

The Songs of Zion

THE NEW OFFICIAL HYMNAL

OF THE

Cumberland Presbyterian Church

Authorized:—

1. By the appointment of a Committee on a New Church Hymnal, by the General Assembly at Warrensburg, Mo., May, 1912.
 2. By the adoption of the Report of said Committee by the General Assembly at Bowling Green, Ky., May, 1913.
 3. By concurrence in the final Report of the Editor, and approval of the arrangement entered into with The A. S. Barnes Company, as Publishers, by the General Assembly at Wagoner, Okla., May, 1914.
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Having received the endorsement of the highest court of the Church, this New and Complete Hymnal is now submitted to the Churches in the earnest hope that it may not only meet with their approval, but be used by them for many years to come.

REV. WM. THOS. DALE, D. D.

Editor

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK

Special Contributor



NEW YORK

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1915

Round Note Edition

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BY REV. W. T. DALE, AS EDITOR

PRICE LIST

Songs of Zion

In Round and Shaped Notes

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PREFACE

This New Hymnal, entitled, "THE SONGS OF ZION," is the result of many years of pains-taking research in the field of song, by an ardent and enthusiastic student of church music. This Hymnal had its incipency when the Editor first compiled a collection of Psalms and Hymns in the years 1871 and 1872, under the title of "Songs of Zion," which was submitted to an able Committee, and after a careful examination was recommended for publication. But just then Hymnals with music were coming into use, and so the Editor laid his manuscript away until his book might also be published with the music accompanying the hymns. And so from that time on he has constantly been gathering fresh material for its pages, and collecting the latest hymnals to be had from which to make selections of both hymns and music.

The hymns selected are such as have been in use for the past one to two hundred years, and some few dating back to the early centuries, such as "Shepherd, of Tender Youth," and "Art Thou Weary?" They are full of the spirit of true devotion, and are filled with the sentiment of gospel truth. We have endeavored to select music well suited to express in song the sentiment of the words.

In selecting hymns we have drawn upon such well known authors as Bonar, Cowper, Doddridge, Heber, Montgomery, Muhlenberg, Newton, Palmer, Fanny J. Crosby, Frances Havergal, Charlotte Elliott, Anne Steele, Watts, Wesley, the Scotch Paraphrases, etc. Some hymns of recent date and authorship have also been used that were thought suitable.

The tunes are largely those which have been sung for the past fifty to one hundred years or more, interspersed with some exceptionally fine new music contributed specially for this work. As to standard music we have drawn on such well known composers as Bradbury, Mason, Fischer, John E. Gould, L. C. Everette, Felice Giardini, Handel, Hastings, J. P. Holbrook, Oliver Holden, Geo. Kingsley, Rev. J. B. Dykes, and other well known composers.

We desire to express with deep appreciation the fact that Mr. Charles Edward Pollock, Jefferson City, Mo., has laid under tribute many beautiful tunes set to standard hymns, which we have drawn upon liberally, as we considered the music of a very high order and worthy of a place in the Hymnal. Furthermore, he has manifested a deep interest in the success of the Hymnal. Such unselfish interest deserves more than a passing notice. And it is for this reason that his name appears in the Title Page as "Special Contributor."

Others have also made special contributions, or granted the free use of valuable copyright songs. Among these we desire to mention Mr. I. Allan Sankey, and Mr. Hubert P. Main, of The Biglow & Main Company,

Preface

New York, for the use of valuable songs, Mr. Edwin T. O'Kane, Delaware, O., for permission to use his father's song, "The Home Over There," Mrs. Mary Runyan Lowry, Plainfield, N. J. for permission to use some of Dr. Lowry's fine songs. Prof. J. E. Thomas, of the Quartett Music Company, Fort Worth, Texas, for the use of two fine songs, Prof. A. J. Showalter, of The Showalter Company, Dalton, Ga., for the use of four songs, and H. A. R. Horton, Dallas, Texas, for some fine songs. We may also mention that the Rev. J. S. Boyd, Fargo, N. Dak., placed at our disposal a number of excellent new tunes which we have drawn upon.

We have made every possible effort to ascertain the names of authors and owners of copyright hymns and music, and to give proper credit in each case. If in any case an error has been made, the Editor begs to apologize, and will, if our attention is called to it, correct any omissions in future editions.

Special pains have been taken in the classification of the book, taking care to place each hymn under its own appropriate heading.

The Synopsis; or, Table of Contents, will facilitate the finding of a suitable hymn, on any given subject, or for any special occasion. The Index of First Lines, and Alphabetical and Metrical Indexes of Tunes will be found complete.

The insertion of the text of Scripture upon which each song is founded, so far as could be ascertained, forms another feature of this collection.

We have endeavored to furnish the Church at large with a Hymnal that may be used in all the services of the congregation, thus avoiding the expense of buying a multiplicity of books.

The tastes of the people, both in the town and country, have alike been consulted, and it is believed that a happy combination has been made that will be pleasing to all. The Editor has kept constantly in mind the needs of the Church in the matter of a strictly first class hymnal of high order and merit.

While this work has cost the Editor so many years of laborious research, he has, at no time felt so great an anxiety to get it done, as he has to do it well, his aim being to supply, to the fullest extent possible, a long felt want in the churches of our land.

This Hymnal is published in both Round and Shaped Notes in order to meet the tastes and preferences of all in every section of the country.

And now may the Great King and Head of the Church approve this humble offering to the advancement of Zion and the promotion of the Divine glory, and may it be our happy lot when done with the songs of the Church Militant, to join in the songs of the Church Triumphant, and unite in ascriptions of the highest praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever. Amen.

WM. THOS. DALE, EDITOR.

Nashville, Tenn., December, 1914.

SUGGESTIONS TO PASTORS, SUPERINTENDENTS, CHOIR LEADERS, Etc.

The hymns should not only be announced by the minister, but should be read by him before being sung by the congregation, if the best effect would be obtained. And not only so, but a sufficient number of copies of the Hymnal should be distributed throughout the congregation to allow all to take part in the singing. The Psalmist says: "Let all the people praise the Lord." This they cannot do if they are not supplied with books, or if the choir is allowed to manipulate matters so as not to give the people a chance to sing. We cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of Congregational Singing.

There are some hymns of excellent merit which contain from five to seven stanzas, which should be sung in full in order to get the best results. The habit which many ministers have of calling for "just two or three stanzas," at most, is proving detrimental to this part of our worship. The song does not continue long enough to create any "fire," or awaken any enthusiasm. Let not the effect of the song be spoiled by cutting it short. Better leave off something else. The continuity of thought in the song is often marred by the omission of even one stanza.

To use the language of Chaplain C. C. McCabe, "Let the organist omit all flourishes, all *preludes*, and *interludes*, One blast on the organ to get the pitch, then let choir, congregation and Sabbath School sing unto the Lord. The question is answered at last. The music is majestic. The holy tide of song bears the congregation heavenward. Watch the old saints. Long ago they hung their harps upon the willows, (but they have taken them down.) They are all singing now. Such music will attract sinners. It will help to fill up the empty pews. It will help the preacher to preach."

Pastors and church officials should take the oversight of the singing in their congregations, and see that the most is made out of this part of the services.

In keeping with the style adopted by all compilers of modern hymnals the "Amen," has been inserted at the end of most of the tunes, leaving its use discretionary with the churches, as to whether they use it or not. If properly rendered, the effect is pleasing.

A SUGGESTION TO HEADS OF HOUSEHOLDS.

In the Department of "Family Worship," will be found a variety of "Morning and Evening Hymns," for use in family devotions. Let a Family Altar be erected in every home again, and let the incense of praise ascend to heaven as of old when our fathers sang these sweet songs. We can almost hear their voices yet, as they sang old "Mear," "Arlington," "Rochester," "Dundee," "Warwick," "Windham," "Balerna," "Ninety Fifth," "Zuar," etc. And as we sing let the flame of devotion burn in every heart.

SYNOPSIS, OR TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Nos.		Nos.
GOD, the Holy Trinity.....	1-5	PUBLIC WORSHIP, Praise and Thanks-	
GOD OMNIPOTENT.....	6-17	giving.....	361-380
GOD OMNISCIENT.....	18-21	THE CHURCH, Christ's Body.....	381-395
GOD'S GOODNESS AND PROVIDENCE.....	22-33	THE CHURCH, Her Security.....	396-403
THE SON, His Divinity.....	34-37	THE CHURCH, Character of Her Membership.....	404-411
THE SON, His Incarnation and Birth...	38-53	THE CHURCH, Uniting with the Church	412-415
THE SON, His Life and Ministry.....	54-63	THE CHURCH, Christian Baptism....	416-423
THE SON, His Suffering and Death.....	64-82	THE CHURCH, The Lord's Supper....	424-434
THE SON, His Resurrection.....	83-90	THE CHURCH, The Christian Ministry	435-442
THE SON, His Ascension.....	91-96	THE CHURCH, Laying Corner Stone...	443-448
THE SON, His Exaltation.....	97-101	THE CHURCH, Dedication of a Church	449-454
THE SON, as Intercessor.....	102-105	THE CHURCH, Missions and Growth..	455-476
THE SON, His Mediatorial Kingdom....	106-110	The Millennium.....	477-489
THE SON, His Names and Offices.....	111-116	SOCIAL WORSHIP, Prayer and Aspiration.....	490-509
THE SON, His Excellence and Praise....	117-125	SOCIAL WORSHIP, Christian Fellowship.....	510-519
THE SON, His Second Coming.....	126-132	SOCIAL WORSHIP, Meeting and Parting.....	520-524
THE HOLY SPIRIT.....	133-144	FAMILY WORSHIP, Morning.....	525-528
The Holy Scriptures.....	145-152	FAMILY WORSHIP, Evening.....	529-540
The Fall of Man.....	153-160	Retirement and Meditation.....	541-548
The Gospel.....	161-173	The Sabbath School and Children's Services.....	549-564
Warnings and Invitations.....	174-200	Revival Hymns.....	565-579
Repentance and Confession.....	201-216	Time and Eternity.....	580-586
Faith in Christ.....	217-235	Burial Service.....	587-604
Praise for Salvation.....	236-244	The Resurrection.....	605-610
The Surrendered Life.....	245-256	The Judgment.....	611-617
Taking up the Cross.....	257-262	SPECIAL OCCASIONS, Times and Seasons.....	618-629
The Christian Soldier.....	263-272	SPECIAL OCCASIONS, National.....	630-636
The Christian Race.....	273-278	SPECIAL OCCASIONS, Public Fast....	637-638
Christian Pilgrimage.....	279-295	SPECIAL OCCASIONS, Thanksgiving..	639-640
Christian Resignation.....	296-299	SPECIAL OCCASIONS, Those at Sea...	641-642
In Affliction.....	300-306	MISCELLANEOUS, Popular New Songs,	
In Prospect of Death.....	307-321	Anthems, etc.....	643-699
Heaven—the Christian's Home.....	322-341		
PUBLIC WORSHIP, The Christian Sabbath.....	342-350		
PUBLIC WORSHIP, Love for God's House.....	351-360		

The Songs of Zion.

God, the Holy Trinity.

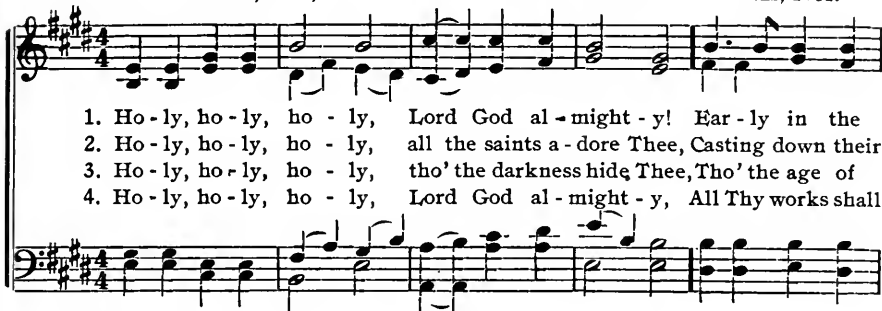
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NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10.

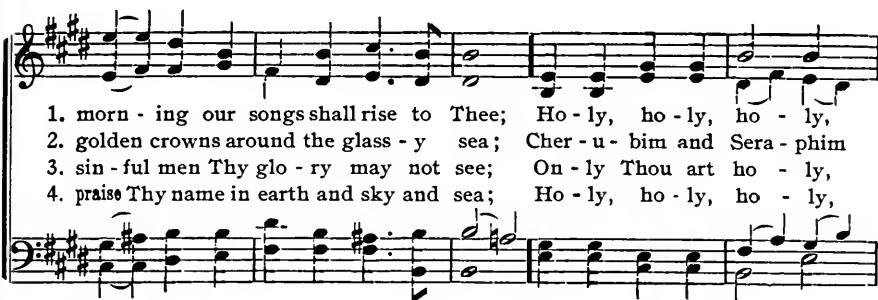
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. 4: 8.

BISH. REGINALD HEBER, D. D., 1827.

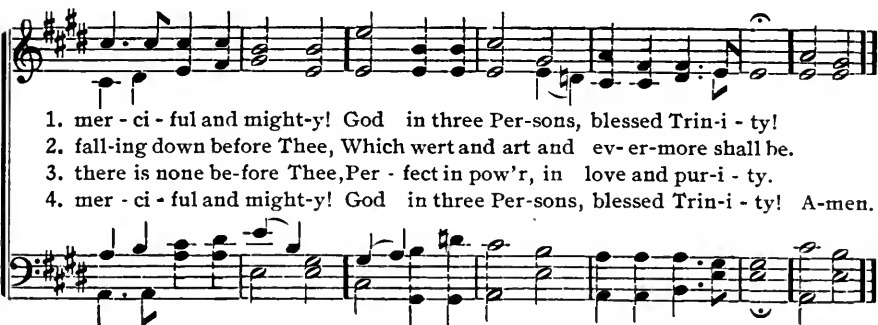
REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1861.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the age of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God al - might - y, All Thy works shall



1. morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
2. golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim
3. sin - ful men Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
4. praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



1. mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
2. fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert and art and ev - er - more shall be.
3. there is none be - fore Thee, Per - fect in pow' r, in love and pur - i - ty.
4. mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1757.

FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769.

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
 2. Come, Thou Incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend, Come, and Thy
 3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort - er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour; Thou, who Al-
 4. To the great One in Three, E-ter-nal prais - es be, Hence, evermore; His sov'reign

1. glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.
 2. people bless, And give Thy Word success; Spirit of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend
 3. mighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!
 4. maj-es - ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and adore. A-men.

3

HAYNES. 7s.*

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1843.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry, Ho - ly Sav-iour, bend Thine ear,
 2. Fa - ther, save me from my sin, Sav - iour, I Thy mer - cy crave.
 3. Fa - ther, let me taste Thy love; Sav - iour, fill my soul with peace:
 4. Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it—Thou One Je - ho - vah, shed a - broad

1. Ho - ly Spir-it, come Thou nigh; Fa-ther, Saviour, Spir - it, hear.
 2. Gracious Spir-it, make me clean; Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it, save.
 3. Spir - it, come my heart to move; Fa-ther, Son and Spir - it, bless.
 4. All Thy grace with - in me now, Be my Fa - ther and my God. A-men.

* Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 13, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

4

DUKE STREET. L. M.

REV. EDW. COOPER, 1805.

JOHN HATTON, 1790.

1. Fa - ther of all, whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found,
 2. Al - might-y Son, In - car-nate Word, Our Prophet, Priest, Re-deem-er, Lord,
 3. E - ter-nal Spir - it, by whose breath The soul is raised from sin and death,
 4. Je - hovah, Fa - ther, Spir - it, Son, Mys-te-rious Godhead, Three in One,

1. Be-fore Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy pard'ning love ex-tend.
 2. Be-fore Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy sav - ing grace ex-tend.
 3. Be-fore Thy throne we sinners bend; To us Thy quick'ning pow'r extend.
 4. Be-fore Thy throne we sinners bend; Grace, pardon, life to us ex-tend. A-men.

5

HENDON. 7s.

REV. C. WESLEY.

REV. H. A. CÆSAR MALAN, 1827.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God the Fa-ther, and the Word, God the Comfort-
 2. One, in - ex-plic - a - bly three, One in sim-plest u - ni - ty; God incline Thy
 3. Thee while man, the earth-born, sings, Angels shrink within their wings; Prostrate ser - a -
 4. Hap - py they who never rest, With Thy heav'nly presence blest! They the heights of
 5. Fain with them our souls would vie; Sink as low, and mount as high; Fall, o'erwhelmed with

1. er, re - ceive Blessings more than we can give, Blessings more than we can give.
 2. gra-cious ear, Us Thy lis-ping creat-ures hear, Us Thy lis-ping creat-ures hear.
 3. phim a-bove Breathe un-ut - ter - a - ble love, Breathe un-ut - ter - a - ble love.
 4. glo - ry see, Sound the depths of De - i - ty! Sound the depths of De - i - ty!
 5. love, or soar; Shout or si - lent - ly a - dore! Shout, or si - lent - ly a - dore!

6

ST. JAMES. C. M.*

Scotch Paraphrase.

Genesis 1.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. Let heav'n a - rise, let earth ap-pear, Said the Al - might-y Lord;
 2. Thick darkness brood - ed o'er the deep, God said, "Let there be light;"
 3. With herbs and plants and fruit - ful trees, The new-form'd globe He crown'd;
 4. Then high in heav'n's re - splendant arch He placed two orbs of light;
 5. The chief o'er all His works be - low, At last was A - dam made;
 6. Fair in th' Al - might - y Ma - ker's eye, The whole cre - a - tion stood;

1. The heav'n a - rose, and earth appeared At His cre - a - ting word.
 2. The light shone forth with smil-ing ray, And scat - tered an-cient night.
 3. Ere there was rain to bless the soil, Or sun to warm the ground.
 4. He set the sun to rule the day, The moon to rule the night.
 5. His Mak - er's im - age blessed his soul, And glo - ry crowned his head.
 6. He viewed the fab - ric He had raised, His word pronounced it good. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." Oct. 5, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

7

DUNDEE. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Eternity of God.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.

1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art Thou, What worthless worms are we;
 2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made;
 3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres-ent in Thy view;
 4. Our lives thro' va - rious scenes are drawn, And vexed with tri - fling cares;
 5. Great God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worthless worms are we;

1. Let all the race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.
 2. Thou art the ev - er - liv - ing God, Were all the na - tions dead.
 3. To Thee there's nothing new appears, Great God, there's nothing new.
 4. While Thine e - ter - nal tho't moves on, Thine un-dis - turbed af - fairs.
 5. Let all the race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to Thee. A-men.

FAIRVIEW.* L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872.

Psalms 8: 1-4, 9.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. O Lord, our Lord, thro' all the world, How glorious is Thy name unfurled;
 2. Out of the mouth of children young, And from the infant's lisp - ing tongue,
 3. When I be - hold the worlds of light, Which Thine own hands have made so bright;
 4. Lo! what is man, that in Thy grace His hum - ble lot should find a place!
 5. O Lord, our Lord, thro' all the world, How glorious is Thy name unfurled!

1. And far be - yond the star - ry skies, Thine own in - fi - nite glories rise.
 2. Thou hast established strength and skill, The bold blasphemer's rage to still.
 3. The moon and stars with brightness crowned, Which nightly course their destined round.
 4. Or what the son of man that he Should thus be vis - it - ed by Thee?
 5. Thy glo - ry gilds cre - a - tion o'er, Let haeven and earth Thy name adore. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 12, 1913. C. E. Pollock owner of music.

HEBER. C. M.

THOS. STERNHOLD, Pub. 1562.

Psalm 19: 9, 11.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.

1. The Lord de - scend - ed from a - bove, And bowed the heav'ns most high;
 2. On cher - ub and on cher - u - bim, Full roy - al - ly He rode;
 3. He sat se - rene up - on the floods, Their fu - ry to re - strain;
 4. The Lord will give His people strength, Whereby they shall in - crease;
 5. Give glo - ry to His aw - ful name, And hon - or Him a - lone;

1. And un - derneath His feet He cast The dark - ness of the sky.
 2. And on the wings of mighty winds Came fly - ing all a - broad.
 3. And He, as sov' reign Lord and King, For ev - er - more shall reign.
 4. And He will bless His chos - en flock, With ev - er - last - ing peace.
 5. Give worship to His maj - es - ty, Up - on His ho - ly throne. A - men.

10

JEFFERSON CITY. L. M. D.*

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

Psalms 19: 1-6.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

FINE.

1. { The spacious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e - therial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O-rig - i - nal proclaim.
2. { Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth, Repeats the sto - ry of her birth,
3. { What tho' in sol-emn si-lence all, Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound A-mid their radiant orbs be found.

D.C.-And publish-es to ev'-ry land, The work of an al-might-y hand.

D.C.-Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

D.C.-For - ev-er singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di-vine." A-men.

D. C.
Th'un-wearied sun from day to day, Does the Cre - a-tor's pow'r dis-play;
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut - ter forth a glorious voice;

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 23, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

11

HAMBURG. L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Psalms 93.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1824.

1. With glo-ry clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord that o'er all na-ture reigus;
2. How sure-ly 'stab-lished is Thy throne, Which shall no change nor period see;
3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, And toss their troubled waves on high;
4. Thy promise, Lord, is ev - er sure, And they that in Thy house would dwell,

1. The world's foundation strangely laid, And the vast fabric still sus - tains.
2. For Thou, O Lord, and Thou a - lone, Art God from all e - ter - ni - ty.
3. But God a-bove can still their noise, And make the an-gry sea com - ply.
4. That happy sta - tion to se - cure, Must still in ho - li-ness ex - cell. A-men.

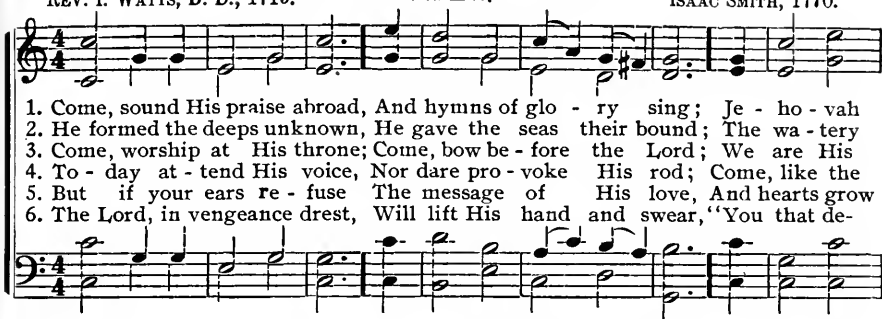
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SILVER STREET. S. M.

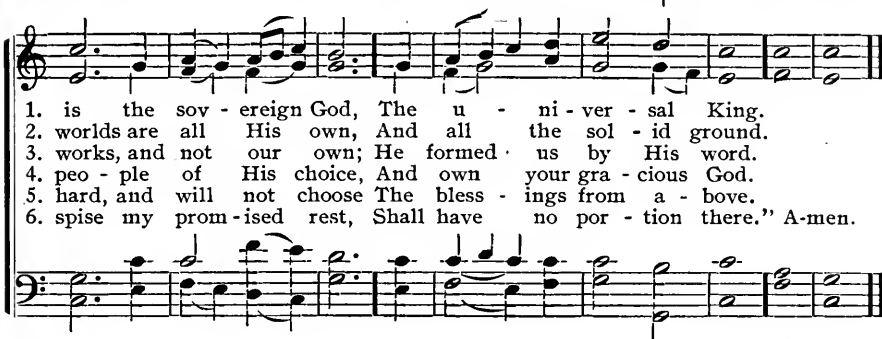
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 95.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



1. Come, sound His praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - ho - vah
 2. He formed the deeps unknown, He gave the seas their bound; The wa - tery
 3. Come, worship at His throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are His
 4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come, like the
 5. But if your ears re - fuse The message of His love, And hearts grow
 6. The Lord, in vengeance drest, Will lift His hand and swear, "You that de-



1. is the sov - ereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
 2. worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
 3. works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
 4. peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God.
 5. hard, and will not choose The bless - ings from a - bove.
 6. spise my prom - ised rest, Shall have no por - tion there." A-men.

13

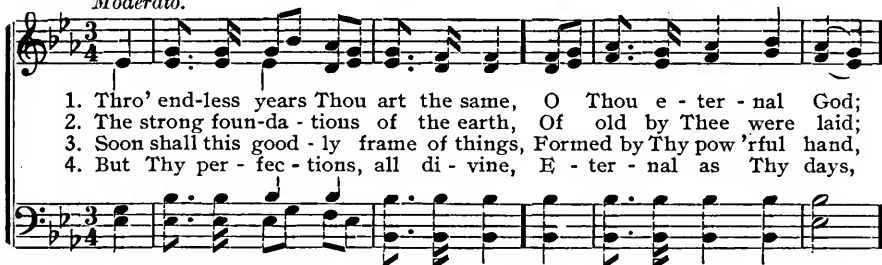
NEW BLOOMFIELD. C. M.*

TATE & BRADY.

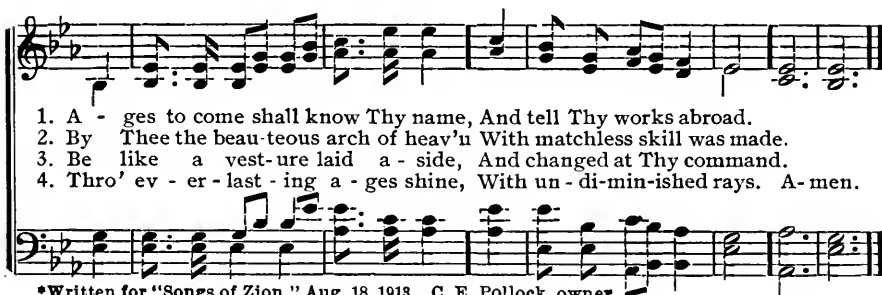
Psalm 102: 24-27.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.



1. Thro' end-less years Thou art the same, O Thou e - ter - nal God;
 2. The strong foun-da - tions of the earth, Of old by Thee were laid;
 3. Soon shall this good - ly frame of things, Formed by Thy pow'rful hand,
 4. But Thy per - fec - tions, all di - vine, E - ter - nal as Thy days,



1. A - ges to come shall know Thy name, And tell Thy works abroad.
 2. By Thee the beau-teous arch of heav'n With matchless skill was made.
 3. Be like a vest-ure laid a - side, And changed at Thy command.
 4. Thro' ev - er - last - ing a - ges shine, With un - di - min - ished rays. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

14

ATCHISON STREET. L. M.*

PRATT'S COLL.

Psalm 103 : 19-22.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. High o'er the heav'ns, supreme a - lone, Th' eternal Lord prepares His throne;
 2. Bless ye the Lord, His glo - ries tell, Ye an - gels who in might ex - cell;
 3. Bless ye the Lord, proclaim His state, Ye heav'nly hosts who round Him wait;
 4. Bless ye the Lord, His works a - round Cre - a - tion with His praise re - sound;

1. O'er all His kingdom He'll ex-tend, Be-yond a lim - it or an end.
 2. Who do His will, who hear His voice, And in His high commands re-joice.
 3. Quick to perform His acts of might, His pleasure your supreme de-light.
 4. My soul the general cho - rus join, And bless the Lord in songs di - vine. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 12, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

15

WARWICK. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 139 : 14-18.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.

1. When I with pleas-ing won - der stand, And all my frame sur - vey;
 2. My flesh with fear and won - der stands, The pro - duct of Thy skill:
 3. And when I count Thy mer - cies o'er, They fill me with sur - prise;
 4. These on my heart by night I keep, How kind, how dear to me!

1. Lord, 'tis Thy work, I own Thy hand, That built my hum - ble clay.
 2. And hour - ly blessings from Thy hands Thy tho'ts of love re - veal.
 3. Not all the sands that spread the shore To e - qual numbers rise.
 4. O may the hour that ends my sleep Still find my tho'ts with Thee. A-men.

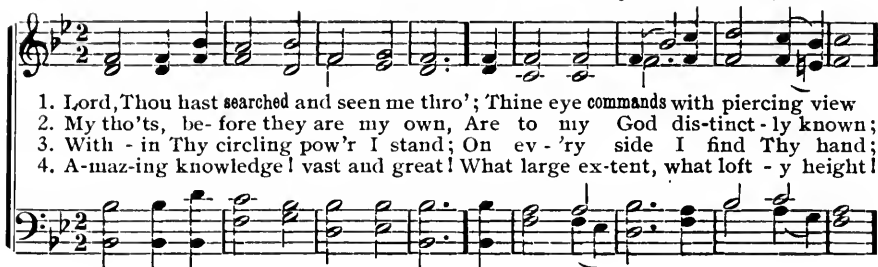
1. Who can re - sist th' al-might - y arm, That made the star - ry sky?
 2. From Him no cov - 'ring veils our crimes, Hell o - pens to His sight;
 3. Firm on the boundless void of space, He poised the stead - y pole;
 4. While nature's u - ni - ver - sal frame, Its Mak - er's pow'r re - veals;
 5. From where the ris - ing day as - cends, To where it sets in night;
 6. Few of His works can we sur - vey; These few our skill transcend;

1. Or who e - lude the cer - tain glance Of God's all - see - ing eye?
 2. And all destruction's se - cret snares, Lie full disclosed in light.
 3. And in the cir - cle of His clouds, Bade se - cret wa - ters roll.
 4. His throne remote from mor - tal eyes, An aw - ful cloud con - ceals.
 5. He compass - es the floods with bounds, And checks their threatening might.
 6. But the full thun - der of His pow'r, What heart can comprehend? A - men.

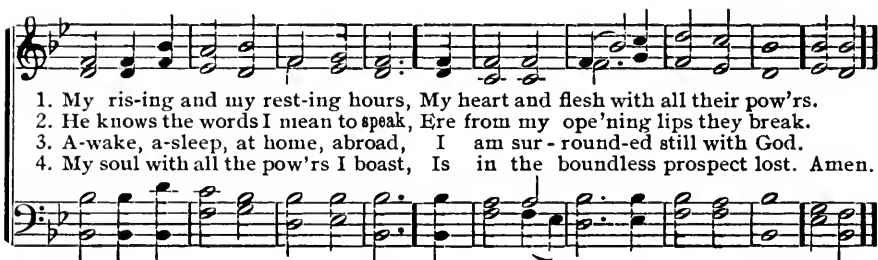
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

1. The God of nature and of grace, In all His works appears; His goodness thro' the
 2. How excellent, O Lord, Thy name, In all cre - ation's lines! Spread thro' e - ter - ni -
 3. Millions before Thy presence stand, Who feel, while they adore, Fullness of joy at

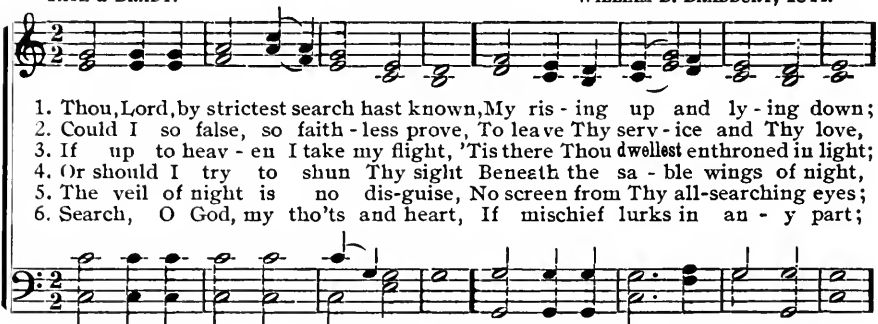
earth we trace, His goodness thro' the earth we trace, His grandeur in the spheres.
 thy, Thy fame, Spread thro' eternity Thy fame, With ris - ing luster shines.
 Thy right hand, Fullness of joy at Thy right hand, And pleas - ures evermore. A - men.



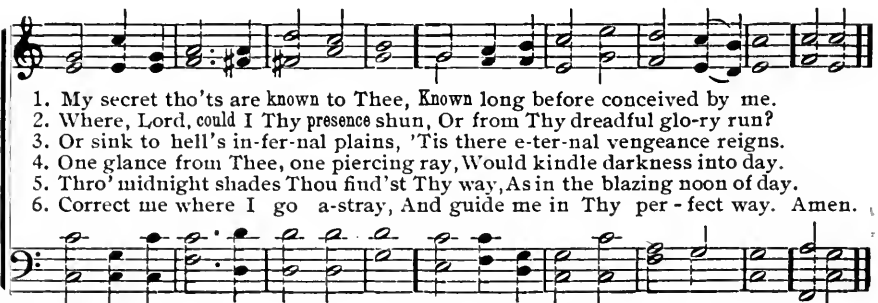
1. Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me thro'; Thine eye commands with piercing view
2. My tho'ts, be- fore they are my own, Are to my God dis- tinct- ly known;
3. With - in Thy circling pow'r I stand; On ev - 'ry side I find Thy hand;
4. A-maz-ing knowledge! vast and great! What large ex- tent, what loft - y height!



1. My ris-ing and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
2. He knows the words I mean to speak, Ere from my ope'ning lips they break.
3. A-wake, a-sleep, at home, abroad, I am sur- round-ed still with God.
4. My soul with all the pow'rs I boast, Is in the boundless prospect lost. Amen.



1. Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known, My ris - ing up and ly - ing down;
2. Could I so false, so faith - less prove, To leave Thy serv - ice and Thy love,
3. If up to heav - en I take my flight, 'Tis there Thou dwellest enthroned in light;
4. Or should I try to shun Thy sight Beneath the sa - ble wings of night,
5. The veil of night is no dis-guise, No screen from Thy all-searching eyes;
6. Search, O God, my tho'ts and heart, If mischief lurks in an - y part;



1. My secret tho'ts are known to Thee, Known long before conceived by me.
2. Where, Lord, could I Thy presence shun, Or from Thy dreadful glo-ry run?
3. Or sink to hell's in-fer-nal plains, 'Tis there e-ter-nal vengeance reigns.
4. One glance from Thee, one piercing ray, Would kindle darkness into day.
5. Thro' midnight shades Thou find'st Thy way, As in the blazing noon of day.
6. Correct me where I go a-stray, And guide me in Thy per - fect way. Amen.

20

DAVIS. L. M.

U. P. VERSION.

Psalms 139: 7-12.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. O whith-er shall my foot-steps fly, Be-yond Thy Spir-it's searching eye;
2. If I to heav-en shall as-cend, Thy presence there will me at-tend;
3. If on the morning wings I flee, And dwell in ut-most parts of sea;
4. Or if I say, to shun Thine eye, In shades of dark-ness I will lie,
5. From Thee the shades can naught disguise, The night is day be-fore Thine eyes;

1. To what re-treat shall I re-pair, And find not Thy dread presence there?
2. If in the grave I make my bed, Lo, there I find Thy presence dread.
3. E'en there Thy hand shall guide my way, And Thy right hand shall be my stay.
4. A-round me then the very night, Will shine as shines the noon-day light.
5. The darkness is to Thee as bright As are the beams of noon-day light. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

21

YONGST. C. M.

REV. J. THOMPSON.

Psalms 139: 1-12.

REV. WM. B. GILLHAM, 1852.

1. Je - ho - vah, God, Thy gra - cious pow'r On ev - 'ry hand we see;
2. If on the wings of morn we speed, To earth's re - mot - est bound;
3. Thy pow'r is in the o - cean deeps, And reach-es to the skies;
4. From morn till noon, till lat - est eve, Thy hand, O God, we see;
5. In all the vary-ing scenes of time, On Thee our hopes de-pend;

1. O may the blessings of each hour Lead all our tho'ts to Thee.
2. Thy hand will there our journey lead, Thine arm our path surround.
3. Thine eye of mer - cy nev - er sleeps, Thy goodness nev - er dies.
4. And all the bless-ings we re-ceive Pro-ceed a-lone from Thee.
5. In ev - 'ry age, in ev - 'ry clime, Our Fa - ther and our Friend. A-men.

God's Goodness and Providence.

22

ARLINGTON. C. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1701.

God's Goodness and Providence.

THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.



1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys;
2. Un - numbered comforts to my soul Thy ten - der care be - stowed,
3. When in the slip - pery paths of youth With heedless steps I ran;
4. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life, Thy good - ness I'll pro - claim;
5. When na - ture fails, and day and night Di - vide Thy works no more;
6. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty to Thee A joy - ful song I'll raise;



1. Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
2. Be - fore my in - fant heart conceived From whom those comforts flow'd.
3. Thine arm unseen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.
4. And aft - er death, in distant worlds, Re - sume the glo - rious theme.
5. My ev - er - grate - ful heart, O Lord, Thy mer - cy shall a - dore.
6. But O, e - ter - ni - ty's too short To ut - ter all Thy praise. A - men.



23

ELDON. C. M.

C. P. COLL.

God's Goodness and Providence. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. God in the high and ho - ly place, Looks down up - on the spheres;
2. He bows the heav'ns, the mountains stand, A high - way for our God;
3. In ev - 'ry stream His boun - ty flows, Dif - fus - ing joy and wealth;
4. His bless - ings fall in plenteous show'rs Up - on the lap of earth;
5. If God hath made this world so fair, Where sin and death a - bound;



DUET or QUARTET.



1. Yet, in His prov - i - dence and grace, To ev - 'ry eye ap - pears.
2. He walks a - mid the des - ert land, 'Tis E - den where He trod.
3. In ev - 'ry breeze His spir - it blows The breath of life and health.
4. That teems with foliage, fruits and flow'rs, And rings with infant mirth.
5. How beau - ti - ful, be - yond compare, Will Par - a - dise be found. A - men.

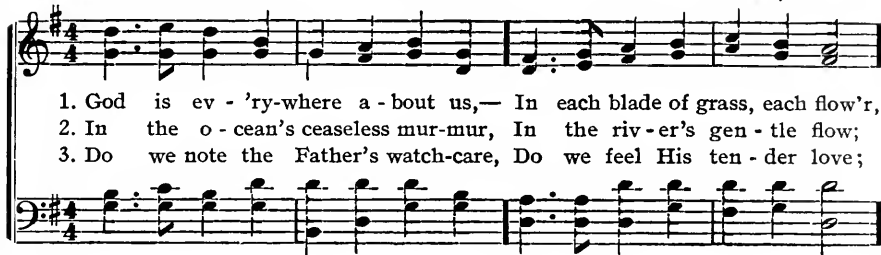


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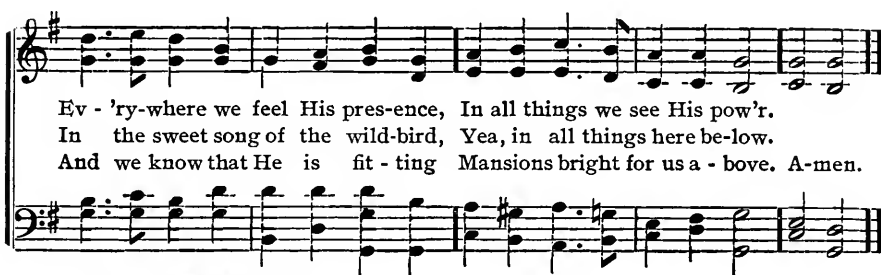
SEDALIA. 8s & 7s.

MRS. FLORENCE N. MURRAY SMITH. Our Father's Love.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. God is ev - 'ry-where a - bout us, — In each blade of grass, each flow'r,
 2. In the o - cean's ceaseless mur-mur, In the riv - er's gen - tle flow;
 3. Do we note the Father's watch-care, Do we feel His ten - der love;



Ev - 'ry-where we feel His pres-ence, In all things we see His pow'r.
 In the sweet song of the wild-bird, Yea, in all things here be-low.
 And we know that He is fit - ting Mansions bright for us a - bove. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

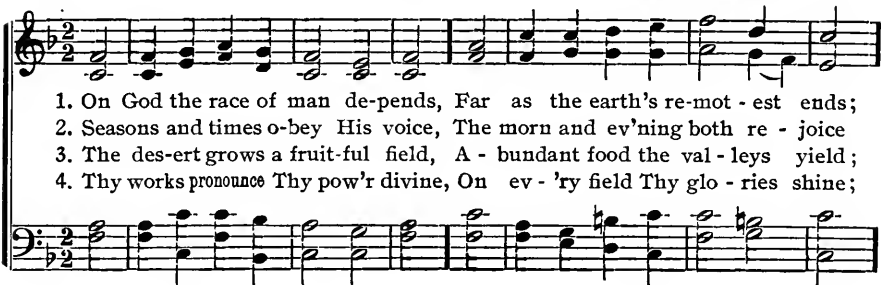
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UXBRIDGE. L. M.

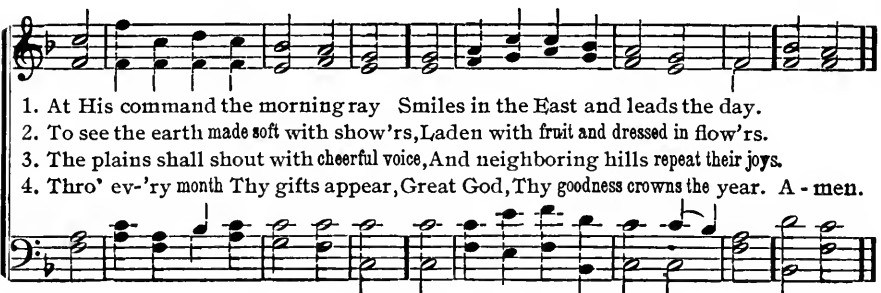
REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 65: 5-13.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1. On God the race of man de-pends, Far as the earth's re-mot - est ends;
 2. Seasons and times o-bey His voice, The morn and ev'ning both re - joice
 3. The des-ert grows a fruit-ful field, A - bundant food the val - leys yield;
 4. Thy works pronounce Thy pow'r divine, On ev - 'ry field Thy glo - ries shine;



1. At His command the morning ray Smiles in the East and leads the day.
 2. To see the earth made soft with show'rs, Laden with fruit and dressed in flow'rs.
 3. The plains shall shout with cheerful voice, And neighboring hills repeat their joys.
 4. Thro' ev - 'ry month Thy gifts appear, Great God, Thy goodness crowns the year. A - men.

26

HOPEWELL. L. M.*

W. T. DALE, 1872.

Psalm 67.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Rather slow.

1. O God, to us Thy mer - cy show, And cause Thy face on us to shine;
 2. O God, let peo-ple praise Thy name, Let peo - ple all Thy praise prolong;
 3. For Thou shalt judge the people right, And rule the na-tions of the earth;
 4. Our land shall then with plen-ty flow, And God on us His blessings shed;

1. That earth Thy righteousness may know, Thy saving grace and way di - vine.
 2. Let na-tions all with glad ac-claim, Rehearse Thy praise in joy-ful song.
 3. Let peo - ple cel-e-brate Thy might, And praise Thy name with sacred mirth.
 4. God, our own God, will good bestow, And all the earth His name shall dread. A-men.

* Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 30, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

27

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

God's compassion.—Psalm 103: 8-13.

W. T. DALE, 1872.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

1. Our God is mer-ci-ful and kind, His love is ver-y great; His an-ger is so
 2. Je-ho-vah will not always chide, Nor still in anger burn, Does not reward us
 3. As high as heav'n's bright arch is raised, Above this earthly frame, So great to those His
 4. As far as east is from the west, He doth our sins remove; And all His dealings
 5. The love and pit-y of the Lord To those His name who fear, Is such as ten-der

1. slow to rise, So read-y to a - bate, So read-y to a - bate.
 2. as we sin, Nor give as we re - turn, Nor give as we re - turn.
 3. mer - cy is Who fear His ho - ly name, Who fear His ho - ly name.
 4. with His saints His love and mercy prove, His love and mer-cy prove.
 5. par-ents feel Towards their children dear, Towards their children dear. A-men.


28

SPRING. C. M.

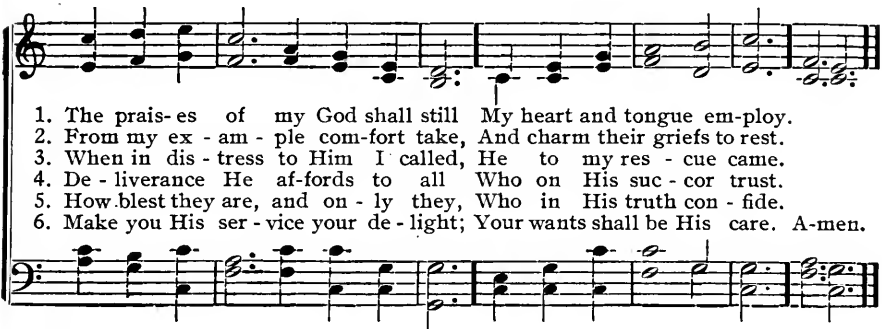
TATE & BRADY.

Psalms 34: 1-9.

L. C. EVERETT.



1. Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In troub-le and in joy,
 2. Of His de-liv-rance I will boast, Till all that are distress'd,
 3. O mag-ni-fy the Lord with me, With me ex-alt His name;
 4. The an-gel of the Lord en-camps A-round the good and just;
 5. O make but tri-al of His love, Ex-perience will de-cide
 6. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then Have noth-ing else to fear;



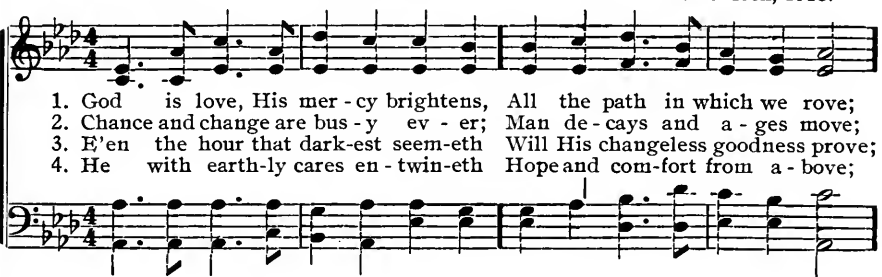
1. The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.
 2. From my ex-ample com-fort take, And charm their griefs to rest.
 3. When in dis-tress to Him I called, He to my res-cue came.
 4. De-liverance He af-fords to all Who on His suc-cor trust.
 5. How-blest they are, and on-ly they, Who in His truth con-fide.
 6. Make you His ser-vice your de-light; Your wants shall be His care. A-men.

29

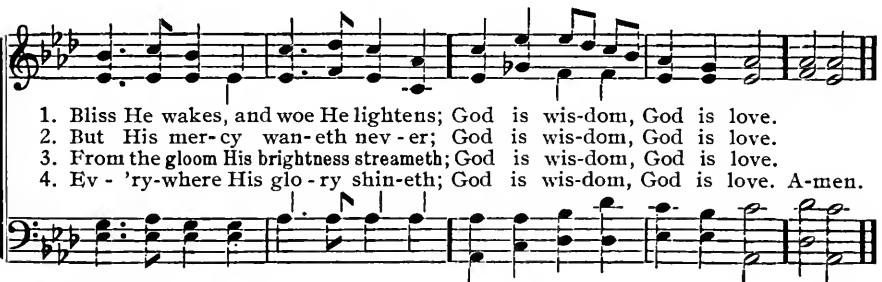
CLARKSBURG. 8s & 7s.

SIR JNO. BOWRING.

"God is love."—I John 4: 16. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. God is love, His mer-cy brightens, All the path in which we rove;
 2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays and a-ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
 4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;



1. Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 2. But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 3. From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
 4. Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A-men.

God's Goodness and Providence.

30

HYDE. S. M.

REV. LANSING BURROWS, D. D.

Matt. 6: 28-30.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. The lil - ies of the field My Fa - ther clothes with grace,
2. They nei - ther toil nor spin, By anx - ious care op-press'd,
3. My Fa - ther, if for these Thou hast a watch - ful eye,
4. For tho' my way - ward heart Doth lit - tle to Thee yield,

1. So that I may in beauteous lines, His love and wis-dom trace.
2. Yet nev - er king, in glo - rious state, Has been so rich - ly dress'd.
3. I know Thou wilt my foot-steps guide, And all my needs sup - ply.
4. Re-deemed by Thee, I am more worth Than lil - ies of the field. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

31

AZMON. C. M.

Hab. 3: 17-19.

Scotch Paraphrase.

CARL G. GLÄSER, 1828. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839.

1. What tho' no flow'rs the fig tree clothe, Tho' vines their fruit de - ny;
2. Tho' from the folds, with sad sur - prise, My flock cut off I see;
3. Yet in the Lord will I be glad, And glo - ry in His love;
4. He to my tar - dy feet will lend The swift-ness of the roe;
5. God is the treas - ure of my soul, The source of last - ing joy;

1. The la - bor of the ol - ive fail, And fields no meat sup - ply
2. Tho' fam - ine pine in emp - ty stalls, Where herds were wont to be.
3. In Him I'll joy, who will the God Of my sal - va - tion prove.
4. Till, raised on high, I safe - ly dwell Be - yond the reach of woe.
5. A joy which want shall not impair, Nor death it - self de - stroy. A-men.

32

POLLOCK. C. M.*

Scotch Paraphrase.

Matt. 6: 9-14.

REV. W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. Fa - ther of all, we bow to Thee, Who dwell'st in heav'n a-dored;
 2. For - ev - er hallow'd be Thy name, By all be - neath the skies;
 3. A grate-ful hom-age may we yield, With hearts re-signed to Thee;
 4. From day to day we hum-bly own The hand that feeds us still;
 5. Our sins be-fore Thee we con-fess, O may they be for-giv'n;
 6. Still let Thy grace our life di-rect, From e - vil guard our way;
 7. For Thine the pow'r, the king-dom Thine, All glo - ry due to Thee;

1. But pres-ent still, thro' all Thy works, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord.
 2. And may Thy kingdom still ad-vance, Till grace to glo - ry rise.
 3. And as in heav'n Thy will is done, On earth so let it be.
 4. Give us our bread and teach to rest Content-ed in Thy will.
 5. As we to oth - ers mer - cy show, We mer - cy beg from heav'n.
 6. And in temp-ta-tion's fa - tal path, Per-mit me not to stray.
 7. Thine from e - ter - ni - ty they were, And thine shall ev - er be. A - men.

*Music owned by W. T. Dale.

33

MANOAH. C. M.

WM. COWPER, 1772.

Rom. 8: 28.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;
 2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill;
 3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take, The clouds ye so much dread
 4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
 5. His pur - pos - es will ri - pen fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour;
 6. Blind un - be - lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;

1. He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
 2. He treasures up His bright designs, And works His sov'reign will.
 3. Are big with mer-cy and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
 4. Be-hind a frown-ing providence He hides a smil - ing face.
 5. The bud may have a bit-ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.
 6. God is His own in-ter-pre-ter, And He will make it plain. A-men.

34

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase.

Prov. 8: 22-31.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.

1. Keep si-lence, all ye sons of men, And hear with reverence due;
2. I was th'Almighty's chief de-light, From ev - er - last - ing days,
3. Be - fore the sea be - gan to flow, And leave the sol - id land;
4. When first He reared the arch of heav'n, And spread the clouds on air;
5. There I was with Him when He stretched His com - pass o'er the deep;
6. With joy I saw th'a - bode pre - pared, Which men were soon to fill;

1. E - ter - nal wis-dom from a - bove Thus lifts her voice to you.
2. Ere He had stretched His mighty arms, The heav'n's and earth to raise.
3. Be-fore the hills and mountains rose, I dwelt at His right hand.
4. When first the fountains of the deep He o - pened, I was there.
5. And charged the ocean's swelling waves With-in their bounds to keep.
6. Them from the first of days I loved, Unchanged, I love them still. A - men.

35

BUNYAN. L. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

John 1: 1-3.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Be-fore the heav'n's were spread abroad, From ev - er - last - ing was the Word;
2. By His own pow'r were all things made; By Him sup - port - ed, all things stand;
3. Ere sin was born, or Sa - tan fell, He led the hosts of morning stars;
4. But lo! He leaves those heav'nly forms; The Word descends and dwells in clay,
5. Mor - tals with joy be - held His face, Th'E - ter - nal Fa - ther's on - ly Son;
6. Arch-an - gels leave their high a - bode, To learn new mysteries here, and tell

1. With God He was, the Word was God, And must di - vine - ly be a - dored.
2. He is the whole cre-a-tion's head, And an - gels fly at His command.
3. His gen - er - a - tion, who can tell, Or count the num - ber of His years?
4. That He may converse hold with worms, Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
5. How full of truth, how full of grace, When in His eyes the Godhead shone!
6. The love of our de-scend-ing God, The glo - ries of Im-man-u - el. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 17, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

BOGG'S HILL. C. M.*

Scotch Paraphrase.

Isa. 42: 1-4.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Be - hold my Ser - vant, see Him rise, Ex - alt - ed in my might;
 2. On Him, in rich ef - fus - ion poured, My Spir - it shall de - scend;
 3. Gen - tle and still shall be His voice, No threats from Him pro - ceed;
 4. The fee - ble spark to flames He'll raise, The weak will not de - spise;
 5. The pro - gress of His zeal and pow'r Shall nev - er know de - cline,

1. Him have I chos - en, and in Him I place su - preme delight.
 2. My truths and judgments He shall show To earth's re - mot - est end.
 3. The smok - ing flax He shall not quench, Nor break the bruised reed.
 4. Judgment He shall bring forth to truth, And make the fal - len rise.
 5. Till for - eign lands and dis - tant isles Re - ceive the law di - vine. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 2, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase.

Phil. 2: 6-12.

SCOTCH PSALTER, 1565.

1. Ye who the name of Je - sus bear, His sa - cred steps pur - sue,
 2. Tho' in the form of God He was, His on - ly Son de - clared;
 3. His great - ness He for us a - based, For us His glo - ry veiled;
 4. Nor on - ly as a man ap - pears, But stoops a ser - vant low;
 5. Hence, God this gen - er - ous love to men, With hon - ors just hath crowned,
 6. That at His name, with sa - cred awe, Each hum - ble knee shall bow,
 7. That all the pros - trate pow'rs of hell Might tremble at His word;

1. And let that mind which was in Him, Be al - so found in you.
 2. Nor to be e - qual - ly a - dored As rob - b'ry did re - gard.
 3. In hu - man like - ness dwelt on earth, His maj - es - ty con - cealed.
 4. Sub - mits to death, nay, bears the cross, In all its shame and woe.
 5. And raised the name of Je - sus far A - bove all names renowned.
 6. Of hosts im - mor - tal in the skies, And na - tions here be - low.
 7. And ev - 'ry tribe and ev - 'ry tongue, Con - fess that He is Lord. A - men.

38

ZERAH. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase.

Isa. 9: 2-7.

Dr. L. MASON, 1837.

1. The race that long in darkness pined, Have seen a glorious light; The people dwell in day who dwelt
 2. To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun, The gathering nations come; Joyous as when the reapers bear
 3. To us a child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv-en; Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 4. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For ev-er-more adored; The Won-der-ful, the Counsellor,
 5. His pow'r increasing, still shall spread, His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard His throne above,

1. In death's surrounding night, The people dwell in day who dwelt In death's surrounding night.
 2. The harvest treasures home, Joyous as when the reapers bear The harvest treasures home.
 3. Him all the hosts of heaven, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.
 4. The great and mighty Lord, The Won-der-ful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord.
 5. And peace a-bound be-low, Justice shall guard His throne above, And peace a-bound below. Amen.

39

FOOSLAND. L. M.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

Luke 2: 8-15.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. When Jordan hushed his wa- ters still, And si- lence slept on Zi- on's hill,
 2. Hark! from the midnight hills a-round, A voice of more than mortal sound,
 3. On wheels of light, on wings of flame, The glo- rious hosts of Zi- on came;
 4. "O Zi- on! lift thy rap-tured eye, The long-ex-pect-ed hour is nigh;
 5. "He comes to cheer the trembling heart, Bid Sa- tan and his hosts de- part;
 6. O Zi- on! lift thy rap-tured eye, The long-ex-pect-ed hour is nigh;

1. When Bethlehem's shepherds thro' the night, Watched o'er their flocks by starry light.
 2. In dis- tant hal- le- lu-jahs stole Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
 3. High heav'n with songs of triumph rung, While thus they struck their harps and sung.
 4. Re-newed cre-a- tion smiles a-gain, The Prince of Salem comes to reign."
 5. A-gain the Day Star gilds the gloom, A-gain the bowers of E-den bloom."
 6. The joys of na- ture rise a- gain, The Prince of Sa-lem comes to reign. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

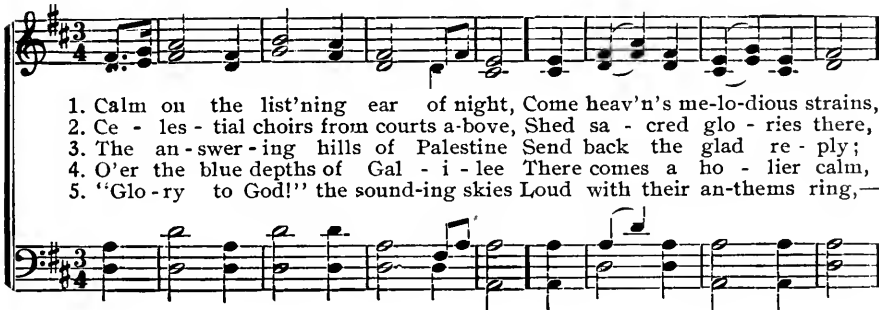
40

SILLOAM. C. M.

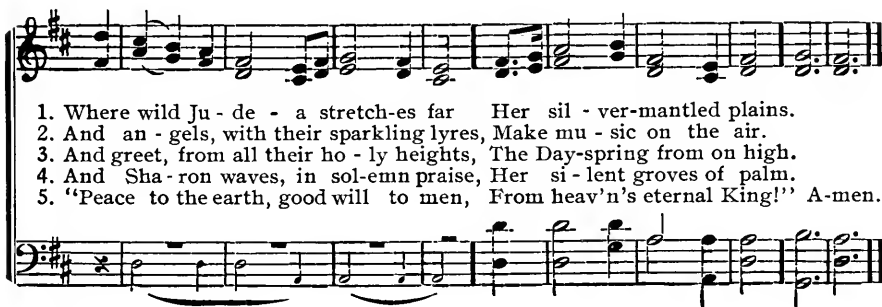
REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1834.

Luke 2: 8-15.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1842.



1. Calm on the list'ning ear of night, Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,
2. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there,
3. The an - swer - ing hills of Palestine Send back the glad re - ply;
4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm,
5. "Glo - ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud with their an-thems ring,—



1. Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver-mantled plains.
2. And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
3. And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The Day-spring from on high.
4. And Sha - ron waves, in sol-emn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.
5. "Peace to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's eternal King!" A-men.

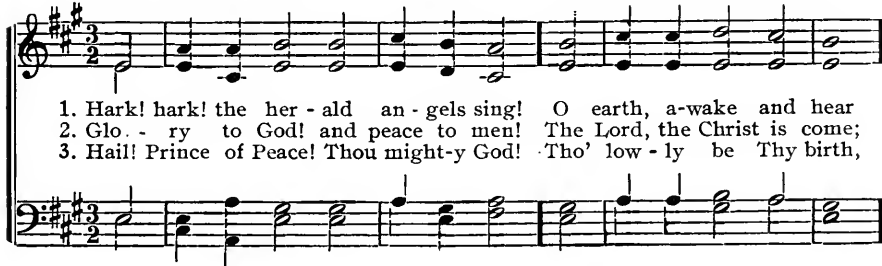
41

AZMON. C. M.

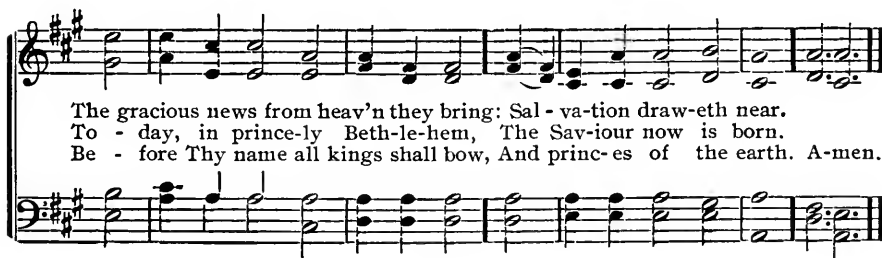
REV. ARTHUR COLYAR BIDDLE.

Luke 2: 11.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828.



1. Hark! hark! the her - ald an - gels sing! O earth, a-wake and hear
2. Glo - ry to God! and peace to men! The Lord, the Christ is come;
3. Hail! Prince of Peace! Thou might-y God! Tho' low - ly be Thy birth,



The gracious news from heav'n they bring: Sal - va-tion draw-eth near.
 To - day, in prince-ly Beth-le-hem, The Sav-iour now is born.
 Be - fore Thy name all kings shall bow, And princ-es of the earth. A-men.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Luke 2:8-15.

Arr. from G. F. HANDEL, 1728.

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground; The an-gel
2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind,—"Glad tidings
3. "To you in Dav-id's town this day, Is born of Dav-id's line, The Sav-iour
4. "The heav'n-ly babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played, All mean-ly
5. Thus spake the ser-aph—and forthwith Appeared a shin-ing throng Of an-gels
6. "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-

1. of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round.
2. of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
3. who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign:—And this shall be the sign:—
4. wrapped in swaddling clothes, And in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid."
5. praising God, who thus Addressed their joyful song:—Addressed their joyful song:—
6. forth from heav'n to men Be-gin, and nev-er cease, Be-gin, and nev-er cease!" A-men.

O'KANE. C. M.*

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Luke 2:8-15.

CHAS. EDWARD POLLOCK.

1. Mor-tals, a-wake, with an-gels join, And chant the sol-emn lay:
2. In heav'n the rap-t'rous song be-gan, And sweet ser-aph-ic fire
3. Swift through the vast ex-pense it flew, And loud the ech-o rolled:
4. Down through the portals of the sky Th'im-pet-uous tor-rent ran;
5. With joy the chor-us we'll re-peat, "Glo-ry to God on high!
6. Hail, Prince of life, for-ev-er hail! Re-deem-er, broth-er, friend!

1. Joy, love, and grat-i-tude com-bine To hail th'auspic-ious day.
2. Thro' all the shin-ing leg-ions ran, And strung and tuned the lyre.
3. The theme, the song, the joy was new, 'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
4. And an-gels flew with ea-ger joy To bear the news to man.
5. Good-will and peace are now complete, Je-sus was born to die."
6. Tho' earth and time and life shall fail, Thy praise shall nev-er end. Amen.

44

SANKEY. 8s & 7s.*

C. P. COLL.

"Shepherds hail the Saviour."—Luke 2: 8-15.

W. T. DALE.

1. Shepherds, hail the wondrous Stran-ger, Now to Bethle-hem speed your way;
 2. Christ, by prophets long pre - dict - ed, Joy of Is - rael's chos-en race;
 3. Bright the star of your sal - va - tion, Point-ing to His rude a - bode;
 4. Glad we trace th'a-maz-ing sto - ry, An - gels leave their bliss to tell;
 5. Love e - ter - nal moved the Sav - iour Thus to lay His ra - diance by;

1. Lo! in yon-der hum-ble manger, Christ the Lord is born to - day.
 2. Light to Gentiles long af - flict-ed, Lost in er - ror's dark-est maze.
 3. Rapturous news for ev-'ry na - tion, Mor-tals now be - hold your God.
 4. Theme sublime, replete with glory, Sinners saved from death and hell.
 5. Blessings on the Lamb for-ev - er, Glo - ry be to God on high! A - men.

* Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 26, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner of music.

45

ADVENT. 8s. & 7s.

REV. J. CAWOOD, 1819.

(For Christmas.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.

1. { Hark! what mean those ho-ly voic-es, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
 { See th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly hal-le- (Omit.).... lu - jahs rise,
 2. { "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found;
 { Souls re-deemed, and sins for-giv-en, Loud our golden (Omit.).... harps shall sound,"
 3. { "Has - ten, mor-tals, to a - dore Him, Learn His name and taste His joy;
 { Till in heav'n you sing be-fore Him, Glo - ry be to (Omit.).... God most high!"

D.C.—Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!

D.C.—Glad, receive whom God appointed, For your Prophet,..... Priest and King.

D.C.—Spread the brightness of His glo-ry, Till it cov-er..... all the earth. A-men.

1. List - en to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy;
 Christ is born, the great A - noint-ed; Heav'n and earth His glo - ry sing;
 Let us learn the won - drous sto - ry Of our great Re - deem - er's birth,

* Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

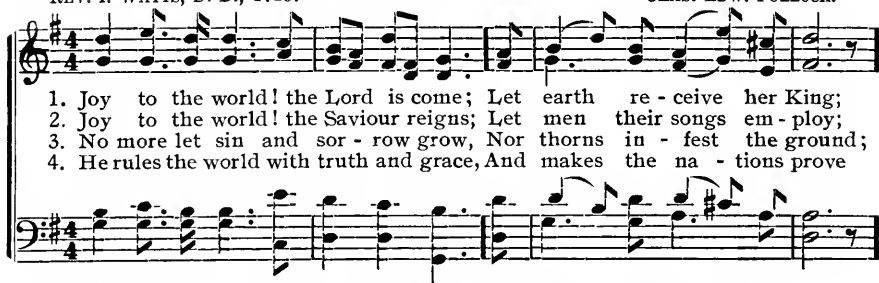
46

STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. C. M.

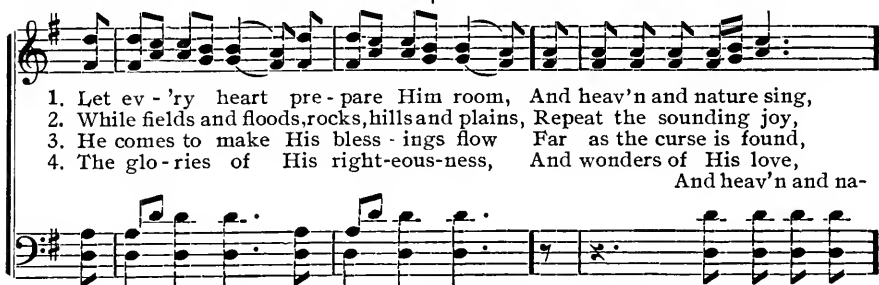
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 98.

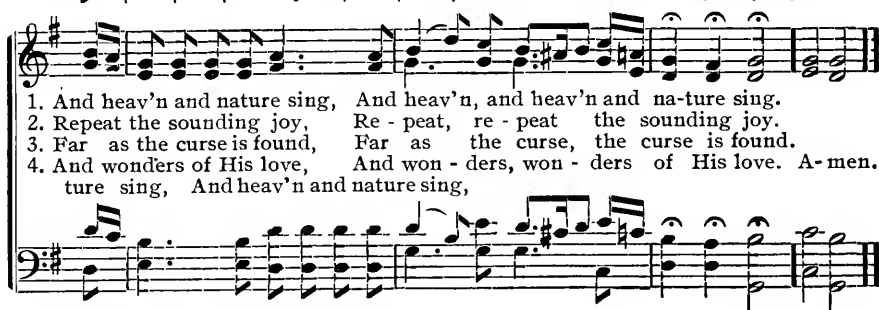
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King;
 2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove



1. Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing,
 2. While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy,
 3. He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far as the curse is found,
 4. The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love,
 And heav'n and na -



1. And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
 2. Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 3. Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.
 4. And wonders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love. A - men.
 ture sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

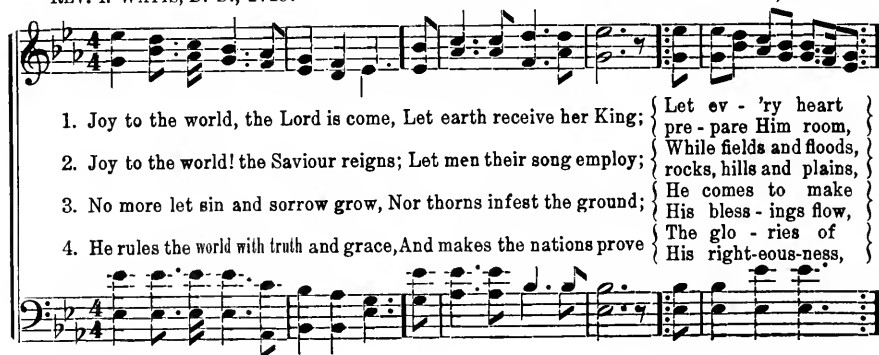
47

ANTIOCH. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

(Second Tune.)

FR. GEO. F. HANDEL, 1742.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth receive her King; { Let ev - 'ry heart
 pre - pare Him room, }
 2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their song employ; { While fields and floods,
 rocks, hills and plains, }
 3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; { He comes to make
 His bless - ings flow, }
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove { The glo - ries of
 His right-eous-ness, }

The Son, His Incarnation and Birth.

ANTIOCH. Concluded.

1. And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
 2. Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 3. Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.
 4. And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, wonders of His love. A-men.

48 BETHLEHEM. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1865. Matt. 2:6. FR. L. H. REDNER. ARR. W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
 2. For Je - sus has been born to - day, And gath - ered all a - bove;
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n;
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

1. A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep, The si - lent stars go by;
 2. While mortals sleep the an - gels keep Their watch of wondrous love;
 3. So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The blessings of His heav'n;
 4. Cast out our sin and en - ter in, — Be born in us to - day.

D.S.—The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee to-night.

D.S.—And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.

D.S.—Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.

D.S.—O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im-man - u - el. A-men.

1. Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
 2. O morn - ing stars to - geth - er, Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
 3. No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 4. We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad - ti - dings tell;

1. { Once in roy - al David's cit-y, Stood a low-ly cat - tle shed;
Where a mother laid her ba-by In a man-ger (Omit.) for His bed,
2. { He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all;
And His shelter was a sta - ble, And His cra-dle (Omit.) in a stall,
3. { And thro' all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and o - bey,
Love and watch the lowly mother, In whose gentle (Omit.) arms He lay,
4. { And our eyes at last shall see Him Thro' His own redeeming love;
For that child, so dear and gentle, Is our Lord in (Omit.) heav'n a - bove;

1. Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle child.
2. With the lowly, mean and poor Lived on earth a life ob - scure.
3. Christian children all must be, Mild, o - bedient, good as He.
4. And He leads His children on, To the place where He has gone. Amen. Amen.

Music owned by W. T. Dale.

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky; There's a mother's deep
2. There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the wonder - ful birth, For the Vir - gin's sweet
3. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges impearled, And that song from a -
4. We re - joice in the light, And we ech - o the song That comes down thro' the

1. pray'r, And a ba - by's low cry! And the star rains its fire, while the
2. boy, Is the Lord of the earth. Ay! the star rains its fire, while the
3. far, Has swept o - ver the world; Ev - 'ry hearth is a - flame, and the
4. night, From the heav - en - ly throng. Ay! we shout to the love - ly e -

Music owned by W. T. Dale.

BETHLEHEM'S MANGER. Concluded.

Rit.

1. beau - ti - ful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King.
 2. beau - ti - ful sing, For the manger of Beth-le-hem cradles a King.
 3. beau - ti - ful sing, In the homes of the nations, that Je-sus is King.
 4. van-gel they bring, And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King. A - men.

51

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

Tune, "Bonny Doon,"

REV. H. K. WHITE, 1804.

Matt. 2: 9.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. When marshall'd on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring hosts be-stud the sky;
 2. Once on the rag-ing seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 3. It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark forbod-ings cease;

F. *FINE.*

One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
 The o-cean yawned, and rudely blowed, The wind that toss'd my foundering bark;
 And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace.


D. S.—But one a-lone the Saviour speaks, It is the Star of Bethlehem.
 D. S.—When sud-denly a star a-rose, It was the Star of Bethlehem.
 D. S.—For - ev - er and for ev-er-more, The Star, the Star of Bethlehem. A-men.

D. S.



Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem;
 Deep hor-ror then my vi-tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 Now, safe-ly moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem,

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.



Arr. fr. MENDELSSOHN, 1840.




1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
 2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ, the everlast-ing Lord; Come, de-sire of
 3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild, God and sinners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,
 na-tions, come, Fix in us Thy humble home; Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
 all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
 Hail th'Incarnate De - i - ty, Pleas'd as man with man to dwell; Je - sus, our Em-
 Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

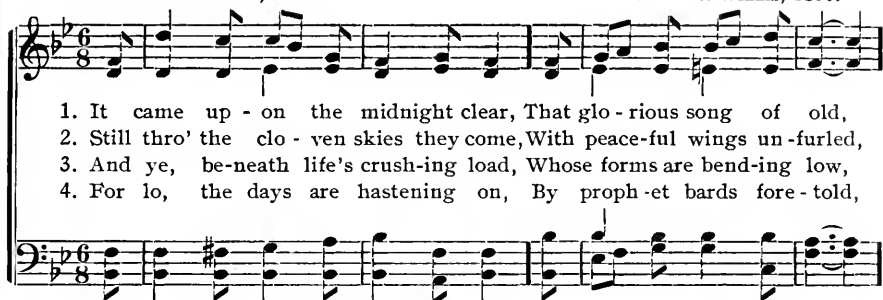



Beth-le-hem."
 man-u - el! Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King." A-men.
 sec-ond birth.

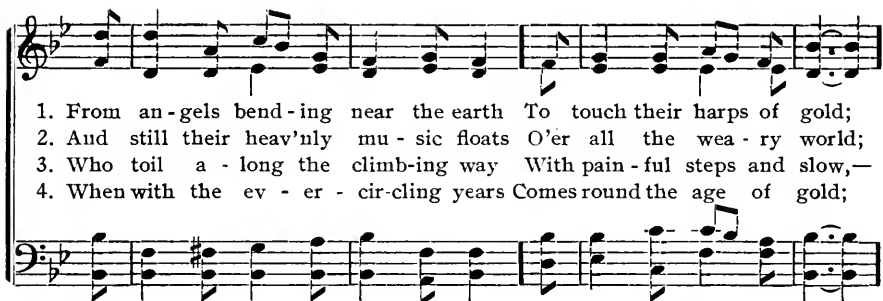


REV. EDMUND H. SEARS, 1850.

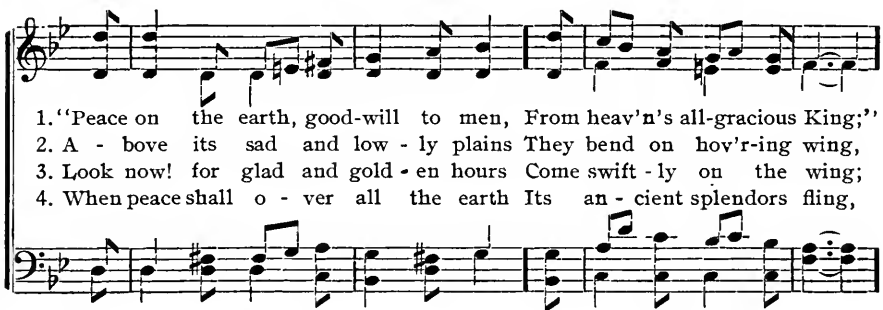
RICHARD S. WILLIS, 1850.



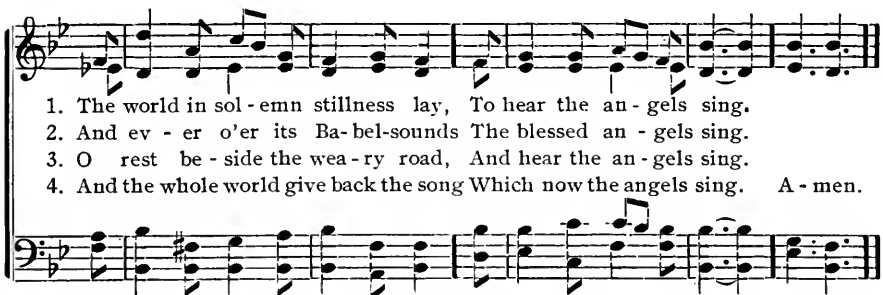
1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
 4. For lo, the days are hastening on, By proph - et bards fore - told,



1. From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
 2. And still their heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 3. Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow, -
 4. When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;



1. "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gracious King;"
 2. A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov'r - ing wing,
 3. Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
 4. When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splendors fling,



1. The world in sol - emn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 2. And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel-sounds The blessed an - gels sing.
 3. O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 4. And the whole world give back the song Which now the angels sing. A - men.

54

TRION. C. M.

REV. THOS. T. LYNCH, 1855.

Miracles of Christ.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. O where is He that trod the sea; O where is He that spake?
 2. The lame and pal-sied free-ly rise, With joy the dumb do sing;
 3. O where is He that trod the sea; O where is He that spake?
 4. Here, here art Thou, Al-might-y Lord! O speak to us once more;

1. And lep-ers from their pains are free, And slaves their fet-ters break.
 2. And on the darkened, blind-ed eyes Glad beams of morning spring.
 3. And de-mons from their vic-tims flee, The dead from slumber wake.
 4. And let Thy healing, quick'ning word, Our ru-ined souls re-store. A-men.

Music owned by C. B. Pollock.

55

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

W. T. DALE, 1885.

Baptism of Christ.—Matt 3: 13, 17.

DR. THOS. HASTING, 1830.

1. The bap-tist by the Jor-dan stood In won-der and sur-prise; While He the Christ, the
 2. But "suf-fer it to be so now," The blessed Saviour said, For to ful-fill the
 3. In ho-ly rite He yield-ed there O-bedience to the law; While John the lim-pid
 4. The glist'ning drops in sunlight shone Up-on His sa-cred crown; Then coursing one an-
 5. The Spir-it, then, ce-les-tial dove, Up-on Him did de-scend; The em-blem of e-
 6. And lo! a voice from heav'n was heard, And there it did proclaim, "This is my well be-
 7. O Thou be-lov-ed Son of God, My Prophet, Priest and King; Help me to spread Thy

1. Son of God, Did sol-emn-ly bap-tize, Did sol-emn-ly bap-tize.
 2. law I came, And now I bow my head, And now I bow my head.
 3. wa-ter poured, With ho-ly, reverent awe, With ho-ly, reverent awe.
 4. oth-er flowed Up-on His garments down, Up-on His garments down.
 5. ter-nal love, Our guide un-to the end, Our guide un-to the end.
 6. lov-ed Son, In whom well pleased I am, In whom well pleased I am."
 7. praise a-broad, Thy glo-rious name to sing, Thy glo-rious name to sing. A-men.

56

HIGH STREET. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Christ, our pattern.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du - ty in Thy word;
 2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such deference to Thy Fa-ther's will;
 3. Cold mountains and the midnight air, Witnessed the fer-vor of Thy pray'r;
 4. Be Thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of Thy precious im - age here;

1. But in Thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv-ing char - ac-ters.
 2. Such love and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
 3. The deserts Thy temptations knew, Thy conflict and Thy vict'ry, too.
 4. Then God, the Judge, shall own my name, Among the follow'rs of the Lamb. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

57

SESSIONS. L. M.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1823.

LUTHER O. EMERSON, 1853.

1. How sweetly flow'd the gos-pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,
 2. From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke, To heav'n He led His foll'wers way;
 3. "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home; Come, all ye wea - ry ones, and rest;"

When list'ning thousands gathered round, And joy and gladness filled the place!
 Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke, Unveiling an im-mor - tal day.
 Yes, sa - cred Teacher, we will come, Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest. A-men.

58

BERA. L. M.

J. MONTGOMERY.

"He healed them."

JOHN E. GOULD.

1. When like a stranger on our sphere, The low-ly Je - sus wan - dered here,
 2. The eye that rolled in irk - some night, Be-held His face—for God is light;
 3. With bounding steps the halt and lame, To hail their great De - liv - erer came;
 4. De - spair - ing mad - ness, dark and wild, In His in - spir - ing pres - ence smiled;
 5. Thro' paths of lov - ing - kind - ness led, Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;

1. Where'er He went, afflic - tion fled, And sickness reared her fainting head.
 2. The opening ear, the loosened tongue, His precepts heard, His praises sung.
 3. O'er the cold grave He bowed His head, He spake the word, and raised the dead.
 4. The storm of hor - ror ceased to roll, And reas - on lightened thro' the soul.
 5. To all, with willing hands dispense The gifts of our be - nev - o - lence. A - men.

59

ST. CHARLES. C. M.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Christ's pilgrimage.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. A pil - grim thro' this lone - ly world, The bless - ed Sav - iour passed;
 2. That ten - der heart which felt for all, For us its life-blood gave;
 3. Such was our Lord, and shall we fear The cross with all its scorn?
 4. No, fac - ing all its frowns or smiles, Like Him, o - be - dient still;
 5. Dead to the world, with Him who died, To win our hearts, our love;

1. A mourn - er all His life was He, A dy - ing Lamb at last.
 2. It found on earth no rest - ing place, Save on - ly in the grave.
 3. Or love a faith - less, e - vil world That wreathed His brow with thorn.
 4. We homeward press thro' storm and calm, To Zi - on's bless - ed hill.
 5. We, ris - en with our ris - en Head, In spir - it dwell a - bove. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

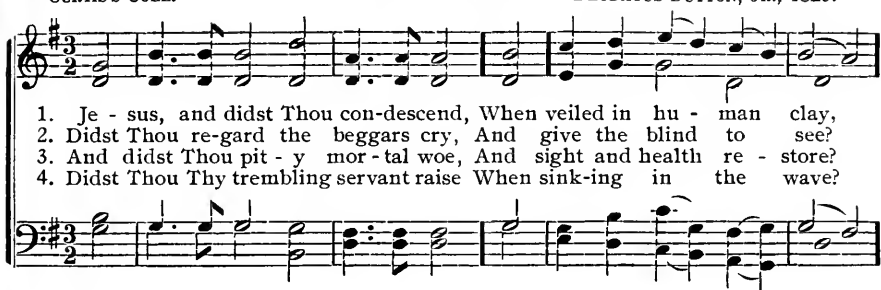
60

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

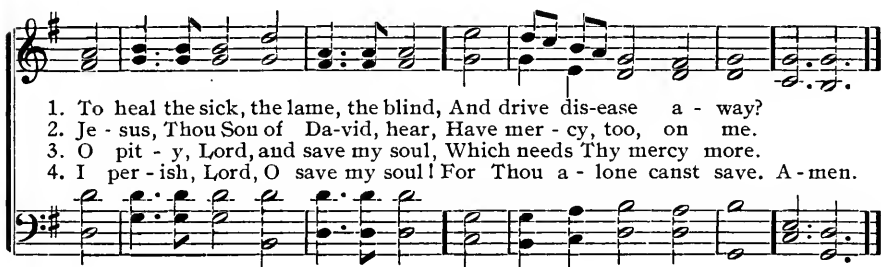
CURTIS'S COLL.

Christ's Miracles.

DEODATUS DUTTON, JR., 1829.



1. Je - sus, and didst Thou con-descend, When veiled in hu - man clay,
2. Didst Thou re-gard the beggars cry, And give the blind to see?
3. And didst Thou pit - y mor - tal woe, And sight and health re - store?
4. Didst Thou Thy trembling servant raise When sink-ing in the wave?



1. To heal the sick, the lame, the blind, And drive dis-ease a - way?
2. Je - sus, Thou Son of Da-vid, hear, Have mer - cy, too, on me.
3. O pit - y, Lord, and save my soul, Which needs Thy mercy more.
4. I per - ish, Lord, O save my soul! For Thou a - lone canst save. A - men.

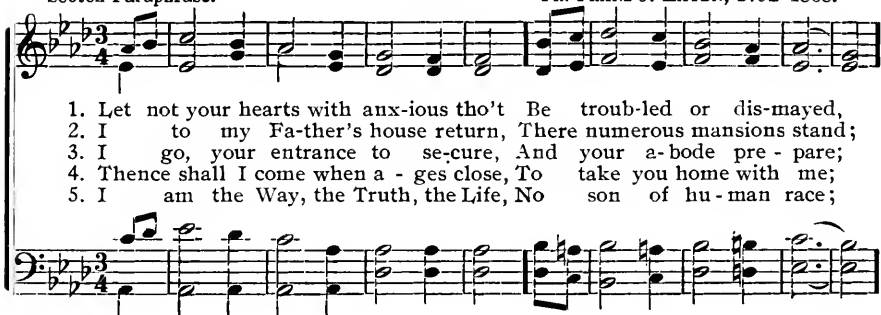
61

MANOAH. C. M.

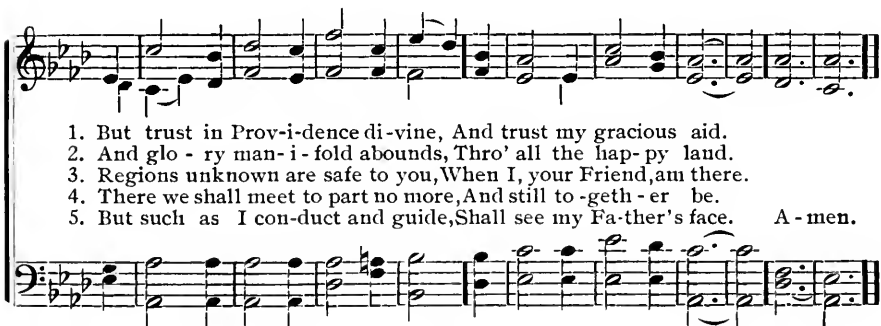
Scotch Paraphrase.

John 14: 1-6.

FR. FRANZ J. HAYDN, 1792-1868.



1. Let not your hearts with anx-ious tho't Be troub-led or dis-mayed,
2. I to my Fa-ther's house return, There numerous mansions stand;
3. I go, your entrance to se-ure, And your a-bode pre - pare;
4. Thence shall I come when a - ges close, To take you home with me;
5. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, No son of hu-man race;



1. But trust in Prov-i-dence di-vine, And trust my gracious aid.
2. And glo - ry man-i - fold abounds, Thro' all the hap - py land.
3. Regions unknown are safe to you, When I, your Friend, am there.
4. There we shall meet to part no more, And still to - geth - er be.
5. But such as I con-duct and guide, Shall see my Fa-ther's face. A - men.

62

LESLIE. L. M.*

T. GIBBONS.

Jesus, our Divine Pattern.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When Je-sus dwelt in mor-tal clay, What were His works from day to -day,
2. Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view Thy pattern, and Thy steps pur-sue;
3. That man may last, but nev-er lives, Who much receives, but nothing gives;
4. But he who marks, from day to day, In generous acts, his rad-iant way,

1. But mir-a-cles of pow'r and grace, That spread salvation thro' our race?
2. Let alms bestowed, let kindness done, Be witnessed by each rolling sun.
3. Whom none can love, whom none can thank, Cre-ation's blot, cre-a-tion's blank!
4. Treads the same path his Saviour trod, The path to glo-ry and to God. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 26, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

63

ST. AGNES. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase.

John 14: 25-28.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.

1. You now must hear my voice no more, My Fa-ther calls me home;
2. That heav'nly teach-er sent from God, Shall your whole soul in-spire;
3. Peace is the gift I leave with you, My peace to you be-queath;
4. I give not as the world bestows, With prom-ise false and vain;

1. But soon from heav'n the Ho-ly Ghost, Your Com-fort-er, shall come.
2. Shall fill your minds with sa-cred truth, Your hearts with sa-cred fire.
2. Peace that shall com-fort you thro' life, And cheer your souls in death.
4. Nor cares nor fears shall wound the heart, In which my words remain. A - men.

The Son, His Sufferings and Death.

64

KELBLY. L. M.*

Christ's triumphal entry.—Matt. 21:1-9.

REV. H. H. MILMAN, 1827.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san - na cry,
 2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die,
 3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an-gel ar - mies of the sky
 4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Thy last and fierc-est strife is nigh,
 5. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die,

1. O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scattered garments strowed.
2. O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin, O'er captive death and conquered sin.
3. Look down with sad and wondering eye, To see th'approaching sac-ri - fice.
4. The Father on His sapphire throne, Awaits His own a-noint-ed Son.
5. Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O God, Thy power and reign. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 23, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

65

TAPPAN. L. M.

REV. WM. B. TAPPAN, 1822.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Tenderly, chanting style.

1. 'Tis midnight and on Ol - ives brow, The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone;
 2. 'Tis midnight, and from all re-moved, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis midnight, and for oth - ers' guilt, The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis midnight, and from e - ther plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

Rit.

1. 'Tis midnight in the gar-den now, The suff'ring Saviour prays a-lone.
1. E'en that disciple whom He loved, Heeds not His Master's griefs and tears.
3. Yet he who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
4. Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

The Son, His Sufferings and Death.

66

GETHSEMANE. C. P. M.

ANON.

John 18: 1; Matt. 26: 36-39.

W. T. DALE.

1. Be - yond where Cedron's waters flow, Be - hold the suff'ring Saviour go
 2. He bows beneath the sins of men, He cries to God and cries a - gain
 3. With gen - tle res - ig - na - tion still, He yield - ed to His Father's will
 4. The Fa - ther heard, and angels there Sustained the Son of God in pray'r
 5. When storms of sorrow round us sweep, And scenes of anguish make us weep,

1. To sad Geth-sem-a - ne; His coun - tenance is all di - vine, Yet
 2. In sad Geth-sem-a - ne; He lifts His mournful eyes a - bove, "My
 3. In sad Geth-sem-a - ne; "Be - hold me here, Thine on - ly Son, And,
 4. In sad Geth-sem-a - ne; He drank the dreadful cup of pain, Then
 5. To sad Geth-sem-a - ne; We'll look, and see the Sav - iour there, And

Rit-e-dim.

1. grief ap - pears in ev - 'ry line, In sad Geth-sem - a - ne.
 2. Fa - ther, can this cup re - move?" While in Geth-sem - a - ne.
 3. Fa - ther, let Thy will be done," In sad Geth-sem - a - ne.
 4. rose to life and joy a - gain, From sad Geth-sem - a - ne.
 5. hum - bly bow like Him in pray'r, In sad Geth-sem - a - ne. A - men.

Music writteh for "Songs of Zion," Jan. 1, 1914. W. T. Dale, owner.

67

NAOMI. C. M.

THOS. HAWEIS.*

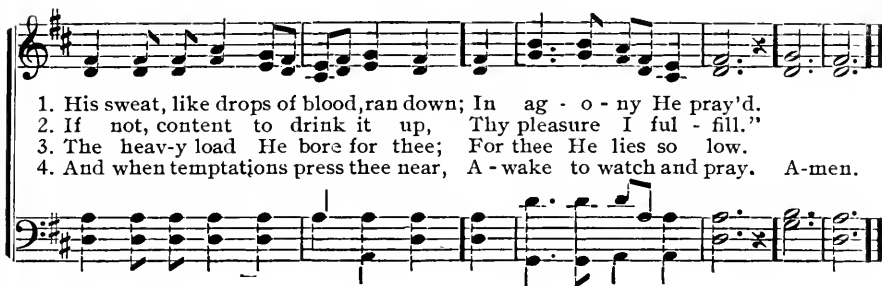
Luke 22: 39-46.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1836.

1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;
 2. "Fa - ther, remove this bit - ter cup, If such Thy sa - cred will;
 3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner; see Those pre - cious drops that flow;
 4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear, Thy Fa - ther's will o - bey;

*The fourth stanza by W. T. Dale.

NAOMI. Concluded.

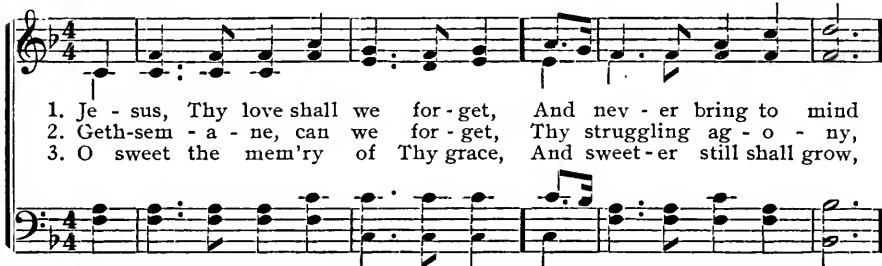


1. His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down; In ag - o - ny He pray'd.
 2. If not, content to drink it up, Thy pleasure I ful - fill."
 3. The heav-y load He bore for thee; For thee He lies so low.
 4. And when temptations press thee near, A - wake to watch and pray. A-men.

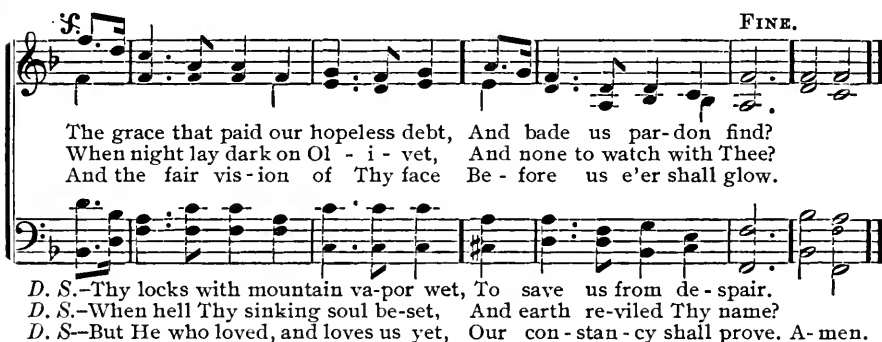
68 AULD LANG SYNE. C. M. D.

W. MITCHELL.

SCOTTISH AIR.



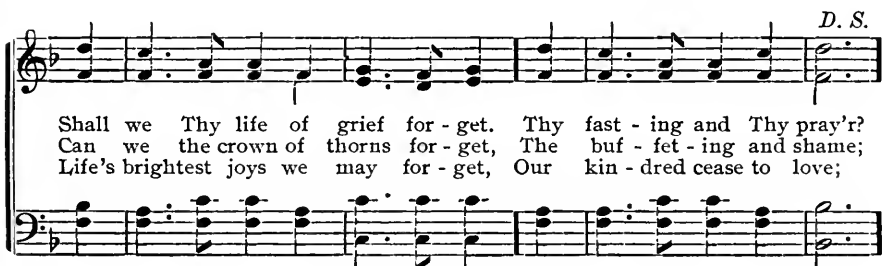
1. Je - sus, Thy love shall we for - get, And nev - er bring to mind
 2. Geth-sem - a - ne, can we for - get, Thy struggling ag - o - ny,
 3. O sweet the mem'ry of Thy grace, And sweet-er still shall grow,



FINE.

The grace that paid our hopeless debt, And bade us par-don find?
 When night lay dark on Ol - i - vet, And none to watch with Thee?
 And the fair vis-ion of Thy face Be - fore us e'er shall glow.

D. S.-Thy locks with mountain va-por wet, To save us from de - spair.
D. S.-When hell Thy sinking soul be-set, And earth re-viled Thy name?
D. S.-But He who loved, and loves us yet, Our con - stan - cy shall prove. A-men.



D. S.

Shall we Thy life of grief for - get. Thy fast - ing and Thy pray'r?
 Can we the crown of thorns for - get, The buf - fet - ing and shame;
 Life's brightest joys we may for - get, Our kin - dred cease to love;

The Son, His Sufferings and Death.

69

MOODY. C. M.

Approaching Calvary.—John 19: 16-18.

ANON. Fifth stanza added by W. T. D.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. From Sa-lem's gate ad-vanc-ing slow, What ob-ject meets my eye?
 2. Who is the man that groans beneath The pond'rous cross of wood?
 3. Is this the Man? can this be He The proph-ets have fore-told?
 4. Ah! love-ly sight, a heav'nly form, For sin-ful souls to see;
 5. Ah! pre-cious Je-sus, did'st Thou die To save my soul from hell?

Rit-e-dim.

1. What means that maj-es-ty of woe? What mean those mingled cries?
 2. His soul oppressed with pangs of death, And bod-y bathed with blood?
 3. Should with transgressors numbered be? And for my crimes be sold?
 4. A re-fuge from the an-gry storm, A guide for you and me.
 5. That I might mount a-bove the sky, And ev-er with Thee dwell? A-men.

70

SALEM. C. M.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,
 2. We may not know, we can not tell, What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for-giv'n; He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
 5. O dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,

1. Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 2. But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
 3. That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.
 4. He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.
 5. And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A-men.

Music Written for "Songs of Zion," C. E. Pollock, owner.

71

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase.

John 19-30.

Arr. by ROBERT SIMPSON, 1810.

1. Be - hold the Sav - iour on the cross, A spec - ta - cle of woe;
 2. Till death's pale en - signs o'er His cheek And trem - bling lips were spread,
 3. "'Tis fin - ished" was His lat - est voice, These sa - cred ac - cents o'er;
 4. "'Tis fin - ished," the Mes - si - ah dies, For sins, but not His own;
 5. "'Tis fin - ished," all His groans are past, His blood, His pain, and toils,
 6. "'Tis finished," le - gal wor - ship ends, And gos - pel a - ges run;

1. See, from His ag - o - niz - ing wounds The blood in - ces - sant flow.
 2. Till light for - sook His clos - ing eyes, And life His droop - ing head.
 3. He bowed His head, gave up the ghost, And suf - fered pain no more.
 4. The great re - demp - tion is complete, And Sa - tan's pow'r o'er - thrown.
 5. Have ful - ly vanquished all our foes, And crowned Him with their spoils.
 6. All old things now are passed a - way, And a new world be - gun. A - men.

72

AVON. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1707.

HUGH WILSON, 1825.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'-reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ri - in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face Whilst His dear cross ap - pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

1. Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 2. A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!
 3. When Christ, the might - y Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.
 4. Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 5. Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do. A - men.

73

EXPIATION. L. M.

Mark 15: 33-38.

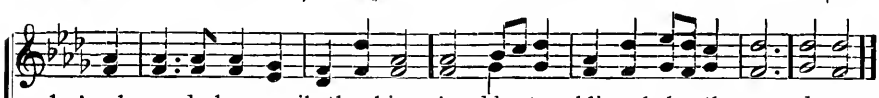
REV. W. B. GILLHAM, 1852.

Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1913.

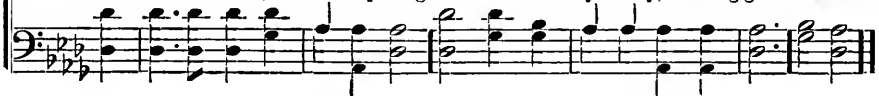
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.



1. He dies, the Friend of sin-ners dies! Lo! Sa - lem's daughters weep around;
2. Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For Him who groaned beneath your load;
3. Here's love and grief be-yond degree; The Lord of glo - ry dies for man;
4. The ris - ing God for-sakes the tomb, Up to His Fa-ther's courts He flies;
5. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great Deliverer reigns;
6. Say, "Live for-ev-er, won-drous King, Born to re - deem and strong to save!



1. A sol-emn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
2. He shed a thousand drops for you, A thou-sand drops of rich-er blood.
3. But lo! what sudden joys we see—Je - sus the dead re-vives a - gain!
4. Cherubic legions guard Him home, And shout Him welcome to the skies.
5. Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains.
6. Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting?" And "where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?" A-men.



74

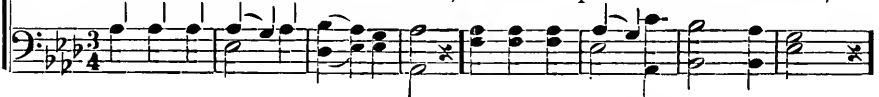
WILLOW DALE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

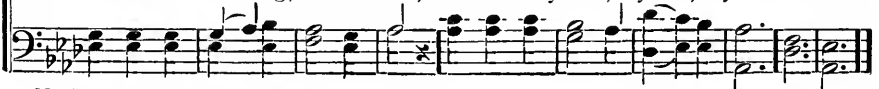
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. His dy - ing crim-son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His bod - y on the tree;
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



1. My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
2. All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri-fice them to His blood.
3. Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Then I am dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
5. Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A-men.



75

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

John 19: 30.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.

1. "'Tis finished!" So the Sav-iour cried, And meekly bow'd His head and died;
 2. "'Tis finished!" All that heav'n foretold By prophets in the days of old;
 3. "'Tis finished!" This His dy-ing groan, Shall sins of deepest hue a - tone;
 4. "'Tis finished!" Let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the nations round;

1. "'Tis finished!" Yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vict'ry won.
 2. And truths are o-pened to our view That kings and prophets never knew.
 3. Millions shall be redeemed from death By Je-sus' last ex-pir-ing breath.
 4. "'Tis finished!" Let the triumph rise, And swell the chorus of the skies. Amen.

76

MT. OLIVET. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalms 22: 7, 8; 16-18.

W. T. DALE, 1893.

1. Now let our mournful songs re-cord, The deep-er sor-rows of our Lord;
 2. The Jews be-held Him thus for-lorn, And shook their heads and laughed in scorn,
 3. They wound His head, His hands, His feet, Till streams of blood each oth-er meet;
 4. But God, His Fa - ther, heard His cry; Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;

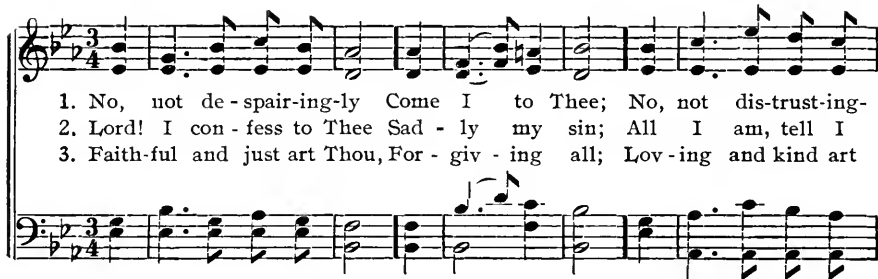
Rit-e-dim.
 1. When He complained in tears and blood, As one for-sak - en of His God.
 2. "He rescued oth-ers from the grave, Now let Him try Himself to save."
 3. By lot His garments they di - vide, And mock the pangs in which He died.
 4. The nations learn His righteousness, And humbled sinners taste His grace. Amen.

77

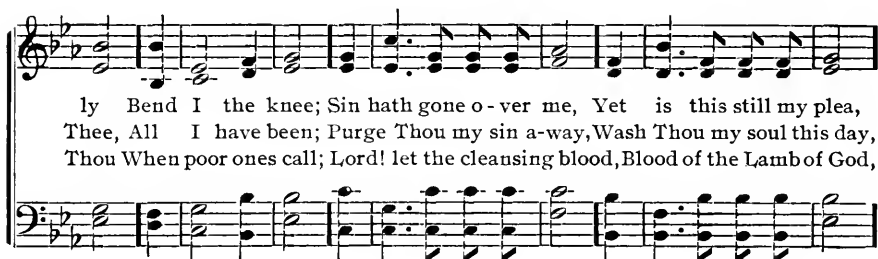
JESUS HATH DIED.

DR. H. BONAR.

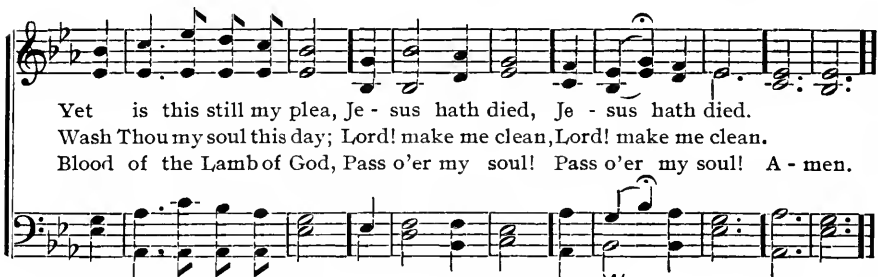
REV. G. F. ROBERTSON, 1891.



1. No, not de-spair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis-trust-ing-
 2. Lord! I con-fess to Thee Sad-ly my sin; All I am, tell I
 3. Faith-ful and just art Thou, For-giv-ing all; Lov-ing and kind art



ly Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet is this still my plea,
 Thee, All I have been; Purge Thou my sin a-way, Wash Thou my soul this day,
 Thou When poor ones call; Lord! let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God,



Yet is this still my plea, Je-sus hath died, Je-sus hath died.
 Wash Thou my soul this day; Lord! make me clean, Lord! make me clean.
 Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul! Pass o'er my soul! A-men.

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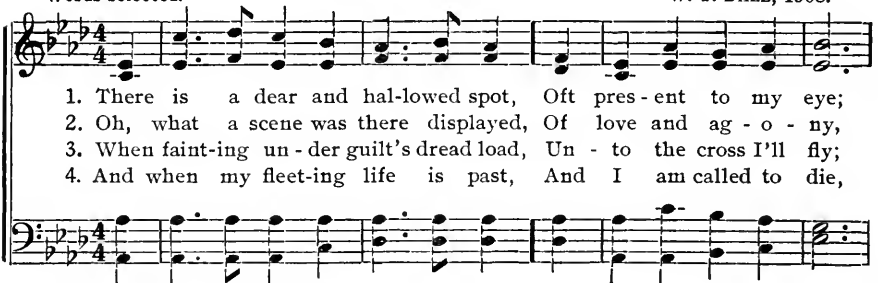
78

CALVARY. C. M.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke 23: 33.

Words selected.

W. T. DALE, 1903.



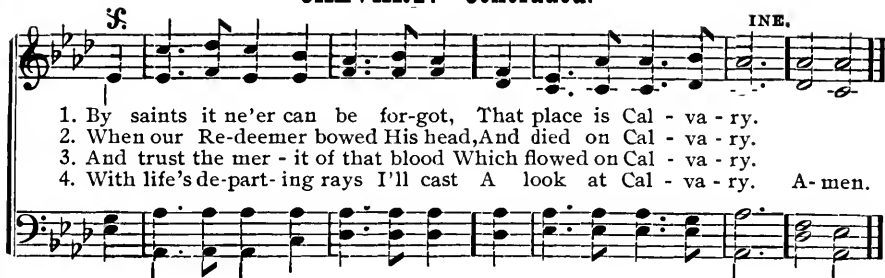
1. There is a dear and hal-lowed spot, Oft pres-ent to my eye;
 2. Oh, what a scene was there displayed, Of love and ag-o-o-ny,
 3. When faint-ing un-der guilt's dread load, Un-to the cross I'll fly;
 4. And when my fleet-ing life is past, And I am called to die,

Copyright, 1903, by W. T. Dale.

The Son, His Sufferings and Death.

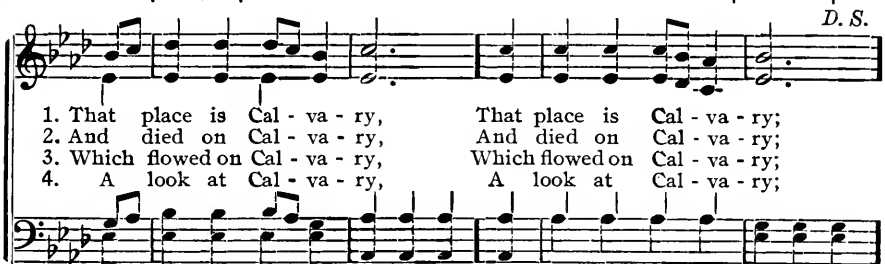
CALVARY. Concluded.

S. *INE.*



1. By saints it ne'er can be for-got, That place is Cal - va - ry.
2. When our Re-deemer bowed His head, And died on Cal - va - ry.
3. And trust the mer - it of that blood Which flowed on Cal - va - ry.
4. With life's de-part - ing rays I'll cast A look at Cal - va - ry. A-men.

D. S.



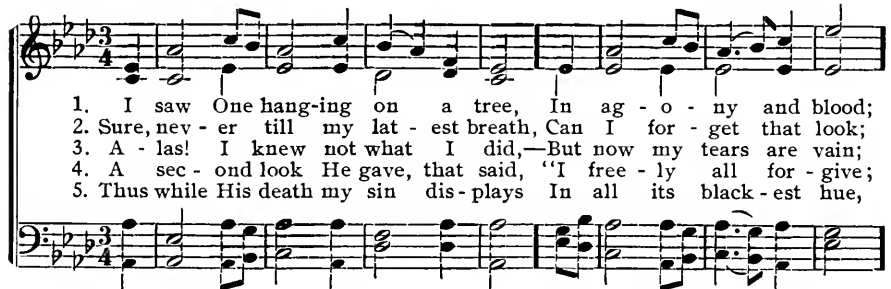
1. That place is Cal - va - ry,	That place is Cal - va - ry;
2. And died on Cal - va - ry,	And died on Cal - va - ry;
3. Which flowed on Cal - va - ry,	Which flowed on Cal - va - ry;
4. A look at Cal - va - ry,	A look at Cal - va - ry;

That hallowed place is Cal - va - ry, That hallowed place is Cal - va - ry;
 And died on sad Mount Cal - va - ry, And died on sad Mount Cal - va - ry;
 Which flowed for me on Cal - va - ry, Which flowed for me on Cal - va - ry;
 I'll cast a look at Cal - va - ry, I'll cast a look at Cal - va - ry;

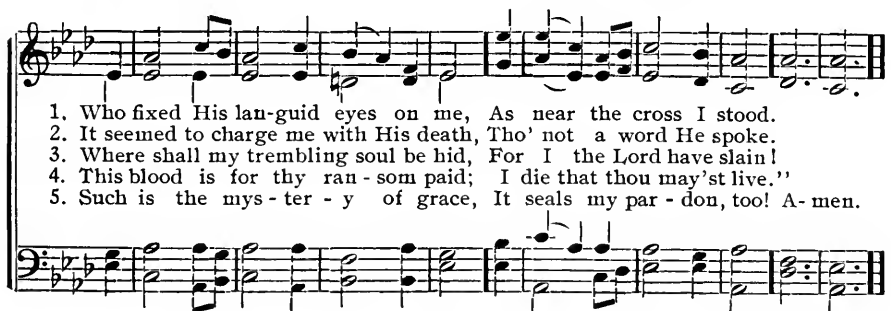
79 COMMUNION. C. M.

REV. J. NEWTON.

STEPHEN JENKS.



1. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev - er till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look;
3. A - las! I knew not what I did, But now my tears are vain;
4. A sec - ond look He gave, that said, "I free - ly all for - give;
5. Thus while His death my sin dis - plays In all its black - est hue,



1. Who fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.
2. It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
3. Where shall my trembling soul be hid, For I the Lord have slain!
4. This blood is for thy ran - som paid; I die that thou may'st live."
5. Such is the mys - ter - y of grace, It seals my par - don, too! A-men.

80

BOWRING. 8s & 7s.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

JNO. BOWRING.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an- noy;
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up- on our way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc- ti- fied;
 1. All the light of sa- cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
 2. Nev-er shall the cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 3. From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
 4. Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide. A- men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

81

CRIMSON CALVARY ANSWERS "NO!" 8s & 7s.

W. T. D.

Luke 23: 33, 34.

W. T. DALE.

1. { Shall I be condemned for- ev- er, If I to the Lord draw near;
 { If I sue for peace and par- don, Will He deign (*Omit.*).....
 2. { I am mourning o'er my fol- lies, I am weeping o'er my sin;
 { For my guilt's become op- pres- sive, And a bur- (*Omit.*).....
 3. { If I go and tell Him tru- ly How I have His love a- bused,
 { How I've sinned against His mer- cy, And His par- (*Omit.*).....
 4. { While up-on the cross He suf- fered Je- sus pray'd with dy- ing breath,
 { "Fa- ther, O for- give them," cried He, "Save them from (*Omit.*).....
 1. to hear my pray'r? Will He scorn my deep contrition, Will He not His grace be-
 2. den long has been. Will the Lord be gra- cious to me If I tell Him all my
 3. don have refused; Will He grant His lov- ing fa- vor, When in pen- i- tence I
 4. e- ternal death, "Am I worse than those who mocked Him, And who pierced Him long a-

CRIMSON CALVARY ANSWERS "NO!" Concluded.

