

Gospel Songs

By
J. H. Hall
J. H. Ruebush and
A. S. Kieffer

ASSOCIATE AUTHORS
E. T. Hildebrand
W. H. Ruebush and
J. D. Vaughan

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Crowning Day, No. 2

A COLLECTION OF

Gospel Songs

...FOR...

Sunday Schools, Revivals, Young People's
Meetings, Etc.

...BY...

J. H. HALL, J. H. RUEBUSH
and A. S. KIEFFER

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Price, 30 Cents per Copy. \$3.00 per Dozen

PREFACE.



May the Beautiful Gospel Songs of "Crowning Day, No. 2," be accompanied by the Holy Spirit and do even more effectual work than those of No. 1.

We send this volume of songs forth to "Sing its own praise," and earnestly hope that it will prove a Messenger of Joy and Peace to many dear hearts wherever it goes.

*Yours for Sacred Song,
The Authors.*

THE CROWNING DAY

No. 2.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that
fadeth not away."—1 PETER 5: 4.



No. 131.

Crown After Cross.

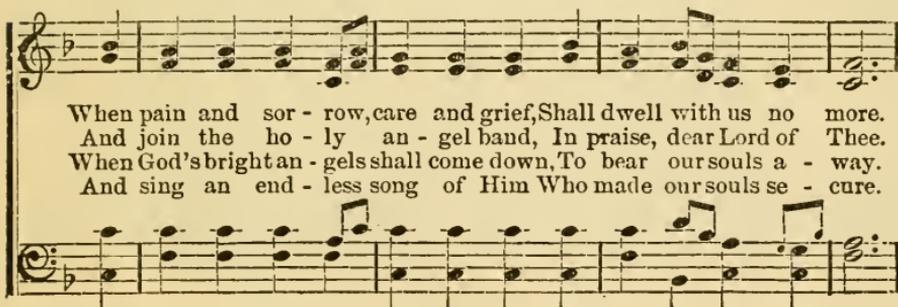
"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

Chorus by Rev. J. B. Matthias.

J. H. Hall.

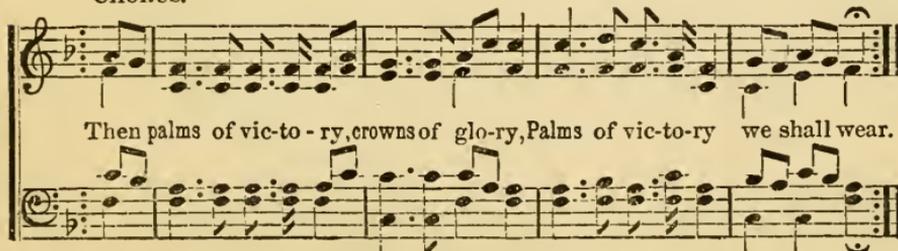


1. How sweet will be the wel-come home When this short life is o'er,
2. When we that bright and heav'n-ly land, With spir - it eyes shall see,
3. O may we live while here be-low, In view of that blest day.
4. When we shall walk the gold - en streets, In gar - ments white and pure;



When pain and sor - row, care and grief, Shall dwell with us no more.
And join the ho - ly an - gel band, In praise, dear Lord of Thee.
When God's bright an - gels shall come down, To bear our souls a - way.
And sing an end - less song of Him Who made our souls se - cure.

CHORUS.



Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry we shall wear.

No. 132. There's a Mighty Army Marching.

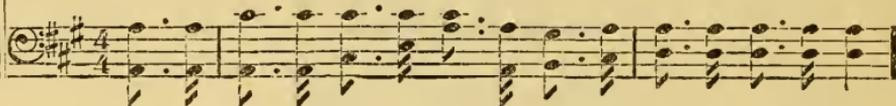
(This song is respectfully dedicated to the noble army of S. S. workers of W. Va.)

Ida L. Reed.

J. H. Ruebush.



1. There's a might-y ar-my marching; Marshalled by the Prince of Peace,
2. Num-ber-less is this great ar-my, And its ranks are strong and brave,
3. Bless-ed is this might-y ar-my, Meas-ureless the good they do,



O'er them float love's shining banners, Day by day their ranks increase,
And they strive to lead to Je-sus, All the world that He may save.
Toil-ing for the Heav'nly kingdom, To their Lead-er, loy-al, true,



They are march-ing, they are marching, Lift-ing up a-long the way,
They are march-ing, they are marching, Ma-ny are the souls they bring,
They are march-ing, they are marching, On-ward, up-ward ev-er-more,

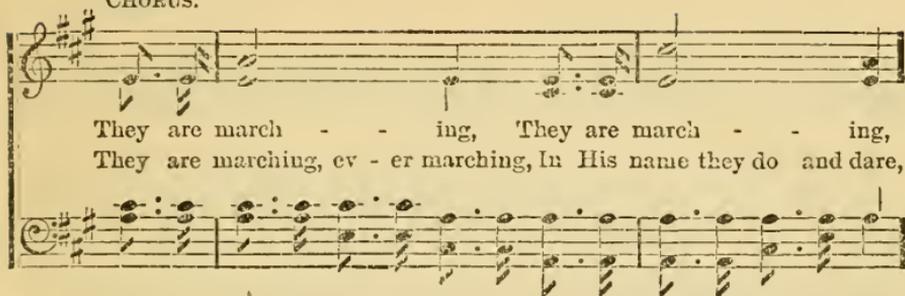


Sin-ful souls, the weak and fal-len, Win-ning back the steps a-stray.
Won from sin's dark paths and pleasures, Un-to Christ their Prince and King.
Lead-ing mul-ti-tudes of saved ones, To the bright e-ter-nal shore.

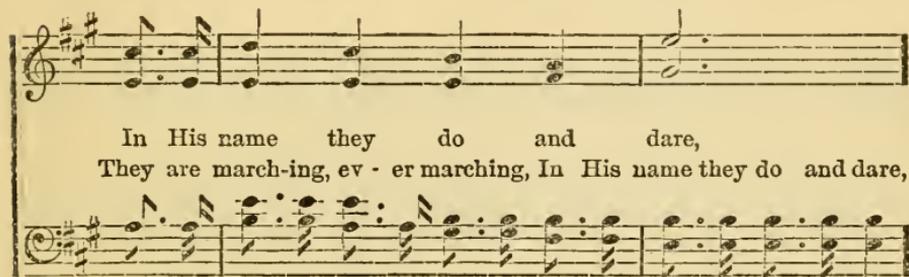


There's a Mighty Army Marching. Concluded.

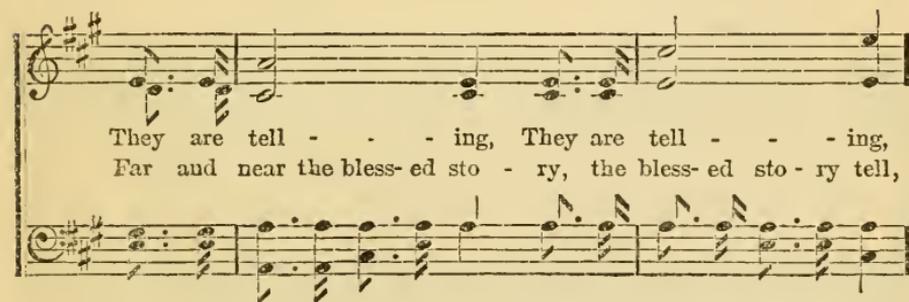
CHORUS.



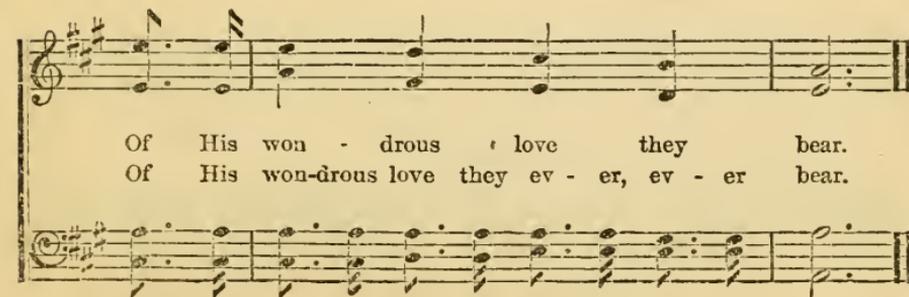
They are march - - ing, They are march - - ing,
They are marching, ev - er marching, In His name they do and dare,



In His name they do and dare,
They are march-ing, ev - er marching, In His name they do and dare,

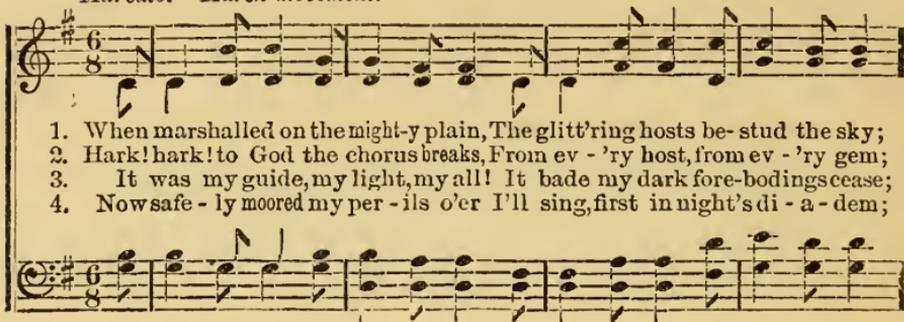


They are tell - - - ing, They are tell - - - ing,
Far and near the bless-ed sto - ry, the bless-ed sto - ry tell,

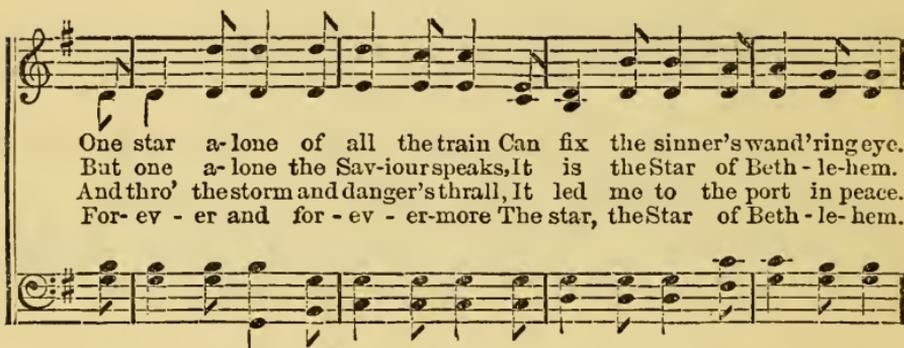


Of His won - drous love they bear.
Of His won-drous love they ev - er, ev - er bear.

J. H. Ruebush.

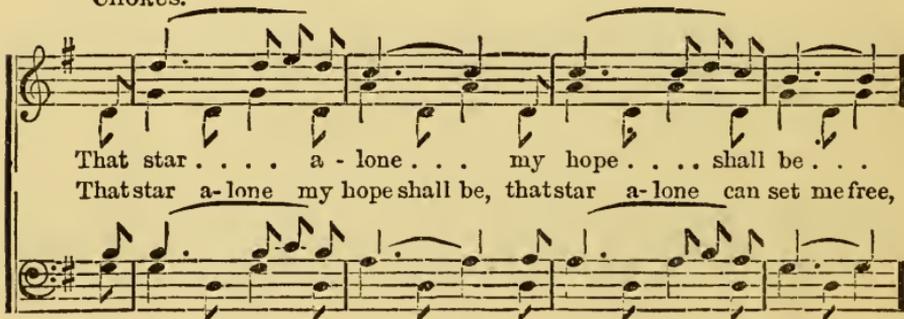
Marcato. March movement.


1. When marshalled on the might-y plain, The glitt'ring hosts be-stud the sky;
 2. Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev-'ry host, from ev-'ry gem;
 3. It was my guide, my light, my all! It bade my dark fore-bodings cease;
 4. Nowsafe-ly moored my per-ils o'er I'll sing, first in night's di-a-dem;



One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
 But one a-lone the Sav-iourspeaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.
 And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the port in peace.
 For-ev-er and for-ev-er-more The star, the Star of Beth-le-hem.

CHORUS.



That star a-lone . . . my hope shall be . . .
 That star a-lone my hope shall be, that star a-lone can set me free,



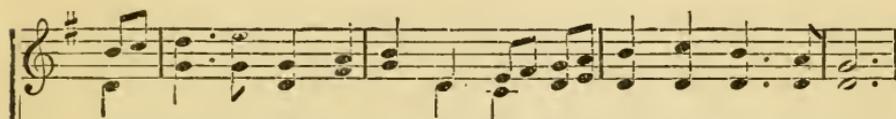
That star a-lone . . . can set the sin-ner free.
 That star a-lone can set me free,

Jas. D. Vaughn.*

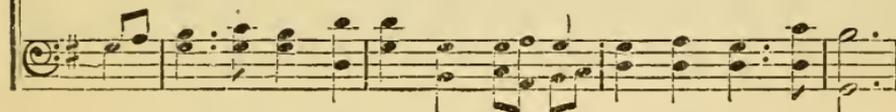
J. H. Rosecrans.



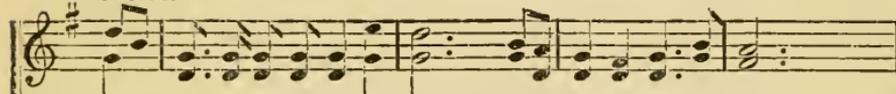
1. When I with sin was all de - filed, And sink - ing down in woe,
2. The joy the bliss of that glad hour, No mor - tal tongue can tell,
3. By faith I trembling - ly drew near, And did my guilt con - fess;
4. Dear sin - ner, hear the Sav - iour say, In tones for - ev - er blest:



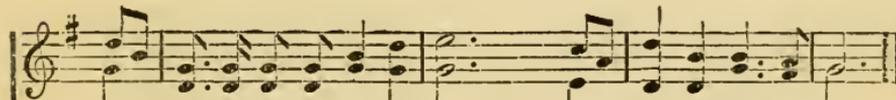
The bless - ed Sav - iour on me smiled, And washed me white as snow.
 When Je - sus by His might - y power, Saved my poor soul from hell.
 He saw the pen - e - ten - tial tear, And deigned my soul to bless.
 "I am the Life, the Truth, the Way! In me ye shall find rest."



Chorus.



Oh, plunge beneath the crimson flood, And wash thy sins a - way;
 crimson flood, And wash thy sins away;



For thee the Saviour shed His blood— He'll save, He'll save to - day.
 shed His blood—



"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Ps. 55: 22.

C. H.

FRED. A. WORDEN.

With expression.

1. "What a Friend we have in Je - sus," Sang a little child one day;
 2. "Are we weak and heav-y la - den," He will car-ry ev-'ry woe,
 3. "Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weakness," Weak and worn she turned to God,
 4. And the happy child still sing-ing, Lit-tle knew she had a part,

And a wea-ry wom-an list-ened To the darling's hap-py lay;
 And the one who sad-ly list-ened, Need-ed that dear help-er so;
 Ask-ing Christ to take her bur-den, As He is the sin-ner's Lord;
 In God's wond'rous work in bring-ing, Peace un-to the troubled heart;

All her life seemed dark and gloomy, And her heart was sad with care,
 Sin and grief are heav-y bur-dens, For a faint-ing soul to bear,
 Je - sus was the on - ly ref - uge, He could take her sin and care,
 So may we who love the Sav-iour, Say to those bowed down with care,

Sweet-ly rang out ba-by's treb-le, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."
 But the ba-by sing-ing bade her "Take it all to Him in prayer."
 And He blessed the weary wom-an, "When she came to Him in prayer."
 'That the Sav-iour is their ref-uge, They will find a sol-ace there.

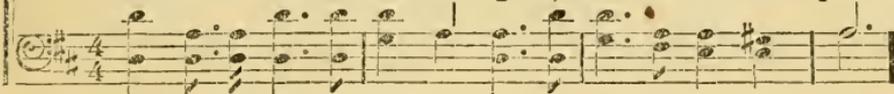
"The Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—Isa. 9: 6.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

J. H. Hall.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigus; Let men their songs em- ploy;
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove



Let ev - 'ry heart prepare him room, And heaven and na-ture sing.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.
The glo - ries of His right-eousness, And won - ders of His love.



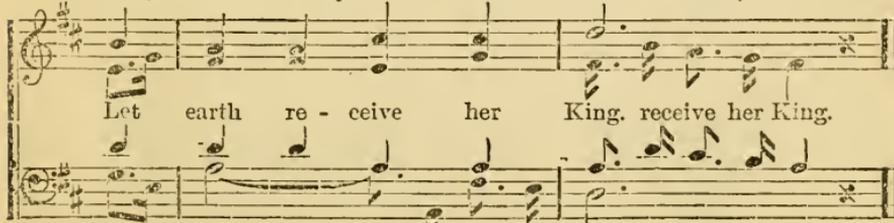
CHORUS.



Joy to the world, Joy the Lord is



come, Joy to the world,



Let earth re-ceive her King.

W. Barkla.

H. E. Engle.

1. Send the glad tid-ings far o'er the sea, Shout the glad news on
 2. Quick-ly go tell of the liv - ing bread, Sent un-to all the
 3. Mill-ions now grop-ing in sor - row's night, Pleading, a-wait the
 4. Tell them how Je - sus on Cal - v'ry died, Show them the fount that's

shore and o'er lea—News of sal - va - tion, so full and so free—The
 Sav - iour hath said; Let the world's fam-ish - ing souls be fed— Go
 heav - en - ly light. Souls that are pre-cious in Je - sus' sight Must
 e'er o - pen wide, Bear-ing a - broad on its flow-ing tide, A

CHORUS.

heav-en-born message of love.
 bearing His message of love.
 hear His sweet message of love.
 won-der-ful message of love. } Won - der - ful news! wonderful news!

Waft - ing now sweet - ly o - ver the tide, Tell - ing of

Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied—Won - der - ful mes - sage of love.

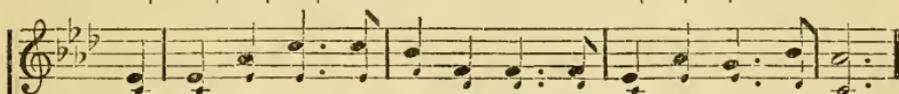
Glad Tidings of Great Joy.

J. H. Ruebush.

Can be used as a Solo.



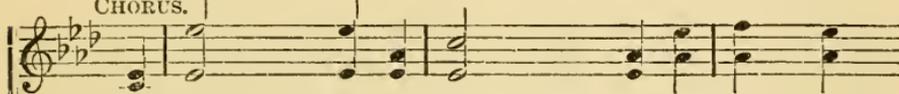
1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,
2. Fear not, said He, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind,
3. All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace,



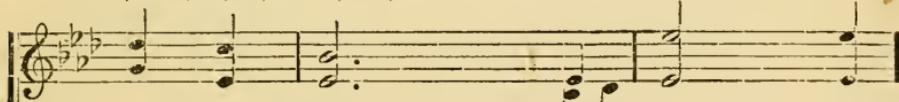
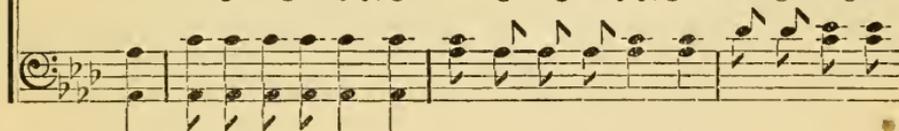
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man - kind.
 Good - will hence - forth from heav'n to men, Be - gin and nev - er cease.



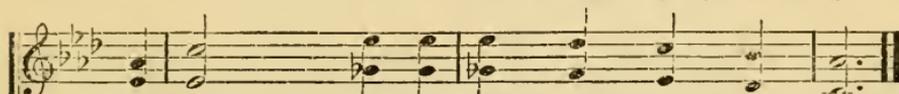
CHORUS.



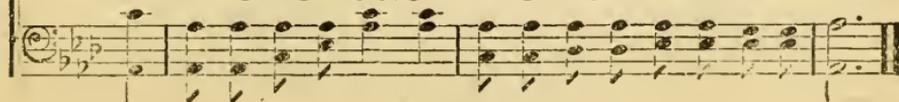
Glad ti - dings, glad ti - - dings to all man -
 Glad tidings of great joy, glad tidings of great joy, glad tidings of great



kind I bring, Glad ti - - dings
 joy to all man - kind, to all man - kind, Glad tidings of great joy,



Glad ti - - dings to all man - kind I bring.
 Glad tidings of great joy, glad tidings of great joy, to all I bring.



R. Kelso Carter.

Arr. by E. E. Nickerson.



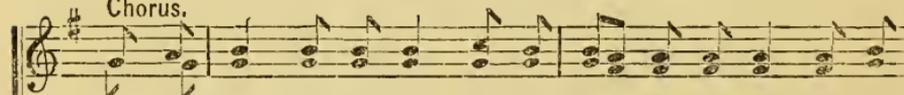
1. O Je - sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con - trite heart;
2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand, I touch Thy bleed - ing side;
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;



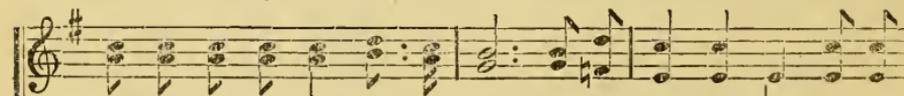
Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me Thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 O let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru - ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let Thy love en - thrall, And keep me at the cross.



