

1. To go from my home, and from kin - dred to part,— To break up my friendships, af - fects not my heart Like leav - ing that

2. Sweet bow'r! where the vine and the pop - lar o'erspread, I have wov - en their branch - es, a roof for my head: How oft have I

bliss - ful and ho - ly place, where Je - ho - vah has heard, and has an - swer'd my pray'r, and has an - swer'd my pray'r.

knelt by the ev - er - green there, And pour'd out my soul to the Sa - vior in pray'r, to the Sa - vior in pray'r!

3. The early, sweet notes of the lov'd nightingale
My hours of devotion would faithfully tell;
Would call me to duty, while birds in the air
Sang anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

6. His love and His pow'r He will daily impart,
To strengthen my mind, and to gladden my heart;
And when on my death bed, He'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven, in answer to prayer.

4. How sweet were the zephyrs, perfumed by the pine,
The Ivy, the balsam, the wild o'glantine!
But sweeter, far sweeter, the pleasures which, there,
I often have tasted while offering my prayer.

5. But soon I must bid my lov'd bower adieu,
And leave for a region that's distant and new.
Yet, (O blessed thought!) I've a Friend ev'rywhere,
Who will, in all places, give ear to my prayer.

7. There, high in the mansions of glory and joy,
My soul shall be blest with delightful employ—
Be freed from all sorrow, and anguish and care,
And bask in His smile who has answered my prayer.

SOUTH UNION. 12s & 11s. Amphibrach.

MAJ. WM. DENNY, of Guilford Co., N. C. He learned this tune at South Union, a Shaker village in Kentucky.

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

Omit 2d. time.

1. Ho-san-na to Je-sus! I'm fill'd with His prais-es; Come, O, my dear brethren, and help me to sing |
 No theme is so charming, no love is so warming; It gives joy and gladness, and com-fort with-in.

D.S. Je-sus-'s love, which is made known to men. FINE.

D.S.

Ho-san-na is ringing—I'm hap-py while singing—There's nothing so sweet as the sound of His name: The an-gels in glo-ry re-peat the glad sto-ry, Of

D.S.

2. Hosanna to Jesus! He suffered to save us;
 We'll love Him and serve Him wherever
 we go;
 Ascended to heaven, the Spirit He's given,
 To quicken and comfort His children
 below.

Hosanna, forever! His grace, like a river,
 Is rising and spreading all over the
 land;
 His love is unbounded; to all it's extended;
 And sinners are joining the heavenly
 band.

3. Hosanna to Jesus! the soul how it pleases
 To see sinners falling, and crying to
 God!
 Believing in Jesus their agony ceases;
 Their souls are all cleansed in Emman-
 uel's blood:

Hosanna is ringing - O how they are singing
 The praises of Jesus, and tasting His
 love!
 The sound goes to heaven; the Spirit is given,
 And rolls thro' the soul from the man-
 sions above.

JNO. HOWARD PAYNE.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. | 2. | \$

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam,
Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home: A charm from the skies seems to
Which, seek thro' the world, is not

D.S. Be it ev - er so humble, there's

\$

1. | 2. FINE. | REFRAIN. D.S.

hal - low us there; Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

met with else - where.

no place like home.

FINE. D.S.

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call:
Oh! give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

SWEET PRAYER.

MISS LUTTON.

- When torn is thy bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer:
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
- When forced from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections yet cling to the heart!
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
O how heartfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer!
- When Pleasure would woo us from Piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms—
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare;
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.
- While strangers to prayer we are strangers to bliss;
Heav'n pours its full streams thro' no medium but this;
And, till we the seraphs' full ecstasy share,
Our chance of bliss must be guarded by prayer.

CHORUS.—Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer!
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

SAW YE MY SAVIOR? 5s & 7s. Trochaic & Dactylic.

203

Scotch air. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., Sept. 18th, 1877.

1. Saw ye my Sa - vior? Saw ye my Sa - vior? Saw ye my Sa - vior and God? Oh! he died on Cal - va - ry,

2. He was ex - tend - ed! He was ex - tend - ed! Shame - ful - ly nail'd to the cross; There He bow'd His head and died!

To a - tone for you and me, And to pur - chase our pur - don with blood.

Thus my Lord was cru - ci - fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.

3. Jesus hung bleeding,
Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Thro' creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.
4. Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
And the sun refus'd to shine,
When the Majesty Divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.
5. When it was finish'd,
When it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
6. Hail, mighty Savior!
Hail, mighty Savior!
Prince and the Author of peace!
Soon He burst the bonds of death,
And in triumph left the earth;
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
7. There interceding,
There interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died,
(Oh, behold my hands and side)
To redeem them; I pray Thee forgive!"

REV. DR. THOS. RAFFLES, of Liverpool, Eng.

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

Omit 2d time.

1. High in yon - der realms of light, Dwell the rap - tur'd saints a - bove; Hap - py in Em - man - uel's love. Once they knew, like
Far be - yond our fee - ble sight,

D.S. Gloom - y doubts, dis - tress - iug fears. FINE.

D.S.

us be - low, Pil - grims in this vale of tears, Tor - t'ring pain and heav - y woe,

D.S.

2. Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak:
But those days of weeping o'er,
Pass'd those scenes of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.
3. 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' 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;
Lull'd to rest the aching head;
South'd the anguish of the mind.
4. All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose;
There no cloud can intervene;
There no angry tempest blows:
Ev'ry tear is wiped away;
Sighs no more shall leave the breast:
Night is lost in endless day;
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834. Meth. Prot. Hymn-Book.

1. Has - ten, Lord, the glo - rious time When be - neath Me - si - ah's sway,
Ev' - ry na - tion, ev' - ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. Might - iest kings His pow'r shall own,

D.C. Sat - an and his host o'er thrown, Bound in chains shall hurt no more. Mightiest kings, &c.

D.C.

Heath - en tribes His name a - dore;

D.C.

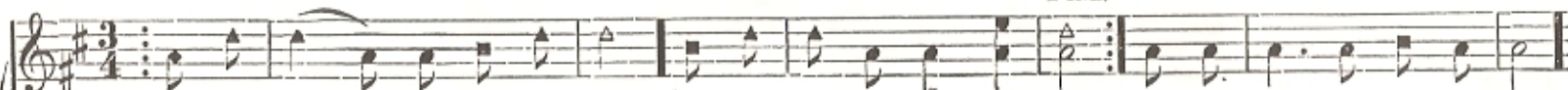
2. Then shall wars and tumult cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record.—
All His wondrous love proclaim.

