

HYMN

BOOK

FOR

THE

ARMY AND NAVY.



BV
463
.A6
copy 2

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
No doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

PUBLISHED BY THE

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150 Nassau-street, New York.



Class _____

Book _____





HYMN-BOOK
FOR
The Army and Navy.



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AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

[1863 ?]

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Aug 7. 39

Music

ARMY AND NAVY
HYMNS.

1. SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. H. M.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Engage your enemies;
Let every fear be gone:
Now take the field, the fight renew,
And never yield; "though faint, pursue."

2. Come feed on heavenly bread,
"T will make you strong to fight;
God will supply your need,
And put your foes to flight:
His arm is strong, his word is true;
Ye saints, go on; "though faint, pursue."

3. Wage war with every foe,
For God is on your side;

F. M. L. 21 ap. 41.

Let all the nations know
 That you in God confide:
 Gird on your sword, the fight renew;
 Look to the Lord; "though faint, pursue."

4. Though sin and death and hell
 Your heavenly march oppose,
 Fear not, it shall be well;
 God will confound your foes:
 Go on, ye saints, the fight renew,
 And Gideon like, "though faint, pursue."

5. Ne'er lay your weapons down
 Till death shall close the strife—
 Till you receive a crown
 Of everlasting life:
 On God depend, the fight renew;
 As Gideon conquered, so shall you.

2. "MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE."

68 & 48.

1. My country, 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills.
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

8 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing ;

Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King! S. F. S

3. GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

- 1 Now to heaven our prayer's ascending,
 God speed the right;
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the right;
 Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
 With success on earth rewarded,
 God speed the right.
- 2 Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er despairing though defeated,
 God speed the right;
 Like the good and great in story,
 If they fail, they fail with glory,
 God speed the right.
- 3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the right.

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering
steep

As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first
beam,

In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:

Chorus. 'Tis the star-spangled banner; Oh, long
may it wave, etc.

3. And where is that band who so vauntingly
swore,

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
pollution;

No refuge can save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight or the gloom of the
grave;

Chorus. And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave, etc.

4. Oh thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desola-
tion:

Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-
rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved
us a nation. [just,

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"

Chorus. And the star-spangled banner, etc.

5. RESPONSIBILITY.

S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have ;
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil:
 Oh may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And Oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die. C. Wesley.

6. "GOD SAVE THE STATE." 6. & 4

- 1 God bless our native land:
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night ;

*

When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the state.

7. HOLY FORTITUDE. C M

- 1 Am I 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 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 6 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye. Watts.

8. THE CHRISTIAN RACE. C. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 8 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
 Have I my race begun ;
 And crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down. Doddridge.

9. "WATCH AND PRAY." S. M

1 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 once at ease sit down ;
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God ;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode. Heath.

10. GOD OUR PRESERVER. H. M.

- 1 Upward I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid ;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower to which I fly,
His grace is nigh in every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:

I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

Watts.

11. LOOK ALOFT. 11s.

- 1 In the tempest of life, when the wave
and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should
fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy cau-
tion depart,
Look aloft, and be firm and confiding of
heart.
- 2 If the friend who embraced in prosperi-
ty's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for
each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like
clouds are arrayed,
Look aloft to the friendship which never
shall fade.
- 8 Should the visions which hope spreads
in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow be swifter to
fly,

Then turn, and through tears of repentant
regret,

Look aloft to the Sun that is never to set.

4 And Oh, when death comes in his ter-
rors to cast

His fears on the future, his pall on th
past,

In the moment of darkness, with hope
in thy heart,

And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and
depart.

12. SAILOR'S HYMN.

8. & 7.

1 Tossed upon life's raging billow,

Sweet it is, O Lord, to know

Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,

And canst feel a sailor's woe.

2 Never slumbering, never sleeping,

Though the night be dark and drear

Thou the faithful watch art keeping:

"All, all 's well," thy constant cheer.

3 And though loud the wind is howling,

Fierce though flash the lightning red;

Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling

O'er the anxious sailor's head—

4 Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still ;
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of thy will.

5 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye ;
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.

6 And though mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er ;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

13. CHRIST'S COMING AND KINGDOM.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come! ^[C. M.]

Let earth receive her King ;

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains

Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. Watts.

14. SALVATION.

C M

- 1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;

*

2

While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. Watts.

15. PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER. C M

- 1 Oh for a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 JESUS, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me. Wesley

16. "COME UNTO ME." 8 & 4.

