

*From Mr. Midlane*  
THE *proprietors*

“**BRIGHT BLUE SKY**”

**HYMN BOOK**

FOR

Sunday School Services.



BEING ORIGINAL HYMNS

BY

**ALBERT MIDLANE,**

Author of “There’s a Friend for little children,  
etc.”



**SECOND EDITION.**



NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT,  
29, UPPER ST. JAMES’ STREET.

# I N D E X .

Always take the Name of Jesus. ....	19
Beautiful words by Jesus breathed. ....	8
<i>Bleeding</i> Lamb of Calvary. ... ..	21
By nature unholy, and sold under sin.	6
Come, come, come, to a loving Saviour.	7
Come, dear one, come to Jesus. ....	13
Farewell, loved ones, till we meet again.	25
God's Word can never die. ....	24
Hark! from angel bands is swelling forth.	11
Hark! hark! the voice of Jesus. ....	32
How good and pleasant are the sounds.	23
How happy the children. ....	2
How many children hearken... ..	29
How sweet the story told. ....	18
Jesus, the Paschal Lamb. ....	1
Little children sang the praises. ....	31
Now may heavenly benediction. ....	22
Oh, listen! the harpers are harping. ...	14
O Lord, we raise our voices, ... ..	26
Our Sunday Schools, with loving arms.	10
Peace, peace, calm as a river. ....	17
School is closing again, again. ....	4
Shall we ever all meet again. ....	5
Sing softly; for Jesus is passing this way.	33
Sinner, sinner, where art thou? ....	15
The garden grave of Jesus. ... ..	9
The mighty Lord of all the earth. ....	28
There is a Friend for little children. ....	20
There is <i>mercy</i> with Jesus. ... ..	3
We know there's a Saviour in glory bright.	12
When Jesus was dwelling on earth. ....	16
Who can paint the peerless beauty. ....	30
Who shall rest in heaven at last. ....	27

# EXTRA HYMNS.

By A. M.

Hymn 1 (*"Up from the grave He arose."*)

1 Jesus, the Paschal Lamb,  
Suffered for sin,  
Dying the death of shame,  
Glory to win:

Then from the grave He arose.....  
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes.....  
He arose a Victor from the dark domain,  
And He lives for ever with His saints to reign,  
He arose!.....He arose!.....  
Hallelujah! Christ arose!

2 No condemnation now,  
Sin's debt is paid;  
See, on the Conqueror's brow,  
Glory displayed.

Yes, from the grave He arose... ..

3 Mercy now free for all,  
Why will ye die?  
Lov'd ones, now heed the call,  
Mercy is nigh.

Since, from the grave He arose.....

4 Soon He will come again,  
Do not delay!  
Life in Him now obtain,  
Wait then the day.

When from the skies He will come .....  
To receive His saints to their own bright home, ...  
When He comes as Victor o'er the dark domain,  
When He comes for ever with His saints to reign,  
He will come! .. .. He will come! .. ..  
Hallelujah! Christ will come!

## Hymn 2 (*"I am waiting for Thee, Lord,"*)

- 1 How happy the children  
Who love the Redeemer,  
Who know that by nature they're lost and undone;  
Who seek to the refuge,  
Who fly to the shelter,  
Found ever and only in God's blessed Son.
  
- 2 How happy the children  
Thus early to know Him,  
With youthful affections around Him entwined,  
Their pathway is onward,  
And upward, and heavenward,  
Till with the Redeemer their home they shall find.
  
- 3 A bright home in heaven,  
Where all is perfection,  
Where hope finds its answer, and love is supreme.  
Where Christ is the fountain,  
The fulness of glory,  
And joys past the telling all centre in Him.

## Hymn 3 (*"When He cometh, when He cometh."*)

1     There is *mercy* with Jesus,  
      For dear little children,  
      Though wayward, though sinful,  
      Though lost and undone;  
There is mercy with Jesus, all purchased on Calvary,  
There is mercy with Jesus, for dear little ones.

2     There is *pardon* with Jesus,  
      For dear little children,  
      Who long for salvation,  
      And rest for their souls;  
There is pardon with Jesus, all purchased on  
      Calvary,  
There is pardon with Jesus, for dear little ones.

