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SACRED HARMONIUM

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

ADAPTED TO

Revival Meetings, and all Occasions of Religious Worship.

BY REV. J. W. DADMUN,

Author of "REVIVAL MELODIES," "THE MELODEON," "EOLIAN HARP," &c.

AND

REV. L. HARTSOUGH,

Of the Oneida Conference.

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Let Us Sing

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P R E F A C E .

THE authors of the "SACRED HARMONIUM" only ask of the "Sweet Singers in Israel" a careful examination of its pages. We have not attempted to introduce difficult music, but easy, flowing melodies, such as can be readily caught and sung by the people. Many of the hymns and tunes are entirely new. Those obtained from other authors are beautiful gems of religious songs. Praising the Lord in spiritual songs is a legitimate part of religious worship, and one of the most effective means of teaching religious truth. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord." Not only should we sing psalms, but hymns and SPIRITUAL SONGS. We send out to the Christian churches these hymns and spiritual songs for the purpose of inspiring an increase of spirituality and devotion.

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126 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE SACRED HARMONIUM.

CHRIST OUR PILOT. 8s & 7s.

REV. J. W. DADMAN.

1. Sail - or, en - ter not life's voyage, Without compass, star or guide,

§

For its quicksands all a-round thee, Thick are strown on eve - ry side.

d.s. He's the star of con - sol - a - tion, And will guide him safe - ly home.

§

Chorus. Je - sus calmed the ra - ging o - cean; And, where'er the sail - or roams,

D.S. §

2 Smooth, serenely flow its waters,
But the sunken rocks are near,
Many a gallant bark hath foundered,
How wilt thou the danger clear.

3 See its circling eddies darken,
Wave on wave of passion rise,
Earth hath here no hand to guide thee,
Seek thy Pilot from the skies.

4 Seek, to thread thy path of danger,
Him who once in mortal form,
When the tempest raged in fury,
Trod the wave and stilled the storm.

5 He shall guide thee o'er the billow,
Through each changing wave of strife,
Till thy bark is safely anchored,
On the "crystal sea of life.

MISS S. A. BROWN.

SONG OF VICTORY. C. M.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. The war is almost end-ed now, I'm near the riv-er's side;

A few more con-flicts with the foe, And I shall cross the tide.

The an-gels wait my cross-ing o'er, I al-most hear them sing;
 Cho.—Re-u-nions that shall nev-er end A-wait me o'er the tide;

'Twill not be long, I'm al-most free, I'll soon be on the wing.
 I'm glad the boat-man's splashing oar Be-speaks the riv-er's side.

SONG OF VICTORY. C. M.

- 2 By faith I see my heavenly home,
It cheers me mid the strife;
The conflict round me rages fierce,
Beyond is glorious life.
Amid the battle's smoke and dust
I see the victory near;
I hear the boatman's plashing oar,
But have no cause for fear.
- 3 I know 'twill end by the river's side,
No foes can reach that shore;
For there all tears are wiped away,
And sorrows come no more.
I'll shrink not mid the battle's din;
To Christ my all is given;
I'm near the tide,—I'll cross it soon,
And then shall gain my Heaven.
- 4 Why should I shrink though raging foes
Surround me day by day?
And fierce temptations press me hard
Along my upward way?
The prize is sure, 'twill soon be gained,
The river rolls before;
The boatman waits to pass me on—
I'm near old Jordan's shore.
- 5 The Angel bands that greeted thee,—
My loved ones,—as they crossed,
Await my coming, and will lead
Me to the ransomed host.
Reunions that shall never end
Await me o'er the tide;
I'm glad the boatman's plashing oar
Bespeaks the river's side.

JERUSALEM. C. M.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee;
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 2 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views, by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

- If Heav'n be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence;
What folly's this, that I should dread
To die, and go from hence.
- 3 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
Jesus, My Lord, to Glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 4 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

ON JORDAN'S BANKS. C. M.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea divides
That heavenly land from ours.
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 3 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

Words by REV. J. W. DADMUN.

Music by LESSUR.

1. Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide;

Hear now the voices of your loved ones, What they sing on the other side,—

2nd time Chorus.

Some are singing of bright crowns of glory; Some of dear ones who stand near the shore;

CHORUS. O the prospect! it is so transporting, And no danger I fear from the tide;

D.S.

For the fond heart must ever be clinging To the faithful we love ever - more.

Let me go to the home of the Christian, Let me stand robed in white by their side.

1. { The an-gels that watch'd round the tomb, Where low the Redeemer was laid;— }
 { When deep in mor - tal - i - ty's gloom, He hid, for a sea - son, his head; }
 Have witness'd his ris - ing, and swept Their chords with the tri-umphs of joy.

D.C.

That veil'd their fair forms while he slept, And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,

2 Ye saints, who once languish'd below,
 But long since have enter'd your rest,
 I pant to be glorified too,
 And lean on Immanuel's breast;
 The grave in which Jesus was laid,
 Hath buried my guilt and my fears;
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.

3 O! sweet is the season of rest
 When life's weary journey is done;—
 The blush that spreads over its west,
 The last lingering rays of its sun;

Though dreary the empire of night,
 I soon shall emerge from its gloom;
 And see immortality's light
 Arise on the shades of the tomb.

4 Then, welcome the last rending sighs,
 When these aching heart-strings shall break:
 And death shall extinguish these eyes,
 And moisten with dew the pale cheek:
 No terror the prospect begets;—
 I am not mortality's slave;—
 The sunbeam of life as it sets,
 Leaves a halo of peace round the grave.

* The authorship of this piece—song and music—is unknown. It is a favorite with Rev. W. Taylor, of Colifornia, and has been extensively introduced by him.

[Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.]

2 There endless springs of life are flowing,
 There are the fields of living green;
 Mansions of beauty are provided,
 And the King of the saints is seen.
 Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended;
 I shall join those who've passed on before;
 For my loved ones, O how I do miss them!
 I must press on and meet them once more.

3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
 Coming from underneath the throne;
 There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,
 And he'll welcome the faithful home.
 Would you sit by the banks of the river
 With the friends you have loved by your side?
 Would you join in the song of the angels?
 Then be ready to follow your guide.

LIFT ME HIGHER. 8s & 7s.

Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Lift me high-er! lift me high-er From these scenes of pain and night!

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 3/4 time. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The lyrics are: "1. Lift me high-er! lift me high-er From these scenes of pain and night!"

Bear me up on an-gels' pin-ions To the world of spir-its bright.

This system contains the next three staves of music. The lyrics are: "Bear me up on an-gels' pin-ions To the world of spir-its bright."

Let not earth's de-lu-sive pleas-ures Serve my high-est joys to blight;

This system contains the next three staves of music. The lyrics are: "Let not earth's de-lu-sive pleas-ures Serve my high-est joys to blight;"

I would range the fields of glo-ry In ce-les-tial worlds of light.

This system contains the final three staves of music. The lyrics are: "I would range the fields of glo-ry In ce-les-tial worlds of light."

