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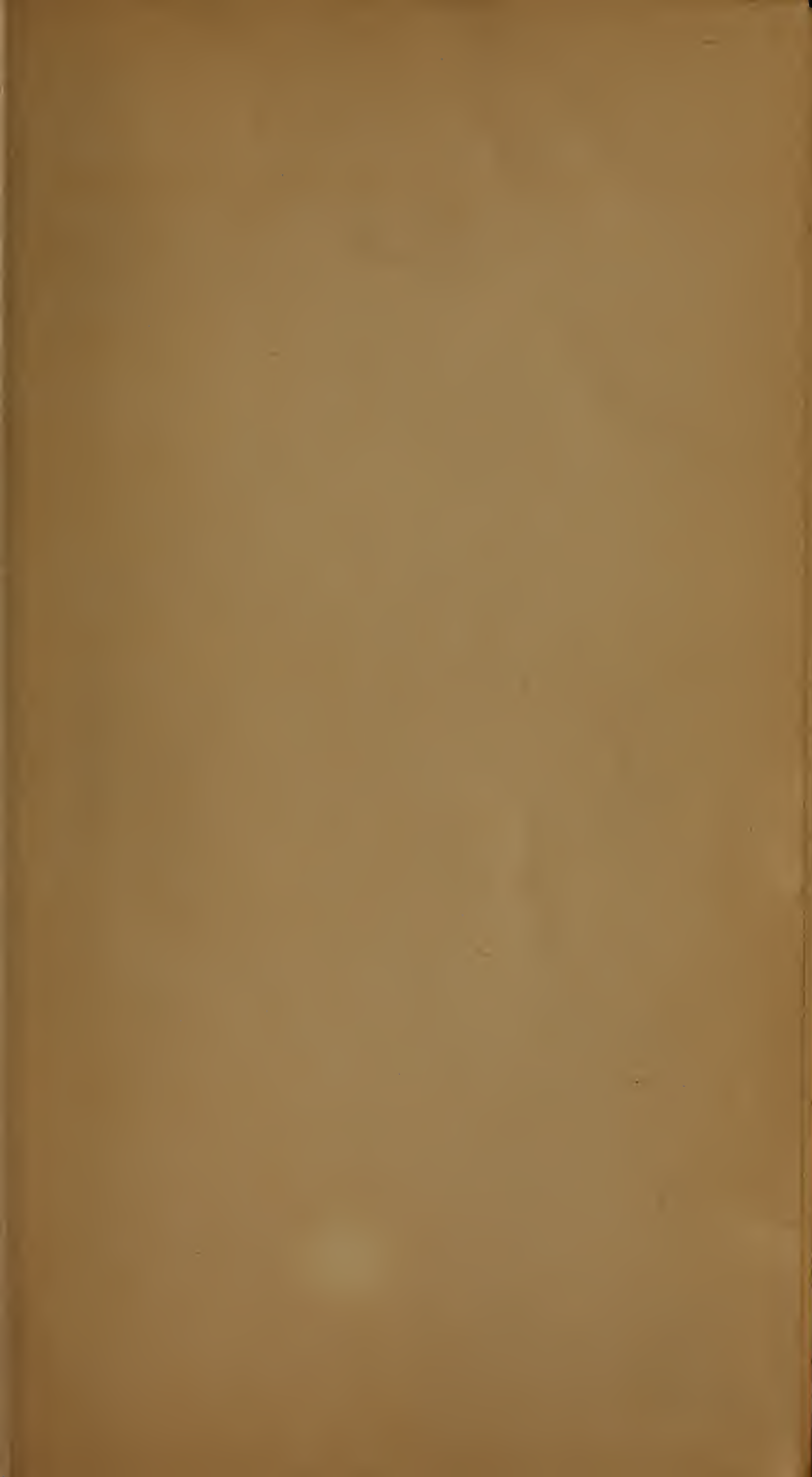
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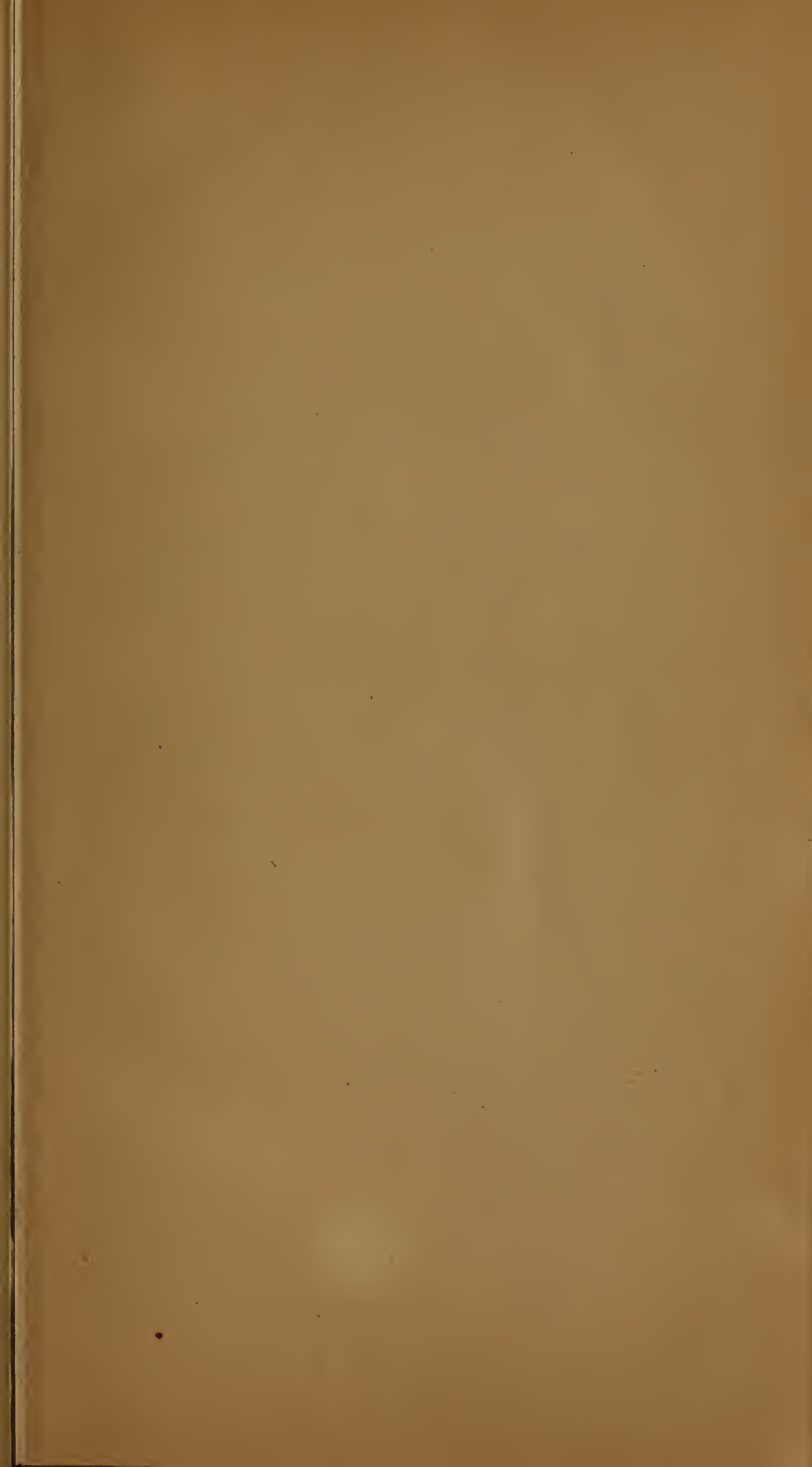
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Yours truly,

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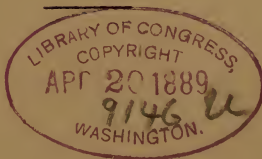
AND

OTHER HYMNS.

CHRISTIAN AND HUMANITARIAN.

Revised
BY
J. E. RANKIN.

33



NEW YORK :
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.

1889.

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BY

J. E. RANKIN.

TO
MARY THOMPSON WILLARD,
OF
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS :
THE QUEEN-DOWAGER
OF
THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.



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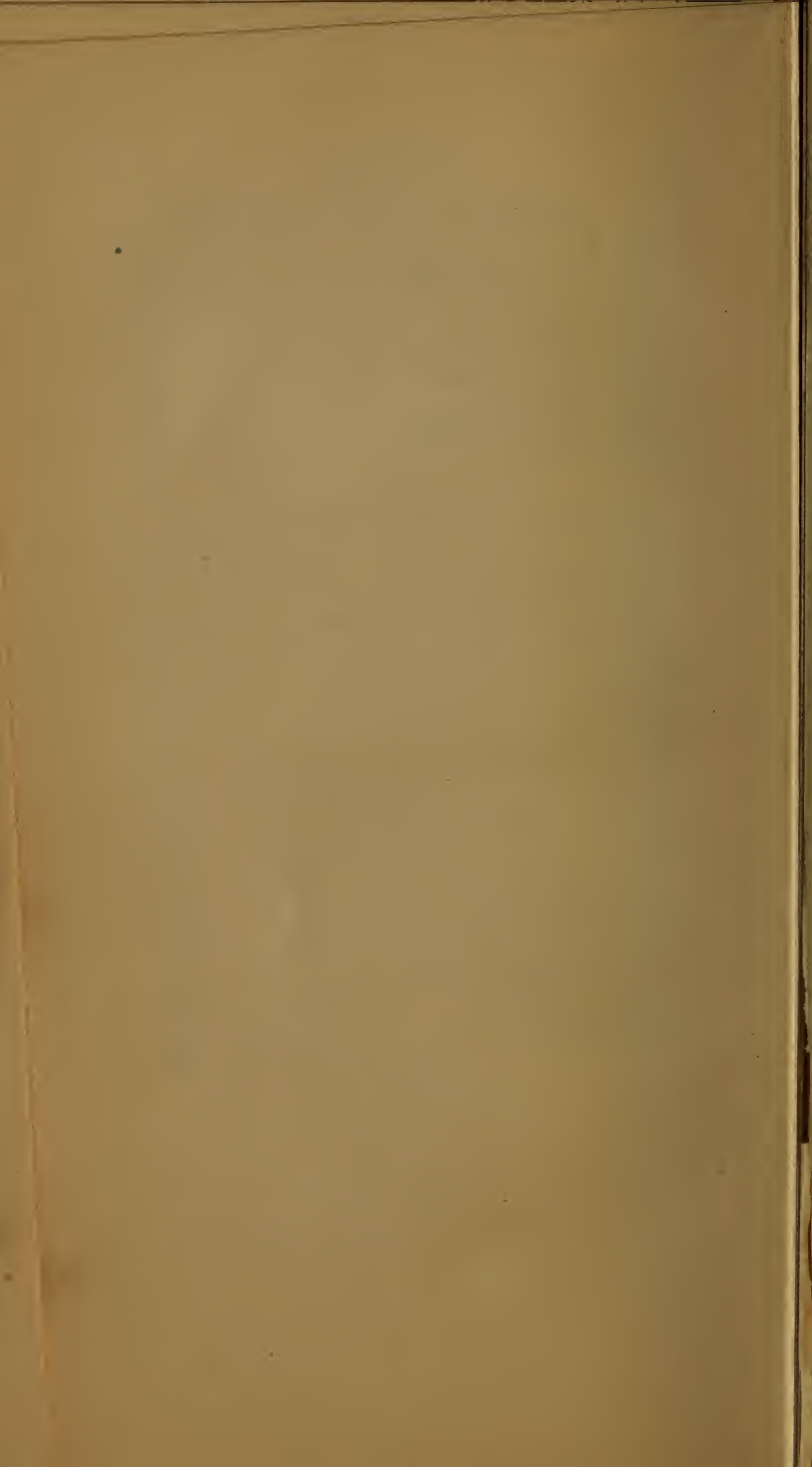
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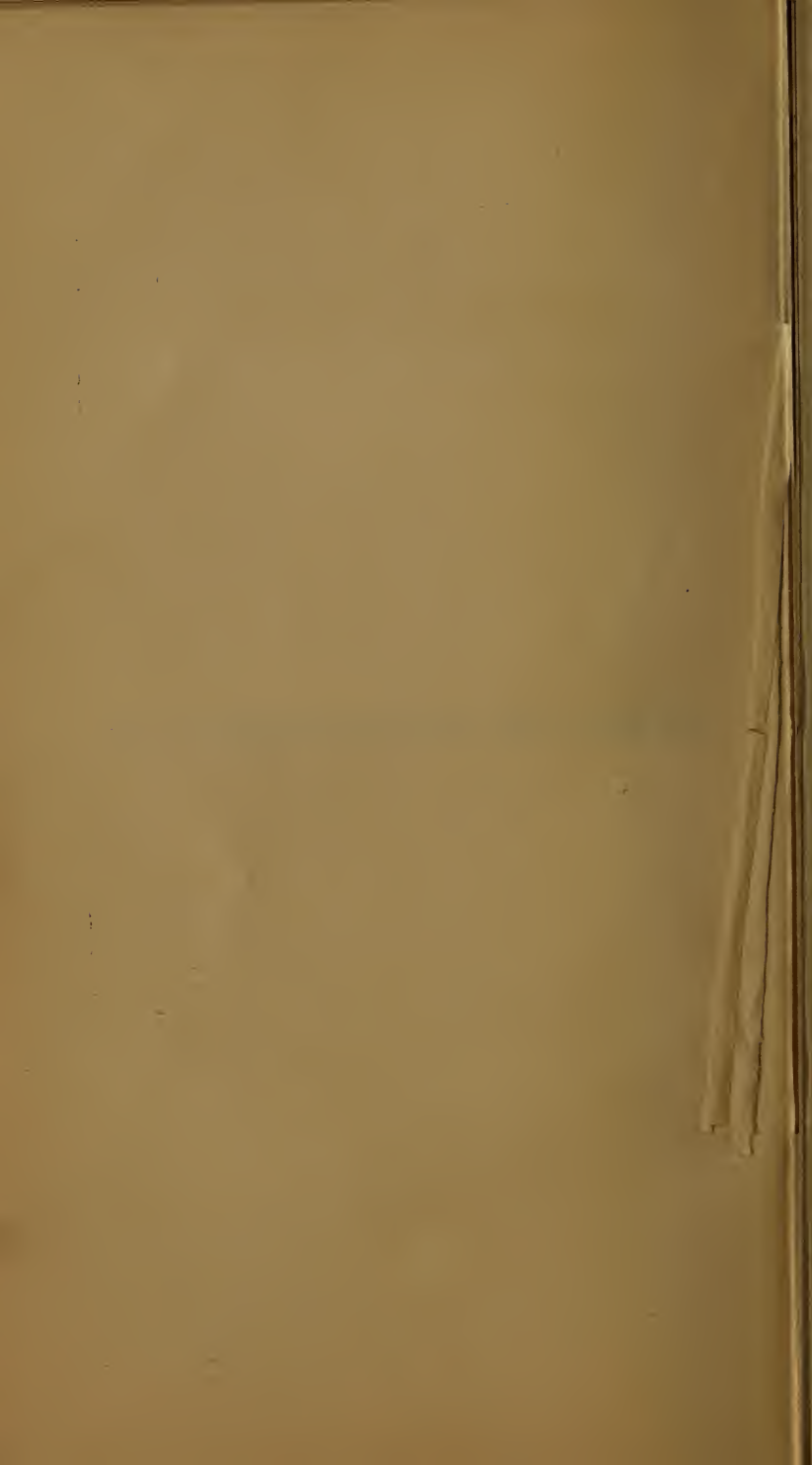
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HYMNS FOR FOREFATHERS' DAY.



HYMNS FOR FOREFATHERS' DAY.

THEY STOOD ALONE, OUR PILGRIM SIRES.

THEY stood alone, our Pilgrim sires !
 Behind, that waste of ocean ;
'Mid wintry wilds, lit Freedom's fires,
 To God paid their devotion ;
The roof which arched them was the sky,
 God's light upon their faces ;
Their prayers and praises lifted high,
 Made glad the desert places !

They stood alone ! They left behind
 The work of kings and sages ;
One perfect thought within their mind,
 The bloom of all the Ages ;
One perfect thought : That man is man
 His Father, God above him ;
No king nor priest to mar His plan ;
 They worship best who love Him.

They stood alone ! God in them stirred !
 The seed-corn of the nations,
Through faith in Him, the step they heard
 Of coming generations !

They see the forest wilds give way,
They see the desert blossom ;
The harvests, with their golden ray ;
Her gold gives up earth's bosom.

The prairies catch a richer bloom,
Where'er their sons are sowing ;
And famished peoples ask for room,
To glean their overflowing ;
Before their touch the Golden Gate
Obedient back is swinging,
And there Pacific's waters wait,
A hymn of welcome singing.

They stood alone ! They walk in white
Upon the page historic !
No fracture there, no stain to blight
That simple structure Doric.
They builded better than they knew ?
'Tis so of all God's builders ;
His perfect plan, when carried through,
Ah ! that man's thought bewilders.

