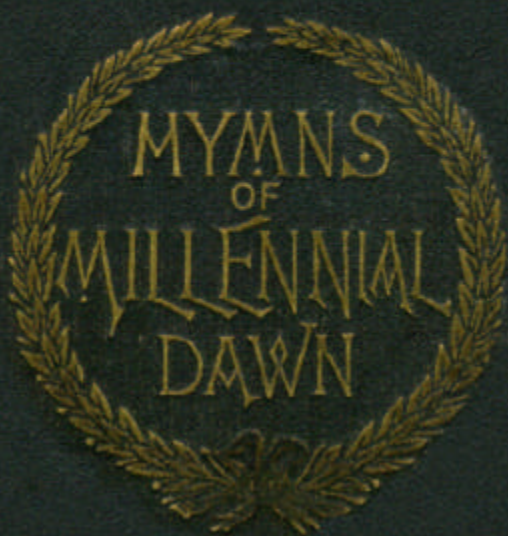




Hymns
OF THE
MILLENNIAL DAWN
WITH MUSIC

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF "PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL
SONGS" TO AID GOD'S PEOPLE IN SINGING AND MAKING
MELODY IN THEIR HEARTS UNTO THE LORD.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise
Unto the rock of our Salvation."
"My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips!"
PSALM 95:1; 63:5

WATCH TOWER
BIBLE AND TRACT SOCIETY
ALLEGHENY, PA, U.S.A.

1905

To the King of kings and Lord of lords:

IN THE INTEREST OF

HIS CONSECRATED "SAINTS,"

WAITING FOR THE ADOPTION,

AND OF

"ALL THAT IN EVERY PLACE CALL UPON THE LORD" — "THE
HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH,"

AND OF

THE GROANING CREATION TRAVAILING AND WAITING FOR THE
MANIFESTATION OF THE SONS OF GOD,

This Work is Dedicated.

"To make all see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God." "Wherein He hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence, having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself; that in the dispensation of the fullness of the times He might gather together in one all things under Christ."

— Eph. 3:4, 5, 9; 1:8-10

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ALLEGHENY, PA., U.S.A.

P r e f a t o r y

We published in 1890, with several more recent editions, a volume entitled "Poems and Hymns of Millennial Dawn," without music. The same collection of hymns with the music is now urgently needed, and therefore appears in this volume. The poems, although highly prized, are omitted for greater convenience in size. We have preserved the same alphabetical order, because so many of our readers have the older book; and where a different tune is given from that originally suggested the latter is indicated by Alt. for alternative tune, with the number where that tune can be found.

Both words and music are credited to the same class to whom the work is dedicated—to the Lord and his faithful people, "the Saints." The authors of many of the best of them are unknown to us, and, besides, slight changes have been made in the phraseology and sentiment of quite a number, which we could not be sure their original authors would approve, and to give personal credit to less than one half would seem invidious. To all of these dear "Saints" of all ages we therefore give united and hearty thanks for the blessings which they, as the Lord's servants and handmaidens, have bestowed upon their fellow members of "the Church of the Firstborn, whose names are written in Heaven." Most of them died long ago: their abundant reward will be of the Lord in the resurrection.

That the collection is thoroughly undenominational, unsectarian, will be manifest to those recognizing the fact that it includes the choicest old hymns and tunes used by all denominations. Although we have gathered far and near and winnowed carefully we cannot hope to have gotten all the golden grains, though we do hope that no chaff can be found. The collection is for the Church, for "believers" "reconciled," and hence contains none of the "sinner's" hymns, such as "Come, ye sinners poor and needy," because willful sinners are in no sense members of the "body" of Christ, nor are those who have not yet accepted the Lord as their Saviour.

Those who will feel the deepest interest in this collection, and whose sentiments will be most fully voiced in its verses, will undoubtedly be those in fullest degree of sympathy with the divine plan of the ages, as set forth in the several volumes of Millennial Dawn, the eyes of whose understandings have been opened to the clearer, purer light now shining from our great Redeemer's cross, showing the fullness and the completeness of his salvation.

In fact, this volume, while not numbered as one of the volumes of the Millennial Dawn series, is designed to be a companion volume, a melodious accompaniment to the "new song," "the song of Moses and the Lamb" (the grand harmony of the law and the gospel), as presented in the regular Dawn series.

Let the music of God's good and great plan ring through your hearts and lives, dear fellow-pilgrims and fellow-members of the "royal priesthood," so that every day and every hour shall be filled with joy and praise and thankfulness. And that this little volume may assist in deepening the work of grace in your hearts is our hope and prayer.

WATCH TOWER BIBLE AND TRACT SOCIETY,
ALLEGHENY, PA., U.S.A. JULY, 1905

Hymn 1
Abide, Sweet Spirit

Abide, sweet Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.

To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us in holiness, the road
Which we must keep to dwell with God;
Lead us in Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for thine appointed hour;
And fit us by thy grace to share
The triumphs of thy conq'ring pow'r.

Hymn 2
Remember Me

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heav'n shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take
And thus remember thee.

When to the cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee.

Remember thee and all thy pains
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
I will remember thee.

Then of thy grace I'll know the sum,
And in thy likeness be,
When thou hast in thy kingdom come
And dost remember me.

Hymn 3
Come To Me

Ah! my heart is heavy laden,
Weary and oppressed.
Come to me, saith One, and coming,
Be at rest.

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!

If I find him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear.

If I still hold closely to him,
What have I at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!

Hymn 4
My Goal Is Christ

Ah, tell me not of gold or treasure,
Of pomp and beauty here on earth!
There's not a thing that gives me pleasure,
Of all this world displays for worth.

Each heart will seek and love its own;

<CHORUS>

My goal is Christ and Christ alone,
My goal is Christ and Christ alone.

The world and her pursuits will perish;
Her beauty's fading like a flower;
The brightest schemes the earth can cherish
Are but the pastime of an hour.

Each heart will seek and love its own;

Against this tower there's no prevailing;
His Kingdom passes not away;
His throne abides, despite assailing,
From henceforth unto endless day.

Each heart will seek and love its own;

And though a pilgrim I must wander,
Still absent from the One I love,
He soon will have me with him yonder
In his own glory-realms above.

Triumphantly I therefore own,

Hymn 5
Alas! And Did My Saviour Bleed?

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

<CHORUS>
Jesus died for you,
And Jesus died for me;
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind;
Bless God, Salvation's free!

It was because we were undone
He groaned upon the tree.
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Jesus, God's Anointed, died,
For man, undone by sin.

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

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

Hymn 6
A Little Flock

A little flock, so calls he thee;
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

A little flock, so calls he thee;
Church of the Firstborn, hear!
Be not ashamed to own the name;
It is no name of fear.

Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
Those whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

But the Chief Shepherd comes at length;
Her feeble days are o'er.
With glory crowned, and sceptre's strength,
She reigns forevermore.

Hymn 7
A Little While

"A little while;" now he has come;
The hour draws on apace--
The blessed hour, the glorious morn,
When we shall see his face.
How light our trials then will seem!
How short our pilgrim way!
The life of earth a fitful dream,
Dispelled by dawning day!

<CHORUS>

Then, O Lord Jesus, quickly show
Thy glory and thy light,
And take God's longing children home,
And end earth's weary night.

"A little while;" with patience, Lord,
I fain would ask, "How long?"
For how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy awaiting me,
Not wish the hour were come?
How can I keep the longing back,
And how suppress the groan?

Yet peace, my heart! and hush, my tongue!
Be calm my troubled breast!
Each passing hour prepares thee more
For everlasting rest.
Thou knowest well, the time thy God
Appoints for thee is best.
The morning star already shines;
The glow is in the east.

Hymn 8
All For Jesus

All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed pow'rs;
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

Let my hands perform his bidding;
Let my feet run in his ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth his praise.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth his praise.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside--
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus crucified.

Hymn 9
The Mighty To Save

All glory to Jesus be giv'n,
That life and salvation are free,
And all may be wash'd and forgiv'n;
Yes, Jesus has sav'd even me.

<CHORUS>

Christ Jesus is mighty to save,
And all his salvation may know
On his merit I lean, and his blood makes me clean,
Yes, his blood has wash'd whiter than snow.

From the darkness of sin and despair,
Out into the light of his love,
He has bro't me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

O! the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace.
My soul all his fulness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.

In him all my wants are supplied,
His love starts my heaven below,
And freely his blood is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

Hymn 10
All Hail

All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall.
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye saints, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Hymn 11

All People That On Earth Do Dwell

All People that on earth do dwell;
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O! enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always;
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Hymn 12

All The Way My Savior Leads Me

All the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt his tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in him to dwell!
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well,
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for ev'ry trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

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

Hymn 13
Self-Examination

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be borne to Paradise,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

When thine illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy saints shall shine,
And shouts of vict'ry rend the skies,
The glory, Lord, be thine.

Hymn 14
Full Surrender

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To wean my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

Tho' late, I all forsake;
My will, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

My one desire be this,
Thy love to fully know:
Nor seek I longer other bliss,
Or other good below.

My life, my portion thou;
Thou all sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

Hymn 15
Hope In Christ

Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right,
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so:
Faith in him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

Hymn 16
Prayer Of The Consecrated

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heav'n and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our glorious King.

Holy Saviour, ev'ry day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

Hymn 17
Moses And The Lamb

Awake! and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Come, pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing:
Rejoice we in the Lamb of God--
In Christ, the eternal King.

Soon shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
In sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Hymn 18
Jerusalem, Awake!

Awake, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in the dust lie down;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and gladly hail the light:
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!

Shake off the bands of sad despair;
And now receive thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from ev'ry sinful stain;
Behold your Lord! his Word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

Hymn 19
His Loving Kindness

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, O how free!
Loving kindness, Loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O how free!

He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O how great!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O how great!

Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes
Combine its heav'nward way t' oppose;
He safely leads his Church along:
His loving kindness, O how strong!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, O how good!
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, O how good!

And now earth's rightful King has come,
To take his ransomed people home;
I'll sing upon that blissful shore:
His loving kindness evermore.
Loving kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness evermore.

Hymn 20
Awake, My Soul

Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,
To thine aspiring eye.

That prize with peerless glory bright,
With thee, O Lord, we'll gain,
When earth's great monarchs shall have lost
Their glory and their fame,
Their glory and their fame.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Our race have we begun;
And crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our trophies down,
We'll lay our trophies down.

Hymn 21
Wondrous Grace

Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On members of a fallen race,
To make them sons of God.

By his dear Son redeemed,
By grace then purified;
What favor that we should be named
For Christ's jointheir and bride!

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, The Lord, is pure.

Now in our Father's love
We share a filial part;
He grants the spirit from above
To dwell within each heart.

We can no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our hearts now Abba, Father, cry,
And he the kindred owns.

Hymn 22
Blessed Bible

Blessed Bible, precious Word!
Boon most sacred from the Lord;
Glory to his name be giv'n
For this choicest gift from heav'n.

'Tis a ray of purest light,
Beaming through the depths of night;
Brighter than ten thousand gems
Of the costliest diadems.

'Tis a fountain, pouring forth
Streams of life to gladden earth;
Whence eternal blessings flow,
Antidote for human woe.

'Tis a mine, aye, deeper, too,
Than can mortal ever go;
Search we may for many years,
Still some new, rich gem appears.

Hymn 23
Christian Fellowship

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Thro' all their actions run.

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

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

When we asunder part,
O may this mutual love
Encourage ev'ry fainting heart,
His zeal and faith to prove.

Our glorious hope revives
Our courage ev'ry day,
While each in expectation strives
To run the heav'nly way.

Hymn 24
The Year of Jubilee

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:

<CHORUS>

The year of Jubilee is come,
Returning ransomed sinners home,
Returning ransomed sinners home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest:
Ye mournful souls be glad:

Extol the Lamb of God,
The all atoning Lamb;
Redemption thru his blood,
To all the world proclaim:

Ye who were sold for naught,
Whose heritage was lost,
May have it back unbought,
A gift at Jesus' cost:

The seventh trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Salvation now is near;
Seek ye the Saviour's face:

Hymn 25

Hope's Consummation

Bride of the Lamb, awake! awake!
Why weep for sorrow now?
The hope of glory, Christ, is thine;
A child of glory, thou.

Thy spirit through the lonely night,
From earthly joy apart,
Hath sighed for one that's far away,
The Bridegroom of thy heart.

But see, the night is waning fast,
The breaking morn is here;
And Jesus comes, with voice of love,
Thy drooping heart to cheer.

He comes, for O! his yearning heart
No more can bear delay,
To scenes of full unmingled joy
To call his bride away.

This earth, the scene of all his woe,
A homeless wild to thee,
Full soon upon his heav'nly throne
Its rightful King shall see.

His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die.

Hymn 26
Saviour, Help Us

By thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r--
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help us, or we die.

By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode--
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help us, or we die.

By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By thy fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice--
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help us, or we die.

By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy pow'r the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,--
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help us, or we die.

By thy kingdom promised long;
By thy pow'r to right each wrong;
By thy church upon thy throne,
Thou wilt seek out all thine own;
Saving all of those who cry,
Saviour, help me, or I die.

Hymn 27
Always Rejoicing

Children of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Abra'm's favored seed be glad;
One with Christ ye shall be made;
He our human flesh assumed,
And our ruined souls redeemed.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be;
There our Lord we soon shall see.

We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our Saviour trod;
In the hour of trial we
Watch thy footprints, Lord, to see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Blessed Christ, our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Hymn 28
All To Thee

Christ gave his life for me,
His precious blood he shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
He gave, he gave his life for me;
How grateful I should be!
He gave, he gave his life for me;
How grateful I should be!

His Father's house of light,
His glory-circled throne,
He left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
He left, he left it all for me,
Have I left all for thee?
He left, he left it all for me,
Have I left all for thee?

He suffered much for me,
More than I now can know,
Of bitt'rest agony;
He drained the cup of woe;
He bore, he bore it all for me,
What have I borne for thee?
He bore, he bore it all for me,
What have I borne for thee?

He now has brought to me,
Down from his home above,
Salvation full and free,
Pardon and life and love.
He brings, he brings rich gifts to me,
Lord, I give all to thee.
He brings, he brings rich gifts to me,
Lord, I give all to thee.

Hymn 29
Dawning Day

Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hangs out for thee.
Arise! arise! the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright from thy everlasting home;
Soon shalt thou reach thy goal of glory,
Soon shalt thou share thy Saviour's throne.

Lift up thy head; the day breaks o'er thee;
Bright is the promised shining way!
Light from heav'n is streaming for thee;
Lo! 'tis the dawn of perfect day.
Rejoice! rejoice! in hope of glory,
Counting all else but vanity:
Precious this truth; O seek and hold it,
And send it forth that all may see.

Hymn 30
Christ Is Come!

Christ is come! now let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase.

<CHORUS>

Christ is come! Christ is come!
Christ, the blessed Prince of peace.
Christ is come! Christ is come!
Christ, the blessed Prince of peace.

Earth can yet but read the story
Of his cross and dying pain;
But shall soon behold his glory;
For he cometh now to reign.

Long thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest and home and thee;
But in heav'nly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see.

With this blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty ransomed chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

Hymn 31
Christ's Resurrection

Christ, the Lord, is ris'n today,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heav'ns--and earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the battle; vict'ry won:
Lo! he's risen conqueror,
And shall sink in death no more.

Vain the watch, the seal, the stone;
Christ as conqueror is known;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Soon he'll open paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died mankind to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

Hymn 32
The Prospect

Come, all ye saints, to Pisgah's mountain,
Come, view our home beyond the tide:
Millennial Canaan is before us,
Soon we'll sing on the other side.
O! there see the "white throne of glory,"
And crowns which the saints then shall gain,
And all who shall love Christ's appearing
Shall be blessed by his glorious reign.

<CHORUS>

O! the prospect! it is so transporting,
Reapers, hasten the gath'ring, we pray;
We rejoice in the glory that's promised,
And the dawn of millennial day.

Thence springs of life will e'er be flowing,
Robing the earth in living green,
Visions of beauty rise before us
When the King and the saints shall reign.
Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended;
We'll be tried and tempted no more,
And mankind of all ages and nations
Shall be blessed in that triumphant hour.

Faith now beholds salvation's river,
Gliding from underneath the throne,
Bearing its life to whomsoever
Will return to his Father's home.
They will walk 'mid the trees by the rivers,
With the friends they have loved by their side;
They will sing the glad songs of salvation,
And be ready to follow their guide.

Hymn 33
Buried With Christ

Come, Jesus, Master, Sun divine!
On these baptismal waters shine.
Thy light, thy love, thy life impart,
And fill each consecrated heart.

We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We'll bear the cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for us once slain!

We sink beneath the mystic wave,
Nor would we seek our life to save;
We yield our will to thine own mould,
Nor would we seek our own to hold.

And as we rise for thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

Hymn 34
Renewed Devotedness

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life, as a dream, our time, as a stream
Glide swiftly away,
And the fugitive moments we would not delay.
Haste, haste ye along, dark moments be gone,
For the jubilee year
Rushes on to our view, and its dawn is now here.

O! at close of our day may each of us say,
"I have fought my way thro';
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O! that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

Hymn 35
The Privilege Of Prayer

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Father loves to answer prayer.
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

Lord, I bring my burdens all,
On thy name in faith I call;
Trusting in the blood once spilt
For release from all my guilt.

