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# Hymns & Melodies

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS & FAMILIES.

EDITED BY

THE REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

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Price Three Halfpence.

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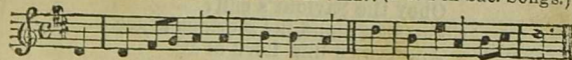
# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

<p>Arabia's desert ranger ..... 95            Around the throne of God... 1            Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep 85            Awake, awake, your sleep... 51            Awake, my soul, in joyful lays 121            Beautiful Zion, built above.. 120            Blessed Jesus, ere we part... 126            Blessed be Jehovah, (<i>Doxol.</i>) 53            Bound upon the accursed tree 39            Brightest and best of the sons 46            By cool Siloam's shady rill.. 50            By Thee refreshed with..... 33            Child of sin and sorrow..... 25            Childhood's years are passing 29            Children of Jerusalem..... 4            Children, think on Jesus' love 89            Come, children, hail..... 2            Come, children, join to sing . 5            Come, let us all unite to sing 91            Come, my soul, thy suit pre. 79            Come to Jesus ..... 38            Come, ye sinners, poor. .... 106            Come, ye souls by sin ..... 12            Creator, Preserver, Redeemer 118            Father, let thy benediction.. 73            For ever with the Lord ..... 83            From Egypt's bondage come. 99            From Greenland's icy mount. 8            Gentle Jesus, meek and mild 21            Glory to God on high ..... 61            Go, sound the trump ..... 66            God of love! before Thee.... 87            Good news from heaven .... 96            Had I the wings of a dove.... 84            Hark! hark! the notes..... 101            Hark! the Sabbath bell is... 80            Hark! the voice of love, (<i>Calv.</i>) 122            Hark! what cry arrests..... 43            Hark! what mean those .... 26            Here we suffer grief and pain 28            Holy Bible, book divine..... 13            How delightful the thought.. 41            How kind is the Saviour.... 105            How loving is Jesus who came 111            Hush'd be my murmur'ring... 82            I have a Father in the promis'd 81            I heard the voice of Jesus... 115            I lay my sins on Jesus..... 9            I'm but a stranger here..... 52            In the Christian's home in gl. 70            I once was a stranger to grace 90            I saw One hanging on a tree. 78            I think when I read the sweet 7            I want to be like Jesus ..... 103            I will arise and go to my father 44            I would be like an angel .... 100            Jesus is our Shepherd..... 75            Jesus little children blesses.. 45            Jesus, lover of my soul ..... 114            Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear 18            Jesus, we love to meet... 37            Jesus yet shall reign victorious 27            Joyfully, joyfully, onward... 93            Just as I am..... 64            Let us, with a gladsome mind 6</p>	<p>Like mist on the mountain.. 97            Little travellers Zionward... 81            Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night 15            Lo! he comes, in clouds..... 36            Lord, a little band and lowly 10            Lord, dismiss us, (<i>Dismission</i>) 129            Lord, I hear of showers of... 104            Lord, look upon a little child 3            Low the infant Saviour lies.. 49            Mighty God, while angels... 14            My days are gliding swiftly.. 94            My faith looks up to Thee... 98            My God, my Father, while I 112            My rest is in heaven ..... 77            My Saviour dear..... 107            Nearer, my God, to Thee .... 123            Now that my journeys just.. 108            O come let us sing to the God 17            O happy day that fix'd my... 88            O let our Sabbath evening... 42            O may we stand, (<i>Dismission</i>) 130            O tell me no more..... 71            O ye who feel each other's woes 65            O all ye works of God... 47            O what has Jesus done for me 16            One is kind above all others. 19            One there is above all others. 88            Our Father in heaven..... 63            Our home is on high..... 20            Out on an ocean, (<i>Home, bound</i>) 92            Pass away, earthly joy..... 113            Poor and needy though I be.. 57            Praise God from whom, (<i>Dox.</i>) 127            Praise the Lord, ye heavens.. 74            Return, O wanderer..... 85            Rock of Ages, cleft for me... 109            Saviour and Lord of all..... 67            Saviour, sin &amp; wapt confess.. 69            See the kind Shepherd Jesus 23            Sinner come while there's... 76            Songs of praise the angels... 32            Soon will set the Sabbath sun 40            Sun of my soul, my Sav. dear 125            Sweet spices they brought... 11            Sweetly the Sabbath bell... 72            The Lord is my Shepherd..... 68            There is a better w. (<i>Oh so bri't</i>) 117            There is a fountain fill'd.... 119            There is a happy land..... 22            There is a land of pure delight 24            They are blessed..... 60            Time is winging us away... 56            To Father, Son, (<i>Doxology</i>).. 128            To Thee, O blessed Saviour.. 62            To the Father, (<i>Doxology</i>)... 59            To us a Child of hope is born 30            We're travelling home to heav. 116            We sing of the realms... 58            When His salvation bringing 54            When mothers of Salem..... 102            When sore afflictions crush.. 124            When this passing world... 110            Where is now the prophet... 48            Who hath believed..... 34            Winter's days of gloom..... 55</p>
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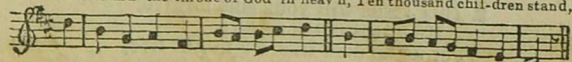
# HYMNS AND MELODIES.

EDITED BY REV. C. H. BATEMAN.

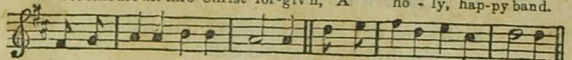
1. CHILDREN IN HEAVEN. (No. 1 in Sac. Songs.)



A-round the throne of God in heav'n, Ten thousand chil-dren stand,



Whose sins are all thro' Christ for-giv'n, A ho-ly, hap-py band.

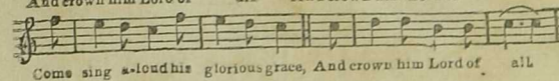
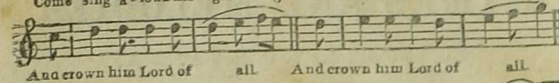
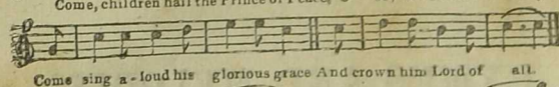
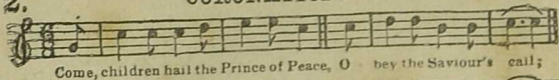


Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Sing-ing glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry.

1. AROUND the throne of God in heav'n,  
Ten thousand children stand,  
Whose sins are all through Christ forgiv'n,  
A holy, happy band.—*Singing glory, glory, glory.*
2. What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—  
How came these children there?—*Singing, &c.*
3. Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean.—*Singing, &c.*
4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name;  
And now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb.—*Singing, &c.*

2.

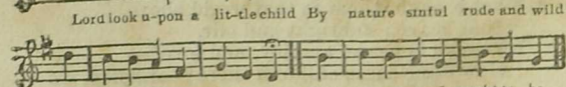
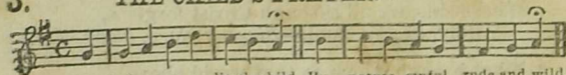
## CORONATION. (No. 3 in Sac. Songs.)



1. Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace,  
Obey the Saviour's call;  
Come sing aloud his glorious grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
2. This Jesus will your sins forgive,  
He now invites us all;  
For us he died that we might live,  
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Oh, let our hearts receive our King,  
No more refuse his call;  
That so in heaven we still may sing,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3.

## THE CHILD'S PRAYER. (No. 12 in S. Songs.)



1. Lord, look upon a little child,  
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;  
Oh! put thy gracious hand on me,  
And make me all I ought to be.
2. Make me thy child, a child of God,  
Wash'd in my Saviour's precious blood,  
And my whole heart from sin set free,—  
A little vessel full of thee.

3. A star of early dawn and bright,  
 Shining within thy sacred light;  
 A beam of grace to all around,  
 A little spot of hallow'd ground.

4. Oh! Jesus take me to thy breast,  
 And bless me, then I shall be blest,  
 Both when I wake and when I sleep,  
 Thy little lamb in safety keep.

4. **INFANT'S PRAISE.** (No. 2 in Sac. Songs.)

Children of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of - Je - sus'  
 name Children too of modern days Join to sing the Saviour's praise Hark  
 hark hark while infant voices sing Hark hark hark while infant voices sing  
 Loud hosannas, Loud hosan - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.

1. Children of Jerusalem  
 Sang the praise of Jesus' name;  
 Children, too, of modern days,  
 Join to sing the Saviour's praise.

*Hark! while infant voices sing  
 Loud hosannas to our King.*

2. We have often heard and read  
 What the royal Psalmist said,  
 "Babes' and sucklings' artless lays  
 Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise."—*Hark, &c.*

3. We are taught to love the Lord,  
 We are taught to read his Word,  
 We are taught the way to heaven,  
 Praise for all to God be given!—*Hark, &c.*

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

5.

## PRAISE TO CHRIST. (No. 4 in Sac. Songs.)

Three staves of musical notation in C major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come children join to sing Hal-le-lu-iah! A - men Loud praise to Christ  
our King Halle-lu-iah! A - men Let all with heart & voice Before his  
throne rejoice Praise is his gracious choice, Hal - le - lu - iah! A - men!

1. Come, children, join to sing,  
Halleluiah! Amen!  
Loud praise to Christ our King,  
Halleluiah! Amen!  
Let all with heart and voice,  
Before his throne rejoice;  
Praise is his gracious choice,  
Halleluiah! Amen!
2. Come lift your hearts on high,—*Hal., &c.*  
Let praises fill the sky,—*Hal., &c.*  
He is our guide and friend;  
To us he'll condescend;  
His love shall never end,—*Hal., &c.*
3. Praise yet the Lord again,—*Hal., &c.*  
Life shall not end the strain,—*Hal., &c.*  
On heaven's blissful shore  
His goodness we'll adore;  
Singing for evermore,—*Hal., &c.*

6.

## FAITHFUL MERCIES. (No. 9 in Sac. Songs.)

Two staves of musical notation in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Let us with a gladsome mind Praise the Lord, for he is  
kind, For his mercies shall en-dure, E-ver faithful, e - ver sure.

1. Let us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
*For his mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful ever sure.*
2. Children come, extol his might;  
Join with saints and angels bright.—*For, &c.*

- 3 All our wants he doth supply,  
Loves to hear our humble cry.—*For, &c.*
4. He of old our fathers blest,  
Led them to the land of rest.—*For, &c.*
5. His own Son he sent to die,  
Us to raise to joys on high.—*For, &c.*
6. Let us then with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord for he is kind.—*For, &c.*

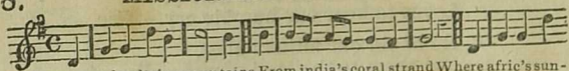
7. THE CHILD'S DESIRE. (No. 7 in S. Songs.)

The musical score consists of five staves of music in a treble clef with a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is simple and suitable for children's voices.

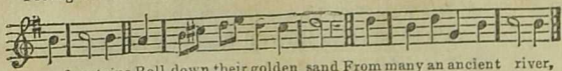
I think when I read the sweet sto-ry of old, How when Je - sus  
was here among men, He once call'd little children as lambs to his fold;  
I should like to have been with them then. I wish that his hands had been  
placed on my head That his arms had been thrown around me; And that I  
might have seen his kind look when he said, Let the little ones come unto me.

1. I think when I read the sweet story of old,  
How when Jesus was here among men,  
He once call'd little children as lambs to his fold;  
I should like to have been with them then.  
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arms had been thrown around me;  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."
2. Yet still to his footstool in faith I may go,  
And there ask for a share of his love;  
And I know if I earnestly seek him below  
I shall see him and hear him above,—  
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,  
For all those who are wash'd and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

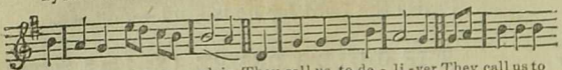
## MISSIONARY HYMN. (No. 5 in Sac. Songs.)



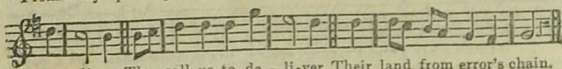
From greenland's icy mountains From india's coral strand Where afric's sun-



ny fountains Roll down their golden sand From many an ancient river,



From many a palm-y plain They call us to de - li - ver They call us to



de - li - ver They call us to de - li - ver Their land from error's chain.

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

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

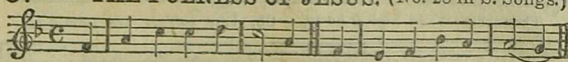
3. Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O Salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole!

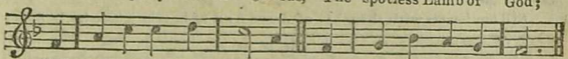


Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

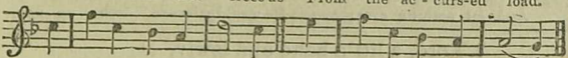
9. THE FULNESS OF JESUS. (No. 28 in S. Songs.)



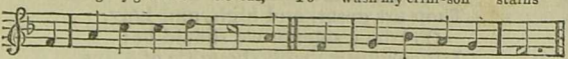
I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless Lamb of God;



He bears them all and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load.



I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains



White in his blood most precious, Till not a spot re-mains.

1. I lay my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God;  
 He bears them all and frees us  
 From the accursed load.  
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
 To wash my crimson stains  
 White in his blood most precious,  
 Till not a spot remains.
2. I bring my wants to Jesus;  
 All fulness dwells in him;  
 He heals all my diseases,—  
 He doth my soul redeem.  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares;  
 He from them all releases,—  
 He all my sorrows shares.
3. I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild:  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy child.  
 I long to be with Jesus,  
 Amid the heavenly throng;  
 And sing with saints his praises,—  
 To learn the angel's song.

## 10.

## OPENING HYMN. (No. 10 in Sac. Songs.)

Lord, a little band and lowly, We are come to sing to thee;

Thou art great and high & ho-ly, Oh, how solemn we should be!

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus And of heav'n where he is gone;

And let nothing ever please us He would grieve to look up-on.

1. Lord, a little band and lowly,  
We are come to sing to thee,  
Thou art great, and high, and holy,  
Oh! how solemn we should be!  
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,  
And of heaven where he is gone;  
And let nothing ever please us  
He would grieve to look upon.
2. For we know the Lord of glory  
Always sees what children do,  
And is writing now the story  
Of our thoughts and actions too.  
Let our sins be all forgiven,  
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;  
Lead us on our way to heaven,  
There to sing a nobler song.

## 11. RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. (No. 25 in S. Songs.)

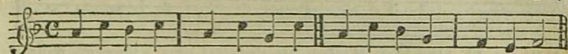
Sweet spices they brought on their star-light-ed way,

And came to the grave by the dawn-ing of day.

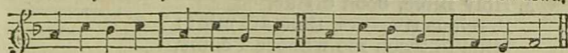
1. Sweet spices they brought on their star-lighted way,  
And came to the grave by the dawning of day.
2. But who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?  
They said, as the tears from their weeping eyes stole.

3. The stone is removed, and the Saviour is gone:  
Oh, hail, ye disciples, this bright Sabbath morn.
4. May Christ now appear, as to Mary he came,  
And fill every bosom with piety's flame.
5. Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths, so peaceful, be useless and vain.

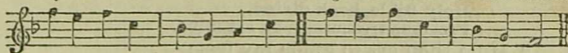
## 12. INVITATION TO JESUS. (No. 13 in S. Songs.)



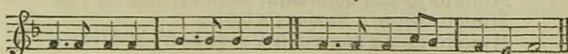
Come ye souls by sin af-flict-ed Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down,



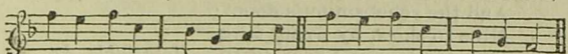
By the bro-ken law con-vict-ed Through the cross be - hold the crown.



Look to Je-sus, look to Je-sus! Mer-cy flows thro' Him a-lone.



Blessed are the eyes that see him Blest the ears that hear his voice,

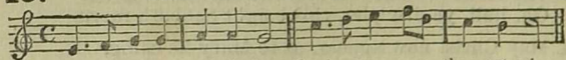


Bless-ed are the souls that trust him And in him a - lonere-joice.

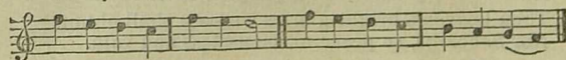
1. Come, ye souls by sin afflicted,  
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;  
By the broken law convicted,  
Through the cross behold the crown.  
Look to Jesus! look to Jesus!  
Mercy flows through Him alone.  
Blessed are the eyes that see him,  
Blest the ears that hear his voice;  
Blessed are the souls that trust him,  
And in him alone rejoice.
2. Take his easy yoke and wear it,  
Love will make obedience sweet;  
Christ will give you strength to bear it,  
While his wisdom guides your feet  
Safe to glory! safe to glory!  
Where his ransom'd captives meet.  
Sweet as home to pilgrim weary,  
Light to newly open'd eyes,  
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,  
Is the rest the cross supplies.

## 13.

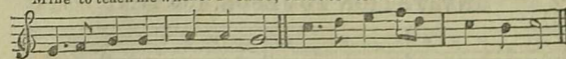
## THE HOLY BIBLE. (No. 38 in Sac. Songs.)



Ho - ly Bi - ble book di - vine, Precious trea - sure, thou art mine;



Mine to teach me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am.

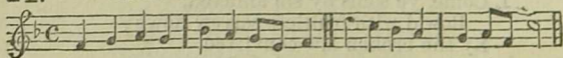


Ho - ly Bi - ble book di - vine, Pre - cious trea - sure, thou art mine.

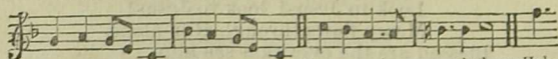
1. Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine;  
Mine to teach me whence I came,  
Mine to tell me what I am.  
Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.
2. Mine thou art to guide my feet;  
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;  
Mine to show a Saviour's love;  
Mine to chide me when I rove.—*Holy Bible, &c.*
3. Mine to tell of joys to come,  
And the rebel sinner's doom;  
Mine to show, by living faith,  
Man can triumph over death.—*Holy Bible, &c.*

## 14.

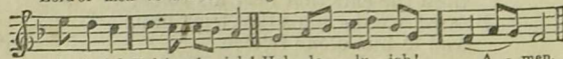
## UNIVERSAL PRAISE. (No. 14 in Sac. Songs.)