Their faith was better than our sight,
They knew the sure foundation ;
They struggle forward toward the light :
God makes them thus a nation :

Content to be but stepping-stones
Where the great Builder lays them ;
Their simple faith He thus enthrones ;
Their work, their work shall praise them.

THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME.

THE word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder-Zee ;
Rise up my children of no name
My kings and priests to be.
There is an empire in the West,
Which I will soon unfold ;
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up my children, time is ripe !
Old things are passed away.
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe,
Too long they've had their day.
A little ship have I prepared
To bear you o'er the seas ;
And in your souls, my will declared,
Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry
I hear their voice, How long?
It mingles with their praises high,
And with their victor song.
The thing they longed and waited for,
But died without the sight;
So, this shall be! I wrong abhor,
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,
You've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,
And you shall build it too.
I'm tired of bishop's and their pride,
I'm tired of Kings as well;
Henceforth, I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Let all my captives be released;
Lift up, whom men cast down.
Their pastors let the people choose,
And choose their rulers too;
Whom they select, I'll not refuse,
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims' rose, at this God's word,
And sailed the wintry seas :
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,
Nor thought of wealth or ease.
They left the towers of Leyden town,
They left the Zuyder-Zee ;
And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

THE NEW WORLD'S SEED-CORN.

THE new world's seed-corn, there they stood,
December, sixteen-twenty :
The Sower saw, and called them good,
And left the old world's plenty.
Little or great, ah, what cares He ?
He saves by few or many ;
He knows in seed-corn how to see
The harvest, if there's any.

There was no room in all the earth,
Though it had whirled for ages,
For men as men, for simple worth ;
Except as serfs and pages !
Kings dressed them up in uniform,
War's trumpet called them louder,
They left home's hearthstone, snug and warm,
Fit food for foreign powder.

Thus saith the Lord, "I take a sieve,
 And in it shake the nations:
 I want some souls that God believe,
 With pomp I'm out of patience.
 Old crumbling empires I forsake,
 Men decked with stars and garters ;
 Give me some stuff that's fit to make
 Or heroes grand, or martyrs."

The Pilgrims heard this voice of God—
 So long in furnace chastened
 "Take ship," He said, "for lands untrod!"
 And to obey him hastened.
 "Take ship," He said, "I know the place,
 Put in your saws and axes,
 Where I can raise a stalwart race
 In spite of wars and taxes.

"Leave priests and monarchs where they are ;
 They write their own damnation :
 I'll kindle in the west a star
 To cheer earth's ev'ry nation.
 A little ship lies anchored near ;
 The winds and waves commanding,
 'Twill bear you o'er the wat'ry sphere,
 On Plymouth Rock safe landing.

“Put in your plows, and hoes and tools,
 I'll show a perfect pattern ;
 The Old World leave to outworn rules,
 To dawdle there and slattern :
 I have an empire, grand and broad—
 The Bible, too, remember ! ”
 The Pilgrims heard that voice of God,
 And landed that December.

What see we here ? From that seed-corn,
 Between two oceans rolling,
 A nation, in her youth's fresh morn
 The continent controlling !
 A nation that outshines the fame
 Of dream Arcadian olden :
 A nation that has put to shame
 The ages miscalled golden !

WHAT VOICES BURST UPON THIS WILD?

WHAT voices burst upon this wild,
 And mingle their devotion
 With Nature's anthem undefiled,
 That breaks from the cold ocean ?
 Such hymns these forests never heard,
 Such simple, grand oblation,
 Since from their seats the seraphs stirred,
 To sing the first creation.

Not these the songs of those who fear,
For refuge hither turning;
But thus they pour to God their cheer,
Who feel true seraph-burning.
These are such hymns as martyrs sing,—
Those souls, by faith supported,
Just ready Godward to take wing,
By angel hosts escorted.

These are a nation's birth-throe hymns
From souls their fetters bursting,
To take the cup, with death that brims,
And quench their hero-thirsting.
These voices God himself has taught
To range his diapason,
To blend with his their secret thought,
Their names with his to blazon.

Such voices keyed are to the seas,
That smite their note of thunder,
When God fulfills his high decrees,
And rends the earth asunder:
Such voices keyed are to the sky
Her blue above them arching,
As they lift up their steadfast eye,
Thus girded for their marching.

FAITH'S SELECT, UNCONQUERED SEED.

WITH what beauty on Time's pages
 Stands that group of exiles there :
 On them pours the light of Ages,
 As they kneel to God in prayer.
 They endure, not as the stoic ;
 They from God protection plead ;
 And they rise in praise heroic,
 Faith's select, unconquered seed.

See them lead the grand procession,
 To it christened by the seas ;
 Witnessing a good confession,
 Every man a Pericles ;
 Every man an Israel, rather,
 Every man a prince with God :
 Ah! what glories round them gather,
 Grouped upon that icy sod !

Plain their speech, and rude their manners,
 They can boast no courtly name ;
 They unfurl no blazoned banners,
 Breathe no trumpet blast for fame ;
 But it's not a transient fever,
 Some brief flush that o'er them plays ;
 They are linked to God's forever,
 To the Ancient One of Days.

There they kneel, the true succession
 Hebrew, Roman, Greek in one :
 Of the new world take possession ;
 We complete their work begun.
 Rise, and greet them, coming ages,
 Fall behind them into line,
 Kings and priests, yeoman and sages,
 Girded for their task divine.

THE PILGRIM EXILES.

FORTH came the exiles from the sea,
 God's seal set on their brows ;
 Faithful they bent the rev'rent knee,
 And made their solemn vows.
 The air they breathed was wintry cold,
 And cold the homeless shore ;
 No welcome had the Ocean old,
 But his eternal roar.
 But, oh! to them this virgin strand
 That rose with rock and tree,
 Was like some Eldorado land
 That in our dreams we see.
 For, here, beneath cold sky of blue,
 'Mid Gothic aisles of pine,
 Freedom to worship God, they knew
 Was theirs by right divine.

They saw, by faith, an empire spread
 Through realms from wildness won,
 Until upon its march was shed
 The beams of setting sun.

Until Pacific's hymn should blend
 In notes serene and sweet,
 With stern Atlantic's, that did send
 His surf against their feet.

Our day they saw, and they were glad
 From that far sacrifice,
 A land, with Christian freedom clad:
 The world's last hope arise.

THE FIRST PILGRIM SABBATHS.

THE Lord's day on the exiles broke,
 No sweet-toned bells they heard,
 Nor living thing the echoes woke,
 Save frightened beast or bird.

Forests, around, primeval stood,
 And lifted up their moan,
 While in the bay, the sullen flood
 Broke with its monotone.

Through snowy wilds, devout they walked,
 With book and gun in hand;
 And, rev'rent, of God's mercies talked,
 Within that barren land!

No costly edifice have they,
No gorgeous Gothic pile,
No art of skillful man, away
The weary hours to while.

They kneel upon the rough-hewn floor
Within the rough-hewn walls,
While back and forth, without the door
The sentry's footstep falls.

They hunger for the bread of life,
As it is broken there ;
They wrestle with an inward strife,
And win their way with prayer.

The savage peers with curious eye
To see their simple ways,
And, stealthy, draws their worship nigh,
And hears their stately praise.

But, not in old cathedrals proud,
Nor at time-honored shrine,
Have mortal souls more noble bowed,
Or praise paid more divine.

YE WILDS WRAPPED IN PRIMEVAL
SLEEP.

YE wilds, wrapped in primeval sleep,
They come, who'll break your dreaming ;
Your forests fell, your harvests reap,
And build their cities teeming.
They come, the God-born heroes come,
No herald-voice before them ;
No shrieking fife, no whirring drum ;
No flag of battle o'er them.

Ye forests, ye have waited long,
Sounds savage in you breaking,
To catch the note of Freedom's song,
Man's better hopes awaking.
They come, whom God Himself has owned,
Culled out from court, from prison
In His eternal plan enthroned,
His glory on them risen !

Ye rivers, ye have wantoned wild,
Unchecked by wheel or spindle,
Upon your bosom, Nature's child,
Before their star to dwindle :
They come, your forces to enchain,
And give your currents guiding,
As grandly downward to the main,
Past thrifty towns, they're gliding.

Ye mines of silver, iron and gold,
 Within earth's vaults secreted ;
 Ye heaps of hoarded wealth untold,
 No mortal eyes have greeted ;
 They come, whose toil shall fret you out.
 And in their furnace blast you ;
 Shall shape you with creative shout,
 Shall mould you, mint you, cast you

Ye wintry waters, where no bark,
 Her storm-torn sail unfurling,
 Has anchored in your bosom dark,
 The ice, her beak impearling.
 They come, whose symbol round the earth,
 Shall tell all tribes the story,
 That man must stand in native worth,
 Not in transmitted glory.

FAIR FREEDOM'S LAND.

O LAND of all earth's lands the best,
 Fair Freedom's empire in the West,
 From rising to the setting sun,
 All nations here unite in one.

CHORUS : Fair Freedom's land, fair Freedom's land,
 Begirt with might, long may she stand ;
 And may her realm Christ's kingdom be,
 From lake to gulf, from sea to sea.

Our fathers came as exiles here,
They saw our day with vision clear,
Despised at home, the corner-stones
Which God, the nation's Builder, owns

Shall we, the sons of Pilgrim sires,
Neglect to kindle fresh the fires,
They lighted on the Atlantic coast,
Which make our land of lands the boast?

Ah no! by faith Christ's standard goes
Beyond Sierra's distant snows,
To where Pacific's waters lie
Beneath the golden sunset sky.

Ah no! by faith, this land I see,
In Christ's own freedom, doubly free:
From North to South, from East to West.
Beneath His gentle sceptre blest!

OUR FATHERS PLOWED THE OCEAN.

Our fathers plowed the ocean,
To plant an empire here ;
And in the dead of winter
Began their mission drear :
The wild beast and the savage
Roamed through the trackless wild :
A truly Spartan nursing
Gave Freedom to her child.

But from that little handful,
Sifted from land to land,
God took the precious seed-corn,
And sowed it with his hand ;
And now its fruit is shaking,
From East to Western shore,
And all the wakened nations
Stand knocking at our door.

Shall we sons of the Pilgrims,
Be faithful to our sires ?
Shall we go Westward lighting
Religion's sacred fires,
Until the white Sierras
Shall to our anthem wake ;
And on the calm Pacific,
Its swelling echoes break ?

I see by faith's clear vision
The star of empire rise,
And in the nation's future
Kindle the sunset skies.
Exalt the lowly valleys
Plains let the mountains be,
Until our Jesus' triumphs
Go Westward to the sea.

RISE UP, SONS OF THE PILGRIMS.

RISE up, sons of the Pilgrims,
Possess the mighty West ;
With arches span her rivers,
Climb up her mountains' crest ;
From sea to sea, the charter
With which our fathers came
Rise up, and take possession
In Christ, the Master's name.

Each ocean-breeze is wafting
Earth's millions to our shores ;
They come to fell our forests,
To mine our precious ores ;
They come to wield the hammer,
To guide the busy loom ;
To people the wide prairie,
And make the desert bloom.

They come from mother England,
They come from sunny France ;
And from the pleasant vine-lands
Where sweet Rhine-waters glance ;
The Swiss foresakes his fastness,
The Alps' eternal snows ;
They come from Austrian mountains,
From where the Danube flows.

The thronging tribes of Asia
Are on our Western slope ;
We must rise up and meet them,
With Christ, man's only hope ;
Where late the sullen Indian
Scowled at the thund'ring train,
We must go with the Gospel,
And build the Christian fane.

God has unbound the bondman,
Although he waited long,
And changed the wail of midnight
Into the freeman's song.
And now those eager millions
Lift up their voice and call
That from our burdened table,
We give the crumbs that fall.

I heard advancing footsteps
Of millions yet to be ;
I seem to see all nations
Here bend to Christ the knee.
One blood, our Father made them
One blood, they hither flow ;
Rise up, sons of the Pilgrims,
Your visitation know !

SONS OF PILGRIM SIRES, ARISE.

SONS of Pilgrim sires, arise,
Go where Freedom's banner flies ;
Gird you with faith's armor bright,
Save the land from sin's dark blight :
Where majestic rivers flow,
Where the tides of empire go,
Be the region dark or fair,
Take the Gospel tidings there.

Where the city lifts proud spires,
Blazing with industrial fires ;
Where the roaming cattle graze,
Go with pray'r, and go with praise ;
Where the white Sierras rise,
Ridged against the sunset skies,
Where the miner digs for gold,
Let the Saviour's love be told.

As your fathers, scorning ease,
Braved for God the wintry seas,
With true heart and constant mind,
Leaving land, home, all, behind,
Sons of Pilgrim sires, arise,
Go where Freedom's banner flies ;
Take this realm, so rich and rare,
For the Lord by gift and prayer.

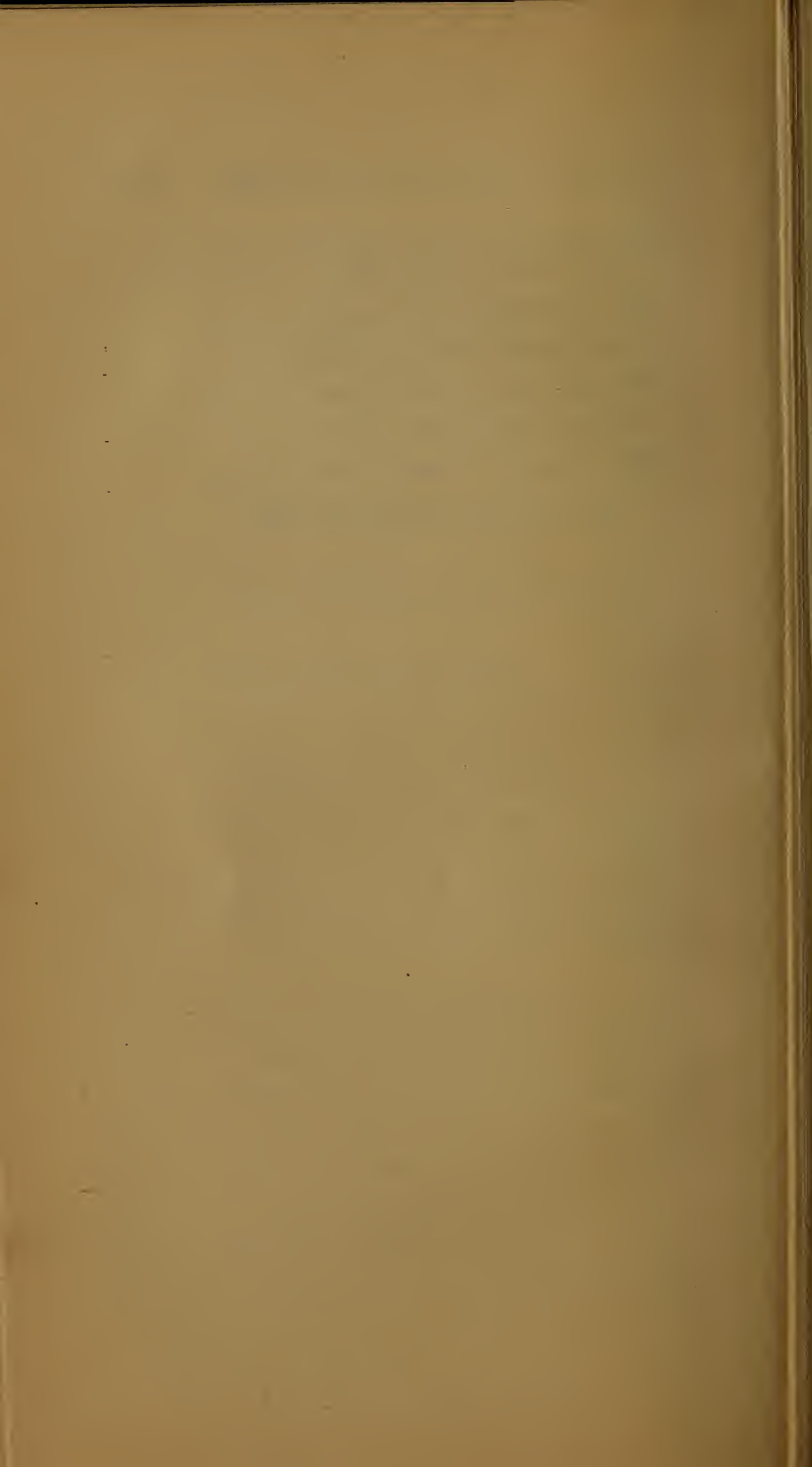
NATION BY THE PILGRIMS PLANTED.

Nation, by the Pilgrims planted,
In their weakness, faint and few,
Braving Western wilds, undaunted,
Founding here an empire new,
Gird thee for thy sacred mission,
Take thy place in Freedom's van,
Rise, to equal thy commission,
Stand for God, and truth, and man.

