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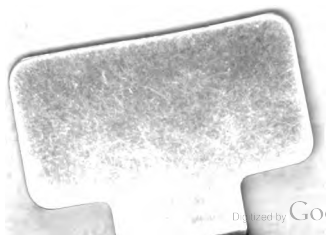
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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THE ENLARGED  
**SONGS AND SOLOS.**

*CONTAINING 271 HYMNS.*

SUNG BY IRA D. SANKEY AT MESSRS. MOODY & SANKEY'S  
MEETINGS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA; AND COMPRISING  
A LARGE NUMBER OF THE CHOICE COMPOSITIONS  
OF THE LATE MR. P. P. BLISS.

COMBINING IN ONE VOLUME

"SACRED SONGS & SOLOS" & "THE LATER SONGS & SOLOS."



LONDON:.. MORGAN AND SCOTT,  
(OFFICE OF *The Christian*),  
12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

*And may be ordered of any Bookseller.*

The MUSIC to all the Words in this Book is published under the Title of  
"ENLARGED SONGS AND SOLOS—MUSIC." 2s.  
A CHEAP EDITION, 1s.

## PREFACE.

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THE present Edition of ENLARGED SONGS AND SOLOS contains, in one volume, the “SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS” and the “LATER SONGS AND SOLOS.”

This work comprises :—

1. The HYMNS used at Messrs. MOODY & SANKEY'S Meetings in England, Scotland, and Ireland ;
2. The ADDITIONAL HYMNS sung by Mr. SANKEY at the Later London Meetings ;
3. The HYMNS sung by Mr. SANKEY at the American Meetings during the years 1875 and 1876 ;
4. The LATER HYMNS sung by Mr. SANKEY at the American Meetings in the year 1877 ;
5. And some other Choice Pieces by the late Mr. P. P. BLISS and others.

The whole work forms a very comprehensive and useful Hymn Book for Churches, Congregations, and Missions.

The whole of the Music for these Hymns is issued by the same Publishers, under the title of “ENLARGED SONGS AND SOLOS—MUSIC.”

The original “SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS,” and the “LATER SONGS AND SOLOS,” both with and without the Music, may still be had separately in any quantity.

# ENLARGED SONGS AND SOLOS.

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1

## Hold the Fort.

"That which ye have hold fast till I come."—Rev. ii. 25.

*Tune*—Sacred Songs and Solos Enlarged, No. 1.

HO, my comrades, see the signal  
Waving in the sky!  
Reinforcements now appearing.  
Victory is nigh!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still;  
Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

2 See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on:  
Mighty men around us falling,  
Courage almost gone!

3 See the glorious banner waving!  
Hear the trumpet blow!  
In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
Over every foe!

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But our help is near:  
Onward comes our great Commander,  
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

2

## The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi. 25.

*TUNE*—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 2.

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,  
And through its portals gleaming  
A radiance from the cross afar,  
The Saviour's love revealing.

Oh, depth of mercy! can it be, that gate was left ajar for me?  
For me, for me, for me, for me? was left ajar for me?



- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all  
 Who seek through it salvation ;  
 The rich and poor, the great and small,  
 Of every tribe and nation.
- 3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,  
 While mercy's gate is open ;  
 Accept the cross, and win the crown,  
 Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
 The cross that here is given,  
 And bear the crown of life away,  
 And love Him more in heaven.

## 3

## JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

"God is love."—1 John iv. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 3.

- I AM so glad that our Father in heaven  
 Tells of His love in the Book He has given.  
 Wonderful things in the Bible I see ;  
 This is the dearest—that Jesus loves me.
- I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
 Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me ;  
 I am so glad that Jesus loves me,  
 Jesus loves me, even me.
- 2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,  
 Still He doth love me wherever I stray ;  
 Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,  
 When I remember that Jesus loves me.
- 3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,  
 When in His beauty I see the great King,  
 This shall my song in eternity be,  
 "Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me !"
- 4 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him ;  
 Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem ;  
 Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree ;  
 Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me !

- 5 If one should ask of me, how can I tell ;  
 Glory to Jesus, I know very well !  
 God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
 Constantly witnessing Jesus loves me.
- 6 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
 Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest ;  
 Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,  
 When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.

#### 4 Go Work in My Vineyard.

**"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.**

**TUNE**—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 4.*

- “**G**O work in My vineyard!” there’s plenty to do;  
The harvest is great, and the labourers are  
few ; [roots,  
There’s weeding, and fencing, and clearing of  
And ploughing, and sowing, and gathering the  
fruits. [destroy,  
There are foxes to take, there are wolves to  
All ages and ranks I can fully employ :  
I’ve sheep to be tended, and lambs to be fed ;  
The lost must be gathered, the weary ones led.  
Go work, go work,  
Go work in My vineyard ; there’s plenty to do ;  
Go work, go work,  
The harvest is great, and the labourers are few.
- 2 “Go work in My vineyard!” I claim thee as Mine;  
With blood did I buy thee and all that is thine—  
Thy time and thy talents, thy loftiest powers,  
Thy warmest affections, thy sunniest hours :  
I willingly yielded My kingdom for thee,  
The song of archangels—to hang on the tree,  
In pain and temptation, in anguish and shame,  
I paid thy full ransom ; My purchase I claim.
- 3 “Go work in My vineyard !” oh, work while ’tis  
day !  
The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away,  
And night’s gloomy shadows are gathering fast ;  
Then the time for our labour shall ever be past.

Begin in the morning and toil all the day ;  
 Thy strength I'll supply, and thy wages I'll pay :  
 And blessed, thrice blessed, the diligent few  
 Who finish the labour I've given them to do.

5

### Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness ; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isaiah xxxv. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 5.

- GO bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share ;  
 Go bury it deeply, go hide it with care.  
 Go think of it calmly, when curtained by night ;  
 Go tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.
- 2 Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief ;  
 Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief :  
 Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way ;  
 He'll lighten thy burden—go, weary one, pray.
- 3 Hearts growing a-weary with heavier woe  
 Now droop 'mid the darkness—go, comfort  
 them, go !  
 Go bury thy sorrow, let others be blest ;  
 Go give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

### 6 In the Presence of the King.

By special permission. From the "Book of Poems," by Miss ARMSTRONG, entitled "The King in His Beauty."

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—Psalm xvi. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 6.

- OH to be over yonder,  
 In that bright land of wonder,  
 Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel  
 harps do ring ;  
 To be free from care and sorrow,  
 And the anxious dread to-morrow,  
 To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of  
 the King.

- 2        Oh to be over yonder!  
          My longing heart grows fonder        [bring  
Of looking to the far-off east, to see the day-star  
          Some tidings of the awaking,  
          Of the cloudless, pure day breaking :  
By heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of  
          the King.
- 3        Oh to be over yonder!  
          Alas! I sigh and ponder—  
Why clings my poor weak heart to any earthly  
          thing?  
          Each tie of earth must sever,  
          And pass away for ever :                [King.  
There's no more separation in the presence of the
- 4        Oh, when shall I be dwelling  
          Where angel voices, swelling  
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted  
          heavens ring?—  
          Where the pearly gates are gleaming,  
          And the Morning Star is beaming?  
Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence of the  
          King?
- 5        Oh, when shall I be yonder?  
          The longing growing stronger        [sing,  
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do  
          Within those heavenly places,  
          Where the angels veil their faces,  
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.
- 6        Oh, I shall soon be yonder,  
          All lonely as I wander,  
Waiting for the welcome summons—longing for  
          the bird's fleet wing.  
          Though the midnight may be dreary,  
          And the way be long and weary,  
There's no more shadow yonder in the presence  
          of the King.

## 7

## Daniel's Band.

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."

"So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."—Daniel i. 8 ; vi. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 7.*

**S**TANDING by a purpose true,  
Heeding God's command,  
Honour them, the faithful few !  
All hail to Daniel's Band !

Dare to be a Daniel ! dare to stand alone !

Dare to have a purpose firm ; dare to make it known !

2 Many mighty men are lost,  
Daring not to stand,  
Who for God had been a host,  
By joining Daniel's Band.

3 Many giants, great and tall,  
Stalking through the land,  
Headlong to the earth would fall,  
If met by Daniel's Band !

4 Hold the gospel banner high !  
On to victory grand !  
Satan and his host defy,  
And shout for Daniel's Band

## 8

## "More to Follow."

"He giveth more grace."—James iv. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 8.*

**H**AVE you on the Lord believed ?  
Still there's more to follow ;  
Of His grace have you received ?  
Still there's more to follow :  
Oh, the grace the Father shows !  
Still there's more to follow ;  
Freely He His grace bestows,  
Still there's more to follow.

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

- 2 Have you felt the Saviour near?—Still, &c.  
Does His blessed presence cheer?—Still, &c.  
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!—Still, &c.  
Freely He His love bestows!—Still, &c.
- 3 Have you felt the Spirit's power,—Still, &c.  
Falling like the gentle shower?—Still, &c.  
Oh, the power the Spirit shows!—Still, &c.  
Freely He His power bestows!—Still, &c.

## 9 Sweet By and By.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."—1 Cor. ii. 9.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 9.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar,  
For the Father waits over the way,  
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.  
In the sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;  
In the sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest;  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
- 3 To our bountiful Father above  
We will offer the tribute of praise  
For the glorious gift of His love,  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

## 10 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

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

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 10.

I HEAR Thy welcome voice  
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,  
For cleansing in Thy precious blood  
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord! Coming now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood, that flowed on Calvary.

- 2 Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure ;  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,  
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms  
The blessed work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled.  
If faith but brings the plea.
- 6 All hail, atoning blood !  
All hail, redeeming grace !  
All hail, the Gift of Christ our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness.

## 11

## Once for All.

"Justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus,"—Romans iii. 24.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 11.

FREE from the law, oh, happy condition !  
Jesus hath bled, and *there* is remission !  
Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,  
Grace hath redeemed us once for all.

Once for all, O sinner, receive it,  
Once for all, O brother, believe it ;  
Cling to the Cross, the burden will fall,  
Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

- 2 Now we are free—there's no condemnation,  
Jesus provides a perfect salvation ;  
"Come unto *Me*,"—oh hear His sweet call,  
Come, and He saves us once for all.

- 3 "Children of God !" oh, glorious calling !  
 Surely His grace will keep us from falling ;  
 Passing from death to life at His call,  
 Blessed salvation once for all.

## 12 Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."—  
 Hebrews vi. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 12.*

LET us gather up the sunbeams  
 Lying all around our path ;  
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
 Casting out the thorns and chaff.  
 Let us find our sweetest comfort  
 In the blessings of to-day,  
 With a patient hand removing  
 All the briars from the way.

Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 Then scatter seeds of kindness,  
 For our reaping by-and-by.

- 2 Strange we never prize the music  
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown !  
 Strange that we should slight the violets  
 Till the lovely flowers are gone !  
 Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
 Never seem one half so fair,  
 As when winter's snowy pinions  
 Shake the white down in the air.
- 3 If we knew the baby fingers,  
 Pressed against the window-pane,  
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
 Never trouble us again—  
 Would the bright eyes of our darling  
 Catch the frown upon our brow ?—  
 Would the prints of rosy fingers  
 Vex us then as they do now ?



- 4 Ah ! those little ice-cold fingers,  
 How they point our memories back  
 To the hasty words and actions  
 Strewn along our backward track !  
 How those little hands remind us,  
 As in snowy grace they lie,  
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses,  
 For our reaping by-and-by.

## 13

## The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—Luke xv. 18.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 13.

COME home, come home !

You are weary at heart,  
 For the way has been dark,  
 And so lonely and wild ;

O prodigal child !

Come home ; oh come home !

Come home ! come, oh come home !

- 2 Come home, come home !

For we watch and we wait,  
 And we stand at the gate,  
 While the shadows are piled :

O prodigal child !

Come home ; oh come home !

- 3 Come home, come home !

From the sorrow and blame,  
 From the sin and the shame,  
 And the tempter that smiled :

O prodigal child !

Come home ; oh come home !

- 4 Come home, come home !

There is bread and to spare,  
 And a warm welcome there :  
 Then to friends reconciled,

O prodigal child !

Come home ; oh, come home !

# 14 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

By special permission of the Author.

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 Tim. i. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 14.

TELL me the Old, Old Story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
Tell me the Story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the Old, Old Story, of Jesus and His love.

- 2 Tell me the Story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the Story often,  
For I forget so soon;  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the Story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me that Story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same Old Story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when *that* world's glory  
Is dawning on my soul,  
Tell me the Old, Old Story:  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

## 15

**Stand up for Jesus.**

"I will declare what He hath done for my soul."—Psalm lxxvi. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 15.

**STAND** up ! stand up for Jesus !

Ye soldiers of the cross ;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss ;  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
The trumpet call obey ;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day !  
Ye that are men, now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes ;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
Stand in His strength alone :  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own :  
Put on the gospel armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
The strife will not be long ;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song :  
To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be ;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

## 16 Come to the Saviour.

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—Psalm lxvi. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 16.

COME to the Saviour, make no delay ;  
Here in His word He has shown us the way ;  
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,  
Tenderly saying, "Come !"

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,  
When from sin our hearts are pure and free :  
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,  
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children !" Oh, hear His voice !  
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice ;  
And let us freely make Him our choice :  
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day ;  
Heed now His blest command and obey ;  
Hear now His accents tenderly say,  
"Will you, my children, come ?"

## 17 Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when  
I make up my jewels."—Malachi iii. 17.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 17.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,  
To make up His jewels,  
All His jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty, bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather  
The gems for His kingdom ;  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and His own.

- 3 Little children, little children,  
 Who love their Redeemer,  
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
 His loved and His own.

## 18      Here am I, Send Me.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."—Isaiah vi. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 18.

HARK the voice of Jesus crying,—  
 "Who will go and work to-day?  
 Fields are white and harvest waiting;  
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,  
 Rich reward He offers thee;  
 Who will answer, gladly saying,  
 "Here am I; send me, send me!"

- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean, .  
 And the heathen lands explore,  
 You can find the heathen nearer,  
 You can help them at your door.  
 If you cannot give your thousands,  
 You can give the widow's mite;  
 And the least you do for Jesus  
 Will be precious in His sight.
- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
 If you cannot preach like Paul,  
 You can tell the love of Jesus,  
 You can say He died for all.  
 If you cannot rouse the wicked  
 With the judgment's dread alarms,  
 You can lead the little children  
 To the Saviour's waiting arms.

- 4 If you cannot be the watchman  
 Standing high on Zion's wall,  
 Pointing out the path to heaven,  
 Offering life and peace to all ;  
 With your prayers and with your bounties  
 You can do what heaven demands ;  
 You can be like faithful Aaron,  
 Holding up the prophet's hands
  
- 5 If, among the older people,  
 You may not be apt to teach ;  
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ our Shepherd,  
 "Place the food within their reach."  
 And it may be that the children  
 You have led with trembling hand.  
 Will be found among your jewels,  
 When you reach the better land.
  
- 6 Let none hear you idly saying, '  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
 Take the task He gives you gladly,  
 Let His work your pleasure be ;  
 Answer quickly when He calleth,  
 "Here am I ; send me, send me !"

## 19 Knocking, Knocking, Who is There ?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—Rev. iii. 20.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 10.

**K**NOCKING, knocking ; who is there ?  
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !  
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and king'ly,  
 Never such was seen before ;  
 Ah, my soul, for such a wonder  
 Wilt thou not undo the door ?

- 2 Knocking, knocking ; still He's there ;  
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair ;  
 But the door is hard to open,  
     For the weeds and ivy-vine,  
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,  
     Ever round the hinges twine.
- 3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there !  
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair !  
 Yes, the piercé hand still knocketh,  
     And beneath the crownéd hair  
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
     Of thy Saviour waiting there.

## 20 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth by.

“He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth.”—Mark x. 47.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 20.

- WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,  
 Which moves with busy haste along—  
 These wondrous gatherings day by day ?  
 What means this strange commotion, pray ?  
 In accents hushed the throng reply,  
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”
- 2 Who is this Jesus ? Why should He  
 The city move so mightily ?  
 A passing stranger, has He skill  
 To move the multitude at will ?  
 Again the stirring tones reply,  
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”
- 3 Jesus ! 'tis He who once below  
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe ;  
 And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.  
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,  
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”
- 4 Again He comes ! From place to place  
 His holy footprints we can trace.

- He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
 He enters—condescends to stay.  
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry?—  
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”
- 5 Ho ! all ye heavy-laden, come !  
 Here’s pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
 Ye wanderers from a Father’s face,  
 Return, accept His proffered grace.  
 Ye tempted ones, there’s refuge nigh :  
 “Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”
- 6 But if you still His call refuse  
 And all His wondrous love abuse,  
 Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
 Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
 “Too late ! too late !” will be the cry—  
 “Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*”

## 21 The Lord will Provide.

“The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger ; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.”—Psalm xxxiv. 10.

TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 21.

- IN some way or other the Lord will provide :  
 It may not be *my* way, it may not be *thy* way ;  
 And yet in His *own* way, “The Lord will provide.”
- 2 At some time or other the Lord will provide :  
 It may not be *my* time, it may not be *thy* time ;  
 And yet in His *own* time, “The Lord will provide.”
- 3 Despond then no longer, the Lord will provide ;  
 And this be the token—no word He hath spoken  
 Was ever yet broken : “The Lord will provide.”
- 4 March on then right boldly, the sea shall divide ;  
 The pathway made glorious, with shoutings  
 victorious,  
 We’ll join in the chorus, “The Lord will provide.”



## 22 When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time,  
without sin, unto salvation."—Hebrews ix. 28.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 22.

DOWN life's dark vale we wander,  
Till Jesus comes.  
We watch, and wait, and wonder,  
Till Jesus comes.  
Oh, let my lamp be burning,  
When Jesus comes ;  
For Him my soul be yearning,  
When Jesus comes.

All joy His loved ones bringing, when Jesus comes ;  
All praise through heaven ringing, when Jesus comes.  
All beauty bright and vernal, when Jesus comes ;  
All glory grand, eternal, when Jesus comes.

- 2 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,  
All peace, and joy, and gladness,  
All doubts and fears will vanish,  
All gloom His face will banish.
- 3 He'll know the way was dreary,  
He'll know the feet grew weary,  
He'll know what griefs oppressed me,  
Oh, how His arm will rest me !

## 23 That will be Heaven for Me.

"We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him ; for  
we shall see Him as He is."—1 John iii. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 23.

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord will come  
To take me away to His own dear home ;  
But I know that His presence will lighten the  
And that will be glory for me. [gloom,  
And that will be glory for me, oh, that will be glory for me ;  
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,  
And that will be glory for me.

- 2 I know not the song that the angels sing,  
 I know not the sound of the harps' glad ring ;  
 But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King,  
 And that will be music for me.  
 And that will be music for me, etc.
- 3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,  
 I know not the name that I then shall bear ;  
 But I know that my Saviour will welcome me  
 And that will be heaven for me. [there,  
 And that will be heaven for me, etc.

## 24 "Whosoever Will."

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii. 17.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 24.

"WHOSOEVER heareth," shout, shout, the  
 sound,

Send the blessed tidings all the world around ;  
 Spread the joyful news, wherever man is found,

"Whosoever will may come."

"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"

Send the proclamation over vale and hill ;

'Tis a loving Father calls the wanderer home ;

"Whosoever will may come."

- 2 Whosoever cometh need not delay ;  
 Now the door is open, enter while ye may :  
 Jesus is the true, the only Living Way,  
 "Whosoever will may come."
- 3 "Whosoever will," the promise is secure ;  
 "Whosoever will," for ever shall endure ;  
 "Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore :  
 "Whosoever will," may come.

## 25 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 2.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There by His love o'ershaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels  
 Borne in a song to me,  
 Over the fields of glory,  
 Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus, safe on His gentle breast,  
 There by His love o'ershaded, sweetly my soul shall rest;

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corroding care,  
 Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin cannot harm me there.  
 Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears ;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears !

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me ;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er ;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore.

## 26 There's a Light in the Valley.

" Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear  
 no evil, for Thou art with me : Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."—  
 Psalm xiii. 4.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 26.

THROUGH the valley of the shadow I must go,  
 Where the cold waves of Jordan roll ;  
 But the promise of my Shepherd will, I know,  
 Be the rod and the staff to my soul.

Even now, down the valley as I glide,  
 I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow Me!"  
 And with Him I'm not afraid to cross the tide :  
 There's a light in the valley for me,  
     There's a light in the valley,  
     There's a light in the valley,  
     There's a light in the valley for me,  
 And no evil will I fear, while my Shepherd is so near,  
     There's a light in the valley for me, for me.

- 2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,  
 As they beat on the rock-bound shore ;  
 But the beacon-light of love so bright and clear  
     Guides my bark, frail and lone, safely o'er.  
 I shall find down the valley no alarms,  
     For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see,  
 He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms ;  
     There's a light in the valley for me.

27

## The Eden Above.

"In the midst of the Paradise of God."—Rev. ii. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 27.*

WE shall meet in the Eden above,  
     In that beautiful land of the blest ;  
 All our trial and pain will be o'er,  
     When we enter that mansion of rest.  
     In the Eden above, in the Eden above,  
     We shall rest evermore in His love ;  
     In that beautiful Eden above.

- 2 When we meet in the Eden above,  
     When we enter that blissful abode,  
     All the good who have passed on before,  
     We shall meet in the city of God.
- 3 The saints of all ages are there,  
     The prophets and martyrs of old ;  
     The children whose voices on earth are still  
     Now sing in that city of gold.

## 28 I Left it all with Jesus.

\* He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."—2 Tim. i. 12.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 28.

I LEFT it all with Jesus long ago,  
All my sins I brought Him and my woe :  
When by faith I saw Him, on the tree,  
Heard His small still whisper, "'Tis for thee,"  
From my heart the burden rolled away—  
Happy day !

- 2 I leave it all with Jesus, for He knows  
How to steal the bitter from life's woes ;  
How to gild the tear-drop with His smile,  
Make the desert garden bloom awhile :  
When my weakness leaneth on His might,  
All seems light.
- 3 I leave it all with Jesus day by day ;  
Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may.  
Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest  
In the calm, sure haven of His breast :  
Love esteems it heaven to abide  
At His side.
- 4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus, drooping soul !  
Tell not *half* thy story, but the whole ;  
Worlds on worlds are hanging on His hand,  
Life and death are waiting His command ;  
Yet His tender bosom makes *thee* room—  
Oh, come home !

## 29 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 29.

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy  
From His lighthouse evermore ;  
But to us He gives the keeping  
Of the lights along the shore.

