

REV. C. WESLEY.

1. O how hap - py are they And have laid up their treas - ures a - bove! Tongue can - not ex - press The sweet
Who the Sav - ior o - bey,

2. That com - fort was mine, I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it be - liev'd What joy
When the fav - or di - vine, com - fort and peace, Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
joy I re - ceiv'd What a heav - en in Je - sus - 's name.

3. 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
4. Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
Oh that all His salvation might see!
He hath loved me I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!
5. On the wings of His love,
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
6. I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.
7. O the rapturous height,
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life giving blood!
Of my Savior possess'd
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

LOVE AND MERCY. 11s. Amphibrach.

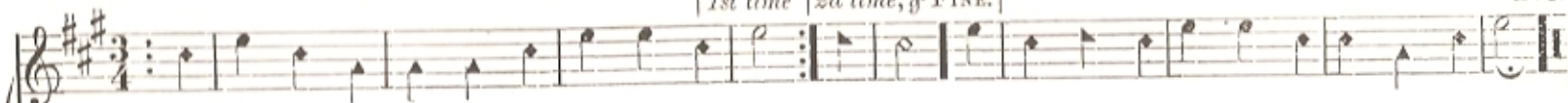
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MERCER'S Cluster, p. 10. STOCKER.

WM. HAUBER, M. D., 1873.

| 1st time | 2d time, *f* FINE. |

D.C.



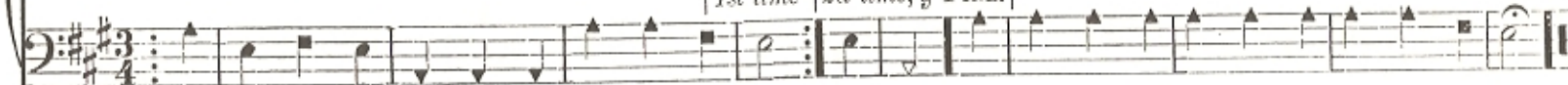
1. Thy mer - cy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue: Thy free grace a-lone, from the first to the last,



D.C. Hath won my af - fec - tions, and bound my soul fast.

| 1st time | 2d time, *f* FINE. |

D.C.



2. Without Thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But thro' Thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

3. Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by Thy goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

4. The door of Thy mercy stands open to all,
The poor and the needy, who knock, and who call:
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5. Thy mercy, in Jesus, exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when He hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy to me.

6. Great Father of mercies. Thy goodness I own,
The covenant love of Thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper Divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine!

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN. 8s.

Amphibrach.

W.M. HAUSER, M. D., Dec. 11th and 12th, 1877.

REV. JNO. NEWTON, of Olney, England. From his "Olney Hymns."

FINE.

1. When Jos - eph his breth - ren be - held Af - flic - ted and trembling with fear,
His heart with com - pas - sion was fill'd; From weep - ing He could not for - bear: A - while his be - hav - ior was rough,

D.S. He hast - ed to show him - self kind.

FINE.

To bring their past sins to their mind; But when they were hum - bled e - nough,

D.S.

2. How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and sold;
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told!
"I'm Joseph, your brother," he said,
And still to my heart ye are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."
3. Tho' greatly distressed before,
When charged with perverting the cup,
They now were confounded much more;
Not one of them dared to look up;
"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our households maintain?
O this is a brother indeed!"
4. Thus, dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
And laden with guilt, to the Lord;
Surrounded with terror and shame;
Unable to utter a word:
At first He looked stern and severe;
What anguish then pierced my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart!"
5. But O! what surprise when He spoke;
What tenderness beam'd in His face!
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well;
By thee I was sold, and was slain:
I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign."

GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER. 7s & 6s. Trochaic & Iambic.

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REV. EDWARD H. MYERS, D. D., March 19th, 1875.*

WM. HAUSER, M. D., March 23d, 1875.

FINE. CHORUS.

1. Tell me where, Oh, Guide to heav'n, Sal - va - tion may be found!
 Lost in night, by temp - ests driv'n, I seek Hope's sol - id ground: Guilt - i - est of the guil - ty,

D.C. "Mer - cy to the sin - ner," cry; "Be mer - ci - ful to me!"

FINE.

D.C.

I, With break - ing heart to Jesus flee;

D.C.

2. Long I've left my Father's house,
 My patrimony spent;
 Broken oft-repeated vows—
 Yet now I would repent.—CHO.
3. Jesus' all-atoning blood
 I've slighted, with disdain;
 Shunn'd the path that leads to God,
 And seek it now in vain.—CHO.
4. God the Spirit I have griev'd,
 Unmindful of His grace;
 Nor that offer'd aid receiv'd,
 Which now I long t' embrace.—CHO.
5. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Oh hear this sinner's prayer,
 Wand'ring, dreary, well nigh lost,
 Succumbing to despair.—CHO.

* This hymn was first published in the Savannah Morning News, of March 20th or 21st, 1875. On the night of the 18th, Dr. MYERS, Methodist, Rev. TIMOTHY HARLEY, Baptist, and others were holding a Union Prayer-Meeting, when Mr. Harley suggested that somebody write a hymn with the refrain, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Dr. Myers, who afterwards fell a victim to yellow fever in Savannah, went home and wrote this hymn.

OLD SHIP OF ZION. Georgia version.

