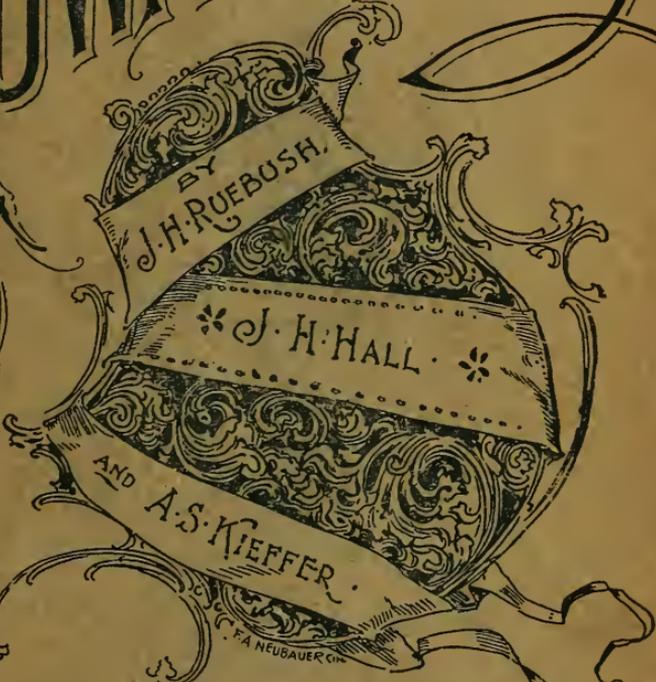


# CROWNING DAY



BY  
J. H. RUEBUSH.  
\* J. H. HALL. \*  
AND  
A. S. KIEFFER.  
F. A. NEUBAUER CH.

For use in Sunday Schools —  
— and Gospel Meetings.

Dayton, Va.:

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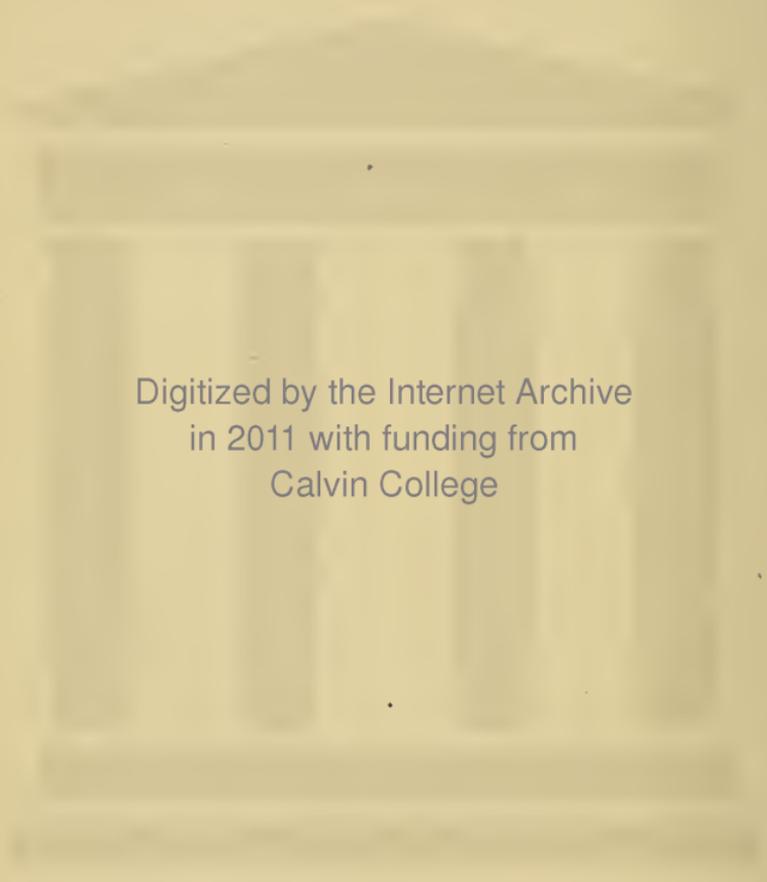
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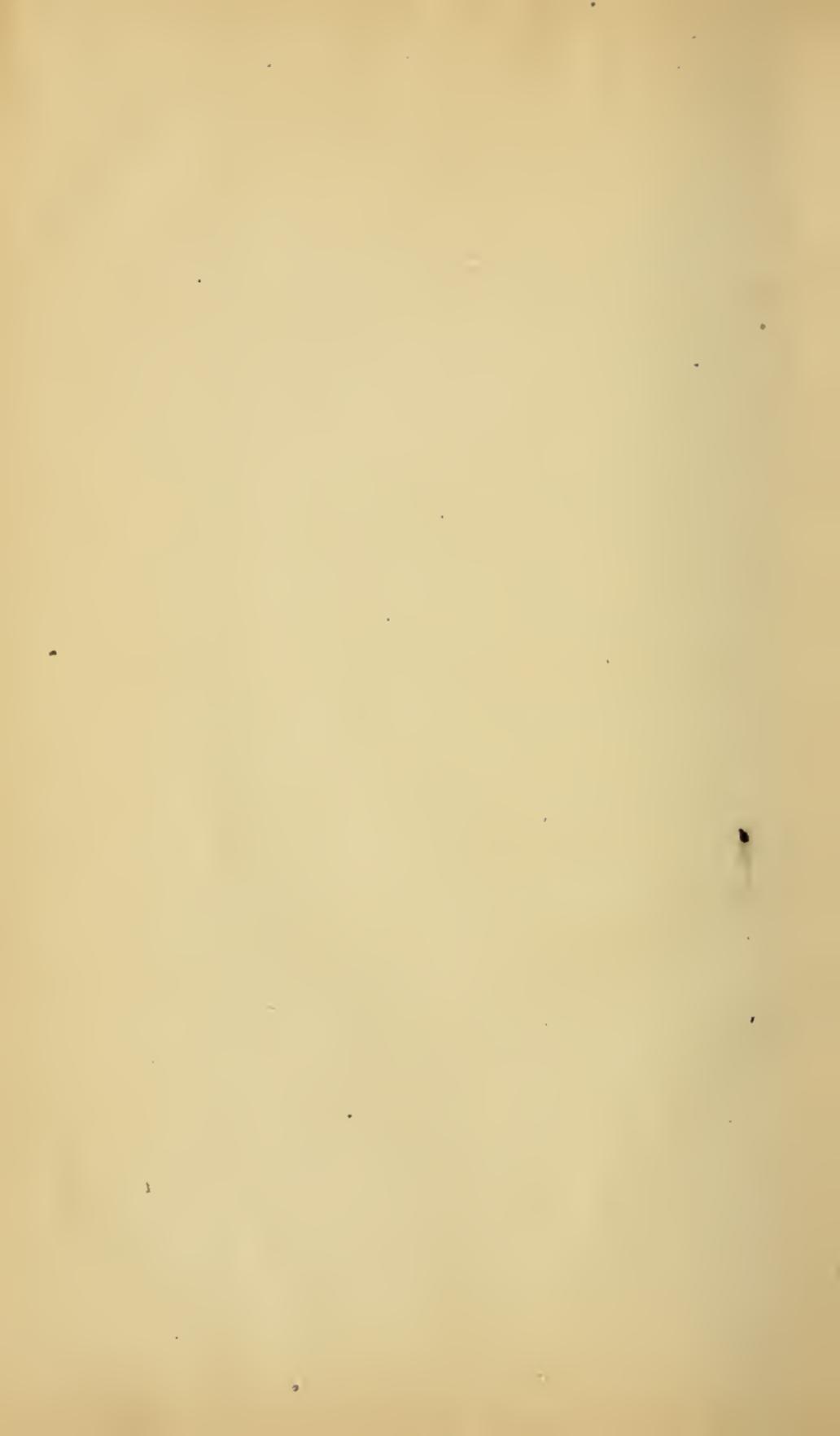
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THE  
Crowning Day

A

VARIED COLLECTION OF SACRED  
SONGS FOR ALL OCCASIONS . . .

