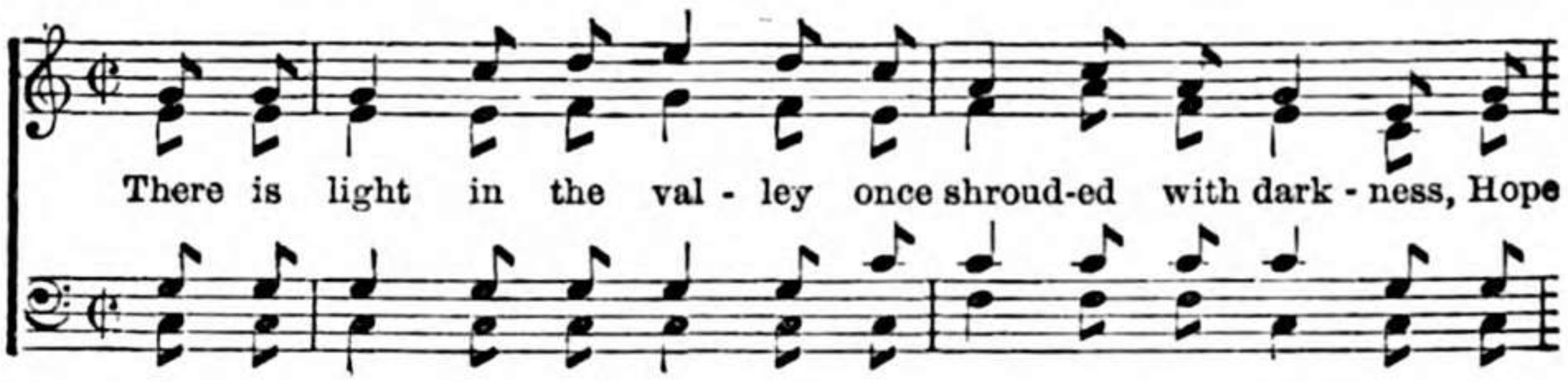


Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale;
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
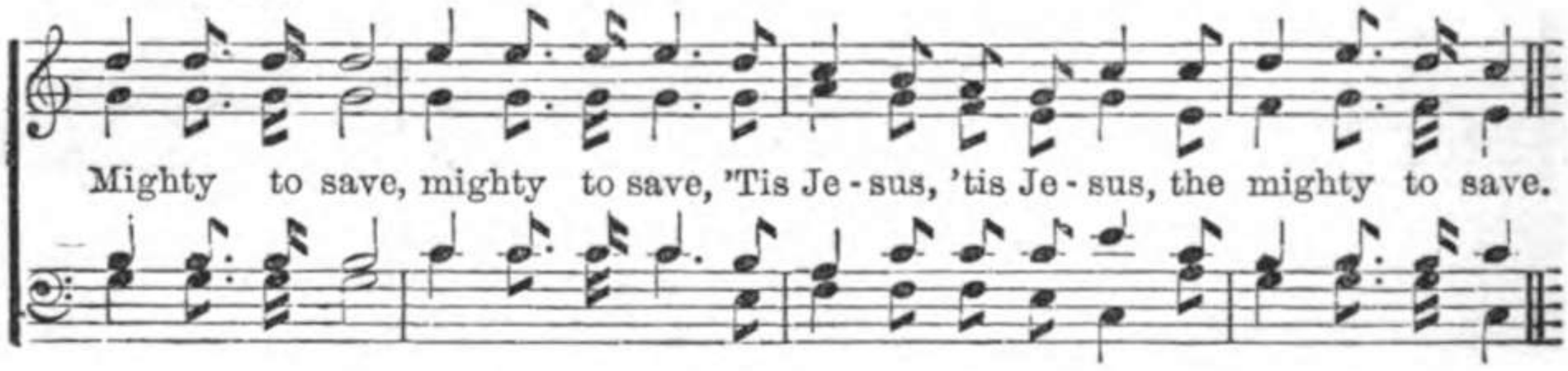
Into the harbour of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
Safely we stand on the radiant shore;
ory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

28.



CHORUS.
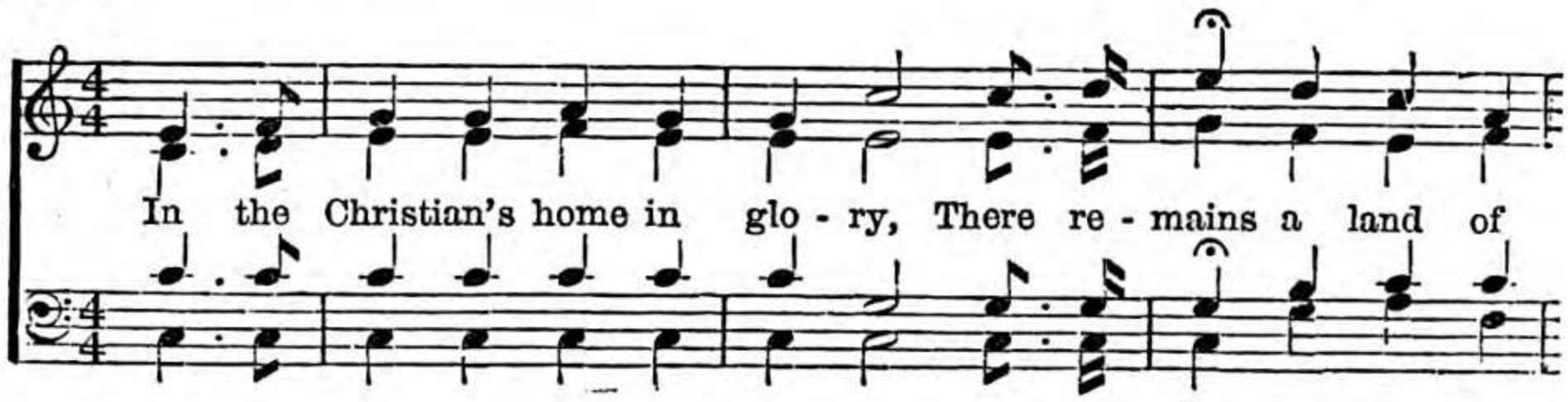


O'er the dark realms of death shines a halo of glory,
The tyrant no longer exerts his dread sway;
His dark reign is ended, his sceptre is broken,
Henceforth all his subjects, his subjects are free.
Chorus—Mighty to save, &c.
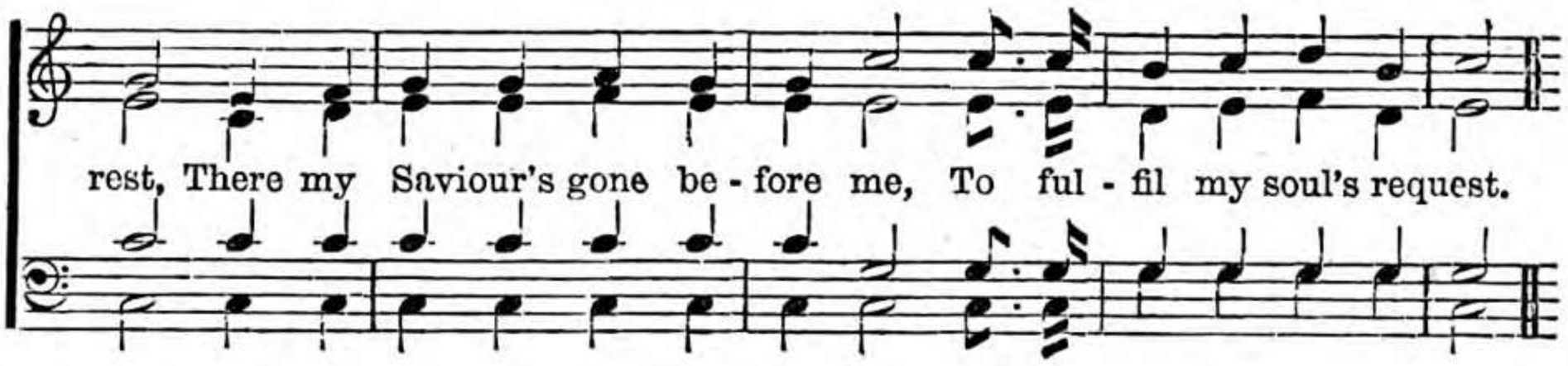
Shout aloud, ye redeemed ones, repeat the glad story,
And sing all ye ransomed from death's dismal thrall;
In triumph ascend to the mansions of glory,
For ever, for ever restored from the fall.
Chorus—Mighty to save, &c.

There, oh, there, on the banks of the beautiful river,
Shall anthems of rapture unceasingly rise;
While angels and saints reunited for ever,
Shall join in the chorus that gladdens the skies.
Chorus—Mighty to save, &c.

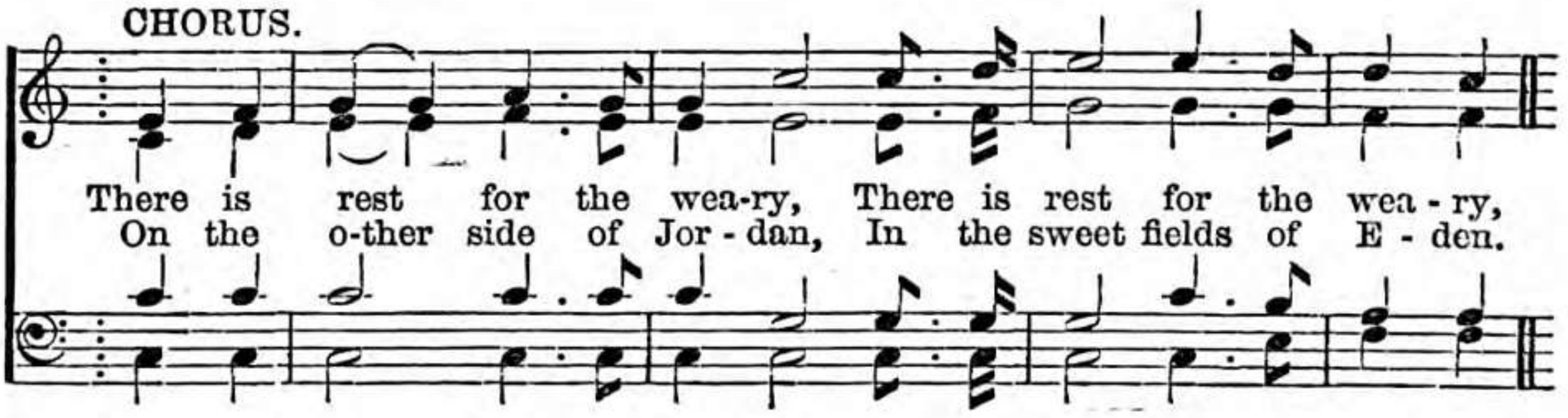
REST FOR THE WEARY.
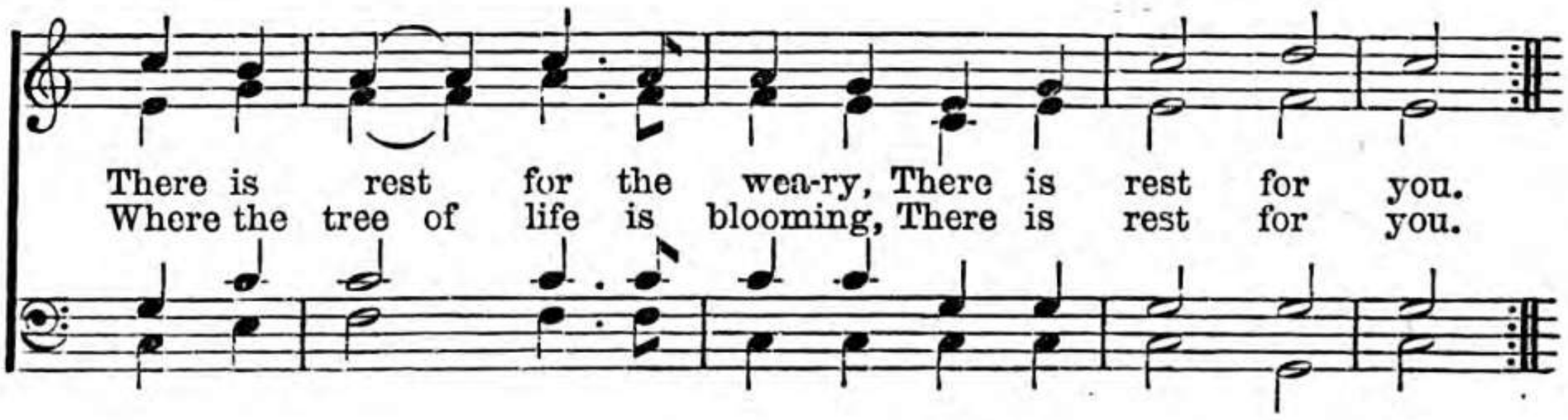
29.





CHORUS.





He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
Chorus—There is rest, &c.
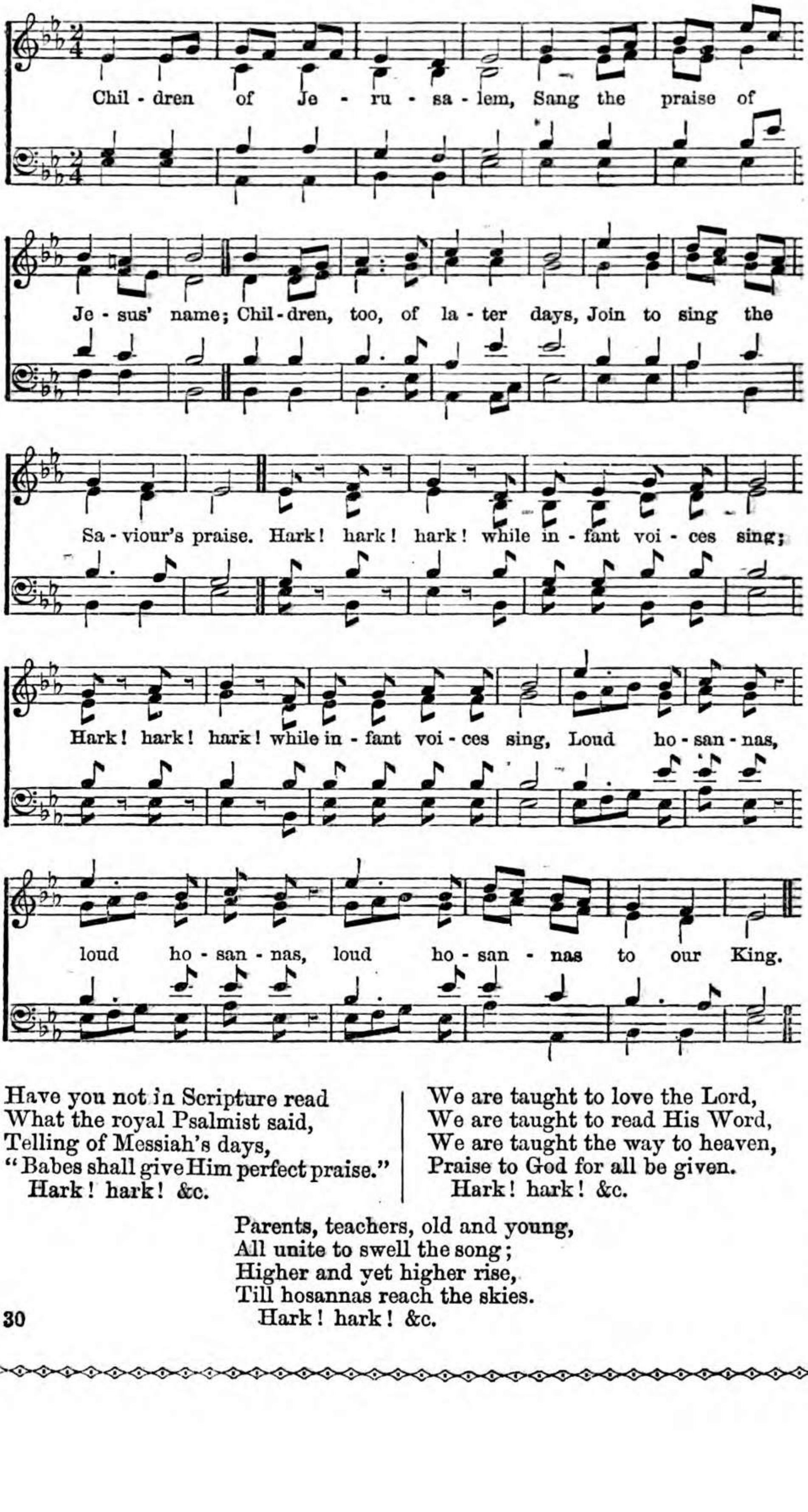
Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear,
Chorus—There is rest, &c.

Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, Oh, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
Chorus—There is rest, &c.

Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go:
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
Chorus—There is rest, &c.

CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

30.



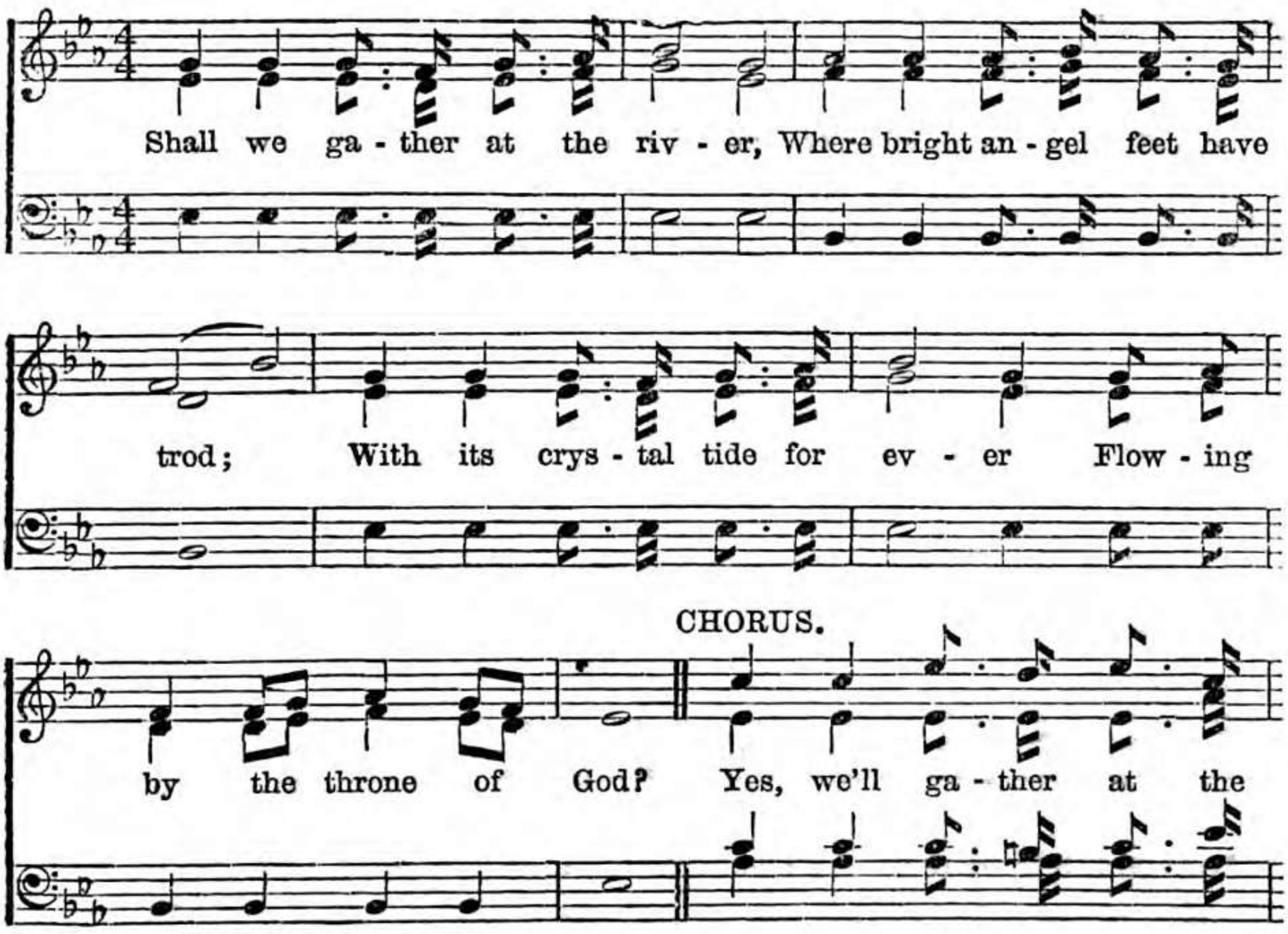
Have you not in Scripture read
What the royal Psalmist said,
Telling of Messiah's days,
"Babes shall give Him perfect praise."
Hark! hark! &c.

We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His Word,
We are taught the way to heaven,
Praise to God for all be given.
Hark! hark! &c.

Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! hark! &c.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

31.



On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we ev'ry burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Chorus—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

32.

Ah, yes! there is a fair - er zone, Where sin and sor - row are unknown; Where

wea-ry souls find peace-ful rest, And all that love the Lord are blest.

CHORUS.

'Tis just a-cross the riv - er, The nar-row, nar-row riv - er, 'Tis

just a - cross the riv - er, Up - on the o - ther shore;

And there, up - on the o - ther shore, We hope to meet to
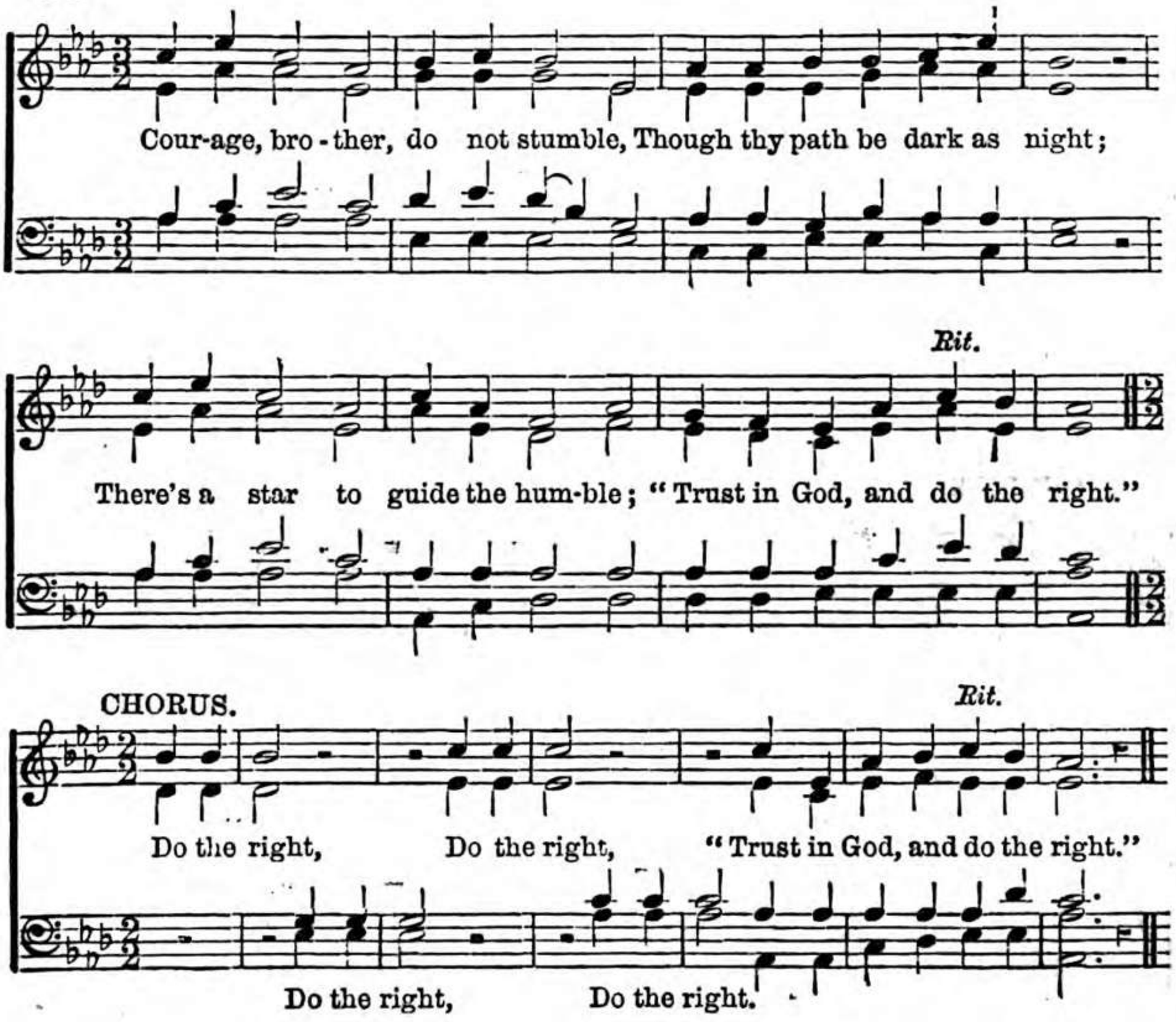
part no more, And dwell with God for e - ver, And dwell with God for e - ver.

Ah, yes! there is a purer clime,
Beyond the clouds that darken Time;
A world of perfect joy and love,
Where saints and angels live above.
Chorus—'Tis just across the river, &c.

Then let us gird our loins and go,
Forsaking all things here below;
No earthly pleasure can compare
With bliss we may in heaven share.
Chorus—'Tis just across the river, &c.

DO THE RIGHT.

33.



Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Chorus—Do the right, &c.

Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight:
But in ev'ry word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Chorus—Do the right, &c.

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Chorus—Do the right, &c.

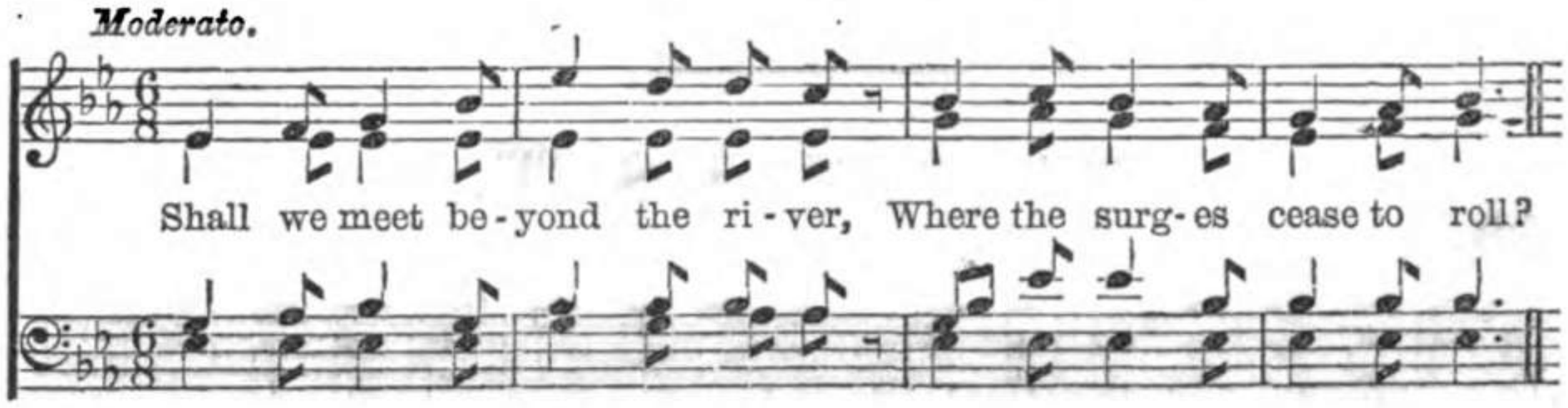
Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Chorus—Do the right, &c.
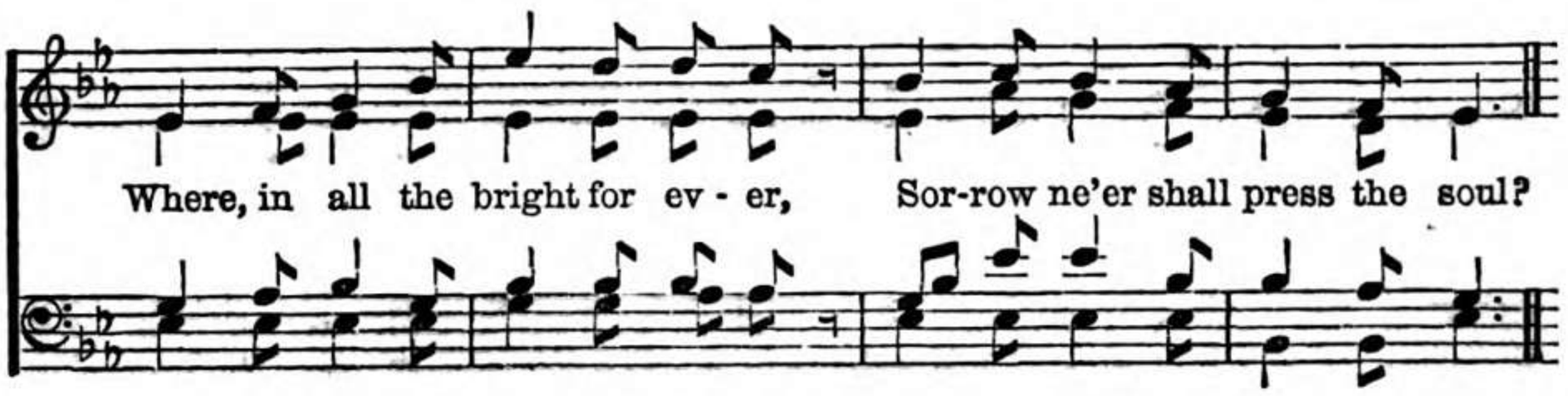
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Chorus—Do the right, &c.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?
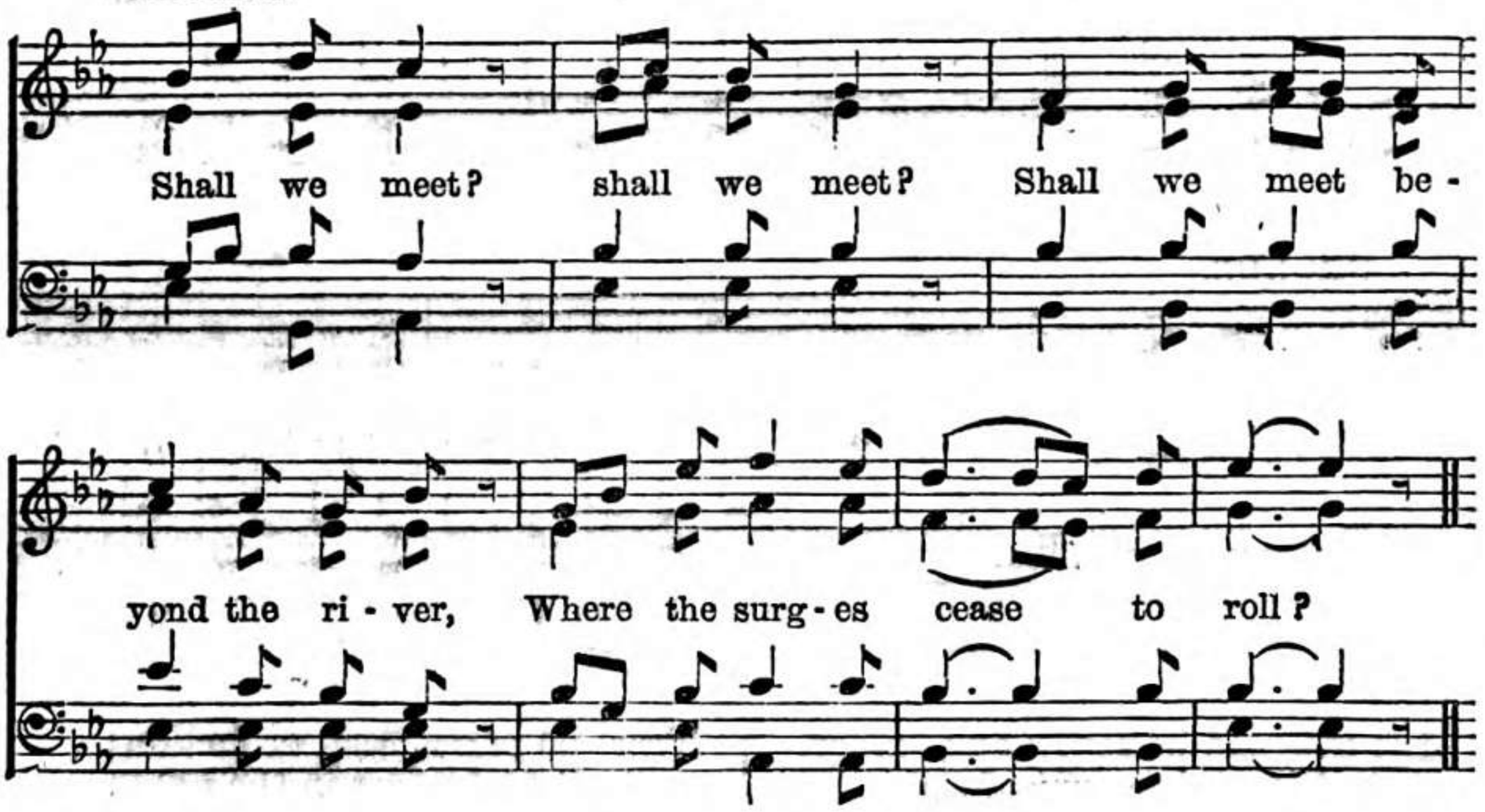
34.

Moderato.





CHORUS.



Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
Chorus—Shall we meet? &c.

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

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon His throne?
Chorus—Shall we meet? &c.

YES, WE'LL MEET.

ANSWER TO, OR CHORUS FOR, "SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?"

Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
When our conflicts all are o'er;
And we'll spend the blest for ever,
On that bright celestial shore.
Chorus—We shall meet! we shall meet!
We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll!

Yes, we'll meet in yonder mansions,
Where our wand'rings all shall cease;
There we'll meet our dear companions,
And be crowned with perfect peace.
Chorus—We shall meet! &c.
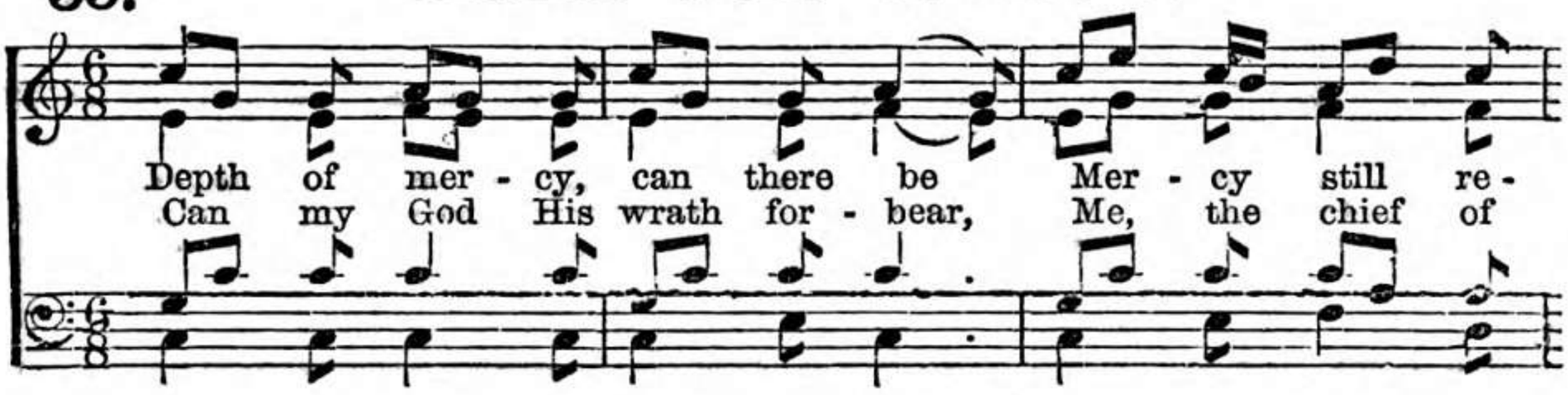
Yes, we'll meet where bliss immortal,
Sweeter far than rest can be;
And before the throne eternal,
All our earthly triumphs see.
Chorus—We shall meet! &c.

We shall meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heav'nly King.
Chorus—We shall meet! &c.

We shall meet, O weary brother,
When the burden we lay down;
We shall change our cross of anguish
For a bright unfading crown.
Chorus—We shall meet! &c.

PLEA FOR MERCY.

35.
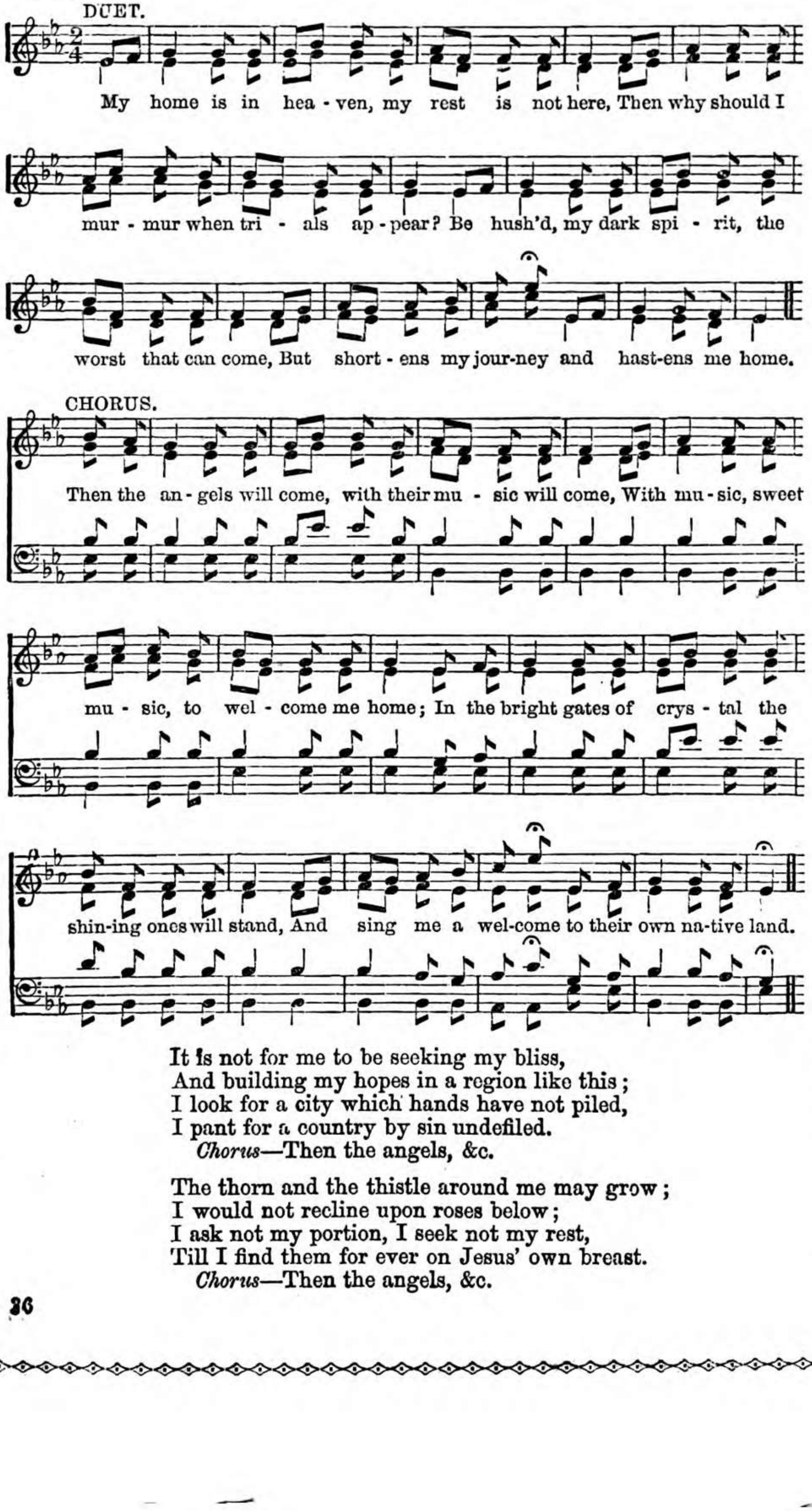


I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
God is love, &c.

Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
God is love, &c.

There for me the Saviour stands:
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
God is love, &c.

ANGELS' WELCOME.

36.
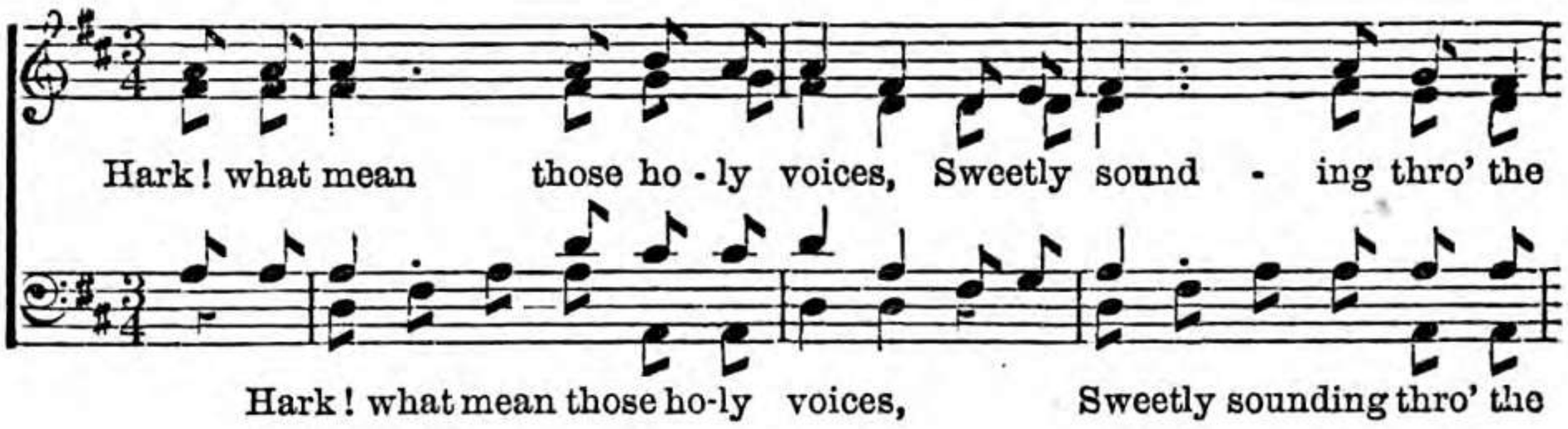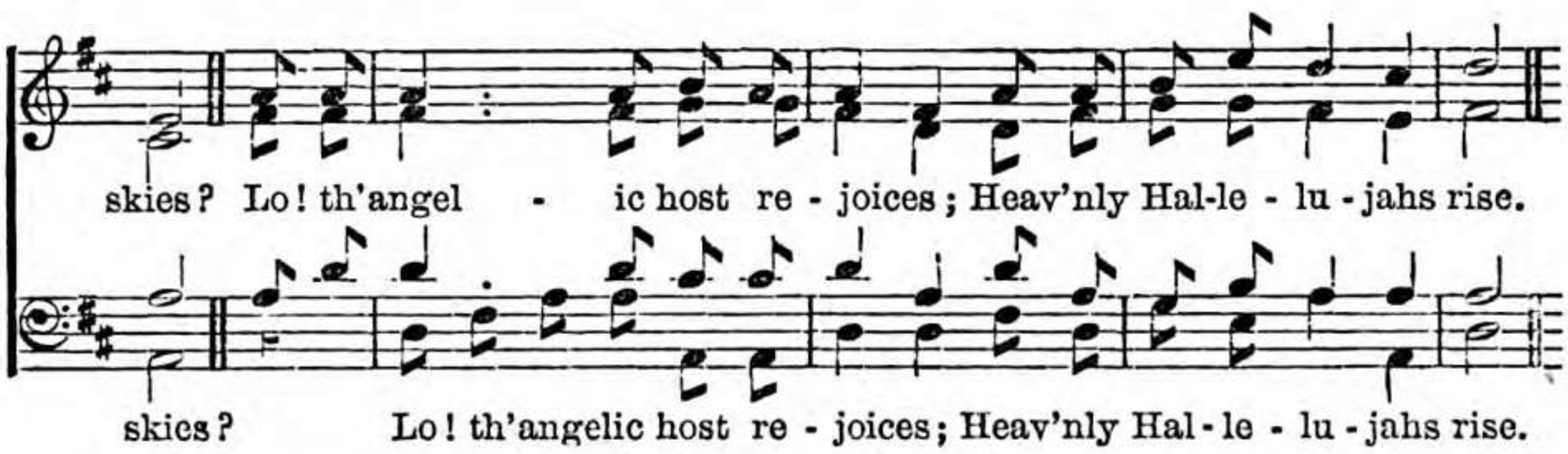


It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
Chorus—Then the angels, &c.
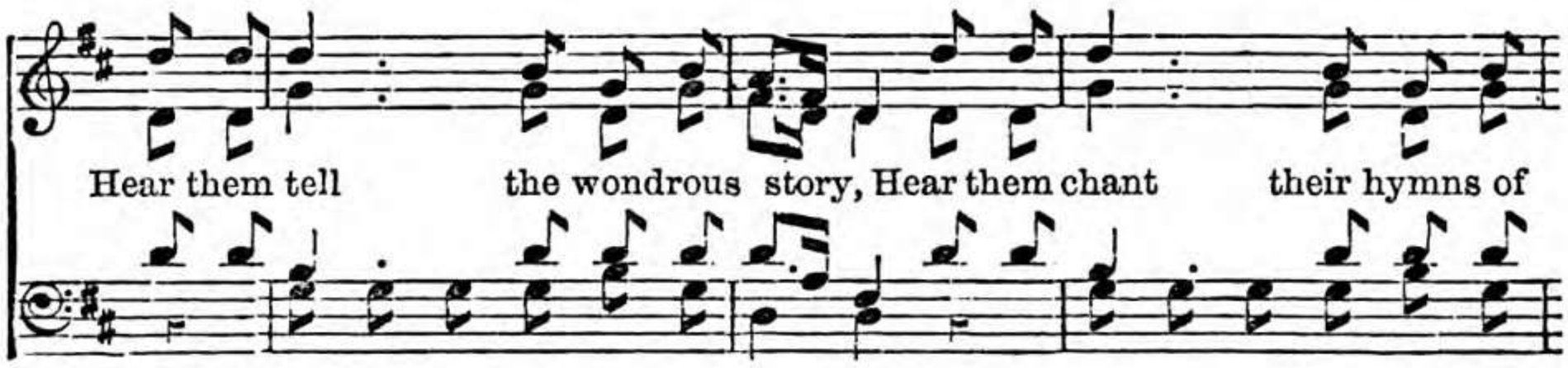
The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus' own breast.
Chorus—Then the angels, &c.
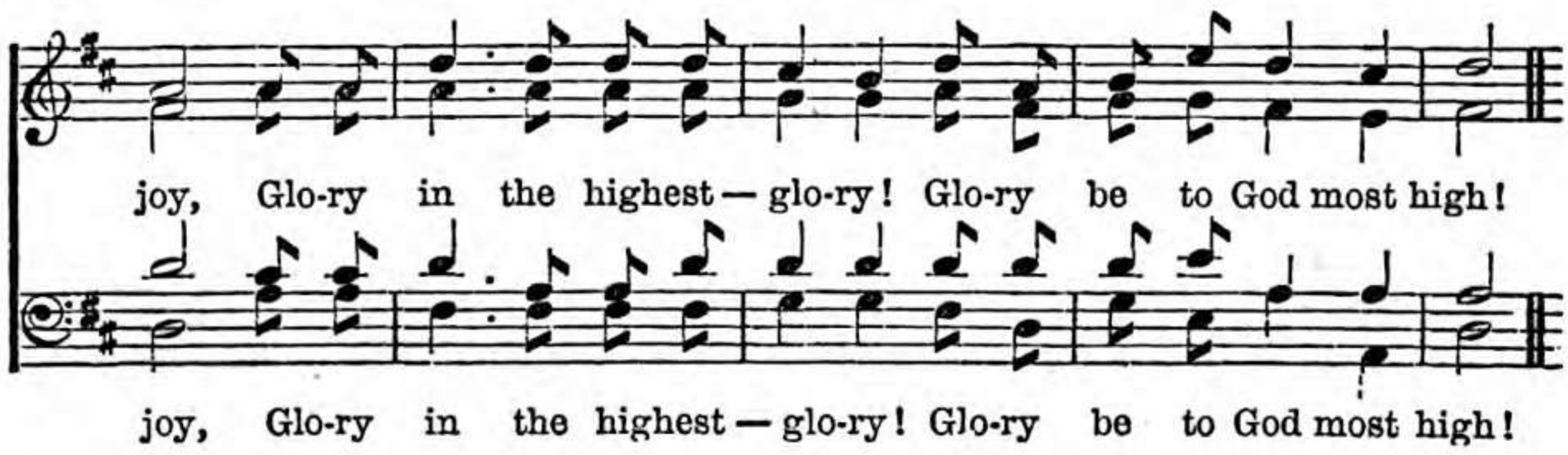
THE ANGELIC HOST.

37.









Peace on earth—goodwill from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high.
Then we'll sing the wondrous story,
And we'll chant in hymns of joy,
Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!

DEDICATION ANTHEM.

38.

Our earth - ly tem - ple now com - plete, We come to

wor - ship at Thy feet; O Lord of Hosts, thou God of love,
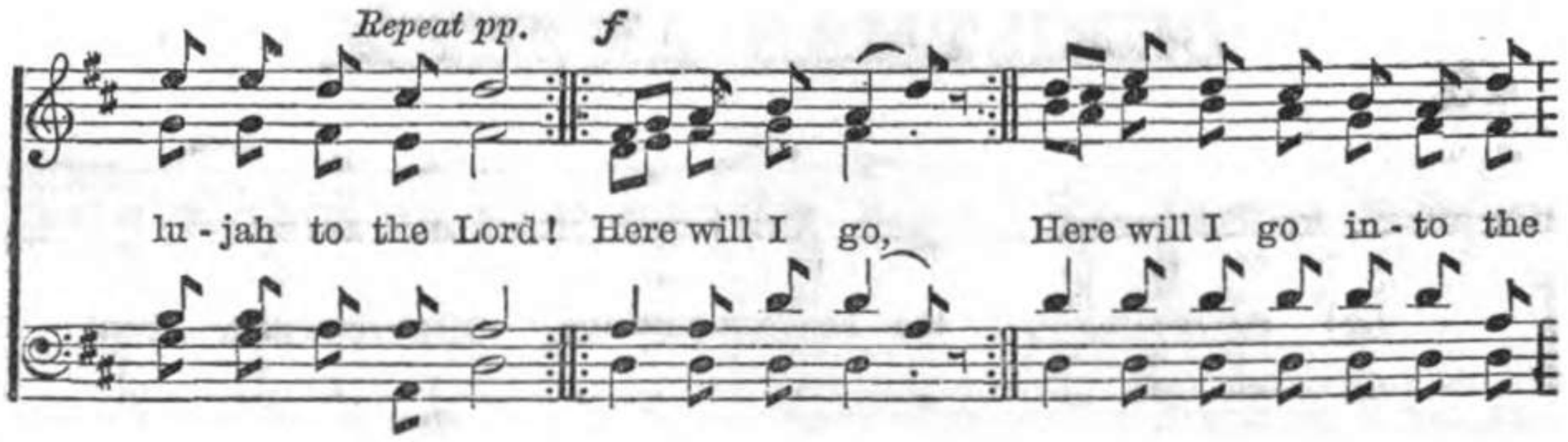
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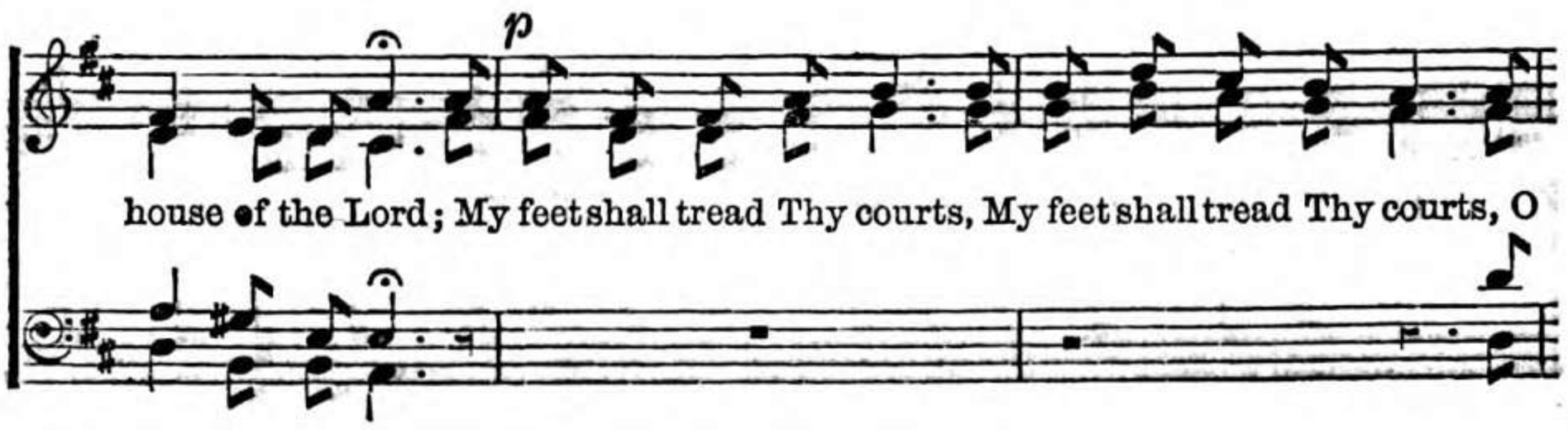
Be - hold us from Thy throne a - bove. The Lord is in His
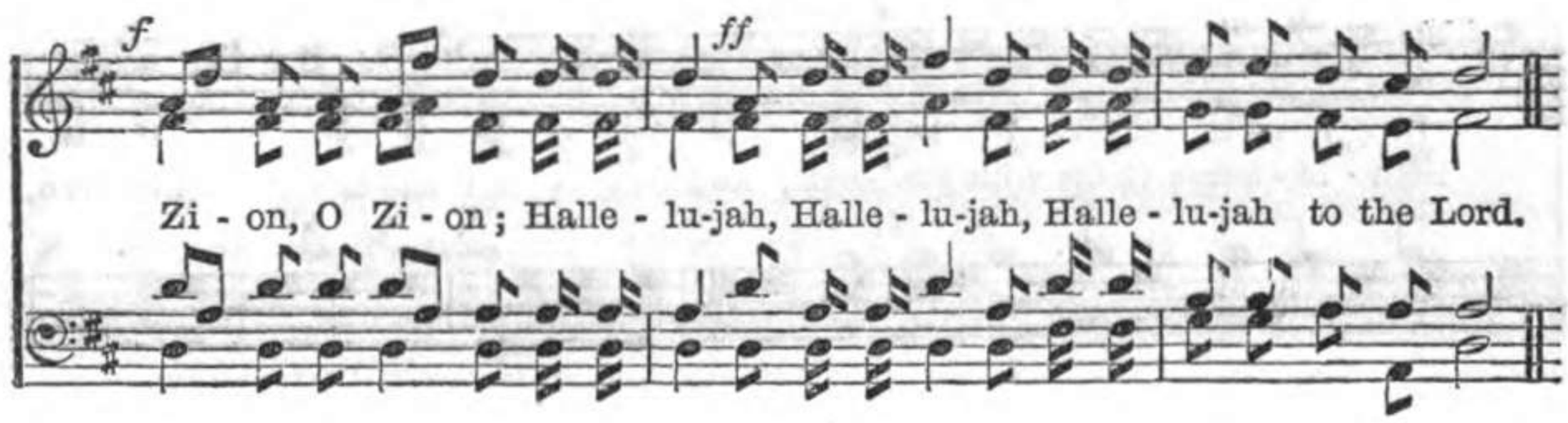
ho - ly tem-ple, Un - to Him, un - to Him shall our vows be paid; He will

vi - sit His children in mer - cy, And show us the light of His coun-te-nance.

My feet shall tread Thy courts, My feet shall tread Thy courts, O Zion, O Zion; Halle-
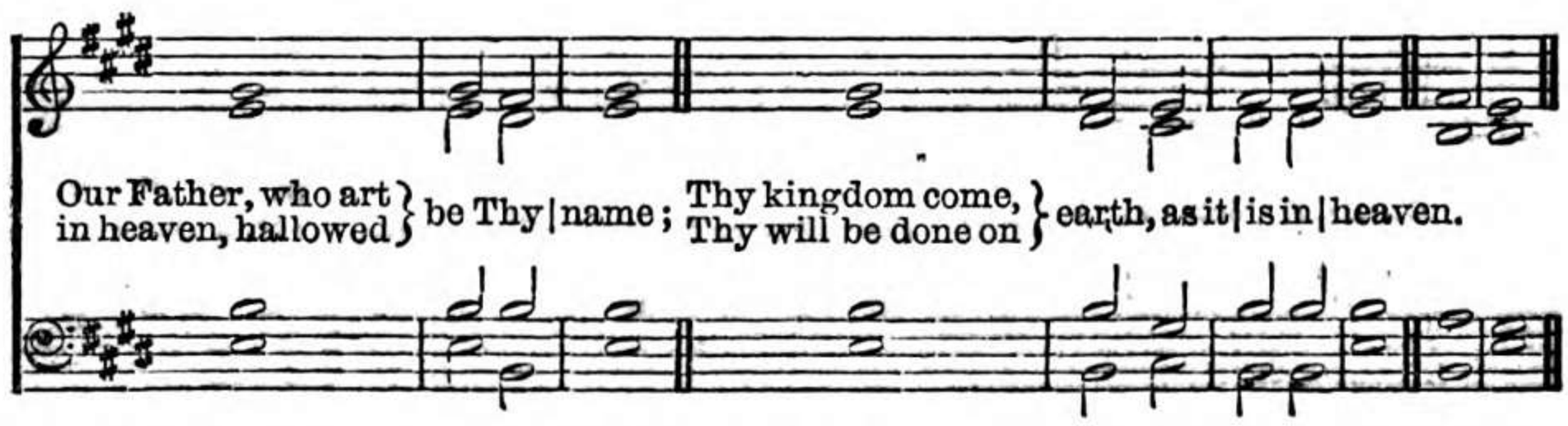






OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

39.



Give us this day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ever and | ever. Amen.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

40.

Lo! de-scend-ing, the heavens rend-ing, Mes-sen-gers from

God to men; An-gels winging, tid-ings bringing, Christ is born in

Beth-le-hem; Come with glad-ness, and ban-ish sad-ness, Children,
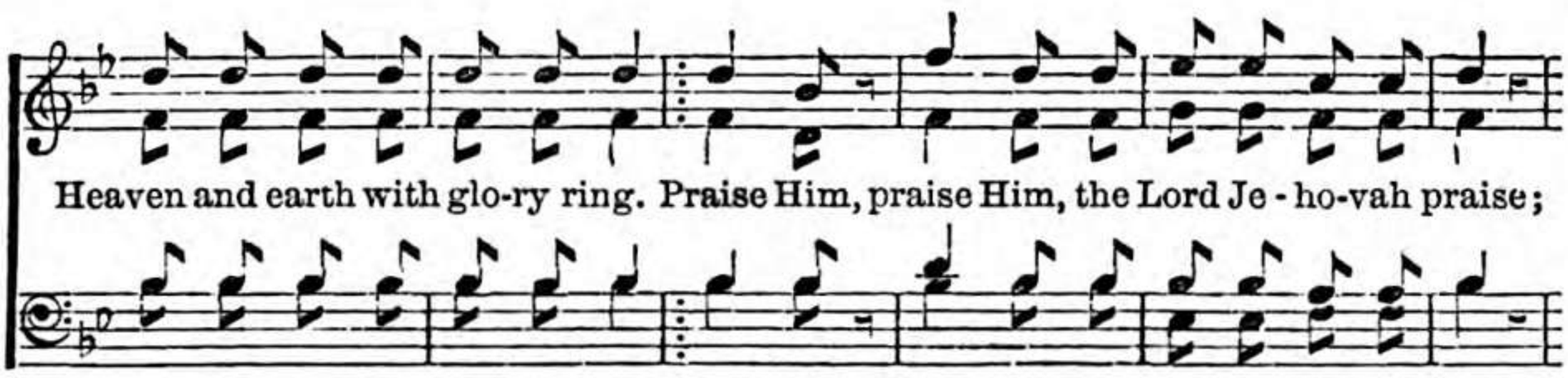
sweet-ly tune your voices, Sing a-loud while heaven re-joices: Hal-le-
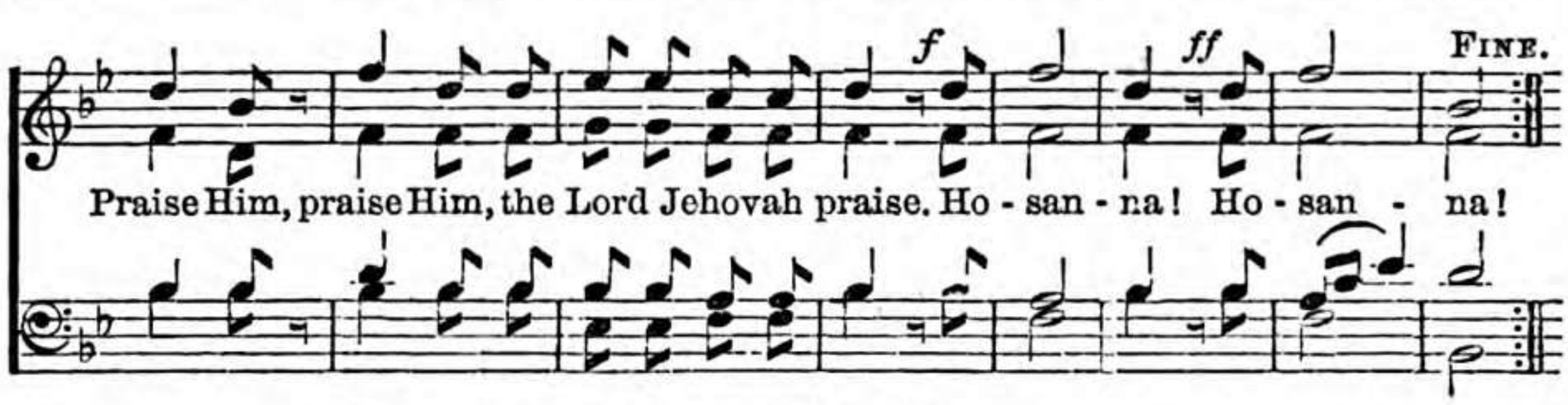
lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Peace on earth, good will to men. Lift a-loud a

p

Cres.

loft-y strain, God is re-con-ciled to man; Glo-ry to our Saviour King,



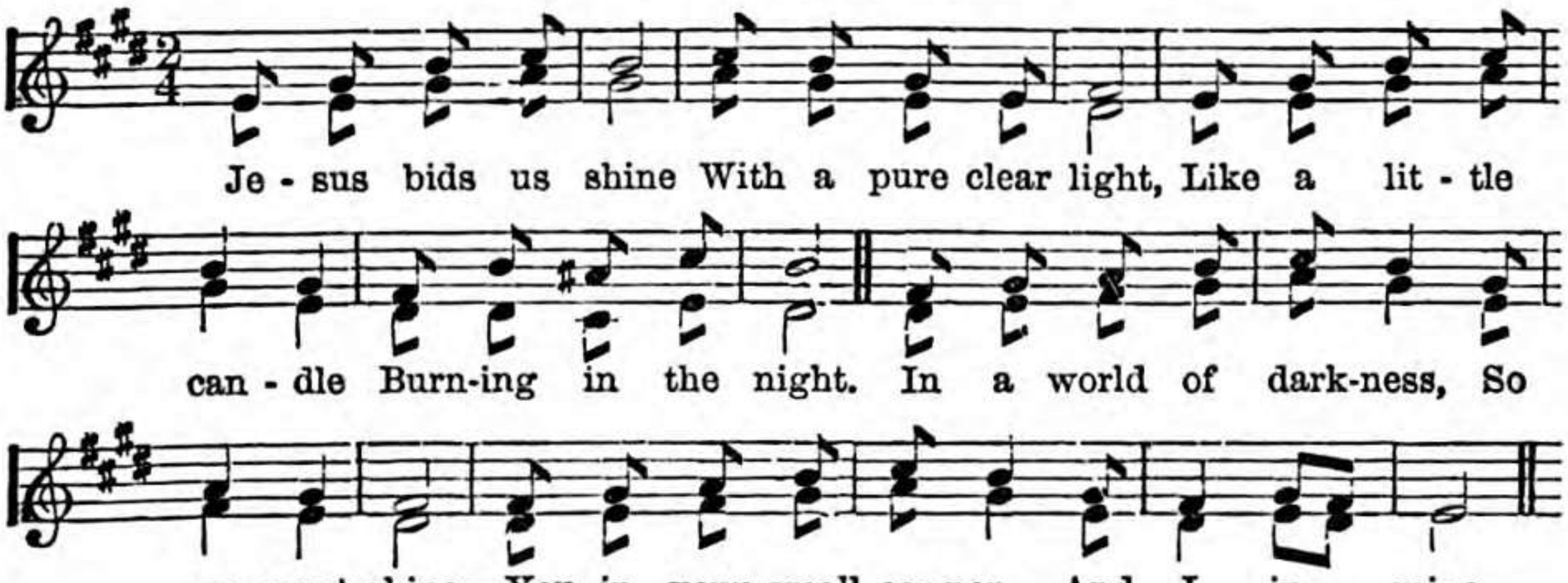


Dearest Saviour, grant Thy favour,
While in these Thy courts we stay;
Thy rich blessing on us resting,
On this happy festive day;
Bells are ringing, and birds are singing,
Woods and fields their tribute bringing,
Back the hills the echoes flinging;
Let our voices swell the chorus
In a grateful song of praise.
Joyful, come before Him now,
Humbly in His presence bow;
Now to Him our tribute bring,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Praise Him, ye grateful children, praise. Hosanna!

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

41.

INFANT CLASS SONG.

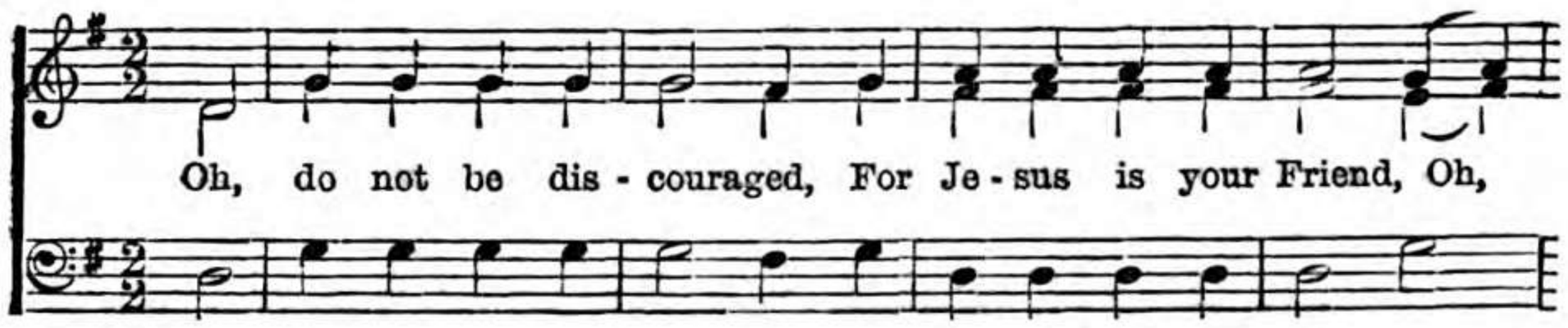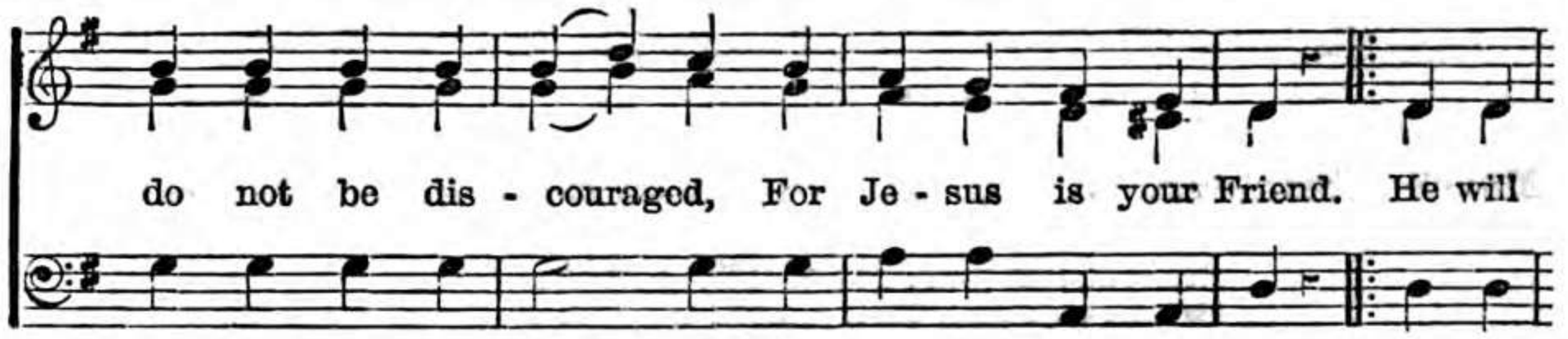


Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim.
He looks down from Heaven,
To see us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

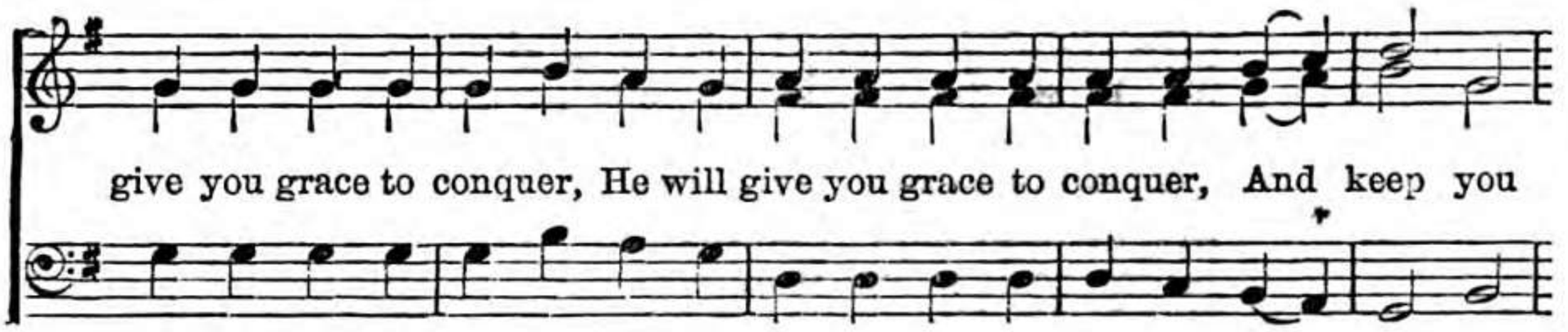
Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound:
Sin and want and sorrow,
So we must shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

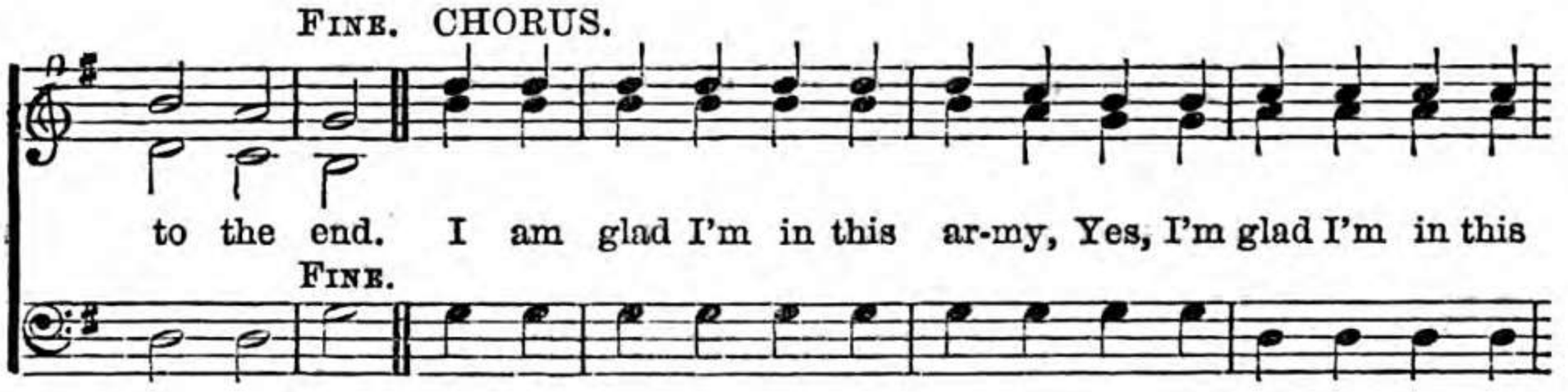
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

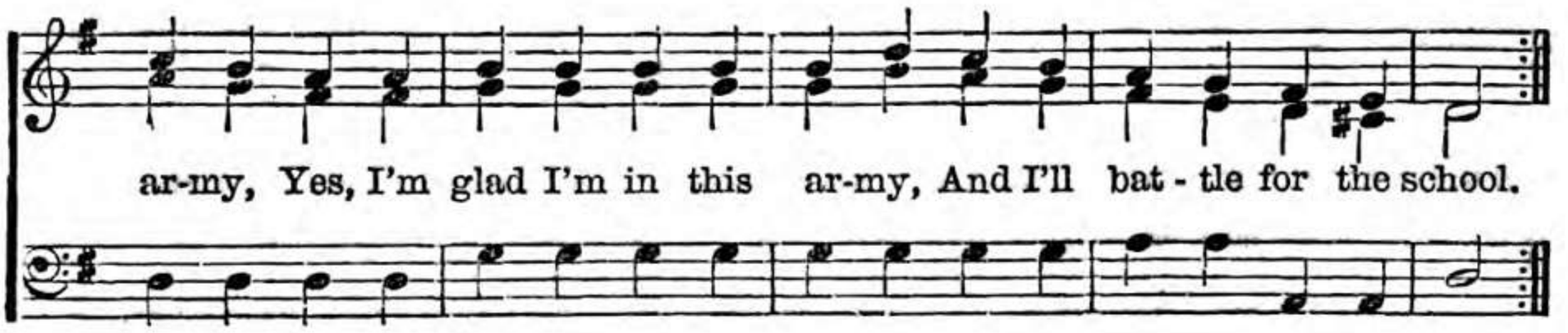
42.
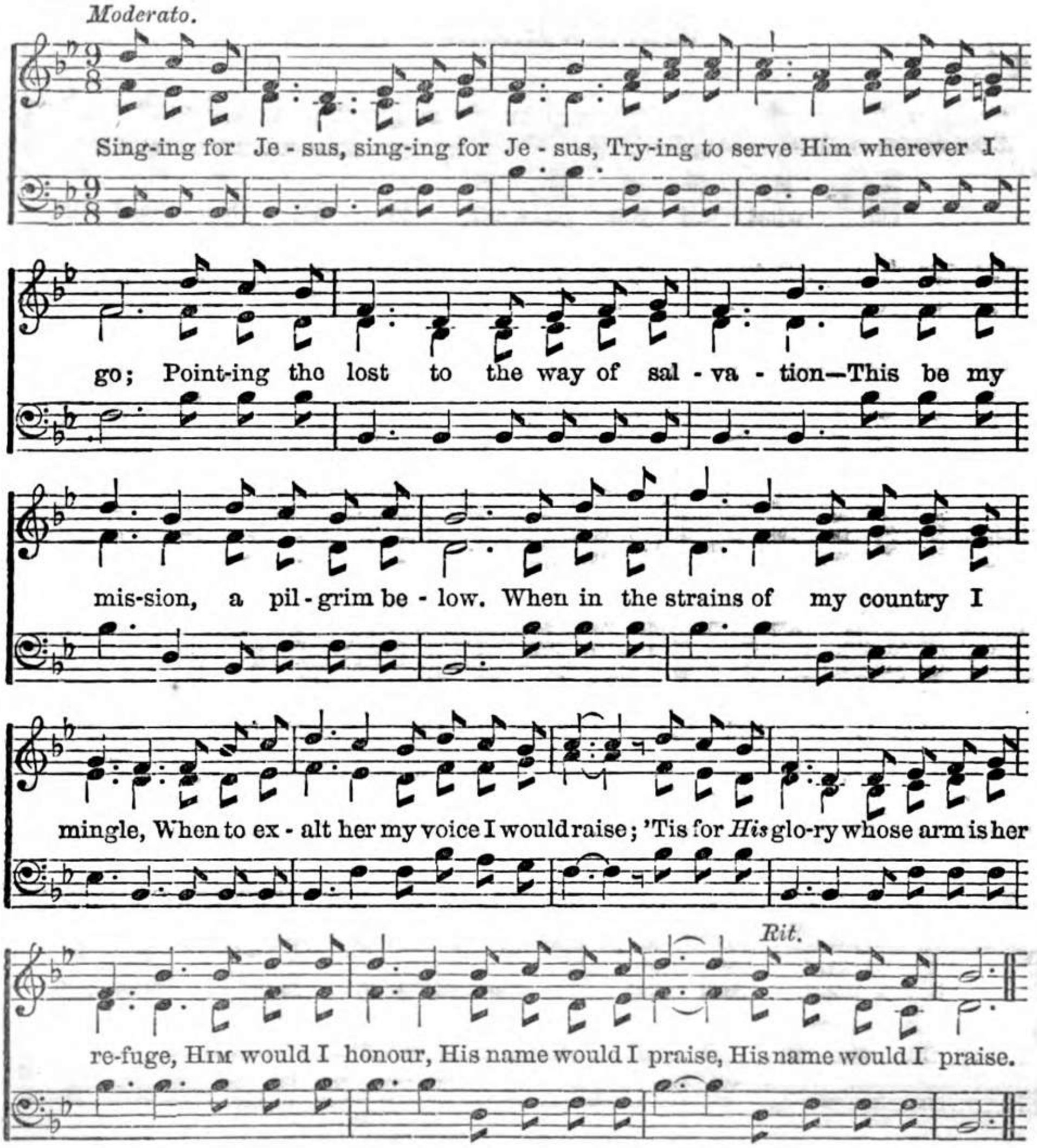










Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And He has vanquished sin.
Chorus—I am glad, &c.

And when the conflict 's over,
Before Him you shall stand;
And when the conflict 's over,
Before Him you shall stand.
You shall sing His praise for ever,
You shall sing His praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land.
Chorus—I am glad, &c,

SINGING FOR JESUS.

43.

Moderato.
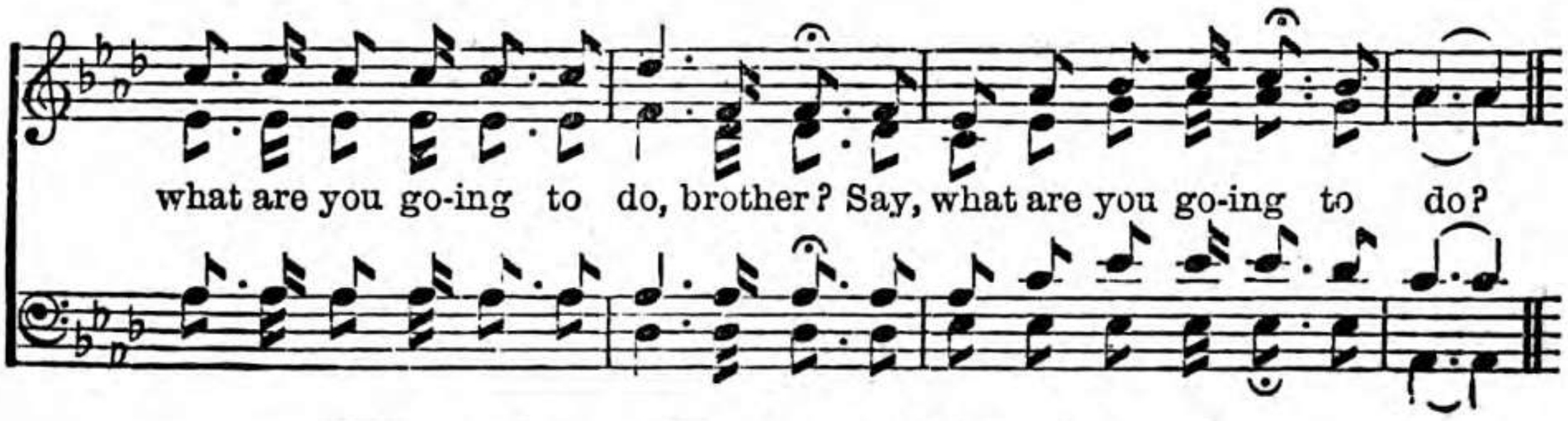


Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed,
How we revere them when they are no more!

Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BROTHER?"

44.



Will you honour His cause and kingdom,
Wherever your path may be?
And stand as a bright example,
That others your light may see?
Are you willing to live for Jesus?
And ready the cross to bear?
Are you willing to meet reproaches?
The frowns of the world to share?
Chorus—Your lot may perhaps be humble,
But God has a work for you;
Then, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The morning of youth is past;
The vigour and strength of manhood,
My brother, are yours at last.
You are rising in worldly prospects,
And prospered in worldly things;—
A duty to those less favoured
The smile of your fortune brings.
Chorus—Go, 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?

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Your sun at its noon is high;
It shines in meridian splendour,
And rides through a cloudless sky.
You are holding a high position
Of honour, of trust, and fame;—
Are you willing to give the glory
And praise to your Saviour's name?
Chorus—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?

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, your riches,
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.
Chorus—You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you;
Then, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

YOUR MISSION.

45.

Moderato.

p

cres.

If you can - not on the o - cean Sail a -
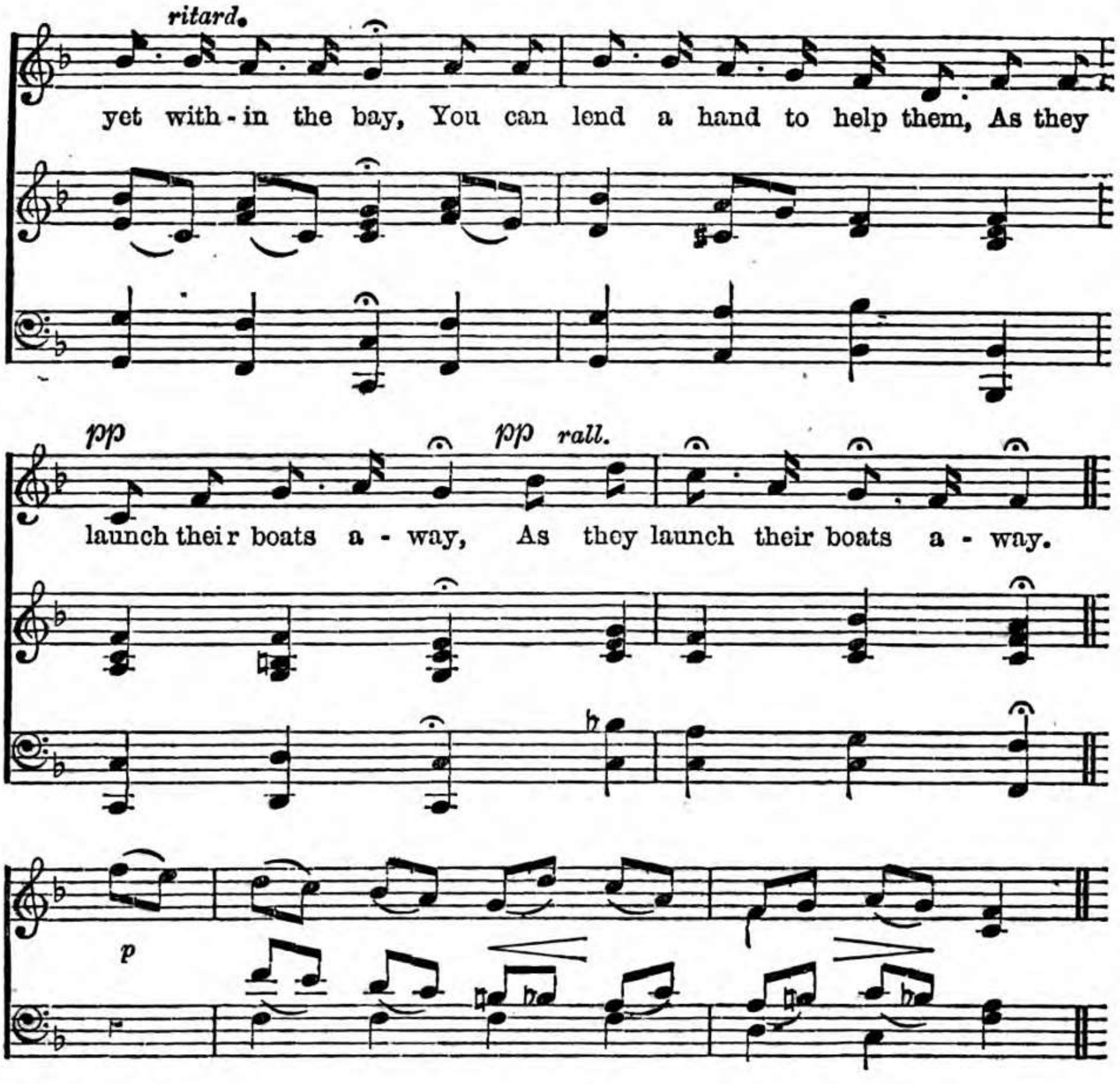
dim.

mong the swift-est fleet, Rock-ing on the high - est bil - lows, Laughing

cres.

at the storms you meet; You can stand a - mong the sail - ors, Anchor'd

dim.



If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command;
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.
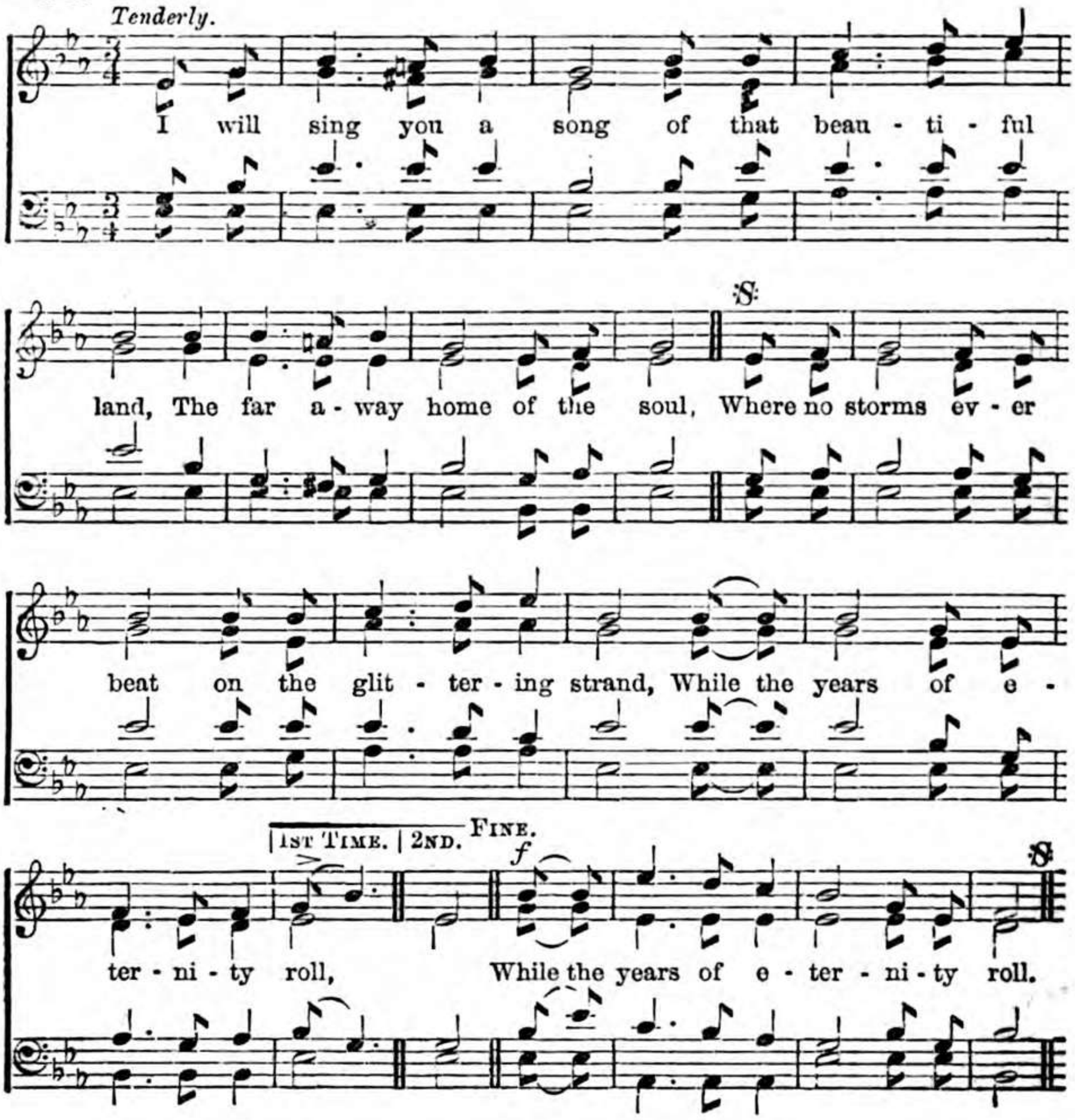
If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true—
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

46.



Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.
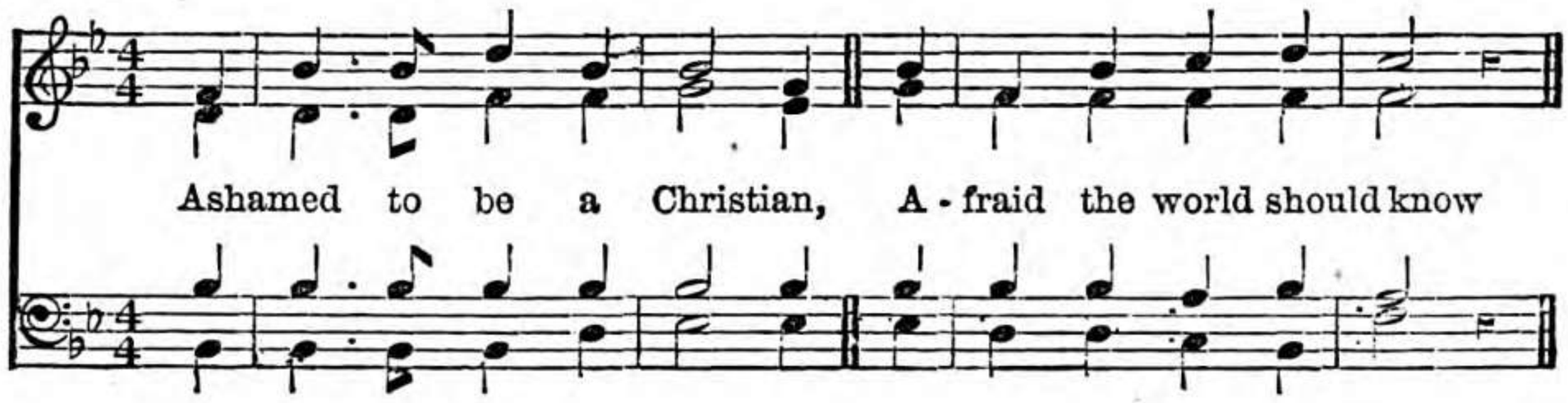
There the great trees of life in their beauty do grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
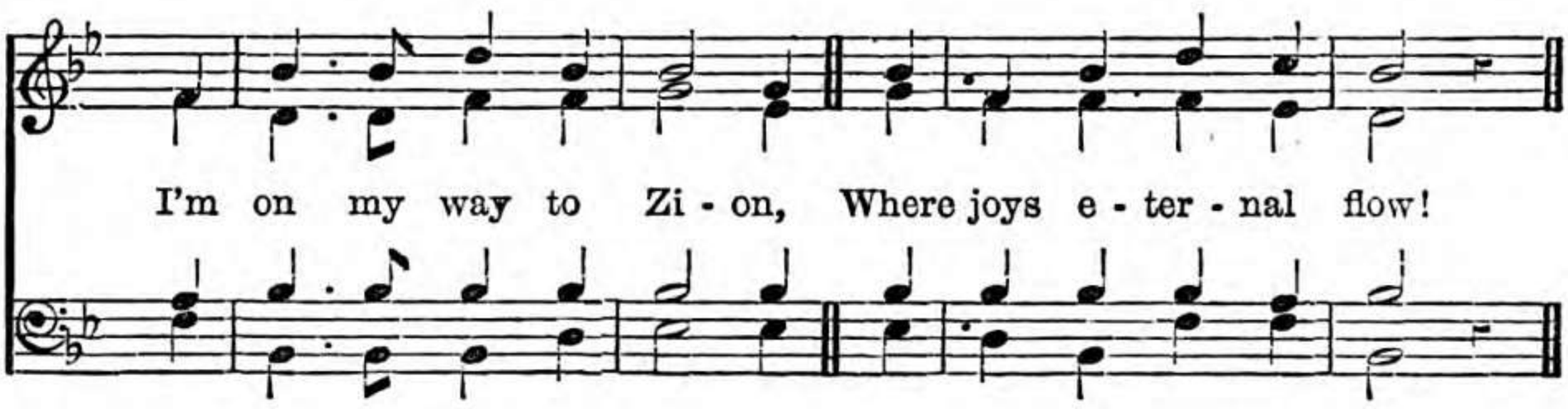
That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
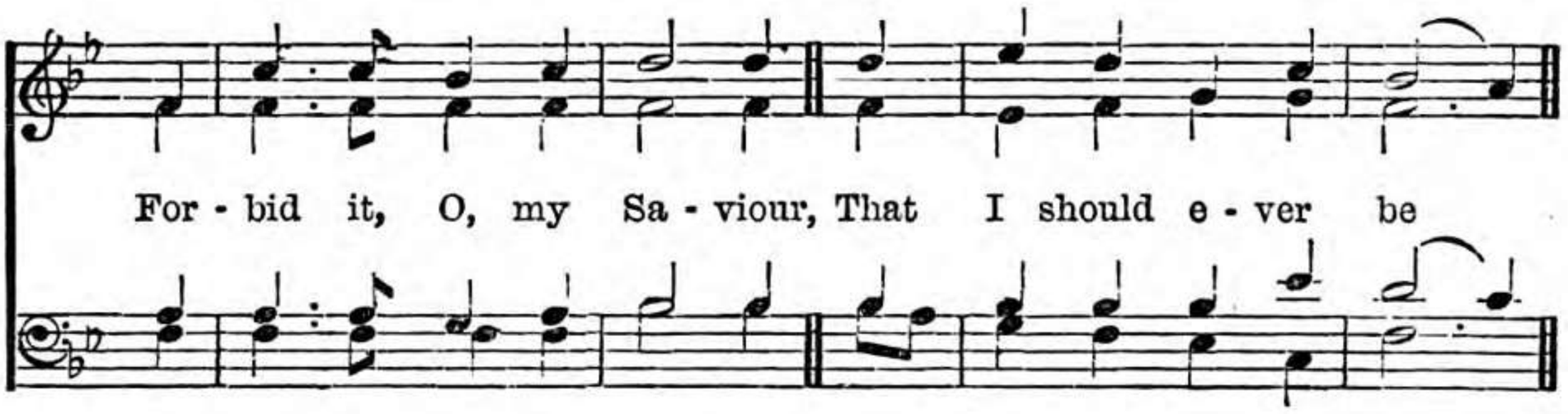
Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.
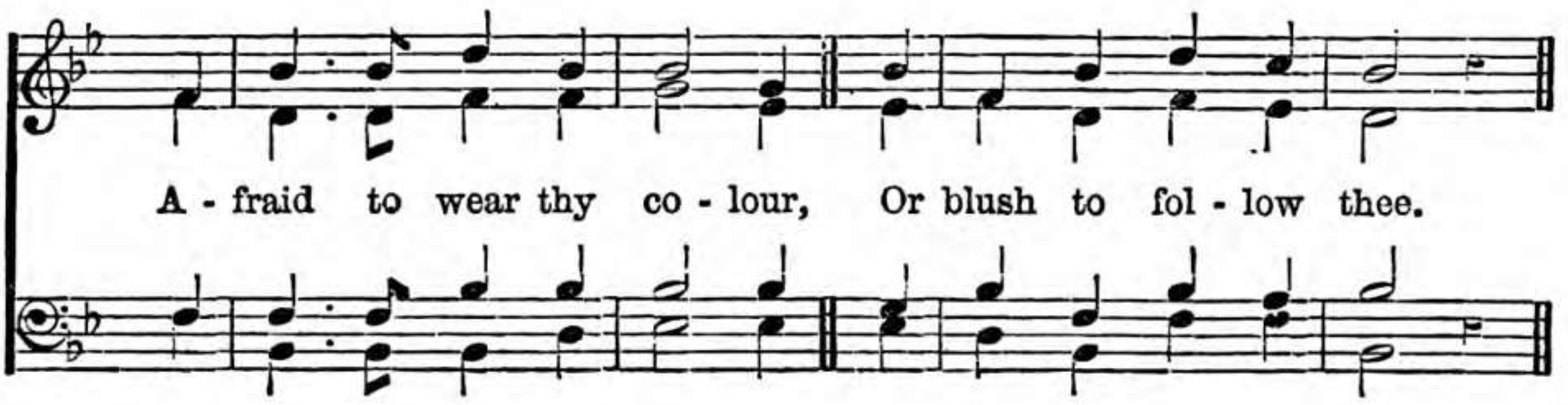
BE NOT ASHAMED.

47.









Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing.
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness
Of mercy, rich and free.

Ashamed to be a Christian!
My guilty fear depart;
I will not heed the tempter
That whispers to my heart.
Dear Saviour, though unworthy,
Yet this my only plea,
Thy all-atoning merit,
For thou hast died for me.

GRAND MILLENNIUM SONG.

48.

Animated.

Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re - joice, re -
Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re - joice, re -

FINE.

joice, the wilder-ness shall bloom, And Zion's children then shall sing, "The
joice, the wilder-ness shall bloom.