Words said to have been written perhaps 60 or 70 years ago, by REV. SAMUEL HAUSER, this Editor's paternal uncle. So I was told by an old contemporary of his. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., 1878.

1. O what ship is this that will take us all home? O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! 'Tis the old ship of

2. Do you think she'll be a-ble to take us all home? O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I think she will be

Zi-on, Hal-le-lu-jah! 'Tis the ol ship of Zi-on, Hal-le-lu-jah!

a-ble, Hal-le-lu-jah! I think she will be a-ble, Hal-le-lu-jah!

3. She has landed many thousands,
And can land as many more;
O glory, hallelujah!
She will land them safe in heaven,
Hallelujah! ::
4. We have some friends
Who've gone before,
O glory, hallelujah!
By-and-by we'll go and see them,
Hallelujah! ::
5. If you get there before I do—
O glory, hallelujah!
You may tell them
I am coming—
Hallelujah! ::
6. If I get there before you do—
O glory, hallelujah!
I will tell them
You are coming—
Hallelujah! ::
7. What will the Christian do
When His lamp burns out?
O glory, hallelujah!
Go shouting home to heaven,
Hallelujah! ::

OLD SHIP. North Carolina version.

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Arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.

1. Come a - long, come a - long, and let us go home! O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our home is o - ver

2. We have our tri - als here be - low— O, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! But a bet - ter day is

Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah!

com - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! But a bet - ter day is com - ing. Hal - le - lu - jah!

3. A few more beating winds and rains,
O, glory, hallelujah!
And the winter will be over,
Hallelujah! :||
4. A few more risings and settings of the sun,
O, glory, hallelujah!
And we'll cross the river Jordan,
Hallelujah! :||
5. We have some friends who've gone before,
O, glory, hallelujah!
By-and-by we'll go and see them,
Hallelujah! :||
6. Our blessed Savior dwells above,
O, glory, hallelujah!
By-and-by we'll go and meet Him,
Hallelujah! :||
7. We'll praise His name forever more,
O, glory, hallelujah!
In the happy land of Canaan,
Hallelujah! :||

HOMeward BOUND. 10s & 7s. Dactylic.

C. Harrington

REV. W. F. WARREN, D. D.

REV. J. W. DADMUN. I quote from his book, and follow his version.

CHORUS. FINE. D.C.

1. Out on an o - cean, all boundless and wide,
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound: Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode,

Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode,
D.C. Prom - ise of which He on us hath bestow'd, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound.

FINE. D.C.

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Look! yonder lie the bright, heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O Pilot, stand firm at the wheel!
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale:
O how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3. Into the harbor of heaven we'll glide,
We're home at last! home at last!
Softly we'll sail on its bright, silvery tide,
Safe home at last! home at last!
Loudly we'll shout, when our dangers are o'er
Safely we'll stand on the glorified shore:
"Glory to God!" we will shout evermore,
"We're home at last! home at last!"

HOME AT LAST.

1. Pilgrims and strangers are we here below,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Tortured and tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and afflictions expecting to share,
Onward we hasten, content with the fare,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2. Earth, with its trifles, we all have resigned,
We're homeward bound, we're homeward bound,
Heav'n with its glories, we shortly shall find,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
Oh how delusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near!
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3. We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound:
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,
Join in our number — Oh come, and be blest!
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

4. Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we prove,
"We're home at last, home at last!"
Shouting in triumph, in mansions above,
"We're home at last! home at last!"
Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er,
Up to our home with the blest we shall soar:
Oh how we'll shout, as we enter the door,
"We're home at last! home at last!"

SAVIOR'S CALL. 7s & 6s. Trochaic & Iambic. *J. Haydn.* 357

REV. JNO. NEWTON, of Olney, Eng.; Spurgeon says, 1779. From "Olney Hymns." In 1779 the "Olney Hymns" were published. Wm. HARRIS, M. D., Thursday night, Mar. 28th, 1867, from an old theme.

FINE.

1. Sin - ner, hear the Sa - vior's call, He now is pass - ing by;
He hath seen thy griev - ous thrall, And heard thy mourn - ful cry: He hath par - dons to im - part,

D.C. See the love that fills His heart, And wipes a - way thy tears.

FINE.

D.C.

grace to save thee from thy fears;

2. Why art Thou afraid to come,
And tell Him all Thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from His face:
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel?
Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed His precious blood?

3. Think how on the cross He hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds:
See, from all His bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

4. Tho' His majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Tho' He thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By Himself the Lord hath sworn,
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayst live by faith.

5. Raise thou downcast eyes, and see
What throngs His throne surround!
These, tho' sinners once, like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not, then to unbelief, [room,"
While He says, "There yet is
Tho' of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

D.C.

REST IN HEAVEN. 11s. Anapæstic.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1st time. 2d time. FINE.

1. My rest is in hea - ven, my rest is not here, tri - als so - vere? Be tran - quil, my
Then why should I mur - mur at

Omit 2d time.

D.C. But short - ens thy jour - ney, and has - tens thee home.

D.C.

spir - it, the worst that can come

D.C.

2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And staying my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city not builded by hands;
Its glorious temple eternally stands.

3. Afflictions may try me; they cannot destroy;
One vision of home turns them all into joy:
The bitterest tears, that e'er fall from my eyes,
But sweeten my hope of that home in the
skies.