- 1 To the wandering and the weary,
Everywhere on land and sea,
Jesus calls in tones of mercy,
"Come unto me."
- 2 From our home, our household altar,
When our father bends the knee,

Oft we hear a voice inviting,
"Come unto me."

3 When at night, upon our pillow,
We have prayed our prayer to thee,
Then we felt the word, unspoken,
"Come unto me."

4 Oft we hear it when our teachers
Speak to us of Calvary ;
In our hearts its tones reëcho,
"Come unto me."

5 When we pass death's troubled river,
Calm and peaceful it will be,
If we hear that voice of voices,
"Come unto me."

17. RESOLVING TO GO TO CHRIST. C. M

1 Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess;
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
 Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives;
 Perhaps he may command my touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away, I know
 I must for ever die."

Jones.

18. JUST AS I AM.

L M

1 *Just as I am*—without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidst me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

2 *Just as I am*—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,

O Lamb of God, I come!

3 *Just as I am*—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt—
“Fightings within, and fears without,”

O Lamb of God, I come!

4 *Just as I am*—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find:

O Lamb of God, I come!

5 *Just as I am*—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe:

O Lamb of God, I come!

6 *Just as I am*—thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,

O Lamb of God, I come!

19. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L.M

1 When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering
bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my ail,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thral
It led me to the port of peace.

- 6 Now, safely moored—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White

20. LOST, BUT FOUND. S. M.

- 1 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 ;
 'T was he that loved my soul ;
 'T was he that washed me in his blood ;
 'T was he that made me whole ;
 'T was he that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'T was he that brought me to the fold—
 'T is he that still doth keep.

Bonar.

21. THE FRIEND OF SINNERS. 8.&1

- 1 One there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood ;
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
 FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name ;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

- 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above. Newton

33. CHRIST OUR CONFIDENCE. 6.&4

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart ;
My zeal inspire :
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 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 distrust remove:
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Palmer.

23. "He was wounded for our transgressions."*

[7. & 6

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fulness dwells in him;

He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens, and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares. Bonar.

24. PSALM CIII. C. M.

1. O thou my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is
Be stirréd up his holy name
To magnify and bless.
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.
3. As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath he
From us removéd, in his love,
All our iniquity.
4. Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear ;
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear.

5. The Lord preparéd hath his throne
 In heavens firm to stand ;
 And every thing that being hath
 His kingdom doth command.
6. O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
 Wherewith the world is stored
 In his dominions everywhere.
 My soul, bless thou the Lord.

Scotch Version.

25. THE REQUEST. C. M.

1. Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise:
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And let me live to thee.
3. "Let the sweet hope that I am thine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

Steele.

26. CHRIST CRUCIFIED. L. M

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Watts.

27. WHAT IS PRAYER? C. M

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.
- 8 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "
- 5 Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.
- 5 Oh thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

28. IMPORTUNATE PRAYER. S. M

- 1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain ;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
“ Why should we longer wait ? ”
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry ;
Yes, though he may a while forbear
He'll help them from on high.
- 5 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer :
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

29. DEVOTION.

C M

- 1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
 To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

6. My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee. *Williams.*
-

30. PSALM XXIII. C. M.

1. 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,
E'en for his own name's sake.
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
4. My table thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows. *Scotch Version*

31. THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

- 1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger—
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wandering forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.
- 3 Of that country to which I'm going,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

32. HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH. S.M

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Emmanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high. Watts

33. EXAMPLE OF CHRIST AND SAINTS

- 1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise ^[C.M]
 Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be!
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I asked them whence their victory came?
 They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
 His zeal inspired their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
 Possessed the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.

34. CHRIST PRECIOUS. C. M

- 1 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 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death. Newton.

35. CHRIST A REFUGE FROM THE
STORM.

7a

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, Oh 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, ah, 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, Oh 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.

Wesley.

36. EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST. C.P.M.

- 1 Oh could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine ;
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine.
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne ;
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would, to everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known

4. Soon the delightful morn will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face:
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend.
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace. Medley.

37. PSALM XLVI. C. M.

1. God is our refuge and our strength,
 In straits a present aid ;
 Therefore, although the earth remove,
 We will not be afraid:
2. Though hills amidst the seas be cast ;
 Though waters roaring make,
 And troubled be ; yea, though the hills
 By swelling seas do shake.
3. A river is, whose streams do glad
 The city of our God ;
 The holy place, wherein the Lord
 Most High hath his abode.
4. God in the midst of her doth dwell ;
 Nothing shall her remove :
 The Lord to her a helper will,
 And that right early, prove.