CHILD'S SONG

REV. C. WESLEY, 1763.

- Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.
- Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not!
Give me, dearest Lord, a place,
In the kingdom of Thy grace.
- Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.
- Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.
- Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heav'nly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.
- Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live, Thyself, within my heart.

FINE.



1. Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee! Let it ech - o o'er the sea!
 Now is come the promis'd hour; Je - sus reigns with sove - reign pow'r: All ye na - tions, join and sing:



D.C. Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more!

FINE.



AMBOY.

*D.C.*

"Christ, of lords and kings is King!"

*D.C.*

1. Hark! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar;
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.
 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign.
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

2. Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banner furled;
 Sheathed his sword: He speaks—
 't is done!
 All the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3. He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens have passed away.
 Then the end:—Beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is All in All.

FAR, FAR FROM HOME. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. Hastings 207

REV. JOHN B. LOGAN, of Indiana.

1. Christ - ian Pil - grim, trav' - ling on - ward, Toss'd on life's tem - pest - uous shore; Dan - gers all a - round a - waits thee,
Dan - gers all a - round a - wait thee,

1st time. | *2d time.*
Far, far from home.
Far, far from home.

2. Fear'st thou not the sore temptations
Which so oft beset thy path?
Canst thou rise secure above them;
Far, far from home?
3. Fear'st thou not the roaring lions?
Will they not thy faith o'erthrow?
Can the grace of God support thee;
Far, far from home?
4. Fear'st thou not Apollyon's forces?
Will they not thy strength o'ercome?
Can thy Captain guard and save thee;
Far, far from home?
5. Fear'st thou not the waves of Jordan?
Will they not thy soul o'erflow?
Can thy Savior still maintain thee;
Far, far from home?
6. None of these my faith can weaken,
Since the Lord is still my guide:
He can bring me off victorious,
Safe, safe at home.

MARTIN BAKER LIBRARY

1. Star of Peace, to wand'ers wea - ry, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the Pi - lot's vis - ion drear - y,

2. Star of Hope, gleam on the bil - low; Bless the soul that sighs for thee! Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low,

ENTREATY.

From "Christian Hymnal."

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Sinners, come, no longer wander,
Turn you from your evil way;
Precious time no longer squander:
Come, come away! | 2. Christ for you His life has offered,
What can you, excusing, say,
If you slight the pardon offered?
Oh, come away! |
| 3. Hold not back in hesitation,
There is danger in delay;
Haste, secure your souls' salvation!
Come, come away! | |

BOOK OF GRACE.

From "Christian Hymnal."

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Book of grace, and book of glory,
Gift of God to age and youth;
Wondrous in Thy sacred story,
Bright, bright with truth. | 3. Book of hope! the spirit, sighing,
Consolation finds in Thee;
As it hears the Savior crying:—
"Come, come to me!" |
| 2. Book of love! in accents tender,
Speaking into such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee! | 4. Book of life! when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above! |

1st time. | *2d time.*

Omit 2d time.

Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.

Far, far at sea. Far, far at sea.

MORNING LIGHT. 7s & 6s. Iambic.

REV. SAM'L F. SMITH, Baptist, of Boston, Mass.

GEO. JAS. WEBB, Swedenborgian, of Boston, Mass.

1st time. 2d time. FINE.

Omit 2d time.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
 The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears. Each breeze that sweeps the

D.C. Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - par'd for Zi - on's war.

Omit on D.C. FINE.

D.C.

o - cean, Brings ti - dings from a - far,

D.C.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us,
 Are opening every hour:
 Each cry to heaven going,
 A bundant answer brings,
 And heav'nly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.
3. See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love!
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above:
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel-call obey,
 And seek the Savior's blessing—
 A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way:
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:—
 Stay not, till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, D. D.,

"Come over and help us." Acts, xvi, 9.

L. MASON; while he was a bank clerk in Savannah Ga., about 1821.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;



2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle—Tho' ev - ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?



3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high—Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?



4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



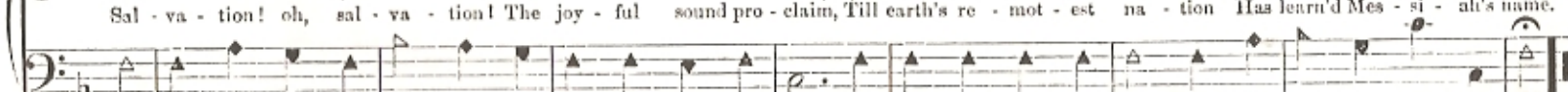
From ma - ny an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.



In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown; The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.



Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.



Till o'er our ran - som'd na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

This noble hymn was written by Bishop Heber, in 1819, to aid the cause of Christian missions. It was sung for the first time in the cathedral of St. Asaph, England, when his father-in-law, the Dean of that place, preached a missionary sermon. In due time the piece floated to Savannah Ga., where Lowell Mason wrote to it his immortal tune, the "Missionary Hymn." Thus, in God's good providence, the Episcopal bishop and the Presbyterian bank clerk became forever united. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."—W. H.

REV. WM. McDONALD, I guess.

Scotch Air, the "Braes of Balquithier."

FINE.

1. Sin - ner, go; will you go, To the high - lands of hea - ven?
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en: Where the bright, bloom - ing flow'rs

D.C. And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting?

FINE.

D.C.

Are their o - ders e - mit - ting,

D.C.

2. Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing.
3. Where the saints, rob'd in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain;—
Shining benighted and bright,
They inhabit the mountain:

- Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.
4. He's prepar'd thee a home—
Sinner wilt thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner come!
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

THE REGION ABOVE.

1. There's a region above,
Free from sin and temptation;
And a mansion of love
For each heir of salvation.
Then dismiss all thy fears,
Wenry pilgrim of sorrow;
Tho' thy sun set in tears,
'T will rise brighter to-morrow.
2. There our toils will be done,
And free grace be our story;
God Himself be our Sun,
And our unsetting glory.

- In that world of delight
Spring shall never be ended,
Nor shall shadows nor night
With its brightness be blended.
3. There shall friends never part,
Nor shall farewells be spoken;
There'll be balm in the heart
That with anguish was broken:
From affliction set free,
And from God ne'er to sever,
We His glory shall see,
And enjoy Him forever.

REV. JNO. A. GRANADE, about 1803.

