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"SING YE PRAISES WITH UNDERSTANDING."

"YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN AND CHILDREN, PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD."

"I WILL SING WITH THE SPIRIT, AND I WILL SING WITH THE UNDERSTANDING ALSO."

PENNY  
HYMN BOOK  
FOR  
TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

DESIGNED FOR USE AT  
Weekly Meetings, Anniversaries, Children's  
Gatherings, &c., &c.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED  
BY REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.,  
*Curate of Windsor.*



LONDON:  
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.,  
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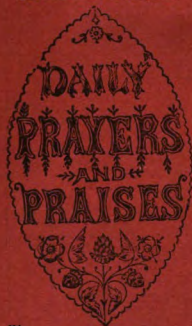
ONE PENNY.

"SPEAKING TO YOURSELVES IN PSALMS AND HYMNS."

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# H Y M N B O O K

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GENERAL HYMNS  
TEMPERANCE HYMNS AND SONGS  
CHILDREN'S HYMNS AND SONGS

I to XIV.  
XV to XXVI.  
XXVII to XXIX.

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ONE PENNY.]

## H Y M N S.

—◆—

- 1** (6 of 7.)                      **MORNING.**                      [*Madrid.*]
- 1** **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, be near,  
Daystar, in my heart appear.
- 2** Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad mine eyes, and cheer my heart.
- 3** Visit, then, this soul of mine;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

2 (L.M.)                      EVENING.                      [*Keble's.*]

- 1 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near ;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick : enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store:  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near, and bless us when we wake ;  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

3

(C.M.)

ADVENT.

[*St. Stephen's.*]

1 **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour  
The Saviour promised long: [comes,  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,  
The bleeding souls to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To bless the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thine Advent shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved Name.

4

(P.M.)

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[*Oriel.*]

**W**HILE the Shepherds kept their vigil,  
And the world in darkness lay,  
Came the holy Christmas angel,  
Shone the sudden glory ray:  
Then ten thousand times ten thousand  
Radiant heralds of the day!

Then they sang the first sweet carol—

“Glory be to God on high,  
And on earth be peace and blessing  
To the nations far and nigh.”

So our God made good His promise,  
And the old prophetic cry.

Fuller, farther o'er the wide world,  
Year by year the music swells,  
Year by year to some new people  
Christmas-tide the story tells,  
With the chanting of the children,  
And the pealing of the bells.

Louder over hill and valley  
Let the towers and steeples ring!  
In the hamlet and the city  
Sweeter carols let us sing!  
Louder peals of holy pleasure,  
Sweeter carols to our King.

Lowly Infant, God most mighty!  
Prince of Power beyond the grave!  
Prince of Peace, all passion stilling  
Like the storm-wind and the wave:  
Hail! Omnipotent to conquer,  
Hail! Omnipotent to save.

Dear Lord Jesus, bless Thy children,  
Once for us the Holy Child,



Keep us, in Thy sweet compassion,  
 Holy, harmless, undefiled!  
 Blest through Thee by God the Spirit,  
 To the Father reconciled.

Look we for Thine other coming!  
 Christmas is its morning star;  
 Soon the world shall hear the rolling  
 Of Thy great triumphal car,  
 We who sing our Lord's first Advent,  
 Know His second is not far!

5 (3 of 7.)                      LENT.                      [*St. Philip.*]

1 **L**ORD, in this Thy mercy's day  
 Ere it pass for aye away,  
 On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy JESU, grant us tears,  
 Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
 Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,  
 Kneeling lowly at the door,  
 Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,  
 By Thy supplicating cry,  
 By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
 For Jerusalem below,  
 Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace  
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

6 (10's) LENT. [*Eventide or Troyte.*

**W**EAR Y of earth and laden with my sin  
I look at Heaven and long to enter in;  
But there no evil thing may find a home—  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me 'Come.'

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?  
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear;  
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw  
me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly  
Seems evil ever with me day by day; [way  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, and thou art loosed from  
all."

It is the Voice of JESUS that I hear!  
His are the Hands stretched out to draw  
me near,  
And His the Blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.