- 5 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
Is still upon our side ;
The God of Jacob our refuge
For ever will abide.

Scotch Version

38. THE BLOOD OF CHRIST. C. M.

1. 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, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

39. HOME, SWEET HOME. 11s

1 ' Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home ;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow
 us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er
 met with elsewhere.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home.

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in
 vain ;
 Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage
 again—
 The birds singing gayly, that came at my
 call ;
 Oh give me that peace of mind, dearer
 than all.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

40. WALKING WITH GOD. C. M.

1. Oh for a closer walk with God ;
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed ;
How sweet their memory still ;
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
4. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb. Cowper

41. PARTING HYMN. C. M.

1. Father of mercies, heavenly Friend,
We seek thy gracious throne ;
To thee our faltering prayers ascend,
Our fainting hearts are known.
2. From blasts that chill, from suns that smite,
From every plague that harms,
In camp and march, in siege and fight,
Protect our men at arms.
3. Though from our darkened lives they take
What makes our life most dear,
We yield them for their country's sake,
With no relenting tear.
4. Our blood their flowing veins will shed,
Their wounds our breasts will share :
Oh save us from the woes we dread,
Or grant us strength to bear.
5. Let each unhallowed cause that brings
The stern destroyer cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,
And seraphs whisper, Peace !
6. Thine are the sceptre and the sword ;
Stretch forth thy mighty hand ;
Reign thou our kingless nation's Lord,
Rule thou our throneless land. Holmes.

42. EVENING TWILIGHT. C. M.

- 1 I love to steal a while away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear ;
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore
- 4 I love, by faith, to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day. BROWN.

43. AT PARTING. S. M

- 1 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.

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

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Fawcett.

44. THE LORD'S DAY. S. M

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss. Watts.

45. THE ETERNAL SABBATH L.M.

- 1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.

- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place:
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Oh long-expected day, begin,
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 To sleep in death, and rest in God.

Doddridge

46. REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH. 7.&8

- 1 When shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along,
 When hill and valley ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And Him who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign?

- 2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly ;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply ;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round ;
All, "Hallelujah" swelling
In one eternal sound.

Pratt's Coll.

47. JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary finds eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing power,
 Death and the curse are known no more:
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Watts.

48. SERIOUS PROSPECT OF ETERNITY.

- 1 Lo, on a narrow neck of land, [C. P. M]
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 Yet how insensible!
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell!
- 2 Oh God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply in my thoughtless heart
 Eternal things impress ;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And save me ere it be too late:
 Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

Wesley.

49. REST IN HEAVEN. C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest ;
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast. Watta.

50. DEATH WELCOME. 11s.

1 I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
 the way ;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
 here,
 Are enough for life's woes—full enough
 for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption with-
 in:
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with peni-
 tent tears.

- 3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the
tomb ;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;
'There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me
arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the
skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from
his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns.
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet ;
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasing
ly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul !

Muhlenberg.

51. THE HEAVENLY REST. C. M.

- 1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above, in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

52. BURIAL OF A CHRISTIAN. L M

- 1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed
the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

Watts.

53. THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE. 8.7 & 4.

- Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land;

- 1 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, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do 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:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee. Robinson

54. A HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

- 1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide:
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

- All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.
- 2 Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more,
All the storms, etc.
- 3 Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
- 4 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er!
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.

55. RAPTURE OF HEAVEN.

- 1 High in yonder realms of light
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

- Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
2. 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
3. All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose—
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

Raffles.

56. THE SHINING SHORE.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,

Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

- For Oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For Oh, we stand, etc.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For Oh, we stand, etc.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, "Come," and there's our
home,
For ever, Oh, for ever.
For Oh, we stand, etc.

57. ROCK OF AGES. 7s.

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
2. Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. Toplady

58. CORONATION OF CHRIST. C. M.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David "Lord" did call:
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
6. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

59. JUBILEE. H. M.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow ;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2. Jesus, our great High-priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
3. Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
4. Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:

The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
Toplady.

60. THE ALMIGHTY REFUGE. 11s.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled ?
2. " Fear not, I am with thee, Oh be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
3. " When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. " When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine
5. " E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they, shall still in my bosom be borne.
6. " The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake. Kirkham.

61. THE RIGHT MUST WIN. C. M.

1. Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.
2. He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there was no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad ;
3. Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost ;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.
4. It is not so, but so it looks,
And we lose courage then ;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.
5. Soldier of God, Oh lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
6. For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

62. CHRISTIAN WARFARE. L. M.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain 's gone.
2. Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
3. Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait
4. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Watts.

63. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS' BATTLE-
SONG. C. P. M.

1. Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow ;

Dread not his rage and power ;
What though your courage sometimes faints
His seeming triumph o'er God's sails
Lasts but a little hour.

2. Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs ;
Leave it to him, our Lord :
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon that shall rise
To save us and his word.

3. As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail ;
A jest and by-word are they grown ;
God is with us, we are his own ;
Our victory cannot fail.

4. Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer ;
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again :
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

Altenburg

64. PLEADING FOR PARDON.

1. Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repentant rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
3. Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

65. PRAYER OF A PENITENT. C. M.

1. O Thou whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye :

2. See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"
3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet ?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
4. Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Steele.

66. BREATHING AFTER THE SPIRIT. C.M

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers :
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear 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?
5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours. Watts.

67. AFFLICTIONS SWEETENED. C. M. |

1. When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains
And long to fly away:
2. Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of suffering paid:
3. Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend:

4. Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
 And know no will but his. *Toplady.*
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68. "LORD, REMEMBER ME." C. M.
1. O thou from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
2. When, groaning, on my burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,
 In love remember me.
3. Distressed with pain, disease, and grief
 This feeble body see ;
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
 Hear and remember me.
4. When, in the solemn hour of death,
 I own the just decree,
 Saviour, with my last parting breath,
 I'll cry, Remember me.
5. And when before thy throne I stand,
 And lift my soul to thee,

Then with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me. Haweis.

69. LIFE AND DEATH ETERNAL. S. M.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
2. The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
3. Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
4. There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death.
5. Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone. Montgomery.

70. THE DIVINE PITY. S. M.

1. The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble frame.
2. Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.
3. But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure ;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure. Watts.

71. LIFE, THE DAY OF GRACE. L. M.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward ;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn
 The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour that God has given
 To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven ;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
3. The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;

- Their memory and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
4. Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground
5. There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there. Watts.

72. SLEEPING IN JESUS. L. M.

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4. Asleep in Jesus! Oh for me
 May such a blissful refuge be:
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

Mackay.

73. DISMISSION. 8s, 7s, 4s.

1. 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;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore 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, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

Burder

74. "TO-DAY." 6s & 4s.

1. To-day the Saviour calls!
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
 2. To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
Ruin is nigh.
 3. The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.
-

75. "CHILD OF SIN." 6s & 4s

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

2. Child of sin and sorrow,
 Why wilt thou die?
 Come, while thou canst borrow
 Help from on high :
 Grieve not that love
 Which from above,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Would bring thee nigh.

Spiritual Songs

76. " FAR AT SEA."

1. Star of peace to wand'ers weary,
 Bright the beams that smile on me ;
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
 Far, far at sea.
2. Star of hope, gleam o'er the billow ;
 Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Far, far at sea.
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking
 All his toil, he flies to thee,
 Save him on the billows rocking,
 Far, far at sea.

4. Star divine, Oh safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to thee:
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.
-

77. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, Oh how free!
2. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, Oh how good!
3. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
4. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

78 SOLDIERS' HYMNS.

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

78. MARCHING ALONG.

1. The soldiers are gath'ring from near and
from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the
war,
The conflict is raging, 't will be fearful
and long ;
We 'll gird on our armor, and be march-
ing along.

CHORUS.

- Marching along, we are marching along ;
Gird on the armor, and be marching along ;
The conflict is raging, 't will be fearful and
long ;
Then gird on the armor, and be marching
along.
2. The foe is before us in battle array ;
But let us not waver, nor turn from the
way :

The Lord is our strength, be this ever our
song;

With courage and faith we are marching
along.

Chorus.—Marching along, etc.

3. We've 'listed for life, and will camp on
the field;

With Christ as our Captain, we never will
yield:

The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty
and strong,

We'll hold in our hands as we're march-
ing along.

Chorus.—Marching along, etc.

4. Through conflicts and trials our crowns
we must win,

For here we contend 'gainst temptation
and sin;

But one thing assures us: We cannot go
wrong,

If trusting our Saviour while marching
along.

Chorus.—Marching along, etc.

79. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M

1. 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 consolations 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 snout, while passing through the air.
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

80. JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY. 10s.

1. Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above.
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says, Come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below;
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.
2. Hosts of beloved ones have passed on be-
fore ;
Waiting, they watch us approaching the
shore,
Singing to cheer us while passing along,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear ;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall
hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome.
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
3. Death with his arrow may soon lay us low;
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow.
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn ;
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone ;
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

81. REST FOR THE WEARY.

1. In the Christian's home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest ;
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

- There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.
- On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.
2. He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
- Chorus.*—There is rest, etc.

3. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, Oh ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

Chorus.—There is rest, etc.

82. REST IN CHRIST.

1. Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Chorus.—There is rest, etc.

2. Hither come, for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Chorus.—There is rest, etc.

83. HOMEWARD BOUND.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound ;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound ;

Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestowed.

We're homeward bound.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps on us as it roars,
We're homeward bound;

Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale:
Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;

Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.

Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,

Join in our number, Oh come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4. Into the harbor of heaven we glide,
We're home at last;

Softly we drift on its 'bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er ;
We stand secure on the glorified shore:
Glory to God we will shout evermore,
We're home at last !

84. THE NEW JERUSALEM.

1. We are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone ;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one.
In the new Jerusalem.
2. We can see that distant home,
Though clouds roll dark between.
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.
3. Oh glory shining far
From the never-setting sun ;
Oh trembling morning star,
Our journey's almost done
To the new Jerusalem.

4. Oh holy, heavenly home ;
 Oh rest eternal there ;
 When shall the exiles come,
 Where they cease from earthly care,
 In the new Jerusalem.
5. Our hearts are breaking now
 Those mansions fair to see ;
 O Lord, thy heavens bow,
 And raise us up with thee
 To the new Jerusalem. Ch. Beecher.

 85. WILL YOU GO ?

1. We're trav'ling home to heaven above ;
 Will you go ?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love ;
 Will you go ?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God ;
 And millions more are on the road ;
 Will you go ?
2. We're going to walk the plains of light ;
 Will you go ?
 Far, far from curse and death and night ;
 Will you go ?

The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share ;

Will you go ?

3. The way to heaven is straight and plain ;

Will you go ?

Repent, believe, be born again ;

Will you go ?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,

"Take up your cross and follow me,

And thou shalt my salvation see."

Will you go ?

4. Oh, could I hear some sinner say,

"I will go."

Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,

"Make me go."

And all his old companions tell,

"I will not go with you to hell,

I long with Jesus Christ to dwell ;

Let me go."

86. OH SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

1. Oh sing to me of heaven

When I am called to die ;

88 SOLDIERS' HYMNS.

Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.

CHORUS.

There 'll be no sorrow there,
There 'll be no sorrow there ;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There 'll be no sorrow there.

2. When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.
Chorus.—There 'll be no sorrow, etc.

3. When the last moments come,
Oh watch my dying face,
To catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.
Chorus.—There 'll be no sorrow, etc.

4. Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given ;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
Chorus.—There 'll be no sorrow, etc.

5. Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love,
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.

Chorus.—There 'll be no sorrow, etc.

87. SAY, BROTHERS, WILL YOU MEET
 US?

1. Say, brothers, will you meet us, (*thrice*)
 On Caanan's happy shore?
2. By the grace of God we'll meet you,
 Where parting is no more.
3. Jesus lives and reigns for ever
 On Canaan's happy shore.
4. Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 For ever, evermore.

88. "COME TO ME." L. M.

1. With tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet 'mid the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
2. It tells me of a place of rest;
 It tells me where my soul may flee:

- Oh to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
3. When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me!"
4. "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion. Come to me."
5. Oh voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

89. PSALM XXV. S. M.

1. To thee I lift my soul:
O Lord, I trust in thee:
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes triumph o'er me.
2. Let none that wait on thee
Be put to shame at all;
But those that without cause transgress,
Let shame upon them fall.

3. Now, for thine own name's sake,
O Lord, I thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity,
For it is very great.
4. O do thou keep my soul,
Do thou deliver me:
And let me never be ashamed,
Because I trust in thee.
5. Let uprightness and truth
Keep me, who thee attend.
Redemption, Lord, to Israel
From all his troubles send.

Scotch Version.

90. PSALM XC. C. M.

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In generations all.
Before thou ever hadst brought forth
The mountains great or small;
2. Ere ever thou hadst formed the earth,
And all the world abroad;
Even thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.
3. Thou dost unto destruction
Man that is mortal turn;

And unto them thou sayest, Again,
Ye sons of men, return.

4. O with thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy:
So we rejoice shall all our days,
And still be glad in thee.

Scotch Version.

91. PSALM C. L. M.

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

Scotch Version.

92. HEAVENLY REST.

1. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?
2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold; [walls
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
3. Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know: [scenes
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
I onward press to you.
5. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
6. Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

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