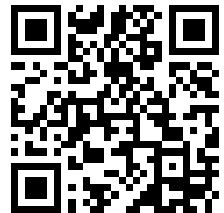
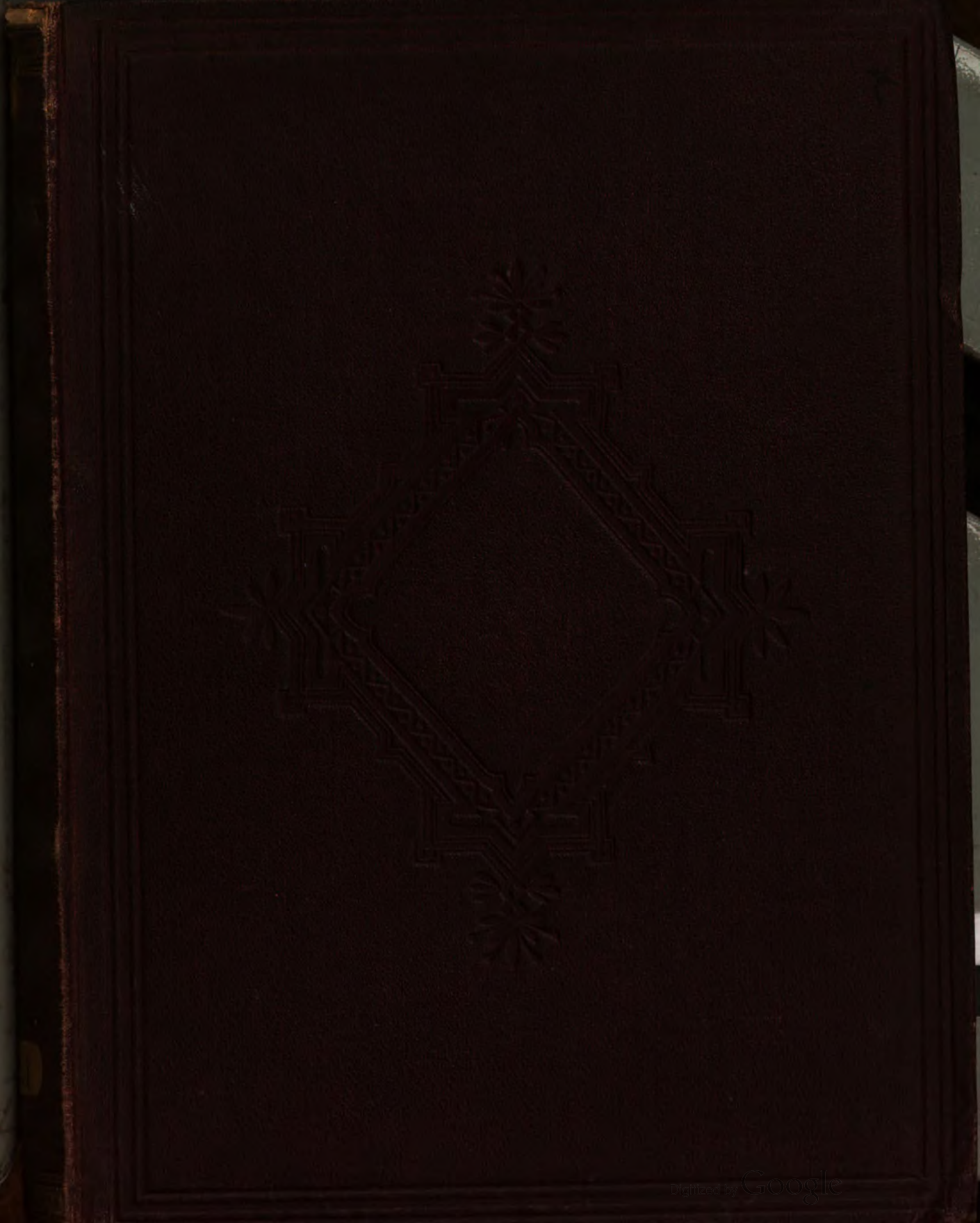

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THE PRAISE-BOOK.

EDINBURGH:
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THE PRAISE-BOOK:

BEING

“HYMNS OF PRAISE.”

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES.

BY

WILLIAM REID, M.A.

HARMONIES WRITTEN OR REVISED BY

HENRY EDWARD DIBDIN.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

MDCCLXVI.



PREFACE.

“THE PRAISE-BOOK” has been chosen as the most appropriate title we could think of to describe the contents of a work which is almost exclusively composed of hymns of praise to God, as distinguished from those of experience.

It is also intended to be a repertory of good music in which to express that praise, and hence the excess of tunes over hymns. The Hymns number Two Hundred and Seven; while the Tunes number THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY. Our plan rendered this necessary; for we have aimed at the combination of the high-class tunes with such as are full of melody, that we might be able to say, “Praise Him, ALL ye people!”

Besides, our Hymn-Book, which has been published over two years, was compiled without having an eye to secure variety in the different measures; and, consequently, in order to embrace the most of the good music to any infrequent rhyme, we had to give more than one tune to a hymn.

There was no doubt in the mind of the Author which tune was the most suitable in every case; but there was a distinct intention to give the best from various sources—(as to Hymn 60)—that those acquainted with *any* of the tunes might sing at once the one with which they might be familiar.

One half the labour and expense would have produced a good book on the common plan of giving one tune to every hymn; but then it would have been a book for a *class* only, and, not being constructed on a catholic principle, it would have been lacking in comprehensiveness, and would have given satisfaction only to the educated musician, or the uninstructed, according to the theory of its construction; whereas the present work contemplates the edification of persons in every stage of musical education, and of every variety of taste.

SECULAR TUNES have been, purposely, *excluded* from this work; but a considerable number of tunes, *rich in melody*, and, in consequence, readily appreciated by the people, being easily acquired, and eminently *singable*, have been admitted. The people sing such tunes at once, and for that reason they are termed *popular* tunes. The tunes to Hymn 29 (second tune), 64 (first tune), 69, 83, 100, 189, 192, are such as we term *popular*; which is not synonymous (as some may think) with *inferior*, as a reference to the tunes noted above will prove.

Nor is *popular* a synonym for *vulgar*. The *popular* tune may be characterised by the greatest *purity* and *beauty*, as 83 or 189 will show: and we hope that we have admitted nothing which may not be sung with propriety in the worship of God, in the most devotional moments. We have aimed at helping *all*; and we hope we have included nothing which would hinder *any* in praising "the God of all grace."

While we would make no pretension to perfection, yet, considering the known quality of a great part of its contents, (being composed of standard tunes from various works,) and the ability of our coadjutor as a harmonist, we would hope that THE PRAISE-BOOK is not likely to be altogether unappreciated by true musicians. We do not consider it to be beyond the range of adverse criticism, nor likely to give entire satisfaction to those who have held, taught, and published a contrary theory: but the work has been composed with considerable care over many months, and we have aimed to give it such breadth, freshness, interest, and value, as may entitle it to respect; and, considering that we have had unlimited access to nearly all the best published musical works—English, German, and American—we have had at least the best opportunity one could desire to produce such a book of praise as might be expected to secure a share of favourable consideration. It contains nearly all the standard psalm and hymn tunes; the finest German tunes, in so far as our rhymes permitted the use of them; the best tunes of the first hymn and tune books of the day; and many new tunes, or tunes never before printed in any hymn-book, by such composers as Havergal, Reinagle, Dibdin, and Dykes. A statement of our obligations, both here and in the Index, will show that it has had a fair opportunity of being at least a passable book.

Our acknowledgments and hearty thanks are due to many. The Rev. William Mercer, M.A., has given permission to reprint a number of the tunes in his "Psalter and Hymn-Book," (James Nisbet & Co.)—"St Philip's," "Peterborough," "Brunswick," "Crasselius," "Olmütz." The Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart., has permitted us to use the following tunes which appear in his "Hymns Ancient and Modern," (Novello & Co.)—"Preston," "St Alphege," "Alla Trinita Beata," "Easter Hymn," "Caswall," "Merton," "Nicaea," "Hollingside," "Monkland," "Horbury," "Purleigh," "St Cuthbert's," "Eventide." Our thanks are due to Messrs Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, & Green, for the reprint of harmonies from their "Chorale Book for England" to the following tunes:—"Testimony," "How Long," "Daydawn." The Rev. John Curwen has given us permission to republish the following tunes from his "People's Service of Song:"—"Chorlton Place," "Hungary," "Whitfield," "Ludstone," "Theodora," "Edgware," "Bradford," "Syria," "Morning Star," "Camden."

The Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A., has given permission to reprint, from his original work, recently published, "A Hundred Psalm and Hymn-Tunes," (Addison,

Hollier, & Lucas.)—"Merom," "Kedron," "Shen," "Oreb," "Ephron," "Seir," "Mount Olivet," "Jordan," "Paran," "Sharon," "Zaanaim," "Meribah," "Hiddekel," "Engedi." We thank Mr Marcus Moses, Westmoreland Street, Dublin, for Kelly's tunes, "Look, ye Saints," to Hymn 65, "Resurrection," to Hymn 92, and "Expectation," to 153, reprinted from Kelly's Hymns and Tunes, of which he is proprietor. The proprietors of "Gems of Song, with Music by the late J. Dürner," (John Maclaren, Edinburgh,) permit us to use the following tunes:—"Hyothesia," "Safety," "Millennium," "Shade," and "Stranger-way."

A. Robertson & Co., Edinburgh, allow us to take "Halifax," "Courland," and "Norwood," from their "Sacred Harmony of the Church of Scotland, with Supplement by James S. Geikie." Dr Maurice permits us to reprint "Siloah" from the "Supplement to his Choral Harmony." Mr Marr, publisher, Glasgow, allows us to reprint "Torwood," from his work, "Marr's Sacred Music."

Other works from which we have derived valuable assistance deserve to be mentioned,—such as, Dr Filitz's "Choralbuch for Bunsen's Hymn-Book;" Lohmeyer's "Choralbuch für Kirche und Haus;" "Temple Melodies;" Dr Lowell Mason's "Sabbath Hymn and Tune-Book;" Becker's "Choralmelodien" for Spitta's "Psalter and Harp;" Hofer's "Pilgerharfe;" Metzler's "Choralmelodien;" "Surenne and Dibdin's Church-Music;" Dibdin's "STANDARD PSALM-TUNE BOOK;" Nelson's "Hymn Music," and "Church of Scotland Hymn-Tune Book."

We are indebted to the Rev. J. B. Dykes, Precentor of Durham Cathedral, for the tunes "Nicæa," "Horbury," "Hollingside," "St Cuthbert's," "Purleigh," in "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" and for "Consent" and "Consecration," written expressly for this work. A. R. Reinagle, Esq., of Oxford, has kindly given us a number of his tunes—such as "St Peter," "Ben Rhydding," "Ellesmere," "Shelter," "Fountain," "Merton College." Mr Dibdin has composed the following nineteen tunes for this work:—"Angel-Voices," "Heavenly City," "Better Land," "Advent," "Repose," "Faith," "Light of the World," "Dibdin's Chant," "Feast of Love," "Morningside," "Light," "Palms of Glory," "Mercy," "Laudate," "Victory," "Wilderness," "'Tis Finishèd," "Confidence," and "Dayspring." W. P. Mackay, M.A., is composer of the tune "Oneness," to his hymn, "With Christ we Died to Sin;" "Confession," to his hymn, "We all must speak for Jesus;" and "Boldness," to Hymn 135. Mrs Thompson of Holywoodrath's tune "Holywoodrath" is so named by us, because "Bethany," by Dr Lowell Mason, was first printed, and is too well-known to be displaced, being one of the best-known tunes of the present day. Mrs Thompson's is also very popular, being sung over the United Kingdom to "Yes we Part, but not for Ever." The Rev. Isaac Ashe, of Baronstown Rectory, has composed several tunes for us, such as "Anchor," "Heavenly Home," "Rest,"

“Deliverance.” We are indebted to the Bishop of Argyle for his tune “Ewing;” to Dr Gauntlett for his tunes “St Alphege,” “Camden,” and “St Albinus;” to John Goss, Esq., for “Peterborough;” to our young friend, “M. K. W.,” (who modestly requests us not to publish her name,) for the tunes composed by her for this work—“Strangers,” “Brightness,” “Sun and Shield,” “Debtor,” “Resolution,” “Hereford New,” “Service,” and “Summer Dew;” to W. H. Monk, Esq., for “Eventide” and “Merton;” to Dr Elvey for “Siloah;” to J. F. Bain, Esq., Glasgow, for “Foretaste;” to Rev. J. W. Simpson, M.A., for “Glenisla;” J. T. Surene, Esq., for “Stanmore;” Rev. J. L. Jenner for “Preston;” to Dr Stewart for his Chant to Hymn 20; to J. Brook, Esq., for “Bonar;” to Miss Whately for “Immanuel’s Land” and “Robes of Whiteness.” The right to publish “Kilmarnock” has been acquired by purchase of Messrs Francis Orr & Sons, Glasgow. If, through inadvertence on our part, we have used any copyright tunes without due permission, we trust the owners of them will overlook it; and on information being given we will duly acknowledge them in a future edition.

There is none to whom the Author has been more indebted in the preparation of this work than his friend Mr DIBDIN; for had he not generously given his professional assistance in writing and revising harmonies, the book might have had the same tunes and yet have been but a very second-rate one. But having the able help and musical superintendence of one who is so favourably known to every musician who has any pretension to acquaintance with sacred music by his great literary work, “*The Standard Psalm-Tune Book*,” so far at least as the harmonies are concerned, no musician will consider it too much to expect that this work should be regarded as worthy of taking rank with other books of hymns and harmonies already in general use. It is not impossible that with his universally acknowledged ability as a professor of harmony, some things *may* have escaped his notice; but he has been at great pains, and has spent much time on the work, in order to make the harmonies suitable and perfect. It is only an act of justice to Mr Dibdin to make it distinctly understood that his responsibility extends only to the harmonies and his own tunes. He has not had to do with the general editing of the work. For the Hymns and Tunes, Preface, Index, and Introduction the Author alone is responsible.

EDINBURGH, GEORGE SQUARE,
November 1865.

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Measure.	Author of Tune.	Date.	Miscellaneous.
8,7,4	M. Haydn	1800	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7, double ...	Mozart	1756-1791	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7, double ...	Praxis Pietatis	1690	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
10,10,10,10 ...	W. H. Monk	1861	First printed in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
C.M.	Dr Hastings	1859	From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."
8s, anapestic...	George Frederick Handel	1759	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8s	John Zundel in "Temple Melodies"	1856	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8s, double ...	M. K. W.	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
C.M.	J. Crüger	1658	Harmony from "Choralmelodien," Stuttgart.
C.M.	Dr Croft, from a tune in "Freylinghausen"	1704	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8s, six lines ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	From "A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
8s	Haydn	1732-1809	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	W. Jones	1776-1800	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	R. A. Smith	+1829	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	N. Dougall	1838	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	Hugh Wilson	1820	Harm. from "The Standard Psalm-Tune Book."
8s	H. L. Jenner	1861	First Printed in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
88,8,5	Henry Edward Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
88,8,5	Voigtlander. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Date of publication unknown.
C.M.	R. A. Smith	+1829	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	Scotch Psalter	1615	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
D.C.M.	Adapted from Michael Haydn	1734-1806	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
S.M.	Isabella Dibdin	1844	Re-harmonised for this Work—1865.
S.M.	Witton—From "The Standard"	1852	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M.	Genevan Psalter (Probably G. Franc.)	1565	Original setting. Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
6,10,10,6	Dr Stewart of Dublin	1865	Now published with the composer's permission.
6,10,10,6	M. K. W.	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8,7,4	J. Neander—1610-1680	1863	Harmony from "Chorale Book for England."
C.M.	Dr Arne. New Harmony written	1865	By Henry E. Dibdin.
C.M.	Shrubssole. New Harmony written	1865	By Henry E. Dibdin.
7,6 double ...	J. Crüger	1638	German Tune—"Wie soll ich dich empfangen."
7,6	Dr Gauntlett	1861	From "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
8,8,6	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
8,8,6	German Choral. Vopelius	1682	Arranged by H. E. Dibdin, "Standard," No. 539.
7s	Dr Filitz, "Choralbuch"	1846	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s	H. E. Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
7s	From Zurich Collection	1850	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s	Dr Caesar Malan	1852	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4	"Laudi Spirituali." Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	"Hymns Ancient and Modern."
7s	Dr Worgan	1790	Harm. by W. H. Monk, in "Hym. Anc. & Mod."
S.M.	Isaac Smith	1700	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
S.M.	J. T. Surene	1844	"Surene and Dibdin's Church Music," (Supt.)
87,87,87,87,47	H. E. Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
10,10,8,6,10 ...	J. W. Simpson, M.A.	1864	Composed expressly for this Work.
D.S.M.	From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book"	1859	See Mr Dibdin's Harmony, at Hymn 65.
C.M.	W. Wheall, M.B.	1745	First printed in Mat. Wilkin's "Psalmody," 1699.
C.M.	Scotch Psalter	1615	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4	Thos. Kelly	1820	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4	Joh. Schmidlin in "Pilgerharfe"	1863	Harmonised chiefly by S. Hofer, Niederwyl.
C.M.	Isaac Smith	1770	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s double ...	H.R.H. Prince Albert	1853	Harmonised by the Prince-Consort—d. 1861.
C.M.	J. Smith	1820	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	MS. Tune, Forfar	1836	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	S. Hofer	1863	"Pilgerharfe," by S. Hofer. Basel, G. F. Spittler.
C.M.	H. E. Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8,7 double ...	J. Dürner. Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Adoption (175), or Parousia (176), will also suit.
8,8,6	W. P. Mackay, M.A.	1865	Gustavus Adolphus' battle-song, 1631.
887,8887 ...	J. Schop. Harmony from J. S. Bach	1641	Adapted from Mercer's Psalter and Hymn-Book
887,8887 ...	S. Calvisius	1597	Adapted to this hymn by the Editor.
D.S.M.	Its own Melody. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Some may prefer "Boylston," or "Moravia,"
7,6 double ...	"O Gott du frommer Gott." Nic. Haase	1659	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865. [S.M.]
L.M.	John Reading	1809	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M.	Haydn	1732-1680	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,8,6	German. Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin... ..	1865	From Curwen's "People's Service of Song"—1850.

First Line of Hymn.	Author of Hymn.	No. of Tune.	Name of Tune.
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Glory to God on high	53	Trinity
Glory to God on high	53	Olivet
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Glory unto Jesus be	3	Christchurch
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Hark! ten thousand voices crying	184	Winkler
Hark! ten thousand voices crying	184	Merton
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Hark! the voice of love and mercy	50	"It is finish'd!"
Ha! yon burst of crystal splendour	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1856	29	Great Exhibition
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He lives, the great Redeemer lives	Steele	124	Peterborough
He's gone—the Saviour's work on earth	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848	161	Arnold's
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Holy Jesus! Ever gracious	151	Mercy-Seat
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How glorious is Thy name	"Christian Songs," 9th ed. Edin.—1805	139 ^β	Beauty
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How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	6	St Peter's, Oxford... ..
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It is the Father's voice that cries	188	Ely
I've found the Pearl of greatest price	John Mason, Stratford-on-Avon—1683	25	Ephron
I've found the Pearl of greatest price	25	Evan
I will praise Thee every day	William Cowper—1731-1800	156	Theodora
I will praise Thee every day	156	Munsterburg
I would commune with Thee, my God	J. Denham Smith	35	Kilmarnock
I would commune with Thee, my God	35	New St Ann's

Measure.	Author of Tune.	Date.	Miscellanea.
87,87,87,87 ...	Henry E. Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
6,5	Dr Filitz's "Choralbuch"	1846	From "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
7,7,7,7,7,7 ...	J. Rosenmuller -	1685	Arranged and harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,7,7,7,7,7 ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
664,6664 ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
664,6664 ...	Giardini	1565	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
664,6664 ...	Dr Lowell Mason	1859	Harmony chiefly Dr L. Mason's.
664,6664 ...	Reduced from a Choral by J. G. Ebling	1666	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s	Anon. in "The People's Service of Song"	1850	Harmony chiefly from "People's Service."
7s	Harmony from a MS. Coll.	1864	Author of this unknown.
78,78,78,78 ...	Isaac Ashe, Baronstown Rectory	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
7,7,7,7,7,7 ...	Dr Cæsar Malan	1855	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,7,7,7,7,7 ...	J. Dürner—"Gems of Song"	1860	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,8,7,77 ...	J. Neander, Har. from Dr Filitz	1630	Better set given to Hymn 189, which see.
8,7	Webbe	1816	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7	Sicilian Mariners. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Authorship and date unknown.
8,7	Choralbuch of Boh. Brethren	1735	Ger. hymn. "Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade."
8,7	W. H. Monk	1861	"Hymns Ancient and Modern."
8,7,4	J. Stanley	1840	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4	J. Rosenmund in "Pilgerharfe"	1863	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7, ten lines	W. Creef in "Pilgerharfe"	1863	Hymn written on "The Great Exhibition," 1851.
7s, double	Melchior Vulpus	1511	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
D.L.M.	John Goss	1864	Mercer's "Psalter and Hymn-Book," Oxford Ed.
C.M.	Dr S. Arnold	1791	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
11,12,12,11 ...	J. B. Dykes, Precentor of Dur. Cathedral	1861	First printed in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
8,7, double	"Claude Goudimel's Psalms," Ps. 42 ...	1565	Harmonised by Dr Filitz and H. E. Dibdin.
8,7, double	M. Bost, "Chants Chrétiens"	1857	Harmonised chiefly by S. Hofer—1863.
C.M.	G. F. Handel	1685-1759	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
6s, double	Dr Filitz's "Choralbuch"	1846	Adapted by the Editor—1865.
7,6, double	"Pilgerharfe." Edited by S. Hofer	1863	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6, double	"Ich dank' Dir lieber Herre"	1540	Harm. from "Chorale Book for England"—1863.
7,6, double	Henry E. Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
D.C.M.	Becker's "Choralmelodien"	1841	Adapted by the Editor—1865.
C.M.	Michael Haydn	1800	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	A. R. Reinagle, Oxford	1826	With the Composer's permission.
S.M.	Dr Lowell Mason [in T. B. König's book	1853	Har. from "Sab. Hymn and Tune Book"—1859.
S.M.	J. West—about 1800. From a Ger. Chor.	1738	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1852.
C.M.	John Turnbull, "Marr's Sacred Music" ...	1838	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
D.S.M.	From Este's Psalter	1592	Este's was the first Psalter with <i>named tunes</i> .
D.S.M.	Isaac Ashe, Baronstown Rectory	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
C.M.	N. Dougall	1836	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
S.M.	Dr Lowell Mason	1856	Harm. from "Sab. Hymn and Tune Book"—1859.
S.M.	Dr Cæsar Malan	1852	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
D.S.M.	Henry E. Dibdin, "Church Music"	1843	Re-harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
D.S.M.	William Reid	1865	Composed expressly for this Hymn.
D.S.M.	Thomas Tallis, in "Parker's Psalter" ...	1565	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
D.C.M.	Giornivichi. Harm. by H. E. Dibdin ...	1865	Hymn from "Lyra Germanica."
7,6, double	Dr Lowell Mason	1824	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6, double	J. C. Bach—1643-1703. "Pilgerharfe" ...	1863	Re-harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
87,85 double...	Its own Melody. Har. by H. E. Dibdin ...	1865	"Psalms and Hymns and SPIRITUAL SONGS."
64,64,6664 ...	Dr Lowell Mason	1859	"Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book." [Col. iii. 16.
11s	Samuel Hofer	1863	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
11s, double	Dr Elvey	1864	Supplement to Dr Maurice's "Choral Harmony."
D.C.M.	Proper 137th English Psalter	1562	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin in "The Standard."
C.M.	Dr Randall. Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin	1865	This is the original form of this Tune.
L.M.	Chevalier Christoph von Gluck	1714-1787	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M.	Bishop Turton	1850	Harm. from Mercer's "Psalter & Hymn Bk."
C.M.	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	From "A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
C.M.	H. (Prob. Dr Hastings, not Dr. L. Mason)	1853	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s	From Handel—1685-1759	1850	Harmony from Curwen's "People's Service."
7s	"Geistreiches Gesangbuch"	1725	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	N. Dougall	1838	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M.	Sir G. Smart, from "Wiltshire"	1828	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.

First Line of Hymn.	Author of Hymn.	No. of Tune.	Name of Tune.
Jerusalem the golden	Dr Neale—Translated from Bernard ...	198	Bernard
Jerusalem the golden	198	Ewing
Jesus, and shall it ever be	Grigg	58	Aldridge
Jesus, and shall it ever be	58	Eisenach
Jesus, how much Thy name unfolds	Mrs Peters	89	Jackson's
Jesus, how much Thy name unfolds	89	Irish
Jesus, I love Thy charming name	Doddridge—1702-1751	96	Eastgate
Jesus, I love Thy charming name	96	St Magnus
Jesus, lover of my soul	Charles Wesley—1742	42	Hollingside... ..
Jesus, lover of my soul	42	Seir
Jesus lives no longer now	From "Hymns Ancient and Modern" ...	16	St Albinus
Jesus, spotless Lamb of God	J. G. Deck—1855	152	Zuversicht
Jesus, spotless Lamb of God	152	Monkland
Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1861	75	Bonar
Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou	75	Sun and Shield
Jesus, the Christ of God	13	St Michael
Jesus, the Christ of God	13	Ben Rhydding
Jesus, the Everlasting Word	Conder	187	St Thomas'
Jesus, Thou needest me	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1861	91	St Bride
Jesus, Thou needest me	91	Flodden
Jesus, Thou needest me	91	State Street
Jesus, Thou needest me	91	Golden Hill
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness	Zinzendorf—1700-1760	39	Altorf
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	J. Wesley—1741	133	"Mein Hertz"
Jesus, we rest in Thee	J. G. Deck—1855	64	Rest
Jesus, we rest in Thee	64	Repose
Jesus, whilst this rough desert-soil	Horatius Bonar—1856	41	"Stranger-Way"
Jesus, whilst this rough desert-soil	41	Rothwell
Joy to the ransomed earth	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848	167	Millennium... ..
Joy to the ransomed earth	167	Halifax
Just as I am—without one plea	Charlotte Elliott—1836	121	Faith
Just as I am—without one plea	121	Just as I am
Just as I am—without one plea	121	Consent
Just as I am—without one plea	121	Dedication
Lamb of God, our souls adore Thee	J. G. Deck—1855	181	Merton College
Lamb of God, Thou now art seated	12	Worthiness... ..
Let us love, and sing, and wonder	John Newton—1779... ..	78	Laver
Let us love, and sing, and wonder	78	Vesper Hymn
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848	100	Zerah
Light of the world! for ever, ever shining	Horatius Bonar, D.D.	99	Brightness
Light of the world! for ever, ever shining	99	Light of the World
Light of the world! for ever, ever shining	99	True Light
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending	Var. by Madan—1760—from C. Wesley ...	27	Helmsley
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	Thos. Kelly [and J. Cennick	65	"Look, ye Saints!"
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	65	Edgware
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	Burder	112	Dismission
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	112	Mannheim
Lord, I desire to live as one	Miss Smith, Dublin	183	St Anne
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee	J. G. Deck—1855	4	Warwick
Lord Jesus, we, believing	55	Vulpus
Lord Jesus, we, believing	55	Schneider
Lord, may Thy Spirit come	William Reid—1862... ..	36, 37	Oak
Lord, we are Thine: in Thee we live	J. G. Deck—1855	129	Consecration
Love strong as death, nay, stronger	Horatius Bonar—D.D.—1856	180	Dibdin's Chant
Love strong as death, nay, stronger	180	Feast of Love
Master! we would no longer be	J. G. Deck—1855	185	Renouement
Master! we would no longer be	185	Ellesmere
'Mid the splendours of the glory	William Reid—1863... ..	200	Norwood
'Mid the splendours of the glory	200	Splendours
'Mid the splendours of the glory	200	Glory
My faith looks up to Thee	Ray Palmer—1840	53 ^β	Olivet
My hope is built on nothing less	Rees	126	Rock
My hope is built on nothing less	126	"Mein Hertz"
My soul, amid this stormy world	R. Chapman—1848	66	Coleshill

Measure.	Author of Tune.	Date.	Miscellaneous.
7,6, double ...	M. Teschner, 1600. Metzler. Stuttgart	1861	Suitable also to be sung to Hymn 197.
7,6, double ...	Bishop Ewing, "Hym. Anc. and Modern"	1861	Also suited to be sung to Hymn 197.
L.M. ...	Dr Aldrich, "S. & D.'s Church Music"	1843	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	J. H. Schein 1536-	1630	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	W. Jackson 1730-	1803	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	Isaac Smith. Ashworth's Collection ...	1766	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	Bennet	1820	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	Jeremiah Clarke	1707	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s, 8 lines ...	J. B. Dykes, Precentor of Dur. Cathedral	1861	First printed in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
7s, 8 lines ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes"
7s, 78 ...	Dr Gauntlett. "Hym. Anc. and Modern"	1861	Harmonised by Dr Gauntlett.
7s ...	"Psalmodia Sacra." Edited by J. Crüger	1658	Adapted. Harmonised by Dr Filitz.
7s ...	"Hymns Ancient and Modern"	1861	Harmonised by J. B. Wilkes.
76, 76, 77 ...	J. Brook, London	1864	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
76, 76, 78 ...	M. K. W.	1864	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
S.M. ...	English Psalter	1588	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
S.M. ...	A. R. Reinagle, Oxford	1865	"Hymns of Faith and Hope"—"Not what these"
80, 86, 88 ...	Mercer's "Psalter and Hymn Book" ...	1854	Harmonised by John Goss. [hands have done.]
S.M. ...	Dr Howard. From Riley's Psalms	1762	Original harmony.
S.M. ...	H. E. Dibdin	1843	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
S.M. ...	J. C. Woodman, in "Temple Melodies"	1851	Harm. from "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book."
S.M. ...	American Melody	1859	Arranged and harm. by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	Kluge's Witttemberg Collection	1535	Ascribed to Luther. Harm. by H. E. Dibdin.
8s, six lines ...	"Choralmelodien," Stuttgart	1861	"Geh aus, mein hertz, und suche freud."
668, 688 ...	Isaac Ashe, Barnewtown Rectory	1863	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
668, 688 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
L.M. ...	J. Dürrner. Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin	1865	"Gems of Song." John Maclaren, Edin., 1860.
L.M. ...	"Temple Melodies"	1856	Arranged by Dr Lowell Mason.
6666, 88 ...	J. Dürrner. Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin	1850	"Gems of Song." John Maclaren, Edinburgh.
6666, 83 ...	From Geikie's Sup. to R. A. Smith's Sac. Har.	1865	With A. Robertson & Co.'s permission.
888, 6 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
888, 6 ...	Original Tune. Har. by H. E. Dibdin ...	1865	Author unknown.
888, 6 ...	J. B. Dykes, Precentor of Dur. Cathedral	1865	Now printed for the first time.
888, 6 ...	Nelson's Hymn Music	1863	Harmony revised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7, double ...	A. R. Reinagle, Oxford	1826	Sent by the Composer for this Work.
8,8, double ...	J. Walder	1820	Harmony revised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
87, 87, 77 ...	Russian Melody. Harm. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Name of the Composer unknown.
87, 87, 77 ...	Harmony revised by H. E. Dibdin ...	1865	Name of the Composer unknown.
C.M. ...	Dr Lowell Mason	1859	American Christian Association Tune Book.
11,6, 11,6 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
11,6, 11,6 ...	"Iste Confessor." Adapted by the Editor	1400	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
11,6, 11,6 ...	M. K. W.	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8,7,4 ...	Lock Collection. M. Madan	1790	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4 ...	Original Tune. Thomas Kelly ... 1804-	1836	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4 ...	Handel 1685-	1759	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4 ...	"Christian's Pocket Tune-Book"	1862	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4 ...	Dr Cooke's "Congreg. Church Music"	1853	Adapted from German. Harm. by Dr L. Mason.
C.M. ...	Dr Croft, Supplement to "Tate and Brady"	1703	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	S. Stanley	1822	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6 ...	M. Vulpius 1560-	1616	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6 ...	Dr J. C. F. Schneider 1786-	1854	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
64,64,6664 ...	Dr Lowell Mason	1859	Harmonised by the Composer.
D.L.M. ...	J. B. Dykes, Precentor of Dur. Cathedral	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
P.M. ...	Henry Edward Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
P.M. ...	Henry Edward Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
L.M. ...	Samuel Hofer	1863	From "Pilgerharfe." Ed. by S. Hofer.
L.M. ...	A. R. Reinagle, Oxford	1865	Sent by the Composer for this Work.
8,7,4 ...	Mozart—1756-1791. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Sacred Harmony. A. Robertson & Co.
8,7,4 ...	Popular Melody. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	This Tune has been generally sung to it.
8,7,4 ...	William Reid	1865	Based on a Choral by J. R. Ahle—1662.
64,64,6664 ...	S. Hofer	1863	Harmonies revised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8s, six lines ...	"Choralmelodien"	1861	Harmonies revised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8s, six lines ...	Dr Lowell Mason	1859	Harmonies revised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	Ed. Ireland's "Tunes of the Psalms"	1699	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.

First Line of Hymn.	Author of Hymn.	No. of Tune.	Name of Tune.
My soul, amid this stormy world ...	R. Chapman—1848 ...	66	Palestrina ...
Nearer, my God to Thee ...	Sarah Flower Adams—1840 ...	60	Aspiration ...
Nearer, my God, to Thee	60	Devotion ...
Nearer, my God, to Thee	60	Bethany ...
Nearer, my God, to Thee	60	Horbury ...
Nearer, my God, to Thee	60	Mount Olivet ...
No blood, no altar now ...	Horatius Bonar—1861 ...	101	Fulfilment ...
Not all the blood of beasts ...	Isaac Watts, D.D.—1709 ...	67	Anyhoe ...
Not all the blood of beasts	67	Boylston ...
Nothing either great or small ...	James Procter, of Edinburgh—1858 ...	32	Holybourne ...
Nothing either great or small	32	Szrim ...
Nothing either great or small	32	Completeness ...
Nothing know we of the season ...	Thomas Kelly—1804-1836 ...	153	Expectation ...
Nothing know we of the season	153	Freyberg ...
Now be thanks and praise ascending ...	Dr Kennedy's "Hymnologia Christiana," ...	138	Thanksgiving ...
Now I have found a Friend ...	Henry Hope, Dublin ...	7	Happy Land ...
Now I have found a Friend	7	Morningside ...
O blessed Jesus! Lamb of God ...	J. G. Deck ...	17	Gladness ...
O blessed Jesus! Lamb of God	17	Ganges ...
O blessed Jesus! who but Thou ...	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848 ...	95	Moravia ...
O brothers, tune your voices ...	"Hymnologia Christiana" ...	144	Jubilee ...
O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head,	Mrs Cousin, Melrose—1862 ...	10	Substitution ...
O Christ, what burdens bow'd Thy head,	...	10	Brunswick ...
O everlasting Light ...	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1861 ...	63	Kane ...
O everlasting Light	63	Light ...
O grace divine! the Saviour shed ...	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848 ...	22	Cannons ...
O grace divine! the Saviour shed	22	Eisenach ...
O happy day that fixed my choice ...	Philip Doddridge, D.D.—1702-1751 ...	62	Happy Day ...
O happy day! when first we felt ...	J. G. Deck—1855 ...	33	Hebron ...
O happy day! when first we felt	33	Ernan ...
O come, Thou stricken Lamb of God ...	Dessler, Transl. by J. Wesley ...	46	Manfield ...
O come, Thou stricken Lamb of God	46	Ignotum ...
O head! so full of bruises ...	Gerhardt—1659 ...	31	"O Head" ...
O for the robes of whiteness ...	Miss Smith—1861 ...	69	Robes of Whiteness ...
Oh! what a lonely path was ours ...	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848 ...	57	St David's ...
O joyful day! O glorious hour ...	Walker's "Psalms and Hymns" ...	68	Praise ...
O joyful day! O glorious hour	68	Hanbury ...
O let us tell the matchless worth ...	Medley ...	158	Jordan ...
O Lord, in nothing would I boast ...	J. G. Deck—1855 ...	130	St Paul's ...
O Lord, in nothing would I boast	130	Farrant ...
O Lord, when we the path retrace	106	Howard ...
O Lord, who now art seated	116	Bradford ...
O Lord, who now art seated	116	Goodwin ...
O love divine, how sweet Thou art ...	Charles Wesley—1842 ...	131	Love Divine ...
O love divine, how sweet Thou art	131	Purleigh ...
O love, how deep, how broad, how high ...	Dr Kennedy's "Hymnologia Christiana" ...	147	Potsdam ...
O love, how deep, how broad, how high	147	Wareham ...
O love of God, how strong and true ...	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1861 ...	86	Love ...
One there is above all others ...	Author unknown ...	14	Friendship ...
Oppress'd with noonday's scorching heat ...	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1856 ...	195	Shade ...
Oppress'd with noonday's scorching heat	195	Shelter ...
O precious blood! O glorious death ...	Augustus Montague Toplady—1759-1777 ...	44	Invocation ...
O spotless Lamb of God, in Thee	49	Benham ...
O spotless Lamb of God, in Thee	49	Love ...
O teach me more of Thy blest ways ...	Hutton ...	132	Redemption ...
O Thou, erst Jacob's Rock ...	Du Rocher de Jacob—transl. by F. Naylor ...	111	Jacob's Rock ...
O what a bright and blessed world ...	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848 ... [1863	108	Anticipation ...
O what a bright and blessed world	108	Love ...
O wondrous hour! when, Jesus, Thou	155	Golgotha ...
O wondrous hour! when, Jesus, Thou	155	Breslau ...
O worship the King, all glorious above ...	Sir Robert Grant—1830 ...	136	Houghton ...
O worship the King, all glorious above	136	Paran ...