Mighty God while an - gels bless thee May an infant lisp thy name;



Lord of men as well as an - gels Thou art ev'ry creature's theme Hal -

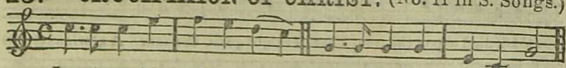


le - lu - iah Hal - le - lu - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! A - men.

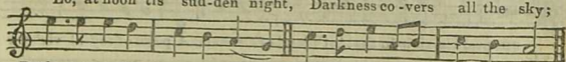
1. Mighty God, while angels bless thee,  
May an infant lisp thy name?  
Lord of men as well as angels,  
Thou art every creature's theme.  
*Halleluiah! Amen!*
2. Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days;  
Sounded through thy wide dominion  
Be thy just and lawful praise.—*Hal., &c.*

3. Brightness of the Father's glory,  
 Shall thy praise unutter'd be?  
 Flee, my soul, such guilty silence,  
 Sing, the Lord who died for thee.—*Hal., &c.*

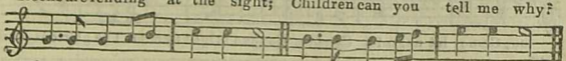
15. CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST. (No. 11 in S. Songs.)



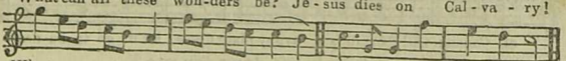
Lo, at noon 'tis sud-den night, Darkness co-vers all the sky;



Rocks are rending at the sight; Children can you tell me why?

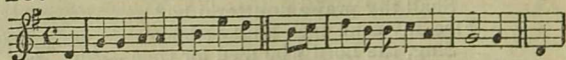


What can all these won-ders be? Je-sus dies on Cal-va-ry!

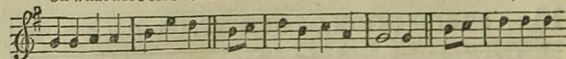


What can all these won-ders be? Je-sus dies on Cal-va-ry!

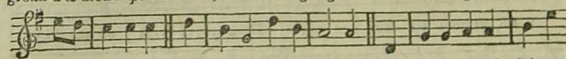
1. Lo, at noon, 'tis sudden night,  
 Darkness covers all the sky;  
 Rocks are rending at the sight;  
 Children, can you tell me why?  
 What can all these wonders be?  
 Jesus dies on Calvary!
2. Nail'd upon the cross, behold,  
 How his tender limbs are torn;  
 For a royal crown of gold  
 They have made him one of thorn:  
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind  
 Thorns upon a brow so kind!
3. See the blood is falling fast  
 From his forehead and his side;  
 Hark! He now has breathed his last,  
 With a mighty groan he died.  
 Children, shall I tell you why  
 Jesus condescends to die?
4. He who was a King above  
 Left his kingdom for a grave,  
 Out of pity—out of love,  
 That the guilty he might save.  
 Down to this sad world he flew,  
 For such little ones as you.



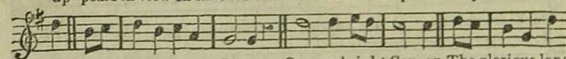
Oh what has Jesus done for me? He came from the land of Canaan; He



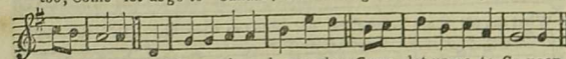
groan'd & died u-pon the tree, That I might go to Canaan. A glorious crown



ap-pears in view In that bri't land of Canaan. A palm of roy-al vie'-try



too; Come let us go to Canaan. Canaan bright Canaan The glorious land



of Canaan. Oh! Canaan is a happy place Come let us go to Ca-naan.

1. Oh! what has Jesus done for me?

He came from the land of Canaan;

He groan'd and died upon the tree,

That I might go to Canaan.

A glorious crown appears in view

In that bright land of Canaan;

A palm of royal vict'ry too;

Come let us go to Canaan.

*Chorus*—Canaan, bright Canaan,  
The glorious land of Canaan;  
Oh, Canaan is a happy place,  
Come let us go to Canaan.

2. When I shall join that blessed throng

In the glorious land of Canaan,

I'll sing the great Redeemer's song

With the happy saints of Canaan.

There Jesus sits upon his throne,

Exalted high in Canaan;

Inviting all his children home,

To dwell with him in Canaan.—*Canaan, &c.*

3. Come, sinner, turn and go with me,

For Jesus waits in Canaan,

With angels bright to welcome thee

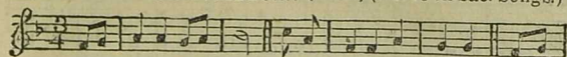
To all the joys of Canaan.

Come freely to salvation's streams;

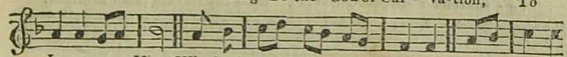
They sweetly flow in Canaan;

There everlasting glory beams

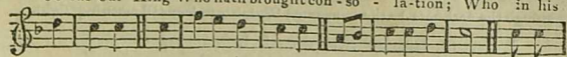
Around his throne in Canaan.—*Canaan, &c.*



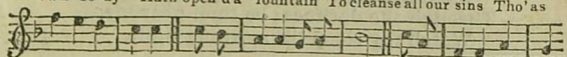
Oh, come let us sing To the God of Sal - va - tion, To



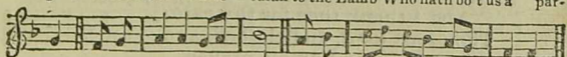
Je - sus our King Who hath brought con - so - la - tion; Who in his



own bo - dy Hath open'd a fountain To cleanse all our sins Tho' as



high as a mountain Hal - le - luiah to the Lamb Who hath bo't us a par -



don We will praise him a - gain When we've pass'd o - ver Jor - dan.

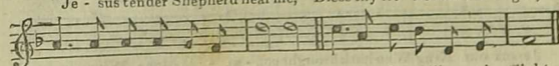
1. Oh, come let us sing  
To the God of salvation,  
To Jesus our King,  
Who hath brought consolation;  
Who in his own body  
Hath opened a fountain  
To cleanse all our sins,  
Though as high as a mountain.

*Chorus*—Halleluiah to the Lamb,  
Who hath bought us a pardon;  
We will praise him again  
When we've pass'd over Jordan.

2. Though our hearts are depraved,  
Though with sin we are burden'd,  
Our souls may be saved,  
And our sins may be pardon'd;  
And Jesus, our Saviour,  
Hath promised to bless us,  
And free us for ever  
From those that oppress us.—*Hal., &c.*
3. The hour may be nigh,  
When our bosoms, faint heaving,  
Shall breathe their last sigh  
In the peace of believing:  
And thou from our pillow  
All darkness dispelling,  
Wilt calm the rude billow  
Of Jordan's proud swelling.—*Hal., &c.*

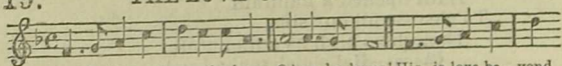


Je - sus tender Shepherd hear me, Bless thy lit - tle lamb to-night,

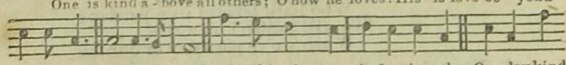


Through the darkness be thou near me Watch my sleep till morning light.

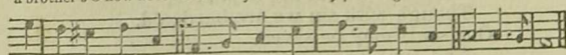
1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb to-night,  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light.
2. All this day thy hand hath led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care;  
Thou hast kept, and clothed, and fed me,  
Listen to my humble prayer.
3. Let my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell.



One is kind a - bove all others; O how he loves! His is love be - yond



a brother's O how he loves Earthly friends may pain & grieve thee One day kind



the next day leave thee But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee, O how he loves

1. One is kind above all others,  
O, how he loves!  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
O, how he loves!  
Earthly friends may pain and grieve thee,  
One day kind, the next day leave thee,  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee,  
O, how he loves!
2. Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him,—O, &c.  
Give thyself entirely to him,—O, &c.  
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee?



Unbelief or trials seize thee?

Jesus can from all release thee,—*O, how, &c.*

3. He's thy friend! he died to save thee,—*O, &c.*  
All through life he will not leave thee,—*O, &c.*  
Think no more of friendships hollow,  
Take his easy yoke and follow,  
Jesus carries all thy sorrow,—*O, how, &c.*

4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,—*O, &c.*  
Backward all thy foes be driven,—*O, &c.*  
Every blessing he'll provide thee,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,  
Safe to glory he will guide thee,—*O, how, &c.*

20.

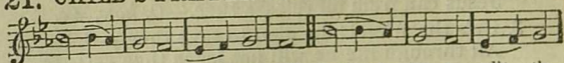
HEAVEN. (No. 52 in Sac. Songs.)

Our home is on high, The home of joy un-changing;  
Here sorrow's cloud Our joys may shroud As night veils the sky;  
But there where happy saints re- pose, Around them bright & bright-  
er glows The day which ne'er shall close in our home on high.

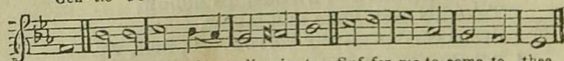
1. Our home is on high,  
The home of joy unchanging;  
Here sorrow's cloud  
Our joys may shroud,  
As night veils the sky;  
But *there*, where happy saints repose,  
Around them bright and brighter glows  
The day which ne'er shall close,  
In our home on high.

2. Our home is on high,  
The home of love unchanging;  
Here those we love  
May faithless prove,  
Forsake us—or die!  
But *there* the blessed, joined in heart,  
Can never change, can never part,  
Nor feel bereavement's smart,  
In their home on high.

## 21. CHILD'S PRAYER TO JESUS. (No. 46 in S. Songs.)



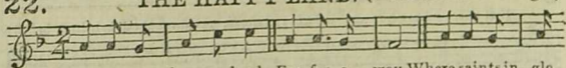
Gen-tle Je-sus meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle



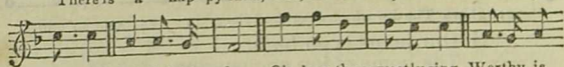
child; Pi - ty my sim - pli - ci - ty; Suf - fer me to come to thee.

1. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity;  
Suffer me to come to thee.
2. Fain I would to thee be brought:  
Gracious God, forbid it not:  
In the kingdom of thy grace.  
Give a little child a place.
3. Oh, supply my ev'ry want!  
Feed the young and tender plant:  
Day and night my keeper be;  
Ev'ry moment watch round me.

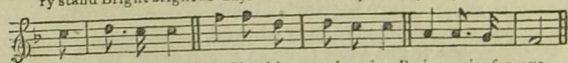
## 22. THE HAPPY LAND. (No. 19 in Sac. Songs.)



There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way Where saints in glo -



ry stand Bright bright as day. Oh how they sweetly sing Worthy is



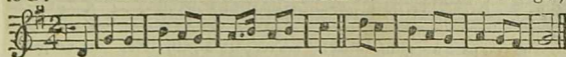
our Saviour king; Loud let his praises ring Praise praise for aye.

1. There is a happy land,  
Far, far, away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.  
Oh, how they sweetly sing,  
Worthy is our Saviour king;  
Loud let his praises ring—  
Praise, praise for aye.
2. Come to this happy land,  
Come, come away:  
Why will ye doubting stand?—  
Why still delay?

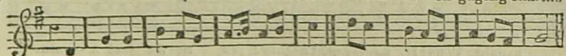
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall live with thee!  
Blest, blest for aye.

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

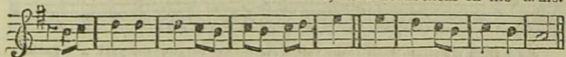
23. THE KIND SHEPHERD. (No. 18 in Sac. Songs.)



See the kind Shepherd Je - sus stands With all en-gaging charms



Hark how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.



"Per - mit them to ap - proach," he cries, Nor scorns their humble name



For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of an-gels came.

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

There is a land of pure de-light Where sain im - mortal reign,  
 In - fi-nite day ex-cludes the night And plea - sures ban-ish pain.  
 Come, children march to Em-manuel's ground For soon we'll hear the  
 trumpet sound; And then we shall with Jesus reign, And ne-ver,  
 ne-ver part a - gain, What! ne-ver part a-gain? No, ne-ver part  
 a-gain, What! ne-ver part a-gain? No, ne-ver part a - gain.  
 And then we shall with Jesus reign And ne-ver, ne-ver part a - gain.

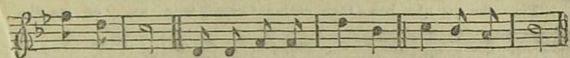
1. There is a land of pure delight  
 Where saints immortal reign,  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.  
 Come, children, march to Emmanuel's ground,  
 For soon we'll hear the trumpet's sound;  
 And then we shall with Jesus reign,  
 And never, never part again.
2. There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-with'ring flowers:  
 Death, like a narrow stream, divides  
 That happy land from ours.—*Come, &c.*
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dress'd in living green,  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.—*Come, &c.*
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.—*Come, &c.*



Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis - may, Wait not for



to - mor - row; Yield thee to - day. Heav'n bids thee come While



yet there's room, Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o - bey.

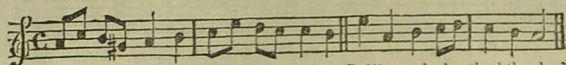
Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Fill'd with dismay,  
 Wait not for to-morrow;  
 Yield thee to-day.  
 Heav'n bids thee come  
 While yet there's room,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Hear and obey.

Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Why wilt thou die?  
 Wait not for to-morrow;  
 Jesus is nigh,  
 Grieve not that love  
 Which from above,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Life can supply.

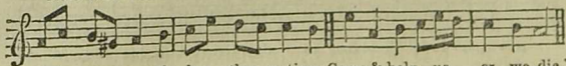
Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Where wilt thou flee?  
 Through that long to-morrow,  
 Eternity?  
 Exiled from home,  
 Darkly to roam—  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Where wilt thou flee?

Child of sin and sorrow,  
 Lift up thine eye;  
 Joy knows no to-morrow  
 In Heaven high.  
 O, sinner, come  
 While yet there's room,  
 Child of sin and sorrow,  
 To Jesus fly.

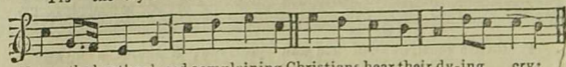
## 26. CRY OF THE HEATHEN. (No. 26 in Sac. Songs.)



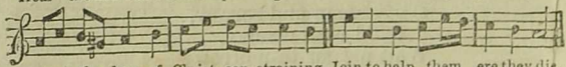
Hark what mean those la - men - tations Rolling sad - ly thro' the sky?



'Tis the cry of hea - then nations Come & help us, or we die.



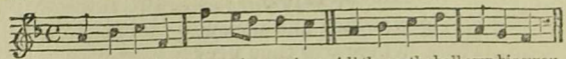
Hear the heathen's sad complaining Christians hear their dy - ing cry;



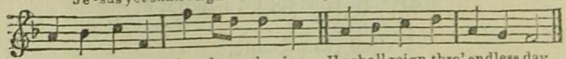
And, the love of Christ con - straining, Join to help them ere they die.

Hark! what mean those lamentations  
 Rolling sadly through the sky?  
 'Tis the cry of heathen nations,  
 "Come and help us, or we die!"  
 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,  
 Christians hear their dying cry;  
 And, the love of Christ constraining,  
 Join to help them ere they die.

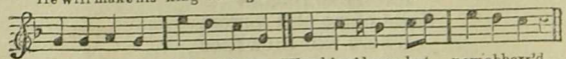
## 27. THE REIGN OF JESUS. (No. 27 in Sac. Songs.)



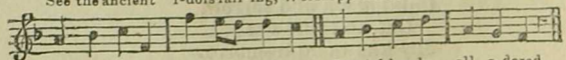
Je - sus yet shall reign vic - to - rious, All the earth shall own his sway,



He will make his king - dom glo - rious—He shall reign thro' endless day.



See the ancient i - dols fall - ing, Worshipp'd once but now abhorr'd.



Men on Je - sus now are call - ing, Zion's king, by all a - dored.

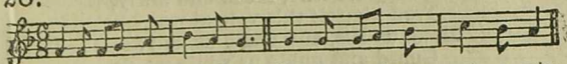
1. Jesus yet shall reign victorious,  
 All the earth shall own his sway;  
 He will make his kingdom glorious—  
 He shall reign through endless day.

See the ancient idols falling,  
 Worshipp'd once, but now abhorr'd!  
 Men on Jesus now are calling,  
 Zion's King, by all adored.

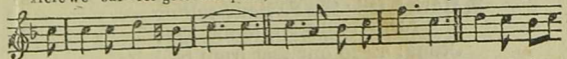
2. Then shall Zion, long dispersed,  
 Mourning, seek the Lord their God,  
 Look on him whom they have pierced,  
 Own and kiss his chast'ning rod.  
 Then shall Israel all be saved,  
 War and tumult then shall cease,  
 When the promised Son of David  
 Rules a conquer'd world in peace.

28.

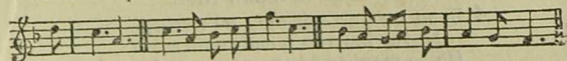
JOYFUL. (No. 6 in Sac. Songs.)



Here we suf-fer grief and pain; Here we meet to part a-gain;



In heav'n we part no more. O that will be joy-ful! Joy-ful, joy-

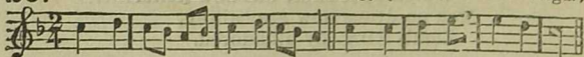


ful, joyful! O that will be joyful, When we meet to part no more.

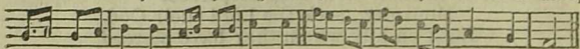
1. Here we suffer grief and pain;  
 Here we meet to part again;  
 In heaven we part no more.  
*Chorus*—O, that will be joyful!  
 Joyful, joyful, joyful!  
 O, that will be joyful!  
 When we meet to part no more.
2. All who love the Lord below,  
 When they die to heaven will go,  
 And sing with saints above.—O, &c.
3. Little children will be there,  
 Who have sought the Lord by prayer,  
 From every Sabbath-school.—O, &c.
4. Oh! how happy we shall be!  
 For our Saviour we shall see  
 Exalted on his throne.—O, &c.
5. There we all shall sing with joy,  
 And eternity employ  
 In praising Christ the Lord.—O, &c

29.