3     There is *glory* with Jesus,  
      For dear little children,  
      With Him in the heavens,—  
      His home in the skies;  
There is glory with Jesus, all purchased on Calvary,  
There is glory with Jesus, for dear little ones.

4     How blessed! how blessed!  
      The dear little children,  
      All safe in the bosom  
      Of Jesus, so kind;  
For He is the Shepherd, so loving and tender.  
His lambs are His treasure; how sweet to be His!

**Hymn 4**      (*"Wonderful words of life."*)

- 1      **School is closing again, again,  
We are about to go;  
Precious seed has once more been sown,  
Seed which will germ and grow;  
Saviour, Thee addressing,  
Breathe a parting blessing.  
Loving and strong, bear us along,  
Safe to our journey's end.**
- 2      **Day by day be about our path,  
Succour us as we go,  
Keep us safe from the tempter's wiles,  
Serving Thee here below.  
Saviour, Thee addressing:—**
- 3      **Give to each one the gift of life,—  
Pardon and peace to know,  
Washed in the precious cleansing flood,  
White as the driven snow.  
Saviour, Thee addressing:—**
- 4      **And when Thou for Thine own shalt come,  
May we all upward go,  
Near, and like Thee, for ever then;  
Partings no more to know.  
Saviour, Thee addressing:—**

## Hymn 5 (*"Shall we ever all meet again."*)

- 1 Shall we ever all meet again,  
Free from sorrow, toil, and pain,  
Where true pleasures ever reign,  
Shall we ever in the home of glory all meet again ?  
Yes, we may all meet again,  
Far from sorrow, toil, and pain,  
Where true pleasures ever reign,  
In heaven so fair, beyond compare, we may all  
meet again.
- 2 Shall we ever all Christ adore,  
On bright Canaan's blissful shore,  
When earth's tempests beat no more,  
Shall we ever in the Saviour's presence all Him  
adore?  
Yes, we may all Him adore,  
There on Canaan's blissful shore,  
Where earth's tempests beat no more,  
If for the Cross we count all loss we may all Him  
adore.
- 3 Shall we gather all round the throne,  
Where sad partings are unknown,  
Where dark shadows all are gone,  
Shall we ever gather, sweetly gather, all round  
the throne!  
Yes, we may gather round the throne,  
There where partings are unknown,  
Where dark shadows all are gone,  
If found in Christ we'll sweetly gather all round  
the throne.

- 4      Are we pressing on for the prize,  
           Set before us in the skies;  
           Hark, the Saviour's voice, "Arise!"  
 Are we pressing on with joy and song each one  
           for the prize?  
           Haste! linger not, now arise!  
           Haste! speed away for the prize!  
           Haste! be eternally wise!  
 Then cleansed and clothed we shall be crowued  
           and all win the prize.
- 5      Now, once more parting, adieu,  
           Onward life's journey pursue,  
           Christ and his glory in view,  
 Till at His feet again we meet, adieu, loved, adieu!

## Hymn 6      (*"Whiter than snow."*)

- 1 By nature unholy, and sold under sin,  
 With nought to commend me without or within,  
 To none but the Saviour in prayer can I go;—  
 "O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
   Whiter than snow! yes, whiter than snow,  
   O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 2 The pardon He giveth is pardon divine,  
 A pillow of softness on which to recline;  
 Lord, give me this blissful enjoyment to know,  
 O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 The glorified host when surrounding the throne,  
 The blood made them meet will with joyfulness  
   own;



It stays the avenger, and conquers each foe,  
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 4 Yes, when in the glory the ransomed shall  
throng,  
Rehearsing with rapture the ne'er-ending song,  
With radiance immortal they ever shall glow,  
Cleansed, washed, and forgiven, all whiter than  
snow.

## Hymn 7            (“*Joy, joy joy.*”)

- 1 Come, come, come, to a loving Saviour waiting,  
Come, come, come, to His arms spread open wide  
    There is rest, there is rest,  
        In a full salvation known;  
    There is peace, there is peace,  
        Found in Jesu's cross alone;  
Blessed hour of joy when the soul is saved!  
When the banner of love o'er the lost is waved,  
And the soul made free, so long enslaved,  
    And the wanderer finds his home.
- 2 Come, come, come, 'tis a Saviour kindly calling,  
Come, come, come, He has waited long for thee.  
    Look away, look away,  
        For the world can nought afford,  
    It is false, it is cruel,  
        For it crucified the Lord;  
To the golden sceptre of mercy bow,  
Let the moment of yielding to Christ be *now*,  
Then journey on with a joy-lit brow,  
    To thy happy, happy home!