O great Absolver! grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,

That in the Father's courts my glorious  
 dress  
 May be the garment of Thy righteousness.  
 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous  
 Lord!  
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the  
 golden crown, [down!  
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid

7 (6 of 8) PASSIONTIDE. [*Melita.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour! I behold Thy life  
 Of not one smile and many tears;  
 I mark the spiritual strife,  
 Thy human woes, Thy human fears,  
 And cry, "Was ever grief like Thine,  
 Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"
- 2 That sin in every taunt I hear,  
 And see in every look of scorn;  
 It is the Cross which Thou dost bear,  
 The sharpness of Thy crown of thorn:  
 Dear Lord, "Was ever grief like Thine,  
 Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"
- 3 My Saviour, I behold Thy death,  
 I hear Thy cries, Thy last words seven;  
 I see the scowling gaze beneath;  
 Above, the darkened face of heaven,

And cry, "Was ever grief like Thine,  
Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"

4 My Saviour, I behold Thy grave  
In that still garden's awful gloom,  
I see Thee lying there to save  
My soul from an eternal tomb,  
And cry, "Was ever grief like Thine,  
Or debt of sin so vast as mine?"

5 And yet with all I hear and see  
Of Death, or Passion of Thy life,  
Sweet hopes are ministered to me,  
And voices fall with comfort rife,  
That say, "Because He lived and died,  
From sin thou canst be purified!"

8 (7.8.)                      EASTER.                      [*St. Albinus.*]

1 JESUS lives! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;  
Jesus lives! by this we know  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia!

2 JESUS lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of Life immortal!  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia!

- 3 JESUS lives ! for us He died ;  
 Then alone to Jesus living,  
 Pure in heart may we abide,  
 Glory to our Saviour giving.  
 Alleluia !
- 4 JESUS lives ! our hearts know well  
 Nought from us His love shall sever ;  
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
 Tear us from His keeping ever.  
 Alleluia !
- 5 JESUS lives ! to Him the throne  
 Over all the world is given :  
 May we go where He is gone,  
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
 Alleluia !

9 (L.M.)                    ASCENSION.                    [Quebec.

ON Olivet a little band  
 Around their risen Master stand :  
 And after charge and blessing given,  
 He passeth from them into heaven.  
 And there in heaven He doth remain,  
 True GOD, at GOD's right hand to reign,  
 True MAN, at human woes to grieve,  
 True GOD, Almighty to relieve.  
 For every soul in every need  
 He ever lives to intercede,

Presenting there within the Veil  
A Sacrifice that cannot fail.

Our heavenly great High Priest He stands:  
By piercèd Feet, and piercèd Hands,  
By bleeding brow and riven Side,  
He lives to plead for whom He died.

Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but Thee?  
Like ships safe moored on stormy sea  
Our souls in peril, with Thee there  
Find anchorage of hope and prayer.

Set loose from earth, and evermore  
Fast bound to that eternal shore,  
So all our life and love shall be,  
Ascended Master, hid with Thee!

10 (P.M.) WHITSUNTIDE. [*All Saints.*]

1 **G**OD the Spirit, we adore Thee,  
In the trinal GODHEAD One,  
One in love and power and glory  
With the Father and the Son;  
Prayer and praise to Thee we bring  
Our devotion's offering.

2 Once the desolate world-ocean,  
Quickened from its long death-sleep,  
Woke to light and life's emotion  
At Thy brooding o'er its deep;

Spirit, ever may Thy breath  
Quicken us from sleep and death !

- 3 Author of our new creation,  
Giver of the second birth,  
May Thy ceaseless renovation  
Cleanse our souls from stains of earth ;  
And our bodies ever be  
Holy temples meet for Thee.
- 4 When we wander, Lord, direct us,  
Keep us in the Master's Way,  
Let Thy strong swift Sword protect us,  
Warring in the evil day ;  
Comforter for every need,  
Come to strengthen and to lead !
- 5 Come, Thy glorious gifts providing,  
Foretaste of the future now,  
Bring that sweet sense of abiding  
'Thou canst give and only Thou,  
One in Thee, we shall be one  
In the Father and the Son.