"LIFT ME HIGHER." 8s & 7s.*

2 "Lift me higher! Lift me higher!"

When temptations me assail
Arm me for the fiercest conflict,
Let me in thy strength prevail.
"Lift me higher!" keep before me
Calvary's Mount where Jesus died:
Rest my faith in Christ, my Saviour,
My Redeemer crucified.

3 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"

In afflictions darkest hour
Let my faith surmount the trial
In the strength of Jesus' power.
"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"
Till by faith the land I see
Where the ransomed from affliction,
Grief, and pain are ever free.

4 When death's shadows gather round me,

Plume my spirit for its flight
To the land that knows no sorrow,
Neither pain, nor death, nor night.
"Lift me higher!" HIGHER! HIGHER!
Till my spirit ends its flight
Far beyond this world of darkness
In the realms of endless light.

S. V. R. FORD.

JESUS CALLS ME. 8s & 7s.

1 Jesus calls me; I am going

Where he opens up my way,
To the toiling of his vineyard,
Shrinking not a single day.
Friends may shun me, toils await me,
Care and sorrow be my lot;

But I've chosen Christ my Saviour,—
I am going, call me not.

2 Jesus calls me; I am going

To the life prepared for me,
This poor world can't fill the aching
Of my heart, or set it free.
O what anxious bitter sorrow
Does the world give with its strife;
But with Jesus,—O what glory!
Ending in eternal life.

3 Jesus calls me; I am going

To the washing of his blood,—
Healing now, and purifying
All who test the crimson flood;
Flesh may cry, not now,—to-morrow,—
Idols rise with wonted power;
Jesus help me, come and help me!
Jesus take me hour by hour.

4 Jesus calls me; I am going

To the mansions all prepared;
These for thee, for all, says Jesus,
Who my power hath here declared;
Knowing this complete Salvation,—
This that saves from inbred sin,
Why not tell to all around me,
Jesus can make wholly clean?

5 Jesus calls me; I am going;

Friends and neighbors come with me;
Hasten now and gain Salvation,
For the fountain's full and free;
Test the grace that Christ now offers;
Know the worth of this new life;
Rise to all the bliss immortal
Far above this world of strife.

REV. L. H.

* LIFT ME HIGHER.—A girl thirteen years old was dying. Lifting her eyes toward the ceiling, she said softly, "Lift me higher! lift me higher!" Her parents raised her up with pillows, but she faintly said, "No, not that! but there!" again looking toward heaven, whither her happy soul flew a few moments later. On her grave these words are carved:

"Jane B——, aged thirteen. LIFTED HIGHER."

Sunday-School Teachers' Journal for June.

10 ONLY WAITING FOR THE BOATMAN. 8s & 7s.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.

1. We are watch-ing by the riv - er, We are wait - ing on the shore,
On - ly wait - ing for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

Chorus.

3 and 9 that bright ce - les - tial ci - ty! We have caught such radiant gleams

Of its tow - ers, like daz-zling sun - light, With its sweet and peaceful-streams.

- 4 2 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.
- 2 3 Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

- 5 4 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.
- 5 So we're marching by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I've read of a world of beau - ty, Where there is no gloomy night: Where

2. I've read of its flow-ing riv - er, That bursts from beneath the throne; And

Chorus.

love is the main-spring of duty, And God is the fountain of light. I long, I long, yes,

beau - ti - ful trees that ever Are found on its banks alone. I long, I long, yes,

yes, I lang to be there! I long, I long, yes, yes, I long to be there!

yes, I long to be there! I long, I long, yes, yes, I long to be there!

- 3 I've read of its angels bearing
My friends to its fair retreats;
When crossing the river, and nearing
The City with its golden streets.
- 4 I've read there is room for the weary,
Who walk with the Saviour here;
No matter how sad or how dreary
Is their pathway with sorrow and fear.

- 5 To rise to that world of glory,
And breathe of its balmy air;
To walk with the Saints all holy,
And sing with the Angels there.
- 6 Yes this is the hope that binds me
To the path of the humble and low,—
'Tis there that the Saviour doth find me,
And with Him to Heaven I'll go.

THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.

1. O have you not heard of a beau-ti-ful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land?

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And rip-ple o'er golden sand.

Chorus.

Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream, Seek now that beau-ti-ful stream;

Its wa-ters so free are flowing for thee; Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream.

I. B. WOODBURY. (By permission.)

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My shepherd, and my guide,
 2 To ev - er fra-grant meads, Where rich a - bun-dance grows,
 3 Dear Shep-herd, if I stray, My wan-d'ring feet re - store;

I bid fare-well to ev' - ry fear; My wants are well sup - plied.
 His gra - cious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.
 And guard me with thy watch-ful eye, And let me rove no more.

THE REDEEMER'S TEARS. S. M.

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

2 The Son of God in tears,

The wond'ring angels see;
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
 He shed those tears for thee.

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

[Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.]

2 With murmuring sound doth it wander
 Through fields of eternal green; [along,
 Where songs of the blest, in their heaven
 Float soft on the air serene. [of rest,

3 Its fountains are deep and its waters are
 And sweet to the weary soul; [pure,
 It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone,
 Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

4 This beautiful stream is the River of Life!
 It flows for all nations, free!
 A balm for each wound in its water is found;
 Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!

5 Oh, will ye not drink of this beautiful
 And dwell on its peaceful shore? [stream,
 The Spirit says come, all ye weary ones
 And wander in sin no more. [home,

R. TORRY JR.

GOD IS NEAR THEE. 6s & 5s.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Listen to the whisperings Of the Spirit near, Calling to salvation,

And from sin and fear; By them you may gather Light, and life, and power,

Chorus.

Freedom from the lurings Of temp-tation's hour. God is near thee
God is near thee

1st. 2d.

night and day; God will hear thee, therefore pray,
night and day; God will hear thee, (Omit.) therefore pray.

2 Listen to the pleadings
Of the Saviour's love;
Calling thee from sinning,
To His home above.
He will save from sorrow,
And the night of death;
And the dread hereafter
Where is felt his wrath.

3 He is fitting mansions
For His followers true;
There is room now waiting,
Waiting just for you.

Will you taste the raptures
That His saints shall know?
Will you love the Saviour
And to glory go?

4 Come then to the fountain,
Gushing from his side;
God and Heaven invites you,
Plunge beneath the tide;
There is peace and pardon
For each sin-sick soul,
Hallelujah, glory!
Jesus died for all.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This in-nu-mer-a-ble throug

Round the al-tar, night and day, Hymning one tri-umphant song?
 D.S. Wisdom, rich-es, to ob-tain; New do-min-ion ev-ery hour." **Fine.**

"Worthy is the Lamb once slain, Blessing, hon-or, glo-ry, power,
 D.S.

2 These through fiery trials trod!—
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
 Perfect love dispels all fears;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

MONTGOMERY.

CHRISTIAN UNION. 7s.

