

COME TO JESUS.

J. Hart.

1. Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus! Come to Je - sus just now! Just now come to Je - sus!

2. He will save you: He will save you; He will save you just now! Just now He will save you;

Come to Je - sus just now!

He will save you just now!

3. Don't reject Him, don't reject Him,
Don't reject Him just now!
Just now don't reject Him,
Don't reject Him just now!

4. He is ready, He is ready,
He is ready just now!
Just now he is ready,
He is ready just now

5. Oh believe Him! Oh believe Him!
Oh believe Him just now!
Just now Oh believe Him,
Oh believe Him just now!

6. Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry just now,
Just now do not tarry,
Do not tarry just now!

7. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!
Amen! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!

F. P. Hammond.

FINE.



1. Come, all ye mourn-ing pil - grims dear, Who're bound for Ca - naan's land;
Take cour - age and fight val - iant - ly, Stand fast, with sword in hand! Our Cap - tain's gone be - fore us,



D.S. pil - grims dear, pray do not fear, But let us fol - low on.

FINE.



Our Fa - ther's on - ly Son; Then

*D.S.*

S. FINE.

1. Breth - ren, don't you hear the sound? The mar - tail trum - pet now is blow - ing;
Men in or - der list - ing round, And sol - diers to the stand - ard flow - ing: Boun - ty's of - fer'd, joy and peace,

D.S. war they cease, A man - sion bright pre - par'd in hea - ven.

S. FINE.

D.S.

To ev' - ry sol - dier this is giv - en; When from toils and

D.S.

2. Those who long in sin have lain,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are released from Satan's chain,
And then endowed with long possession:
Lo! the sick, the blind, the lame!
The maladies of all are healed:
Outlawed rebels, too, may claim,
And find a pardon freely sealed.
3. Vict'ry is not to the strong,
The burden 's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged, or so young,
But may enlist and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
Beneath His banner find protection;
None who on His arm rely,
Shall be reduced to base subjection.
4. Do not fear, the cause is good;
Come, who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs stood,
And shouted victory in the fire.
In this cause let 's follow on,
And soon we 'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gained the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.
5. Lo! the battle is begun;
Behold the armies now in motion!
Some, by faith behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the vict'ry 's sounding loud!
Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling!
Mourners weeping thro' the crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

ROYAL PROCLAMATION. 6 l. 8s, & 1 l. 3s. Trochaic. 253

REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE, 1803.

J. Davison
1820.



1. Hear the Roy-al Proc-la-ma-tion, The glad tid-ings of sal-va-tion! Pub-lish-ing to ev'-ry creature, To the ru-in'd sons of na-ture:



2. See the roy-al ban-ner fly-ing! Hear the her-alds loud-ly cry-ing: "Reb-el sinners! Rey-al fa-vor, Now is of-fer'd by the Sa-vior!



CHORUS.



Je-sus reigns! He reigns vic-to-ri-ous, O-ver heav'n and earth most glo-ri-ous! Je-sus reigns.



3. Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing!
Here is life and free salvation,
Offered to the whole creation!—*Choro.*
4. Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost forever!
Oh now turn to God your savior!—*Choro.*
5. Here is wine, and milk, and honey;
Come, and purchase without money!
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain!—*Choro.*
6. For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises!—*Choro.*
7. Shout, ye tongues, of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation!
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion!—*Choro.*
8. Now our souls have caught new fire!
Brethren, raise your voices higher!
Shout, with joyful acclamation,
To the Prince of our salvation!—*Choro.*
9. Shout, ye saints! make joyful mention
Christ has purchased our redemption!—
Angels shout the pleasing story,
Taro' the shining realms of glory!—*Choro.*

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

Refrain Song.

1. Oh, how I love my Sa - vior! Oh, how I love my Sa - vior! Oh, how I love my Sa - vior, Be - cause He first lov'd me!

D.S. glo - ry! We'll shout, and give Him glo - ry, For glo - ry is His own!

FINB.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

We'll shout, and give Him glo - ry! We'll shout, and give Him

D.S.

2. I feel the work reviving,
I feel the work reviving,
I feel the work reviving,
Reviving in my soul!—*Cho.*

3. I'm on my way to Zion,
I'm on my way to Zion,
I'm on my way to Zion,
The New Jerusalem.—*Cho.*

4. O Christians, will you meet me?
O Christians, will you meet me?
O Christians, will you meet me?
On Canaan's happy shore?—*Cho.*

5. By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
On Canaan's happy shore.—*Cho.*

6. O brothers, will you meet me?
O brothers, will you meet me?
O brothers, will you meet me?
On Canaan's happy shore?—*Cho.*

7. O sisters, will you meet me?
O sisters, will you meet me?
O sisters, will you meet me?
On Canaan's happy shore?—*Cho.*

8. O mourners, will you meet me?
O mourners, will you meet me?
O mourners, will you meet me?
On Canaan's happy shore?—*Cho.*

9. O sinners, will you meet me?
O sinners, will you meet me?
O sinners, will you meet me?
On Canaan's happy shore?—*Cho.*

CHORUS.

By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
By the grace of God, I'll meet you,
On Canaan's happy shore.

HOLY MANNA. 8s & 7s D.

John A. Moore, 255

REV. GEO. ASKINS, 1820.

Before Preaching.

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

FINE.

1st. 2d.



1. Breth-ren, 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? All is vain, un-less the Spir-it

D.C.



D.C. Breth-ren, pray! and ho-ly man-na Will be showered all a-round. Of the Ho-ly One come down:

FINE.

D.C.



2. Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Slumbering on the brink of wo:
Death is coming—hell is moving—
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers, see our mothers,
And our children sinking down!
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.
3. Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door;
But they have betrayed their Savior,
And are worse than e'er before:
Yet the Savior offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound:
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

4. Sisters, will you join and help us?
Moses' sister aided him:
Will you help the trembling mourners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Savior,
Tell them that He will be found:
Sisters, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.
5. Let us love our God supremely,
Let us love each other too:
Let us love and pray for sinners,
Till our God makes all things new:
Then He 'll call us home to heaven,
At his table we 'll sit down:
Christ will gird Himself, and serve us
With sweet manna all around.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1802.

1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chant - ing on the crys - tal sea: Mul - ti - tudes, which none can num - ber,
 "Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, Lord, to Thee!"

D.C. Cloth'd in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hand! Like the stars, in glo - ry stand;
 D.C.

FINE.

2. They have come from tribulation,
 And have wash'd their robes in blood;
 Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
 Tried they were, and firm they stood:
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
 And, by death, to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.