Mea-ure.	Author of Tune.	Date.	Miscell-nea
C.M. ...	Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina ... 1524-	1594	Church of Scotland Hymn-Tune Book—1864.
64,64,664 ...	Original Tune. Har. by H. E. Dibdin ...	1865	Received on a printed broadside from the U. S.
64,64,664 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
64,64,664 ...	Dr Lowell Mason. Sab. Hy. & Tune Book	1859	This tune is generally sung to it in America.
64,64,664 ...	J. B. Dykes, of Durham ...	1861	Tune to it in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
64,64,664 ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A. ...	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
66,86,10,12 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
S.M. ...	From "Ashworth's Collection" ...	1766	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
S.M. ...	Dr Lowell Mason ...	1853	Harmonies revised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
75,75 ...	Rev. Tune-Book. Edited by Isaac Ashe	1863	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
75,75 ...	New Choral in Dr Filitz's "Choralbuch"	1846	Adapted and harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
75,75, double	G. F. Becker, in his "Choralmelodien"	1841	This tune is the most appropriate of the three.
87,87,77	Thomas Kelly... ..	1820	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
87,87,77	Henrich Albert—1644. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	German—"Gott des Himmels und der Erden."
88,77,888	Adapted from a German Tune by W. R. ...	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
64,64,6664 ...	Indian Air. Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin	1865	This melody is universally sung to it.
64,64,6664 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8,8,6 ...	J. Usticke Scobell ...	1862	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,8,6 ...	Am. Melody in Sab. Hymn and Tune Book	1859	Harmonies revised by H. E. Dibdin.
C.M. ...	Nic. Heerman. Har. by H. E. Dibdin, 1865	1560	From Nelson's "Scottish Psalmody."
7,6 (D.) ...	"Elzevier'schen Psalmbuch" ...	1646	Harmonies from Dr Filitz's "Choralbuch."
86,86,86	William Reid ...	1865	Composed expressly for this hymn.
86,86,86	Adapted from Handel (1742) by Goss ...	1864	Mercer's "Psalter and Hymn Book."
D.S.M. ...	Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book ...	1859	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
D.S.M. ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
L.M. ...	Handel. From the Fitzwilliam MS. ...	1742	Adapted by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	J. H. Schein. "Cantional" ... 1645-	1683	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. & chorus	Its own Melody. Har. by H. E. Dibdin... ..	1865	This tune is universally sung to it.
L.M. ...	Dr Lowell Mason ...	1830	Harmonies revised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	Dr Lowell Mason ...	1830	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	Beethoven ...	1827	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin	1865	The composer of this tune is unknown to us.
7,6, double	Original Tune. Hans Geo. Hasler ...	1601	{ "Hertzlich thut nich verlangen." "O haupt voll Blut und Wunden."
7,6, double	Original Tune. By Miss Whately	1861	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	Thomas Ravenscroft, M.B. ... 1621-	1671	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,8,6 ...	Radiger. Adapted by W. R. ...	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
8,8,6 ...	Dr W. Hayes—1708 ...	1779	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,8,6 ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A. ...	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
C.M. ...	Nahum Tate—1651 ...	1716	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	Richard Farrant ...	1585	Harmonised by John Goss.
C.M. ...	Dr S. Howard ...	1782	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6, double	Michael Haydn—1734 ...	1806	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6, double	Geo. James Webb. "Temple Melodies"	1851	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,8,6 ...	Dr Filitz's "Choralbuch" ...	1846	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,8,6 ...	A. Brown ...	1861	"Hymns Ancient and Modern."
L.M. ...	Nic. Heerman ...	1563	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	W. Knapp ...	1768	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	William Reid ...	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
84,84,8884	Original Tune. Har. by H. E. Dibdin ...	1865	This tune is universally sung to it.
C.M. ...	J. Dürrner ...	1856	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	A. R. Reinagle, Oxford ...	1865	Contributed for this Work.
D.C.M. ...	R. A. Smith ...	+1829	Harmonised by the Composer.
L.M. ...	Sur. and Dib. "Church Music" Supt. ...	1844	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	William Reid ...	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
D.C.M. ...	Dr Andrew Thomson ...	+1832	"Sacred Harmonies," by R. A. Smith.
P.M. ...	Dr Malan. "Chants Chrétiens" ...	1857	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	William Reid ...	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
L.M. ...	William Reid ...	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
L.M. ...	"Veni Redemptor." Filitz's "Choralbuch"	1846	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	"Psalmodia Clauderi" ...	1630	Ger., "O Jesu Christ, meines lebens Licht"
10,10,11,11	Dr Gauntlett ...	1862	From "Church Song."
10,10,11,11	W. H. Havergal, M.A. ...	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."

First Line of Hymn.	Author of Hymn.	No. of Tune.	Name of Tune.
Palms of glory, raiment bright	James Montgomery—1853	172	Sharon
Palms of glory, raiment bright	172	Palms of Glory
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed	John Bakewell—1760	114	Paschal Lamb
Paschal Lamb, by God appointed	114	Forgiveness... ..
Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God	"Bible Hymn Book," ed. by Dr Bonar	110	Salvation
Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God	110	Mercy
Praise, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God	110	Kerux
Praise to Him who built the hills	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1861	93	Crasselius
Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy	From Walker's "Psalms and Hymns"	173	Auchencairn
Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy	173	Laudate
Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy	173	Conway
Rejoice, the Lord is King	C. Wesley—1742	120	Casterton
Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee	J. N. D.	175	Rise, my Soul
Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee	175	Adoption
Rock of Ages! cleft for me	A. M. Toplady—1759-1777	2	Pascal
Running the Christian race	William Reid—1862... ..	37	Service
Saviour, hasten Thine appearing	J. G. Deck	176	Parousia
Sound the high praises of Jesus our King	"Spiritual Songs," by J. C. Ryle	21	Victory
Sound the high praises of Jesus our King	21	Miriam's Song
Sovereign grace! o'er sin abounding	Walker's "Psalms and Hymns"	127	Zaanaim
Star of the promised morning, rise	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1861	105	Star... ..
Sweeter sounds than music knows	113	Cassel
Sweeter sounds than music knows	113	Zurich
Sweeter sounds than music knows	John Newton—1722-1807	113	Martyn
That city with the jewell'd crest	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1856	149	St George's, Edin... ..
The atoning work is done	Thomas Kelly—1804-1836	115	Atonement
The gloomy night will soon be past	"Hymns Ancient and Modern"	40	Olmutz
The gloomy night will soon be past	40	St Cutlbert's
The God of Peace to guilty men	Author unknown	90	Deliverance
The head that once was crown'd with thorns	Thomas Kelly—1804-1836	23	New London
The holiest now we enter	Mrs Peters	148	Bonchurch
The holiest now we enter	148	"The Holiest"
The Lord hath gone up with a shout	F. Naylor—1862	11	Triumph
There is a fountain filled with blood	William Cowper	54	Evan
There is a fountain filled with blood	54	Fountain
There is a name I love to hear	Fred. Whitfield—1858	18	Belmont
There is a place of endless joy	J. G. Deck	162	Joy
The roseate hues of early dawn	Cecil Frances Alexander—1853	146	Old 144th
The saints of Jesus, while on earth	James Kelly's selection	174	Manchester (New)... ..
The saints of Jesus, while on earth	174	Effingham
The sands of time are sinking	Mrs Cousin, Melrose	5	Immanuel's Land
The sands of time are sinking	5	Anwoth
The Saviour lives, no more to die	Author unknown	73	The Morning Hymn
The Son of God, in mighty love	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1856	79	Soldau
The Spirit breathes upon the Word	William Cowper—1779	97	Martyrdom
The Spirit breathes upon the Word	97	Abbey Tune
This is not my place of resting	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1856	38	Sidon
This is not my place of resting	38	Gotha
This is not my place of resting	38	Wertheim
This is not my place of resting	38	Winter
This world is a wilderness wide	J. N. D.	30	"This World"
This world is a wilderness wide	30	Wilderness
Thou hidden source of calm repose	C. Wesley—1742	128	Camden
Thy works, not mine, O Lord	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1856	182	St John's
Thy works, not mine, O Lord	182	Old 148th
'Tis finish'd all—our souls to win	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848	48	Neumark
'Tis finish'd all—our souls to win	48	Eisenach
'Tis finish'd: O glorious word	Dr Kennedy's "Hymnologia Christiana"	139	'Tis Finished
'Tis past—the dark and dreary night	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848	119	Balerna
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now	157	Martyrs
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now	157	Southwell
To the Name of our salvation	From "Hymns Ancient and Modern"	159	Exultation
'Twas Thy love, O God. that knew us	Walker's "Psalms and Hymns"	179	Grace

Measure.	Author of Tune.	Date.	Miscellaneous.
7s ...	W. H. Havergal, M. A. ...	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
7s ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8,7, double ...	English Melody. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Composer's name not known.
8,7 ...	American Melody. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Child's Paper. Author unknown.
P.M. ...	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin ...	1865	Popular Melody. Author unknown.
P.M. ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
P.M. ...	William Reid. (Based on a German tune.)	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
L.M. ...	"Geistreiches Gesangbuch." Edited by	1714	Har. Mercer's "Psalter and Hymn Book."
11,10,11,10 ...	J. K. Scott ... [J. A. Freylinghausen	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
11,10,11,10 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
11,10,11,10 ...	Henry Lawes... ..	1636	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
6666,88 ...	Haydn	1732	1809 Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
87,87 ...	Based on "Herr Jesu Christ, dich," &c.	1651	"Congregational Church Tune-Book, 1863."
87,87 ...	German. "Pilgerharfe" ...	1863	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s, six lines ...	German. B. Ritter ...	1792	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
64,64,6664 ...	M. K. W.	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8,7,4 ...	G. F. Becker. "Choralmelodien" ...	1841	For Spitta's "Psalter und Harfe."
P.M. ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
P.M. ...	Charles Avison	1770	From "Concertos for a Full Band."
8,7,4 ...	W. H. Havergal, M. A. ...	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes." [surge.]
86,8886 ...	William Reid	1865	Hy. begins, "Deep down beneath the unresting"
7s ...	German. "O gesegnes Regieren" ...	1784	"Choralbuch der Brüdergemeinen."
7s ...	German. "Jesus meines Lebens Leben"	1715	"Mel. in Gothaïschen Cantional."
7s, double ...	S. B. Marsh	1859	From "Sabbath Tune and Hymn Book."
D.C.M. ...	Dr Andrew Thomson	+1832	The treble should take tenor in line 5th, if no
6666,88 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work. [tenor voice.]
86,84 ...	Mercer's "Psalter and Hymn Book"	1854	Harmonised by John Goss.
76,84 ...	J. B. Dykes, M.A., Prec. of Dur. Cath. ...	1861	"Hymns Ancient and Modern."
D.C.M. ...	Isaac Ashe	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
C.M. ...	From Playford's "Psalter" ...	1671	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6, double ...	Barth Helder	1648	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6, double ...	Beethoven	1770	1827 "Gothaischen Cantional."
87,55,68 ...	William Reid	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	"H."	1853	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	A. Reinagle, Oxford... ..	1865	Contributed for this Work.
C.M. ...	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin ...	1865	Popular Irish Church tune.
86,86,8888 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
D.C.M. ...	Day's Psalter	1563	"Hymns Ancient and Modern."
C.M. ...	Dr R. Wainwright—1747 ...	1782	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	Th. Tallis—1565. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Parker's "Psalter."
76,76,76,75 ...	Mias Whately... ..	1862	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
76,76,76,75 ...	J. Crüger	1658	Arranged by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	Thomas Tallis. "Parker's Psalter"	1565	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	From a Tune of 13th Century ...	1852	Arranged and har. by H. E. Dibdin.
C.M. ...	Hugh Wilson	1820	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	From "Scotch Psalter"	1615	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
87,87 ...	Beethoven	1770	1827 Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
87,87 ...	H. R. H. Prince Albert ...	1853	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
87,87 ...	Dr F. Layritz... ..	1829	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
87,87 ...	Winter... ..	1758	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
P.M. ...	Its own Melody	1842	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
P.M. ...	Henry Edward Dibdin... ..	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8s, six lines ...	Dr Gauntlett	1850	From Curwen's "People's Service."
6666,4444 ...	"Congregational Church Music" ...	1853	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
6666,4444 ...	Proper 148th English Psalter ...	1562	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	G. Neumark	1681	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	J. H. Schein, "Cantional," &c.—1586	1630	Harmony—"Chorale Book for England."
88,99,10,8 ...	Henry Edward Dibdin ...	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
C.M. ...	R. Simpson. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	From the old Air of "Durandante and Belerma."
C.M. ...	"Scottish Psalter"	1615	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	H. S. Irons	1861	From "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
87,87,87 ...	Samuel Hofer... ..	1863	From "Pilgerharfe." C. F. Spittler, Basel.
8,7,4 ...	Haydn... ..	1732	1809 Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.

First Line of Hymn.	Author of Hymn.	No. of Tune.	Name of Tune.
Watchman! tell us of the night	From "Sabbath School Bell"	45	Traveller
Watchman! tell us of the night	45	Syria
Watchman! tell us of the night	45	Spanish Chant
We all must speak for Jesus	W. P. Mackay, M.A.—1862	26	Confession
We all must speak for Jesus	26	Testimony
We are not left to walk alone	J. G. Deck	84	Wells
We are not left to walk alone	84	Goldel
We're not of the world that fadeth away	J. G. Deck	160	Hanover
We're not of the world that fadeth away	160	Strangers
We go the way that leads to God	From "Times of Refreshing"	40 β	Going Home
We go the way that leads to God	40	Duke Street
We praise Thy great love, our Father and God	W. P. Mackay, M.A.—1863	74 β	Hallelujah... ..
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848	87	St Stephen's
What will it be to dwell above	Swain	164	Foretaste
What will it be to dwell above	164	Seraphim
When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame	J. G. Deck	76	Eton
When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame	76	Meribah
When I survey the wondrous cross	Isaac Watts, D.D.—1674-1748	56	Rockingham
When I survey the wondrous cross	56	Hildekel
When this passing world is done	Robert Murray M'Cheyne	15	Morning Star
When this passing world is done	15	Coburg
Where, in this waste, unlovely world	Sir Edward Denny, Bart.—1848	169	Engedi
Where, in this waste, unlovely world	169	St Peter
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn	Isaac Watts, D.D.—1674-1748	51	Security
Who trusts in God a strong abode	From a stained glass window in Nordhausen	137	Confidence
Who trusts in God a strong abode	137	Resolution
With Christ we died to sin	W. P. Mackay, M.A.—1863	9	Oneness
With Christ we died to sin	9	Scema
Yes, for me, for me He careth	Horatius Bonar, D.D.—1856	47	Cullack
Yes, for me, for me He careth	47	Protection
Yes, for me, for me He careth	47	Elder Brother
Yes, we part, but not for ever	J. Denham Smith—1862	199	Courland
Yes, we part, but not for ever	199	Holywoodrath

Measure.	Author of Tune.	Date.	Miscellanea.
7s, double ...	American Melody. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	From "Sabbath School Bell."
7s, double ...	From "People's Service of Song" ...	1850	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s, double ...	Spanish Melody. Har. by H. E. Dibdin	1865	Composer and time of publication unknown.
7,6, double ...	W. P. Mackay, M.A.	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7,6, double ...	Johann Kugelmann, "Concentus Novi" ...	1549	From "Chorale Book for England."
L.M. ...	M. Wilkin's Book of Psalmody	1699	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
L.M. ...	J. H. Schein 1586	1630	Harmonised by Dr Filitz—1846.
10,10,11,11 ...	Probably Dr Croft. "Wilkins's Psalmody"	1699	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
10,10,11,11 ...	M. K. W.	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
L.M. ...	"Music for Special Services"	1862	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	John Hatton	1830	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
P.M. ...	Its own Melody. "Revival Tune-Book"	1863	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	Isaac Smith	1770	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8s, six lines ...	J. F. Bain, Glasgow	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8s, six lines ...	"Geistreiches Gesangbuch." J. A. Frey-	1704	"Mein Jesu dem die Seraphinen."
8s, six lines ...	Wyvill [Inghausen	1700	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8s, six lines ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
L.M. ...	Dr Miller	1790	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
L.M. ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
7s, six lines ...	Haydn 1732-	1809	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
7s, six lines ...	"Bohemian Brethren's Choralbuch" ...	1531	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
C.M. ...	W. H. Havergal, M.A.	1859	"A Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes."
C.M. ...	A. R. Reinagle, Oxford	1826	Har. as in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."
L.M. ...	"Pilgerharfe"	1863	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7, double ...	Henry Edward Dibdin	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
8,7, double ...	M. K. W.	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
S.M. ...	W. P. Mackay, M.A.	1865	Composed expressly for this Work.
S.M. ...	R. A. Smith	+1829	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
87,87 ...	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin	1865	From Toepler's "Ancient Choral Melody."
87,87 ...	William Reid	1865	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin.
87,87, chorus	J. W. Dadman. "Golden Chain" ...	1861	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.
8,7,4 ...	Lutheran. Sacred Har., with Geikie's Supt.	1854	Published by A. Robertson & Co., Edinburgh.
8,7,4 ...	Mrs Thompson	1862	Harmonised by H. E. Dibdin—1865.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the publication of this Praise-Book, the cherished purpose of many years has its accomplishment. It is a humble service undertaken and performed for the glory of Jesus, and the profit of His suffering, witnessing Church on earth; and, as one who feels himself unworthy to be intrusted with any department of labour "for His name," I would now lay it down, with profound reverence and adoring gratitude, at the feet of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose PRAISE it is intended to record; and beseech Him, in His condescending love, to give it such favour in the eyes of His believing people, that they may be induced to employ it as a medium through which to offer "THE SACRIFICE OF PRAISE."

A brief Introduction may lead to a more intelligent and favourable consideration of its contents. Our first remark will be about—

1. THE HYMNS.—The compositions contained in the following pages are given, as far as it has been in our power to get at the originals, *without alteration*, as the authors wrote them. The mutilating of hymns has been carried to such an extent by compilers, that it is hardly possible to find two books with the same version of the common hymns. This is most perplexing and distracting, and, in a literary point of view, very reprehensible.

My desire is to secure *uniformity* in the materials of our praise, and that can be attained only by printing hymns precisely as the authors wrote them. I am not conscious of having *altered* any without first communicating with the authors, and obtaining their sanction.

The present Work has not been compiled on the understanding that we should pander to perverted taste, in any degree, by the adoption of utterly unworthy hymns merely because they have been generally sung, and have acquired a *temporary popularity*; but on this principle,—that the taste, wherever vitiated, should be elevated by presenting those sacred compositions which *ought* to become *permanently popular* on account of their intrinsic poetical and doctrinal excellence.

2. THE POETRY.—In selecting the hymns which compose this volume, some pains have been taken to exclude rant and doggerel, and to give only such pieces as combine the *highest spirituality* with *good poetry*. There are, indeed, a number of hymns included which derive their poetic power chiefly from the greatness and sublimity of the divine truths which they contain, and on that account they will be appreciated more by, and exert their most powerful influence over, spiritual minds; but it will be found that, even in them, the versification is so smooth, and the thoughts are so elevated, that they will not offend the most refined poetic taste.

It has been my earnest endeavour to keep the literature of the Work so high, that every composition may be able to bear the criticism of the poet, as well as to meet the varied spiritual necessities of the Christian; for with such a copiousness of the poetic as we find in the Holy Scriptures,—with such a subject for praise as “the Christ of God,” “the Word made flesh,” dwelling among us, and having so many beautiful creations of sanctified genius as are now published, a Christian who would serve his generation in the way of compiling a book of praise, is under a solemn obligation to produce something better than a mere chaos of didactic doggerel.

If it were objected to this that God has no need of human wisdom and mental power to forward His cause on earth, it would be quite sufficient to meet such a futile objection to make the counter-assertion, that He has quite as little need of intellectual feebleness and ranting folly. To serve the Lord with the Church’s best is surely, to take the lowest ground, no sin; and when we have done so, we may lay ourselves down in the dust before Him, and say, “We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which was our duty to do,” (Luke xvii. 10.)

Why should we not expect the Holy Ghost to bring out the highest strains of divine music from the fine-toned harp, supplied by the gifted mind, which, in virtue of the redemption-work of Christ, and in connexion with Him risen and glorified, He has re-strung and tuned to celebrate the eternal praise of that glorious Being, who is at the same moment the dying Lamb of Calvary and the great Source of all created intelligence, and “Head over all to the Church which is His body”? Why not expect redeemed men to sing in loftiest strains,—“*Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father*”? Our next remark is regarding—

3. THE TRUTH.—In the preparation of this volume, it has been my constant aim to embrace the whole circle of that department of Divine Truth which more properly forms the theme of *Christian Praise*. The proper *subject* for praise, and the immediate *object* of worship, is the Christ of God. The Incarnate Word is

the Central Object that furnishes all the materials for offering acceptably "*the sacrifice of praise to God,*" (Heb. xiii. 15.) Properly speaking, the Father, as the Fountain of Deity, is the *ultimate* Object of our worship; and we worship the Father *through* the Son, and *by* the Spirit: "for *through* Him we both have access *by* one Spirit *unto* the Father," (Eph. ii. 18;) but as the Divine Son is "GOD MANIFESTED IN THE FLESH," (1 Tim. iii. 16,) and as it is only by knowing Him that we know the Father, and as we are enjoined to honour the Son as we honour the Father, He is placed before us as the more *immediate* Object of our praise; and it is only by knowing Him as the perfect Doer of the will of God, even to the accomplishing of atonement, "by the sacrifice of Himself," (Heb. ix. 26,) and as the Obedient Servant of the Father, and Surety of His brethren, achieving the redemption, calling, new creation, purification, and final glorification of His Bride the Church, that we obtain an unalterable position "within the veil," in "the holiest of all," as purged worshippers, who have had their day of divine consecration, (Lev. viii., and Heb. x.,) and as "a spiritual house, an holy priesthood," are enabled, with divine intelligence and real heart-homage, "to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

For redeemed *sinners*, the key-note of all acceptable worship and spiritual praise must be struck at the Cross of Calvary, with "*Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift,*" (2 Cor. ix. 15.) The unconverted sinner cannot sing praise to God, and he should not be deluded into the belief that he can praise acceptably while he remains unconverted; for that were to put into his hands the *meat-offering* before the *burnt-offering*, and induce him to commit the fearful error on account of which both Cain and his offering were rejected. Hence we may infer, from the teaching of the Word of God, that if we are really to praise God at all, we must first know ourselves "*accepted* in the Beloved;" and if we wish to continue enjoying God's service, we must always keep the unchanging, *objective* truth regarding the great Redeemer fresh in our minds, and not allow our thoughts to brood over the fluctuating frames and feelings, the harassing fears and doubts, the difficulties, trials, and temptations of our own souls. If we keep Christ before us as the constant *object of our faith*, we shall continually enjoy His refreshing presence within us *as the life of our souls*. It is only in the power of the Holy Ghost that we can possibly worship; but He is given to glorify Christ, fill the soul with God's thoughts of Him, and thereby beget within us the spirit of adoring praise: and "what variety of utterance He calls forth from the body of Christ, like the varied pipes of some majestic organ, all different, yet filled by one Spirit, and all together making up the harmony of the new song, which none can learn but the redeemed from amongst men!"

The great leading peculiarity of this Hymn-Book is its OBJECTIVITY. In other words, the hymns treat mainly of the PERSON, *the Work, and the Glory of*

CHRIST, and express faith, confidence, gratitude, love, peace, joy, and the sure hope of glory,—not the gloom, darkness, doubt, fear, anxiety, and uncertainty of personal acceptance which are so frequently to be met with. The light of the great love of God in giving His Son to die for us streams forth from Calvary, and irradiates every page; so that the worshipper may say and sing on using any and all of the hymns:—

“ On CHRIST, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.”

4. THE DOCTRINE.—The doctrinal purity of the hymns in this collection has been carefully watched. The doctrine is, throughout, Pauline, “the gospel of the glory of Christ,”—the only true system of theology, the opposite of which is neither philosophically correct, nor scripturally true.

We regret to observe that there is not a wider range of truth to be found in the more prominent hymnals in general use. They seem to go little farther in divine truth than atonement and redemption. The books we refer to are of decided value so far as they go; but seeing that they do not embrace hymns setting forth life in resurrection and victory in a risen Christ as the present portion of the saints of God; the heavenly calling and well-defined position of the Church on earth as one with the man-rejected, but God-accepted and glorified “Christ of God” in heaven; the coming of the Lord for His ransomed Church,—raising His dead saints, changing His living ones, as the distinct hope of the Church; and His glorious appearing with His saints to destroy Antichrist, break in pieces the oppressor of His ancient people and the destroyer of the nations, convert the Jews, save the world, and reign over a millennial earth filled with His glory as the waters cover the sea, when “men shall be blessed in him, *all nations* shall call him blessed,” as the distinct hope for the world:—they are meagre and disappointing to the instructed Christian. Church truth is surely the staple material for our praise in this dispensation, which is, *to believers* at least, *the age of the Church*: and works which do not contain hymns giving “a certain sound” on “the great mystery—*Christ and the Church*,” cannot satisfy the cravings of souls quickened together with Him, raised and seated together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, any more than the sight of a stubble-field from which the rich crop of ripened corn has been removed can satisfy the seeing of one who looks out on the landscape with a painter’s appreciating eye.

The *range* of doctrine contained in the present work is comprehensive of all those truths we have mentioned, and brings prominently into view the coming of our Lord Jesus “the second time without sin unto salvation,” that we may give expression to the apostolic exhortation—“Wherefore comfort one another with *these words*,” (1 Thess. iv. 13-18.)

The present is the night-period of our history, but "the night is far spent, the day is at hand," (Rom. xiii. 12;) and of that DAY many have rejoiced to sing in joyful expectancy. And while the silvery rays of the Bright and Morning Star are sparkling on the verge of the night, and we expect ere long that the day will break and the shadows flee away, why should not the Bride of the Lamb enliven the lonely night with the singing of cheerful hymns of hope, and breathe out the longing of her loving heart for "the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him," (2 Thess. ii. 1.)

5. THE BOOK.—The book contains fully *two hundred hymns*, which, when taken in their totality, may be justly regarded as among the best singing hymns in the English language. The volume is a carefully-chosen *selection*—not a *congeries* of compositions containing doctrines which are mutually contradictory. Divine Truth is a gorgeous temple built up symmetrically, not a mere mass of heterogeneous materials; and, standing inside the beautiful edifice, we are amazed at "the manifold wisdom of God" displayed, and can adore and praise. There is a plan, a unity, and a doctrinal symmetry pervading the entire book. We have endeavoured, to the best of our ability, to give such hymns as, *when sung straight through*, (which we would invite every one who is in possession of the book to do,) will afford, by the Spirit's grace, no little *edification* to the saints of God, on account of the fulness with which the hymns embody "the riches of the full assurance of understanding, of the *Mystery* of God, and of the Father, and of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," (Col. ii. 2, 3.) We are under obligation to many for the use of their hymns, of which suitable acknowledgment has been made in the Index. But we cannot help particularising three hymn-writers whose hymns compose nearly one-half of the volume. These are Horatius Bonar, D.D., J. G. Deck, and Sir Edward Denny, Bart. If we were to characterise their hymns severally, we might do so by the expressions—sublime *poetry*, massive *truth*, and spiritual *sentiment*—which are all invaluable in a Book of Praise. We thank God for the inestimable privilege of having so many of the finest compositions of the beloved friends of Christ of many generations, lands, and denominations, all uttering in most perfect harmony their adoring praise of "JESUS CHRIST, *who is the faithful Witness, the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth,*" (Rev. i. 5.)

6. THE DESIGN of this book is the glory of God, by drawing out more of the worshipping spirit of Christianity: "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me," says God, (Ps. l. 23.) "Praise and prayer," as a noble brother in Christ desires me to remind my readers, "being twin sisters, in order either to pray or praise acceptably, we must have our minds pervaded by the Spirit of God, and be in calm

fellowship with our heavenly Father." As both *prayer* and *praise* spring from the same source, we may obtain our Father's blessing for ourselves or others quite as readily *by cheerful praise* as *by importunate prayer*. If you read 2 Chron. xx., it will furnish you with an illustration of this. There was first earnest *prayer*, which the Lord responded to by giving His *promise* of deliverance; and the king and people believed, and "fell before the LORD, worshipping the LORD," and then "stood up to praise the LORD God of Israel," even before the deliverance came; and "*when they began to sing and to praise*," the Lord began immediately to overthrow their enemies. *Prayerful reliance* on God, and *praiseful confidence* in God, will still accomplish mighty achievements. It may be that the reason why we do not enjoy more spiritual prosperity is, because we have been laying hold of God only with the right hand of *prayer*, and not also with the left hand of *praise*. Praise God, in holy communion with Himself, by means of these "Songs of Deliverance," and see whether He "will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it," (Mal. iii. 10.) (See also 2 Chron. v. 11-14.)

7. THE MUSIC.—When I began to prepare the music for this work, I had it as a distinct object before my mind to do all in my power to provide tunes in such a variety of styles that I would make sure of having the hymns sung by the greatest number of Christians. The book stands most by *classical* music; but if I had confined myself rigidly to classical tunes, while I might have given more pleasure to the accomplished musician, I would not have furnished the ordinary singer with sufficient *melody* to interest him in the contents of the book; and had I given simple melodies only, the book would have been repulsive to persons of musical attainment, and they would not have had the benefit of singing the precious hymns it contains. The book, therefore, contains both thoroughly classical tunes and beautiful simple melodies, original and selected, and in such abundance that persons of the most refined musical taste may be able, by a little investigation, to sing the whole of the hymns to that class of tunes of which they approve; and others, who have had fewer advantages and less musical training, will be able also to sing them to good popular tunes, full of melody.

It has been our desire and one distinct aim of our life to promote unity among Christians of different denominations, and we could not think of departing from our general practice in this work. We love all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, whatever they may be ecclesiastically; and, instead of *sectarianising* our Book, by making it to suit the taste of those only who are accustomed to cathedral music and chorus-singing, we have given it such breadth of style, that it contains pieces that will delight the most fervent Chris-

tian to whom song-like melody is musical perfection ; and we hope that, instead of the educated and refined terming the popular tunes "vulgar," and the patrons of simple melodies characterising tunes that have been employed in the worship of the Church for centuries as "doleful dirges," they will agree that both are excellent in their way, and equally necessary if the worship of the sanctuary is to be unsectarian, and to embrace all Christians, irrespective of their education or musical acquirements. I wish that sacred singing were more *catholic*,—that the refined and educated would "condescend to men of low estate" in reference to music, and cheerfully join them in their simple, *songy* tunes ; and that they, in turn, would not despise, as "dull" and "melancholy," the higher music which the cultivated taste prefers, but, on the contrary, use every means in their power to learn those tunes which musicians pronounce "good."

I am not losing sight of the fact, that "times of refreshing" are generally times of departure from the more stately-going tunes, and of the adoption of cheerful, joyous melodies. I am quite aware of it, and know well that, among thousands of persons who have been brought into "the Church of God" by true conversion in the times of divine power and blessing which have been enjoyed for the past seven years, the song-like sacred tunes are almost universally sung. But I am also convinced, from what I have seen in believers' meetings, chiefly composed of young Christians, that the ordinary psalm-tunes, if sung with real heartiness, and not drawled, would form as pleasing a medium for the expression of worship as any of the popular melodies. Almost everything depends upon the spiritual condition of the leader. If he be "filled with the Spirit," and put his soul into the song of praise, the Old Hundred will go quite as well, and be as much appreciated, as the most lively tune of the revival meeting. Wherever there is Christian life, it must have fervent, cheerful singing as the expression of its worship ; and the monotonous dulness of the mere musician, who only knows and sings the musical notes, will give place to the cordial utterance of grateful adoration in all sorts of musical expression, from the liveliness of the secular song to the gravity of the minor psalm-tune.

There is nothing more hateful and disgusting to a true Christian than mere musical *performance* instead of worship. Wherever "the service of song" has degenerated into one of the staple *manufactures* of the country, and the professing worshippers have become mere *producers* of sound, whatever may be the character of the tunes they sing, and however finished their performance may be, being "things without life giving sound," the service must be wooden, heartless, formal, dull, and dreary. CONVERSION, living faith in Christ, the heart filled with a sense of God's love, "a new creation," are absolutely necessary to the adequate utterance, and even the proper execution, of Sacred Song ; and without them the best musical performance must be defective and nauseous to "the

spiritual man." Hence the folly and mischief of employing unconverted singers in church choirs. If worship were a mere matter of voice alone, good singers might *perform* it; but when it depends chiefly on the present heart-appreciation of the words sung,—hymn and tune being fused into one at the time by the lively faith and fervent love of the spiritual worshipper,—it stands to reason that worship cannot be *performed* by the most accomplished musicians, but is dependent on the presence and energy of the Holy Ghost, who dwells and acts as the spiritual power of life and worship in every believing soul.

But to return to the medium of worship. There is a distinction generally drawn between *secular* and *sacred* music. The secular is thought to belong exclusively to the *world*, and the sacred exclusively to the *Church*. If this distinction were adhered to intelligently, then it would follow, that the moment you left "the world" and joined "the Church," you must abandon all secular or worldly singing, and confine yourself wholly to sacred tunes. Christian consistency demands that all song-singing and the playing of secular music for pleasure or admiration be given up by all true members of the Church, (1 Cor. x. 31.) But why should "the world," which is "condemned already," have nearly all the lively music? Why should the blood-bought Church of Christ, the Bride of the Lamb, the children of God having "the Spirit of adoption" not sing of their spiritual deliverance in the liveliest strains? Why should the lost world's music be more joyous than that of the saved Church? And why draw the line between secular and sacred so rigidly as if it indicated a real and necessary distinction?

What constitutes a musical composition *sacred*? How would you define it theoretically, *i.e.*, without reference to its being either played or sung? Is there any distinction in nature between secular and sacred? or is it like the conventional distinction between reason and instinct? Where does reason end, and instinct begin? Where does *sacred* end, and *secular* begin? I am convinced that the current ideas on the subject are conventional and prejudiced,—traditional and ecclesiastical,—having no real foundation in the human mind, or in Christian experience. I believe that experience goes to disprove the distinction to a great extent; for since the period of the commencement of the religious awakenings, some years ago, the character and the material of the singing of the thousands who have received "life from the dead" have become entirely different from the regulated routine and moribund dulness of the ordinary services of the churches and chapels. The liveliness and joy with which *they* praise are remarkable. Most of their tunes are inferior; but the fact that life loves joyous expression, points unmistakably in the direction of the *secular*, and pronounces it "neither common nor unclean," and, by a large induction, proves that the secular must be employed to some extent, or tunes, having beautiful, simple melody, must be constructed on that model, if the great volume of the new-born

life of the Christian Church is to be allowed to flow in full stream, and to have full vent in the service of praise. Hymn-books and Church Psalters should not be framed so as to please a mere æsthetic taste, or fill the ears of unconverted men of taste, whom Scripture pronounces "dead in trespasses and sins," with solemn sounds, and induce them to mistake sensuous pleasure for spiritual worship, and the assent of the ear for the homage of the heart; but they ought to be prepared for converted, believing, Christ-loving souls, who "worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh."