When I come to thee for rest,
With thy favor I am blest,
Lord, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

Ere I call, the answer comes,
Bringing peace 'mid earth's alarms,
God my inmost thought doth read;
Yes, his grace is all I need.

Hymn 36
Full Salvation

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

<CHORUS>

Salvation, salvation, The grace of God doth bring;
Salvation, salvation, Thro' Christ our Lord and King.

Ye mournful souls, aloud rejoice;
Ye blind, your Saviour see!
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,
The Lord will make you free!

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

Hymn 37
Boundless Grace

Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart a song to raise,
Streams of favor, never ceasing,
Call for notes of heartfelt praise,
Teach me some melodious sonnet--
Grace to gratitude doth move.
Praise thy grace, I glory in it!
Grace so full of matchless love.

Not alone hath grace redeemed me,
Bought me with Christ's precious blood,
Sought me out when I, a stranger,
Wandered from the fold of God;
But beyond this great salvation
God hath shown me wondrous grace--
Called me with a heav'nly calling,
Ever to behold his face.

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Lord, thy goodness, like a fetter,
Binds my grateful heart to thee.
I will tread the way appointed,
Rough and thorny though it be;
In the steps of thine Anointed;
'Tis my privilege, I see.

Hymn 38
Come, Ye Disconsolate

Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts; here tell your anguish;
Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure.

Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing
Earth hath no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

Hymn 39
God Is Love

Come, ye that know and love the Lord,
And raise your tho'ts above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
To sing that "God is love."

This precious truth his Word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
To show that "God is love."

Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Soon he'll instruct earth's mighty throng,
And teach them "God is love."

Hymn 40
Let Praise Abound

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your songs abound,
With heart and voice in sweet accord,
Now spread his fame around.

Let all his children sing
Glad songs of praise to God,
Yes, children of the heav'nly King
Should tell their joys abroad.

The God whose plan so high
Outstrips our highest thought,
To whom we may in prayer draw nigh,
Assured we're not forgot;

This loving God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend;
He doth employ his heav'nly pow'rs
To guide us to the end.

Soon we shall see his face
And know his matchless worth,
And through his all abounding grace
Show all his glories forth.

Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
With constant joys elate.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're trav'ling through Immanuel's ground
To fairer prospects nigh.

Hymn 41
Awake From Thy Sadness

Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the daystar of gladness--
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

<CHORUS>

Daughter of Zion! Awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them:
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

Daughter of Zion! the pow'r that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Hymn 42

Our Consecration Pledge

Dear Saviour, we thy will obey;
Not of constraint, but with delight,
Thy servants hither come today,
To honor thine appointed rite.

O sacred rite! by thee to own
The name of Jesus we begin;
This is our consecration pledge,
And symbol of our hope in him.

We count ourselves as dead to sin
And thus we're buried with our Lord;
We plunge into the cleansing flood,
And rising, live henceforth to God.

No more let sin and self-will reign
Over our bodies, reckoned dead;
But overcoming day by day,
We'll grow into our living Head.

Hymn 43
Comfort In Sorrow

Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
Th' anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of toil and pain
Forerunners are of happier years.

Yes, a bright day of peaceful rest
Succeeds this dark and troubled night;
Though grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.

Let not the Christian's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a sinking, fainting heart,
He sometimes almost longs to die;

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And blissful ages yet shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Hymn 44
The Warfare

Equip me for the war,
And teach me how to fight:
My mind and heart, O Lord, prepare,
And guide my words aright.

With calm and tempered zeal,
Let me proclaim thy plan;
And vindicate thy gracious will
Which offers life to man.

O! may I love like thee,
In love declare thy ways,
And help the blinded ones to see
Thy truth declares thy praise.

And teach me, Lord, the art
With wisdom to remove
The errors that deceive the heart,
And truth to clearly prove.

O! arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
And let my fervent zeal be joined
With grace and charity.

Control my ev'ry thought.
My talents all enlist;
And may my zeal to judgment, brought,
Prove true beneath thy test.

Hymn 45
His Love Make Known

Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious name;
While hosts in heav'n thy praises sing,
Let saints on earth thy love proclaim.

My heart is fixed on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
And to mankind thy love make known.

Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
May ev'ry land, the earth around,
Yet hear, and in thy name rejoice.

Hymn 46
Sun Of Righteousness

Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon our hearts to shine.

Light in thy light, O, may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived and cheered, and blest by thee,
God of abounding love.

Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Father reconciled.

That all comprising peace bestow
On me, thro' grace forgiv'n,
The joys of holiness bestow,
The precious joys of heav'n.

Hymn 47
Jesus Is Mine

Fade! fade, each earthly joy, Jesus is mine!
Break ev'ry tender tie, Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness, Absent the resting place;
Jesus alone can bless: Jesus is mine!

Tempt not my soul away. Jesus is mine!
He is my only stay. Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away. Jesus is mine!

Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine!
Mine is a dawning light, Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but an aching void;
Jesus has satisfied. Jesus is mine!

Farewell, mortality! Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity! Jesus is mine!
Welcome, ye scenes of rest! Welcome, ye mansions blest!
God's love is manifest. Jesus is mine!

Hymn 48
Communion With God

Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone!
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait to visit, Lord with thee.

O! warm my heart with holy fire,
Enkindle more of pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

Hail, great Immanuel, now divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.

Hymn 49
The Word Of God

Father of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

O! may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour here.

Hymn 50
Consecration

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

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

Let the sweet thought that thou art mine
My every hour attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Hymn 51
Thy Will Be Done

Father, while our eyes are weeping
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

Though today we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Hymn 52
Cleanse Me

Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy wounded side,
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Savior died.

My dying Saviour and my Lord,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood;
O! cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone--
My hands, my head, my heart.

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Hymn 53
Forever With The Lord

"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis, immortality.

Here we are being spent,
As pilgrims here we roam,
Yet nightly pitch our moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

"Forever with the Lord!"
Father, thy blessed will
We're learning daily through thy Word
And seeking to fulfil.

And when our latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
Through merit of our Savior's death
We hope this bliss to gain.

With thee the promised throne
Then evermore to share,
We'll gladly make thy glory known,
Thy praises everywhere.

Hymn 54
Once For All

Free from the law, O happy condition!
Jesus our Lord, hath purchased remission;
Cursed by God's law and bruised by the fall,
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

<CHORUS>

Once for all! O yes! we believe it;
Once for all! by faith we receive it;
Lo, at his cross all burdens will fall,
Christ hath redeem'd us once for all.

Now we are free, there's no condemnation;
Jesus will soon perfect our salvation;
His kingdom soon shall rule over all,
Saving the willing from the fall.

Children of God, O glorious calling!
Surely his grace will keep us from falling;
Passing from death to life at his call,
Blessed salvation! once for all.

Hymn 55
Praise The Lord!

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

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
From age to age forevermore.

Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring;
In songs of praise exulting sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And ever praise the Saviour's name.

In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with joyful praise.

Hymn 56
The Mercy Seat

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

O! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how would hosts of foes defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no mercy seat?

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy seat.

Hymn 57
Divine Providence

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sinks thy spirit down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.

Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command:
So shalt thou gladly own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Hymn 58
Zion's Glorious Hope

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God.
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
Naught can shake thy sure repose;
With Salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou shalt triumph o'er thy foes.

Built upon this sure foundation,
Zion shall in glory rise;
Men shall call thy walls Salvation,
And thy gates shall be named Praise.
The redeemed of ev'ry nation
Shall with joy thy glory see,
And find rest from tribulation,
Hope and life and peace in thee.

Then the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who need faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Who would faint while such a prospect
Urges on to faithfulness,
Though thy present mournful aspect
Seem no cause for thankfulness?
Look not at the things beside thee;
Those behind thee have no worth:
Let the glorious hope before thee
Fill thy heart with rapturous mirth.

Hymn 59
Worthy, The Lamb!

Glory to God on high!
Let heav'n and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud forevermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

While the blest heav'nly throng
Gratefully join in song,
Praising his name--
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Join, all ye ransomed race,
Make earth a holy place,
Praising his name.
In him let all rejoice,
Singing with heart and voice--
Christ is our blessed choice,
"Worthy our King!"

Soon shall all sorrow cease;
For lo! the Prince of Peace
Cometh to reign;
To him our songs we bring;
Hail him our gracious King;
We'll thro' all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Hymn 60
Go Bury Thy Sorrow

Go bury thy sorrow, The world has its share;
Go bury it deeply, Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly, When curtain'd by night;
Go tell it to Jesus, And all will be right.

Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief;
Go gather the sunshine He sheds on thy way;
He'll lighten thy burden, Go, weary one, pray.

Hearts growing weary With heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness--Go, comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrows Let others be blest;
Go, give them the sunshine, Tell Jesus the rest.

Hymn 61
Our Refuge

God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God
With peace, and joy and blessing now,
E'en in our narrow trial road.

That sacred stream, thy holy Word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Hymn 62
Wondrous Love

God loved the world of sinners lost,
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

<CHORUS>

O! 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It bro't my Saviour from above
To die on Calvary.

E'en now by faith I claim him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by his death I find,
And cleansing through his blood.

Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin,
Thro' faith in Christ alone.

Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be giv'n
A glorious foretaste even now,
The peace and joy of heav'n.

Of vict'ry now o'er Satan's pow'r,
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph now in ev'ry hour,
Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.

Hymn 63
He Will Make It Plain

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Hymn 64
To Thee I Call

God of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Poor though I am; despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

Hymn 65
I Will Praise Thee

God of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise
The song shall wake with ope'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would make me sore distress,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

Were half the breath that's vainly spent
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

Yes, done for me; Lord, I confess
Thy wisdom and thy righteousness,
And all my days shall therefore be
Of praise a tribute, Lord, to thee.

Hymn 66

The Sweet By And By

God has promised a glorious day,
And by faith we now see it draw near;
Our Redeemer has opened the way,
And soon will its glory appear.

<CHORUS>

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet to be parted no more;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on eternity's shore.

There the dead shall arise from the tomb,
And the living to health be restored;
And away from all sorrow and gloom,
They'll be led by the life-giving Lord.

And a highway shall there be cast up,
And the stones shall be all gathered out;
And errors no weak ones shall trip,
And no lions of vice stalk about.

There nothing shall hurt nor offend,
In God's kingdom of glory and peace;
The wicked their ways shall amend,
And the righteous their joys shall increase.

There God's hand shall all tears wipe away;
He'll the joy of his favor restore;
And the light of that glorious day
Will bring life, joy and peace evermore.

Hymn 67
Discipline

God's hand that saves, though kind, seems rough;
His methods sometimes rude;
Frail shrinking nature cries, "Enough!"
Yet proves the Lord is good.

The temple stones God now prepares
Oft cry, "You hurt me sore";
The Sculptor seeks their perfectness,
And trims them more and more--

Until, by dint of strokes and blows,
The shapeless mass appears
Symmetric, polished, beautiful,
To stand th' eternal years.

Out of the crushed and mangled grapes,
Comes forth the sparkling wine;
If God but still my portion is,
Be such experience mine.

Kept while the furnace, heated white,
Shall purge the dross away!
Thy judgments, Lord, are true and right,
And brighter ev'ry day.

Hymn 68
Divine Grace

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

Hymn 69
Rest In God

Great God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yes, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from thee, Lord.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
Thy work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the remnant of my days.

Hymn 70
Harvest Time

Great Husbandman, at thy command,
Saints sowed thy seed with lib'ral hand--
And, mindful of thy heav'nly call,
Onward they went, forsaking all.

On through the sad and weary years
They sowed the precious seed with tears,
And stayed their hearts in faith sublime
With prospects of the harvest time.

No longer saints in sorrow go,
In tears and sadness forth to sow;
For he who bade them sow and weep
Hath called them now in joy to reap.

Now doth the joyful reaper come
Bearing his sheaves in triumph home;
The voice long saddened now doth sing,
And loud their songs of triumph ring.

E'en here, on this side Jordan, stand
The gathered sheaves from ev'ry land;
And he that sowed, in joy doth reap,
And harvest home together keep.

Hymn 71
Guide Me

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thru this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong Deliv'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
Strong Deliv'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

As I near the time of trouble,
Bid my faith in thee increase;
While the thousands round are falling,
Keep me, keep in perfect peace.
Refuge! Fortress! Thou hast set thy love on me.
Refuge! Fortress! Thou hast set thy love on me.

Hymn 72

Hail To The Brightness

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning!
Zion, in triumph, begins her glad reign.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

See, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountaintops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

See the dead risen from land and from ocean;
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Hymn 73
Christ's Glorious Reign

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Jehovah's blessed Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captives free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

To him let praise unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom, still increasing,
Shall be without an end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
No; it shall stand forever,
A pledge that God is love.

Hymn 74
Divine Wisdom

Happy the man who learns to trace
The leadings of Jehovah's grace;
By wisdom coming from above,
He reads and learns that God is love.

Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths lead unto peace.

Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom and Christ are truly one.

Hymn 75
Jesus Reigns

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heav'n rejoices;
Jesus reigns, he rules in love.
See, he comes to take earth's throne;
Soon he'll rule the world alone:

<CHORUS>

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All below and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

King of glory! reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou shalt call thine own:
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face:

Hymn 76
The Saviour Comes

Hark, the glad sound! the Lord has come,
The Saviour promised long;
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

He comes, the "Sun of Righteousness,"
To roll earth's clouds away,
And make its desert wilderness
Bloom in eternal day.

He comes the pris'ner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of death before him burst,
Sin's binding fetters yield.

He comes the broken heart to bind,
The wounded soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Hymn 77
Glory To The Lamb

Hark! the notes of angels singing,
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heav'n their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.

Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above:
Sweet the theme, a free salvation;
Fruit of everlasting love.

Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

Hymn 78
Jesus Is There

Haste, my dull soul, arise,
Shake off thy care;
Press for the promised prize,
Mighty in prayer.
Jesus has gone before,
Count all thy suffrings o'er;
He all thy burdens bore;
Jesus is there.

Souls, for the marriage feast
Robe and prepare--
Holy must be such guests;
Jesus is there!
Saints, wear your vict'ry palms,
Chant your celestial psalms,
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms
O! seek to wear.

Kings for the promised throne,
Crowns we shall wear;
Christ reigns, but not alone--
We soon shall share.
O ye despised ones, come;
Pilgrims no more we'll roam:
Sweetly we'll rest at home;
Jesus is there.

Hymn 79

The Song Of Moses And The Lamb

Have you heard the new song, that most beautiful song,
The song which the saints now may sing--
How the old harp of Moses and sweet flute of John
With harmonious melody ring?
With harmonious melody ring?
How the old harp of Moses and sweet flute of John
With harmonious melody ring?

'Tis the song of the Lamb once by Moses foretold,
In the symbols and types of God's law;
As the dawn of the day doth those symbols unfold,
We behold what we ne'er before saw,
We behold what we ne'er before saw,
As the dawn of the day doth those symbols unfold,
We behold what we ne'er before saw.

O! what visions of glory are brought to faith's view,
Of glory which all soon shall see;
For the great King of Glory shall make all things new,
And O! what rejoicing there'll be,
And O! what rejoicing there'll be,
For the great King of Glory shall make all things new,
And O! what rejoicing there'll be.

Thy works great and marvelous, Almighty Lord,
Are glorious indeed in our sight;
Thy ways just and true, thou blest King of the world,
We acknowledge are perfectly right,
We acknowledge are perfectly right,
Thy ways just and true, thou blest King of the world,
We acknowledge are perfectly right.

Hymn 79 (cont.)

The Song Of Moses And The Lamb

O! who shall not filially fear thee, O Lord,
And thy righteous ways own as the best?
Soon all nations shall worship and praise before thee,
When thy judgments are made manifest,
When thy judgments are made manifest,
Soon all nations shall worship and praise before thee,
When thy judgments are made manifest.

Tune your voices, ye saints, for this glorious strain,
And earth shall with melody ring;
Let the grand "harp of God" loudly swell the refrain,
For tributes of praise all may bring,
For tributes of praise all may bring,
Let the grand "harp of God" loudly swell the refrain,
For tributes of praise all may bring.

God's Word is that harp, which has long been unstrung,
And men heard but discordant its notes;
Now as tuned are its chords from Moses to John,
How grandly sweet melody floats,
How grandly sweet melody floats,
Now as tuned are its chords from Moses to John,
How grandly sweet melody floats.

It will float o'er the world in a rapturous strain,
Of glory and peace and good will,
And all then shall hear and may join the refrain
And joy shall the hearts of all thrill,
And joy shall the hearts of all thrill,
And all then shall hear and may join the refrain
And joy shall the hearts of all thrill.

Hymn 80
More To Follow

Have you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow,
Of his grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow.
Freely he his grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow;

<CHORUS>

More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow,
Oh, his matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.

Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there's more to follow,
Does his blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow.
Freely he his love bestows,
Still there's more to follow;

Have you felt the Spirit's pow'r?
Still there's more to follow,
Falling like the gentle show'r?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the pow'r the Spirit shows!
Still there's more to follow.
Freely he his pow'r bestows,
Still there's more to follow;

Hymn 81
Precious Promises

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow.
Then, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see:
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you
Change to day the gloom of night;
Yes, the Lord shall be your glory
And your everlasting light.

Hymn 82
The Bridal Robe

Heav'nly Father, I would wear
Bridal garments, white and fair;
Bridal vesture, undefiled,
Thou dost give unto thy child.