## CHILDHOOD'S YEARS. (No. 37 in Sac. Songs.)



Childhood's years are passing o'er us, Youthful days will soon be done;

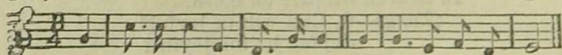


Cares and sorrows lie before us, Hid-den dan-gers, snares unknown,

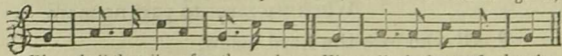
1. Childhood's years are passing o'er us,  
Youthful days will soon be done;  
Cares and sorrows lie before us,  
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
2. Oh, may He who, meek and lowly,  
Trod himself this vale of woe,  
Make us His, and make us holy,  
Guard and guide us while we go.
3. Hark! it is the Saviour calling,  
"Little children, follow me!"  
Jesus! keep our feet from falling;  
Teach us all to follow thee.
4. Soon we part—it may be never,  
Never here to meet again;  
Oh to meet in heaven for ever!  
Oh the crown of life to gain!

30.

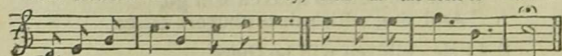
## THE BIRTH OF CHRIST. (No. 31 in Sac. Songs.)



To us a Child of hope is born; To us a Son is giv'n;



Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.



Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

1. To us a Child of hope is born:  
To us a Son is giv'n;  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
For evermore adored,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The great and mighty Lord.



3. His pow'r increasing still shall spread,  
 His reign no end shall know;  
 Justice shall guard his throne above,  
 And peace abound below.

31. TRAVELLERS ZIONWARD. (No. 62 in S. Songs.)

The musical score consists of four staves of music in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes.

Lit-tle travellers Zi-on - ward Each one ent'ring in-to rest In  
 the kingdom of your Lord, In the man-sions of the blest There  
 to welcome Je-sus waits, Gives the crowns His followers win;  
 Lift your heads ye golden gates, Let the lit-tle tra-vellers in!

1. Little travellers Zionward,  
 Each one entering into rest  
 In the kingdom of your Lord,  
 In the mansions of the blest.  
 There to welcome Jesus waits,  
 Gives the crowns His followers win,  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
 Let the little travellers in!
  
2. Who are they whose little feet,  
 Pacing life's dark journey through,  
 Now have reach'd the heavenly seat  
 They had ever kept in view?  
 "I from Greenland's frozen land;"  
 "I from India's sultry plain;"  
 "I from Afric's barren sand;"  
 "I from islands of the main."
  
3. "All our earthly journey past,  
 Every tear and pain gone by,  
 We're together met at last,  
 At the portal of the sky."  
 Each the welcome "COME" awaits,  
 Conquerors over death and sin;  
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
 Let the little travellers in!

32.

## SONGS OF PRAISE. (No. 39 in Sac. Songs.)

Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with  
hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's  
work be - gun, When he spake and it was done.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.
2. Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when he  
Captive led captivity.
3. Heav'n and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
God will make new heav'ns and earth,  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
4. Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

33.

## MORNING HYMN. (No. 41 in Sac. Songs.)

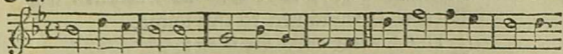
By thee refresh'd with pleasant sleep We scorn the bed of sloth to keep  
But rise & thee our Fa-ther pray To hear and bless our morning lay.

1. By Thee refresh'd with pleasant sleep,  
We scorn the bed of sloth to keep,  
But rise, and Thee our Father pray  
To hear and bless our morning lay.
2. To Thee the voice be first address'd,  
By Thee the waking thought possess'd,  
That each succeeding act may be  
Commenced, pursued, fulfill'd in Thee.

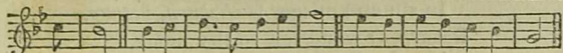
3. Now darkness fades before the light,  
Yields to the dawn the gloom of night;  
If aught of ill the night conceal'd,  
So may it to Thy brightness yield.

4. Oh grant that thus our hearts within  
May still be clean from taint of sin,  
And still our outward lips may raise  
To Thee the voice of deathless praise.

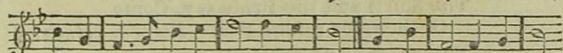
34. WHO HATH BELIEVED? (Gall.) (No. 29 S. Songs.)



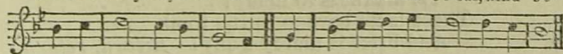
Who hath be-lieved? Who hath be - liev-ed? To whom is thine arm Lord



re-veal'd? The Mes-si - ah came to earth; But so low-ly was his birth,



That his ma-jes-ty from man was con-veal'd. Bless-ed Je-sus, kind Je-



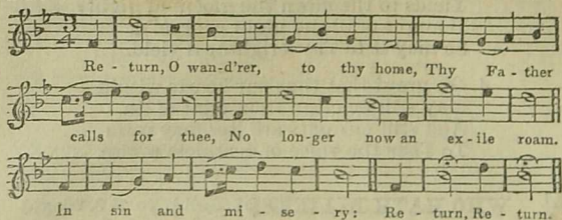
sus! the meek, lowly Je - sus! We bless him for all he has done.

1. Who hath believed? Who hath believed?  
To whom is thine arm, Lord, revealed?  
The Messiah came to earth,  
But so lowly was his birth,  
That his majesty from man was conceal'd.  
Blessed Jesus! kind Jesus! the meek, lowly Jesus!  
We bless him for all he has done.

2. He was afflicted—He was afflicted;  
On him lay the sins of us all:  
As a lamb to slaughter led,  
So the lowly Saviour bled,  
To redeem us from the curse of the fall,—*Blessed, &c.*

3. He has ascended—He has ascended,  
And now sits enthroned in the sky;  
But he'll come again to bear  
All his lowly people there,  
And they'll reign as kings with Jesus on high.  
Blessed Jesus! kind Jesus! the meek, lowly Jesus!  
They'll reign as kings with Jesus on high

### 35. RETURN, O WANDERER. (No. 69 in S. Songs.)

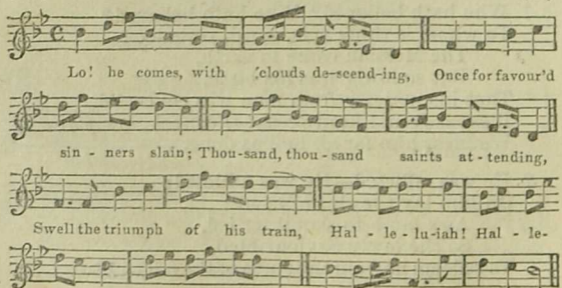


Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,  
 Thy Father calls for thee;  
 No longer now an exile roam  
 In sin and misery:—*Return, return.*

Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,  
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee;  
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,  
 O, then, for refuge flee:—*Return, return.*

Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,  
 'Tis madness to delay;  
 There is no pardon in the tomb,  
 And brief is mercy's day:—*Return, return.*

### 36. COMING OF CHRIST. (No. 30 in Sac. Songs.)



1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favour'd sinners slain;  
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train.  
 Halleluiah! Halleluiah!  
 Jesus comes—and comes to reign!

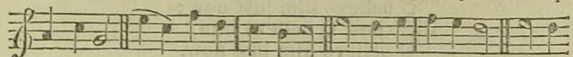
2. Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear!  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Rise to meet Him free from fear.  
Halleluiah! Halleluiah!  
Shouts of welcome greet His ear.

3. Yes, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High, on Thine eternal throne!  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Make Thy righteous sentence known.  
O come quickly! O come quickly!  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

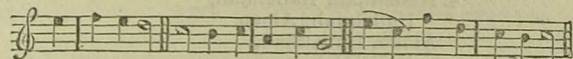
37. HYMN FOR SABBATH-DAY. (No. 4 in S. Songs.)



Je-sus we love to meet, On this Thy ho - ly day. We worship



round thy seat, On this Thy ho - ly day Thou tender heav'nly friend To thee



our prayers ascend O'er our young spirits bend, On this Thy ho - ly day.

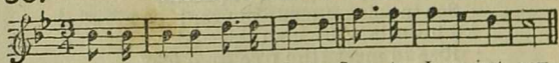
1. Jesus, we love to meet,  
On this Thy holy day.  
We worship round Thy seat,  
On this Thy holy day.  
Thou tender, heavenly Friend,  
To Thee our prayers ascend;  
O'er our young spirits bend,  
On this Thy holy day.

2. We dare not trifle now,—*On this, &c.*  
In silent awe we bow,—*On this, &c.*  
Check every wandering thought,  
And let us all be taught  
To serve Thee as we ought,—*On this, &c.*

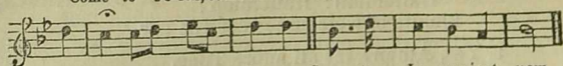
3. We listen to Thy Word,—*On this, &c.*  
Bless all that we have heard,—*On this, &c.*  
Go with us when we part,  
And to each youthful heart  
Thy saving grace impart,—*On this, &c.*

38.

## COME TO JESUS. (No. 43 in Sac. Songs.)



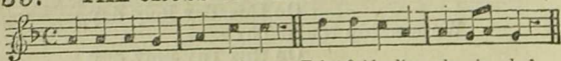
Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now;



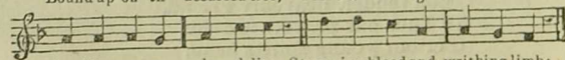
Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now;  
Just now come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now.
- 2 He will save you, he will save you,  
He will save you just now;  
Just now he will save you,  
He will save you just now.
3. O believe him, O believe him,  
O believe him just now;  
Just now O believe him,  
O believe him just now.
4. Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.  
Amen, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

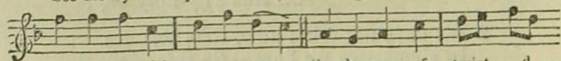
## 39. THE CROSS OF CHRIST. (No. 32 in Sac. Songs.)



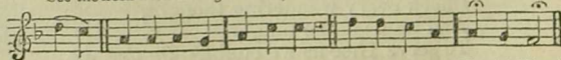
Bound up-on th' accursed tree, Faint & bleeding who is he?



See his eyes so pale and dim; Streaming blood and writhing limb;



See the flesh with scourges torn; See the crown of twist - ed



thorn; See the drooping death-dew'd brow Son of man'tis Thou'tis Thou!

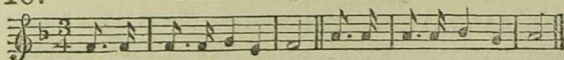
1. Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is he?  
See his eyes so pale and dim;  
Streaming blood and writhing limb;

See the flesh with scourges torn ;  
See the crown of twisted thorn ;  
See the drooping death-dew'd brow,—  
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

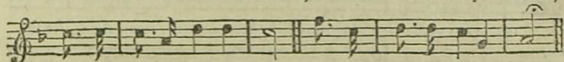
2. Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who is he?  
Hark! his prayer for them that slew,  
"Lord, they know not what they do."  
Lo, the sun at noon grown pale!  
Rent in twain the temple's vail!  
Trembling nature knows thee now,  
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
- 3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who was he?  
Though his lifeless corpse was laid  
In a cold sepulchral bed,  
Soon the Saviour from the grave  
Rose a conqueror, strong to save;  
Bright the crown that decks his brow—  
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

40.

THE SABBATH. (No. 54 in Sac. Songs.)



Soon will set the Sabbath sun, Soon the sa-cred day be done;



But an end-less rest re-mains Where the glo-rious Saviour reigns.

1. Soon will set the Sabbath sun,  
Soon the sacred day be done;  
But an endless rest remains  
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
2. Sweet our evening praises rise  
To our Maker in the skies;  
But a music sweeter far  
Breathes where angel spirits are.
3. Happy they on earth who read  
Of a Saviour crucified;  
Happier they who see him now,  
And before his glory bow.
4. Who that endless rest shall gain,  
Who shall sing that glorious strain?  
They who here the Saviour own,  
They shall worship round his throne.

#### 41. THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS. (No. 44 in S. Songs.)

How deli'tful the tho't that the angels in bliss Daily bend their bright wings  
to a world such as this And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above To breathe  
on our bosoms some message of love To breathe on our bosoms some message of love.

1. How delightful the thought that the angels in bliss  
Daily bend their bright wings to a world such as this;  
And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,  
To breathe on our bosoms some message of love!
2. They come! on the wings of the morning they come,  
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;  
Some pilgrim to cheer, or direction afford,  
Or lay him to sleep in the arms of his Lord.

#### 42. SABBATH EVENING SONG. (No. 34 in Sac. Songs.)

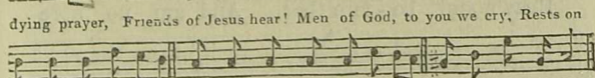
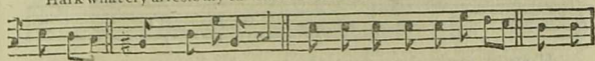
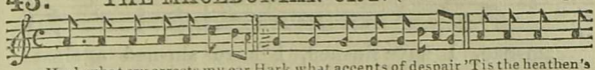
Oh let our sabbath ev'ning song Like holy incense rise; And let the  
praises of our tongue Ascend the lofty skies, Ascend the lofty skies.  
Thro' all the dangers of the day Thy hand was still our guard; And still to  
keep each want away Thy goodness was prepared, Thy goodness was prepar'd

1. Oh, let our Sabbath evening song  
Like holy incense rise;  
And let the praises of our tongue  
Ascend the lofty skies.  
Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy hand was still our guard;  
And still, to keep each want away,  
Thy goodness was prepared.



2. Thy richest blessings from above  
 Encompass'd us around;  
 But yet how few returns of love  
 Hast thou, our Father, found.  
 Oh, wash from sin our guilty heart,  
 When to the cross we flee;  
 And let thy Spirit grace impart,  
 That we may live to thee.

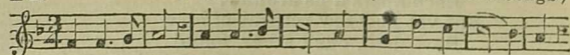
43. THE MACEDONIAN CRY. (No. 53 in Sac. Songs.)



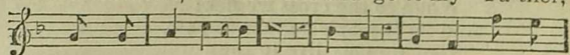
1. Hark! what cry arrests my ear?  
 Hark! what accents of despair?  
 'Tis the heathen's dying prayer,  
 Friends of Jesus, hear!  
 "Men of God, to you we cry,  
 Rests on you our tearful eye;  
 Help us, Christians, or we die!  
 Die in dark despair!"
2. Hasten, Christians, haste to save,  
 O'er the land and o'er the wave,  
 Dangers, death, and distance brave:  
 Hark! for help they call!  
 Afric bends her suppliant knee—  
 Asia spreads her hands to thee:  
 Hark! they urge the heaven-born plea,  
 "JESUS WELCOMES ALL!"
3. Haste, then, spread the Saviour's name;  
 Snatch the firebrands from the flame;  
 Deck his glorious diadem  
 With their ransom'd souls.  
 See! the pagan altars fall!  
 See! the Saviour reigns o'er all!  
 Crown him, crown him Lord of all!  
 Echoes round the poles.

44.

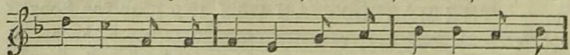
## I WILL ARISE. (No. 45 in Sac. Songs.)



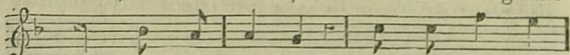
I will a-rise, I will a-rise and go to my Fa-ther,



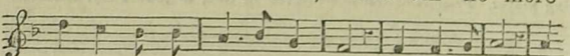
And will say un-to him, Fa-ther, Father, I have



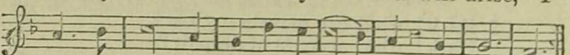
sin-ned, I have sin-ned, I have sin-ned against



Heav'n and be-fore thee, And am no more



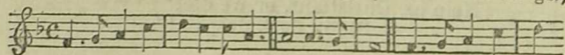
worthy to be call-ed thy son. I will arise, I



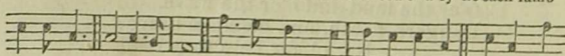
will a-rise, and go to my Fa-ther, my Fa-ther.

45.

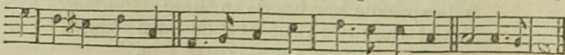
## LOVE OF JESUS. (No. 40 in Sac. Songs.)



Je-sus lit-tle children blesses Oh how he loves Fond-ly he each lamb



ca-ress-es, Oh how he loves Would you wish to go to hea-ven Ask and have



your sins for-giv-en None from him were e-ver dri-ven, Oh how he loves

1. Jesus little children blesses,

Oh, how he loves!

Fondly he each lamb caresses,

Oh, how he loves!

Would you wish to go to heaven?

Ask, and have your sins forgiven;

None from him were ever driven,

Oh, how he loves!

2. He will listen to your prayer,—*Oh, &c.*  
 Although feeble, if sincere,—*Oh, &c.*  
 He became a child, to sever  
 You from sin and Satan ever;  
 Those who come he'll cast out never,—*Oh, &c.*
3. Trust him—he will ne'er forget you,—*Oh, &c.*  
 His Almighty arm protects you,—*Oh, &c.*  
 Truly he will ne'er forsake you,  
 But to endless glory take you,  
 Ever, ever happy make you,—*Oh, &c.*

46.

BIRTH OF CHRIST. (No. 47 in Sac. Songs.)

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning Dawn on our darkness &  
 lend us thine aid; Star of the east the ho-rizon adorning Guide where  
 our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops  
 are shining Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall Angels adore  
 him in slumber re-clin-ing, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.  
 Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining—  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
2. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?  
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation—  
 Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration—  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

## 47. BENEDICITE ANTHEM. (No. 74 in S. Songs.)

Oh, all ye works of God the Lord, Bless ye,  
 bless ye the Lord; Praise him and mag-ni-fy  
 him, Praise him and mag-ni-fy him for e-ver!

1. Oh, all ye works of God the Lord, Bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever!
2. Oh, ye the angels of the Lord, bless ye, &c.
3. Oh, all ye powers of the Lord, bless ye, &c.
4. Oh, all ye children of mankind, bless ye, &c.
5. Oh, ye the servants of the Lord, bless ye, &c.

## 48. THE PROMISED LAND. (No. 58 in S. Songs.)

Where is now the prophet Dan-iel Where is now the prophet Dan-iel  
 iel Where is now the prophet Dan-iel? Safe in the promised land,  
 He went thro' the den of li-ons, He went thro' the den of li-  
 ons, He went thro' the den of li-ons, Safe to the promised land.