1 Come, and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in hymns divine!
 Give we all with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord!
 Antedate the joys above,
 Celebrate the feast of love.
 Hearts and hands and voices raise;
 Sing as in the ancient days;

2 Strive we, in affection strive:
 Let the purer flame revive;
 Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
 Dying champions of their God;
 We like them may live and love,
 Call'd we are their joys to prove;
 Saved with them from future wrath;
 Partners of like precious faith.

From the "Key Note" by permission.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en,

The name be - fore his wondrous birth, To Christ, the Saviour, giv - en.

Chorus.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail him bless-ed Je - sus :

For there's no word ear ev - er heard, So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they called him;
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,

That all might see the reason we
Forever more must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us,
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

CHRIST IS ALL THE WORLD TO ME

17

Arranged by REV. J. W. DADMUN.

1. My soul is now u - ni - ted To Christ, the liv - ing vine ;

His grace I long have slighted, But now I feel him mine.

Chorus.

Christ is all the world to me ; And his glo - ry I shall see,

And be - fore I'd leave my Saviour, I'd lay me down to die.

- 2 I was to God a stranger,
Till Jesus took me in,
And free'd my soul from danger,
And pardoned all my sin.
- 3 Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
His Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God.
- 4 Still Christ is my Salvation ;
What can I covet more ?

- I fear no condemnation ;
My Father's wrath is o'er.
- 5 By floods and flames surrounded,
I now my way pursue ;
Nor shall I be confounded
With glory in my view.
- 6 I taste a heavenly pleasure,
And need not fear a frown ;
Christ is my joy and treasure,
My glory and my crown.

SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s.

From "STAR OF THE EAST," by permission of Russell & Patee.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es ne'er shall

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, with lyrics: "1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es ne'er shall". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in the same key and time, and the bottom staff is the bass line.

roll, Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It begins with a fermata over the first measure of the vocal line. The lyrics are: "roll, Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the". The musical notation follows the same three-staff format as the first system.

Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es ne'er shall

2.

Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er,
Shall we meet and cast our anchor,
By the fair celestial shore.
Shall we meet? &c.

3.

Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine.
Shall we meet? &c.

4.

Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,

And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound.
Shall we meet? &c.

5.

Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we meet? &c.

6.

Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?
Shall we meet? &c.

SHALL WE MEET? Concluded.

19

Fine. Coda for each verse. **D.C.** 



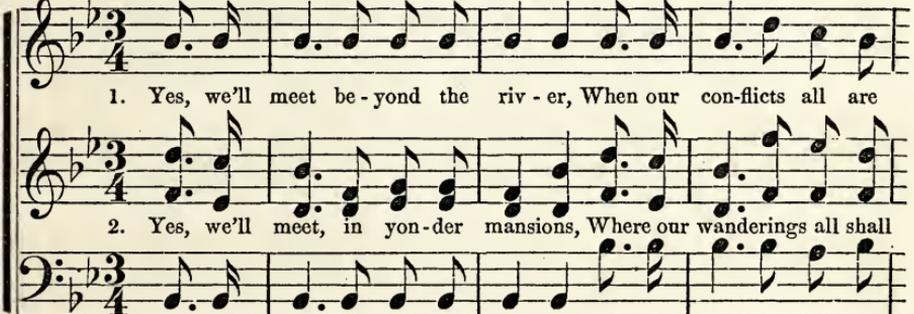
soul? Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?

roll ?

YES, WE'LL MEET. 8s & 7s.

FROM "STAR OF THE EAST," BY PERMISSION OF RUSSELL & PATEE.

Chorus, and answer to "Shall we meet?"



1. Yes, we'll meet be - yond the riv - er, When our con - flicts all are

2. Yes, we'll meet, in yon - der mansions, Where our wanderings all shall



o'er; And we'll spend the blest for - ev - er, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.

cease, There we'll meet our dear companions, And be crowned with perfect peace.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Yes, we'll meet, where bliss immortal
Sweeter far than rest can be;
And before the throne eternal
All our earthly triumphs see.</p> | <p>4 Yes, we'll meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heavenly King.</p> |
|--|--|

ANGELS ROUND ME. 8s & 7s.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. There are an - gels hovering round me; Yes, I feel them sweetly near;

Soon they'll bear me o'er the riv - er, Where is nev - er known a fear.

Chorus.

Hasten an - gel bands to bear me 'To the sunlight 'cross the tide,

'Mid the splendor of the mansions Where my Saviour doth a - bide.

ANGELS ROUND ME. 8s & 7s.

- 2 Mid my toils the waiting angels
Cheer me with their gladsome love,
Lighting up earth's gloom and sorrow,
Luring me to joys above.
- 3 Yes there's sunlight cross the River,—
Cloudless skies are ever there;
Night will never dim the brightness,
Of those realms of glory rare.
- 4 My poor body fast is sinking
To the darkness of the tomb,
But my spirit waits the summons,
That will upward bid it come.
- 5 O'er the River, not long waiting,
Soul with body shall unite,
Never more to know corruption,
But, like Jesus, changed and bright.
- 6 So I toil on,—Angels round me
Winning me where toils come not:
I am drawing nigh the River,
Where life's sorrows are forgot.

ANGELS GUARDING ME. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Blessed Angels are around me,—
Bright winged angels, day and night,
Guarding me from every danger,
How I love them, clothed in white!
CHO. Blessed angels watching o'er me,
Bright winged angels pure as light;
How I love them! Jesus make me
Like them pure, and clothed in white!
- 2 They are with me when I'm praying,
Telling it in realms on high;
If I sin what palls of sadness,
Cast they round me as they sigh.
- 3 Softly thus they hedge my wanderings,
And would save me from the snare;
Sweetly would they lead to Jesus,
When I wander here and there.
- 4 Lord I praise Thee! Thou hast sent them
Thus to guard with gentle care;

May I live so that in dying
They, my soul above may bear.

L. H.

THE PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s 7s.

- 1 Now the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.
CHO. Sinner! can you hate this Saviour?
Will you thrust him from your arms?
Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his charms.
- 2 Jesus stands, oh, how amazing!
Stands and knocks at every door;
In his hand ten thousand blessings,
Proffered to the wretched poor.
- 3 See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare your heavenly rest;
Listen, while he kindly calls you,
Hear, and be forever blest.

THE SINNERS' FRIEND. 8s & 7s.

- 1 One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
CHO. Hasten sinner,—come to Jesus,
He will save you by his love;
He's a Friend above all others,
Come and taste his dying love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
- 4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often,
What a friend we have above.

22 THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS. 8s & 7s.

Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH

Fine.

1. We may spread our couch with roses, And sleep through the summer day ;
 d.c. For the roy - al way to heaven, Is the roy - al way of the cross.

But the soul that in sloth re - pos - es, Is not in the nar - row way.

D.C.

If we fol - low the chart that is giv - en, We need not be at a loss

2 To one who is reared in splendor,
 The cross is a heavy load;
 And the feet that are soft and tender,
 Will shrink from the thorny road;
 But the chains of the soul must be riven,
 And wealth must be as dross;
 For the royal way to Heaven,
 Is the royal way of the cross.