Take the raiment soiled away,
I would fain cast off today;
Clothe me in my bridal dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

Let me wear the white robe here,
Purchased by my Saviour dear;
Holding fast his hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.

Hymn 83
We Adore Thee

Heav'nly Father, Sov'reign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When around thy throne we sing.

While on earth we longer stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we shall thy glory see.

Then through ages yet untold,
Counting mercies manifold,
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll triumphant voices raise.

Hymn 84
Parting Hymn

Heav'nly Father, we beseech thee,
Grant thy blessing ere we part:
Take us in thy care and keeping;
Guard from evil ev'ry heart.

<CHORUS>

Bless the words which have been spoken,
Hear our prayer and cheerful strain;
Give us, Lord, a constant token
That thou dost with us remain.

Let thy Spirit, Lord, go with us,
Be our comfort and our stay;
Grateful praise to thee we render,
For the joy we feel today.

May thy Spirit dwell within us,
May our souls thy temples be,
May we tread the path to glory,
Led and guided still by thee.

Hymn 85
O Revive Us

Heav'nly Father, we thy children,
Gathered round our risen Lord,
Lift our hearts in earnest pleading:
O revive us by thy Word!

<CHORUS>

Send refreshing, send refreshing
From thy presence, gracious Lord!
Send refreshing, send refreshing,
And revive us by thy Word.

Gracious gales of heav'nly blessing
In thy love to us afford;
Let us feel thy spirit's presence,
O revive us by thy Word!

Weak and weary in the conflict,
"Wrestling not with flesh and blood,"
Help us, Lord, as faint we falter;
O revive us by thy Word!

With thy strength, O Master, gird us;
Thou our Guide and thou our Guard;
Fill us with thy holy spirit;
O revive us by thy Word!

Hymn 86
Christ's Victory

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But Lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead revives again!

The rising Christ forsakes the tomb;
In vain its bonds forbid his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Wipe now your tears, ye saints and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing, he accomplished all things well,
And led the monster Death in chains.

O! live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
O Death, thou monster, where's thy sting?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

Hymn 87
He Leadeth Me

He leadeth me, O blessed thought!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

<CHORUS>

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea--
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine--
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Hymn 88
Here Is No Rest

Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say:
"There, there is rest, there is rest."

Here fierce temptations beset me around!
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround;
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear;
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his Word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They will be called to receive their reward;
Then we shall rest, we shall rest.

This world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must bear with the world and its hate,
Yet I am blest, I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
There shall my joy with the Lord be increased,
Soon shall the faithful forever be blest,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

Hymn 89
The Divine Goodness

High in the Heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
'Mid earthly woes we sweetly rest
Under the shadow of thy wings.

Hymn 90
The Source Of Consolation

Holy spirit, banish sadness;
Pierce the clouds of weary night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious show'r descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with pow'r;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces show'r.

Hear, O hear our supplication;
By thy spirit, God of peace,
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fulness of thy grace.

Hymn 91
Our Faithful Guide

Holy spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls for aye rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly Trav'ler come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Ah, then whisper, Trav'ler, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but time for prayer,
Waiting to be gathered there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Trusting still in Jesus' blood--
Whisper sweetly, Trav'ler come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Hymn 92
Even So, Come

Hope of our hearts! O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day
Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
With all our fears, away.

We've waited long, we're waiting still,
Longing with thee to be.
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and thee.

O! the blest hope of sharing, Lord,
Thy glory from above,
Is linked with that most precious thought,
Thine everlasting love;

And with the joy, the holy joy,
Unmingled, pure and free,
Of union with our living Head,
And fellowship with thee.

This joy e'en now in part is ours,
This fellowship begun;
But O! what rapture shall we know
When victory's fully won.

There, near thy heart, upon the throne,
Thy ransomed bride shall see
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb
Who died to make her free.

O! what are all our sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count us meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

Hymn 93

Our Firm Foundation

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

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

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

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

The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose
I'll never, no, never, desert to his foes;
That soul, though a host should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

Hymn 94
The Joys Of Faith

How happy and blessed the hours
Since Jesus I always can see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs
Have all gained new sweetness to me;
E'en when the great sun shines but dim,
And fields strive in vain to look gay,
While I am so happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

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

Content with beholding his face
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Can make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus still dwelt with me there.

My Lord, I am sure I am thine,
And thou art my sun and my song,
No longer I languish and pine,
Nor e'en are my winters so long;
My doubts and my fears all have flown,
Thy soul-cheering plan now I see;
Thy wisdom and glory have shone
From out thy blest Word upon me.

Hymn 95
More Christlike

How blessed, how glorious, how joyful to feel
The love everlasting, of sonship a seal,
The love that is perfect, the love that is pure,
That we may with patience all things well endure.
I want to feel humble, more simple, more mild,
More like my blest Master and more like a child;
More trustful, more thankful, more lovely in mind,
More watchful, more prayerful, more loving and kind.

I want the pure wisdom that comes from above,
That warns those in danger with tenderest love;
I want the sweet spirit of Jesus, my Lord,
And perfect accordance with his blessed Word.
I want to touch lightly the things of this earth,
Esteeming them only of trifling worth;
From sin and its bondage I would be set free,
And live, my dear Saviour, live only for thee.

Hymn 96
The Name of Jesus

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

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

Dear name! the rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding place;
Our neverfailing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Jesus, our Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our hearts in gratitude ascend;
Accept the praise we bring.

We would thy boundless love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And sound the music of thy name
Abroad through all the earth.

Hymn 97
More Of Thy Presence

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile;
Draw near according to thy word.

From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee.
O Lord, behold us at thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face.
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

Hymn 98
Earthly Treasures Vain

How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient ev'ry earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,
The glory of a passing hour.

But tho' earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter age now nigh,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
Since God is ours, we're trav'ling home,
Tho' passing thru a vale of tears.

Hymn 99
Rest In God

How wise are God's commands!
How sure his precepts are!
We cast our burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
The hand which bears all nature up
Doth guard his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down thy weary mind?
Haste to thy heav'nly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day.
We'll drop our burdens at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Hymn 100
I Am So Glad

I am so glad that our Father in heav'n
Tells of his love in the book he has giv'n.
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, his great love to me.

<CHORUS 1-2>

I am so glad my Father loves me,
Father loves me, Father loves me,
I am so glad my Father loves me,
Yes, he loves even me.

Father loves me and I know I love him.
Love sent his Son my lost soul to redeem;
Yes, 'twas his love and his mercy so free;
O! I am certain my Father loves me.

Not only my Father, but his blessed Son,
Loves me and cares for my wants ev'ry one;
Jesus so freely his life gave for me,
No clearer proof of his love could there be.

<CHORUS 3>

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Yes, he loves even me.

O! for such love I would make some return:
My humble off'ring I'm sure he'll not spurn:
Lord, here I give my poor life unto thee;
Through it may praises redound unto thee.

<CHORUS 4>

I gladly take thy favors so free,
Favors so free, Favors so free,
I gladly take thy favors so free,
Favors to even me.

Hymn 101
I Am The Door

"I am the door," come in, come in,
And leave without all fear and sin;
The night is dark, the storm is wild,
O! come within, thou weary child,
O! come within, thou weary child.

"I am the door," whose heavy lock
Bars out all strangers from the flock,
And guards my Father's precious fold:
Come in from darkness and from cold,
Come in from darkness and from cold.

"I am the door," no longer roam;
Here are thy treasures, here thy home;
I purchased them for thee and thine,
And paid the price in blood of mine,
And paid the price in blood of mine.

"I am the door," my Father waits
To make thee heir of rich estates;
Come in with thankful hearts and praise,
And walk in heav'n's appointed ways,
And walk in heav'n's appointed ways.

Hymn 102
A Better Day

I am waiting, ever waiting,
For the brighter, better day,
Just beyond the clouds and shadows,
That surround my lonely way;
For a day of light and gladness,
Such as earth has never known,
When in equity and justice,
Christ shall reign on David's throne.

All the prophets of past ages
Saw its brightness from afar,
And in words sublime have spoken
Of the peace and glory there.
They have slept in those green valleys,
Which in weariness they trod;
Soon they'll come with songs of triumph
To the holy mount of God.

Now the world is full of suffring,
Sounds of woe fall on my ears,
Sights of wretchedness and sorrow
Fill my eyes with pitying tears.
'Tis the earth's dark night of weeping;
Wrong and evil triumph now;
I can wait, for just before me
Beams the morning's roseate glow.

I am waiting, hoping, praying
For Messiah's glorious reign,
For I know he'll rule in justice;
Right and truth will triumph then.
Worldly pleasures cannot win me,
While I wait for that bright day,
Worldly splendor cannot charm me,
While its light beams on my way.

Hymn 103
I Come To Thee

I bring my sins to thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In thy once opened fount;
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
The burden is too great for me,
The burden is too great for me.

I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well;
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O loving Saviour, all to thee,
O loving Saviour, all to thee.

My joys to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has giv'n
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heav'n;
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me,
Who hast procured them all for me.

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

Hymn 104
I Come To Thee

I come to thee, I come to thee,
Thou precious Lamb who died for me;
I rest confiding in thy Word,
And cast my burden on the Lord.

I come to thee with all my grief,
To find in thee a sweet relief;
Thy blessed name my only plea,
With this, O Lord, I come to thee.

I come to thee, whose sovereign pow'r
Can cheer me in the darkest hour;
I come to thee thru storm and shade,
Since thou hast said, "Be not afraid."

I come to thee with all my tears,
My pain and sorrow, griefs and fears:
Thou precious Lamb who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee.

To thee my trembling spirit flies,
When faith seems weak and comfort dies;
I bow adoring at thy feet,
And hold with thee communion sweet.

O wondrous love! what joy is mine,
To feel that I am truly thine.
Thou precious Lamb who died for me,
I come to thee, I come to thee.

Hymn 105
Satisfied With Thy Likeness

If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,
And shine a pure image of thee,
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break
The fetters of flesh and be free.

I know this stained tablet must first be washed white
And there thy bright features be drawn;
I know I must suffer the darkness of night
To welcome the coming of dawn.

And O! the blest morning already is here,
The shadows of earth soon shall fade;
And soon in thy likeness I'll with thee appear,
In glory and beauty arrayed.

When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,
Within thy blest mansion, and when
The arms of my Father encircle his child,
O! I shall be satisfied then.

Hymn 106
Confidence In God

If on a quiet sea
T'ward home I calmly sail,
With grateful heart, O God, to thee
I'll own the fav'ring gale.

But when the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm,
Which drives me nearer home.

Soon shall the waves and storms
All yield to thy control;
Thy love will banish all alarms
And darkness from My soul.

Teach me, in ev'ry state,
To make thy will my own;
And while the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

Hymn 107
Valley Of Blessing

I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And his spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And his perfect love casteth out fear.

<CHORUS>

There's joy in the valley of blessing so sweet;
Here Jesus his fullness bestows;
We believe and receive and confess him,
Our refuge from all earthly woes.

There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary, worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
Here heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
Here Christ sets his covenant seal.

There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That only the virgins can sing--
All the nations shall worship and bow at thy feet,
To the honor and praise of our King.

Hymn 108
I Came To Jesus

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Thy load of care thou mayst lay down
And be no more distressed."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And he hath made me glad.

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.

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 looked and saw my star of hope,
My Sun of Righteousness.
O! soon 'twill rise and fill the earth,
And all the nations bless.

Hymn 109

I Know No Life Divided

I know no life divided, O Lord of Life, from thee;
In thee is life provided For all mankind and me;
I fear not death, O Jesus; My life is hid with thee;
Thy power soon shall free us From death eternally.

I fear no tribulation, Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation Between my Lord and me.
Since thou, my Lord and Teacher, Hast claimed me for thine own,
E'en now with thee I'm richer Than monarch on his throne.

Thus, while o'er earth I wander, My heart is light and blest,
My treasure is up yonder, My heart is there at rest.
O blessed thought! I'm trying To live to please the Lord,
In faith and hope rejoicing, Thro' his most precious Word.

Hymn 110
He Knows

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise;
And ev'ry joy he sends me comes
A sweet and glad surprise.

<CHORUS 1 - 3>

Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in him repose;
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, he knows, he knows;
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, he knows, he knows.

One step I see before me,
'Tis all I need to see,
The light of heaven more brightly shines,
When earth's illusions flee;
And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving "Follow Me."

O blissful lack of knowledge,
'Tis blessed not to know;
He holds me with his own right hand,
And will not let me go,
And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In him who loves me so.

So on I go not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with him
Than go alone by sight.

<CHORUS 4>

Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in him repose;
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, he knows, he knows;
And ev'ry hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, he knows, he knows.
He knows, he knows, he knows.

Hymn 111
My Redeemer Lives

I know that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, who bought me with his blood;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, my help in time of need.

He lives, and grants me daily strength;
Through him I soon shall conquer death;
Then all his glories I'll declare,
That all the world his life may share.

Hymn 112
All With Jesus

I left it all with Jesus Long ago;
All my sins and weakness, And my woe.
Human sins once slew him On the tree.
I heard the spirit's whisper, 'Tis for thee;
From my heart the burden Rolled away--Happy day!
From my heart the burden Rolled away--Happy day!

I leave it all with Jesus, For he knows
How to steal the bitter, From life's woes
How to gild the teardrop With his smile,
Make the desert-garden Bloom awhile;
When my weakness leaneth On his might, All seems light.
When my weakness leaneth On his might, all seems light.

I leave it all with Jesus Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust him, Come what may,
Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest
In the calm sure haven Of his breast:
Love esteems it heaven To abide At his side.
Love esteems it heaven To abide at his side.

Hymn 113
I Love Thee

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;
I love thee, my Saviour; I love thee, my God;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know;
But how much I love thee, I never can show.

I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are triumphant, I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus, my Saviour and all saints to share.

O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name is my theme, and thy love is my song,
Thy grace doth inspire both my heart and my tongue.

O! who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
The sweet song of Moses he's giv'n me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with heart and with will,
While his blessed work here my moments doth fill.

Hymn 114
I Love Thy Will

I love thy will, O God!
Thy blessed, perfect will,
In which this once rebellious heart
Lies satisfied and still.

I love thy will, O God!
It is my joy, my rest;
It glorifies my common task,
It makes each trial blest.

I love thy will, O God!
The sunshine or the rain.
Some days are bright with praise, and some
Sweet with accepted pain.

I love thy will, O God!
O hear my earnest plea,
That as thy will is done in heav'n,
It may be done in me.

Hymn 115
Meditation

I love to steal a while away,
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of closing day,
And spend the hours of closing day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

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

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes beyond;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
The prospect doth my strength renew,
And hence my songs abound.

Soon shall earth's days of toil be o'er,
Its darkness passed away;
Its storms and trials but prepare,
Its storms and trials but prepare,
And lead to endless day.

Hymn 116
The Old, Old Story

I love to tell the story
Of gracious heav'nly love
How Jesus left his glory
That wondrous love to prove.

I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

<CHORUS>

I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of gracious, heavn'ly love.

I love to tell the story!
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams,
I love to tell the story!
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

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

I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory,
I sing a new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Hymn 117
I'm A Pilgrim

I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where life's waters are ever flowing.

<CHORUS>

I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

There the sunbeams are ever shining,
O! my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Soon to this country, sin-dark and dreary,
Will come the sunlight of heav'nly glory.

Of that city to which I journey
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

Hymn 118
All Honor To Our Lord

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his Word,
The glory of his cross.

Jesus my Lord! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my humble name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Hymn 119
I Need Thee Every Hour

I need thee ev'ry hour,
Most precious Lord!
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

<CHORUS>

I need thee, O! I need thee;
Ev'ry hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee.

I need thee ev'ry hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When thou art nigh.

I need thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain;
With me, dear Lord, abide,
Or life is vain.

I need thee ev'ry hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

Hymn 120
Under His Wings

In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge, no rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

<CHORUS>

O! what comfort it brings,
My soul sweetly sings,
I am safe from all danger
While under his wings.

I dread not the terror by night;
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.

The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and pow'r of our Lord.

The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

His truth is my buckler and shield,
His love he hath set upon me;
His name in my heart he hath sealed;
E'en now his salvation I see.

Hymn 121
The Lord Will Provide

In some way or other the Lord will provide.
It may not be my way, It may not be thy way;
And yet, in his own way, "The Lord will provide."

<CHORUS>

Then, we'll trust in the Lord,
And he will provide;
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And he will provide.

At some time or other the Lord will provide:
It may not be my time, It may not be thy time;
And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."

Despair then no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token--No word he has spoken
Was ever yet broken. "The Lord will provide."

Hymn 122
Christ, Our Passover

In mem'ry of the Saviour's love
We keep this simple feast,
Where ev'ry consecrated heart
Is made a welcome guest.

By faith we take the bread of life
Which this doth symbolize;
This cup in token of his blood,
Our costly sacrifice.

This cup shall e'er recall the hour
When thou didst set us free;
Soon with new joy in Kingdom pow'r
We'll drink it, Lord, with thee.

What rapturous joy shall then be ours,
Forever Lord, with thee!
Clothed with our resurrection pow'rs,
Thine endless praise shall be.

Hymn 123
In The Cross I Glory

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

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

When the sun of life is beaming
Bright and clear upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

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

Hymn 124
The Rifted Rock

In the rifted Rock I'm resting,
Sure and safe from all alarm;
Storms and billows have united,
All in vain, to do me harm:
In the rifted Rock I'm resting;
Surf is dashing at my feet,
Storm clouds dark are o'er me hov'ring,
Yet my rest is all complete.