ESPECIALLY

FOR EVANGELISTIC WORK, FOR THE SABBATH-  
SCHOOL, AND THE PRAYER-  
MEETING

EDITED BY

J. H. RUEBUSH, J. H. HALL,

AND

ALDINE S. KIEFFER

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## Dedication.

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TO THE EVANGETISTS WHO PROCLAIM THE COM-  
ING DAY; TO THE MYRIAD HOST OF SABBATH  
SCHOOL TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS; THIS GOSPEL  
SONG BOOK, "THE CROWNING DAY," IS MOST  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHORS.

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# THE CROWNING DAY.

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the LORD, the righteous judge, shall give me at THAT DAY; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Paul's second letter to Timothy. iv c: 8 verse.

## No. 1.

## Coronation.

"But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, *crowned with glory and honour.*" HERREWS ii: 9.

Edward Perronet.

O. Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To  
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring  
 Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all; To  
 join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all; We'll

forth the roy - al di - a - dem; And crown Him Lord of all.  
 Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 2. I am Washed in the Blood.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

J. H. Hall.

1. I have been to Je - sus to be cleans'd with pow'r, In the  
 2. I will walk in meek-ness at my Sav - iour's side, O the  
 3. I will keep un - spot - ted from the world and sin, Thro' the

blood, . . . the pre-cious blood, And I lin - ger  
 blood, . . . the pre-cious blood, I will trust each  
 blood, . . . the pre-cious blood, In the foun-tain

In the blood, the pre-cious blood,  
 O the blood, the pre-cious blood,  
 Thro' the blood, the pre-cious blood,

at the foun-tain this ver - y hour, At the fount of Je - sus' blood.  
 mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied, O the blood, the pre - cious blood.  
 flow-ing for the soul un-clean, In the fount of Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

I am washed in the blood, In the heart-cleansing  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

I am washed, in the blood,

# I am Washed in the Blood. Concluded.

blood of the Lamb; I am washed. . . .  
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,  
I am washed,

in the blood, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.  
Hal - le - lu - jah,  
in the blood,

## No. 3. Dennis. S. M.

Rev. John Fawcett.

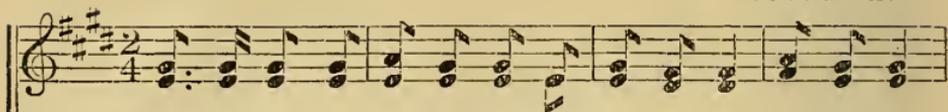
H. G. Nageli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

# No. 4. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

Dr. H. R. Palmer.



1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
2. Who will heed the ho - ly mandate, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"
3. Hearn - en, lest He plead no long - er, "Fol - low me, fol - low me!"



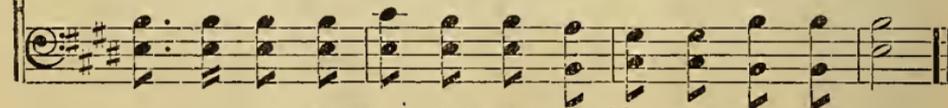
Soft - ly thro' the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"  
Leav - ing all things at His bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"  
Once a - gain, oh, hear Him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"



As of old He called the fish - ers, When he walked by Gal - i - lee,  
Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea,  
Turn - ing swift at Thy sweet summons, Ev - er - more, O Christ, would we,



Still His pa - tient voice is pleading, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"  
Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly, re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"  
For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol - low, fol - low Thee!



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# No. 5.

# Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"I have laid help upon one that is mighty." Ps. lxxxix: 19.

J. Calvin Bushey.

1. On Thy bos-om let me rest, Wea-ry, worn and sore op - prest;  
 2. When the darkness gath-ers near, Ban-ish ev -'ry doubt and fear;  
 3. Guide my err - ing bleeding feet To the fount of life so sweet,  
 4. Tho' I've wander'd far from home Nev - er from Thee let me roam;

Keep me low - ly; I would be Still clos - er to Thee.  
 Keep me when no dawn I see, Still clos - er to Thee.  
 Keep me on life's surg-ing sea Still clos - er to Thee.  
 Day by day still let me be Still clos - er to Thee.

Still clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

CHORUS.

Clos - er, clos - er, Let me ev - er be, . . .

Clos - er, yes, clos - er, dear Lord, to Thee.

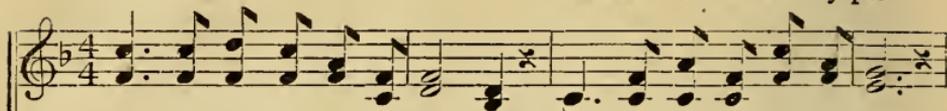
Clos - er, clos - er, Yes, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

# No. 6. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." PROV. xviii: 24.

Rev. H. Bonar.

Charles C. Converse. By per.



1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.  
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.  
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



# No. 7. The Cleansing Fountain.

J. H. A.

J. H. Alleman.

1. Will you come to the cleans-ing foun-tain, Will you  
 2. Will you come to the cleans-ing foun-tain, Will you  
 3. Will you come to the cleans-ing foun-tain, Will you  
 4. Will you come to the cleans-ing foun-tain, Tho' thy

come, sinner, come to-day? Will you come to the bless-ed Sav-our  
 come in the morn of life? Will you come e'er thy heart is hard-ened,  
 come in the noonday bright? Will you come e'er the darkness deep-ens  
 hairs be of sil-v'ry hue? He who knows when the sparrows falleth,

CHORUS.

Who will wash all your sins a-way? Will you come, will you  
 Will you come e'er it know-eth strife?  
 In-to one long e-ter-nal night?  
 Long hath gra-cious-ly cared for you. Will you come,

come, Will you now at His foot-stool bow? Will you  
 Will you come?

come to the cleansing fountain? Sin-ner, come, He will save just now.

# No. 8. Take Up Thy Cross To-day.

“Let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.” Luke ix: 23.

R. L.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

*May be sung as a Solo.*

1. “Take up thy cross and follow Me,” O hear the blessed Saviour say; If  
 2. Let not the world thy soul des-troy, When Je - sus shows the bet-ter way; O  
 3. Behold th’accepted time is now; O flee the danger of de-lay; E-

thou wouldst His dis - ci - ple be, Take up thy cross to - day.  
 now be - lieve Him, and with joy Take up thy cross to - day.  
 ter - nal life is thine if thou Take up thy cross to - day.

## CHORUS.

Take up t y cross to-day, Take up thy cross to-day; . . . O

Take up thy cross to-day, Take up thy cross to-day; 3

hear thy Lord, and trust His word; Take up thy cross to - day.