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

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

1. There is a land of pleas - ure, Where streams of joy for - ev - er roll:
'Tis there I have my treas - ure, And there I long to rest my soul: Long, dark - ness dwelt a -

D.C. But, since my Sa - vior found me, A lamp has shone a - long my way.

FINE.

round me, With scarce - ly one bright, cheer - ing ray;

D.C.

2. My way is full of danger,
But 't is the path that leads to God;
Then, like a faithful soldier,
I'll boldly march along the road;
I'll take my heav'nly armor—
My breastplate, helmet, sword and shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I gain the heav'nly field.
3. I'm on my way to Zion,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand:
Oh come along, dear sinners,
And see Emmanuel's happy land:
To all who stay behind me
I bid a long, a long farewell;
Come now, or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell,
4. The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before!
Oh! how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there?
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair?
5. This stream shall not affright me,
Altho' 't is deeper than the grave;
If Jesus stand beside me,
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's ware.
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale.
Oh shall this Friend be with me,
While thro' the gates of death I sail!
6. Come, then, thou King of terrors,
And with thy dagger lay me low!
I'll sooner reach those regions
Where everlasting pleasures grow:
O Christians, I must leave you,
No more to join your social band,
No more to stand beside you,
Till at the judgment bar we stand.
7. Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll:
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels, come
To execute His vengeance,
And take His faithful servants home.
8. Then, sinners, you'll be driven
Down to the lake of fire and pain,
To scream in flaming sulphur,
And never to return again:
Then, sinners, you'll remember
Who warn'd you of that dreadful end:
The smoking of your torment
Forever upward shall ascend.

DR. WATTS. Ps. 122.

A. WILLIAMS.



1. How pleas'd and blest was I To hear the peo-ple cry: "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal,



2. Zi-on, thrice hap-py place! A-dorn'd with wondrous grace! And walls of strength embrace thee round: In thee our tribes ap-pear,



We'll haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay.



To pray, and praise, and hear The sa-cred gos-pel's joy-ful sound.



3. There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - li - le - an King!
 Thou didst suf - fer to re - deem us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - ior,

D.C. By ,thy mer - its we find fa - vor, Life is giv - en thro' Thy name.

D.C.

Bear - er of our sin and shame.

D.C.

2. Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 All Thy people are forgiven,
 Thro' the virtue of Thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

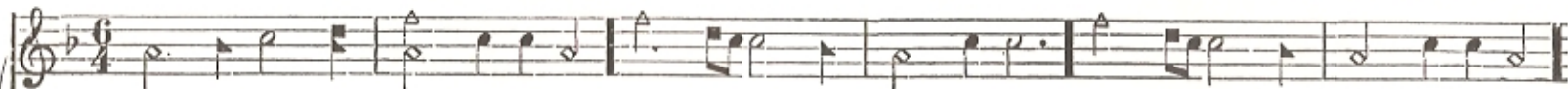
3. Jesus, Hail! enthron'd in glory,
 There forever to abide:
 All the heav'nly host adore Thee,
 Seated at Thy Father's side:
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 There Thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.

4. Worship, honor, pow'r, and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Savior's merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

BARTIMEUS.* 8s & 7s.

REV. JNO. NEWTON, of Olney, Eng. I quote from his book, the "Olney Hymns."

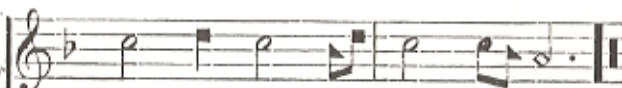
STEPHEN JENKS, 1805.



1. "Mer - cy, O Thou Son of Da - vid!" Thus the blind Bar - tim - e-us pray'd: "Oth - ers by thy grace are sav - ed,



2. Ma - ny, for his cry - ing, chide him; But he call'd the loud - er still, Till the gra - cious Sav - ior bid him:



Now to me af - ford Thine aid!"



"Come and ask me what you will."



3. Money was not what he wanted,
Tho' by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give:

4. "Lord, remove this grievous blind-
ness,
Let my eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw; and, won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5. O! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6. "Oh! that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advis'd by me;
Surely they would hasten to Him;
He would cause them all to see."

* This word is pronounced Bartimeus; not Bartimeus, as many blunderingly do it.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1740.

SIMEON B. MASH, 1834.

FINE.

D.C.

I. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide,
While the bil - lows round me roll, While the temp - est still is high! Till the storm of life be pass'd!

D.C. Safe in - to Thy ha - ven guide! Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

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 staid;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing.

4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

3. Thou, O Christ art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

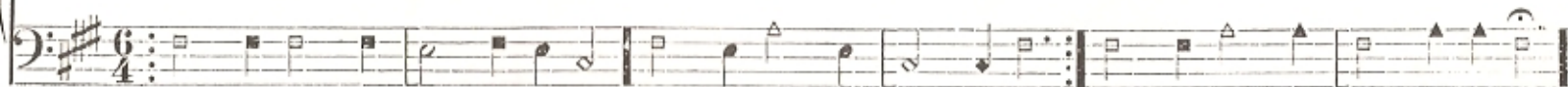
* After REV. HENRY MARTYN, that blessed English Episcopal Missionary, who died at Tocat, Armenian Turkey, October, 16th, 1812.



1. Great Redeem - er, Friend of sinners, Thou hast wondrous pow'r to save;
Grant me grace, and still pro-tect me, Ov - er life's tem - pest - uous wave! May my soul with sa - cred transport,



D.C. And, un - til the sun - a - ris - es, Guide me by the Morn - ing Star!



View the dawn while yet a - far:



2. Oh what madness! Oh what folly!
That my heart should go astray,
After vain and foolish trifles;
Trifles only of a day!
This vain world, with all its pleasures,
Soon, ah! soon will be no more:
There 's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.
3. See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
"Jesus! Jesus!" is their theme:
Hark! they whisper; lo! they call me,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
Lo! I come; earth can't contain me;
Hail! ye realms of endless day.

4. Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours!
Seraphs, lend your glittering wings!
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heav'nly music round me rings:
Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Tho' by faith I now behold you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1747. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. I am indebted for the idea of this arrangement to MAJ. JNO. R. MOORE, of Baldwin Co., Ga.

F *FINE.* *1st time.*

1. Love Di-vine, all loves ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion,
 Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown: Pure, unbound-ed

D.S. En-ter ev'-ry trem-bling heart!

F *FINE.* *1st time.*

2d time. *D.S.*

love thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,

2d time. *D.S.*

*2. Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every trembling breast!
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest;
 Take away our pow'r of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be!
 End of faith, as its beginning;
 Set our souls at liberty.

3. Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return and never,
 Nevermore Thy temples leave:
 Tho' we would be always blessing;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

4. Finish, then, Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

* This second verse is not found in the revised copy of John Wesley's hymn, book, as published in London, in 1874. Some older copy must have contained it from which Dr. Sumners quoted it into the So. Meth. H.-B. "Take away our bent of sinning," in both the So. Meth. H.-B. and the English edition of 1874, was, at first, according to David Cramer, of Baltimore, "Take away our pow'r of sinning;" And this is sound doctrine. (See 1 John, III, 9.—W. H., Sept. 24th, 1877.)

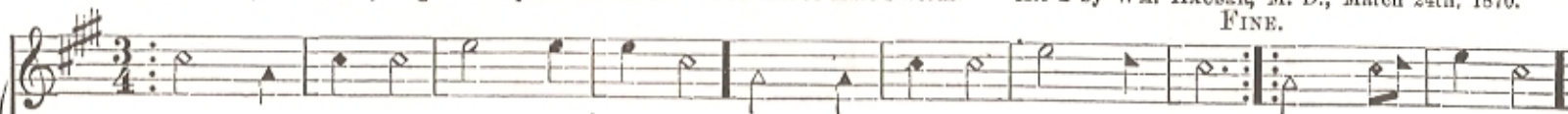
INVITATION TO SINNERS. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Wm Walker

REV. JOSEPH HART, of London, Eng. Some postaster has altered several of Hart's words.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., March 24th, 1870.

FINE.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; He is a - ble,
 Je - sus ready - y stand to saue you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r. He is will - ing;



D.C. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.

FINE.



He is a - ble, more:



2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,—
 Every grace that brings you nigh;
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream:
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is, to feel your need of Him;
 This He gives you,
 'T is the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
5. Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,
 "It is finished!"
 Sinners, will not this suffice?
6. Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
 Pleads the merit of His blood;
 Venture on Him, venture freely;
 Let no other trust intrude:
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
7. Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with His name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE, about 1802.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., and DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

I think he composed the air of the tune also, as I give it here. I must have learned it before 1818. REV. DR. NETTLETON is not its author.

FINE.

1. Let Thy king - dom, bless - ed Sav - ior, Come, and bid our jar - rings cease:
Come, Oh come! and reign for - ev - er, God of love, and Prince of peace! Vis - it, now, poor bleed - ing Zi - on!

D.S. Thy lambs are cry - ing: Come, Good Shep - herd, feed Thy sheep!

FINE.

D.S.

Hear Thy peo - ple mourn and weep! Day and night.

D.S.

2. Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas; none agree:
Jesus, let us hear Thee call us;
Help us, Lord, to follow Thee!
Then we'll rush thro' what encumbers,
Over every hindrance leap,
Undismayed by force or numbers:
Come, Good Shepherd, feed thy sheep!

3. Lord, in us there is no merit;
We've been sinners from our youth:
Guide us, Lord, by Thy good Spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth:
On Thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love our Lord, and Christ, our Savior;
Oh, Good Shepherd, feed Thy sheep!

4. Come, good Lord, with courage arm us!
Persecution rages here:
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd, Christ, is near:
Glory! glory be to Jesus!
At His name our spirits leap:
He both comforts us and frees us;
The Good Shepherd feeds His sheep.

5. Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, "Fear not, little flock:
I myself am your foundation;
Ye are built upon this Rock:
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Scale the mount, altho' 't is steep;
Look to me, and be ye holy!
I delight to feed my sheep."

6. Christ alone, whose merit saves us—
Taught by Him we'll own His name:
Sweetest of all names is Jesus;
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory! glory! glory! glory!
Give him glory, He will keep:
He will clear your way before you:
The Good Shepherd feeds His sheep.

THE GOSPEL SHIP, No. 1. 8s & 7s.

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Meth. Prot. "Revival Hymns," p. 284.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., Wednesday night, March 30th, 1870.

CHORUS.



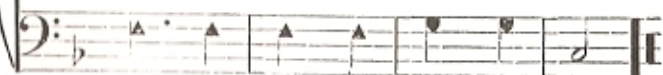
1. Long the gos - pel ship's been sail - ing, Bound for Ca - nuan's peace - ful shore:
All who will set out for glo - ry Come and wel - come, rich and poor! "Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah!"



D.C. See the bliss - ful port of glo - ry O - pen to each faith - ful eye!



Hear the sail - ors loud - ly cry;



2. Thousands she has safely landed
Far beyond this earthly shore!
Thousands now are sailing thither,
Yet there 's room for thousands more.—**CHO.**
3. Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of Gospel grace,
Carrying ev'ry faithful trav'ler,
To the glorious hiding place!—**CHO.**
4. Heav'nly breezes fill her canvas;
Swiftly glides the ship along:
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from ev'ry tongue.—**CHO.**
5. Come, poor sinner, seek the Savior;
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
Then, with us, you will be happy,
Happy thro' eternity.—**CHO.**

From "Christian Harp," by A. S. KIEFFER.

CHORUS.

1. The Gos-pel Ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The Gos-pel Ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore: Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
All who would ship for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glo - ry, Come, and welcome, rich and poor!

All on board are sweet-ly sing-ing, "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb!"

2. She's landed many thousands, thousands,
thousands,
She landed many thousands
On fair Canaan's happy shore :
And thousands more are sailing, sailing,
sailing,
And thousands more are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
—CHO.

3. Take passage now for glory, glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea :
With us you shall be happy, happy,
happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy thro' eternity.—CHO.

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM. 8s & 7s.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1830.

JOHN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, of France.*
FINE.

223

1. Gent - ly, Lord, oh, gent - ly lead us, Thro' this gloom - y vale of tears;
Thro' the chang - es Thou'st de - creed us, Till the last great change ap - pears. When temp - ta - tions darts as -

D.C. Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us; Lead us in Thy per - fect way!

FINE.

D.C.

sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,

D.C.

2. In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

* This poor French infidel fell asleep one day, and dreamed that he was taken to heaven, where he saw the angels of God standing about the throne, and heard them singing this tune. As soon as he awoke, being a musician, he wrote down the tune. Hence it ought always to be called "Rousseau's Dream."—See Rousseau's "Dictionary of Music."

PLEADING SAVIOR. 8s. & 7s.

REV. JNO. LELAND, Baptist, 1799.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. iii, 20.