FINE.

deserts all are blossoming:" Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is

coming, Re - joice, re - joice, the wil - der - ness shall bloom, The

Gos - pel ban - ner, wide unfurl'd, Shall wave in tri-umph o'er the world; And

D.C.

ev' - ry creature, bond and free, Shall hail the glorious ju - bi - lee:

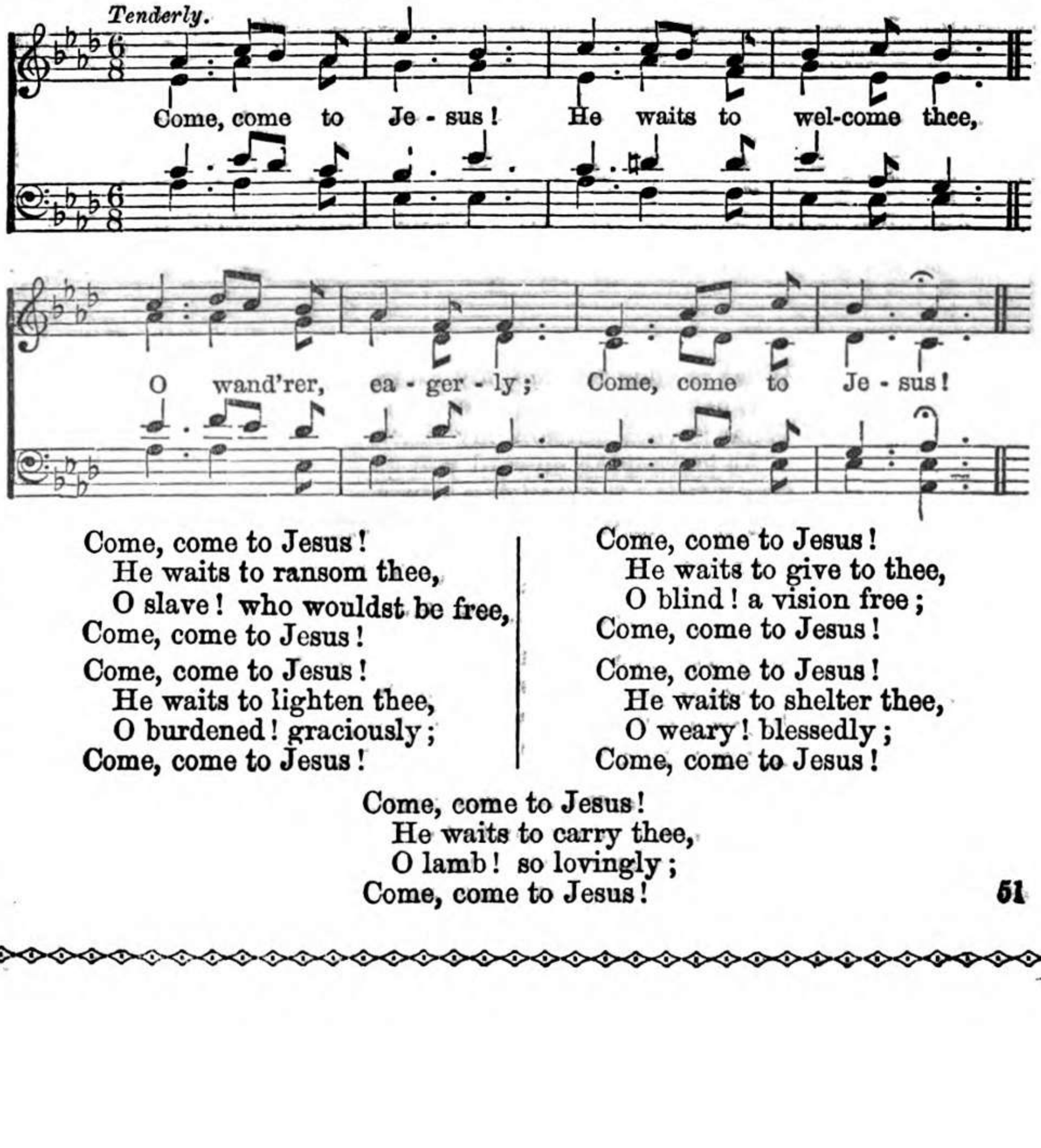
D.C.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout with joy:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign,
And lambs shall with the leopard play,
For nought shall harm in Zion's way;
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plough the earth,
And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations learn to war no more:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

---

49. COME, COME TO JESUS.



Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O slave! who wouldst be free,
Come, come to Jesus!

Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O burdened! graciously;
Come, come to Jesus!

Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

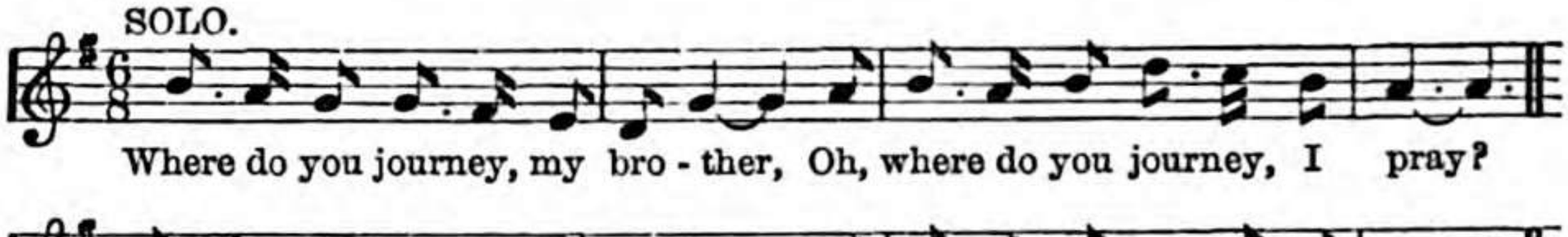
Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!
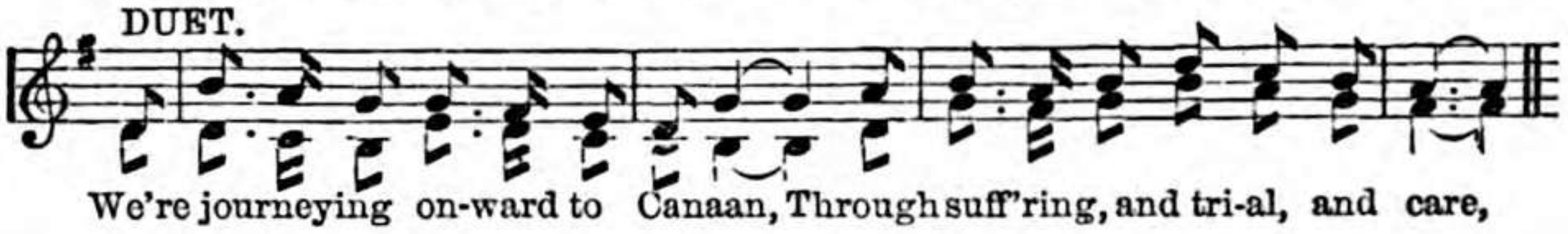
SHALL WE MEET YOU THERE?

50.
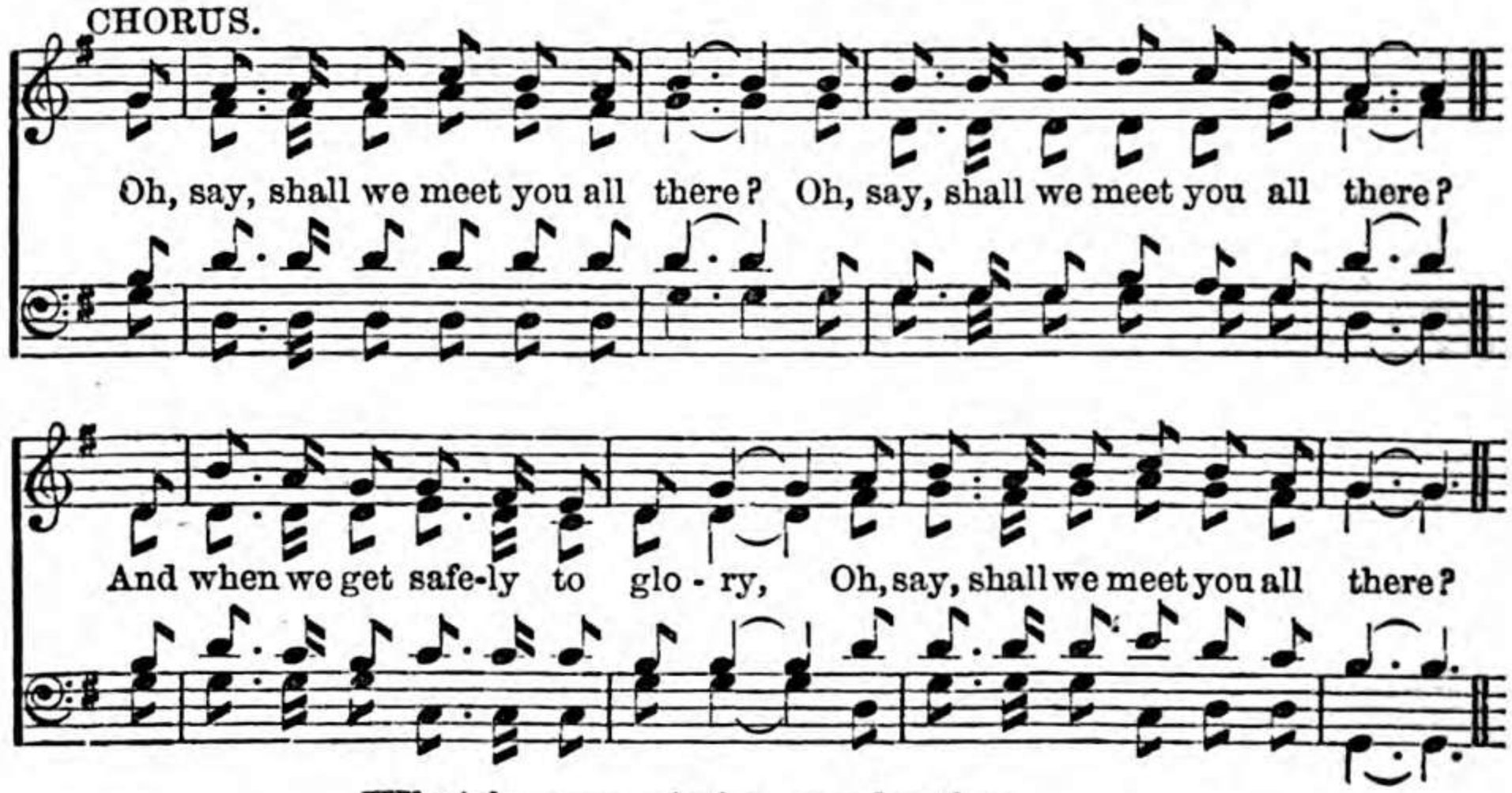
SOLO.



DUET.



CHORUS.



What is your mission, my brother,
What is your mission below?
What is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
Our mission is practising mercy,
Sweet charity, patience, and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus,
That lead to the mansions above.
Chorus—Oh, say, &c.

Oh! yes, you will meet us, my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin;
Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavour to win.
We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through suff'rings, and trials, and care,
And when you get safely to glory,
You'll meet us, you'll meet us all there.
Chorus—Oh, say, &c.

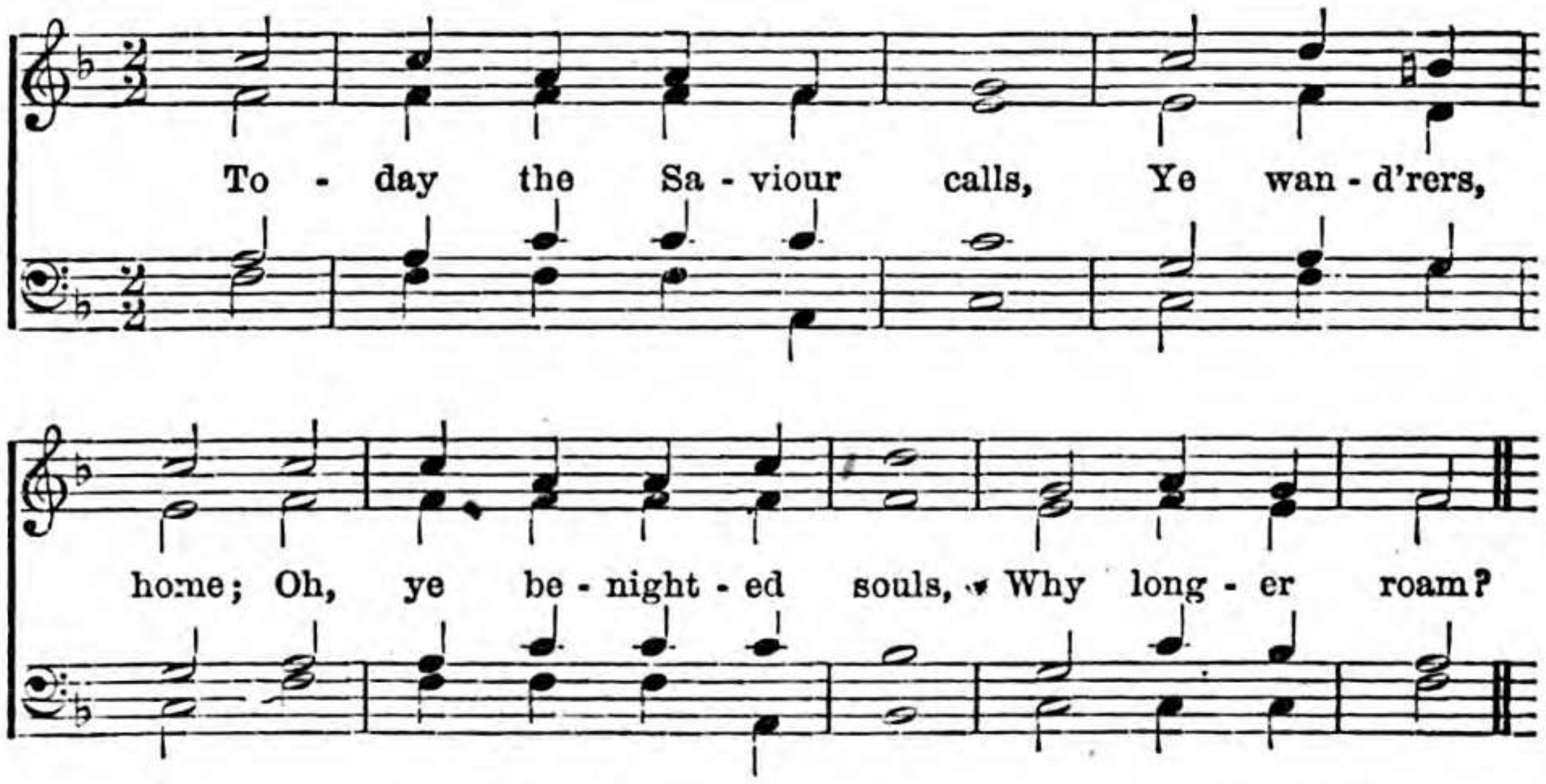
OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river I'm going,
  Beyond where the pearly gates stand,
Over the cold, icy billows,
  To live in a fair, sunny land.
My Father has built me a mansion,
  And filled it with treasures of gold,
Yes, over the river I'm going,
  To where there are pleasures untold.
Chorus—To where there are pleasures untold,
  To where there are pleasures untold;
  Yes, over the river I'm going,
  To where there are pleasures untold.

Over the river I'm going;
  Oh, seek not to draw me aside;
See, angels for me are waiting
  To greet me when over the tide.
My Saviour is there to receive me,
  And shield me from suffering and cold;
Yes, over the river I'm going,
  To where there are pleasures untold.
Chorus—To where, &c.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

51.
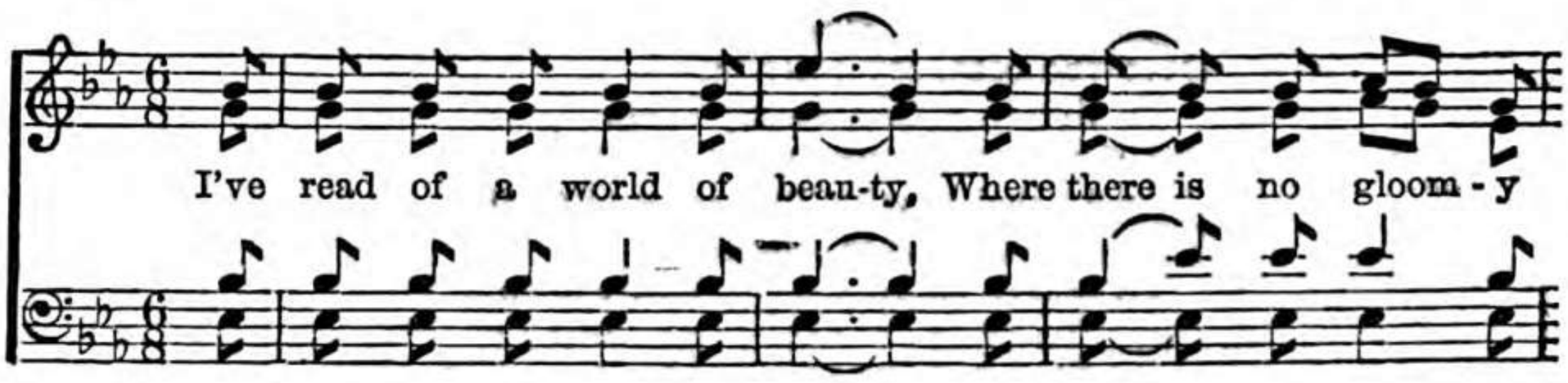


To-day the Saviour calls;
  Oh, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
  To Jesus bow.

To-day the Saviour calls;
  For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
  And death is nigh.

The Spirit calls to-day;
  Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away;
  'Tis mercy's hour.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

52.
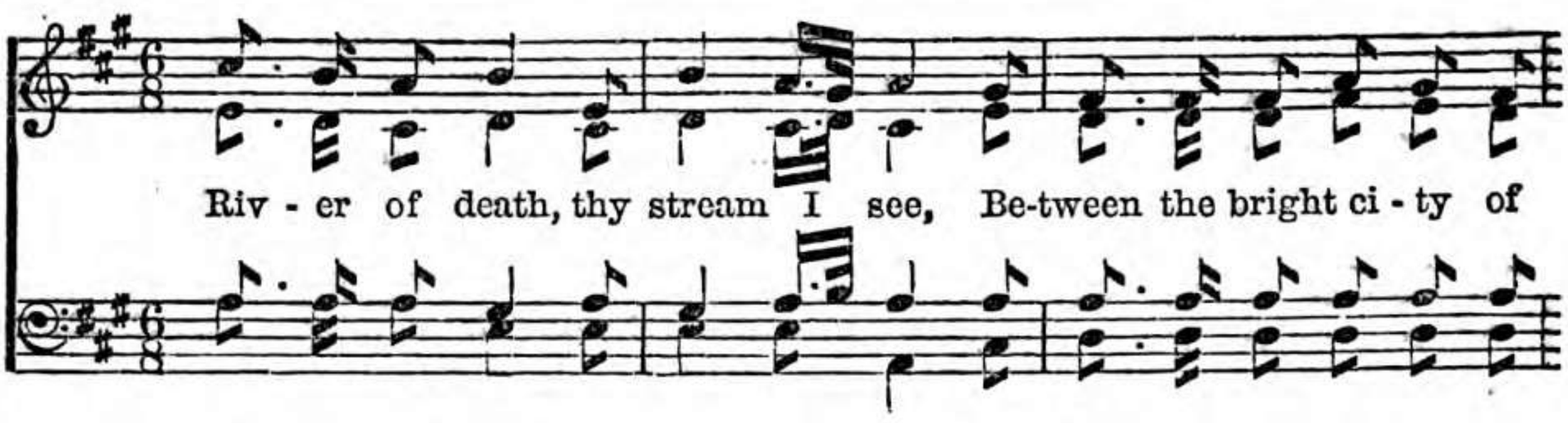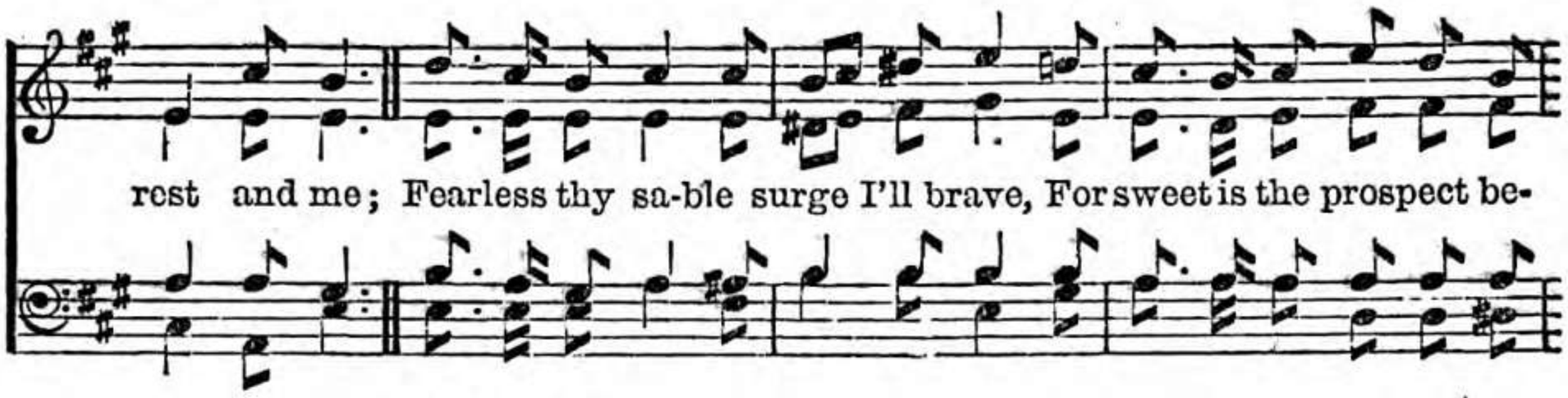


I've read of its flowing river,
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone.
Chorus—I long to be there.

To rise to that world of light,
And breathe in its balmy air,
To walk with the Lamb in white,
And sing with the angels there.
Chorus—I long to be there.
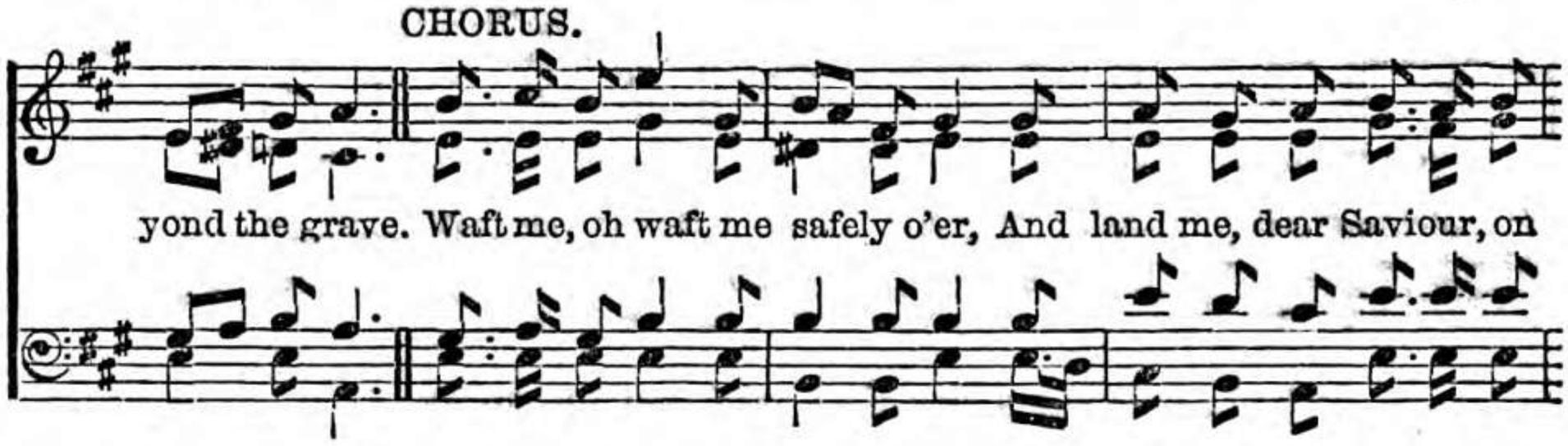
RIVER OF DEATH.
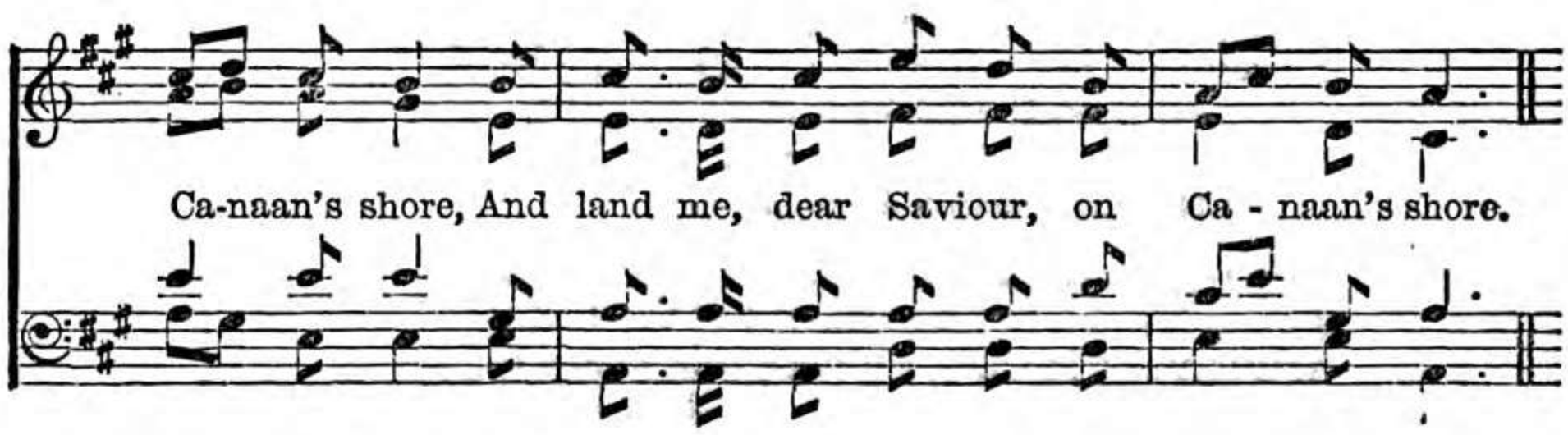
53.





CHORUS.





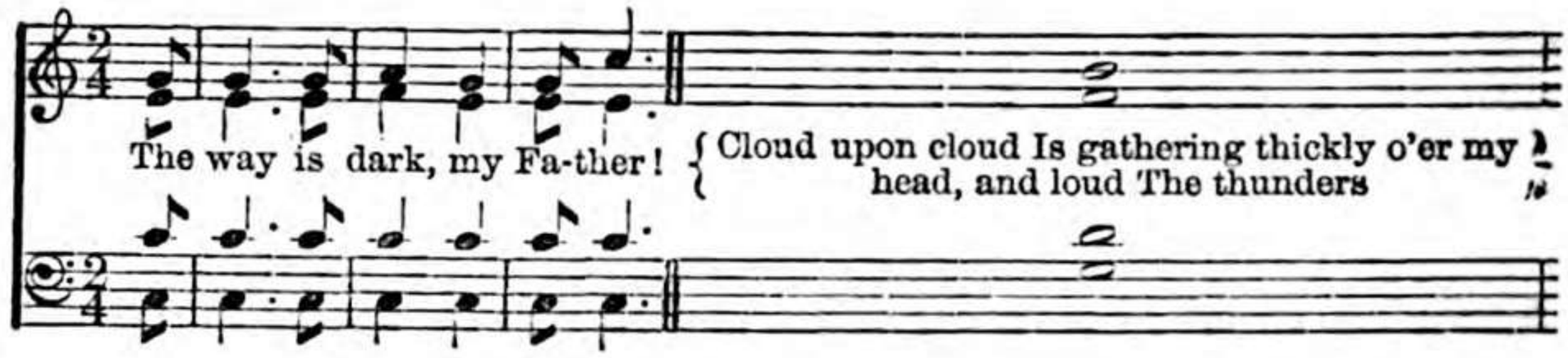
Why should I fear to stem the tide,
With Him who has loved me as guard and guide,
Wisdom and power control the flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with blood.
Chorus—Waft me, &c.

What is it gilds thy darksome foam?
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home;
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.
Chorus—Waft me, &c.

Help me, I feel the waters rise,
Yet visions of glory gladden my eyes:
Saviour, I come, I soon shall be
Among the saints ransomed by Calvary.
Chorus—Waft me, &c.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

54.



The day declines, my Father! ‖ and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. ‖ Fears of 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!
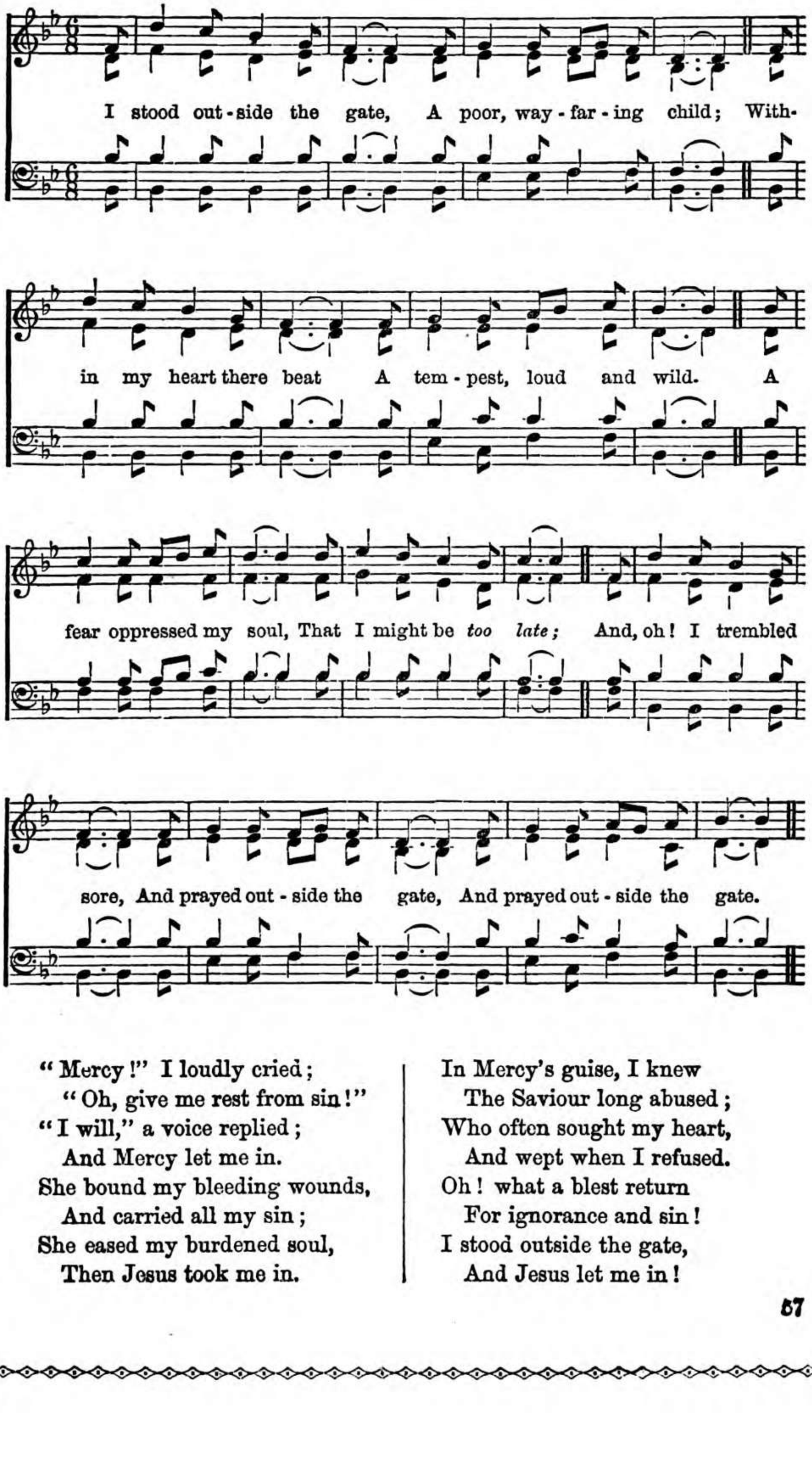
The way is long, my Father! ‖ and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ‖
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,
And in the way to endless day,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child!

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 blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child!

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 crowns 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!

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

55.

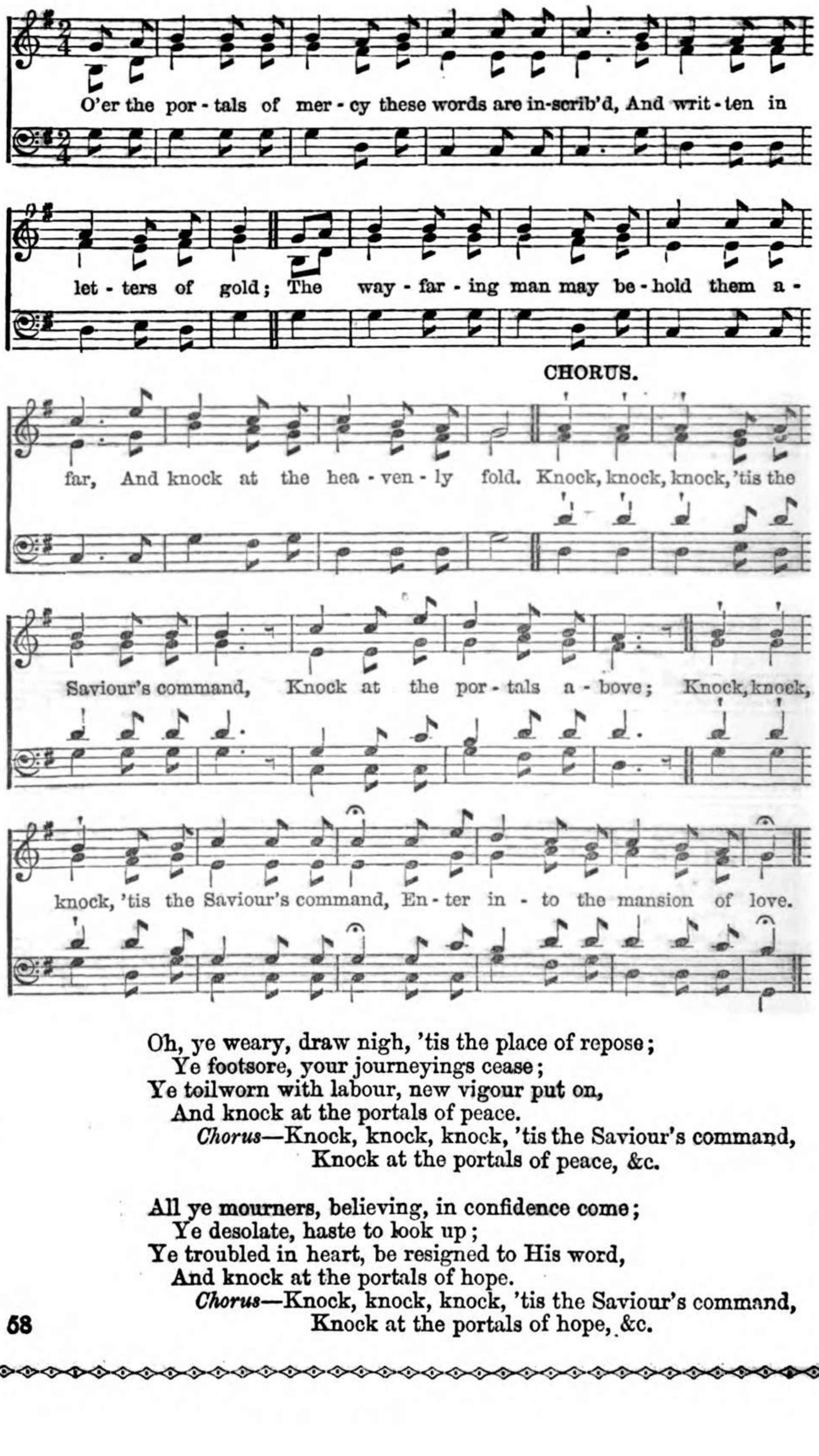


"Mercy!" I loudly cried;
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And carried all my sin;
She eased my burdened soul,
Then Jesus took me in.

In Mercy's guise, I knew
The Saviour long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in!

THE PORTALS OF MERCY.

56.



Oh, ye weary, draw nigh, 'tis the place of repose;
Ye footsore, your journeyings cease;
Ye toilworn with labour, new vigour put on,
And knock at the portals of peace.
Chorus—Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,
Knock at the portals of peace, &c.
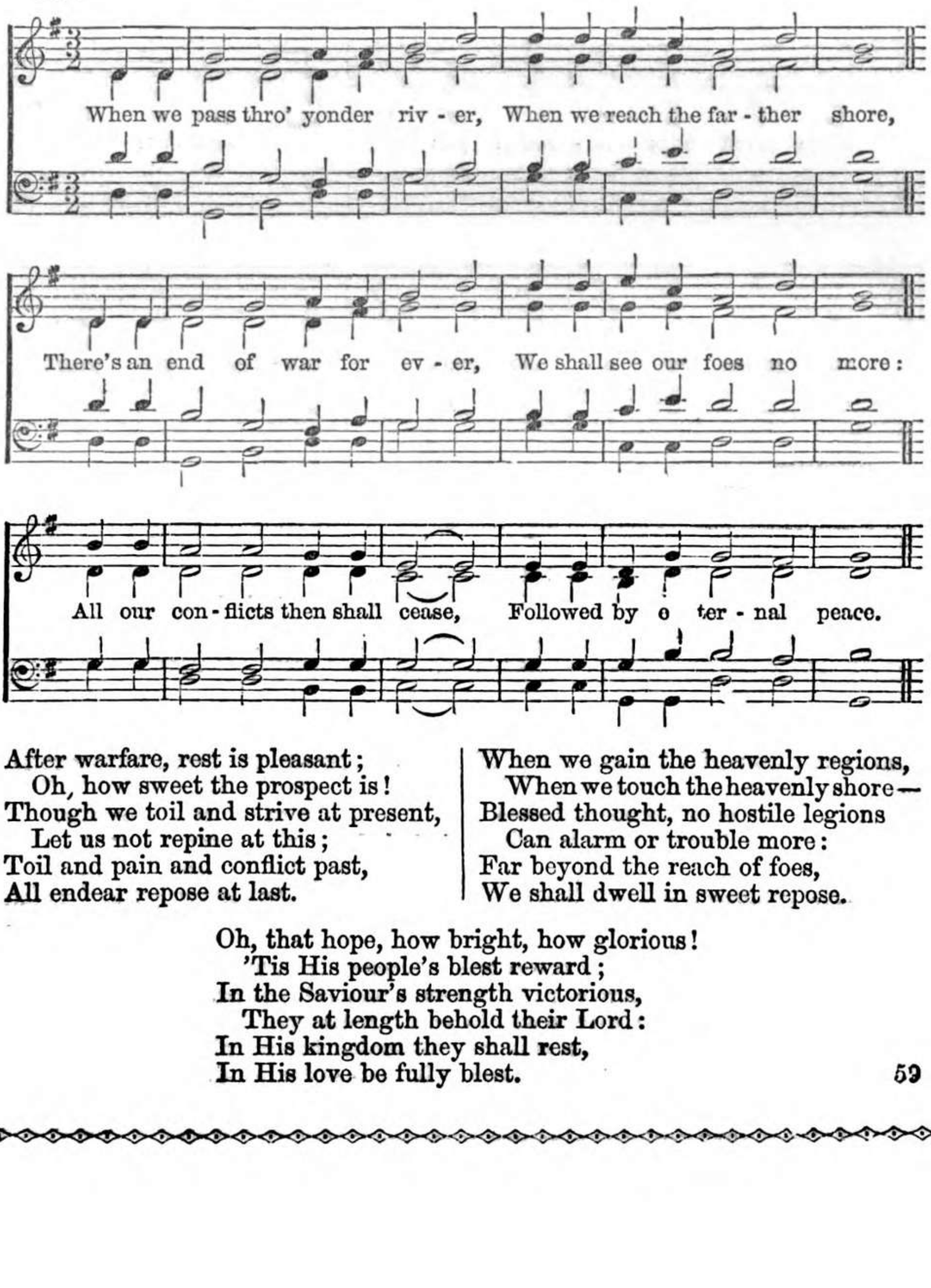
All ye mourners, believing, in confidence come;
Ye desolate, haste to look up;
Ye troubled in heart, be resigned to His word,
And knock at the portals of hope.
Chorus—Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,
Knock at the portals of hope, &c.

And ye sinners, oh come! there's a palace for you,
Prepared by the Builder above;
Approach with your burden, in meekness submit,
And knock at the portals of love.
Chorus—Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,
Knock at the portals of love, &c.

They're all waiting within, and the feast is prepared,
What folly to tarry and wait!
Let every one come in obedient haste,
And knock at the heavenly gate.
Chorus—Knock, knock, knock, 'tis the Saviour's command,
Knock at the heavenly gate, &c.

NO MORE WAR.

57.



After warfare, rest is pleasant;
Oh, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this;
Toil and pain and conflict past,
All endear repose at last.

When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blessed thought, no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
Far beyond the reach of foes,
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

Oh, that hope, how bright, how glorious!
'Tis His people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In His kingdom they shall rest,
In His love be fully blest.

REMEMBER THE POOR!

58.

Moderato.

When safe in your dwell - ing, so cheer - ful and warm,

Ye hear but its wail - ing, the cold win - ter storm;

When loved ones a - round you are ga - ther'd once more,

Then pause for a mo - ment, re - mem - ber the poor!

CHORUS.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the
The Lord will preserve him, and keep him a - - - - - live, and

Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.
he shall be blessed up - - - - - - - on the earth.
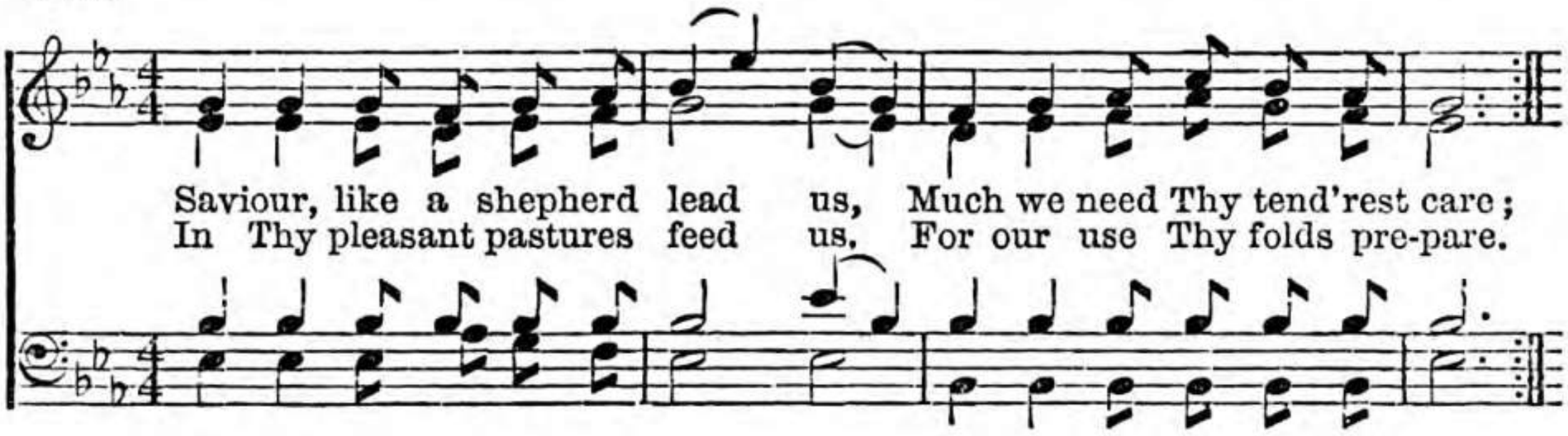
When labour rewarded, a comfort bestows,
That brings to your bosom a tranquil repose,
'Tis God who increases your basket and store,
'Tis Jesus who bids you remember the poor!
Chorus—Blessed is he that considereth, &c.

His words, kindly spoken, should ne'er be forgot;
The poor ye have always, but Me ye have not;
Privation and sorrow how meekly He bore!
Are ye His disciples, remember the poor!
Chorus—Blessed is he that considereth, &c.

Go, succour the lowly, o'er-burdened with woe;
Take heed that in secret your alms ye bestow;
Be kind to the wayward, the erring restore,
And God will reward you, remember the poor!
Chorus—Blessed is he that considereth, &c.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US.

59.
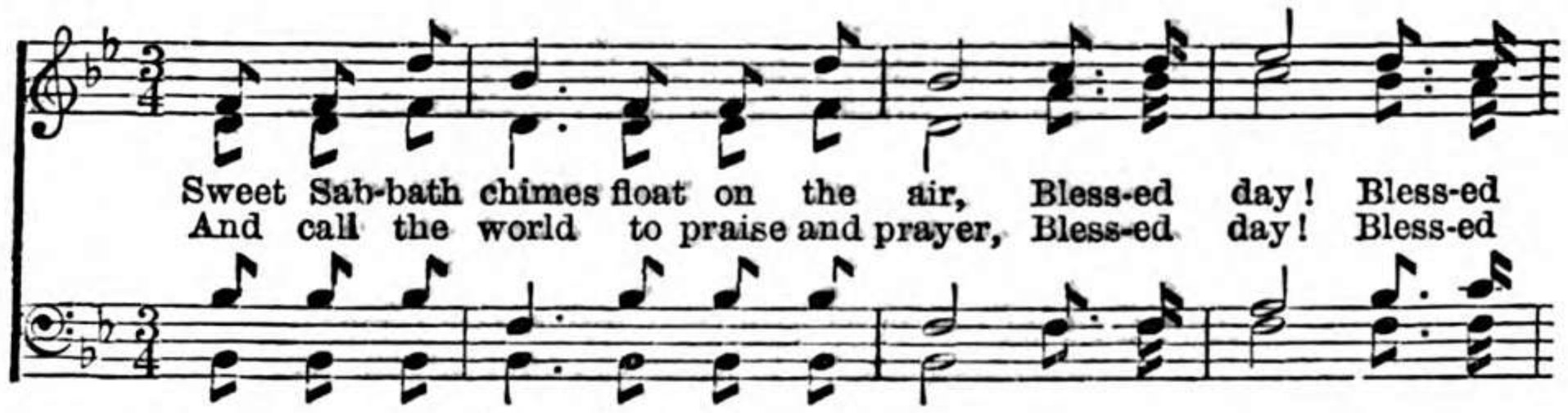


We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

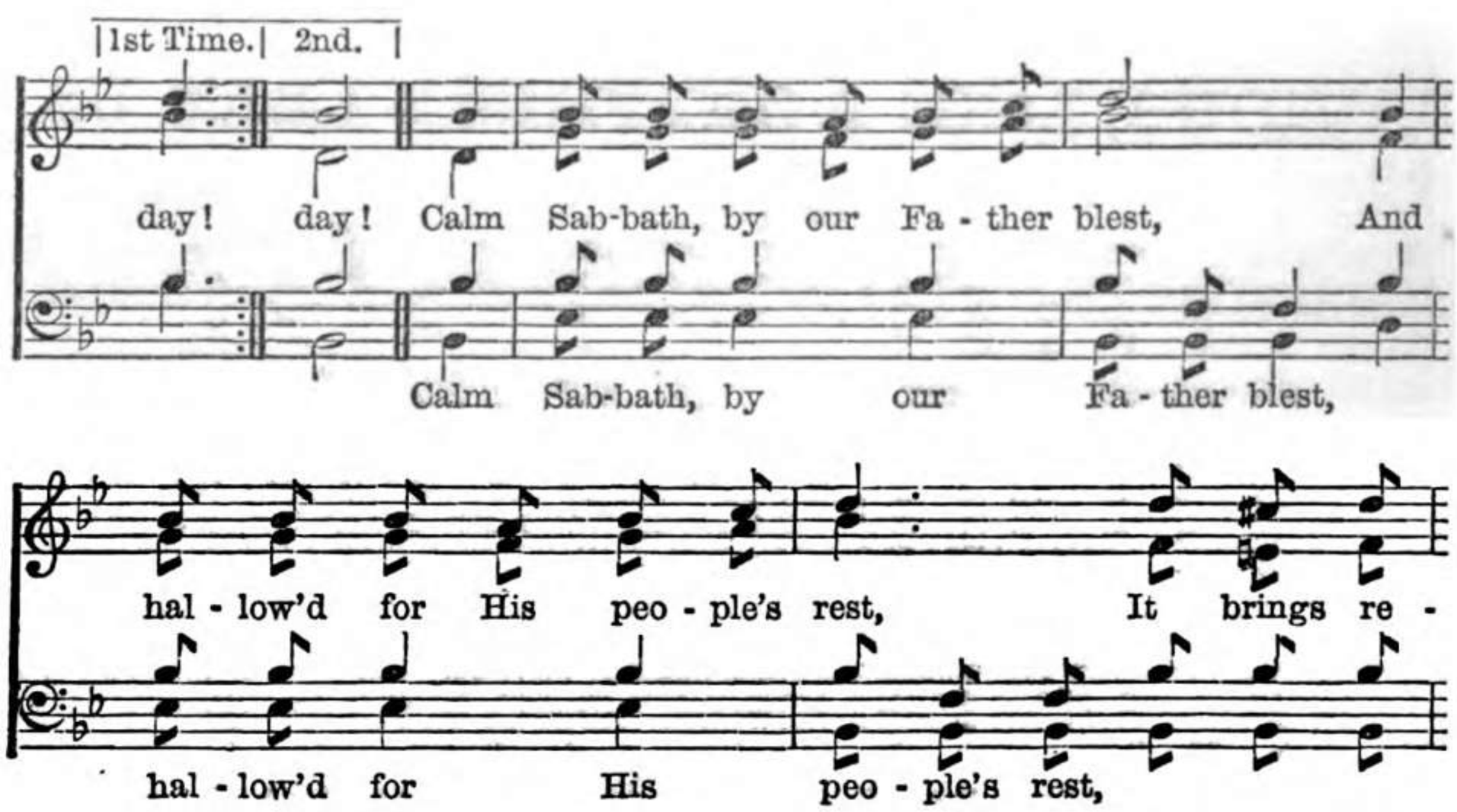
Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.
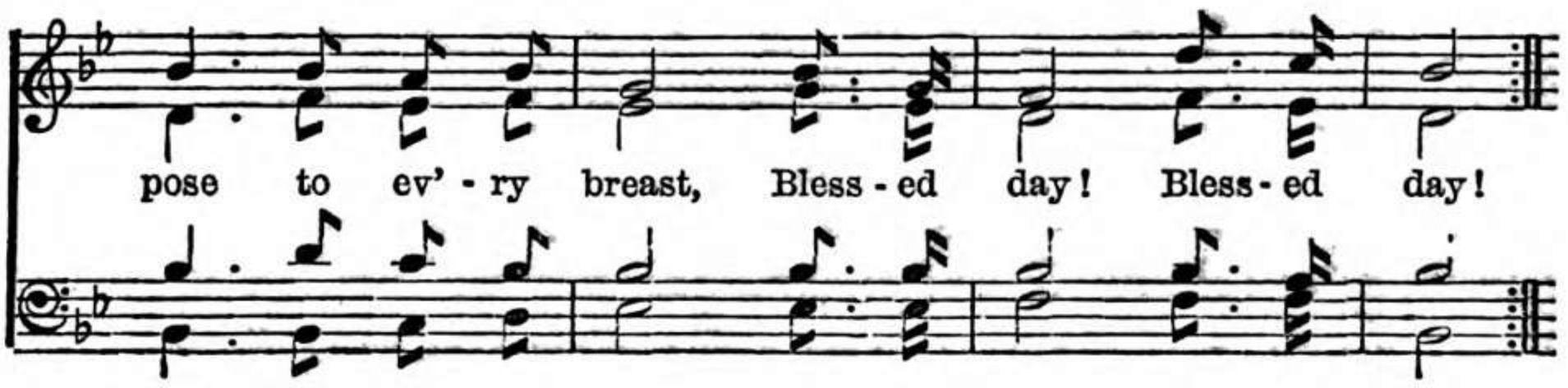
Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

SWEET SABBATH CHIMES.

60.





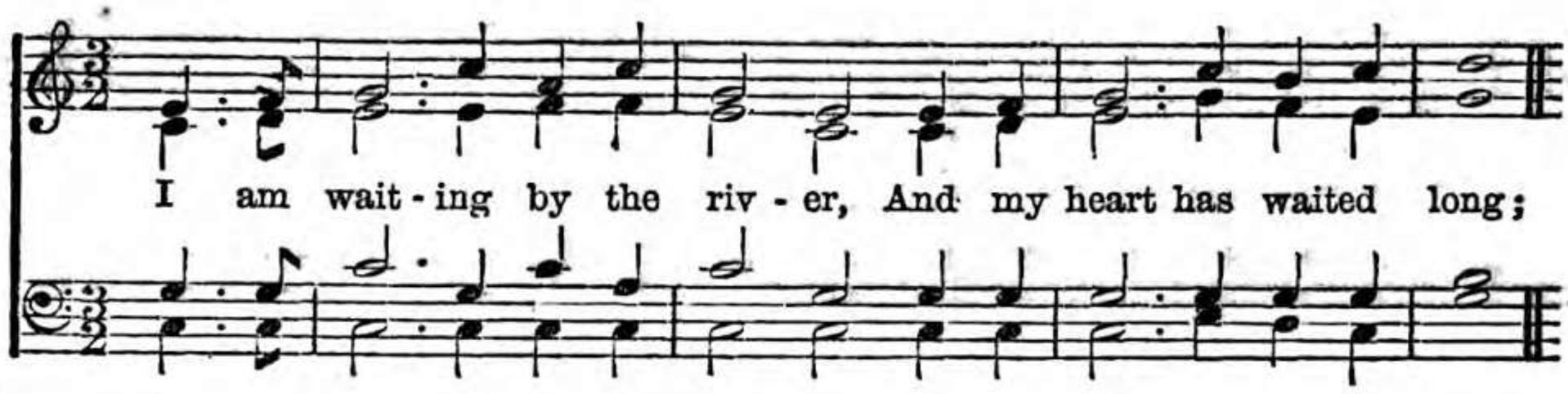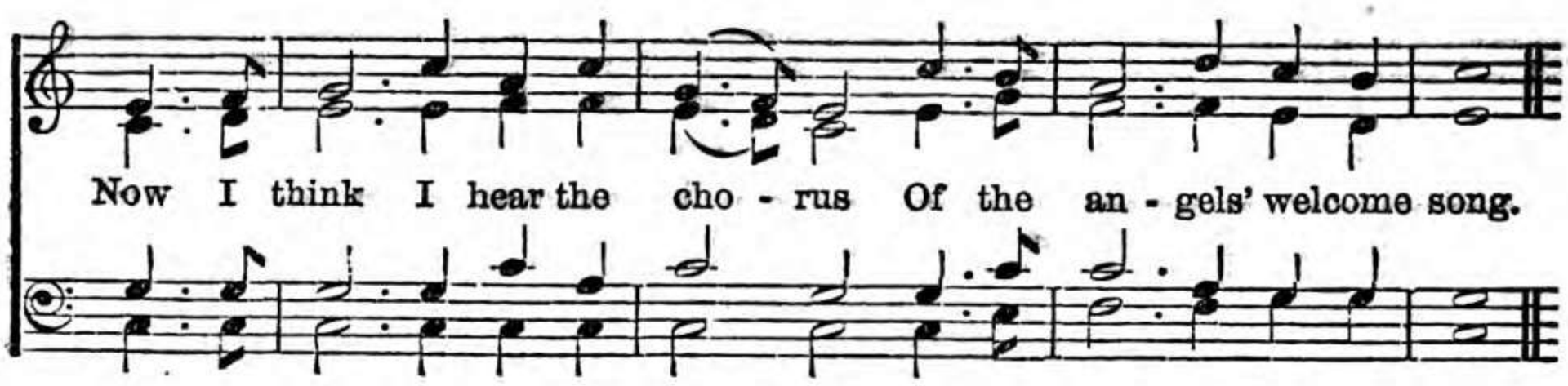


To-day our dear Redeemer rose,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
And triumphed over all His foes,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
While each adores our God and King,
The heavenly portals sweetly ring,
And angel choirs with rapture sing,
Blessed day! Blessed day!

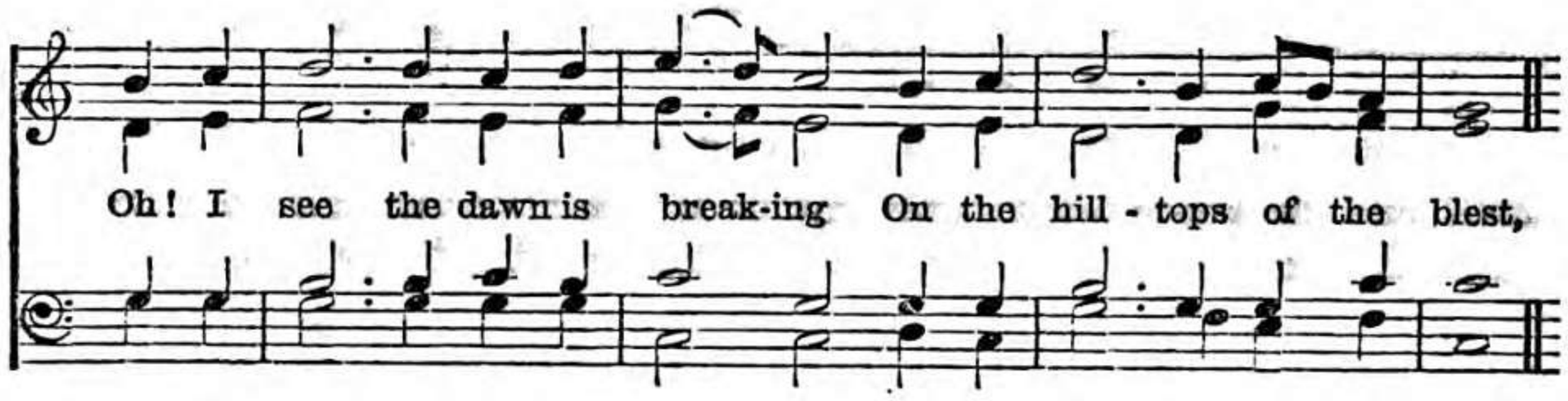
Beyond the vail a rest remains,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
A rest from sorrow, toil, and pains,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
The happy Christian free from care,
When anchor'd in that region fair,
Shall sing through countless ages there,
Blessed day! Blessed day!
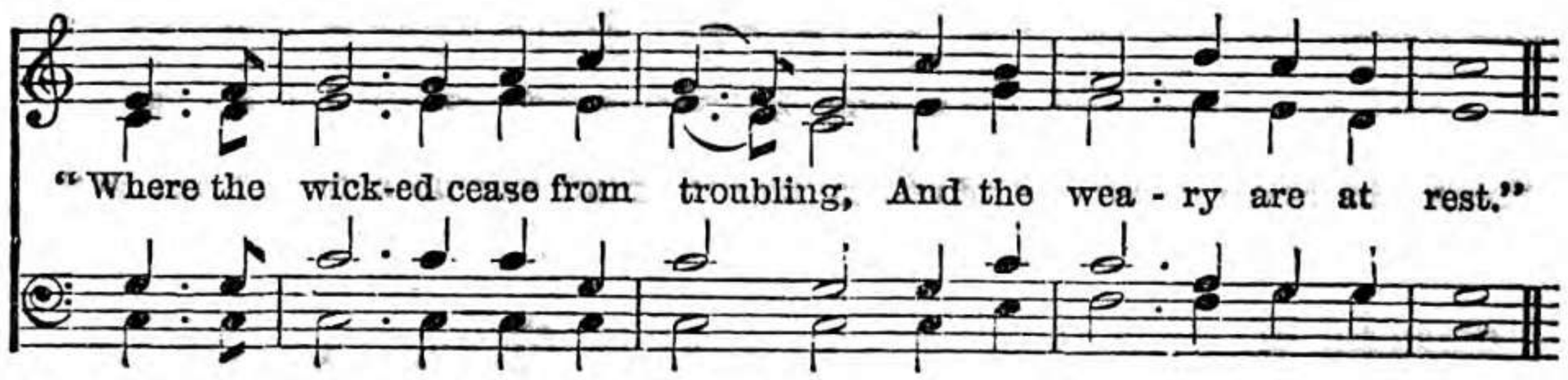
WAITING BY THE RIVER.

61.









They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years;
Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

THE RESURRECTION MORN.

62.

We shall sleep, but not for ev - er, There will be a glo - rious dawn;

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er! On the re - sur - rec - tion morn!

From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the de - sert and the plain,

From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.

CHORUS. *p* *cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for ev - er; There will be a glo - rious dawn;
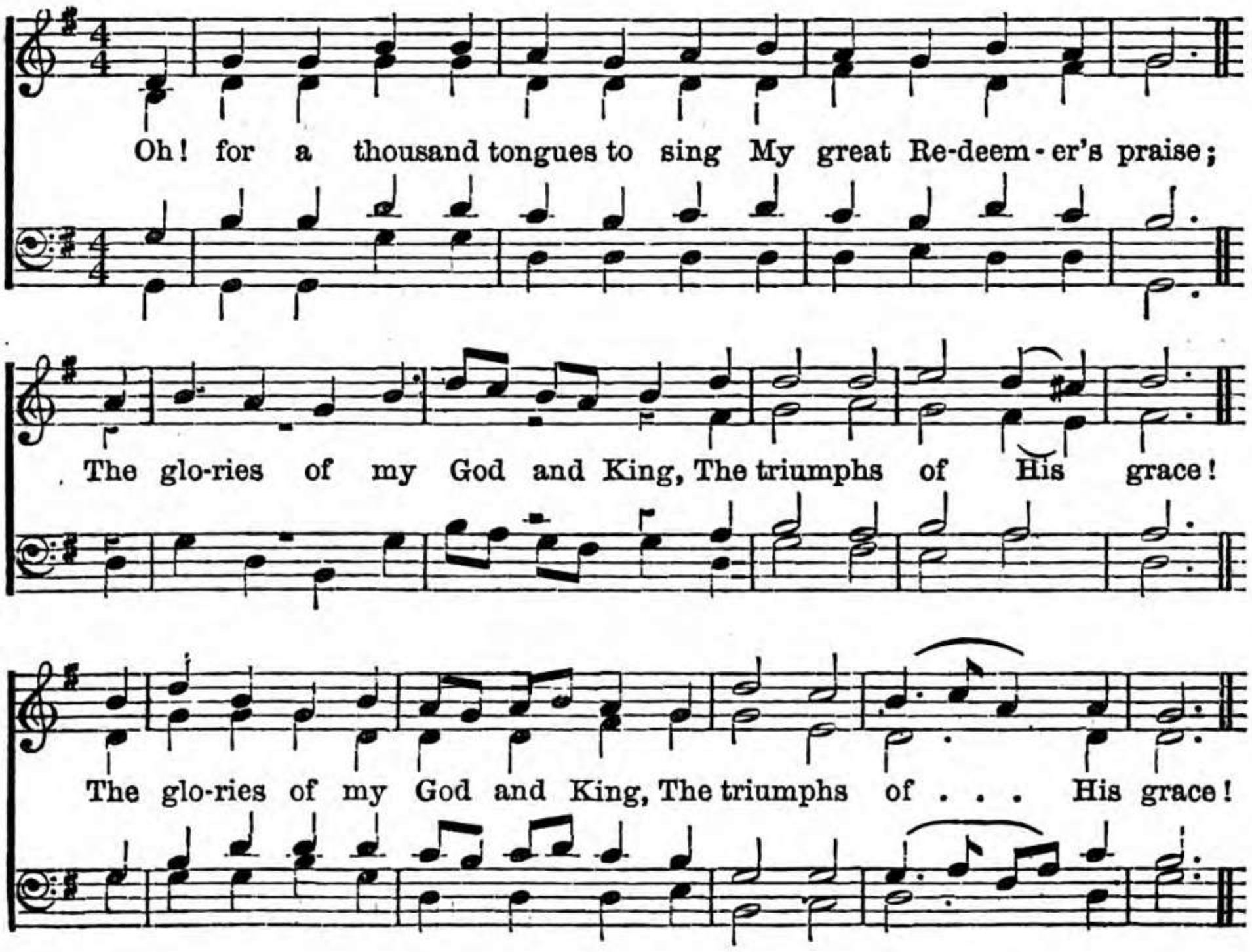
We shall meet to part, no, nev - er! On the re - sur - rec - tion morn!

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.
Chorus—We shall sleep, &c.

We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal City
Death can never, never come;
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, Sweet Home.
Chorus—We shall sleep, &c.

CORONATION.

63.
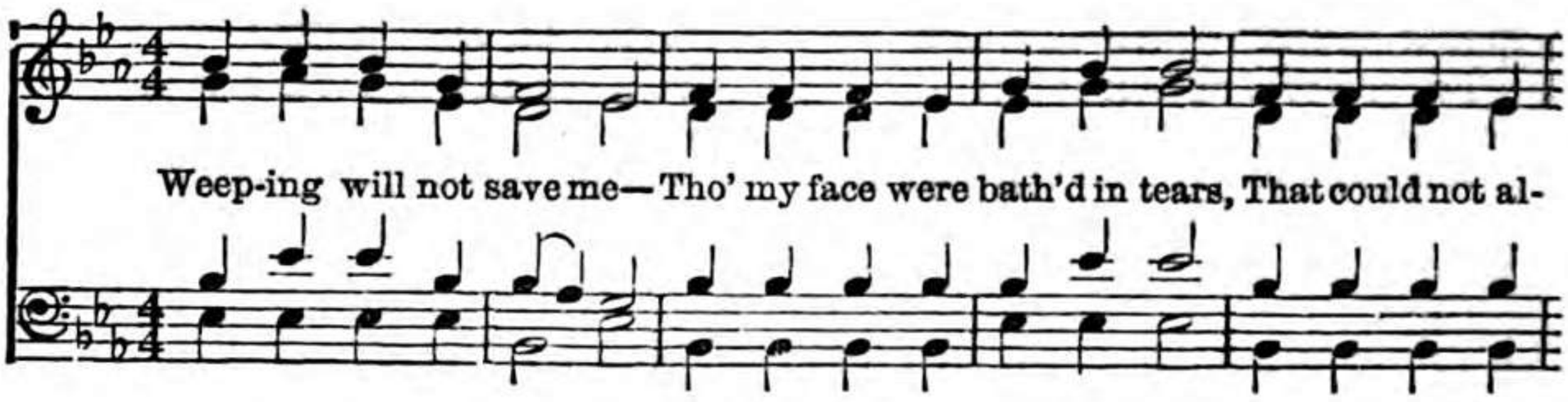


My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy name.

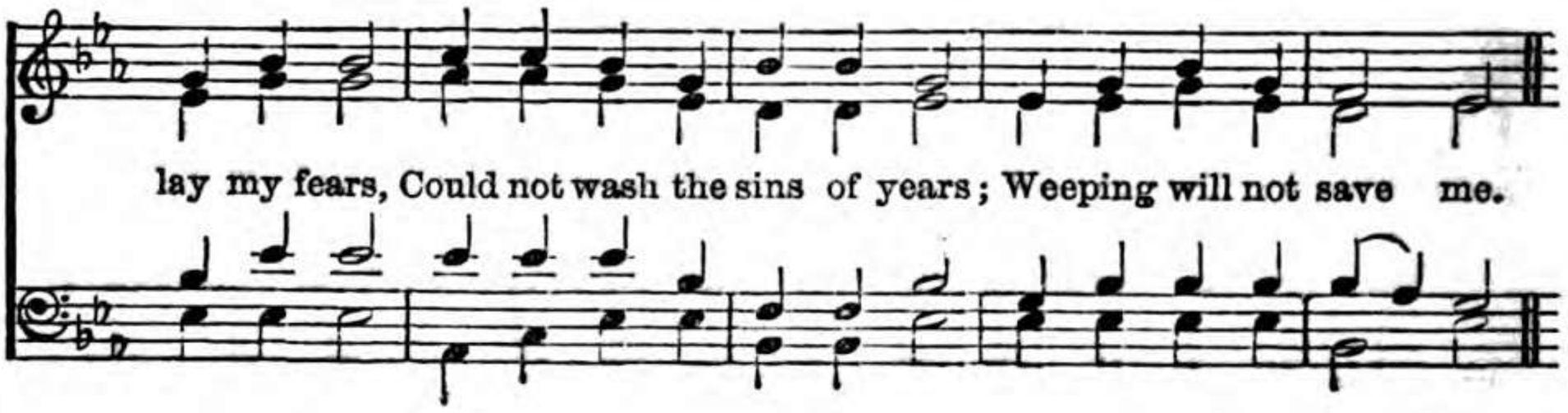
Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
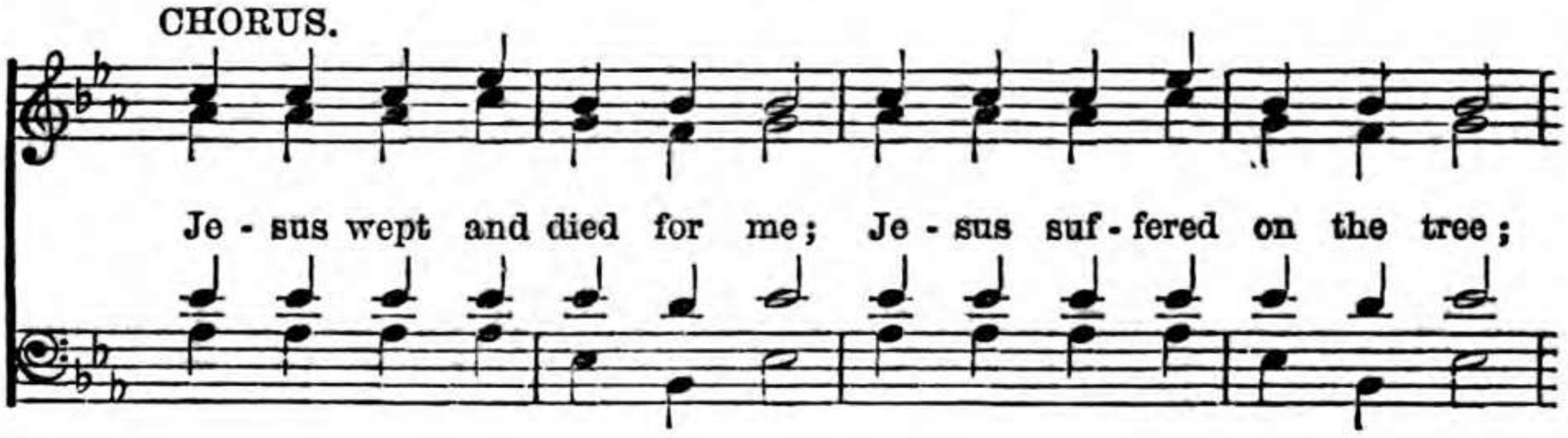
NONE BUT JESUS.
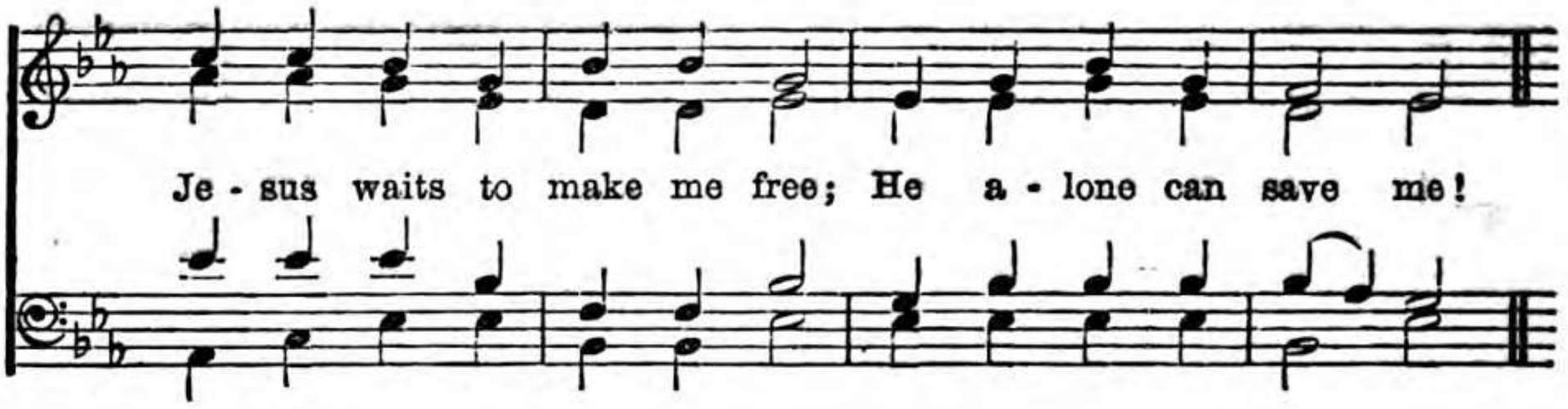
64.





CHORUS.
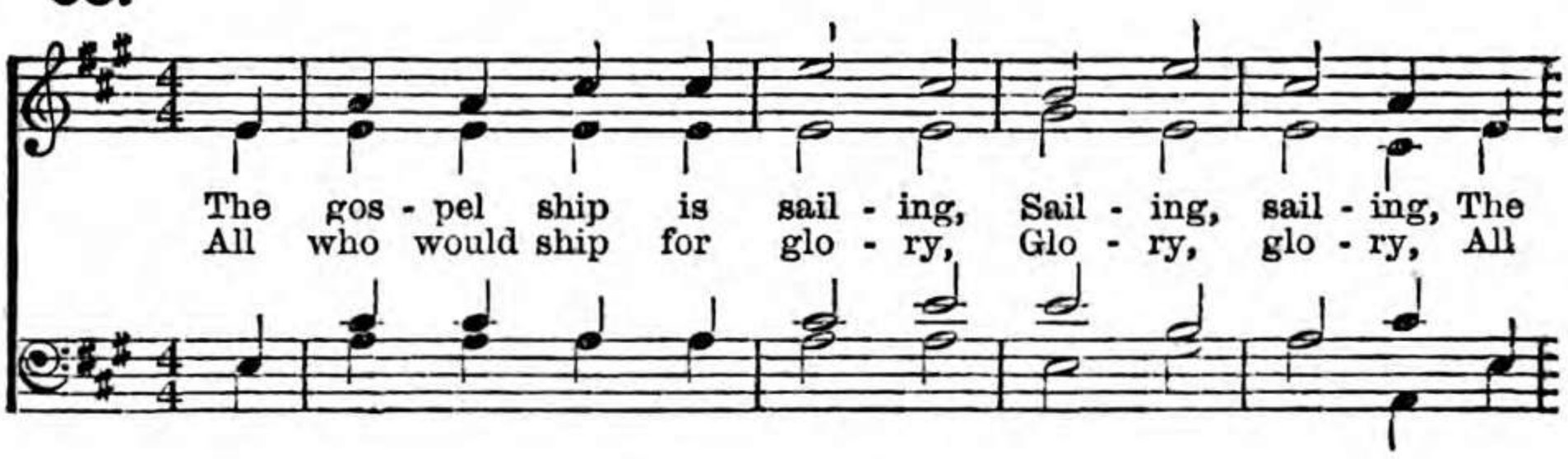




Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew;
Working will not save me.
Chorus—Jesus wept, &c.

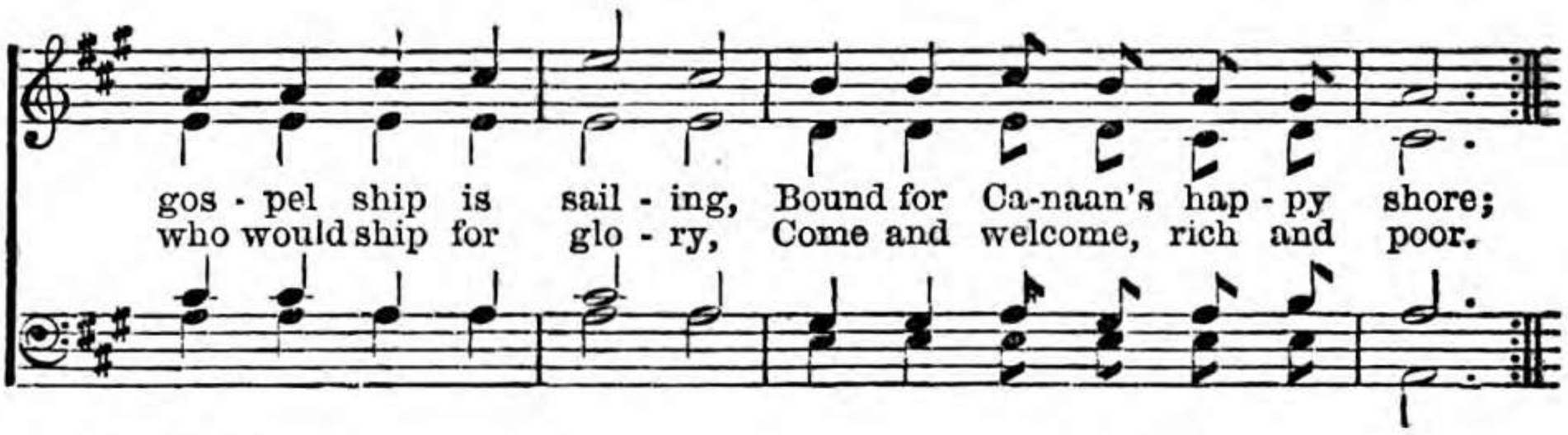
Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,
In my ears is mercy's cry,
If I wait I can but die;
Waiting will not save me.
Chorus—Jesus wept, &c.

Faith in Christ *will* save me—
Let me trust Thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that He has done,
To His arms, Lord, help me run;
Faith in Christ *will* save me.
Chorus—Jesus wept, &c.
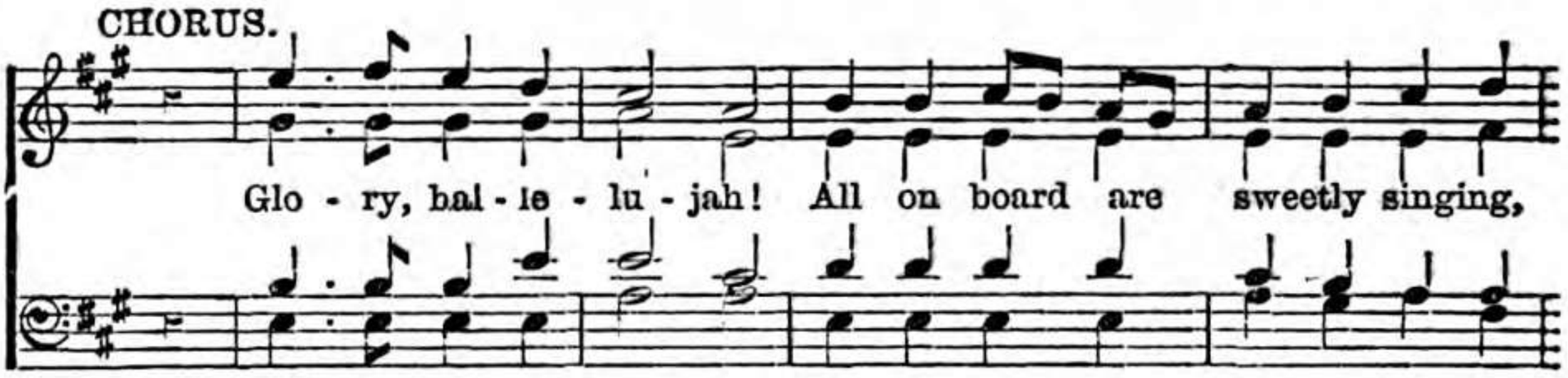
THE GOSPEL SHIP.
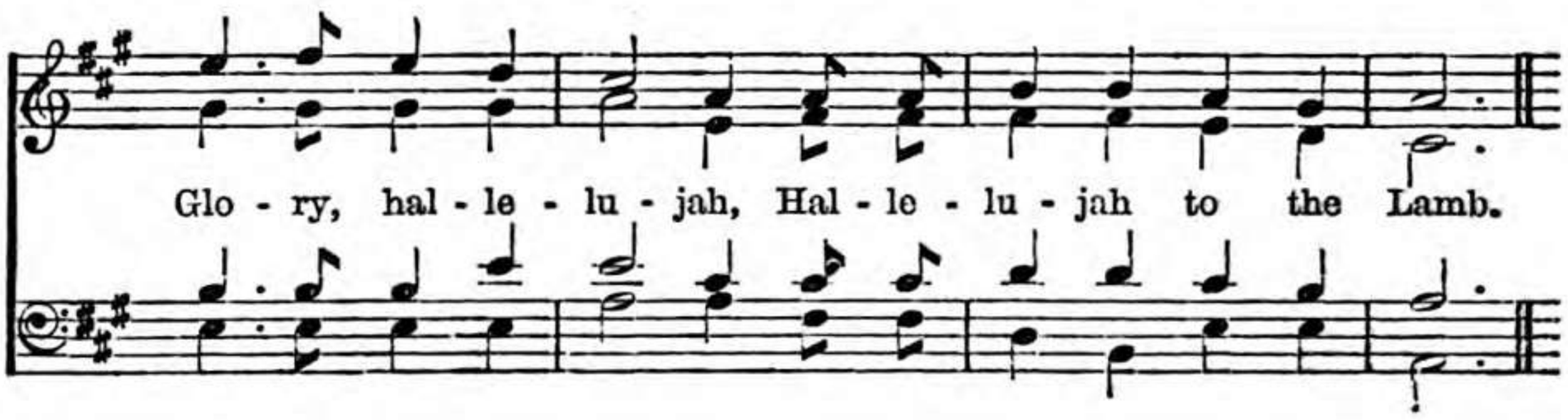
65.





CHORUS.





She has landed many thousands,
Thousands, thousands,
She has landed many thousands,
On fair Canaan's happy shore;
And thousands now are sailing,
Sailing, sailing,
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glide the ship along.

Her company are singing,
Singing, singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity,
Chorus—Glory, hallelujah, &c.

WE'LL JOURNEY TOGETHER.

66.

We'll journey to - ge - ther to Zi - on, That beau-ti - ful ci - ty of light;

Whose sky is un-clouded for ev - er, Nor veiled by a shadow of night.

We'll stay not to drink of the water, Nor rest in the val-ley be - low;

But cheered by the cross and its banner, We'll sing and be glad as we go.

CHORUS.

We'll journey to - gether to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on;

Rit.
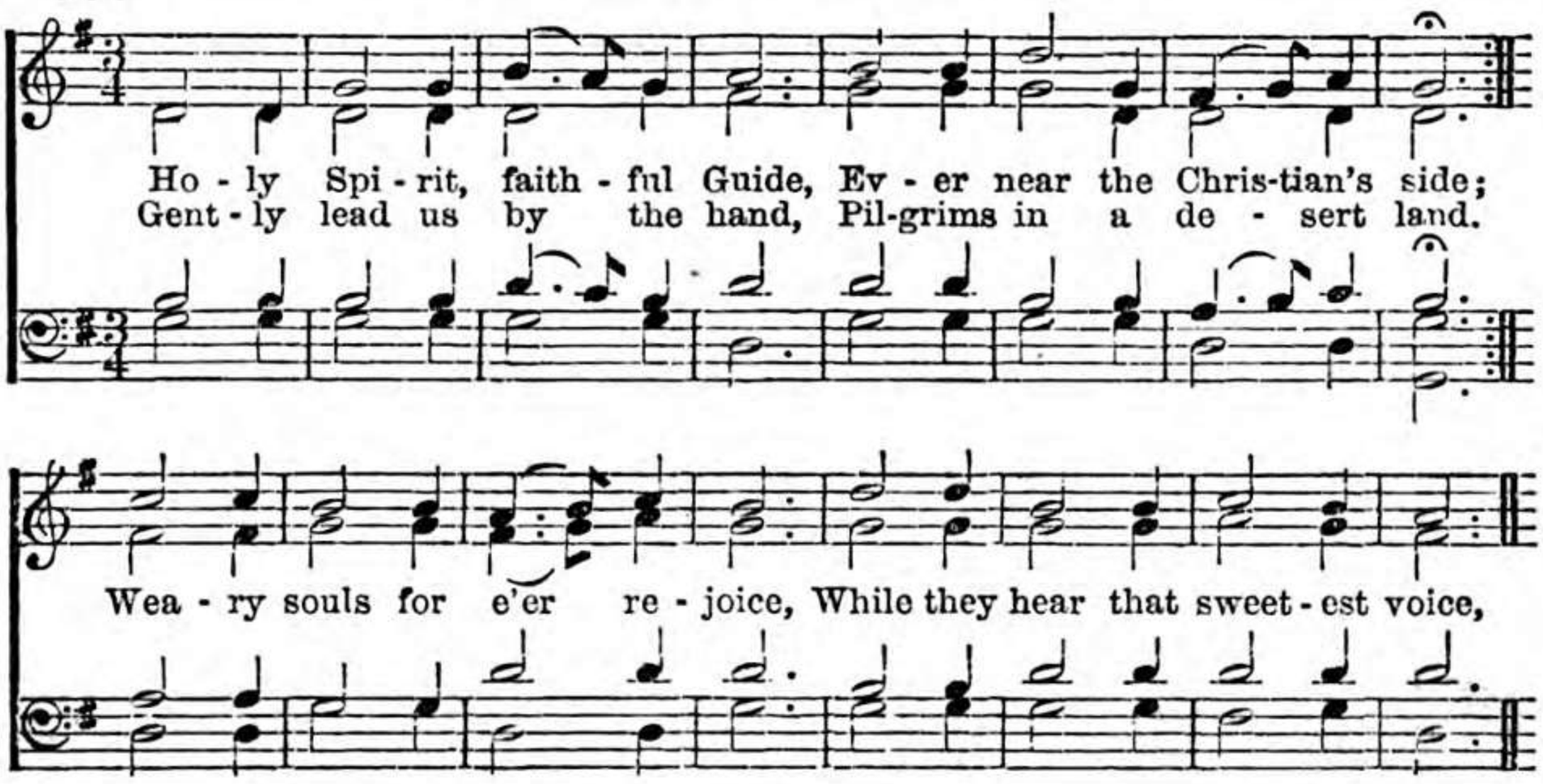
We'll journey to - gether to Zi - on, The beauti - ful ci - ty of God.

We'll journey together to Zion,
Where all who are faithful may share
A place in the mansion of glory
Our Saviour has gone to prepare.
His flock He will feed like a Shepherd,
And guard them by night and by day;
We'll talk of His goodness and mercy,
And tell of His love by the way.
Chorus—We'll journey, &c.

We'll journey together to Zion,
With rapture we soon shall behold
The Saints who have reached it before us,
The prophets and martyrs of old.
We'll learn the new song of redemption,
Which only the ransomed can sing;
Ascribing all honour and glory
To Jesus our Saviour and King.
Chorus—We'll journey, &c.

HEAVENLY GUIDE.

67.
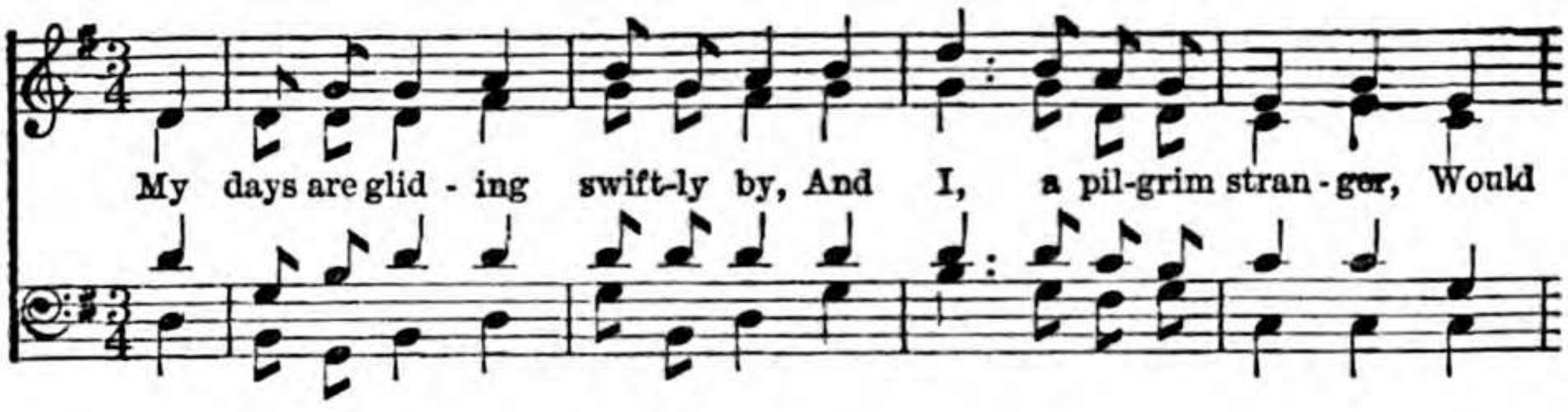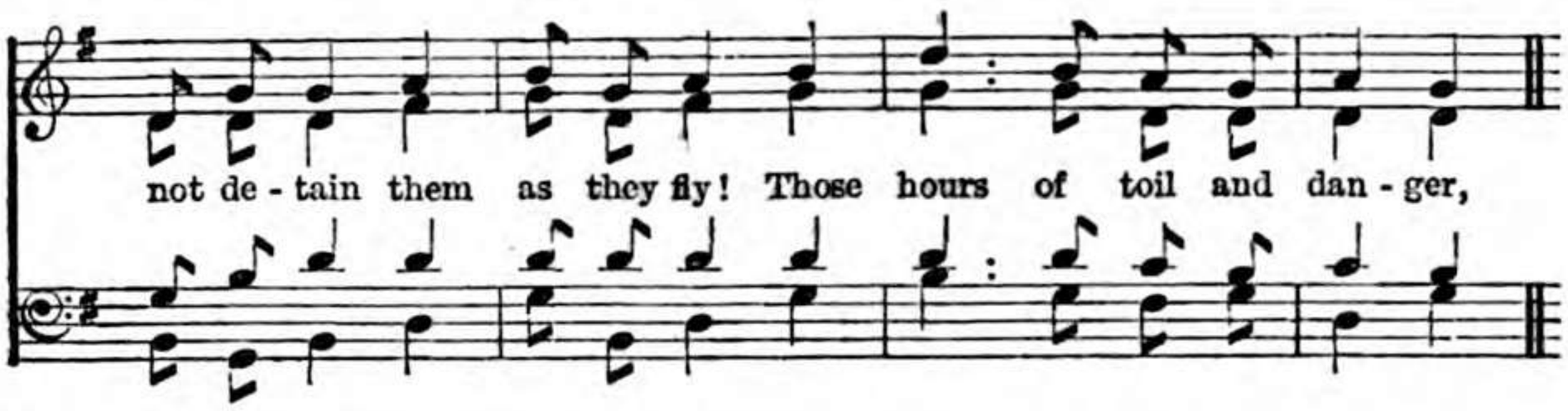


Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.
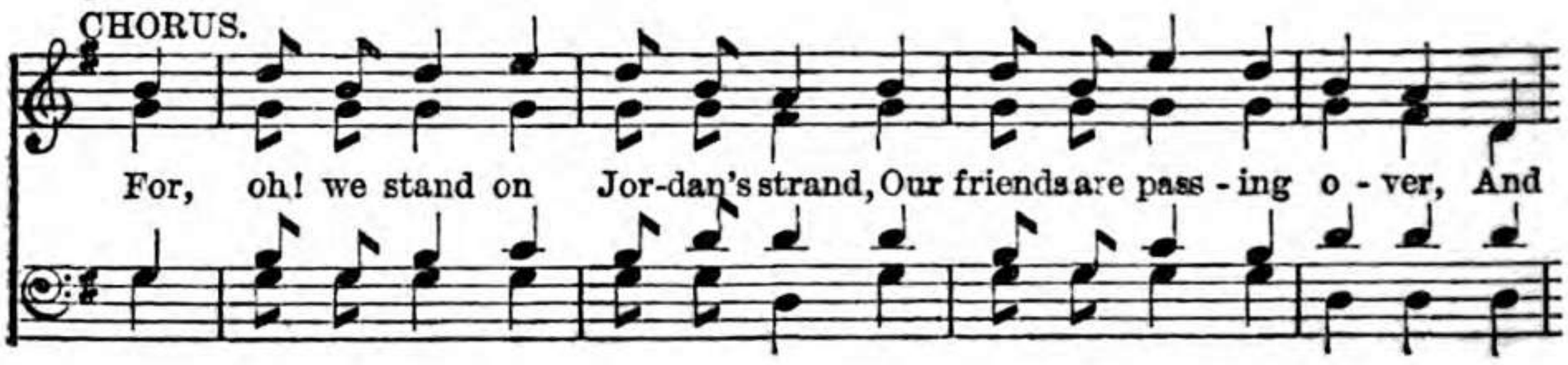
When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.
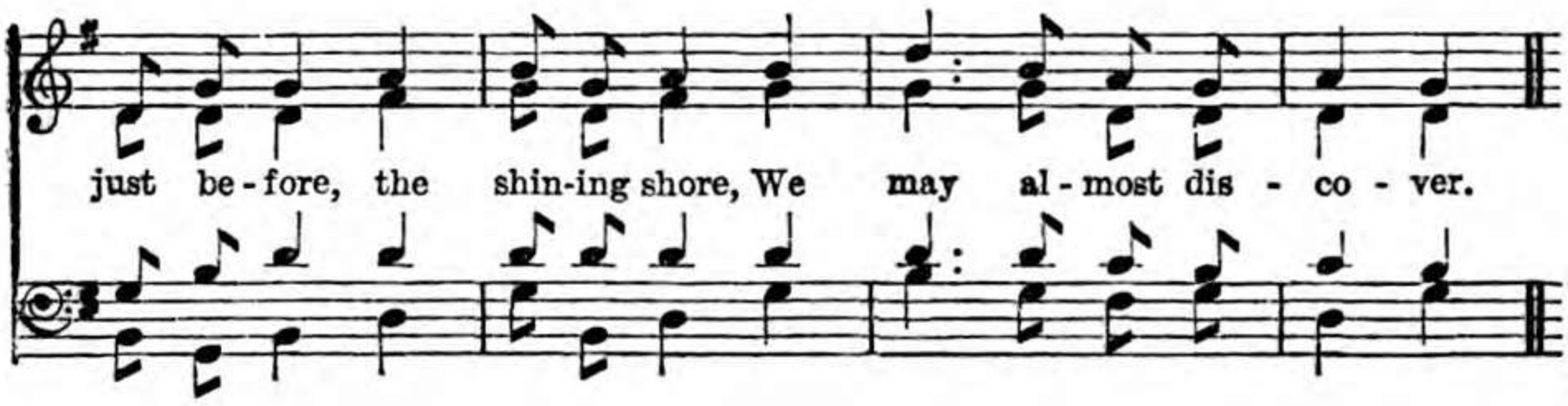
SHINING SHORE.

68.
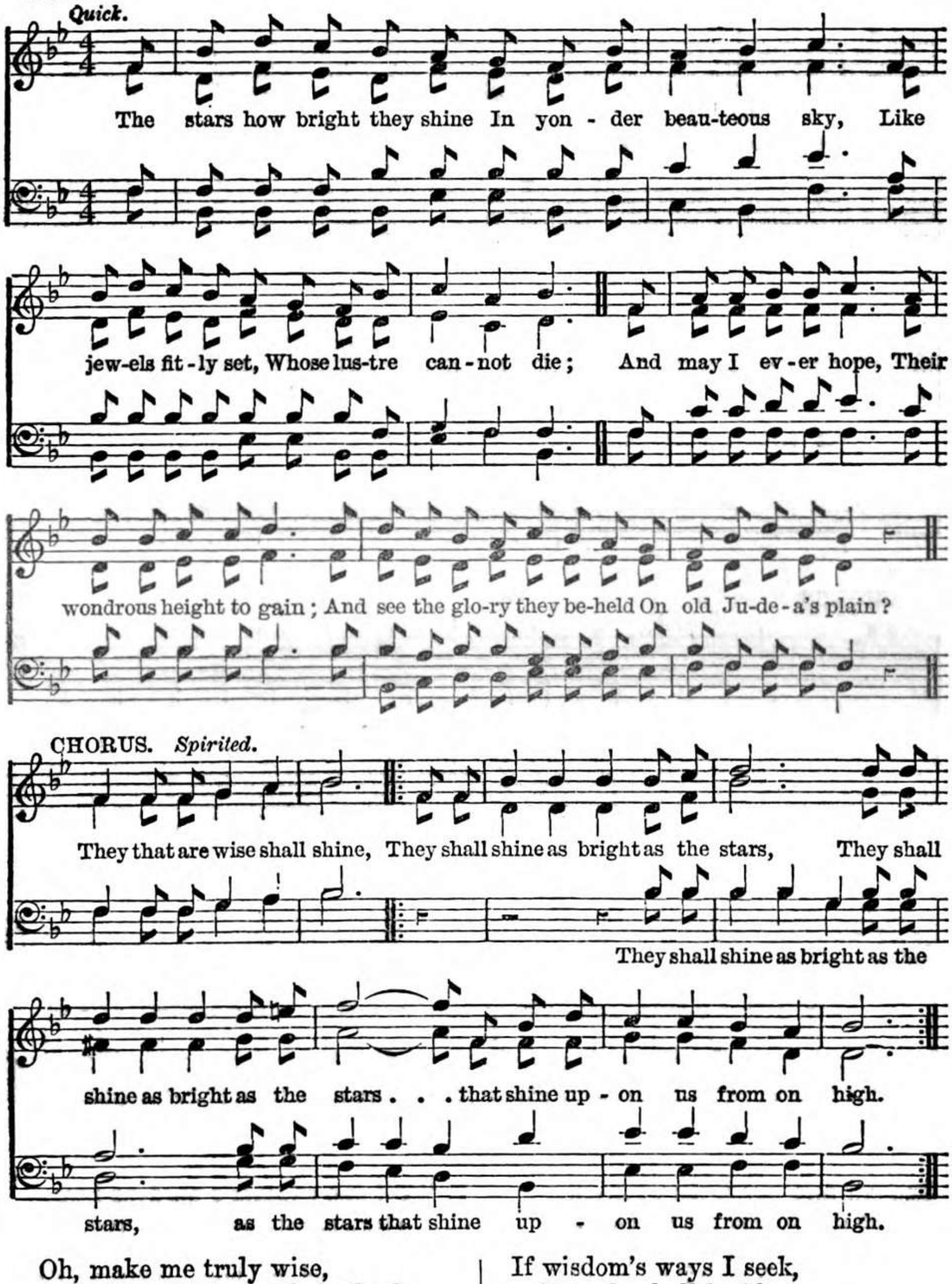








We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
Chorus—For, oh! we stand, &c.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
Chorus—For, oh! we stand, &c.

Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh! for ever!
Chorus—For, oh! we stand, &c.

WHO SHALL SHINE?

69.

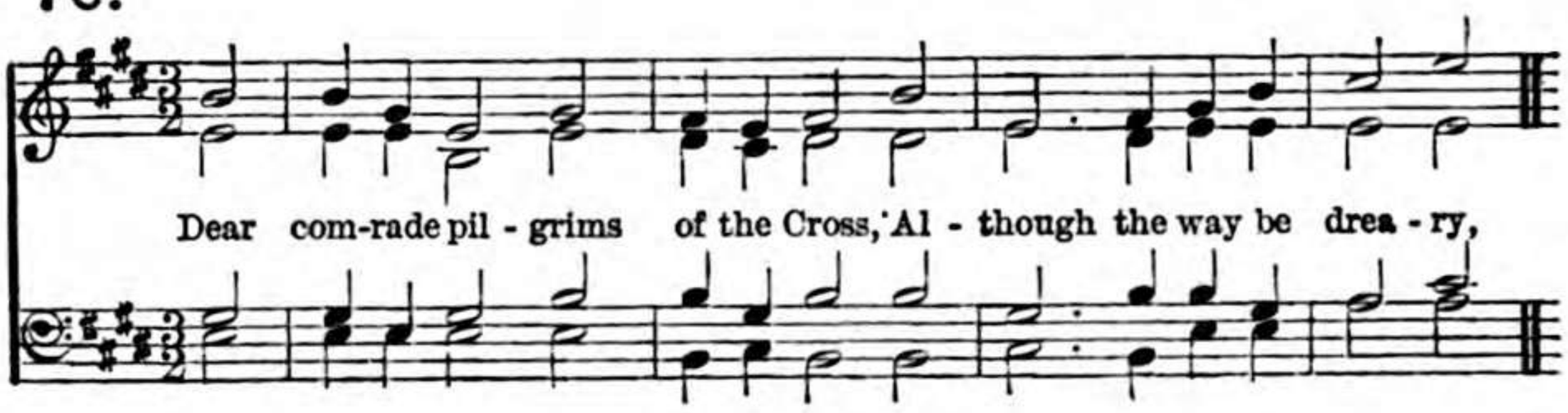


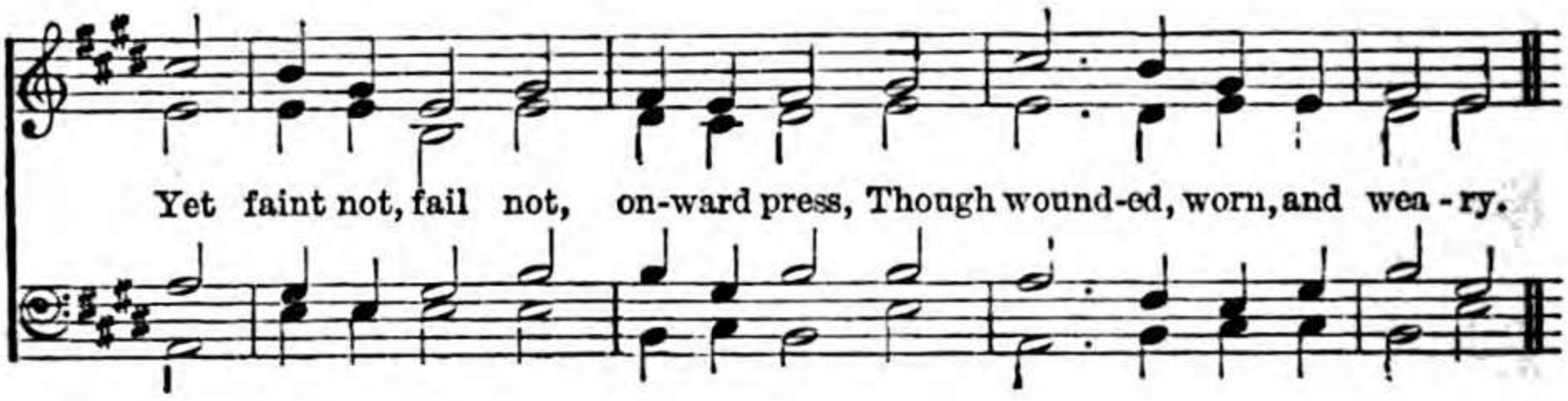
Oh, make me truly wise,
In thought, in word, in deed;
And teach my erring heart
To seek the help I need!
May He who rules the world,
And keeps the stars in place,
Grant that I may at last behold
The brightness of His face.
Chorus—They that are wise, &c.

If wisdom's ways I seek,
I surely shall be blest;
They run through joy and peace,
Unto a land of rest;
And oh, I fain would reach
Those starry heights above,
And with new brightness ever shine,
And sing a Saviour's love.
Chorus—They that are wise, &c.

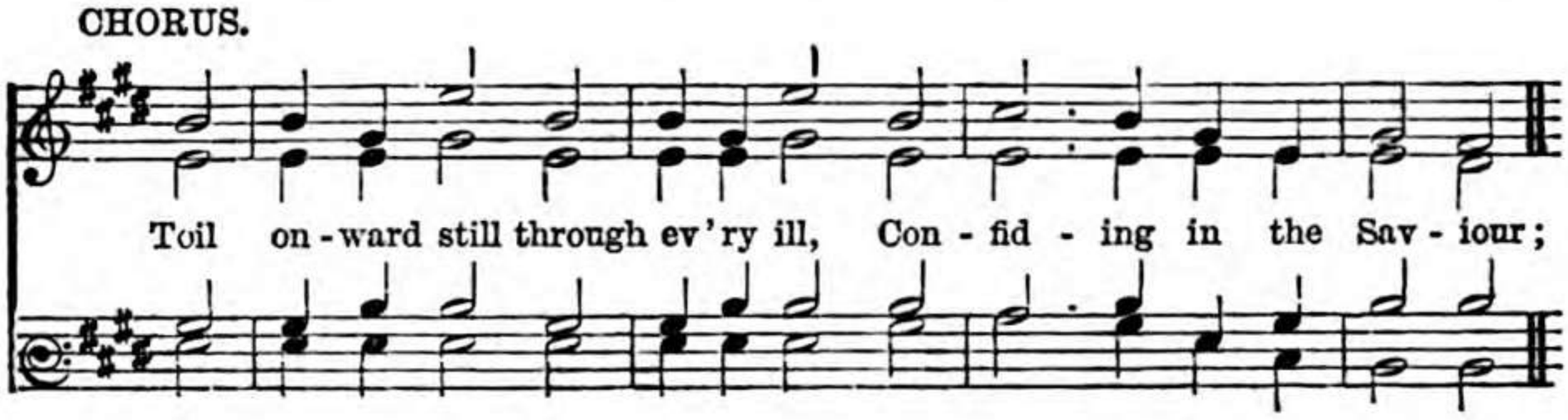
PILGRIMS OF THE CROSS.
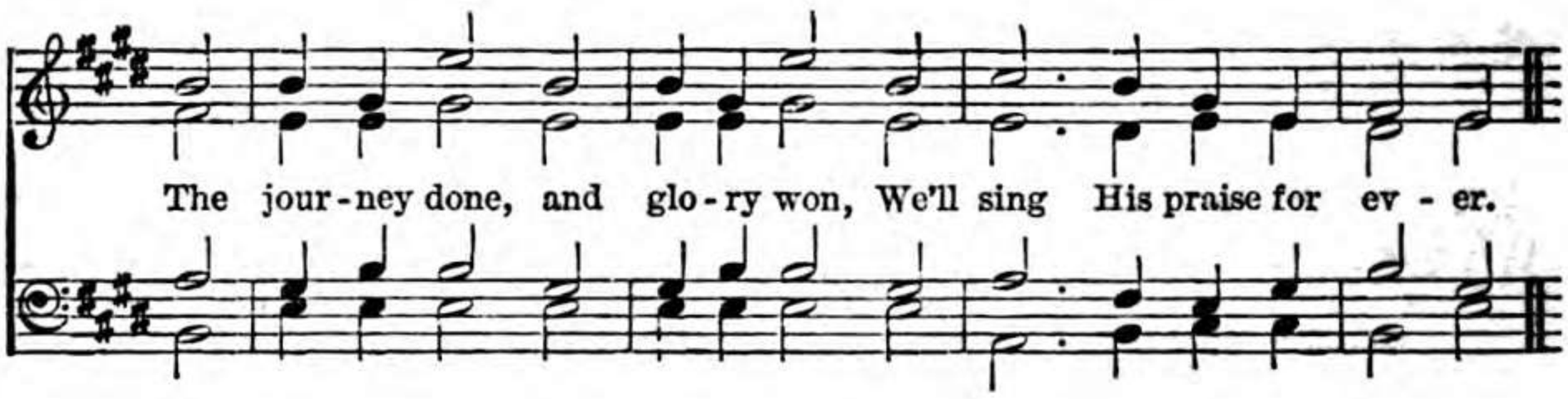
70.





CHORUS.
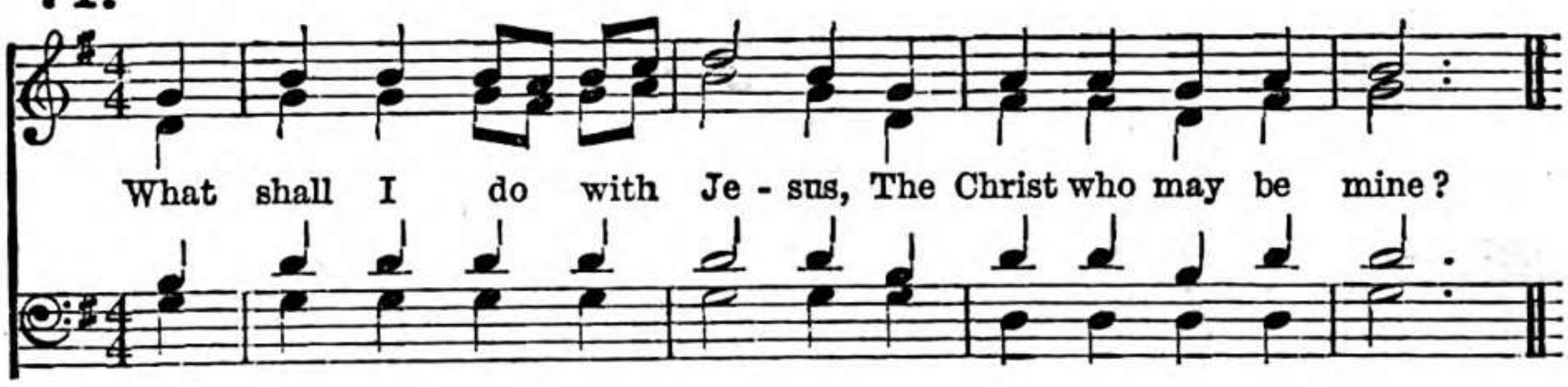




Though sore beset, not overcome;
Cast down, but not despairing;
We're trav'ling to a heavenly home,
Our Master's standard bearing.
Chorus—Toil onward still, &c.

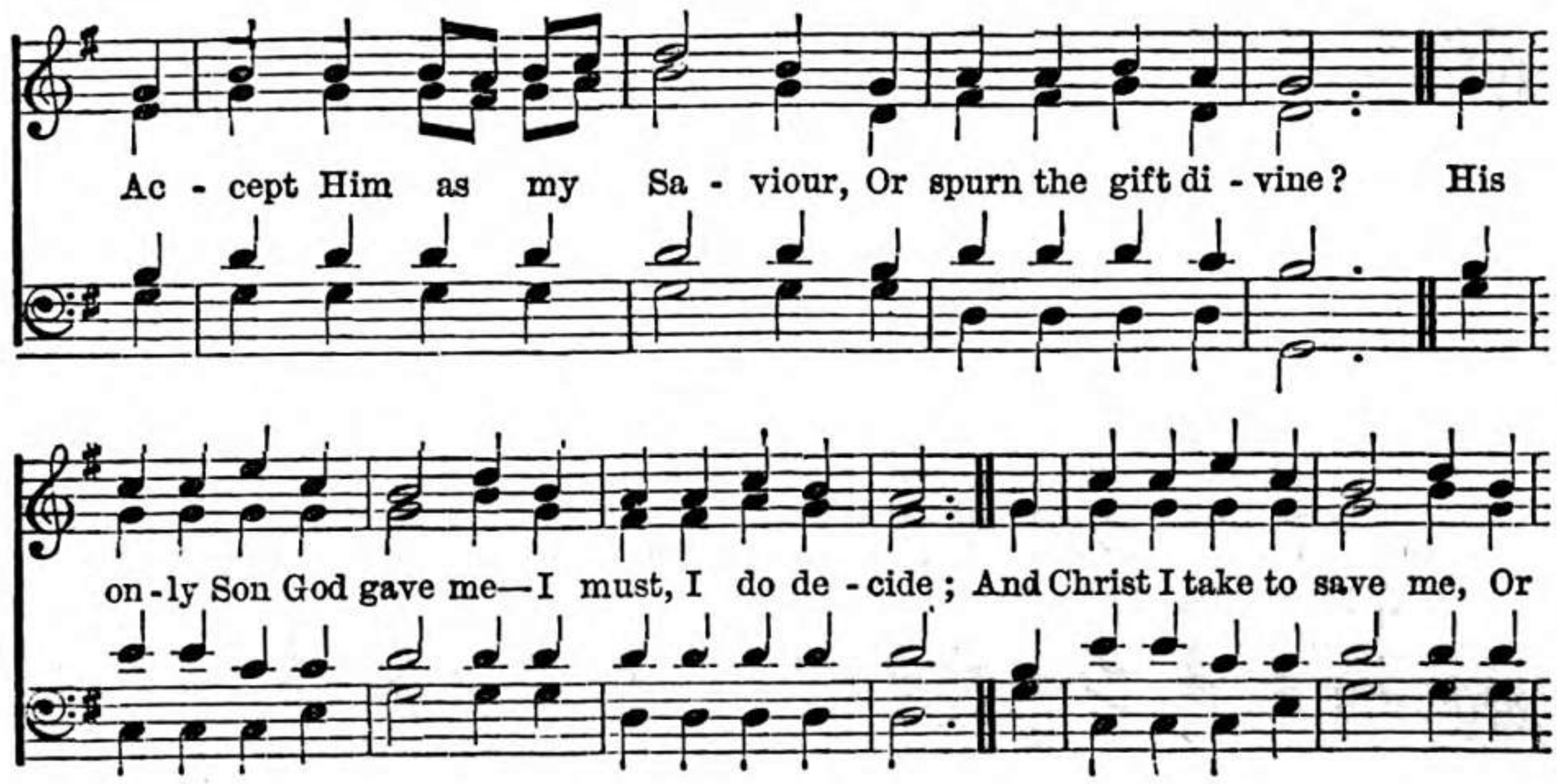
We'll one another's burdens bear,
The toilsome journey cheering;
Our joys and all our sorrows share,
Each day our home we're nearing.
Chorus—Toil onward still, &c.

Our Lord is God; His promise sure,
His help shall fail us never;
And they who to the end endure,
Shall reign with Him for ever.
Chorus—Toil onward still, &c.

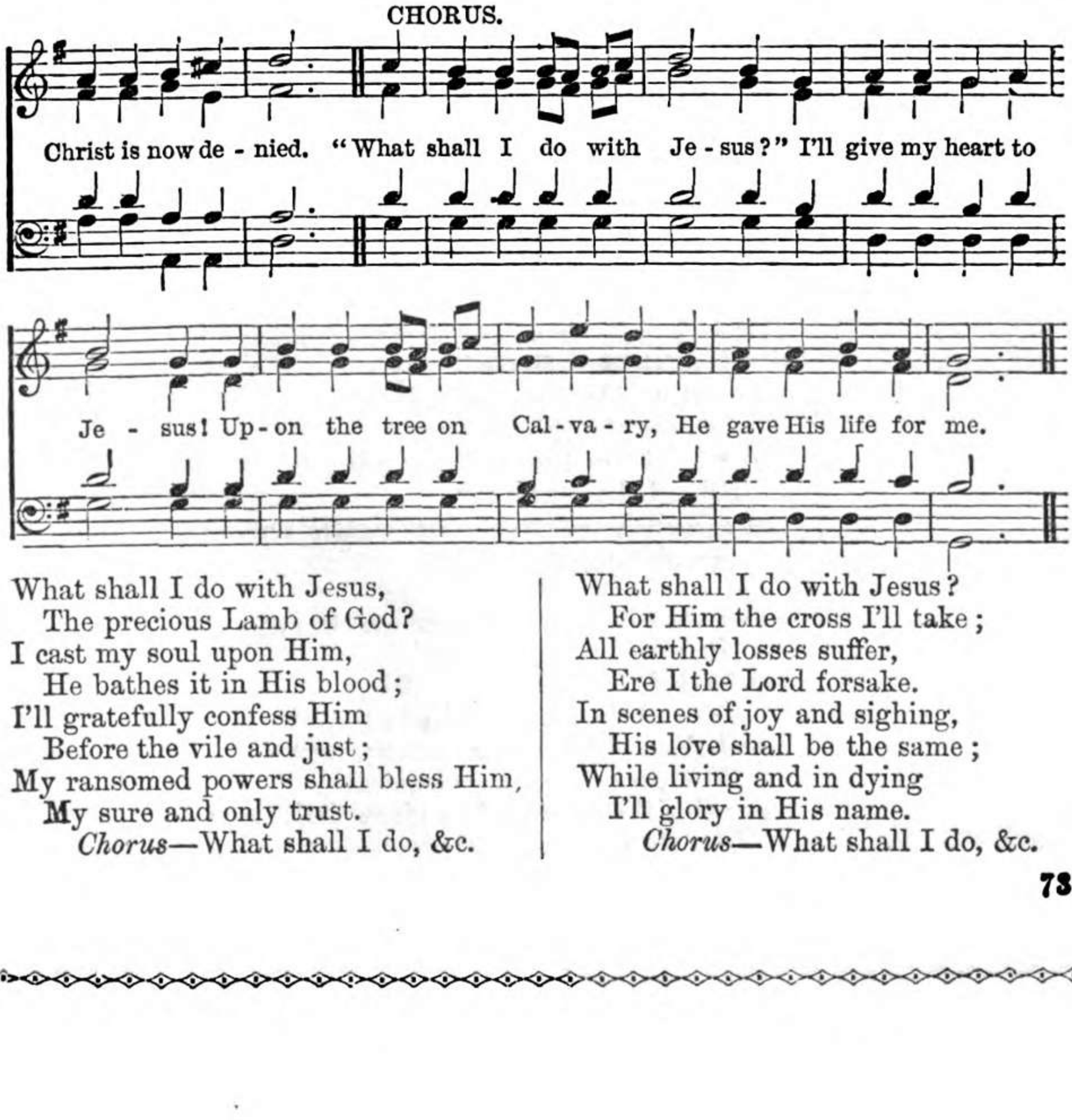
CHOOSE YE THIS DAY.

71.





CHORUS.
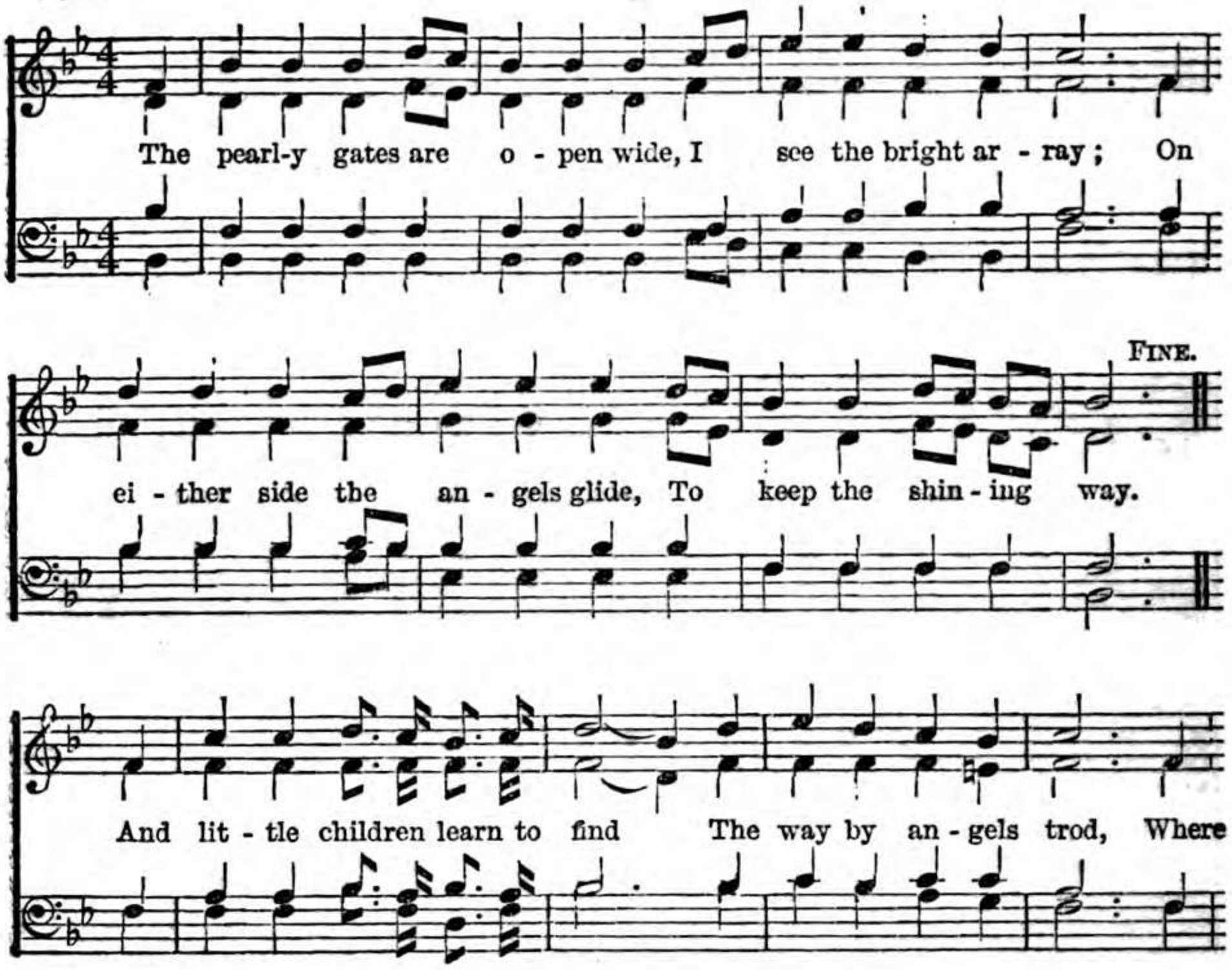


What shall I do with Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God?
I cast my soul upon Him,
He bathes it in His blood;
I'll gratefully confess Him
Before the vile and just;
My ransomed powers shall bless Him,
My sure and only trust.
Chorus—What shall I do, &c.

What shall I do with Jesus?
For Him the cross I'll take;
All earthly losses suffer,
Ere I the Lord forsake.
In scenes of joy and sighing,
His love shall be the same;
While living and in dying
I'll glory in His name.
Chorus—What shall I do, &c.

THE SHINING WAY.

72.

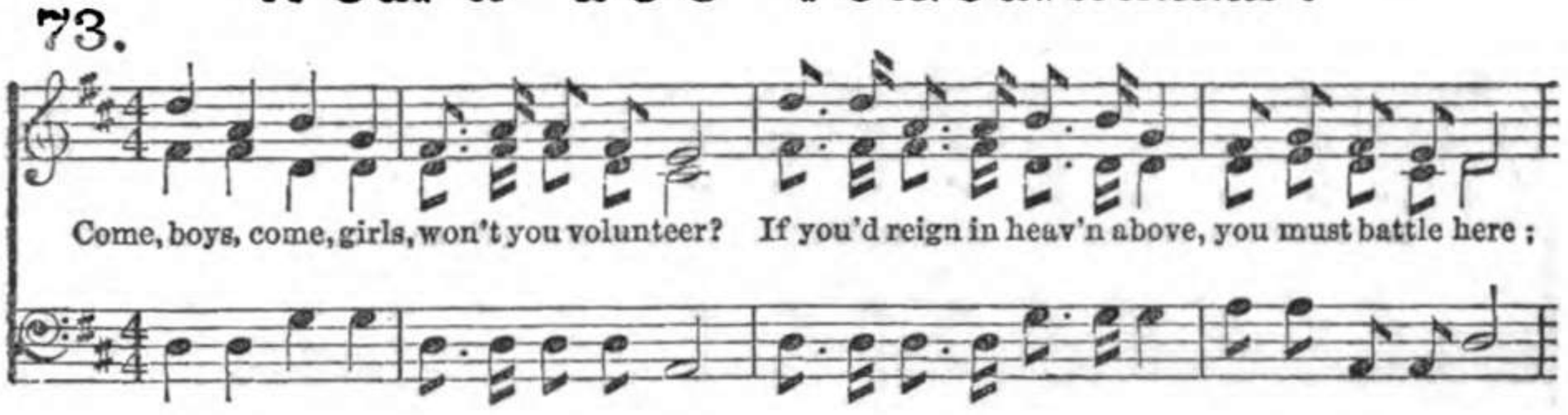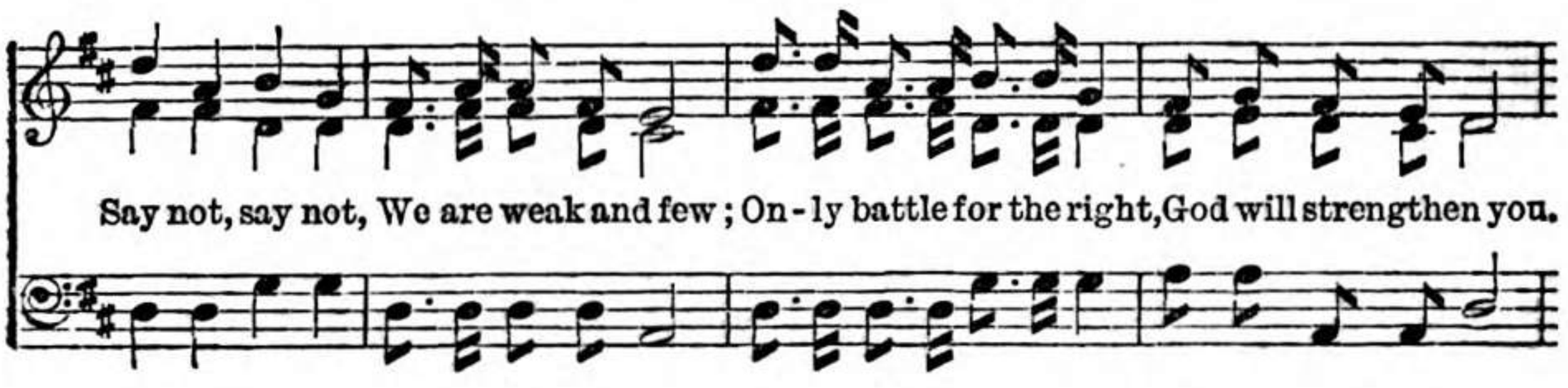


When storms arise, and darkness clouds
The faithful pilgrim's way,
On either side the angels glide,
To keep the shining way;
And brighter gleams the morning
Behind the gentle rod,
For Christ's redeemed more clearly see
The shining way of God.

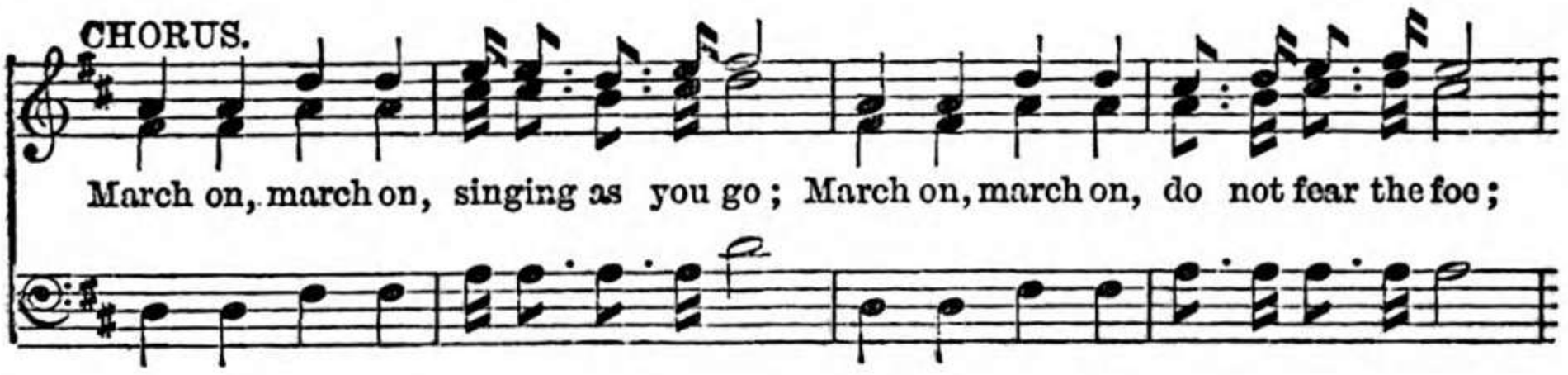
And soon they walk the golden streets,
Not slighted and alone;
On either side the angels glide,
To lead them to the throne:
And there they'll wear a starry crown,
Who once did tire and plod,
For Christ's redeemed as kings shall tread
The shining way of God.

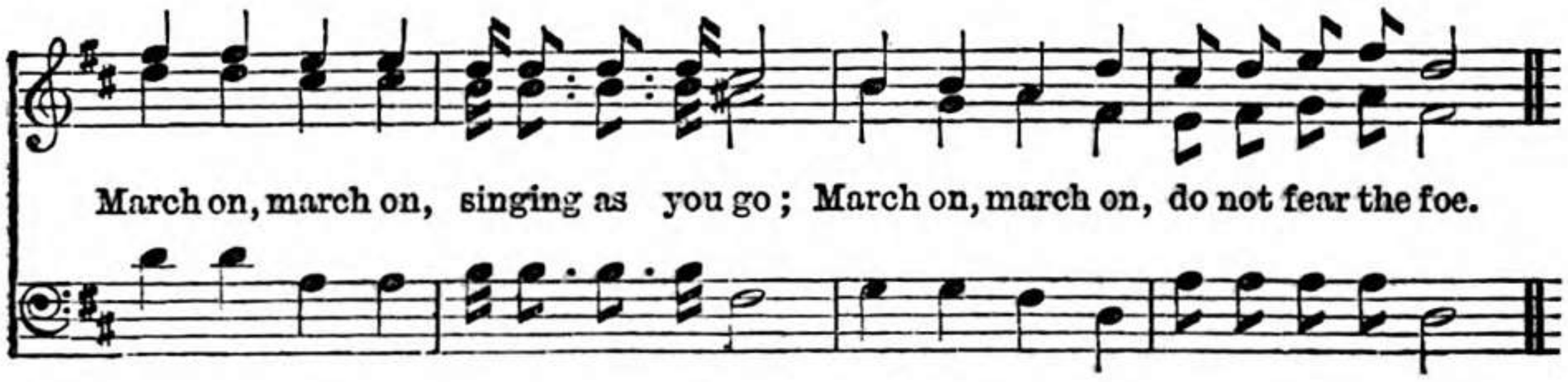
WON'T YOU VOLUNTEER?

73.
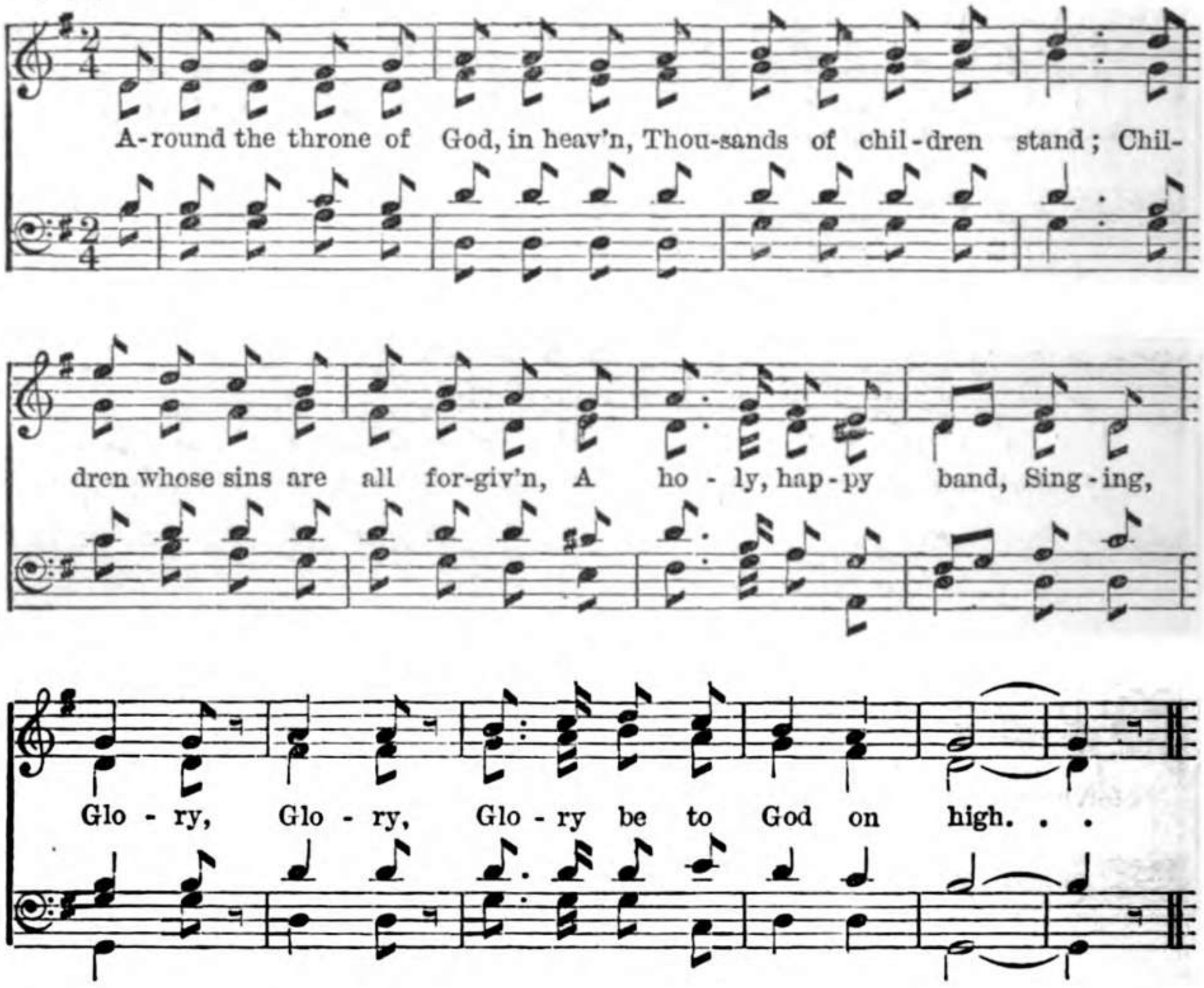








Come, boys, come, girls, won't you volunteer?
Youthful soldiers of the cross, to our ranks repair:
List not, list not to the world and sin,
Turn away from foes without, and from foes within.
Chorus—March on, march on, &c.

Come, boys, come, girls, won't you volunteer?
Jesus bought you with His blood; how can you forbear?
Sinful, dying, to your help He flew;
Won't you love and live for Him who has died for you?
Chorus—March on, march on, &c.

Come, boys, come, girls, won't you volunteer?
Soon the vict'ry shall be yours, if you persevere:
Singing, shining, on a heavenly throne,
Yours shall be a harp of gold, and a golden crown.
Chorus—March on, march on, &c.

AROUND THE THRONE.

74.



In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed!
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Chorus—Singing, Glory, &c.
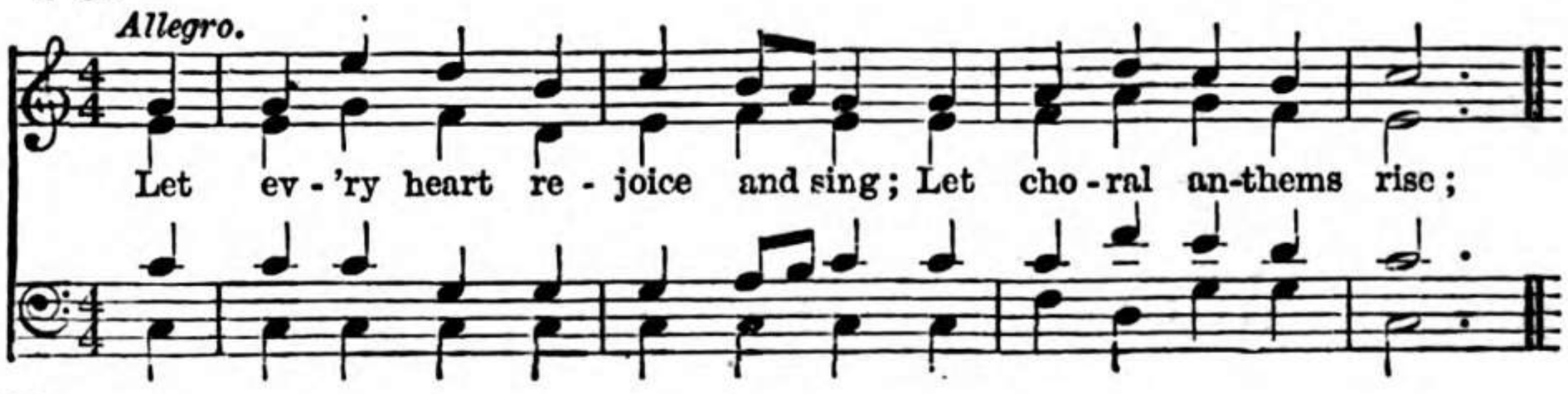
What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there?
Chorus—Singing, Glory, &c.

Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
Chorus—Singing, Glory, &c.
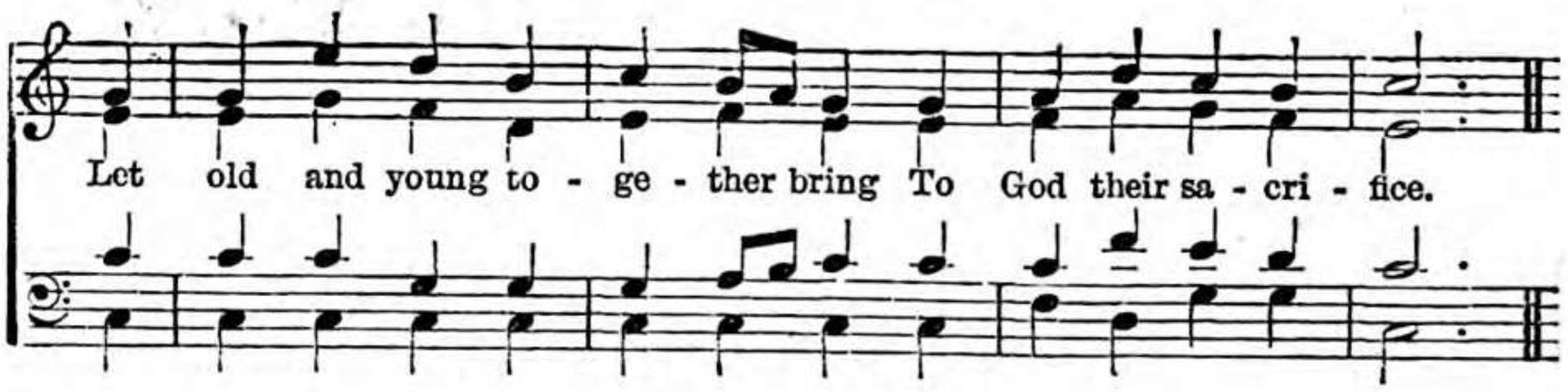
On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Chorus—Singing, Glory, &c.

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.
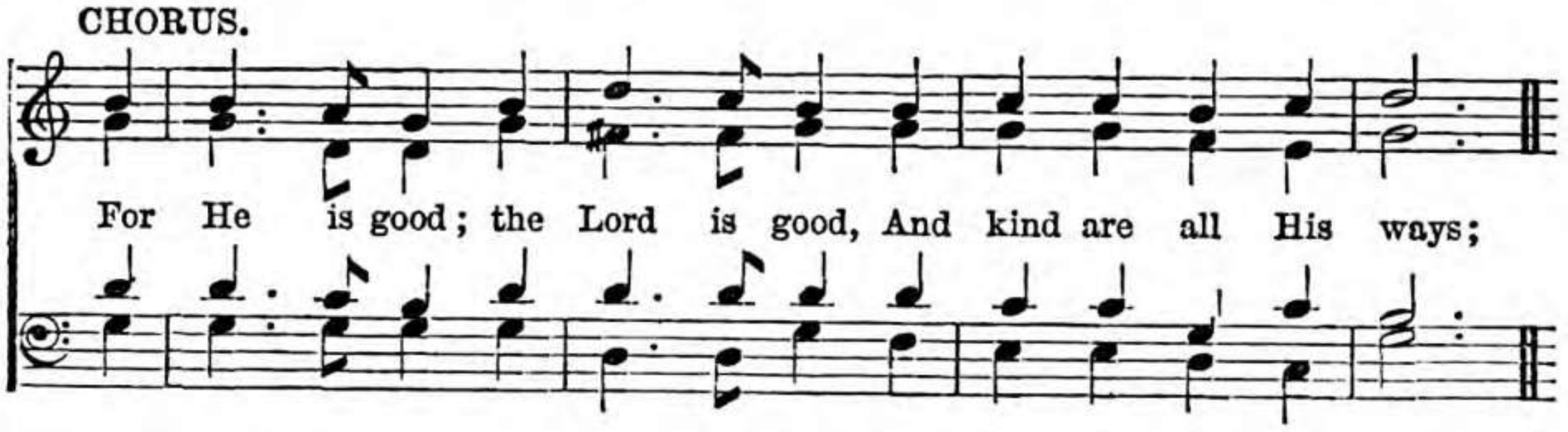
75.
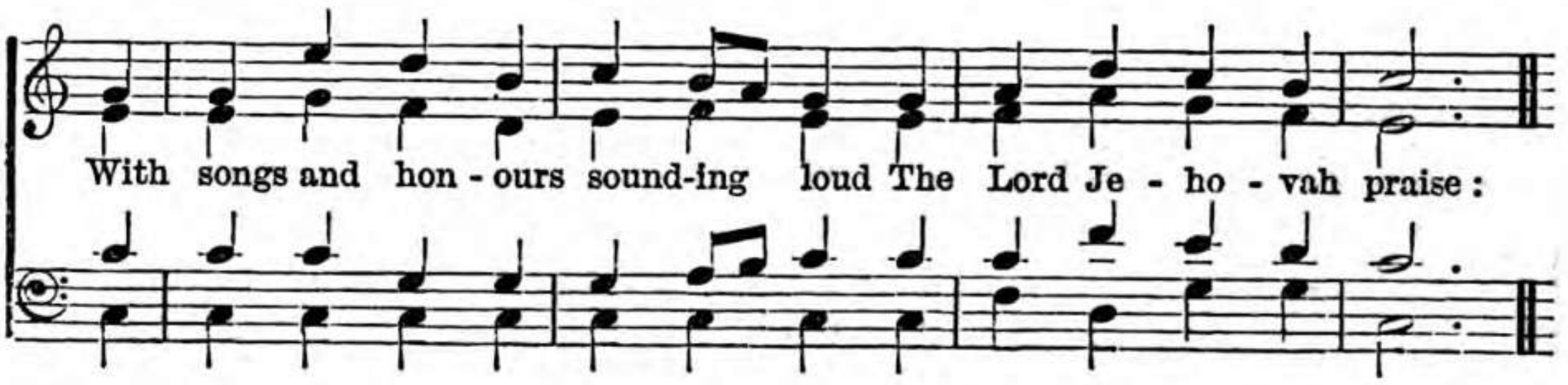


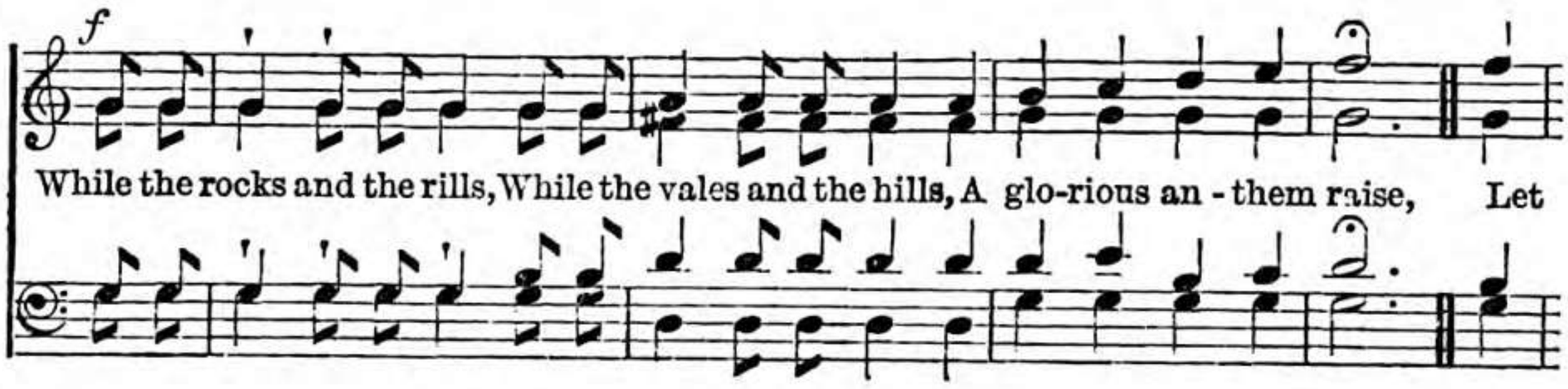
76
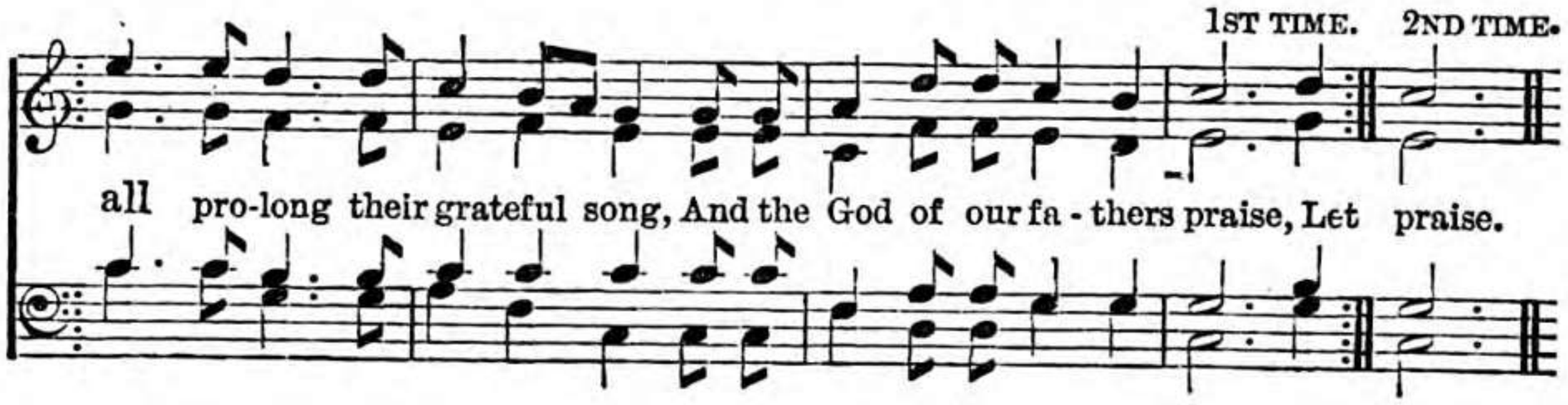


CHORUS.
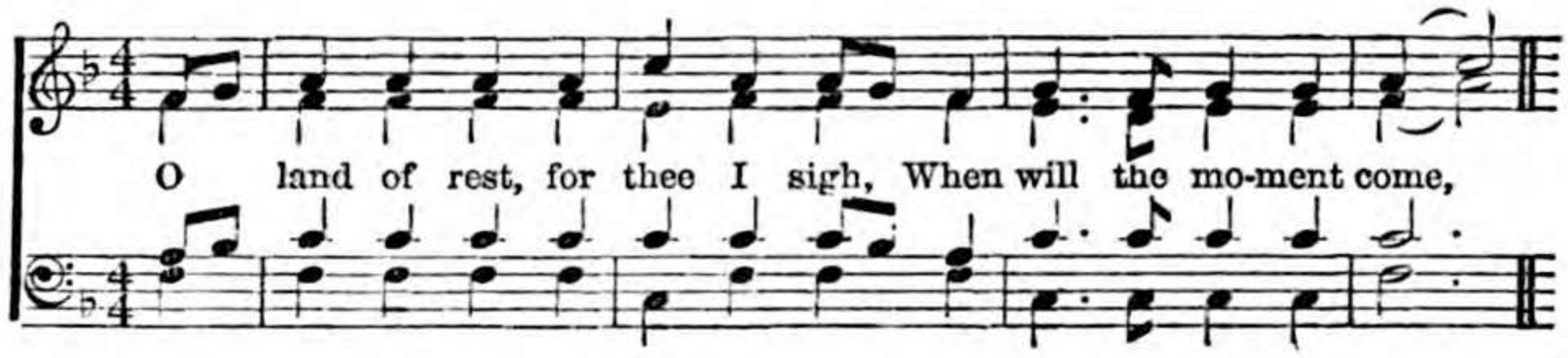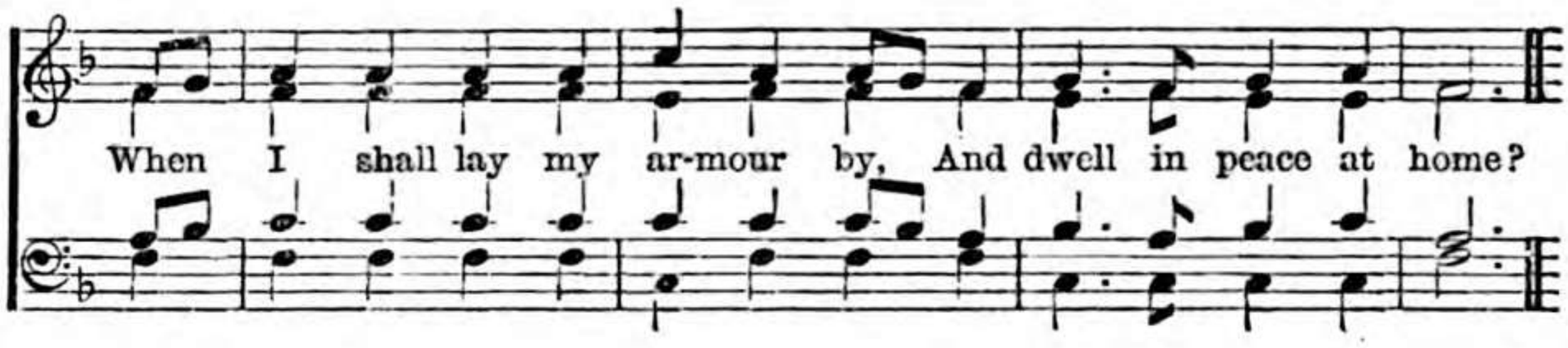








He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heav'n His power is known;
And earth subdued to Him, shall yet
Bow low before His throne.
Chorus—For He is good, &c.
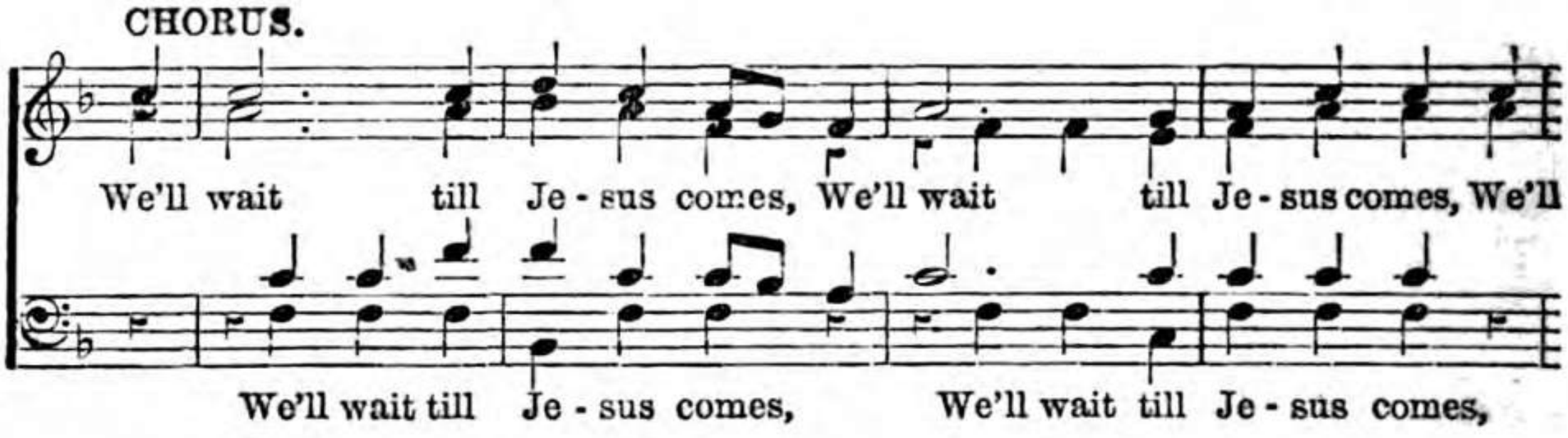
WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.
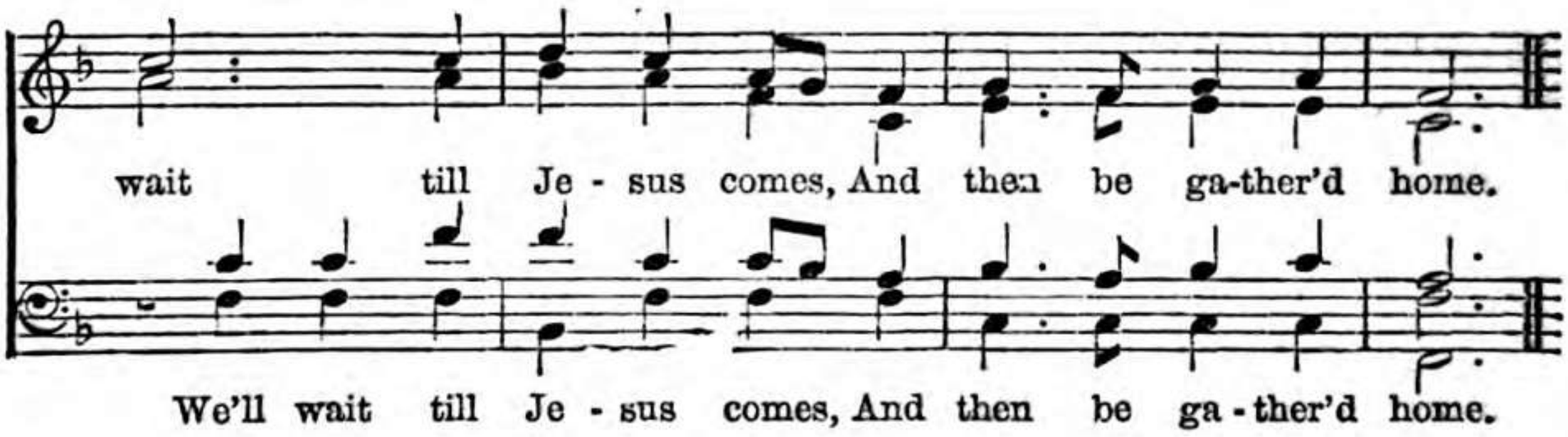
76.





CHORUS.





No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
Chorus—We'll wait, &c.

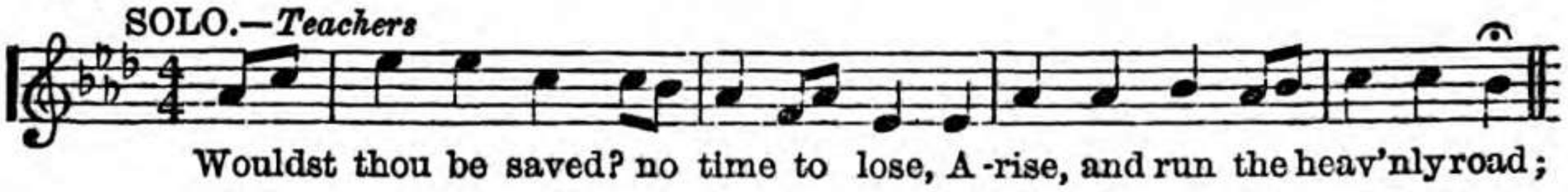
To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on His breast;
He will conduct me home.
Chorus—We'll wait, &c.

I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.
Chorus—We'll wait, &c.
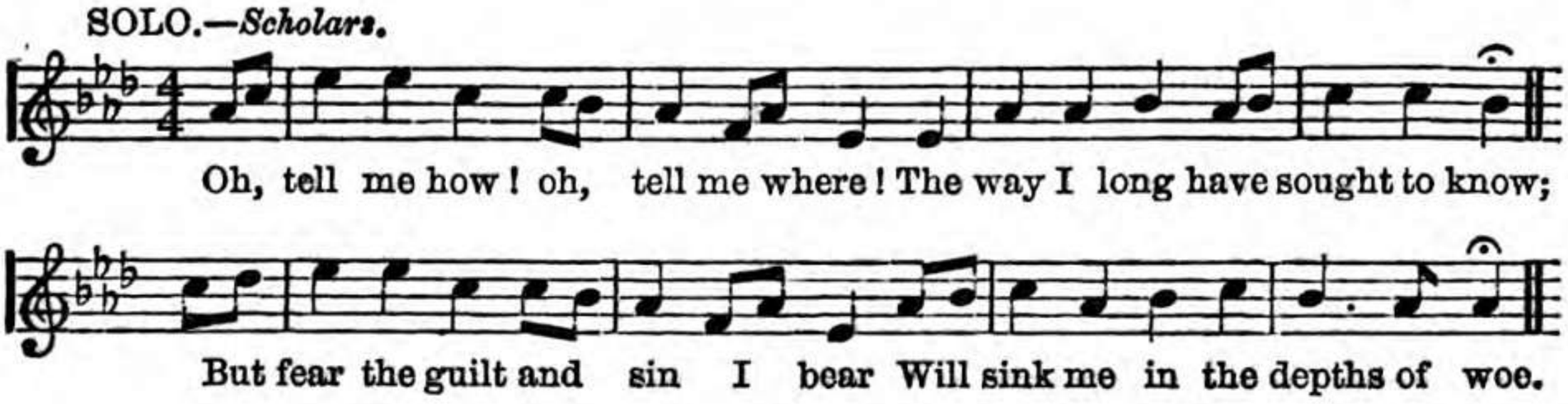
ETERNAL LIFE, MY CRY.

77.
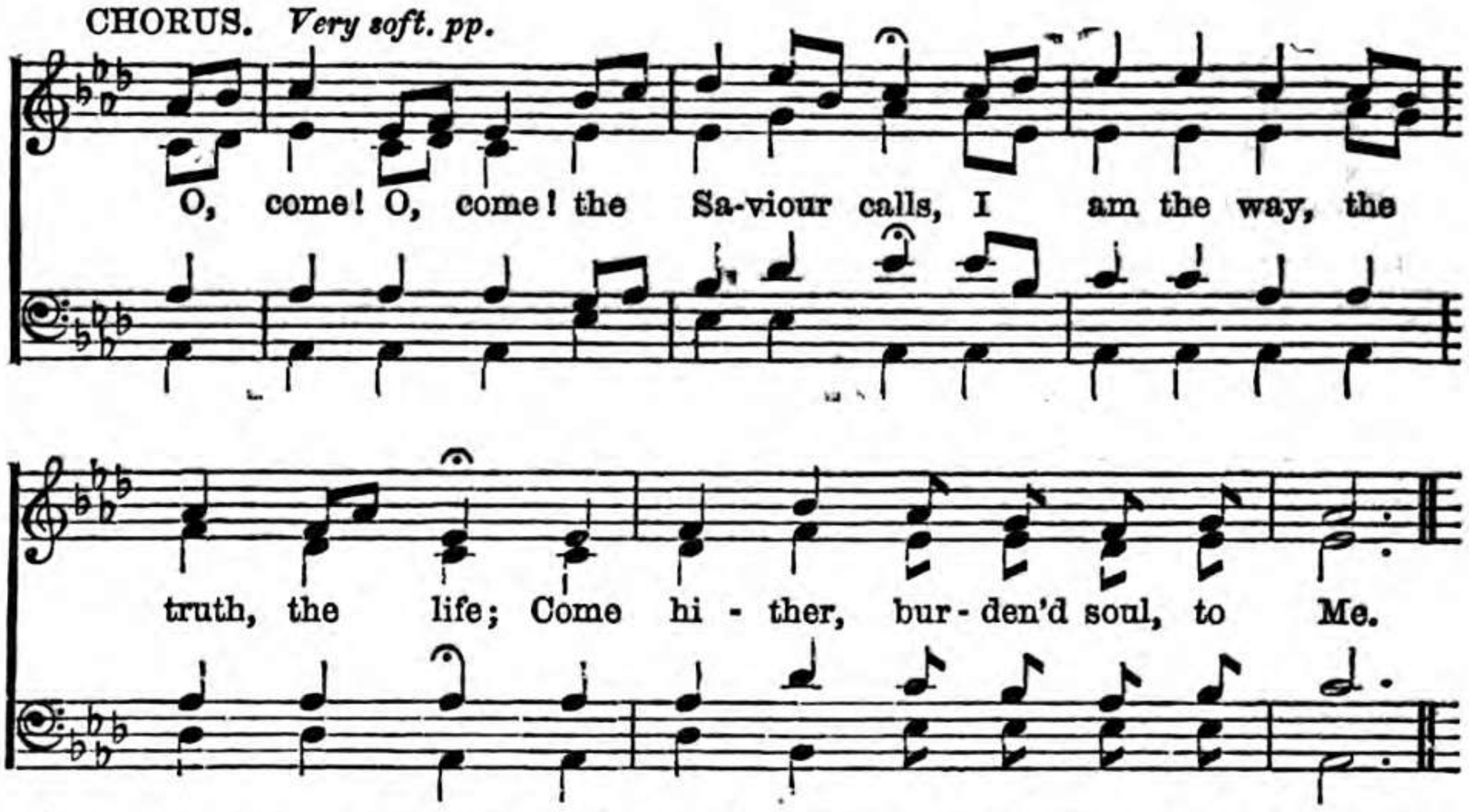
SOLO.—*Teachers*



SOLO.—*Scholars.*



CHORUS. *Very soft. pp.*



NOTE.—The Chorus should be sung very softly, as an echo, and only after the Scholars' verse.

Teachers—God's Word will guide thee; dost thou see
A light from yonder distant hill?
On, pilgrim, on! it shines for thee,
With steady course pursue it still.

Scholars—God's Word shall guide me; yes, I see
A light from yonder distant hill;
Oh, tell me, does it shine for me?
Hail, glorious light! I will, I will!
Chorus—O, come, &c.

Scholars—Farewell, a long farewell to those
Who seek to stay me as I fly;
My ears against their call I close,
Life, life, eternal life! my cry.
Chorus—O, come, &c.

"RALLY ROUND THE CROSS."

78.

Hark! the gos - pel trum - pet sounding, Hear its e - cho far and wide;

Mil - lions to the cross are fly - ing, Where the Sa-viour bled and died.

Come and join that no - ble ar - my, And our bat - tle cry shall be,

Ral - ly round the cross of Je - sus; He has died to make us free.

CHORUS.

Ral - ly round the cross, Ral - ly round the cross;

Je - sus died to make us free; Ral - ly, ral - ly round the cross.

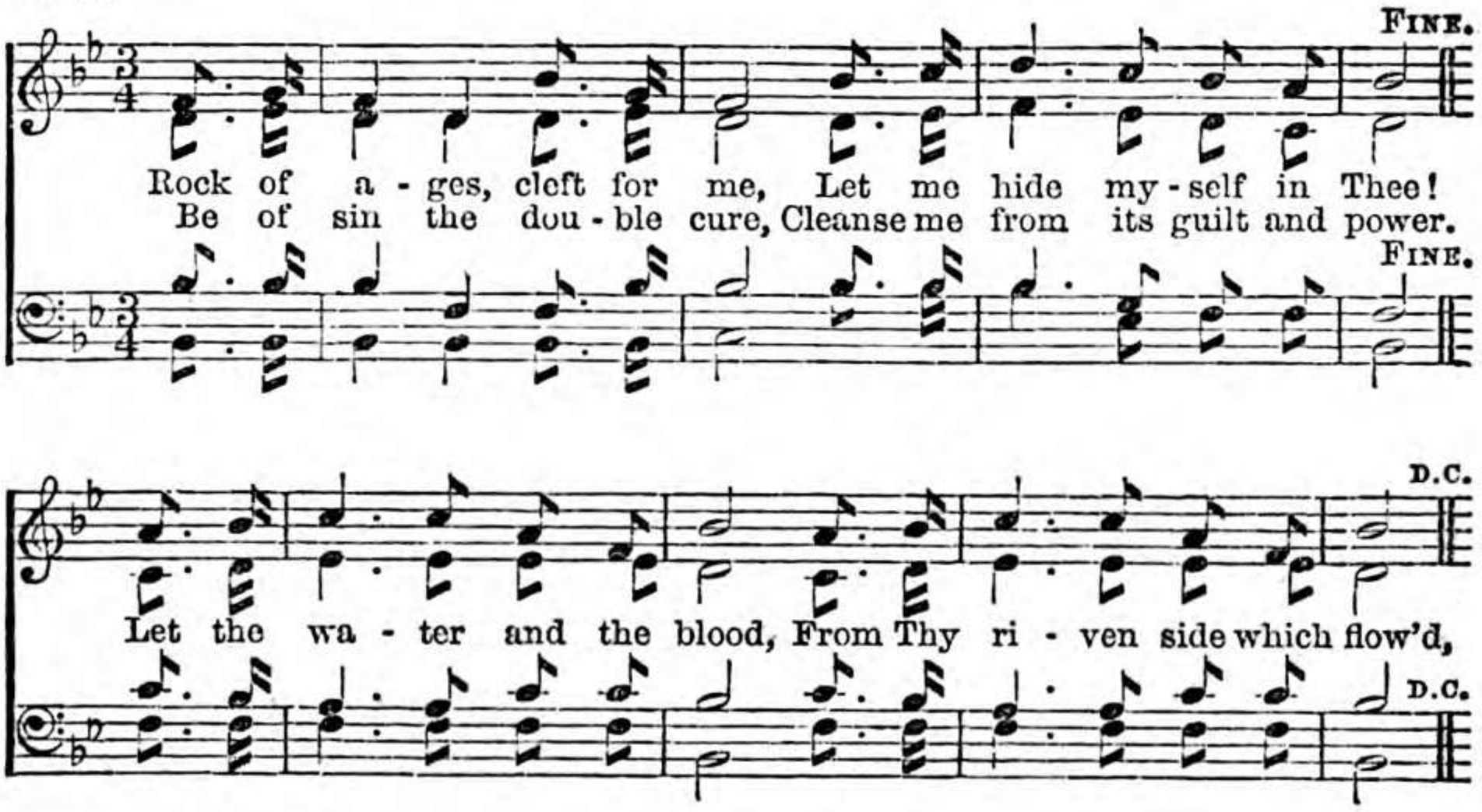
Through His all-atoning merit,
We no more are slaves to sin;
By His grace we yet may conquer
Foes without and foes within.
Courage, let our hearts be valiant,
And our armour brightly shine;
Take the helmet of salvation,
Wield the sword of truth divine.
Chorus—Rally round, &c.

See our glorious banner waving
O'er the Christian's battle-ground;
Faithful at our posts of duty,
Let us each and all be found.
See our glorious banner waving,
To its colours boldly stand;
See the "beacon" in the distance,
Pointing to the promised land.
Chorus—Rally round, &c.

We are on the banks of Jordan,
Darkly though its waters flow,
Upward to the Mount of Zion,
Shout triumphant as we go.
One more struggle, one more conquest,
And our mortal strife shall cease;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
We shall gain the port of peace.
Chorus—Rally round, &c.

ROCK OF AGES.

79.



Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
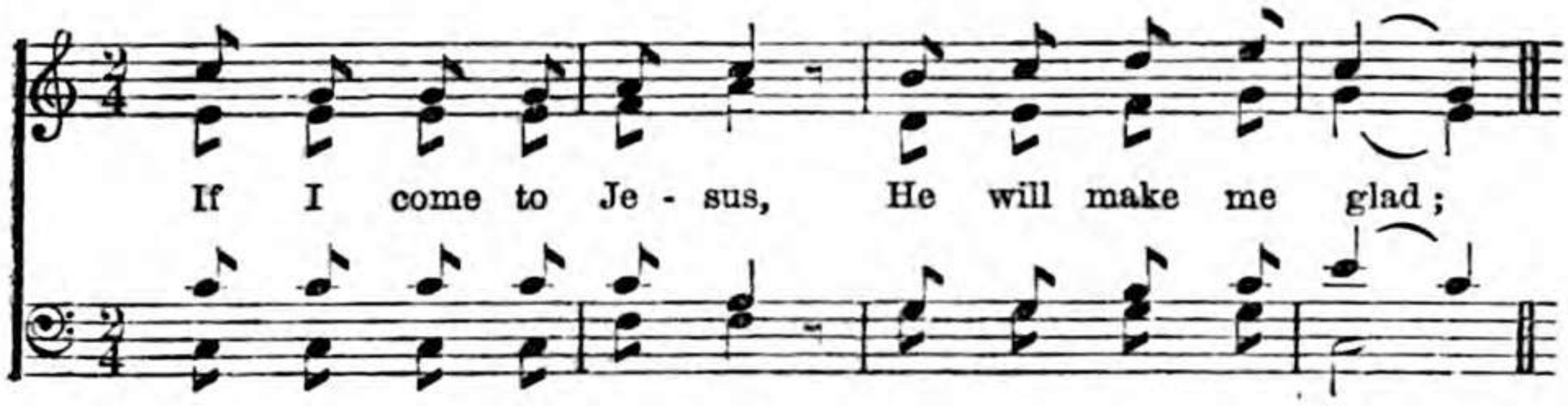
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
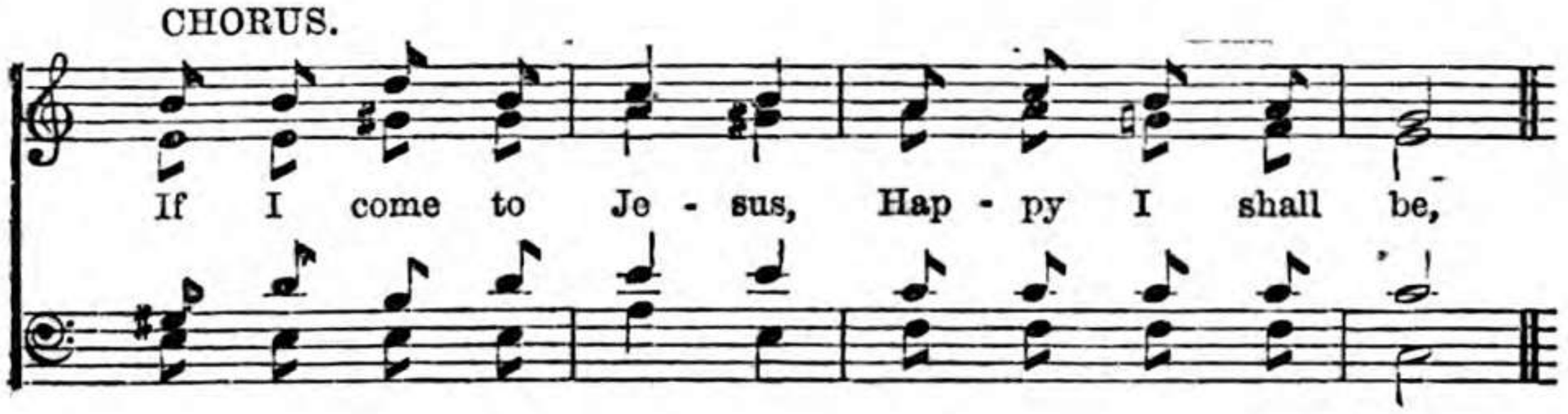
IF I COME TO JESUS.

80.

INFANT CLASS SONG.



CHORUS.
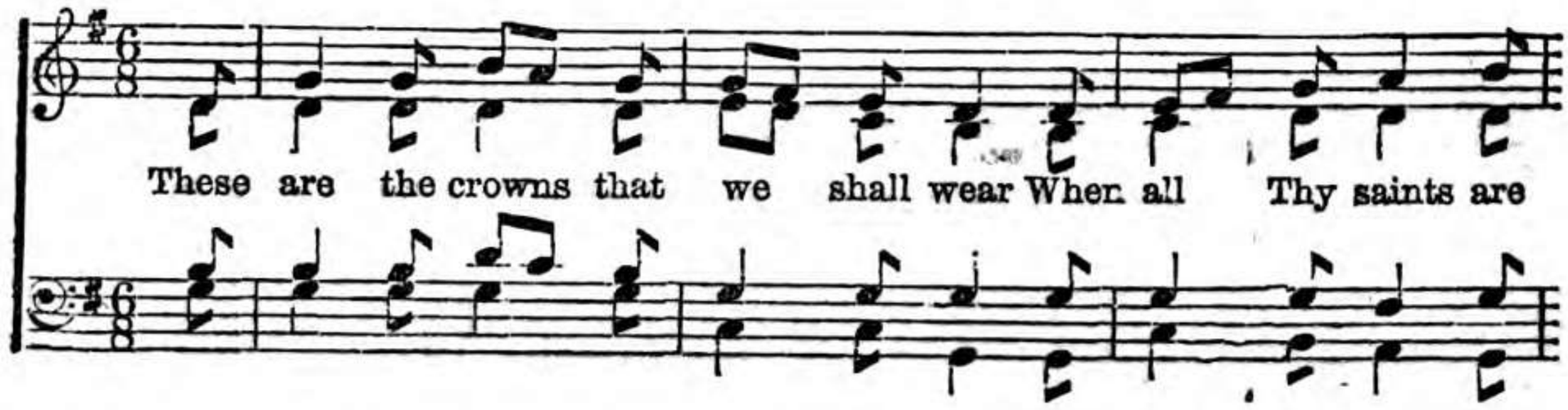


If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly—
He my sins did bear.
Chorus—If I come, &c.

If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
Chorus—If I come, &c.

There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour,
In that world so bright.
Chorus—If I come, &c.

THESE ARE THE CROWNS.

81.



These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
  Which we shall then put on,
When foremost 'mong the sons of light,
  We sit on yonder throne.
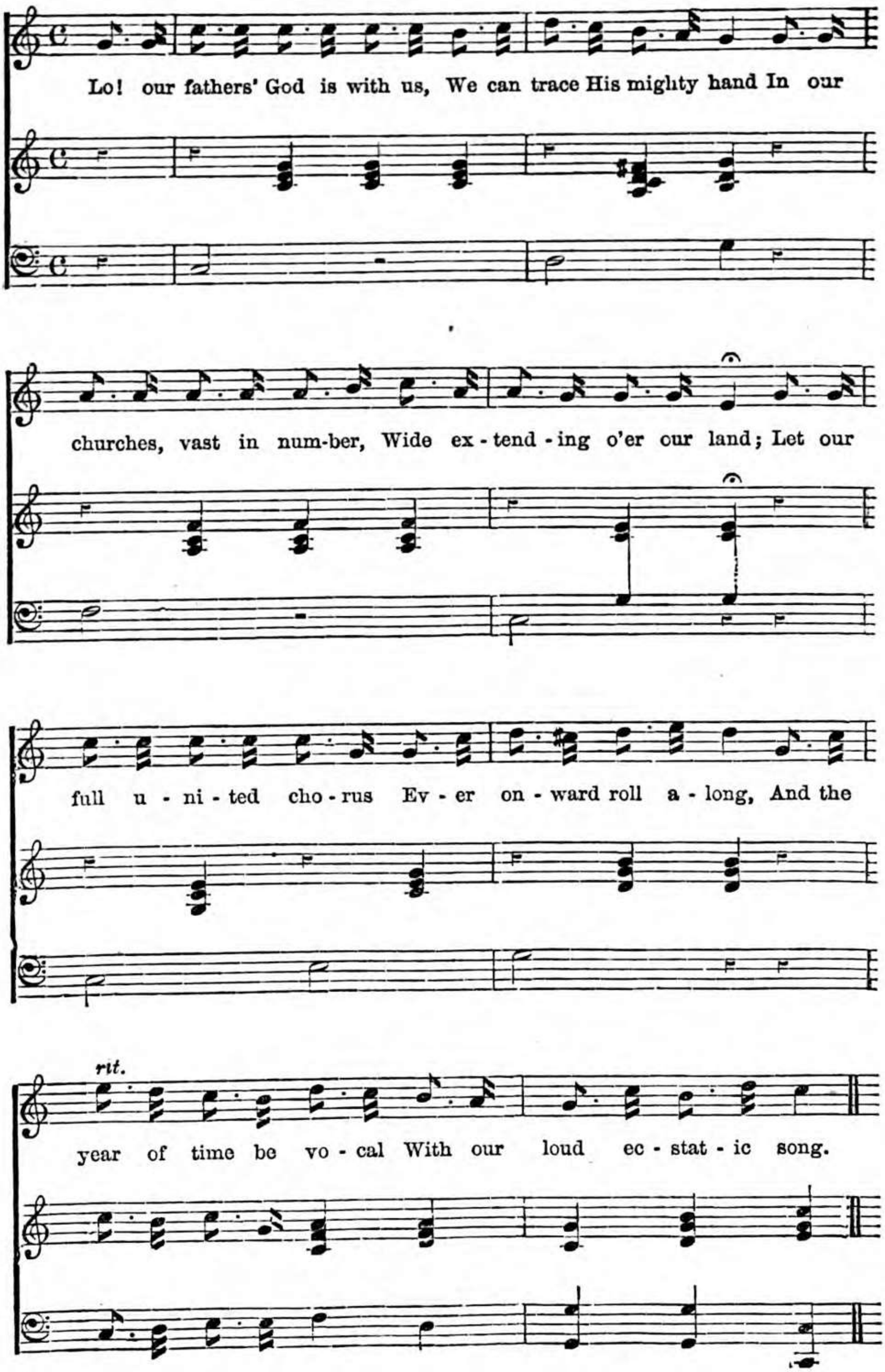
That is the city of the Saints,
  Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
  And quit this desert-land.

Then welcome toil and care and pain!
  And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
  With such a prize in view.
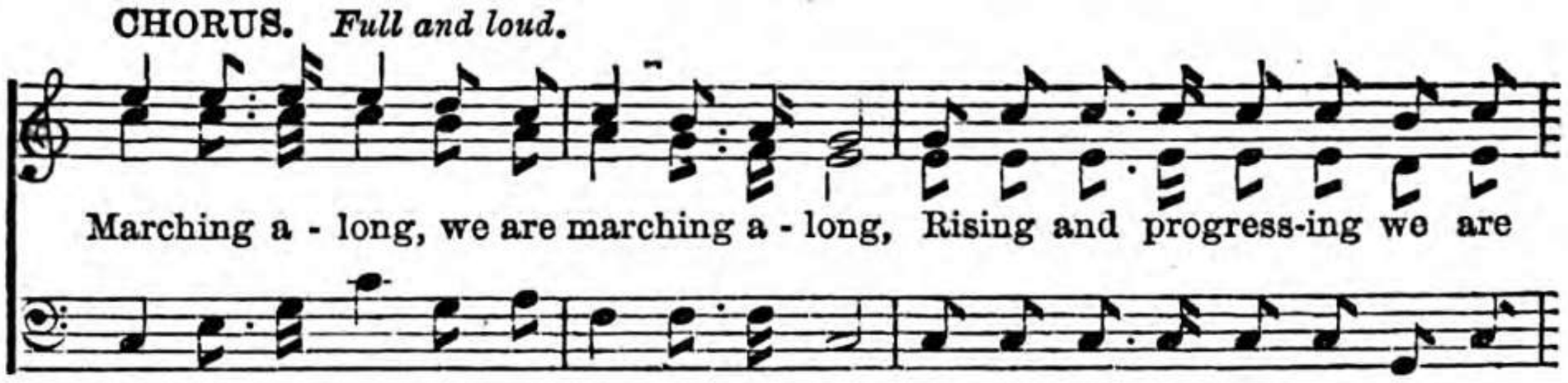
Come, crown and throne; come, robe
  Burst forth, glad stream of peace
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
  Rise, Sun of Righteousness!
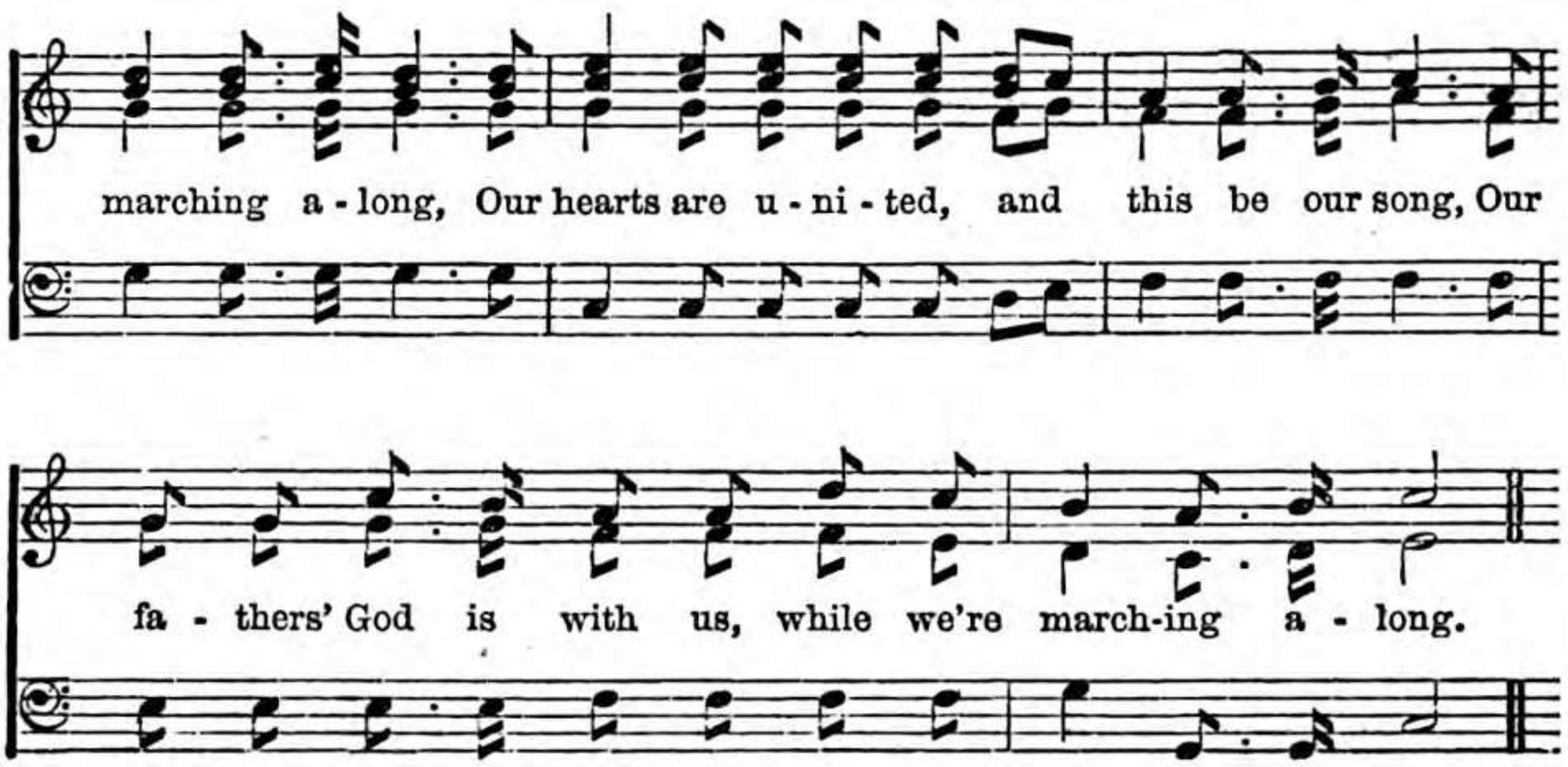
GOD WITH US.

82.



CHORUS. *Full and loud.*





Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
Lost in wonder, we adore
Him who brought them safely hither
With the Gospel to our shore.
Fired with zeal, and armed with courage,
Strong in faith and love divine,
Thro' the darkest cloud that gathered
They could see His glory shine.
Chorus—Marching along, &c.

Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
They have laid their armour down,
They have passed the vale of shadow,
Left the cross to wear the crown:
We must bear their glorious standard,
Wield our veteran fathers' sword,
In the army of the faithful
We are battling for the Lord.
Chorus—Marching along, &c.

Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
Sing aloud with heart and voice,
Still increasing and progressing,
Brethren, let us all rejoice!
Hallelujah! what a meeting,
When we reach the shining shore,
There with saints who've gone before us,
Shout Free Grace for evermore.
Chorus—Marching along, &c.

83. OUR VICTORY.

Spirited—Allegro.

We are marching on to glo - ry, We are marching on to
Lis - ten to the wond'rous sto - ry, Lis - ten to the wond'rous

glo - ry, We are marching on to glo - ry, Lift the gos - pel ban-ner high;
sto - ry, Listen to the wond'rous sto - ry, How He gained the vic - to - ry.

How we found the glorious way, Leading to the hap-py gates of

How we found the glorious, glorious way, Leading to the hap-py gates of

CHORUS.

day, Let us sing, Let us sing, Of our

day. Let us sing, let us sing, let us sing, let us sing,

glo-rious, glo-rious vic - to . ry, Let us sing, let us

Let us sing, let us sing, let us

sing, Of our glo - rious, glo - rious vic - to - ry.

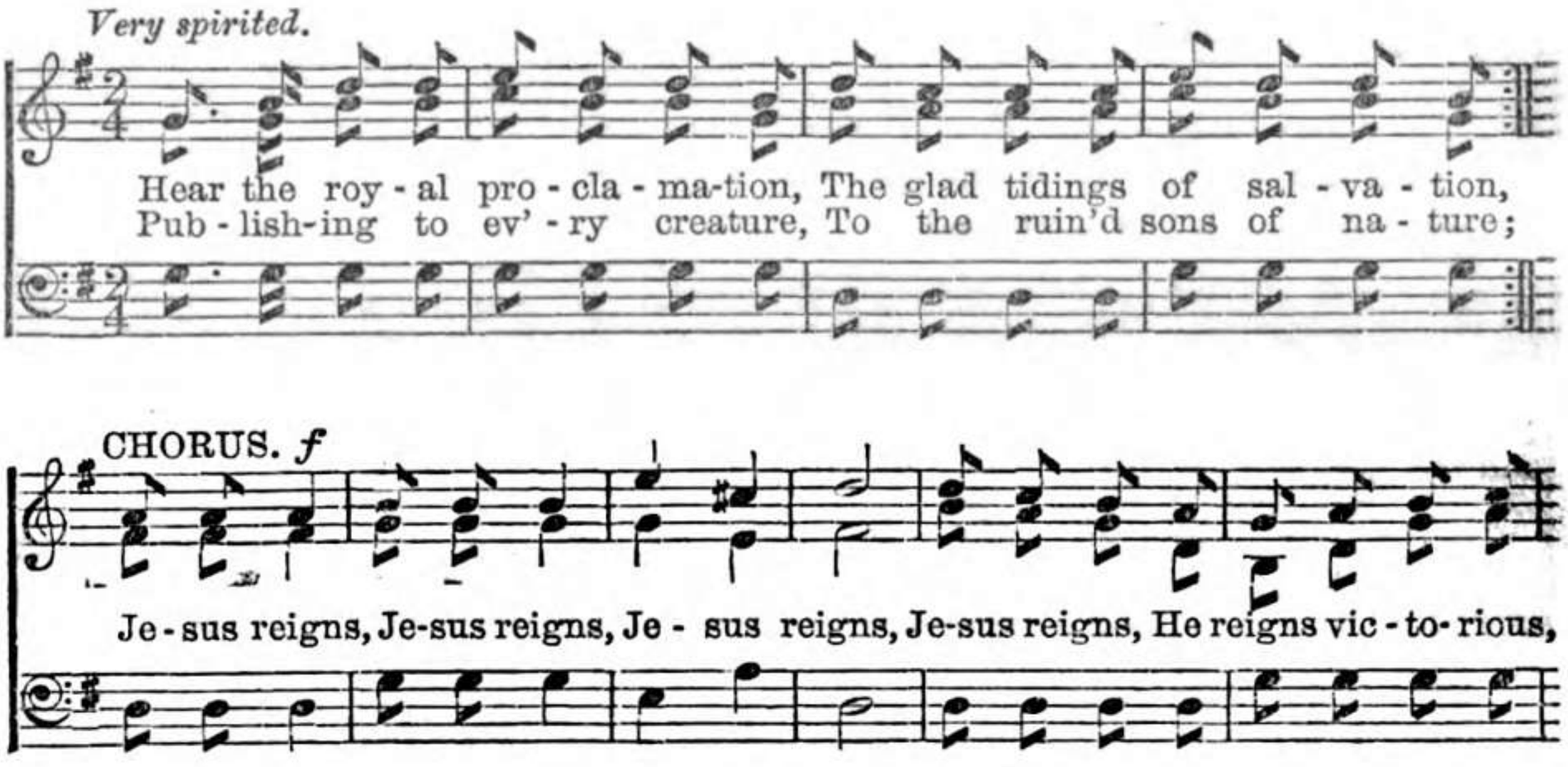
sing, let us sing, Of our glo - rious, glo - rious vic - to - ry.

When beset by sore temptation,
Satan's host against us rose,
With the armour of salvation
Did we triumph o'er our foes;
Now we praise the Lord on high
For our glorious, glorious victory.
Chorus—Let us sing, &c.

When the clouds were dark above us,
And the storm came on apace,
He who cares for us and loves us,
Was our shield and hiding-place;
Under His protecting wing,
Now rejoicing gladly we will sing.
Chorus—Let us sing, &c.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

84.



See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

"Here is wine, and milk and honey;
Come, and purchase without money;
Mercy flowing from a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain."
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

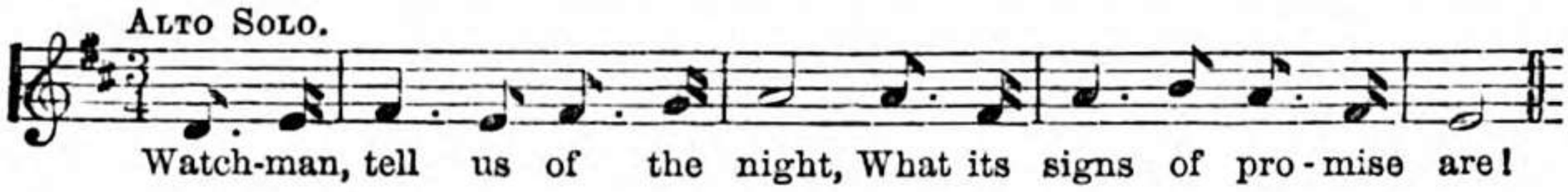
Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the blessed worlds of glory.
Chorus—Jesus reigns, &c.

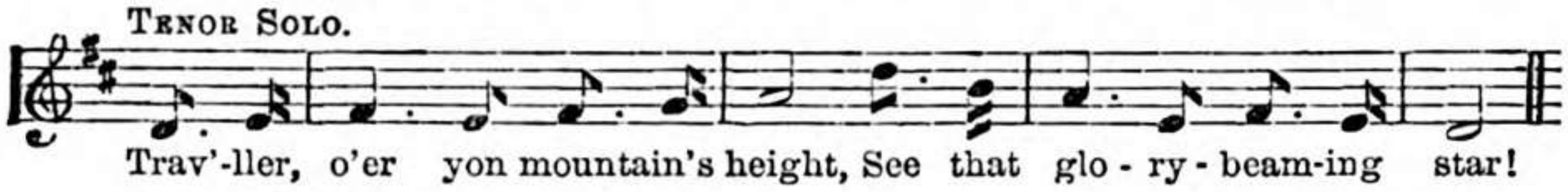
WATCHMAN.

85

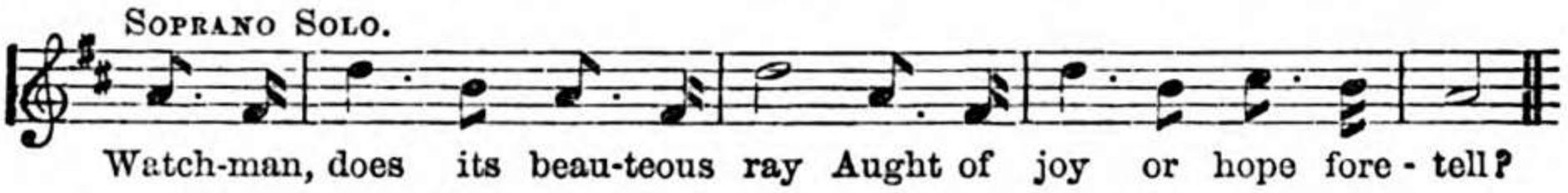
ALTO SOLO.



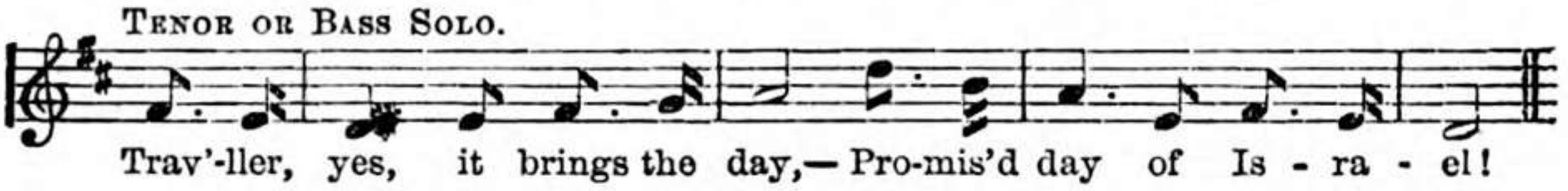
TENOR SOLO.



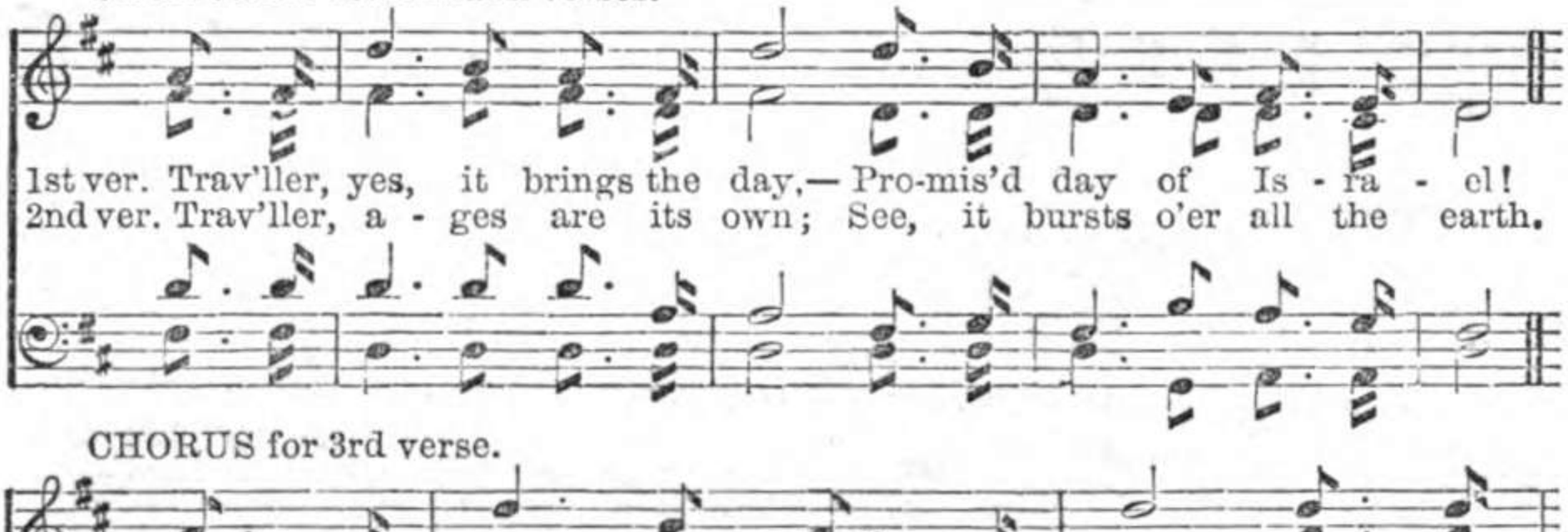
SOPRANO SOLO.