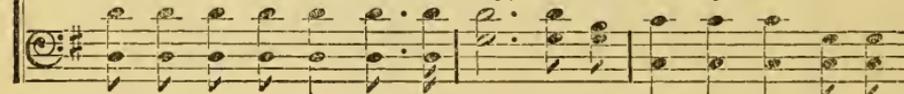
Chorus.



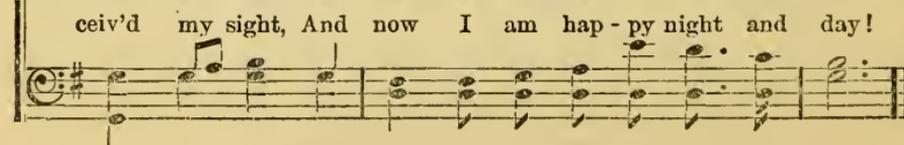
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way, It was there by faith I re -



ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day!



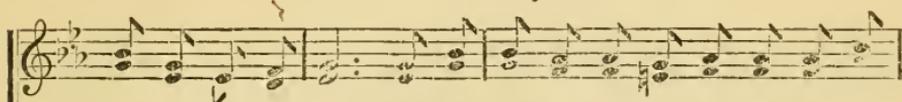
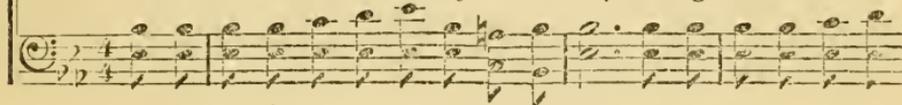
No. 140. The Story Sweet and Old.

Rev. Wm. Houghton.

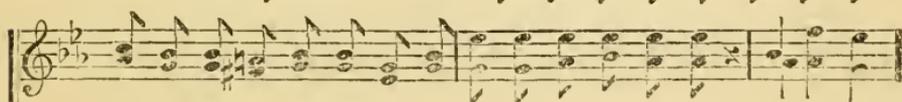
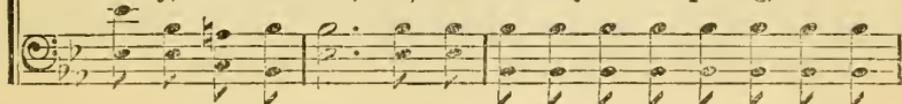
W. H. Ruebush.



1. Have you listened to the sto-ry sweet and old, Filling life with light and
2. It is full of human sweetness ev-er new, Rich in love divine com-
3. When I heard the wondrous story so di-vine, Coming down thro' annals



glo-ry men have told, How there came a heav'n-ly stranger, Cea-
 pleteness, oh, how true! Grief her lone-ly vig-il keeping, Care her
 hoa-ry, Christ was mine, Oh, that love be-yond com-par-ing, Burdened



low in Beth'lem's manger, Strong to shield you from all danger, God's dear fold.
 trust with sorrow steeping, Lift your eyes and hear it weeping, 'Tis for you.
 heart thy sorrow bearing, For thy sake the thorn crown wearing, Is he thine?

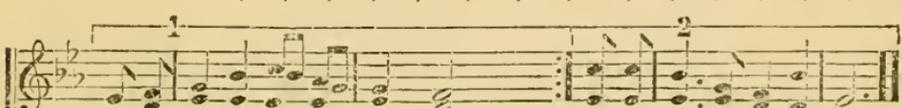


CHORUS.

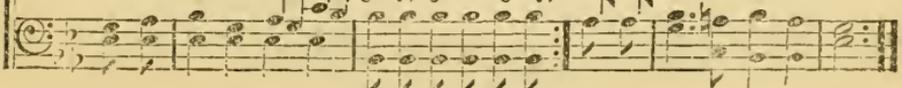
{ Oh, the sto - - - - - ry, wondrous sto - ry,
 { Oh, the sto - - - - - ry, sweet old sto - ry,



Sto-ry, sweet old sto-ry, wondrous sto-ry, sweet old sto-ry,



Filling earth with light and glo-ry, Tell it o'er and o'er a-gain.
 glory, light and glory,



William Henry Gardner.

Frank M. Davis

1. A few more years of toil and care, And then our
 2. A few more heart-aches, groans and tears, Ere life's dark
 3. A few more years of deep des-pair, Ere Christ shall

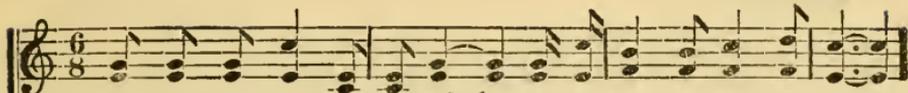
sor-row will be o'er, Midst pal-a-ces and gar-dens fair,
 shad-ows flee a-way, And then through end-less hap-py years,
 bid us to Him come, For an-gels soon will call us there,

REFRAIN.

We shall be glad for-ev-er-more. } A few more years,
 We shall in peace the days survey. }
 To end-less rest in heaven's home. } A few more years

A few more years A few more
 A few more years,

years of toil and care, And then our sor-row will be o'er.



1. What are you writ- ing, broth-er? On that page so white and fair,
 2. How are you walk- ing, broth-er? In this world so full of care,
 3. Oh speak with care, my broth-er, For your words are written there,



Your sins though few, are many Are all re- cord- ed there,
 Are you in the path of du- ty? Would you mer- it "well done" there?
 Your ev- il thoughts and sayings, Will soil that page so fair.



Just stop and think, my broth-er, Of what you're writing there,
 Just step with care, my broth-er, For sinkholes here and there,
 Just wait a-while, my broth-er, When words unbridled spring,



FINE.

Are you making on- ly blotches, When the pages should be so fair.
 And dang'rous places ma- ny, Are 'round you ev- 'ry- where.
 Just think of pain and suffering, Such words may of- ten bring.



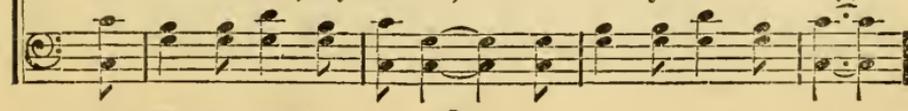
D.S.—For all your deeds and ac- tions, Will face you in "That day."

CHORUS

D.S.



Be care- ful then, my broth-er, Of what you think or say,



Arr. by D. W. C.

D. W. Christ, by per.

1. Je - sus of Naz'reth, to Beth - le - hem came, Heal - ing the blind, the
 2. Je - sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, When a stray sheep a -
 3. Je - sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Shed his dear blood and

sick and the lame; Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be his name!
 way from the fold, Gent - ly and long he hath sought for my soul;
 set my soul free; Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be?

CHORUS.

Still he is pass - ing by. Pass - ing this way, pass - ing this way,

Je - sus is pass - ing this way; Oh, it was won - der - ful,

blest be his name, Still he is pass - ing by.

From "Gospel Gleanings," by per.

Wm. H. Gardner.

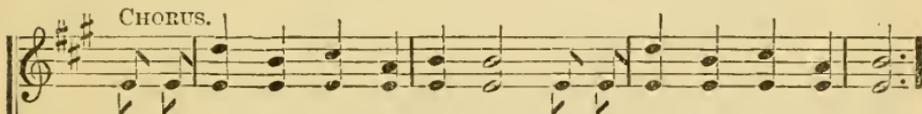
Wm. A. Ogden.



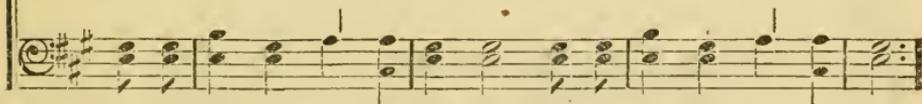
1. We are sold-iers of the Mas-ter, Ev-er read-y sword in hand;
2. In the night may come the sum-mons, But we mur-mur not a word;
3. 'Tho' but death there lies be-fore us, Bravely still we take our way;



Wait-ing for our march-ing or-ders, To be sent on ser-vice grand.
 We o-bey our march-ing or-ders, For the sake of Christ, our Lord.
 If He gives the march-ing or-ders, We will glad-ly all o-bey.



CHORUS.
 Wait-ing for our march-ing or-ders, Read-y when the word is given,



Proud-ly then we hast-en for-ward For the mighty King of heaven.



W. F. McCauley.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. O Chris-tian, a watchword we bring you to-day, As up-ward the
 2. No realm 'neath the skies is more beaut'ous than ours Or rich-er in
 3. But o-ver the land comes a cry of dis-tress From souls that in
 4. We'll pause not a mo-ment the foe to as-sail, But in-to our

path leads be-fore us; Our na-tion for Je-sus! we'll sing on our way,
 marks of God's fa-vor; We'll bring it with joy and with shoutings of song,
 dark-ness are ly-ing, 'Tis borne to our ears from the field and the street,
 ranks quickly fall-ing, Our na-tion for Je-sus! we sing and prevail,

Chorus.

And trust in the love that is o'er us.
 To lay at the feet of our Sav-iour. } Then toil on, pray on,
 The wail of the lost and the dy-ing. }
 For Je-sus to vic-t'ry is call-ing.

nev-er faint or fall, But join in a constant en-deav-er Our land with its

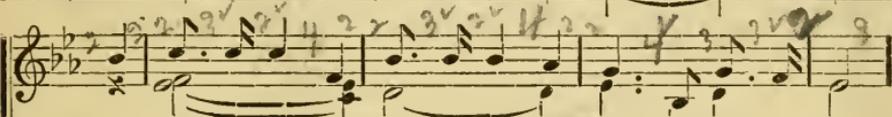
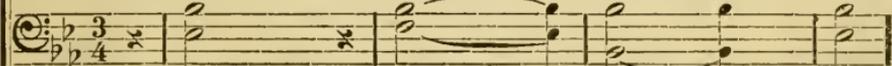
mill-ions to Je-sus to bring, To love Him and serve Him for-ev-er.

Harriet E. Jones.

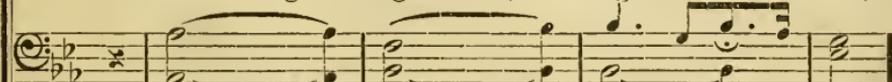
Frank M. Davis.

SOLO. *Andante with expression.*

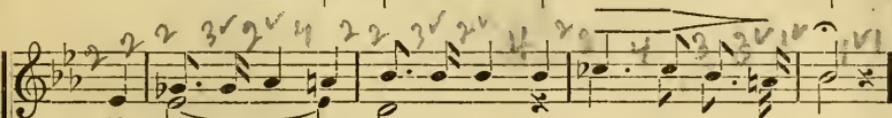
1. I learned a song with sweet re-frain, Back in the long a - go,
2. One day I left my father's cot, A - noth - er home to fill,
3. My birds from out the par - ents nest, To oth - er homes have flown;



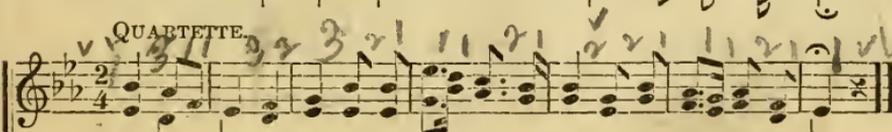
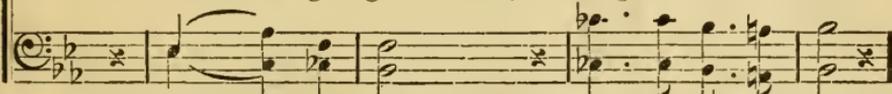
I sang it o'er and o'er a - gain, Be - cause I loved it so,
 Yet oft - en in my dai - ly tho'ts, This song would lin - ger still,
 Yet still the song of songs the best, I sing when all a - lone,



This gold - en song I oft - en heard, In sooth - ing lul - la - by,
 A treas - ure in my heart to keep My nest - lings heard each strain,
 Some - time in yon - der shin - ing home, I'll find my loved a - gain,



As moth - er breath'd each tender word To hush the ba - by cry,
 And oft in dreamland took a peep, While learn - ing the re - frain.
 And while the a - ges go and come, We'll sing in sweet - er strain.



Home, home, sweet, sweet, home, There is no place like home, There is no place like home.



W. L. T.

Will. L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, Promised for

you and for me, See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
 you and for me, Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
 you and from me, Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, deathbeds are coming,
 you and for me, Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

Watch - ing for you and for me. }
 Mer - cies for you and for me? } Come home, come home, . .
 Com - ing for you and for me. }
 Par - don for you and for me. } Come home, come home,

Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,

By permission of Will. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

Softly and Tenderly. Concluded.

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home.

No. 148.

Redeeming Love.

A. S. Kieffer.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 O may I there, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the rau-somed church of God Are saved to sin no more.

CHORUS.

Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,

And then I hope to sing this love In sweet-er strains on high,

No. 149. Don't You Want to be Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24 : 44.

Words and Music by F. L. Eiland.

1. Oh! there is a time when the mes-sage will come, Don't you
 2. To-day is the day of sal-va-tion for all, Can you
 3. Oh! yes there's a time when the mes-sage will come, Are you

want to be read-y to go? Oh! sin-ner the Sav-iour in-
 say you are read-y to go? A home and a crown is a-
 will-ing and read-y to go? This mo-ment the Sav-iour is

vites you to-day, Will you hear and make read-y to go?
 wait-ing for thee, Will you come and be read-y to go?
 plead-ing for thee, Sin-ner, say, are you read-y to go?

Chorus.

Read - - - y to go, Read - - - y to
 Watch-ing and wait-ing and read-y to go, Don't you want to be wait-ing and

go. Don't you want to be read-y to go?
 read - y to go, yes read - y to go.

Don't You Want to be Ready? Concluded.

2

go? Don't you want to be read-y to go?
 Read - y to go?

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The melody is on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff. A fermata is placed over the first measure of the melody.

No. 150. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff.

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to-day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour! then, in love, Fear and dis -

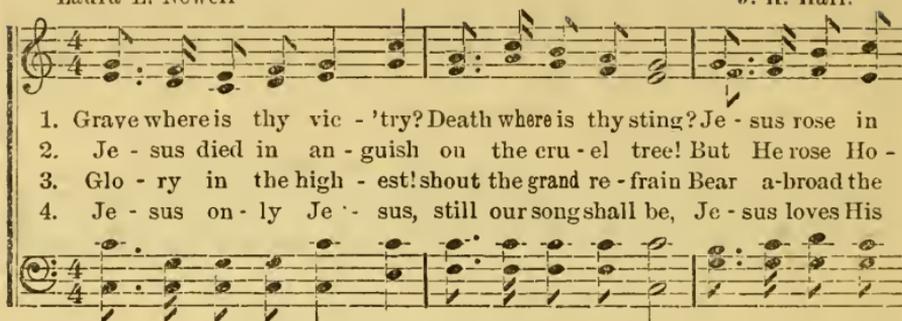
Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff.

guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and chang-less be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.

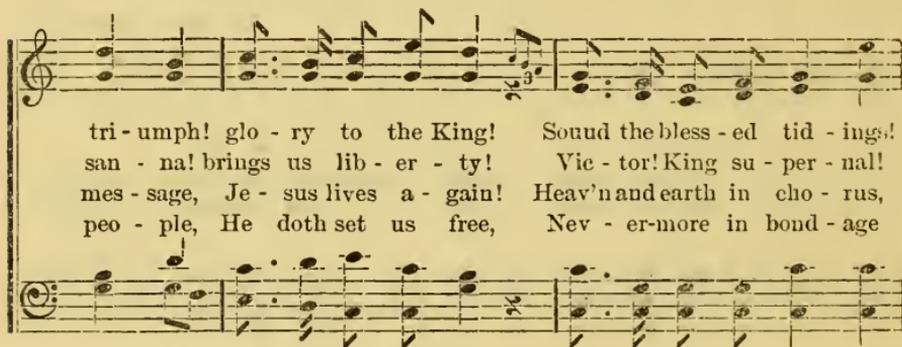
Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb), and a 2/2 time signature. The melody is on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the bottom staff.

Laura E. Newell

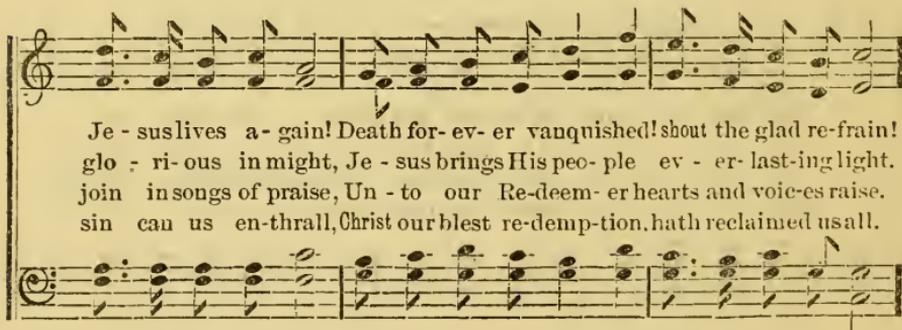
J. H. Hall.



1. Grave where is thy vic - 'try? Death where is thy sting? Je - sus rose in
 2. Je - sus died in an - guish on the cru - el tree! But He rose Ho -
 3. Glo - ry in the high - est! shout the grand re - frain Bear a - broad the
 4. Je - sus on - ly Je - sus, still our song shall be, Je - sus loves His

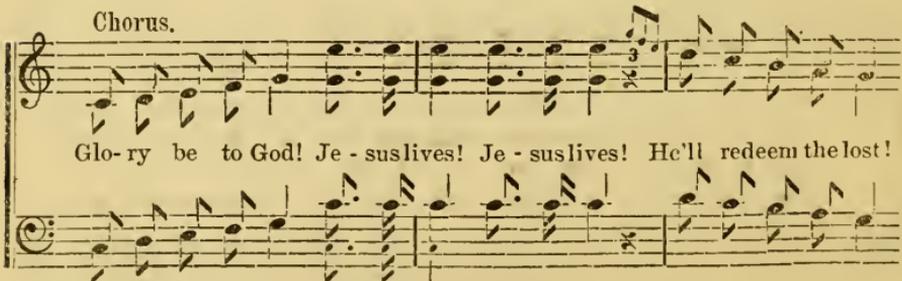


tri - umph! glo - ry to the King! Sound the bless - ed tid - ings!
 san - na! brings us lib - er - ty! Vic - tor! King su - per - nal!
 mes - sage, Je - sus lives a - gain! Heav'n and earth in cho - rus,
 peo - ple, He doth set us free, Nev - er - more in bond - age



Je - sus lives a - gain! Death for - ev - er vanquished! shout the glad re - frain!
 glo - ri - ous in might, Je - sus brings His peo - ple ev - er - last - ing light.
 join in songs of praise, Un - to our Re - deem - er hearts and voic - es raise.
 sin can us en - thrall, Christ our blest re - demp - tion, hath reclaimed us all.

Chorus.



Glo - ry be to God! Je - sus lives! Je - sus lives! He'll redeem the lost!

Victory O'er the Grave. Concluded.

. He for-gives! He for-gives! Grave where is thy vic - t'ry?

Death where is thy sting? Je-sus lives triumph-ant! let His prais-es ring!

No. 152. Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

Rev. C. R. Dunbar.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets,
 4. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
 5. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Cho.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye surround the throne.
 But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.
 Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the Gold-en Streets.
 There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink end-less pleasures in.
 We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

L. H. P.

L. H. Parthemore.

1. We are march-ing 'neath the ban-ner of our King, Marching
 2. We will tell the sto-ry of the Sav-iour's love, Marching
 3. Oh it was the Sav-iour died up-on the tree, Marching
 4. There we'll sing of His re-deem-ing love so free. Marching

on, march-ing on, And His prais-es
 on, march-ing on, How He left His
 on, march-ing on, Yes He gave His
 on, March-ing on, march-ing on, marching on, Through the cease-less

now for-ev-er we will sing, Marching on, march-ing on.
 glorious throne in heav'n a-bove, Marching on, march-ing on.
 life to save both you and me, Marching on, march-ing on.
 a-ges of e-ter-ni-ty, Marching on, Marching on, marching on.

Chorus.

We are march-ing onward to our home on high, Home of ma-ny

mansions far be-yond the sky, Where the tears are wiped for ev-er

We Are Marching On. Concluded.

from each eye, March - ing on, March - ing on.
march - ing on,

No. 154. Land of Promise.

Isaac Watts.

Arr. from Rink by G. F. Root.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im - mor - tal reign, }
 { In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the light, And pleasures ban - ish pain; }
 2. { Sweet fields, be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green; }
 { So, to the Jews, old Canaan's stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween; }
 3. { Oh, could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom - y doubts that rise, }
 { And see the Ca - naan that we love With un - he - cloud - ed eyes, — }

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flow'rs;
 But tim' - rous mor - tals start, and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,
 Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

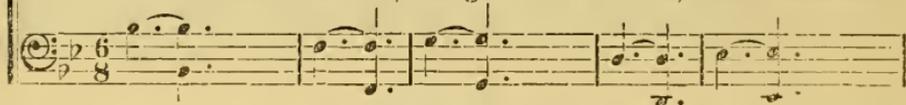
Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
 And lin - ger, shiv - 'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 155. Yield Not to Temptation.

Words and Music by Dr. H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in
3. To Him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,



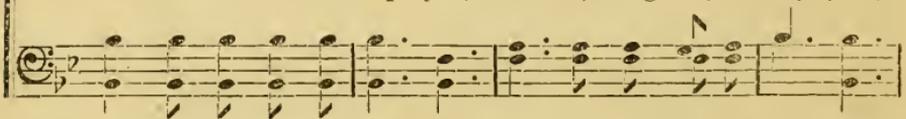
Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.