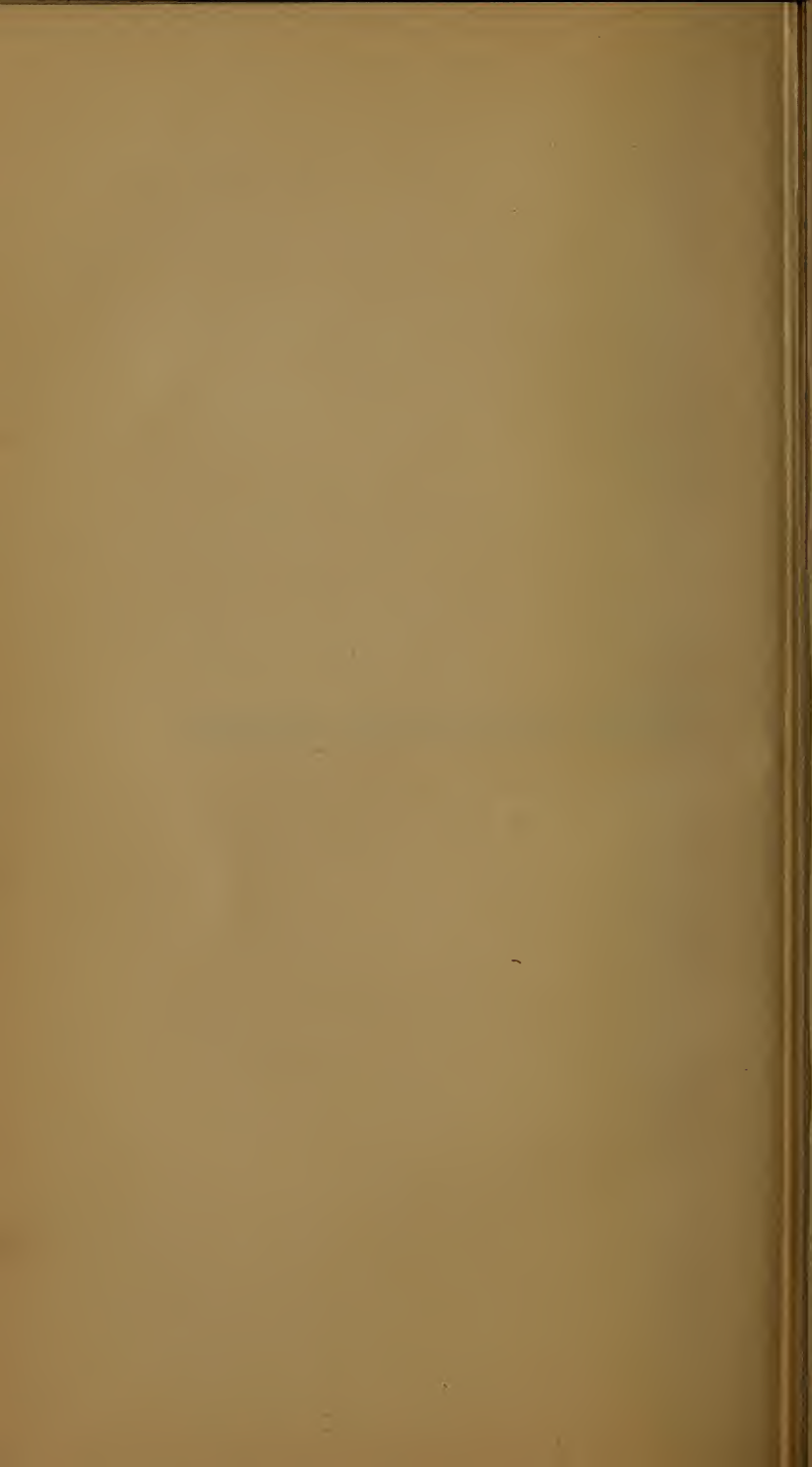
Nation, heir of all the ages,
Called to scepter in such time,
Fire of prophet, light of sages,
Guide thee on thy path sublime:
Once, earth's eyes were on thee gazing,
When her cheeks for thee grew pale:
Now thy grand achievements praising,
Glad, she greets thee: Hail, all hail!

Nation, by rich blood defended,
Shed on many a hard fought field,
Where thy realm shall be extended,
Be the Saviour's sign revealed:
Set his cross above thy banner,
Build his kingdom up the first
Till with shoutings of hosanna,
Glory on the world shall burst.

May thy laws, O great Jehovah,
Ever be the nation's guide ;
Her, thy wings in battle cover,
And in peace from peril hide :
Like the voice of either ocean,
Making each to each, reply :
May the sound of her devotion,
East and West, mount up on high !



HOME MISSIONARY HYMNS.



STAND FAST STAND FAST DEAR NATIVE
LAND.

Stand fast, stand fast, dear native land!

Stand on the true foundation!

The role that's thine, shall grow more grand,

As grander grows the nation.

Hold for the Lord this empire vast,

Shut in by either ocean!

Stand fast, dear native land, stand fast,

Amid the earth's commotion.

The last great battle of the world,

The world will here be fighting;

Let Jesus' banner be unfurled,

Man's wrongs and errors righting.

This is the pivot, where will turn

The fate of man and nation:

Stand fast, dear native land, nor spurn

Thy day of visitation!

Let not, let not, the lust of gold

With its mad thirst enrage thee;

Nor be thy precious birthright sold

For dreams that do engage thee

Let not thy day come as a thief,

Breaking thy guilty slumber;

Girding thyself, too late, with grief,

'Gainst foes that thee outnumber!

From east and west, from north and south,
I hear the nations gather ;
Boldly lift up the prophet's mouth,
To tell them of God, the Father :
Tell them how Jesus came to save,
—Unfold salvation's wonder—
The far, the near, the free, the slave
To bring love's scepter under.

I see the wreck of empires lie
All down the path of ages,
In spite of heroes great and high,
In spite of wisest sages :
I see the Greek's proud culture fair,
The strength of sturdy Roman,
Prostrate in common ruin there,
Before one mighty foeman.

And should'st thou, too, grow faint at heart,
Remember thy beginning !
Have faith in God ! It is the art
The fathers had of winning.
Remember how, at first, they stood
Before thine eastern portal,
A weak, ignoble brotherhood
That faith has made immortal.

Stand fast, stand fast, dear native land
Built on the Rock of Ages :
All shocks that nation shall withstand,
For Christ, which warfare wages ;
A role of grandeur is thy past,
A grander role's before thee ;
Stand fast, dear native land, stand fast,
Till Christ shall come in glory !

THE HEATHEN AT OUR DOOR.

WE'LL not neglect the heathen
In lands beyond the sea,
That on the coral islands
To idols bend the knee ;
Nor where the flow'ry Ganges
His mighty water rolls ;
We'll not neglect the heathen,
Since Christ died for their souls

But, O, the Lord is sending
Whole nations to our shore ;
Shall we neglect the heathen,
The heathen at our door ?
They're in our cities swarming,
Along our eastern coast ;
They dwell in fair New England,
Our glory and our boast.

And on the path of Empire
Toward the setting sun,
They skirt our busy railways,
Our prairies overrun :
They need the common school house,
The simple church as well ;
Shall we neglect the heathen,
That in our borders dwell ?

They break the Christian Sabbath,
Scoff at the Master's word,
And in their every language
The oath profane is heard :
They'll teach their coming children
The way the fathers trod,
And bring upon our borders
The judgments dire of God.

O, if in this last battle
With error and with sin,
We lose the Land of Freedom
While other lands we win ;
We see our Jesus' standard
Here trampled to the earth ;
Then will sons of the Pilgrims
Prove recreant to their birth.

Here's Asia toward the sunset,
The Indian tribes our care,
With Africa in Southland
And Ireland everywhere :
The tide of coming nations
Breaks on our ev'ry shore :
Shall we neglect the heathen,
The heathen at our door ?

OUR FATHERS FOUND THE INDIAN.

OUR fathers found the Indian
Lord of this wide domain ;
His was the mountain fastness,
And his the wooded plain :
From sunrise unto sunset,
He roamed this empire wild,
Nor knew the great Creator
Had any other child.

Like snow beneath the sunbeams,
Like night before the day,
His race before the white-man
Has faded sad away ;
The woods he roamed in grandeur,
The settler's axe has felled ;
We hold the pleasant places,
That once his fathers held.

Where then above his wigwam
The smoke of morning curled,
Flash now the roofs of cities,
Teems now a busy world ;
Where like a spirit glided
His bark along the lake,
The paddle-wheels of Commerce
The old-time silence break,

And shall we now deny him
The sound of Jesus' name,
And plead that distant nations
On us have stronger claim ?
Far off beyond the ocean
Still toil, and still explore,
While we neglect the Indian,
The Indian at our door ?

We *are* our brother's keeper !
His blood cries from the ground,
Along the weary pathway,
Which, westward, he has wound ;
By all that he has suffered,
By all that we have won,
Forget not the poor red man,
Toward the setting sun.

NATION BY THE LORD EXALTED.

NATION, by the Lord exalted,
With thy realm from shore to shore,
Hast thou on thy mission halted?
Dost thy calling now give o'er?
Forward thy detachments throwing,
Press thou onward to the West;
First to Him allegiance owing,
With time's movements keep abreast.

Where, with bloom the prairies waving,
Rise and fall like inland seas;
Unknown wilds primeval braving,
Scorning all life's early ease;
Up the stern Sierras sweeping,
Fearless of eternal snows;
Down the slope Pacific leaping;
There the tide of empire goes!

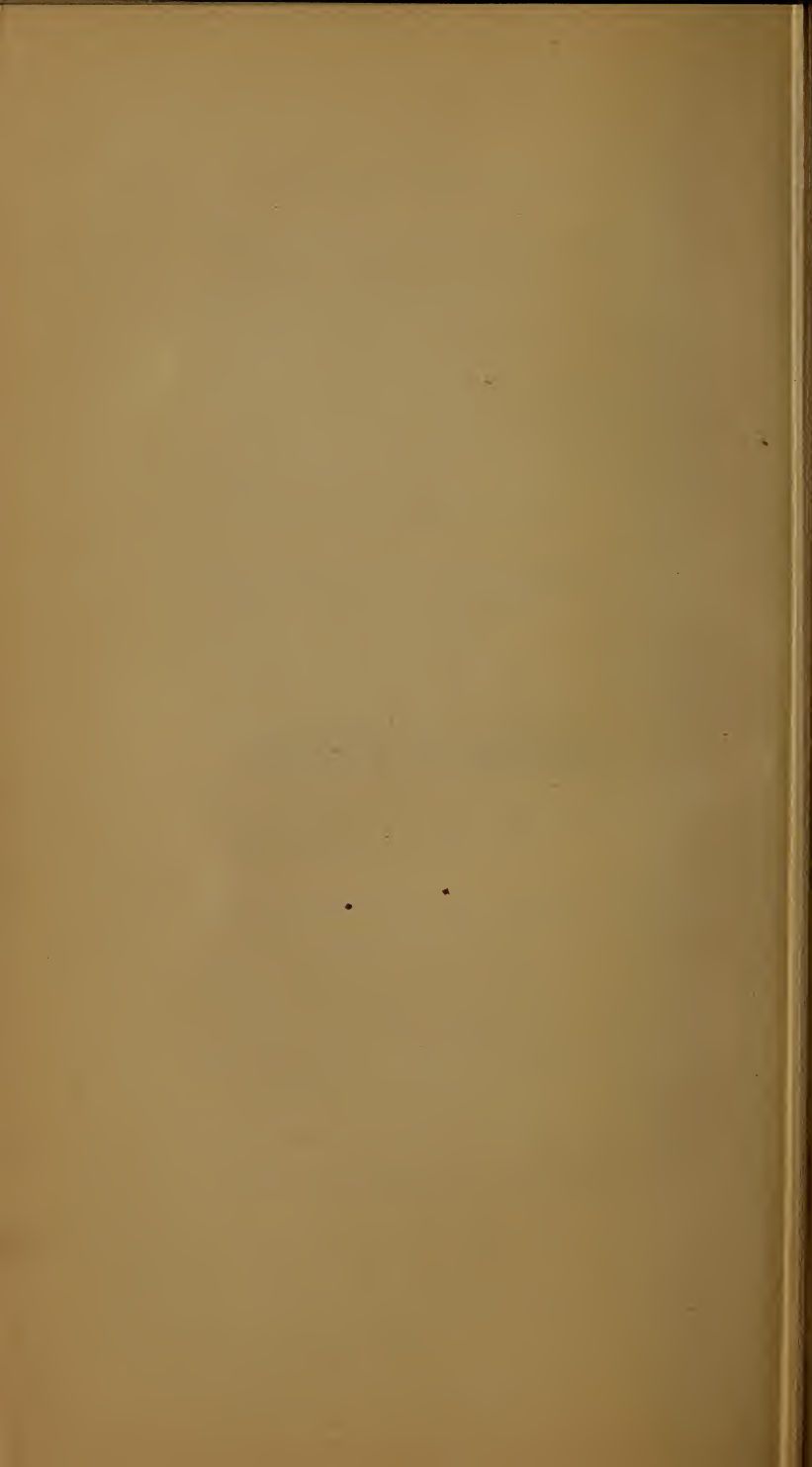
What are bridges, with proud arches?
What are mountains tunneled through?
What thy forced and rapid marches,
That the old world never knew?
What thy green-embosomed waters,
Pulsing on their mighty way,
If thy teeming sons and daughters
To their Maker never pray?

What are mines and harvests golden?
What are cities, magic-built,
If they rival cities olden,
In their luxury and guilt?
What are august Christian churches,
With their pomp and worldly tone,
If God's Spirit, when he searches,
Can not find within his own?

Oh the might of this great nation!
Oh her majesty and power?
If she knew her visitation,
If she knew her day and hour;
If with God's own smile upon her,
She should her proud office meet;
She should lay her wealth and honor,
Humbly down at Jesus' feet.

Oh the might of this great nation,
In the centre of the world,
Where the banner of salvation,
Boldly at her front unfurled!
Onward, onward, still advancing,
Should the cross of Jesus go,
Like the sun triumphant glancing,
Till all lands His love shall know.

NATIONAL HYMNS.



LONG LIVE LONG LIVE AMERICA.

America, so proud and free,
My song, my heart I give to thee
Full high thy brave, strong wing has won,
Thine eagle eye is on the sun ;
Still upward be thy heav'nward flight,
Still upward mount, till lost in light.

CHORUS.

AMERICA, so proud and free,
My song, my heart I give to thee :
Long live, long live, America !

Thou art so sweet in thy repose,
The world thy friend, abashed thy foes ;
Thou seekest not the battle-plain,
Thy fields wave with the golden grain ;
The sheaves which thou dost garner in,
Come with the harvest's merry din.

When Freedom's cause late waked the land,
'Twas thine to wield war's flaming brand ;
Thy face suffused with God's own light,
Then rosest to thy full queen's height ;
And reaped thy flashing sickle then
Not fields of wheat but fields of men.

Truth's battle fought, truth's vict'ry won,
The manacles from man undone.
Thou seemest now some matron fair,
Thy vow fulfilled, and heard thy prayer ;
Thy children playing round thy knee,
Thy song, sweet peace and liberty !

For gladness floats on ev'ry breeze
From city streets, from forest trees ;
And when rings out toil's bell at noon,
Thy heart with joy is all in tune ;
It thrills thine ev'ry vital chord,
For, labor here has sure reward.

From land on land, whate'er their birth,
Men flock to thee o'er all the earth ;
With ev'ry breeze, on ev'ry wave,
Thy winds confront, thy tempests brave ;
No perils do their hearts appall,
For thou art mother to them all.

Thou art the youngest sister yet ;
To older nations vast thy debt ;
Art come to empire, grand and great,
Art heiress of Time's last estate ;
For thee, the martyrs have turned pale
And heroes have been hacked in mail.

Dear native land, so fair and great,
Thee other conflicts still await :

To God and thine own self be true;
 Rise up, fresh-girt, for labors new,
 Till wrong's dark tide on earth is stemmed,
 And right by God's hand diademed.

America, so proud and free,
 I give my song, my heart to thee!
 Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly
 In every clime, 'neath every sky;
 Still rise a yeoman race, to stand
 For God and home, and native land!



NATIVE LAND SO GREAT AND GRAND.

NATIVE land, so great and grand!
 Ocean-guarded on each hand,
 With thy wondrous story;
 Wheresoe'er thy banner flies,
 Kindling up the Western skies,
 To thy queenly role arise,
 Rise to meet thy glory.

Native land, so great and grand,
 Wield for God, truth's flaming brand;
 Lo, His aegis o'er thee!
 Take thy task for God and man,
 Take thy place in Freedom's van,
 Fear not tyrant's curse or ban,
 God shall go before thee.

Native land, so great and grand,
Foot on sea and foot on land,
 Now to Heaven swear it :
If there's duty to be done,
If there's glory to be won,
Anywhere, beneath the sun,
 In God's name I dare it !

LAND OF FREEDOM QUEENLY THOU !

LAND of Freedom, queenly thou,
With the crown upon thy brow ;
On thy cheek the flush of morn,
Hail, this day, when thou wert born !
Lo, thy symbol on the breeze,
Hear the laughter of the trees,
And the murmur of the corn !

Grand thy rivers, pulsing down
Past the prairies, past the town ;
Lo, thy mountains proudly rise
Like the pillars of the skies ;
Lo, thy gulfs and lakes of blue
Ever flash with glory new,
And the light of beauty's eyes.