It will be found that, at every period when the Church has obtained an increment of divine life, she has also received an accession of *secular* melodies, which have become part of her services to this day. There were tunes of a secular kind adopted at the period of the Reformation into the services of the Church, which most persons using them have no idea were once sung to secular words. That these are some of the finest hymn-tunes could be shown by copious reference to German and English books. Take, as an example, "O world, I now must leave thee," "O head, so full of bruises," "In God, my faithful God." The first is even a parody on a secular tune of 1539,—"Innsbruck, I now must leave thee,"—and yet it found place in the music of the Church in 1598, which it has retained up to the present time. May we not hope to have some of the finest of *our* secular melodies transplanted, at such a time as this, into the soil of the Church?

There are some of our beautiful, pure national airs which are well adapted for being sung as hymn-tunes in localities where there has been a revival of Church life; and were the prejudice, arising from our knowledge of the *secular* words, overcome by use, they would have as little difficulty in holding their place in the service of the Church as the German secular tunes to which I have referred have had. If a number of the more solid of them were arranged for part-singing, and taught in schools in connexion with the finest sacred poetry, children, who knew nothing of the secular words, would receive and know them only as sacred tunes, and in a short time they would be sung generally to sacred words. The only consistent course for *Christian* parents who wish to have their children taught the best of our national airs, is to give them to them accompanied with sacred words; for how could we, whose "citizenship is in heaven," teach our children to sing the *songs of earth*?

In pleading so strongly for emancipation from the musical bondage in which some would keep us, let the circumstances of the Church change ever so much, I am not doing so because I have need to justify myself; for, with my *knowledge*, I have not given so much as one *secular* tune in this work; but after the volume was printed, I found that, on account of my *not knowing* at the time, I had adopted *two*, and as the offence committed was but a trivial one, I

deemed it advisable to let them stand. Wherefore, let no one say that I plead the liberty of using any suitable *secular* tune, because I have given *secular* tunes in my book; for this work is composed, throughout, of tunes ordinarily regarded as *sacred*. But I do not say that I will not, by and by, publish *another* book specially for the young, in which I may take all the liberty for which I now plead.

When thinking on this subject, it occurred to me to ask the opinion of my friend Mr Dibdin, and he replied,—“ Sacred music may be grave, joyful, triumphant, or mournful; but never *light*, flippant, or *mawkish*, (the tendency of the present age;) but the great difficulty is to decide what is, or what is not, referable to any of these styles. *Taste* alone can decide; and though, in the long-run, the mass of the people will decide what is good or not, taste, in a great measure, depends upon intuitive perceptions, but is capable of much improvement by familiarity with good music; and as the *popular* taste, being uneducated, generally prefers the *exaggerated* in music, as in everything else, it should be the object of all who publish musical works to aim at raising it. That many *secular* tunes would serve well for *sacred* I freely admit; but whether *we* can divest ourselves of previously-formed ideas while using tunes which have ludicrous associations, however *fit* in themselves as sacred tunes, I am not so sure. The feeling in my mind is annoyance or disgust, and numbers share the same dislike; so I doubt of a universal agreement on the subject. I do not think it improper to adopt them, but simply do not like it. But I do not quarrel with those who like them, and hymn-melodies formed after the secular model; and have shown my liberality in that respect, by helping you to put into a respectable dress some tunes which I would not have chosen for sacred singing. It is a delicate subject, and you will find it impossible to please everybody, or to convince anybody, who differs from you.” This last sentence decides me to hold to my purpose, and endeavour to produce such a work as, I believe, will be most *generally useful*. It is quite possible to combine purity with melody, and liveliness with refinement; and it is hoped that the contents of this volume will prove it.

Before closing, we give an example of the perfect adaptation of a secular tune to translate sacred words into melodious speech. This tune is of great antiquity, and its origin is shrouded in such obscurity that it is a question, among musicians, whether it was not originally a church tune; but it is known among us only as a secular melody. The hymn which it fits so admirably is No. 196. If we could have said “ This tune has been taken from an old German book, and is now published for the first time in this country,” it would have run over the kingdom like fire on a prairie, being universally admired :—

Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care; Th' e - ter - nal life is

yon - der, The life that knows no care. O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion, Brief

toil, e - ter - nal rest— For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest.

The tunes in this work are printed in open notes, because we prefer the appearance of a page containing them to one composed of crochets and quavers. It is a common notion, that if a tune is written in breves, semibreves, and minims, it must be sung in very slow time; but this is an erroneous opinion; and we wish it to be clearly understood, that the speed with which a tune is to be sung does not in the least depend on its being written in open notes or shut notes, but almost exclusively on the words. It should also be borne in mind that hymn and tune must go together as one whole, and that the best tune is only an approximation to a perfect medium for the full expression of the different verses of the hymn. Every verse, or part of a verse, should be sung loud or soft, fast or slow, with the accents on the prominent words according to the differing sentiment; for if a hymn is sung throughout merely according to the notes, it will be very poorly done. The speed and expression will be found out very easily if the words are appreciated; and without a head and a heart appreciation of the words, there can be no proper expression given of the unity formed by both combined.

“UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US, AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER; TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.” (Rev. i. 5, 6.)

THE PRAISE-BOOK.

Hymns and Harmonies.

HYMN 1.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

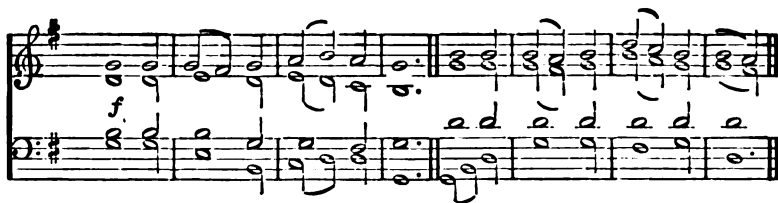
A MIND at "perfect peace" with God,
 Oh, what a word is this!
 A sinner reconciled through blood;—
 This, *this*, indeed is peace!
 By nature and by practice far,
 How very far from God!
 Yet now, by grace, brought nigh to Him,
 Through faith in Jesus' blood.
 So nigh, so very nigh to God,
 I cannot nearer be;

For in the person of His Son,
 I am as near as He.
 So dear, so very dear to God,
 More dear I cannot be;
 The love wherewith He loves the Son,
 Such is His love to me.
 Why should I ever careful be,
 Since such a God is mine!
 He watches o'er me night and day,
 And tells me *mine* is *thine*.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music is in a different key signature, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#). It also consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is more active and rhythmic than the first tune. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

HYMN 2.



ROCK OF AGES! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death;
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne:
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

HYMN 3.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first tune is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The second system also has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second tune is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The second system also has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

GLORY unto Jesus be!
From the curse He set us free;
All our guilt on Him was laid;
He the ransom fully paid;

All His glorious work is done:
God's well pleasèd in His Son;
For He raised Him from the dead,
And He reigns His Church's Head.

His redeem'd His praise shew forth,
Ever glorying in His worth;
Sing with angels round the throne,
"Thou art worthy! Thou alone!"

He will soon return again,
And His saints with Him shall reign;
In this hope they joyful say,
"Come, Lord Jesus, come away!"

HYMN 4.



LORD JESUS, are we ONE with Thee!
O height, O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.

Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our human flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery ONE.

Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

Ascended now in glory bright,
Still ONE with us Thou art;
Nor death, nor life, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly ONE,
And we are ONE with Thee!

Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
THAT THOU WITH US ART ONE.

HYMN 5.

(FIRST TUNE)

THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sigh'd for
 The fair sweet morn awakes ;
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight
 But day-spring is at hand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

Oh ! Christ, He is the fountain,
 The deep sweet well of love ;
 The streams of earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above.
 There to an ocean fulness
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory, glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment,
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were luster'd with His love.
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that plann'd,
 When throned where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

Oh ! I am my Belovèd's,
 And my Belovèd's mine,
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His "house of wine."
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no other stand ;
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
 In Immanuel's land.

The Bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear Bridegroom's face ;
 I will not gaze on glory,
 But on my King of Grace.
 Not on the crown He giveth,
 But on His piercèd hand ;
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's land.

HYMN 5.

(SECOND TUNE.)

THE sands of time are sinking,
 The dawn of heaven breaks,
 The summer morn I've sigh'd for,
 The fair sweet morn awakes :
 Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
 But dayspring is at hand,
 And glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

Oh ! well it is for ever,
 Oh ! well for evermore,
 My nest hung in no forest
 Of all this death-doom'd shore :
 Yea, let the vain world vanish,
 As from the ship the strand,
 While glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

There the Red Rose of Sharon
 Unfolds its heartsome bloom,
 And fills the air of heaven
 With ravishing perfume :
 Oh ! to behold it blossom,
 While by its fragrance fann'd,
 Where glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

The King there, in His beauty,
 Without a veil, is seen :
 It were a well-spent journey,
 Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb, with His fair army,
 Doth on mount Zion stand,
 And glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

Oh ! Christ He is the Fountain,
 The deep sweet well of love !
 The streams on earth I've tasted,
 More deep I'll drink above :
 There, to an ocean fulness,
 His mercy doth expand,
 And glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

E'en Anwoth was not heaven—
 E'en preaching was not Christ ;
 And in my sea-beat prison
 My Lord and I held tryst :
 And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
 Was by a rainbow spann'd,
 Caught from the glory dwelling
 In Immanuel's land.

HYMN 5—*continued.*

But that He built a heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little New Jerusalem,
Like to the one above,—
"Lord, take me o'er the water,"
Had been my loud demand,
"Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land."

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew ;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew :—
And then, for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scann'd—
But glory, shadeless, shineth
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds at Anwoth
I used to count them blest,—
Now, beside happier altars
I go to build my nest :—
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand,
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anwoth, by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear !
E'en from the verge of heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh ! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens,
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide :—
Now, like a weary traveller,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's ling'ring sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters cross'd life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp :
Now, these lie all behind me—
Oh for a well-tuned harp !
Oh ! to join Halleluiah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing, where glory dwelleth;
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love :—
I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that plann'd,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert's brier
Break into Eden's rose ;
The curse shall change to blessing—
The name on earth that's bann'd
Be graven on the white stone
In Immanuel's land.

Oh ! I am my Belovèd's,
And my Beloved is mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine !"
I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Fill'd with His likeness rise,
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes :—
'Tween me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand ;
Then—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face ;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace—
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His piercèd hand :—
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproach'd me,
For Christ's thrice-blessed name :—
Where God's seal set the fairest
They've stamp'd their foulest brand ;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land.

They've summon'd me before them,
But there I may not come,—
My Lord says, "Come up hither,"
My Lord says, "Welcome home !"
My kingly King, at His white throne,
My presence doth command,
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

HYMN 6.

(FIRST TUNE.)



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 I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

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

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 7.

(FIRST TUNE.)

NOW I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
 His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine.
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though human friendships cease,
 Now I have lasting peace,
Jesus is mine.

 Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine.
 He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine.
 He shall my wants supply,
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Nought can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine.

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
 In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine;
 Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine.
 He my Redemption is,
 Wisdom and Righteousness,
 Life, Light, and Holiness,
Jesus is mine.

Father! Thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
 Thine was the sovereign grace,
Jesus is mine.
 Spirit of holiness,
 Sealing the Father's grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus as mine.

HYMN 7.

(SECOND TUNE.)



NOW I have found a Friend,
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 His love shall never end,
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 Though earthly joys decrease,
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 Jesus is mine.
 Spirit of holiness,
 Sealing the Father's grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus as mine.

HYMN 8.



I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

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 look'd to Jesus and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk,
 Till travelling days are done.

HYMN 9.

(FIRST TUNE)

WITH Christ we *died* to sin,
 Lay *buried* in His tomb;
 But, *quicken'd* now with Him, "our Life,"
 We stand beyond our doom!

Our God, in wondrous love,
 Hath *rais'd* us who were dead;
 And, "in the *heavenlies*, *made us sit*
 In Christ," our living "Head."

For us He now appears
 "Within the *veil*" above;
 "Accepted," and "complete in Him,"
 We triumph in His love.

In Christ we now are made
 "The righteousness of God;"
 As heaven-born men, and *heirs* with Him,
 We follow where He trod.

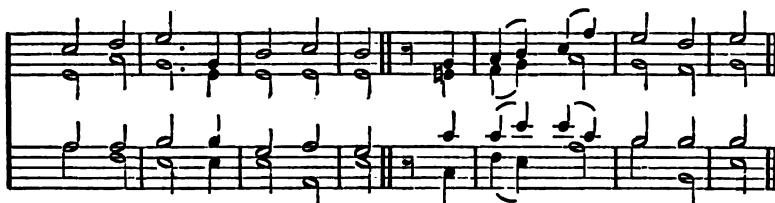
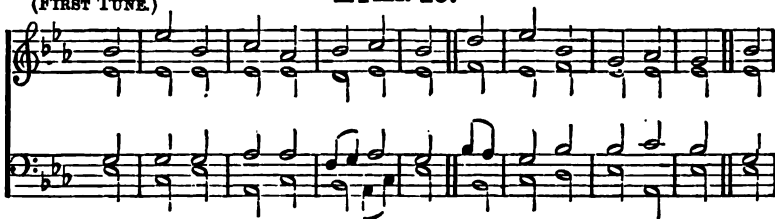
Rejected and despised,
 He bore the "open shame;"
 As *fellow-sufferers*, journeying home,
 We glory in His name.

Soon will the Bridegroom come,
 His bride from earth to call!
 We, *glorified* with Him, shall reign,
 Till God be all in all.

(SECOND TUNE)

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 10.



O CHRIST, what burdens bow'd Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee!
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
Barest all my ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—
O CHRIST, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up;
Now blessings' draught for me.

The Father lifted up His rod—
O CHRIST, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flow'd:
Thy bruising healeth me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O CHRIST, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward:
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarr'd—Thy visage marr'd;
Now cloudless peace for me.

A flame was kindled in God's ire—
O CHRIST, it burn'd on Thee!
It was a hot, consuming fire,
Ev'n in the fair green tree;
There did that fire feed and expire:
Now it is quench'd for me.

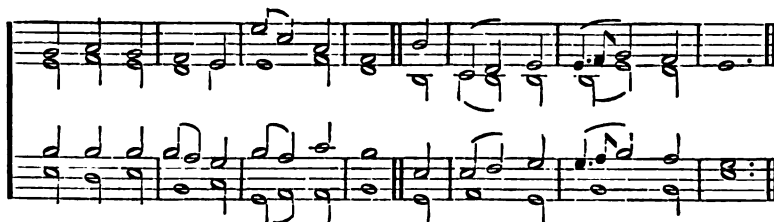
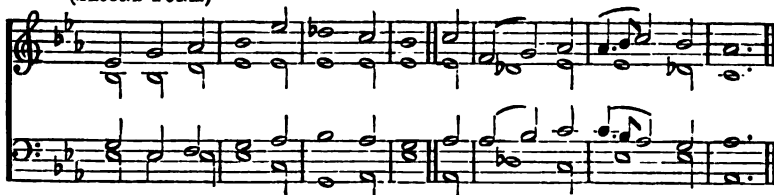
Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O CHRIST, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make:
Now sleeps that sword for me.

The Holy One did hide His face—
O CHRIST, 'twas hid from Thee!
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me.
But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

For me, LORD JESUS, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me!

HYMN 10.

(SECOND TUNE.)



O CHRIST, what burdens bow'd Thy
 Our load was laid on Thee; [head!
 Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
 Barest all my ill for me:
 A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
 Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—
 O CHRIST, 'twas full for Thee!
 But Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop—
 'Tis empty now for me.
 That bitter cup—love drank it up;
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 There's not one stroke for me.
 Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flow'd:
 Thy bruising healeth me.

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 It braved the storm for me.
 Thy form was scarr'd—Thy visage marr'd;
 Now cloudless peace for me.

A flame was kindled in God's ire—
 O CHRIST, it burn'd on Thee!
 It was a hot, consuming fire,
 Ev'n in the fair green tree:
 There did that fire feed and expire:
 Now it is quenched for me.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
 O CHRIST, it woke 'gainst Thee!
 Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
 Thy heart its sheath must be—
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 Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
 The darkness due to me.
 But now that face of radiant grace
 Shines forth in light on me.

For me, LORD JESUS, Thou hast died,
 And I have died in Thee;
 Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied;
 And now Thou liv'st in me.
 When purified, made white, and tried,
 Thy GLORY then for me!

HYMN 11.



THE Lord hath gone up with a shout!
 Gone up with the trumpet's sound,—
 Lift high are the gates,—
 The throne Him awaits,—
 Earth's slain One now is crown'd!
 Hosanna to Jesus! Amen.

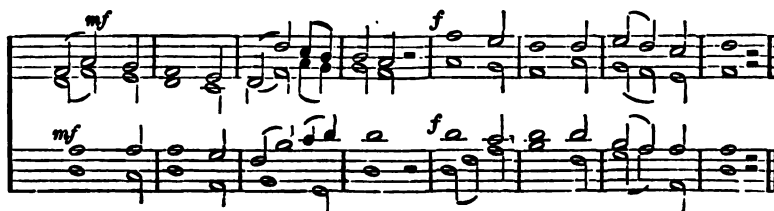
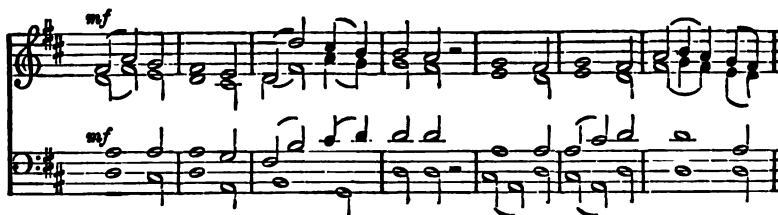
The Lord hath gone up with a shout!
 Gone up to that throne on high!
 The white-robed throngs,
 In echoing songs,
 Loud hymn His victory.
 Hosanna to Jesus! Amen.

The Lord shall come back with a shout!
 Descending with trump, to th' air;
 His saints who are dead,
 From Earth's dust-made bed,
 With changed ones meet Him there.
 Hosanna to Jesus! Amen.

The Lord shall come back with a shout!
 "In heav'n He will bathe His sword!"
 While crowns that are now
 On Earth's False One's brow
 Are giv'n Earth's rightful Lord.
 Hosanna to Jesus! Amen.

We wait for thee, Christ, till Thy voice
 Shall startle Death's wide domain :—
 "The last trump" when blown,
 Shall gather Thine own,
 To share Thy Throne and Reign!
 Hosanna to Jesus! Amen.

HYMN 12.



LAMB of God! Thou now art seated
 High upon Thy Father's throne;
 All thy gracious work completed,
 All Thy mighty victory won:
 Every knee in heaven is bending
 To the Lamb for sinners slain;
 Every voice and harp is swelling,—
 "Worthy is the Lamb to reign."

Lord, in all Thy power and glory,
 Still Thy thoughts and eyes are here,
 Watching o'er Thy ransom'd people,
 To Thy gracious heart so dear:

Thou for us art interceding,
 Everlasting is Thy love;
 And a blessed rest preparing,
 In our Father's house above.

Lamb of God! Thou soon in glory
 Wilt to this sad earth return;
 All Thy foes shall quake before Thee,
 All that now despise Thee mourn:
 Then Thy saints shall rise to meet Thee,
 With Thee in Thy kingdom reign;
 Thine the praise, and Thine the glory,
 Lamb of God, for sinners slain!

HYMN 13.

(FIRST TUNE.)

JESUS, the Christ of God,
The Father's blessed Son,
The Father's bosom Thine abode,
The Father's love Thine own :

Jesus, the Lamb of God,
Who us from hell to raise
Hast shed Thy reconciling blood ;
We give Thee endless praise.

God, and yet man, Thou art,
True God, true man art Thou ;
Of man, and of man's earth a part,
One with us Thou art now.

Great sacrifice for sin,
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True ender of the strife :

To Thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing ;
The bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King.

True lover of the lost,
From heaven Thou camest down,
To pay for souls the righteous cost,
And claim them for Thine own.

Rest of the weary, Thou !
To Thee, our rest, we come ;
In Thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 14.



ONE there is above all others—
Oh, how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's—
Oh, how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us—
Oh, how He loves!

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

We have found a friend in Jesus—
Oh, how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us—
Oh, how He loves!
How our hearts delight to hear Him,
Bid us dwell in safety near Him,
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh, how He loves!

Through His name we are forgiven—
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven—
Oh, how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us—
Oh, how He loves!

HYMN 15.

(FIRST TUNE.)

WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finish'd story,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
 When I hear the wicked call
 On the rocks and hills to fall,
 When I see them start and shrink
 On the fiery deluge brink,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
 When I stand before the throne,
 Dress'd in beauty not my own,
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
 When the praise of heav'n I hear
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.
 Ev'n on earth, as through a glass
 Darkly, let Thy glory pass,
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,

Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
 Ev'n on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of how much I owe.
 Chosen not for good in me,
 Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
 By the Spirit sanctified,
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to shew,
 By my love, how much I owe.
 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
 But, when fear is at the height,
 Jesus comes, and all is light;
 Blessed Jesus! bid me shew
 Doubting saints how much I owe.
 When in flow'ry paths I tread,
 Oft by sin I'm captive led;
 Oft I fall—but still arise—
 The Spirit comes—the tempter flies;
 Blessed Spirit! bid me shew
 Weary sinners all I owe.
 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
 Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain;
 But a night Thine anger burns—
 Morning comes and joy returns;
 God of comforts! bid me shew
 To Thy poor, how much I owe.

HYMN 15.

(SECOND TUNE.)



WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,
 When we stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
 On the rocks and hills to fall,
 When I see them start and shrink
 On the fiery deluge brink,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
 Dressed in beauty not my own,
 When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
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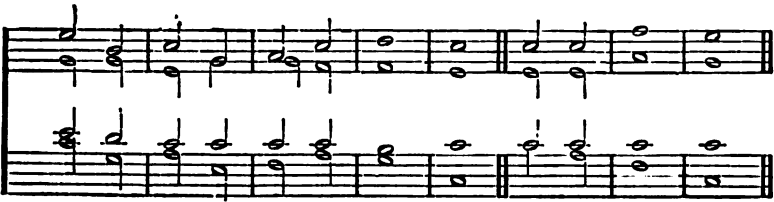
Even on earth, as through a glass
 Darkly, let Thy glory pass,
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
 Even on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,
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 Teach me, Lord, on earth to shew,
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When in flowery paths I tread,
 Oft by sin I'm captive led;
 Oft I fall—but still arise—
 The Spirit comes—the tempter flies;
 Blessed Spirit! bid me shew
 Weary sinners all I owe.

HYMN 16.



JESUS lives, no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us,
Jesus lives : and this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

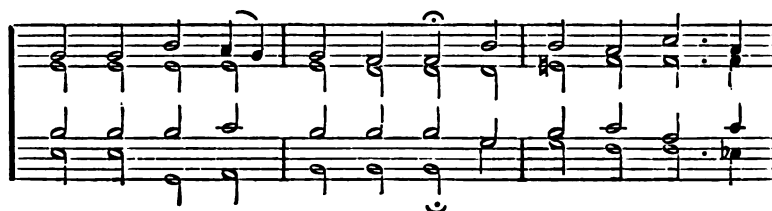
Jesus lives : for us He died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives : these hearts of ours
From His love no time shall sever :
Life, nor death, nor hellish powers
Part us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia !

Jesus lives : to Him the throne
High o'er all the world is given :
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia !

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 17.



O BLESSED Jesus, Lamb of God!
Who hast redeem'd us with Thy blood
From sin, and death, and shame;
With joy and praise Thy people see
The crown of glory worn by Thee,
And worthy Thee proclaim.

Exalted by the Father's love,
All thrones, and powers, and names above—
On earth below or heaven:
Wisdom and riches, power divine,
Blessing and honour, Lord, are Thine,—
All things to Thee are given.

Head of the Church: Thou sittest there,
Thy bride shall all Thy glory share,—
Thy fulness, Lord, is ours:
Our life Thou art,—Thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us the vict'ry gains
O'er sin and Satan's powers.

Soon shall the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
And all Thy beauty see;
And oh, what joy to see Thee shine,
To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
And ever dwell with Thee!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 17.



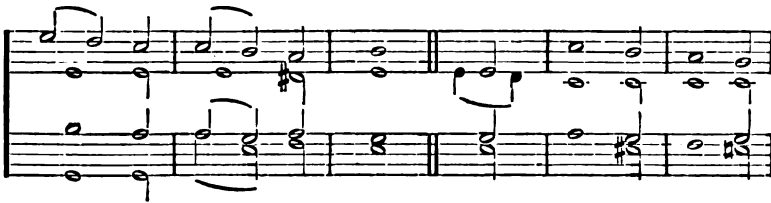
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Our life Thou art,—Thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us the vict'ry gains
O'er sin and Satan's powers.

Soon shall the day of glory come,
Thy bride shall reach the Father's home,
And all Thy beauty see.
And oh, what joy to see Thee shine,
To hear Thee own us, Lord, as Thine,
And ever dwell with Thee!

HYMN 18.



THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile,
Beaming upon His child;
It cheers me through this "little while,"
Through desert, waste, and wild.

It tells me what my Father hath
In store for ev'ry day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

It bids my trembling heart rejoice,
It dries each rising tear,
It tells me, in "a still small voice,"
To trust and never fear.

Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear!

This name shall shed its fragrance still,
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

HYMN 19.



COME, let us join to sing of Jesus' love ;
 Sing how for us He left His throne above,
 Came down on earth, a man by birth,
 Then died upon the tree,
 And brought salvation, endless, rich, and free.
 Sing how He bursts the barriers of the grave,
 And rose in triumph, guilty men to save,
 Ascended high, no more to die,
 But seated on His throne,
 'Mid angel choirs our worthless names to own.
 Sing how before His Father's throne He pleads,
 For His redeem'd in mercy intercedes,
 Pities their woes, subdues their foes,
 Their every want supplies,
 And bids their souls in triumph to Him rise.
 Sing how He pour'd His Spirit from on high,
 To give His people life no more to die,
 And by His Word, His Spirit's sword,
 Subdues the heart of stone,
 While angels sing another victory won.
 Sing of His grace, which all our hearts renew'd,
 Cleansed us from sin in His atoning blood,
 Removed our guilt, and gave relief
 From Satan's galling chain,
 And soon will raise our souls with Him to reign.
 In higher worlds we'll join His grace to praise,
 Where heavenly choirs will add their highest lays ;
 Worthy the Lamb, praised be His name,
 Who saved us by His blood,
 And raised our souls to dwell in light with God !

HYMN 20.

DOUBLE CHANT.



BLESSED be God, our God !
Who gave for us His well-beloved Son,
The gift of gifts, all other gifts in one !
Blessed be God, our God !

What will He not bestow,
Who freely gave this mighty gift, unbought,
Unmerited, unheeded, and unsought !
What will He not bestow !

He spared not His Son !
'Tis this that silences each rising fear,
'Tis this that bids the hard thought disappear—
He spared not His Son !

Who shall condemn us now ?
Since Christ has died, and risen, and gone above
For us to plead at the right hand of love,
Who shall condemn us now ?

'Tis God that justifies !
Who shall recall the pardon or the grace ?
Or who the broken chain of guilt replace ?
'Tis God that justifies !—

The victory is ours !
For us in might came forth the mighty One,
For us He fought the fight, the triumph won :
The victory is ours !

HYMN 20.



BLESSED be God, our God!
Who gave for us His well-beloved Son
The gift of gifts, all other gifts in one,
Blessèd be God, our God!

What will He not bestow,
Who freely gave this mighty gift, unbought,
Unmerited, unheeded, and unsought!
What will He not bestow!

He sparèd not His Son!
'Tis this that silences each rising fear,
'Tis this that bids the hard thought disappear—
He sparèd not His Son!

Who shall condemn us us now?
Since Christ has died, and risen, and gone above
For us to plead at the right hand of love,
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'Tis God that justifies!
Who shall recall the pardon or the grace?
Or who the broken chain of guilt replace?
'Tis God that justifies!—

The victory is ours!
For us in might came forth the mighty One,
For us He fought the fight, the triumph won:
The victory is ours!

HYMN 21.

(FIRST TUNE.)



SOUND the high praises of Jesus our King,
He came and He conquer'd—His victory sing;
Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,
The triumph's complete over death and the grave:
Vain is their boasting; Jehovah hath spoken,
And Jesus proclaim'd Himself mighty to save.

Sound the high praises of Jesus our King;
He came and He conquer'd—His victory sing.

Praise to the Conqueror! Praise to the Lord!
The enemy quail'd at the might of His word;
In heaven He ascends and unfolds the glad story,
The host of the blessed exult in His fame:
In love He looks down from the throne of His glory,
And rescues the ruin'd who trust in His name.

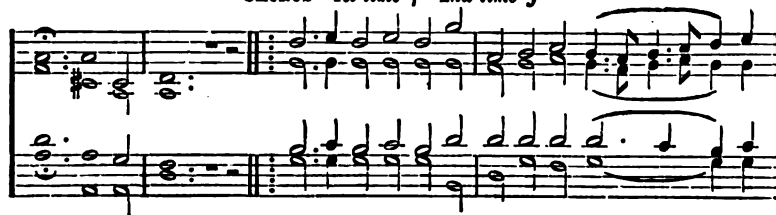
Sound the high praises of Jesus our King;
He came and He conquer'd—His victory sing.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 21.



CHORUS—1st time *p* 2nd time *f*



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 He came and He conquer'd—His victory sing;
 Sing, for the power of the tyrant is broken,
 The triumph's complete over death and the
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 Vain is their boasting; Jehovah hath spoken,
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 In love He looks down from the throne of His
 glory,
 And rescues the ruin'd who trust in His name.
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 He came and He conquer'd—His victory sing.

HYMN 22.

(FIRST TUNE.)



O GRACE divine! the Saviour shed
His life-blood on the accursèd tree;
Bow'd on the cross His blessèd head,
And died, to make His brethren free.

Through suffer'g there beneath his feet
He trod the fierce avenger down:
There power itself and weakness meet,
Emblem of each, yon thorny crown.

Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn
Shew'd that he bore its deadly sting;
That crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,
Mark'd Him as earth's anointed King.

O blessèd hour! when all the earth
Its rightful Heir shall yet receive;
When every tongue shall own His worth,
And all creation cease to grieve.

Thou, dearest Saviour! Thou alone,
Canst give Thy weary people rest;
And, Lord, till Thou art on the Throne,
This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 23.



THE head that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The joy of all who dwell above !
The joy of all below !
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know !

To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given !
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord, below,
They reign with Him above :
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of Thy love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 24.



I LAY my sins on Jesus,—
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus:—
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,—
He all my sorrow shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,—
This weary soul of mine:
His right hand me embraces;
I on His breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord!
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

I long to be like Jesus—
Meek, lowly, loving, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

HYMN 24.

(SECOND TUNE.)



I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursèd load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
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 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

HYMN 25.

(FIRST TUNE)



(SECOND TUNE)



IVE found the Pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, a CHRIST I have!
Oh, what a Christ have I!

My Christ He is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings;
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in His wings.

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose fruits do feed, whose leaves do heal;
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

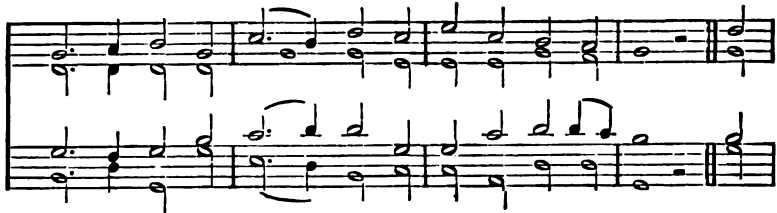
Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,
My medicine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,
My glory, and my wealth.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

My Christ He is the heaven of heaven;
My Christ, what shall I call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
And Christ is ALL in ALL.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 26.



WE all must speak for Jesus,
Who hath redemption wrought,
Who gave us peace and pardon,
Which by His blood He bought.
We all must speak for Jesus,
To shew how much we owe
To Him who died to save us
From death and endless woe.

We all must speak for Jesus,
The aged and the young,
With manhood's fearless accents—
With childhood's lisping tongue.
We all must speak for Jesus,
His people far and near,—
The rich and poor on land and wave;
The peasant and the peer.

We all must speak for Jesus,
Where'er our lot may fall,
To brothers, sisters, neighbours,
In cottage and in hall.
We all must speak for Jesus,
The world in darkness lies,
With Him against the mighty
Together we must rise.

We all must speak for Jesus,
'Twill oftentimes try us sore,
But streams of grace to aid us,
Into our hearts be'll pour.
We all must speak for Jesus,
Till He shall come again.—
Proclaim His "glorious gospel,"
His crown and endless Reign

HYMN 26.

(SECOND TUNE)

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff, with various note values and rests.

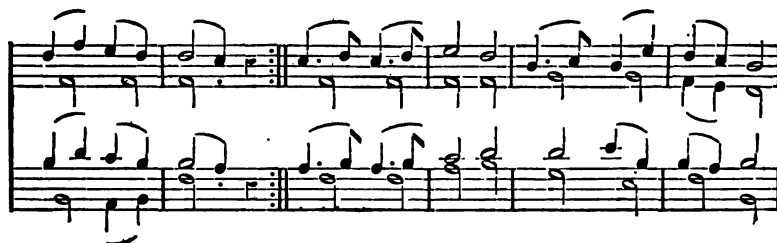
The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs. It includes a variety of musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and phrasing slurs.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, maintaining the melodic and harmonic structure established in the previous systems.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs, showing further development of the musical themes.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece with two staves in treble and bass clefs. The final measures include a double bar line and a repeat sign, indicating the end of the tune.

HYMN 27.



LO! He comes, with clouds decending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of His train,
 Hallelujah!
 Christ appears on earth to reign!

Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty.
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced and nail'd Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!

Now Redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
 The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
 Take Thy pining exiles home;
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal Throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdoms for Thine own.
 O come quickly!
 Everlasting God, come down!

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 28.



A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all His life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.
That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
Such was our Lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd His brow with thorn?
No—facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press thro' storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

In tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest
Where *Jesus* had no home.
Dead to the world with Him who died
To win our hearts—our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.
By faith His boundless glory there
Our wond'ring eyes behold,
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.
This fills our heart with deep desire
To lose ourselves in love!
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(THIRD TUNE)

HYMN 28.



A PILGRIM through this lonely world
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all his life was He,
A dying Lamb at last.

That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave: (2Cor. v. 14, 15)
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

Such was our lord—and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreath'd *His* brow with thorn.

No—facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like Him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's bless'd hill.

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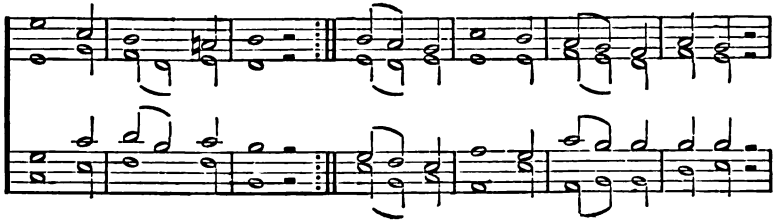
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We, risen with our risen Head,
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By faith His boundless glory there
Our wond'ring eyes behold,
Those glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.

This fills our hearts with deep desire
To lose ourselves in love!
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 29.



HYMN 29.

HA! yon burst of crystal splendour,
 Sunlight, starlight, blent in one;
 Starlight set in arctic azure,
 Sunlight from the burning zone!
 Gold and silver, gems and marble,
 All creation's jewelry;
 Earth's uncover'd waste of riches,
 Treasures of the ancient sea.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me!

Iris and Aurora braided,—
 How the woven colours shine!
 Snow-gleams from an Alpine summit,
 Torchlight from a spar-roof'd mine.
 Like Arabia's matchless palace,
 Child of magic's strong decree,
 One vast globe of living sapphire,
 Floor, walls, columns, canopy.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me!

Forms of beauty, shapes of wonder,
 Trophies of triumphant toil;
 Never Athens, Rome, Palmyra,
 Gazed on such a costly spoil.
 Dazzling the bewilder'd vision,
 More than princely pomp we see;
 What the blaze of the Alhambra,
 Dome of emerald, to thee!
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me!