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

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

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

1. Now be - hold the Sa - vior plead - ing Sin - ner, can you hate the Sa - vior?
At the sin - ner's bolt - ed heart; Will you thrust Him from your arms?

Now in heav'n He's in - ter - ced - ing, sin - ners' part.
Un - der - tak - ing
D.C. Once He died for your be - hav - ior, to His arms.
Now He calls you

FINE. D.C.

2. Sinners, hear your God and Savior;
Hear His gracious voice to-day:
Turn from all your vain behavior,
Oh! repent, and turn, and pray.
Oh! be wise, before you languish
On the bed of dying strife:
Endless joy, or dreadful anguish,
Hangs on the events of life.

4. Come, for all things now are ready;
Yet there's room for many more:
O, ye blind, ye lame, and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store.
Sinner, wilt reject the Savior?
Wilt thou thrust Him from thy arms?
Once He died for thy behavior,
Now He calls thee to His arms

3. Now He's waiting to be gracious;
Now He stands and looks on thee:
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me!
Open now your hearts before Him;
Bid the Savior welcome in:
Now receive Him; Oh adore Him;
Take a full discharge from sin.

ALLEN and SHIRLEY, perhaps. From English Baptist Hymnal.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., about 1850.

FINE.

1. Sweet the mo - ments! rich in bless - ing! Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life and joy, and peace pos - sess - ing From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend: Here I'll sit, for - ev - er

D.C. Pre - cious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead, and claim, my peace with God.

FINE.

view - ing Mer - cy's streams in streams of blood:

2. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion,
Floating in His languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.
3. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

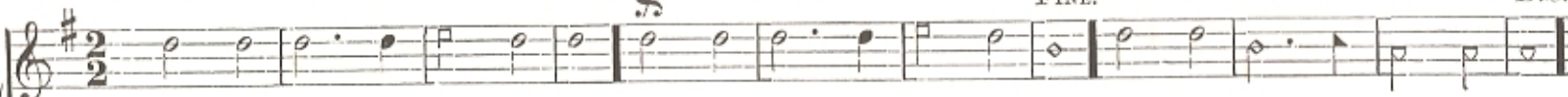
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1740.

IGNACE PLEYEL, born near Vienna, Austria, 1757; died in France, 1831. See JNO. W. MOORE, Encyclopedia of Music.

f

FINE.

D.S.

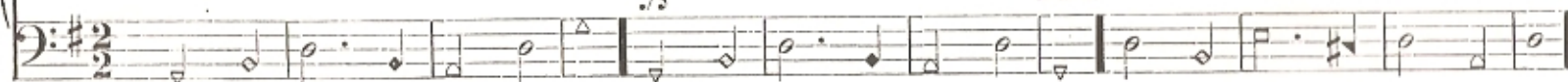
1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my God His wrath for - bear,
D.S. Me the chief of sin - ners spare?



2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro - vok'd Him to His face; Would not hear - en to His calls,
D.S. Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.

f

FINE.

D.S.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>3. I have spill'd His precious blood,
 Trampled on the Son of God;
 Fill'd with pangs unspeakable!
 I, who yet am not in hell!</p> <p>4. Whence to me this waste of love?
 Ask my Advocate above;
 See the cause in Jesu's face,
 Now before the throne of grace.</p> <p>9. Jesus, answer from above:
 Is not all Thy nature love?
 Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
 Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?</p> <p>10. If I rightly read Thy heart,
 If Thou all compassion art,
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
 Pardon and accept me now!</p> | <p>5. Lo! I cumber still the ground:
 Lo! an Advocate is found!
 "Hasten not to cut him down;
 Let this barren tree alone."</p> <p>6. Jesus speaks, and pleads His blood!
 He disarms the wrath of God!
 Now my Father's bowels move;
 Justice lingers into love.</p> | <p>7. Kindled His relents are;
 Me He now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How can I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.</p> <p>8. There for me the Savior stands;
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands!
 God is love! I know, I feel;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still!</p> <p>11. Pity from Thine eye let fall;
 By a look my soul recall;
 Now the stone to flesh convert,
 Cast a look, and break my heart!</p> <p>12. Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my fall lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.</p> |
|---|---|---|

NOTE.—This long and most glorious hymn, which I quote entire from the Wesleyan Meth. Hymn-Book, London edition of 1874, is cut up into several pieces in the So. Meth. Hymn-Book. Americans are always in such a hurry to dash from one thing to another they will not stay at one thing long enough to get the good of it. — H.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1740.

SILAS M. HISSEM. Some harmonic changes by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

1. See how great a flame as - pires, Kin - dled by a spark of grace! Je - sus' love the na - tions fires,

2. To bring fire on earth He came; Kin - dled in some hearts it is: Oh, that all might catch the flame,

Sets the king - doms in a blaze.

All par - take the glo - rious bliss!

3. When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.
4. More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
5. Sons of God, your Savior praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath giv'n the word of grace;
Jesu's word is glorified.
6. Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.
7. Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
8. Lo! the promise of a show'r
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of His love.

DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s. Trochaic.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1763.

A sweet old tune. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. Must be as old as 1818, for I learned it when a child.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child; Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty;

2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Dear - est Lord, for - bid it not: Give me, bless - ed Lord, a place

Suf - fer me to come to Thee.

In the king - dom of Thy grace!

3. Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.
4. Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart:
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind!
5. Let me, above all, fulfil
God, my heav'nly Father's will:
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live.
6. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Savior, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart!

A poor boy in London, whose father had beaten him cruelly, because he would not steal, sang this hymn, and then died.

HEBREW CHILDREN.

229

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 26th, 1874.



1. Where, O where, are the He - brew chil - dren? Where, O where, are the He - brew chil - dren? Where, O where, are the



2. Tho' the fur - nace flamed a - round them, God, while in their trou - bles found them; He with love and



He - brew chil - dren? Safe in the prom - is'd land!



mer - cy crown'd them, Safe in the prom - is'd land!



3. Where, O where are the twelve apostles?
Where, O where are the twelve apostles?
Where, O where are the twelve apostles?
Safe in the promis'd land!
4. They went up thro' the pain and sighing,
Scuffling, scourging, crucifying,
Nobly for their master dying—
Safe in the promis'd land.
5. Where, O where are the holy martyrs?
Where, O where are the holy martyrs?
Where, O where are the holy martyrs?
Safe in the promis'd land.
6. They went up thro' flaming fire,
Trusting in the great Messiah,
Who, by grace, hath raised them higher,
Safe in the promis'd land!
7. Where, O where are the holy Christians?
Where, O where are the holy Christians?
Where, O where are the holy Christians?
Safe in the promis'd land!
8. Those who 've washed their robes, and made them
White in Jesu's blood, and hid them
Where no earthly stain can fade them,
Safe in the promis'd land!