But a nobler empire's thine
In the hearts which thee enshrine ;

In thy sons and daughters fair,
In the children of thy care ;
On this day, behold, they rise,
Peace and gladness in their eyes ;
Happy, happy everywhere !

May thy realm from sea to sea
Fairer grow, while earth shall be ;
Plymouth Rock and Golden Gate
The far boundaries of thy State,
While thy harvest-fields of gold,
Hills with metal wealth untold,
Make thee mighty, make thee great.

Land of Freedom, queenly thou,
With the crown upon thy brow ;
Girt with wisdom, girt with truth,
True to God in very sooth ;
When earth's empires fade away,
When they mix with common clay,
God give thee eternal youth !

THE NATION'S BIRTH-DAY HYMN.

GREAT God, our fathers trusted thee !
For Freedom braved the wintry sea,
Broke up the desert's wild repose,
And made it blossom as the rose.

This day we hail, that gave us birth
 A new-born nation in the earth!
 When her fair symbol she unfurled,
 And man took heart o'er all the world.

Between two oceans vast she lies ;
 Glad prairies smile, proud peaks arise ;
 And labors pulsing echoes wake
 From tropic gulf to border lake.

From other shores, forlorn, distress,
 The homeless gather to her breast
 No serf, no slave, no tyrant's thrall,
 One God, one Father over all.

Be thou the nation's guardian still !
 Shield her from wrong, protect from ill ;
 Our children's children then shall raise
 The same glad anthem to thy praise.

O BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL REALM OF THE
 WEST.

O BEAUTIFUL, beautiful realm of the West,
 Encircled by oceans, while lakes gem thy breast
 Thy prairies are waving with harvests of gold,
 Thy sons strike for freedom undaunted and bold,
 O beautiful, beautiful realm of the West,
 Of empires the queen, of nations the best ;
 The eagle that soars from his nest to the sun
 Thine emblem of daring, marks the deeds thou hast done.

The hand of the tyrant afflicts thee no more,
No sigh of the bondsman goes up from thy shore :
For many a martyr has crimsoned the sod
For freedom in state, and to worship his God.
The shackles once forged for thy limbs o'er the main
Thy flag to the breeze thou didst sunder in twain :
Three millions of slaves thou didst free at a fling,
And teach them the chorus of Freedom to sing.

O beautiful, beautiful realm of the West,
The empire of Freedom, her eyrie, and rest ;
With mountains cloud-capped, and rivers that leap
Their banners snow-flashing adown the rough steep ;
The nations have heard it, the hymn of the free,
The nations distressed from afar o'er the sea :
They flock to thy standard, fair realm of the West,
Of empires the queen, and of nations the best.

GOD BE THE NATION'S GUIDE.

God be the Nation's Guide,
Strong to defend her :
Fight ever on her side ;
Help quickly send her,
When foes the battle set ;
O great Jehovah,
May she the vict'ry get,
Thy wings her cover.

Uplift her banner fair,
Proudly unfurl it ;
Naught foes can do or dare,
To earth shall hurl it :
God the Almighty One,
Watching high o'er us,
All foes shall be undone
Routed before us.

God be the nation's Guide,
Down her foes smiting,
Walking war's blood-red tide,
Her battles fighting :
On war's rude threshing-floor
Out the chaff beating,
Till foes shall plague no more,
Prostrate retreating.

God pity wounded ones,
Wounded and dying :
Pelted by murd'rous guns,
Scattered and flying :
God hasten quick the time,
When furled war's banner,
All earth shall sing sublime,
One glad hosanna.

LIFT UP, LIFT UP THY TORCH ON HIGH.*

NIGHT's diadem around thy head,
 The world upon thee gazing,
 Beneath the eye of heroes dead
 Thy queenly form up raising ;
 Lift up, lift up thy torch on high,
 Fairest of Freedom's daughters ;
 Flash it against thine own blue sky,
 Flash it across the waters.

Stretch up to thine own woman's height,
 Thine eye lit with truth's luster ;
 As though from God Himself alight,
 Earth's hopes around thee cluster.
 The stars touch with thy forehead fair,
 At them thy torch was lighted ;
 They grope to find where truth's ways are,
 The nations long benighted.

Thou hast the van in earth's proud march,
 To thee all nations turning ;
 Thy torch against thine own blue arch
 In answer to their yearning !
 Show them the pathway thou hast trod,
 The chains which thou hast broken ;
 Teach them thy trust in man and God ;
 The watchwords thou hast spoken.

* Dedication of Bartholdi Statue.

Not here is heard the Alp-herd's horn,
The mountain stillness breaking ;
Nor do we catch the roseate morn,
The Alpine summits waking ;
Is Neckar's vale no longer fair,
That German hearts are leaving ?
Ah ! German hearts from hearthstones tear,
In thy bright star believing.

Has Rhine-land lost her grape's perfume,
Her waters green and golden ?
And do her castles no more bloom
With legends rare and olden ?
Why leave strong men the fatherland ?
Why cross the cold, blue ocean ?
Truth's torch in thine uplifted hand,
Ha ! kindles their devotion.

God, home and country be thy care,
Thou queen of all the ages ;
Belting the earth is this one prayer :
Unspotted be thy pages !
Lift up, lift up thy torch on high,
Fairest of Freedom's daughters ;
Flash it against thine own blue sky,
Flash it across the waters.

THE OLD BAY STATE.

God bless the old Bay State !
Make her both good and great,
 Steadfast and true.
Long as shall shine the sun,
Long as her rivers run,
May she, as she has done,
 Her duty do.

Here first the Pilgrims trod ;
Here built a shrine to God,
 And here they died.
Long as the ocean wave
Murmurs around their grave,
Faithful to what they gave.
 May she abide !

Here sleep the glorious dead,
Whose blood was earliest shed
 On freedom's pyre.
Till yon gray shaft shall fall,
Corner and capstone all,
To us their deeds must call ;
 And ours inspire.

God bless our Commonwealth
With peace and joy and health,
And honest worth :
May harvests never fail ;
God bless her ships that sail,
Swift-winged on every gale,
Round all the earth.

Her past, at least, is sure ;
Her future stands secure,
With Heaven her friend :
May her proud fame arise
Like temple to the skies,
And greet admiring eyes,
Till time shall end !

THE MOTHER LAND.

Written to be sung to America, on Bunker's Hill, Charlestown, at a reception given to Rev. Newman Hall.

God bless the Mother Land,
From whence a pilgrim band
Came o'er the deep ;
There our great sires were laid
In furrows battle-made,
Or 'neath the yew tree's shade ;
There still they sleep.

God bless the faithful men,
Who wielded voice and pen
 Our cause to gain ;
These are earth's noble ones,
These are true England's sons ;
The blood of Hampden runs
 In ev'ry vein.

Here, where the lightnings first
Upon our fathers burst
 From Freedom's cloud ;
Where our true yeoman brought
The sacrifice she sought ;
We hail them as we ought,
 With anthem loud.

They are the Mother Land !
With them we take our stand
 On Freedom's height ;
These granite lips that tell
How our forefathers fell,
Henceforth, O let them dwell
 On sweeter sight !

These skies that gathered round
The silent battle-ground
 And wept the slain,
Till Time's last act is through,
O never may their blue
With fire and carnage new
 Be dimmed again !

May our blent banners wave
Above the free and brave
Of kindred blood,
Long as the bow shall stand
With foot on either hand,
Binding each sovereign land,
Arching the flood !

RISE, YE CHRISTIAN PEOPLE, RISE.

RISE, ye Christian people, rise,
Pay your autumn sacrifice !
God has given heat and cold,
God has turned the green to gold ;
God has crowned the year with good,
Earth again has brought forth food.
God has kept earth's bosom warm ;
Safely guarded germ and norm ;
Out of ashes cold and dead,
Made for man his daily bread ;
Corn and wheat, to fill his store,
Brought in wagons to the door.
While your harvest-loaded wains
Roll in triumph o'er the plains ;
While from toil ye now have rest,
With earth's milk and honey blest ;
Rise, ye Christian people, rise,
Pay your autumn sacrifice !

God was in the autumn's hush,
 Tree aflame, and burning bush ;
 Hills and valleys all ablaze,
 Like an altar, fired for praise ;
 He Himself has crowned the year
 With the full corn in the ear.

God will walk again earth's fields,
 For the harvest that life yields ;
 Like the golden shocks of corn,
 Ripe in season for that morn,
 May the angel-reapers fair,
 Us to His own garner bear !

O GOD OF NATURE, COME.

O GOD of nature, come
 And grace our Harvest-home
 These autumn days !
 The op'ning year was thine,
 Each month's progressive sign ;
 Alike the year's decline,
 With ripening rays.

Thou did'st our garners fill,
 From many a fertile hill
 And verdant vale :

Did'st make earth soft with show'rs,
 Did'st bless the summer hours,
 Did'st quicken nature's pow'rs,
 That none should fail.

For pastures clothed with flocks,
 And fields with gathered shocks
 Of golden grain ;
 O'er all our walks and ways,
 Our changing nights and days,
 Thee, for thy care we praise,
 O Lord, again.

For country, rich and fair,
 For peaceful dwellings there,
 Thy name we bless !
 Do thou our homage own ;
 With love, these blessings crown,
 And help us hand them down
 In righteousness !

Faithful to Freedom's fires,
 The mantle of our sires.
 Still may we wear ;
 From judgments, grant release ;
 May justice still increase ;
 Give us, O Lord, thy peace ;
 Make us thy care.

O BANNER THE BEAUTIFUL, FREEDOM'S
 FAIR FLOWER.

O banner the beautiful, Freedom's fair flower,
 Thou knowest thy day, and thou knowest thine hour,
 In man's proud advance at the front is thy post,
 Fair banner of Freedom, to lead on her host.

Mid whirr of the drum, and the bugle's brave note,
Mid smoke of the conflict I see thee afloat :
When battle is over, and war's tumults cease,
O banner the beautiful, banner of peace.

CHORUS.

O banner the beautiful, flag of the free,
All nations with yearning are turning to thee ;
O banner the beautiful, red, white and blue,
Earth's wildest convulsions thy glory renew.

O banner the beautiful, safe neath thy fold,
Earth's lowest and humblest, thy glories behold ;
The workman looks up, all his children thy care,
Looks up with a song, with a wish, with a prayer ;
The seaman whose path leads him all round the world
Whatever the clime, hails thee gladly unfurled,
From west unto east, as the earth wheels her way,
In colors so fair greet the breaking of day.

O banner, the beautiful, banner of grace,
Thy role be from God to lead on the race :
Still welcome thine emblems and welcome their sign.
The Gospel of Freedom writ fair in each line ;
Thy red is the blood of the martyrs once shed,
Thy white is the raiment they walk in o'er head,
Thy stars, thou hast plucked from the firmament down
With glory unfading their achievements to crown.

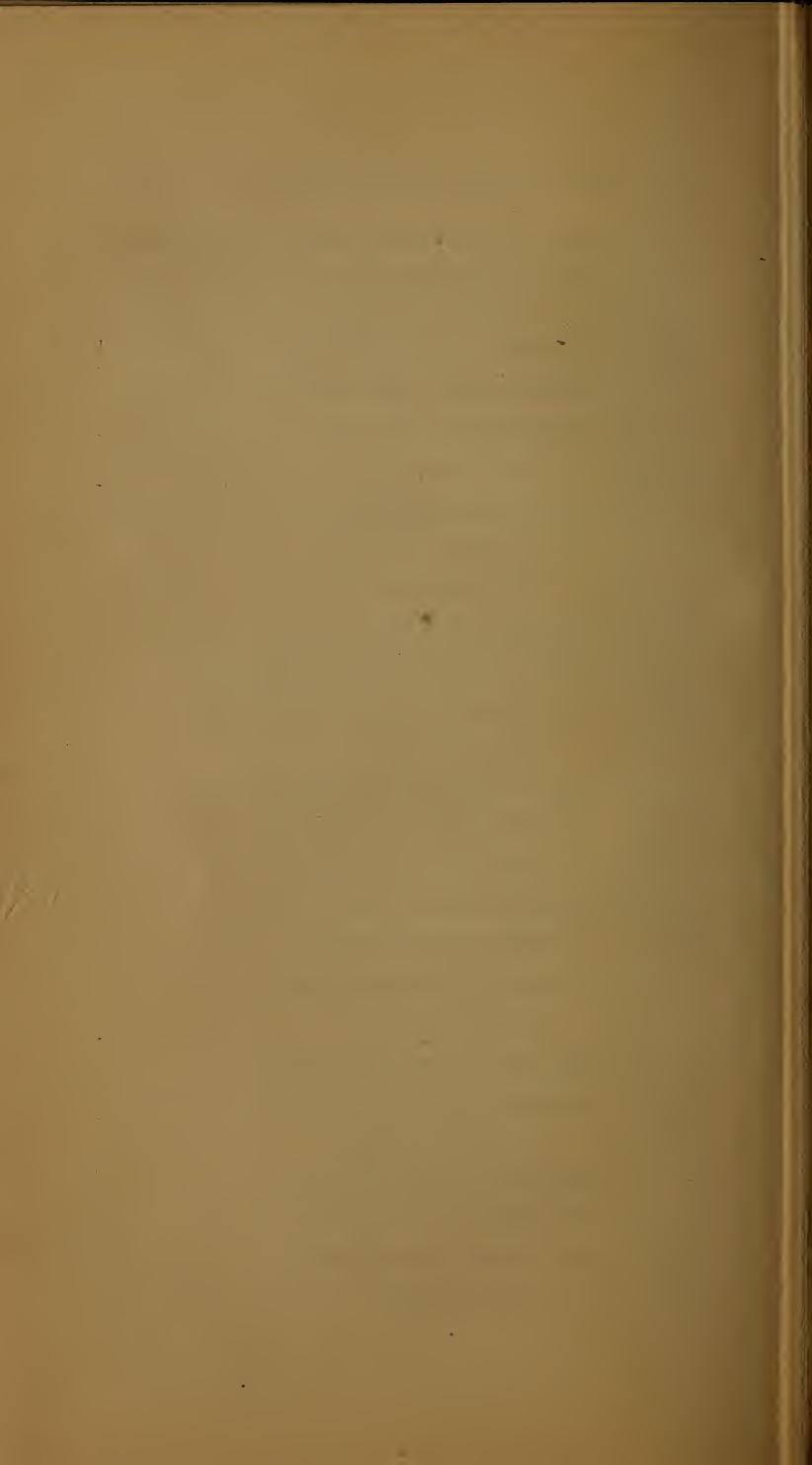
O banner the beautiful, still may'st thou bloom,
 When empires the proudest, descend to the tomb;
 From conquest to conquest may God lead thee on,
 Till Freedom's last height shall in triumph be won,
 Till man walk as sovereign by God-given birth,
 And woman as queen, all round the glad earth;
 O banner the beautiful, hope thou of man,
 Bloom on, bloom forever, and lead on the van.

THE GOD OF NATIONS PRAISE.

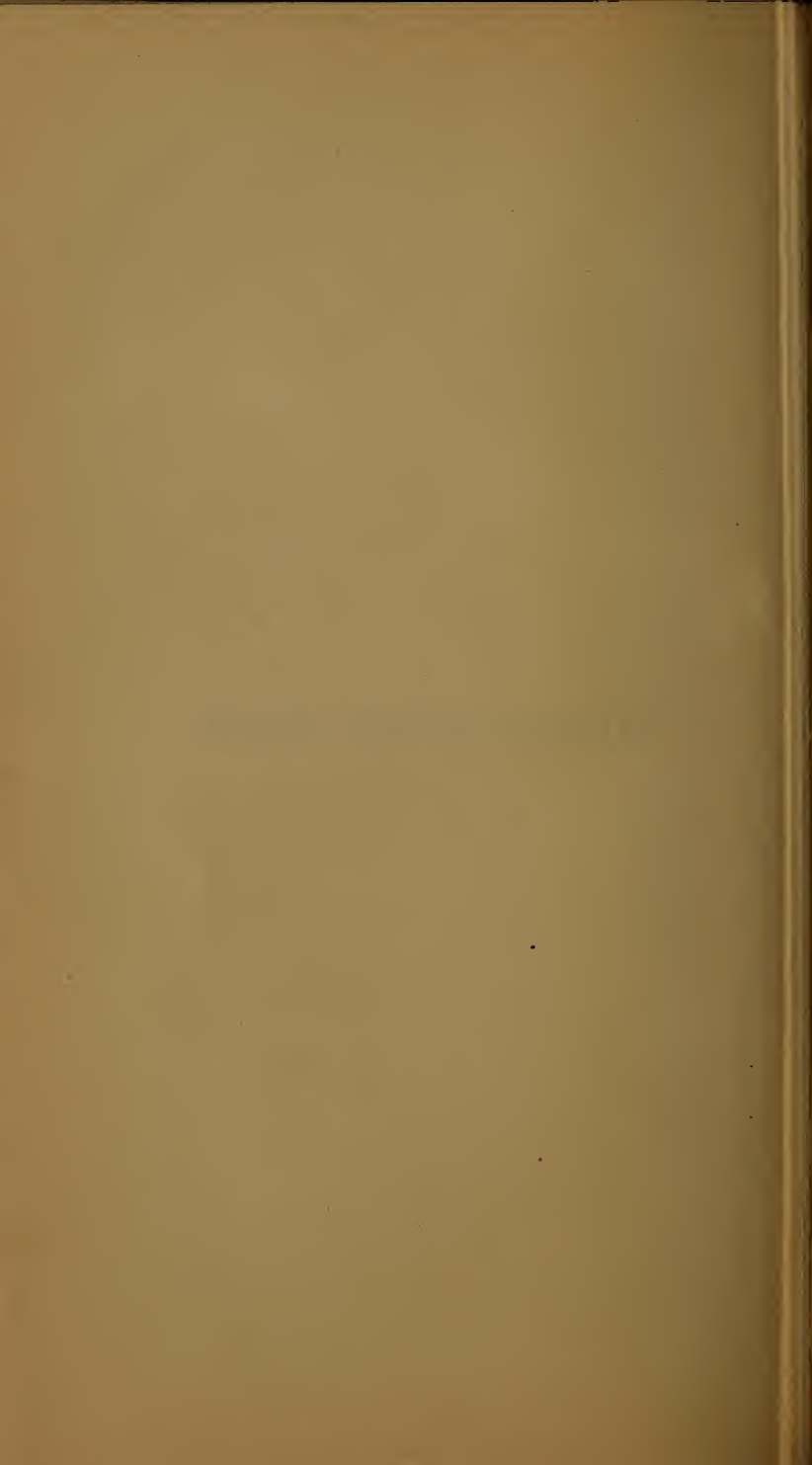
THE God of nations praise,
 Who giveth length of days
 To this fair land.
 Here first our fathers came,
 Strangers to wealth and fame;
 Here kindled freedom's flame:—
 Earth's noblest band!