## No. 9.

## Near the Cross.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross  
of our Lord Jesus Christ." GAL. vi: 14.

E. R. Latta.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. In my work, what-e'er it be, Ev - er keep me near the cross!  
2. If my tal - ents be but few, Ev - er keep me near the cross!  
3. Reap - ing grain, or sow - ing seed, Ev - er keep me near the cross!

What - so - e'er it bring - eth me, Ev - er keep me near the cross!  
I must all my du - ty do, Ev - er keep me near the cross!  
Still my Saviour's grace I need, Ev - er keep me near the cross!

## CHORUS.

Near the cross! near the cross! When the an - gry bil - lows toss,

That my soul may fear no loss, Ev - er keep me near the cross!

# No. 10.

# Ever Will I Pray.

A. Cummings.

J. H. Tenney.



1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to Thee I pray;
2. At the bu - sy noon-tide, Press'd with work and care,
3. When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light,
4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day.



Un-to Thee



Let Thy lov - ing kind - ness Keep me through this day.  
 Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till He hear my prayer.  
 Fa - ther, then I'll pray Thee Bless Thy child to - night.  
 In its shad - owy eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.



Keep me through

## CHORUS.



I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will . . . I pray.  
 I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray.



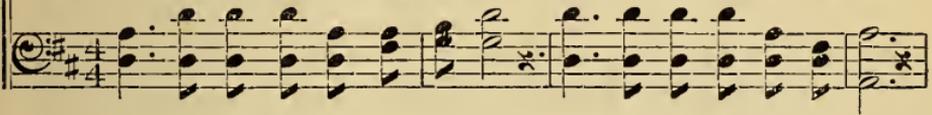
Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning Un - to Thee I'll pray.  
 Un-to Thee I'll pray.



Rev. J. C. Burkett.



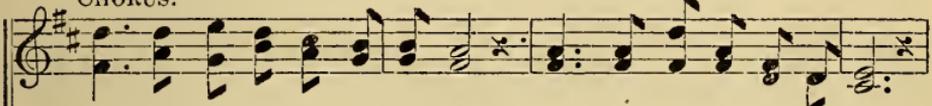
- 1. Death shall not de-stroy my com-fort, Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom ;
- 2. Jor-dan's stream shall not o'er-flow me While my Saviour's by my side ;
- 3. Smil-ing an-gels now sur-round me, Troops resplendent fill the skies ;
- 4. Je - sus, clad in daz-zling splendor, Now, methinks, appears in view !



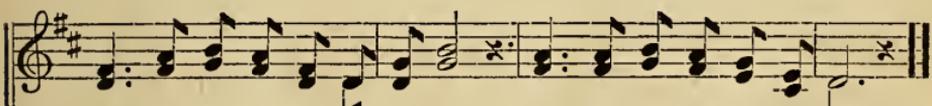
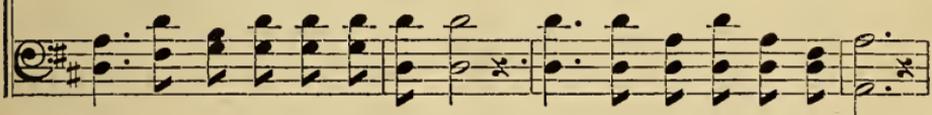
Down He'll send some angel con-voy To con vey my spir-it home.  
 Ca-naan, Ca-naan lies be-fore me, Rise, and cross the swelling tide.  
 Glo-ry shin-ing all a-round me While my hap-py spir-it flies.  
 Brethren, could you see my Je-sus, You would love and serve Him, too.



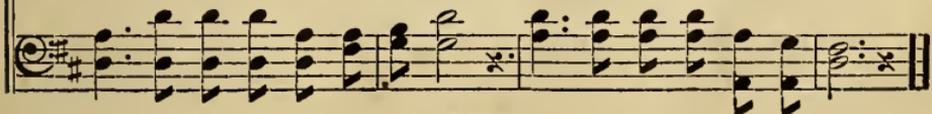
CHORUS.



Soon with an-gels I'll be marching With bright glo-ry on my brow ;



Who will share my blissful portion, Who will love my Saviour now?



By permission.

# No. 12. Do They Pray for Me at Home ?

J. H. Tenney.

1. Do they pray for me at home? Do they ev - er pray for  
 2. Do they pray for me at home, When the sun - mer birds ap -  
 3. Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of win - ter

me, When I ride the dark sea foam, When I  
 pear? Do they pray for me the while, That my  
 blow? Do they pray for me with love, As they

cross the storm - y sea? Oh, how oft in for - eign  
 path may be less drear? At the home of ear - ly  
 watch the win - ter's snow? In the sea - son's chil - ly

lands, As I see the bend - ed knee, Comes the  
 youth, Do they place the va - cant chair, Where my  
 cold, Are their hearts for me still warm? Am I

thought at twi - light hour, Do they ev - er pray for me?  
 heart so oft re - turns, To the lov'd ones gath - er'd there?  
 cher - ish'd as of old, Through the beat - ing of the storm?

## Do They Pray for Me at Home? Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Do they ev - er, do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at

home? Do they ev - er, do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at home?

## No. 13. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. W. McDonald.

Wm. G. Fischer. By per.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;  
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee, Long has e - vil reign'd within;  
 CHO. I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Thou dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."  
 Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

# No. 14.

# My Heart's Prayer.

"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." Mark ix: 24.

Flora McLean. Arr. by W. G. C.

Rev. W. G. Cooper. By per.



1. Dear Lord, increase my faith, I pray, While on this earth I roam;
2. Give me the faith to trust Thy pow'r, E'en where I can - not see;
3. To yield the whole and not a part, Is my most ear - nest pray'r;
4. Should a - nything e'er seem to stand, Between Thy heart and mine,
5. Then, when on earth my work is past, And I have reach'd the goal,
6. A palm of vic - to - ry I'll bear, Of vic - t'ry o - ver sin;



Ban - ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.  
 The faith to yield this ver - y hour, My life, my all, to Thee.  
 Come, Thou, and cleanse my froward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.  
 Spare not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.  
 Oh, bear me to my home at last, An humble, grate - ful soul.  
 And I shall tell the an - gels there, How Je - sus took me in.



Guide me home, guide me home, Guide me safe - ly home; Ban -  
 All to Thee, all to Thee, Life and all to Thee; Help  
 Cleanse my heart, cleanse my heart, Reign for - ev - er there; Come,  
 Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine, Till I'm whol - ly Thine; Spare  
 Bear me home, bear me home, To my heav'n - ly home; Oh,  
 Tell them there, tell them there, Je - sus took me in; Oh,



ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.  
 me to yield, this ver - y hour, My life and all to Thee.  
 Thou, and cleanse my fro - ward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.  
 not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.  
 bear me to my home at last, An hum - ble, grate - ful soul.  
 I shall tell the an - gels there, How Je - sus took me in.



## No. 15.

## I Long to be There.

Will L. Thompson.

*Moderato.*

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair; I long to be there.  
 2. My Fa-ther's house is built on high; I long to be there.  
 3. Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; I long to be there.

No pain nor death can en-ter there. I long to be there.  
 Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky. I long to be there.  
 That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. I long to be there.

CHORUS.

Oh, an-gels, guide me home, An-gels, guide me home,  
 Oh, an-gels, an-gels, guide me home, An-gels, an-gels, guide me home,

*Repeat pp.*  
 An-gels, guide me home, I long to be there.  
 An-gels, an-gels, guide me home, I long to be there.