1. Where is now the prophet Daniel?  
 Safe in the promised land;  
 He went through the den of lions,  
 Safe to the promised land.
2. Where is now the great Elijah?—*Safe, &c.*  
 He went up in a fiery chariot,—*Safe, &c.*
3. Where are now the Hebrew children?—*Safe, &c.*  
 They pass'd through a fiery furnace,—*Safe, &c.*
4. Where are now the twelve apostles?—*Safe, &c.*  
 They pass'd through great tribulation,—*Safe, &c.*

5. Jesus now is pleading for us,—*High in, &c.*  
By and by we hope to meet him,—*Safe in, &c.*

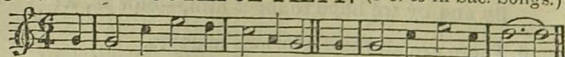
6. There are all those glorious martyrs,  
Safe in the promised land;  
There we'll all sing "Halleluiah,"  
When we've reached the promised land.

49. THE KING OF KINGS. (No. 35 in S. Songs.)

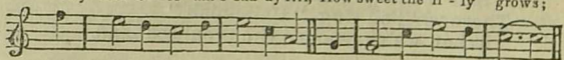
Low, the in-fant Sa-viour lies; He ap-pears in low-ly guise; Yet by faith we read the words—King of kings and Lord of lords King of kings & Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords, King of kings and Lord of lords.

1. Low the infant Saviour lies;  
He appears in lowly guise;  
Yet by faith we read the words—  
King of kings and Lord of lords.
2. See! He stands at Pilate's bar,  
Most despised of all by far;  
Still to Him belong the words—  
King of kings and Lord of lords.
3. He who wears the crown of thorns,  
He whom man reviles and scorns,  
Yet demands as His the words—  
King of kings and Lord of lords.
4. On the cross 'tis still the same,  
Never can He yield his claim  
To these ever glorious words—  
King of kings and Lord of lords.
5. Pass'd the conflict of his love,  
See, he takes his place above  
On His vesture shine the words—  
King of kings and Lord of lords.

50. YOUTHFUL PIETY. (No. 65 in Sac. Songs.)



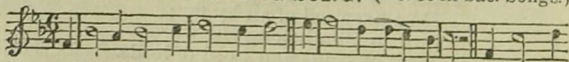
By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - ly grows;



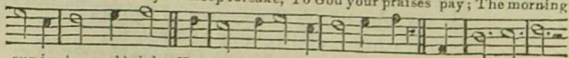
How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dew - y rose.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill,  
How sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
2. And such the child whose early feet  
The path of peace hath trod;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upwards drawn to God.
3. By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay,  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.
4. O Thou who givest life and breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

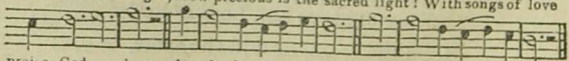
51. MORNING SONG. (No. 36 in Sac. Songs.)



Awake awake your sleep forsake, To God your praises pay; The morning



sun is clear and bright, How precious is the sacred light! With songs of love



praise God a - bove, It is the Sabbath day! It is the Sab - bath day!

1. Awake, awake, your sleep forsake,  
To God your praises pay;  
The morning sun is clear and bright,  
How precious is the sacred light!  
With songs of love praise God above—  
It is the Sabbath-day!

2. Before the morn awaked the dawn,  
The blessed Saviour rose;  
He conquer'd death, and left the grave,  
(While soft across the placid wave  
The morning star shone forth afar,  
And vanquish'd all his foes.
3. The angels bright from worlds of light  
To greet his rising came;  
The Prince of Life with joy they view,  
While heaven its glories o'er him threw.  
Then haste to fly above the sky,  
Their raptures to proclaim.

52.

HEAVEN OUR HOME. (No. 55 in S. Songs.)

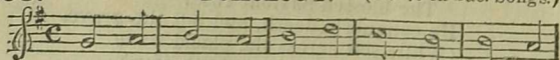
The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes.

I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home: Earth  
is a de-sert drear, Heaven is my home: Dan-ger  
and sor-row stand Round me on e-very hand; Heav'n  
is my fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.

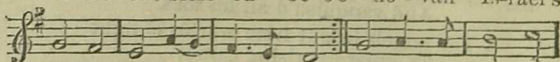
1. I'm but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home;  
Earth is a desert drear,  
Heaven is my home:  
Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.
2. What though the tempest rage,—Heaven, &c.  
Short is my pilgrimage,—Heaven, &c.  
And Time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast:  
I shall reach home at last,—Heaven, &c.
3. Therefore I murmur not,—Heaven, &c.  
Whate'er my earthly lot,—Heaven, &c.  
For I shall surely stand  
Then at my Lord's right hand;  
Heaven is my fatherland,—Heaven, &c.

53.

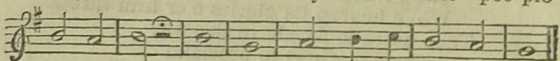
## DOXOLOGY. (No. 79 in Sac. Songs.)



Bless - ed! bless - ed be Je - ho - vah Is - rael's



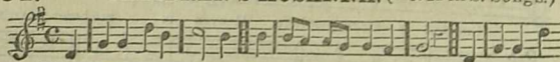
God, to all e - ter - ni - ty! Let all the peo - ple



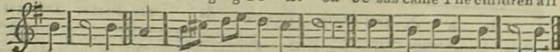
say A - men! A - men Praise to the Lord give ye.

54.

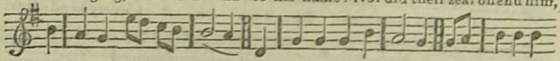
## CHILDREN'S HOSANNA. (No. 22 in S. Songs.)



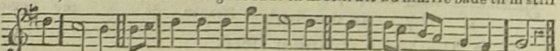
When his salvation bringing To Zi - on Je - sus came The children all



stood singing, Ho - san - na to his name! Nor did their zeal offend him,



But, as he rode a - long He bade th'm still att'nd him He bade th'm still



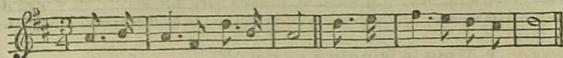
attend him He bade them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.

1. When, his salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came;  
The children all stood singing,  
Hosanna to his name!  
Nor did their zeal offend him,  
But, as he rode along,  
He bade them still attend him,  
And smiled to hear their song.
2. Then since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King he reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll flock around his banner  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And sing aloud, Hosanna!  
To David's royal Son.

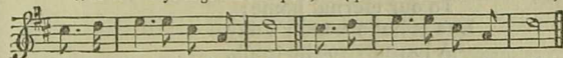


3. For should we fail proclaiming,  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones, our silence shaming,  
 Would their hosannas raise.  
 But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words?  
 No, while our hearts are tender,  
 They too shall be the Lord's!

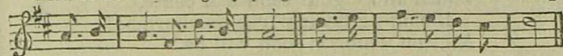
55. SPRING TIME. (No. 48 in Sac. Songs.)



Win-ter's days of gloom are past, Happier hours are come at last;



Flowers & blossoms brightly spring, Birds a - mid the branches sing,

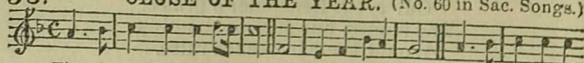


Win-ter's days of gloom are past, Hap-pier hours are come at last.

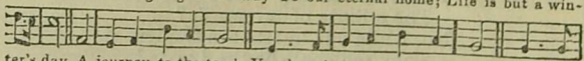
1. Winter's days of gloom are past,  
 Happier hours are come at last:  
 Flowers and blossoms brightly spring,  
 Birds amid the branches sing.—*Winter's, &c.*
2. Oh! how great the love and power  
 Which protecteth bird and flower!  
 At the time appointed, still  
 Bidding each its station fill.—*Oh! &c.*
3. But *they* do not understand:  
 We can own the guiding hand  
 Which hath led our youthful way  
 Safe to this rejoicing day.—*But, &c.*
4. As with melody and song  
 Joyously we pass along,  
 Let our hearts with rapture swell  
 All our Father's love to tell.—*As, &c.*
5. There are brighter paths than these,  
 Ways of sacred pleasantness:  
 Pastures ever green and fair:  
 Are our *spirits* travelling there?—*There, &c.*
6. Thorns may sometimes strew the road,  
 But it leadeth on to God;  
 Let us go, a pilgrim band,  
 To that bright and happy land.—*Thorns, &c.*

56.

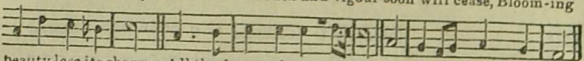
## CLOSE OF THE YEAR. (No. 60 in Sac. Songs.)



Time is wing-ing us a - way To our eternal home; Life is but a win-



ter's day, A journey to the tomb. Youth and vigour soon will cease, Bloom-ing

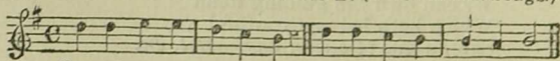


beauty lose its charms, All that's mortal soon will be Inclosed in death's cold arms.

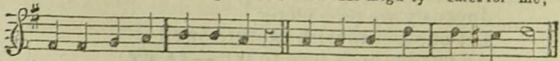
1. Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day,  
A journey to the tomb.  
Youth and vigour soon will cease,  
Blooming beauty lose its charms;  
All that's mortal soon will be  
Inclosed in Death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home;  
Life is but a winter's day,  
A journey to the tomb.  
But the Christian shall enjoy  
Health and beauty from above,  
Far above the world's alloy,  
Secure in Jesus' love.

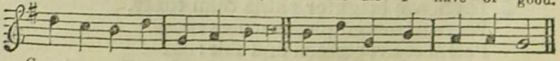
## 57. PRAYER OF THE NEEDY. (No. 70 in Sac. Songs.)



Poor and need-y though I be, God Al-migh-ty cares for me;



Gives me clothing, shel-ter, food, Gives me all I have of good.



Gives me clothing, shel-ter, food, Gives me all I have of good.

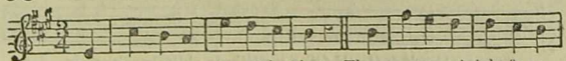
1. Poor and needy though I be,  
God Almighty cares for me;  
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,  
Gives me all I have of good.

2. He will hear me when I pray;  
He is with me night and day,  
When I sleep and when I wake,  
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

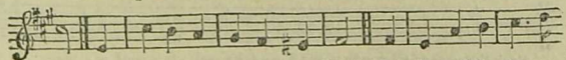
3. Though I labour here a while,  
He will bless me with his smile;  
And when this short life is past,  
I shall rest with Him at last.

4. Then to him I'll tune my song,  
Happy as the day is long;  
This my joy for ever be,—  
God Almighty cares for me!

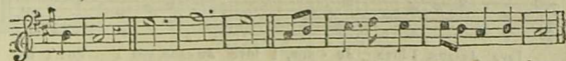
## 58. THE REALMS OF THE BLEST. (No. 57 S. Songs.)



We sing of the realms of the blest, That country so bright & so



fair; And oft are its glories confess'd; But what will it be to



be there! There! there! there! Oh! what will it be to be there!

1. We sing of the realms of the blest.  
That country so bright and so fair.  
And oft are its glories confess'd;  
But what will it be to be there!  
There! there! there!  
Oh! what will it be to be there!

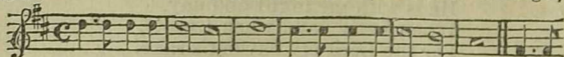
2. We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care,  
From trials, without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!—*There, &c.*

3. We speak of its service of love,  
The robes which the glorified wear,  
The church of the first-born above;  
But what must it be to be there!—*There, &c.*

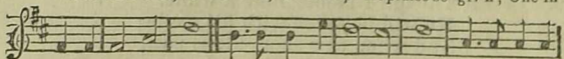
4. Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,  
For heaven our spirits prepare;  
And shortly we also shall know  
And feel what it is to be there.—*There, &c.*

59.

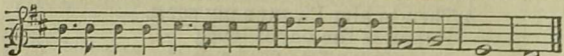
## DOXOLOGY. (No. 80 in Sac. Songs.)



To the Fa-ther, to the Son, To the Spi-rit praise be giv'n; One in



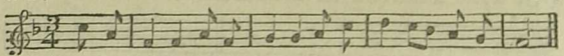
Three and Three in One, Lord of earth and Lord of heav'n. Hal-le-lu-iah



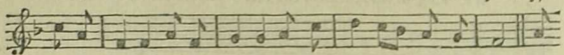
Hal-le-lu-iah Hal-le-lu-iah Hal-le-lu-iah! A-men! A - men.

60.

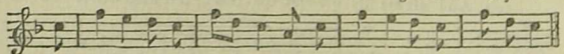
## EARLY PIETY. (No. 59 in Sac. Songs.)



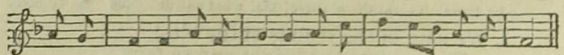
They are bless'd & bless'd for e-ver Who in child-hood's ear-ly day,



Seek the care of Him who never Turns the seek-ing soul a-way. I



love Je-sus, I love Je-sus, I love Je-sus, yes I do! I do.



I love Je-sus He's my Saviour, Je-sus smiles and loves me too.

1. They are bless'd, and bless'd for ever,  
Who in childhood's early day  
Seek the care of Him, who never  
Turns the seeking soul away.

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

2. They, the world's temptations scorning,  
Follow after Christ the Lord,  
Who, in youth's delightful morning,  
Yield themselves unto the Lord.—*I love, &c.*
3. He, their Shepherd and their Saviour,  
Will with eyes of love behold,  
And regard with kindest favour,  
Every lamb within his fold.—*I love, &c.*

4. He will in his bosom cherish  
 Those who follow his commands;  
 They shall never, never perish,  
 None shall pluck them from his hands.—*I love, &c.*

61. GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH. (No. 50 in Sac. Songs.)

The image shows three staves of musical notation in G major and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Glo-ry to God on high Let earth and heaven re-ply, Praise ye  
 his name. An-gels his name a-dore Who all our sor-rows bore;  
 Saints sing for e-ver-more, Wor-thy the Lamb.

1. Glory to God on high!  
 Let earth and heaven reply,  
 Praise ye his name.  
 Angels, his name adore  
 Who all our sorrows bore;  
 Saints, sing for evermore,  
 Worthy the Lamb!
2. Ye who surround the throne,  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his name;  
 Ye who have felt his blood  
 Sealing your peace with God,  
 Sound through the earth abroad,  
 Worthy the Lamb!
3. Join all the ransom'd race,  
 Our God and Saviour bless,  
 Praise ye his name:  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 Making a cheerful noise;  
 Shouting, with heart and voice,  
 Worthy the Lamb!
4. Soon must we change our place;  
 Yet will we never cease  
 Praising his name.  
 Still will we tribute bring;  
 Hail him our gracious King;  
 And through all ages sing,  
 Worthy the Lamb!

To thee oh bless-ed Saviour, Our grateful songs we raise; Oh tune our hearts and voices Thy holy name to praise. 'Tis by Thy sovereign mercy We're here allowed to meet, To join with friends & teachers, Thy blessing to entreat.

1. To thee, oh, blessed Saviour,  
Our grateful songs we raise:  
Oh, tune our hearts and voices  
Thy holy name to praise;  
'Tis by thy sov'reign mercy  
We're here allowed to meet,  
To join with friends and teachers  
Thy blessing to entreat.
2. Oh, may thy precious gospel  
Be publish'd all abroad,  
Till the benighted heathen  
Shall know and serve the Lord.  
Till o'er the wide creation  
The rays of truth shall shine;  
And nations now in darkness  
Arise to light divine.

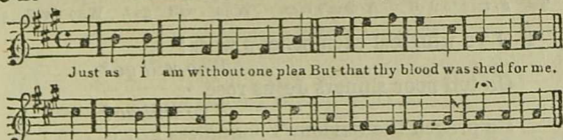
Our Father in hea-ven We hallow Thy name May Thy kingdom ho-ly On earth be the same: O give to us dal-ly Our por-tion of bread; It is from Thy bounty That all must be fed.

1. Our Father in heaven,  
We hallow Thy name,  
May Thy kingdom holy  
On earth be the same:

O give to us daily  
Our portion of bread;  
It is from Thy bounty  
That all must be fed.

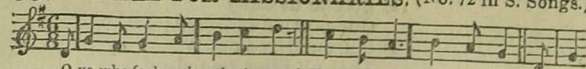
2. Forgive our transgression,  
And teach us to know  
That humble compassion  
Which pardons each foe.  
Keep us from temptation,  
From weakness and sin,  
And Thine be the glory,  
For ever, Amen.

64. COMING TO CHRIST. (No. 56 in Sac. Songs.)

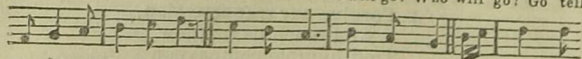


And that thou bid'st me come to thee, Oh Lamb of God, I come I come!

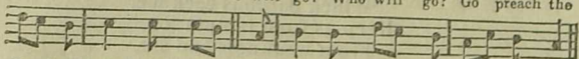
1. Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!
2. Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!
3. Just as I am, though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!
6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down,  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!



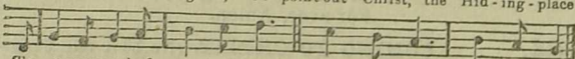
O ye who feel each other's woes! Who will go? Who will go? Go tell



poor sinners Je - sus rose, Who will go? Who will go? Go preach the



Sa - viour's bound - less grace, Go point out Christ, the Hid - ing - place



To e - very soul of A - dam's race, Who will go? Who will go?

1. O ye who feel each other's woes!

*Who will go?*

Go tell poor sinners Jesus rose,

*Who will go?*

Go preach the Saviour's boundless grace,

Go point out Christ, the Hiding-place,

To every soul of Adam's race.

*Who will go?*

2. Go forth to Afric's teeming land,—*Who, &c.*

'Midst China's myriads take your stand,—*Who, &c.*

Tell India's millions, "Jesus reigns,"

Let countless isles resound the strains,

From rocks and vales, or hills and plains.—*Who, &c.*

3. Go seek the scatter'd tribes which roam,—*Who, &c.*

Oppress'd, despised, without a home,—*Who, &c.*

Tell the poor Jews Messiah's come,

And in that heart they pierced, there's room

For all who flee th'impending doom!—*Who, &c.*

4. Proclaim Immanuel's power to save,—*Who, &c.*

From sin and Satan, and the grave,—*Who, &c.*

The silver trumpet sweetly blow,

The great salvation plainly show

To black and white, to friend and foe.—*Who, &c.*

5. Lift up the Gospel standard high,—*Who, &c.*

Rise, Zion's watchman! rise and cry,—*Who, &c.*

"Behold! behold your Saviour King!"