4. Let trouble and danger my progress oppose;
They'll only make heaven more bright at
the close:
Come joy, then, or sorrow—whate'er may
befall—
One moment in glory will make up for all.

5. A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste thro' an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be
long;
I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it
with song.

Wm. Hauser

REV. C. WESLEY, 1762.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

S

FINE.



1. Thou Shep-herd of Is - rael, and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart;
For clos - er com - mun - ion I pine, I long to re - side where Thou art: The pas - ture I lan - guish to



D.S. fed, on thy bo - som re - clin'd, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

S

FINE.



find, Where all, who their Shep - herd o - bey, Are

*D.S.*

2. Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode,
Where saints, in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God;
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear
To suffer and triumph with Thee.
3. 'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

FINE.

1. Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God! On the cross! on the cross!
He sheds for you His pre - cious blood, On the cross! on the cross! Oh, hear His ag - o - nix - ing cry,

D.C. Draw near, and see your Sa - vior die, On the cross! on the cross!

D.C.

"El - oi, lam - a sa - bach - than - i!"

D.C.

2. Behold His arms extended wide,
On the cross, on the cross!
Behold His bleeding hands and side,
On the cross, on the cross!
The sun withhold his rays of light,
The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight,
On the cross, on the cross!
3. Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross!
For you He drinks the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross!
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the cross, on the cross!

4. And now the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross!
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the cross, on the cross!
To heaven He turns His languid eyes,
"Tis finished!" now the conq'ror cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross!
5. Where'er I go the tale I'll tell,
Of the cross, of the cross,
Our Savior hath done all things well
On the cross, on the cross!
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Thro' time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross!

6. Let every mourner rise and cling
To the cross, to the cross!
Let every christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross!
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the bible in his hand
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross!

Red Jukes.

SONGS OF PRAISE. 7s & 6s. Iambic.

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THOMAS MCKELLAR, of Philadelphia.

From "The Crowning Triumph," by per. of FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

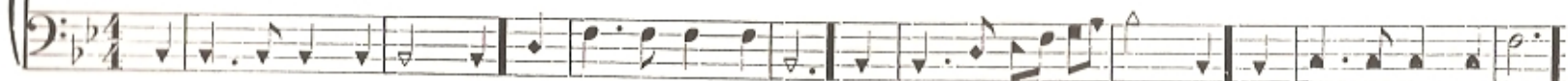
ADAM GEIBEL, of Philadelphia.



1. The morning stars were sing - ing With joy, when time be-gan; And heav'n - ly peals were ring - ing, When God cre - a - ted man:



2. A high - er song of glo - ry Was sung in af - ter time, And shepherds heard the sto - ry, Rehears'd in sounds sublime,



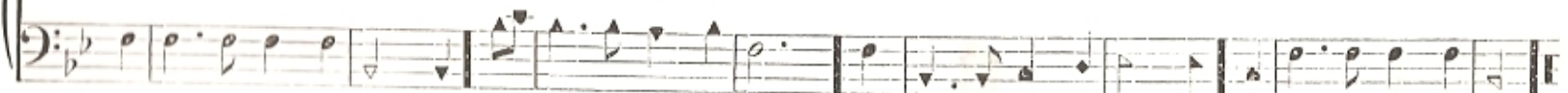
3. A mul - ti - tude of voi - ces Have learn'd this ho - ly song; And earth, with heav - en, re - joices, To roll the sound a - long.



The un - i - verse was swell - ing, With ju - bi - lant de - light; While all, to all, were tell - ing Je - ho - vah's pow'r and might.



Of Je - sus in a man - ger, God's well - be - lov - ed Son, Who came, to save from dan - ger A race, by sin un-done.



With saints and an - gels o'er us, Who sing, by us unheard, We join the glad - some cho - rus, And ech - o ev' - ry word.

Parts arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D.

FINE.



1. Come, all who love my Lord and Mas - ter, And, like old Dav - id, I will tell,
Tho' chief of sin - ners, I've found fa - vor; By grace re - deem'd from death and hell: Far as the East from west is



D.C. From me, by faith, are sep - a - ra - ted:—Bless'd an - te - past of joys a - bove!

FINE.



D.C.

part - ed, So far my sins, by dy - ing love,



D.C.



2. I, late estranged, from Jesus wandered,
And thought each dangerous poison good;
But He, in mercy, long pursued me,
With cries of His redeeming blood.
Though like Bartim'us I was blinded,
In nature's darkest night concealed,
Yet Jesus' love removed my blindness,
And He His pardoning grace revealed.

3. Now I will serve Him while He spares me,
And with His people sing aloud;
Tho' hell oppose, and sinners mock me,
In rapturous songs I'll praise my God:
By faith I view the heavenly concert—
They sing high strains of Jesus' love:
Oh! with desire, my soul is longing,
And fain would be with Christ above.

4. That blessed day is fast approaching
When Christ in glorious clouds shall come,
With sounding trumps, and shouts of angels,
To call each faithful spirit home:
There Abr'm, Isaac, holy prophets,
And all the saints at God's right hand,
With holy angels, joined in concert,
We'll triumph in that heavenly land.

Wm. Hauser
1829.

GLORIOUS PROSPECT. Hs.

363

REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE, about 1802. This is the first tune I ever harmonized; about 1833. I had learned the air (which I suspect Granade originated, before I was born), when a boy, to these words.—WM. HAUSER, M. D.