1. stow; Will He scorn my heart's petition? Crimson Calv'ry answers "No!"
 2. woe? Will He leave me in my anguish? Crimson Calv'ry answers "No!"
 3. go; Or in wrath will He forsake me? Crimson Calv'ry answers "No!"
 4. go; Have I passed beyond His mercy? Crimson Calv'ry answers "No!" A-men.

82 NO SHELTER LIKE THE CROSS. C. M.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

W. T. DALE.

1. Oppressed with noonday's scorching heat, To yon - der cross I flee;
 2. Be - neath that cross clear wa - ters burst, A foun - tain sparkling free,
 3. A stran - ger here, I pitch my tent Be - neath this spreading tree;
 4. For bur - dened ones a rest - ing - place Be - side that cross I see;

1. Beneath its shel - ter take my seat, No shade like this for me.
 2. And there I quench my des - ert thirst, No spring like this for me.
 3. Here shall my pilgrim life be spent, No home like this for me.
 4. I here cast off my wear - i - ness, No rest like this for me. A - men.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

1. No shade like this for me, No shade like this for me;
 2. No spring like this for me, No spring like this for me;
 3. No home like this for me, No home like this for me;
 4. No rest like this for me, No rest like this for me;

The Son, His Resurrection.

83

MARSHFIELD. C. M.*

"And the third day He shall rise again."—Matt. 20: 19.

Scotch Paraphrase. Based on Dr. Watts' hymn.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Blest morn-ing, whose first dawn-ing rays Be - held the Son of God
 2. Wrapt in the si - lence of the tomb, The great Re-deem - er lay,
 3. Hell and the grave combined their force, To hold our Lord in vain;
 4. To Thy great name, Al - might - y Lord! We sa - cred hon - ors pay;
 5. Sal - va - tion and im - mor - tal praise, To our vic - to - rious King;
 6. To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore;

1. A - rise tri-umphant from the grave, And leave His dark a - bode.
 2. Till the re-volv - ing skies had bro't, The third, th'ap-pointed day.
 3. Sudden the Con-quer - or a - rose, And burst their fee - ble chain.
 4. And loud ho-san - nas shall proclaim, The triumphs of the day.
 5. Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas, With glad ho - san - nas ring.
 6. Be glo - ry as it was, and is, And shall be ev - er - more. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Jan. 12, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner. May be sung to "Mear," No. 217.

84

MARTYN. 7s. D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

John 20: 11-16.

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.

FINE.

1. { Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hastened at the ear - ly dawn; }
 { Spice she bro't and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone. }
 2. { Je - sus, who is al - ways near, Tho' too oft - en un - per - ceived, }
 { Came, her drooping soul to cheer, Kind - ly ask - ing why she grieved, }
 3. { Grief and sighing quick - ly fled, When she heard His welcome voice; }
 { Christ had ris - en from the dead, Now He bids her heart re - joice. }

D. C.—Trembling, while a crystal flood Is-sued from her weeping eyes.

D. C.—Then her griefs were all for-got, For she found He was the same.

D. C.—Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way. A - men.

D. C.

For awhile she ling'ring stood, Filled with sor-row and sur - prise;
 Tho' at first she knew Him not, When He called her by her name,
 What a change His word can make, Turn - ing dark-ness in - to day;

85

STERLING. S. M.

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

Luke 24: 34.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed," Then jus - tice asks no more;
 2. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed," Then is His work per-formed;
 3. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed," Then hell has lost his prey;
 4. "The Lord is ris'n in - deed," At - tend - ing an - gels hear;
 5. Then wake your gold - en lyres, And strike each cheer - ful chord;

1. Mer - cy and truth are now a-greed, Which stood opposed be - fore.
 2. The might-y Cap-tive now is freed, And death our foe disarmed.
 3. With Him is ris'n the ransomed seed, To reign in end - less day.
 4. Up to the courts of heav'n with speed, The joy-ful ti-dings bear.
 5. Join, all ye bright, ce - les - tial choirs, To sing our ris - en Lord. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

86

SEABURY. 7s.

REV. THOS. SCOTT.

Matt. 28: 2.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. An - gels roll the stone a - way,, Death, yield up thy might - y prey!
 2. 'Tis the Sav-iour! ser-aphs raise Your tri - umph - ant songs of praise;
 3. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes, See Him high in glo - ry rise!
 4. Heav'n un-folds its por - tals wide; Might - y Conqueror, thro' them ride;
 5. Praise Him, all ye heav'nly choirs, Praise Him with your gold - en lyres;

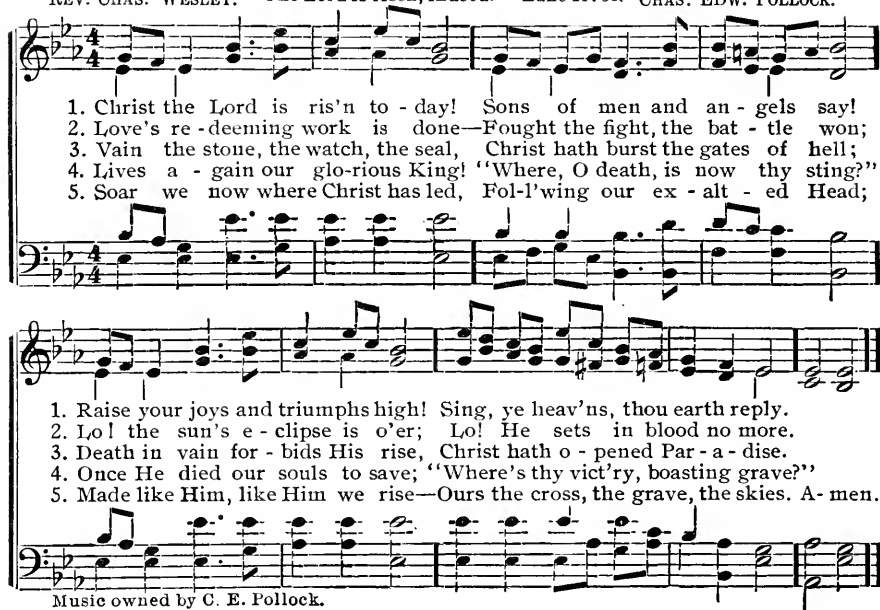
1. See! He ris - es from the tomb, Glow-ing with im-mor - tal bloom.
 2. Let the earth's re-mot-est bound Hear the joy - in-spir-ing sound.
 3. Hosts of an - gels on the road Hail Him! the In - car-nate God.
 4. King of glory, mount Thy throne, Boundless em - pire is Thine own.
 5. Praise Him in the noblest songs, Praise Him from ten thousand tongues. A-men.

The Son, His Resurrection.

87

BLAKE. 7s.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. "The Lord is risen, indeed."—Luke 24:34. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day! Sons of men and an - gels say!
 2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done—Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King! "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
 5. Soar we now where Christ has led, Fol-l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head;

1. Raise your joys and triumphs high! Sing, ye heav'ns, thou earth reply.
 2. Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more.
 3. Death in vain for - bids His rise, Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise.
 4. Once He died our souls to save; "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"
 5. Made like Him, like Him we rise—Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

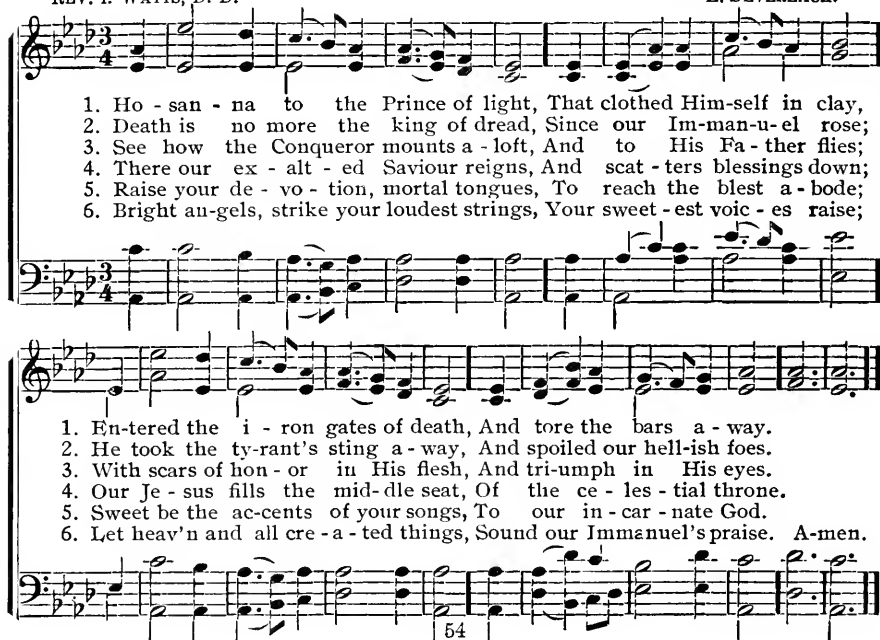
88

BOARDMAN. C. M.

"He is not here. . . come see the place where the Lord lay."—Matt. 28:6.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

L. DEVEREAUX.



1. Ho - san - na to the Prince of light, That clothed Him-self in clay,
 2. Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im-man-u-el rose;
 3. See how the Conqueror mounts a - loft, And to His Fa - ther flies;
 4. There our ex - alt - ed Saviour reigns, And scat - ters blessings down;
 5. Raise your de - vo - tion, mortal tongues, To reach the blest a - bode;
 6. Bright an-gels, strike your loudest strings, Your sweet - est voic - es raise;

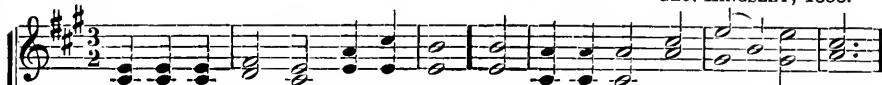
1. En-tered the i - ron gates of death, And tore the bars a - way.
 2. He took the ty-rant's sting a - way, And spoiled our hell-ish foes.
 3. With scars of hon - or in His flesh, And tri-umph in His eyes.
 4. Our Je - sus fills the mid-dle seat, Of the ce - les - tial throne.
 5. Sweet be the ac-cents of your songs, To our in - car - nate God.
 6. Let heav'n and all cre - a - ted things, Sound our Immanuel's praise. A - men.

The Son, His Resurrection.

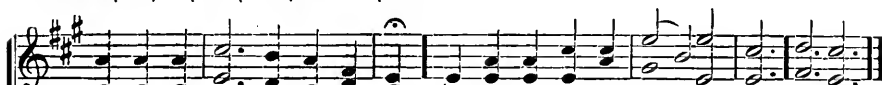
89

WARE. L. M.

C. P. COLL. "Come see the place where the Lord lay."—Matt 28: 6. GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



1. "Come, see the place where Jesus lay," For He hath left His si - lent bed;
2. By His om - nip - o - tence He rose, By His own Spir - it lived a - gain;
3. Those who His im - age here par - take, Tho' long in dust their flesh consume,



What an - gel rolled the stone away? What spir - it bro't Him from the dead?
To crush for - ev - er all His foes, To raise for - ev - er ruined men.
Shall sleep in Je - sus, and a - wake To life e - ter - nal from the tomb. A - men.



90

ELMWOOD. L. M.*

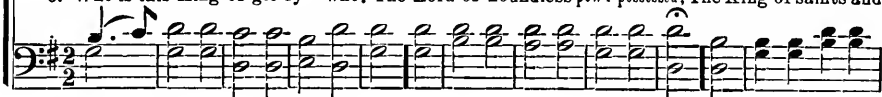
REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

Psalm 24: 7-10

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are
2. There His tri - umphal chariot waits, And an - gels chant the solemn lay; "Lift up your heads, ye
3. Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold the ethereal scene; He claims these mansions
4. Who is this King of glo - ry—who? The Lord who all our foes o'ercame; Who sin and death, and
5. Lo! His tri - umph - al char - iot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay; "Lift up your heads, ye
6. Who is this King of glo - ry—who? The Lord of boundless pow'r possessed; The King of saints and



1. cap - tive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky.
2. heav'nly gates! Ye everlasting doors! give way, Ye ev - er - last - ing doors! give way."
3. as His right; Receive the King of glo - ry in, Re - ceive the King of glo - ry in.
4. hell o'erthrew; And Jesus is the conqueror's name, And Je - sus is the conqueror's name.
5. heav'nly gates! Ye everlasting doors! give way, Ye ev - er - last - ing doors! give way."
6. an - gels, too, God o - ver all, for - ev - er blessed, God o - ver all, for - ev - er blessed. A - men.



*Music written for "Songs of Zion," Oct, 10, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

The Son, His Ascension.

91

BAKER. C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Psalm 24: 7-10.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Un - fold to en - ter - tain
 2. Who is this King of glo - ry? who? The Lord for strength renowned;
 3. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Un - fold to en - ter - tain
 4. Who is the King of glo - ry? who? The Lord of hosts re-nowned;

1. The King of glo - ry; see, He comes, With His ce - les - tial train.
 2. In bat - tle might-y; o'er His foes E - ter - nal vic - tor crowned.
 3. The King of glo - ry; see, He comes, With all His shin - ing train.
 4. Of glo - ry He a - lone is King, Who is with glo - ry crowned. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

92

BRADBURY. 7s.

Spirit of the Psalms.

Psalm 24: 7-10.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Wide ye heav'nly gates un - fold, Closed no more by death and sin;
 2. Hark! th'angel - ic host in-quire, "Who is He, th'al - might - y King?"
 3. He whose pow'rful arm a - lone On His foes de - struc - tion hurled;
 4. He who God's pure law ful - filled, Je - sus, the In - car - nate Word;

1. Lo! the conquering Lord be-hold! Let the King of glo - ry in.
 2. Hark! a - gain the ans'w'ring choir, Thus in strains of triumph sing.
 3. He who hath the vic - t'ry won, He who saved a ru - ined world.
 4. He whose truth with blood was sealed, He is heav'n's all-glorious Lord. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1852.

Acts 1: 9.

Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL, 1728.

1. The gold-en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are opened wide, The King of
 2. Thou art gone up be - fore us, Lord, To make for us a place; That we may
 3. And ev - er on our earth - ly path A gleam of glo - ry lies; A light still
 4. Lift up your hearts, lift up your minds; Let Thy dear grace be giv'n, That while we
 5. That where thou art, at God's right hand, Our hope, our love may be; Dwell Thou in

1. glo - ry is gone in Un - to His Father's side, Un-to His Father's side.
 2. be where now Thou art, And look up-on Thy face, And look upon thy face.
 3. breaks behind the cloud That veiled Thee from our eyes, That veiled Thee from our eyes.
 4. wander here be-low, Our treasure be in heav-en, Our treasure be in heav'n.
 5. us, that we may dwell For ev - er-more in Thee, For ev - er-more in Thee, A-men.

WARD. L. M.

Psalm 68: 17, 18.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Old Scotch Air. Arr by LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. Lord, when Thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an - gels filled the sky;
 2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious when the Lord was there;
 3. How bright the triumph none can tell, When the rebellious pow - ers of hell;
 4. Raised by His Fa - ther to the throne, He sent His promised Spir - it down;

1. Those heav'nly guards around Thee wait, Like chariots that attend Thy state.
 2. While He pronounced His ho - ly law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
 3. That thousand souls had captive made, Were all in chains like captives led.
 4. With gifts and grace for rebel men, That God might dwell on earth again. A-men.

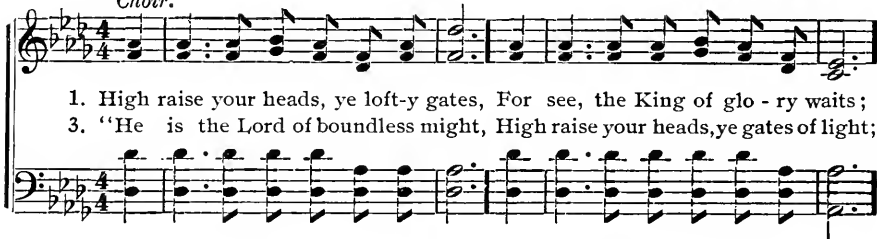
ASCENSION PSALM. L. M.

W. T. D.

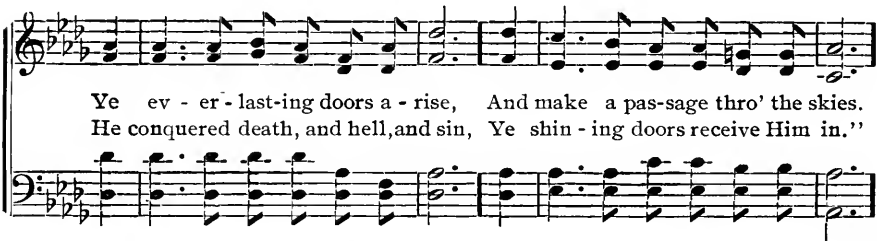
Psalm 24: 7-10.

W. T. DALE.

Choir.

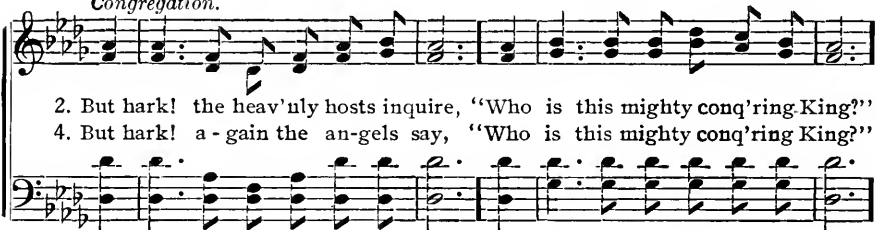


1. High raise your heads, ye loft-y gates, For see, the King of glo - ry waits;
3. "He is the Lord of boundless might, High raise your heads, ye gates of light;

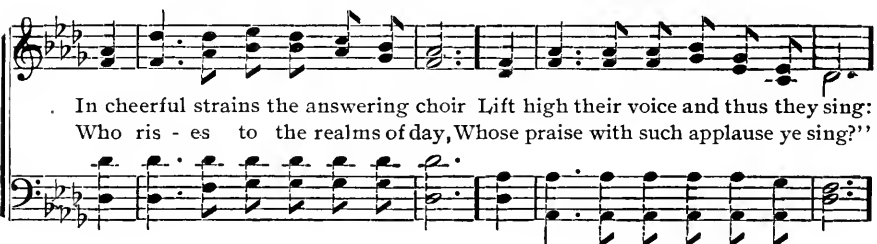


Ye ev - er - last-ing doors a - rise, And make a pas-sage thro' the skies.
He conquered death, and hell, and sin, Ye shin - ing doors receive Him in."

Congregation.

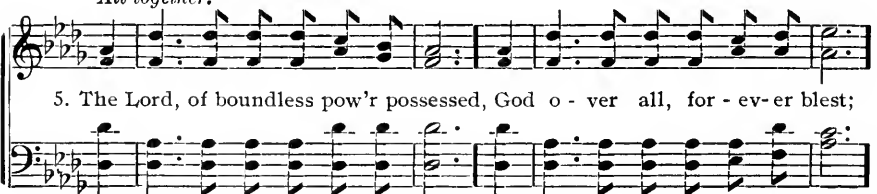


2. But hark! the heav'nly hosts inquire, "Who is this mighty conq'ring King?"
4. But hark! a - gain the an-gels say, "Who is this mighty conq'ring King?"



In cheerful strains the answering choir Lift high their voice and thus they sing:
Who ris - es to the realms of day, Whose praise with such applause ye sing?"

All together.



5. The Lord, of boundless pow'r possessed, God o - ver all, for - ev - er blest;

ASCENSION PSALM. Concluded.

The mighty God of hosts renowned, The King of endless glory crowned. Amen.

96 HERMAS. 6s & 5s, with Refrain.

"And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—Rev. 14: 2.

Hark! I hear the voice of harpers,
As they chant the Saviour's praise,
Sing aloud their heavenly sonnet,
And their loudest raptures raise.—W. T. D.

F. R. H., 1872.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An - gel voic-es ring; Pearl-y gates are opened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory,
3. Pleading for His children In that blessed place, Calling them to glo - ry,

O-pened for the King, Christ, the King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,
At His Father's side. Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die;
Sending them His grace; His bright home pre-paring, Faithful ones, for you,

CHORUS.
Is gone up in tri-umph, To His throne above.
Je-sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is end - ed,
Je-sus, ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov-eth, too.

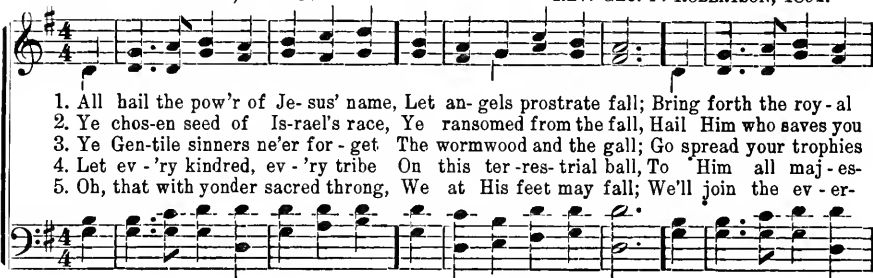
Joy - ful-ly we sing, Je-sus has as-cend - ed, Glo-ry to our King. Amen.

97

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

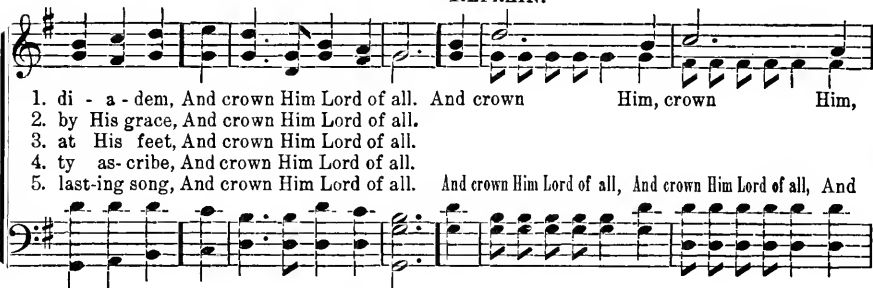
REV. EDW. PERRONET, 1779-80.

REV. GEO. F. ROBERTSON, 1891.

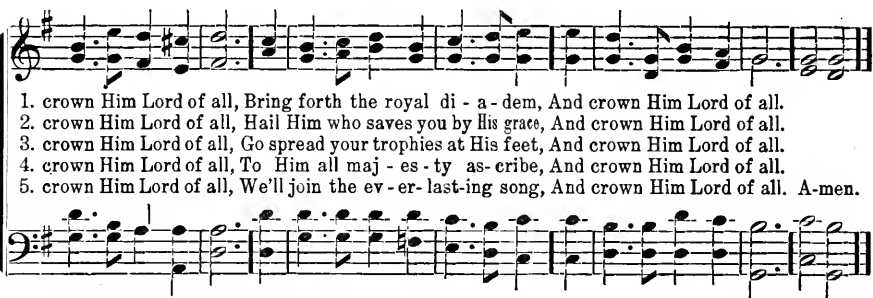


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you
3. Ye Gen-tile sinners ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall; Go spread your trophies
4. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-
5. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev-er-

REFRAIN.



1. di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all. And crown Him, crown Him,
2. by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
3. at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
4. ty-as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
5. last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all, And



1. crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
2. crown Him Lord of all, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
3. crown Him Lord of all, Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
4. crown Him Lord of all, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
5. crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. A-men.

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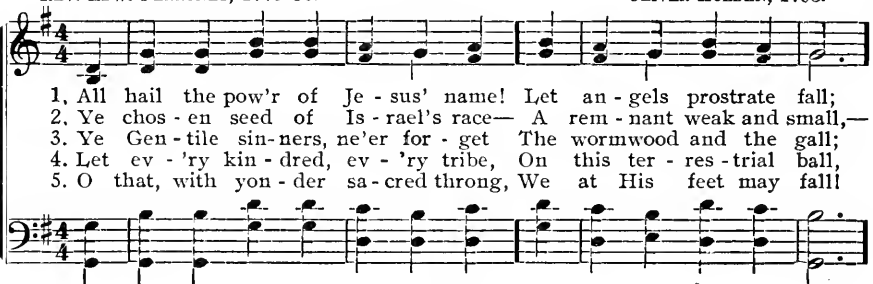
98

CORONATION. C. M.

REV. EDW. PERRONET, 1779-80.

(Second Tune.)

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race— A rem-nant weak and small,—
3. Ye Gen-tile sin-ners, ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall;
4. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
5. O that, with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall!

CORONATION. Concluded.

1. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 2. Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
 3. Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
 4. To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all,
 5. We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

1. Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 2. Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 3. Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 4. To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.
 5. We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. A - men.

99

CHAPMAN. C. M.

REV. THOS. KELLY, 1820. (May be sung to "All Hail the Power.") CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glory now; A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns
 2. The highest place that heaven affords Is His by sovereign right; The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low, To whom He mani - fests His love
 4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is given; Their name, an everlasting name,
 5. They suffer with their Lord be - low, They reign with Him above; Their profit and their joy to know
 6. The cross He bore is life and health, Tho' shame and death to Him; His people's hope, His people's wealth,

1. The mighty victor's brow. Then crown Him, yes, crown Him, Oh, crown Him Lord of all;
 2. He reigns in glory bright. Then crown Him, yes, crown Him, Oh, crown Him Lord of all;
 3. And grants His name to know. Then crown Him, yes, crown Him, Oh, crown Him Lord of all;
 4. Their joy—the joy of heav'n. Then crown Him, yes, crown Him, Oh, crown Him Lord of all;
 5. The mystery of His love. Then crown Him, yes, crown Him, Oh, crown Him Lord of all;
 6. Their everlasting theme. Amen. Then crown Him, yes, crown Him, Oh, crown Him Lord of all;

The Son, His Exaltation.

100

MILES LANE. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779.



1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - midst His Father's throne; Pre - pare new
2. Let eld - ers wor - ship at His feet, The Church a - dore a - round; With vi - als
3. Those are the pray'rs of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise; Je - sus is
4. Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be end - less blessings paid; Sal - va - tion,
5. Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood, Hast set the pris - ners free; Hast made us



1. hon - ors for His name, And songs before un - known, And songs be - fore unknown.
2. full of o - dors sweet, And harps of sweetest sound, And harps of sweetest sound.
3. kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise, He loves to hear our praise.
4. glo - ry, joy, re - main For - ev - er on Thy head, For - ev - er on Thy head.
5. kings and priests to God; And we shall reign with Thee, And we shall reign with Thee. Amen.



101

AZMON. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

"Worthy the Lamb,"—Rev. 5: 11-13.

CARL G. GLÄSER, 1828.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839.



1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
5. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name



1. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
3. And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine!
4. Conspire to lift Thy glo - ries high, And speak Thy end - less praise.
5. Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb! A - men.



102

HURSLEY. L. M.

Heb. 4: 14-16.

Scotch Paraphrase.

PETER RITTER. Har. by W. H. MONK, 1861.

1. Where high the heav'n - ly tem - ple stands, The house of God not made with hands;
 2. He who for men their sure - ty stood, And poured on earth His pre - cious blood;
 3. Our fel - low suf - f'rer yet re - tains A fel - low feel - ing for our pains;
 4. In ev - 'ry pang that rends the heart, The man of sor - rows had a part;
 5. With boldness, there - fore, at the throne, Let us make all our sor - rows known;

1. A great High Priest our na - ture wears, The guardian of man - kind ap - pears.
 2. Pursues in heav'n His might - y plan, The Saviour and the Friend of man.
 3. And still re - mem - bers in the skies, His tears, His ag - o - nies, and cries.
 4. He sym - pa - thiz - es with our grief, And to the suf - f'rer sends re - lief.
 5. And ask the aid of heav'n - ly pow'r, To help us in the e - vil hour. A - men.

103

GLENWOOD. L. M.*

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job. 19: 25.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives;
 2. He lives, to bless me with His love; He lives, to plead for me a - bove:
 3. He lives, to si - lence all my fears; He lives, to stoop and wipe my tears;
 4. He lives, and grants me dai - ly breath; He lives, and I shall con - quer death;
 5. He lives, all glo - ry to His name; He lives, my Sav - iour, still the same;

1. He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my ev - er - last - ing head.
 2. He lives, my hun - gry soul to feed; He lives, to help in time of need.
 3. He lives, to calm my troub - led heart; He lives, all blessings to im - part.
 4. He lives, my man - sion to pre - pare; He lives, to bring me safe - ly there.
 5. What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives, I know that my Re - deem - er lives. A - men.

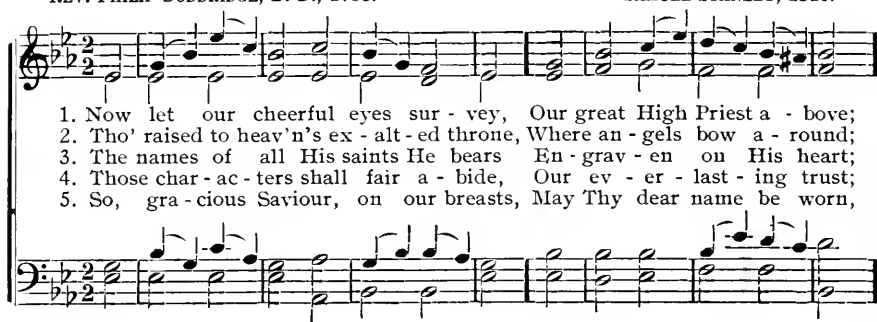
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 10, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

104

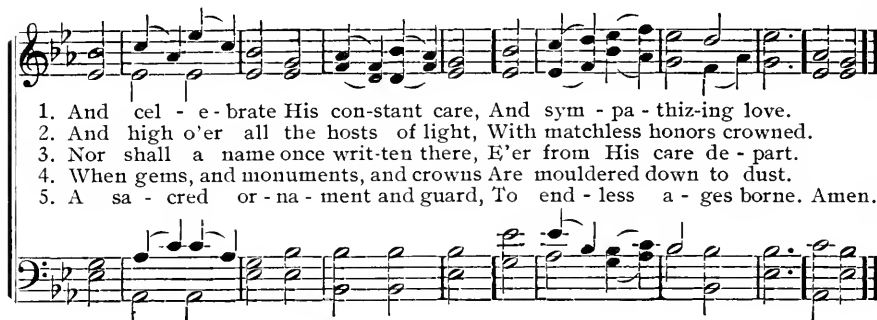
WARWICK. C. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.



1. Now let our cheerful eyes sur - vey, Our great High Priest a - bove;
2. Tho' raised to heav'n's ex - alt - ed throne, Where an - gels bow a - round;
3. The names of all His saints He bears En - grav - en on His heart;
4. Those char - ac - ters shall fair a - bide, Our ev - er - last - ing trust;
5. So, gra - cious Saviour, on our breasts, May Thy dear name be worn,



1. And cel - e - brate His con - stant care, And sym - pa - thiz - ing love.
2. And high o'er all the hosts of light, With matchless honors crowned.
3. Nor shall a name once writ - ten there, E'er from His care de - part.
4. When gems, and monuments, and crowns Are mouldered down to dust.
5. A sa - cred or - na - ment and guard, To end - less a - ges borne. Amen.

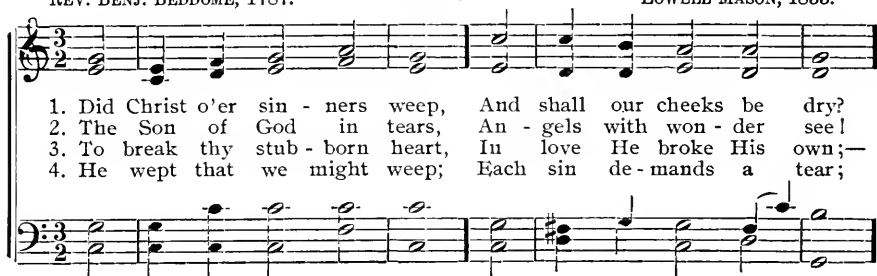
105

BOYLSTON. S. M.

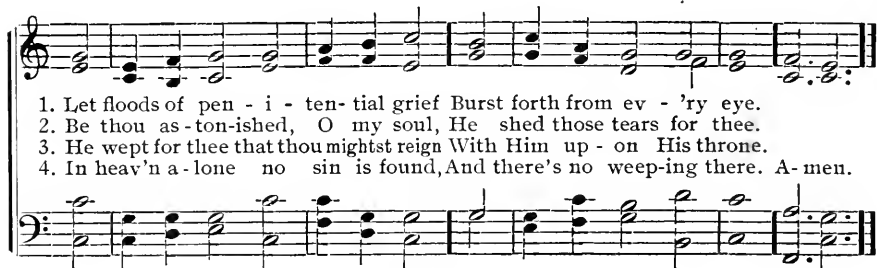
REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

Luke 19: 41.

LOWELL MASON, 1833.



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears, An - gels with won - der see!
3. To break thy stub - born heart, In love He broke His own;—
4. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear;



1. Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
2. Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for thee.
3. He wept for thee that thou mightst reign With Him up - on His throne.
4. In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there. A - men.

JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 72.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc - cess - ive jour - neys run;
 2. For Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The pris'ner leaps to loose His chains;
 5. Let ev - 'ry creat - ure rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King;

1. His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 2. His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise, With ev'ry morning sac - ri - fice.
 3. And in - fant voices shall pro - claim Their early blessings on His name.
 4. The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 5. An - gels descend with songs again, And earth repeat the loud a - men! A - men.

McADOW. 8s, 7s & 4s.

REED'S COLL.

Psalm 45: 3, 4.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

Vigorous.

1. { Gird Thy sword on, might-y Sav-iour, Make the word of truth Thy car; } Gracious Vic-tor,
 { Pros - per in Thy course triumphant, All suc - cess at - tend Thy war; }
 2. { Maj - es - ty combined with meekness, Righteousness and peace u - nite; } Ride triumphant,
 { To in - sure Thy blessed conquests, Take pos - ses - sion of Thy right; }
 3. { Blest are they that touch Thy sceptre, Blest are all that own Thy reign; } Saints and angels,
 { Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants, Rescued from its gall - ing chain; }

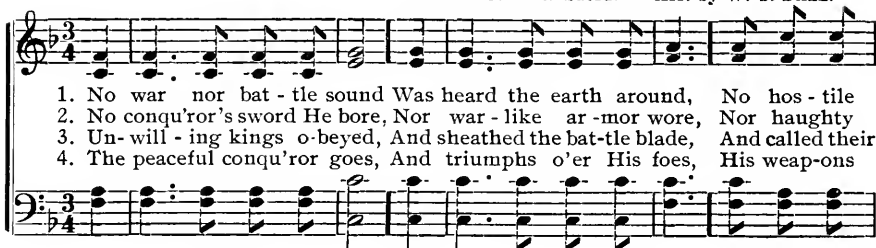
Bring Thy trophies from a - far; Gracious vic - tor, Bring Thy trophies from afar.
 Dressed in robes of purest light; Ride tri - umphant, Dressed in robes of purest light.
 All who know Thee, bless Thy reign; Saints and angels, All who know Thee, bless Thy reign. Amen.

108

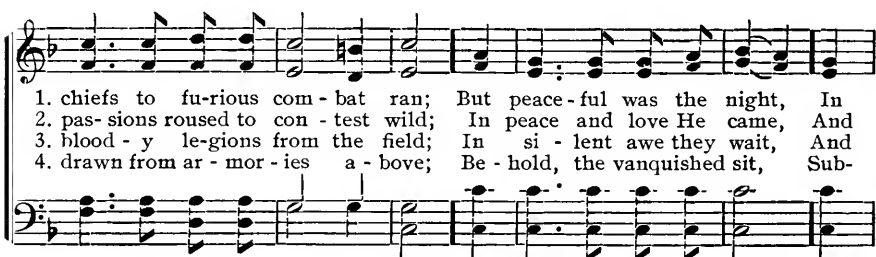
DWIGHT. 6s & 10s.

1st stanza by JOHN MILTON. 2, 3 and 4 by H. G. O. DWIGHT, Missionary to Constantinople.

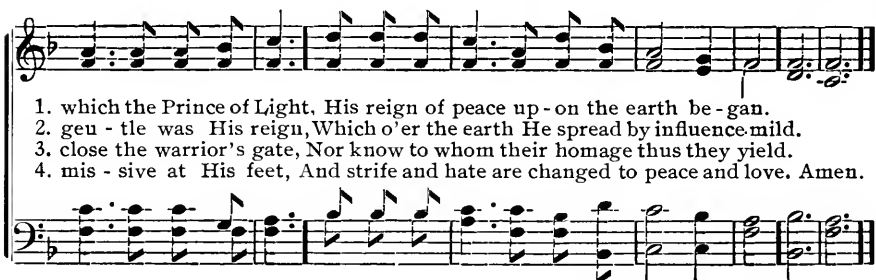
From "Carmina Sacra." Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. No war nor bat-tle sound Was heard the earth around, No hos-tile
2. No conqu'ror's sword He bore, Nor war-like ar-mor wore, Nor haughty
3. Un-will-ing kings o-beyed, And sheathed the bat-tle blade, And called their
4. The peaceful conqu'ror goes, And triumphs o'er His foes, His weap-ons



1. chiefs to fu-rious com-bat ran; But peace-ful was the night, In
2. pas-sions roused to con-test wild; In peace and love He came, And
3. blood-y le-gions from the field; In si-lent awe they wait, And
4. drawn from ar-mor-ies a-bove; Be-hold, the vanquished sit, Sub-



1. which the Prince of Light, His reign of peace up-on the earth be-gan.
2. gen-tle was His reign, Which o'er the earth He spread by influence mild.
3. close the warrior's gate, Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.
4. mis-sive at His feet, And strife and hate are changed to peace and love. Amen.

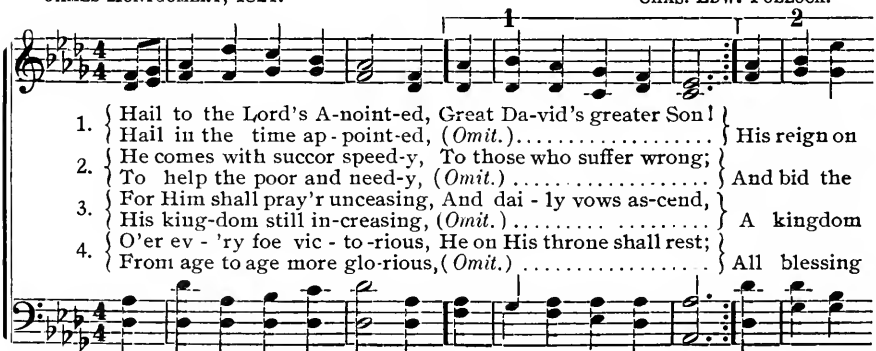
109

MONTGOMERY. 7s & 6s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821.

Psalms 72.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. { Hail to the Lord's A-noint-ed, Great Da-vid's greater Son! }
2. { Hail in the time ap-point-ed, (Omit.) } His reign on
3. { He comes with succor speed-y, To those who suffer wrong; } And bid the
4. { To help the poor and need-y, (Omit.) } A kingdom
5. { For Him shall pray'r unceasing, And dai-ly vows as-cend, }
6. { His king-dom still in-creasing, (Omit.) } All blessing
7. { O'er ev-'ry foe vic-to-rious, He on His throne shall rest; }
8. { From age to age more glo-rious, (Omit.) }

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

MONTGOMERY. Concluded.

1. earth be-gun. He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the cap-tive free;
 2. weak be strong. To give them songs for sighing, Their darkness turn to light;
 3. with-out end. The mountain dew shall nourish, A seed in weakness sown;
 4. and all - blest. The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re-move;

1. To take a - way transgres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
 2. Whose souls, condemned and dy-ing, Were precious in His sight.
 3. Whose fruit shall spread and flourish, And shake like Leb - a - non.
 4. His name shall stand for - ev - er, That name to us is Love. A-men.

110 DICKSON. 12, 11, 12, 8.*

REV. S. F. SMITH.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. { The Prince of sal - va - tion in tri - umph is rid - ing, And glo - ry at -
 { The news of His grace on the breez - es is glid - ing, (Omit.)
 2. { Ride on in Thy greatness, Thou conquer - ing Sav - iour, Let thousands of
 { Acknowledge thy goodness, en - treat for Thy fa - vor, (Omit.)
 3. { Ride on till the com - pass of Thy great do - min - ion, The globe shall en -
 { And mankind ce - ment - ed with friendship and un - ion, (Omit.)
 4. { Then loud shall as - cend from each sanc - ti - fied na - tion, The voice of thanks -
 { And heav - en shall ech - o the song of sal - va - tion, (Omit.)
 1

1. tends Him a-long His bright way, And nations are owning His sway.
 2. thousands submit to Thy reign, And fol-low Thy glo - ri-ous train.
 3. cir - cle from pole un - to pole; O - bey Thee with heart and with soul.
 4. giv - ing, the cho - rus of praise, In rich and me - lo - di-ous lays. A - men.
 2

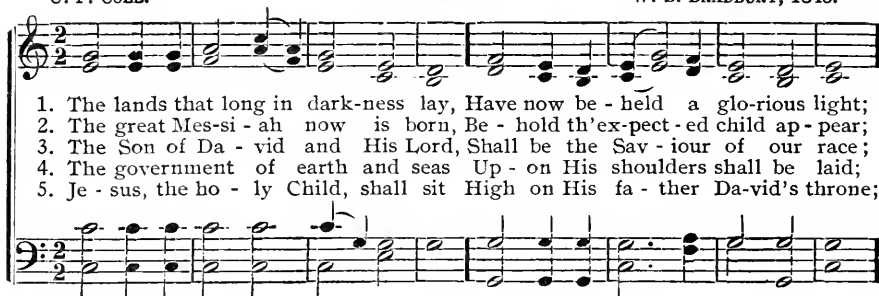
111

ZEPHYR. L. M.

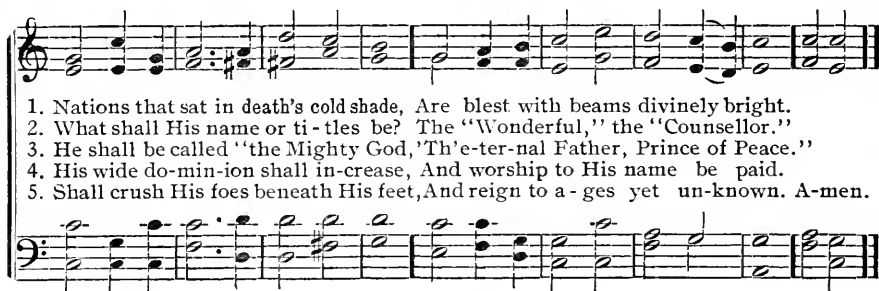
C. P. COLL.

Titles of Christ.—Isa. 9: 2-8.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1843.



1. The lands that long in dark-ness lay, Have now be - held a glo-rious light;
2. The great Mes-si - ah now is born, Be - hold th'ex-pect - ed child ap - pear;
3. The Son of Da - vid and His Lord, Shall be the Sav - iour of our race;
4. The government of earth and seas Up - on His shoulders shall be laid;
5. Je - sus, the ho - ly Child, shall sit High on His fa - ther Da - vid's throne;



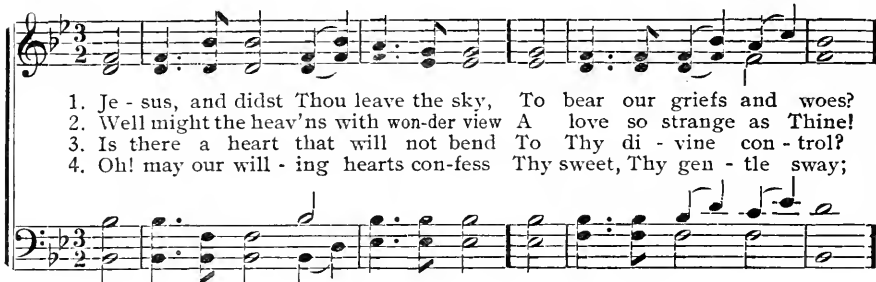
1. Nations that sat in death's cold shade, Are blest with beams divinely bright.
2. What shall His name or ti - tles be? The "Wonderful," the "Counsellor."
3. He shall be called "the Mighty God, 'Th'e-ter-nal Father, Prince of Peace."
4. His wide do-min-ion shall in-crease, And worship to His name be paid.
5. Shall crush His foes beneath His feet, And reign to a - ges yet un-known. A-men.

112

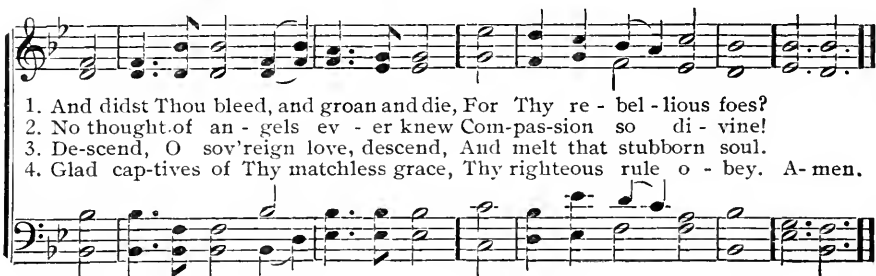
WOODLAWN. C. M.

ANNE STEELE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. Je - sus, and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won - der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol?
4. Oh! may our will - ing hearts con-fess Thy sweet, Thy gen - tle sway;



1. And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re - bel - lious foes?
2. No thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com-pas-sion so di - vine!
3. De-scend, O sov'reign love, descend, And melt that stubborn soul.
4. Glad cap-tives of Thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey. A-men.

113

ARLINGTON. C. M.

"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."—John 14: 6.

BISHOP GEO. W. DOANE, 1824.

Arr. from THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.

1. Thou art the Way; to Thee a-lone From sin and death we flee;
 2. Thou art the Truth; Thy word a-lone True wis-dom can in-part;
 3. Thou art the Life; the rend-ing tomb Pro-claims Thy conquering arm,
 4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that Way to know,

1. And he who would the Fa-ther seek Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
 2. Thou on-ly caust in-form the mind, And pu-ri-fy the heart.
 3. And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 4. That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Whose joys e-ter-nal flow. A-men.

114

DEAN. C. M.*

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1717.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. Je-sus! I love Thy charming name, 'Tis mu-sic to mine ear;
 2. Yes, Thou art pre-cious to my soul, My trans-port and my trust;
 3. All my ca-pa-cious pow'rs can wish, In Thee doth rich-ly meet;
 4. Thy grace still dwells up-on my heart, And sheds its fragrance there;
 5. I'll speak the hon-ors of Thy name With my ex-pir-ing breath;

1. Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n should hear.
 2. Jew-els, to Thee, are gaud-y toys, And gold is sor-did dust.
 3. Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
 4. The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cor-dial of its care.
 5. Then speechless clasp Thee in mine arms, And trust Thy love in death. A-men.

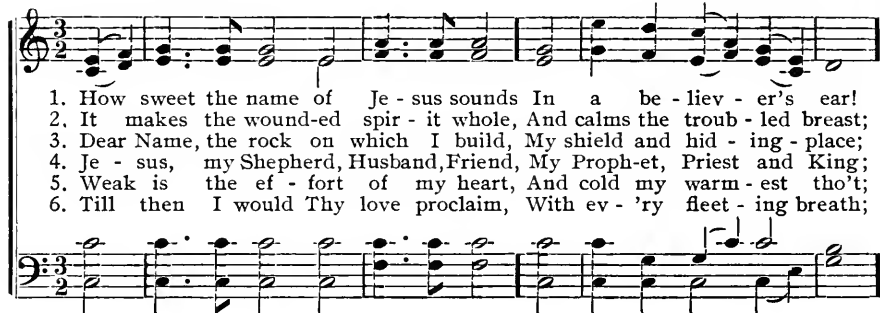
*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 23, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

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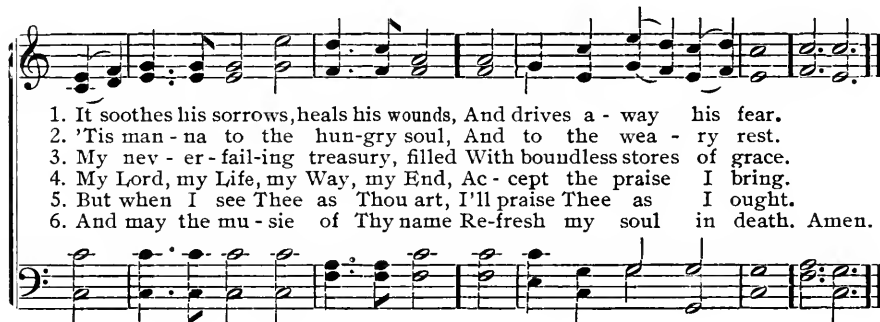
HEBER. C. M.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place;
4. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Proph-et, Priest and King;
5. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est tho't;
6. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;



1. It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
2. 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
3. My nev - er - fail - ing treasure, filled With boundless stores of grace.
4. My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
5. But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
6. And may the mu - sie of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death. Amen.

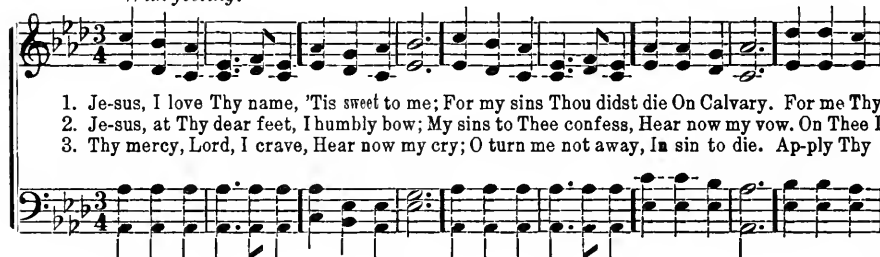
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HOLSINGER. 6s & 4s.

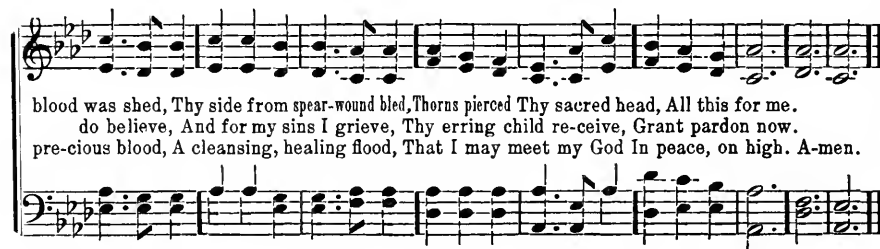
C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With feeling.



1. Je - sus, I love Thy name, 'Tis sweet to me; For my sins Thou didst die On Calvary. For me Thy
2. Je - sus, at Thy dear feet, I humbly bow; My sins to Thee confess, Hear now my vow. On Thee I
3. Thy mercy, Lord, I crave, Hear now my cry; O turn me not away, In sin to die. Ap - ply Thy



blood was shed, Thy side from spear-wound bled, Thorns pierced Thy sacred head, All this for me.
do believe, And for my sins I grieve, Thy erring child re - ceive, Grant pardon now.
pre - cious blood, A cleansing, healing flood, That I may meet my God In peace, on high. A - men.

117

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
 2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph
 5. To heav'n, the place of His a - bode, He brings my wea-ry feet; Shows me the glo-ries
 6. Since from His bounty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a thousand

1. glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 2. all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 3. shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
 4. o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
 5. of my God, And makes my joy complete, And makes my joy complete.
 6. hearts to give, Lord! they should all be Thine, Lord! they should all be Thine. A-men.

118

HAMMOND. C. M.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. In - fi - nite ex - cel - lence is Thine, Thou glorious Prince of Grace!
 2. Sin - ners from earth's re - mot - est end, Come bending at Thy feet;
 3. Thy name as pre - cious oint-ment shed, De - lights the Church a - round;
 4. Mil-lions of hap - py spir - its live. On Thy ex - haust - less store;
 5. Thou art their tri - umph and their joy, They find their all in Thee;

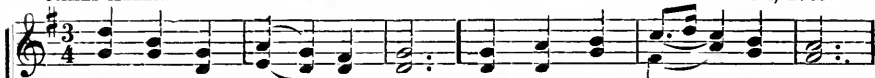
1. Thy un - cre - a - ted beauties shine, With nev - er - fad - ing rays.
 2. To Thee their pray'rs and songs ascend, In Thee their wish-es meet.
 3. Sweetly the sa - cred o - dors spread, Thro' all Im-manuel's ground.
 4. From Thee they all their bliss re-ceive, And still Thou giv - est more.
 5. Thy glo-ries will their tongues employ, Thro' all e - ter - ui - ty. A-men.

119

WORTHY THE LAMB (ITALIAN HYMN). 6s & 4s.

JAMES ALLEN.

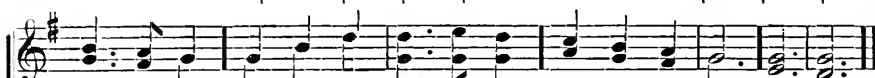
"Worthy the Lamb."—Rev. 5:12. FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769.



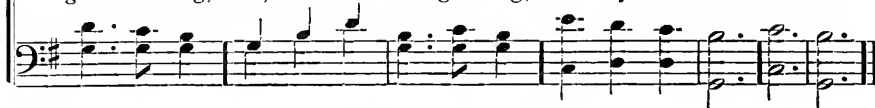
1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re - ply,
2. Join, all ye ran - som'd race, Our Lord and God to bless;
3. Soon must we change our place, Yet will we nev - er cease



- "Praise ye His name!" His love and grace a - dore, Who all our
Praise ye His name! In Him we will re - joice, And make a
Prais - ing His name; To Him our songs we bring; Hail Him, our



- sor-row's bore; Sing loud for ev - er - more, "Worthy the Lamb!"
joy - ful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"
gracious King; And, thro' all a - ges sing, "Worthy the Lamb!" A - men.



120

ARIEL. C. P. M.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

Arr. from MOZART, by DR. L. MASON, 1836.



1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth,
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,



1. Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
2. Of sin and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all
3. Ex - alt - ed on His throne, In loft - iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
4. And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -



ARIEL. Concluded.

1. Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine, In notes almost di-vine.
 2. perfect heav'nly dress, My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.
 3. ev - er-last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo-ries known.
 4. ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace. A - men.

121 LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1782.

American Tune.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 2. He saw me ru - ined by the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
 3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op- pose,
 4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 5. Oft - en I feel my sin - ful heart Prone from my Sav - iour to de - part,
 6. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale, Soon all my mor - tal pow'rs shall fail;
 7. Then let me mount and soar a - way To the bright world of end-less day;

1. He just-ly claims a song from me; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how free!
 2. He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how great!
 3. He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how strong!
 4. He near my soul has always stood; His lov-ing-kind - ness, O how good!
 5. But tho' I oft have Him for - got, His lov-ing-kind - ness changes not.
 6. Oh, may my last ex - pir-ing breath His lov-ing-kind - ness sing in death!
 7. And sing, with rapture and sur - prise, His lov-ing-kind - ness in the skies!

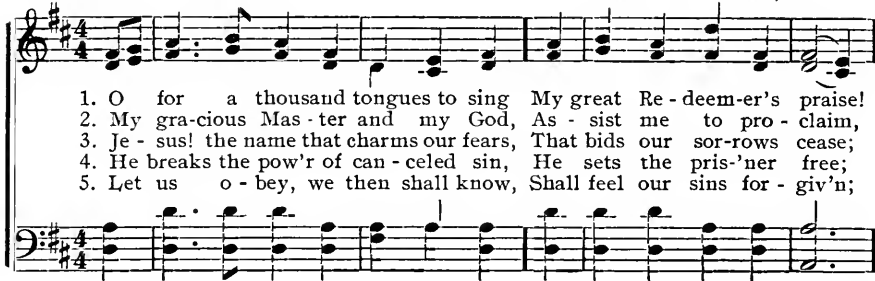
1. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness, O how free!
 2. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness, O how great!
 3. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness, O how strong!
 4. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness, O how good!
 5. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness changes not.
 6. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness sing in death!
 7. Loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov-ing - kind-ness in the skies! Amen.

122

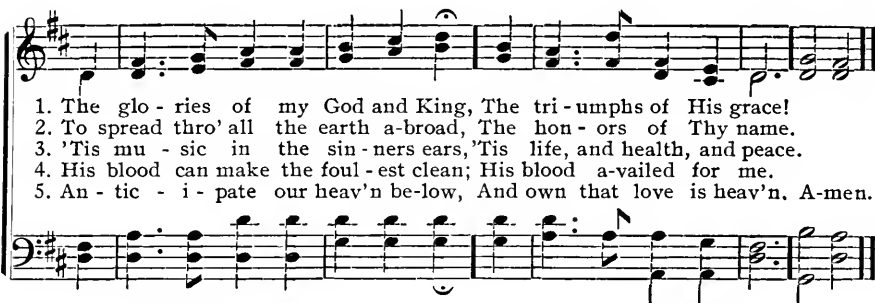
BURNEY. C. M.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1738.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise!
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
 3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;
 5. Let us o-bey, we then shall know, Shall feel our sins for-giv'n;



1. The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
 2. To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
 3. 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ners ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 4. His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
 5. An-tic-i-pate our heav'n be-low, And own that love is heav'n. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

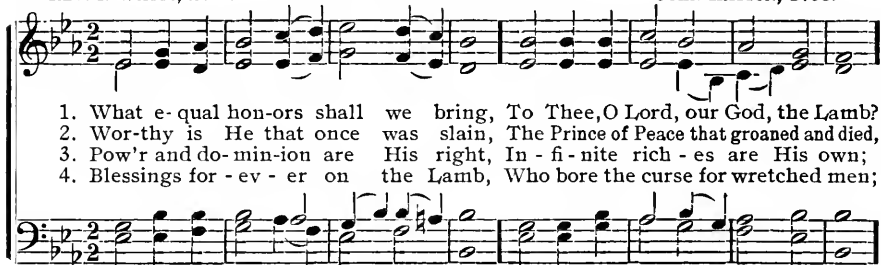
123

DUKE STREET. L. M.

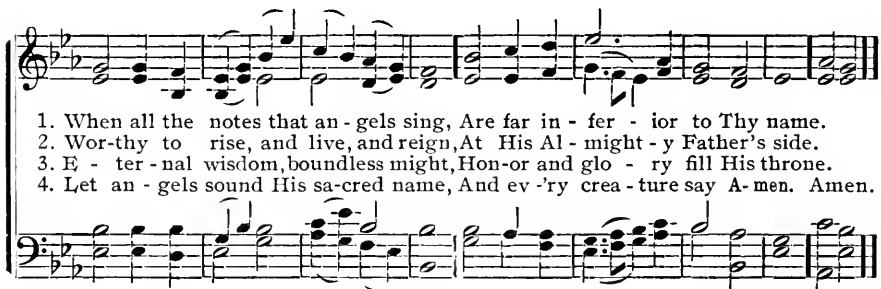
REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Rev. 5: 12-14.

JOHN HATTON, 1793.



1. What e-qual hon-ors shall we bring, To Thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb?
 2. Wor-thy is He that once was slain, The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,
 3. Pow'r and do-min-ion are His right, In-fi-nite rich-es are His own;
 4. Blessings for-ev-er on the Lamb, Who bore the curse for wretched men;



1. When all the notes that an-gels sing, Are far in-fer-ior to Thy name.
 2. Wor-thy to rise, and live, and reign, At His Al-might-y Father's side.
 3. E-ter-nal wisdom, boundless might, Hon-or and glo-ry fill His throne.
 4. Let an-gels sound His sa-cred name, And ev-'ry crea-ture say A-men. Amen.

124

MISSOURI. S. M.

WM. HAMMOND, 1745.

Rev. 15: 3.

ANON.

1. A - wake and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb;
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love, Sing of His ris - ing pow'r;
 3. Sing till we feel our heart As - cend - ing with our tongue;
 4. Sing on your heav'n - ly way, Ye rān - som - ed sin - ners, sing;
 5. Soon shall we hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come,"
 6. There shall our rap - tured tongue His end - less praise pro - claim;

1. Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
 2. Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove, For us, whose sins He bore.
 3. Sing till the love of sin de - part, And grace in - spire our song.
 4. Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ, th'e - ter - nal King.
 5. Soon will He call us hence a - way, To our e - ter - nal home.
 6. And sweet - er voic - es tune the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb. A - men.

125

MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS, 1856.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. { More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; }
 { Hear Thou the pray'r I make, (Omit.) } On bended knee; This is my
 2. { Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; }
 { Now Thee a-lone I seek, (Omit.) } Give what is best; This all my
 3. { Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; }
 { Sweet are Thy messengers, (Omit.) } Sweet their refrain; When they can
 4. { Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise; }
 { This be my part - iug cry, (Omit.) } My heart shall raise; Still this its

1. earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.
 2. pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.
 3. sing with me, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee.
 4. pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee. A - men.

126

GALILEE. 8s & 7s.

Heb. 9: 28. John 2: 8.

Latin 5th Century. Tr. by REV. EDW. CASWALL, 1848.

W. H. JUDE, 1875.

1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing, "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
 2. Wak-ened by the sol-emn warn-ing, Let the earth-bound soul a-rise;
 3. Lo! the Lamb so long ex-pect-ed, Comes with pardon down from heav'n,
 4. So when next He comes in glo-ry, Wrapping all the earth in fear,

1. Cast a-way the dreams of darkness, O ye chil-dren of the day.
 2. Christ her Sun, all sloth dis-pell-ing, Shines upon the morning skies.
 3. Let us haste with tears of sor-row, One and all, to be for-giv'n.
 4. Not for chast'ning, but sal-va-tion, Un-to us shall He ap-pear. A-men.

127

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

Heb. 2: 16-18.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.

1. When Christ from heav'n came down of old, He took our na-ture poor and low;
 2. But when He com-eth back once more, Then shall be set the great white throne,
 3. O Son of God, in glo-ry crowned, The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
 4. Be with us in that aw-ful hour, And by Thy crown, and by Thy grave,

1. He wore no form of an-gel mould, But shared our weakness and our woe.
 2. And earth and heav'n shall flee before The face of Him who sits there-on.
 3. O Son of Man, so pity-ing found For all the tears Thy people shed.
 4. By all Thy love and all Thy pow'r, In that great day of judgment save. Amen.

The Son, His Second Coming.

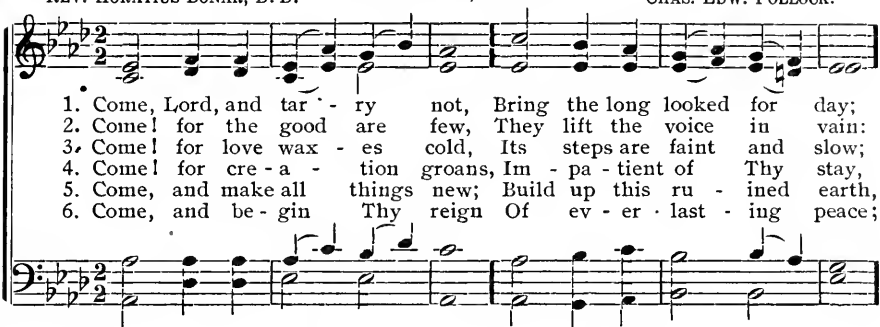
128

VINCENT. S. M.*

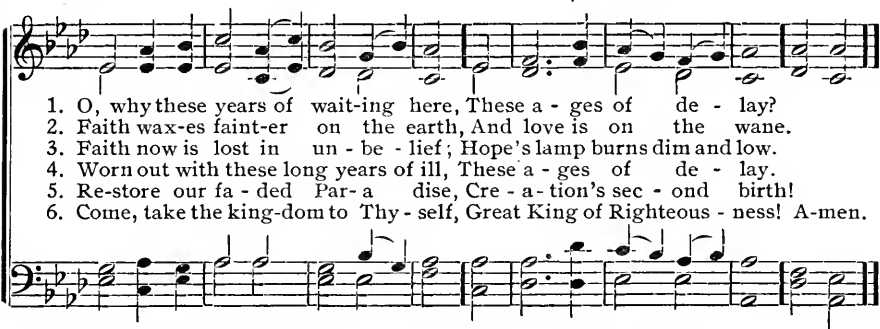
REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Rom. 8: 22, 23.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not, Bring the long looked for day;
 2. Come! for the good are few, They lift the voice in vain:
 3. Come! for love wax - es cold, Its steps are faint and slow;
 4. Come! for cre - a - tion groans, Im - pa - tient of Thy stay,
 5. Come, and make all things new; Build up this ru - ined earth,
 6. Come, and be - gin Thy reign Of ev - er - last - ing peace;



1. O, why these years of wait-ing here, These a - ges of de - lay?
 2. Faith wax-es faint-er on the earth, And love is on the wane.
 3. Faith now is lost in un - be - lief; Hope's lamp burns dim and low.
 4. Worn out with these long years of ill, These a - ges of de - lay.
 5. Re-store our fa - ded Par-a - dise, Cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth!
 6. Come, take the king-dom to Thy - self, Great King of Righteous - ness! A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 8, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

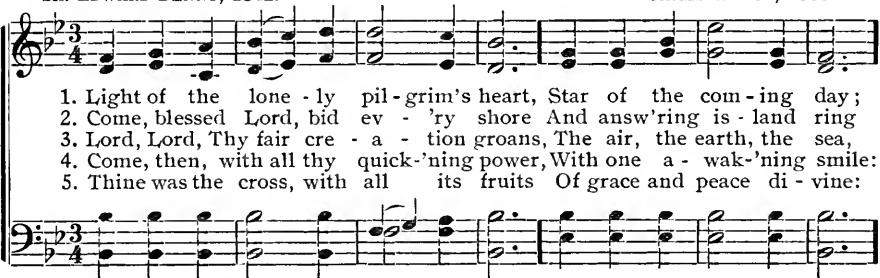
129

EAGLEY. C. M.

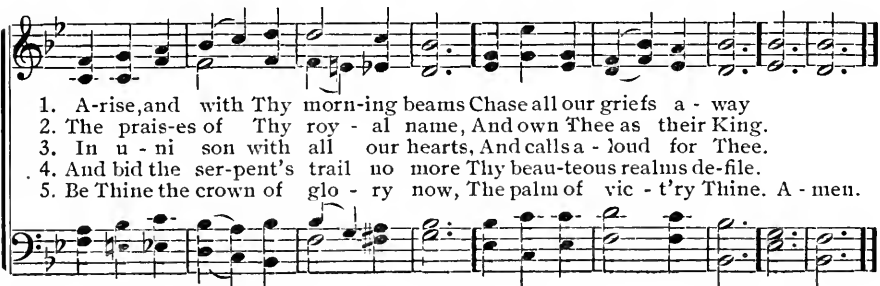
SIR EDWARD DENNY, 1842.

Titus 2: 13.

JAMES WELCH, 1860.



1. Light of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day;
 2. Come, blessed Lord, bid ev - 'ry shore And answ'ring is - land ring
 3. Lord, Lord, Thy fair cre - a - tion groans, The air, the earth, the sea,
 4. Come, then, with all thy quick-'ning power, With one a - wak-'ning smile:
 5. Thine was the cross, with all its fruits Of grace and peace di - vine:



1. A-rise, and with Thy morn-ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way
 2. The prais-es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King.
 3. In u - ni son with all our hearts, And calls a - loud for Thee.
 4. And bid the ser-pent's trail no more Thy beau-teous realms de-file.
 5. Be Thine the crown of glo - ry now, The palm of vic - t'ry Thine. A - men.

The Son, His Second Coming.

130

LOGAN. 8s, 7s & 4s.

REV. J. CENNICK, 1752. REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1758.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sin - ners slain!
 2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold Him, Robed in dreadful maj - es - ty;
 3. Now re - demp - tion, long ex - pect - ed, See in sol - emn pomp ap - pear;
 4. Yea! A - men! let all a - dore Thee, High on Thine e - ter - nal throne!

1. Thousand thousand saints at - tending, Swell the tri - umph of His train!
 2. Those who set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 3. All His saints by men re - ject - ed, Now shall meet Him in the air!
 4. Sav - iour, take the pow'r and glo - ry; Make Thy righteous sentence known;

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, and comes to reign.
 2. Deeply wailing, deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap - pear.
 4. O come quickly, O come quickly, Claim the kingdom for Thine own. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

131

HARWELL. 8s, 7s & 7.

REV. THOS. KELLY, 1804.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1840.

FINE.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; }
 { Je - sus reigns and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns the God of love; }
 2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glory brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth; }
 { Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth; }
 3. { Saviour, hasten Thine ap - pear - ing, Bring, O bring the glorious day, }
 { When, the awful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass away; }

D. C. - Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - men.

The Son, His Second Coming.

HARWELL. Concluded.

D. C.



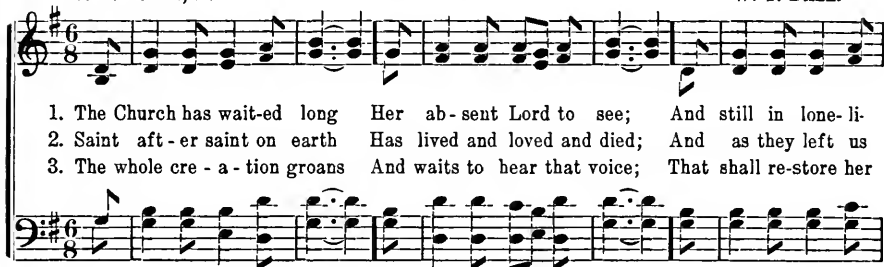
See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Then with golden harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

132 THE WAITING CHURCH. S. M. D.*

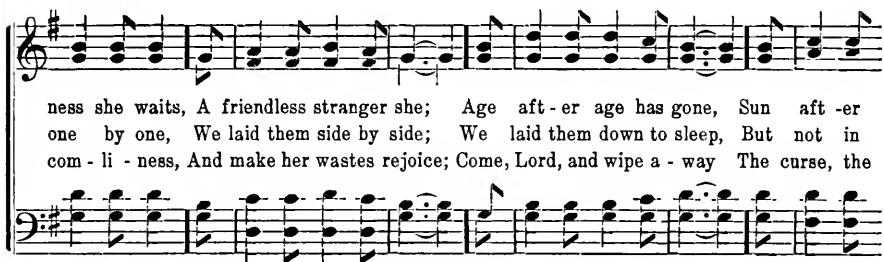
REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

Rev. 22: 20.

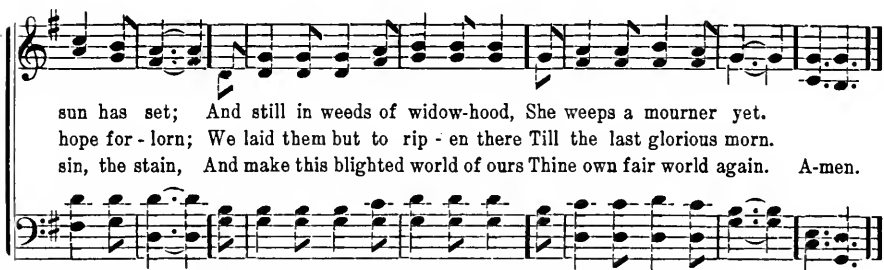
W. T. DALE.



1. The Church has wait-ed long Her ab-sent Lord to see; And still in lone-li-
 2. Saint aft-er saint on earth Has lived and loved and died; And as they left us
 3. The whole cre-a-tion groans And waits to hear that voice; That shall re-store her



ness she waits, A friendless stranger she; Age aft-er age has gone, Sun aft-er
 one by one, We laid them side by side; We laid them down to sleep, But not in
 com-li-ness, And make her wastes rejoice; Come, Lord, and wipe a-way The curse, the



sun has set; And still in weeds of widow-hood, She weeps a mourner yet.
 hope for-lorn; We laid them but to rip-en there Till the last glorious morn.
 sin, the stain, And make this blighted world of ours Thine own fair world again. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." June 1, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner of music.

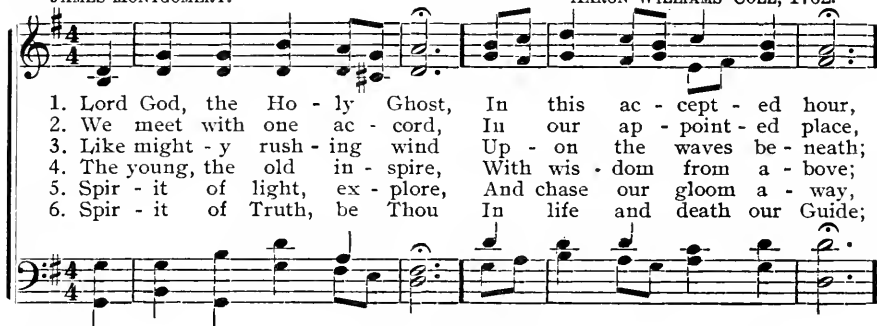
133

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

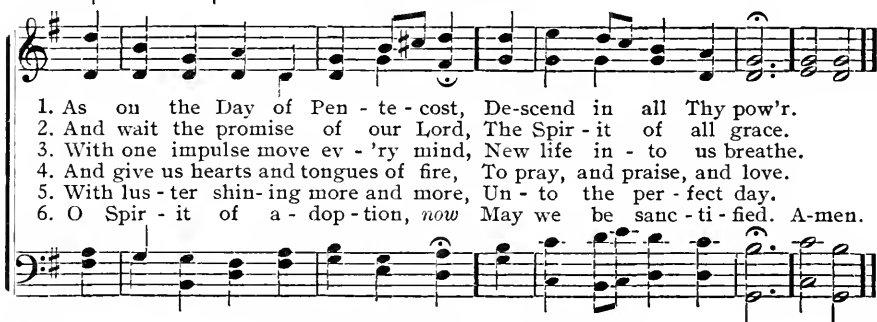
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Acts 2: 1-4.

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL, 1762.



1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,
 2. We meet with one ac - cord, In our ap - point - ed place,
 3. Like might - y rush - ing wind Up - on the waves be - neath;
 4. The young, the old in - spire, With wis - dom from a - bove;
 5. Spir - it of light, ex - plore, And chase our gloom a - way,
 6. Spir - it of Truth, be Thou In life and death our Guide;



1. As on the Day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy pow'r.
 2. And wait the promise of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace.
 3. With one impulse move ev - 'ry mind, New life in - to us breathe.
 4. And give us hearts and tongues of fire, To pray, and praise, and love.
 5. With lus - ter shin - ing more and more, Un - to the per - fect day.
 6. O Spir - it of a - dop - tion, now May we be sanc - ti - fied. A - men.

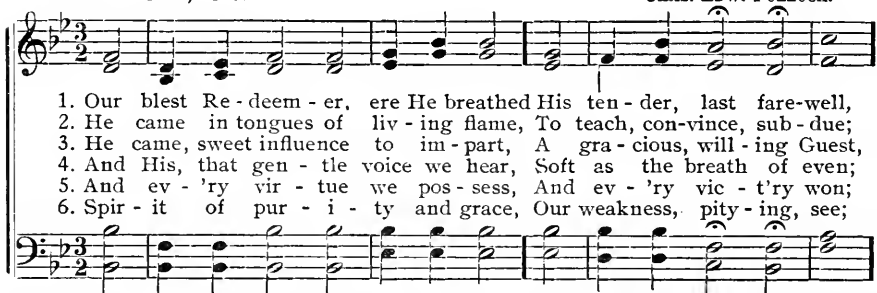
134

COLLINSWORTH. 8s, 6s & 4s.

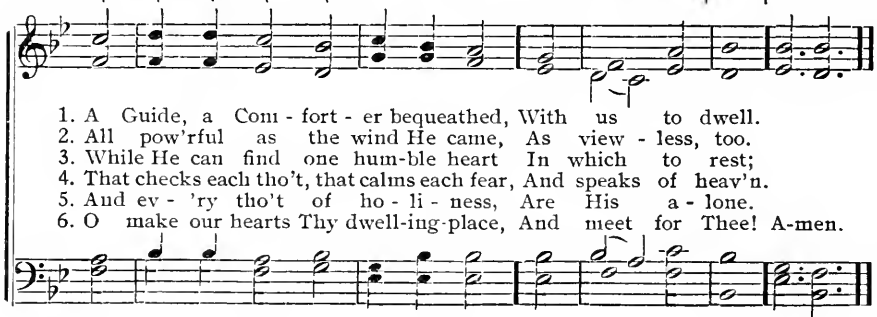
HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

John 15: 26.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare-well,
 2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con - vince, sub - due;
 3. He came, sweet influence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing Guest,
 4. And His, that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even;
 5. And ev - 'ry vir - tue we pos - sess, And ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won;
 6. Spir - it of pur - i - ty and grace, Our weakness, pity - ing, see;



1. A Guide, a Com - fort - er bequeathed, With us to dwell.
 2. All pow'rful as the wind He came, As view - less, too.
 3. While He can find one hum - ble heart In which to rest;
 4. That checks each tho't, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.
 5. And ev - 'ry tho't of ho - li - ness, Are His a - lone.
 6. O make our hearts Thy dwell - ing - place, And meet for Thee! A - men.

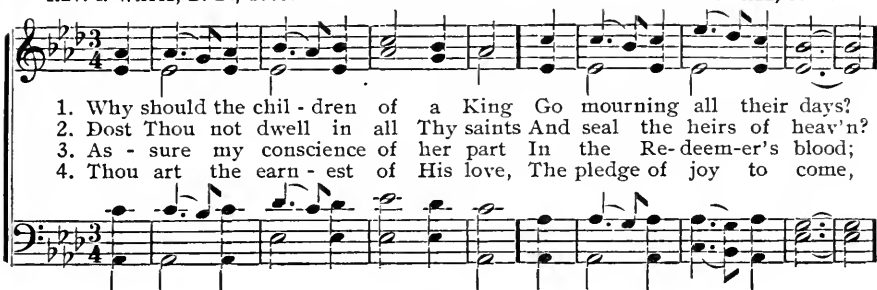
135

WARTRACE. C. M.

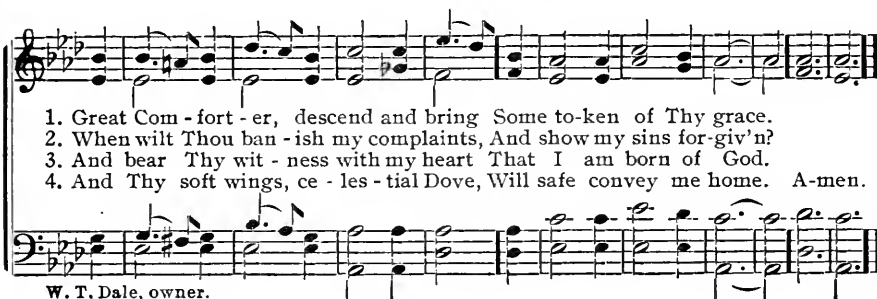
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709.

Matt. 9: 15.

W. T. DALE, 1901.



1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourning all their days?
 2. Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints And seal the heirs of heav'n?
 3. As - sure my conscience of her part In the Re-deem-er's blood;
 4. Thou art the earn - est of His love, The pledge of joy to come,



1. Great Com - fort - er, descend and bring Some to-ken of Thy grace.
 2. When wilt Thou ban - ish my complaints, And show my sins for-giv'n?
 3. And bear Thy wit - ness with my heart That I am born of God.
 4. And Thy soft wings, ce - les - tial Dove, Will safe convey me home. A-men.

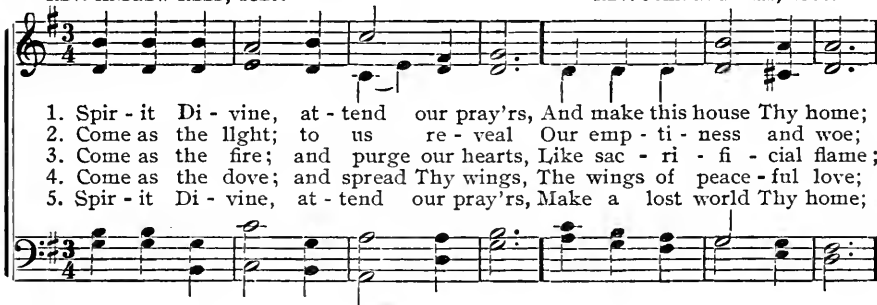
W. T. Dale, owner.

136

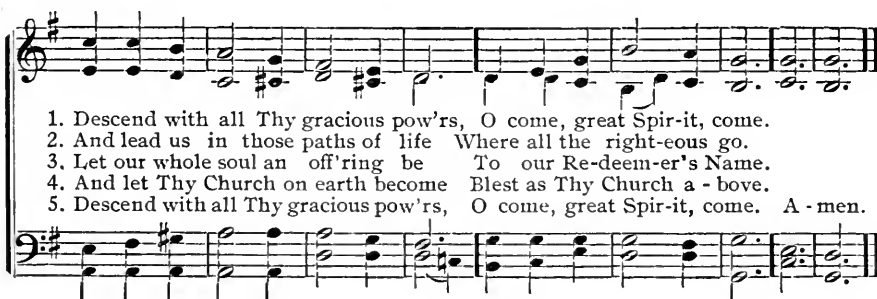
ST. AGNES. C. M.

REV. ANDREW REED, 1829.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



1. Spir - it Di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;
 2. Come as the light; to us re - veal Our emp - ti - ness and woe;
 3. Come as the fire; and purge our hearts, Like sac - ri - fi - cial flame;
 4. Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings, The wings of peace - ful love;
 5. Spir - it Di - vine, at - tend our pray'rs, Make a lost world Thy home;

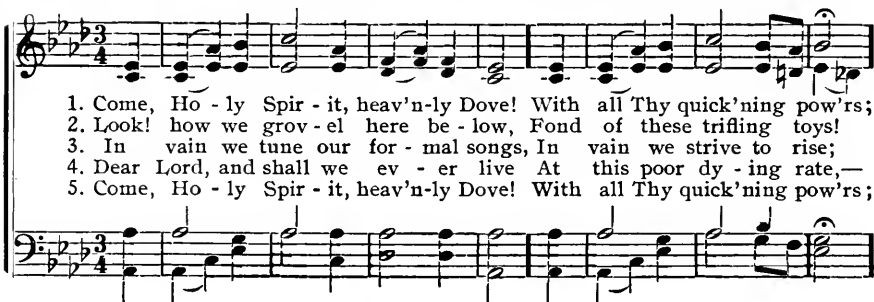


1. Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs, O come, great Spir-it, come.
 2. And lead us in those paths of life Where all the right-eous go.
 3. Let our whole soul an off'ring be To our Re-deem-er's Name.
 4. And let Thy Church on earth become Blest as Thy Church a - bove.
 5. Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs, O come, great Spir-it, come. A - men.

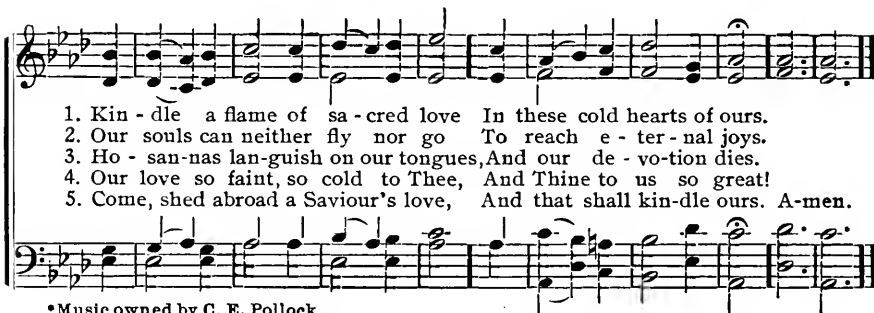
137

MAHONINGTOWN. C. M.*

DR. ISAAC WATTS. "When the Comforter is come."—John 15: 26. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look! how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these trifling toys!
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,—
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove! With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;



1. Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.
3. Ho - san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo-tion dies.
4. Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!
5. Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours. A-men.

*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

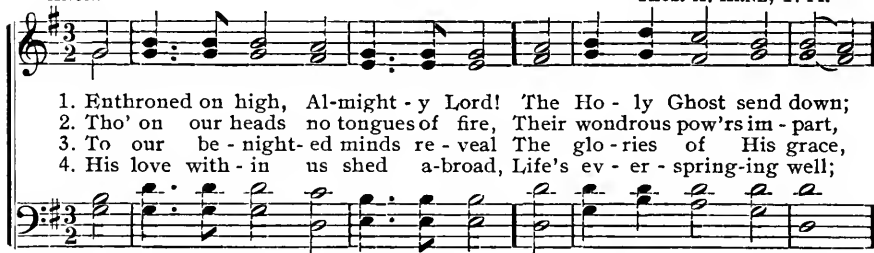
138

ARLINGTON. C. M.

"Ye shall be baptized with Holy Ghost not many days hence."—Acts 1: 5.

ANON.

THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.



1. Enthroned on high, Al-might - y Lord! The Ho - ly Ghost send down;
2. Tho' on our heads no tongues of fire, Their wondrous pow'rs im - part,
3. To our be - night-ed minds re - veal The glo - ries of His grace,
4. His love with - in us shed a-broad, Life's ev - er - spring-ing well;



1. Ful - fill in us Thy faith-ful word, And all Thy mer - cies crown.
2. Grant, Saviour, what we more de-sire, Thy Spir - it in our heart.
3. And bring us where no clouds conceal The brightness of His face.
4. Till God in us, and we in God, In love e - ter - nal dwell. A-men.

The Holy Spirit.

139

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

REV. J. HART, 1759.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1837.

1. Fa-ther, Thy quick'ning Spirit send From heav'n in Je-sus' name; To make our waiting
 2. May we receive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart; Hoard up the precious
 3. To seek Thee all our hearts dispose, To each Thy blessings suit; And let the seed Thy
 4. Bid the refreshing north wind wake; Say to the south wind, blow; Let ev - 'ry plant Thy
 5. Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs, The cold with warmth di-vine; And as the ben - e

1. minds at-tend, And put our souls in frame, And put our souls in frame.
 2. treasure there, And nev - er with it part, And nev - er with it part.
 3. ser-vant sows, Pro-duce a copious fruit, Pro-duce a co-pious fruit.
 4. pow'r par-take, And all the gar-den grow, And all the gar-den grow.
 5. fit is ours, Be all the glo - ry Thine, Be all the glo - ry Thine. A - men.

140

LAST HOPE (MERCY). 7s.

REV. ANDREW REED, 1817.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK, 1854.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
 4, Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

1. Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
 2. Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do - min-ion o'er my soul.
 3. Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 4. Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign supreme, and reign alone. A-men.

The Holy Spirit.

GUIDE. 7s, D.

141

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
 2. { Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }
 3. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, }
 4. { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in darkness drear; }
 5. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease, }
 6. { Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there. }

D. C.—Whisper soft-ly, wan-d'r'er come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home. A-men.

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

142

KUHN. S. M.

REV. JOSEPH HART, 1759.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis -
 2. Con-vince us of our sin; Then lead to Je - sus' blood, And
 3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re-move, And
 4. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul, To
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Our minds from bond - age free; Then

1. pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes.
 2. to our wond'ring view re - veal The mer - cies of our God.
 3. kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
 4. pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part, And new cre - ate the whole.
 5. shall we know, and praise, and love, The Fa - ther, Son and Thee. A-men.

143

HURSLEY. L. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1823.

FR. PETER RITTER, arr. by WM. H. MONK, 1861.

1. O Spir-it of the liv-ing God! In all the full-ness of Thy grace,
 2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love To preach the rec-on-cil-ing word;
 3. Be darkness, at Thy com-ing, light; Con-fus-ion, or-der, in Thy path;
 4. Bap-tize the na-tions! far and nigh The triumphs of the cross re-cord;
 5. God from e-ter-ni-ty hath willed All flesh shall His sal-va-tion see;

1. Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a-pos-tate race.
 2. Give pow'r and unction from above, Whene'er the joy-ful sound is heard.
 3. Souls without strength, inspire with might, Bid mercy tri-umph o-ver wrath!
 4. The name of Je-sus glor-i-fy, Till ev-'ry kin-dred call Him Lord.
 5. So be the Fa-ther's love fulfilled, The Saviour's suff'rings crowned thro' thee. A-men.

144

WINDHAM. L. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

1. Stay, Thou in-sult-ed Spir-it! stay! Tho' I have done Thee such de-spite;
 2. Tho' I have steeled my stubborn heart, And still shook off my guilt-y fears;
 3. Tho' I have most un-faith-ful been Of all who-e'er Thy grace received;
 4. Yet, O the chief of sin-ners spare, In hon-or of my great High-priest;
 5. This on-ly woe I dep-re-cate; This on-ly plague I pray re-move;

1. Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take Thine ev-er-last-ing flight.
 2. And vexed, and urged Thee to depart, For ma-ny long, re-bel-lious years.
 3. Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy good-ness grieved.
 4. Nor in Thy righteous an-ger swear T'exclude me from Thy peo-ple's rest.
 5. Nor leave me in my lost es-tate; Nor curse me with this want of love.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

Psalm 19:1.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. The heav'ns declare Thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - 'ry star Thy wis - dom shines;
 2. The roll - ing sun, the chang - ing light, And nights and days Thy pow'r confess;
 3. Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise Round the whole earth, and never stand;
 4. Nor shall Thy spreading gos - pel rest Till thro' the world Thy truth has run;
 5. Great Sun of Right-eousness, a - rise; Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;

1. But when our eyes be-hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair-er lines.
 2. But the blest volume Thou hast writ Reveals Thy jus-tice and Thy grace.
 3. So when Thy truth be-gan its race, It touched and glanced on ev'ry land.
 4. Till Christ has all the na - tions blest That see the light, or feel the sun.
 5. Thy gos-pel makes the sim-ple wise, Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right. Amen.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
 2. Its light de-scend - ing from a - bove, Our gloom - y world to cheer,
 3. It shows to man his wand'ring ways, And where his feet have trod;
 4. O'er all the straight and nar - row way Its ra - diant beams are cast;
 5. It sweet - ly cheers our droop-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears;
 6. This lamp thro' all the te - dious night Of life shall guide our way,

1. Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
 2. Dis - plays a Saviour's boundless love, And brings His glo-ries near.
 3. And brings to view the matchless grace Of a for - giv - ing God.
 4. A light whose nev - er - wea - ry ray Grows brightest at the last.
 5. Life, light and joy it still im-parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
 6. Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day. A - men.

147

CHARLES. L. M.*

REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. God in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal counsels known;
 2. Here sin - ners of an humble frame May taste His grace and learn His name;
 3. The pris'ner here may break his chains; The wear - y rest from all his pains;
 4. Here faith re - veals to mor - tal eyes, A brighter field be - yond the skies;
 5. O grant us grace, Al - might - y Lord, To read and mark Thy ho - ly word;

1. Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
 2. May read in char - ac - ters of blood, The wisdom, pow'r and grace of God.
 3. The captive feel His bond - age cease, The mourner find the way of peace.
 4. Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of endless day.
 5. Its truths with meekness to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly precepts live. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 29, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

148

HORTON. 7s.

JOHN BURTON.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER, 1786.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - iour's love;
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, If the Ho - ly Spir - it bless;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;

1. Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.
 2. Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
 3. Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
 4. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treasure, thou art mine. A-men.

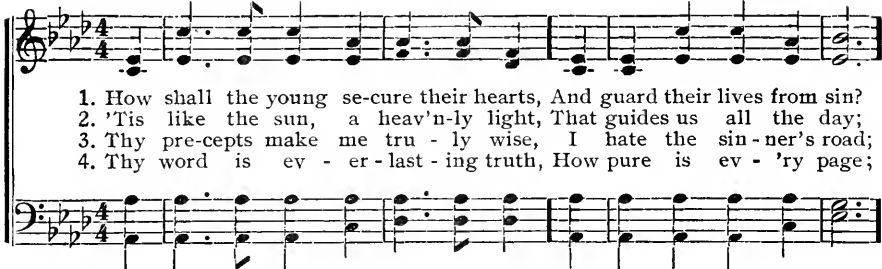
149

MAY. C. M.

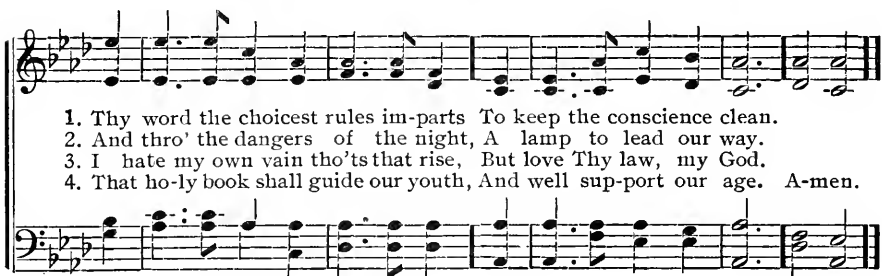
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 119: 9.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. How shall the young se-cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?
2. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'n-ly light, That guides us all the day;
3. Thy pre-cepts make me tru - ly wise, I hate the sin-ner's road;
4. Thy word is ev - er - last - ing truth, How pure is ev - 'ry page;



1. Thy word the choicest rules im-parts To keep the conscience clean.
2. And thro' the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
3. I hate my own vain tho'ts that rise, But love Thy law, my God.
4. That ho-ly book shall guide our youth, And well sup-port our age. A-men.

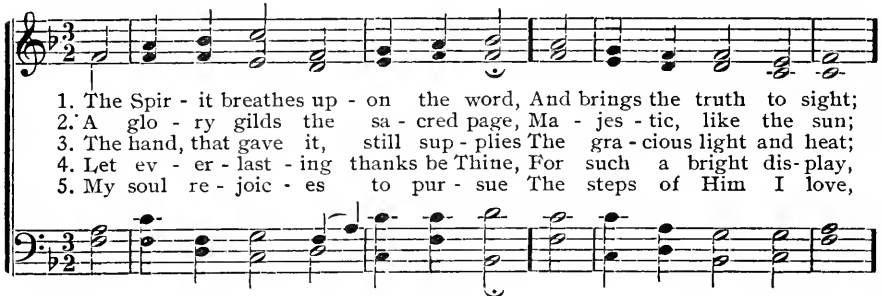
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150

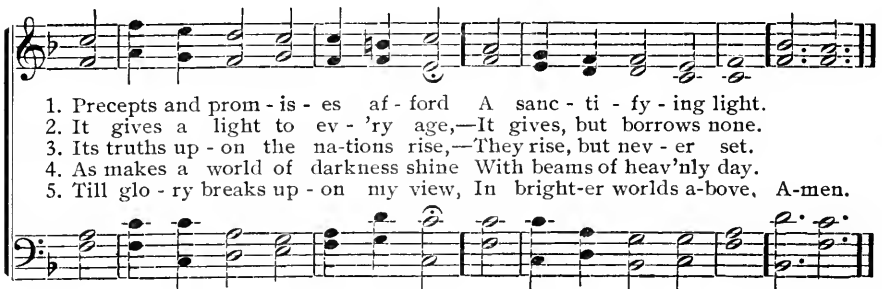
DUNDEE. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

Arr. from CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.



1. The Spir - it breathes up - on the word, And brings the truth to sight;
2. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tic, like the sun;
3. The hand, that gave it, still sup - plies The gra - cious light and heat;
4. Let ev - er - last - ing thanks be Thine, For such a bright dis - play,
5. My soul re - joic - es to pur - sue The steps of Him I love,



1. Precepts and prom - is - es af - ford A sanc - ti - fy - ing light.
2. It gives a light to ev - 'ry age,—It gives, but borrows none.
3. Its truths up - on the na - tions rise,—They rise, but nev - er set.
4. As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heav'nly day.
5. Till glo - ry breaks up - on my view, In bright-er worlds a - bove, A-men.

151

KNOX. C. M.

BERNARD BARTON, 1827.

TEMPLE MELODIES.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
 2. Bread of our souls, whereon we feed, True man - na from on high;
 3. Pil - lar of fire, thro' watch-es dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day;
 4. Word of the ev - er - last - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;
 5. Lord, grant us all a - right to learn The wis - dom it in - parts;

1. Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the traveler's way.
 2. Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms be - yond the sky.
 3. When waves would whelm our tossing bark, Our an - chor and our stay.
 4. With - out thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won?
 5. And to its heav'n - ly teach - ing turn, With sim - ple, child - like hearts. A - men.

152

PRINCETON. C. M.*

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy word What end - less glo - ry shines!
 2. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads heav'nly peace a - round;
 3. O may these heav'nly pag - es be My ev - er dear de - light;
 4. Di - vine In - struct - or, gra - cious Lord, Be Thou for - ev - er near;

1. For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
 2. And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.
 3. And still new beau - ties may I see, And still in - creasing light.
 4. Teach me to love Thy sa - cred word, And view my Sav - iour there. A - men.

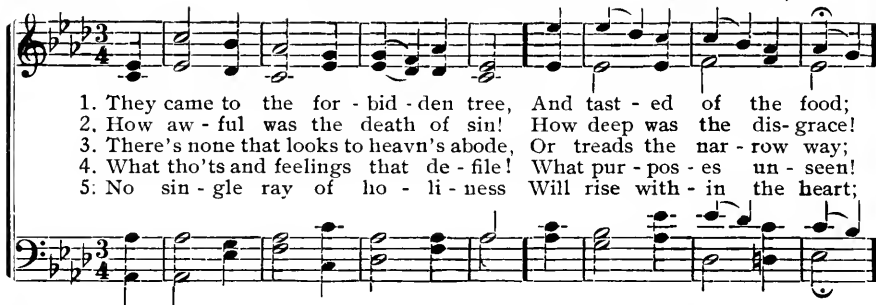
Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

153

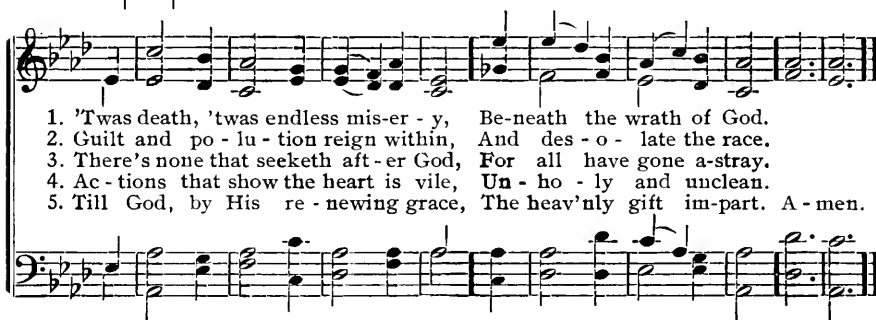
BELMONT. C. M.

C. P. COLL.

The fall of man.—Gen. 3: 1-6. Fr. WILLIAM GARDINER, 1812.



1. They came to the for-bid-den tree, And tast-ed of the food;
 2. How aw-ful was the death of sin! How deep was the dis-grace!
 3. There's none that looks to heavn's abode, Or treads the nar-row way;
 4. What tho'ts and feelings that de-file! What pur-pos-es un-seen!
 5. No sin-gle ray of ho-li-ness Will rise with-in the heart;



1. 'Twas death, 'twas endless mis-er-y, Be-neath the wrath of God.
 2. Guilt and po-lu-tion reign within, And des-o-late the race.
 3. There's none that seeketh aft-er God, For all have gone a-stray.
 4. Ac-tions that show the heart is vile, Un-ho-ly and unclean.
 5. Till God, by His re-newing grace, The heav'nly gift im-part. A-men.

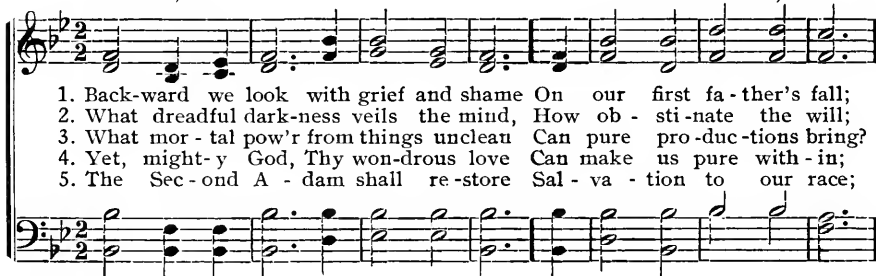
154

BEAVER FALLS. C. M.*

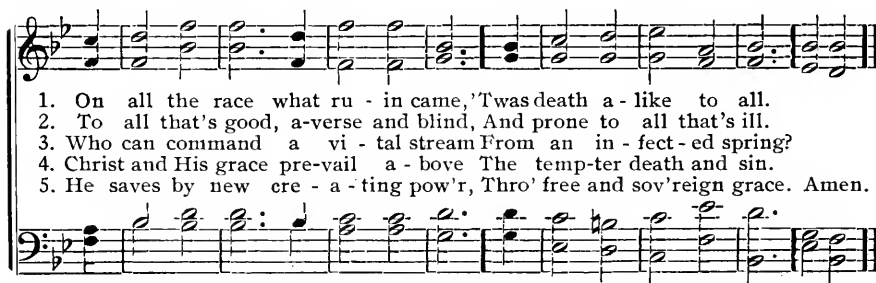
REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

"Thou shalt surely die."—Gen. 2: 17.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. Back-ward we look with grief and shame On our first fa-ther's fall;
 2. What dreadful dark-ness veils the mind, How ob-sti-nate the will;
 3. What mor-tal pow'r from things unclean Can pure pro-duc-tions bring?
 4. Yet, might-y God, Thy won-drous love Can make us pure with-in;
 5. The Sec-ond A-dam shall re-store Sal-va-tion to our race;



1. On all the race what ru-in came, 'Twas death a-like to all.
 2. To all that's good, a-verse and blind, And prone to all that's ill.
 3. Who can command a vi-tal stream From an in-fect-ed spring?
 4. Christ and His grace pre-vail a-bove The temp-ter death and sin.
 5. He saves by new cre-a-ting pow'r, Thro' free and sov'reign grace. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

155

EVAN. C. M.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

REV. WILLIAM HAVERGAL, 1846.

1. How help-less guilt - y na - ture lies, Un - conscious of her load!
 2. Can aught be -neath a pow'r di - vine The stub-born will sub-due?
 3. 'Tis Thine the pas-sions to re - call, And up - ward bid them rise;
 4. To chase the shades of death a - way, And bid the sin - ner live;
 5. O change these wretched hearts of ours, And give them life di - vine;

1. The heart unchanged can nev-er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.
 2. 'Tis Thine, E - ter - nal Spir - it, Thine, To form the heart a - new.
 3. To make the scales of er - ror fall From reason's darkened eyes.
 4. A beam of heav'n, a vi - tal ray, 'Tis Thine a - lone to give.
 5. Then shall our pas-sion and our pow'rs, Al-might - y Lord, be Thine. Amen.

156

MARLOW. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

REV. JOHN CHETHAM, 1718.

1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin, how deep it stains!
 2. But there's a voice of sov'reign grace Sounds from the sa - cred word;
 3. My soul o - beys th'al-might-y call, And runs to this re - lief;
 4. A guilt - y, weak, and help-less worm, On Thy kind arms I fall;

1. And Sa - tan holds our cap-tive minds Fast in his slav - ish chains.
 2. "Ho! ye de - spair-ing sinners, come, And trust a pard'ning Lord."
 3. I would be-lieve Thy promise, Lord, Oh, help my un - be - lief.
 4. Be Thou my strength and righteousness, My Sav-iour and my all. A-men.

1. Ah! how shall fal - len man.... Be just be - fore His God?
 2. If He our ways should mark... With strict, in - quir - ing eyes,
 3. All - see - ing, pow'r - ful God,... Who can with Thee con-tend?
 4. The moun - tains in Thy wrath, Their an - cient seats for - sake;
 5. Ah! how shall guilt - y man.... Con - tend with such a God?

1. If He con-tend in righteousness, We sink beneath His rod.
 2. Could we for one of thousand faults A just ex - cuse de - vise?
 3. Or who that tries th'un-e - qual strife Shall prosper in the end?
 4. The trembling earth deserts her place, And all her pil - lars shake.
 5. None, none can meet Him and es-cape But thro' the Saviour's blood. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

1. How heav - y is the night That hangs up - on our eyes,
 2. Our guilt - y spir - its dread To meet the wrath of heav'n;
 3. Un - ho - ly and im - pure Are all our tho'ts and ways;
 4. The pow'rs of hell a - gree To hold our souls in vain;
 5. Lord, we a - dore Thy ways To bring us near to God;

1. Till Christ, with His re - viv-ing light O - ver our souls a - rise.
 2. But in His righteousness arrayed, We see our sins forgiv'n.
 3. His hands in-fect - ed na - ture cure, With sanc - ti - fy - ing grace.
 4. He sets the sons of bond-age free, And breaks the hell-ish chain.
 5. Thy sov'reign pow'r, Thy healing grace; And Thy a - ton - ing blood. Amen.

BARNES. S. M.

Inscribed to Alfred Smith Barnes, founder of the A. S. Barnes Company.

PRATT'S COLL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. God's ho - ly law transgressed, Speaks noth-ing but de-spair; Bur-
 2. Not all our groans and tears, Nor works which we have done; Nor
 3. Re - lief a - lone is found In Je - sus' pre - cious blood; 'Tis
 4. High lift - ed on the cross The spot - less Vic - tim dies! This

1. dened with guilt, with grief oppressed, We find no com - fort there.
 2. vows, nor prom - is - es, nor pray'rs, Can e'er for sin a - tone.
 3. this that heals the mor - tal wound, And rec - on - ciles to God.
 4. is sal - va - tion's on - ly source, Hence all our hopes a - rise. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 23, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

WARWICK. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

Rom. 7:9.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.

1. Lord, how se - cure my conscience was, And felt no in - ward dread!
 2. My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright, But since the pre - cept came,
 3. My guilt ap-peared but small be - fore, Till ter - ri - bly I saw
 4. Thus felt my soul the heav - y load, My sins re - vived a - gain;
 5. My God, I cry with ev - 'ry breath For some kind pow'r to save,

1. I was a - live with - out the law, And tho't my sins were dead.
 2. With a con - vinc - ing pow'r and light, I find how vile I am.
 3. How per - fect, ho - ly, just and pure, Was Thine e - ter - nal law.
 4. I had pro - voked a dread-ful God, And all my hopes were slain.
 5. To break the yoke of sin and death, And thus re-deem the slave. Amen.

161

AZMON. C. M.

Isaiah 63: 9.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

CARL GLÄSER, 1828. Arr. by L. MASON, 1839.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de-spair, We wretch-ed sin - ners lay,
 2. With pity - ing eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our help-less grief;
 3. Down from the shin - ing seats a - bove With joy - ful haste He fled,
 4. Oh! for this love let rocks and hills Their last - ing si - lence break,
 5. An - gels, as - sist our might-y joys; Strike all your harps of gold;

1. Without one cheering beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.
 2. He saw, and O, a - maz - ing love! He ran to our re - lief.
 3. Entered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a-mong the dead.
 4. And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's prais-es speak.
 5. But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told. A-men.

162

HEWITT. L. M.*

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there physician there?"—Jer. 8: 22.

ANNE STEELE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Deep are the wounds which sin has made, Where shall the sinner find a cure?
 2. But can no sov'reign balm be found? And is no kind phy-si-cian nigh
 3. Yes, there's a great phy - si-cian near, Look up, my fainting soul, and live!
 4. See in the Saviour's precious blood, Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;

1. In vain, a - las! is nature's aid, The work exceeds her utmost pow'r.
 2. To ease the pain and heal the wound, Ere life and hope for-ev-er fly?
 3. See, in His heav'nly smiles appear Such help as na-ture can not give.
 4. 'Tis on - ly that dear sa-cred flood, Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 28, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

163

MORAVIA. S. M.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

REV. PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1740.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n
 2. Grace first contrived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And
 3. Grace led our wand'ring feet To tread the heav'n-ly road; And
 4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It

1. with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 2. all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the wondrous plan.
 3. new sup-plies each hour we meet While pressing on to God.
 4. lays in heav'n the top-most stone, And well deserves the praise. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

164

BOYLSTON. S. M.

"Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."—John 1: 29.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709.

DR. L. MASON, 1833.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain, Could
 2. But Christ the heav'n-ly Lamb Takes all our sins a - way, A
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine, While
 4. My soul looks back to see The bur - dens Thou did'st bear, When
 5. Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move; We

1. give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
 2. sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
 3. like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
 4. hang-ing on the curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.
 5. bless the Lamb with cheer-ful voice, And sing His dy - ing love. A-men.

165

ARKANSAS. C. M.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isa. 12:3.
 REV. I. WATTS, D. D. "Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6:2. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sal - va - tion!—O the joy - ful sound, 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;
 2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;—
 3. Sal - va - tion!—let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round;

A sov'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
 But we a - rise by grace di - vine, To see a heav'n - ly day.
 While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

166

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WM. COWPER, 1772.

Zech. 13:1.

Old Melody.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
 { And sin - ners cleansed by that pure flood, (Omit.....) Lose all their
 2. { The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
 { And there have I, as vile as he, (Omit.....) Washed all my
 3. { Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
 { Till all the ransomed Church of God (Omit.....) Be saved to
 4. { E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Which Thine own wounds supply,
 { Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, (Omit.....) And shall be
 5. { When this poor, lisping, stam - n'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,
 { Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, (Omit.....) I'll sing Thy

D. C. And sin - ners cleansed by that pure flood, (Omit.....) Lose all their
 FINE.

1. guilt - y stains. Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains,
 2. sins a - way. Washed all my sins a - way, Washed all my sins a - way,
 3. sin no more. Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more,
 4. till I die. And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
 5. pow'r to save. I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

guilt - y stains. A - men.

167

SILVER STREET. S. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Heb. 10: 28, 29.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.

1. The law by Mo-ses came, But peace and truth and love Were bro't by
 2. A-mid the house of God Their different works were done; Mo-ses a
 3. Then to His new commands Be strict o-be-dience paid; O'er all His
 4. The man that durst de-spise The law that Mo-ses bro't, Be-hold how
 5. But sor-er vengeance falls On that re-bel-lious race, Who hear not

1. Christ, a no-bler name, De-scent-ing from a-bove.
 2. faith-ful ser-vant stood, Christ a be-lov-ed Son.
 3. Fa-ther's house He stands, The Sov-'reign and the Head.
 4. ter-ri-bly he dies, For his pre-sump-tuous fault.
 5. when the Sav-iour calls, And dare re-sist His grace. A-men.

168

RACHEL. L. M.

W. T. DALE.

The fountain.—Zech. 13: 1.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression, and rather slow.