**11 BATTLE-HYMN FOR NEW YEAR.**  
(D.C.M.) [Old 137th.]

- 1 **T**HE old year's long campaign is o'er,  
Behold a new begun ;  
Not yet is closed the Holy War,  
Not yet the triumph won :

Out of his still and deep repose

We hear the old year say :—

“ Go forth again to meet your foes,  
Ye children of the day !”

2 “ Go forth ! firm Faith on every heart,  
Bright Hope on every helm,  
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,  
And this no fear o'erwhelm !  
Go in the Spirit and the might  
Of Him who led the way,  
Close with the legions of the night,  
Ye children of the day !”

3 So forth we go to meet the strife,  
We will not fear nor fly !  
Love we the holy warrior's life,  
His death we hope to die !  
We slumber not, that charge in view,  
“ Toil on while toil ye may,  
Then night shall be no night to you,  
Ye children of the day !”

4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,  
Thine own sustain, defend !  
And give, though dim this earthly sun,  
Thy true light to the end ;  
Till morning tread the darkness down,  
And night be swept away,  
And infinite sweet triumph crown  
Thy children of the day !



## 12 (6 of 7.)

[Rousseau.]

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure !  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !
- 2 Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone !  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Guilty, to the Fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes are closed in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

13

(C.M.)

[*St. Peter.*]

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 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.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

# 14 (8.7.) [Stutgard.]

- 1 **J**ESUS calls us o'er the tumult  
 Of our life's wild restless sea,  
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
 Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
- 2 Jesus calls us—from the worship  
 Of the vain world's golden store,  
 From each idol that would keep us—  
 Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
- 3 In our joys, and in our sorrows,  
 Days of toil, and hours of ease,  
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
 "Christian, love Me more than these."
- 4 Jesus calls us—By Thy mercies,  
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
 Serve and love Thee, best of all.
- 

# 15 (D.8.7.) [Austria.]

- 1 **H**ITHERTO—Thy love hath led us  
 Through the varied path of life,  
 Hitherto—in joy or sorrow,  
 In temptation's daily strife.  
 Hitherto—Thy love hath kept us,  
 Thou hath been our Sun and Shield;

Thou hath given us, weak, unworthy,  
Thine own Spirit's sword to wield.

2 Hitherto—Thy love hath blessed us  
In our banded work for Thee ;  
Many a wanderer Thou hast rescued  
For a bright eternity.

Hitherto—O loving Saviour,  
Cold—too cold our hearts have been,  
Often wayward, proud, and selfish,  
O Lord Jesus ! make us clean.

3 HENCEFORTH—let Thy love constrain us  
Of one heart and soul to be,  
Henceforth—loving, courteous, humble,  
May we in Thy name agree.  
Henceforth—be Thy cross before us  
Where Thy life-blood flowed for sin ;  
Henceforth—let us die, Lord, with Thee  
Life eternal with Thee win.

4 Henceforth—let us be united  
In sweet fellowship with Thee,  
Ever seek Thy praise and glory,  
“ All our fresh springs ” find in Thee.  
Henceforth—lead us, loving Saviour,  
In Thy footsteps day and night,  
Till we meet in glad re-union,  
In the realms of life and light.

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In Thy footsteps day and night,  
Till we meet in glad re-union,  
In the realms of life and light.

16 (P.M.)

[Oriel.]

**B**RETHREN, there are sounds of  
weeping

Where there should be notes of song ;  
For the foe his watch was keeping,

While we slumbered late and long ;  
And amid our careless sleeping

He hath wrought us bitter wrong.

O'er the land and o'er the water,

From all regions under sun,

Come the sounds of woe and slaughter,

Tales of horror, one by one—

Tales of stricken son and daughter,

And the wrong the foe hath done.

And that wrong he still is doing,

Shall he all his work fulfil ?

Will ye evermore be rueing,

Never hindering, his will ?

Rouse ye, rouse ye ! and pursuing,

Dare ye to withstand his will !

Let your own self-abnegation

Be the weapon that ye wield ;

Thus for your soul's liberation

ONE, on yet a harder field,

Fought the fight of your salvation,

Made a deadlier foeman yield.