Farthest cities pour their riches,
 Farthest empires muster here;
 Art her jubilee proclaiming
 To the nations far and near.
 From the crowd in wonder gazing,
 Science claims the prostrate knee;
 This her temple, diamond-blazing,
 Shrine of her idolatry.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me!

Listen to her tale of wonder,
 Of her plastic, potent spell;
 'Tis a big and braggart story,
 Yet she tells it fair and well.
 She the gifted, gay magician,
 Mistress of earth, air, and sea;
 This majestic apparition,
 Offspring of her sorcery.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me!

What to that for which we're waiting
 Is this glitt'ring earthly toy?
 Heav'nly glory, holy splendour,
 Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.
 Not the gems that time can tarnish,

Not the hues that dim and die;
 Not the glow that cheats the lover,
 Shaded with mortality.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,
 Not the gleams that come and go,
 Not the mirth whose end is madness,
 Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
 Not the notes that die at sunset,
 Not the fashion of a day;
 But the everlasting beauty,
 And the endless melody.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal,
 City of the jasper-wall;
 City of the golden pavement,
 Seat of endless festival.
 City of Jehovah, Salem,
 City of eternity,
 To thy bridal-hall of gladness,
 From this prison would I flee.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,
 Fairest of what earth calls fair,—
 How I need thy fairer image,
 To undo the syren snare!
 Lest the subtle serpent-tempter
 Lure me with his radiant lie;
 As if sin were sin no longer,
 Life were no more vanity.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me!

Yes, I need *thee*, heav'nly city,
 My low spirit to upbear;
 Yes, I need thee, earth's enchantments
 So beguile me with their glare.
 Let me see thee—then their fetters
 Break asunder—I am free;
 Then this pomp no longer chains me,—
 Faith has won the victory.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
 No excess of brilliance palls,
 Salem, city of the holy,
 We shall be within thy walls!
 There beside yon crystal river,
 There beneath life's wondrous tree,
 There with nought to cloud or sever,—
 Ever with the Lamb to be!
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 29.

CITY of the pearl-bright portal,
City of the jasper wall;
City of the golden pavement,
Seat of endless festival,
City of Jehovah, Salem,
City of eternity,
To thy bridal-hall of gladness,
From this prison would I flee.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

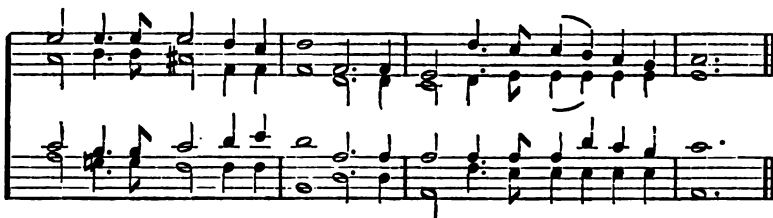
Ah! with such strange spells around me,
Fairest of what earth calls fair,—
How I need thy fairer image,
To undo the syren snare!
Lest the subtle serpent-tempter
Lure me with his radiant lie;
As if sin were sin no longer,
Life were no more vanity.
Heir of glory,
What is that to thee and me!

Yes, I need Thee, heavenly city,
My low spirit to upbear;
Yes, I need Thee, earth's enchantments
To beguile me with their glare.
Let me see Thee—then their fetters
Break asunder—I am free;
Then this pomp no longer chains me,—
Faith has won the victory.
Heir of glory,
That shall be for thee and me!

Soon, where earthly beauty blinds not,
No excess of brilliance palls,
Salem, city of the holy,
We shall be within thy walls!
There, beside yon crystal river,
There, beneath life's wondrous tree,
There, with nought to cloud or sever,—
Ever with the Lamb to be!
Heir of glory,
That shall be for Thee and me.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 30.



THIS world is a wilderness wide!
I have nothing to seek or to choose;
I've no thought in the waste to abide;
I have nought to regret or to lose.

The path where my Saviour is gone
Has led up to His Father and God—
To the place where He's now on the throne,
And *His strength shall be mine on the road.*

With Him shall my rest be on high,
When in holiness bright I sit down,—
In the joy of His love ever nigh,—
In the peace that His presence shall crown.

'Tis the **TREASURE** I've FOUND in His LOVE
That has made me pilgrim BELOW;
And 'tis then, when I reach Him above,
As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know.

And, Saviour, 'tis *Thee* from on high
I await, till the time Thou shalt come
To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye,
To Thyself in Thy heavenly home.

'Till then 'tis the path *Thou* hast trod,
My delight and *my comfort* shall be;
I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,
Till, with *Thee*, all Thy glory I see.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 30.



THIS world is a wilderness wide !
I have nothing to seek or to choose ;
I've no thought in the waste to abide ;
I have nought to regret or to lose.

The path where my Saviour is gone
Has led up to His Father and God—
To the place where He's now on the throne,
And His strength shall be mine on the road.

With Him shall my rest be on high,
When in holiness bright I sit down,—
In the joy of His love ever nigh,—
In the peace that His presence shall crown.

'Tis the TREASURE I've FOUND in His LOVE
That has made me a pilgrim BELOW ;
And 'tis then, when I reach Him above,
As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know.

And, Saviour, 'tis Thee from on high
I await, till the time Thou shalt come
To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye,
To Thyself in Thy heavenly home.

Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod
My delight and my comfort shall be ;
I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,
Till, with Thee, all Thy glory I see.

HYMN 31.



O HEAD! so full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn;
 Midst other sore abuses,
 Mock'd with a crown of thorn!
 O Head! ere now surrounded
 With brightest majesty,
 In death once bow'd and wounded,
 Accurs'd on the tree!

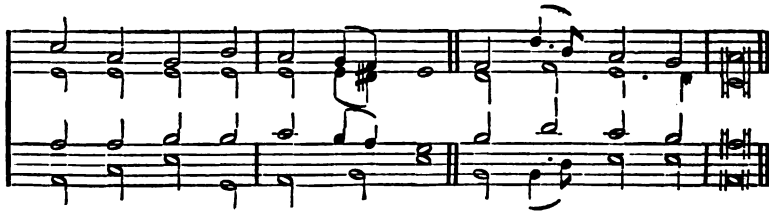
Thou countenance transcendent,
 Thou life-creating Sun
 To worlds on Thee dependent,
 Yet bruised and spit upon!
 O Lord! what Thee tormented
 Was our sins' heavy load,
 We had the debt augmented,
 Which Thou didst pay in blood.

And, oh! what consolation
 Doth in our hearts take place,
 When we Thy toil and passion
 Can joyfully retrace;
 Ah! should we, while thus musing
 On our Redeemer's cross,
 E'en life itself be losing,
 Great gain would be that loss.

We give Thee thanks unfeign'd,
 O Jesus! Friend in need,
 For what Thy soul sustain'd,
 When Thou for us didst bleed;
 Grant us to lean unshaken
 Upon Thy faithfulness,
 Until to glory taken
 We see Thee face to face.

HYMN 32.

(FIRST TUNE.)



NOTHING, either great or small,
 Nothing, sinner, no;
 Jesus did it, did it *all*,
 Long, long ago.

When *He* from His lofty throne
 Stoop'd to do and die,
 Everything was fully done;
 Harken to *His* cry:—

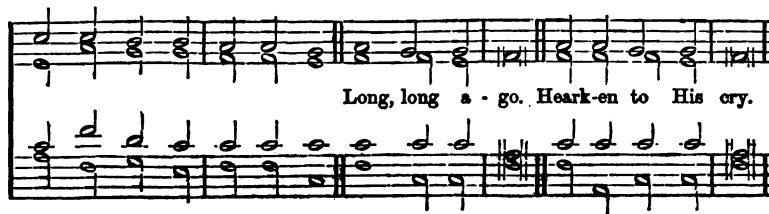
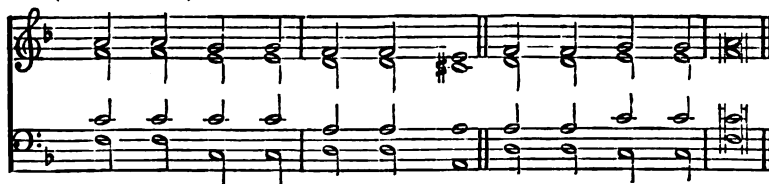
"It is finish'd!" Yes, indeed,
 Finish'd every jot;
 Sinner, this is all you need,
 Tell me, Is it not!

Weary, working, plodding one,
 Why toil you so!
 Cease your doing; all was done
 Long, long ago.

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

Cast your deadly "doing" down,
 Down at Jesus' feet;
 Stand in *Him*, in *Him alone*,
 Gloriously complete!

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 32.

(THIRD TUNE.)

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts xvi. 30.

NOTHING, either great or small,
 Nothing, sinner, no;
 Jesus did it, did it *all*,
 Long, long ago.

When *He* from His lofty throne
 Stoop'd to do and die,
 Everything was fully done;
 Harken to *His* cry:—

"*It is finish'd!*" Yes, indeed,
 Finish'd every jot;
 Sinner, this is all you need,
 Tell me, Is it not?

Weary, working, plodding one,
 Why toil you so?
 Cease your doing; all was done
 Long, long ago.

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

Cast your deadly "doing" down,
 Down at Jesus' feet;
 Stand in *Him*, in *Him alone*,
 Gloriously complete!

HYMN 33.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The second system also consists of two staves in the same clefs and key signature, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

O HAPPY day! when first we felt
Our souls with deep contrition melt,
And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.

O happy day! when first Thy love
Began our grateful hearts to move;
And gazing on Thy wondrous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.

O happy day! when we no more
Shall grieve Thee whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.

O happy day! when we shall see
And fix our longing eyes on Thee,
On Thee, our Light, our Life, our Love,
Our ALL below, our Heaven above.

O happy day of cloudless light!
Eternal day without a night;
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising Thee!

Come, Saviour, come, oh, quickly come,
Take us, Thy waiting people, home;
We long to stand around Thy throne,
And know Thee as ourselves are known.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third system also consists of two staves in the same clefs and key signature, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

HYMN 34.

(FIRST TUNE.)



I BLESS the Christ of God;
I rest on love Divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

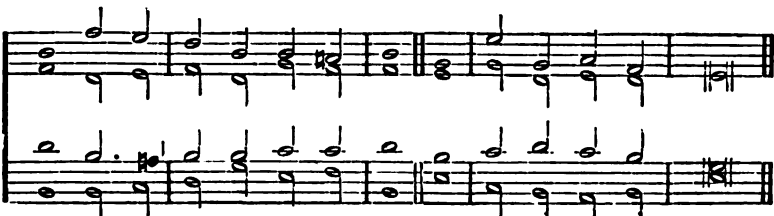
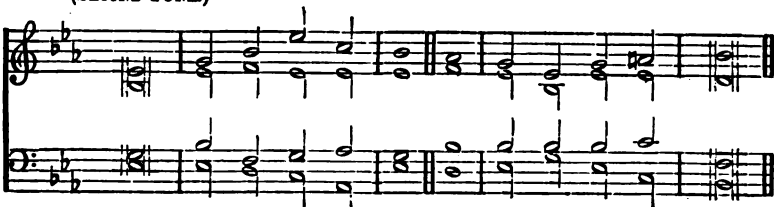
I praise the God of grace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

In Him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws His goodness forth,
And me He loveth still,

'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because He loveth me,
I live because He lives.

My life with Him is hid,
My death has pass'd away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 35.

(FIRST TUNE.)



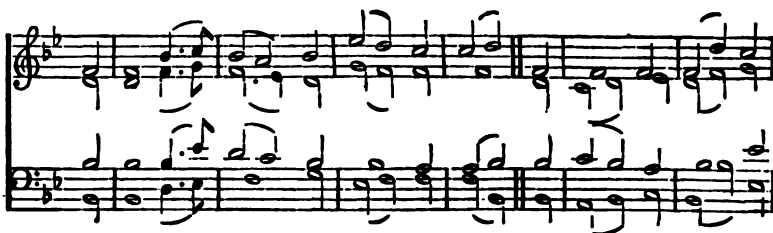
I WOULD commune with Thee, my God;
Even to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

I stand upon the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul;
I hear the storms in vales beneath;
I hear the thunders roll.

But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

O this is life! O this is joy,
My God, to find Thee so;
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 36.



LORD, may Thy Spirit come !
 Now while we pray,—
 Soft as the summer dew
 At dawn of day !
 To us a pilgrim band,
 Thirsting in this dry land,
 Let wells through desert sand
 Spring by the way.

Bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Shed glorious beams !
 Lord, from Thy Paradise
 Send crystal streams !
 May the life-river roll
 Near to each longing soul,
 Then shall we Him extol
 Who us redeems.

In Thy most precious blood,
 Though Thy rich grace,
 Blot out our many sins
 Which we confess.
 Light, life, and love impart,—
 Heal every broken heart :—
 Sin, grief, and care depart,
 When Thou dost bless.

Help us to live by faith,
 Saviour most dear !
 Be Thy loved presence felt
 Blissful and near :—
 By Thine own Spirit's power,
 Strength give in trial's hour ;—
 When clouds of sorrow lower,
 Comfort and cheer.

HYMNS 36, 37.



LORD, may Thy Spirit come!
 Now while we pray,—
 Soft as the summer dew
 At dawn of day!
 To us a pilgrim band,
 Thirsting in this dry land,
 Let wells through desert sand
 Spring by the way.

Bright Sun of Righteousness,
 Shed glorious beams!
 Lord, from Thy Paradise
 Send crystal streams!
 May the life-river roll
 Near to each longing soul,
 Then shall we Him extol
 Who us redeems.

In Thy most precious blood,
 Through Thy rich grace,
 Blot out our many sins
 Which we confess.
 Light, life, and love impart,—
 Heal every broken heart:—
 Sin, grief, and care depart,
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Help us to live by faith,
 Saviour most dear!
 Be Thy loved presence felt
 Blissful and near:—

By Thine own Spirit's power,
 Strength give in trial's hour;—
 When clouds of sorrow lower,
 Comfort and cheer.

RUNNING the Christian race,
 Straight to the goal!
 We would our Jesus serve,
 Heart, hand, and soul!
 Blood-bought, and not our own,
 We live for Thee alone,
 From whose celestial Throne
 Love's life-streams roll.

During the little while
 We tarry here,
 We would commend Thee, Lord,
 Till Thou appear.
 Yes! we would daily be
 Bringing the lost to Thee,
 Saviour, that Thou mayst free
 From guilt and fear.

Open their eyes we pray,
 By grace divine!
 Then shall Thy saving truth
 In their heart shine.
 Help us to praise and pray:
 Guide in our heavenward way
 Safe till our bridal-day;
 For we are Thine!

HYMN 37.



RUNNING the Christian race,
Straight to the goal !
We would our Jesus serve,
Heart, hand, and soul !
Blood-bought, and not our own,
We live for Thee alone,
From whose celestial Throne
Love's life-streams roll.

During the little while
We tarry here,
We would commend Thee, Lord,
Till Thou appear.
Yes ! we would daily be
Bringing the lost to Thee.
Saviour, that Thou mayst free
From guilt and fear.

Open their eyes, we pray,
By grace divine !
Then shall Thy saving truth
In their hearts shine.
Help us to praise and pray :
Guide in our heavenward way,
Safe till our bridal day ;
For we are Thine !

HYMN 37 (β).



I'M a pilgrim and a stranger,
 Rough and thorny is the road;
 Often in the midst of danger,
 But it leads to God.
 Clouds and darkness oft distress me,
 Great and many are my foes;
 Anxious cares and thoughts perplex me,
 But my Father knows.

Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
 'Midst the conflict and the strife;
 Although sorrows past endurance
 Follow me through life,
 Home in prospect still can cheer me;
 Yes, and give me sweet repose,
 While I feel his presence near me—
 For my Father knows.

Yes, he sees and knows me daily,
 Watches over me in love;
 Sends me help when foes assail me,
 Bids me look above.
 Soon my journey will be ended,
 Life is drawing to a close;
 I shall then be well attended—
 This my Father knows.

I shall then with joy behold him;
 Face to face my Father see;
 Fall with rapture and adore him
 For his love to me.
 Nothing more shall then distress me,
 In the land of sweet repose:
 Jesus stands engaged to bless me—
 This my Father knows.

HYMN 38.

(FIRST TUNE)



THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hastening,
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has pass'd away.

There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

(SECOND TUNE)



(THIRD TUNE.)

HYMN 38.



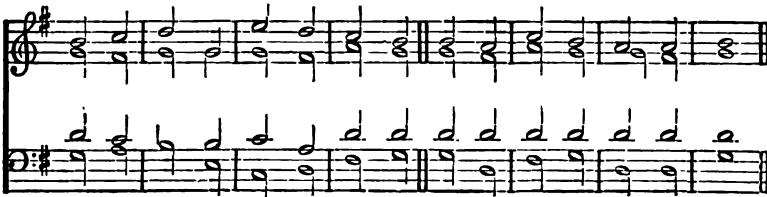
THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has pass'd away.

There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

(FOURTH TUNE.)



HYMN 39.



JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in that great day
For who aught to my charge shall lay !
Fully absolved through Thee I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

And when the dead shall hear Thy voice,
Thy banish'd children shall rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN 40.

(FIRST TUNE.)



THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessed light at last
Each eye will cheer;

Thou bright and morning Star, Thy light
Will to our joy be seen;
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,
No cloud between.

Thy love sustains us on our way
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day
Thy grace bestow.

But oh, the more we learn of Thee,
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see
And know Thy love.

Then shine, Thou bright and morning Star,
Dispel the dreary gloom,
And take from pain and grief afar
Thy people home.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 40 (β).

(FIRST TUNE.)



(SECOND TUNE.)



WE go the way that leads to God—
The way that saints have ever trod;
So let us leave this fleeting shore
For realms where we shall die no more.

We're going home, we're going home;
We're going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more;
We're going home to die no more.


The ways of God are ways of peace,
And all His paths are pleasantness;
Then, weary souls, your sighs give o'er,
We're going home to die no more.

There is a land beyond the sky,
Where happy spirits never die;
Then earth and time no more deplore,
But sing of where we'll die no more.

Come, sinners, come! oh, come along,
And join our happy pilgrim throng;
Farewell, vain world, and all thy store,
We're going home to die no more.

HYMN 41

(FIRST TUNE.)



JESUS, whilst this rough desert-soil
I tread, be Thou my guide and stay ;
Nerve me for conflict and for toil ;
Uphold me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, in heaviness and fear,
'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray ;
For earth's last night is drawing near ;
O cheer me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, in solitude and grief,
When sun and stars withhold their ray,
Make haste, make haste to my relief,
O light me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, in weakness of this flesh,
When Satan grasps me for his prey,
O give me victory afresh,
And speed me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, my righteousness and strength,
My more than life, my more than day ;
Bring, bring deliverance at length ;
O come and end my stranger-way !

HYMN 41.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system continues the piece, with dynamics markings 'p' and 'f' appearing. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat signs.

JESUS, whilst this rough desert-soil
I tread, be Thou my guide and stay;
Nerve me for conflict and for toil;
Uphold me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, in heaviness and fear,
Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray;
For earth's last night is drawing near;
O cheer me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, in solitude and grief,
When sun and stars withhold their ray,
Make haste, make haste to my relief,
O light me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, in weakness of this flesh,
When Satan grasps me for his prey,
O give me victory afresh,
And speed me on my stranger-way.

Jesus, my righteousness and strength,
My more than life, my more than day;
Bring, bring deliverance at length;
O come and end my stranger-way!

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 42.



JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!

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

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

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

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!

Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!

Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 42.



JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!

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

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!

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

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!

Just and holy is Thy Name,
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False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within!

Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

HYMN 43.



COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.

The sense of Thy expiring Love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow : for Thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.

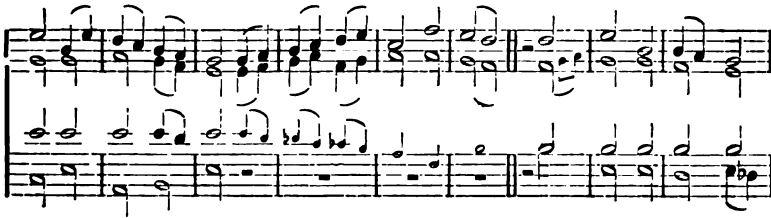
Whatever else Thy will withhold,
Here grant me to succeed!
O let Thyself my portion be,
And I am blest indeed!

Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot have,
And Thou canst give no more.

Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I burn;
Chosen of Thee ere time began,
I choose Thee in return!

Whate'er consists not with Thy love,
O, teach me to resign!
I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If Thou, O God, art mine!

HYMN 44.



A sin, a sin it can-not cleanse, it can-not cleanse

O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,
 By which the sinner lives!
 When stung with sin, this blood we view,
 And all our joys revives.
 The blood that purchased our release,
 And washes out our stains,
 We challenge earth and hell to shew
 A sin it cannot cleanse.
 Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,
 And we brought nigh to God;
 Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death,
 That heaven-procuring blood,—
 The blood that makes His glorious Church
 From every blemish free;
 And oh! the riches of His love,
 He pour'd it out for me.

Guilty and worthless as I am,
 It all for me was given;
 And boldness through His blood I have
 To enter into heaven.
 Thither in my great Surety's right
 I surely shall be brought;
 He could not agonise in vain
 Nor spend His strength for nought.
 The Father's everlasting love,
 And Jesus' precious blood,
 Shall be our endless themes of praise
 In yonder blest abode.
 In patience let us then possess
 Our souls till He appear;
 Our Head already is in Heaven,
 And we shall soon be there.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 45.



WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell!
Traveller! yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel!

Watchman! tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

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

HYMN 45.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The first system of the second tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The treble staff features a series of quarter notes: D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6. The bass staff continues with quarter notes.

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a series of quarter notes: B5, A5, G5, F#5, E5, D5, and C5. The bass staff continues with quarter notes.

The fourth system concludes the second tune. The treble staff features a series of quarter notes: B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, and C4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes.

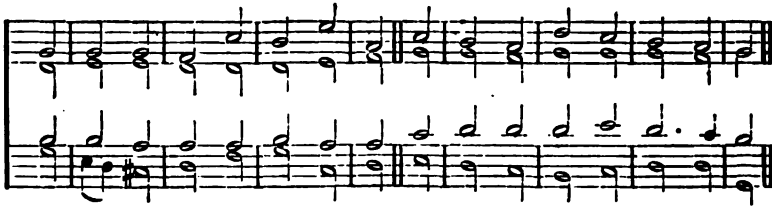
(THIRD TUNE.)

The first system of the third tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter notes.

The second system of the third tune continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a series of quarter notes: D5, E5, F#5, G5, A5, B5, and C6. The bass staff continues with quarter notes. The system concludes with the instruction "D.C." (Da Capo).

HYMN 46.

(FIRST TUNE.)



OH come, Thou stricken Lamb of God,
Who shed'st for us Thine own life-blood,
And teach us all Thy love,—then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.

Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.

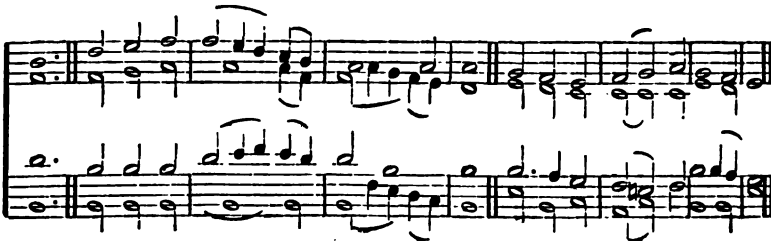
How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd by Thy watchful side,
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live.

How can it be, Thou Heavenly King,
That Thou should'st man to glory bring—
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Crown'd with a never-fading crown?

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

FIRST-BORN of many brethren Thou!
To whom both heaven and earth shall bow;
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
We bear Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 47.



YES, for me, for me He careth,
With a brother's tender care,
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, even me, even me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

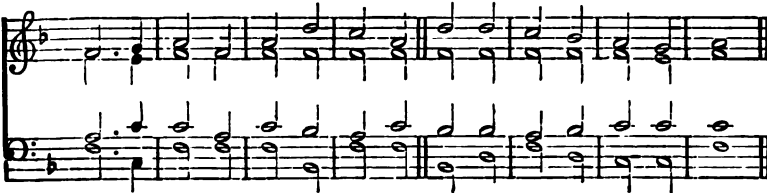
Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly—love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

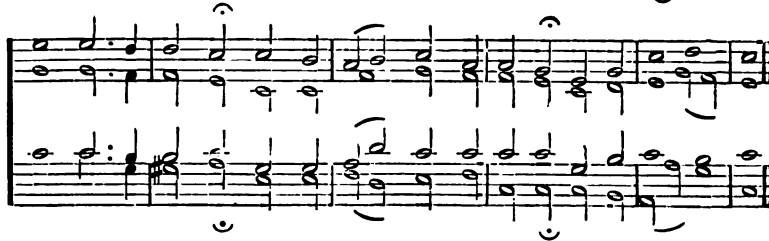
Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 47.

(Tune with Chorus.)



YES, for me, for me He careth,
With a brother's tender care,
Yes, with me, with me He shareth,
Every burden, every fear.
He's our faithful Elder Brother,
He's our kind, loving Shepherd,
He will guide, and feed, and keep us,
Till He come again.
Till He come in His glory,
Till He come in His glory,
Till He come in His glory,
Till He come again.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, even me, even me He snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

Yes, for me He standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth
Joys unearthly—love and light;
And to cover me He spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth—
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.

Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

HYMN 48.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music is written in a common time signature. The second system also consists of two staves, with the upper staff in treble clef and the lower staff in bass clef, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

THIS finish'd ALL—our souls to win,
His life the blessed Jesus gave;
Then, rising, left His people's sin
Behind Him in His opening grave.
Past suffering now, the tender heart
Of Jesus, on His Father's throne,
Still in *our* sorrow bears a part,
And feels it as He felt HIS OWN.

Sweet thought! we have a Friend above,
Our weary falt'ring steps to guide,
Who follows with the eye of love
The little flock for whom He died.
O Jesus, teach us more and more
On Thee alone to cast our care;
And, gazing on Thy cross, adore [there.
The wondrous grace that brought Thee

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The music is written in a common time signature. The second system also consists of two staves, with the upper staff in treble clef and the lower staff in bass clef, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

HYMN 49.

(FIRST TUNE)



O SPOTLESS Lamb of God, in Thee
The Father's holiness we see;
And with delight Thy children trace
In Thee His wondrous love and grace.

For Thou didst leave Thy throne above,
To teach us that our "GOD IS LOVE;"
And now we see His glory shine
In every word and deed of Thine.

When we behold Thee, Lamb of God,
Beneath our sin's tremendous load,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
How great our guilt, with grief we see!

There we with joy Thy grace behold,
Its height and depth can ne'er be told!
It bursts our chains and sets us free,
And sweetly draws our souls to Thee!

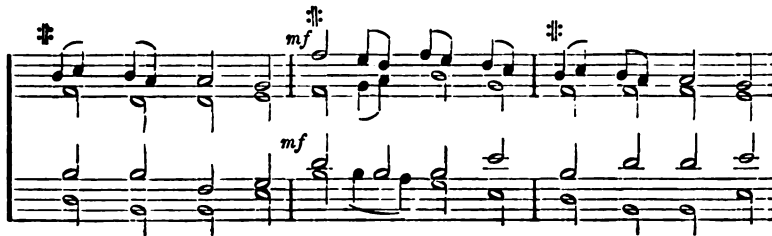
The cross reveals Thy love below,
But better soon our hearts shall know,
When we behold Thy face above,—
The fulness of our Father's love.

(SECOND TUNE)



(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 50.



HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
“It is finish’d!”
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
“It is finish’d!”—Oh, what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heav’nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord!
“It is finish’d!”
Saints,—His dying words record!

Finish’d, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish’d all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
“It is finish’d!”
Saints from hence their comfort draw.
Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Immanuel’s name:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim,
“It is finish’d!”
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

HYMN 50.

(FIRST TUNE.)



HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See—it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
“It is finish’d!”
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
“It is finish’d!”—Oh, what pleasure
Do the wondrous words afford!
Heav’nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord!
“It is finish’d!”
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Finish’d, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish’d all that God had promis’d;
Death and Hell no more shall awe.
“It is finish’d!”
Saints from hence their comfort draw.
Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Immanuel’s name:
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim,
“It is finish’d!”
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

HYMN 51.



WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell!
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And their salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead!

He lives! He lives! and reigns above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from His love!
Or what shall tempt us to despair!

Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or change His everlasting love.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 52.



GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreaths His head!
Jesus is the name we sing;
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.

Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant read the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:—
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits."

Now behold Him high enthroned!
Glory beaming from His face!
By adoring angels own'd,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing
"Glory, glory to our King."

Jesus, on Thy people shine!
Warm our hearts, and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their song.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Lord, be Thine for evermore!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 52.



GLORY, glory to our King !
Crowns unfading wreathe His head !
Jesus is the name we sing ;
Jesus risen from the dead ;
Jesus, conqueror o'er the grave ;
Jesus mighty now to save.

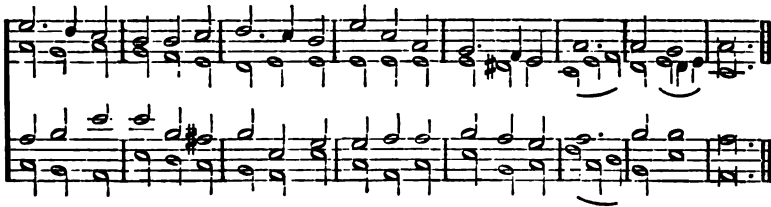
Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King ;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing :—
"Open now, ye heavenly gates !
'Tis the King of glory waits."

Now behold Him high enthroned !
Glory beaming from His face !
By adoring angels own'd,
God of holiness and grace !
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

Jesus, on Thy people shine !
Warm our hearts, and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs.
Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Lord, be Thine for evermore !

HYMN 53.

(FIRST TUNE.)



GLORY to God on high!
Peace upon earth and joy!
Good will to man!
Ye, who the blessing prove,
Join with the hosts above:
Sing ye a Saviour's love,—
Too vast to scan.

Mercy and truth unite;
This is a joyful sight,
All sights above!
Jesus the curse sustains;
Bitter the cup He drains;
Nothing for us remains,
Nothing but love.

Love, that no tongue can teach,
Love, that no thought can reach,
No love like His!
Heaven is its blessed source,
Death could not stop its course,
Nothing can check its force,
Matchless it is.

Join then this love to sing,
Join to exalt our King,
Sinners forgiven.
To the great One in Three,
Honour and majesty,
Now and for ever be,
Here and in heaven!

(SECOND TUNE.)



(THIRD TUNE.)

HYMN 53 B.

(FOURTH TUNE.)

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

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire.
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

When Life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide.
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends Life's transient dream,
When Death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

HYMN 54.

(FIRST TUNE.)



THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

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

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
 (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought, free reward,
 A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
 And form'd by power divine;
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but Thine.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 55.

(FIRST TUNE.)



LORD JESUS, we, believing
In Thee, have peace with God;
Eternal life receiving,
The purchase of Thy blood.

Our curse and condemnation
Thou barest in our stead;
Secure is our salvation
In Thee, our risen Head.

The Holy Ghost revealing,
Thy grace hath giv'n us rest;
Thy stripes have been our healing,
Thy love doth make us blest.

In Thee the Father sees us
Accepted and complete;
The blood from sin which frees us,
For glory makes us meet.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 56.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of two staves: a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system of music follows the same format, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far to small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music consists of two staves: a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system of music follows the same format, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

HYMN 57.



OH! what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see,
No home or rest beyond it all—
No guide or help in Thee!

But Thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us on the way
That leads along this vale of tears,
To the bright world of day.

There shall Thy glory, O our God!
Break fully on our view;
And we, Thy saints, rejoice to find
That all Thy Word was true.

There Jesus, on His Heavenly Throne
Our wond'ring eyes shall see;
While we, the blest associates there
Of all His joy shall be.

Sweet hope! we leave without a sigh
A blighted world like this;
To bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss.

HYMN 58.

(FIRST TUNE)



JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

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

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame—
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

HYMN 58.

(SECOND TUNE.)



JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

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

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame—
That I no more revere His name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

HYMN 59.



I'M but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home ;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home ;
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand,
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home.

What though the tempesta rage !
 Heaven is my home ;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home ;
 And time's wild wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast ;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,
 Heaven is my home ;
 Whate'er my earthly lot,
 Heaven is my home ;
 And I shall surely stand,
 There at my Lord's right hand ;
 Heaven is my father-land,
 Heaven is my home.

There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home.
 I shall be glorified ;
 Heaven is my home.
 There, with the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 I shall for ever rest ;
 Heaven is my home.

HYMN 60.

(FIRST TUNE.)

NEARER, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though a cross it be
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

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

There let my way appear
 Steps into heaven,
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

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

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

(SECOND TUNE.)

(THIRD TUNE.)

HYMN 60.

The first system of the third tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff, with various note values and rests.

The second system of the third tune continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns and note values, maintaining the harmonic structure established in the first system.

The third system of the third tune concludes the piece. It includes a final cadence in both the upper and lower staves, marked with a double bar line and repeat dots.

(FOURTH TUNE.)

The first system of the fourth tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the upper staff is more active than in the third tune, with frequent eighth notes.

The second system of the fourth tune continues the melody and bass line. The rhythmic complexity increases with the use of eighth and sixteenth notes, particularly in the upper staff.

The third system of the fourth tune concludes the piece. It features a final cadence in both staves, with a double bar line and repeat dots.

(FIFTH TUNE.)

HYMN 60.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though a cross it be
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

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

There let my way appear
Steps into heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

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

(FIRST TUNE.)

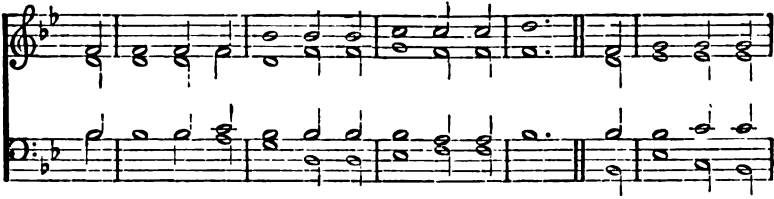
HYMN 61.



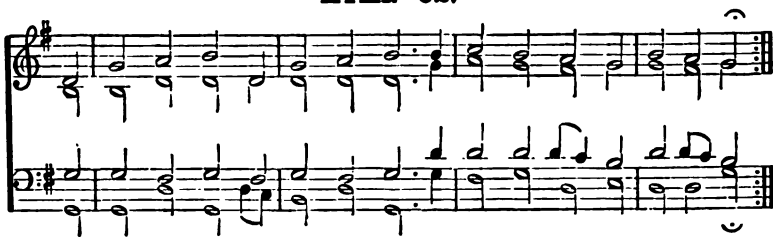
I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.
I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page ;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seem'd nothing to me.
Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul ;
Yet thought not that my sins had nail'd to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.
When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.
My terrors all vanished before the sweet name ;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.
Jehovah Tsidkenu ! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu ! I ne'er can be lost ;
In Thee I shall conquer by flood and by field,
My cable, my anchor, my breast-plate and shield !
Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath ;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu, my death-song shall be.

HYMN 61.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 62.



O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God,
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chorus.—Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away.
 O teach us, now, to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day,
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Jesus wash'd my sins away.

O happy bond that seals my vows,
 To Him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine,
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Glad to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fix'd on that blissful centre, rest;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When call'd on angels' food to feast.

High Heaven that heard that solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 63.



O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

O everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within!
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin!

O everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness!

O everlasting Fount,
From which the waters burst,
The streams of the eternal mount,
That quench time's sorest thirst!

O everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs;
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings!

O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true;
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too!

O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day!

O everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

O everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care!
Relieve, revive this burden'd breast,
And every sorrow bear.

Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord, Jesus, bless us now!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 63.



O EVERLASTING Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night,
In which creation lay!

O everlasting Light,
Shine graciously within!
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
Come, shine away my sin!

O everlasting Rock,
Sole refuge in distress,
My fort when foes assail and mock,
My rest in weariness!

O everlasting Fount,
From which the waters burst,
The streams of the eternal mount,
That quench time's sorest thirst!

O everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs!
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To Thee my spirit clings!

O everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true;
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me too.

O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length,
To joy, and light, and day!

O everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease!

O everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care!
Relieve, revive this burden'd breast,
And every sorrow bear.