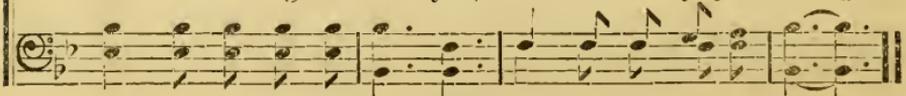
Chorus.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.



Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.



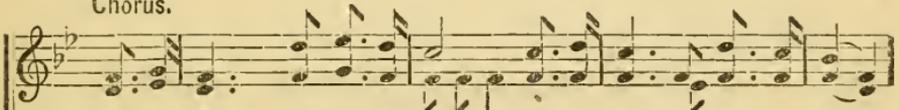
1. I am rest - ing in the Lord, Trust - ing on His gra - cious word;
2. Thro' the Spir - it's pow'r Di - vine, Sweet - est com - fort now is mine;
3. In my hour of dai - ly pray'r, God is pre - cious, God is there;
4. By af - flic - tion sore - ly tried, Grace my heart has pur - i - fied;



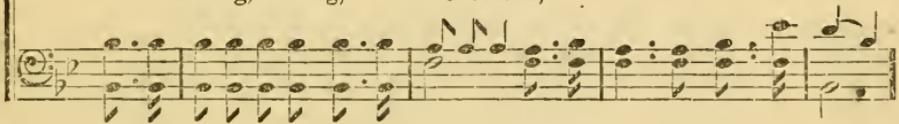
Lost in won - der while I see His a - maz - ing love to me.
 He has made my an - chor sure, On the Rock I stand se - cure.
 Near - er to His throne I come, Near - er to my heav'n - ly home.
 Grace has made me what I am, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.



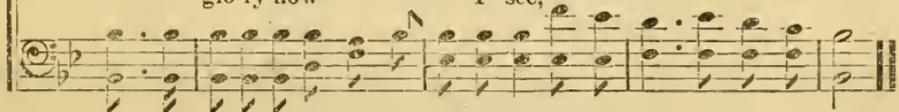
Chorus.



I am rest - ing in the Lord, Trust - ing in His gra - cious word;
 rest - ing, rest - ing, the Lord,



Glo - ry now, by faith I see, This is more than life to me.
 glo - ry now I see,



Jessie H. Brown.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Friends who have lov'd me are slip-ping a - way, Si - lent - ly
 2. Dim - ly thro' gath - er - ing dark-ness I see Je - sus, my
 3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be -

on-ward they glide; Still are their voic - es, as backward they stray,
 Friend and my Guide; An-gels are watching and wait-ing for me,
 lov - ed a - bide,— Christ and the an-gels and friends gone be - fore,

Refrain.

Call - ing me o - ver the tide.
 Call - ing me o - ver the tide. } Call - ing to me, they are
 Call - ing me o - ver the tide. }

call-ing to me, Lov'd ones are call-ing me o - ver the tide; They are

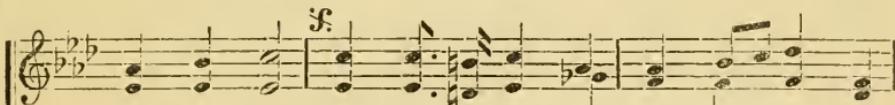
call-ing to me, they are calling to me, Calling me o - ver the tide.

M. L. McP.

M. L. McPhail.



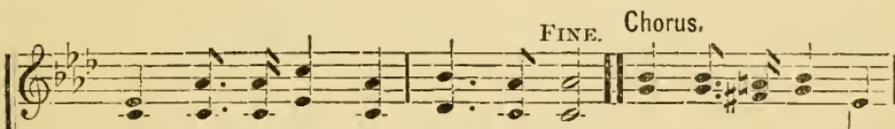
1. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus, If His dis - ci - ple
2. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus, Tho' it brings sor - row,
3. Take up your cross, and fol - low Je - sus; Mark well His foot - steps
4. Be not ash - am'd to fol - low Je - sus, As He has taught you



you would be; For - sake the world and all its treas - ures;
 loss and pain; All your af - flic - tions He'll re - mem - ber—
 all the way; Live but to hon - or and o - bey Him;
 in His word; Then when life's con - flicts all are o - ver,



D.S.—All need - ful grace He'll sure - ly give you;



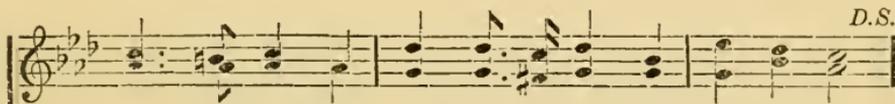
FINE. Chorus.

And fol - low Him, His word be - lieve.
 Crown you with ev - er - last - ing gain.
 Fol - low Him hum - bly all the day.
 You will re - ceive the great re - ward.

} Take up your cross and



Take up your cross and fol - low Him.



D.S.

fol - low Je - sus, Give up the world and all its sin;



"The wings of the morning."—Ps. 139 : 9.

Nellie Montgomery.

W. H. Doane.

rit.

1. On the wings of the morn, speed, O speed ye away; There are
 2. On the wings of the morn, speed, a-way, then, O speed; Lo! the
 3. On the wings of the morn, speed ye on - ward His love; Tho' the

mil-lions who per-ish be-cause of de-lay; Sound the trump of Sal-hun-gry are cry-ing; go help ye their need; When ye know that a tempt-er de-fi-eth, Christ reign-eth a-bove; Tell the wea-ry He

va-tion, ye her-alds of light; Let the beams of His beau-ty dis-Sav-iour each want can sup-ply, Will ye still lin-ger on, will ye giv-eth a rest from their cares, And pro-claim to the fet-tered that

pel all the night. Speed thee on, speed thee on, Speed thee on to-leave them to die? free-dom is theirs. on-ward, on-ward,

rit.

day; Speed thee on, speed thee on, Speed thee on to-day. on-ward, on-ward,

rit.

Adaline Hohf Beery.

T. Martin Towne.

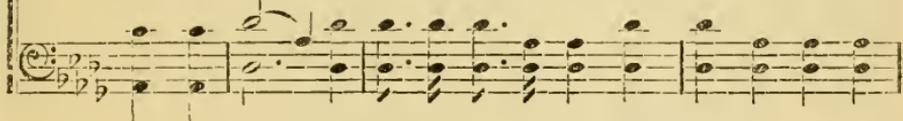
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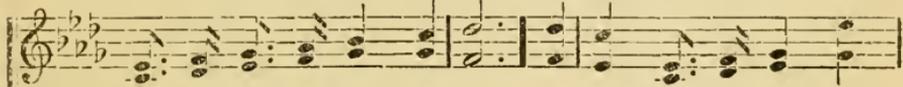
1. We come to wor-ship Thee, O Ho-ly One, Thy gra-cious name to
2. Send down Thy Ho-ly Spir-it, Lord, we pray, To move our way ward
3. While here we min-gle with sweet song and pray'r, We gather strength for



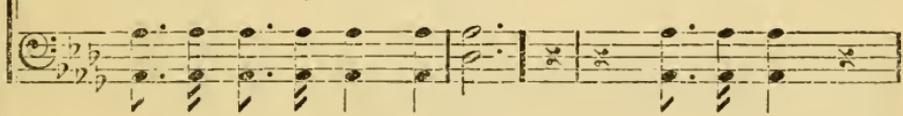
own and bless; Before Thy throne in thank-ful-ness we bow, Thy hearts to Thee; Fill us with sym-pa-thy and pur-pose true, That dai-ly need; O Sav-iour, keep us all in du-ty's path, And



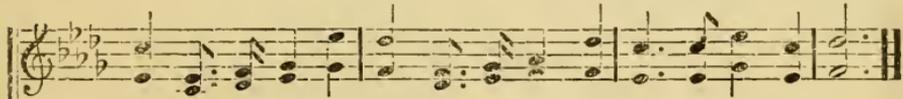
Chorus. faster.



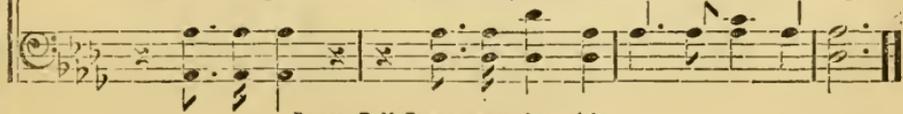
lov-ing kind-ness to con-fess. } We come, come a-gain, we
 faith-ful help-ers we may be. }
 to the heav'n-ly man-sions lead. }



come, come a-gain To praise the Lord, our King; We



come, come a-gain, we come, come a-gain His matchless love to sing.



No. 161. Ho! Every One That Thirsteth.

W. T. Giffe.

W. T. Giffe.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, come and drink, For the
 2. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, come and drink; There is
 3. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, come and drink; Drink the

cris - tal tide is flow - ing free to - day; There is par - don in the
 heal - ing in the stream for all who come; Won - der - ful its pow'r to
 sa - cred tide be - fore you turn a - way; From the fount - ain of the

fount - ain of His love, Drink ye free - ly of it while you may.
 cleanse from ev - 'ry ill; Je - sus speaks the word and it is done.
 Sav - iour's lov - ing heart, It is of - fer'd free to all to - day.

Chorus.

Come and drink . . . the pre - cious tide, Flow - ing free - ly from the
 Come and drink the pre - cious tide,

Mas - ter's love: Come and drink, Come and
 Come and drink, Come and drink,

Ho! Every One That Thirsteth. Concluded.

drink, Drink the life that com - eth from a - bove.
Come and drink,

No. 162. The Happy Day.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

Edward F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - ture all abroad. }
 2. { O hap - py bond that seals my vows, To Him who mer - its all my love. }
 { Let cheerful an - thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }
 3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done: I am my Lord's and He is mine; }
 { He drew me and I followed on; Charmed to confess the voice di - vine. }

♩ Refrain.

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

4 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—REV. 22: 1.

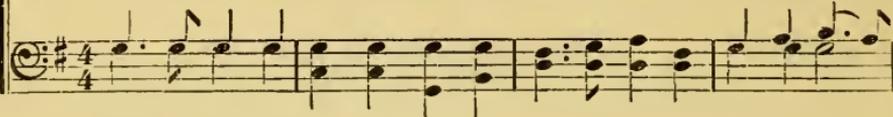
Rev. W. C. Macurdy.

J. H. Hall.

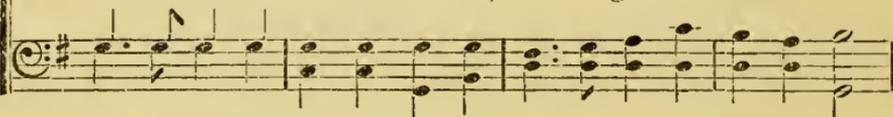
Spirited.



1. O the stream of liv - ing wa - ter! From the stricken Rock, it flows,
2. Thro' the wil - der - ness, we're go - ing, To the land of promise, fair;
3. Praise the Lord, I feel it flow - ing, Rippling, singing, in my soul;
4. Flow - ing on and on, for - ev - er, To the sea of love, Di - vine,



Free to ev - 'ry son and daughter—Cure for all our sins and woes!
 Where the tree of life is grow - ing, By the riv - er, flow - ing there!
 And my Christian strength is growing! Je - sus Christ hath made me whole!
 It shall know ces - sa - tion nev - er, In this grateful heart of mine!



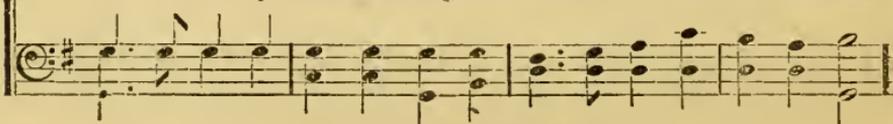
Chorus.



O the wa - ter, flow - ing wa - ter, All the thirst - y to re - lieve;



Free to ev - 'ry son and daughter—Come to Je - sus, and re - ceive!



No. 164. My Church! My Dear Old Church.

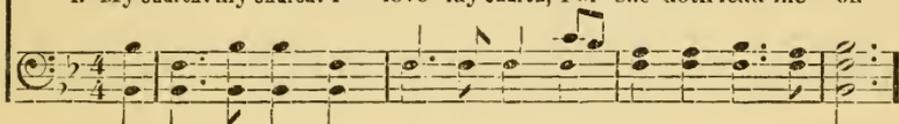
Anonymous.

Rev. W. L. Remsberg.

Not too fast.



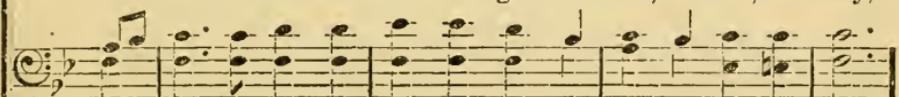
1. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My fathers' and my own!
2. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My glo - ry and my pride!
3. My Church! my Church! I love my Church, For she ex -alts my Lord;
4. My Church! my Church! I love my Church, For she doth lead me on



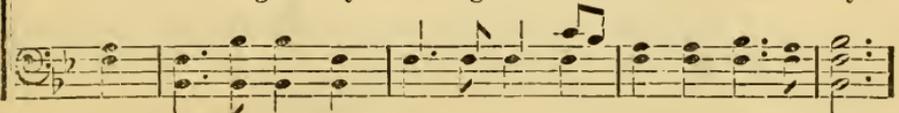
On Proph-ets and A - pos - tles built, And Christ the Cor - ner - stone!
 Firm in the faith Im - man - uel taught, She holds no faith be - side.
 She speaks, she breathes, she teach - es not But from His writ - ten Word;
 To Zi - on's pal - ace Beau - ti - ful, Where Christ my Lord hath gone.



All else be - side, by storm or tide, May yet be o - verthrown;
 Up - on this rock, 'gainst ev - 'ry shock, Tho' gates of hell as - sail,
 And if her voice bids me re - joice, From all my sins re - leased,
 From all be - low she bids me go To Him, the Life, the Way,



But not my Church, my dear old Church, My fa - thers' and my own.
 She stands se - cure, with prom - ise sure, "They nev - er shall pre - vail."
 'Tis thro' th'a - ton - ing sac - ri - fice, And Je - sus is the Priest.
 The Truth to guide my err - ing feet From darkness in - to day.



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"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.—Psa. 46: 1.

L. A. M.

Rev. L. A. Morris.

1. Near - er my Sav - iour, still near - er to Thee, This earth's fleeting
 2. Though I have wandered a - gain and a - gain, Yet ev - er I
 3. Dark are the shad - ows of sor - row and woe, But Je - sus will
 4. When the dark val - ley I'm called to pass thro', A light from those

com - forts, are noth - ing to me; Per - ish - ing dai - ly, like
 hear this in - vit - ing re - frain; Let noth - ing keep thee a -
 light up the path - way I know; Beau - ti - ful man - sions a -
 man - sions will o - pen to view; Je - sus my Sav - iour, the

shad - ows they flee, I'm seek - ing a ref - uge, blest Sav - iour in Thee.
 way from my love, It turns my af - fections to heav - en a - bove.
 wait - ing on high, With this blest as - surance, my hope can - not die.
 bright Morning Star, Will lead to the cit - y whose gates are a - jar.

Chorus.

Seek - ing a ref - uge, seek - ing a ref - uge, I'm seek - ing a

ref - uge, blest Sav - iour in Thee. Seek - ing a ref - uge,

Seeking a Refuge. Concluded.

seek-ing a ref-uge, I'm seeking a ref-uge, blest Saviour in Thee.

No. 166. When Thou Comest.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."—LUKE 13: 42.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

1. When Thou com-est in Thy kingdom, Je-sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me,
2. When Thou com-est in Thy kingdom, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be,
3. When Thou com-est in Thy kingdom, Mounting upward to the skies,

FINE.

Thus the pen-i-tent thief en-treat-ed Christ, the Lord, on Cal-va-ry.
 Like the pen-i-tent thief, I pray Thee, Je-sus, Lord re-mem-ber me.
 Like the pen-i-tent thief, I pray to Be with Thee in Par-a-dise.

D.S.—When Thou com-est in the morn-ing, Je-sus, Lord re-mem-ber me.

Chorus. *D. S.*

Nev-er in vain, nev-er in vain, Faith inspires this wou-derful strain.

No. 167.

Glory Over There.

Words arranged by I. N. McHose.

Music by C. L. Moore.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where we shall be gathered by and
 2. Its skies are not like earthly skies, Where we shall be gathered by and
 3. There rests no shadow, falls no stain, Where we shall be gathered by and
 4. O-ver in that se-re-ne a-bode, Where we shall be gathered by and

by; In-fin-ite day excludes the night, Where we shall be gathered
 by; It hath no need of sun to rise, Where we shall be gathered
 by; And those long part-ed meet a-gain, Where we shall be gathered
 by; There we will meet and live with God, Where we shall be gathered

Chorus.

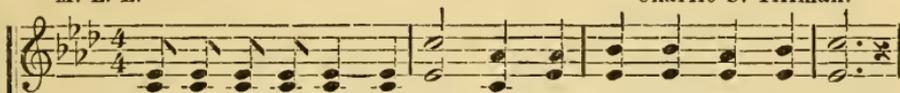
by and by, O-ver there, O-ver there,
 o-ver there. by and by, by and by,

O won't that be glo-ry by and by, O-ver there,
 O-ver there; by and by,

O-ver there, O won't that be glo-ry by and by.
 by and by, o-ver there.

M. L. L.

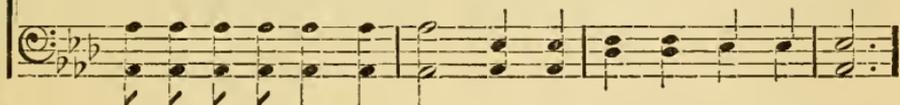
Charlie D. Tillman.



1. Have you an - y words for Je - sus? Oh, speak them day by day,
2. Have you an - y tes - ti - mo - ny For the liv - ing Lord within?
3. Does the Master reign tri - umph - ant In your soul from day to - day?
4. Wit - ness - es of His sal - va - tion, Speak for Je - sus while ye may;



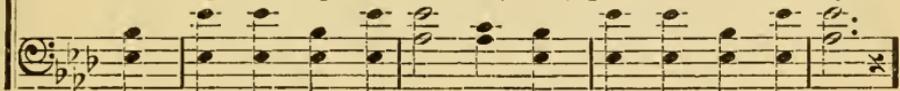
Ne - ver leave a word un - spok - en That He would have you say.
 It may help a - noth - er, give it; To with - hold it would be sin.
 Tell it out un - to your neigh - bors, Tell it, tell it by the way.
 Soon will come the long, long si - lence, 'Till the res - ur - rec - tion day.



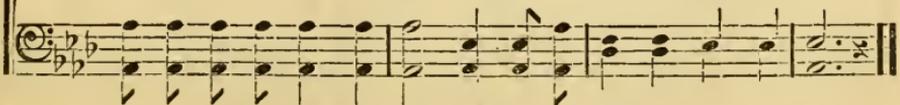
Chorus.



Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Oh, speak for Him to - day;



Be a wit - ness for sal - va - tion, Speak for Je - sus while ye may.



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No. 169. : Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson.

Use as Solo or Duett.

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,
 2. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,

When life's toils are end - ed, And part - ing days have come,
 In life's dark - est hours, Fa - ther, When life's trou - bles come,

Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam,
 Keep my feet from wand - 'ring, Lest from Thee I roam,

rit. p
 If thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home.
 Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.

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Lead Me Gently Home, Father. Concluded.

Chorus.

Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly,
 Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther,
 Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
 Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly home.

No. 170. The Stranger at the Door.

Words and Music by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! a stran - ger stand - ing at the door; In tones of
 2. Pa - tient and yet so lov - ing - ly He stands; Pierced are the
 3. Thorn - y the crown up - on His head di - vine; Sin - ner, He
 sweet - ness hear His voice im - plore, Hark! hark! He knocks, oh
 bleed - ing feet and man - gled hands, While from His side a
 wore it for your sins and mine! Hast - en and o - pen
 sin - ner, sin - ner, hear! O - pen the door! 'tis Je - sus knocking there.
 crim - son flood I see, Flow - ing, O sin - ner; flow - ing still for Thee.
 wide the bolt - ed door, Je - sus can save you, save for - ev - er - more.

They have wandered as blind men.—SAM. 4 : 14

Geo. P. Hott.

E. T. Hildebrand.

1. O, home - less wan - d'rer, sad and lone, An in - vi -
 2. Why wan - der long - er from thy God? When saints and
 3. To find the bliss - ful par - a - dise, Thy feet should

ta - tion, sweet, is giv'n; Lay down your bur - den at His feet, And
 an - gels ev - er wait, Thy quick re - turn, with crowns of gold, And
 hast - en on the way; Nor tar - ry, 'till the shades of night, Are

Chorus.

claim a mansion, fair, in heav'n.
 welcomes at the gold - en gate. } Come back, wand'rer, why long - er stray?
 lost in an e - ter - nal day. }

Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, Calls thee to - day. Come back, wand'rer,

why long - er stray? Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, Calls thee to - day.

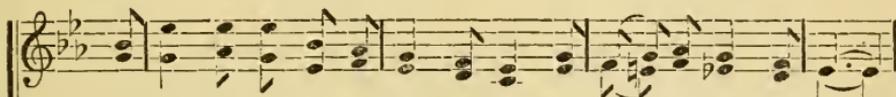
If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.—JOHN 7 : 37.

Words arr.

Clara M. Hall.