Onward, then! no longer sleeping  
 Through the night so late and long,  
 Ward, and watch, and order keeping,  
 In that Great Example strong,  
 Change those bitter cries of weeping  
 Into music of sweet song!

17

(7.6.)

[Ewing.]

**O** FATHER, King of Glory,  
 Upon the Great White Throne,  
 Seraphs that bend before Thee  
 Their imperfection own;  
 Then from this world unholy  
 How sad the cry that we,  
 In deep dejection lowly,  
 For pardon lift to Thee.

2 For while we pray Thy blessing,  
 We fear Thy curse may fall,  
 As now we come confessing  
 One sin more deep than all;  
 The sin of evil cherished,  
 Beguiling heart and hand,—  
 Whereby our sons have perished  
 By thousands in our Land.

3 Without, her worst dishonour,  
 Within, her source of strife,  
 It lies like death upon her,  
 Bound to her noble life.



Its snake-like coil enfolds her  
 Upon her stately way,  
 Yet like a spell it holds her—  
 She will not say it nay !

4 O that my head were waters,  
 Mine eyes a fount of tears,  
 To weep for sons and daughters,  
 The slain of all the years  
 Wherein in feast and revel,  
 Or with a silent hand,  
 So long this cherished evil  
 Hath spoiled our pleasant Land !

5 Lord ! look in mercy on us,  
 In this our evil day,  
 And show Thy power upon us  
 To cast the curse away ;  
 That those who love or hate her  
 May see our Land set free,  
 No more to self a traitor,  
 Her own worst enemy !

18

ANNIVERSARY. [*“Nearer Home.”*]

1 **B**Y providence and grace,  
 And sparing mercy too,  
 We meet each other face to face,  
 Our promise to renew.

*Chorus*: Rejoice, I say, rejoice,  
On this our festal day;  
And lift to Heaven a hearty voice  
And shout of Victory.

- 2 Another course is run,  
Another year is past,  
Another onward stage begun,  
And this may be the last.  
Yet, still I say, Rejoice, &c.
- 3 Now joining hand in hand,  
United let us be;  
And in one holy Christian band  
March on to victory;  
Rejoice, I say, rejoice, &c.
- 4 Lord, give us large increase,  
Cast down the giant foe,  
And let Thy servants never cease,  
But ever onward go.  
Rejoice, I say, rejoice, &c.
- 5 For Thee, O God, we fight;  
May we be strong in Thee;  
Receiving of Thy strength and might  
For final victory!  
Rejoice, I say, rejoice, &c.

19 (L.M.) HARVEST. [*Winchester New.*]

OH! Thou whose tender care alone  
 Can bless whatever seed is sown ;  
 Send down Thy gracious dew and rain,  
 Nor let our labours be in vain.

Plenteous the harvest work around,  
 But few as labourers are found ;  
 Fain would we see rich sheaves brought in,  
 Rescued from misery and sin.

Give us fresh zeal, with earnest power  
 To work in this Thy mercy's hour ;  
 That when the sunset time shall come,  
 With blessings crowned we may go Home :  
 Leaving, where we have toiled, some trace  
 Of efforts prospered by Thy grace ;  
 Hearing, when life's short course has run,  
 The Master's blessed words, ' WELL DONE !'

20 A CHANT.

WINE is a mocker, strong drink is  
 raging : [wise.

And whosoever is deceived thereby is not  
 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?

Who hath contentions? who hath bab-  
 bling? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine :

They that go to seek mixed wine. [red :  
Look not thou upon the wine when it is  
When it giveth his colour in the cup,  
when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent :

And stingeth like an adder.

Woe unto them that rise up early to  
follow strong drink : [flame them.

That continue until night till wine in-  
If sinners entice thee, consent thou not :

Walk not thou in the way with them.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess :

But be filled with the Spirit.

Watch and pray,

That ye enter not into temptation.

21 (10's.)

[Eventide.

THOU who didst love us when our woes  
began,

And give Thy holy Son for sinful man,

Oh, in our glad remembrance grant that we

May to our brethren show our love for Thee.

THOU who didst love us in our utter loss,

And write Thy sweet compassion on Thy

Cross,

Oh, by that mercy's marvel, grant that we

May in our brethren our Redeemer see.