3. Now they reign with Thee in glory,
 Now they walk with Thee in white;
 Now they drink of life's pure river,
 Holy bliss, and infinite:
 Love and peace they taste forever,
 And all truth and knowledge see,
 In the beatific vision
 Of the blessed Trinity.

Montgomery.

BREAK OF DAY. 8s & 7s. 2 l. 7s.

"And he said: Let me go, for the day breaketh." Gen., xxii, 26.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., 1847.

1. Let me go—the day is break-ing—Dear com-pan - ions, let me go!
 We have spent a night of wak-ing In the wil - der - ness be - low; Up - ward now I bend my way,

Part we here at break of day, Part we here at break of day.

- 2. Let me go; I may not tarry,
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears -
 Angels wait, my soul to carry
 Where my risen Lord appears:
 Friends and kindred, weep not so—
 If ye love me, let me go.
- 3. We have traveled long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both thro' fair and stormy weather,
 And 't is hard, 't is hard to part:
 While I sigh "Farewell!" to you,
 Answer, one and all, "Adieu!"
- 4. 'T is not darkness gath'ring round me,
 That withdraws me from your sight;
 Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
 But, translated into light,
 Like the lark, on mounting wing,
 Tho' unseen, you hear me sing.
- 5. Heav'n's broad day hath o'er me broken,
 Far behind earth's span of sky -
 Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
 Know that I have ceased to die:
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither—come and see!

DAY OF JUDGMENT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

REV. JNO. NEWTON, of Olney, Eng. WM. HAUSER, M. D. Air composed on Sunday night, Oct. 7th, 1856, on a lonely journey through a dark pine forest, in Emmanuel Co., Ga.

FINE.



1. Day of Judg - ment! Day of won - ders! Hark! the trum - pet's aw - ful sound,
Lond - er than ten thous - and thun - ders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round! How the sum - mons, How the sum - mons

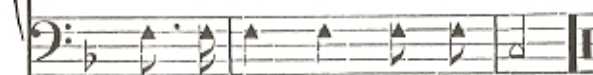


D.C. How the sum - mons, How the sum - mons Will the sin - ner's heart con - found!

FINE.

*D.C.*

Will the sin - ner's heart con - found!

*D.C.*

2. See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty Divine!
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say: "This God is mine!"
Gracious Savior,
Own me, in that Day, for Thine!

3. At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life, from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4. Horrors past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation:
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part!"

5. Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner,
Thy eternal all 's at stake!

6. But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say: "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

7. Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise
Swiftly God's great day approaches;
Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1742. On the death of a Christian.

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

Air learned of some unknown ladies, at Mt. Vernon Camp Meeting, Davidson Co., N. C., about 1830.

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

1. Bless - ing, hon - or, thanks, and praise, Pay we, gra - cious God, to Thee:
Thou, in Thine a - bun - dant grace, Giv - est us the vic - to - ry; True and faith - ful to Thy word,

D.C. Je - sus Christ, our dy - ing Lord, He for us the fight hath won. Thou hast glo - ri - - - - - fied Thy Son,

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

2. Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God.
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3. Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the victory won,
Death is swallowed up of life.
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies;
Finds his God, and sits and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

4. Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

5. Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee—to us—is gain:
Thou art entered into joy;—
Let the unbelievers mourn;—
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.

BY THE GATE.

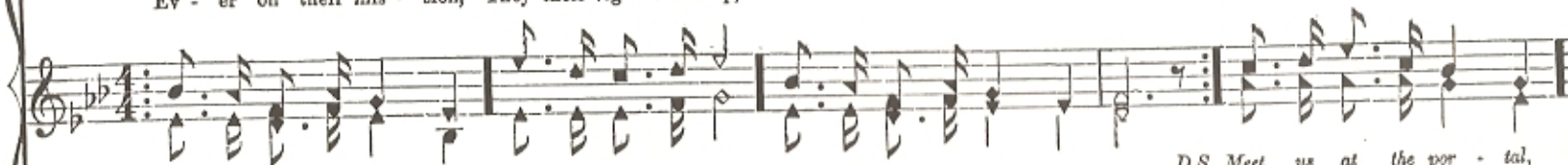
Words and Music by ALDINE S. KIEFFER, Ed. Mus. Million.

1st time.

2d time.



1. Ho - ly, hap - py an - gels Guard the Christian's way, Nev - er from his path they stray; Guard - ing all his wak - ing,
Ev - er on their mis - sion, They their vig - ils keep,



D.S. Meet us at the por - tal,
2d time.

1st time.



FINE.

1st time.

Omit 2d time. D.S.



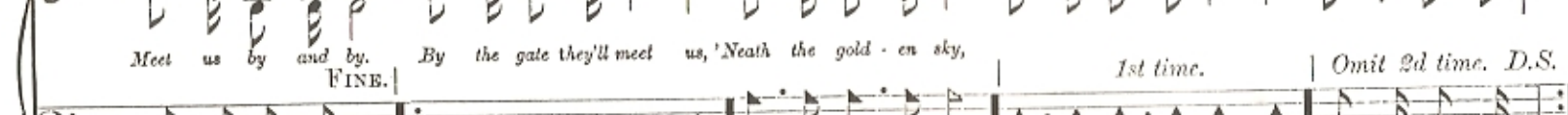
Watch - ing all his sleep. By the gate they'll meet us, 'Neath the gold - en sky, Meet us at the por - tal, Meet us by and by:



Meet us by and by. By the gate they'll meet us, 'Neath the gold - en sky,

1st time.

Omit 2d time. D.S.



FINE.

2. Tho' we cannot see them,
With our mortal eyes,
By the light of time's dim skies,
Yet we hear their whispers,

Pointing far away,
To the golden lustre
Of eternal day.
—CHO.

3. Holy, happy angels!
Sent us from above,
Thro' the Savior's gracious love;
Be ye ever near us,

Guarding all our way,
Till we reach the mansions
Of eternal day!
—CHO.

J. H. LESLIE. From *Musical Milton*.

1st time. | *2d time.*

1. Je-sus, full of love and mercy, Je-sus, full of truth and grace;
Hear Thy children's supplication, As they bow before Thy face. We are full of sin and sorrow, All our help from Thee must come; Oh receive us

2. Teach us how to love and serve Thee; Teach us ever how to know
Thy Divine and holy pleasure, While we wander here below. When our work on earth is ended, May we hear the welcome sound, Calling us to

1st time. | *2d time.*

CHORUS.

in Thy mercy Guide us to our heav'nly home! Savior, help us to receive Thee, As our only Help and Guide; Bear us o'er the surging billows, Land us safe on Canaan's side!

joys e-ter-nal, Where no sorrows can be found.