D.C.



1. My soul's full of glo - ry, which in - spires my tongue;
 Could I meet with an - gels, I'd sing them a song: I'd sing of my Je - sus, and tell of His charms,



D.C. And beg them to bear me to His lov - ing arms.



D.C.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing;
 Well pleased to hear mortals sing praise to their King.
 O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame!
 I sink in sweet raptures at Jesus' dear name.</p> <p>3. O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul!
 'Twas Thou, my dear Savior, that made my heart whole:
 Oh bring me to view thee, thou precious, sweet King,
 In oceans of glory Thy praises to sing!</p> <p>4. O heaven! O heaven! I long to be there,
 To meet all my brethren, and Jesus more dear!
 Come angels! come angels! I'm ready to fly!
 Come, quickly convey me to God in the sky!</p> | <p>5. Sweet Spirit, attend me, till Jesus shall come;
 Protect and defend me till I am called home!
 Tho' worms my poor body may claim as their prey,
 I'll outshine, when rising, the sun at midday!</p> <p>6. The sun may be darkend, the moon turned to blood—
 The mountains may melt at the presence of God—
 Red lightnings may blaze, and loud thunders may roar—
 All this cannot daunt me on Canaan's bright shore.</p> <p>7. A glimpse of bright glory o'erpowers my soul;
 I sink in sweet vision to view the bright goal:
 My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go;
 This moment, for heaven, I'd leave all below.</p> |
|--|---|
8. Farewell, my dear brethren, the Lord bids me come;
 Farewell, my dear children, I'm now going home:
 Bright angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my ear—
 "A way to the Savior thy spirit we'll bear."

THE ROCK. 11s. Anapæstic.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

I suspect REV. SAML. WAKEFIELD, of Pa., wrote the air.

1835.

1. In seasons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o-verwhelmed with sor-row and care: From the ends of the earth un-to

THEE while I cry: Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I; High-er than I, High-er than I! Lead me to the

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

D.S. Rock that is high-er than I. FINE. D.S.

2. When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die:
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"-REF.

3. And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear:
From the swellings of Jordan to Thee will I cry:
"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"-REF.

3. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' h
skies,
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
Then with millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I.-REF.

RING THE BELL. 10s and 12s. Trochaic & Anapæstic.

365

Seems to be a translation from some German song. Resembles VON WEBER.

Air by HENRY C. WORK.

Translated and arr'd by Wm. HAUSER, M. D., and somebody else; don't know who. A. S. K. ?

1st time.

2d time.

FINE.

Omit 2d time, and FINE.

1. High in the bel-frey the old sex-ton stands, Grasping the rope with his thin, bo-ny hands;
Fix'd is his gaze, as by some ma-gic spell,

Till he hears the dis-tant murmur: "Ring, ring the bell!"

D.C. Yes, yes, they come, and with tid-ings to tell!

Glo-ri-ous and bless-ed tid-ings! Ring, ring the bell!"

FINE.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Ring the bell, watchman! Ring, ring, ring! Yes, yes, the good news is now on the wing!

2. Baring his long, silv'ry locks to the breeze,
First, for a moment, he drops on his knees;
Then, with a vigor that few could excel,
Answers he the welcome bidding: "Ring, ring
the bell!"—*Chor.*

3. Hark! from the hill-top the first signal gun
Thunders the word that some great deed is done;
Hear, thro' the valley, the long echo swell,
Ever and anon repeating, "Ring, ring the bell!"
—*Chor.*

D.C.

Campbell, 1864.

HOLY CITY. 7s & 6s. Iambic.

Air by REV. STEPHEN BOVELLE, perhaps. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., March 2d, 1878.

| 1st time. | 2d time. FINE.

1. There is a ho - ly cit - y, A hap - py world a - bove,
Be - yond the storm - y re - gions, Built by the God of love: An ev - er - last - ing

| Omit 2d time & in D.C. |

D.C. They serve their great Re - deem - er, And dwell with Him in light.

FINE.

D.C.

tem - ple, And saints ar - ray'd in white;

D.C.

2. That is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there:
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care,
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise th' eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.
3. The meanest child of glory,
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendors,
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In God-like majesty?
The elders fall before Him,
The angels bend the knee,
The angels bend the knee.
4. Is this the man of sorrows
That stood at Pilate's bar?
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqueror;
He spoiled the pow'rs below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting woe.
5. The hosts of saints around Him
Proclaim His work of grace;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race;
They speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation
To everlasting day.
6. Now, with a holy transport,
They tell their sufferings o'er,
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore:
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gain'd their liberty:—
"Amid our fiercest dangers
Our lives were hid in Thee."
7. Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest;
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be blest:
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclined me long to stay;
I sought its dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away,
8. But now it is my purpose
That better way to find;
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind;
In guilt's seducing mazes
I will no longer roam;
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.
9. But what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Is not for me to know:
In ev'ry day of trouble
I'll raise my thoughts on high;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crown above the sky.



1. The Lord in - to His gar-den comes, The spi-ces yield their rich per-fumes, The lil - ies grow and thrive, The lil - ies grow and thrive,



D.S. And make the dead re - vive, And make the dead re - vive.



Re - fresh-ing show'rs of grace Di-vine, From Je - sus flow to ev - 'ry vine,



2. O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
And fruitful soil become!
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all His foes,
And makes His people one.