By per. Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

# No. 16.

# Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas.

W. A. Ogden.



1. Hark ! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry ; Out on the mountain wild and high.



Call-ing the lambs who've gone a - stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.  
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?  
 Hark ! 'Tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."



## CHORUS.



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the



fields of sin ; Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus.



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No. 17.

At the Beautiful Gate.

Rev. J. H. Martin.

R. M. McIntosh. By per.

1. { I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row-ful fate, If  
 If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, There

2. { How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav-en-ly state, If  
 If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, Con-

CHORUS.

sor-row in heav-en can be, } Yes, wait - - ing and  
 wait-ing and watch-ing for me. }  
 sad-ness in heav-en can be, }  
 duct-ed to glo-ry by me. } Yes, wait-ing and watching for

watching for me, Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me; May  
 me, for me, Yes, wait-ing and watching for me, for me; May

ma - ny of those at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be

3 O Lord, I beseech Thee for  
 wisdom and grace,  
 In winning lost souls unto Thee,  
 That many may be in that  
 beautiful place,  
 A crown of rejoicing to me.

# No. 18.

# Hosanna

A. Arundel.

Geo. C. Hugg. By per.

*Joyously.*

1. Let loud ho - san - nas joy - ful rise With - in thy courts to - day:  
 2. Ho - san - nas be to Christ our King! Who bore our sin and shame;  
 3. Ho - san - na while we so - journ here! Ho - san - na when we die!

And may they soar be - yond the skies In loft - y notes of praise.  
 Ho - san - na! let our voi - ces ring In hon - or of His name.  
 Ho - san - na then our souls will cheer A - bove the vault - ed sky.

## CHORUS.

Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na!  
 Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na!

Ho - san - na! be . . . . to Christ our King.

# No. 19. Singing with the Angels.

Words by E. A. Hoffman.

Music and Chorus by A. S. Kieffer.

1. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter home, Of a  
 2. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter life, Of a  
 3. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter land, Of a

bet - ter home than this; Of a home where sor - rows  
 bet - ter life than this; Where there is no con - flict  
 bet - ter land than this; Where the ran - som'd tread the

## CHORUS.

nev - er come, Where all is per - fect bliss. Sing - - ing with the  
 and no strife, Where all is per - fect peace.  
 golden strand, Where joy shall nev - er cease. Singing with the angels, with the

an - gels, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there;

Sing - - ing with the an - gels, In that sweet home so fair.  
 Singing with the angels.

# No. 20.

# Marching in the Light.

J. B. M.

J. B. Moon. By per.

*In march time.*

1. We're march-ing home to Ca - naan's land, Marching in the  
 2. We're march-ing near - er, day by day, Marching in the  
 3. Come march with us to Ca - naan's shore, Marching in, the

beau-ti - ful light of God, And soon we'll join the an - gel band,  
 beau-ti - ful light of God, To that sweet home where lov'd ones stay.  
 beau-ti - ful light of God, And dwell with Christ for - ev - er - more,

Marching in the beautiful light of God. We are march - ing in the  
 marching in the light,

light, We are march - ing in the light, We are  
 beautiful light of God, marching in the light, beautiful light of God,

From "Gospel Voice."

## Marching in the Light. Concluded.

march - - ing in the light, We are  
march-ing in the light, beau-ti - ful light of God,

March - ing in the beau - ti - ful light of God.

## No. 21. How Sweet, How Heavenly.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, When those that love the Lord  
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;  
3. When free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish-es all a - bove,

In one an - oth-er's peace de-light, And so ful - fill the word.  
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.  
Each can his brother's fail - ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.

# No. 22.

# The Father's Call.

Eliza M. Sherman.

W. F. Werschkul.

1. Hear the heav'nly Fa - ther call - ing, "Now My ten - der mer - cies  
 2. "In the book of my re - mem - brance, Shall their names for - ev - er  
 3. Help me bow in hum - ble rev - erence, Fa - ther, low be - fore Thy

prove, I will send you rich - est bless - ings, Sweet - est  
 be, Who have spok - en oft to - geth - er, Who have  
 throne, Con - se - crat - ing all un - to Thee, Make and

CHORUS.  
 "In the crown . . . of My re -

to - kens of My love." "In the crown  
 ev - er tho't of Me."  
 seal me all Thine own.

joy - - cing, Bright as morn - ing stars shall  
 my re - joy - cing, Bright as morn - ing stars,

From "Beautiful Songs." By per. of S. W. Straub.

## The Father's Call. Concluded.

shine, . . . . . They who fear . . . . . Me, they who  
 morn-ing stars shall shine, They who fear Me,  
 love Me,  
 they who love Me," Saith the Lord, "they shall be Mine."

## No. 23. Pray for the Wanderer.

Rev. C. M. Hott.

A. S. Kieffer.

1. Far in the des-ert wild, Walking a drear-y way; Suff'ring and  
 2. Ten-der-ly bid them come Back from sin's wilderness; Come to our  
 3. Plead now at mer-cy's gate For each poor wan-d'ring one; Soon it will  
 4. Pray, and with love entreat All who by sin are press'd; Bid them at

### CHORUS.

sin-de-fled, Go-ing a-stray. Pray for the wan-der-er,  
 Fa-ther's home Sav'd by His grace.  
 be too late, Life will be gone.  
 Je-sus' feet Find end-less rest.

Pray for the wan-derer, Pray for the wan-derer, Go-ing a-stray.

# No. 24. Tell Us Something More.

Josephine Pollard.

E. Roberts. By per.

1. Tell us something more of the love of Je - sus, Christian, tell us  
2. Tell us something more of the Cru - ci - fix - ion, Tell us how He  
3. Tell us something more of the Ho - ly Ci - ty, Where they strew'd the

something more; Tell us how He suf - fer'd death for sin - ners,  
bled and died; Tell us of the blood that ev - er cleans - es,  
way with palms; Tell us how He gath - er'd lit - tle chil - dren,

## CHORUS.

Tell us of the cross He bore. Tell us, Chris - tian, tell us, tell us something  
Flowing from His wounded side.  
In - to His most loving arms.

more; Tell us, Chris - tian, tell us, Tell us something more.

# No. 25. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

"Sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind." Luke viii: 35.

A. A. Armen.

Rev. A. A. Armen.

1. My heart has found a rest-ing place—Sit-ting at the feet of  
2. Here all my doubts and fears de-part—Sit-ting at the feet of  
3. Here I take coun-sel how to live,—Sit-ting at the feet of  
4. Here I am e'er su-preme-ly blest,—Sit-ting at the feet of  
5. Here I en-joy com-munion sweet,—Sit-ting at the feet of  
6. Here I shall ev-er safe-ly hide,—Sit-ting at the feet of

Je-sus; 'T is where I share the richest grace,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus.  
Jesus; Here Christ's own blood doth cleanse my heart,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus.  
Je-sus; Such wis-dom God a-lone can give,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus.  
Je-sus; When worn and weary I find rest,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus.  
Je-sus; The Lord comes down my soul to greet,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus.  
Je-sus; For, God, with me, for-e'er a-bide,—Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus.