1. Hark! hark to-day, hear the Sav-iour calls, Come, wea-ry wan-d' rer, come;
2. Hark! hark to-day, hear the Sav-iour calls, O sin - ner, hear Him now;
3. Hark! hark to-day, hear the Sav-iour calls, To Him for ref - uge fly;
4. Hark! hark the sweetspir-it calls to-day, Yield sin - ner, to its pow'r;



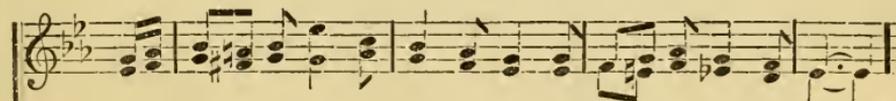
Ye nak - ed, homeless, benight - ed souls, Why will you long - er roam.
 Come seek the Saviour with-in these walls, And to Him hum - bly bow.
 Be - fore the storm in its fu - ry falls, Be - fore you come to die.
 O grieve Him not, turn Him not a - way, Come in at the o - pen door.



Chorus.



Come weary wand' rer, why long - er roam, Do not turn Him a - way;
 a-way;



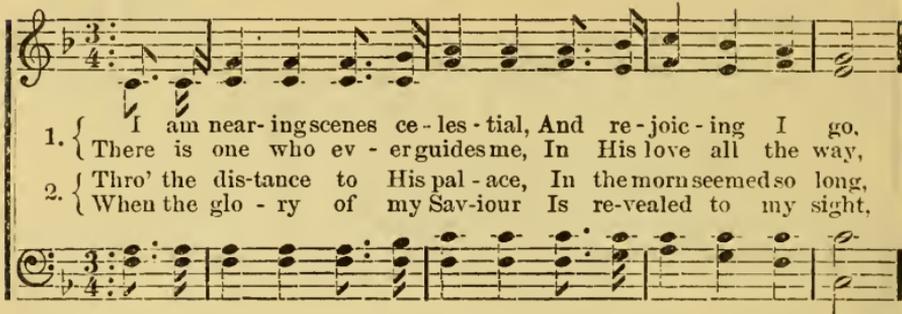
Come now the Saviour calls come home, Come, wea - ry wand' rer, come.



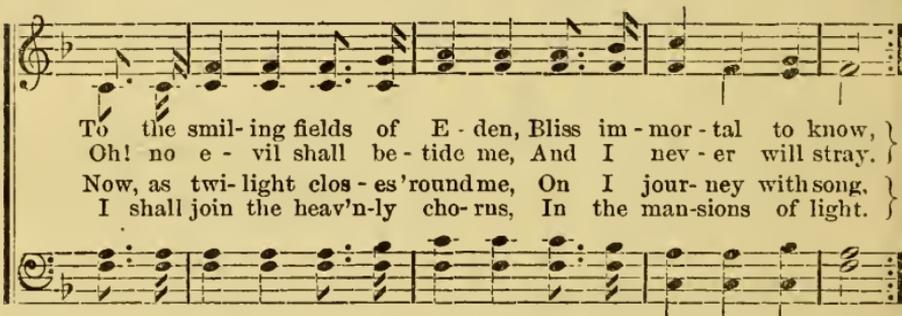
"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.

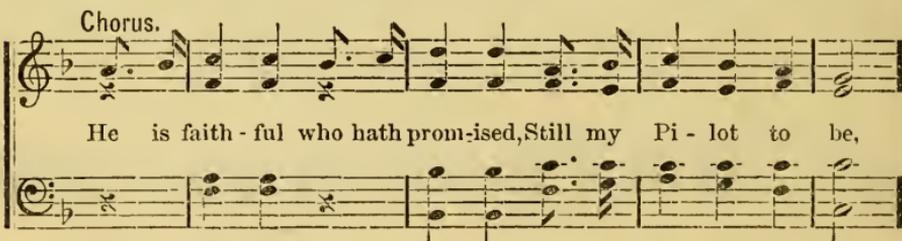


1. { I am near-ing scenes ce - les - tial, And re - joic - ing I go,
There is one who ev - er guides me, In His love all the way,
2. { Thro' the dis - tance to His pal - ace, In the morn' seemed so long,
When the glo - ry of my Sav - iour Is re - vealed to my sight,

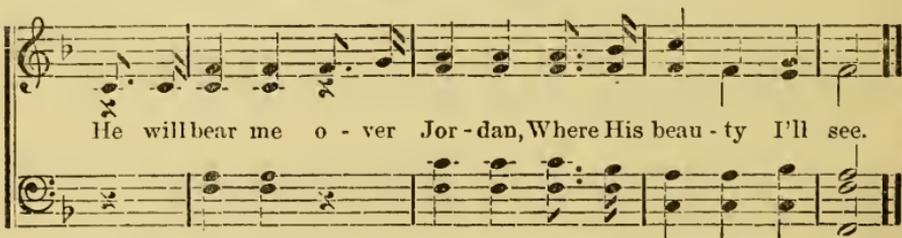


To the smil - ing fields of E - den, Bliss im - mor - tal to know, }
Oh! no e - vil shall be - tide me, And I nev - er will stray. }
Now, as twi - light clos - es 'round me, On I jour - ney with song, }
I shall join the heav'n - ly cho - rus, In the man - sions of light. }

Chorus.



He is faith - ful who hath prom - ised, Still my Pi - lot to be,



He will bear me o - ver Jor - dan, Where His beau - ty I'll see.

3 Lo! I will be with you always,
I will never forsake,
Saith the Lord, till in my likeness,
Ye with joy shall awake.
Where the tree of life is vernal,
Ever blooming and fair,
And where songs of praise eternal,
Float on heaven's balmy air.

4 I am waiting, I am longing,
For the bright, golden day,
When His blessed voice shall call me,
To that land far away.
And while here He bids me tarry,
Let me toil as I roam,
Till beyond the clouds and sorrows,
I shall praise Him at home.

No. 174. Will You Come to the Feast?

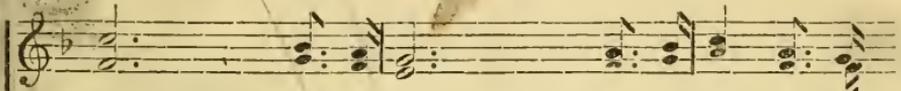
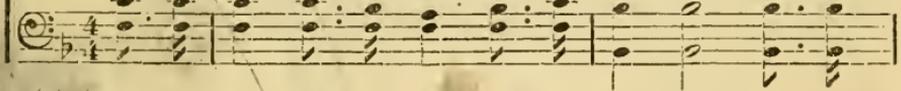
E. R. Latta.

JOHN 7 : 37.

Rev. C. V. Strickland.



1. Will you come to the feast that is spread you? Will you
 2. Will you come to the feast you have sligh - ed? Will you
 3. Will you come to the feast of sal - va - tion? Will you
 4. Will you come to the feast while 'tis of - fered? Will you



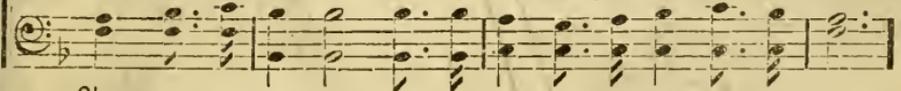
come? will you come? Long a - go would the
 come? will you come? By the pa - tient Re -
 come? will you come? Will you come, and be
 come? will you come? To pro - vide it, how

Will you come? Will you come?



Sav - iour have fed you! Will you come? will you come?
 deem - er in - vit - ed, Will you come? will you come?
 done with pri - va - tion, Will you come? will you come?
 Je - sus once suf - fered! Will you come? will you come?

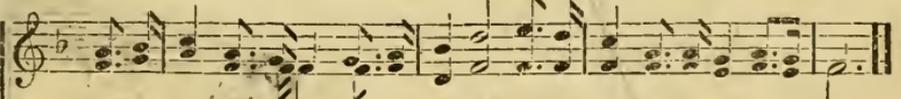
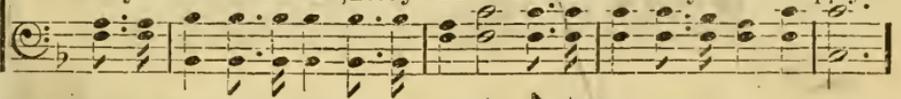
Will you come?



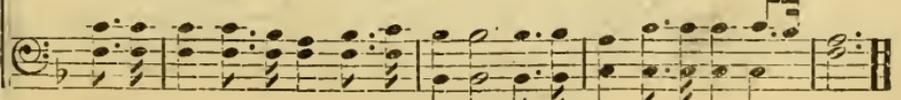
Chorus.



Will you come to the feast, needy sinner? He'll the needs of your soul supply.



Will you come to the feast, dy - ing sin - ner? Will you come to the feast, or die?



F. M. D.

Frank M. Davis.

1. On - ward sol - diers, on - ward to the fray, Christ your
 2. On - ward sol - diers has - ten to the field, March - ing
 3. On - ward sol - diers o - ver mount and plain, Christ vic -

Lead - er bids you win the day; Cour - age strong to
 brave - ly with the sword and shield; With your ar - mor
 to - rious be your glad re - frain; Lift - ing high the

bat - tle with the foe, Nev - er fal - ter, on to vic - t'ry go.
 gleam - ing in the light, You shall con - quer in your Leader's might.
 stand - ard of the cross That shall nev - er, - nev - er suf - fer loss.

Chorus.

Shout - ing the tri - umph o - ver ev - 'ry foe, While you on - ward go,

Look to Je - sus watch and pray, Sure - ly you shall win the day.

No. 176. Trusting in the Love of Jesus.

E. R. Latta.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. There's a joy that there is no ex - press - ing, Trust - ing in the
 2. Oh, how ma - ny, in the past, have tast - ed, Trust - ing in the
 3. Come, ye wan - der - ers in des - ert plac - es, Trust - ing in the

love of Je - sus! And its ev - 'ry one's, to share that bless - ing,
 love of Je - sus; And, to tell the glad - some news, have hast - ed,
 love of Je - sus! Oh, the joy that shall il - lume your fa - ces,

Chorus.

Trust - ing in the love of Je - sus. } We will trust Him, We will
 Trust - ing in the love of Je - sus. }
 Trust - ing in the love of Je - sus. } trust in Him,

trust Him Ev - er trust in Je - sus' name, Ev - er
 trust in Him, trust in Him, bless - ed name,

trust Him, Ev - er trust Him, Ev - er trust in Je - sus' name.
 trust in Him, trust in Him,

No. 177. Sinner, Won't You Come to Jesus?

L. H. P.

L. H. Parthemore.

1. There's a fount-ain o - pened with - in the house of Da - vid,
 2. Come with all your guilt, all ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den,
 3. Je - sus, I am com - ing, oh heal my bro - ken spir - it,

And who - so - ev - er will may come; Ev-'ry one may plunge in this
 Now in this fount-ain plunge to - day; It will make you whole, heal your
 Oh! do not cast my soul a - way; While the waters troubled with -

ev - er flow-ing fount-ain, Sin-ner, won't you come to Je - sus now?
 wounded bro - ken spir - it, Sin-ner, won't you come, come plunge and pray.
 in this great Bethes - da, Wash me in that fount-ain now, I pray.

Chorus.

Sin - ner, won't you come to Je - - - sus? To that
 Sin-ner, won't you come to Je - sus and be saved?

fount - ain flowing free for you, Won't you come and be cleansed from your
 To that fountain flowing free for you,

Sinner, Won't You Come to Jesus? Concluded.

sins, Won't you come to Je-sus while He may be found?
guilt-y life of sin?

No. 178. Stand Up for Jesus.

Geo. Duffield.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross,
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey,
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone,

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you, You dare not stand a - lone.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall be led,
Ye that are men now serve Him, A - gainst un - numbered foes,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch - ing un - to prayer,

Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
When du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.

F. G. Burroughs.

M. L. McPhail.

1. Oh, I am so hap - py all the day, My bur - dens have all
 2. Oh, I am so hap - py all the time, Hope's bells of joy so
 3. Oh, I am so hap - py in the Lord, He is my shield and

rolled a - way; I cast all my care on Christ, my Lord, And I'm
 sweet - ly chime; And good - ness and mer - cy shall at - tend All my
 my re - ward; No val - ley of shad - ow will I fear While my

Refrain.

trust - ing in His pre - cious word. } I know I am His and He is mine,
 jour - ney to its bliss - ful end. }
 Com - fort - er and Guide is near. }

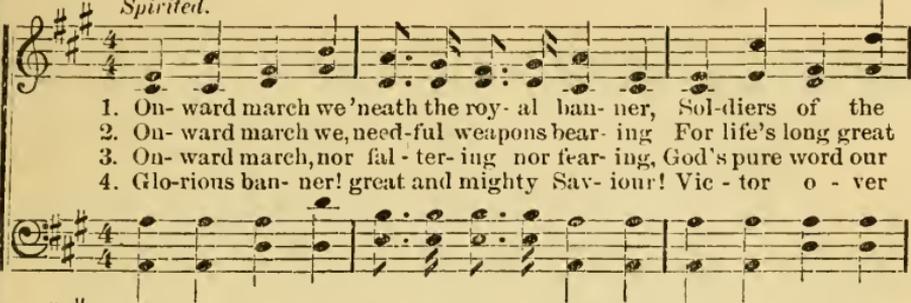
My all to His care I now re - sign; No foe can my peace - ful

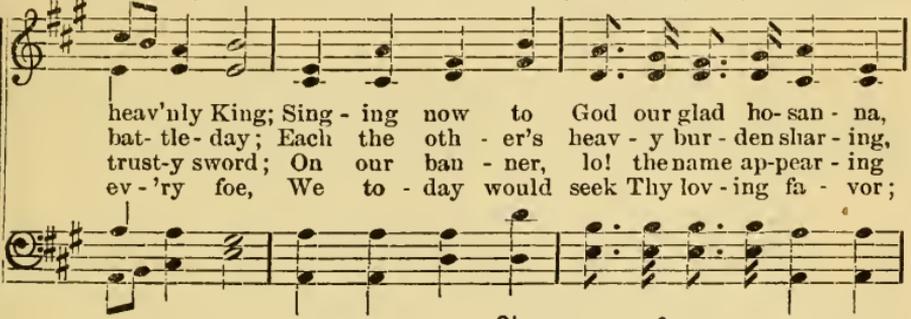
spir - it harm While I lean on my dear Sav - iour's arm.

Margaret Moody.

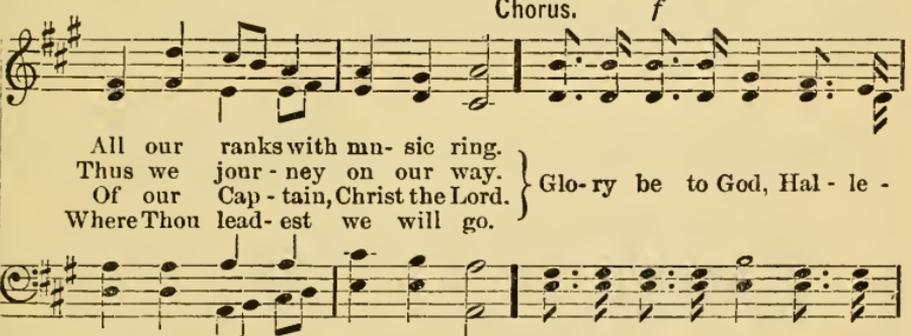
W. A. Ogden.

Spirited.

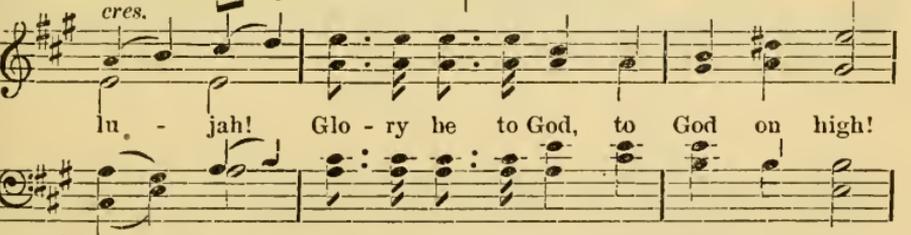
- 
1. On-ward march we'neath the roy-al ban-ner, Sol-diers of the
 2. On-ward march we, need-ful weapons bear-ing For life's long great
 3. On-ward march, nor fal-ter-ing nor fear-ing, God's pure word our
 4. Glo-rious ban-ner! great and mighty Sav-iour! Vic-tor o-ver



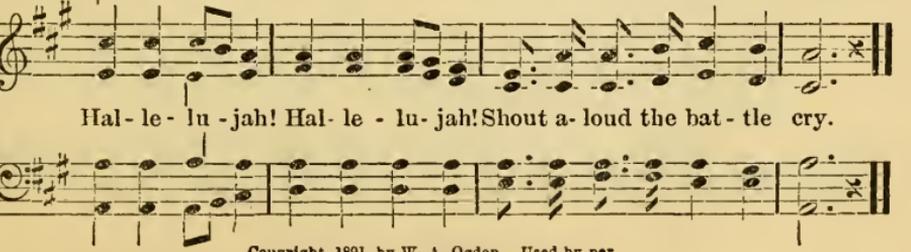
heav'nly King; Sing-ing now to God our glad ho-san-na,
 bat-tle-day; Each the oth-er's heav-y bur-dens shar-ing,
 trust-y sword; On our ban-ner, lo! the name ap-pear-ing
 ev-'ry foe, We to-day would seek Thy lov-ing fa-vor;

Chorus. *f*


All our ranks with mu-sic ring.
 Thus we jour-ney on our way.
 Of our Cap-tain, Christ the Lord. } Glo-ry be to God, Hal-le-
 Where Thou lead-est we will go.



cres.
 lu-jah! Glo-ry be to God, to God on high!



Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Shout a-loud the bat-tle cry.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

Philip Phillips. By per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
 3. That un - chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
 Its bright, jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
 Where Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands; The King of all
 So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
 thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
 king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His
 lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a -

roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
 me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; cit - y and me.
 hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands; crowns in His hands.
 gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a - gain.

Shall I Let Him In.

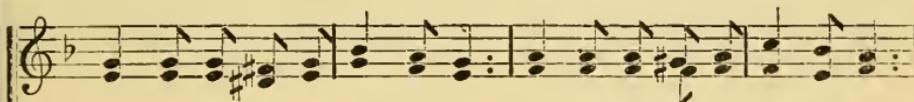
Words and Music by H. R. Palmer.



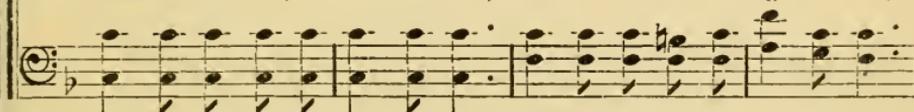
1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in?



Pa-tiently pleading with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my gra-cious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Glad-ly I'll welcome Him ev - er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in?



Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with-in;
 He can in - fi-nite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
 Bless-ed Sav-iour, a-bide with me; Cares and tri-als will light-er be;



Christ is bidding me turn un-to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
 Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
 I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless-ed Lord, come in.



"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—MARK 5 : 19.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove;
 2. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry :
 3. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me;
 4. Tell me all a - bout Je - sus, Re - peat the sto - ry o'er;

Tell me more of His good - ness, More of His pre - cious love.
 Tell me more of His mer - cy, More of His grace to me.
 Tell me why He should love me, Why He should die for me.
 Nev - er shall I grow wea - ry, Hear - ing it more and more.

Chorus.

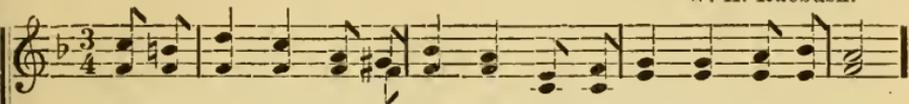
Tell me all a - bout Je - sus; Tell me that I may know

The sto - ry of the Sav - iour, Who loves, who loves me so.

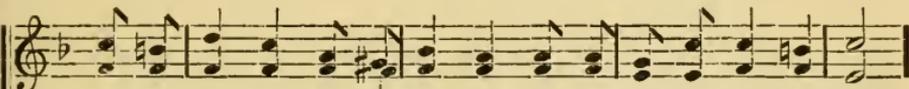
By permission.

Return O Lord, deliver my soul, O save me for thy mercies' sake.—Ps. 6 : 4.

W. H. Ruebush.



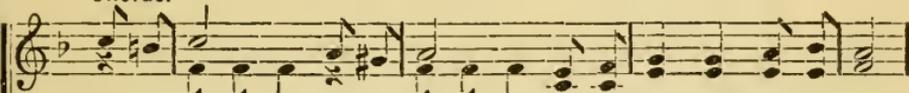
1. I am Thine, my dear Re-deem-er—Thou hast bought me with Thy blood;
2. I have roamed, a home-less or - phan, Rag-ged, hun - gry, thirst- y, poor,
3. Oh! I lean up - on Thy bos - om—There a-lone I feel se - cure;



Safe with - in Thy arms I'd liu - ger, Sweet-ly trust- ing in Thy love.
 With no friend my soul to com- fort, Beg- ging, sad, from door to door.
 Oth - er ref - uge gives no com - fort, In Thy arms my peace is sure.

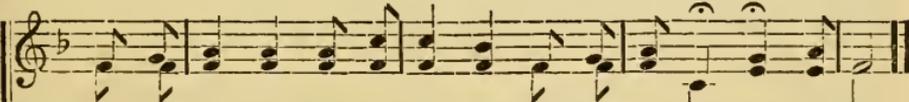
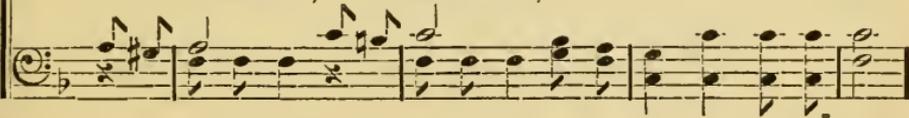


Chorus.