His praise rehearse, his triumph sing,

Till earth with hallelujahs ring.—*Who, &c.*



6. Dear brethren, let us haste away,—*Who, &c.*  
 When Jesus calls, nor idly stay,—*Who, &c.*  
 Come, make his will your happy choice,  
 Go bid the wilderness rejoice;  
 Unite, and say with heart and voice,

*"We will go! We will go!"*

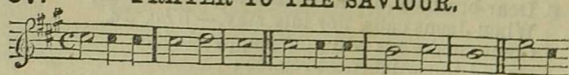
66. MISSIONARY HYMN. (Gall.) (No. 51 S. Songs.)

Go sound the trump on In-dia's shore And bid the Hin-du weep  
 no more, Hindu weep no more! Hindu weep no more! From i-dols  
 vain, and Gan-ges' wave, The low-ly Saviour comes to save. From  
 tyrant's power and Sa-tan's sway, The gospel gives the vic-to-ry.

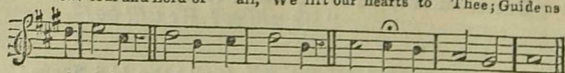
1. Go sound the trump on India's shore,  
 And bid the Hindu weep no more,—  
   *Hindu, weep no more!*  
 From idols vain, and Ganges' wave,  
 The lowly Saviour comes to save.  
       *From tyrant's power, and Satan's sway,*  
       *The gospel gives the victory.*
2. Go sound the trump on Afric's shore,  
 And bid the *negro weep no more!*—*Negro, &c.*  
 From cruel chains, and bloody grave,  
 The lowly Saviour comes to save.—*From, &c.*
3. Go sound the trump on Judah's shore,  
 And say to *Israel, weep no more!*—*Israel, &c.*  
 The Lord of glory, slain by you,  
 Will yet restore the guilty Jew.—*From, &c.*
4. Go sound the trump on every shore,  
 And bid poor *sinner's weep no more!*—*Sinners, &c.*  
 The blood that flow'd from Jesus' veins  
 Will wash away your crimson stains.—*From, &c.*

67.

## PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.



Sav-iour and Lord of all, We lift our hearts to Thee; Guide us

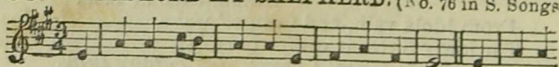


and guard us, Guide us and guard us, What-e'er our lot may be.

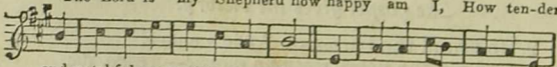
1. Saviour and Lord of all,  
We lift our hearts to Thee;  
Guide us and guard us,  
Whate'er our lot may be.
2. When we are full of grief,  
Victims of anxious fear,  
Save us—oh, save us—  
Jesus! then be thou near!
3. Brighten our darkest hours  
Till the last hour shall come—  
Take us—then take us—  
All safe to our home!
4. Thou glorious Deliv'rer!  
How long wilt thou delay?  
Bear us—oh, bear us—  
Great Saviour, away!

68.

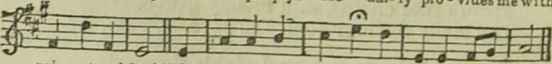
## THE LORD MY SHEPHERD. (No. 76 in S. Songs.)



The Lord is my Shepherd how happy am I, How ten-der



and watchful my wants to sup - ply: He dai - ly pro - vides me with

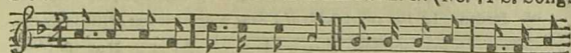


raiment and food What-e'er He de - nies me is meant for my good.

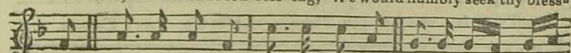
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I,  
How tender and watchful my wants to supply:  
He daily provides me with raiment and food;  
Whate'er he denies me is meant for my good.
2. The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey  
His gracious commandments, and walk in his way;  
His fear he will teach me, my heart he'll renew,  
And though I'm so sinful, my sins he'll subdue.

3. The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!  
 I'm blest while I live, and am blest when I die;  
 In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,  
 For "I will be with thee," my Shepherd hath said.
4. The Lord is my Shepherd, I'll sing with delight,  
 Till call'd to adore him in regions of light;  
 Then praise him with angels on bright harps of gold,  
 And ever and ever His glory behold.

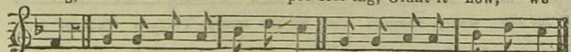
**69. SEEKING CHRIST'S BLESSING.** (No. 71 S. Songs.)



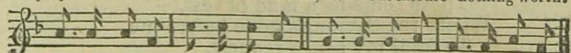
Sa-viour, sin and want con-fess-ing, We would humbly seek thy bless-



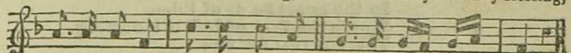
ing, Rich in-deed if that pos-sess-ing, Grant it now, we



pray! All the rich-es of the earth, Without this are nothing worth:



Saviour, sin and want confess-ing, We would humbly seek Thy blessing,



Rich in-deed if that pos-sess-ing; Send us blest a - way.

1. Saviour, sin and want confessing,  
 We would humbly seek thy blessing,  
 Rich indeed if that possessing,  
 Grant it now we pray!

All the riches of the earth,  
 Without this, are nothing worth:

- Saviour, sin and want confessing,  
 We would humbly seek thy blessing,  
 Rich indeed if that possessing;  
 Send us blest away!

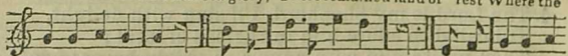
2. Sweet it is to kneel before Thee,  
 And with prayer and praise adore Thee:  
 Dwell among us, we implore Thee:  
 Leave us not alone.

May we lambs of Jesus be;  
 Saviour, we would follow Thee,

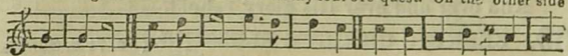
- Humbly trusting, kneel before Thee,  
 And with prayer and praise adore Thee.  
 Guide and keep us, we implore Thee;  
 Make us all Thine own.



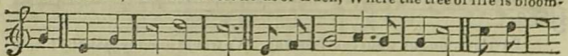
In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest Where the



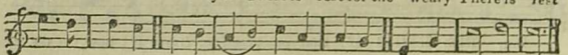
Saviour's gone before me To fulfil my soul's request. On the other side



of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is bloom-



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



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

1. In the Christian's home in glory,  
 There remains a land of rest,  
 Where the Saviour's gone before me  
 To fulfil my soul's request.  
     On the other side of Jordan,  
     In the sweet fields of Eden.  
     Where the Tree of Life is blooming,  
     There is rest for you.  
     There is rest for the weary,  
     There is rest for you.
2. He is fitting up my mansion,  
 Which eternally shall stand;  
 My stay shall not be transient  
 In that holy, happy land.—*On the, &c.*
3. Pain nor sickness e'er can enter;  
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;  
 But in that celestial centre,  
 I a crown of life shall wear.—*On the, &c.*
4. Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,  
 And its sting shall be withdrawn,  
 Shout with gladness, O ye ransom'd!  
 Hail with joy the happy dawn.—*On the, &c.*
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,  
 Shout your triumphs as you go!  
 Zion's gates will open to you,  
 You shall find an entrance through.—*On the, &c.*

O tell me no more Of this world's vain store; The time for  
 these trifles with me now is o'er; A coun-try I've found, Where  
 true joys a-bound; To dwell I'm de-ter-mined on that hap-py ground

1. O tell me no more  
 Of this world's vain store;  
 The time for these trifles with me now is o'er;  
 A country I've found,  
 Where true joys abound;  
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2. Christ calls me away  
 That call I obey,  
 I follow my Leader, and bless the glad day;  
 Still onward I'll move,  
 Constrain'd by his love,  
 Till through grace I behold Him in glory above.

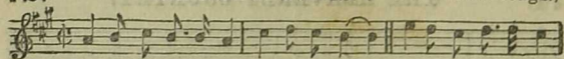
3. Through life I'll proclaim  
 The praise of his name,  
 And labour to serve Him with glad loving aim;  
 Whene'er I'm distress'd,  
 I'll flee to his breast,  
 And on it reclining, find pardon and rest.

4. And when I'm to die,  
 Receive me, I'll cry,  
 For Jesus has loved me—I cannot tell why;  
 But this I do find,  
 We two are so join'd,  
 He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.

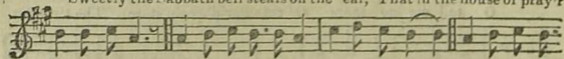
5. Then calmly I'll rest  
 On Jesus's breast,  
 And wait for the time when he'll call me to rest.  
 But while I remain,  
 Let this be my aim,  
 To spread the sweet savour of Jesus's name.

72.

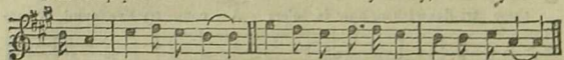
## SABBATH BELLS. (No. 77 in Sac. Songs.)



Sweetly the Sabbath bell steals on the ear, That in the house of pray'r



bids us ap-pear. Children of God it seems softly to say, Haste to your Fa-

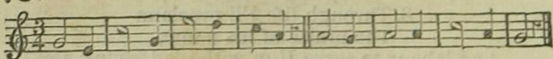


ther's house has-ten to pray Haste to your father's house hasten to pray.

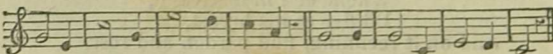
1. Sweetly the Sabbath bell steals on the ear, -  
That in the house of prayer bids us appear,  
"Children of God," it seems softly to say,  
"Haste to your Father's house, hasten to pray!"
2. Sadly the funeral knell strikes on the heart,  
When from their earthly home kind friends depart,  
How like a warning voice sent from on high—  
Bidding gay mortals think they, too, must die!
3. Oft as the Sabbath chimes summon to pray,  
May we their holy call gladly obey;  
That when the last sad knell for us shall sound,  
Ready our Judge to meet we may be found.

73.

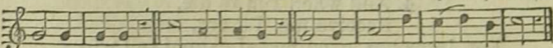
## DIVINE HELP. (No. 63 in Sac. Songs.)



Fa-ther, let Thy ben-e - dic-tion, Gently fall-ing as the dew,



And Thy e-ver gracious presence, Bless us all our journey through.



May we e-ver, May we e-ver, Keep the end of life in view!

1. Father, let Thy benediction,  
Gently falling as the dew,  
And Thy ever-gracious presence,  
Bless us all our journey through.  
May we ever  
Keep the end of life in view!
2. Young in years, we need the wisdom  
Which can only come from Thee;

In the morn of our existence

Let us thy salvation see.

Changed in spirit,

Then shall we thy children be.

3. When temptations shall assail us,  
When we falter by the way,  
Let thine arm of strength defend us,  
Saviour, hear us when we pray.  
Thou art mighty,  
Be thou then our rock and stay.

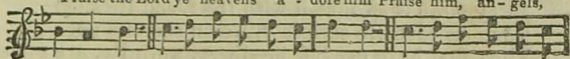
4. Praise and blessing, power and glory,  
Will we render, Lord, to thee;  
For the news of thy salvation,  
Shall extend from sea to sea.  
All the nations  
Joyfully shall worship Thee.

74.

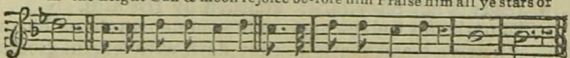
PRAISE THE LORD.



Praise the Lord ye heavens a - dore him Praise him, an - gels,



in the height Sun & moon rejoice be - fore him Praise him all ye stars of

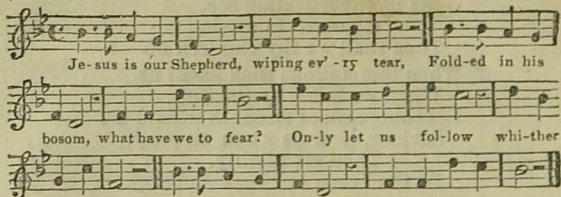


light. Hal - le - lu - jah A - men Hal - le - lu - jah A - men! A - men!

1. Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him;  
Praise him, angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.  
Hallelujah! Amen!
2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,  
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd,  
Laws which never can be broken  
For their guidance he hath made.—*Hal., &c.*
3. Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;  
Never shall his promise fail;  
God hath made his saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.—*Hal., &c.*
4. Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high his power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Praise and magnify his name.—*Hal., &c.*

75.

## JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.



Je-sus is our Shepherd, wiping ev' - ry tear, Fold-ed in his

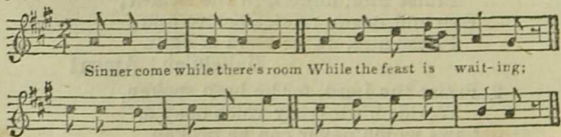
bosom, what have we to fear? On-ly let us fol-low whi-ther

He doth lead, To the thirs-ty de-sert, or the dewy mead.

1. Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping ev'ry tear,  
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?  
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,  
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.
2. Jesus is our Shepherd, may we know His voice:  
How its gentle whisper makes our heart rejoice!  
Even when He chideth, tender is His tone;  
None but He shall guide us: we are His alone.
3. Jesus is our Shepherd; for the sheep He bled;  
Ev'ry lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;  
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,  
They that have my Spirit—these, saith He, are mine
4. Jesus is our Shepherd: guarded by His arm,  
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm  
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom  
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

76.

## CALL TO SINNERS.



Sinner come while there's room While the feast is wait-ing;

While the Lord, by His word, Kind-ly is in - vit-ing.

1. Sinner, come, while there's room,  
While the feast is waiting;  
While the Lord, by His word,  
Kindly is inviting.
2. Sinner, come, lo, the tomb  
Opens wide before thee!  
See Death stand, lift his hand,  
Waiting to destroy thee.



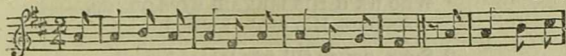
3. Sinner, come, 'mid thy gloom,  
All thy guilt confessing ;  
Trembling now, contrite bow,  
Take the offer'd blessing.

4. Sinner, come, see thy home  
High in heaven gleaming ;  
Jesus calls, lift thine eye,  
With true sorrow streaming.

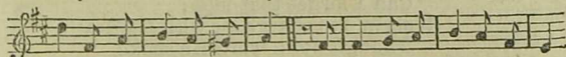
5. Sinner, come, ere thy doom  
Shall be seal'd for ever ;  
Now return, grieve and mourn,  
Flee to Christ the Saviour.

77.

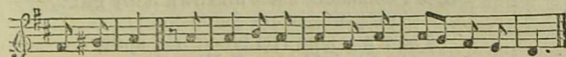
REST IN HEAVEN. (No. 67 in Sac. Songs.)



My rest is in hea-ven, my rest is not here, Then why should I



mur-mur when tri - als are near? Be hush'd my sad spir-it, the worst

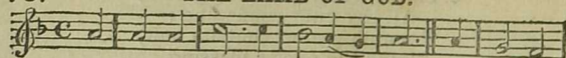


that can come, But shortens my journey and has-tens me home.

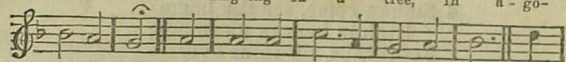
1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here,  
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?  
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come  
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.
2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
And building my hopes in a region like this ;  
I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.
3. The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,  
I would not sit down upon roses below ;  
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,  
Until I shall find them in Jesus' kind breast.
4. Afflictions may damp me—they cannot destroy,  
One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy ;  
And the bitterest tears, if He smile but on them,  
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.
5. With a scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
I am marching on to Immanuel's land ;  
The way may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
So I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.

78.

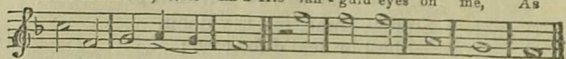
## THE LAMB OF GOD.



I saw one hang-ing on a tree, In a-go-



nies and blood, Who fix'd His lan-guid eyes on me, As

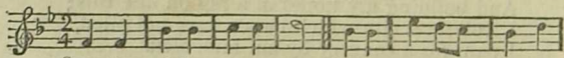


near His cross I stood, As near His cross I stood.

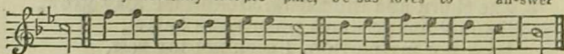
1. I saw One hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,  
As near His cross I stood.
2. Sure, never till my latest breath,  
Can I forget that look;  
It seem'd to charge me with His death,  
Though not a word He spoke.
3. My conscience felt and own'd my guilt,  
And plunged me in despair,  
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail Him there.
4. A second look He gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live."

79.

## PRAYER.



Come my soul, thy suit pre- pare, Je-sus loves to an-swer



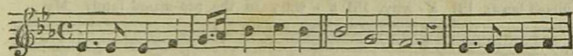
prayer, He him-self has bid thee pray Therefore will not say thee nay.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer.  
He himself has bid thee pray:  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
2. Thou art coming to a King:  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

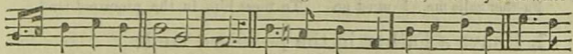
3. With my burden I begin:  
 Lord, remove this load of sin;  
 Let thy blood for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
 Take possession of my breast;  
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.
5. While I am a pilgrim here,  
 Let thy love my spirit cheer:  
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
 Lead me to my journey's end.

80.

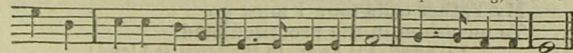
THE SABBATH BELL.



Hark the Sab-bath bell is calling 'Come oh come,' Weary ones wher-

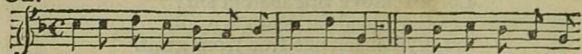


e'er you wander "Hither come." Loud-er now with deeper feeling, On the

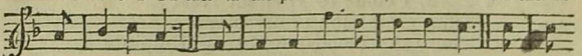


heart that voice is stealing 'Come nor longer roam,' 'Come nor longer roam.'

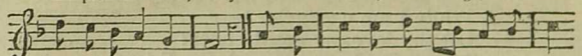
1. Hark! the Sabbath bell is calling,  
 "Come, oh come;"  
 Weary ones, where'er you wander,  
 "Hither come;"  
 Louder now, with deeper feeling,  
 On the heart that voice is stealing,  
 "Come!—nor longer roam."
2. Now again its tones are pealing,  
 "Come, oh come;"  
 In the sacred temple kneeling,  
 "Seek thy home."  
 Come, and in his presence bending,  
 See thy Lord, in love descending,  
 Bids thy spirit come.
3. Still the pleading voice is ringing,  
 "Come, oh come;"  
 Every heart pure incense bringing,  
 "Hither come."  
 Father, round Thy footstool bending,  
 May our souls, to Thee ascending,  
 Find in Thee their home!