3 We say we will walk to-morrow,
 The path we refuse to-day;
 And still with our lukewarm sorrow
 We shrink from the narrow way.
 What heeded the chosen eleven
 How the fortunes of life might toss,
 As they followed their Master to Heaven,
 By the royal way of the cross.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. The flower - y field of youth she trod, On which her

eyes de - lighted fell, The Savior called : "Forsake thy toys!" She would not

list - en to his voice— And who can tell? O, who can tell?

2 The spring-time quickly passed away
From off the hill-side and the dell;
And then, we saw her pressed with cares,
Unmindful of her soul's affairs—
And, who can tell? &c.

3 When on her dying bed she lay,
She dreamed she heard the funeral knell,
"A little longer!" then she cried,
"A year! a day!" and so she died—
Ah!—who can tell? &c.

4 Fain would we hope when o'er the grave
Her spirit hovered, all was well,
That, at the last, the Saviour smiled,
And owned the sufferer as his child,
But, who can tell? &c.

5 Then, seek the Saviour in thy youth,
Early, thy sinful passions quell;
Now, for the better world prepare,
For death may come ere you're aware,
And—who can tell? &c.

H. REED.

24 WE'RE JOURNEYING HOME TO HEAVEN.

By permission of Russell & Patee.

Words and Music by JAS. M. STEWART.

1. We're journeying home to heaven, Will you go? will you

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 4/4 time signature.

go? Where sins are all for - giv - en, Will you

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music continues from the first system.

go? will you go? There Je - sus waits to

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music continues from the second system.

wel-come us, And crowns of life be - stow, And a

home among the an-gels; Will you go? will you go?

2.

The loved and blest are waiting,
 Will you go? will you go?
 Our sorrows contemplating,
 Will you go? will you go?
 They tell us all is peaceful there,
 And tears no longer flow,
 And the songs are never-ending;
 Will you go? will you go?

3.

O, soon will be that meeting,
 Will you go? will you go?
 And blest will be their greeting,
 Will you go? will you go?
 There parting never more is known,
 Like farewells here below,
 Where our God again unites us;
 Will you go? will you go?

4.

Far off, beyond the river,
 Will you go? will you go?
 Our hopes are fixed forever,
 Will you go? will you go?
 To earth and all its vanities
 We'll gladly bid adieu.
 For most transient are its pleasures;
 Will you go? will you go?

5

Then let us join in singing,
 Will you go? will you go?
 While homeward we are winging;
 Will you go? will you go?
 The dove of old returned no more,
 When ceased the water's flow,
 From her home beyond the mountains
 Will you go? will you go?

WHO ARE THEY? 7s.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Who are they around the throne, Chanting praise to God a-lone?

Bright their forms with joys of song, Wondrous is the joy-ous throng.

Palms they wave, and crowns they wear, In those realms of beau-ty rare;

Who are they? Oh! who can tell? Je-sus seems to know them well.

WHO ARE THEY? 7s.

2 They have come from paths of woe,
In this world of sin below;
Tribulation fierce and strong,
Pressed them all their way along:
Now in hope, and then in fears;
Now with joy, but oft in tears;
But they're there, and who can tell
All their joy, where all is well?

3 Here their hearts were stained with sin,
And corruption reigned within;
Cruel foes did through their way,
Fiercer growing day by day;
But the mighty conquerer came,
And they triumphed in His Name:
Glory, Glory! who can tell
All their joy when all is well?

4 Now they reign where sin comes not,
And where griefs are all forgot;
Banished are their pain and fear;
Wiped away is every tear.
Glory, Glory to the Lamb!
Glory, Glory to His Name!
Hallelujah! power and praise
Be to Thee through endless days.

CHILDREN NOT LEFT BEHIND. 7s.

1 Teachers, who with longing eye,
Watched the day-spring from afar,
Rising on the Sabbath school,—
Tell us, have you seen his star?
Yes, that beam of gospel light
Shines upon the youthful mind—
Praise the Lord, that, in its march,
Children are not left behind.

2 Can it be that Christ will set
Little children in his crowd,
While, ungathered, are past by
Men of wisdom and renown?
Yes, the poor, the weak, the small,
Will be honored in that day,
While the great, the rich, the proud,
Will be spurned from heaven away.

3 Are there mansions in the skies
For the helpless poor alone—
Are there none but humble ones
Bowing round the Saviour's throne?
None but poor in spirit—none;
None but the humble there appear—
Seek him now with contrite hearts—
Seek him, for the day is near.

H. REED.

THE SAILOR'S CRY. 7s.

1 Landsmen, list the sailor's cry!
Borne across the restless deep:
Quickly to his rescue fly;
Stay the waves that o'er him sweep.
On each passing breeze it comes;
All around the cry is borne:
"You who love your happy homes,
Think of us from loved ones torn."

2 For YOUR happiness we toil;
For YOUR pleasures plough the deep:
Rather would we plough the soil,
And on "terra firma" sleep.
Think of us on billows tost,
Subject to the tempest's rage;
Think how much your dainties cost;
In the sailor's cause engage.

3 Raise for us the "Bethel Flag:"
Build for us the "Sailor's Home:"
Save us from the Land-Shark's drag,
When we to our port shall come.
Give us Bibles—give us Tracts—
Feed our souls with heavenly food—
We shall ne'er forget those acts,
Done in kindness for our good.

4 When we reach the port above;
When together there we meet;
Rescued by the hand of love,
We'll the story oft repeat,
What your kindness did for us;
How you reached the helping hand;
Opened both your heart and purse,
That in heaven we might land.

GEO. RUSSELL.

1. Soon will our suffering time be o'er, Then we'll be gathered home,
Je - sus him - self shall guide our way, And we'll be gathered home,

When we shall weep and sigh no more, Then we'll be gathered home.
Till safe we rest in end less day, We'll then be gathered home.

Chorus.

Cho. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And then be gathered home;

We'll wait till Je - sus comes, And then be gathered home.

2 A few more rolling years at most,
And we'll be gathered home;—
He'll land us safe on Canaan's coast,
We'll then be gathered home.
From sleeping clay and beds of dust,
We'll all be gathered home;
Our Jesus will call home the just,
We'll then be gathered home.

3 Our ransomed souls shall soar away,
We'll then be gathered home,
To praise our God in endless day;—
We'll then be gathered home.

When landed on the heavenly shore,
And all are gathered home,
Death and the curse shall be no more;
We'll then be gathered home.

4 Then shall we sing the song of grace,
As we are gathered home,
Safe in our hiding place,—
We'll then be gathered home.
Filled with his light, and life, and joy,
When we are gathered home,
Praise shall our every hour employ,—
We'll then be gathered home.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED. C. M. 29

From "Athenæum Collection," by permission.

S. J. VAIL.

Finc.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 d.c. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God he died for me.

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

Chorus.

D.C. in Chorus.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the mighty Maker died
 For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;
 'Tis all that I can do.

[Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.]

2 My heart is sad to-night, mother,
 E'en sadder than before;
 For memory wanders far, far back
 To happy scenes of yore.
 To golden, halcyon, dreaming days,
 When often at thy feet,
 I sat me down to weave fair flowers,
 In garlands fresh and sweet.

3 And then around my brow, mother,
 Those garlands you would twine,
 And murmur, may life's fairest flowers,
 My darling, e'er be thine.

Then let me, let me weep to-night
 O'er life's now withered flowers,
 Whose fragrance filled my youthful breast
 In earlier, happier hours.

4 I'm kneeling by thy grave, mother,
 To wait thy blessing given,
 And list the whispered words of love
 Borne from thy home in Heaven.
 And now I leave thy resting-place,
 To come again no more,
 Till autumn's plaintive moan is heard
 From summer's leafy shore.

Words by MABELLE.

Music by M. G. FARMER.

1. Hark ! the massive gates are turning : One is now a - jar, Leading to that
 2. From the bat - tle-ments of heaven An-gels watch our hand, As we hold the

glorious temple, Seen by us a - far. Hear the Saviour with us pleading For the souls be
 scale of justice, Weighing Freedom's land. Will ye let it poise and tremble By its feeble

died to save ; Hear his voice in righteous an-ger, " Free the captive slave."
 quivering beam, Till the days of darkness deepen, Shutting out life's gleam ?

3 That is shining through the portal,
 Giving us the power
 Now to seize the present moment
 As the " Golden hour."
 See, in triumph, swift advancing,
 Hosts of Freedom's joyful train !
 Wake, ye people, from this slumber ;
 Wipe away this stain !

4 Quickly rouse, O mighty nation,
 Test thy strength and power
 To transfigure man immortal ;
 Grasp the " Golden hour."
 O, ye deathless sleeping millions,
 Waste no time for idle breath ;
 Strike to-day for God and Freedom,
 Victory or death !

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

Gently.

1. When o'er my soul earth's dusky shadow flings, And in its wea-ri

ness it sighs for wings, To waft it to the mansions of the blest.

Rit.
It finds a - mid its grief the sweetest rest, Near to the cross, Near to the cross.

2 When my heart's cherished treasures one by one,
Pass to the darkness of the voiceless tomb,
I calmly trust to meet them once again—
And find relief from loneliness and pain.
Near to the cross.

3 When o'er my spirit-harp grief's rude wind sweeps;
Evoking saddest murmurs from its sleeps,
I think of one who drained life's cup of woe,
And find the peace He ever will bestow,
Near to the cross.

4 Humble, yet trusting with undaunted heart,
I will press on, till called from life to part,
And count it a rich blessing from God's hand,
That thus He biddeth, His beloved stand—
Near to the cross

5 And when these earthly years are passed and gone,
Temptation's battle fought, the vict'ry won,
From Heaven will gently come this message down,
They that have borne a cross, have won a crown.
Never to fade.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.

1. In the Christian's home in glory, There re-mains a land of rest;

There my Saviour's gone be-fore me, To ful-fil my soul's re-quest.

Chorus.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry,
On the other side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den,

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you—
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory:
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

THEN ROLL, ROLL AWAY!

33

With spirit.

Music by L. H.

1. I'm looking for Je - sus, My Saviour and King, To change this vile bod - y, and

cause me to sing Where life's crystal riv - er e - ter - nal - ly glides, And

Chorus.
ev - er-green ver-dure grows up by its side. Then roll, roll a-way! Old

Time hasten through, And bear me, dear Sa - vior, to joys ev - er new.

2 I'm hoping in Jesus that soon I shall see,
A world bathed in glory, a soil that is free,
Where the toil-worn and weary forever will
sing
Loud anthems of praises to Jesus, our King.

3 I'm waiting for Jesus, who soon will
appear,
To waken my kindred that I love so dear;
And give us a home with the pure and the
bless'd, [rest.
In the realms of fair Canaan forever to

4 I'm longing for Jesus to end this rude
strife, [life;
Which shades us with sorrow embittering
I weep over follies the pathway I tread,
O'er hopes often blasted, and friends that
are dead.

5 I'm sighing for Jesus, old earth has
grown drear,
And wait for the hour when he shall appear,
To make it his home ever beauteous and fair,
I long to behold it, I sigh to be there.

Earnestly.

From "Cythara," by permission.

1. { Sin - ner, we are sent to bid you To the gos - pel feast to - day,
Will you slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Will you, can you yet de - lay;

2. { Come, O come! all things are ready, Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:
If you spurn this blood-bought banquet, Sinners can your souls ap - pear

Je - sus calls you, Je - sus calls you: Come, poor sin - ner, come a - way.

Guests in heaven, Guests in heaven, Scorning heaven's rich boun - ty here?

3 Come, O come! leave father, mother;
To your Saviour's bosom fly:
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon, or you die:
"Pardon, Saviour!"
Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4 Even now the Holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;
Sinner, will you say, "Depart?"
Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?

5 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue can tell?
What are all its boasted treasures
To a soul when sunk in hell?
Treasure! pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.

6 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain;
Leave this Sodom of corruption,
Turn not, look not back again:
Fly to Jesus,
Linger not in all the plain!

GOING HOME.

35

From the "Church Singer" by permission.

S. J. GOODENOUGH.

1. Let worldly minds the world pur - sue. It has no charms for me :

Once I admired its tri - fles too, But grace hath set me free.

Chorus.

Go - ing home, Go - ing home to dwell where Je - sus is,

Go - ing home, Go - ing home, go - ing home to die no more.

- 2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,

- So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

THE MERCY-SEAT. L. M.

From "THE GOLDEN SHOWER." By permission.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swell-ing tide of woes,

2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the Mercy - seat.

A place than all be-sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

Chorus.

The Mer-cy-seat, the Mer-cy-seat, the bless-ed Mer-cy - seat.

The chorus section of the musical score is presented on three staves. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

The Mer - cy - seat, the Mer - cy - seat, the bless - ed Mer - cy - seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

4 There—there on eagle wings we soar.
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-seat.

NO PARTING THERE. S. M.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore?

CHO. There'll be no part - ing there, There'll be no part - ing there;

The land for - ev - er bright and fair, Where sor - row reigns no more?

In heaven a - lone no sorrow's known, There'll be no parting there.

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and happy fly
On angel's wings to heaven?

3 Hail, love divine and pure!
Hail, mercy from the skies!

My hopes are bright and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise.

4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am his at last. W. HUNTER.

ANGELS BEAR ME AWAY. C. M.

Words by Rev. J. HASCALL.

J. W. DADMUN.

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;

My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.

Chorus.

O come, an - gel band, around me stand, I come, behold I come; O bear me away

Rit.
on your snowy wings, To my own immortal home, To my own immortal home.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone? And all the world go free?

No there's a cross for eve - ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

THE SAINTS ABOVE. C. M.

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears!
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

[Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.]

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;

The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

LOOSE THE CABLE, LET ME GO.