Save me now, save me now— Je - sus, Mas - ter, save me now;
 Save me now, save me now— Je - sus, Mas - ter, save me now;
 Save me now, save me now— Je - sus, Mas - ter, save me now;

Save me now, save me now,



Safe with - in Thy arms I'd lin - ger; Je - sus, Mas - ter, save me now.
 With no friend my soul to com- fort, Je - sus, Mas - ter, save me now.
 Oth - er ref - uge gives no com- fort, Je - sus, Mas - ter, save me now.



No. 185. I Want to Live for Jesus.

Lizzie Scott Bushey.

J. Calvin Bushey.

1. I want to live for Je-sus, And feel as christians feel
 2. I want to live for Je-sus, And pray as christians pray
 3. I want to live for Je-sus, And sing as christians sing

A glad-ness all un-bound-ed, A joy I can't con-ceal;
 For par-don of the sins Com-mit-ed day by day;
 To know the hap-py feel-ing That do-ing right does bring

A sin-ner's life is dark-ness 'tis lead-ing me a-stray,
 To be made pure and ho-ly, grow gen-tle as a dove,
 And be made ev-er read-y where an-gel spir-its come,

I want to go to Je-sus, and to fol-low in His way.
 To feel the peace and pres-ence of a Sav-iour's pard'ning love
 To bea-con me a-cross the stream and ev-er be at home

Chorus.

I want to live for Je-sus, My Sav-iour bids me come;

I Want to Live for Jesus. Concluded.

crs......*dim*.....

I want to go to Je - sus, And for - ev - er be at home.

No. 186. Beneath His Wing.

Edwin H. Nevins, D.D.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Be - neath His wing I sweet - ly rest, While balmy peace reigns in my breast;
2. A - midst all dan - gers, seen or known, His guardian wing is o'er me thrown;
3. This heav'ny wing, so wide - ly spread, Is o - ver me where'er I tread;
4. When wasting on the bed of death, I still can sing with dying breath,

I nev - er need a foe to dread, While His bright wing is o'er me spread.
 It soothes me with its mag - ic power, And turns to light the darkest hour.
 It ban - ish - es all gloom and fear To feel assured His wing is near.
 For round me I can clear - ly see Christ's wing of love o'er - arching me.

Refrain.

Be - neath His wing, be - neath His wing.
 Be - neath His wing my heart doth sing, be - neath, be - neath His wing.

repeat slowly.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

F. J. Crosby.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect submiss-ion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect submiss-ion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion; pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

Born of His Spir-it, wash'd in His blood. } This is my sto-ry,
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. }
 Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

C. A. S.

C. A. Shaw.

1. I will sing a song of that land so fair, O - ver by the
 2. There no foes pre - vail, there no fears an - noy, O - ver by the
 3. We will rest in peace, by the wa - ters side, O - ver by the

crys - tal sea; Where the bless - ed throng of the ran-somed are,
 crys - tal sea; There our souls may dwell in e - ter - nal joy.
 crys - tal sea; In the love of Christ we shall there a - bide,

Refrain.

O - ver by the crys - tal sea. }
 O - ver by the crys - tal sea. } Heav'nly Ca-naan, bright Ca - naan, O
 O - ver by the crys - tal sea. }

may our por-tion be To find a home in thee, Heav'n-ly

Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, O - ver by the crys - tal sea.

Seeking for Me.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."

E. E. Hasty.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I was
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, — Sweet is the

mau - ger to sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful —
 debt, and my soul He set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful —
 wand - 'ring a - far from the fold, Gen - tly and long did He
 prom - ise as wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de -

D.S.— Oh, it was won - der - ful —
D.S.— Oh, it was won - der - ful —
D.S.— Gen - tly and long did He
D.S.— Oh, I shall see Him de -

FINE.

blest be His name! Seek - ing for me, for me!
 how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
 plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me!
 scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me!

blest be His name! Seek - ing for me, for me!
 how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!
 plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me!
 scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me!

Refrain. For me! For me! *D.S.*

Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seek - ing for me!
 Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me!
 Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me!
 Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me!

A. R. Meusch.

Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, O heed His voice, Ten - der - ly plead - ing with
 2. Je - sus is call - ing, O heed His voice, "Wea - ry one come, I will
 3. Je - sus is call - ing, O heed His voice, Wilt thou, O soul, send thy

thee, O soul; "Come un - to me, I will give thee rest,
 share thy grief; Wan - der no long - er in sin a - stray,
 Lord a - way? Come to Him now ere it be too late;

Chorus.

Free thee from sor - row and make thee whole." Call - ing,
 I will sus - tain thee, give thee re - lief."
 Come to the Sav - iour, O come to - day. Je - sus is call - ing.

call - ing, Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing:
 Je - sus is call - ing,

"Come un - to me," Je - sus is calling to - day.
 Je - sus is call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing,

"* Jesus said, suffer little children, * * to come unto me."—MATT. 19: 14.

J. H. Hall.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die,
 2. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To re - deem them from the grave;
 3. Chil - dren then should love Him too, Strive His ho - ly will to do,

In His mer - cy pass'd not by Lit - tle ones like me.
 Je - sus a - ble is to save Lit - tle ones like me.
 Pray to Him, and praise Him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

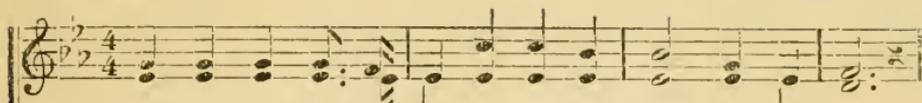
Chorus.

Lit - tle ones like me; Lit - tle ones like me;
 like me; like me;

In His mercy pass'd not by, Lit - tle ones like me.
 In His mer - cy pass'd not by, like me.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



1. Sweet - ly, Lord, have we heard thee call - ing, Come, fol - low me !
 2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
 3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word;
 4. By and by, thro' the shin - ing por - tals, Turn - ing our feet,
 5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done,



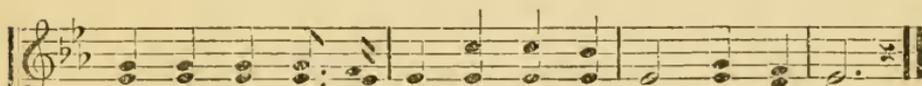

And we see where thy foot - prints fall - ing, Lead us to thee.
 Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fount - ains, Help - ing the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
 We shall walk, with the glad im - mor - tals, Hear'n's golden street.
 We will rest where the steps of Je - sus, End at His throne.



Chorus.



Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus, Wher - e'er they go.



Words arranged.

J. H. Kissinger, by per.

1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll repair, When burden'd with
 2. When Sa-tan, my foe, com-eth in like a flood, To drive my poor
 3. And when I have end-ed my pil-grimage here, In robes of pure

sor-row and anxious with care; From the depth of my soul un-to
 soul from the fount-ain of good, Un-to Je-sus, my Sav-iour, I
 whiteness then let me ap-pear; In the swell-ing of Jor-dan, on,

Thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 quick-ly will fly, Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
 Thee I'll re-ly, And look to the Rock that is high-er than I.

CHORUS.

Lead . . . me to the Rock,
 Lead, O lead me, Lead me to the Rock,

Lead . . me to the Rock, Lead . . me to the
 Lead, O lead me, Lead me to the Rock, Lead, O lead me,

Lead Me to the Rock. Concluded.

Rock, To the Rock that is high - er than - I.
Lead me to the Rock,

The image shows the musical notation for the song 'Lead Me to the Rock. Concluded.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 194. Come, Sinner, Come.

Will. E. Witter.

Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come aud re -

The image shows the first system of musical notation for 'Come, Sinner, Come.' It features a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is divided into three numbered lines of lyrics.

praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

The image shows the second system of musical notation for 'Come, Sinner, Come.' It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, with lyrics placed below the treble staff.

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

The image shows the third system of musical notation for 'Come, Sinner, Come.' It concludes the piece with the final melody and accompaniment, and the lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

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Perla E. Higgins.

D. E. Dortch.

1. The life-boat is launch'd on the wild, stormy sea, To res-cue the
 2. The life-boat is launch'd, it is now at your side; Christ's hands are out-
 3. The life-boat is launch'd, she is tak-ing us home, While thousands are

lost who are drift-ing a-way; For Sa-tan is striv-ing their
 stretch'd to af-ford you re-lief; Ac-cept the kind aid and be
 drift-ing to end-less de-spair; O, broth-er, come with us, sal-

Rit.

souls to ob-tain, Yes, Je-sus is call-ing, "I'll save you to-day."
 res-cued from death; Re-ject-ing is choos-ing your soul's end-less grief.
 va-tion is free; The Sav-iour will par-don, sub-mit to His care.

Chorus.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Je-sus invites you, no long er de-lay;

Rit.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Je-sus is calling, "I'll save you to-day."

No. 196. Hallelujah! Bless His Name.

J. H. K.

J. H. Kurzenknabe.

1. A sin-ner, I came, for my Lord to see, Halle - lu - jah, bless His name!
 2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Halle - lu - jah, bless His name!
 3. Oh, the rapture I felt I can nev - er tell, Halle - lu - jah, bless His name!
 4. I'll watch, for to-day yet the Lord may come, Halle - lu - jah, bless His name!

He knew me at once and a-bode with me. Hal-le - lu - jah, bless His name!
 He knows ev'ry heart, and He heard my cry, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless His name!
 For the great re - lief when my bur - den fell, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless His name!
 To grant me the joy of His hap - py home, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless His name!

Chorus.

Hal-le - lu - jah, oh, the glo - ry! Je - sus loves me, this I know ;
 Hal-le-lu-jah!

For I feel the bless-ed par - don That our Sav - iour did be - stow.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.

W. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
 2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the
 3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re - peat It seems, each
 4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hunger -

and His Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
 gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
 time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of

Sto - ry! Because I know its true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As
 Sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son, I
 Sto - ry! For some have never heard The message of sal - va - tion From
 glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That

Chorus.

nothing else would do.
 tell it now to thee.
 God's own Holy word. } I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in
 I have loved so long.

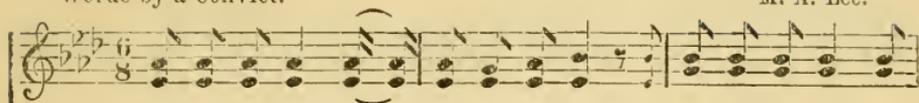
glo - ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Sowing the Tares.*

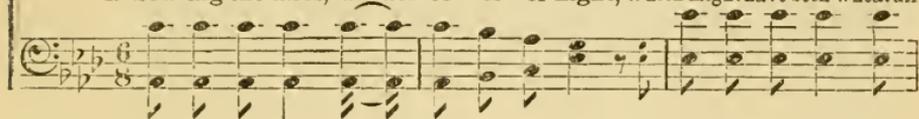
Dedicated to "Brother Will." M. Cell 1069.

Words by a Convict.

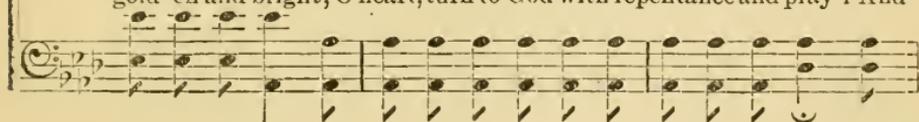
M. A. Lee.



1. Sow-ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow-ing of mal - ice,
2. Sow-ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
3. Sow-ing the tares, that bring sor-row down, Robs of its jew - els
4. Sow-ing the tares, un-der cov-er of night, Which might have been wheat all

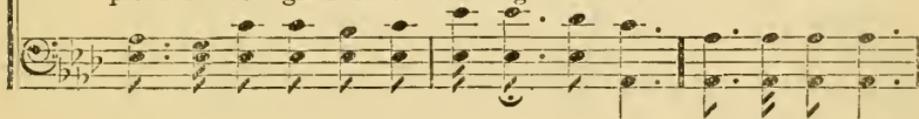


spite, and de- ceit, We might have sown roses a - mid life's sad cares, While life's sweetest hymn, And heeding no anguish, no pit- e-ous prayers, While life's fair- est crown; And turning to sil- ver the once golden hairs, Grown gold- en and bright; O heart, turn to God with repentance and pray'r And



Refrain.

we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
 we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
 whit - er and whit - er as we sowed the tares. } Sow - ing the tares,
 plead for for - giv - ness for sow - ing the tares.



Sow - ing the tares, We plead for for - giv - ness for sow - ing the tares.



NOTE.—A prisoner in the Maryland penitentiary, after hearing Mr. D. L. Moody, retired to his cell where he wrote these sad words and handed them to Mr. Moody, who read them at Maryland Institute the same day.

From "Rescue Songs." Used by per. H. H. Hadley.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21 : 28.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.

1. There's a work, a work that we all may do, For our
 2. There's a work, a work and it must be done, If we
 3. There's a cross, a cross for us each to bear, But His

Sav-our if we will, Then with joy, with joy let's our task pur-sue,
 live and strive a-right, With the end in view, blest the work begun,
 strength each day He'll give, And at last a crown we in heav'n may wear,

Chorus.

And our miss-ion here ful-fill.
 Let us la-bor with our might. } There's a work that each may do for
 Near to Je-sus let us live. }

Je - sus, We may serve Him ev - ry day, (yes,) We may

tell His love to those who wander, We may seek the lambs a-stray.

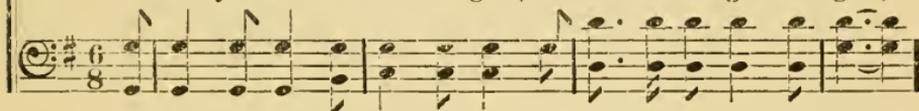
No. 200. The Beautiful Golden Gate.

Edwin Oliver.

Arr. by O. E. Murray.



1. There is a gate that o - pens wide, The beau - ti - ful gold - en gate,
2. Do you de - sire to en - ter thro' The beau - ti - ful gold - en gate?
3. Pre - pare, for soon the time will come, To en - ter that gold - en gate,
4. How sad the words "too late, too late" To en - ter the gold - en gate!
5. O would you walk the streets of gold, Then en - ter the gold - en gate,



'Twas o - pened when the Sav - iour died, The beau - ti - ful gold - en gate.
 Re - pent, or you will nev - er view The beau - ti - ful gold - en gate.
 Ex - cept ye be con - vert - ed here, None en - ter the gold - en gate.
 May they not seal your last es - tate. Come en - ter the gold - en gate.
 Would see the glo - ry long fore - told, Then en - ter the gold - en gate.



Chorus.



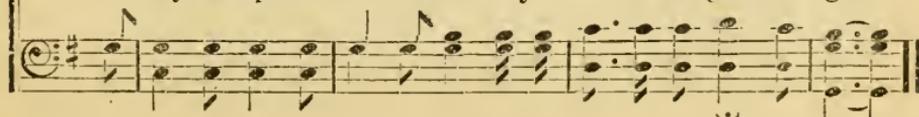
The beau - ti - ful gold - en gate, Where heav - en - ly an - gels wait,



Repeat Chorus pp.



You may ae - cept the Sav - iour now If you en - ter the gold - en gate.



No. 201.

Guide Me, Saviour.

"He will be our guide even unto death."—PSALM 48 : 14.

D. W. H.

D. W. Henderson.

1. Sav-iour, with Thy ho - ly counsel, guide me In
 2. Guide me, Sav-iour while my foes are near me Nev - - - -
 3. While I walk life's lone-ly pil-grim journey, Guide

In the nar-row way,
 Nev-er let me stray,
 Guide me day by day,

the nar-row way;
 er let me stray;
 me day by day;

From all dan - ger and tempta-tion
 O'er these snares and se-cret dangers,
 Lead me when the way grows dark and

In the nar-row way;
 Nev-er let me stray;
 Guide me day by day;

hide me, Guide me all the way, all the way.
 bear me, Guide me all the way, all the way.
 thorn - y, Sav - - - iour, lead my way, lead my way.

Guide me all the way,
 Guide me all the way,
 Sav-iour, lead my way,

Guide me all the way.
 Guide me all the way.
 Sav-iour, lead my way.

In Thy ho - ly way, keep me ev - 'ry day,
 Nev - er let me stray from the nar - row way,
 Nev - er let me stray, lead me day by day,

In Thy ho - ly heav'n-ly way, keep me, Sav-iour, ev - 'ry day,
 Nev - er let me wand'ring stray, from the straight and nar - row way,
 Nev - er let me wand'ring stray, lead me, Sav - iour, day by day,

Guide Me, Saviour. Concluded.

Guide me all the way. Lead me where no
 Guide me all the way. As I jour - ney,
 Guide me all the way. While I walk life's

Guide me all the way, Guide me all the way,

e - vil can be-tide me; Guide . . . me all the way, all the way.
 let Thy presence cheer me; Guide . . . me all the way, all the way.
 lone-ly pilgrim journey; Guide . . . me all the way, all the way.

Guide me all the way, Guide me all the way.

No. 202. Dear Lord, Remember Me.

Isaac Watts.

Music and Chorus by Asa Hull.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
 Cho. { Help me dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;
 Re-mem-ber me, re-mem-ber me, Dear Lord, re-mem - ber me;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 And when Thou sit - test on thy throne, Dear Lord, re-mem - ber me.
 And when Thou sit - test, etc. (*2d part of chorus can be sung or omitted ad lib.*)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.</p> <p>3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut His glory in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's, sin.</p> | <p>4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> <p>5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 203. Death is Only a Dream.

Rev. C. W. Ray.
SOLO.

A. J. Buchanan.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the
 2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the bos - om of
 3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should appall, Tho' it fright - ful - ly
 4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e -

mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
 Je - sus Su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
 dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no
 ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ransomed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
 ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
 storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., and H. A. R. Horton, owners of the Copyright.

Death is Only a Dream. Concluded.

* Chorus.

On-ly a dream, on-ly a dream, And glo-ry beyond the dark stream; How
peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on-ly a dream.

* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

No. 204.

Turning to God.

D. W. H.

"I would seek unto God."—Job 5: 8.

D. W. Henderson.

1. { Long the path of sin I've trod, Long I've wandered from my God, }
 { On the des-ert far from home, I have wandered all a-lone, }
 2. { While I wan-der day by day, Sins be-set me on my way, }
 { Waves of sor-row round me roll, Tempests gath-er o'er my soul, }
 3. { I will seek my Father's face, Plead His love and trust His grace, }
 { I will turn, nor long-er roam, Je-sus sweet-ly calls me home, }

All a-lone, all a-lone, I have wandered all a-lone.
 O'er my soul, o'er my soul, Tem-pests gath-er o'er my soul.
 Calls me home, calls me home, Je-sus sweet-ly calls me home.

4 To His loving arms I'll fly,
 In His care I cannot die;
 Saviour Thou who loves me best,
 On Thy bosom let me rest,
 Let me rest, let me rest,
 On Thy bosom let me rest.

5 Take me Saviour, for thine own
 Thou canst save, and Thou alone,
 From my idols now I flee.
 I resign them all for Thee,
 All for Thee, all for Thee
 I resign them all for Thee.

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No. 205. Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.



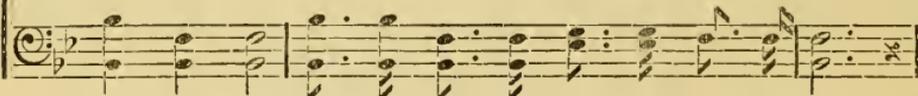
1. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing
3. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I now can see; Per - fect, pres - ent
4. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
5. Stand-ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fail, List-'ning ev - 'ry



a - ges let His prais - es ring, Glo - ry in the high - est, I will
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God, I
 cleans - ing in the blood for me; Stand - ing in the lib - er - ty where
 ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the
 mo - ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - iour, as my



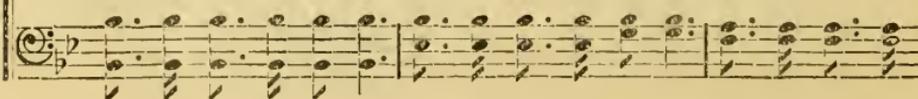
shout and sing, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 shall pre - vail, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 Christ makes free, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 Spir - it's sword, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 all in all, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.



Chorus.



Stand - ing, stand - ing, Stand - ing on the
 Stand - ing on the promise, Stand - ing on the promise,



Standing on the Promises. Concluded.

prom - is - es of God, my Sav - iour, Stand - ing,
 Stand - ing on the prom - ise,

stand - ing, I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 standing on the promise,

No. 206. Heaven is Not Far Away.

C. E. L.

C. E. Leslie, by per.

1. Heav - en is not far a - way, When Je - sus is near;
 2. Will you not re - pent, be - lieve, When Je - sus is near?
 3. Are you com - ing home to - day, When Je - sus is near?

f *rit* FINE.

Give your heart to him, I pray, When Je - sus is near.
 Peace and par - don now re - ceive, When Je - sus is near.
 Do not long - er stay a - way, When Je - sus is near.

D.S. — Heav - en is not far a - way, When Je - sus is near. *D.S.*

Place your trust in Him, dear friend, He will keep you to the end,
 He will not your pray'r re - fuse, Come and now the Sav - iour choose,
 Cast your bur - den on the Lord, He has promised in His word,

"Tell it to Jesus."—MATT. 14 : 12.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

E. S. Lorenz.



1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub - led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,



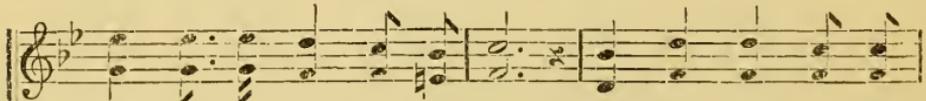
Tell it to Je - sus, Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus, Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus, Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus, For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?