It comes in floods—we can't
contain—
We drink, and drink, and drink
again,—
And yet are ever dry.

3. The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is:
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me;
Who come to Christ shall live.

7. But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead His armies
through
To living waters, where they flow,
That never will run dry.

4. The worst of sinners here may find
A Savior merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive:
None are to vile who will repent;
Out of one sinner legions went;
The Lord did him relieve.

8. And there we'll reign, and shout,
and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home.—
Come on, come on, my brethren
dear,
Soon we shall meet together
there,
For Jesus bids us come.

5. Come, brethren dear, who know
the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of His
word,
In Jesus' ways go on!
Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

9. Amen! amen! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there,
Now here's my heart, and here's
my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly
land,
Where we shall part no more.

6. We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesus' throne on high;

CITY OF LIGHT. 12s & 9s.

Words and tune by PROF. ALDINE S. KIEFFER, Ed. *Musical Million*.

FINE. CHORUS.

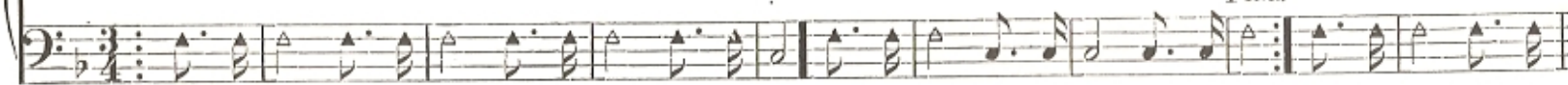


1. There's a cit - y of light, 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a sor - row, or care;
And the gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold, And the build - ing ex - ceed - ing - ly fair. Let us pray for each



D.C. For that home is so bright, and is al - most in sight, That I trust, in my heart, you'll go there.

FINE.



oth - er, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor - row and care;



2. Brother, dear, never fear; we shall triumph at last,
If we trust in the word He has giv'n;
When our trials and toils, and our weepings are past,
We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.—*Choro*.
3. Sister, dear, never fear; for the Savior is near;
With His hand He will lead you along; [clear,
And the way that is dark [drear] He will graciously
And your mourning shall turn to a song.—*Choro*.
4. Let us walk in the light of the gospel, so bright,
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us cleave to the Savior, and walk in His light;
Let us count all things else but as dross.—*Choro*.
5. Let us pray for that fulness, which Jesus can give—
To be fill'd with the Spirit Divine;
With the Holy Ghost giv'n, the assurance of heav'n
Will be yours, fellow Christian, and mine.

This 5th verse by W. H., June 27th, 1878.

Choro.—Let us pray for each other, nor faint by the way,
Tho' afflicted with sorrow and care;
For that home is so bright, which is almost in sight,
By His grace we shall shortly be there.

REV. JAMES AXLEY'S SONG. 12s & 11s.

369

REV. JAMES AXLEY, was one of the pioneer preachers of the Holston Conference, and a very holy, laborious, and successful minister. I learned this tune and song of Rev. RUBEN RENEAU, who died in Arkansas during our late unhappy war. Crude as the song is, I choose to preserve it in memory of Mr. Axley and Mr. Reneau. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M.D.

1. Tho' sin - ners would vex me, tho' trou - bles per - plex me, A - gainst in - clin - a - tion, Oh!

D.S. fol - lies are o - ver; But one thing is need - ful, and

FINE. *D.S.*

what shall I do? No long - er a ro - ver, my

that I'll pur - sue.

D.S.

2. Vain pleasure is deceitful, and sin is all hateful,
But genuine pleasure in Jesus I find:
This world is a bubble, a life full of trouble;
My thoughts now fly upward, and leave all behind.
3. I hear the bells tolling; and wheels are now rolling;
Some gallant, gay, fair one goes to her long home:
If dead out of Jesus—the Lord will not save us,
And to Him in glory we never can come.
4. Oh! pray for conversion; shun foolish diversion;
Adopt self-denial, and take up your cross:
These do for a season, and use your own reason,
And you will see clearly you suffer no loss.
5. Your time is a treasure (there's none in vain pleasure),
Then look up to Jesus with faith's steadfast eye:
Oh, haste to be believe in the crucified Savior,
For time flies apace, and eternity's night!
6. My soul starts with wonder, to think how God's thunder
Will shake all creation at Gabriel's call!
When time is no longer, the aged and younger,
Before the great Judge, in their trouble, will fall.
7. The Judgment decided, friends now are divided,
And all the ungodly are turned into hell:
But glory to Jesus! believing, He'll save us,
With angels in glory His praises to swell.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1747.

EDMUND OLIVER BECKUM, of Stellaville, Ga, Jan. 28th, 1878.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev' - ry soul be Je - sus' guest; Ye need not one be

2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all: Come, all the world; come,

left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.

sin - ner, thou; All things in Christ are read - y now.

3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppress,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor and maim'd, ye halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
4. Come, and partake the gospel feast;
He sav'd from sin; in Jesus rest:
Oh taste the goodness of your God,
And eat His flesh, and drink His blood!
5. Ye vagrant souls, on you I call;
(Oh that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all may now be justified;
Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.
6. My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
Oh let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain!
7. His love is mighty to compel;
His conq'ring love consent to feel;
Yield to His love's resistless pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.
8. See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
9. This is the time; no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at His call,
And live for Him who died for all.