REV. C. WESLEY.

1st time. | 2d. FINE. |

1. Head of the church tri - umph - ant, We joy - ful - ly a - dore Thee; glo - ry: We lift our hearts and
Till Thou ap - pear, Thy mem - bers here Shall sing like those in

Omit 2d.

D.C. And cry a - loud, And give to God, The praise of our sal - va - tion. FINE.

voi - ces, In blest an - tic - i - pa - tion,

2. While in affliction's furnace,
And passing thro' the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows no
days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands, exulting
In Thine Almighty favor:
The love Divine, which made us
Thine,
Can keep us Thine forever.
3. Thou dost conduct Thy people
Thro' torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear whilst Thou art
near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break thro' them
all,
And sing the song of Moses.
4. By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand, at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

1. Death shall not de - stroy my com - fort, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom; Down He'll send some heav' - nly con - voy,

2. Jor - dan's stream shall not o'er - flow me, While my Sav - ior's by my side; Ca - naan, Ca - naan lies be - fore me!

To con - voy my spir - it home.

Safe I'll cross the swell - ing tide.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3. See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream!
Sweet responses still repeating:
"Jesus! Jesus!" is their theme. | 6. Soon I'll gain a full possession;
Faith and hope shall thenceforth
cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean;
Love, the sweetest, brightest grace. |
| 4. Hark! they whisper! lo! they call me:
"Sister spirit, come away!"
Lo I come! earth can't contain me:
Hail, ye realms of endless day! | 7. Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours!
Seraphs, lend your gilt'ring wings!
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers;
Heav'nly music round me rings. |
| 5. Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,
Far above you azure sky,
Tho' by faith I now behold you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high. | 8. Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
Now, methinks, appears in view!
Sinners, could you see my Savior;
You would love and serve Him too. |

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, of Eng., 1841.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 19th, 1874.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,

2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,

3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find:
O Lamb of God, I come!
4. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about
By many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
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 unknown,
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

OLIN. 6s. & 5s. Trochaic.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., 1870 and 1878.

Air by OLIN WILBUR FISK DOUB, of Fersythe Co., N. C., 1870.

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

233

1. Sin - ner, seek the Sa - vior; Seek His gra - cious fa - vor;
 Has - ten to the Sa - vior! He'll your soul re - fa - vor;
 new: Fly from sin and er -ror!

Seek His bless - ed fa - vor; He hath died for you!

I. | 2. FINE.

D.C.

(Je - sus died for you!)

D.C.

2. Wait not for to-morrow,
 "Child of sin and sorrow;"
 Tell the Lord thy sorrow;
 He hath died for thee:
 Sinner, go to Jesus;
 Ask for saving grace;
 Leave thy sins behind thee;
 Seek the Savior's face!

3. How thy sins distress thee!
 Jesus waits to bless thee;
 Leave thy sins behind thee;
 Seek the Savior's face:
 Jesus died to save thee;
 O then seek His face!
 With His love He 'll bless thee,
 Save thee by His grace.

4. Freely He 'll forgive you
 All that's charged against you,
 By His blood He 'll cleanse you—
 Cleanse from ev'ry stain:
 Fly, then, to the Savior,
 Tarry not an hour;
 Seek His pard'ning favor,
 Seek His saving pow'r.

FRANCIS. Sing this while a collection is being taken up.

Quoted from ELDER AMOS S. HAYDEN.

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

1. Praise the Sa - vior, all ye na - tions! Praise Him, all ye hosts a - bove!
Shout, with joy - ful ac - cla - ma - tions, His Di - vine, vic - to - rious love! Be His king - dom now pro - mot - ed!

Him de - vot - ed! To my Lord my all I owe.

Let the earth her Mon - arch know! Be my all to

2. See how beautiful on the mountains,
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss Divine!—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around;
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3. With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to His word.
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every nation,
Gladly join to spread His fame.

NATIONAL PRAISE.

LOVELL.

1. Up to Thee, Almighty Father,
Ancient of eternal days,
Throned in uncreated glory—
Hear us while our songs we raise—
Praise for thy unceasing bounty,
Poured with an indulgent hand;
Praise, for blessings still increasing,
Crowning freedom's favored land.

2. While a nation's heart is leaping,
Mighty in its gushing joy,
May the songs of adoration,
All its grateful powers employ.
Thine, O Lord, shall be the kingdom,
Thine the power and glory be,
Thine thro' endless ages rolling,
Thine throughout eternity!

FINE.

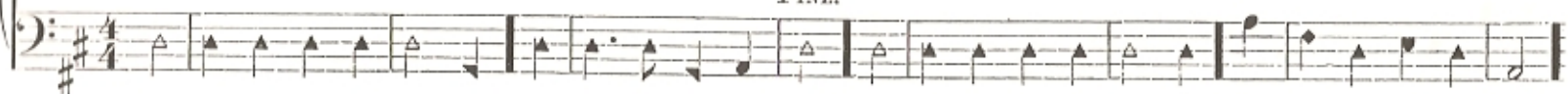


1. There is a land im-mor-tal, The beau-ti-ful of lands; Be-side its an-cient por-tal A sen-try grim-ly stands:



D.C. And mor-tals that pass thro' it, Are mor-tal nev-er-more.

FINE.



D.C.

He on-ly can un-do it, And o-pen wide the door;



D.C.

2. That glorious land is heaven;
And death the sentry grim:
The Lord thereof has given
The opening keys to him:
And ransomed spirits sighing,
And sorrowful for sin,
Pass thro' the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.
3. Tho' dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And, at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed,
From cross to glory's crown.
4. There sighs are lost in singing;
They're blessed in their tears:
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seem'g,
"We welcome thee!" they cry:
Their face with glory beaming,
'Tis life for them to die.

Miss Nancy A. W. Rust.

1. O - ver the riv - er they beck - on me, Lov'd ones who've pass'd to the oth - er side; The gleam of their snow - y robes I see,

2. There's one with ring-lets of sun - ny gold, Eyes the re - flec - tion of heav'n's own blue; He cross'd in the twi - light grey and cold,

But their voi - ces are lost in the dash - ing tide.

And the pale mist hid him from mor - tal view.