## Hymn 8      (*"Beautiful Zion, built above."*)

- 1      Beautiful words by Jesus breathed,  
Beautiful words by faith received,  
Beautiful words the heart to soothe,  
Beautiful words of light and love.
- 2      Beautiful words of silvery sound,  
Beautiful words where joys abound,  
Beautiful words of cleansing power,  
Beautiful words—faith's steadfast tower.
- 3      Beautiful words to lift the soul,  
Beautiful words, heaven's large writ scroll,  
Beautiful words, so good, so pure,  
Beautiful words, so true, so sure.
- 4      Beautiful words by faith discerned,  
Beautiful words in meekness learned,  
Beautiful words which will not die,  
Beautiful words that lead on high.
- 5      Beautiful words, divine, complete,  
Beautiful words, where glories meet,  
Beautiful words, not one shall fall,  
Beautiful words, eternal ali.
- 6      Beautiful words, in every page,  
Beautiful words, from age to age,  
Beautiful words, to all forgiven,  
Beautiful words, peace, joy, and heaven!

Hymn 9      (*"There is sweet rest in heaven."*)

- 1      The garden grave of Jesus,  
        Was set with beauty round,  
'Twas meet that for the Saviour,  
        A garden grave was found,  
For He was meek and lowly,  
        And He had died to save,  
And He of all was worthy  
        Of such a garden grave.
- How rich the perfume,  
        How radiant the bloom,  
        Encircling with beauty,  
        The garden's new tomb.
- 2      And there at early dawning,  
        Came two of heaven's bright train,  
To show the weeping women  
        Where Christ, their Lord, had lain,—  
Where He, the spotless Victim,  
        In stillness had reposed,  
And where—the stone removèd—  
        An empty grave disclosed.
- 3      "He is not here, but risen,"  
        The shining angels said,  
"Go, tell the happy tidings,—  
        He liveth who was dead."  
The garden grave of Jesus,  
        How beautiful, how fair!  
For death itself was vanquished,  
        And Jesus triumphed there!

## Hymn 10 (*" Singing glory, glory, glory."*)

- 1 Our Sunday Schools, with loving arms,  
Stretch o'er the nations wide,  
And children dear of every clime,  
Are taught that Christ has died.  
Telling forth the old, old story,  
Of Jesu's cross and glory.
- 2 Around their teachers children press,  
'Mid fields of endless snow,  
And where the sun's fierce burning rays,  
'Mid fragrant spices glow.
- 3 We might not understand their tongues,  
Nor could they compass ours,  
While we may meet by walls enclosed,  
And they in leafy bowers.
- 4 Yet from the same full fount of truth  
Our lessons sweetly flow,  
And girls and boys are furnished thus,  
In wisdom's ways to go.
- 5 Lord, grant our Sunday Schools increase  
Of grace and numbers too,  
That they may, like fair summer flowers,  
The children's pathway strew.

## Hymn 11 (*"We are glad we ever heard the blessed news."*)

1 Hark! from angel bands is swelling forth the  
    song,  
As o'er Bethlehem's plain with holy joy they  
    throng,  
Telling forth the birth of the Saviour promised  
    long,  
In the lowly manger laid.

    Blessed news! joyful news!  
    Sound the joyful tidings forth!  
Heaven comes to earth to make the tidings  
    known,  
That the Christ of God, great David's royal Son,  
The incarnate Word, the Eternal, hath come  
    down,  
    To reveal the Father's love.

2 From the realms of bliss, the glory bright above,  
Came the Saviour of men in the pilgrimage of  
    love,  
And with all the powers of the evil one He strove,  
From the manger to the tomb.

3 'Tis a joyous theme, that Jesus lived with men,  
That He died on the Cross, and ascended up  
    again,  
That the soul who believes may be justified;  
    oh! then  
Come and make this love your own!