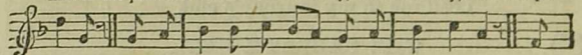
I have a Fa-ther in the promised land; I have a Fa-ther in



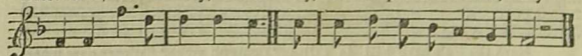
the promised land; My Fa-ther calls me, I must go, To meet



him in the promised land. I'll a-way, I'll a-way, to the pro-



mised land; I'll a-way, I'll a-way, to the pro-mised land; My

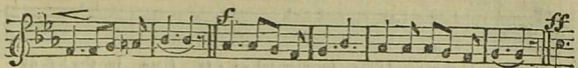


Fa-ther calls me, I must go, To meet him in the promised land.

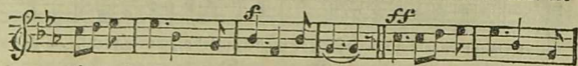
1. I have a Father in the promised land;  
I have a Father in the promised land.  
My Father calls me; I must go,  
To meet him in the promised land.  
I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land!  
My Father calls me; I must go,  
To meet him in the promised land.
2. I have a Saviour in the promised land;  
I have a Saviour in the promised land.  
My Saviour calls me; I must go,  
To meet him in the promised land.  
I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land!  
My Saviour calls me; I must go,  
To meet him in the promised land.
3. I have a crown in the promised land;  
I have a crown in the promised land.  
When Jesus calls me I must go,  
To wear it in the promised land.  
I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land!  
When Jesus calls me I must go,  
To wear it in the promised land.
4. I hope to meet you in the promised land;  
I hope to meet you in the promised land.  
At Jesus' feet a joyous band,  
We'll praise him in the promised land.  
We'll away, we'll away, to the promised land!  
At Jesus' feet a joyous band,  
We'll praise him in the promised land.



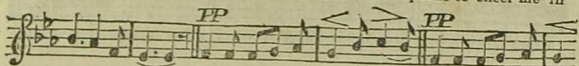
Hush'd be my murmur'ing, let cares de - part, Je - sus is near me



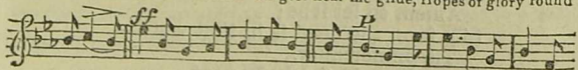
to cheer my heart. He's near to help me whilst life's hours remain. He



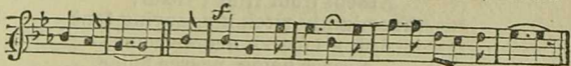
speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain. He speaks to cheer me in



toil and in pain. Gentle an - gels near me glide, Hopes of glory round

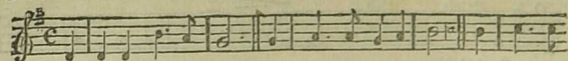


me 'bide. And there lingers by my side, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour

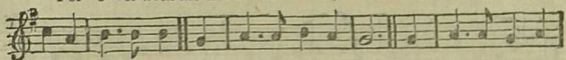


e - ver near, A Saviour, a Saviour, a Saviour e - ver near.

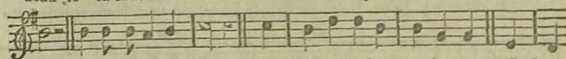
1. Hush'd be my murmuring, let cares depart ;  
 Jesus is near me, to cheer my heart ;  
 He's near to help me whilst life's hours remain ,  
 He speaks to cheer me in toil and in pain.  
     Gentle angels near me glide,  
     Hopes of glory round me 'bide.  
     And there lingers by my side  
     A Saviour ever near.
2. Why should I languish, why should I fear ?  
 In sorrow and anguish he's ever near ;  
 Sleeping or waking, in pleasure or pain,  
 Roaming or resting, he'll near me remain. — *Gentle, &c.*
3. Scenes that will vanish smile on me now,  
 Joys of a moment play round my brow ;  
 But soon in heaven he'll meet me again,  
 There will end my sorrow, and there will end my pain. —  
     *Gentle angels, &c.*



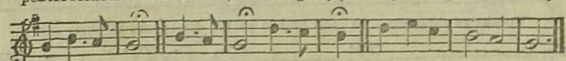
For e-ver with the Lord. A - men, so let it be; Life from the



dead 'is in that word 'Tis im-mor-tal - i - ty. Here in the bo-dy



pent Absent from him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my moving tent, A day's



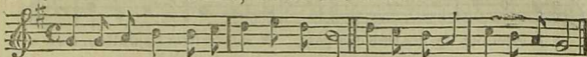
march nearer home. Nearer home near-er home A day's march nearer home.

1. For ever with the Lord,  
Amen, so let it be;  
Life from the dead is in that word—  
'Tis immortality.  
Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam;  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home,—  
Nearer home, nearer home,  
A day's march nearer home.
2. My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near,  
At times, to Faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!—*Here in, &c.*
3. My thirsty spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.—*Here in, &c.*
4. For ever with the Lord!  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word,  
Ev'n here to me fulfil.—*Here in, &c.*
5. So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain,—*Here in, &c.*

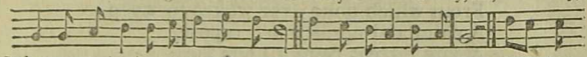
6. Knowing as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word;  
 And oft repeat before the throne,  
 For ever with the Lord!—*Here in, &c.*

84.

FAR, FAR AWAY.



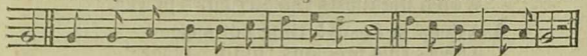
Had I the wings of a dove I would fly Far far a-way, far, far a-way,



Where not a cloud e-ver darkens the sky Far, far away, far a-way. Fade-less



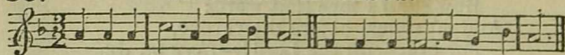
the flow'rs in yon Eden that blow Green green the bow'rs where the still waters



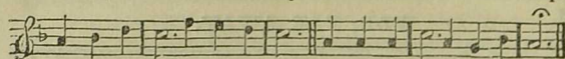
flow Hearts like their garments are pure as the snow Far far away far a-way.

1. Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly  
     Far, far away, far, far away,  
 Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,  
     Far, far away, far away.  
 Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow;  
 Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow;  
 Hearts, like their garments, are pure as the snow,  
     Far, far away, far away.
2. There never trembles a sigh of regret,—*Far, &c.*  
 Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,—*Far, &c.*  
 There I for ever from sorrow would rest,  
 Leaning with joy on Emmanuel's breast.  
 Tears never flow in the home of the blest,—*Far, &c.*
3. Friends there united in glory ne'er part,—*Far, &c.*  
 One is their temple, their home, and their heart,—*Far, &c.*  
 The river of crystal, the city of gold,  
 The portals of pearl such a glory unfold;  
 Eye cannot image and tongue hath not told,—*Far, &c.*
4. List how yon harpers on golden harps play,  
     Come, come away, come, come away:  
 "Falling and frail is your cottage of clay,  
     "Come, come away, come away.  
 "Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,  
 "Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true,  
 "Sing ye the song never old, ever new,  
     "Come, come away, come away."

## SLEEPING IN JESUS.



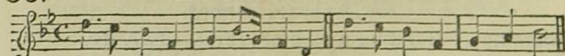
Asleep in Je - sus blessed sleep From which none ever wakes to weep :



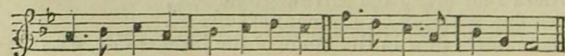
A calm and un-dis-turb'd re- pose, A safe retreat from all our foes.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
A calm and undisturb'd repose,  
A safe retreat from all our foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest :  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
3. Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
Affects this precious 'hiding-place ;'  
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,  
Believers find the same repose.
4. Asleep in Jesus! O, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

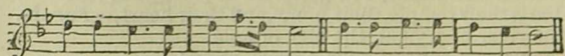
## THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.



One there is a - bove all others, Well deserves the name of Friend



His is love be - yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.



They who once his kind-ness prove, Find it e - ver - last - ing love.

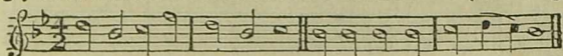
1. One there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
His is love beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end!  
They who once His kindness prove,  
Find it everlasting love.
2. Which of all our friends to save us  
Could or would have shed his blood ;



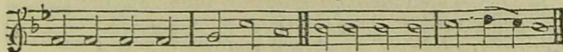
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God;  
This was boundless love indeed,  
Jesus is a friend in need.

3. O for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above;  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.

## 87 PRAYER FOR HEATHEN CHILDREN. (78 S. Songs.)



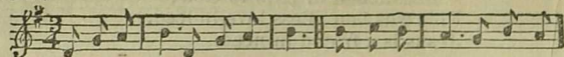
God of love, be - fore thee now Help us all in love to bow;



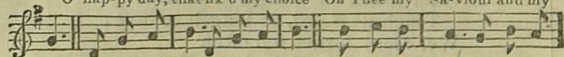
As the dews on Her - mon fall, Let Thy blessing rest on all!

1. God of love! before Thee now  
Help us all in love to bow;  
As the dews on Hermon fall,  
Let Thy blessing rest on all!
2. Let it soften every breast,  
Hush ungentle thoughts to rest,  
Till we feel ourselves to be  
Children of one family;
3. Children who can look above  
For a heavenly Father's love;  
Who shall meet, life's journey past,  
In that Father's house at last.
4. But while thankfully we stand  
Round Thy footstool, hand in hand,  
Yet one humble, earnest plea,  
Father, we would bring to Thee:
5. Far across the ocean wave,  
Brethren, sisters too, we have;  
But they have not heard of Thee;  
Wilt thou not their Father be?
6. Let them hear the Shepherd's voice,  
And beneath His care rejoice;  
And together let them come  
To the fold while yet there's room.

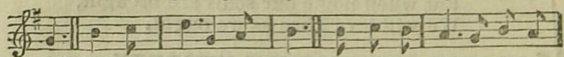
## O HAPPY DAY!



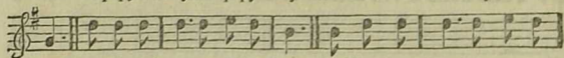
O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee my Sa-viour and my



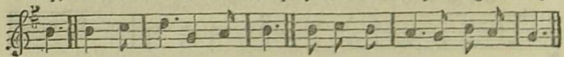
God Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-



broad. Hap-py day! Hap-py day! When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-



way, He tau't me how to watch and pray And live re-joic-ing e-very



day. Hap-py day! hap-py day When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way.

1. O happy day, that fix'd my choice  
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell its raptures all abroad.  
 Happy day! happy day!  
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away,  
 He taught me how to watch and pray,  
 And live rejoicing every day.  
 Happy day! happy day!  
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away.
2. O happy bond, that seals my vows  
 To Him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
 While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Happy, &c.*
3. 'Tis done—the great transaction's done,  
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;  
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.—*Happy, &c.*
4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
 Fix'd on this blissful centre rest,  
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
 With Him of every good possess'd.—*Happy, &c.*
5. High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear;  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless, in death, a bond so dear.—*Happy, &c.*

Chil-dren, think on Je - sus' love, All for you. How He came  
 from heaven a - bove, All for you. He whom an - gels did a -  
 dore, Full of wisdom, grace, and power, How He all your  
 sorrows bore. Chil-dren 'twas for you, yes for you, all for you!

1. Children, think on Jesus' love—All for you!  
 How He came from Heaven above—All for you!  
 He whom angels did adore;  
 Full of wisdom, grace, and power;  
 How He all your sorrows bore.  
 Children, 'twas for you! yes, for you, all for you!

2. Think how He contrived the plan—All for you!  
 And to save, became a man—All for you!  
 Left his glorious throne on high;  
 Came to suffer, bleed, and die,  
 You to raise above the sky.—*Children, &c.*

3. See He hangs upon the tree—All for you!  
 Crown'd with thorns in agony—All for you!  
 Yes, for you all this He bore,  
 And for thousands, thousands more,  
 All to save from hell's dark door.—*Children, &c.*

## THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,  
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load.

1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God,  
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;  
 Tho' friends spoke in raptures of Christ on the tree,  
 Jehovah Tsidkēnu was nothing to me.

2. Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,  
I wept when the waters went over His soul;  
Yet thought not that *my* sins had nail'd to the tree  
Jehovah Tsidkēnu—'twas nothing to me!
3. When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,  
Then legal fears shook me—I trembled to die;  
No refuge nor safety in self could I see—  
Jehovah Tsidkēnu my Saviour must be!
4. My terrors all vanish'd before the sweet Name;  
My guilty fears banish'd, with boldness I came  
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,—  
Jehovah Tsidkēnu is all things to me!
5. Ev'n threading the valley and shadow of death,  
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath;  
For when from life's fever my God sets me free,  
Jehovah Tsidkēnu my death-song shall be!

91.

GOD IS LOVE.

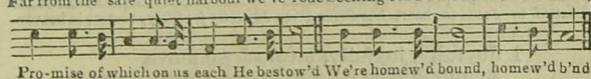
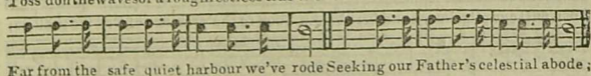
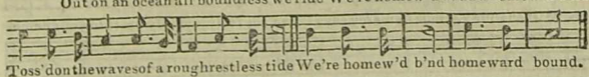
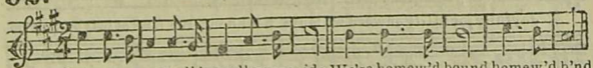
Come let us all u - nite to sing, God is love, God is  
love Let heaven and earth their prais-es bring, God is love, God is love.  
Let every soul from sin awake Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And  
sing with us for Je - sus' sake, God is love, God is love!

1. Come, let us all unite to sing,—God is love!  
Let heaven and earth their praises bring,—God is love!  
Let every soul from sin awake,  
Each in his heart sweet music make,  
And sing with us, for Jesus' sake,  
God is love!
2. Oh! tell to earth's remotest bound,—*God is, &c.*  
In Christ we have redemption found;—*God is, &c.*  
His blood has wash'd our sins away,  
His spirit turn'd our night to day:  
And now we can rejoice to say,—*God is, &c.*

3. How happy is our portion here!—*God is, &c.*  
His promises our spirits cheer—*God is, &c.*  
He is our Sun and Shield by day,  
Our Help, our Hope, our Strength and Stay:  
He will be with us all the way:—*God is, &c.*
4. What though my heart and flesh should fail!—*God is, &c.*  
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail,—*God is, &c.*  
Though Jordan swell I need not fear,  
My Saviour will be with me there,  
My head above the waves to bear,—*God is, &c.*
5. In Zion we shall sing again,—*God is, &c.*  
Yes, this shall be our highest strain,—*God is, &c.*  
Whilst endless ages roll along,  
In concert with the heavenly throng,  
This shall be still our sweetest song—*God is, &c.*

92.

## HOMEWARD BOUND.



1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride;  
We're homeward bound.  
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide;  
We're homeward bound.  
Far from the safe quiet harbour we've rode,  
Seeking our Father's celestial abode;  
Promise of which on us each he bestow'd;  
We're homeward bound!
2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars;—*We're, &c.*  
See yonder dawns the celestial shores.—*We're, &c.*  
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,  
Come to the Saviour, oh come and be blest;  
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,—*We're, &c.*

3. Down the horizon the earth disappears,—*We're, &c.*  
Joyful, oh brethren, no sighing or fears,—*We're, &c.*  
Listen what music comes soft o'er the sea—  
"Welcome, thrice welcome, and blessed are ye!"  
Can it the greeting of paradise be?—*We're, &c.*

4. Into the harbour of heaven we glide;  
  We're home at last!  
Softly we rest on its bright silver tide;  
  We're home at last!  
Glory to Jesus, our dangers are o'er,  
Safely we stand on the radiant shore;  
Glory to God, we will shout evermore!  
  We're home at last.

93. JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

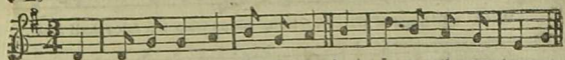
Joyfully joyful-ly onward we move Bound for the land of bright spi-rits  
above Jesus our Saviour in mercy says Come Joyfully joyfully haste to your home.  
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below, Soon to the presence of God we shall go;  
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given Joyfully joyfully, rest we in heaven.

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,  
Bound for the land of bright spirits above:  
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says "Come!"  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.  
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below;  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;  
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.
2. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,  
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully, we will go home!  
Bright will the morn of Eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquer'd, his sceptre be gone;  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home!

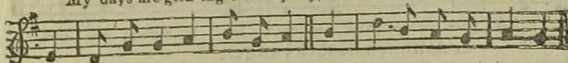
3. Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,  
 Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,  
 Singing, to cheer us while passing along,  
 "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home!"  
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,  
 Harps of the blessèd, your strains we can hear,  
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome:  
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come!

94.

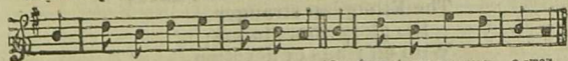
THE SHINING SHORE.



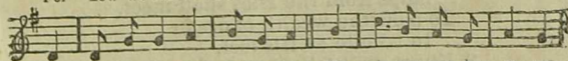
My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stranger,



Would not de-tain them as they fly! These hours of toil and dan-ger.



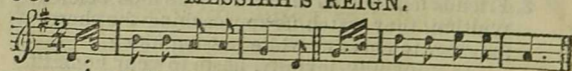
For now we stand on Jordan's strand Our friends are passing o-ver.



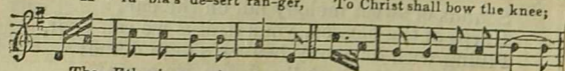
And, just be-fore, the shining shore We al-most may dis-cov-er.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them as they fly!  
 These hours of toil and danger.  
 For now we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 Our friends are passing over,  
 And, just before, the shining shore  
 We almost may discover.
2. Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 Let every lamp be burning;  
 With eye of faith we look afar,  
 Our happy Home discerning.—*For now, &c.*
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing;  
 That perfect rest nought can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.—*For now, &c.*
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest rise,  
 Each cord on earth to sever;  
 There, bright and joyous in the skies,  
 There is our Home for ever.—*For now, &c.*

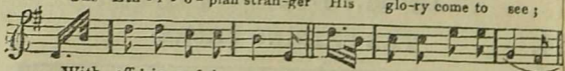
## MESSIAH'S REIGN.



