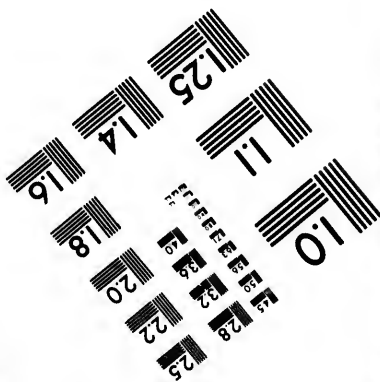
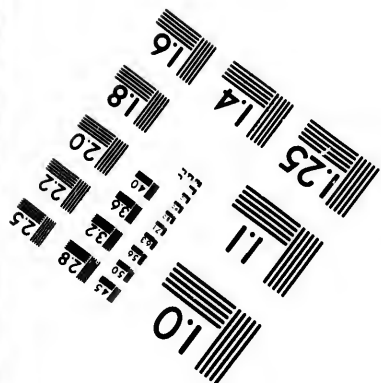
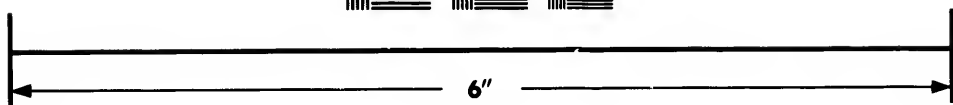
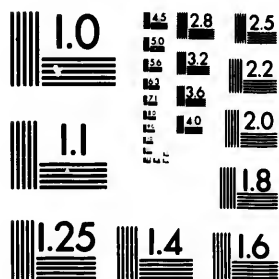


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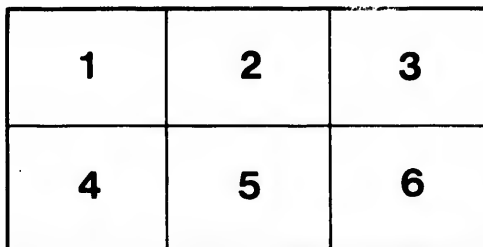
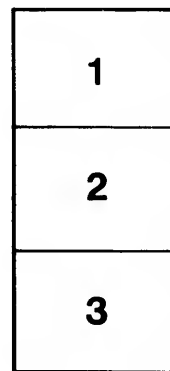
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TORON

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Mrs J. Forester

IRISH
REVIVAL
HYMNS.

"O Lord revive thy work."—HAB. III. 2.

"Singing and making melody in your hearts unto
the Lord."—EPH. V. 19.

FIRST CANADIAN EDITION.

HAMILTON, C. W.,

PUBLISHED BY R. D. WADSWORTH.

1860.

Price Three Cents each, or \$2:00 per 100.



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KIA 28
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PRINTER,
CORNER OF KING AND JAMES STREETS

IRISH
REVIVAL HYMNS.

THE DAYLIGHT IS BREAKING. P. M.

Song of Solomon ii. 17.

The night is far spent;
The daylight is breaking;
The birds and the bees,
And the flow'rs are awaking.
Awake thou, my soul,
And bring an oblation
Of praise and of prayer
To the God of creation!

Hallelujah to the Lamb;
The day-spring to cheer us!
All around us is calm,
When Jessu is near us.

On mountains and plains
The show'rs now are falling;
"Awake, my beloved ones,"
The Spirit is calling;
He calls loud to some,
In the voice of his thunder;

ARKER
TER,
D JAMES STREETS

His still and small voice
To others a wonder.
Hallelujah, &c.

Like doves to their windows,
The new-born are flying,
And upwards and onwards
Their strength they are trying.
My beloved is mine,
And His I am ever ;
We ne'er shall be parted —
Oh, never!—no, never!
Hallelujah, &c.

“COME TO JESUS.” P.

Matthew xi. 28.

Oh! come, ye weary! rest in me ;
Come to me—come to me ;
I come to set the captive free ;
Come to me—come to me ;

I am the door, now enter in ;
I conquered death, and hell, and sin,
That you a glorious crown might win
Come to me—come to me!

Oh! come, thou wandering sinner—
Come to me— come to me
For thee I have prepared a home ;
Come to me—come to me

TORON

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all voice
ponder.
h, &c.

their windows,
are flying,
and onwards
they are trying.
ine,
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e parted—
o, never!
n, &c.

"O JESUS." P. M.
ew xi. 28.