- 4 'Tis a free salvation Jesus offers now,  
To the contrite souls which in His presence bow,  
And in simple trust the sinner's Friend allow  
In His love to save their souls.

## Hymn 12 (*"We know there's a bright and a glorious home."*)

- 1 We know there's a Saviour in glory bright,  
Who came to the earth to die,  
That all who believe might be cleansed from sin,  
And be fitted for the sky.  
Be fitted for the sky,  
Be fitted for the sky,  
That all who believe might be cleansed from sin,  
And be fitted for the sky.
- 2 The offers of mercy, like rays of light,  
From Jehovah's presence fly,  
That the lost and the guilty may pardoned be,  
And be fitted for the sky.
- 3 There's nought but the blood of Jesu's cross  
Can bring the guilty nigh;  
By it alone can the soul be saved,  
And be fitted for the sky.
- 4 Then come, to the throne of mercy bow;  
Lo! Jesus sits on high,  
Oh, wash in the fountain that freely flows,  
Then you'll be there and I.

## Hymn 13 (*"I left it all with Jesus—long ago."*)

- 1 Come, dear one, come to Jesus,—come away,  
Let not fears detain thee,—come to-day,  
Bring thy guilt and folly,—right to Him,  
He will save thee fully,—bless His name!  
Then the song of gladness thou wilt raise—  
    To His praise.
  
- 2 Oh, the joy of having—Christ as thine!  
Oh, the bliss of knowing—love divine!  
All so sweetly given—full and free;  
Hark! the Saviour whispers, "*'tis for thee!*"  
Take the proffered mercy, and adore—  
    Evermore.
  
- 3 Think what pains it cost Him—thee to save;  
Think what joy 'twill give Him—thee to have!  
One more star of glory—for His crown,  
One more voice to carol—His renown;  
Oh! be wise, delay not, choose Him now!—  
    To Him bow
  
- 4 Then we'll meet in glory—still to praise,  
There in splendour radiant—join our lays!  
Monuments of mercy—e'er to be,—  
To His praise eternal—thee and me;  
Come, oh, come to Jesus, now, *to-day*,  
    Why delay?

## Hymn 14      (“ *The harpers are harping.*”)

- 1 Oh, listen! the harpers are harping,  
How sweet is the music they play!  
The chords of eternity sweeping  
Heaven's new and melodious lay.
- Oh, give me a place in the choir!  
Oh, give me a note in the song!  
Oh, give me a harp to be harping!  
Oh, let me be one of the throng!
- 2 Oh, listen! the angels are singing,  
“How worthy the Lamb that was slain!”  
Through heaven their notes are resounding,  
I hear it again and again.
- 3 But there is a bound to their music,  
A limit there is to their lay;  
They know not the *grace* which has pardoned,  
Not loved “us” and washed “us” sing they
- 4 Ah, never can angels, bright angels,  
The song of redemption attain:  
'Tis sinners alone that can carol,  
“The Lamb that *for us* was once slain.”
- 5 O anthem! the sweetest in heaven,  
O song! most transcendently blest;  
O theme! everlastingly lovely,  
Of interest eternal possessed.



6 Oh, listen! this song of redemption,  
Rolls loud through the heavens sublime;  
The fruits thus eternity reaping,  
Of the work once accomplished in time.

And I have a voice in the choir,  
And I have a note in the song;  
The *blood* is my title to glory,  
And *grace* makes me one of the throng.

## Hymn 15 ("Knocking, knocking.")

- 1 Sinner, sinner, where art thou?  
Lost one, loved one, listen now,  
To the voice of love and mercy,  
From a Saviour, oh, so kind!  
Telling forth His great salvation,  
How He came, the lost to find.
- 2 Sinner, sinner, yield, we pray!  
Lost one, loved one, yield to-day!  
Come to Calvary's cross and view Him  
Bearing guilt's sad, heavy load,  
There our sin and hatred slew Him,  
Holy, spotless, Lamb of God!
- 3 Sinner, sinner, still He stands,  
Lost one, loved one, pierced His hands;  
Come, with weeping, yet rejoicing,  
Take Him as thy Saviour now,  
Then with radiant hosts adoring,  
Soon in glory Thou shalt bow!