WONDROUS LOVE.

Jas. Christopher, 1835. 371

REV. ALEX. MEANS, of Oxford, Ga.

FINE.



1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul! What wondrous love is this, O my soul!



D.S. To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul, for my soul? To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul?



FINE.



What wondrous love is this, That caus'd the Lord of bliss



2. When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down, sink-
ing down;
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside His crown
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside His crown for
my soul.

3. Ye winged seraphs fly!
Bear the news, bear the news,
Ye winged seraphs fly! bear the
news,
Ye winged seraphs,
Fly like comets thro' the sky!
Fill vast eternity,
With the news, with the news,
Fill vast eternity with the news.

4. Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join His praise, join His praise,
Ye friends of Zion's King, join
His praise.
Ye friends of Zion's King,

With hearts and voices sing!
And strike each tuneful string
In His praise, in His praise,
And strike each tuneful string in
His praise.

5. To God and to the Lamb
I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will
sing:
To God and to the Lamb,
Who is the GREAT I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme I
will sing.

6. And when from death I'm free,
I am free, I am free,
And when from death I'm free,
And when from death I'm free,
I am free,
I'll sing, and joyful be;
And thro' eternity
I will sing, I will sing,
And thro' eternity I will sing.

PILGRIM'S LOT. C. P. M.

J. B. Lowry, 1820.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.



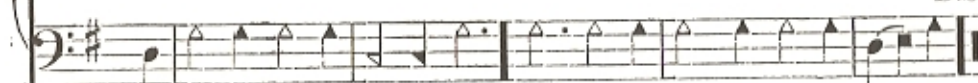
1. How hap-py is the pilgrim's lot! How free from ev'-ry anxious thought, From wordly hope and care! Confin'd to neither court nor cell,



D.S. on - ly sojourns here.



His soul disdains on earth to dwell! His soul disdains on earth to dwell, He



2. This happiness, in part, is mine,
Already sav'd from low design,
From ev'ry creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
3. The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
4. I have no babes to hold me here:
But children, more securely dear,
For mine I humbly claim;
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples Divine, of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.
5. No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor, way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
- Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
6. Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
7. There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
8. I come,—Thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heav'nly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end:
Now, Oh my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast!

CAMP-MEETING FAREWELL. 11s.

373

REV. ALEXANDER MEANS, A. M., M. D., D. D., LL. D., of Oxford, Ga., Methodist minister.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

| 1st. | 2d *f* FINE. | D.S.

1. How swift - ly the years of our pil - grim - age fly,
 As weeks, months and sea - sons roll si - lent
 2. The right - eous, and wick - ed, moveswift - ly a - long,
 In crowds to the grave, both the old and

ly by! Our days are soon num - ber'd and death sounds the knell; We
 the young: The good rise to heav - en, the bad sink to hell; They

D.S. scarce know our friends till we bid them fare-well!
 D.S. take, on life's verge, an e - ter - nal fare-well!

| 1st. | 2d *f* FINE. | D.S.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3. Oh God! are the nations all bound for the tomb?
 Must hard hearted sinners soon meet their dread doom?
 Save, save, great Redeemer! Oh break the sad spell!
 Forgive, and prepare them to bid earth farewell!</p> <p>4. Farewell, fellow-sinners, we're free from your blood;
 Our message delivered, we leave you with God:
 We've begged and persuaded, but cannot compel;
 Till Judgment-Day, therefore, we bid you farewell.</p> <p>5. Oh, think on the scenes which await you in death;
 The cold, clammy sweat, and the quick, panting breath;
 The winding sheet, coffin, and slow-tolling bell;
 Your last, solemn, fearful, eternal farewell!</p> | <p>6. To you, fellow christians, I turn with delight:
 The grave cannot harm you; your prospects are bright
 Be faithful and humble; temptations repel:
 You'll soon leave the world with a smiling farewell.</p> <p>7. Farewell, then, my brethren, in body we part,
 But one common Savior unites us in heart:
 Thro' grace we will conquer the world, flesh and hell,
 And then bid the earth a triumphant farewell.</p> <p>8. Farewell to its labors—farewell to its cares—
 Its thousand misfortunes, temptations and snares:
 We'll mount on faith's pinions, with angels to dwell,
 Where saints never hear the sad, parting farewell.</p> |
|--|---|

HOME OF THE SOUL. 12s & 8s. Anapæstic.

MRB. ELLEN H. GATES.

From "Hallowed Songs," by per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS, author of the book and the tune.

♩ Refrain after the D.S.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far-a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-ter-ing strand,

D.S. Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand,

1st time. REFRAIN.

The mi, FINE, as a half note.

While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

FINE.

2. O that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper-walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between that fair city and me.—*Rep.*, Between, etc.
3. There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
And no death ever enters the city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.—*Rep.*
4. That unchangeable home is for you, and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
—*Rep.*, And He holdeth, etc.
5. O how sweet it will 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.—*Rep.*

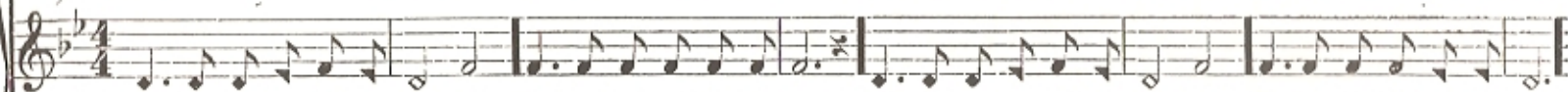
"Now I saw, in my Dream, that these two men went in at the Gate; and lo! as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put upon them that shone like Gold. There was also that met them with Harps and Crowns; and they gave them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard, in my Dream, that all the bells of the city rung again for joy, and it was said unto them: 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord!' Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold! the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with Crowns on their heads, and Palms in their hands, and harps to sing praises withal. After that they shut the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, Moravian, of Sheffield, England.