REV. JNO. NEWTON. The whole song, from Newton's "Olney Hymns."

1st. 2d.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en God. He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode.
 Zi - on, cit - y of our

2. On the Rock of a - ges foun - ded With sal - va - tion's Wall sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Who can shake thy sure re - pose?

1st. 2d.

3. See! the streams of liv - ing wa - ter, Well sup - ply thy And all fear of want re - move.
 Spring - ing from e - ter - nal love, sons and daugh - ters,
4. Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst 't assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
5. Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
6. Thus deriving from their banner,
 Light by night, and shade by day;
 Safe they feed upon the manna,
 Which He gives them, when they pray.
7. Blest inhabitant of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
8. 'T is His love His people raises
 Over self, to reign as kings;
 And as priests, His solemn praises,
 Each for a thank-offering brings.
9. Savior, if of Zion's city,
 I, thro' grace, a member am;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy name.
10. Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

FINE.

1. Watchman, tell me: Does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?
Have the signs, that mark His coming, Yet up - on thy pathway shone? Pilgrim, rise, and look a - round thee;

D.C. Gird thy bri - dal robes a - round thee, Morn-ing dawns; a - rise! a - rise!

FINE.

D.C.

Light is break - ing in the skies;

D.C.

2. Watchman, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still, upon the way.
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day:
When the Jubil trumpet sounding,
Shall awake, from earth and sea,
All the saints of earth now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.
3. See them rising up to meet Him,
As He comes down from on high!
O how happy now to greet Him!
And to heav'n they with Him fly.
See the pearly gates fly open!
O how sweetly now they sing!
And the heavenly arches ringing,
With the praise of God their King.
4. Watchman, hail the light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbath year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the Kingdom's very near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see, just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise,
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Tow'ring 'neath its sunlit-skies.
5. Watchman, in the golden city,
Seated on His jasper throne,
Zion's King enthroned in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on sun lit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets grow.
6. Watchman, see! the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flow'rs;
On just yonder, (O how cheering!)
Bloom forever Eden's bow'rs:
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions! hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

Edwin Sidney Smith, Denver, 1895.

1st time. | 2d time.

Omit 2d time.

1. There's beau-ty in the sunshine, There's beauty in the show'rs;
There's beau-ty in the wild-wood, There's beauty in the flow'rs: The val-ley and the mountain, The o-ccean and the plain,

2. But there's a world a-bove us, More beau-ti-ful and pure;
Where all that's bright and lovely, For-ev-er shall en-dare: No an-gry storms as-sail it, No blast, nor sick-ly blight,

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

Omit 2d time.

In beauty robed, entrance the heart, And ev'-ry sense en-chain. Beautiful world! Beautiful world! Beautiful, beautiful world!

No chill-ing winds, no burning heat, No dark and dreary night. Beautiful world! Beautiful world! Beautiful, beautiful world! FINE.

3. We weep, for here we languish,
But there's no sorrow there;
The eye that fondly gazes,
Shall never shed a tear

No pangs of sad bereavement
Shall pierce the mourner's heart,
No grassy grave shall mar the ground,
No death shall hurl the dart.

4. One season, bland and vernal
Shall bless that hallow'd ground;
And changeless and eternal,
Shall beauty smile around:

From hunger, thirst and weakness,
'The ransom'd souls are free; [fruit
They drink the stream, they pluck the
Of immortality.

J. Hastings,

WM. WALKER. 7s & 6s. Trochaic.

From DR. MCANALLY'S "Western Harp."

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., Dec. 26th, 1877.

§ FINE. D.S.

1. Droop - ing souls, no long - er grieve, Hea - ven is pro - pi - tious; Je - sus now is pass - ing by,
 If on Je - sus you be - lieve, You will find Him pre - cious:

D.S. Now look up, and view Him! He hath died for you and I;

§ FINE. D.S.

Omit 2d time, and use D.S.

Call - ing mourn - ers to Him;

2. From His hands, His feet, His side,
 Flows the healing lotion;
 See the consolation-tide,
 Boundless as the ocean!
 See the living waters move,
 For the sick and dying!
 Now resolve to gain His love,
 Or to perish trying.
3. Grace's store is always free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Jesus calls: "Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy-laden:"
 Tho' your sins, like mountains high,
 Rise, and reach to heaven,
 Soon as you on Him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.
4. Now, methinks, I hear one say,
 "I will go and prove Him;
 If He take my sins away,
 Surely I shall love Him.
 Streaming mercy, how it flows!
 Now I know I feel it;
 Half has never yet been told,
 Yet I long to tell it.
5. "Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds,
 O the wondrous story!
 I was lost, but now I'm found,
 Glory! glory! glory!"
 Glory to the Savior's name!
 Saints are bound to love Him;
 Mourners, you may do the same—
 Only come and prove Him.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1741.

CHORUS.



1. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why:
 God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live. Oh! turn, sin - ners, turn! May the Lord help you turn!



2. He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands,
 Why, ye thank - less crea - tures, why Will you cross His love and die?



Oh! turn, sin - ners, turn! Why will ye die?



- | | |
|--|---|
| 3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why!
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live. | 6. Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die? |
| 4. Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die? | 7. Dead already, dead within,
Spiritually dead in sin:
Dead to God while here you breathe,
Pant ye after second death? |
| 5. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who, all your lives, hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace His love. | 8. Will you still in sin remain;
Greedy of eternal pain?
Oh! ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you forever die? |

REV. THOS. OLIVERS, Methodist, of England. "Whom, having not seen, ye love."—1 Peter, i, 8. Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., March 5th, 1870.

1. O Thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin, Moved by Thy Di - vine com - pas -
I will praise Thee! I will praise Thee! Whershall I Thy praise be - gin? I will praise Thee! I will praise

tion, Who hast died my heart to win,
Thee! Where shall I Thy praise be - gin?
D.C.†

2. Tho' unseen, I love the Savior,
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pard'ning favor,
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.
3. While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the Great I AM!"
I with them will still be vying,
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
4. Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng.
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!
5. Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose:
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause:
Yet the blessing
Down to all—to me it flows!
6. This hath set me all on fire;
Strongly glows the flame of love;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove:
Then I'll praise Him
In a nobler strain above.

* After the late Rev. JONAS H., Methodist, of Va.

† The whole tune is repeated to finish the last half of each verse.

A Soul Discussion. REV. JOS. HART, of England, 100 years ago, and REV. JNO. A. GRANADE, of N. C., 10 years ago. FROM WM. C. KNIGHT'S "JUVENILE HARMONY," 1833. 1825.