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crown might win;
ne—come to me!

dering sinner—come;
ne—come to me!
ared a home;
ne—come to me!

And though thy sins as scarlet be,
White as snow they're made by me!
Sinner! I am all in all to thee;
Come to me—come to me!

Oh! come and prove me and believe;
Come to me—come to me!
And thou a blessing shall receive!
Come to me—come to me!
Heaven's windows I will open wide,
And pour on thee a mighty tide—
Rivers of joy that shall abide;
Come to me—come to me!

Now, in mine own reviving time,
Come to me—come to me!
Let every country—every clime—
Come to me—come to me!
When I have vanquished every foe,
Then every land my name shall know,
And every heart with love shall glow
Unto me—unto me!

Sing praises with a cheerful voice
Unto me—unto me!
Oh! sing a new song and rejoice;
Come to me—come to me!
Come, bathe your soul in fervent prayer;
Tell unto me your every care;
And, lo! my spirit shall be there;
Peace to thee—peace to thee!

THE BLOOD OF JESUS. I

1 John, i. 7.

Where blood was sprinkled on the
The angel passed that dwelling o'er
But when the midnight cry arose,
Loud was the wail of Israel's foes.

Blood, Lord, our guilty souls require
Blood to assuage avenging ire ;
Blood to remove the stains of sin
From all without—from all within.

Jesus! thy hands, and feet, and side
An ample fountain did provide.
Oh! wash us in that crimson sea ;
Cleans us, and we shall cleansed be.

And thou, O blessed Spirit! come,
Breathe now on every heart and home
Our souls from Satan's snares release
Convict—convert—give perfect peace

Peace, which to pardoned sinners flows
Peace, which true faith and hope bestows
Peace, which proclaims itself sincere
By walk and holy converse here.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Attune your harps, ye heavenly hosts

TORONTO

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D OF JESUS. L. M.

John, i. 7.

sprinkled on the door,
 that dwelling o'er ;
 a wailing cry arose,
 of Israel's foes.

filthy souls require—
 quenching ire ;
 the stains of sin
 from all within.

and feet, and side
 should provide.
 that crimson sea ;
 shall cleansed be.

O Spirit! come,
 every heart and home ;
 our snare's release!—
 give perfect peace!

condemned sinners flows ;
 with and hope bestows ;
 claims itself sincere
 converse here.

and Holy Ghost ;
 O ye heavenly host!

Earth sends to heaven a new-born lay—
 "Thousands converted in a day!"

—
 NOW IN CHRIST. P. M.

Rom. viii. 1.

Now in Christ! He's mine for ever ;
 Life nor death can ne'er us sever.
 Nearer—dearer—there's no other ;
 He's my own my elder brother !

Now in Christ, His free salvation
 Fills my soul with consolation,
 Offered free to each that listeth—
 Unto every one that thirsteth.

Now in Christ! the Spirit teaching,
 To my new-born heart is preaching—
 Quick'ning now, and then renewing ;
 Though I'm faint I am pursuing.

Now in Christ! I look around me
 Wond'ring how that Jesus found me—
 Found me lone and helpless straying ;
 Found me prayerless—left me praying!

Now in Christ! the word gives pleasure,
 More desired than golden treasure—

Sweeter than the honey flowing,
Life and light and peace bestowing.

Now in Christ! I am forgiven.
Oh for wings to fly to heaven;
Singing as I'm upward soaring—
Singing, singing, and adoring.

“GO AND SIN NO MORE.” C

John viii. 11.

Go, now, and sin no more! your name
Is registered above:
A goodly heritage is thine
Of holiness and love.

Go, now, and sin no more! you have
A good profession made:
He's near who said, in accents sweet
“'Tis I; be not afraid.”

Be not afraid of aught below
But sin, for it is shame;
The Serpent, that at first beguiled,
Is evermore the same.

Oh! shun the very first approach
Of sin and its embrace:

TORON

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Money flowing,
Peace bestowing.

Forgiven.
To heaven;
And soaring—
I adoring.

NO MORE." C. M.

viii. 11.

No more! your name
Love:
Is thine
Love.

No more! you have
On made:
I, in accents sweet,
Afraid."

Right below
Shame;
At first beguiled,
Same.

First approach
Embrace:

Trust not in man, nor in yourself,
But trust in Sovereign Grace.