<CHORUS>

In the rifted Rock I'm resting;
Sure and safe from all alarm,
Storms and billows have united
All in vain, to do me harm.

Many a stormy sea I've traversed,
Many a tempest shock have known;
Have been driven, without anchor,
On the barren shores and lone.
But I now have found a haven
Never moved by tempest shock,
Where my soul is safe forever,
In the blessed rifted Rock.

Hymn 125
Trust In Christ

Into thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me by thy grace.
Now righteous through thy grace I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in thy name,
Alive in thee, my living Head.

Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy flight from me away;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray:
Let thy word richly in me dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.

Arm me with thy whole armor, Lord;
Support my weakness with thy might;
Gird on thy thigh thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threat'ning fight.
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on,
Till I appear before thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

Hymn 126
My Strong Tower

In Zion's Rock abiding,
My soul her triumph sings;
In his pavilion hiding,
I praise the King of kings.

<CHORUS>

My Strong Tow'r is he!
To him will I flee;
In him confide, in him abide;
My Strong Tow'r is he!

Wild waves are round me swelling,
Dark clouds above I see;
Yet, in my fortress dwelling,
More safe I cannot be.

My tow'r of strength can never
In time of trouble fail;
No pow'r of Satan ever
Against it shall prevail.

Hymn 127
Way-Worn Pilgrim

I saw a way-worn trav'ler
In tatter'd garments clad,
Yet struggling up the mountain,
His face would make you glad.
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone.
He shouted as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

<CHORUS>

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory we shall wear.
Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory we shall wear.

The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

Hymn 127 (cont.)
Way-Worn Pilgrim

The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
His watchword still was "Onward!"
Yet swifter did he run,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

I saw him in the evening:
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city--
His everlasting home--
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
From death forevermore;
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

Hymn 128
Prince Of My Peace

I stand all astonished with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

<CHORUS>

The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

He laid his hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be ev'ry whit whole;
I touched but the hem of his garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

The Prince of my peace is now present,
The light of his face is on me;
O listen! beloved, he speaketh:
"My peace I will give unto thee."

Hymn 129
I've Found A Friend

I've found a friend; O! such a friend!
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him.
And 'round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am his and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

I've found a friend; O! such a friend!
He gave his life to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his forever.

I've found a friend; O! such a friend!
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a counselor and guide,
So mighty a defender!
From him who now doth love me so,
What pow'r my soul can sever?
Shall life or death, or any foe?
No; I am his forever.

Hymn 130
Earnest Watchfulness

I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near;
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let thy goodness chase away
All hindrance to thy love.
O! may the least omission pain
My well instructed soul.
And send me to the blood again,
Which makes and keeps me whole.

Hymn 131
I Will Sing For Jesus

I will sing for Jesus;
With his blood he bought me
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

<CHORUS>

O! yes, I'll sing for Jesus,
Yes, I'll tell the story
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My ever blessed Master?

I will sing for Jesus;
His name alone prevailing
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

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

Hymn 132
My Redeemer

I will sing of my Redeemer
And his wondrous love to me.
On the cruel cross he suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

<CHORUS>

Sing, O! sing of my Redeemer;
With his blood he purchased me;
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt and made me free.

I will tell the wondrous story,
How, my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power to save,
How the victory he giveth
Over sin and death and grave.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And my call to glory too;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Heav'nly glory brought to view.

Hymn 133
Home Of The Soul

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land
Prepared by our Lord for his own,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
For the years of eternity home;
For the years of eternity home,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
For the years of eternity home.

O! that home of the soul! In my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me;
Between that fair city and me,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me.

An unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever he'll be,
And his saints will be crowned at his hands;
And his saints will be crowned at his hands.
The King of all kingdoms forever he'll be,
And his saints will be crowned at his hands.

O! how sweet it will be in that beautiful land.
So free from all sorrow and pain.
His songs on our lips, and his work in our hands,
To meet one another again;
To meet one another again,
His songs on our lips, and his work in our hands
To meet one another again.

I My Cross Have Taken

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Weak and poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet, how rich is my condition!
God and Christ are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Former friends are wont to leave me,
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me,
This but drives me nearer thee;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Soon my rest will sweeter be.
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me;
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Go, then, earthly name and treasure;
Come, reproach, and scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father;
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in ev'ry station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think how Jesus died to save thee;
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?

Hymn 135
Near The Cross

Jesus, keep me near the cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all--a healing stream--
Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.

<CHORUS>

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

Hymn 136
Entire Devotedness To God

Jesus, my strength, my hope
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Hymn 137
Jesus, Refuge Of My Soul

Jesus, refuge of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows 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 me home at last!

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

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All I need in thee I find;
Thou didst strengthen me when faint,
Now my eyes no more are blind.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Rich supplies I find in thee,
Springing up within my heart,
Rising to eternity.

Hymn 138
Jesus Shall Reign

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south mankind will meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While all the world shall own the Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Shall praise his name with sweetest song,
And loud their voices shall proclaim
Honor and blessings on his name.

Hymn 139
The Sweetest Name

Jesus, the very thought of thee
Brings comfort, peace and rest;
O! how I long thy face to see,
And be forever blest,
And be forever blest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of ev'ry contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show!
The love of Jesus, what it is.
None but his loved ones know,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity,
And through eternity.

Hymn 140
Accept Our Praises, Lord

Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown;
We glory in thy kingly crown.

Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord to thee;
Grant a blest hour of joy and love,
Communion like to that above.

The gladness of this happy day!
O, may its joys forever stay!
Let not our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold.

Let ev'ry moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, enhance our joys,
Till we are made to share thy name,
As bride of God's anointed Lamb.

Hymn 141
My Glorious Dress

Jesus, thy spotless righteousness
My raiment is, my glorious dress;
'Midst heavenly hosts in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold may I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved from sin I am,
Thro' faith in thine all powerful name.

Thou holy, meek, unspotted Lamb
Who from the Father's bosom came;
Who died for all mankind to atone,
Now as my blessed Lord I own.

And now I see, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Hymn 142
Jesus Wept

Jesus wept in sorrow over
One who trusted in his name,
Who, beneath death's sullen power,
Fell a victim 'mongst the slain.
Lifted there his tear-stained face,
Lighted with a matchless grace.
There his sympathy we see,
In those tears at Bethany.

Thru those tears he spoke sweet comfort
To the hearts bereaved and sad.
Shadowed forth his coming power,
Yet to make the whole earth glad;
Spoke the potent words of life
Words with deepest meaning rife;
Yes, his power too we see,
In his work at Bethany.

There he bade all hearts look forward
To his kingdom soon to come,
Where with resurrection power
He'd recall the dead ones home.
There before the sealed grave
Shewed his wondrous pow'r to save.
O! what glory thus we see
In that type at Bethany.

When the pangs of sorrow seize us,
When the waves of trouble roll,
We may bring our cares to Jesus,
Comfort of the weary soul.
Never need we come in vain,
He is evermore the same,
For his love and pow'r we see,
In his work at Bethany.

Hymn 143
The Place of Prayer

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

Great Shepherd, good, and wise, and true,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our hearts thyself reveal,
And let us each thy presence feel.

Here may we prove the pow'r of prayer
To strengthen faith and lighten care:
Here teach our hope and trust to rise;
Reveal thy glory to our eyes.

Hymn 144
Joy To The World

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let saints rejoice and sing!
He comes to claim his virgin bride,
Her triumph soon to bring,
Her triumph soon to bring,
Her triumph, her triumph soon to bring.

Lift up your heads, ye fainting souls!
The signs long promised read,
Messiah's chariot onward rolls;
He soon the world will lead,
He soon the world will lead,
He soon, he soon the world will lead.

Joy to the world! the Lord shall reign!
Let men their songs employ;
While field and wood, and hill and plain,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

He'll rule the world with truth and grace
The nations all shall prove
The blessings of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love,
And wonders of his love,
And wonders, and wonders of his love.

Glad tidings of great joy to all
Through this blest gospel flow;
A sweet relief from ev'ry ill,
And rest from all our woe,
And rest from all our woe,
And rest, and rest from all our woe.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
O earth, receive thy King!
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And grateful tribute bring,
And grateful tribute bring,
And grateful, and grateful tribute bring.

Hymn 144 (cont.)
Joy To The World

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Angels and men rejoice!
The jubilee will soon begin;
Praise God with heart and voice!
Praise God with heart and voice!
Praise God, praise God with heart and voice!

All nature's voices loud proclaim
The praises of our King!
Ye winds and floods and thunders loud,
Ye may your tributes bring,
Ye may your tributes bring,
Ye may, ye may your tributes bring.

Thou shining sun, thou smiling flow'r,
Ye waving fields of grain,
Thou murm'ring zephyr, streamlet's song,
Bring in the minor strain,
Bring in the minor strain,
Bring in, bring in the minor strain.

And everything in which is breath
May lift a tuneful song;
The woods may clap their giant hands,
And roll his praise along,
And roll his praise along,
And roll, and roll his praise along.

Thus may the orchestral chorus ring
O'er mountain, hill and plain,
And melodies of earth and heav'n
Join in the glad refrain,
Join in the glad refrain,
Join in, join in the glad refrain.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let praise all tongues employ;
In loftiest, sweetest harmony,
Express your heart-felt joy,
Express your heart-felt joy,
Express, express your heart-felt joy.

Hymn 145
Keep Me, Lord

Keep thou my way, O Lord;
Myself I cannot guide;
Nor dare I trust my falt'ring steps
One moment from thy side.

I cannot live aright,
Save as I'm close to thee;
My heart would fail without thine aid;
Choose thou my way for me.

For ev'ry joy of faith,
And ev'ry high design--
For all of good my soul can know,
The glory, Lord, be thine.

Free grace my pardon seals,
Through the atoning blood;
Free grace the full assurance brings
Of peace with thee, my God.

O! speak, and I will hear;
Command and I obey;
My willing feet with joy shall haste
To run thy righteous way.

Keep thou my wand'ring heart,
And bid it cease to roam;
O! bear me safe through earthly strife,
To Paradise, my home.

Hymn 146
Christ, Our Life

 Laboring and heavy laden,
 Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
 "Bread of life," on thee we feed.

 Thirsting for the springs of waters
 That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken rock are flowing,
 "Well of life," from thee we draw.

 In the land of cloud and shadow,
 Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
 "Light of life," we walk in thee.

 Thou the grace of life supplying,
 Thou the crown of life wilt give:
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
 Life of life, in thee we live.

Hymn 147
Let Earth And Heaven Agree

Let earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heav'n!
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have;
For Jesus came the world to save.
For Jesus came the world to save.

O! for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their heart rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all the world my Saviour died.
For all the world my Saviour died.

Hymn 148
The Gospel Feast

Let ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Eternal wisdom hath prepared
A soul reviving feast,
And bids our longing appetites
The rich provisions taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
Why pine away and die?
Here you may quench your longing thirst
From springs that never dry.

Abundant grace and blessing here
In rich profusion join;
Salvation in full measure flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

The gates divine of heav'nly grace
Are open to our pray'rs;
And when we come to seek supplies,
God grants us our desires.

Hymn 149
Hid With Christ

Let us rejoice in Christ the Lord,
Who claims us for his own;
The hope that's built upon his Word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset us 'round,
And feeble is our arm,
Our life is hid with Christ in God
Beyond the reach of harm.

Though now he's unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near--
A guide, a glory, a defense
To save from ev'ry fear.

As surely as he overcame,
And conquered death and sin,
So surely those who trust his name
May all his triumph win.

Hymn 150
Growth In Grace

Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford;
Far from my thoughts be joys like these,
Far from my thoughts be joys like these,
Since I have found the Lord.

As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

Hymn 151
Arise and Shine

Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing,
O earth, with strength lift up thy voice!
God's kingdom to the earth is coming,
The King is at thy gates--rejoice!

<CHORUS>

Arise and shine in youth eternal;
Thy light is come, thy King appears!
Within this century's swinging portal,
Breaks the new dawn--the thousand years!

And while the earth with strife is riven,
And envious factions truth do hide,
Lo! he, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door and claims his bride.

Lift up thy gates! bring forth oblations!
The Lord of earth his message sends;
His Word, a sword, will smite the nations;
His name, the Christ, the King of kings.

He's come! let all the earth adore him;
The path his human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before him,
The Life of life, the Word of God!

Hymn 152
A Thousand Years

Lift up your heads, desponding pilgrims;
Give to the winds your needless fears;
He who hath died on Calvary's mountain,
Is come to reign a thousand years.

<CHORUS>

A thousand years! earth's coming glory!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold;
'Tis the bright morn of Zion's glory,
Prophets foresaw in time of old.

Tell the whole world these blessed tidings;
Speak of the time of rest that nears;
Tell the oppressed of ev'ry nation,
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.

What if the clouds do for a moment
Hide the blue sky where morn appears?
Soon the glad sun of promise given
Rises to shine a thousand years.

Haste ye along, ages of glory;
Haste the glad time when Christ appears.
O! that I may be one found worthy
To reign with him a thousand years.

Hymn 153
Lift Up Your Heads

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold! the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at his side.
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter one of righteousness.

O! blessed they, and greatly blest,
Where Christ is ruler and confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the King of triumph comes!

Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me thy constant presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

O! come, my Sov'reign, enter in;
Yet more thy nobler life begin;
Thy Word and Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

Hymn 154
Light Of The World

Light of the world, shine on our souls;
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.

As once thou didst thy word expound
To those who walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fulness see--

Its richness, sweetness, pow'r and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn.

Help us each other to assist;
Thy spirit now impart;
Keep humble, but with love inspire,
To thee and thine, each heart.

Thus may thy Word be dearer still,
And studied more each day;
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

Hymn 155
Hallelujah

Like the sound of many waters
Rolling on thro' ages long,
In a tide of rapture breaking--
Hark! the mighty choral song!

<CHORUS>

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Let the heav'nly portals ring!
Christ has come, the King of glory!
Christ the Lord, Messiah, King!

Lo! the Morning Star appeareth;
O'er the world his beams are cast;
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He, the Great, the First, the Last.

Saviour, not with costly treasure
Do we gather at thy throne;
All we have, our hearts, we give thee--
Consecrate them thine alone.

Hymn 156
From Darkness to Light

Long in bondage we have waited
For the dawning of the light;
Error's chains we've felt and hated
Through the long and weary night.
Now the blessed light appearing
Fills our hearts with joy and peace,
Doubt and fear for aye dispelling;
O! what rest in this release!

Lord, we recognize its fountain,
In thy long looked for return,
In thy glory crowned mountain,
How our hearts within us burn!
Lo, in all the clear fulfilling
Of old prophecy and type,
Now we see thy kingdom coming;
For the time is fully ripe.

O! we long to see thy glory
Streaming wide o'er all the earth;
Ev'ry error, old and hoary,
Flee to realms that gave them birth.
For this glorious culmination,
Not for long shall Zion wait:
Soon will come her coronation;
Lo, her King is at the gate.

Bride and Bridegroom, then appearing,
Shall illuminate earth's gloom;
And the nations will be shouting,
Lo! our King! make room, make room.
O! the times of glad refreshing
Soon shall bring a sweet release,
Through the glorious reign of blessing,
Through the mighty Prince of Peace.

Hymn 157
Hail The King!

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious;
See the "Man of Sorrows" now;
Conqueror, he's crowned victorious;
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow.

<CHORUS>

Hail him! hail him! hail him!
Hail the Saviour, King!
Hail him! hail him! hail him!
Hail him King of kings!

Hail the Saviour! angels, hail him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power crown him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels throng around him,
Own his title, praise his name.

Hark! the burst of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O! what joy the sight affords!

Hymn 158
Depart In Peace

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heav'nly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.
Fill each soul with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
We will render nobler praise.

Hymn 159
Lord, Go With Us

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O! refresh us, O! refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

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

Hymn 160
Entirely Thine

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood of thine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine thro' all eternity:
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my dying soul for God,
Thee, my dear Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Do thou assist thy feeble one
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Hymn 161
I Delight In Thee

Lord, I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best, my truest Friend.

When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

Who makes my life secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

Hymn 162
The Hour Of Prayer

Lord, no hour is half so sweet,
From bright morn to evening fair,
This which calls me to thy feet,
Is the blessed hour of prayer.

Blest that tranquil hour of morn,
Blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on wings of prayer upborne,
Cumb'ring cares of earth I leave.

Then my strength by thee renewed,
And transgressions all forgiv'n;
Thou dost cheer my solitude
With the peace and joy of heav'n.

Words can't tell what sweet relief
For my wants I here do find--
Strength for warfare, balm for grief,
Joy and hope and peace of mind.

Hushed is doubt, and ev'ry fear;
And I seem in heav'n to stay;
E'en the penitential tear
With soft touch is wiped away.

Till I reach that blissful shore,
This my privilege shall be,
Here my soul to thus outpour,
Simply, fervently to thee.

Hymn 163
Friend Of The Friendless

Lord of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great trouble floods prevail,
Leave not my troubled heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Poor though I be, despised, forgot,
Yet Christ, my Lord, forgets me not;
His promises I daily plead,
And he supplies my ev'ry need.

Hymn 164
Hear The Call

Lo! the day of God is breaking;
See the gleaming from afar!
Sons of earth from slumber waking,
Hail the bright and Morning Star.