FINE.

1. Come, my soul, and let us try, For a lit - tle sea - son,
Ev - 'ry bur - den to lay by; Come, and let us rea - son: What is this that casts thee down?

D.C. Speak, and let the worst be known; Speak - ing may re - lieve thee.

FINE.

D.C.

Who are those that grieve thee?

D.C.

2. "Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
Then it doth relieve me;
But my sins return again—
They are those that grieve me:
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plunged in sin, (a sore disease),
How can I be cheerful?"
3. Think on what thy Savior bore,
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from every pore,
To procure thy pardon:
See Him stretched upon the wood,
Bleeding, groaning, crying,
Suffering all the wrath of God,
Quivering, gasping, dying!
4. See thy sins on Jesus laid!
He for them is dying:
See, upon His blessed head,
Bolts of vengeance flying!
Hear Him cry: "My God! my God!
Why hast Thou forsaken?"
See! in death His head is bow'd;
Earth's foundations shaken!
5. But the Savior lives again;
Sin and death are vanquish'd:
All the foes of souls are slain,
Who in prison languish'd:
Jesus, all-victorious King,
Saves repentant sinners.
Come, repent, His praises sing;
You'll of heav'n be winners.

Wm. Wilson, M.D.
1835.

SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. Iambic.

DR. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger: For lo! we stand on

1. | *2.* FINE. CHORUS.

D.C. While just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

D.C.

Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

D.C.

2. We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word—
"Let every lamp be burning!"—CHO.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;—
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—CHO.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says, "Come!" and there 's our home,
Forever and forever.—CHO.

Solemn and Slow.

1. Sol - emn strikes the fun - 'ral chime, Notes of our de - part - ing time, As we jour - ney here be - low,
 1. Mor - tals, now in - dulse a tear, For mor - tal - i - ty is here; See how wide her tro - phies wave,

Thro' a pil - grim - age of woe.
 O'er the slum - bers of the grave!

3. Here another guest we bring : 4. Calm the good man meets his fate; 5. Lord of all, below—above,
 Seraphs of celestial wing, Guards celestial round him wait: Fill our souls with truth and love!
 To our funeral altar come; See! he bursts these mortal chains, As dissolves each earthly tie,
 Waft a friend and brother home! And o'er death the vict'ry gains. Take us to Thy Lodge on high!

REFRESHING SEASONS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Fount of everlasting love,
 Rich thy streams of mercy are,
 Flowing purely from above;
 Beauty marks their course afar.</p> | <p>3. God of grace, before Thy throne
 Here our warmest thanks we bring;
 Thine the glory, Thine alone;
 Loudest praise to Thee we sing!</p> |
| <p>2. Lo! the church, Thy garden, now
 Blooms beneath the heav'nly show'r:
 Sinners feel, and melt and bow;
 Mild, yet mighty, is Thy name.</p> | <p>4. Hear, Oh hear our grateful song!
 Let Thy Spirit still descend:
 Roll the tides of grace along,
 Widening, deep'ning to the end.</p> |

R. Sabner

WE SHALL MEET.

By per. from "Imperial Harmony," HUBERT P. MAIN, of New York, 1867.

S *FINE.*

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by:
 And the dark - ness will be o - ver, By and by, by and by. With the toil - some jour - ney done,

D.S. By and by, by and by.

S *FINE.*

D.S.

And the glo - rious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun,

D.S.

2. We shall strike the harps of glory,
 By and by, by and by:
 We shall sing redemption's story,
 By and by, by and by:
 And the strains forevermore,
 Shall resound in sweetness, o'er
 Yonder everlasting shore,
 By and by, by and by.
3. We shall see, and be like Jesus,
 By and by, by and by;
 Who a crown of life will give us,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the angels, who fulfil
 All the mandates of His will,
 Shall attend, and love us still,
 By and by, by and by.
4. All our tears shall then cease flowing,
 By and by, by and by;
 And with sweetest rapture knowing
 (By and by, by and by)
 All the lov'd ones who have gone,
 To the land of life and song,
 We with shouting shall rejoice,
 By and by, by and by.

This tune and "Watson," called after Rev. Jno. H. W., whom, in my youth, I used to hear sing them. He sang, with great unction, the chorus below.

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

Chorus. * O hallelujah! how I love my Savior! O hallelujah! that I do: O hallelujah! how I love my Savior!

To es - cort my spir - it home.

Mourn - ers, you may love Him too.

2. Jordan's stream shall not o'erflow me,
While my Savior 's by my side:
Canaan, Canaan lies before me!
Soon I 'll cross the swelling tide.

3. See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream!
Sweet responses still repeating,
"Jesus! Jesus!" is their theme,

4. Hark! they whisper! Lo! they call me:
"Sister spirit, come away!"
Lo! I come; earth can't contain me:
Hail, ye realms of endless day!

5. Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Tho' by faith I now explore you,
I 'll enjoy you soon on high.

6. Soon I 'll gain a full possession;
Faith and hope shall thenceforth cease
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean;
Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.

7. Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours!
Seraphs, lend your glitt'ring wings!
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers;
Heav'nly music round me rings.

* REV. MR. WATSON'S CHORUS. Sung by simply following the theme of the air.

A favorite tune and song with the late Rev. WESLEY P. ARNOLD, of Ga. Air learned of some dear Baptist friends in Iredell Co., N. C., in 1839, and called "Roby," their name.

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

FINE.

Rev. Lyce, 1830.



1. Tem - pest - toss - ed, trou - bled spir - it, Dost thou groan be - neath thy load,
Fear - ing thou shalt not in - her - it, In the king - dom of thy God? View thy Sa - vior on the



D.C. Tho' of grace Him - self the Foun - tain, And the Lord of boundless pow'r.

FINE.



D.C.

moun - tain, In temp - ta - tion's pain - ful hour;



D.C.



2. Do thy blooming prospects languish?
Sayest thou still, "I'm not His child?"
View thy Savior's dreadful anguish,
Famished in the gloomy wild.
Not a step in all thy journey,
Thro' this gloomy vale of tears,
But thy Lord hath trod before thee;
He thy way to glory clears.

3. Tho' through seas of tribulation,
Jesus call thee here to go;
He hath wrought thy great salvation
In far deeper seas of wo:
Jesus, tho' by God anointed,
Christ, the co-eternal son,
As by love divine appointed,
Trod the wine-press all alone.

4. Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow?
Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,
Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suffering Son of God:
There the victim, groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone;
While his senseless followers, sleeping,
Scarcely regard a single groan!