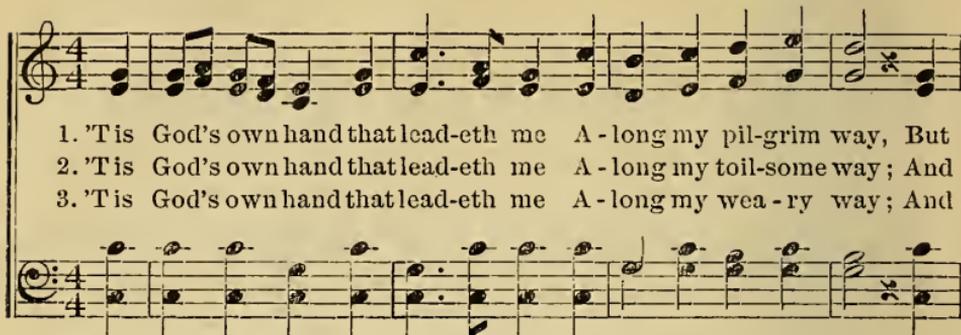
## CHORUS.

Oh hap-py bliss-ful rest! Oh, how my soul is blest! Of

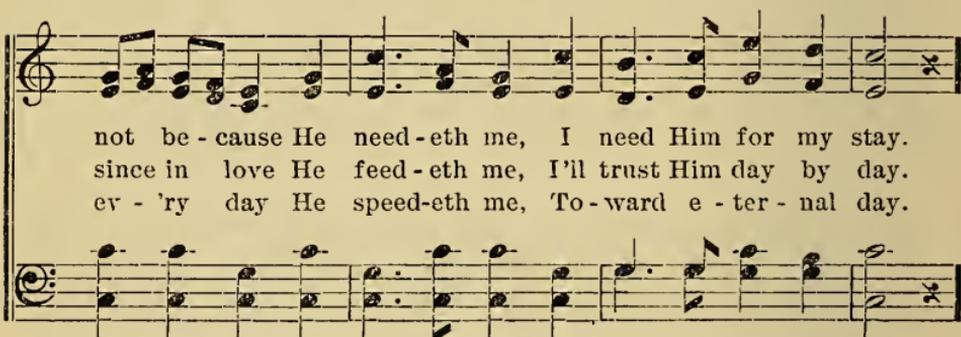
all the world 'tis best; Sit-ting at the feet of Je-sus.

# No. 26. God's Hand Doth Lead Me On.

Jas. H. Ruebush.

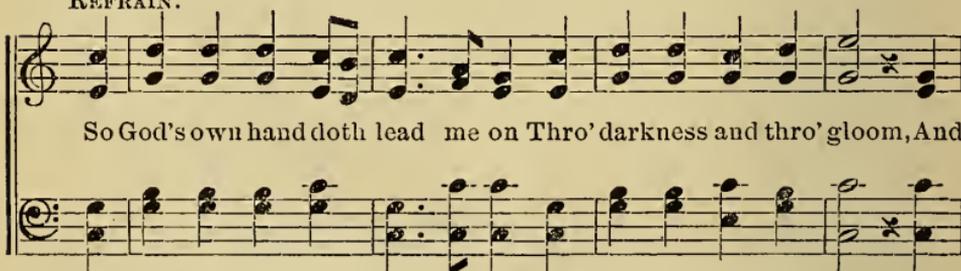


1. 'Tis God's own hand that lead-eth me A-long my pil-grim way, But  
2. 'Tis God's own hand that lead-eth me A-long my toil-some way; And  
3. 'Tis God's own hand that lead-eth me A-long my wea-ry way; And

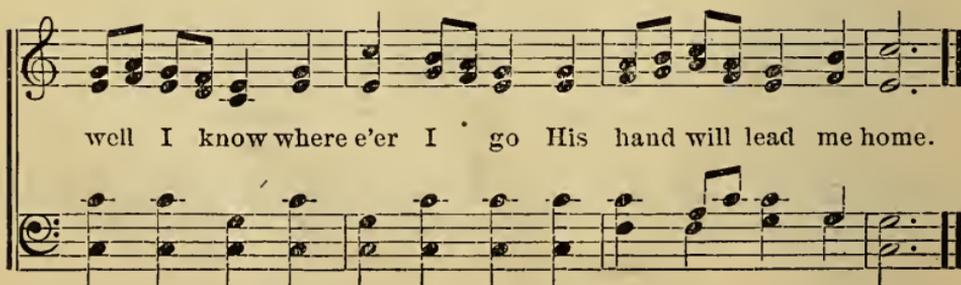


not be - cause He need-eth me, I need Him for my stay.  
since in love He feed-eth me, I'll trust Him day by day.  
ev - 'ry day He speed-eth me, To-ward e - ter - nal day.

## REFRAIN.



So God's own hand doth lead me on Thro' darkness and thro' gloom, And



well I know where e'er I go His hand will lead me home.

# No. 27. Jesus will Welcome Me Home.

"That our joy might be full." John xvi: 24.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott.

J. H. Hall.



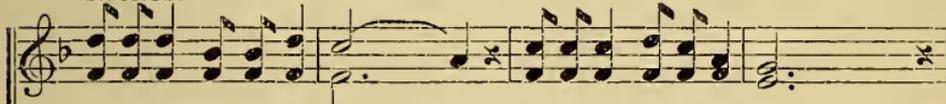
1. Hear the prom-is - es of love, Je - sus will wel - come me home,
2. I must watch and work and pray, Je - sus will wel - come me home,
3. Come and join me as I go, Je - sus will wel - come me home,
4. Crowns of joy He'll give at last, Je - sus will wel - come me home,



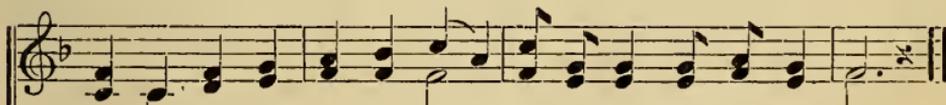
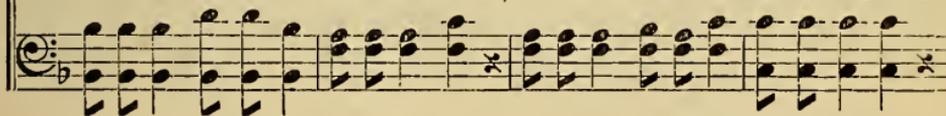
End - less joy in heav'n a - bove, Je - sus will wel - come me home.  
Ev - 'ry mo - ment, day by day, Je - sus will wel - come me home.  
Trav - ling from this world of woe, Je - sus will wel - come me home.  
When life's sor - rows all are past, Je - sus will wel - come me home.



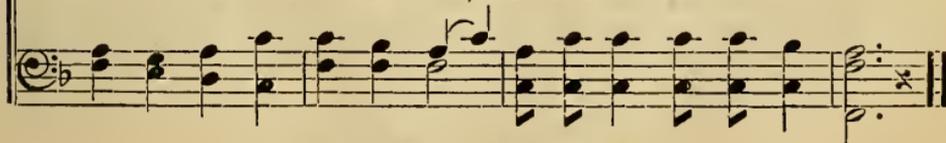
## CHORUS.



Je - sus will wel - come me home, Je - sus will wel - come me home,  
welcome me home, welcome me home.



When the Fa - ther's will is done, Je - sus will wel - come me home.