THOU who didst come to keep us to the end,  
 Ever our blessed Comforter and Friend :  
 Oh, by Thine inspiration, grant that we  
 May to our brethren minister for Thee.

O Holy Three-in-One of Power and Love,  
 Bending to raise us to Thy bliss above,  
 Oh, give us love to stoop and toil, that we  
 May bring our distant brethren near to  
 Thee.

Far off they lie, slaves to a giant sin,  
 Oh, give us love to seek and power to win ;  
 That one day all, amid the countless throng,  
 May sing together the Redeemer's song.

22

[*" Beautiful Star."*]

**B**EAUTIFUL Home, so fair, so bright,  
 Centre of joy and soul's delight !  
 Circle of friends and friendship sweet,  
 Home, with its soft and calm retreat.

Beautiful Home !

Beautiful thought, to gather there  
 After the daily toil and care ;  
 Beautiful thought, at my own fireside  
 To rest in the shades of the evening tide.

Beautiful Home !

Beautiful sight—the thrifty board,  
 With homely peace and plenty stored ;

Our daily bread by Heaven supplied,  
 And water that leaps from the mountain  
 side. Beautiful Home!

Beautiful Hope, amid the gloom,  
 Toiling, travelling, nearing Home!  
 The light in the lattice, though seen afar,  
 Is brighter to me than yon beautiful star.  
 Beautiful Home!

Beautiful Faith, that looks away  
 To the better, brighter, happier day;  
 From joys below to joys above,  
 To the permanent Home of Peace and  
 Love. Beautiful Home!

Beautiful Home, beyond compare;  
 Beautiful all who enter there;  
 At home for aye are all who come,  
 Home of the Pilgrim, beautiful Home!  
 Beautiful Home!

## 23

[*"Last Rose of Summer."*]

I **S**PEAK softly! speak softly!  
 There's gentleness due  
 To him that has strayed from  
 The paths of the true;  
 No harsh word be spoken,  
 Until thou hast known

*Hymns.*

How terrific the toils  
That round him were thrown.

Speak gently! speak gently!  
His feelings are thine;  
Though blunted and scathed by  
The demon of wine;  
One word, kindly whisper'd,  
May save him from doom;  
One taunt, for returning  
May shut out the room.

Speak humbly! speak humbly!  
The path where he fell,  
A tale of thy stumbling  
May yet have to tell;  
And who among mortals  
That path could have trod,  
If left unsustained by  
The arm of his God?

Speak kindly! speak kindly!  
And try to win back  
The prodigal wand'ring  
In misery's track;  
And then in God's mercy  
That weary one may  
Come back to the holy  
And heavenly way!

24 (8.7.) FESTIVAL HYMN. [Stuttgart.

WHAT has brought us here together,  
Friends and neighbours, on this day?

Is it but for transient pleasure,  
Passing even now away?

We are met to help each other  
Forward in a noble race!

We have need of one another,  
Hand in hand, and face to face.

Let us not be merely triflers  
In the work that's now begun;  
If the good is worth the winning,  
Those who seek must onwards run!

Let us labour, then, *to-morrow*  
For the cause we praise *to-day*,  
Nor let right impressions vanish  
From our thoughtless minds away.

Ever loyal to our promise,  
Ever raising those who fall,  
Ever helping one another,  
God the Lord will help us all!

25 [“*There is a Happy Land.*”

1 HARK! 'tis the watchman's cry—

“Wake, brethren, wake!”

Jesus himself is nigh,

“Wake, brethren, wake!”



- Sleep is for sons of night ;  
 Ye are children of the light,  
 Yours is the glory bright ;  
 “ Wake, brethren, wake !”
- 2 Heed we the Steward’s call—  
 “ Work, brethren, work !”  
 There’s room enough for all,  
 “ Work, brethren, work !”  
 This vineyard of the Lord  
 Constant labour will afford,  
 He will your work reward—  
 “ Work, brethren, work !”
- 3 Hear we the Shepherd’s voice—  
 “ Pray, brethren, pray !”  
 Would ye His heart rejoice ?  
 “ Pray, brethren, pray !”  
 Sin calls for ceaseless fear,  
 Weakness needs the Strong One near ;  
 Long as ye struggle here,  
 “ Pray, brethren, pray !”
- 4 Sound now the final chord—  
 “ Praise, brethren, praise !”  
 Thrice holy is the Lord ;  
 “ Praise, brethren, praise !”  
 What more befits the tongues  
 Soon to lead angels’ songs,  
 Whilst heaven the note prolongs—  
 “ Praise, brethren, praise !”