Let the lower lights be burning ! Send a gleam across' the  
wave ! [may save.  
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman you may rescue, you.

- 2 Dark the night of sin has settled ;  
 Loud the angry billows roar ;  
 Eager eyes are watching, longing,  
 For the lights along the shore.
- 3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother,  
 Some poor seaman, tempest-tost,  
 Trying now to make the harbour,  
 In the darkness *may be lost*.

### 30 One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day."—  
 John ix. 4.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 30.

- ONE more day's work for Jesus,  
 One less of earth for me !  
 But heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer,  
 Than yesterday to me :  
 His love and light fill all my soul to-night.
- One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One less of earth for me.
- 2 One more day's work for Jesus :  
 How glorious is my King !  
 'Tis joy, not duty, to speak His beauty ;  
 My soul mounts on the wing [bought.  
 At the mere thought how Christ my life has
- 3 One more day's work for Jesus ;  
 How sweet the work has been,  
 To tell the story, to show the glory,  
 When Christ's flock enter in !  
 How it did shine in this poor heart of mine !
- 4 One more day's work for Jesus—  
 Oh yes, a weary day ;  
 But heaven shines clearer, and rest comes nearer,  
 At each step of the way ;  
 And Christ in all ! Before His face I fall !

- 5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus !  
 Oh, rest at Jesus' feet !  
 There toil seems pleasure, my wants are treasure,  
 And pain for Him is sweet.  
 Lord, if I may, I'll serve another day.

### 31 Yet there is Room.

And yet there is room."—Luke xiv. 23 ,

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 81.

- "YET there is room !" The Lamb's bright  
 hall of song,  
 With its fair glory, beckons thee along ;  
 Room, room, still room !  
 Oh, enter, enter now !
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low :  
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast,  
 Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee !  
 Make haste, make haste : 'tis not too full for thee.
- 5 Yet there is room ! Still open stands the gate,  
 The gate of love ; it is not yet too late.
- 6 Pass in, pass in ! That banquet is for thee ;  
 That cup of everlasting love is free.
- 7 All heaven is there : all joy ! Go in, go in,  
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win.
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call ;  
 Come, lingerer, come ; enter that festal hall.
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom :  
 Then the last, low, long cry : "No room, no  
 room !"  
 No room, no room !  
 Oh, woful cry, "No room !"

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## 32      There is Life for a Look.

"It shall come to pass that every one.....when he looketh upon it, shall live."—Num. xxi. 8.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isaiah xlv. 22.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 32.

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
 There is life at this moment for thee ;  
 Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,  
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Look ! look ! look and live !

There is life for a look at the Crucified One  
 There is life at this moment for thee.

- 2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,  
 If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid ?  
 Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing  
 blood,  
 If His dying thy debt has not paid ?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,  
 But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul ;  
 On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at  
 once  
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.
- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has de-  
 clared  
 There remaineth no more to be done ;  
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,  
 And completed the work He begun.
- 5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once  
 The life everlasting He gives ;  
 And know with assurance thou never canst  
 die,  
 Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.



### 33 . Only an Armour-Bearer.

"His armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart ; turn thee ; behold, I am with thee according to thy heart."—1 Sam. xiv. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 33.

ONLY an armour-bearer, firmly I stand,  
Waiting to follow at the King's command ;  
Marching, if "Onward" shall the order be,  
Standing by my Captain, serving faithfully.

Hear ye the battle-cry ! "Forward !" the call ;  
See, see, the faltering ones ; backward they fall.  
Surely my Captain may depend on me  
Though but an armour-bearer I may be.

- 2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the field,  
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and shield,  
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-cry,  
Ready then to answer. "Master, here am I."
- 3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I share  
Glory immortal, and a bright crown wear ;  
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,  
Mine shall be the honours in the Grand Review.

### 34 Nothing but Leaves.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—Mark xi. 13.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 34.

NOTHING but leaves ! The Spirit grieves  
Over a wasted life ;

O'er sins indulged while conscience slept ;  
O'er vows and promises unkept ;

And reaps from years of strife—  
Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

- 2 Nothing but leaves ! No gathered sheaves  
Of life's fair ripening grain !

We sow our seeds : lo, tares and weeds,  
Words, *idle* words for earnest deeds :

We reap with toil and pain—

Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves.

- 3 Nothing but leaves ! Sad memory weaves  
 No veil to hide the past :  
 And as we trace our weary way,  
 Counting each lost and misspent day,  
 Sadly we find at last—  
 Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !
- 4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,  
 Bearing but withered leaves ?  
 Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
 Before the awful judgment seat  
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,  
 Nothing but leaves ! nothing but leaves !

## 35

## Whiter than Snow.

'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'—Psalm li. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 35.

- LORD JESUS, I long to be perfectly whole,  
 I want Thee for ever to live in my soul ;  
 Break down every idol, cast out every foe ;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 2 Lord Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,  
 Apply Thine own blood and extract every stain ;  
 To get this blest cleansing I all things forego,  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the  
 skies,  
 And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;  
 I give up myself, and whatever I know—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat ;  
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet :

By faith, for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 5 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait ;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create ;  
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never  
saidst, No—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

## 36

## Joy in Sorrow.

“Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.”—John xvi. 20.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 37.

- I'VE found a joy in sorrow, a secret balm for  
pain,  
A beautiful to-morrow of sunshine after rain ;  
I've found a branch of healing near every bitter  
spring, [string.  
A whispered promise stealing o'er every broken  
2 I've found a glad hosannah for every woe and  
wail,  
A handful of sweet manna when grapes of Eshcol  
fail ; [dry ;  
I've found a Rock of Ages when desert wells are  
And after weary stages, I've found an Elim nigh.  
3 An Elim with its coolness, its fountains, and its  
shade ; [fade.  
A blessing in its fulness, when buds of promise  
O'er tears of soft contrition, I've seen a rainbow  
light ;  
A glory and fruition, so near !—yet out of sight.  
4 My Saviour, Thee possessing, I have the joy, the  
balm, [the psalm ;  
The healing and the blessing, the sunshine and  
The promise for the fearful, the Elim for the faint ;  
The rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the  
saint !

### 37      **Rescue the Perishing.**

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke xiv. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 27.

**R**ESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying;  
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently:  
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:  
Touched by a loving heart, awakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken, will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,—duty demands it:  
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide:  
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

### 38      **Wondrous Love.**

"God so loved the world."—John iii. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 38.

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

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;  
It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary.

- 2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,  
The risen Son of God ;  
Redemption by His death I find,  
And cleansing through the blood.
- 3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,  
And to His saints makes known  
The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
Through faith in Christ alone.
- 4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;  
There shall to you be given  
A glorious foretaste, here below,  
Of endless life in heaven.
- 5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power  
Let all the ransomed sing,  
And triumph in the dying hour  
Through Christ, the Lord, our King.

### 39 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 39.

RING the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day  
For a soul returning from the wild !

See ! the Father meets him out upon the way,  
Welcoming His weary wandering child.

Glory ! glory ! how the angels sing,  
Glory ! glory ! how the loud harps ring ;  
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,  
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven ! there is joy to-day,  
For the wanderer now is reconciled ;  
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,  
And is born anew a ransomed child.
- 3 Ring the bells of heaven ! spread the feast to-day  
Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain !  
Tell the joyful tidings ! bear it far away !  
For a precious soul is born again.

40

## I Know He is Mine.

"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."—Song of Solomon ii. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 40.

A LONG time I wandered in darkness and sin,  
And wondered if ever the light would shine in;  
I heard Christian friends speak of raptures divine,  
And I wished—how I *wished*—that their Saviour  
were mine.

I wished He were mine, yes, I wished He were mine;  
I wished—how I *wished*—that their Saviour were mine.

- 2 I heard the glad gospel of "good will to men;"  
I read "WHOSOEVER" again and again;  
I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?"  
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.

I *hoped* He was mine, yes, I *hoped* He was mine,  
And then began *hoping* that Jesus was mine.

- 3 Oh, mercy surprising! He saves even me!  
"Thy portion for ever," He says, "will I be;"  
On His word I am resting—assurance divine—  
I'm "hoping" no longer—I *know* He is mine.

I *know* He is mine, yes, I *know* He is mine,  
I'm hoping no longer—I *KNOW* He is mine.

41

## Mary Magdalen.

"He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."—Luke vii. 48.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 41.

TO the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair,  
She heard in the city that Jesus was there;  
Unheeding the splendour that blazed on the  
board,  
She silently knelt at the feet of the Lord.

- 2 The frown and the murmur went round through  
them all,  
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;

- And some said the poor would be objects more  
meet, † [feet.  
As the wealth of her perfumes she showered on His
- 3 She heard but the Saviour ; she spoke but with  
sighs—  
She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes ;  
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of  
her breast,  
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.
- 4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,  
In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow,  
He looked on that lost one : her “ sins were for-  
given ; ”  
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

## 42 What Shall the Harvest Be ?

“ Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”—Gal. vi. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 42,*

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare ;  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night :  
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,  
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might ;  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah, sure, will the harvest be !

- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die ;  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil :  
Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame :  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?
- 4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
 Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,  
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come  
 Gladly to gather the harvest home :  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be ?

## 43      The Ninety and Nine.

“ Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost.” —  
 Luke xv. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 43.

- THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
 In the shelter of the fold ;  
 But one was out on the hills away,  
 Far off from the gates of gold,  
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
 Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
- 2 “ Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine ;  
 Are they not enough for Thee ? ”  
 But the Shepherd made answer : “ This of Mine  
 Has wandered away from Me ;  
 And although the road be rough and steep,  
 I go to the desert to find My sheep.”
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
 How deep were the waters crossed ;  
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed  
 through  
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
 Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.



- 4 " Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,  
That mark out the mountain's track ?"  
" They were shed for one who had gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
" Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn ?"  
" They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
" Rejoice ! I have found My sheep !"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
" Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own !"

## 44

## Substitution.

" He was wounded for our transgressions,"—Isaiah liii. 5.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 44.

- O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy head !  
Our load was laid on Thee ;  
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,  
Didst bear all ill for me.  
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed ;  
Now there's no load for me.
- 2 Death and the curse were in our cup :  
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee !  
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,  
'Tis empty now for me :  
That bitter cup, love drank it up,  
Now blessing's draught for me.
- 3 Jehovah 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 flowed ;  
Thy bruising healeth me.

- 4 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 scarred, Thy visage marred ;  
 Now cloudless peace for me.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

## 45      There is a Fountain.

" A Fountain opened for sin."—Zech. xiii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 45.

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

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there may I, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

## 46 The Home over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—Psalm lv. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 46.

- OH, think of the home over there,  
 By the side of the river of light,  
 Where the saints all immortal and fair  
 Are robed in their garments of white.  
 Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the home over there.
- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
 Who before us the journey have trod;  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
 In their home in the palace of God.  
 Over there, over there,  
 Oh, think of the friends over there.
- 3 My Saviour is now over there,  
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
 Then away from my sorrow and care,  
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
 Over there, over there,  
 My Saviour is now over there.
- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,  
 For the end of my journey I see;  
 Many dear to my heart over there  
 Are watching and waiting for me.  
 Over there, over there,  
 I'll soon be at home over there.

## 47 Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

"Mighty to save."—Isaiah lxiii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 47.

OH, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the free !  
 I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me ;  
 O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,  
 And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

Oh, sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,  
 Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified ! Jesus is mine,  
 No longer in dread condemnation I pine ;  
 In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,  
 Who lifted upon me the light of His face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !  
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot  
 cure ;

No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest ;  
 No tears—but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I sing,  
 My blessed Redeemer, my God, and my King ;  
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the  
 grave,

And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

## 48 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psalm lv. 17.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 48.

SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
 That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's throne  
 Make all my wants and wishes known :

In seasons of distress and grief,

My soul has often found relief,

And oft escaped the tempter's snare,

By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear  
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
 Engage the waiting soul to bless :  
 And since He bids me seek His face,  
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
 I'll cast on Him my every care,  
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
 May I thy consolation share,  
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
 I view my home and take my flight.  
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
 To seize the everlasting prize ;  
 And shout, while passing through the air,  
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !

## 49

## The Great Physician.

" Is there no balm in Gilead ; is there no physician there ? "—Jer. viii. 22.

TUNE.—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 49.

THE great Physician now is near,  
 The sympathizing Jesus ;  
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer :  
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

Sweetest note in seraph song,  
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue  
 Sweetest carol ever sung,  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven ;  
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus :  
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
 And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the risen Lamb !  
 I now believe in Jesus ;  
 I love the blessed Saviour's name  
 I love the name of Jesus.

- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus ;  
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
 The precious name of Jesus.
- 5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,  
 Oh, praise the name of Jesus ;  
 Come, sisters, all your voices raise,  
 Oh, bless the name of Jesus.
- 6 The children too, both great and small,  
 Who love the name of Jesus,  
 May now accept the gracious call  
 To work and live for Jesus.
- 7 And when to the bright world above  
 We rise to see our Jesus,  
 We'll sing around the throne of love  
 His name, the name of Jesus.

## 50 The Valley of Blessing.

"Thou hast put gladness in my heart."—Psalm iv. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 50.

- I HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,  
 And Jesus abides with me there ;  
 And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing  
 complete,  
 And His perfect love casteth out fear.
- Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,  
 Where Jesus will fulness bestow ;  
 And believe, and receive, and confess Him,  
 That all His salvation may know.
- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
 And plenty the land doth impart ; [feet,  
 And there's rest for the weary, worn traveller's  
 And joy for the sorrowing heart.
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
 Such as none but the blood-washed may feel,  
 When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to  
 And Christ sets His covenant seal. [greet,

- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
 And angels would fain join the strain,  
 As with rapturous praises we bow at His feet,  
 Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain !"

## 51 I Love to Tell the Story.

By special permission of the Author.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 51.

I LOVE to tell the Story  
 Of unseen things above,  
 Of Jesus and His glory,  
 Of Jesus and His love.  
 I love to tell the Story,  
 Because I know it's true ;  
 It satisfies my longings,  
 As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the Story, t'will be my theme in glory,  
 To tell the Old, Old Story, of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story :  
 More wonderful it seems  
 Than all the golden fancies  
 Of all our golden dreams.  
 I love to tell the Story ;  
 It did so much for me :  
 And that is just the reason  
 I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story ;  
 'Tis pleasant to repeat  
 What seems each time I tell it  
 More wonderfully sweet.  
 I love to tell the Story ;  
 For some have never heard  
 The message of salvation  
 From God's own Holy Word.
- 4 I love to tell the Story :  
 For those who know it best  
 Seem hungering and thirsting  
 To hear it, like the rest.

And when, in scenes of glory,  
 I sing the New, New Song,  
 'Twill be the Old, Old Story,  
 That I have loved so long.

## 52

*Almost Persuaded.*

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts xxvi. 28.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 52.

- "ALMOST persuaded," now to believe ;  
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive :  
 Seems now some soul to say,  
 "Go, Spirit, go Thy way,  
 Some more convenient day  
 On Thee I'll call."
- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day ;  
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away ;  
 Jesus invites you here,  
 Angels are lingering near,  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear,  
 O wanderer, come.
- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past !  
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last !  
 "Almost," cannot avail :  
 "Almost" is but to fail ;  
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—  
 "Almost,"—*but lost !*

## 53

*All to Christ I Owe.*

"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 Peter ii. 24.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 53.

I HEAR the Saviour say,  
 Thy strength indeed is small :  
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
 Find in Me thine all in all.

Jesus paid it all : all to Him I owe ;  
 Sin had left a crimson stain ; He washed it white as snow.



- 2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.
- 3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim :  
I'll wash my garments white,  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
- 4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all,"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down, at Jesus' feet.

## 54 I am Coming to the Cross.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi. 37.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 54.

I AM coming to the cross ;  
I am poor, and weak, and blind ;  
I am counting all but dross ;  
I shall full salvation find.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow ; Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil reigned within ;  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me—  
"I will cleanse you from all sin."
- 3 Here, I give myself to Thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
Soul and body Thine to be—  
Wholly Thine for evermore.

- 4 In the promises I trust,  
Now I know the blood applied ;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.
- 5 Jesus comes ! He fills my soul !  
Perfected in Him I am :  
I am every whit made whole ;  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow ; Jesus saves me—saves me now.

## 55 Angels Hovering Round.

"An innumerable company of angels."—Hebrews xii. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 55.

THERE are angels hovering round,  
There are angels hovering round,  
There are angels, angels hovering round.

- 2 To carry the tidings home, etc.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

## 56 Even Me.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—Gen. xxvii. 38.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 56.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free—  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing.  
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.  
Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be :  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy fall on me—Even me.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !  
 Let me love and cling to Thee :  
 I am longing for Thy favour ;  
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !  
 Thou canst make the blind to see :  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me—Even me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify them all in me—Even me.
- 6 Pass me not ! Thy lost one bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee ;  
 While the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

## 57 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

“ For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me.”—Psalm xxxi. 3.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 56.

- GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand :  
 Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow :  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through :  
 Strong Deliverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Bear me through the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 Songs of praises I will ever give to Thee.

## 58 *Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.*

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."—

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 58.

WHO, who are these beside the chilly wave,  
Just on the borders of the silent grave,  
Shouting Jesus' power to save,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb"?

"Sweeping thro' the gates" of the New Jerusalem,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

2 These, these are they who, in their youthful days,  
Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways  
Proved the fulness of His grace,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

3 These, these are they who, in affliction's woes,  
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,  
Such as from a pure heart flows,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

4 These, these are they who, in the conflict dire,  
Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire;  
Jesus now says, "Come up higher,"

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

5 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,  
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow, all are o'er;  
Happy now and evermore,

"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

## 59 *Give me the Wings of Faith.*

"Here have we no continuing city."—Heb. xiii. 14.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 59.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the vail, and see

The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,

Happy on the golden strand;

Many are the voices calling us away,

To join their glorious band—

Calling us away, calling us away,

Calling to the better land.

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;  
They, with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

## 60

## The Higher Rock.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Psalm lxi. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 61.

LEAD me to the Rock that's higher  
Than the rock poor self can show ;  
Lead me to its perfect "Shelter,"  
The "Strong Tower" from every foe.

In the Higher Rock I'm trusting,  
Restful, peaceful, saved, and free ;  
'Tis the tested Rock of Ages,  
Its dear shadow shelters me

- 2 Yes, the Higher Rock so towering  
Gives, amid life's rudest storms,  
Perfect refuge, surest safety,  
Sweetest rest amid alarms.
- 3 'Tis the Higher Rock that gives me  
Faith's glad strength for every hour  
Oh to measure all its gladness,  
All its preciousness of power !
- 4 'Tis the Higher Rock sustains me  
Joyously from day to day ;  
Lifting heart and soul and spirit,  
To the purer, holier way.
- 5 'Tis the Higher Rock that saves me,  
'Tis the Higher Rock I've found,  
Where abide the crowning graces—  
Faith and Hope and Love abound.

- 6 So will I sing praises to Thee—  
 For Thy wondrous power to save ;  
 Daily 'neath Thy shadow resting,  
 Till the victor's palm I wave.

## 61

## Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence ; and my God is the rock of my refuge."—  
 Psalm xciv. 22.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 61.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy riven side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save me from its guilt and power.

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

## 62

**Jesus, Lover of my Soul.**

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Psalm ix. 9.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 62.

**J**ESUS, 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.  
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, oh leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me :  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 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 ;  
 Vile and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
 Grace to cover all my sin :  
 Let the healing streams abound ;  
 Make me, 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.

63

**Pass Me Not.**

"He cried.....Thou Son of David, have mercy on me."—Luke xviii. 39.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 63.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry ;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.  
Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,  
And while others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief ;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face ;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.
- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?  
Whom in heaven but Thee ?

64

**Come, Every Soul.**

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."—Isaiah lv. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 64.

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,  
There's mercy with the Lord ;  
And He will surely give you rest,  
By trusting in His word.  
Only trust Him ! only trust Him !  
Only trust Him now !  
He will save you ! He will save you !  
He will save you now !



- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood  
Rich blessings to bestow ;  
Plunge now into the crimson flood  
That washes white as snow.
- 3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way  
That leads you into rest ;  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.
- 4 Come then, and join this holy band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land  
Where joys immortal flow.

## 65

## Consecration.

"Happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."—Psalm cxliv. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 65.

○ HAPPY day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away ;  
He taught me how to watch and pray, and live rejoicing  
every day.

Happy day, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

66

## Work.

"The night cometh, when no man can work."—John ix. 4.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 66.

WORK, for the night is coming,  
 Work, through the morning hours ;  
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work, 'mid springing flowers ;  
 Work, when the day grows brighter,  
 Work, in the glowing sun ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work, through the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labour,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies ;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more :  
 Work, while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

67

## The Beautiful Land.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 67.

THERE'S a beautiful land on high,  
 To its glories I fain would fly,  
 When by sorrow pressed down, I long for my  
 In that beautiful land on high. [crown,  
 In that beautiful land I'll be, from earth and its cares set  
 free ; [land for me.  
 My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare a place in that

- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And my kindred its bliss enjoy ;  
Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,  
In that beautiful land on high.
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high ;  
And though here I oft weep and sigh,  
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed  
In that beautiful land on high.
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,  
Where we never shall say " Good-bye ;"  
When over the river we're happy for ever  
In that beautiful land on high.

## The Shining River.

" A pure river of water of life, clear as crystal."—Rev. xxii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 68.

SHALL we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod ;  
With its crystal tide, for ever  
Flowing by the throne of God ?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river ;  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever  
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down ;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

- 4 At the shining of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever  
Raise their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
With the melody of peace.

69

### Jesus Loves Me.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."—1 John iv. 19.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 69.

JESUS loves me ! this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so :  
Little ones to Him belong :  
They are weak, but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me.  
Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so

- 2 Jesus loves me ! He who died,  
Heaven's gate to open wide ;  
He will wash away my sin,  
Let His little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me ! He will stay  
Close beside me all the way :  
If I love Him, when I die  
He will take me home on high.

70

### The Water of Life.

"I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water  
of life freely."—Rev. xxi. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 70

JESUS the water of life has given  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
Jesus the water of life has given  
Freely for every sinner.

Come to that Fountain, oh, drink and live !  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
Come to that Fountain, oh, drink and live !  
Flowing for every sinner.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
And he that is thirsty, let him come,  
And drink of the water of life.  
The Fountain of life is flowing,  
Flowing, freely flowing ;  
The Fountain of life is flowing,  
Is flowing for you and for me.

- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
Freely to those that love Him.  
Treasures unfading will there be given,  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
Treasures unfading will there be given  
Freely to those that love Him.
- 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
Freely to those that love Him.  
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,  
Freely to those that love Him.
- 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
Jesus has promised eternal day,  
Freely to those that love Him.  
Pleasures that never shall pass away,  
Freely, freely, freely ;  
Pleasures that never shall pass away,  
Freely to those that love Him.

## 71

## To-day.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."—Heb. iv. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 71.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls : ye wanderers,  
come ;

Oh, ye benighted souls, why longer roam ?

- 2 To-day the Saviour calls ; oh, listen now !  
Within these sacred walls to Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls : for refuge fly ;  
The storm of justice falls, and death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day : yield to His power ;  
Oh, grieve Him not away ! 'tis mercy's hour.

## 72

## Acceptance.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—Isaiah liii. 5.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 72.

MY God, I have found the thrice blessed  
ground,

Where life, and where joy, and true comfort  
abound.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah, Amen.  
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, revive us again.

- 2 'Tis found in the blood of Him who once stood  
My refuge and safety, my Surety with God.
- 3 He bore on the tree the sentence for me,  
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.
- 4 Accepted I am in the once-offered Lamb ;  
It was God who Himself had devised the plan.
- 5 And though here below, 'mid sorrow and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus, I know.
- 6 And this I shall find, for such is His mind,  
"He'll not be in glory and leave me behind."
- 7 For soon He will come and take me safe home,  
And make me to sit with Himself, on His throne.

## 73 Rejoice and be Glad.

By DR. H. BONAR. *Written expressly for this work.* (Copyright.)

"The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous."—Psalm cxviii. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 72.

**REJOICE** and be glad! The Redeemer has come!

Go look on His cradle, His cross, and His tomb.  
Sound His praises, tell the Story, of Him who was slain.  
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at last!  
The clouds have departed, the shadows are past.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed!

Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

4 Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!  
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain

O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,  
He pleadeth for us, on His throne in the sky.

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again:  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

Sound His praises, tell the Story of Him who was slain;  
Sound His praises, tell with gladness He cometh again.

## 74 "It is Finished!"

"Jesus said, It is finished."—John xix. 30.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 74.

**NOTHING** either great or small—nothing,  
sinner, no;

Jesus did it, did it all, long, long ago.

"IT IS FINISHED!" yes, indeed, finished every jot:  
Sinner, this is all you need; tell me, is it not?

- 2 When He from His lofty throne stooped to do  
and die,  
Everything was fully done. Harken to His  
cry—
- 3 “Weary, working, burdened one, wherefore toil  
you so?  
Cease your doing ; all was done long, long ago.
- 4 Till to JESUS’ work you cling by a simple faith,  
“Doing” is a deadly thing—“doing” ends in  
death.
- 5 Cast your deadly “doing” down—down at Jesus’  
feet ;  
Stand “IN HIM,” in *Him* alone, gloriously  
“COMPLETE.”

## 75

## Fear Not.

“Fear thou not ; for I am with thee.”—Isaiah xlii. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 75.

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

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease ;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?  
Must I not stem the flood ?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord ;  
I’ll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.



# 76 “No Condemnation!”

“There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.”  
Romans viii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 75.

- “NO condemnation!” O my soul,  
’Tis God that speaks the word;  
Perfect in comeliness art thou  
In Christ, thy risen Lord.
- 2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks  
In God the Father’s ear:  
His Church, the jewels on His heart  
Jesus will ever bear.
- 3 “No condemnation!” precious word!  
Consider it, my soul:  
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;  
His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes  
On Christ, the spotless Lamb;  
So shall we love Thy gracious will,  
And glorify Thy name.

# 77 The Voice of Jesus.

“Ye shall find rest unto your souls.”—Matt. xi. 29.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 75.

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
“Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.”  
I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
“Behold, I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.”

I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
" I am this dark world's Light,  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked 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.

## 78 The Lord is my Shepherd.

" I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep."—John x. 14.  
23rd Psalm.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 75.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want :  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

- 2 My soul He doth restore again ;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet I will fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me : and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd  
In presence of my foes ;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me ;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.

## 79

## Deliverance.

"Thou hast delivered my soul from death."—Psalm lvi. 13.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 75.

I WAITED for the Lord my God,  
And patiently did bear ;  
At length to me He did incline  
My voice and cry to hear.

- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,  
And from the miry clay,  
And on a rock He set my feet  
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,  
Our God to magnify ;  
Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
And on the Lord rely.
- 4 Oh, blessed is the man whose trust  
Upon the Lord relies ;  
Respecting not the proud, nor such  
As turn aside to lies.

## 80

## Christian Union.

"Let brotherly love continue."—Heb. xiii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 80.

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

- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers ;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear ;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

*SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS.*

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

81

*Grace.*

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. ii. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 80.

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

- 2 'Twas grace that wrote my name  
In life's eternal book :  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow ;  
'Tis grace has kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
- 5 Oh, let that grace inspire  
My soul with strength divine :  
May all my powers to Thee aspire,  
And all my days be Thine.

82

*Just as I am.*

"The Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—John i. 29.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 82.

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !

- 2 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!  
Because Thy promise I believe,—  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

## 83

## Praise Him!

“Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me.”—Psalm l. 23.

100th Psalm.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 83.

- ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.
  - 3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto,  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.
  - 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

## 84 I Need Thee Every Hour.

"Hear me, for I am poor and needy."—Psalm lxxxvi. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 84.

I NEED Thee every hour, most gracious Lord ;  
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee ! Every hour I need Thee ;  
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour ; I come to Thee.

- 2 I need Thee every hour ; stay thou near by ;  
Temptations lose their power when Thou art  
nigh.
- 3 I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain ;  
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.
- 4 I need Thee every hour : teach me Thy will ;  
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.
- 5 I need Thee every hour, most Holy One :  
Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

## 85 Who's on the Lord's Side?

"Who is on the Lord's side ?"—Exodus xxxii. 26.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 85.

WE'RE marching to Canaan with banner and  
song,

We're soldiers enlisted to fight 'gainst the wrong ;  
But, lest in the conflict our strength should divide,  
We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side ?

Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried,  
Who'll stand by his colours ? Who's on the Lord's side ?

- 2 The sword may be burnished, the armour be  
For Satan appears as an angel of light ; [bright,  
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery hide, [side."  
While lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's
- 3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,  
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God ?

Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;  
Oh, haste while He's waiting, and seek the Lord's  
side.

- 4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain, or the wrong,  
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;  
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,  
We'll shout as we triumph, "*I'm on the Lord's  
side.*"

## 86

## Remember Me.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember me."—Jer. xv. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 86.

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

Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own, and ever faithful be;  
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remem-  
ber me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

87

# Joy-Bells.

"I will be glad and rejoice in Thee."—Psalm ix. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 87.

JOY-BELLS ringing, children singing,  
Fill the air with music sweet;  
Joyful measure, guileless pleasure,  
Make the chain of song complete.

Joy-bells ! joy-bells ! never, never cease your ringing ;  
Children ! children ! never, never, cease your singing ;  
List, list the song that swells ! Joy-bells ! joy-bells !

- 2 Joy-bells ringing, children singing,  
Hark their voices, loud and clear,  
Breaking o'er us, like a chorus,  
From a purer, happier sphere !
- 3 Earth seems brighter, hearts grow lighter,  
As the gladsome melody  
Charms our sadness into gladness,  
Pealing, pealing, joyfully.
- 4 Joy-bells nearer sound, and clearer,  
When the heart is free from care ;  
Skies are cheering, and we're hearing  
Joy-bells ringing everywhere.

88

# The Precious Blood.

"The precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."—1 Peter i. 19.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 88.

THE cross ! the cross ! the blood-stained cross !  
The hallowed cross I see !  
Reminding me of precious blood  
That once was shed for me.

Oh, the blood ! the precious blood ! that Jesus shed for me,  
Upon the cross, in crimson flood, just now by faith I see.

- 2 The cross ! the cross ! the heavy cross  
The Saviour bore for me !  
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief  
On sad Mount Calvary.



- 3 How light, how light, this precious cross,  
Presented to my view ;  
And while, with care, I take it up,  
Behold the crown my due.
- 4 The crown ! the crown ! the glorious crown !  
The crown of victory !  
The crown of life ! it shall be mine  
When Jesus I shall see.
- 5 My tears unbidden seem to flow,  
For love, unbounded love,  
Which guides me through this world of woe,  
And points to joys above.

## 89

**Lo, He Comes !**

"Behold, He cometh with clouds ! and every eye shall see Him."  
Rev. i. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 89.*

- LO ! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain ;  
Thousand, thousand, saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train :  
Hallelujah !  
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
All who hate Him must, confounded,  
Hear the summons of that day—  
Come to judgment !  
Come to judgment ! come away !

- 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear !  
 All His saints, by men rejected,  
 Now shall meet Him in the air :  
 Hallelujah !  
 See the day of God appear !
- 5 Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,  
 High on Thine eternal throne ;  
 Saviour, take the power and glory,  
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own.  
 Oh, come quickly,  
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

## 90 At the Cross there's Room.

" Having made peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. i. 20

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 90.

- M**OURNER, wheresoe'er thou art,  
 At the cross there's room !  
 Tell the burden of thy heart ;  
 At the cross there's room !  
 Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,  
 Cast away thine every fear  
 Only speak, and He will hear ;  
 At the cross there's room !
- 2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not,  
 At the cross there's room !  
 Seek that consecrated spot ;  
 At the cross there's room !  
 Heavy-laden, sore oppressed,  
 Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;  
 In the Saviour find thy rest ;  
 At the cross there's room !
- 3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day ;  
 At the cross there's room !  
 Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say—  
 At the cross there's room !

Now a living fountain see,  
 Opened there for you and me,  
 Rich and poor, for bond and free ;  
 At the cross there's room !

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

## 91 The Bright For-Evermore.

"The Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."  
 Psalm cxxxiii. 3.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 91.

THERE is a land, a sunny land,  
 Whose skies are ever bright,  
 Where evening shadows never fall :  
 The Saviour is its light.

If the cross we meekly bear,  
 Then the crown we shall wear,  
 When we dwell among the fair,  
 In the bright for-evermore.

- 2 There is a clime, a peaceful clime,  
 Beyond life's narrow sea,  
 Where every storm is hushed to rest ;  
 There let our treasure be.
- 3 There is a home, a glorious home,  
 A heavenly mansion fair ;  
 And those we loved so fondly here  
 Will bid us welcome there.
- 4 We long to leave these fading scenes,  
 That glide so quickly by ;  
 And join the shining host above,  
 Where joy can never die.

## 92      **Hallelujah ! 'Tis Done.**

"Hallelujah ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."—Rev. xix. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 92.

'TIS the promise of God full salvation to give  
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will  
believe.

Hallelujah ! 'tis done, I believe on the Son ;  
I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One.

- 2 Tho' the pathway be lonely and dangerous too,  
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng ;  
They are safe now in glory, and this is their  
song :
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,  
And He smiles, as their song of salvation they  
sing :
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I  
behold,  
And they sing as they march through the streets  
of pure gold :
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,  
And the theme of our praises for ever will be :

## 93      **Loved Ones Gone Before.**

"Sorrow not, even as others who have no hope."—1 Thess. iv. 13.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 93.

OH, how sweet when we mingle with kindred  
spirits here,

And tell of Jesus and His love !

When by faith we can see Him, and feel His  
presence near,

And lift our longing souls above !

We shall meet on the banks of the river,

Happy, happy there for evermore.

We shall dwell with the angels, and join with choral song  
Our loved ones, loved ones gone before.

- 2 We are pilgrims of Zion, tho' trials we must bear,  
Which all are blessings in disguise ;  
Tho' the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon  
shall wear  
In heaven, where pleasure never dies.
- 3 When we walk thro' the valley and shadow of the  
tomb,  
Dear Saviour, Thou wilt be our guide ;  
And Thy smile like a sunbeam will light beyond  
the gloom,  
And keep Thy people at Thy side.

## 94

## My Prayer.

"Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God ; for unto  
Thee will I pray."—Ps. v. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 94.*

- MORE holiness give me,  
More sweetness within ;  
More patience in suffering,  
More sorrow for sin ;  
More faith in my Saviour,  
More sense of His care ;  
More joy in His service,  
More purpose in prayer.
- 2 More gratitude give me,  
More trust in the Lord ;  
More pride in His glory,  
More hope in His word ;  
More tears for His sorrows,  
More pain at His grief ;  
More meekness in trial,  
More praise for relief.
- 3 More purity give me,  
More strength to o'ercome ;  
More freedom from earth-stains,  
More longings for home ;

More fit for the kingdom,  
 More used would I be ;  
 More blessed and holy,  
 More, Saviour, *like Thee*.

95

**He Leadeth Me.**

“For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand.”—Isa. xli. 13.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 95.

HE leadeth me ! O blessed thought !  
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught !  
 Whate’er I do, where’er I be,  
 Still ’tis God’s hand that leadeth me !

He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !  
 By His own hand He leadeth me ;  
 His faithful follower I would be,  
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes ’mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
 Sometimes where Eden’s bowers bloom,  
 By waters calm, o’er troubled sea—  
 Still ’tis His hand that leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine,  
 Content, whatever lot I see,  
 Since ’tis my God that leadeth me.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 When, by Thy grace, the victory’s won,  
 E’en death’s cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since Thou through Jordan ledest me.

96

**Good News.**

“Good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.”—Luke ii. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 95.

HEAR ye the glad Good News from heaven—  
 Life to a death-doomed race is given ;  
 Christ on the cross for you and me  
 Purchased a pardon full and free.

He that believeth, He that believeth,  
 He that believeth hath everlasting life.

- 2 When we were lost the Son of God  
Made an atonement by His blood ;  
When we the glad Good News believe,  
Then the atonement we receive.
- 3 Why not believe the glad Good News ?  
Why still the voice of God refuse ?  
Why not believe what God hath said—  
All, *all* our guilt “on Him” was laid ?

## 97      *The Heavenly Land.*

“A better country, that is, an heavenly.”—Heb. xi. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 97.

- I LOVE to think of the heavenly land,  
Where white-robed angels are,  
Where many a friend is gathered safe  
From fear, and toil, and care.  
There'll be no parting, there'll be no parting,  
There'll be no parting, there'll be no parting there.
- 2 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
Where my Redeemer reigns,  
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise  
In endless joyous strains.
  - 3 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
The saints' eternal home,  
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,  
And all our joys are one.
  - 4 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
The greetings there we'll meet,  
The harps—the songs for ever ours—  
The walks—the golden streets.
  - 5 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
That promised land so fair,  
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs  
To be for ever there !

## 98 Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead us.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—Ps. xxiii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 98.*

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,  
 Much we need Thy tend'rest care ;  
 In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
 For our use Thy folds prepare.  
 Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

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

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be ;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
 Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
 Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour,  
 Early let us do Thy will ;  
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
 With Thy love our bosoms fill.  
 Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

## 99 The Life-Boat.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature ; old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. v. 17.

"Wherefore, my beloved, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—Phil. ii. 12.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 99.*

LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand !  
 See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land.



Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er ;  
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore !  
Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar ;  
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more !  
Leave the poor old stranded wreck, & pull for the shore.

- 2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor ; all else will fail.  
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,  
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they  
    roar ;  
Watch the "Bright and Morning Star," and pull  
    for the shore.
- 3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, uplift the eye ;  
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh !  
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore,  
"Glory, glory, hallelujah !" Pull for the shore.

## 100 Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh !

"And five of them were wise."—Matt. xxv. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 100.

OUR lamps are trimmed and burning,  
Our robes are white and clean,  
We've tarried for the Bridegroom,  
Oh, may we enter in ?

We know we've nothing worthy  
That we can call our own :  
The light, the oil, the robes we wear,  
All come from Him alone.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh !  
And all may enter in,  
Whose lamps are trimmed and burning,  
Whose robes are white and clean.

- 2 Go forth, go forth to meet Him !  
The way is open now,  
All lighted with the glory  
That's streaming from His brow.

Accept the invitation,  
 Beyond deserving kind ;  
 Make no delay, but take your lamps,  
 And joy eternal find.

- 3 We see the marriage splendour  
 Within the open door ;  
 We know that those who enter  
 Are blest for evermore.  
 We see He is more lovely  
 Than all the sons of men ;  
 But still we know the door, once shut,  
 Will never ope again.

## 101 Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

Matt. ix. 37.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 101.

H O! reapers of life's harvest,  
 Why stand with rusted blade,  
 Until the night draws round thee,  
 And day begins to fade?  
 Why stand ye idle, waiting  
 For reapers more to come?  
 The golden morn is passing,  
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

- 2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,  
 And gather in the grain ;  
 The night is fast approaching,  
 And soon will come again.  
 The Master calls for reapers,  
 And shall He call in vain?  
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,  
 And waste upon the plain?
- 3 Come down from hill and mountain  
 In morning's ruddy glow,  
 Nor wait until the dial  
 Points to the noon below ;

And come with the strong sinew,  
 Nor faint in heat or cold,  
 And pause not till the evening  
 Draws round its wealth of go'd.

- 4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,  
 And crush each error low ;  
 Keep back no words of knowledge  
 That human hearts should know.  
 Be faithful to thy mission,  
 In service of thy Lord ;  
 And then a golden chaplet  
 Shall be thy just reward.

## 102 Go Thou in Life's Morning.

" My son, attend to my words ; incline thine ear unto my sayings."   
*Prov. iv. 20.*

*TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 101.*

GO thou in life's fair morning,  
 Go in the bloom of youth ;  
 And buy, for thy adorning,  
 The precious pearl of truth ;  
 Secure this heavenly treasure,  
 And bind it on thine heart,  
 And let not earthly pleasure  
 E'er cause it to depart.

- 2 Go, while the day-star shineth,  
 Go, while thy heart is light ;  
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,  
 While every sense is bright.  
 Sell all thou hast, and buy it ;  
 'Tis worth all earthly things,  
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,  
 Sceptres and crowns of kings.
- 3 Go, ere the clouds of sorrow  
 Steal o'er the bloom of youth ;  
 Defer not till to-morrow,  
 Go now, and buy the truth.

Go seek thy great Creator,  
 Learn early to be wise ;  
 Go, place upon His altar  
 A morning sacrifice.

# 103 “It Passeth Knowledge.”

“The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”—Eph. iii. 19.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 103.

IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,  
 My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this soul of mine  
 Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,  
 Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
 Know more and more.

- 2 It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,  
 My Jesus, Saviour ; yet these lips of mine  
 Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,  
 A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
 And love beget.
- 3 It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,  
 My Jesus, Saviour ; yet this heart of mine  
 Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,  
 Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,  
 Nigh unto God.
- 4 But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know  
 The fulness of Thy love, while here below,  
 My empty vessel I may freely bring ;  
 O Thou who art of love the living spring,  
 My vessel fill.
- 5 I am an empty vessel—not one thought,  
 Or look of love, I ever to Thee brought ;  
 Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,  
 With this, the empty sinner's only plea—  
 Thou lovest me.

- 6 Oh, fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love !  
 Lead, lead me to the living fount above ;  
 Thither may I in simple faith draw nigh,  
 And never to another fountain fly,  
 But unto Thee.
- 7 And when my Jesus face to face I see,  
 When at His lofty throne I bow the knee,  
 Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,  
 Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,  
 My soul shall sing.

## 104 For Me ! For Me !

Written on the dying words of a young convert (Maggie Lindsay), who lost her life in the railroad catastrophe at Manuel, Scotland.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 104.

HOME at last, thy labour done,  
 Safe and blest, the victory won ;  
 Jordan passed, from pain set free,  
 Angels now have welcomed thee.

Depth of mercy, oh, how sweet,  
 Thus to rest at Jesus' feet,  
 In yon world of light afar,  
 Safe within *the gates ajar* !

- 2 When dark waves were beating hard  
 Thy frail bark on Jordan's flood,  
 Thou didst sing so glad and free,  
 "Yes, the gate's ajar *for me* !"
- 3 One short day of joy below,  
 Such as pardoned sinners know ;  
 Then away on wings of love  
 To thy home prepared above.
- 4 When earth's songs have all been sung,  
 Labours ended, trials done,  
 "We'll meet again," oh, happy word !  
 And be "for ever with the Lord."

105      **A Cry from Macedonia.**

“Come over into Macedonia, and help us.”—Acts xvi. 9.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 105.

**T**HERE'S a cry from Macedonia : Come and help us ;

The light of the gospel bring, oh come !  
 Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation,  
 We thirst for the living spring.  
 O ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,  
 Remember the great command ; away !  
 Go ye forth and preach the word to every creature,  
 Proclaim it in every land.

They shall gather from the east,  
 They shall gather from the west,  
 With the patriarchs of old ;  
 And the ransomed shall return  
 To the kingdoms of the blest,  
 With their harps and crowns of gold.

2 Oh, how beautiful their feet upon the mountains,  
 The tidings of peace who bring, who bring,  
 To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,  
 And tell them of Zion's King :  
 Then, ye heralds of the cross, be up and doing,  
 Go work in your Master's field ; away !  
 Sound the trumpet ! sound the trumpet of sal-  
 vation !

The Lord is your strength and shield.

Let the distant isles be glad,  
 Let them hail the Saviour's birth  
 And the news of pardon free,  
 Till the knowledge of the truth  
 Shall extend to all the earth,  
 As the waters o'er the sea.

3 Ye've enlisted in the army of the faithful,  
 Like heroes the battle fight ! away !  
 There are foes on every hand that will assail you,  
 Then gird on your armour bright ;

With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,  
 The sword of the Spirit wield ! away !  
 Ye shall conquer, through His mercy who hath  
 loved you :  
 The Lord is your strength and shield.

Ye are marching to the land,  
 Where the saints in glory stand,  
 And the just for joy shall sing.  
 Ye by faith may bring it nigh ;  
 Ye shall reach it by and by,  
 And your shouts of triumph ring.

## 106 I am Praying for You.

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,"  
 Eph. iii. 14.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 106.

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,  
 A dear loving Saviour, though earth-friends  
 be few,

And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,  
 And oh that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

For you I am praying, for you I am praying,  
 For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father : to me He has given  
 A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;  
 And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,  
 But oh, may He lead you to go with me too!

3 I have a robe : 'tis resplendent in whiteness,  
 Awaiting in glory my wondering view ;  
 Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,  
 Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace : it is calm as a river—  
 A peace that the friends of this world never  
 knew ;  
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,  
 And oh, could I know it was given to you !

- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,  
 That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;  
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to  
 glory,  
 And prayer will be answered—'twas answered  
 for you !

## 107      Not Now, My Child.

“ Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ.”—Philippians i. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 107.

- NOT now, my child!—a little more rough  
 tossing,  
 A little longer on the billows' foam ;  
 A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,  
 And then the sunshine of thy Father's home !
- 2 Not now ; for I have wanderers in the distance,  
 And thou must call them in with patient love ;  
 Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,  
 And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
- 3 Not now ; for I have loved ones sad and weary ;  
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?  
 Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow ;  
 Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?
- 4 Not now ; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,  
 And thou must teach those widowed hearts to  
 sing ;  
 Not now ; for orphans' tears are quickly falling :  
 They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering  
 wing.
- 5 Go with the Name of Jesus to the dying,  
 And speak that Name in all its living power ;  
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and  
 weary ?  
 Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour ?



- 6 One little hour ! and then the glorious crowning,  
 The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm ;  
 One little hour ! and then the hallelujah !  
 Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm !

## 108      The Cross of Jesus.

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. xiv. 26.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 108.

- BENEATH the Cross of Jesus,  
 I fain would take my stand—  
 The shadow of a mighty Rock,  
 Within a weary land ;  
 A home within the wilderness,  
 A rest upon the way,  
 From the burning of the noontide heat,  
 And the burden of the day.
- 2 O safe and happy shelter,  
 O refuge tried and sweet,  
 O trysting-place where Heaven's love,  
 And Heaven's justice meet !  
 As to the holy Patriarch  
 That wondrous dream was given,  
 So seems my Saviour's Cross to me  
 A ladder up to heaven.
- 3 There lies beneath its shadow,  
 But on the further side,  
 The darkness of an awful grave  
 That gapes both deep and wide :  
 And there between us stands the Cross,  
 Two arms outstretched to save,  
 Like a watchman set to guard the way  
 From that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,  
 Mine eye at times can see  
 The very dying form of One  
 Who suffered there for me ;

- And from my smitten heart, with tears,  
 Two wonders I confess—  
 The wonders of His glorious love,  
 And my own worthlessness.
- 5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,  
 For my abiding place ;  
 I ask no other sunshine  
 Than the sunshine of His face ;  
 Content to let the world go by,  
 To know no gain nor loss,—  
 My sinful self my only shame,  
 My glory all the Cross.

# 109 We Shall Meet By and By.

“ The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”—Isa. xxxv. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 109.

- WE shall meet beyond the river,  
 By and by, by and by ;  
 And the darkness shall be over,  
 By and by, by and by :  
 With the toilsome journey done,  
 And the glorious battle won,  
 We shall shine forth as the sun,  
 By and by, by and by.
- 2 We shall strike the harps of glory,  
 By and by, by and by ;  
 We shall sing redemption's story,  
 By and by, by and by ;  
 And the strains for evermore  
 Shall resound in sweetness o'er  
 Yonder everlasting shore,  
 By and by, by and by.
- 3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
 By and by, by and by ;  
 Who a crown of life will give us,  
 By and by, by and by ;

And the angels who fulfil  
 All the mandates of His will  
 Shall attend and love us still,  
 By and by, by and by.

- 4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,  
 By and by, by and by ;  
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,  
 By and by, by and by ;  
 All the blest ones, who have gone  
 To the land of life and song,  
 We with shoutings shall rejoin,  
 By and by, by and by.

## 110      Renounce the Cup.

“ At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”  
 Prov. xxiii. 32.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 110.

- A DRUNKARD reached his cheerless home,  
 The storm without was dark and wild,  
 He forced his weeping wife to roam,  
 A wanderer friendless with her child ;  
 As thro’ the falling snow she pressed,  
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.
- 2 And colder still the winds did blow,  
 And darker hours of night came on,  
 And deeper grew the drifted snow,  
 Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone  
 “ O God ! ” she cried, in accents wild,  
 “ If I must perish, save my child ! ”
- 3 She stripped the mantle from her breast,  
 And bared her bosom to the storm ;  
 As round the child she wrapped the vest,  
 She smiled to think that it was warm.  
 With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,  
 The broken-hearted found relief.

- 4 At morn her cruel husband passed,  
 And saw her on her snowy bed,  
 Her tearful eyes were closed at last,  
 Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled :  
 He raised the mantle from the child,  
 The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.
- 5 Shall this sad warning plead in vain ?  
 Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you ;  
 Now break the tempter's cruel chain,  
 No more your dreadful way pursue :  
 Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—  
 Immortal soul, why will you die ?

## 111 The Farewell Hymn.

“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.”—Rom. xvi. 24.

Sung by Mr. SANKEY when leaving England.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 111.

- FAREWELL, faithful friends, we must now bid  
 adieu  
 To those joys and pleasures we've tasted with  
 you ;  
 We've laboured together, united in heart,  
 But now we must close, and soon must we part.
- 2 Our labours are over, and we must be gone,  
 We leave you not friendless to struggle alone ;  
 Be watchful and prayerful, and Jesus will stay ;  
 Cleave close to your Saviour, let Him lead the  
 way.
- 3 You've help all-sufficient ; on Jesus depend ;  
 Let not this revival with this meeting end ;  
 Let each ask the other, Why should the work  
 cease  
 Till all these poor sinners have yielded in peace ?

- 4 Farewell, dear young converts, we leave you likewise,  
And hope we shall meet you with Christ in the skies ;  
Oh, who will turn back, and his Saviour deny?—  
Like Judas, the traitor, betray Him and die ?
- 5 Farewell, trembling sinner, sad time now with you,  
Our hearts sink within us to bid you adieu ;  
One step back or forward may settle your doom,  
'Mid the glories of heaven, or eternity's gloom.
- 6 Farewell, every hearer : we now turn away,  
No more shall we meet till the great judgment-day ;  
Though absent in body, we're with you in prayer,  
And we'll meet you in heaven—there is no parting there.
- Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !  
Prepare us, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.

## 112

*Where are the Nine ?*

"Were there not ten cleansed ? but where are the nine ?"—Luke xvii. 17.  
Tune—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 112.

WAND'RING afar from the dwellings of men,  
Hear the sad cry of the lepers—the ten ;  
"Jesus, have mercy !" brings healing divine :  
One came to worship, but where are the nine ?  
Where are the nine ? Where are the nine ?  
Were there not ten cleansed ? Where are the nine ?

- 2 Loudly the stranger sang praise to the Lord,  
Knowing the cure had been wrought by His word,  
Gratefully owning the Healer Divine :  
Jesus says tenderly, "Where are the nine ?"
- 3 "Who is this Nazarene ?" Pharisees say ;  
"Is He the Christ ? tell us plainly, we pray."

Multitudes follow Him, seeking a sign;  
Show them His mighty works—Where are the  
nine?

- 4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,  
Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"  
How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!  
Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?

## 113      We're Going Home.

"Absent from the body, and present with the Lord."—2 Cor. v. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 113.

WE'RE going home, no more to roam,  
No more to sin and sorrow;  
No more to wear the brow of care—  
We're going home to-morrow.

We're going home, we're going home to-morrow.

- 2 For weary feet awaits a street  
Of wondrous pave and golden;  
For hearts that ache the angels wake  
The Story sweet and olden.
- 3 For those who sleep, and those who weep,  
Above the portals narrow,  
The mansions rise beyond the skies—  
We're going home to-morrow.
- 4 Oh, joyful song! Oh, ransomed throng!  
Where sin no more shall sever;  
Our King to see, and oh, to be  
With Him at home for ever!

## 114      The Home of the Soul.

"I will . . . receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may  
be also."—John xiv. 3.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 114.

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,  
The far-away home of the soul,  
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,  
While the years of eternity roll.

- 2 Oh, that home of the soul ! in my visions and dreams  
 Its bright jasper walls I can see ;  
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
 Between the fair city and me !
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,  
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;  
 The King of all kingdoms for ever is He,  
 And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
- 4 Oh, how sweet will it be in that beautiful land,  
 So free from all sorrow and pain,  
 With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands  
 To meet one another again.

### 115      *Once I was Dead in Sin.*

“ How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein ? ”—Rom. vi. 18.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 115.

- ONCE I was dead in sin, and hope within me  
 died  
 But now I'm dead to sin, with Jesus crucified.  
 And can it be that “ He loved me, and gave Himself for me ” ?
- 2 O height I cannot reach ! O depth I cannot sound !  
 O love, O boundless love, in my Redeemer found !
- 3 O cold, ungrateful heart, that can from Jesus turn,  
 When living fires of love should on His altar burn.
- 4 I live—and yet, not I, but Christ that lives in me,  
 Who from the law of sin and death hath made me  
 free.

### 116      *The God of Abraham Praise.*

“ My praise shall be continually of Thee. ”—Psalm lxxi. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 116.

THE God of Abraham praise ! who sits enthroned above,  
 Ancient of everlasting days, and God of love !  
 Jehovah, great I AM ! by earth and heaven confest,  
 I bow and bless the sacred name, for ever blest !

- 2 The God of Abraham praise ! at whose supreme  
command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys at His right  
hand :  
I all on earth forsake, its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And Him my only portion make, my shield and  
tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise ! whose all-sufficient  
grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days, in all my ways :  
He calls a worm His friend ! he calls Himself  
my God !  
And He shall save me to the end, through Jesus'  
blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn, I on His oath depend ;  
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne, to heaven ascend ;  
I shall behold His face, I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace for evermore.
- 5 The whole triumphant host give thanks to God  
on high ;  
"Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !" they  
ever cry ;  
Hail ! Abraham's God and mine ! I join the  
heavenly lays ;  
All might and majesty are Thine, and endless  
praise !

117

**What a Friend !**

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii. 24.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 117.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear !  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer !



Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
 All because we do not carry  
 Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged;  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
 Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,  
 Cumbered with a load of care?  
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

## 118

## Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. iii. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 118.

THIS loving Saviour stands patiently;  
 Though oft rejected, calls again for thee.

Calling now for thee, prodigal, calling now for thee;  
 Thou hast wandered far away, but He's calling now for thee.

2 Oh, boundless mercy, free, free to all!  
 Stay, child of error, heed the tender call.

3 Tho' all unworthy, come now, come home:  
 Say while He's waiting, "Jesus, Lord, I come."

119

**All for Jesus.**

"He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him."—Psalm cxlv. 19.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 119.

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love Thou gavest me,  
Nor should I aught withhold, my Lord,  
from Thee;

In love my soul would bow, my heart fulfil its  
vow, [Thee.

Some offering bring Thee now, something for

2 At the blest mercy-seat, pleading for me,

My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to Thee:

Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love  
declare,

Some song to raise, or prayer,—something for  
Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—likeness to Thee,—

That each departing day henceforth may see

Some work of love begun, some deed of kind-  
ness done,

Some wanderer sought and won, something  
for Thee.

4 All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—

In joy, in grief, through life, O Lord, for Thee!

And when Thy face I see, my ransomed sou  
shall be,

Through all eternity, something for Thee.

120

**Bless Me Now.**

"Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed."—1 Chron. iv. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 120.

HEAVENLY Father, bless me now!

At the cross of Christ I bow;

Take my guilt and grief away,

Hear and heal me now, I pray.

Bless me now! bless me now!

Heavenly Father, bless me now!

- 2 Now, O Lord, this very hour,  
Send Thy grace and show Thy power ;  
While I rest upon Thy word,  
Come and bless me now, O Lord !
- 3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,  
Lift the clouds, the fetters break ;  
While I look, and as I cry,  
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.
- 4 Never did I so adore  
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before ;  
Now the time ! and this the place !  
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

## 121 Where hast Thou Gleaned ?

"I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves."  
Ruth ii. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 121.

- "WEARY gleaner, whence comest thou,  
With empty hands and clouded brow ?  
Plodding along thy lonely way,  
Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day ?"
- "Late I found a barren field,  
The 'harvest past' my search revealed ;  
Others golden sheaves had gained,  
Only stubble for me remained."  
Forth to the harvest field away !  
Gather your handfuls while you may ;  
All day long in the field abide,  
Gleaning close by the reapers' side.
- 2 "Careless gleaner, what hast thou here,  
These faded flowers and leaflets sere ?  
Hungry and thirsty, tell me, pray,  
Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day ?"
  - "All day long in shady bowers,  
I've gaily sought earth's fairest flowers ;  
Now, alas ! too late I see  
All I've gathered is vanity."

- 3 "Burdened gleaner, thy sheaves I see ;  
 Indeed thou must a-weary be !  
 Singing along the homeward way,  
 Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day ?"  
 "Stay me not till day is done ;  
 I've gathered handfuls one by one,  
 Here and there for me they fall,  
 Close by the reapers I've found them all."

## 122 I GAVE My Life for Thee.

"I lay down My life for the sheep."—John x. 15.

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me."—John xii. 26.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 122.

- "I GAVE My life for thee ; My precious blood  
 I shed,  
 That thou might'st ransomed be, and quickened  
 from the dead.  
 I gave My life for thee : what hast thou given for  
 Me ?
- 2 "I spent long years for thee in weariness and woe,  
 That an eternity of joy thou mightest know.  
 I spent long years for thee : hast thou spent *one*  
 for Me ?
- 3 "My Father's home of light, My rainbow-circled  
 throne, [lone.  
 I left for earthly night, for wanderings sad and  
 I left it all for thee : hast thou left aught for Me ?
- 4 "I suffered much for thee—more than thy tongue  
 can tell  
 Of bitterest agony,—to rescue thee from hell.  
 I suffered much for thee : what canst thou bear  
 for Me ?
- 5 "And I have brought to thee, down from My  
 home above,  
 Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love.  
 Great gifts I brought to thee, what hast thou  
 brought to Me ?"

- 6 Oh, let thy life be given, thy years for Him be  
 spent ; |blent.  
 World-fetters all be riven, and joy with suffering  
 Bring thou thy worthless all ; follow thy Saviour's  
 call.

## 123 The Light of the World.

"I am come a Light into the world."—John xii. 46.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 123.

THE whole world was lost in the darkness of sin,  
 The Light of the world is Jesus.

Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone in,  
 The Light of the world is Jesus.

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee ;  
 Sweetly the Light has dawned upon me.  
 Once I was blind, but now I can see :  
 The Light of the world is Jesus.

- 2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,  
 The Light of the world is Jesus.  
 We walk in the Light when we follow our Guide,  
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded eyes,  
 The Light of the world is Jesus.  
 Go, wash at His bidding, and light will arise,  
 The Light of the world is Jesus.
- 4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,  
 The Light of that world is Jesus.  
 The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,  
 The Light of that world is Jesus.

## 124 The Holy Spirit.

Three Warnings : Resist not ; Grieve not ; Quench not.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 124.

THE Spirit, O sinner, in mercy doth move  
 Thy heart so long hardened, of sin to reprove :  
*Resist* not the Spirit, nor longer delay ;  
 God's gracious entreaties may end with to-day.

- 2 O child of the kingdom, from sin's service cease :  
 Be filled with the Spirit, with comfort and peace.  
 Oh, *grieve* not the Spirit,—thy Teacher is He,—  
 That Jesus, thy Saviour, may glorified be.
- 3 Defiled is the temple, its beauty laid low,  
 On God's holy altar the embers faint glow.  
 By love yet re-kindled, a flame may be fanned ;  
 Oh, *quench* not the Spirit, *The Lord is at hand !*

## 125 Oh, How He Loves !

" Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John xv. 13.

TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 125.

- 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 !
- 2 '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 !
- 3 Blessed Jesus ! would you know Him ?  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 Give yourselves entirely to Him,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 Think no longer of the morrow,  
 From the past new courage borrow,  
 Jesus carries all your sorrow,  
 Oh, how He loves !

- 4 All your sins shall be forgiven,  
     Oh, how He loves !  
 Backward shall your foes be driven,  
     Oh, how He loves !  
 Best of blessings He'll provide you,  
 Nought but good shall e'er betide you,  
 Safe to glory He will guide you,  
     Oh, how He loves !

## 126           The New Song.

"They sang as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. xiv. 3.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 126.

- WITH harps and with viols there stand a great  
 throng  
 In the presence of Jesus, and sing this new song :  
     Unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from sin,  
     Unto Him be the glory for ever.   Amen.
- 2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,  
 Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they  
 unite :
- 3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,  
 He hath bought us, and taught us this new song  
 to sing :
- 4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,  
 If He never had loved us till cleansed from our  
 sin.
- 5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,  
 So that others, believing, this new song shall sing :

## 127           Near the Cross.

"Made nigh by the blood of Christ."—Ephesians ii. 13.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 127.

- JESUS, keep me near the cross :  
     There a precious fountain,  
 Free to all—a healing stream—  
     Flows from Calvary's mountain.  
 In the Cross, in the Cross, be my glory ever  
 Till my raptured soul shall find rest beyond the river.

- 2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
Love and mercy found me ;  
There the Bright and Morning Star  
Shed its beams around me.
- 3 Near the Cross ! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me ;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow o'er me.
- 4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

## 128

## "I will Guide Thee."

"I will guide thee with Mine eye."—Psalm xxxii. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 128.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given  
To the weary passer-by,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

"I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye ;  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
I will guide thee with Mine eye."

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly,  
Let this promise ring within thee :  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."
- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished  
In the grave of years gone by,  
Let this promise still be cherished,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."



- 4 When the shades of life are falling,  
 And the hour has come to die,  
 Hear thy trusty Leader calling,  
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

## 129 Every Day and Hour.

"Keep me as the apple of the eye."—Psalm xvii. 8.  
 "Lead me in the way everlasting."—Psalm cxxxix. 24.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 129.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,  
 I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee :  
 Let Thy precious blood applied,  
 Keep me ever, ever, near Thy side.

Every day, every hour, let me feel Thy cleansing power ;  
 May Thy tender love to me bind me closer, closer, Lord,  
 to Thee.

- 2 Thro' this changing world below  
 Lead me gently, gently, as I go ;  
 Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,  
 I can never, never, lose my way.
- 3 Let me love Thee more and more,  
 Till this fleeting, fleeting, life is o'er ;  
 Till my soul is lost in love,  
 In a brighter, brighter, world above.

## 130 Come, Ye Sinners.

"He that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isaiah lv. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 130.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and power :  
 He is able,  
 He is willing ; doubt no more.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance—  
Every grace that brings you nigh—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him  
This He gives you—  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and ruined by the Fall;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous—  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

131

# All the Way.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."  
Deut. viii. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 131.

- ALL the way my Saviour leads me;  
What have I to ask beside?  
Can I doubt His tender mercy,  
Who thro' life has been my Guide?  
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,  
Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
For I know, whate'er befall me,  
Jesus doeth all things well.
- 2 All the way my Saviour leads me,  
Cheers each winding path I tread,  
Gives me grace for every trial,  
Feeds me with the living bread.

Tho' my weary steps may falter,  
 And my soul athirst may be,  
 Gushing from the Rock before me,  
 Lo, a spring of joy I see !

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

## 132 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me."—Psalm xxv. 5.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 132.

HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide !  
 Ever near the Christian's side,  
 Gently lead us by the hand,  
 Pilgrims in a desert land ;  
 Weary souls for aye rejoice,  
 While they hear that sweetest voice  
 Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come !  
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near Thine aid to lend,  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness drear :  
 When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come !  
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home."

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wondering if our names are there,  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;  
 Whisper softly, "Wanderer come!  
 Follow Me, I'll guide thee home!"

### 133      *Oh to be Nothing!*

"A vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use."

2 Tim. ii. 21.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 133.

- OH to be nothing, nothing! only to lie at His  
 feet,  
 A broken and emptied vessel, for the Master's  
 use made meet.  
 Emptied—that He might fill me, as forth to His  
 service I go;  
 Broken—that so unhindered His life through me  
 might flow.
- 2 Oh to be nothing, nothing! only as led by His  
 hand;  
 A messenger at His gateway, only waiting for  
 His command.  
 Only an instrument ready His praises to sound  
 at His will;  
 Willing, should He not require me, in silence to  
 wait on Him still.
- 3 Oh to be nothing, nothing! Painful the humbling  
 may be,  
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me that the world  
 might my Saviour see.  
 Rather be nothing, nothing! to Him let their  
 voices be raised;  
 He is the Fountain of blessing, He only is meet  
 to be praised.

## 134 No other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv. 12.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 134.

ONE offer of salvation, to all the world made known; [Stone.

The only sure foundation is Christ, the Corner  
No other Name is given, no other way is known;  
'Tis Jesus Christ, the First and Last; He saves, and He alone.

2 One only door of heaven stands open wide to-day;  
One sacrifice is given; 'tis Christ, the living way.

3 My only song and story is—Jesus died for me;  
My only hope for glory,—The Cross of Calvary.

## 135 Yield not to Temptation.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."—Rev. ii. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 135.

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,  
Each victory will help you some other to win;  
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,  
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen, and  
keep you.

He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,  
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;  
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,  
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,  
Thro' faith we shall conquer, though often cast  
down;  
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,  
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

## 136

## Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isaiah lv. 7.

TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 136.

OH, come to the Saviour, believe in His name,  
And ask Him your heart to renew :  
He waits to be gracious, oh, turn not away,  
For now there is pardon for you.

Yes, there is pardon for you; yes, there is pardon for you ;  
For Jesus has died to redeem you, and offers full pardon to  
you.

2 The way of transgression that leads unto death,  
Oh, why will you longer pursue ?  
How can you reject the sweet message of love,  
That offers full pardon for you ?

3 Be warned of your danger ; escape to the cross ;  
Your only salvation is there :  
Believe, and that moment the Spirit of Grace  
Will answer your penitent prayer.

## 137 "Up with thy hands to Jesus."

"Hear the voice of my supplications when I cry unto Thee, when I lift up  
my hands toward Thy holy oracle."—Psalm xxviii. 2.

TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 137.

"UP with thy hands to Jesus," O guilty, tempest-  
tost ;

"Up with thy hands to Jesus," or, sinner, thou  
art lost.

The waves are wildly dashing, thy boat is light  
and frail,

The lightnings sharp are flashing, and fiercely  
sweeps the gale.

Then "Up with thy hands to Jesus," O guilty, tempest-  
tost ;

"Up with thy hands to Jesus," or, sinner, thou art lost.