REV. C. WESLEY, 1742.

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

FINE.

1. Droop - ing soul, shake off thy fears; Fear - ful soul, be strong, be hold;
Tar - ry till the Lord ap - pears, Nev - er, nev - er, quit thy hold! Mur - mur not at His de - lay,

D.C. Calm - ly for His com - ing stay, Leave it, leave it all to Him.

FINE.

Dare not set thy God a time:

D.C.

D.C. 2. Fainting soul, be bold, be strong;
Wait the leisure of thy Lord:
Tho' it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is His word!
On His word my soul is cast;
(He cannot Himself deny);
Surely it shall speak at last;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3. Ev'ry one that seeks shall find;
Ev'ry one that asks shall have;
Christ, the Savior of Mankind,
Willing, able, all to save;
I shall His salvation see;
I, in faith, on Jesus call;
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.

4. Lord, my time is in Thy hand;
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely Thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesus' name:
Savior in temptation Thou,
Thou hast sav'd me heretofore;
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

JNO. CENNICK, of England, 1741. The last two verses C. did not write.

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing; Sing our Sa - vior's wor - thy praise,

2. We are trav'l - ing home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod; They are hap - py now, and we

Glo - rious in His works and ways.

Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3. O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made:
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes. | 5. Lord, obediently we 'll go,
Glady leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.. |
| 4. Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on. | 6. I am not concern'd to know
What to morrow's fate will do;
'T is enough that I can say,
I've possessed myself to-day. |
| 7. When I tread the darksome vale,
Thou wilt save my soul from hell:
When I bid this world farewell,
Let me go with Thee to dwell. | |

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL, 7s & 6s D. Iambic.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., Dec. 13th, 1858.

FINE.

1. I want to be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand;
A crown up - on my fore - head, A harp with - in my hand; And there be - fore my Sa - vior,

D.C. I'll make the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise Him with de - light.

FINE.

So glo - rious, and so bright,

D.C.

2. I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever have a fear;
But, blessed, pure, and holy,
I'll dwell in Jesus' sight,
And, with ten thousand thousands,
Praise Him with great delight.

3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

Miss Kimmery
July 1,

4. O there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
Right there before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him with delight.

EVENING HYMN.

1. The mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the West:
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.
The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close:
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

2. The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high:
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illumine the sky.
The golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break:
Oh, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake!

D.C.

OCEAN GROVE SONG. 8s & 7s.

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REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D., of Ocean Grove, N. J.

From KIEFFER'S "Temple Star." Har'd by JNO. R. SWENY.

1. Hail, thou ev - & - roll - ing o - cean! Hail, thou ev - er - heaving sea! Sunlight on thy bo - som gleameth, Light and shade alter - nate - ly.

2. Wi - der than the sur - ging bil - lows, High - er than the sil - v'ry waves, Roll the tid - ings of sal - va - tion, Flows the precious blood that saves.

CHORUS.

Far be - yond the roll - ing bil - lows, Lies a cit - y bright and fair; Glo - ry to our skil - ful Pi - lot! Soon He'll bring our spirits there.

Far be - yond the roll - ing bil - lows, &c.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>3. See the glory, friends of Jesus,
On this ocean, deep and wide!
But a glory, clearer, brighter,
Lies beyond the swelling tide.—CHO.</p> | <p>4. Gaze not simply on this ocean,
Walk not only on the shore;
Boldly launch upon its bosom;
Trust your Pilot evermore.—CHO.</p> | <p>5. Yes, launch out, ye friends of Jesus!
Spread your sails for that blest shore!
Praise the Lord! the Pilot's with us;
We are safe for evermore.—CHO.</p> |
|--|--|--|

Arr'd from a glorious old air, by WM. HAUSER, M. D., about 1846.

FINE.

1. Far a - bove yon glo - rious ceil - ing Of the a - zure, vault - ed sky,
Je - sus sits, His love re - veal - ing, To His splen - did troops on high: Hosts se - raph - ic,

D.C. Saints and an - gels all a - vow - ing, God in Christ is all in all. At His feet they

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

hum - bly bow - ing,

pros - trate fall;

D.C.

2. Would we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancied heav'n below,
See the Savior's glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go!
Earth by us would then be spurned,
All its vanities subside;
Fuel only to be burned,
All its honors, pleasures, pride.

3. From the general conflagration,
We should to God's refuge fly,
Clasp the hope of our salvation,
Live in Christ no more to die:
We, in Him our rest regaining,
All its blessedness should prove
O'er our foes victorious reigning,
Perfected in spotless love.

4. We should for His day be waiting;
When the full reward is giv'n:
He the glorious work 's completing,
And will take His saints to heav'n:
Pure from ev'ry stain of nature,
There in holiness to shine:
Moulded like their great Creator,
All immortal, all Divine.

REFRAIN.

1. Lord, I hear that show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat - t'ring far and free,
Show'rs the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drop - pings fall on me: E - ven me; e - ven me;

Let some drop - pings fall on me!

2. Pass me not, Oh God, my Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let Thy mercy light on me!—REF.
3. Pass me not, Oh gracious Savior!
Let me live and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou 'rt calling, Oh call me!—REF.
4. Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh forgive, and rescue me!—REF.
5. Pass me not, Oh mighty Spirit!
Thou canst cause the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of pow'r to me!—REF.

Pia.

1. To thy past-ures fair and large, Heav'n-ly Shep-herd, lead Thy charge; And my couch with ten-drest care,

2. When I faint with sum-mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea-ry feet To the streams, that still and slow,

3. Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid Thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.
4. Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread;
With Thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

SEEKING TO BE LIKE CHRIST.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1740.

Forte.

Mid the spring-ing grass pre-pare, Mid the spring-ing grass pre-pare.

Mezzo forte.

Thro' the ver-dant mead-ows flow, Thro' the ver-dant mead-ows flow,

1. Holy Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee began to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee:
"As Thou art so let us be!"
2. Jesus, see my panting breast!
See! I pant in Thee to rest:
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin
3. Fix, Oh fix my wav'ring mind;
To Thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love!
4. Dust and ashes, though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we need, Thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of Thy blood!
5. Who in heart on Thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds Thy face,
Triumphant in Thy pard'ning grace.

Wesley.

1. Come, Thou all - in - spir - ing Spir - it, In - to ev' - ry long - ing heart! Bought for us by Je - sus' mer - it,

Chorus. I will a - rise, and go to Je - sus, He will em - brace me in His arms: In the arms of my dear Sa - vior,

Now Thy bliss - ful Self im - part!