3. We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river; yes, over there,
My brother stands ready to welcome me.
4. Over the river the boatman pale,
Carried another, the household pet;
Her bright curls waved in the evening gale;
Sweet darling Minnie! I see her yet.
5. She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
6. We know she is safe on the other side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic stream,
My childhood's treasures are waiting me.
7. For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
We catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—
8. And lo! they've passed from our weeping heart—
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye!
We cannot sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
9. We only know that their bark no more
Shall sail with ours on life's stormy sea;
Yet somehow I hope, on that unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.
10. And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing the river, the hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
11. I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
12. I shall know the loved who have gone before;
And joyfully sweet shall the meeting be
When, over the river, the peaceful stream,
The angel of death shall carry me.

In Bygone Library of Poetry & Song.

SING HALLELUJAH, PRAISE THE LORD. 8s & 6s. Iambic.

237

FROM REV. PETER WÖLE'S "MORAVIAN TUNE-BOOK."

D.C.



1. Sing hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! Sing, with a cheer - ful voice! Ne'er cease to praise, O ran - som'd host;
Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in His name re - joice: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,



D.C. Un - til, in end - less realms of light, Your prais - es shall u - nite!



D.C.

2. There we, to all eternity,
Shall join th' angelic lays;
And sing, in perfect harmony,
To God our Savior's praise:
He hath redeemed us by His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us, the Lamb was slain:
Praise ye the Lord! Amen!

3. Sing hallelujah! Praise the Lord,
All ye who love His word:
Sing praises to the Triune God;
Praise ye the Sovereign Lord:
The Savior's blood was shed for us,
To save us from the bitter curse
That sin inflicts on all our race:
Praise ye the Lord! Amen!

—W. II., August 2d, 1878.

*From Rev. John L. ...
Son in law of Rev. John Bennett.*

SPANISH HYMN. 5s & 6s. Trochaic.

J. R. Plancke.

FINE.

D.C.

1. Hark to the sol-ern bell Mourn-ful-ly peal-ing!
 What do its wail-ings tell, On the ear steal-ing? Seem they not thus to say: "Lov'd ones have pass'd a-way!"

D.C. "Ash-es to ash-es lay?" List to its peal-ing!

FINE.

D.C.

2. Earth is all vanity,
 False as 't is fleeting;
 Grief is in all its joy,
 Smiles with tears meeting:
 Youth's brightest hopes decay,
 Pass, like morn's gems, away,
 Too fair on earth to stay,
 Where all is fleeting.

3. When in their lonely bed
 Loved ones are lying;
 When joyful wings are spread,
 To heaven flying;
 Would we to sin and pain
 Call their souls back again,
 Weave around their hearts the chain
 Severed in dying?

4. No, dearest Jesus, no;
 To thee, their Savior,
 Let their free spirits go,
 Ransomed forever;
 Heirs of unending joy,
 Theirs is the victory!
 Thine let the glory be,
 Now, and forever!

*Miss Lane & Gray,
 1840.*

GENTLE SPRING. 7s & 6s. Trochaic.

239

ALDINE S. KIEFFER, Editor *Musical Million*.

German Air.

FINE.

D.C.



1. Gen - tle Spring is here a - gain, Bring - ing mirth and glad - ness; But my heart is sad and lone,
 And the sing - ing birds have come, Chas - ing gloom and sad - ness: Tho' the Win - try days have flown,



D.C. For I miss the lov - ing tone, Which could bring it glad - ness.

FINE.

D.C.



2. Years ago, her gentle voice
 Fill'd my heart with pleasure;
 And life's lot was full of joys,
 With this single treasure:
 But no joy earth now can give,
 Tempting with the wish to live,
 And I linger but to grieve
 For the dear lost treasure.

3. All alone she calmly sleeps,
 Underneath the willow;
 And the hare-bell mutely weeps
 Tears upon her pillow:
 But her face still brightly beams,
 Coming to me in my dreams—
 Like an angel's still it seems—
 Bending o'er my pillow.

ROCK OF AGES. 6 l. 7s. Trochaic.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

REV. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1778.

FINE.

D.C.



1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,



D.C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure!

FINE.

D.C.



2. Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These 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 eyes shall 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!

MRS. JANE BELL CROSS SIMPSON.

WM. HAUSER, M.D., April 4th, 1870.

FINE. | 1st. | 2d. D.C.

1. Go, when the morn - ing shin - eth, Go, when the sun is bright; Go, with pure mind and feel - ing
 Go, when the eve de - clin - eth, Go, in the hush of night. Fling earth - ly thoughts a - way,

D.C. And, in thy clos - et kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.

FINE. D.C.

2. Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee:
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be:
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim;
 And blend, with each petition,
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

3. Or if 't is e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 The spirit's silent breathing,
 In meekness raised above,
 Will reach His throne of glory
 Who 's Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4. O! not a joy, or blessing,
 With this can we compare—
 The grace our Father gave us
 To pour our souls in prayer.
 When e'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall:
 Remember, in thy gladness,

MY BRETHREN ALL. 8s & 7s. Iambic.

REV. JNO. A. GRANADE. See STITH MEAD'S "Spiritual Songs," and McANALLY'S "Western Harp."

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

1. My breth-ren, all, on you I call, A - rise, and look a - round you! The trump-et calls, from Zi - on's walls:
How ma - ny foes, bound to op - pose, Are wait - ing to con - found you! A - rise and pray, we'll win the day,

D.S. Tho' we are few in num-ber.

Shake off your sleep and slum - ber!

2. Let 's valiant prove, for Him we love,
Confiding in His power;
Resolv'd to die, but ne'er to fly,
This Rock shall be our tower.
Our triumph 's sure, if we 'll endure;
The strife will make us stronger:
The prize of life will crown the strife,
A few more struggles longer.

3. The conflict sore will soon be o'er;
The trump of triumph sounded:
Our armor bright shall, with delight,
At Jesu's feet be grounded.
Then God shall give, and we receive,
The crowns of fadeless glory:
Then we will dwell in heav'n, to tell
Love's all-immortal story.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day; Gen - tly, as life's set - ting sun

2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free,

PRAISE.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1742.

When the Chris - tian's race is run.

Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee!