- 2 "Up with thy hands to Jesus," He walks upon  
the sea ;  
"Up with thy hands to Jesus," He stoopeth now  
for thee.  
Say not thy hands are feeble, thy fingers cannot  
cling :  
His mighty grasp shall hold thee, and sure salva-  
tion bring.
- 3 "Up with thy hands to Jesus," He hears thy  
piteous cry ;  
"Up with thy hands to Jesus," no other help is  
nigh.  
E'en now thy bark is sinking, the billows o'er  
thee roll,  
"Up with thy hands to Jesus," O sinner, save  
thy soul.
- 4 "Up with thy hands to Jesus," He ruleth wind  
and wave ;  
"Up with thy hands to Jesus," His love now  
yearns to save.  
Oh, if thou wilt but trust Him, His help He'll  
quickly give ;  
Haste then, no longer doubting ; "up with thy  
hands," and live.

## 138

## Depth of Mercy.

"Have mercy upon me."—Psalm iv. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 133.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ?  
Can my God His wrath forbear ?—  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

- 2 I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face ;  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Whence to me this waste of love?  
Ask my Advocate above!  
See the cause in Jesu's face,  
Now before the throne of grace.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands:  
God is love, I know, I feel;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 5 If I rightly read Thy heart,  
If Thou all compassion art,  
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Pardon and accept me now!

## 139

## Look to Jesus.

“As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—John iii. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 139.

LOOK to Jesus, weary one,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Look at what the Lord has done, look and live!  
See Him lifted on the tree.  
Look and live! look and live!  
Hear Him say, “Look unto Me,” look and live!

Look! the Lord is lifted high; look to Him. He's ever nigh;  
Look and live! why will ye die? Look and live!

- 2 Though unworthy, vile, unclean,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Look away from self and sin, look and live!  
Long by Satan's power enslaved,  
Look and live! look and live!  
Look to Me, ye shall be saved, look and live!



- 3 Though you've wandered far away,  
 Look and live ! look and live !  
 Harden not your hearts to-day, look and live !  
 'Tis thy Father calls thee home,  
 Look and live ! look and live !  
 Whosoever will may come, look and live !

## 140

## Lord of All.

"At the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth."—Philippians ii. 10.

"He is Lord of all."—Acts x. 36.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 140.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at His feet may fall ;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

## 141

## "That Worth Name."

"God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name."—Philippians ii. 9.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 140.

- OH for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise ;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace.

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim—  
To spread through all the earth abroad—  
The honours of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the vilest clean,  
His blood availed for me.

## 142                      The Mercy-Seat.

<sup>44</sup> There I will meet with thee ; and I will commune with thee from above  
the mercy-seat."—Exodus xxv. 22.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 142.

WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat !

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

## 143                      Praise.

"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise."  
Psalm c. 4.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 142.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and He destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love ;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

## 144 The Place of Blessing.

"Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—Heb. x. 22.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 142

- FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads ;  
A place than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
  - 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith we meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

## 145 "Thy Name be Magnified."

"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."—Song of Solomon i. 3.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 145.

HOW 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, Saviour, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
So shall the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

146

### “ Watch and Pray.”

“ Take ye heed, watch and pray.”—Mark xiii. 33.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 146.

- MY soul, be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise ;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw Thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray ;  
The battle ne’er give o’er ;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.
  - 3 Ne’er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armour down ;  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.
  - 4 Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God ;  
He’ll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To His divine abode.

## 147

## Regeneration.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God."—John iii. 3.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 146.

HOW solemn are the words,  
And yet to faith how plain,  
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—  
"Ye must be born again!"

2 "Ye must be born again!"  
For so hath God decreed;  
No reformation will suffice—  
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

3 "Ye must be born again!"  
And life *in Christ* must have;  
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—  
'Tis He *alone* can save.

4 "Ye must be born again!"  
Or never enter heaven;  
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—  
The ransomed and forgiven.

## 148

## The Name of Jesus.

"Blessed be His glorious Name for ever."—Psalm lxxii. 18.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 148.

TAKE the Name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe;  
It will joy and comfort give you—  
'Take it then where'er you go.

Precious Name, oh how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven,  
Precious Name, oh how sweet, how sweet

- 2 Take the Name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare ;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
- 3 Oh, the precious Name of Jesus!  
How it thrills our souls with joy  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!
- 4 At the Name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.

149

Fully Persuaded.

"Persuading them concerning Jesus."—Acts xxviii. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 149.

- FULLY persuaded—Lord, I believe!  
Fully persuaded—Thy Spirit give ;  
I will obey Thy call,  
Low at Thy feet I fall ;  
Now I surrender all,  
Christ to receive.
- 2 Fully persuaded—Lord, hear my cry !  
Fully persuaded—pass me not by ;  
Just as I am I come,  
I will no longer roam,  
Oh, make my heart Thy home ;  
Save or I die !
  - 3 Fully persuaded—no more oppress,  
Fully persuaded—now I am blest ;  
Jesus is now my Guide,  
I will in Christ abide ;  
My soul is satisfied  
In Him to rest.

- 4 Fully persuaded—Jesus is mine ;  
 Fully persuaded—Lord, I am Thine?  
 Oh, make my love to Thee  
 Like Thine own love to me,  
 So rich, so full, and free,  
 Saviour divine !

## 150

## Oh for a Faith !

"Lord, increase our faith."—Luke xvii. 5.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 150.

- OH for a faith that will not shrink,  
 Though pressed by every foe,  
 That will not tremble on the brink  
 Of any earthly woe :
- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
 Beneath the chastening rod ;  
 But in the hour of grief or pain  
 Will lean upon its God :
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
 When tempests rage without ;  
 That when in danger knows no fear  
 In darkness feels no doubt.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
 And then, whate'er may come,  
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
 Of an eternal home !

## 151

## Salvation.

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."—Psalm lxxxix. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 151.

SALVATION ! oh, the joyful sound !  
 What pleasure to our ears !  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,  
To Thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

152

Joy to the World.

"In His days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth."—Psalm lxxii. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 152.

- JOY to the world! The Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
  - 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

153

Come, Holy Spirit.

"It is the Spirit that quickeneth."—John vi. 63.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 152.

- COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours!



- 2 O Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?—  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours!

## 154

## Ebenezer.

"Samuel took a stone, and called the name of it Ebenezer [the Stone of Help], saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 Sam. vii. 12.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 154.

- COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:  
Teach me some melodious sonnet  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!  
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be;  
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

## 155      *Glorying in the Cross.*

“ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,”  
 Gal. vi. 14.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 154.*

- IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time :  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;  
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified ;  
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

## 156      “ Till He Come.”

‘ As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death  
 till He come.’—1 Cor. xi. 26.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 156.*

- “ TILL HE COME ! ” Oh, let the words  
 Linger on the trembling chords ;  
 Let the “ little while ” between  
 In their golden light be seen ;  
 Let us think how heaven and home  
 Lie beyond that “ *Till He come !* ”

- 2 When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,—  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast?  
Hush! be every murmur dumb;  
It is only "*Till He come!*"
- 3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,—  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,—  
Only whisper "*Till He come!*"
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine and break the bread;  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Calls us round His heavenly board,  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "*Till He come!*"

## 157

*The Heavenly Canaan.*

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures  
evermore."—Psalm xvi. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 157.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.  
There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

158

## The Sin-Bearer.

“The bringing-in of a better hope, by the which we draw nigh unto God.”

Heb. vii. 19.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 158.

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

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

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

4 My soul looks back to see  
 The burden Thou didst bear,  
 While hanging on th' accursed tree,  
 And knows her guilt was there.

159

## "Jesus Wept."

"He beheld the city and wept over it."—Luke xix. 41.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 158.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

160

## Supplication.

\* In the multitude of Thy mercy hear me, in the truth of Thy salvation.  
Psalm lxi. 13.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 160.

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.

- 2 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.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide:  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away;  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,—  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,—  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distress remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,—  
A ransomed soul.

SAVIOUR! I follow on,  
Guided by Thee,  
Seeing not yet the Hand  
That leadeth me:  
Hushed be my heart, and still;  
Fear I no further ill;  
Only to meet Thy will  
My will shall be.

- 2 Riven the rock for me,  
 Thirst to relieve,  
 Manna from heaven  
 I daily receive ;  
 Never a want severe  
 Causeth mine eye a tear,  
 But Thou dost whisper near,  
 "Only believe."
- 3 Saviour ! I long to walk  
 Closer with Thee ;  
 Led by Thy guiding hand  
 Ever to be ;  
 Constantly near Thy side,  
 Quickened and purified,  
 Living for Him who died  
 Freely for me.

## 162

## Nearer to Thee.

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."—James iv. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 160.

- NEARER, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me,  
 Still all my song shall be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !

- 3 There let my way appear  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
 Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if 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!

163

*Arise, my Soul.*

"Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, *Abba, Father.*"  
*Rom. viii. 15.*

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 163.*

- ARISE, my soul, arise;  
 Shake off thy guilty fears;  
 The bleeding Sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears.  
 Before the throne my Surety stands;  
 My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
 For me to intercede,  
 His all-redeeming love,  
 His precious blood to plead:  
 His blood atoned for all our race,  
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.



- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears  
 Received on Calvary ;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly plead for me.  
 "Forgive him, oh forgive," they cry,  
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 4 My God is reconciled,  
 His pardoning voice I hear ;  
 He owns me for His child,  
 I can no longer fear :  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And "Father, Abba Father!" cry.

## 164

## Onward, Upward.

"Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

Rev. iii. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 164.

- ONWARD! upward! Christian soldier!  
 Turn not back, nor sheathe thy sword ;  
 Let its blade be sharp for conquest,  
 In the battle for the Lord.  
 From the great white throne eternal,  
 God Himself is looking down ;  
 He it is who now commands thee—  
 Take the cross and win the crown.
- 2 Onward ! upward ! doing, daring  
 All for Him who died for thee ;  
 Face the foe. and meet with boldness  
 Danger whatsoe'er it be.  
 From the battlements of glory,  
 Holy ones are looking down ;  
 Thou canst almost hear them shouting :  
 "On ! let no one take thy crown."
- 3 Onward ! till thy course is finished,  
 Like the ransomed ones before ;  
 Keep the faith through persecution,  
 Never give the battle o'er.

Onward ! upward ! till victorious,  
 Thou shalt lay thine armour down,  
 And thy loving Saviour bids thee  
 At His hand receive thy crown.

## 165 Draw Me Nearer.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. x. 22.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 165.

I AM Thine, O Lord ; I have heard Thy voice,  
 And it told Thy love to me ;  
 But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
 And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
 To the cross where Thou hast died ;  
 Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
 To Thy precious, bleeding side.

- 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,  
 By the power of grace divine ;  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
 And my will be lost in Thine.
- 3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour  
 That before Thy throne I spend,  
 When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,  
 I commune as friend with friend.
- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know  
 Till I cross the narrow sea ;  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach  
 Till I rest in peace with Thee.

## 166 My Song shall be of Jesus.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. xxxiv. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 163.

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

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

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

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

## 167 *Are your Windows open toward Jerusalem ?*

"His windows being open . . . toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon  
 his knees three times a day."—Dan. vi. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 167.

DO you see the Hebrew captive kneeling,  
 At morning, noon, and night, to pray ?  
 In his chamber he remembers Zion,  
 Though in exile far away.

Are your windows open toward Jerusalem,  
 Though as captives here a "little while" we stay ?  
 For the coming of the King in His glory,  
 Are you watching day by day ?

- 2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,  
Nor shrink the lions' den to share ;  
For the God of Daniel will deliver,  
He will send His angel there.
- 3 Children of the living God, take courage,  
Your great deliverance sweetly sing ;  
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,  
Thence to hail your coming king !

## 168      *Just a Word for Jesus.*

"My mouth shall show forth Thy righteousness and Thy salvation."  
Psalm lxxi. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 168.

NOW just a word for Jesus,  
Your dearest Friend so true !  
Come, cheer our hearts, and tell us  
What He has done for you.

Now just a word for Jesus—'Twill help us on our way ;  
One little word for Jesus, Oh speak, or sing, or pray.

- 2 Now just a word for Jesus ;  
You feel your sins forgiven,  
And by His grace are striving  
To reach a home in heaven.
- 3 Now just a word for Jesus ;  
A cross it cannot be  
To say, "I love my Saviour,  
Who gave His life for me."
- 4 Now just a word for Jesus :  
Let not the time be lost ;  
The heart's neglected duty  
Brings sorrow, to its cost.
- 5 Now just a word for Jesus ;  
And if your faith be dim,  
Arise in all your weakness,  
And leave the rest to Him.

# 169 Look away to Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 149.

LOOK away to Jesus, soul by sin oppressed ;  
'Twas for thee He suffered ; come to Him and  
rest.

All thy griefs He carried, all thy sins He bore ;  
Look away to Jesus ; trust Him evermore.

2 Look away to Jesus, soldier in the fight ;  
When the battle thickens keep thine armour  
bright :

Though thy foes be many, though thy strength [be small,  
Look away to Jesus : He shall conquer all.

3 Look away to Jesus, when the skies are fair :  
Calm seas have their dangers ; mariner, beware !  
Earthly joys are fleeting, going as they came ,  
Look away to Jesus, evermore the same.

4 Look away to Jesus, 'mid the toil and heat ;  
Soon will come the resting at the Master's feet ;  
For the guests are bidden, and the feast is spread :  
Look away to Jesus ; in His footsteps tread.

5 When, amid the music of the endless feast,  
Saints shall sing His praises, thine shall not be  
least ;

Then, amid the glories of the crystal sea,  
Look away to Jesus, through eternity.

# 170 I Bring My Sins to Thee.

"In returning and rest shall ye be saved."—Isa. xxx. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 170.

I BRING my sins to Thee,  
The sins I cannot count,  
That all may cleansèd be,  
In Thy once opened Fount :  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
The burden is too great for me.

- 2 I bring my grief to Thee,  
The grief I cannot tell ;  
No words shall needed be,  
Thou knowest all so well :  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
O suffering Saviour, all to Thee.
- 3 My joys to Thee I bring,  
The joys Thy love hath given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven :  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
For Thou hast purchased all for me.
- 4 My life I bring to Thee,  
I would not be mine own ;  
O Saviour, let me be  
Thine ever, Thine alone :  
My heart, my life, my all, I bring  
To Thee, my Saviour and my King !

**171** Hold Fast till I Come.

**"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—Rev. ii. 25.**

**TUNE**—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 171.*

O SPIRIT, o'erwhelmed by thy failures and  
fears, [tears :  
Look up to thy Lord, though with trembling and  
Weak faith, to thy call seem the heavens only  
dumb ?

To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."

"Hold fast till I come," "Hold fast till I come,"  
A bright crown awaits thee ; "Hold fast till I come."

- 2 Hold fast when the world would allure thee to sin ;  
Hold fast when the tempter assails from within ;  
In sunshine or sadness, in gain or in loss,  
To falter were madness, Oh, cling to the cross.

- 3 Thy Saviour is coming in tenderest love,  
 To make up His jewels and bear them above :  
 O child, in thine anguish despairing or dumb,  
 Remember the message,—“Hold fast till I  
 come.”

## 172

## Close to Thee.

“As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.”  
 Col. ii. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 172.

THOU my everlasting Portion,  
 More than friend or life to me,  
 All along my pilgrim journey,  
 Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,  
 Close to Thee, close to Thee ;  
 All along my pilgrim journey,  
 Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

- 2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,  
 Nor for fame my prayer shall be ;  
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
 Only let me walk with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,  
 Close to Thee, close to Thee ;  
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,  
 Only let me walk with Thee.

- 3 Lead me thro' this vale of shadows,  
 Bear me o'er life's fitful sea ;  
 Then the gate of life eternal  
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Close to Thee, close to Thee,  
 Close to Thee, close to Thee ;  
 Then the gate of life eternal  
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

# 173 Hallelujah, He is Risen!

"He is not here, for He is risen, as He said."—Matt. xxviii. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 173.

**H**ALLELUJAH! He is risen!  
 Jesus is gone up on high!  
 Burst the bars of death asunder;  
 Angels, shout; and men, reply—  
 He is risen, He is risen,  
 Living now no more to die.

- 2 Hallelujah! He is risen!  
 Our exalted Head to be;  
 Sends the witness of the Spirit  
 That our Advocate is He:  
 He is risen, He is risen,  
 Justified in Him are we.
- 3 Hallelujah! He is risen!  
 Death for aye hath lost its sting,  
 Christ, Himself the Resurrection,  
 From the grave His own will bring:  
 He is risen, He is risen,  
 Living Lord and coming King.

# 174 A Crown of Rejoicing.

"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matt. xxv. 21.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 174.

**O** CROWN of rejoicing that's waiting for me,  
 When finished my course, and when Jesus  
 I see,  
 And when from my Lord comes the sweet-sound-  
 ing word:

"Receive, faithful servant, the joy of thy Lord."

O crown of rejoicing! O wonderful song!  
 O joy everlasting! O glorified throng!  
 O beautiful home—my home can it be?  
 O glory reserved for me!



- 2 O wonderful song that in glory I'll sing,  
To Him who redeemed me, to Jesus my King ;  
All glory and honour to Him shall be given,  
And praises unceasing for ever in heaven.
- 3 O joy everlasting when heaven is won,  
For ever in glory to shine as the sun :  
No sorrow nor sighing—these all flee away ;  
No night there, no shadows—'tis one endless  
day !
- 4 O wonderful name which the glorified bear,  
The "new name" which Jesus bestows on us  
there ;  
To "him that o'ercometh" 'twill only be given,  
Blest sign of approval, our welcome to heaven.

## 175 *As thy Days, thy Strength.*

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 175.

WHILE foes are strong and danger near,  
A voice falls gently on the ear ;  
My Saviour speaks, He says to me,  
That "as my days my strength shall be."

His word a Tower to which I flee,  
For "as my days my strength shall be."

- 2 With such a promise need I fear  
For all that now I hold most dear ?  
No : I will never anxious be,  
For "as my days my strength shall be."
- 3 And when at last I'm called to die,  
Still on Thy promise I'll rely ;  
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,  
That "as my days my strength shall be."

176

## To the Work!

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 176.

TO the work! to the work! we are servants of  
God,  
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;  
With the balm of His counsel our strength to  
renew,  
Let us do with our might what our hands find to  
do.

Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on,  
Let us hope and trust,  
Let us watch and pray,  
And labour till the Master comes.

- 2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed,  
To the Fountain of Life let the weary be led:  
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,  
While we herald the tidings, "*Salvation is free.*"
- 3 To the work! to the work! there is labour for all,  
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;  
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be  
In the loud swelling chorus, "*Salvation is free.*"
- 4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the  
Lord;  
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward,  
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall  
be, *[free.]*  
And we shout with the ransomed, "*Salvation is*

177

## Wholly Thine.

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly."—1 Thers. v. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 177.

THINE, most gracious Lord,  
Oh, make me wholly Thine—

Thine in thought, in word, and deed,  
For Thou, O Christ, art mine.

Wholly Thine ! wholly Thine !  
Thou hast bought me, I am Thine ;  
Blessed Saviour, Thou art mine ;  
Make me wholly Thine.

- 2 Wholly Thine, my Lord,  
To go when Thou dost call ;  
Thine to yield my very self  
In all things, great and small.
- 3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,  
In every passing hour ;  
Thine in silence, Thine to speak,  
As Thou dost grant the power.
- 4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,  
To fashion as Thou wilt :  
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul,  
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.
- 5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,  
For ever one with Thee—  
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,  
Abiding, sure, and free.

## 178

## Immanuel's Land.

"There shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii 5.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 178.

THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer morn I've sighed 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.

- 2 I've wrestled on t'ward 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 lingering sand,  
 I hail the glory dawning  
 From Immanuel's land.
- 3 Deep waters crossed life's pathway,  
 The hedge of thorns was sharp ;  
 Now these lie all behind me :  
 Oh for a well-tuned harp,  
 To join the Hallelujah  
 With yon triumphant band,  
 Who sing, where glory dwelleth,  
 In Immanuel's land !
- 4 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 planned,  
 When throned where glory dwelleth,  
 In Immanuel's land.

## 179 The Mistakes of My Life.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. iii. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 179.

THE mistakes of my life have been many,  
 The sins of my heart have been more,  
 And I scarce can see for weeping,  
 But I'll knock at the open door.

I know I am weak and sinful,  
 It comes to me more and more ;  
 But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,  
 I'll enter the open door.

- 2 I am lowest of those who love Him,  
I am weakest of those who pray,  
But I come as He has bidden,  
And He will not say me nay.
- 3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,  
My sins He will wash away ;  
And the feet that shrink and falter  
Shall walk through the gates of day.
- 4 The mistakes of my life have been many,  
And my spirit is sick with sin,  
And I scarce can see for weeping,  
But the Saviour will let me in.

## 180

**Arise and Shine.**

" Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. lx. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 180.

- LIFT up, lift up thy voice with singing,  
Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice  
The kingdoms of the earth are bringing  
Their treasures to thy gates—Rejoice !  
Arise and shine in youth immortal,  
Thy light is come, thy King appears !  
Beyond the century's swinging portal  
Breaks a new dawn—the *thousand years*.
- 2 And shall His flock with strife be riven ?  
Shall envious lines His Church divide,  
When He, the Lord of earth and heaven,  
Stands at the door to claim His bride ?
  - 3 Lift up thy gates ! bring forth oblations !  
One crowned with crowns a message brings :  
His Word, a sword to smite the nations ;  
His name—THE CHRIST, the King of kings.
  - 4 He comes ! let all the earth adore Him .  
The path His human nature trod  
Spreads to a royal realm before Him,  
The LIFE of life, the WORD OF GOD !

181

## The Wandering Sheep.

"All we like sheep have gone astray."—Isa. liii. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 181.

- I WAS a wandering sheep,  
 I did not love the fold ;  
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
 I would not be controlled :  
 I was a wayward child,  
 I did not love my home,  
 I did not love my Father's voice,  
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
 The Father sought His child,  
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
 O'er deserts waste and wild :  
 They found me nigh to death,  
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
 They bound me with the bands of love,  
 They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
 'Twas He that loved my soul ;  
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
 'Twas He that made me whole :  
 'Twas He that sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep ;  
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
 'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 4 I was a wandering sheep,  
 I would not be controlled ;  
 But now I love my Saviour's voice,  
 I love, I love the fold.  
 I was a wayward child,  
 I once preferred to roam ;  
 But now I love my Father's voice,  
 I love, I love His home.

182 *We shall Sleep, but not For Ever.*

"Down in corruption . . . raised in incorruption."—1 Cor. xv. 42.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 182.