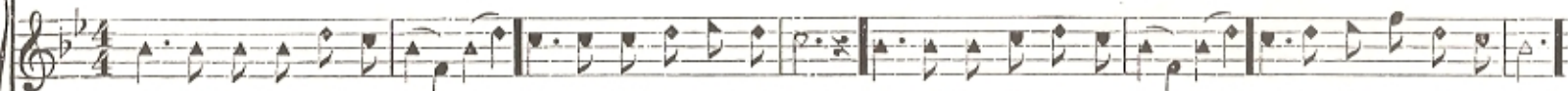
W. L. MONTAGUE, of Richmond, Va.



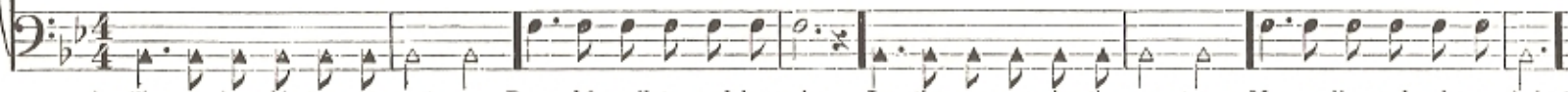
1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now proclaim Mes - si - ah's birth;



2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yonder is the heav'nly light:



3. Saints, be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watching long in hope and fear, Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In his tem - ple shall ap - pear!



4. Sin - ners, bowed in true re - pent - ance, Doomed for guilt to end - less pains, Jus - tice now re - vokes the sen - tence; Mercy calls you; break your chains!

CHORUS.



Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new - born King. Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new - born King.



REV. THOS. OLIVERS, of England.

WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. Tho' na - ture's strength de - cay, And earth and hell with - stand, To Ca - naan's bounds I urge my way, At His com - mand:

2. The good - ly land I see, With peace and plen - ty blest; A land of sa - cred lib - er - ty, And end - less rest:

The wa - try deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view, And thro' the howl - ing wil - der - ness, My way pur - sue.

There milk and hon - ey flow, And oil and wine a - bound, And trees of life for - ev - er grow, With mer - cy crown'd.

3. There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious with the saints in light,
Forever reigns.

4. He keeps His own secure;
He guards them by His side;
Arrays in garments, white and clean,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

5. Before the Great Three One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done,
Thro' all the land;
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing tune,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

1st half verse by Wm. HAUSER, M.D., July 16th, 1853, on the fly-leaf of a highly prized German dictionary. The other verses, March 29th, 1870. Wm. HAUSER, M.D.

FINE.



1. Praise to God for ev' - ry bless - ing! Praise, for use - ful knowl - edge giv'n!
 May my soul, His love pos - sess - ing, Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n! While life's jour - ney I'm pur -



D.C. May my soul, the Sa - vior view - ing, Fol - low Him, my heav'n - ly Friend!

FINE.



D.C.

su - ing, Mov - ing on - ward to my end,



D.C.

2. And when death's cold arms are round me
 May His peace my spirit cheer!
 May the angel guards surround me,
 And my soul to Jesus bear!
 There I'll see Him; there, forever,
 Sing with those who loved Him here:
 Sin, and strife, and pain can never
 Mar our rich enjoyments there.
3. Children, sing, and praise the Savior;
 Love and serve Him all your days;
 He will guide you, by His favor,
 Into all His happy ways.
 When the toils of life are over,
 Ended all its bitter strife,
 Christ will be your Friend forever;
 Bless you with eternal life.

ZION.

KELLY.

1. On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands;
 Mourning captive,
 God Himself shall loose thy bands.
2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
 Cease thy mourning;
 Zion still is well beloved.
3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
 He Himself appears thy Friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee:
 Here their boasts and triumphs end:
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King shall surely send.
4. Enemies no more shall trouble;
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
 For thy shame shalt thou have double,
 In thy Maker's favor bless'd;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

To-day, July 24, 1878, I end the music of my OLIVE LEAF; and to Thee, O Thou Holy Triune God, I dedicate it all. Amen! LAUS DEO! Wm. HAUSER, M. D.

SUPPLEMENT.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1742.

LENOX. Hexameter Metre.

Lewis
JONATHAN EDSON, 1783.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my

Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.

Be - fore the throne my

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, Oh forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

4. The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning 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.

Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.

Have been unable to learn who wrote the first three beautiful verses. Welcome to Sunday.

FRED. SCHNEIDER.

1. Welcome, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest!
I hail thy kind re-turn,— Lord, make these mo-ments blest!

From the low train of mor-tal toys, I soar to reach im-

I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

mor-tal joys; I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.


I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.