With mingled doubt and awe,
 The wond'ring nations saw
 The fabric fair!
 Saw them new realms create;
 Saw state unite with state,
 In empire one and great,
 Free as the air!

Saw them, firm as a rock,
Resist the battle's shock,
 For Freedom die !
Saw them for rights of man,
Take tyrant's curse and ban
Till foremost in the van,
 Their banner fly !
Rich, benign and fair,
Be thou Jehovah's care
 Till time shall end,
Blessings our fathers sought,
Fruit of their toil and thought,
For which they prayed and fought
 On us descend !
Dream not, fair land of peace,
O seek not their release
 From care and toil,
Until thy task is done,
Until thine humblest one
Is owned fair freedom's son,
 On ev'ry soil !
O be these realms of thine
Obedient to His sign,
 For man who died !
Where'er thy standard goes,
Mid palms or polar snows,
Confronting friends or foes,
 Be His allied !



HUMANITARIAN HYMNS.



FORWARD.

O stand fast, dear native land !
True thy heart, and firm thy hand,
 God, Jehovah, guide thee !
Where His voice calls thee to go,
Though one step thou dost not know,
 Forward !
For He's still beside thee.

Look above, dear native land !
Doubting, waiting, do not stand ;
 Cleave to God forever !
He's the God our fathers knew ;
Girt for what thou hast to do,
 Forward,
With thy best endeavor !

Fear not man, dear native land !
On thy head may beat war's brand,
 Round the battle thunder ;
Not afraid of human might,
Nobly strike thou for the right ;
 Forward !
Let the nations wonder.

Trust in God, dear native land !
 Ready for His least command,
 Though the world assail thee ;
 If with justice thou art shod,
 Thou art safe alone with God :
 Forward !
 He will never fail thee !

THE CIVIC CROWN.

IN the ancient Roman state,
 Grandly noble, calmly great,
 When in battle-hour, a slave
 Did the life of warrior save,
 Then, for that, with gen'rous strain,
 Did they break the bondman's chain.

When in forum he appeared,
 Senate rose and people cheered ;
 And they bound his head with bay,
 Freed his father old and gray,
 Freed his children, freed his wife,
 For that single soldier's life.

Better is a Roman's life,
 Than a nation saved in strife ?
 Than a future proud redeemed,
 When that future hopeless seemed ?
 Can a faithful State forget
 Those she owes this untold debt ?

Shall we to the vow be true?
Less than Romans can we do?
Wagner, Pillow, shall each name
Publish treachery and shame?
Shall the blood of outraged slave
This sweet vengeance fail to have?

Beat the false opinion down,
Give the man the civic crown
Be he red or be he white,
Be he black as blackest night,
Does our banner o'er him float,
Let him have the freeman's vote.

By the blood so nobly shed,
By the great unnumbered dead,
By the living and their woes,
Bring the conflict to a close:
Beat the false opinion down,
Give the man the civic crown.

THE FREEMAN'S OATH.

WE will not faint or falter now,
Though other toils there are;
We lift to heav'n an unblenched brow
And thus we solemn swear:

Man's wrongs, we still will right them,
Man's woes, will help him bear,
Man's foes, we still will fight them,
And make his rights our care.

Millions for this have shed their blood,
In every age allied ;
Shall we not make the cause still good,
For which they nobly died ?
Man's wrongs, we still will right them,
Man's woes, will help him bear ;
Man's foes, we still will fight them,
And make his rights our care.

We've seen the bondman lose his chain
We've seen a nation born ;
Old vantage shall the foe regain,
And treat God's work with scorn ?
Man's wrongs, we still will right them,
Man's woes, will help him bear ;
Man's foes, we still will fight them,
And make his rights our care.

So long as God shall give us life,
Fresh toils we will not spare ;
What e'er the field, the same the strife,
The same the vow we swear !

Man's wrongs, we still will right them,
Man's woes, will help him bear ;
Man's foes, we still will fight them,
And make his rights our care.

BLOW, BUGLER, BLOW UP ONE NOTE
MORE.

Blow, bugler, blow up one note more,
Blow me the New Creation
When He shall come, who came before,
And bring wrong's reparation.
A new-born race with Him appear,
War's hosts no more assemble :
The earth no longer quake with fear,
With battle thunders tremble.

CHORUS.

Blow, bugler, blow up one note more,
Blow me the New Creation :
When He shall come, who came before
And bring wrong's reparation.
When man shall love his fellow man
Give honor due to woman,
And children take no more the ban
Of heritage inhuman :
The white-cross banner be unfurled,
All round the earth benighted,
And all the troubles of the world
By God's own hand be righted.

Blow, bugler, blow Truth's triumph note,
 Wake ev'ry sound that slumbers :—
 As though they came from angel throat
 I catch celestial numbers :
 Each wound of earth has found its balm,
 Its rest, each agitation ;
 Above all discords sounds the psalm
 Of love's last consummation.

FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

FOR God and Home and Native Land!
 Our motto, here we write it ;
 There is no foe we'll not withstand,
 No battle but we'll fight it.
 For God, the Father over all,
 For Home, its welcome smiling,
 For Native Land, our trumpet call ;
 Take heed of notes beguiling.

There is no God, like him who died,
 In Jesus Christ, to save us ;
 We hide us in His riven side,
 And give, as once He gave us ;
 Like him, no God in heaven above,
 On earth there is no other ;—
 And Him we'll serve, and Him we'll love,
 In our poor tempted brother.

There is no home, like that whose light
 Along earth's path is shining;
Within, full many an image bright
 Our faithful hearts enshrining;
We'll not forget life's dearest ones,
 Their names we fondly cherish;
Our fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
 Nor will we let them perish.

There is no Land like our fair Land,
 With Freedom's sons and daughters;
Her shores by healthful breezes fanned,
 And bathed by ocean's waters.
Baptized with blood on many a field,
 Still brighter grow her story!
God be her strength, her tower, her shield,
 And be His truth her glory.

For God and Home and Native Land,
 Our motto, here we write it;
Here seal our vow, here make our stand,
 No battle but we'll fight it.
We clasp our hands and kneel in prayer
 To Him who rules above us;
That he will make our cause his care,
 And prosper those who love us.

IT SHALL COME, THE AGE OF GOLD.

It shall come the Age of Gold,
Crown earth's weary ages :
Waited long, and long foretold,
By God's saints and sages :
Sin and wrong in might arrayed,
With credentials hoary,
Like the mists at morn, shall fade
In its light and glory.

Sceptred power in purple clad,
God and man deriding,
Sway no more its minions mad,
On proud pathway striding :
Right no more tread scaffold-stair
Mid loud execration ;
But, a seal of glory wear,
Have God's coronation.

Man no more extend for gold,
Death's cup to the tempted ;
Nor be virtue bought and sold :
Vice from woe exempted.
God shall hear the widow's prayer,
Hear the childrens' crying :
Hush the heart with long despair,
Of its secret sighing.

Home shall be the sacred spot,
 God for child intended ;
 O'er the humblest human lot,
 Angel-wings extended :
 Man and woman equals be !—
 One their emulation,
 Which shall meet most sacredly,
 God's thought in creation.

Love and light shall belt the earth,
 From the Cross proceeding,
 Man regain his native worth,
 Through the God-man bleeding :
 God himself be all in all,
 And all kindreds gather
 Round this glad terrestrial ball :—
 Children of one Father.

OH! IT IS GRAND FOR GOD TO STAND.

OH ! it is grand for God to stand,
 With holy oil anointed :
 To dare the brunt of battle-front,
 And do the deed appointed :
 To lay one's health, his time, his wealth,
 His life upon God's altar ;
 And take instead the thorn-crowned head,
 The cross, the stake, the halter.

CHORUS.

Oh ! it is grand for God to stand,
With holy oil anointed :
To dare the brunt of battle-front,
And do the deed appointed.

Never to flinch, or yield an inch,
Though portents are thick falling :
No dread to know, to count no foe,
To fear no fate appalling :
To choose the side by men decried,
From which they turn their faces :
Challenge the wrong that's hoar and strong,
Entrenched in earth's high places.

When others fail, grow sick and pale,
Or leave the field despairing,
Then silence break for Truth's fair sake,
Her sign one's helmet wearing :
Though mark'd one's brow as felon's now,
As felon's though his dying,
His blood decreed God's martyr-seed ;
Sure of late fructifying.

Oh ! it is grand for God to stand,
When others pale and halter :
Never to shrink, or balk, or blink,
Never to fail or falter.

The battle long can not go wrong,
 Truth's cause cannot miscarry ;
 For sure, at length, trav'ling in strength,
 He comes, who will not tarry.

BRING, LORD, QUICK THE CONSUMMA-
 TION.

BRING, Lord, quick the consummation,
 Hasten it in our own time ;
 When the rivers of Salvation
 Shall o'erflow their banks sublime ;
 Then shall cease all sin and sorrow,
 Then thy hand shall wipe all tears ;
 Then shall dawn the glad to-morrow,
 And shall break the thousand years.

Wake thy children up to duty,
 Willing make them in thine hour ;
 Clothe them with the morning's beauty,
 Clothe them with angelic power ;
 Then no more shall schism sunder,
 They shall all see eye to eye ;
 Then shall come that day of wonder,
 Flooding all earth's darkened sky.

Jesus, thou our Mediator,
 Jesus, thou our Brother Man,
 Creature, thou, yet new-Creator,
 Quick fulfill thy love's own plan.

Thou for man hast fellow feeling,
Touched within by all his woes ;
Gird thyself, thy power revealing,
Gird thyself against his foes.

Thou man's Liberator only,
Trampling on the conquered grave,
Lift thou up the sad and lonely,
Break the fetters of the slave ;
On thy last great battle enter,
Thou our shield and our defence ;
With thy sword strike down hell's center,
Girded with omnipotence.

Then shall come that day of wonder,
Then shall dawn that day of days,
When Time's last great trump shall thunder,
And go up earth's hymn of praise ;
Breaking like the sea's great waters
As they peal along the shore,
Then shall all earth's sons and daughters
Sing love's triumph evermore.

THE GOD ETERNAL LIVETH YET.

THE God eternal liveth yet !
Then why are we faint hearted ?
And, why at evil do we fret,
As though He had departed ?

Descending from the heav'nly hill,
 His angels camp around us still ;
 Although we find us hard beset,
 The God eternal liveth yet.

The God eternal liveth yet,
 Nor can He once forsake us ;
 Opposing hosts nor will He let
 Too heavy overtake us :
 A feeble flock, indeed, we are,
 But we are still the Shepherd's care ;
 His guards He will around us set,
 The God eternal liveth yet.

The God eternal liveth yet !
 The battle field, He knows it,
 Through Him the victory we'll get
 Whoever may oppose it :
 When we are weak, then are we strong,
 We rise from pray'r to triumph-song ;
 Our watchword this, the battle set :
 The God eternal liveth yet.

SEE YE NOT THE HOSTILE LEGIONS ?

SEE ye not the hostile legions
 Must'ring near and must'ring far ?
 Have you sworn your Lord allegiance ?
 Follow ye His fortune's star ?

Men are fainting, men are dying,
 Ebbs and flows the battle tide ;
Forward , then, on Christ relying,
 Glory to the Crucified.

Hark ! I hear the battle's thunder,
 Breaking all along the line !
Will they tear our hosts asunder ?
 Lo ! I see His standard shine !
He is walking on war's surges,
 As of old, upon the sea ;
From the smoke the Cross emerges
 Then the shout of victory.

Christian men, O do not falter,
 Day will dawn so long foretold ;
Lay yourself upon God's altar,
 It will bring the age of gold ;
Ev'ry fetter shall be broken,
 Ev'ry captive come forth free ;
For the Lord Himself hath spoken :
 And fulfilled His word shall be.

A PILGRIM CONSECRATION HYMN.

FROM other lands our fathers came,
 God's own elect, His chosen,
And took possession in His name
 Of these realms wild and frozen :

They knelt to Him with song and prayer
The rock's rude pile their altar :
And standing by that altar-stair,
Shall we, their offspring, falter?

We bless thee for faith's heritage :—
The tale our sires have told us :
Turn thou for us the future's page,
Stern duty to unfold us.

They walked with God through fire and flood,
To plant these pleasant places :
We would hand down the varied good
The continent embraces.

To mark us from dark Egypt's host,
And sanctify each dwelling,
Smite thou with blood each lintel-post
The Paschal secret telling :
Before us go through floods unknown
The waves our Leader smiting,
And we will raise a witness-stone,
To mark our safe alighting.

Our fathers' blood warm in our veins,
May all their valor fire us :
To self-denials, pangs and pains
For man and God inspire us.
That we may never lose their way,
Nor break their compact solemn,
Before us go in cloud by day,
By night in fiery column.

THE LAND THAT GAVE YOU BIRTH.

O, THE land that gave you birth,
Where you opened first your eyes,
On the green and gladsome earth,
On the blue, resplendent skies !
Land of pine and of the palm :
Land the Pilgrim exiles trod,
On the wilds, when broke their psalm
And they knelt in praise to God.

Do you love this land so fair,—
Land of which you make your boast ;
Land of clear, sweet mountain air—
Land of wholesome, rocky coast,
Land of prairie and of plain,
City vast, and rural town ?
Did the Pilgrims come in vain ?
Will you hand these blessings down ?

Answer ye, within whose veins
Flows the proud, heroic flood,
That once left its battle stains ;
Marked the place where martyrs stood :
Are you worthy of your sires,
Who have entered into rest ?
Are those ancient, holy fires
Burning in their children's breast ?

Answer ye, the names who bear
 Blazoned on historic page,
 Are you worthy of a share
 In such glorious heritage?
 Answer ye, who bear the name,
 Blazoned not on earthly shield,
 Written on a cross of shame;—
 Ye to glory ransom sealed.

I KNOW NO DIFFERENCE OF RACE.

I KNOW no difference of race,
 Of African and Saxon;
 Of tawny skin, of rose-cheeked face,
 Of hair, or crisp, or flaxen.
 The soul within, that is the man,
 There is God's image hidden;
 And there He looks, each guest to scan,
 The bidden and unbidden.

In Jesus Christ are all men one,
 And He their Elder Brother;
 The races various, 'neath the sun,
 Why should they vex each other?
 Or Jew, or Greek, the blood the same
 Within their veins that's flowing;
 Or bond, or free, to all He came,
 His dying love bestowing.

The same, the bread, His flesh we break,
The wine, His blood we're pouring ;
We lose ourselves here for His sake,
Repenting and adoring.

There are no differences of grace,
God's love to all descending ;
The humblest is His dwelling place
His wing the least defending.

What though my brother man has worn
The bondsman's yoke and fetter,
The scoff and jeer of pride has borne
I am the more his debtor !

What man is weak, and I'm not weak ?
Offended, I'm not burning ?
Is dumb, and I refuse to speak ?
Is spurned, take not the spurning ?

One God in love broods over all !
One prayer to Him is taught us ;
One name for mercy when we call ;
One ransom Christ has brought us.
One heart of meekness, lowly mind,
Life's counter-currents breasting ;
One Father's house we hope to find,
Within God's bosom resting.

O ETHIOPIA, LAND OF NIGHT!

O ETHIOPIA, land of night,
I see thy tow'ring palms ;
I see thy Nile move down in might,
With harvests in his arms :
From Congo to the Mozambique,
Thou kneel'st with outstretched hands,
All sick at heart, forlorn and weak,
Thou widowed one of lands !