1. There is a foun-tain o-pened wide, Whence streams of liv-ing wa-ters flow;
 2. The dwell-ers of Je-ru-sa-lem, The heirs of Da-vid's roy-al line,
 3. And lol the Gen-tile na-tions all May to this sa-cred foun-tain fly;
 4. Here love in one per-pet-ual stream De-scends to all of A-dam's race;
 5. Let Jew and Gen-tile blend their lays, As down at Je-sus' feet they fall;

1. 'Twas o-pened when Im-man-uel died, To cleanse from sin and save from woe.
 2. Shall to this sa-cred fountain come, And wash a-way each guilt-y stain.
 3. All who o-bey the heav'nly call May purge their sins of deep-est dye.
 5. Let songs im-mor-tal swell the theme, The won-ders of re-deem-ing grace.
 4. High raise the song of rapturous praise, And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 16, 1913. C. E. Pollock owner of music.

169

ALL TO CHRIST. P. M.

"Who Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree."—1 Peter 2: 24.

MRS. E. M. HALL.

J. T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness,
 2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone, Can change the
 3. Then down beneath His cross I'll lay my sin-sick soul; For naught have
 4. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my
 5. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then 'Je - sus
 6. And when before the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

1. watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 2. lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 3. I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole. Je - sus paid it all, All to
 4. garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
 5. paid it all," Shall rend the vaulted skies.
 6. trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow. A - men.

170

LENOX. H. M.

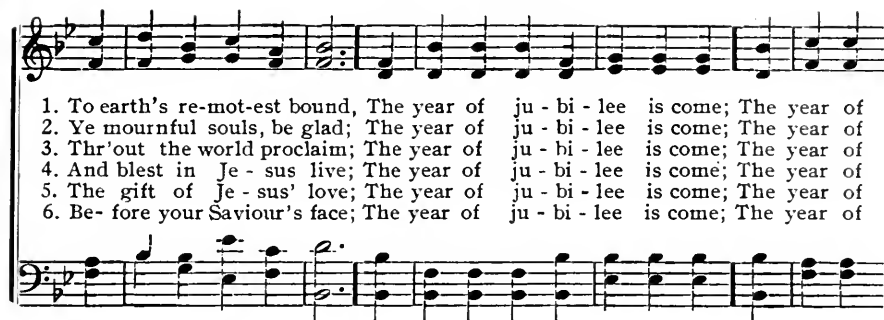
REV. C. WESLEY, 1750.

Levit. 25: 9, 10.


LEWIS EDSON, 1782.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know,
 2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye wea-ry spir-its, rest;
 3. Ex - tol the Lamb of God, The all - a-ton-ing Lamb; Redemption thro' His blood
 4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib - er - ty receive, And safe in Je - sus dwell,
 5. Ye who have sold for naught Your her-it-age a - bove, Re - ceive it back unbought,
 6. The gos-pel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, saved from earth, appear

LENOX. Concluded.



1. To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
 2. Ye mournful souls, be glad; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
 3. Thr'out the world proclaim; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
 4. And blest in Je - sus live; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
 5. The gift of Je - sus' love; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of
 6. Be - fore your Saviour's face; The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of



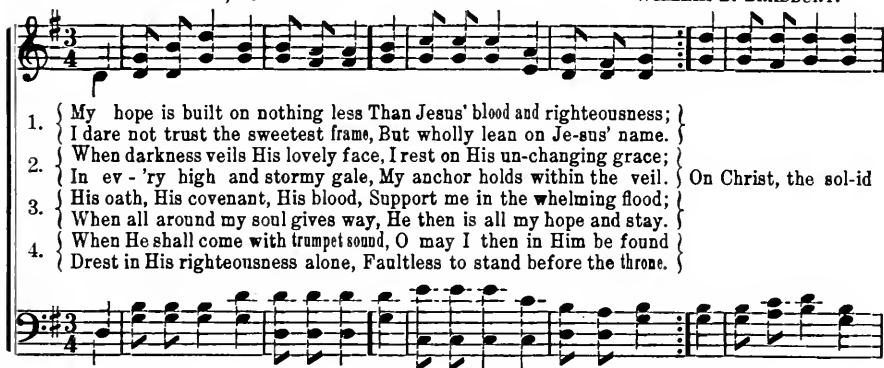
ju - bi - lee is come, Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home. A-men.

171

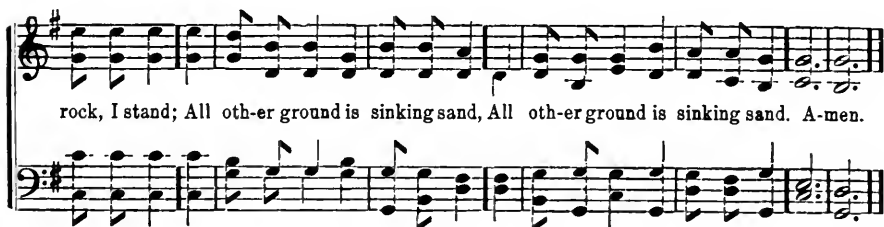
SOLID ROCK. L. M.

REV. EDWARD MOTE, 1834.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name. }
 2. { When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His un-changing grace; }
 { In ev - 'ry high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil. } On Christ, the sol-id
 3. { His oath, His covenant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood; }
 { When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. }
 4. { When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found }
 { Drest in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne. }

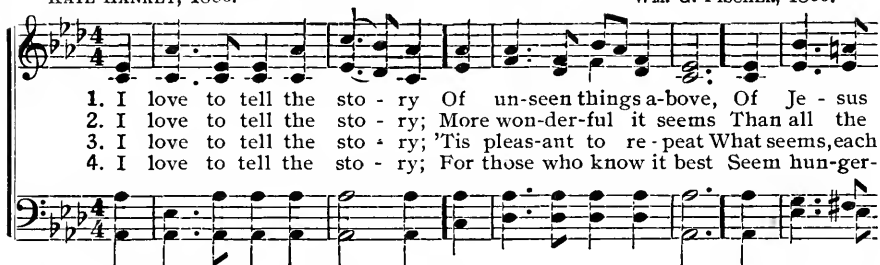


rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand. A-men.

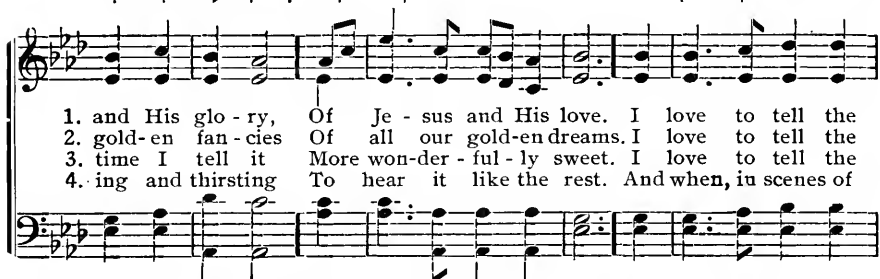
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s, D.

KATE HANKEY, 1866.

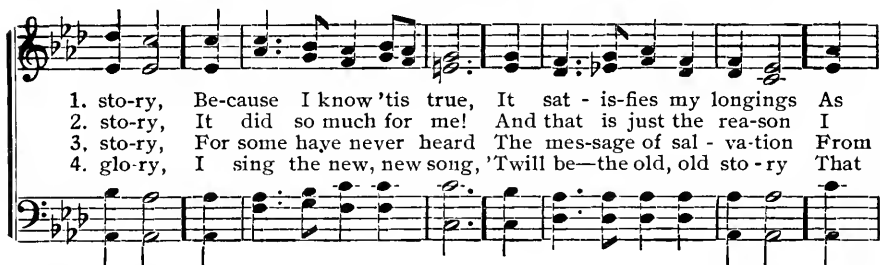
WM. G. FISCHER, 1869.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -

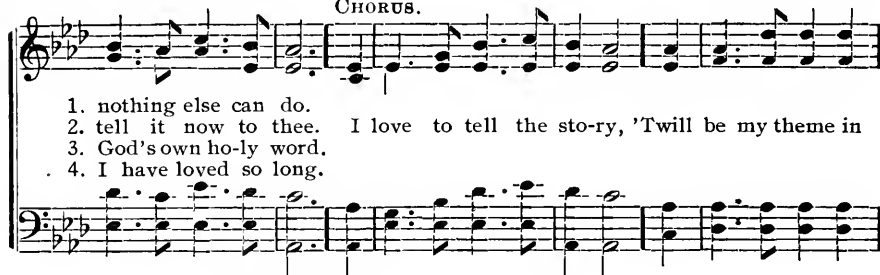


1. and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
2. gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
3. time I tell it More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
4. ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

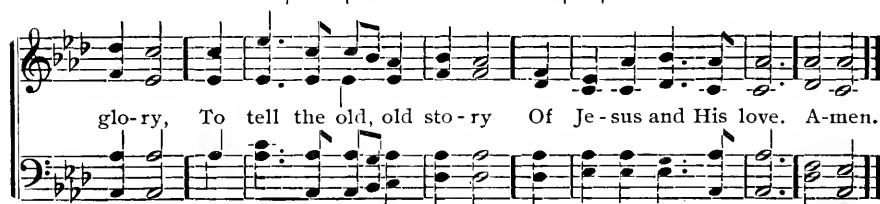


1. sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my longings As
2. sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
3. sto - ry, For some have never heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
4. glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be - the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.



1. nothing else can do.
2. tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
3. God's own ho - ly word,
4. I have loved so long.



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - men.

The Gospel.

173

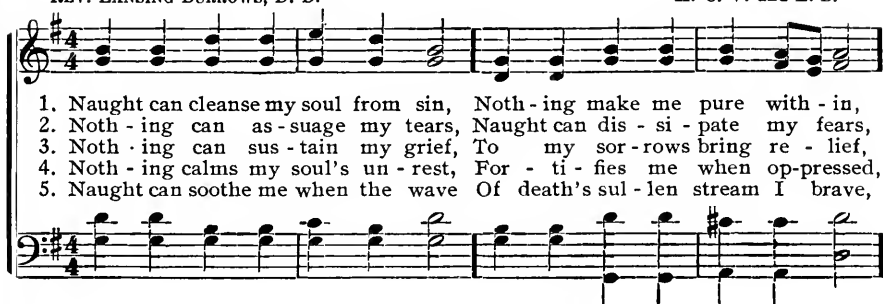
ONLY THE BLOOD OF JESUS. 7s, with Chorus.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—John 1: 7.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

REV. LANSING BURROWS, D. D.

M. C. V. and L. B.




1. Naught can cleanse my soul from sin, Noth - ing make me pure with - in,
2. Noth - ing can as - suage my tears, Naught can dis - si - pate my fears,
3. Noth - ing can sus - tain my grief, To my sor - rows bring re - lief,
4. Noth - ing calms my soul's un - rest, For - ti - fies me when op - pressed,
5. Naught can soothe me when the wave Of death's sul - len stream I brave,

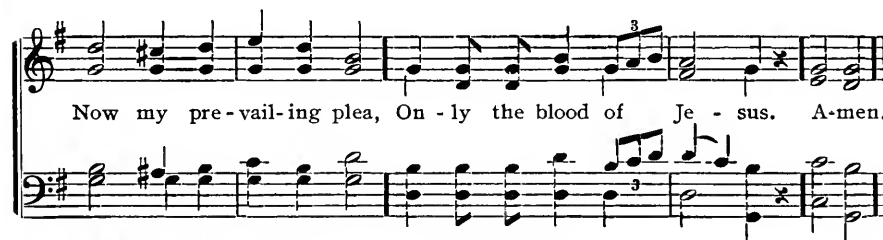


1. Or the dread - ful con - flict win, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
2. Naught the mist - y path - way clears, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
3. Or can heal my un - be - lief, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
4. Kind - ling hope with - in my breast, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.
5. Con - quer - ing the gloom - y grave, On - ly the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Oh, cleans - ing blood! for me Shed on the hal - lowed tree,



Now my pre - vail - ing plea, On - ly the blood of Je - sus. A - men.

174

DAYTON. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

Isa. 55: 1-3.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. Let ev - 'ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - 'ry heart re - joice;
 2. Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls That feed up - on the wind,
 3. E - ter - nal wis - dom hath pre - pared A soul - re - viv - ing feast,
 4. Ho! ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die,
 5. Riv - ers of love and mer - cy here In a rich o - cean join;
 6. The hap - py gates of gos - pel grace Stand o - pen night and day;

1. The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds With an in - vit - ing voice.
 2. And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind.
 3. And bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vis - ion taste.
 4. Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never - dry.
 5. Sal - va - tion in a - bundance flows, Like floods of milk and wine.
 6. Lord, we are come to seek sup - plies, And drive our wants a - way. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

175

WOODLAND. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase, 1766.

Prov. 8: 13-17.

N. D. GOULD, 1840.

1. O hap - py is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who ce - les - tial
 2. For she has treasures great - er far Than east or west un - fold, And her rewards more
 3. In her right hand she holds to view A length of hap - py days; Rich - es with splendid
 4. She guides the young with innocence, In pleasure's paths to tread; A crown of glo - ry
 5. Ac - cord - ing as her la - bors rise, So her re - wards increase; Her ways are ways of

1. wisdom makes, And who ce - les - tial wisdom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
 2. pre - cious are, And her rewards more precious are Than all their stores of gold.
 3. hon - ors joined, Rich - es with splendid hon - ors joined, Are what her left dis - plays.
 4. she be - stows, A crown of glo - ry she be - stows Up - on the hoar - y head.
 5. pleas - ant - ness, Her ways are ways of pleas - ant - ness, And all her paths are peace. A - men.

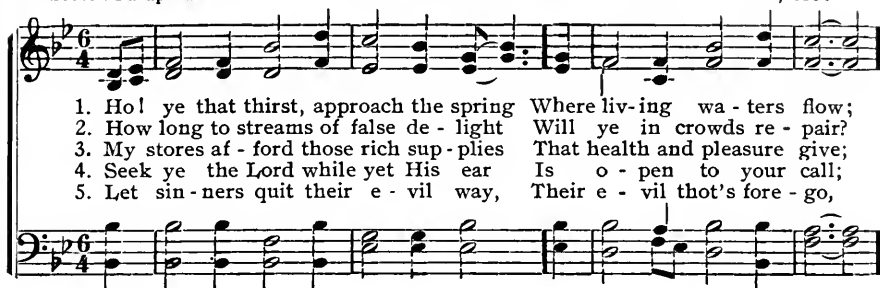
176

MAITLAND. C. M.

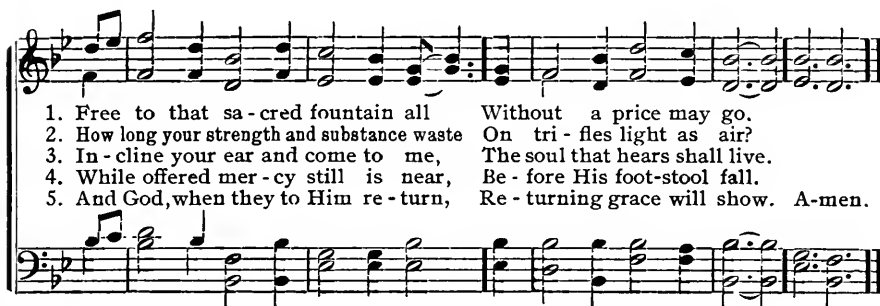
Scotch Paraphrase.

Isa. 55: 1-3, 6, 7.

GEORGE N. ALLEN, 1850.



1. Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring Where liv-ing wa - ters flow;
 2. How long to streams of false de - light Will ye in crowds re - pair?
 3. My stores af - ford those rich sup - plies That health and pleasure give;
 4. Seek ye the Lord while yet His ear Is o - pen to your call;
 5. Let sin - ners quit their e - vil way, Their e - vil thot's fore - go,



1. Free to that sa - cred fountain all Without a price may go.
 2. How long your strength and substance waste On tri - fles light as air?
 3. In - cline your ear and come to me, The soul that hears shall live.
 4. While offered mer - cy still is near, Be - fore His foot-stool fall.
 5. And God, when they to Him re - turn, Re - turning grace will show. A-men.

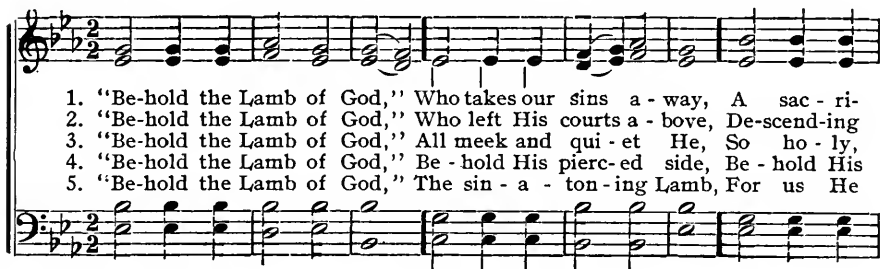
177

ROBERT'S CHANT. S. M.

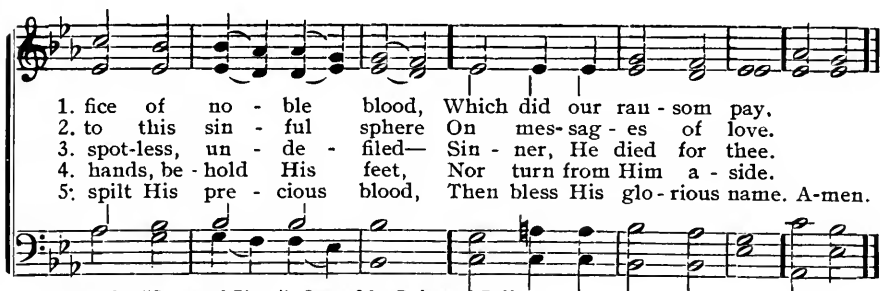
W. T. DALE.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John 1: 29.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. "Be-hold the Lamb of God," Who takes our sins a - way, A sac - ri -
 2. "Be-hold the Lamb of God," Who left His courts a - bove, De-scend-ing
 3. "Be-hold the Lamb of God," All meek and qui - et He, So ho - ly,
 4. "Be-hold the Lamb of God," Be - hold His pierc-ed side, Be - hold His
 5. "Be-hold the Lamb of God," The sin - a - ton-ing Lamb, For us He



1. fice of no - ble blood, Which did our ran - som pay.
 2. to this sin - ful sphere On mes-sag - es of love.
 3. spot-less, un - de - filed— Sin - ner, He died for thee.
 4. hands, be - hold His feet, Nor turn from Him a - side.
 5. spilt His pre - cious blood, Then bless His glo - rious name. A-men.

Written for "Songs of Zion." Owned by Dale and Pollock.

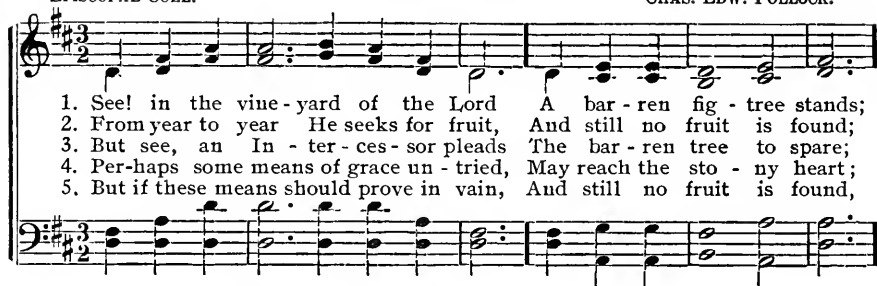
178

ELLA. C. M.*

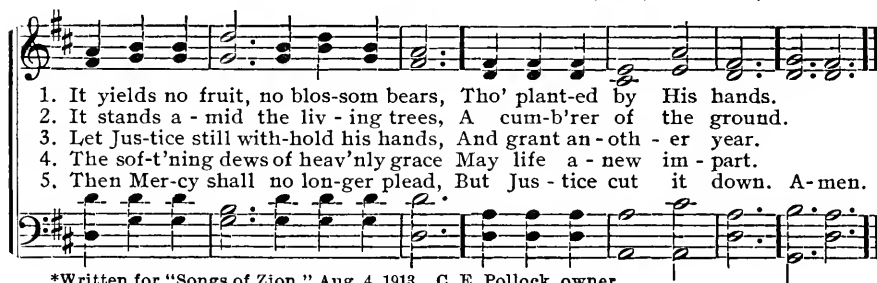
EPISCOPAL COLL.

Luke 13: 6-9.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. See! in the vine-yard of the Lord A bar-ren fig-tree stands;
 2. From year to year He seeks for fruit, And still no fruit is found;
 3. But see, an In-ter-cus-sor pleads The bar-ren tree to spare;
 4. Per-haps some means of grace un-tried, May reach the sto-ny heart;
 5. But if these means should prove in vain, And still no fruit is found,



1. It yields no fruit, no blos-som bears, Tho' plant-ed by His hands.
 2. It stands a-mid the liv-ing trees, A cum-b'rer of the ground.
 3. Let Jus-tice still with-hold his hands, And grant an-oth-er year.
 4. The sof-t'ning dews of heav'nly grace May life a-new im-part.
 5. Then Mer-cy shall no lon-ger plead, But Jus-tice cut it down. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 4, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

179

COME, SINNER, COME. 7s & 4s.

WILL E. WITTER.

DR. H. R. PALMER.



1. { While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! }
 { While we are praying for you, (Omit.) } Come, sin-ner, come!
 2. { Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! }
 { Je-sus will bear your bur-den, (Omit.) } Come, sin-ner, come!
 3. { O hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! }
 { Come and receive the blessing, (Omit.) } Come, sin-ner, come!



{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! }
 { Now is the time to know Him, (Omit.) } Come, sin-ner, come!
 { Je-sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sinner, come! }
 { Je-sus can now re-deem you, (Omit.) } Come, sin-ner, come!
 { While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! }
 { While we are praying for you, (Omit.) } Come, sin-ner, come! A-men.

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer. Used by per.

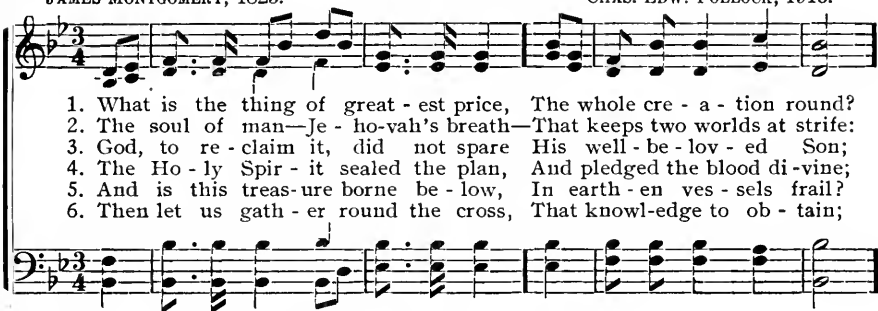
180

WACO. C. M.

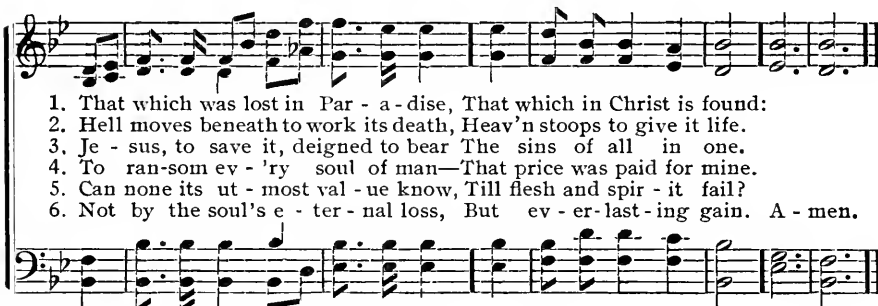
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

Matt. 16: 26.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. What is the thing of great - est price, The whole cre - a - tion round?
 2. The soul of man—Je - ho-vah's breath—That keeps two worlds at strife:
 3. God, to re - claim it, did not spare His well - be - lov - ed Son;
 4. The Ho - ly Spir - it sealed the plan, And pledged the blood di - vine;
 5. And is this treas - ure borne be - low, In earth - en ves - sels frail?
 6. Then let us gath - er round the cross, That knowl - edge to ob - tain;



1. That which was lost in Par - a - dise, That which in Christ is found:
 2. Hell moves beneath to work its death, Heav'n stoops to give it life.
 3. Je - sus, to save it, deigned to bear The sins of all in one.
 4. To ran - som ev - 'ry soul of man—That price was paid for mine.
 5. Can none its ut - most val - ue know, Till flesh and spir - it fail?
 6. Not by the soul's e - ter - nal loss, But ev - er - last - ing gain. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

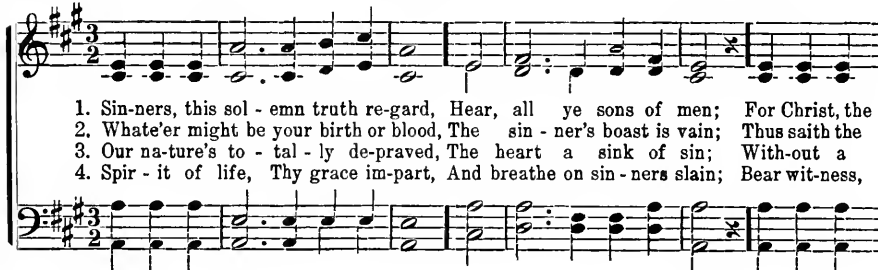
181

ARCADIA. C. M.

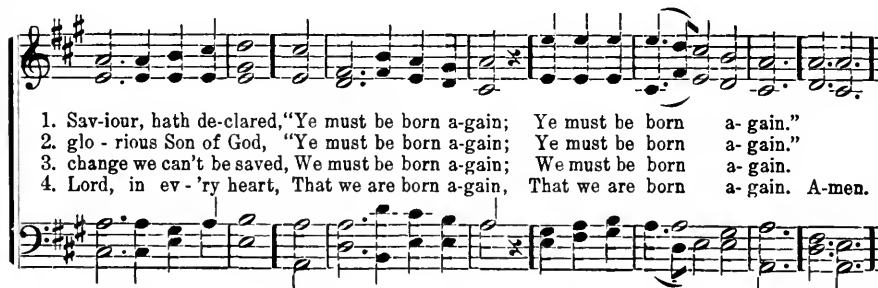
PRESBYTERIAN COLL.

John 3: 7.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Sin - ners, this sol - emn truth re - gard, Hear, all ye sons of men; For Christ, the
 2. Whate'er might be your birth or blood, The sin - ner's boast is vain; Thus saith the
 3. Our na - ture's to - tal - ly de - praved, The heart a sink of sin; With - out a
 4. Spir - it of life, Thy grace im - part, And breathe on sin - ners slain; Bear wit - ness,



1. Sav - iour, hath de - clared, "Ye must be born a - gain; Ye must be born a - gain."
 2. glo - rious Son of God, "Ye must be born a - gain; Ye must be born a - gain."
 3. change we can't be saved, We must be born a - gain; We must be born a - gain.
 4. Lord, in ev - 'ry heart, That we are born a - gain, That we are born a - gain. A - men.

1. All ye that la - bor, come to me, And all that heav - y la - den be,
 2. "That heav - y yoke, O cast a - way, And come to me with - out de - lay,"
 3. My yoke is eas - y, and 'tis light, Then take and bear it with de - light,
 4. You rest un - to your souls shall find, And have a - bundant peace of mind;

1. O come, all ye that are distressed, And I will free - ly give you rest.
 2. From Satan's bondage you shall be In mer - cy made for - ev - er free.
 3. Take the in - struction I im - part, — I meek and low - ly am in heart.
 4. It will no gall - ing pain ex - cite, And you will find my bur - den light. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 25, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

1. "Yet there is room," The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry
 2. Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low, The shad - ows lengthen,
 3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast, Pass in, pass in! and
 4. It fills, it fills that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste, 'tis
 5. Yet there is room, still o - pen stands the gate, The gate of love; it
 6. Pass in, pass in! That ban - quet is for thee; That cup of ev - er
 7. All heav'n is there, all joy! Go in, go in; The an - gels beck - on
 8. Loud - er and sweet - er sounds the lov - ing call, Come, ling'rer, come, en -
 9. Ere night that gate may close and seal thy doom, Then the last low, long

REFRAIN.

1. beck - ons thee a - long. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.
 2. light makes haste to go. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.
 3. be the bride - groom's guest. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.
 4. not too full for thee. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.
 5. is not yet too late. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.
 6. last - ing love is free. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.
 7. thee the prize to win. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.
 8. ter that fes - tal hall. Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.
 9. cry: "No room, no room!" No room, no room! O woe - ful cry: "No room!" Amen.

*Words used by permission of The Biglow & Main Co., New York.

184

SILOAM. C. M.

"And yet there is room."—Luke 14: 16-24.

HUNTINGTON'S COLL.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1842.

1. Come, sin-ner, to the Gos-pel feast, O come with-out de-lay,
 2. There's room in God's e-ter-nal love To save thy pre-cious soul;
 3. There's room with-in the church, redeemed With blood of Christ di-vine;
 4. There's room in heav'n a-mong the choir, And harps and crowns of gold,
 5. There's room a-round the Fa-ther's board For thee and thou-sands more,

1. For there is room in Je-sus' breast For all who will o-bey.
 2. Room in the Spir-it's grace a-bove, To heal and make thee whole.
 3. Room in the white-robed throng convened For that dear soul of thine.
 4. And glorious palms of vic-t'ry there, And joys that ne'er were told.
 5. O come, and wel-come, to the Lord, Yea, come this ver-y hour. A-men.

185

HARVEY. C. M.

(To my beloved uncle, Rev. Harvey Pollock.)
 Luke 14: 16-24.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Ye wretch-ed, hun-gry, starv-ing poor, Be-hold a roy-al feast,
 2. There Je-sus stands with o-pen arms, He calls, He bids you come;
 3. O come, and with His chil-dren taste The blessings of His love;
 4. There with u-nit-ed heart and voice, Be-fore th'e-ter-nal throne,
 5. And yet ten thou-sand thou-sand more Are wel-come still to come;

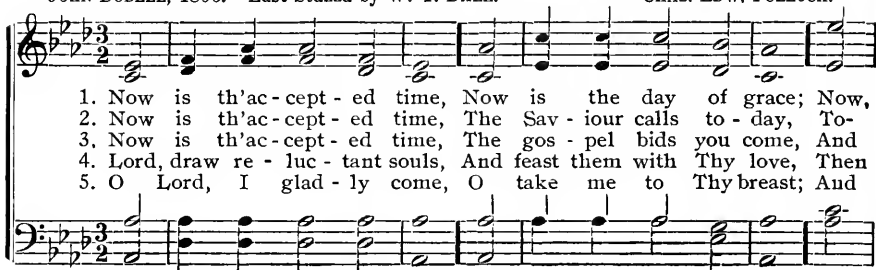
1. Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For ev'-ry humble guest.
 2. Tho' guilt restrains, and fear a-larms, Be-hold, there yet is room.
 3. While hope expects the sweet re-past Of no-bler joys a-bove.
 4. Ten thousand thousand souls re-joice In songs on earth un-known.
 5. Ye long-ing souls, the grace a-dore, And en-ter while there's room. Amen.

PENTECOST. S. M.*

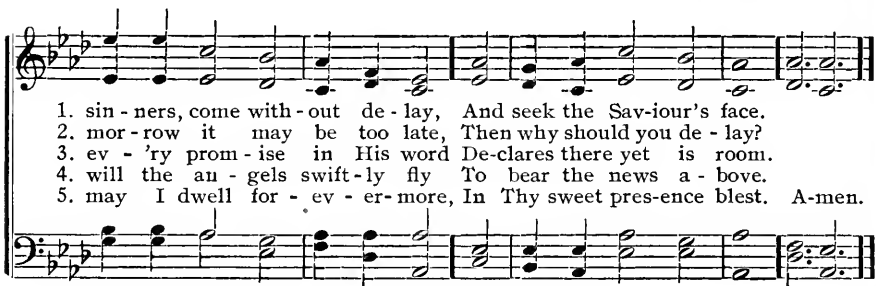
"Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

JOHN DOBELL, 1806. Last Stanza by W. T. DALE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Now is th'ac-cept-ed time, Now is the day of grace; Now,
2. Now is th'ac-cept-ed time, The Sav-iour calls to-day, To-
3. Now is th'ac-cept-ed time, The gos-pel bids you come, And
4. Lord, draw re-luc-tant souls, And feast them with Thy love, Then
5. O Lord, I glad-ly come, O take me to Thy breast; And



1. sin-ners, come with-out de-lay, And seek the Sav-iour's face.
2. mor-row it may be too late, Then why should you de-lay?
3. ev-ry prom-ise in His word De-clar-es there yet is room.
4. will the au-gels swift-ly fly To bear the news a-bove.
5. may I dwell for-ev-er-more, In Thy sweet pres-ence blest. A-men.

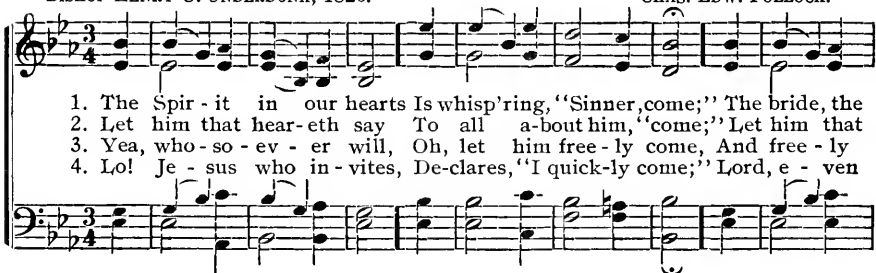
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 6, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

BETHUNE. S. M.*

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

BISHOP HENRY U. ONDERDONK, 1826.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. The Spir-it in our hearts Is whisp'ring, "Sinner, come;" The bride, the
2. Let him that hear-eth say To all a-bout him, "come;" Let him that
3. Yea, who-so-ev-er will, Oh, let him free-ly come, And free-ly
4. Lo! Je-sus who in-vites, De-clar-es, "I quick-ly come;" Lord, e-ven



1. Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His chil-dren, "Come."
2. thirsts for right-eous-ness To Christ, the Foun-tain, come.
3. drink the stream of life, 'Tis Je-sus bids him come.
4. so, we wait Thine hour, O blest Re-deem-er, come. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 2, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

188

AZMON. C. M.

Acts. 17: 30-31.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828. Arr. by L. MASON, 1839.

1. Re - pent, the voice ce - les - tial cries, No lon - ger dare de - lay;
 2. The summons goes through all the earth; Let earth at - tend and fear;
 3. To - geth - er in His pres - ence bow, And all your guilt con - fess;
 4. Bow, ere the aw - ful trump - et sound, And call you to His bar;

1. The wretch that scorns the mandate dies, And meets a fier - y day.
 2. Lis - ten, ye men of roy - al birth, And let your vas - sals hear.
 3. Ac - cept the of - fered Sav - iour now, Nor tri - fle with His grace.
 4. For mer - cy knows th'appointed bound, And turns to vengeance there, A-men.

189

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

REV. JOSEPH HART, 1759.

Matt. 11: 28-30.

JOHN WYETH, 1810.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r. }
 2. { Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh. }
 3. { Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream; }
 { All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him; }
 4. { Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall; }
 { If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter You will nev - er come at all; }

D. S.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.

D. S.—Without money, without mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy. A-men.

1. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.
 2. With - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
 3. This He gives you, this He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.
 4. Not the righteous, not the right - eous, Sin - ners Je - sus came to call.

190

BORTHWICK. L. M.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1730.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise?
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
 4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
 5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

1. Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
 2. And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 3. He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 4. I wait, but He does not for-sake, He calls me still; my heart, awake!
 5. Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

191

BERA. L. M.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

Rev. 3: 20.

JOHN E. GOULD, 1849.

1. Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before,
 2. Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
 3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y Friend you need—
 4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di-vine, Turn out His en-e-my and thine,
 5. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn, His feet de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

1. Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 2. Oh! matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 3. The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
 4. That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly stran-ger in.
 5. Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand. Amen.

192

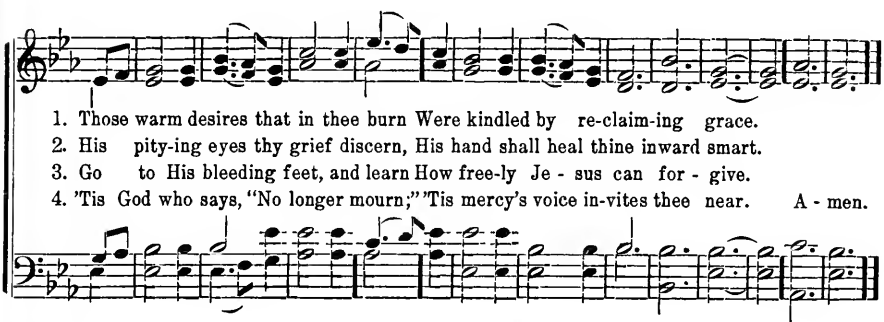
WOODWORTH. L. M.

REV. WILLIAM B. COLLYER, 1806.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1849.



1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Fa - ther's face;
2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And seek a Fa - ther's melt - ing heart;
3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, Thy Sav - iour bids thy spir - it live;
4. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, re - turn, And wipe a - way the fall - ing tear;



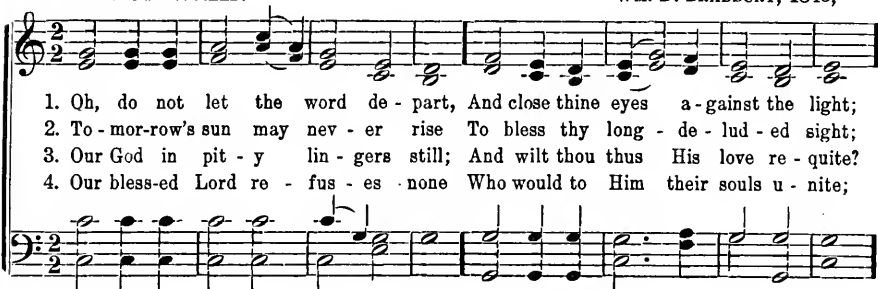
1. Those warm desires that in thee burn Were kindled by re - claim - ing grace.
2. His pity - ing eyes thy grief discern, His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
3. Go to His bleeding feet, and learn How free - ly Je - sus can for - give.
4. 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;" 'Tis mercy's voice in - vites thee near. A - men.

193

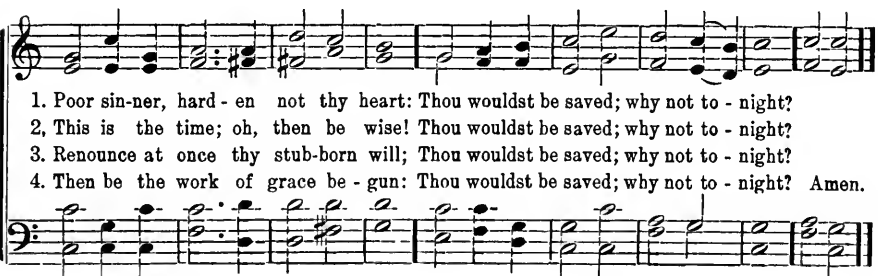
ZEPHYR. L. M.

MRS. ELIZABETH REED.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843,



1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a - gainst the light;
2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long - de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our God in pit - y lin - gers still; And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

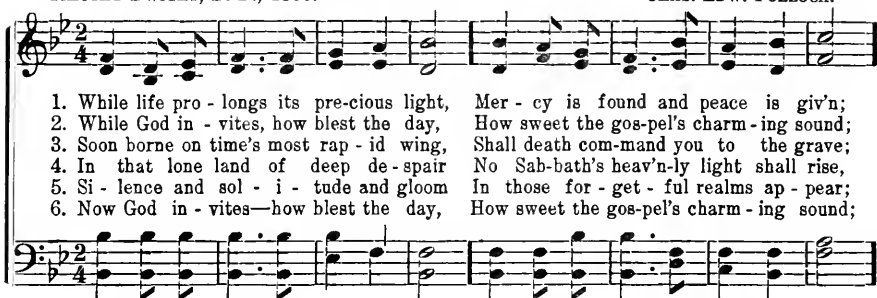


1. Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
2. This is the time; oh, then be wise! Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
3. Renounce at once thy stub - born will; Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night?
4. Then be the work of grace be - gun: Thou wouldst be saved; why not to - night? Amen.

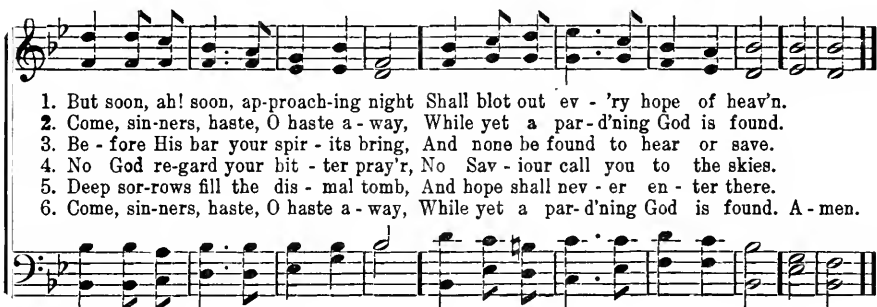
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800.

Ps. 88.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. While life pro - longs its pre-cious light, Mer - cy is found and peace is giv'n;
 2. While God in - vites, how blest the day, How sweet the gos-pel's charm-ing sound;
 3. Soon borne on time's most rap - id wing, Shall death com-mand you to the grave;
 4. In that lone land of deep de-spair No Sab-bath's heav'n-ly light shall rise,
 5. Si - lence and sol - i - tude and gloom In those for - get - ful realms ap - pear;
 6. Now God in - vites—how blest the day, How sweet the gos-pel's charm-ing sound;



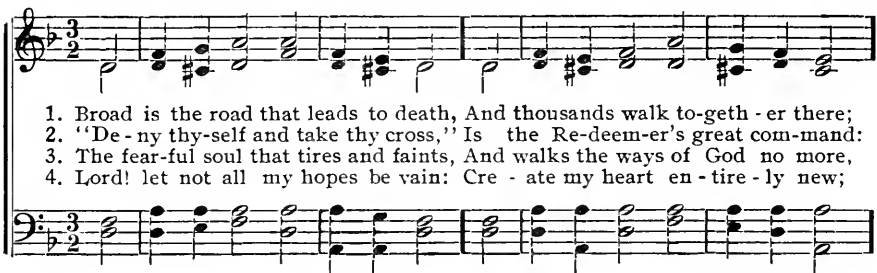
1. But soon, ah! soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev - 'ry hope of heav'n.
 2. Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a par-d'ning God is found.
 3. Be - fore His bar your spir - its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
 4. No God re-gard your bit - ter pray'r, No Sav - iour call you to the skies.
 5. Deep sor-rows fill the dis - mal tomb, And hope shall nev - er en - ter there.
 6. Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a par-d'ning God is found. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

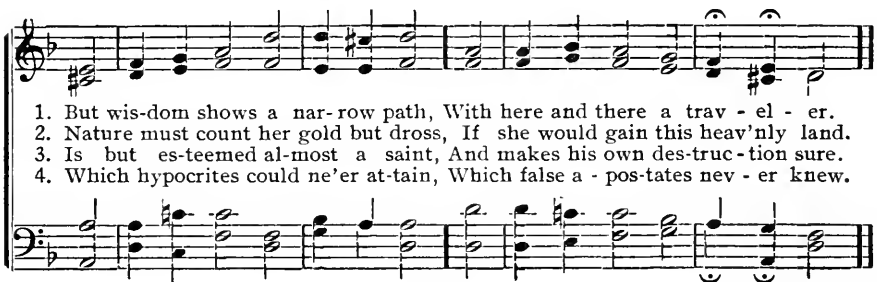
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709.

Matt. 7: 13, 14.

DANIEL READ, 1785.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-ge-th - er there;
 2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great com-mand:
 3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
 4. Lord! let not all my hopes be vain: Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new;



1. But wis-dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
 2. Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
 3. Is but es-teemed al-most a saint, And makes his own des-truc-tion sure.
 4. Which hypocrites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a - pos-tates nev - er knew.

196

McCREADY. L. M.

WM. B. COLLYER.

"Escape for thy life."—Gen. 19: 17.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Haste, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on, And many a shin - ing hour is gone;
 2. O far from home thy footsteps stray; Christ is the Life, and Christ the Way,
 3. The ris - ing tempest sweeps the sky; The rains de - scend, the winds are high;
 4. Then lin - ger not in all the plain, Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;

1. The storm is gath'ring in the west, And thou art far from home and rest.
 2. And Christ, the Light; thy setting sun Sinks ere thy morning is be - gun.
 3. The waters swell, and death and fear Be - set thy path, nor ref - uge near.
 4. Look not behind, make no de - lay, O speed thee, speed thee on thy way. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

197

WILL YOU GO?

ANON.

Num. 10: 29.

WESTERN MELODY.

FINE.

1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go? will you go? }
 { To sing the Saviour's dy - ing love, Will you go? will you go? }
 2. { We soon shall see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go? will you go? }
 { In rapturous strains to praise His name, Will you go? will you go? }
 3. { Ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, come, Will you go? will you go? }
 { In the blest house there still is room, Will you go? will you go? }
 4. { The way to heav'n is straight and plain, Will you go? will you go? }
 { Re - pent, be - lieve, be born a - gain, Will you go? will you go? }

D. C. And millions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?
 D. C. And all the joys of heav'n we'll share, Will you go? will you go?
 D. C. Thy troubled conscience He'll re - lieve, Will you go? will you go?
 D. C. And thou shalt my sal - va - tion see, Will you go? will you go? A - men.

1. Millions have reached that blest a - bode, A - noint - ed kings and priests to God,
 2. The crown of life we there shall wear, The conq'ror's palms our hands shall bear,
 3. The Lord is wait - ing to re - ceive, If thou wilt on Him now be - lieve,
 4. The Sav - iour cries a - loud to thee, "Take up thy cross and fol - low me,

198

COME, HUMBLE SINNER. C. M. D.

Esther 4: 16.

REV. EDWARD JONES, 1787. As furnished by REV. J. H. MILHOLLAND. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. { Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve, }
 { Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve: }
 2. { Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess; }
 { I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov'reign grace. }
 3. { He prom-is-es to hear my plea, He waits to hear my pray'r; }
 { No sin-ner e'er was turned a-way, Or ev-er per-ished there. }

I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
 I'll to the gra-cious King ap-proach, Whose scep-tre par-don gives;
 I shall not per-ish if I go, I am re-solved to try,

I know His courts I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
 I know He will command my touch, And then the sup-pliant lives.
 For if I stay a-way, I know, I must for-ev-er die.

199

JESUS IS PASSING BY. L. M. 6 lines.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—Mark. 10: 47.

EMMA CAMPBELL.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.

1. { What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bus-y haste a-long? }
 { These wondrous gath-rings day by day? What means this strange com-(Omit.....) }
 2. { Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit-y move so might-i-ly? }
 { A pass-ing stran-ger; has He skill To move the mul-ti-(Omit.....) }
 3. { Je-sus! 'tis He who once be-low Man's path-way trod, 'mid pain and woe; }
 { And bur-dened ones, where-e'er He came, Bro't out their sick, and (Omit.....) }
 4. { A-gain He comes from place to place, His ho-ly foot-prints we can trace; }
 { He paus-eth at our threshold—nay, He en-ters; con-de-(Omit.....) }
 5. { Ho! all ye heav-y-la-den, come, Here's par-don, com-fort, rest and home; }
 { Ye wan-d'ers from a Fa-ther's face, Re-turn, ac-cept His (Omit.....) }
 6. { But if you still this call re-fuse, And all His won-drous love a-buse, }
 { Soon will He sad-ly from you turn, Your bit-ter pray'r for (Omit.....) }

JESUS IS PASSING BY. Concluded.

1. mo-tion, pray? In accents hushed the throng reply, "Je-sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by,"
 2. tude at will? A - gain the stir-ring notes re - ply, "Je-sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by,"
 3. deaf, and lame; The blind rejoiced to hear the cry, "Je-sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by,"
 4. scends to stay. Shall we not glad-ly raise the cry, "Je-sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by,"
 5. proffered grace; Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh, "Je-sus of Naz - a - reth pass-eth by,"
 6. par-don spurn; "Too late! too late!" will be the cry, "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth *has passed by.*"

1. In accents hushed the throng re-ly, "Je-sus of Naz-a- reth pass-eth by."
 2. A - gain the stir-ring notes re - ply, "Je-sus of Naz-a- reth pass-eth by."
 3. The blind rejoiced to hear the cry, "Je-sus of Naz-a- reth pass-eth by."
 4. Shall we not glad-ly raise the cry, "Je-sus of Naz-a- reth pass-eth by."
 5. Ye tempted ones, there's ref-uge nigh, "Je-sus of Naz-a- reth pass-eth by."
 6. "Too late! too late!" will be the cry, "Je-sus of Naz-a- reth *has passed by.*" A-men.

200

ART THOU WEARY? 8, 5, 8, 3.

Matt. 11: 28, 30.

ST. STEPHEN, 734-794. REV. J. M. NEAL, Tr., 1862. REV. ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER, 1877.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis-tressed?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
 3. If I shall hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
 4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me Will He say me nay?
 5. Find - ing, foll'wing, keep - ing, struggling, Is He sure to bless?

1. "Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
 2. "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
 3. "Sor - row vanquished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."
 4. "Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way."
 5. Saints, a - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, "yes." A-men.

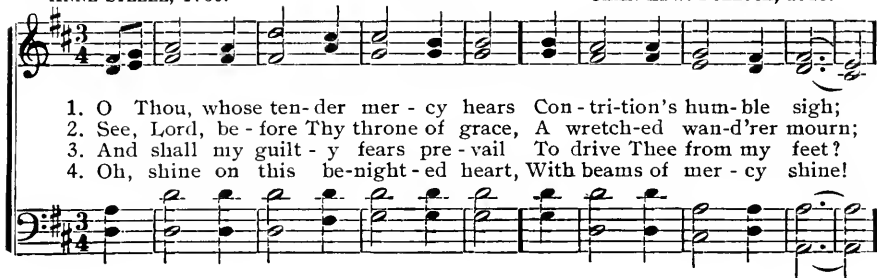
201

DRENNAN. C. M.

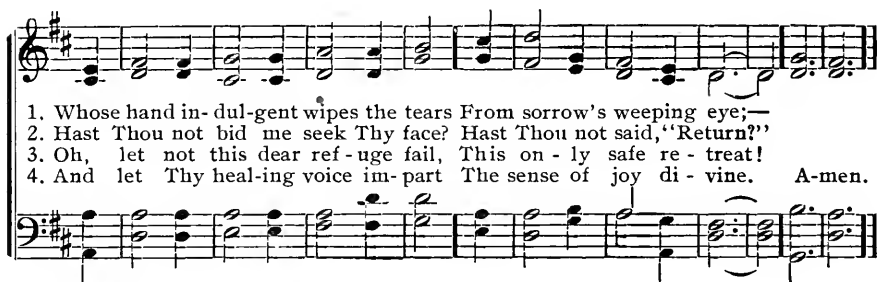
ANNE STEELE, 1760.

Psaln 34: 18.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. O Thou, whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh;
 2. See, Lord, be-fore Thy throne of grace, A wretch-ed wan-d'rer mourn;
 3. And shall my guilt-y fears pre-vail To drive Thee from my feet?
 4. Oh, shine on this be-night-ed heart, With beams of mer-cy shine!



1. Whose hand in-dul-gent wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye;—
 2. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said, "Return?"
 3. Oh, let not this dear ref-uge fail, This on-ly safe re-treat!
 4. And let Thy heal-ing voice im-part The sense of joy di-vine. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

202

JESUS, MY ALL. 6s & 4s.

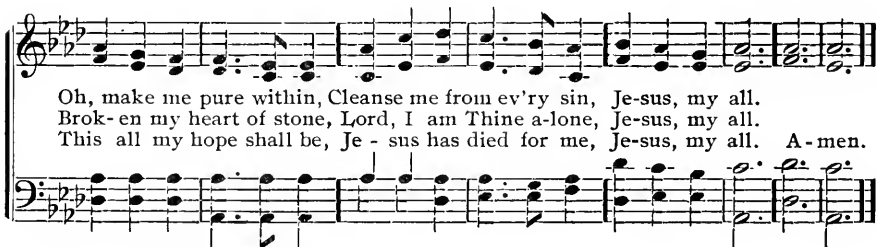
F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

"And there I will meet with thee, and will commune with thee from above the mercy seat."—Exod. 25: 22.



1. { Lord, at Thy mer-cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall, }
 { Pleading Thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call; } Now let Thy work be-gin,
 2. { Hark! how Thy words of love Ten-der-ly fall, }
 { Ere to the realms a-bove Heard is my call; } Now ev'ry doubt has flown,
 3. { Still at Thy mer-cy-seat Hum-bly I fall, }
 { Pleading Thy promise sweet, Heard is my call; } Faith wings my soul to Thee,



Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev'ry sin, Je-sus, my all.
 Brok-en my heart of stone, Lord, I am Thine a-lone, Je-sus, my all.
 This all my hope shall be, Je-sus has died for me, Je-sus, my all. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

Repentance and Confession.

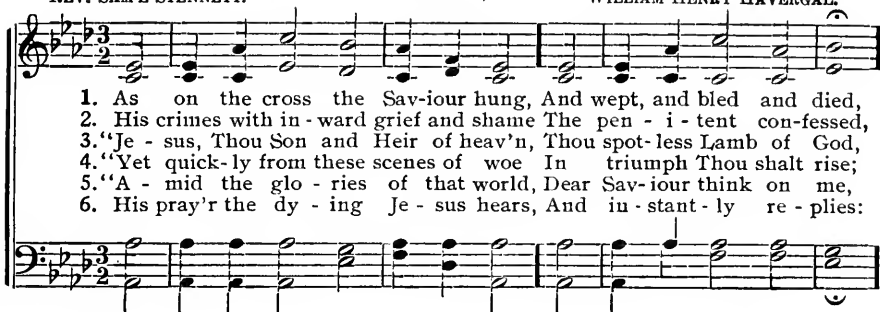
203

EVAN. C. M.

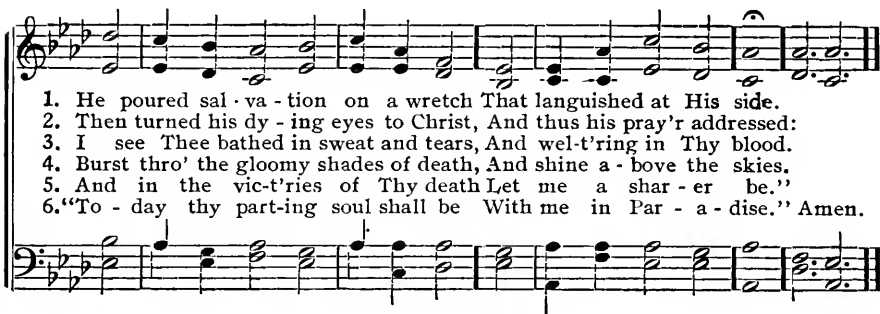
REV. SAM'L STENNETT.

Luke 23: 42, 43.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



1. As on the cross the Sav-iour hung, And wept, and bled and died,
2. His crimes with in-ward grief and shame The pen-i-tent confessed,
3. "Je-sus, Thou Son and Heir of heav'n, Thou spot-less Lamb of God,
4. "Yet quick-ly from these scenes of woe In triumph Thou shalt rise;
5. "A-mid the glo-ries of that world, Dear Sav-iour think on me,
6. His pray'r the dy-ing Je-sus hears, And in-stan-ly re-plies:



1. He poured sal-va-tion on a wretch That languished at His side.
2. Then turned his dy-ing eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r addressed:
3. I see Thee bathed in sweat and tears, And wel-t'ring in Thy blood.
4. Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death, And shine a-bove the skies.
5. And in the vic-t'ries of Thy death Let me a shar-er be."
6. "To-day thy part-ing soul shall be With me in Par-a-dise." Amen.

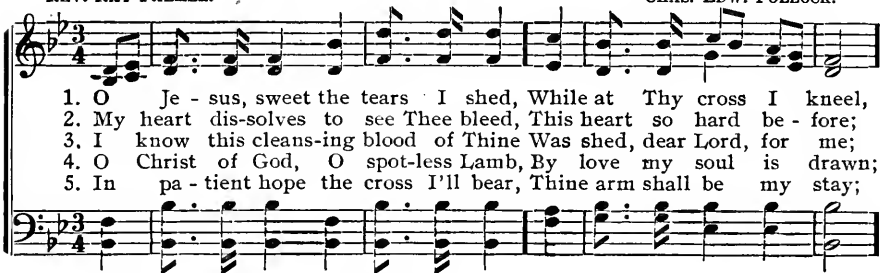
204

LEBANON. C. M.

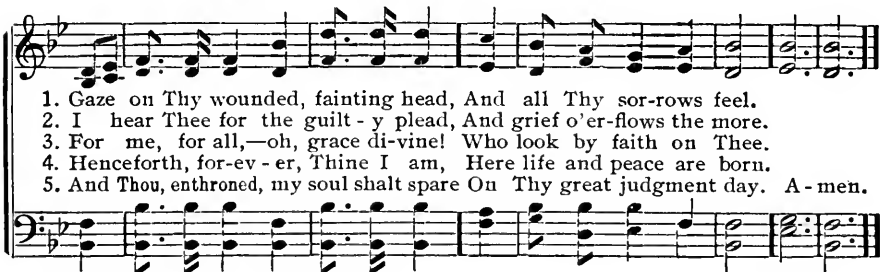
"Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them."—Luke 23: 34.

REV. RAY PALMER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. O Je-sus, sweet the tears I shed, While at Thy cross I kneel,
2. My heart dis-solves to see Thee bleed, This heart so hard be-fore;
3. I know this cleans-ing blood of Thine Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
4. O Christ of God, O spot-less Lamb, By love my soul is drawn;
5. In pa-tient hope the cross I'll bear, Thine arm shall be my stay;



1. Gaze on Thy wounded, fainting head, And all Thy sor-rows feel.
2. I hear Thee for the guilt-y plead, And grief o'er-flows the more.
3. For me, for all,—oh, grace di-vine! Who look by faith on Thee.
4. Henceforth, for-ev-er, Thine I am, Here life and peace are born.
5. And Thou, enthroned, my soul shalt spare On Thy great judgment day. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

205

BAIRD. 7s.*

REV. A. J. BAIRD, D. D., 1852.

John 15: 5.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. Je - sus, canst Thou bid me live? Canst Thou all my sins for - give?
 2. Mer - cy, mer - cy can there be— Mer - cy for a wretch like me?
 3. Darkness gath - ers o'er my heart, Mine is sure the sin - ner's part!
 4. Yet I hear Thy bless - ed word Whispered by Thy Spir - it, Lord,
 5. "Troubled soul, on Je - sus rest, O be - lieve, and thou art blest;
 6. O what com - fort here I find! O what rap - ture fills my mind!

1. Oh, I've sinned against Thy love, Oft a - gainst Thy Spir - it strove.
 2. None, I know, but Je - sus' love Can my load of guilt re - move.
 3. Hope seems gone and sorrows rise, Prospects die, and comfort flies.
 4. "All thy works are vain," it saith, "Je - sus saves a - lone thro' faith.
 5. 'Twas for such as thee He died: See His hands, His feet, His side!"
 6. Je - sus, all I give to Thee: Help me, Lord, to fol - low Thee. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

206

DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.

REV. SAM'L STENNETT, 1789.

The Penitent.

ANON.

1. Pros - trate, dear Je - sus, at Thy feet, A guilt - y reb - el lies,
 2. If tears of sor - row would suf - fice To pay the debt I owe,
 3. But no such sac - ri - fice I plead To ex - pi - ate my guilt,
 4. Think of Thy sor - rows, dear - est Lord, And all my sins for - give;

1. And upward to Thy mer - cy - seat Pre - sumes to lift his eyes.
 2. Tears should from both my weeping eyes In cease - less tor - rents flow.
 3. No tears but those which Thou hast shed, No blood but Thou hast spilt.
 4. Jus - tice will well ap - prove the word That bids the sin - ner live. Amen.

Repentance and Confession.

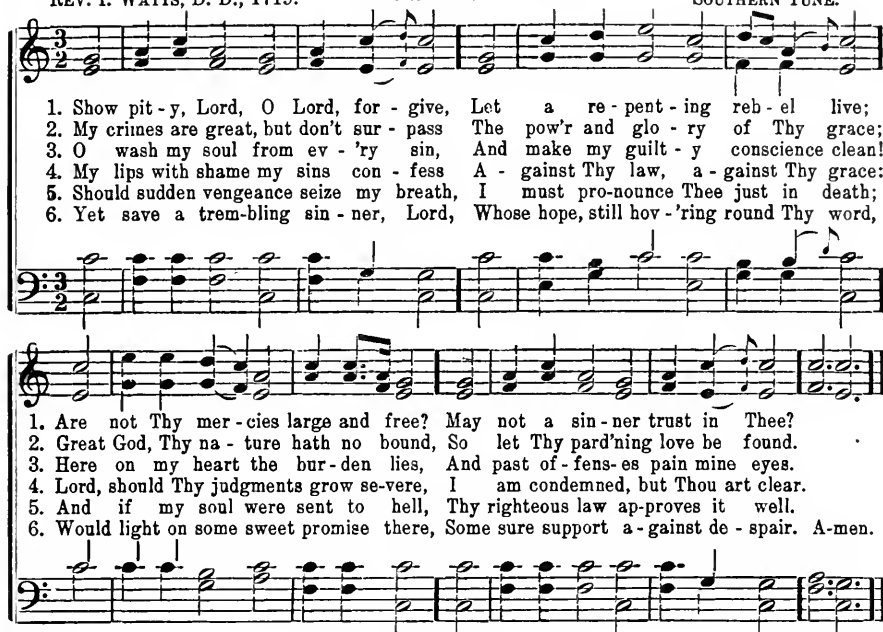
207

DEVOTION. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 51.

SOUTHERN TUNE.



1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for - give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;
 2. My crimes are great, but don't sur - pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
 3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean!
 4. My lips with shame my sins con - fess A - gainst Thy law, a - gainst Thy grace:
 5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pro - nounce Thee just in death;
 6. Yet save a trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov - 'ring round Thy word,

1. Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
 2. Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
 3. Here on my heart the bur - den lies, And past of - fens - es pain mine eyes.
 4. Lord, should Thy judgments grow se - vere, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
 5. And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap - proves it well.
 6. Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a - gainst de - spair. A - men.

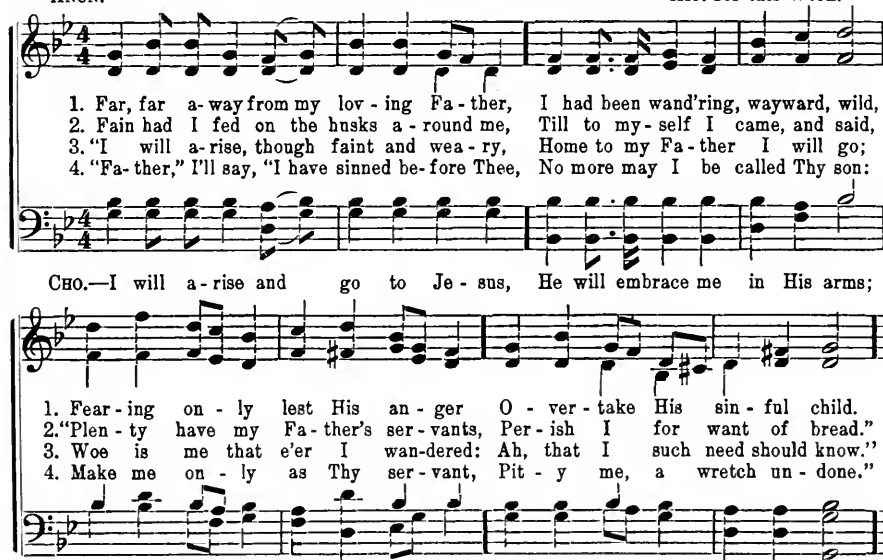
208

I WILL ARISE. P. M.

ANON.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke 15: 18.

Arr. for this Work.



1. Far, far a - way from my lov - ing Fa - ther, I had been wand'ring, wayward, wild,
 2. Fain had I fed on the husks a - round me, Till to my - self I came, and said,
 3. "I will a - rise, though faint and wea - ry, Home to my Fa - ther I will go;
 4. "Fa - ther," I'll say, "I have sinned be - fore Thee, No more may I be called Thy son:

CHO.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

1. Fear - ing on - ly lest His an - ger O - ver - take His sin - ful child.
 2. "Plen - ty have my Fa - ther's ser - vants, Per - ish I for want of bread."
 3. Woe is me that e'er I wan - dered: Ah, that I such need should know."
 4. Make me on - ly as Thy ser - vant, Pit - y me, a wretch un - done."

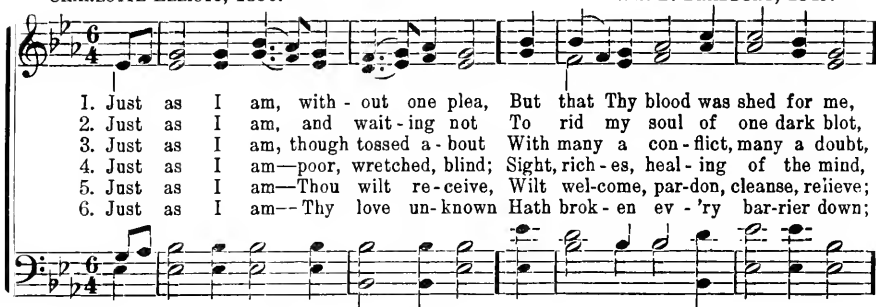
In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, O there are ten thou - sand charms.

209

WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1849.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
 6. Just as I am—Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down;



1. And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 2. To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 3. Fightings with-in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 4. Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 5. Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 6. Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-men.

210

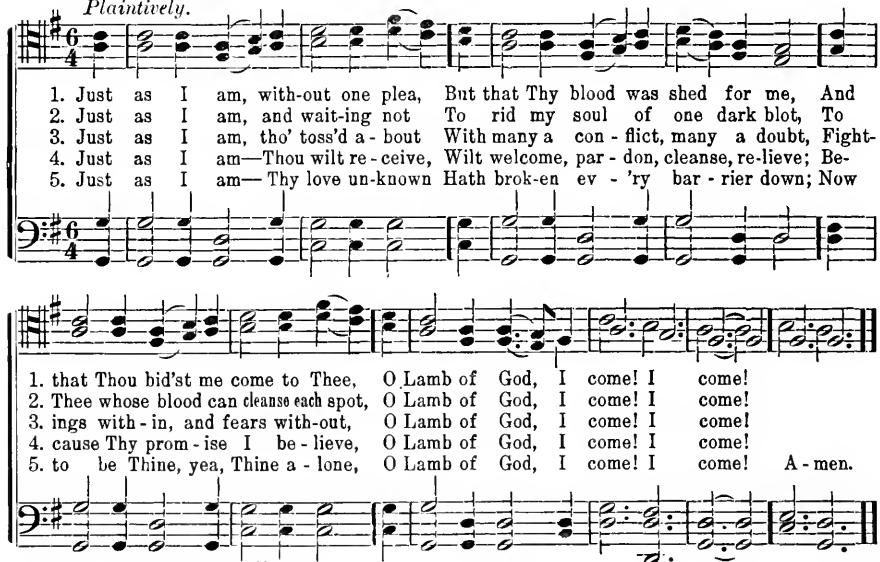
JUST AS I AM (Second Tune.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

(Male Quartet.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Plaintively.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt, Fight-
 4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve; Be-
 5. Just as I am—Thy love un-known Hath brok-en ev-'ry bar-rier down; Now

1. that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 2. Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 3. ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 4. cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 5. to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

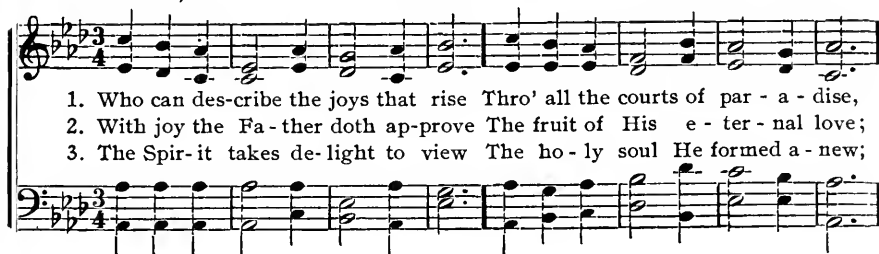
211

LELAND. L. M.

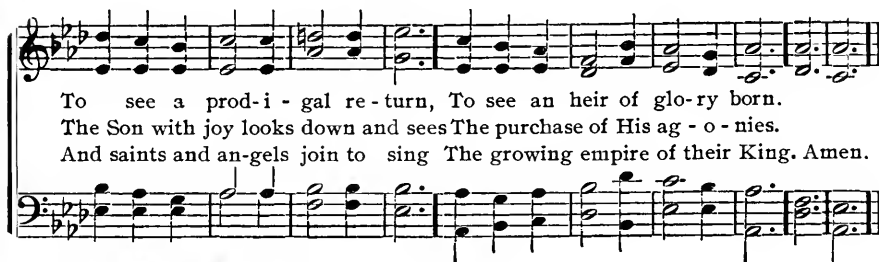
REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Luke 15: 7.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Who can des-cribe the joys that rise Thro' all the courts of par - a - dise,
 2. With joy the Fa-ther doth ap-prove The fruit of His e - ter - nal love;
 3. The Spir-it takes de-light to view The ho-ly soul He formed a - new;



To see a prod-i - gal re - turn, To see an heir of glo-ry born.
 The Son with joy looks down and sees The purchase of His ag - o - nies.
 And saints and an-gels join to sing The growing empire of their King. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

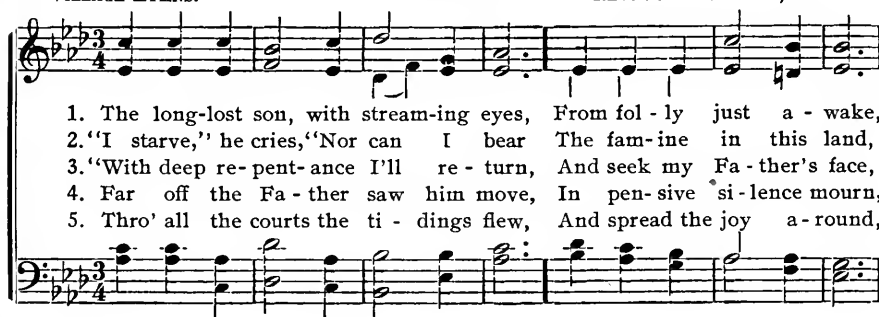
212

ST. AGNES. C. M.

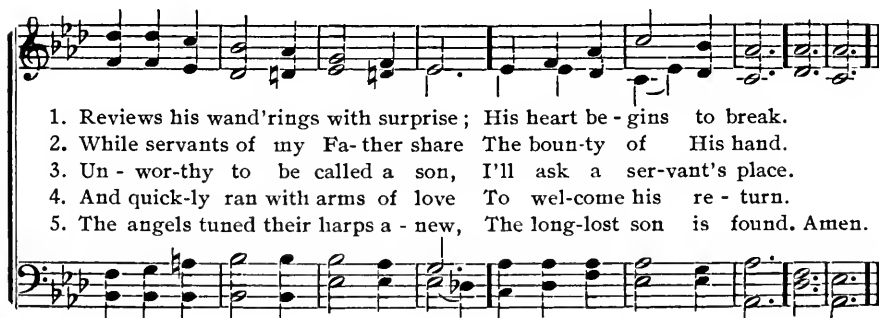
VILLAGE HYMNS.

Luke 15: 12-25.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.



1. The long-lost son, with stream-ing eyes, From fol - ly just a - wake,
 2. "I starve," he cries, "Nor can I bear The fam-ine in this land,
 3. "With deep re-pent-ance I'll re - turn, And seek my Fa-ther's face,
 4. Far off the Fa-ther saw him move, In pen-sive 'si-lence mourn,
 5. Thro' all the courts the ti - dings flew, And spread the joy a - round,



1. Reviews his wand'rings with surprise; His heart be - gins to break.
 2. While servants of my Fa-ther share The boun-ty of His hand.
 3. Un - wor-thy to be called a son, I'll ask a ser-vant's place.
 4. And quick-ly ran with arms of love To wel-come his re - turn.
 5. The angels tuned their harps a - new, The long-lost son is found. Amen.

Repentance and Confession.

213

ALDINE. C. M.

REV. RICHARD BURNHAM, 1796.

Luke 23: 42.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sinners friend, As such I look to Thee;
 2. Re - mem-ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry;
 3. Thou wondrous Ad - vo - cate with God, I yield myself to Thee;
 4. Lord, I am guilt - y, I am vile, But Thy sal - va-tion's free;
 5. And when I close my eyes in death, And hu-man help shall flee,

Softly.

REF.—Re - mem-ber me, re - mem-ber me, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me;

1. Now in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re-member me!
 2. Re - mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, And then re-member me!
 3. While Thou art sit - ting on Thy throne, Dear Lord, re-member me!
 4. Then, in Thine all - a - bounding grace, Dear Lord, re-member me!
 5. Then, then, my dear re - deem-ing God, O then re-member me!

Re - mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me! Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

214

ELVEN. L. M.

"God, be merciful to me."—Luke 18: 13.

REV. CORNELIUS ELVEN, 1852.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. With broken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry;
 2. I smite up - on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt op-pressed;
 3. Far off I stand with tear-ful eyes, Nor dare to lift them to the skies;
 4. Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done, Can for a sin - gle sin a - tone;
 5. And when, redeemed from sin and hell, With all the ransomed throng I dwell,

1. Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 2. Christ and His cross my on - ly plea; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 3. But Thou dost all my anguish see; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 4. To Cal - va - ry a - lone I flee; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 5. My raptured song shall ev - er be: God hath been merci - ful to me! Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

215

CONQUERED BY LOVE. 8s & 7s.

REV. THEO. MONOD, 1874.

Rom. 12: 3.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. Oh, the bit-ter shame and sor-row, That a time could ev - er be, When I answered
 2. Yet He found me; I be-held Him Bleed-ing on th'ac-curs-ed tree; And my wist-ful
 3. Day by day His ten-der mer-cy, Heal-ing, help-ing, full and free, Bro't me low-er
 4. High-er than the high-est heav-en, Deep-er than the deep-est sea; Lord, Thy love at

1. Je-sus proud-ly, "All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee."
 2. heart said faintly, "Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee."
 3. while I whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee."
 4. last hath conquered, "None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee." Amen.

216

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

Gen. 27: 34.

W. HOWARD DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneeling there in deep con-
 3. Trusting on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded, brok-en
 4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth be-

D. S.—While on oth-ers Thou art

FINE. **CHORUS.** *D. S.*
 1. smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 2. tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my hum-ble cry!
 3. spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
 4. side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
 call-ing, Do not pass me by. Amen.

"In full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10: 22.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAM'S COLL, 1762.

Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1914.

1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r;
 2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh;
 3. Bowed down be - neath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly pressed,
 4. Be Thou my Shield and Hid - ing-place, That, sheltered near Thy side,
 5. O won - drous love! to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,
 6. "Poor, tem - pest - toss - ed soul, be still; My promised grace re-ceive;"

1. There humbly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there.
 2. Thou call-est bur-den'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
 3. By wars without, and fears with-in, I come to Thee for rest.
 4. I may my fierce ac - cus - er face, And tell Him Thou hast died.
 5. That guilt - y sin - ners, such as I, Might plead His gra-cious name.
 6. 'Tis Je-sus speaks—I must, I will, I can, I do be - lieve. A-men.

REV. H. H. MILMAN.

Matt. 15: 22-28.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, help us when our spir - its bleed With con-trite an - guish sore,
 2. Oh, help us thro' the pray'r of faith More firm-ly to be - lieve,
 3. If "strangers," to Thy fold we call, Im - plor-ing at Thy feet,
 4. "But be it, Lord, of mer - cy, all, So Thou wilt grant but this:

1. And when our hearts are cold and dead, Oh, help us, Lord, the more.
 2. For still the more the ser-vant hath, The more shall he re - ceive.
 3. "The crumbs that from Thy ta-ble fall" Is all we dare en - treat."
 4. The crumbs that from Thy ta-ble fall Are light, and life, and bliss. A-men.

219

SEARS. C. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Heb. 11: 1.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Faith is the bright-est ev - i - dence Of things be-yond our sight,
 2. It sets time past in pres-ent view, Brings distant pros-pects home,
 3. By faith we know the world was made, By God's al-might - y word,
 4. A - braham o-beyed the Lord's command, From his own coun - try driv'n;
 5. Thus thro' life's pil-grim - age we stray, The promise in our eye;

1. It pierc-es thro' the veil of sense, And dwells in heav'nly light.
 2. Of things a thousand years a - go, Or thousand years to come.
 3. We know the heav'n's and earth shall fade, And be a - gain re-stored.
 4. By faith he sought a promised land, But found his rest in heav'n.
 5. By faith we walk the nar-row way That leads to joy on high. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 8, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

220

BELIEF. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

ENGLISH MELODY.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Foun-tain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 4. The atonement of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

1. This all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Sav-iour died."
 2. Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 3. Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 4. Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free. A-men.

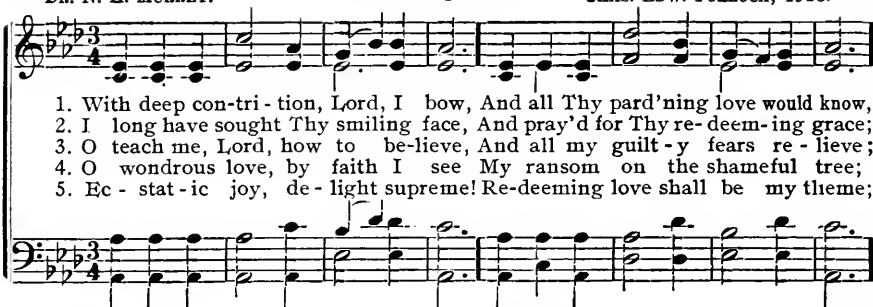
221

SHARON. L. M.

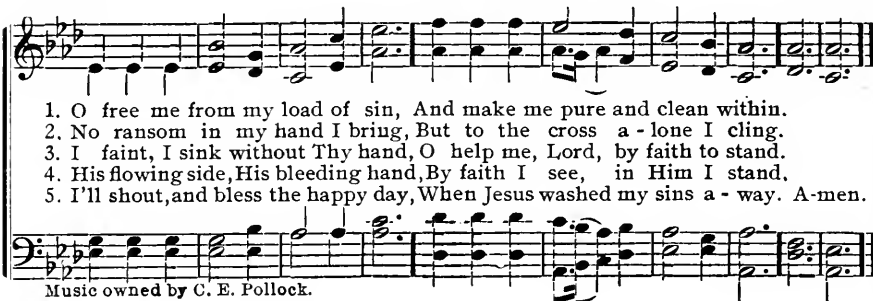
DR. N. H. MURREY.

Receiving Christ.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.



1. With deep con-tri-tion, Lord, I bow, And all Thy pard'ning love would know,
2. I long have sought Thy smiling face, And pray'd for Thy re-deem-ing grace;
3. O teach me, Lord, how to be-lieve, And all my guilt-y fears re-lieve;
4. O wondrous love, by faith I see My ransom on the shameful tree;
5. Ec-stat-ic joy, de-light supreme! Re-deeming love shall be my theme;



1. O free me from my load of sin, And make me pure and clean within.
2. No ransom in my hand I bring, But to the cross a-lone I cling.
3. I faint, I sink without Thy hand, O help me, Lord, by faith to stand.
4. His flowing side, His bleeding hand, By faith I see, in Him I stand.
5. I'll shout, and bless the happy day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

222

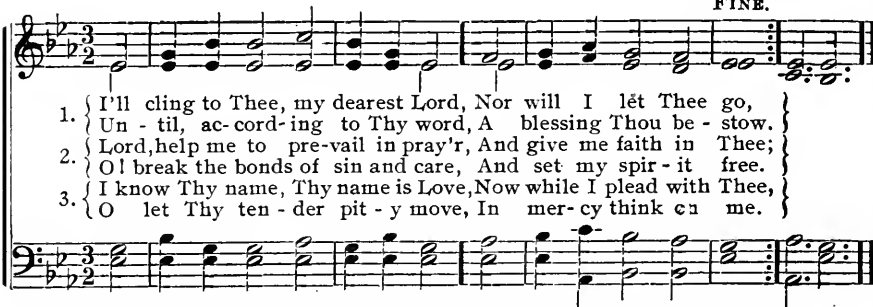
WRESTLING JACOB. C. M. D.

W. T. D.

Gen. 32: 24-30.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

FINE.

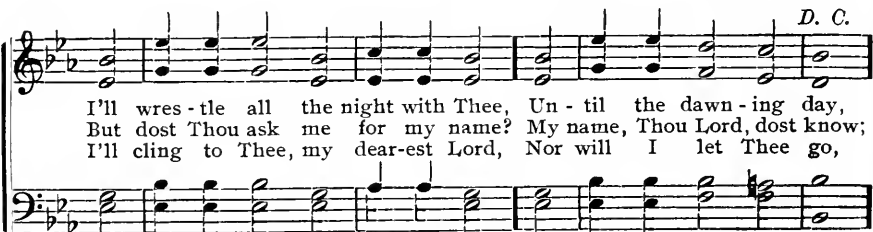


1. { I'll cling to Thee, my dearest Lord, Nor will I let Thee go, }
 { Un-til, ac-cord-ing to Thy word, A blessing Thou be-stow. }
2. { Lord, help me to pre-vail in pray'r, And give me faith in Thee; }
 { O! break the bonds of sin and care, And set my spir-it free. }
3. { I know Thy name, Thy name is Love, Now while I plead with Thee, }
 { O let Thy ten-der pit-y move, In mer-cy think on me. }

D. C.—Till Thou shalt hear and answer me, I'll wait, and watch, and pray.

D. C.—My sin and mis-er-y proclaim, My wretched-ness and woe.

D. C.—Un-til, ac-cord-ing to Thy word, A blessing Thou be-stow. A-men.



I'll wres-tle all the night with Thee, Un-til the dawn-ing day,
But dost Thou ask me for my name? My name, Thou Lord, dost know;
I'll cling to Thee, my dear-est Lord, Nor will I let Thee go,

223 STANDING BY THE CROSS. 8s & 7s, with Refrain.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother."—John 19: 25.

REV. JAMES ALLEN, 1759. Alt. by REV. WALTER SHIRLEY, 1770. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. { Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; }
 { Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sin- (Omit.) } ner's dy-ing Friend.
 2. { Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie, }
 { While I see di-vine com-pass-ion Beaming in (Omit.) } His gracious eye.
 3. { Here I feel my sins for-giv-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze; }
 { And my thoughts are all of heaven, And my lips (Omit.) } o'erflow with praise.
 4. { Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe; }
 { Con-stant still in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv- (Omit.) } ing from His death.
 5. { Still in ceaseless con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee, }
 { Till I taste Thy full sal-va-tion, And unveiled (Omit.) } Thy glo-ries see.

REFRAIN by A. J. S.

{ Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calvary; }
 { Look-ing up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy (Omit) } full and free. Amen.

224 RUSSELVILLE. C. M.

REV. C. WESLEY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thy on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long-ing eyes;
 5. Sure - ly Thou canst not let me die; O speak, and I shall live;
 6. The worst of sin - ners would re - joice Could they but see Thy face;

1. If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
 2. What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
 3. Now my poor soul Thou would'st re-trieve, Nor let me wait one hour.
 4. O let me now re-ceive that gift, My soul with-out it dies.
 5. And here I will un-wea-ried lie, Till Thou Thy Spir - it give.
 6. O let me hear Thy quick'ning voice, And taste Thy pard'ning grace! A-men.

225

EVAN. C. M.

DR. H. BONAR, 1846.

REV. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL, 1846.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say—"Come un - to me and rest;
 2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say—"Be - hold, I free - ly give
 4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say—"I am this dark world's light;
 6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

1. Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
 2. I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He hath made me glad.
 3. The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 4. My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 5. Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"
 6. And in that light of life I'll walk, Till traveling days are done. Amen.

226

HENDON. 7s.

BENJAMIN H. KENNEDY.

REV. H. A. CÆSAR MALAN, 1827.

1. Ask ye what great thing I know That de - lights and stirs me so? What the high re -
 2. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
 3. This is that great thing I know; This de - lights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who

ward I win! Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 on His right With the countless hosts of light? Je - sus - Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
 died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied. Amen.

227

OLIVET. 6s, 4s.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1830.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1831.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

1. while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 2. died for me, O, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 3. turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 4. then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul. Amen.

228

HENDY. 6s, 4s.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1830.

(Second Tune.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine!
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire;
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide;
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll,

1. { Now hear me while I pray, } O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 2. { Take all my sins a - way, }
 3. { As Thou hast died for me, } Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 4. { O, may my love to Thee }
 5. { Bid dark - ness turn to day, } Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 6. { Wipe sor - row's tears a - way, }
 7. { Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, } O, bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul. A - men.
 8. { Fear and dis - trust re - move, }

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

PARK-PLACE. 8s & 7s.

The Clefted Rock.

MRS. FLORENCE N. MURRAY SMITH, 1913.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, And the tem-pests toss my barque,
 2. In the glo-rious Rock of A-ges, Where no storms nor fears be-tide,
 3. Nei-ther is there Rock of ref-uge, Nor an arm so strong as Thine;
 4. Thou art ev-er-more my ref-uge From the cold and storm-y blast,
 5. In this port we cast our an-chor, Here we hide thro' storm and shine,
 6. Rest-ing in this peace-ful ha-ven, Where no storms nor fears an-noy;

1. Oh, then bless-ed Sav-iour, hide me, Hide me from the bil-lows dark.
 2. Where, se-cure from ev-ry e-vil, In the cleft-ed rock we hide.
 3. Be my God and Guide for-ev-er, Be my Stay, O Sav-iour mine.
 4. In this ha-ven will we tar-ry Till the storm of life is past.
 5. Doubting not Thy blest pro-tection, Hap-py in Thy love di-vine.
 6. In this glo-rious Rock of A-ges There is life and peace and joy. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms; }
 2. { What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- (Omit) } ing arms.
 3. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms; }
 4. { Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last- (Omit) } ing arms.
 5. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms; }
 6. { I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last- (Omit) } ing arms.

CHORUS.

Lean-ing, lean-ing, Safe and secure from all alarms;
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus, Leaning on the everlasting arms. Amen.

Used by permission.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6 lines.

"And one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forth-with came thereout blood and water."—John 19: 34.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

REV. J. S. BOYD, 1912.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
 3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim- ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

1. Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
 2. Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 3. Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
 4. When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

1. Be of sin the doub-le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 2. All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.
 3. Vile, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die,
 4. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee. A-men.

Copyright, 1912, by Rev. W. T. Dale, Nashville, Tenn.

TOPLADY. 7s, 6 lines.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—Psa. 94: 22.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Second Tune.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

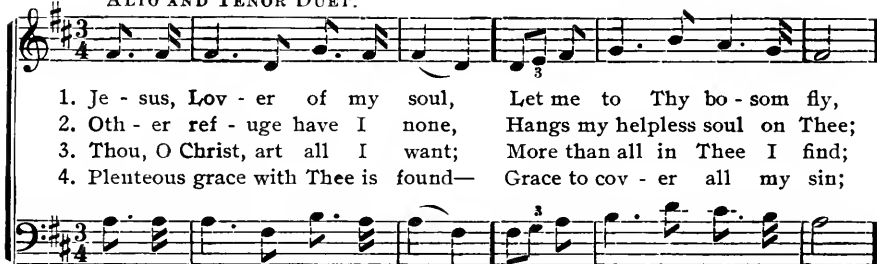
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. A-men.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

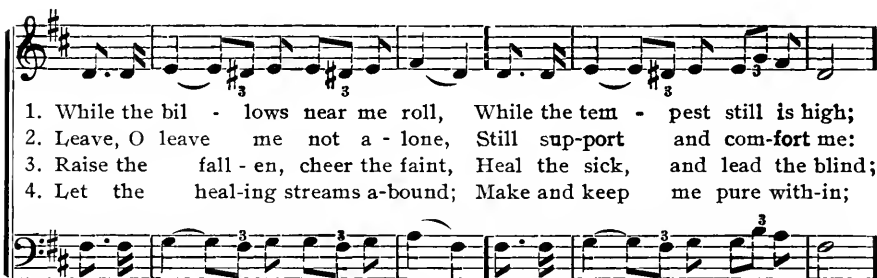
REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

JOS. P. HOLBROOK, 1862.

ALTO AND TENOR DUET.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found— Grace to cov - er all my sin;

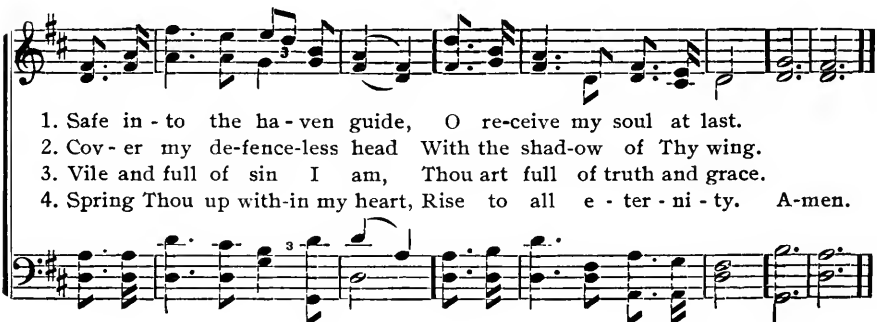


1. While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 2. Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 3. Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
 4. Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in;

FULL CHORUS.



1. Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 2. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 3. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 4. Thou of life the Fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



1. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 2. Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 3. Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 4. Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

MARTYN. 7s, D.

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

SIMEON B. MARSH, 1834.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly; }
 { While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee: }
 { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: }
 3. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin; }
 { Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in. }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

D. C.—Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

D. C.—Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Thou of life the Fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

TRUSTING. 7s, with Chorus.

WILLIAM McDONALD, 1869.

WM. G. FISCHER, 1869.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied,
 5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C. for Chorus.

1. I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 2. Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
 3. Soul and bod - y Thine to be,—Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
 4. I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 5. I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me, now. A - men.

236

HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

WM. WALKER.

Moderato.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
 5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
 6. The earth shall soon dis-solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;

1. I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 2. How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved.
 3. 'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 4. He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life en - dures.
 5. I shall pos-sess with-in the veil A life of joy and peace.
 6. But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for - ev - er mine. A-men.

237

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

REV. R. ROBINSON, 1758.

JOHN WYETH, 1812.

FINE

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry bless-ing! Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
 2. { Here I'll raise mine Eb-en - e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; }
 { And I hope, by Thy good plea-sure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home. }
 3. { O to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be! }
 { Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee; }

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
 D. C.—He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
 D. C.—Here's my heart; O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - men.

D. C.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me, when a strang - er, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

238

HOW HAPPY ARE THEY. 6s & 9s.

"Saved in the Lord with our everlasting salvation."—Isaiah 45: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

From an old air. Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. How hap-py are they Who their Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasures above;
 2. That comfort was mine, When the fav-or di - vine I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
 3. 'Twas a heav-en be - low My Re-deem-er to know, And the angels could do nothing more;
 4. Je-sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song, Oh, that all His sal-va-tion might see;
 5. On the wings of His love I was carried a - bove All sin and temp-ta-tion and pain;
 6. Oh, the rapturous height Of that ho - ly de - light, Which I first felt thro' the lifegiving blood;

1. Tongue can - not express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 2. When my heart it believed, What a joy I re - ceived, What a heaven in Je - sus' dear name.
 3. Than to fall at His feet, And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lover of sin - ners a - dore.
 4. He hath loved me, I cried, He hath suffered and died, To re-deem a poor reb - el like me.
 5. I could not be - lieve That I ev - er should grieve, That I ev - er should suf - fer a - gain.
 6. Of my Sav-iour possessed, I was per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the fullness of God.

239

ENOUGH FOR ME. 7s & 6s.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Oh, love, surpassing knowledge! Oh, grace so full and free! I know that Je-sus saves me,
 2. Oh, won - der-ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free! I feel the sweet as - sur-ance,
 3. Oh, blood of Christ, so precious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry! I feel its cleans-ing pow - er,

FINE. *D. S.*
 And that's enough for me. And that's enough for me, Oh, that's e-nough for me.

240

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

"My heart is fixed,"—Psalm 57:7.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755.

Fr. H. E. RIMBAULT. Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. { Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God; }
 { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
 2. { Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love; }
 { Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. }
 3. { 'Tis done, the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine; }
 { He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine. }
 4. { Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest; }
 { Here have I found the bet - ter part, Here heav'n - ly pleas - ures fill my breast. }
 5. { High heav'n that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear, }
 { Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

FINE. *D. S.*
 Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away, { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live re - joic - ing ev - ry day. }

241

HAPPY DAY. L. M. (New.)

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755.

(Second Tune.)

W. T. DALE, 1903.

With expression.

1. Oh, hap - py day that fixed my choice, On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God;
 2. Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer - its all my love;
 3. 'Tis done, the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
 4. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
 5. High heav'n that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear,

1. Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad
 2. Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 3. He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
 4. Here have I found the bet - ter part, Here heav'n - ly pleas - ures fill my breast.
 5. Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

Praise for Salvation.
HAPPY DAY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
I nev - er can for - get the day, Hap - py day, hap - py day. A-men.

242

MUHLENBERG. S. M.

"But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark."

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D.

Gen. 8:9.

R. R. BLADES, 1912.

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,
2. O cease, my wan-d'ring soul On rest - less wing to roam,
3. Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door;
4. There safe shalt thou a - bide, There sweet shall be Thy rest;

FINE.
1. But not a rest-ing place a - bove The cheerless wa - ters found.
2. All the wide world to ei - ther pole Has not for thee a home.
3. Has - ten to gain the dear a - bode, And roam, my soul, no more.
4. And ev - 'ry long-ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest. A-men.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

1. The cheer - less wa - ters found, The cheer - less wa - ters found;
2. Has not for thee a home, Has not for thee a home;
3. And roam, my soul, no more, And roam, my soul, no more;
4. With full sal - va - tion blest, With full sal - va - tion blest;

Praise for Salvation.

243

GILLHAM. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

Psalm 126.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. When God re-vealed His gracious name, And changed my mournful state, My
 2. The world beheld the glo-rious change, And did Thy hand con - fess; My
 3. Great is the work! my neigh-bors cried, And owned Thy pow'r di-vine; Great
 4. The Lord can clear the dark-est skies, Can give us day for night; Make
 5. Let those that sow in sad-ness wait, Till the fair har - vest come; They

1. rap-ture seemed a pleas-ing dream, The grace ap-peared so great.
 2. tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung sur-pris-ing grace.
 3. is the work! my heart re-plied, And be the glo - ry Thine.
 4. drops of sa - cred sor - row rise To riv - ers of de - light.
 5. shall confess their sheaves are great, And shout the blessings home. A - men.

244

SCHUMANN. S. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

1 John 3: 1-4.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Be-hold, what won-drous grace The Fa-ther hath be-stowed On sin - ners of a
 2. 'Tis no sur-pris - ing thing That we should be un-known; The Jew - ish world knew
 3. Nor doth it yet ap-pear How great we must be made; But when we see our
 4. A hope so much di - vine May tri-als well en-dure; May purge our souls from
 5. If in my Fa-ther's love I share a fill - ial part, Send down Thy Spir - it,

1. mor - tal race, To call them sons of God, To call them sons of God.
 2. not their King, God's ev - er-last - ing Son, God's ev - er - last - ing Son.
 3. Sav - our here, We shall be like our Head, We shall be like our Head.
 4. sense and sin, As Christ, the Lord, is pure, As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
 5. like a dove, To rest up-on my heart, To rest up-on my heart. A-men.

The Surrendered Life.

YARBROUGH. 7s.

245

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874.

Arr. for this work.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;



1. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.
4. Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
6. Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A - men.



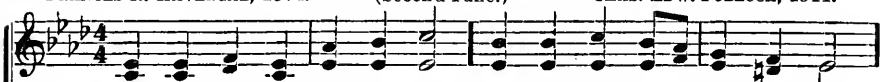
246

HENDERSON. 7s.*

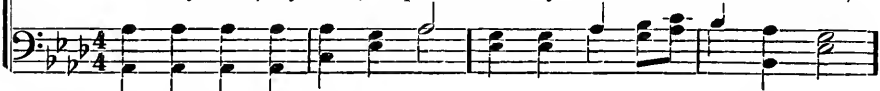
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874.

(Second Tune.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1911.



1. Take my life, and let it be, Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;



1. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.
4. Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
5. Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
6. Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A - men.



247

ALL FOR JESUS. 7s, D.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed pow'rs; } hours.
 2. { All my thot's, and words, and doings, All my days and all my (Omit) }
 2. { Let my hands perform His bid-ding, Let my feet run in His ways— } praise.
 3. { Let my eyes see Je - sus ou - ly, Let my lips speak forth His (Omit) }
 3. { Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - sides; } fied.
 4. { So en - chained my spir-it's vis - ion, Look-ing at the Cru-ci - (Omit) } wings.
 4. { Oh, what wonder, how a - maz-ing! Je - sus, glorious King of kings— }
 4. { Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed, Lets me rest beneath His (Omit) }

1. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
 2. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! I let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.
 3. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Looking at the cru-ci - fied; fied.
 4. All for Je-sus! all for Je - sus! Resting now beneath His wings; wings. Amen

248

MEADVILLE. 7s.

(May be sung to "Take my life and let it be," No. 245.)

MARY F. MAUDE, 1847.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne of love;
 2. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
 3. Thine for - ev - er! Lord of life, Shield us thro' our earth - ly strife;
 4. Thine for - ev - er! Shepherd, keep These, Thy frail and tremb-ling sheep;
 5. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup-plied;

1. Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.
 2. Saviour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
 3. Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
 4. Safe a - lone be - neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good-ness share.
 5. All our sins by Thee for-giv'n, Led by Thee from earth to heav'n. Amen.

249

HAVERGAL. 7s & 6s.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1869.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. In full and glad sur-ren-der I give my-self to Thee, Thine
 2. O Son of God most love-ly, I will be Thine a-lone, My-
 3. Reign o-ver me, Lord Je-sus; Oh, make my heart Thy throne; It
 4. Oh, come and reign, Lord Je-sus, Rule o-ver ev-'ry thing, And

1. ut-ter-ly and on-ly And ev-er-more to be.
 2. self and my pos-sess-ions Shall henceforth be Thine own.
 3. shall be Thine, dear Sav-iour, It shall be Thine a-lone.
 4. keep me al-ways loy-al, And true to Thee, my King. A-men.

250

"THY WILL BE DONE." 6s & 4s.

REV. W. H. DARNALL, D. D.

Matt. 26:42.

W. T. DALE, 1903.

1. Now would I yield to Thee, Saviour divine! Give me submission, Lord, Let me be Thine, While in a
 2. Now would I learn of Thee, Great teacher, Thou! Like Mary at Thy feet, Thy pupil bow, Walk ever
 3. Now be a guide to me, Shepherd of love! Let me be led by Thee, Led up a-bove, Safe from all
 4. So shall I win the race, Win it thro' Thee! And heav'n will give a place Even to me, Bright place for

1. thorn-y way—Face to life's set-ting sun, Aye, let me humbly pray, "Thy will be done."
 2. by my side, Light give that I may see, Thy word with me abide, "Learn thou of Me."
 3. pride and lust, Oh, let me ev-er be, Keep me in ho-ly trust, Fol-low-ing Thee.
 4. me to rest, No proneness there to roam, Glad victor with the blest, Safe, safe at home. Amen.

251

ROCKPORT. 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

CHAS. WESLEY.

I. B. WOODBURY.
FINE.

1. { Vain, de-lu-sive world, a-dieu, With all of crea-ture good! }
On-ly Je-sus I pur-sue, Who bo't me with His blood!

2. { Oth-er knowledge I dis-dain, 'Tis all but van-i-ty; }
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain, He tast-ed death for me!

3. { Here will I set up my rest; My fluc-tu-a-ting heart }
From the ha-ven of His breast Shall nev-er-more de-part;

4. { Him to know is life and peace, And pleasure with-out end; }
This is all my hap-pi-ness, On Je-sus to de-pend;

5. { O that I could all in-vite This sav-ing truth to prove, }
Show the length, the breadth, the height, And depth of Je-sus' love!

D. C.—On-ly Je-sus will I know, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied. A-men.

1. All thy pleasures I fore-go, I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride;
2. Me to save from end-less woe The sin-a-ton-ing vic-tim died:
3. Whither should a sin-ner go? His wounds for me stand o-pen wide:
4. Dai-ly in His grace to grow, And ev-er in His faith a-bide:
5. Fain I would to sin-ners show The blood by faith a-lone ap-plied:

D. C.

252

CEDAR CITY. C. M.

Prov. 30: 8.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Let not de-spair nor fell re-venge Be to my bos-om known;
2. Feed me, O Lord, with need-ful food; I ask not wealth nor fame;
3. Oh, may my days ob-sure-ly pass, Without re-morse or care!

Oh, give me tears for oth-er's woes, And pa-tience for my own.
But give me eyes to view Thy works, A heart to praise Thy name.
And let me for my part-ing hour From day to day pre-pare. Amen.

253

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN.

(Consecration.)

MRS. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are low-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak—
 3. There's sure-ly some-where a low-ly place In earth's har-vest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied—

But if by a still, small voice He calls, To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov-est me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

Used by the kind permission of Mrs. Carrie E. Rounsefell, Manchester, N. H.

*In Refrain use F, "Do," at this point *ad libitum*.

254

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, 1867.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. Sav-iour! Thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I
 2. On the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble
 3. Give me a faith-ful heart, Like-ness to Thee, That each de-
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, In joy, in

1. aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
 2. faith looks up, Je-sus, to Thee; Help me Thy cross to bear, Thy wondrous
 3. part-ing day Henceforth may see, Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of
 4. grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ransomed

1. fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 2. love de-clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
 3. kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and found, Something for Thee.
 4. soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for Thee. A-men.

255

CROSBY, S. M. D.*

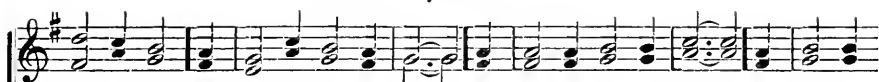
REV. H. BONAR, D. D., 1844.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my
 2. Je-sus my Shepherd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul, 'Twas He that washed me
 3. No more a wand'ring sheep, I love to be con-trolled, I love my ten-der

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 14, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

CROSBY. Concluded.



Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled; I was a way-ward child, I did not
in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole; 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the
Shepherd's voice, I love the peaceful fold; No more a way-ward child, I seek no



love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
wand'ring sheep, 'Twas He that bro't me to the fold—'Tis He that still doth keep.
more to roam, I love my heav'nly Father's voice, I love, I love His home. A-men.

256

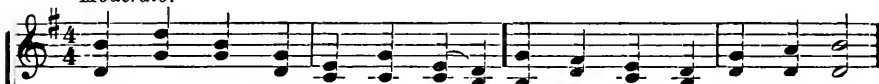
CRISMAN. 7s.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John 4:19.


JANE E. LEESON, 1842.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.



1. Sav - iour, teach me day by day, Love's sweet les-son to o - bey;
2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
4. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy— In o - be - dience all her joy;
5. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;



1. Sweet-er les - son can - not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
2. Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee—Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
3. Learn - ing how to love from Thee—Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
4. Ev - er new that joy will be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
5. Sing - ing till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me. A-men.

Taking Up the Cross.

257

MAITLAND. C. M.

"And He bearing His cross went forth."—John 19: 17.

REV. THOS. SHEPHERD, 1693.

GEO. N. ALLEN, 1850.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove Who once went sorrowing here;
 3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
 4. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 5. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

1. No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 2. But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
 3. And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 4. Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
 5. Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. Amen.

258

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."—Matt. 10: 37.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1824.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee, }
 { Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be, }
 2. { Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour too; }
 { Human hearts and looks de - ceive me, Thou art not, like them, untrue; }
 3. { Man may trouble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast, }
 { Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest; }

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

D. C.—Foes may hate and friends dis - own me, Show Thy face and all is bright.

D. C.—In Thy serv - ice pain is pleas - ure, With Thy fa - vor loss is gain. Amen.

D. C.
 Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 And whilst Thou shalt smile up - ou me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
 Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure, Come dis - as - ter, scorn and pain;

Taking Up the Cross.

259

KIRCHER. L. M.

REV. JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

1 Tim. 1: 12.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
 2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star;
 3. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend;
 4. A-shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way;
 5. Till then, nor is my boasting vain; Till then I boast a Sav - iour slain;

1. Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
 2. He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 3. No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
 4. No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 5. And, oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

260

AZMON. C. M.

1 Tim. 1: 12.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709.

CARL G. GLASER, 1828, Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839.

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
 2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
 3. Firm as His throne His prom-ise stands, And He can well se - cure
 4. Then will He own my worth-less name Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,

1. Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.
 2. Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 3. What I've com-mit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.
 4. And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place, Amen.

Taking Up the Cross.

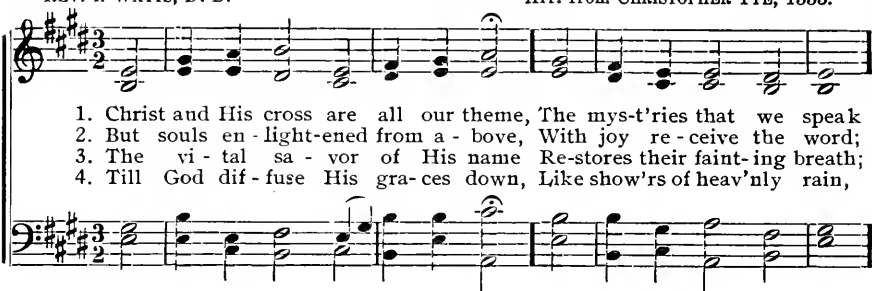
261

DUNDEE. C. M.

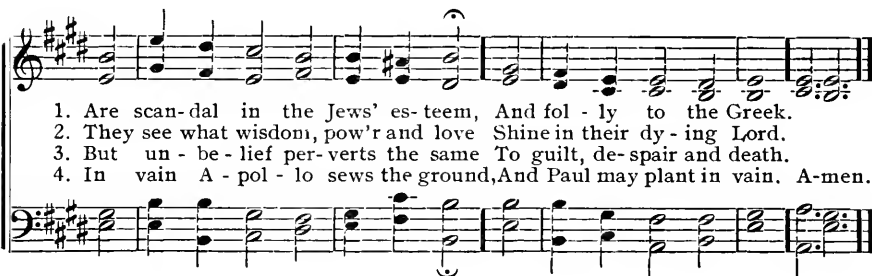
REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

1 Cor. 1: 23-24.

Arr. from CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.



1. Christ and His cross are all our theme, The mys-t'ries that we speak
2. But souls en-light-ened from a - bove, With joy re-ceive the word;
3. The vi-tal sa-vor of His name Re-stores their faint-ing breath;
4. Till God dif-fuse His gra-ces down, Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,



1. Are scan-dal in the Jews' es-teem, And fol-ly to the Greek.
2. They see what wisdom, pow'r and love Shine in their dy-ing Lord.
3. But un-be-lief per-verts the same To guilt, de-spair and death.
4. In vain A-pol-lo sews the ground, And Paul may plant in vain. A-men.

262

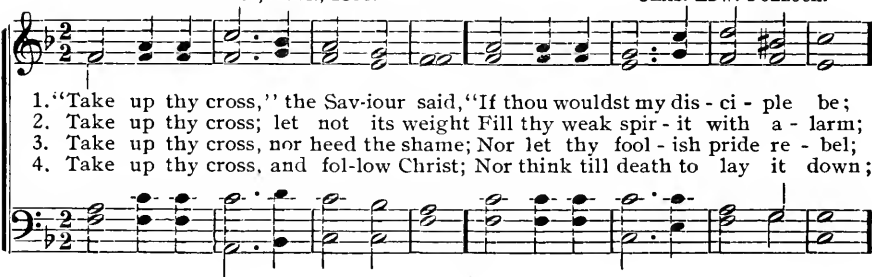
MAPLEWOOD. L. M.*

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

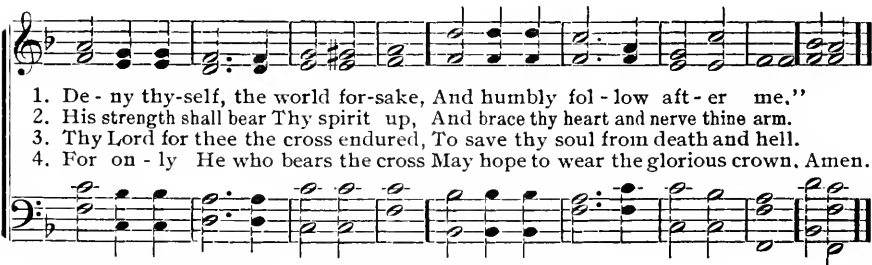
Matt. 16: 24.

REV. CHAS. W. EVEREST, M. A., 1833.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav-iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis-ci-ple be;
2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spir-it with a-larm;
3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; Nor let thy fool-ish pride re-bel;
4. Take up thy cross, and fol-low Christ; Nor think till death to lay it down;



1. De-ny thy-self, the world for-sake, And humbly fol-low aft-er me."
2. His strength shall bear Thy spirit up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
3. Thy Lord for thee the cross endured, To save thy soul from death and hell.
4. For on-ly He who bears the cross May hope to wear the glorious crown. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 25, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

263

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Eph. 6: 10-17.

HEINRICH C. ZEUNER, 1832.

1. Be-hold! the Christian warrior stand In all the ar - mor of his God;
 2. In pan - o - ply of truth complete, Sal - va-tion's hel-met on his head;
 3. Un-daunt-ed to the field he goes; Yet vain were skill and val - or there,
 4. Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength, Sin, death, and hell he tramples down;

1. The Spirit's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the gospel shod.
 2. With righteousness a breastplate meet, And faith's broad shield before him spread.
 3. Un - less, to foil his le-gion foes, He takes the tru-est weapon, prayer.
 4. Fights the good fight, and wins at length, Thro' mercy, an im-mor-tal crown. Amen.

264

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

Eph. 6: 11-17.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel ar-mor on, March to the gates
 2. Hell and thy sins re-sist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed
 3. Then let my soul march hold-ly on, Press forward to the heav'nly gate; There peace and joy
 4. There shall I wear a starry crown, And triumph in al-mighty grace, While all the ar-

1. of endless joy, Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone, Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
 2. them to the cross, And sung the triumph when He rose, And sung the triumph when He rose.
 3. e-ter-nal reign, And glitt'ring crowns for conq'rors wait, And glitt'ring crowns for conq'rors wait.
 4. mies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise, Join in my glorious Leader's praise. A-men.

265

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

Eph. 6: 11-17.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to
 2. Should earth against my soul en-gage, And fier - y darts be hurled, Then I can smile at
 3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sorrow fall; May I but safe-ly
 4. There I shall bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of

1. ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
 2. Sa-tan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
 3. reach my home, May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 4. trou-ble roll, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peaceful breast. Amen.

266

LABAN. S. M.

REV. GEO. HEATH, 1789.