Before the world you have affixed
Your seal that God is true:
And Jesus and the Holy Ghost
Are witnesses for you.

Go, sin no more, lest unto you
A worse thing may befall:
Let Christ your great example be—
Your strength—your all-in-all

—
" ABIDE IN ME." P. M.

John xv. 4.

Oh! come, ye saints, abide in me,
Cling to me;
Your rock and refuge I will be—
I will be;
Close as the branch is to the vine;
I with my chosen ones entwine.
For I am theirs, and they are mine—
Dear to me.

Lambs of the flock, abide in me—
Rest in me:
Your shepherd I will ever be—
Ever be;

You aged, I'm your staff and stay
 Your fire by night, your cloud by day
 As through the wilderness you stray
 Lean on me.

Ye hidden ones, abide in me—
 Live in me;
 Lift up your hands, and bend the knee
 Unto me;
 And, now, when in the midst of joy
 My Spirit's glorious work appears,
 My hand shall wipe away your tears
 Look to me.

Come ask of me whatever you will
 Ask of me;
 With bread thy hungry soul I'll fill
 Food for thee;
 Ask earnestly, and I shall give;
 Oh! ask in faith—believe and live
 Wrestle in prayer—prevail—receive
 All from me.

Now, in mine own reviving day,
 I'm with thee,
 Shedding from heaven the Spirit's dew
 Down on thee;
 And when in dark temptation's hour
 When clouds of sin and sorrow lower
 My grace shall be sufficient power
 Unto thee.

TORONTO

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our staff and stay,
 at, your cloud by day,
 wilderness you stray—
 an on me.

abide in me—
 ve in me:
 ls, and bend the knee
 to me;
 in the midst of years,
 us work appears,
 pe away your tears.
 ok to me.

whatever you will;
 k of me;
 ungary soul I'll fill;
 od for thee;
 d I shall give;
 believe and live;
 —prevail—receive—
 from me.

reviving day,
 with thee,
 ven the Spirit's ray
 yn on thee;
 temptation's hour,
 and sorrow lower,
 sufficient power
 o thee.

THE WORD. C. M.

Psalm cxix. 18.

In these reviving times, O Lord,
 Open mine eyes to see
 The wondrous things within thy Word,
 That I may quickened be.

The wisdom of the world is weak,
 God's law exalts the mind;
 And those who for its treasures seek,
 Are always sure to find.

Where'er the Spirit sheds His power,
 And wins the heart's control,
 The Word, like to a balmy shower,
 Falls on the thirsty soul

To those in Christ new-born again,
 The Bible still supplies
 Lessons as precious as they're plain,
 And simple as they're wise.

Nor book profane, nor idle lay,
 Can e'er attract me more:
 Unstable all, they melt away
 Like foam upon the shore.

God's law is perfect, pure, and free
 Our rule of faith while here ;
 The compass on life's troubl'd sea,
 Our feeble bark to steer.

— — —
 PRAYER. L. M.

Luke xi. 1.

WHEN sin lay heavy on my broast,
 And agonized my troubled mind,
 Tossed to and fro, I sought for rest,
 But peace with God I could not find.

Kind friends were near, with soothing words,
 As feeble on my bed I lay ;
 But friendship little help affords
 Unto the heart that cannot pray.

“ Lord, help, I perish ! ” now my cry :
 Christ saw me naked—in distress ;
 Unto the cross he raised mine eye,
 And clothed me with His righteousness.

And now the power of prayer I know
 Like wrestling Jacob I prevailed :
 I asked—received—and felt the glow
 Within my heart that I was healed.

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et, pure, and free—
 while here;
 fe's troubl'd sea,
 to steer.

R. L. M.

xi. 1.

on my broast,
 troubled mind,
 ought for rest,
 d I could not find.

r, with soothing words,
 d I lay;
 help affords
 cannot pray.

!" now my cry:
 d—in distress;
 ed mine eye,
 ith His righteousness.

f prayer I know;
 o I prevailed:
 d felt the glow
 at I was healed.

Prayer is the captive's lonely cry,
 Uprising from his loathsome cell;
 Prayer is the wail of agony,
 When threatened with the grasp of hell!

Prayer is the waving of the hand,
 As sinks the body neath the wave:
 Heaven's mercy never will withstand
 The earnest cry of Faith to save!

PRAISE. P. M.

Psalm cxxxv. 1.