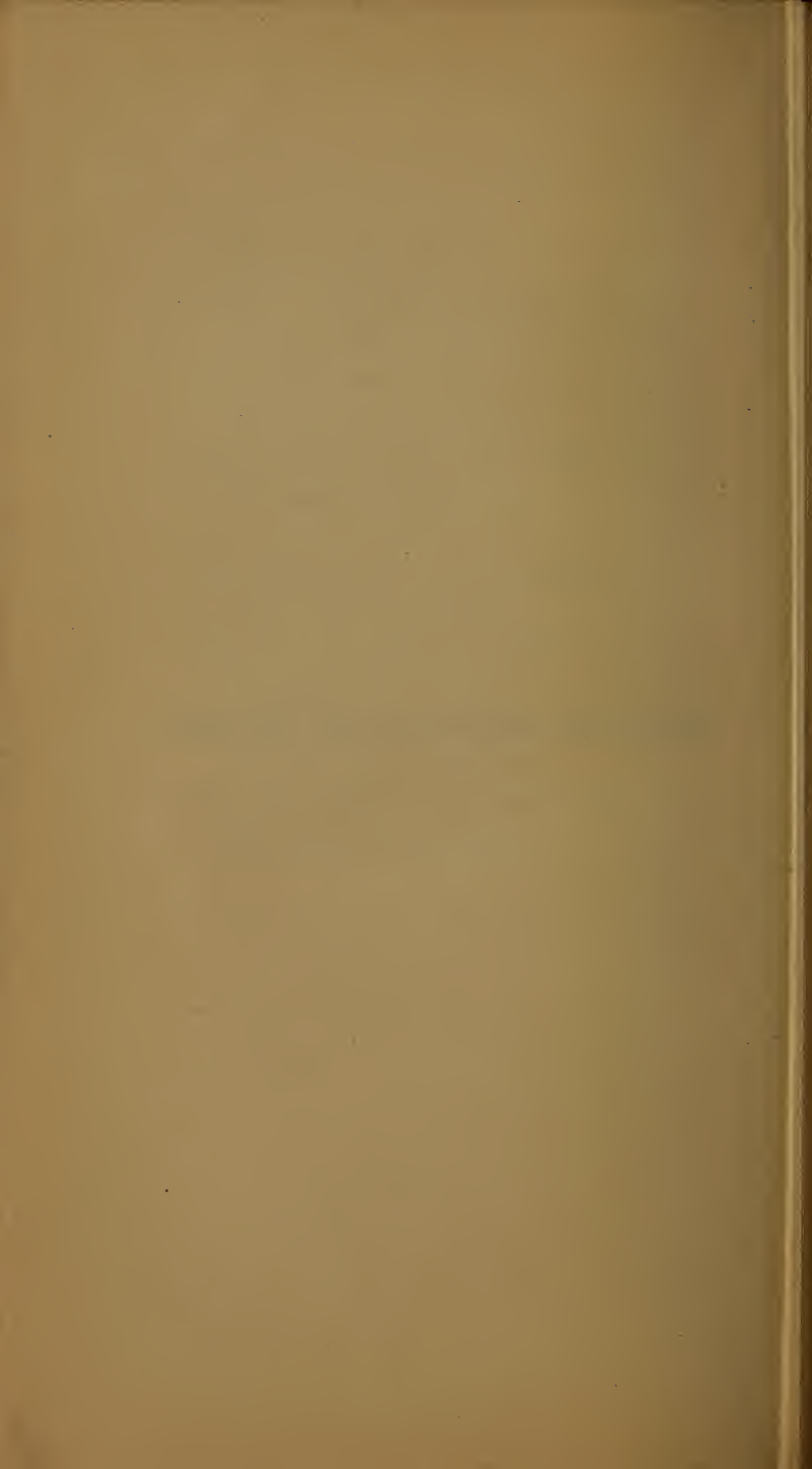
I hear thy mighty millions wail !
I hear them cry "*How long ?*"
They listen to each Western gale,
To catch sweet Zion's song :
"*To all the world !*" did He not say,
Once nailed upon the tree ?
Caucasian brother, tell us pray,
Who need it more than we ?"

Earth's menial burdens we have borne,
Oppressed beyond the seas :
The scourge have felt, the shackle worn,
To win you wealth and ease.
We only ask you, in return,
For crumbs of living bread :
Us beggars, can you longer spurn ?—
The children all are fed."

O Ethiopia, bending there,
O land of night and woe!
At last, I see, is heard thy pray'r,
And forth Christ's heralds go!
No more the slaver hovers near,
Like some foul bird of prey;
No more dark heathen rites appear
Thy midnight dawns to-day

Thy midnight dawns, at last, to-day
And in earth's sisterhood,
I see thee urge thine equal way,
Outcast, so low that stood:
I see thee take in Christ thine own,
Thy race God's image wear,
Queenlike resume thy rightful throne
Redeemed from long despair.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY HYMNS.



HARK, THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

HARK, the Macedonian cry,
Come, and help us lest we die ;
Wings of morning quickly take,
Our long night of woe to break ;
Hush for once the roar of gain,
Like the billows of the main ;
Hark the Macedonian cry,
Come and help us, lest we die.

Hark ! I hear it yet again,
Voice of sinful, dying men !
Hush for once life's busy hum,
Let the voice of joy be dumb :
Cease from prayer and cease from song,
While ye pass the cry along :
Ah, that bitter, bitter cry,
Come and help us, lest we die.

Hearts are bruised, and hearts are dead,
Homes are full of woe and dread ;
Children know not of Christ's fold,
Straying in the night and cold.
Day-light joy it comes to blight,
Lades the watches of the night ;
Like the moaning sea, the cry,
Come and help us, lest we die.

From Christ's empires yet to be,
In wild realms beyond the sea ;
From the hill and from the plain,
From the island and the main ;
Where'er man in sin is found,
Comes that voice, the earth around ;
Voice that reaches to the sky :
Come, and help us, lest we die.

CHRISTIAN SISTER O'ER THE SEA.

CHRISTIAN sister o'er the sea,
This has Jesus done for thee :
Thine a country fair and strong,
Where God's blessings thickly throng ;
Where in peace God's people dwell ;
Where is heard the Sabbath bell ;
Christian sister o'er the sea,
Canst thou nothing do for me ?

Christian sister o'er the sea,
This has Jesus done for thee :
Thine the comforts sweet, that come
From a hallowed Christian home ;
Where thy mother-tongue can teach
Jesus' love with infant speech :
Christian sister o'er the sea,
Canst thou nothing do for me ?

Christian sister o'er the sea,
This has Jesus done for thee!—
Mine a country dark as night,
Where unknown is Gospel light;
Where we pass life's weary days,
Never heard the voice of praise;
Christian sister o'er the sea,
Canst thou nothing do for me?

Christian sister o'er the sea,
This has Jesus done for thee!—
Sabbath rest and hours of pray'r
Never break our long despair;
Tell me, sister, ere I die,
God's kind message from the sky.
Christian sister o'er the sea,
Canst thou nothing do for me?

THIS LOST, LOST WORLD FOR JESUS.

THIS lost, lost world for Jesus!
'Twas Heav'n He put aside;
On earth He walked incarnate,
Was scourged and crucified.
Then, let the King immortal,
Who left for us, a throne,
Return and take possession,
Return and claim His own.

This lost, lost world for Jesus,
From where the rising sun
Lights up the Orient mountains,
To where his course is run.
He is the world's Redeemer,
Let all beneath the skies
Speak back to Him, one language :
In hymns of praise arise.

This lost, lost world for Jesus !
The word, which gave worlds birth,
Can bring the dawn prophetic :
Can bring new heav'ns and earth ;
When mainland, sea, and river,
When island, hill and plain
Shall catch the glow of Eden :
Smile back to Heav'n again.

This lost, lost world for Jesus !
He comes to make it bloom ;
Be ready for the signal :
Prepare His kingdom room.
A King's shout is among us,
Be this our battle call :
This lost, lost world for Jesus !
He well deserves it all.

THOU AFFLICTED, TOSSED WITH TEM-
PEST.

THOU afflicted, tossed with tempest,

This that I will do, behold :

Thy foundations in fair colors

I will lay thee as of old.

Sapphires shall they shine, and rubies,

All thy pinnacles aflame :

I have sworn, I will accomplish,

I have sworn it by my name.

Peace shall be in all thy borders,

Gold and silver, fields of grain :

Distant lands shall wait upon thee,

Earth's proud forces be thy gain.

Fire and water shall obey thee,

And the lightning lend thee wing ;

Girdle shall the world, love's message,

And all climes love's anthem sing.

Lo, the smith I have created,

Blowing at his coals of fire,

There with cunning hand to temper

Instruments of blood and ire ;

Let him labor, yet no weapon

He can fashion in his skill,

Lifted up on thee shall prosper ;

I will make it work my will.

Men shall make the sword a plowshare,
And the spear the vine shall prune ;
And no more the battle trumpet
To war's note their souls shall tune ;
This round earth shall be one temple,
Every heart shall be a shrine ;
Man shall love each man as brother,
Drawn to him by bond divine.

Rise in tumult ! let the nations
Thou shalt hear it from afar ;
They shall fall at last before thee ;
Higher glow in heav'n thy star.
Every tongue against thee lifted
Shall at length speak forth thy praise ;
While each terror and convulsion
Shall prolong on earth thy days.

GREAT CAPTAIN OF SALVATION.

GREAT Captain of Salvation,
Lift up thy standard high ;
Thy truth teach every nation
Beneath the bending sky,
Where'er the night rejoices,
With kindling star on star,
There let the Gospel voices
Go forth to realms afar.

Where'er earth's gladsome waters
 Go flashing to the sea,
 There let her sons and daughters
 Thy willing subjects be.
 Where'er the circling ocean
 Kisses the peopled shore
 Let men pay their devotion,
 And thee as God adore.

Great Captain of Salvation,
 Send thy last mandates forth
 O South, go take thy station,
 And keep not back, O North!
 Soon may the note victorious
 Break forth, like sea on sea
 And thy fair legions glorious
 Win this lost world to thee!

HERALDS OF JESUS, HERALDS OF LIGHT.

ALL round the earth, what wea'ry hearts are aching,
 And heav'nward go what clouds of secret sighs;
 What lonely, laden ones from sin are waking,
 Turning to God, their eager, hungry eyes.

CHORUS.—Heralds of Jesus, heralds of light,
 Go where the lost are found,
 Bind up each bleeding wound;
 Go where the darkness is,
 Drive back the night.

Lo ! ships are ploughing far, on ev'ry ocean,
 The sails of traffic filled by every breeze ;
 When will God's people, cloth'd with like devotion,
 Send gospel balm to bring the burden'd ease ?

Star of earth's night, great Herald of the morning,
 We see Thy sign glow in th' horizon there ;
 Fresh courage take, all pains and perils scorning,
 And bring our gifts to Thee, with praise and pray'r

Lift Thou the shadows falling thick around us,
 Lord, show Thyself, and lead Thy people on !
 Break Thou the fetters, that in sin have bound us,
 And sin and sorrow shall from earth be gone.

READ O'ER YOUR MARCHING ORDERS.*

READ o'er your marching orders,
 Sealed with your leader's blood :
 To earth's remotest borders
 Proclaim the Lamb of God !
 Set life and death before them
 The Jew the Greek as well ;
 There is one Father o'er them,
 Who doeth all things well.

*Words of the Duke of Wellington, when asked if he thought it was of any use, to try to convert the whole world.

Read o'er your marching orders,
Who knows so well as He
The cure of sin's disorders,
Its curse and misery?
There is but one salvation,
From sin and death and hell ;
To every tribe and nation,
Let the sweet tidings swell !

Read o'er your marching orders,
Stop not to reason why :
To earth's remotest borders,
To all that sin and die !
Waste not in speculation,
The force you need for fight ;
To all, the great salvation !
Proclaim it with your might.

Swerve not to paths forbidden;
Where angels have not trod ;
Some things God's love has hidden,
Some things belong to God ;
Upon yon heights of glory,
Hereafter you may know ;
Enough for you, Christ's story
All round the earth must go.

Enough for you the mission,
 The Gospel tale to tell,
 Under the great commission
 That saves from death and hell ;
 Read o'er your marching orders ;
 His flag must be unfurled
 In earth's remotest borders ;
 Must float all round the world !

TO ALL THE WORLD THE MASTER SAID.

To all the world, the Master said,
 Send out the living teacher ;
 I am alive, who once was dead !
 Go tell earth's ev'ry creature.
 Take swift-winged ships to bear you on,
 On horse, on camel speed you :
 To all the world ! quick, quick begone !
 It is the work decreed you.

From where the sun's first morning rays,
 By India's throngs are greeted,
 To where Sierra's summits blaze,
 His circuit full completed :
 In quiet vales they need the light,
 And on the bolder highlands ;
 On continents, all dark with night,
 On smiling mid-sea islands.

Go where the Mississippi flows,
Fed by a thousand branches,
Where blooms profuse the prairie rose,
Where teem the cattle ranches :
Where rugged men delve deep in earth,
For lead and copper mining :
Of living bread, where there is dearth,
And men for peace are pining.

Go where they see the northern arch,
Flushed with the live auroras ;
Where southern stars take up their march
And join the nightly chorus.
Where bend the famed Italian skies,
With blue so deep and tender,
Go where the Himalayas rise,
Silvered with snowy splendor.

My love to you do you forget ?
The ransom that I gave you ?
Mine agony, the bloody sweat,
The death I died to save you ?
Love's box of alabaster get,
And scatter wide the odors ;
To Moslem, 'neath his minaret,
To Chinese, 'neath pagodas.

Lo, I am with you, as you go,
To wake your high devotion ;
On tropic sand, on arctic snow,
On land, or on the ocean ;
To all the world, the Master said,
Tell near, tell far, the story ;
And, then, beyond the clouds he sped,
Ascending back to glory.

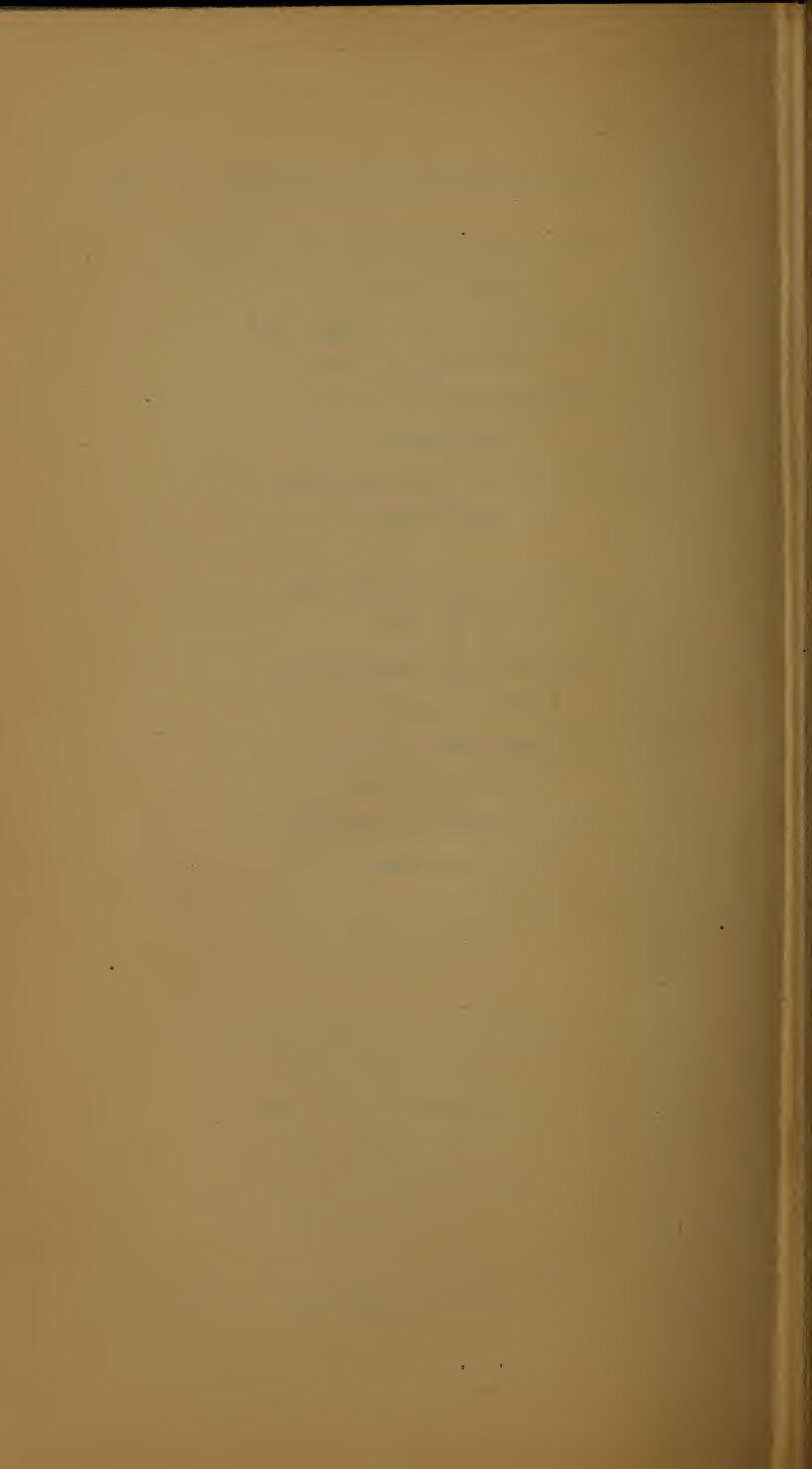
FAR, FAR IN HEATHEN LANDS.