## Hymn 16 (*"When mothers of Salem."*)

- 1 When Jesus was dwelling on earth, a man of sorrows,  
For fallen sinful man in grace and mercy to die,  
He listened to the sinner's plea,  
And gave this invitation free—  
*"Come, all that labour, and I will give you rest."*
- 2 Now seated in glory, His work of suffering over,  
His loving heart is still the same as when He came to die;  
He still says, "Sinners, come to me,  
And I from sin will set you free,"  
*"Come, all that labour, and I will give you rest."*
- 3 O listen, O listen, 'tis Jesus speaks in mercy,  
Turn not away from love like this, for why will you die,  
O listen to His loving voice,  
'Twill make your troubled hearts rejoice—  
*"Come, all that labour, and I will give you rest."*
- 4 A bright home in glory the Saviour is preparing,  
For all who trust His precious blood to wash away their sins;  
Believe, and make this home your own,  
Trust now in Christ and Him alone;—  
*"Come, all that labour, and I will give you rest."*

## Hymn 17 (*"Hark! hark! hear the glad tidings"*)

- 1 Peace, peace, calm as a river,  
Peace, peace, deep as the sea,  
Peace, peace, lasting for ever,  
Made upon Calvary's tree;  
Peace, peace, sweet peace!  
Made upon Calvary's tree.
- 2 Rest, rest, ne'er to be broken,  
Rest, rest, happy, profound,  
Rest, rest, Christ hath it spoken,  
Rest in Himself only found;  
Rest, rest, sweet rest!  
Rest in Himself only found.
- 3 Joy, joy, ever abiding,  
Joy, joy, perfect and sure,  
Joy, joy, restful, confiding,  
Joy which shall ever endure;  
Joy, joy, sweet joy!  
Joy which shall ever endure.
- 4 Home, home, just on before us,  
Home, home, beautiful home!  
Home, home, radiant and glorious,  
There, 'neath the heaven's high dome;  
Home, home, sweet home!  
There, 'neath the heaven's high dome.
- 5 Come, come, no longer straying,  
Come, come, all shall be thine,

Come, come, Jesus obeying,  
Soon then in glory to shine.  
Come, come, oh, come!  
Soon then in glory to shine.

Hymn 18      (*"National Anthem"*)

- 1            How sweet the story told  
              Of thy bright streets of gold,  
                                Jerusalem!  
              No sin shall enter there,  
              So peerless, stainless, fair;  
              Who can thy bliss declare,  
                                Jerusalem!
- 2            No sun shall needed be,  
              Beautiful Home, in thee,  
                                Jerusalem!  
              Light from the rainbow throne —  
              God and the Lamb—alone,  
              Shall in thy courts be known,  
                                Jerusalem!
- 3            Washed from pollution's stain,  
              Who thy blest portals gain,  
                                Jerusalem!  
              Made meet thy joys to share,  
              Pure, spotless robes to wear,  
              Fairer than angels fair,  
                                Jerusalem!

- 4           What joy in thee to meet!  
          Heaven's gathered flock to greet,  
                          Jerusalem!  
          Home of each ransomed soul,  
          Faith's nearing, glorious goal,  
          Where joys perpetual roll,  
                          Jerusalem!

## Hymn 19           (*"Blessed Jesus"*)

- 1    Always take the Name of Jesus,  
          When you go to God in prayer,  
For the wealth of heaven reposes,  
          In that Name so loved, so dear;  
          Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus.  
          Name the Father loves to hear.
- 2    Name of God—Jehovah's choosing,  
          "Jesus!" highest, peerless Name!  
Ever souls with power attracting,  
          Up to heaven from whence it came;  
          Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus.  
          Crowned with brightest, deathless fame.
- 3    Hosts angelic bow before it,  
          Heavenly harps bespeak its praise,  
Songs were never worthy heaven,  
          Were it absent from its lays;  
          Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus.  
          Highest note which heaven can raise!

- 4 Fulness both of prayer and praising,  
Rich are both when it is there;  
Always add the Name of Jesus,  
In thanksgiving and in prayer;  
Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus.  
Sounding sweetly far and near!