Thou art in heaven our all,
Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
Lord Jesus, bless us now!

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 64.

JESUS, we rest in Thee,
In Thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
Our weary souls alone can rest.

Thou Holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee,
And in the savour of that blood
Once shed on Calvary.
The curse is gone—through Thee we're blest;
God rests in Thee—in Thee we rest.

The slaves of sin and fear,
Thy truth our bondage broke;
Our happy spirits love to wear
Thy light and easy yoke:
The love which fills our grateful breast
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

Soon the bright, glorious day—
The rest of God—shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And we shall reach our home.
Then, of the promised land possess'd,
Our souls shall know eternal rest.

HYMN 64.

(SECOND TUNE.)



JESUS, we rest in Thee,
In Thee ourselves we hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where could we rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
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Soon the bright, glorious day—
The rest of God—shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And we shall reach our home:
Then, of the promised land possess'd,
Our souls shall know eternal rest.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 65.



LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
From the fight return victorious;
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour! angels crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings,
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"

Sinners in derision crown'd Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim!
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark! these bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 65.



LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
From the fight return victorious:
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

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In the seat of power enthrone Him,
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Hark! these loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 66.



MY soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove;
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him I love.

The cords that bound my heart to earth
Were broken by His hand;
Before His cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.

That visage marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar, the gall,
These were His golden chains of love,
His captive to enthral.

My heart is with Him on the throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment list'ning for the voice,
"Rise up, and come away."

With hope defarr'd, oft sick and faint,
"Why tarries He?" I cry:
And should He gently chide my haste,
Thus would my heart reply:

"May not an exile, Lord, desire
His own sweet land to see?
May not a captive seek release,
A prisoner to be free?"

"A child, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear;
And she that waits her absent Lord,
Must sigh till He appear.

"I would my Lord and Saviour know,
That which no measure knows;
Would search the mystery of Thy love,
The depth of all Thy woes.

"I fain would strike my golden harp
Before the Father's throne,
There cast my crown of righteousness,
And sing what grace hath done.

"Ah leave me not in this dark world,
A stranger still to roam;
Come, Lord, and take me to Thyself,
Come, Jesus, quickly come!"

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 67.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The second system also consists of two staves, with the melody in the upper staff and the bass line in the lower staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The third system also consists of two staves, with the melody in the upper staff and the bass line in the lower staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

HYMN 68.

(FIRST TUNE.)



O JOYFUL day! O glorious hour!
When Jesus, by Almighty power,
Revived and left the grave;
In all His works behold Him great,—
Before, almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.

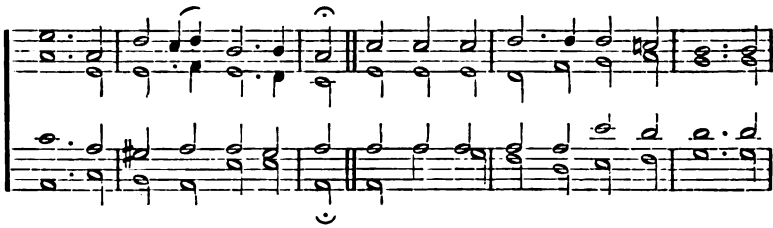
The first-begotten from the dead,
He's risen now, His people's Head,
And thus our life's secure;
What though this earthly house should fail,
Almighty power will yet prevail,—
Our resurrection's sure.

Why should His people now be sad?
Who should have reason to be glad
As those redeem'd to God?
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives;
To them eternal life He gives,
The purchase of His blood.

Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound
And in your Master's work abound,
His blessed work of love;
Be sure your labour's not in vain,
For we with Jesus soon shall reign,
With Jesus dwell above.

HYMN 68.

(SECOND TUNE.)



O JOYFUL day! O glorious hour!
When Jesus, by Almighty power,
Revived, and left the grave;
In all His works behold Him great,—
Before, almighty to create,
Almighty now to save.

The first-begotten from the dead,
He's risen now, His people's Head,
And thus our life's secure;
What though this earthly house should fail,
Almighty power will yet prevail,—
Our resurrection's sure.

Why should His people now be sad?
Who should have reason to be glad
As those redeem'd to God?
Jesus, the mighty Saviour, lives;
To them eternal life He gives,
The purchase of His blood.

Ye ransom'd, let your praise resound,
And in your Master's work abound,
His blessed work of love:
Be sure your labour's not in vain,
For we with Jesus soon shall reign,
With Jesus dwell above.

HYMN 69.



OH, for the robes of whiteness !
Oh, for the tearless eyes !
Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies !

Oh, for the no more weeping,
Within the land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above !

Oh, for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet !
Oh, for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet !

Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face !
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.

Jesus ! Thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee ;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In Thee, and Thee alone.

HYMN 70.



CHRISt is coming! let creation
 From her groans and travail cease;
 Let the glorious proclamation
 Hope restore, and faith increase:
 Christ is coming!
 Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace.

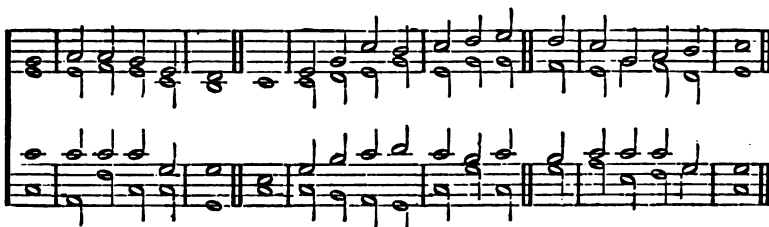
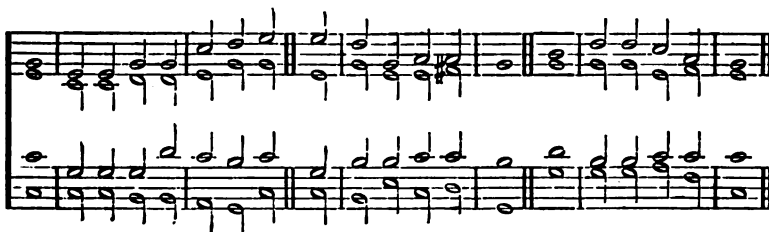
Earth can now but tell the story
 Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
 She shall yet behold Thy glory
 When Thou comest back to reign:
 Christ is coming!
 Let each heart repeat the strain.

Long Thine exiles have been pining,
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
 Soon, in heavenly glory shining,
 Their Restorer shall they see:
 Christ is coming!
 Haste the joyous jubilee!

With that blessed hope before us,
 Let no harp remain unstrung;
 Let the mighty advent chorus
 Onward roll in every tongue:
 Christ is coming!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

HYMN 71.

(FIRST TUNE)



I HEAR the words of love,
 I gaze upon the blood,
 I see the mighty sacrifice,
 And I have peace with God.
 'Tis everlasting peace!
 Sure as Jehovah's name.
 'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
 For evermore the same.

 The clouds may go and come,
 And storms may sweep my sky,
 This blood-seal'd friendship changes not,
 The cross is ever nigh.
 My love is oftentimes low,
 My joy still ebbs and flows,
 But peace with Him remains the same,
 No change Jehovah knows.

 That which can shake the cross
 May shake the peace it gave,
 Which tells me Christ has never died,
 Or never left the grave!

Till then my peace is sure,
 It will not, cannot yield,
 Jesus, I know, has died and lives,—
 On this firm rock I build.

 I change, He changes not,
 The Christ can never die;
 His love, not mine, the resting-place,
 His truth, not mine, the tie.
 The cross still stands unchanged,
 Though heaven is now His home,
 The mighty stone is roll'd away,
 But yonder is His tomb!

 And yonder is my peace,
 The grave of all my woes!
 I know the Son of God has come,
 I know He died and rose.
 I know He liveth now
 At God's right hand above,
 I know the throne on which He sits,
 I know His truth and love!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 71.



I HEAR the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name.
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

The clouds may go and come,
And storms may sweep my sky,
This blood-seal'd friendship changes not,
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My love is oftentimes low,
My joy still ebbes and flows,
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows.

That which can shake the cross
May shake the peace it gave,
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave!

Till then my peace is sure,
It will not, cannot yield,
Jesus, I know, has died and lives,—
On this firm rock I build.

I change, He changes not,
The Christ can never die;
His love, not mine, the resting-place,
His truth, not mine, the tie.
The cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home,
The mighty stone is roll'd away,
But yonder is His tomb!

And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes!
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.
I know He liveth now
At God's right hand above,
I know the throne on which He sits,
I know His truth and love!

HYMN 72.



FAITH is not what we FEEL or see,
It is a simple trust
In what the GOD of Love has said
Of JESUS as the "Just."

What JESUS is, and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea;
It never deals with SINFUL self
Nor RIGHTEOUS self, in ME.

It tells me I am counted "DEAD"
By God, in His own Word;
It tells me I am "BORN AGAIN"
In CHRIST, my RISEN LORD.

If He is free, then I am free,
From all unrighteousness;
If He is just, then I am just,
HE is MY righteousness.

HYMN 73.



THE Saviour lives, no more to die!
He lives our Head, enthroned on high;
He lives triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives eternally to save.

He lives to still His people's fears;
He lives to wipe away their tears;
He lives their mansions to prepare;
He lives to bring them safely there.

Then let our souls in Him rejoice,
And sing His praise with cheerful voice,
Our doubts and fears for ever gone,
For Christ is on the Father's throne.

The chief of sinners He receives;
His saints He loves, and never leaves;
He'll guard us safe from every ill,
And all His promises fulfil.

Abundant grace will He afford,
Till we are present with our Lord,
And prove what we have sung before,
That Jesus lives for evermore.

HYMN 74.



GLORY be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the Church redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder yet and louder
Praise the precious blood:

Sing, ye saints redeem'd,
With the heavenly host,
Glory to the Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 74 (β.)



WE praise Thy great love, our *Father and God*;
 Rejoicing in Jesus, whom Thou hast bestow'd.
Chorus.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen!
 Hallelujah! Thine the glory; revive us again.

We praise Thy great love, our Saviour and King;
 Beloved *Immanuel*, Thy praises we sing.

We praise Thy great love, blessed *Spirit* of might,
 Who has form'd in us Jesus, and scatter'd our night.

We praise Thee, O God, for the joy Thou hast given
 To Thy *saints* in communion—these foretastes of heaven.

We praise Thee, O God, for the *Word* of Thy love,
 Which unfolds Thy rich grace, and Thy glory above.

PART SECOND.

Accepted in Christ, who has stood in our place,
 We shall shew in **THE GLORY** God's riches of grace.

Chorus.—Hallelujah! **COME IN GLORY.** Hallelujah. Amen!
 Hallelujah! **COME IN GLORY**; come quickly again.

We *work* for Him now, till—His body complete,—
 The Bride and the Bridegroom in glory shall meet.

And, Jesus, we *wait* for the time Thou shalt come;
 We long for Thy presence, our heavenly home.

We praise Thee, O God, for the springs by the way,
 That refresh us, lone pilgrims, while our Lord is away,

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 75.



JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou ;
Sun and Shield for ever !
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever !
Never canst Thou cease to feed,
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread divine,
Drink we still this heavenly wine !

Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,
Life and Love for ever !
Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,
Or to love us never.
All of life and love we need
Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,
Joy and Peace for ever !
Joy that fades not, changes not,
Peace that leaves us never.
Joy and peace we have in Thee,
Now and through eternity.

Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever !
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song,
Through eternal days prolong.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 75.



JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou;
Sun and Shield for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to shine,
Cease to guard us never.
Cheer our steps as on we go,
Come between us and the foe.

Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,
Wine and Bread for ever!
Never canst Thou cease to feed
Or refresh us never.
Feed we still on bread divine,
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Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,
Strength and Song for ever!
Strength that never can decay,
Song that ceaseth never.
Still to us this strength and song
Through eternal days prolong.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 76.



WHEN first o'erwhelm'd with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by Love, I ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich atoning blood.

My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
I shun His presence now no more ;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek His face ;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich atoning blood.

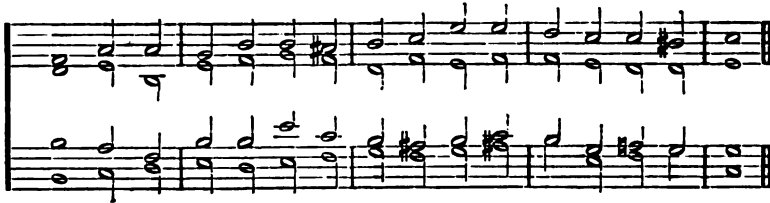
Before His face my Priest appears ;
My Advocate the Father hears :
That precious blood, before His eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries ;
It speaks, it ever speaks to God—
The voice of that atoning blood.

By faith that voice I also hear ;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear :
Th' accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of HIM whose name is Love ;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenc'd by th' atoning blood.

Here I can rest without a fear ;
By this, to God I now draw near ;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean ;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich ATONING BLOOD.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 76.



WHEN first o'erwhelm'd with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by Love, I ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich atoning blood.

My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
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Before His face my Priest appears;
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By faith that voice I also hear;
It answers doubt, it stills each fear;
Th' accuser seeks in vain to move
The wrath of HIM whose name is Love;
Each charge against the sons of God
Is silenced by th' atoning blood.

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By this, to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich ATONING BLOOD.

HYMN 77.

(FIRST TUNE.)

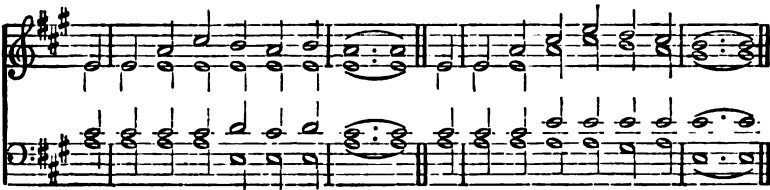


A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant-mercy I sing,
 Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
 My person and offerings to bring:
 The terrors of law and of God
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
 The work, which His goodness began,
 The arm of His strength will complete,
 His promise is "Yea and Amen,"
 And never was forfeited yet:

Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things above or below,
 Can make Him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from His love.

My name from the palms of His hands
 Eternity will not erase;—
 Impress'd on His heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace.
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given;—
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(THIRD TUNE.)

HYMN 77.



A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant-mercy I sing,
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offerings to bring:
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work which His goodness began
The arm of His strength will complete,
His promise is "Yea and Amen,"
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Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;—
Impress'd on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;—
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 78.

LET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praise* the Saviour's name;
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame :
He has wash'd us with His blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes :
He has wash'd us with His blood,
He presents our souls to God.

Let us *sing*, though fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down !
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown ;
He who wash'd us with His blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store ;
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more :
He who wash'd us with His blood,
Has secured our way to God.

Let us *praise*, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high,
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky :
"Thou hast wash'd us with Thy blood !
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

Hark ! The name of Jesus sounded
Loud from golden harps above !
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love !
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by Thee we come to God.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 78.



LET us *love*, and *sing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praise* the Saviour's name;
He has hush'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us with His blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Call'd us by His grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has wash'd us with His blood,
He presents our souls to God.

Let us *sing*, though fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
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He who wash'd us with His blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

Let us *wonder*, grace and justice
Join and point to mercy's store;
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more;
He who wash'd us with His blood,
Has secured our way to God.

Let us *praise* and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high,
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky;
"Thou hast wash'd us with Thy blood!
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

Hark! The name of Jesus sounded
Loud from golden harps above!
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love!
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by Thee we come to God.

HYMN 79.



THE Son of God in mighty love
Came down to Bethlehem for me;
Forsook His throne of light above,
An infant upon earth to be.

In love the Father's sinless child
Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me;
With sinners dwelt the Undeild,
The Holy One in Galilee.

Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enrich'd might be.

Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

In love the whole dark path He trod,
To consecrate a way for me;
Each bitter footstep mark'd with blood,
From Bethlehem to Calvary.

'Tis finish'd all:—the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee!

HYMN 80.



CHRI**S**T, the Lord, is risen to-day, *Hallelujah!*
Sons of men, and angels, say:
Raise your songs and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done, *Hallelujah!*
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; *Hallelujah!*
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King! *Hallelujah!*
Where, O death! is now thy sting!
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, O grave!

Soar we now where Christ hath led, *Hallelujah!*
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 81.



AND art Thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold Thee on Thy throne,
And there for ever sit with Thee?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I'll triumph in Thy glorious name.

Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its angry frown,
Refuse to countenance Thy cause,
And make Thy people's lot my own,
What shame would fill me in that day
When Thou Thy glory wilt display!

No; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me if it will,
If to confess my Lord be shame,
Oh, then would I be viler still;
For Thee, my God, I all resign,
Content that I can call Thee mine.

What transport then will fill my heart,
When Thou my worthless name wilt own,
When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
And know as I myself am known;
When I, from sin and sorrow free,
Shall have eternal rest with Thee.

HYMN 82.



A BBA, Father," we approach Thee
In our Saviour's precious name ;
We, Thy children here assembling,
Now Thy promised blessings claim :
From our sins His blood hath wash'd us,
'Tis through Him our souls draw nigh ;
And Thy Spirit too hath taught us,
" Abba, Father," thus to cry.

Once as prodigals we wander'd,
In our folly, far from Thee ;
But Thy grace, o'er sin abounding,
Rescued us from misery :
Clothed in garments of salvation,
At Thy table is our place ;
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest
In the riches of Thy grace.

" Abba, Father !" all adore Thee,
All rejoice in heaven above ;
While in us they learn the wonders
Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love.
Soon before Thy throne assembled,
All Thy children shall proclaim,—
" Glory, everlasting glory,
Be to God and to the Lamb ! "

HYMN 83.

(FIRST TUNE.)

ANGEL-VOICES sweetly singing,
Echoes through the blue dome ringing,
News of wondrous gladness bringing;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now, beneath us all the grieving,
All the wounded spirit's heaving,
All the woe of hopes deceiving;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Sin for ever left behind us,
Earthly visions cease to blind us,
Fleshly fetters cease to bind us;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

On the jasper threshold standing,
Like a pilgrim safely landing,
See, the strange bright scene expanding!

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

What a city! what a glory!
Far beyond the brightest story
Of the ages old and hoary;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Softest voices, silver-pealing,
Freshest fragrance, spirit-healing,
Happy hymns around us stealing;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Gone the vanity and folly,
Gone the dark and melancholy,
Come the joyous and the holy;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a broken blossom yonder,
Not a link can snap asunder,
Stay'd the tempest, sheath'd the thunder;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Not a tear-drop ever falleth,
Not a pleasure ever palleth,
Song to song for ever calleth,

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Christ Himself the living splendour,
Christ the sunlight mild and tender;
Praises to the Lamb we render;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Now at length the veil is rended,
Now the pilgrimage is ended,
And the saints their thrones ascended;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

Broken death's dread bands that bound us,
Life and victory around us;
Christ, the King, Himself bath crown'd us;

Ah, 'tis heaven at last!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 84

(FIRST TUNE.)



WE are not left to walk alone,
The Spirit of our God hath come
For ever with us to "abide"—
Our Teacher, Comforter, and Guide.

O gracious Spirit! led by Thee,
How truly safe and bless'd are we,
Hasting the dreary desert through.
With our eternal home in view!

Thou hast one theme on which to dwell,—
The story of free grace to tell!
And while we hearken to Thy voice,
We wonder, worship, and rejoice.—

Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Jesus, His own Belovèd One,
Jesus, now seated at His side,
Hath claim'd us for His own,—His Bride.

O teach us all the Father's grace,
Reveal to us the Saviour's face,
And to our willing hearts declare
The glory it is ours to share.

The wilderness be all forgot,
The desert way, we heed it not,—
THOU art the Comforter! and we
The Bride, are on our way WITH THEE!

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 85.

(FIRST TUNE)



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

Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

Sing till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ, th' eternal King!

Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon shall He call you hence away,
And take His wand'ers home.

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

(SECOND TUNE)



HYMN 86.



O LOVE of God, how strong and true !
Eternal, and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

O love of God, how deep and great !
Far deeper than man's deepest hate ;
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite

We read thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame ;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

We read thee in the manger-bed,
On which His infancy was laid ;
And Nazareth that love reveals,
Nestling amid its lonely hills.

We read thee in the tears once shed
Over doom'd Salem's guilty head
In the cold tomb of Bethany,
And blood-drops of Gethsemane.

We read thy power to bless and save,
Even in the darkness of the grave ;
Still more in resurrection-light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

O love of God, our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way,
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

HYMN 87.



WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

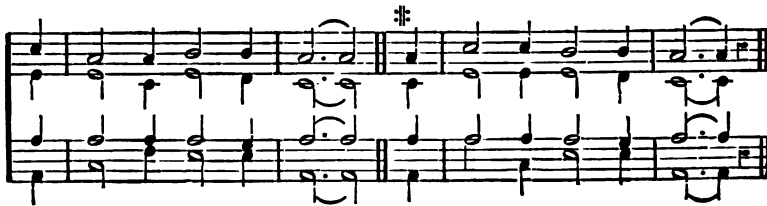
For ever on Thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile, —
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

Oh! give us hearts to love like Thee, —
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

HYMN 88.



ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy broken body, for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Can I Gethsemane forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And gaze on Calvary,
O Lamb of God ! my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me :
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee !

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And thought and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

HYMN 89.

(FIRST TUNE.)



JESUS, how much Thy name unfolds
To every open'd ear!
The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear.

"Jesus,"—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne;
It tells of sympathy above
In all that makes us mourn.

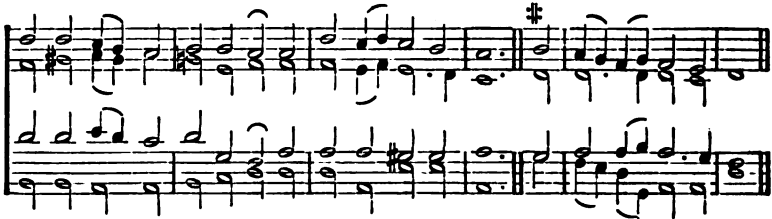
It speaks of righteousness complete,
Of holiness to God;
And, to our ears, no truth so sweet
As Thine atoning blood.

The mention of Thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship Thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand, **THOU**,
The chief of sinners, we.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 90.



THE God of Peace to guilty man
 Doth pardoning grace afford,
 Since from the dead He brought again
 Our Shepherd, Head, and Lord:
 That Shepherd who did freely bleed
 Lost sinners to restore,
 Who died, but now is risen indeed,
 And lives for evermore.

His resurrection's power divine
 By grace on us bestow'd,
 Renews us, that we, dead to sin,
 May live alone to God.
 Thus we, supported by His might,
 From strength to strength proceed,
 And walking in His truth and light
 Praise Him in word and deed.

In all we do, constrain'd by love,
 We'll joy to Him afford,
 And to God's will obedient prove
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
 Sing Hallelujah, and adore
 On earth the Lamb once slain,
 Till we in heaven shall evermore
 Exalt His name. Amen.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 91.



JESUS, thou needest me,
Even me, thou Light divine;
O Son of God, Thou needest me,
Thou needest sins like mine.

Thy fulness needs my want,
Thy wealth my poverty;
Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
Thy joy my misery.

Thy strength my weakness needs,
Thy grace my worthlessness;
Thy greatness needs a worm like me
To cherish and to bless.

Thy life needs death like mine,
To shew its quickening power;
Infinity the finite needs,
Th' eternal needs the hour.

Earth, with its vales and hills,
Needeth the daily sun;
This daily sun of ours,—it needs
An earth to shine upon.

This evil, froward soul
Needeth a love like Thine;
A love like Thine, O loving Christ,
Needeth a soul like mine.

Thy fulness, Son of God,
Thus needy maketh Thee;
Thy glory, O thou glorious One,
Seeketh its rest in me.

It was Thy need of me
That brought Thee from above;
It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
That draws me to Thy love.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(THIRD TUNE.)

HYMN 91.



JESUS, thou needest me,
Even me, thou Light divine;
O Son of God, Thou needest me,
Thou needest sins like mine.

Thy fulness needs my want,
Thy wealth my poverty;
Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
Thy joy my misery.

Thy strength my weakness needs,
Thy grace my worthlessness;
Thy greatness needs a worm like me
To cherish and to bless.

Thy life needs death like mine,
To shew its quickening power;
Infinity the finite needs,
Th' eternal needs the hour.

Earth, with its vales and hills,
Needeth the daily sun;
This daily sun of ours,—it needs
An earth to shine upon.

This evil, froward soul
Needeth a love like Thine;
A love like Thine, O loving Christ,
Needeth a soul like mine.

Thy fulness, Son of God,
Thus needy maketh Thee;
Thy glory, O Thou glorious One,
Seeketh its rest in me.

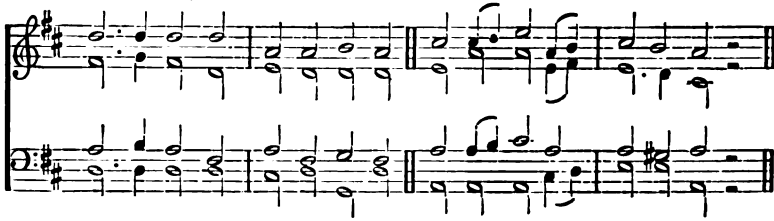
It was Thy need of me
That brought Thee from above;
It is my need of Thee, O Lord,
That draws me to Thy love.

(FOURTH TUNE.)



HYMN 92.

(FIRST TUNE.)



COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises;
Thus He fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King:
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs eternal,
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

HYMN 92.

(SECOND TUNE.)



COME, ye saints, look here and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst His bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises:
By His death He overcame:
Thus the Lord His glory raises;
Thus He fills His foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King:
Soon in yonder blessed regions
They shall join His praise to sing.
Songs eternal,
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

HYMN 93.



PRAISES to Him who built the hills;
 Praises to Him the streams who fills;
 Praises to Him who lights each star
 That sparkles in the blue afar.

Praises to Him who makes the morn,
 And bids it glow with beams new-born;
 Who draws the shadows of the night,
 Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

Praises to Him whose love has given,
 In Christ His Son, the Life of heaven;
 Who for our darkness gives us light,
 And turns to day our deepest night.

Praises to Him, in grace who came,
 To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
 Who lived to die, who died to rise,
 The God-accepted sacrifice.

Praises to Him the chain who broke,
 Open'd the prison, burst the yoke,
 Sent forth its captives, glad and free,
 Heirs of an endless liberty.

Praises to Him who sheds abroad
 Within our hearts the love of God;
 The Spirit of all truth and peace,
 Fountain of joy and holiness!

To Father, Son, and Spirit, now
 The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
 To Jah-Jehovah thus we raise
 The sinner's endless song of praise.

HYMN 94.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

CHRI**S**T has done the mighty work ;
Nothing left for us to do,
But to enter on His toil,
Enter on His triumph too.

He has sow'd the precious seed,
Nothing left for us unsown ;
Ours it is to reap the fields,
Make the harvest-joy our own.

His the pardon, ours the sin,—
Great the sin, the pardon great ;
His the good and ours the ill,
His the love and ours the hate.

Ours the darkness and the gloom,
His the shade-dispelling light ;
Ours the cloud and His the sun,
His the day-spring, ours the night.

His the labour, ours the rest,
His the death and ours the life ;
Ours the fruits of victory,
His the agony and strife.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

HYMN 94.

(THIRD TUNE.)



CHRIST has done the mighty work ;
Nothing left for us to do,
But to enter on His toil,
Enter on His triumph too.

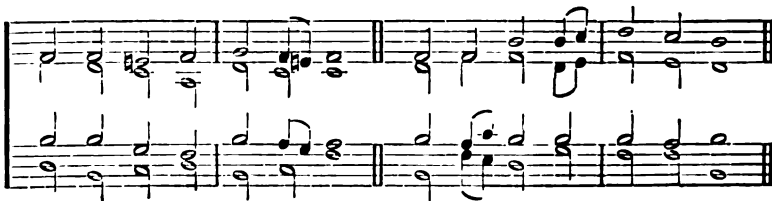
He has sow'd the precious seed,
Nothing left for us unsown ;
Ours it is to reap the fields,
Make the harvest-joy our own.

His the pardon, ours the sin,—
Great the sin, the pardon great ;
His the good and ours the ill,
His the love and ours the hate.

Ours the darkness and the gloom,
His the shade-dispelling light ;
Ours the cloud and His the sun,
His the day-spring, ours the night.

His the labour, ours the rest,
His the death and ours the life ;
Ours the fruits of victory,
His the agony and strife.

(FOURTH TUNE.)



HYMN 95.



O BLESSED Jesus! who but Thou
On earth, in heav'n above,
May claim from all our willing hearts
The full response of love!

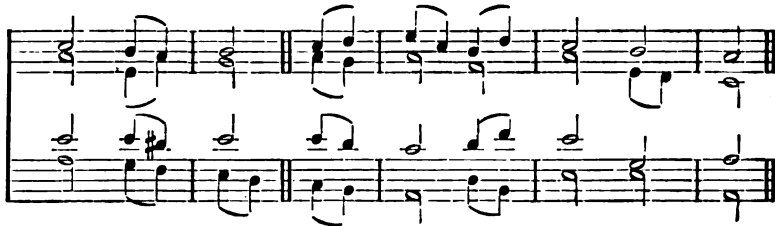
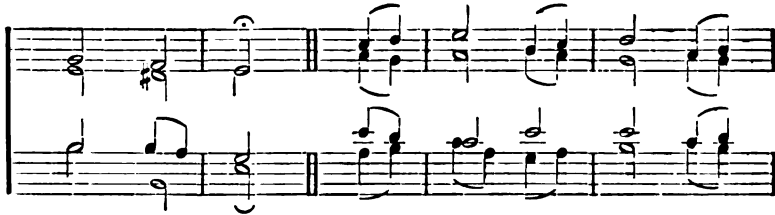
We love our brethren, Lord, 'tis true,
Because in them we see
Sweet traces of Thy blessed self,
For they are one with Thee;

And one with us:—but O 'twas Thine,
Thine only, Lord, to part
With life, and all that love could give,
To win the wand'ring heart.

Thus, heirs of endless bliss with Thee,
We love Thee—we adore,
And ask Thee still for greater grace
To love Thee more and mora.

HYMN 96.

(FIRST TUNE.)



JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heav'n should hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

HYMN 96.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second tune is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble staff with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment of quarter notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heav'n should hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

(THIRD TUNE.)

The third tune is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble staff with a melody of quarter and eighth notes, and a bass staff with a simple accompaniment of quarter notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

HYMN 97.

(FIRST TUNE.)



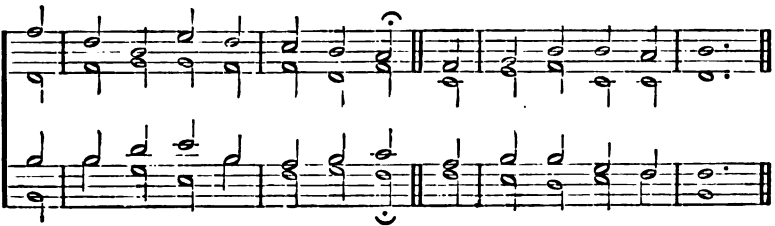
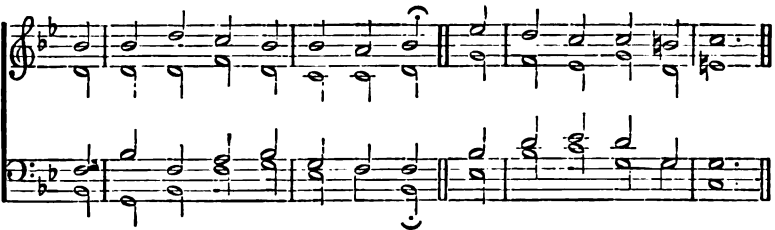
THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight :
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun :
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

The God who gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 93.

(FIRST TUNE.)



COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with Thy grace,
Pervade, O Life divine!

As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

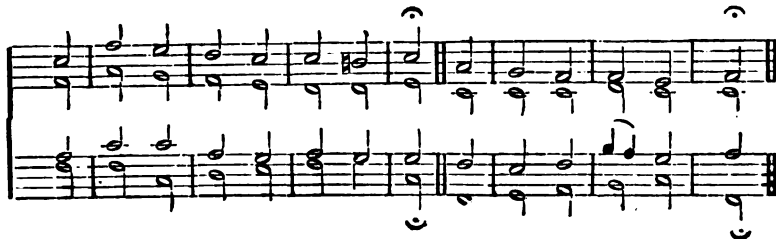
As, from these clouds, drops down in love
The precious summer rain,

So from Thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

As these fair flowers exhale their scent
In gladness at our feet,
So from Thyself let fragrance breathe,
More heavenly and more sweet.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Fill'd with the light of God.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 99.



LIGHT OF THE WORLD! for ever, ever shining;
There is no change in Thee;
True light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

Thou hast arisen; but thou descendest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever;
Brightness from first to last.

Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue:
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love, for ever new!

Why walk in darkness? Our true Light yet shineth,
It is not night but day!
All healing and all peace His light enshrineth,
Why shun His loving ray!

Are night and shadows better, truer, dearer,
Than day and joy and love?
Do tremblings and misgivings bring us nearer
To the great God of love!

Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
Oh shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 99.



LIGHT OF THE WORLD! for ever,
ever shining;
There is no change in Thee;
True light of life, all joy and health en-
shrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.
Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest
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To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt
be ever,
Brightness from first to last.
Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor
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Day fills up all its blue:
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering glad-
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And love, for ever new!

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Are night and shadows better, truer,
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Than day and joy and love!
Do tremblings and misgivings bring us
nearer
To the great God of love!
Light of the world! undimming and un-
setting,
Oh shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the
fretting,
Be our unchanging day.

(THIRD TUNE.)



HYMN 100.



LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,
Chase all our griefs away!

Come, blessed Lord! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal name,
And own Thee as their King.

Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans—
The earth, the air, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine!

HYMN 101.



NO blood, no altar now,
 The sacrifice is o'er;
 No flame, no smoke, ascends on high;
 The Lamb is slain no more!
 But richer blood has flow'd from nobler
 veins,
 To purge the soul from guilt,
 And cleanse the reddest stains.

We thank Thee for the blood,
 The blood of Christ, Thy Son;
 The blood by which our peace is made,
 Our victory is won:
 Great victory o'er hell, and sin and woe,
 That needs no second fight,
 And leaves no second foe.

We thank Thee for the grace
 Descending from above,
 That overflows our widest guilt,
 The eternal Father's love:
 Love of the Father's everlasting Son,
 Love of the Holy Ghost,
 Jehovah, three in One.

We thank Thee for the hope,
 So glad, and sure, and clear;
 It holds the drooping spirit up
 Till the long dawn appear:
 Fair hope! with what a sunshine does it
 cheer
 Our roughest path on earth,
 Our dreariest desert here!

We thank Thee for the crown
 Of glory and of life;
 'Tis no poor withering wreath of earth,
 Man's prize in mortal strife:
 'Tis incorruptible as is the throne,
 The kingdom of our God
 And His Incarnate Son.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 102.



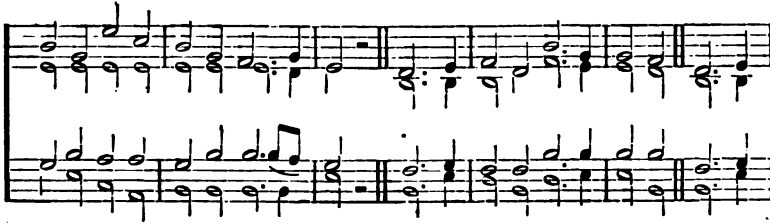
CHRIST'S grave is vacant now,
Left for the throne above;
His cross asserts God's right to bless,
In His own boundless love.
'Twas there the blood was shed,
'Twas there the life was pour'd,
There mercy gain'd her diadem,
While justice sheath'd her sword.
And thence the child of faith
Sees judgment all gone by,
Perceives the sentence fully met,
"The soul that sins shall die;"—
Learns how that God in love
Gave Christ the sins to bear

Of all who own His Lordship now,
That they His place might share;—
And cries with wondering joy,
"As He is so am I,
Pure, holy, loved as Christ Himself,—
Who shall my peace destroy?"
Reach my blest Saviour first,
Take Him from God's esteem,
Prove Jesus bears one spot of sin,
Then tell me I'm unclean.
Nay! for He purg'd my guilt
By His own precious blood,
And such its virtue, not a stain
E'er meets the eye of God.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 103.