FAR, far in heathen lands,
Dark, dark as night :
Outstretched are children's hands
For the true light :
Groping in darkness there,
Down to the grave :
Have we no gift, no prayer
Their souls to save.

We have our pastors here,
Our teachers kind :
We have our parents dear,
Our souls to mind.
We have our Bibles, too,
To warn of sin :
To tell us what to do,
How Heav'n to win.

To this sad call we'll lend
 A listening ear :
And quick some message send
 Their hearts to cheer :
Tell them of Jesus' name,
 To us so sweet :
Tell how to earth He came
 On willing feet.

Tell how for them He died,
 His life He gave :
Was scourged and crucified,
 Lay in the grave :
Tell how again He rose
 That we might rise
And triumph o'er our foes
 Within the skies.



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS.

KEEP YOUR COLORS FLYING.

Keep your colors flying,
 All ye Christian youth,
 To Christ's call replying,
 Full of grace and truth.
 Rise in strength and beauty,
 In life's morning glow,
 Answer to each duty,
 Onward, upward go.

CHORUS :—Keep your colors flying,
 Stand for God and truth,
 Keep your colors flying,
 All ye Christian youth.

Life is all before you
 Where to choose your way,
 Keep Christ's colors o'er you ;
 Watch and fight and pray,
 With a firm endeavor,
 Ev'ry foe defy,
 True to Jesus ever,
 Lift your colors high.

Keep your colors flying,
 Never think of ease ;
 Sin and selfdenying,
 Jesus only please.

Not for worldly pleasure,
 Not for worldly fame,
 Not for heaps of treasure ;
 Live for Jesus' name !

Keep your colors flying,
 Walk as Jesus did ;
 In Him, living, dying,
 Let your life be hid ;
 Hoping, trusting ever,
 Breathe this mortal breath ;
 You shall live forever,
 Christ has conquered death.

WHO A WHITE CROSS KNIGHT WILL BE?

Who a White Cross Knight will be,
 In his crest a lily wearing ?
 Stand for truth and purity,
 Bravely doing, bravely daring ?
 Of the lovely and the fair,
 Of the grand and noble thinking :
 Who will take the martyr's share,
 Never shirking, never shrinking ?

CHORUS :—Who will be a White Cross Knight,
 Girded stand for child and woman ?
 Panoplied in God's own light,
 Clothed with strength that's more than human ?

Be there virtue, be there praise,
 Always bravely that defending :
 Be there honest words and ways,
 Needed help to them extending ;
 Lovely things, of good report,
 In their triumph still rejoicing—
 Giving them defence, support,
 And their just claim loudly voicing.

Who will face each dragon wrong,
 Breathing hot its hell's defiance ;
 Christ, his life, his light, his song :
 Christ his strength, his sole reliance ?
 With the White Cross on his breast,
 It unfurled as banner o'er him,
 Who will do the Lord's behest ?
 Naught of earth can stand before him.

KEEP YOUTH'S SCUTCHEON LILY-WHITE

KEEP youth's scutcheon lily-white,
 Let no folly stain it :
 If life's freshness sin should blight,
 You can ne'er regain it :
 Keep pure speech upon your tongue,
 In your eye truth's lustre :
 Walk as though angels among ;—
 Round your steps they cluster.

Take your sandals off your feet,
 Life is always holy :
 Everywhere you walk, you meet
 Him, the meek and lowly :
 God your Father in the sky,
 You a son forgiven,
 Look the future in the eye,
 Face lit up with Heaven.

You shall have the morning-star
 'Mid the saints in glory,
 In that land that is afar,
 Where they've gone before you.
 Keep youth's scutcheon lily-white ;
 True to those that love you :
 Bought with blood, and child of light,
 True to God above you.

JESUS, CAPTAIN, STATION ME.

JESUS, Captain, station me,
 There, where thou wouldst have me be
 On the left hand, or the right,
 As an outpost in the fight ;
 Victory, yes, and defeat,
 If for thee, both must be sweet,

REFRAIN—Jesus, Captain, station me,
 There, where thou wouldst have me be.

Jesus, Captain, station me,
Where I may thy glory see ;
When thy standard forward goes,
And around it fall thy foes ;
Every hardship would I dare,
Fighting, watching unto prayer.

Jesus, Captain, station me,
Anywhere, if but with thee ;
And when done is life's last march,
Seated 'neath the rainbow arch,
Seated with thee on thy throne,
Take the glory as thine own.

WHO'LL TAKE THE RANKS FOR JESUS?

WHO'LL take the ranks for Jesus?
He calls for volunteers ;
He first will win a welcome,
Who first the message hears.
Who'll answer the Great Captain,
That holds us all in view :
I rally to Thy standard,
What wilt thou have me do

CHORUS : Who'll take the ranks for Jesus ?
He calls for volunteers ;
He first will win a welcome
Who first the message hears.

Who'll take the ranks for Jesus,
 To share in his renown ;
 To join the countless number
 That win the palm and crown ;
 Who'll take the soldier's hazard,
 Who'll take the soldier's cheer ;
 Who'll take the ranks for Jesus,
 And answer, " Lord, I'm here ? "

Who'll take the ranks for Jesus ?
 All evil to abhor ;
 To stand for Him the vigils,
 And meet the brunt of war ;
 The Cross, the Cross his watchword,
 His eye upon the crown ;
 To fight as fought the Captain,
 Nor lay his armor down ?

Who'll take the ranks for Jesus,
 What eager, knightly soul,
 To shine as stars are shining
 Around the distant pole ?
 Who'll take the ranks for Jesus,
 To see the battle through ?
 To wear celestial honors,
 When comes the last Review ?

TAKE A STAND FOR JESUS.

TAKE a stand for Jesus,
Let all people know,
That you mean to serve him,
Everywhere you go.
High or low your station,
Rich or poor your lot,
Take a stand for Jesus,
And forsake Him not.

Take a stand for Jesus,
Never blush for shame :
Never fail or falter,
Show yourself the same :
He will always own you,
Always give you grace ;
Take a stand for Jesus,
Then, in every place.

Take a stand for Jesus,
His commands are sweet ;
Never fear the battle,
Never sound retreat :
Here the Captain's calling,
Where the standard flies ;
Take a stand for Jesus,
Fight to win the prize.

Take a stand for Jesus
Loyal be and true ;
Show a good confession,
As He showed for you.
Take a stand for Jesus,
Think of crown and palm
Think of heights of glory,
And the victor's psalm.

EARTH'S LONG-LOST CHILDREN.

THEY range, earth's long-lost children,
Around their Shepherd's throne,
They have celestial praises
And worship all their own :
They sing of Miram's Moses,
And how his mother came :
They sing the birth of Jesus,
Of Bethl'em's new-born Lamb.

They wear no earthly raiment,
Woven by mother care,
But He who clothes the lily
Clothes them as white and fair ;
His name is in each forehead,
A crown is on each brow ;
They never thirst or hunger,
They have no sickness now.

Who took them here and blest them,
His hand upon each head,
His love has not forgotten,
Now that earth's dream is fled :
As men pluck here a blossom,
And wear it in their breast,
He in His bosom bears them,
They in His bosom rest.

They range through all the garden,
And pluck the fruit of gold ;
Amid green fields they gambol,
As here, on earth, of old ;
They watch the crystal river,
Upon its banks they play ;
And thus the time goes swiftly
Of that long, golden day.

They walk the holy city,
Its turrets all aflame,
Its pinnacles all flashing
The glory of One Name :
They find within, no temple,
No spires within it rise,
Amid the throne is Jesus,
The temple of the skies.

These are earth's long-lost children,
The lambs He gathers there :
To wear them in His glory,
To keep them as His care :
Amid such scenes they wait us,
The dainty, white-robed throng,
To join them in their pastimes,
To join them in their song.

FAR UP THE HEIGHTS OF GLORY.

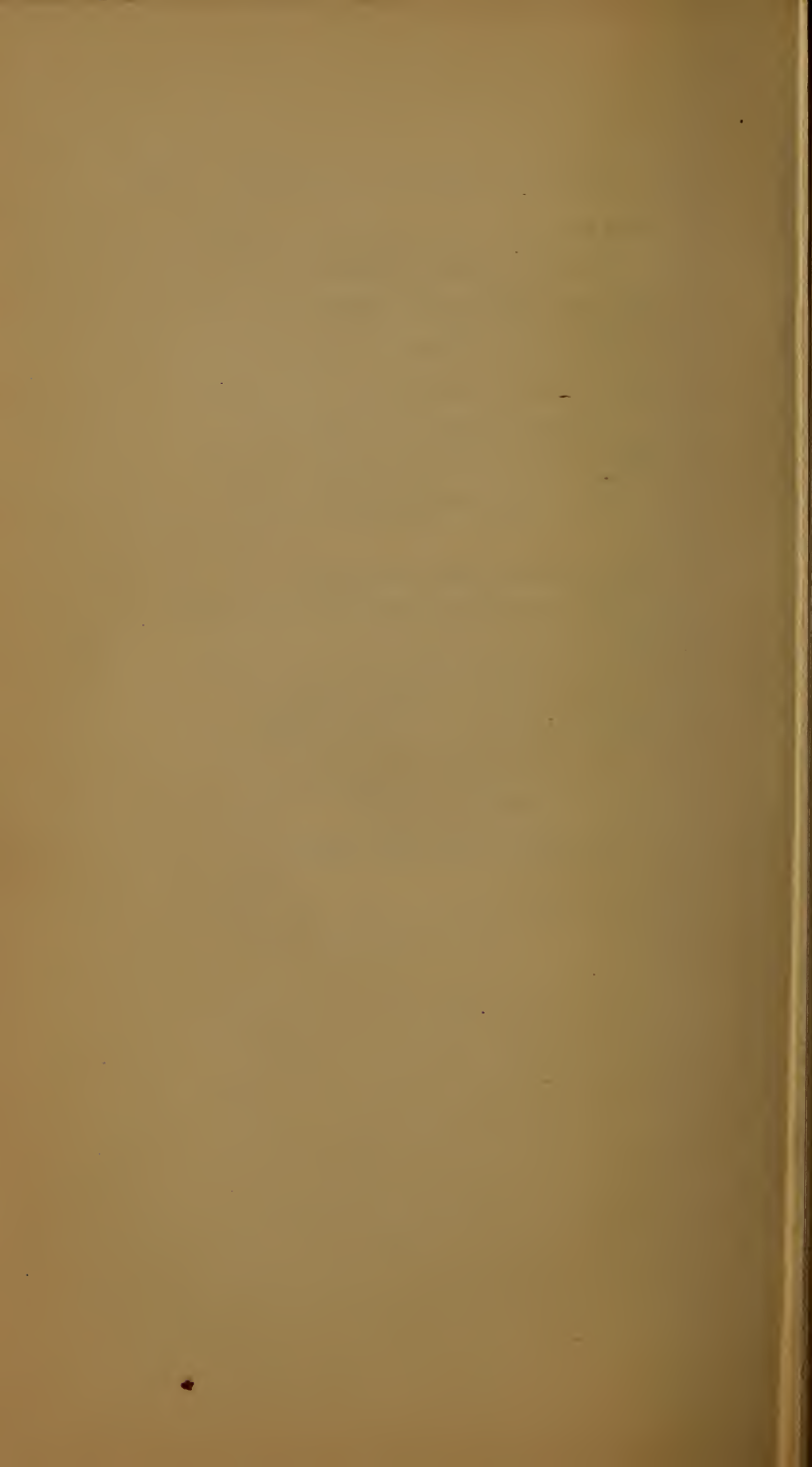
FAR up the heights of glory,
The youth who've fought the fight,
I see all girt with laurels,
I see all bathed in light ;
Withstood they here for Jesus
Brief time, life's foes and fears ;
They burn with youthful ardor,
Thro' the eternal years.

Sharp was their earthly battle,
Their armor soon laid down ;
Their life no broken column,
They sooner wore the crown.
No age can dim the lustre
That kindles in their eye ;
They wear unfading raiment,
The vesture of the sky.

Not they like corn unripened,
For Jesus garnered them ;
The first fruits of the harvest
His hosts to diadem.

I see the fair battallions,
No winter does them ruth ;
They drink the living waters,
Glow with eternal youth.

They fell like dauntless heroes,
Our earth-born children fair ;
In very front of battle,
They took the martyr's share.
The Captain saw and called them,
The fields of light to grace ;
Amid the ranks of glory
In youth to hold their place.



**HYMNS OF CHRISTIAN
EXPERIENCE.**



IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA

I sat alone with life's memories
In sight of the crystal sea ;
And I saw the thrones of the star-crowned ones,
With never a crown for me,
And, then, the voice of the Judge said "Come!"
Of the Judge on the great white throne ;
And I saw the star-crowned take their seats,
But none could I call my own.

I thought me, then, of my childhood days,
The pray'r at my mother's knee ;
Of the counsels grave, that my father gave
The wrath I was warned to flee.
I said, "Is it, then, too late, too late ?
Shut without must I stand for aye ?
And the Judge, will He say, 'I know you not,'
How e'er I may knock and pray?"

I thought, I thought of the days of God
I'd wasted in folly and sin ;
Of the times I'd mocked when the Saviour knocked,
And I would not let Him in.
I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made,
When I lay at death's dark door :
"Would He spare my life, I'd give up the strife,
And serve Him forevermore."

I heard a voice, like the voice of God,
 "Remember, remember, my son!
Remember thy ways in the former days:
 The crown that thou mightest have won."
I thought, I thought; and my thoughts ran on,
 Like the tide of a sunless sea:
"Am I living or dead?" to myself I said,
 "An end is there never to be?"

It seemed as though I woke from a dream;
 How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
 From tow'rs that were far away.
I then became as a little child,
 And I wept, and wept afresh;
For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
 And given a heart of flesh.

Still, oft, I sit with life's memories
 And think of the crystal sea;
And I see the thrones of the star-crowned ones,—
 I know there's a crown for me.
And when the voice of the Judge says "Come!"
 Of the Judge, on the great white throne,
I know, mid the thrones of the star-crowned ones,
 There's one I shall call my own.

WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH THEE?

NUMBERED with transgressors Thou,
 Crown of thorns upon Thy brow,
 With the spear-thrust in Thy side,
 Who art Thou, Thou Crucified?
 There obedient unto death,
 Jesus, Thou of Nazareth,
 Dying on the cruel tree,
 What have I to do with Thee?

Found in fashion as a man,
 Taking here his lot and ban,
 Ah! what pathway hast Thou trod,
 Wearing once the form of God!
 In the greatness of Thy strength,
 Thou hast reached the goal at length;
 Dying on the cruel tree,
 What have I to do with Thee?

Thou art nailed there in my stead;
 Mine, the thorns around Thy head;
 Mine, the scourges Thou hast borne;
 Mine, the agony and scorn;
 Shiv'ring rocks and darkened sun
 Are for sins which I have done;
 Dying on the cruel tree,
 What have I to do with Thee?

Thou dost taste this death for me ;
Jesus, Thou of Calvary !
Thou art He, the woman's Seed,
Eden-promised in our need ;
Alpha and Omega Thou ;
Ah ! I know Thee, know Thee now ;
Dying on the cruel tree,
This have I to do with Thee.

OUT OF MY DARKNESS INTO THY LIGHT.

Out of my darkness into thy light,
Out of my weakness into thy might,
Jesus I come, Jesus I come.

Out of my error, into thy truth,
Out of my guessing, into thy sooth,
Out of my sickness, into thy youth,
Jesus I come, Jesus I come.

Out of my bondage, and sorrow, and strife,
Into thy freedom, forgiveness and life,
Jesus I come, Jesus I come.

Out of my unrest to breathing thy balm,
Out of my tumult, into thy calm,
Out of my woes, to song and to psalm,
Jesus I come, Jesus I come.

Out of death's horrors, and madness and chains,
 Into life's comforts, and glories and gains,

Jesus I come, Jesus I come.

Out of sin's guilt and terror and gloom,
 Out of the region and shade of the tomb,
 Here where the lost still find there is room ;

Jesus I come, Jesus I come.

Out of my pride and perverseness of will,
 Free from that void that nothing can fill,

Jesus I come, Jesus I come.

Out of my self, and into Thine Own
 Into thy love, from being alone,
 Lately so lost, now heir to a throne

Jesus I come, Jesus I come.

IN ME, O LORD, ABIDE.

IN me, O Lord, abide,
 And I in Thee !

No more let sin divide,
 'Tis love's decree.

Uncertain all my skill ;
 Work out thy holy will :

In me, O Lord, abide,
 And I in thee.

And I in Thee, O Lord,
Thou art my rest ;
Since Thou hast waked this chord
Within my breast,
I have no worldly care,
I breathe, but this, no pray'r :
In me, O Lord, abide,
And I in Thee.