## Hymn 20 (*"There's a Friend for little children"*)

- 1 There's a Friend for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend who never changes,  
Whose love can never die:  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious name He bears.
- 2 There's a rest for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour.  
And "Abba, Father," cry—  
A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and danger free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a home for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy.

No home on earth is like it,  
Or can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus,  
Shall wear it by-and-by.  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On all who've found His favour,  
And loved His Name below.

5 There's a song for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing,  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And a palm of victory.  
All, all, above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone:  
Oh come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

## Hymn 21

("Jesus loves me")

- 1 *Bleeding* Lamb of Calvary,  
'Twas our sins which pierced Thee;  
'Twas our sins which made Thee bear,  
All that weight of anguish there.

Yes, loving Saviour!  
In blessing, O bless me!

- 2 *Dying* Lamb of Calvary,  
On the cross our Surety,  
There Thou didst Thy life-blood give,  
That poor dying ones might live.

- 3 *Pleading* Lamb of Calvary,  
Pleading e'en upon the tree;  
All who helped to nail Thee there,  
Have an interest in that prayer.

- 4 *Rising* Lamb of Calvary,  
From the powers of darkness free;  
Lord of life and glory, now,  
Peace and pardon to bestow.

- 5 *Coming* Lamb of Calvary,  
Coming that Thine own may be  
Evermore before Thy face,  
Living trophies of Thy grace!



## Hymn 22

(*"Call them in"*)

- 1 Now may heavenly benediction,  
Rest upon us as we go,  
May a wave of heavenly blessing;  
O'er our spirits gently flow,  
Each to Jesus' care commending,  
Through the darkness and the light,  
As we wish each other fondly,  
Peace be with you,—peace—good night.
  
- 2 Partings here but make the dwelling  
Of the Father's house more sweet;  
There the parting salutation,  
Never shall the ransom'd greet;  
Perfect there and ever dwelling,  
Ever drinking fresh delight,  
Saints shall rest, but here we're breathing  
Peace be with you,—peace—good night.
  
- 3 Who can say what yet awaits us,  
As our journey we pursue?  
Shall we be again together—  
Who may answer—who can know?  
Yet the heavenly vision meets us—  
Sweet the music, fair the sight!  
As once more our voices mingle—  
Peace be with you,—peace—good night.

Hymn 23      (*"Crown Him Lord of all"*)

- 1    How good and pleasant are the sounds  
      When on the ear they fall,—  
      "Bring forth the royal diadem,  
      And crown Him Lord of all."

          And crown Him "Lord of all."

- 2    Thus happy saints their tribute bring,  
      And thus their Lord extol—  
      "Bring forth the royal diadem,  
      And crown Him Lord of all."

- 3    And shall not children join the song,  
      The glad triumphal call—  
      "Bring forth the royal diadem,  
      And crown Him Lord of all?"

- 4    Yes, loving Him, they, too, can sing,  
      As ransomed from the fall—  
      "Bring forth the royal diadem,  
      And crown Him Lord of all."

Hymn 24      (*"Kind words can never die"*)

- 1    God's Word can never die,  
      Never decay;  
      Earth may in ruins lie,  
      Time pass away;

Scripture, alone divine,  
Bright will for ever shine,  
Brilliant for aye each line,  
    Steadfast and sure;  
God's Word can never die,  
    No, never die.

2      Christ's love can never die,  
        Though He is gone,  
Far, far, above the sky—  
        Up to the throne;  
His love remains the same;  
'Tis an eternal flame;  
Like His own precious Name,  
        Never will change;  
Christ's love can never die,  
        No, never die.

3      Our souls can never die.  
        Solemn, and true!  
Why then, dear children, why,  
        Trifles pursue?  
Make choice of life to-day,  
Christ is the Truth, the Way;  
Hark! hear Him sweetly say—  
        "Come unto Me."  
Our souls can never die,  
        No, never die.