Eph. 6: 11-17.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

1. The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 2. Re - new it hold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.
 3. Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 4. He'll take thee at thy part-ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode. Amen.

The Christian Soldier.

267

YALE. S. M.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

1 Cor. 16: 13.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on,
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
 3. Stand then in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
 4. That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed,
 5. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;
 6. Still let the Spir - it cry In all His sol - diers, "Come,"

1. Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.
 2. Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 3. But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:
 4. Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.
 5. Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down, And win the well-fought day.
 6. Till Christ the Lord descends from high, And takes the conq'rors home. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

268

ST. AGNES. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

Matt. 26: 41.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1866.

1. The Sav - iour bids thee watch and pray Thro' life's mo - men - tous hour;
 2. The Sav - iour bids thee watch and pray, Main - tain a war - rior's strife;
 3. The Sav - iour bids thee watch and pray; For soon the hour will come
 4. The Sav - iour bids thee watch and pray, Oh, heark - en to His voice,

1. And grants the Spir - it's quick'ning ray To those who seek His pow'r.
 2. O Chris - tian! hear His voice to - day: O - be - dience is thy life.
 3. That calls thee from the earth a - way To thy e - ter - nal home.
 4. And fol - low where He leads the way, To heav'n's e - ter - nal joys! A - men.

269

LEANDER. C. M.

"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

REV. I. WATTS. D. D., 1724.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 3. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall conquer, tho' they die;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 They see the tri-umph from a - far, With faith's discern - ing eye.

Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
 Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour - age, Lord!
 When that il - lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar - mies shine,

While oth-ers fought to wiu the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.
 In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine! Amen.

270

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR., 1858.

GEORGE J. WEBB, 1830.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The tri - umph call o - bey;
 3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
 4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

WEBB. Concluded.

F **FINE.**

1. Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 2. Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this, His glo - rious day.
 3. The arm of flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own:
 4. This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;

D.S.-Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.-Let cour - age rise with 'dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
D.S.-Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D.S.-He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A-men.

D. S.

1. From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall He lead,
 2. "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 3. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,
 4. To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

271

MAXEY. 7s, D.

"Without were fightings, within were fears."—2 Cor. 7:5.

REV. JOSEPH SWAIN, 1783.

W. T. DALE, 1885.

1. { Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear; }
 { Foes we have, but we've a Friend, One, that loves us to the end. } Forward then with courage go,
 2. { In the way a thousand snares Lie to take us un - a - wares, }
 { Sa - tan, with ma - li - cious art, Watches each unguarded part. } But from Satan's malice free,
 3. { But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mislead our feet; }
 { None be - tray us in - to sin Like the foes that dwell within; } Yet let nothing spoil your peace,

Long we shall not dwell below, Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, Come home."
 Saints shall soon victorious be; Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, Come home."
 Christ shall also conquer these; Soon the joyful news will come, "Child, your Father calls, Come home." Amen.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s & 5s, D.

"Be strong and of good courage."—Deut. 31: 6.

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1871.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God: Broth - ers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

1. Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 2. tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 3. Je - sus Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er
 4. voic - es In the tri - umph song: Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or,

1. Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
 2. All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 3. 'Gainst that church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 4. Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

Scotch Paraphrase.

Heb. 12: 1-4.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.

1. Be - hold, what wit-ness - es un - seen En - com - pass us a - round;
 2. Let us with zeal like their's in - spired, Be - gin the Chris - tian race;
 3. Be - hold a Wit-ness no - bler still, Who trod af - flic - tion's path,
 4. He for the joy be - fore Him set, So gen - rous was His love,
 5. If He the scorn of wick - ed men With pa - tience did sus - tain,
 6. Then on our glo - rious way pur - sue, Tho' en - e - mies a - rise,

1. Men, once like us, with suff'ring tried, But now with glo - ry crowned.
 2. And, freed from each encumb'ring weight, Their ho - ly foot-steps trace.
 3. Je - sus, at once the fin - ish - er, And au - thor of our faith.
 4. En - dured the cross, despised the shame, And now He reigns a - bove.
 5. Be - comes it those for whom He died To mur - mur or com - plain?
 6. Un - til you reach at Zi - on's hill, And gain th'im - mor - tal prize. Amen.

(This hymn may be sung to "Homewood," No. 273.)

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755.

Heb. 12: 1.

ANON.

1. { A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'-ry nerve, And press with vig - or on, }
 2. { A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - (Omit) } tal crown.
 3. { A cloud of wit-ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur - vey: }
 4. { For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And on - ward urge (Omit) } thy way.
 5. { 'Tis God's all - an - i - ma - ting voice That calls thee from on high; }
 6. { 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - (Omit) } ing eye:
 7. { That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lus - ter boast, }
 8. { When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in com - (Omit) } mon dust.
 9. { Blest Sav - iour, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun; }
 10. { And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon - (Omit) } ors down.

D. C. - A - wake, a - wake, stretch ev'-ry nerve, Un - til thy work (Omit) is done. Amen.

CHORUS.

D. C.

A - wake, a - wake, my soul, And press with vig - or on;
 A - wake, a - wake, my soul, a - wake, And press with vig - or, vig - or on;

275

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

Heb. 12: 1, 2.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1833.

1. A - wake, our souls! a - way our fears! Let ev - 'ry trembling tho't be gone!
 2. True, 'tis a straight and thorn-y road, And mor-tal spir - its tire and faint;
 3. From Him, the o - ver-flow-ing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh sup-ply;
 4. Swift as the ea - gle cuts the air We'll mount a-loft to His a - bode;

1. A - wake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheer-ful cour-age on.
 2. But they for-get the might-y God That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
 3. While such as trust their native strength Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
 4. On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road. Amen.

276

TENNY. C. M.*

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.
Not too fast.

Heb. 11: 24-26.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. My soul, with all thy wak-ened pow'rs, Sur-vey the heav'n-ly prize;
 2. The splen-did crown which Mo - ses sought Still beams a-round His brow;
 3. The joys and pleas-ures of a day I cheer-ful-ly re - sign;
 4. Let fools my wi - ser choice de - ride, An-gels and God ap - prove,
 5. With ar - dent eye, that bright re - ward I dai - ly will sur - vey,

1. Nor let these glitt'ring toys of earth Al - lure thy wand'ring eyes.
 2. Tho' soon great Pharaoh's sceptered pride Was taught by death to bow.
 3. Rich is that large im - mor-tal store Se - cured by grace di - vine.
 4. Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell My stead-fast soul shall move.
 5. And in the bloom-ing pros-pect lose The sor-rows of the way. A-men.

277

BOYLSTON. S. M.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

Watchfulness inculcated.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

1. A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 2. O, may it all my pow'rs engage To do my Mas - ter's will.
 3. And O, Thy ser - vant, Lord, prepare, A strict ac - count to give.
 4. As - sured Thy grace shall crown my way, And lead to joys on high. A - men.

278

HEBER. C. M.

Scotch Paraphrase.

2 Tim. 4: 6-8, 18.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.

1. My race is run, my war - fare's o'er, The sol - emn hour is nigh,
 2. With heav'n - ly weap - ons I have fought The bat - tles of the Lord,
 3. Henceforth there is laid up for me A crown which can - not fade;
 4. Nor hath the sov'-reign Lord de - creed This prize for me a - lone,
 5. From ev - 'ry snare and e - vil work His grace shall me de - fend,

1. When of - fered up to God, my soul Shall wing its flight on high.
 2. Fin - ished my course and kept the faith, De - pend - ing on His word.
 3. The righteous judge at that great day, Shall place it on my head.
 4. But for all such as love like me Th'appearance of His Son.
 5. And to His heav'nly king - dom safe Shall bring me in the end. Amen.

BETHEL. C. M.

Jacob's vow.—Gen. 28:19-22.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1737.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;
 2. Our vows, our pray'rs we now pre-sent Be-fore Thy throne of grace;
 3. Thro' each per-plex-ing path of life Our wan-d'ring foot-steps guide;
 4. O spread Thy cover-ing wings a-round, Till all our wand'rings cease,
 5. Such bless-ings from Thy gra-cious hand Our hum-ble pray'rs im-plore,

1. Who thro' this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led.
 2. God of our father's, be the God Of their suc-ceed-ing race.
 3. Give us each day our dai-ly bread, And rai-ment fit pro-vide.
 4. And at our fa-ther's loved a-bode Our souls ar-rive in peace.
 5. And Thou shalt be our chos-en God, Our por-tion ev-er-more. Amen.

CRITCHLOW. C. M.*

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Isa. 35:8-10.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.

1. Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great de-liv-'rer sing;
 2. See the fair way His hand hath raised, How peace-ful and how plain;
 3. His hand di-vine shall lead you on Thro' all the bliss-ful road;
 4. Bright garlands of im-mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev-'ry head;
 5. March on in your Re-deem-er's strength, Pur-sue His foot-steps still,

1. Pilgrims, for Zi-on's Cit-y bound, Be joy-ful in your King.
 2. The simplest trav-'ler shall not err, Nor ask the path in vain.
 3. Till to the sa-cred mount you rise, And see your gra-cious God.
 4. While sorrow, sigh-ing, and dis-tress, Like shad-ows, all are fled.
 5. With joy-ful hope still fix your eye On Zi-on's heav'nly hill. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

281

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Life a pilgrimage.

WILLIAM TANSUR.

1. Lord, what a wretch-ed land is this, That yields us no sup- ply;
 2. Our jour-ney is a thorn-y maze, But we march up-ward still;
 3. There on a green and flow-'ry mount Our wea-ry souls shall sit,
 4. E-ter-nal glo-ry to the King, Whose hand con-ducts us thro';

1. No cheering fruits, no whole-some trees, No streams of liv-ing joy.
 2. For-get these troub-les of the ways, And reach at Zi-on's hill.
 3. And with trans-port-ing joy re-count The la-bors of our feet.
 4. Our tongues shall nev-er cease to sing, And end-less praise re-new. A-men.

282

LIND. 7s & 6s.*

REV. M. B. DEWITT, D. D.

The aged pilgrim.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { A - down life's shortening journey, The aged pick their way, } { Their steps are short and falt'ring, }
 2. { But there is con-so-la-tion, From hope's triumphant light, } { Then cheer thee, aged pilgrim, }
 3. { A few more changing sunsets, A few more clouded morns, } { Then long and bright the future, }
 4. { A few more times of tri-al, A few more piercing thorns. }

For sight is now un-true, Life's hours are not so joy-ous, As when 'twas fresh and new.
 Rich grace to thee is giv'n, Tho' scant thine earthly pleasure, Yet bounteous that of heav'n.
 Then ma-n-y, ma-n-y joys, All glo-ri-ous, e-ter-nal, The home where naught annoys. Amen.

283

MILHOLLAND. 6s, 4s.*

REV. THOS. R. TAYLOR, Pub. 1836.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home.
 2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home.
 3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home.
 4. There-fore, I murmur not, Heav'n is my home; Whate'er my earthly lot, Heav'n is my home.

1. Danger and sorrow stand Round us on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home.
 2. Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be overpast; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
 3. There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best, And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
 4. And I shall surely stand, There at my Lord's right hand, Heav'n is my father-land, Heav'n is my home. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 6, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

284

PROVINE. S. M.

In memory of Rev. J. C. Provine, D. D.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1772.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorouso.

1. Your harps, ye tremb-ling saints, Down from the wil-lows take; Loud
 2. Tho' in a for-eign land, We are not far from home; And
 3. His grace will to the end Strong-er and bright-er shine; Nor
 4. When we in dark-ness walk, Nor feel the heav'n-ly flame; Then
 5. Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub-side at His con-trol; His
 6. Blest is the man, O God, Who stays him-self on Thee; Who

1. to the praise of love di-vine Bid ev-'ry string a-wake.
 2. near-er to our house a-bove We ev-'ry mo-ment come.
 3. pres-ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di-vine.
 4. is the time to trust our God, And rest up-on His name.
 5. lov-ing-kind-ness shall break thro' The mid-night of the soul.
 6. waits for Thy sal-va-tion, Lord, Shall Thy sal-va-tion see. A-men.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

WILLIAMS.

1. In-quire, ye pil-grims, for the way That leads to Zi-on's hill,
 2. In-vite the stran-gers all a-round, Your pi-ous march to join,
 3. O come and to His tem-ple haste, And seek His fav-or there;
 4. O come and join your souls to God In ev-er-last-ing bands;

1. And thith-er set your stead-y face With a de-ter-mined will.
 2. And spread the sen-ti-ments you feel Of love and faith di-vine.
 3. Be-fore His foot-stool hum-bly bow, And pour your fer-vent pray'r.
 4. Ac-cept the bless-ings He be-stows With thank-ful hearts and hands, A-men.

ANON.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. Trav-'ling to the bet-ter land, O'er the des-erts scorch-ing sand,
 2. When at Ma-rah, parched with heat, I the spark-ling foun-tain greet,
 3. When the wil-der-ness is drear, Show me E-lim's palm-grove near,
 4. Thro' the wa-ter, thro' the fire, Nev-er let me fall or tire,
 5. Bid me stand on Ne-bo's height, Gaze up-on the land of light,
 6. When I stand on Jor-dan's brink, Nev-er let me fear or shrink;
 7. When the vic-to-ry is won, And e-ter-nal life be-gun,

1. Fa-ther! let me grasp Thy hand, Lead me on, lead me on!
 2. Make the bit-ter wa-ter sweet, Lead me on, lead me on!
 3. And her wells, as crys-tal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!
 4. Ev-'ry step brings Canaan nigher; Lead me on, lead me on!
 5. Then, trans-port-ed with the sight, Lead me on, lead me on!
 6. Hold me, Fa-ther, lest I sink: Lead me on, lead me on!
 7. Up to glo-ry lead me on! Lead me on, lead me on! A-men.

287

RHINELAND. 8s, 7s, 4s.

REV. W. WILLIAMS, 1745.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
 2. O - pen Thou the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow;
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;

I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand.
 Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro'.
 Death of death! and hell's de-struction, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side.

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De-liv-rer, Strong De-liv-rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

288

LEXINGTON. 7s.

REV. JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

Isa. 35: 10.

Arr. by W. T. D.

FINE.

1. { Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
 { Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise; Glo-rious in His works and ways.
 2. { Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi-on's cit - y is in sight;
 { There our endless home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
 3. { Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand, On the bor-ders of your land;
 { Je-sus Christ, your Fa-ther's Son, Bids you un-dis-mayed go on. }

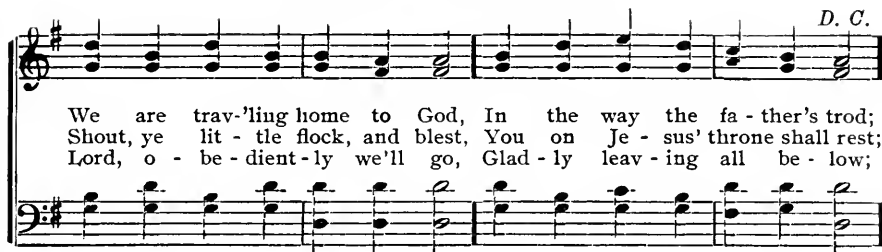
D. C.-They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

D. C.-There your seat is now prepared, There your kingdom and re-ward.

D. C.-On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. Amen.

LEXINGTON. Concluded.

D. C.



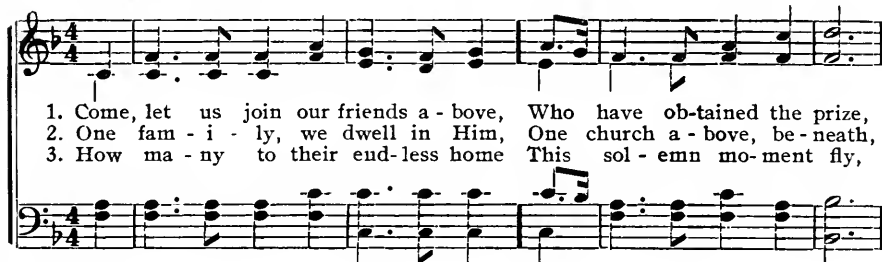
We are trav-'ling home to God, In the way the fa - ther's trod;
Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest, You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;
Lord, o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

289

AULD LANG SYNE. C. M. D.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1759.

SCOTTISH AIR.



1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove, Who have ob - tained the prize,
2. One fam - i - ly, we dwell in Him, One church a - bove, be - neath,
3. How ma - ny to their end - less home This sol - emn mo - ment fly,

FINE.



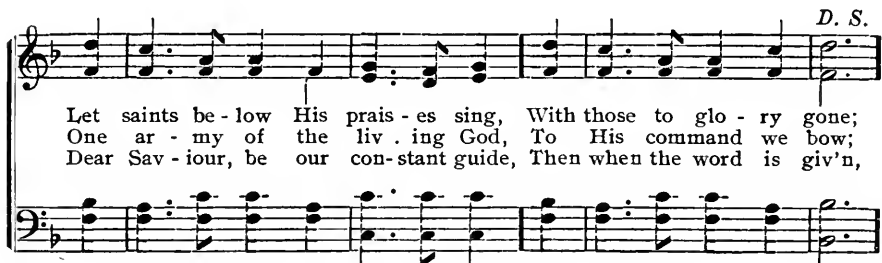
And on the ea - gle wings of love To joy ce - les - tial rise.
Tho' now di - vid - ed by the stream, The nar - row stream of death.
And we are to the mar - gin come, And soon ex - pect to die.

D.S. For all the ser - vants of our King, In heav'n and earth are one.

D.S. Part of the host have crossed the flood, And part are cross - ing now.

D.S. Bid the cold waves of death di - vide, And land us safe in heav'n. Amen.

D. S.



Let saints be - low His prais - es sing, With those to glo - ry gone;
One ar - my of the liv - ing God, To His command we bow;
Dear Sav - iour, be our con - stant guide, Then when the word is giv'n,

HOMEWARD BOUND.

ANON.

Re-arranged by F. J. WILBANKS.

1. Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
 Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
 Look! you-der lies the bright heav-en-ly shore, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 3. We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a-long, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
 Try to per-suade them to en-ter the throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 4. In - to the har-bor of heav'n now we glide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound,
 Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil-ver tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

1. Far from the safe, qui-et har-bor we've rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a-bode;
 2. Stead - y, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Stead - y, we soon shall out-weather the gale;
 3. Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd, Join in our num-ber, oh, come and be blest;
 4. Glo - ry to God! all our dan-gers are o'er, We stand se-cure on the glo-ri-fied shore;

1. Prom-ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 2. Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creak-ing sail, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 3. Jour-ney with us to the man-sions of rest, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 4. Glo - ry to God we will shout ev - er more, We're homeward bound, homeward bound. A-men.

S. A. Berrie, owner.

PILOT. 7s, 6 lines.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, 1871.

J. E. GOULD, 1871.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
 2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-ccean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar

D.C.—Chart and compass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.

D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.

D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!" A-men.

PILOT. Concluded.

D. C.



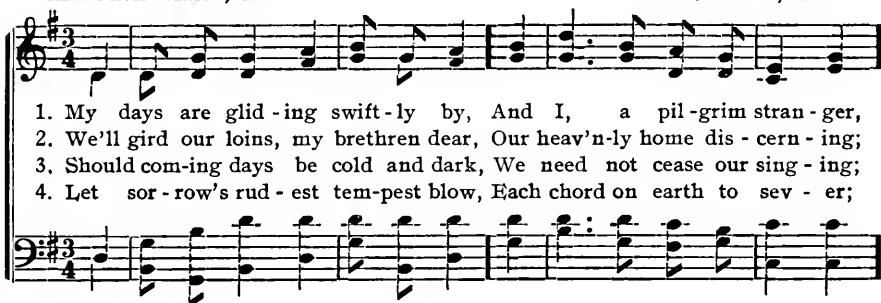
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

292

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

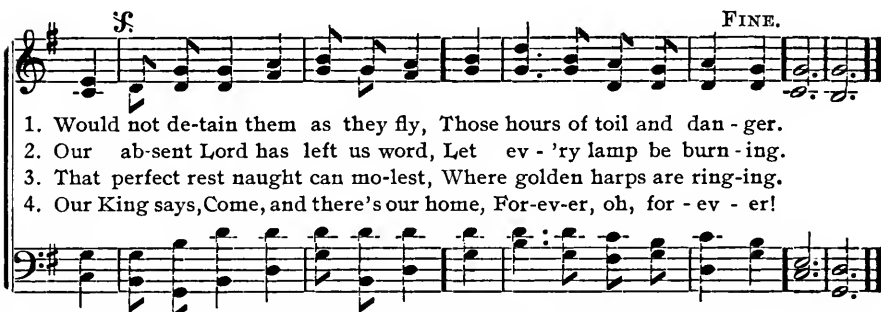
REV. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

GEO. F. ROOT, 1855.



1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heav'n - ly home dis - cern - ing;
3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er;

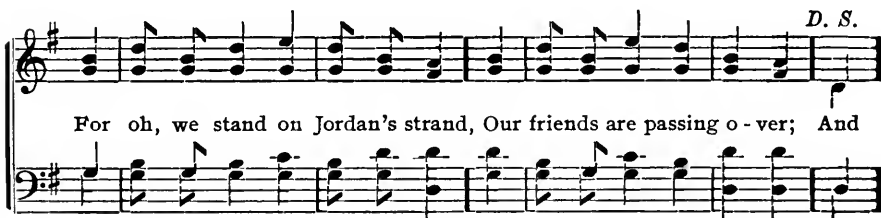
F *FINE.*



1. Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
2. Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.
3. That perfect rest naught can mo - lest, Where golden harps are ring - ing.
4. Our King says, Come, and there's our home, For - ev - er, oh, for - ev - er!

D.S.—just be - fore, the Shin - ing Shore, We may al - most dis - cov - er! A - men.

D. S.



For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver; And

293

LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D. D., 1833.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1867.

1. { Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-ling gloom, Lead thou me on! }
 { The night is dark, and I am far from (Omit.....) }
 2. { I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; }
 { I loved to choose and see my path; but (Omit.....) }
 3. { So long thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on }
 { O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, (Omit.....) }

home, Lead thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
 now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar- ish day, and, spite of
 till The night is gone, And with the morn those an- gel fac- es

see The dis- tant scene; one step's e- nough for me.
 fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a- while! A-men.

294

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. 10s & 4s.

(President Wm. McKinley's favorite hymn.)

REV. JOHN H. NEWMAN, D. D., 1833.

(Second Tune.)

W. T. DALE, 1903.

1. { Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-ling gloom, Lead thou me on; }
 { The night is dark, and I am far from home; (Omit.....) }
 2. { I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; }
 { I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now (Omit.....) }
 3. { So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on }
 { O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till (Omit.....) }

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see,
Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile

The dis - tant scene; one step's e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while! A-men.

W. T. Dale, owner.

295

DEWITT. C. M. D.*

REV. M. B. DEWITT, D. D.

Comfort in God.

W. T. DALE.

1. While trav'ling this mys-te-rious road That leads us on to death, Sur-round-ed by a
2. How sweet that He our wants doth know, And for them gently cares, And ev'-ry grief where-
3. So tho' our path be dark and drear, As we pass hum-bly on, Light, glorious light, shall

thou-sand snares To take a-way our breath; How sweet to feel that we can trust With-
e'er we go, Most ten-der - ly He shares; That tho' He knows when-e'er we sin, And
yet ap-pear, More glorious than the sun; God is our safety, God our strength, Our

out one needed fear, To Him whose pow'r and goodness give, Life and its blessings here.
sees when-e'er we stray, His grace free pardon seals within, And shows our feet the way.
ev - er-last-ing light, His per-fect glo-ry shall at length, Burst full up-on our sight. A-men.

*Music written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 2, 1913 W. T. Dale, owner.

RESIGNATION. 3, 3, 3 & 6.

"Thy will be done."—Matt. 26: 42.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way, Oh, teach me
 2. Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur-mur not, And breathe the
 3. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh, For friends beloved no lon-ger nigh, Sub-mis-sive
 4. If Thou shouldst call me to re-sign What most I prize, it ne'er was mine, I on-ly
 5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The pray'r, oft mixed with tears before, I'll sing up-

1. from my heart to say, "Thy will, my God, be done, Thy will, my God, be done."
 2. pray'r di-vine-ly taught, "Thy will, my God, be done, Thy will, my God, be done."
 3. still would I re-ply, "Thy will, my God, be done, Thy will, my God, be done."
 4. yield thee what was Thine, "Thy will, my God, be done, Thy will, my God, be done."
 5. on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will, my God, be done, Thy will, my God, be done." A-men.

PLEASANT VALLEY. C. M.*

G. T. NOEL.

"To die is gain."—Phil. 1: 21.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When mu-sing sor-row weeps the past, And mourns the pres-ent pain,
 2. 'Tis not that mur-m'ring thoughts a-rise, And dread a Fa-ther's will;
 3. It is that heav'n-born faith sur-veys The path that leads to light,
 4. It is that hope with ar-dor glows To see Him face to face,
 5. O let me wing my hal-lowed flight From earth-born woe and care,

1. 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
 2. 'Tis not that meek sub-mis-sion flies, And would not suf-fer still.
 3. And longs her ea-gle plumes to raise, And lose her-self in sight.
 4. Whose dy-ing love no language knows, Suf-fic-ient art to trace.
 5. And soar a-bove these clouds of night, My Sav-iour's bliss to share. Amen.

298

NAOMI.

MRS. A. STEELE, 1760.

DR. L. MASON, 1836.

1. Fa-ther, what e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de-nies,
 2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev-'ry mur-mur free!
 3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at-tend;

Org.

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:—
 The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end." Amen.

299

MANOAH. C. M.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1857. Isa. 26: 3.

From G. ROSSINI, 1840.

1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm; Let Thine outstretch-ed wing
 2. Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet,—
 3. Calm in the hour of buoyant health, Calm in my hour of pain,
 4. Calm in the suf-fer-ance of wrong, Like Him who bore my shame,
 5. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest-ing on Thy breast;

1. Be like the shade of E-lim's palm, Be-side her des-ert spring.
 2. Calm in the clos-et's sol-i-tude, Calm in the bust-ling street;
 3. Calm in my pov-er-ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;
 4. Calm'mid the threat'ning, taunting throng, Who hate Thy holy name.
 5. Soothe me with ho-ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spir-it rest. A-men.

SOCIAL HARP.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Child of sor - row! Child of sor - row! Mur-mur not be - neath the rod;
 2. When thy night of pain is dark - est, When thy path is cold and drear,
 3. If thy spir - it bow be - fore Him, With a heart-felt, hum - ble pray'r,
 4. He will teach Thee res - ig - na - tion, He will give Thee heart-felt peace,

1. There may be a joy - ful mor-row Treasured up for Thee with God.
 2. Trust in God, He sure - ly mark-eth Ev - 'ry pang and ev - 'ry tear.
 3. If Thy fer-vent faith a - dore Him, He will ban - ish Thy de-spair.
 4. Bless-ed hope and con - so - la - tion, Rich-es and im - mor - tal bliss, Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1768.

1 Cor. 12: 10.

F. LEWIS.

1. When lan-guor and dis - ease in - vade This trem-bling house of clay,
 2. Sweet to look in - ward and at - tend The whis-pers of His love;
 3. Sweet to look back and see my name In life's fair book set down;
 4. Sweet on His faith - ful - ness to rest, Whose love can nev - er end;
 5. Sweet in the con - fi - dence of faith To trust His firm de - crees;
 6. If such the sweet - ness of the stream, What must the foun - tain be,

1. 'Tis sweet to look be - yond my pain, And long to fly a - way.
 2. Sweet to look up - ward to the place Where Je - sus pleads a - bove.
 3. Sweet to look for-ward, and be - hold E - ter - nal joys my own.
 4. Sweet on the cov - nant of His grace For all things to de - pend.
 5. Sweet to lie pass - ive in His hands, And know no will but His.
 6. Where saints and angels draw their bliss, O Lord, di - rect from Thee. Amen.

302

HE KNOWS. 8, 8, 8, 6.

ANON. Arr.

Acts, 15: 18.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. He knows the bit-ter, wear-y way, The end-less strivings day by day;
 2. He knows when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink
 3. He knows! oh, thought so full of bliss! For though on earth our joy we miss,
 4. He knows! oh, heart, take up thy cross, And know earth's treasures are but dross,
 5. He knows, and that's enough for me, Why should I doubt or troubled be?

Rit-e-dim.

1. The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, He knows, He knows.
 2. Of dark despair we pause and shrink, He knows, He knows, He knows.
 3. We still can bear if feel-ing this, He knows, He knows, He knows.
 4. And wheth-er all prove gain or loss, He knows, He knows, He knows.
 5. All things shall work for good to me, He knows, He knows, He knows. Amen.

303

WARRENSBURG. C. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Psalm 119: 67, 71.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I can-not call af-flic-tion sweet, And yet 'twas good to bear;
 2. My wear-ied soul was all re-signed To Thy most gracious will;
 3. Where are the vows which then I vowed? The joys which then I knew?
 4. Lord, grant me grace for ev-'ry day, What-e'er my state may be;

1. Af-flic-tion bro't me to Thy feet, And I found comfort there.
 2. O that I'd kept that bet-ter mind, Or been af-flict-ed still.
 3. Those vanished like the morning cloud, These like the ear-ly dew.
 4. Thro' life, in death, with truth to say, "My God is all to me." Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

304

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH, Pub., 1787.

Credited also to ROBERT KEENE. "Exceeding great and precious promises."—2 Peter 1: 4.

Composer unknown.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev - 'ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er-ty's
 3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd; I, I am thy
 4. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 5. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
 6. "E'en down to old age, all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'-reign, e-
 7. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

1. faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say than to
 2. vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
 3. God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 4. woe shall not thee o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 5. fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I
 6. ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 7. will not de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-

1. you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 2. land, on the sea, "As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be."
 3. cause thee to stand, Up-held by my righteous, om-ni-potent hand.
 4. troubles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 5. on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine,
 6. tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.
 7. deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er—no, nev-er, for-sake." A-men.

305

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

REV. W. T. DALE, 1893. "Passing under the rod."—Heb. 12: 6.
4th stanza by EDWARD ROBERTS.

ANON, 1782.

1. When bowed with affliction and woe here below, As on in my way to bright
 2. When tri-als and sorrows a-wak-en my fears, When mingling the cup of thanks-
 3. When weeping I stand o'er the spoils of the grave, My loved ones de-part-ed be-
 4. From un-der Thy rod, O my Lord, I a-rose, And found that it bro't to my

PORTUGUESE HYMN. Concluded.

1. Ca-naan I go; I hear a sweet voice, 'tis the voice of my God, "I love thee, I
 2. giving with tears; I hear the same voice, the sweet voice of my God, "I love thee, I
 3. yond the dark wave, I hear the sweet voice of my Father and God, "I love thee, I
 4. soul sweet repose; O blessed repose, to my soul sweet re- pose, Thy rod, blessed

1. love thee, pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."
 2. love thee, pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."
 3. love thee, pass under the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."
 4. Lord, ever brings sweet repose, Thy rod, blessed Lord, ever brings sweet repose. Amen.

306

JEWETT. 6s, D.

REV. BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, 1716.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853.

Arr. from CARL M. VON WEBER, 1821.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love
 2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
 3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me
 Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor-rowed
 I glad - ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done! A-men.

In Prospect of Death.

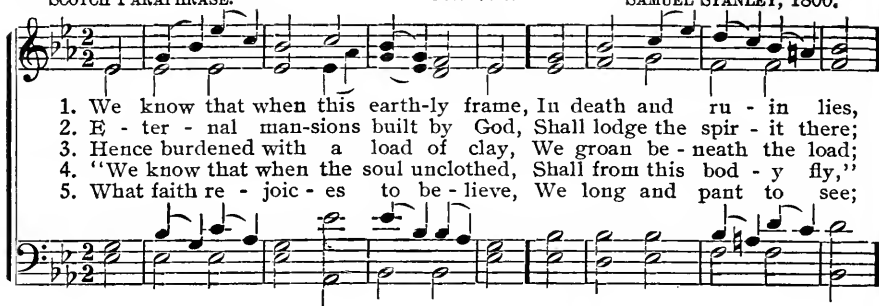
307

WARWICK. C. M.

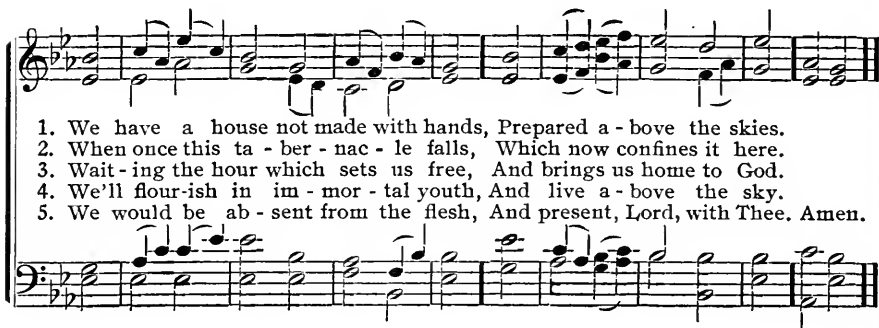
SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

2 Cor. 5: 1-8.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



1. We know that when this earth-ly frame, In death and ru - in lies,
2. E - ter - nal man-sions built by God, Shall lodge the spir - it there;
3. Hence burdened with a load of clay, We groan be - neath the load;
4. "We know that when the soul unclothed, Shall from this bod - y fly,"
5. What faith re - joic - es to be - lieve, We long and pant to see;



1. We have a house not made with hands, Prepared a - bove the skies.
2. When once this ta - ber - nac - le falls, Which now confines it here.
3. Wait - ing the hour which sets us free, And brings us home to God.
4. We'll flour-ish in im - mor - tal youth, And live a - bove the sky.
5. We would be ab - sent from the flesh, And present, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

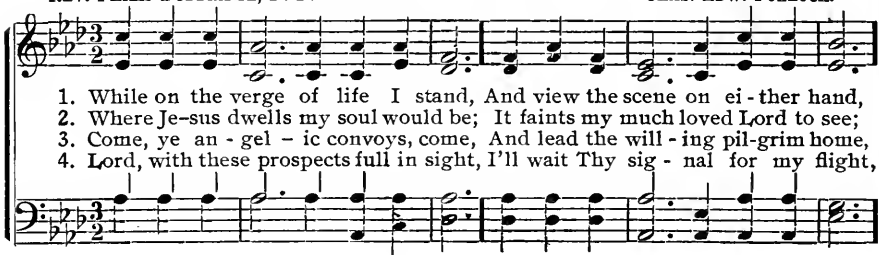
308

BEAUTY CHANT. L. M.

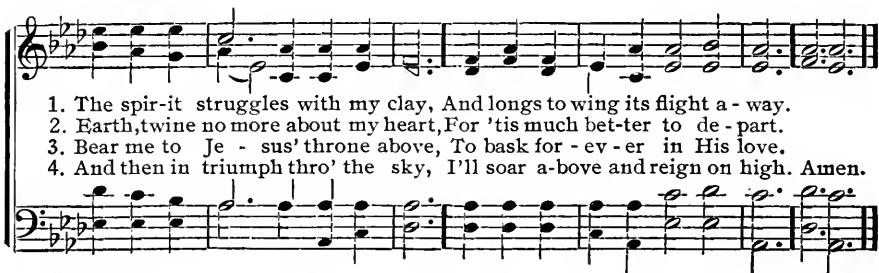
"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."—Phil. 1: 23.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on ei - ther hand,
2. Where Je - sus dwells my soul would be; It faints my much loved Lord to see;
3. Come, ye an - gel - ic convoys, come, And lead the will - ing pil - grim home,
4. Lord, with these prospects full in sight, I'll wait Thy sig - nal for my flight,



1. The spir - it struggles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a - way.
2. Earth, twine no more about my heart, For 'tis much bet - ter to de - part.
3. Bear me to Je - sus' throne above, To bask for - ev - er in His love.
4. And then in triumph thro' the sky, I'll soar a - bove and reign on high. Amen.

IN MEMORIAM. S. M.*

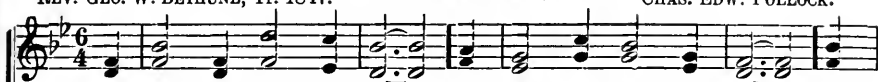
REV. H. A. CÆSAR MALAN, 1832.

(In memory of Mrs.

REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE, Tr. 1847.

Annie Bone Eshman.)

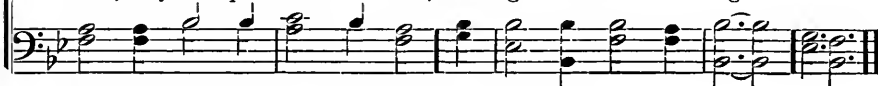
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. It is not death to die, To leave this wea - ry road, And
2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears, And
3. It is not death to bear The wretch that sets us free From
4. It is not death to fling A - side this sin - ful dust, And
5. Je - sus, Thou Prince of Life, Thy chos - en can not die; Like



1. midst the broth - er-hood on high To be at home with God.
2. wake, in glo - ri - ous re - pose To spend e - ter - nal years.
3. dungeon chain to breathe the air Of boundless lib - er - ty.
4. rise, on strong ex - ult - ing wing, To live a-mong the just.
5. Thee, they cou - quer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high. A-men.



*Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

MEAR. C. M.

My Father often sang this tune in family worship.—W. T. D.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

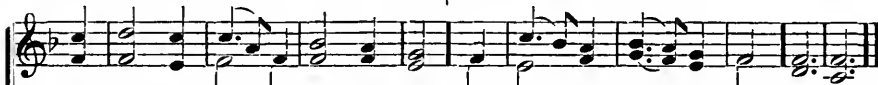
Ps. 71: 17, 18,

WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS COLL, 1762.

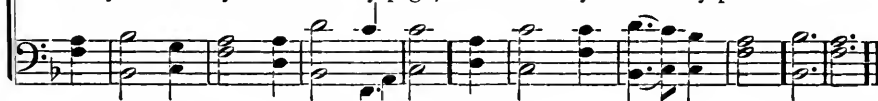
Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1914.



1. God of my child - hood and my youth, The Guide of all my days;
2. Wilt Thou for - sake my hoar - y hairs, And leave my faint - ing heart?
3. Let me Thy pow'r and truth pro-claim, To the sur - viv - ing age;
4. The land of si - lence and of death, At - tends my next re-move;
5. Cast me not off when strength declines, When hoar-y hairs a - rise;
6. Then in the his - tory of my age, When men re - view my days;



1. I have declared Thy heav'nly truth, And told Thy wondrous ways.
2. Who shall sustain my sink-ing years, If God, my strength, de-part?
3. And leave a sa - vor of Thy name When I shall quit the stage.
4. Oh, may these poor remains of breath, Teach all the world Thy love.
5. And round me let Thy glo - ry shine, When-e'er Thy ser - vant dies.
6. They'll read Thy love in ev-'ry page, In ev - 'ry line Thy praise. A-men.



In Prospect of Death.

311

PALMER. C. M.*

REV. RAY PALMER.

2 Cor. 4:14.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When downward to the darksome tomb I turn my thoughtful eyes,
 2. Why shrinks my soul? In death's embrace Once Je - sus cap - tive slept;
 3. Thus shall they guard my sleep - ing dust, And, as the Sav - iour rose,
 4. My Lord, be - fore to glo - ry gone, Shall bid me come a - way;
 5. Then let my faith each fear dis - pel, And gild with light the grave;

1. Frail na - ture trem - bles at the gloom, And anx - ious fears a - rise.
 2. And an - gels, hov - ring o'er the place, His low - ly pil - low kept.
 3. The grave a - gain shall yield her trust, And end my deep re - pose.
 4. And calm and bright shall break the dawn Of heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
 5. To Him my loft - iest prais - es swell, Who died, from death to save. A - men.

*Music owned by C. E. Pollock

312

BALERMA. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D.D.

2 Tim. 4:6-8, 18.

Arr. by ROBERT SIMPSON, 1833.

1. Death may dis - solve my bod - y now, And bear my spir - it home;
 2. With heav'n - ly weap - ons I have fought The bat - tles of the Lord;
 3. God hath laid up in heav'n for me A crown which can not fade;
 4. Nor hath the King of grace de - creed This prize for me a - lone;
 5. Je - sus, the Lord, shall guard me safe From ev - 'ry ill de - sign;
 6. God is my ev - er - last - ing aid, And hell shall rage in vain;

1. Why do my min - utes move so slow, Nor my sal - va - tion come?
 2. Fin - ished my course and kept the faith, And wait the sure re - ward,
 3. The righteous Judge, at that great day, Shall place it on my head.
 4. But all that love and long to see Th' appear - ance of His Son.
 5. And to His heav'n - ly kingdom take This fee - ble soul of mine.
 6. To Him be high - est glo - ry paid, And end - less praise. A - men! A - men!

313

HOWARD. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

1 Cor. 15: 52, 57.

ELIZABETH CUTHBERT, 1814.

1. When the last trumpet's aw-ful voice, This rending earth shall shake;
 2. Those bod-ies that cor-rupt-ed fell, Shall in-cor-rupted-ed rise;
 3. Be-hold what heav'nly proph-ets sung, Is now at last ful-filled;
 4. Let faith ex-alt her joy-ful voice, And thus be-gin to sing;
 5. Thy sting was sin and con-scious guilt, 'Twas this that armed the dart;
 6. But God, whose name be-ev-er blest, Disarmed that foe we dread,

1. When op'ning graves shall yield their charge, And dust to life a-wake,
 2. And mor-tal forms shall spring to life Im-mor-tal in the skies.
 3. That death should yield his ancient reign, And vanquished quit the field.
 4. 'O grave where is thy tri-umph now? And where, O death, thy sting?'
 5. The law gave sin its strength and force, To pierce the sin-ner's heart.
 6. And makes us conquerors when we die, Thro' Christ our liv-ing Head. A-men.

314

ELGIN. C. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

"It is I, be not afraid."—Matt. 14: 27.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When waves of troub-le round me swell, My soul is not dis-mayed;
 2. When black the threat'ning skies ap-pear, And storms my path in-vade,
 3. There is a gulf that must be crossed; Sav-iour, be near to aid;
 4. There is a dark and fear-ful vale, Death hides with-in its shade;

Rit. e dim.
 1. I hear a voice I know full well, "'Tis I! be not a-fraid!"
 2. Those ac-cents tran-quil-ize each fear; "'Tis I! be not a-fraid!"
 3. Whis-per, when my frail bark is tossed, "'Tis I! be not a-fraid!"
 4. O say, when flesh and heart shall fail, "'Tis I! be not a-fraid!" Amen.

In Prospect of Death.

315

SUNSET. L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1871.

Prayer of the dying Christian.

REV. E. T. BOWERS.

1. Now, O my God, the hour is come, When I must leave this vale of gloom;
 2. Tho' I must part with friends I love, I'll meet with friends in heav'n above.
 3. Lord, make me now resigned to go, Resigned to leave this world of woe;
 4. Let an en-vo-y of an-gels come, And bear my will-ing spir-it home,—
 5. Now I must leave this mournful vale, Let not Thy cheering presence fail;

Rit-e-dim.
 1. My Saviour calls and I must go To leave this world of sin and woe.
 2. There I shall wait till all have come, For Christ will bring His ransomed home.
 3. And may I wor-ship at Thy feet, Prostrate be-fore Thy sa-cred seat.
 4. Bear me to Je-sus' throne a-bove, To bask for-ev-er in His love.
 5. Bid the cold waves of death di-vide, And land me safe on Canaan's side. Amen.

316

MT. OLIVET. L. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

2 Tim. 4: 6-8.

W. T. DALE.

1. The hour of my departure's come, I hear the voice that calls me home;
 2. The race ap-point-ed I have run, The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
 3. Not in mine in-no-cence I trust, I bow be-fore Thee in the dust,
 4. I leave the world with-out a tear, Save for the friends I hold so dear;
 5. I come, I come at Thy command, I give my spir-it to Thy hand;
 6. The hour of my departure's come, I hear the voice that calls me home;

Rit-e-dim.
 1. At last, O Lord, let trou-ble cease, And let Thy ser-vant die in peace,
 2. And now my wit-ness is on high, And now my record's in the sky.
 3. And thro' the Saviour's blood alone, I look for mer-cy at Thy throne.
 4. To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend, And to the friendless prove a friend.
 5. Stretch forth Thine ev-erlasting arms, And shield me in the last a-larms.
 6. Now, O my God, let trou-ble cease, And let Thy ser-vant die in peace. A-men.

In Prospect of Death.

317

ZEPHYR. L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor-tals are!
 2. The pains, the groans, and dy - ing strife, Fright our ap-proaching souls a - way;
 3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down-y pil-lows are,

1. Death is the gate of end-less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.
 2. Still we shrink back a-gain to life, Fond of our pris-on and our clay.
 3. Fly fearless thro' death's i-ron gate, Nor feel the ter-rors as she passed.
 4. While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there. Amen.

318

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY." 11s.

Job. 7: 16.

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D., 1826.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. { "I would not live al-way;" I ask not to stay } { The few lur-id
 { Where storm after storm ris-es dark o'er (Omit) } the way; { Are e-nough for life's

D. S.—soon shall be

1 2 FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

morn-ings that dawn on us here, } Home, home, sweet, sweet home; I
 woes, full e - nough for (Omit....) } its cheer.

rest - ing in heav - en (Omit.....) my home.

2 "I would not live alway" thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without and corruption within;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 "I would not live alway;" no, welcome the
 tomb,
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
 There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise,
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from His God?
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

In Prospect of Death.

319

ANGEL BAND. C. M.

REV. JEFFERSON HASCALL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My la - test sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }
 { My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }
 2. { I know I'm near the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear, }
 { I brush the dews on Jor - dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near. }
 3. { I've al - most gained my heav'n - ly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings: }
 { The ho - ly ones, be - hold they come! I hear the noise of wings. }
 4. { O bear my long - ing heart to Him Who bled and died for me; }
 { Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry. }

f REFRAIN.

O come, an - gel band! Come, and a - round me stand! { O bear me a -
 { O bear me a -

way on your snowy wings, To my im - mor - tal home; }
 way on your snowy wings, To my im - (Omit)..... } mor - tal home. A - men.

320

SONG OF THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

REV. A. M. JOHNSON, 1881.

REV. W. T. DALE, 1885.

1. Wea - ry, worn, sad and for - sak - en, Ling'ring on this cheerless shore;
 2. Throngs of youth - ful fac - es 'round me But re - mind me of the past,
 3. I am wait - ing for the an - gel Of the cov - e - nant to come,
 4. Bless - ed hope, sweet balm of com - fort, To this withered heart of mine;

SONG OF THE AGED CHRISTIAN. Concluded.

F. **FINE.**

1. All life's sweet-est ties are brok-en, And my loved ones come no more.
 2. When I held my dear de-part-ed To my bo-som fond-ly clasped.
 3. And re-lease me from my pris-on And con-duct His ex-ile home.
 4. Light my path a lit-tle lon-ger, With Thy beams of light di-vine.

D.S.-Sigh-ing for their smil-ing fac-es, Where they know no griefs or fears.
D.S.-Longing, pray-ing to embrace them, Where the loved shall part no more.
D.S.-Then I shall embrace my kin-dred In my hap-py home on high.
D.S.-Till I greet my lov-ing kin-dred In the glo-rious heav'nly land.

D. S.

1. All my ear-ly friends have left me, In this lone-some vale of tears;
 2. One by one they crossed the riv-er, And I'm shiv-ring on the shore:
 3. But a few more tears and sor-rows, And the foun-tain will be dry;
 4. God of mer-cy, grace and goodness, Hold me by Thy pow'r-ful hand;

321

BOWLING GREEN. 8s & 7s, D.

This tune may be sung to "Sweet the Moments."

MRS. FLORENCE N. MURRAY SMITH, 1913.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 **2 FINE.**

1. { When the light of day is fad-ing, And the shad-ows dark-ly gleam, }
 { Oh, then, gen-tle Je-sus, row me O'er the dark and (Omit.....) } chil-ly stream.
 2. { Thou hast guid-ed man-y a ves-sel O'er the wa-ters cold and dark, }
 { Nev-er one was known to per-ish, With Thy hand to (Omit.....) } guide the barque.
 3. { When the light of day is fad-ing, And the shad-ows dark-ly gleam, }
 { Oh, then, gen-tle Je-sus, row me O'er the dark and (Omit.....) } chil-ly stream.

D.C.-Oh! as o'er the stream I'm drift-ing, Let me feel Thy (Omit.....) pres-ence near.
D.C.-Oh! then leave me not, I pray Thee, Till I'm safe a - (Omit.....) mong the blest.
D.C.-And me-thinks I'll hear the mu-sic As it steals from (Omit.....) heav-en's shore.

D. C.

For with Thee to safe-ly lead me, I shall then no e-vil fear;
 Now my ves-sel's safe-ly sail-ing, To the ha-ven of sweet rest;
 Then the way will not seem drear-y, Tho' the break-ers loud may roar;

Heaven, the Christian's Home.

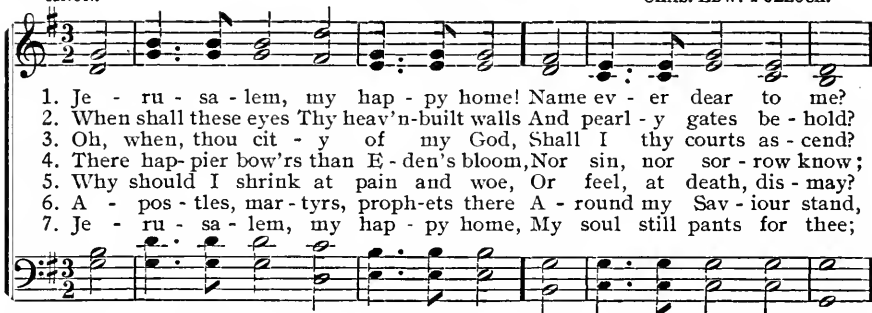
322

WOODBINE. C. M.

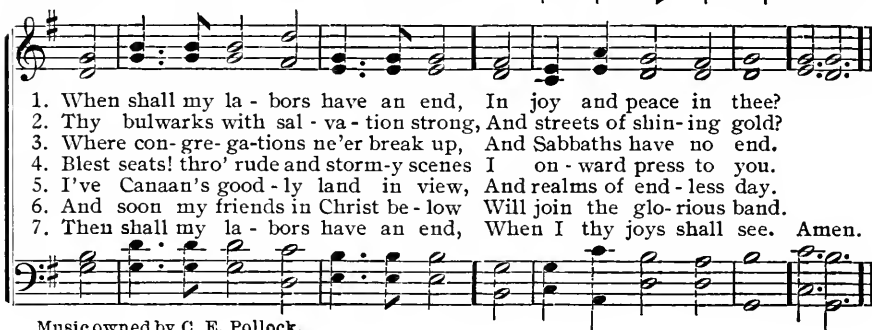
ANON.

Heb. 12: 22.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me?
 2. When shall these eyes Thy heav'n-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?
 3. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend?
 4. There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin, nor sor - row know;
 5. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or feel, at death, dis - may?
 6. A - pos - tles, mar - tyrs, proph - ets there A - round my Sav - iour stand,
 7. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, My soul still pants for thee;



1. When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy and peace in thee?
 2. Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 3. Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end.
 4. Blest seats! thro' rude and storm-y scenes I on - ward press to you.
 5. I've Canaan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
 6. And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glo - rious band.
 7. Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see. Amen.

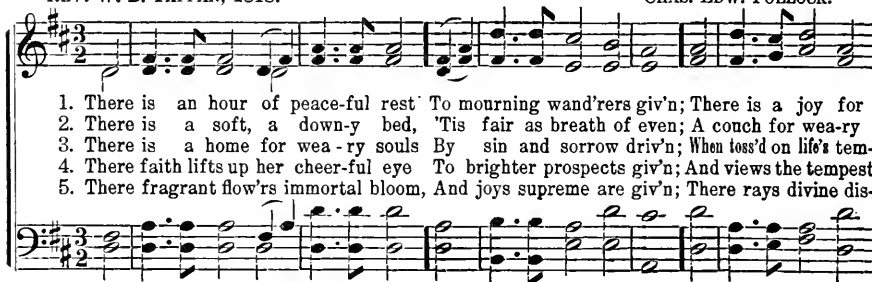
Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

323

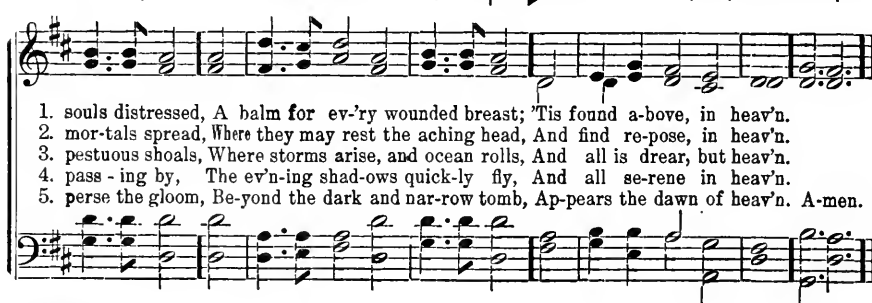
CUYLER. C. M. D.

REV. W. B. TAPPAN, 1818.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a joy for
 2. There is a soft, a down-y bed, 'Tis fair as breath of even; A couch for wea-ry
 3. There is a home for wea-ry souls By sin and sorrow driv'n; When toss'd on life's tem-
 4. There faith lifts up her cheer-ful eye To brighter prospects giv'n; And views the tempest
 5. There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n; There rays divine dis-



1. souls distressed, A balm for ev'-ry wounded breast; 'Tis found a-bove, in heav'n.
 2. mor-tals spread, Where they may rest the aching head, And find re-pose, in heav'n.
 3. pestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear, but heav'n.
 4. pass - ing by, The ev'-ning shad-ows quick-ly fly, And all se-rene in heav'n.
 5. perse the gloom, Be-yond the dark and nar-row tomb, Ap-pears the dawn of heav'n. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

324

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES. C. M.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

"I will come again."—John 14:2.

DR. WM. MILLER.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, } dwell in peace at home.
 2. { When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And (Omit.) }
 3. { No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome; } world is not my home.
 4. { This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This (Omit.) }
 5. { To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam; } He'd conduct me home.
 6. { End lean for suc-cor on His breast, And (Omit.) }
 7. { I should at once have quit the field Where foes in fu-ry foam; } could not yet go home.
 8. { But, ah! my pass-port was not sealed, I (Omit.) }
 9. { When by af-flic-tion sharp-ly tried, I view the gap-ing tomb; } still I sigh for home.
 10. { Al-tho' I dread death's chill-ing tide, Yet (Omit.) }
 11. { Wea-ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom, } dwell with Christ at home.
 12. { I long to quit this unhallowed ground, And (Omit.) }

CHORUS.

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home. Amen.
 We'll wait We'll wait

325

SINGER'S GLEN. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

2 Cor. 2: 9; 6: 9, 10.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor sense nor rea-son known,
 2. But the good Spir-it of the Lord Re-veals a heav'n to come:
 3. Pure are the joys a-bove the sky, And all the re-gion peace;
 4. Those ho-ly gates for-ev-er bar Pol-lu-tion, sin and shame;

1. What joys the Fa-ther hath pre-pared For those that love the Son.
 2. The beams of glo-ry in His word Al-lure and guide us home.
 3. No wan-ton lips nor en-vi-ous eye Can see or taste the bliss.
 4. None shall ob-tain ad-mit-tance there But fol-lowers of the Lamb. Amen.

326

HOLY CITY. 5s & 4s.

"And I, John, saw the holy city, the New Jerusalem."—Rev. 21:2.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

REV. W. T. DALE.

Slow and tenderly.

1. No shad - ows yon - der! All light and song; Each day I won - der,
 2. No weep - ing yon - der! All fled a - way; While here I wan - der
 3. No part - ing yon - der, No space or time Shall hearts e'er sun - der
 4. None want - ing yon - der, Bought by the Lamb, All gath - ered un - der

1. And say "How long Shall time me sun - der From that dear throng?"
 2. Each wea - ry day, I sigh and pon - der My long, long stay.
 3. In that fair clime; But dear - er, fon - der, Our love sub - lime.
 4. The spreading palm, Loud as the thun - der Swells the glad psalm. Amen.

Written for "Songs of Zion," March 17, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner of music.

327

SAVANNAH C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Martyrs glorified.—Rev. 7: 13-17.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. "These glorious minds, how bright they shine! Whence all their white ar - ray?
 2. From tor - t'ring pains to end - less joys On fier - y wheels they rode,
 3. Now they ap - proach th'e - ter - nal God, And bow be - fore His throne;
 4. The un - veiled glo - ries of His face A - mong His saints re - side,
 5. Tor - ment - ing thirst shall leave their souls, And hun - ger flee as fast;
 6. The Lamb shall lead His heav'n - ly flock Where liv - ing foun - tains rise;

1. How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day?"
 2. And strangely washed their raiment white In Je - sus' dy - ing blood.
 3. Their warbling harps and sa - cred songs A - dore the Ho - ly One.
 4. While the rich treas - ures of His grace Sees all their wants sup - plied.
 5. The fruit of life's im - mor - tal tree Shall be their sweet re - past.
 6. And love di - vine shall wipe a - way The sor - rows of their eyes. Amen.

C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

328

KNOXVILLE. S. M.

W. T. DALE.

Psalm 137: 1, 2. A Paraphrase.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. O Zi - on, built a - bove, My rest and my de - light; The
 2. Tho' in a for - eign land, My home is just in sight; O
 3. With songs of joy and praise, I'll on - ward press my way; Un-
 4. There Je - sus in - ter - cedes Be - fore His Fa - ther's throne; The
 5. Dear, Sav - iour, when shall I, From all my sins be free? Thy

1. gold - en cit - y that I love, With gates of pearl - y white.
 2. when shall I in glo - ry stand, Ar - rayed in robes of light.
 3. til a no - bler song I raise In realms of end - less day.
 4. mer - it of His blood He pleads, Which did for sin a - tone.
 5. won - ders sing a - bove the sky, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty? A-men.

•Written for "Songs of Zion," July 15, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

329

STATE STREET. S. M.

REV. H. F. LYTE, 1834,

Psalm 137.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN, 1844.

1. Far from my heav'n - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint-
 2. Up - on the wil - lows long My harp has si - lent hung; How
 3. My spir - it home - ward turns, And fain would hith - er flee; My
 4. To Thee, to Thee I press, A dark and toil - some road; When
 5. God of my life, be near, On Thee my hope I cast, O

1. ing, I cry, "Blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest."
 2. should I sing a cheer - ful song Till Thou in - spire my tongue?
 3. heart, O Zi - on, droops and yearns When I re - mem - ber thee?
 4. shall I pass the wil - der - ness, And reach the saints' a - bode?
 5. guide me thro' the des - ert here, And bring me home at last. A-men.

330

NEW BRIGHTON. C. M.*

DR. P. DODDRIDGE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Ye gold-en lamps of heav'n, farewell, With all your fee-ble light;
 2. And thou re-ful-geut orb of day, In bright-est flame ar-rayed;
 3. Ye stars are but the shin-ing dust, Of my di-vine a-bode,
 4. The Fa-ther of e-ter-nal light Shall there His beams dis-play,
 5. No more the drops of pierc-ing grief Shall swell in-to mine eyes;
 6. There all the mil-lions of His saints Shall in one song u-nite,

1. Farewell, thou ev-er-chang-ing moon, Pale Em-press of the night.
 2. My soul that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.
 3. The pavements of those heav'nly courts, Where I shall reign with God.
 4. Nor shall one moment's darkness mix, With that un-va-ried day.
 5. Nor the me-rid-ian sun de-cline A-mid those brighter skies.
 6. And each the bliss of all shall view, With in-fi-nite de-light. A-men.

*Written Jan. 31, 1911. C. E. Pollock, owner.

331

LIPPINCOTT. 8s & 7s.*

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1845.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit-y yet to come;
 2. In it all is light and glo-ry, O'er it shines a night-less day;
 3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us, By the streams of life a-long,
 4. Soon we pass this des-ert drear-y, Soon we bid fare-well to pain;

1. Onward to it I am hast-ing, On to my e-ter-nal home.
 2. Ev'-ry trace of sin's sad sto-ry, All the curse hath past a-way.
 3. On the fresh-est pas-tures feed us, Turns our sighing in-to song.
 4. Never more are sad and wea-ry, Nev-er, nev-er sin a-gain. A-men.

*Written April 6, 1911. C. E. Pollock, owner.

332

BEULAH LAND.

From "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

W. T. DALE, 1893.

1. Me-thinks I feel the balm-y air, Breathe on a pleas-ant land; Mid joys so great and
 2. A land of ev - er - lasting spring, Of seasons bright and gay; Where birds are ev - er
 3. The tur-tle sings the whole day long, The birds in cho - rus sing Their mat-in hymns and
 4. From gloom and doubt and dark despair, An end-less rest is giv'n; The shin-ing ones are

D. S.—The shin-ing ones are

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.
 1. scenes so fair In Beulah's plains I stand.
 2. on the wing, And night is lost in day. Oh, Beu-lah land, Sweet Beulah land,
 3. even-ing song, To God, their God and King.
 4. walk-ing there, The bor-der-land of heav'n.
 walk-ing there, Oh, peaceful Beu-lah land. A-men.

333

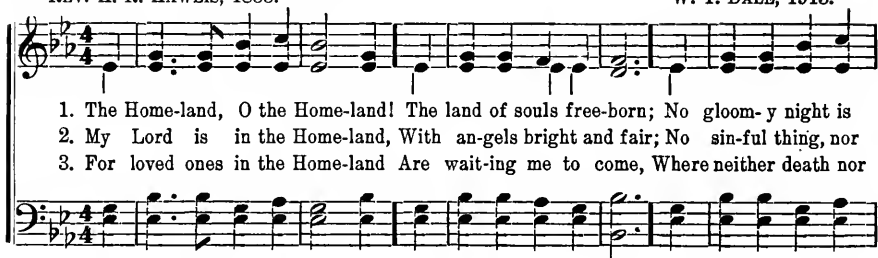
EDWARD'S CHANT. L. M.*

"When a few more years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."
 W. T. DALE. Job. 16: 22. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

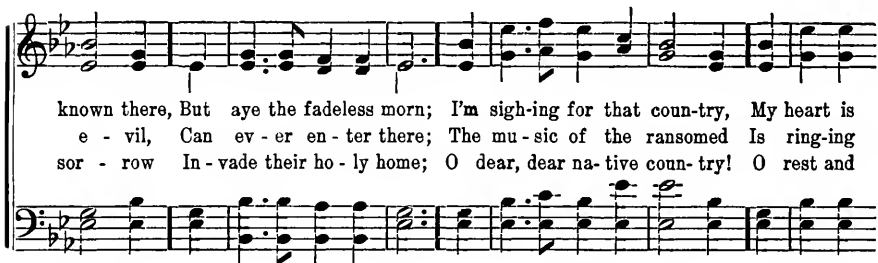
1. A few more years shall sweep a - way, A few more sea-sons come and go;
 2. A few more storms shall break my peace Ere I shall reach the gold - en shore;
 3. A few more an - gry waves shall beat A - gainst my barque on life's rough sea;
 4. A few more bat-tles fought be - low, A few more part-ings here be giv'n;
 5. 'Tis on - ly just a lit - tle while That I must tread this vale of tears;
 6. Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time, Ye fleet - ing years speed on your way;

1. Then I shall rest in end-less day, Where tears of sor-row nev - er flow.
 2. Then I shall be where tem-pests cease, And surging bil-lows swell no more.
 3. Then I shall rest at Je - sus' feet, In that bright land from sorrow free.
 4. Then to my Sav-iour I shall go, Then I shall find my rest in heav'n.
 5. Then I shall see my Sav-iour's smile, And dwell with Him thro' endless years.
 6. And bring me to that bliss-ful clime, Where all is one bright summer's day. A-men.

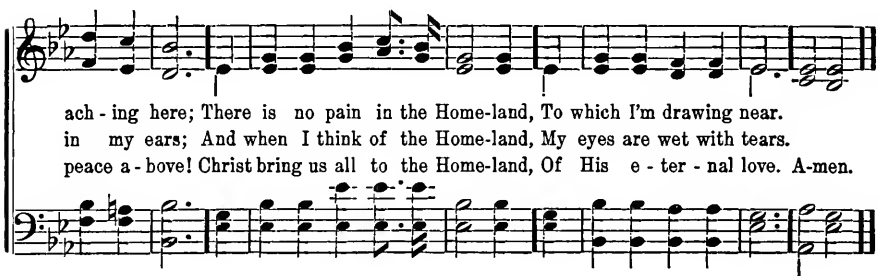
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 8, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.



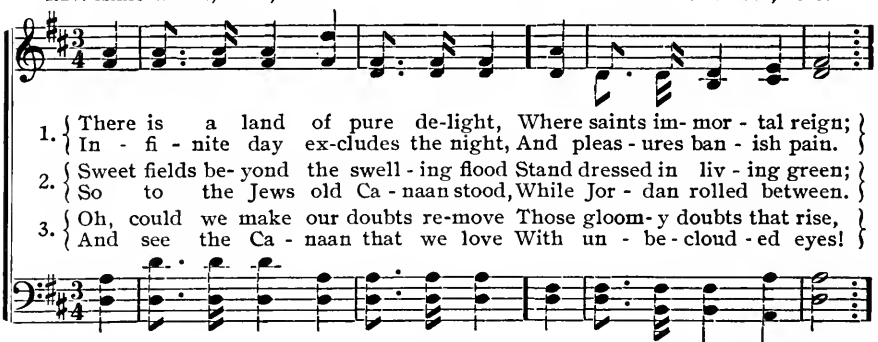
1. The Home-land, O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born; No gloom-y night is
 2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing, nor
 3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come, Where neither death nor



known there, But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is
 e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu-sic of the ransomed Is ring-ing
 sor - row In - vade their ho - ly home; O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and



ach - ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land, To which I'm drawing near.
 in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.
 peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land, Of His e - ter - nal love. A-men.



1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor - tal reign; }
 { In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. }
 2. { Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green; }
 { So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled between. }
 3. { Oh, could we make our doubts re-move Those gloom-y doubts that rise, }
 { And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes! }

Heaven, the Christian's Home.

VARINA. Concluded.

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - withering flowers,
But timorous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the land - scape o'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'nly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. Amen.

336

NEW SHARON. L. M. D.

W. T. DALE.*

"A rest for the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { There is a rest for saints a - bove, Where all is joy, and peace, and love, }
2. { No rude a - larms of rag - ing foes Shall dare disturb our sweet re - pose; }
3. { There God the Lamb shall ever reign, Whose presence fills His wide domain; }
4. { Our fel - low - ship on earth is sweet, But when we shall each oth - er meet, }
In joy - ous realms of end - less day, Our sor - rows all shall (Omit) flee a - way.

D. C.—The toils and sor - rows of the way, And sit and sing thro' end - less day.
D. C.—There verdant pastures well supply The wants of all the saints on high.
D. C.—There pains, and groans, and griefs are o'er, And death itself shall be no more.
D. C.—We'll have no fewer years to spend, For oh! our years shall nev - er end.

1. There on a green and flow - 'ry mount, We shall to - geth - er each re - count
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And liv - ing wa - ter gen - tly glides;
3. His hand shall wipe off ev - 'ry tear, His pres - ence calm each anx - ious fear;
4. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, As ra - diant as the whirl - ing spheres;

*NOTE.—The author's first hymn, about 1870.

337

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN. 7s & 6s, D

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12th Century. REV. J. M. NEALE, tr. 1851. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contem-
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi-on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
 3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that
 4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e - lect; O sweet and blessed

1. plation Sink heart and voice oppressed; I know not, O I know not What joys a-
 2. an-gel, And all the mar-tyr throng; The Prince is ev-er in them, The day-light
 3. triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Leader, Have conquered
 4. country, That ea-ger hearts ex-pect; Je - sus, in mercy, bring us To that dear

1. wait us there; What ra-diancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
 2. is se - rene; The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.
 3. in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 4. land of rest; Who art with God the Father And Spir - it ev - er blest, A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

338

MOUNT BLANC. P. M.

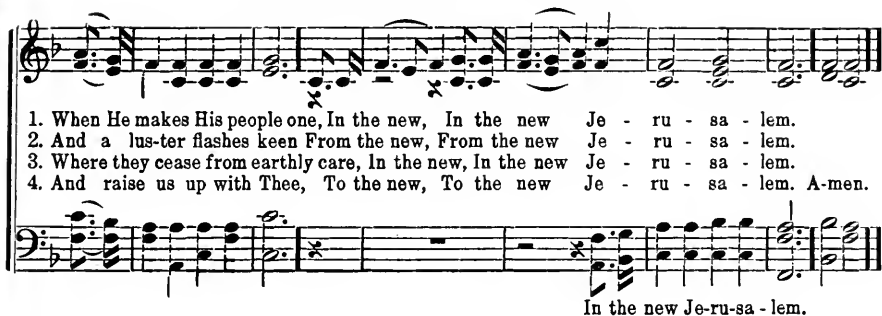
"The holy city, new Jerusalem."—Rev. 21:2.

REV. CHAS. BEECHER, D. D.

OLD ENGLISH MELODY.

1. We are on our journey home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around His throne,
 2. We can see that distant home, Tho' clouds rise dark between; Faith views the radiant dome,
 3. Oh, ho - ly, heav'n-ly home! Oh, rest e - ter - nal there! When shall the ex-iles come,
 4. Our hearts are breaking now Those mansions fair to see; Oh, Lord, Thy heavens bow,

MOUNT BLANC. Concluded



1. When He makes His people one, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 2. And a lus-ter flashes keen From the new, From the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 3. Where they cease from earthly care, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 4. And raise us up with Thee, To the new, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem. A-men.

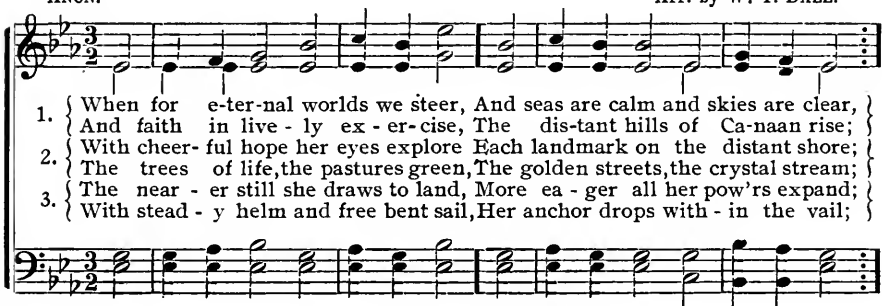
In the new Je-ru-sa - lem.

339 VAIN WORLD, ADIEU. L. M. PECULIAR.

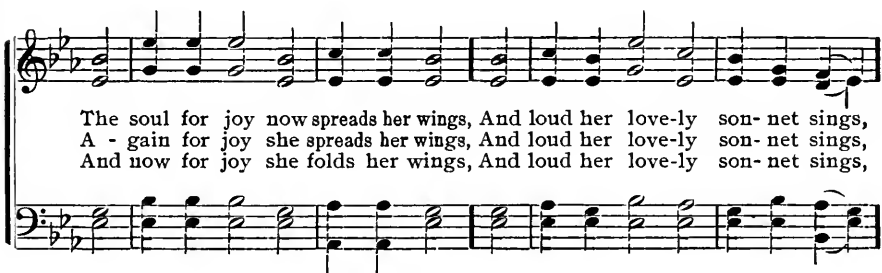
"The time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4: 6.

ANON.

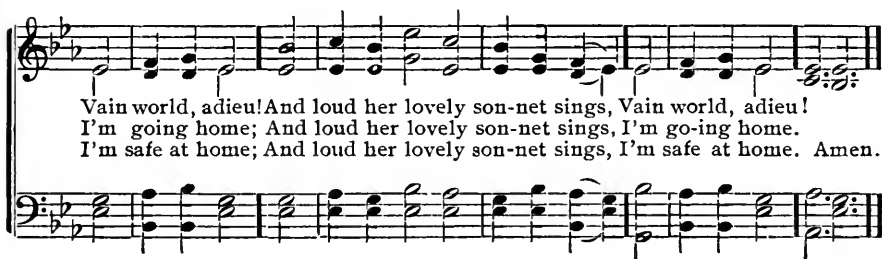
Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. { When for e-ter-nal worlds we steer, And seas are calm and skies are clear, }
 { And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, The dis - tant hills of Ca - naan rise; }
 2. { With cheer - ful hope her eyes explore Each landmark on the distant shore; }
 { The trees of life, the pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream; }
 3. { The near - er still she draws to land, More ea - ger all her pow'rs expand; }
 { With stead - y helm and free bent sail, Her anchor drops with - in the vail; }



The soul for joy now spreads her wings, And loud her love-ly son-net sings,
 A - gain for joy she spreads her wings, And loud her love-ly son-net sings,
 And now for joy she folds her wings, And loud her love-ly son-net sings,



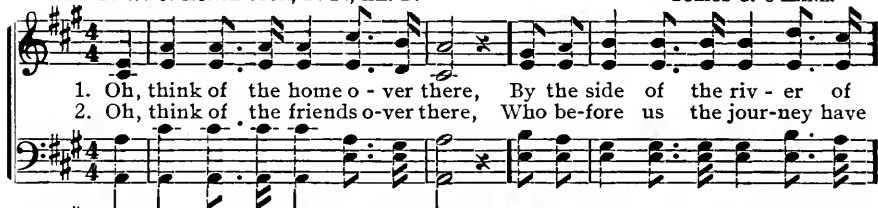
Vain world, adieu! And loud her lovely son-net sings, Vain world, adieu!
 I'm going home; And loud her lovely son-net sings, I'm go-ing home.
 I'm safe at home; And loud her lovely son-net sings, I'm safe at home. Amen.

THE HOME OVER THERE. P. M.*

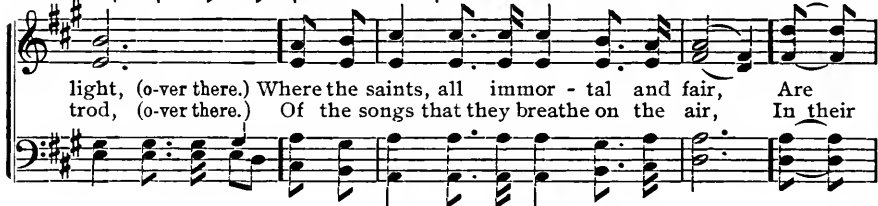
"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON, D. D., LL. D.

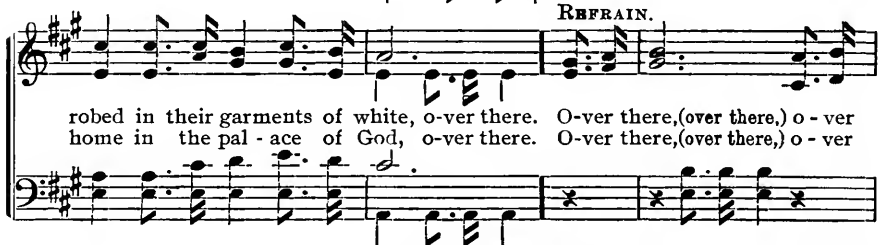
TULIUS C. O'KANE.



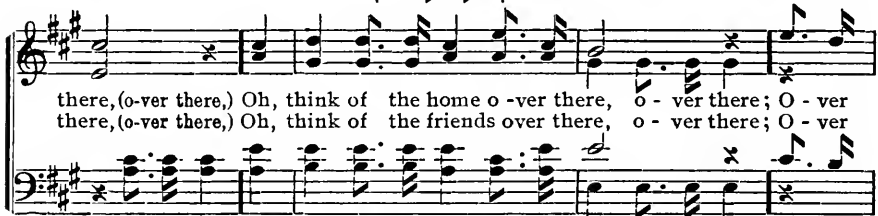
1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have



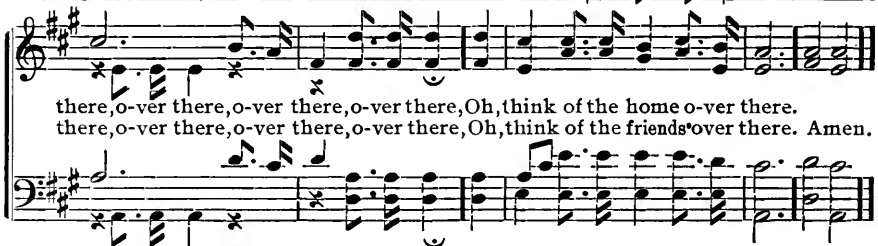
light, (o-ver there.) Where the saints, all immor - tal and fair, Are
trod, (o-ver there.) Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their



REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, o-ver there. O-ver there, (over there,) o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God, o-ver there. O-ver there, (over there,) o - ver



there, (o-ver there,) Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver
there, (o-ver there,) Oh, think of the friends over there, o - ver there; O - ver



there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there. Amen.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there,
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

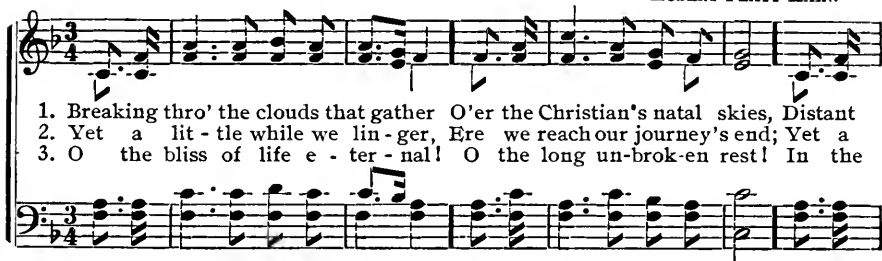
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there,
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

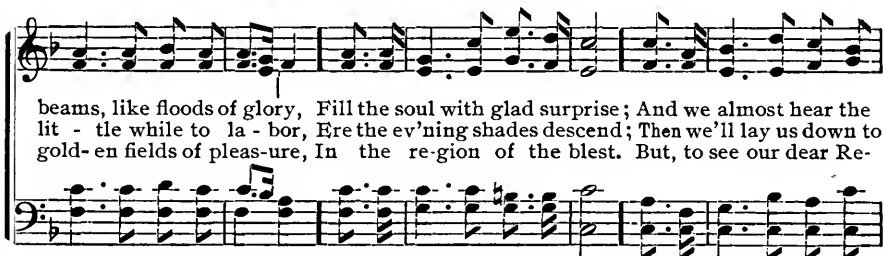
"In Thy presence is fullness of joy."—Psalm 16: 11.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

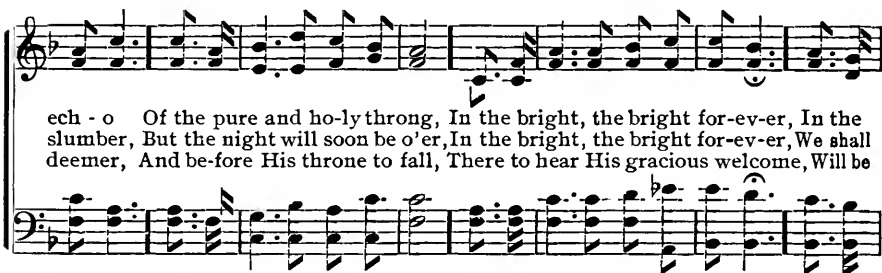
HUBERT PLATT MAIN.



1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the Christian's natal skies, Distant
 2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a
 3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un-brok-en rest! In the

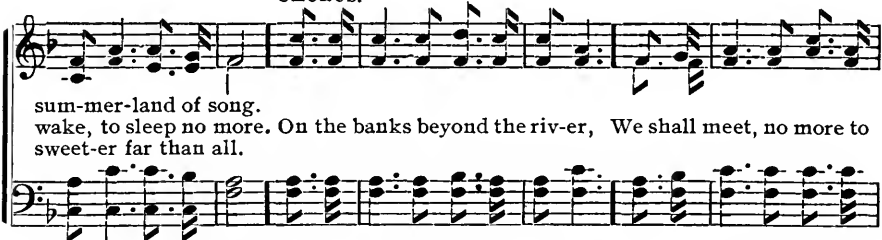


beams, like floods of glory, Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we almost hear the
 lit - tle while to la - bor, Ere the ev'ning shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to
 gold-en fields of pleas-ure, In the re-gion of the blest. But, to see our dear Re-



ech - o Of the pure and ho-ly throng, In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the
 slumber, But the night will soon be o'er, In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall
 deem-er, And be-fore His throne to fall, There to hear His gracious welcome, Will be

CHORUS.



sum-mer-land of song.
 wake, to sleep no more. On the banks beyond the riv-er, We shall meet, no more to
 sweet-er far than all.



sev-er; In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the summer-land of song. A-men.

342

PITT. L. M.*

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."—Psalm 116: 7.

REV. JOSEPH STENNETT, 1732.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Sab - bath is be - gun;
 2. Oh, that our tho'ts and thanks may rise, As grate - ful in - cense to the skies;
 3. This heav'nly calm, with - in the breast, Is the dear pledge of glo - rious rest,
 4. In ho - ly du - ties let the day, In ho - ly pleasures, pass a - way;

1. Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Improve the day thy God hath blest.
 2. And draw from heav'n that sweet repose, Which none but he that feels it knows.
 3. Which for the church of God remains, The end of cares, the end of pains.
 4. How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend, In hope of one that ne'er shall end. A - men.

*By per. Brown and Hunt.

343

ARLINGTON. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 118: 24-26.

THOS. AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1762.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own;
 2. To - day He rose and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell;
 3. Ho - san - na to th' anoint - ed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son;
 4. Blest be the Lord who comes to men With mes - sa - ges of grace;
 5. Ho - san - na in the high - est strains, The Church on earth can raise!

1. Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.
 2. To - day the saints His triumph spread, And all His won - ders tell.
 3. Help us, O Lord, de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from Thy throne.
 4. Who comes in God His Father's name, To save our sin - ful race.
 5. The highest heav'ns in which He reigns, Shall give Him no - bler praise. A - men.

The Christian Sabbath.

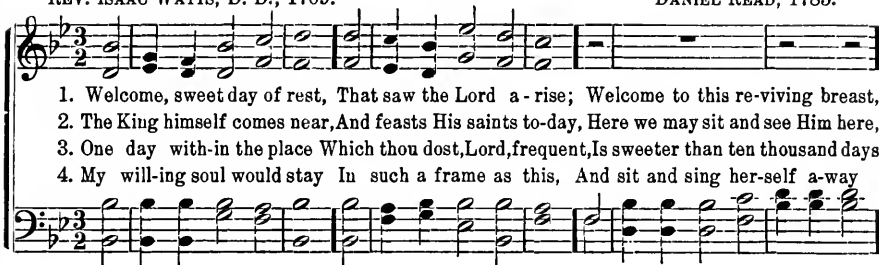
344

LISBON. S. M.

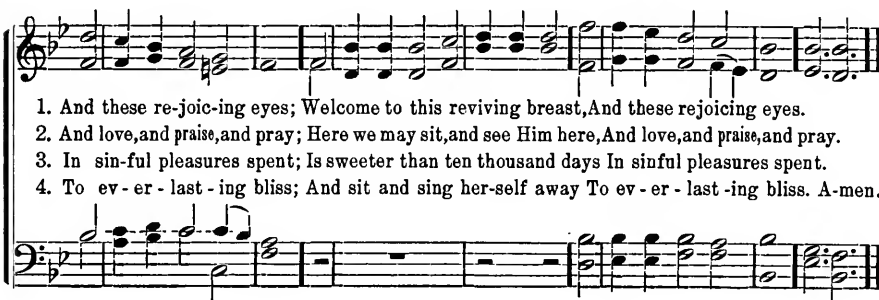
"The Sabbath a delight."—Isa. 58: 13.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709.

DANIEL READ, 1785.



1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise; Welcome to this re-viving breast,
2. The King himself comes near, And feasts His saints to-day, Here we may sit and see Him here,
3. One day with-in the place Which thou dost, Lord, frequent, Is sweeter than ten thousand days
4. My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her-self a-way



1. And these re-joic-ing eyes; Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.
2. And love, and praise, and pray; Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
3. In sin-ful pleasures spent; Is sweeter than ten thousand days In sinful pleasures spent.
4. To ev-er-last-ing bliss; And sit and sing her-self away To ev-er-last-ing bliss. A-men.

345

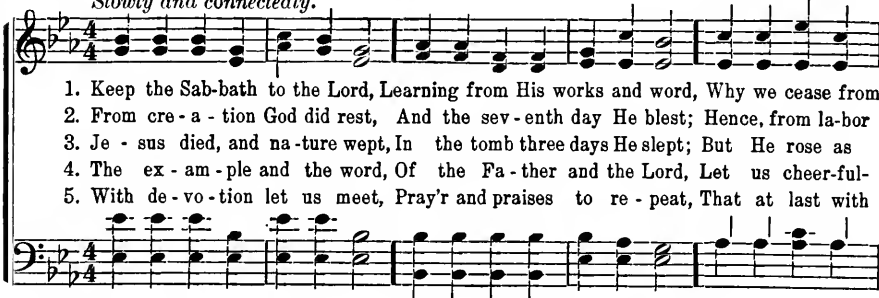
SABBATH REST. 7s.

J. S. B.

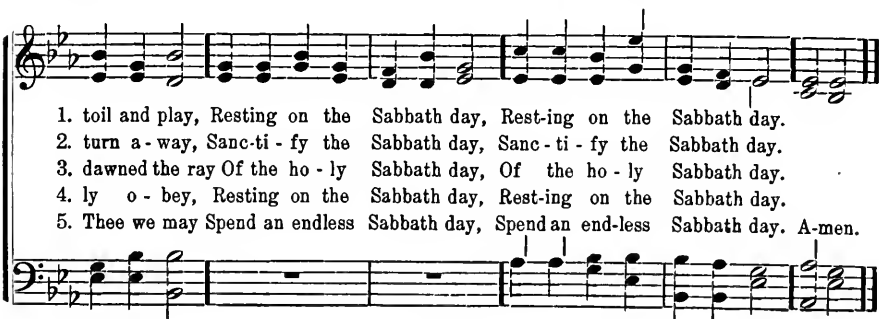
Exod. 33: 13.

REV. J. S. BOYD, 1913.

Slowly and connectedly.



1. Keep the Sab-bath to the Lord, Learning from His works and word, Why we cease from
2. From cre-a-tion God did rest, And the sev-enth day He blest; Hence, from la-bor
3. Je-sus died, and na-ture wept, In the tomb three days He slept; But He rose as
4. The ex-am-ple and the word, Of the Fa-ther and the Lord, Let us cheer-ful-
5. With de-vo-tion let us meet, Pray'r and praises to re-peat, That at last with



1. toil and play, Resting on the Sabbath day, Rest-ing on the Sabbath day.
2. turn a-way, Sanc-ti-fy the Sabbath day, Sanc-ti-fy the Sabbath day.
3. dawned the ray Of the ho-ly Sabbath day, Of the ho-ly Sabbath day.
4. ly o-bey, Resting on the Sabbath day, Rest-ing on the Sabbath day.
5. Thee we may Spend an endless Sabbath day, Spend an end-less Sabbath day. A-men.

346

LISCHER. H. M.

J. HAYWARD, in
J. DOBELL'S COLL., 1806.Arr. from FRIEDRICH J. C. SCHNEIDER,
by L. MASON, 1841.

1. { Wel-come, de-light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest! }
 { I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest; }
 2. { Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne of grace; }
 { Thy scepter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face; }
 3. { De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning pow'rs; }
 { Dis - close a Sav - iour's love, And bless these sa - cred hours; }
 4. { To God the Fa - ther's throne, Your high - est hon - ors raise; }
 { Glo - ry to God the Son, To God, the Spir - it, praise; }

1. From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys;
 2. Let sin-ners feel Thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord;
 3. Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be en-joyed in vain;
 4. With all our pow'rs, E - ter - nal King, While faith a-dores, Thy name we sing;

1. I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
 2. And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 3. Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in vain.
 4. While faith a - dores, Thy name we sing. A-men.

I soar to reach,

347

BOONVILLE. C. M.*

HARRIET AUER, 1829.

Psalm 122.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God hath called His own;
 2. Thy chos - en tem - ple, Lord, how fair! As here Thy serv-ants throng
 3. Spir - it of grace! O deign to dwell With - in Thy Church be - low;
 4. Let peace with-in her walls be found; Let all her sons u - nite,
 5. Great God, we hail the sa - cred day Which Thou hast called Thine own;

The Christian Sabbath.
BOONVILLE. Concluded.

1. With joy the sum-mons we o - bey To wor-ship at His throne.
2. To breathe the hum-ble, fervent pray'r, And pour the grate-ful song.
3. Make her in ho - li - ness ex - cell, With pure de - vo - tion glow.
4. To spread with ho - ly zeal a-round Her clear and shin-ing light.
5. With joy the sum-mons we o - bey To wor-ship at Thy throne. Amen.

348

SABBATH. 7s, 6 lines.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1774.

(Sabbath Morning.)

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1836.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth-er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy rec-on - cil-ing
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy glo-ry meet our
4. May Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace a-

1. seek, Waiting in His courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-
2. face, Take a-way our sin and shame; From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this
3. eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear; Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-
4. bound, Bring relief for all com-plaints; Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in

1. ter-nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest.
2. day in Thee; From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
3. last-ing feast; Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast.
4. Thee a - bove; Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove. A - men.

349

TALMAGE. L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1880.

Delight in the Sabbath.—Isa. 58: 13, 14. R. PORTER ORR, 1880.

Reverentially.

1. O Lord, we love Thy Sabbaths here, We love to meet for praise and pray'r, We
2. We love to throng the house of pray'r, And join in ho-ly worship there; With
3. We love with-in Thy courts to meet, And there each other kindly greet; We
4. If here we find such peace and love, What will it be to meet a-bove; To
5. Oh, there we'll ever give Thee praise, And sing the triumphs of Thy grace; And

1. love Thy mercies to re-count, As - sem-bled on Thy sa - cred mount.
2. psalms of honor sound Thy fame, And spread the glo - ries of Thy name.
3. love with glad and sweet accord, To list - en to Thy gra - cious word.
4. cast our crowns before Thy throne, And join in songs be - fore unknown?
5. ev - 'ry act of serv-ice there, Re - mind us of our Sab-baths here.

350

FLOSSIE. L. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1737.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1901.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;
2. No more fa-tigue, no more distress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
3. No rude a-larms of rag-ing foes, No cares to break the long re - pose;
4. O long ex - pect - ed day be - gin! Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;

1. To that our longing souls aspire, With cheerful hope and strong desire.
2. No groans shall mingle with the songs That war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
3. No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sa-cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.
4. Fain would we leave this weary road, And sleep in death, to rest with God. Amen.

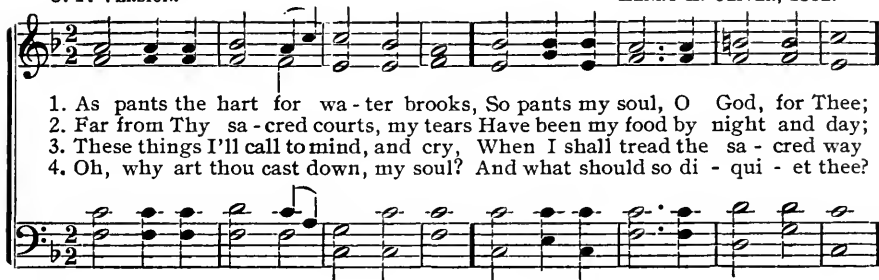
351

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

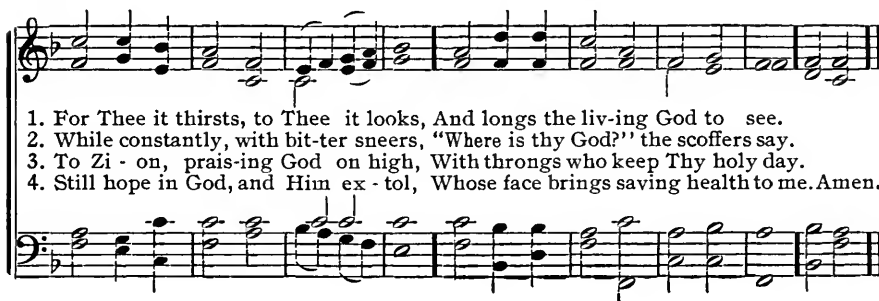
Absent from the sanctuary.—Psalm 42: 1-5.

U. P. VERSION.

HENRY K. OLIVER, 1832.



1. As pants the hart for wa-ter brooks, So pants my soul, O God, for Thee;
2. Far from Thy sa-cred courts, my tears Have been my food by night and day;
3. These things I'll call to mind, and cry, When I shall tread the sa-cred way
4. Oh, why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so di-qui-et thee?



1. For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks, And longs the liv-ing God to see.
2. While constantly, with bit-ter sneers, "Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.
3. To Zi-on, prais-ing God on high, With throngs who keep Thy holy day.
4. Still hope in God, and Him ex-tol, Whose face brings saving health to me. Amen.

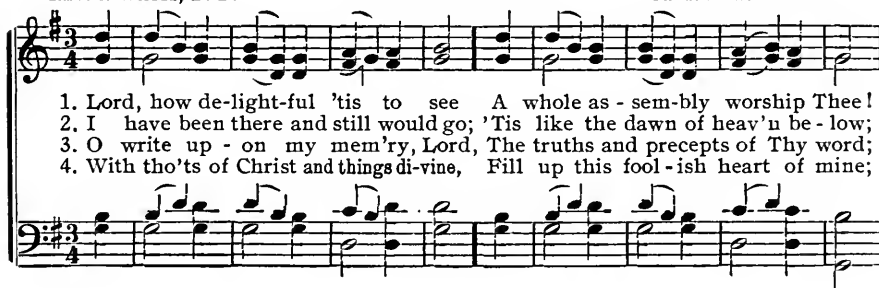
352

BROADWAY. L. M.

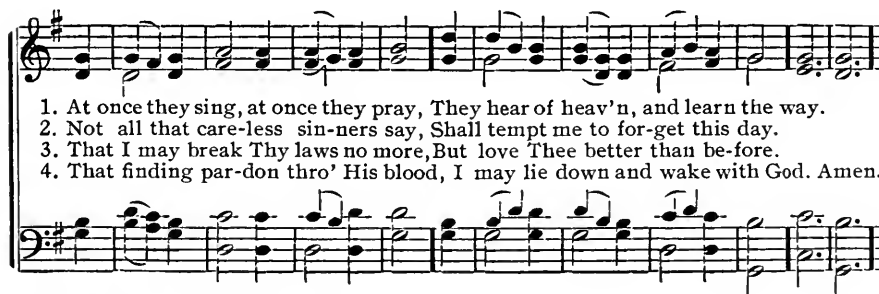
REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Delight in worship.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Lord, how de-light-ful 'tis to see A whole as-sem-bly worship Thee!
2. I have been there and still would go; 'Tis like the dawn of heav'n be-low;
3. O write up-on my mem'ry, Lord, The truths and precepts of Thy word;
4. With tho'ts of Christ and things di-vine, Fill up this fool-ish heart of mine;



1. At once they sing, at once they pray, They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
2. Not all that care-less sin-ners say, Shall tempt me to for-get this day.
3. That I may break Thy laws no more, But love Thee better than be-fore.
4. That finding par-don thro' His blood, I may lie down and wake with God. Amen.

353

GAUSS. S. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872.

Delight in worship.—Psalm 63: 1-5.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. My God, to Thee be-times, With long-ing eyes I look; I
 2. With-in Thy tem-ple fair I long to find a place, To
 3. My praise Thy name de-mands, More dear than life to me, And
 4. While I Thy name ex-tol, Thy mer-cies to the least, The

1. thirst and faint in wea-ry climes, Where is no cool-ing brook.
 2. see Thy pow'r and glo-ry there, And feel Thy quick'ning grace.
 3. dai-ly will I lift my hands In grate-ful thanks to Thee.
 4. sweet re-freshment to my soul Ex-ceeds the rich-est feast. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

354

MORTON. S. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

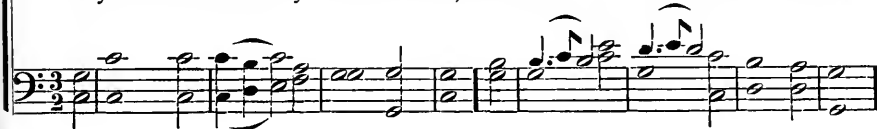
1. My God, my life, my love, To Thee, to Thee I call;
 2. Thy shin-ing grace can cheer This dun-geon where I dwell;
 3. To Thee, and Thee a-lone, The an-gels owe their bliss;
 4. Not all the harps a-bove Can make a heav'n-ly place,
 5. Nor earth nor all the sky, Can one de-light af-ford;
 6. Thou art the sea of love, Where all my pleas-ures roll;

1. I can-not live if Thou re-move, For Thou art all in all.
 2. 'Tis par-a-dise when Thou art here, If Thou de-part, 'tis hell.
 3. They sit a-round Thy gracious throne, And dwell where Je-sus is.
 4. If God His res-i-dence re-move, Or but con-ceal His face.
 5. No, not a drop of re-al joy, Without Thy presence, Lord.
 6. The cir-cle where my passions move, And cen-ter of my soul. A-men.

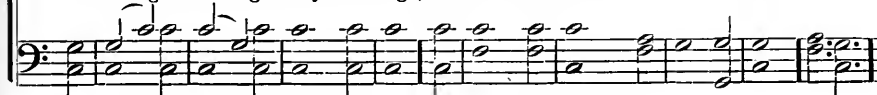
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 20, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.



1. How love-ly are Thy dwellings, Lord, Oh, how I long for Thine a-bode;
2. The spar-row seeks a house of rest, Where she may rest her wea-ry wing;
3. So, Lord of hosts, I seek to dwell With-in Thy courts, Thy blest a-bode;
4. How blest who there with Thee re-main, And still re-new glad songs of praise;
5. They make the thirst-y land to flow, While Bac-a's bar-ren vale is trod;



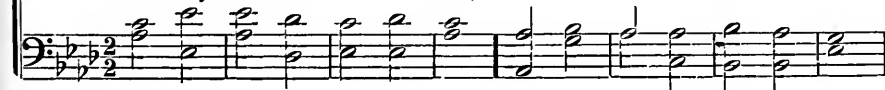
1. My heart and flesh with one accord, Cry out for Thee, O liv-ing God!
2. The swal-low al-so builds her nest, Where safe her young she forth may bring.
3. That all Thy goodness I may tell Be-side the al-tars of my God.
4. How blest who strength from Thee obtain, Who love Thy pure and sa-cred ways.
5. From strength to strength they onward go, To Zi-on's hill and Zi-on's God. A-men.



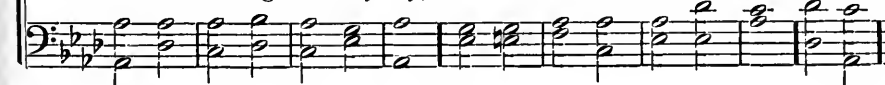
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.



1. To Thy tem-ple we re-pair; Lord, we love to wor-ship there;
2. While Thy glo-rious name is sung, Tune our lips, un-loose our tongue;
3. While to Thee our pray'rs as-cend, Let Thine ear in love at-tend;
4. While Thy word is heard with awe, While we trem-ble at Thy law,
5. From Thy house when we re-turn, Let our hearts with-in us burn;



1. There with-in the veil to meet Thee up-on the mer-cy-seat.
2. Then our joy-ful souls will bless Thee, the Lord our righteousness.
3. Hear us when Thy Spir-it pleads, Hear, for Je-sus in-ter-cedes.
4. Let Thy gos-pel's wondrous love Ev-ry doubt and fear re-move.
5. That at ev'n-ing we may say, "We have walked with God to-day!" A-men.



357

GABRIEL. L. M.*

U. P. VERSION.

Psalm 122.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. With joy I hear my friends exclaim, "Come, let us in God's temple meet;"

2. A cit - y built compact and fair, Je - ru - s'lem stands the sa - cred place,

3. 'Tis there by His command they meet, To ren - der thanks and pay their vows;

4. Pray that Je - ru - salem's peace endure, For all that love thee, God will bless;

5. For sake of friends and kindred dear, My heart's de - sire is, "peace to thee;"

1. With - in thy gates, Je - ru - sa - lem, We now have placed our willing feet.

2. To which the gath'ring tribes repair, Tribes of Je - ho - vah's chos - en race.

3. And there is judgment's roy - al seat, There are the thrones of David's house.

4. Peace dwells within thy walls secure, And joy with - in thy pal - a - ces.

5. And for the house of God, my pray'r Shall seek thy good con - tin - ual - ly. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 24, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

358

ARLINGTON. C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Psalm 122.

Arr. from THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.

1. Oh, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say:

2. At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled pow'rs;

3. Oh, pray we then, for Sa - lem's peace, For they shall prosperous be,

4. May peace with - in thy sa - cred walls A con - stant guest be found;

1. "Up, Is - rael! to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day."

2. In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - nit - ed tow'rs.

3. Thou ho - ly cit - y of our God, Who bear true love to thee.

4. With plen - ty and pros - per - i - ty, Thy pal - a - ces be crowned. Amen.

Love for God's House.

359

EWING. C. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 122.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends de-vout-ly say: "In Zi-on
 2. I love her gates, I love the road; The Church adorned with grace, Stands like a
 3. Up to her courts, with joy unknown, The ho-ly tribes re-pair; The Son of
 4. He hears our praises and complaints; And while His aw-ful voice Di-vides the
 5. Peace be with-in this sa-cred place, And joy a con-stant guest; With ho-ly
 6. My soul shall pray for Zi-on still, While life or breath remains; Here my best

1. let us all appear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day."
 2. pal-ace built for God, To show His mild-er face, To show His milder face.
 3. David holds His throne, And sits in judgment there, And sits in judgment there.
 4. sinners from the saints, We trem-ble and re-joice, We tremble and re-joice.
 5. gifts and heav'nly grace Be her attendants blest, Be her at-tend-ants blest.
 6. friends, my kindred dwell, Here God, my Saviour, reigns, Here God, my Saviour, reigns. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 23, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

360

SILVER STREET. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Psalm 122.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.

1. Glad was my heart to hear My old com-pan-ions say, "Come,
 2. Our will-ing feet shall stand With-in the tem-ple door, While
 3. Thith-er the tribes re-pair Where all are wont to meet; And
 4. Pray for Je-ru-sa-lem, The cit-y of our God; The
 5. With-in these walls may peace And har-mo-ny be found; Zi-
 6. For friends and breth-ren dear, Our pray'r shall nev-er cease; Oft

1. in the house of God ap-pear, And keep the sol-emn day."
 2. young and old in ma-ny a band, Shall through the sa-cred floor.
 3. joy-ful in the house of pray'r, Bend at the mer-cy seat.
 4. Lord from heav'n be kind to them That love the dear a-bode.
 5. on, in all thy pal'-a-ces, Pros-per-i-ty a-bound.
 6. as they meet for wor-ship here, God send His peo-ple peace. Amen.

361

HOFFMAN. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A-wake my soul, a-wake my tongue!
 2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face,—The brightest im - age of His grace!
 3. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My tho'ts re-joyce at 'Je - sus' name;
 4. Oh, may I reach that hap - py place, Where He un-veils His love - ly face;

1. Ho - san - na to th'e - ter - nal name, And all His bound - less love proclaim.
 2. God, in the per - son of His Son, Hath all His might - iest works outdone.
 3. Ye an - gels! dwell upon the sound; Ye heav'ns re - flect it to the ground.
 4. Where all His beauties you behold, And sing His name to harps of gold. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

362

HOWARD. C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Psalm 9: 1, 2, 9.

ELIZABETH CUTHBERT, 1814.

1. To cel - e - brate Thy praise, O Lord, I will my heart pre - pare;
 2. The tho't of them shall to my soul Ex - alt - ed pleas - ures bring;
 3. Thou art, O Lord, a sure de - fense A gainst op - press - ing rage;
 4. To cel - e - brate Thy praise O Lord, I will my heart pre - pare;

1. To all the list'ning world Thy works, Thy wondrous works, de - clare.
 2. While to Thy name, O Thou Most High, Tri - umph - ant praise I sing.
 3. As troub - les rise, Thy needful aid, In our be - half en - gage.
 4. To all the list'ning world Thy works, Thy wondrous works, de - clare. A - men.

363

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

WRANGHAM.

Psalm 57: 5, 7, 11.

H. C. ZEUNER, 1833.

1. E - ter - nal God, ce - les-tial King, Ex - alt - ed be Thy glo-rious name;
 2. My heart is fixed on Thee, my God, I rest my hope on Thee a - lone;
 3. A - wake, my tongue! awake, my lyre! With morning's earliest dawn a - rise;
 4. With those who in Thy grace abound, To Thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
 5. E - ter - nal God, ce - les-tial King, Ex - alt - ed be Thy glo-rious name;

1. Let hosts in heav'n Thy praises sing, And saints on earth Thy love proclaim.
 2. I'll spread Thy sacred truths abroad, To all mankind Thy love make known.
 3. To songs of joy my soul in-spire, And swell your mu-sic to the skies.
 4. While ev'-ry land the earth around, Shall hear and in Thy name rejoice.
 5. Let hosts in heav'n Thy praises sing, And saints on earth Thy love proclaim. Amen.

364

COGSWELL. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1824.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Stand up! and bless the Lord, Ye peo - ple of His choice; Stand
 2. Tho' high a - bove all praise, A - bove all bless - ing high, Who
 3. Oh, for a liv - ing flame, From His own al - tar bro't; To
 4. God is our strength and song, And His sal - va - tion ours; Then
 5. Stand up! and bless the Lord, The Lord your God a - dore; Stand

1. up! and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.
 2. would not fear His ho - ly name, And laud and mag - ni - fy.
 3. touch our lips, our minds in-spire, And wing to heav'n our tho't.
 4. be His love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransom'd pow'rs.
 5. up! and bless the glo - rious name, Henceforth, for - ev - er-more, A-men.

365

FISCHER. C. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 65: 1-7.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Praise waits in Zi - on, Lord, for Thee, There shall our vows be paid;
 2. O Lord, our guilt and fears pre - vail, But pard'ning grace is Thine;
 3. Blest are the men whom Thou wilt choose To bring them near Thy face;
 4. In an-swer-ing what Thy Church requests, Thy truth and ter - ror shine;
 5. Thus shall the wond'ring na - tions see The Lord is good and just;

1. Thou hast an ear when sin - ners pray, All flesh shall seek thine aid.
 2. And Thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill, To con-quer ev - 'ry sin.
 3. Give them a dwell-ing in Thy house, To feast up - on Thy grace.
 4. And works of dread-ful right-eous-ness Ful - fill Thy kind de-sign.
 5. And dis - tant is-lands fly to Thee, And make Thy name their trust. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

366

CHIMES. C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Psalm 66: 1-5.

LOWELL MASON, 1841.

1. Let all the lands with shouts of joy, To God their voic - es raise;
 2. And let them say, how dread-ful, Lord, In all Thy works art Thou;
 3. Thro' all the earth, the na - tions round Shall Thee their God con-fess;
 4. Oh, come, be - hold the works of God, And then with me you'll own
 5. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy To God their voic - es raise;

1. Sing psalms in hon - or of His name, And spread His glorious praise.
 2. To Thy great pow'r Thy stubborn foes Shall all be forced to bow.
 3. And, with glad hymns, their awful dread Of Thy great name ex-press.
 4. That He to all the sons of men, Has wondrous judgment shown.
 5. Sing psalms in hon - or of His name, And spread His glorious praise. A-men.

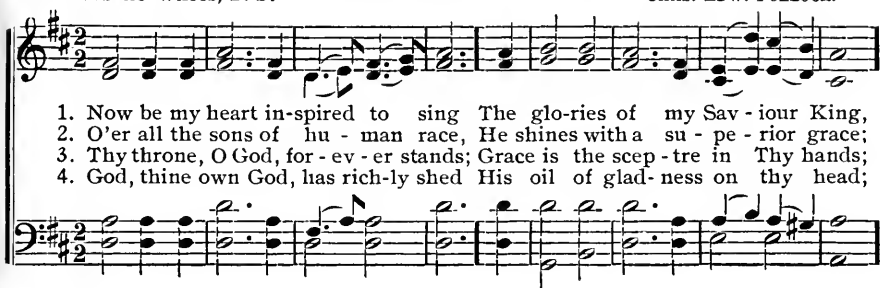
367

RICHMOND HILL. L. M.

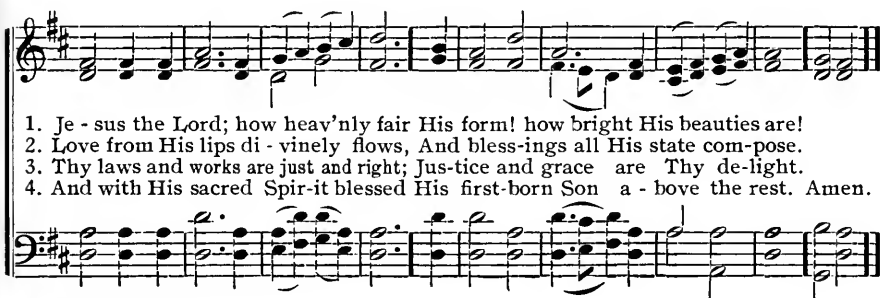
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Psalms 45: 1, 2, 6, 7.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Now be my heart in-spired to sing The glo-ries of my Sav-iour King,
 2. O'er all the sons of hu-man race, He shines with a su-pe-rior grace;
 3. Thy throne, O God, for-ev-er stands; Grace is the scep-tre in Thy hands;
 4. God, thine own God, has rich-ly shed His oil of glad-ness on thy head;



1. Je-sus the Lord; how heav'nly fair His form! how bright His beauties are!
 2. Love from His lips di-vinely flows, And bless-ings all His state com-pose.
 3. Thy laws and works are just and right; Jus-tice and grace are Thy de-light.
 4. And with His sacred Spir-it blessed His first-born Son a-bove the rest. Amen.

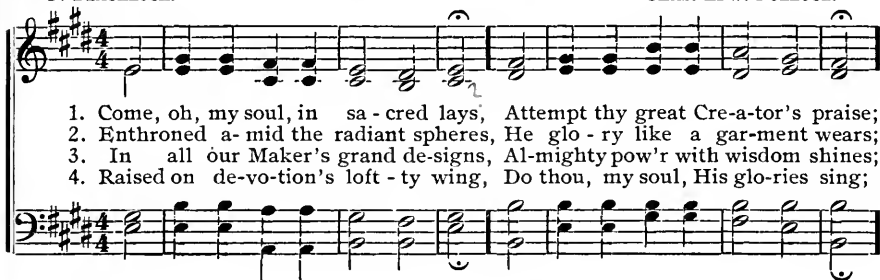
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368

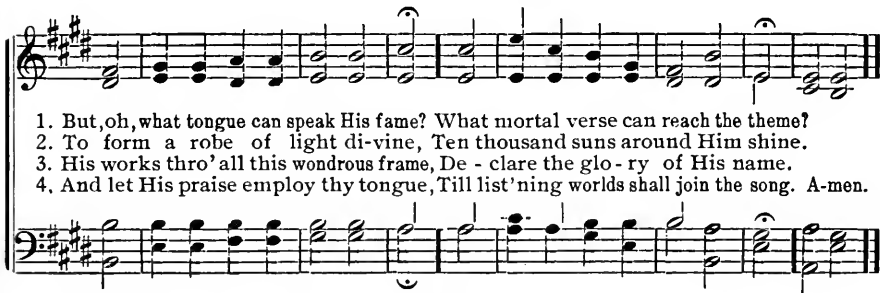
LEISTER. L. M.

F. BLACKLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Come, oh, my soul, in sa-cred lays, Attempt thy great Cre-a-tor's praise;
 2. Enthroned a-mid the radiant spheres, He glo-ry like a gar-ment wears;
 3. In all our Maker's grand de-signs, Al-mighty pow'r with wisdom shines;
 4. Raised on de-vot-ion's loft-ty wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo-ries sing;



1. But, oh, what tongue can speak His fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
 2. To form a robe of light di-vine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
 3. His works thro' all this wondrous frame, De-clare the glo-ry of His name.
 4. And let His praise employ thy tongue, Till list'ning worlds shall join the song. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

369

LATHBURY. C. M.*

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 96.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of ev - 'ry tongue;
 2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own Al - might - y Son;
 3. Let heav'n pro-claim the joy - ful day, Joy thro' the earth be seen;
 4. Let an un - us - ual joy sur-prise The is - lands of the sea;
 5. Be - hold! He comes, He comes to bless The na - tions as their God;
 6. But when His voice shall raise the dead, And bid the world draw near;

1. His new dis - covered grace demands A new and no - bler song.
 2. His pow'r the sink - ing world sus - tains, And grace surrounds His throne.
 3. Let cit - ies shine in bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer - ful green.
 4. Ye mountains sink, ye val - leys rise, Pre - pare the Lord His way.
 5. To show the world His righteousness, And send His truth a - broad.
 6. How will the guilt - y na - tions dread To see their Judge ap - pear? A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," April 11, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

370

DARLINGTON. L. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872.

Psalm 97.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - ho-vah reigns, let earth re-joyce, The isles ex - ult with cheerful voice;
 2. His fier - y breath be - fore Him goes, Con - sum - ing all His fly - ing foes;
 3. Like wax the hills have melt - ed down, And flee with ter - ror at His frown;
 4. Let heath - en wor - ship fall in shame, Let heath - en gods a - dore His name;
 5. Ex - alt - ed is Thy throne, O God, O'er all the gods which heathen laud;
 6. The seeds of joy are in the field, And crops of glad - ness they shall yield;

1. With clouds and darkness He's arrayed, His throne in right and judgment's laid.
 2. His lightning shines with lurid glare, While earth beholds and quakes with fear.
 3. His righteousness the heav'n's display, All na - tions see His glorious sway.
 4. Let Zi - on hear and lift the voice, Let Judah's daughters all re - joice.
 5. Let saints all sin and guile de - test, For He redeems and makes them blest.
 6. Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice, And shout His praise with cheerful voice. Amen.

371

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

My Saviour-King.

MARY H. STEPHENSON, 1900.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour-King, Could I the mu - sic ring On harp of gold, And with an -
 2. Ne'er can I half the love, The blessings from a - bove, The joy un - fold; Oh, for the
 3. May all my days and years, While earthly life appears, Carol Thy praise; Oh, may my

gel - ic strain Wak - en the glad re - frain, Lauding my Saviour's reign, Oh, joy un - told!
 glad new song Chorused 'mid angel throng, Whose notes to hea - vn belong, And streets of gold.
 hear, and life With Thine, oh Christ, be rife, And let my dai - ly life Show forth Thy ways.

372

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Psalms 100.

DR. I. WATTS, 1719.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sa - cred joy;
 2. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame;
 4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic - es raise;
 5. Wide as the world is Thy command; Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;

1. Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate and He de - stroy.
 2. And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd, He bro't us to His fold a - gain.
 3. What last - ing hon - ors shall we rear, Al - might - y Mak - er, to Thy name.
 4. And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
 5. Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move. Amen.

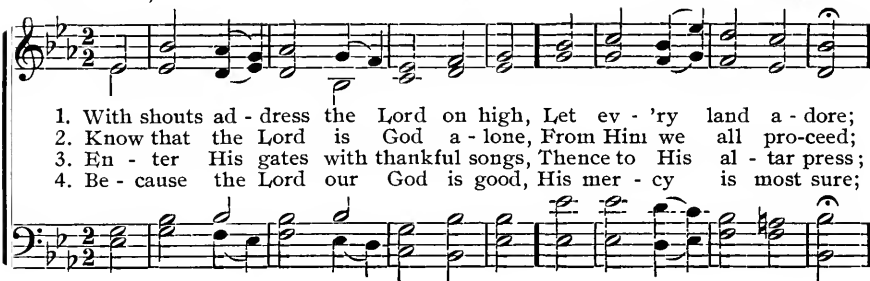
373

MOREAU. C. M.*

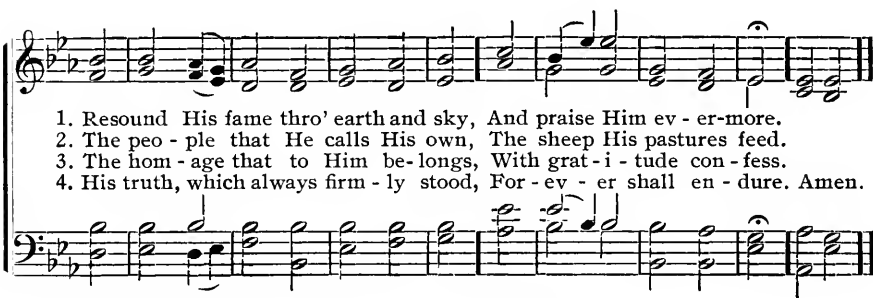
W. T. DALE, 1872.

Psalm 100.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. With shouts ad - dress the Lord on high, Let ev - 'ry land a - dore;
 2. Know that the Lord is God a - lone, From Him we all pro-ceed;
 3. En - ter His gates with thankful songs, Thence to His al - tar press;
 4. Be - cause the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is most sure;



1. Resound His fame thro' earth and sky, And praise Him ev - er-more.
 2. The peo - ple that He calls His own, The sheep His pastures feed.
 3. The hom - age that to Him be - longs, With grat - i - tude con - fess.
 4. His truth, which always firm - ly stood, For - ev - er shall en - dure. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 25, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

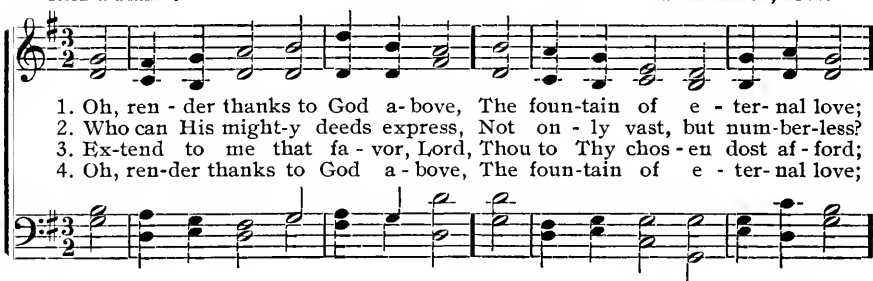
374

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

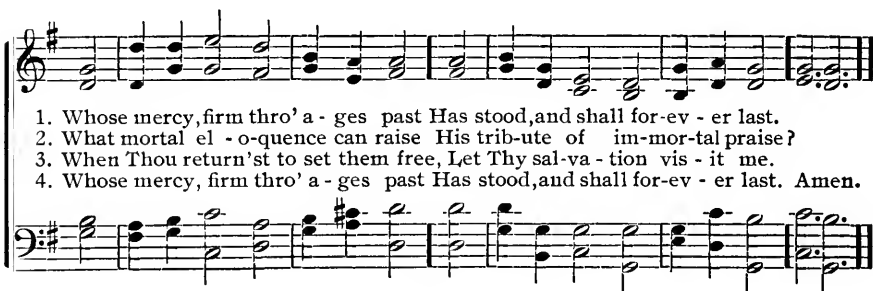
TATE & BRADY.

Psalm 106: 1-4.

LOWELL MASON, 1833.



1. Oh, ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The foun-tain of e - ter - nal love;
 2. Who can His might-y deeds express, Not on - ly vast, but num-ber-less?
 3. Ex-tend to me that fa - vor, Lord, Thou to Thy chos - en dost af - ford;
 4. Oh, ren - der thanks to God a - bove, The foun-tain of e - ter - nal love;



1. Whose mercy, firm thro' a - ges past Has stood, and shall for-ev - er last.
 2. What mortal el - o - quence can raise His trib-ute of im-mor-tal praise?
 3. When Thou return'st to set them free, Let Thy sal - va - tion vis - it me.
 4. Whose mercy, firm thro' a - ges past Has stood, and shall for-ev - er last. Amen.

Praise and Thanksgiving.

375

ELSTON. 8s & 7s.

Respectfully dedicated to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Elston, Mo.

J. KEMPTHORNE.

Psalms 148.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore Him; Praise Him, an-gels in the height;
 2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo-ken; Worlds His mighty voice o - beyed;
 3. Praise the Lord, for He is glo-rious, Nev - er shall His prom-ise fail;
 4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high His pow'r proclaim;

1. Sun and moon, re-joyce be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 2. Laws which nev-er shall be broken, For their guidance He hath made.
 3. God hath made His saints vic - to - rious; Sin and death shall not pre-vail.
 4. Heav'n and earth, and all cre-a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

376

LYONS. 5s & 6s, D.

Psalms 149.

U. P. VERSION.

Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN, by WM. GARDINER, 1815.

1. Oh, praise ye the Lord! Prepare your glad voice; New songs with His saints,
 2. And let them His name Ex - tol with the dance, With tim-brel and harp
 3. His saints shall sing loud With glo - ry and joy, And rest un-dis-may'd,
 4. The heath-en to judge, Their pride to consume; To fet - ter their kings,

D. S.—And children of Zion
D. S.—And with His sal - vation
D. S.—A sword in their right hand,
D. S.—Such hon - or for - ev - er

FINE.

1. As - sem-bled to sing; Be - fore his Cre - a - tor Let Is - rael re-joyce,
 2. His prais-es ex-press; Who always takes pleasure His saints to ad-vance,
 3. With songs in the night; The praise of Je - ho - vah Their lips shall employ;
 4. Their princes to bind; To ex - e - cute on them The long decreed doom;

Be glad in their King.
 The hum-ble to bless.
 Two-edged for the fight.
 The ho - ly shall find.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 FINE.

1. { Songs of praise the an-gels sang, Heav'n with hal-le-lu-jahs rang; }
 { When Je-hovah's work be-gun, When He spake and (Omit.....) it was done. }
 2. { Heav'n and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day; }
 { God will make new heavens and earth, Songs of praise shall (Omit.....) hail their birth. }
 3. { Saints be-low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re-joice, }
 { Learn-ing here by faith and love, Songs of praise to (Omit.....) sing a-bove. }

D.C.—Songs of praise a-rose, when He, Cap-tive led cap-tiv-i-ty.

D.C.—No; the Church de-lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

D.C.—Then, a-mid e-ter-nal joy, Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

D. C.

Songs of praise a-woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
 And shall man a-lone be dumb Till that glo-rious king-dom come?
 Borne up-on their lat-est breath, Songs of praise shall con-quer death;

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

Psalm 150.

U. P. VERSION.

F. M. A. VENUA, 1800. Arr. by WM. GARDINER, 1815.

1. Oh, praise our Lord, where rich in grace His presence fills His ho-ly place; Praise Him in
 2. Oh, praise Him for His deeds of fame, Oh, praise the greatness of His name; Oh, praise Him
 3. The prais-es of the Lord ad-vance, With or-gan, timbrel and the dance; And praise Him
 4. On cymbals loud, Je-ho-vah praise; On cymbals high His glo-ry raise; Let all that

yon celestial arch, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march, Where holds His pow'r its glorious march.
 with the trumpet's sound, With harp and psaltery answering round, With harp and psaltery answering round.
 with the notes that ring From ev-'ry harp of ev-'ry string, From ev-'ry harp of ev-'ry string.
 breathe with glad accord, Lift up their voice and praise the Lord, Lift up their voice and praise the Lord.

379

AZMON. C. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872.

Psalm 150.

CARL G. GLASER.

1. God's praise within His temple raise, Where shines His presence bright; Praise Him on high where He displays
2. Oh, praise Him for His deeds of fame, His mighty acts re-cord; Oh, praise the greatness of His name,
3. Oh, praise Him with the trumpet's sound, With harp and lyre rejoice; While timbrels ring His praise around,
4. Praise Him on cymbals sounding lays, On cymbals sounding high; Let all that breathe the anthem raise,

REFRAIN. *After last stanza.*

1. His maj - es - ty and might.
2. With joy and sweet accord. Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
3. With organs lift the voice.
4. And praise the Lord Most High.

380

PAYSON. 6s & 4s.*

REV. WM. GOODE.

Psalm 150.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Praise ye Je-ho-vah's name, Praise thro' His courts proclaim, Rise and adore; High o'er the
2. Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of tri-umph-ant praise, Wide as His fame; There let the
3. While His high praise ye sing, Shake ev-'ry sounding string; Sweet the accord; He vi - tal

heavens above, Sound His great acts of love, While His rich grace we prove, Vast as His pow'r.
harp be found, Organs with solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with His name.
breath bestows, Let ev-'ry breath that flows His noblest fame disclose, Praise ye the Lord. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 6, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

381

DONNELL. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

Isa. 26:1-4.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How glo - rious Zi - on's courts ap - pear, — The cit - y of our God!
 2. Its walls, de - fend - ed by His grace, No pow'r shall o - ver - throw;
 3. Lift up the ev - er - last - ing gates, The doors wide o - pen fling;
 4. Here shall ye taste un - min - gled joys, And dwell in per - fect peace;
 5. Trust in the Lord, for - ev - er trust, And ban - ish all your fears;

1. His throne He has es - tablished here, Here fixed His loved a - bode.
 2. Sal - va - tion is its bulwarks sure A - gainst th'as - sail - ing foe.
 3. En - ter ye na - tions who o - bey The stat - utes of our King.
 4. Ye, who have known Je - hovah's name, And trust - ed in His grace.
 5. Strength in the Lord Je - ho - vah dwells, E - ter - nal as His years. A - men.

382

DUNDEE. C. M.

DR. H. BONAR, D. D.

Luke 12:32.

G. FRANC, SCOTCH PSALTER, 1565.

1. Church of the ev - er - liv - ing God, The Fa - ther's gra - cious choice,
 2. A lit - tle flock, so calls He thee, Who bo't thee with His blood;
 3. Not ma - ny rich or no - ble called, Not ma - ny great or wise;
 4. But the Chief Shepherd comes at length, Their fee - ble days are o'er;
 5. No more a lil - y 'mong the thorns, Wea - ry, and faint, and few;
 6. Then en - ter - ing th'e - ter - nal halls, In robes of vic - to - ry;

1. A - mid the voic - es of this earth, How fee - ble is thy voice.
 2. A lit - tle flock, disowned of men, But owned and loved of God.
 3. They whom God makes His kings and priests Are poor in hu - man eyes.
 4. No more a hand - ful in the earth, A lit - tle flock no more.
 5. But countless as the stars of heav'n, Or as the ear - ly dew.
 6. That mighty mul - ti - tude shall keep The joy - ous ju - bi - lee. A - men.

383

HEBRON. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

The Church.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. Hap - py the Church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Cre - a-tor's grace;
2. Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
3. Thy foes in vain de-sig-us en-gage; Against Thy throne in vain they rage;
4. Then let our souls in Zi - on dwell, Nor fear the wrath of earth and hell;
5. God is our shield, and God our sun; Swift as the fleet-ing moments run,—

1. Thine ho - ly courts are His a-bode, Thou earthly pal-ace of our God.
2. Nor shall thy deep foundations move, Fixed on His counsels and His love.
3. Like ris-ing waves, with angry roar, They break and die upon the shore.
4. His arms embrace this happy ground, Like brazen bulwarks built around.
5. On us He sheds new beams of grace, And we reflect His brightest praise. A-men.

384

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 46: 1-7.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;
2. Loud may the troubled o-cean roar, In sa-cred peace our souls a - bide,
3. There is a stream whose gentle flow Sup-plies the cit - y of our God;
4. That sacred stream, Thine holy word, Supports our faith, our fear cou-trols;
5. Zi - on en-joys her Monarch's love, Se - cure a-against a threat'ning hour;

1. Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Behold Him present with His aid.
2. While ev'ry nation, ev'-ry shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
3. Life, love and joy still gliding thro', And watering our di-vine a - bode.
4. Sweet peace Thy promises af-ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.
5. Nor can her firm foundation move, Built on His truth and armed with pow'r. Amen.

385

DUKE STREET. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 80:1-7.

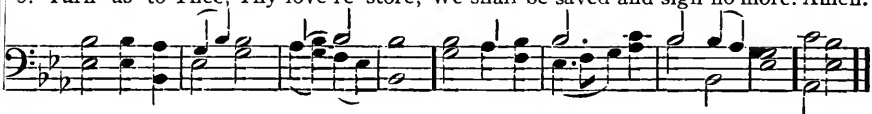
J. HATTON.



1. Great Shepherd of Thine Is - ra - el, Who didst between the cher - ubs dwell,
2. Thy Church is in the des - ert now, Shine from on high and guide us thro' ;
3. Hast Thou not planted with Thy hand A love - ly vine in this our land?
4. How did the spreading branches shoot, And bless the na - tions with their fruit!
5. Re - turn, Al - might - y God, re - turn, Nor let Thy bleeding vineyard mourn;



1. And lead the tribes, Thy chosen sheep, Safe thro' the des - ert and the deep.
2. Turn us to Thee, Thy love re - store; We shall be saved and sigh no more.
3. Did not Thy pow'r de - fend it round, And heav'nly dew en - rich the ground?
4. But now, O Lord, look down and see Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
5. Turn us to Thee, Thy love re - store; We shall be saved and sigh no more. Amen.



386

GLENCLIFF. L. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 87.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. God in His earth - ly tem - ple lays Foun - da - tions for His heav'nly praise;
2. His mer - cy vis - its ev - 'ry house That pays its night and morning vows,
3. What glo - ries were de - scribed of old, What wonders are of Zi - on told!
4. E - gypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew, Shall there be - gin their lives a - new;
5. When God makes up His last ac - count Of na - tives in His ho - ly mount;



1. He likes the tents of Ja - cob well, But still in Zi - on loves to dwell.
2. But makes a more de - light - ful stay Where churches meet to praise and pray.
3. Thou cit - y of our God be - low, Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
4. An - gels and men shall join to sing, The hill where living wa - ters spring.
5. 'Twill be an hon - or to ap - pear As one new - born or nourished there. A - men.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 30, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

387

HOLY MOUNTAINS. 8s & 7s.

W. T. DALE, 1880.

Psalm 87: 1-3, 5-7.

R. PORTER ORR, 1880.

1. In the high and ho - ly mountains God's foun-da-tion stands unmoved,
 2. "Glorious things of thee are spoken," Ho - ly cit - y of our God;
 3. And it shall be said of Zi - on, These and those in her were born,
 4. There the harp - ers with the sing - ers Shall to - geth - er joy - ful be;

1. More than all of Ja - cob's dwell - ings Zi - on's gates by Him are loved.
 2. Joy and peace at - tend for - ev - er, All who love the dear a - bode.
 3. And the Ho - ly and the High - est Shall Himself her name a - dorn.
 4. And shall sweetly raise the an - them, "All our joys a - rise in thee." Amen.

388

HARMONY. 8s, 7s, D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

Psalm 87.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
FINE.

1. { Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; }
 { He whose word can ne'er be broken, Chose thee for His own a - bode. }
 2. { On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose? }
 { With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. }
 3. { Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov' - ring, See the cloud and fire appear; }
 { For a glo - ry and a cov' - ring, Showing that the Lord is near. }
 4. { Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I thro' grace a mem - ber am, }
 { Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in thy name. }

D. C. - Ju - dah's tem - ple far ex - cell - ing, Beaming with the gospel's light.
 D. C. - Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.
 D. C. - Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God,
 D. C. - Sol - id joys and last - ing treas - ure, None but Zion's children know. A - men.
D. C.

1. Lord, Thy Chuch is still Thy dwelling, Still is pre - cious in Thy sight;
 2. See the springs of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love;
 3. Bless'd in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Wash'd in the Re - deem - er's blood;
 4. Fad - ing is the worldling's pleasure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 102: 13-22.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. Let Zi - on and her sons re-joice— Be - hold the promised hour;
 2. Her dust and ru - ins that re-main Are pre-cious in His eyes;
 3. The Lord will raise Je - ru - sa - lem, And stand in glo - ry there;
 4. He sits a sov'reign on His throne, With pit - y in His eyes;
 5. He frees the soul condemned to death; Nor when His saints com-plain,
 6. This shall be known when we are dead, And left on long re - cord,

1. Her God hath heard her mourning voice, And comes to exalt His pow'r.
 2. Those ru - ins shall be built a - gain, And all that dust shall rise.
 3. Na - tions shall bow be-fore His name, And kings at-tend with fear.
 4. He hears the dy-ing pris'ners' groan, And sees their sighs a - rise.
 5. Shall it be said that praying breath Was ev - er spent in vain?
 6. That a - ges yet un-born may read, And praise and trust the Lord. A-men.

REV. THOS. KELLY, 1804.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { Zi - on stands by hills surrounded, Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine, }
 { All her foes shall be confound-ed, Tho' the world in arms combine. }
 2. { Ev - 'ry hu - man tie may per - ish, Friend to friend un-faith-ful prove, }
 { Mothers cease to own or cher - ish, Heav'n and earth at last re-move. }
 3. { In the furnace God may prove Thee, Thence to bring Thee forth more bright, }
 { But can nev - er cease to love Thee, Thou art pre - cious in His sight. }

Hap-py Zi-on, hap-py Zi-on, What a favored lot is thine!
 But no changes, but no changes, Can at-tend Je-hovah's love.
 God is with thee, God is with thee, God thine ev-er-last-ing light. A-men.

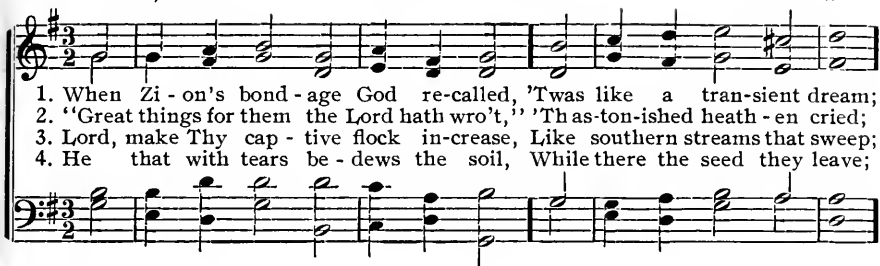
391

ROCHESTER. C. M.

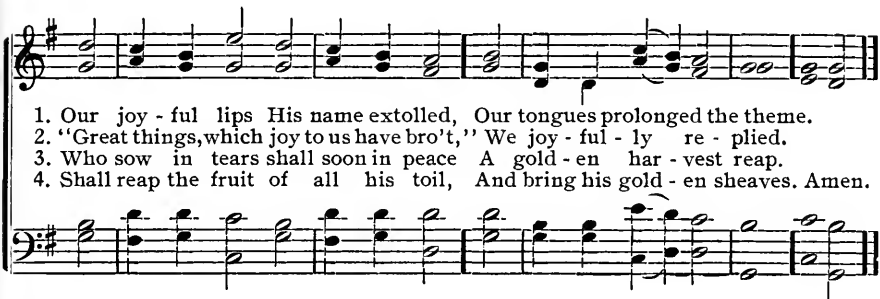
W. T. DALE, 1872.

Psalm 126,

WILLIAMS.



1. When Zi-on's bond-age God re-called, 'Twas like a tran-sient dream;
2. "Great things for them the Lord hath wro't," 'Thas-ton-ished heath-en cried;
3. Lord, make Thy cap-tive flock in-crease, Like southern streams that sweep;
4. He that with tears be-dews the soil, While there the seed they leave;



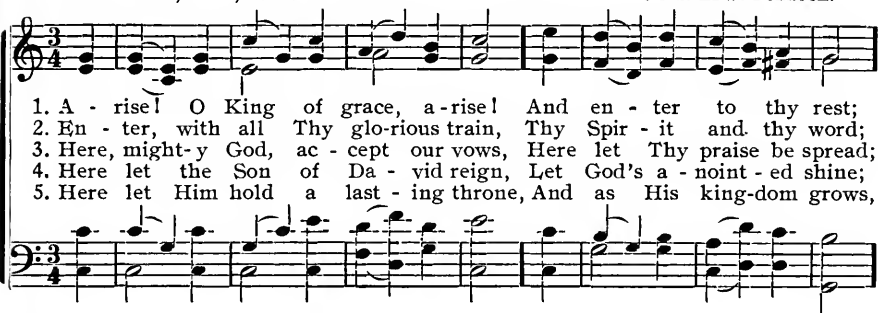
1. Our joy-ful lips His name extolled, Our tongues prolonged the theme.
2. "Great things, which joy to us have bro't," We joy-ful-ly re-plied.
3. Who sow in tears shall soon in peace A gold-en har-vest reap.
4. Shall reap the fruit of all his toil, And bring his gold-en sheaves. Amen.

392

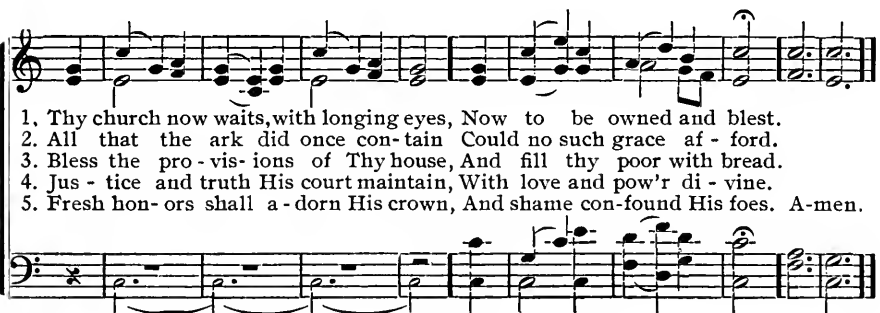
HAVRON. C. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. A-rise! O King of grace, a-rise! And en-ter to thy rest;
2. En-ter, with all Thy glo-rious train, Thy Spir-it and thy word;
3. Here, might-y God, ac-cept our vows, Here let Thy praise be spread;
4. Here let the Son of Da-vid reign, Let God's a-noint-ed shine;
5. Here let Him hold a last-ing throne, And as His king-dom grows,



1. Thy church now waits, with longing eyes, Now to be owned and blest.
2. All that the ark did once con-tain Could no such grace af-ford.
3. Bless the pro-vis-ions of Thy house, And fill thy poor with bread.
4. Jus-tice and truth His court maintain, With love and pow'r di-vine.
5. Fresh hon-ors shall a-dorn His crown, And shame con-found His foes. A-men.

393

BEALOTH. S. M. D.

REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800. Psalm 137: 1-6.

ANON.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The Church our blest Re-
 2. If e'er to bless Thy sons My voice or hands de-ny, These hands let use-ful
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs ascend; To her my cares and
 4. Je-sus, Thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand, from ev'ry

1. deemer sav'd With His own precious blood. I love Thy Church O God! Her walls be-
 2. skill forsake, This voice in si-lence die. If e'er my heart forget Her wel-fare
 3. toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my highest joy I prize her
 4. snare and foe Shall great deliv'rance bring, Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on

1. fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And graven on Thy hand.
 2. or her woe, Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake, And ev'ry grief o'erflow.
 3. heav'nly ways; Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 4. shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n. Amen.

394

BETH-PEOR. 10s.*

HON. JOEL BARLOW, 1799.

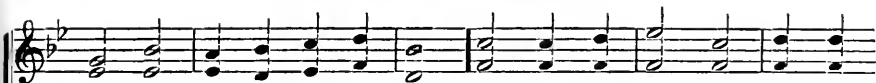
Psalm 137: 1-6.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

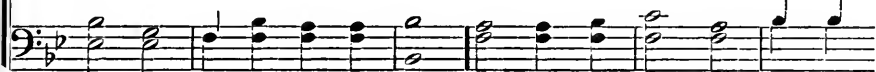
1. A-long the banks where Ba-bel's cur-rent flows, Our cap-tive
 2. The tune-less harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise em-
 3. Our hard op-press-ors, to in-crease our woe, With taunt-ing
 4. But how, in heath-en chains and lands un-known, Shall Is-rael's
 5. If e'er my mem-ry lose Thy love-ly name, If my cold

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

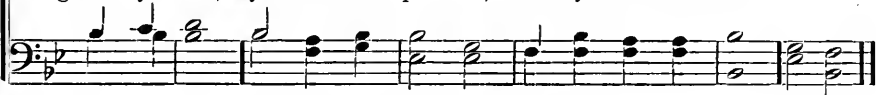
BETH-PEOR. Concluded.



1. bands in deep despondence strayed; While Zi - ou's fall in sad re-
2. ployed and mirth inspired the lay; In mourn-ful si - lence on the
3. smiles a song of Zi - on claim; Bid sa - cred praise in strains me-
4. sons a song of Zi - on raise? O hap - less Sa - lem! God's ter-
5. heart neg - lect my kin-dred race, Let dire de - struc - tion seize this



1. membrance rose, Her friends, her chil-dren, mingled with the dead.
2. wil - lows hung, And grow-ing grief prolonged the te-dious day.
3. lodi - ous flow, While they blaspheme the great Je - ho-vah's name.
4. res - trial throne, Thou land of glo - ry, sa - cred mount of praise.
5. guilt - y frame, My hand shall per - ish, and my voice shall cease. A - men.



395

WILLOW STREAM. S. M.*

W. T. DALE, 1874.

Psalms 137:1-6.

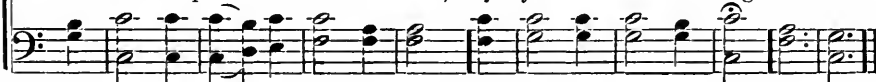
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Where Ba - bel's cur - rent flows, Loved Zi - on came to mind;
2. We mourned our com - forts fled, De - part - ed all our joys;
3. Up - on the wil - lows there, Our harps we si - lent hung;
4. Our cap - tors, filled with pride, Still wast - ing us with wrongs,
5. We have no voice to sing, While thus a cap - tive band;
6. O Zi - on, sa - cred hill, Should I for - get - ful prove,
7. When I for - get Thy name, Let si - lence seize my tongue,



1. We tho't up - on our fear-ful woes, And there to weep re - clined.
2. Our chil-dren min - gled with the dead, Each mournful tho't em-plies.
3. Our minds were filled with sad de-spair, Our hearts with anguish wrung.
4. Demanded mirth, and thus they cried, "Come, sing us Zi - on's songs."
5. How shall we sing to God our King, While slaves in this strange land?
6. Then let my hand for-get its skill, The harp's sweet strings to move.
7. Nor bear its part, when with ac-claim, Thy ju - bi - lee is sung. A - men.



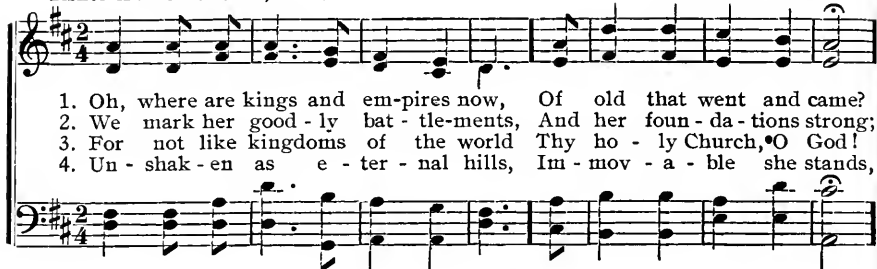
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

396

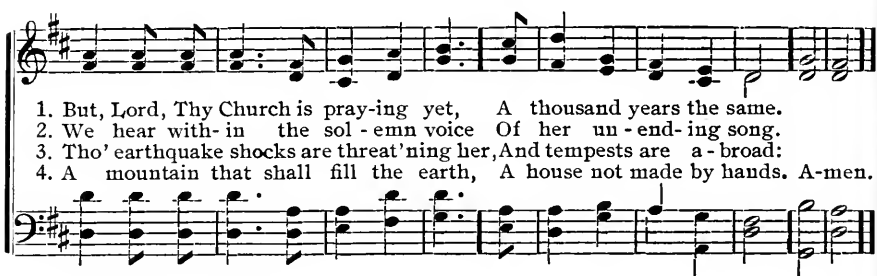
BOONVILLE. C. M.

BISHOP ARTHUR C. COXE, 1839.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Oh, where are kings and em-pires now, Of old that went and came?
 2. We mark her good - ly bat - tle-ments, And her foun - da - tions strong;
 3. For not like kingdoms of the world Thy ho - ly Church, O God!
 4. Un - shak - en as e - ter - nal hills, Im - mov - a - ble she stands,



1. But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thousand years the same.
 2. We hear with-in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end - ing song.
 3. Tho' earthquake shocks are threat'ning her, And tempests are a - broad:
 4. A mountain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands. A-men.

C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

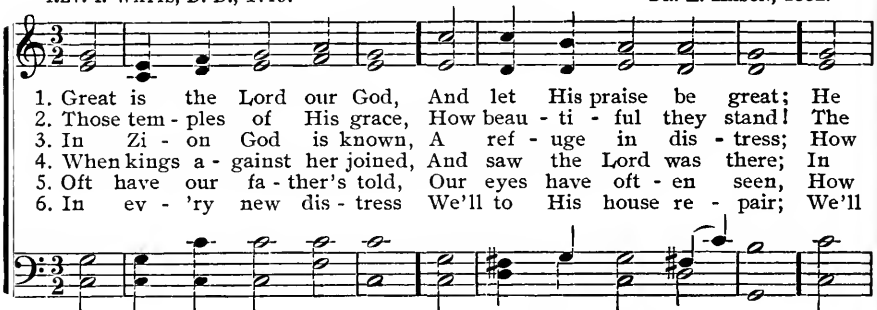
397

BOYLSTON. S. M.

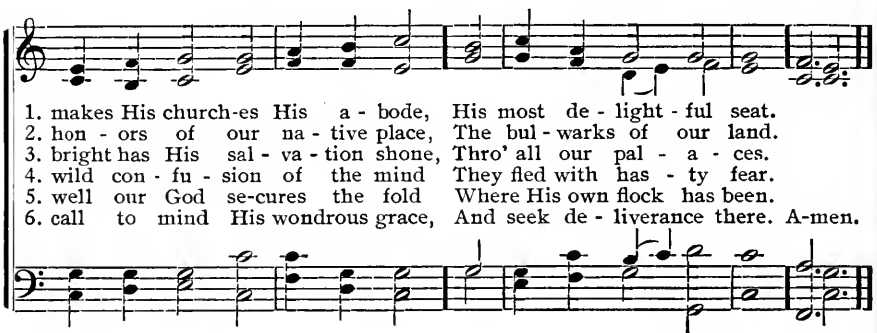
REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalms 48: 1-8.

DR. L. MASON, 1832.



1. Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great; He
 2. Those tem - ples of His grace, How beau - ti - ful they stand! The
 3. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How
 4. When kings a - gainst her joined, And saw the Lord was there; In
 5. Oft have our fa - ther's told, Our eyes have oft - en seen, How
 6. In ev - 'ry new dis - tress We'll to His house re - pair; We'll



1. makes His church-es His a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.
 2. hon - ors of our na - tive place, The bul - warks of our land.
 3. bright has His sal - va - tion shone, Thro' all our pal - a - ces.
 4. wild con - fu - sion of the mind They fled with has - ty fear.
 5. well our God se - cures the fold Where His own flock has been.
 6. call to mind His wondrous grace, And seek de - liverance there. A-men.

398

DUKE STREET. L. M.

U. P. VERSION.

Security of believers.—Psalm 91: 1, 3-8.

JOHN HATTON, 1790.

1. The man who once has found a-bode With-in the se-cret place of God,
 2. He shall with all pro-tection care, Preserve thee from the fowler's snare;
 3. His outspread pin-ions shall thee hide; Beneath His wings shalt thou con-fide;
 4. A thousand at thy side shall lie, At thy right hand ten thousand die;

1. Shall with al-might-y God a-bide, And in His shad-ow safe-ly hide.
 2. When fearful plagues around prevail, No fa-tal stroke shall thee as-sail.
 3. His faith-ful-ness shall ev-er be A shield and buckler un-to thee.
 4. But thou unharmed se-cure shalt see What wicked men's reward shall be. Amen.

399

WHITE. 8s, 7s, D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

Psalm 91: 9-16.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { Call Je-ho-vah thy sal-va-tion, Rest beneath th'Almighty's shade, }
 { In His se-cret hab-i-ta-tion (Omit)..... } Dwell, nor ev-er
 2. { From the sword at noontide wasting, From the noisome pes-ti-lence, }
 { In the depth of mid-night, blast-ing (Omit)..... } God shall be thy
 3. { Since with pure and firm af-fec-tion, Thou on God hast set thy love, }
 { With the wings of His pro-tec-tion (Omit)..... } He will shield thee

D.C.—Guile nor vi-o-lence can harm thee, (Omit)..... In e-ter-nal
 D.C.—Tho' thou walk thro' hostile regions, (Omit)..... Tho' in des-ert
 D.C.—Here for grief reward thee doub-le, (Omit)..... Crown with life be-
 FINE. D. C.

be dis-mayed. There no tn-mult can a-larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid-den snare;
 sure de-fense. God shall charge His an-gel le-gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
 from a-bove. Thou shalt call on Him in troub-le, He will heark-en, He will save;

safeguard there.
 wilds thou sleep.
 yond the grave.

Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

W. T. DALE, 1872.

Psalm 121.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.

1. I to the hills will lift mine eyes, Where all my help, my suc - cor, lies!

2. The Lord Himself will guide with care, And save thy foot from ev - 'ry snare;

3. The Lord thy Keeper still shall stand, A pow'rful shade on thy right hand;

4. The Lord shall guard from ev-'ry ill, And keep thy soul in safe - ty still;

1. Je - ho-vah is my constant aid, Whose hands the heav'ns and earth have made.

2. Behold His eyes that Israel keep, Shall nev-er slumber, nev - er sleep.

3. No burning sun by day shall smite, Nor si-lent moon nor damps by night.

4. In safe-ty thou shalt go and come, Till thou arrive in heav'n thy home. Amen.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psalm 125.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Un - sha - ken as the sa - cred hill, And fixed as mountains be,

2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well Old Salem's hap - py ground,

3. Di - vine com - pas - sion when they stray, Ap - plies the chast'ning rod;

4. Deal gent - ly, Lord, with souls sincere, And lead them safe - ly on

1. Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That leans, O Lord, on Thee!

2. As those e - ter - nal arms of love, That ev - 'ry saint sur-round.

3. Af - flic - tion's, thro' a Father's love, Shall draw them near to God.

4. To the bright gates of Par - a - dise, Where Christ their Lord is gone. A-men.

Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."—Isa. 3: 10.

JOHN KENT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. What cheer-ing words are these? Their sweet-ness who can tell?
 2. In ev - 'ry state se - cure, Kept by Je - ho - vah's eye;
 3. 'Tis well when joys a - rise, 'Tis well when sor - rows flow;
 4. 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dy - ing love;
 5. 'Tis well when at His throne They wres - tle, weep and pray;

1. In time and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the righteous well.
 2. 'Tis well with them while life en-dures, And well when called to die.
 3. 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies, And strong temptations blow.
 4. And 'tis as well in God's ac-count, When they the fur-nace prove.
 5. 'Tis well when at His feet they groan, Yet bring their wants a - way, A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 4, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

WM. F. LLOYD, 1835.

Deut. 33: 25.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. Wait, my soul, up-on the Lord, To His gracious promise flee, Lay-ing hold up-
 2. If the sor-rows of thy case Seem pe-cu-liar still to thee, God has promised
 3. Days of tri - al, days of grief, In succession thou mayst see, This is still thy
 4. Rock of A - ges, I'm se-cure, With Thy promise full and free; Faithful, pos-i-

1. on His word, "As thy days thy strength shall be, As thy days thy strength shall be."
 2. needful grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be, As thy days thy strength shall be."
 3. sweet re-lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be, As thy days thy strength shall be."
 4. tive and sure, "As thy days thy strength shall be, As thy days thy strength shall be." A-men.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Rom. 8: 33-39.

H. K. OLIVER, 1848.

1. Who shall the Lord's e-lect condemn? 'Tis God who jus-ti-fies their souls;
 2. Who shall adjudge the saints to hell? 'Tis Christ who suffered in their stead;
 3. He lives! He lives! and sits a-bove, For-ev-er in-ter-ced-ing there;
 4. Shall per-se-cu-tion or dis-tress, Famine, or sword, or nak-ed-ness?
 5. Not all that men on earth can do, Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs be-low,

1. And mer-cy, like a might-y stream, O'er all their sins di-vine-ly rolls.
 2. And their sal-va-tion to ful-fill, Be-hold Him ris-ing from the dead!
 3. Who shall divide us from His love, Or what shall tempt us to de-spair?
 4. He who hath loved us bears us thro', And makes us more than conqu'rors too.
 5. Shall cause His mer-cy to re-move, Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love. Amen.

REDEN. L. M.*

J. A. DELKE.

Rom. 8: 35-39.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Should trib-u-la-tion or dis-tress, Fam-ine or per-se-cu-tion rise,
 2. Tho' nak-ed-ness or per-il come, Clothed with sal-va-tion we shall soar
 3. Tho' for Thy sake we dai-ly die, As sheep un-to the slaughter led,
 4. Nor life, nor death, nor an-gel's might, Pres-ent nor fu-ture pow'rs can move,
 5. Christ is our Rock, our hid-ing place, A ref-uge to the tem-pest driv'n;

1. Se-cure in God our souls shall rest, Thro' Christ's a-ton-ing sac-ri-fice.
 2. From mortal toils to heav'n our home, To dwell with Christ for ev-er-more.
 3. Yet, more than conquerors, on high, We'll live, thro' faith, with Christ our Head.
 4. Nor any creature, depth, nor height, Can sep-a-rate us from His love.
 5. The ceaseless fount of sav-ing grace, The Life, the Truth, the Way to heav'n. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 20, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

406

AVON. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

Psalm 51: 7.

HUGH WILSON, 1825.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
 2. A heart resigned, submis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
 3. Oh, for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true and clean,
 4. A heart in ev-'ry tho't renewed, And full of love di-vine;
 5. Thy na-ture, gra-cious Lord, im-part; Come quick-ly from a-bove;

1. A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me!
 2. Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
 3. Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.
 4. Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, An im-age, Lord, of Thine.
 5. Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love. Amen.

407

PERKINS. L. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. So let our lips and lives express The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fess;
 2. Thus shall we best pro-claim a-broad The hon-ors of our Saviour, God,
 3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas-sion and en-vy, lust and pride;
 4. Re-lig-ion bears our spir-its up, Whlle we ex-pect that bless-ed hope,

1. So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
 2. When His salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
 3. While justice, temperance, truth and love, Our inward pi-e-ty ap-prove.
 4. The bright appearance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning on His word. Amen.

JOHN CENNICK.

REV. GEORGE COLES, 1835.

1. Je-^sus my all to heav'n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on, His
 track I see and I'll pur-sue The nar- (Omit).....

D.C.-King's high-way of ho-li-ness I'll go, (Omit).....

row way till Him I view; The way the holy prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, The
 for all His paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief and burden long have been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say:
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755.

John 21: 15-17.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart and see;
 2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love;
 3. Is not Thy name me-lo-dious still To mine at-ten-tive ear?
 4. Hast Thou a Lamb in all Thy flock I would dis-dain to feed?
 5. Thou know-est that I love Thee, Lord; But oh, I long to soar

1. And turn the dear-est i-dol out That dares to ri-val Thee.
 2. Dead be my heart to ev-'ry joy When Je-sus can not move.
 3. Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Saviour's voice to hear?
 4. Hast Thou a foe be-fore whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?
 5. Far from the sphere of mor-tal joys, And learn to love Thee more. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

410

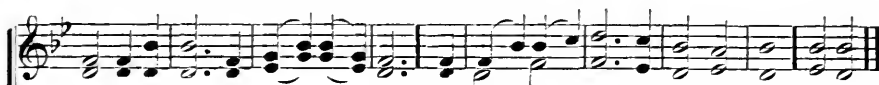
LANGLEY. L. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

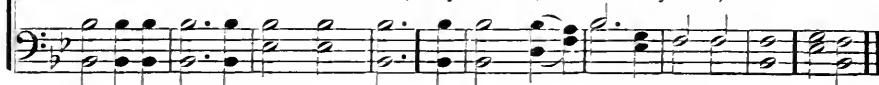
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stran-ger to my-self and Thee,
2. Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus de-base my heav'n-ly birth?
3. Call me a-way from flesh and sense; One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
4. Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn, Let noise and van-i-ty be gone;



1. A-midst a thousand tho'ts I rove, For-get-ful of my highest love.
2. Why should I cleave to things below, And let my God and Saviour go?
3. I would obey the voice di-vine, And all in-fe-rrior joys re-sign.
4. In se-cret si-lence of the mind, My heav'n, and there my God, I find. Amen.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 15, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

411

BLASINGAME. 7s, D.*

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779. "Lovest thou Me?"—John 21: 16.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

FINE.



1. { 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus-es anx-i-ous tho't, }
2. { Do I love the Lord or no? Am I His or am I not? }
3. { When I turn my eyes with-in, All is dark, and vain, and wild; }
4. { Filled with unbelief and sin, Can I deem my-self a child? }
5. { Yet I mourn my stubborn will, View my sin with grief and shame, }
6. { Should I grieve for what I feel, If I did not love His name? }
7. { Oh, decide the doubt-ful case; Thou who art Thy peo-ple's Sun, }
8. { Shine upon Thy work of grace, If that work be yet be-gun; }



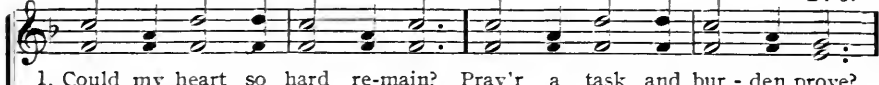
D.C.—Ev'ry tri-ble gives me pain, If I knew a Sav-iour's love;

D.C.—Ye that love the Lord indeed, Tell me, is it thus with you?

D.C.—Find at times the promise sweet, If I did not love the Lord?

D.C.—Light and comfort now restore, Lead me to e-ter-nal day. A-men.

D. C.



1. Could my heart so hard re-main? Pray'r a task and bur-den prove?
2. If I pray, or hear, or read, Sin is found with all I do;
3. Could I joy His saints to meet, Choose the ways I once ab-horr'd,
4. Let me love Thee more and more, Grant me, Lord, Thy heav'n-ly ray.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 18, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

RUTH'S CHOICE. 7s.

Uniting with the Church.—Ruth 1:16, 17.

JAS. MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

W. T. DALE, 1890.

FINE.

1. { Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a-round; }
 { Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and comfort nowhere found, }
 2. { Lone - ly I no lon - ger roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; }
 { Where you dwell shall be my home, Where you die shall be my grave. }
 3. { Tell me not of gain or loss, Ease, en - joyment, pomp and pow'r; }
 { Wel - come pov - er - ty and cross, Shame, reproach, af - fliction's hour. }

D.C.—Brethren, where your al-tar burns, O re-ceive me in - to rest.

D.C.—Earth can fill my soul no more, Ev-'ry i - dol I re-sign.

D.C.—Now I take Thy yoke by choice, Light the burden now to me. A-men.

D. C.

Now to you my spir - it turns, Turns a fu - gi - tive un-blest;
 Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re-deem - er shall be mine;
 'Fol - low me,' I know Thy voice, Je - sus, Lord, Thy steps I see,

"HINDER ME NOT." C. M.

Uniting with the Church.—Gen. 24:56.

J. RYLAND.

Arr. by W. T. DALE, 1890.

1. In all my Lord's ap - point - ed ways, My jour - ney I'll pur - sue;
 2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll fol - low where He goes,
 3. Thro' du - ties, and thro' tri - als too, I'll go at His command;
 4. And when my Sav - iour calls me home, Still this my cry shall be

1. "Hin - der me not," ye much loved saints, For I must go with you,
 2. "Hin - der me not," shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op - pose.
 3. "Hin - der me not," for I am bound, For my Im-man-uel's land.
 4. "Hin - der me not," come, welcome, death, I'll glad - ly go with thee. Amen.

414

BROWN. C. M.

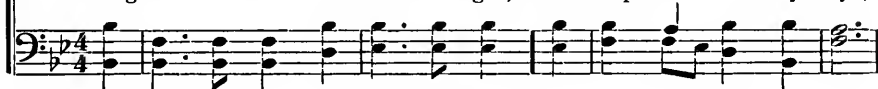
REV. BENJ. BEDDOME.

Taking the church vow.

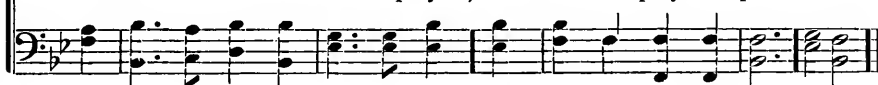
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Ye men and an - gels wit - ness now, Be - fore the Lord we speak;
2. That long as life it - self shall last, Ourselves to Christ we yield;
3. We trust not in our na - tive strength, But on His grace re - ly,
4. O guide our doubt - ful feet a - right, And keep us in Thy ways;



1. To Him we make our sol - emn vow, A vow we dare not break.
2. Nor from His cause will we de - part, Or ev - er quit the field.
3. That, with re - turn - ing wants, the Lord Will all our needs sup - ply.
4. And while we turn our vows to pray'rs, Turn Thou our pray'rs to praise. Amen.



415

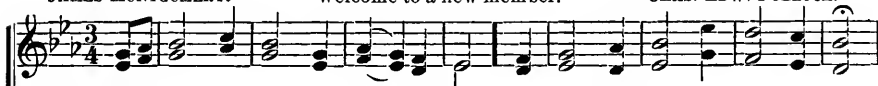
WEBSTER GROVE. L. M.*

"Come in thou blessed of the Lord."—Gen. 24: 31.

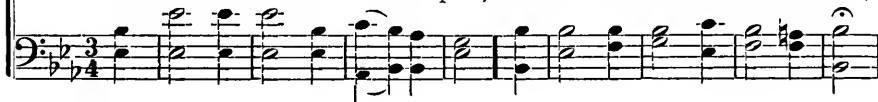
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Welcome to a new member.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. "Come in, thou bless - ed of our God," In Je - sus' name we bid thee come;
2. Those joys which earth can not af - ford, We'll seek in fel - lowship to prove;
3. And while we pass this vale of tears, We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
4. Once more our welcome we re - peat, Re - ceive as - sur - ance of our love;



1. No more thy feet shall roam abroad, Henceforth a brother, welcome home.
2. Joined in one spir - it to our Lord, Together bound by mu - tual love.
3. We'll share each other's hopes and fears, And count a brother's cares our own.
4. Oh, may we all to - geth - er meet Around the throne of God a - bove. A - men.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 16, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

416

SESSIONS. L. M.

The commission to teach and baptize.—Matt. 28: 19.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

L. O. EMERSON, 1853.

1. 'Twas the com-mis-sion of our Lord, "Go teach the na-tions and baptize;"
 2. He sits up-on th'e-ter-nal hills, With grace and par-don in His hands,
 3. "Re-pent and be bap-tized," He saith, "For the re-mis-sion of your sins;"
 4. Our souls He wash-es in His blood, As wa-ter makes the bod-y clean;
 5. Thus we en-gage ourselves to Thee, And seal our cove-nant with the Lord;

1. The nations have received the word, Since He as-cend-ed to the skies.
 2. And sends His covenant with the seals, To bless the dis-tant Christian lands.
 3. And thus our sense assists our faith, And shows us what the gos-pel means.
 4. And the good Spir-it of our God Descends like pu-ri-fy-ing rain.
 5. O may the great e-ter-nal Three In heav'n our sol-enn vows record. A-men.

417

SILVER STREET. S. M.

Acts 22: 16.

BISHOP EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH, 1870.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.

1. Stand, sol-dier of the cross, Thy high al-legiance claim, And vow to
 2. A-rise, and be bap-tized, And wash thy sins a-way; Thy league with
 3. No more thine own, but Christ's, With all the saints of old, A-pos-tles,
 4. In God's whole ar-mor strong, Front hell's em-battled pow'rs; The war-fare
 5. O bright the con-q'ror's crown, The song of tri-umph sweet, When faith casts

1. hold the world but loss For thy Re-deem-er's name.
 2. God be sol-enn-ized, Thy faith avouched to-day.
 3. seers, e-van-gel-ists, And mar-tyr throngs en-rolled,
 4. may be sharp and long, The vic-t'ry must be ours.
 5. ev-ry tro-phy down At our great Cap-tain's feet. A-men.


418

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

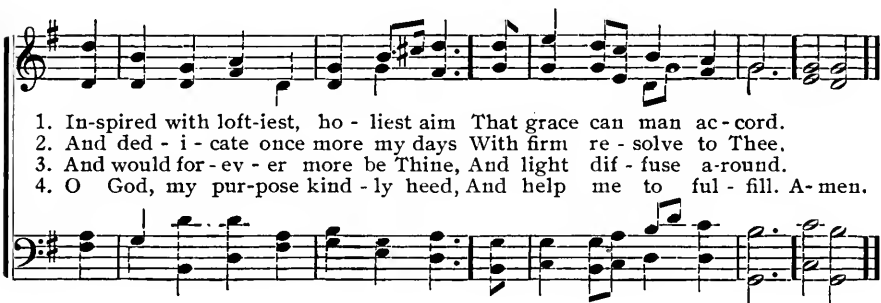
DAVIS.

After the baptism of an adult.

HANDEL.



1. Bap-tized in - to the name Of my re-deem-ing Lord;
 2. To Thee, my God, I raise A spir-it light and free;
 3. I bless the love di-vine That hath Thy ser-vant found,
 4. In word, in thought, in deed, I yield me to Thy will;



1. In-spired with loft-iest, ho-liest aim That grace can man ac-cord.
 2. And ded-i-cate once more my days With firm re-solve to Thee.
 3. And would for-ev-er more be Thine, And light dif-fuse a-round.
 4. O God, my pur-pose kind-ly heed, And help me to ful-fill. A-men.

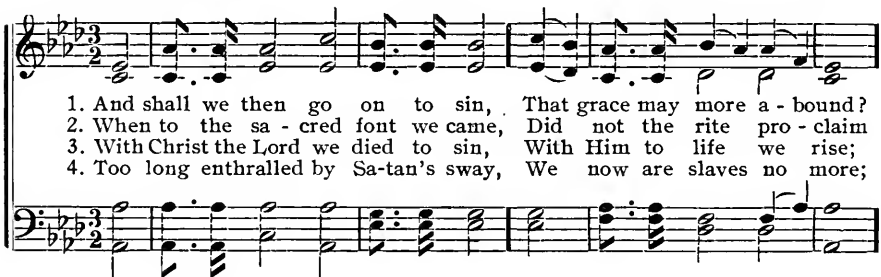
419

WYCKOFF. C. M.*

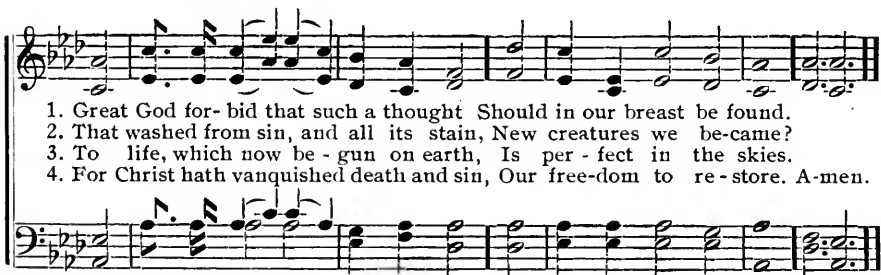
SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

Rom. 6: 1-7.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. And shall we then go on to sin, That grace may more a-bound?
 2. When to the sa-cred font we came, Did not the rite pro-claim
 3. With Christ the Lord we died to sin, With Him to life we rise;
 4. Too long enthralled by Sa-tan's sway, We now are slaves no more;



1. Great God for-bid that such a thought Should in our breast be found.
 2. That washed from sin, and all its stain, New creatures we be-came?
 3. To life, which now be-gun on earth, Is per-fect in the skies.
 4. For Christ hath vanquished death and sin, Our free-dom to re-store. A-men.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Infant Baptism.—Gen. 17: 8. Acts 2: 39.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709.

THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.

1. How large the prom-ise! how di-vine To Abr'ham and his seed;
 2. The words of His ex-ten-sive love From age to age en-dure;
 3. Je-sus the an-cient faith con-firms, To our great fa-ther giv'n;
 4. Our God, how faith-ful are His ways, His love en-dures the same;

1. 'I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup-ply-ing all their need."
 2. The an-gel of the covenant proves, And seals the bles-sing sure.
 3. He takes young children in His arms, And calls them heirs of heav'n.
 4. Nor from the prom-ise of His grace Blots out the children's name. A-men.

CORINTH. C. M.*

After baptism of child. Gen. 17: 7. Acts 16: 15, 33.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Thus saith the mer-cy of the Lord, "I'll be a God to thee;"
 2. Abr'ham be-lieved the promised grace, And gave his son to God;
 3. Thus Ly-dia sanc-ti-fied her house, When she re-ceived the word;
 4. Thus la-ter saints, e-ter-nal King, Thy cov-e-nant em-brace;

1. I'll bless thy numerous race and they Shall be a seed for me.
 2. But wa-ter seals the bless-ing now, That once was sealed with blood,
 3. Thus the be-liev-ing jail-or gave His household to the Lord.
 4. Our in-fant offspring now we bring, And sup-pli-cate Thy grace. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 16, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

MELODY. C. M.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Luke 18: 15, 16.

AMZI CHAPIN.

1. Be - hold, what con - de-scend-ing love Je - sus on earth dis-plays,
 2. He still the an - cient prom-ise keeps, To our fore - fa - thers giv'n;
 3. For - bid them not whom Je - sus calls, Nor dare the claim re - sist;
 4. With flow-ing tears and thank-ful hearts, We give them up to Thee;

1. To babes and sucklings He ex-tends The rich-es of His grace.
 2. Young children in His arms He takes And calls them heirs of heav'n.
 3. Since His own lips to us de - clare Of such will heav'n con-sist.
 4. Re-ceive them, Lord, in-to Thine arms, Thine may they ev - er be. A-men.

ST. AUGUSTINE. L. M.

"The promise is to you and to your children."—Acts 2: 39.

S. GILMAN, TR.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. This child we ded - i - cate to Thee, O God of grace and pur - i - ty!
 2. Oh, may Thy Spir - it gent - ly draw Its will - ing soul to keep Thy law;
 3. We too, be - fore Thy gracious sight, Once shared the blest bap-tis-mal rite,
 4. Grant that, with true and faithful heart, We still may act the Christian's part,

1. Shield it from sin and threat'ning wrong, And let Thy love its life prolong.
 2. May vir - tue, pi - e - ty and truth, Dawn e-ven with its dawning youth.
 3. And would renew its sol-emn vow With love, and thanks, and praises, now.
 4. Cheered by each prom-ise Thou hast giv'n, And laboring for the prize in heav'n. Amen.

424

ROCKBRIDGE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707. "The Lord's Supper."—Matt. 26: 26-30.

A. CHAPIN, Arr.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose;
 2. Be - fore the mournful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and blest and brake;
 3. This is my bod - y broke for sin; Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;
 4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem'ry of your dy - ing Friend;
 5. Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,

1. A - gainst the Son of God's delight, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
 2. What love thro' all His actions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake.
 3. Then took the cup and blest the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
 4. Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord, The love of your de - part - ed Lord."
 5. Till Thou return, and we shall eat The mar - riage supper of the Lamb. Amen.

425

NASHVILLE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

(Second Tune.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Slow and solemn.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose;
 2. Be - fore the mournful scene be - gan, He took the bread, and blest and brake;
 3. This is my bod - y, broke for sin; Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;
 4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem'ry of your dy - ing Friend;
 5. Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,

1. Against the Son of God's delight; And friends betray'd Him to His foes.
 2. What love thro' all His actions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake.
 3. Then took the cup and blest the wine; "'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
 4. Meet at my ta - ble, and re - cord The Love of your de - part - ed Lord."
 5. Till Thou re - turn, and we shall eat The marriage supper of the Lamb. A - men.

426

THE EUCHARIST. L. M.

"The Lord's supper instituted."—Matt. 26: 26-29.

Scotch Paraphrase.

W. T. DALE, 1905.

1. 'Twas on that night when doomed to know The ea - ger rage of ev - 'ry foe;
 2. And aft - er thanks and glo - ry giv'n, Tho' He was Lord of earth and heav'n,
 3. "My brok - en bod - y thus I give, For you, for all, —take, eat and live;
 4. Then in His hands the cup He raised, His Fa - ther once a - gain He prais'd;
 5. "My blood I thus pour forth," He cries, "To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
 6. "With love to man this cup is filled, Let all partake, as I have willed;

Rit-e-dim.

1. That night in which He was betrayed, The Saviour of the world took bread.
 2. That sym - bol of His flesh He broke, And thus to His dis - ci - ples spoke:
 3. And oft the sa - cred rite re - new, That brings my wondrous love to view."
 4. While kindness in His bosom glow'd, And from His lips sal - va - tion flow'd.
 5. In this the cov - e - nant is sealed, And heav'n's e - ter - nal grace revealed.
 6. Thro' lat - est a - ges let it pour, In mem'ry of my dy - ing hour." A - men.

427

MANOAH. C. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

Luke 22: 19.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gracious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
 2. Thy bod - y, brok - en for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
 3. Geth - sem - a - ne can I for - get? Or there Thy con - flict see,
 4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
 5. Re - mem - ber Thee and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me;
 6. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem'ry flee,

1. This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.
 2. Thy tes - ta - ment - al cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.
 3. Thine ag - o - ny and bloody sweat, And not re - mem - ber Thee.
 4. O Lamb of God, my sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem - ber Thee?
 5. Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains, Will I re - mem - ber Thee.
 6. When thou shalt in Thy kingdom come, Je - sus, re - mem - ber me. A - men.

428

OUR PASSOVER. C. M.

"For even Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

V. A. GIBSON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With solemnity.

1. This sac - ri - fi - cial feast be-hold, Spread by the dy - ing Lamb;
 2. In deep con - tri - tion, Lord, we come, With rev'rence we draw near;
 3. We eat this liv - ing man - na, Lord, By Thy command as giv'n;
 4. Thus may we live from day to day, Fed by Thy grace di - vine,

1. Who suf-fered ag - o - nies un - told, That we might wear His name.
 2. Oh! make Thy blessed presence known, And own Thy chil-dren here.
 3. Oh! let us thus re - new our vows, And fit our souls for heav'n.
 4. Till called from earth to heav'n a-way, To be for - ev - er Thine. Amen.

429

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

The Invitation.

A. DAVISSON.

1. Je - sus in - vites His saints To meet a - round His board;
 2. This ho - ly bread and wine Maintains our faint - ing breath,
 3. Our heav'n-ly Fa - ther calls Christ and His mem - bers one;
 4. Let all our pow'rs be joined His glo - rious name to raise;
 5. To God, the Fa - ther, Son, And Spir - it, glo - ry be,

1. Here pardoned reb - els sit and hold Com-mu-nion with their Lord.
 2. By un - ion with our liv - ing Lord, And in - t'rest in His death.
 3. We, the young children of His love, And He, the first-born Son.
 4. Pleasure and love fill ev - 'ry mind, And ev - 'ry voice be praise.
 5. As was, and is, and shall re - main Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! A-men.

The Lord's Supper.

430

DENNIS. S. M.

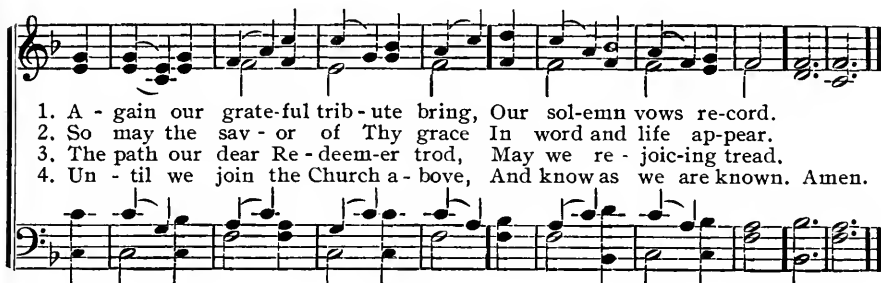
"And when they had sung an hymn they went out."—Matt. 26: 30.

REV. AARON R. WOLFE, 1858.

HANS GEORGE NAECELL.



1. A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord;
 2. Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy pres - ence here;
 3. The pur - chase of Thy blood—By sin no lon - ger led;
 4. In self - for - get - ting love, Be our com - mun - ion shown,



1. A - gain our grate-ful trib-ute bring, Our sol-emn vows re-cord.
 2. So may the sav - or of Thy grace In word and life ap-pear.
 3. The path our dear Re - deem-er trod, May we re - joic-ing tread.
 4. Un - til we join the Church a - bove, And know as we are known. Amen.

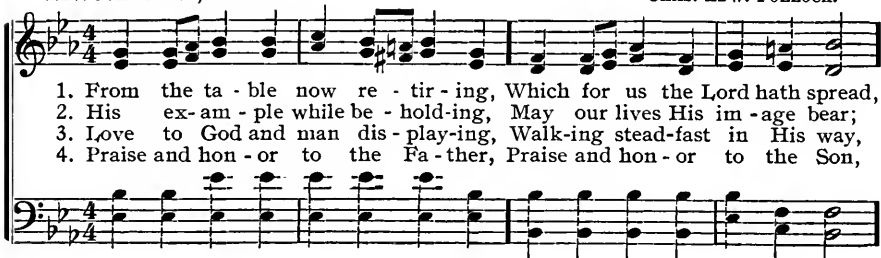
431

REXFORD. 8s, 7s.*

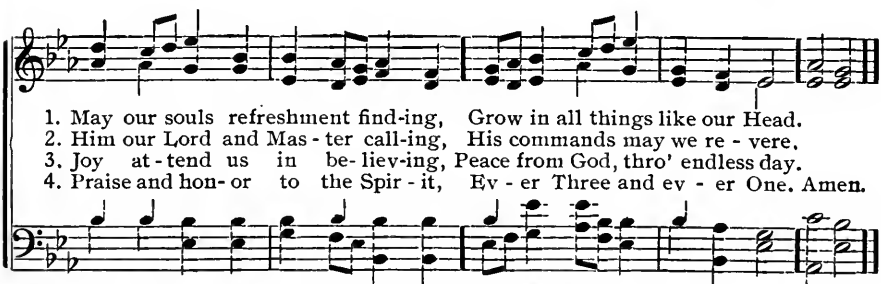
"And when they had sung an hymn they went out."—Matt. 26: 30.

REV. JOHN ROWE, 1806.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 2. His ex - am - ple while be - hold - ing, May our lives His im - age bear;
 3. Love to God and man dis - play - ing, Walk - ing stead - fast in His way,
 4. Praise and hon - or to the Fa - ther, Praise and hon - or to the Son,



1. May our souls refreshment find-ing, Grow in all things like our Head.
 2. Him our Lord and Mas - ter call-ing, His commands may we re - vere.
 3. Joy at - tend us in be - liev - ing, Peace from God, thro' endless day.
 4. Praise and hon - or to the Spir - it, Ev - er Three and ev - er One. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 10, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

432

AT THY TABLE. 7s, D.

REV. O. E. HART.

Luke 22: 14-22.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slow and solemn.

FINE.

1. { Gra - cious Saviour, All in All, To Thy ta - ble now we come; }
 { Com - ing on - ly at Thy call, Claiming naught that we have done. }
 2. { Oh, Thou bless - ed Mas - ter mine, Claim me for Thy - self a - lone; }
 { Pur - chased by Thy death di - vine, All I have is now Thine own. }
 3. { Pard'ning love, dear Christ, I crave, Sanc - ti - fy - ing grace with - in; }
 { Res - ur - rec - tion from the grave, Pur - i - ty of life from sin. }

D. C.—Blessed, healing, cleansing flood, Counting all things else but dross.

D. C.—Drink the cup for Thy dear sake, And from sin be free with - in.

D. C.—Entrance with the ransomed throng, To Thine ev - er - last - ing rest. Amen.

D. C.

Trust - ing Thine own pre - cious blood, In the gar - den, on the cross;
 May I now by faith par - take Of the bod - y broke for sin,
 Robe and palm and vic - tor's crown, Heav'n e - ter - nal with the blest,

433

TILL HE COME. 7s, 6 lines.

"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."—Cor. 11: 26. "For yet a little while and He that shall come will come and will not tarry."—Heb. 10: 37.

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

REV. W. T. DALE.

1. "Till He come!" O, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords,
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
 3. Clouds and dark - ness round us press; Would we have one sor - row less?
 4. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;

1. Let the "lit - tle while" between, In their gold - en light be seen;
 2. When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear,
 3. All the sharp - ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
 4. Sweet me - mo - rials till the Lord Call us round His heav'n - ly board—

The Lord's Supper.

TILL HE COME. Concluded.

1. Let us think how heav'n and home, Lie beyond that "Till He come."
 2. Hush! be ev - 'ry murmur dumb! It is on - ly "Till He come."
 3. Death and darkness and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come."
 4. Some from earth, from glory some, Sev-ered on - ly "Till He come." Amen.

434

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE. 11s.

(May be sung at close of communion.)

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

REV. ADONIRUM JUDSON GORDON, D. D.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou at first didst love me, And purchased my
 3. I love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

1. fol - lies of earth I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 2. par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 3. long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death dew lies
 4. dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

1. Sav-iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 2. thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 3. cold on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 4. crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. Amen.

435

HEBRON. L. M.

The great commission.—Matt. 28: 19, 20. Mark 16: 15, 16.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709.

DR. L. MASON, 1830.

1. "Go preach my Gospel," saith the Lord," "Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
 2. "I'll make your great commission known, And ye shall prove my gos- pel true
 3. "Teach all the na- tions my commands, I'm with you till the world shall end;
 4. He spake, and light shone round His head, On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode,

1. He shall be saved that trusts my word, And he condemned who'll not believe.
 2. By all the works that I have done, By all the wonders ye shall do.
 3. All pow'r is trust- ed to my hands; I can destroy and I de- fend."
 4. They to the farth- est nations spread The grace of their as- cend- ed God. Amen.

436

NEW HOPE. L. M.

The ministry divinely appointed.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Fa- ther of mer- cies, in Thy house, We pay our hom- age and our vows;
 2. The Saviour, when to heav'n He rose, In splen- did tri- umph o'er His foes;
 3. Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name, Sa- cred be- yond all earth- ly fame;
 4. So shall the bright suc- ces- sion run, Thro' lat- est cours- es of the sun;

1. While with a grateful heart we share These pledges of our Saviour's care.
 2. Scattered His gifts on men be- low, And wide His roy- al bounties flow.
 3. In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes, Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
 4. While unborn churches, by their care, Shall rise and flourish, large and fair. A-men.

Written for "Songs of Zion," March 11, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

437

BOYLSTON. S. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707.

Isa. 52: 7, 8.

DR. L. MASON, 1832.

1. How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill;
 2. How charm-ing is their voice, How sweet the ti - dings are!
 3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound,
 4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n - ly light;
 5. The watch-men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy,
 6. The Lord makes bare His arm, Thro' all the earth a - broad;

1. Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.
 2. Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav-iour King, He reigns and tri-umphs here.
 3. Which kings and prophets wait-ed for, And sought but nev - er found.
 4. Prophets and kings de-sired it long, But died with - out the sight.
 5. Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des-erts learn the joy.
 6. Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be-hold Their Saviour and their God. A-men.

438

WARWICK. C. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1736.

Heb. 13: 17.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1810.

1. Let Zi - on's watchmen now a - wake, And feel th'a - larm they give;
 2. "Go watch for souls for whom the Lord Did heav'n-ly bliss fore - go,
 3. 'Tis not a cause of small im - port The pas - tor's care de-mands,
 4. They watch for souls, for which the Lord Did heav'n-ly bliss fore - go;
 5. All to the great tri - bu - nal haste, Th'account to ren - der there;
 6. May they that Je - sus whom they preach, Their own Re - deem - er see,

1. O let them from the mouth of God, Their solemn charge re - ceive.
 2. For souls that must for - ev - er live In rap - ture or in woe."
 3. But what might fill an an-gel's heart And filled a Saviour's hands.
 4. For souls, which must for - ev - er live In rap - ture or in woe.
 5. And should'st Thou strictly mark our faults, Lord, how should we ap-pear?
 6. And may Thy Spirit guard their hearts, That they may watch for Thee. A-men.

439

McPHERSON. L. M.

On ordination of a minister.

C. P. COLL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1890.

1. Je - sus, with truth and pow'r di-vine, Send forth this mes-sen - ger of Thine;
 2. Be Thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord; Thou by the ham-mer of Thy Word,
 3. To those who would the Lord embrace, Give him to preach the word of grace;
 4. Let all with thankful hearts confess, The wel-come mes-sen-ger of peace,

1. His hands confirm, his heart inspire, And touch his lips with hallow'd fire.
 2. The rock-y hearts in piec-es break, And bid the son of thun-der speak.
 3. Sweet-ly their yielding bosoms move, And melt them with the fire of love.
 4. And pow'r in his re - port be found, And in Thy work may he a-bound. Amen.

440

LABAN. S. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755. Luke 12: 35.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. Ye serv - ants of the Lord, Each in his of - fice wait; Ob-
 2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold - en flame; Gird
 3. Watch! 'tis your Lord's command, And while we speak, He's near; Mark
 4. O hap - py serv - ant he, In such a post - ure found! He
 5. Christ shall the ban-quet spread With His own roy - al hand; And

1. serv - ant of His heav'n-ly word, And watch - ful at His gate,
 2. up your loins, as in His sight, For aw - ful is His name.
 3. the first sig - nal of His hand, And read - y all ap - pear.
 4. shall his Lord with rap - ture see, And be with hon - or crowned.
 5. raise that faith - ful serv - ant's head, A - mid th' an - gel - ic band. A-men.

441

RETREAT. L. M.

At the settlement of a minister.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1842.

1. Shepherd of Is-ra-el, Thou dost keep, With con-stant care Thy humble sheep;
 2. To all Thy churches such im-part, Re-sem-bling Thy own gracious heart,
 3. Fed by their ac-tive, ten-der care, Healthful may all Thy sheep ap-pear;
 4. Here hast thou list-ened to our vows, And scattered blessings on Thy house;
 5. Com-plete-ly heal each for-mer stroke, And bless the shepherd and the flock;

Rit.

1. By Thee in-fer-ior pas-tors rise, To feed our souls and bless our eyes.
 2. Whose courage, watchfulness and love, Men may at-test, and God approve.
 3. And by their fair ex-am-ple led, The way to Zi-on's pas-ture tread.
 4. Thy saints are succored, and no more As sheep with-out a guide, deplore.
 5. Confirm the hopes Thy mercies raise, And own this tribute of our praise. Amen.

442

SHOWALTER. L. M.

Installation of a pastor.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. We bid thee wel-come in the name Of Je-sus, our ex-alt-ed Head;
 2. Come as a shepherd; guard and keep This fold from Sa-tan and from sin;
 3. Come as a watchman; take thy stand Up-on the tower of Zi-on's height;
 4. Come as a teach-er, sent from God, Charged His whole counsel to de-clare,

1. Come as a serv-ant, so He came; And we re-ceive thee in His stead.
 2. Nourish the lambs and feed the sheep, The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
 3. And when the sword comes on the land, Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.
 4. Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod While we uphold thy hands with pray'r. Amen.

443

WINDHAM. L. M.

C. P. COLL.

Prayer for a sick minister.

DANIEL READ.

1. O Thou be-fore whose gracious throne We bow our suppliant spir - it down!
 2. In mer-cy, Lord, Thy ser-vant spare, Nor turn a - side our earn-est pray'r;
 3. Back to our hopes and wish-es give, And bid our friend and pas-tor live;
 4. Bound to the flock by tend'rest ties, Each soul in sup - pli - ca - tion lies;
 5. Yet, if our sup - pli - ca - tions fail, And pray'rs and tears may not a - vail,

1. Thou know'st the bur-den now we feel, All that our trembling lips could tell.
 2. Ar - rest Thy swift de-scending stroke, Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.
 3. Re - store him, sink-ing to the grave; Stretch out Thine arm, make haste to save.
 4. Thy pity-ing aid, O God, im - part, Nor rend him from our bleeding heart.
 5. Be Thou his strength, be Thou his stay, And guide him safe to end - less day.

444

CONVERSE. L. M.

C. P. COLL.

Prayer for laborers.

Matt. 9: 37, 38; Luke 10: 2.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lord of the harvest, bend Thine ear, For Zi-on's her - i - tage ap-pear;
 2. Hast Thou not bid us fer-vent pray For help in such a try - ing day?
 3. Our lift-ed eyes, O Lord, be-hold, The rip'ning harvest tinged with gold,
 4. Un - der the guidance of Thine hand Let Zi-on's sons in ma - ny a band,
 5. Bid all their hearts with ar - dor glow, As gos - pel mes-sen-gers to go
 6. Lord of the har-vest, bid them rise, Trained by the in-fluence of the skies,

1. O send forth lab'ers filled with zeal, Swift to o - bey their Master's will.
 2. Wilt Thou not list-en while we cry, And send the blessing from on high?
 3. Wide fields are op'ning to our view; The work is great, the lab'ers few.
 4. A - rise to bless the dy-ing race As her-alds of re-deeming grace.
 5. And publish the in-spir-ing sound Far as the race of man is found.
 6. In wisdom, knowledge, grace, to shine, Till ev-'ry kingdom shall be Thine. Amen.

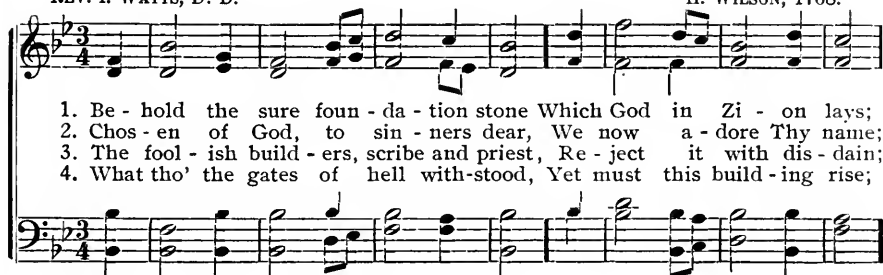
445

AVON. C. M.

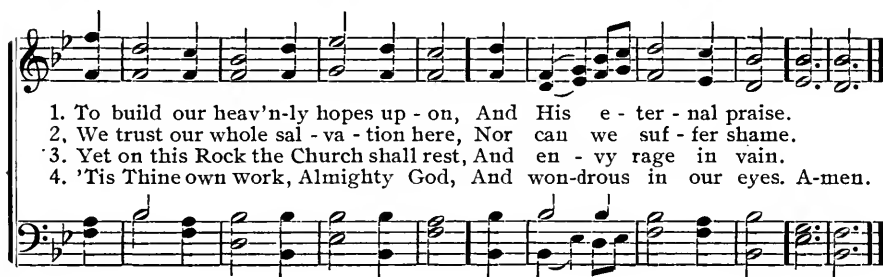
"Christ, the foundation of His Church."—Psa. 118: 22; Isa. 28: 16.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

H. WILSON, 1768.



1. Be - hold the sure foun - da - tion stone Which God in Zi - on lays;
 2. Chos - en of God, to sin - ners dear, We now a - dore Thy name;
 3. The fool - ish build - ers, scribe and priest, Re - ject it with dis - dain;
 4. What tho' the gates of hell with - stood, Yet must this build - ing rise;



1. To build our heav'n-ly hopes up - on, And His e - ter - nal praise.
 2. We trust our whole sal - va - tion here, Nor can we suf - fer shame.
 3. Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest, And en - vy rage in vain.
 4. 'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God, And won-drous in our eyes. A-men.

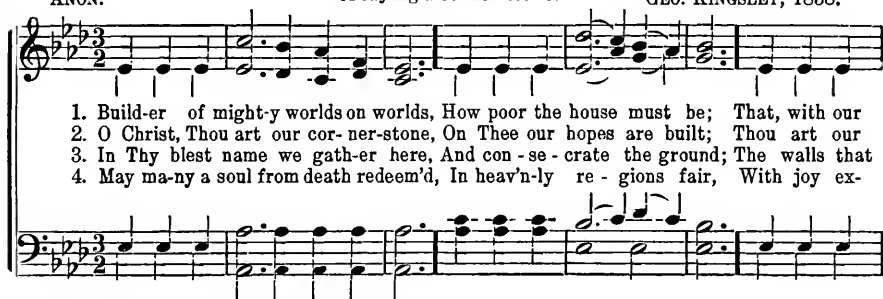
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TAPPAN. C. M.

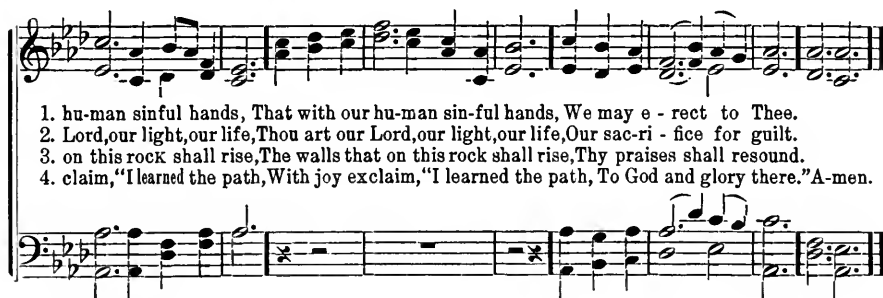
ANON.

For laying a corner-stone.

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



1. Build-er of might-y worlds on worlds, How poor the house must be; That, with our
 2. O Christ, Thou art our cor-ner-stone, On Thee our hopes are built; Thou art our
 3. In Thy blest name we gath-er here, And con-se-crate the ground; The walls that
 4. May ma-ny a soul from death redeem'd, In heav'n-ly re-gions fair, With joy ex-



1. hu-man sin-ful hands, That with our hu-man sin-ful hands, We may e-rect to Thee.
 2. Lord, our light, our life, Thou art our Lord, our light, our life, Our sac-ri-fice for guilt.
 3. on this rock shall rise, The walls that on this rock shall rise, Thy praises shall resound.
 4. claim, "I learned the path, With joy exclaim, "I learned the path, To God and glory there." A-men.

HENDON. 7s.

Laying a corner-stone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

REV. H. A. CÆSAR MALAN, 1827.

1. Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise Here a house of pray'r and praise; Thou Thy peo-ple's
 2. Let the liv-ing here be fed With Thy word, the heav'nly bread; Here, in hope of
 3. Here to Thee a tem-ple stand, While the sea shall gird the land; Here re-veal Thy
 4. Hal-le-lu-jah! earth and sky To the joy-ful sound re-ply; Hal-le-lu-jah!

1. hearts prepare Here to meet for praise and pray'r; Here to meet for praise and pray'r.
 2. glo-ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest; May the dead be laid to rest.
 3. mer-cy sure, While the sun and moon en-dure; While the sun and moon en-dure.
 4. hence as-cend Pray'r and praise till time shall end; Pray'r and praise till time shall end. Amen.

SESSIONS. L. M.

Laying corner-stone of a church.

BLAKE'S "Hand Book."

LUTHER O. EMERSON, 1853.

1. This stone to Thee in faith we lay; This tem-ple, Lord, to Thee we raise;
 2. With-in these walls let heav'nly peace, And ho-ly love and concord dwell;
 3. But will in-deed Je-ho-vah deign Here to a-bide, no transient guest;
 4. Ne'er let Thy glo-ry hence de-part, Yet choose not, Lord, this shrine alone;

1. Thine eye be o-pen night and day, To guard this house of pray'r and praise.
 2. Here give the burden'd conscience ease, And here the wounded spir-it heal.
 3. Here will our great Redeemer reign, And here the ho-ly Spir-it rest!
 4. Thy Spir-it dwell in ev-'ry heart, In ev-'ry bo-som fix Thy throne. Amen.

Dedication of a Church.

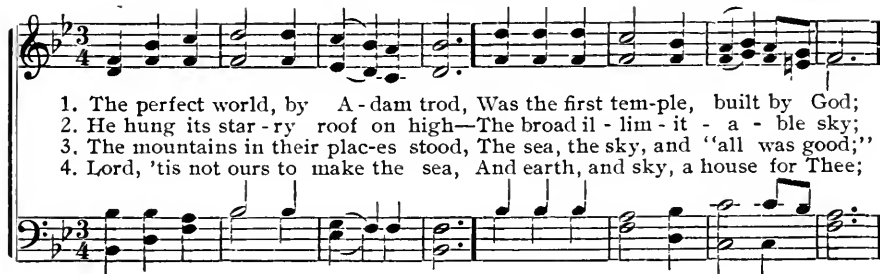
449

HOLT SUMMIT. L. M.

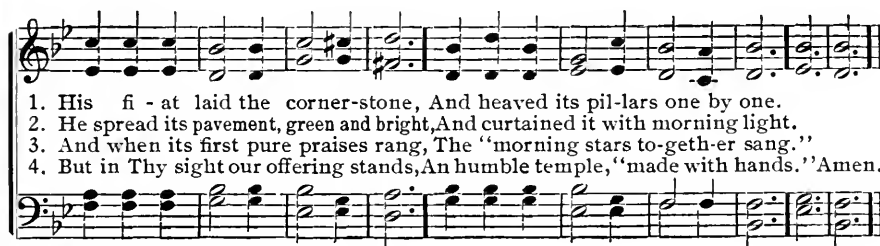
N. P. WILLIS.

For dedication.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. The perfect world, by A-dam trod, Was the first tem-ple, built by God;
2. He hung its star-ry roof on high—The broad il-lim-it-a-ble sky;
3. The mountains in their plac-es stood, The sea, the sky, and "all was good;,"
4. Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea, And earth, and sky, a house for Thee;



1. His fi-at laid the corner-stone, And heaved its pil-lars one by one.
2. He spread its pavement, green and bright, And curtained it with morning light.
3. And when its first pure praises rang, The "morning stars to-geth-er sang."
4. But in Thy sight our offering stands, An humble temple, "made with hands." Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

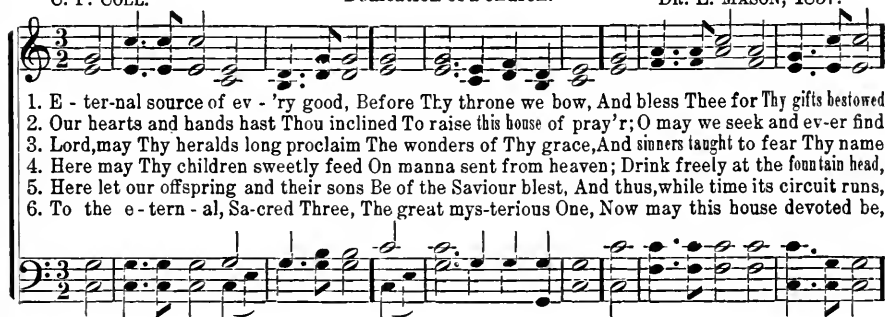
450

ZERAH. C. M.

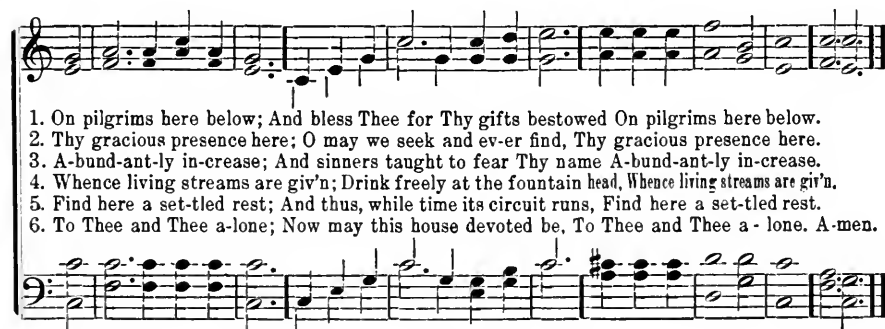
C. P. COLL.

Dedication of a church.

DR. L. MASON, 1837.



1. E-ter-nal source of ev-'ry good, Before Thy throne we bow, And bless Thee for Thy gifts bestowed
2. Our hearts and hands hast Thou inclined To raise this house of pray'r; O may we seek and ev-er find
3. Lord, may Thy heralds long proclaim The wonders of Thy grace, And sinners taught to fear Thy name
4. Here may Thy children sweetly feed On manna sent from heaven; Drink freely at the fountain head,
5. Here let our offspring and their sons Be of the Saviour blest, And thus, while time its circuit runs,
6. To the e-tern-al, Sa-cred Three, The great mys-terious One, Now may this house devoted be,



1. On pilgrims here below; And bless Thee for Thy gifts bestowed On pilgrims here below.
2. Thy gracious presence here; O may we seek and ev-er find, Thy gracious presence here.
3. A-bund-ant-ly in-crease; And sinners taught to fear Thy name A-bund-ant-ly in-crease.
4. Whence living streams are giv'n; Drink freely at the fountain head, Whence living streams are giv'n.
5. Find here a set-tled rest; And thus, while time its circuit runs, Find here a set-tled rest.
6. To Thee and Thee a-lone; Now may this house devoted be, To Thee and Thee a-lone. A-men.

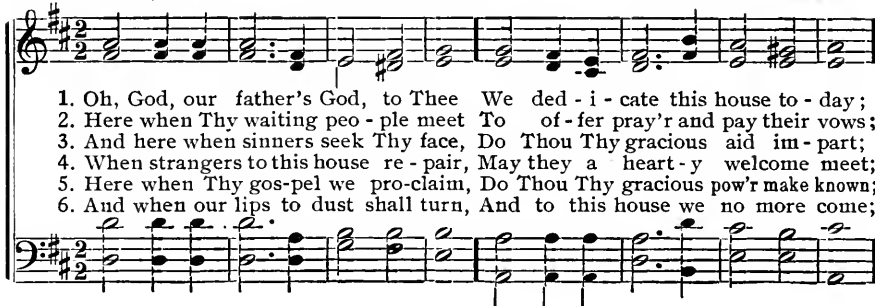
451

VERSAILLES. L. M.*

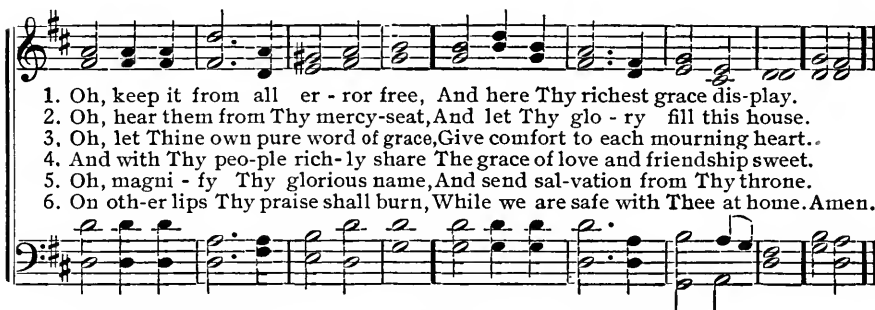
W. T. DALE, 1890.

Dedication.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Oh, God, our father's God, to Thee We ded - i - cate this house to - day ;
 2. Here when Thy waiting peo - ple meet To of - fer pray'r and pay their vows;
 3. And here when sinners seek Thy face, Do Thou Thy gracious aid im - part;
 4. When strangers to this house re - pair, May they a heart - y welcome meet;
 5. Here when Thy gos - pel we pro - claim, Do Thou Thy gracious pow'r make known;
 6. And when our lips to dust shall turn, And to this house we no more come;



1. Oh, keep it from all er - ror free, And here Thy richest grace dis - play.
 2. Oh, hear them from Thy mercy-seat, And let Thy glo - ry fill this house.
 3. Oh, let Thine own pure word of grace, Give comfort to each mourning heart..
 4. And with Thy peo - ple rich - ly share The grace of love and friendship sweet.
 5. Oh, magni - fy Thy glorious name, And send sal - vation from Thy throne.
 6. On oth - er lips Thy praise shall burn, While we are safe with Thee at home. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 6 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

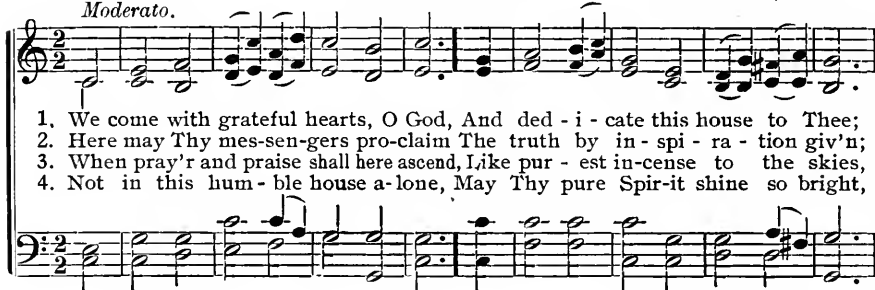
452

MILLER. L. M.

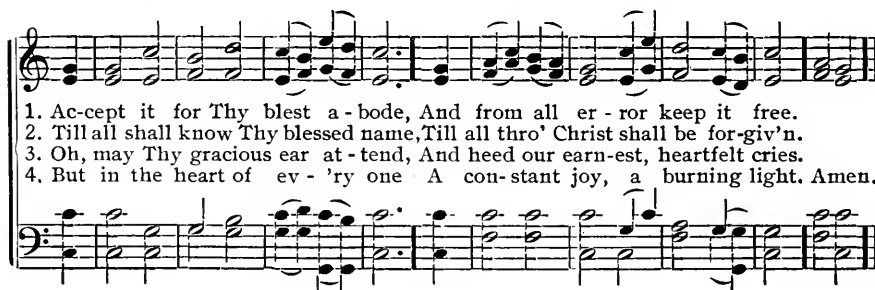
MRS. C. P. ABEL.

A dedication hymn.

R. PORTER ORR, 1880.

Moderato.


1. We come with grateful hearts, O God, And ded - i - cate this house to Thee;
 2. Here may Thy mes - sen - gers pro - claim The truth by in - spi - ra - tion giv'n;
 3. When pray'r and praise shall here ascend, Like pur - est in - cense to the skies,
 4. Not in this hum - ble house a - lone, May Thy pure Spir - it shine so bright,



1. Ac - cept it for Thy blest a - bode, And from all er - ror keep it free.
 2. Till all shall know Thy blessed name, Till all thro' Christ shall be for - giv'n.
 3. Oh, may Thy gracious ear at - tend, And heed our earn - est, heartfelt cries.
 4. But in the heart of ev - 'ry one A con - stant joy, a burning light. Amen.

Dedication of a Church.

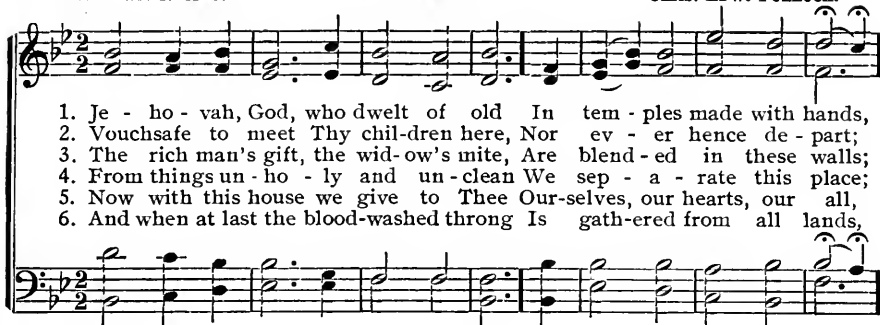
453

MT. PLEASANT. C. M.*

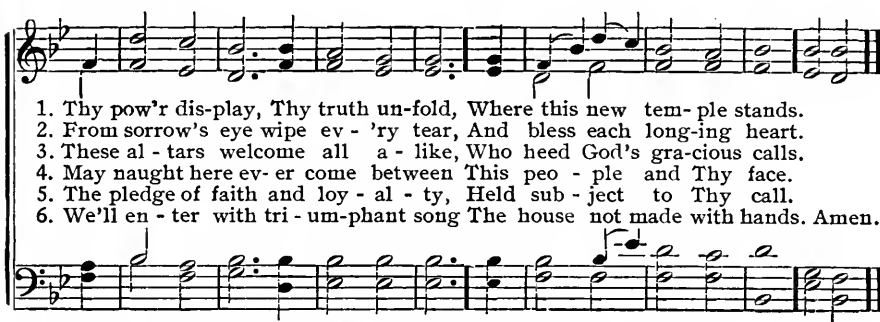
REV. LEWIS R. AMIS.*

A dedication hymn.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Je - ho - vah, God, who dwelt of old In tem - ples made with hands,
 2. Vouchsafe to meet Thy chil-dren here, Nor ev - er hence de - part;
 3. The rich man's gift, the wid-ow's mite, Are blend - ed in these walls;
 4. From things un - ho - ly and un - clean We sep - a - rate this place;
 5. Now with this house we give to Thee Our-selves, our hearts, our all,
 6. And when at last the blood-washed throng Is gath-ered from all lands,



1. Thy pow'r dis-play, Thy truth un-fold, Where this new tem - ple stands.
 2. From sorrow's eye wipe ev - 'ry tear, And bless each long-ing heart.
 3. These al - tars welcome all a - like, Who heed God's gra-cious calls.
 4. May naught here ev - er come between This peo - ple and Thy face.
 5. The pledge of faith and loy - al - ty, Held sub - ject to Thy call.
 6. We'll en - ter with tri - um-phiant song The house not made with hands. Amen.

*Hymn used by per. of Smith & Lamar.

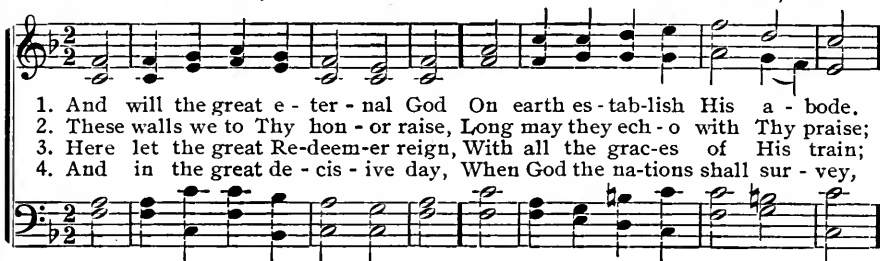
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 15, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

454

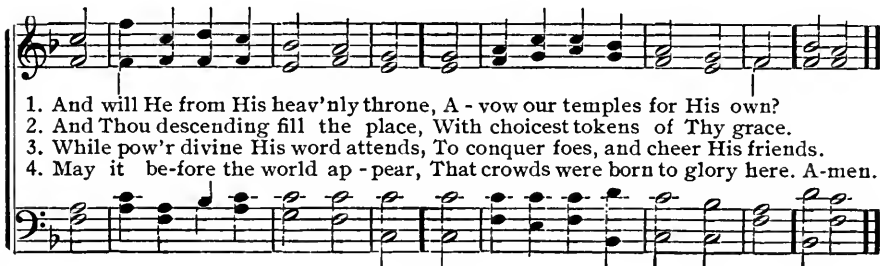
UXBRIDGE. L. M.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. Dedication of a church.

DR. L. MASON, 1830.



1. And will the great e - ter - nal God On earth es - tab - lish His a - bode.
 2. These walls we to Thy hon - or raise, Long may they ech - o with Thy praise;
 3. Here let the great Re - deem - er reign, With all the grac - es of His train;
 4. And in the great de - cis - ive day, When God the na - tions shall sur - vey,



1. And will He from His heav'nly throne, A - vow our temples for His own?
 2. And Thou descending fill the place, With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
 3. While pow'r divine His word attends, To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.
 4. May it be - fore the world ap - pear, That crowds were born to glory here. A-men.

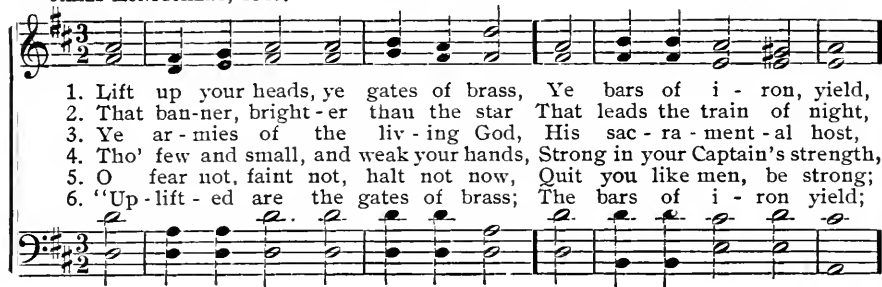
455

GLENDALE. C. M.

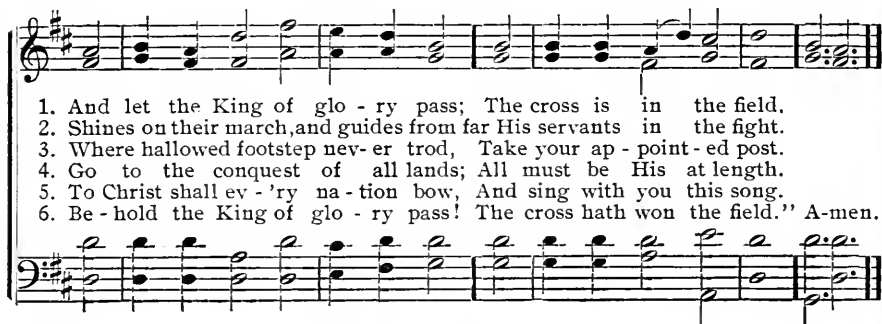
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1843.

Missionary.

W. T. DALE.



1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron, yield,
 2. That ban-ner, bright-er than the star That leads the train of night,
 3. Ye ar-mies of the liv-ing God, His sac-ra-ment-al host,
 4. Tho' few and small, and weak your hands, Strong in your Captain's strength,
 5. O fear not, faint not, halt not now, Quit you like men, be strong;
 6. 'Up-lift-ed are the gates of brass; The bars of i - ron yield;



1. And let the King of glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field.
 2. Shines on their march, and guides from far His servants in the fight.
 3. Where hallowed footstep nev-er trod, Take your ap-point-ed post.
 4. Go to the conquest of all lands; All must be His at length.
 5. To Christ shall ev-'ry na-tion bow, And sing with you this song.
 6. Be-hold the King of glo - ry pass! The cross hath won the field." A-men.

456

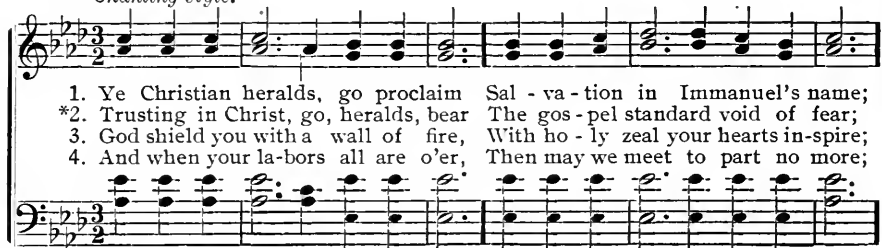
POLLOCK'S CHANT. L. M.

REV. B. H. DRAPER, 1803.

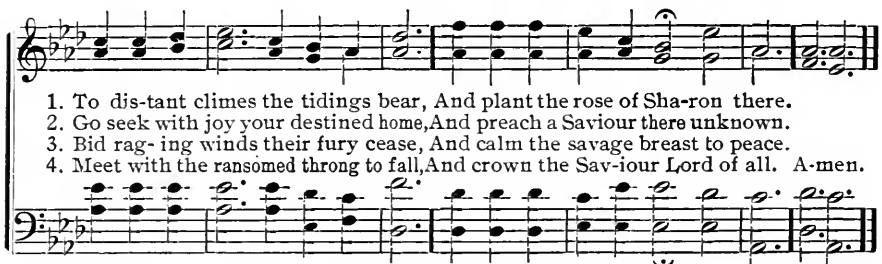
Departure of missionaries.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Chanting style.



1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim Sal - va - tion in Immanuel's name;
 *2. Trusting in Christ, go, heralds, bear The gos-pel standard void of fear;
 3. God shield you with a wall of fire, With ho - ly zeal your hearts in-spire;
 4. And when your la-bors all are o'er, Then may we meet to part no more;



1. To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sha-ron there.
 2. Go seek with joy your destined home, And preach a Saviour there unknown.
 3. Bid rag-ing winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.
 4. Meet with the ransomed throng to fall, And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all. A-men.

*Second stanza supplied from "Cumberland Presbyterian Psalm and Hymn Book," No. 482. Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

457

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

May be sung to "Ye Christian Herald," etc., No. 456.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

Prayer for the Jews.

H. C. ZEUNER, 1833.

1. Lord, vis - it Thy for - sak-en race; Back to the fold the wand'ers bring;
2. That veil of darkness rend in twain, Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
3. Hail glorious day, ex - pect-ed long, When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour;
4. O God, once more we ask of Thee, To gath-er up Thine Is - ra - el;

1. Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace, And hail in Christ their promised King.
2. That sev - ered ol-ive branch a-gain Firm to its par-ent stock u - nite.
3. With eager feet one temple throng, With grateful praise one God adore.
4. That we with them may gathered be, Before Thy throne in heav'n to dwell. A-men.

458

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

J. JOYCE.

Psalm 137: 1, 2.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Why on the bend-ing wil-lows hung, Is-rael! still sleeps the tuneful string? Still mute re-
2. A-wake! thy sweetest raptures raise; Let harp and voice unite their strains; Thy promised
3. No taunt-ing foes the song re-quire, No strangers mock thy captive chains; Thy friends pro-
4. By for-eign streams no lon-ger roam, And weeping think of Jor-dan's flood; In ev - ry
5. Nor fear thy Sa-lem's hills to wrong, If oth-er lands thy triumphs share; A heav'n-ly
6. Then why on bend-ing wil-lows hung, Is-rael! still sleeps the tuneful string? Why mute re-

1. mains the sullen tongue, And Zion's song denies to sing; And Zi-on's song denies to sing.
2. King His sceptre sways; Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns! Jesus, thine own Messiah, reigns!
3. voke the si - lent lyre, And brethren ask the holy strain; And brethren ask the holy strain.
4. clime be-hold a home, In ev-'ry temple see thy God; In ev-'ry tem-ple see thy God.
5. cit - y claims thy song, A brighter Salem rises there; A brighter Salem rises there.
6. mains the sullen tongue, And Zion's song delays to sing? And Zion's song delays to sing? A-men.

459

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, D. D., 1819.

DR. L. MASON, 1829.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters roll,

1. Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand.
 2. Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile.
 3. Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 4. Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

1. From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - ny a palm - y plain
 2. In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
 3. Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 4. Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain;

1. They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 2. The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone!
 3. Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
 4. Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. Amen.

460

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS. 7s & 6s.

Tune: "Missionary Hymn."

"Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion: When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of His people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall sing."—Psalm 14: 7.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

1 Oh, that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead His outcasts home!
 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her walls again,

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart;
 Let Israel home returning,
 Their lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

461

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

REV. THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands, } Mourning captive,
 2. { Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands; }
 3. { Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? } Cease thy mourning,
 4. { Have thy foes been proud and scornful? By thy sighs and tears unmoved? }
 5. { God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Himself ap-pears thy Friend; } Great de-liv'-rance
 6. { All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end: }
 7. { Peace and joy shall now at-tend thee; All thy war-fare now is past; } All thy con-flicts
 8. { God, thy Sav-iour, will de-fend thee; Vic-to-ry is thine at last: }
 9. { En-e-mies no more shall trou-ble, All thy wrongs shall be redressed; }
 10. { For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Mak-er's fav-or blessed: } All thy con-flicts

1. God himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy hands.
 2. Zi-on still is well be-loved, Cease thy mourning; Zi-on still is well be-loved.
 3. Zi-on's King will surely send, Great de-liv'-rance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send.
 4. End in ev-er-last-ing rest, All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest.
 5. End in ev-er-last-ing rest, All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest. Amen.

462

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD. 6s & 4s.

REV. SAMUEL WALCOTT, 1869.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1890.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With lov-ing zeal; The poor and
 2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With fervent pray'r, The wayward
 3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With one ac-cord; With us the
 4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With joy-ful song; The new-born

1. them that mourn, The faint and over borne, Sin-sick and sorrow worn Whom Christ doth heal.
 2. and the lost, By restless passions toss'd, Redeemed at countless cost From dark despair.
 3. work to share, With us reproach to dare, With us the cross to bear For Christ our Lord.
 4. soul whose days Reclaimed from error's ways, Inspired with hope and praise, To Christ belong. Amen.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

REV. B. H. DRAPER, 1803

(Missionary.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. 1890.

Spirited.

1. Ye Christian her - - ails, go pro-claim..... Sal-va-tion
 *2. Trust-ing in Christ,..... go, heralds, bear..... The gos-pel
 3. God shield you with..... a wall of fire,..... With ho-ly
 4. And when your la - - bors all are o'er,..... Then may we

1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim, yes, go proclaim,
2. Trusting in Christ, go, heralds, bear, go heralds, bear,
3. God shield you with a wall of fire, a wall of fire,
4. And when your labors all are o'er, yes, all are o'er,

1. in..... Immanuel's name;..... To dis-tant climes.....
 2. stand - - ard void of fear;..... Go seek with joy.....
 3. zeal..... your hearts in-spire;..... Bid rag-ing winds.....
 4. meet..... to part no more;..... Meet with the ran-

1. Salvation in Immanuel's name, Immanuel's name; To distant climes
2. The gospel standard void of fear, all void of fear; Go seek with joy
3. With holy zeal your hearts inspire, your hearts inspire; Bid raging winds
4. Then may we meet to part no more, to part no more; Meet with the ran-

1. the ti-dings bear,..... And plant the rose of Shar-on there:
 2. your des-tined home,..... And preach a Sav-iour there un-known.
 3. their fu-ry cease,..... And calm the sav-age breast to peace.
 4. somed throng to fall,..... And crown thy Sav-iour Lord of all.

1. the ti-dings bear, the ti-dings bear,
2. your destined home, your destined home,
3. their fu-ry cease, their fu-ry cease,
4. somed throng to fall, the throng to fall,

CHORUS.

To dis-tant climes..... the ti-dings bear,..... And plant the
 To distant climes the tidings bear, the tidings bear,

*Second Stanza supplied from Cumberland Presbyterian Psalm and Hymn Book, Hymn 482.