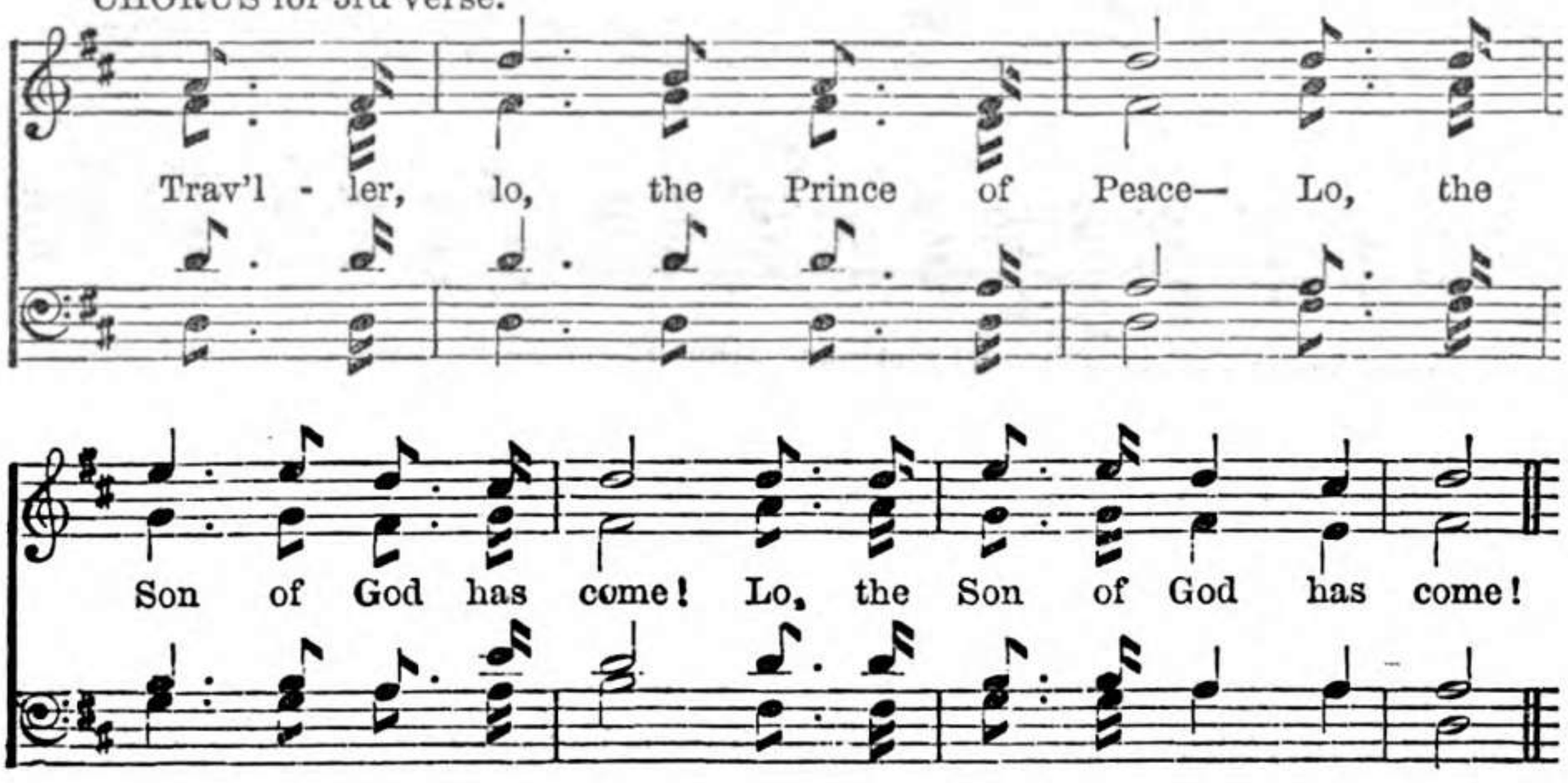
TENOR OR BASS SOLO.



CHORUS for 1st and 2nd verses.



CHORUS for 3rd verse.

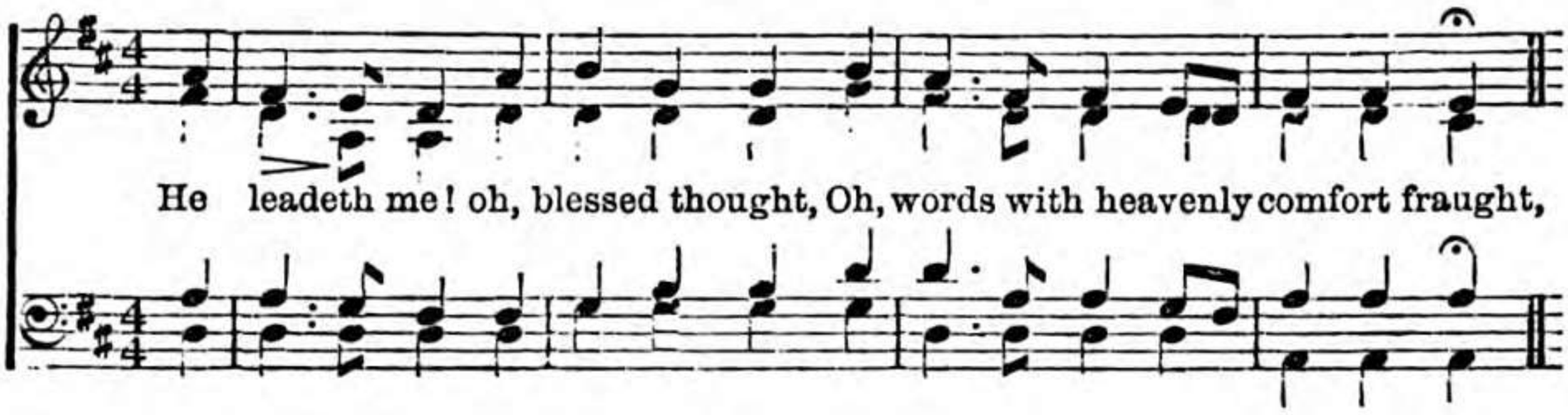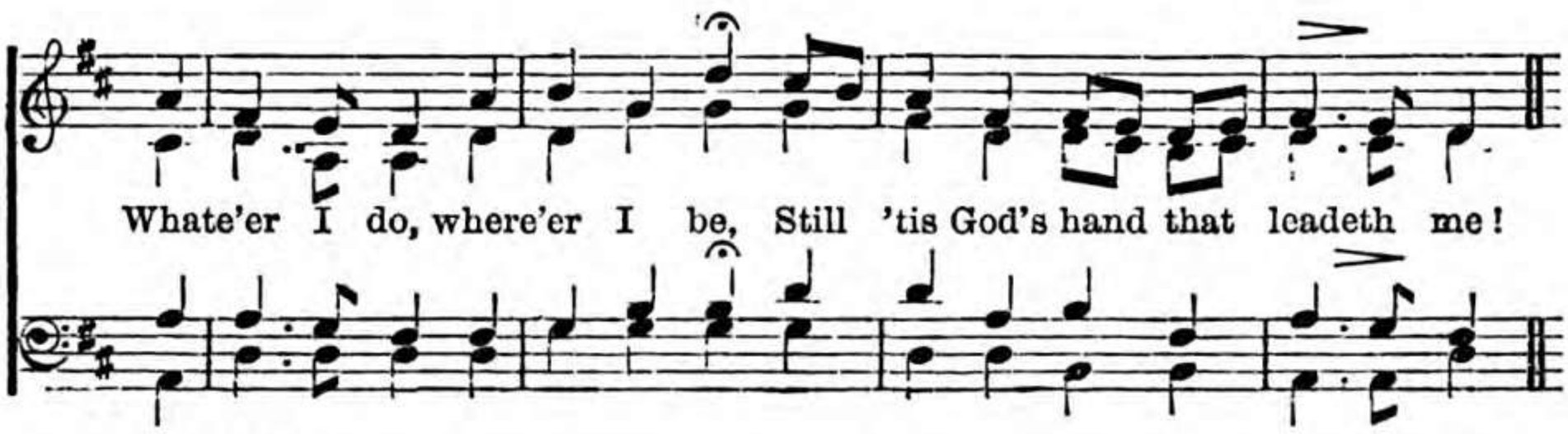


Watchman, tell us of the night;
  Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveller, blessedness and light,
  Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
  Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
  See it bursts o'er all the earth.
    Chorus—Traveller, ages, &c.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
  For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
  Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
  Hie thee to thy quiet home,
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
  Lo! the Son of God is come.
    Chorus—Traveller, lo &c.
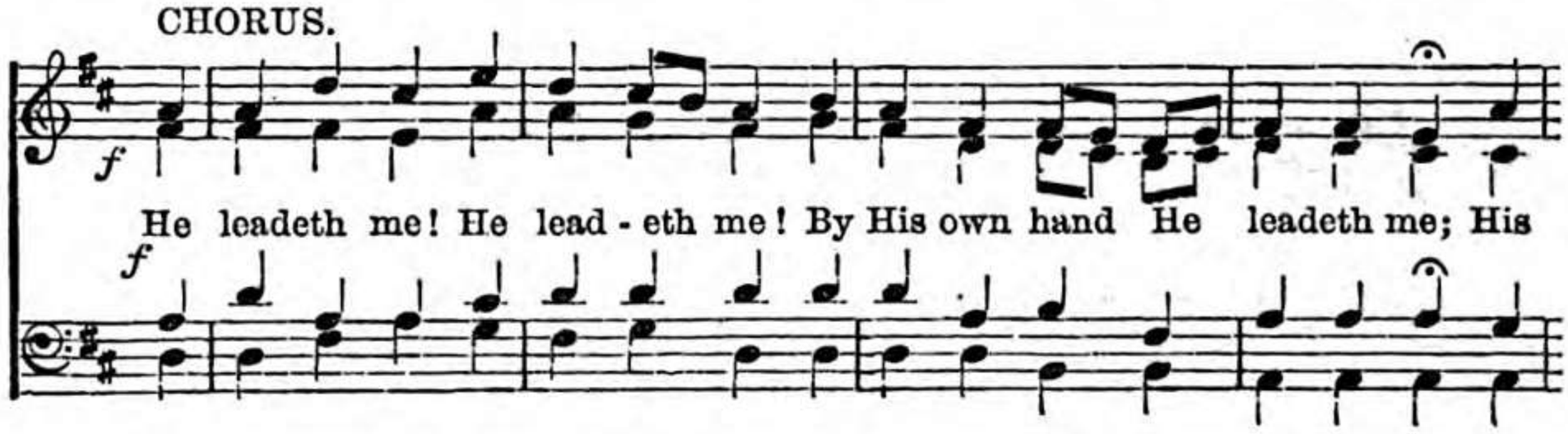
HE LEADETH ME.
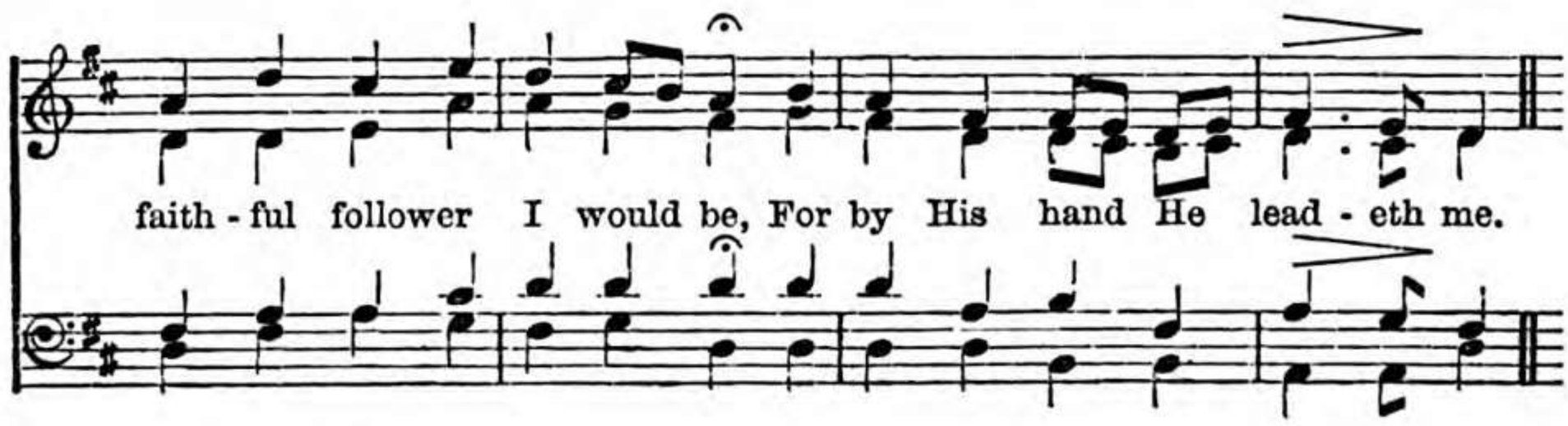
86.





CHORUS.
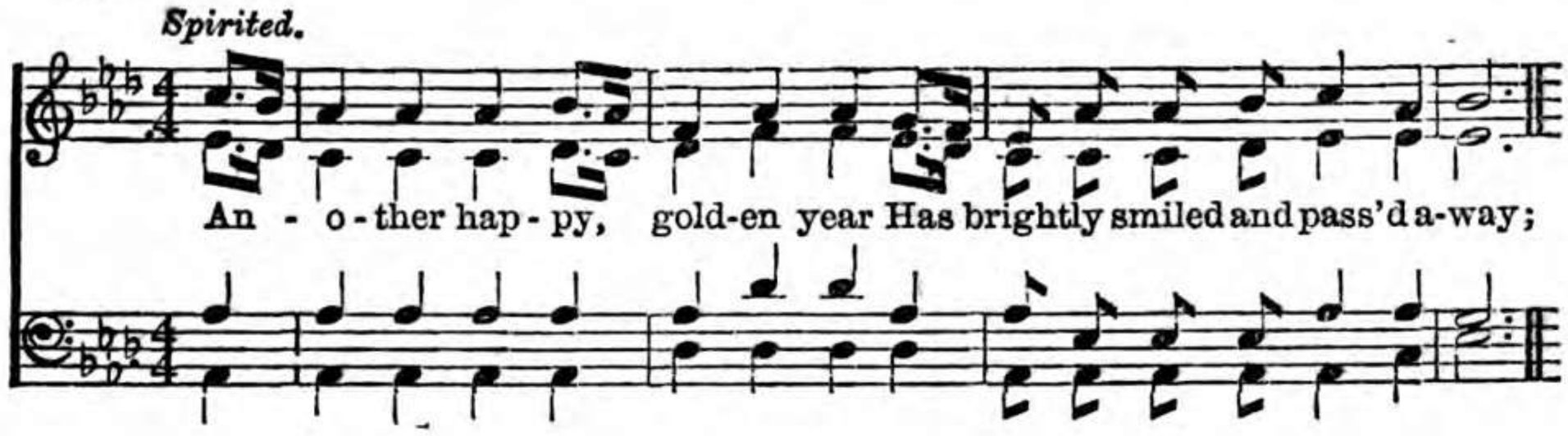




Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me!
Chorus—He leadeth me, &c.
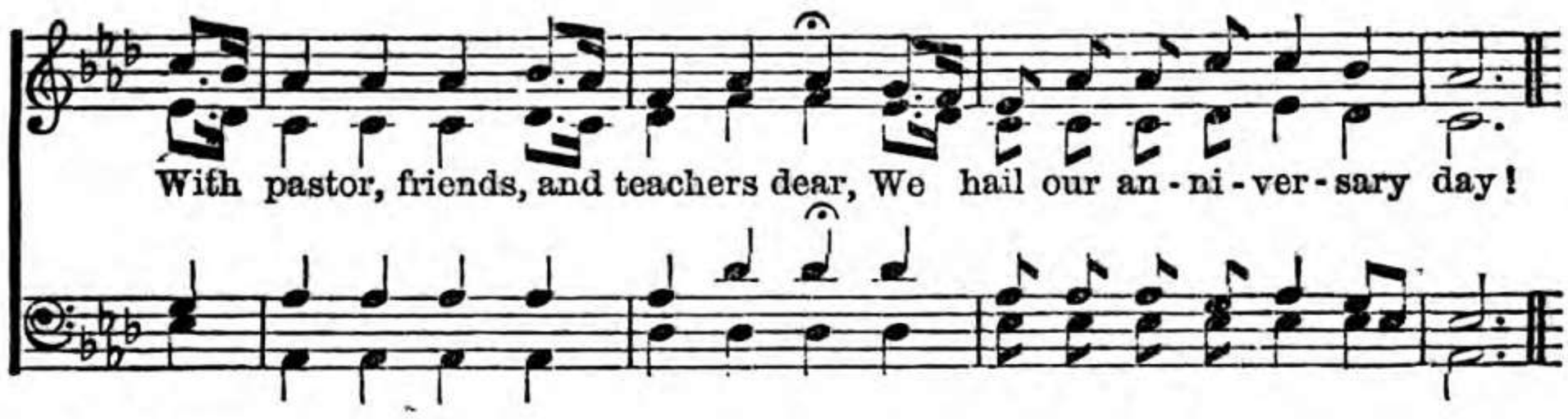
Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
Chorus—He leadeth me, &c.
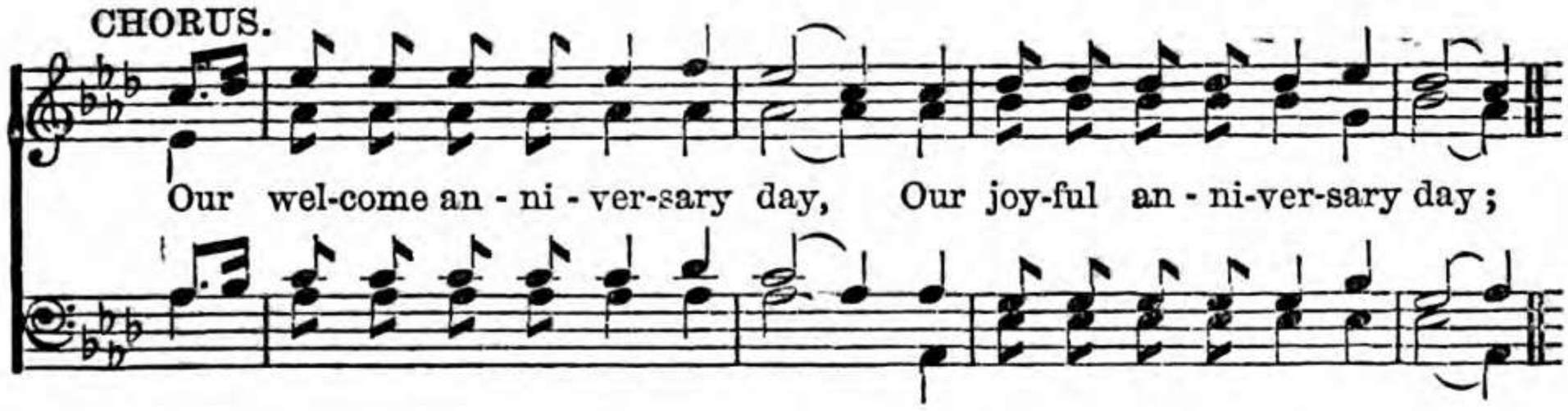
And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
Chorus—He leadeth me, &c.
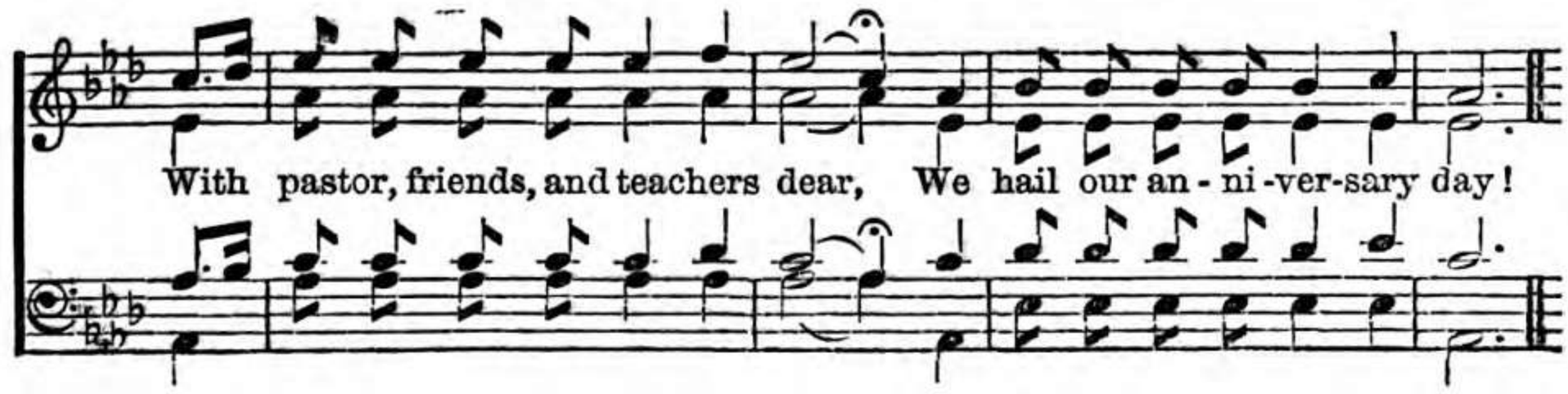
ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

87.
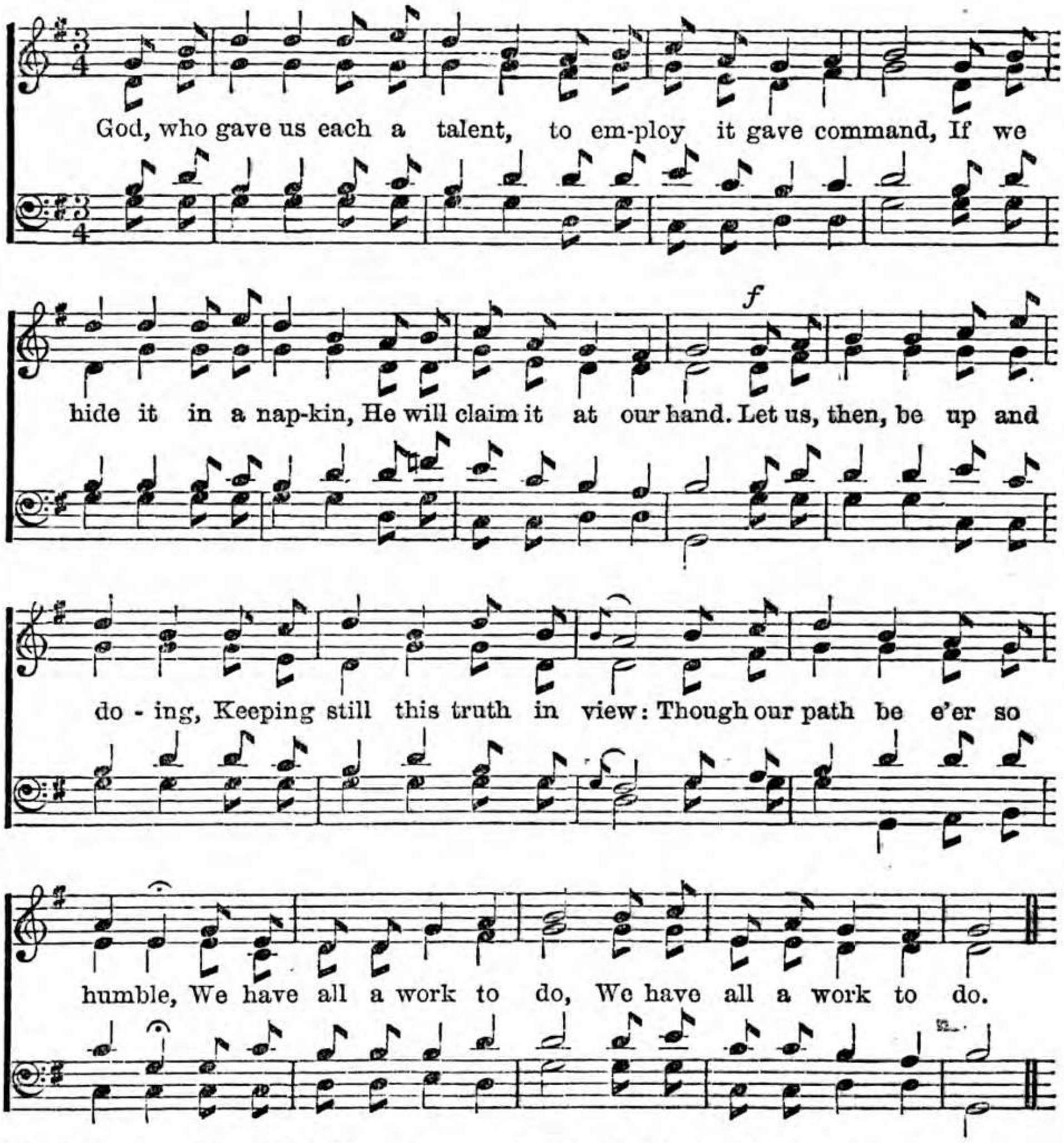








With grateful hearts to God above,
We gladly join our festive lay;
We thank Him for the tender love
That crowns our anniversary day.
Chorus—Our welcome, &c.

Though some who once were with us here,
Have gone to fairer climes away,
Perhaps their spirits, hovering near,
Behold our anniversary day.
Chorus—Our welcome, &c.

And when these mortal scenes are past,
When one by one they fade away,
Oh! may we meet in heaven at last,
To spend a long, eternal day.
Chorus—Our welcome, &c.

OUR WORK.

88.



With the heralds of the Gospel,
If we cannot bear a part,
We can drop a word of kindness
That may reach some careless heart.
We may touch a chord of feeling
Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep;
To the blessed fold of Jesus
We may bring some wand'ring sheep.

If, among the older people,
We may not be apt to teach;
"*Feed my lambs*," said Christ, our Shepherd,
Place the food 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.

If our mission does not lead us
O'er the deep to climes afar,
We perhaps may guide a seaman
By the Christian's Polar Star.
We can make the burden lighter,
Which the weary long have borne;
We can smooth the dying pillow,
We can comfort those who mourn.

These are precious, golden moments,
Kindly lent us to improve;
Are we faithful to our calling,
Earnest in our work of love—
Ever at our post of duty
Wheresoe'er our call may be?
Let our lamps be trimmed and burning,
That the world their light may see.

THE LIVING WELL.

89.

Cheerful.

On the cross where Christ hung bleed-ing, Streams of love for ev - er flow; Through the Sa - viour's in - ter - ced - ing, Je - sus speaks so gent - ly, sweet - ly, We that bless - ed stream may know. O my heart, be Lis - ten to His love - ly voice.

FINE.

Rit.

CHORUS.

filled com-pletely, And in grate - ful love re - joice! Drink, and you'll be thirs-ty nev-er, } Drink, and you shall live for ev - er; }

Rit.

Drink, oh drink, Drink, oh drink, Drink, oh drink. Drink of the water of life.

Repeat the last strain to the words, "Drink of the water of life," *very softly.*
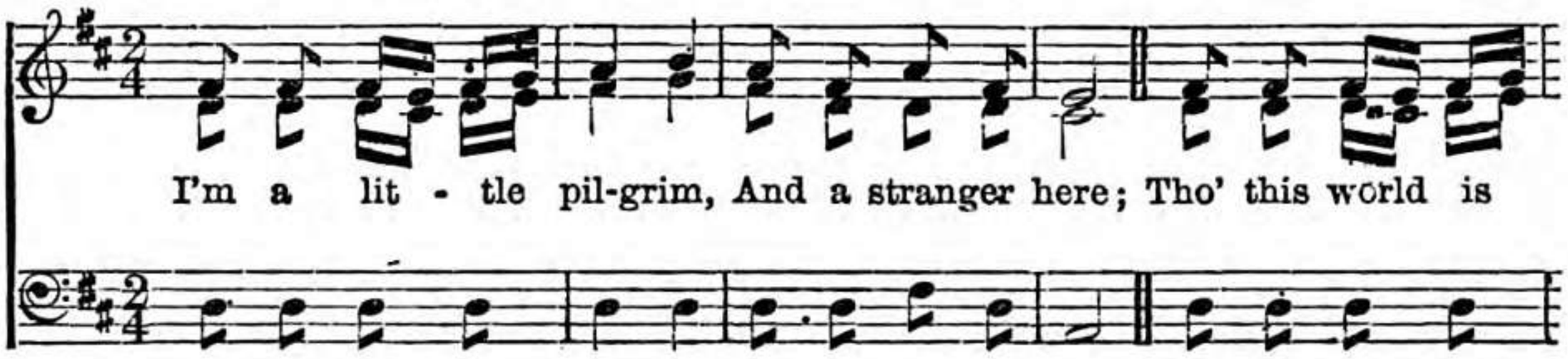
Though our way is often dreary,
And in gloom the sky is clad;
Though the steps grow faint and weary,
And the heart is sick and sad;
There's a well of living pleasure,
Every night and morning too,
Flowing in exhaustless measure,
Ever blessing, ever new.
Chorus—Drink, and you'll, &c.

We may ever have that fountain,
Welling with exhaustless flow,
In the valley, on the mountain,
Wheresoe'er our steps may go.
As we drink, a holy beauty
Fills our souls, so washed and blest,
And our hands grow strong for duty,
And our weary hearts find rest.
Chorus—Drink, and you'll, &c.
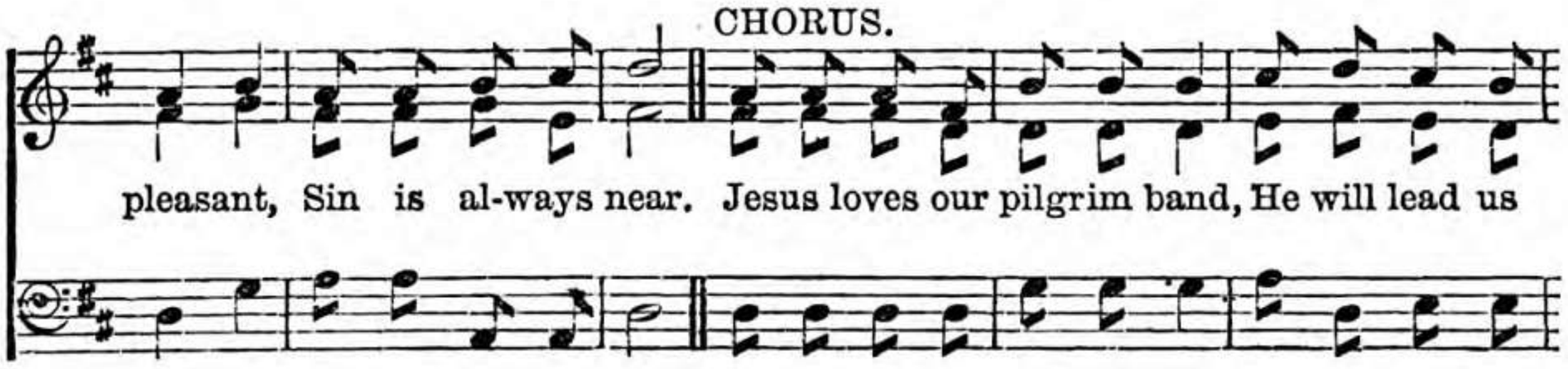
THE LITTLE PILGRIM.
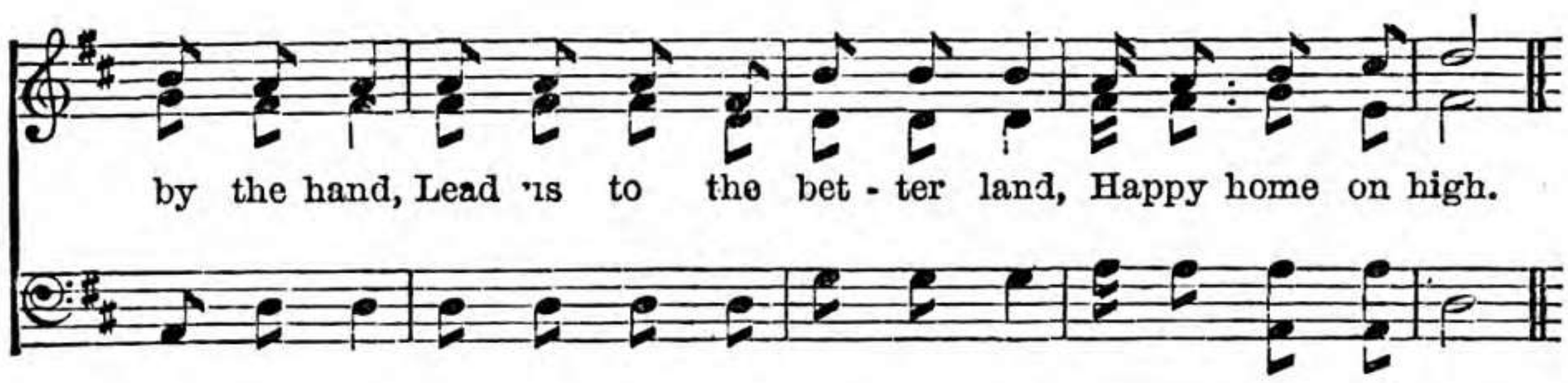
90.

INFANT CLASS SONG.



CHORUS.





Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin;
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.
Chorus—Jesus loves, &c.
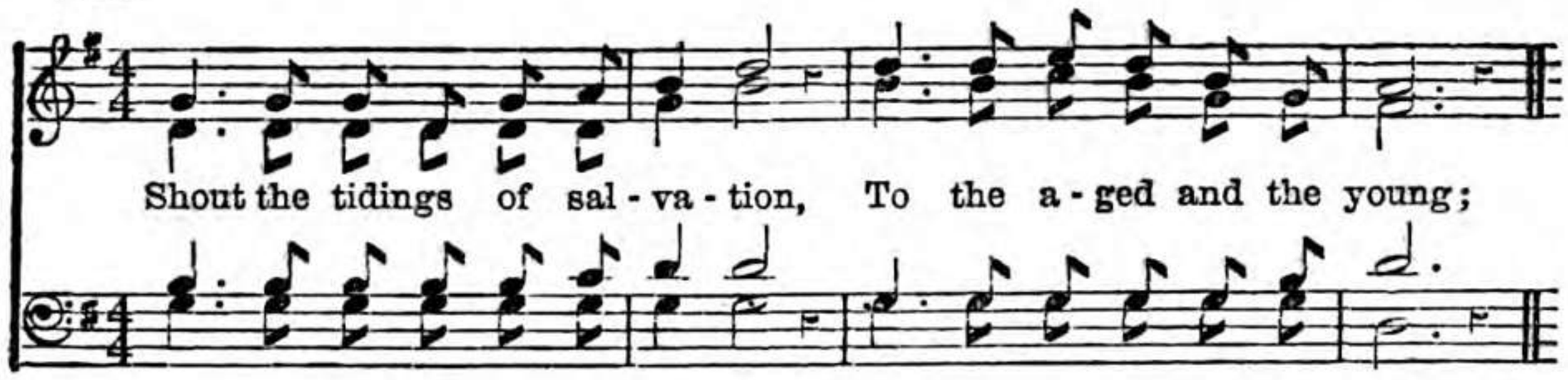
But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
Ere he'd wear the white robe,
And with Christ be seen.
Chorus—Jesus loves, &c.
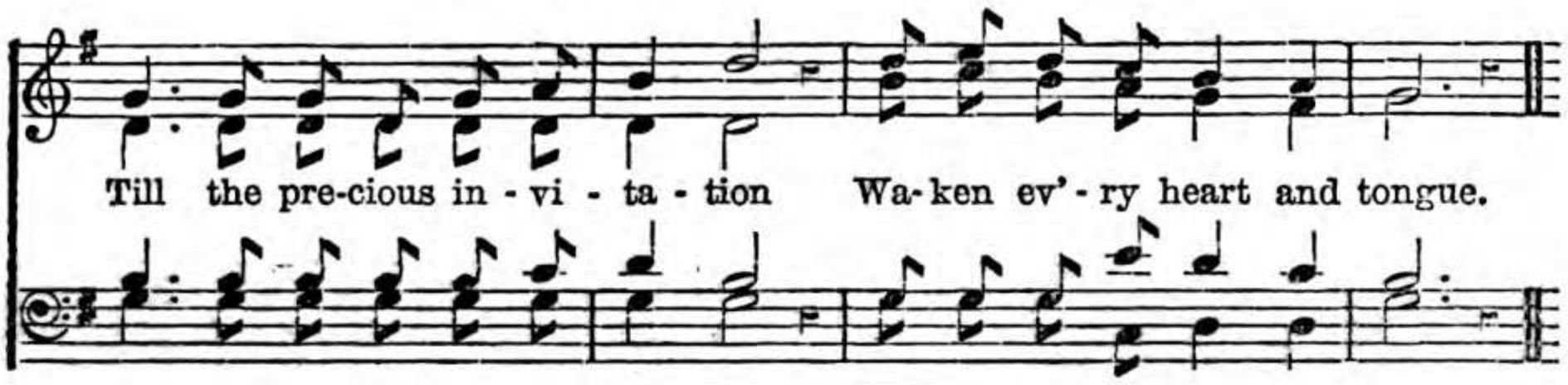
Jesus, hear and save me;
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
In the heavenly way.
Chorus—Jesus loves, &c.

I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here,
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.
Chorus—Jesus loves, &c.

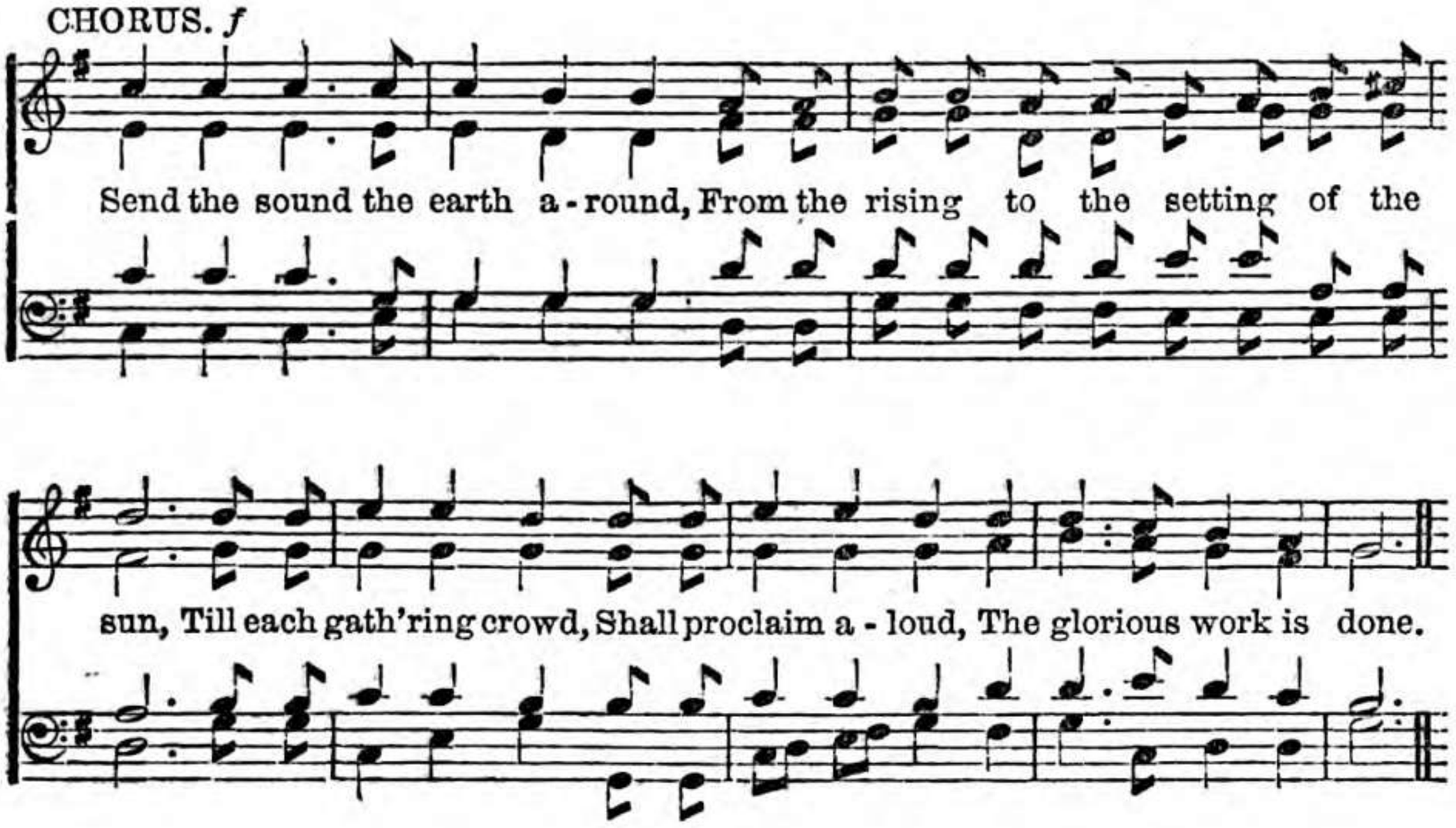
GOOD TIDINGS.

91.





CHORUS. *f*
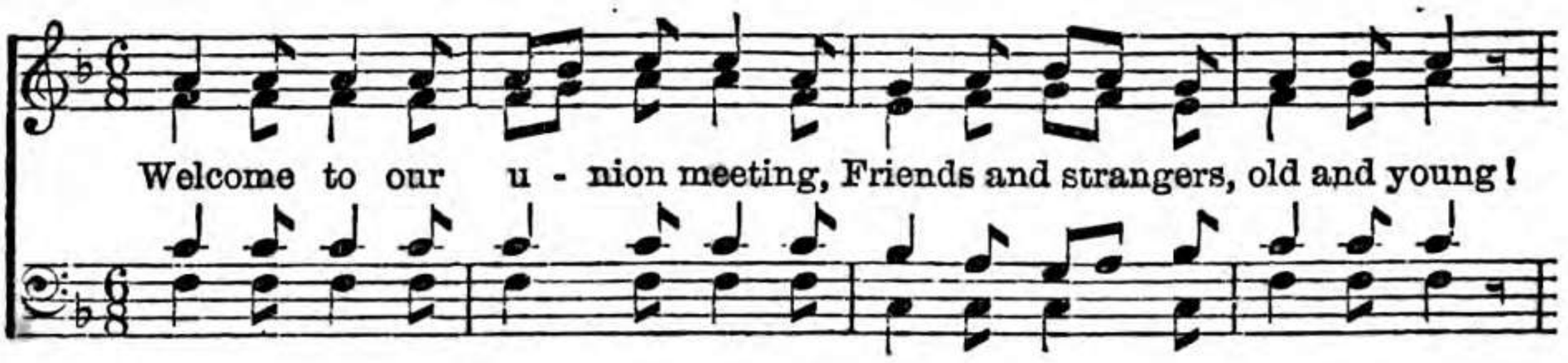


Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the prairies of the West;
Till each gath'ring congregation
With the gospel sound is blest.
Chorus—Send the sound, &c.

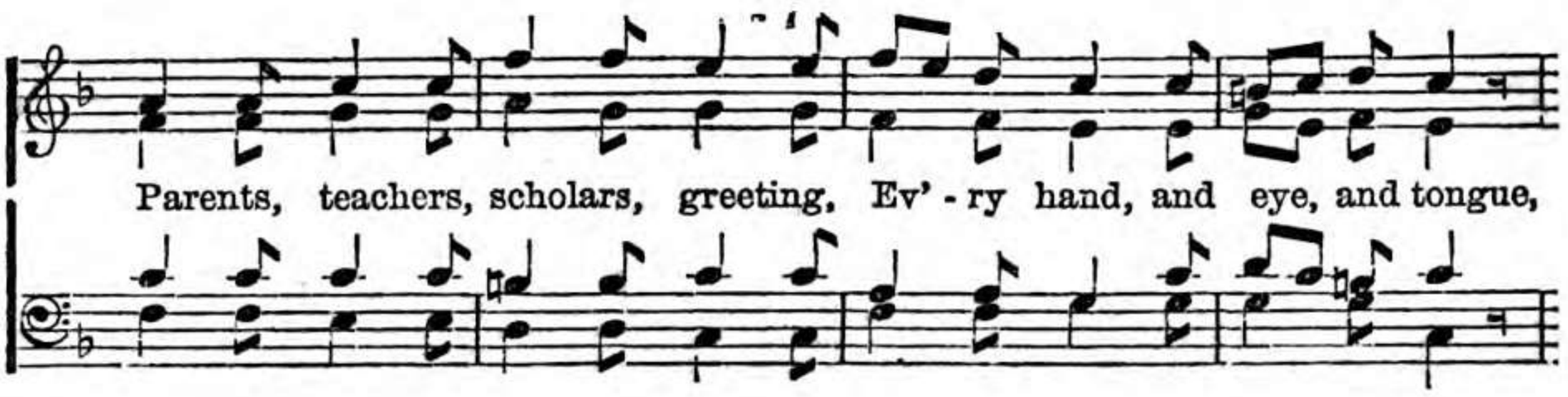
Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Chorus—Send the sound, &c.
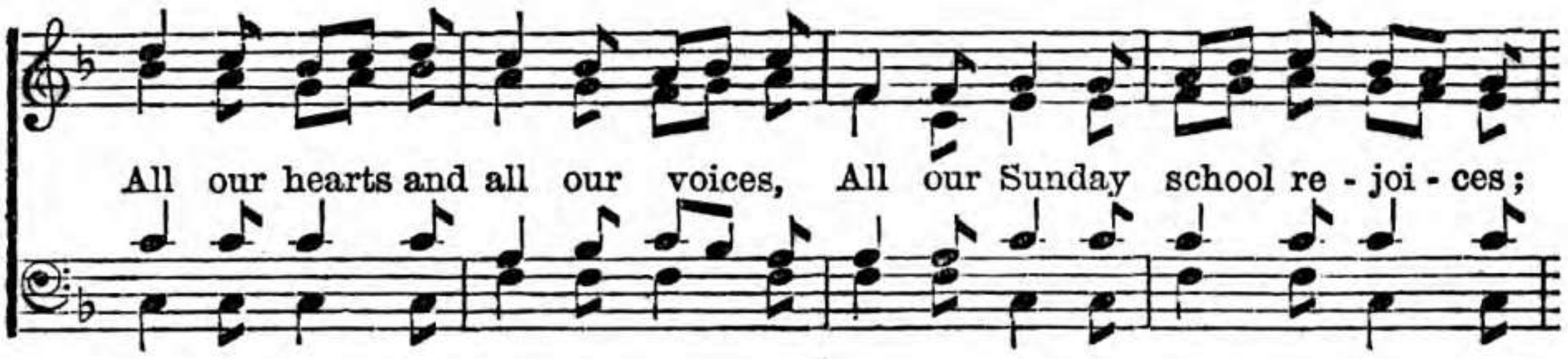
Shout the tidings of salvation,
O'er the islands of the sea:
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Chorus—Send the sound, &c.
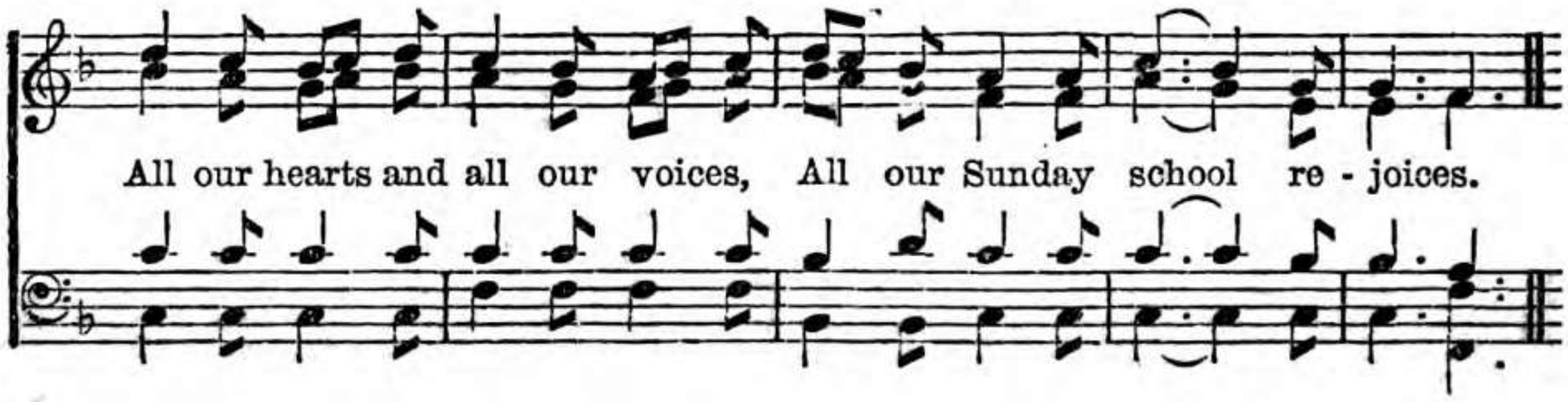
WELCOME TO OUR MEETING.

92.









Welcome, friendly schools and teachers,
  Thronging all our aisles to-day,
Superintendents, pastors, preachers,—
  Guides along the heavenward way;
Every name to-day is "Brother;"
All our creed is—"Love each other."
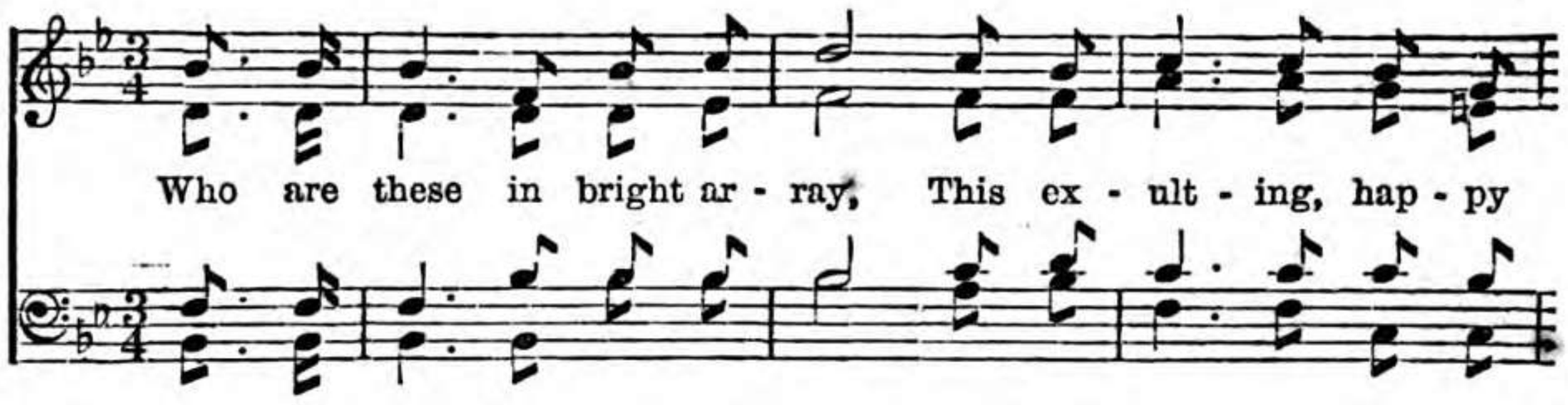
Not as rivals here we gather,
  Envious of each other's fame;
But as friends and partners, rather,
  All our toils and hopes the same;
Jesus' love our only story,
Jesus' conquests all our glory.
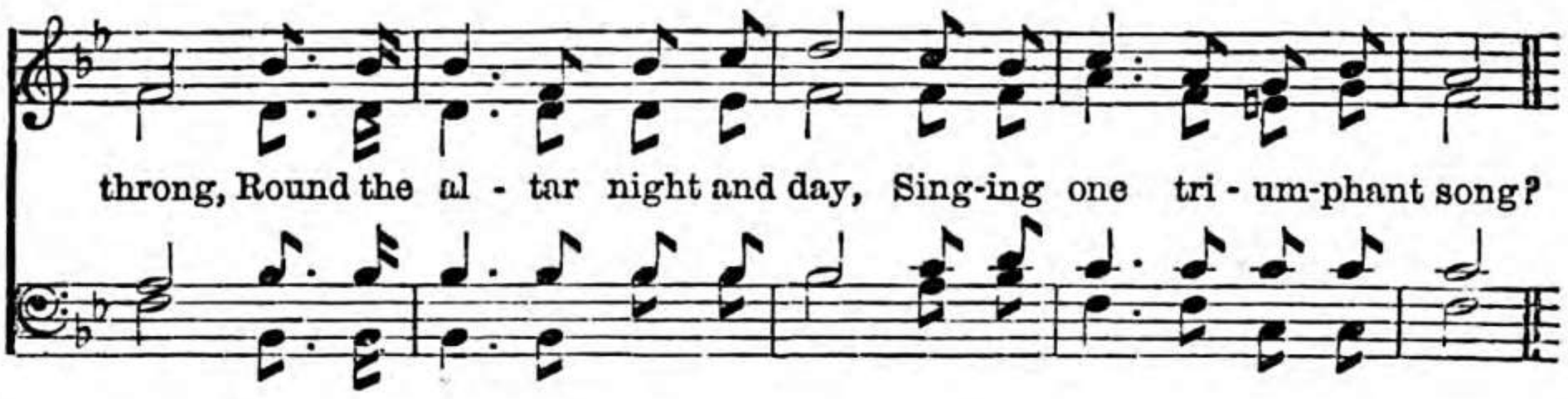
These we tell, we chant His praises,
  Hear His wonders, learn His laws;
Every tale His triumph raises,
  Every effort aids His cause.
All our prayers and strains ascending,
Round His throne as incense blending.

Welcome, then, to join our singing,
  Till we meet with songs above;
To His feet our homage bringing,
  Who has bought us with His love.
There we'll cast our crowns before Him,
And in endless bliss adore Him.

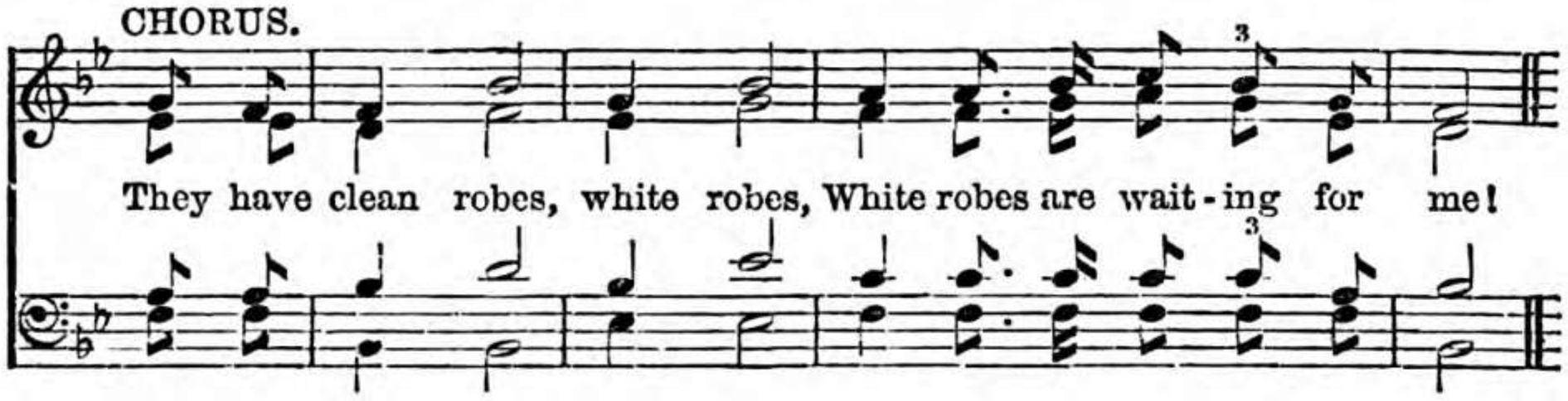
WHITE ROBES.

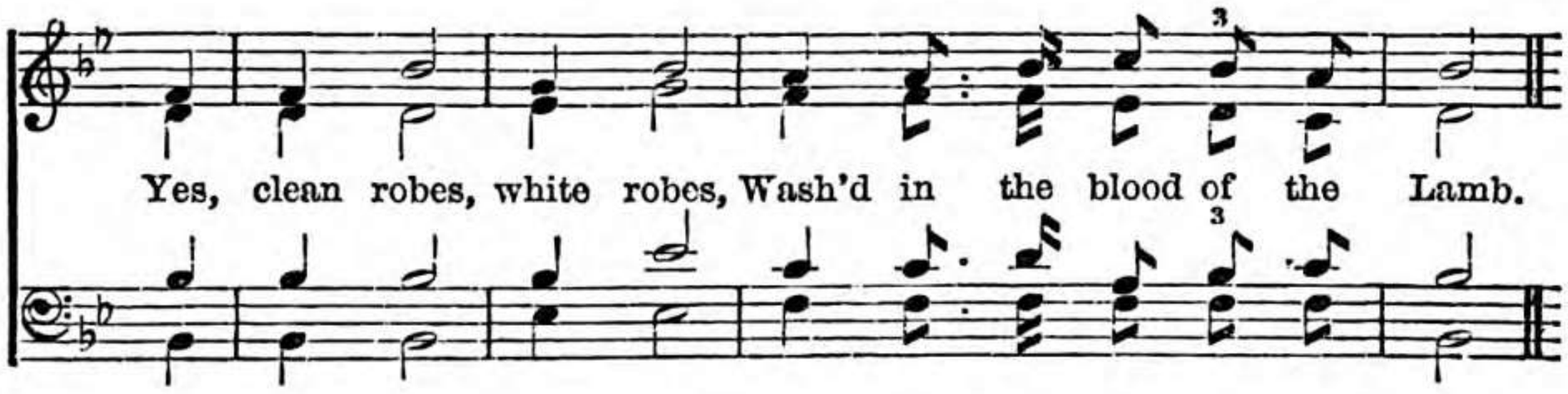
93.





CHORUS.
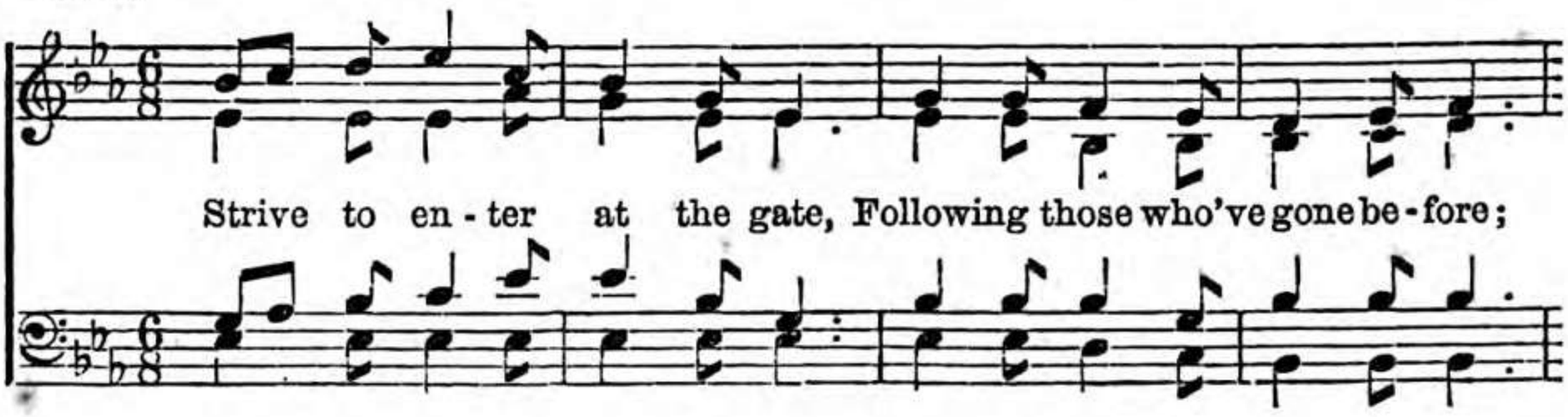




These through fiery trials trod,
  These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
  Sealed with His almighty name.
    Chorus—They have clean robes, &c.
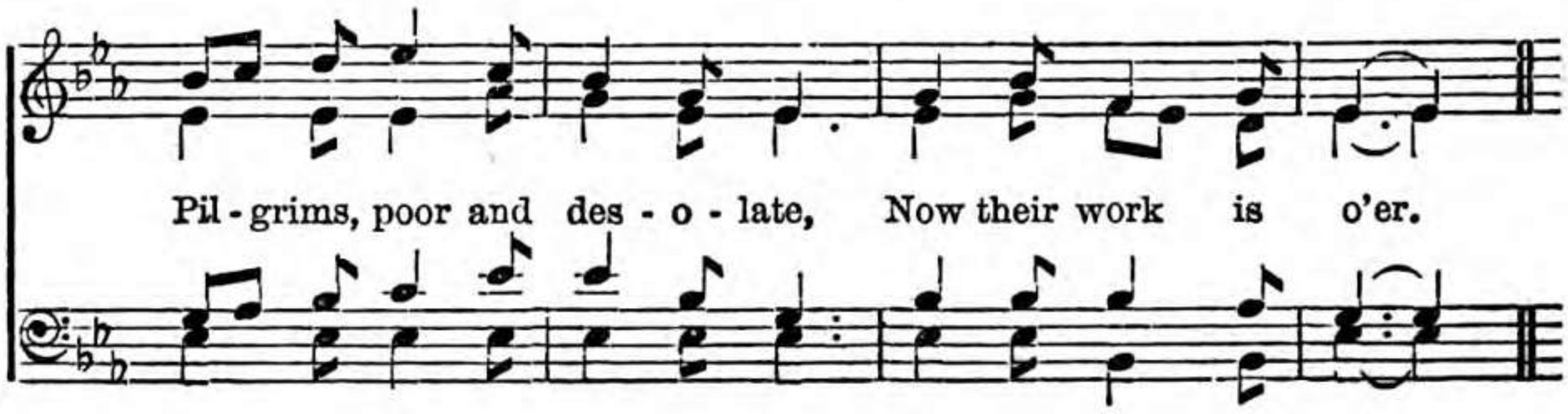
Clad in raiment pure and white,
  Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
  More than conquerors they stand.
    Chorus—They have clean robes, &c.
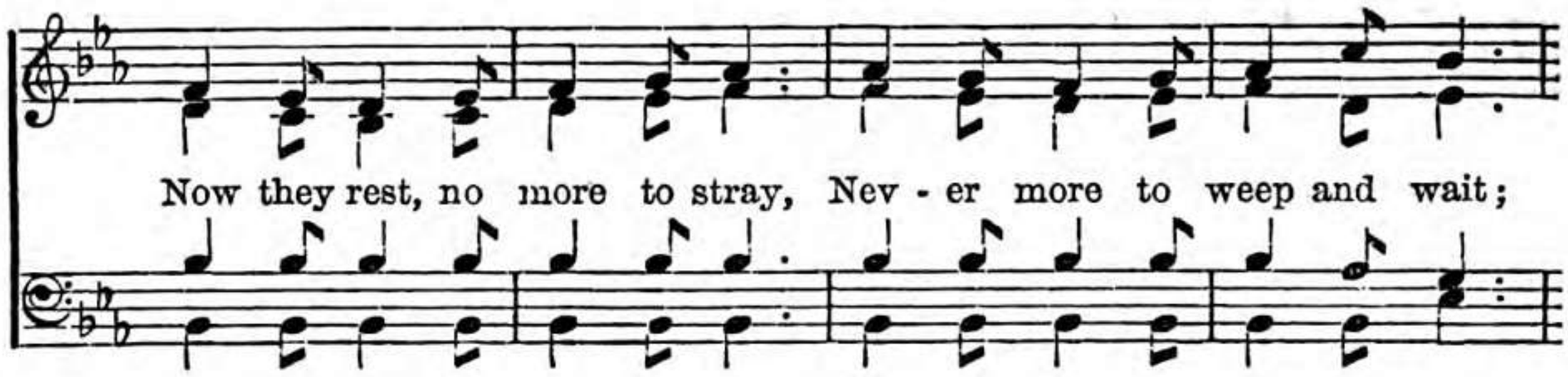
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
  Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes
  God shall wipe away their tears.
    Chorus—They have clean robes, &c.
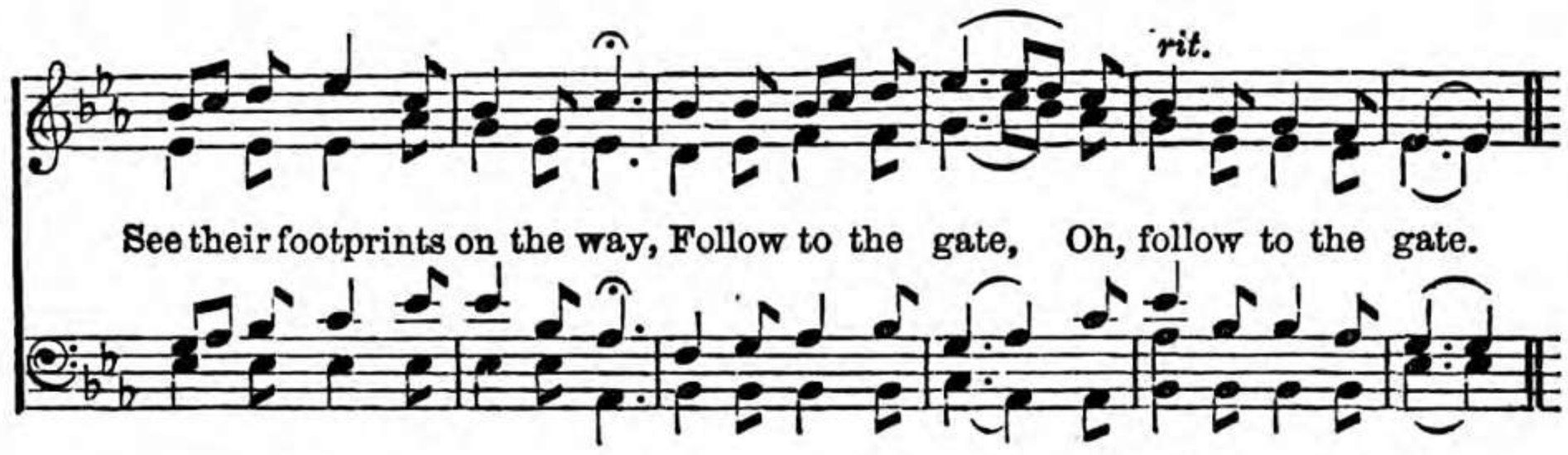
THE GATE AND THE WAY.

94.
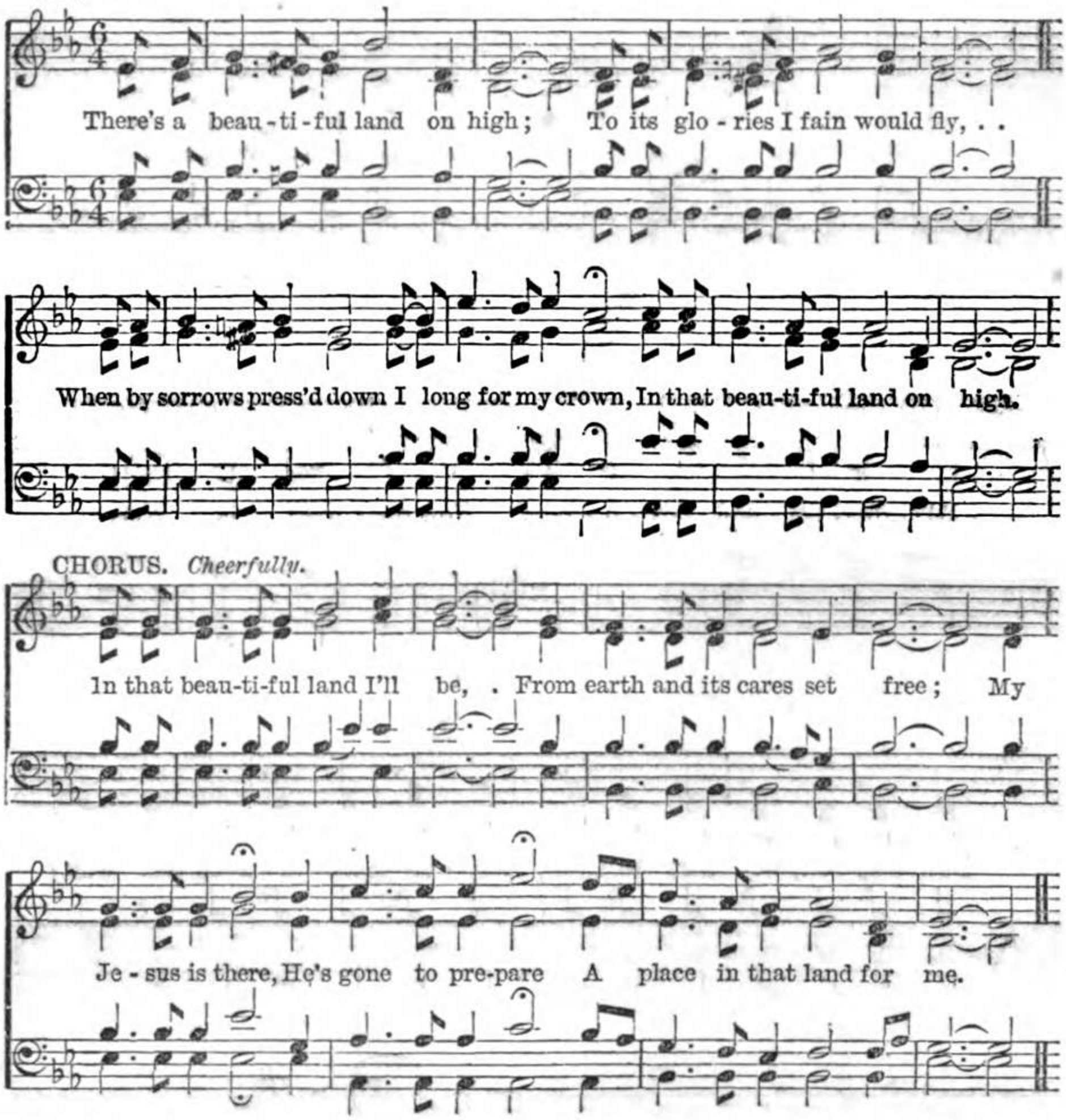








Strive to enter at the gate,
  Casting every burden down;
'Tis but changing poor estate
  For a heavenly crown.
Few there be upon the way,
  Not for friends or kindred wait;
While upon the waste they stray,
  Christ may shut the gate.

Strive to enter in to-day;
  Almost now we hear the voice
At the limit of the way,
  Bidding us rejoice.
Every step the anthem swells—
  Can we falter, can we wait?
Yonder Christ our Saviour dwells,
  Enter at the gate.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

95.



There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by-and-by,
There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.
Chorus—In that beautiful land, &c.

There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high?
Chorus—In that beautiful land, &c.
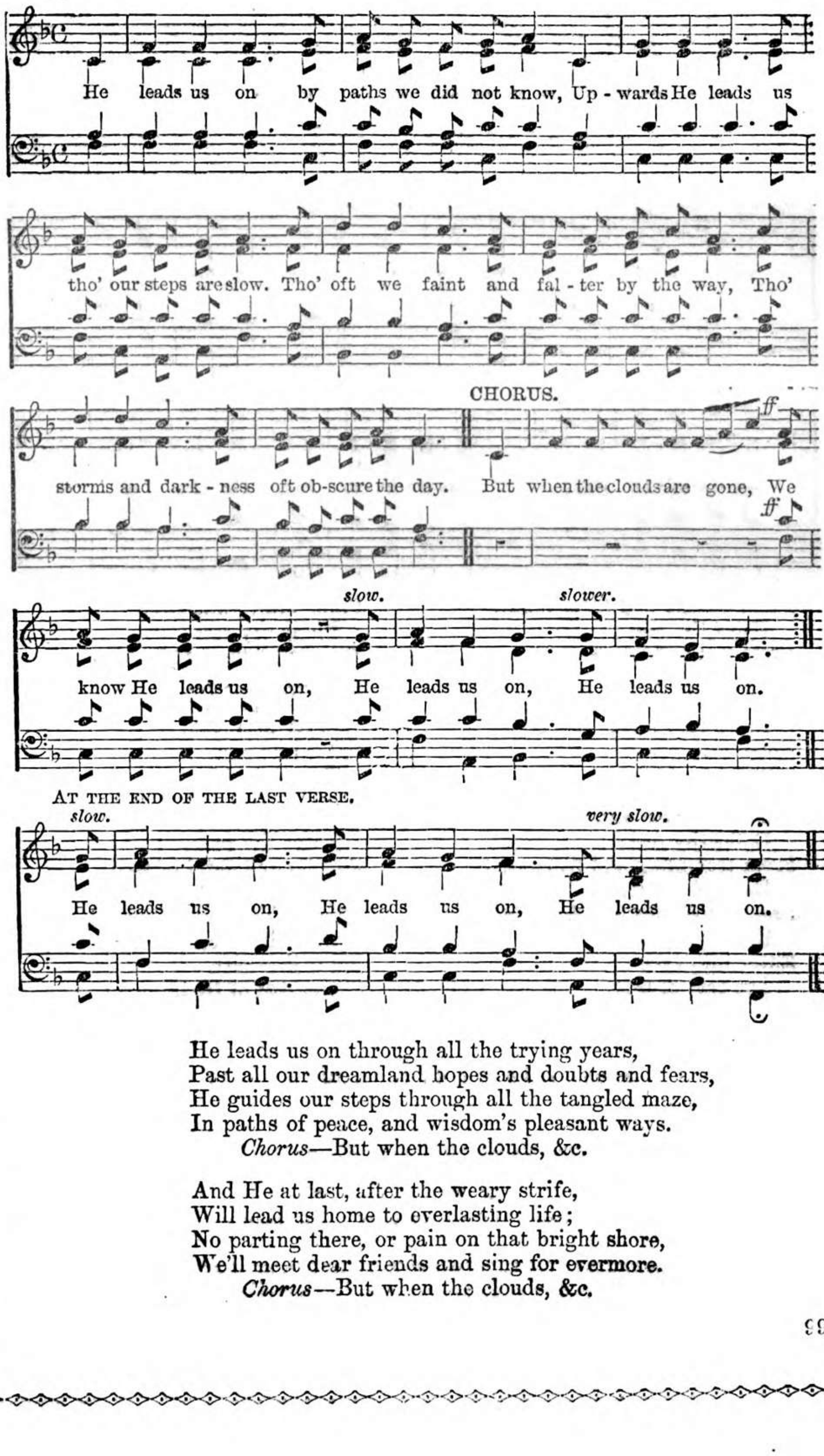
There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
And methinks I now see them waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.
Chorus—In that beautiful land, &c.

There's a beautiful land on high,
Where I never shall weep or sigh;
For my Father hath said no tear shall be shed
In that beautiful land on high.
Chorus—In that beautiful land, &c.

There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye;"
Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring,
In that beautiful land on high.
Chorus—In that beautiful land, &c.

HE LEADS US ON.

96.

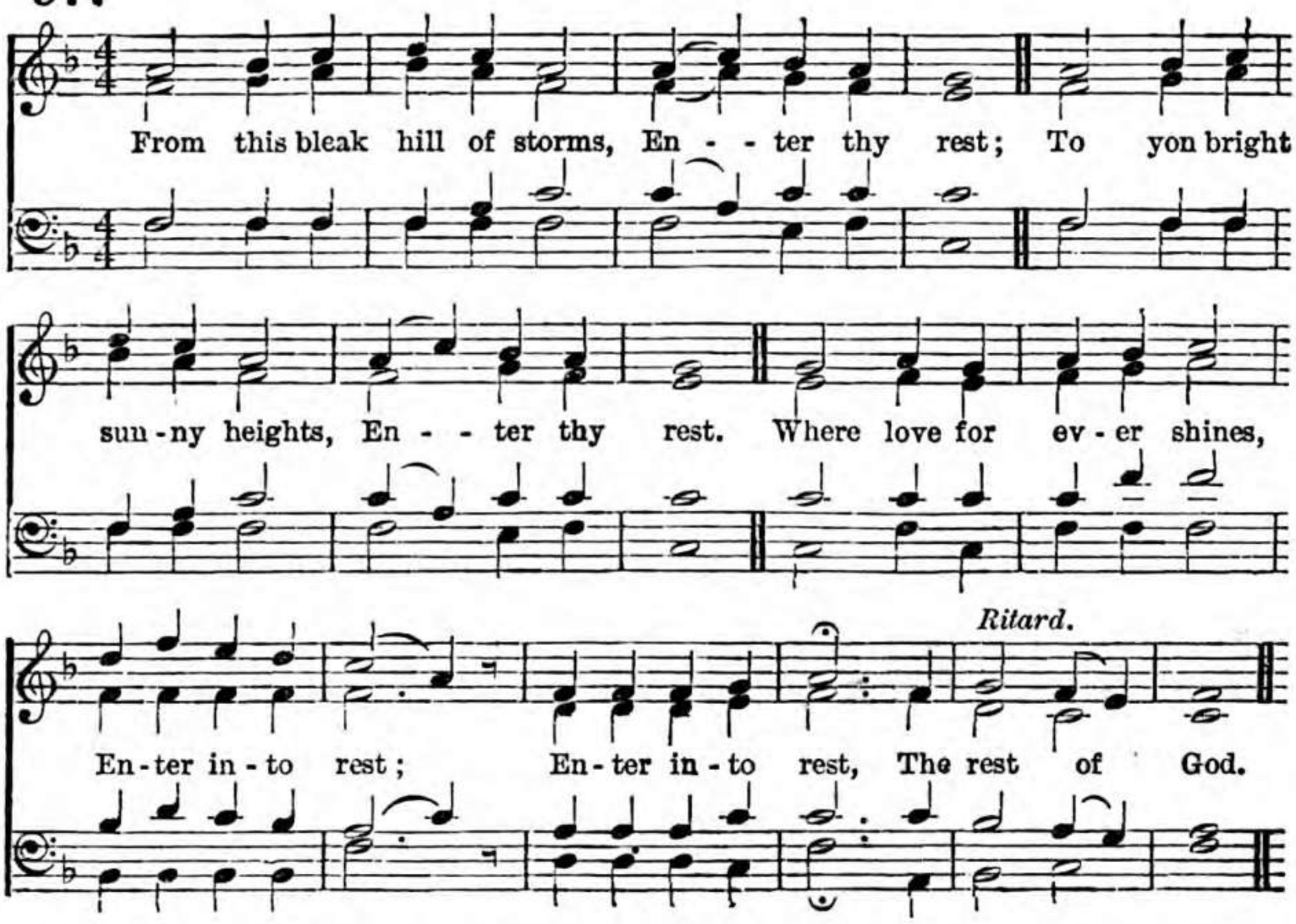


He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears,
He guides our steps through all the tangled maze,
In paths of peace, and wisdom's pleasant ways.
Chorus—But when the clouds, &c.

And He at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life;
No parting there, or pain on that bright shore,
We'll meet dear friends and sing for evermore.
Chorus—But when the clouds, &c.

ENTER INTO REST.

97.



From hunger and from thirst,
Enter thy rest;
From toil and weariness,
Enter thy rest.
From shadows and from dreams,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.
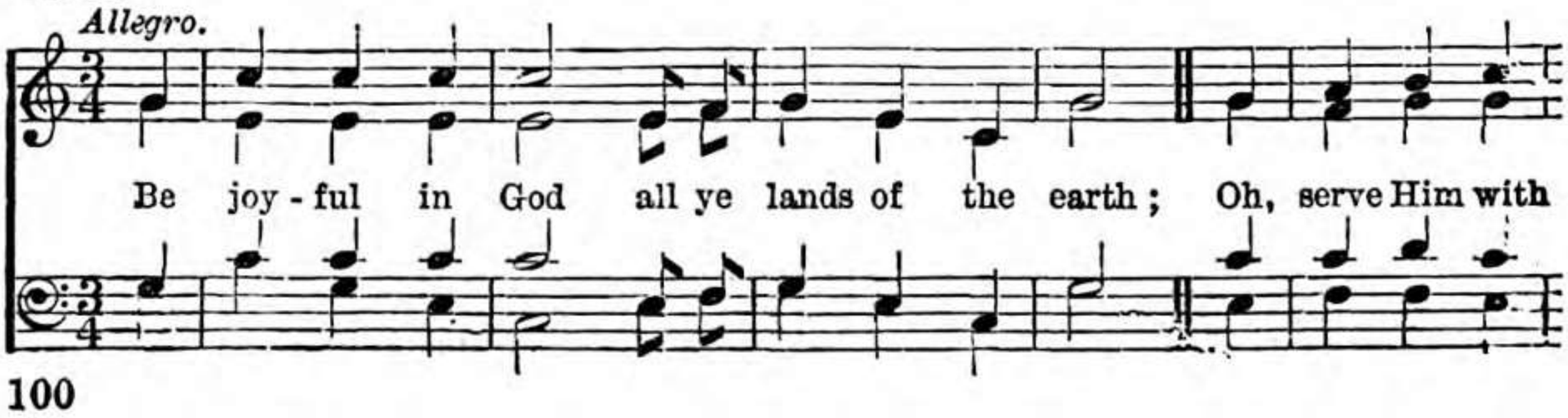
From weakness and from pain,
Enter thy rest;
From trembling and from strife,
Enter thy rest.
From watchings and from fears,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.
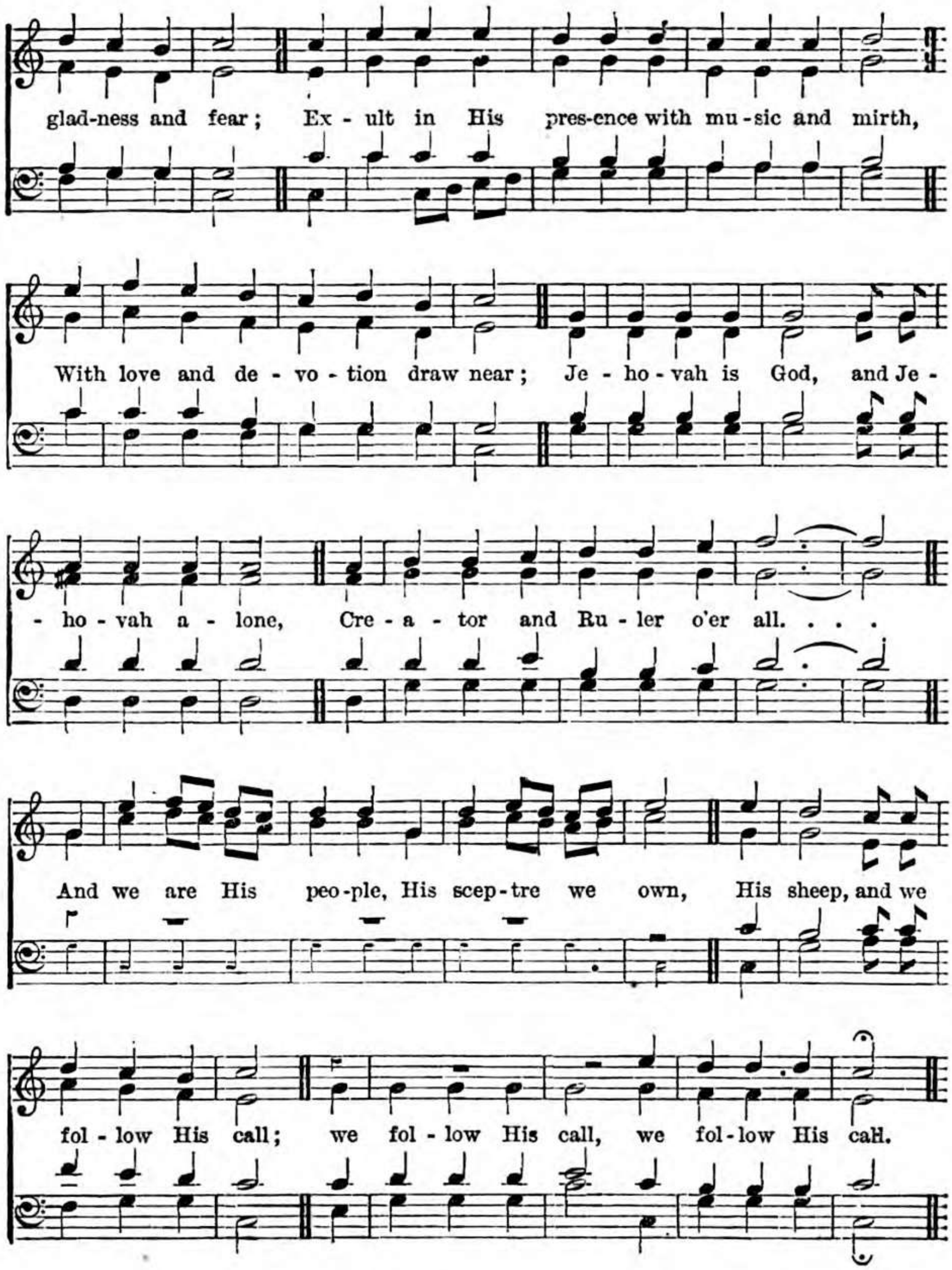
From vanity and lies,
Enter thy rest;
From mocking and from snares,
Enter thy rest.
From disappointed hopes,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.

Here thou art ever safe,
Enter thy rest;
Pilgrim and child of God,
Enter thy rest.
This is thy home at last,
Enter into rest;
Enter into rest,
The rest of God.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

98.
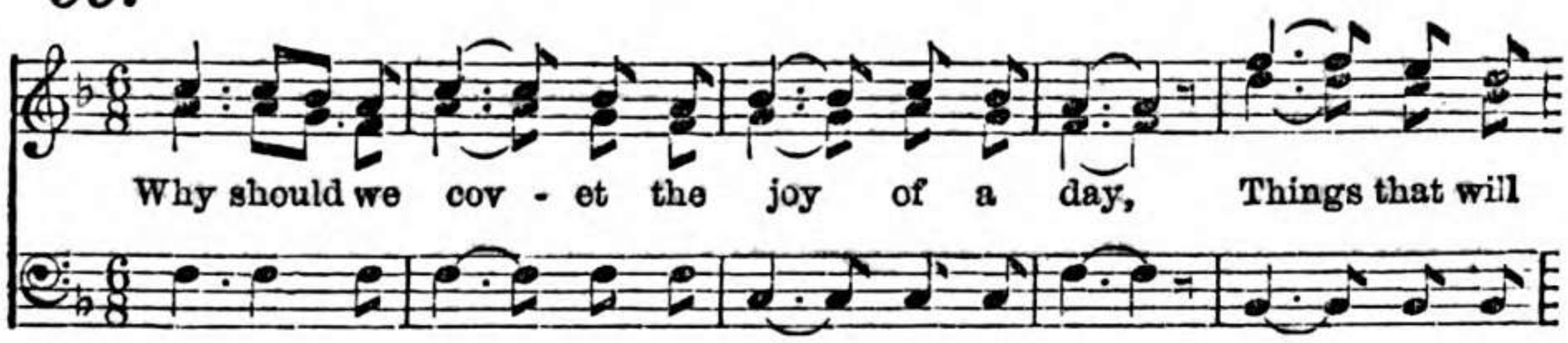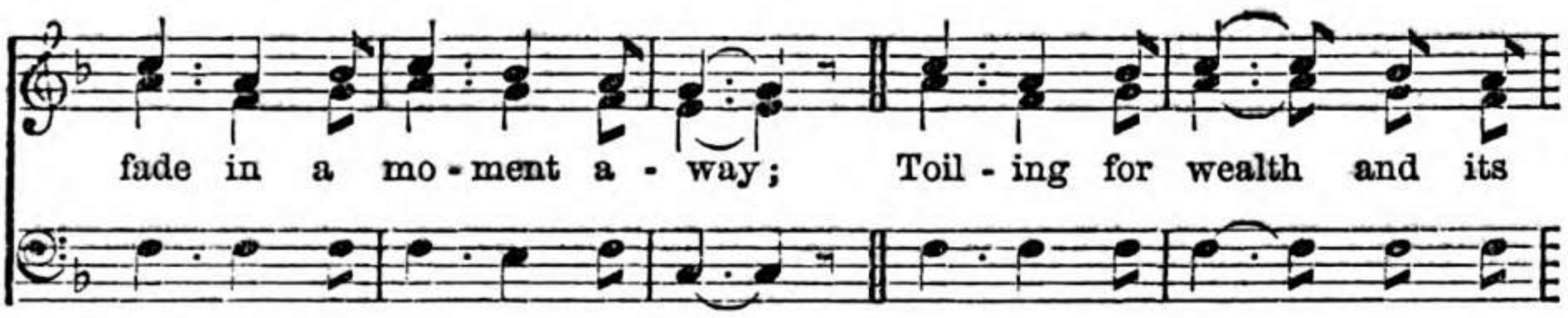




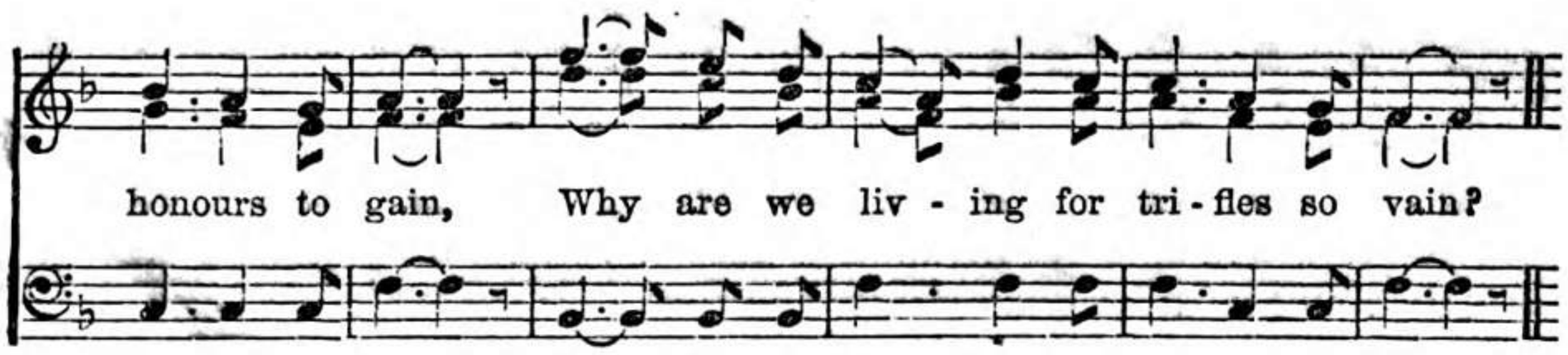
Oh, enter His gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in His temple proclaim;
His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
And bless His adorable Name;
For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of His hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.
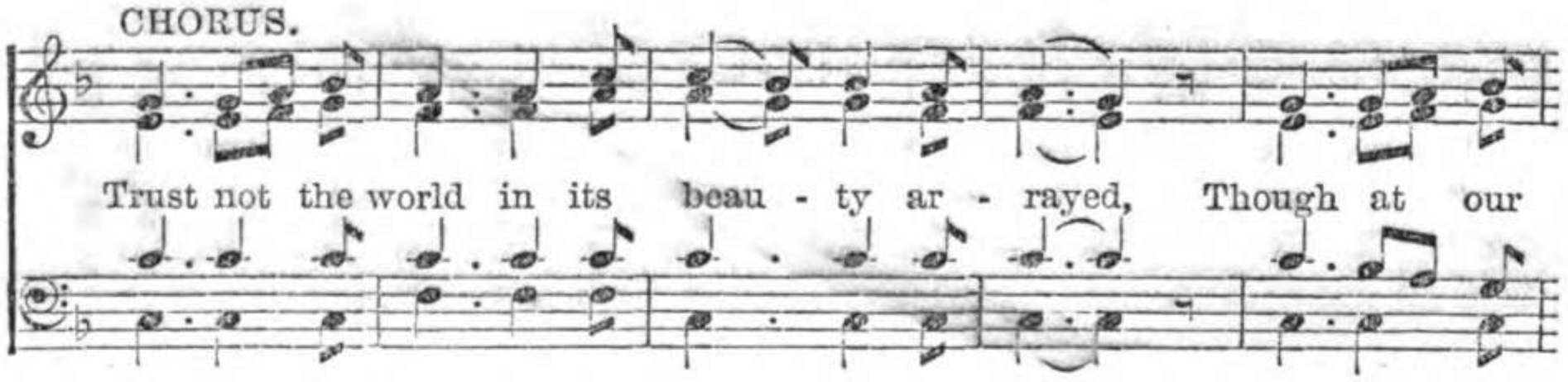
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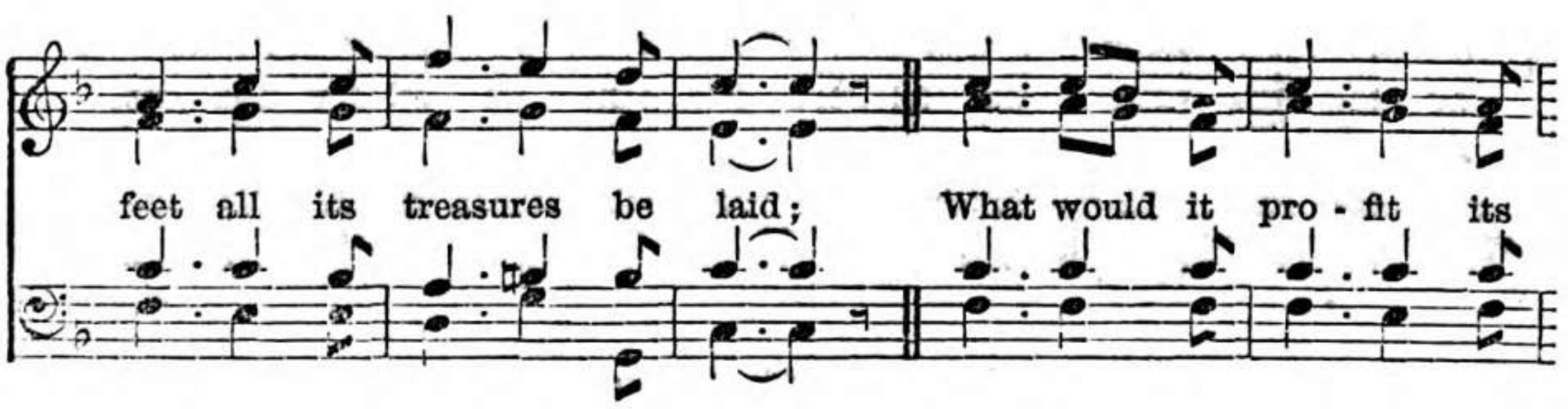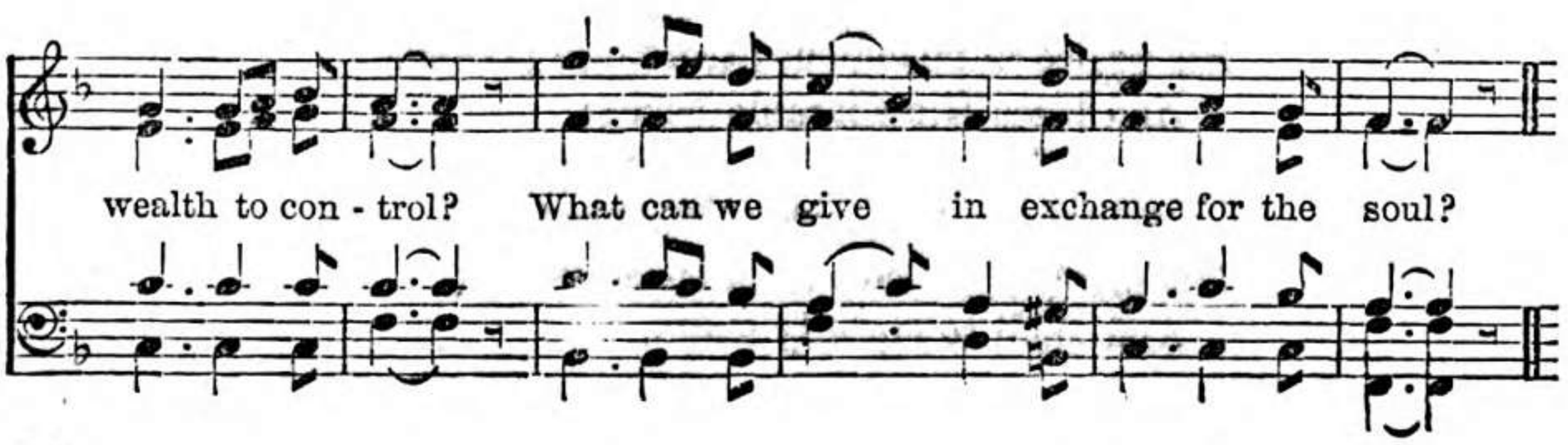






CHORUS.
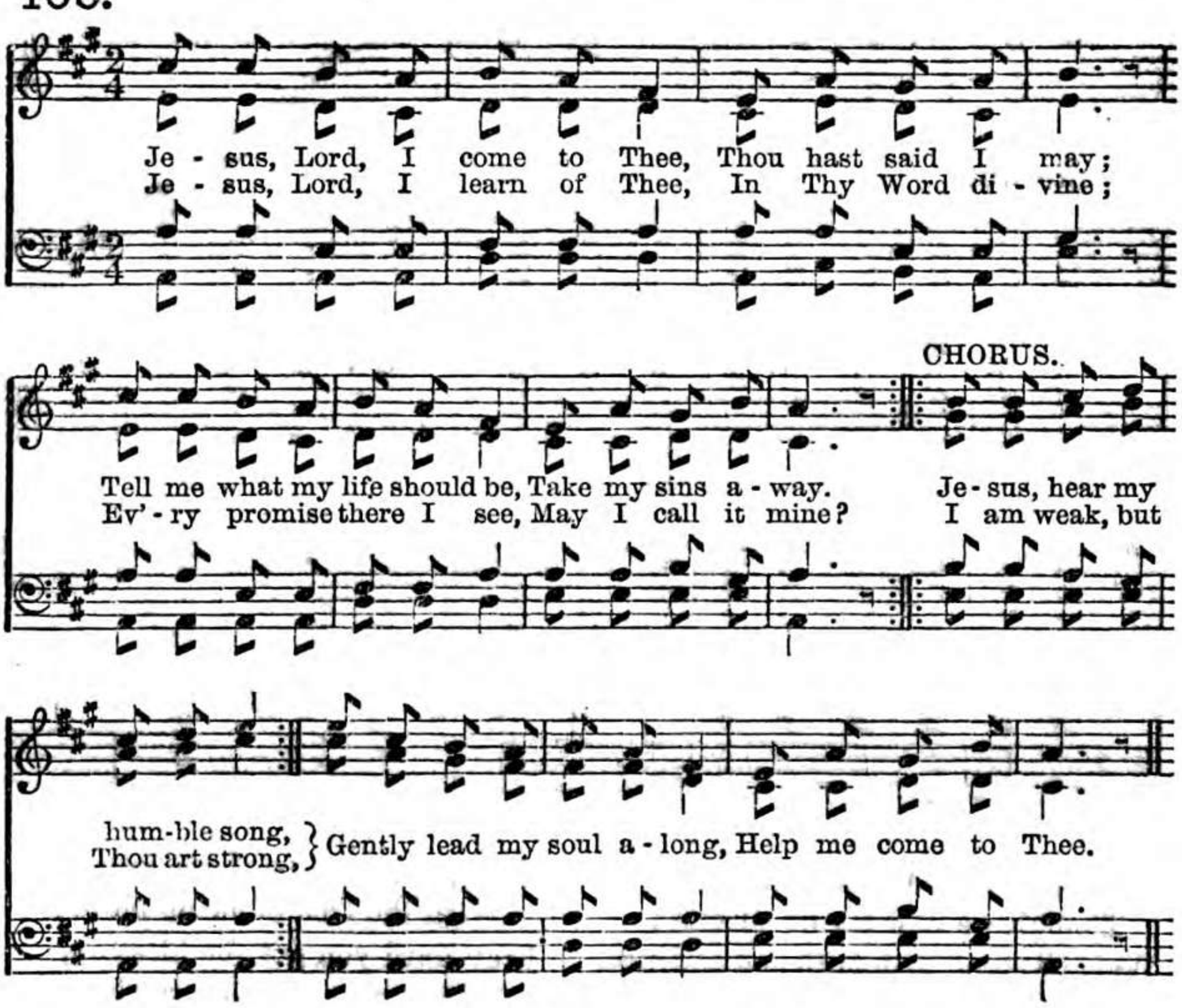






We have no promise that fame will endure;
Splendour will never our pardon secure;
Gold cannot brighten the gloom of the grave;
Only the merits of Jesus can save.
Chorus—Trust not the world, &c.