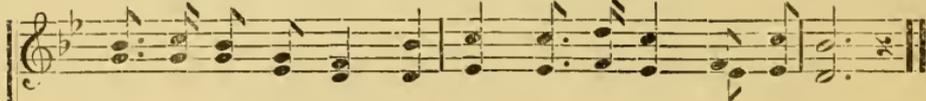
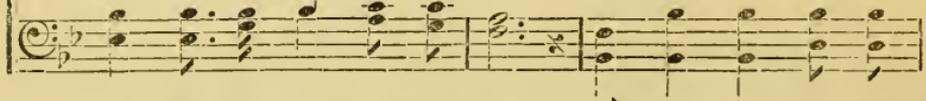
Chorus.



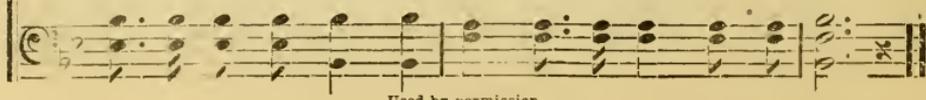
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. } Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,



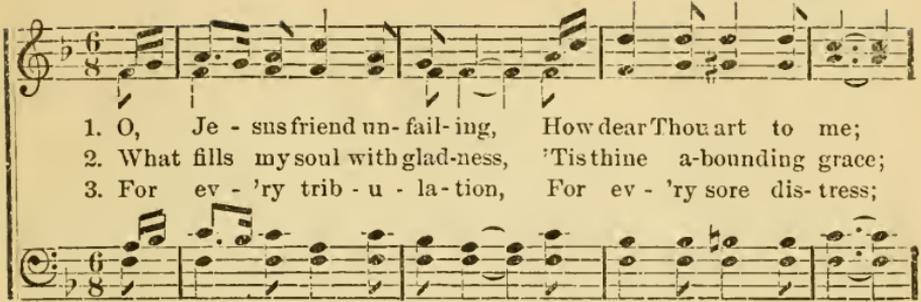
He is a friend that's well known : You have no oth - er



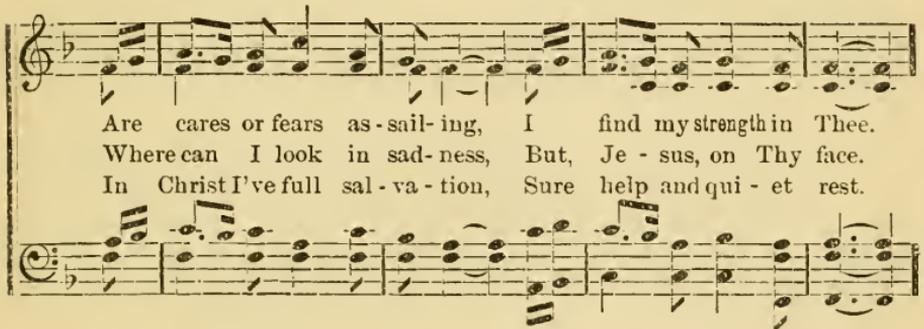
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



D. A. Clippinger.



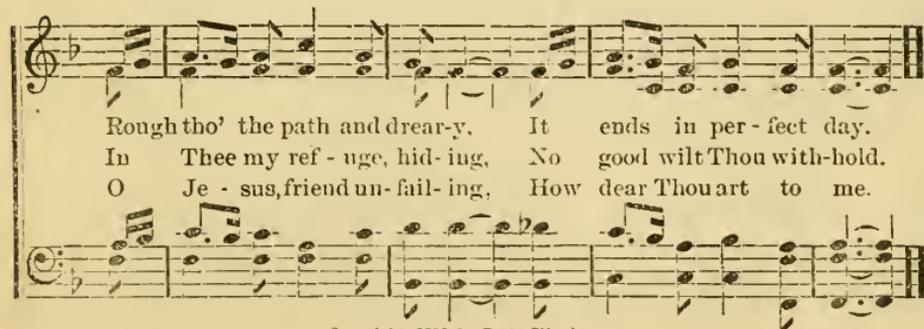
1. O, Je - sus friend un - fail - ing, How dear Thou art to me;
 2. What fills my soul with glad - ness, 'Tis thine a - bounding grace;
 3. For ev - 'ry trib - u - la - tion, For ev - 'ry sore dis - tress;



Are cares or fears as - sail - ing, I find my strength in Thee.
 Where can I look in sad - ness, But, Je - sus, on Thy face.
 In Christ I've full sal - va - tion, Sure help and qui - et rest.



Why should my feet grow wea - ry, Of this my pil - grim way;
 My all is Thy pro - vid - ing, Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
 No fear of foes pre - vail - ing, I tri - umph, Lord, in Thee;



Rough tho' the path and drear - y, It ends in per - fect day.
 In Thee my ref - uge, hid - ing, No good wilt Thou with - hold.
 O Je - sus, friend un - fail - ing, How dear Thou art to me.

No. 209. In Sight of the Crystal Sea.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

J. W. Bischoff.

1. I sat a - lone with life's mem - o - ries In sight of the
 2. I thought me then of my child-hood days, The pray - er at
 3. I thought I thought of the days of God I'd wast - ed in
 4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: Re - mem - ber, re -

crys - tal sea, And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd ones,
 my mother's knee: Of the coun - sels grave that my Fa - ther gave—
 fol - ly and sin— Of the times I'd mock'd when the Sav - iour knocked,
 mem - ber, my Son! Remem - ber thy ways in the for - mer days,

With nev - er a crown for me; And then the voice of the Judge said, come,
 The wrath I was warned to flee; I said, "Is it then too late, too late,
 And I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made,
 The crown that thou might have won!" I thought, I thought, and my tho'ts ran on,

Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I saw the
 Shut with - out must I stand for aye?" And the Judge, will He
 When I lay at death's dark door—"Would He spare my
 Like the tide of a sun - less sea—" Am I liv - ing or

By per J. E. Rankin.

In Sight of the Crystal Sea. Concluded.

star-crown'd take their seats, But none could I call my own.
say, "I know you not," How-e'er I may knock and pray.
life. I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for - ev - er - more.
dead?" to my-self I said "An end is there ne'er to be."

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

6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea;
And I see the thrones of star-crown'd 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-crown'd
There's one I shall call my own. [ones,

No. 210. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper, D.D.

J. E. Gould.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver Life's tem - pestuous sea,
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Unknown waves a-round me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal,
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say-est "peace, be still;"
'Twixt me and my peace-ful rest, Then while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Woud'rous sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 211.

Bright Canaan.

Old words.

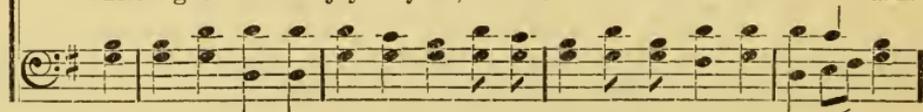
Arr. by J. H. Ruebush.



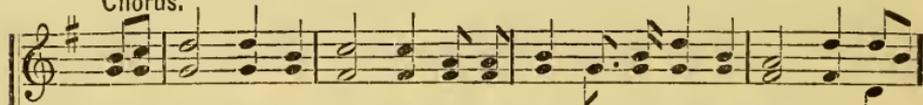
1. To - geth - er let us sweetly live, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan,
2. If you get there be - fore I do, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan,
3. Part of my friends the prize have won, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan,
4. Then come with me be - lov - ed friend, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan,
5. Our songs of Praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan,



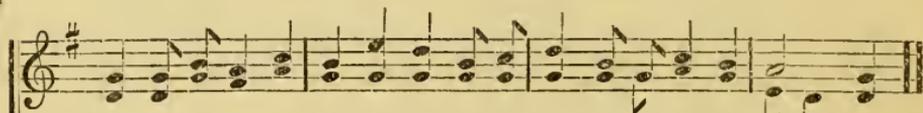
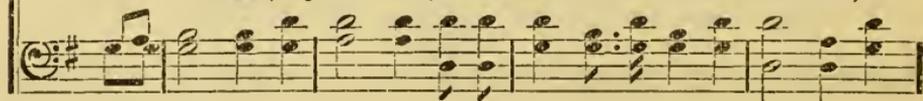
To - geth - er let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
 Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
 And I'm resolved to fol - low on, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
 The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.
 While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.



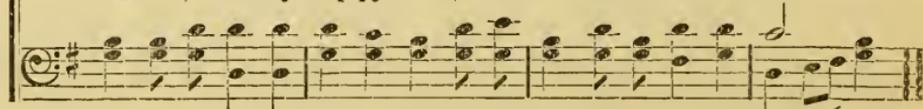
Chorus.



Oh Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan; Oh



Canaan, it is my hap - py home, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.



Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D.

Chas. Edw. Prior.

p With careful expression.

1. A - bide with me, With - in the west the day is fast de - clin - ing,
 2. A - bide with me, From my soul's na - tive land where Thou art dwelling,
 3. A - bide with me, When I be - fore Thy feet am bend - ing low - ly,
 4. A - bide with me, How fast the years, the hearts I've loved are thinning,

The shadows lengthen on the purpling hills; How Thy dear presence, tender and re -
 To still my homesick heart of all its woe, Come Thou, of that celestial mansion
 My heart within all kindling to a glow, Awakened by Thy voice are raptures
 As dies, when morning comes, star after star; My dear ones first a better portion

fin - ing, Each murmur of my troubled spir - it stills. A - bide with me,
 tell - ing; And wipe the tears which from my eyelids flow. A - bide with me,
 ho - ly, Which only those who love Thee, e'er can know! A - bide with me,
 winning, Within that un - seen land that is a - far. A - bide with me.

5 Abide with me.

"My peace be with thee!" this thine evening greeting;
 Thus let me see the radiance of Thy face;
 How swift to night the day of life is fleeting,
 And death and life beyond come on apace.

Abide with me.

6 Abide with me.

Soon will for me these earthly scenes be ending
 Like some brief vision of night-watches fled;
 The length'ning shadows on life's hills descending,
 And the last word above my dust be said.

Abide with me.

7 Abide with me.

Ah, then O Lord, through Thy rich grace I enter
 That land of which Thou art the life and light;
 Where from all climes Thy ransomed captives enter,
 And know no parting, or descending night.

Abide with me.

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* Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—JOSHUA 24 : 15.

J. H. K.

J. H. Kurzenkuabe.

1. Christ, or the world! Which shall it be? Choose for time and e -
 2. Christ, or the world! Which will ye seek? Let the a - wak'ning
 3. Christ, or the world! Which bringeth peace? World-ly pleas-ures or
 4. Christ, or the world! Choose well—to-day? There is dan - ger in

ter - ni - ty; Here's a ref - uge, a rest, a home There are
 consciences speak; There are man - sions so bright and fair, Where, be -
 ho - li - ness? Why con - tin - ue 'mid doubt and fear? Why not
 more de - lay; Soon will van - ish the gos - pel light, And the

tor - ments and wrath to come, Why a wan - der - er lon - ger roam?
 lov - ed and kin - dred are, Will you meet with them o - ver there?
 go to the Sav - iour dear? Be as - sured of a wel - come there.
 spir - it will take its flight, Then will is - sue e - ter - nal night.

Chorus.

I and my house . . will serve the Lord ; . .

I and my house will serve the Lord, I and my house will serve the Lord ;

Christ, or the World. Concluded.

If we prove faithful,

Musical notation for the first system, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment.

If we are true and prove faithful, We shall have great re-ward.

No. 214. Sing Glory!

Rev. Wm. Appel.

A. Beirly.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Sing Glory!', consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment.

1. My heart is fixed to praise the Lord, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. The fair - est of the fair is He, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
3. I'm still re - joic - ing in His love, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
4. In heav'n I'll sing it o'er and o'er, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Musical notation for the second system of 'Sing Glory!', consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment.

I'm feed - ing on His pre - cious word, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 To see His bless - ed - face, will be Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 I'm go - ing to my home a - bove, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 I'll praise the Sav - iour more and more, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Musical notation for the third system of 'Sing Glory!', consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment.

Chorus.
 The Sav - iour is my faith - ful Friend! Sing glo - ry, sing glo - ry! I'll

Musical notation for the fourth system of 'Sing Glory!', consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment.

sing His prais - es with - out end, Sing glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PER. 2: 7.

W. A. Williams.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there;
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
 3. I saw a mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour - age shake,
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go, To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
 5. I dreamed that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
 6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say;

Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence
 Wait - ing for Je - sus' call, I marked His smile 'twas sweet as May,
 Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence His strength was giv'n,
 To save from Satan's thrall; Nor home nor life He count - ed dear,
 A fire dis - solved this ball; I saw the church - es ransomed throng,
 The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains,

Her help - less wid - ow - hood's de - fence, She told me "Christ was all."
 And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered "Christ is all."
 He look'd tri - umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
 'Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
 I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 His love will soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Chorus.

Christ is all, all in all, Yes Christ is all in all. Yes, Christ is all in all.

No. 216. Is My Name Written There?

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Nei-ther sil-ver nor gold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma-n-y, Like the sands of the sea,
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light,

I would make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold,
 But Thy blood, O my Sav-iour, Is suf-fi-cient for me;
 With its glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white;

In the book of Thy king-dom, With its page white and fair.
 For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten, In bright let-ters that glow,
 Where no e-vil thing com-eth, To de-spoil what is fair;

Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name writ-ten there?
 "Tho your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow."
 Where the au-gels are watch-ing, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

FINE.

D.S.—In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
 Yes, my name's writ-ten there.

Chorus.
 Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 2 & 3 rs. Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair.

D.S.

No. 217.

God Calling Yet.

"I have called, and ye have refused."—PROV. I : 24.

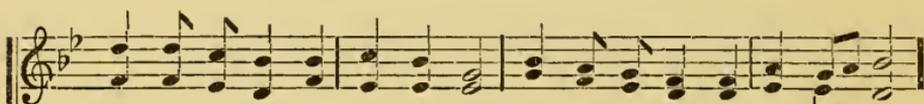
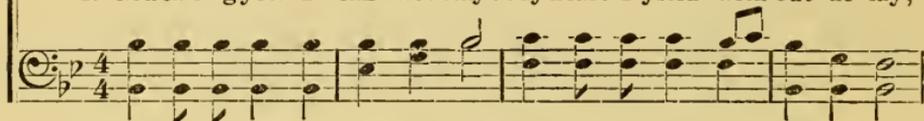
J. Borthwick.

John.

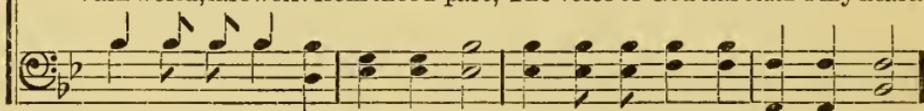
Not too fast.



1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice despise,
3. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
4. God calling yet! I can - not stay : My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

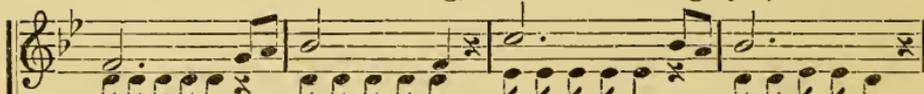


Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re - pay He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 I wait, but He does not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart a - wake!
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart.



Chorus.

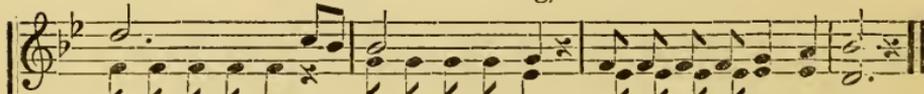
God is call - ing, call - - ing yet,



God is calling yet God is call-ing yet Heed His pleading voice God is calling yet,



God is call - - ing,



God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Sinner, heed His pleading voice.

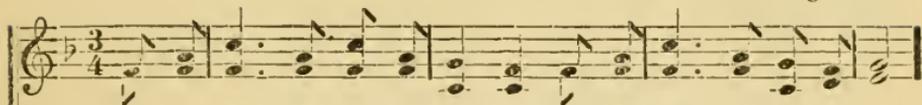


This Hymn is free to be used for the glory of God.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened.....for sin and uncleanness."—ZECK. 13: 1.

J. D. V.

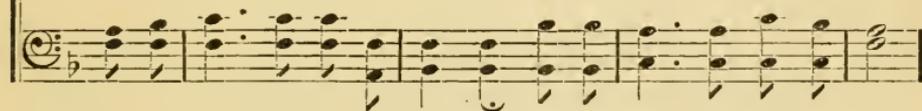
Jas. D. Vaughan.



1. There's a pre - cious fountain o - pened, For un - clean - ness and for sin,
2. Though your sins may be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow,
3. Oh! my friend why do you lin - ger, Wash in Cal - vary's crimson wave,
4. Will you heed the in - vi - ta - tion, Come to Je - sus, don't de - lay,
5. When your dear - est friends forsake you; In your sor - est want and need,



And the in - vi - ta - tion giv - en, On - ly come and wash there - in.
 He who wash - es in this fount - ain Shall its heal - ing vir - tues know.
 Come now for there's no re - pent - ance, In the cold and si - lent grave.
 Ere to - mor - row death may claim you, Oh, to - day's sal - va - tion's day.
 Then the sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, Will be - come a Friend in - deed.



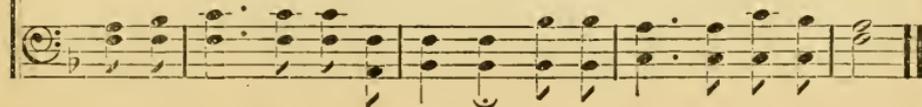
Chorus.



Oh! the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Fount of cleans - ing, full and free,



Come and wash and live for - ev - er, It was shed for you and me.



No. 219. O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

J. E. Rankin D.D.

W. H. Ruebush.

1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way! The Fa-ther is wait-ing to-
 2. O prod-i-gal, broth-er, come home! Why long-er in wretch-ed-ness
 3. O prod-i-gal, what will you do? Love's ta-ble is wait-ing for
 4. O prod-i-gal, broth-er a-rise! For par-don, look up to the

day; There's room and to spare, There is rai-ment to wear, O
 roam? You're lone-ly and lost, You are driv-en and toss'd, O
 you; For-give-ness so sweet, Sure, you're com-ing will greet, O
 skies; No long-er then stray From Thy Fa-ther a-way, O

Chorus.

prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way. Come home, come home,
 prod-i-gal, broth-er, come home. }
 prod-i-gal, what will you do? }
 prod-i-gal, broth-er, a-rise. } Come home, come home,

Prod-i-gal, won't you come home? . . . There's wel-come for
 home to-day?

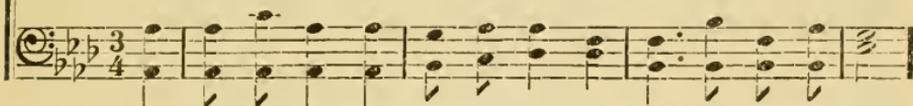
you from the Fa-ther so true, O prod-i-gal, don't stay a-way.

Miss Lula Barnes.

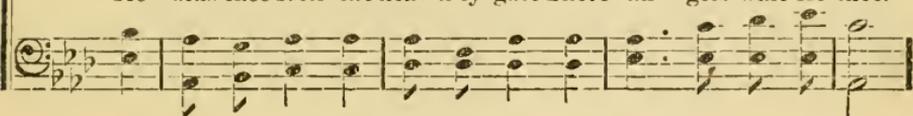
S. J. Oslin, by per.



1. Com-mit Thy way un - to the Lord, Oh wea - ry, heart-sick soul;
2. His love and mer - cy have no end, How - can ye long - er stay
3. There's rest and peace for ev - 'ry care—For ev - 'ry tear-stained eye;
4. Oh trust Him e'er it be too late Thy burdened soul to free;



His sav-ing grace a-bounds for all, His love can ne'er be told.
 A - way from Christ, the sinner's friend, Oh loved one gone a-stray.
 Then haste thy soul from sin to tear And to His bos - om fly.
 He bids thee seek the heav'n - ly gate There an - gels wait for thee.



Chorus.



Oh trust Him, trust Him, Ev - er trust His sav-ing pow'r!
 Trust Him ev - er, Ev - er trust His mighty sav-ing pow'r!



Oh trust Him, trust Him—Trust Him ev - 'ry day and hour.
 firm-ly



E. D. K.

E. D. K.

1. When the love of Je - sus Dwell-eth in the heart, We, like lov - ing
 2. If the great ex - am - ple Of our Mas - ter dear, Be our aim and
 3. Let us strive to fol - low Je - sus all the way, Till we see the

Ma - ry, Choose the bet - ter part; And in love a - bid - ing,
 mot - to While we lin - ger here, — If our lives are sim - ple,
 morn - ing Of the per - fect day; Then as stars for - ev - er,

Joy - ful on our way, We will journey on - ward To the per - fect day.
 Un - de - filed as His, We shall then in heav - en See Him as He is.
 Each a spot - less gem, We shall shine e - ter - nal In His di - a - dem.

Chorus.

Come, thou blessed Sav - iour, Dwell . . . with-

Come, thou blessed Saviour, Come, thou blessed Saviour, Come and dwell within this

in this heart of mine; Then a - mong the

heart, this wait - ing heart of mine; Then among the ransomed,

Strive to Follow Jesus. Concluded.

ran - somed, I in heav'n will shine.

Then among the ransomed, I in heaven will shine, in heav-en shine.

No. 222.

Fair Haven.

Scotch Air.

Slow.

1. Hail! sweet-est, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts is one;
2. No ling'-ring hope, no part - ings sigh, Our fu - ture meeting knows;

FINE.