<CHORUS>

Hear the call! O gird your armor on,
Grasp the Spirit's mighty sword;
Take the helmet of salvation,
Pressing on to battle for the Lord!

Trust in him who is your Captain;
Let no heart in terror quail;
Jesus leads the gath'ring legion,
In his name we shall prevail.

Onward marching, firm and steady,
Faint not, fear not Satan's frown,
For the Lord is with you always,
Till you wear the victor's crown.

Conq'ring bands with banners waving,
Pressing on o'er hill and plain,
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
"Christ o'er all the earth doth reign!"

Hymn 165
Love Divine

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down:
Thou hast made with us thy dwelling,
Love doth all thy favors crown.
Father, thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Thou hast brought to us salvation;
Thee we love with all our heart.

O Almighty to deliver!
Let us more thy life receive;
Dwell in us, and never, never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always pleasing,
Love thee as thy hosts above,
Serve and praise thee without ceasing,
Witnessing to thy great love.

Finish, Lord, thy New Creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Show us all thy great salvation--
Thine shall all the glory be.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till we see thine own dear face;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Hymn 166
Love Of Jesus

Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine;
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
Blessed Saviour, lend thine aid;
Lift thou up my fainting head!
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Never more by cares opprest.

Thou alone my trust shalt be,
Thou alone canst comfort me
Only, Jesus, let thy grace
Be my shield and hiding place;
Let me know thy saving pow'r
In temptation's fiercest hour;
Then, my Saviour, at thy side
Let me evermore abide.

Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
And thou dost with hope inspire;
Thou dost wean from all below;
Thee, and thee alone to know.
Thou, who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy;
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine.

Hymn 167
He Is Altogether Lovely

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

None other could with him compare
Among the sons of men;
He's fairer too than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train,
Who fill the heavenly train.

He saw men plunged in deep distress,
And flew to their relief;
For us he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all our grief,
And carried all our grief.

God's promises, exceeding great,
He makes to us secure;
Yea, on this rock our faith may rest,
Immovable, and sure,
Immovable, and sure.

O! the rich depths of love divine,
Of grace a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, since I'm owned as thine,
I cannot wish for more,
I cannot wish for more.

Hymn 168
What A Saviour

"Man of sorrows!" what a name
For the son of God who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned he stood
Sealed my pardon with his blood;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he.
"Full atonement!" can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Lifted up was he to die,
"It is finished," was his cry.
Now in heav'n exalted high,
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

When he comes, our glorious King,
All his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

Hymn 169
Resurrection Morn

Many sleep, but not forever;
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn.
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

<CHORUS>

Many sleep, but not forever;
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn.

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

Yes, they sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed promise! they shall waken;
Jesus died the lost to save.
In the dawning of the morning,
When this troubled night is o'er,
All these dead to life returning,
We'll rejoice to see once more.

Hymn 170
Glory, My Home

'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints,
To know at the banquet of blessing there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

<CHORUS>

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

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace;
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease;
Though having thy presence wherever I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, at home!

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

Hymn 171
Our King Is Marching On

Mine eyes can see the glory of the presence of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored;
I see the flaming tempest of his swift descending sword:
Our King is marching on.

<CHORUS>
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Our King is marching on.

I can see His coming judgments, as they circle all the earth,
The signs and groanings promised, to precede a second birth;
I read his righteous sentence in the crumbling thrones of earth:
Our King is marching on.

The "Gentile Times" have ended, for their kings have had their day,
And with them sin and sorrow will forever pass away;
The tribe of Judah's Lion now has come to hold the sway:
Our King is marching on.

The "Seventh Trump" is sounding, and our King knows no defeat,
He will sift out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Be swift, my soul, to welcome him; be jubilant, my feet:
Our King is marching on.

Hymn 172
More Love To Thee

More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make On bended knee.
This is my earnest plea:

<CHORUS>

More love, O Christ, to thee!
More love to thee! More love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek; Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be:

Let sorrow do its work, Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers, Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me:

Then shall my latest breath Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:

Hymn 173
At The Cross There's Room

Mourner, wheresoe'er thou art,
At the cross there's room.
Tell the burden of thy heart;
At the cross there's room.
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,
Cast away thine ev'ry fear,
Only speak and he will hear;
At the cross there's room!

Haste thee, wand'rer, tarry not;
At the cross there's room.
Seek that consecrated spot,
At the cross there's room.
Heavy laden, sore opprest,
Love can sooth thy troubled breast,
In the Saviour find thy rest;
At the cross there's room!

Blessed thought! for ev'ry one--
At the cross there's room.
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room.
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go;
O! that all the world might know
At the cross there's room!

Hymn 174
Faith Looks To Thee

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 ev'ry day
Be wholly thine.

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.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, heav'nly dove,
Fear and distress remove;
Bear me on wings of love,
A ransomed soul.

Hymn 175
Thine The Glory

My God, I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life and where joy and true comfort abound.

<CHORUS>
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! Soon in glory
We'll praise thee again.

'Tis found in the blood
Of him who once stood
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety and sinner are free.

And though here so low
'Mid sorrow and woe,
How blessed this hope of the gospel to know!

And this we shall find--
For such is his mind--
This gospel will open the eyes of the blind.

Hymn 176

My Satisfying Portion

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

In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

The opening heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
And all thy promises combine
My longing soul to bless.

My soul would keep the narrow way
In footprints of my Lord,
And run with joy the shining path,
Directed by thy Word.

I Delight To Do Thy Will

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To ev'ry service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor pow'rs employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

His work shall future ages bless,
When present evils are no more;
And all the world shall then confess
His wondrous love, his saving pow'r.

Hymn 178
The Solid Rock

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

<CHORUS>

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In ev'ry high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

God's oath, his cov'nant and Christ's blood
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He, then, is all my hope and stay.

Hymn 179
Endless Song

My life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet, not far off hymn,
That hails a New Creation.
Through all the tumult and the strife,
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul--
How can I keep from singing?

What though my joys and comfort die!
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round!
Songs in the night he giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine since I am his--
How can I keep from singing?

Hymn 180
Rest With God

My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
In heav'n, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in ev'ry clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since thou art there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Hymn 181

My Almighty Friend

My Father, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end?
The numbers of thy grace.

I trust in thy eternal Word;
Thy goodness I adore:
O! give me grace through Christ, my Lord,
That I may serve thee more.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And tread, with courage, in thy strength,
The narrow way to God.

Awake! awake! my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Hymn 182
My Song Of Jesus

My song shall be of Jesus,
His mercy crowns my days:
He fills my cup with blessings,
And tunes my heart to praise.

My song shall be of Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God,
Who gave himself, my ransom,
Who bought me with his blood.

My song shall be of Jesus,
When, sitting at his feet,
I call to mind his goodness
In meditation sweet.
My song shall be of Jesus,
Whatever ill betide;
I'll sing the grace that saves me
And keeps me at his side.

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

Hymn 183
Watchfulness

My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the prize.

O! watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast gained thy crown.

Hymn 184
Courage! Fainting Soul

My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heav'nly crown
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

The battle soon will yield
If thou thy part fulfil;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with promise shod;
And on thy head, ere long, shall shine
The diadem of God.

Hymn 185
Praise The Lord

My soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all thy ransomed pow'rs combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

Deep on my heart let mem'ry trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair.

He led my longing soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love,
And when I did his grace request
He led my weary feet to rest.

Hymn 186
All In Thy Hand

"My times are in thy hand,"
My God, I wish them there.
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

"My times are in thy hand,"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

Hymn 187
Jesus Paid It All

Naught of merit or of price
Remains to justice due;
Jesus died, and paid it all--
Yes, all that I did owe.

<CHORUS>

Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owed;
Jesus died and paid it all,
Yes, all the debt I owed.

When he from his lofty throne
Stooped down to do and die,
Ev'rything was fully done;
"'Tis finished" was his cry.

Weary not, O toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be;
Work for him with cheerful heart,
Who suffered all for thee.

Bring a willing sacrifice,
Thy soul, to Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.

Hymn 188
Nearer To Thee

Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer, Daylight all gone,
Darkness comes over me, My rest a stone,
Yet even here I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee!

Bright doth thy Truth appear Shining from heav'n;
This light thou sendest me, In mercy giv'n,
Ever to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee!

Lord, I would scale the height, Nearer to be;
My soul would wing its flight Quickly to thee.
O! may each day bear me Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee!

Hymn 189
Rest In Christ

No longer far from rest I roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home;
The Lord my portion is.

His word of promise is my food;
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my strength renewed;
My wants, too, are supplied.

For him I count each gain as loss;
Disgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

Hymn 190
The Precious Blood

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

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away--
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

My soul looks back to see
The burden he did bear,
While pouring out his life for me;
And sees her ransom there.

Hymn 191
Not My Own

"Not my own," but saved by Jesus,
Who redeemed me by his blood,
Gladly I accept the message;
I belong to Christ, the Lord.

<CHORUS>

"Not my own!" O, "not my own!"
Jesus, I belong to thee!
All I have and all I hope for,
Thine for all eternity.

"Not my own," to Christ, my Saviour,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

"Not my own," my time, my talent,
Freely all to Christ I bring,
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

Hymn 192
Dead To The World

Not to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give.

The time past of our lives,
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshly will, which only ill
Has to us ever brought.

No truce with vanity,
Or this world's idle show;
Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride
Of life, we shall not know.

Dead to the world and all
Its gayety and pride
To its vain pomp and glory be
Forever crucified.

When he who is our life
Appears to take the throne,
We, too, shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like his own.

Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then;
Our sky without a single cloud,
Ourselves without a stain.

Like him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see him as he is,
And in his light abide.

Hymn 193
Heavenly Aspirations

Now let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the trivial cares of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

The joys of time, of little worth,
Should not confine our thoughts to earth;
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
The narrow way that leads to God?
Or can we love earth's ties so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

Lord, we would grasp the joys divine,
Find present joy in works of thine,
And press along the narrow way
That leads to realms of endless day.

Hymn 194
Mighty Love

O bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

<CHORUS>

O! sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love!--
Mighty to save.

O bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine;
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation, I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.

O bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
And be in his presence forevermore blest.

O Jesus the crucified! thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God, and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph o'er death in the "Mighty to save."

Hymn 195
Christ's Matchless Worth

O could we speak the matchless worth,
O could we sound the glories forth!
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And harmonize all earthly things,
In strains of praise sublime,
In strains of praise sublime.

The music of the spheres should tell
How he created all things well,
Which grace divine had planned;
And ev'ry radiant human face
Should speak of his redeeming grace,
At love's inspired command,
At love's inspired command.

In him how grace and glory meet,
In matchless beauty, fair and sweet,
Should then to all be shown;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
We would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known,
Make all his glories known.

O! the delightful day will come,
When Christ, our Lord, will bring us home,
And we shall see his face.
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant thro' His grace,
Triumphant thro' His grace.

Hymn 196
Walking With God

O for a closer walk with God,
To glorify his name,
To let my light shine on the road
That leads men to the Lamb!

The dearest object I have known,
Whate'er that object be,
I want to banish from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

Lord, give me grace to walk with thee
Through pain, or loss, or shame,
That ev'ry act may henceforth be
An honor to thy name.

Hymn 197
Victorious Faith

O for a faith that will not shrink,
Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

A faith that keeps the narrow way,
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and steady ray
Illumes a dying bed.

Lord, lead me to a faith like this,
Through trial though it be;
For O! the rest of faith is bliss,
The bliss of rest in thee.

Hymn 198
More Likeness To Thee

O for a heart more like my God,
From imperfection free;
A heart conformed unto thy Word,
And pleasing, Lord, to thee;

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within;

A heart in ev'ry thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Hymn 199

O For A Thousand Tongues!

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

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

He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,
And sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hymn 200
Onward

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's pow'r?
Know ye not your Captain's pow'r?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heav'nly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Vict'ry soon shall be your song,
Vict'ry soon shall be your song.

Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Hymn 201
O Glorious Hope

O glorious hope of heav'nly love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle wings;
It gives my joyful soul a taste,
And makes me, even here, to feast
With Jesus' priests and kings,
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow,
In endless plenty grow.

O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
He'll keep his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest,
And everlasting rest.

Hymn 202
Our Grateful Song

O God, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love and praise.

In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of pow'r
Hath saved us from despair.

And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly heark'ning to thy Word,
We seek to do thy will.

Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
Thy favor and thy grace afford
Our truest happiness.

Hymn 203
Happy Day

O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

<CHORUS>

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day:
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of ev'ry good possessed.

Yes, happy ev'ry day has been
Since I am his and he is mine.
He leads me and I follow on,
Directed through the Word divine.

Hail! Happy Day

O hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended!
Our Lord has come to take us home;
O hail, happy day!
No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest!
O hail, happy day!

Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over;
The Jubilee proclaims us free;
O hail, happy day!
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease!
O hail, happy day!

O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy;
O hail, happy day!
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory!
O hail, happy day!

We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory!
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight;
O hail, happy day!
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes
The joys of Paradise!
O hail, happy day!

Thrice hail, happy day! when earth shall smile in gladness,
And Eden bloom without a tomb;
O hail, happy day!
Where life's pelucid waters glide,
Safe by our dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide!
O hail, happy day!

Hymn 205
Communion With God

O happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell;
He feeds and cheers them with his Word,
His arm supports them well.

To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He stands engaged to hear.

He helped his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness to his praise;
His love is still the same.

His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we once repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And keep us wholly thine.

Hymn 206

How Happy Are We!

O how happy are we Who in Jesus agree,
And expect soon his kingdom to share!
We will sit in his throne, And his glory make known,
And his praises shall sound ev'ry-where.

<CHORUS>

O how happy are we Who in Jesus agree;
How happy, how happy are we!

Now united to him, E'en on this side the stream
Of the Jordan that lieth between,
We rejoice in his grace And the smile of his face,
While the glory and cross both are seen.

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

Lo! our King from the skies! Hark! he bids us arise
To the mansions of glory above,
O! with joy we'll ascend And eternity spend,
In proclaiming his wonderful love.

Hymn 207

How Happy Are They!

O how happy are they Who the Saviour obey
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with heavenly love.

<CHORUS>

O how happy are they Who the Saviour obey,
How happy, how happy are they.

That sweet comfort is mine, Since the favor divine
I received thru the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed, What a joy I received,
What a heaven in his blessed name!

'Tis a heaven below My Redeemer to know;
Even angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet, And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long Is my joy and my song.
O that all his salvation may see!
He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died,
To redeem and from death set me free.

Hymn 208

Thy Grace Impart

O Lord, thy promised grace impart,
And fill my consecrated heart.
Henceforth my chief concern shall be,
To live and speak and toil for thee.

While joyfully in thine employ,
The thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That my imperfect work shall be
Acceptable through Christ to thee.

Thy watchful eye pervadeth space,
Thy presence, Lord, fills ev'ry place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

Renouncing ev'ry worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy shelt'ring wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

Hymn 209
Thou Art Near

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earthborn care,
Feeling at rest while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each ling'ring year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

On thee we cast our burd'ning woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

Hymn 210
Work For Jesus

One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heav'n is nearer, And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul tonight.

<CHORUS>

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

One more day's work for Jesus,
How glorious is my King!
'Tis joy, not duty, To show his beauty;
My soul mounts on the wing
At the mere thought,
How Christ my life has bought.

One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story, To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

One more day's work for Jesus!
O yes a weary day;
But heav'n shines clearer And rest comes nearer
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all,
Before his face I fall.

O blessed work for Jesus!
O rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

Hymn 211
No Other Name

One offer of salvation
To all the world make known;
The only sure foundation
Is Christ the cornerstone.

<CHORUS>

No other name is given,
No other way is known.
'Tis Jesus Christ, the First and Last;
He saves, and he alone.

One door to life eternal
Stands open wide today;
It leads to bliss supernal;
'Tis Christ, the living way.

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

Hymn 212

The Sinner's Friend

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.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

Hymn 213
Only Thee

Only thee, my soul's Redeemer!
Whom have I in heaven beside?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wand'ring steps will guide?

<CHORUS>

Only thee, only thee,
Loving Saviour, only thee.

Only thee! no joy I covet
But the joy to call thee mine--
Joy that gives the blest assurance,
Thou hast own'd and seal'd me thine.

Only thee! I ask no other;
Thou art more than all to me;
Present life, or present comfort--
I resign them all to thee.

Only thee, whose blood has cleansed me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward,
Ever upward, Lord, to thee.

Hymn 214
Only Waiting

Only waiting till the dawning
Is a little brighter grown,
Only waiting till the shadows
Of the world's dark night are flown,
Till the shadows all shall vanish
In the blessed, blessed day;
For the morn, at last, is breaking
Thro' the twilight, soft and gray.

Only waiting till the presence
Of the Sun of Righteousness
Shall dispel the noxious vapors,
Ignorance, and prejudice;
Till the glory of the sunlight
Of the bright Millennial day
Scatters all the mists of darkness,
Lights the gloom with healing ray.

Waiting for the restitution,
Promised in the holy Word;
When our race, redeemed and risen,
Know and love their Saviour Lord.
When each man shall love his fellow;
Justice give to each and all;
Dwell in love, and dwell in Jesus,
Who redeemed them from the fall.

Hymn 215
The Cleansing Stream

O now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
The blood which Christ so freely gave,
Which all our sins will hide.