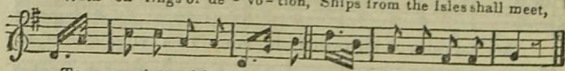
A - ra - bia's de - sert ran - ger, To Christ shall bow the knee;



The Eth - i - o - pian stran - ger His glo - ry come to see;



With off - rings of de - vo - tion, Ships from the Isles shall meet,



To pour the wealth of o - cean In tri - bute at His feet.

1. Arabia's desert ranger,  
To Christ shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see;  
With off'rings of devotion,  
Ships from the Isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.
2. Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him—  
His praise all people sing;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore;  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.
3. To Him shall prayer unceasing,  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing;  
A kingdom without end.  
The heavenly dew shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.
4. O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious;  
All blessing and all blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever—  
His great, best name of Love.

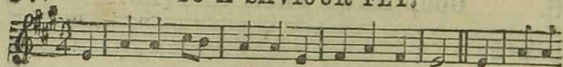


## GOOD NEWS FROM HEAVEN.

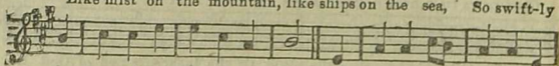
Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon full  
and free, To guilty sinners, thro' the blood Of the Incarnate Son of God. He  
paid the debt that thou didst owe, He suffer'd death for thee below;  
He bore the wrath Divine for thee, He groan'd and bled on Cal-va-ry.  
Good news from heav'n good news for thee, There flows a pardon full and  
free. To guilty sinners, thro' the blood Of the Incarnate Son of God,

1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee,  
There flows a pardon full and free,  
To guilty sinners, through the blood  
Of the Incarnate Son of God.  
He paid the debt that thou didst owe,  
He suffer'd death for thee below;  
He bore the wrath Divine for thee,  
He groan'd and bled on Calvary.—*Good news, &c.*
2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee;  
The Saviour cries, "Come unto me  
All ye who toil, with fears opprest,  
Come, weary one, oh, come and rest!"  
He loves thee with o'erflowing love,  
He hears thy prayer in heaven above,  
He all thy pasture shall prepare,  
And lead thee with a Shepherd's care.—*Good news, &c.*
3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee,  
Has echoed from eternity;  
And loud shall our hosannas ring,  
When with the ransom'd throng we sing,—  
Worthy the Lamb, whose precious blood  
Has made us kings and priests to God;  
Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains,  
And glory give to Him who reigns.—*Good news, &c.*

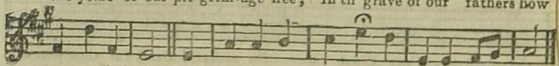
## TO A SAVIOUR FLY.



Like mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea, So swift-ly



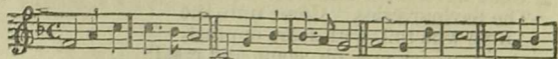
the years of our pil-grim-age flee; In th' grave of our fathers how



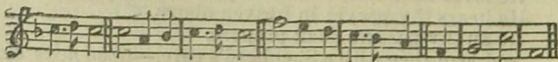
soon we shall lie: Dear chil-dren, to-day, to a Sa-vi-our fly.

1. Like mist on the mountain, like ships on the sea,  
So swiftly the years of our pilgrimage flee;  
In th' grave of our fathers how soon we shall lie!  
Dear children, to-day, to a Saviour fly.
2. How sweet are the flow'rets in April and May!  
But often the frost makes them wither away,  
Like flow'rs you may fade—are you ready to die?  
While "yet there is room," to a Saviour fly.
3. When Samuel was young, he first knew the Lord,  
He slept in his smile and rejoiced in his word;  
So most of God's children are early brought nigh;  
Oh, seek him in youth—to a Saviour fly.
4. Do you ask me for pleasure? then lean on His breast,  
For there the sin-laden and weary find rest;  
In th' Valley of Death you will triumphing cry—  
"If this be called dying, 'tis pleasant to die!"

## FAITH IN CHRIST.



My faith looks up to Thee Thou Lamb of Calvary Saviour divine Now hear me



while I pray Take all my guilt away O let me from this day Be wholly Thine.

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

2. May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire ;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.
3. When Life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide.  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.
4. When ends Life's transient dream,  
When Death's cold sullen stream,  
Shall o'er me roll ;  
Blest Saviour then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove,  
O bear me safe above—  
A ransom'd soul.

99.

THE SPIRITUAL EGYPT.

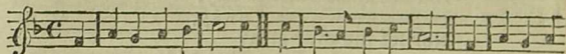
From Egypt's bondage come Where death & darkness reign We seek a  
new, a better home Where we our rest shall gain Where we our rest  
shall gain. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Ha - le - lu - jah!  
We are on our way to God, We are on our way to God.

1. From Egypt's bondage come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
We seek a new, a better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain.  
Halleluiah! We are on our way to God.
2. There sin and sorrow cease,  
And, ev'ry conflict o'er,  
We there shall dwell in endless peace,  
Nor thirst, nor hunger more.—*Hal., &c.*

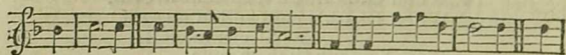
3. There, in celestial strains,  
Enraptured myriads sing,  
And love in ev'ry bosom reigns,  
For God himself is king.—*Hal., &c.*

4. We hope to join the throng,  
And all their pleasures share,  
And sing the everlasting song  
With all the ransom'd there.—*Hal., &c.*

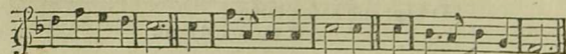
100. I WOULD BE LIKE AN ANGEL.



I would be like an angel, And with the angels stand, A crown upon



my forehead, A harp within my hand Then right before my Saviour, So



glorious & so bright I'd wake the sweetest music And praise him day & night.

1. I would be like an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand;  
Then, right before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'd wake the sweetest music,  
And praise Him day and night.

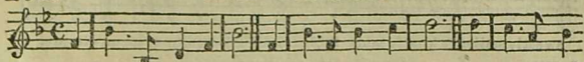
2. I never would be weary,  
Nor ever shed a tear,  
Nor ever know a sorrow,  
Nor ever feel a fear;  
But blessed, pure, and holy,  
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
And, with ten thousand angels,  
Praise Him both day and night.

3. I know I'm weak and sinful,  
But Jesus will forgive,  
For many little children  
Have gone to Heaven to live.  
Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
And lay me down to die,  
O! send a shining angel  
To bear me to the sky.

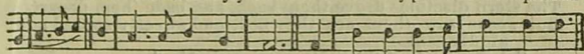
4. Oh there I'll be an angel,  
 And with the angels stand,  
 A crown upon my forehead,  
 A harp within my hand;  
 And there, before my Saviour,  
 So glorious and so bright,  
 I'll wake the heavenly music.  
 And praise Him day and night.

101.

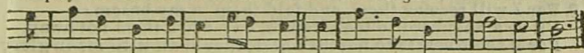
GLAD TIDINGS.



Hark hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heavenly plains And seraphs find



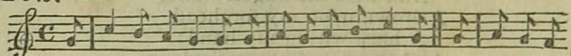
em- ploy For their sublim - est strains Some new delight in heaven is known



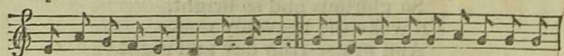
Loud ring the harps a-round the throne Loud ring the harps around the throne.

1. Hark! hark! the notes of joy  
 Roll o'er the heavenly plains,  
 And seraphs find employ  
 For their sublimest strains:  
 Some new delight in heaven is known.  
 Loud ring the harps around the throne,—*Loud, &c.*
2. Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,  
 The joyful hosts descend;  
 Jesus forsakes the sky;  
 To earth his footsteps bend:  
 He comes to save our fallen race,  
 He comes with messages of grace,—*He comes, &c.*
3. Bear, bear the tidings round,  
 Let every creature know  
 What love in God is found,  
 What pity He can show;  
 Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,  
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole,—*Bear, &c.*
4. Strike, strike the harps again,  
 To great Immanuel's name!  
 Arise, ye sons of men,  
 And loud his grace proclaim;  
 Angels and men, wake every string;  
 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing,—*'Tis God, &c.*

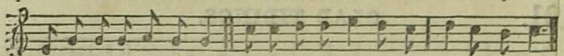
## 102. SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME.



When mothers of Salem their children bro't to Jesus The stern dis-ci-



ples drove them back & bade them depart; But Jesus saw them ere they fled, &



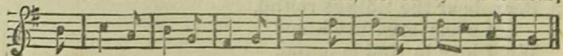
sweetly smiled & kindly said, Suffer little children to come un-to Me.

1. When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus,  
The stern disciples drove them back, and bade them depart  
But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and sweetly smiled and  
kindly said—  
“Suffer little children to come unto Me.”
2. For I will receive them, and fold them in my bosom:  
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, oh! drive them not away,  
For if their hearts to me they give, they shall with me in glory  
live;  
“Suffer little children to come unto Me!”
3. How kind was our Saviour to bid these children welcome,  
But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;  
The Bible they have never read, they know not that the Saviour  
said,  
“Suffer little children to come unto Me!”
4. Oh! soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,  
Fulfil Thy blessed Word, and cast their idols all away!  
Oh! shine upon them from above, and shew Thyself a God of love.  
Teach the little children to come unto Thee!

## 103. LIKE JESUS.



I want to be like Je - sus, So low - ly and so meek;



For no one mark'd an angry word That e-ver heard him speak.

1. I want to be like Jesus,  
So lowly and so meek;  
For no one mark'd an angry word  
That ever heard Him speak.
2. I want to be like Jesus,  
So frequently in prayer;  
Alone upon the mountain top,  
He met his Father there.

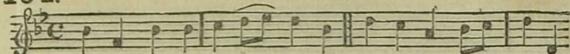
3. I want to be like Jesus,  
I never, never find  
That He, though persecuted, was  
To any one unkind.

4. I want to be like Jesus,  
Engaged in doing good,  
So that of me it may be said,  
"She hath done what she could."

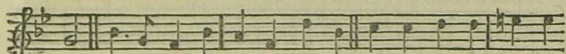
5. Alas! I'm not like Jesus,  
As any one may see:  
O gentle Saviour, send Thy grace  
And make me like to Thee.

104.

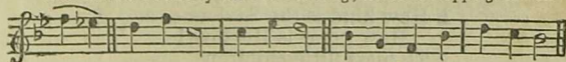
EVEN ME.



Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and



free Showers the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on



me. E - ven me, e - ven me. Let some droppings fall on me.

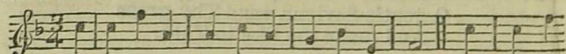
1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.
2. Pass me not, O God my Father!  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me!—Even me.
3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!  
Let me live and cling to Thee;  
Oh, I'm longing for Thy favour:  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—Even me.
4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak some word of power to me—Even me.
5. Have I long in sin been sleeping—  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
Oh, forgive and rescue me!—Even me.

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

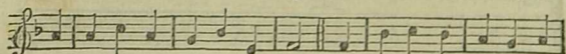
7. Pass me not—Thy lost one bringing,  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee.  
Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me!—Even *me*.

105.

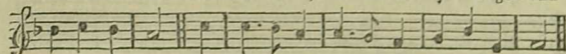
THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.



How kind is the Saviour How great is his love! To bless lit-



tle child-ren He came from a - bove; He left ho - ly an-gels and



their bright a-bode, To dwell here with children And teach them the road.

1. How kind is the Saviour—  
How great is His love!

To bless little children

He came from above;

He left holy angels,

And their bright abode,

To dwell here with children,

And teach them the road.

2. He wept in the garden,

And died on the tree,

To open a fountain

For sinners like me;

His blood is that fountain,

Which pardon bestows,

And cleanses the foulest

Wherever it flows.

3. He went back to glory;

But left us His word,

Which oft from our teachers

And pastors we've heard:

He sends forth His Spirit

Our hearts to inflame,

With joy in His service,

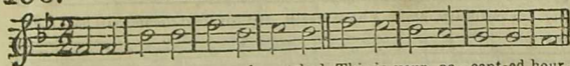
And love to His name.



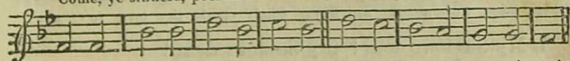
4. Oh, help us, blest Jesus,  
 More sweetly to praise,  
 And walk in Thy footsteps  
 The rest of our days;  
 Then raise us, dear Saviour,  
 To taste of Thy love,  
 And praise Thee for ever  
 With children above.

106.

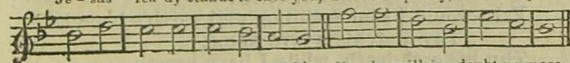
THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.



Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched, This is your ac - cept-ed hour,



Je - sus re - a - dy stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love and pow'r.

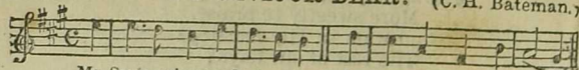


He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing doubt no more.

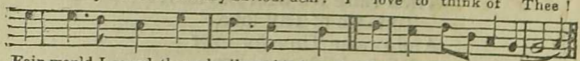
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 This is your accepted hour,  
 Jesus ready, stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and power:  
 He is able,—  
 He is willing, doubt no more.
2. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall!  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all.  
 Not the righteous,—  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call!
3. Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
 All the fitness he requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of him:  
 This He gives you,—  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam!
4. Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of His blood:  
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,—  
 Let no other trust intrude:  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

107.

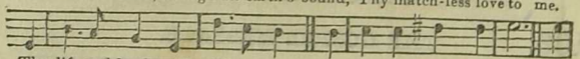
## MY SAVIOUR DEAR! (C. H. Bateman.)



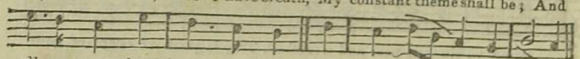
My Saviour dear my Saviour dear! I love to think of Thee!



Fain would I sound, through all earth's bound, Thy match-less love to me.



Thy life and death, while I have breath, My constant theme shall be; And



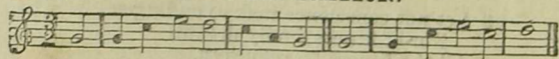
all my ways, throughout my days, Shall speak thy love to me.

1. My Saviour dear! my Saviour dear!  
I love to think of Thee!  
Fain would I sound, through all earth's bound,  
Thy matchless love to me.  
Thy life and death, while I have breath,  
My constant theme shall be;  
And all my ways, throughout my days,  
Shall speak Thy love to me.

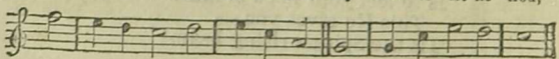
2. My Saviour dear! my Saviour dear!  
I long, I faint to see  
Thy lovely face, in yon blest place  
Thou hast prepared for me.  
There, clothed in light, with angels bright,  
I'll worship and adore;  
And love and praise—through endless days,  
A trophy of this power.

108.

## SELF DEDICATION.



Now that my journey's just be-gun, My course so lit-tle trod,



I'll stay, be-fore I far-ther run, And give my-self to God.

1. Now that my journey's just begun,  
My course so little trod,  
I'll stay, before I farther run,  
And give myself to God.

2. What sorrows may my steps attend,  
I cannot now foretell;  
But if the Lord will be my Friend,  
I know that all is well.
3. If I am rich, He'll guard my heart  
Temptation to withstand;  
And make me willing to impart  
The bounties of his hand.
4. If I am poor, He can supply  
Who has my table spread;  
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,  
And fills His poor with bread.
5. And, Lord, whatever grief or ill  
For me may be in store,  
Make me submissive to Thy will,  
And I would ask no more.
6. Attend me through my youthful way,  
Whatever be my lot;  
And when I'm feeble, old, and gray,  
O Lord, forsake me not.

109.

ROCK OF AGES.

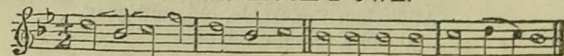
Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self  
in Thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wound -  
ed side that flow'd, Be of sin the dou - ble cure Cleanse me  
from its guilt and power, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

1. Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side that flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

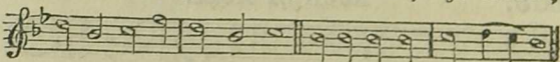
2. Not the labour of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know—  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Vile, I to the Fountain fly—  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
4. While I draw this fleeting breath;  
When my eyelids close in death;  
When I soar to worlds unknown—  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne:  
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

110.

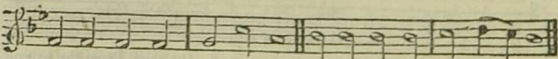
HOW MUCH I OWE.



When this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glo - rious sun,



When we stand with Christ a - bove, Ransom'd by re - deem - ing love;



Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe.

1. When this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glorious sun,  
When we stand with Christ above,  
Ransom'd by redeeming love;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
2. When I stand before the throne  
Dress'd in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with un sinning heart;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

3. Ev'n on earth, as through a glass,  
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;  
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;  
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet.  
Ev'n on earth, Lord, make me know  
Something of how much I owe.

4. Chosen not for good in me,  
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified:  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

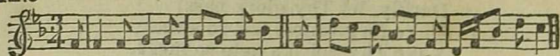
111.

HOW LOVING IS JESUS.

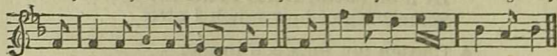
How lov-ing is Je-sus who came from the sky, In ten-  
der-est pi - ty for sin-ners to die! His hands & his feet they  
were nail'd to the tree, And all this He suf - fer'd for  
sinners like me, And all this He suf-fer'd for sinners like me.

1. How loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,  
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!  
His hands and his feet, they were nail'd to the tree,  
And all this He suffer'd for sinners like me!
- 2 How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart  
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!  
No evil befalls them, their home is above,  
And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.
3. How precious is Jesus to all who believe!  
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!  
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,  
And everything needful He kindly provides.
4. Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest days;  
They only are blessèd who walk in his ways:  
In life and in death He will still be their Friend;  
For those whom He loves, He will love to the end.

## THY WILL BE DONE.



! My God my Father while I stray Far from my home in life's rough way,



Oh teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done, Thy will be done

1. My God! my Father! while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
Oh teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

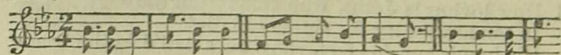
2. If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize;—it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine,  
"Thy will be done!"

3. Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
"My Father," still I'll strive to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

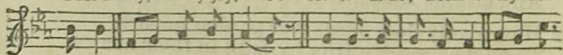
4. Renew my will from day to day.  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
Whatever makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

5. Then when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done!"

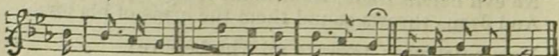
## JESUS IS MINE.



Pass a-way, earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break e-very mor-



tal tie, Je - sus is mine; Dark is the wilderness, Dis-tant



the resting-place; Je - sus a-lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.

1. Pass away, earthly joy,—Jesus is mine;  
Break every mortal tie,—Jesus is mine;  
Dark is the wilderness,  
Distant the resting-place,  
Jesus alone can bless!—Jesus is mine

2. Tempt not my soul away,—*Jesus is, &c.*  
 Here would I ever stay,—*Jesus is, &c.*  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away,—*Jesus is, &c.*
3. Fare-ye-well, dreams of night,—*Jesus is, &c.*  
 Mine is a dawning bright,—*Jesus is, &c.*  
 All that my soul has tried  
 Left but a dismal void,  
 Jesus has satisfied,—*Jesus is, &c.*
4. Farewell, mortality,—*Jesus is, &c.*  
 Welcome, eternity,—*Jesus is, &c.*  
 Welcome, ye scenes of rest,  
 Welcome, ye mansions blest,  
 Welcome, a Saviour's breast,—*Jesus is, &c.*

114.

JESUS THE REFUGE.

Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,  
 While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Sa-viour hide, Till the storm of life be past;  
 Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last.

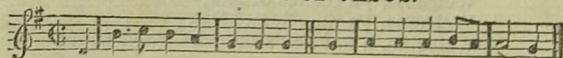
1. Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high.  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, oh! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

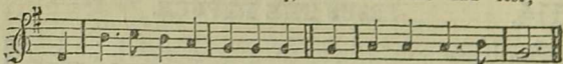
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found;  
 Grace to pardon all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

115.

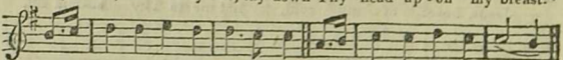
THE VOICE OF JESUS.



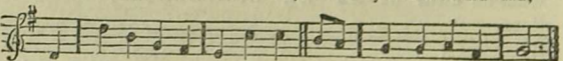
I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to me and rest;



Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."



I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;



I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad.

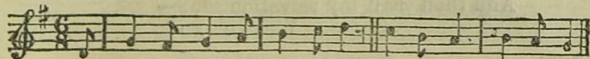
1. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon my breast."  
 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary and worn and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold I freely give  
 The living water; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.



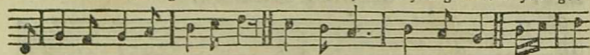
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright!"  
 I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that Light of life I'll walk,  
 Till trav'ling days are done.

116.

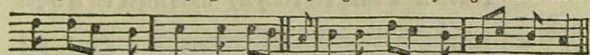
WILL YOU GO ?



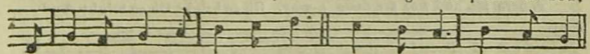
We're travelling home to heaven above, Will you go? Will you go?



To sing the Saviour's dying love, Will you go? Will you go? Mil-lions



have reach'd that blest a - bode, A - nointed kings and priests to God;



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

1. We're travelling home to heaven above,

Will you go?

To sing the Saviour's dying love,

Will you go?

Millions have reach'd that blest abode,

Anointed kings and priests to God;

And millions more are on the road,—

Will you go?

2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,—*Will, &c.*

In joyful strains to praise his name,—*Will, &c.*

The crown of life we there shall wear,

The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,

And all the joys of heavén share,—

Will you go?

3. We're going to join the heavenly choir,—*Will, &c.*

To raise our voice and tune the lyre,—*Will, &c.*

There saints and angels gladly sing

Hosannah to their God and King,

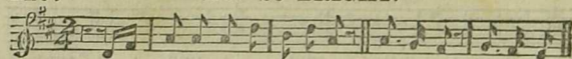
And make the heavenly arches ring,—

Will you go?

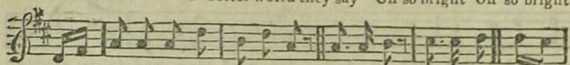
4. Ye weary, heavy-laden come,—*Will, &c.*  
 In that blest home there still is room,—*Will, &c.*  
 The Lord is waiting to receive  
 If thou wilt on Him *now* believe,  
 He will thy fainting soul relieve,—  
 Will you go?
5. Oh sinner turn without delay,—*Will, &c.*  
 And seek to find the narrow way,—*Will, &c.*  
 The Saviour calls aloud to thee—  
 Take up thy cross and follow me,  
 And thou shalt my salvation see;—  
 Will you go?

117.

OH! SO BRIGHT.



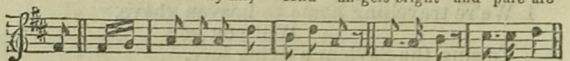
There is a better world they say Oh so bright Oh so bright



Where sin and woe are done a-way. Oh so bright Oh so bright And



mu-sic fills the balmy air, And an-gels bright and pure are



there, And harps of gold & mansions fair Oh so bright Oh so bright

1. There is a better world, they say,—  
 Oh, so bright!  
 Where sin and woe are done away,  
 Oh, so bright!  
 And music fills the balmy air,  
 And angels bright and pure are there,  
 And harps of gold and mansions fair,  
 Oh, so bright! Oh, so bright!

2. No clouds e'er pass along its sky,  
 Happy land!  
 No tear-drop glistens in the eye,  
 Happy land!  
 They drink the gushing streams of grace,  
 And gaze upon the Saviour's face,  
 Whose brightness fills the holy place.  
 Happy land! Happy land!

3. Though we are sinners, every one,  
Jesus died!
 And though our crown of peace is gone,  
Jesus died!
 We may be cleansed from every stain,  
 We may be crown'd with peace again,  
 And in that land of pleasure reign.  
Jesus died! Jesus died!

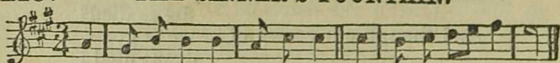
118.

THE DIVINE REDEEMER.

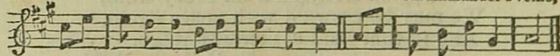
Cre - a - tor, Pre-ser-ver, Re-deem-er of men, Di - vine  
 In-ter-cess-or a - bove; O when shall the song of Thy prais-  
 es be - gin, Or how shall I speak of Thy love? Hea-ven is  
 telling, And earth is revealing, What wonders Thy mercy can prove.

1. Creator, Preserver, Redeemer of men,  
 Divine Intercessor above,  
 O when shall the song of Thy praises begin,  
 Or how shall I speak of Thy love?  
Heaven is telling,  
 And earth is revealing,  
 What wonders Thy mercy can prove.
2. And do I not love Thee, O Saviour divine,  
 The chief of ten thousands to me?  
 Yes, infinite beauty and glory are Thine,  
 Whose brightness no mortal can see.  
Angels shall bless Thee,  
 And men shall confess Thee;  
 All worlds shall acknowledge Thy sway.
3. Thine, thine is the kingdom, the wisdom, and power  
 The glory and honour supreme;  
 For ever and ever my soul would adore  
 The unspeakable worth of Thy name!  
For ever and ever,  
 O glorious Saviour,  
 I'll dwell on the rapturous theme.

## THE SINNER'S FOUNTAIN.



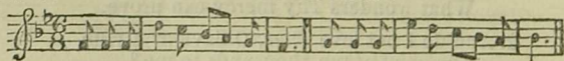
There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,



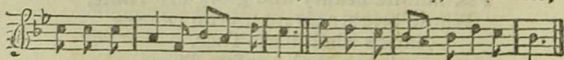
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save;  
When this poor lisp'ing, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

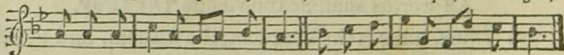
## BEAUTIFUL ZION.



Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove; Beau-ti-ful ci-ty, that I love;



Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white; Beautiful tem-ple, God its light;—



He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O-pens those pearly gates to me!

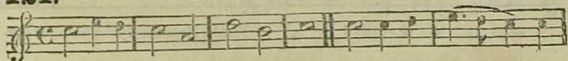
1. Beautiful Zion, built above;  
Beautiful city, that I love;  
Beautiful gates, of pearly white;  
Beautiful temple, God its light;—

He who was slain on Calvary  
Opens those pearly gates to me!

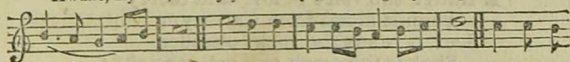
2. Beautiful heav'n, where all is light;  
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;  
Beautiful harps through all the choir;  
Beautiful strains, that never tire;—  
There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet!
3. Beautiful crowns on every brow;  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;  
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear;  
Beautiful all who enter there;—  
Thither I press with eager feet;  
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
4. 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 my Saviour see,—  
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

121.

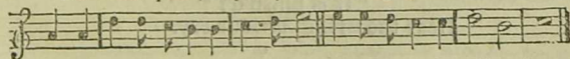
REST IN CHRIST.



Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, To sing thy great Re-



deem - er's praise, He just-ly claims a song from me. His lov-ing-



kindness, His loving-kindness O how free His loving-kindness O how free

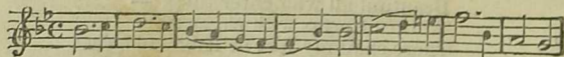
1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me;  
His loving-kindness, O how free!
2. He saw me ruin'd by the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O how great!
3. Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
But though I have Him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.

4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail,  
O may my last expiring breath,  
His loving-kindness sing in death.

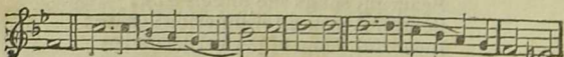
5. Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

122.

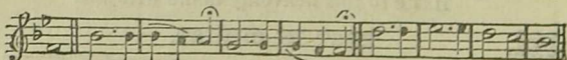
IT IS FINISHED.



Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy Sounds a-loud from Calva-



ry, See it rends the rocks asunder Shakes the earth and veils the

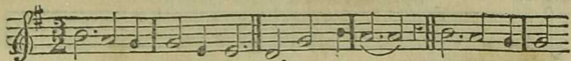


sky! It is fi - nish'd It is fi - nish'd Hear the dying Saviour cry.

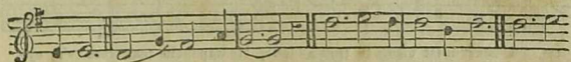
1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary.  
See! it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!  
"It is finish'd!"  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. Oh, the life, the peace, the pleasure,  
Which these precious words afford;  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.  
"It is finish'd!"  
Saints the dying words record.

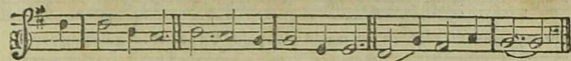
3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Sound aloud Immanuel's fame;  
All creation swell the chorus  
These delightful words proclaim.  
"It is finish'd!"  
Glory, glory to His Name!



Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; Ev'n though it be



a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er



my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

1. Nearer my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee;  
Ev'n though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

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

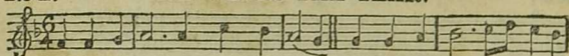
3. Here let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven,  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

4. Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise;  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise,—  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

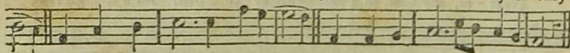
5. And when on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly—  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.

124.

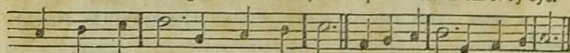
## HE WIPES THE TEAR.



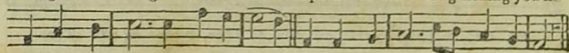
When sore af-flic-tions crush the soul, And riv'n is ev - 'ry earthly



tie, The heart must cling to God a - lone, He wipes the tear from ev'ry eye.



Through wakeful nights when rack'd with pain On bed of languishing you lie

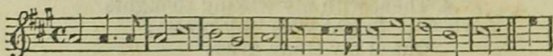


Re-mem - ber still that God is near; He wipes the tear from ev - 'ry eye.

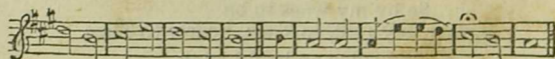
1. When sore afflictions crush the soul,  
And riv'n is every earthly tie,  
The heart must cling to God alone—  
He wipes the tear from every eye.  
Through wakeful nights, when, rack'd with pain  
On bed of languishing you lie,  
Remember still that God is near;  
He wipes the tear from every eye.
2. A few short years, and all is o'er;  
Your sorrow—pain—will soon pass by;  
Then lean in faith on God's dear Son;  
He wipes the tear from every eye.  
Oh! never be your soul cast down,  
Nor let your soul desponding sigh;  
Assured that God, whose name is Love,  
Will wipe the tear from every eye.

125.

## SUN OF MY SOUL.



Sun of my soul thou Saviour dear It is not night if Thou be near; O



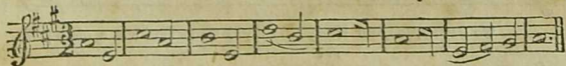
may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

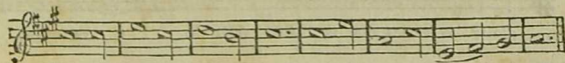


2. Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
3. When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
4. Come near and bless me when I wake,  
Ere through the world my way I take;  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
I lose myself in heaven above.

126. BLESSED JESUS. { Music by M. F. Bateman  
Words by C. H. Bateman



Bles-sed Je-sus! ere we part, Speak Thy blessing to each heart

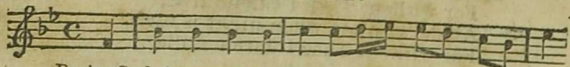


Bless-ed Je - sus, Saviour blest Breathe thy peace thro' ev- 'ry breast.

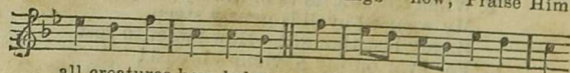
1. Blessed Jesus, ere we part,  
Speak Thy blessing to each heart.  
Blessed Jesus, Saviour blest!  
Breathe Thy peace through every breast.
2. When this night our eyelids close,  
Let us in Thine arms repose.  
Blessed Jesus, Son of God,  
Wash us in Thy precious blood.
3. Blessed Jesus, Saviour dear!  
Through the darkness be Thou near.  
Blessed Jesus, Light Divine!  
Let Thy presence round us shine;
4. By our couch Thy station keep,  
Guard from evil while we sleep.  
Blessed Jesus, Saviour bright!  
Guide us safe to realms of light.

127.

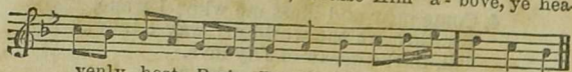
## DOXOLOGY.



Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him



all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove, ye hea-



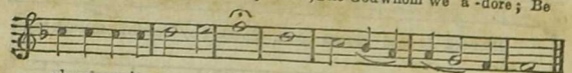
venly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

128.

## DOXOLOGY.



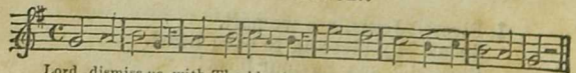
To Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore; Be



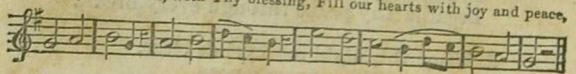
glo-ry as it was and is, And shall be e - ver-mere.

129.

## DISMISSION.



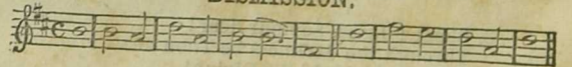
Lord, dismiss us, with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace,



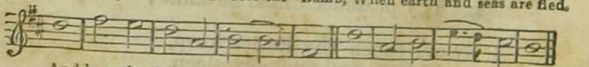
Let us all, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace

130.

## DISMISSION.



O may we stand be-fore the Lamb, When earth and seas are fled,



And hear the Judge pronounce our name, With bless-ings on our head

THE END.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

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My first word in this little note must be one of gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, for the singular acceptance with which He has favoured the former Editions of this selection of Sacred Songs. Above a MILLION AND A HALF OF COPIES, in the aggregate, have been sold; while, from Ireland, America, South Africa, the South Seas, and many Mission Stations, I have received, repeatedly, expressions of the benefits it has conferred upon the little ones. Not a few have passed into the region of song above, whom its sweet strains and holy sentiments have helped upon their way. For all this I wish to feel deeply humbled and devoutly thankful.

The new form of it, which is now in the reader's hands, will be found to contain various and important improvements.

1. Several *omissions* have been made of tunes and words, that were either not so popular or useful as the bulk of the pieces, to make way for tunes of a better or more taking class.

2. In their place, and over and beyond them, a large number of new and popular pieces have been added, swelling the whole to ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY MELODIES, without adding to the price,—and forming, I think, together, the cheapest Hymn-Book in the market.

3. The air of each of the Melodies has been inserted over the words best adapted for it, or for which it was composed; and in such a type as to bring all into the small dimensions of an ordinary Child's 32mo Hymn-Book.

4. Great care has been bestowed upon the selection of the type, and the whole of the Melodies have been cut expressly for this Work. The extreme beauty, accuracy, and neatness with which this has been done, will not fail to commend the book to all who look into it, as, in this respect, a little gem.

5. A considerable number of what may be called "*Revival Hymns and Music*" have been added, to meet a happy want of many of our schools. God has lately poured out largely of His Spirit on many of our schools and families,

converting not a few of the young people to Himself. He hath put a new song into their lips, and we have tried to give to it fit expression here. This must account for what may seem to some a rather large number of Christian-experience Hymns, and which are not usually met with in Children's Hymn-Books. Several of these are quite new, and will, I am sure, become very popular when known.

6. I have been joined in this Edition by my excellent friend Mr Inglis, one of the publishers, with whom it has been my pleasant work to be united in the labour, and to be now in the responsibility, of bringing it before the public. Most kindly has he taken the correction of the press upon himself, furnished several of the pieces, and in every way aided in accomplishing what would otherwise have been, in my present position, an impracticable thing.

Commending this fresh effort to serve the best of Masters, by ministering to the lambs of His flock, to Him, and all who take an interest in His cause, and praying that He will please to use it, however unworthy of His notice, for His glory and the Children's good, I beg to subscribe myself the Children's loving and devoted friend,

CHRISTIAN HENRY BATEMAN.

MONT ORGUEIL COTTAGE, JERSEY,  
*January 1862.*

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