Hail! sa - cred hope, that tunes our minds To har - mo - ny di - vine:
The friend-ship beams from ev - 'ry eye, And hope im - mor - tal grows :

D.S.—The hope, when days and years have pass'd, We all shall meet in heav'n.

D.S.

It is the hope, the bliss - ful hope Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;
Oh, sa - cred hope, oh, bliss - ful hope, Which Je - sus' grace has giv'n;

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See, from His hands, His head, His feet, Sorrow and

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. When I sur-vey | the wondrous cross |
| 2. For-bid it, Lord, | that I should boast, |
| 3. See, from His hands, | His head, His feet, |

Prince . . . of Glo-ry died, My richest gain
 death . . . of Christ, my God: All in vain things . . .
 love flow mingled down: Did e'er such love . . .

On which the Prince	of Glo-ry died,	My richest gain
Save in the death	of Christ, my God:	All in vain things
Sorrow and love	flow mingled down:	Did e'er such love

I count but loss, And pour contempt on all, on all my pride. . .
 that charm me most, I sac-ri- fice them to His, to His blood. . .
 and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich, so rich a crown? .

I count but loss,	on all my pride.
that charm me most,	them to His blood.
and sorrow meet,	so rich a crown.

Chorus.

Oh, wondrous cross, Where Je-sus died, You pour con-

Oh wondrous cross, Where Jesus died.

The Wondrous Cross. Concluded.

tempt . . . on all my pride, . . . My richest gain, . . .

You pour contempt on all my pride, My richest gain,

I count but loss, . . . When e'er I view, I view the wondrous cross. . .

I count but loss, the wondrous cross.

No. 224.

Gratitude.

Rev. P-A. I-D. Bost

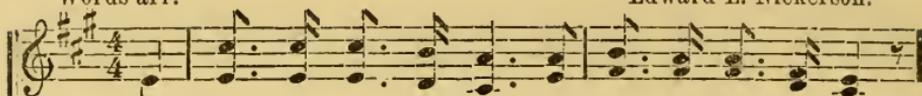
1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds: In u - nion sweet, accord-ing minds!
2. To each the soul of each how dear! What jealous care, what ho-ly fear!
3. Their stream-ing tears to-gether flow, For hu-man guilt and hu-man woe;
4. Nor shall the glow-ing flame ex-pire 'Mid na-ture's droop-ing, sick'ning fire:

How swift the heav'nly course they run, Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!
 How doth the generous flame within, Re-fine from earth and cleanse from sin.
 Their ar-dent pray'r u - nit-ed rise, Like mingling flames in sac-ri-fice.
 Soon shall they meet in realms above, A heaven of joy, because of love.

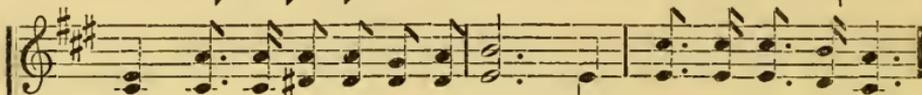
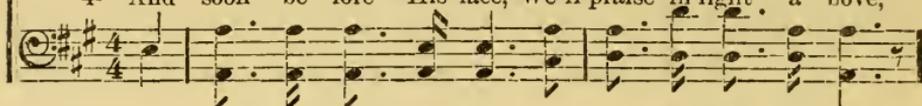
No. 225. Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words arr.

Edward E. Nickerson.



1. Rest to the wea - ry soul; And ach - ing heart is giv'n,
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price - less joys were bought,
 3. Come, with the ran - somed train, The Sav - iour's prais - es sing,
 4. And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,



Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Tri - umph - ant thro' His grace,



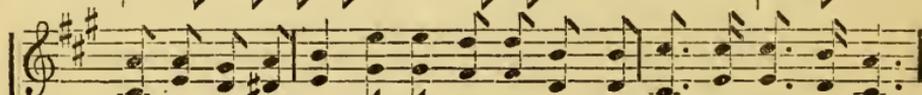
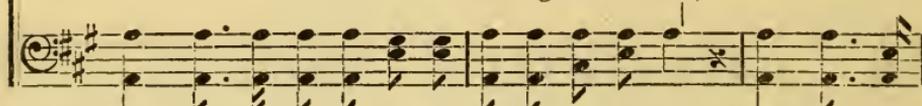
Love fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 That Christ to earth has bro't, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 Made per - fect by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.



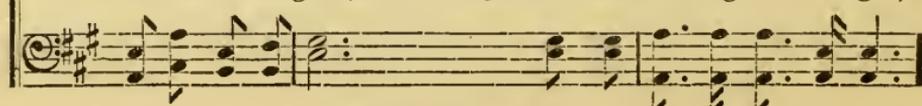
Refrain.



Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, Down where the
 liv - ing wa - ters flow,



tree of life doth grow, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am liv - ing in the light,



Where the Living Waters Flow. Concluded.

For Je-sus and the right, Down where the living waters flow.
 iiv-ing waters flow.

No. 226. Jesus Will Let You In.

A. S. K.

A. S. Kieffer.

1. { Come to our Fa-ther's house, Come, ere the day be gone; }
 { Temp-ests are gath-er'ing fast, Dark-ness is com-ing on. }
2. { Look at the wea-ry way, Look where thy feet have trod; }
 { Find-ing no rest nor peace, Wand-er'ing a-way from God. }
3. { Dark-er thy path-way grows, Soon will the night come down; }
 { Fierce-ly the light-nings flash, Dark-er the tem-pests frown. }

Fly, for the tempest is com-ing, Sweeping the fields of sin;

Knock at the por-tals of mer-cy, Je-sus will let you in.

4 Fly from the fields of sin,
 Fly for thy life to-day;
 Fly to our Father's house,
 Enter the narrow way.

5 Here will thy soul find rest,
 Safe from each angry blast;
 Here find a perfect peace,—
 Joys that forever last.

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No. 227. Clinging to Jesus, Alone.

G. M. Bills.

M. L. McPhail.



1. Clinging to Je-sus a-lone is sweet; Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
2. Worldly al-li-an-ces I re-sign, Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
3. Fol-low-ing Je-sus I know is best; Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
4. Humbly I keep in the path He trod; Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!
5. Life will be sweeter by far than now, Je-sus a-lone! Je-sus a-lone!



Wisdom I learn at the Master's feet, Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
 Pleas-ures of fol-ly can-not be mine; Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
 Toil-ing as-sur-eth e-ter-nal rest, Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
 Walking with Je-sus I walk with God, Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.
 When immor-tal-i-ty crowns my brow; Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.



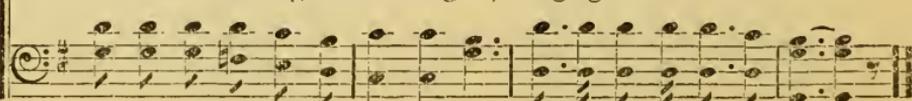
Chorus.



Glo-ry and hon-or, and love un-told, Ev-er shall be my own:



When I am walking the streets of gold, Clinging to Je-sus a-lone.



No. 228. The Loving Little Ones.

Rev. E. Unangst, Gunture, India.

J. H. Kurzenknabe.



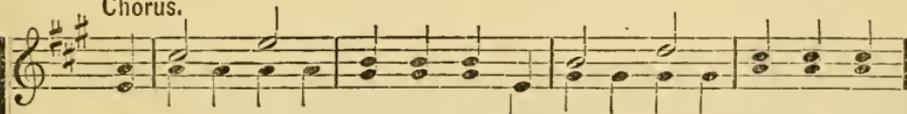
1. 'Tis Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones And calls them as His own ;
2. Let lit - tle ones sing Je - sus' name—He loves to hear them sing,—
3. He loves to be with lit - tle ones, And hear their child-like prayer;
4. 'Tis Je - sus whom the lit - tle ones, May call their lov - ing King ;



He's al - ways with the lit - tle ones, They're nev - er left a - lone.
 And fill His courts with joy - ful sound, And make His prais - es ring.
 And ten - der - ly He takes them up In - to His lov - ing arms.
 'Tis He that makes them an - gels too, His name for aye too sing.



Chorus.



The lov - ing lit - tle ones, The love - ly lit - tle ones,
 The lov - ing, lov - ing lit - tle ones, The love - ly, love - ly lit - tle ones,



The bless - ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones
 The bless - ed, bless - ed lit - tle ones, The hap - py lit - tle ones



"Sorrow is turned into joy."—JON 41: 22.

J. H. Hall.

Joyfully.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-'rer sing;
 2. His hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road,
 3. Bright garlands of im-mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev-'ry head:

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in the Lord.
 Till to the sa-cred Mount you rise, And see your gra-cious God.
 While sor-row, sigh-ing and dis-tress, Like shad-ows, all are fled.

Refrain.

March on, . . . march on, . . . Your great De-liv-'rer sing;
 March on, march on, ye ransomed ones, March on,

Ye pil-grims, now for Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King.

No. 230.

Weeping One of Bethany.

Respectfully inscribed to "The Hall Quartett."

J. C. B.

J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But His love is
 2. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He must mark the
 3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row If a leg - a -

still the same, Kins - man, friend and eld - er
 mourn - ers tear, Lov - ing still to trace the
 cy of love, Yes - ter - day, to - day, to -

Chorus.

broth - er, Is His ev - er - last - ing name. } Weep - ing one,
 sto - ry Of the hearts He strengthened here. }
 mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove. } Weeping one,

weep - ing one, Sav - iour, who can love like thee, Weep - ing
 weeping one,

one, weep - ing one, Weep - ing one of Beth - an - y.
 weep - ing one, weep - ing one,

No. 231. What Shall Our Answers Be?

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body * * * whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. 5 : 10.

E. R. Latta.

Rev. D. E. Dortch.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that might-y com-pa-ny,
 2. When the Lord has gathered there, From the land and from the sea,
 3. Lord, it is a sol-emn tho't, That we must ac-count to Thee!

And the Judge shall question us, O, what shall our an-swers be?
 All the fam-i-lies of men, O, what shall our an-swers be?
 In that great and aw-ful day, What shall our poor an-swers be?

What for ev-'ry tri-ling tho't, And each i-dle word we say?
 What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love?
 O, pre-pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy pres-ence there to stand!

What for ev-'ry sin-ful act, We may do from day to day?
 Can we hope a crown to gain, And a man-sion bright a-bove?
 Purge us from each sin-ful blot! Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand!

Chorus.

When that aw-ful day we see, O, what
 When that aw-ful day we see, day we see,

What Shall Our Answers be? Concluded.

shall our an- sers be? When that
O, what shall our an- sers be, our an- sers be?

aw - - ful day we see, O, what shall . . . our answers be?
When that awful day we see, day we see, O, what shall our answers be?

No. 232. The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

f FINE.

1. { The great Physi- cian now is near, The sym- pa- thiz- ing Je- sus; }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je- sus. }
 2. { Your ma- ny sins are all for- giv' n, Oh, hear the voice of Je- sus, }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav' n, And wear a crown with Je- sus. }

D. S. — ♪ Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, ♪ Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

Chorus. *D. S.*

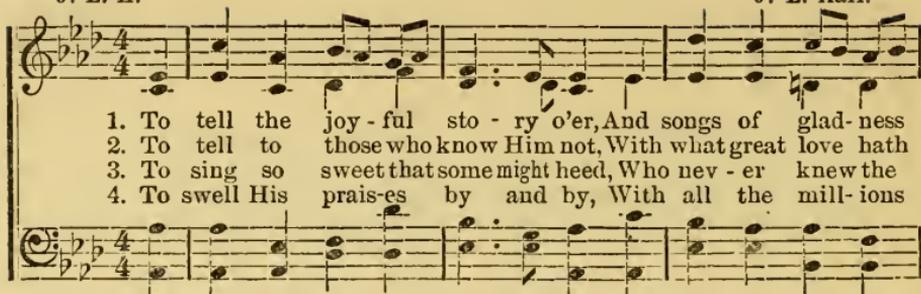
Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor- tal tongue,

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

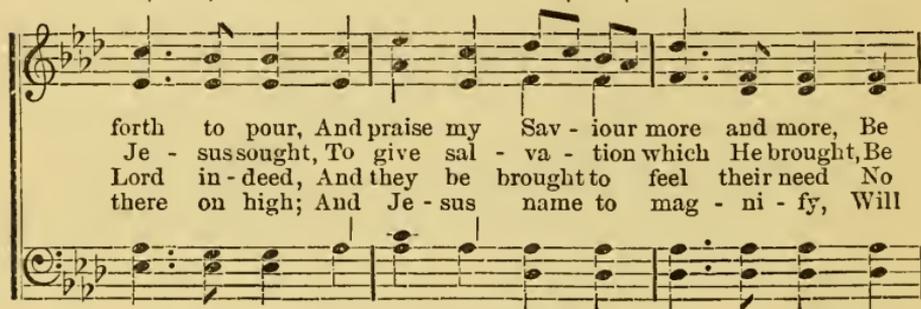
4 His name dispels my guilt, and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

J. E. H.

J. E. Hall.

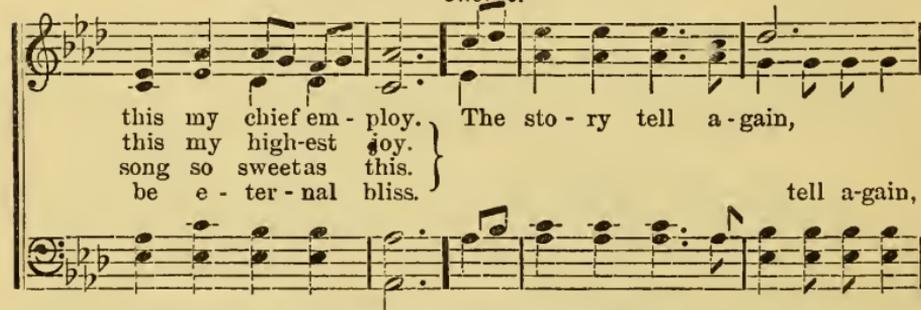


1. To tell the joy - ful sto - ry o'er, And songs of glad - ness
 2. To tell to those who know Him not, With what great love hath
 3. To sing so sweet that some might heed, Who nev - er knew the
 4. To swell His prais - es by and by, With all the mill - ions

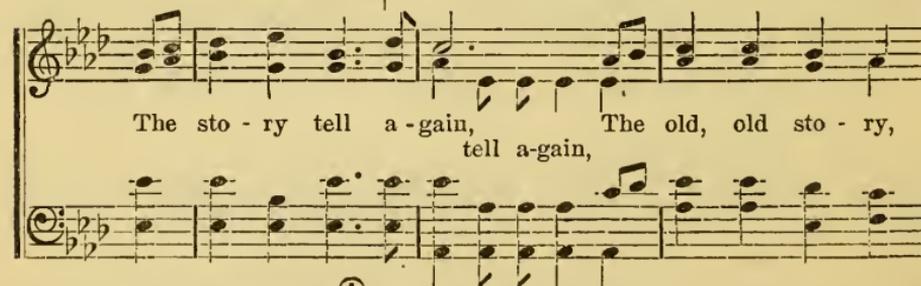


forth to pour, And praise my Sav - iour more and more, Be
 Je - sусought, To give sal - va - tion which He brought, Be
 Lord in - deed, And they be brought to feel their need No
 there on high; And Je - sус name to mag - ni - fy, Will

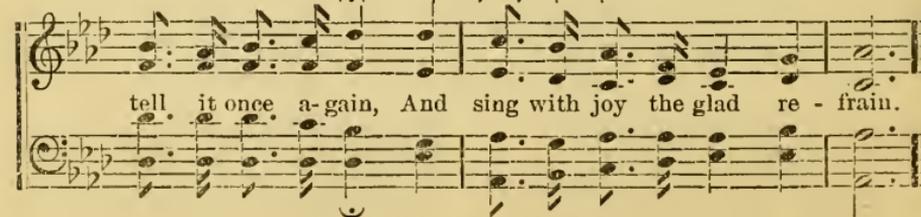
Chorus.



this my chief em - ploy. } The sto - ry tell a - gain,
 this my high - est joy. }
 song so sweet as this. }
 be e - ter - nal bliss. } tell a - gain,



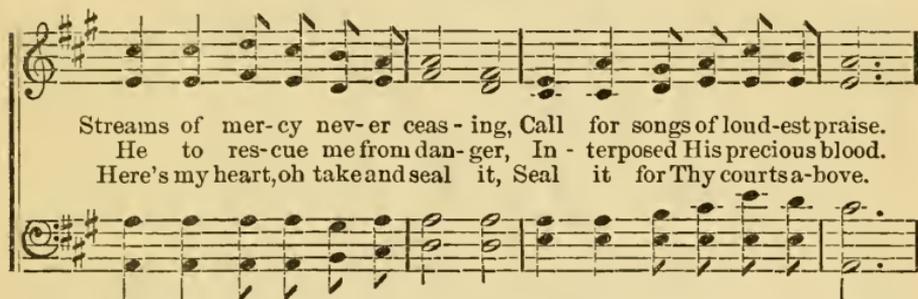
The sto - ry tell a - gain, The old, old sto - ry,
 tell a - gain,



tell it once a - gain, And sing with joy the glad re - frain.



1. Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, (Thy grace,)
 2. Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God, (of God,)
 3. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love, (I love,)

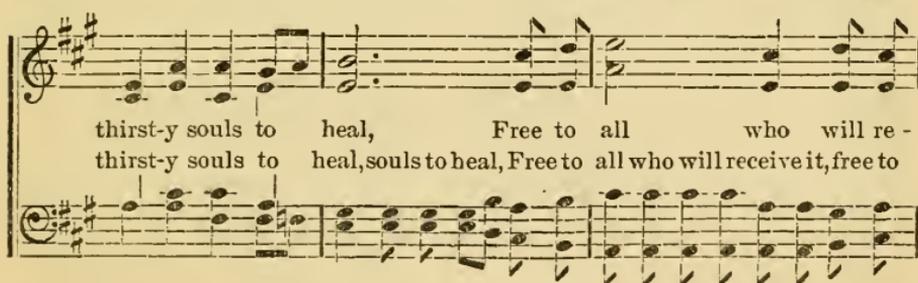


Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-terposed His pre-cious blood.
 Here's my heart, oh take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

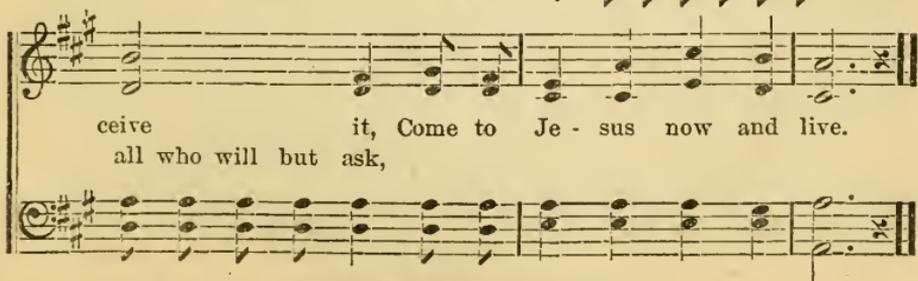
Refrain.



Oh the fount - ain flow-ing free - ly, All the
 Oh the fountain ev - er flow-ing, flowing free for one and all, All the



thirst-y souls to heal, Free to all who will re -
 thirst-y souls to heal, souls to heal, Free to all who will receive it, free to



ceive it, Come to Je - sus now and live.
 all who will but ask,

No. 235. We are Pilgrims of a Day.

R. L.

Robert Lowry, D.D.

1. We are pil-grims of a day, Home-ward bound, homeward bound;
 2. We are hap-py in the Lord, Trav-'ling on, trav-'ling on;
 3. Sin and sor-row here be-low, Soon will end, soon will end;
 4. Work-ing all the way a-long, Rest will come, rest will come;

Sing - ing on our cheer-ful way, We are home-ward bound.
 Trust - ing in His ho - ly word, We are trav-'ling on.
 In the land to which we go, Toil and care will end.
 Light - en work with pray'rand song, Bless - ed rest will come.

Chorus.

On-ward, upward still, O ye hope-ful pilgrims; For-ward, fear no ill,

You-der is our home; We jour-ney, hand in hand to Ca-naan's

hap-py land; O come, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.

"God, even our Father, comfort your hearts.—2 THESS 2 : 16, 17.

Ida L. Reed.

J. H. Hall.

1. What - so - ev - er be thy grief, God will help thee to en - dure,
 2. God will help thee ev - er - more, If thou trust - ing lift thine eyes,
 3. Let this prom - ise cheer thy heart, He will help and com - fort thee,
 4. God will help thee day by day, We can nev - er - more for - get,

On - ly trust Him and be - lieve, All His prom - is - es are sure.
 He will bear thee safe - ly o'er, All that here thy spir - it tries.
 Nev - er let thy hope de - part, Ev - er - more thy friend will be.
 Though the shad - ows cloud thy way, He will guard and guide thee yet.

Chorus.

He will help thee, He will help thee, Yield to Him and nev - er fear;

Give Him all thy doubts and troubles, He will all thy pleadings hear.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are
3. There I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing

on the mountain a - stray; "Come un - to me," His mes - sage re -
weak, and hearts that are sore; Leading them forth in ways of sal -
Christ from day un - to day; Cheer - ing the faint, and rais - ing the

peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak - ing to - day.
va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.
fall - en; Point - ing the lost to Je - sus, the way.

Chorus.

Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain,

Go - ing a - far up - on the mount - ain . . .

Bring - ing the wand'rer back a - gain, back a - gain,

Bring - ing the wau - - - d'rer back a - gain,

Seeking the Lost. Concluded.

In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,
In-to the fold of my Re-deem - er,

Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners slain, for sin-ners slain.
Je-sus the Lamb for sin-ners slain.