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

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

- 2 When we see a precious blossom  
 That we tended with such care,  
 Rudely taken from our bosom,  
 How our aching hearts despair !  
 Round its little grave we linger,  
 Till the setting sun is low,  
 Feeling all our hopes have perished  
 With the flower we cherished so.
- 3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,  
 In the lone and silent grave ;  
 Blessed be the Lord that taketh,  
 Blessed be the Lord that gave.  
 In the bright eternal city  
 Death can never, never come !  
 In His own good time He'll call us  
 From our rest to Home, sweet Home.

183      *The Land of Beulah.*

"Carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom."—Luke xvi. 22.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 183.

MY latest sun is sinking fast,  
     My race is nearly run ;  
 My strongest trials now are past,  
     My triumph is begun.

Oh come, angel band, come and around me stand ;  
 Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings  
     To my immortal home.

2 I'm nearing now the holy ranks  
     Of friends and kindred dear,  
 For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks ;  
     The crossing must be near.

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

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

184      *Eternity !*

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. lxxxix. 47.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 184.

OH, the clanging bells of Time !  
     Night and day they never cease :  
 We are wearied with their chime,  
     For they do not bring us peace ;  
 And we hush our breath to hear,  
     And we strain our eyes to see,  
 If thy shores are drawing near,—  
     Eternity ! Eternity !



- 2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !  
 How their changes rise and fall ;  
 But in undertone sublime,  
 Sounding clearly through them all,  
 Is a voice that must be heard,  
 As our moments onward flee ;  
 And it speaketh aye one word,—  
 Eternity ! Eternity !
- 3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !  
 To their voices, loud and low,  
 In a long, unresting line  
 We are marching to and fro ;  
 And we yearn for sight or sound  
 Of the life that is to be,  
 For thy breath doth wrap us round,—  
 Eternity ! Eternity !
- 4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !  
 Soon their notes will all be dumb  
 And in joy and peace sublime  
 We shall feel the silence come ;  
 And our souls their thirst will slake,  
 And our eyes the King will see,  
 When thy glorious morn shall break,—  
 Eternity ! Eternity !

185

**Mighty to Save.**

“Mighty to save.”—Isa. lxiii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 185.*

ALL glory to Jesus be given,  
 That life and salvation are free ;  
 And all may be washed and forgiven,  
 And Jesus can save even me.

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,  
 And all His salvation may know,  
 On His bosom I lean, and His blood makes me clean,  
 For His blood can wash whiter than snow.

- 2 From darkness, and sin, and despair,  
Out into the light of His love  
He has brought me, and made me an heir  
To kingdoms and mansions above.
- 3 Oh, the rapturous height of His love !  
The measureless depth of His grace !  
My soul all His fulness would prove,  
And live in His loving embrace.
- 4 In Him all my wants are supplied,  
His love makes my heaven below ;  
And freely His blood is applied,  
His blood that makes whiter than snow.

## 186 Faith, a Living Power.

“ That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe.”  
Gal. iii. 22.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 186.

FAITH is a living power from heaven  
Which grasps the promise God has given ;  
Securely fixed on Christ alone,  
A trust that cannot be o'erthrown.

- 2 Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need  
To save and strengthen, guide and feed ;  
Strong in His grace it joys to share  
His cross, in hope His crown to wear.
- 3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,  
And bids the mourners' sighing cease ;  
By faith the children's right we claim,  
And call upon our Father's name.
- 4 Such faith in us, O God, implant ;  
And to our prayers Thy favour grant  
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,  
Who is our fount of health alone.

# 187 Does the Morning Dawn ?

" Watchman, what of the night ? "—Isa. xxi. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 187.

- WATCHMAN, tell me does the morning  
Of fair Zion's glory dawn ?  
Have the signs that mark His coming  
Yet upon my pathway shone ?  
Pilgrim, yes ! arise, look round thee,  
Light is breaking in the skies ;  
Spurn the unbelief that bound thee,  
Morning dawns,—arise ! arise !
- 2 See the glorious light ascending,  
Of the grand Sabbatic year ;  
Hark ! the voices loud proclaiming  
The Messiah's kingdom near :  
Watchman, yes ; I see just yonder  
Canaan's glorious heights arise ;  
Salem too appears in grandeur,  
Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.
- 3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,  
Seated on the jasper throne,  
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone ;  
There, on verdant hills and mountains,  
Where the golden sunbeams play,  
Purling streams, and crystal fountains  
Sparkle in th' eternal day.
- 4 Pilgrim, see ! the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon thy way ;  
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of the coming day.  
When, the last loud trumpet sounding,  
Shall awake from earth and sea  
All the saints of God now sleeping,—  
Clad in immortality.

188      **Out of the Ark.**

“Come thou, and all thy house, into the Ark.”—Gen. vii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 188.

THEY dreamt not of danger, those sinners of  
old,  
Whom Noah was commanded to warn;  
By frequent transgressions their hearts had grown  
cold,  
They laughed his entreaties to scorn:  
Yet daily he called them, “Oh come, sinners,  
come,  
Believe, and prepare to embark!  
Receive ye the message, and know there is room  
For all who will come to the Ark.”

Then come, come, oh come!  
There's refuge alone in the Ark;  
Receive ye the message, and know there is room  
For all who will come to the Ark.

- 2 He could not arouse them; unheeding they stood,  
Unmoved by his warning and prayer;  
The prophet passed in from the on-coming flood  
And left them to hopeless despair:  
The flood-gates were opened, the deluge came  
The heavens as midnight grew dark; [on,  
Too late then they turned, every foothold was  
They perished in sight of the Ark. [gone,
- 3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore.  
They cry like the patriarch, “Come!”  
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,  
Oh, enter while yet there is room!  
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head;  
And when by its fury you're tossed,  
Alas, of your perishing souls 'twill be said.  
“They heard—they refused—and were lost!”

## 189

**Jesus is Mine.**

"My Beloved is mine."—Song of Solomon ii. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 189.

- F**ADE, fade, each earthly joy, Jesus is mine!  
 Break, every tender tie, Jesus is mine!  
 Dark is the wilderness,  
 Earth has no resting-place;  
 Jesus alone can bless; Jesus is mine!
- 2 Tempt not my soul away, Jesus is mine!  
 Here would I ever stay, Jesus is mine!  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away! Jesus is mine!
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine!  
 Lost in this dawning light, Jesus is mine!  
 All that my soul has tried  
 Left but a dismal void:  
 Jesus has satisfied; Jesus is mine!
- 4 Farewell, mortality; Jesus is mine!  
 Welcome, eternity; Jesus is mine!  
 Welcome, O loved and blest,  
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,  
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast; Jesus is mine!

190 **Hallelujah! What a Saviour!**

"A Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief."—Isa. liii. 3.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 190.

- "**M**AN of Sorrows," what a name  
 For the Son of God, who came  
 Ruined sinners to reclaim!  
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour!
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,  
 In my place condemned He stood;  
 Sealed my pardon with His blood  
 Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we ;  
Spotless Lamb of God was He :  
“ Full atonement ! ”—can it be ?  
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !
- 4 “ Lifted up ” was He to die,  
“ It is finished,” was His cry ;  
Now in heaven exalted high :  
Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !
- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
Then anew this song we’ll sing :  
“ Hallelujah ! what a Saviour !

## 191 “ A Little While.”

“ What is this that He saith, ‘ A little while ! ’ ”—John xvi. 17.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 191.

- OH for the peace that floweth as a river.  
Making life’s desert places bloom and smile;  
Oh for the faith to grasp heaven’s bright “ for  
ever,”  
Amid the shadows of earth’s “ little while.”
- 2 “ A little while ” for patient vigil keeping,  
To face the storm, and wrestle with the strong ;  
“ A little while ” to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest  
song.
- 3 “ A little while ” the earthen pitcher taking  
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed ;  
Then the parched lip its thirst for ever slaking  
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- 4 “ A little while ” to keep the oil from failing,  
“ A little while ” faith’s flickering lamp to trim ;  
And then the Bridegroom’s coming footsteps  
hailing,  
We’ll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

## 192 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

"Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."—John xxi. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 192.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ, More love to thee :

Hear Thou the prayer I make On bended knee;

This is my earnest plea—

More love, O Christ, to Thee !

More love to Thee ! More love to Thee !

2 Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest ;  
Now Thee alone I seek, Give what is best :

This all my prayer shall be—

More love, O Christ, to Thee !

More love to Thee ! More love to Thee !

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

More love, O Christ, to Thee !

More love to Thee ! More love to Thee .

4 Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise,  
This be the parting cry My heart shall raise—

This still its prayer shall be—

More love, O Christ, to Thee !

More love to Thee ! More love to Thee !

## 193 Trusting Jesus.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—Job xiii. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 193.

SIMPLY trusting every day,

Trusting through a stormy way ;

Even when my faith is small,

Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by,  
Trusting Him whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine  
 Into this poor heart of mine ;  
 While He leads I cannot fall ;  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.
- 3 Singing, if my way is clear ;  
 Praying, if the path is drear ;  
 If in danger, for Him call ;  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Trusting Him while life shall last,  
 Trusting Him till earth is past,  
 Till within the jasper wall ;  
 Trusting Jesus, that is all.

## 194 The Half was Never Told.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 Kings x. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 194.

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er  
 Of *grace* so full and free ;  
 I love to hear it more and more,  
 Since grace has rescued me.

The half was never told, The half was never told,  
 Of *grace* divine, so wonderful, The half was never told.

- 2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,  
 Nor found my soul its rest,  
 Until the sweet-voiced angel came  
 To soothe my weary breast.

The half was never told, The half was never told,  
 Of *peace* divine, so wonderful, The half was never told.

- 3 My highest place is—lying low  
 At my Redeemer's feet ;  
 No real *joy* in life I know  
 But in His service sweet.

The half was never told, The half was never told,  
 Of *joy* divine, so wonderful, The half was never told.



4 And oh, what rapture will it be  
 With all the host above,  
 To sing through all eternity  
 The wonders of His *love* !

The half was never told, The half was never told,  
 Of *love* divine, so wonderful, The half was never told.

## 195 Waiting and Watching for Me.

"I shall go to him . . . he shall not return to me."—2 Sam. xii. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 195.

WHEN my final farewell to the world I have  
 And gladly lie down to my rest ;     [said,  
 When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"  
 And fold my pale hands o'er my breast ;  
 And when, with my glorified vision, at last  
 The walls of "That City" \* I see,  
 Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,  
 Be waiting and watching for me ?

Be waiting and watching for me ?

- 2 There are little ones glancing about in my path,  
 In want of a friend and a guide ;  
 There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,  
 Whose tears might be easily dried.  
 But Jesus may beckon the children away,  
 In the midst of their grief and their glee—  
 Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,  
 Be waiting and watching for me ?
- 3 There are old and forsaken, who linger awhile  
 In homes which their dearest have left ;  
 And a few gentle words or an action of love  
 May cheer their sad spirits bereft.  
 But the Reaper is near to the long-standing corn,  
 The weary will soon be set free—  
 Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,  
 Be waiting and watching for me ?

\* Rev. xxi. 10.

- 4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful  
 grace,  
 Of Him who delights to forgive,  
 Though I bless not the weary about in my path,  
 Pray only for self while I live,  
 Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,  
 If sorrow in heaven can be,  
 Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,  
 Be waiting and watching for me.

196

## Hear the Call.

“Put on the whole armour of God.”—Eph. vi. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 196.

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

Hear the call, Oh, gird your armour on,  
 Grasp the Spirit's mighty Sword,  
 Take the Helmet of Salvation,  
 Pressing on to battle for the Lord !

- 2 Trust in Him who is your Captain ;  
 Let no heart in terror quail :  
 Jesus leads the gathering legions,—  
 In His name we shall prevail.
- 3 Onward marching, firm and steady,  
 Faint not, fear not Satan's frown ;  
 For the Lord is with you always,  
 Till you wear the victor's crown.
- 4 Conquering hosts with banners waving,  
 Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,  
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,  
 “Christ o'er all the world doth reign !”

## 197

## Call Them In.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."  
 Luke xiv. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 197.

- "CALL them in"—the poor, the wretched,  
 Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;  
 Peace and pardon freely offer;  
 Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
 "Call them in"—the weak, the weary  
 Laden with the doom of sin :  
 Bid them come and rest in Jesus ;  
 He is waiting : "Call them in."
- 2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile ;  
 Bid the stranger to the feast ;  
 "Call them in"—the rich, the noble,  
 From the highest to the least :  
 Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
 He hath all their sorrows seen ;  
 Robe, and ring, and royal sandals,  
 Wait the lost ones : "Call them in."
- 3 "Call them in"—the little children,  
 Tarrying far away . . . . away ;  
 Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,  
 Christ would have them come to-day.  
 Follow on ! the Lamb is leading !  
 He has conquered—we shall win ;  
 Bring the halt and blind to Jesus ;  
 He will heal them : "Call them in."
- 4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,  
 Covering 'neath the brand of shame ;  
 Speak Love's message, low and tender—  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus came :  
 See ! the shadows lengthen round us,  
 Soon the day-dawn will begin ;  
 Can you leave them lost and lonely ?  
 Christ is coming : "Call them in."

198

## The Living Fountain.

"He showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. xxii. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 198.

FRESH from the throne of glory,  
Bright in its crystal gleam,  
Bursts out the living fountain,  
Swells on the living stream :  
Blessed River, Let me ever,  
Feast mine eyes on thee.

2 Stream of true life and gladness,  
Spring of all health and peace,  
No harps by thee hang silent,  
Nor happy voices cease :  
Tranquil River, Let me ever  
Sit and sing by thee !

3 River of God, I greet thee,  
Not now afar, but near ;  
My soul to thy still waters  
Hastes in its thirstings here ;  
Holy River, Let me ever,  
Drink of only thee.

199

## Where are the Reapers ?

"I will say to the reapers : . . . Gather the wheat into my barn."  
Matt. xiii. 30.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 199.

OH, where are the reapers that garner in [sin ?  
The sheaves of the good from the fields of  
With sickles of truth must the work be done,  
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."

Where are the reapers ? Oh, who will come,  
And share in the glory of the "harvest home" ?  
Oh, who will help us to garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin ?

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all ; [tall :  
The wheat may be there, though the weeds are

- Then search in the highway, and pass none by,  
But gather from all for the home on high.
- 3 The fields all are ripening, and far and wide  
The world now is waiting the harvest tide ;  
But reapers are few, and the work is great,  
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
- 4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,  
And gather together the golden grain ;  
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,  
Then share in the joy of the " harvest home."

## 200 What are you going to do, Brother?

"To every man his work."—Mark xiii. 34.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 200.

- O H, what are you going to do, brother?  
Say, what are you going to do ?  
You have thought of some useful labour,  
But what is the end in view ?  
You are fresh from the home of your boyhood,  
And just in the bloom of youth !  
Have you tasted the sparkling water  
That flows from the fount of truth ?  
Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping ?  
Remember, He died for you !  
Then, what are you going to do, brother ?  
Say, what are you going to do ?
- 2 Will you honour His cause and kingdom  
Wherever your path may be ?  
And stand as a bright example,  
That others your light may see ?  
Are you willing to live for Jesus ?  
And ready the cross to bear ?  
Are you willing to meet reproaches ?  
The frowns of the world to share ?  
Your lot may perhaps be humble,  
But God has a work for you :  
Then, what are you going to do, brother ?  
Say, what are you going to do ?

- 3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother ?

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

Go, prove that your heart is grateful—

The Lord has a work for you :

Then, what are you going to do, brother ?

Say, what are you going to do ?

- 4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother ?

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

The regions that sit in darkness,

Are stretching their hands to you :

Then, what are you going to do, brother ?

Say, what are you going to do ?

- 5 Oh, what are you going to do, brother ?

The twilight approaches now ;—  
Already your locks are silvered,  
And winter is on your brow.  
Your talents, your time, your riches,  
To Jesus, your Master, give :  
Then ask if the world around you  
Is better because you live.

You are nearing the brink of Jordan,

But still there is work for you :

Then, what are you going to do, brother ?

Say, what are you going to do ?

## 201            *The Solid Rock.*

"The Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge."  
Ps. xciv. 22.

*TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 201.*

**M**Y 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.

- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the 'whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,  
Oh, may I then in Him be found,  
Clothed in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne!

## 202            *O My Saviour, Hear Me.*

"Hear my prayer, O Lord."—Ps. xxxix. 12.

*TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 202.*

**O** MY Saviour, hear me,  
Draw me close to Thee;  
Thou hast paid my ransom,  
Thou hast died for me;  
Now by simple faith I claim  
Pardon through Thy gracious name;  
Thou, my Ark of safety,  
Let me fly to Thee.

- 2 O my Saviour, bless me,  
 Bless me while I pray;  
 Grant Thy grace to help me,  
 Take my fear away;  
 I believe Thy promise, Lord;  
 I will trust Thy holy Word;  
 Thou, my soul's Redeemer,  
 Bless me while I pray.
- 3 O my Saviour, love me,  
 Make me all Thine own;  
 Leave me not to wander  
 In this world alone:  
 Bless my way with light divine,  
 Let Thy glory round me shine;  
 Thou, my Rock, my Refuge,  
 Make me all Thine own.
- 4 O my Saviour, guard me,  
 Keep me evermore;  
 Bless me, love me, guide me,  
 Till my work is o'er:  
 May I then, with glad surprise,  
 Chant Thy praise beyond the skies;  
 There with Thee, my Saviour,  
 Dwell for evermore.

## 203 At the Feet of Jesus.

"Mary . . . sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word."—Luke x. 39.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 203.

AT the feet of Jesus,  
 Listening to His word;  
 Learning wisdom's lesson  
 From her loving Lord;  
 Mary, led by heavenly grace,  
 Chose the meek disciple's place.  
 At the feet of Jesus Is the place for me,  
 There a humble learner, Would I choose to be.



- 2 At the feet of Jesus,  
 Pouring perfume rare,  
 Mary did her Saviour  
 For the grave prepare ;  
 And, from love the "good work" done,  
 She her Lord's approval won.  
 At the feet of Jesus Is the place for me,  
 There, in sweetest service, Would I ever be.
- 3 At the feet of Jesus,  
 In that morning hour,  
 Loving hearts, receiving  
 Resurrection power,  
 Haste with joy to preach the word :  
 " Christ is risen, Praise the Lord ! "  
 At the feet of Jesus, Risen now for me,  
 I shall sing His praises Through eternity.

## 204

**Dark is the Night.**

"So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—Ps. cvii. 30.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 204.

- D**ARK is the night, and cold the wind is blowing,  
 Nearer and nearer comes the breakers' roar ;  
 Where shall I go, or whither fly for refuge ?  
 Hide me, my Father, till the storm is o'er.  
 With His loving hand to guide, let the clouds above me roll,  
 And the billows in their fury dash around me ;  
 I can brave the wildest storm, with His glory in my soul,  
 I can sing amidst the tempest—Praise the Lord !
- 2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise ;  
 He will go with me o'er the troubled wave ;  
 Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters ;  
 Jesus, the Mighty One, and strong to save.
- 3 Dark is the night ; but lo ! the day is breaking,  
 Onward, my bark ! unfurl thy every sail !  
 Now at the helm I see my Father standing,  
 Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

## 205

## Salvation.

"The grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared."  
 Titus ii. 11. (Margin.)

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 205.

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

Salvation, Salvation, The grace of God doth bring,  
 Salvation, Salvation, Through Christ our Lord and King.

- 2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;  
 Ye blind, your Saviour see!  
 Ye prisoners, sing with thankful voice:  
 The Lord hath made you free!
- 3 With rapture swell the song again,  
 Of Jesus' dying love;  
 'Tis peace on earth, good-will to men,  
 And praise to God above!

## 206 The Cross and the Crown.

"He, bearing His cross, went forth."—John xix. 17.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 206.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
 And all the world go free?  
 No, there's a cross for every one,  
 And there's a cross for me.

- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
 Till death shall set me free;  
 And then go home my crown to wear  
 For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
 At Jesus' pierced feet,  
 With joy I'll cast my golden crown,  
 And His dear name repeat.

- 4 O precious cross ! O glorious crown !  
 O resurrection day !  
 Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
 And bear my soul away :

## 207

## Fully Trusting.

"Ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end."  
 Isa. xlv. 17.

"I trust in Thy word."—Ps. cxix. 42.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 207.

ALL my doubts I give to Jesus !  
 I've His gracious promise heard ;  
 I "shall never be confounded"—  
 I am trusting in that word.

I am trusting, fully trusting.  
 Sweetly trusting in His word.

- 2 All my sins I lay on Jesus !  
 He doth wash me in His blood :  
 He will keep me pure and holy,  
 He will bring me home to God.
- 3 All my fears I give to Jesus !  
 Rests my weary soul on Him ;  
 Though my way be hid in darkness,  
 Never can His light grow dim.
- 4 All my joys I give to Jesus !  
 He is all I want of bliss ;  
 He of all the worlds is Master—  
 He has all I need in this.
- 5 All I am I give to Jesus !  
 All my body, all my soul,  
 All I have, and all I hope for,  
 While eternal ages roll.

## 208      *Leaning on Thee Alone.*

"Who is this that cometh up . . . leaning upon her Beloved?"  
Song of Sol. viii. 5.

*TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 208.*

**L**EANING on Thee, my Guide and Friend,  
My gracious Saviour, I am blest ;  
Though weary, Thou dost condescend  
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, leaning on Thee, Jesus, on Thee alone :  
Still I'm leaning on Thee, leaning on Thee, On Thee alone.

- 2 Leaning on Thee with childlike faith,  
To Thee the future I confide ;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.
- 3 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,  
Too weak another voice to hear,  
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,  
"Be of good cheer."
- 4 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms ;  
Although I stand on death's dark brink,  
I feel "the everlasting arms" .  
I shall not sink.

## 209      *Home at Last.*

"In my Father's house are many mansions : . . . I go to prepare a place  
for you."—John xiv. 2.  
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. xxi. 4.

*TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 209.*

**H**OME at last "on heavenly mountains,  
Heard the "Come and enter in ;"  
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains,  
Saved from earthly taint and sin.  
"Home, sweet Home," our home for ever,  
Weary pilgrimages past ;  
Welcomed home to wander never,  
Saved through Jesus—"Home at last.

- 2 Free at last from all temptation,  
No more need of watchful care ;  
Joyful in complete salvation,  
Given the victor's crown to wear.
- 3 Saved to greet on hills of glory  
Loved ones we have missed so long ;  
Saved to tell the sinner's story,  
Saved to sing redemption's song.
- 4 Welcomed at the pearly portal,  
Evermore a welcome guest ;  
Welcomed to the life immortal,  
In the mansions of the blest.