Arranged by REV. J. W. DADMUN.

1. No more working in the vineyard, No more struggling in the fight ;

Stand I here with loins all gird-ed, Ready for my up-ward flight ;

Sweetly o'er my fainting spir-it Peace from heav-en seems to flow ;

Seek no long-er to de-tain me, Loose the ca-ble, let me go.

2 Holy angels round me hover,
 Their light forms I almost see ;
 Golden harp and crown immortal,
 They are holding out to me ;
 Endless joys, eternal pleasures,
 Soon on me they will bestow ;
 From their presence do not keep me,
 Loose the cable, let me go.

3 But a little season only,
 Ere the hearts that here are one,
 Shall forever be united
 In the realm beyond the sun.

Love cannot be quenched by dying,
 But will stronger, purer grow ;
 Wipe away the tears at parting,
 Loose the cable, let me go.

4 When so near the Holy City,
 Even at its pearly gate,
 While its songs are wafted to me,
 Would you have me longer wait ?
 O, the joy that fills this moment,
 O, the happiness I know !
 Seek no longer to detain me,
 Loose the cable, let me go.

L. MASON. (By permission.)

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it

be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be,—Nearer, my

God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun goes down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. "Land ahead!" its fruits are waving, On the hills of fade-less green ;

And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

E - den's breez-es o'er it sigh, Bil - lows kiss its strand and die.

E - den's breez-es o'er it sigh, Bil - lows kiss its strand and die.

Arranged by REV. J. W. DADMUN.

Fine.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zion's glo - ry dawn?
Have the signs that mark its coming, Yet up-on my path - way shone?
Spurn the un - be - lief that bound thee, Morning dawns! arise, a - rise!

Pilgrim, yes; a - rise, look round thee! Light is breaking in the shies;

2 See the glorious light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbathic year!
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming
The Messiah's kingdom near.
Watchman, yes; I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of thy coming day,
When the last loud trumpet sounding,
Shall awake, from earth and sea,
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

5 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers;
On just yonder, O how cheering!
Bloom forever Eden's bowers.
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions; hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

[Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.]

2 Onward bark! "The cape I'm rounding,"
See the blessed wave their hands!
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands,
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that inviting shore.

3 "Let the anchor go"—I'm riding
On this calm and silvery bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Strike the colors, furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail!

A Border melody.

Furnished by MRS. REV. F. BOTTOME.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

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

THE RESOLUTION.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

JESUS MY DELIGHT. L. M.

45

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

Fine.

1. O Je - sus de - light of my soul! How can I thy goodness pro - claim?
 'Twas Thou that didst make my heart whole, All honor be un - to thy name.

D.C. Thou didst light up my spir - it with - in, Pro - claiming sal - va - tion so free.

D.C.

When burdened with sorrow and guilt, And vileness was all I could see.

2 I gave thee my poor fainting heart,
 And soon the salvation I found;
 O can I, or will I depart
 From one whose great love doth abound?
 O seal me and keep me thine own,
 * And wash me and make me like thee,
 That I upon thee may recline;
 From sinning be evermore free.

3 This poor faithless world shall all go;
 Forever I turn from it now;
 For none but my Jesus I'll know,
 Recorded on high is my vow.
 I am thine, blessed Jesus, all thine!
 The witness impart unto me;
 The death that I die is to sin,
 The life that I live is to thee.

4 The currant of life warmly flows
 Upon me from Jesus' side;
 'Tis cleansing as onward it goes;
 In Jesus 'tis sweet to abide.
 Salvation is full and all free,
 I glory alone in the cross,
 From the world it has now set me free,
 Its claims I can see are but dross.

5 Go friends, that would keep me from Him!
 Go joys, that would share with His love!
 Go hopes, that would draw me to sin,—
 Go all, that from Him would remove.
 Come sorrow, if only in Him;
 I shall cling to my Saviour and God;
 Come scorn, and reproach, if left free
 To be drawn evermore to my Lord.

HEAVEN. P. M.

1 We speak of the realms of the bless'd,
 Of that country so bright and so fair;
 And oft are its glories confess'd;
 But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care—
 From trials without and within;
 But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its service of love.
 Of the robes which the glorified wear,
 Of the church of the first-born above;
 But what must it be to be there?

4 Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasures or woe,
 For thy heaven our spirits prepare;
 And shortly we also shall know,
 Shall feel what it is to be there.

OUR SOLDIER BOY IS MISSING.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

In memory of John D. West, who fell, June 14, 1863, mid the fiercest of that last and fearful charge made upon Port Hudson before its fall. Sad was the havoc made on that day.

1. In our household band we miss him, Shall we nev - er meet him here?
 CHO. Our sol - dier boy is miss - ing, But he lies where fell the brave;

Fine.

Round the board, and round the al - tar,—O we miss him eve - ry where.
 Cherished is the mem' - ry left us, For he died our land to save.

Scarce a year since he was numbered with our country's no - ble braves;

D.C. for Chorus.

Forth he went in manhood's pow - er, Died he thus our land to save.

2 Where we go, how much reminds us
 Of the dear one whom we love;
 But they tell us nobly, bravely,
 He at duty's call did move,
 In the camp was loving, prayerful,
 On the battle field was brave;
 And with pride we hear them tell us,
 Honored is our soldier's grave.

3 Ah! he lies before Port Hudson,
 With the brave who nobly fell,
 As the iron hail was strewing
 With the dead both hill and dell.
 Cherished is the mem'ry left us,
 Round our hearts still clings his love;
 And we hope soon to embrace him,
 In the realms of light above.

FADING FLOWERS. C. M.

47

In memory of our Hattie.

Words by REV. L. BOTTOME.

Music arranged by L. H.

1. The young, the loved, the beau-ti - ful, Why must they pass a - way;

Why must the flowers we love so well, The ear - li - est de - cay?

Why must the gen - tle and the good Re - trace their steps so soon?

Why must the "morning glo - ry" hide Be - fore the mid - day sun?

2 The gentle, fair, and delicate—
 We love to have them so—
 And yet for that we love them most
 They are the first to go!
 Exotics of a fairer clime,
 They seek their native bed;
 Too tender for a soil so hard
 As Earth for them has spread.

3 The young, the loved, the beautiful,
 They early pass away,
 Because they cannot bloom and shine
 Where death's still breezes play.
 O gentle Father! Master good!
 Help us to love, and love
 To trust thee, when not understood,
 To acquiesce, not choose.

Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH

1. Sweet day of rest, sweet day of rest! I long to see thee and be blest; I
D.C. The wear-y saint will then be blest, When thou shalt come sweet day of rest; The

long to know thy peaceful light, And wear the robe of spot-less white :
wear-y saint will then be blest, When thou shalt come sweet day of rest. Fine.

When Je - sus comes on earth to reign, The wil - der-ness shall bloom a - gain. D.C.