THE ROSE OF SHARON. Concluded.

rose..... of Sharon there;..... To distant climes.....
And plant the rose of Sharon there, of Sharon there; To distant climes

Repeat pp.
the ti-dings bear,..... And plant the rose of Shar-on there, Amen.
the tidings bear, the tidings bear,

464

WEBB. 7s, 6s, D.

REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D. D., 1832.

GEORGE J. WEBB, 1839.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing; The darkness dis - ap-pears; The sons of earth are
2. See hea-then na-tions bend-ing Be - fore the God we love, And thousand hearts as-
3. Blest riv-er of sal - va-tion, Pur - sue thine on-ward way; Flow thou to ev - 'ry

wak-ing To pen - i - ten-tial tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings ti-dings
cend-ing In grat-i-tude a - bove; While sin-ners now con-fess-ing, The gos-pel
na-tion, Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-umph-ant

from a far, Of na-tions in com - mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.
call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A na-tion in a day.
reach their home; Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim "The Lord is come." Amen.

465

THIS WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s.

REV. A. J. BAIRD, D. D.

Psalm 2: 8.

REV. M. B. DEWITT, D. D.

1. This wide, wide world for Je - sus, With all its sins and woes, Its an - guish and dis -
 2. Christ is our King and Rul - er, Our hearts shall be His throne; The gospel's great Re -
 3. We'll give our sons and daught - ers E - van - gels of His word, And sow be - side all
 4. In ev - 'ry land and sta - tion, Where fal - len man is found, Sal - va - tion, oh, sal -

1. eas - es, Its sor - rows and its throes. Tho' cursed, and torn, and blight - ed, And
 2. veal - er Shall make us all His own. We'll sing His great sal - va - tion, His
 3. wa - ters, Till all shall know the Lord. We'll give our gold and treas - ure To
 4. va - tion! The whole vast globe a - round. Oh, let this spir - it seize us, The

1. sunk - en down in gloom, God makes it, tho' be - night - ed, The king - dom of His Son.
 2. tri - umph o'er His foes, Till des - ert land and na - tion Shall blos - som as the rose.
 3. send His truth a - broad, And then the world can measure Our zeal and love for God.
 4. wide, wide world to win, The whole wide world for Jesus, Re - deemed from ev - 'ry sin. Amen.

466

GOSPEL BANNER. 7s & 6s.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1828.

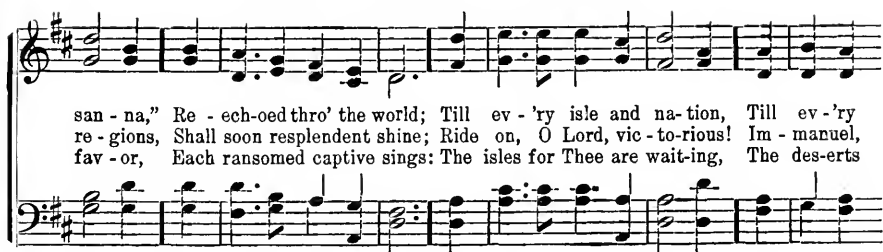
Psalm 60: 4.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

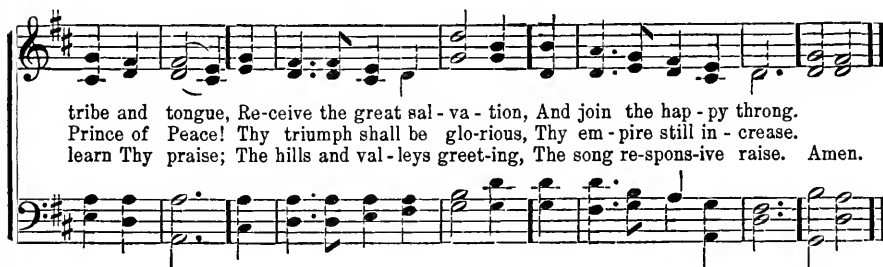
Vigorous.

1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev - 'ry land un - furled, And be the shout, "Ho -
 2. What tho' th'em - battled le - gions, Of earth and hell com - bine? His arm thro' - out their
 3. Yes, Thou shalt reign for - ev - er, O Je - sus, King of kings; Thy light, Thy love, Thy

GOSPEL BANNER. Concluded.



san - na," Re - ech-oed thro' the world; Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - 'ry
re - gions, Shall soon resplendent shine; Ride on, O Lord, vic - to - rious! Im - manuel,
fav - or, Each ransomed captive sings: The isles for Thee are wait - ing, The des - erts



tribe and tongue, Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng.
Prince of Peace! Thy triumph shall be glo - rious, Thy em - pire still in - crease.
learn Thy praise; The hills and val - leys greet - ing, The song re - spons - ive raise. Amen.

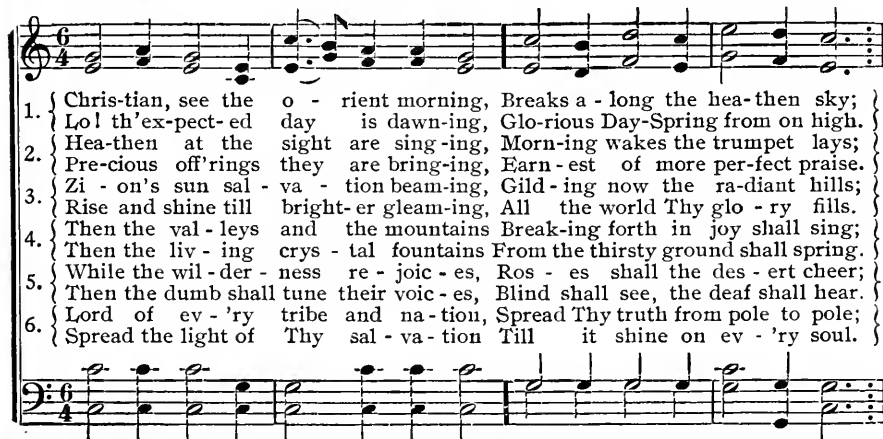
467

DAY SPRING. 8s, 7s & 4s.

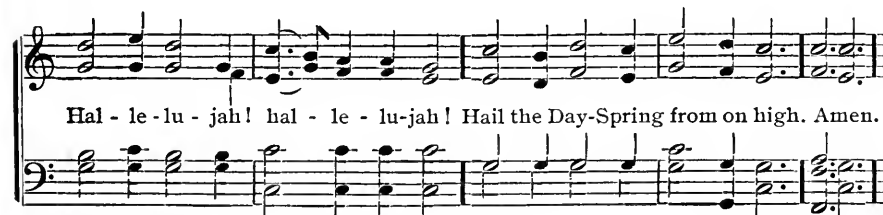
C. P. COLL.

Luke 1: 78.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. { Chris - tian, see the o - rient morning, Breaks a - long the hea - then sky;
Lo! th' ex - pect - ed day is dawn - ing, Glo - rious Day - Spring from on high.
2. { Hea - then at the sight are sing - ing, Morn - ing wakes the trumpet lays;
Pre - cious off' rings they are bring - ing, Earn - est of more per - fect praise.
3. { Zi - on's sun sal - va - tion beam - ing, Gild - ing now the ra - diant hills;
Rise and shine till bright - er gleam - ing, All the world Thy glo - ry fills.
4. { Then the val - leys and the mountains Break - ing forth in joy shall sing;
Then the liv - ing crys - tal fountains From the thirsty ground shall spring.
5. { While the wil - der - ness re - joic - es, Ros - es shall the des - ert cheer;
Then the dumb shall tune their voic - es, Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear.
6. { Lord of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, Spread Thy truth from pole to pole;
Spread the light of Thy sal - va - tion Till it shine on ev - 'ry soul.



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hail the Day - Spring from on high. Amen.

CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE. 8s & 7s, D.

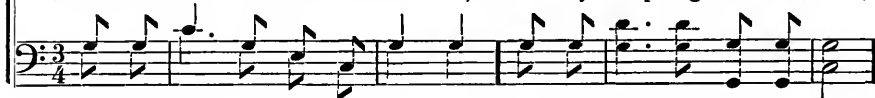
"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion."—Isa. 52:1.

EMILY J. BUGBEE,

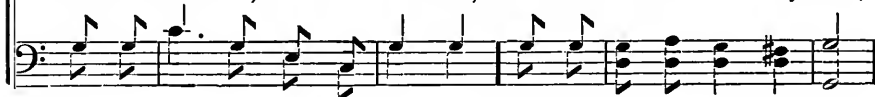
O. S. GRINNELL.



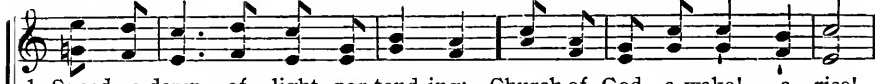
1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring banners Float a - long the glorious years,
2. In your cost - ly tem - ples pray - ing, "Let Thy king - dom come, we pray,"
3. Grace and glo - ry He hath sent you, Cast your lines in plac - es fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav - en, Wake thy sleep - ing chil - dren, Lord,



1. Gath'ring har - vest rich and gold - en, Sown in pov - er - ty and tears;
2. Are but words of i - dle mean - ing If with these we turn a - way;
3. Scat - ter bles - sings now He bids you O'er His peo - ple ev - 'ry - where;
4. Till His meas - ure, full and e - ven, Has been ren - dered at Thy word;



1. On - ward press, the cross is bend - ing Far to - ward the morning skies,
2. Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hands who owns it all,
3. Till the mill - ions in the twi - light Of the far - off O - rient land,
4. Then from out her chains of sor - row Shall the earth redeemed a - rise,



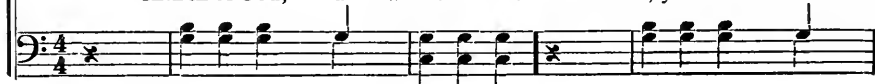
1. Speed - y dawn of light por - tend - ing;—Church of God, a - wake! a - rise!
2. And His eye be - holds in heav - en, What ye ren - der back for all.
3. In the gra - cious morn - ing splen - dor Of the gos - pel light shall stand.
4. And the fair mil - len - nial mor - row Dawn with o - pal tint - ed skies.



CHORUS.



Church of God,.... awake! a - rise!..... Christ, your Head.... and Master
 Church of God, a - wake! a - rise! Christ, your Head and



CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE. Concluded.

cries,.... Oh, send the Word..... with joy - ful sound.....
 Mas-ter cries, Oh, send the Word with joy - ful sound,

In all the earth's..... re - mot-est bound!.....
 In all the earth's re-mot-est bound! A-men.

469

RIJUTEI. C. M. D.

*Words by RIJUTEI, of Tokio, Japan. (Missionary.)

W. T. DALE.

1. { I long have lived like one who dreams, While darkness reigned profound; }
 { I woke, and oh, what glo-ry streams On all the earth a - round, }
 2. { That God to me may grace be - stow Most earn - est - ly I pray, }
 { A mes - sen - ger of life to go, And teach the bet - ter way; }
 3. { How sweet to mor - tal ears the strain Which sings of Je - sus' love; }
 { In rap - ture oft, my soul would fain Rise to the courts a - bove; }

It is the gos - pel's bless - ed light, My soul with rap - ture swells;
 In songs of earth of ev - 'ry kind, Dis - cord - ant sounds we meet;
 All mu - sic is of lit - tle worth, And short the pleas - ure giv'n;

A - las! my land, where long the night Of sin and er - ror dwells.
 But in the gos - pel notes we find The har - mo - ny com - plete.
 Un - less it tears our tho'ts from earth, And leads us up to heav'n, Amen.

*A Japanese convert to Christianity. This song is some of the fruits of missionary labor in the foreign field.—W. T. D
 Copyright, 1901, by W T. Dale.

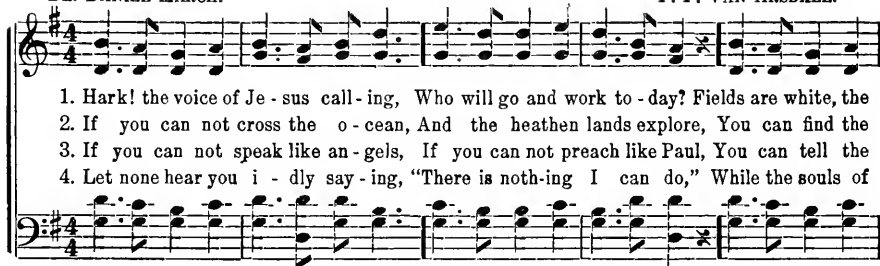
470

MISSION SONG. 8s, 7s, D.

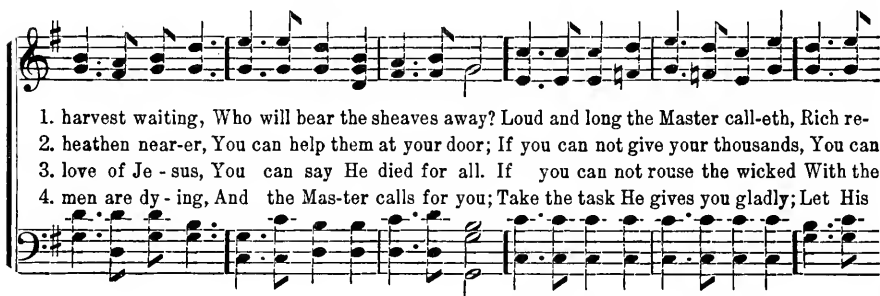
"The laborers are few."—Matt. 9: 37.

DR. DANIEL MARCH.

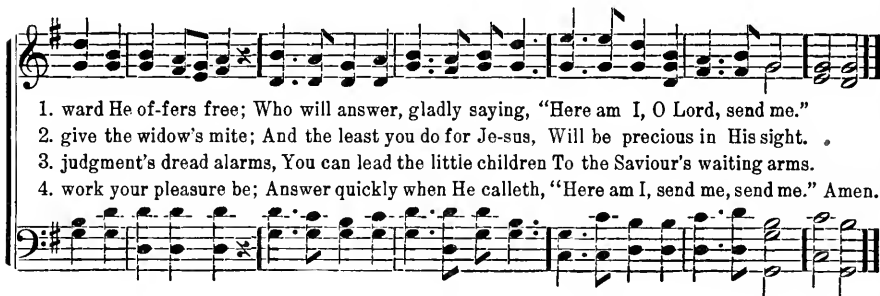
P. P. VAN ARSDALE.



1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, the
2. If you can not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands explore, You can find the
3. If you can not speak like an - gels, If you can not preach like Paul, You can tell the
4. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do," While the souls of



1. harvest waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and long the Master call-eth, Rich re-
2. heathen near-er, You can help them at your door; If you can not give your thousands, You can
3. love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all. If you can not rouse the wicked With the
4. men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you; Take the task He gives you gladly; Let His



1. ward He of-fers free; Who will answer, gladly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
2. give the widow's mite; And the least you do for Je-sus, Will be precious in His sight. .
3. judgment's dread alarms, You can lead the little children To the Saviour's waiting arms.
4. work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when He calleth, "Here am I, send me, send me." Amen.

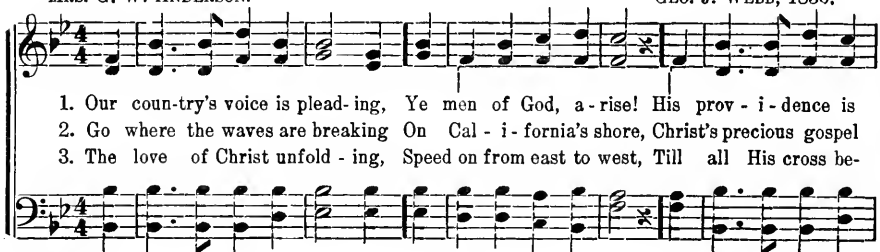
471

WEBB. 7s, 6s, D.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16: 9.

MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.

GEO. J. WEBB, 1830.



1. Our coun - try's voice is plead - ing, Ye men of God, a - rise! His prov - i - dence is
2. Go where the waves are breaking On Cal - i - fornia's shore, Christ's precious gospel
3. The love of Christ unfold - ing, Speed on from east to west, Till all His cross be-

WEBB. Concluded.

lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies; Day - gleams are o'er it bright'ning, And prom - ise
tak - ing, More rich than golden ore; On Al - le - gha - ny's mountains, Thro' all the
hold - ing, In Him are ful - ly blest; Great Au - thor of sal - va - tion, Haste, haste the

clothes the soil; Wide fields for har - vest whitening In - vite the reap - er's toil.
West - ern Vale, Be - side Mis - sou - ri's fountains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.
glo - rious day, When we, a ransomed na - tion, Thy scept - re shall o - bey. A - men.

472

YOUR MISSION. 8s & 7s, D.

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES, 1861.

W. T. DALE.

1. { If you can not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift - est fleet; } storms you meet,
2. { Rock - ing on the high - est billows, Laughing at the (Omit.)..... }
3. { If you are too weak to journey, Up the mountain steep and high, } tudes go by,
4. { You can stand within the val - ley, While the mul - ti - (Omit.)..... }
5. { If you have not gold and sil - ver, Ev - er read - y to com - mand, } o - pen hand,
6. { If you can not toward the needy, Reach an ev - er (Omit.)..... }
7. { Do not, then, stand i - dle waiting For some greater work to do, } calls for you,
8. { While the fields are white to harvest, And the Master (Omit.)..... }

D. C. - You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their
D. C. - Tho' they may forget the sing - er, They will not for -
D. C. - You can be a true dis - ci - ple, Sit - ting at the
D. C. - If you want a field of la - bor, You can find it

boats a - way.
get the song.
Saviour's feet.
an - y - where. A - men.

1. You can stand a - mong the sail - ors, Anchored yet with - in the bay;
2. You can chant in hap - py meas - ure, As they slow - ly pass a - long;
3. You can vis - it the af - flict - ed, - O'er the err - ing you can weep;
4. Go and toil in an - y vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare;

Music written for "Songs of Zion," March, 5, 1914.

473

DISCIPLE. (ELLESDIE.) 8s & 7s, D.*

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

(Missionary's Farewell.)

From W. A. MOZART.

1. Yes— my na - tive land! I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well;
 2. Home!—thy joys are pass-ing love - ly—Joys no stran-ger heart can tell;
 3. Scenes of sa-cred peace and pleas-ure, Ho - ly days and Sab-bath bell,
 4. Yes! I has - ten from you glad - ly, From the scenes I love so well;
 5. In the des - erts let me la - bor, On the moun-tains let me tell,

1. Friends, connections, happy coun-try, Can I bid you all fare-well?
 2. Hap - py home!—tis sure I love thee! Can I—can I say—Farewell?
 3. Rich-est, brightest, sweetest treas-ure! Can I say a last fare-well?
 4. Far a - way, ye bil-lows! bear me; Love - ly na - tive land, fare-well?
 5. How He died—the blessed Sav-iour—To re-deem a world from hell!

D. S.—Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in heathen lands to dwell? Amen.

1. Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
 2. Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
 3. Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea-then lands to dwell?
 4. Pleased I leave thee, Pleased I leave thee, Far in hea-then lands to dwell.
 5. Let me has - ten, Let me has - ten, Far in hea-then lands to dwell.

*This tune may be sung to "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," No 258.

474

BARCLAY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. WILLIAMS.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Cheered by no ce - les - tial ray, }
 { Sun of right-eous-ness! a - ris - ing, Bring the bright, the glo-rious day; }
 2. { Kingdoms wide that sit in dark-ness, Grant them, Lord, the glorious light; }
 { And, from east-ern coast to west-ern, May the morning chase the night. }
 3. { Fly a-broad, thou might-y gos - pel! Win and con-quer, nev - er cease; }
 { May thy last-ing, wide do-min - ions Mul - ti - ply and still in-crease. }

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

BARCLAY. Concluded.

Send the gos-pel, Send the gos - pel, To the earth's remot-est bounds.
And re-demption, And re-demption, Freely purchased, win the day.
Sway Thy sceptre, Sway Thy sceptre, Sav-iour, all the world a-round. A-men.

475

BEAUTEOUS DAY. P. M.

REV. W. O. CUSHING, 1866.

DR. GEO. F. ROOT, 1866.

1. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright, prophetic day: } a - way.
 { When the shadows, weary shadows, From the world shall roll (*Omit*) }
2. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the star that brings the day: } a - way.
 { When the night of sin shall vanish, And the shadows melt (*Omit*) }
3. { We are watching, we are waiting, For the beauteous King of day: } the Way.
 { For the Chiefest of ten thousand, For the Light, the Truth, (*Omit*) }

CHORUS.

We are waiting for the morning, When the beauteous day is dawn-ing;

We are wait-ing for the morning, For the gold - en spires of day.

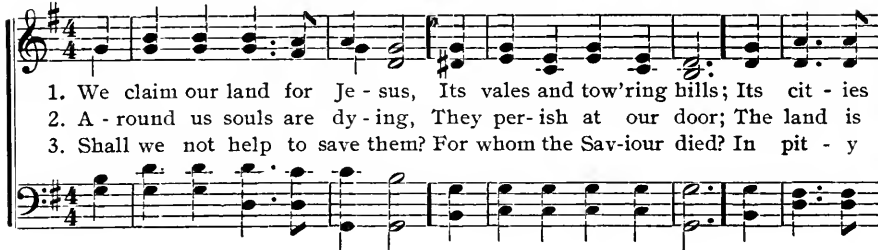
Lo! He comes! see the King draws near; Zi-on, shout! the Lord is here. Amen.

(Home Mission Song.)

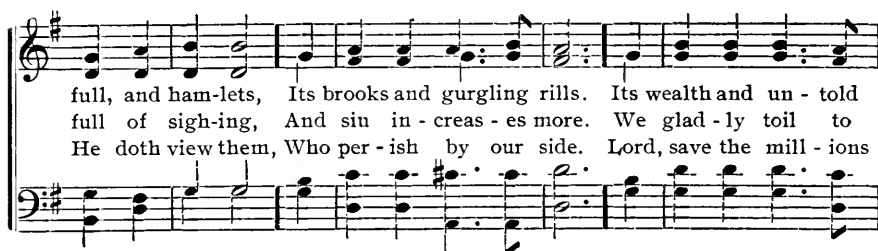
MRS. H. A. HUNT, arr. by C. E. P.

Third Stanza by W. T. D.

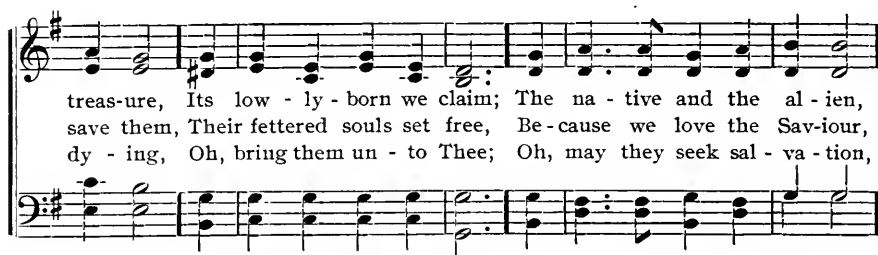
Chorus and music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. We claim our land for Je - sus, Its vales and tow'ring hills; Its cit - ies
2. A - round us souls are dy - ing, They per - ish at our door; The land is
3. Shall we not help to save them? For whom the Sav - iour died? In pit - y

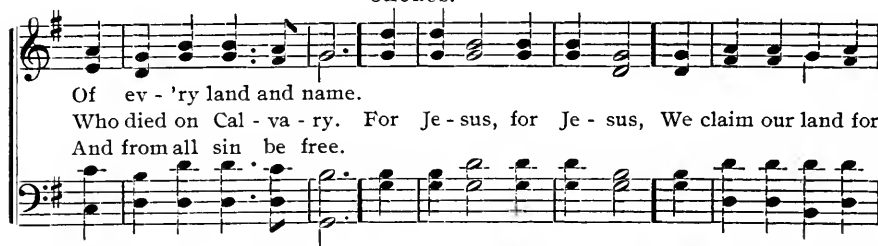


full, and ham-lets, Its brooks and gurgling rills. Its wealth and un - told
full of sigh-ing, And sin in - creas - es more. We glad - ly toil to
He doth view them, Who per - ish by our side. Lord, save the mill - ions



treas - ure, Its low - ly - born we claim; The na - tive and the al - ien,
save them, Their fettered souls set free, Be - cause we love the Sav - iour,
dy - ing, Oh, bring them un - to Thee; Oh, may they seek sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.



Of ev - 'ry land and name.
Who died on Cal - va - ry. For Je - sus, for Je - sus, We claim our land for
And from all sin be free.



Je - sus, For Je - sus, for Je - sus, Our bless - ed land for Je - sus. A - men.

477

PATMOS. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Rev. 21:1-4.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lo! what a glo - rious sight ap - pears, To our be - liev - ing eyes!
 2. From the third heav'n where God resides, — That ho - ly, hap - py place,
 3. At - tend - ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright ar - mies sing,
 4. "The God of glo - ry, down to men, Removes His blest a - bode;
 5. "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From ev - 'ry weep - ing eye;
 6. How long, dear Sav - iour, oh, how long Shall this bright hour de - lay?

1. The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.
 2. The new Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, Adorned with shin - ing grace.
 3. "Mor - tals, be - hold the sa - cred seat Of your de - scend - ing King.
 4. Men, the dear ob - jects of His grace, And He their lov - ing God.
 5. And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, And death it - self shall die!"
 6. Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time! And bring the wel - come day. Amen.

Written for "Songs of Zion," March 11, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

478

WOODLAND. C. M.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Isa. 52: 1, 2.

N. D. GOULD.

1. Daughter of Zi-on! from the dust Ex - alt thy fallen head; A - gain in thy Re -
 2. Awake, awake! put on thy strength, Thy beau - ti - ful ar - ray; The day of freedom
 3. Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge, And send thy heralds forth, Say to the south, "Give
 4. They come! they come! thine exiled bands, Where'er they rest or roam, Have heard thy voice in
 5. Thus, tho' the universe shall burn, And God His works destroy, With songs, the ransom'd

1. deemer trust, A - gain in thy Re - deem - er trust, He calls thee from the dead.
 2. dawns at length, The day of freedom dawns at length, The Lord's appointed day.
 3. up thy charge, Say to the south, "Give up thy charge, And keep not back, O north!"
 4. distant lands, Have heard thy voice in distant lands, And hasten to their home.
 5. shall re - turn, With songs the ransom'd shall return, And ev - er - last - ing joy. Amen.

479

WATCHMAN. 7s, D.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21: 11.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1831.

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are. Trav-'ler, o'er yon
 2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends. Trav-'ler, bless-ed-
 3. Watch-man, tell us of the night. For the morn-ing seems to dawn. Trav-'ler, darkness

mountain height, See that glo-ry-beaming star. Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
 ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends. Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the
 takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee

hope or joy fore-tell? Trav-'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
 spot that gave them birth? Trav-'ler, ages are its own; See, it burst o'er all the earth.
 to thy qui-et home. Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come. A-men.

480

WATCHMAN, TELL ME. 8s & 7s, D.

"Watchman, what of the night?"—Isa. 21: 11.

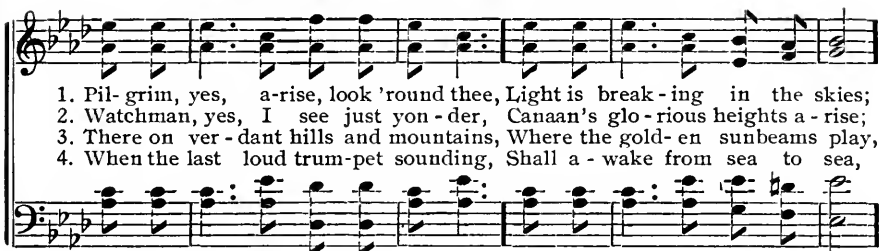
REV. SYNDEY S. BREWER.

W. T. DALE, 1903.

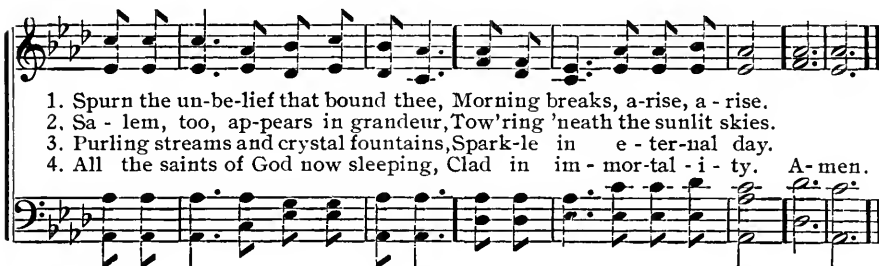
1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn;
 2. See the glo-rious light as-cend-ing, Of the grand Sab-bat-ic year;
 3. Pil-grim in that gold-en cit-y, Seat-ed in the jas-per throne,
 4. Pil-grim, see, the light is beam-ing Brighter still up-on thy way;

1. Have the signs that mark His com-ing, Yet up-on Thy pathway shone?
 2. Hark! the voic-es loud pro-claim-ing The Mes-si-ah's kingdom near.
 3. Zi-on's King, ar-rayed in beau-ty, Reigns in peace from zone to zone.
 4. Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming, O-mens of the com-ing day.

WATCHMAN, TELL ME. Concluded



1. Pil-grim, yes, a-rise, look 'round thee, Light is break-ing in the skies;
 2. Watchman, yes, I see just yon-der, Canaan's glo-rious heights a-rise;
 3. There on ver-dant hills and mountains, Where the gold-en sunbeams play,
 4. When the last loud trum-pet sounding, Shall a-wake from sea to sea,



1. Spurn the un-be-lief that bound thee, Morning breaks, a-rise, a-rise.
 2. Sa-lem, too, ap-pears in grandeur, Tow'ring 'neath the sunlit skies.
 3. Purling streams and crystal fountains, Spark-le in e-ter-nal day.
 4. All the saints of God now sleeping, Clad in im-mor-tal-i-ty. A-men.

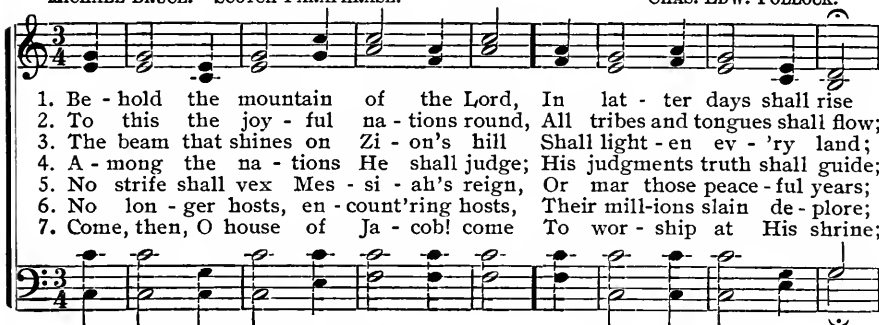
481

WITHERSPOON. C. M.*

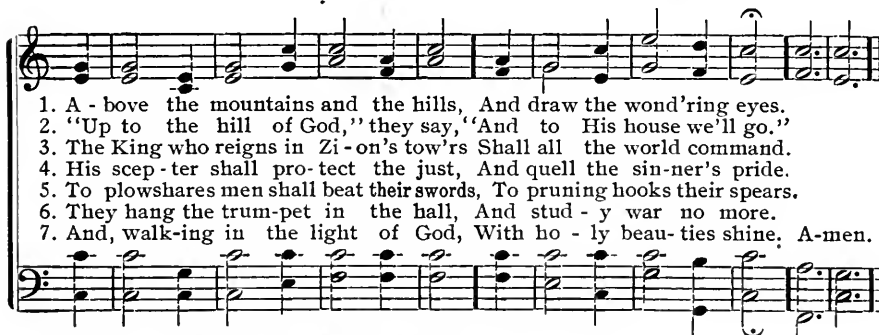
Isa. 2: 2-5; Micah 4: 1-3

MICHAEL BRUCE. SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Be-hold the mountain of the Lord, In lat-ter days shall rise
 2. To this the joy-ful na-tions round, All tribes and tongues shall flow;
 3. The beam that shines on Zi-on's hill Shall light-en ev-'ry land;
 4. A-mong the na-tions He shall judge; His judgments truth shall guide;
 5. No strife shall vex Mes-si-ah's reign, Or mar those peace-ful years;
 6. No lon-ger hosts, en-count'ring hosts, Their mill-ions slain de-plore;
 7. Come, then, O house of Ja-cob! come To wor-ship at His shrine;



1. A-bove the mountains and the hills, And draw the wond'ring eyes.
 2. "Up to the hill of God," they say, "And to His house we'll go."
 3. The King who reigns in Zi-on's tow'rs Shall all the world command.
 4. His scep-ter shall pro-ject the just, And quell the sin-ner's pride.
 5. To plowshares men shall beat their swords, To pruning hooks their spears.
 6. They hang the trum-pet in the hall, And stud-y war no more.
 7. And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho-ly beau-ties shine. A-men.

482

KEDRON. 8s & 7s.

BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE, 1840.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.

1. We are liv - ing, we are dwell - ing, In a grand, e - vent - ful time;
 2. Hark! the wak - ing up of na - tions, Gog and Ma - gog to the fray;
 3. Worlds are charging, heav'n be - hold - ing, Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 4. On, let all the soul with - in you For the truth's sake go a - broad;

1. In an age on a - ges tell - ing, To be liv - ing is sublime.
 2. Hark! what soundeth? is cre - a - tion Groaning for its lat - ter day?
 3. Now, the blazoned cross un - fold - ing, On, right on - ward for the right.
 4. Strike! let ev - 'ry nerve and sin - ew Tell on a - ges, tell for God. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

483

HEBRON. L. M.

"Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion."—Isa. 52: 1, 2.

PARISH PSALMODY.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. A - wake, a - wake! O Zi - on, wake, Thy beau - ti - ful at - tire put on;
 2. Loose from thy neck the hos - tile bands O cap - tive daughter, and be - hold,
 3. See, E - thi - o - pia at thy gates Is stretching forth her hands to God;
 4. Put on thy strength, break forth in joy, Whence did these ransomed children come?

1. Rise from the dust, thy garments shake, The dark and mourning hours are gone.
 2. Thy ex - iles flock from all the lands, And hast - en to their parent fold.
 3. And there with all her treas - ure waits To en - ter thy di - vine a - bode.
 4. Blest - Zi - on, blest in thine employ, With singing, bring these exiles home. A - men.

484

LAST HOPE. (MERCY.) 7s.

PRATT'S COLL.

Isa. 49: 20. Arr. from LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, 1867.

1. "Give us room that we may dwell," Zi - on's chil - dren cry a - loud;
 2. Oh, how bright the morning seems! Brighter from so dark a night;
 3. Lo! thy sun goes down no more; God Him - self will be thy light;
 4. Zi - on, now a - rise and shine! Lo! Thy light from heav'n is come!

1. See their numbers how they swell! How they gath - er like a cloud.
 2. Zi - on is like one that dreams, Filled with wonder and de - light.
 3. All that caused Thee grief be - fore, Bur - ied lies in end - less night.
 4. These that crowd from far are Thine; Give Thy sons and daughters room. A - men.

485

HARRISBURG. 7s.*

C. P. COLL.

Isa. 49: 20.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Who are these that come from far, Led by Ja - cob's ris - ing star?
 2. Lo! they gath - er like a cloud, Or as doves their win - dows crowd;
 3. Zi - on now no more shall sigh, God will raise her glo - ry high;
 4. Sons of Zi - on, sing a - loud, See her sun with - out a cloud;

1. Strangers now to Zi - on come, There to seek a peace - ful home.
 2. Zi - on won - ders at the sight, Zi - on feels a strange de - light.
 3. He will send a large in - crease, He will give His peo - ple peace.
 4. God will make her joy com - plete, Zi - on's sun shall nev - er set. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 18, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

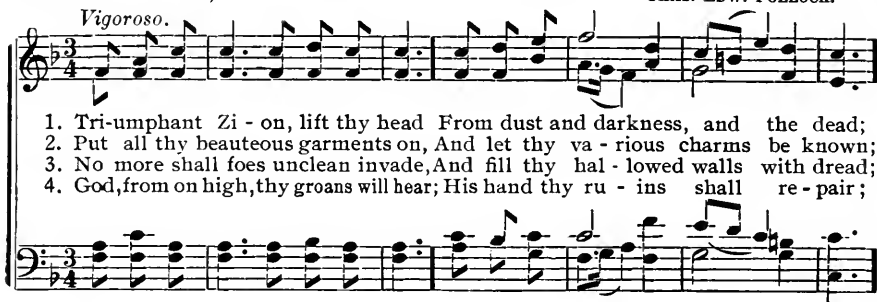
486

IRISH RIPPLE. L. M.*

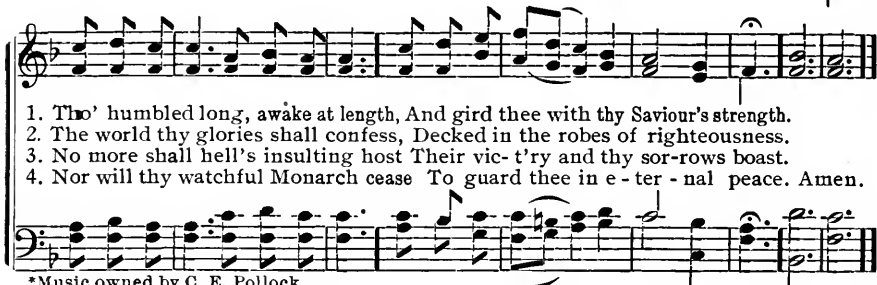
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Isa. 52: 1.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.

1. Tri-umphant Zi - on, lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead;
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy va - rious charms be known;
3. No more shall foes unclean invade, And fill thy hal - lowed walls with dread;
4. God, from on high, thy groans will hear; His hand thy ru - ins shall re - pair;



1. Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
2. The world thy glories shall confess, Decked in the robes of righteousness.
3. No more shall hell's insulting host Their vic - t'ry and thy sor - rows boast.
4. Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter - nal peace. Amen.

*Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

487

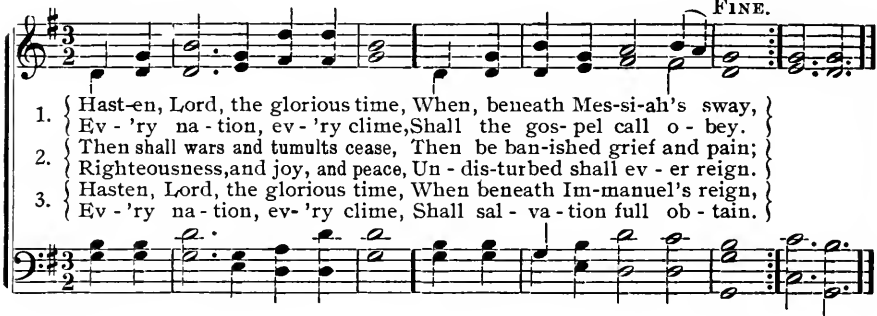
ELTHAM. 7s.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

The world's conversion.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.

FINE.



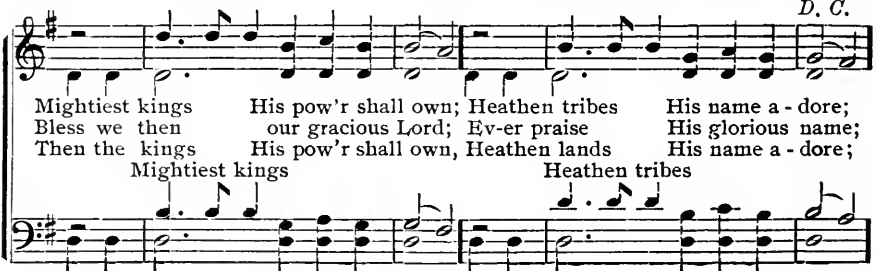
1. { Hast-en, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Mes-si-ah's sway, }
 { Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. }
2. { Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be ban-ish'd grief and pain; }
 { Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Un - dis - turbed shall ev - er reign. }
3. { Hasten, Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Im-manuel's reign, }
 { Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall sal - va - tion full ob - tain. }

D. C. - Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

D. C. - All His might-y acts re - cord, All His wondrous love pro - claim.

D. C. - Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more. A-men.

D. C.

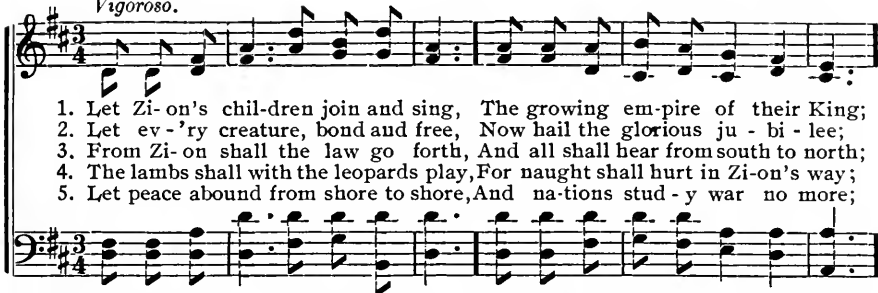


Mightiest kings	His pow'r shall own;	Heathen tribes	His name a - dore;
Bless we then	our gracious Lord;	Ev - er praise	His glorious name;
Then the kings	His pow'r shall own,	Heathen lands	His name a - dore;
Mightiest kings		Heathen tribes	

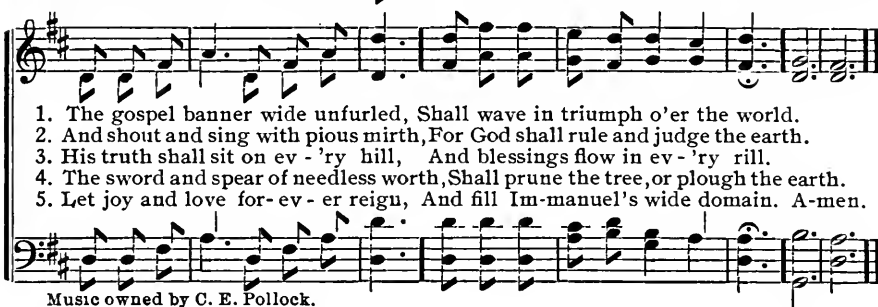
W. T. DALE, 1872.

Isa. 2: 4.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigorous.

1. Let Zi-on's chil-dren join and sing, The growing em-pire of their King;
2. Let ev-'ry creature, bond and free, Now hail the glorious ju-bi-lee;
3. From Zi-on shall the law go forth, And all shall hear from south to north;
4. The lambs shall with the leopards play, For naught shall hurt in Zi-on's way;
5. Let peace abound from shore to shore, And na-tions stud-y war no more;



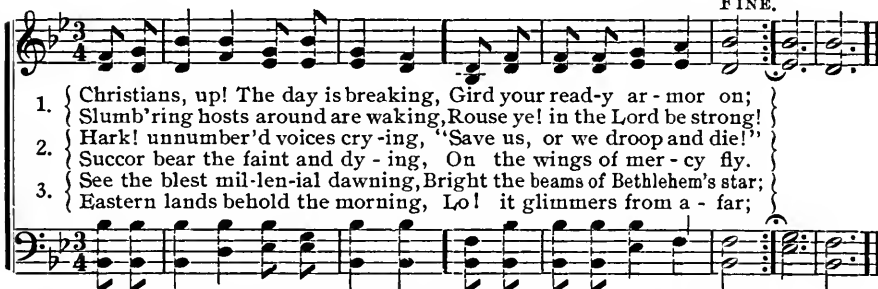
1. The gospel banner wide unfurled, Shall wave in triumph o'er the world.
2. And shout and sing with pious mirth, For God shall rule and judge the earth.
3. His truth shall sit on ev-'ry hill, And blessings flow in ev-'ry rill.
4. The sword and spear of needless worth, Shall prune the tree, or plough the earth.
5. Let joy and love for-ev-er reign, And fill Im-manuel's wide domain. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

E. S. PORTER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

FINE.



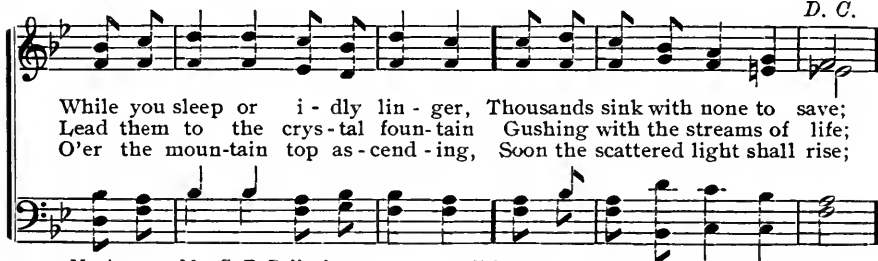
1. { Christians, up! The day is breaking, Gird your read-y ar-mor on; }
2. { Slumb'ring hosts around are waking, Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong! }
3. { Hark! unnumber'd voices cry-ing, "Save us, or we droop and die!" }
4. { Succor bear the faint and dy-ing, On the wings of mer-cy fly. }
5. { See the blest mil-len-ial dawning, Bright the beams of Beth-lehem's star; }
6. { Eastern lands behold the morning, Lo! it glimmers from a-far; }

D. C.-Hasten! time's unerring fin-ger, Points to many an o-pen grave.

D. C.-Guide them to the shel't'ring mountain, For the gale with death is rife.

D. C.-Till, in radiant glo-ry blend-ing, Heav'n's high noon shall greet our eyes. A-men.

D. C.



While you sleep or i-dly lin-ger, Thousands sink with none to save;
 Lead them to the crys-tal foun-tain Gushing with the streams of life;
 O'er the moun-tain top as-cend-ing, Soon the scattered light shall rise;

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

490

NEWPORT. C. M.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Ut-tered or un-ex-pressed;
 2. Prayer is the bur-den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear,
 3. Prayer is the sim-plest form of speech That in-fant lips can try;
 4. Prayer is the Christian's vi-tal breath, The Christian's na-tive air;
 5. Prayer is the con-trite sinner's voice, Re-turn-ing from his ways,
 6. O Thou, by whom we come to God,— The Life, the Truth, the Way!

1. The mo-tion of a hid-den fire, That trembles in the breast.
 2. The up-ward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 3. Pray'r, the sub-lim-est strains that reach The Maj-es-ty on high.
 4. His watch-word at the gates of death; He en-ters heav'n with pray'r.
 5. While an-gels in their songs re-joice, And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
 6. The path of pray'r Thyself hast trod; Lord, teach us how to pray. A-men.

*A little town in Western Pa., my birthplace. C. E. Pollock, owner of music.

491

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

ANON.

"The hour of prayer—Acts 3: 1.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

1. If there's an hour completely blest, Abstract from worldly care, Wherein the soul may
 2. If there's a time when we can tread The world with ev-'ry snare Beneath our feet, and
 3. If there's a time the soul may rise A-bove all pain and care, And view its God with
 4. If there's a time when Sa-tan yields In dark and deep de-spair, 'Tis when the hap-py

1. sweet-ly rest, It is the hour of pray'r, It is the hour of pray'r.
 2. think them dead, It is the hour of pray'r, It is the hour of pray'r.
 3. sweet sur-prise, It is the hour of pray'r, It is the hour of pray'r.
 4. Christian kneels With-in the "bow'r of pray'r," Within the "bow'r of pray'r." A-men.

Prayer and Aspiration.

492

MT. OLIVET. L. M.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

Benefits of prayer.

W. T. DALE, 1890.

1. What various hin-dran-ces we meet In com-ing to a mer-cy-seat!
 2. Pray'r makes the darken'd clouds withdraw; Pray'r climbs the ladder Ja-cob saw,
 3. Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight; Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;
 4. Have you no words? ah! think again; Words flow a-pace when you complain,

Rit-e-dim.

1. Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wishes to be oft-en there?
 2. Gives ex-er-cise to faith and love, Brings ev'-ry blessing from a-bove.
 3. And Sa-tan trembles when he sees The weakest saint up-on his knees.
 4. And fill a fel-low creature's ear With the sad tale of all your care. A-men.

493

RETREAT. L. M.

REV. HUGH STOWELL, 1827.

Psalms 137: 5, 6.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1842.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swelling tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
 3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
 4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dismay'd;
 5. There, there on ea-gle wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more,
 6. Oh, may my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold and still,

1. There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat.
 2. A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-stained mer-cy-seat.
 3. Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet, Around the common mer-cy-seat.
 4. Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy-seat?
 5. And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mercy-seat.
 6. This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for-get the mer-cy-seat. A-men.

494

SPRING GARDEN. S. M.

REV. J. NEWTON.

The importunate widow.—Luke 18: 1-8.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Je - sus, who knows full well The heart of ev - 'ry saint,
2. He bows His gra - cious ear, — We nev - er plead in vain;
3. Tho' un - be - lief sug - gest, Why should we lon - ger wait?
4. Je - sus, the Lord, will hear His chos - en when they cry,
5. Then let us earn - est cry, And nev - er faint in pray'r;

1. In - vites us all our griefs to tell, To pray and nev - er faint.
2. Then let us wait till He ap - pear, And pray, and pray a - gain.
3. He bids us nev - er give Him rest, But be im - por - tu - nate.
4. Yes, tho' He may a - while for - bear, He'll help us from on high.
5. He sees, He hears, and from on high, Will make our cause His care. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

495

STATE STREET. S. M.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace."—Heb. 4: 16.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN, 1844.

1. Be - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near;
2. My soul, ask what thou wilt; Thou canst not be too bold;
3. Thine im - age, Lord, be - stow, Thy pres - ence and Thy love;
4. Teach me to live by faith; Con - form my will to Thine;

1. There Je - sus shows a smil - ing face, And waits to an - swer pray'r.
2. Since His own blood for thee He spilt, What else can He with - hold?
3. I ask to serve Thee here be - low, And reign with Thee a - bove.
4. Let me vic - to - rious be in death, And then in glo - ry shine. A - men.

Prayer and Aspiration.

496

TIGERT. 7s.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

"God heareth prayer anywhere."

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. They who seek the throne of grace Find that throne in ev-'ry place; If we live a
2. In our sickness and our health, In our want, or in our wealth, If we look to
3. When our earth-ly comforts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail, 'Tis the time for
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa-ther come, and wait; He will an-swer

1. life of pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'rywhere, God is pres-ent ev-'ry-where.
2. God in pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'rywhere, God is pres-ent ev-'ry-where.
3. earnest pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'rywhere, God is pres-ent ev-'ry-where.
4. ev - 'ry pray'r; God is pres-ent ev - 'rywhere, God is pres-ent ev-'ry-where. Amen.

497

DENNINGTON. C. M.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

"Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11: 1.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wand'ring spir - its stray,
2. Too vile to ven - ture near Thy throne, Too poor to urn a - way;
3. We know not how to seek Thy face, Un - less Thou lead the way;
4. Here ev - 'ry tho't and fond de - sire We on Thine al - tar lay;

1. And tho'ts and lips move heav-i - ly, "Lord, teach us how to pray."
2. Our on - ly voice, Thy Spirit's groan, "Lord, teach us how to pray."
3. We have no words, unless Thy grace, "Lord, teach us how to pray."
4. And when our souls have caught Thy fire, "Lord, teach us how to pray." Amen.

498

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841.

LOWELL MASON, 1856.

1. Near - er, my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n, All that Thou sendest me,
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars for - got,

D.S.-Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE.

1. That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 2. My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 3. In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 4. Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
 5. Up-ward. I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

499

NEARER, MY GOD. (New). 6s & 4s.

This tune may be sung to the old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

REV. J. T. CRANE, D. D.

W. T. DALE, 1908.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; 'Tis by the
 2. When guilt dis-turbs my breast, My peace all gone; My spir - it
 3. When sunbeams gild my way, Se - rene the sky; Tempt-ing my
 4. When tempests shroud the day, And earth is drear, Be Thou, O
 5. When life's last puls-es wane, Je - sus be near; My sink - ing

1. cross of Christ Thou raisest me; And all my song shall be, Near-er, my
 2. seek-ing rest, And find-ing none; Thy cross, O Christ, I see, My fears and
 3. soul a-stray, By earth-ly joy; Then let Thy gifts all be, Fin-gers that
 4. God, my stay, My sad-ness cheer; And thro' the gath'ring night, Leap upward
 5. heart sustain; Ban-ish my fear; To Thee my hands shall cling, Of Thee my

NEARER, MY GOD. Concluded.

1. God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
 2. sor-rows flee; Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
 3. point to Thee; I come for rest to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
 4. to the light, The por-tals ev-er bright, Near-er to Thee.
 5. lips shall sing, My soul in glo-ry bring, Near-er to Thee. A-men.

500

ERIE. 8s & 7s, D.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1855.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, 1868.

1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there troub-le an-y-where?
 3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cumbered with a load of care?

FINE.

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
 We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref-uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

D.S.—All because we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
D.S.—Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

D. S.

Oh, what peace we oft-en for-feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee! Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

501

GLORY TO HIS NAME. 9s & 5s, with Chorus.

"Blessed be Thy glorious name."—Neh. 9: 5.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried;
 2. I am so wondrous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a - bides with-in;
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from woe, That makes me white as the driv-en snow;
 4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;

CHORUS.

1. There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo - ry to His name.
 2. There at the cross where He took me in, Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name,
 3. Come, sin-ner, now to the Saviour go, Glo - ry to His name.
 4. Oh, come to-day, and be made complete, Glo - ry to His name.

Glo - ry to His name . There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name. A-men.

502

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE. S. M., with Chorus.

L. H.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleans-ing in Thy
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure, Thou dost my vile-ness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope and
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who confirms The bless - ed work with-in, By ad - ding grace to
 5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That ev - 'ry promise
 6. All hail! a - ton-ing blood! All hail! re-deeming grace! All hail, the gift of

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

1. pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
 2. ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
 3. peace and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove. I am coming, Lord! Com-ing
 4. welcom'd grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.
 5. is-ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
 6. Christ, our Lord, Our strength and righteousness.

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry! A-men

503 CLOSE TO THEE. 8s and 7s, with Refrain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Lead me o'er life's fit-ful sea;

All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
 Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e-ter-nal, May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

REFRAIN.
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

504

WALFORD. L. M. D.

REV. W. W. WALFORD. "At the hour of prayer."—Acts. 3: 1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, 1913.
With feeling.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy con - so - la - tion share,

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known.
To Him whose truth and faithfulness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless,
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height, I view my home and take my flight.

In seasons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last-ing prize,

And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev-ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r. Amen.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

505

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

REV. W. W. WALFORD.

(Second Tune.)

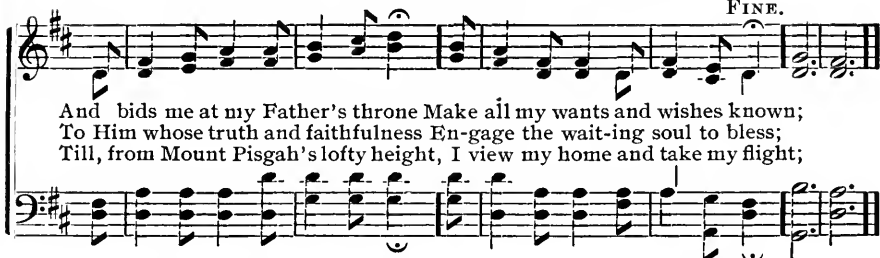
WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con-so - la - tion share,

D.C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r!
D.C.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
D.C.—And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. Concluded.

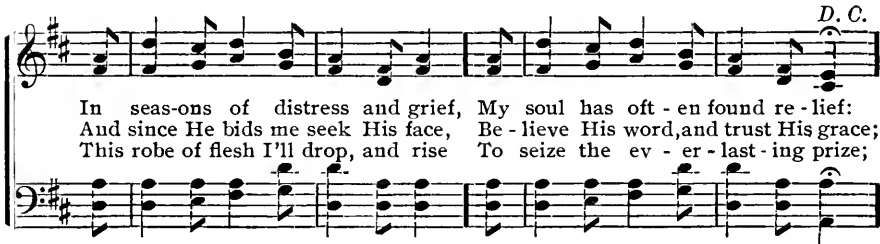
FINE.



And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faithfulness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and take my flight;

And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r! Amen.

D. C.



In seas-ons of distress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief:
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

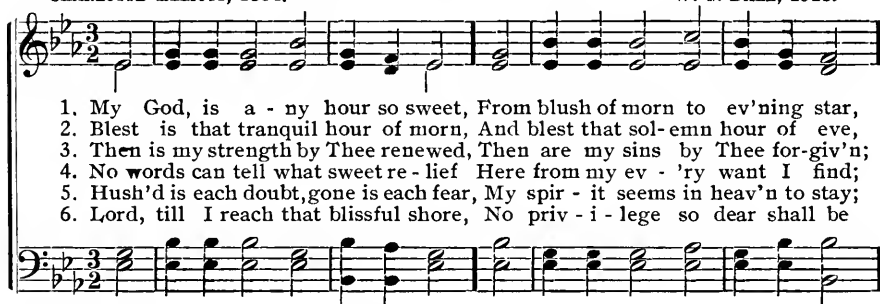
506

THE HOUR OF PRAYER. 8, 8, 8, 6.

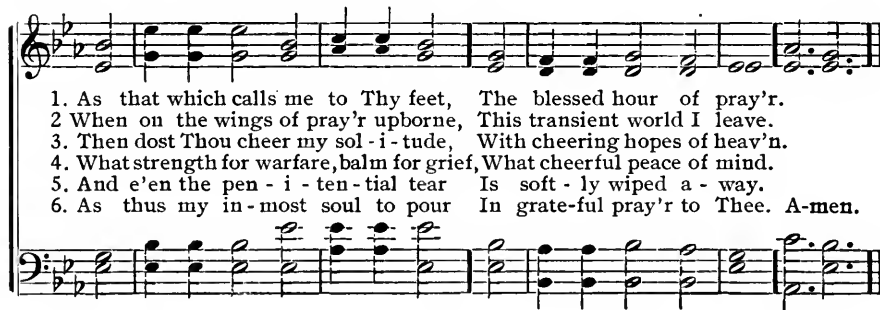
"At the hour of prayer."—Acts. 3: 1.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

W. T. DALE, 1913.



1. My God, is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to ev'ning star,
2. Blest is that tranquil hour of morn, And blest that sol-emn hour of eve,
3. Then is my strength by Thee renewed, Then are my sins by Thee for-giv'n;
4. No words can tell what sweet re - lief Here from my ev - 'ry want I find;
5. Hush'd is each doubt, gone is each fear, My spir - it seems in heav'n to stay;
6. Lord, till I reach that blissful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall be



1. As that which calls me to Thy feet, The blessed hour of pray'r.
2. When on the wings of pray'r upborne, This transient world I leave.
3. Then dost Thou cheer my sol - i - tude, With cheering hopes of heav'n.
4. What strength for warfare, balm for grief, What cheerful peace of mind.
5. And e'en the pen - i - ten - tial tear Is soft - ly wiped a - way.
6. As thus my in - most soul to pour In grate - ful pray'r to Thee. A - men.

507

TELL EVERYTHING TO JESUS.

"And his disciples came and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

L. Q. C. TAYLOR.



1. If now in sor-row weep-ing Your eyes with tears are dim; Go bear your grief to
2. He'll com-fort you in sor-row, He'll dry your gall-ing tears; If you will go to
3. And if you're heav-y la-den Up-on time's wea-ry road, Go tell the lov-ing
4. And when your feet are standing Up-on old Jordan's shore, Tell Je-sus that you



CHORUS.



1. Je-sus, And tell it all to Him.
2. Je-sus, With all your griefs and fears. Yes, tell it all to Je-sus, Tell ev-'ry-
3. Sav-iour, He'll help you bear the load.
4. need Him, He'll bear you safe-ly o'er.



thing to Je-sus, You'll find that it will help you, To tell it all to Him. Amen.



The Lone Star Music Co., owners, 1911. Used by per.

508

HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.

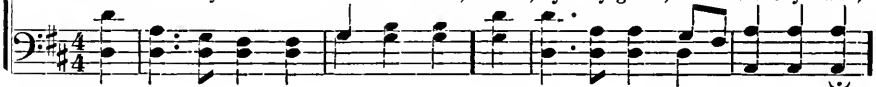
"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psalm 23: 2.

REV. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1861.

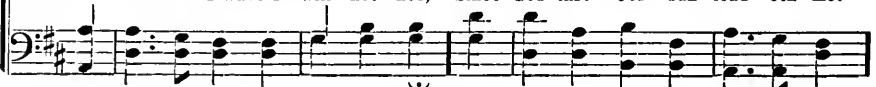
WM. B. BRADBURY, 1863.



1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought, O words with heav'n-ly comfort fraught
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine—
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



1. What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
2. By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
3. Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
4. E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



HE LEADETH ME. Concluded.

REFRAIN

{ He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me; }
 { His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He (Omit....) } leadeth me. Amen.

509

BLESSED ASSURANCE. P. M.

"The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."—Isa. 32: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. { Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di-vine! }
 { Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, (Omit.....) }
 2. { Per-fect sub-mission, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight, (Omit.....) }
 3. { Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap-py and blest, (Omit.....) }
 { Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, (Omit.....) }

2 FINE. CHORUS.

Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my song,
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whispers of love. Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D.S. Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song,

510

BROWN. C. M.

REV. JOSEPH SWAIN.

Brotherly love.—Psalm 133: 1.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1844.

1. How sweet and heav'nly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
 2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
 3. When free from en - vy, scorn and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
 4. When love in one de - light-ful stream, Thro' ev - 'ry bo - som flows;
 5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The lap - py souls a - bove;

1. In mu-tual love and peace u-nite; And thus ful - fill His word.
 2. When sorrow flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
 3. Each can his brother's failings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
 4. And un - ion sweet, and dear es-teem In ev - 'ry ac-tion glows.
 5. And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bo-som filled with love. A-men.

511

BEDDOME. S. M.

May be sung to "Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?" No. 105.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 133.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Gliding movement.

1. Blest are the sons of peace Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 2. Blest is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friend - ship meet;
 3. From those ce - les - tial springs Such streams of pleas - ure flow,
 4. Thus, when on Aa - ron's head They poured the sweet per - fume,
 5. Thus on the heav'n - ly hills, The saints are blest a - bove,

1. Whose kind de-signs to serve and please Thro' all their ac-tions run.
 2. Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet.
 3. As no in - crease of rich - es brings, Nor hon - ors can be-stow.
 4. The oil thro' all his rai - ment spread, And pleasure filled the room.
 5. Where joy like morn-ing dew dis - tils, And all the air is love. A-men.

512

GLENDENNING. C. M.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER, D. D., 1882.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I can not think of them as dead Who walk with me no more;
 2. The Fa-ther's house is mansioned fair Be - yond my vis - ion dim;
 3. And still their si - lent min - is - try With - in my heart hath place,
 4. Their lives are made for - ev - er mine; What they to me have been
 5. Mine now are they by ow - ner - ship, Nor time nor death can free;

1. A - long the path of life I tread, They have but gone be - fore.
 2. All souls are His, and here or there Are liv - ing un - to Him.
 3. As when on earth they walked with me And met me face to face.
 4. Hath left henceforth its seal and sign En - gra - ven deep with-in.
 5. For God hath giv'n to love to keep Its own e - ter - nal - ly. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," April 8, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

513

SPRING. C. M.

"He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her."—John 8: 7.

MISS FLETCHER.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. Think gent-ly of the err - ing one: O let us not for - get,
 2. Heir of the same in - her - i - tance, Child of the self - same God,
 3. Speak gent-ly to the err - ing ones: We yet may lead them back,
 4. For - get not, broth - er, thou hast sinned, And sin - ful yet may'st be;

1. How-ev - er dark - ly stained by sin, He is our broth - er yet!
 2. He hath but stum-bled in the path We have in weak-ness trod.
 3. With ho - ly words, and tones of love, From misery's thorn-y track.
 4. Deal gent-ly with the err - ing heart, As God hath dealt with thee. Amen.

WELTON. L. M.

Matt. 18: 20.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. Last stanza by W. T. D.

REV. H. A. CAESAR MALAN, 1830.

1. "Where two or three," with sweet accord, O - bedient to their sovereign Lord,
 2. "There," says the Saviour, "will I be, To bless this lit - tle com - pa - ny;
 3. We meet at Thy command, O Lord, Re - ly - ing on Thy faith - ful word;
 4. That from this place when we re - turn, Our hearts within us each may burn;

1. Meet to recount His acts of grace, And of - fer solemn pray'r and praise.
 2. To them un-veil my smil-ing face, And shed My glo-ries round the place."
 3. Now send the Spir-it from a - bove, And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.
 4. And each may feel 'twas good to be In sweet communion, Lord, with Thee. Amen.

NEW LEBANON. C. M.*

WM. EDWARD MILLER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Our souls, by love to - geth - er knit, Ce - ment - ed, mixed in one;
 2. Our hearts have oft - en burned with-in, And glowed with sa - cred fire,
 3. The lit - tle cloud in - creas-es still, The heav'ns are big with rain;
 4. A rill, a stream, a tor-rent flows! But pour a might - y flood;
 5. And when Thou mak'st Thy jew - els up, And sett'st Thy star - ry crown;
 6. May we, a lit - tle band of love, We sin - ners saved by grace,

1. One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'Tis heav'n on earth be - gun.
 2. While Je - sus spoke, and fed, and blessed, And filled th' enlarged de-sire.
 3. We haste to catch the teem-ing show'r, And all its moist-ure drain.
 4. Oh, sweep the na-tions, shake the earth, Till all pro-claim Thee God!
 5. When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine, Proclaimed by Thee Thine own.
 6. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry changed, Be - hold Thee face to face. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Aug. 15, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner,

1. It sing - eth low in ev - 'ry heart, We hear it each.. and all;
 2. They throng the si - lence of the breast; We see them as... of yore,
 3. 'Tis hard to take the bur - den up, When these have laid.. it down;
 4. But oh! 'tis good to think of them When we are troub - led sore;
 5. More homelike seems the vast unknown Since they have en - tered there;
 6. They can not be where God is not, On an - y sea... or shore;

1. A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
 2. The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
 3. They brightened all the joy of life, They softened ev - 'ry frown.
 4. Thanks be to God that such have been, Al-though they are no more.
 5. To fol - low them is not so hard, Since we their joys shall share.
 6. What-e'er be-tides, Thy love a - bides, Our God, for ev - er-more. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
 4. When we a - sund - er part, It gives us in - ward pain; But
 5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way; While
 6. From sor - row, toil and pain, And sin, we shall be free; And

1. fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 2. fears, our hopes, our aims are one, — Our com - forts and our cares.
 3. fear - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 4. we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
 5. each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
 6. per - fect love and friendship reign Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, A - men.

518

SESSIONS. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1709.

1 Cor. 13: 1-3.

LUTHER O. EMERSON, 1853.

1. Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews, And 'no-bler speech than angels use,
 2. Were I inspired to preach and tell All that is done in heav'n or hell,
 3. Should I dis-trib-ute all my store To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
 4. If love to God and love to men Be ab-sent, all my hopes are vain;

1. If love be ab-sent, I am found Like tinkling brass, an emp-ty sound.
 2. Or could my faith the world remove, Still I am noth-ing without love.
 3. Or give my bod-y to the flame, To gain a mar-tyr's glorious name?
 4. Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal, The work of love can e'er ful-fill. A-men.

519

OSAGE. C. M.*

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and see
 2. Once they were mourning here be-low, And wet their couch with tears;
 3. I ask them whence their vict'ry came; They, with u-nit-ed breath,
 4. They marked the foot-steps that He trod, His zeal inspired their breast;
 5. Our glo-rious Lead-er claims our praise For His own pat-tern giv'n,

1. The saints a-bove, how great their joys, And bright their glories be.
 2. They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
 3. As-cribe their con-quest to the Lamb, Their tri-umph to His death.
 4. And, following their in-car-nate God, Pos-sess the prom-ised rest.
 5. While the long cloud of wit-ness-es Show the same path to heav'n. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 12, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

520

COUNCIL GROVE. C. M.*

ANONYMOUS.

Parting Hymn.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How pleas-ant thus to dwell be-low. In fel-low-ship of love;
 2. Yes, hap-py tho't, when we are free From earth-ly grief and pain,
 3. The chil-dren who have loved the Lord, Shall hail their teach-ers there;
 4. Then let us each, in strength di-vine, Still walk in wisdom's ways,

1. And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a-bove.
 2. In heav'n we shall each oth-er see, And nev-er part a-gain.
 3. And teachers gain the rich re-ward, Of all their toil and care.
 4. That we, with those we love, may join In nev-er-end-ing praise. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 3, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

521

BY AND BY. 7s & 6s. (Peculiar.)

"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—Josh. 1: 11.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE, 1878.

FINE.

1. { O-ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; }
 2. { In that hap-py land so sweet, By and by, by and by; }
 3. { All our sor-rows shall be past, By and by, by and by; }
 4. { We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by; }

D. C.—And the Sav-iour's name a-dore, By and by, by and by.

D. C.—Crown'd with glo-ry in that land, By and by, by and by.

We shall gath-er on the shore, With our kin-dred gone be-fore;
 With the-ran-somed we shall stand, There a ho-ly, hap-py band,

3 We shall join the heavenly choir, etc.
 We shall strike the golden lyre, etc.
 In our home so bright and fair,
 Where the happy angels are,
 We shall praise forever there, etc.

4 There we'll join the ransomed throng, etc.
 Chanting love's redeeming song, etc.
 There we'll meet before the throne,
 Then we'll lay our trophies down,
 And receive a shining crown, etc.

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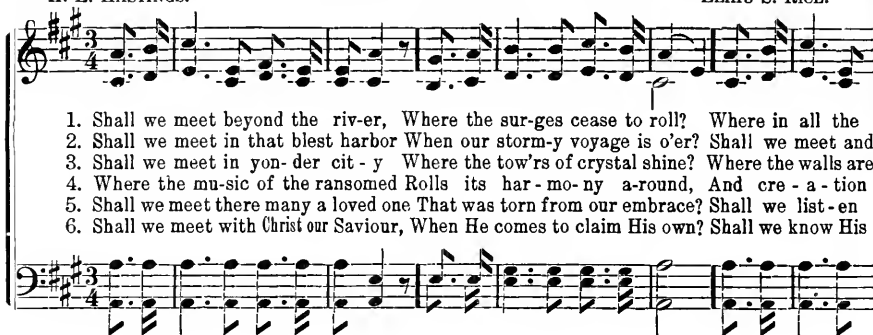
522

SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s. With Chorus.

H. L. HASTINGS.

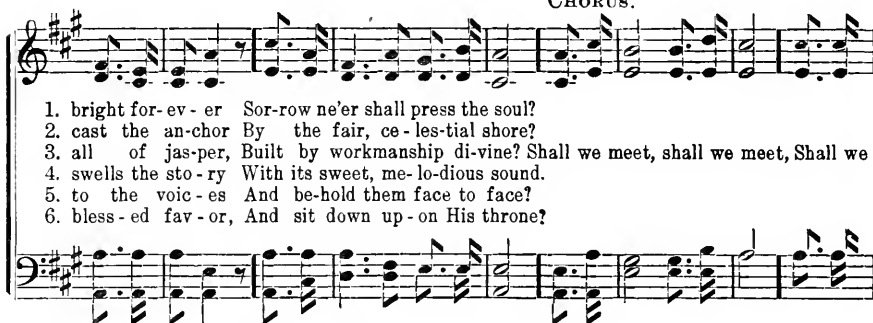
For close of service.

ELIHU S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? Where in all the
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor When our storm-y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y Where the tow'rs of crystal shine? Where the walls are
4. Where the mu-sic of the ransomed Rolls its har-mo-ny a-round, And cre-a-tion
5. Shall we meet there many a loved one That was torn from our embrace? Shall we list-en
6. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own? Shall we know His

CHORUS.



1. bright for-ev-er Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
3. all of jas-per, Built by workmanship di-vine? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we
4. swells the sto-ry With its sweet, me-lo-dious sound.
5. to the voic-es And be-hold them face to face?
6. bless-ed fav-or, And sit down up-on His throne?



meet beyond the riv-er? Shall we meet-beyond the riv-er, Where the surges cease to roll?

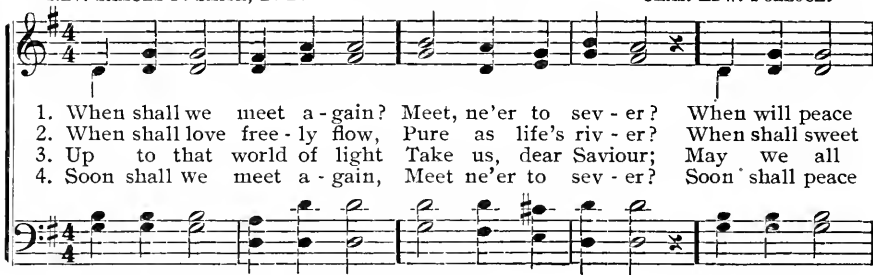
523

NEW UNITY. 6s & 5s.*

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D.

For close of service.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. When shall we meet a-gain? Meet, ne'er to sev-er? When will peace
2. When shall love free-ly flow, Pure as life's riv-er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Saviour? May we all
4. Soon shall we meet a-gain, Meet ne'er to sev-er? Soon shall peace

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

NEW UNITY. Concluded.

1. wreathe her chain Round us for-ev-er? Our hearts will ne'er repose; Safe from each
 2. friendship glow, Changeless for-ev-er? Where joys ce-les-tial thrill, Where bliss each
 3. there u-nite, Hap-py for-ev-er! Where kindred spir-its dwell, There may our
 4. wreathe her chain Round us for-ev-er! Our hearts will then re- pose Se-cure from

1. blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes; Nev-er! no, nev-er!
 2. heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill? Nev-er! no, nev-er!
 3. mu-sic swell! And time our joys dis-pel, Nev-er! no, nev-er!
 4. worldly woes, Our songs of praise shall close, Nev-er! no, nev-er! A-men.

524

GOOD-BYE. C. M. With Chorus.

W. T. D.

For close of service.

W. T. DALE.

1. The time has come when we must part, And bid each one "good-bye," But we shall
 2. May Christ's own love our spir-its fill, As from this place we go; That we may
 3. We hope to meet in realms a-bove, Where partings nev-er come; And ev-er
 4. We look be-yond these partings here To greetings in the sky; When we shall

CHORUS.
 1. still be joined in heart, And hope to meet on high.
 2. glad-ly do His will And all His won-ders show. We hope to meet you here a-gain,
 3. sing His wondrous love, In that e-ter-nal home.
 4. meet our lov'd ones there And no more say, good-bye.

Good-bye, good-bye, Or meet you on the heav'nly plain, Good-bye, good-bye.
 Good-bye, good-bye, Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.

525

DODDRIDGE. C. M.*

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

A morning hymn.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day, Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes;
 2. Night un - to night His name re - peats, The day re - new's the sound;
 3. 'Tis He sup - ports my mor - tal frame, My tongue shall speak His praise;
 4. How ma - ny wretched souls have fled Since the last set - ting sun!
 5. Great God, let all my hours be Thine, While I en - joy the light;

1. Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him who rules the skies.
 2. Wide as the heav'n's on which He sits To turn the sea - sons round.
 3. My sins would rouse His wrath to flame, And yet His wrath de - lays.
 4. And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread, And yet my mo - ments run.
 5. Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a peace - ful night. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 3, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

526

WARWICK. C. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1719.

Psa. 5: 3, 4, 7, 8.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767.

1. Lord, in the morn - ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;
 2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints;
 3. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand;
 4. But to Thy house will I re - sort, To taste Thy mer - cies there;
 5. Oh, may Thy Spir - it guide my feet, In ways of right - eous - ness!

1. To Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye.
 2. Pre - sent - ing at His Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our complaints.
 3. Sin - ners shall ne'er be Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
 4. I will fre - quent Thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in Thy fear.
 5. Make ev - 'ry path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face. Amen.

527

WARE. L. M.

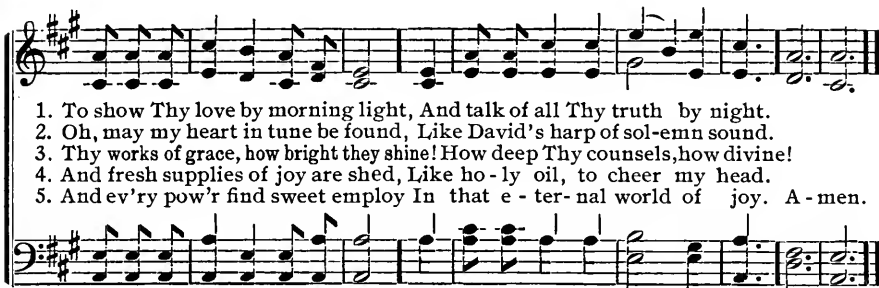
REV. ISAAC WATTS.

Psalm 92: 1-11.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
 2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast;
 3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works and bless His word;
 4. Then I shall share a glorious part When grace hath well re-fined my heart,
 5. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I desired or wished be - low;



1. To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth by night.
 2. Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol-emn sound.
 3. Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how divine!
 4. And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
 5. And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that e - ter-nal world of joy. A - men.

528

CAPITOL HILL. S. M.*

HARRIET AUBER.

Psalm 92: 1-2.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing; To
 2. Sweet at the dawn - ing light, Thy bound - less love to tell; And
 3. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With
 4. To songs of praise and joy Be ev - 'ry Sab - bath giv'n, That



1. praise and pray, to hear Thy word, And grate-ful off'rings bring.
 2. when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.
 3. those who love and serve Thee best, And in Thy name re - joice.
 4. such may be our blest em - ploy E - ter - nal - ly in heav'n. A-men.

529

HAMBURG. L. M.

Psalm 141: 2-5.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1824.

1. My God, ac-cept my ear - ly vows, Like morning incense in Thine house,
 2. Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord, From ev-'ry rash and heed-less word;
 3. Oh, may the righteous, when I stray, Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
 4. When I behold them pressed with grief, I'll cry to heav'n for their re - lief;

1. And let my night-ly wor-ship rise, Sweet as the ev'ning sac - ri - fice.
 2. Nor let my feet in - cline to tread The guilt-y path where sinners lead.
 3. Their gentle words, like ointment shed, Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
 4. And by my warm pe - ti - tions prove How much I prize their faithful love. Amen.

530

HEBER. C. M.

ANNIE STEELE.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. God of my life, my morn-ing song To Thee I cheer - ful raise;
 2. Pre-served by Thy al - might - y arm, I passed the shades of night,
 3. While num-bers spent the night in sighs, And rest-less pains and woes,
 4. Oh, let the same al-might - y care Thro' all this day at - tend;
 5. Smile on my min - utes as they roll, And guide my fu - ture days;

1. Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleas-ant 'tis to praise.
 2. Se - rene, and safe from ev - 'ry harm, I see the morn-ing light.
 3. In gen - tle sleep I closed my eyes, And rose from sweet re - pose.
 4. From ev - 'ry dan-ger, ev - 'ry snare, My heed-less steps de - fend.
 5. And let Thy goodness fill my soul With grat - i - tude and praise. Amen.

HEBRON. L. M.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1707.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low for my head;
 4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall res beneath the ground,

1. And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace.
 2. But He forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 3. While well-appointed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
 4. And wait Thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet salva-tion in the sound. Amen.

HOLDEN. 8s & 7s.

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

MRS. FLORENCE N. MURRAY SMITH.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. When the day at last is o - ver, Hushed their song, the birdlings sleep,
 2. Then I love to sit and lis - ten To the song that na - ture sings,
 3. Hear me, Fa - ther, when the shad - ows Of the twi - light gath - er deep,
 4. When my life shall near its eve - ning, And the twi - light gath - ers deep,
 5. May I know the peace of e - ven, As the shad - ows clos - er creep,

1. And o'er all the qui - et landscape Shadows of the twilight creep,
 2. And I feel the peace of e - ven In the joy her mu - sic brings.
 3. As with child-like faith I, whis - per, "Now I lay me down to sleep."
 4. When worn out with life's endeav - or, I shall lay me down to sleep,
 5. While with child-like faith I whisper: "Now I lay me down to sleep." Amen.

533

HURSLEY. L. M.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1820.

FR. PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by WM. H. MONK, 1861.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gent-ly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. If some poor, wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice di-vine,
5. Watch by the sick, en-rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
6. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

1. O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
2. Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.
3. A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
4. Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let Him no more lie down in sin.
5. Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
6. Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose ourselves in heav'n a-bove. A-men.

534

VANDYKE. 7s.

BISHOP GEORGE W. DOANE, 1827.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up-on my sight a-way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad-ing eye Naught es-apes, with-out, with-in;
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way;
4. Thou who, sin-less, yet hast known All of man's in-firm-i-ty;

1. Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
2. Par-don each in-firm-i-ty, O-pen fault and se-cret sin.
3. Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
4. Then, from Thine e-ter-nal throne, Je-sus, look with pity-ing eye. A-men.

Music written Dec. 25, 1911. C. E. Pollock, owner.

535

EVENING TWILIGHT. S. M.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—Luke 24: 29.

REV. J. M. NEALE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The day, O Lord, is spent; A - bide with us and rest;
 2. We have not reached that land, That hap - py land, as yet;
 3. Our sun is sink - ing now, Our day is al - most o'er;
 4. And when our sun goes down, And life it - self shall cease,

1. Our heart's de-sires are ful - ly bent On mak-ing Thee our guest.
 2. Where ho - ly an-gels round Thee stand, Whose sun can nev-er set.
 3. O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou Shine on us ev - er - more!
 4. O may our souls with Thee be found In ev - er - last-ing peace, A-men.

536

JEFFERSON. S. M.

REV. JOHN LELAND, 1792.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The day is past and gone, The eve-ning shades ap - pear; O
 2. We lay our gar - ments by, Up - on our beds to rest; So
 3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se - cure from all our fears; May
 4. And when we ear - ly rise, And view th'un-wea - ried sun, May
 5. And when our days are past, And we from time re - move, O!

1. may we all re - mem - ber well, The night of death draws near.
 2. death will soon dis - robe us all Of what is here pos - sessed.
 3. an - gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap - pears.
 4. we set out to win the prize, And aft - er glo - ry run.
 5. may we in Thy bo - som rest, The bo - som of Thy love. A-men.

537

FIELDS. C. M.

An evening song.

MARAVIAN COLL. Last stanza by W. T. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. In mer-cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Thro' all the hours of night;
 2. With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re-move;
 3. Or, if this night should prove the last, And end my tran-sient days;
 4. Now let me have the con-sci-ousness Of all my sins for-giv'n;

1. And grant to me most gra-cious-ly The safe-guard of Thy night.
 2. Oh, in the morning let me rise, Re-joic-ing in Thy love.
 3. Oh! take me to Thy promised rest, Where I may sing Thy praise.
 4. And let me now re-cline to rest, Filled with the peace of heav'n. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 12, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

538

LAST HOPE. (MERCY.) 7s.

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D., 1832. Sabbath evening.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho-ly Sab-bath day;
 2. Night her sol- emn man-tle spreads O'er the earth as day- light fades;
 3. Peace is on the world a-broad; 'Tis the ho-ly peace of God—
 4. Still the Spir- it lin- gers near, Where the eve-ning wor-ship-er
 5. Sav- iour, may our Sab-baths be Days of peace and joy in Thee,

1. Gent-ly as life's set-ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
 2. All things tell of calm re- pose At the ho-ly Sabbath's close.
 3. Sym- bol of the peace with-in, When the spir- it rests from sin.
 4. Seeks com-mun-ion with the skies, Press-ing on- ward to the prize.
 5. Till in heav'n our souls re- pose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close. Amen.

539

EVENING PRAYER. 8s & 7s.*

J. EDMESTON, 1820.

An evening blessing.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning blessing, Ere re-pose our eye-lids seal;
 2. Though de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-row near us fly,
 3. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can-not hide from Thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

Rit.

1. Sin and want we come con-fess-ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 2. An-gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 3. Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watcheth where Thy people be.
 4. May the morn in heav'n a-wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Nov. 18, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

540

TARRY WITH ME. 8s & 7s, D.

(Music copied from memory.)

MRS. CAROLINE L. SMITH, 1852.

Luke 24: 29.

Author unknown.

1. { Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-iour, For the day is pass-ing by, }
 { See, the shades of evening gath-er, (Omit.....) } And the night is
 2. { Lonely seems the vale of shad-ow, Sinks my heart with troubled fear; }
 { Give me faith for clear-er vis-ion, (Omit.....) } Speak Thou, Lord, in
 3. { Feeble, trembling, fainting, dy-ing, Lord, I cast my-self on Thee; }
 { Tar-ry with me thro' the darkness, (Omit.....) } While I sleep still

D.C.—Swift the night of death ad-vanc-es, (Omit.....) Shall it be the
 D.C.—Let me, un-der-neath my weakness, (Omit.....) Feel the ev-er-
 D.C.—Till the morning; then a-wake me, (Omit.....) Morning of e-
 FINE. D.C.

drawing nigh. Deep-er, deep-er grow the shad-ows, Pal-er now the glow-ing west,
 words of cheer. Let me hear Thy voice be-hind me, Calming all these wild a-larms,
 watch by me. Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-iour, Lay my head up-on Thy breast

night of rest?
 last-ing arms.
 ter-nal rest.

541

CUMBERLAND. C. M.

May be sung to "Lella," No. 543.

MRS. PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN, 1818.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-'ry cum-b'ring care;
 2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear;
 3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore;
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n;
 5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de-part-ing ray

1. And spend the hours of set-ting day, In hum-ble, grate-ful pray'r.
 2. And all His promis-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 3. And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a-dore.
 4. The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tempests driv'n.
 5. Be calm as this im-pres-sive hour, And lead to end-less day. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

542

NEWPORT. C. M.

L. BACON.

My childhood home.—C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Flowing style.

1. Hail, tran-quil hour of clos-ing day! Be-gone, dis-turb-ing care!
 2. How sweet the tear of pen-i-tence, Be-fore His throne of grace;
 3. How sweet, thro' long-re-mem-bered years, His mer-cies to re-call;
 4. How sweet to look in tho't-ful hope, Be-yond this fad-ing sky;
 5. Calm-ly the day for-sakes our heav'n, To dawn be-yond the west;

1. And look, my soul, from earth a-way, To Him who hear-eth pray'r.
 2. While to the con-trite spir-it's sense, He shows His smiling face.
 3. And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears, To trust His love for all.
 4. And hear Him call His chil-dren up To His fair home on high.
 5. So let my soul, in life's last ev'n, Re-tire to glo-rious rest. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock,

543

LELLA. C. M.

"O that I knew where I might find Him."—Job. 23: 3.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Softly.

1. O that I knew the se - cret place, Where I might find my God!
 2. I'd tell Him how my sins a - rise; What sor - rows I sus - tain;
 3. He knows what ar - gu - ments I'd take To wres - tle with my God;
 4. My God will pit - y my complaints, And drive my foes a - way;
 5. A - rise, my soul, from deep dis - tress, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear;

1. I'd spread my wants be - fore His face, And pour my woes a - broad.
 2. How grace de - cays and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.
 3. I'd plead for His own mer - cy's sake, I'd plead my Sav - iour's blood.
 4. He knows the mean - ing of His saints, When they in sor - row pray.
 5. He calls thee to His throne of grace, To spread thy sor - rows there. A - men.

544

CHIMES. C. M.

W. T. DALE, 1872.

"Enter into thy closet."—Matt. 6: 6. DR. LOWELL MASON, 1841.

1. O Lord, in - to my clos - et now, In se - cret I re - pair;
 2. Far from the bus - y scenes of life, My - self I now withdraw;
 3. O Lord, do Thou my spir - it fill With Thy a - bund - ant love,
 4. Help me, O Lord, to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,
 5. And when my days on earth shall cease, And I must hence re - move,

1. Be - fore Thy foot - stool humbly bow, And pour my fer - vent pray'r.
 2. I leave the cares of world - ly strife To med - i - tate Thy law.
 3. And help me to per - form Thy will, As an - gels do a - bove.
 4. That I may walk the nar - row way, Which leads to joys on high.
 5. Oh, may my soul be found in peace, In mansions of Thy love. A - men.

545

SHERWIN. C. M.*

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile."—Mark 6:31.

WM. COWPER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Far from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far;
 2. The calm retreat, the silent shade, With pray'r and praise agree;
 3. There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul, And grace her mean abode;
 4. Author and Guardian of my life! Sweet source of light divine;
 5. What thanks I owe Thee, and what love— A boundless, endless store—

1. From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.
 2. And seem by Thy sweet bounty made For those who follow Thee.
 3. Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love, She then communes with God.
 4. And, all harmonious names in one, My Saviour, Thou art mine!
 5. Shall echo thro' the realms above, When time shall be no more. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 28, 1913. Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

546

STILL, STILL WITH THEE. 11s & 10s.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MENDELSSOHN. Arr.

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
 2. Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows, The solemn hush of nature newly born;
 3. Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morning, A fresh and solemn splendor still is given;
 4. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber, Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer;
 5. So shall it be at last in that bright morning, When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;

1. Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
 2. Alone with Thee in breathless adoration, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
 3. So does this blessed consciousness awaking, Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.
 4. Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-shading, But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.
 5. O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning, Shall rise the glorious thou, I am with Thee. Amen.

547

MILDRED. 8s & 7s.

C. C. COXE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of ev'n - ing Gath - er round my lone - ly door;
 2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got!
 3. Liv - ing in the si - lent mo - ments, Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
 4. How such ho - ly mem'ries clus - ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

1. Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 2. Oh, the shrouded and the lone - ly! In our hearts they perish not.
 3. They, unlinked with earthly trouble; We still hop - ing for its end.
 4. Pointing up to that fair ha - ven We may hope to gain at last. A - men.

548

EVENTIDE. 10s.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—Luke 24: 29.

REV. HENRY F. LYTE, 1847.

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1861.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy presence ev - ry passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

1. When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
 2. Change and decay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!
 3. Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
 4. Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadow's flee! In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

549

HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID. 9, 6, 7, 6.

W. T. D.

The children crying, "Hosanna."—Matt. 21: 9, 15.

W. T. DALE.

1. "Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid," The Hebrew children sang, And peal-ing
 2. "Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid," They cried a - mid His foes, And loud-er
 3. "Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid," While palm leaves wave around, And bursts of
 4. "Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid," Our voice - es still re - peat, When in our
 5. "Ho - san - na to the Son of Da - vid," Let ev - 'ry heart re - ply, And with our

CHORUS.

1. thro' the tem - ple, Their swell-ing voice - rang.
 2. yet, and grand-er, Their shouts of praise a - rose.
 3. hal - le - lu - jahs From ev - 'ry heart re-sound. Ho - san-na! ho - san-na!
 4. school we gath - er, And wor - ship at His feet.
 5. palms of vic - t'ry, Hail Him who came to die.

Ho-san-na let us sing; Ho - san-na! ho - san-na! Ho-san-na to our King. Amen.

550

WE MUST WORK FOR JESUS. 6s & 5s.

HELEN F. SHAW.

ANN DANTE.

1. We must work for Je - sus, Now and ev - 'ry day,
 2. Oth - er lit - tle chil - dren We must gath - er in
 3. We must work for Je - sus All our youth - ful days,

For the pre - cious mo - ments Quick-ly pass a - way.
 From the homes of sor - row, From the paths of sin.
 By and by in glo - ry We will sing His praise. A - men.

551

JEWELS. (Irregular.)

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up
REV. W. O. CUSHING. my jewels."—Mal. 3: 17.

DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. { When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, }
 { All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His (Omit....) own. }
 2. { He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom; }
 { All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His (Omit....) own. }
 3. { Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er, }
 { Are the jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His (Omit....) own. }

CHORUS.

{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning, }
 { They shall shine in their beauty, (Omit.....) } Bright gems for His crown. Amen.

552

ECHO GLEN. L. M.

"Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!"—Mark 11: 9.

PRATT'S COLL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. What are those soul-re-viv-ing strains Which ech-o thus from Sa-lem's plains?
 2. Lo! 'tis an in-fant cho-rus sings Ho-san-na to the King of kings;
 3. Nor these a-lone their voice shall raise, For we will join this song of praise;
 4. Mes-si-ah's name shall joy im-part A-like to Jew and Gen-tile heart;
 5. Pro-claim ho-san-nas loud and clear; See Da-vid's Son and Lord ap-pear;

1. What an-thems loud, and loud-er still, So sweet-ly sound from Zi-ons hill?
 2. The Sav-iour comes! and babes pro-claim Sal-va-tion sent in Je-sus' name.
 3. Still Is-rael's chil-dren for-ward press, To hail the Lord, their righteousness.
 4. He bled for us, He bled for you, And we will sing ho-san-nas too.
 5. All praise on earth to Him be giv'n, And glo-ry shout thro' high-est heav'n. A-men.

553

THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD. 11s & 9s.

"And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them."—Mark 10: 16.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE, 1853.

ENGLISH.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men,
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me,
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share of His love;
 4. In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare, For all who are wash'd and forgiv'n;

1. How He called little children as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.
 2. That I might have seen His kind looks when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un - to me."
 3. And if I thus earn-est-ly seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
 4. And ma-ny dear chil-dren are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

554

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

CLEMENT'S HYMN, about A. D. 200.

REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, D. D. Tr. 1846.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Shepherd of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth, Thro' de-vious ways;
 2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord, The all-sub - du - ing Word, Heal - er of strife;
 3. Thou art the great High Priest; Thou hast pre - pared the feast Of heav'n-ly love;
 4. Ev - er be Thou our Guide, Our Shep-herd and our pride, Our staff and song;
 5. So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy prais - es high, And joy - ful sing;

1. Christ our triumphant King, We come Thy Name to sing, And here our children bring To shout Thy praise.
 2. Thou didst Thyself abase, That from sin's deep disgrace Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.
 3. In all our mortal pain None call on Thee in vain; Help Thou didst not disdain, Help from above.
 4. Jesus, Thou Christ of God, By Thy perenial word, Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.
 5. Let all the holy throng, Who to Thy Church belong, Unite and swell the song To Christ our King.

NOTE.—This beautiful hymn, found in a book written by Titus Flavius Clemens, of Alexan-dria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the primitive church, dating about A. D. 200.

555

ANGELS' FOOTPRINTS. 6s & 5s.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple . . . shall in no wise lose his reward."—Matt. 10: 42.

ANNE WAYLAND.

W. T. DAJE.

D. S.—These are angels' footprints

D. S.—All are angels' footprints

D. S.—Let us fol - low aft - er,

FINE.

D. S.

Lead - ing up to heav'n.

Lead - ing up to heav'n.

Foot - prints leading home,

556

KEN. 8s & 7s.*

REV. WM. A. MUHLENBERG, D. D., 1826.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 15, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

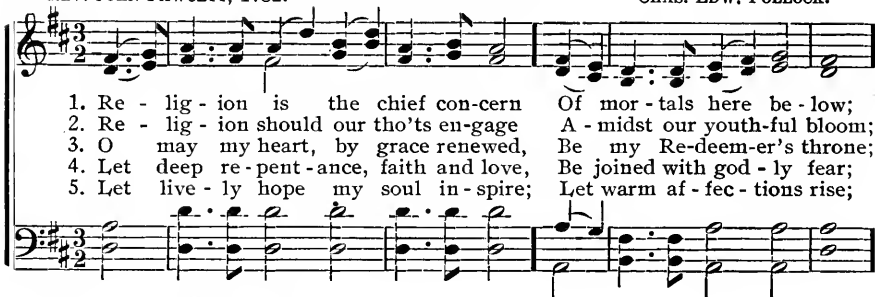
557

PERRING. C. M.*

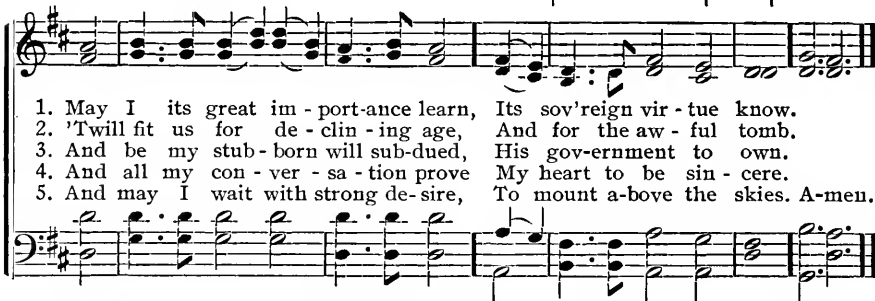
REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

Matt. 16: 26.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Re - lig - ion is the chief con-cern Of mor - tals here be - low;
 2. Re - lig - ion should our tho'ts en-gage A - midst our youth-ful bloom;
 3. O may my heart, by grace renewed, Be my Re-deem-er's throne;
 4. Let deep re-pent-ance, faith and love, Be joined with god - ly fear;
 5. Let live - ly hope my soul in - spire; Let warm af - fec - tions rise;



1. May I its great im - port-ance learn, Its sov'reign vir - tue know.
 2. 'Twill fit us for de - clin - ing age, And for the aw - ful tomb.
 3. And be my stub - born will sub-dued, His gov-ernment to own.
 4. And all my con - ver - sa - tion prove My heart to be sin - cere.
 5. And may I wait with strong de - sire, To mount a - bove the skies. A-men.

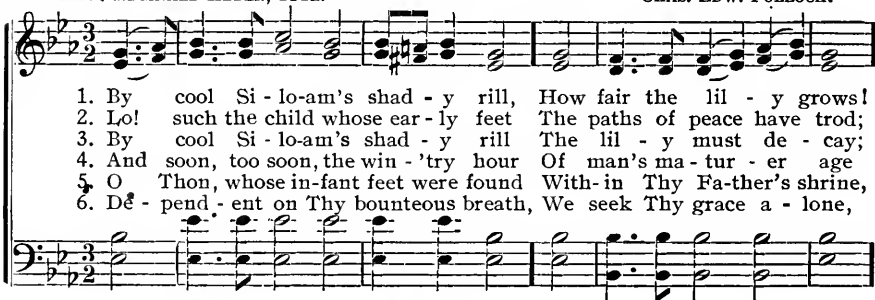
*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 13, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

558

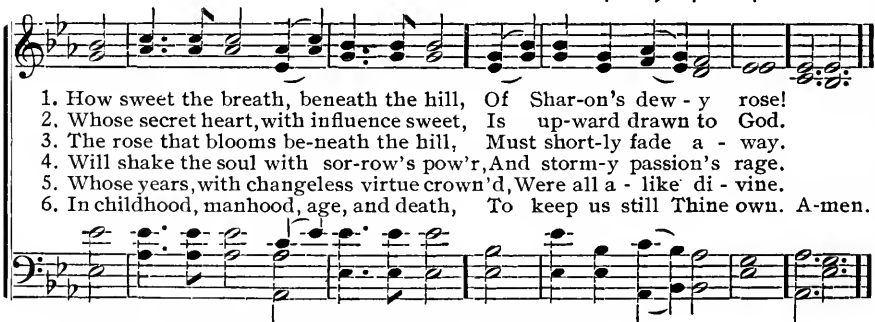
NEW SILOAM. C. M.*

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. By cool Si - lo-am's shad - y rill, How fair the lil - y grows!
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod;
 3. By cool Si - lo-am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay;
 4. And soon, too soon, the win - 'try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age
 5. O Thon, whose in-fant feet were found With-in Thy Fa-ther's shrine,
 6. De - pend - ent on Thy bounteous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone,



1. How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Shar-on's dew - y rose!
 2. Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
 3. The rose that blooms be-neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a - way.
 4. Will shake the soul with sor-row's pow'r, And storm-y passion's rage.
 5. Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd, Were all a - like di - vine.
 6. In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," March 14, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

559

PRAIRIE DELL. C. M.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Ecc. 12: 1.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth With vi - tal ar - dor glows;
 2. Deep on thy soul, be - fore its pow'rs Are yet by vice en-slaved;
 3. For soon the shades of grief shall cloud The sunshine of thy days;
 4. Soon shall thy heart the woes of age, In mournful groans de - plore;

1. And shines in all the fairest charms, Which beau - ty can dis - close.
 2. Be thy cre - a - tor's glorious name And char - ac - ter engraved.
 3. And cares and toils, in en - dless round, En - com - pass all thy ways.
 4. And sad - ly muse on form - er joys, That now re - turn no more. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

560

LEAD THEM TO THEE. 6s & 4s.

ANON.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. { Lead them, my God, to Thee, Lead them to Thee, }
 { These children dear of mine, (Omit.....) } Thou gav-est me; Oh, by Thy
 2. { When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay, }
 { Let no de - lus - ive snare (Omit.....) } Lure them a-stray; But from temp-
 3. { E'en for such lit - tle ones Christ came a child, }
 { And thro' this world of sin (Omit.....) } Moved un-de-filed; Oh, for His
 4. { Yea, tho' my faith be dim, I would be - lieve }
 { That Thou this pre-cious gift (Omit.....) } Wilt now re-ceive; Oh, take their

1. love di-vine, Lead them, my God, to Thee; Lead them, lead them, Lead them to Thee.
 2. tation's pow'r Lead them, my God, to Thee; Lead them, lead them, Lead them to Thee.
 3. sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to Thee; Lead them, lead them, Lead them to Thee.
 4. young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to Thee; Lead them, lead them, Lead them to Thee. A-men.

561

JESUS LOVES ME. 7s.

ANNA B. WARNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Vigorous.

1. { Je-sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so; }
 { Lit-tle ones to Him be-long, (Omit.....) } They are weak, but He is strong.
 2. { Jesus, from His throne on high, Came into this world to die; }
 { That I might from sin be free, (Omit.....) } Bled and died up-on the tree.
 3. { Jesus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to open wide; }
 { He will wash a-way my sin, (Omit.....) } Let His little child come in.
 4. { Jesus, take this heart of mine, Make it pure and wholly Thine; }
 { Thou hast bled and died for me, (Omit.....) } I will henceforth live for Thee.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je-sus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Je-sus loves me, The Bi-ble tells me so.

562

HULL. L. M.*

ANON.

"The barren fig-tree."—Luke 13: 6-9.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Why should I say, 'Tis yet too soon, To seek for heav'n, or think of death?
 2. If this re-bel-lious heart of mine De-spise the gra-cious call of heav'n;
 3. What if the Lord grow wroth and swear, While I re-fuse to read and pray;
 4. What if His dread-ful an-ger burn, While I re-fuse His of-fered grace,
 5. Then 'twould for-ev-er be in vain To cry for par-don and for grace;

1. A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon, And I this day may lose my breath.
 2. I may be hardened in my sin, And nev-er have re-pent-ance giv'n.
 3. That He'll refuse to lend an ear To all my groans an-oth-er day.
 4. And all His love to fu-ry turn, And strike me dead up-on the place!
 5. To wish I had my time a-gain, Or hope to see my maker's face. A-men

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 11, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

563

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

ANNIE H. SHEPHERD, 1835.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.



1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand, Children whose sins are
 2. In flow - ing robes of spotless white, See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed, Dwell - ing in ev - er -
 3. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin; Cleansed by that pure and
 4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace On earth they lov'd His name; So now they see His

1. all forgiv'n, A ho - ly, happy band, Singing glory, glory, Glo - ry be to God on high.
 2. lasting light, And joys that never fade, Singing glory, glory, Glo - ry be to God on high.
 3. precious blood, Behold them white and clean, Singing glory, glory, Glo - ry be to God on high.
 4. blessed face, And stand before the Lamb, Singing glory, glory, Glo - ry be to God on high.

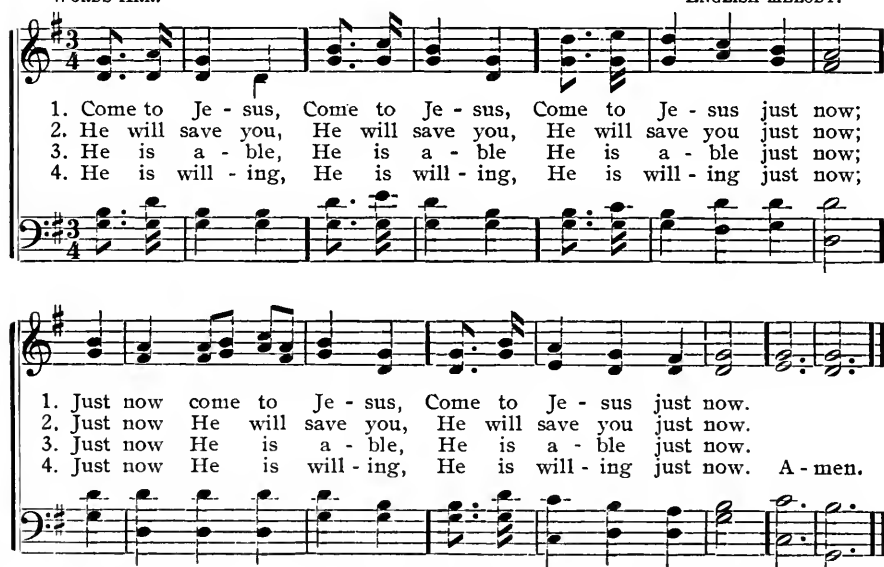
564

COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

WORDS ARR.

Matt. 11: 28-30.

ENGLISH MELODY.



1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now;
 3. He is a - ble, He is a - ble He is a - ble just now;
 4. He is will - ing, He is will - ing, He is will - ing just now;

1. Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
 2. Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.
 3. Just now He is a - ble, He is a - ble just now.
 4. Just now He is will - ing, He is will - ing just now. A - men.

- | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 5. He is ready, etc. | 8. If you trust Him, etc. | 11. Don't reject Him, etc. |
| 6. He is waiting, etc. | 9. Oh, believe Him, etc. | 12. Call upon Him, etc. |
| 7. He'll forgive you, etc. | 10. Do not tarry, etc. | 13. He will hear you, etc. |

565

REVIVE US AGAIN. P. M.

"Wilt Thou not revive us again, that so Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"—Psa. 85: 6.

REV. W. P. MACKAY.

JOHN J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who died and is now gone a-bove.
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour and scat-tered our night.
 3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
 4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bo't us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
 5. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love, May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

REFRAIN.

{ Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men. }
 { Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, (Omit.....) } Re - vive us a - gain. A - men.

566

REVIVE THY WORK. S. M.

"O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years."—Hab. 3: 2.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O God! A - mid the pass - ing years;
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O God! Cause each of us to feel;
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O God! Let shouts of praise be heard;
 4. Re - vive Thy work, O God! Oh, may we ag - o - nize,
 5. Re - vive Thy work, O God! That Zi - on may re - joice,

1. In mer - cy rouse the sleep - ing ones To pray'r - ful - ness and tears.
 2. The sad es - tate of sin - ners lost, Now mov - ing down to hell.
 3. Pour out Thy Spir - it on us now, Ac - cord - ing to Thy word.
 4. In fervent pray'r for promised grace, Till Thou shalt hear our cries.
 5. To see re - turn - ing sin - ners praise Thy name with grateful voice. A - men.

567

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s, (with Refrain.)

"Bless me, even me, also, O my Father."—Gen. 27:38.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1862.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free, }
 { Show'rs, the thirst-y land re - fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me. }
 2. { Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; }
 { Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me. }
 3. { Pass me not, O ten - der Sav-iour! Let me love and cling to Thee; }
 { I am long-ing for Thy fa - vor, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me. }
 4. { Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see; }
 { Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me. }
 5. { Pass me not, Thy lost one bring-ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee; }
 { While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth - ers, O bless me. }

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, e - ven me, *Let some droppings fall on me. A-men.

*Repeat last line of each stanza.

568

LORD REVIVE US. 8s & 7s, D.*

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—Heb. 3:2.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

W. T. DALE.

FINE.

1. { Sav-iour, vis - it Thy plan - ta - tion, Grant us, Lord, a gra-cious rain; }
 { All will come to des - o - la - tion, Un - less Thou re - turn a - gain. }
 2. { Sure - ly once Thy gar - den flourished, Ev - 'ry part looked gay and green; }
 { Then Thy word our spir - its nourished, Hap - py sea - sons we have seen. }
 3. { Some in whom we once de - light - ed, We shall meet no more be - low; }
 { Some, a - las! we fear are blight-ed, Scarce a sin - gle leaf they show. }

D.C.—Lest for want of Thine as - sist-ance, Ev - 'ry plant should droop and die.

D.C.—Lord, Thy help is great-ly need-ed, Help can on - ly come from Thee.

D.C.—Oh, per-mit them not to with - er, Let not all our hopes be vain.

D. C.

Keep no lon - ger at a dis-tance, Shine up - on us from on high;
 But a drought has since suc - ceed - ed, And a sad de - cline we see;
 Dear - est Sav-iour, hast - en hith - er, Thou canst make them bloom a-gain;

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 23, 1913.

569

HOLY MANNA. 8s & 7s.

REV. GEO. ASKINS, 1820.

(An Opening Song.)

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

FINE.

1. { Brethren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God; }
 { Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word? }
 2. { Brethren, see poor sinners round you Slumb'ring on the brink of woe; }
 { Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go? }
 3. { Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mos - es' sis - ter aid - ed him; }
 { Will you help the trembling mourners Who are struggling hard with sin? }
 4. { Let us love our God su-preme-ly, Let us love each oth - er, too; }
 { Let us love and pray for sin - ners Till our God makes all things new; }

D. C. - Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.

D. C. - Brethren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.

D. C. - Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be showered all a-round.

D. C. - Christ will gird Himself and serve us With sweet manna all a-round. A-men.

D. C.

1. All is vain un-less the spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
 2. See our fa - thers and our mothers, And our chil-dren sink-ing down;
 3. Tell them all a - bout the Saviour, Tell them that He will be found;
 4. Then He'll call us home to heaven, At His ta - ble we'll sit down;

570

CLEVELAND. C. M.

BENJAMIN CLEVELAND, 1790.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God;
 2. Lord, I de - sire with Thee to live A - new from day to day;
 3. Blest Je - sus, come and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly Thine;
 4. Thus, till my last ex - pir - ing breath, Thy good-ness I'll a - dore;

1. Then would my hours glide sweet away, While lean-ing on His word.
 2. In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
 3. That I may nev - er-more de - part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.
 4. And when my frame dissolves in death, My soul shall love Thee more. A-men.

Revival Hymns.

571

YONGST. C. M.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

John 6: 67-69.

REV. W. B. GILLHAM, 1852.

1. When an - y turn from Zi-on's way, A - las! what num - bers do;
 2. Ah! Lord, with such a heart as mine, Un - less Thou hold me fast,
 3. Yet Thou a - lone hast pow'r I know, To save a wretch like me;
 4. Be - yond a doubt I rest as-sured, Thou art the Christ of God,
 5. No voice but Thine can give me rest, And bid my fears de - part;
 6. What an-guish has this ques-tion stirred, "If I will al - so go?"

1. Methinks I hear my Sav - iour say, Wilt thou for-sake me, too?
 2. I feel I must, I shall de-cline, And prove like them at last.
 3. To whom, or whith-er should I go, If I should turn from Thee?
 4. Who hast e - ter - nal life secured, By prom - ise and by blood!
 5. No love but Thine can make me blest, And sat - is - fy my heart.
 6. Yet, Lord, re - ly - ing on Thy word, I hum - bly an-swer, No! A-men.