Oh, there are ten thou - sand charms.

2. Sign our uncontested pardon,
Wash us in th' atoning blood;
Make our hearts a watered garden;
Fill our spotless souls with God.
3. If thou gav'st th' enlarged desire,
Which for Thee we ever feel,
Now our panting souls inspire,
Now our cancell'd sin reveal.
4. Claim us for Thy habitation;
Dwell within our hallow'd breast;
Seal us heirs of full salvation
Fitted for our heav'nly rest.
5. Give us quietly to tarry,
Till for all Thy glory meet,
Waiting, like attentive Mary,
Happy at the Savior's feet.
6. Keep us from the world unspotted,
From all earthly passions free,
Wholly to Thyself devoted,
Fix'd to live and die for Thee.
7. Wrestling on in mighty pray-er,
Lord, we will not let Thee go,
Till Thou all Thy mind de-clare,
And Thy grace on us bestow.
8. Hence, the seal of sin forgiven,
Joy and perfect love impart,
Present, everlasting heaven,
All Thou hast, and all Thou art.

Canon.

HARK MY SOUL. 7s.

J. P. Parrot, 1821.

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

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WM. COWPER. "Olney Hymns."

Isaiah xlix, 15.

1. Hark, my soul it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sa - vior, hear His word; Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee:
I de - liv - er'd thee when bound, And, when bleed - ing, heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wan - d'ring, set thee right,

"Say, poor sin - ner, Say, poor sin - ner, Say, poor sin - ner, Lov'st thou me?"
Turn'd thy dark - ness, Turn'd thy dark - ness, Turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.

3. "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be.
Yet will I remember thee.
4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath.
Free and faithful, strong as death.
5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore—
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

From "Children's Friend."

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

§ FINE.

1. My chil - dren, have you ev - er read That sweet and bless - ed sto - ry,
 Re - cord - ed in the sa - cred word, A - bout the Lord of glo - ry, Who left His home, in

D.S. Wan - der'd a wea - ry stran - ger? And, seek - ing sin - ners,

§ FINE.

D.S. *1st time only; then D.S.*

realms a - bove, Was cra - dled in a man - ger,

in His love,

D.S.

2. His words, we read, were full of grace,
 All human speech excelling;—
 That those who meekly sought His face
 Found peace beyond all telling;
 That He forgave the guilt and sin
 Of those who came confessing,
 And that the poor and sad could win
 His smile, and share His blessing.
2. For His own name, and mercy's sake,
 He healed the broken-hearted;
 And bade the mourning souls partake
 The favors He imparted;
 Till parents to His presence came,
 With children round His pressing,
 Attracted by His wondrous fame,
 And seeking for His blessing.
4. He lived a life of toil and care,
 A life of sad sejourning;
 A life of weeping and of prayer,
 Of labor and of yearning;
 He died upon the cursed tree
 To save a sinful nation;—
 He died to win, for you and me,
 A full and free salvation!
5. He died; but ah! He lives again:
 The tomb is burst asunder,
 Death's iron bonds are snapped in twain,
 While saints rejoice and wonder.—
6. Above all things exalted high,
 By angel guards attended,
 The Savior rose from Bethany,
 And into heav'n ascended.
6. And now the Savior lives in heav'n,
 For little children pleading;
 And, in the glory to Him giv'n,
 For us is interceding;
 That, helped and cheered by saving grace,
 And strengthened by the Savior,
 We may at last behold His face,
 And live with Him forever.
7. He sits enthroned at God's right hand,
 While all His saints adore Him: [stand,
 And shining throngs, who round Him
 In worship bow before Him:
 Thence He shall come to earth again,
 His people to deliver;
 To judge the fallen race of men,
 And reign in joy forever.
8. Then children, let us join to sing
 The sweet and blessed story
 Of Him who did salvation bring—
 The Lord of life and glory—
 Till round the throne we join the strain
 Angelic hosts are swelling;
 And, "worthy is the Lamb once slain,"
 Shall sound thro' heav'n's bright
 dwelling.

Slowly and tastefully.

1. Let me dwell in Gol - go - tha, Weep, and love my life a - way, While I see Him on the tree,
2. That dear blood for sin - ners spilt, Shows my sin in all its guilt: Ah, my soul, He bore thy load;

Weep, and bleed, and die for me!
Thou hast slain the Son of God!

3. Hark! His dying words, "Forgive!
Father, let the sinner live!"
"Sinner, wipe thy tears away;
I thy ransom freely pay."

4. While I hear His grace reveal'd,
And obtain the pardon seal'd,
All my soft affection move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

CHRIST ALONE.

Ps., lxxiii, 25.

1. Holy Jesus, heavenly Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only Thou possess the whole.

2. Thou my dearest object be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee,
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give Thee all my heart.

3. Whom have I on earth below?
Only Thee I wish to know;
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

4. All my treasure is above,
My best portion is Thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite! unsearchable!

5. Nothing else may I require:
Let me Thee alone desire;
Pleased with what Thy love provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

W. Pitts.

MY BURIED FRIENDS. 8s & 9s. Iambic.

Tune inspired by this fine song. Wish I knew who wrote it, that I might give due credit

WM. HAUSER, M. D., 1867.

FINE.



1. My bur - ied friends can I for - get? Or must the grave e - ter - nal sev - er?
They lin - ger in my mem' - ry yet, And in my heart they'll live for - ev - er: They lov'd me once, with



D.S. But, oft - times, in my con - flicts here, They ral - lied quick - ly to re - lieve me,

FINE.



D.C.

love sin - cere; And nev - er did their love de - ceive me;



D.C.

2. I fain would weep; but what of tears?
No tears of mine could e'er recall them:
Nor should I wish them gloomy cares;
For cares like mine can ne'er befall them:
They rest in realms of light and love;
They dwell upon the mount of glory:
They bask in beams of endless day,
And shout to tell their happy story.
3. I heard them bid the world adieu,
I saw them on the rolling billow;
Their far-off home appear'd in view,
While yet they press'd a dying pillow:
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,
(While crossing Jordan's stormy river),
"Adieu to earth I for all is well;
Now all is well with me forever."
4. Oh how I'd love to join their wing,
And range the fields of blooming flowers!
Come, holy watchers, come, and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers;
I'd speed with rapture on my way,
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my lov'd friends forever!

1. Come, my friends, and taste with me, Full sal - va - tion run - ning free; Je - sus now in - vites us: He pre - sents His charming grace;

2. Earth - ly com - forts soon will fly; All earth's joys will short - ly die; Fad - ing fast, they leave us: Bounteous grace our Lord will grant;

See His love - ly, smil - ing face! Heav'n and all its hap - pi - ness, Heav'n and all its hap - pi - ness, Which to Him u - nites us.