2. Now let the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace!
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face:
Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
3. Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs!
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours!
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulg'd in vain
4. Come, Holy Spirit, fill
My soul, on this glad day:
My ev'ry sickness heal;
Take all my sins away:
Then shall I love my gracious God,
And spread His honors all abroad.
5. O blessed Holy Ghost,
Make all my nature pure!
Let me in Thee be lost,
And know I am secure:
Then shall I love with all my heart,
And bear in all Thy will a part.
6. Spirit of Pentecost,
Oh fill me, on this day!
In Thee I would be lost,
And serve Thee ev'ry day:
Father, my soul and spirit take,
And make me pure for Jesus' sake!


The last three verses (I deliberately avoid calling them stanzas) by Wm. Hansen, M. D. July 2d, 1878.

ZION. 8s & 7s.

KELLY. But who was Kelly that wrote so noble a hymn as this? Hymnologists are culpably careless about the names of writers. DR. THOS. HASTINGS, Presbyterian Elder of New York. Undoubtedly one of the best and noblest men that ever blessed America.




1. On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing— Zi-on long in hos-tile lands! Mourning cap-tive, God Himself shall loose thy bands:



2. Has thy night been long and mourn-ful? Have thy friends un-faith-ful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scorn-ful? By thy sighs and tears un-mov'd? Cease thy mourn-ing, Zi-on still is well be-lov'd.



Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self shall loose thy bands.



Cease thy mourn-ing, Zi-on still is well be-lov'd.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He Himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King will surely send.
4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God, thy Savior, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.
5. Shout aloud, ye sons of Zion;
Sing, rejoicing as ye go;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
Let your joy in Him o'erflow:
Soon His triumphs
All His faithful ones shall know.
5. Soon, with all the host of heaven,
You shall sing in rapt'rous joy,
All your sins by Him forgiven,
Praise shall be your glad employ:
Then with angels
I praise shall be your lov'd employ.

The last two verses by W. H., July 3d, 1878.

REV. WM. H. MUHLENBERG, D. D., a dear blessed Episcopalian minister, of New York. Died 1877.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., July 2d, 1878

1. I would not live al - ways; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid mornings, that

2. I would not live al - ways, thus fet - ter'd by sin, Temp - ta - tion with - out, and cor - rup - tion with - in; E'en th' rapture of par - don is

dawn on us here, Are e - nough for life's woes, and e - nough for its cheer.

mingled with fears; And the cup of thanksgiving, with pen - i - tent tears.

3. I would not always; 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 always, 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. There the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported they greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
6. Now Muhlenberg's gone to the land of the blest;
Among the bright angels his soul is at rest:
While we sing the praises of Jesus below,
He sings them above; and no sorrow can know.

This 6th verse by WM. HAUSER, July 3d, 1878.

PASS ME NOT.

FANNY CROSBY, 1869.

WM. HOWARD DOANE. From "Winnowed Hymns." See also "Pure Gold" and "Songs of Devotion."

1st time. *2d time* *f* FINE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sa - vior! Hear my hum - ble cry! Do not pass me by.
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing,

D.C. While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by!

1st time. *2d time* *f* FINE.

CHORUS. *D.C.*

Sa - vior, Sa - vior, hear my hum - ble cry!

D.C.

2. Let me, at a throne of mercy,
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there, in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief!—CHO.
3. Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace!—CHO.
4. Thou, the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom, in heav'n, but Thee?—CHO.
5. Help me love Thee, blessed Savior,
All my happy days!
Show me, Lord, Thy gracious favor,
Keep, in all Thy ways!—CHO.
6. Here, while Satan's darts assail me,
Help me by Thy love!
And, where heart and flesh shall fail me,
Save with those above!—CHO.

Last two verses by WM. HAUSER, M. D., July 5th, 1878.

WILL YOU BE THERE. C. P. M.

Copied from "Golden Hymns," at DR. BOUCHELL'S, Summertown, Ga., July 20th, 1875.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., July 5th 1878.



1. Be - yond this life of hopes and fears, It knows no change, and no de - cry,
 Be - yond this world of griefs and tears, There is a re - gion fair; No night, but one un - end - ing day:



D.S. Oh, say, will you be there?



Oh, say, will you be there? Oh, say, will you be there?



- 2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin;
 Naught that defiles can enter in,
 To mar its beauty rare:
 Upon that bright, eternal shore,
 Earth's bitter curse is known no more:
 Oh say, will you be there?—*Chor.*
- 3. No drooping form, no tearful eye,
 No hoary head, no weary sigh,
 No pain, no grief, no care;
 But joys, which mortals may not
 know,
 Calm, like a river, ever flow:
 Oh say, will you be there?—*Chor.*
- 4. Our Savior, once a mortal child,
 As mortal man, by man revil'd,
 There, many crowns doth wear;
 While thousand thousands swell the
 strain
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain:
 Oh say, will you be there?—*Chor.*
- 5. Who shall be there? the lowly here;
 All those who serve the Lord, in fear:
 The world's proud mock'ry dare;
 Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
 Rejoice the narrow path to tread;
 O they shall all be there.—*Chor.*
- 6. Those who have learn'd, at Jesus' cross,
 All earthly gain to count but loss,
 So that His love they share;
 Who, gazing on the crucifix'd,
 By faith can say: "for me He died!"
 O they shall all be there.—*Chor.*
- 7. Will you be there? you shall, you
 must,
 If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
 Who did that place prepare:
 Still doth His voice sound sweetly
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