# No. 28. Bear the Torch of the Lord.

Wm. H. Gardner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. There are lands so full of dark-ness, They know not of the Light That for all the world is shin-ing To
2. Who will go to tell the sto-ry To lands a-cross the sea? Who will bear the bless-ed ti-dings, And
3. Who will wear the crown of glo-ry That God will give to him? Who will hast-en to the hea-then, To



make each pathway bright. Bear the torch of the Lord thro' the darkness, Let the  
set the captives free?  
save them from their sin? thro' the darkness,



, light of God shine in, . . . . Tell them all of our dear loving  
Let the light of God shine in,



Sav - iour, Who has come to re-deem them from sin.  
lov - ing Sav - iour,



## No. 29.

## Jesus Died for Me.

Rev. H. G. Jackson, D. D.

Rev. W. S. Nickle.



1. A guilt-y sin - ner once was I, By right-eous law condemn'd to die;
2. In deep contri - tion Him I sought, Who on the cross re-demption wrought,
3. With loving smile, and words of cheer, He made me rise, dispell'd my fear;
4. With Him of ev - 'ry good pos-sess'd, My trusting soul finds perfect rest;



One hope re-main'd, one on - ly plea, Je - sus, the Sav-iour, died for me.  
 And long with tears, on bended knee, Implor'd His grace, Who died for me.  
 From bonds of death He set me free, And gave new life and hope to me.  
 And ev - er - more my joy shall be, To live for Him Who died for me.



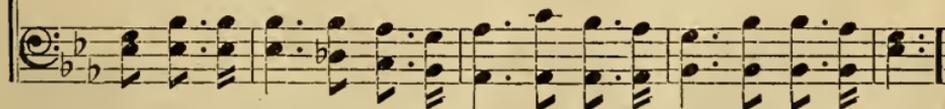
## CHORUS.



He died to save a world from sin, He died from death my soul to win;



This all my hope, this all my plea, He died for me, He died for me.



Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.

1. Oh, hear Him! ten-der-ly He calls; Then hast-en, and His word o-  
 2. Your sins the Sav-ior would for-give; To you He calls "My child, come  
 3. Oh, let the Mas-ter in to-day; He knocks, who's oft-en knocked be-

bey; If thou wilt make Him now thy choice, Thou ev-er shalt re-joice.  
 home!" Look un-to Jesus, look and live; From Christ no lon-ger roam.  
 fore: Ac-cept your Savior while you may, And joy for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Oh! come . . . to Him now, He's with . . . you to-  
 Come to Him now, Come to Him now, With you to-day,

day; While Je - sus calls, His gentle voice o - bey.  
 With you to-day, While Je-sus calls, While Je-sus calls, His voice, gentle voice o-bey.

# No. 31.

# Was It for Me?

J. M. W.

J. M. Whyte.



1. Was it for me, for me a-lone, The Saviour left His glo-rious throne,
2. Was it for me sweet an-gel strains Came float-ing o'er Ju-de-a's plains,
3. Was it for me He wept and pray'd My load of sin up-on Him laid,
4. Was it for me He bow'd His head Up-on the cross, and freely shed



The dazzling splendor of the sky? Was it for me He came to die?  
 That starlight night, so long a-go? Was it for me God plann'd it so?  
 That night within Gethsem-a-ne? Was it for me—that ag-o-ny?  
 His precious blood—that crim-son tide? Was it for me the Saviour died?



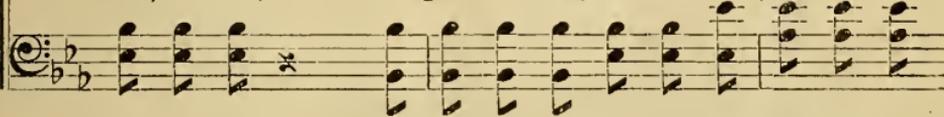
## CHORUS.



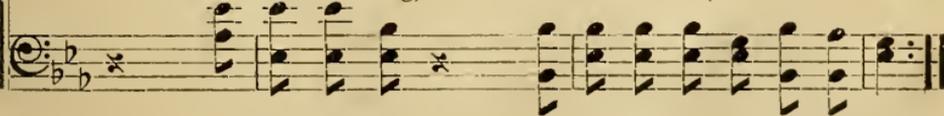
It was for me, yes, all for me, Oh! love of  
 It was for me, yes, all for me, Oh! love of



God, so great, so free, Oh! wondrous love!  
 God, so free, so great and free, Oh! won-drous, wondrous love!



I'll shout and sing, He died for me, My Lord and King.  
 I'll shout and sing, He died for me,



# No. 32. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

"Having made peace through the blood of His cross." Col. i: 20.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low  
 2. Let the world de - spise, for - sake me; They have left my Sav - iour,  
 3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treasure; Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and

Thee, Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en,  
 too; Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me;  
 pain; In Thy ser - vice pain is pleas - ure;

CHORUS.

Thou from hence my all shall be. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am -  
 Thou art not like man, un - true. All  
 With Thy fa - vor loss is gain. Per - ish

bi - - - tion, All I've sought and hoped and  
 ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've

known; Yet how rich is my con -  
 sought and hoped and known; Yet how

# Jesus, I My Cross have Taken. Concluded.

di - - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.  
 rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.

## No. 33. Forever Here My Rest.

"My flesh shall rest in hope." Acts ii: 26.

J. H. Hall.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;  
 2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find  
 3. O, hope of ev -'ry con-trite heart, O, joy of all the meek!

FINE.

This all my hope and all my plea; For me the Sav-iour died.  
 A sweet-ersound than Je - sus' name—The Sav-iour of man-kind.  
 To those who ask, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!

D.S.

For me, for me, What can I ask be - side?  
 Dear name, dear name, No oth - er can I find;  
 How good, how good, How good to those who seek;

For me, for me,  
 Dear name, dear name,  
 How good, how good,

# No. 34.

# Battle Hymn.

Rev. I. Watts, D.D.

English. Arr. by Wm. B. Blake.

1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb, }  
 { And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }  
 2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, }  
 { While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas? }

## CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the bat-tle's

o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

## FINE.

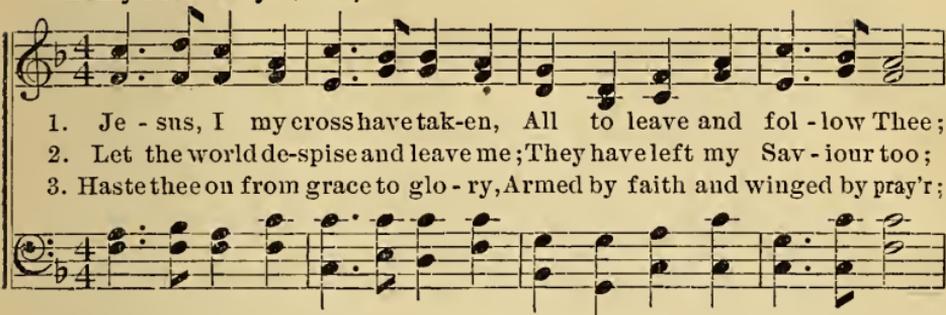
Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin-ing crown;  
 Wear a crown, wear a crown,

## D.S.

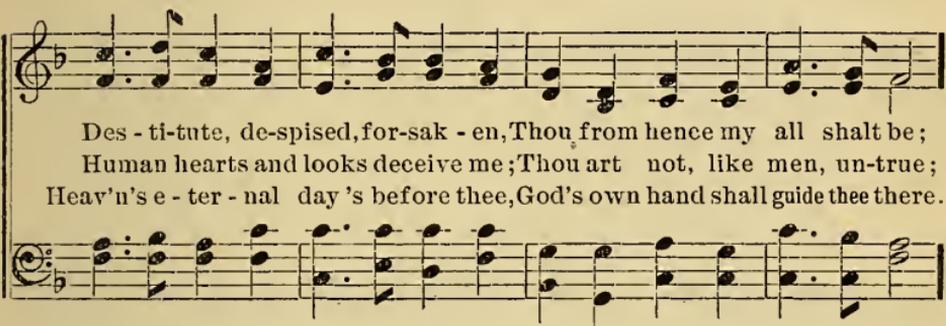
3 Are there no foes for me to face? 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
 Must I not stem the flood? Increase my courage, Lord;  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 To help me on to God? Supported by Thy word.