2 Sweet promis'd land, sweet promis'd land!

By faith I view thee near at hand ;
O may my anxious spirit burn
With warm desires for thy return ;
With joy I read thy blessed word,
That hope shall not be long deferred
And gladly join the pilgrim band
That long for thee sweet promised land.

3 Lord Jesus come, Lord Jesus come,
And take thy waiting people home !
Let earth her sleeping jewels yield ;
Let satan vanquished quit the field ;
O may we soon behold our King,
And shout, O death where is thy sting !
Lord Jesus come, Lord Jesus come,
And take us to our promised home.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest :

Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord on you I call ;
The invitation is to all !
Come all the world ! come, sinner ; thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest :
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live ;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice :
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Arranged by L. H.

Come friends and neighbors come, Salvation's free, Come gain in Heaven a

home, And happy be; This world's a world of sin, And arms your

souls to win; From end - less fear and pain Arouse and flee.

2 Your time at most is short,—
 Ah Death is near;
 Your cruel foe's alert,
 Is ever here;
 O flee from his embrace,
 For Heaven begin the race;
 'Tis Christ will give you grace,
 And save you here.

3 O fly to Jesus' side,—
 No longer stay;
 His arms are open wide,
 He is the way.
 To-morrow's sun may ne'er
 Again shine on you here;
 O how will you appear
 On judgment day?

4 O listen while you may,—
 'Tis mercy's hour;
 Begin to weep and pray,
 And heavenly power
 Will bring a helper nigh,
 Who will not pass you by,
 Till you are saved on high,
 Forever more.

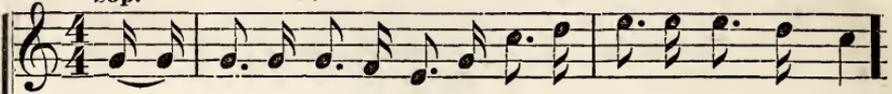
5 How can we say, farewell!
 And leave you all
 To make your way to hell,
 Mid terrors all?
 How can we give you up,
 To fill your fearful cup
 Of ruin, drop by drop?
 Heed Mercy's call.

GLORY, HALLELUJAH!

Words by MRS. HOWE.

Arr. by J. W. DADMUN.

Sop.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;
Alto.



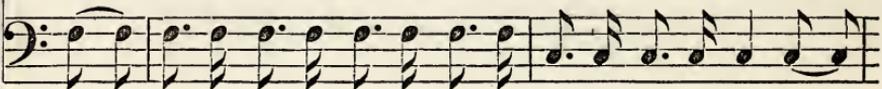
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;



He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath



They have buildd Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; I can



loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword; His truth is marching on.



read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His day is marching on.



CHORUS. Tenor.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on!

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on!

3. I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel :
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;
 Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on."
4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat :
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
 Our God is marching on.
5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

SALVATION IS OF JESUS.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis mu-sic in our hearing; With

joy and peace it thrills the soul, Our toilsome pathway cheering.

Chorus.

Then why not sing the wondrous song, Sal-va-tion is of Je-sus; It

leads from sin to glory's height, And from per-di-tion frees us.

2 Salvation's truths my heart have reached,
And set my soul to singing;
O let me tell it all around,
A host I would be winning.

3 Salvation stirred each angel heart,
When from the realms of glory
The loving Jesus came to save,
And tell Redemption's story.

4 Salvation is for dying men,
Whose hearts are wrung with sorrow;
The crimson tide makes clean and whole
To-day, and each to-morrow.

5 Salvation reached the guilty thief,
Though vile and even dying;
It saved a Saul, and Peter, too,
Though our dear Lord denying.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

53

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G. D. BROWNE.

1. When I think of that ci - ty of light, And of crowns which the glorified wear ;

And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, O I long to be there.

Chorus.

O, I long with the saints in light, To be clothed with the garments in white ;
And in songs with the angels unite, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, to the Lamb.

2 It is not that I'm weary of pain,
Or impatient, in trials and cares,
But I know that to die would be gain,
And I long, O long to be there.

3 To that city my Saviour has gone,
Rich mansions and crowns to prepare ;
For the hosts that are following on,
And I long, O I long to be there.

54 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. Double.

From "THE GOLDEN CHAIN." By permission.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Slow.

1. Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer ! That calls me from a world of care,
D.C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer,

End.

And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known :
And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.

D.C.

In seasons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

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

I SHALL KNOW THEE IN THE MORNING. 55

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

Joyous and Spirited.

Fine.

1. I shall know thee in the morn - ing, When Je - sus calls his own,
D.C. I shall know thee in the morn - ing, When all the saints a - rise.

2. I shall meet thee in the morning Where the River of Life flows fair,
D.C. I shall meet thee in the morning Of a bright e - ter - ni - ty.

In the morn of the res - ur - rec - tion, And heavenly joys are won.

Where the sunlight gilds the high - lands, And mu - sic fills the air,

On the right hand where they gather Who are fitted for the skies.
Where the flower-decked arbors lav-ish Their o - dors fresh and free.

D.C.

3 I shall see thee in the morning
Of Heaven's Eternal light;
Where the saints of ev'ry nation,
Are robed in changeless white;
With Jesus, and his angels,
The glad host of the skies;
I shall see thee in the morning,
When all the saints arise.

4 I shall join thee in the morning,
Where partings never come;
Where those we've lov'd in Jesus,
Forever are at home.
We'll range the plains together,
And joy in bliss untold,
I shall join thee in the morning,
Where the streets are paved with gold.

5 I shall greet thee in the morning,
Where sainted ones all meet;
Within the walls of Jasper,
We'll bow at Jesus feet;—
Where ev'ry singing seraph,
His harp of glory tries;
I shall greet thee in the morning,
When all the saints arise.

6 I shall know thee in the morning
With the waking sainted dead;
Cheered by the gladsome presence,
Of Christ our living Head;
Arrayed in robes of brightness,
Exultant for the prize;
I shall know thee in the morning,
When all the saints arise.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Thank you! thank you for this emblem of the pur - it - y I've gained;
 2. Tell my kind and gen - tle teacher, I shall learn sweet songs on high,

Fine.

Like this rose the blessed Je - sus Makes my heart pure and unstained;
 D.S. Wait - ing for the blissful hours, When we'll meet more pure than now.
 Sweeter than the softest measures, That I sung when she was nigh.
 D.S. There we'll meet to reign for - ev - er, With the ran - somed ones ere long.

D.S.

O, in Heaven I'll gath - er flowers For your smil - ing lov - ing brow!
 O, how joy - ous will I greet her! Singing Canaan's sweeter song;

3 How we'll love the blessed Jesus
 For His kindness to us shown;
 Our poor hearts from sin relieving,
 Fitting us for His pure home.
 At his feet forever gathering,
 Drinking in His joyous love;
 Filled with all the blissful raptures
 That make up a home above.

4 Will you meet me them in glory
 With our Sabbath teacher true?
 Like the roses our sweet Jesus
 Can our hearts make pure and new.
 Love Him now and love Him ever;
 Take His hand He'll safely guide;
 I shall meet you, bringing roses
 That are blooming cross the tide.