26 **HOMeward-BOUND.** [*“Home, Sweet Home.”*]

**T**HE Home of the Pilgrim—the Home of  
 his love, [above.  
 And the end of his journey, is Heaven  
 Far away from his bondage, beyond the  
 bright sea, [free.  
 And across the waste desert, is Canaan the  
 Home! Home! sweet Home!  
 In the strength of Jehovah, we're  
 journeying Home!

With promise and precept, and line upon  
 line, [Divine;  
 Cheered on by His word, and instruction  
 From darkness departing, we enter the way  
 That leads us to Jesus, and permanent day.  
 Home! Home! sweet Home! &c.

Sustained by His strength, and supplied  
 by His hand, [or we stand.  
 'Neath the cloud of His Presence we march  
 We hunger, and Manna is sent as our food;  
 We thirst, and the Rock-spring sends for-  
 ward its flood.  
 Home! Home! sweet Home! &c.

While the way is but short, and the Land  
 is in view, [and true—  
 And the Promise is steadfast, and holy,



What hinders our progress ;—why have  
 we not come [our Home ?  
 To the Land of our Father, the Land of  
 Home ! Home ! sweet Home ! &c.

Begone, unbelief, and let faithfulness prove  
 Our love and devotion to Jesus above.

Then, on through the desert, to yonder  
 abode— [God !

To the rest that remains for the people of  
 Home ! Home ! sweet Home ! &c.

Across the cold Jordan is Heaven our  
 Home !

27

(8.7.)

[Stuttgart.

- 1 **Y**OUNG Abstainers, now attending,  
 Let us strive our thoughts to raise ;  
 Grateful hearts and voices blending,  
 Breathe a strain of joyful praise.
- 2 Frail by nature, ages tender,  
 What a debt to God we owe ;  
 Lord, to Thee our thanks we render  
 For the truths we're taught to know.
- 3 Shining light, each one appearing,  
 May we shed the rays of truth,  
 To this cause with love adhering,  
 Lord, we dedicate our youth.
- 4 Every tempting snare subduing,  
 Lord, our wandering thoughts engage ;  
 With Thy truth our minds imbuing,  
 Guard our youth and crown our age.

28

(6.5.)

[Caswell.]

- 1 **L**ITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the beauteous land.
- 2 And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.
- 3 So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Oft in sin to stray.
- 4 Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.
- 5 Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.
- 6 Mighty God, our Father,  
From Thy heaven above,  
On Thy little children  
Pour Thy grace and love.

29

[“ *God save the Queen.*”]

**G**OD bless our youthful band,  
**G**O, may we firmly stand

As we engage!  
 May we to liberty,  
 Truth, love, and charity,  
 Evermore faithful be,  
 From youth to age.

2 While for the drunkard's weal  
 We work with constant zeal,  
 Our labours bless!  
 And we Thy aid invoke  
 To save all little folk  
 From the poor drunkard's yoke  
 And deep distress.

3 May England's children stand,  
 A noble temperance band,  
 A joy to see!  
 And may our cause extend,  
 Until all peoples blend,  
 And one great shout ascend,  
 “The world is free!”

4 God save our gracious Queen!  
 Long live our noble Queen!  
 God save the Queen!  
 Send her victorious,  
 Happy and glorious;  
 Long to reign over us;  
**G**OD SAVE THE QUEEN!



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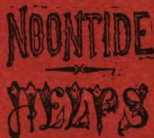


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 From darkness departing, we enter the way  
 That leads us to Jesus, and permanent day.  
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God save the Queen!

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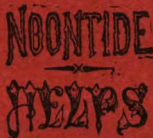


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