In me, and I in Thee,
Partner divine !
Mine all the shame to be,
The glory Thine.
Mine, all the doubts and fears ;
Thine, all that saves and cheers ;
In me, O Lord, abide,
And I in Thee.

Thus, o'er and o'er I pray :
In me, abide !
Teach me Thy holy way :
Walk by my side.
Thine be life's precious hours ;
Thine, all my ransomed pow'rs ;
In me, O Lord, abide,
And I in Thee.

In me, O Lord, abide,
 Give daily grace!
 Be still Thy wounded side
 My hiding place.
 Thou art mine only One:
 Give me the secret stone.
 In me, O Lord, abide,
 And I in Thee!

MY JESUS, WALK WITH ME.

My Jesus, walk with me.
 'Twill sweeten all the way;
 Friend and companion be,
 I am poor, common clay.
 As Thou didst walk of old
 Through favored Galilee,
 Love's wonders to unfold,
 My Jesus, walk with me.

Do not we two agree?
 Why need we ever part?
 Thou didst my sorrows see,
 And take me on Thy heart.
 Emmanuel Thy name,
 Made good that should be:
 My way and Thine the same;—
 My Jesus, walk with me.

Thou art true God in man !
True flesh and blood Thou art :
Hast known earth's curse and ban,
Felt every pang and smart ;
Should I be drawing near
Some dark Gethsemane,
With Thee I cannot fear :
My Jesus, walk with me.

My Jesus, walk with me !
When death-shades round me fall
Thy word my staff shall be,
My light, my life, my all.
When I yield up this breath,
Nor step before me see,
Thou, who hast tasted death,
My Jesus, walk with me.

Thy Father's house and mine,
Beyond life's transient day,
Show me by some sure sign ;
Thou art thyself the Way.
Until I reach the place
That is prepared by Thee,
And see Thee face to face,
My Jesus, walk with me.

IN THE LIGHT, O LORD, THOU DWELLEST.

IN the light, O Lord, Thou dwellest,
In the realm of perfect day,
All the stars by name Thou tellest,
Wheeling their triumphant way ;
Yet, to earth Thou condescendest,
When Thy saints for Thee prepare ;
And thy gifts of mercy sendest,
Where they seek Thy face in prayer.

We have built this habitation,
Which complete before Thee stands,
Feet, still shod with preparation,
For the house not made with hands ;
Thither, our best wishes centre :—
Still, on earth may we be blest,
In Thy name, when here we enter,
Seeking foretaste of that rest.

Now, O Lord, our labors owning,
Take as thine, this sacred place :
In our hearts, Thyself enthroning,
Shed upon us heav'nly grace.
Means of grace be here appointed,
Balm for ev'ry woe and wound :
Through the blood of Thine Anointed,
Live the dead, the lost be found.

In the light, O Lord, Thou dwellest,
In the realm of perfect day :
Every cloud of sin dispellest,
Drivest all our fears away :
To the ransomed and forgiven,
Be these aisles in weakness trod,
As the open gate of Heaven,
As the very House of God !

TO THEE, O LORD JEHOVAH.

To Thee, O Lord Jehovah,
This temple do we bring ;
Let gifts celestial hover,
And crown the offering.
Whene'er our spirits blending,
Thy love we here unfold,
May tongues of flame descending,
Fall on us, as of old.

We build on this foundation :
On Christ, the crucified :
Our life, and our salvation ;
From Him, what can divide ?
We flee, when battle rages,
Or rises high the flood,
To Him, the Rock of Ages ;
To Christ, the power of God.

Enter, O Lord Jehovah,
Enter thy chosen rest :
In Christ's marred face discover
Thyself to ev'ry guest.
Whene'er the bread is broken,
Whene'er we taste the wine,
Give us, of love some token ;
Some sign, some seal divine.

Our little children, feed them ;
Our youth and maidens guide ;
The grey-haired, gently lead them,
Then Jordan's stream divide.
Build Thou the walls of Zion ;
Here make them fair and strong ;
And still may Judah's Lion
His reign of peace prolong.

WHERE ONCE 'MID NATURE'S TRACK-
LESS WILD.

WHERE once 'mid Nature's trackless wild,
The wigwam's smoke was rising,
Where roamed, untutored, Nature's child,
Nor knew God's grace surprising :
Beneath yon temple, arched with blue,
Above the clouds extending,
To God we build this temple new,
Our gifts and praises blending.

How changed, indeed, the outward scene!
Still downward glides the river;
The sun proclaims, with course serene,
The great, unchanging Giver.
But teeming towns around us throng
Vast trains go by with thunder,
Labor lifts up her ceaseless song,
Awakens ceaseless wonder!

With prayer to God, this stone we place;
With cheerful songs, adore Him.
These walls, may they go up with grace,
With honor, rise before Him:
These gates, long may they open stand,
And children's children gather,
The word of God, within their hand,
To learn of Him, their Father!

How soon will all our work be done.
How transient gifts and graces,
Our names no more beneath the sun
Be heard in sacred places?
God grant they may be written where
Unfold unfading pages;
Our souls as temples builded fair
Upon the Rock of Ages!

GOD GRANT I MAY NOT LIVE IN VAIN.

GOD grant I may not live in vain,
Some useless part fulfilling ;
Like water, gathered not again,
Which careless hand is spilling.

May I but add my being's force
To that eternal river
Which has in God's own love its source,
And flows to Him forever.

Some Christian song may I but write,
And to his altar bring it ;
Some hymn of praise to Christ indite,
And after-ages sing it.

To some lost soul the gospel preach,
Give him kind exhortation ;
Some little child the way may teach,
And bring to it salvation.

By some lone couch may breathe a prayer ;
Or send some tender token
To save the tempted from despair,
Or bind the heart that's broken.

That me, at last, my Lord may know,
And give me recognition,
Because I walked with Him below,
And kept the great commission.

TOUCH MY LIPS, O LORD! WITH FIRE.

TOUCH my lips, O Lord! with fire
 Fresh from off Thine altar;
 Kindle in me pure desire,
 Though my flesh should falter
 I can be of use to Thee
 Only if I holy be.

Send some seraph from the throng,
 With Thy glory burning;
 Where they sing the ceaseless song,
 Ever of Thee learning;
 Where, upon the sapphire throne,
 Thou art seated high, alone.

Send some seraph with a coal
 At that glory lighted;
 Only fire can make me whole,—
 Me so dark, benighted.
 Open, then, my lips of flame,
 All Thy glory to proclaim.

 HERE AM I, O LORD; SEND ME.

ARE there those around my door,
 Whom I, thoughtless, do not see,
 Sick, neglected, wretched, poor,
 From their sin and suffering sore?
 Here am I, O Lord; send me.

Are there those who're far from home,—
 Far from home, O Lord, and Thee,
 O'er the wilds who lawless roam,
 'Neath the white Sierra's dome?
 Here am I, O Lord; send me.

Are there those who wretched hide,
 Sunk in sin to low degree,
 On some city's surging tide,
 Lost to love and truth and pride?
 Here am I, O Lord; send me.

Are there those who know Thee not,
 On some island of the sea?
 In some lone, neglected spot,
 Stained by many a crime and blot?
 Here am I, O Lord; send me.

Send me where, Thou knowest best,
 Where the greatest need may be;
 Where men are the most unblest,
 Tossed upon their sin's unrest:
 Here am I, O Lord; send me.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

BEGINNING without ending,
 Creator Thou of time,
 Thy sceptre wide extending
 O'er all Thy realms sublime;

In dust we bow before Thee,
Ourselves who are but dust,
To praise Thee and adore Thee :
Our own, our fathers' trust.

The stars in their high courses
Their golden path pursue,
And Nature's kindly forces
Still throb with pulses new :
Flows seaward each great river
The seas obedient roll ;
Unchanged Thy sway forever,
O God, from pole to pole.

Thy church is still fast grounded
On truth and sacrament.
With unseen hosts surrounded
And on her Lord intent :
She speeds to ev'ry nation
To speak His dying word :
Her walls flame with salvation,
And shouts within are heard.

Still mighty is this nation,
Her sign still fair unfurled,
Still true to her vocation,
She leads for man the world :

Her highlands and savannas
Wake with the Gospel note ;
While children's sweet hosannas
Like incense upward float.

The year rolls round its wonders,
Fills out each season's sign,
And no convulsion sunders
Creation's bond divine ;
On land and on the ocean,
To Thee, O God, we turn,
And kindle our devotion,
And for Thy blessing yearn.

On through the countless ages,
On Through Time's course unknown,
Earth shall fulfill her stages,
Unshaken still Thy throne :
Beginning without ending,
When we in dust shall sleep,
Thy shield o'er them extending,
Our children's children keep.

GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET
AGAIN.

God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels, guide, uphold you ;
With His sheep, securely fold you ;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 Neath his wings protecting, hide you ;
 Daily manna still divide you ;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 With the oil of joy anoint you ;
 Sacred ministries appoint you ;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 When life's perils thick confound you ;
 Put His arms unfailing round you ;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 Of His promises remind you ;
 For Life's upper garner bind you ;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 Sicknesses and sorrows taking,
 Never leaving, nor forsaking ;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you ;
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you ;
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again.
Ended when for you earth's story,
Israel's chariot sweep to glory ;
God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
God be with you till we meet again.

OF EARTH A HANDFUL ONLY.

OF earth a handful only,
A little kindred dust,
When I lie cold and lonely,
In God my only trust :
Enough my form to cover,
And wrap me in sweet sleep,
When life's fond dream is over,
No more to wake or weep.

I want no pageant splendid,
Moving with martial tread ;
By long-loved ones attended,
Take me to kindred dead :
Apart, where life's great surges
The place cannot explore :
Without or plaint, or dirges,
Bear me, when life is o'er.

I want no bed of splendor,
Cut out of snow-like stone :
I want earth's bosom tender,
Her mother-breast alone :
Somewhere, beneath the willow,
By water's gentle flow,
There smoothe for me a pillow,
No matter who may know.

I want no rich belongings,
To foster human pride ;
For, stilled will be my longings,
My weakness laid aside ;

I want a little cover
Of daisies on my breast,
When life's fond dream is over,
And I lie down to rest.

There in the mornings vernal,
The little birds shall sing ;
And the great sun diurnal
His benediction bring :
And there, the stars of even,
Shall shed their gentle light :
To beckon souls to Heaven,
Beyond earth's sin and blight.

Of earth a handful only
To show the humble place,
Where in death's chamber, lonely,
I, too, have found a place :

There, all my troubles ended,
My dust with kindred dust,
There, by sweet hopes attended,
To wait Him, whom I trust.

SLEEP HERE IN PEACE.

SLEEP here in peace !

To earth's kind bosom do we tearful take thee,
No mortal sound again from rest shall wake thee ;
No fever-thirst, no grief that needs assuaging,
No tempest-burst above thy head loud raging.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !

No more thou'lt know the sun's glad morning shining,
No more the glory of the day's declining ;
No more the night that stoops serene above thee,
Watching thy rest, like tender eyes that love thee.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !

Unknown to thee, the spring will come with blessing,
The turf above thee in soft verdure dressing ;
Unknown will come the autumn, rich and mellow,
Sprinkling thy couch with foliage, golden-yellow.

Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !

This is earth's rest for all her broken-hearted,
Where she has garnered up our dear departed :
The prattling babe, the wife, the old man hoary,
The tired of human life, the crowned with glory,
Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !

This is the gate for thee to walks immortal,
This is the entrance to the pearly portal ;
The pathway trod by saints and sages olden,
Whose feet now walk Jerusalem the Golden.
Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !

For, not on earth shall be man's rest eternal ;
Faith's morn shall come ! Each setting sun diurnal,
Each human sleeping, and each human waking,
Hastens the day that shall on earth be breaking.
Sleep here in peace !

Sleep here in peace !

Faith's morn shall come ! when He, our Lord and
Maker,
Shall claim His own that slumber in God's Acre ;
When He, who once for man death's anguish tasted,
Shall show death's gloomy realm despoiled and wasted !
Sleep here in peace !

SLEEP SWEET WITHIN.

SLEEP sweet within !
This is Faith's inn,
Wherein her dust reposes,
Until Life's morn
In East is born,
And decks the sky with roses.

In Jesus sleep !
He safe will keep
His ransomed and forgiven ;
This is the room
With sweet perfume—
The keeper's lodge to Heaven.

Good night, good night !
Beyond earth's blight,
Beyond life's wave of sorrow,
We look away
To that long day,
When we shall say, " Good morrow !

GOD OVER ALL.

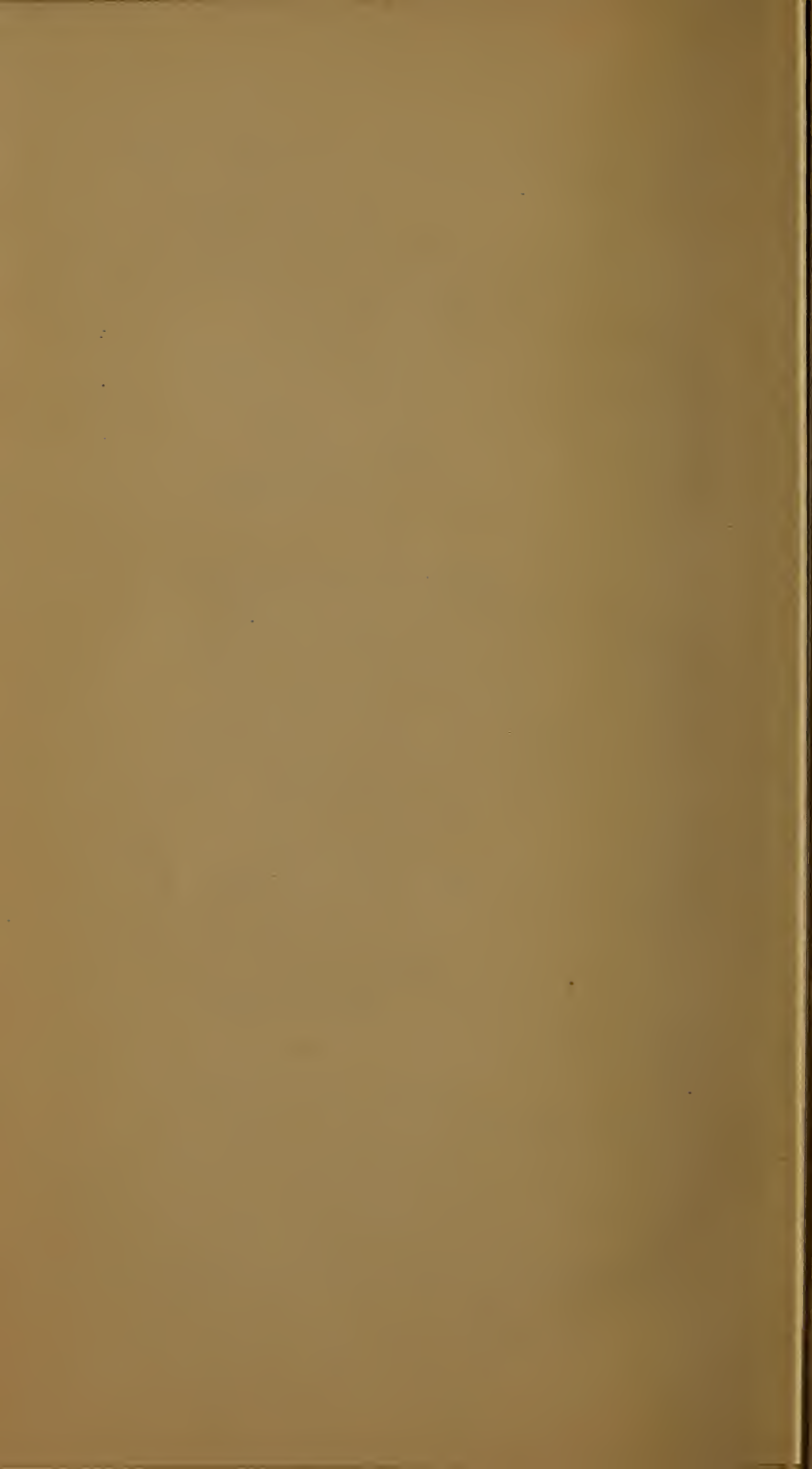
Now the Moon walks from her cloisters,
Pale and penitent and fair ;
Saying soft her pater-nosters
On the trembling, evening air.

Star by star, she, mounting, tells them,
Bead on bead, in God's ear spells them ;
 Gone the twilight,
 Sapphire skylight !
Hark the curfew's call
 Care's release,
 Sleep in peace,
God is over all.

God is over all, our Father,
 Night the shadow of His wing.
As a brood of fledglings gather,
 With their filial murmuring,
One by one, beneath their mother
All their mundane fears to smother,
 To God kneel we,
 Low appeal we.
Hark the curfew's call,
 Care's release,
 Sleep in peace,
God is over all.

God is over all, Creator !
 All the worlds wheel round His throne,
And He counts them, less and greater :
 Thus He counts, on earth, His own.
In His councils, He includes them ;
With His wings, protects and broods them











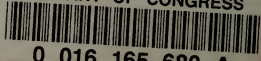
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