572

HUNT. C. M.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood,
 2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His prais - es tuned my tongue;
 3. In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord, And saw His glo - ry shine;
 4. But now, when ev'n-ing shade pre-vaile, My soul in darkness mourns;
 5. Rise, Lord, and help me to pre-vail; Oh, make my soul Thy care;

1. Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
 2. And when the ev'n'ing shades prevailed, His love was all my song.
 3. And when I read His ho - ly word, I called each promise mine.
 4. And when the morn the light re-veals, No light to me re - turns.
 5. I know Thy mer - cy can not fail; Let me that mer - cy share. A-men.

573

CENTRETOWN. C. M.

W. M. COWPER.

Gen. 5: 24.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem'-ry still!
 4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest!
 5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be;
 6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;

1. A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
 2. Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 3. But they have left an - ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 4. I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
 5. Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 6. So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

574

BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

This tune may be sung to "Sun of My Soul," No. 533.

REV. M. B. DEWITT, D. D., 1880.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, that my heart might ev - er feel The binding pow'r of Je - sus' love;
 2. Would that the charms of heav'nly joy Might break the spell of earth-ly bliss,
 3. That ransomed life I con - se - crate To Him who met the law for me;
 4. Now, Lord, the bind - ing pow'r impart, Nor let me wan - der more from Thee;

1. Oh, that the ho - ly Spirit's seal Might fix my tho'ts on things above.
 2. And give my ransomed life employ, Su - pe - rior to a world like this.
 3. My time, my tal - ents, and es - tate, I give to Him e - ter - nal - ly.
 4. Sweetly com - pel my longing heart To stay in bliss-ful con - stan - cy. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

575

GREENFIELDS. 8s.

This hymn may be sung to "Caledonia."

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

GERMAN AIR.

FINE.

1. { How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see! }
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me. }
 2. { His name yields the richest per-fume, And sweeter than mu-sic His voice; }
 { His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice; }
 3. { Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleasure re-signed; }
 { No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind; }
 4. { Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song, }
 { Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long? }

D.C.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

D.C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My summer would last all the year.

D.C.—And pris-ons would pal-a-cies prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.

D.C.—Oh, take me up to Thee on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more. A-men.

D.C.

1. The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 2. I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
 3. While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
 4. Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;

576

CALEDONIA. 8s.

This tune may be sung to "How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours," No. 575.

B. FRANCIS.

W. T. DALE, 1913.

1. { My gracious Re-deem-er I love, His prais-es a-loud I'll proclaim; }
 { And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout His a-dor-(Omit. . . .) } a-ble name.
 2. { Ye palaces, sceptres and crowns, Your pride with diadain I sur-vey; }
 { Your pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a mo-(Omit. . . .) } ment a-way.

D.C.—To see them incessant-ly shine, My boundless, in-ef-(Omit. . . .) fa-ble joy.

D.C.—My joy ev-er-last-ing-ly flows—My God, my Redeem-(Omit. . . .) er is mine. A-men.

D.C.

To gaze on His glo-ries di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy;
 The crown that my Sav-iour be-stows, Yon per-ma-nent sun shall out-shine;

577

BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND. C. M.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

Deut. 34: 1-4.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
 2. Oh, the trans - port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris - es to my sight,
 3. There gen - erous fruits that nev - er fail On trees im - mor - tal grow,
 4. All o'er those wide-ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day;
 5. No chill - ing winds, nor pois - nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
 6. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
 7. Filled with de - light, my rap - tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay;

1. To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sessions lie.
 2. Sweet fields arrayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
 3. There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and hon - ey flow.
 4. There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
 5. Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 6. When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
 7. Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the Promised Land.

REFRAIN. D. S.
 I am bound for the Promised Land, I am bound for the Promised Land;
 Promised Land,

578

ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord; And He will sure-ly
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow; Oh, come now to this
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go; To dwell in that ce-

Revival Hymns.

ONLY TRUST HIM. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

1. give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
 2. crim-son flood, That wash-es white as snow. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
 3. out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
 4. les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now. A-men.

579

OLD TIME RELIGION.

REVIVAL SONG.

Not too fast.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. It was good... for our fa-thers, It was good... for our fa-thers,
 2. It was good... for our mothers, It was good... for our mothers;
 3. It was good... for our brothers, It was good... for our brothers,

Cho.—'Tis the old... time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old...time re-lig-ion,

It was good... for our fa-thers, And it's good enough for me.
 It was good... for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.
 It was good... for our brothers, And it's good enough for me.

'Tis the old... time re-lig-ion, And its good enough for me. A-men.

- 4 It was good for our sisters, etc.
- 5 It was good enough for Daniel, etc.
- 6 It was tried in the den of lions, etc.
- 7 It was good for the Hebrew children, etc.
- 8 It was tried in the fiery furnace, etc.
- 9 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc.

- 10 It was good enough for martyrs, etc.
- 11 It will do while I am living, etc.
- 12 It will do when I am dying, etc.
- 13 It will land us over Jordan, etc.
- 14 It will take us all to heaven, etc.
- 15 It will give us joy forever, etc.

580

PONDER, O MAN, ETERNITY.

C. WINKWORTH, SR.

REV. ARTHUR C. BIDDLE, by per.

E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! How long art thou, E - ter - ni - ty?

1. { And yet to thee time hastes a-way, Like as the war-horse to the fray, }
Or swift as cour-iers homeward go, Or ships to port, or shafts from bow. }

2. { The years shall fade, the stars wax old, The moon be dead, the sun grow cold, }
Yet ceaseless still thy waves are tossed, The psalm of the blest, the knell of the lost. }

3. { Till life shall die, and wrong be right, Till hell be heav'n, and day be night; }
Till then the joys of heav'n re-main, Till then the damned endure their pain. }

man, Pon - der, O man, Pon - der, O man, E - ter - ni - ty!

*Small notes with last stanza.

581

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND ETERNITY?

E. E. HEWITT.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. The shad-ows of time flee be-fore the great dawn; The is-sues of
2. The worm di-eth not in the realms of de-spair, O tor-ture un-
3. The sor-rows of earth will not trou-ble us then, If hum-bly we've

judg-ment are has-ten-ing on, When we shall have anchored be-
end-ing to sad dwell-ers there, The great-est of questions this
trust-ed the Sav-our of men; Sweet hope! glad fru-i-tion our

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Time and Eternity.

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND ETERNITY? Concluded.

FINE.

yond the dark sea, Oh, where shall we spend our e - ter - ni - ty?
 sure - ly must be, -- Oh, where shall we spend our e - ter - ni - ty?
 Mas - ter to see, With Him we shall spend our e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

E - ter - ni - ty, (e - ter - ni - ty,) e - ter - ni - ty, (e - ter - ni - ty.)

582

GOD OF ETERNITY. 6s & 4s.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLEN SANKEY.

1. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Sav - iour and King, Help us to
 2. God of e - ter - ni - ty, An - cient of Days, Glo - rious in
 3. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Ru - ler di - vine, Strength of the
 4. God of e - ter - ni - ty, Love is thy name, God of the

1. hon - or Thee, Help while we sing; Now may the clouds of night
 2. maj - es - ty, Au - thor of Praise; Hear Thou our earn - est call,
 3. might - y hills, All power is Thine; Bound - less Thy reign shall be,
 4. earth and sea, Thee we pro - claim; Love, thro' Thy on - ly Son,

1. Break in-to splendor bright, Jesus, our life and light, Our Lord and King!
 2. While at Thy feet we fall, Je - sus, our all in all, Our Lord and King!
 3. Wondrous Thy victory, Earth shall be fill'd with Thee, Our Lord and King!
 4. Thy work of grace hath done, Oh, blessed Three in One, Our Lord and King! Amen.

SUNSET. L. M.*

Brevity of human life.—Psalm 39: 4-6, 12, 13.

REV. JAMES MERRICK.

REV. E. T. BOWERS, D. D.

1. O let me, gracious Lord, ex-tend My view to life's approaching end; What are my
 2. Our life, advancing to its close, While scarce its earliest dawn it knows, Swift thro' an
 3. God of my fathers! here, as they, I walk, the pil-grim of a day, A transient
 4. Oh, spare me, Lord, in mercy spare, And nature's failing strength repair, Ere life's short

1. days? a span their line,... And what my age compared with Thine?
 2. emp - ty shade we run,... And van - i - ty and man are one.
 3. guest, Thy works ad - mire, ... And in - stant to my home re - tire.
 4. cir - cuit wan-dered o'er,... I per - ish, and am seen no more. A-men.

*May be sung to "Asleep in Jesus."

GILGAL. L. M.*

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 89: 45-48.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Re-mem-ber, Lord, our mor - tal state, How frail our life, how short the date;
 2. Lord, while we see whole na-tions die, Distressed with gloomy fears we cry,
 3. Where is Thy prom - ise to the just? Are not Thy servants turned to dust?
 4. That glorious hour, that dreadful day, Wipes the re-proach of saints a - way;

1. Where is the man that draws his breath Safe from disease, secure from death?
 2. 'Must death for-ev er rage and reign? Or hast Thou made mankind in vain?
 3. But faith forbids these mournful sighs, And sees the sleeping dust a - rise.
 4. And clears the hon-or of Thy word; Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord! Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 16, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner,

Time and Eternity.

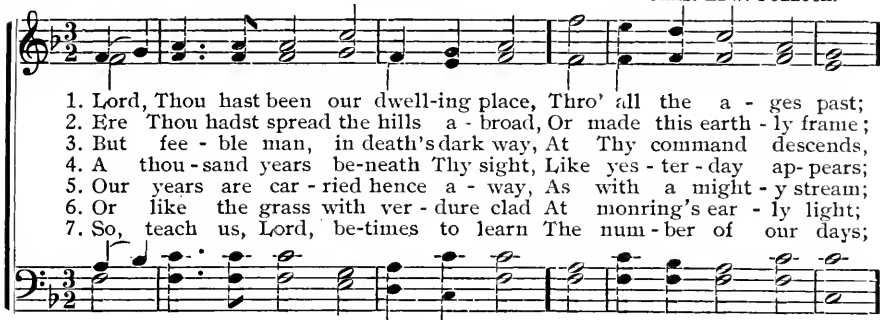
585

HERMAN. C. M.*

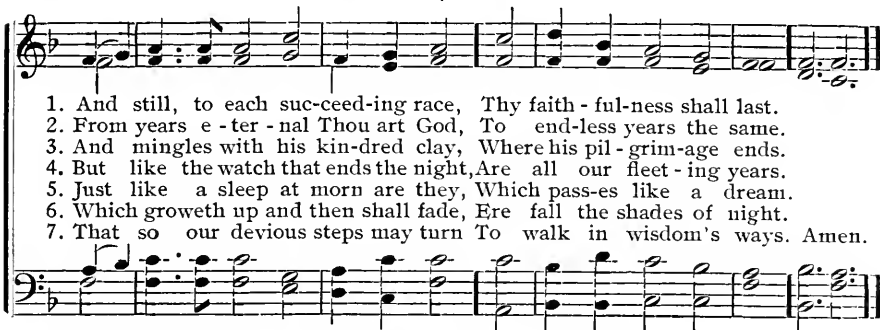
W. T. DALE.

Psalm 90:1-6, 12.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell-ing place, Thro' all the a - ges past;
2. Ere Thou hadst spread the hills a - broad, Or made this earth - ly frame;
3. But fee - ble man, in death's dark way, At Thy command descends,
4. A thou - sand years be-neath Thy sight, Like yes - ter - day ap - pears;
5. Our years are car - ried hence a - way, As with a might - y stream;
6. Or like the grass with ver - dure clad At monning's ear - ly light;
7. So, teach us, Lord, be-times to learn The num - ber of our days;



1. And still, to each suc-ceed-ing race, Thy faith - ful-ness shall last.
2. From years e - ter - nal Thou art God, To end-less years the same.
3. And mingles with his kin-dred clay, Where his pil - grim-age ends.
4. But like the watch that ends the night, Are all our fleet - ing years.
5. Just like a sleep at morn are they, Which pass-es like a dream.
6. Which groweth up and then shall fade, Ere fall the shades of night.
7. That so our devious steps may turn To walk in wisdom's ways. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

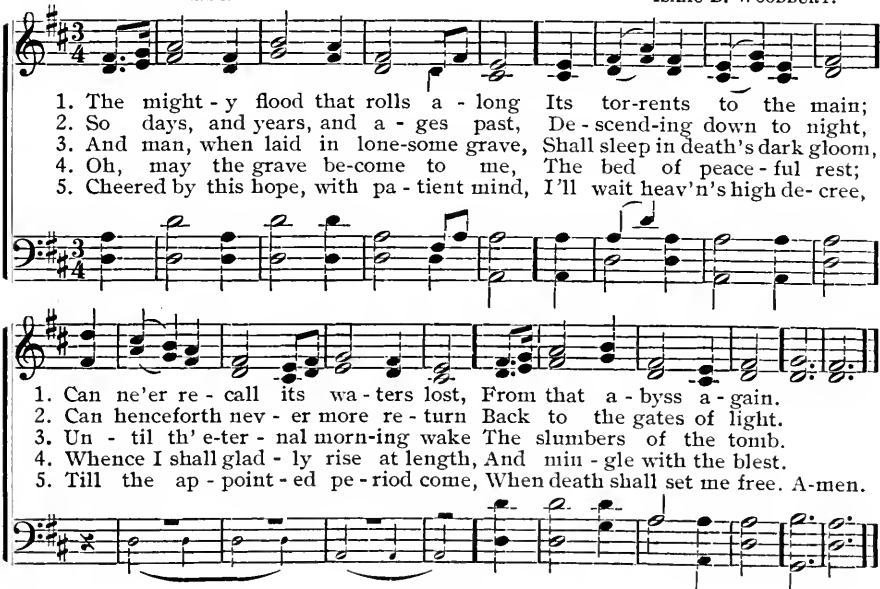
586

SILOAM. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

Job 14:11-15.

ISAAC B. WOODBURY.



1. The might - y flood that rolls a - long Its tor-rents to the main;
2. So days, and years, and a - ges past, De - scend-ing down to night,
3. And man, when laid in lone-some grave, Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
4. Oh, may the grave be-come to me, The bed of peace - ful rest;
5. Cheered by this hope, with pa - tient mind, I'll wait heav'n's high de - cree,
1. Can ne'er re - call its wa - ters lost, From that a - byss a - gain.
2. Can henceforth nev - er more re - turn Back to the gates of light.
3. Un - til th' e - ter - nal morn-ing wake The slumbers of the tomb.
4. Whence I shall glad - ly rise at length, And min - gle with the blest.
5. Till the ap - point - ed pe - riod come, When death shall set me free. A-men.

587

MAHONING. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

Job 3: 17-20.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How still and peace - ful is the grave! Where life's vain tu-mults past,
2. The wick - ed there from troubling cease, Their pas-sions rage no more;
3. There rest the pris'-ners now re-leased From slavery's sad a - bode;
4. There servants, mas-ters, small and great, Par-take the same re - pose;
5. All lev - eled by the hand of death, Lie sleep - ing in the tomb;

1. Th' appointed house by heav'n's decree, Receives us all at last.
2. And there the wea - ry pil - grini rests, From all the toils he bore.
3. No more they hear th' oppressor's voice, Or dread the ty-rant's rod.
4. And there in peace the ash - es mix, Of those who once were foes.
5. Till God in judgment call them forth To meet their fi - nal doom. Amen.

588

STEELE. C. M.

"Thou hast made my days as an handbreath; and mine age is as nothing before thee."

ANNE STEELE.

Psalm 39: 5.

W. T. DALE.

Rather slowly.

1. Life is a span, a fleet - ing hour; How soon the va - por flies!
2. Death spreads his withering, wintry arms, And beau - ty smiles no more;
3. That once loved form, now cold and dead, Each mournful tho't em - ploys;
4. Hope looks be-yond the bounds of time, When what we now de - plore,

1. Man is a ten-der, transient flow'r, That e'en in blooming dies.
2. Ah! where are now those rising charms Which pleased our eyes before?
3. We weep our earth-ly com-forts fled, And withered all our joys.
4. Shall rise in full im - mor-tal prime, And bloom to fade no more. A-men.

589

FUNERAL THOUGHT. S. M.*

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slow and solemn.

1. Life's pil - grim-age, how short; Our race is quick - ly run; We
 2. At best, 'tis but a span From cra - dle to the grave; A
 3. Dear Lord, help us pre - pare For that e - vent - ful day When
 4. Help us to live each day As though it were our last; And

1. find we're at our journey's end, Ere it had scarce be - gun.
 2. few short years in which to seek, Our pre-cious souls to save.
 3. our un - dy - ing souls shall leave This ten - e - ment of clay.
 4. by a liv - ing, steadfast faith, Our souls on Je - sus cast. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

590

MATTHEWS. S. M.*

W. T. D.

"Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13.

W. T. DALE.

With solemnity.

1. "Write, bless - ed are the dead, Who die in Chris - tian faith; They
 2. Their works of faith and love Do fol - low where they go; And
 3. How high - ly blest are they, Released from ev - 'ry pain; They
 4. Like an - gels they shall stand, To guide our feet a - right, Un -
 5. O Lord, by Thy rich grace, Pre-pare us each to die; And
 6. We'll sing Thy won - drous love With our ex - pir - ing breath; The

Rit-e-dim.

1. rest from toil with Christ their Head, For thus the spir - it saith."
 2. while they rest in heav'n a - bove, Their names will live be - low.
 3. dwell in ev - er - last - ing day, And there with Je - sus reign.
 4. til we reach that heav'nly land, And dwell in end - less light.
 5. grant us all a dwell - ing place In man - sions in the sky.
 6. won - ders of Thy grace we'll prove, And bless Thy name in death. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 20, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner.

Burial Service.

591

REST. L. M.

"Even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."—1 Thes. 4: 14.

Farewell, beloved, till we meet
Before the throne of God above;
And cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing the triumphs of His love.—W. T. D.

MRS. MARGARET MACKAY, 1832.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1843.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-pre-me-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be;
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kindred and their graves may be;

1. A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
2. With ho-ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
3. No fear, no woe shall dim the hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
4. Se - curely shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
5. But thine is still a blessed sleep From which none ever wake to weep. Amen.

592

FUNERAL CHANT.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1773. May be sung to "Asleep in Jesus."

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest;
2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death de-roys;
4. Farewell, con-flicting hopes and fears, Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
5. Life's la - bor done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir - it flies,

1. How mild - ly beam the clos-ing eyes; How gently heaves th'expiring breast.
2. So gent - ly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a-long the shore.
3. And aught disturbs the peace profound Which his unfettered soul en-joys.
4. How bright th'unchanging morn appears, Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.
5. While heaven and earth combine to say: "How blest the righteous when he dies." Amen.

CUNNINGHAM. S. M.*

Death of one of God's servants.—Matt. 25: 21.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

W. T. DALE.

1. Serv - ant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy; The
 2. The voice at mid - night came; He start - ed up to hear; A
 3. At mid - night came the cry, "To meet thy God pre - pare!" He
 4. His spir - it with a bound, Left its en - cumbering clay; His
 5. The pains of death are past, La - bor and sor - row cease; And
 6. Sol - dier of Christ, well done! Praise be thy new em - ploy; And

1. bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy.
 2. mor - tal ar - row pierced his frame; He fell, but felt no fear.
 3. woke and caught his cap - tain's eye; Then strong in faith and pray'r:
 4. tent at sun - rise on the ground, A darkened ru - in lay.
 5. life's long war - fare closed at last, His soul is found in peace.
 6. while e - ter - nal a - ges run, Rest in thy Saviour's joy. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 20, 1913. W. T. Dale, owner.

MEAR. C. M.

WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS COLL., 1762.

REV. P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Death of a minister.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. What tho' the arm of conqu'ring death Does God's own house in - vade!
 2. Tho' earth - ly shep - herds dwell in dust, The a - ged and the young,
 3. Th'E - ter - nal Shep - herd still survives, New com - fort to im - part;
 4. "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord, "My Church shall safe a - bide;
 5. Thro' ev - 'ry scene of life and death, This prom - ise is our trust;

1. What tho' the proph - et and the priest, Are numbered with the dead.
 2. The watch - ful eye, in darkness closed, And mute th'instructive tongue.
 3. His eye still guides us, and His voice Still an - i - mates our heart.
 4. For I will ne'er for - sake my own, Whose souls in me con - fide."
 5. And this, shall be our children's song, When we are cold in dust. A - men.

595

GO TO THY REST FAIR CHILD. S. M.

LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

For the funeral of a child.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Affettuoso.

1. Go to thy rest, fair child! Go to thy dream - less bed,
 2. Be - fore thy heart had learned In way - ward - ness to stray,
 3. Ere sin had seared the breast, Or sor - row woke the tear,
 4. Be - cause thy smile was fair, Thy lip and eye so bright,
 5. Shall love, with weak em - brace, Thy up - ward wing de - tain?

1. While yet so gen - tle, un - de - filed, With bless - ings on thy head.
 2. Be - fore thy feet had ev - er turned The dark and downward way.
 3. Rise to the home of changeless rest, In yon ce - les - tial sphere.
 4. Be - cause thy lov - ing cra - dle care Was such a dear de - light.
 5. No! gen - tle an - gel, take thy place A - mid the cher - ub train. A - men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

596

REST SWEETLY, DARLING ONE. S. M.

J. H. K.

For the funeral of a child.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Rest sweet - ly, dar - ling one, Naught shall dis - turb thy sleep;
 2. Tho' scarce life's bloom had come, The Fa - ther tho't it best
 3. Thine is a man - sion fair, There in Im - man - uel's land,
 4. Shed not the bit - ter tear, — Why should thy heart de - spair?

1. The Father's ho - ly will be done, Tho' we are left to weep.
 2. To take thee to His heav'nly home, To lean on Je - sus' breast.
 3. Where all the ho - ly an - gels are, With the re - deem - ed band.
 4. The darling's spir - it hov - ers near, And whispers, "Meet me there." Amen.

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Burial Service.

597

MORROW. S. M.

C. E. P.

(For the funeral of a child.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slow and soft.

1. Fare - well! sweet child, fare-well! 'Tis hard from thee to part; Al-
 2. Fare - well! sweet child, fare-well! 'Tis hard to give thee up; "It
 3. Fare - well! sweet child, fare-well! Thy sin - less soul is free; Thou'rt
 4. Fare - well! sweet child, fare-well! Thou'rt on-ly goue be - fore; In

1. though the Lord hath called thee home, It al - most breaks our heart.
 2. is God's will" we hum - bly bow, And drink the bit - ter cup.
 3. saved by Christ's a - ton - ing blood, So free - ly shed for thee.
 4. heav - en we shall meet a - gain, Where partings are no more. Amen.

Written for "Songs of Zion." C. E. Pollock, owner.

598

BALERMA. C. M.

2 Sam. 12: 23.

1. A - las! how changed that love - ly flow'r, Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
 2. And shall my bleed-ing heart ar - raign That God whose ways are love?
 3. No! let me rath - er hum - bly pay O - be - dience to His will;
 4. From ad - verse blasts and low'r-ing storms, *Her* fa - vored soul He bore,
 5. Why should I vex my heart or fast, — No more *she'll* vis - it me;

1. Fair fleet-ing com - fort of an hour, How soon we're called to part.
 2. Or vain - ly cher - ish anx-i-ous pain, For *her* who rests a - bove.
 3. And with my in - most spir - it say, "The Lord is righteous still."
 4. And with yon bright an-gel - ic forms, *She* lives to die no more.
 5. My soul will mount to *her* at last, And there my child I'll see. A-men.

NOTE.—By changing *italicized* pronouns, will suit for either a boy or a girl.

599

CROSSING THE BAR. S. M.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Isa. 43:2.

*ALFRED TENNYSON, 1889. Arr.

W. T. DALE, Aug. 5, 1914.

Slowly,

1. Sun - set and ev'n-ing star, And one clear call for me; And
 2. This tide seems fast a - sleep, Too full for sound and moan; But
 3. Twi - light and ev'n-ing bell, And aft - er that the dark; And
 4. For tho' from time and place The flood may bear me far, I

1. may there be no moan-ing bar When I put out to sea.
 2. from a - cross the boundless deep, Comes there a cry, "Sweet Home."
 3. may there be no sad fare-well, When I at last em - bark.
 4. hope to see my Pi - lot's face, When I have crossed the bar. A-men.

*Tennyson lived three years after writing this sublime poem. But it was his swan-like song. Born at Somerby, Lincolnshire, Aug. 6, 1809, dying at Farringford, Oct. 6, 1892, he filled out the measure of a good old age. And his prayer was answered, for his death was serene and dreadless. His unseen Pilot guided him gently "across the bar," and then *he saw him*.

600

DUNDEE. C. M.

For death of a young person.

ANNE STEELE.

Arr. from CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.

Slowly and softly.

1. When blooming youth is snatched a - way By death's re - sist - less hand;
 2. While pit - y prompts the ris - ing sigh, O may this truth impressed
 3. The voice of this a - larm - ing scene May ev - 'ry heart o - bey;
 4. O let us fly, — to Je - sus fly, — Whose pow'rful arm can save;

1. Our hearts the mournful trib - ute pay, Which pit - y must de-mand.
 2. With aw - ful pow'r, "I, too, must die," Sink deep in ev - 'ry breast.
 3. Nor be the heav'n - ly warn - ing vain, Which calls to watch and pray.
 4. Then shall our hopes as - cend on high, And tri - umph o'er the grave. Amen.

601

MY BURIED FRIENDS. 8s & 9s.

SOCIAL HARP.

For a memorial service.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

FINE.

1. { My buried friends can I for - get? Or must the grave e - ter - nal sev - er? }
 { They linger in my mem'ry yet, And in my heart they'll live forev - er. }
 2. { I fain would weep; but what of tears? No tears of mine could e'er recall them; }
 { Nor would I wish that groveling cares, Cares like mine should e'er befall them. }
 3. { I heard them bid the world a - dieu, I saw them on the rolling bil - low; }
 { Their far-off home appeared in view, While yet they pressed a dying pillow. }
 4. { O how I long to join their wing, And range their fields of bloom - ing flow - ers! }
 { Come, holy watchers, come and bring, A mourner to your blissful bowers. }

D. C.—But oft - en in my conflicts here, They rallied quickly to relieve me.

D. C.—They bask in beams of bliss a - bove, And shout to tell their happy sto - ry.

D. C.—“Adieu to earth, for all is well, Now all is well with me for - ev - er.”

D. C.—With songs I'd enter endless day, And live with my loved friends forever.

D. C.

1. They loved me once with love sincere, And nev - er did their love deceive me.
 2. They rest in realms of light and love, They dwell upon the mount of glo - ry;
 3. I heard the part - ing pilgrim tell, While passing Jordan's stormy riv - er;
 4. I'd speed with rapture on my way, Nor would I pause at Jordan's riv - er;

602

ELM STREET. L. M.

“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”—Luke 8:52.

ANON.

To my angel sister Nannie.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Rather slow.

1. She sleeps in Je - sus, peaceful rest, No mor - tal strife invades her breast;
 2. She sleeps in Je - sus, soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies;
 3. She sleeps in Je - sus; cease thy grief, Let this af - ford thee sweet re - lief,

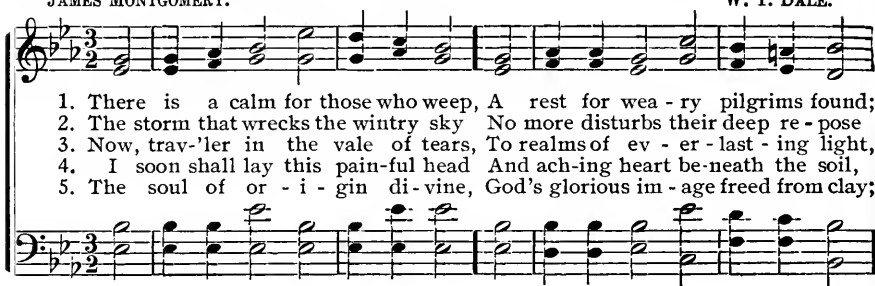
Nor pain, nor sin, nor anxious care Can reach the silent slumb'r'er there.
 Then burst the fetters of the tomb, To wake in full im - mor - tal bloom.
 That, freed from death's triumphant reign, In heaven she will live a - gain. Amen.

603

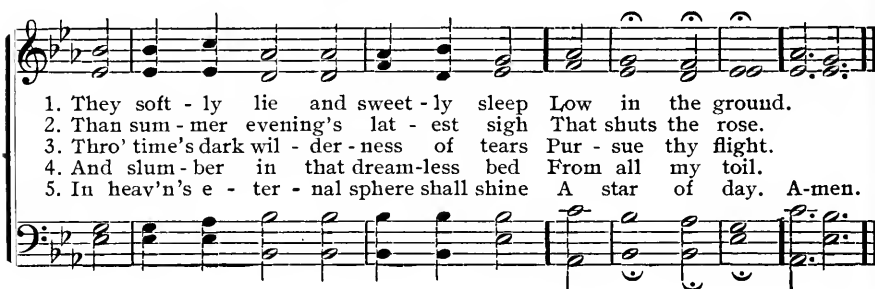
A CALM FOR THOSE WHO WEEP. 8s & 4s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

W. T. DALE.



1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea - ry pilgrims found;
2. The storm that wrecks the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep re - pose
3. Now, trav - ler in the vale of tears, To realms of ev - er - last - ing light,
4. I soon shall lay this pain - ful head And ach - ing heart be - neath the soil,
5. The soul of or - i - gin di - vine, God's glorious im - age freed from clay;



1. They soft - ly lie and sweet - ly sleep Low in the ground.
2. Than sum - mer evening's lat - est sigh That shuts the rose.
3. Thro' time's dark wil - der - ness of tears Pur - sue thy flight.
4. And slum - ber in that dream - less bed From all my toil.
5. In heav'n's e - ter - nal sphere shall shine A star of day. A-men.

604

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

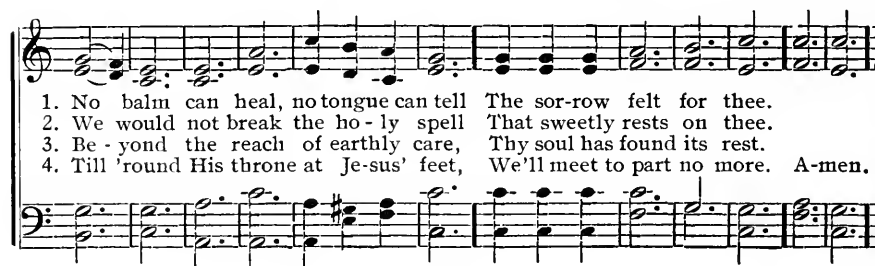
"Farewell! we meet no more this side of heaven,
The parting scene is o'er, the last sad look is given;
Farewell! and shall we meet in heaven above,
And there in union sweet, sing of a Saviour's love?"

REV. A. WEAVER.

R. S. COWARD.



1. Fare-well, fare - well, a sad fare - well, No more thy face we'll see;
2. Our sighs must speak the last fare - well, Be - reav - ed tho' we be;
3. Oh, sweet shall be thy slum - bers here, And calm thy peace - ful breast;
4. Fare-well, fare - well, a sad fare - well, We'll breathe it o'er and o'er;



1. No balm can heal, no tongue can tell The sor - row felt for thee.
2. We would not break the ho - ly spell That sweetly rests on thee.
3. Be - yond the reach of earthly care, Thy soul has found its rest.
4. Till 'round His throne at Je - sus' feet, We'll meet to part no more. A-men.

605

KINGSLEY. C. M.*

C. P. COLL.

Man shall live again.—Job. 14: 13-15.

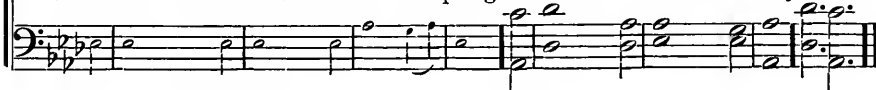
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. The win - ter past, re - viv - ing flow'rs A - new shall paint the plain;
2. Shall man de - part this earth - ly scene, Ah! nev - er to re - turn?
3. Shall life re - vis - it dy - ing worms, And spread the insects' wing?
4. Cease, all ye vain, de - spond - ing fears; When Christ from darkness sprang,
5. The trump shall sound, the gates of death Shall make His children way;



1. The woods shall hear the voice of spring, And flour - ish green a - gain.
2. No sec - ond spring of life re - vive The ash - es of the urn.
3. And oh, shall man a - wake no more The Saviour's name to sing?
4. Death the last foe was cap - tive led, And heav'n with prais - es rang.
5. From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring And shine in end - less day. Amen.



*Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 13, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner

606

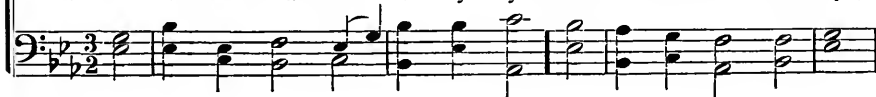
DUNDEE. C. M.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Arr. fr. CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1553.



1. Thro' sor - row's night, and dan - ger's path, A - mid the deep'ning gloom,
2. There, when the tur - moil is no more, And all our pow'rs de - cay,
3. Our la - bors done, se - cure - ly laid In this our last re - treat,
4. Yet not thus bur - ied or ex - tinct The vi - tal spark shall lie;
5. These ash - es, too, this lit - tle dust Our Fa - ther's care shall keep,
6. Then love's soft dew o'er ev - 'ry eye Shall shed its mild - est rays,



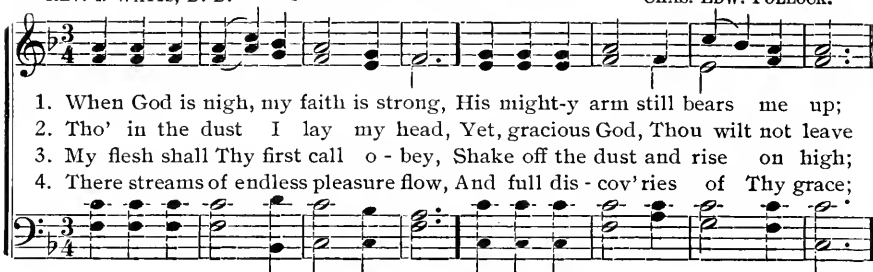
1. We, foll'wers of our suff'ring Lord, Are marching to the tomb.
2. Our cold remains, in sol - i - tude, Shall sleep the years a - way.
3. Un - heed - ed o'er our si - lent dust The storms of earth shall beat.
4. For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise To seek its kin - dred sky.
5. Till the last an - gel rise and break The long and drear - y sleep.
6. And the long si - lent voice a - wake With shouts of end - less praise. Amen.



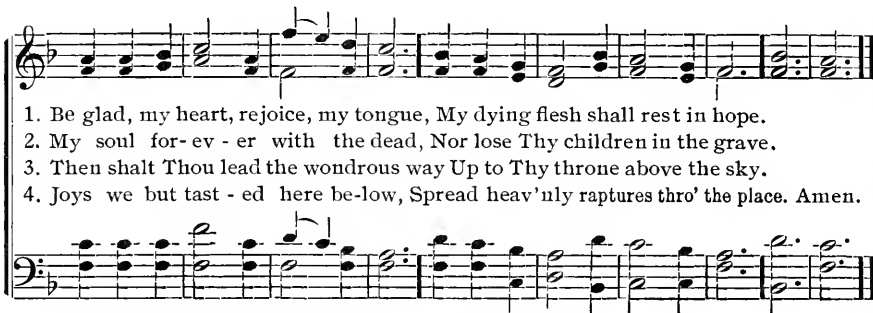
607

WAGONER. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Hope of the resurrection—Psalm 16:8-11. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. When God is nigh, my faith is strong, His might-y arm still bears me up;
2. Tho' in the dust I lay my head, Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
3. My flesh shall Thy first call o - bey, Shake off the dust and rise on high;
4. There streams of endless pleasure flow, And full dis - cov'ries of Thy grace;



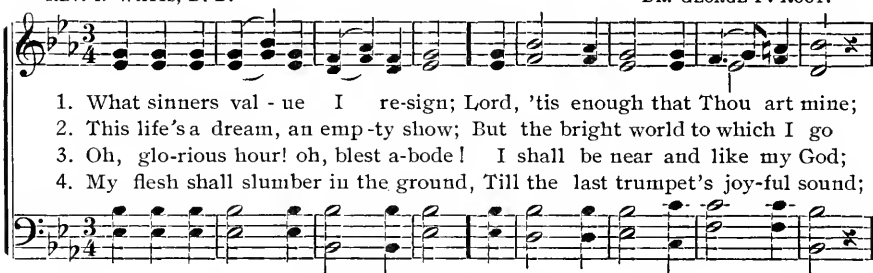
1. Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue, My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
2. My soul for- ev - er with the dead, Nor lose Thy children in the grave.
3. Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way Up to Thy throne above the sky.
4. Joys we but tast - ed here be-low, Spread heav'nly raptures thro' the place. Amen.

Written for "Songs of Zion," Feb. 16, 1914. C. E. Pollock, owner.

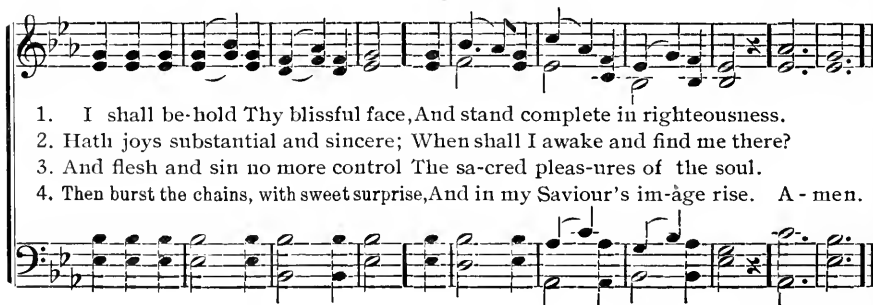
608

ROSEDALE. L. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D. Psalm 17: 15. DR. GEORGE F. ROOT.



1. What sinners val - ue I re-sign; Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
2. This life's a dream, an emp - ty show; But the bright world to which I go
3. Oh, glo - rious hour! oh, blest a-bode! I shall be near and like my God;
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground, Till the last trumpet's joy - ful sound;



1. I shall be-hold Thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.
2. Hath joys substantial and sincere; When shall I awake and find me there?
3. And flesh and sin no more control The sa - cred pleas - ures of the soul.
4. Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's im - age rise. A - men.

The Resurrection.

609

DENNIS. S. M.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—Num. 23: 10.

HON. WM. MAXWELL, 1831.

H. G. NAGELL.

1. Oh, for the death of those Who slum-ber in the Lord! Oh,
 2. Their bod-ies in the ground In si-lent hope shall lie, Till
 3. Their ransomed spir-its soar On wings of faith and love, To
 4. With us their names shall live Thro' long suc-ceed-ing years, Em-

1. be like theirs my last re- pose, Like theirs, my last re-ward.
 2. the last trumpet's joy - ful sound Shall call them to the sky.
 3. meet the Sav- iour they a- dore, And reign with Him a- bove.
 4. balmed with all our hearts can give, Our prais- es and our tears. A-men.

610

JEWETT CITY. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Scenes at the resurrection.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How long shall Death, the ty- rant reign, And tri-umph o'er the just?
 2. Lo! I be- hold the scattered shades, The dawn of heav'n ap-pears;
 3. I see the Lord of glo- ry come, With flam-ing guards a-round;
 4. I hear the voice, "Ye dead, a- rise!" And, lo! the graves o- bey;
 5. Oh, may our hum- ble spir-its stand A- mong them, clothed in white;
 6. How will our joy and won- der rise, When our re- turn- ing King

1. How long the blood of mar-tyrs slain Lie min-gled with the dust?
 2. The bright, immortal morning spreads Its blush-es round the spheres.
 3. The skies di- vide to make Him room; The trumpet shakes the ground.
 4. And wak-ing saints, with joy- ful eyes, Sa- lute th'ex-pect- ed day.
 5. And rove thro'-out Im-manuel's land, With in- fi- nite de- light.
 6. Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies, On love's tri-umph-ant wing! Amen.

611

KANSAS CITY. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

Judgment anticipated.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sing with energy.

1. When ris - ing from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear;
 2. If yet, while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought,
 3. When Thou, O Lord, shall stand disclosed, In maj - es - ty se - vere,
 4. But see the sor - rows of my heart, Ere yet it be too late,
 5. For nev - er shall my soul de - spair Of mer - cy at Thy throne,

1. I see my Mak - er face to face, Oh, how shall I appear?
 2. My heart with in - ward horror shrinks, And trem - bles at the tho't.
 3. And sit in judg - ment on my soul, Oh, how shall I appear?
 4. And hear my Sav - iour's dy - ing groans, And give those sorrows weight.
 5. Who knows Thine on - ly Son has died, Thy jus - tice to a - tone. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

612

ROCHESTER. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D., 1707

WILLIAMS.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come, Th'appoint - ed hour makes haste;
 2. Thou love - ly Chief of all my joys, Thou Sov'reign of my heart;
 3. Oh, wretch - ed state of deep de - spair, To see my God re - move,
 4. Je - sus, I throw my arms a - round, And hang up - on Thy breast;
 5. Oh, tell me that my worth - less name Is grav - en on Thy hands;

1. When I shall stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
 2. How could I bear to hear Thy voice Pronounce the word, "Depart!"
 3. And fix my dole - ful sta - tion where I must not taste His love.
 4. With - out a gra - cious smile from Thee, My spir - it can not rest.
 5. Show me some prom - ise in Thy word Where my sal - va - tion stands, Amen.

The Judgment.

613

ARCADIA. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

Psalm 50: 1-6.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. The Lord, the Judge, be fore His throne Bids all the earth draw nigh; The na-tions
2. Throned on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare His way; Thun-der and
3. Heav'n from a - bove His call shall hear, At - tend - ing an - gels come; And earth and
4. "But gath - er all my saints," He cries, "That made their peace with God, By the Re -
5. "Their faith and works bro't forth to light Shall make the world con - fess, My sen-tence

1. near the ris-ing sun, And near the western sky, And near the wes - tern sky.
2. darkness, fire and storm, Lead on the dreadful day, Lead on the dread - ful day.
3. hell shall know and fear His jus-tice and their doom, His justice and their doom.
4. deem-er's sac - ri - fice, And sealed it with His blood, And sealed it with His blood.
5. of re - ward is right, And heav'n a-dore my grace, And heav'n a-dore my grace." A-men.

614

BEAVER VALLEY. 8s, 7s, 4s.

REV. WM. GOODE.

Psalm 50: 1-6.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { Lo! the might-y God ap - pear - ing, From on high Je - ho - vah speaks! }
East - ern lands the summons hear - ing, O'er the west His thunder breaks; }
2. { Zi - on, all its light un - fold - ing, God in glo - ry shall dis - play; }
Lo! He comes, nor si-lence hold - ing, Fire and clouds pre-pare His way; }
3. { To the heav'n's His voice as-cend-ing, To the earth be-neath He cries, }
"Souls im-mor - tal now de-scend-ing, Let the sleep-ing dust a - rise! }
4. { "Gath-er first my saints a-round me, Those who to my covenant stood; }
Those who humbly sought and found me, Thro' the dy - ing Saviour's blood; }
5. { Now the heav'n's on high a - dore Him, And His right-eous-ness de - clare; }
Sin - ners per - ish from be - fore Him, But His saints His mercies share; }

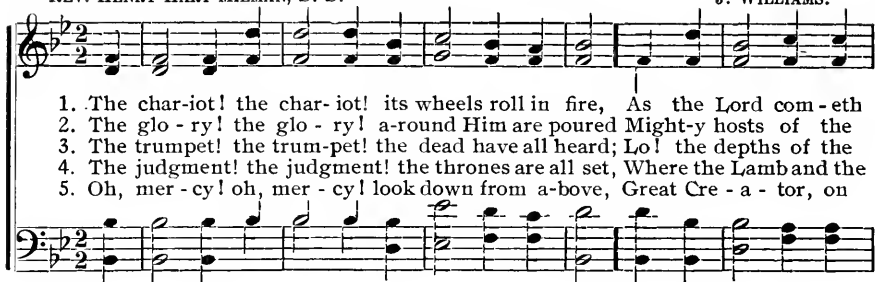
1. Earth beholds Him, Earth beholds Him, U - ni - ver - sal na-ture shakes.
2. Tempests round Him, Tempests round Him Hasten on the dreadful day.
3. Rise to judg-ment, Rise to judgment, Let my throne adorn the skies.
4. Blest Re-deem-er, Blest Re-deem-er, Choicest sac-ri-fice to God!"
5. Just His judgment, Just His judgment, God Himself, the Judge, is there. Amen.

615

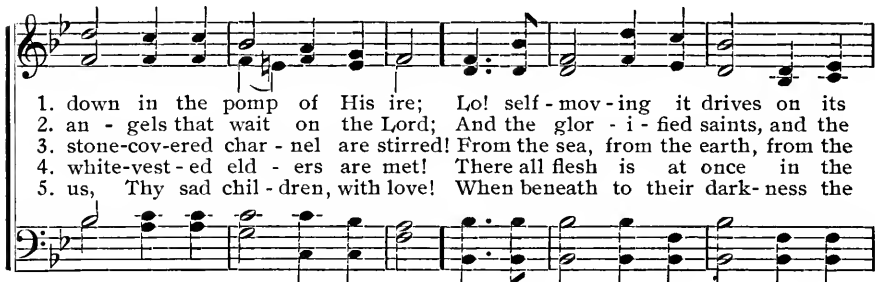
THE CHARIOT. 11s & 12s.

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D.

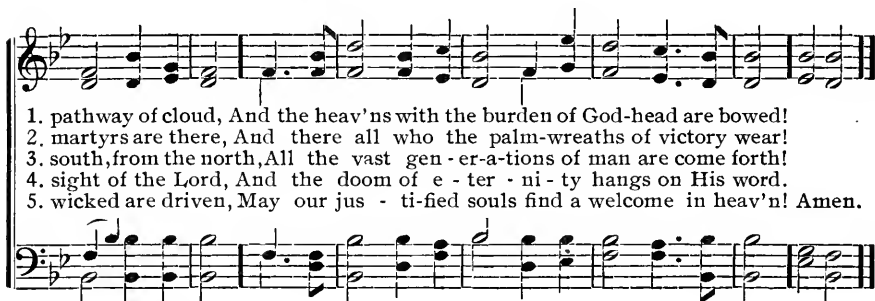
J. WILLIAMS.



1. The char-iot! the char-iot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord com-eth
 2. The glo-ry! the glo-ry! a-round Him are poured Might-y hosts of the
 3. The trumpet! the trum-pet! the dead have all heard; Lo! the depths of the
 4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the
 5. Oh, mer-cy! oh, mer-cy! look down from a-bove, Great Cre-a-tor, on



1. down in the pomp of His ire; Lo! self-mov-ing it drives on its
 2. an-gels that wait on the Lord; And the glor-i-fied saints, and the
 3. stone-cov-ered char-nel are stirred! From the sea, from the earth, from the
 4. white-vest-ed eld-ers are met! There all flesh is at once in the
 5. us, Thy sad chil-dren, with love! When beneath to their dark-ness the



1. pathway of cloud, And the heav'ns with the burden of God-head are bowed!
 2. martyrs are there, And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!
 3. south, from the north, All the vast gen-er-a-tions of man are come forth!
 4. sight of the Lord, And the doom of e-ter-ni-ty hangs on His word.
 5. wicked are driven, May our jus-ti-fied souls find a welcome in heav'n! Amen.

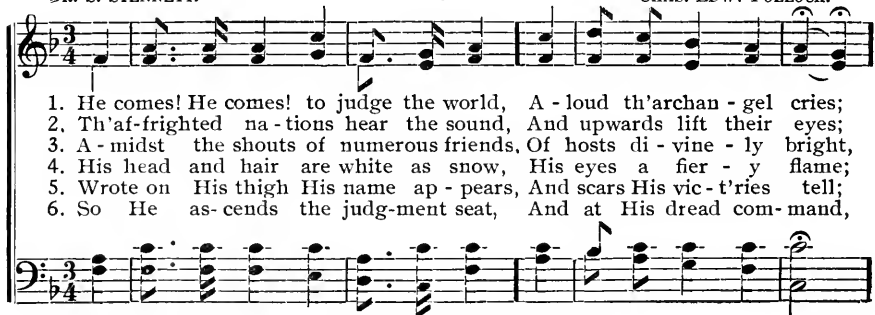
616

SWAN. C. M. *

DR. S. STENNETT.

The last judgment.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. He comes! He comes! to judge the world, A-loud th'archan-gel cries;
 2. Th'af-frighted na-tions hear the sound, And upwards lift their eyes;
 3. A-midst the shouts of numerous friends, Of hosts di-vine-ly bright,
 4. His head and hair are white as snow, His eyes a fier-y flame;
 5. Wrote on His thigh His name ap-pears, And scars His vic-t'ries tell;
 6. So He as-cends the judg-ment seat, And at His dread com-mand,

SWAN. Concluded.

1. While thunders roll from poll to poll, And light'ning cleaves the skies.
 2. The slumbering tenants of the ground, In liv - ing ar - mies rise.
 3. The Judge in sol-emn pomp descends, Ar-rayed in robes of light.
 4. A ra-diant crown a-dorns His brow, And JE-SUS is His name.
 5. Lo! in His hand the Conqu'ror bears The keys of death and hell.
 6. Myr-iads of creatures round His feet In sol-emn si-lence stand. A-men.

617

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

"The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. 6: 17.

Arr. by W. T. DALE.

1. { Oh, the Judg-ment Day is com - ing, Is com - ing, is com - ing;
 { Oh, the Judg-ment Day is com - ing, At (*Omit*.....)

2 CHORUS.
 that great day. Let us take the wings of the morn - ing,

1 And fly a - way to Je - sus, Sound the Ju - bi - lee. A-men.
 2

- 2 Oh, the moon will be a bleeding,
 A bleeding, a bleeding,
 Oh, the moon will be a bleeding,
 On that great day.—CHO.
 3 Oh, the stars will be a falling, etc.
 4 Oh, the earth will be a quaking, etc.
 5 Oh, the cities will be falling, etc.
 6 Oh, the graves will be a bursting, etc.
 7 Oh, the dead will be arising, etc.
 8 Oh, the saints will be a shouting, etc.

- 9 Oh, the wicked will be wailing, etc.
 CHO.—For they took not the wings of the
 To fly away to Jesus, [morning,
 For they took not the wings of the
 To sound the Jubilee. [morning,
 10 Let the rocks and the mountains hide us,
 Now hide us, now hide us,
 Let the rocks and the mountains hide us,
 On this great day.
 CHO.—For we took not the wings of the
 morning, etc.

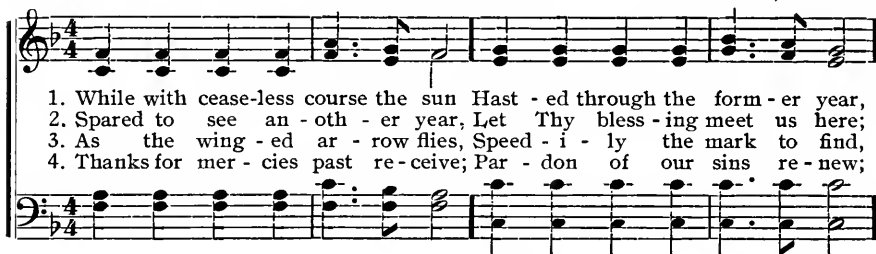
618

BENEVENTO. 7s, D.

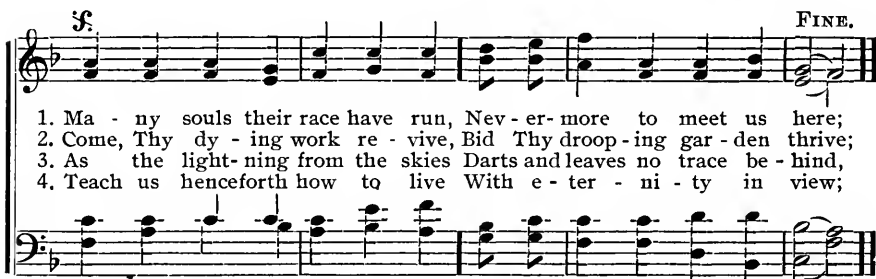
REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1774.

Beginning of New Year.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.



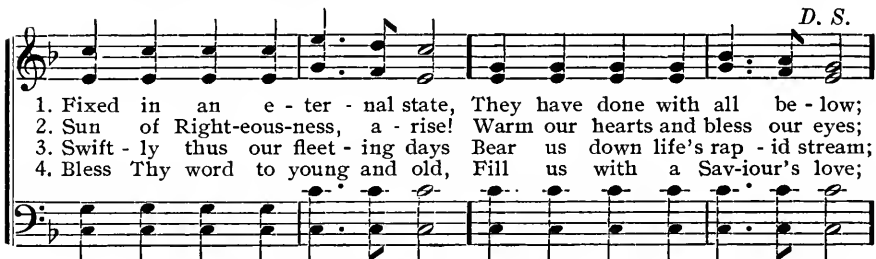
1. While with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the form - er year,
2. Spared to see an - oth - er year, Let Thy bless - ing meet us here;
3. As the wing - ed ar - row flies, Speed - i - ly the mark to find,
4. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive; Par - don of our sins re - new;



FINE.

1. Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er - more to meet us here;
2. Come, Thy dy - ing work re - vive, Bid Thy droop - ing gar - den thrive;
3. As the light - ning from the skies Darts and leaves no trace be - hind,
4. Teach us henceforth how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view;

D.S.—We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.
D.S.—Let our pray'r Thy pit - y move, Make this year a time of love.
D.S.—Up-ward, Lord, our spir - its raise, All be - low is but a dream.
D.S.—And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with Thee a - bove.



D. S.

1. Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
2. Sun of Right-ous-ness, a - rise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;
3. Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's rap - id stream;
4. Bless Thy word to young and old, Fill us with a Sav - iour's love;

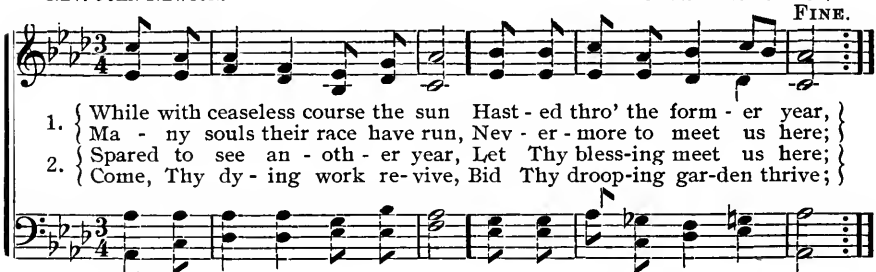
619

CALLAWAY. 7s, D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Second Tune.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



FINE.

1. { While with ceaseless course the sun Hast - ed thro' the form - er year, }
 { Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er - more to meet us here; }
 2. { Spared to see an - oth - er year, Let Thy bless - ing meet us here; }
 { Come, Thy dy - ing work re - vive, Bid Thy droop - ing gar - den thrive; }

D. C.—We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.
D. C.—Let our pray'r Thy pit - y move; Make this year a time of love.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

CALLAWAY. Concluded.

D. C.

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;

3 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

4 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told;
May we dwell with Thee above.

620

ANOTHER YEAR. 7s & 6s, D.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL, 1874.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.

1. An - oth - er year is dawn-ing! Dear Mas - ter, let it be, In work-ing or in
2. An - oth - er year of mer-cies, Of faith-ful-ness and grace; An - oth - er year of
3. An - oth - er year of ser-vice, Of wit - ness for Thy love; An - oth - er year of

wait-ing, An - oth - er year for Thee, An - oth - er year of lean-ing Up - on Thy
gladness, The shin-ing of Thy face; An - oth - er year of progress, An - oth - er
train-ing For ho-li-er work a - bove; An - oth - er year is dawn-ing! Dear Master,

Rit-e-dim.

lov - ing breast; Of ev - er sweet con - fid - ing, Of qui - et, hap - py rest.
year of praise; An - oth - er year of prov - ing Thy pres-ence "all the days."
let it be, On earth, or else in heav - en, An - oth - er year for Thee. A-men.

621

LUCAS. 10s, 5s, 11s.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

JAMES LUCAS.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur - sue, Roll round with the year,
 2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way;
 3. O that each in the day Of His com - ing may say, "I have fought my way thro';

And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear! His a - dor - a - ble will Let us
 And the fu - gi - tive moment re - fus - es to stay, The ar - row is flown, The
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!" O that each from His Lord May re -

glad - ly ful - fill, And our tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope, and the
 mo - ment is gone; The mil - len - i - al year Rushes on to our view, and e -
 ceive the glad word, "Well and faith - ful - ly done! En - ter in - to my joy, and sit

la - bor of love, By the pa - tience of hope and the la - bor of love.
 ter - ni - ty's here, Rush - es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.
 down on my throne, En - ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne."

622

THE OLD AND THE NEW. S. M. D.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps. 90: 13.

W. T. D.

W. T. DALE.

1. The peals of mid - night bells Broke on the slumb'ring ear In plain - tive sounds like
 2. The old year now is dead; Its deeds are past re - call; Its moments are for -
 3.*An - oth - er hun - dred years Have swift - ly sped a - way With all their la - bors,
 4. Oh, let us all ful - fill The task that God has giv'n, And ev - er seek to

*For centennial year.

THE OLD AND THE NEW. Concluded.

1. funeral knells, Which said, "Good-bye, old year." Good-bye, good-bye, old year, Thy sa - cred
 2. ev - er fled Be - yond the reach of all. Could we but live a - gain The year that
 3. toils and tears, And wait the judg - ment day. An - oth - er cen - tury's gone, Is gone for -
 4. do His will As it is done in heav'n. That when life's toils shall end, And we shall

1. mo - ments past; In mem - o - ry we'll hold thee dear, As long as life shall last.
 2. has just past; Then live the new as now we wish That we had lived the last.
 3. ev - er - more; A new one full of prom - ise stands Now wait - ing at our door.
 4. hence re - move, We may at last to heav'n ascend, And dwell in per - fect love. A - men.

NOTE.—On Monday night, December 31, 1900, just as the clock struck twelve, the church bells rang and fireworks lit the air, all reminding us of the fact that the old year and the old century had just passed away, and that the new year and the new century had just dawned. Let us move forward.

623

GRATITUDE. L. M.

REV. PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

The Spring.

Arr. fr. AMI BOST,
 By THOS. HASTINGS, 1838.

1. The flow - 'ry spring, at God's command, Per - fumes the air and paints the land;
 2. His hand in au - tumn rich - ly pours, Thro' all her coasts re - dund - ant stores;
 3. The chang - ing sea - sons, months and days, De - mand suc - cess - ive songs of praise;
 4. And oh, may each har - mo - nious tongue In worlds un - known the praise pro - long,

1. The sum - mer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
 2. And win - ters, softened by His care, No more the face of hor - ror wear.
 3. And be the cheer - ful hom - age paid With morn - ing light and ev'n - ing shade.
 4. And in those brighter courts a - dore, Where days and years re - volve no more. A - men.

624

ASHVILLE. C. M.

ANNE STEELE.

The Spring.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. When ver-dure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray,
 2. Hark! how the feath-ered war - blers sing, 'Tis na-ture's cheer-ful voice;
 3. O God of na - ture and of grace, Thy heav'n-ly gifts im - part,
 4. In - spired to praise, I then shall join Glad nature's cheer - ful song,

1. And fragrance breathes in ev - 'ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!
 2. Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re-joice.
 3. Then shall my med - i - ta - tion trace Spring blooming in my heart.
 4. And love and grat - i - tude di - vine At - tune my joy - ful tongue. Amen.

625

VIRGINIA. S. M.*

PRATT'S COLL.

The Summer.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Great God, at Thy com - mand Sea - sons in or - der rise; Thy
 2. How balm - y is the air! How warm the sun's bright beams! While,
 3. With grate - ful praise we own Thy prov - i - den - tial hand, While
 4. But great - er still the gift Of Thine in - car - nate Son, By

1. pow'r and love in con - cert reign, Thro' earth, and seas, and skies.
 2. to re - fresh the ground, the rains De - scend in gen - tle streams.
 3. grass, and herbs, and wav - ing corn, A - dorn and bless the land.
 4. Him for - give-ness, peace and joy, Thro' end-less a - ges run. Amen.

Written for "Songs of Zion," Sept. 2, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

HARVEST HOME. 7s, D.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."—Psalm 65: 11.

REV. HENRY ALFORD, 1844. (For Thanksgiving Service.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

FINE.

1. { Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest Home! }

2. { All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin; }

3. { We our - selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield; }

4. { Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown; }

5. { For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home; }

6. { From His field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way; }

7. { Then the church tri - umph - ant, come, Raise the song of Har - vest Home! }

8. { All are safe - ly gath - ered in, Free from sor - row, free from sin; }

D.C.—Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest Home!

D.C.—Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be!

D.C.—But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.

D.C.—Come, ten thou - sand an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious Har - vest Home!

D. C.

1. God our Mak - er doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;

2. First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;

3. Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast;

4. There, for - ev - er pur - i - fied, In God's gar - ner to a - bid;

AZMON. C. M.

REV. PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. The flight of time.

CARL G. GLASER, 1828.

1. A - wake! ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voic - es high;

2. On all the wings of time it flies; Each mo - ment brings it near;

3. Not ma - ny years their rounds shall run, Nor ma - ny morn - ings rise,

4. Ye wheels of na - ture speed your course, Ye mor - tal pow'rs de - cay;

1. A - wake! and praise that sov'reign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh,

2. Then welcome each de - clin - ing day! Wel - come each clos - ing year!

3. Ere all its glo - ries stand revealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.

4. Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day. A-men.

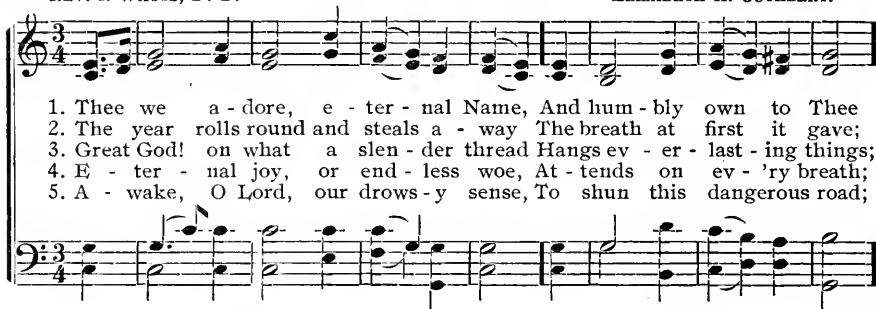
628

HOWARD. C. M.

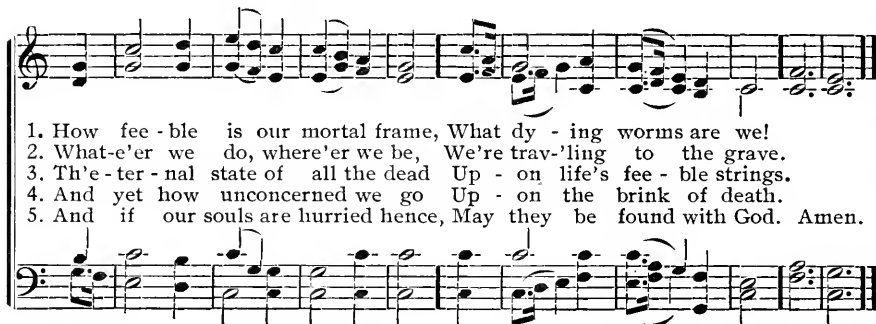
REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

The closing of the year.

ELIZABETH H. CUTHBERT.



1. Thee we a-dore, e-ter-nal Name, And hum-bly own to Thee
 2. The year rolls round and steals a-way The breath at first it gave;
 3. Great God! on what a slen-der thread Hangs ev-er-last-ing things;
 4. E-ter-nal joy, or end-less woe, At-tends on ev-'ry breath;
 5. A-wake, O Lord, our drows-y sense, To shun this dangerous road;



1. How fee-ble is our mortal frame, What dy-ing worms are we!
 2. What-e'er we do, where'er we be, We're trav-ling to the grave.
 3. Th'e-ter-nal state of all the dead Up-on life's fee-ble strings.
 4. And yet how unconcerned we go Up-on the brink of death.
 5. And if our souls are hurried hence, May they be found with God. Amen.

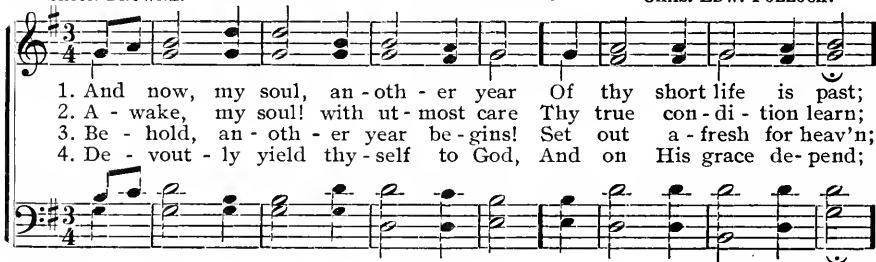
629

TOPEKA. C. M.*

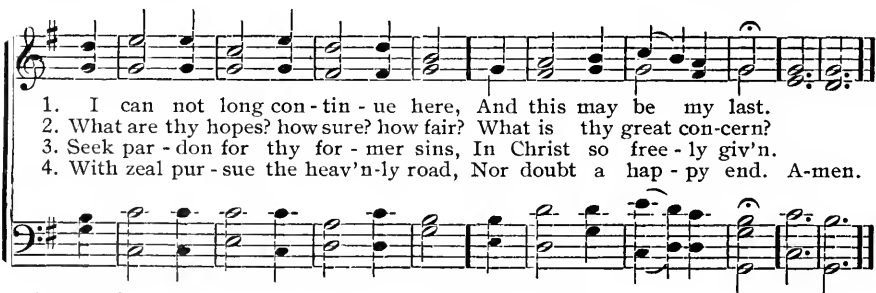
SIMON BROWNE.

Reflections at the close of the year.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. And now, my soul, an-oth-er year Of thy short life is past;
 2. A-wake, my soul! with ut-most care Thy true con-di-tion learn;
 3. Be-hold, an-oth-er year be-gins! Set out a-fresh for heav'n;
 4. De-vout-ly yield thy-self to God, And on His grace de-pend;



1. I can not long con-tin-ue here, And this may be my last.
 2. What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair? What is thy great con-cern?
 3. Seek par-don for thy for-mer sins, In Christ so free-ly giv'n.
 4. With zeal pur-sue the heav'n-ly road, Nor doubt a hap-py end. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Oct. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

630

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

(Patriotic.)

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1832.

Psalm 16: 6.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

1. fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring.
2. rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
3. tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Amen.

631

LONGFELLOW. 6s & 4s.*

REV. CHAS. T. BROOKS, tr., 1833,
and REV. JOHN S. DWIGHT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand Thro' storm and night; When the wild
2. For her our pray'rs shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On Him we wait; Thou who art
3. Not for this land a - lone, But be God's mercies shown From shore to shore; And may the

tempests rave, Ru - ler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might.
ev - er nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state.
nations see That men should brothers be, And form one fam - i - ly The wide world o'er. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 26, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

632

GOD OF OUR FATHERS. L. M. 6 lines.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

New National Hymn.

W. T. DALE.

1. God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
 2. The tumult and the shouting dies; The captains and the kings de-part;
 3. Far called, our na-vies die a-way; On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 4. If, drunk with sights of pow'r, we loose Wild tongues that hold Thee not in awe,

1. Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine;
 2. Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An humble and a con-trite heart;
 3. Lo! all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-vah and Tyre!
 4. Such boasting as the Gen-tiles use, Or les-ser creeds without the law,

Rit-e-dim.
 1. Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
 2. Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
 3. Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
 4. Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. Amen.

633

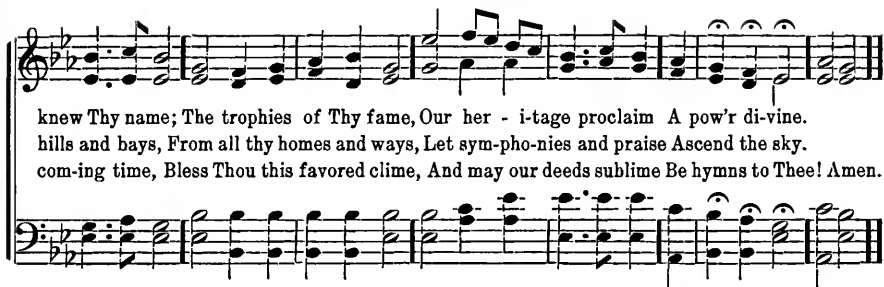
COLUMBIA. 6s & 4s.

E. T. WINKLER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Our land, with mercies crowned, This wide, enchanted ground, O God, is Thine! Our fa-ther's
 2. Dear Na-tive Land, rejoice! Raise thou thy mighty voice To God on high; From all thy
 3. And Thou, Al-might-y One, At whose e-ter-nal throne We bow the knee; In all the

COLUMBIA. Concluded.

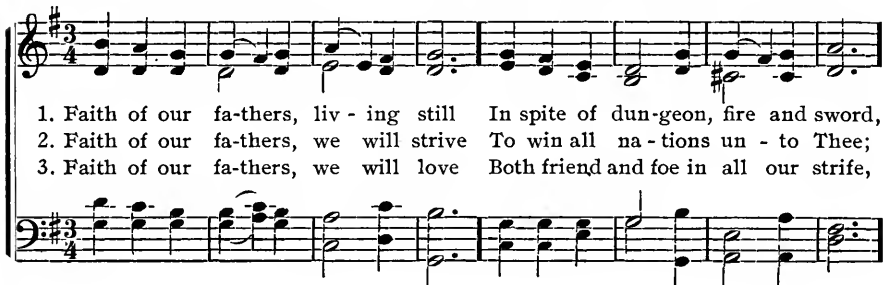


knew Thy name; The trophies of Thy fame, Our her - i - tage proclaim A pow'r di-vine.
hills and bays, From all thy homes and ways, Let sym-pho-nies and praise Ascend the sky.
com-ing time, Bless Thou this favored clime, And may our deeds sublime Be hymns to Thee! Amen.

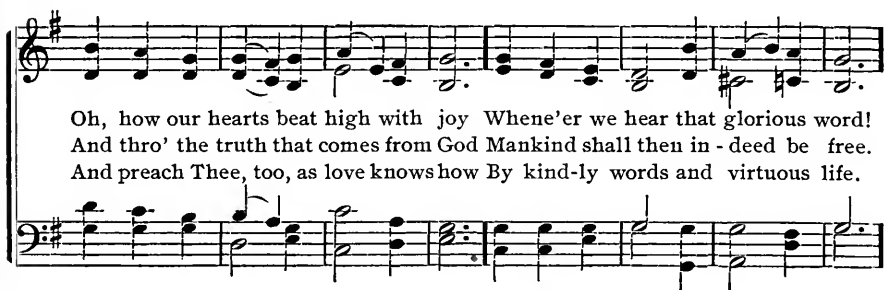
634 ST. CATHERINE. L. M. (With Refrain.)

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849.

HENRY F. HEMY and J. G. WALTON, 1874.

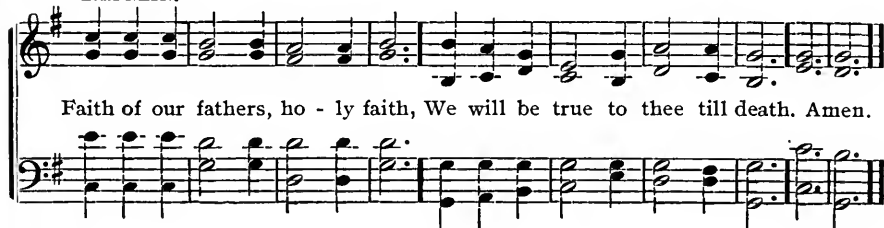


1. Faith of our fa-thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,
2. Faith of our fa-thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to Thee;
3. Faith of our fa-thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,



Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then in - deed be free.
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how By kind-ly words and virtuous life.

REFRAIN.



Faith of our fathers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. Amen.

635

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

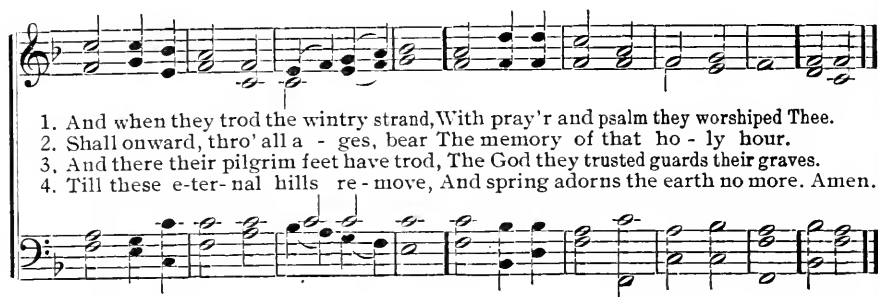
REV. LEONARD BACON.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. O God, beneath Thy guid-ing hand Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea;
2. Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the pray'r; Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with the ex - iles o'er the waves;
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a - dore,



1. And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshiped Thee.
2. Shall onward, thro' all a - ges, bear The memory of that ho - ly hour.
3. And there their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
4. Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring adorns the earth no more. Amen.

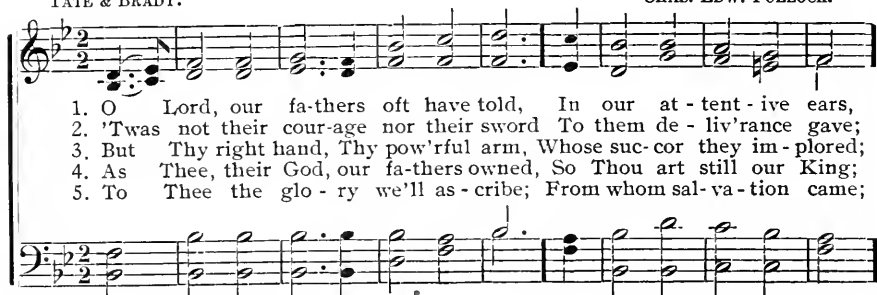
636

BOWERS. C. M.*

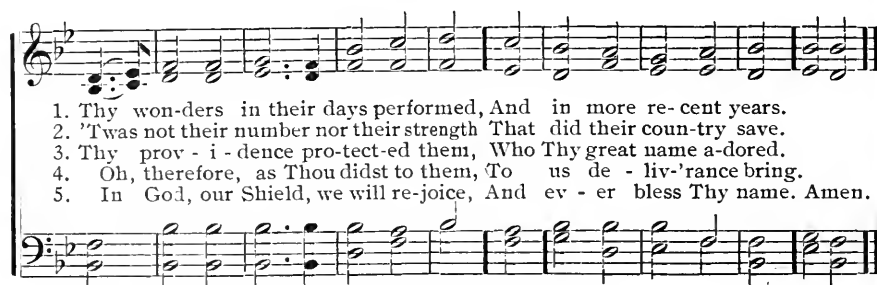
God, our nation's deliverer.—Psalm 44: 1-4.

TATE & BRADY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. O Lord, our fa-thers oft have told, In our at - tent - ive ears,
2. 'Twas not their cour-age nor their sword To them de - liv'rance gave;
3. But Thy right hand, Thy pow'rful arm, Whose suc - cor they im - plored;
4. As Thee, their God, our fa - thers owned, So Thou art still our King;
5. To Thee the glo - ry we'll as - cribe; From whom sal - va - tion came;



1. Thy won-ders in their days performed, And in more re - cent years.
2. 'Twas not their number nor their strength That did their coun - try save.
3. Thy prov - i - dence pro - tect - ed them, Who Thy great name a - dored.
4. Oh, therefore, as Thou didst to them, To us de - liv' - rance bring.
5. In God, our Shield, we will re - joice, And ev - er bless Thy name. Amen.

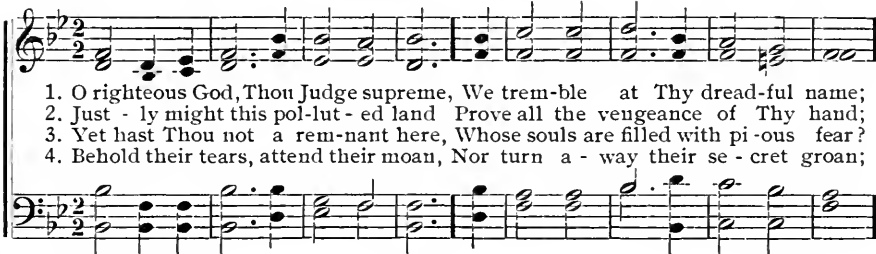
*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 20, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

637

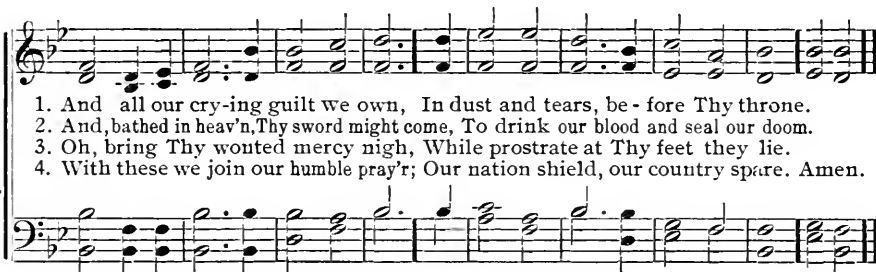
KNAPP. L. M.*

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. For a public fast,—Isa. 9:4-6.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. O righteous God, Thou Judge supreme, We trem-ble at Thy dread-ful name;
2. Just-ly might this pol-lut-ed land Prove all the vengeance of Thy hand;
3. Yet hast Thou not a rem-nant here, Whose souls are filled with pi-ous fear?
4. Behold their tears, attend their moan, Nor turn a-way their se-cret groan;



1. And all our cry-ing guilt we own, In dust and tears, be-fore Thy throne.
2. And, bathed in heav'n, Thy sword might come, To drink our blood and seal our doom.
3. Oh, bring Thy wonted mercy nigh, While prostrate at Thy feet they lie.
4. With these we join our humble pray'r; Our nation shield, our country spare. Amen.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 18, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

638

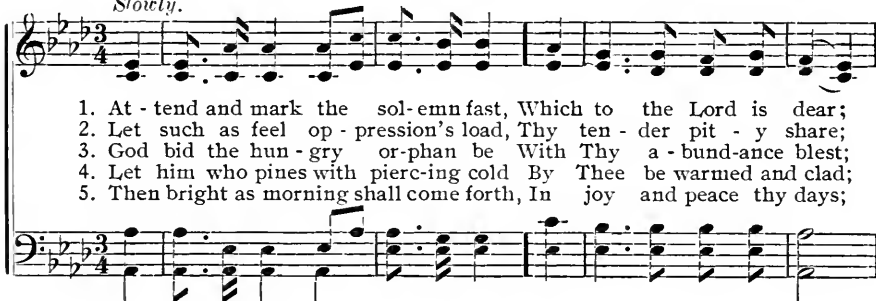
MARTIN. C. M.

SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

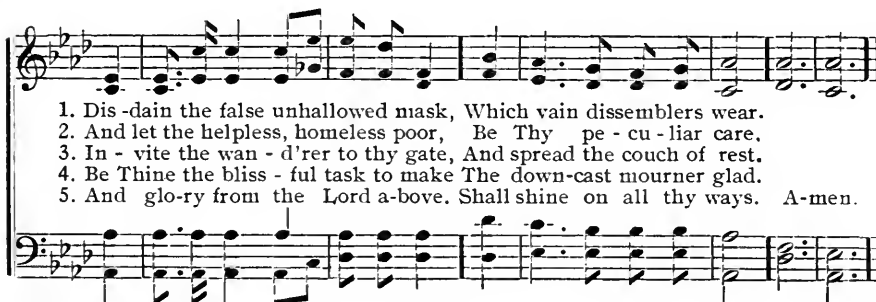
Isa. 58:5-9.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Slowly.



1. At-tend and mark the sol-emn fast, Which to the Lord is dear;
2. Let such as feel op-pression's load, Thy ten-der pit-y share;
3. God bid the hun-gry or-phan be With Thy a-bund-ance blest;
4. Let him who pines with pierc-ing cold By Thee be warmed and clad;
5. Then bright as morning shall come forth, In joy and peace thy days;



1. Dis-dain the false unhallowed mask, Which vain dissemblers wear.
2. And let the helpless, homeless poor, Be Thy pe-cu-liar care.
3. In-vite the wan-d'r'er to thy gate, And spread the couch of rest.
4. Be Thine the bliss-ful task to make The down-cast mourner glad.
5. And glo-ry from the Lord a-bove. Shall shine on all thy ways. A-men.

639

ALL SAINTS. L. M.

DR. P. DODDRIDGE.

WILLIAM KNAPP.

1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em-ploy,
 2. Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, De - mand suc - cess - ive songs of praise;
 3. Here in Thy house shall incense rise, And cir - cling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
 4. O may our more har - mo - nious tongue In worlds unknown pur - sue the song;

1. While in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
 2. Still be the cheer - ful homage paid With op'ning light and ev'ning shade.
 3. Still will we make Thy mercies known A - round Thy board, around our own.
 4. And in those brighter courts adore, Where days and years re - volve no more! Amen.

640

KIDDER. 7s.*

A song of thanksgiving.—Psalm 136: 1, 8, 9, 25.

REV. SIR H. W. BAKER, 1861.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Praise, oh, praise our God and King, Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;
 2. Praise Him, for He made the sun, Day by day his course to run;
 3. Praise Him, for He gave the rain To ma - ture the swell - ing grain;
 4. Praise Him for our har - vest store, He hath filled the gar - den floor,
 5. Glo - ry to our bounteous King! Glo - ry let cre - a - tion sing!

1. For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 2. And the sil - ver moon by night, Shin - ing with her gen - tle light.
 3. And hath bid the fruit - ful field Crops of pre - cious increase yield.
 4. And for rich - er food than this, Pledge of ev - er - last - ing bliss.
 5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Son, And blest Spir - it, Three in One. A - men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," Dec. 22, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner

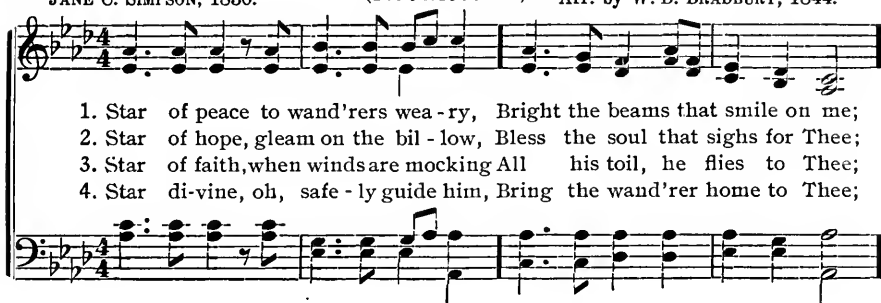
641

WAVE. 8, 7, 8, 4.

JANE C. SIMPSON, 1830.

(For those at sea.)

Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY, 1844.



1. Star of peace to wand'ers wea-ry, Bright the beams that smile on me;
 2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil-low, Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
 3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to Thee;
 4. Star di-vine, oh, safe-ly guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to Thee;



1. Cheer the pi-lot's vis-ion drear-y, Far, far at sea.
 2. Bless the sail-or's lone-ly pil-low, Far, far at sea.
 3. Save him, on the bil-lows rocking, Far, far at sea.
 4. Sore temp-ta-tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea. A-men.

642

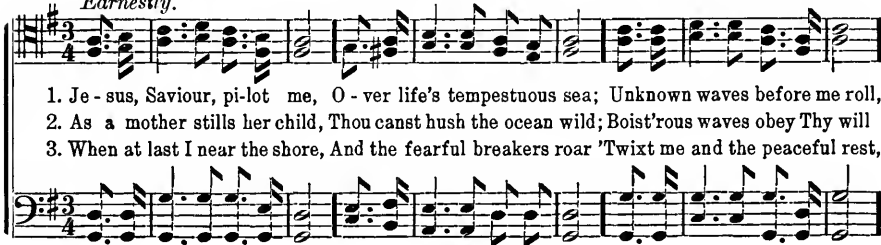
JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. 7s, 6 lines.

REV. EDW. HOPPER, 1871.

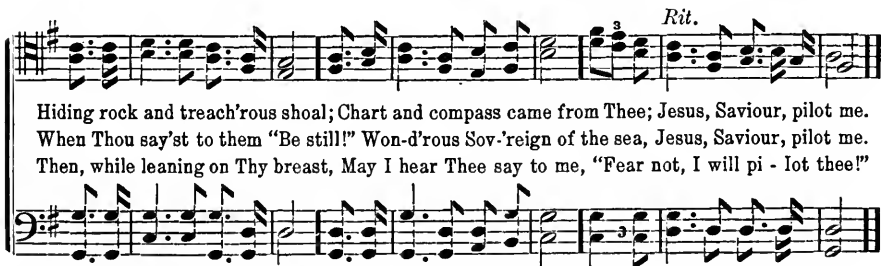
(Male Quartet.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Earnestly.



1. Je-sus, Saviour, pi-lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll,
 2. As a mother stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild; Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,



Rit.
 Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass came from Thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
 When Thou say'st to them "Be still!" Won-d'rous Sov'-reign of the sea, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
 Then, while leaning on Thy breast, May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee!"

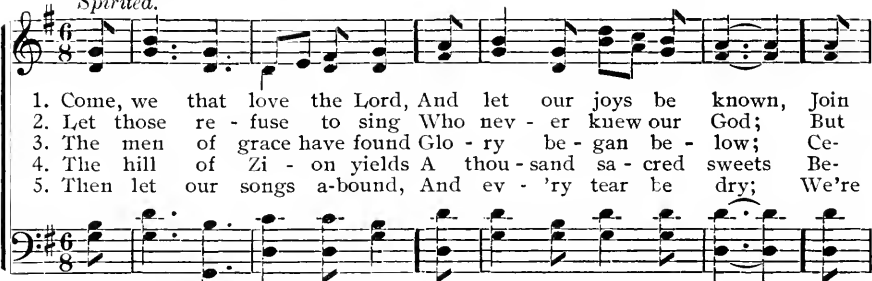
WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Num, 10:29.

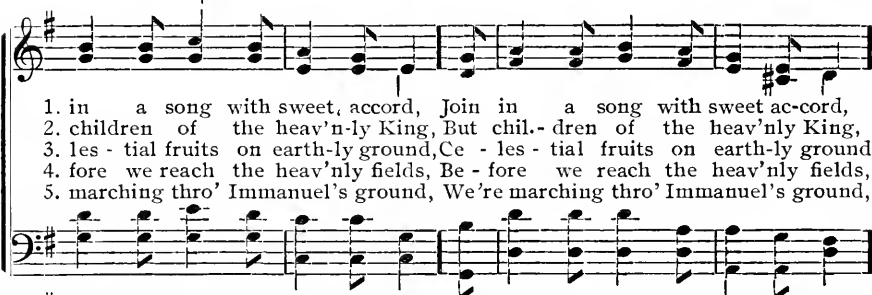
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D., 1709.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

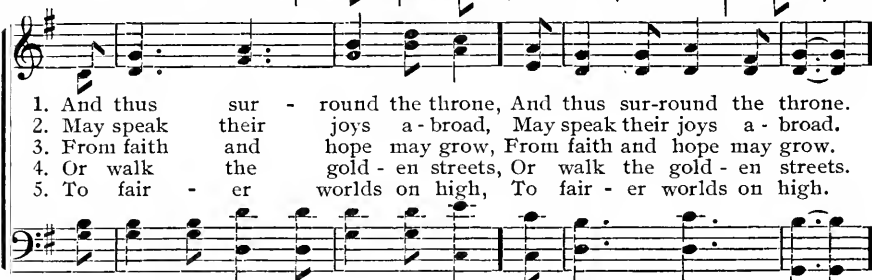
Spirited.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gan be - low; Ce -
 4. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be -
 5. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



1. in a song with sweet, accord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
 2. children of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'nly King,
 3. les - tial fruits on earth-ly ground, Ce - les - tial fruits on earth-ly ground
 4. fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
 5. marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



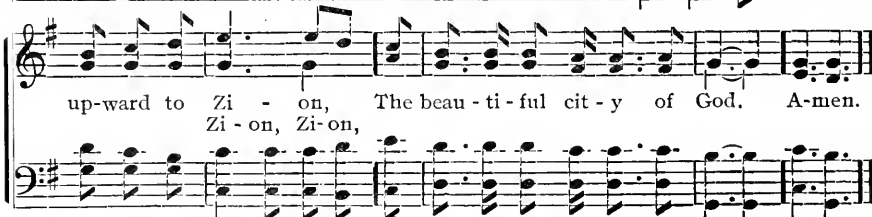
1. And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 2. May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 3. From faith and hope may grow, From faith and hope may grow.
 4. Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 5. To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on; We're marching
 We're marching on to Zi - on,



up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God. A-men.
 Zi - on, Zi-on,

644 THE FRIEND ABOVE ALL FRIENDS. 6s D. with Chorus.

"This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend."—Cant. 5: 16.

J. S. B., 1912.

REV. J. S. BOYD, 1912.

1. There is no friend like mine, So great, so kind, and mild, This friend is all di-
 2. In kind - ly du - ties done His earth-life He did spend, For having loved His
 3. Of friends there's none like mine, So ho - ly, heav' nly, mild; Dear Saviour, make me

vine, Yet once be - came a child; He left His loft - y throne, A man - ger
 own, He loved them to the end; He died that we might live, He lives, we
 Thine, Thy hum - ble, trusting child; On earth I'll fol - low Thee, And love Thy -

was His bed; He wandered oft a - lone, Not where to lay His head.
 need not die; Who trusts Him He will give To reign with Him on high.
 self the best; In heav' n O let me be In Thy sweet presence blest.

CHORUS.

Glad songs of joy proclaim, . . . This friend is yours and mine,
 of joy proclaim, is yours and mine,

Here we'll re - vere His name, There with His an - gels shine.
 revere His name, angels shine. Amen.

NEVER GIVE UP.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."—Psa. 56:3

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
 2. What if thy burdens op - press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
 3. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing, There is a mor - row for thee;
 4. Nev - er be sad or de - spond - ing, Lean on the arm of thy Lord;

1. Grace, for the du - ties be - fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
 2. Look on the side that is bright - est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
 3. Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
 4. Dwell in the depths of His mer - cy, Thou shalt re - ceive thy re - ward.

CHORUS.

Nev - er give up, Nev - er give up,
 never give up, never give up, Never give up, never give up,

Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;

Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,
 Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,

NEVER GIVE UP. Concluded.

Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart. A-men.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

646

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

W. T. DALE.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon;
 2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon;
 3. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be soon;
 4. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon;
 5. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon;

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the melody.

1. Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the
 2. Be - yond the shin - ing and the shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the
 3. Be - yond the calm - ing and the fret - ting, Be - yond rememb'ring and for -
 4. Be - yond the farewell and the greet - ing, Be - yond the puls - es' fe - ver -
 5. Be - yond the rock - waste and the riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er and the

This section continues the musical score with the same treble and bass staves. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

REFRAIN.

1. reap - ing, I shall be soon.
 2. dread - ing, I shall be soon.
 3. get - ting, I shall be soon. Love, rest and home, Sweet, sweet home,
 4. beat - ing, I shall be soon.
 5. nev - er, I shall be soon.

The refrain is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The musical score continues with the same treble and bass staves.

Lord, tar - ry not, but come, And take me to my home. A-men.

The final line of the song is written on the treble and bass staves, concluding with a double bar line.

647

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

DR. N. H. MURREY, 1904.

Psalm 23.

W. T. DALE, 1908.

1. The gra-cious Lord,..... my Shep-herd good,..... Sup-plies my
 2. Yea, tho' I tread..... the som-bre vale,..... Where shadows
 3. He spreads His board,..... and bids me eat,..... I feast on

wants..... and dai-ly food;..... I rest where ver-
 fall..... and foes as-sail;..... No e-vil can.....
 hid..... den man-na sweet;..... He fills my cup.....

dant pastures grow,..... And drink where lim-pid wa-ters flow. (waters flow.)
 my soul be-tide;..... For He is ev-er by my side. (by my side.)
 to run-ning o'er,..... And when I ask,..... gives more and more. (more and more.)

BASS SOLO.

My faint-ing soul..... His grace re-stores,..... On Him I
 His rod and staff..... will ev-er be..... A com-fort
 His goodness all..... my life shall prove,..... By mer-cies

lean..... for sweet re-pose;..... In righteous paths.....
 and..... sup-port to me;..... I'll lean up-on.....
 sent..... in ten-der love;..... And in His house,.....

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded..



He leads my way,..... By faith I fol - - low day by day.(day by day.)
His promise sure,..... Why should I ask..... or seek for more?(seek for more?)
be-yond compare,..... I'll ev-er dwell..... in mansions fair.(mansions fair.) Amen.

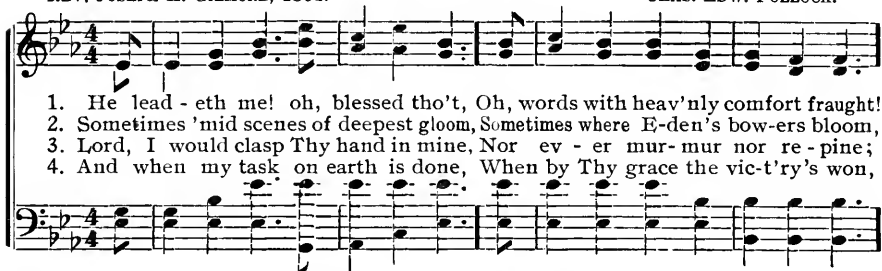
648

GILMORE. L. M.

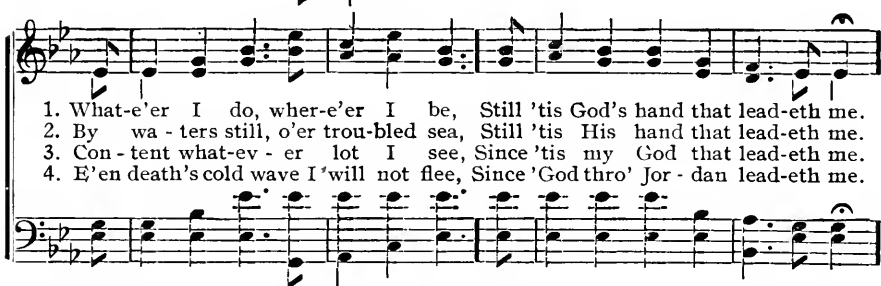
"He leadeth me."—Ps. 23: 2.

REV. JOSEPH H. GILMORE, 1861.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. He lead-eth me! oh, blessed tho't, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,

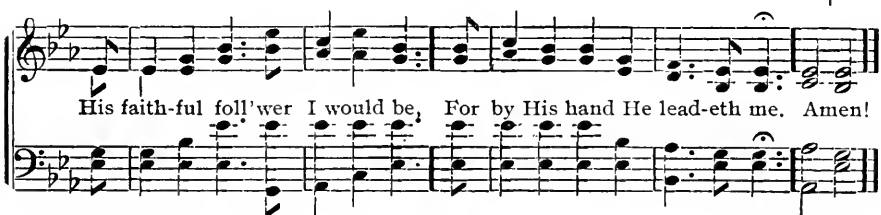


1. What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
2. By wa-ters still, o'er trou-bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
3. Con-tent what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
4. E'en death's cold wave I'll not flee, Since 'God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;



His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. Amen!

YET THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD!

Mortal mind may wisely think, and so, may sing. Yet the beauties of that city will unfold after human tongue is silent (When with spirit eyes we see.) Yes, the half has never been told!—F. L. E.

J. E. T.

J. E. THOMAS,

1. There's a mansion where the saints fore-er rest, In the ev - er - last-ing
 2. I have traveled toward that cit - y ma - ny years, And by faith in Christ its
 3. Sin - ner, won't you turn to Je - sus while you may? Turn, O turn ye from sin's

pal - ace of the soul, And a stream of liv - ing wa - ter flows a -
 por - tals I can see, But un - til I've crossed the Jor - dan, all its
 mountain bleak and cold. Toward that home of ma - ny mansions, there 'tis

REFRAIN.

midst the cit - y blest, Yet, the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the
 joys I can not know, For the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the
 one e - ter - nal day, — Yet, the half has nev - er been told! Yet, the

half has nev - er been told!..... Yet, the half has nev - er been
 never been told!

told! 'Tis a cit - y built of jas - per, ru - by,
 nev - er been told!

YET THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD. Concluded.

musical score for 'Yet the Half Has Never Been Told' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: diamond, pearl and gold, Yet, the half has nev - er been told! A-men!

650

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. 32: 2.

Anon.

In memory of my Father, Peter Alexander Dale.

W. T. DALE.

musical score for 'In the Shadow of the Rock' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 1. In a wea - ry land I wan - der, And with falt'ring steps I walk, 2. Here my toils are un - a - bat - ing, And rude cares a - bout me mock, 3. In those pas - tures fair and ver - nal, With my Shepherd's chosen flock, 4. By those wa - ters gent - ly flow - ing, I will fear no tempest's shock, 5. So with pa - tient faith I won - der, And with lov - ing trust I walk,

musical score for 'In the Shadow of the Rock' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 1. For my rest is o - ver yon - der, In the shad - ow of the Rock. 2. But my rest is yon - der wait - ing, In the shad - ow of the Rock. 3. I will feast on joys e - ter - nal, In the shad - ow of the Rock. 4. And no want nor grief be know - ing, In the shad - ow of the Rock. 5. For my rest is o - ver yon - der, In the shad - ow of the Rock,

REFRAIN.

musical score for the Refrain of 'In the Shadow of the Rock' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: In the shad - ow of the Rock, In the shad - ow of the Rock;

Rit-e-dim.

musical score for the ending of 'In the Shadow of the Rock' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: I'll soon be rest - ing yon - der, In the shad - ow of the Rock. A-men.

651

THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE CRUCIFIED ONE.

"Having made peace through the blood of the Cross."—Col. 1: 20.

GEO. W. LYON.

W. T. DALE, 1901.

1. We shall reach our home some sweet day, Thro' the blood of the Cru-
 2. We shall meet our friends o - ver there, Thro' the blood of the Cru-
 3. We shall hear the bright an - gels sing, Thro' the blood of the Cru-

ci - fied One, We shall walk the bright gold - en way, Thro' the
 ci - fied One, In that land so bright and so fair, Thro' the
 ci - fied One, And we'll see the face of our King, Thro' the

blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; We shall lay our heav - y bur - dens down,
 blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; All our toils and cares will then be o'er,
 blood of the Cru - ci - fied One; We shall join the hap - py ransom'd throng,

Then we'll wear a roy - al robe and crown, Hal - le - lu - jah,
 And we'll nev - er, nev - er sor - row more, Hal - le - lu - jah,
 And with them we'll sing re - demp - tion's song, Hal - le - lu - jah,

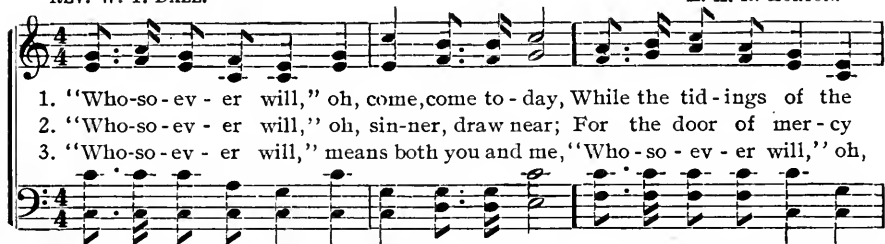
wear a robe and crown, Thro' the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.
 nev - er sor - row more, Thro' the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One.
 sing redemption's song, Thro' the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One. A-men.

"WHOSOEVER WILL."*

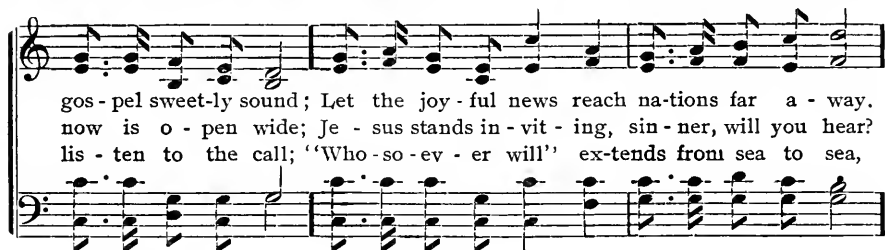
"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22: 17.

REV. W. T. DALE.

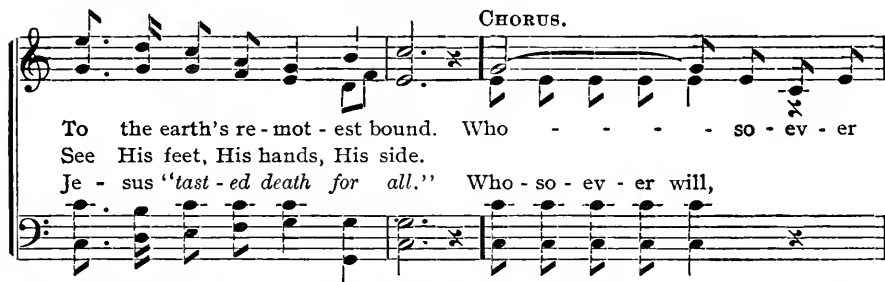
H. A. R. HORTON.



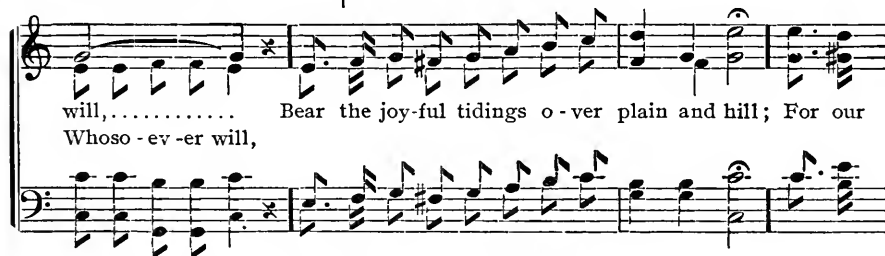
1. "Who-so-ev-er will," oh, come, come to-day, While the tid-ings of the
 2. "Who-so-ev-er will," oh, sin-ner, draw near; For the door of mer-cy
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will," means both you and me, "Who-so-ev-er will," oh,



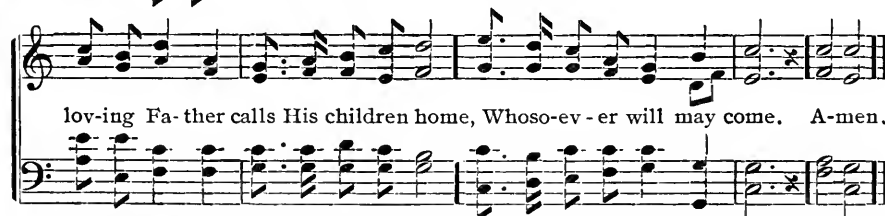
gos-pel sweet-ly sound; Let the joy-ful news reach na-tions far a-way.
 now is o-pen wide; Je-sus stands in-vit-ing, sin-ner, will you hear?
 lis-ten to the call; "Who-so-ev-er will" ex-tends from sea to sea,



CHORUS.
 To the earth's re-mot-est bound. Who - - - so-ev-er
 See His feet, His hands, His side.
 Je-sus "tast-ed death for all." Who-so-ev-er will,



will,..... Bear the joy-ful tidings o-ver plain and hill; For our
 Whoso-ev-er will,



lov-ing Fa-ther calls His children home, Whoso-ev-er will may come. A-men.

Copyright, 1907, by Dale and Horton.

* This song makes the offer of salvation co-extensive with the atonement of Jesus Christ, who "tasted death for every man," and who invites all to come to Him and be saved.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER." L. M. D.

"Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid."—Matt. 14: 27.

REV. J. B. TIGERT, Howell, Tenn., 1893.

W. T. DALE, 1907.

1. "Be of good cheer," the Master said, "For it is I,
 2. They had for-got that they were fed By Him whose pow'r
 3. "Be of good cheer," 'twill all be right, For I am near

1. "Be of good cheer," the Master said, "For it is I,—
 2. They had forgot that they were fed By Him whose pow'r
 3. "Be of good cheer," 'twill all be right, For I am near

be not a - fraid," To His dis - ci - - - ples thus He
 had raised the dead, But now they know this is the
 thee day and night; The winds are sub - - - ject to My

be not a - fraid," To His dis - ci -
 had raised the dead; But now they know
 thee day and night; The winds are sub -

spake, While toil-ing on the stormy lake. (the stormy lake.)
 Lord, And all re-joice with one accord. (with one accord.)
 will, And in My strength I'll guide thee still. (I'll guide thee still.)

ples thus He spake, While toiling on the stormy lake
 this is the Lord, And all rejoice with one accord
 ject to my will, And in my strength I'll guide thee still

So full of love, so full of light, His word dispels
 "Be of good cheer, be not afraid," Is still the Mas - - -
 Each wave may seem con-tra-ry now, The night and storm

So full of love, so full of light, His word dispels
 "Be of good cheer, be not a-fraid," Is still the Mas-
 Each wave may seem con-tra-ry now The night and storm

BE OF GOOD CHEER. Concluded.



the gloom of night;... And sore a-mazed... His servants
ter's cheer-ing aid... He speaks to you... He speaks to
thy spir - it bow;... Press to the oar... and speed thy

the gloom of night; And sore amazed

stand;... While sea is calm'd... at His command.(at His command.)
me,... While toiling on... life's troubled sea.(life's troubled sea.)
way,... This night shall end... in end-less day.(in end-less day.) A-men.

His servants stand; While sea is calm'd at His command.....

654

GO BURY THY SORROW. 6s & 5s.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isa. 35: 10.

ANON.

REV. W. T. DALE, 1911.



1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share; Go bur - y it
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know - eth thy grief; Go tell it to
3. Hearts growing a - wea - ry With heav - i - er woe, Now droop 'mid the

deep - ly, Go hide it with care. Go think of it calm - ly, When curtained by
Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief. Go gath - er the sun - shine He sheds on the
dark - ness—Go comfort them, go! Go bur - y thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be

night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
way, He'll light - en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
blest, Go give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest. A - men.

655

JESUS ON THE WATERS. 12s & 9s.

W. C. McCONNELL.

Matt. 14: 26.

H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Je - sus walked up-on the wa-ters that were troubled, And the bil-lows
 2. Like a troub-led spir - it, on the wa - ters walking, Came the form of
 3. His dis-ci - ples saw Him, tho't He was a spir - it, And the hearts of
 4. Pe - ter on the wa-ters, doubt and fear had seized him, Then be-gan to

1. dashed up-on the shore, Fear-ing not the tem-pest, and its mighty rag-ing,
 2. Je - sus draw-ing near, There a boat was toss-ing on the billows rag-ing,
 3. all were sore dismay'd, But the bless-ed Je-sus spake these words of comfort,
 4. sink beneath the wave, But the ten - der Shepherd, blessed lov-ing Sav-iour,

CHORUS.

1. Heeding not the ocean's mad'ning roar. Je - sus walked..... up - on the
 2. And His friends with-in cried out with fear.
 3. 'Be of cheer, 'tis I, be not a - fraid.'
 4. Ten - der-ly to Him His hand He gave. Je-sus walked up-on the

sea,
 sea, the raging sea, On the sea, on the sea of Gal-i - lee,
 sea, the raging sea, Je-sus walked upon the sea of Gal-i - lee, of Gal-i - lee,

When the storm..... was rag - ing high,
 When the storm was rag-ing high, When the storm was rag - ing high,

JESUS ON THE WATERS. Concluded.

Je - sus walked up - on the sea
 Je - sus walked up - on the sea of Gal - i - lee, of Gal - i - lee. A - men.

656 WALKING BY FAITH. C. M. D., or with Chorus.

"For we walk by faith, and not by sight."—2 Cor. 5: 7.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. By faith I look to Calv'ry's cross, Where Je - sus bled and died;
 2. By faith I look to Him for grace To tri - umph o - ver sin;
 3. I walk by faith in Him each day, Ne'er trust - ing to my sight;
 4. Increase my faith, most gra - cious Lord, Help me to grow in grace;

1. And feel my sins all washed a - way, By His shed blood ap - plied.
 2. And on His prom - is - es re - ly To keep me pure with - in.
 3. I know if I but fol - low Him, That He will guide a - right.
 4. And in Thy like - ness more and more, Till I shall see Thy face.

CHORUS.

I walk by faith, and not by sight, How - ev - er dark it be;

God's word illumines the shad'wy path, And makes it safe for me. A - men.

THE LIGHT OF THE STAR.*

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8: 12.

MRS. JOSEPH O. TEAGARDEN.

H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Oh, Beth-le-hem's star is still shin-ing, As re-splendent and bright as of old,
 2. They're coming from o-ver the o-cean, And the far a-way isles of the sea,
 3. From heathen's dark night they are fleeing, And they fol-low the light of the star,
 4. Oh, sweet is the peace in Christ Je-sus, Let us tell it to the sin-sick soul,

1. When the wise men a-wait-ed its dawn-ing, And the Shepherds were watching their fold.
 2. They are wait-ing this glo-ri-ous Yule-tide For a mes-sage from you and from me.
 3. Let us feed them the man-na from heav-en, The poor fam-ish-ing souls from a-far.
 4. Un-til they pause, re-pent and o-bey Him, And be washed and made per-fect-ly whole.

1. Its bright beams still pierce out thro' the darkness, A bea-con of light from a-far,
 2. They are com-ing to us heav-y lad-en, Hard bound with the shack-les of sin,
 3. Shall we tell of the trust in Christ Je-sus, So won-drous-ly real and so sweet,
 4. Oh, the joy when we trust in Christ Je-sus, Let's sing as we jour-ney a-long,

1. And pil-grims all way-worn and wea-ry, Still fol-low the light of the star.
 2. They're com-ing all foot-sore and wea-ry, Oh, shall we not wel-come them in?
 3. And bid them lay down all their bur-dens, And rest at the dear Sav-iour's feet?
 4. Till all the sad earth with His glad-ness, Shall join in the beau-ti-ful song.

D. S. And pilgrims, all way-worn and wea-ry, Still fol-low the light of the..... star.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," April 2, 1914. H. A. R. Horton, owner.

THE LIGHT OF THE STAR. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

fol - low the light, light of the star,
Come, fol - low the light,..... the light of the star,.....

BASS SOLO.

shin - ing to - day from the dis - tance a - far.
It's shin - ing to - day,.....

D. S.

658

FATHER, THE WAY IS DARK. 6s & 4s.

"The Lord my God will enlighten my darkness."—Psa. 18: 28.

IDA L. REED.

Earnestly.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Fa-ther, the way is dark, I can-not see; Let me Thy footsteps hear,
2. Fa-ther, the night is long, The hours glide slow; Uncheered by hope's glad song,
3. Fa-ther, I trust in Thee Whate'er be - fall; Thou wilt my ref-uge be,

And fol - low Thee. With - out Thy guid-ing hand, My steps may
Or star - ry glow. But some-where waits the dawn, The gold - en
Mine all in all. Lead me as Thou dost will, Thou know - est

Rit.

stray, Help Thou my feet to stand, Light Thou my way.
day, And Thou canst lead me on Where shines its ray.
best, In light and dark-ness still In Thee I rest. A-men.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

"A door of hope."—Hosea 2: 15. "That ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope."—1 Thess. 4: 13; also Heb. 6: 18, 19.