COME, awakened souls, adore Him,
 Jesus hears your songs on high;
 Now when thousand tongues implore Him
 "Help, oh help us, or we die!"
 Oh, revive us—
 Holy Spirit, grace supply.

Songs of praise to heaven ascending,
 Mingle notes with cherubim;
 And with hallelujahs blending,
 Swell the strains of seraphim.
 Lord, revive us,
 Speak to us in psalm and hymn.

While a new song we are raising,
 In these days of Gospel light;
 Now when prayer, the Word, and pra
 Are to us a chief delight,
 Lord, revive us,
 Oh revive us in thy might.

When on golden harps we'll praise the
 With the angel choir above,
 Higher, holier songs we'll raise thee,
 Anthems of redeeming love,
 O revive us,
 Holy Spirit search and prove.

CHRIST IS ALL. P.M.

Col. iii. 11.

CHIEF of sinners though I be,
 Jesus shed his blood for me,
 Died, that I might live on high,
 Lived, that I might never die;
 As the branch is to the vine,
 I am his and he is mine.

Love that found me, wondrous thoug
 Found me when I sought him not ;

TORON

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Oh! the height of Jesus' love,
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity.

Jesus only can impart
Balm to heal the smitten heart;
Peace, that flows from sin forgiven,
Joy, that lifts the soul to heaven;
Faith and hope to walk with God,
In the way that Enoch trod.

Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own:
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains the hidden life.

Oh! my Saviour, help afford,
By thy Spirit and thy Word;
When my wayward heart would stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Grace in time of need supply,
While I live—and when I die.

“ THE MASTER IS COME, AND
CALLETH FOR THEE.”

John xi. 28.

THE Master is come, and he calleth for thee,
Accept of the call, and for ever be free,
When once he is come to the part of thy
heart.

He comes to abide, and shall never depart.

He comes to the weary, and rest he shall
give;

He comes to the blind, and he shall
open their eyes;

He comes to the soul heavy laden with
sin—

He knocks at the door, and in love
comes in.

The Master is come and he calls thy
name,

And writes in his book of remembrance
thy name;

There written, thy name shall for ever
be enrolled

With the lambs of his flock, and the
sheep of his fold.

TORONTO

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BRIS

HE IS COME, AND
FOR THEE.”

xi. 25.

and he calleth for thee,
and for ever be free;
come to the penitent
and shall never depart.

weary, and rest he sup-

blind, and he opens

soul heavy laden with

door, and in love he

and he calls thee by

book of remembrance the

name shall for aye be

his flock, and the sheep

By his Spirit he comes, as on wings of a
dove,
Refreshing thy soul with the dew of his
love:
He comes by his Word, with the message
of peace,
And gives to the sin-holden captive release.

Oh, sinner! come *now*, and no longer delay.
To Jesus, the life, and the truth, and the
way;
His offered salvation accept, and be free—
The Master is come, and he calleth for thee.

NOT OF WORKS. S. M.

Eph. ii. 9.

No works that I can do
Can wash away my sin;
I feel there's guilt where'er I go,
Without me and within.

My heart deceitful is,
My hands to evil prone,
My feet are swift to run astray,
My tongue to truth unknown.

Naked, and poor, and blind,
 O Lord, I come to thee;
 Jesus, give love and light and peace,
 Be all in all to me.

None other refuge near,
 Thou art my hope and stay,
 Be thou my help in time of need,
 The life, the truth, the way.

Come, Holy Spirit, now,
 To every heart and home;
 O come, revive and comfort me,
 Come, Jesus, quickly come.

THE GARDEN OF SPICES. L

Solomon's Song iv. 16.

AWAKE, O wind from north and south
 And blow upon my garden fair;
 Oh come, beloved one, oh come,
 And gather myrrh and spices there.

My love among the lillies feeds,
 And beautiful he is to see;
 More comely than Jerusalem,
 Or Gilead's flocks he is to me.

My love, my dove, my undefiled,
 Oh come, revive, new life impart;

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r, and blind,
ne to thee;
and light and peace,
to me.

ge near,
hope and stay,
p in time of need,
truth, the way.

irit, now,
rt and home;
and comfort me,
quickly come.

OF SPICES. L.M.

s Song iv. 16.

m north and south,
ny garden fair;
ne, oh come,
a and spices there.

illies feeds,
is to see;
erusalem,
he is to me.

ny undefiled,
new life impart;

Oh place thy left hand 'neath my head,
Thy right hand near my drooping heart.