Blessed are they who are lowly in heart;
They who, like Mary, have chosen their part;
Learning of Jesus, their Master above,
Lessons of patience, of meekness, and love.
Chorus—Trust not the world, &c.

JESUS, I COME TO THEE.

100.
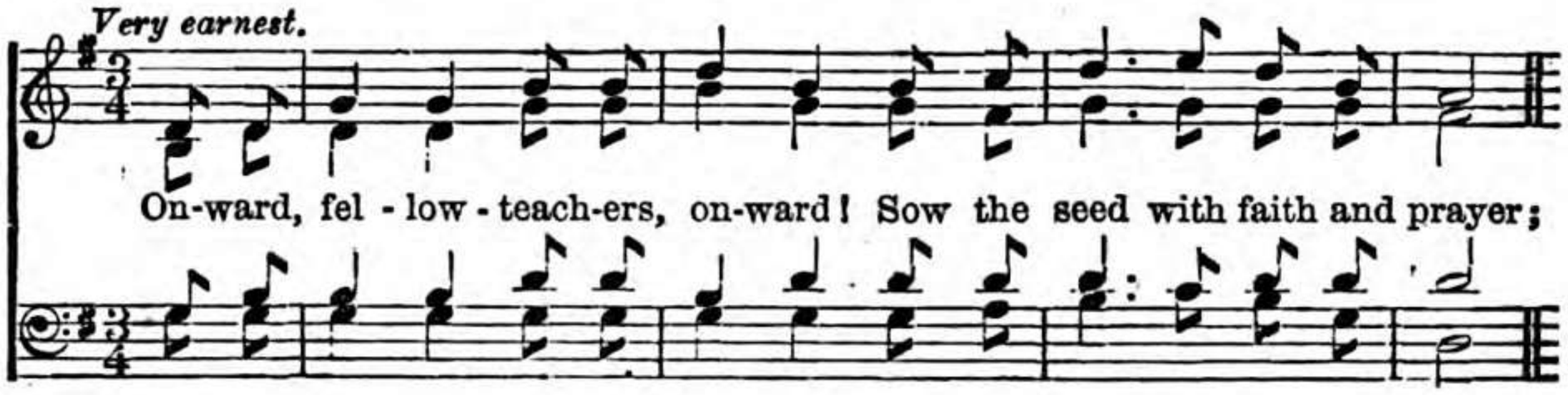


Jesus, Lord, I long for Thee,
Long Thy peace to know,
Grant those purer joys to me
Earth can ne'er bestow;
Jesus, Lord, I cling to Thee;
When my heart is sad,
Thou wilt kindly speak to me,
Thou wilt make me glad.
Chorus—Jesus, hear, &c.
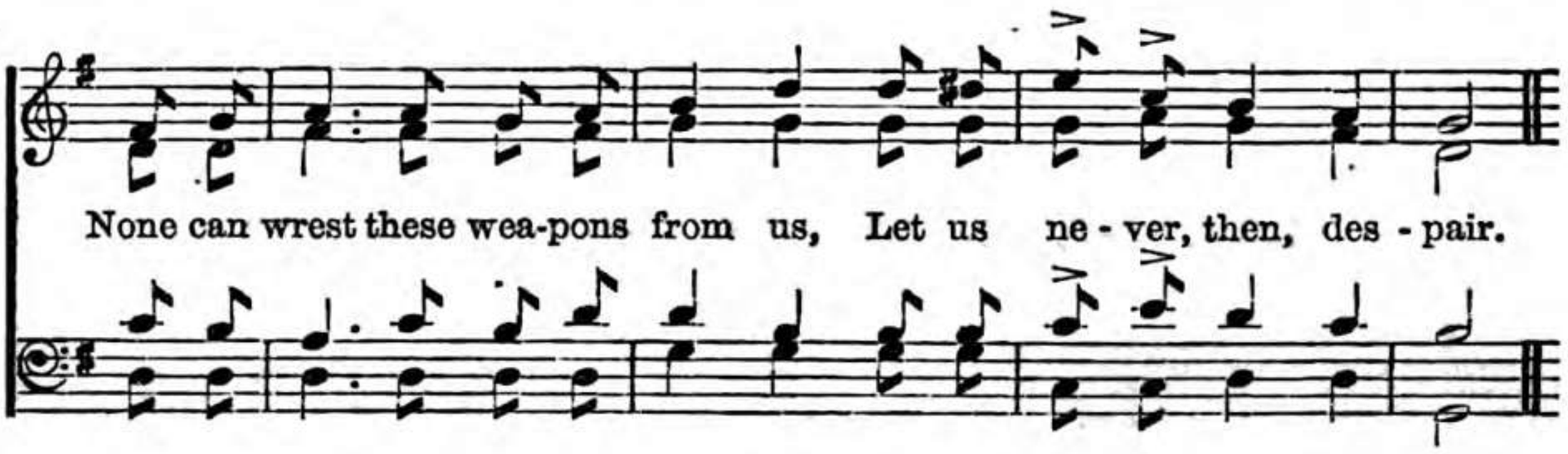
Jesus, Lord, I trust in Thee,
Trust Thy tender love,
There's a happy home for me
With Thy saints above;
Jesus, I would come to Thee,
Thou hast said I may,
Tell me what my life should be,
Take my sins away.
Chorus—Jesus hear, &c.

SOW AND FAINT NOT.
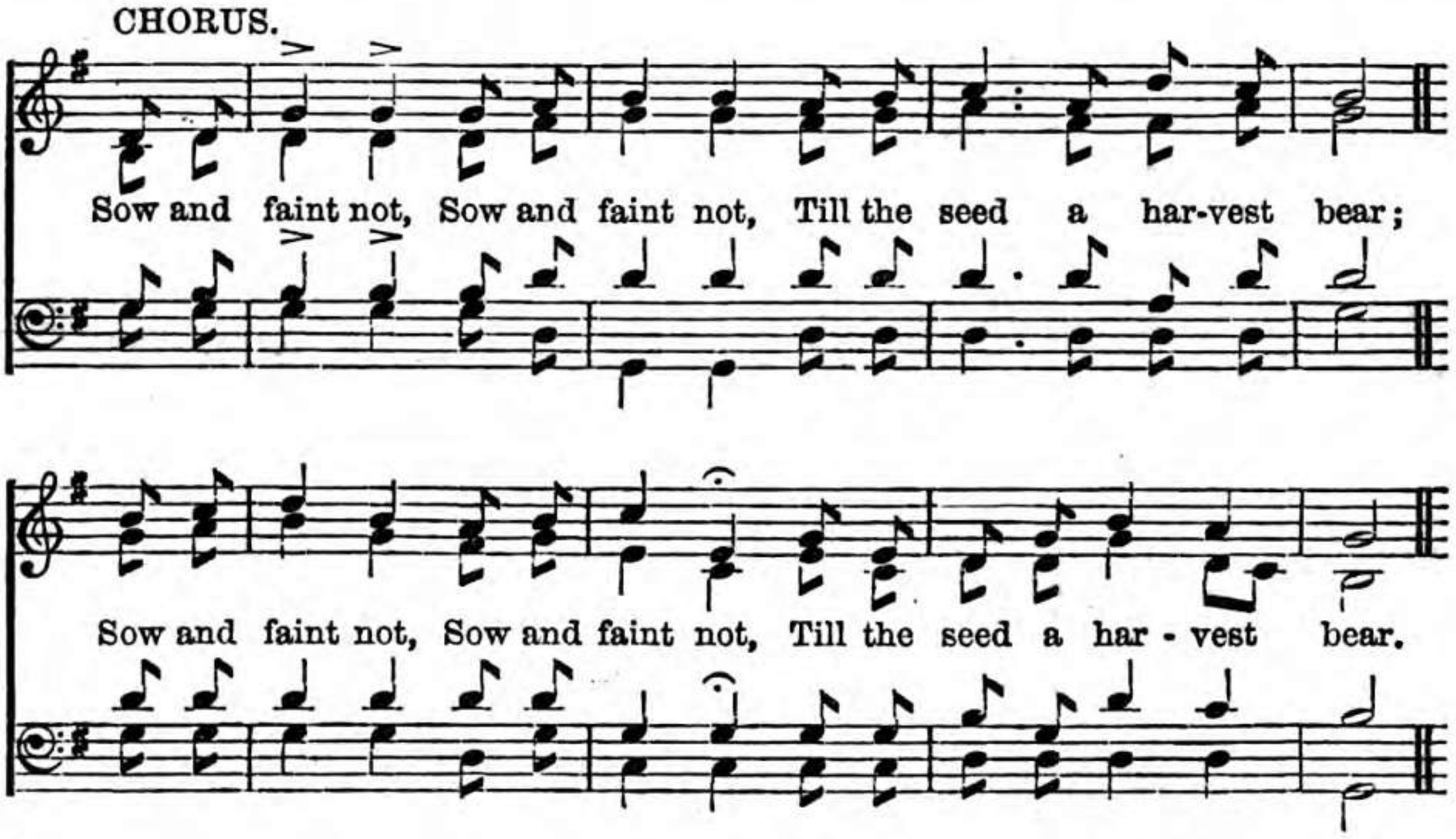
101.

Very earnest.





CHORUS.
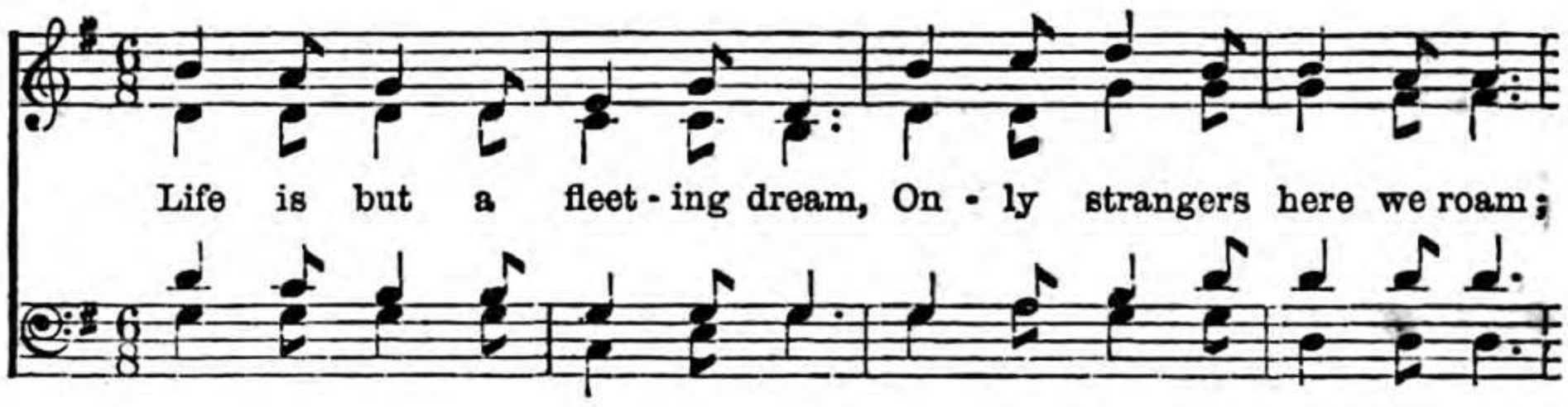


Courage, fellow-teachers, courage,
Though we now see no success;
Wait His time with faith and patience,
God will yet our labours bless.
Look to Jesus,
When discouragements distress.

Wrestle, fellow-teachers, wrestle!
With the God of Jacob plead;
Pray until you get the blessing,
Which your fainting spirits need.
Plead with Jesus,
For these little children plead.

Hear us, O our Saviour, hear us!
While we supplicate Thy throne;
Let us be successful pleaders,
Saviour, make our cause Thine own.
Let these children
All be saved and gathered home.

BOTH SIDES THE RIVER.

102.



Here we feel the tempter's power,
  Here we sigh for living-bread,
Clouds of gloom and darkness lower,
  While a rugged path we tread.
There no cruel thorns are found,
  Doubt and fear and storms are o'er,
There the fruits of joy abound,
  We shall hunger there no more.
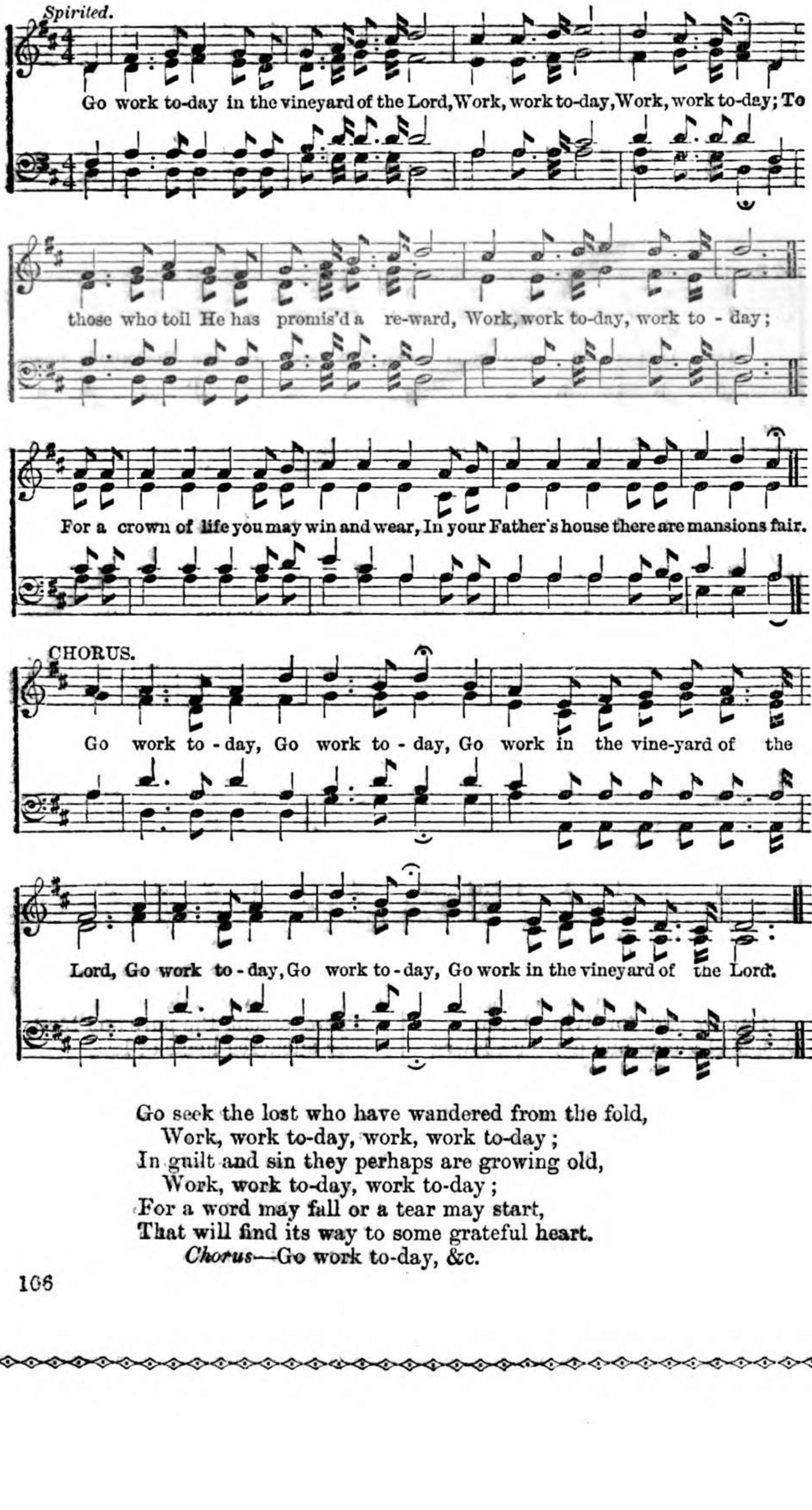
Here we breathe the sultry air
  Of a lonely desert plain,
Trials here the heart must bear
  Worn by sickness, racked with pain.

There the waves of death are past,
  There, among the pure and blest,
Safely anchored home at last,
  There our wandering feet shall rest.

Here our fondest hopes are brief,
  Kindred ties are broken here;
Morning brings a night of grief,
  Joy is mingled with a tear.
There shall faith be lost in sight,
  There a long eternal day,
Christ the Lamb shall be the light,
  He will wipe our tears away.

THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

103.
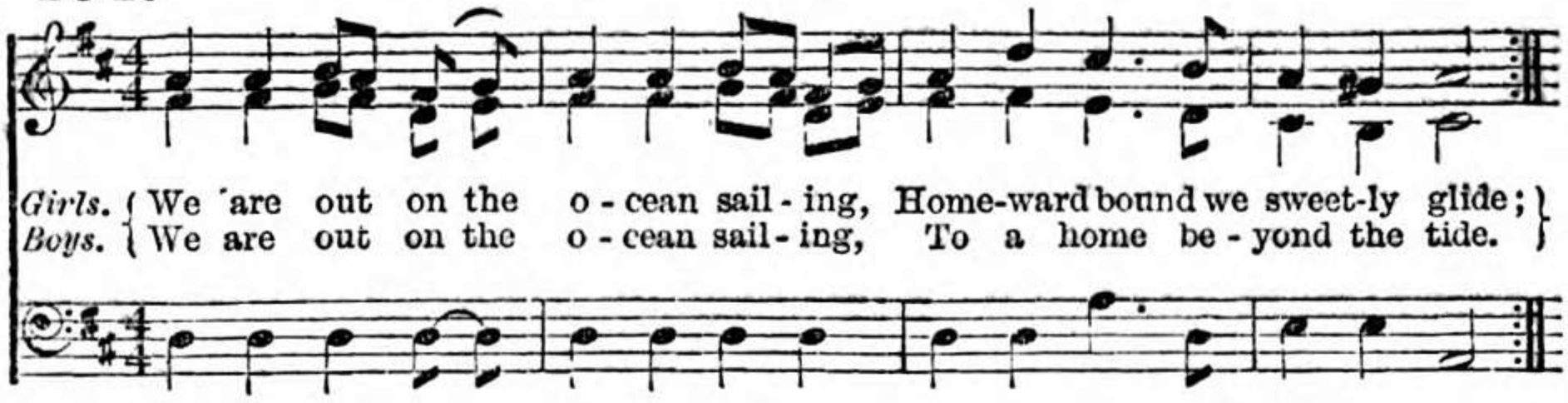


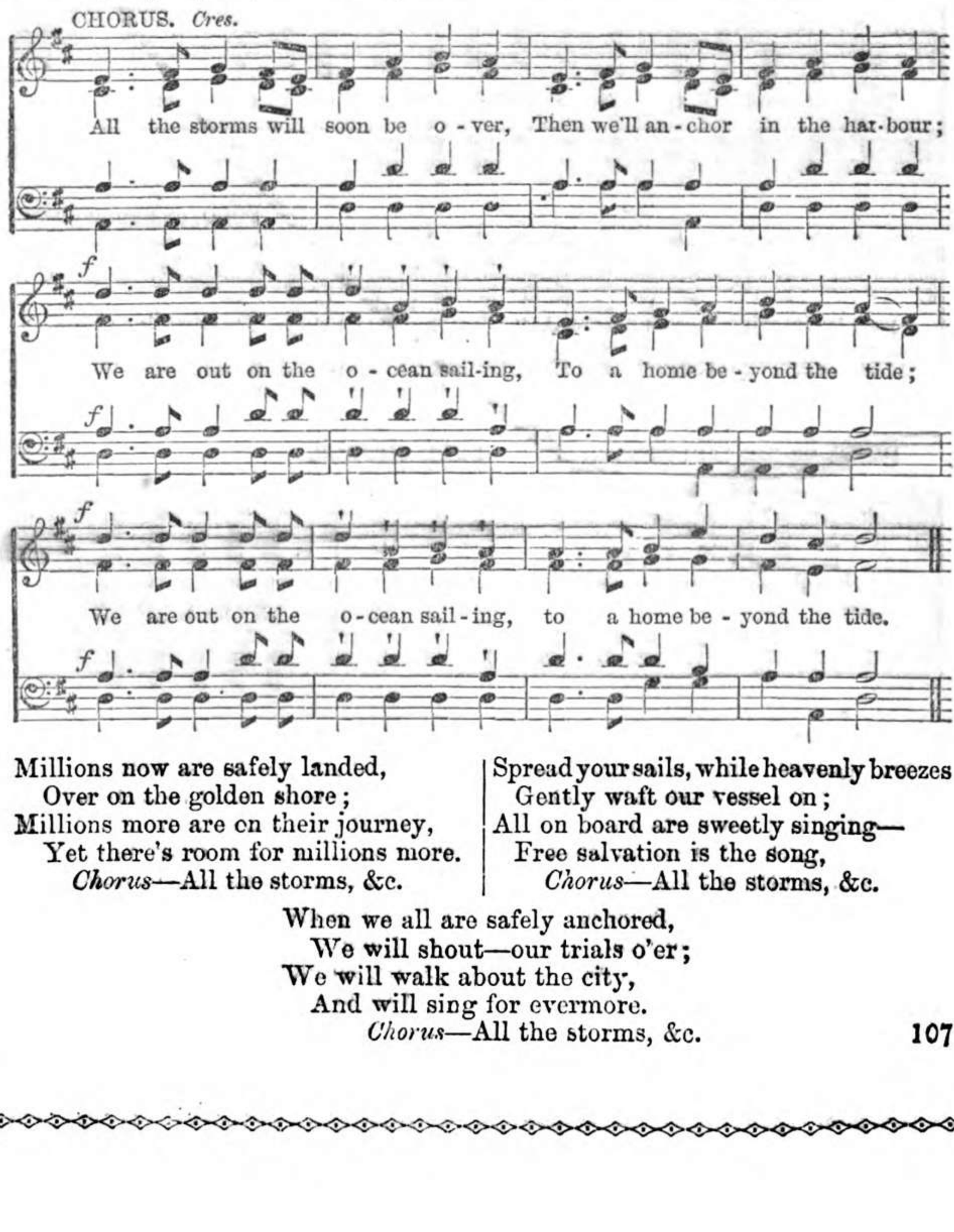
Go seek the lost who have wandered from the fold,
Work, work to-day, work, work to-day;
In guilt and sin they perhaps are growing old,
Work, work to-day, work to-day;
For a word may fall or a tear may start,
That will find its way to some grateful heart.
Chorus—Go work to-day, &c.

Glad news, glad news to the lowly one proclaim,
Work, work to day, work, work to-day;
Good will to man through a dying Saviour's name,
Work, work to-day, work to-day;
O, the time is short, it will soon be o'er,
And the night will come ye can work no more.
Chorus—Go work to-day.

THE GOLDEN SHORE.

104.
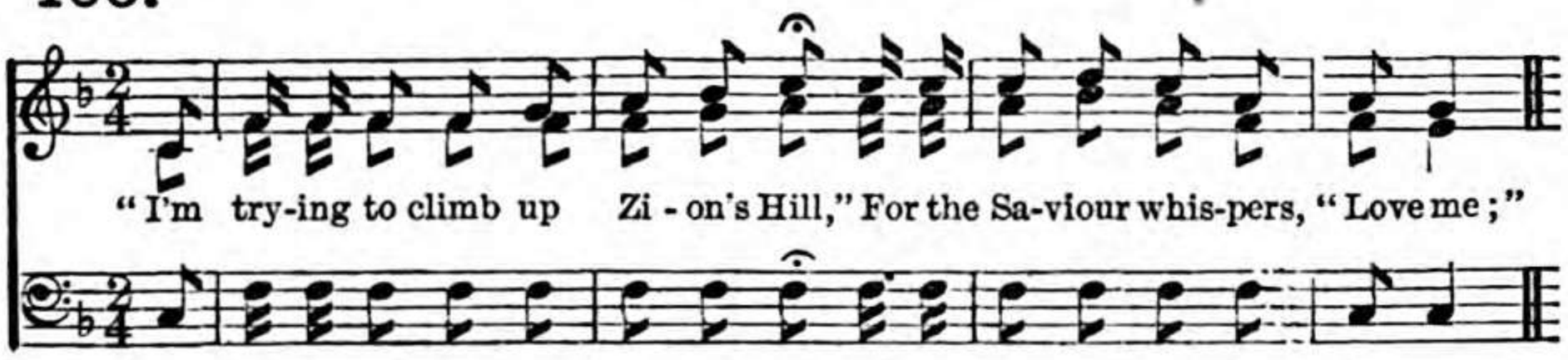




Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
Chorus—All the storms, &c.

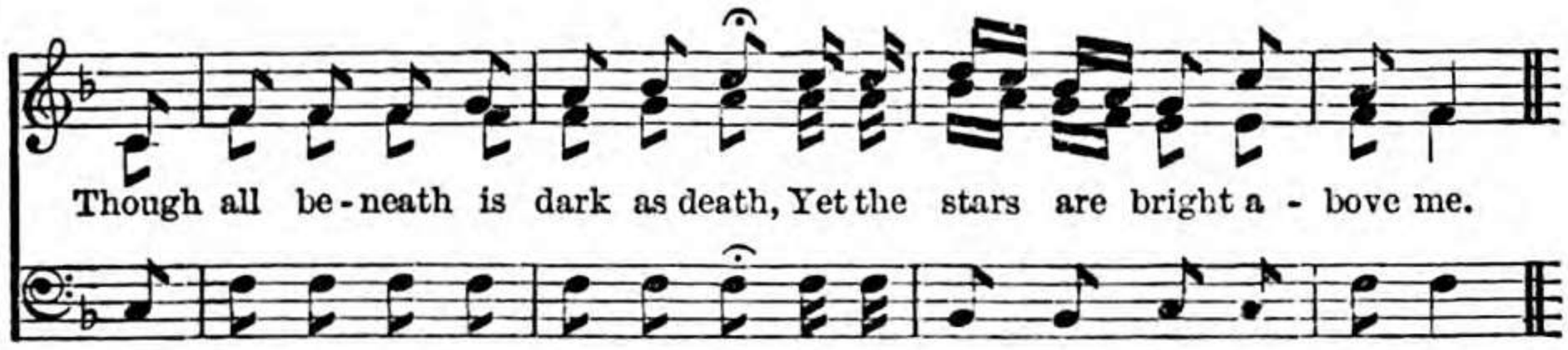
Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song,
Chorus—All the storms, &c.
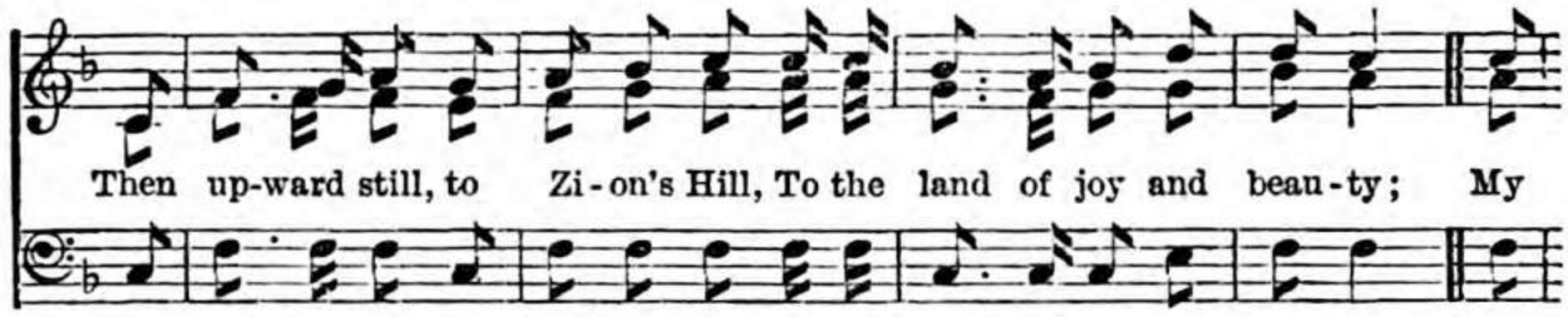
When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And will sing for evermore.
Chorus—All the storms, &c.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.
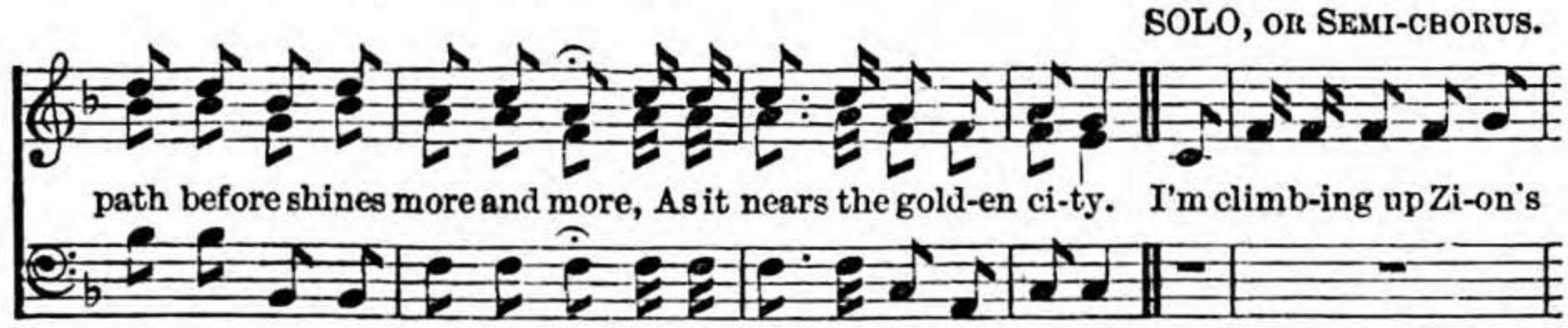
105.



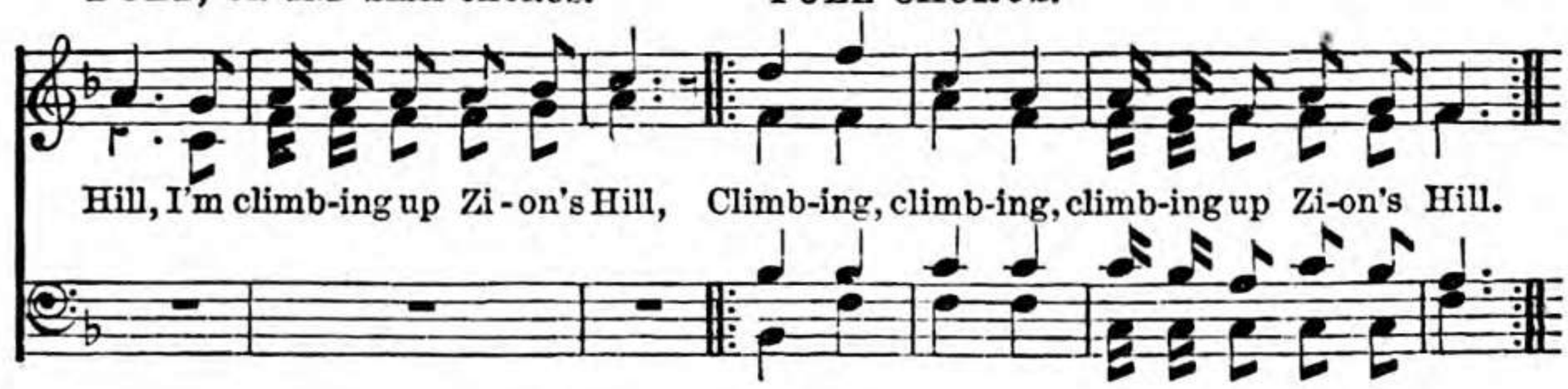




SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.



DUET, OR 2ND SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.
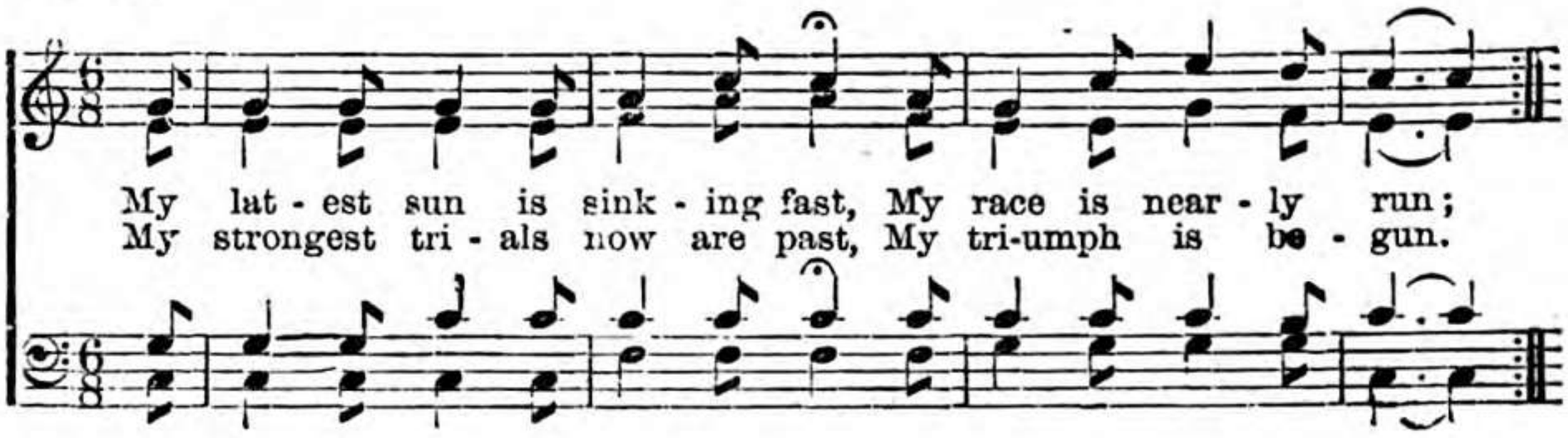


I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And He will not neglect me.
Then all the time I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion,
For I am sure the way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion."
Chorus—I'm climbing, &c.
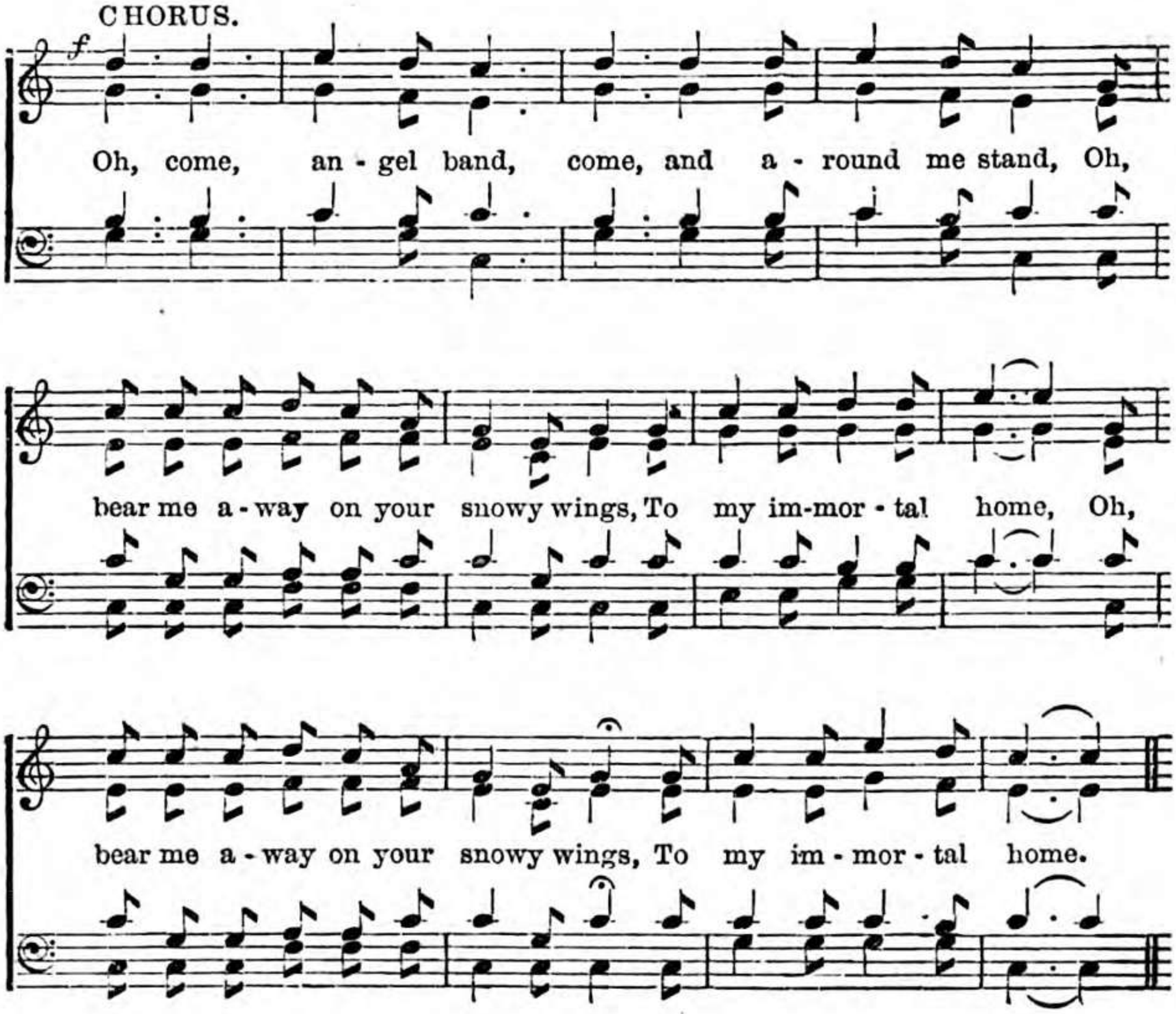
Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.
Chorus—I'm climbing, &c.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

106.



CHORUS.



I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.
Chorus—Oh, come, &c.

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

Oh, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.
Chorus—Oh, come, &c.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

107.

CHORUS. *f*

Je - sus, the wa - ter of life will give, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly,
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly,

[1st Time. | 2nd Time.]

Je-sus the wa - ter of life will give, Free-ly to those who love Him. } love Him.
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live, Flowing for those that }

DUET. CHORUS. DUET.

The Spi - rit and the Bride say, "Come," Free-ly, free - ly, free - ly, And

CHORUS.

he that is thirsty let him come And drink of the wa - ter of life.

FULL CHORUS.

The fountain of life is flow - ing, Flow-ing, free - ly flow - ing, The

foun-tain of life is flow - ing, Is flow-ing for you and for me.

Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those who love Him.
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely to those that love Him.
Chorus—The Spirit, &c.

Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love Him;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love Him.
Chorus—The Spirit, &c.

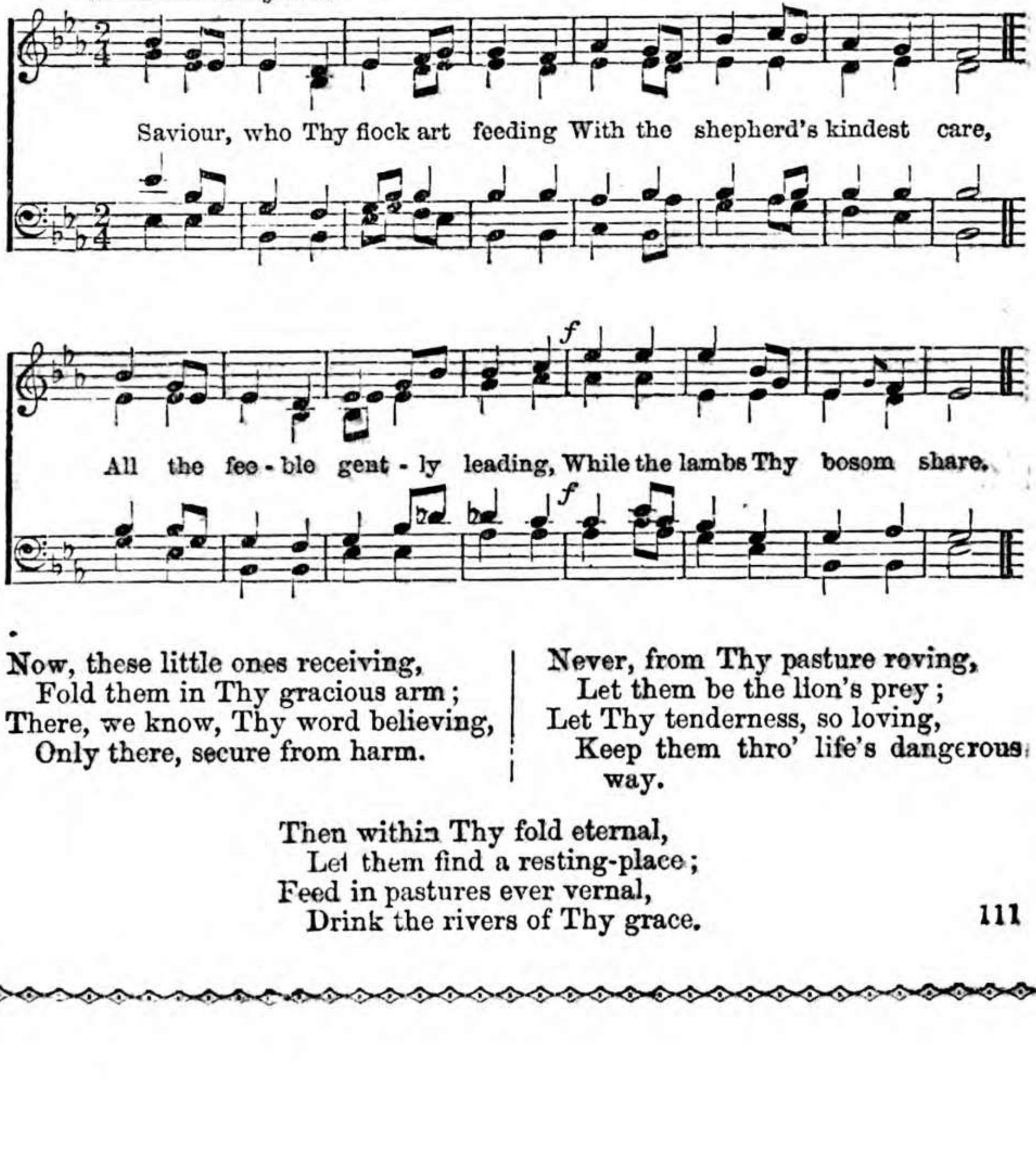
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love Him;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely,
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love Him.
Chorus—The Spirit, &c.

Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely to all that love Him;
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely to all that love Him.
Chorus—The Spirit, &c.

HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

108.

Rather slow and gentle.



Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.
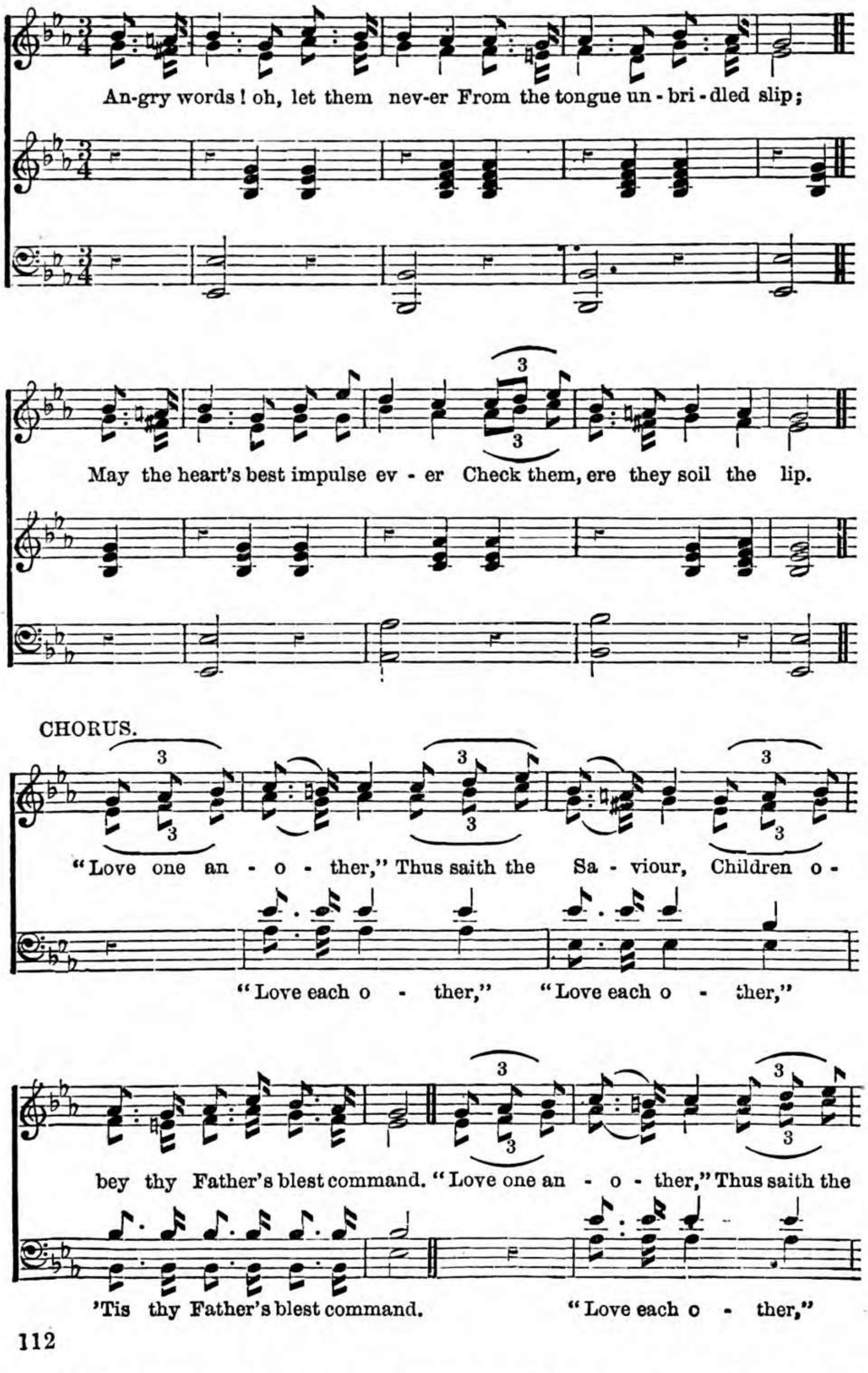
Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dangerous way.
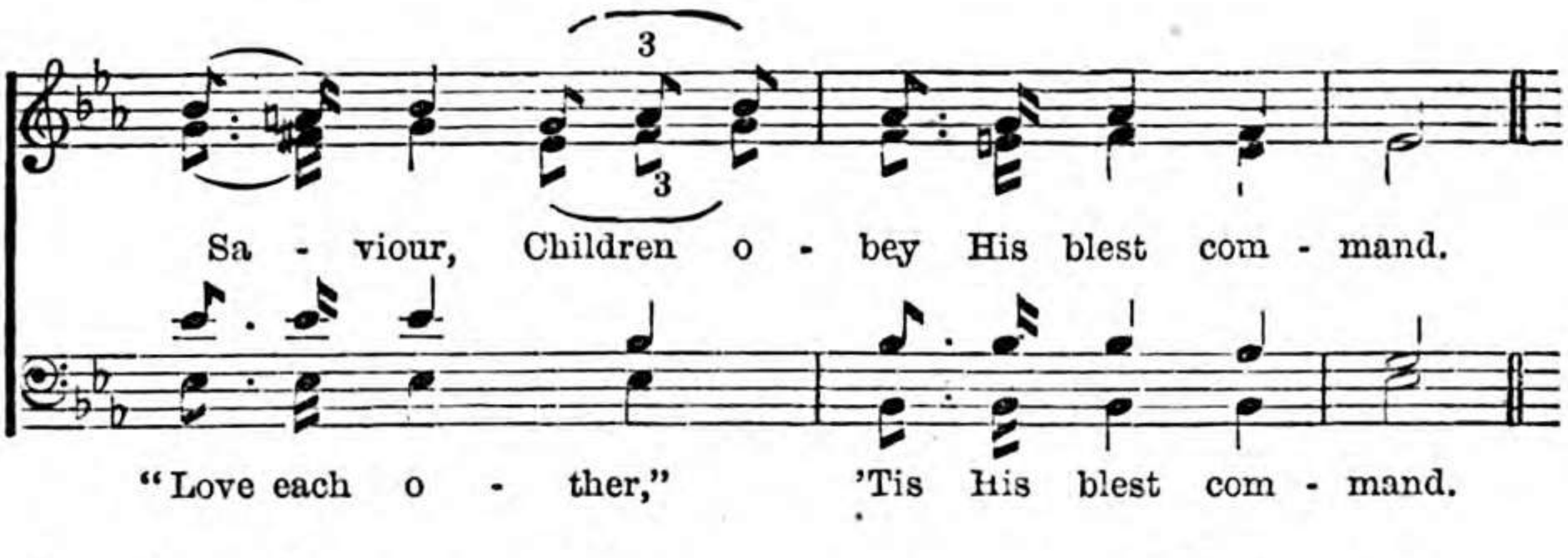
Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

ANGRY WORDS.

109.

INFANT CLASS SONG.





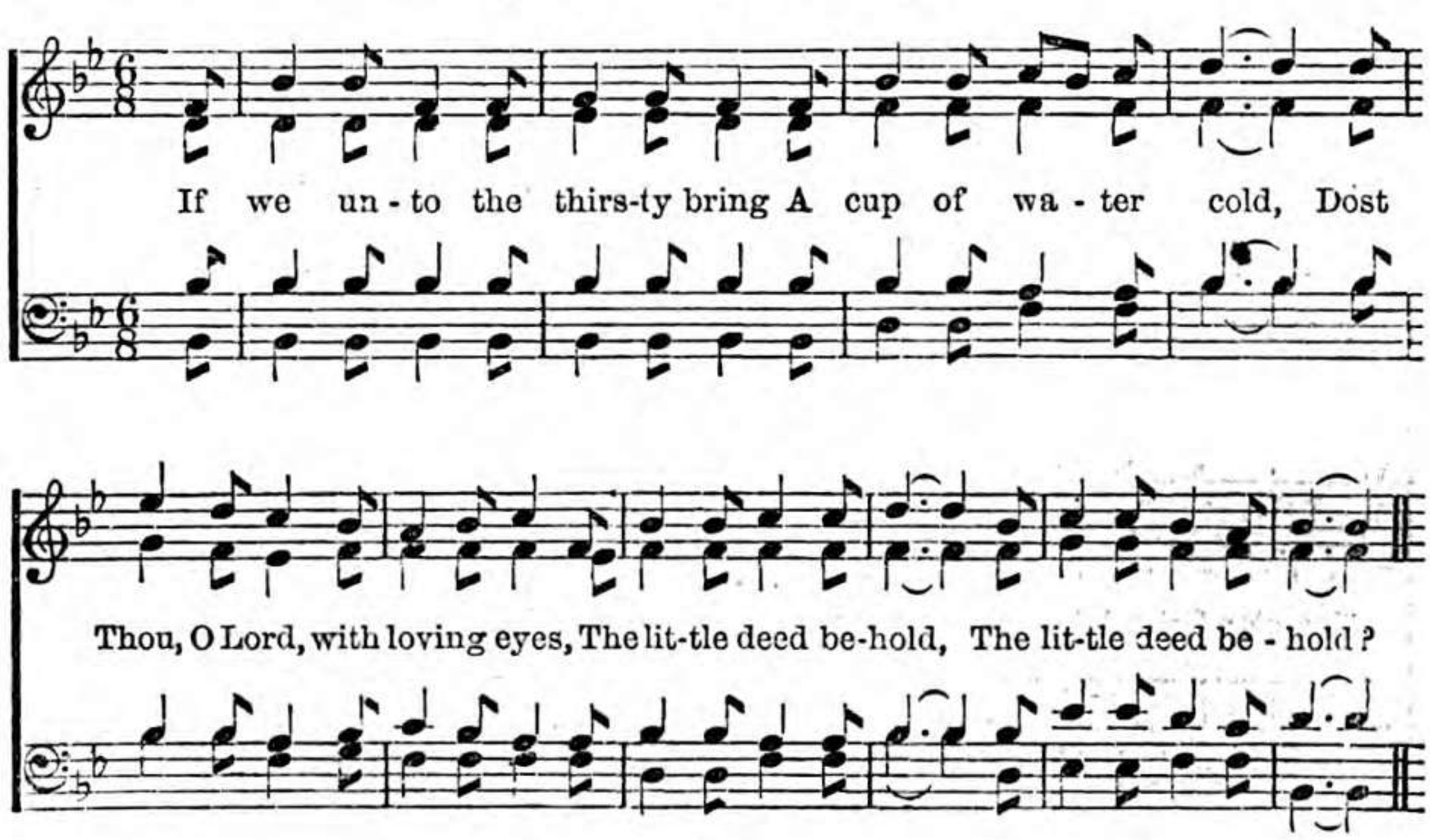
Love is much too pure and holy;
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly,
Thus to desolate and mar.
Chorus—"Love one another," &c.

Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.
Chorus—"Love one another," &c.

GOOD SAMARITAN.

110.

INFANT CLASS SONG.



The passionate, impatient one,
Whom nothing seems to please;
The poor, the small, the weary one,
They are "the least of these."

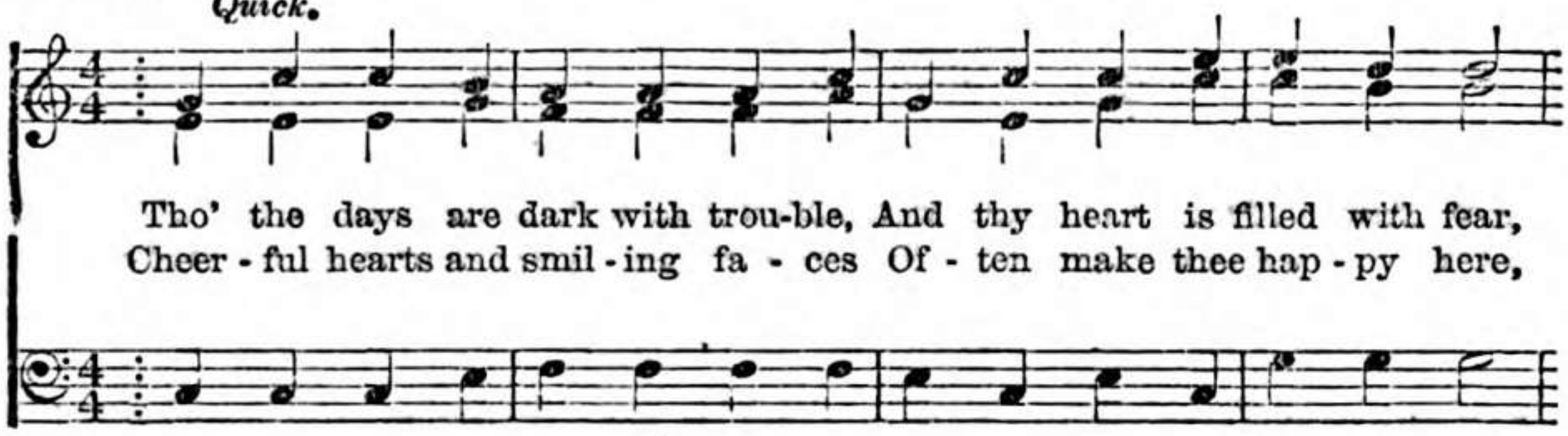
If we should ever help them bear
Their crosses, would it be
As if, O Lord, we helped Thee bear
The cross on Calvary?

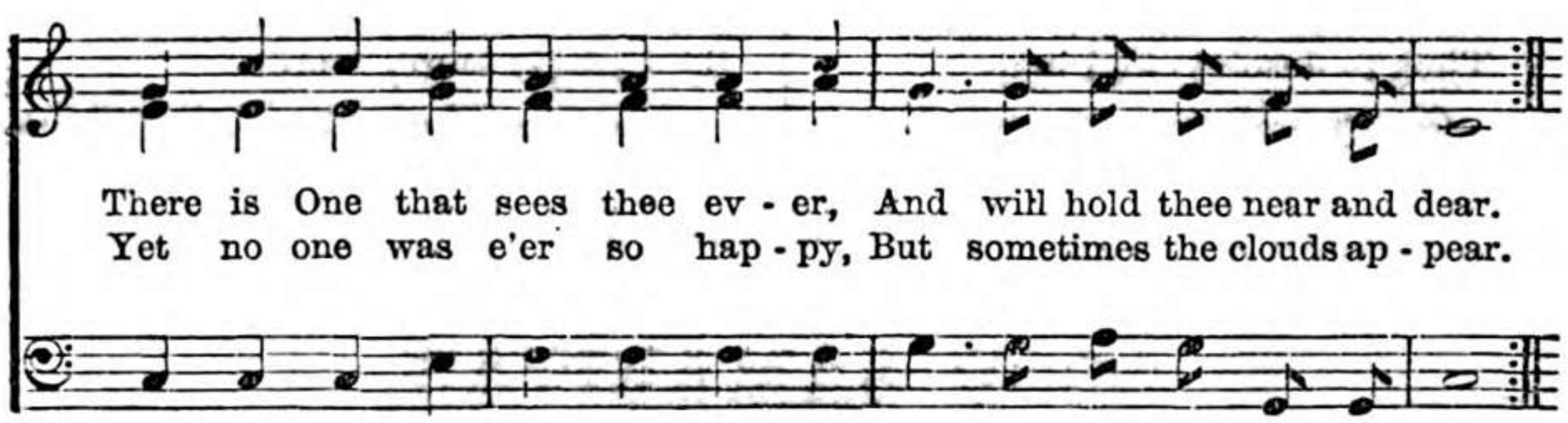
Oh blessed thought! let every one
To this great work awake,
So glad to help the least of these
For their Redeemer's sake.

A FRIEND THAT'S EVER NEAR.

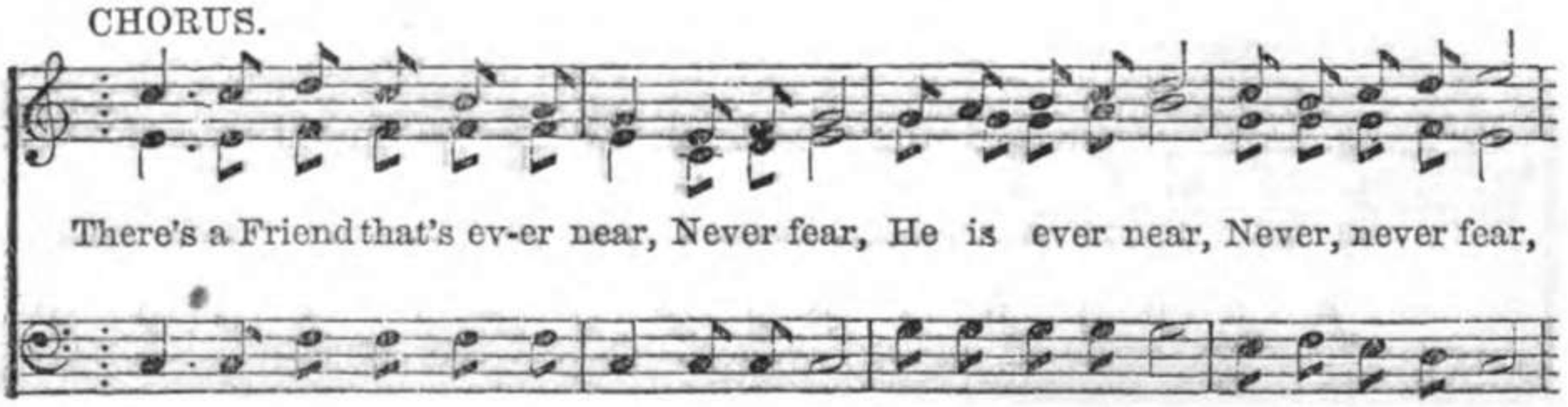
111.

Quick.
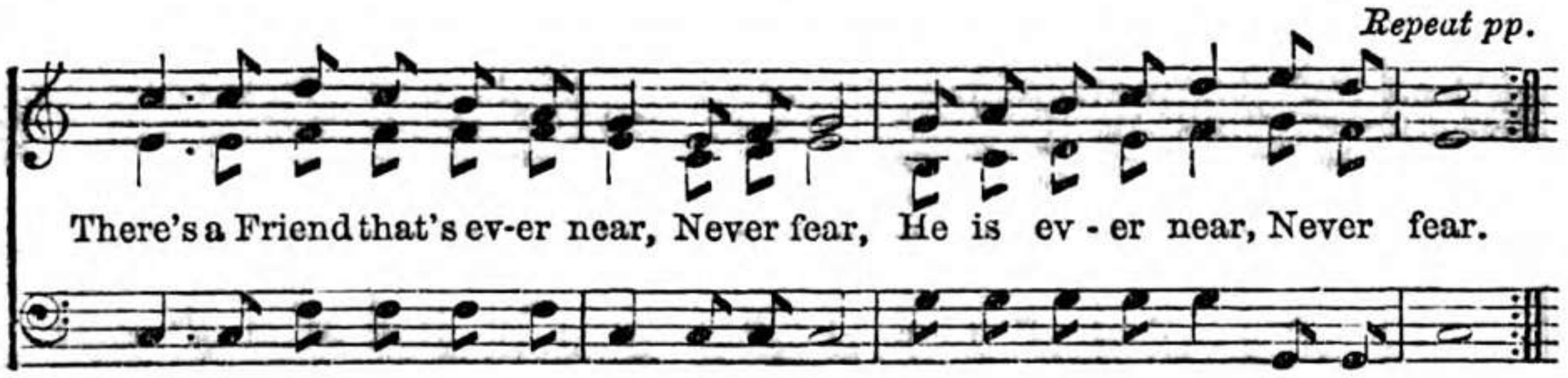




CHORUS.



Repeat pp.

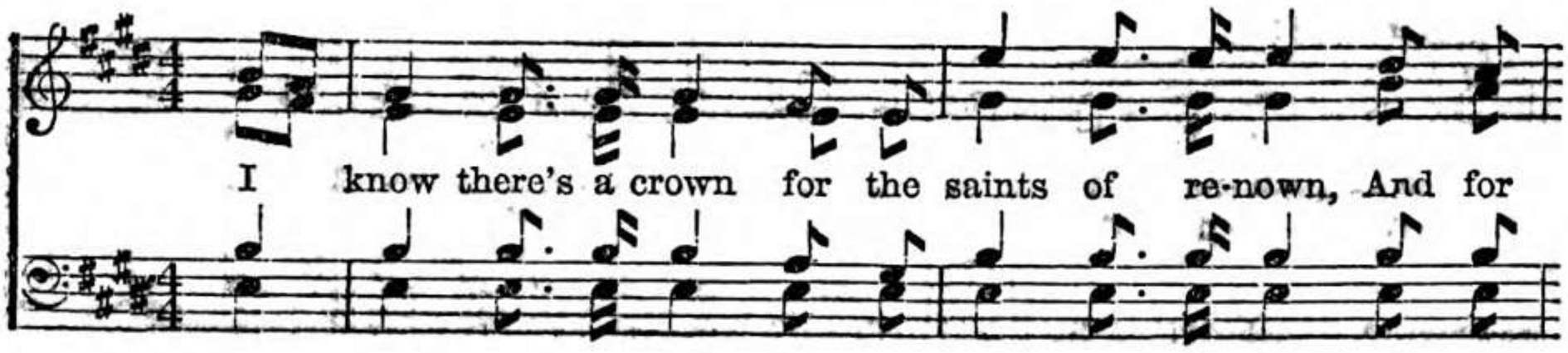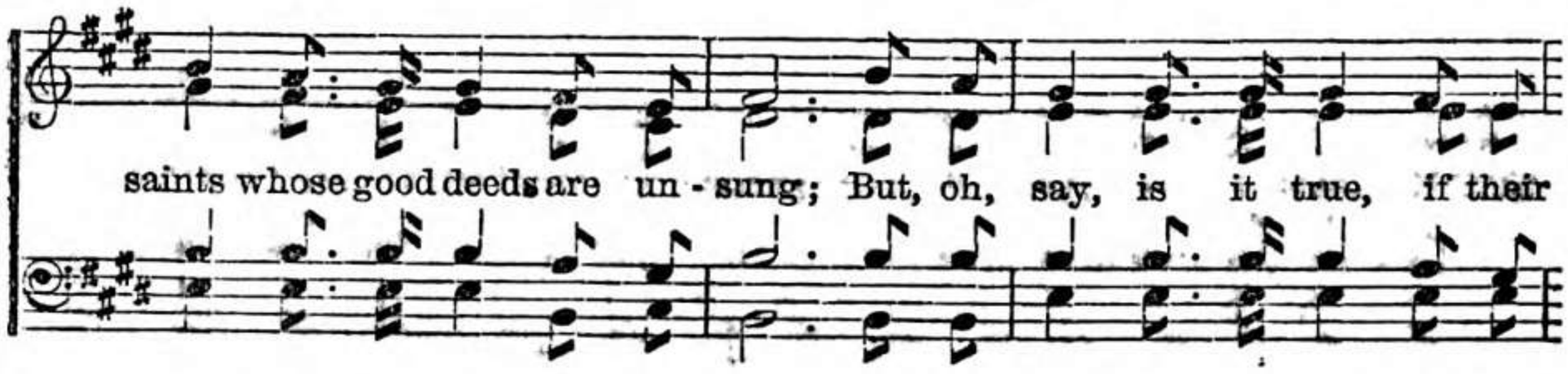


All thy prospects will seem brighter
When the shadow leaves the heart,
And the steps of time beat lighter,
When the gloomy clouds depart.
Many days have dawned serenely,
While the birds sang with delight,
But the skies were dark and gloomy
Ere the sun had reached its height.
Chorus—There's a Friend, &c.
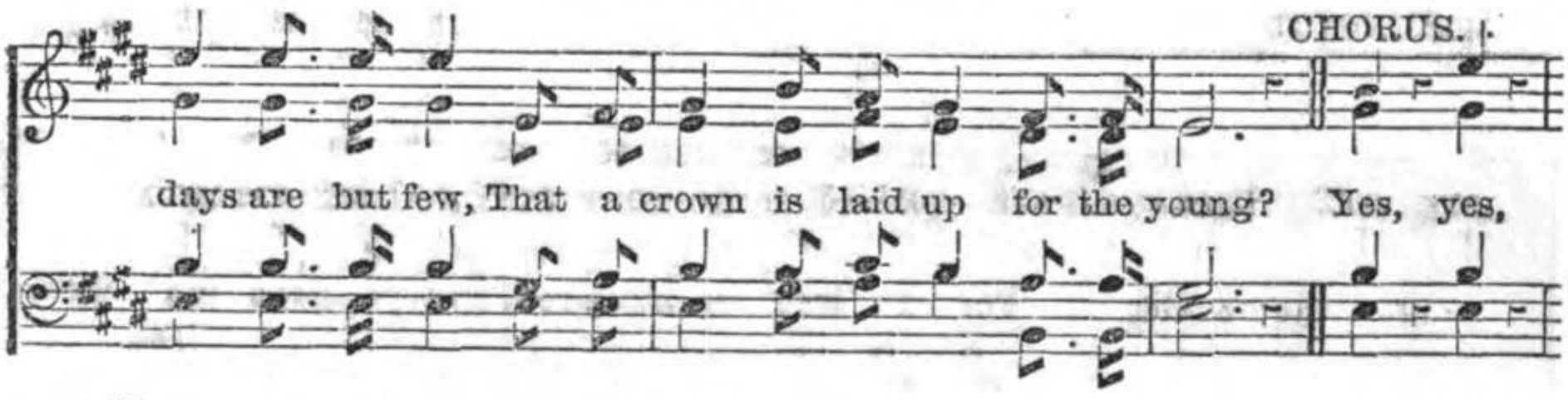
Soon will dawn a brighter morning
On a blessed, tranquil shore;
Sighs will then give place to singing,
Tears to bliss, for evermore.
Thou shalt see a world of glory,
And eternal joy and bliss;
Let not then thy soul be moaning
O'er the woes and cares of this.
Chorus—There's a Friend, &c.

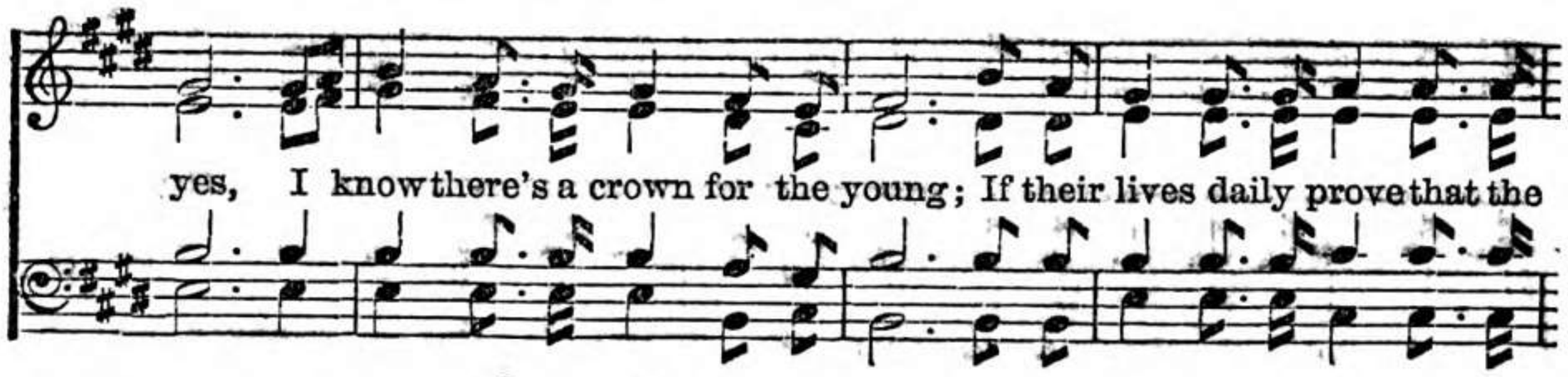
A CROWN FOR THE YOUNG.
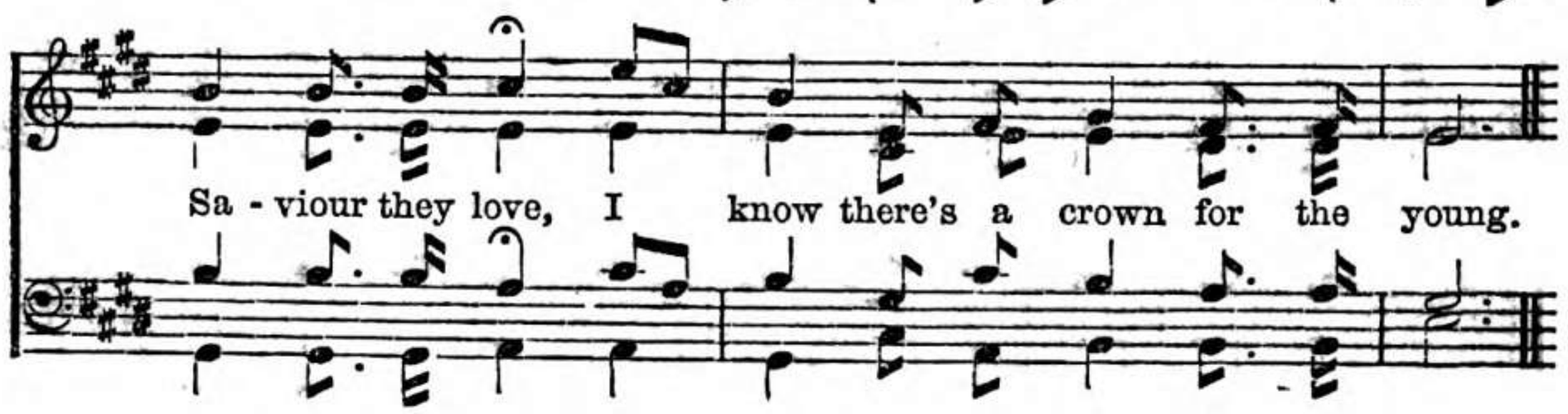
112.











The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,
While the song of salvation they sing;
And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise
Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King.
Chorus—Yes, yes, yes, I know, &c.
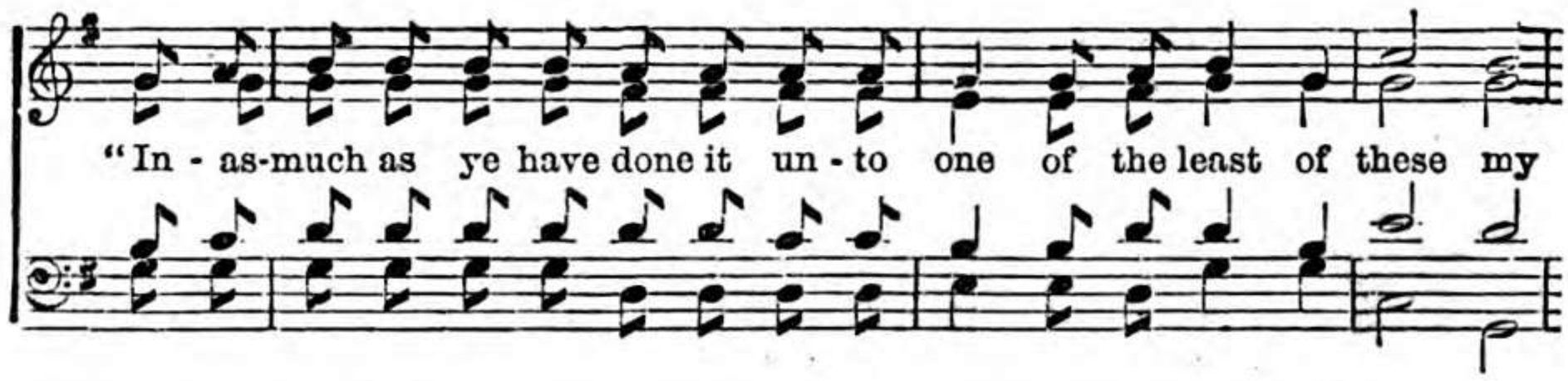
The noble of birth, and the poor of the earth,
Both the man and the youth and the child,
If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust
Shall be crowned in the land undefiled.
Chorus—Yes, yes, yes, I know, &c.

COME, YE BLESSED.

113.

RECITATIVE. CHORUS.
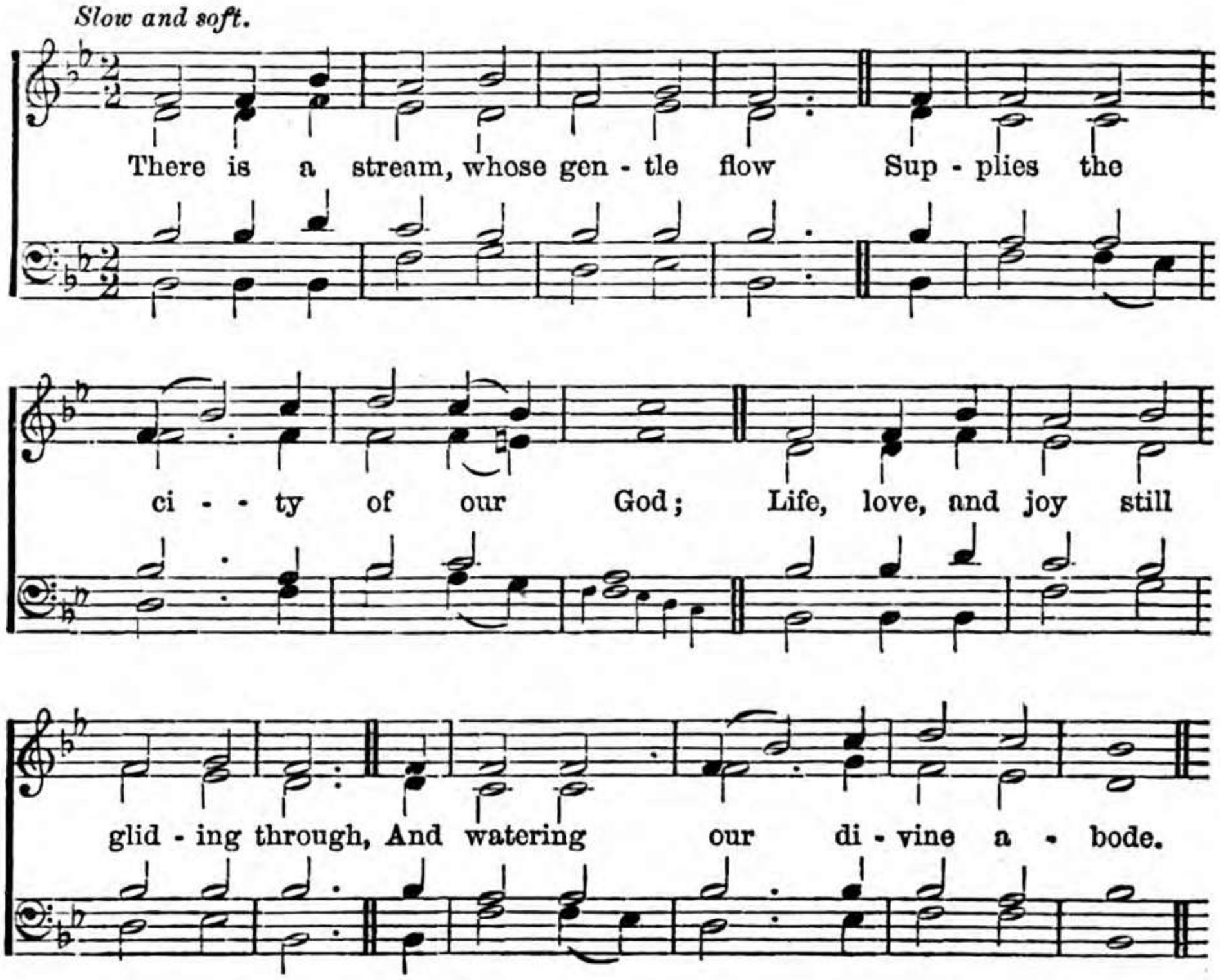
Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther, in - he - rit the king-dom pre - par - ed for you From the found - a - tion of the world. For I was an hung-red, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; Na - ked, and ye cloth-ed me, I was sick, and ye vis - it - ed me; I was in prison, and ye came un - to me;



HEALING STREAM.

114.
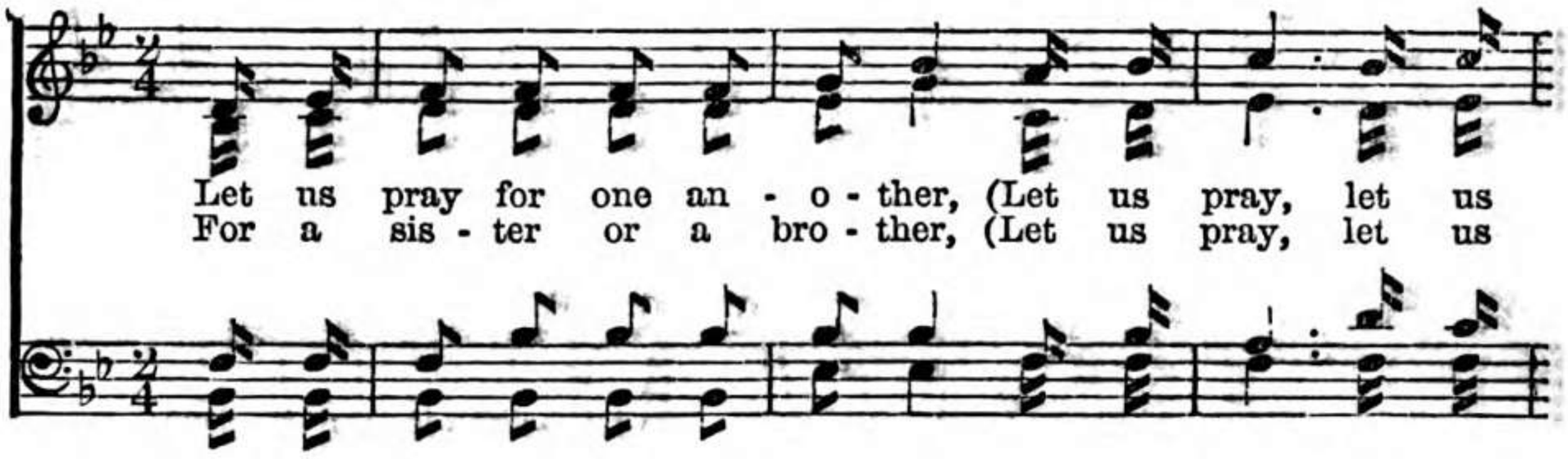
Slow and soft.
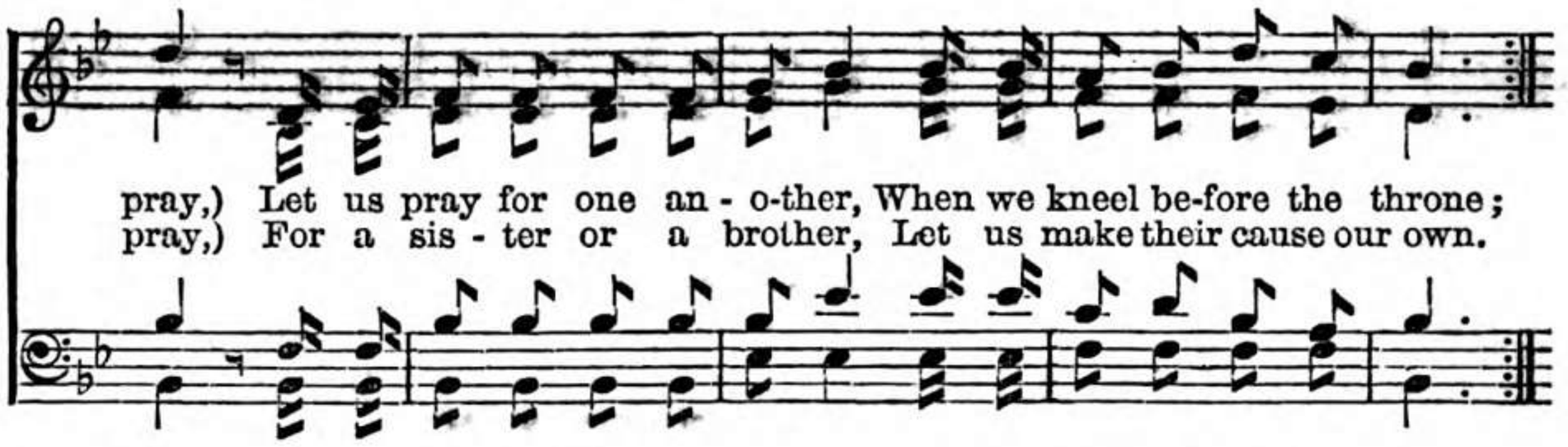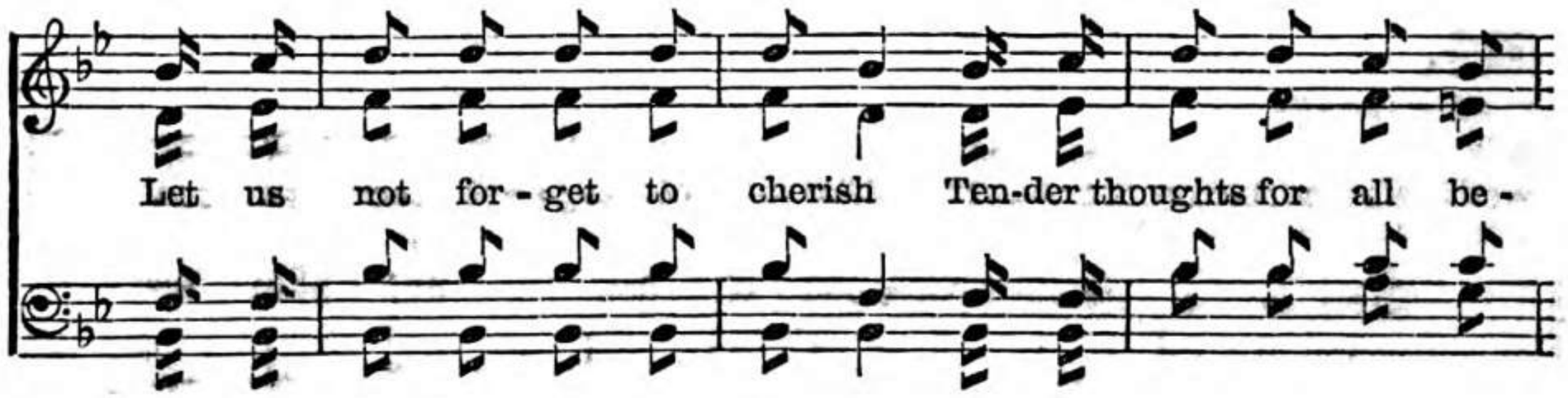


That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
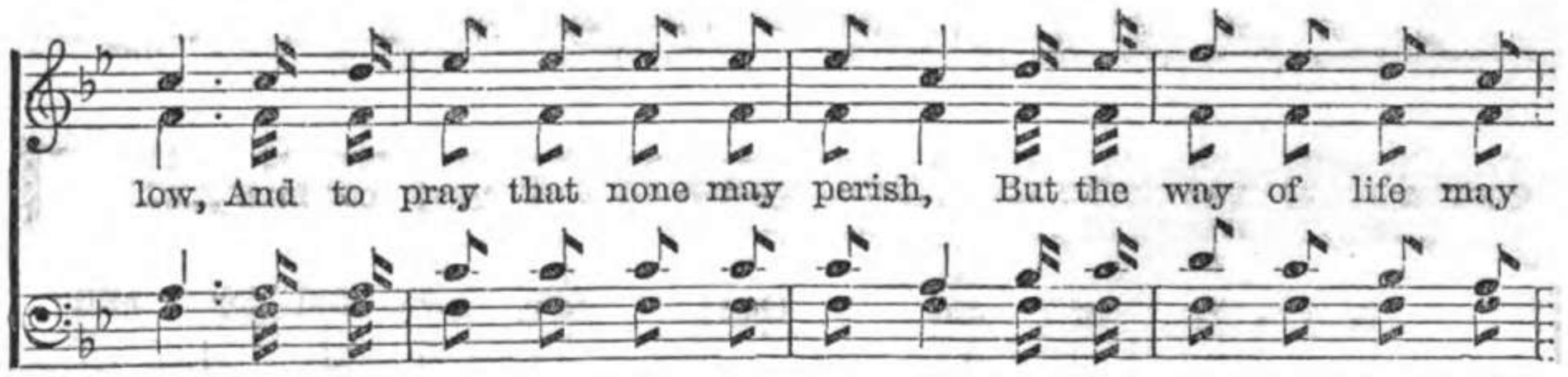
PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.
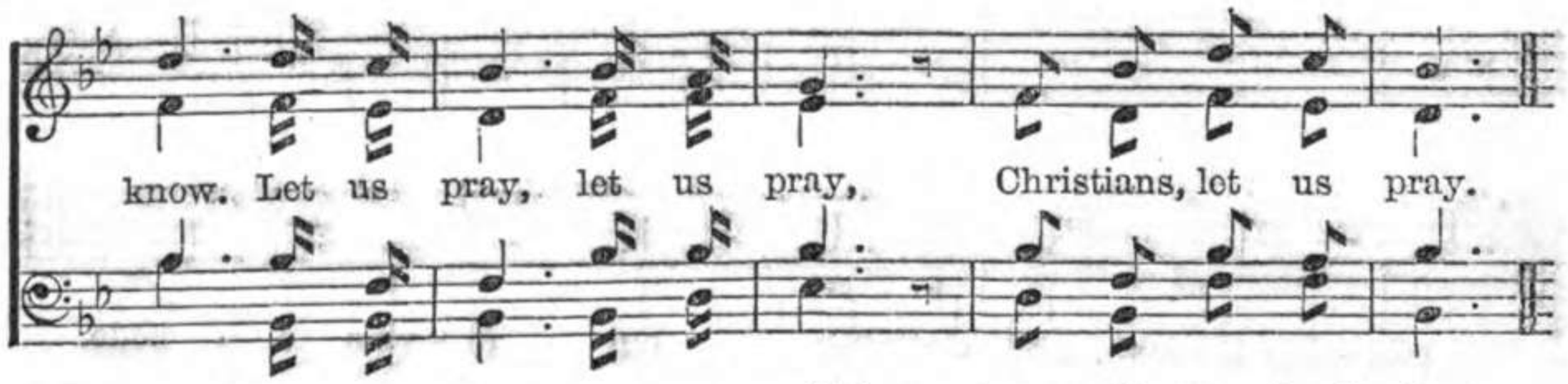
115.
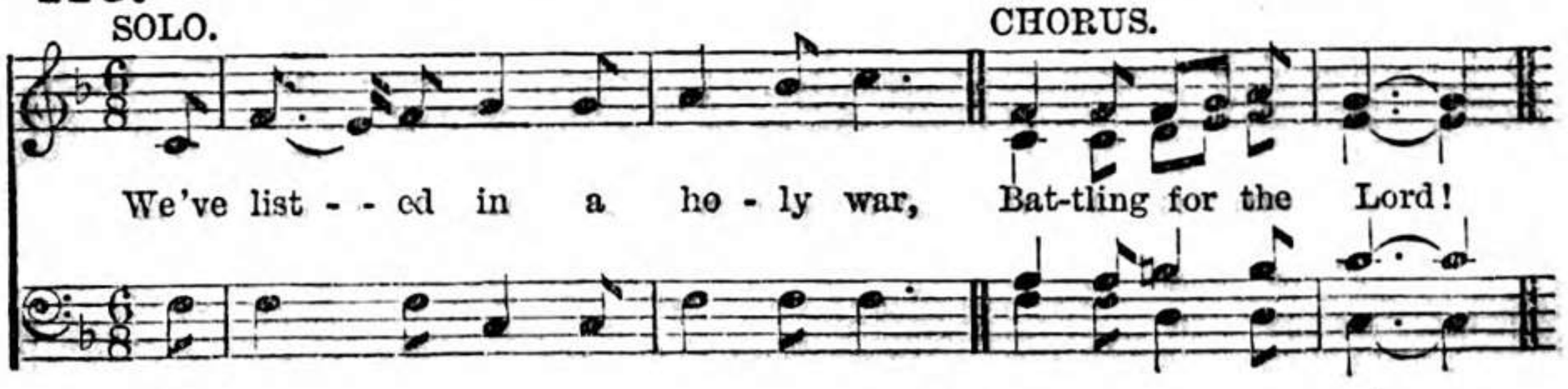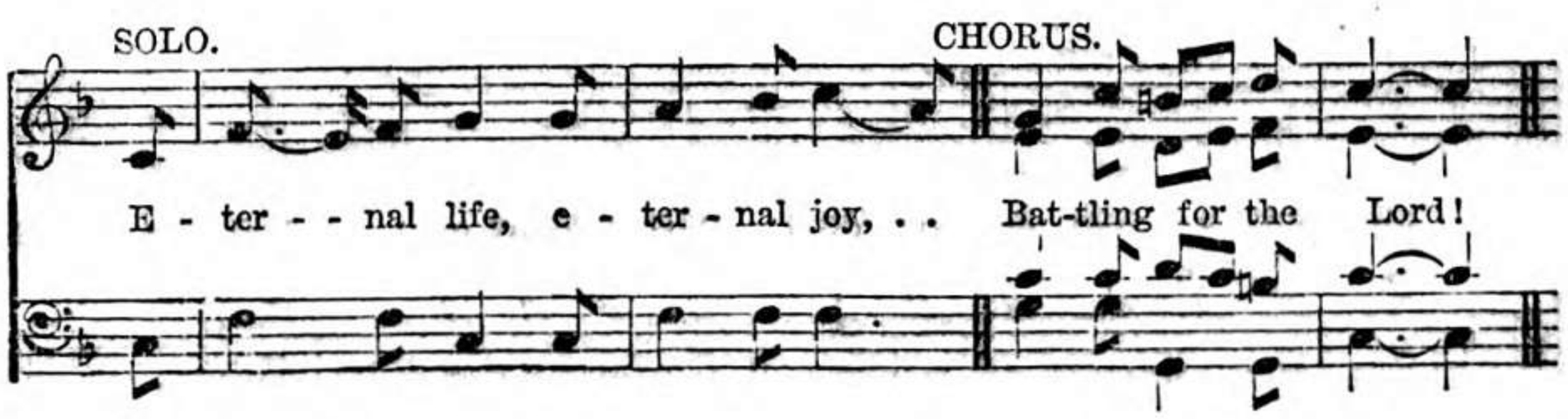










Let us not forget the dear ones,
(Let us pray, let us pray,)
Let us not forget the dear ones,
Who surround the fireside hearth;
They can make the humblest cottage,
(Let us pray, let us pray,)
They can make the humblest cottage
Just the dearest spot on earth;
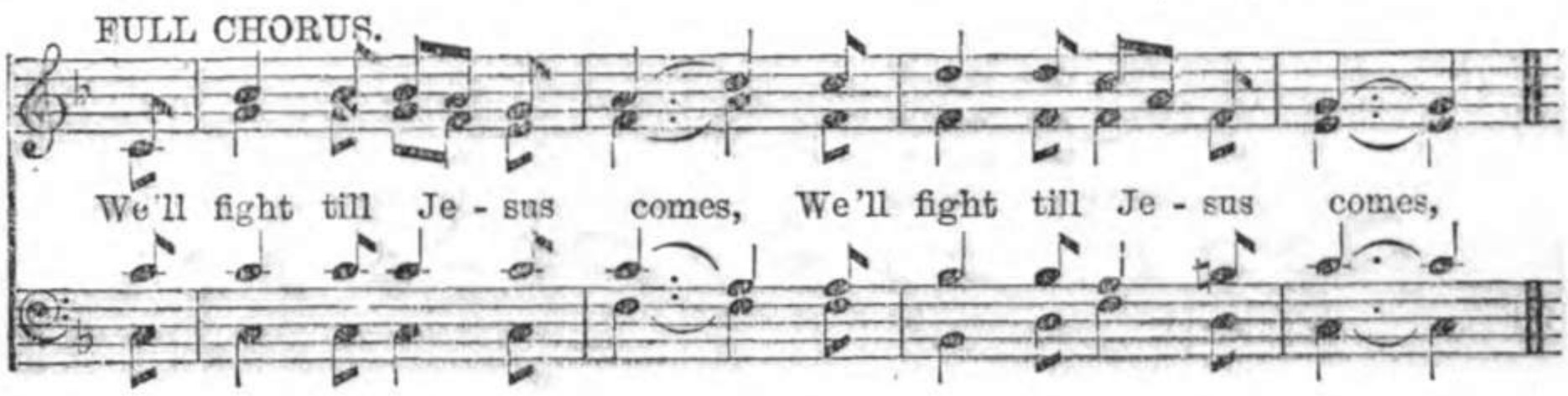
We must pray that to the Saviour
They may all united be,
And may live in heaven for ever
An unbroken family.
(Let us pray, let us pray,)
Christians, let us pray.
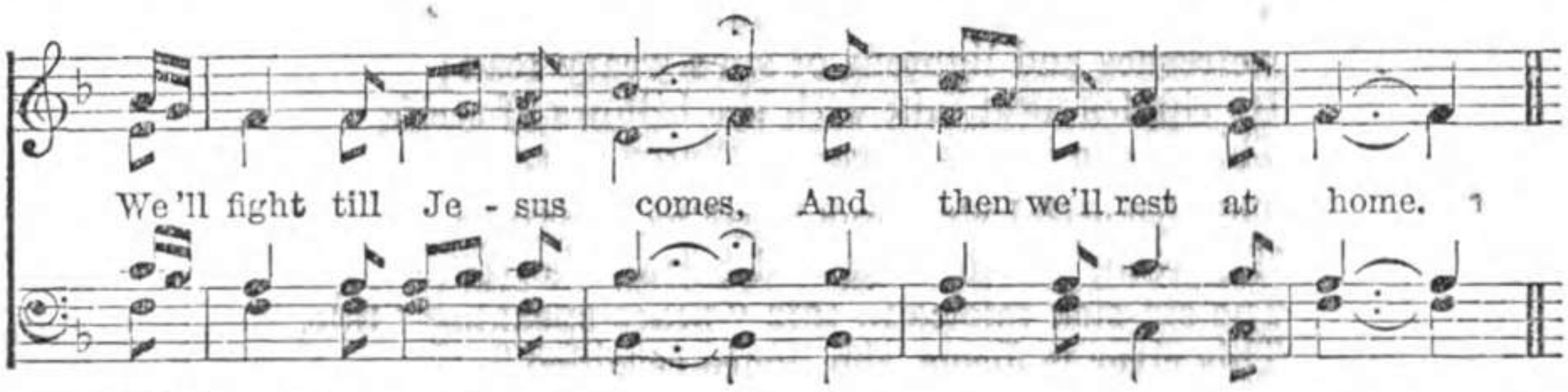
BATTLING FOR THE LORD.
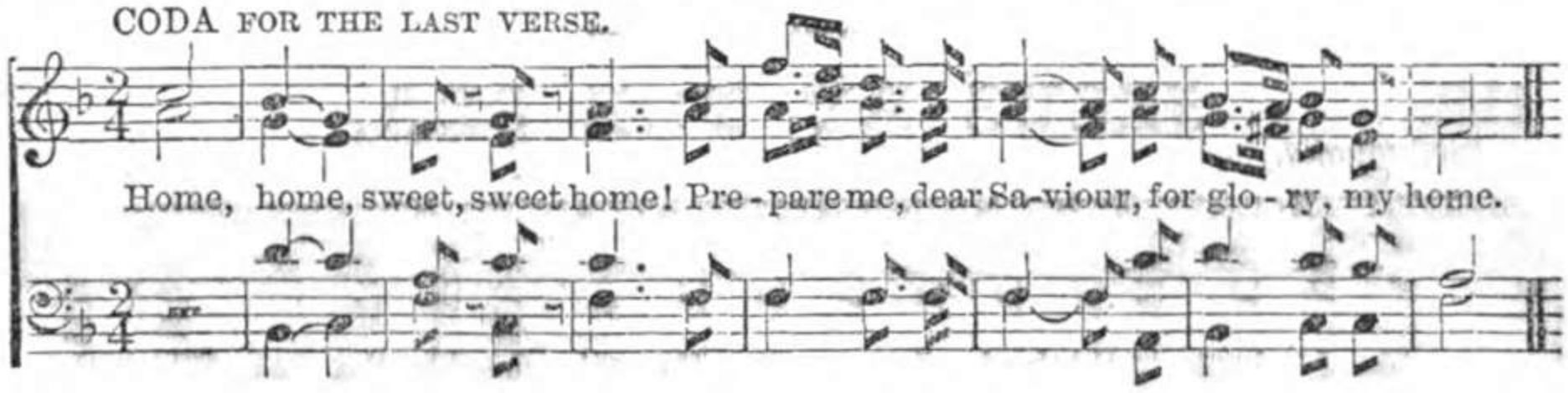
116.











Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!
Chorus—We'll fight, &c.
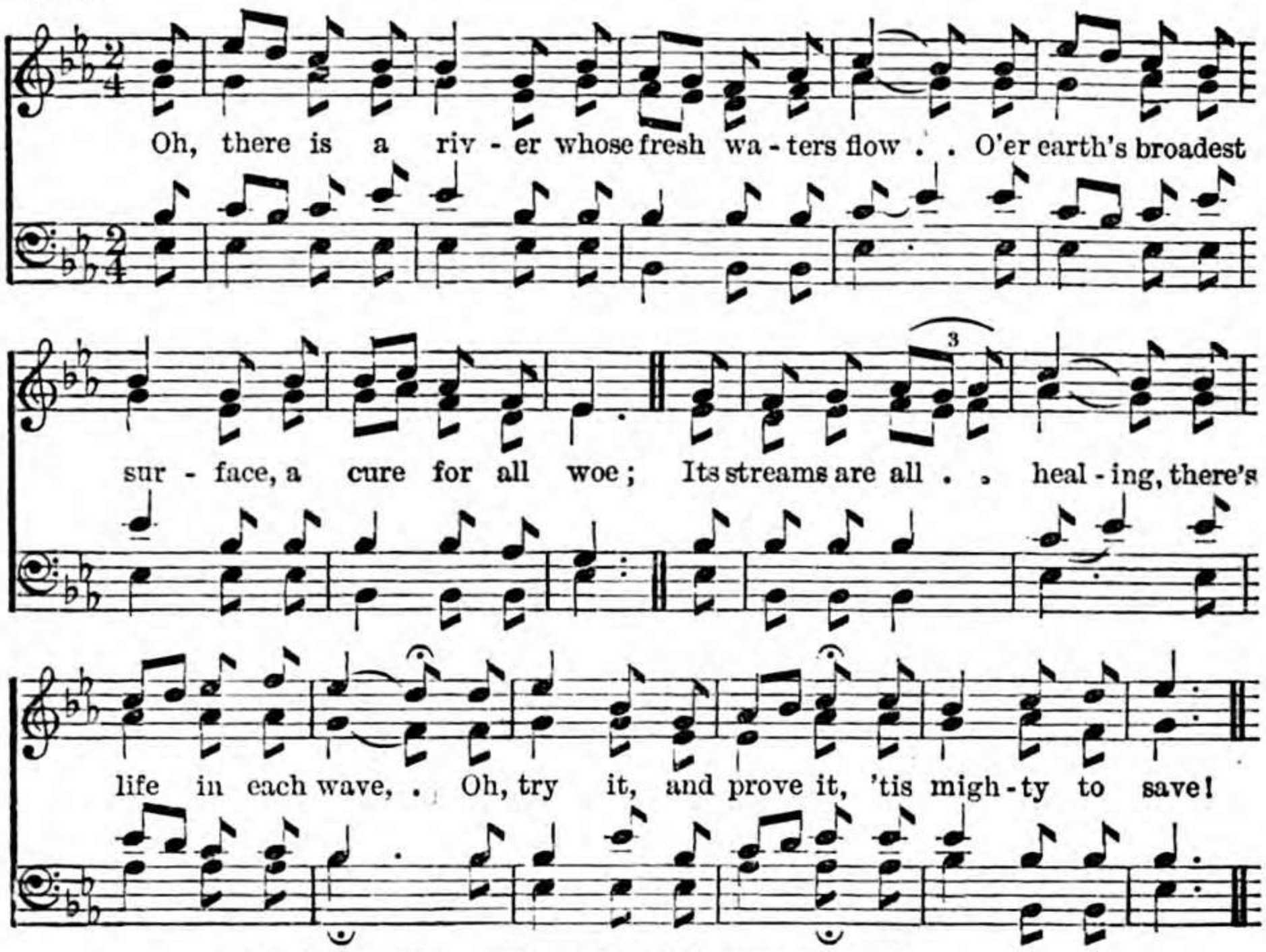
We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favour of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!
Chorus—We'll fight, &c.

And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!
Chorus—We'll fight, &c.

Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!
Chorus—We'll fight, &c.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

117.



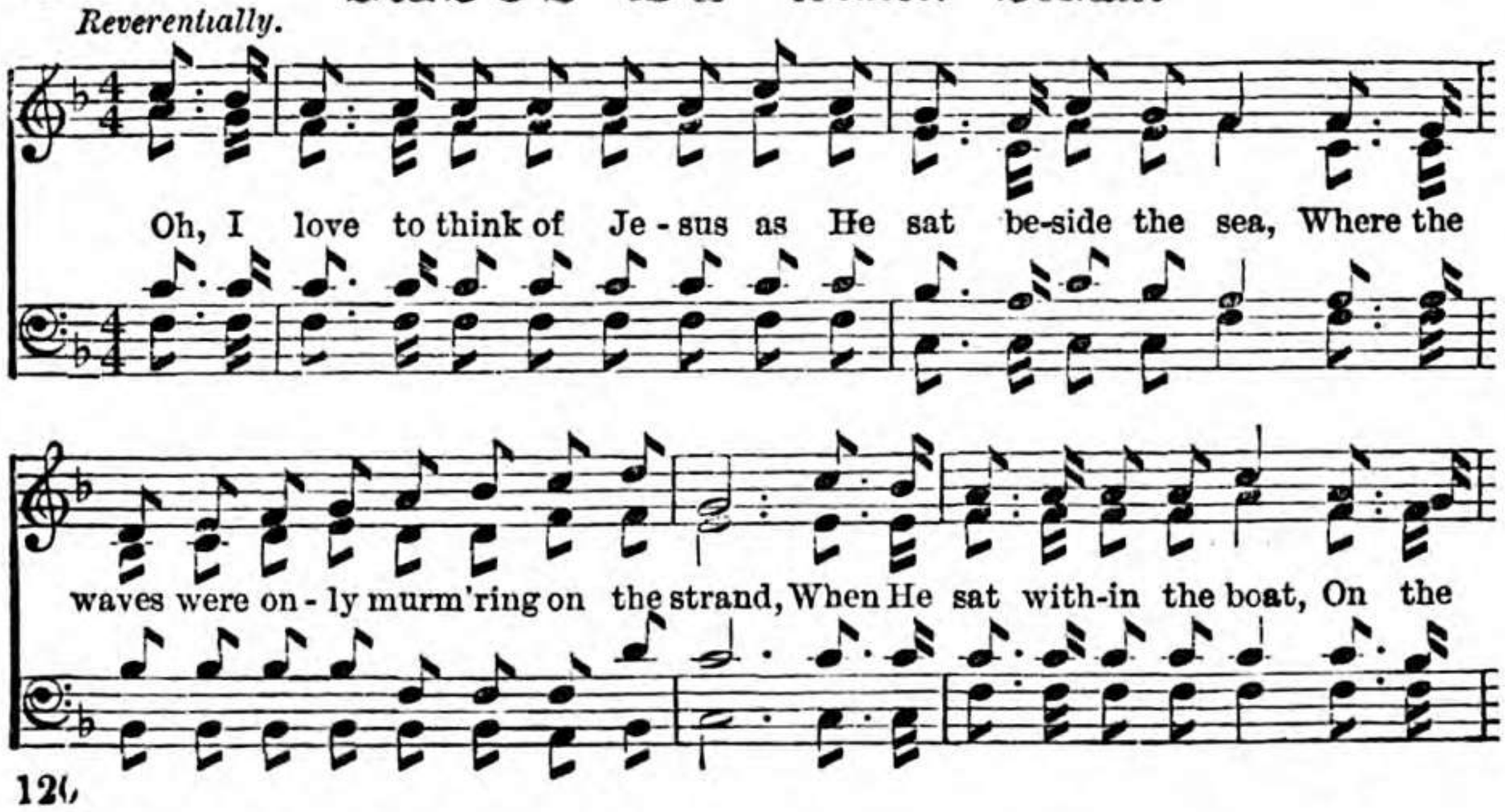
Oh drink of this river, its full crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load;
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife,
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."

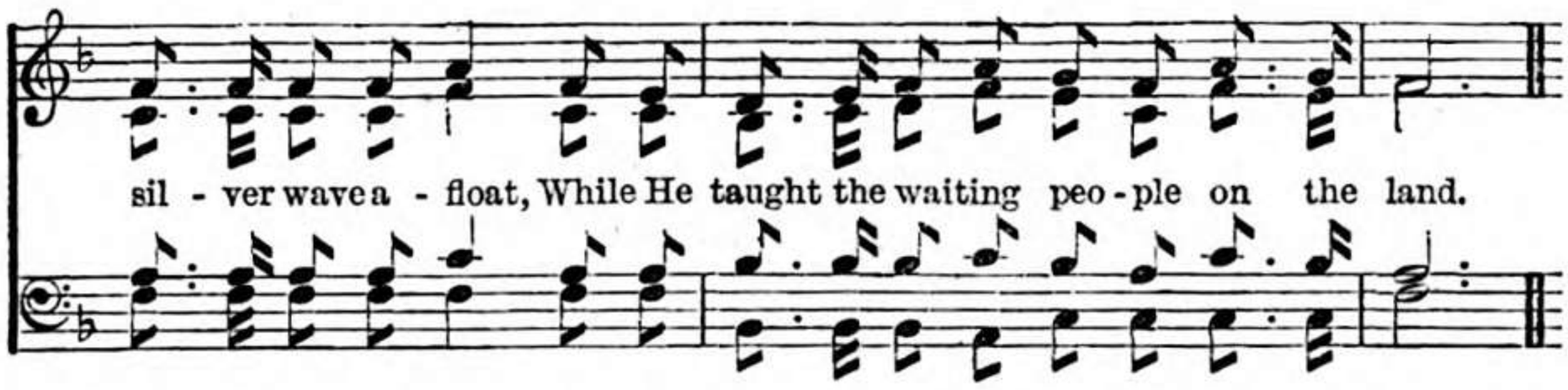
This beautiful river our boast well may be,
'Tis fresh, overflowing, and, better, 'tis free;
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-speaking" tide,
This river is Jesus, the "once crucified,"
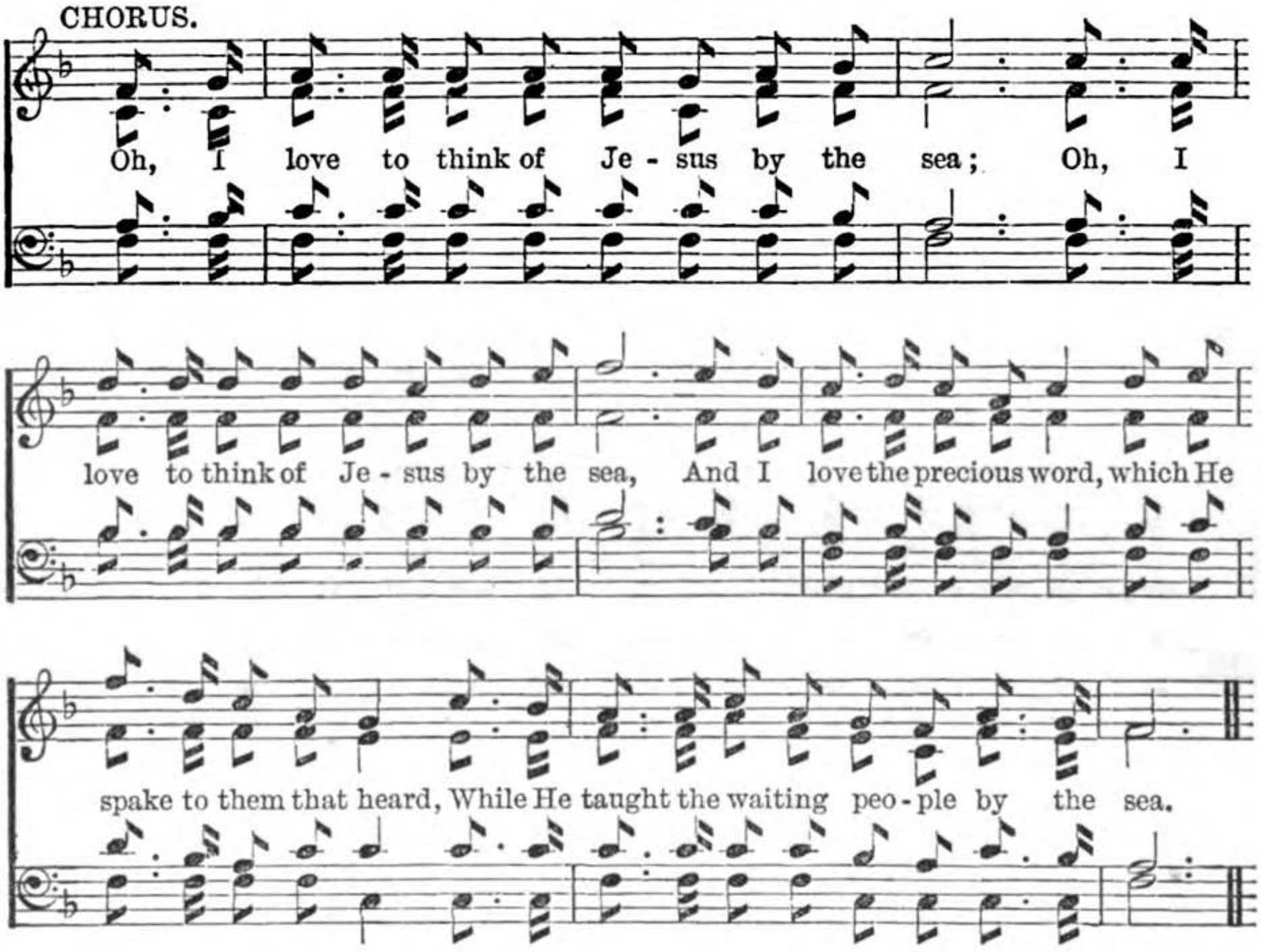
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118. # JESUS BY THE SEA.

Reverentially.





CHORUS.
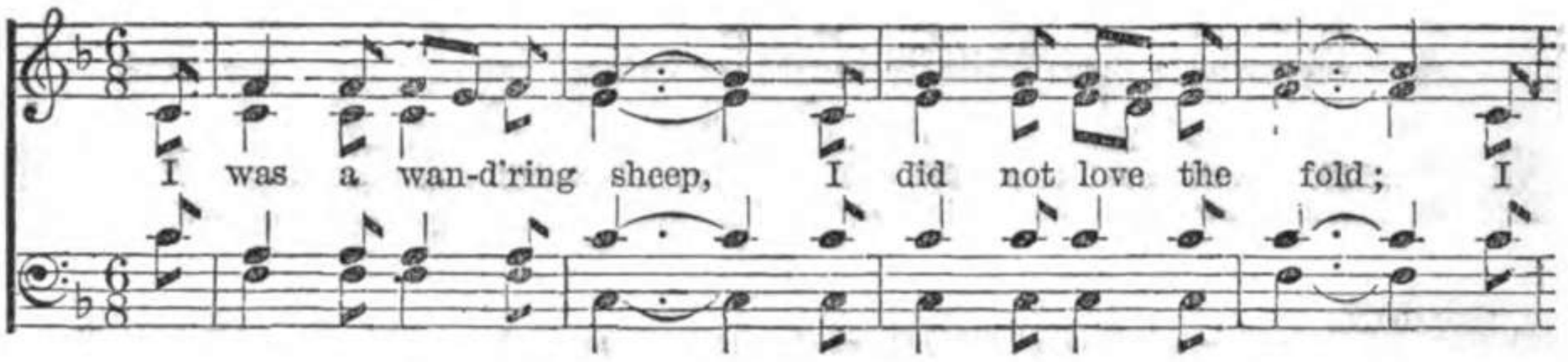


Oh, I love to think of Jesus as He walked upon the sea,
When the waves were rolling fearfully and grand,
How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of His will,
While He brought His loved disciples safe to land.
Chorus—Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea;
How He walked upon the wave, His beloved ones to save,
While He brought them safely o'er the stormy sea.

Oh, I love to think of Jesus as He walked beside the sea,
Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore;
How He bade them follow Him, and forsake the paths of sin,
And to be His true disciples evermore.
Chorus—Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea;
And I long to leave my all, at the dear Redeemer's call,
And His true disciple evermore to be.

LEBANON.

119.
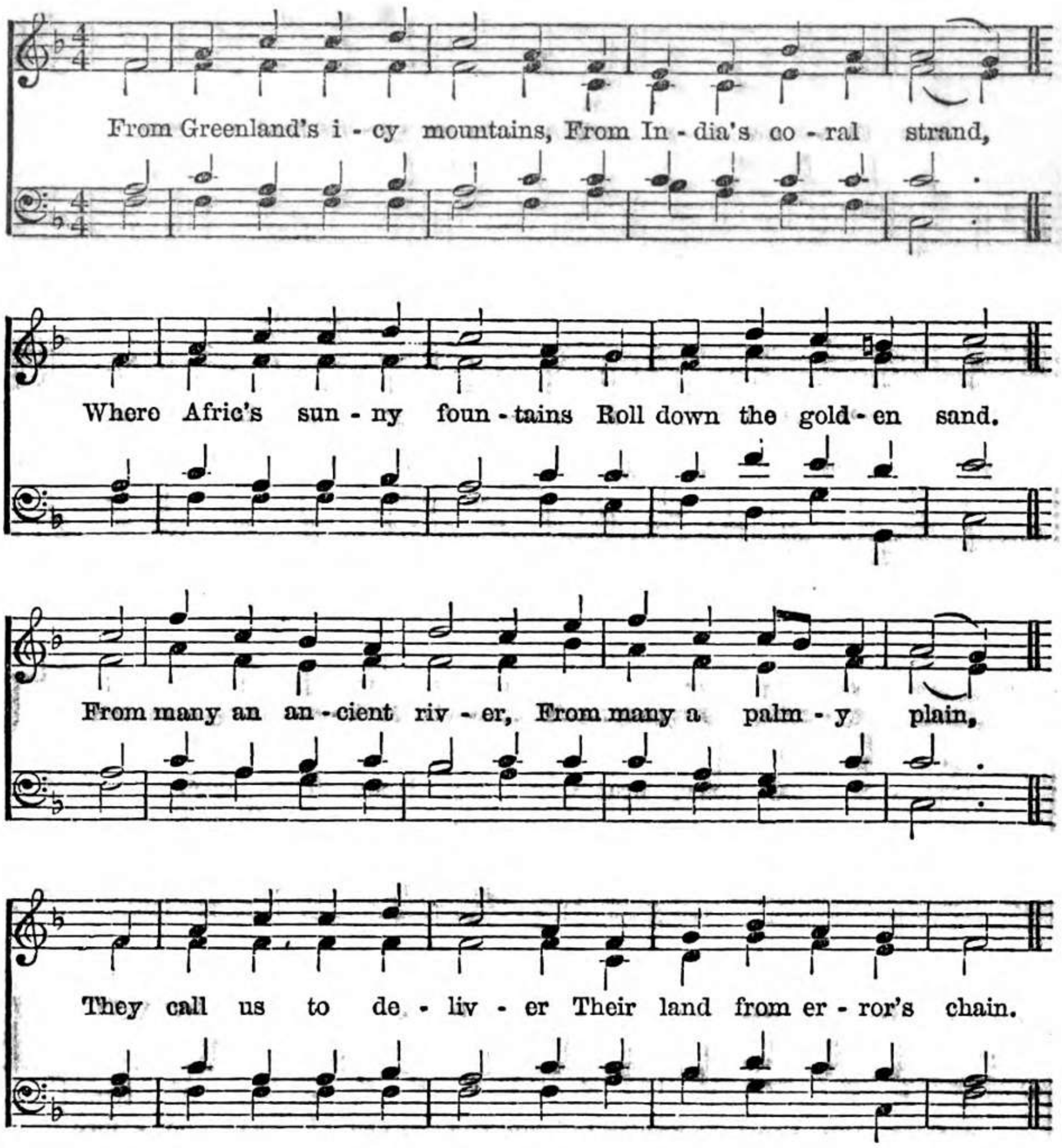


The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood.
'Twas He that made me whole:
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold;
'Tis He that still doth keep.

No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice;
I love, I love His home.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

120.
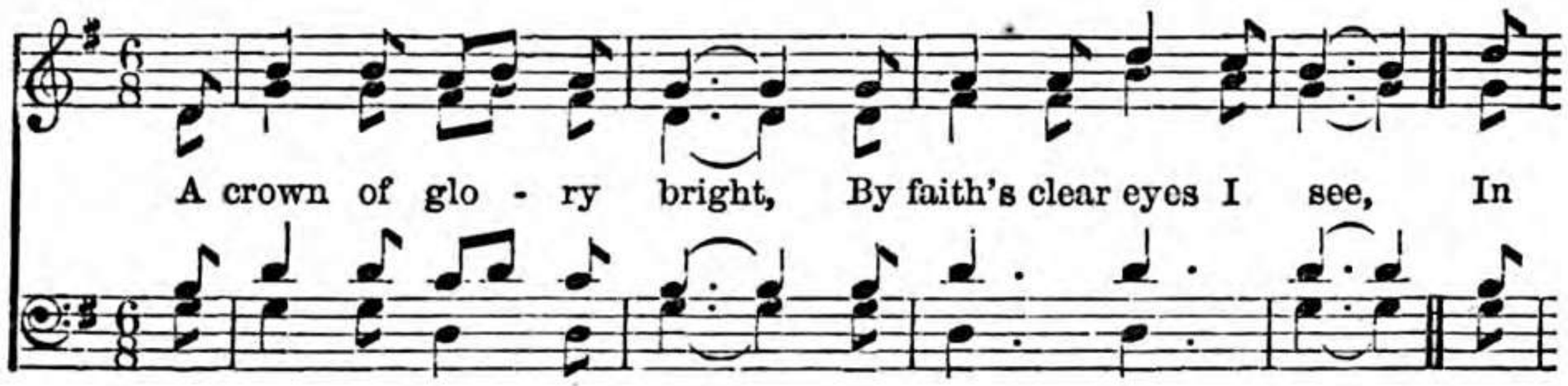


What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!
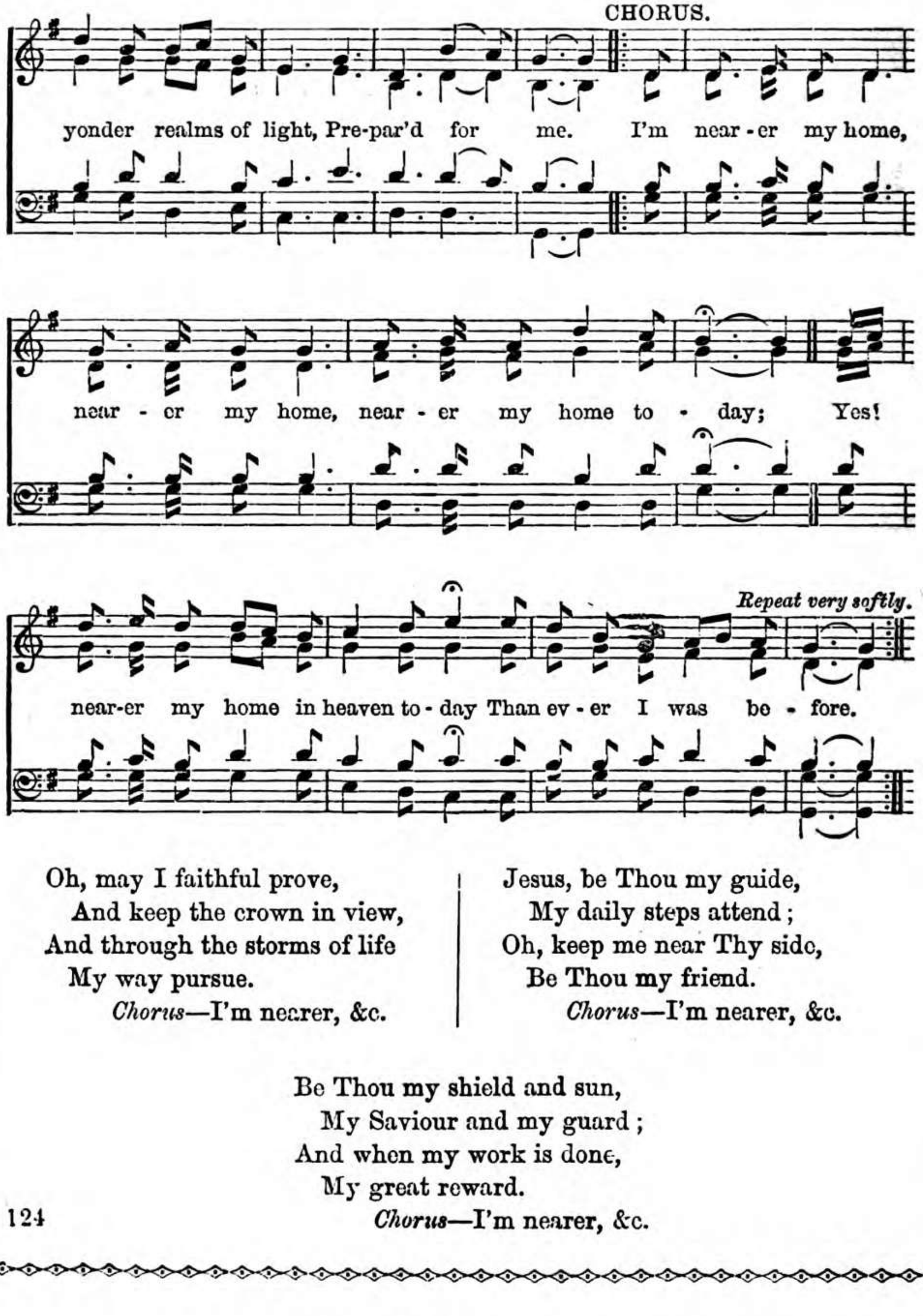
Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

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

NEARER MY HOME.

121.





Oh, may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.
Chorus—I'm nearer, &c.
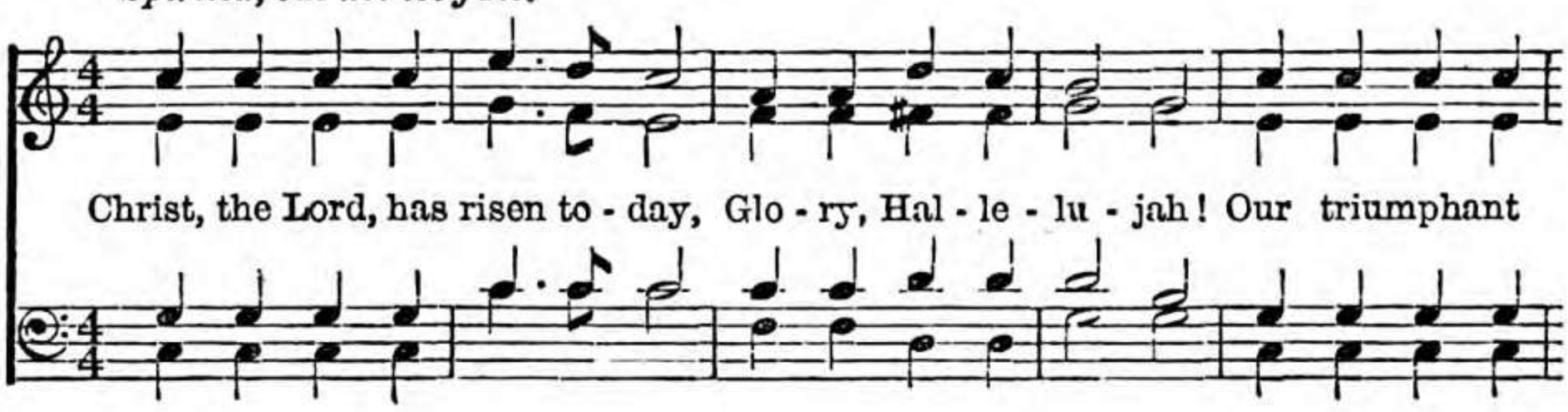
Jesus, be Thou my guide,
My daily steps attend;
Oh, keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my friend.
Chorus—I'm nearer, &c.
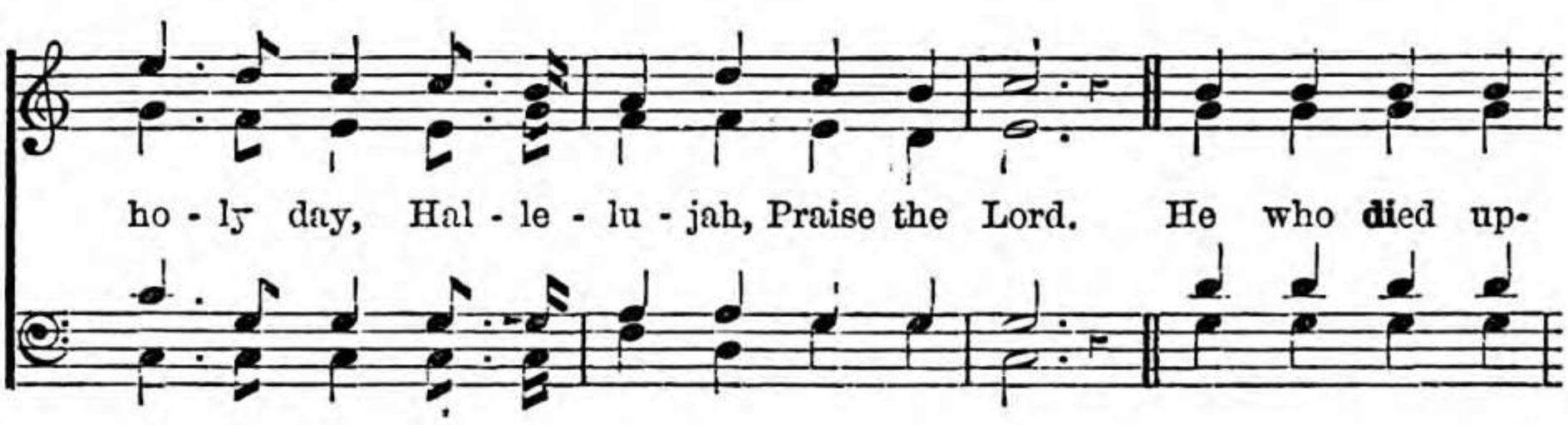
Be Thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.
Chorus—I'm nearer, &c.
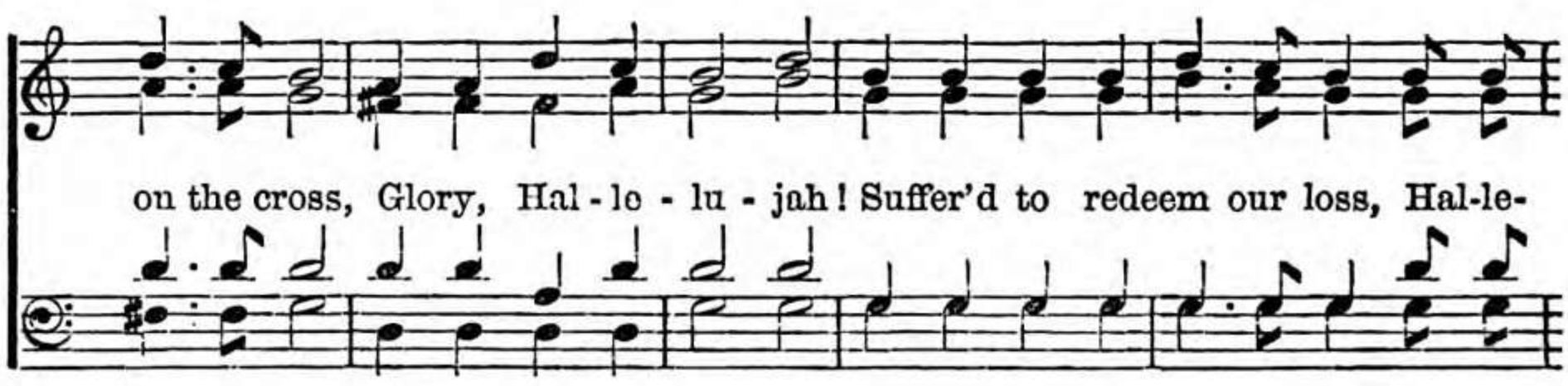
LORD'S DAY.

122.
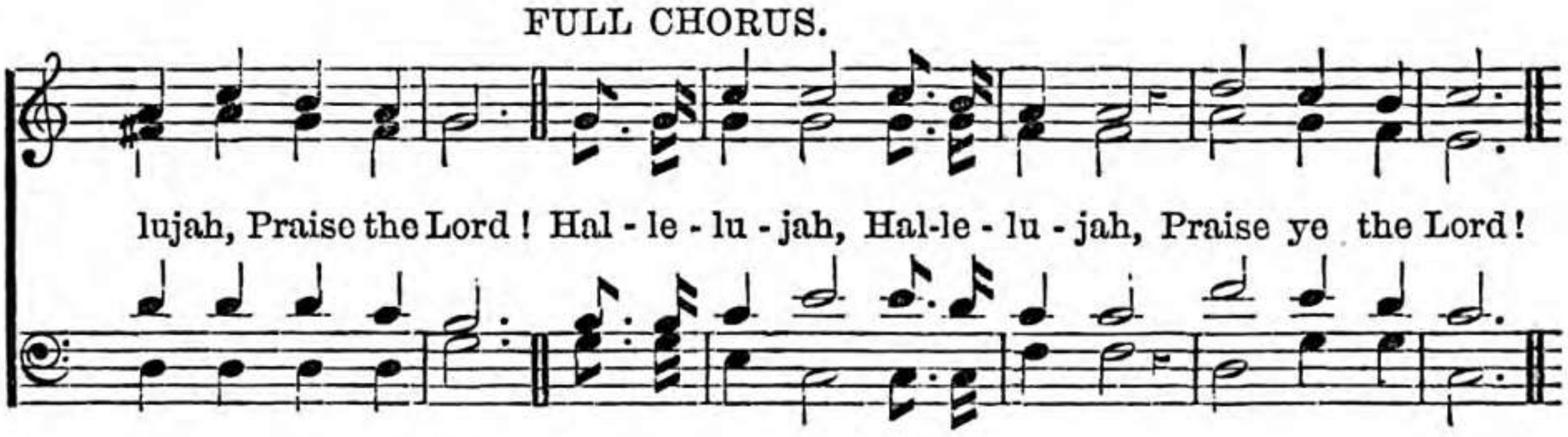
Spirited, but not too fast.







FULL CHORUS.



Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Chorus—Hallelujah, &c.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Chorus—Hallelujah, &c.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?
Chorus—Hallelujah, &c.

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Chorus—Hallelujah, &c.

RECRUIT FOR JESUS.

123.

The ar - my of the Sun-day school Is march-ing on its way;

Re-cruits, re - cruits, to fill our ranks, the bat - tle - cry to - day!

And though our num-bers still in-crease, For vol - un - teers we call;

Our doors are o - pen, children, come, For grace is free for all.

CHORUS.

Free grace, free grace for all, O chil-dren, hear the call! To

high and low its bless-ings flow, For Je - sus died for all.

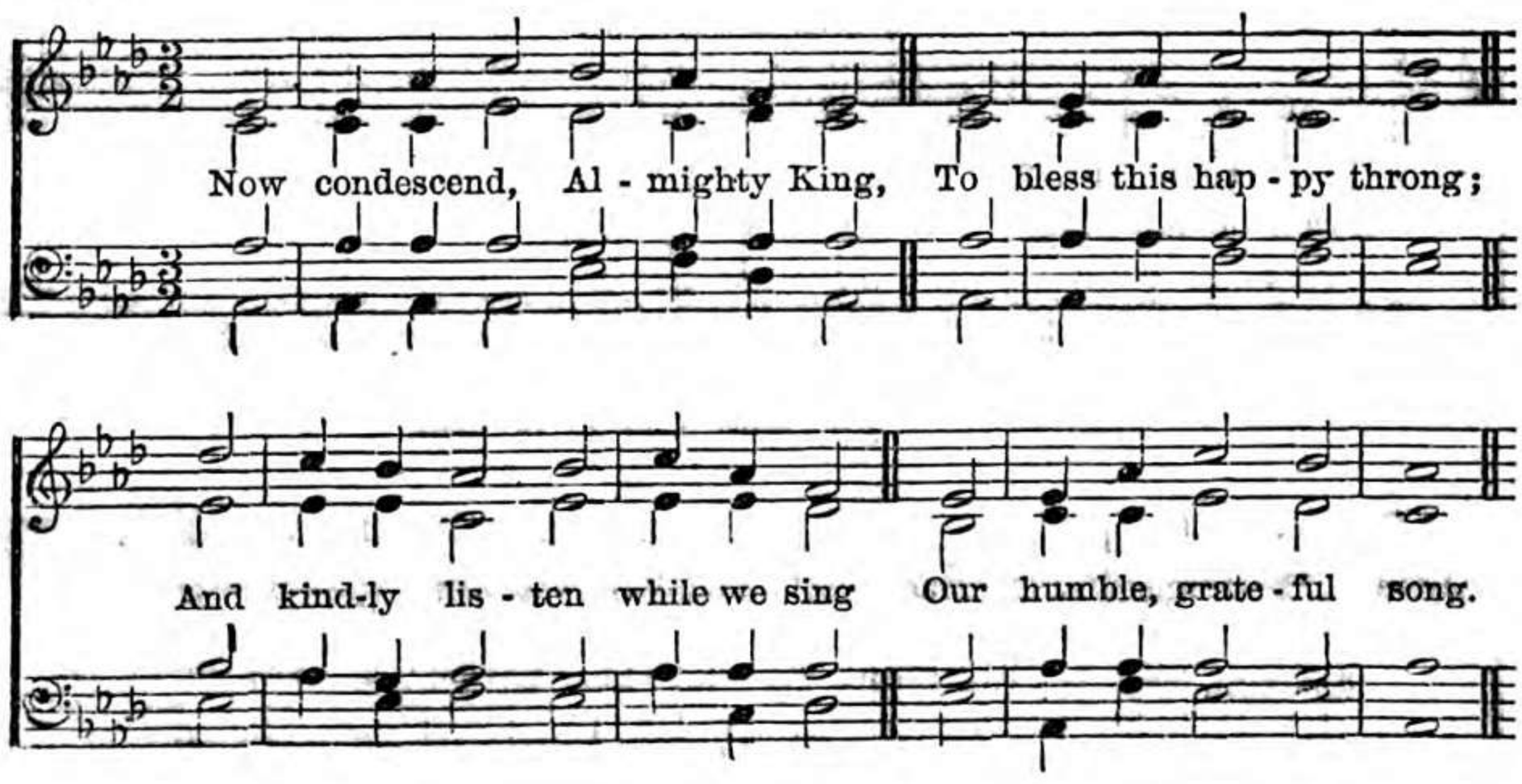
Here let the orphan's cheek be dry,
The weary find a rest;
A Father stands with loving arms,
To fold you to His breast.
Come, you who tread life's humbler walks,
Its heavy yoke you bear;
For when the Saviour dwelt on earth,
You were His tender care.
Chorus—Free grace, &c.

To Zion we are marching home,
Let all with us abide;
We need the eldest of our band,
The younger ones to guide.
Let those whom God has prospered most,
A grateful tribute bring;
And each unhallowed feeling die,
That in the heart would spring.
Chorus—Free grace, &c.

Fight on, young soldiers of the Cross,
With courage true and brave;
Throw out your colours to the breeze,
And let them boldly wave.
Fight on; the conquest shall be yours,
And when the battle's o'er,
The army of the Sunday-school
Shall sing on Canaan's shore.
Chorus—Free grace, &c.

EVAN.

124.



We come to own the power Divine,
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.

We come to learn Thy Holy Word,
And ask Thy tender care:
Before Thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way
That leads to Heaven and Thee.

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

125.

Oh, if my house is built up-on a rock, I know it will stand for ev - er;

The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock May beat upon my house that is

founded on a rock, But it nev-er will fall, nev-er will fall,

FULL CHORUS.

never, never, never! My rock is firm, it is my sure foun-

My rock is firm, is firm,

mp

da - tion, 'Tis Je - sus Christ, my lov - ing Saviour, Je - sus Christ, my

cres. *f*
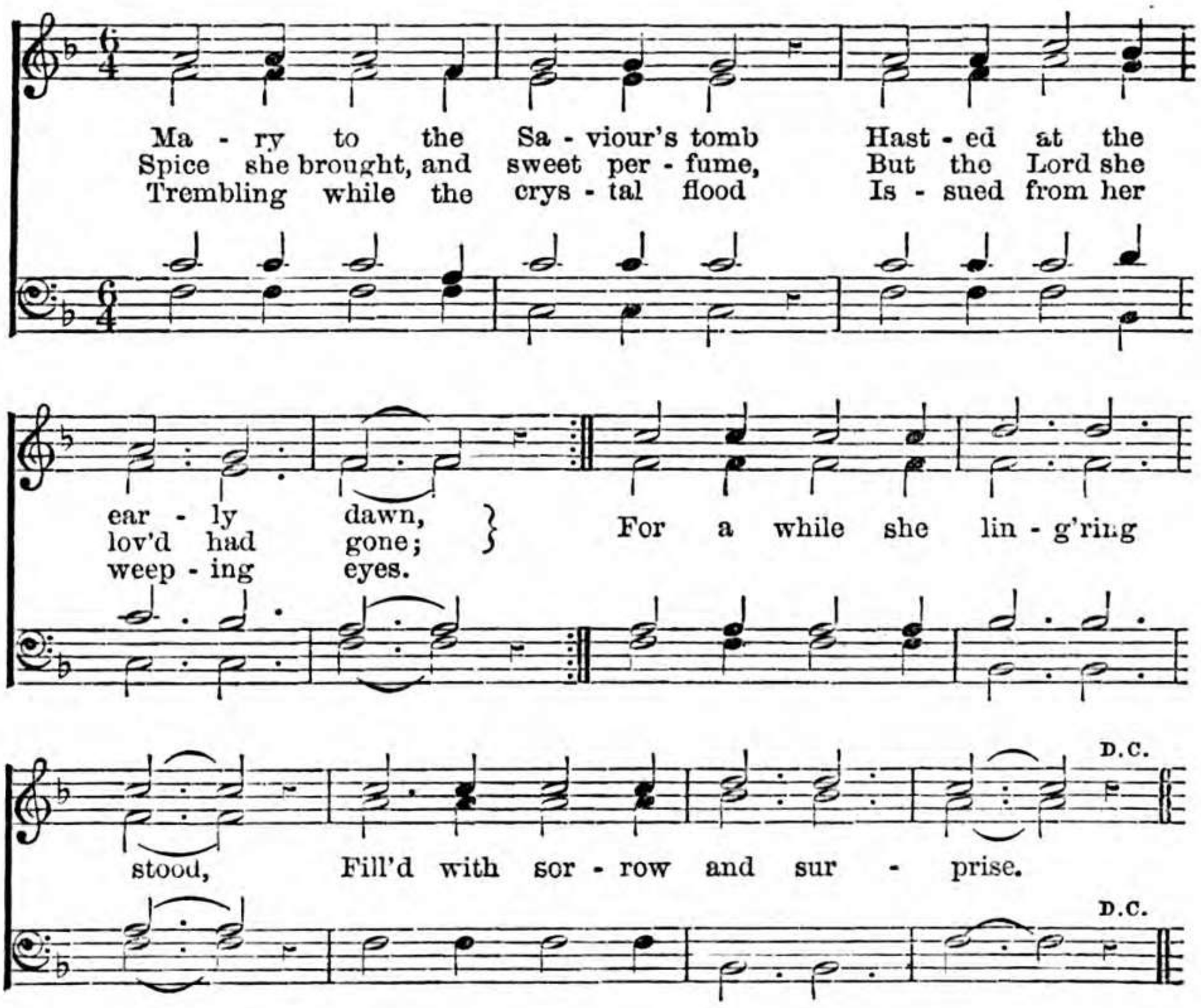
lov-ing Saviour, The Rock of my sal - va-tion, The Rock of my sal-va - tion.

But if my house is built upon the sand,
'Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,
And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,
And it surely will fall, never to rise, never, never, never!
Chorus—My rock is firm, &c.

Then let my house be built upon a rock,
For there it will stand for ever;
The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock
May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock,
But it never will fall, never will fall, never, never, never!
Chorus—My rock is firm, &c.

MARTYN.

126.
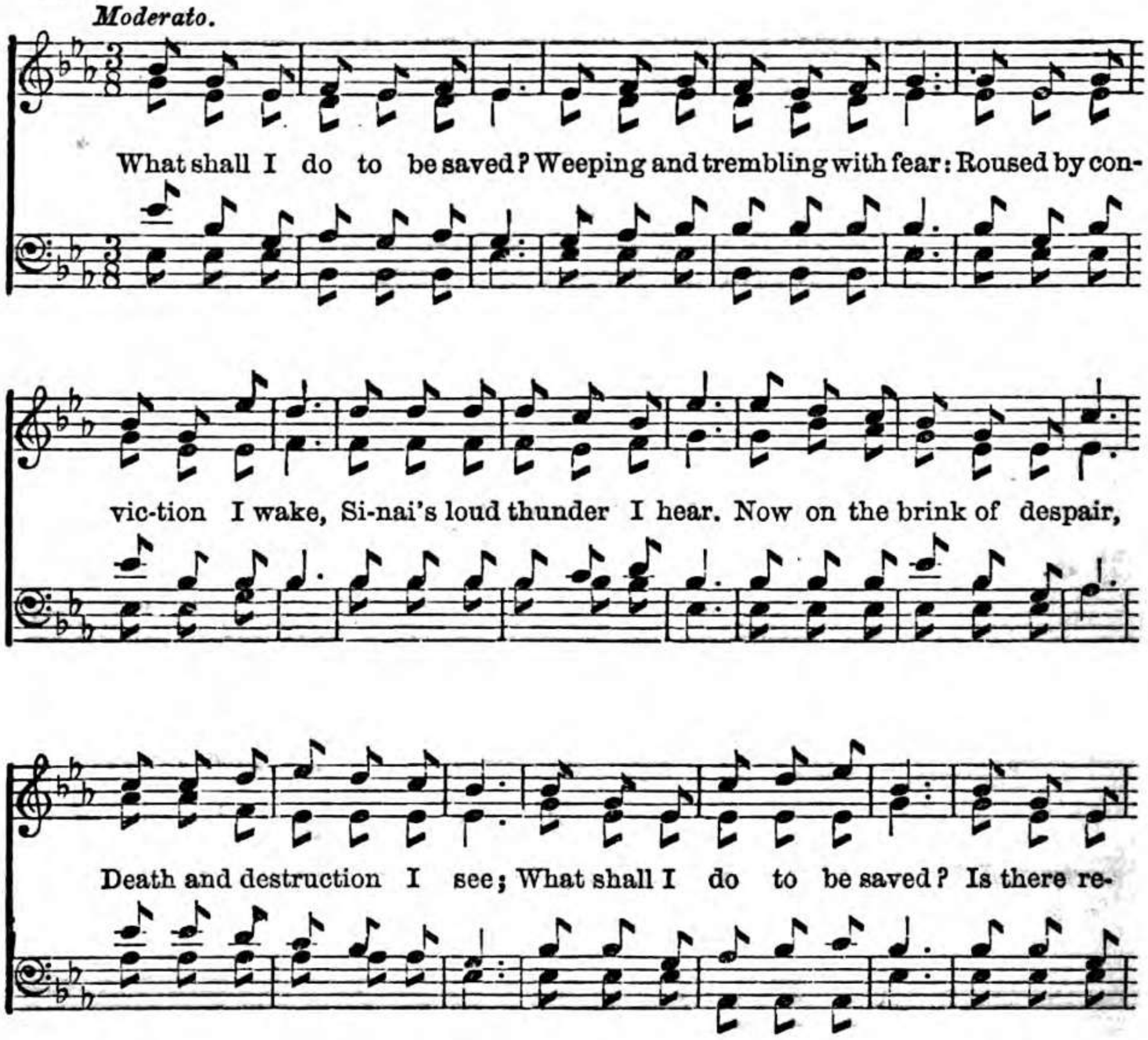


But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Tho' you now are tempest tossed.
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ,
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

AWAKENED SINNER.

127.

Moderato.
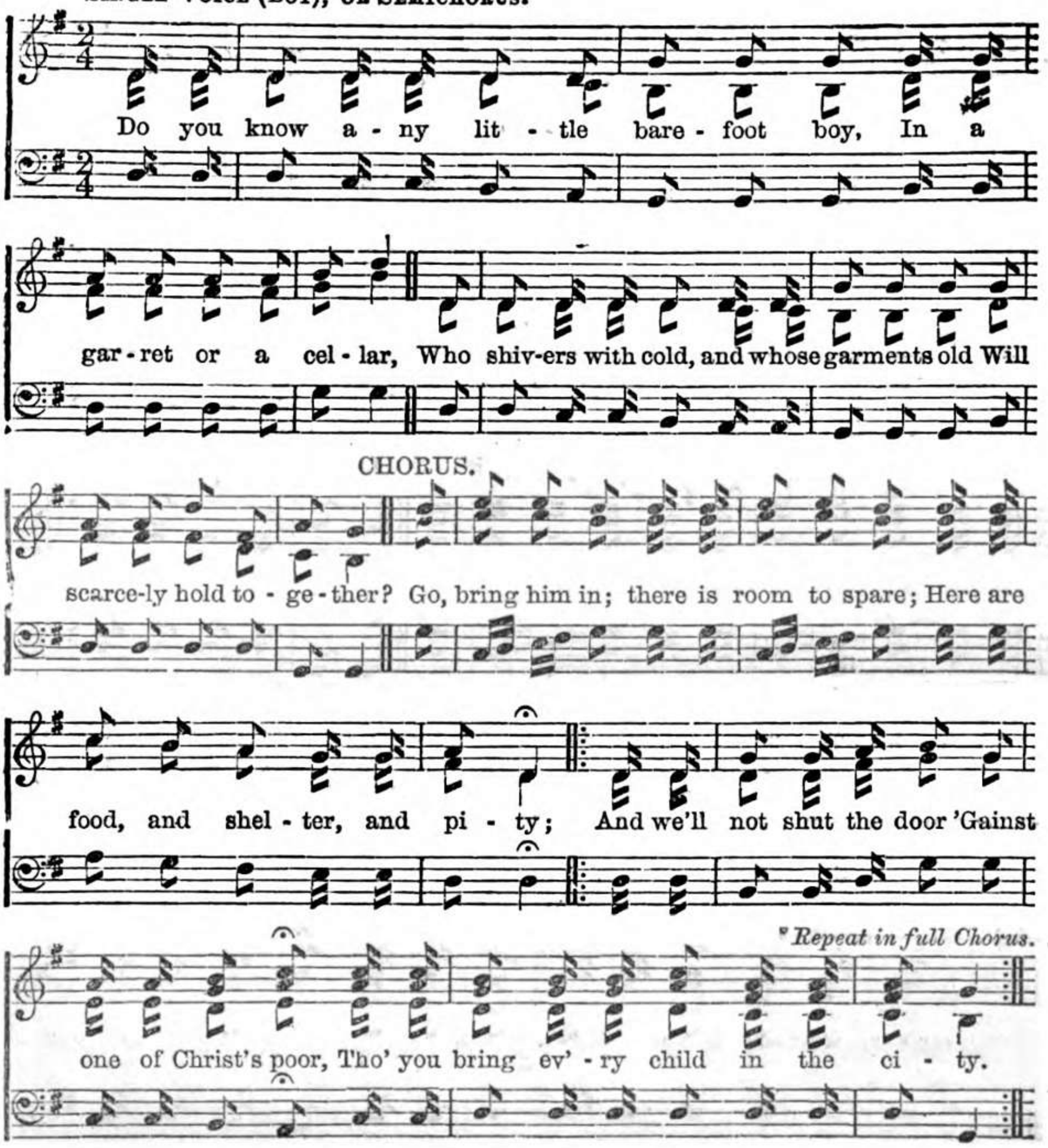


I have rejected with scorn
  Blessings I might have received;
Often the spirit of grace
  Wounded, insulted, and grieved.
Broken the law of my God,
  Nailed Him again to the tree;
Can I forgiveness implore?
  Is there salvation for me?
    Chorus—What shall I do, &c.

I to my Father will go,
  Now, like the prodigal son;
Down at His feet I will fall,
  Tell Him the wrong I have done.
There if I perish, I'll pray,
  This my petition shall be:
Lord, I repent and believe;
  Jesus, have mercy on me.
    Chorus—This will I do, &c.

RECRUITING SONG.

128.

SINGLE VOICE (BOY), OR SEMICHORUS.



GIRL.

Do you know any little tired girl,
Whose feet with cold are aching;
Whose shrinking form braves the winter's storm;
The alms of the richer taking?

Chorus—Go, bring her in, &c.

Can you think of a comrade who often goes
To play in the fields on Sunday,
And who's late at school, and who breaks the rule
Of his teacher dear on Monday?

Chorus—Go, bring him in, &c.

Go! gather them in from the lodging house,
And the merchant's stately palace;
From the world's dark strife, and the darken'd life,
Let them drink from the golden chalice.

Chorus—Go, bring them in, &c.
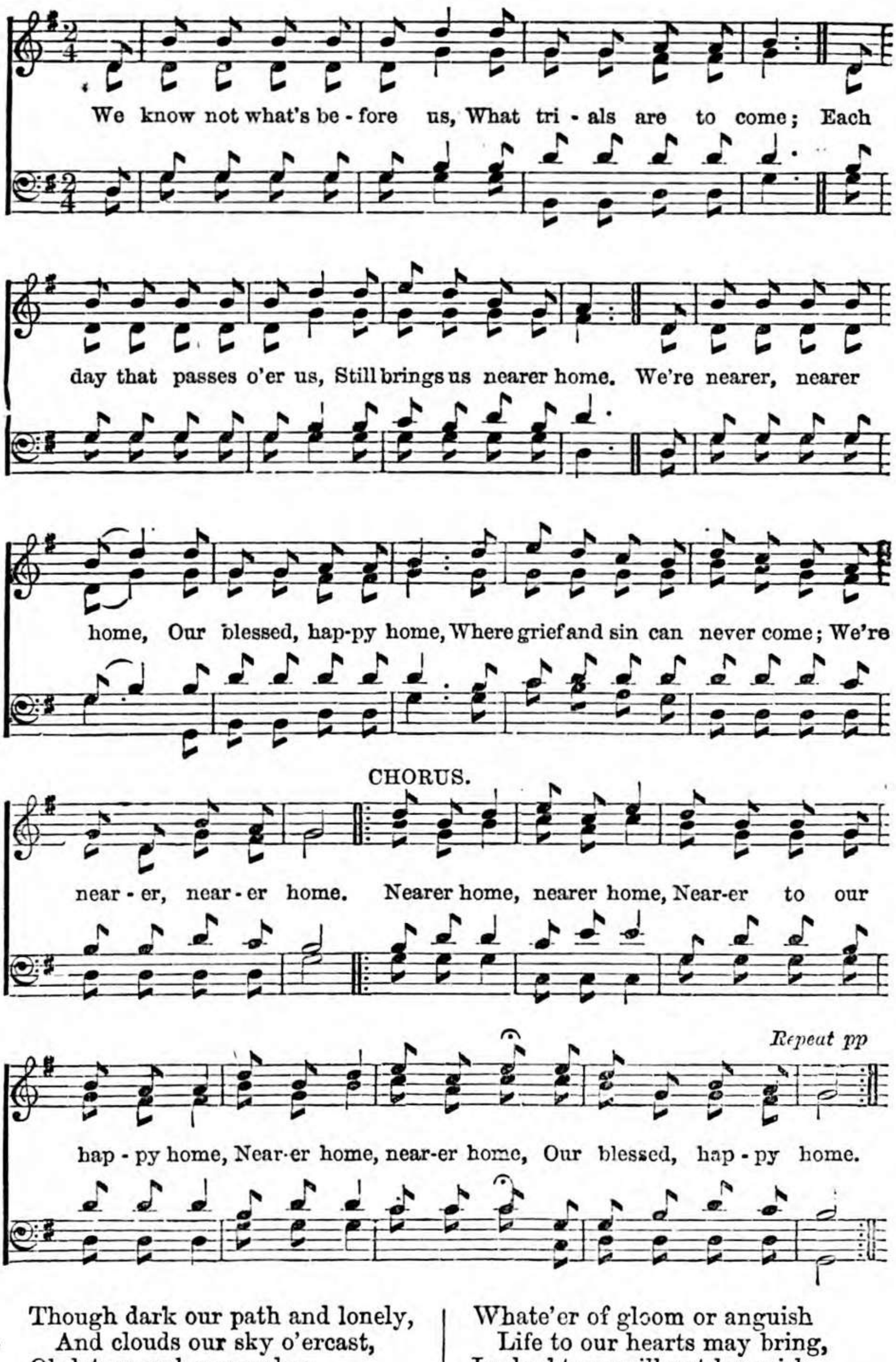
TEACHER.

'Tis the Master's work! there are none so low,
But His loving hand may reach them,
There are none so sunken in want and woe,
But we'll joy to help and teach them.

Chorus—Go, bring them in, &c.

WE'RE NEARER HOME.

129.

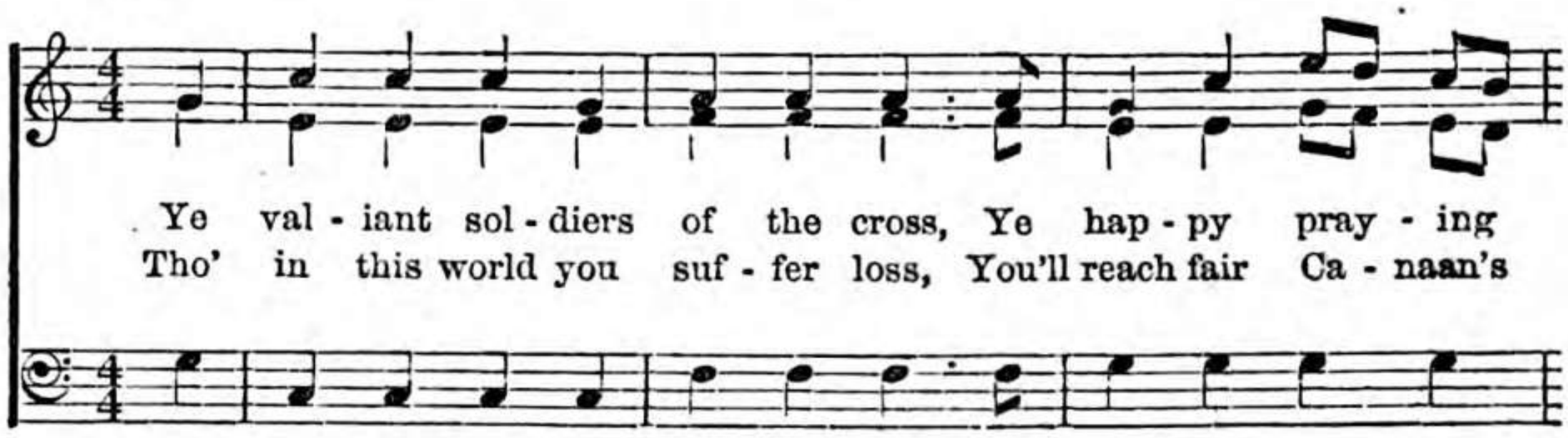


Though dark our path and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Oh let us each remember,
The storm will soon be past,
Chorus—Nearer home, &c.

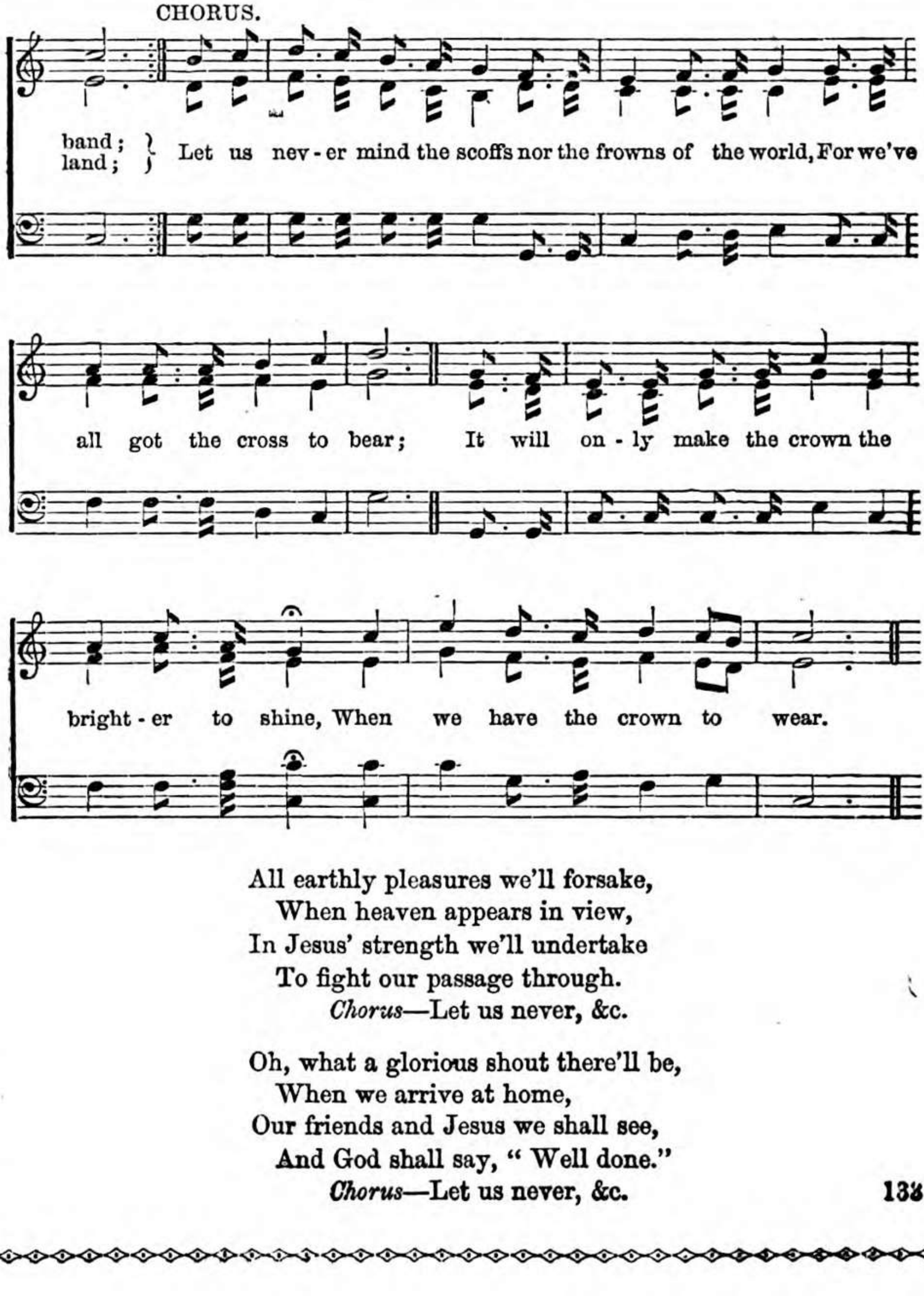
Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully we'll sing.
Chorus—Nearer home, &c.

THE BRIGHT CROWN.

130.



CHORUS.



All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Chorus—Let us never, &c.

Oh, what a glorious shout there'll be,
When we arrive at home,
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, " Well done."
Chorus—Let us never, &c.

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA.

131.

There's a cry from Ma - ce - do - nia, Come and help us, The
O ye he - ralds of the cross, be up and do - ing; Re-

light of the gospel bring, oh, come! Let us hear the joy - ful tidings of sal -
mem-ber the great command, a-way! Go ye forth and preach the Word to ev' - ry

FINE. CHORUS.

va - tion, We thirst for the liv - ing spring. } They shall
crea - ture, Pro - claim it in ev' - ry land. }

ga - ther from the East, They shall ga - ther from the West, With the

pa - tri - archs of old, And the ransom'd shall re - turn To the

D.C. *in full Chorus.*

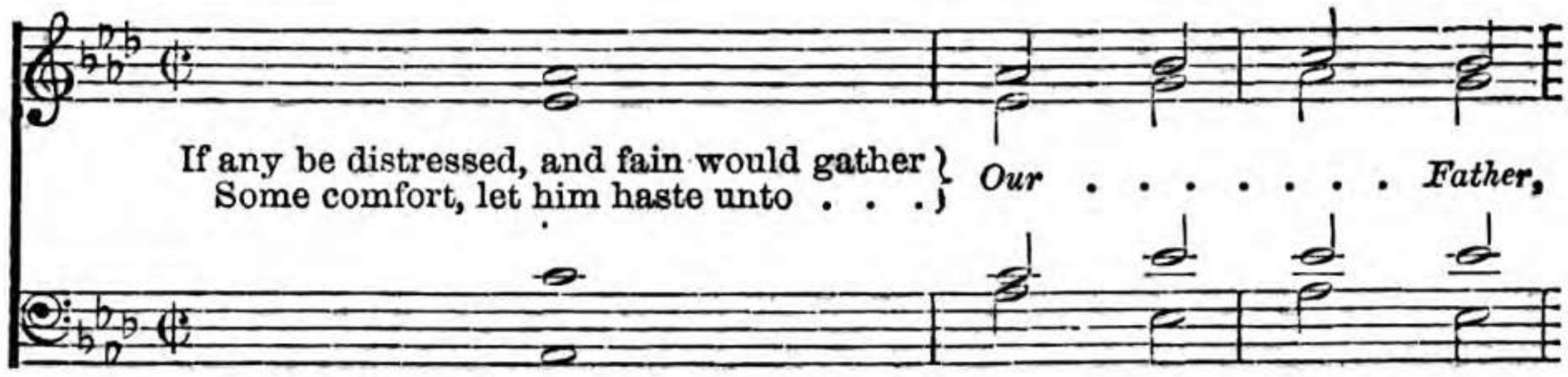
king-doms of the blest, With their harps and crowns of gold.

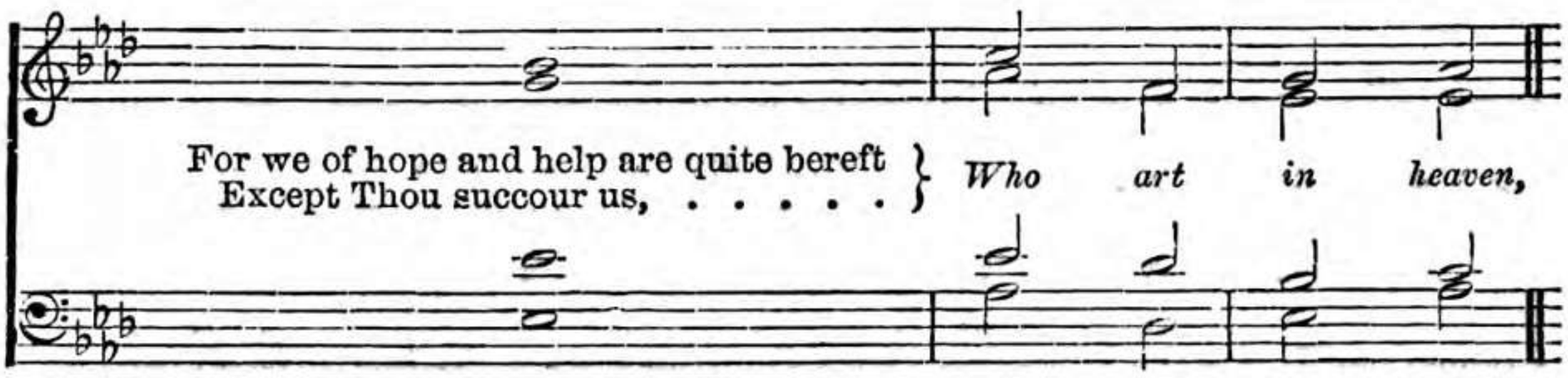
D.C.

[Additional verses to this hymn are published in the "Words to the American Sacred Songster," price 2d.]

GO TO OUR FATHER.

132.





Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing, - - - - } *Hallowed be Thy name;*
Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us Thy joys, and let - - - - } *Thy kingdom come;*

We mortal are, and ever changing from our birth;
Thou constant art, - - - - - - } *Thy will be done on earth,*
Thou mad'st the earth, as well as the planets seven;
Thy name be blessed here, - - - - } *As it is in Heaven.*

Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us, - - - - - } *Give us this day*
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want - - - - } *Our daily bread;*

We want, we want forgiveness, for no day passes
But we sin - - - - - - - } *Forgive us our trespasses,*
No man free from sinning ever did live;
Forgive us, Lord, our sins, - - - - } *As we forgive*

If we repent our faults, Thou wilt bless us,
We pardon them - - - - - - } *That trespass against us.*
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy way, - - - - } *And lead us*

We Thine own people, and Thy chosen nation;
Guide us into all truth, and - - - - } *Not into temptation,*
Thou that of all good graces art the Giver,
Suffer us not to wander, - - - - - } *But deliver*

Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh. So shalt Thou free us - - - } *From all evil.*
To these petitions let all on earth respond, then,
With one consent and heart and voice, say, } *Amen.*

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

133.

Our school is a vineyard, a gar-den of truth, Where all can do something for Je-sus;
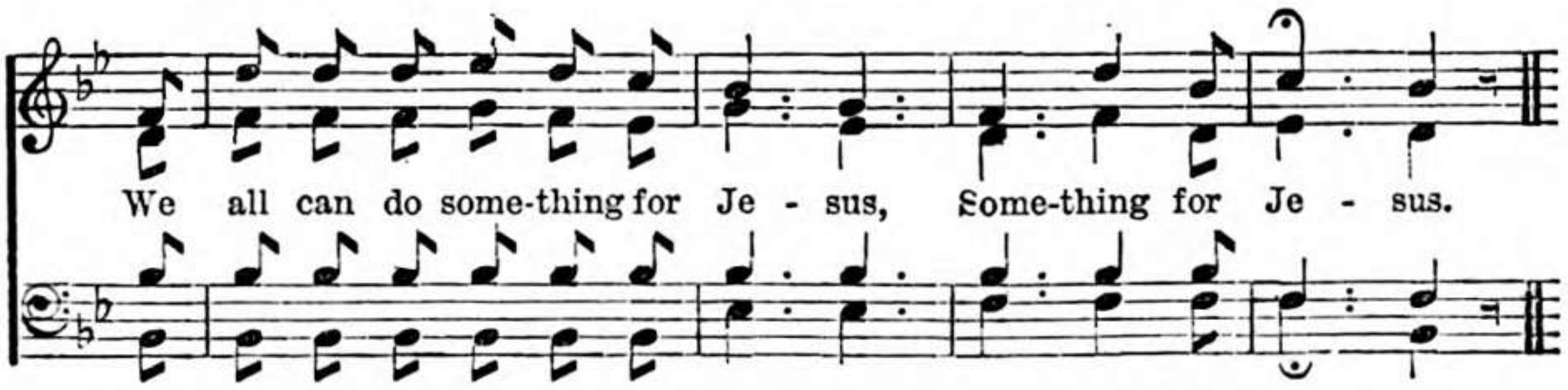
And though we are just in the morn-ing of youth, We all can do something for Je-sus;

The deep, roll-ing ri-ver that flows to the sea, Is made of the brooklet that sparkles so free;

A les-son, dear children, for you and for me, We all can do something for Je-sus.

CHORUS.

We all can do some-thing for Je - - sus, Some-thing, some-thing;
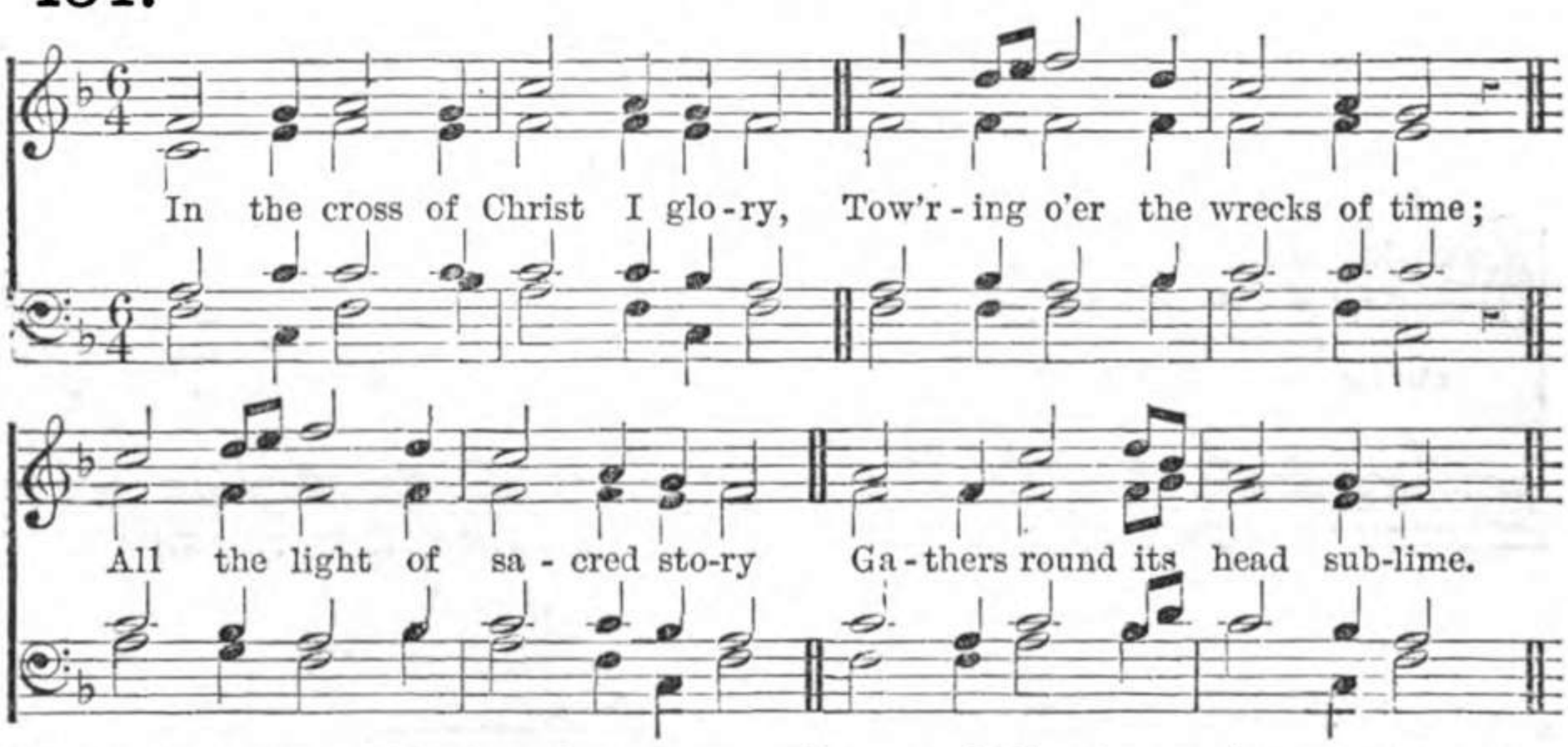


A word to the erring, of kindness and love,
May often remind them of Jesus;
A song of our beautiful mansion above,
May lead a poor wanderer to Jesus;
The acorn, when planted, though small it may be,
How quickly it grows to a wide-spreading tree;
A lesson, dear children, for you and for me,
We all can do something for Jesus.
Chorus—We all can do, &c.

Oh! sweeter, far sweeter than riches or fame,
To feel we are working for Jesus;
The cup of cold water we give in His name,
Will bring us the blessing of Jesus;
The brook and the acorn, the leaf and the tree,
Are teaching a lesson to you and to me;
No matter how simple the effort may be,
We all can do something for Jesus.
Chorus—We all can do, &c.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

134.



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

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

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

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

LET ME DIE.

135.

Let me die in the har-ness, Let me die in the work, In the

work my Mas-ter has given me to do, With His arm to uphold me, and His

FINE.

pro - mise to cheer, Oh, how joy - ful my way I'll pur - sue.

f

Strong in Him I'll bear my bur-den, Cheer-ful in the heat of day,
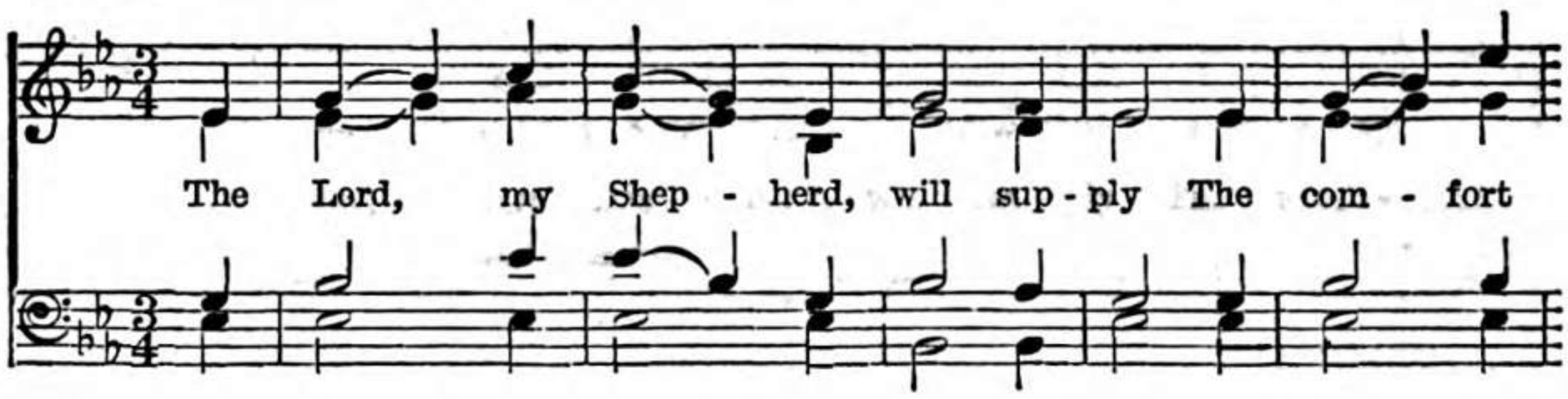
Thro' temp-ta-tion, storm, and dan-ger, Glad-ly I'll fol-low where He leads the way.

Let my hand never weary, let my heart never faint,
He has said His grace is sufficient for me;
Let me work in the vineyard, let me work in the field,
For my Master who suffered for me.
I am His I feel, I know it,
Blest assurance, faith divine,
O 'tis sweet for Him to labour,
Jesus, my Saviour, what rapture is mine.

With my lamp trimmed and burning, and my staff in my hand,
While the gospel truth for my sandals I wear;
May my Lord, when He cometh, find me still in the work,
Ever faithful, and watching in prayer;
Then through Him to life awaking,
I shall see His smiling face;
On seraphic pinions wafted,
Rest me for ever in His dear embrace.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

136.



He doth my wandering soul reclaim,
That I His wondrous love may praise,
And for the glory of His name,
He guides me in His righteous way.
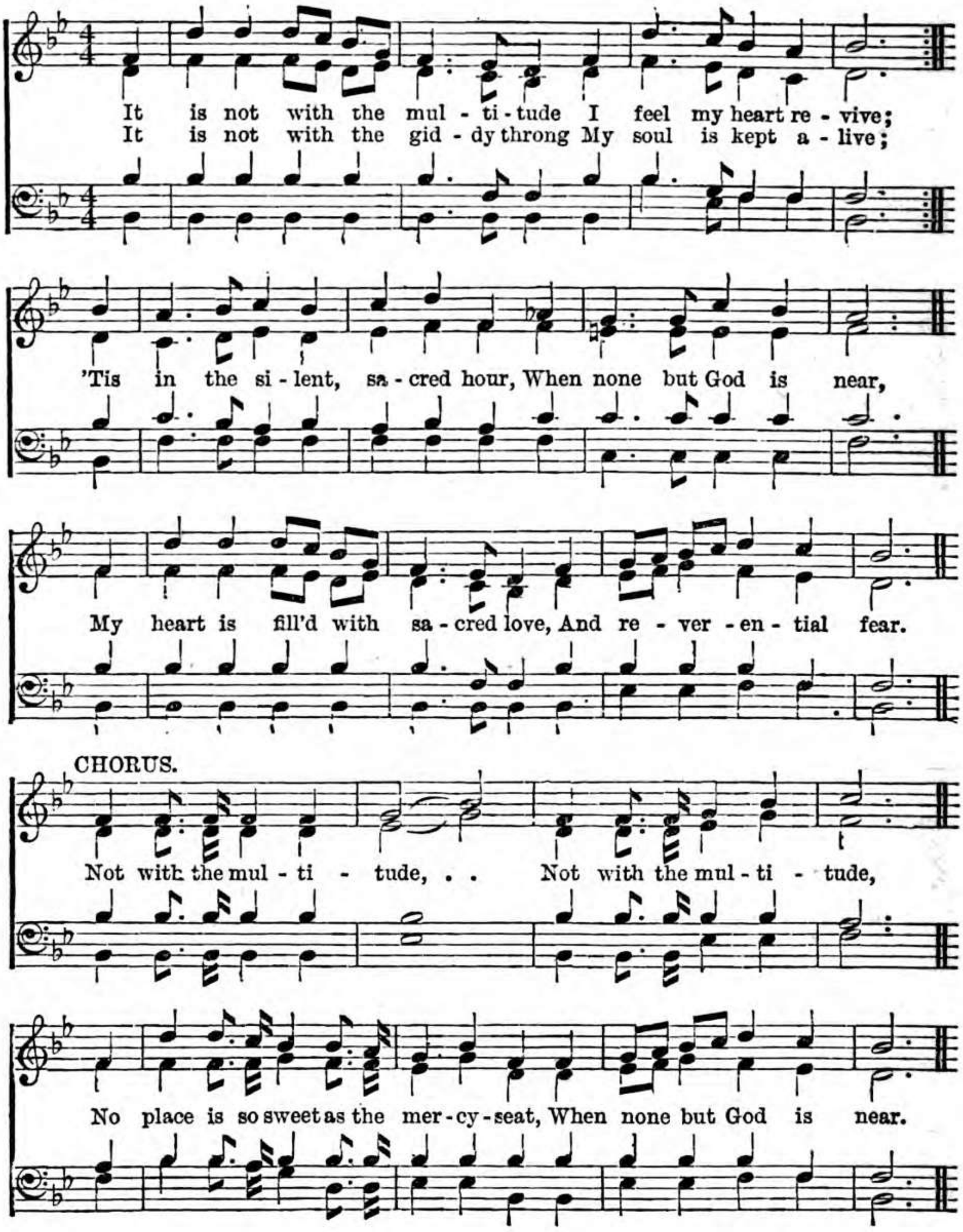
Yea, though I tread the lonely vale,
And shade of death, I fear no ill;
His loving kindness will not fail,
His rod and staff my comfort still.

A table He has richly spread,
Lo! in the presence of my foes,
With holy oil anoints my head,
My cup with blessings overflows.

Oh, surely till my life is past,
I'll sing His goodness o'er and o'er;
Then in Thy home, O God, at last,
My soul shall dwell for evermore.

NOT WITH THE MULTITUDE.

137.
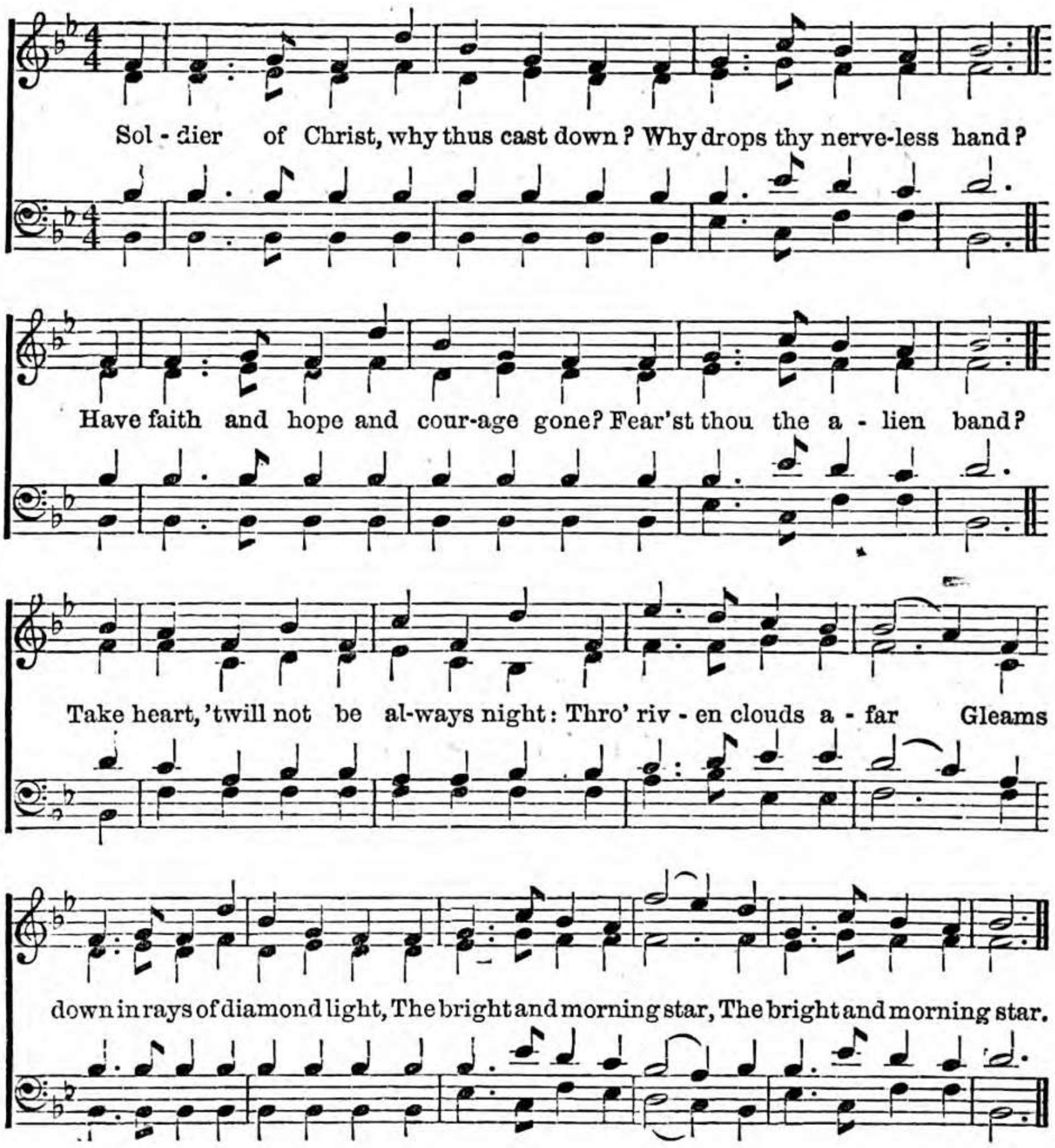


It is not with the multitude
I hear the still, small voice,
Which whispers messages of love,
And bids my heart rejoice;
Oh, no: 'tis when, withdrawn from earth
And every earth-bound tie,
I hear Thy kind, parental voice,
And "Abba, Father," cry.
Chorus—Not with, &c.

It is not with the multitude
My sweetest joys arise;
Nor even with the saints on earth,
Though bound by sacred ties;
The fellowship of saints is sweet,
But sweeter, better far,
Is fellowship with Christ, my Lord,
The bright and Morning Star.
Chorus—Not with, &c.

THE MORNING STAR.

138.
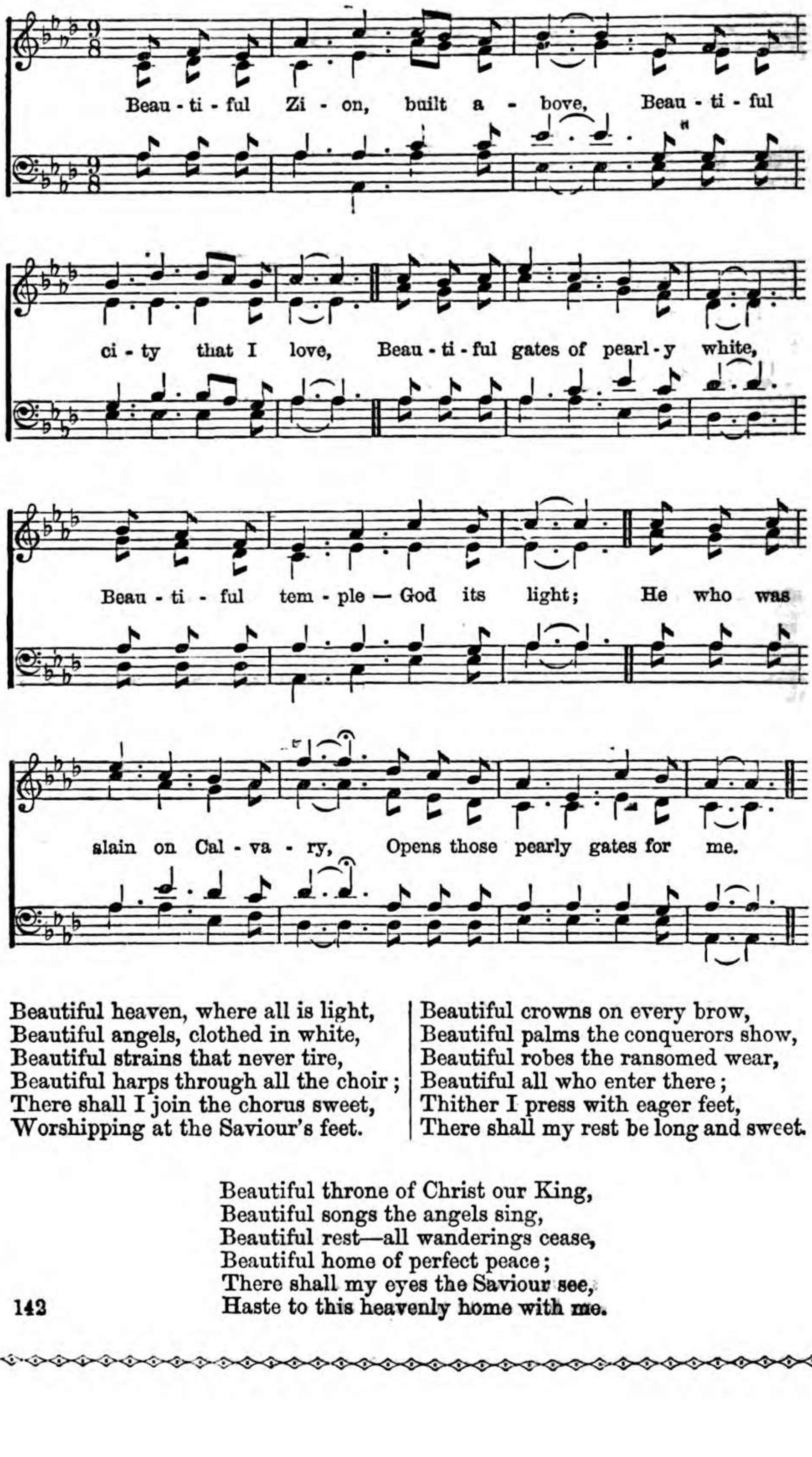


Seek not the ground in weak despair,
  Nor break 'neath suffering's rod;
The fight thou wagest is the care
  Of the all-loving God.
Joy comes through sorrow; death
    brings life;
  Peace rides on battle's car;
And beams, on darkest night of strife,
  The bright and morning star.

Press on the foe! God rules the years,
  Wrong shall not triumph long;
Expectant Faith already hears
  Truth's glad victorious song.
The nations soon shall own their King,
  The wise from near and far,
Once more to Him their offerings
    bring—
  The bright and morning star!

Then fear not, Christian, for the right
  Nor falter 'mid the fray;
For truth is victor: error's night
  Flies from the coming day.
Thine eye, through dust and tears, may see
  On heaven's broad scroll afar,
The promise sure: "I'll give to thee
  The bright and morning star!"

BEAUTIFUL HEAVEN.

139.
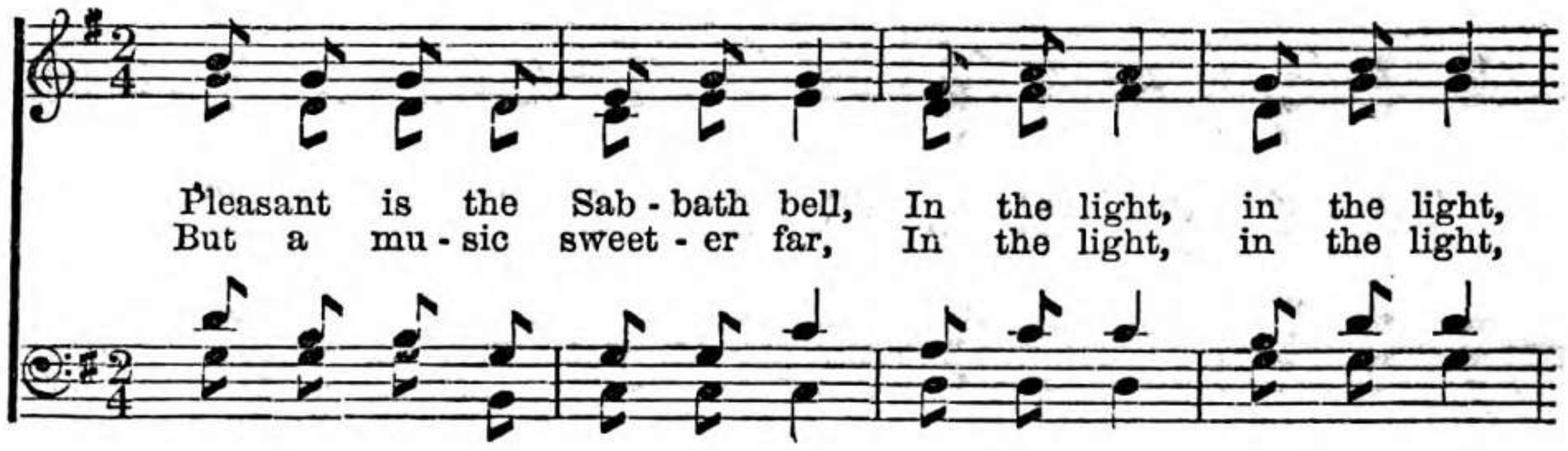


Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
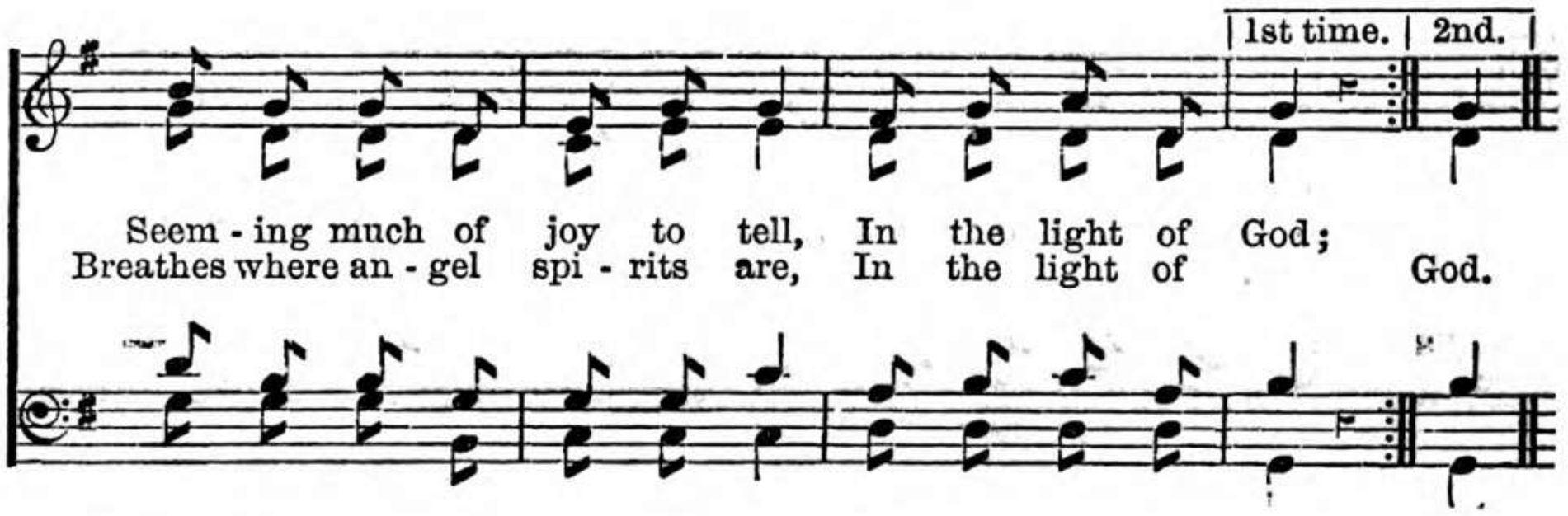
Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

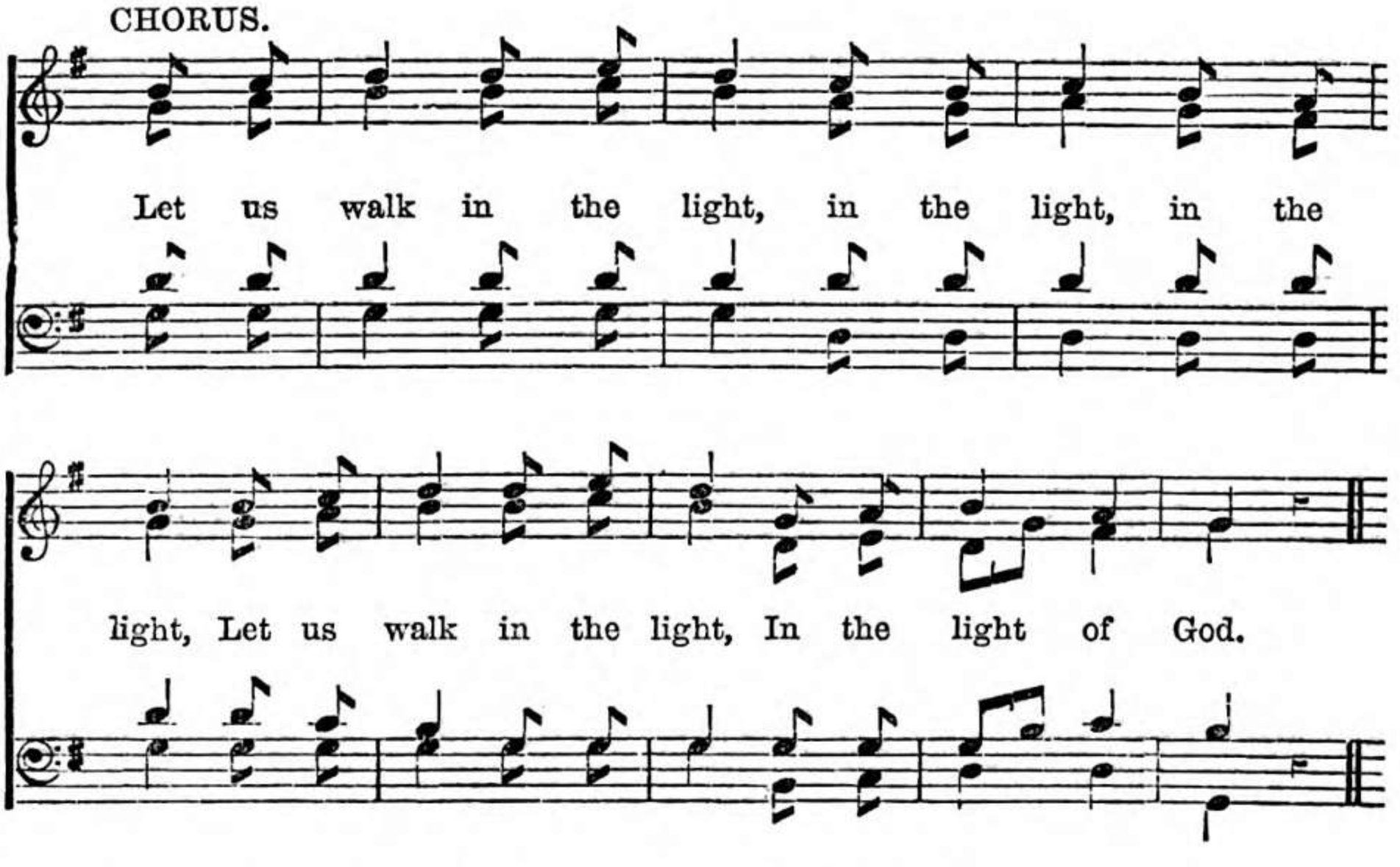
WALK IN THE LIGHT.