MRS. S. E. BANDY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

DUET. *Alto and Tenor. With expression, and not too fast.*

1. When the dark clouds of grief en-circle my path, And my heart's dearest treasures have fled;
2. I know there's no sorrow that heav'n can not heal, And I know that God's mer-cy and love

The friends I have loved have broken their vows, And all my fond hopes lie withered and dead;
Is o - ver all things, He knoweth our grief, And lead-eth our feet to heav-en a-bove;

When the curtains of black enfold me in night, And bil-lows of sorrow down over me roll,
So when troubles of life are many and deep, And sorrow's dark waves down over me roll,

There's a dear lit-tle star that shines in the dark, And it speaks precious peace to my soul.
That dear lit - tle star still shines in my soul, And it speaks precious peace to my soul.

CHORUS. *Quartet.*

Oh, dear lit - tle star, shine on, While life's dark tempests down o-ver me roll;
shine on,

THE STAR OF HOPE. Concluded.

Rit.

Oh, dear lit - tle star, shine on, And speak precious peace to my soul. A-men.
shine on,

660

THE LORD IS RISEN. C. M. H.

"He is risen as He said."—Matt. 28: 6. "The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke 24: 34.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1842.

(For Easter.)

W. T. DALE, 1914.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb!
2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - 'ry tear For your de - part - ed Lord;
3. Now cheer - ful to the house of pray'r Your ear - ly foot - steps bend;
4. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still ap - pears,
5. And when the shades of ev'n - ing fall, When life's last hour draws nigh,

1. Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid-night gloom!
2. "Be-hold the place, He is not here;" The tomb is all unbarred!
3. The Sav - iour will Him - self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend.
4. A ris - en Lord, to chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing fears;
5. If Je - sus shines up - on the soul, How bliss - ful then to die!

Rit.

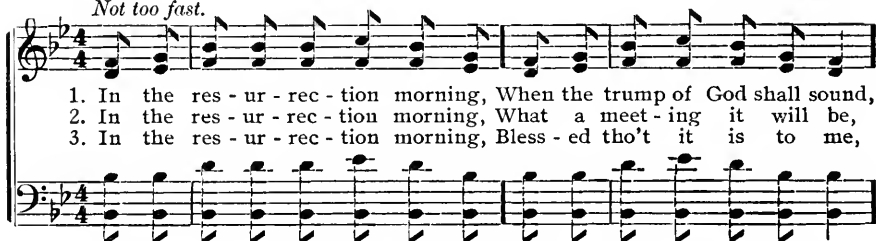
1. Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain! The Lord is ris'n, He lives a-gain!
2. The gates of death were closed in vain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a-gain!
3. Once by the law your hopes were slain, But now in Christ ye live a-gain!
4. Oh, weep no more your comforts slain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a-gain!
5. Since He is ris'n who once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a-gain! A-men.

HALLELUJAH! WE SHALL RISE.

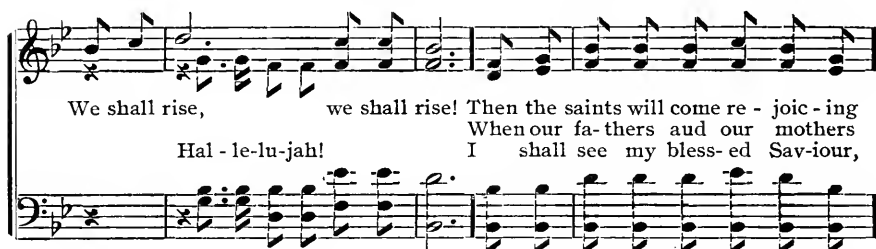
"But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 Cor. 15: 12.

J. E. T.

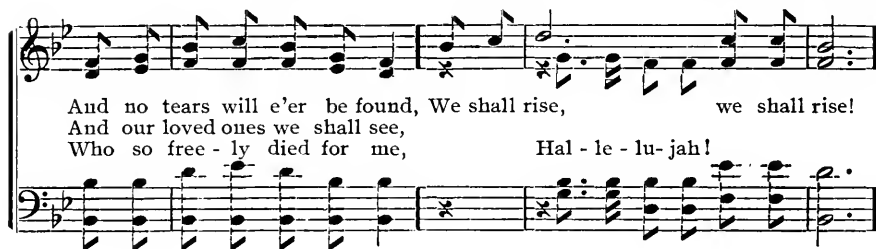
J. E. THOMAS.

Not too fast.


1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, When the trump of God shall sound,
 2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, What a meet - ing it will be,
 3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,



We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come re - joic - ing
 When our fa - thers and our mothers
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall see my bless - ed Sav - iour,

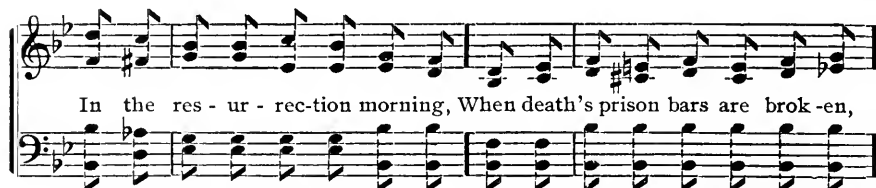


And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
 And our loved ones we shall see,
 Who so free - ly died for me, Hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! We shall rise!
 We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!



In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, When death's prison bars are brok - en,

HALLELUJAH! WE SHALL RISE. Concluded.

We shall rise!
rise! Hal - le - lu - jah! In that morning we shall rise! A-men.

We shall rise!

662

CHRIST AROSE.

"He rose again the third day according to the scriptures."—1 Cor. 15: 4.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK,

With vigor.

1. From the dark and dis - mal tomb, Christ a - rose, Christ a - rose,
2. 'Twas a vic - t'ry o'er the grave, When He rose, When He rose,
3. Joy - ful news, He lives a - gain, Christ a - rose, Christ a - rose,

From the grave took all its gloom, When He rose, when He rose.
Mak - ing known His pow'r to save, When He rose, when He rose.
On - ly hope of sin - ful men, Christ a - rose, Christ a - rose.

Let the won - drous tid - ings roll 'Round the world from pole to pole;
Go, the joy - ful tid - ings tell, Christ hath conquered death and hell;
With the Fa - ther now He pleads, For the sin - ner in - tercedes,

Tell to ev - ry liv - ing soul, Christ a - rose, Christ a - rose.
And redeemed a world that fell, When He rose, when He rose.
Sat - is - fy - ing all their needs, When He rose, when He rose. A - men.

663

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

REV. J. G. PARSONS.

LUKE 18:13.

L. Q. C. TAYLOR.

SOLO *Con espressione.*

1. Di - rect me, Lord, lest I should stray, My err - ing feet keep in Thy way,
 2. Now fill my heart with joy and praise, Thou, who hast pow'r the dead to raise;
 3. Help me thro' all to still be true, And number with Thy chos - en few;

And ev - er guide me by Thy hand, A pilgrim in a lone - ly land.
 Dear Christ, who walked up-on the sea, Reveal Thy-self in love to me.
 I lift my voice, my God, to Thee, Whose love hath set the bond-men free.

Dear Christ, who died that all might live, With Thee in heav'n, my sins for-give!
 Thy prom - ise true for - ev - er stands, To all who heed Thy blest commands;
 I crave Thy strength, Thy guidance blest, To lead me home to realms of rest;

Blot out each stain in gra - cious love, And own me Thine, at last, a - bove.
 I hold se - cure Thy blessed word, The message sweet with joy have heard.
 And when before Thy throne I stand, Grant me a place at Thy right hand.

CHORUS.

In pit - y, Lord, look down on me, I yield my-self, my all to Thee;

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER. Concluded.

In pen - itence Thy pardon crave; Oh, hear my pray'r! forgive and save. A-men.

664

JESUS SAVES.

"For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost."—St. Matthew 18: 11.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

L. Q. C. TAYLOR.

1. Sweet - est song that earth can sing, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Praise the Lord that man can say, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Saints redeemed sing in the sky, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. This the song of new - born souls, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 5. All the way we'll sing this song, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

1. Ev - er may this cho - rus ring, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 2. All my sins are washed a - way, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 3. We will sing with them on high, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 4. From God's sanc - ti - fied it rolls, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 5. Till we join the blood-washed throng, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

CHORUS.

Spread the news with joy - ful sing-ing, May the news on wind and waves,

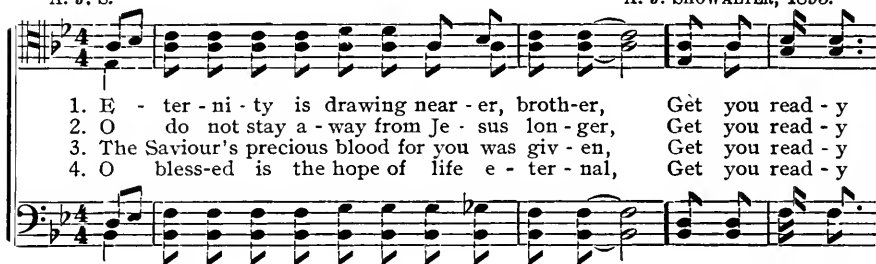
O - ver all the earth keep ringing, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. Amen.

665 GET YOU READY FOR THE COMING OF THE CALL. P. M.

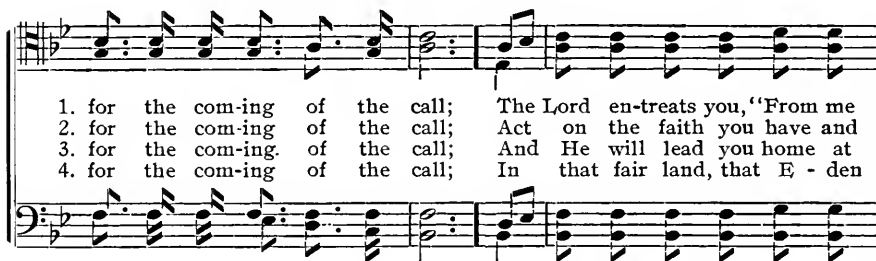
"Be ye therefore ready, also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—Luke 12; 40.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, 1895.



1. E - ter - ni - ty is drawing near - er, broth - er, Get you read - y
 2. O do not stay a - way from Je - sus lon - ger, Get you read - y
 3. The Saviour's precious blood for you was giv - en, Get you read - y
 4. O bless - ed is the hope of life e - ter - nal, Get you read - y

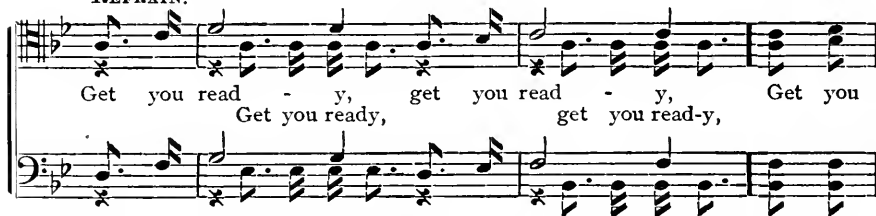


1. for the com - ing of the call; The Lord en - treats you, "From me
 2. for the com - ing of the call; Act on the faith you have and
 3. for the com - ing of the call; And He will lead you home at
 4. for the com - ing of the call; In that fair land, that E - den

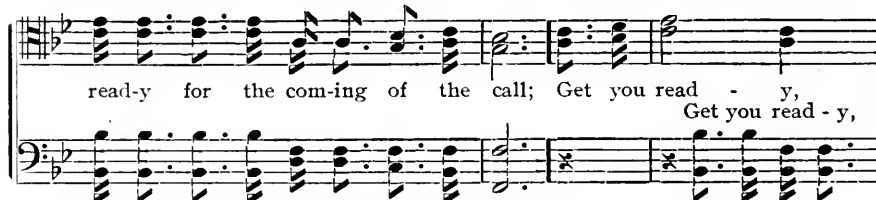


1. go no far - ther," Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call.
 2. 'twill grow stronger, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call.
 3. last to heav - en, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call.
 4. bright and ver - nal, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call.

REFRAIN.



Get you read - y, get you read - y, Get you
 Get you ready, get you read - y,



read - y for the com - ing of the call; Get you read - y,
 Get you read - y,

GET YOU READY FOR THE COMING OF THE CALL. Concluded.

Rit. After last verse repeat pp

get you read - y, Get you ready for the coming of the call.
get you ready, Amen.

666

NEARER HOME. S. M., with Chorus.

"Now they desire a better country that is a heavenly."—Heb. 11: 16.

MISS PHOEBE CARY, 1852. Arr. by W. T. D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er;
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
3. Near - er the bound of life, My bur - dens to lay down;
4. But waves of that dark sea Are roll - ing in my sight;
5. Dear Lord, con - firm my trust, Make strong the band of faith;
6. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink,

1. I'm near - er home this twi - light close Than e'er I've been be - fore.
2. Near - er the great e - ter - nal throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
3. Near - er the place to leave the cross, Near - er the shin - ing crown.
4. Yet bright be - yond the swell - ing tide, Ap - pears the dawn of light.
5. To feel Thee, when I trembling stand Up - on the shore of death.
6. For I am near - er home to - day, Per - haps, than I may think.

CHORUS.

Near - er my home, Near - er my home, Near - er my
home this twi - light close Than e'er I've been be - fore. A - men.

O MAKE ME WISE.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—Dan. 12:3.

W. C. MARTIN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

1. Lord, make me wise, that I may speak To wea-ry hearts of Thy great love;
 2. Lord, make me wise, that I may show Thy balm to ev-'ry breaking heart;
 3. Lord, make me wise to ev-er stand Up - on the rock of Cal - va - ry;
 4. Lord, make me wise in Thy pure word, Its sav-ing grace to clear-ly know;

1. O make me wise, that I may seek And lead lost souls to heav'n a - bove.
 2. O make me wise, that I may know The gos-pel sto - ry I im - part.
 3. O make me wise to reach a hand To those who sink in life's dark sea.
 4. And fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my heart shall o - ver - flow.

CHORUS.

Thy grace I prize,..... since I would rise.....
 Thy grace I prize, since I would rise, since I would rise,

To serv - ice loft To - serv - ice loft - y as the skies;.....
 To serv - ice loft - y as the skies, the loft - y skies;

My ea - ger soul..... for wis - dom cries;.....
 My ea - ger soul for wis - dom cries, for wis - dom cries;

O MAKE ME WISE. Concluded.

Rit.

O make me wise, O make me wise. A - men.

668

KEPT FOR JESUS.

"Who are kept by the power of God."—1 Pet. 1: 5.

EDITH G. CHERRY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept, by the pow'r of God;
2. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Serv - ing as He shall choose;
3. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Kept from the world a - part;
4. Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Oh, to be all His own!

1. Kept from the world un - spot - ted, Tread - ing where Je - sus trod.
2. "Kept" for the Mas - ter's pleas - ure; "Kept" for the Mas - ter's use.
3. Low - ly in mind and spir - it, Gen - tle and pure in heart.
4. Kept, to be His for - ev - er, Kept to be His a - lone!

CHORUS.

Oh, to be "Kept for Je - sus!" Lord, at Thy feet I fall;

Rit.

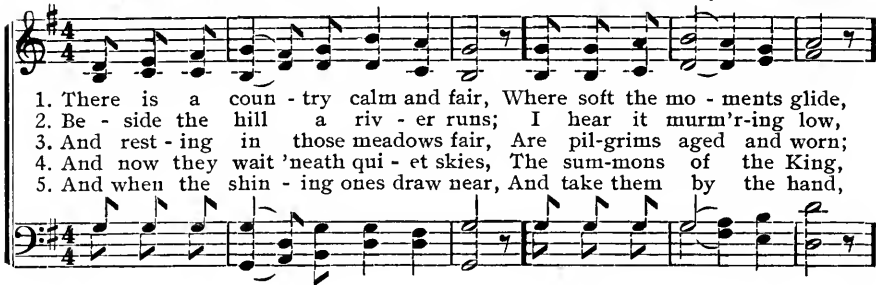
I would be "nothing, nothing, nothing;" Thou shalt be "all in all." A-men.

IN THE LAND OF BEULAH.

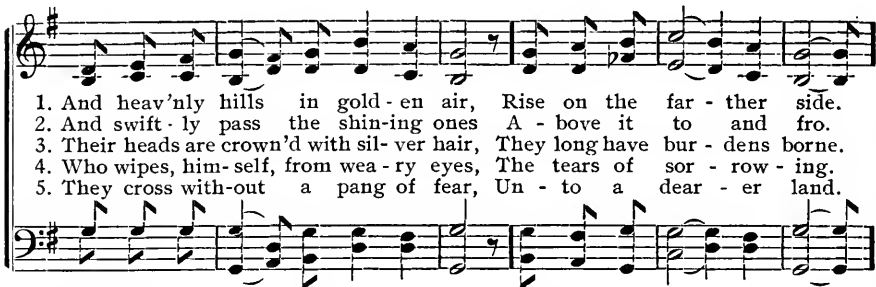
(In memory of my mother, Mrs. Mary Phagan Dale.)

"Christian at Work."

Chorus and music by W. T. DALE.



1. There is a coun - try calm and fair, Where soft the mo - ments glide,
 2. Be - side the hill a riv - er runs; I hear it murm'r-ing low,
 3. And rest - ing in those meadows fair, Are pil-grims aged and worn;
 4. And now they wait 'neath qui - et skies, The sum-mons of the King,
 5. And when the shin - ing ones draw near, And take them by the hand,

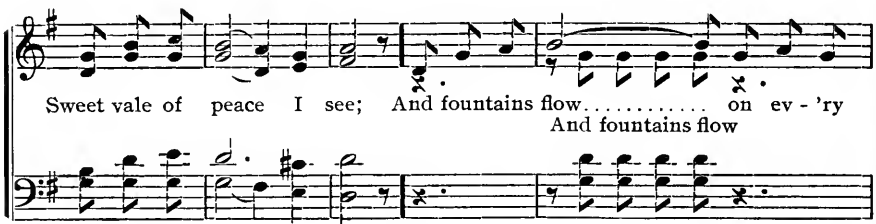


1. And heav'nly hills in gold - en air, Rise on the far - ther side.
 2. And swift - ly pass the shin-ing ones A - bove it to and fro.
 3. Their heads are crown'd with sil - ver hair, They long have bur - dens borne.
 4. Who wipes, him - self, from wea - ry eyes, The tears of sor - row - ing.
 5. They cross with-out a pang of fear, Un - to a dear - er land.

CHORUS.



O Beu - lah land, fair Beu - lah land,
 O Beu - lah land, fair Beu - lah land,



Sweet vale of peace I see; And fountains flow on ev - 'ry
 And fountains flow



hand, They sweetly flow, they flow for me,
 on ev - 'ry hand, they sweetly flow for me, for me. A-men.

670 BEAUTIFUL RIVER. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

"And He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. 22: 1.

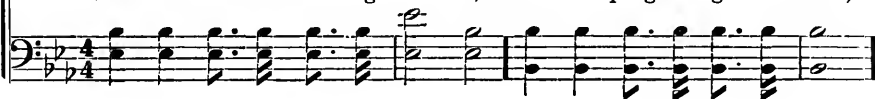
R. L.

REV. ROBT. LOWRY, D. D.

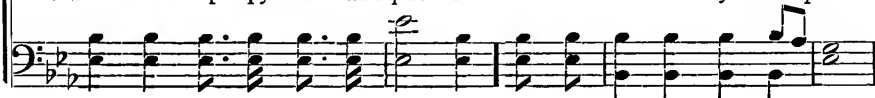
Cheerful.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod?
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour-king we own,
4. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down,
5. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Rip - pling with the Saviour's face,
6. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease,



1. With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er, Flow - ing by the throne of God.
2. We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
3. We shall meet, and sor - row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
4. Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
5. Saints, whom death will never sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
6. Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

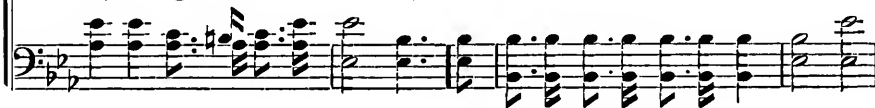


CHORUS.

p



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,—



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A - men.



671

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

ANON. "Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12. Arr. by W. T. D.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing Thro' the bright ce - les - tial dome;
 2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band;
 3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re-joice - es, And my wea - ry heart grows light;
 4. O ye wea - ry, sad and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not by the way;

1. When sweet an - gel voic - es sing - ing Glad - ly bid us welcome home,
 2. Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glo - rious spir - it land?
 3. For the thrilling an - gel voic - es, And the an - gel fac - es bright,
 4. Ye shall join the loved and just ones In the land of per - fect day!

1. To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,—
 2. Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing On us, as in days of yore?
 3. That shall welcome us in heav - en, Are the loved of long a - go,
 4. Harp-strings touched by angel fingers, Murmured in my raptured ear,

1. In the land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
 2. Shall we feel their dear armstwin - ing Fond - ly round us, as be - fore?
 3. And to them 'tis kind - ly giv - en, Thus their mor - tal friends to know.
 4. Ev - er - more their sweet song lingers, "We shall know each oth - er there?"

CHORUS. Repeat (ad lib.) pp

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er?
 4th v. We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er,

Shall we know each oth - er?

Shall we know each oth - er?

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE? Concluded.

Shall we know..... each oth - er? Shall we know each other there?
We shall know..... each oth - er, We shall know each other there.

Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other there? A-men

672

WE'LL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

ANON.

"Then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor. 13: 12.

W. T. DALE.

1. We know there's a place where the weary shall rest; Where the skies are e-
2. When par-ents shall en-ter the por-tals on high, Will they know on that
3. When friends meet with friends in the E-den a-bove, Who have walked side by
4. Like Je-sus, our Sav-iour, His ransom'd shall be, As they wor-ship, en-

1. ter-nal-ly fair; 'Tis the home of the pil-grim, the land of the blest,
2. heav-en-ly shore, All the dear ones they've laid, with a heart-rending sigh,
3. side here be-low, As they join in the sing-ing of Christ and His love,
4. circling the throne; All the dear ones, His blood-washed with rapture shall see,

D. S.—And to- geth - er the mansions of glo - ry they share,
FINE. CHORUS.

1. But O, say, do they know each other there?
2. In the cold, si-lent grave here be-low? O yes, they know each
3. Will they not sure-ly each oth - er know?
4. And we'll know-e-ven as we are known.

Where they'll nev - er be parted an - y - more. A-men.

D. S.

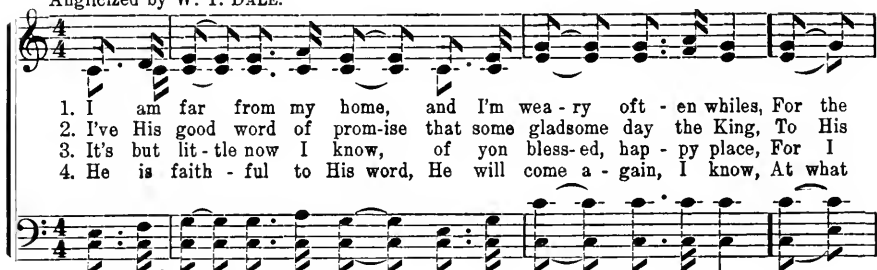
oth - er there, When they meet on the bright shining shore. Hal-le-lu - jah!

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

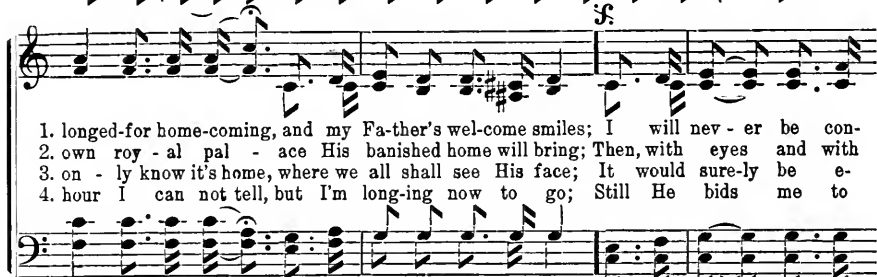
MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1860.
Anglicized by W. T. DALE.

Scotch Song.

Mrs. IONE T. HANNA, 1864.



1. I am far from my home, and I'm wea-ry oft-en whiles, For the
2. I've His good word of prom-ise that some gladsome day the King, To His
3. It's but lit-tle now I know, of yon bless-ed, hap-py place, For I
4. He is faith-ful to His word, He will come a-gain, I know, At what



1. longed-for home-coming, and my Fa-ther's wel-come smiles; I will nev-er be con-
2. own roy-al pal-ace His banished home will bring; Then, with eyes and with
3. on-ly know it's home, where we all shall see His face; It would sure-ly be e-
4. hour I can not tell, but I'm long-ing now to go; Still He bids me to

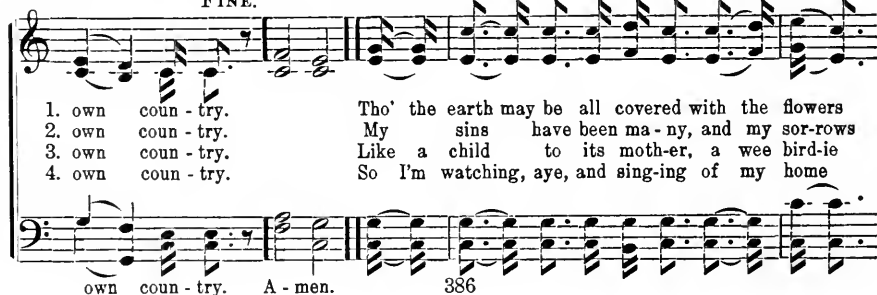
D. S.—Yet these sights and these
D. S.—For His blood hath made me
D. S.—For He gath-ers the
D. S.—God give grace to help the



1. tent till my eyes they shall see The gold-en gates of heav-en, and my
2. hearts run-ning o'er we shall see The King in His beau-ty, and our
3. nough there for ev-er-more to be In the glo-ry of His presence, in our
4. watch, ev-er read-y to be, To go, at an-y moment, to my

sounds will as noth-ing be to me, When I hear the an-gels sing-ing in my
white, and His hand will dry my eye, When He brings me home at las t to my
lambs, in His bo-som they are free, And He car-ries them Him-self to His
peo-ple who may list-en now to me, That we all may go in glad-ness to our

FINE.



1. own coun-try. Tho' the earth may be all covered with the flowers
2. own coun-try. My sins have been ma-n-y, and my sor-rows
3. own coun-try. Like a child to its moth-er, a wee bird-ie
4. own coun-try. So I'm watching, aye, and sing-ing of my home

own coun-try. A-men.

MY AIN COUNTRIE. Concluded.

D. S.

1. fresh and gay, And the birds may war - ble blithely, just as blithe-ly as they may;
 2. have been sore, But there they'll nev-er vex me nor be tho't of an - y more;
 3. to its nest, I would fain now be go - ing to my Sav-iour's lov - ing breast;
 4. as I wait For the sound-ing of His foot-fall on this side the gold - en gate;

674

MY OWN SWEET COUNTRY.

MARY LEE DEMAREST, 1860.

(Second Tune.)

Words arr. by W. T. DALE

W. T. DALE, 1914.

1. I am far from my home, and I'm wea-ry oft-en whiles, For the longed - for home-
 2. Tho' the earth is all covered with the flow-ers fresh and gay, And the birds may war-ble
 3. I've His good word of promise that some gladsome day the King, To His own roy - al
 4. My sins have been ma - ny, and my sor-rows have been sore, But there they'll nev - er

1. com-ing, and my Father's welcome smiles; I will nev-er be con-tent till my
 2. blithe-ly, just as blithe-ly as they may; Yet these sights and these sounds will as
 3. pal - ace His banished home will bring; Then with eyes and with hearts running
 4. vex me, nor be thought of an - y more; For His blood bath made me white, and His

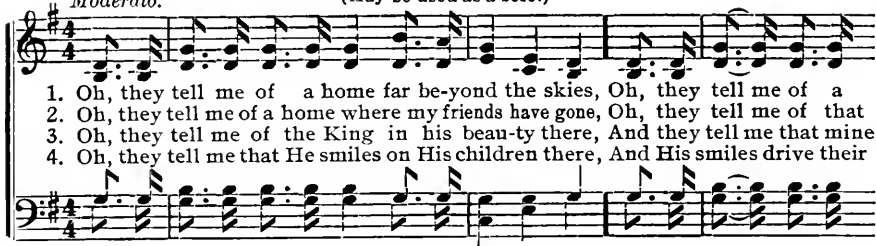
1. eyes they shall see The golden gates of heaven and my own sweet country.
 2. noth-ing be to me, When I hear the an-gels singing, in my own sweet country.
 3. o'er we shall see The King in His beau-ty and our own sweet country.
 4. hand will dry my eye, When He brings me home at last to His own sweet country. A-men.

Words and Melody by REV. J. K. ALWOOD.

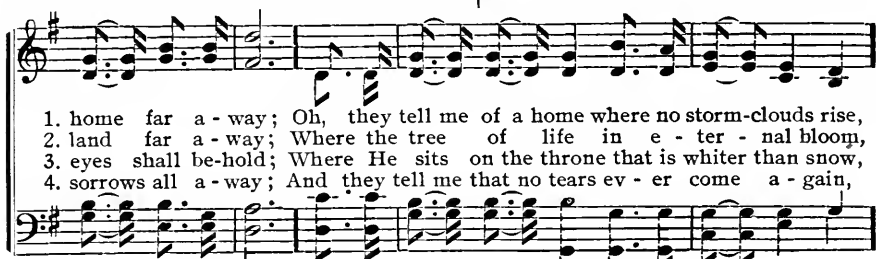
Arranged by J. F. KINSEY.

Moderato.

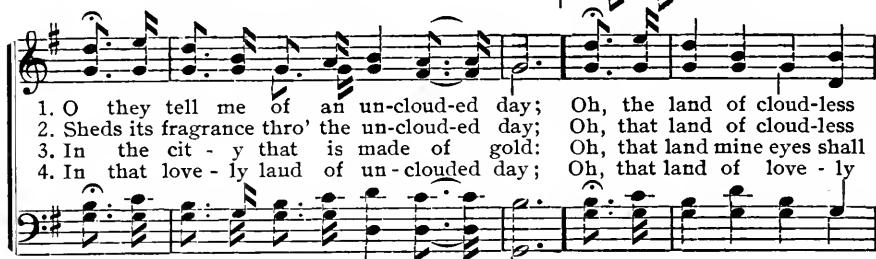
(May be used as a solo.)



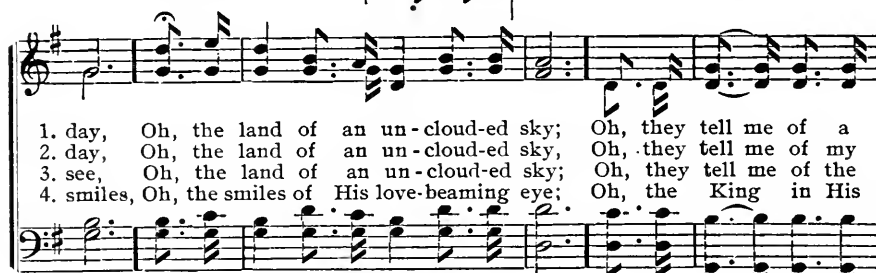
1. Oh, they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of that
3. Oh, they tell me of the King in his beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine
4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His smiles drive their



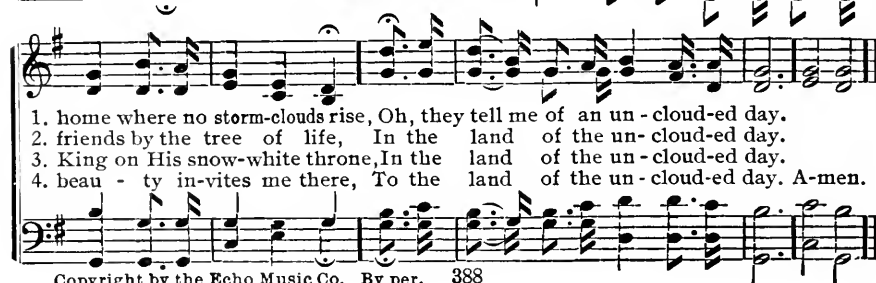
1. home far a - way; Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
2. land far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom,
3. eyes shall be-hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
4. sorrows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,



1. O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day; Oh, the land of cloud-less
2. Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day; Oh, that land of cloud-less
3. In the cit - y that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall
4. In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day; Oh, that land of love - ly



1. day, Oh, the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of a
2. day, Oh, the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of my
3. see, Oh, the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; Oh, they tell me of the
4. smiles, Oh, the smiles of His love-beaming eye; Oh, the King in His



1. home where no storm-clouds rise, Oh, they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
2. friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
3. King on His snow-white throne, In the land of the un - cloud-ed day.
4. beau - ty in-vites me there, To the land of the un - cloud-ed day. A-men.

676

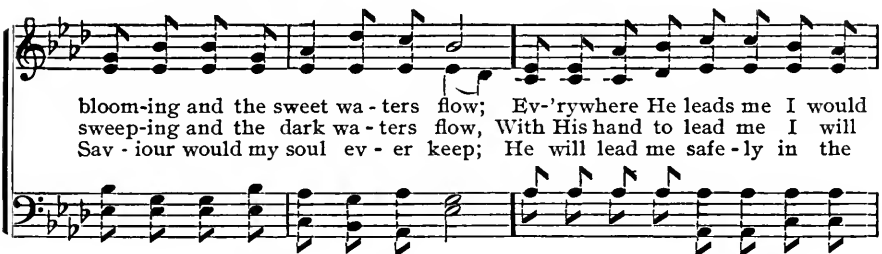
FOLLOW ON. 12, 12, 13, 11, with Refrain.

W. O. CUSHING.

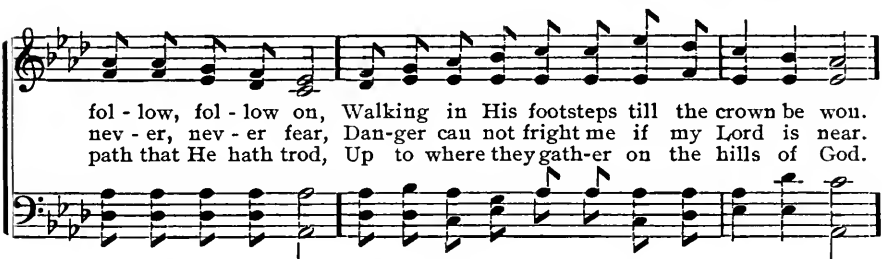
REV. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.



1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
 2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
 3. Down in the val-ley or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

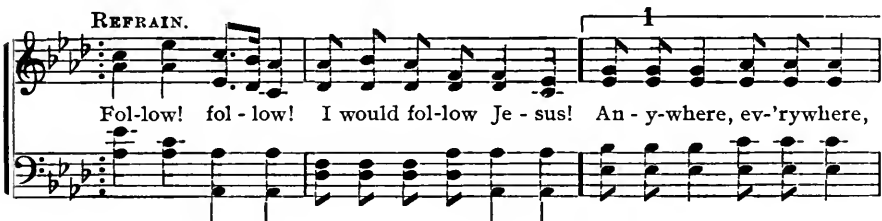


bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow, With His hand to lead me I will
 Sav-iour would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the



fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.
 nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can not fright me if my Lord is near.
 path that He hath trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.



Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je-sus! An-y-where, ev-'rywhere,



I would fol-low on! Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would fol-low on! A-men.

677

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED IN HEAVEN.

"The General Assembly and Church of the first born, which are written in Heaven."—Heb. 12: 23.

W. T. DALE, 1909.

H. A. R. HORTON, 1909.

1. We have oft - en met to - geth - er in sweet fel - low - ship be - low, When our
 2. Now we hear the noise of bat - tle, it's the clash of arms we hear, Like our
 3. Take your stand a - long with Je - sus, fol - low an - y - where He goes, Shout the
 4. When the din of bat - tle's o - ver, and the en - e - my has fled, And has

1. hearts were pressed with sorrow, grief and care; But we soon shall meet up yon - der,
 2. fa - thers, let us flee to God in pray'r; Up! ye might - y men of val - or,
 3. name of Je - sus, shout it forth in pray'r; He will lead you on to vic - t'ry,
 4. sunk - en down in sad and deep de - spair; When a - midst a sol - emn si - lence

1. When to glo - ry we shall go, When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.
 2. Don't your ar - mor, nev - er fear, When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.
 3. He will con - quer all His foes; When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.
 4. Heav - en's mus - ter roll is read, When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll is called in heav - - en, When the
 When the roll is called in heav - en, I'll be there,

roll is called in heav - - en, When the roll is
 When the roll is called in heav - en, I'll be there, When the roll is

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED IN HEAVEN. Concluded.

called in heav-en, When the roll is called in heaven, I'll be there. A-men.

678

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

there."—Rev. 21: 25.

S. J. VAIL.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all, Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion;
3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer-cy's gate is o - pen,
4. Be - yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

1. A ra-diance from the cross a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.
2. The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
3. Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.
4. And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.

REFRAIN.

O depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me,..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me? A-men.
For me, for me?

I WAS GLAD.

(OPENING ANTHEM.)

Psalms 122.

G. W. LYON.

I was glad when they said un - to me, un - to me, I was glad when they

said un - to me, un - to me, We will go, we will go, will go in - to the

house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within Thy gates, Our feet shall stand with-

in Thy gates, with-in Thy gates, Je - ru - sa - lem, O Je - ru - sa - lem.

Peace, peace, peace be within thy walls; Peace, peace, peace be within Thy

I WAS GLAD. Concluded.

walls, And pros-per - i - ty with-in Thy pal - a - ces, And pros-

per - i - ty with-in Thy pal - a - ces, A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

680

ROCK OF AGES.*

(Male Quartet.)

REV. AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Arrangement by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

Air.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

Air.

1. Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,
2. Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
3. Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
4. When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Air.

1. Be of sin the dou-ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and Thou a - lone.
3. Vile, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
4. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee. A - men.

Air.

*Air in first bass and second tenor alternately. Arr. for "Songs of Zion."

O COME, LET US SING.

(ANTHEM.)

J. L. MOORE.

Allegretto.

1. O come, let us sing, Let us sing un-to the Lord; Let us heart-i-ly re-

joice in the strength of our sal-va-tion, Let us come be-fore His presence,

His presence with thanksgiving, And show ourselves glad in Him with psalms,

DUET. *m*

For the Lord is a great God, And a King a-bove all gods, In His

hands are all the corners, all the corners of the earth, The corners, the corners of the earth.

O COME, LET US SING. Concluded.

O come, let us sing, O come, let us sing,
Come, O come, let us sing, Come, O come, sing un-to the Lord,

Lusto.

Let us heart-i-ly re-joice in the strength of our salvation. A - men.

682

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE!

THOS. MOORE, 1816.*

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life, see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the
4. Sav-iour, Thou light of life, on our way shin-ing, Clear-ly Thy

1. mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
2. pen-i-tent, fade-less, and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly
3. throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love, come, ev-er
4. prom-is-es to us re-veal; Hushed by Thy gra-cious word be all re-

1. an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can not heal.
2. say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can not cure.
3. know-ing, Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.
4. pin-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can not heal. A-men.

*Last stanza by E. C. Dargan.

683

WE WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD.

With Vigor.

(Anthem.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

We will re-joyce, will re-joyce in the Lord, We will re-joyce will re-joyce in the Lord,

We will rejoice, will re-joyce in the Lord, And glo - ri - fy His name. We will re-

joyce, will re-joyce in the Lord, Will re-joyce, will re-joyce in the Lord,
We will rejoice, We will rejoice,

We will re-joyce, will re-joyce in the Lord, And glo - ri - fy His name.

And glo - ri - fy His name, And glo - ri - fy His name
Glo - ri - fy His name, glo - ri - fy His name, glo - ri - fy His name,

name, And glo - ri - fy His name for - ev - er - more.
glo - ri - fy His name, Glo - ri - fy His name, glo - ri - fy His name

WE WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD. Continued.

Cres.

We will rejoice, will re-joice in the Lord, We will rejoice will re-joice in the Lord,

Dim.

We will rejoice, will re-joice in the Lord, And glo-ri-fy His name. We will re-joice,

Cres.

will re-joice in the Lord, We will rejoice, will re-joice in the Lord, We will re-joice,

will re-joice in the Lord, And glo-ri-fy His name for-ev-er-more.

Dim.

Glo-ri-fy His name, glo-ri-fy His name, glo-ri-fy His name, And glo-ri-fy His name,

glo-ri-fy His name, And glo-ri-fy His name for-ev-er-more.
ri-fy His name, And glo-ri-fy His name

WE WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD. Concluded.

Cres.

We will re-joyce, will re-joyce in the Lord, We will rejoice, will re-joyce in the Lord,

Cres. *Dim.* *Cres.*

We will rejoice, will re-joyce in the Lord, and glo-ri-fy His name; And glo-ri-fy His name, and

Cres. *Dim.*

glo-ri-fy His name, and glo-ri-fy His name for-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more. A-men.

684 JUST WHEN THOU WILT. L. M.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

W. T. DALE.

1. Just when Thou wilt, O Master call, Or at the noon or evening fall; Or in the dark, or
 2. Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour come, Take me to dwell in Thy bright home, Or, when the snows have
 3. Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom say, "Rise up, my love, and come a-way!" O - pen to me Thy
 4. Just when Thou wilt, Thy time is best, Thou shalt appoint my hour to rest, Marked by the sun of

Rit-e-dim.

1. in the light, Just when Thou wilt it must be right.
 2. crowned my head, Or ere it hath one sil-ver thread.
 3. golden gate, Just when Thou wilt, or soon or late.
 4. perfect love, Shin-ing un-change-a-bly a-bove. A-men! a-men! a-men! a-men!

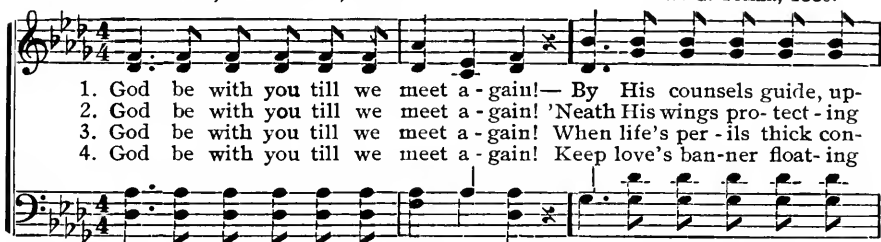
685

GOD BE WITH YOU. P. M.

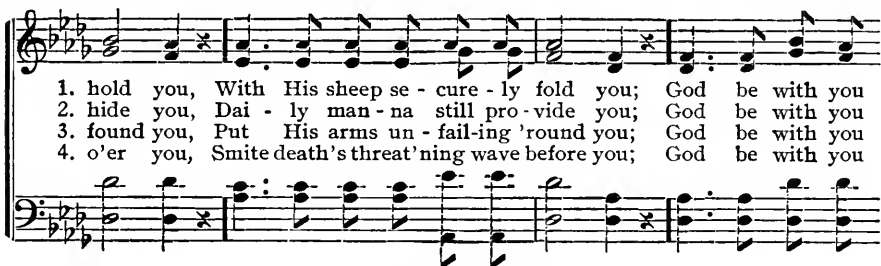
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen."—Rom. 16: 20.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. LL. D., 1880.

W. G. TOMER, 1880.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! 'Neath His wings pro- tect - ing
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain! When life's per - ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain! Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

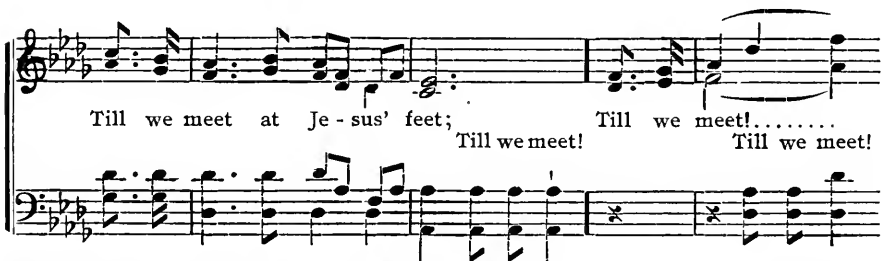


1. hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you
 2. hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be with you
 3. found you, Put His arms un - fail-ing 'round you; God be with you
 4. o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you

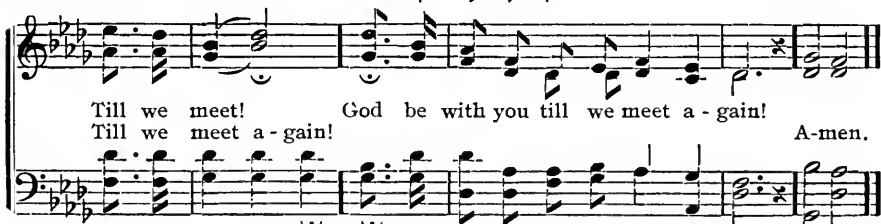
CHORUS.



till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!..... Till we meet!
 Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!



Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet!.....
 Till we meet! Till we meet!



Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet a - gain! A-men.

686

THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Chant.)*

Matt 6: 9-13.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed . . be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heav'n.

2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread, And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glo-ry for-ev-er. A-men.

*Written for "Songs of Zion," July 29, 1913. C. E. Pollock, owner.

687

GLORIA PATRI. (Glory be to the Father.)

(For opening service.)

REV. W. T. DALE.

1. Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the be-gin-ning, Is now and ev-er shall be, World without end. A-men. A-men.

Copyright, 1912, by Rev. W. T. Dale.

688

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

(Gloria Patri.)

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it was in the be-gin-ning, Is now and ever shall be, World without end. A-men. A-men.

Music owned by C. E. Pollock.

689

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s, D.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

(Benediction.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1775.

FINE.

{ May the grace of Christ our Sav- iour, And the Fa-ther's bound-less love, }
 { With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove. }

D.C.—And pos-sess in sweet com-mun-ion, Joys which earth can not af-ford.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Thus may we a-bide in un-ion With each oth-er and the Lord,

690

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

BISH. THOMAS KEN.

(Doxology.)

LEWIS BOURGEOIS, 1551.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-men.

691 Tune: Sessions. (No. 518.) L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise and glory given
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

—REV. I. WATTS, D. D.

692 Tune: Ortonville. (No. 491.) C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore;
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

—TATE & BRADY.

693

SANCTUS. (HOLY.)

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thy
glo - ry; Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most high! A - men. A - men.

694

PASSING AWAY.

Funeral.

Pass - ing a - way!

Rall e dim.
radiance is pass-ing a - way, A-way, a-way, pass-ing a - way. A-men.

1 Passing away! [morn,
'Tis told by the dew-drops that | sparkle at |
And when the noon cometh, are | gone, ever |
gone.
They all in their diamond-like | glittering | say,
Man's life, like our | radiance, is passing away,
Away, away, passing away.

2 Passing away!
'Tis written on flowers that | bloom at our | side,
Then wither away in their | glory and | pride.
Though speechless, they warn us each | hour of
the | day,
Man's life, like our | bloom, is fast passing away,
Away, away, passing away.

3 Passing away! [tumn | breeze,
'Tis sighed by the leaves when the | chill au-
Tears rudely their hold from the | wind-shaken |
trees.
They whisper alike to the | youthful and | gay,
Man's life, like the | autumn leaf, passeth away,
Away, away, passing away.

4 Passing away! [morn,
The dear ones we loved in our | youth's happy |
Now gone to that bourne whence | none may
re | turn.
Speak gently unto us, oh! | list while ye | may,
Man's short life is | passing, is passing away,
Away, away, passing away.

695

IT IS WELL.

ANON.

2 Kings 4: 26.

ANON.

"It is well."

- | | | |
|---------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Beloved, "It is well," | "It is well," | "It is well," |
| 2. Beloved, "It is well," | "It is well," | "It is well," |
| 3. Beloved, "It is well," | "It is well," | "It is well," |
| 4. Beloved, "It is well," | "It is well," | "It is well," |

God's ways are always right, And love is..... o'er them all,
 Though deep and sore the smart, He wounds who..... knows to bind,
 Though sorrow clouds our way, 'Twill make the..... joy more dear,
 The path that Jesus trod, Though rough and..... dark it be,

Thy' far a-bove our sight. "It is well," "It is well."
 And heal the brok-en heart.
 That ush-ers in the day.
 Leads home to heav'n and God. "It is well," "It is well." Amen.

"It is well,"

696

THY WILL BE DONE.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Matt. 26: 42,

LOWELL MASON.

"Thy will be done!" In devious way, etc., Thy will be done.

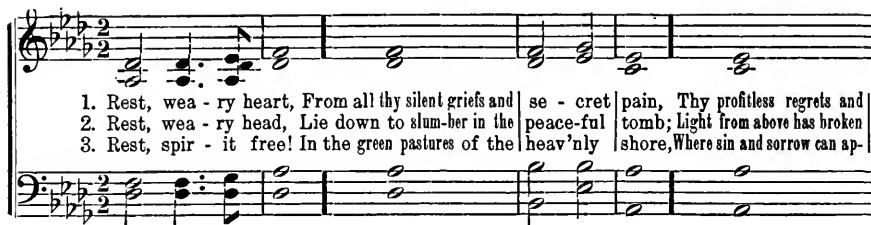
- 1 "Thy will be | done!" || In devious way
 The hurrying scream of | life may | run;||
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
 "Thy will be | done."
 2 "Thy will be | done!" || If o'er us shine
 A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun,||

- This prayer will make it more divine— |
 "Thy will be | done!"
 3 "Thy will be | done!" || Though shrouded o'er
 Our | path with | gloom, || one comfort—one
 Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
 "Thy will be | done."

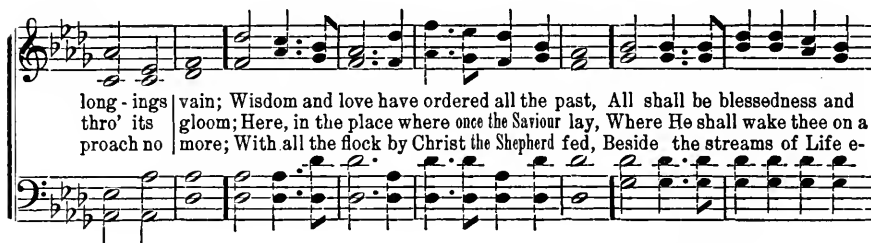
REST, WEARY HEART.

For Funeral.

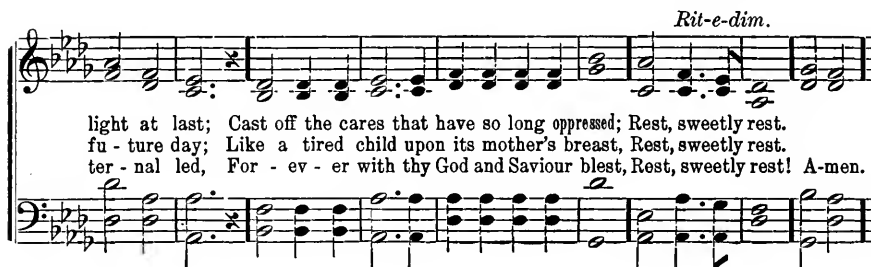
L. O. EMERSON.



1. Rest, wea - ry heart, From all thy silent griefs and se - cret pain, Thy profitless regrets and
 2. Rest, wea - ry head, Lie down to slum-ber in the peace-ful tomb; Light from above has broken
 3. Rest, spir - it free! In the green pastures of the heav'nly shore, Where sin and sorrow can ap-



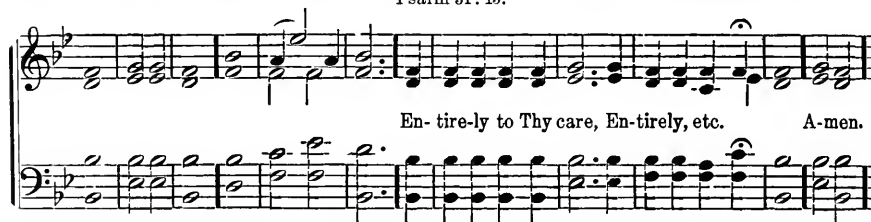
long - ings vain; Wisdom and love have ordered all the past, All shall be blessedness and
 thro' its gloom; Here, in the place where once the Saviour lay, Where He shall wake thee on a
 proach no more; With all the flock by Christ the Shepherd fed, Beside the streams of Life e-



Rit-e-dim.
 light at last; Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed; Rest, sweetly rest.
 fu - ture day; Like a tired child upon its mother's breast, Rest, sweetly rest.
 ter - nal led, For - ev - er with thy God and Saviour blest, Rest, sweetly rest! A-men.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND. S. M. (Hymn Chant.)

Psalm 31: 15.



En - tire-ly to Thy care, En-tirely, etc. A-men.

1 My times are in Thy hand,
 O God, I | wish them | there;
 My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
 Entirely | to Thy | care,
 Entirely, etc.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
 Whatever | they may | be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may | seem to | Thee,
 As best, etc.

3 My times are in Thy hand,
 Why should I | doubt or | fear?
 A Father's hand will never cause
 His child a | needless | tear,
 His child, etc.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
 Jesus, the | cruci- | fied;
 Thy hand my many sins have pierced
 Is now my | guard and | guide,
 Is now, etc.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MISS M. LINDSAY. Arr. by JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

Solo (Soprano) or Duet. Vs. 1, 2, 3.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But we can enter still.
 2. No light had we, for that we do re- pent, And learning this the Bridegroom will relent.
 3. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that we may find the light.

Solo.

Quartet.

Solo.

Quartet.

"Too late, too late! ye can not en-ter now," "Too late, too late! ye can not en-ter now."

Fourth Verse.

4. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet! Oh, let us in, though

Duet.

Quartet.

late, to kiss His feet; Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in, though late, to

Solo. (Bass or Contralto.) pp Quartet.

kiss His feet, "No! no! too late! ye can not en-ter now!"

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

THE NUMBERS REFER TO THE HYMNS.

A calm for those who weep, 8s & 4s.....	603	Broadway, L. M.....	352	Dundee, C. M.....	
Advent, 8s & 7s.....	45	Brown, C. M.....	414, 510	7, 37, 150, 261, 382, 600, 606	
Aldine C. M.....	213	Bunceton, S. M.....	157	Dunlap's Creek, C. M.....	206, 301
All for Jesus, 8s & 7s.....	247	Bunyan, L. M.....	35	Dwight, 6s & 10s.....	108
All Saints, L. M.....	639	Burney, C. M.....	122		
All to Christ I owe, P. M.....	169			Eagley, C. M.....	129
America, 6s & 4s.....	630	Callaway, 7s.....	619	Echo Glen, L. M.....	552
Angel Band C. M.....	319	Caledonia, 8s.....	576	Edward's Chant, L. M.....	333
Angels' Footprints, 6s & 5s.....	555	Calvary, C. M.....	78	Eldon, C. M.....	23
Another Year, 7s & 6s.....	620	Capitol Hill, S. M.....	528	Elgin, C. M.....	314
Antioch, C. M.....	47	Carol, C. M. D.....	53	Elia, C. M.....	178
Arcaidia, C. M.....	181, 613	Cedar City, C. M.....	252	Elm Street, L. M.....	602
Arlington, C. M.....		Centertown, C. M.....	573	Elmwood, L. M.....	90
22, 123, 128, 343, 358, 420		Chapman, C. M.....	99	Ellston, 8s & 7s.....	375
Ariel, C. P. M.....	120	Charles, L. M.....	147	Eltham.....	487
Around the Throne of God, C. M.....	563	Chimes, C. M.....	366, 544	Elven, L. M.....	214
Arkansas, C. M.....	165	Christ Arose, 7s & 6s Peculiar	662	Enough For Me.....	239
Art Thou Weary, 8, 5, 8.....	200	Christ For the World, 6s & 4s	462	Erie, 8s & 7s, D.....	500
Ascension Psalm, L. M.....	95	Christmas, C. M.....	42, 93	Evan, C. M.....	155, 203, 225
Ashville, C. M.....	624	Church of God, awake, 8s & 7s.....	468	Even Me, 8s & 7s.....	567
Atchinson Street, L. M.....	14	Clarksburg, 8s & 7s.....	29	Evening Prayer, 8s & 7s.....	539
At Thy Table, 7s D.....	432	Cleansing Fountain, C. M.....	166	Eventide, 10s.....	548
Auld Lang Syne.....	68, 289	Clendening, C. M.....	512	Evening Twilight, S. M.....	535
Avon, C. M.....	72, 406, 445	Cleveland, C. M.....	570	Ewing, C. M.....	359
Awake, My Soul, C. M.....	274	Close to Thee, 8s & 7s.....	593	Expiation, L. M.....	73
Azmon, C. M.....		Cogswell, S. M.....	364		
31, 41, 101, 161, 188, 260, 379, 627		Collinsworth, 8, 6, 8, 4.....	134	Fairview, L. M.....	8
		Columbia, 6s & 4s.....	633	Farewell, Farewell, L. M.....	604
		Come Humble Sinner, C. M. D.....	198	Father, the Way is Dark.....	658
Baird, 7s.....	205	Come, Sinner, Come, 7s & 4s	179	Federal Street, L. M.....	127, 351, 404, 635
Baker, C. M.....	91	Come to Jesus Just Now.....	564	Fields, C. M.....	537
Balerna, C. M.....	71, 312, 598	Come Ye Disconsolate, 11s & 10s.....	682	Fischer, C. M.....	365
Barclay, 8s & 7s, 6 lines.....	474	Communion, C. M.....	79	Flossie, L. M.....	350
Barnes, S. M.....	159	Conquered By Love, 8s & 7s	215	Follow On.....	676
Barrett, 7s.....	377	Converse, L. M.....	444	Foosland, L. M.....	39
Bealoth, S. M. D.....	393	Corinth, C. M.....	421	Funer, Chant, L. M.....	592
Beard, C. M.....	401	Coronation, C. M.....	98	Funer, Thought, S. M.....	589
Beauteous Day, P. M.....	475	Council Grove, C. M.....	520		
Beautiful River, P. M.....	670	Crimson Calvary, etc., 8s & 7s.....	81	Gabriel, L. M.....	357
Beauty Chant, L. M.....	308	Crisman, 7s.....	256	Galilee, 8s & 7s.....	126
Beaver Falls, C. M.....	154	Critchlow, C. M.....	280	Gauss, S. M.....	353
Beaver Valley, 8s, 7s & 4s.....	614	Crosby, S. M. D.....	255	Gethsemane, C. P. M.....	66
Beddome, S. M.....	511	Crossing the Bar, S. M.....	599	Get You Ready.....	665
Belief, C. M.....	220	Crown Him Lord of All, C. M.....	97	Gilgal, L. M.....	584
Belmont, C. M.....	153	Cunningham, S. M.....	593	Gillham, C. M.....	243
Benevento, 7s D.....	618	Cuyler, C. M.....	323	Gilmore, L. M.....	648
"Be of Good Cheer," L. M. D.....	653			Glencliff, L. M.....	386
Bera, L. M.....	58, 191	Darlington, L. M.....	370	Glenale, C. M.....	455
Bethany, 6s & 4s.....	498	Davis, L. M.....	20	Glenwood, L. M.....	103
Bethel, C. M.....	279	Day-Spring, 8s, 7s & 4s.....	467	Gloria Patri, (Dale).....	687
Bethlehem, C. M. D.....	48	Dayton, C. M.....	174	Gloria Patri, (Pollock).....	688
Bethlehem's Manger, 6s.....	50	Dean, C. M.....	114	Glory to His Name, 9s & 5s.....	501
Beth-Peor, 10s.....	394	Dennington, C. M.....	497	Go Bury Thy Sorrow, 6s & 5s	654
Bethune, S. M.....	187	Dennis, S. M.....	430, 517, 609	Go to Thy Rest, Fair Child, S. M.....	595
Beulah Land, C. M.....	332	Devotion, L. M.....	207	God Be With You.....	685
Beyond the Smiling and the	646	DeWitt, C. M. D.....	295	God of Eternity, 6s & 4s.....	582
Blake, 7s.....	87	Dickson, 12, 11, 12, 8.....	110	God of Our Fathers, L. M. 6 lines	632
Blasingame, 7s.....	411	Disciple, 8s & 7s.....	473	Good Bye, C. M. with Cho.....	524
Blessed Assurance, P. M.....	509	Doddridge, C. M.....	525	Goodknight, C. M.....	218
Bloomfield Chant, L. M.....	264, 458	Donnell, C. M.....	381	Golden Hill, S. M.....	429
Boardman, C. M.....	88	Downs, C. M.....	389	Gospel Banner, 7s & 6s.....	466
Bogg's Hill, C. M.....	36	Doxology, L. M.....	689	Grace Church, L. M.....	384
Boonville, C. M.....	347, 396	Drennan, C. M.....	201	Gratitude, L. M.....	623
Borthwick, L. M.....	190	Duane Street, L. M. D.....	408	Greenfields, 8s.....	575
Bound for the Promised Land	577	Duke Street, L. M. 4, 123, 385, 398		Greenville, 8s & 7s.....	689
Bowers, C. M.....	636			Guide, 7s, D.....	141
Bowling Green, 8s & 7s.....	321				
Bradbury, 7s.....	92			Hallelujah, We Shall Rise.....	691
Bridgewater, L. M.....	574			Hambleburg.....	11, 529
				Hammond, C. M.....	118

Happy Day, L. M. (Old Tune).....	240	Just When Thou Wilt, L. M.	684	Moreau, S. M.	373
Happy Day, L. M. (New Tune).....	241	Kansas City, C. M.	611	More Love to Thee, 6s & 4s ..	125
Happy Zion, 8s, 7s & 4s.	390	Kedron, 8s & 7s.	482	Morrow, S. M.	597
Harmony, 8s & 7s.	388	Kelly, L. M.	64	Morrow's Hill, C. M.	516
Harmony Grove, C. M.	236	Ken, 8s & 7s.	556	Morton, S. M.	354
Harrisburg, 7s.	485	Kept for Jesus.	668	Mount Blanc, P. M.	338
Harvest Home, 7s D.	626	Kidder, 7s.	640	Mount Olivet, L. M. 76, 316,	492
Harvey, C. M.	185	Kingsley, C. M.	605	Mount Pleasant, C. M.	453
Harwell, 8s & 7s.	131	Kircher, L. M.	259	My Ain Countrie.	673
Havergal, 7s & 6s.	249	Knapp, L. M.	637	My Buried Friends, 8s & 9s.	601
Havron, C. M.	392	Knight, S. M.	402	My Jesus, I Love Thee, 11s.	434
Haynes, 7s.	3	Knox, S. M.	151	My Own Sweet Country.	674
He Knows, 8, 8, 8, 5.	302	Knoxville, S. M.	328	My Times are in Thy Hand.	690
He Leadeth Me, L. M. D.	508	Kuhn, S. M.	142	Muhlenberg, S. M.	242
Heber, C. M. 9, 115, 278,	530	Laban, S. M. 266, 440		Naomi, C. M. 67, 298	
Hebron, L. M. 383, 435, 483,	531	Langley, L. M.	410	Nashville, L. M.	425
Hemmingway, L. M.	194	Last Hope, (Mercy) 7s		Nearer Home, S. M.	666
Henderson, 7s.	246		140, 484, 538	Nearer, My God, to Thee, 6s	
Hendon, 7s. 5, 226,	447	Lathbury, C. M.	369	& 4s.	499
Hendy, 6s & 4s.	228	Lead Kindly Light, 10s & 4s		Nettleton, 8s & 7s. 189,	237
Henry, 8s & 7s.	300	Lead Me On, P. M.	294	New Bloomfield, C. M.	13
Hermas, 6s & 5s.	96	Lead Them to Thee.	286	New Brighton, C. M.	330
Herman, C. M.	585	Lebanon, C. M.	204	New Haven.	371
Hewitt, L. M.	162	Leander, C. M. D.	269	New Hope, L. M.	436
High Street, L. M.	56	Leaning on the Everlasting		New Lebanon, C. M.	515
"Hinder Me Not," C. M.	413	Arms.	230	New Port, C. M. 490,	542
Hoffman, L. M.	361	Leister, L. M.	368	New Sharon, L. M. D.	336
Holden, 8s & 7s.	532	Leland, L. M.	211	New Siloam, C. M.	558
Holsinger, 6s & 4s.	116	Lella, C. M.	543	New Unity, 6s & 5s.	523
Holt's Summit, L. M.	449	Lenox, H. M.	170	Never Give Up.	645
Holy City, 6s & 4s.	326	Leslie, L. M.	62	Nicaea, 11, 12, 12, 10.	1
Holy Manna, 8s & 7s.	569	Lexington, 7s D.	288	Ninety Fifth, C. M.	265
Holy Mountains, 8s & 7s.	387	Lind, 7s & 6s.	282	No Shelter Like the Cross,	
Homeward Bound, 10s & 7s.	290	Linwood, C. M.	146	C. M.	82
Homewood, C. M.	273	Lippencott, 8s & 7s.	331	O Come Let Us Sing, (An-	
Hopewell, L. M.	26	Lisbon, S. M.	344	them).	681
Horton, 7s.	148	Lischer, H. M.	346	O'Kane, C. M.	43
Hosanna to the Son of David,	549	Littleton, 3s & 7s.	489	Old Hundred, L. M. 372,	690
Howard, C. M. 313, 362,	628	Logan, 8s, 7s & 4s.	130	Old Time Religion.	579
How Firm A Foundation, 11s	304	Longfellow, 6s & 4s.	631	Olive's Brow, L. M.	75
How Happy Are They, 6s &		Lord, Revive Us, 8s & 7s.	568	Olivet, 6s & 4s.	227
9s.	236	Loving Kindness, L. M.	121	O Make Me Wise.	667
Hull, L. M.	562	Lucas, 10s, 5s & 11s.	621	Only the Blood of Jesus.	173
Humphries.	355	Lucius, C. M.	588	Only Trust Him, C. M.	578
Hurseley, L. M. 102, 143,	533	Lux Benigna, 10s & 4s.	293	Ortonville, C. M.	
Hyde, S. M.	30	Lyons, 10s & 11s.	376	Osage, C. M. 27, 55, 117, 139,	491
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice,		Madison Street, L. M.	16	Our Father which art in	686
S. M.	502	Mahoning, C. M.	587	Our Land for Jesus, 7s & 6s	476
I Love to Tell the Story, 7s		Mahoningtown, C. M.	137	Our Passover, C. M.	428
& 6s.	172	Maitland, C. M. 176, 257		Palmer, C. M.	311
I Was Glad, (Anthem)	679	Manoah, C. M. 33, 61, 299,	427	Park Place, 8s & 7s.	229
"I Will Arise," P. M.	208	Maplewood, L. M.	262	Park Street, L. M.	378
"I Would Not Live Away".	318	Marlow, C. M.	156	Passing Away, (Chant).	694
I'll Go Where You Want Me		Marshfield, C. M.	83	Pass Me Not, 8s & 5s.	216
to Go.	253	Matthews, S. M.	590	Patmos, C. M.	477
In the Land of Beulah, C. M.	669	Martin, C. M.	638	Payson, 6s & 4s.	380
In the Shadow of the Rock,		Martyn, 7s D. 84, 234		Pentecost, S. M.	186
8s & 7s.	650	Maxey, 7s D.	271	Perkins, L. M.	407
Irish Ripple, L. M.	486	May, C. M.	149	Perring, C. M.	557
Italian Hymn, 6s & 4s. 2, 119,	554	Meadville, 7s.	248	Pilot, 7s, 6 lines.	291
It is Well, (Chant).	695	Mear, C. M. 217, 310,	594	Pilot Knob, C. M.	409
Jefferson, S. M.	536	Melody, C. M.	422	Pitt, L. M.	342
Jefferson City, L. M.	10	Mendelssohn, 7s D.	52	Pleasant Valley, C. M.	297
Jerusalem the Golden, 7s &		MeAdow, 8s, 7s & 4s.	107	Pollock, C. M.	32
6s D.	337	McGreedy, L. M.	196	Pollock's Chant, L. M.	456
Jesus Hath Died, 6s & 4s.	77	McPherson, L. M.	439	Ponder, O Man, Eternity,	
Jesus Is Passing By, L. M.,		Middleton, 8s & 7s.	258	L. M.	580
6 lines.	199	Millburn, L. M.	488	Portuguese Hymn, 11s.	305
Jesus Loves Me, 7s.	561	Mildred, 8s & 7s.	547	Prarie Dell, C. M.	559
Jesus My All, 6s & 4s.	202	Millholland, 6s & 4s.	283	Princeton, C. M.	152
Jesus On The Waters.	655	Miles Lane, C. M.	100	Provine, S. M.	284
Jesus Saves.	664	Miller, L. M.	452	Rachel, L. M.	168
Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me, 7s, 6		Missionary Chant, L. M.	263, 363, 457	Reden, L. M.	405
lines.	642	Missionary Hymn, 7s & 6s.	459	Refuge, 7s D.	233
Jesus Shall Reign, L. M.	106	Mission Song, 8s & 7s D.	470	Resignation, 8, 8, 8, 6.	296
Jewels, (Irregular).	551	Missouri, S. M.	124	Rest, L. M.	591
Jewett, 6s D.	306	Montgomery, 7s & 6s.	109	Rest Sweetly, Darling One,	
Jewett City, C. M.	610	Moody, C. M.	69	S. M.	596
Just As I Am, L. M. (Quar-		Moravia, S. M.	163	Rest, Weary Heart, (Chant).	697
tett).	210				

Restoration of the Jews, 7s & 6s.....	460	State Street, S. M.....	329, 495	Trion, C. M.....	54
Retreat, L. M.....	441, 493	Steele, C. M.....	588	Trusting, 7s.....	235
Revive Thy Work, S. M.....	566	Standing by the Cross, 8s & 7s.....	223	Uxbridge, L. M.....	25, 145, 454
Revive Us Again, P. M.....	565	Stephen's Chapel, C. M.....	46	Vandyke, 7s.....	534
Rexford, 8s & 7s.....	431	Sterling, S. M.....	85	Vain World Adieu, L. M.....	339
Rhineland, 8s, 7s & 4s.....	287	Still, Still with Thee, 11s & 10s.....	546	Varina, C. M. D.....	335
Richmond Hill, L. M.....	367	Sunset, L. M.....	315, 583	Versailles, L. M.....	451
Rijutei, C. M. D.....	469	Swan, C. M.....	616	Vincent, S. M.....	128
Rockbridge, L. M.....	424	Sweet Hour of Prayer, L. M. D.....	505	Virginia, S. M.....	625
Rock of Ages, 7s, 6 lines.....	231	Talmage, L. M.....	349	Waco, C. M.....	180
Rock of Ages, (Quartet).....	680	Tappan, L. M.....	65, 446	Walking By Faith, C. M.....	656
Rock Port, 7, 6, 7, 8.....	251	Tarry with Me, 8s & 7s.....	540	Ward, L. M.....	18, 94
Robert's Chant, S. M.....	177	Tenney, C. M.....	276	Ware, L. M.....	89, 400, 527
Rochester, C. M.....	285, 391, 612	Tell Every Thing to Jesus.....	507	Warrensburg, C. M.....	303
Rockingham, L. M.....	275, 374	The Chariot, 11, 12, 13, 12.....	615	Wartrace, C. M.....	135
Rosedale, L. M.....	608	The Aged Christian, 8s & 7s.....	320	Warwick, C. M.....	15, 104, 160, 307, 438, 526
Ruebush, 7s.....	356	The Bright Forever, 8s & 7s.....	341	Watchman, 7s D.....	479
Ruth's Choice, 7s D.....	412	The Friend Above All Friends.....	644	Webb, 7s & 6s.....	270, 464, 471
Russellville, C. M.....	224	The Gate Ajar.....	678	Webster Grove, L. M.....	415
Sabbath, 7s, 6 lines.....	348	The Eucharist, L. M.....	426	We Will Rejoice in the Lord.....	683
Sabbath Rest, 7s.....	345	The Home-Land, 7s & 6s.....	334	We'll Wait Till Jesus Comes.....	324
Salem, C. M.....	70	The Home Over There, P. M.....	340	We'll Know Each Other There.....	672
Sanctus, (Holy).....	693	The Hour of Prayer, S, S, 8, 6.....	506	When the Roll is Called in.....	677
Sankey, 8s & 7s.....	44	The Judgment Day.....	617	White, 8s & 7s D.....	399
Sardis, L. M.....	182	That Sweet Story of Old, 11s & 9s.....	553	Willow Dale, L. M.....	74
Savannah, C. M.....	327	The Light of the Star, P. M.....	657	Willow Stream, S. M.....	395
Schuman, S. M.....	244	The Lord is My Shepherd.....	647	Will You Go?.....	197
Seabury, 7s.....	86	The Lord is Risen.....	660	Windham, L. M.....	144, 195, 443
Sears, C. M.....	219	The Lord's Prayer (In Chant.).....	686	Woodbine, C. M.....	322
Sedalia, 8s & 7s.....	24	The Old and the New S., M. D.....	622	Woodland, C. M.....	17, 175, 478
Sessions, L. M.....	57, 416, 448, 518	The Pentitent's Prayer.....	663	Woodlawn, C. M.....	112
Shall We Know Each Other There?.....	671	The Nativity, 8s & 7s, 6 lines.....	49	Woodstock, C. M.....	60
Shall We Meet? 8s & 7s.....	522	The Rose of Sharon, L. M.....	463	Woodworth, L. M.....	192, 209
Sharon, L. M.....	221	The Solid Rock, L. M. 6 lines.....	171	Worthy the Lamb, (Italian Hymn).....	119
Sherwin, C. M.....	545	The Star of Bethlehem, L. M. D.....	51	Wyckling Jacob, C. M.....	222
Shining Shore, 8s & 7s (Ambic).....	292	The Star of Hope.....	659	Wyckoff, C. M.....	419
Showalter, L. M.....	442	The Unclouded Day.....	675	Where Shall We Spend, etc.....	581
Singer's Glen, C. M.....	325	The Waiting Church, S. M. D.....	132	Yale, S. M.....	267
Siloam, C. M.....	40, 184, 586	This Wide World for Jesus.....	465	Yarbrough, 7s.....	245
Silver Street, S. M. 12, 167, 360, 417.....	417	Through the Blood of, etc.....	651	Yet the Half Has Never Been Told.....	649
St. Agnes, C. M.....	34, 63, 136 212, 268	Thy Will Be Done, 6s & 4s.....	250	Yet There is Room, 10s.....	183
St. Augustine, L. M.....	423	Thy Will Be Done, (Chant).....	696	Yongst, C. M.....	21, 571
St. Charles, C. M.....	59	Tigert, 7s.....	403, 496	Your Mission, 8s & 7s D.....	472
St. James, C. M.....	6	Till He Come, 7s 6 lines.....	433	Zephyr, L. M.....	19, 111, 193, 317
St. Thomas, S. M.....	133, 418	Too Late.....	699	Zerah, C. M.....	38, 450
St. Martins, C. M.....	281	Topeka, C. M.....	629	Zwingle, S. M.....	158
St. Gertrude, 6s & 5s.....	272	Toplady, 7s 6 lines.....	232	Zion, 8s, 7s & 4s.....	461
St. Catherine, L. M. with Ref.....	634				
Something for Jesus, 6s & 4s.....	254				
Spring, C. M.....	28, 513				
Spring Garden, S. M.....	494				

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

THE NUMBERS REFER TO THE HYMNS.

C. M.	Jewett City.....	610	Zerah.....	38, 450
Aldine.....	Kansas City.....	611	C. M. D.	
Antioch.....	Kingsley.....	605	Bethlehem.....	48
Arcadia.....	Lathbury.....	369	Carol.....	53
Arlington 22, 113, 138, 343, 358, 420	Lebanon.....	204	Come Humble Sinner.....	198
Arkansas.....	Lella.....	543	DeWitt.....	295
Ashville.....	Linwood.....	146	Leander.....	269
Auld Lang Syne.....	Mahoning.....	587	Rjutei.....	469
Avon.....	Maitland.....	176, 257	Varina.....	335
Azmon 31, 41, 101, 161, 188, 260, 379, 627.	Manoah.....	33, 61, 299, 427	L. M.	
Baker.....	Marlow.....	156	All Saints.....	639
Balerna.....	Marshfield.....	83	Ascension Psalm.....	95
Beard.....	Martin.....	638	Atchison Street.....	14
Beaver Falls.....	May.....	149	Beauty Chant.....	308
Belief.....	Mear.....	217, 310, 694	Bera.....	58, 191
Belmont.....	Melody.....	422	Bloomfield Chant.....	264, 458
Bethel.....	Miles Lane.....	100	Borthwick.....	190
Beulah Land.....	Moody.....	69	Bridgewater.....	574
Boardman.....	Mount Pleasant.....	453	Broadway.....	352
Bogg's Hill.....	Mahoningtown.....	137	Bunyan.....	35
Boonville.....	Morrow's Hill.....	516	Charles.....	147
Bowers.....	Naomi.....	67, 298	Converse.....	444
Brown.....	New Bloomfield.....	13	Darlington.....	370
Burney.....	New Brighton.....	330	Devotion.....	207
Calvary.....	New Lebanon.....	515	Doxology.....	689
Cedar City.....	New Port.....	490, 642	Duke Street.....	4, 123, 385, 398
Centertown.....	New Siloam.....	558	Echo Glen.....	552
Chapman.....	Ninety Fifth.....	265	Edward's Chant.....	333
Chimes.....	No Shelter Like the.....	82	Elm Street.....	602
Christmas.....	O' Kane.....	43	Elmwood.....	90
Cleveland.....	Only Trust Him.....	578	Elven.....	214
Clendinning.....	Ortonville.....	27, 55, 117, 139, 491	Explosion.....	73
Communion.....	Osage.....	519	Fairview.....	8
Corinth.....	Our Passover.....	428	Farewell, Farewell.....	604
Coronation.....	Palmer.....	311	Federal Street.....	127, 351, 404, 635
Council Grove.....	Patmos.....	477	Foosland.....	39
Cuyler.....	Perring.....	557	Funeral Chant.....	592
Critchlow.....	Pilot Knob.....	409	Gabriel.....	357
Dayton.....	Pollock.....	32	Gilgal.....	584
Dean.....	Prarie Dell.....	559	Glenciff.....	386
Dennington.....	Princeton.....	152	Glenwood.....	103
Doddridge.....	Rochester.....	285, 612	Grace Church.....	384
Donnell.....	Russellville.....	224	Gratitude.....	623
Downs.....	Savannah.....	327	Hamburg.....	11, 529
Drennan.....	Salem.....	70	Happy Day, Old Tune.....	240
Dundee 7, 37, 150, 261, 382, 600, 606	Sears.....	219	Happy Day, New Tune.....	241
Dunlap's Creek.....	Sherwin.....	545	Hebron.....	383, 435, 483, 531
Eagley.....	Siloam.....	40, 184, 586	Hemingway.....	194
Eldon.....	Spring.....	28, 513	Hewitt.....	162
Elgin.....	St. Agnes.....	34, 63, 136, 212, 268	High Street.....	56
Ella.....	St. Charles.....	59	Hoffman.....	361
Evan.....	St. James.....	6	Holt Summit.....	449
Ewing.....	St. Martins.....	281	Hopewell.....	26
Fields.....	Steele.....	588	Hull.....	562
Fischer.....	Stephen's Chapel.....	46	Humphries.....	355
Gillham.....	Swan.....	616	Hursey.....	102, 143, 533
Glendale.....	Tenney.....	276	Irish Ripple.....	486
Good Bye with Cho.....	Topeka.....	629	Jefferson City.....	10
Goodknight.....	Trion.....	54	Jesus Shall Reign.....	106
Hammond.....	Waco.....	180	Just As I am.....	210
Harmony Grove.....	Wartrace.....	135	Just When Thou Wilt.....	684
Harvey.....	Warrensburg.....	303	Kelby.....	64
Havron.....	Warwick.....	15, 104, 160, 307, 438, 526	Kircher.....	259
Heber.....	Woodbine.....	322	Knapp.....	637
Hebr.....	Woodland.....	17, 175, 478	Langley.....	410
Herman.....	Woodlawn.....	112	Lelster.....	368
Hoffman.....	Woodstock.....	60	Leland.....	211
Homewood.....	Wrestling Jacob.....	222	Leslie.....	62
Howard.....	Wyckoff.....	419	Loving Kindness.....	121
Hunt.....	Yongst.....	21, 571	Madison Street.....	16

Maplewood.....	262	State Street.....	329, 495	Close to Thee.....	503
McGready.....	196	Sterling.....	85	Conquered by Love.....	215
McPherson.....	439	Vincent.....	123	Crimson Calvary.....	81
Milburn.....	488	Virginia.....	625	Disciple.....	473
Miller.....	452	Yale.....	267	Elston.....	375
Mount Olivet.....	76, 316, 425	Zwingle.....	158	Erie.....	500
Nashville.....	492			Even Me, with Ref.....	567
New Hope.....	436	S. M. D.		Evening Prayer.....	539
Old Hundred.....	372, 690	Bealoth.....	393	Galilee.....	126
Olive's Brow.....	75	Crosby.....	255	Greenville.....	689
Park Street.....	378	The Old and the New.....	622	Harmony.....	388
Perkins.....	407	The Waiting Church.....	132	Harwell.....	131
Pollock's Chant.....	456	C. P. M.		Henry.....	300
Pryor.....	386	Ariel.....	120	Holden.....	532
Rachel.....	168	Gethsemane.....	66	Holy Manna.....	569
Reden.....	405	H. M.		Holy Mountains.....	387
Rest.....	591	Lenox.....	170	In the Shadow of the.....	650
Retreat.....	441, 493	Lischer.....	346	Kedron.....	482
Richmond Hill.....	367	7s		Ken.....	556
Rockbridge.....	424	Bald.....	205	Lippencott.....	331
Rockingham.....	275, 374	Barrett.....	377	Littleton.....	489
Rosedale.....	608	Blasingame.....	411	Lord, Revive Us.....	568
Sardis.....	182	Blake.....	87	Middleton.....	258
Sharon.....	221	Bradbury.....	92	Mildred.....	547
Showalter.....	442	Callaway.....	619	Mission Song.....	470
Sessions.....	57, 416, 448, 518	Crisman.....	256	Nettleton.....	189, 237
St. Augustine.....	423	Eltham.....	487	Park Place.....	229
St. Catherine.....	634	Harrisburg.....	485	Rexford.....	431
Sunset.....	315, 583	Haynes.....	3	Sankey.....	44
Talmage.....	349	Hendon.....	5, 226, 447	Sedalia.....	24
Tappan.....	65, 446	Henderson.....	246	Shall We Meet?.....	522
The Eucharist.....	426	Horton.....	148	Shining Shore.....	292
The Rose of Sharon.....	463	Jesus Loves Me.....	561	Standing by the, etc.....	223
Uxbridge.....	25, 145, 454	Kidder.....	640	Tarry with Me.....	540
Verseailles.....	451	Last Hope (Mercy).....	140, 484, 538	The Aged Christian.....	320
Ward.....	18, 94	Meadville.....	248	The Bright Forever.....	341
Ware.....	89, 400, 527	Ruebush.....	356	White.....	399
Webster Grove.....	415	Sabbath Rest.....	345	Your Mission.....	472
Willow Dale.....	74	Seabury.....	86	8s, 7s & 4s	
Windham.....	144, 195, 443	Trusting.....	235	Beaver Valley.....	614
Woodworth.....	192, 209	Tigert.....	403, 496	Day-Spring.....	467
Zephyr.....	19, 111, 193, 317	Vandyke.....	534	Happy Zion.....	390
		Yarbrough.....	245	McAdow.....	107
L. M. D.		7s Double		Rhineland.....	287
Duane Street.....	408	At Thy Table.....	432	Zion.....	461
He Leadeth Me.....	508	Benevento.....	618	8s & 7s six lines	
New Sharon.....	336	Harvest Home.....	626	Barclay.....	474
Sweet Hour of Prayer.....	505	Lexington.....	288	The Nativity.....	49
L. M. 6 lines		Martyn.....	84, 234	11s	
Jesus is Passing By.....	199	Maxey.....	271	How Firm A Founda.....	304
The Solid Rock.....	171	Mendelssohn.....	52	"I would not live".....	318
S. M.		Refuge.....	238	My Jesus, I Love Thee.....	434
Barnes.....	159	Ruth's Choice.....	412	Portuguese Hymn.....	305
Bethune.....	187	Watchman.....	479	6s & 4s	
Beddome.....	511	7s, 6 lines		Bethany.....	498
Bunceton.....	157	Jesus, Saviour, Pilot.....	642	God of Eternity.....	582
Capitol Hill.....	523	Pilot.....	291	Hendy.....	228
Cogswell.....	364	Rock of Ages.....	231	Holsinger.....	116
Cunningham.....	593	Sabbath.....	348	Italian Hymn.....	2, 119, 554
Dennis.....	430, 517, 609	Till He Come.....	433	Jesus Hath Died.....	77
Funeral Thought.....	589	Toplady.....	232	Jesus My All.....	202
Gauss.....	353	7s & 6s		Longfellow.....	631
Golden Hill.....	429	Another Year.....	620	Milholland.....	283
In Memoriam.....	309	Gospel Banner.....	466	More Love to Thee.....	125
Jefferson.....	536	Havergal.....	249	Nearer My God, to.....	499
Knight.....	402	7s & 6s with Cho.		New Haven.....	371
Knox.....	151	Our Land for Jesus.....	476	Payson.....	380
Knoxville.....	328	The Home Land.....	334	Something for Jesus.....	254
Kuhn.....	142	I Love to Tell the Story.....	172	Thy Will Be Done.....	250
Laban.....	266, 440	7s & 6s D		8s	
Lisbon.....	344	Jerusalem the Golden.....	337	Caledonia.....	576
Matthews.....	590	Lind.....	282	Greenfields.....	575
Missouri.....	124	Missionary Hymn.....	459	10s & 4s	
Moravia.....	163	Montgomery.....	109	Lead Kindly Light.....	294
Moreau.....	373	Restoration of Jews.....	460	Lux Benigna.....	293
Morrow.....	242	Webb.....	270, 464, 471	5s & 4s	
Muhlenberg.....	242	8s & 7s		Holy City.....	326
Nearer Home, Ref.....	666	Advent.....	45	10s	
Pentecost.....	186	All for Jesus.....	247	Beth-Peor.....	394
Rest Sweetly.....	596	Bowling Green.....	321	Eventide.....	548
Revive Thy Work.....	566	Church of God, Awake.....	468	Too Late.....	699
Robert's Chant.....	177	Clarksburg.....	29		
Spring Street.....	12, 107, 360, 417				
Spring Garden.....	494				

Yet There is Room.....	183	6s & 9s	The Chariot.....	615
8, 5, 8, 3			11, 12, 12, 10	
Art Thou Weary?.....	200	10s & 11s	Nicaea.....	1
8, 6, 8, 4			8, 8, 8, 5	
Collinsworth.....	134	8, 8, 8, 6	He Knows.....	302
7s & 4s			11s & 10s	
Come, Sinner, Come.....	179	The Hour of Prayer.....	12, 11, 12, 8	546
11s & 10s		10s, 5s & 11s	Dickson.....	110
Come Ye Disconsolate.....	682	Lucas.....	9s & 5s	
6s & 5s		8s & 5s	Glory to His Name.....	501
Go Bury Thy Sorrow.....	654	Pass Me Not.....	6s D	
Hermas.....	96	8s & 9s	Jewett.....	306
New Unity.....	523	My Buried Friends.....	Bethlehem's Manger.....	50
St. Gertrude.....	272	7, 6, 7, 8	11s & 9s	
10s & 7s		Rock Port.....	That Sweet Story of Old... 55	
Homeward Bound.....	290	11, 12, 13, 12		

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

THE NUMBERS REFER TO THE HYMNS.

A charge to keep I have.....	277	Calm on the listening ear of night.....	40
A few more years shall sweep away.....	333	Children of the heavenly King.....	288
A parting hymn we sing.....	430	Child of sorrow, child of sorrow.....	300
A pilgrim thro' this lonely world.....	59	Christ and His cross are all our.....	261
Abide with me, fast falls the.....	548	Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.....	87
Adown life's shortening journey.....	282	Christian, see the orient morning.....	467
According to Thy gracious word.....	427	Christians, up the day is breaking.....	489
Ah, how shall fallen man.....	157	Church of God whose conquering banners.....	468
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed.....	72	Church of the everliving God.....	382
Alas! how changed that lovely flower.....	598	Come every soul by sin oppressed.....	578
All for Jesus, all for Jesus.....	247	Come Holy Spirit, come.....	142
All nail the power of Jesus' name.....	97, 98	Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	137
All ye that labor come to me.....	182	Come humble sinner in whose breast.....	198
Along the banks where Babel's.....	394	Come in, thou blessed of our God.....	415
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound.....	236	Come let us anew, our journey.....	621
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	269	Come let us join our cheerful.....	101
And now, my soul, another year.....	629	Come let us join our friends above.....	289
And shall we then go on to sin.....	419	Come, Lord, and tarry not.....	128
And will the great, eternal God.....	454	Come, O my soul, in sacred lays.....	368
Angels roll the stone away.....	86	Come see the place where Jesus lay.....	89
Another six days' work is done.....	342	Come sinner, to the gospel feast.....	184
Another year is dawning.....	620	Come sound His praise abroad.....	12
Approach, my soul, the mercy seat.....	217	Come Thou Almighty King.....	2
Arise, O King of grace, arise.....	392	Come Thou Fount of every blessing.....	237
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	200	Come to Jesus just now.....	564
As pants the hart for water brooks.....	351	Come we that love the Lord.....	643
Around the throne of God in heaven.....	563	Come ye disconsolate where'er ye.....	682
Ask ye what great thing I know.....	226	Come ye sinners poor and needy.....	189
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.....	591	Come ye thankful people, come.....	626
Attend and mark the solemn fast.....	638		
Awake, awake, O Zion wake.....	483	Dark was the night and cold the.....	67
Awake and sing the song.....	124	Daughter of Zion from the dust.....	478
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	121	Death may dissolve my body now.....	312
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.....	274	Deep are the wounds which sin.....	162
Awake our souls, away our fears.....	275	Did Christ o'er sinners weep.....	105
Awake, ye saints, and raise your.....	627	Direct me, Lord, lest I should.....	663
		Do not I love Thee, O my Lord.....	409
Backward we look with grief and shame.....	154	Down at the cross where my.....	501
Baptized into the name.....	418	Down in the valley with my.....	676
"Be of good cheer," the Master.....	653		
Be Thou, O God, exalted high.....	363	Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord.....	138
Before the heavens were spread.....	35	Eternal source of every good.....	450
Before Jehovah's awful throne.....	372	Eternal source of every joy.....	639
Behold a Stranger at the door.....	191	Eternity, eternity, how long art.....	580
Behold, my Servant, see Him rise.....	36	Eternity is drawing nearer, broth.....	665
Behold the Christian warrior.....	263	Every little kindness, every deed.....	555
Behold the glories of the Lamb.....	100		
Behold the Mountain of the Lord.....	481	Faith is the brightest evidence.....	219
Behold the Lamb of God.....	177	Faith of our fathers living still.....	634
Behold the sure foundation stone.....	445	Far, far away from my loving.....	208
Behold the Saviour on the cross.....	71	Far from my heavenly home.....	329
Behold the throne of grace.....	495	Far from the world, O Lord, I.....	545
Behold what condescending love.....	422	Father, I stretch my hands to.....	224
Behold what witnesses unseen.....	273	Father of all, we bow to Thee.....	32
Behold what wondrous grace.....	244	Father of all whose love profound.....	4
Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," (Chant).....	695	Father of mercies, in Thy house.....	436
Beyond the smiling and the weeping.....	646	Father of mercies, in Thy word.....	152
Beyond where Cedron's waters flow.....	66	Father, the way is dark.....	658
Blest are the sons of peace.....	511	Father, Thy quickening Spirit.....	139
Blest be the tie that binds.....	517	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	298
Blest morning whose first dawning.....	83	Farewell, farewell, a sad farewell.....	604
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	170	Farewell, sweet child, farewell.....	597
Breaking through the clouds that.....	341	Forever here my rest shall be.....	220
Brethren, we have met to worship.....	569	From every stormy wind that blows.....	493
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....	271	From Greenland's icy mountains.....	459
Broad is the road that leads to.....	195	From Salem's gate advancing slow.....	69
Builder of mighty worlds on worlds.....	446	From the dark and dismal tomb.....	662
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	558	From the table now retiring.....	431
By faith I look to Calvary's cross.....	656		
		Gird Thy sword on mighty Saviour.....	107
Call Jehovah thy salvation.....	399	Give me the wings of faith to rise.....	519
Calm me, my God, and keep me.....	299	Give us room that we may dwell.....	484

Glad was my heart to hear.....	360	I can not think of them as dead.....	512
Glorious things of thee are.....	388	I have heard my Saviour calling.....	509
Glory to God on high.....	119	I hear the Saviour say.....	169
God calling yet, shall I not hear.....	190	I hear Thy welcome voice.....	502
God is everywhere about us.....	24	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	225
God in His earthly temple lays.....	386	I know that my Redeemer lives.....	103
God be with you till we meet again.....	685	I long have lived like one who dreams.....	469
God bless our native land.....	631	I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	393
God in the high and holy place.....	23	I love to steal awhile away.....	541
God in the gospel of His Son.....	147	I love to tell the story.....	172
God is love, His mercy brightens.....	29	I saw one hanging on a tree.....	79
God is the refuge of His saints.....	384	I think when I read that sweet.....	553
God moves in a mysterious way.....	33	I to the hills will lift mine eyes.....	400
God of eternity.....	582	I was a wand'ring sheep.....	255
God of my life, my morning song.....	530	I was glad when they said unto.....	679
God of our fathers, known of old.....	632	"I would not live away," I ask.....	318
God of my childhood and my youth.....	310	If now in sorrow weeping.....	507
God's holy law transgressed.....	159	If there's a time completely blest.....	491
God's praise within His temple.....	379	If you cannot on the ocean.....	472
Go bury thy sorrow, the world.....	654	I'll cling to Thee, my dearest.....	222
"Go preach my gospel," saith the.....	435	I'm but a stranger here.....	283
Go to thy rest, fair child.....	595	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.....	260
Golden harps are sounding.....	96	In all my Lord's appointed ways.....	413
Grace! 'tis a charming sound.....	163	In a weary land I wander.....	650
Gracious Saviour, All in All.....	432	In full and glad surrender.....	249
Great God, at Thy command.....	625	In life's gay morn, when sprightly.....	559
Great God, how infinite art Thou.....	7	In mercy, Lord, remember me.....	537
Great is the Lord our God.....	397	Infinite excellence is Thine.....	118
Great Shepherd of Thine Israel.....	385	In the cross of Christ I glory.....	80
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	287	In the resurrection morning.....	661
Had I the tongues of Greeks and.....	518	Inquire ye pilgrims, for the way.....	285
Hail to the Lord's Anointed.....	109	It came upon the midnight clear.....	53
Hail tranquil hour of closing.....	542	It is better to trust in the.....	658
Happy the Church, thou sacred.....	383	It is not death to die.....	309
Hark! a thrilling voice is.....	126	It may not be on the mountain's.....	253
Hark! hark! the herald angels sing.....	41	It singeth low in every heart.....	516
Hark ten thousand harps and voices.....	131	It was good for our fathers.....	579
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	52	Jehovah, God, Thy gracious power.....	21
Hark! the voice of Jesus calling.....	470	Jehovah reigns, let earth rejoice.....	370
Hark! what mean those holy voices.....	45	Jerusalem, my happy home.....	322
Hasten Lord, the glorious time.....	487	Jerusalem, the golden.....	337
Haste, traveler, haste, the night.....	196	Jesus, and didst Thou condescend.....	60
He comes! He comes to judge the world.....	616	Jesus, and didst Thou leave the.....	112
He dies, the Friend of sinners.....	73	Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	259
He knows the bitter, weary way.....	302	Jesus, canst Thou bid me live?.....	205
He leadeth me, oh, blessed.....	508, 648	Jesus, I love Thy charming name.....	114
High o'er the heavens supreme.....	14	Jesus, I love Thy name.....	116
High raise your heads, ye lofty.....	95	Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	258
Holy Bible, book divine.....	148	Jesus invites His saints.....	429
Holy Father, hear my cry.....	3	Jesus loves me, this I know.....	561
Holy, holy, holy Lord.....	5	Jesus Lover of my soul.....	233, 234
Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty.....	1	Jesus my All to heaven is gone.....	408
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts.....	693	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.....	291, 642
Holy Ghost with light divine.....	140	Jesus my Saviour-King.....	371
Holy Spirit, faithful guide.....	141	Jesus shall reign where'er the.....	106
Hosanna to the Prince of light.....	88	Jesus, Thou art the sinner's.....	213
Hosanna to the Son of David.....	549	Jesus, Thy love shall we forget.....	68
How beauteous are their feet.....	437	Jesus walked upon the waters.....	655
How blest the righteous when he.....	592	Jesus who knows full well.....	494
How calm and beautiful the morn.....	660	Jesus with truth and power divine.....	439
How did my heart rejoice to hear.....	359	Joy to the world the Lord is.....	46, 47
How firm a foundation, ye saints.....	304	Just as I am without one plea.....	209, 212
How glorious Zion's courts appear.....	381	Just when Thou wilt, O Master.....	684
How happy are they, who their.....	238	Keep silence all ye sons of men.....	34
How heavy is the night.....	158	Keep the Sabbath to the Lord.....	345
How helpless guilty nature lies.....	155	Late, late, so late, and dark the.....	699
How large the promise, how divine.....	420	Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace.....	151
How long shall death, the tyrant.....	610	Lead kindly light, amid.....	293, 294
How lovely are Thy dwellings.....	355	Lead them, my God, to Thee.....	560
How pleasant thus to dwell below.....	520	Let all the lands with shouts of.....	366
How precious is the book divine.....	146	Let every mortal ear attend.....	174
How sad our state by nature is.....	156	Let heaven arise, let earth appear.....	6
How shall the young secure their.....	149	Let not despair nor fell revenge.....	252
How still and peaceful is the.....	587	Let not your heart with anxious.....	61
How sweet, how heavenly is the.....	510	Let Zion and her sons rejoice.....	389
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	115	Let Zion's children join and sing.....	488
How sweetly flowed the gospel.....	57	Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	438
How tedious and tasteless the.....	575	Lift up your heads eternal gates.....	91
Ho! ye that thirst, approach the.....	176	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart.....	129
I am coming to the cross.....	235	Like Noah's weary dove.....	242
I am far from my home, and I'm.....	679	Life is a span, a fleeting hour.....	588
I can not call affliction sweet.....	303		

Life's pilgrimage how short	589	O Jesus, sweet the tears I shed	204
Lord, at Thy mercy seat	202	O land of rest, for thee I sigh	324
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	133	O let me, gracious Lord extend	583
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see	332	O little town of Bethlehem	48
Lord, how secure my conscience	160	O Lord, into my closet now	544
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	567	O Lord, our fathers oft have	636
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt	526	O Lord, our Lord, thro' all the	8
Lord, make me wise that I may	667	O Lord, our love Thy Sabbaths here	349
Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise	447	O love surpassing knowledge	239
Lord of the harvest, bend Thine	444	O praise our Lord where rich in	378
Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling	585	O praise ye the Lord	376
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen	18	O render thanks to God above	374
Lord, visit Thy forsaken race	457	O righteous God, Thou Judge	637
Lord, what a wretched land is	281	O Spirit of the living God	143
Lord, when Thou didst ascend on	94	O that I knew the secret place	543
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	130	O that my heart might ever feel	574
Lo! the mighty God appearing	614	O that the Lord's salvation	460
Lo! what a glorious sight appears	477	O they tell me of a home far	675
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	117	O think of the home over there	340
Mary to the Saviour's tomb	84	O the bitter shame and sorrow	215
Methinks I feel the balmy air	332	O Thou before whose gracious	443
More love to Thee, O Christ	125	O Thou whose tender mercy hears	201
Mortals awake, with angels join	43	O where are kings and empires	396
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	257	O where is He that trod the sea	54
My buried friends can I forget	601	O to be kept for Jesus	668
My country, 'tis of thee	630	O 'twas a joyful sound to hear	358
My days are gliding swiftly by	292	O whither shall my footsteps fly	20
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	56	O Zion, built above	328
My faith looks up to Thee	227, 228	On God the race of man depends	25
My God, accept my early vows	529	On Jordan's stormy banks I	577
My God, is any hour so sweet	506	On the mountain's top appearing	461
My God, my Father, while I stray	296	Once in royal David's city	49
May the grace of Christ	689	Once more, my soul, the rising	525
My God, my life, my love	354	One sweetly solemn thought	666
My God, permit me not to be	410	Onward, Christian soldiers	272
My God, to Thee betimes	353	O'er the gloomy hills of dark	474
My gracious Redeemer I love	576	Oppressed with noon day's	82
My hope is built on nothing less	171	Our country's voice is pleading	471
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	306	Our souls by love together knit	515
My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou	434	Our blest Redeemer ere He	134
My latest sun is sinking fast	319	Our God is merciful and kind	27
My soul, be on thy guard	266	Our Lord is risen from the dead	90
My soul, with all thy wakened	276	Out on an ocean all boundless	290
My race is run, my warfare's o'er	278	Over Jordan we shall meet	521
My times are in Thy hand	698	Our land with mercies crowned	633
Naught can cleanse my soul from	173	Passing away, 'tis told by the dew drops	694
Nearer, My God, to Thee, (Old)	498	Pass me not, O gentle Saviour	216
Nearer, My God, to Thee, (New)	499	People of the living God	412
Never be sad or despairing	645	Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	161
No, not despairingly, come I to	77	Praise God from whom	690
No shadows yonder, all light and	326	Praise, O praise our God and King	640
No war nor battle sound	108	Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for	365
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath	325	Praise ye Jehovah's name	380
Not all the blood of beasts	164	Praise ye the Lord, ye heavens	375
Now be my heart inspired to sing	367	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	490
Now be the gospel banner	466	Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet	206
Now is th' accepted time	186	Religion is the chief concern	557
Now let our cheerful eyes survey	104	Remember, Lord, our mortal state	584
Now let our mournful songs record	76	"Repent," the voice celestial cries	188
Now, O my God, the hour is come	315	Rest sweetly, darling one	596
Now to the Lord a noble song	361	Rest weary heart from all thy silent griefs	697
Now would I yield to Thee	250	Return, O wanderer, return	192
O Bethlehem's Star is still shining	657	Revive Thy work, O God	566
O come, let us sing unto the Lord	681	Ride on, ride on, in majesty	64
O could I find from day to day	570	Rock of Ages, cleft for me, (New)	231
O could I speak the matchless worth	120	Rock of Ages, cleft for me, (Old)	232
O do not let the word depart	193	Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Quartet	680
O for a closer walk with God	573	Safely thro' another week	348
O for a heart to praise my God	406	Salvation, oh, the joyful sound	165
O for a thousand tongues to sing	122	Saviour, breathe an evening	539
O for the death of those	609	Saviour, teach me day by day	256
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	279	Saviour, Thy dying love	254
O God, beneath Thy guiding hand	635	Saviour, visit Thy plantation	568
O God, our father's God, to Thee	451	Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding	556
O God, to us Thy mercy show	26	See in the vineyard of the Lord	178
O happy day that fixed my	240	Servant of God, well done	593
O happy day (with 2nd Tune)	241	Shall I be condemned forever	81
O happy is the man who hears	175	Shall we gather at the river	670
O help us when our spirits bleed	218	Shepherd of tender youth	554

Shepherds hail the wondrous strain.	44	There is no Friend like mine.	644
Shepherd of Israel, Thou dost.	441	These glorious minds how bright.	327
She sleeps in Jesus, peaceful.	602	They came to the forbidden tree.	153
Should tribulation or distress.	405	They who seek the throne of.	496
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive.	207	Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we.	350
Silently the shades of evening.	547	Thine forever, God of love.	248
Sing all ye ransomed of the Lord.	230	This child we dedicate to Thee.	423
Sing to the Lord, ye distant.	369	This is not my place of resting.	331
Sinners, this solemn truth regard.	181	This is the day the Lord hath made.	343
So let our lips and lives express.	407	This sacrificial feast behold.	428
Softly fades the twilight ray.	538	This stone to Thee in faith we.	448
Softly now the light of day.	531	This wide, wide world for Jesus.	465
Soldiers of Christ, arise.	267	Think gently of the erring one.	513
Songs of praise the angels sang.	377	Thou art the way, to Thee alone.	113
Spirit divine, attend our prayer.	136	Thou, Lord, by strictest search.	19
Stand, soldier of the cross.	417	Thou my everlasting portion.	503
Stand up and bless the Lord.	364	Through all the changing scenes.	28
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy	264	Through endless years Thou art.	13
Stand up, stand up for Jesus.	270	Through sorrow's night and dan.	606
Star of peace to wanderers weary.	641	Thus far the Lord has led me on.	531
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay.	144	Thus saith the mercy of the Lord.	421
Still, still with Thee when.	546	Thy will be done, In devious way.	696
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour.	533	"Till He comes," O let the words.	433
Sunset and evening star.	599	'Tis finished, so the Saviour.	75
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet.	504, 505	'Tis a point I long to know.	411
Sweet is the work, My God, my.	527	'Tis midnight and on Olive's.	65
Sweet is the work, O Lord.	528	To celebrate Thy praise, O Lord.	362
Sweet was the time when first I	572	To Thy temple we repair.	356
Sweetest song that earth can sing.	664	Traveling to the better land.	286
Take my life and let it be.	245, 246	Triumphant Zion, lift thy head.	486
"Take up thy cross," the Saviour.	262	'Twas on that dark, that doleful.	424, 425
Tarry with me, O my Saviour.	540	'Twas on that night when doomed.	426
That awful day will surely come.	612	'Twas the commission of our Lord.	416
The Baptist by the Jordan stood.	55	Unshaken as the sacred hills.	401
The day is past and gone.	536	Vain delusive world, adieu.	251
The day, O Lord, is spent.	535	Wait, my soul, upon the Lord.	403
The chariot, the chariot, its.	615	Watchman, tell me, does the morn.	480
The Church has waited long.	132	Watchman, tell me of the night.	479
The flowery spring at God's.	623	We are on our journey home.	338
The golden gates are lifted up.	93	We are living, we are dwelling.	482
The God of nature and of grace.	17	We are watching, we are waiting.	475
The gracious Lord my Shepherd.	647	We bid thee welcome in the name.	442
The Head that once was crowned.	99	We claim our land for Jesus.	476
The heavens declare Thy glory.	145	We come with grateful hearts.	452
The home-land, O the home-land.	334	We know that when this earthly.	307
The hour of my departure's come.	316	We have often met together in.	677
The land that long in darkness.	38	We know there's a place where.	672
The lands that long in darkness.	111	We must work for Jesus.	550
To God the Father, God the Son.	691	We praise Thee, O God, for the.	565
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.	692	We shall reach our home at last.	651
The law by Moses came.	167	We will rejoice in the Lord.	683
The lilies of the field.	30	Weary, worn, sad and forsaken.	320
The man who once has found abode.	398	We're traveling home to heaven.	197
The long lost son with streaming.	212	Welcome, delightful morn.	346
The Lord descended from above.	9	Welcome, sweet day of rest.	344
The Lord is risen indeed.	85	What a fellowship, what a joy.	230
The mighty flood that rolls along.	586	What a Friend we have in Jesus.	500
The morning light is breaking.	464	What are those soul-reviving.	552
The perfect world by Adam trod.	449	What cheering words are these.	402
The Prince of salvation in triumph.	110	What equal honors shall we bring.	123
The Saviour bids us "watch and pray."	268	What is the thing of greatest price.	180
The spacious firmament on high.	10	What means this eager, anxious.	199
The Spirit breathes upon the.	150	What sinners value I resign.	608
The shadows of time flee before.	581	What though no flowers the figtree.	31
The Spirit in our hearts.	187	What various hindrances we meet.	492
The time has come when we must.	524	When all Thy mercies, O my God.	22
The peals of midnight bells.	622	When blooming youth, etc.	600
The winter past reviving flowers.	605	When bowed with affliction and woe.	305
Thee we adore, eternal name.	628	When Christ from heaven came down.	127
There is a dear and hallowed spot.	78	When cold our hearts, and far from.	497
There is a fountain filled with.	166	When any turn from Zion's ways.	571
There is a fountain opened wide.	163	When downward to the darkness tomb.	311
There is a calm for those who.	603	When for eternal worlds we steer.	339
There is a gate that stands ajar.	678	When God revealed His gracious.	243
There is a country calm and fair.	669	When He cometh, when He cometh.	551
There is a green hill far away.	70	When God is nigh, my faith is.	607
There's a mansion where the saints.	649	When I can read my title clear.	265
There's a song in the air.	50	When I survey the wondrous cross.	74
There is an hour of peaceful.	323	When I with pleasing wonder stand.	15
There is a land of pure delight.	335		
There is a rest for saints above.	336		

When languor and disease invade.	301	Who can resist the Almighty arm.	16
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay.	62	Who shall the Lord's elect condemn.	404
When Jordan hushed his waters still.	39	"Whosoever will," oh, come, come.	652
When like a stranger on our sphere.	58	Why on the bending willows.	458
When marshalled on the nightly plain.	51	Why should I say 'tis yet too.	562
When musing sorrow weeps the past.	297	Why should the children of a.	135
When rising from the bed of death.	611	Why should we start and fear to.	317
When shall we meet again.	523	Wide ye heavenly gates unfold.	92
When the day at last is over.	532	With broken heart and contrite.	214
When the dark clouds of grief.	659	With deep contrition, Lord, I.	221
When the last trumpet's awful.	313	With glory clad, with strength.	11
When the light of day is fading.	321	With joy I hear my friends ex.	357
When the storms of life are.	229	With joy we hail the sacred day.	347
When verdure clothes the fertile.	624	With shouts address the Lord on.	373
When waves of trouble round me.	314	"Write, blessed are the dead".	590
When we hear the music ringing.	671	Ye Christian heralds, go.	456, 463
When Zion's bondage God recalled.	391	Ye golden lamps of heaven, fare.	330
Where Babel's current flows.	395	Ye men and angels, witness now.	414
Where high the heavenly temple.	102	Ye servants of the Lord.	440
Where two or three with sweet.	514	Ye who the name of Jesus bear.	37
While Jesus whispers to you.	179	Ye wretched, hungry, starving.	185
While life prolongs its precious.	194	Yes, my native land, I love thee.	473
While on the verge of life I.	308	"Yet there is room" the Lamb's.	183
While shepherds watched their.	42	You now must hear my voice no more.	63
While traveling this mysterious.	295	Your harps, ye trembling saints.	284
While with ceaseless course.	618, 619	Zion stands by hills surrounded.	390
Who are these that come from.	485		
Who can describe the joys that.	211		