HALLELUJAH! I believe!
 Now the giddy world stands fast,
 Now my soul has found an anchor,
 Till the night of storm is past.
 All the gloomy mists are rising,
 But a clue is in my hand,
 Through earth's labyrinth to guide me
 To a bright and heavenly land.

Hallelujah! I believe!
 Sorrow's bitterness is o'er,
 And affliction's heavy burden
 Weighs my spirits down no more.
 On the cross the mystic writing
 Now reveal'd before me lies,
 And I read the words of comfort,
 "As a father, I chastise."

Hallelujah! I believe!
 Now, oh! love, I know thy power,
 Thine no false or fragile fetters,
 Not the rose-wreaths of an hour!
 Christian bonds of holy union
 Death itself does not destroy;
 Yes! to live, and love for ever,
 Is our heritage of joy.

Hallelujah! I believe!
 Now no longer on my soul
 All the debt of sin is lying,—
 One great Friend has paid the whole.
 Ice-bound fields of legal labour
 I have left with all their toil;
 While the fruits of love are growing
 From a new and genial soil.

Hallelujah! I believe!
 Now life's mystery is gone!
 Gladly through its fleeting shadows,
 To the end I journey on.
 Through the tempest, or the sunshine,
 Over flowers or ruins led,
 Still the path is *homeward* hasting,
 Where all sorrow shall have fled.

HYMN 104.



I BOW me to Thy will, O God,
 And all Thy ways adore;
 And every day I live, I'll seek
 To please Thee more and more.

I love to kiss each print where Christ
 Did set His pilgrim feet;
 Nor can I fear that blessèd path,
 Whose traces are so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison walls to be,
 I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt,
 My heart is ever gay;
 I run no risk, for, come what will,
 Thou always hast Thy way.

I have no cares, O blessèd Lord,
 For all my cares are Thine;
 I live in triumph, too, for Thou
 Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance nor change
 From grief can set me free,
 Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
 And, patient, waits on Thee.

Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
 Its end can never miss;
 For men on earth no work can do
 More angel-like than this.

Lead on, lead on, triumphantly,
 O blessèd Lord, lead on!
 Faith's pilgrim-sons behind Thee seek
 The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
 To him no chance is lost;
 God's will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is our good,
 And unblest good is ill;
 And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet will.

HYMN 104. B.



GATE of my heart, fly open wide,—
 Shrine of my heart, spread forth;
 The treasure will in thee abide,
 Greater than heaven and earth:
 Away with all this poor world's treasures,
 And all this vain world's tasteless pleasures,
 My treasure is in heaven;
 For I have found true riches now,
 My treasure, Christ, my Lord, art Thou,
 Thy blood so freely given!

This treasure ever I employ,
 This ever aid shall yield me;
 In sorrow it shall be my joy,
 In conflict it shall shield me;
 In joy the music of my feast;
 And when all else has lost its zest,
 This manna still shall feed me;
 In thirst my drink, in want my food,
 My company in solitude,
 To comfort and to lead me!

Death's poison cannot harm me now,
 Thy blood new life bestowing;
 My shadow from the heat art Thou,
 When the noontide is glowing:
 And when by inward grief oppress'd,
 My aching heart in Thee shall rest,
 As tired head on the pillow.
 Should storms of persecution toss,
 Firm anchor'd by Thy saving cross,
 My bark rests on the billow!

And when at last Thou leadest me
 Into Thy joy and light,
 Thy blood shall clothe me royally,
 Making my garments white;
 Thou'lt place upon my head the crown,
 And lead me to the Father's throne,
 And raiment fit provide me;
 Till I by Him to Thee betrothed,
 By Thee in bridal costume clothed,
 Stand as a bride beside Thee!

HYMN 105.



Sing from "Star of," &c.

DEEP down beneath the unresting surge
 There is a peaceful tomb;
 Storm raves above, calm reigns below;
 Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe;
 Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,
 The weary find a home.

Calm shelter from Time's vexing winds;
 Sure anchorage at last!
 The blinding sea-drift blinds not here;
 No breaker's boom the sleepers fear,
 No angry typhoon hovers near;
 Their latest storm is past.

Done now with peril and with toil,
 They sleep the blessed sleep.
 The last wild hurricane is o'er;
 All silent now life's thunder-roar,
 All quiet now the wreck-strewn shore;—
 'Tis *we*, not *they*, who weep.

Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,
 Though on the lonely main:
 As soft the pillow of the deep,
 As tranquil the uncurtain'd sleep
 As on the couch where fond ones weep;—
 And they shall rise again.

Not safer on the sea of glass
 Before the throne of God!
 As sacred is that ocean-cave,
 Where weeds instead of myrtles wave;
 As near to God that unknown grave,
 As the dear churchyard's sod.

O'er the loved clay God sets his watch,
 The angels guard it well,
 Till summon'd by the trumpet loud,
 Like star emerging from the cloud,
 Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,
 It leaves its ocean-cell.

The sea shall give them back, though death
 The well-known form destroy;
 Nor rock, nor sand, nor foam can chain,
 Nor mortal prison-house retain,
 Each atom shall awake again,
 And rise with song and joy.

The cold sea's coldest, hardest depths
 Shall hear the trump of God;
 Death's reign on sea and land is o'er,
 God's treasured dust he must restore,
 God's buried gems he holds no more,
 Beneath or wave or clod.

When the cold billow cover'd them,
 No solemn prayer was said:
 Yet not the less their crown shall be
 In the great morn of victory,
 When, from their mortal fetters free,
 They leave their peaceful bed.

What though to speak the words of love
 No dear ones then could come.
 Without a name upon their bier,
 A brother's or a sister's tear,
 Their heaven will be as bright and near,
 As from their boyhood's home.

Star of the promised morning, rise!
 Star of the throbbing wave,
 Ascend! and o'er the sable brine
 With resurrection-splendour shine;
 Burst thro' the clouds with beams divine,
 Mighty to shine and save.

O Morning star! O risen Lord!
 Destroyer of the tomb!
 Star of the living and the dead,
 Lift up at length thy long-veil'd head,
 O'er land and sea thy glories shed;—
 Light of the morning, come!

Into each tomb thy radiance pour,
 Let life, not death, prevail.
 Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste!
 Call up the dead of ages past,
 Gather thy precious gems at last,
 From ocean's deepest vail.

Speak, mighty Life, and wake the dead!
 Like statue from the stone,
 Like music from long broken strings,
 Like gushings from deserted springs,
 Like dew upon the dawn's soft wings,
 Rouse each beloved one!

HYMN 106.



O LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God.

Thy love to man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

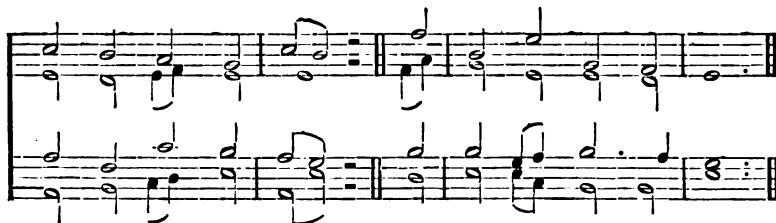
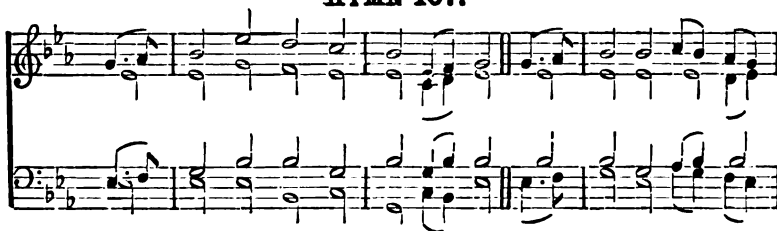
Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight.

Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
By suffering, shame, and loss,
Thy path, uncheer'd by earthly smiles,
Led only to the cross.

O Lord, with sorrow and with shame,
We meekly would confess,
How little we, who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways express.

Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind;
We would obedient be;
And all our rest and pleasure find,
In fellowship with Thee.

HYMN 107.



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

Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee ;
 Oh leave the Father's throne,
 Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
 And claim us as Thine own.

Oh, bid the bright archangel now
 The trump of God prepare,
 To call Thy saints—the quick—the dead.
 To meet Thee in the air.

No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see,
 Our eye is on the royal crown,
 Prepared for us and Thee.

But, dearest Lord ! however bright
 That crown of joy above,
 What is it to the *brighter* hope
 Of dwelling in Thy love ?

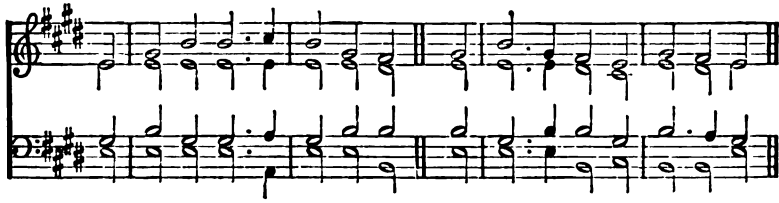
What to the joy, the *deeper* joy,
 Unmingled, pure, and free,
 Of union with our living Head,
 Of fellowship with Thee ?

This joy e'en now on earth is ours,
 But only, Lord, above
 Our hearts without a pang shall know
 The fulness of Thy love.

There, near Thy heart, upon the throne,
 Thy ransom'd Bride shall see
 What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who died to make her free.

HYMN 108.

(FIRST TUNE.)



O WHAT a bright and blessed world
This groaning earth of ours will be,
When from its throne the tempter hurl'd,
Shall leave it all, O Lord, to Thee!

But brighter far that world above,
Where we, as we are known shall know;
And, in the sweet embrace of love,
Reign o'er this ransom'd earth below.

O blessed Lord! with weeping eyes,
That blissful hour we wait to see;
While every worm or leaf that dies
Tells of the curse, and calls for Thee.

Come, Saviour, then, o'er all below
Shine brightly from Thy throne above;
Bid heaven and earth Thy glory know,
And all creation feel Thy love.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 109.



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

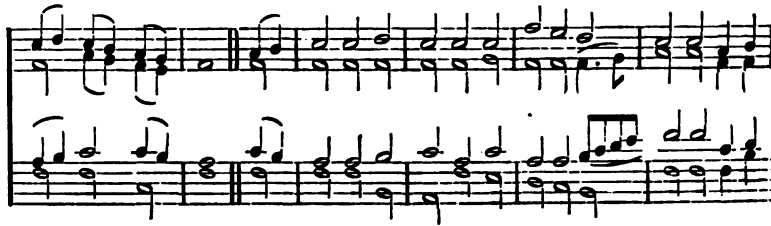
Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 110.

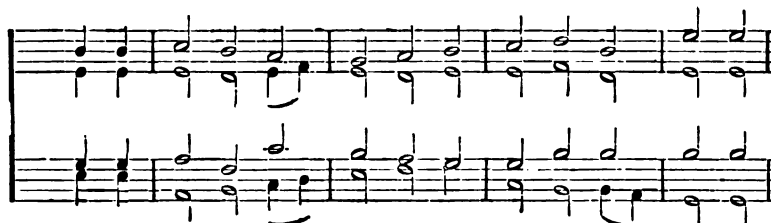
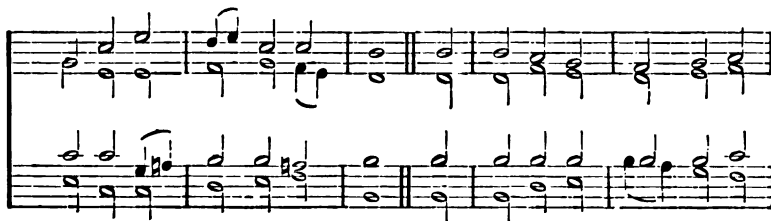


PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God,
Declare, oh, declare ye His glories abroad ;
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard His sal-
vation !
For His love floweth on, free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.
Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners was
slain,
Who went down to the grave and ascended
again ;
And who soon shall return, when these dark
days are o'er,
To set up His kingdom in glory and power.
For His love floweth on, &c.

Then the heavens, and the earth, and the sea
shall rejoice.
The field and the forest shall lift the glad voice,
The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.
Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious day ;
For her King cometh down with His people to
reign,
And His presence shall bless her with Eden
again.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 110.



(THIRD TUNE.)

HYMN 110.



PRAISE, praise ye the name of Jehovah our God.

Declare, oh, declare ye His glories abroad ;
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard His sal-
vation !

For His love floweth on, free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Praise, praise ye the Lamb who for sinners was
slain,
Who went down to the grave and ascended
again ;

And who soon shall return, when these dark
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To set up His kingdom in glory and power.
For His love floweth on, &c.

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shall rejoice.

The field and the forest shall lift the glad voice,
The sands of the desert shall flourish in green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene.

For His love floweth on, free and full as a
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And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious day ;
For her King cometh down with His people to
reign,

And His presence shall bless her with Eden
again.
For His love floweth on, free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

HYMN 111.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system shows a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The second system continues with similar clefs. The third system also continues with similar clefs. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *cres.* (crescendo), and *ff* (fortissimo). The music is in a common time signature and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

O THOU, erst Jacob's Rock, perfect's Thy work in truth, in grace;
That which Thy lips have said, Thy hand shall bring to pass.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

For Thou, Lord, art our God,
For Thou, Lord, art our God,
For Thou, Lord, art our God, our Rock, our Shield, our Hiding-place!

Yes, ere this world was framed, on sinful worms was set Thy love;
Nor can that love know change, nor from its purpose move.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Our hope is in our God,
Our hope is in our God,
Our hope is in our God, our God whose boundless grace we prove.

Hell's hosts, and each fell foe 'gainst us array'd, are known to Thee;
The battle, Lord, is Thine—ours, then, the victory!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Before Thy face all ill,
Before Thy face all ill,
Before Thy face all ill, like clouds before the wind, must flee.

Sing praises to our God; ye saints, your Father-God praise ye.
Th' Almighty One for us, against us who can be!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

In Christ rejoice, be strong!
In Christ rejoice, be strong!
In Christ rejoice, be strong! our Rock, our Strength, our Song is Ho!

HYMN 112.



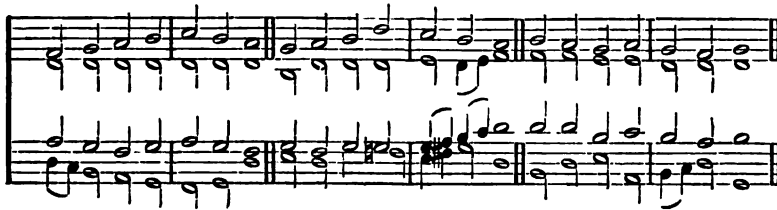
LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us all, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 Oh, refresh us!
 Travelling through this wilderness.
 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the Gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of Thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found.
 So, when'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,—
 May we ready
 Rise and reign in endless day.



HYMN 113.

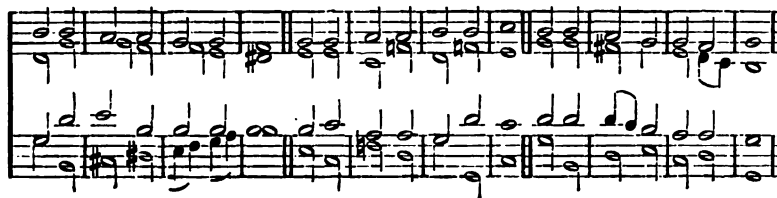
(FIRST TUNE.)



SWEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To His birth, and cross, and shame.
 When He came the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high!"
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
 Who should louder sing than I?
 Did the Lord a man become
 That He might the law fulfil,
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak;
 For, should I refuse to sing,
 Sure, the very stones would speak.
 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,—
 Every precious name in one,—
 I will love Thee without end.
 Sweeter sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To His birth, and cross, and shame.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(THIRD TUNE.)

HYMN 113.



SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

Did the Lord a man become
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

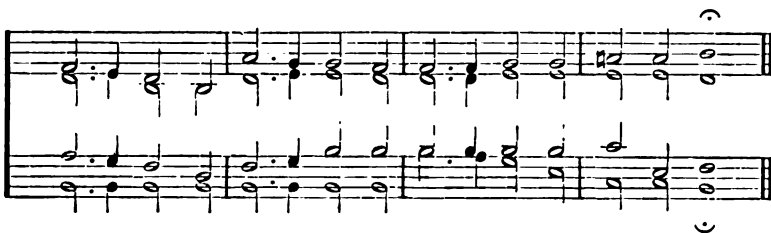
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For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,—
Every precious name in one,—
I will love Thee without end.

Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and cross, and shame.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 114.



PASCHAL LAMB, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

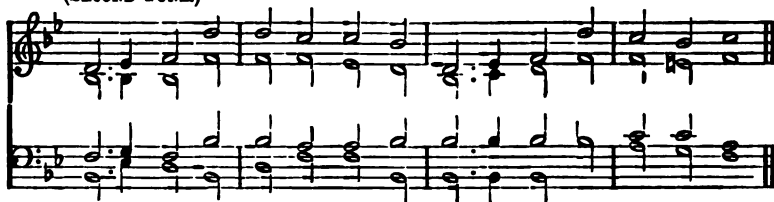
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Soon we shall, with those in glory,
His transcendent grace relate;
Gladly sing th' amazing story
Of His dying love so great:
In that blessed contemplation
We for evermore shall dwell,
Crown'd with bliss and consolation,
Such as none below can tell.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 114.



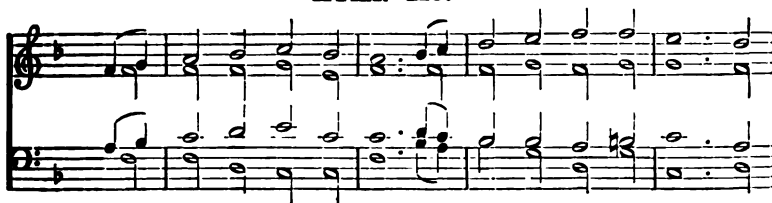
PASCHAL LAMB, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

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Gladly sing th' amazing story
Of His dying love so great:
In that blessed contemplation
We for evermore shall dwell,
Crown'd with bliss and consolation,
Such as none below can tell

HYMN 115.



THE atoning work is done,
 The victim's blood is shed ;
 And Jesus now is gone,
 His people's cause to plead :
 He stands in heav'n their great High Priest,
 And bears their names upon His breast.

He sprinkles with His blood
 The mercy-seat above ;
 For justice had withstood
 The purposes of Love ;
 But justice now objects no more,
 And mercy yields her boundless store.

No temple made with hands
 His place of service is ;
 In heav'n itself He stands,
 A heav'nly priesthood His !
 In Him the shadows of the law
 Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

And though a while He be
 Hid from the eyes of men,
 His people look to see
 Their great High Priest again :
 In brightest glory He will come,
 And take His waiting people home.

HYMN 116.

(FIRST TUNE.)



O LORD, who now art seated
Above the heav'ns on high,
(The gracious work completed,
For which Thou cam'st to die.)
To Thee our hearts are lifted,
While pilgrims wand'ring here,
For Thou art truly gifted
Our ev'ry grief to share.

We know that Thou hast bought us,
And wash'd us in Thy blood;
We know Thy grace has brought us,
As kings and priests, "to God:"
We know that soon the morning,
Long look'd for, hasteth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

O Lord, Thy love's unbounded!
So full, so vast, so free!
Our thoughts are all confounded
Whene'er we think on Thee;
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die;
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

O let this love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee,
Let nothing henceforth pain us,
But that which paineth Thee:
Our joy, our one endeavour,
Through suff'ring, conflict, shame—
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy name.

HYMN 116.

(SECOND TUNE.)



O LORD, who now art seated
 Above the heav'ns on high,
 (The gracious work completed,
 For which Thou cam'st to die,)
 To Thee our hearts are lifted,
 While pilgrims wand'ring here,
 For Thou art truly gifted
 Our ev'ry grief to share.

We know that Thou hast bought us,
 And wash'd us in Thy blood;
 We know Thy grace has brought us,
 As kings and priests, "to God:"
 We know that soon the morning,
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 Let nothing henceforth pain us,
 But that which paineth Thee:
 Our joy, our one endeavour,
 Through suff'ring, conflict, shame—
 To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify Thy name.

HYMN 117.



HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above !
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices :
Jesus reigns, the God of love :
Lo ! He sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.

Well may angels bright and glorious
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While on earth, He proved victorious,
Now, He bears a matchless name :
Well may angels sing of Him,
Heaven supplies no richer theme.

Come, ye saints, unite your praises
With the angels round His throne ;
Soon we hope our Lord will raise us
To the place where He is gone :
Meet it is that we should sing
Praise eternal to our King.

King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown ;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own ;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

HYMN 118.



HOW precious were those parting words
Of our Almighty Friend,
Who lov'd His own while in the world,
And lov'd them to the end!—

“I leave you not as orphans here,
The Comforter shall come
And fill your hearts with joy and peace,
Till I shall take you home.”

And then, as pour'd on Aaron's head
The ointment downward flow'd ;
So was the Spirit's grace and joy
From Christ, our Head, bestow'd.

As when, of old, Rebecca trod
The desert, long and drear,
While Abrah'm's wealth, and Isaac's love,
Rang in her gladden'd ear :—

So traverse we this wilderness,
While our blest Guide makes known
The Father's house, the Son's rich love,
And all He has, our own.

Sweet thought! our hearts are with Him there,
We see our glorious home
Made ready for the bride to share;—
Lord Jesus! quickly come.

HYMN 119.



THIS past—the dark and dreary night,
 And, Lord, we hail Thee now,
 Our "Morning Star," without a cloud
 Of sadness on Thy brow.

Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows all are o'er,
 And, O sweet thought! Thine eye shall
 Thy heart shall break no more. [weep,

Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
 The love that brought Thee low,
 That bade the streams of life from Thee,
 A lifeless victim, flow.

The soldier, as he pierced Thee, proved
 Man's hatred, Lord, to Thee;
 While in the blood that stain'd the spear,
 Love, only Love, we see.

Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding side,
 That pure and cleansing flood
 Speaks peace to every heart that knows
 The virtues of Thy blood.

Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
 Of cancell'd sin alone,
 But, happier far, Thy saints are call'd
 To share Thy glorious throne.

So closely are we link'd in love,
 So wholly one with Thee,
 That all Thy bliss and glory then
 Our bright reward shall be.

HYMN 120.



REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your God and King adore:
Let us give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice.

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our sins,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are unto Jesus given.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus our Lord shall come
And take His brethren up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
How then shall all His saints rejoice!

HYMN 121.

(FIRST TUNE.)

Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

Just as I am—tho' toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above, [prove,
O Lamb of God, I come

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 121.

(THIRD TUNE.)

Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come,

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

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

Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

(FOURTH TUNE.)

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 122.



I HEAR the Accuser roar
Of ills that I have done,
I know them well, and thousands more,
Jehovah findeth none.

Sin, Satan, death, press near
To harass and appal;
Let but my bleeding Lord appear,
Backward they go and fall.

Before, behind, around,
They set their fierce array,
To fight, and force me from my ground,
Along Immanuel's way.

I meet them face to face,
Through Jesus' conquest blest,
March, in the triumph of His grace,
Right onward to my rest.

There, in His book, I bear
A more than conqueror's name,

A soldier, son, and fellow-heir
Who fought and overcame.

His be the victor's name
Who fought the fight alone:
Triumphant saints no honour claim—
Their conquest was His own!

By weakness and defeat,
He won the meed and crown;
Trod all our foes beneath His feet,
By being trodden down.

He hell in hell laid low;
Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;
Bow'd to the grave, destroy'd it so,
And death, by dying slew.

Bless, bless the Conqueror slain,
Slain in His victory;
Who lived, who died, who lives again,
For thee, His Church, for thee!

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 122.

(THIRD TUNE.)

I HEAR the Accuser roar
 Of ills that I have done,
 I know them well, and thousands more,
 Jehovah findeth none.

Sin, Satan, death, press near
 To harass and appal;
 Let but my bleeding Lord appear,
 Backward they go and fall.

Before, behind, around,
 They set their fierce array,
 To fight, and force me from my ground,
 Along Immanuel's way.

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 Trod all our foes beneath His feet,
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He hell in hell laid low;
 Made sin, He sin o'erthrew;
 Bow'd to the grave, destroy'd it so,
 And death, by dying slew.

Bless, bless the Conqueror slain,
 Slain in His victory;
 Who lived, who died, who lives again,
 For thee, His Church, for thee!

HYMN 123.

(FIRST TUNE.)



ALL that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own :
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine ;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

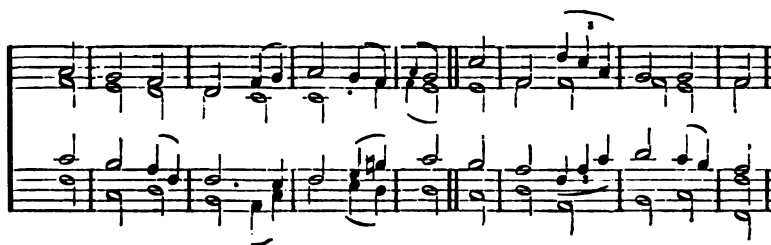
The darkness of my former state,
The bondage,—all was mine;

The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty,—is Thine.

Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
And taught me to believe ;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

All that I am e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be—
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 124.



HE lives, the great Redeemer lives !
What joy the blest assurance gives,
And in the presence of our God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts—
Above our fears, above our faults
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

In every dark and trying hour,
When harass'd by the tempter's pow'r,
Let this blest hope repel the dart,—
Our Saviour bears us on His heart.

Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend,
Our cause can never—never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

HYMN 125.



FROM whence this fear and unbelief,
If God, my Father, put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
Can He, the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on Thee?

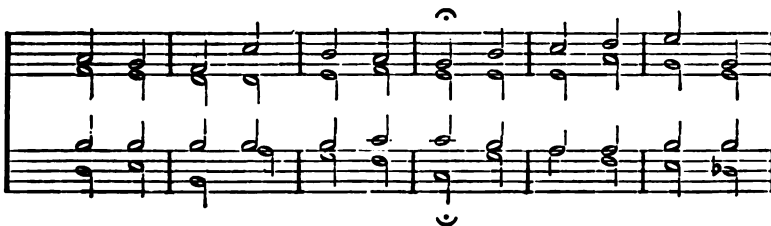
COMPLETE ATONEMENT Thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid,
Whate'er Thy people owed;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in Thy righteousness,
And sprinkled by Thy blood?

If Thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely in my place endured
The whole of wrath divine,
Payment He will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.

Turn, then, my soul! unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High-priest
Speak peace and liberty;
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 126.



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.
On Christ the solid rock I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ the solid rock I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ the solid rock I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 126.



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.
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

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I rest on His unchanging grace;
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My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand:

HYMN 127.



SOVEREIGN grace! o'er sin abounding,
 Ransom'd souls the tidings swell;
 'Tis a deep that knows no sounding—
 Who its breadth or length can tell?
 On its glories
 Let my soul for ever dwell!

What from Christ the soul can sever,
 Bound by everlasting bands!
 Once in Him, in Him for ever,
 Thus the eternal covenant stands;
 None shall pluck Thee
 From the Strength of Israel's hands.

Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Jesus,
 Long ere time its race began,
 To His name eternal praises!
 O what wonders love hath done!
 One with Jesus,
 By eternal union **ONE**.

On such love, my soul, still ponder,
 Love so great, so rich, so free;
 Say while lost in holy wonder,—
 Why, O Lord, such love to me?
 Hallelujah!
 Grace shall reign eternally.

HYMN 128.



THOU hidden source of calm repose!
Thou all-sufficient love divine!
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for Thou art mine;
Thou art my fortress, strength, and tow'r,
My trust and portion evermore.

Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In storms, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty,
My refuge in temptation's hour;
My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My life in death, my **ALL IN ALL**.

HYMN 129.



LORD, we are Thine : in Thee we live,
 Supported by Thy tender care;
 Thou dost each hourly mercy give;
 Thine earth we tread, we breathe Thine
 air;
 Raiment and food Thy hands supply,
 Thy sun's bright rays around us shine;
 Guarded by Thine all-seeing eye—
 We own that we are WHOLLY THINE.

Lord, we are Thine : bought by Thy blood,
 Once the poor guilty slaves of sin;
 But Thou hast brought us nigh to God,
 And made Thy Spirit dwell within.

Thou hast our sinful wanderings borne,
 With love and patience all divine;
 As brands then from the burning torn,
 We own that we are WHOLLY THINE.

Lord, we are Thine : Thy claims we own,
 Ourselves to Thee we wholly give;
 Reign Thou within our hearts alone,
 And let us to Thy glory live.
 Here let us each Thy mind display,
 In all Thy gracious image shine,
 And haste that long-expected day
 When Thou shalt own us WHOLLY
 THINE.

HYMN 130.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first tune is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are the vocal line, and the last two staves are the piano accompaniment. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a clear cadence at the end of each line.

O LORD, in nothing would I boast,
Save in Thy glorious name;
Though in myself I'm vile and lost,
In Thee all fair I am.

I folly am—Thou Wisdom art;
I'm sin—Thou, Righteousness;
Polluted is this worthless heart—
But Thou art Holiness.

Of sin and Satan once the slave,
My chains were burst by Thee;

In Thee I full redemption have,
Thou, Thou hast set me free.

I glory only in Thy name,
'Gainst sin, and death, and hell;
I own my guilt, confess my shame,
But Thy salvation tell.

And when I stand before the throne
And in Thy presence shine,
Still of Thy name I'll boast alone,
For all the praise is Thine.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second tune is also written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are the vocal line, and the last two staves are the piano accompaniment. The melody is more rhythmic and features a prominent bass line.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 131.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me!
Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!
O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet:
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!
O that I could, like favour'd John,
Recline my wearied head upon
My dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free;
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 131.



O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming Love,
The love of Christ to me!
Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!
O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet:
Be this my happy choice!
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!
O that I could, like favour'd John,
Recline my wearied head upon
My dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free;
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest!

HYMN 132.



O TEACH me—O teach me more of thy
 blest ways,
 Thou Holy Lamb of God!
 And fix and root me in Thy grace,
 As one redeemed by blood.

O tell me—O tell me often of Thy love,
 Of all Thy grief and pain;
 And let my heart with joy confess,—
 From thence comes all my gain.

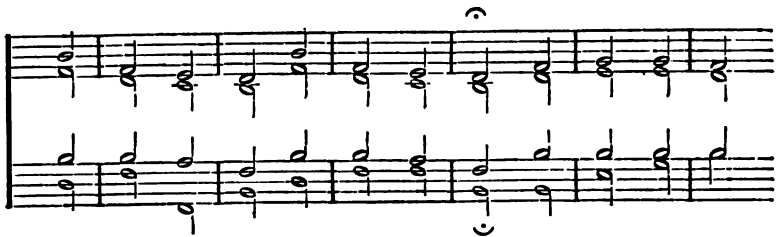
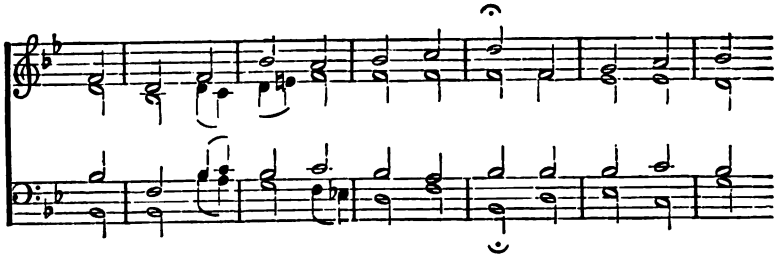
For this, Lord—For this, Lord, may I
 freely count

Whate'er I have but loss;—
 The dearest object of my love,
 Compared with Thee, but dross.

Engrave this—Engrave this deeply on my
 heart

With an eternal pen,
 That I may, in some small degree,
 Return Thy own again.

HYMN 133.



JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue de-
 clare;
 Oh! bend my wayward heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there:
 Thine, wholly Thine, alone I'd live;
 Myself to Thee entirely give.

O Lord, how gracious is Thy way,
 All fear before Thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, pass away

Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
 Lord Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing deaire apart from Thee.

In suff'ring be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thine arm my strength,
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 And thou from heav'n shall come at
 length,
 Lord Jesus, then this heart shall be
 For ever satisfied with Thee.

HYMN 134.

(FIRST TUNE.)

“**A**BBA, Father,” Lord, we call Thee,
 Hallow'd name! from day to day:
 'Tis Thy children's right to know Thee,
 None but children, “Abba,” say:
 This high glory we inherit,
 Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood;
 God the Spirit, with our spirit,
 Witnesseth we're sons of God.

Abba's purpose gave us being,
 When, in Christ, in that vast plan,
 Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
 Long before the world began:
 Oh what love the Father bore us!
 Oh how precious in His sight!
 When He gave His Church to Jesus,
 Jesus, His whole soul's delight!

Though our nature's fall in Adam,
 Seem'd to shut us out from God,
 Thus it was His counsel brought us
 Nearer still through Jesus' blood:
 For in Him we found redemption,
 Grace and glory in the Son;

Oh the height and depth of mercy;
 Christ and all the saints are one!

Richest stores of heavenly blessings
 God hath given in Christ His Son,—
 With the Holy Spirit's power,
 Safe to lead His children on:
 “Abba, Father!” makes all certain,
 E'en by word, and oath, and blood—
 Abba saith, “They are my people,”
 And they say, “The Lord our God.”

Hence through all the changing seasons,
 Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
 Nothing changeth God's affection,
 Abba's love shall bring us through;
 Soon shall all Thy blood-bought children
 Round the throne their anthems raise,
 And in songs of rich salvation,
 Shout to Abba endless praise.

“Abba, Father!” Lord, we call Thee;
 Abba sounds through all the host;
 All in heaven and earth adore Thee,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 134.

"**A**BBA, Father," Lord, we call Thee,
Hallow'd name! from day to day:
'Tis Thy children's right to know thee,
None but children, "Abba," say:
This high glory we inherit,
Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood;
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
Witnesseth we're sons of God.
Abba's purpose gave us being,
When, in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began:
Oh what love the Father bore us!
Oh how precious in His sight!
When He gave His Church to Jesus,
Jesus, His whole soul's delight!
Though our nature's fall in Adam,
Seem'd to shut us out from God,
Thus it was His counsel brought us
Nearer still through Jesus' blood:

For in Him we found redemption,
Grace and glory in the Son;
Oh the height and depth of mercy;
Christ and all the saints are one!
Richest stores of heavenly blessings
God hath giv'n in Christ, His Son,—
With the Holy Spirit's power,
Safe to lead His children on:
"Abba, Father!" makes all certain,
E'en by word, and oath, and blood—
Abba saith, "They are my people,"
And they say, "The Lord our God."
Hence through all the changing seasons,
Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,
Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love shall bring us through;
Soon shall all Thy blood-bought children,
Round the throne their anthems raise,
And in songs of rich salvation,
Shout to Abba endless praise.

HYMN 135.



FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Nor dread his rage and power :
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs ;
Then leave it to your Lord ;
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us and His Word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown ;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer :
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare :
Fight for us once again :
So shall the saints and martyrs raise,
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end : Amen.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 136.



O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy's space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

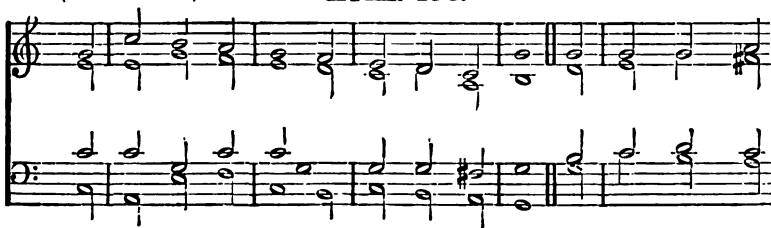
The earth with its store of wonders untold
Almighty ! Thy power hath founded of old ;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 136.



WORSHIP the King all glorious above ;
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy's space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
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It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend !

HYMN 137.

(FIRST TUNE.)



WHO trusts in God a strong abode
In heaven and earth possesses;
Who looks in love to Christ above,
No fear his heart oppresses.
In only Thee, dear Lord, I see
Sweet hope and consolation,
My shield from foes, my balm for woes,
My great and sure salvation.

Though Satan's wrath beset my path,
And worldly scorn assail me,
While Thou art near I shall not fear,
My faith will never fail me.
Thy rod and staff uphold me safe
Amid the snares of evil,
From death and sin the victory win,
And triumph o'er the devil.