## Hymn 25 (*"God be with you till we meet again"*)

- 1 Farewell, loved ones, till we meet again;  
    May the Lord His blessing send us,  
    May His loving power defend us;  
Farewell, till we meet—we meet again;  
    Till we meet..... till we meet.....  
        Till we meet at Jesu's feet.  
        Till we meet.....till we meet;  
Farewell, till we meet— we meet again.
- 2 Farewell, loved ones, till we meet again;  
    More and more of Jesus knowing,  
    Peace o'er all our spirits flowing;  
Farewell, till we meet—we meet again.
- 3 Farewell, loved ones, till we meet again;  
    Or—should close life's fleeting story—  
    Till we meet, each one, in glory,  
Farewell, till we meet—we meet again.

## Hymn 26 (*"Beneath the Cross of Jesus"*)

- 1 O Lord, we raise our voices,  
    To thank Thee for Thy love,  
For every mercy cometh down,  
    From Thee, the Lord, above.  
Thou art the great Creator,  
    And Thou sustaineth all;  
Thy love, Thy grace, Thy mercy, Lord,  
    We thankfully extol.

2 We thank Thee for the sunshine,  
We thank Thee for the showers,  
We thank Thee for the sweet seed time,  
We thank Thee for the flowers.  
We thank Thee for the harvests,  
We thank Thee for the Spring,  
We thank Thee for all seasons, Lord,  
And all the wealth they bring.

We thank Thee for Thy goodness,  
For health we now enjoy,  
For strength, and all our reasoning powers,  
And every source of joy,—  
For seeing, feeling, hearing,  
For friends, and kindred dear,  
And all the thousand favours, Lord,  
Bestowed upon us here.

4 We thank Thee for our raiment,  
We thank Thee for our food:  
But,—most of all—thank we Thy name,  
For Calvary's cleansing blood,  
For all the heavenly knowledge,  
Thy Word to us imparts;  
O God, for all we render Thee,  
The tribute of our hearts.

## Hymn 27 (*"Who is He in yonder stall?"*)

1 Who shall rest in heaven at last,  
All earth's sorrows overpast ?

They who know redemption's story,  
They who love the Lord of glory,  
They before His face shall fall,  
They shall crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Who shall form the happy band,  
There before the Lamb to stand?
- 3 Who—the crown of life obtain,  
And with Jesus ever reign?
- 4 Who in untold bliss shall dwell,  
And salvation's anthem swell?
- 5 Who the streets of gold shall tread,  
Brightest glory round them spread?
- 6 Who shall chant before the throne—  
“Worthy is the Lamb alone”?
- 7 Who shall meet on glory's shore,  
Grieving, sighing, partings o'er?
- 8 Who, arrayed in white, so pure  
Entering—shall go out no more?

## Hymn 28 (*“I feel like singing all the time”*)

- 1 The mighty Lord of all the earth,  
Was once a child like me.  
The Son of God, who lived to show  
What children dear should be.

Come, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him on  
the way,  
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him every day.

- 2 Obedient, tender, loving, meek,  
So holy, and so true,  
The Father's blessed, perfect will,  
Was His delight to do.
- 3 And from that state of childhood pure,  
As years their courses ran,  
He lived—the Father's well beloved—  
Then died for guilty man.
- 4 Raised from the dead, no more to die,  
He lives in heaven's abode;  
The Holy Ghost proclaiming still, —  
"Behold the Lamb of God."
- 5 O Saviour, Thee I would behold,  
And seek for grace to be  
In all my thoughts, and words, and ways,  
Each moment, more like Thee.

## Hymn 29 (*"How many sheep are straying"*)

- 1 How many children hearken  
To Satan's flattering voice;  
How many children wander,  
And make the world their choice;

Their hearts thus sadly steeling  
Against the good and true;  
Time lost and sorrow garnered,  
For future years to rue.

O why should they still be straying,  
And in paths of danger roam,  
When the Saviour up there, in the  
palace fair,  
Is calling the lost ones home.

2 Yes, Jesu's voice is speaking,  
In tones which should be heard,  
And all He sweetly utters  
Is treasured in His Word,  
His Word—of light the fulness,  
Life's only guide and rule,  
To make its progress happy,  
Its closing beautiful.

3 How good and blest and pleasant,  
Are wisdom's golden ways!  
Not fairer is the rainbow  
With all its peerless rays;  
Youth lost is gone for ever!  
Its years will not return;  
How sweet to see youth's fervour  
In all its brightness burn!