## 210

*It is Well.*

He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. lv. 18.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 210.

WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth my way,  
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll ;  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to know,  
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

It is well with my soul,  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should  
Let this blest assurance control, [come,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,  
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
- 3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—  
My sin—not in part, but the whole,  
Is nailed to His cross ; and I bear it no more :  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul !
- 4 For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live ;  
If Jordan above me shall roll,  
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life  
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

- 5 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait,  
 The sky, not the grave, is our goal ;  
 Oh, trump of the angel ! oh, voice of the Lord !  
 Blessed hope ! blessed rest of my soul !

## 211 What shall I do to be Saved ?

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

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 211.

- OH, what shall I do to be saved  
 From the sorrows that burden my soul ?  
 Like the waves in the storm,  
 When the winds are at war,  
 Chilling floods of distress o'er me roll.  
 What shall I do ? what shall I do ?  
 Oh, what shall I do to be saved ?
- 2 Oh, what shall I do to be saved,  
 When the pleasures of youth are all fled,  
 And the friends I have loved  
 From the earth are removed,  
 And I weep o'er the graves of the dead ?  
 What shall I do ? what shall I do ?  
 Oh, what shall I do to be saved ?
- 3 Oh, what shall I do to be saved  
 When sickness my strength shall subdue,  
 Or the world in a day  
 Like a cloud rolls away,  
 And eternity opens to view ?  
 What shall I do ? what shall I do ?  
 Oh, what shall I do to be saved ?
- 4 O Lord, look in mercy on me,  
 Come, come, and speak peace to my soul !  
 Unto whom shall I flee,  
 Blessed Lord, but to Thee ?  
 Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole !  
 That will I do ! that will I do !  
 To Jesus I'll go and be saved.

## 212 Come, Holy Spirit.

“He hath given us of His Spirit.”—1 John iv. 13.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 212.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours !

- 2 O Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate ?—  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great ?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours !

## 213 Lord, Dismiss Us.

“Thy blessing is upon Thy people.”—Ps. iii. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 213.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :  
Oh, refresh us, travelling through this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For Thy 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.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever reign with Christ in endless day.

## 214 Welcome to Glory.

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates."—Ps. cxxii. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 214.

OH, when shall I sweep through the gates,  
The scenes of mortality o'er?

What then for my spirit awaits?

Will they sing on the glorified shore?—

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome in glory for me!

Welcome home! welcome home! A welcome for me!

2 Yes, loved ones who knew me below,  
Who learned the new song with me here,  
In chorus will hail me, I know,  
And welcome me home with good cheer.

3 The beautiful gates will unfold,  
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;  
The city of saints I'll behold;  
For oh, there's a welcome for me!

4 A sinner made whiter than snow,  
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,  
And shout, through the gates as I go,  
"Salvation to God and the Lamb!"

## 215 Seeking to Save.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Luke xix. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 215.

TENDERLY the Shepherd o'er the mountains  
cold,

Goes to bring His lost one back to the fold.

Seeking to save, seeking to save;  
Lost one, 'tis Jesus seeking to save.

2 Patiently the owner seeks with earnest care,  
In the dust and darkness her treasure rare.

3 Lovingly the Father sends the news around:  
"He once dead now liveth—once lost is found."



## 216

## The Gospel Rest.

"Thou shalt find the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest."  
Isa. xxviii. 12.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 216.

- D**OES the gospel word proclaim  
Rest for those that weary be?  
Then, my soul, advance thy claim;  
Sure that promise speaks to thee!  
Marks of grace I cannot show,  
All polluted is my best;  
But I weary am, I know,  
And the weary long for rest.
- 2 Burdened with a load of sin,  
Harassed with tormenting doubt,  
Hourly conflicts from within,  
Hourly crosses from without:  
All my little strength is gone,  
Sink I must without supply;  
Sure upon the earth is none  
Can more weary be than I.
- 3 In the ark the weary dove  
Found a welcome resting-place;  
Thus my spirit longs to prove  
Rest in Christ, the Ark of grace.  
Tempest-tossed I long have been,  
And the flood increases fast;  
Open, Lord, and take me in,  
Till the storm be overpast.

## 217 In the Silent Midnight Watches.

"Ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, . . . that when He  
cometh and knocketh, they may open unto Him immediately."  
Luke xii. 36.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 217.

**I**N the silent midnight watches, list—thy  
bosom's door; [evermore!  
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, knocketh.

Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating,—'tis thy heart  
of sin; [let Me in !]

'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth, " Rise, and

- 2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps to the  
hall and hut ; [door is shut ?

Think you death will tarry knocking when the  
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth ; but the door is  
fast : [in at last.

Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth ; death breaks

- 3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating Christ to let  
thee in ; [sin !

At the gate of heaven beating, wailing for thy  
Nay, alas ! thou guilty creature, hast thou then  
forgot ? [thee not !

Jesus waited long to know thee ; now He knows

## 218 Only Jesus Feels and Knows.

" Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."—Isa. liii, 4.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 218.

ONLY Jesus feels and knows  
All the weight of human woes ;  
Full and free His mercy flows,—  
Blessed, blessed Jesus !

Oh, that Name we love to hear,  
Name above all others dear ;  
How it calms our every fear !  
Blessed, blessed Jesus !

- 2 Only Jesus looks within,  
Sees our hearts and all our sin ;  
Only He can make us clean ;  
Blessed, blessed Jesus !

- 3 Only Jesus answers prayer,  
Lighter makes the cross we bear,  
Bids us cast on Him our care ;  
Blessed, blessed Jesus !

- 1 Safe in Him our souls abide,  
Safe His hand our steps will guide,  
Till we sing beyond the tide—  
Blessed, blessed Jesus.

## 219

## Gethsemane.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—Matt. xxvi. 38.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 219.

- 'TIS midnight ; and on Olive's brow  
The star is dimmed that lately shone ;  
'Tis midnight ; in the garden now  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight ; and from all removed,  
The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears ;  
E'en that disciple whom He loved  
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight : and for others' guilt  
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;  
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight ; and from ether-plains  
Is borne the song that angels know ;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

## 220

## "Turn Ye."

"Turn ye ! turn ye !—for why will ye die ?"—Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 220.

OH, turn ye ! oh, turn ye ! for why will ye die,  
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ?  
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says "Come,"  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

- 2 How vain the delusion that while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better, your chains melt  
away ; [are,  
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you  
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.
- 3 The contrite in heart He will freely receive,  
Oh, why will you not the glad message believe ?  
If sin be your burden, why will you not come ?  
'Tis you He makes welcome ; He bids you come  
home.

## 221 My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock, and my Fortress, . . . and my high Tower."  
Ps. xviii. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 221.

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

My High Tower is He ! To Him will I flee ;  
In Him confide, in Him abide ; My High Tower is He !

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

- 3 My Tower of strength can never  
In time of trouble fail ;  
No power of hell for ever  
Against it shall prevail.

## 222 The Church and the Kingdom.

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house."—Ps. xxvi. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 222.

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God !  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## 223

## Mercy and Pardon.

" Mercy and truth are met together."—Ps. lxxxv. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 223.

- WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !  
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
  - 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave ;  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
  - 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

- 5 Now God invites ! how blest the day !  
 How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !  
 Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away ;  
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

## 224 We're Marching to Zion.

" Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. cxlix. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 224.

COME, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known ;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne,  
 And thus surround the throne.

We're marching to Zion, Beautiful, beautiful Zion ,  
 We're marching upward to Zion, The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God ;  
 But children of the heavenly King,  
 But children of the heavenly King,  
 Must speak their joys abroad,  
 Must speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets,  
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry ;  
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

# 225 I Stood Outside the Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—Matt. vii. 13.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 225.

- I STOOD outside the gate,  
 A poor wayfaring child ;  
 Within my heart there beat  
 A tempest loud and wild ;  
 A fear oppressed my soul,  
 That I might be *too late* ;  
 And oh, I trembled sore,  
 And prayed outside the gate,  
 And prayed outside the gate.
- 2 "Oh, Mercy !" loud I cried,  
 "Now give me rest from sin !"  
 "I will," a voice replied ;  
 And Mercy let me in :  
 She bound my bleeding wounds,  
 And soothed my heart oppress ;  
 She washed away my guilt,  
 And gave me peace and rest,  
 And gave me peace and rest.
- In Mercy's guise I knew  
 The Saviour long abused,  
 Who often sought my heart,  
 And wept when I refused.  
 Oh, what a blest return  
 For all my years of sin !—  
 I stood outside the gate,  
 And Jesus let me in,  
 And Jesus let me in.

# 226 Choose Ye To-Day.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—Josh. xxiv. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 226.

- A BLESSING for you—will you take it ?  
 Choose ye to-day :

A word from the heart—will you speak it?

Choose ye to-day :

Will you believe, or your Saviour neglect?

Will you receive, or His mercy reject?

Pause, ere you answer, oh, pause and reflect :

Choose ye to-day.

2 A death to be feared—will you fear it?

Choose ye to-day :

A word that invites—will you hear it?

Choose ye to-day :

Strait is the portal and narrow the way ;

Enter, poor soul, and be saved while you may ;

Think what may hang on a moment's delay :

Choose ye to-day.

3 The cross of your Lord—will you bear it?

Choose ye to-day :

There's life in that cross—will you share it?

Choose ye to-day :

Soon will your time of probation be o'er,

Then will the Spirit entreat you no more,

Jesus no longer will stand at the door :

Choose ye to-day.

4 The bondage of sin—will you break it?

Choose ye to-day :

The Water of Life—will you take it?

Choose ye to-day :

Come to the arms that are open for you,

Hide in the wounds that by faith you may view ;

Death ere the morrow your steps may pursue :

Choose ye to-day.

## 227 Come, for the Feast is Spread.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke xiv. 17.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 227.

COME, for the feast is spread ; Hark to the call !  
Come to the Living Bread, broken for all ;



- Come to His "house of wine," low on His breast  
recline,  
All that He hath is thine ; come, sinner come.
- 2 Come where the fountain flows—river of life—  
Healing for all thy woes, doubting, and strife ;  
Millions have been supplied ; no one was e'er  
denied ;  
Come to the crimson tide ; come, sinner, come.
- 3 Come to the throne of grace ; boldly draw near ;  
He who would win the race must tarry here ;  
Whate'er thy want may be, here is the grace for  
thee,  
Jesus thy only plea ; come, Christian, come.
- 4 Come to the Better Land, pilgrim, make haste !  
Earth is a foreign strand—wilderness waste !  
Here are the harps of gold ; here are the joys  
untold— [come.  
Crowns for the young and old ; come, pilgrim,
- 5 Jesus, we come to Thee ; oh, take us in !  
Set Thou our spirits free ; cleanse us from sin !  
Then, in yon land of light, clothed in our robes  
of white,  
Resting not day nor night, Thee will we sing.

## 228

**Jesus shall Reign.**

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends  
of the earth."—Psalm lxxii. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 228.

**J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
Peoples and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And endless praises crown His head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice :  
Then all the earth shall rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to its King,  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## 229 The Anchored Soul.

“ Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast,”  
Heb. vi. 19.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 229.*

- I AM resting so sweetly in Jesus now !  
I sail the wide sea no more ; [deep—  
The tempests may sweep o'er the wild stormy  
I am safe where the storms come no more.

I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest,  
I sail the wild seas no more, no more ;  
The tempests may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,  
But in Jesus I'm safe evermore, evermore.

- 2 Oh, long on the ocean my bark was tossed—  
Where tempests and storms ne'er cease !  
My heart was in fear, and no refuge was near,  
Till in Jesus my soul found her peace.
- 3 Oh, how sweet in a haven of rest to hide—  
No billows of doubt or fear !  
The ocean may roll, but there's rest for the soul  
When the voice of my Saviour is near.

## 230 Save Me at the Cross.

“ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus  
Christ.”—Gal. vi. 14.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 230.*

- LOVING Saviour, hear my cry,  
Hear my cry, hear my cry,  
Trembling to Thine arms I fly,  
Oh, save me at the cross.

I have sinned, but Thou hast died ;  
 Thou hast died, Thou hast died ;  
 In Thy mercy let me hide,  
 Oh, save me at the cross.

Lord Jesus, receive me, No more would I grieve thee ;  
 Now, blessed Redeemer, Oh, save me at the cross.

2 Though I perish, I will pray,  
 I will pray, I will pray ;  
 Thou of life the Living Way,  
 Oh, save me at the cross.  
 Thou hast said Thy grace is free,  
 Grace is free, grace is free ;  
 Have compassion, Lord, on me,  
 Oh, save me at the cross.

3 Wash me in Thy cleansing blood,  
 Cleansing blood, cleansing blood ;  
 Plunge me now beneath the flood,  
 Oh, save me at the cross.  
 Only faith will pardon bring,  
 Pardon bring, pardon bring ;  
 In that faith to Thee I cling,  
 Oh, save me at the cross.

## 231

*Amazing Grace.*

"That the abundant grace might, through the thanksgiving of many,  
 redound to the glory of God."—2 Cor. iv. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 231.

AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound,  
 That saved a wretch like me !  
 I once was lost, but now am found ;  
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears relieved ;  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
 The hour I first believed !

- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

## 232

## Hasten.

"If thou wilt . . . incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding . . . then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God."—Prov. ii. 1—5.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 232.

- HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Wisdom, if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

## 233

## Let There be Light.

"Darkness was upon the face of the deep. . . . And God said, Let there be light : and there was light."—Gen. i. 2, 3.

"God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. iv. 6.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 233.

THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray ;  
And, where the gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
" Let there be light ! "

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,  
On Thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight—  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind—  
Oh, now to all mankind  
" Let there be light ! "

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight !  
Move on the water's face,  
By Thine almighty grace ;  
And in earth's darkest place  
" Let there be light ! "

4 Blessèd and holy Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, love, might ;  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
O'er the world far and wide  
" Let there be light."

## 234      The Palace of the King.

"With gladness . . . they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. xlv. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 234.

'TIS a goodly pleasant land that we pilgrims  
     journey through,                      [us like the dew,  
 And our Father's constant blessings fall around  
 But its sunshine and its beauty to our hearts no  
     joy can bring,                      [of the King.  
 Like the splendours that await us in the palace

Oh, the palace of the King ! royal palace of the King !  
 Where our Father in His mercy all the ransomed ones will  
     bring ;  
 Where our sorrows and our trials like a dream will pass away,  
 And our souls shall dwell for ever in the realms of endless day.

2 Our Redeemer is the King ; what a sacrifice He  
     made,                      [blood the ransom paid :  
 When He purchased our redemption, and His  
 In His cross shall be our glory ; to that blessed  
     cross we'll cling,                      [the King.  
 Till we reach the gates that open to the palace of

3 In this goodly pleasant land only strangers now  
     are we,                      [long to be ;  
 For we seek a better country, and 'tis there we  
 Yes, we long to swell the anthem that for ever-  
     more shall ring,                      [palace of the King.  
 From the pure in heart made perfect, in the

4 We shall see Him by and by ; hallelujah to His  
     name !                      [we may claim :  
 Through the blood of His atonement life eternal  
 We shall cast our crowns before Him, and our  
     songs of victory sing,                      [the King.  
 When we enter in triumphant to the palace of

## 235 The Palace of the King.

“With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought : they shall enter into the King’s palace.”—Ps. xlv. 15.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 234.

- [T’S a bonnie, bonnie warl’ that we’re livin’ in  
the noo, [throo ;  
An’ bricht an’ sunny is the lan’ we aften traivel  
But in vain we look for something to which oor  
herts can cling, [King.  
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o’ the
- 2 We like the gilded simmer, wi’ its merry, merry  
tread, [wi’ the dead ;  
An’ we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties  
For though bonnie are the snaw-flakes, an’ the  
down on Winter’s wing, [King.  
It’s fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o’ the
- 3 Then again, I’ve juist been thinkin’ that when a’  
thing here’s sae bricht, [quiverin’ licht,  
The sun in a’ its grandeur, an’ the mune wi’  
The ocean i’ the simmer, or the woodland i’ the  
spring, [King!  
What maun it be up yonner i’ the palace o’ the
- 4 It’s here we hae oor trials, an’ it’s here that He  
prepares [sinner wears ;  
A’ His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed  
An’ it’s here that He wad hear us ’mid oor tribu-  
lations sing, [o’ the King.”  
“We’ll trust oor God wha reigneth i’ the palace
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 10 Nae nicht shall be in Heaven, an’ nae desolatin’  
sea, [the free ;  
An’ nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i’ the city o’  
There’s an everlastin’ daylight an’ a never-fadin’  
spring, [the King.  
Where the Lamb is a’ the glory i’ the palace o’

11 We see oor fr'ens await us ower yonner at His  
gate ; [late :  
Then lat us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin'  
Lat oor lamps be brichtly burnin' ; lat's raise oor  
voice an' sing ; [o' the King !  
Sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace

## 236 Only a Step to Jesus.

"Then come thou, for there is peace."—1 Sam. xx. 21.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 236.

ONLY a step to Jesus !  
Then why not take it now ?  
Come, and thy sin confessing,  
To Him, thy Saviour, bow.

Only a step, only a step ; Come, He waits for Thee ;  
Come, and thy sin confessing, Thou shalt receive a blessing ;  
Do not reject the mercy He freely offers thee.

- 2 Only a step to Jesus !  
Believe, and thou shalt live ;  
Lovingly now He's waiting,  
And ready to forgive.
- 3 Only a step to Jesus !  
A step from sin to grace ;  
What has thy heart decided ?  
The moments fly apace.
- 4 Only a step to Jesus !  
Oh, why not come and say ?—  
" Gladly to Thee, my Saviour,  
I give myself away."

## 237 Room for Thee.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—Luke ii. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 237.

THOU didst leave Thy throne, and Thy Kingly  
When Thou camest to earth for me ; [crown,



But in Bethlehem's home was there found no  
For Thy holy Nativity : [room

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !  
There is room in my heart for Thee.

- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
Proclaiming Thy Royal degree ;  
But of lowly birth cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,  
And in great humility :
- 3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest  
In the shade of the forest tree ;  
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,  
In the deserts of Galilee :
- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word  
That should set Thy people free ;  
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
They bore Thee to Calvary :  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus !  
Thy cross is my only plea.
- 5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs  
At Thy coming to victory, [shall sing  
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, " Yet there  
There is room at My side for thee : " [is room,  
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
When Thou comest and callest for me.

## 238

## The Rifted Rock.

" He smote the Rock." . . . " And that Rock was Christ."  
Ps. lxxviii. 20, 1 Cor. x. 4.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 238.

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

In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,  
 Surf is dashing at my feet,  
 Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering,  
 Yet my rest is all complete.

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

- 2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed,  
 Many a tempest shock have known ;  
 Have been driven, without anchor,  
 On the barren shore and lone.  
 Yet I now have found a haven,  
 Never moved by tempest shock,  
 Where my soul is safe for ever,  
 In the blessed Rifted Rock.

## 239

## Lead Thou Me.

"Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness ; . . . make Thy way straight  
 before My face."—Ps. v. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 239.

- THOUGH the way be sometimes dreary,  
 Father, lead Thou me !  
 Though the heart be sometimes weary,  
 Father, lead Thou me !  
 Though a host encamp before me,  
 Fearless will I be !  
 With Thy banner floating o'er me,  
 Father, lead Thou me !
- 2 Through the valley dark and lonely,  
 Father, lead Thou me !  
 Give me then Thy presence only,  
 Father, lead Thou me !  
 When I hear the billows roaring,  
 Bid the shadows flee ;  
 Then my fainting soul restoring,  
 Father, lead Thou me !

- 3 Sins oppose and fears alarm me :  
 Father, lead Thou me !  
 Led by Thee there's nought can harm me :  
 Father, lead Thou me !  
 By Thy mighty power surrounded,  
 Trusting all to Thee,  
 Let me never be confounded :  
 Father, lead Thou me.

## 240 Shall we Meet beyond the River ?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa xxxv. 10.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 240.

- SHALL we meet beyond the river,  
 Where the surges cease to roll?—  
 Where, in all the bright "for ever,"  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
     Shall we meet? shall we meet?  
     Shall we meet beyond the river?  
     Shall we meet beyond the river,  
     Where the surges cease to roll?
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,  
 When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor  
 By the fair celestial shore?
- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
 Where the towers of crystal shine?  
 Where the walls are all of jasper,  
 Built by workmanship divine?—
- 4 Where the music of the ransomed  
 Rolls in harmony around,  
 And creation swells the chorus  
 With its sweet, melodious sound?
- 5 Shall we meet with many a loved one  
 That was torn from our embrace?  
 Shall we listen to their voices,  
 And behold them face to face?

- 6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour?  
 When He comes to claim His own?  
 Shall we know His blessed favour,  
 And sit down upon His throne?

## 241 Resting in God.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."—Ps. cxxv. 1.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 241.

- SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
 Peaceful be! Peaceful be!  
 When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
 It is He! It is He!  
 Know His love in full completeness  
 Fills the measure of thy weakness:  
 If He wound thy spirit sore,  
 Trust Him more! Trust Him more!
- 2 Fearest sometimes that thy Father  
 Hath forgot? Hath forgot?  
 When the clouds around thee gather,  
 Doubt Him not! Doubt Him not!  
 Ever hath He comfort spoken,  
 Never hath His word been broken;  
 Better hath He been for years  
 Than thy fears! Than thy fears!
- 3 Without murmur, uncomplaining,  
 Follow on! Follow on!  
 Saying, "Whatsoever God doeth  
 Is well done! Is well done!"  
 Better to-day thy cross of sorrow,  
 Wear thy crown of life to-morrow;  
 Sing, while calmly holding still,  
 "'Tis His will! 'Tis His will!"
- 4 To His own the Saviour giveth  
 Daily strength! Daily strength!  
 To each troubled soul that liveth,  
 Peace at length! Peace at length!

Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,  
 Know His love for thee provideth,  
 Do not question "Why?" or "How?"  
 Only bow! Only bow!

## 242 The Pearl of Greatest Price.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—Matt. xiii. 45, 46.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 242.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price!  
 My heart doth sing for joy;  
 And sing I must, for Christ is mine!  
 Christ shall my song employ!

I've found the pearl of greatest price!  
 My heart doth sing for joy;  
 And sing I must, for Christ is mine!  
 Christ shall my song employ!