* THE ROSES OF HEAVEN.—Katie, sweet girl, was gently passing away from earth when one of her Sunday-school classmates called to see her, bringing the simple but well-selected offering of a white rose. The dying girl looked at it thoughtfully, toying with it in her thin fingers, and remarked, "This rose is the emblem of purity. Through the blood of Christ my heart has been cleansed and made like to this rose. Thank you, Maggie, dear," said she to the giver, "for this lovely flower has given me new and sacred thoughts. And when I reach the home of the angels I will weave you a wreath of the roses that bloom in Paradise. And tell my teacher that when I meet her in heaven I will sing her a song far sweeter than that she asked me to sing for her when I saw her last." And when the day dawned Katie's cleansed spirit passed away to the home of the angels.

Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

1. Is it true that I must lie In the grave-yard by - and - bye, And with

oth - ers, gone be - fore, Sleep till time shall be no more?

Is it true, Oh, is it true?

2 Is it true, as many say,
Life is but a passing day,
And that heaven is lost or won,

Ere this fleeting day has flown?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

3 Is it true that on the cross,
Jesus bled and died for us,
And, while hanging on the tree.
Upward sent a prayer for me?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

4 Is it true that all death's slain
Will arise and live again,
And to final judgment go,
Some for bliss and some for woe?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

HODGES REED.

Hymn for tune on opposite page.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

- 1 O'er the hill the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on;
Slowly drops the gentle twilight,
For another day is gone,—
Gone for aye—its race is over,
Soon the darker shade will come;
Still 'tis sweet to know at even
We are one day nearer home.
- 2 Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun,
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearer done.

Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us
We are one day nearer home.

3 Nearer home! yes one day nearer
To our Father's home on high—
To the green fields and the mountains
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome:
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home

WILL YOU BE THERE. C. P. M.

J. W. DADMUN.

1. Beyond this life of hopes and fears, Beyond this world of griefs and

2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin; Nought that de-files can en - ter

tears, There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and no de-

in To mar its beau - ty rare; Up - on that bright, e - ter - nal

cay, No night, but one un - end - ing day. Oh say, will you be there?

shore, Earth's bitter curse is known no more. Oh say, will you be there?

CHORUS, *ad libitum*.

1. Yes we'll be there! yes, we'll be there! In that beautiful world of light.

WILL YOU BE THERE. C. P. M.

- 3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow.
Oh say, will you be there?
- 4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousands thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
Oh say, will you be there?
- 5 Who shall be there? The lowly here—
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare;
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—
These, these shall all be there!
- 6 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way—I'll lead you home—
With me, you shall be there!"

THE BRINK OF FATE.*

- 1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

- Secure insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here—
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

* In singing this hymn omit the chorus.

WHY NOT GO? 8s & 6s.

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Our Canaan fair with streets of gold, And wealth of pleasures all untold, You
2. Its pearly gates that close us in, Shut out all sorrow, death and sin, And

each with us may share ; Its hopes are bright and nev - er end, And
pain and anx - ious care : No bur - dened ones will walk those streets, Or

an - gel bands will us at - tend ; We hope to meet you there.
sigh - ing ones each oth - er greet ; Why not go with us there ?

3 The blessed Spirit bids you come ;
O hasten now for yet there's room,
And you a crown shall wear ;
Neglecting Christ of Heaven you fail,
Obeying him you will prevail,
And soon be with us there.

4 The royal road leads surely on
Through fightings oft, but victory's won,—
Yes, safe mid every snare ;
The thronging angels fill the sky,
To cheer us on where none can die,—
Why not go with us there ?

THE PILGRIM'S LOT.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness ;
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods dispise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !

NEVER FORGET. 7s.

61

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Never forget the dear ones Who've gained a home a - bove ;

Never for - get their glo - ry, Where saints and an - gels love.

They're with the bless - ed Je - sus Who took them to His arms ;

And you he's now in - vit - ing; Be saved from sin's a - larms.

3 Never forget the pleasures
That gladden their hearts alway;
Nor the beautiful crowns that sparkle
On their brows from day to day;
Their pleasures are unending,—
And all the same for you,
If you will come to Jesus
For a heart all clean and new.

4 Never forget the angels
That hover around them there;
Never forget the brightness
That gleams out everywhere.

That glorious place you'll enter,
If you are saved from sin;
All those who are the Saviour's
Shall surely enter in.

5 Never forget the Saviour
Who gathered our dear ones there;
Never forget His Kingdom,
So glorious and so fair;
The grace that led them thither
Is freely offered to you;
Then hasten to the Saviour,
O come! while yet there's room.

62 A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR THEE, MOTHER.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home for thee, mother, A home, a home for thee;

In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's, a home for thee.

Chorus.

A beau-ti-ful home for thee, A beau-ti-ful home for thee;

In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's a home for thee.

2 There's a beautiful rest* for thee, mother, A rest, a rest for thee;	4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, mother, A robe, a robe for thee;
---	--

In that home above, where all is love, There, mother's, a rest for thee.	A robe of white, so pure and bright, A glorious robe for thee.
---	---

3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, mother A beautiful crown for thee;	5 We'll seek that beautiful home, mother, That home, that home above;
---	--

When the battle's fought, the victory won, Our Saviour will give it thee.	In that land of light, where all is bright, That mansion where all is love.
--	--

* Substitute REST in the chorus.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.

1. The gos-pel ship's a gal-lant ship, In riv-er Time she lies;

For pas-sen-gers she's waiting now; Take passage and be wise.

2d time Chorus.

CHO. While others strike the rocks beneath, And sink to rise no more,
Then courage take, and breast the wave, The storm sweeps o'er the sea;

She'll safely pass the straits of death, And reach the hap-py shore.
The gospel ship's a glorious ship, Then come on board with me.

2 Her keel is perfect righteousness,
That ever shall endure,
Salvation, everlasting, is
Her mighty bulwark sure;
Eternal love's her snow-white sail,
And truth her noble mast;
She's wafted by the Spirit's gale,
Nor fears the fiercest blast.

3 Infinite Wisdom guides her course,
This is her compass true;
By angels manned, her skillful band,
A holy, happy crew.

Her chart the living faithful word
Of Him who cannot lie;
Her blood-stained banner waves aloft,
That all may it descry.

4 Her Captain is Immanuel,
Jehovah's royal Son,
With uncreated glories crowned,
For Calvary's victories won.
For wisdom, courage, skill, and might,
There's none can Him excel;
He'll steer his vessel safe to port
In spite of earth and hell.

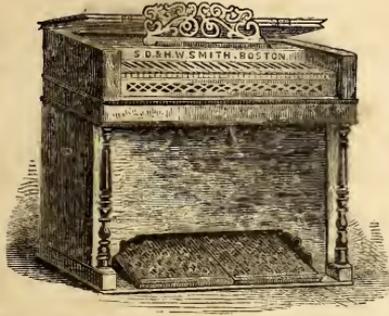
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