Set me a seal upon thine arm,
For Oh! thy love is strong as death,
Deeper than deepest depths it flows,
Unquenchable as floods beneath.

For my beloved one is mine,
And I am his for evermore;
His Holy Spirit can revive.
Convict, convert, and peace restore.

— — —
"THE STILL SMALL VOICE." P. M.

1 Kings xix. 11, 12.

He cometh, he cometh! the Lord passeth
by;
The mountains are rending, the tempest is
nigh;
The winds are tumultuous, the rocks are
o'ercast;
But the Lord of the Prophet is not in the
blast.

He cometh, he cometh! the Lord he is
near;
The earth it is reeling, all nature's in fear;

The earthquake's approaching with
ble form ;
But the Lord of Sabbath is not in
storm.

He cometh, he cometh ! the Lord is in
The smoke is ascending, the mount
fire ;
O say, is Jehovah revealing his name !
He is near, but Jehovah is not in the

He cometh, he cometh ! the tempest is
He is come, neither tempest nor storm
be more ;
All nature reposes—earth, ocean and
Are still as the voice that descends from
high.

How sweet to the soul are the breaths
of peace,
When the still voice of pardon bids sin
to cease—
When the welcome of mercy falls soft
the ear,
“Come hither, ye laden—ye weary
near !”

There is rest for the soul that on Jesus
lies,

TORON

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BRIS

There's a home for the homeless prepar'd in
 the skies ;
 There's a joy in believing, a hope and a
 stay,
 That the world cannot give, nor the world
 take away.

O had I the wings of a dove I would fly,
 And mount on the pinions of faith to the
 sky,
 Where the still and small breathing to
 earth that was given
 Shall be changed to the anthem and chorus
 of heaven.

WE HAIL A NEW CREATION. P.M.

John iii. 3,

FROM Ulster's vales and mountains,
 We raise a song of praise,
 The Lord hath filled our fountains,
 In these reviving days ;
 With living waters gushing
 From streams of pure delight,
 The Holy Spirit rushing
 On wings of heavenly light.

We hail a new creation,
 A new and happy reign,

The birthright and relation
 Of being born again,
 And now we march to heaven,
 Our own, our fatherland,
 "Upward," the word is given.
 We travel hand in hand.

Oh, may the great salvation,
 Of this refreshing time,
 Reach every land and nation,
 And lighten every clime,
 Till Jesus' name be written,
 And known from shore to shore,
 And every heart be smitten,
 And every tongue adore.

ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'

Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands;

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BEL

Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 While my eye-strings break in death;
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgement throne;
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

Toplady.

WHAT'S THE NEWS.

Where'er we meet you always say,
 What's the news! What's the news?
 Pray, what's the order of the day?
 What's the news! what's the news?
 Oh! I have got good news to tell,
 My Saviour hath done all things well,
 And triumphed over death and hell;
 That's the news! That's the news.

The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
 To set a world of sinners free,
 'Twas there his precious blood was s
 'Twas there he bowed his sacred hea
 But now he's risen from the dead.

To heaven above the Conqueror's go
 He's passed triumphant to his throne
 And on that throne he will remain,
 Until, as Judge, he comes again,
 Attended by a dazzling train.

His work's reviving all around—
 And many have redemption found,
 And since their souls have caught the
 They shout Hosanna to his name;
 And all around they spread his fame

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
 I feel the witness now within—
 And since he took my sins away,
 And taught me how to watch and pr
 I'm happy now from day to day—

And Christ the Lord can save you to
 Your sinful heart he can renew—
 This moment, if for sins you grieve,
 This moment if you do believe,
 A full acquittal you'll receive—



TORON

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BRIS

on Calvary,
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 ous blood was shed,
 d his sacred head.
 om the dead.

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 ant to his throne,
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 ow wthin—
 y sins away,
 to watch and pray,
 n day to day—

d can save you too—
 e can renew—
 sins you grieve,
 do believe,
 'll receive—

And now if any one should say—
 What's the news? What's the news?
 O tell them you 've begun to pray—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 That you have join'd the conquering band,
 And now with joy at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land—
 That's the news! That's the news!

— — —
 JUST AS I AM. 8s & 6s.

Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not,
 To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in thee I find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt;
 Fightings within, and fears without—
 O Lamb of God I come.

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone
 O Lamb of God, I come.

—
 JUST AS THOU ART. L.

Just as thou art—without one trace
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,
 O guilty sinner, come, O come!

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree!
 The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
 That peace and pardon might be free—
 O wretched sinner, come, O come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
 O trembling sinner, come, O come!

“The Spirit and the bride say, Come;
 Rejoicing saints re-echo Come!

TORON

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n, cleanse, relieve,
I believe—
I come.

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thine alone
I come.

THOU ART. L. M.

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, O come!

lvary's tree!
were laid on me,
n might be free—
me, O come!

y boding fears,
y bursting tears;
ates thine ears:
ome, O come!

ride say, Come;"
no Come!

Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come
Thy Saviour bids thee, Come, O come!

—
"FOREVER WITH THE LORD."

[S. M. Double.

"Forever with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between,
Rough seas and stormy skies;

Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened
 Expands the bow of peace.

MY FATHER-LAND. 9s &

There is a place where my hopes are st
 My heart and my treasure are ther
 Where verdure and blossoms never fa
 And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS—

That blissful place is my father-land,
 By faith its delights I explore;
 Come favor my flight angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to the shore.

There is a place where the angels dw
 A pure and a peaceful abode;
 The joys of that place no tongue can
 But there is the palace of God.

There is a place where my friends are
 Who suffered and worshipped with
 Exalted with Christ high on his thron
 The King in his beauty they see.

There is a place where I hope to live
 When life and its labors are o'er;
 A place which the Lord to me will gi
 And then I shall sorrow no more.

TORON

R

BRLS

depart,
waters cease,
my gladdened heart
of peace.

ER-LAND. 9s & 8s.

my hopes are stayed,
treasure are there :
blossoms never fade,
nally fair.

my father-land,
ts I explore ;
angelic band,
ace to the shore.

re the angels dwell,
eeful abode ;
e no tongue can tell,
alace of God.

re my friends are gone,
worshipped with me ;
high on his throne,
eauty they see.

ere I hope to live,
labors are o'er ;
ord to me will give,
orrow no more.

SINNER CAN YOU HATE THE SAVIOUR

Now the Saviour stands, and pleading,
At the sinner's bolted heart ;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Undertaking sinners' part.

CHORUS—

Once he died for your behavior,
Now he calls you to his arms.
Sinner can you hate the Saviour,
Can you thrust him from your arms ?

Jesus stands, oh amazing !
Stands and knocks at every door ;
In his hands ten thousand blessings,
Proffer'd to the wretched poor, &c.

See him bleeding, dying, rising,
To prepare you heavenly rest ;
Listen, while he kindly calls you,
Hear, and be forever blest, &c.

Now he has not come to judgment,
To condemn your wretched race ;
But to ransom ruined sinners,
And display unbounded grace, &c.

Will you plunge in endless darkness,
There to bear eternal pain ;
Or to realms of glorious brightness,
Rise, and with him ever reign ? &c.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR

Beyond where Cedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go,
To sad Gethsemane;
His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

He bows beneath the sins of men;
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above,
"My Father, can this cup remove."

With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here thine only Son;
And Father, let thy will be done."

The Father heard: and, angels then
Sustained the Son of God in prayer
In Sad Gethsemane;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

VICTORY. P. M.

Happy the spirit released from its
Happy the soul that goes bounding

TORON

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ING SAVIOUR.

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Saviour go,
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and, angels there,
of God in prayer,
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nd joy again.

TORY. P. M.

released from its 'clay ;
at goes bounding away ;

Singing as upward it hastes to the skies,
" Victory ! Victory ! homeward I rise."
Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trouble and woe ;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory ! Victory ! thus on the wing.

There lies the wearisome body at rest ;
Closed are its eye-lids, and quiet its breast ;
But the glad spirit on pinions of light,
" Victory ! Victory !" sings in its flight.
While we are weeping our friends gone
from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth ;
" Welcome, oh welcome, to our happy shore,
Victory ! Victory ! weep ye no more.

How can we wish them recalled from their
home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam ?
Safely they passed from their troubles be-
neath,
" Victory ! Victory !" shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, 'till Christ from the
Skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise ;
Singing, as upward they spring from the
tomb,
" Victory ! Victory ! Jesus hath come."



TORON

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