<CHORUS>

The cleansing stream, I see! I see!
And now by faith it cleanseth me.
O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

I see a new creation rise,
Through merit of his blood;
I see the dead of earth arise,
Washed in the cleansing flood.

They rise to walk in heaven's light,
Forever free from sin,
With hearts made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

Amazing grace! what joy to know
The virtue of his blood!
Our Father's wisdom planned it so;
His Son our ransom stood.

Hymn 216
The Great Deliverance

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the gospel herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing--
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive! Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

Hath thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning; Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

God, thy God, will soon exalt thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall fail to halt thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliv'rance, Great deliv'rance,
Zion's King begins to send.

Peace and joy shall soon attend thee;
All thy warfare will be past;
God, thy Saviour, doth defend thee;
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts, All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Hymn 217

The Church's Future Work

On thy Church, O Pow'r divine!
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations, from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her light, from zone to zone,
Makes thy great salvation known.

Then shall she, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Ev'ry breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Hymn 218
Our Prayer

Our heav'nly Father and our Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The pray'rs of saints to heav'n ascend;
Hear thou thy humble children's cries.

Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge and fill us all, O God!

Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfil.

Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed,
And pure, as thou thyself art pure,
Conformed in all things to our Head.

Take the dear purchase of thy blood,
Thy blood hath washed us white as snow;
Present us sanctified to God,
In us thy grace and glory show.

Hymn 219

Render Thanks To God

O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of eternal praise?

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen shalt afford;
At thy return to set men free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

Hymn 220
Rest In The Gospel

O saints who are weary and laden of soul,
Oppressed and distressed under error's control,
May find in the gospel a blessed relief,
A balm for all sorrow, a solace for grief.

<CHORUS>

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest!
In the gospel of grace
There is sweet, blessed rest.

Who trusts in that Word has the sweet hope of life,
An end of confusion and error and strife.
Its grace it imparts to the truth-seeking soul,
Who humbly submits to its righteous control.

On that sacred page, O, what glory now shines!
As God's holy Spirit illumines its lines,
Displaying his plan in which all may rejoice,
And praise him forever with heart and with voice.

Rest! rest! O how blessed this sweet rest at last!
Like music at even when labor is past;
Like dawn after darkness, like health after pain;
Like sunshine of gladness that follows the rain.

Hymn 221
We Worship Thee

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love;
O name of might and favor,
All other names above!

<CHORUS 1-3>

We worship thee! we bless thee!
To thee alone we sing!
We praise thee and confess thee
Our Saviour and our King.

O bringer of Salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself a revelation
Of love beyond our thought.

In thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and pow'r divine:
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine.

O, grant the consummation
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love.

<CHORUS 4>

Then shall we praise and bless thee,
Where perfect praises ring!
And evermore confess thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Hymn 222
To The Rock

O! sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep,
Like tempests, down over the soul!

<CHORUS>

O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I,
O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

O! sometimes so long seems the day,
And sometimes so heavy my feet;
But, toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!

O! near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail,
Or climbing the mountainway steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

Hymn 223
Matchless Love

O soon we'll sing the matchless love,
Why Christ our King was slain;
As onward ages ceaseless move,
Eternally we'll reign.
Come, Saviour, let thy reign begin;
Come, still each note of war;
We long to sing an end of sin,
In praise that sounds afar.

We pray and long to see the dawn,
The bright, eternal day,
When tears are wiped and sorrows gone,
And clouds have fled away.
May glowing love inspire our hearts,
And praise our tongues employ;
We'll watch and pray till sin departs,
Then strike the harps of joy.

Hymn 224
All Of Thee

O the bitter pain of sorrow
That a time could ever be
When I proudly said to Jesus,
"All of self, and none of thee."
All of self, and none of thee,
All of self, and none of thee,
When I proudly said to Jesus,
"All of self, and none of thee."

Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree;
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee."
Some of self, and some of thee,
Some of self, and some of thee,
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee."

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Bro't me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."
Less of self, and more of thee,
Less of self, and more of thee,
Bro't me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered--
"None of self, and all of thee."
None of self, and all of thee,
None of self, and all of thee,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered--
"None of self, and all of thee."

Hymn 225
Our High Calling

O thou God of our salvation,
Our redeemer from all sin,
Thou hast called us to a station
We could ne'er by merit win.

O! we praise thee,
While we strive to enter in.

O! we praise thee,
While we strive to enter in.

In the footprints of our Saviour,
We will daily strive to walk;
And the alien world's disfavor
Shall but send us to our Rock.

How its waters
Do refresh thy weary flock!

How its waters
Do refresh thy weary flock!

We, like him, would bear the message
Of our heav'nly Father's grace;
Show how he redeemed from bondage
All our lost and ruined race.

O! what mercy
Beams in his all glorious face!

O! what mercy
Beams in his all glorious face!

Hymn 225 (cont.)
Our High Calling

Then we'd seek the meek and lowly,
Show them their high calling's height
How the called and faithful holy
Shall, with Christ, soon reign in light.

O! such favor
We could never claim by right.
O! such favor
We could never claim by right.

When we've borne our faithful witness
To thy grand and wondrous plan,
Gathered out thy fairest virgins
To be wedded to the Lamb,
With what rapture
We'll receive the victor's palm!
With what rapture
We'll receive the victor's palm!

Then with him in glory reigning,
All the sons of men to bless,
Earth, no more thy name profaning,
Soon shall learn of righteousness;
And thy wisdom,
Every tongue shall then confess.
And thy wisdom,
Every tongue shall then confess.

Hymn 226
Delight In Thy Presence

O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

Where dost thou, at noontide, resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pasture of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

No longer I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread;
My table is furnished with bounties so free,
My soul on thy Word is well fed.

Hymn 227
The Place of Prayer

O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue.

Not now on Zion's height alone,
The favored worshiper may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heav'n and find acceptance there.

O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The holy prophet's harp was strung,
To thee, at last, in ev'ry clime,
Shall praise arise and songs be sung.

Hymn 228
Our Consolation

O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

O! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come gently wafting, through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

E'en sorrow, touched by heav'n, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Hymn 229
O To Be Nothing!

O! to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.
Emptied, that he might fill me,
As forth to his service I go;
Broken, that so unhindered,
His life through me might flow.

<CHORUS>

O! to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet.

O! to be nothing, nothing,
Only as led by his hand;
A messenger at his gateway,
Only waiting for his command;
Only an instrument ready
His praises to sound at his will;
Willing, should he not require me,
In silence to wait on him still.

O! to be nothing, nothing,
Painful the humbling may be;
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me
That the world my Savior might see.
Rather be nothing, nothing--
To him let their voices be raised;
He is the fountain of blessing,
Yes, worthy is he to be praised.

Hymn 230
Behold The Bridegroom

Our lamps are trimmed and burning,
Our robes are white and clean,
We've tarried for the Bridegroom,
And now we'll enter in.
We know we've nothing worthy
That we can call our own--
The light, the oil, the robes we wear,
Are all from him alone.

<CHORUS>

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

Go forth--we soon shall see him,
The way is shining now,
All lighted with a glory
None other could bestow.
His gracious invitation
Beyond deserving kind,
We gladly own and take our lamps,
And joy eternal find.

We see the marriage splendor
Within the open door;
We know that those who enter
Are blest forevermore;
We see our King, more lovely
Than all the sons of men;
We haste because that door, once shut,
Will never ope again.

Hymn 231
Comfort In Affliction

Out of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.

Humbly on thee I wait
To bring deliv'rance in,
E'en now wide springs the eastern gate,
And rays of dawn stream in.

O! hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

Glory to God above!
The 'whelming floods will cease;
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings back the sign of peace.

Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

Where Are The Reapers?

O where are the reapers that garner in
The grains of the wheat from the tares of sin?
With sickles of truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the harvest home.

<CHORUS>

Few are the reapers; Lord, we will join
And share in the work of the harvest time.
O who will not help to garner in
The grains of wheat from the tares of sin.

Go out in the byways and search them all
The wheat may be there though the weeds are tall;
Then search in the highway and pass none by,
But gather from all for the calling high.

The fields are all ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
But reapers are few and the work is great;
The Master calls and we must not wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of God,
And let not the wheat underfoot be trod.
Work on till the Lord shall say you well done!
Then share ye his joy in the harvest home.

Hymn 233
Peace! Troubled Soul

Peace, troubled soul! thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who led thee last will lead thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will.

The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In love now hearkens to thy cry:
His promise thou may'st freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

Open to God thine inmost heart;
He will his comfort then impart;
He will his grace most freely give,
And peace and joy thou shalt receive.

Rest in his love though storms prevail,
No storm can there o'erwhelm thy soul.
Ne'er let thy faith and courage fail,
Ill shall work good by his control.

Hymn 234
Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessing flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him aloud with heart and voice,
And always in his Son rejoice.

Hymn 235
Praise Our King

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

Fatherlike, he proves yet spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
How his plan his wisdom shows.

Hymn 236
Tell His Worth

Praise the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his throne above,
All that see and share his love.

Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him evermore!

Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace;
All that he for man hath done;
All he sends us through his Son.

Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise him, praise him evermore!

Hymn 237

Adore And Praise The Lord

Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
He shall make his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his pow'r proclaim;
Heav'n and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

Hymn 238
Heavenly Truth

Praise to him, by whose kind favor
Heav'nly Truth has reached our ears;
May its sweet, reviving savor
Fill our hearts and calm our fears,
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

Truth, how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know,
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow,
Which from other sources flow.

What of Truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in ev'ry heart;
In the day of thine appearing
May we share thy people's part,
May we share thy people's part.

Hymn 239
Watch And Pray

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give.
In ev'ry case should Christians pray,
If near the fount of grace they'd live.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If want deject, if sin distress,
In ev'ry case still watch and pray.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame;
God through his Word to us doth speak
And we to him in Jesus' name.

Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
But ask according to his will;
Then always shall thy prayer prevail,
And nothing shall to thee work ill.

Hymn 240
Precious Jesus

Precious Jesus, how I love thee!
And I know thy love is mine;
All my little life I give thee,
Use it, Lord, in ways of thine.
Use my warmest, best affections;
Use my mem'ry, mind and will;
Then with all thy loving spirit
All my emptied nature fill.

<CHORUS>

All of earth and all of heaven,
All I want I find in thee;
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
Thou art all the world to me.

Vain the world its pleasure boasting,
Vain the charms of earth to me;
Gold is dross, and riches worthless
If they turn my heart from thee.
Dearer, nearer than a brother,
Source of all my happiness;
Comfort too, in ev'ry sorrow,
Ever near to help and bless.

Lord I touch thy sacred garment,
Fearless stretch my eager hand,
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.
Lo he turns and looks upon me
With those wonder-speaking eyes;
Vain my soul essays to answer,
I am lost in sweet surprise.

O! how precious, dear Redeemer,
Is the love that fills my soul.
I am thine and have this token
While I'm running for the goal.
Lo! a new creation dawning;
Lo! I rise to life divine;
In my soul an Easter morning;
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine.

Hymn 241
Precious Moments

Precious moments, rich in blessing,
At the throne of grace I spend;
All my joys and griefs expressing,
To my best and truest Friend.
Here I find that sweet communion
With my Father and my Lord,
Earnest of that blessed union
Promised in the Holy Word.

Christ says, Come, thou heavy laden,
I will give thee sweetest rest;
All the way my feet have trodden;
Come to me when sore opprest.
Take my easy yoke upon you,
Rest from earthly care and strife,
I will sweetest comfort give you,
Walk with me the ways of life.

Lord, we praise thee for this blessing,
For this privilege so sweet,
For thy tender love's caressing,
For this sure and safe retreat.
Never weary of our coming,
Never spurning our request;
With complaint or with rejoicing,
Still thy love is manifest.

Hymn 242
Precious Promise

Precious promise God hath given
To the weary ones who try
Treasure to lay up in heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

<CHORUS>

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye;
In the way which I will show thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly,
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

When thine earthly hopes have perished
In the grave of years gone by,
Let this promise still be cherished,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

By and by the heav'nly treasures,
Moth and rust could ne'er destroy,
Thou wilt find laid up in glory,
Guided to them by mine eye.

Hymn 243
Precious Saviour

Precious Saviour, thou hast saved me;
Thine, and only thine, I am;
O! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

<CHORUS>

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me!
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O! the cleansing blood has reached me;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over:
Simply trusting, I was blest.

Consecrated to thy service,
While I live I'll live to thee;
I will witness, to thy glory,
Of salvation full and free.

Trusting, trusting ev'ry moment;
Saved from sin by pow'r divine;
Have I love? thou didst impart it;
Have I light? the light is thine.

Glory to the blood that bought me!
Glory to its cleansing pow'r!
Glory to the grace that keeps me!
Glory, glory, evermore!

Hymn 244
Thy Will Be Done

Prince of peace, accept my will;
Bid this struggling flesh be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God.
Peace I crave, and it must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Banish self-will from my heart,
And thy perfect peace impart.

Saviour, at thy feet I fall,
Thou my life, my hope for all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forevermore with thee.

Hymn 245
The Harvest

Reaping all day were the virgins fair,
Patiently toiling in faith and pray'r,
Seeking the wheat from the dawn till night
Jewels to shine in the morning light.
O! rich will the harvest be.
O! rich will the harvest be,

<CHORUS>

Reaped from the garden, or reaped from the rock,
Reaped from the wayside, the wheat from the stalk,
Gathered from wealth or from poverty,
Grand and blest will the harvest be.

Reaping all day tho' their foes were nigh,
Saving the wheat that it should not die,
Gath'ring the jewels bright and fair,
Sorting them out with tender care.
O! grand will the harvest be.
O! grand will the harvest be.

Reaping from seed that was sown in tears,
Gath'ring the fruit of laborious years,
Looking in hope for the harvest home,
Reapers and sowers together come
O! sweet will the meeting be.
O! sweet will the meeting be.

Hymn 246
Redeemed

Redeemed! redeemed! O, sing the joyful strain!
Give praise, give praise, And glory to his name,
Who gave his life our souls to save,
And purchased freedom for the slave,
And purchased freedom for the slave!

<CHORUS>

Redeemed! redeemed! from sin and all its woe!
Redeemed! redeemed! eternal life to know;
Redeemed! redeemed by Jesus' blood;
Redeemed! redeemed! O praise the Lord!

Redeemed! redeemed! The Word has bro't repose,
And joy, and joy, That each redeemed one knows
Who sees his sins on Jesus laid,
And knows his blood the ransom paid,
And knows his blood the ransom paid.

Redeemed! redeemed! O, joy that I should be
In Christ, In Christ, From sin forever free!
Forever free to praise his name,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame,
Who bore for me the guilt and shame.

Hymn 247
Rejoice And Be Glad

Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle, his cross and his tomb.

<CHORUS>

Sound his praises, tell the story
Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

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

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

Rejoice and be glad! Now the pardon is free;
The just for the unjust hath died on the tree.

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

Rejoice and be glad! For our King from on high
Has come for his jewels, his Kingdom is nigh.

Rejoice and be glad! For he cometh to reign
In triumph and glory; O sing the glad strain.

Hymn 248
Millennial Glory

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! the wilderness shall bloom;
And Zion's children soon shall sing;
The deserts all are blossoming.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! the wilderness shall bloom.
The gospel banner, wide unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And ev'ry creature, bond or free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! the wilderness shall bloom.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! Jerusalem shall sing.
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on ev'ry hill,
And blessings flow in ev'ry rill,
And praise shall ev'ry heart employ,
And ev'ry voice shall shout for joy.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! Jerusalem shall sing.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! the "Prince of peace" shall reign.
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way:

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! the "Prince of peace" shall reign.
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth;
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.

Rejoice! Rejoice! the promised time is coming;
Rejoice! rejoice! the "Prince of peace" shall reign.

Hymn 249

Repeat The Story

Repeat the story o'er and o'er,
Of grace so full and free,
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

<CHORUS>

The half was never told,
The half was never told;
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real joy in life I know,
But in his service sweet.

And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of his love.

Hymn 250

Rest, Till Morning Dawns

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, waysore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Thro' these parched lips of clay no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

Rest, weary one, a while,
Till Christ shall bid thee rise;
And soon, as from refreshing sleep,
Thou'lt wake with glad surprise.

Soon, soon from out the dust
Shall all come forth and sing;
Sharp has the frost of winter been
But brightly shines the spring.

Let hope cheer those who weep;
E'en now the rays of dawn
Above the eastern hilltops creep
We're near the light of morn.

Hymn 251
Rock Of Ages

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I am hidden safe in thee:
Hidden here from all my foes,
None can harm though all oppose;
For though justice once condemned,
Love did this blest shelter send.

Who aught to my charge shall lay,
Hidden in this Rock alway?
Love did for my sin atone;
I shall live through Christ alone.
I need fear no evil thing
While by simple faith I cling.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou hast saved and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

Hymn 252
Safe In The Arms Of Jesus

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from all doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

<CHORUS>

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe in his love to rest,
O how my heart rejoices!
Sweetly my soul doth rest.

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till the glorious sunlight
Rises to set no more.

Hymn 253
Thankful Worship

Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts today.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face;
Take away our sin and shame.
From all worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
From all worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we join in worship here.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

Hymn 254

Pray For Reapers

Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning
With the glory of the Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whit'ning;
Now recall the Master's word--
Pray for reapers, In the harvest of the Lord.

Long we've sowed with toil and sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around;
Now we gather grains of gladness;
Ripened wheat may now be found.
Blessed reapers! Blessed reapers!
How their joys may now abound!