- 2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 My Prophet full of light,  
 My great High Priest before the throne,  
 My King of heavenly might.
- 3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,  
 And He the King of kings;  
 He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
 With healing in His wings.
- 4 Christ is my peace; He died for me,  
 For me He shed His blood,  
 And as my wondrous sacrifice  
 Offered Himself to God.
- 5 Christ Jesus is my All in All,  
 My comfort and my love;  
 My life below: and He shall be  
 My joy and crown above.

## 243      The Harvest is Passing.

"As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead,  
Be ye reconciled to God."—2 Cor. v. 20.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 243.

**H**ARK, sinner, while God from on high doth  
entreat thee,

And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;  
Give ear to His voice, lest in judgment He meet  
thee :

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

- 2 How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!  
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!  
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to en-  
fold thee : [end.]

"The harvest is passing, the summer will

- 3 Despised and rejected, at length He may leave  
thee ;

What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!  
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive  
thee ; [end.]

"The harvest is passing, the summer will

- 4 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before  
Him ; [Friend !

Oh, bow to His sceptre, and make Him thy  
Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to  
adore Him : [end.]

"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will

## 244      I am Sweeping through the Gate.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day ; for there shall be no night  
there."—Rev. xxi. 25.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 244.

**I** AM now a child of God,  
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood ;  
I am watching, and I'm longing while I wait,

Soon on wings of love to fly  
 To my home beyond the sky,  
 To my welcome, as I'm sweeping through the gate.

In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
 Washed of every stain I am ;  
 Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,  
 I am sweeping through the gate.

2 Oh, the blessed Lord of light !  
 I have loved Him with my might ;  
 Now His arms enfold and comfort while I wait :  
 I am leaning on His breast—  
 Oh, the sweetness of His rest !  
 And I'm thinking of my sweeping through the gate.

3 I am sweeping through the gate,  
 Where the blessed for me wait ;  
 Where the weary workers rest for evermore ;  
 Where the strife of earth is done,  
 And the crown of life is won :  
 Oh, I'm thinking of the city while I soar.

4 Burst are all my prison bars ;  
 And I soar beyond the stars,  
 To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.  
 Lo ! the morn eternal breaks,  
 And the song immortal wakes ! [gate.  
 Robed in whiteness, I am sweeping through the

## 245 The Sure Foundation.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."—Matt. vii. 24.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 245.

ON what foundation do you build, neighbour ?  
 Your hopes for the future fair ?  
 Do your walls reach down to the Rock below . .  
 And rest securely there ?

Sad wrecks lie round you on the sand, neighbour,  
 The floods and the storms are near:  
 Will the strong blast hurl to the earth thy walls,  
 Or blanch thy cheek with fear?

On what foundation do you build, neighbour,  
 Your hopes for the future fair?  
 Do your walls reach down to the Rock below,  
 And rest securely there?

- 2 On sure foundation would you build, neighbour?  
 Take heed to the Lord's commands:  
 Ever fast and firm, while the storms go by,  
 This Rock of Ages stands.  
 Alas, what folly 'tis to build, neighbour,  
 A mansion so fair, so grand,  
 With its costly walls and its lofty towers,  
 On sin's delusive sand.

## 246

## “By and By.”

“We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.”—1 John iii. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 246.

BY and by we shall know Jesus,  
 By and by! oh, by and by!  
 Even now He looks and sees us,  
 Journeying toward His home on high;  
 And He smiles upon us, saying,  
 “By and by! oh, by and by!  
 Cares and trials you'll be laying,  
 With your earthly garments by.”

Oh, “By and by!”—we sing it softly,  
 Thinking not of earthly care,  
 But the “by and by” of heaven,  
 Waiting for us over there.

- 2 By and by we shall be standing,  
 By and by! oh, by and by!  
 At fair heaven's shining landing,  
 While the river murmurs by;



And our friends will round us gather,  
 By and by ! oh, by and by !  
 Saying, " Welcome, for the Father  
 Loves to have His children nigh."

- 3 " By and by !" we say it gently,  
 Looking on our peaceful dead ;  
 And we do not think of earth life,  
 But of heaven's sweet life instead.  
 By and by we all shall gather,  
 By and by ! oh, by and by !  
 In the love of God our Father  
 That shall know no " by and by."

## 247

## Where He Leads.

" He leadeth me beside the still waters . . . He leadeth me in the  
 paths of righteousness."—Ps. xxiii. 2, 3.

" He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."—John x.

*TUNE—Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 247.*

SEE the gentle Shepherd standing,  
 Where the quiet waters flow,  
 To the pastures green inviting,  
 Hungry, thirsty, let us go.

Where He leads we will follow,  
 Where He leads we will follow,  
 Where He leads we will follow,  
 We will follow all the way.

- 2 Only by the door we enter;  
 All who enter He will save,  
 Life abundantly bestowing,  
 Though His life the Shepherd gave.
- 3 Safe within the fold He leads us,  
 He the Shepherd, we His own ;  
 And as Him the Father knoweth—  
 Precious thought!—of Him we're known.

## 248 We Glory in the Lord.

"He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."—2 Cor. x. 17.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 248.

COME, brethren, as we march along, Come,  
glory in the Lord; [the Lord;  
Bring each a psalm, a sacred song, And glory in  
His hand hath led us hitherto, Come, glory in the  
Lord; [glory in the Lord.

We've proved His precious promise true, Oh,  
Forget the trials by the way, Press toward the great reward;  
Exalt the cross of Christ to-day, And glory in the Lord.

2 Though we in danger dread may be, We glory in  
the Lord; [Lord;  
In perils oft, by land and sea, We glory in the  
In weary watchings night and day, We glory in  
the Lord; [the Lord.

He says, "With you I am alway"—We glory in

3 Fight on! O soldier of the cross, We glory in the  
Lord; [the Lord;  
For Jesus' sake count all things loss, And glory in  
In life or death, in ease or pain, We glory in the  
Lord; [the Lord.

"To live is Christ, to die is gain"—We glory in

## 249 Victory! Victory!

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

1 John v. 4.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 249.

MARCH to the battle-field!

March on with sword and shield!

March on! the foe shall yield To Christ our King.

Onward! ye faithful band,

Onward! at His command;

Onward! nor halting stand, But loudly sing.

"This is the victory," "This is the victory,"

"This is the victory," We sing by the way;

This is the victory, And faith gains the day.

- 2 Stand firm against Thy foes ;  
 Stand, though a host oppose ;  
 Stand ! well our leader knows Our conflicts all.  
 " Fear not " He says to thee ;  
 " Fear not, but valiant be !  
 Fear not, but trust in Me ! The foe *must* fall."
- 3 Fight, though thy foes increase ;  
 Fight, till the dawn of peace ; [sing.  
 Fight, till the war shall cease ; Then shout and  
 Shout then triumphantly,  
 Shout, shout the victory ;  
 Shout, " Glory be to Thee, O Lord, our King !

## 250 Oh, Give Thanks !

" I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify Him  
 with thanksgiving."—Ps. lxi. 30.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 250.

- OH, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good ;  
 for His mercy endureth for ever.  
 Oh, give thanks unto the God of gods ; for His  
 mercy endureth for ever.
- 2 Oh, give thanks to the Lord of lords ; for His  
 mercy endureth for ever.  
 To Him who alone doeth great wonders : for His  
 mercy endureth for ever.
- 3 To Him that by wisdom made the heavens ; for  
 His mercy endureth for ever.  
 To Him that stretched out the earth above the  
 waters ; for His mercy endureth for ever.
- 4 To Him that made great lights ; for His mercy  
 endureth for ever.  
 The sun to rule by day, the moon and stars to  
 rule by night ; for His mercy endureth for ever.

- 5 Who hath remembered us in our low estate ; for  
His mercy endureth for ever.  
And hath redeemed us from our enemies ; for  
His mercy endureth for ever.
- 6 Who giveth food to all flesh ; for His mercy en-  
dureth for ever.  
Oh, give thanks unto the God of heaven ; for His  
mercy endureth for ever.

## 251

## The Golden City.

"I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven  
... And the building of the wall of it was of jasper ; and the city  
was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. xxi. 2, 18.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 251.

O H, Jerusalem, the golden ! city bright and  
fair ; [there :  
All the sanctified, the purified, the glorified are  
There the Saviour we shall see, and His glory we  
In Jerusalem so bright and fair. [shall share,

Oh, Jerusalem, so fair ! Oh, Jerusalem, so fair !  
All the sanctified, the purified, the glorified are there ;  
There the Saviour we shall see, and His glory we shall share,  
In Jerusalem, so bright and fair.

2 Oh, Jerusalem, the golden ! city of the blest ;  
Where the glory beams eternal on thy towers in  
beauty drest ; [weary are at rest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, the  
In Jerusalem so bright and fair.

3 Oh, Jerusalem, the golden ! city fair and bright :  
How thy pearly gates in splendour soon will  
burst upon our sight ! [is all the light,  
How thy golden streets will glow ! for the Lamb  
In Jerusalem so bright and fair.

## 252

## 'Tis There.

"Thou hast been a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat."  
Isa. xxv. 4.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 232.*

OPPRESSED by noonday's scorching heat,  
To yonder Cross I flee ;  
Beneath its shelter take my seat—  
No shade like this to me.

2 Beneath that Cross clear waters burst,  
A fountain sparkling free ;  
And here I quench my desert thirst—  
No spring like this to me.

3 For burdened ones a resting place  
Beside that Cross I see ;  
Here I cast off my weariness—  
No rest like this for me.

4 A stranger here, I pitch my tent  
Beneath this spreading tree :  
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent—  
No home like this for me.

## 253

## Rest in the Lord.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 253.*

WHERE'ER thine earthly lot may be,  
Whate'er the trials thou may'st see,  
Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently,  
Oh, rest in the Lord.

Oh, rest in the Lord, and wait, brother,  
Though clouds obscure the way :  
All things for good are working together,  
Oh, rest, and wait, and pray.

- 2 'Tis *rest*; and not a brief release  
That only come when tempests cease,  
A transient and uncertain peace :  
Oh, *rest* in the Lord.
- 3 Oh, rest, not on—but *in*—the Lord;  
Ah ! could another human word  
Such sense of restfulness afford,  
As—rest *in* the Lord ?
- 4 Rest in *the Lord* ! His mighty love  
Doth all things rule, below, above ;  
Now let thy soul His promise prove,  
And rest in *the Lord*.
- 5 So rest, and wait His chosen day,  
Nor count such waiting as delay,  
Though planets melt and suns decay ;  
Oh, *rest in the Lord* !

## 254

## Born Again.

“ Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.”—John iii. 7.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 254.

WHILE the silvery moonbeams fall  
Calmly o'er Judea's plains,  
To the Lord the ruler comes,  
Heavenly wisdom there obtains.

Born again we all must be, If the kingdom we would see.

- 2 Not alone by noble deeds,  
Not by penance, pain, or prayer,—  
Not alone by human creeds,  
Can we find an entrance there.
- 3 Wondrous change ! and are the fruits  
Of the new life found in me ?  
Have I e'er been born again ?  
Shall I e'er the Kingdom see ?

## 255      **Oh, Render Thanks.**

"I will magnify Him with thanksgiving."—Ps. lxi.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 255.

OH, render thanks to God above,  
The fountain of eternal love ;  
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,  
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express?  
Not only vast, but numberless !  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of eternal praise ?
- 3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;  
When Thou return'st to set them free,  
Let Thy salvation visit me.

## 256      **By the Gate they'll Meet us.**

"I shall go to him."—2 Sam. xii. 23.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 256.

IN the fadeless spring-time, on the heavenly  
shore,

Kindred spirits wait us, who have gone before ;  
There no flowers wither, and no pleasures cloy,  
In that land of beauty, in that home of joy.

By the gate they'll meet us, 'Neath that golden sky,  
Meet us at the portal, Meet us by and by.

- 2 In the misty gloaming, death awaits us all ;  
Silent is His coming, sure the Master's call ;  
And the angel footsteps mark the upward way,  
Till the twilight merges into heavenly day.
- 3 Trusting in the Saviour may we humbly wait  
Till the holy angels ope the pearly gate,  
And the loving Father, from His gracious throne  
Smiling bids us welcome to our heavenly home.

## 257 *One Sweetly Solemn Thought.*

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—Heb. xi. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 257.

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,  
Than e'er I've been before.

Nearer my home, nearer my home,  
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,  
Than e'er I've been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne to-day,  
Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer leaving the cross to-day,  
Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 Be near me when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink;  
For I am nearer home to-day,  
Nearer now than I think.

## 258 *A Song of Salvation.*

"God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son."—John iii. 16.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 258.

I HAVE heard of a Saviour's love.  
And a wonderful love it must be,  
But did He come down from above,  
Out of love and compassion for me!

It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that  
Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.



- 2 I have heard how He suffered and bled,  
 How He languished and died on the tree;  
 But then is it anywhere said  
 That He languished and suffered for me?

He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised  
 for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon  
 Him; and with His stripes we are healed.

- 3 I've been told of a heaven on high,  
 Which the children of Jesus shall see;  
 But is there a place in the sky  
 Made ready and furnished for me?

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not  
 so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you:  
 that where I am there ye may be also.

- 4 Lord, answer these questions of mine;  
 To whom shall I go but to Thee?  
 And say, by Thy Spirit divine,  
 There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

Yes, yes, yes, for me; Yes, yes, yes, for me;  
 Our Lord, from above, in His infinite love,  
 On the cross died to save you and me.

## 259 Meet Me at the Fountain.

"At the Industrial Exposition at Chicago it was an every-day appointment  
 to meet at the Central Fountain. Mr. P. P. Bliss, whose mind seemed  
 always set on things above, caught up the words, and wrote this  
 Hymn, 'Meet me at the Fountain.'"—See *The Christian*, No. 365.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 259.

WILL you meet me at the fountain,  
 When I reach the glory-land?  
 Will you meet me at the fountain?  
 Shall I clasp your friendly hand?  
 Other friends will give me welcome,  
 Other loving voices cheer;  
 There'll be music at the fountain,  
 Will you, will you meet me there?  
 Yes, I'll meet you at the fountain,  
 At the fountain bright and fair,  
 Yes, I'll meet you, oh, I'll meet you at the fountain,  
 Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

- 2 Will you meet me at the fountain ?  
 For I'm sure that I shall know  
 Kindred souls and sweet communion,  
 More than I have known below ;  
 And the chorus will be sweeter,  
 When it bursts upon my ear,  
 And my heaven seem completer,  
 If your happy voice I hear.
- 3 Will you meet me at the fountain ?  
 I shall long to have you near,  
 When I meet my loving Saviour,  
 When His welcome words I hear.  
 He will meet me at the fountain,  
 His embraces I shall share !  
 There'll be glory at the fountain,  
 Will you, will you meet me there ?

## 260 I Lay my Sins on Jesus.

" Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, . . . and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited."—Lev. xvi. 21, 22.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos, No. 260.*

- I LAY my sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of  
 God ; [cursèd load.  
 He bears them all, and frees us from the ac-  
 I bring my guilt to Jesus, to wash my crimson  
 stains [remains.  
 White in His blood most precious, till not a spot  
 Hallelujah ! Jesus saves me !  
 He makes me "white as snow."
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ; all fulness dwells in  
 Him ; [redeem.  
 He heals all my diseases, He doth my soul  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus, my burdens and my  
 cares ; [shares.  
 He from them all releases : He all my sorrows

- 3 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 : [is poured.  
 Like fragrance on the breezes, His Name abroad
- 4 I long to be like Jesus, meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
 I long to be like Jesus, the Father's holy child.  
 I long to be with Jesus amid the heavenly  
 throng, [angels' song.  
 To sing with saints His praises, to learn the

## 261 Art Thou Weary ?

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest."  
 Isa. xxviii. 12.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 261.

ART thou weary ? art thou languid ?  
 Art thou sore distressed ?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
 Be at rest."

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
 If He be my guide ?  
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
 And His side."

- 3 Is there diadem as Monarch  
 That His brow adorns ?  
 "Yea, a crown in very surety,  
 But of thorns."

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here ?  
 "Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
 Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last ?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
 Jordan passed."

- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,  
Answer—Yes."

## 262 Jesus Christ is Passing By.

"They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."—Luke xviii. 37.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 262.

- JESUS Christ is passing by,  
Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;  
As the precious moments flee,  
Cry, "Be merciful to me!"
- 2 Jesus Christ is passing by;  
Will He always be so nigh?  
Now is the accepted day;  
Seek for healing while you may.
- 3 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,  
"What wilt thou then have of Me?"  
Rise, and tell Him all thy need;  
Rise—He calleth thee indeed.
- 4 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see;  
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;  
Let it penetrate my soul,  
All my heart and life control."
- 5 Oh, how sweet; the touch of power  
Comes—it is salvation's hour;  
Jesus gives from guilt release—  
"Faith hath saved thee; go in peace!"

## 263

## Home.

"The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head."—Isa. li. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 263.

LET us sing as we journey along day by day,  
As we tread slowly on in our heavenward  
way;

Let us sing of the rest that awaiteth our feet,  
When we pass the white gates to the beautiful  
street.

Let us sing, let us sing, as on earth here we roam,  
Of the welcome that waits us in home, sweet home.  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now;  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 When we pause by the wayside, all weary and  
faint, [plaint,  
And would sit down discouraged, and full of com-  
Oh sing! and the wearisome care will have fled,  
As we sing of the rest that is waiting ahead.

3 As the wanderer sings in some far-away land,  
Of his own sweet, sweet home on a beautiful  
strand,  
So we sing as we journey still onward to God,  
Of the home that is ours, where the angels have  
trod.

## 264

## That Day.

"Who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He  
appeareth?"—Malachi iii. 2.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 264.

SEE th' eternal Judge descending,  
View Him seated on His throne!

Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,

Stand and hear thine awful doom! [doom!

Trumpets call thee, Stand and hear thine awful

2 Lo, the last long separation,  
 As the cleaving crowds divide !  
 Words of life or condemnation  
 Send each soul to either side !  
 Lord of mercy ! How shall I that day abide ?

3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
 With the marks of dying love ;  
 Oh that I had sought His favour,  
 When I felt His Spirit move :  
 Golden moments, When I felt His Spirit move.

## 265 Taking the Cross.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."—Matt. xvi. 24.

"Come, take up the cross, and follow Me."—Mark x. 21.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 265.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee :  
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou, from hence, my all shall be.  
 Perish, every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
 Yet how rich is my condition !  
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,  
 They have left my Saviour too :  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ;  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue.  
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,  
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.

## 266 The Peace of God.

"These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace."  
 John xvi. 33.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 266.

"IN Me ye may have peace :  
 My peace I give to you."

Rest, troubled soul, rest in the Lord;  
His love will bear thee through.

2 "In Me ye may have peace :"  
Though wars against Thee rise,  
Hope thou in God, be not dismayed;  
Lift up thy weeping eyes.

3 "In Me ye may have peace :"  
Dear Lord, our refuge be ;  
In weal or woe, in life or death,  
We would abide in Thee.

267

**Sleeper, Awake.**

"That, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep,"

Rom. xiii. 11.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 267.

TIME is earnest, passing by ;  
Death is earnest, drawing nigh :  
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?  
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest ; when 'tis o'er,  
Thou returnest never more ;  
Soon to meet eternity,  
Wilt Thou never serious be ?

3 God is earnest ; kneel and pray  
Ere thy season pass away ;  
Ere be set His judgment throne—  
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

4 Oh, be earnest ! death is near ;  
Thou wilt perish, lingering here :  
Sleep no longer, rise and flee ;  
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee !

268

**How Much Owest Thou ?**

"Ye are not your own ; for ye are bought with a price."

1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 268.

HOW much owest thou ?  
How much owest thou ?

For years of tender watchful care,  
A father's faith, a mother's prayer,  
How much owest thou ?

2 How much owest thou ?  
How much owest thou ?

For calls and warnings loud and plain,  
For songs and sermons heard in vain,  
How much owest thou ?

3 How much owest thou ?  
How much owest thou ?

Thy day of grace is almost o'er,  
The Judgment time is just before—  
How much owest thou ?

4 How much owest thou ?  
How much owest thou ?

O child of God and heir of heaven ;  
Thy soul redeemed, thy sins forgiven—  
How much owest thou ?

## 269 All the Way 'long it is Jesus.

"I have set the Lord always before me."—Ps. xvi. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 269.

I'M on my journey up Zion's hill,  
All the way 'long it is Jesus ;  
The way grows brighter and brighter still,  
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

Jesus, Jesus, why, all the way 'long it is Jesus.

2 And oh, how happy the pilgrim's lot,  
All the way 'long it is Jesus :  
He has a comfort the world has not,  
All the way 'long it is Jesus.

3 Let storm-clouds gather and troubles rise,  
All the way 'long it is Jesus ;  
He seeks a city with cloudless skies,  
All the way 'long it Jesus.



- 4 At home the pilgrims together will sing,  
 All the way 'long it is Jesus ;  
 We'll make the heavenly mansions ring,  
 All the way 'long it is Jesus.

## 270 O Saviour, I am Blind.

"The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind."—Ps. cxlvi. 8.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 270.

O SAVIOUR, I am blind ! Lead Thou my way ;  
 Day to my filmèd eye is dark—  
 E'en night is only darker day.

Oh, I am blind ; Dear Saviour, I am blind !

- 2 O Saviour, I am deaf ! Unstop my ear :  
 My heart would turn to Thy dear voice,  
 The voice Thy sheep alone will hear.

Oh, I am deaf ; Dear Saviour, I am deaf !

- 3 O Saviour, I am poor ! Give me to eat :  
 My hungered heart loathes earthly food,  
 And heavenly manna craves for meat.

Oh, I am poor ; Dear Saviour, I am poor !

- 4 O Saviour, I believe ! Blind, deaf, and poor ;  
 Sight give me—hearing—heavenly food ;  
 Thou hast them in Thy blessed store.

Thee I believe ; O Saviour, I believe !

## 271 To Die is Gain.

"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Philippians i. 21.

TUNE—*Sacred Songs and Solos*, No. 271.

"TO die is gain," All earthly cares forsaking ;  
 From toil and pain, To endless joy awaking ;  
 To die is gain.

- 2 "To die is gain," My weary soul home bringing ;  
 O'er heavenly plain Sweet angel voices ringing ;  
 To die is gain.

- 3 "To die is gain," From strife and sin to sever,  
 With Christ to reign, For ever, oh, for ever ;  
 To die is gain.

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