## Hymn 30 (*"When the mists have rolled away"*)

- 1 Who can paint the peerless beauty  
Of the home of rest up there!  
Who describe its matchless splendour!  
Who its hallowed joys declare!  
Shining on, and shining ever,  
One resplendent, glorious day;  
And the vision only tarries  
Till the mists have rolled away,  
We shall know.. ...as we are known.....  
If in Christ.....before the throne,  
In the dawning of the morning,  
Of that bright and happy day,  
When the vision is unfolded,  
When the mists have rolled away.
- 2 Here—our summers merge in winter,  
Here—our day to darkness speeds;  
There—the sun is ever shining,  
Brightness never there recedes;  
There—life's crystal river glideth,  
By its banks the ransomed stray,  
And the vision only tarries  
Till the mists have rolled away.
- 3 What a change! from earth to heaven!  
What a change! from tears to bliss!  
From the darkness of the desert,  
To the fount of happiness!  
Told, and yet for ever telling,  
What its fulness—who can say!

And the vision only tarries  
Till the mists have rolled away!

**Hymn 31**      (*"Art thou weary?"*)

- 1    Little children sang the praises  
      Of the Lord, of old,  
      When the hearts of scribes and rulers  
      Were so cold.
- 2    Yes, they chanted their "Hosannas!"  
      All along the road;  
      And on them His sweetest smiles  
      Christ bestowed.
- 3    Had they ceased, the Saviour told them,  
      E'en the stones would cry;  
      O how lovely were those children  
      In His eye!
- 4    Still He loves the praise of children  
      Who in Him believe;  
      And to them a place in glory  
      He will give.
- 5    There they shall be ever praising  
      Him the Lamb once slain;  
      Sweeter song than once was chanted—  
      Heaven's own strain.

## Hymn 32

(*"Hark! hark! my soul"*)

- 1 Hark! hark! the voice of Jesus sweetly speaking,  
Telling of love which measure knows nor bound,  
Like summer breezes o'er the landscape sweeping,  
List to the gentle and peacegiving sound.  
Saviour, speak on, and give the ear of hearing  
Bid words from glory round my heart  
entwine;  
Let not my soul, as 'mid fierce storms careering  
Lose in the tumult that still voice of Thine.
- 2 "Come, come, to me," from sin's sad ways re-  
turning,  
"Come, come to me," and find thy pardon  
sealed;  
Over thy steps a Saviour's heart is yearning,  
Bow to His sceptre, and submissive, yield.
- 3 Say not thy folly is too great for pardon,  
His is a love tongue never yet has told;  
Lingering, alas! will but thy spirit harden,  
Yield to the love which would thy soul enfold.
- 4 Pass to the banquet! Jesu's voice entreats thee,  
Earth's pleasures woo thy spirit then in vain;  
Resting in love—a love which waits to greet thee,  
Peace o'er thy spirit shall most sweetly reign.
- 5 Pardon and peace! all other boons transcending,  
Shall by thy soul, once trembling, be possessed;  
And every step of life be upward tending,  
Till welcomed to thy everlasting rest.

## Hymn 33      ("O turn e! O turn ye!")

- 1 Sing softly; for Jesus is passing this way  
Salvation proclaiming, and mercy's glad day,  
The night of this world is fast hastening along,  
He speaks ere its last fading shadow is gone.  
    Fading away; fading away;  
    Sing softly; earth's glories are fading away.
- 2 Sing softly; for solemnly closes the day,  
The time of acceptance is ebbing away;  
Like Sodom's fair morning earth's sun may arise!  
Ere evening thick darkness may cover the skies!
- 3 Sing softly; it might be our last closing song,  
The moments, so solemn, are passing along;  
The sweet flowing cadence might scarce die away,  
Ere voices are tuned in the region of day.
- 4 Sing softly; the star of the morning appears,  
It rose in the distance, but see! how it nears!  
Faith catches its brightness, its summons to soar,  
To Jesu's bright presence!—peace, joy, evermore!
- 5 Sing softly; He cometh, with voice which is  
    known,  
To lead heaven's anthems with sweet loving tone;  
Sing softly; that each waiting spirit be stirred  
As the voice of the Master's dear accent is heard





Newport, Isle of Wight :

FREDK. LEE,

53, PYLE STREET.