No. 238. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrous-ly sav'd from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His
bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
en-tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to His
FINE. Chorus. *D.S.*

name, Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name.
name.

D. A. Clippinger.



1. Wher - ev - er He leads me, my Je - sus I know All things do - eth
2. How blest, when temptations be - set me, and care En - cum - bers me
3. Wher - ev - er He leads me, 'mid tri - al or pain, So oft, but I
4. Wher - ev - er He leads me, How sweet to be led! With manna He



well, wher - so - ev - er I go, He knows what is best, and doth
 sore - ly, while bur - dens I bear, I lay at His feet, all my
 count all af - flic - tions but gain, His coun - sel and smile, light the
 feeds me, so wond - rous - ly fed Am I for the bread of life



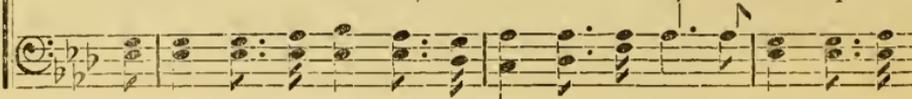
guide me in love T'ward mansions prepared for His chil - dren a - bove.
 sor - rows, and sing, Where - ev - er He leads me, I'll own Him my King.
 drear - i - est day, My Sav - iour doth com - fort me all of the way.
 feed - eth my soul, My Sav - iour sus - tains me who mak - eth me whole.



Chorus.



Wher - ev - er He leads me, I'll fol - low each day His foot - steps and



walk in the straight, narrow way; I'll praise Him I love till the



Wherever He Leads Me. Concluded.

shad-ows are past Then go home re-joic-ing to glo-ry, at last.

No. 240. A Song is in My Heart.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones.

Geo. F. Rosche.

1. A song is in my heart to-day, For all my sins are wash'd a-way;
2. Osweet the song I've learned to sing In praise of my Re-deem-er, King;
3. O glad new song so full of joy, O song that shall my tongue employ

The pre-cious blood has been ap-plied, The blood of Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
The song to par-don sin-ners dear, The song the an-gels love to hear.
Till called to join the blood-washed throng In that bright home of endless song.

Chorus.

O song of love, O song sublime, I feel like sing-ing all the time;

O song with-in my heart of hearts Since Christ my Lord His grace imparts.

Anon.

W. A. Ogden.



1. Tho' toss'd with winds, and faint with fears, A - bove the tempest wild and drear,
2. These raging winds, this surging sea, Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
3. 'Tis I who washed, and made thee white, 'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight,
4. When on the oth - er side, thy feet Shall stand midst thousand welcomes sweet,



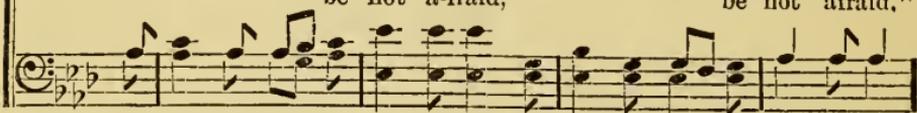
Hark! hark! my Saviour's voice I hear, " 'Tis I, be not a - afraid."
 That storm has all been spent on me, " 'Tis I, be not a - afraid."
 'Tis I thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light, " 'Tis I, be not a - afraid."
 One well known voice thy heart shall greet, " 'Tis I, be not a - afraid,"



Chorus.



" 'Tis I, be not a - afraid," " 'Tis I, be not a - afraid,"
 "be not a-fraid," "be not afraid,"



Hark! hark! my Saviour's voice I hear, " 'Tis I, be not a - afraid."



Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Bless-ed Sav-iour, ev - er guide me, For I dare not walk a-lone,
 2. Sav - iour guide me, ev - er guide me, For I could not find the way;
 3. Sav - iour, thro' this dark world guide me; How I need just such a friend!
 4. On - ward, up - ward, Sav-iour guide me, In - to ho - ly realms of love;

But, I pray Thee, walk be-side me, Let Thy blood for me a - tone.
 I am safe with Thee be-side me, Lead me on to end - less day.
 For no ev - il can be-tide me, If Thou wilt Thy pres - ence lend.
 In Thine own pa - vil - ion hide me, Take me to Thy home a - bove.

Sav - iour, guide me, Bid my doubts and fears all cease
 Sav-iour guide me, safe-ly guide me, { May my hope and faith increase;
 Till the cap - tive gets re-lease; Speak, and all life's storms will cease;

Sav - iour, guide me, Lead me in Thy paths of peace.
 Sav-iour guide me, safe-ly guide me, { Lead me in Thy paths of peace.
 To Thy home of joy and peace. Lead me in Thy paths of peace.

No. 243. When the King Comes In.

A. P. Cobb.

A. C. Hopkins.

1. There's a feast of love in the courts a - bove, There is room for
 2. See! the robes they wear, who are gath-er'd there See! the Bridegroom
 3. Woe to them that come on that wed - ding morn! Woe to them that

all in the wed-ding hall; For the King's Son weds, and a feast He spreads,
 now, with the thorn-crown'd brow, And the wedding dress is His righteousness,
 there oth-ers robes shall wear! For none en-ters in with a robe of sin,

Chorus.

In the roy - al wed - ding hall.
 In the roy - al wed - ding hall. } When the King comes in, When the
 To the roy - al wed - ding hall.

King comes in To the feast of love in the courts a - bove, Ev-'ry

wed-ding guest must be richly dress'd, When the King, when the King comes in.

No. 244. The One Whom Jesus Loved.

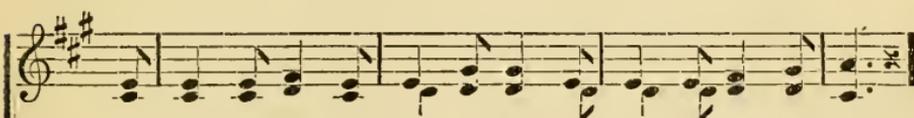
"God is Love."—1 Jno. 4 8.

Geo. P. Hott.

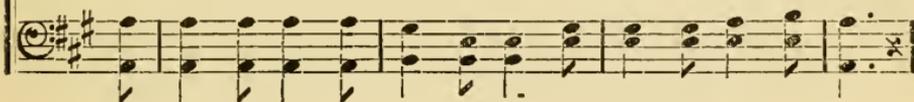
E. T. Hildebrand.



1. Rich bless- ing, oft has earth to give, And heav'n has much in store,
2. Fain would I lay my bur- dens down, My sins at Je - sus' feet ;
3. To share the love of Christ my Lord, His love, so full, so free ;



For him a- lone "whom Je- sus loved"—Oh, may I love Him more.
'Tis all I have, 'tis all I wish, To be in Him com- plete.
All I could hope, all I could ask, 'Tis all my earth- ly plea.



Chorus.



The one, the one whom Je - sus loved, Best hope of life for me,



To be the one whom Je - sus loved, Is heav'n on earth for me.



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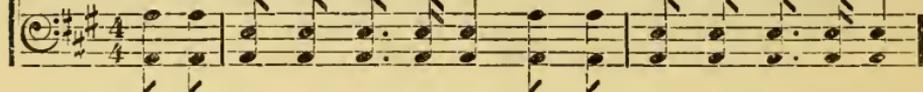
No. 245. Walking in the King's Highway.

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis.

Chas. H. Gabriel



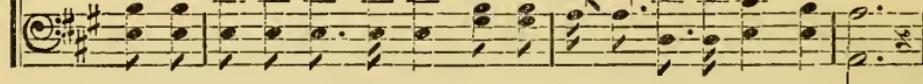
1. I am hap - py ev - 'ry day, I am hap - py all the way,
2. Li - ons oft seem in the way—Straight a - head, I keep and pray,
3. I re - joice e'en when I'm sad, For His prom - ise makes me glad,
4. Such bap - tisms of His love! Such a - nointings from a - bove,



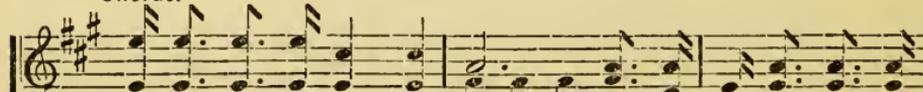
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Things may seem all right or wrong,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Then a vic - to - ry is gained,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; For each wound I have a balm,
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Jesus comes and walks with me,



Trusting still, I march a-long, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
For I find the lions chained, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
In the fight I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
More in Him each day I see, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.



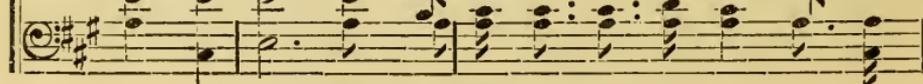
Chorus.



Walking in the King's high-way! I am walk-ing in the
highway!



King's high-way! I am hap - py in the Lord, I am



Walking in the King's Highway. Concluded.

trust-ing in His word, Since I'm walking in the King's high-way.

No. 246. He Came to Save Me.

Henrietta E. Blair.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me;
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
3. With gen - tle hand He leads me still, He came to save me;
4. To Him my faith with rap - ture clings, He came to save me;

When on the cross He bled and died, He came to save me.
 Oh, praise His name, I know it well, He came to save me.
 And trust-ing Him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
 To Him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.

Chorus.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Je-sus came, And grace is free.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

"Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord."—Ps. 1: 1.

Ida L. Reed.

J. H. Hall.

1. Speak O Lord Thy voice o - bey - ing, I will Thy commandments
 2. Speak O Lord be - hold I'm standing, Waiting at Thy ho - ly
 3. Speak and I Thy voice o - bey - ing, Glad - ly will Thy precepts

Speak O Lord Thy voice obey - ing, I will Thy com -

keep, I will fol - - low where Thou lead - est, Tho' the
 throne, Thou hast on - - ly to com - mand me, Hence - forth
 keep, They will save my steps from stray - ing, When ter -

mandments keep, I will fol - low where Thou lead - est,

Chorus.

path be dark and steep. } Speak O Lord Thy ser - vant
 I am all Thine own. }
 ta - tions o'er me sweep. } Speak O Lord Thy servant

Tho' the path be dark and steep.

hear - eth, And I wait to do Thy will, Glad - ly
 hear - eth, And I wait to do Thy will,

I for Thee would la - bor, Would my task of love ful - fill. . .
 Glad - ly I for Thee would la - bor, Would my task of love ful - fill.

Rev. A. J. Hough.

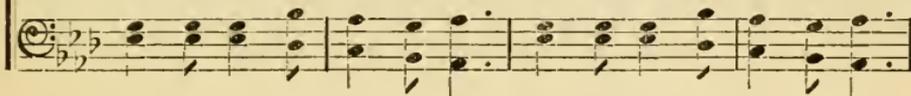
Wm. G. Fischer.



1. { Thousands stand to-day in sor-row, Waiting at the pool; }
 { Say - ing they will wash to-mor-row, Waiting at the pool; }
2. { Soul, your filth - y gar-ments wearing, Waiting at the pool; }
 { Hearts, your heavy bur - den bearing, Waiting at the pool; }
3. { Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; }
 { Come their voic - es back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; }
4. { Step in bold - ly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; }
 { Je - sus may no more in - vite you, Waiting at the pool; }



Oth - ers step in left and right, Wash their stain-ed garments white,
 Can it be you nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirred
 Back from Canaan's hap - py shore, Sor - rows past and la - bors o'er,
 Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet - ter land,



Leav - ing you in sor - row's night.
 The waters with His might - y word. } Wait - ing at the
 Where they stand in tears no more.
 And no long - er doubt - ing stand. }



pool, Wait - ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing at the pool.

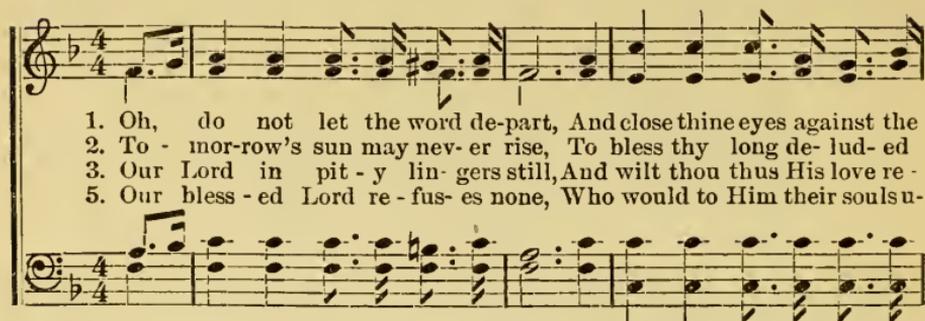


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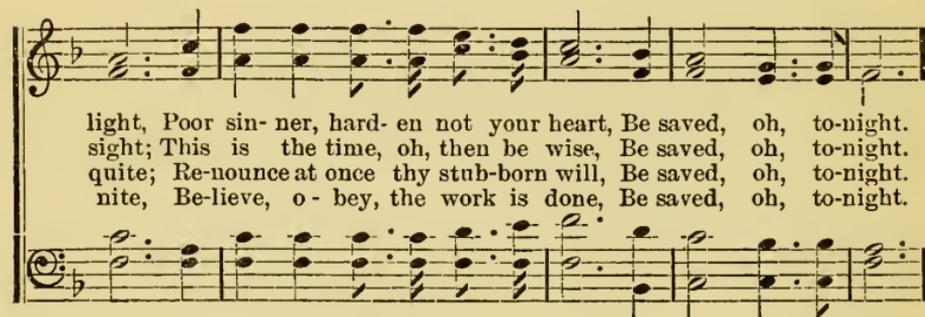
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.

J. Calvin Bushey.

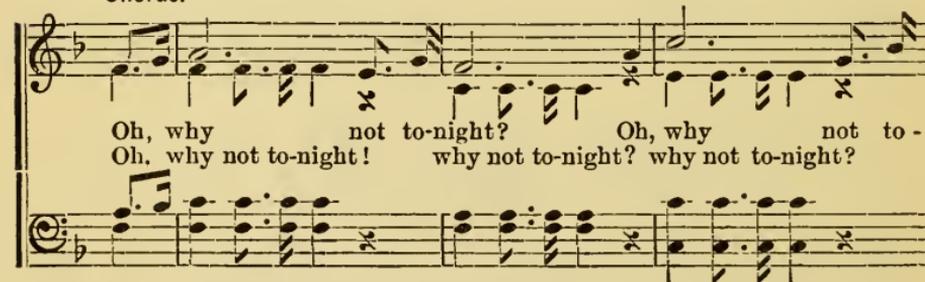


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the
 2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed
 3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
 5. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none, Who would to Him their souls u-

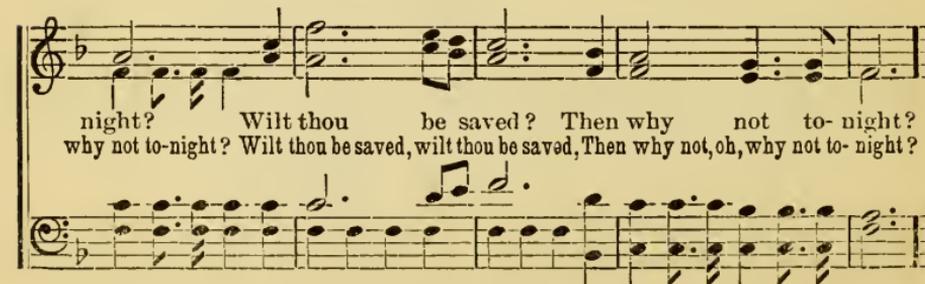


light, Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 quite; Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 nite, Be-lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

Chorus.



Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to -
 Oh, why not to-night! why not to-night? why not to-night?



night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not, oh, why not to - night?

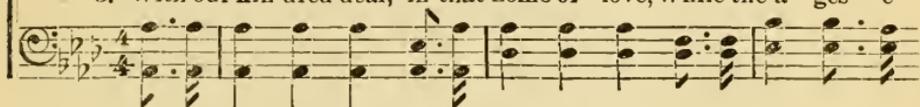
No. 250. We'll Never Say Good-By.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Geo. C. Hugg.



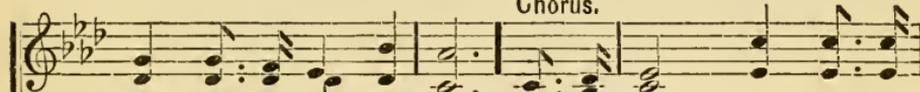
1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far a -
2. Nev-er sad-ness there, neither grief nor tear, In that beau-ti - ful
3. With our kin-dred dear, in that home of love, While the a - ges e -



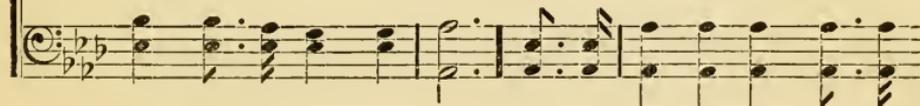
bove the sky, We'll re-call the scenes we have left be-hind, But we
home on high! But they swell the song, hap-py ran-som'd throng, And they
ter - nal fly, We will meet, and sing at the Sav-iour's feet, But we



Chorus.



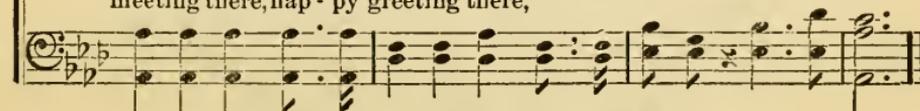
nev - er will say "good-by." In the dawn - ing of the
In the dawn-ing clear of the



morn - ing, In that home far a-bove the sky; Hap - py
morn - ing fair,



meet - ing, hap - py greet - ing, When we nev - er say "good-by."
meeting there, hap - py greeting there,

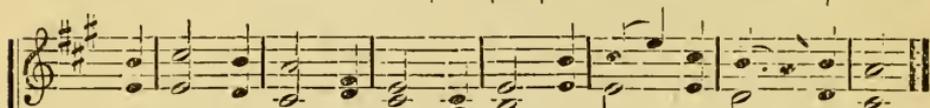


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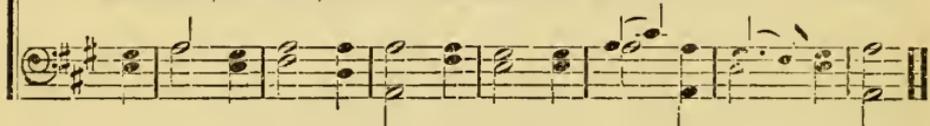
R. Simpson.



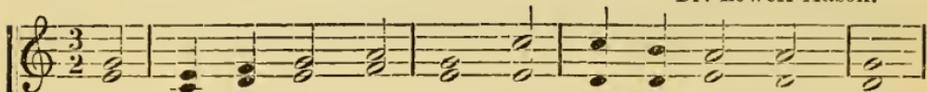
1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev - 'ry foe,
2. That will not mur-mur nor complain, Beneath the chast'ning rod.
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with-out :
4. Lord, give us each such faith as this, And then, what-e'er may come,



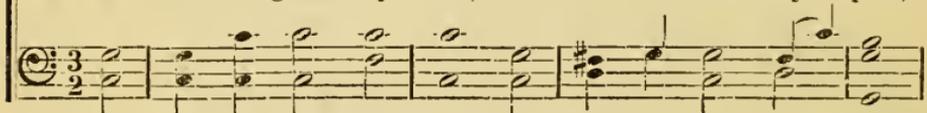
That will not trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly we!
 But, in the hour of grief and pain, Will lean up-on its God.
 That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt.
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - ual home.



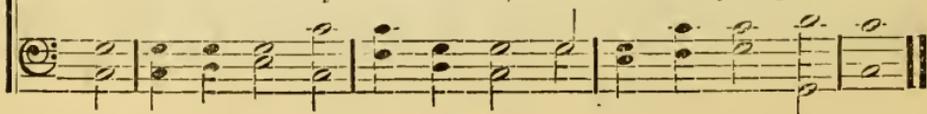
Dr. Lowell Mason.



1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join,
2. O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let His mer - cies lie
3. 'Tis He for-gives thy sins, 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain,



And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.
 For - got - ten in un - thank - ful - ness, And with - out prais - es die.
 'Tis He that heals thy sick - ness - es, And makes thee young a - gain.



1. { Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }

2. { Here I'll raise mine Eb-en-e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come; }
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. }

D. C.—Praise the Mount I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy re-deem - ing love.
D. C.— He, to res-cue me from danger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.

D. C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Je - sus sought me, when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;

No. 254. To Them that Love the Lord.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott.

J. H. Hall.

1. To them that love the Lord, The prom - i - ses are giv'n,
 2. To them that love the Lord, A few more sor - rows here,
 3. To them that love the Lord, The saints se - cure - ly blest,

A hun-dred fold re-ward on earth, E - ter - nal life in heav'n.
 A few more days of toil on earth, And Christ will then appear.
 A life in Je - sus hid be - low, In heav'n e - ter - nal rest.

1. Asleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep;
 2. Asleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest;
 3. Asleep in Je - sus! oh for me May such a blissful refuge be!

A calm and un-dis-turbed repose, Un-broken by the last of foes.
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.
 Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

No. 256. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Annie Steele.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! For I am thy
 3. When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor - rows shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
 will not, de - sert to His foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -

you He hath said, You who un-to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous om - ni - po-tent hand.
 troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis-tress.
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for-sake.

No. 257.

America.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Ps. xxxiii: 12.

S. F. Smith

Henry Carey.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic sweep the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, An - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rock's and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's

cres.
 Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount'ain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled bills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might. Great God, our King.

No. 258.

Benediction.

J. H. Hall.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God And the communion of the Holy Ghost, be

with you all, Now and ev - er - more. A - MEN.

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