140.





CHORUS.
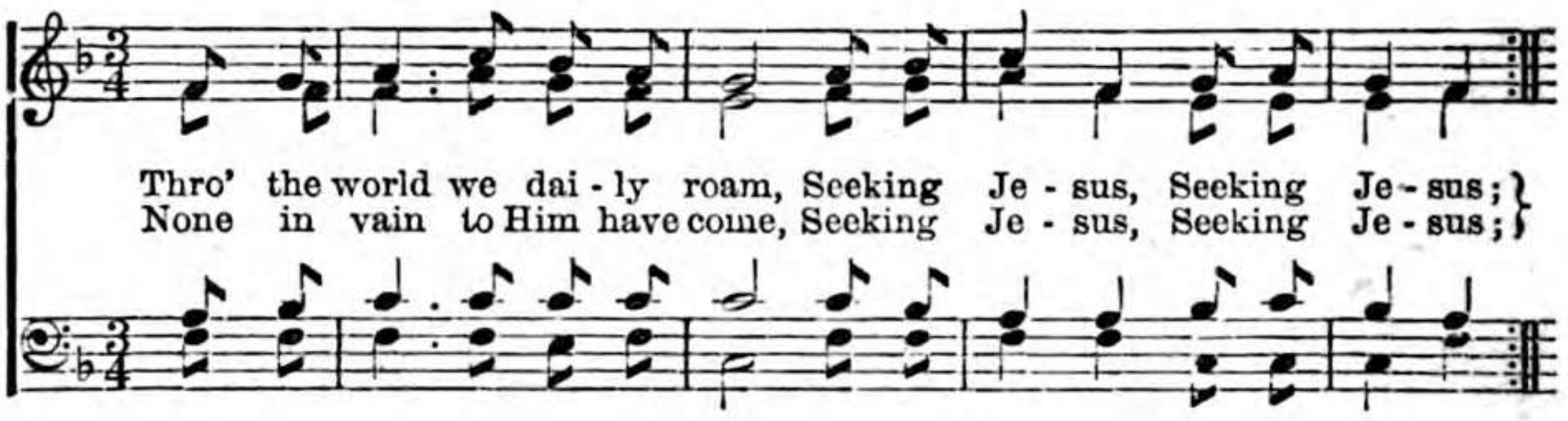


Shall we ever rise to dwell,
In the light, in the light,
Where immortal praises swell,
In the light of God?
And can children ever go,
In the light, in the light,
Where eternal Sabbaths glow,
In the light of God?
Chorus—Let us walk, &c.
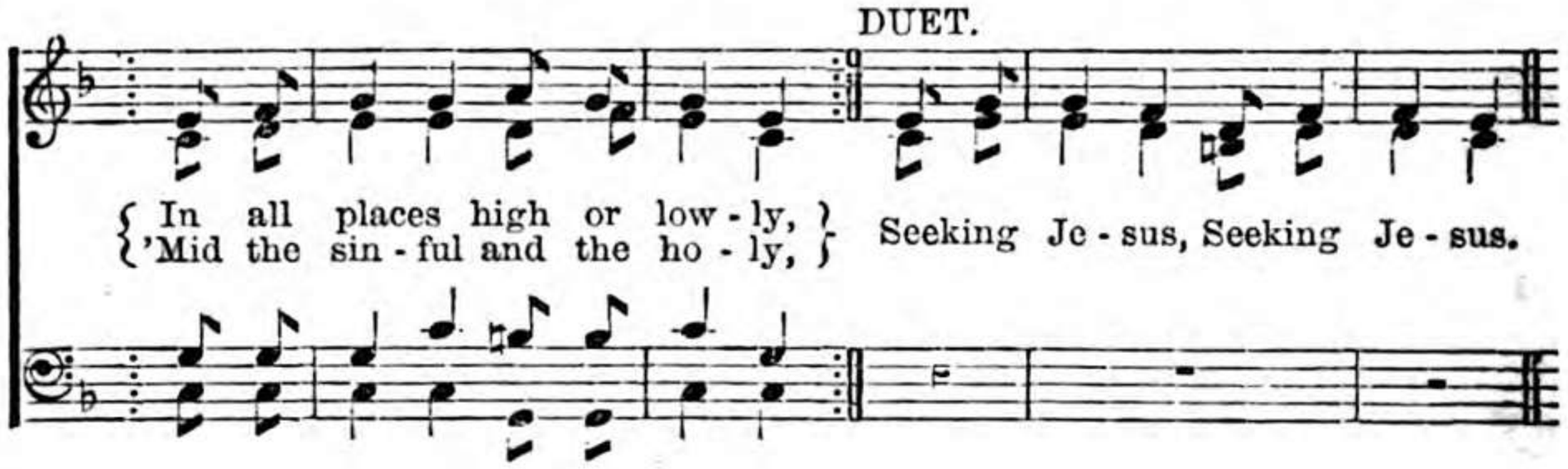
Yes, that bliss our own may be,
In the light, in the light,
All the good shall Jesus see,
In the light of God;
For the good a rest remains,
In the light, in the light,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns,
In the light of God.
Chorus—Let us walk, &c.

SEEKING JESUS.

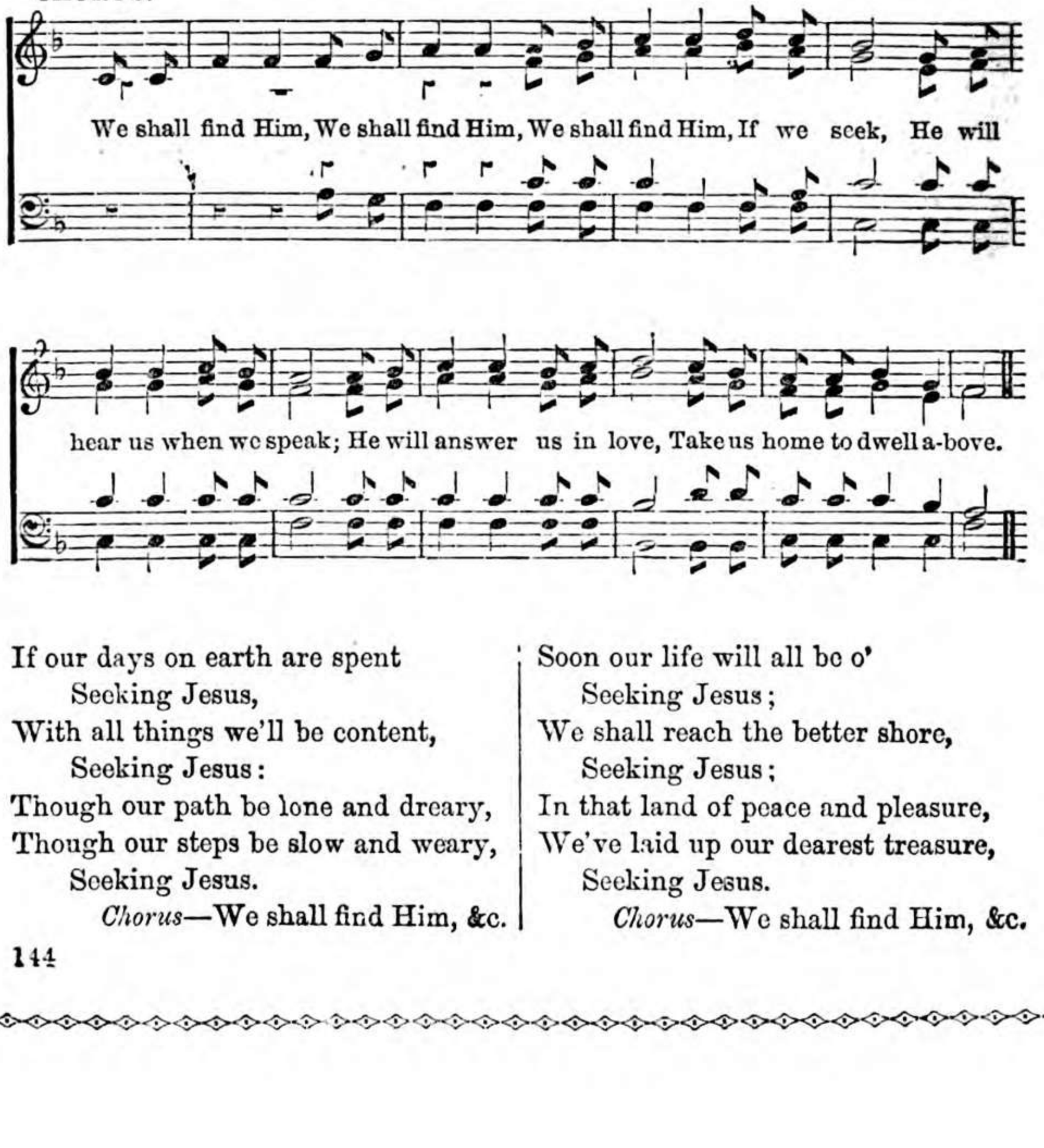
141.



DUET.



CHORUS.
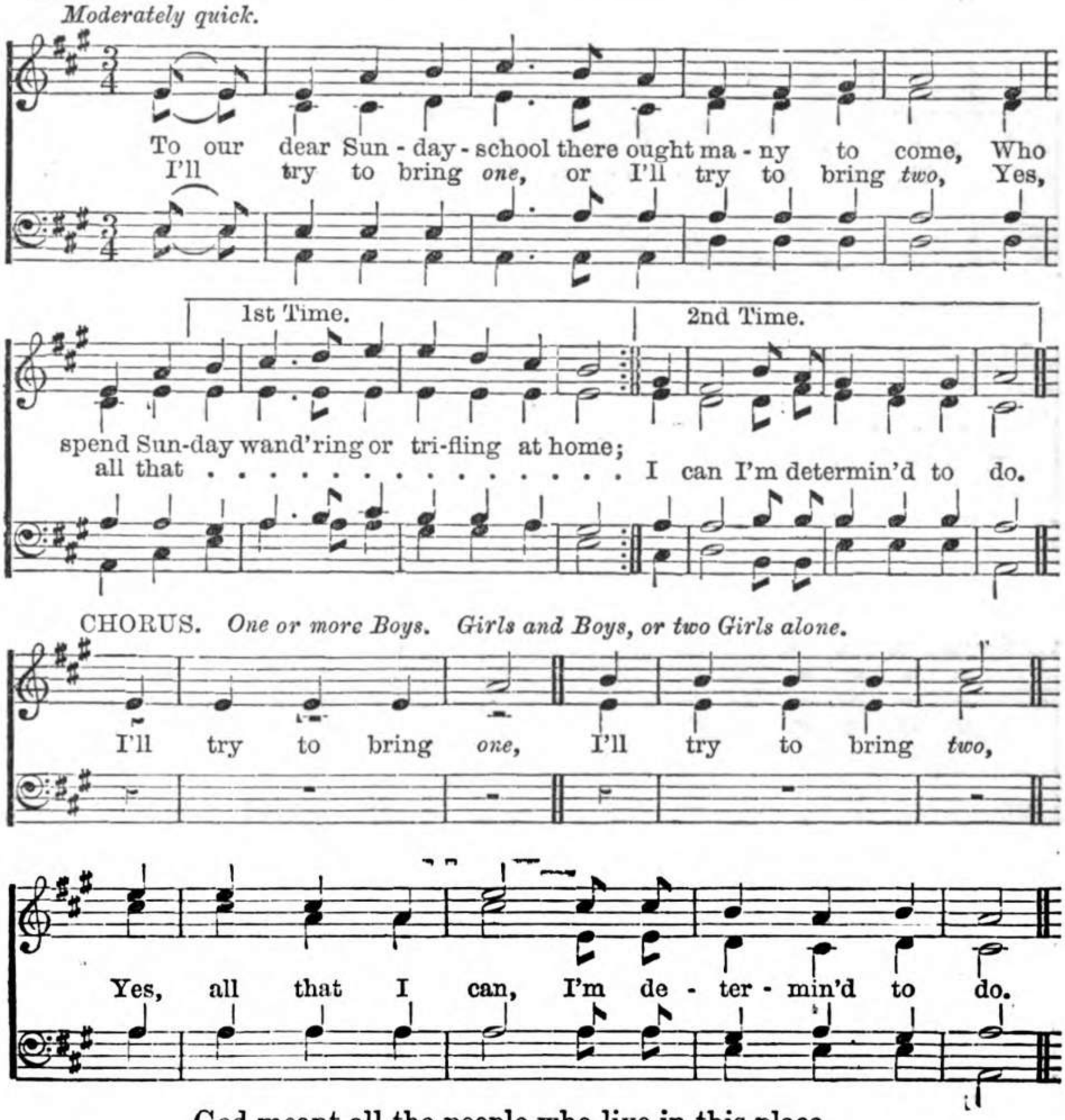


If our days on earth are spent
Seeking Jesus,
With all things we'll be content,
Seeking Jesus:
Though our path be lone and dreary,
Though our steps be slow and weary,
Seeking Jesus.
Chorus—We shall find Him, &c.

Soon our life will all be o'
Seeking Jesus;
We shall reach the better shore,
Seeking Jesus;
In that land of peace and pleasure,
We've laid up our dearest treasure,
Seeking Jesus.
Chorus—We shall find Him, &c.

I'LL TRY TO BRING ONE.

142.

Moderately quick.



God meant all the people who live in this place,
To hear of His goodness, and join in His praise;
So I'll try to bring *one*, or I'll try to bring *two*,
Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.
Chorus—I'll try to bring one, &c.

Let me think; are there none of the dear ones at home,
The large, or the little, who never have come?
Oh, I'll beg and I'll coax, try for *one*, try for *two*,
Yes, all that I can, I'm determined to do.
Chorus—I'll try to bring one, &c.
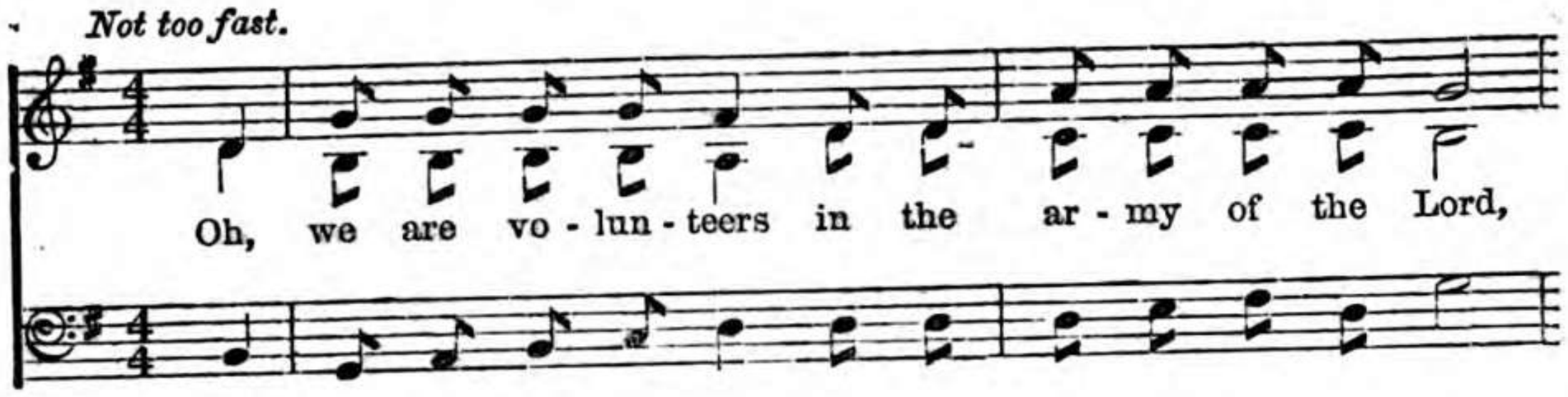
My cousins and playmates, who live in this street,
I'll ask them to come, the next time that we meet;
Who knows but among them I'll get *one*, or *two*,
For all that I can, I'm determined to do.
Chorus—I'll try to bring one, &c.
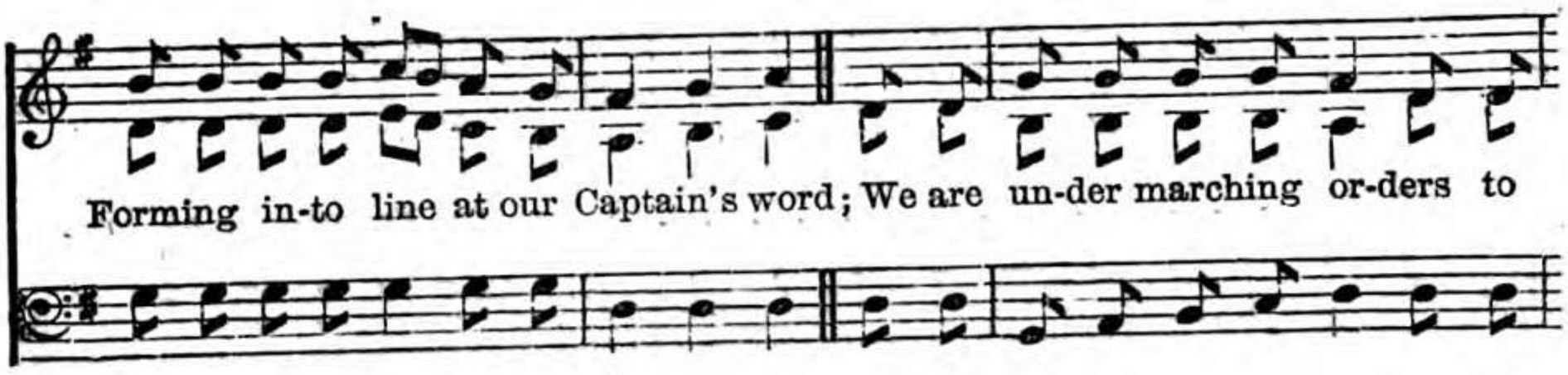
Perhaps up to heaven some day I may go,
What glory and blessedness then I shall know!
But I want in that glory that many may share,—
That one, two, yes, all I can take, may be there.
Chorus—I'll try to bring, one, &c.

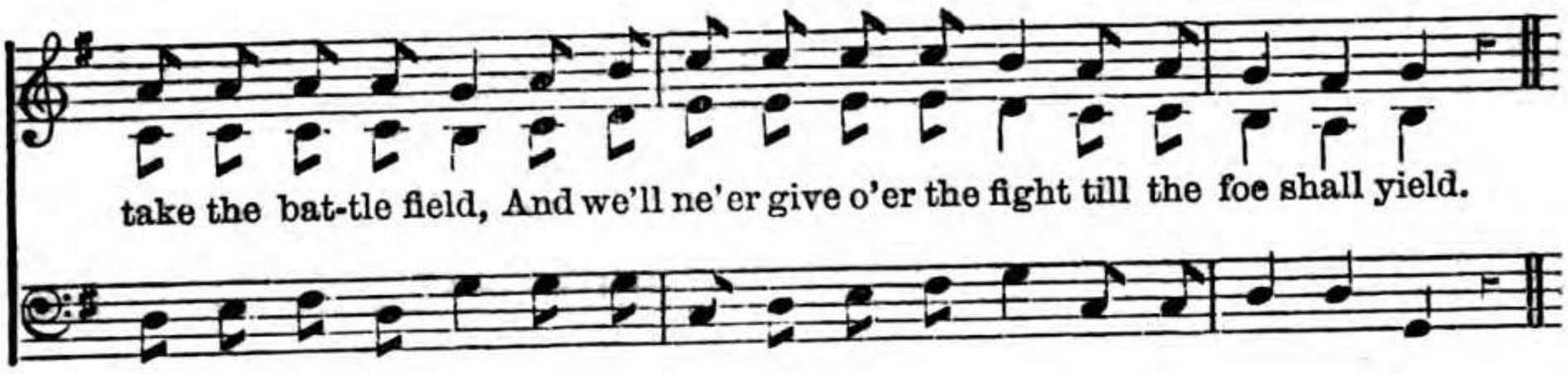
OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

143.

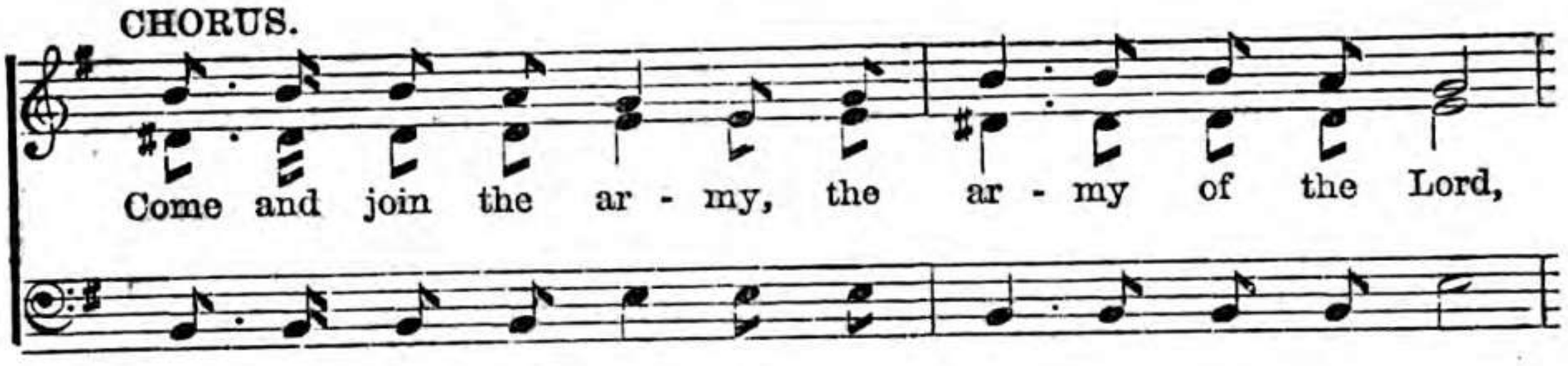
Not too fast.
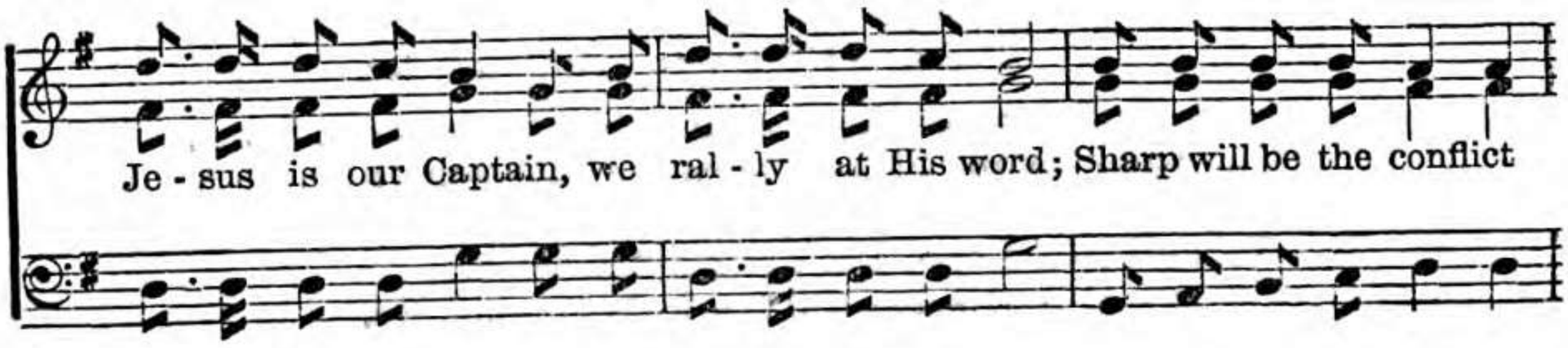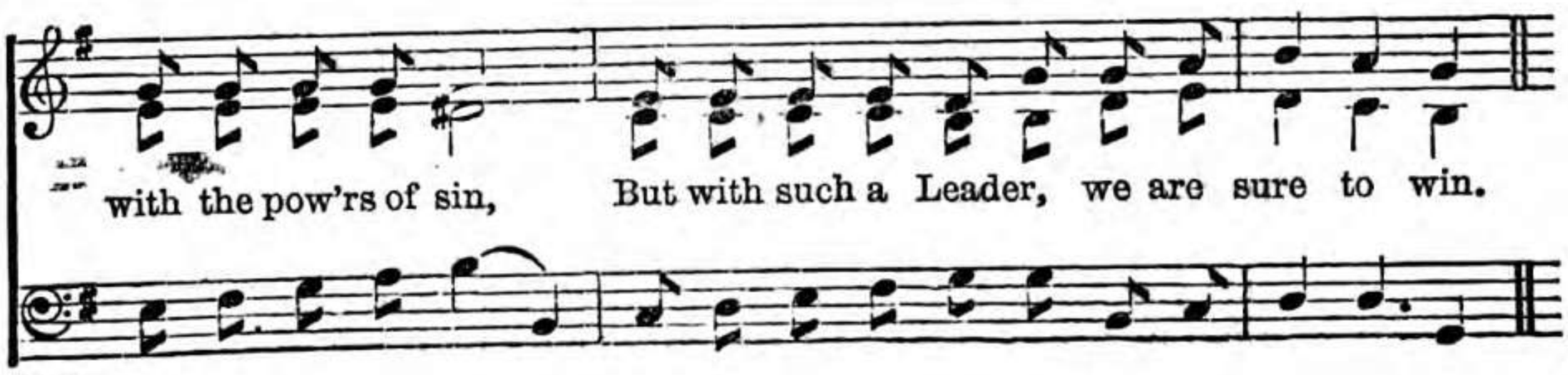






CHORUS.
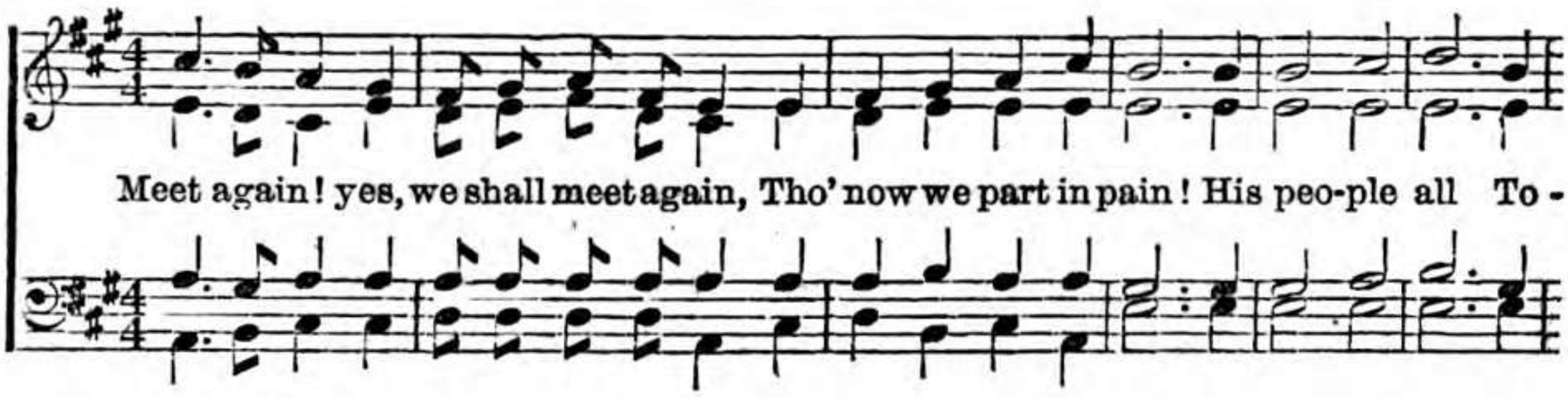






The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honours vain,
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.
Chorus—Come and join the army, &c.

Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side,—
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
They are cruel, fierce, and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must watch, and fight, and pray, it we'd drive them back.
Chorus—Come and join the army, &c.

Oh, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And His people shall be blessed for evermore.
Chorus—Come and join the army, &c.

RE-UNION.

144.



Soon the days of absence shall be o'er,
And thou shalt weep no more;
Our meeting day
Shall wipe all tears away,
Hallelujah!

Now I go with gladness to our home,
With gladness thou shalt come;
There I will wait
To meet thee at heaven's gate.
Hallelujah!

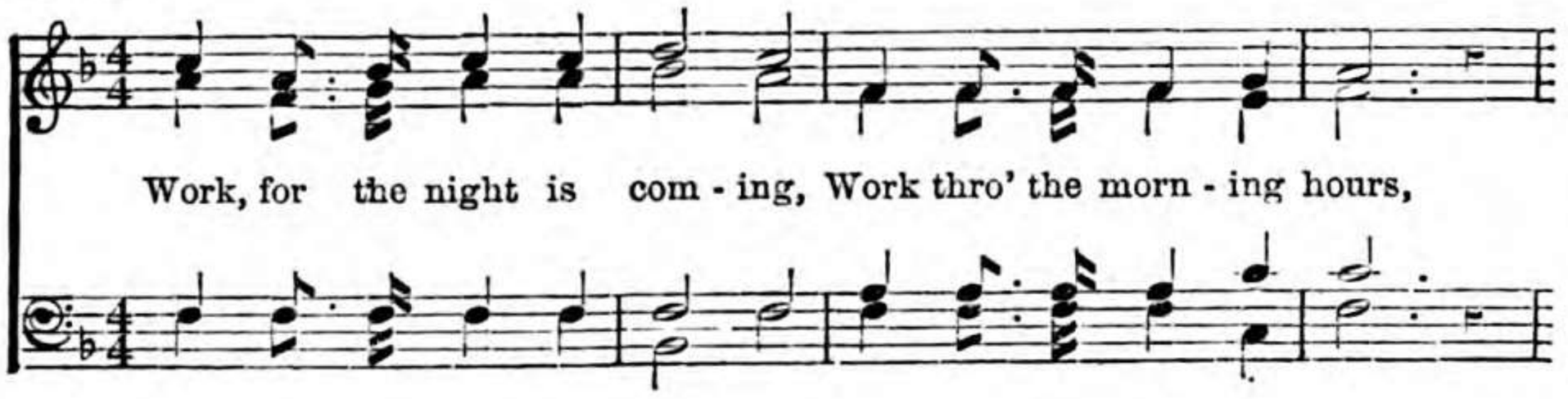
Dearest! what delight again to share
Our sweet communion there!
To walk among
The holy ransomed throng.
Hallelujah!

Not to mortal sight can it be given
To know the bliss of heaven;
But thou shalt be
Soon there, and sing with me
Hallelujah!

Meet again! yes, we shall meet again,
Though now we part in vain!
Together all
His people Christ shall call.
Hallelujah!

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

145.
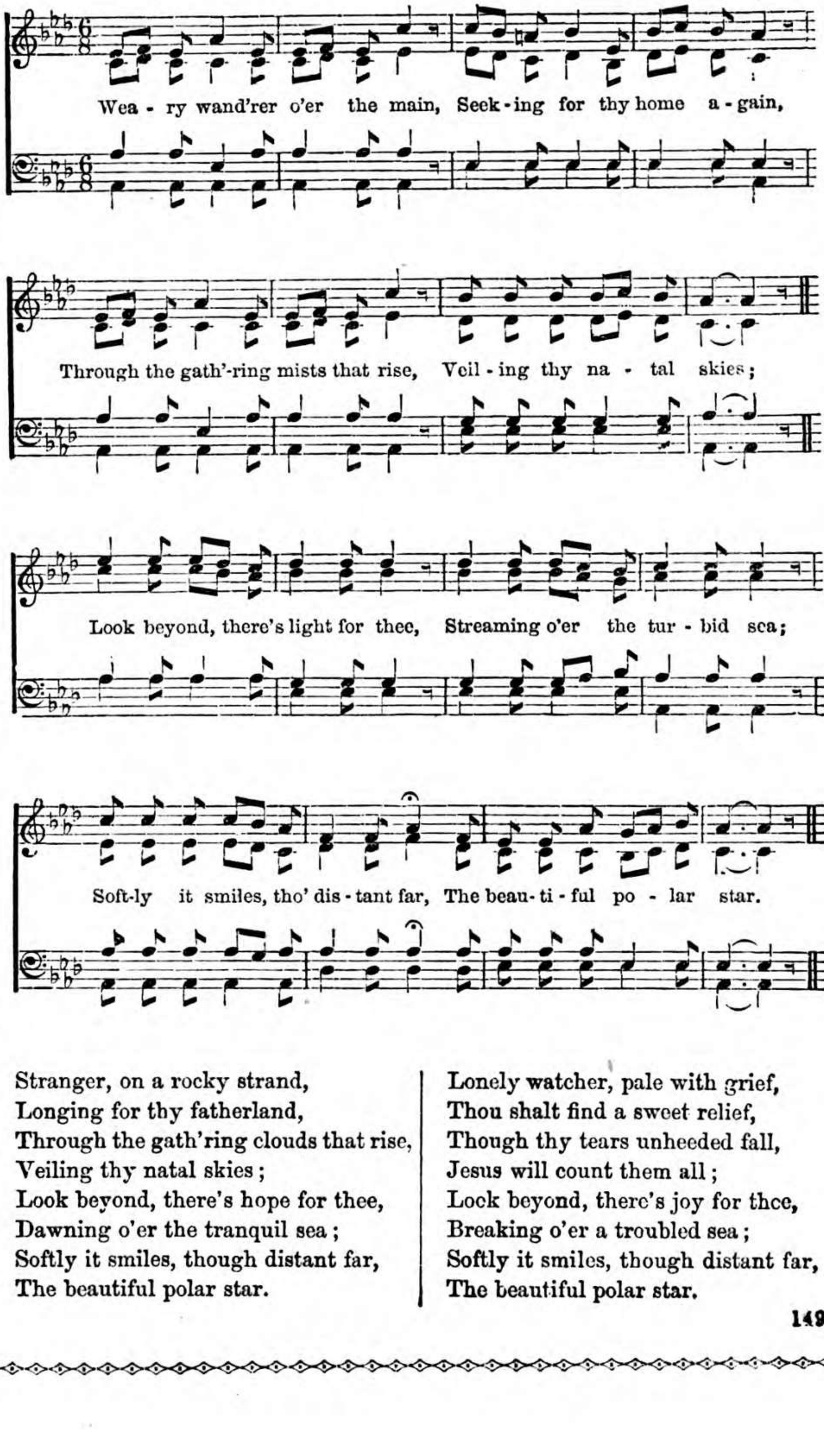


Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

THE POLAR STAR.

146.
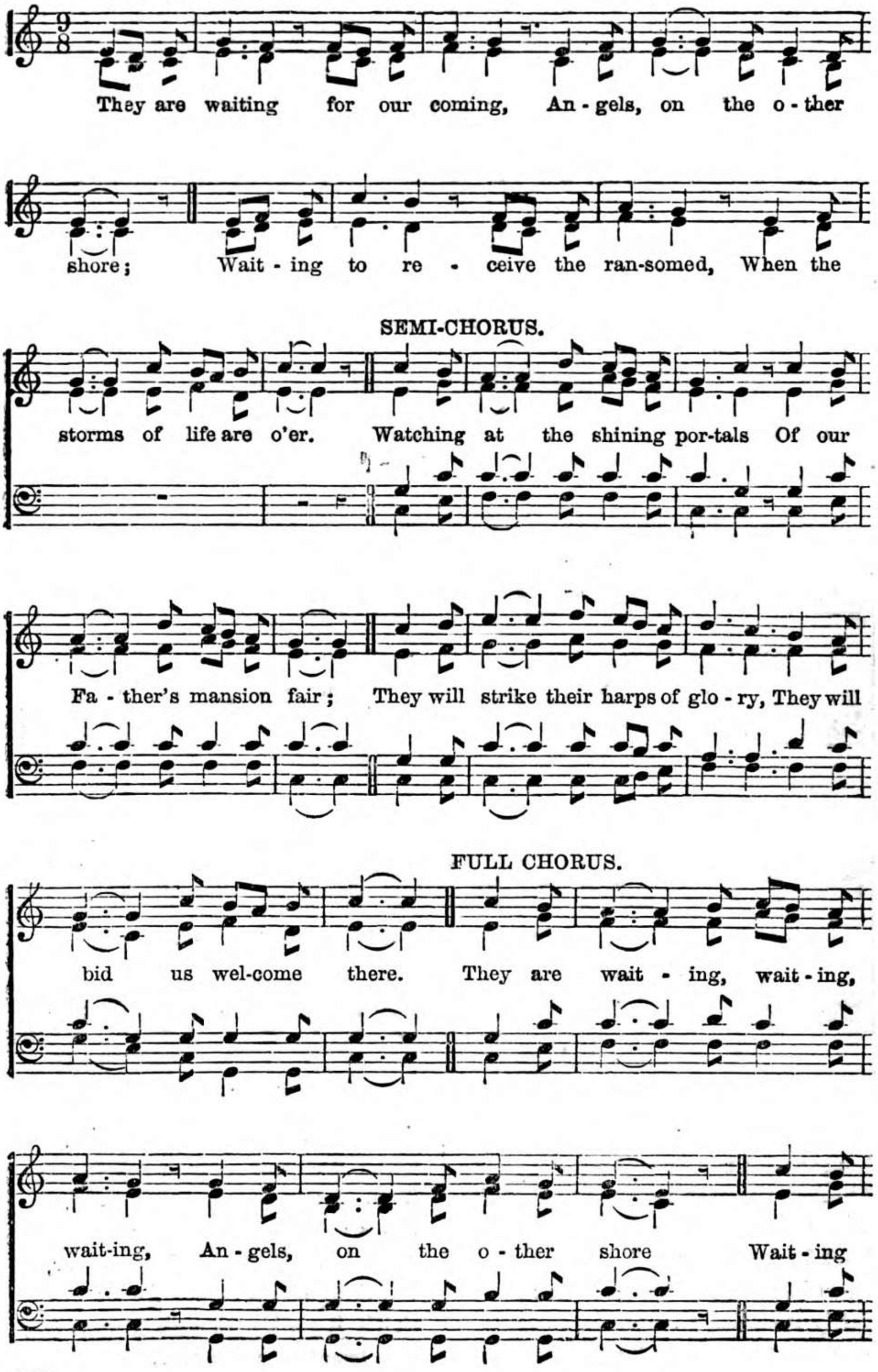


Stranger, on a rocky strand,
Longing for thy fatherland,
Through the gath'ring clouds that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies;
Look beyond, there's hope for thee,
Dawning o'er the tranquil sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

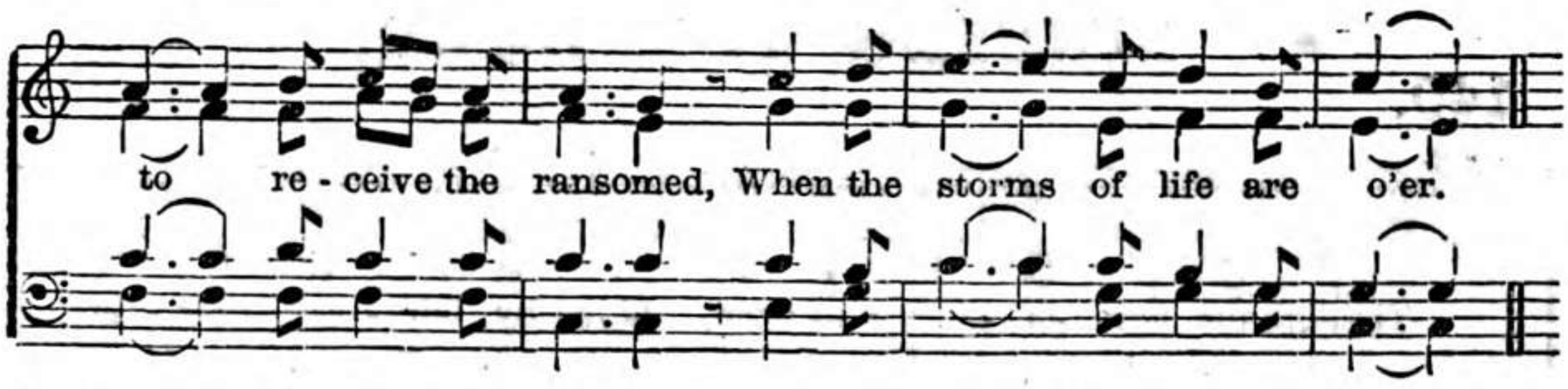
Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
Thou shalt find a sweet relief,
Though thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all;
Lock beyond, there's joy for thee,
Breaking o'er a troubled sea;
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

ANGELS ARE WAITING.

147.

DUET. *Moderato.*
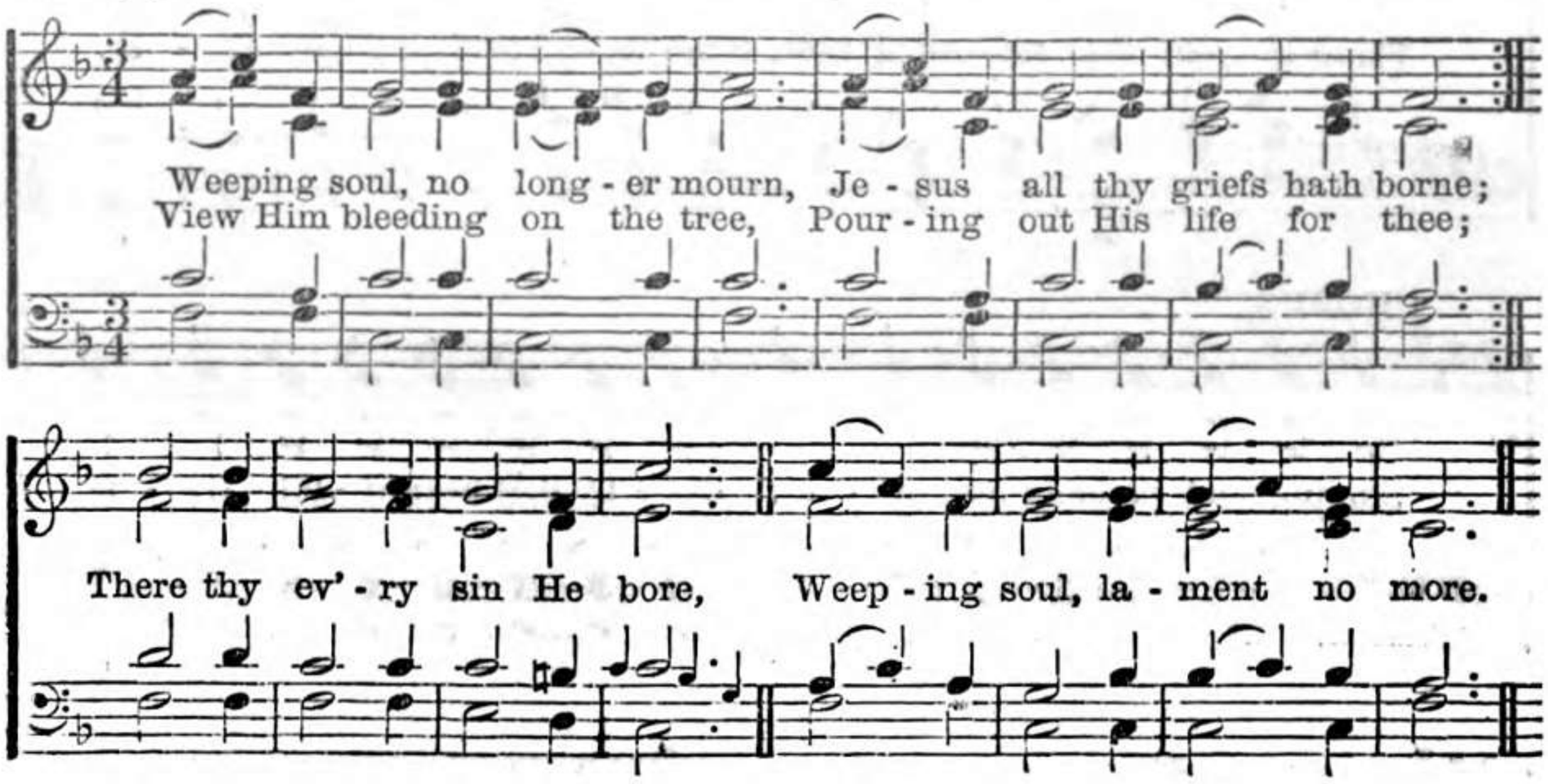




They are waiting for the aged,
Those who long the way have trod;
Waiting for the poor in spirit,
Rich in faith and love to God;
Semi-Chorus—For the young and valiant soldiers,
Who have nobly borne their part;
For the self-denying Christian,
For the meek, the pure in heart.
Chorus—They are waiting, &c.

They are waiting for the heralds,
Who in distant lands proclaim
Life eternal, free salvation,
Through a dying Saviour's name;
Semi-Chorus—Waiting for a silent mourner,
For the weary and oppressed,
Who have borne their cross with patience,
And are going home to rest.
Chorus—They are waiting, &c.

In the sunny vales of Eden,
By the river clear and bright,
Where the tree of life is planted,
And our faith is lost in sight;
Semi-Chorus—We shall join the "Church triumphant,"
Free from sorrow, toil, and care:
Every tie again united,
There will be no parting there.
Chorus—They are waiting, &c.

LAMENT NO MORE.

148.



All thy crimes on Him were laid;
See, upon His blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

SINGING FOR EVER.
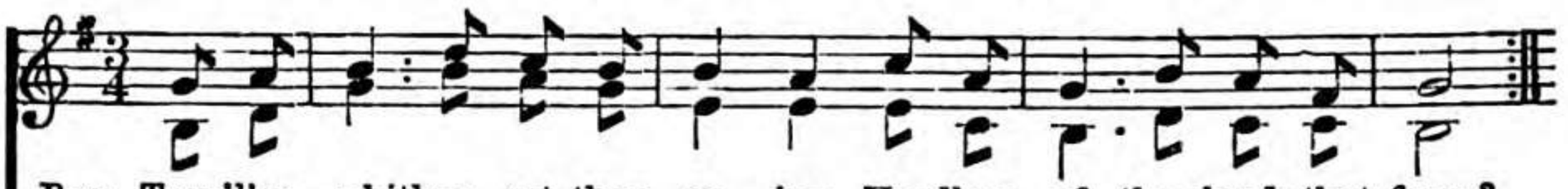
149.

There are Saints in robes of white,
That have gone before us,
With the angels they unite,
Swelling the heavenly chorus.
And with them we hope to stand,
Close by the beautiful river,
There to join the ransomed host,
Singing and praising for ever.
Chorus—Singing and praising, &c.
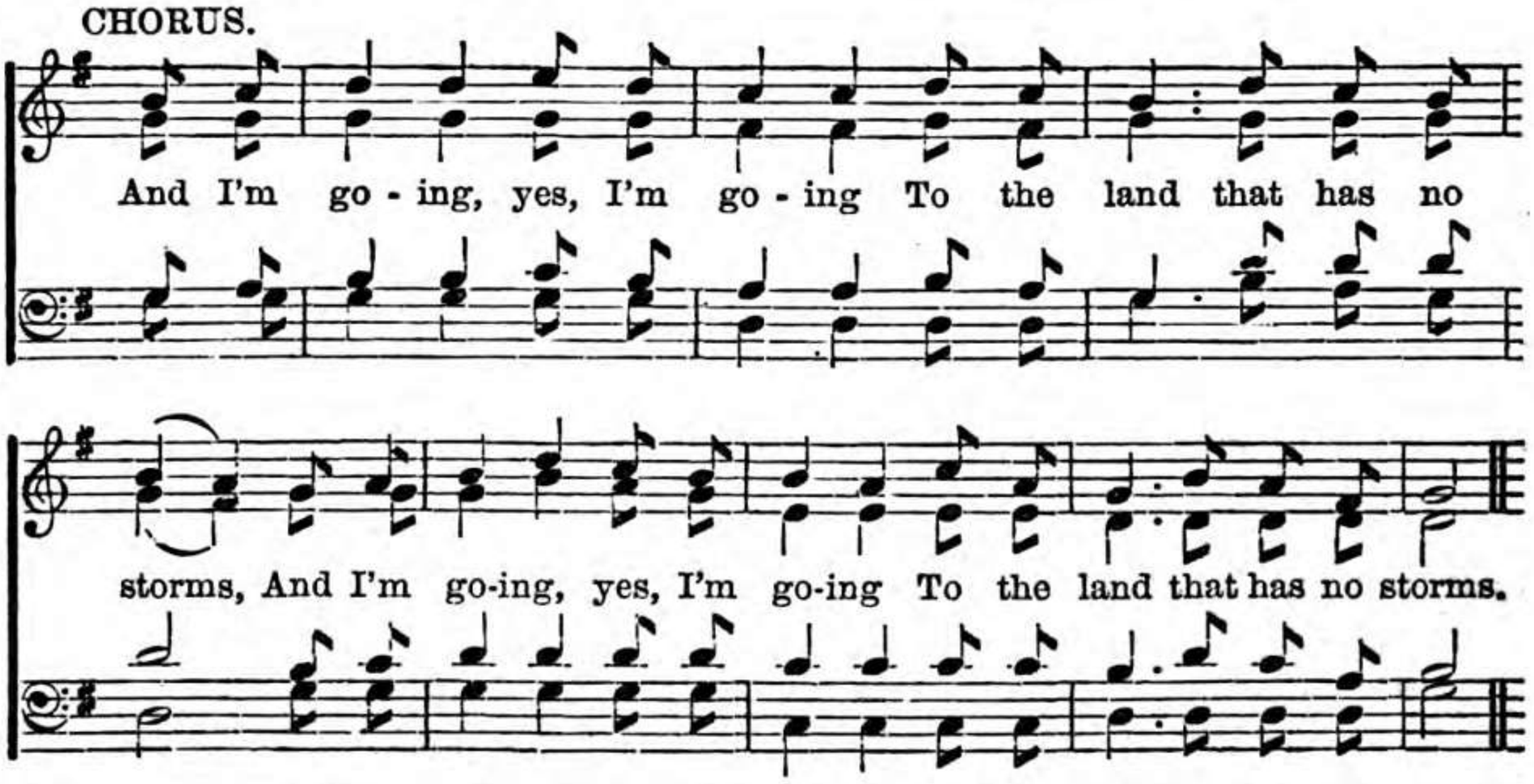
A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

150.

DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.



CHORUS.
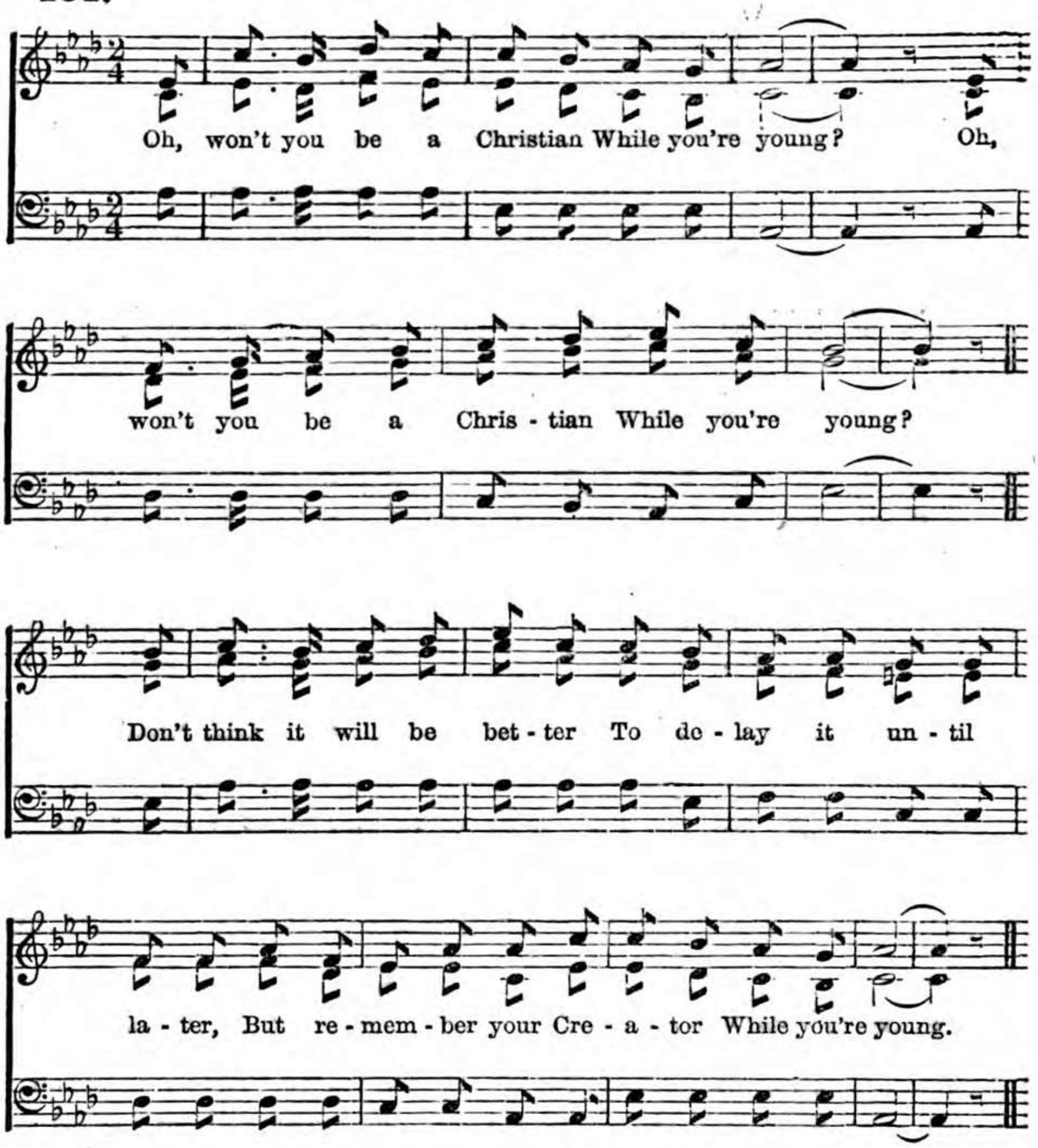


Boys. Trav'ller, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest's power?
Girls. I have not a thought of danger,
Though the sky more darkly lower.
Chorus—And I'm going, &c.

Boys. Trav'ller, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er,
Girls. No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore.
Chorus—And I'm going, &c.

Boys. Trav'ller, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form,
Girls. Yes! but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm.
Chorus—And I'm going, &c.

WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

151.



Oh, won't you love the Saviour
While you're young?
For you He left His glory
And embraced a cross so gory;
Won't you heed the melting story
While you're young?
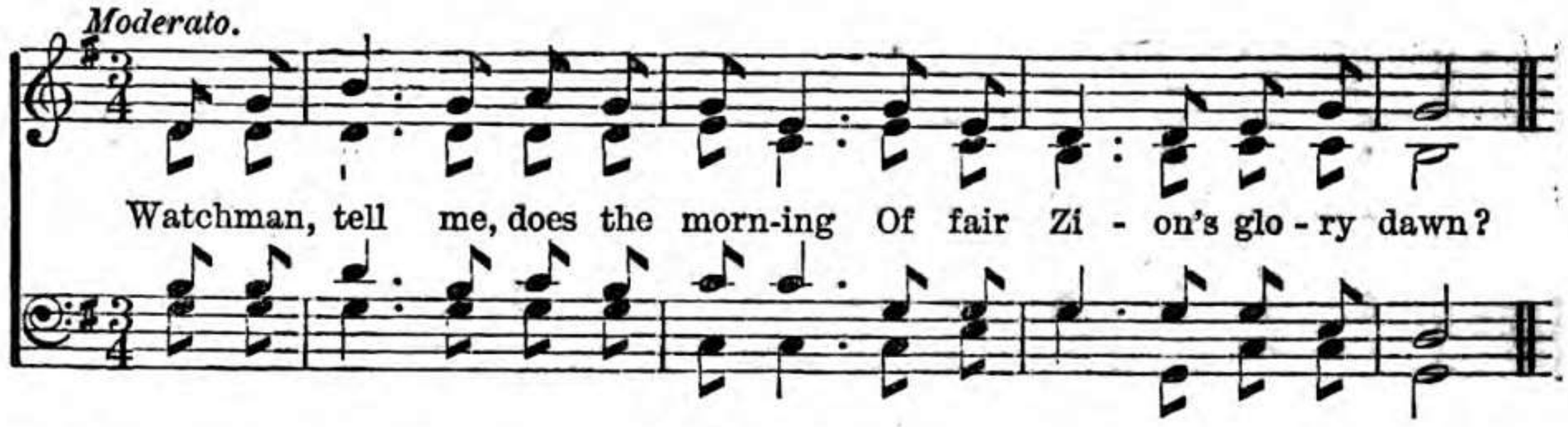
Remember, death may find you
While you're young:
For friends are often weeping,
And the stars their watch are keeping
O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping
Lie the young.

Oh, walk the path to glory
While you're young;
And Jesus will befriend you,
And from danger will defend you,
And a peace divine will send you
While you're young.

Then won't you be a Christian
While you're young?
Why from the future borrow,
When, ere comes another morrow,
You may weep in endless sorrow
While you're young?

WATCHMAN, TELL ME.

152.



Watchman, see, the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day,
When the solemn trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.
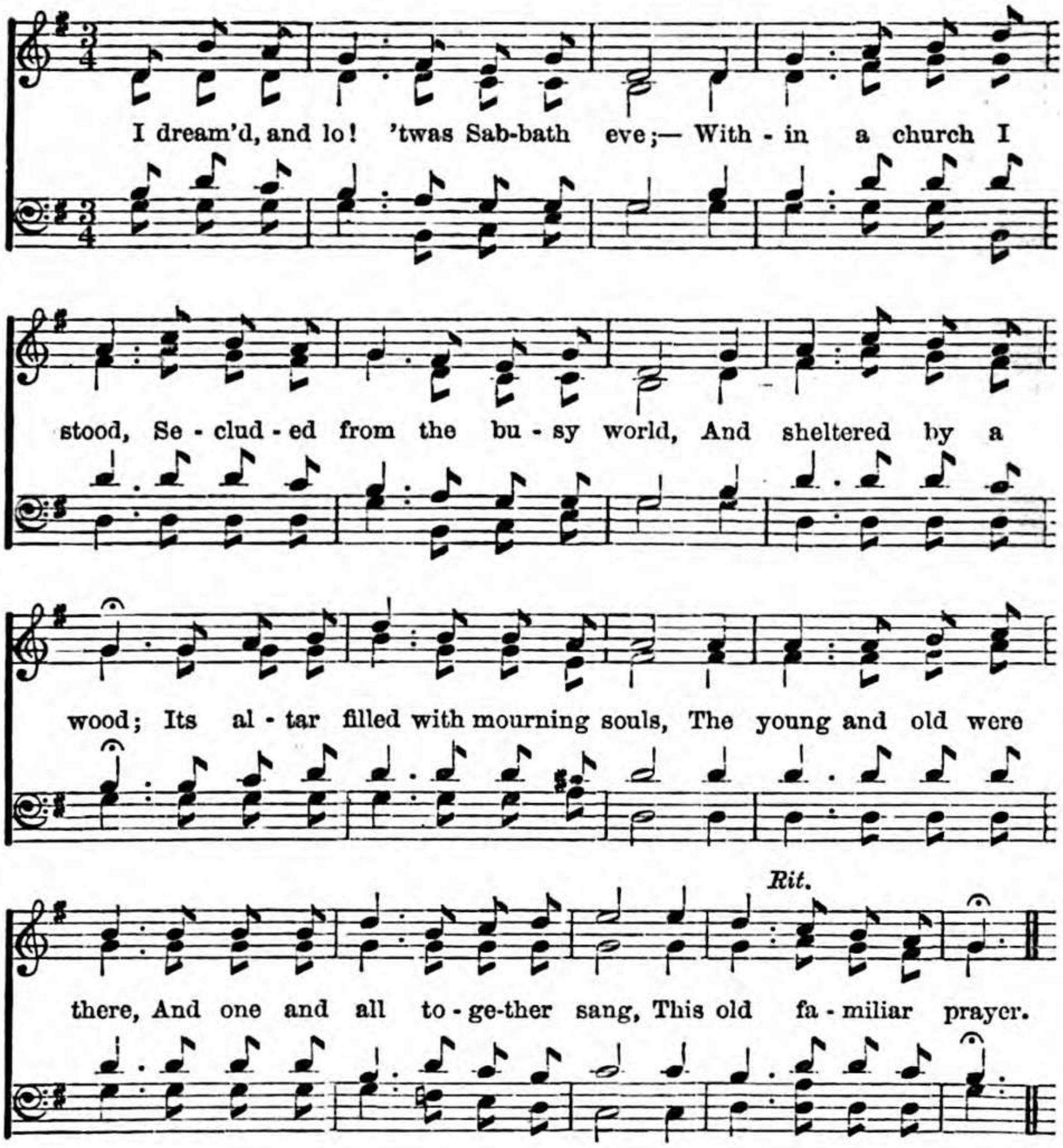
Watchman, hail, the light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbatic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom's very near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise,
Salem too appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.

Watchman, in the golden city,
Seated on His jasper throne,
Zion's King enthroned in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There on sun-lit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow

Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder, O how cheering
Bloom for ever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air,
See the millions, hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

MUSICAL DREAM.

153.

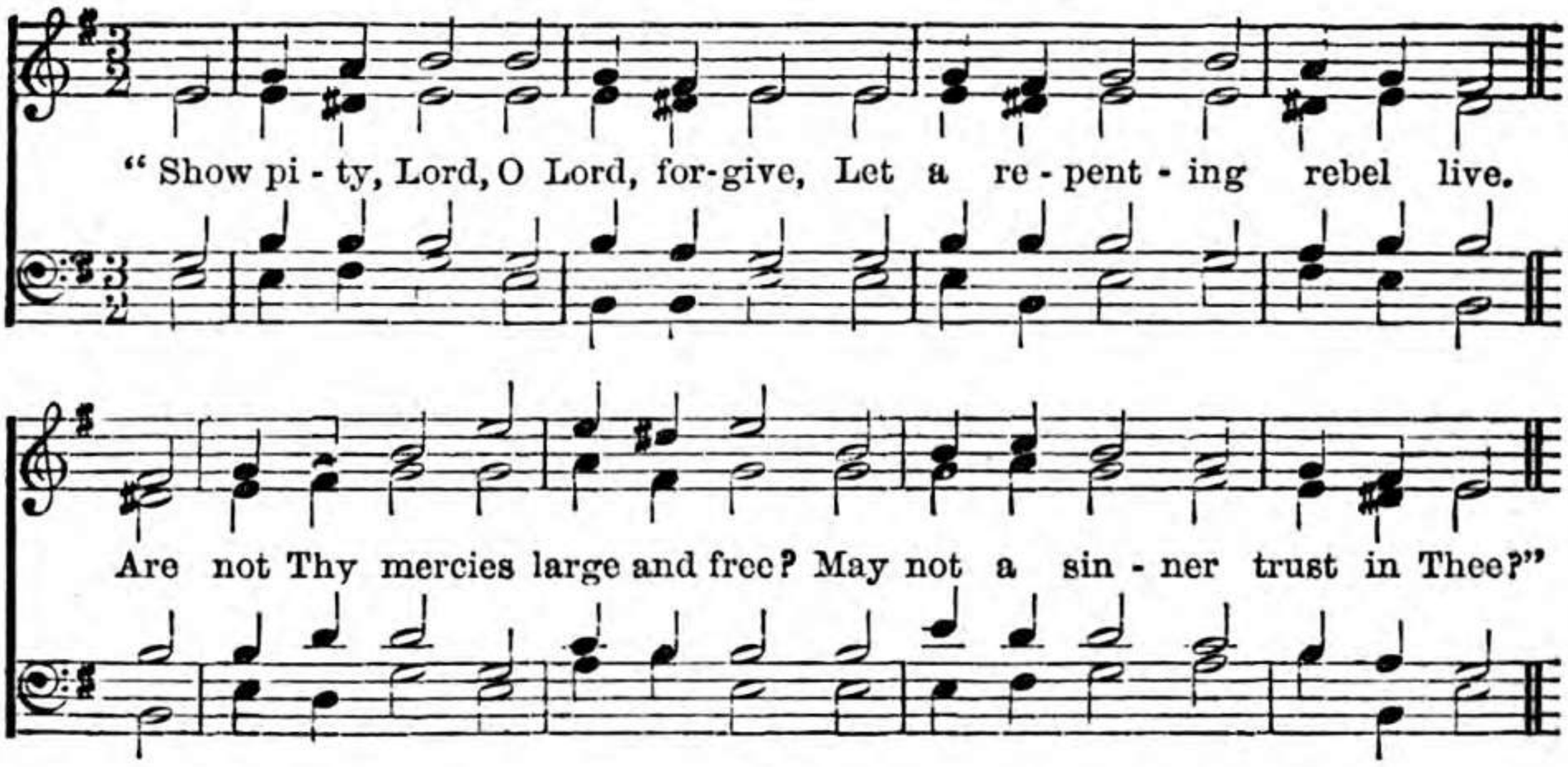


My heart was full; I wept for joy;
  They had not sung in vain;
For God was in that holy place,
  And souls were born again.
The congregation, deeply moved,
  Their earnest prayer renewed,
Another hymn of olden times
  They sang in tones subdued.

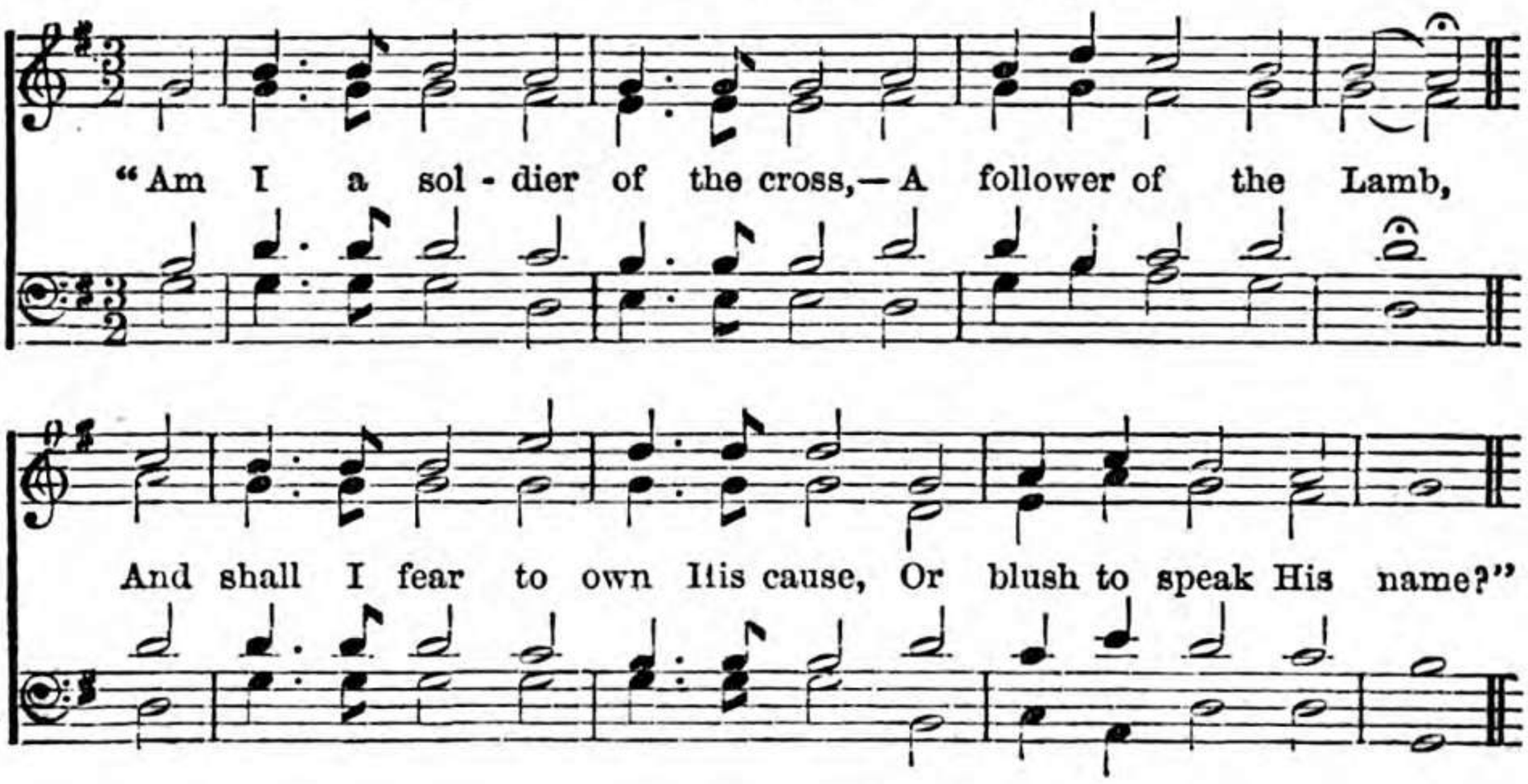
The scene was changed; and as I passed
  Along the sea of time,
The Church of God, with one concert,
  From earth's remotest clime,
United at the self-same hour
  In lofty strains to raise
One loud, ecstatic burst of joy,
  One glorious hymn of praise.

Then swifter than the lightning wing,
  In air I seemed to rise,
And in my dream a voice I heard,
  That filled me with surprise,
"'Tis done!" He cried; from heaven and earth
  One raptured chorus broke;
And with that universal shout
  I from my dream awoke.

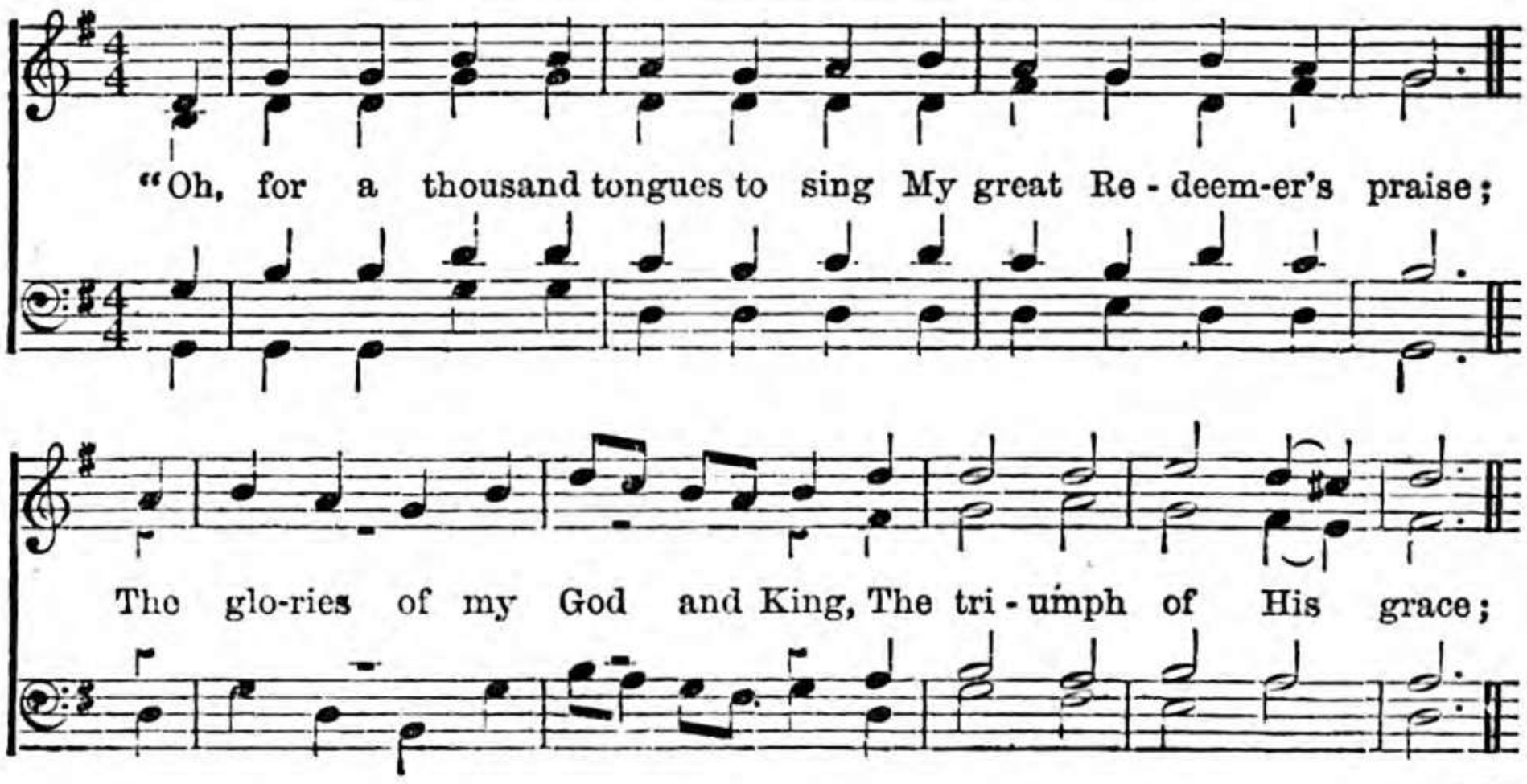
Sing after first verse ***WINDHAM, L.M.***
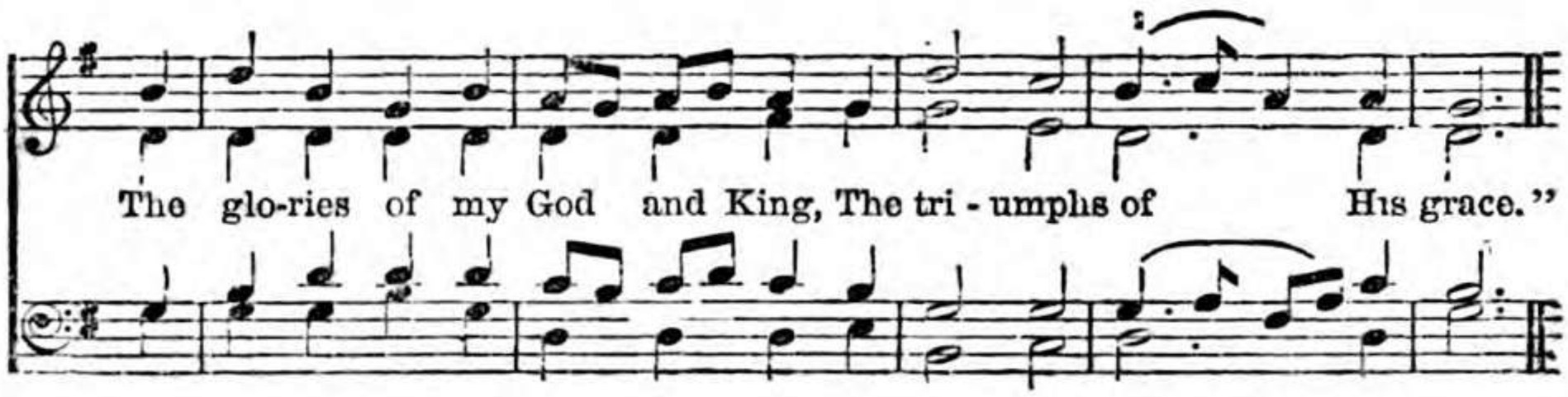


Sing after second verse ***ARLINGTON, C.M.***
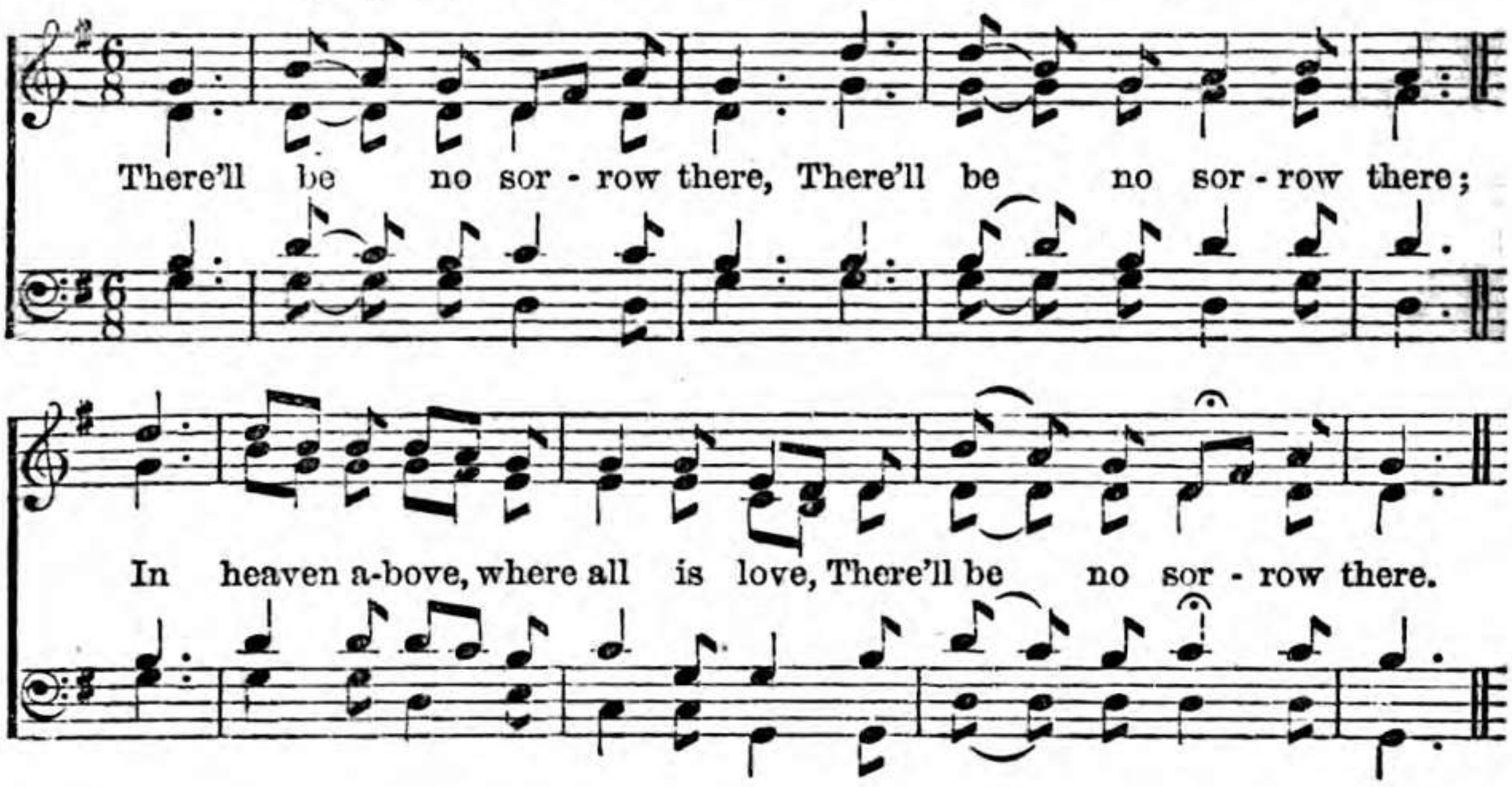


Sing after third verse ***CORONATION, C.M.***



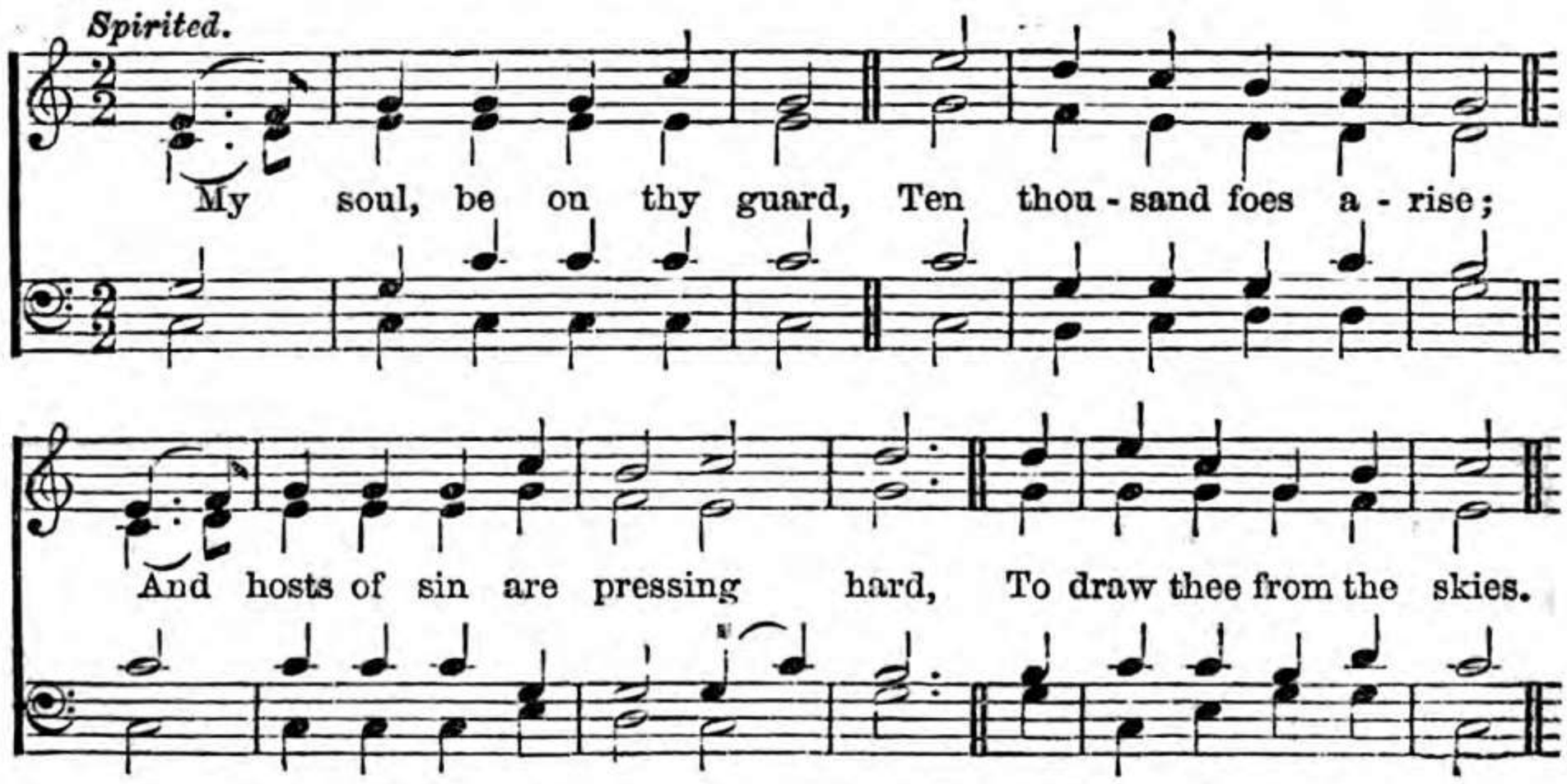


Sing after fourth verse ***THE HEAVENLY SHORE.***



LABAN.

154.
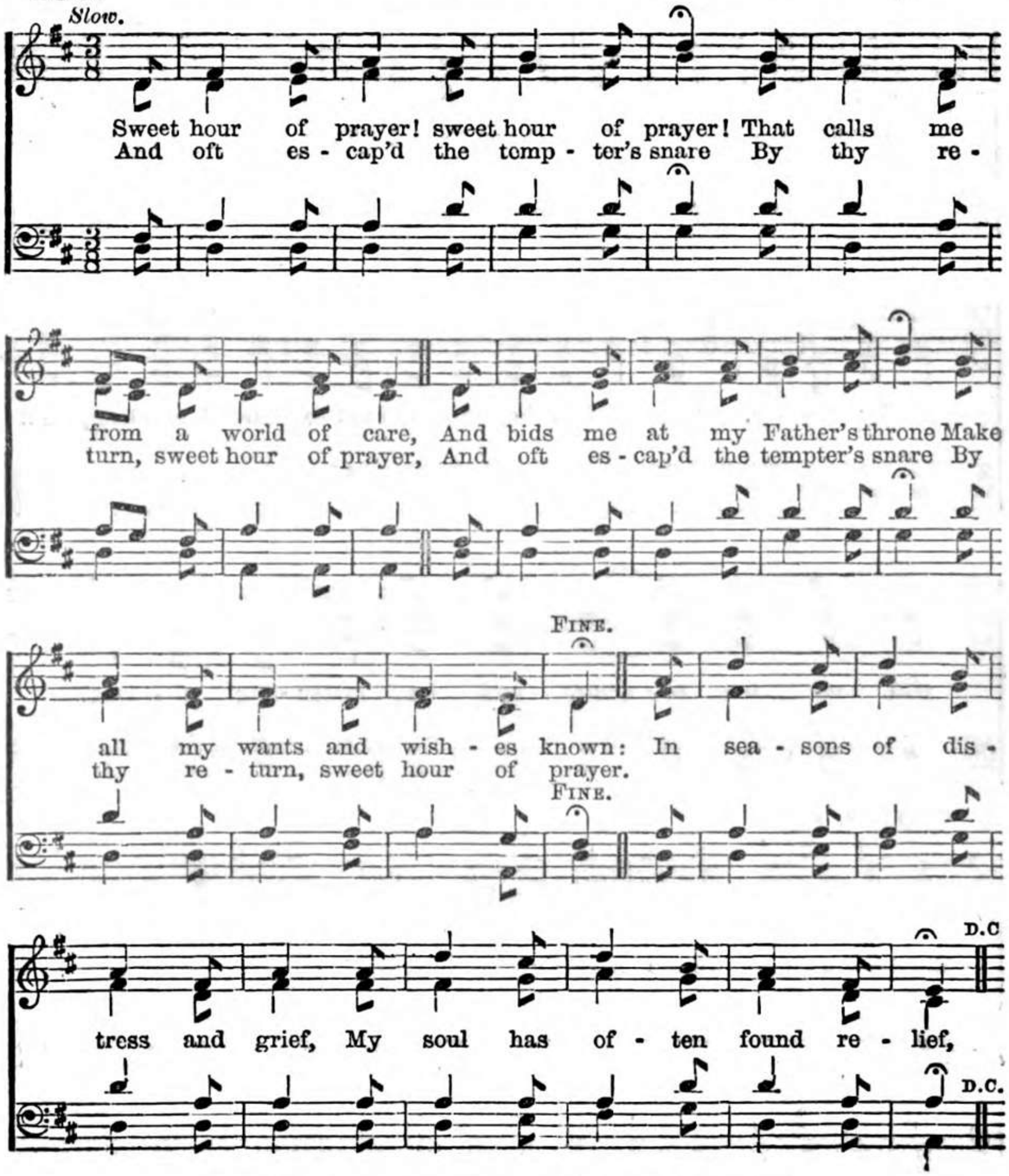


Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

155.



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 cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

MARCHING ALONG.

156.

The children are gath'ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sounding the

call for the war, The conflict is raging, 'twill be fear-ful and long, We'll

gird on our ar - mour, and be march - ing a - long.

CHORUS. *ff*

Marching a - long, we are marching a - long, Gird on the armour and be

marching a-long, The con - flict is raging, 'twill be fear-ful and long, Then

gird on the ar - mour and be march-ing a - long.

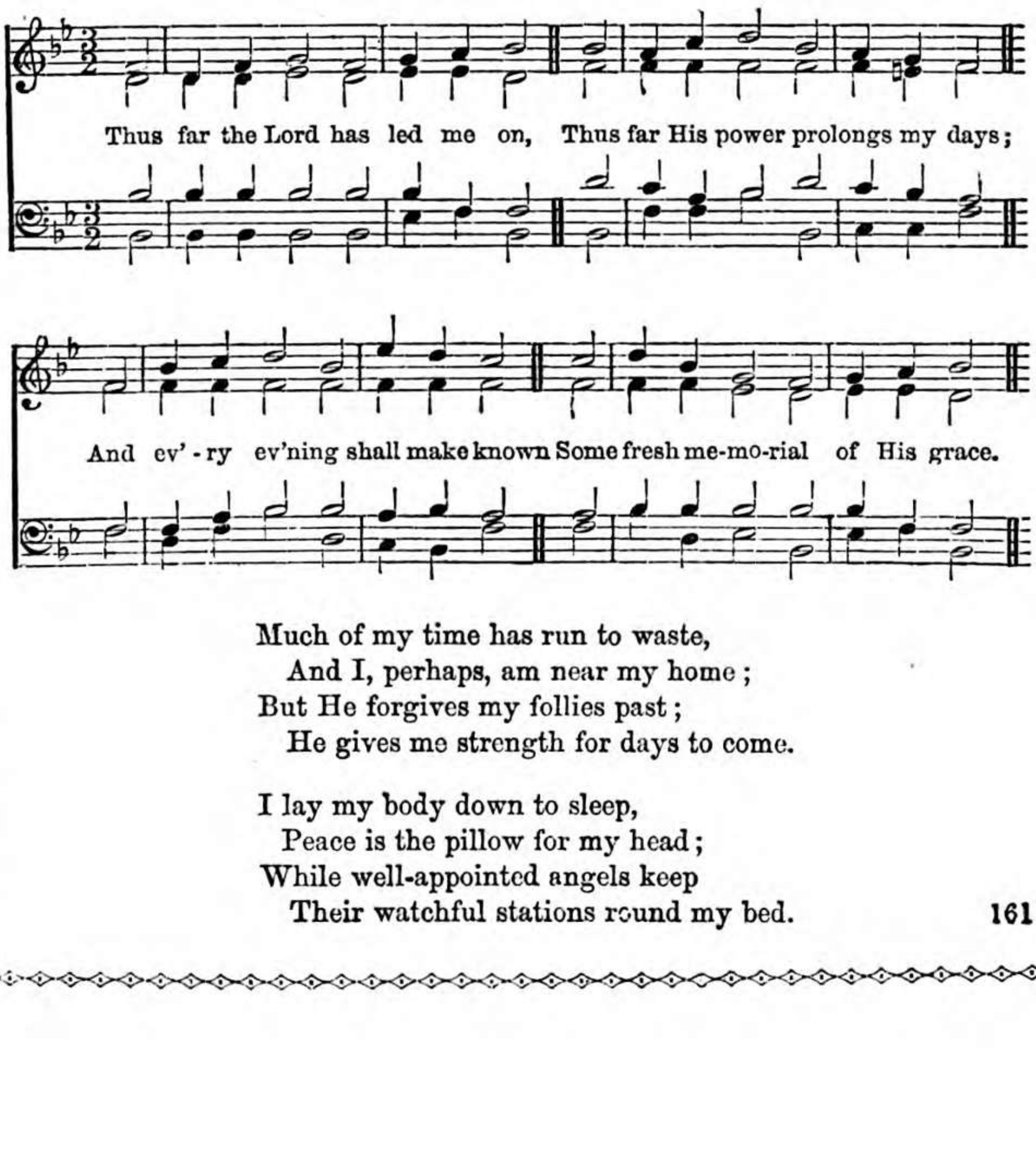
The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.
Chorus—Marching along, &c.

We've 'listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "Sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.
Chorus—Marching along, &c.

Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour while marching along.
Chorus—Marching along, &c.

HEBRON.

157.
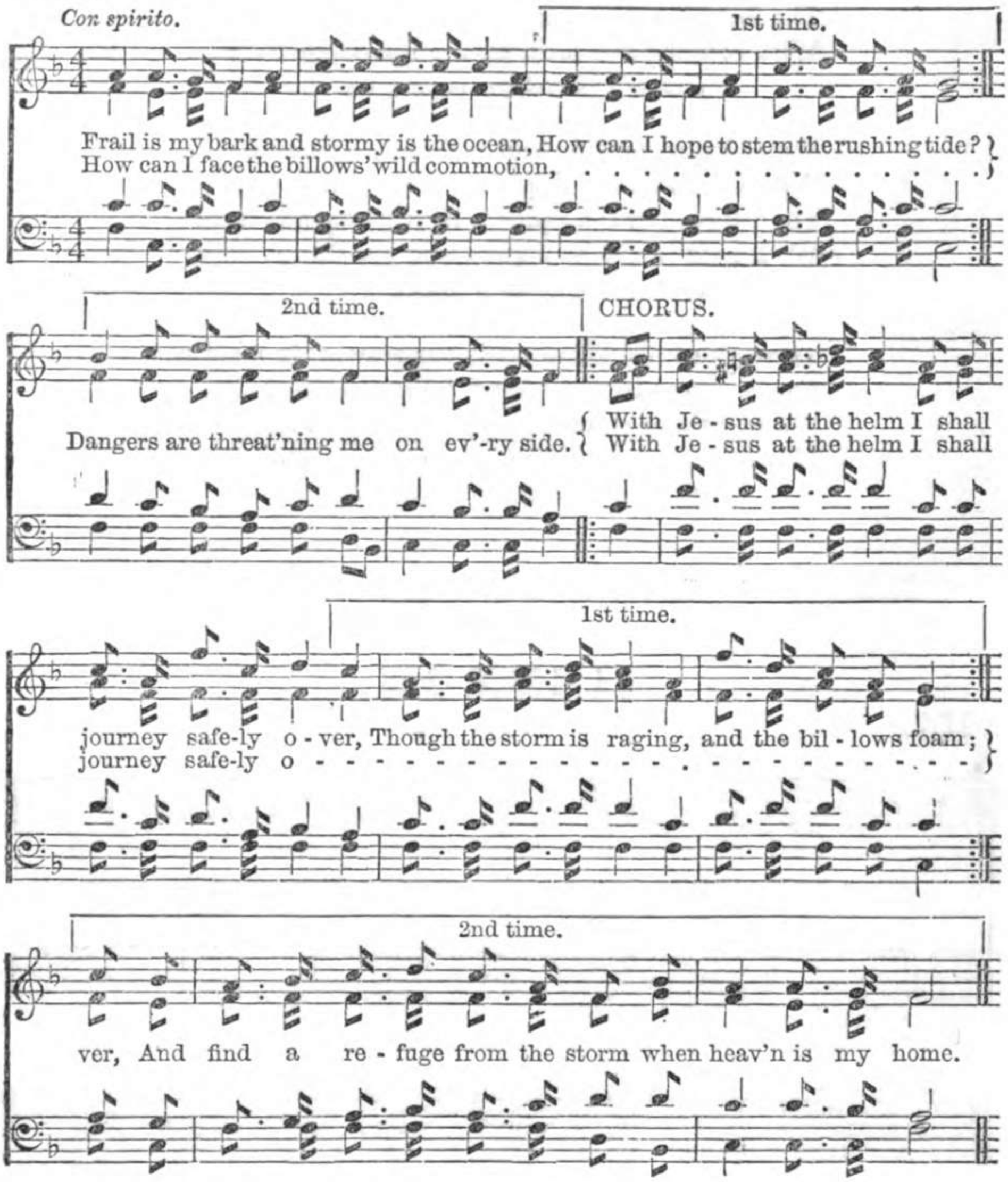


Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

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

JESUS AT THE HELM.