Now, O Lord, fulfil thy pleasure,
Use thy consecrated band,
Culling out thy precious treasure
From the tares o'er all the land.
Make us reapers, Make us reapers,
We're awaiting thy command.

Soon shall end the time of reaping,
Soon the happy day will come,
And with joy we shall be keeping
God's eternal harvest home.
O what rapture! O what rapture!
Never, nevermore to roam.

Hymn 255
Salvation

Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What tidings for our race!
Deliv'rance for the world is found,
Through God's abounding grace.
Deliv'rance for the world is found,
Through God's abounding grace.

Salvation! let the tidings fly
The sin-cursed earth around!
Raise the triumphant notes on high,
And let your songs abound.
Raise the triumphant notes on high,
And let your songs abound.

Salvation! O ye toiling saints,
By faith ye have it now;
The promise is your daily strength,
While to God's will ye bow.
The promise is your daily strength,
While to God's will ye bow.

Salvation! O the blessed work
With Christ you shall enjoy--
Of bearing it to all mankind--
Your future blest employ.
Of bearing it to all mankind--
Your future blest employ.

Salvation! O the blessed theme
Shall fill the world with joy!
When all its mighty work is seen,
Praise shall all tongues employ.
When all its mighty work is seen,
Praise shall all tongues employ.

Empty And Fill My Heart

Saviour divine, now from above,
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

O! let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which seeks to have no other will,
But day by day to follow thee.

While now on trial here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares adieu.

That path with patient care I seek,
In which my Saviour's footprints shine;
Nor could I trust, nor would I speak
Of any other way than thine.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, thou who hast the right,
As Lord and master of the whole.

Naught that's of earth do I desire,
But let thy spirit with me rest;
Only for this will I inquire,
And thus with thee I shall be blest.

Hymn 257
Saviour, Lead Us

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare:
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine; do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way:
Keep thy flock, from foes defend us,
Let us never go astray:
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and needy though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
We have fully turned to thee.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
We have fully turned to thee.

Fully let us have thy favor,
Fully we would do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love and likeness fill:
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Hymn 258
Clinging To Thee

Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
Let thy precious blood applied
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

<CHORUS>

Ev'ry day, ev'ry hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
May thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

Thru this trial state below;
Lead me ever, ever as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray;
I can never, never lose my way.

I would love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul has gained the bliss
Of a higher, higher state than this.

Then I'll see what thou hast wro't;
Then I'll love thee, love thee as I ought
Looking back, I'll praise the way
Thou hast led me, led me, day by day.

Hymn 259
Saviour, Thy Dying Love

Saviour, thy dying love Thou gavest me,
Nor would I aught withhold, Dear Lord from thee.
In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfil its vow,
Myself an offering now, I bring to thee.

Jesus, our mercyseat, Covering me,
My grateful faith looks up, Saviour to thee.
Help me the news to bear, Thy wondrous love declare,
Spread thy truth ev'rywhere, Dear Lord, for thee.

Give me a faithful heart, Likeness to thee,
That each departing day Henceforth may see
Thy work of love well done, Thy praise on earth begun,
Some vict'ry for truth won, Some work for thee.

Lord, I would follow thee In all the way
Thy weary feet have trod; Yes, if I may,
Help me the cross to bear, All thy fair graces wear,
Close watching unto prayer, Following thee.

All that I am and have-- Thy gifts so free--
All of my ransomed life, Dear Lord for thee!
And when thy face I see,
Thy sweet "Well done" shall be,
Through all eternity, Enough for me.

Hymn 260
Send Out Thy Light

Send out thy light and truth, O Lord;
Let them our leaders be
To guide us to thy holy hill
Where we shall worship thee.
Send out thy light o'er land and sea,
Till ev'ry heart shall bow to thee.

<CHORUS>

Send out thy light,
Thy light and truth, O Lord.

Send out thy light and truth, O Lord;
Where sin's dark shadows fall;
Arouse the soldiers of the cross
To heed the trumpet's call;
Send out thy truth where error reigns,
And cleanse away its crimson stains.

Send out thy light and truth, O Lord;
The blessed tidings spread
Till, by those sweet evangel tones,
All nations shall be led;
Send out thy light, O Morning Star,
And beam upon the isles afar.

Send out thy light and truth, O Lord,
And let the beams of day
Break through the dismal gloom of night
And guide men in thy way.
Send out thy truth, O speed the hour
When all the world shall know its pow'r.

Hymn 261
Fully The Lord's

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
Refrain from showing God's great plan?
Under a cover hide my light,
While thousands grope in cheerless night?

Shall I, for this world's mean renown,
Regard a mortal's smile or frown?
How then could I my trial stand?
Or what excuse could I command?

Lord, I would loyal prove to thee!
Let thy reproaches fall on me;
To spend my days in thine employ
Shall be my chiefest earthly joy.

O! what are all earth's gilded toys
Compared with heav'n's eternal joys?
Or even to the feast now spread,
For pilgrims through the desert led?

O! sweeter far the wilderness,
With all its bleak, wild barrenness,
Than all the city's pomp and pride
Without my heav'nly Friend and Guide!

Its manna is a foretaste sweet
Of heav'nly bounty all complete;
Its cloudy pillar, guiding light,
Are earnest of the future bright.

This path I therefore humbly tread
In footprints of our living Head,
In hope rejoicing as I go
In him who leads and loves me so.

Hymn 262
Shall We Meet?

Shall we meet beyond death's river,
Where its surges cease to roll?
And in all the long forever,
Shall we rest from its control?
Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,
Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
Where there's life for ev'ry soul.

Just beyond the time of trouble,
When our King has gained control,
Dawns the glorious, bright forever,
Which shall gladden ev'ry soul.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond the trouble,
We shall meet beyond the trouble,
When its surges cease to roll.

O! how glad, in that blest harbor,
When this stormy time is o'er,
Men will be to cast their anchor,
On eternity's blest shore!
They shall meet, they shall meet,
They shall meet in that blest harbor,
They shall meet in that blest harbor--
And be blest forevermore.

O that glorious heav'nly city!
O that New Jerusalem!
How 'twill shine in all its beauty!
'Twill be gorgeous as a gem.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet in that fair city,
We shall meet in that fair city--
In the New Jerusalem.

We shall meet our loved and lost ones,
When the surges cease to roll;
Sin and death, and ev'ry evil,
Then shall yield to Christ's control.
We shall meet, we shall meet,
We shall meet beyond all trouble,
We shall meet beyond all trouble,
When the surges cease to roll.

Hymn 263
Simply Trusting

Simply trusting ev'ry day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my store is small--
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

<CHORUS>

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Brightly doth his spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads I cannot fall;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting him till death is past;
Trusting him for life at last;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Hymn 264
Wonderful Words Of Life

Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life!
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life!
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;

<CHORUS>

Beautiful words! wonderful words!
Wonderful words of life!

Christ the blessed One gives to all
Wonderful words of life!
Brother, list to his loving call,
Wonderful words of life!
All so freely given,
Blessed boon from heaven,
Beautiful words! wonderful words!
Wonderful words of life!

Sweetly echoes the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life!
Offering pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life!
Praise the Lord forever
For these words of favor--
Beautiful words! wonderful words!
Wonderful words of life!

Hymn 265
Resurrection

Sing with all the sons of glory,
Sing the resurrection song!
Death and sorrow, earth's dark story,
To the former days belong.
All around the clouds are breaking,
Soon the storms of earth shall cease,
In God's likeness man, awaking,
Comes to everlasting peace.

O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There we soon God's friends shall meet;
Ev'ry humble spirit shares it,
There our joy shall be complete.

Hymn 266
Soldiers Of Christ

Soldiers of Christ arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'er come, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Hymn 267

The Beauty of Holiness

So let our daily lives express
The beauties of true holiness;
So let the Christian graces shine,
That all may know the pow'r divine.

Let love and faith and hope and joy
Be pure, and free from sin's alloy;
Let Christ's sweet spirit reign within,
And grace subdue the pow'r of sin.

Our Father, God, to thee we raise
Our prayer for help to tread thy ways--
For wisdom, patience, love and light,
For grace to speak and act aright.

Hymn 268
The Desire Of All Nations

Soon all shall hail our Jesus' name;
Angels shall prostrate fall;
For him the brightest glory claim,
And hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him Lord of all.

The risen saints shall sound the lyre,
And as they sound it fall
Before his face who formed their choir,
And hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him Lord of all.

The remnant saved from Israel's race,
Redeemed from Israel's fall,
Shall praise him for his wondrous grace,
And hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him Lord of all.

Gentiles shall come, and coming sing,
Throughout this earthly ball,
Hosannas to our heav'nly King,
And hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him Lord of all.

Hymn 269
Earth's New Song

Soon shall countless hearts and voices
Sing the song of jubilee;
Blessed song! the song of Moses,
Earth's new song of liberty.
Hail Messiah! great Deliv'rer!
Hail Messiah! praise to thee!

<CHORUS>

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah! Amen.

O, the rapturous, blissful story,
Spoken to Immanuel's praise!
And the strains so full of glory,
That unnumbered voices raise!
Now a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth thro' endless days.

While our crowns of glory casting
At his feet, in rapture lost,
We, in anthems everlasting,
Mingle with th' angelic host.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Earth's desire and Israel's boast!

Yes, he reigns, the great Messiah,
With the heav'nly glory crowned--
Israel's hope and earth's desire,
Now triumphant and renowned.
Hail Messiah! reign forever!
Hail Immanuel! worthy found!

Hymn 270
Rest For The Weary

Soon shall restitution glory
Bring to earth a blessed rest;
And the poor, and faint, and weary
Shall be lifted up and blest.

<CHORUS>

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for all.

Just beyond the coming trouble
See the reigning Prince of peace!
Lo! God's kingdom now is coming,
And oppression soon must cease.

He's now gath'ring out his jewels,
Those who with him soon shall reign;
And earth's weeping and sad farewells
Soon shall change to joyous strain.

Sing! O sing! ye heirs of glory,
Shout the tidings as you go!
Publish wide redemption's story--
All, its healing balm should know.

Tell how Eden's bloom and beauty
Once again shall be restored,
Making all man's wide dominion
As the garden of the Lord.

O yes, sing ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph far and near,
Let the notes of praise and singing
Sweetly fall on sorrow's ear.

Hymn 271

The Earth Is The Lord's

Soon shall the joyous song arise
Thro' all the hosts beneath the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

Let all the Gentile kingdoms be
Subjected, mighty Lord, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

Soon shall that glorious anthem swell,
And host to host the triumph tell,
That no rebellious foe remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Hymn 272
Stand Up For Jesus

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Hymn 273

The Lord, A Sun And Shield

Sun of my soul, my Father dear,
I know no night when thou art near.
O! may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

Shield of my soul, tho' tempests rage,
And 'gainst me hosts of foes engage,
My refuge and my fortress thou,
Before thee ev'ry foe must bow.

Thy grace and glory thou dost give
To those who near thee ever live;
And no good thing dost thou withhold
From sheep which stray not from thy fold.

Thy choicest treasure, e'en thy Son,
Thy well beloved and only one,
Freely thou gavest once for me,
From sin and death to set me free.

Yea, thou who sparedst not thy Son,
Whose sacrifice our ransom won,
Shalt, with him, all things freely give;
He lives, a pledge that we shall live.

Hymn 274

Sweet Hour of Prayer

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

Hymn 275
Sweet Is The Work

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No earthly care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word.
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels! how divine!

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

E'en now I see, and hear, and know
More than I hoped for here below,
And ev'ry pow'r finds sweet employ
Proclaiming tidings of great joy.

Hymn 276
Sweet The Moments

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

Here, in tender, grateful sorrow,
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here, fresh hope and strength will borrow,
Turning darkness into day.

Hymn 277
All To Thee

Take my life and may it be
Lord, acceptable to thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet and let them be
Swift on errands, Lord for thee;
Take my voice and let it bring
Honor always to my King.

Take my lips and let them be
Moved with messages from thee;
Take my silver and my gold;
Nothing, Lord, would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in constant praise;
Take my intellect and use
Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own;
Thus in me thyself enthrone.

Take my love, my God; I pour
At thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself-- I wish to be
Ever, only, all for thee.

Hymn 278
Precious Name

Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe:
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

<CHORUS>

Precious name! O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n!
Precious name! O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from ev'ry snare;
When temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ.

At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings soon all shall hail him,
When his vict'ry is complete.

Hymn 279
Take Up Thy Cross

"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly ev'ry danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
'Twill lead to vict'ry o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Hymn 280
Tell It Out

Tell it out among the nations, that the Lord is King;
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations; bid them shout and sing:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out with exultation, that he shall increase:
That the mighty King of glory is the King of peace;
Tell it out with jubilation; let the song ne'er cease:
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the people, that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their chains:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the weeping ones, that Jesus lives:
Tell it out among the weary ones, what rest he gives;
Tell it out among the sinners, that he came to save:
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the people, Jesus' reign begins:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, he shall vanquish sins:
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam;
That the weary, heavy laden need no longer roam;
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Hymn 281
The Church

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is his new creation,
By water and the Word.
From heav'n he came and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Though, with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest:
By foes too great to number,
By trials sore distress,
Yet saints their watch are keeping;
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall change to morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till, with the vision glorious,
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Hymn 282
Let The King Of Glory In

The flush of morn is on the mountains
To drive away the night of sin;
Lift up your heads, O hind'ring portals,
And let the King of glory in!

<CHORUS>

He comes, he comes, the King of glory!
The light of life upon his brow.
Hail him ye nations, hail him! hail him!
The King of kings, behold him now.

The flush of morn is on the mountains,
And onward steals to farthest plain.
Awake, O earth! the day is dawning;
He comes whose right it is to reign.

Tho' round about him clouds and darkness
Obscure the beams of dawning day,
Above the clouds, upon the mountains,
The watchers see the morning ray.

The Glory Of The Lord

The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Through all the realms of boundless space
The soaring mind may roam abroad,
And there thy pow'r and wisdom trace.

Author of Nature's wondrous laws,
Preserver of its glorious grace,
We hail thee as the great First Cause,
And here delight thy ways to trace.

And while bright visions of thy pow'r
The shining worlds before us bring,
The earthly grandeur, fruit and flow'r,
The praises of thy bounty sing.

But not alone do worlds of light,
And earth, display thy grand designs;
'Tis when our eyes behold thy Word
We read thy name in fairest lines.

In Christ, when all things are complete--
The things in earth and things in heav'n--
The heav'ns and earth shall be replete
With thy high praises ever giv'n.

By faith we see thy glory now,
We read thy wisdom, love and grace;
In praise and adoration bow,
And long to see thy glorious face.

Called, Lord, by thee, to highest place,
To presence of thy glory bright,
O! for such condescending grace
How can we speak thy praise aright?

Hymn 284
The Easy Yoke

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want;
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

<CHORUS>

His yoke is easy, his burden is light;
I've found it so, I've found it so;
He leadeth me by day and by night,
Where living waters flow.

My soul crieth out: "Restore me again,
And give me the strength to take
The narrow path of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake."

Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death,
Yet why should I then fear ill?
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

Hymn 285
The Lord Is Risen

The Lord is ris'n indeed;
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed,
To live in endless day.

The Lord is ris'n indeed;
He lives to die no more;
He lives, and will his people lead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

The Lord is ris'n indeed;
Attending angels, hear!
Up to the courts of heav'n, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To praise our risen Lord.

Hymn 286
In Green Pastures

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile.

Though through the vale of death I tread,
With many dangers overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.

Hymn 287
His Day At Hand

The Lord, our Saviour, will appear;
His day is now at hand;
The signs make known his presence here;
"The wise shall understand."

He comes to take his power to reign
O'er earth with all his saints;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,
Will end her long complaints.

The prince of darkness he'll destroy;
The hosts of sin o'erthrow;
Satan shall then no more annoy,
For Christ shall reign below.

Then those who suffered in his name,
Who did obey his word,
Raised high in glory, shall proclaim
The goodness of their Lord.

The wonders of that happy age
What mortal could declare?
We view with joy the sacred page,
For we can read them there.

Hymn 288
The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

Hymn 289
The Glorious Day

The night is spent, the morning ray
Comes ush'ring in the glorious day,
The promised time of rest.
Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear;
Its joyful notes burst on the ear,
Proclaiming tidings blest.

The harvest of the earth is ripe;
The dead who sleep in Christ awake
In likeness of their Lord.
To life immortal they arise,
Inheritors of Paradise,
Where death finds no abode.

Stupendous scene! Those men of old,
Prophets who have the story told
Of this transcendent day;
The patriarchs, apostles, too,
Who lived and died with this in view,
In glorious array.

Now entered into their reward,
Those faithful servants of the Lord
Have not served him in vain;
A band of heaven's royalty,
In glory and in majesty,
O'er all the earth they reign.

Hymn 290
Cleansing Fountain

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may all, e'en vile as he,
Wash ev'ry sin away,
Wash ev'ry sin away,
Wash ev'ry sin away,
And there may all, e'en vile as he,
Wash ev'ry sin away.

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.
And shall be till I die,
And shall be till I die,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor, lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
Lies silent in the grave,
Lies silent in the grave,
When this poor, lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Hymn 291
The Gate Ajar

There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar
O'er all the earth is streaming.
O depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me...for me?
Was left ajar for me?