In all the strife of mortal life
My foot shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou wilt guard me surely.
O God, renew with heavenly dew
My body, soul, and spirit,
And be Thou mine and keep me Thine,
For Jesus' saving merit.

HYMN 137.

(SECOND TUNE.)

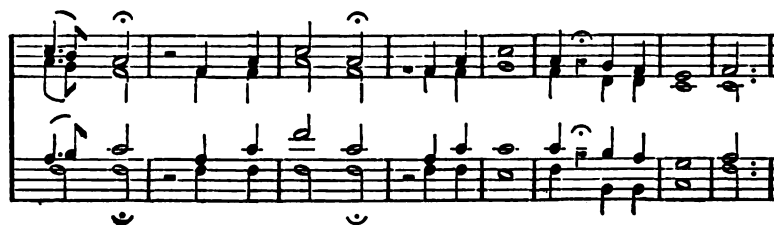
WHO trusts in God a strong abode
 In heaven and earth possesses;
 Who looks in love to Christ above,
 No fear his heart oppresses.
 In only Thee, dear Lord, I see
 Sweet hope and consolation,
 My shield from foes, my balm for woes,
 My great and sure salvation.

Though Satan's wrath beset my path,
 And worldly scorn assail me,
 While Thou art near I shall not fear,
 My faith will never fail me.

Thy rod and staff uphold me safe
 Amid the snares of evil,
 From death and sin the victory win,
 And triumph o'er the devil.

In all the strife of mortal life
 My foot shall stand securely;
 Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
 For Thou wilt guard me surely.
 O God, renew with heavenly dew
 My body, soul, and spirit,
 And be Thou mine and keep me Thine,
 For Jesus' saving merit.

HYMN 138.



NOW be thanks and praise ascending,
 Praise to Jesus never ending :
 All He made, and still sustains ;
 Over heaven and earth He reigns.
 He for us the cross enduring,
 Died, by death our life procuring :
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

From the grave He rose victorious ;
 Wonderful He is, and glorious ;
 He from ill His flock defends ;
 He to them His spirit sends :
 Now for them He intercedeth,
 Heavenward still His mercy leadeth
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

HYMN 139.



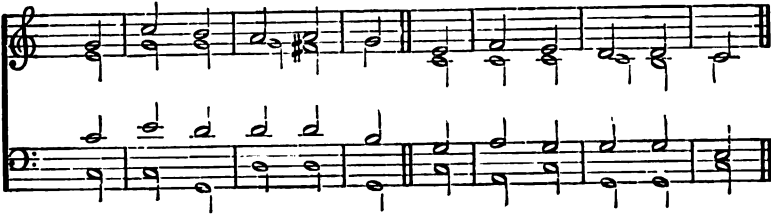
T'IS finishèd : O glorious word
 Last utter'd by the dying Lord !
 Redeemèd soul, forget it never,
 Remember it, O soul, for ever :
 Who lived to bless, who died to save thee, said
 Upon the cross,—'Tis finishèd.

'Tis finishèd : the creature owed
 A debt he ne'er could pay to God :
 Our sins had movèd the wrath of Heaven :
 That debt is paid, those sins forgiven.
 The Son of God hath suffer'd in our stead,
 And we are free :—'Tis finishèd.

'Tis finishèd : remains there aught
 For us to finish? Idle thought !
 By Him the work was all completèd :
 Its blessings now to all are metèd
 Who with their dying Lord to sin are dead
 And live to God :—'Tis finishèd.

'Tis finishèd : the mighty Son
 O'er death and hell the victory won :
 He died, He lives for our salvation,
 And we may say with exultation,—
 "For me my Saviour's precious blood was shed,
 And come what will, 'Tis finishèd."

HYMN 139 (B.)



HOW glorious is Thy name,
Through all the ransom'd host,
O WORTHY LAMB, who came
To seek and save the lost!

Thou art, beyond compare,
Most precious in our sight;
Than sons of men more fair,
And infinite in might.

Thy perfect work divine
Makes us for ever blest;
Here truth and mercy shine,
And men with God do rest.

Thy ways are far above
The ways of men, O God!
Above their thoughts Thy love,
In saving by Thy blood.

Let us count all but loss,
That Jesus we may win;
And, glorying in His cross,
Forsake the world and sin.

In Him let us rejoice;
Salvation He hath wrought;
Be His commands our choice,
For with His blood we're bought.

HYMN 140.

I KNOW in whom I put my trust,
 I know what standeth fast,
 When all things here dissolve like dust,
 Or smoke before the blast :
 I know what still endures, how'er
 All else may quake and fall,
 When lies the prudent men ensnare,
 And dreams the wise enthral.

It is the Day-spring from on high,
 The adamant Rock,
 Whence never storm can make me fly,
 That fears no earthquake's shock ;
 My Jesus Christ, my sure Defence,
 My Saviour and my Light,
 That shines within, and scatters thence
 Dark phantoms of the night.

Who once was borne (betray'd, and slain)
 At evening to the grave ;
 Whom God awoke, who rose again,
 A Conqueror strong to save ;
 Who pardons all my sin, who sends
 His Spirit pure and mild ;
 Whose grace my every step befriends,
 Who ne'er forgets His child !

Therefore I know in whom I trust,
 I know what standeth fast,
 When all things form'd of earthly dust
 Are whirling in the blast ;
 The terrors of the final foe
 Can rob me not of this,
 And this shall crown me once, I know,
 With never-fading bliss.

HYMN 141.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment for the same piece.

A LITTLE flock! So calls He thee,
Who bought thee with His blood;
A little flock, disown'd of men,
But own'd and loved of God.

Church of the everlasting God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amidst the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

A little flock! 'Tis well, 'tis well;
Such be her lot and name;
Through ages past it has been so,
And now 'tis still the same.

But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Her feeble days are o'er;

No more a handful on the earth,
A little flock no more;

No more a lily among thorns,
Wearied, and faint, and few,
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

Then entering the eternal halls
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

Unfading palms they bear aloft,
Unfaltering songs they sing,
Unending festival they keep,
In presence of the King.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment for the same piece.

HYMN 142.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature. The first system contains 12 measures. The second system also contains 12 measures. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with the lower staff providing harmonic support. There are several fermatas and slurs throughout the piece.

FAR fairer is the land we seek,
A land without a tomb,
An everlasting resting-place,
A sure and quiet home.
Far sunnier than the hills of time
Are its eternal hills;
Far fresher than the rills of earth
Are its eternal rills.

No blight can fall upon its flowers,
No darkness fill its air;
It has a day for ever bright,
For Christ its sun is there.
O Sun of love and peace, arise,
Thy light upon us beam;
For all this life is but a sleep,
And all this world a dream.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a common time signature. The first system contains 12 measures. The second system also contains 12 measures. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with the lower staff providing harmonic support. There are several fermatas and slurs throughout the piece.

HYMN 143.

(FIRST TUNE)



FOR ever to behold Him shine,
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me,
For ever on His face to gaze,
And meet His full assembled
rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory!

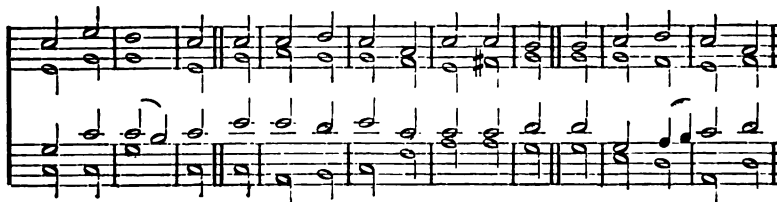
Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here:
What must it be in heaven!

'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
As now we journey day by day,
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

But how will His celestial voice
Make our enraptured hearts rejoice,
When we in glory hear Him,
When we no longer at the gate,
But in His blessed presence wait,
And Jesus, on His throne of state,
Invites us to come near Him!

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 143.



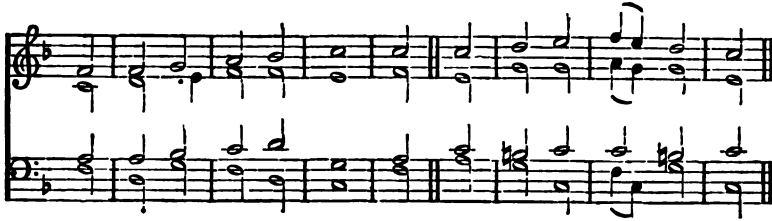
FOR ever to behold Him shine,
For evermore to call Him mine,
And see Him still before me,
For ever on His face to gaze,
And meet His full assembled rays,
While all the Father He displays
To all the saints in glory!

Not all things else are half so dear
As His delightful presence here:
What must it be in heaven!

'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,
As now we journey day by day,
"Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

But how will His celestial voice
Make our enraptured hearts rejoice,
When we in glory hear Him,
When we no longer at the gate,
But in His blessed presence wait,
And Jesus, on His throne of state,
Invites us to come near Him!

HYMN 144.



O BROTHERS, tune your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is fill'd with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes, and free;
The gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close;
The Cross has been victorious,
And shall be, o'er its foes.

Faith is our battle-token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken,
Our captives, ransom'd souls.

Captain of our salvation,
Our Guide unto the end,
Praise, glory, adoration
To Thee for aye ascend.
Still to the conflict pressing,
On Thee Thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

HYMN 145.



CROWNS of glory ever bright
 Rest upon the Victor's head:
 Crowns of glory are His right,
 His who liveth and was dead.
 Jesus fought and won the day;
 Such a day was never fought;
 Well His people now may say,
 See what God, our God, has wrought.

He subdued the powers of hell;
 In the fight He stood alone;
 All His foes before Him fell,
 By His single arm o'erthrown.

They have fallen to rise no more;
 Final is the foe's defeat;
 Jesus triumph'd by His power,
 And His triumph is complete.

His the fight, the arduous toil,
 His the honour of the day,
 His the glory and the spoil,
 Jesus bears them all away.

Now proclaim His deeds afar;
 Fill the world with His renown;
 His alone the victor's car,
 His the everlasting crown.

HYMN 146.



THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint,
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul wash'd white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

HYMN 147.

(FIRST TUNE.)

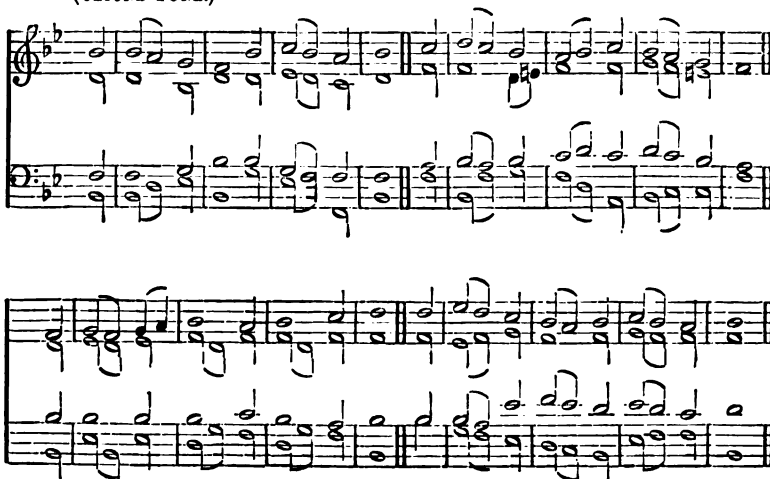


O LOVE, how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.
He sent no angel to our race,
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame
Himself, and to this lost world came.
For us He was baptized, and bore
His holy fast, and hunger'd sore;
For us temptation sharp He knew;
For us the tempter overthrew.

For us He pray'd, for us He taught,
For us His daily works He wrought,
By words, and signs, and actions, thus
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

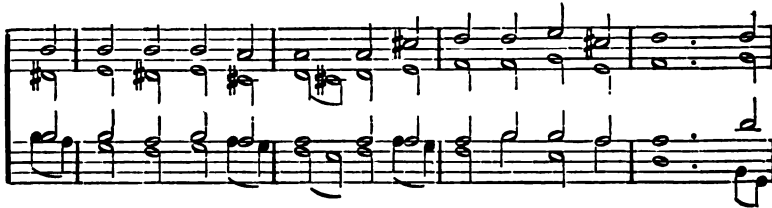
For us to wicked men betray'd,
Scourged, mock'd, in purple robe array'd,
He bore the shameful cross and death;
For us at length gave up His breath.
For us He rose from death again,
For us He went on high to reign,
For us He sent His Spirit here,
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 148.



THE Holiest now we enter
In perfect peace with God,
Regaining our lost centre
Through Christ's atoning blood:
Though great may be our dulness
In thought, and word, and deed,
We glory in the fulness
Of Him who meets our need.

Much incense is ascending
Before the eternal throne;
God graciously is bending
To hear each feeble groan.
To all our prayers and praises
Christ adds His sweet perfume,
And Love the censer raises
Their odours to consume.

O God, we come with singing,
Because the great High Priest
Our names to Thee is bringing,
Nor e'er forgets the least,
For us He wears the mitre,
Where holiness shines bright;
For us His robes are whiter
Than heaven's unsullied light.

HYMN 148.

(SECOND TUNE.)

THE Holiest now we enter
In perfect peace with God,
Regaining our lost centre
Through Christ's atoning blood:
Though great may be our dulness
In thought, and word, and deed,
We glory in the fulness
Of Him who meets our need.

Much incense is ascending
Before th' eternal throne;
God graciously is bending
To hear each feeble groan.
To all our prayers and praises
Christ adds His sweet perfume;
And Love the censer raises
Their odours to consume.

O God, we come with singing,
Because the great High Priest
Our names to Thee is bringing,
Nor e'er forgets the least.
For us He wears the mitre,
Where holiness shines bright;
For us His robes are whiter
Than heaven's unsullied light.

HYMN 149.



Unison.



THAT city, with the jewell'd crest,
 Like some new-lighted sun,
 A blaze of burning amethyst,
 Ten thousand orbs in one;—

That is the city of the saints,
 Where we so soon shall stand,
 Where we shall strike these desert tents,
 And quit this desert sand.

Fair vision, how thou liftest up
 The drooping brow and eye,
 With the calm joy of thy sure hope
 Fixing our souls on high!

With thee in view, how poor appear
 The world's most winning smiles!
 Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
 And vain hell's countless wiles.

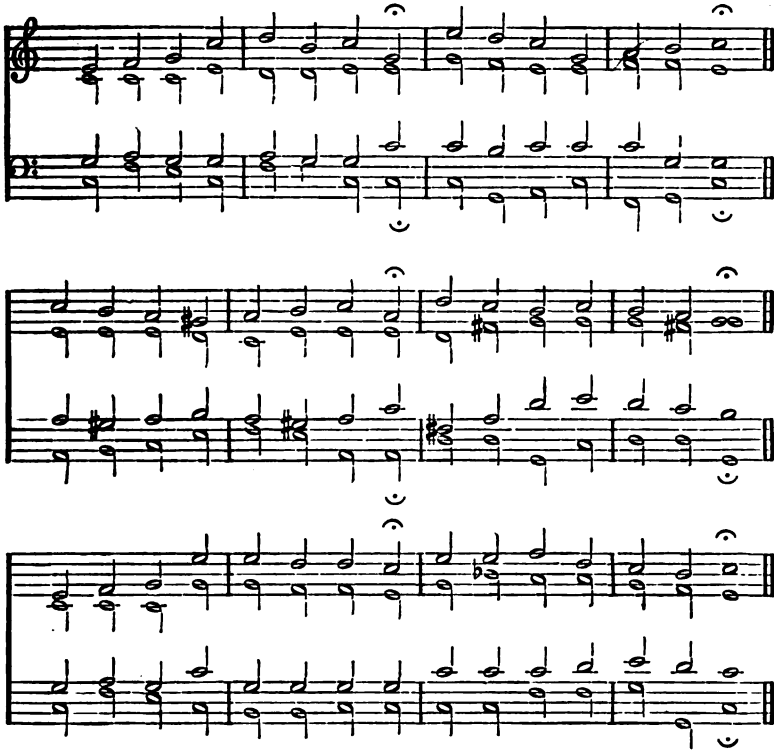
Time's glory fades; its beauty now
 Has ceased to lure or blind;
 Each gay enchantment here below
 Has lost its power to bind.

Then welcome toil, and care, and pain,
 And welcome sorrow too:
 All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
 With such a prize in view.

Come, crown and throne, come, robe and
 palm,
 Burst forth, glad streams of peace!
 Come, holy City of the Lamb!
 Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

When shall the clouds that veil thy rays
 For ever be withdrawn?
 Why dost thou tarry, day of days!
 When shall thy gladness dawn!

HYMN 150.



TO the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay ;
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

Jesus is the Name we treasure ;
Name beyond what words can tell ;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well ;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whose preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear ;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near ;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesses here.

Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessed Name revere ;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 151.

HOLY JESUS! Ever gracious,
Fill our minds with thoughts of Thee;
And—in knowing Thou art “precious”—
Hearts with songs shall raised be.
In Thy grace, to prove th’ avenger
Of Hell’s triumph, by the grave:
Love once brought Thee to the manger,
Garden, Cross, and Death’s dark wave.

Oh, how greatly Thou didst love us,
Thus to take our place in death!
And, in rising, Thine to give us
At the Father’s throne in faith!
Oh, to know that love which frees us
From the guilt and grasp of sin,
And, in life immortal, sees us
“*As He is*,” the veil within!

Led by Thee, no more we wander
From our heavenly Shepherd’s fold;
Nor the heart’s affections squander
On time’s joys, earth’s fame and gold!
Of our loved Redeemer thinking,
All our pilgrim life below,—
Of the “Rock” we would be drinking,
While in this world’s wastes we go.

Though we pass through tribulation,
Press’d with sorrows, griefs, and care,
Be this thought our consolation,—
Jesus will our burdens bear.
All our woes will soon have ended;
Soon our bitterest tear be shed;
Then, with risen saints ascended,
Praise shall crown our Risen Head.

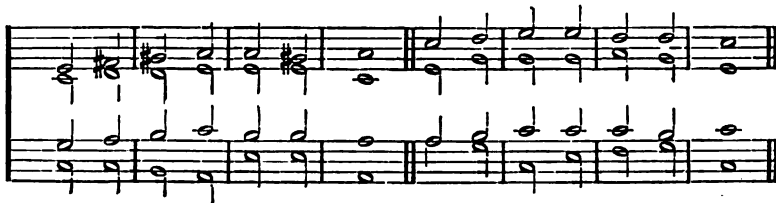
(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 151.



HYMN 152.

(FIRST TUNE.)



JESUS, spotless Lamb of God,
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood—
We would value nought beside
Jesus—Jesus crucified.

We are Thine—and Thine alone,
This we gladly, fully own ;
And, in all our works and ways,
Only now would seek Thy praise.

Help us to confess Thy name,
Bear with joy Thy cross and shame,
Only seek to follow Thee,
Though reproach our portion be,

When Thou shalt in glory come,
And we reach our heavenly home,
Louder still our lips shall own,
We are Thine, and Thine alone.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 153.

(FIRST TUNE.)

NOTHING know we of the season
 When the world shall pass away ;
 But we know, the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day ;
 When the Saviour will return,
 And His people cease to mourn.

While a careless world is sleeping,
 Then it is the day will come ;
 Mirth will then be turn'd to weeping ;
 Sinners then must meet their doom :
 But the people of the Lord
 Shall obtain their bright reward.

Oh, what sacred joys await them !
 They shall see the Saviour then :
 Those who now oppose and hate them,
 Never can oppose again.
 Brethren, let us think of this—
 All is ours if we are His.

Waiting for the Lord's returning,
 Be it ours His word to keep ;
 Let our lamps be always burning ;
 Let us watch while others sleep.
 We're no longer of the night ;
 We are children of the light.

Being of the favour'd number
 Whom the Saviour calls His own,
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
 Nothing should be left undone :
 This should be His people's aim,
 Still to glorify His name.

HYMN 153.

(SECOND TUNE.)



NOTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away ;
But we know, the saints have reason
To expect a glorious day ;
When the Saviour will return,
And His people cease to mourn.

While a careless world is sleeping,
Then it is the day will come ;
Mirth will then be turn'd to weeping ;
Sinners then must meet their doom :
But the people of the Lord
Shall obtain their bright reward.

Oh, what sacred joys await them !
They shall see the Saviour then :
Those who now oppose and hate them,
Never can oppose again.
Brethren, let us think of this—
All is ours if we are His.

Waiting for the Lord's returning,
Be it ours His word to keep ;
Let our lamps be always burning ;
Let us watch while others sleep.
We're no longer of the night ;
We are children of the light.

Being of the favour'd number
Whom the Saviour calls His own,
'Tis not meet that we should slumber,
Nothing should be left undone :
This should be His people's aim,
Still to glorify His name.

HYMN 154.



HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three persons, blessed Trinity.

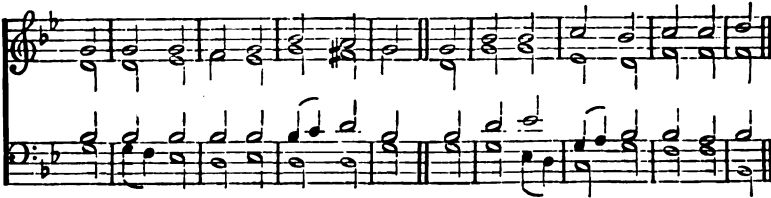
Holy, Holy, Holy, all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

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 power, in love, in purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

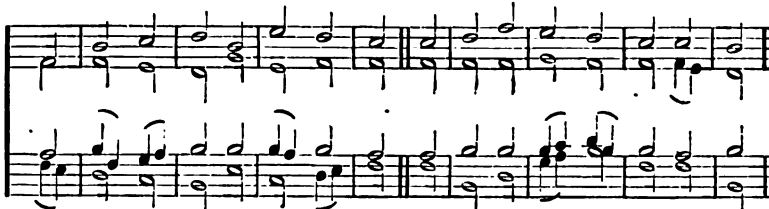
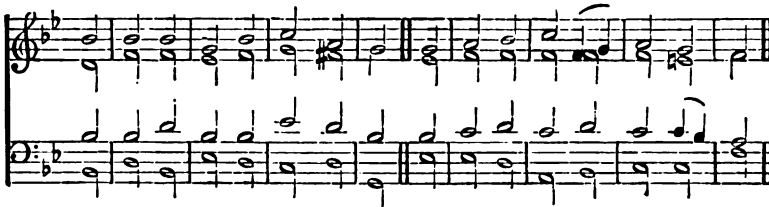
HYMN 155.

(FIRST TUNE.)



<p>O WONDROUS hour! when, Jesus, Thou, Co-equal with th' eternal God, Beneath our sin vouchsafed to bow, And in our nature bore the rod.</p> <p>On Thee, the Father's blessed Son, Jehovah's utmost anger fell: That all was borne, that all is done, Thine agony, Thy cross can tell.</p> <p>When most in angry Satan's power, Dear Lord, Thy suff'ring spirit seem'd, Then, in that dark and fearful hour, Thine arm our guilty souls redeem'd.</p>	<p>Thy cross! Thy cross! there, Lord, we learn What Thou, in all Thy fulness art; There, thro' the dark'ning cloud, discern The love of Thy devoted heart.</p> <p>'Twas mighty love's constraining power That made Thee, blessed Saviour! die; 'Twas love, in that tremendous hour, That triumph'd in Thy parting sigh.</p> <p>'Twas all for us—our life we owe, Our hope, our crown of joy, to Thee; Thy suff'rings, in that hour of woe, Thy victory, Lord, hath made us free.</p>
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(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 156.

(FIRST TUNE.)



I WILL praise Thee every day,
Now Thine anger's turn'd away!
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

Here, in the fair gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

Jesus is become at length
My Salvation and my Strength;
And His praises shall proclaim,
While I live, my pleasant song.

Praise ye then His glorious name,
Publish His exalted fame,
Still His worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all His deeds.

Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is He—
God the Saviour dwells in Thee!

(SECOND TUNE.)



(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 157.



TO Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.
Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
That peace of God within.
There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd;
Grace there its wondrous victory gain'd,
And love endured its last.
Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,

Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And link'd our life with Thine.
The sympathies and hopes are ours;
Dear Lord! we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above,
Redeem'd and blest by Thee.
Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.
Why linger then? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call; [reign,
Come, claim Thine ancient power, and
The Heir and Lord of all.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 158.



O LET us tell the matchless worth,
And let us sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,—
The wonders of His love we sing,
The theme with which the heavens ring,
Now let us gladly join.

How rich the precious blood He spilt!
Our ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin against our God;
How perfect is His righteousness!
In this unspotted, beauteous dress,
His saints have ever stood.

How precious is the name He bears,
How bright the many crowns He wears,
Exalted on the Throne!
In songs of sweet untiring praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all *His glories* known.

And soon the happy day shall come,
When we shall reach our destined home,
And see Him face to face;
Then with our Saviour, Lord, and Friend,
A glad eternity we'll spend,
In singing still His grace.

HYMN 159.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a key signature change to one sharp (F#).

FAREWELL, ye fleeting joys of earth!
We've seen the Saviour's face,
Beheld Him with the eye of faith,
And know His love and grace.

Forth from the Father's loving breast,
To bear our sin and shame,
To face a cold, unfeeling world,
The heavenly Stranger came.

This earth to Him, the Lord of all,
No kindly welcome gave;
In Judah's land, the Saviour found
No shelter but the grave.

Then fare thee well, thou faithless world!
Thine evil eye could see
No grace in Him whose dying love
Hath wean'd our hearts from thee.

The cross was His; and oh! 'tis ours
It weight on earth to bear,
And glory in the thought that He
Was once a sufferer there.

HYMN 160.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) on two staves per system. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the third system.

WE 'RE not of the world, that fadeth away,
We're not of the night, but children of day.
The chains that once bound us, by Jesus are riven,
We're strangers on earth, and our home is in heaven.

Our path is most rough and dangerous too,
A wide trackless waste our journey lies through;
But the pillar that guides us, and shews us our way,
Is our light in the night, and our shadow by day.

Our Shepherd is still our guardian and guide,
Before us He goes to keep and provide;
We drink of the stream from the Rock that was riven,
Our bread is the Manna that came down from Heaven.

'Mid mightiest foes most feeble are we,
Yet, trembling, in each encounter they flee;
The Lord is our banner, the battle is His,
The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.

Soon, soon shall we reach our own promised land,
Before His bright throne in glory shall stand!
Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
"All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to Thee."

HYMN 160.

(SECOND TUNE.)



WE 'RE not of the world, that fadeth away,
We're not of the night, but children of day.
The chains that once bound us, by Jesus are riven,
We're strangers on earth, and our home is in heaven.

Our path is most rough and dangerous too,
A wide trackless waste our journey lies through ;
But the pillar that guides us, and shews us our way,
Is our light in the night, and our shadow by day.

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Yet, trembling, in each encounter they flee ;
The Lord is our banner, the battle is His,
The weakest of saints more than conqueror is.

Soon, soon shall we reach our own promised land,
Before His bright throne in glory shall stand !
Our song then for ever and ever shall be,
"All glory and blessing, Lord Jesus, to Thee."

HYMN 161.



HE'S gone—the Saviour's work on earth,
His task of love, is o'er;
And lo! this dreary desert know
His gracious steps no more.

Oh, 'twas a waste to Him indeed,
No rest on earth He knew;
No joy from its unhallow'd springs
His sorrowing spirit drew.

He's gone! and shall our truant feet
And ling'ring hearts delay,
In a dark world, that cast His love,
Like worthless dross, away.

Hopeless of joy in aught below,
We only long to soar,
The fulness of His love to feel,
And lose His smile no more.

His hand, with all the gentle power,
The sweet constraint of love,
Hath drawn us from this restless world,
And fix'd our hearts above.

HYMN 162.



THERE is a place of endless joy,
Prepared for saints above,
Of peace and bliss without alloy,
A heaven of perfect love.
It was for this that Jesus died,
That we with Him might there abide:
It was for this He suffer'd pain,
That all His saints with Him might reign.

How bright, how holy is the place,
Unfading, undefiled,
Where God unveils His gracious face
To every blood-bought child!
They round the throne triumphant stand,
A golden harp in every hand,
To which they sing the ceaseless strain,
"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!"

O wondrous grace! O love divine,
To give us such a home!
Let us all present things resign,
And seek this rest to come—
And, gazing on our Saviour's cross,
Esteem all else but worthless dross;
Press forward till the race be run,
Fight till the crown of life be won.

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 163.



CHILDREN of light, arise and shine !
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,
Your home is in the skies.
Oh then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn,
That earthly spirits prize.

With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh ! what is all the world to you !
What is it all but loss ?
Come on, then, cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,
Ye pilgrims of the cross !

The cross is ours ; we bear it now ;
But did not He beneath it bow,
And suffer there at last ?
All that we feel can Jesus tell ;
His gracious soul remembers well
The sorrows of the past.

O blessed Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeem'd from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with Thee in white.
We suffer now ; but oh ! at last
We'll bless Thee, Lord, for all the past
And own our cross was light.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 163.

CHILDREN of light, arise and shine!
Your birth, your hopes are all divine,
Your home is in the skies.
Oh then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
That earthly spirits prize.

With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh! what is all the world to you?
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Come on, then, cleave no more to earth,
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O blessed Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeem'd from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with Thee in white.
We suffer now; but oh! at last
We'll bless Thee, Lord, for all the past,
And own our cross was light.

HYMN 164.

(FIRST TUNE.)



WHAT will it be to dwell above,
And with the Lord of glory reign,
Since the sweet earnest of His love
So brightens all this dreary plain!
No heart can think, or tongue explain,
What joy 'twill be with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains the heart no more,
When we shall see the Prince of light,
And all His works of grace explore;
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine!

Our God has fix'd the happy day
When the last tear shall dim our eyes,
When He will wipe our tears away,
And fill our hearts with glad surprise;
To hear His voice, and see His face,
And know the riches of His grace;—

This is the joy we seek to know,
For this with patience we would wait,
Till, call'd from earth and all below,
We rise our gracious Lord to meet,
To wave our palms—our crowns to wear,
And praise the love that brought us there.

HYMN 164.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The musical score is presented in three systems. Each system contains two staves. The first system is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third systems are in bass clef. The music is a simple, hymn-like melody with a steady rhythm.

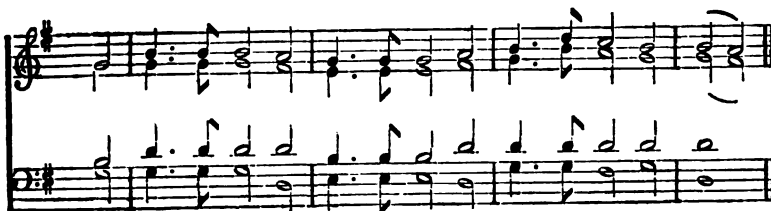
WHAT will it be to dwell above,
And with the Lord of glory reign,
Since the sweet earnest of His love
So brightens all this dreary plain?
No heart can think or tongue explain,
What joy 'twill be with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains the heart no more,
When we shall see the Prince of light,
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Will there through endless ages shine!

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When the last tear shall dim our eyes,
When He will wipe our tears away,
And fill our hearts with glad surprise;
To hear His voice, and see His face,
And know the riches of His grace;—

This is the joy we seek to know,
For this with patience we would wait,
Till call'd from earth and all below,
We rise our gracious Lord to meet,
To wave our palms—our crowns to wear,
And praise the love that brought us there.

HYMNS 165 AND 166.



HYMN 165.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake! awake!
 Why sleep 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 sigh'd for one that's far away—
 The Bridegroom of thy heart.

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

He comes—for oh, 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 heavenly throne
 Its rightful King shall see.

Thou too shalt reign—He will not wear
 His crown of joy alone!
 And earth His royal Bride shall see
 Beside Him on the throne.

Then weep no more—'tis all thine own--
 His crown, His joy divine;
 And, sweeter far than all beside,
 He, He himself is thine.

HYMN 166.

BRIDE of the Lamb, rejoice! rejoice!
 Thy midnight watch is past,
 True to His promise, lo, 'tis He!
 The Saviour comes at last.

His heart, amid the blest repose
 And glories of the throne,
 With love's unwearied care, hath made
 Thy sorrows all its own.

Thro' days and nights of suffering, taught
 For human woe to feel,
 He, only, with unerring skill,
 Thy wounded heart could heal.

And now, at length, behold, He comes
 To claim thee from above,
 In answer to the ceaseless call
 And deep desire of love.

Go, then, thou loved and blessed one,
 Thou drooping mourner, rise!
 Go—for He calls thee now to share
 His dwelling in the skies.

For thee, His royal Bride—for thee
 His brightest glories shine:
 And, happier still, His changeless heart,
 With all its love, is thine.

HYMN 166.



BRIDE of the Lamb, rejoice! rejoice!
Thy midnight watch is past,
True to His promise, lo, 'tis He!
The Saviour comes at last.

His heart, amid the blest repose
And glories of the throne,
With love's unwearied care, hath made
Thy sorrows all its own.

Through days and nights of suff'ring, taught
For human woe to feel,
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And now, at length, behold, He comes
To claim thee from above,
In answer to the ceaseless call,
And deep desire of love.

Go, then, thou loved and blessed one,
Thou drooping mourner, rise!
Go—for He calls thee now to share
His dwelling in the skies.

For thee, His royal Bride—for thee
His brightest glories shine:
And, happier still, His changeless heart,
With all its love, is thine.

(FIRST TUNE)

HYMN 167.

J OY to the ransom'd earth !
Messiah fills the throne ;
His all-excelling worth,
Ye joyful nations, own.
Ye sons of men, break forth and sing
The praises of your God and King !
Behold ! the desert smiles
To hear His welcome voice,
And all the listening isles
Beneath His love rejoice.
Ye dwellers in the islands, sing
The glories of your heavenly King !
To gain a royal crown
Of glory for His Bride,
The foe He trampled down,
And conquer'd when He died.
O earth, rejoice ! break forth and sing
The conquests of your dying King !
Rejoice beneath the eye
Of Jesus and His Bride,
His Queen, enthroned on high,
In glory at His side !
Blest in His love, ye nations, sing
Hosanna to your glorious King !

HYMN 167.

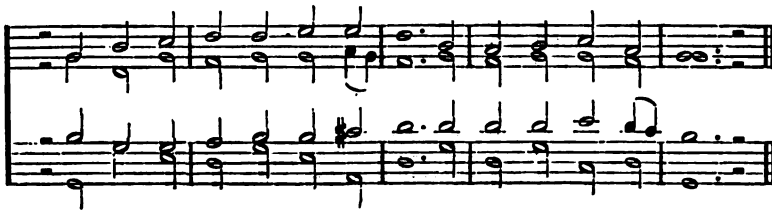
(SECOND TUNE.)



JOY to the ransom'd earth !
Messiah fills the throne ;
His all-excelling worth,
Ye joyful nations, own.
Ye sons of men, break forth and sing
The praises of your God and King !
Behold ! the desert smiles
To hear His welcome voice,
And all the listening isles
Beneath His love rejoice.
Ye dwellers in the islands, sing
The glories of your heavenly King !
To gain a royal crown
Of glory for His Bride,
The foe He trampled down,
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O earth, rejoice ! break forth and sing
The conquests of your dying King !
Rejoice beneath the eye
Of Jesus and His Bride,
His Queen, enthroned on high,
In glory at His side !
Blest in His love, ye nations, sing
Hosanna to your glorious King !

HYMN 168.

(FIRST TUNE.)



ISLES of the deep, rejoice! rejoice!
 Ye ransom'd nations, sing
 The praises of your Lord and God,
 The triumphs of your King.
 He comes—and at His mighty word
 The clouds are fleeting fast,
 And o'er the land of promise, see,
 The glory breaks at last.
 There He, upon His ancient throne,
 His power and grace displays,
 While Salem, with its echoing hills,
 Sends forth the voice of praise.

Streams of divine, unfailing joy,
 Whose sweetness none can know,
 But the redeem'd, the blood-bought soul,
 Through all creation flow.

Oh let His praises fill the earth,
 While all the blest above,
 In strains of loftier triumph still,
 Speak only of His love.
 Sing, ye redeem'd! before the throne
 Ye white-robed myriads fall,
 Sing—for the Lord of glory reigns,
 The Christ—the heir of all.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 168.



ISLES of the deep, rejoice ! rejoice !
Ye ransom'd nations, sing
The praises of your Lord and God,
The triumphs of your King.

He comes—and, at His mighty word,
The clouds are fleeting fast,
And o'er the land of promise, see,
The glory breaks at last.