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Glory be to God above!
God from whom all blessings flow:
Make we mention of His love;
Publish we His praise below! | 4. Build we each the other up;
Pray we for our faith's increase,
Solid comfort, settled hope,
Constant joy, and lasting peace. |
| 2. Called together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's name;
See, with joy, each other's face;
Followers of the bleeding Lamb. | 5. More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till in Jesus we are found,
Of our Paradise possess. |
| 3. Let us, then, sweet counsel take,
How to make our calling sure:
Our election how to make
Past the reach of hell, secure. | 3. He removes the flaming sword;
Calls us back, from Eden driv'n;
To His image here restored,
Soon He 'll take us up to heav'n. |

1st time.

Omit 2d time.

1. There's is a hap - py land, Far, far, a - way;
Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day: O, how they sweet-ly sing: "Wor - thy is our Sa - vior King!"

Loud let His prais - es ring!

| 2d time.

Praise! praise for aye!

2. Come to the happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will you doubting stand?
Why yet delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.*

3. Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by the Father's hand,
Love cannot die:
O, then, to glory run!
Be a crown and kingdom won!
And, bright above the sun,
We'll reign for aye.

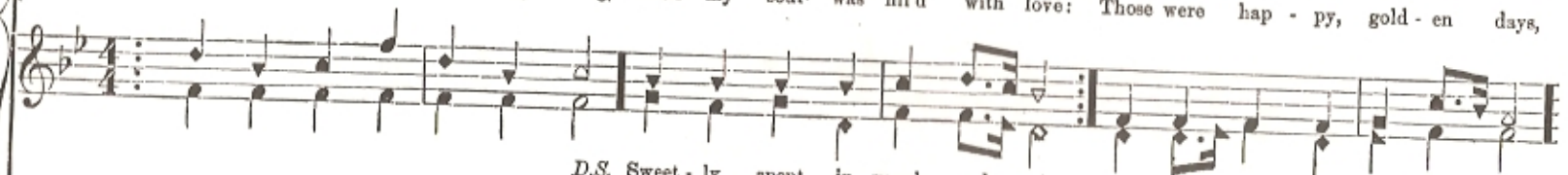
Andrew Young.

* "For aye" means forever.

1840.



1. Once I thought my moun - tain strong, Firm - ly fix'd, no more to move;
 Then my Sa - vior was my song, Then my soul was fill'd with love: Those were hap - py, gold - en days,



D.S. Sweet - ly spent in pray'r and praise.



D.S.

2. When my friends have said: "Beware!
 Soon or late, you 'll find a change;"
 I could see no cause for fear;
 Vain their caution seem'd, and strange:
 Not a cloud obscured my sky;
 Could I think a tempest nigh?
3. Little then myself I knew,
 Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
 Now I find their words were true;
 Now I feel the stormy hour!
 Sin has put my joys to flight;
 Sin has changed my day to night.

4. Satan asks, and mocks my woe,
 "Boaster, where is now your God?"
 Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
 Let him know I 'm bought with blood:
 Tell him, since I know Thy name,
 Tho' I change, Thou art the same.
5. Savior shine and cheer my soul!
 Bid my dying hopes revive!
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive:
 Speak the word, and set me free;
 Let me live alone to Thee!

A young English Methodist Lady, who had suffered great affliction.

MOZART. Alto and tenor by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

FINE. 2d time.

1st time.

Omit 2d time.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en,
Na - ked, poor, de - spis'd, for - sak - en,
All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:

D.C. Yet, how rich is my con - di - tion,
God and heav'n are still my own!

FINE.

D.C.

Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion! All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,

D.C.

- Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them, untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face and all is bright.
- Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain,
I have called Thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 't is not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do and bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven canst thou repine?

1. Hark! I hear the harps e - ter - nal Ring - ing on the far - ther shore,
As I near those swoll - en wa - tern, With their deep and sol - emn roar. Hal - le - lu - jah!

D.S. jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the GREAT I AM! Hal - le - lu - jah!

1st time. | *2d time.* | *D.S.*

Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lamb! Hal - le - lu -

Praise the Lamb! Hal - le - lu -

1st time. | *2d time.* | *D.S.*

2. And my soul, tho' stain'd with sorrow,
Fading as the light of day,
Passes swiftly o'er these waters,
To the city far away.—*Cuo.*
3. Souls have cross'd before me, saintly,
To that land of perfect rest;
And I hear them singing faintly,
In the mansions of the blest.—*Cuo.*
4. Just beyond the river Esbath
Jebu-Salem of my God,
Where the white wave, rising, plasheth
On the shore by angels trod.—*Cuo.*
5. Stop! I see the boatman nearing;
See! the snowy sail is set,
And the oars are floating idly,
And the sail is drifting wet.—*Cuo.*
6. Call my father! call my mother!
Tell them that the boatman 's here;
And another—Oh, another!
Unto whom my soul is dear.—*Cuo.*
7. Call them quick! for I am passing
Thro' the valley of the grave;
I am passing, with the boatman,
O'er the deep and solemn wave!—*Cuo.*

FINE.

D.C.

1. Come, and let us sweet - ly join, Christ to praise in hymns Di - vine: Hands, and hearts, and voi - ces raise!
Give we all, with one ac - cord, Glo - ry to our com - mon Lord! Sing, as in the an - cient days!

D.C. An - te - date the joys a - bove, Cel - e - brate the feast of love!

FINE. D.C.

2. Strive we, in affection strive:

Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God.
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

3. Witnesses that Christ hath died:

We with Him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bonds of death;
We His quick'ning Spirit breathe.—
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly:—
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with Him we reign in love!

4. Come, Thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word:
Humbly stoop to earth again:
Come, and visit abject man!
Jesus, dear expected Guest,
Thou art bidden to the feast:
For Thyself our hearts prepare:
Come, and sit, and banquet there!

5. Jesus, we Thy promise claim:
We are met in Thy great name:
In the midst do Thou appear,
Manifest Thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace:
Thou Thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love.

6. Make us all in Thee complete;
Make us all all for glory meet—
Meet t' appear before Thy sight,
Partners with Thy saints in light.
Call, O call us each by name,
To the marriage of the Lamb:
Let us lean upon Thy breast;
Love be there our endless rest!

LAND OF PLEASURE. 8s & 7s.

249

LADY SALINA HUNTINGTON, 1750.

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

1. | 2. FINE. | CHORUS. D.S.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev' - ry bless - ing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace! O glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! We're go - ing where

Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing,
Call for songs of loud - est praise.

FINE. D.S.

D.C. pleas - ure nev - er dies!

2. Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount!— Oh fix me on it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love!—*CHO.*

3. Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd His precious blood.—*CHO.*

4. Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.—*CHO.*

5. Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!—*CHO.*

6. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart; Oh take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above!—*CHO.*