He'll sup - ply your ev - ry want: All that for His mer - cy pant, He will give with - out re - straint: Je - sus will re - ceive us.

3. O sweet heav'n! delightful place!
 O the streams of perfect peace,
 Which my spirits capture!
 All the happy tenants there,

Jesus' glorious image bear,
 And His love and bounty share;
 While His presence, ever near,
 Heightens all their rapture.

BOUNGING BILLOWS.* 8s & 7s.

WM. F. CORNER, in *Musical Million*, for March, 1875.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., March 14th, 1875.

S FINE.

1. Yet a lit - tle while to lin - ger, In this land of toil and pain, Yet a few more joys and sor - rows,

D.S. Ere our blies - ful home we gain.

S FINE.

D.S.

Yet a few more joys and sor - rows,

D.S.

2. Yet a little while to labor,
Ere we lay us down to rest;
Ere we drink from life's bright river
In the mansions of the blest.
3. Yet a little while to linger,
Where sweet flow'rs so quickly die;
Ere our blessed Savior call us
To a home beyond the sky.
4. But life's season will be ended,
Soon we'll reach the shining plain;
Where no grief, nor pain, nor sorrow
E'er can reach the heart again.

* Don't sing this piece in a *storia* of a hurry; use common sense about it.

ANGEL FEET ARE WALKING NEAR US. 8s & 7s D.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 30th, 1874.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 30th, 1874.

Affectionately inscribed to ALDINE S. KIEFFER, Editor Musical Million.

FINE.

1. An - gel feet are walk - ing near us; An - gel wings are o'er us spread: On - ward,
An - gel whis - pers, how they cheer us; When our earth - ly joy are fled! How they

D.C. In our trou - bles how they heed us! Ev - er ten - der, ev - er near!

FINE.

up - ward, how they lead us!
love us! an - gels dear!

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

D.C.

2. Jesus sends them down to guard us,
Thro' this howling wilderness;
Where the fiends of hell retard us,
In our march to happiness;
Whoever ills o'ertake us,
Sickness, poverty, or death,
These bright guards will ne'er forsake us,
Till we yield our mortal breath.

3. Mansions bright, and crowns of glory.
Are prepar'd for us above:
There we'll sing the blessed story
Of the Savior's dying love.
How our dear ones, gone before us,
Look, and long for us to come!
Oft they sweetly hover o'er us,
Whisp'ring of their heav'nly home.

4. One is looking for her mother;
One, her husband beckons o'er:
One looks out, to see her brother
Reach the bless'd, eternal shore:
O what shoutings! O what gladness,
When their lov'd ones quit the earth!
While in earthly homes there 's sadness,
Angels shout: "Another birth."

5. Yes; another birth eternal--
Birth, which death can never mar:
Far above the world infernal,
Death can never enter there.
Glory! glory be to Jesus!
Glory be to God on high!
He from every evil frees us;
We shall live, no more to die.

John Leland,

DAY-SPRING. 8s & 7s. Trochaic.

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1. Christian, see! the O-rient morning Breaks a - long the heathen sky; Lo! th' expect-ed day is dawning, Glorious Day-Spring from on high!



2. Heathens at the sight are sing-ing, Morning wakes the tune-ful lays; Pre-cious off'rings they are bringing, First-fruits of more per-fect days:



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail the Day-Spring from on high!



3. Zion's sun, salvation beaming,
Gilding now the radiant hills,
Rise, and shine, till, brighter gleaming,
All the world Thy glory fills!—*Choro.*

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 8d and July 1st, 1874.

1. Je - sus, all - a - ton - ing Lamb, Thine, and on - ly Thine, I am; Take my bod - y, spir - it, soul;

2. Thou my one thing need - ful be; Let me ev - er cleave to Thee; Let me choose the bet - ter part;

On - ly Thou pos - sess the whole.

Let me give Thee all my heart.

3. Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature-happiness.

4. Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only Thee, I know;
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

5. All my treasure is above;
All my riches is Thy love;
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable.

6. Thou, O love, my portion art:
Lord, Thou know'st my simple heart!
Other comforts I despise;
Love be all my Paradise!

7. Nothing else can I require;
Love fills up my whole desire;
All Thy other gifts remove,
Still, Thou giv'st me all, in love!

DR. LOWELL MASON.
FINE.

1st time. | 2d time.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee! That rais - eth me! Still, all my

E'en tho' it be 'a cross

D.C. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

D.C.

song shall be: Near - er, my God, to Thee!

D.C.

2. Tho' like the wanderer,*
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
3. There let my way appear
Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
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, 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, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

* The allusion is to Jacob's sleep at Luz. See Gen. Chap. xxviii.

REV. J. T. CRANE, D. D., Methodist.

§ FINE.

1. "Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!" 'Tis by the cross of Christ Thou rais - est me, And all my

D.S. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

§ FINE.

D.S.

song shall be: "Near - er, my God, to Thee!"

D.S.

2. When guilt disturbs my breast,
My peace all gone,
My spirit seeking rest,
And finding none,
Thy Cross, O Christ, I see;
My fears and sorrows flee;
I come for rest to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3. When sunbeams gild my way,
Serene the sky,
Tempting my soul to stray,
By earthly joy;
Then let Thy gifts all be,
Fingers that point to Thee,
Glad voices calling me
Nearer to Thee.

4. When tempests shroud the day,
And earth is drear,
Be Thou, O God, my stay;
My sadness cheer!
And through the gathering night,
Leap upward to the Light,
The portals ever bright;
Nearer to Thee.

5. When life's last pulses wane,
Jesus be near!
My sinking heart sustain;
Banish my fear!
To Thee my hands shall cling;
Of Thee my lips shall sing;
My soul in glory bring,
Nearer to Thee!

ELYSIAN. 7s & 6s. Trochaic.

J. Davison, 1820, 293

From REV. JAS. P. CARRELL'S "Spiritual Songs," of 1821.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D., March 12th, 1875.

Omit last time. | FINE only. |

1. Burst, ye em - 'rald gates! and bring, To my rap - tur'd vi - sion,
 All, th' ex - stat - ic joys, that spring Round the bright E - ly - sian!

D.C. Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise! Ope, ye gates of Par - a - dise!

Omit when FINE. | FINE only. |

D.C.

long - ing eyes; Break, ye in - ter - ven - ing skies!

D.C.