# No. 35. Jesus, I My Cross have Taken.

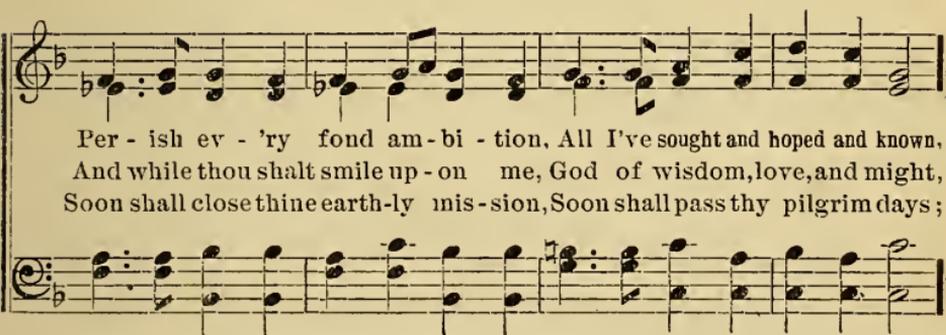
Henry Francis Lyte, 1824.



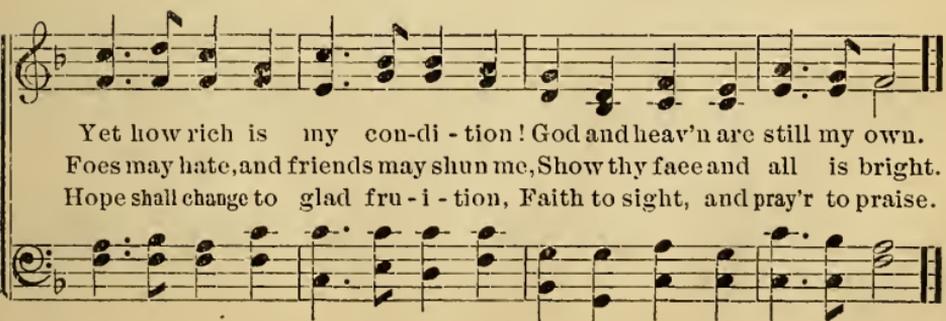
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low Thee ;  
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me ; They have left my Sav - iour too ;  
3. Hast thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by pray'r ;



Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for-sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be ;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me ; Thou art not, like men, un-true ;  
Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



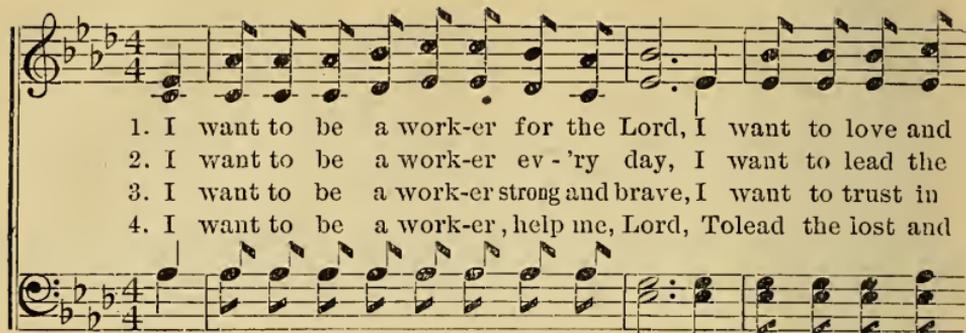
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known,  
And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Soon shall close thine earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;



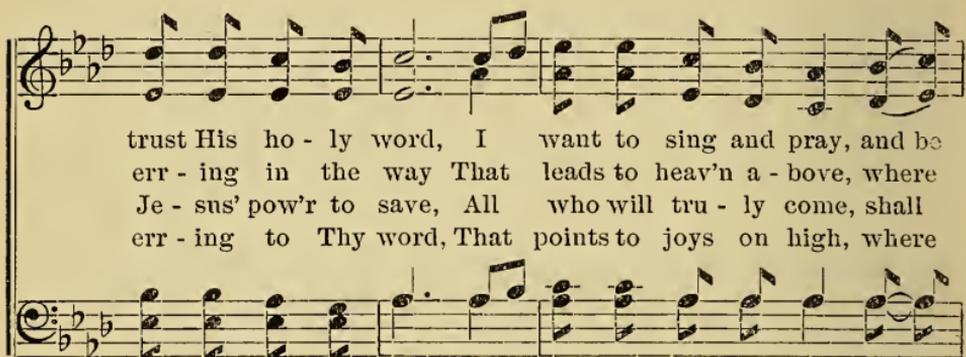
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion ! God and heav'n are still my own.  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.  
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

# No. 36. I Want to Be a Worker.

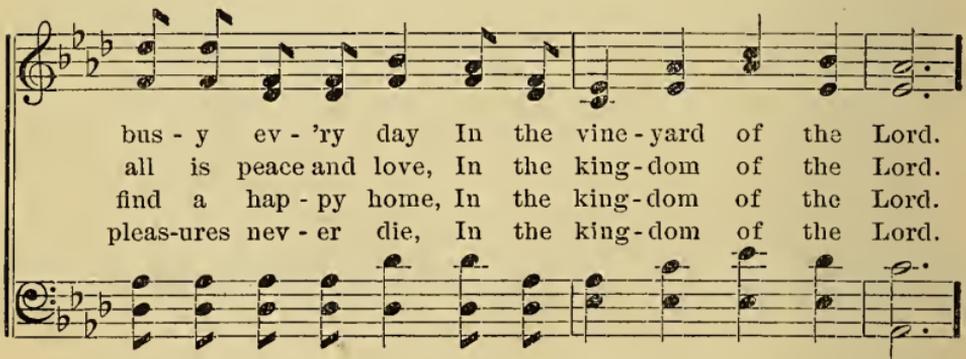
I. Baltzell. By per.



1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and  
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the  
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in  
4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

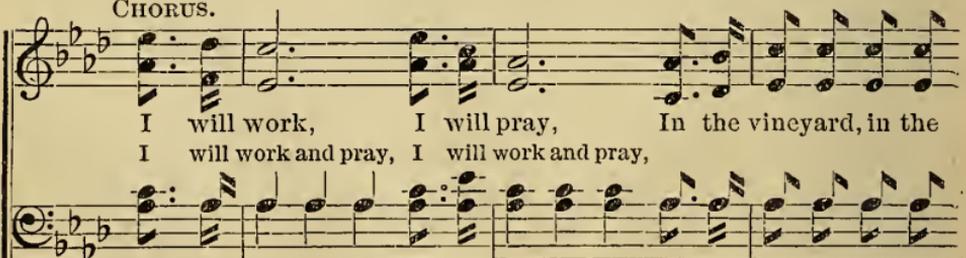


trust His ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be  
err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where  
Je - sus' pow'r to save, All who will tru - ly come, shall  
err - ing to Thy word, That points to joys on high, where



bus - y ev - 'ry day In the vine - yard of the Lord.  
all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.  
find a hap - py home, In the king - dom of the Lord.  
pleas - ures nev - er die, In the king - dom of the Lord.