That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of ev'ry tribe and nation.
O depth of mercy! yes, I see
That gate was left ajar for me;
For me...for me,
Was left ajar for me.

Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
What depths of mercy! O how free!
That gate was left ajar for me;
For me...for me,
Was left ajar for me.

Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And praise the King of heaven.
O height of glory! yes, I see
A crown of life reserved for me;
For me...for me,
A crown reserved for me.

Hymn 292
There Is A God

There is a God--all Nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies:
See! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him, and adore.

Hymn 293
God's Omnipotence

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

O, weary souls with cares oppressed,
Trust in his loving might
Whose eye is over all thy ways
Through all thy weary night.

Whose ear is open to thy cry;
Whose grace is full and free;
Whose comfort is forever nigh;
Whate'er thy sorrows be.

Draw near to him in prayer and praise;
Rely on his sure word;
Acknowledge him in all thy ways,
Thy faithful, loving Lord.

Hymn 294
The Secret Place

There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for ev'ry child of grace
By faith who says, 'Tis mine.

The least and feeblest here may bide,
And rest secure in God;
Beneath his wings they safely hide,
When dangers are abroad.

The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, seeking out his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for ev'ry call,
A hidden life, and in the end,
Glory to crown it all.

Hymn 295
Life In A Look

There is life in a look at the crucified One;
O yes, there is life there for thee:
Simply look unto Christ and by faith be thou saved--
Unto him who was nailed to the tree.

<CHORUS>

Look! look! look and live!
O! look now, by faith, to the Crucified One;
There's a full pledge of life there for thee.

O! why was he there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
O! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt hath not paid?

It is not thy tears of repentance, and prayers,
But the blood, that atones for the soul;
We simply accept of the work for us done,
And rejoice that he maketh us whole.

None need doubt their welcome, since God has declared
Jesus Christ tasted death for us all;
And again in the end of the age he'll appear,
And restore what was lost by the fall.

We take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting he gives:
We have the assurance of life without end,
Since Jesus, our righteousness, lives.

Hymn 296
Search And See

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Though severe his judgments be.
Search the Scriptures, search and see
Wisdom's wondrous harmony.

There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heav'n;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment giv'n.
Search the Scriptures, search and see
God in mercy judgeth thee.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
Search the Scriptures, search and see
God's great kindness unto thee.

But men make his love too narrow
By false limits of their own,
And they magnify his vengeance
With a zeal he will not own.
Search the Scriptures, search and see
God's grand law of equity.

If our faith is true and simple
We will take him at his word,
And our lives will be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
Search the Scriptures, search and see;
Let their records gladden thee.

Hymn 297

The Light Of The World

The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin;
The light of the world is Jesus;
Like sunshine at noonday, his glory shone in:
The light of the world is Jesus.

<CHORUS>

Come to the Light; 'tis shining for thee;
Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me;
Once I was blind, but now I can see:
The Light of the world is Jesus.

No darkness have we who in Jesus abide;
The light of the world is Jesus;
We walk in the light when we follow our Guide:
The light of the world is Jesus.

For dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded eyes,
The light of the world is Jesus;
They'll wash at his bidding, and light will arise:
The light of the world is Jesus.

No need of the sun in the city to come,
The light of the world is Jesus;
All nations shall walk in the light of the Lamb:
The light of the world is Jesus.

Hymn 298

An Ever-Present Help

Those who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in ev'ry place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present ev'rywhere.

In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present ev'rywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present ev'rywhere.

Then, my soul, in ev'ry strait,
To thy Father come and wait;
He will always hear thy prayer;
Thou shalt have his tender care.

Hymn 299
My Blessed Portion

Though all the world my choice deride,
Yet Jesus shall my portion be;
For I am pleased with none beside;
The fairest of the fair is he.

Sweet is the vision of thy face,
And kindness o'er thy lips is shed;
Lovely art thou, and full of grace,
And glory beams around thy head.

Thy sufferings I embrace with thee,
Thy poverty and shameful cross;
The pleasure of the world I flee,
And deem its treasures only dross.

Be daily dearer to my heart,
And ever let me feel thee near;
Then willingly with all I'd part,
Nor count it worthy of a tear.

Hymn 300
Light After Darkness

Though earthborn shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed Word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

Only believe, in living faith,
His love and pow'r divine,
And in each trial, e'en in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly through thy troubled sky,
A pledge that storms shall cease.

Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own his word fulfilled,
"The Lord shall be thy light."

Hymn 301
The Lord Will Provide

Though troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide;
The promise assures us, "The Lord will provide."

The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
The heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, "The Lord will provide."

No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' dear name:
In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side,
We're sure to die feeling, "The Lord will provide."

Thus It Behooveth Us

Thou hast said, O blessed Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me."
'Tis because thou wouldest have us
Reign forevermore with thee.
Lord, I'll take it;
Help me so to follow thee,
Lord, I'll take it;
Help me so to follow thee.

While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of the dismal grave,
Thee I'd follow, humbly praying;
Life itself I would not save.
So I'll enter,
As thou enteredst Jordan's wave,
So I'll enter,
As thou enteredst Jordan's wave.

Fitting sign, which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me,
And this covenant which binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee.
O! what pleasure
In this fellowship with thee!
O! what pleasure
In this fellowship with thee!

Though it rend some fond affection,
Though I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection--
I am now where Jesus was--
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross,
Will revive me,
When I faint beneath the cross.

Hymn 303
Close To Thee

Thou, my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.
Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.
Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Gladly would I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with thee.
Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

Hymn 304
Jesus, My Refuge

Thou Refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To thee I tell my grief;
For thou alone canst heal:
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.

Dear Lord, where should I flee?--
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Hymn 305
Our Ever Present Aid

Thou ever present aid
In suffring and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing sufferer's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

It hallows ev'ry cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my ev'ry loss
And find my all in thee.

Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my needs fulfil;
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.

Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in One;
And peace and joy which never end
Abound in Christ alone.

Hymn 306
Father, Help Us

Thy presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear;
Lord, speak, and let thy servant hear.

Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With heav'nly truth may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

To us the sacred word apply,
And may it give new energy;
O! may we, in thy faith and fear,
Be profited by what we hear.

Father, in us thyself reveal;
Help us to learn and do thy will;
Thy heav'nly grace in us display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

Hymn 307
I Will Not Fear

Thy will be done! I will not fear
The lot provided by thy love;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heav'n are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours th' eternal years?

Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time;
And bid me, as on eagle wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

O let not doubts disturb its trust,
Nor sorrows dim its heav'nly love;
Nor these afflictions of the dust
My inmost calm and peace remove.

Hymn 308
'Tis Finished

"Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died.
"Tis finished! yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

'Tis finished! this that heav'n foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That holy prophets never knew.

'Tis finished! Son of God, thy pow'r
Hath triumphed in the awful hour;
Thy life for ours the ransom paid,
And free from death shall we be made.

'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise
And swell the chorus of the skies!

Hymn 309
To The Work!

To the work! to the work! O ye servants of God!
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of his counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

<CHORUS>

Toiling on, toiling on, toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope, Let us watch,
And labor till the work is done.

To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of life let the weary be led.
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be
While we herald the tidings, Salvation is free!

To the work! to the work! there is labor for all;
Soon the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall,
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, Salvation is free!

To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord;
And the smile of his face shall our labor reward
When as kings and as priests over earth we shall be.
Making known unto all that Salvation is free!

Hymn 310
Triumphant Zion

Triumphant Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known.
Decked in the robe of righteousness,
The world thy glory shall confess,
The world thy glory shall confess.

No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed courts with dread;
No more shall sin's defiling host
Their vict'ry, and thy sorrows, boast,
Their vict'ry, and thy sorrows, boast.

God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace,
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Yea, soon astonished men shall see
The laurels of thy victory;
And thou, with grace and glory crowned,
May'st lavish blessings all around,
May'st lavish blessings all around.

Hymn 311
The Glory Of The Gospel

Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
For, as it hastens, ev'ry age
Fulfils its prophecies divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year the truth shall soar,
And, as it soars, its blessed light
Shall scatter darkness more and more.

More glorious still, as centuries roll,
Shall Truth's fair banner be unfurled,
Until in strength, from pole to pole,
Its radiance shall o'er flow the world--

Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps the ling'ring mists away.

Hymn 312
Vain World, Adieu

Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all thou callest good!
To my Lord I would be true,
Who bought me with his blood.
All thy vanities must go;
I have no pleasure in thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Christ to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

O that all would now unite
This saving truth to prove;
See the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to all men show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Hymn 313
Wait Upon The Lord

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord;
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his Word:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Hymn 314
Wake The Song

Wake the song of jubilee!
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sov'reign pow'r.
Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings!

Wake the song of jubilee!
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Let it sound from shore to shore;
Jesus reigns forevermore!
He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Thrones and kingdoms pass away.

Hymn 315
Walk In The Light

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Hymn 316
Morning Dawns

Watchman, tell me, does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
Have the signs that mark its coming
Yet upon thy pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes! arise! look 'round thee!
Light is breaking in the skies!
Gird thy bridal robes around thee;
Morning dawns! arise! arise!

Watchman, is the light ascending
Of the grand Sabbathic year?
Are the signs on earth portending
That the kingdom now is here?
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Tow'ring 'neath its cloudless skies.

Pilgrim, see! the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flow'rs;
On! just yonder--O how cheering!
Bloom forever Eden's bow'rs.
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Glory to the Lamb of God!
Blessings to mankind he's bringing,
Even though with chast'ning rod.

What Of The Night?

Watchman, tell us of the night--
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day--
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own;
See, its glory fills the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, will earth's sorrows cease,
And God's will on earth be done?
Trav'ler, yes, the Prince of peace,
Earth's appointed King, has come!

Hymn 318
Watching For The Day

We've been watching, we've been waiting,
For the bright, prophetic day;
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.

<CHORUS>

We are waking, for 'tis morning,
And the beautiful day is dawning;
We are happy, for 'tis morning;
See! the shadows flee away.
Lo! he comes! see the King draw near!
Zion, shout! the Lord is here.

We've been watching, we've been waiting,
For the star that brings the day;
For the night of sin to vanish,
And the mists to roll away.

We've been watching, we've been waiting,
For the beautiful King of day,
For the chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.

We begin to see the dawning
Of the bright, Millennial day;
Soon the shadows, weary shadows,
Shall forever pass away.

Hymn 319
Revive Us Again

We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,
Who died for our sins and ascended above.

<CHORUS>

Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Revive us again.

We praise thee, O God, for the spirit of light
That shines on thy pages, and scatters our night.

We praise thee, O God, that the kingdom is near,
That the Saviour has come, and will shortly appear.

Hymn 320
We Shall Meet

We shall meet beyond the river
By and by, by and by;
And the darkness shall be over
By and by, by and by.
When the toilsome journey's done
And the victory is won,
We shall shine forth as the sun
By and by, by and by.

We shall strike the harps of glory
By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's story
By and by, by and by;
And the strains forevermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by, by and by.

We shall see and be like Jesus
By and by, by and by;
To himself he will receive us
By and by, by and by.
Then with joy we shall fulfil
All God's blessed, holy will,
And adore and praise him still
By and by, by and by.

Yes, our tears shall all cease flowing
By and by, by and by;
And with power we'll be showing--
By and by, by and by--
All the wealth of grace divine,
All the depth of wisdom's mine,
Making truth and virtue shine
By and by, by and by.

Hymn 321
What A Friend!

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to him in prayer!
O, what peace we often forfeit!
O, what needless pain we bear!
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to him in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour! still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Hymn 322
Heirs With Christ

What poor, despised company
Of travelers are those,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Beset by many foes?

Ah, they are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of eternal life divine,
And lo! for joy they sing!

Why do they, then, appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because, of their rich robes, unseen,
The World is not apprized.

But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Ah, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

Hymn 323

Prayer

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Hymn 324
Cause For Gratitude

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my inmost heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise.
And my eternal joy shall be
To herald wide thy praise.

Grateful Consecration

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which my blessed Saviour died,
All earthly gain I count but loss;
How empty all its show and pride!

I would not seek in earthly bliss
To find a rest apart from thee,
Forgetful of thy sacrifice
Which purchased life and peace for me.

I'm not my own, dear Lord--to thee
My ev'ry pow'r, by right, belongs;
My privilege to serve I see,
God's praise to raise in tuneful songs.

And so beside thy sacrifice,
I would lay down my little all.
'Tis lean and poor, I must confess;
I would that it were not so small.

But then I know thou dost accept
My grateful off'ring unto thee;
For, Lord, 'tis love that doth it prompt,
And love is incense sweet to thee.

Hymn 326
When I View The Cross

When I view the cruel cross
Where my loving Saviour died,
All the bitter pain and loss
Borne to save his future bride,
O! what language could express,
O! what ministries can show,
All my heart's deep thankfulness,
Love which in my heart doth glow?

How could I in earthly dross
Find a satisfaction now?
Sweeter far to share the cross
And beneath its weight to bow;
For communion sweet I find
In this straight and narrow way,
With his love and help so kind
For my comfort, strength and stay.

Forward to the future joy
All my longing hopes aspire,
And for this world's mean alloy
I will not henceforth inquire.
O! the joy of that blest hour
When, in glory, Christ I'll meet--
Raised by him to queenly pow'r,
In his righteousness complete.

Ev'ry painful circumstance,
Ev'ry sorrow I may know,
Will that glory but enhance--
Heav'nly love the brighter glow.
Love, so proved, is sweeter far
Than the trophies won by pride;
Naught this mutual love can mar;
Through all ages 'twill abide.

Hymn 327
We Shall Reign

When the Lord from heav'n appears,
When are banished all our fears,
When the sleepers from the tomb
With the watchers reach their home.

<CHORUS>

Then enthroned, our Lord, with thee,
We shall reign eternally.
Then enthroned, our Lord, with thee,
We shall reign eternally.

When our eyes the King shall see
In his glorious majesty,
When to him we're called above,
Partners of his joy and love--

Debtors to his matchless grace,
At his feet our crowns we'll place;
And as ages roll along,
Still we'll sing the glad new song.

Let this hope now purify
Those who on thy Word rely;
Comfort to our hearts afford;--
Come and fill us now, O Lord.

Hymn 328
He Will Hide Me

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

<CHORUS>

He will hide me, he will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me;
He will hide me, safely hide me,
In the shadow of his hand.

Though he may permit affliction,
'Twill but make me long for home,
For in love, and not in anger,
All his chast'nings will come.

Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
God will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.

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

Hymn 329
In Thy Name

Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Meet in thy name, O blessed Lord!--
Meet to recount thine acts of grace,
O, how thy presence fills the place!

There thou hast promised, Lord, to be,
To bless the little company;
And while we offer prayer and praise,
O! may we learn more of thy ways!

O! fill our hearts with heav'nly love,
And may we at its impulse move,
That all around may clearly see
That we have been, dear Lord, with thee.

Hymn 330
Confidence And Security

Who in the Lord confide,
And in his precious blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God.

Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

As 'round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.

On ev'ry side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their soul forever bears.

Hymn 331
Christ For Me

Whom have I, Lord, to help but thee?
None but thee! None but thee!
And this my song through life shall be,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
He hath for me the winepress trod;
He hath redeemed me by his blood;
He reconciled my soul to God.
Christ for me! Christ for me!

I envy not the rich their joys;
Christ for me! Christ for me!
I covet not earth's glitt'ring toys;
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Earth can no lasting bliss bestow;
"Fading" is stamped on all below;
Mine is a joy no end can know.
Christ for me! Christ for me!

Though poor and humble be my lot,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
He knoweth best; I murmur not;
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Though vine and fig tree blight assail,
The labor of the olive fail,
And death o'er flocks and herds prevail,
Christ for me! Christ for me!

Though I am now on hostile ground,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
And foes beset me all around,
Christ for me! Christ for me!
Let earth her fiercest battle wage,
And foes against my soul engage,
Strong in his strength, I'll stand their rage;
Christ for me! Christ for me!

Hymn 332
Take Your Harps

Your harps, ye tearful saints,
Down from the willows take;
No more by Bab'lon's streams sit down
And weep for Zion's sake.

The spirit of our God
Hath tuned the harp divine,
And now, in grandest harmony,
Its melodies combine.

Take down the harp divine,
Sweep o'er its many strings;
They call to Zion, Rise and shine!
Thy God salvation brings.

No more an exile roam;
Accept thy liberty;
God calls his faithful people home,
Sets error's captives free.

Let such go up and build
The temple of our God,
And let their souls, with courage filled,
Publish the news abroad.

Hymn 333
God Is With Thee

Zion stands with hills surrounded
Zion, kept by pow'r divine;
All her foes shall be confounded
Tho' the world in arms combine.

Happy Zion!
What a favored lot is thine!
Happy Zion!
What a favored lot is thine!

Ev'ry human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heav'n and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But will never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight.
God is with thee--
God, thine everlasting light!
God is with thee--
God, thine everlasting light!

Hymn 334
Lead, Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,-- one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn, those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Hymn 335

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus Going on before!
Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, See His banners go!

<CHORUS>

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus Going on before!

At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers, On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise!

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

Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor, Unto Christ the King;
This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing.

Hymn 336
God Be With You

God be with you till we meet again;
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again!

<CHORUS>

Till we meet, till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet! Till we meet!
God be with you till we meet again!

God be with you till we meet again;
'Neath his wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Hymn 337

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in The Highest, blessed Majesty.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea,
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
Son of the Highest, blest eternally. Amen.