There He, upon His ancient throne,
His power and grace displays,
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But the redeem'd, the blood-bought soul,
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Oh, let His praises fill the earth,
While all the blest above,
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of His love.

Sing, ye redeem'd ! before the throne,
Ye white-robed myriads, fall ;
Sing—for the Lord of glory reigns,
The Christ—the heir of all.

HYMN 169.

(FIRST TUNE.)



WHERE, in this waste, unlovely world,
May weary hearts, oppress
With thoughts of sorrows yet to come,
In calm assurance rest?

In Him, who, of the Father's love,
The gracious herald came,
Of mercy to a guilty world,
Of blessing through His name.

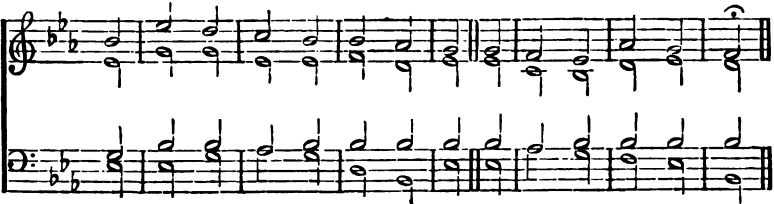
In Him, who, with unsullied feet,
And guileless spirit, trod
The paths of this unquiet earth,
In solitude with God.

In Jesus, who, ascended now,
Looks backward on the past,
Feels for His suff'ring members here,
And loves us to the last.

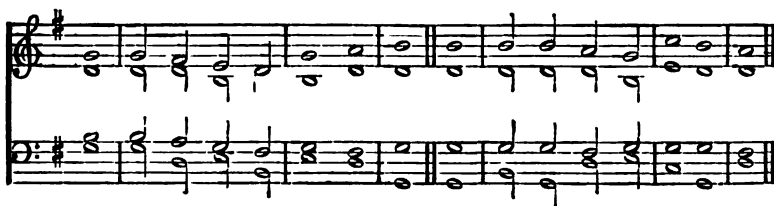
'Tis only in His changeless love
Our waiting spirits, blest
With the sweet hope of glory, find
Their dwelling-place of rest.

In the same track where He of old
The dreary desert trod,
Led onward by His grace, we learn
The fulness of our God.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 170.



BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

My name is graven on His hands,
My name is written on His heart;
I know that, while in heaven He stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on Him, and pardon me.

Behold Him there! the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I AM,"
The King of glory and of grace.

One with Himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by His blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

HYMN 171.



COME, Lord, and tarry not :
 Bring the long-look'd-for day,
 Oh, why these years of waiting here,
 These ages of delay ?

Come, for Thy saints still wait ;
 Daily ascends their sigh ;
 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
 Dost Thou not hear the cry !

Come, for creation groans,
 Impatient of Thy stay,
 Worn out with these long years of ill,
 These ages of delay.

Come, for Thy Israel pines,
 An exile from Thy fold ;
 Oh, call to mind Thy faithful word,
 And bless them as of old.

Come, for Thy foes are strong ;
 With taunting lip they say,
 " Where is the promised Advent now,
 And where the dreaded day ! "

Come, for the good are few ;
 They lift the voice in vain,
 Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
 And love is on the wane.

Come, for the truth is weak,
 And error pours abroad
 Its subtle poison o'er the earth,—
 An earth that hates her God.

Come, for the corn is ripe,
 Put in Thy sickle now,
 Reap the great harvest of the earth ;—
 Sower and Reaper Thou !

Come, in Thy glorious might,
 Come with the iron rod,
 Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,
 Most mighty Son of God.

Come, and make all things new,
 Build up this ruin'd earth,
 Restore our faded Paradise,
 Creation's second birth.

Come, and begin Thy reign
 Of everlasting peace,
 Come take the kingdom to Thyself,
 Great King of righteousness.

HYMN 172.

(FIRST TUNE.)



(SECOND TUNE.)



PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!"

Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.

Who were these? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once, of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, must die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign and shine on high!

(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 173.



PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak ;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving kindness,
And all the tender mercies He hath shown ;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

Praise ye Jehovah ! source of every blessing,—
Before His gifts, earths richest boons are dim ;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

Praise ye the Father ! God the Lord who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save us !
Praise ye the Spirit ! praise the Three in One.

HYMN 178.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The first system of the second tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and a 4/4 time signature. The music features a series of chords and single notes, primarily using quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of the second tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns as the first system, ending with a double bar line.

(THIRD TUNE.)

The first system of the third tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music is in a key signature of one flat and 4/4 time. It begins with a series of chords and single notes, followed by a double bar line.

The second system of the third tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns as the first system, ending with a double bar line.

The third system of the third tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music continues with similar chordal and melodic patterns as the previous systems, ending with a double bar line.

HYMN 174.

(FIRST TUNE.)

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The second system follows the same format with two staves.

THE saints of Jesus, while on earth,
No other *greatness* know,
Than that in which their Master came,
And sojourn'd here below.

Emptied of all but grace and truth,
He left the Father's throne,
And dwelt amidst this evil world,
A stranger, and unknown.

The poorest and the least of all,
In meek submission still,

The Son of God stoop'd down to serve,
And did His Father's will.

Beneath oppression, shame, and wrong,
He bow'd His blessed head,
Till made a sacrifice for sin,
The holy Victim bled.

To be on earth what Jesus was,
Despised and scorn'd of men;
This is His people's *greatness* here,
Until He come again.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the bass line is in the lower staff. The second system follows the same format with two staves.

(FIRST TUNE)

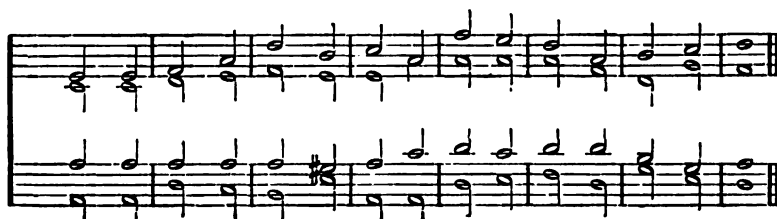
HYMN 175.



RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede ;
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.
Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides ?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.
Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way,
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.
God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat ;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.
Art thou wean'd from Egypt's pleasures ?
God in secret thee shall keep,
There unfold His hidden treasures,
There His love's exhaustless deep.
In the desert God will teach thee
What the God that thou hast found,
Patient, gracious, powerful, holy,
All His grace shall there abound.
On to Canaan's rest still wending,
E'en thy wants and woes shall bring
Suited grace from high descending,
Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.
Though thy way be long and dreary,
Eagle strength He'll still renew :
Garments fresh, and foot unwearied
Tell how God hath brought thee through.
When to Canaan's long-loved dwelling
Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There with shouts of triumph swelling
Zion's songs in rest to sing :
Then no Stranger-God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above,
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greets thee with a well-known love.

(SECOND TUNE.)

HYMN 175.



RISE, my soul, thy God directs thee,
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides!
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

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Thou shalt taste of mercy's spring.

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Love divine thy foot shall bring,
There with shouts of triumph swelling
Zion's songs in rest to sing;

Then no Stranger-God shall meet thee,
Stranger thou in courts above,
He who to His rest shall greet thee,
Greeted thee with a well-known love.

HYMN 176.



SAVIOUR, hasten Thine appearing,
Take Thy waiting people home;
This sweet hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes Thy people
Strangers here till Thou dost come.

Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When Thou shalt in glory reign;
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again?

Gather, Lord, Thy chosen nation,
Israel's long-afflicted race;
Let them find Thy free salvation,
Own and trust Thy wondrous grace;
And, adoring,
Look on Thy once-marrèd face.

Reign, oh, reign, Almighty Saviour!
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known that in Thy favour,
There alone is life and light;
When we see Thee,
We shall have unmix'd delight.

HYMN 177.



FATHER! we, Thy children, bless Thee
 For Thy love on us bestow'd;
 As our Father we address Thee—
 Call'd to be the sons of God.
 Wondrous was Thy love in giving
 Jesus for our sins to die;
 Wondrous was His grace in leaving,
 For our sakes, His home on high.

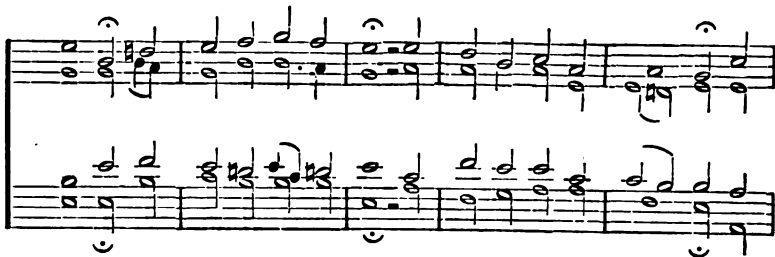
Now His sprinkled blood has freed us,
 On we go to gain our rest,
 Through the desert Thou dost lead us,
 With Thy constant favour blest:
 By Thy Spirit Thou dost guide us,
 Of our joy the earnest given,
 And with daily food provide us,
 Jesus, the true bread of heaven.

Though our pilgrimage be dreary,
 This is not our resting place;
 Shall we of the way be weary,
 When we see our Master's face?
 Now, by faith, anticipating,
 In this hope our souls rejoice:
 We, His promised advent waiting,
 Soon shall hear His welcome voice.

Then shall countless myriads, wearing
 Robes made white in Jesus' blood,
 Palms (like rested pilgrims) bearing,
 Stand around the throne of God.
 These, redeem'd from every nation,
 Shall in triumph bless Thy name,
 Every voice shall cry, "Salvation
 To our God, and to the Lamb,"

(FIRST TUNE)

HYMN 178.



HOW long, O Lord our Saviour,
Wilt Thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of Thy so long delay;
Oh, when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of Thy glory
Shall on Thy people dawn?

How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt Thou Thy household leave
So long hast Thou now tarried,
Few Thy return believe:
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome Thee.

How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt Thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving,
That Thou dost absent stay:
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

Oh wake Thy slumb'ring virgins;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all Thy saints repeat it,—
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well-girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see.

HYMN 178.

(SECOND TUNE.)

The first system of the second tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of the second tune continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features two staves with a treble and bass clef, maintaining the one-sharp key signature and common time. The notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

(THIRD TUNE.)

The first system of the third tune consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of the third tune continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features two staves with a treble and bass clef, maintaining the one-sharp key signature and common time. The notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

The third system of the third tune concludes the piece. It features two staves with a treble and bass clef, maintaining the one-sharp key signature and common time. The notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.

HYMN 179.



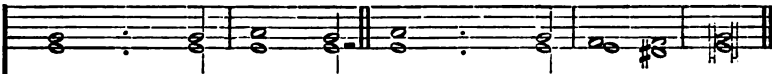
TWAS Thy love, O God, that knew us,
Earth's foundation long before:
That same love to Jesus drew us
By its sweet constraining power,
And will keep us
Safely, now and evermore.

GOD OF LOVE, our souls adore Thee!
We would still Thy grace proclaim,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
And in glory praise Thy name:
Hallelujah!
Be to God and to the Lamb.

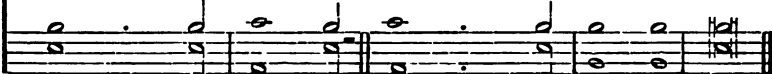

HYMN 180.




Love strong as death, nay, strong-er, Love mightier than the grave;
Broad as the earth, and long-er Than ocean's wi - dest wave :

This is the love that { sought } us { To gladdest day from sad-dest night,
 { bought } us { From deepest shame to glo - ry bright,
 { brought } us { From depths of death to life's fair height; }

This is the love that lead - eth Us to His ta - ble here,
This is the love that spread - eth For us this roy - al cheer.



LOVE strong as death, nay, stronger,
Love mightier than the grave;
 Broad as the earth, and longer
 Than ocean's widest wave :
 This is the *love* that sought us,
 This is the *love* that bought us,
 This is the *love* that brought us,
 To gladdest day from saddest night,
 From deepest shame to glory bright,
 From depths of death to life's fair height;
 This is the *love* that leadeth
 Us to His table here,
 This is the *love* that spreadeth
 For us this royal cheer.

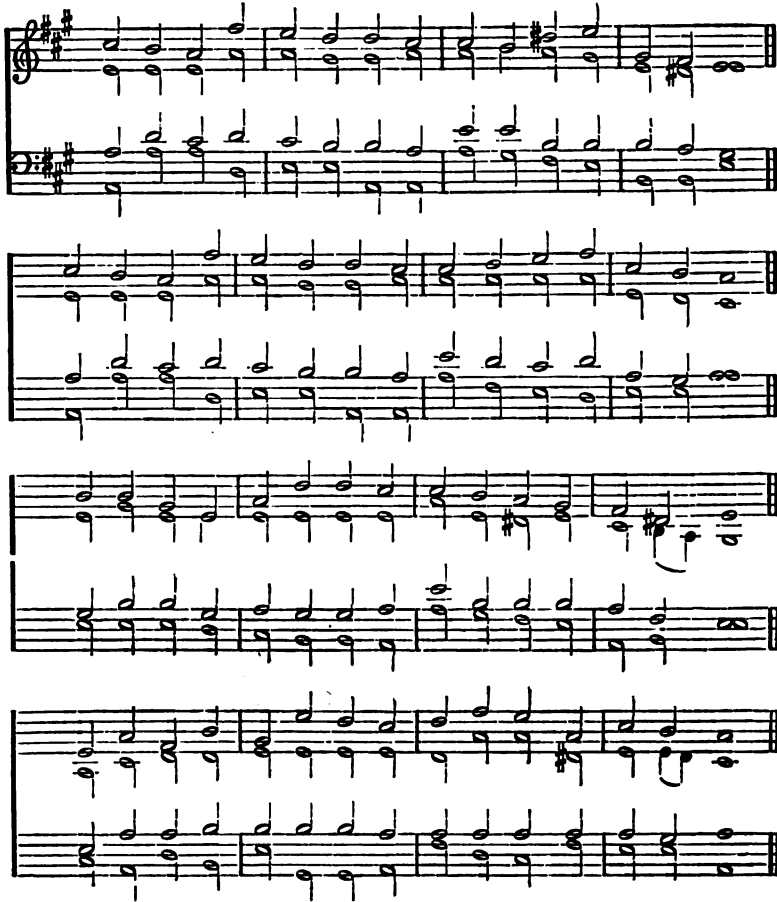
HYMN 180.



LOVE strong as death, nay, stronger,
Love mightier than the grave;
 Broad as the earth, and longer
 Than ocean's widest wave;
 This is the *love* that sought us,
 This is the *love* that bought us,
 This is the *love* that brought us,

To gladdest day from saddest night,
 From deepest shame to glory bright,
 From depths of death to life's fair height;
 This is the *love* that leadeth
 Us to His table here,
 This is the *love* that spreadeth
 For us this royal cheer.

HYMN 181.



LAMB OF GOD! our souls adore Thee
 While upon Thy face we gaze;
 There the Father's love and glory
 Shine in all their brightest rays;
 Thine almighty power and wisdom
 All creation's works proclaim:
 Heaven and earth alike confess Thee
 As the ever-great "I AM."

LAMB OF GOD! Thy Father's bosom
 Ever was Thy dwelling-place;
 His delight, in Him rejoicing,
 One with Him in power and grace:
 Oh, what wondrous love and mercy!
 Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
 And for us didst come from heaven
 As the Lamb of God to die.

LAMB OF GOD! when we behold Thee
 Lowly in the manger laid;
 Wand'ring as a homeless stranger
 In the world Thy hands had made;
 When we see Thee in the garden
 In Thine agony of blood—
 At Thy grace we are confounded,
 Holy, spotless Lamb of God!

WHEN WE SEE THEE, as the victim,
 Bound to the accursed tree,
 For our guilt and folly stricken,
 All our judgment borne by Thee,
 Lord, we own, *with hearts adoring,*
 Thou hast loved us unto blood;—
 Glory, glory everlasting,
 Be to Thee, Thou **LAMB OF GOD!**

HYMN 182.

(FIRST TUNE.)



THY works, not mine, O Christ!
 Speak gladness to this heart;
 They tell me all is done;
 They bid my fear depart.
 To whom, save Thee,
 Who could alone
 For sin atone,
 Lord, shall we flee?

Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ!
 Could heal the bruised soul,
 Thy stripes, not mine, contain
 The balm that makes me whole.
 To whom, save Thee, &c.

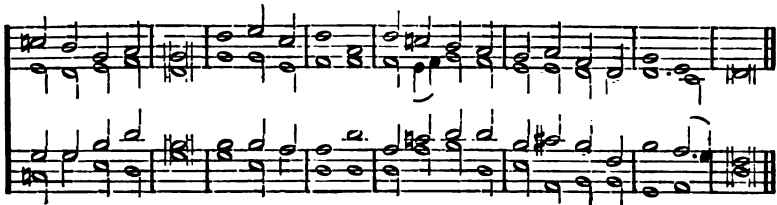
Thy blood, not mine, O Christ!
 Thy blood so freely spilt,
 Could blanch my blackest stains,

And purge away my guilt.
 To whom, save Thee, &c.
 Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ!
 Has borne the awful load
 Of sins, that none in heaven,
 Or earth, could bear, but God.
 To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy death, not mine, O Christ!
 Has paid the ransom due;
 Ten thousand deaths like mine
 Would have been all too few.
 To whom, save Thee, &c.

Thy righteousness, O Christ!
 Alone can cover me;
 No righteousness avails,
 Save that which is of Thee.
 To whom, save Thee, &c.

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 183.



LORD, I desire to live as one
Who bears a blood-bought name,
As one who fears but grieving Thee,
And knows no other shame ;

As one by whom *Thy* walk below
Should *never* be forgot ;
As one who fain would keep apart
From all Thou lovest not.

I want to live as one who knows
Thy fellowship of love ;
As one whose eyes can pierce beyond
The pearl-built gates above.

As one who daily speaks to Thee,
And hears Thy voice divine,
With depths of tenderness declare,
"Beloved ! Thou art mine."

HYMN 184.

(FIRST TUNE)



HARK! ten thousand voices crying,
"Lamb of God!" with one accord;
Thousand thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

"Praise the Lamb!" the chorus waking,
All in heaven together throng,
Loud and far each tongue partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.

Grateful incense this ascending
Ever to the Father's throne,
Every knee to Jesus bending,
All the mind in heaven is one.

All the Father's counsels claiming
Equal honour to the Son;

All the Son's effulgence beaming,
Makes the Father's glory known.

By the Spirit all pervading,
Hosts unnumber'd round the Lamb,
Crown'd with light and joy unfading,
Hail Him as the great "I AM."

Joyful now the whole creation
Rests in undisturb'd repose,
Bless'd in Jesus' full salvation,
Sorrow now nor thralldom knows.

Hark! the heavenly notes again!
Louder swells the song of praise,
Throughout creation's vault, Amen!
Amen, responsive joy doth raise.

(SECOND TUNE)



(THIRD TUNE.)

HYMN 184.



HARK! ten thousand voices crying,
"Lamb of God!" with one accord;
Thousand thousand saints replying,
Wake at once the echoing chord.

"Praise the Lamb!" the chorus waking,
All in heaven together throng,
Loud and far each tongue partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.

Grateful incense this ascending
Ever to the Father's throne,
Every knee to Jesus bending,
All the mind in heaven is one.

All the Father's counsels claiming,
Equal honour to the Son,

All the Son's effulgence beaming,
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By the Spirit all pervading,
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Crown'd with light and joy unfading,
Hail Him as the great "I AM."

Joyful now the whole creation
Rests in undisturb'd repose,
Bless'd in Jesus' full salvation,
Sorrow now nor thralldom knows.

Hark! the heavenly notes again!
Louder swells the song of praise,
Throughout creation's vault, Amen!
Amen, responsive joy doth raise.

(FOURTH TUNE.)



HYMN 185.

(FIRST TUNE.)



MASTER! we would no longer be
Loved by the world that hated Thee,
But patient in Thy footsteps go,
Thy sorrow, as Thy joy, to know.

We would, and oh! bestow the power,
With meekness meet the darkest hour,
The shame despise, however tried,
For Thou wast scorn'd and crucified.

Master! to Thee we now would cleave,
Content for Thee all else to leave,
Thy cross to bear, Thy steps to trace,
Strong in Thine all-sufficient grace.

For soon must pass the "little while,"
And joy shall crown Thy servants' toil;
Our sure reward, to hear Thee own
Our names before the Father's throne.

(SECOND TUNE.)



(FIRST TUNE.)

HYMN 186.



"A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us hath gone before—
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace.

"A little while,"—He'll come again!
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him.
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

"A little while"—'twill soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
Oh, let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss!
Oh, how will recompense His smile,
The sufferings of this "little while."

"A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
For Thee Thy Bride has tarried long;
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song,
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conform'd to Thee.

HYMN 186.

(SECOND TUNE.)

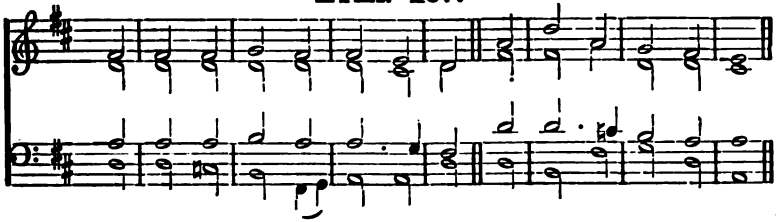
A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
 And we shall wander here no more;
 He'll take us to our Father's home,
 Where He for us hath gone before—
 To dwell with Him, to see His face,
 And sing the glories of His grace.

"A little while"—He'll come again!
 Let us the precious hours redeem;
 Our only grief to give Him pain,
 Our joy to serve and follow Him:
 Watching and ready may we be,
 As those who long their Lord to see.

"A little while"—'twill soon be past,
 Why should we shun the shame and cross?
 Oh, let us in His footsteps haste,
 Counting for Him all else but loss!
 Oh, how will recompense His smile,
 The sufferings of this "little while."

"A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
 For Thee Thy Bride has tarried long;
 Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
 To sing the new eternal song,
 To see Thy glory, and to be
 In everything conformed to Thea.

HYMN 187.



JESUS the Everlasting Word,
 The Father's Only Son;
 God manifestly seen and heard,
 And Heaven's Belovèd One!
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow!
 True Image of the Infinite,
 Whose Essence is conceal'd;
 Brightness of Uncreated Light;
 The Heart of God reveal'd!—
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow!

But the high myst'ries of Thy name
 An angel's grasp transcend;
 The Father only—glorious claim!
 The Son can comprehend.
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow!
 Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
 Ineffable doth rest,
 Thy glorious worshippers above,
 As One with Thee, are blest.
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow!

Throughout the universe of bliss,
 The centre Thou, and Sun!
 Th' eternal theme of praise is this,
 To Heaven's Belovèd One:—
 Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
 That every knee to Thee should bow!

HYMN 188.

(FIRST TUNE.)



IT is the Father's voice that cries
'Mid the deep silence of the skies ;
"This, this is my belovèd Son,
In Him I joy, in Him alone.

"In Him my equal see reveal'd,
In Him all righteousness fulfill'd,
In Him the Lamb, the victim see,
Bound, bleeding, dying on the tree.

"And can you fail to love again ?
Far fairer He than sons of men !
His very name is fragrance pour'd,
Immanuel, Jesus, Saviour, Lord !

"He died, and in His dying proved
How much, how faithfully He loved :
At my right hand His glories shine,
Is my Belovèd, sinner, *thine !*"

Oh full of glory, full of grace,
Redeemer of a ruin'd race,
Belovèd of the Father, come,
Make in these sinful hearts a home !

Belovèd of the Father, Thou,
To whom the saints and angels bow ;
Immanuel, Jesus, Saviour, come,
Make in these sinful hearts Thy home !

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 169.



BLESSED Lord, our souls are longing
Thee, our risen Head, to see;
And the cloudless morning's dawning,
When Thy saints shall gather'd be:
Grace and glory,
All our wellsprings are in Thee.

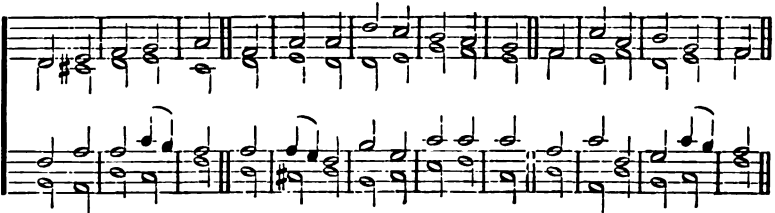
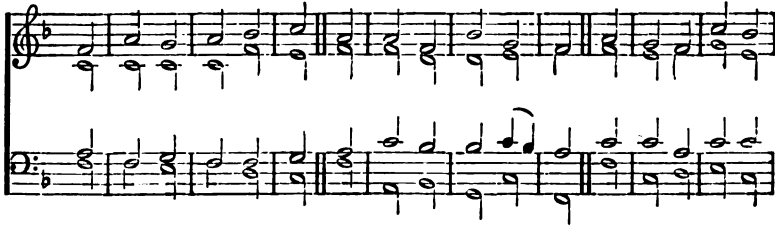
All the sorrow we are tasting,
Is but as the dream of night:
To the day of God we're hastening,
Looking for it with delight:
Thou art coming,
This will *satisfy* our sight.

True, the silent grave is keeping
Many a seed in weakness sown;
But the saints in Thee now sleeping,
Raised in power, shall share Thy throne.
Resurrection!
Lord of Glory! 'tis Thine own.

As we sing, our hearts grow lighter;
We are children of the day;
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter;
Faith regards not the delay:
Sure the promise!
We shall meet Thee on the way.

HYMN 190.

(FIRST TUNE.)



I HAVE a home above,
 From sin and sorrow free,
 A mansion which eternal love
 Design'd and form'd for me.
 My Father's gracious hand
 Hath built this sweet abode;
 From everlasting it was plann'd
 My dwelling-place with God.

 My Saviour's precious blood
 Has made my title sure;
 He pass'd through death's dark raging flood
 To make my rest secure.
 The Comforter is come,
 The earnest has been given;
 He leads me onward to the home
 Reserved for me in heaven.

 Bright angels guard my way;
 His ministers of power,
 Encamping round me night and day,
 Preserve in danger's hour.

Loved ones are gone before,
 Whose pilgrim days are done;
 I soon shall meet them on that shore
 Where partings are unknown.

 But more than all, I long
 His glories to behold,
 Whose smile fills all that radiant throng
 With ecstasy untold.
 That bright, yet tender smile,
 My sweetest welcome there,
 Shall cheer me through the "little while"
 I tarry for Him here.

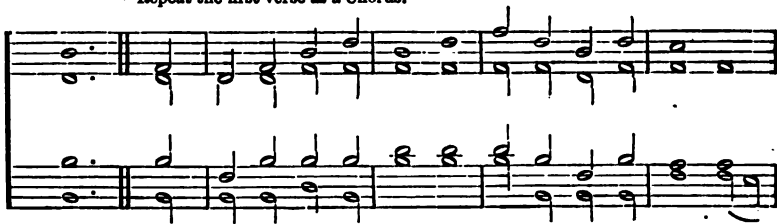
 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,
 My joy and strength shall be;
 Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
 That bids me rise to Thee.
 And then, through endless days,
 Where all Thy glories shine,
 In happier, holier strains I'll praise
 The grace that made me Thine.

HYMN 190.

(SECOND TUNE.)



* Repeat the first verse as a Chorus.



HYMN 191.



HE has come! the Christ of God;—
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.

He has come! the Prince of Peace;—
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.

He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;—
Son of David, Son of God.

He has come, whose name of grace
Speaks deliv'rance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode;—
Son of Mary, Son of God!

Unto us a child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.

Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven;
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

(FIRST TUNE)

HYMN 192.



HALLELUJAH! who shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart?
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died?
Cast one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dire or dark disgrace
From His heart our names erase?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Us from Jesus separate?

Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above, nor powers beneath,
Satan's might, nor hell's dark gloom,
Things which are, nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart.

HYMN 192.

(SECOND TUNE.)

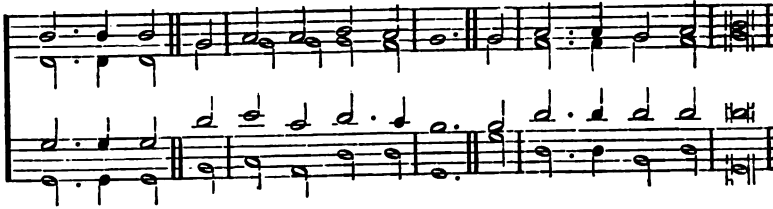
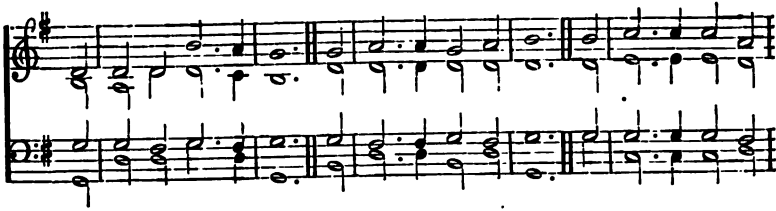


HALLELUJAH! who shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart?
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died!
Cast one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown!

Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dire or dark disgrace
From His heart our names erase?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Us from Jesus separate?

Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above, nor powers beneath,
Satan's might, nor hell's dark gloom,
Things which are, nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart.

HYMNS 193 AND 194.



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

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then, my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heav'n,
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

"KNOWING as I am known,"—
How shall I love that word!
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

The trump of final doom
Shall speak the self-same word,
And Heaven's voice thunder thro' the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord!"

The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,
That Resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"

That Resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,— "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen; so let it be!

HYMN 194. (3.)



A BIDE with me; fast falls the even-tide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HYMN 195.

(FIRST TUNE.)



OPPRESS'D with noonday's scorching
heat,
To yonder Cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat;
No shade like this for me!

Beneath that Cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst;
No spring like this for me!

A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

For burden'd ones a resting-place,
Beside that Cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me.

(SECOND TUNE.)

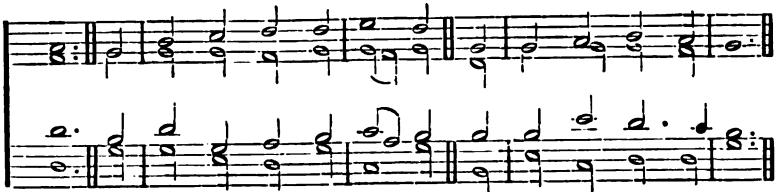


HYMN 196.

(FIRST TUNE.)



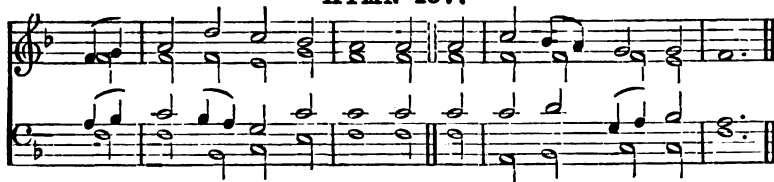
(SECOND TUNE.)



BRIEF life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is *there*.
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest
 But He whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known ;
 And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.
 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,

And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day ;
 There GOD, our KING and PORTION,
 In fulness of His grace,
 Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The Home of GOD's elect !
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 JESU, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
 And SPIRIT, ever blest.

HYMN 197.



FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
 O one, O only Mansion!
 O Paradise of Joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy;
 The Lamb is all thy splendour;
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is CHRIST.
 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessèd country,
 That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
 And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

HYMN 198.

(FIRST TUNE.)

JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.

I know not, oh ! I know not
What joys await us there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene :
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The Home of GOD's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !

JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with **GOD** the **FATHER**,
And **SPIRIT** ever blest.

HYMN 198.

(SECOND TUNE.)



JERUSALEM the golden !
 With milk and honey blest ;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh ! I know not
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng :

The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene :
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast ;

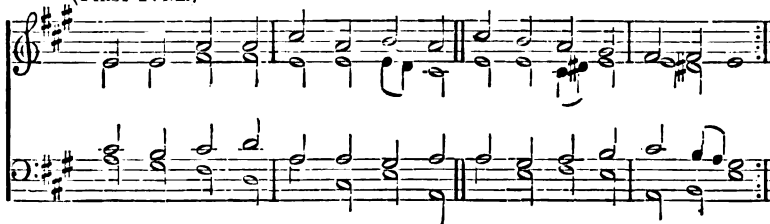
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 The Home of GOD's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
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 To that dear land of rest ;
 Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
 And SPIRIT ever blest.

HYMN 199.

(FIRST TUNE.)



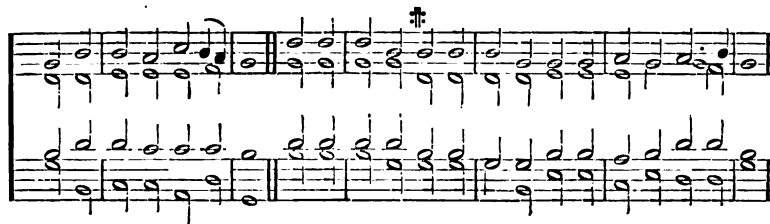
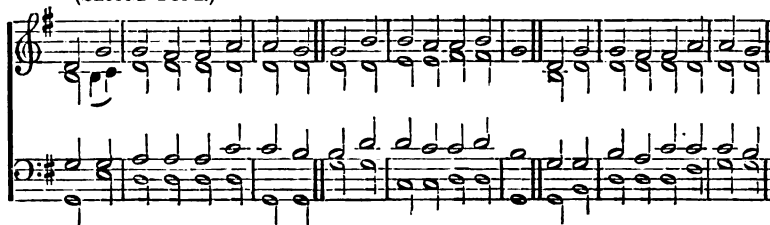
YES, we part, but not for ever—
 Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
 They who love the Saviour never
 Know a long, a last farewell.
 Blissful unions
 Lie beyond this parting vale.

Sweet this hour of benediction,
 When such unions come to mind—
 When each holy heart-conviction,

With the promises combined,
 Tells of meetings
 By our God for us design'd.

What a morrow beams before us!
 Brighter far than tongue can tell—
 Glorious morrow to restore us
 HIM with whom we long to dwell,
 Dwell *for ever!*
 Brethren dear, Farewell—Farewell!

(SECOND TUNE.)



HYMN 200.

(FIRST TUNE)

MID the splendours of THE GLORY
Which we hope ere long to share;
Christ our Head, and we, His members,
Shall appear, divinely fair.

O how GLORIOUS!

When we meet Him in the air!

From the dateless, timeless periods,
He has loved us without cause;
And for all His blood-bought myriads,
His is love that knows no pause.

Matchless LOVER!

Changeless as the eternal laws!

Oh what gifts shall yet be granted,
Palms, and crowns, and robes of white,
When the Hope for which we panted
Bursts upon our gladden'd sight,

And our SAVIOUR

Makes us glorious through His might.

Bright the prospect soon that greets us
Of that long'd-for nuptial-day
When our heavenly Bridegroom meets us
On His kingly, conquering way;

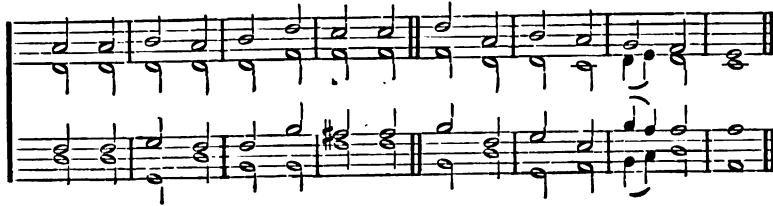
In THE GLORY,

Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye!

(SECOND TUNE.)

(THIRD TUNE)

HYMN 200.



MID the splendours of THE GLORY
Which we hope ere long to share;
Christ our Head, and we, His members,
Shall appear, divinely fair.

O how GLOBIOUS!
When we meet Him in the air!

From the dateless, timeless periods,
He has loved us without cause;
And for all His blood-bought myriads,
His is love that knows no pause.

Matchless LOVER!
Changeless as the eternal laws!

Oh what gifts shall yet be granted,
Palms, and crowns, and robes of white,
When the Hope for which we panted
Bursts upon our gladden'd sight,
And our SAVIOUR
Makes us glorious through His might.

Bright the prospect soon that greets us
Of that long'd-for nuptial-day
When our heavenly Bridegroom meets us
On His kingly, conquering way;

In THE GLORY,
Bride and Bridegroom reign for aye!

17 JA 66

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