158.
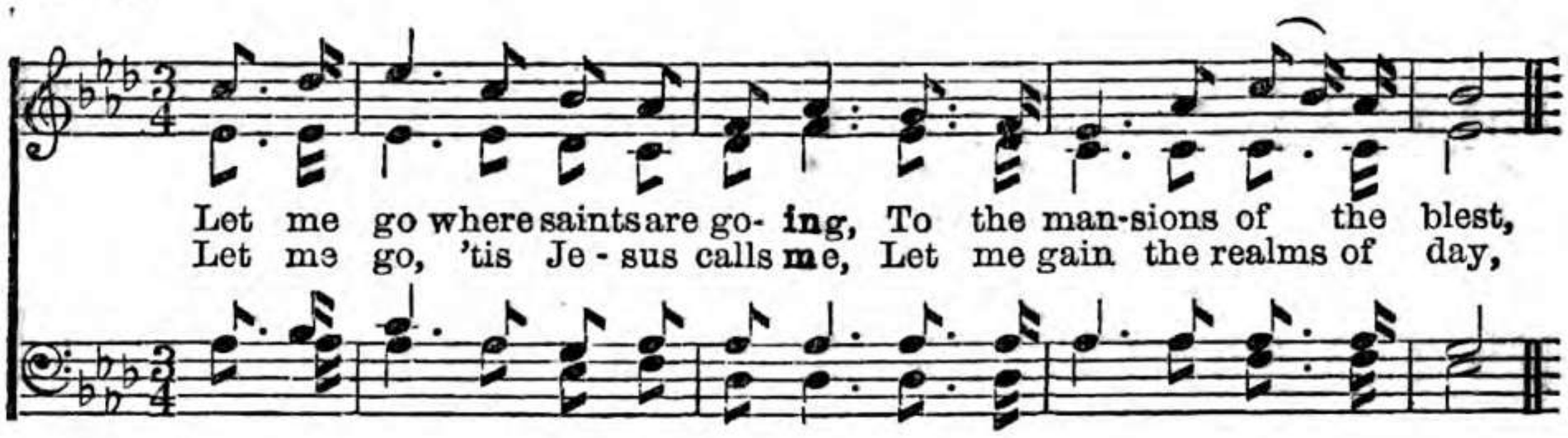


Though weak my faith, there's One whose love unfailing
Will cast a brightness over sight so dim;
His strength, for all my frailties still availing,
Will make me feel the love I owe to Him.
Chorus—With Jesus at the helm, &c.
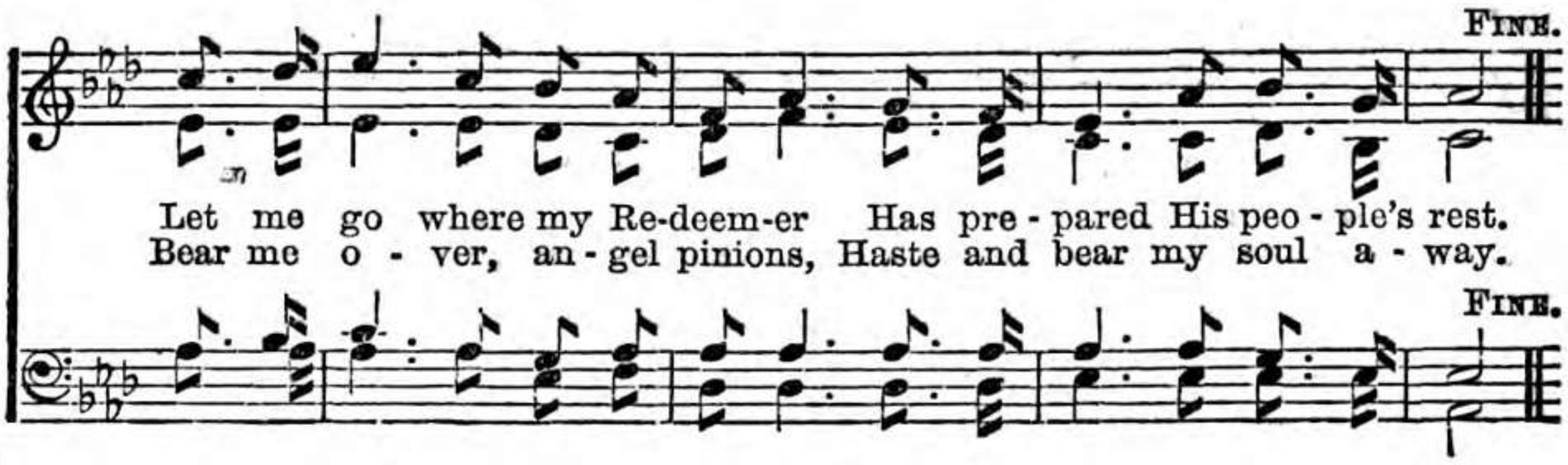
Hushed are my fears, and in His love confiding,
Oh let me lean my head upon His breast;
At His command the troubled waves subsiding,
Will safely bear me home with Him to rest.
Chorus—With Jesus at the helm, &c.

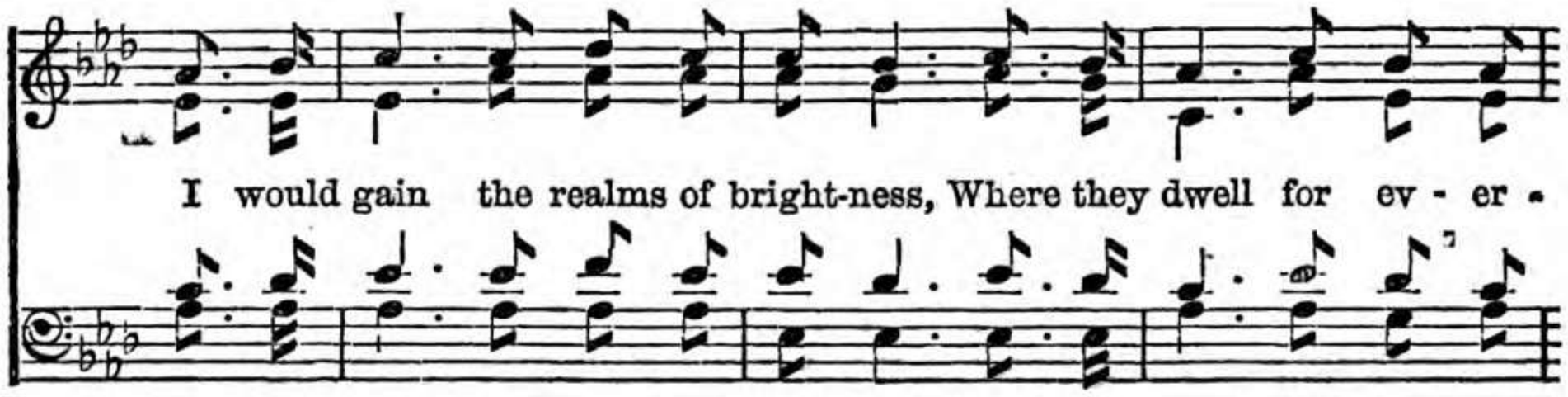
Frail is my bark, but Jesus is beside me,
E'en through the night I see His glorious form,
With Him to cheer, to strengthen and to guide me,
My soul will calmly brave the darkest storm.
Chorus—With Jesus at the helm, &c.
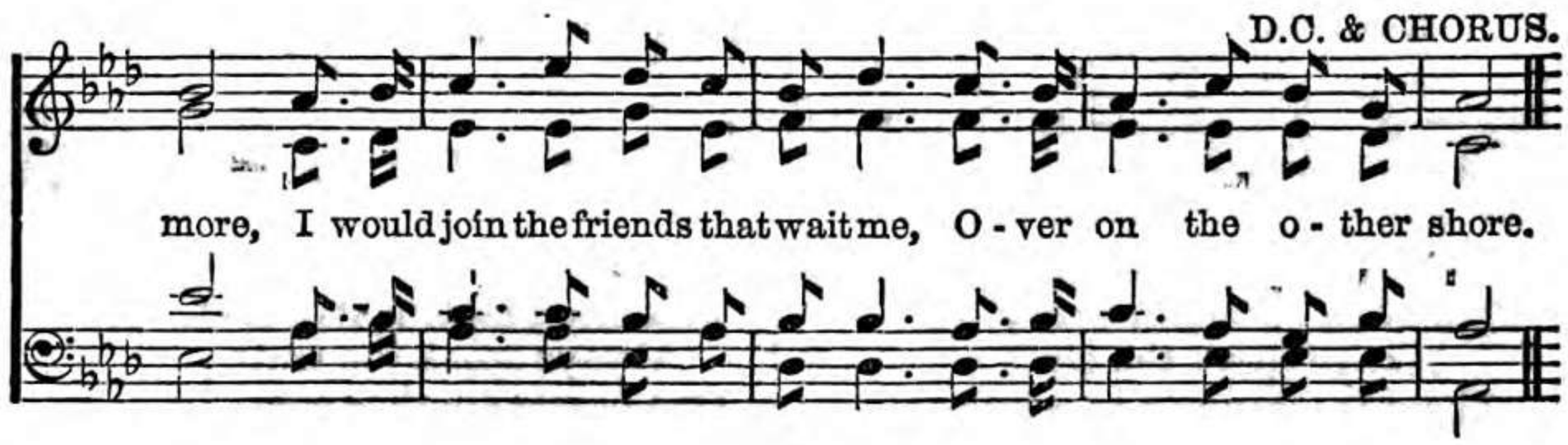
LET ME GO.

159.
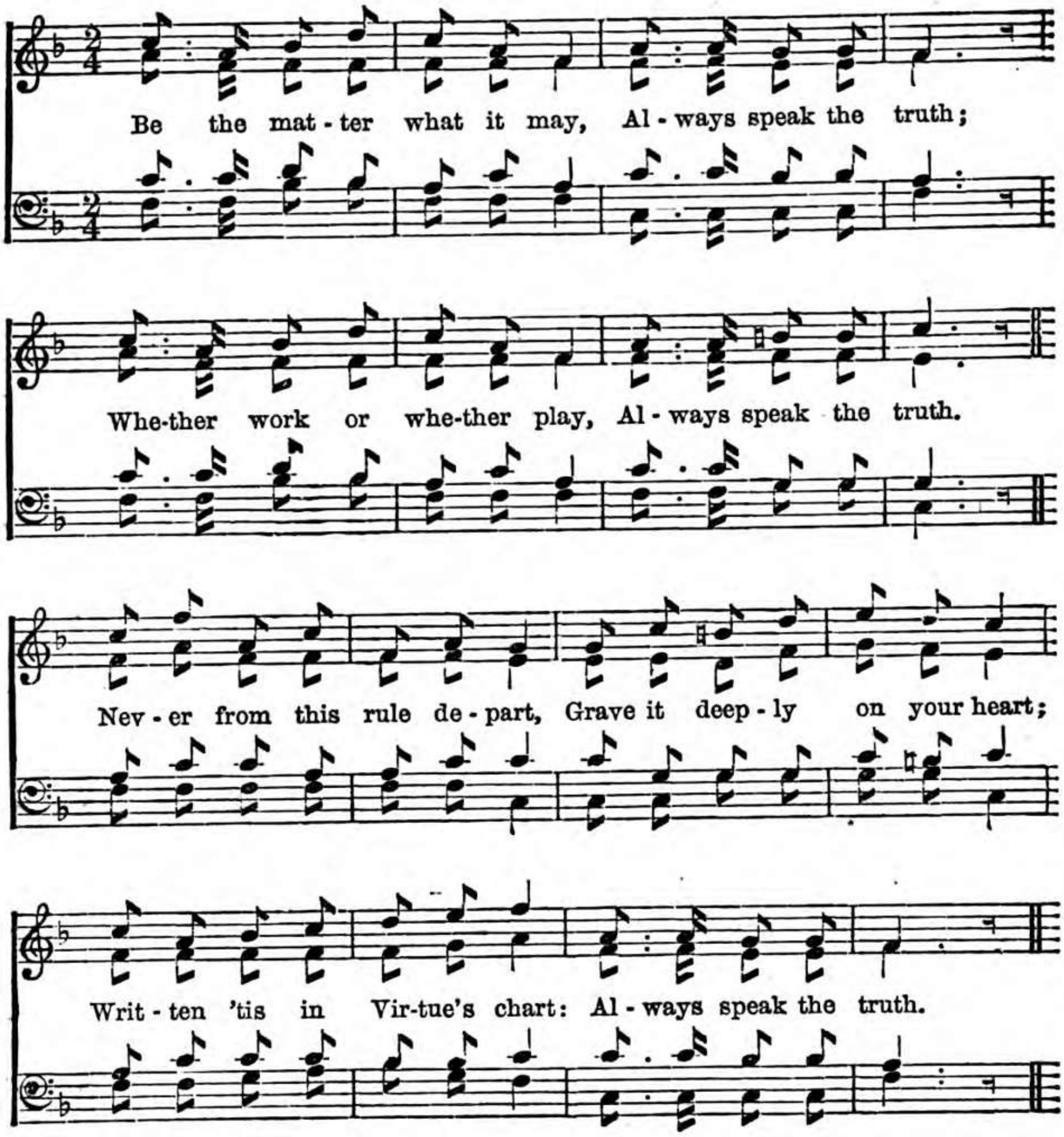








Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe,
Let me go and bathe my spirit,
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.
Chorus—Let me go, 'tis Jesus, &c.

Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
I have gathered brightest flowers
But to see them fade and die.
Chorus—Let me go, 'tis Jesus, &c.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

160.
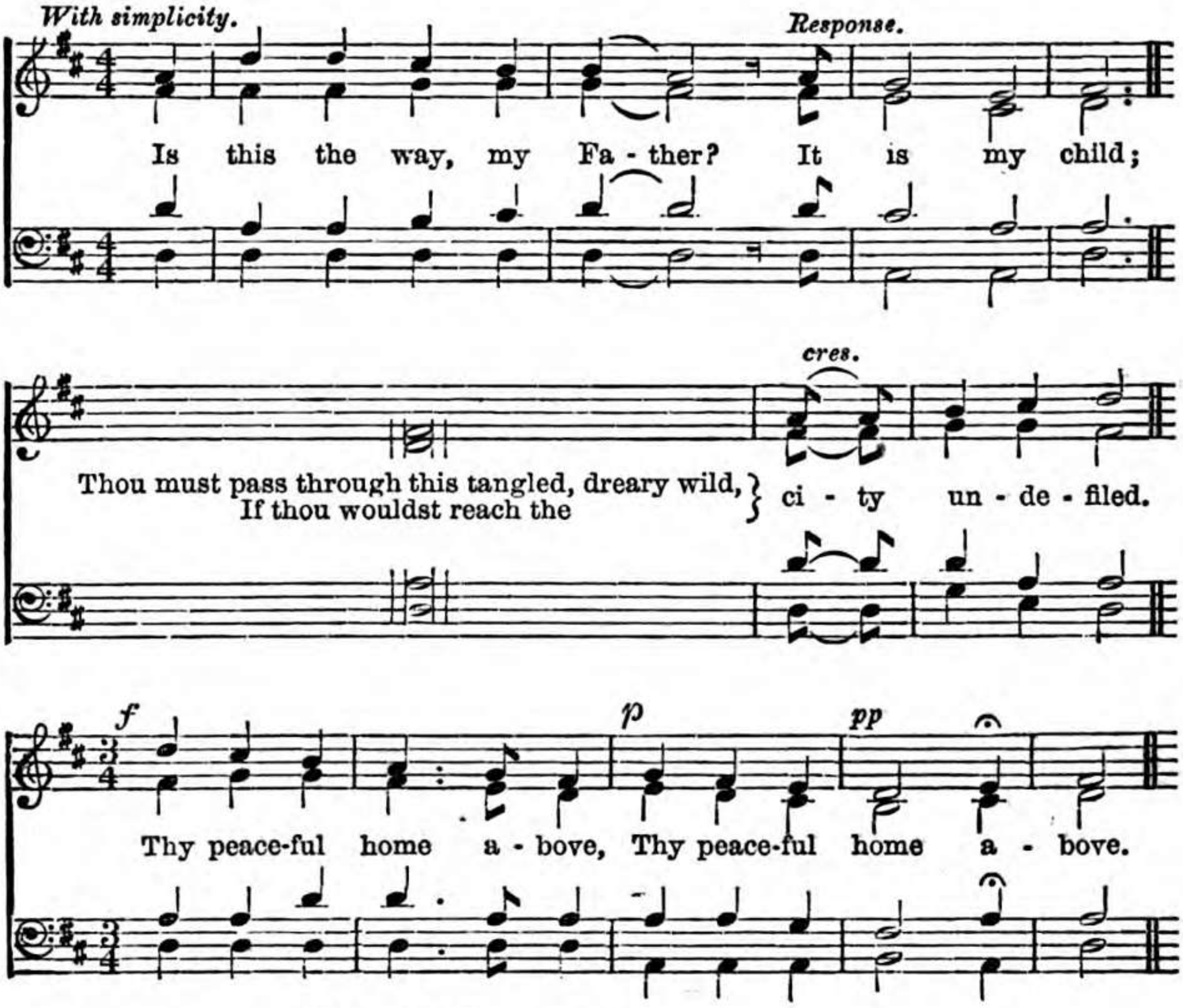


There's a charm in verity—
Always speak the truth;
There is meanness in a lie—
Always speak the truth.
He is but a coward slave
Who, a present pain to waive,
Stoops to falsehood: then be brave,
Always speak the truth.

Falsehood seldom stands alone—
Always speak the truth;
One begets another one—
Always speak the truth.
Falsehood all the soul degrades,
'Tis a sin from which proceed
Greater sins and darker deeds;
Always speak the truth.

When you're wrong the folly own;
Always speak the truth:
Here's a victory to be won;
Always speak the truth.
He who speaks with lying tongue
Adds to wrong a greater wrong;
Then with courage true and strong
Always speak the truth.

THE GUIDING HAND.

161.



But enemies are round,
Response—Yes, child, I know
That thou wilt often have to face a foe;
But victor shalt thou prove
O'er all below,
Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark;
Response—Child, take my hand,
Cling close to me, I'll lead thee through the land;
Trust my all-seeing care,
So shalt thou stand
Midst glory bright above.

My footsteps seem to slide.
Response—Child, only raise
Thine eyes to me, then, in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings;
And thou shalt praise
Me for each step above.

Oh, Father, I am weary!
Response—Child, lean thine head
Upon my breast; it was my love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on,
Till I have said:
Rest, rest, for ever rest.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

162.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

Glo - ry to God in the highest! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall be our song to - day;

SEMI-CHORUS OR DUET.

An - o-ther year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So

let our loudest voices raise Our an - ni - ver - sary song of praise.

FULL CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God in the highest! Glo - ry to God in the highest!

f *ff* 1st time. 2nd time.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

f *ff*

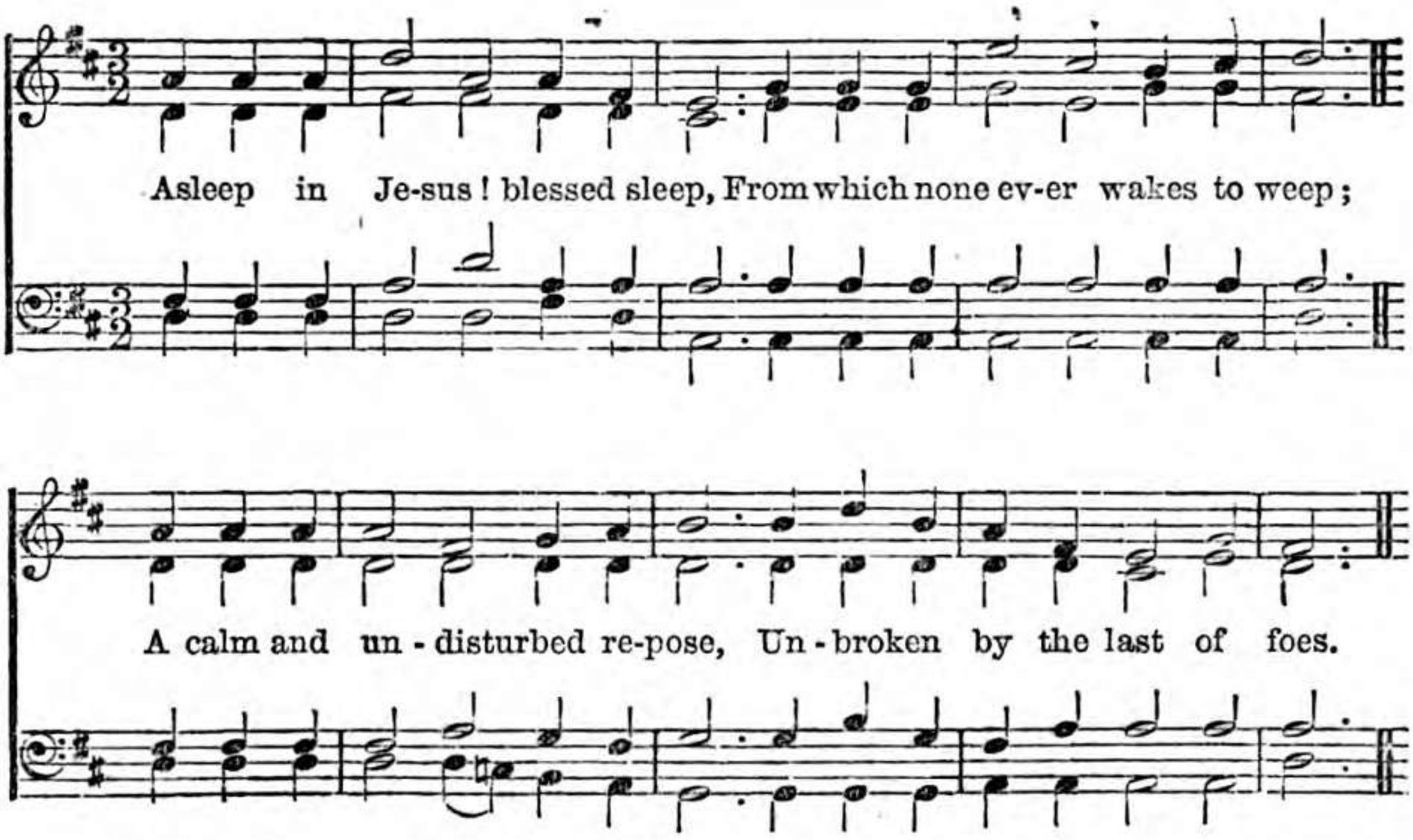
Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day;
The song that woke the glorious morn
When David's greater Son was born,
Sung by an heavenly host, and we
Would join the angelic company.
Chorus—Glory to God, &c.

Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day;
And while we with the angels sing,
Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to Him.
Chorus—Glory to God, &c.

Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day,
Oh, may we, an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng
Of His redeemed ones, join the song,
Chorus—Glory to God, &c.

REST.

163.
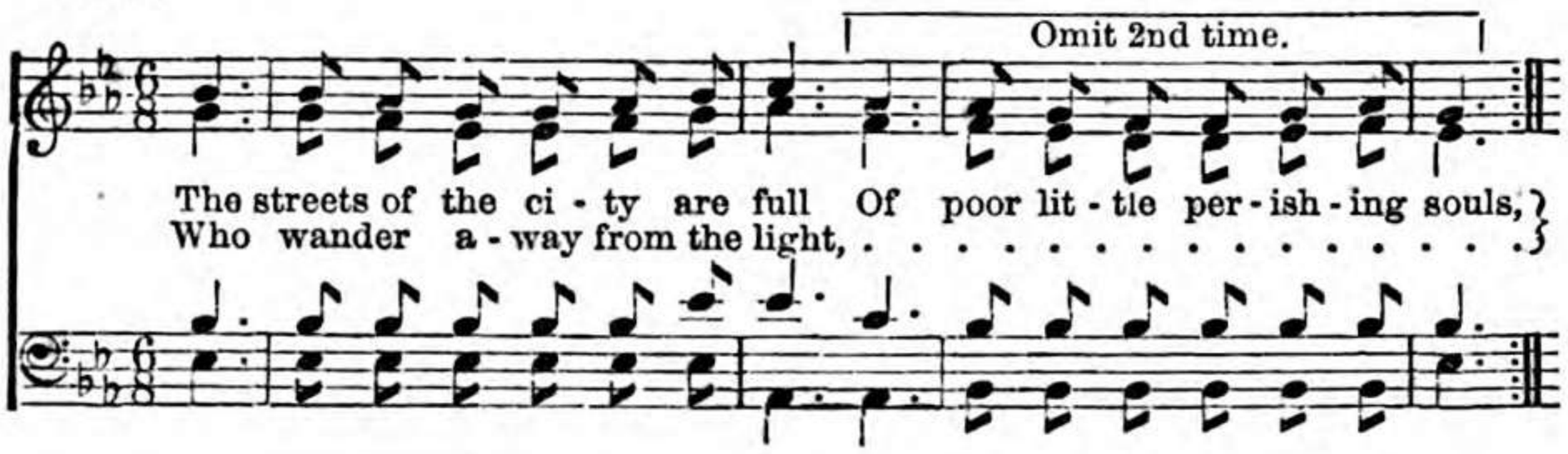


Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venomed sting.
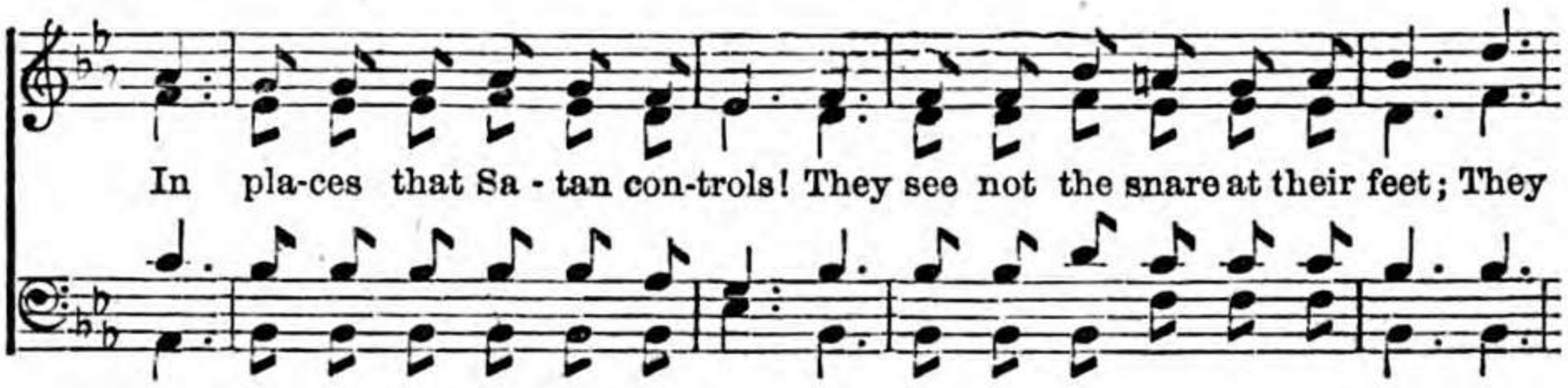
Asleep in Jesus; peaceful rest;
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
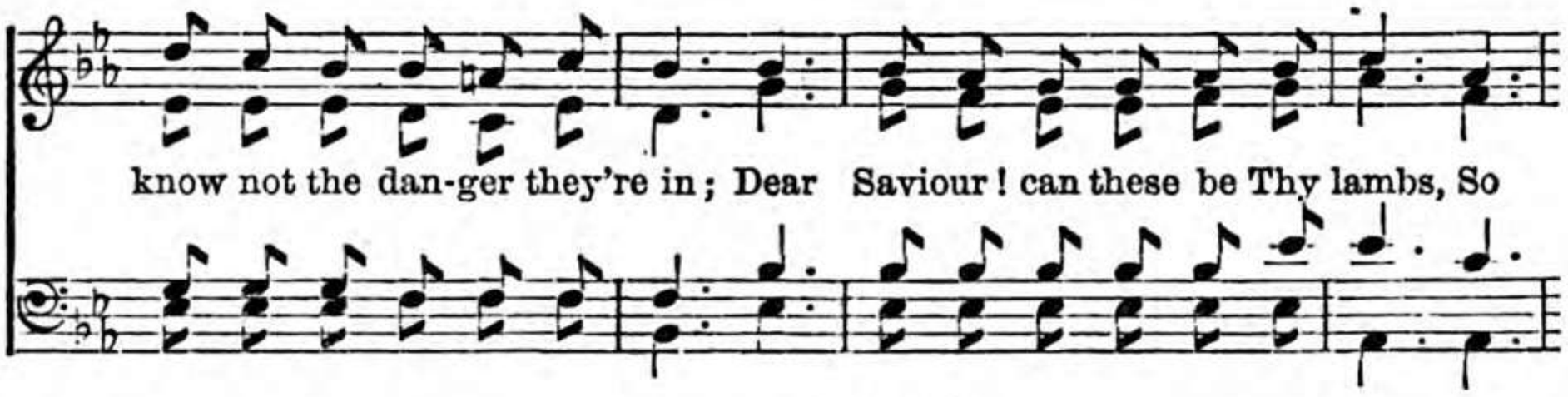
Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

OUT OF THE MIRE.
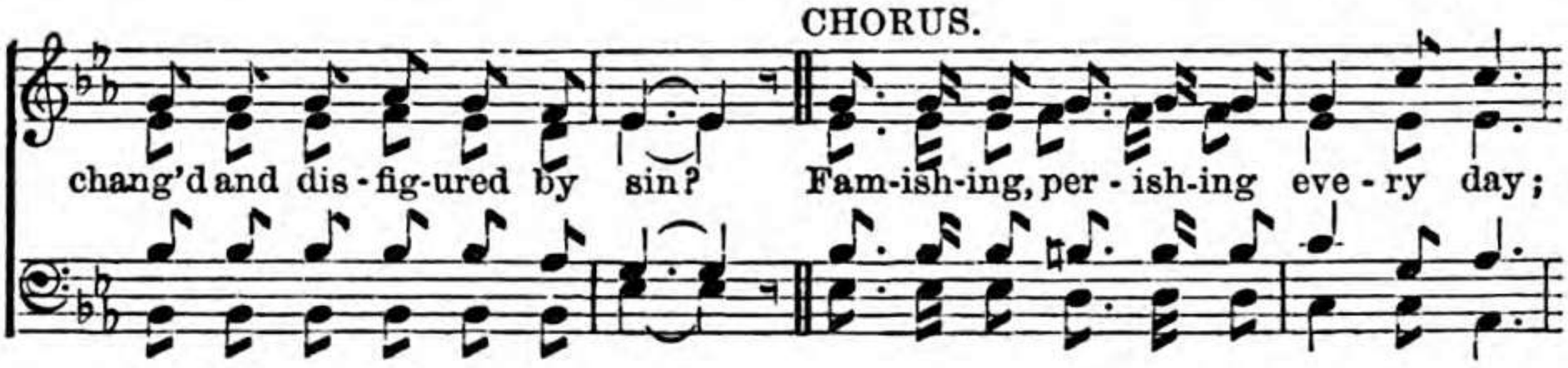
164.
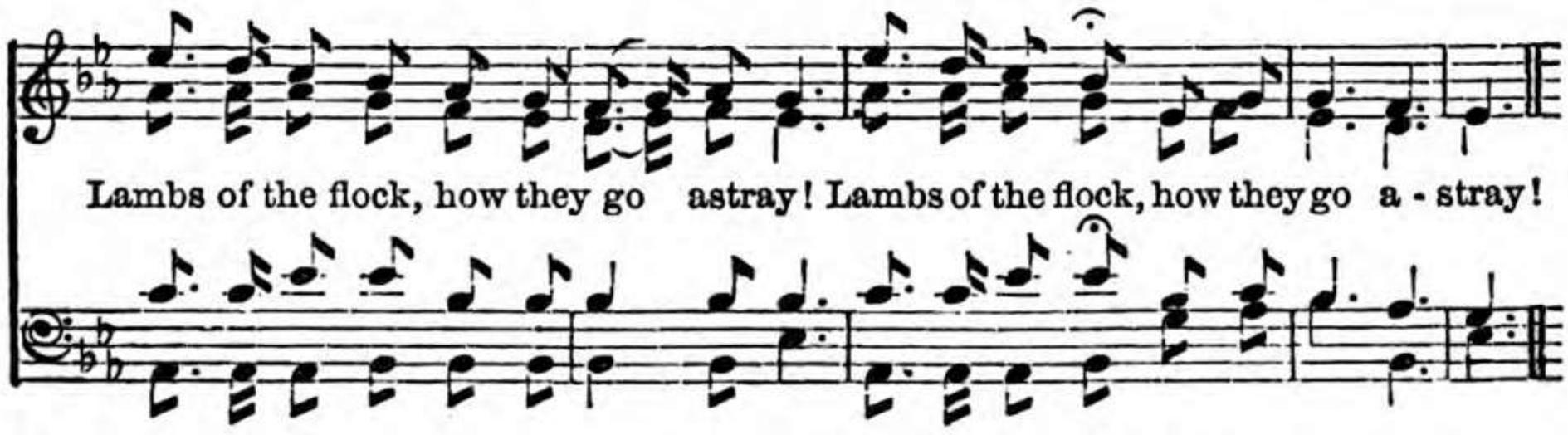






CHORUS.
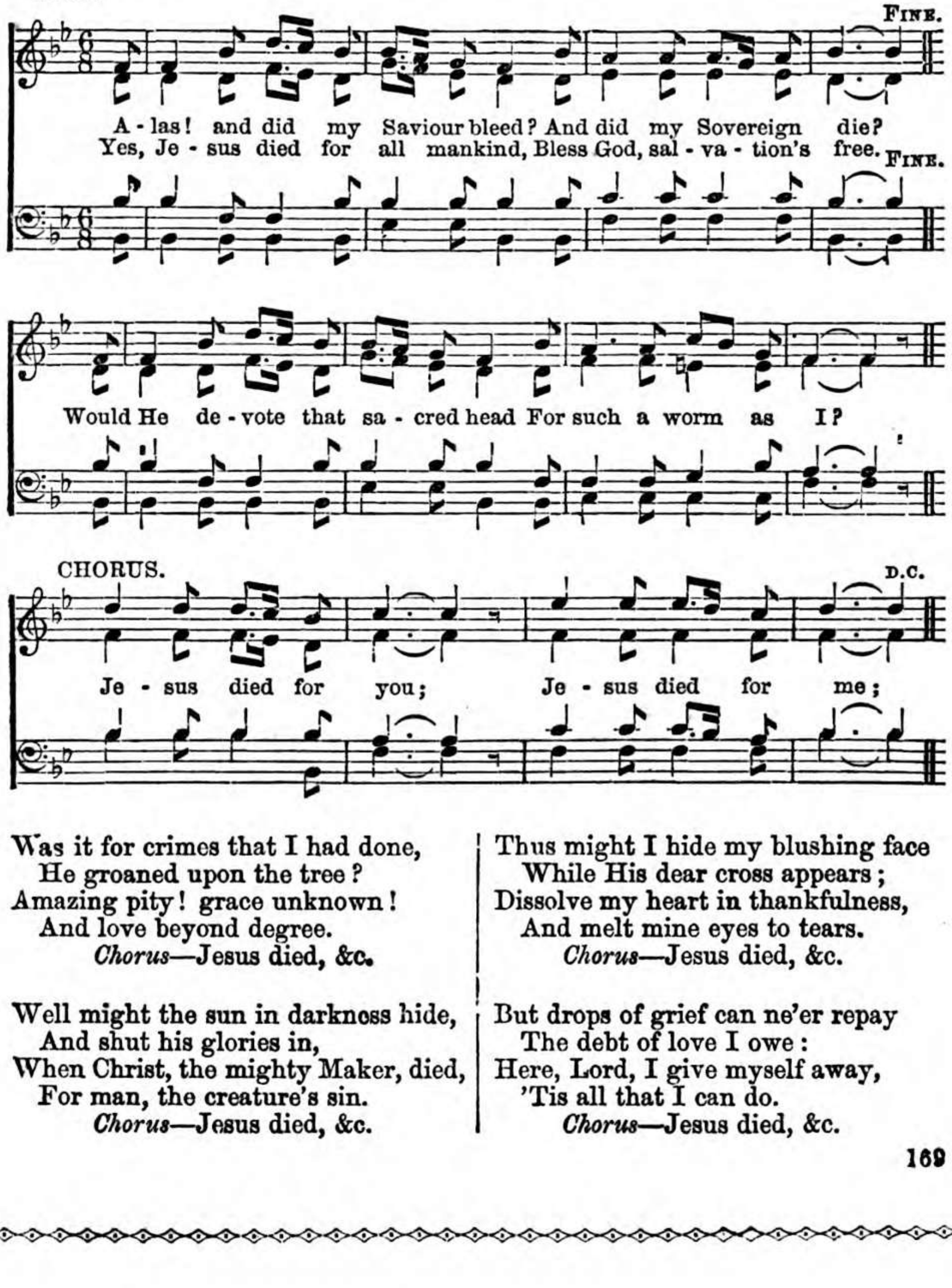




Each day there are victories won,
By thousands and thousands they fall,
Shall Satan continue his war,
Until he has conquered them all?
No! no! with the armour of God,
His darts you may safely defy;
And oh, you must seek for the lambs,
Where Satan has left them to die.
Chorus—Famishing, &c.

Then out of the mire of sin,
And out of the darkness of night,
Go, bring the dear lambs to the flock,
And lead them up into the light.
Their voices with tenderness train,
Their wilfulness strive to subdue,
Be patient and tender with them,
As Christ has been patient with you.
Chorus—Famishing, &c.

Beneath all the rags and the dirt,
That cover a body once fair,
There lieth a jewel of worth,
More precious than any you wear.
Oh, let them no longer repine;
Go find them and tell them their need;
If Jesus' disciple you'd be,
Oh, surely His lambs you must feed.
Chorus—Famishing, &c.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

165.



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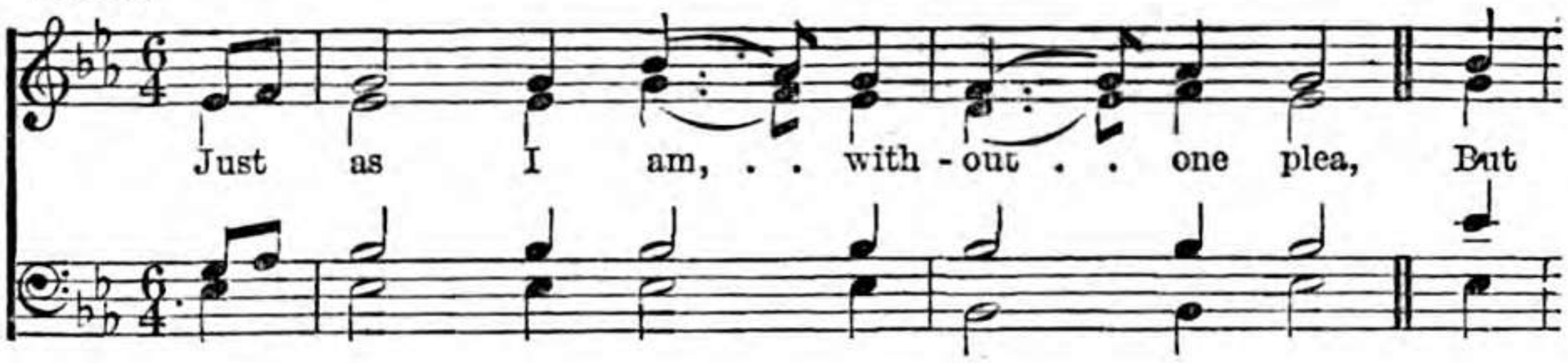
Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
Chorus—Jesus died, &c.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
Chorus—Jesus died, &c.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.
Chorus—Jesus died, &c.

O LAMB OF GOD, I COME!

166.



Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
"Fighting within, and fears without,"
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
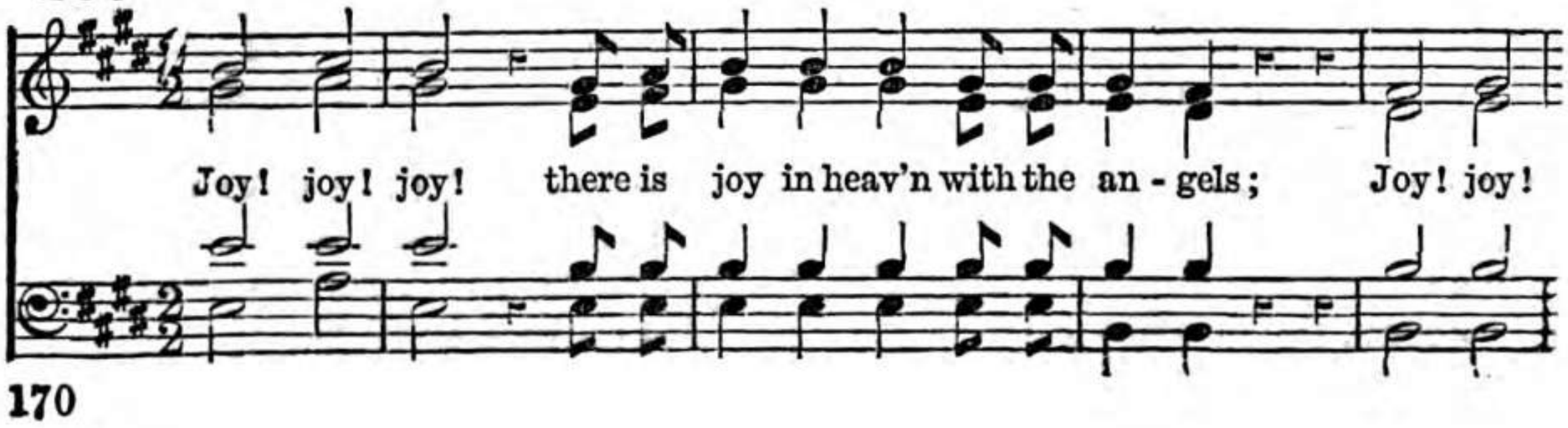
Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
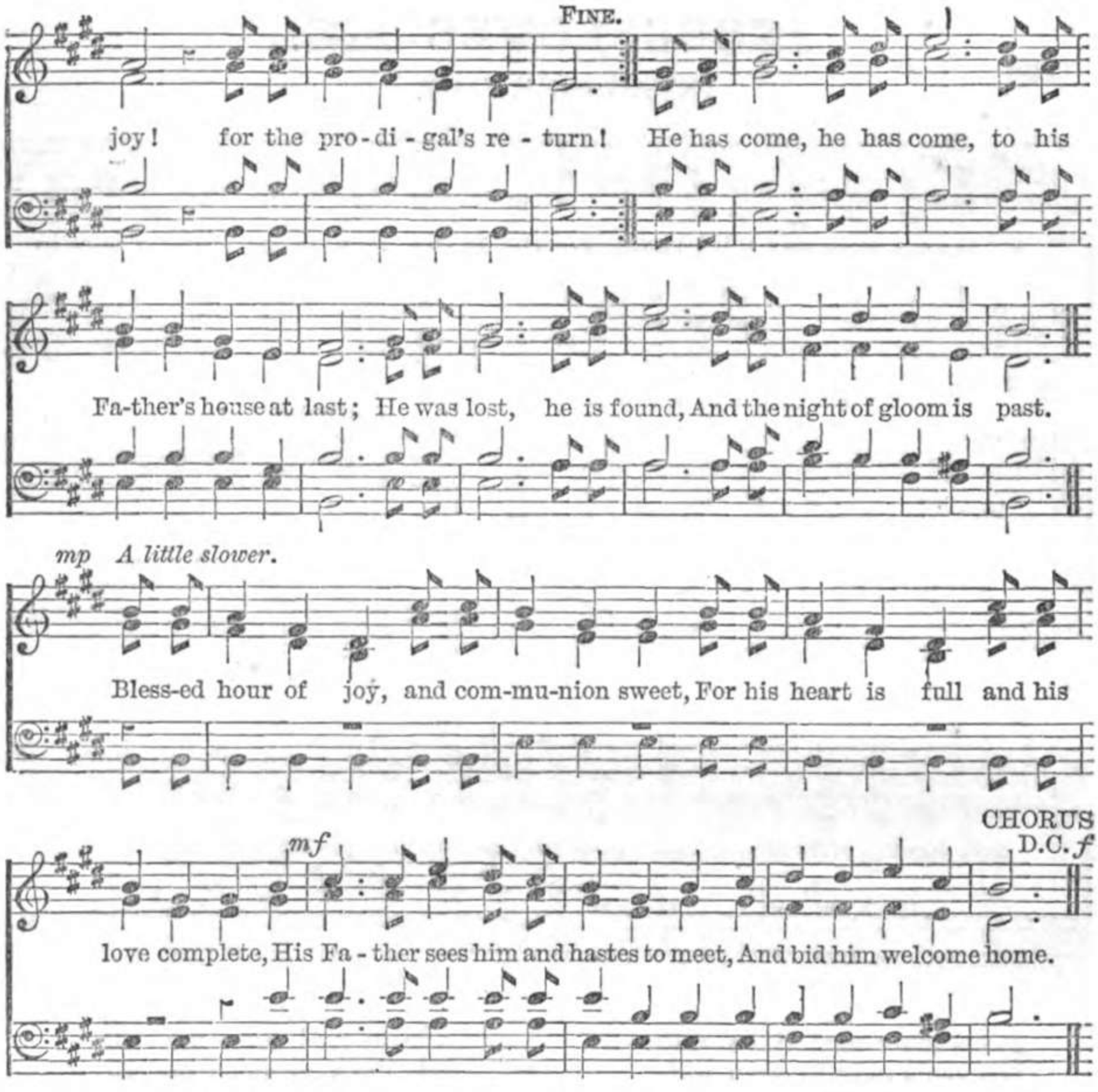
Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

167.
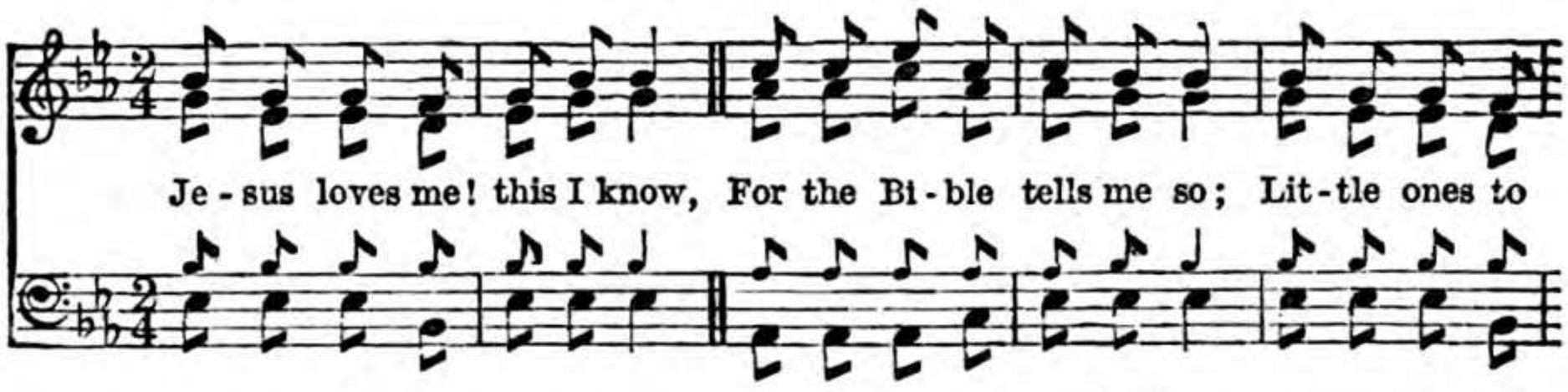




Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding,
Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;
Hark! the song, hark! the song,
'Tis a joyful, joyful strain.
Welcome home, welcome home,
To thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief, over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home.
Chorus—Joy! joy! joy, &c.

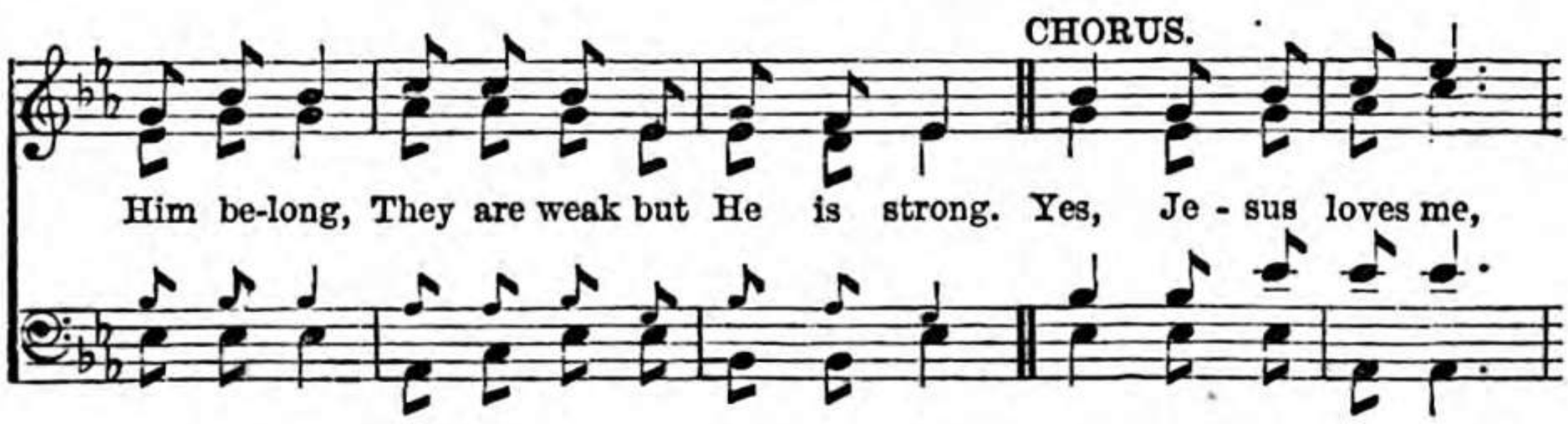
Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy! joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns:
Let us haste, let us haste,
While the morning sun is bright,
Jesus calls, Jesus calls,
To a land of love and light.
We will journey on, till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street;
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home.
Chorus—Joy! joy! joy, &c.
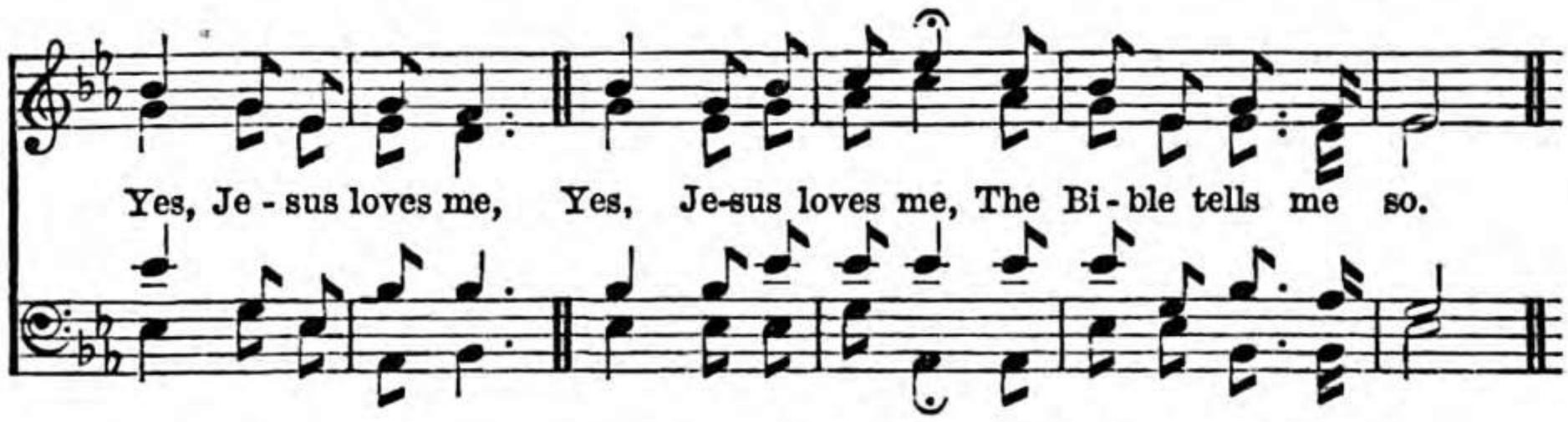
JESUS LOVES ME.

168.

INFANT'S HYMN.
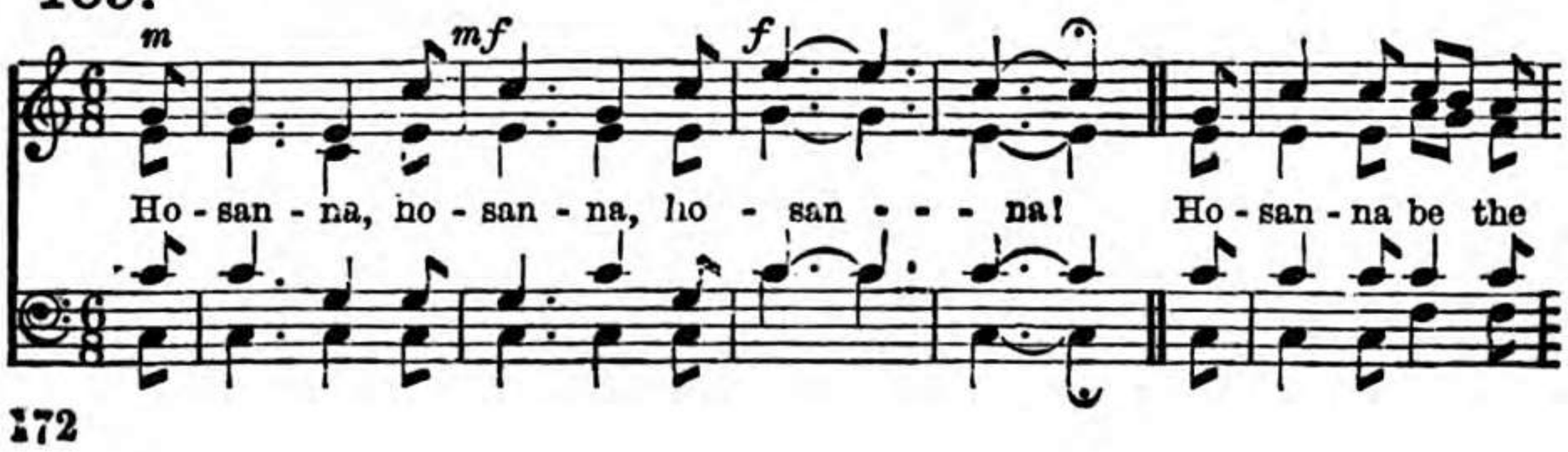






Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
Chorus—Yes, Jesus loves, &c.
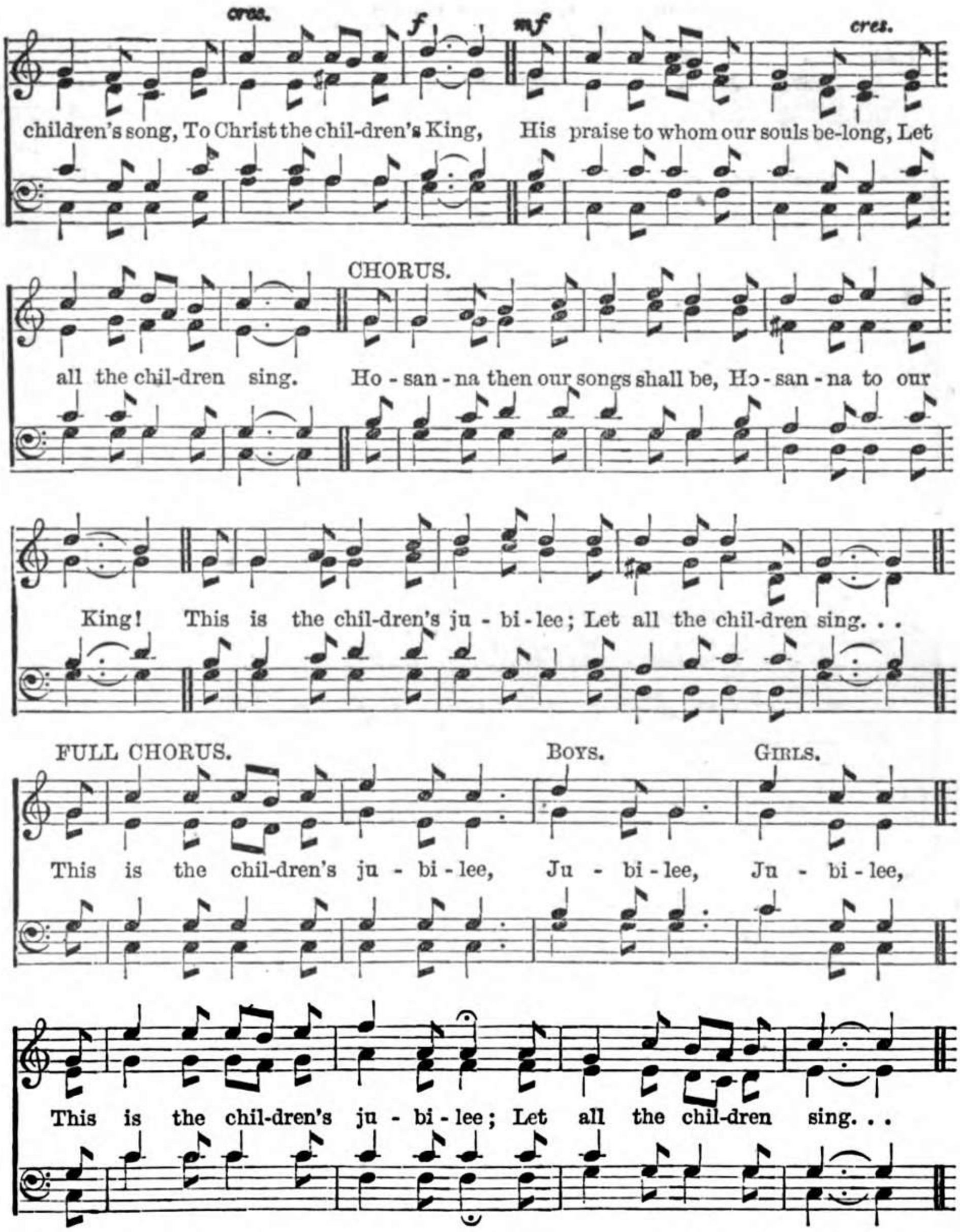
Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me when I lie.
Chorus—Yes, Jesus loves, &c.

Jesus loves me! He will stay,
Close beside me, all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Chorus—Yes, Jesus loves, &c.

THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

169.





Hosanna,—here in joyful bands,
Maidens and youths proclaim;
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
The Son of David's name.
Hosanna, &c.
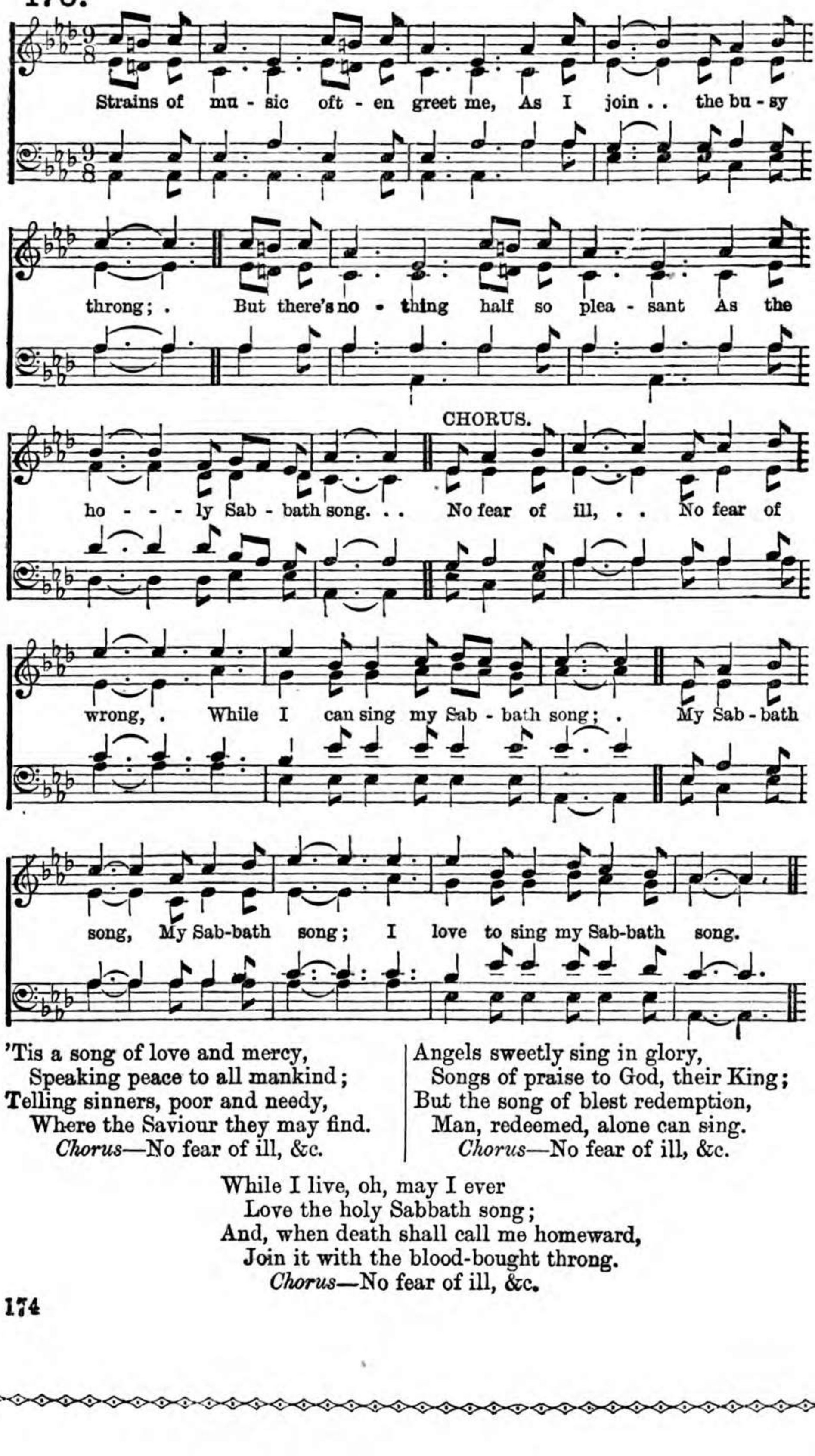
Hosanna,—sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.
Hosanna, &c.

Hosanna,—on the wings of light
O'er earth and ocean fly;
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
Hosanna, &c.

Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's jubilee,—
Let all the children sing.
Hosanna, &c.

MY SABBATH SONG.

170.



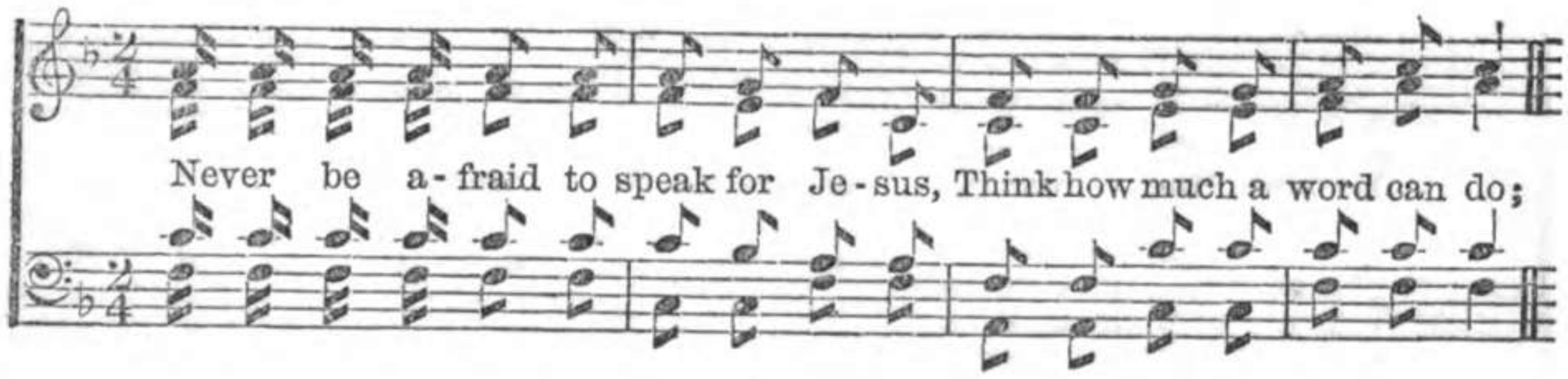
'Tis a song of love and mercy,
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.
Chorus—No fear of ill, &c.
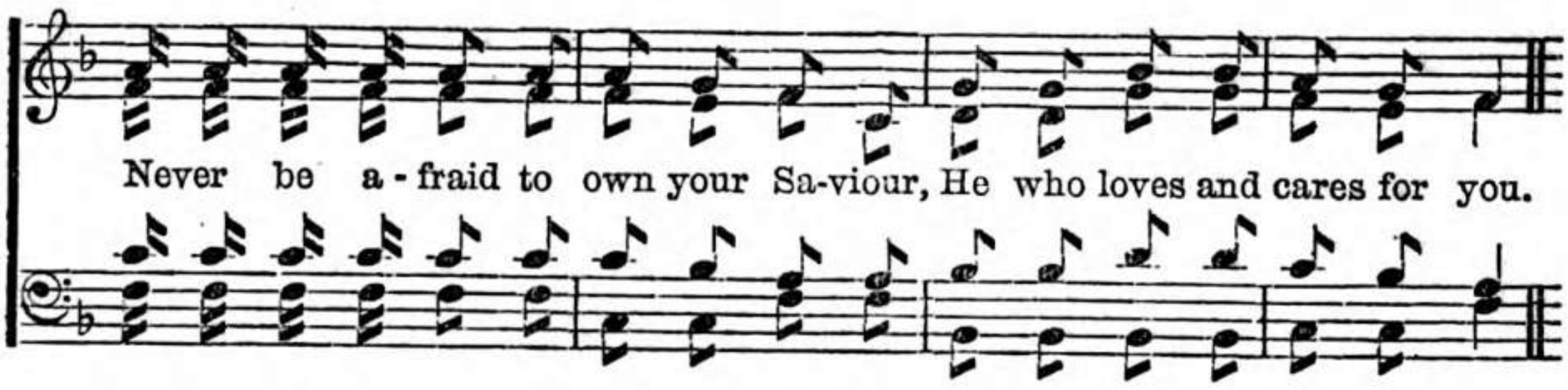
Angels sweetly sing in glory,
Songs of praise to God, their King;
But the song of blest redemption,
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.
Chorus—No fear of ill, &c.
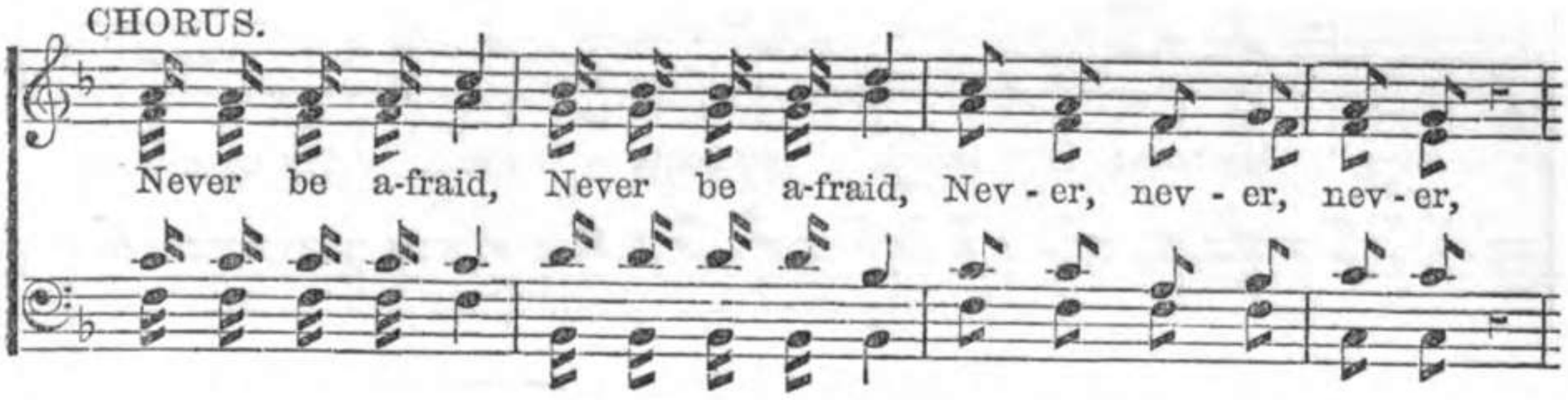
While I live, oh, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song;
And, when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.
Chorus—No fear of ill, &c.
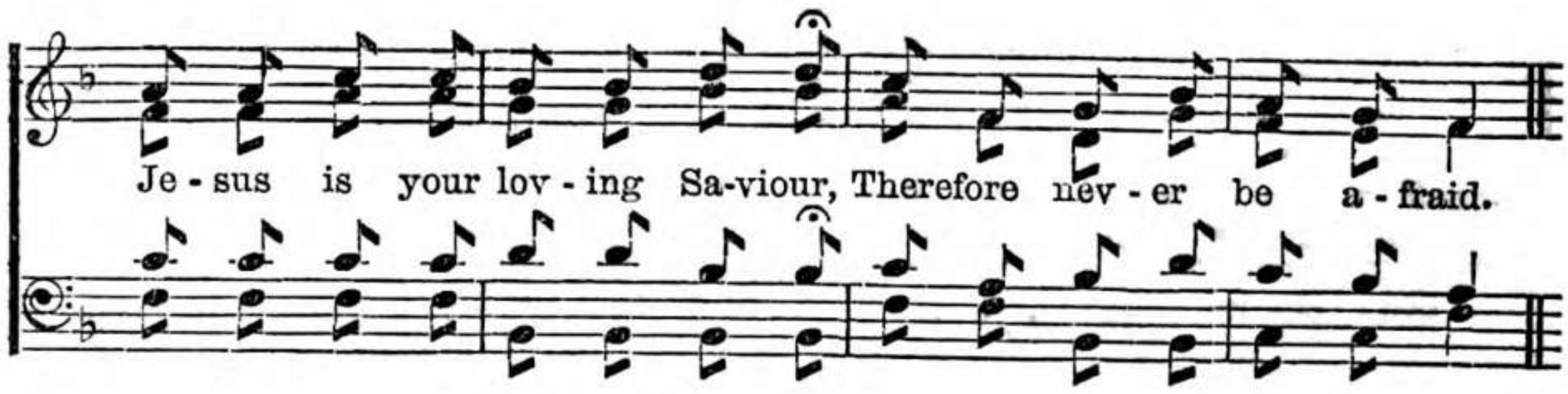
NEVER BE AFRAID.

171.









Never be afraid to work for Jesus,
In His vineyard day by day;
Labour with a kind and willing spirit,
He will all your toil repay.

Chorus—Never be afraid, &c.

Never be afraid to bear for Jesus
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.

Chorus—Never be afraid, &c.

Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on His care depend,
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.

Chorus—Never be afraid, &c.

Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in His arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.

Chorus—Never be afraid, &c.

MY HOME IS THERE.

172.

A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, A - bove the ills and cares of life, Where all is peace - ful, bright, and fair; My home is there, my home is there.

CHORUS.

My beau-ti - ful home, ... My beau - ti - ful home, ... In the beau - ti - ful home, . . My beau - ti - ful home, In the land where the glo-ri-fied ever shall roam, Where angels bright wear crowns of light. . . My home is there, my home is there.

land where the glo-ri-fied ever shall roam, Where angels, angels bright, wear crowns, wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.
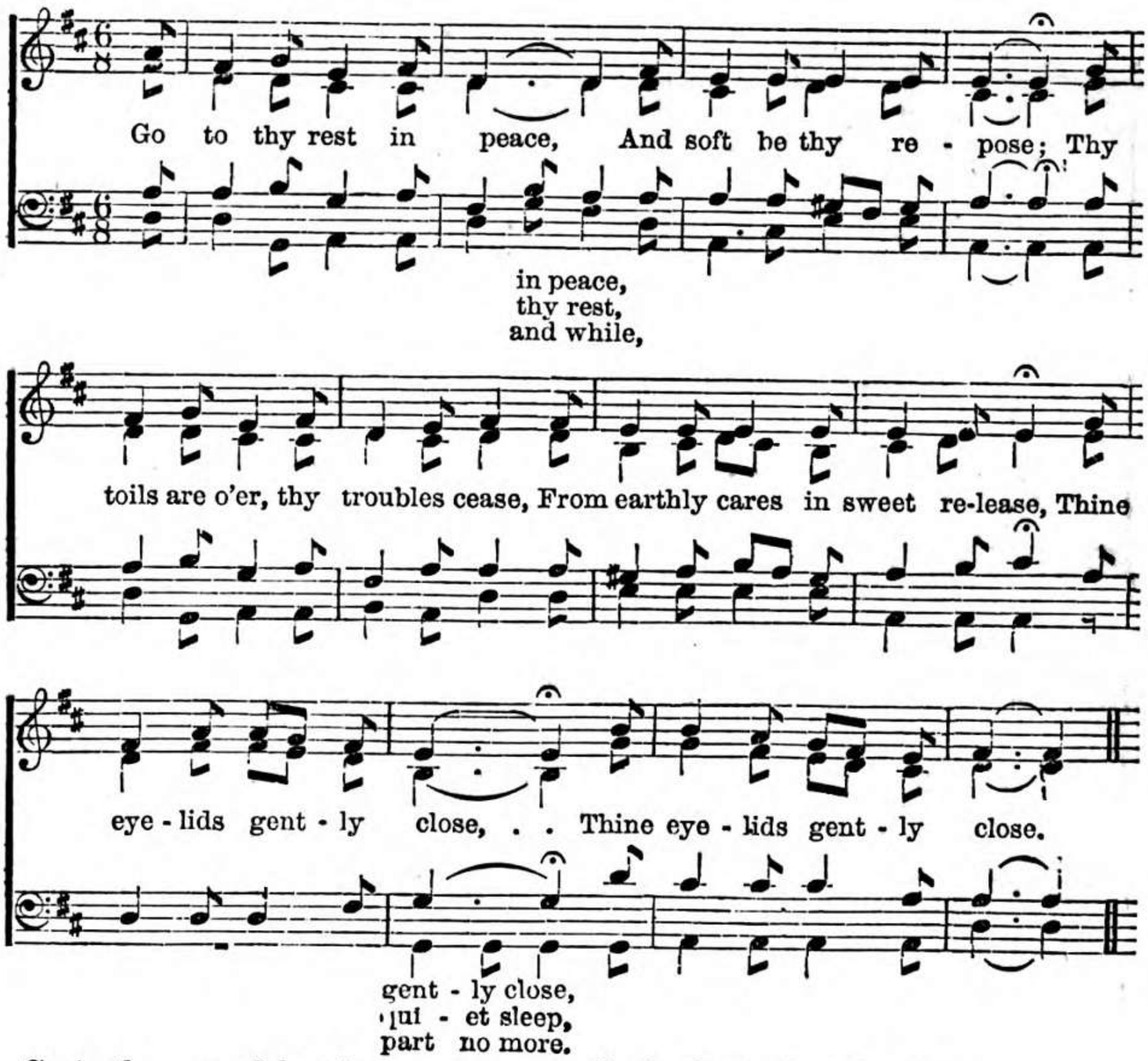
Where living fountains sweetly flow,
Where buds and flowers immortal grow,
Where trees their fruits celestial bear;
My home is there, my home is there.
Chorus—My beautiful home, &c.

Away from sorrow, doubt, and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears, and care;
My home is there, my home is there.
Chorus—My beautiful home, &c.

Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there.
Chorus—My beautiful home, &c.

PEACEFUL REST.

173.
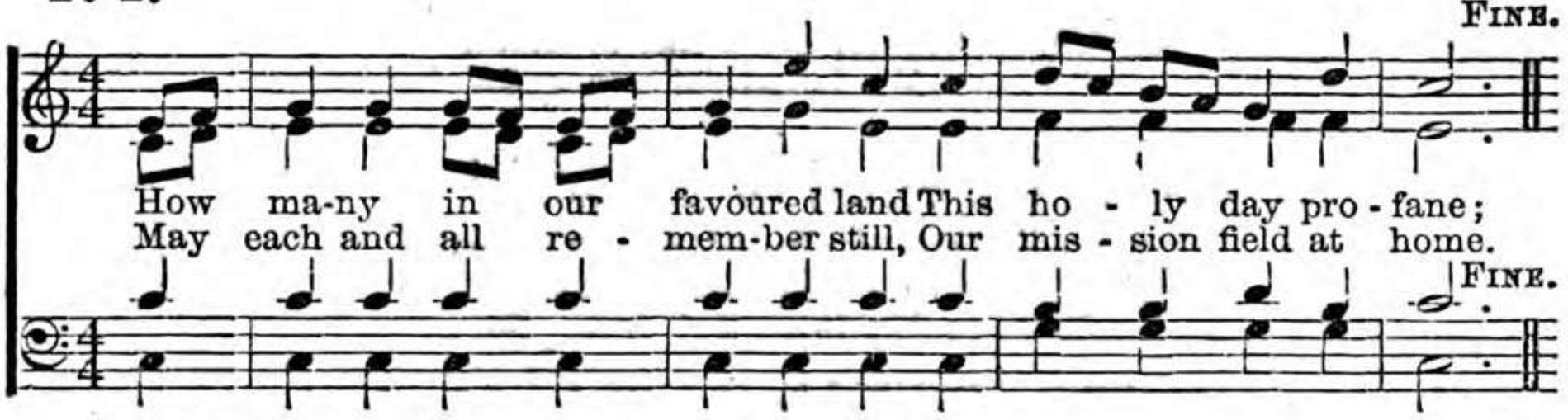


Go to thy peaceful rest,
For thee we need not weep,
Since thou art now among the blest,
No more by sin and sorrow press'd.
But hush'd in quiet sleep.

Go to thy rest, and while
Thy absence we deplore,
One thought our sorrow shall beguile,
For soon with a celestial smile,
We meet to part no more.

OUR MISSION FIELD AT HOME.

174.
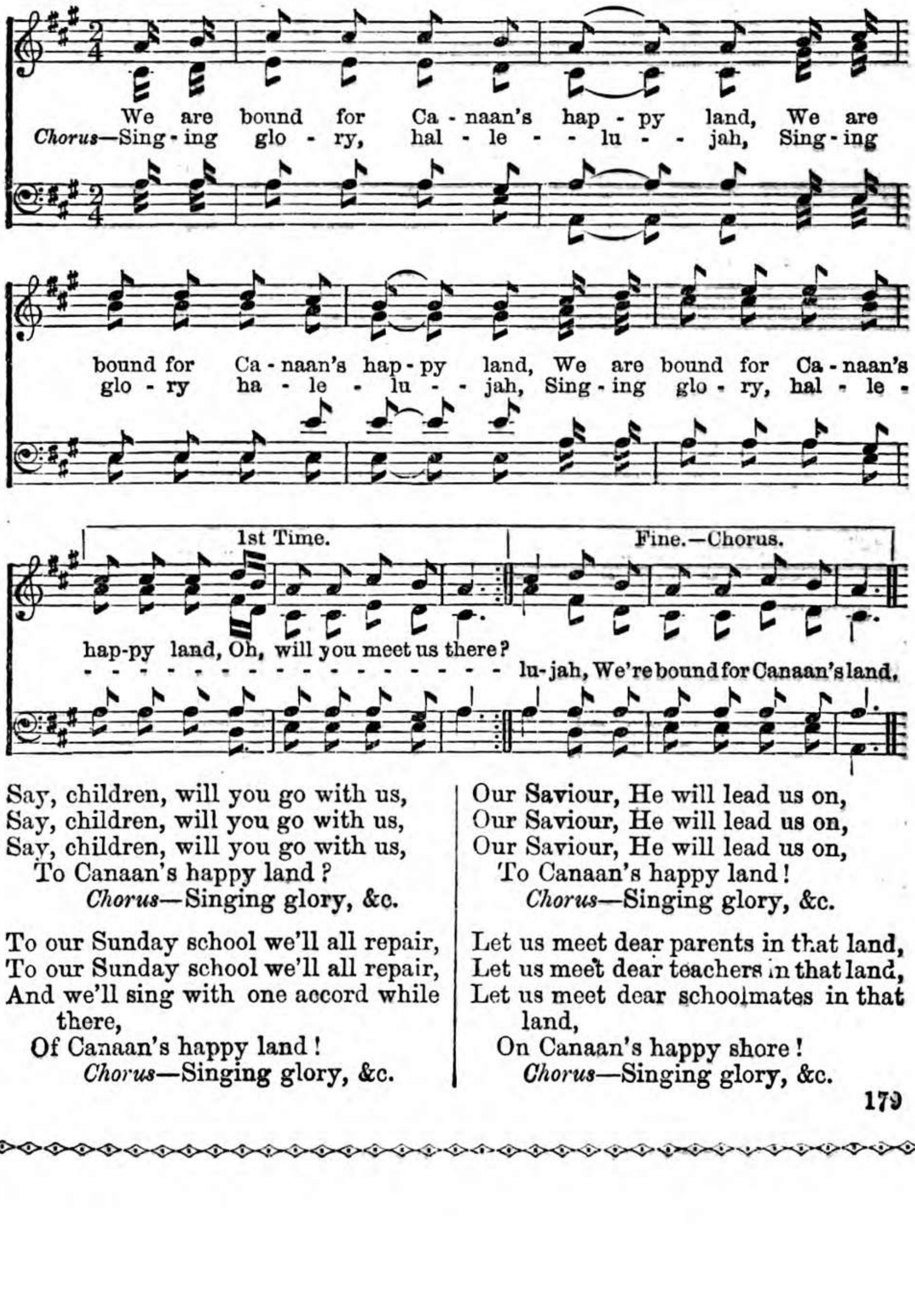


"Go, feed My lambs," our Saviour said,
And bring them to My fold;
To us the same command is given,
As unto them of old.
While others toil for dying souls,
Far o'er the ocean's foam,
Be ours to aid this noble cause,—
Our mission field at home.
Chorus—Our mission field, &c.

How many a poor neglected child
With pleading eyes we meet,
A gentle word might hither guide
Its little wandering feet,
A precious lamb, that God may bless,
Beneath this hallowed dome;
Then let us ever bear in mind
Our mission field at home.
Chorus—Our mission field, &c.

CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.

INFANT CLASS SONG.

175.



Say, children, will you go with us,
Say, children, will you go with us,
Say, children, will you go with us,
To Canaan's happy land?
Chorus—Singing glory, &c.

To our Sunday school we'll all repair,
To our Sunday school we'll all repair,
And we'll sing with one accord while there,
Of Canaan's happy land!
Chorus—Singing glory, &c.

Our Saviour, He will lead us on,
Our Saviour, He will lead us on,
Our Saviour, He will lead us on,
To Canaan's happy land!
Chorus—Singing glory, &c.

Let us meet dear parents in that land,
Let us meet dear teachers in that land,
Let us meet dear schoolmates in that land,
On Canaan's happy shore!
Chorus—Singing glory, &c.

GO BEAR THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

176.

Go bear the joy - ful tidings, Which first on Ju - dah's plain, A -

woke the wandering shepherds, To praise Mes - si - ah's name.

Ex - alt the King of glo - ry, Who left His throne on

high, And came on earth a ran-som, For guil - ty man to die.

CHORUS.

Go sound the gos - pel trumpet, Be - yond the roll - ing sea, From

chains of sin and dark - ness, To set the cap - tive free.

Go in your Master's vineyard,
And labour, heart and hand,
The Word of Life eternal
Proclaim to every land,—
The sweet and precious promise,
To all who will believe,
Free grace and full salvation,
For all who will receive.
Chorus—Go sound, &c.

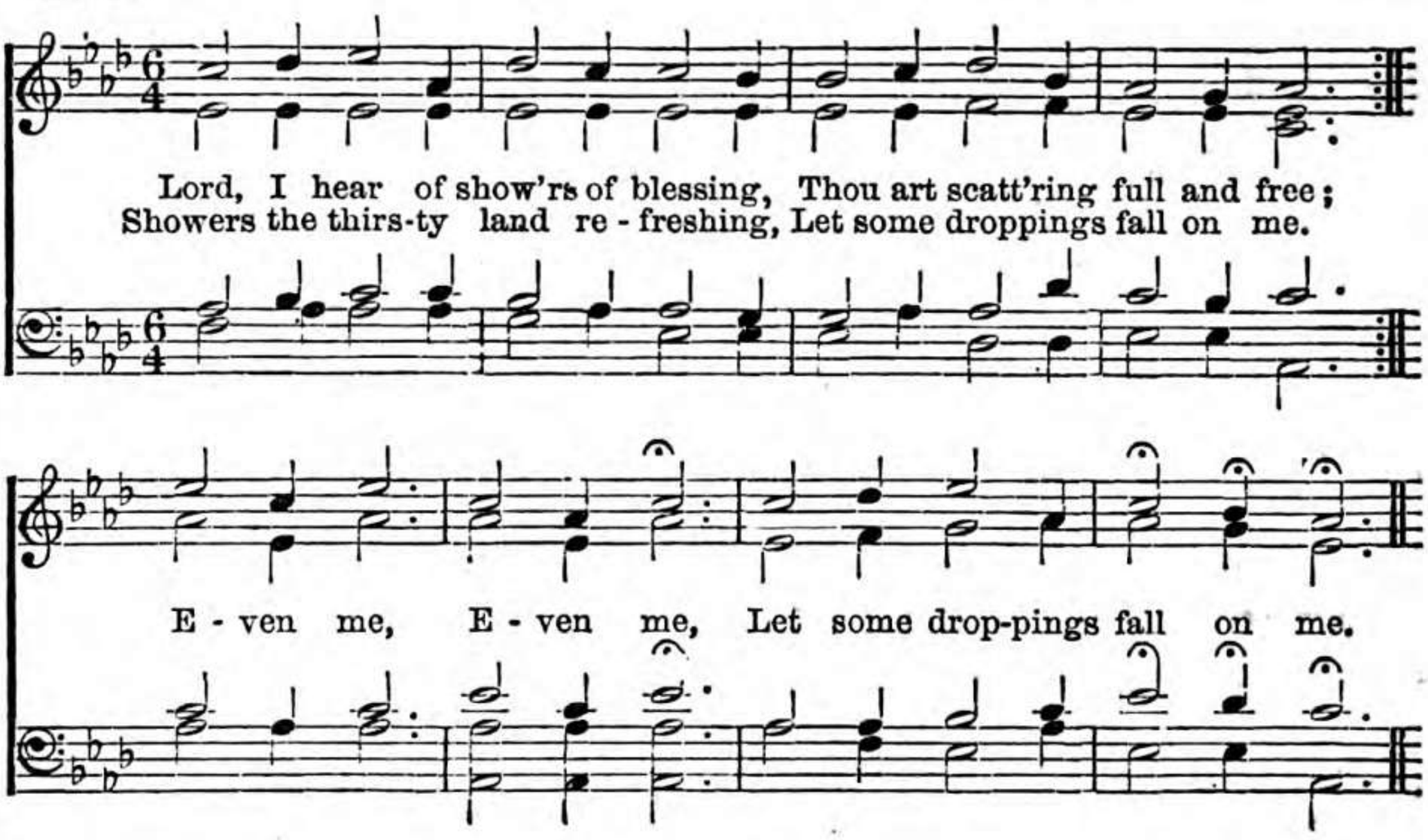
Go tell the broken spirit,
That vainly sighs for rest,
There is a home in glory,
A home for ever blest.

Go bring the lost to Jesus,
His tender love to share,
Go forth to every nation,
Immortal souls are there.
Chorus—Go sound, &c.

Haste on your work of mercy,
The heavenly call obey,
Go in the strength of Jesus,
The true and living way;
Go, like the old disciples,
And tread the path they trod,
Your duty lies before you,
Go—leave the rest to God.
Chorus—Go sound, &c.

EVEN ME.

177.



Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather,
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

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

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

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

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

RESTING BY-AND-BY.

178.

When faint and wea - ry toil - ing, The sweat-drops on my brow, I
There comes a gen - tle chid - ing To quell each mourning sigh: "Work

1st time. 2nd time.

long to rest from labour, To drop the bur-den now—
. . . . . } while the day is

CHORUS.

shin-ing, There's rest - ing by - and - by." Rest-ing by - and - by, There's

resting by - and - by; We shall not al-ways labour, We shall not al-ways

cry; The end is drawing near-er, The end for which we sigh; We'll

lay our hea - vy bur-dens down, There's rest - ing by - and - by.

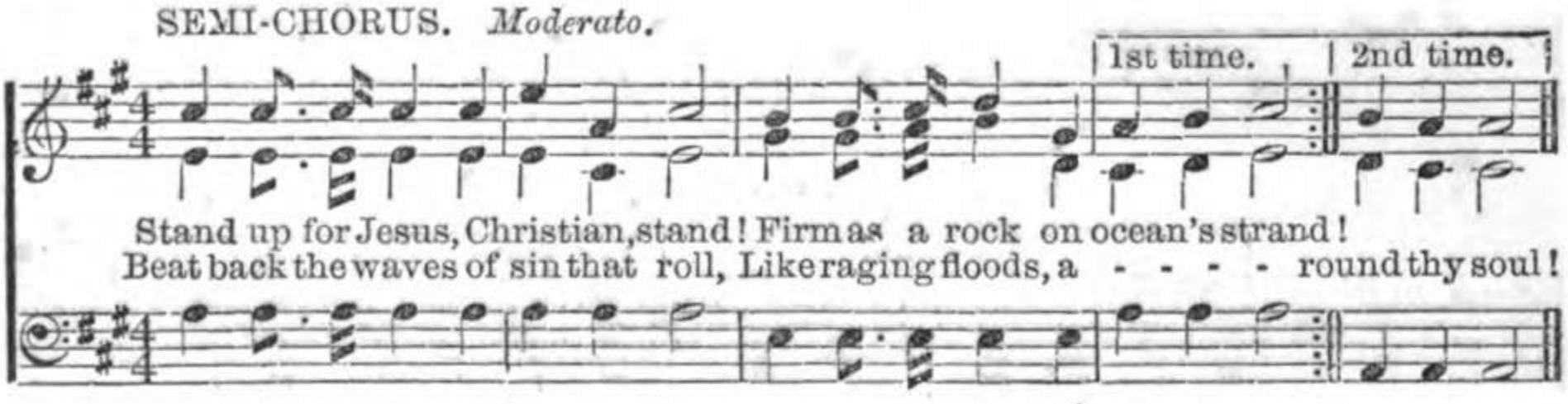
This life to toil is given,
And he improves it best
Who seeks by patient labour
To enter into rest;
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,
Press on, the goal is nigh;
The prize is straight before thee,
There's resting by-and-by.
Chorus—Resting by-and-by, &c.

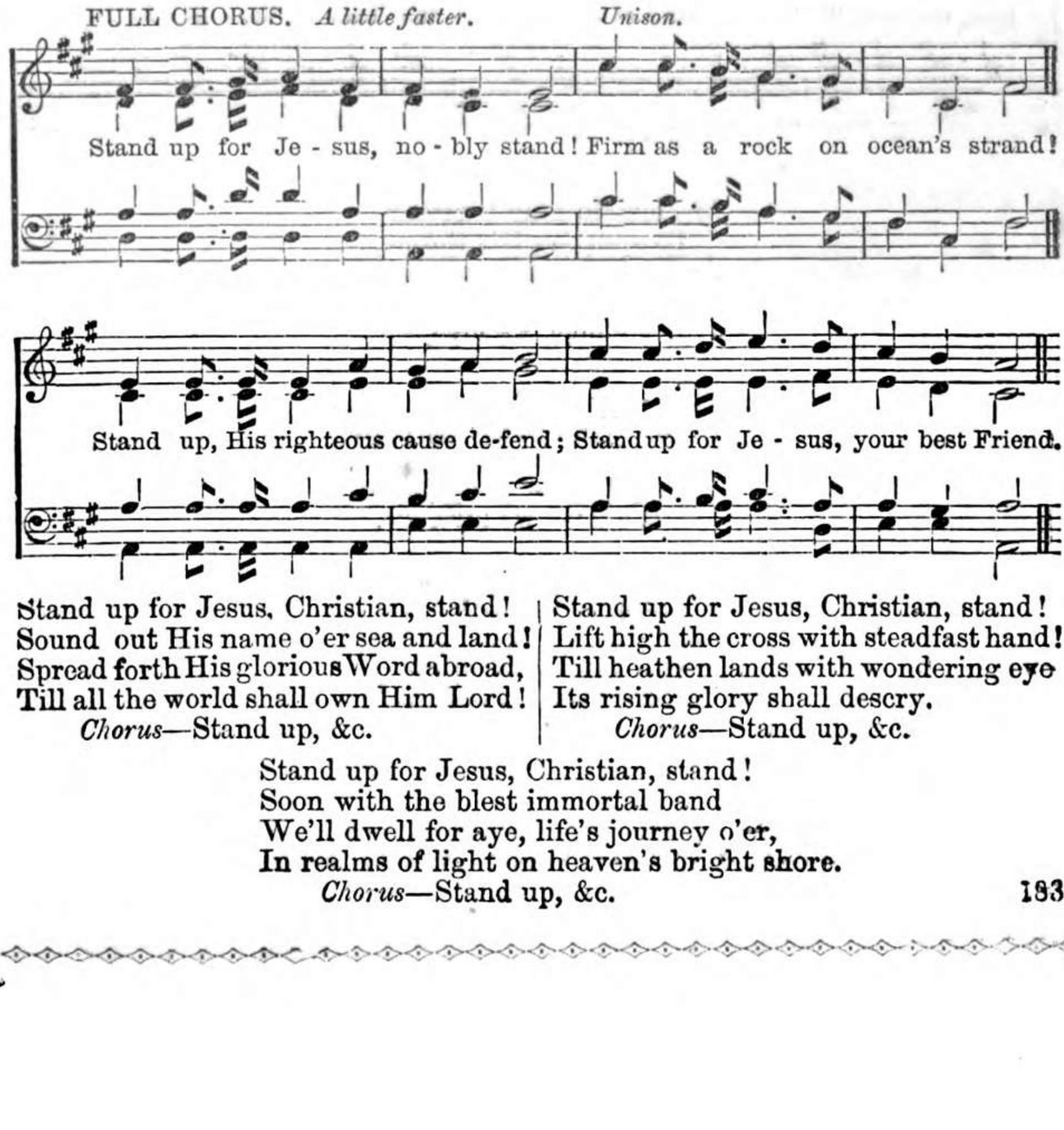
Nor ask, when, overburdened,
You long for friendly aid,
"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?"
If Jesus bids him tarry,
How dare you ask Him why?
"Go labour in the vineyard,
There's resting by-and-by."
Chorus—Resting by-and-by, &c.

Ye reapers in the harvest,
Let this your strength sustain,
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings you eternal gain;
Then bear the cross with patience,
To fields of duty hie;
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
There's resting by-and-by.
Chorus—Resting by-and-by, &c.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

179.





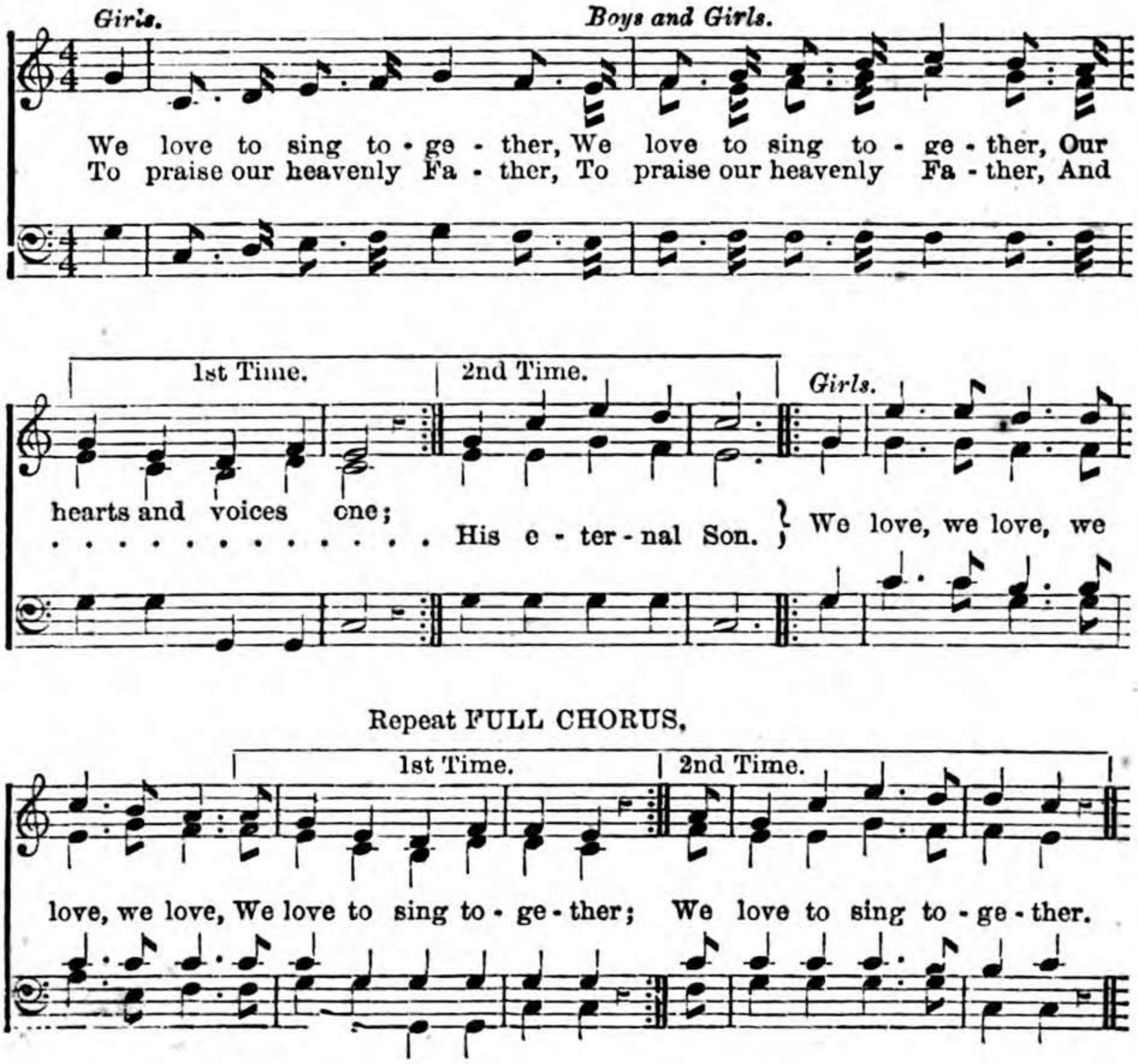
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound out His name o'er sea and land!
Spread forth His glorious Word abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord!
Chorus—Stand up, &c.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.
Chorus—Stand up, &c.

Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on heaven's bright shore.
Chorus—Stand up, &c.

WE LOVE TO SING TOGETHER.

180.



Repeat FULL CHORUS.

We love to pray together
To Jesus on His throne,
And ask that He will ever
Accept us as His own.
We love, we love, &c.

We love to read together,
The Word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever,
To guide our early youth.
We love, we love, &c.

We love to be together
Upon the Sabbath day,
And strive to help each other
Along the heavenly way.
We love, we love, &c.

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