2. Four and twenty elders rise,
 From their princely station;
 Shout His glorious victories;
 Sing the great salvation;
 Cast their crowns before His throne;
 Cry, in reverential tone:
 "Glory be to God alone!
 Holy, holy, holy One!"
3. Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before Him;
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore Him:
 Trumps angelic sound His fame;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of His name;
 Heaven echoes with the theme.

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us!
 Join we in the holy lays:
 "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song;
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue;
 Sweetest carol ever sung:
 Jesus! Jesus! flow along!
- J. Davison*
W. Hauser
1875

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up thy might - y prey! See! He ris - es from the tomb,

2. 'Tis the Sa - vior: ser - aphs, raise Your tri - umph - ant shouts of praise! Let the earth's re - mot - est bound,

3. Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see Him rise!
Hosts angelic, on the road,
Meet, and sing th' incarnate God.

Glow - ing in im - mor - tal bloom!

Hear the joy - in - spir - ing sound!

4. Heav'n unfolds its portals wide;
See the Conq'r'or thro' them ride!

5. Praise Him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres!
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues!

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

English Baptist Hymn-Book.

WM. COLLYER, 1812.

1. Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph thro' the skies!
See the glorious Savior rise!
2. Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave!
Doubt no more His pow'r to save.
3. Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade!
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay!
4. So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

* After Rev. LUCIUS BELLINGER, of South Carolina.

CRABBE'S PILGRIM SONG. 7s D.

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REV. GEO. CRABBE, Episcopalian, of England.

REV. WM. HAUSER, M. D., Oct. 6th, 1874.

1. Pil - grim, bur - den'd with thy sin, Come the way to Zi - on's gate;
There, till mer - cy let thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait: Knock, He knows the mourner's cry; Weep, He loves the mourner's tears;

Watch, for sav - ing grace is nigh; Wait, till heav'nly light ap - pears.

2. Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice:
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Sealed, by signs the chosen know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Bless'd, the mighty debt to owe.
3. Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain:
Fear, the hope of heav'n shall fly;
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in certain rapture die;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

MRS. SARAH JONES.

Old air from "Missouri Harmony." Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

S

FINE.



1. Bright scenes of glo - ry strike my sense, And all my pas - sions cap - ture;
E - ter - nal beau - ties round me shine, In - fus - ing warm - est rap - ture: I dive in pleas - ures deep and full, In swelling waves of



D.S. feel my Sa - vior in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry.

S

FINE.



glo - ry; I feel my Sa - vior in my soul, And groan to tell my sto - ry, I



2. I feast on honey, milk, and wine;
I drink perpetual sweetness:
Mount Zion's beauties round me shine,
While Christ unfolds His greatness;
No mortal tongue can show my joys;
Nor can an angel tell them;
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds and emblems.
3. My captivated spirits fly
Thro' shining worlds of beauty;
Dissolv'd in blushes loud I cry
In praises loud and mighty;
And here I'll sing and swell the strains
Of harmony delighted;
And with the millions learn the notes
Of saints in Christ united.
4. The bliss that rolls thro' those above,
Thro' those in glory seated,
Which causes them loud songs to sing,
Ten thousand times repeated,
Dart thro' my soul in radiant flames,
Constraining loudest praises;
O'erwhelming all my pow'rs with joy,
While all within me blaze.
5. When earth and seas shall be no more,
And all their glory perish;
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars of midnight languish,
My joys, refined, shall higher shine,
Mount heaven's radiant glory,
And tell, thro' one eternal day,
Love's all-immortal story.

GOOD PHYSICIAN. 7s & 6s. Iambic.

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

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. From "Christian Lyre," of 1833.

J. H. Russell.

1st time. | *2d time.*

Omit 2d time.

1. How lost was my con - di - tion, Till Je - sus made me whole! Next door to death He
 There is but one Phy - si - cian Can cure the sin - sick soul: To tell to all a -

1st time. | *2d time.*

Omit 2d time.

found me, And snatch'd me from the grave; round me. His wond'rous pow'r to save!

2. The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compared with sin;
 On every part it seizes,
 But rages most within:
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness all combined;
 And none but a believer
 The least relief can find.
3. From men great skill professing,
 I sought a cure to gain;
 But this proved more dis-easing
 And added to my pain:
 Some said that nothing ailed me,
 Some gave me up for lost;
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were crossed.
4. At length this Great Physician
 (How matchless is His grace!)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case:
 First gave me sight to view Him,
 (For sin mine eyes had sealed),
 Then bade me look unto Him:
 I looked, and I was healed.
6. A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith,
 At once from anguish frees us,
 And saves the soul from death:
 Come, then, to this Physician;
 His help He'll freely give;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—"Look, and live!"

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

First two verses by NORA MOORE: 3rd, 4th and 5th by W. H.

SILAS M. HISSEM.

1st time. | *2d time.* | **CHORUS.**

1. Shall we meet in climes a - bore, By the riv - er's gold - en strand,
Those we've lost, and those we love, In the bet - ter land? Yes, we shall meet a - gain, In a land of

Omit 2d time

2. Shall we roam to - geth - er there, By the riv - er's gold - en strand,
With - out e'en a shade of care, Clouding the bet - ter land?

cloud - less day: Death can nev - er part us there; God shall wipe all tears a - way.

3. Yes, we'll meet, in climes above,
By the river's golden strand,
Those we've lost and those we love,
In the better land.—*Choro.*
4. We shall roam together there,
By the river's golden strand
Free from suff'ring,—free from care,—
In that glorious land.—*Choro.*
5. Happy friends will greet us there,
On that blessed, golden shore:
We shall breathe its balmy air;—
We shall part no more.—*Choro.*

N. L. Hastings, 1858.

SHALL WE MEET. 8s & 7s. Trochaic.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., June 16th and 17th, 1874.

| 1st time. | 2d time. | CHORUS.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er Where the surg-es cease to roll?
 Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet? Shall we meet? Shall we meet be-

yond the riv-er? Where the surg-es cease to roll? Where the surg-es cease to roll?

2. Shall we meet in that bless'd harbor,
 When our stormy voyage is o'er?
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor,
 By the fair, celestial shore?—CHO.
3. Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the tow'rs celestial shine?
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship Divine?—CHO.
4. Where the music of the ransom'd
 Rolls its harmony around,
 And creation swells the chorus,
 With its sweet, melodious sound?—CHO.
5. Shall we meet with many a lov'd one,
 That was torn from our embrace?
 Shall we listen to their voices,
 And behold them face to face?—CHO.
6. Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
 When He comes to claim His own?
 Shall we know His blessed favor,
 And sit down upon the throne?—CHO.