## CHORUS.



I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the  
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

# I Want to Be a Worker. Concluded.

vine-yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray,  
of the Lord,

I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

## No. 37.

## Rock of Ages.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none : Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
3. All my trust on Thee is stayed ; All my help from Thee I bring ;

REF. *Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,*

*D.C. for Ref.*  
While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high.  
Leave, ah, leave, me not a - lone ; Still sup - port and com - fort me.  
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

*Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.*

Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.

1. { When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, When  
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, ev - 'ry fear, I'll

2. { Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, soul en - gage, Should  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Sa - tan's rage, Then

I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, When I can read my ti - tle  
bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear, ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev - 'ry  
earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, soul en - gage, Should earth a - gainst my soul en -  
I can smile at Satan's rage, Satan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's

clear To mansions in the skies, } We will stand the  
fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes. }  
gage, And fie - ry darts behurled, } We will stand, stand the storm, It will  
rage, And face a frown - ing world. }

storm,  
not be ver - y long. We will an - chor by and  
We will an - chor by and by, We will

by, by and by; We will stand the  
an - chor by and by; We will stand, stand the storm, It will

## Title Clear. Concluded.

storm,  
not be ver - y long,

We will an - chor by and by.  
We will an - chor by and by.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,<br/>Let storms of sorrow fall;<br/>So I but safely reach my home,<br/>My God, my heaven, my all.</p> | <p>4 There I shall bathe my weary soul<br/>In seas of heavenly rest,<br/>And not a wave of trouble roll<br/>Across my peaceful breast.</p> |
|---|--|

## No. 39. Safe at Home.

Rev. W. F. Cosner.

W. T. Dale. By per.

*Slow and soft.*

FINE.

1. { Ah! this heart shall cease its long-ing, Safe at home! safe at home! }  
 { Where no anx-ious cares are thronging, Safe at home! safe at home! }  
 D.C.—Till my wea - ry wand'ring ceas-es, Safe at home! safe at home!

2. { There I'll see no tempest rag-ing, Safe at home! safe at home! }  
 { Sin no war-fare wild is wag-ing, Safe at home! safe at home! }  
 D.C.—Where no throbbing heart is break-ing, Safe at home! safe at home!

D.C.

Now a heav - y bur-den press-es, And I walk thro' thorny pla - ces,  
When shall come the blissful wak-ing, Where no pain-ful head is ach - ing,

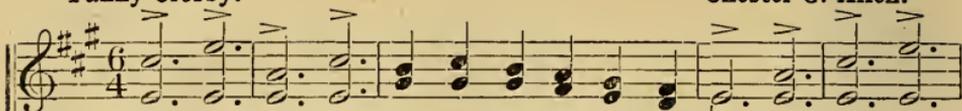
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>3 There are friends who with me parted,<br/>Safe at home! safe at home!<br/>No more wand'ring broken hearted,<br/>Safe at home! safe at home! [ing,<br/>Undisturb'd while storms are sweep-<br/>Calmly now the loved are sleeping,<br/>Ever in their Father's keeping,<br/>Safe at home! safe at home!</p> | <p>4 Dear ones gone before will meet me,<br/>Safe at home! safe at home!<br/>At the pearly gate will greet me,<br/>Safe at home! safe at home!<br/>Saviour, dearest Saviour, hear me,<br/>I am weary, be Thou near me,<br/>Oh, sustain me till Thou cheer me,<br/>Safe at home! safe at home!</p> |
|---|---|

## No. 40.

## Praise! Give Praise.

Fanny Crosby.

Chester G. Allen.



1. Praise Him, praise Him, Je - sus, our blessed Re-deem-er, Sing, O  
 2. Praise Him, praise Him, Je - sus, our blessed Re-deem-er, For our



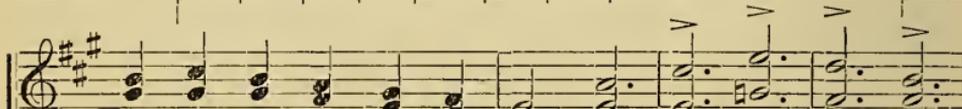
earth, His won - der - ful love pro - claim. Hail Him, hail Him,

sins He suf-fer'd and bled and died;

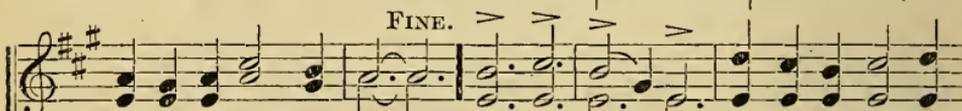
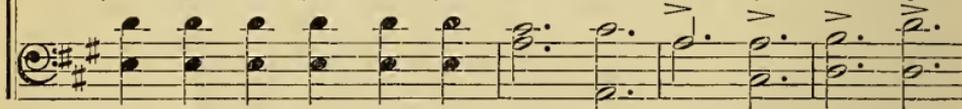
D.S. O ye saints, that

He, our rock, our

D.S. Once for us, re -



high - est arch-an - gels in glo - ry, Strength and hon - or  
 dwell on the moun - tain of Zi - on, Praise Him, praise Him,  
 hope of e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Hail Him, hail Him,  
 ject - ed, de - spised, and for - sak - en, Prince of Glo - ry,

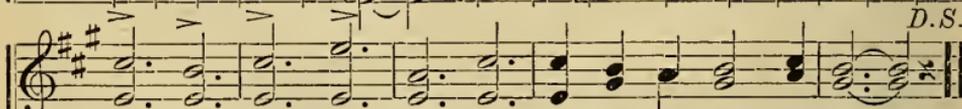
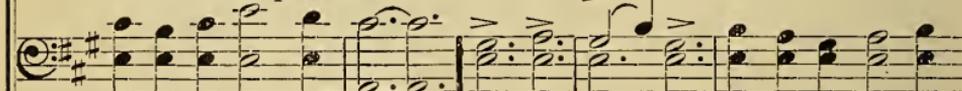


FINE.

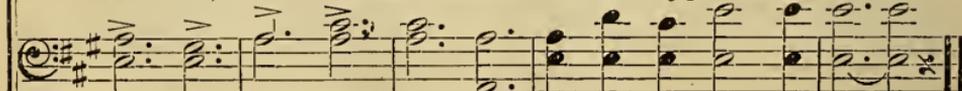
give to His ho - ly name. Like a shep-herd Je - sus will guard His  
 ev - er in joy - ful song.

Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied. Lov - ing Sav - iour, meekly en - dur - ing

He is tri - um - phant now.



chil - dren, In His arms He car - ries them all day long.  
 sor - row, Crown'd with thorns that cru - el - ly pierced His brow.



D.S.

# No. 41. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded." Jer. xxxi: 17.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.

Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,  
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shelt'ring dome,  
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,  
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?  
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.  
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.  
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

## CHORUS.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll  
We'll work, We'll work

work, till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.  
We'll work,

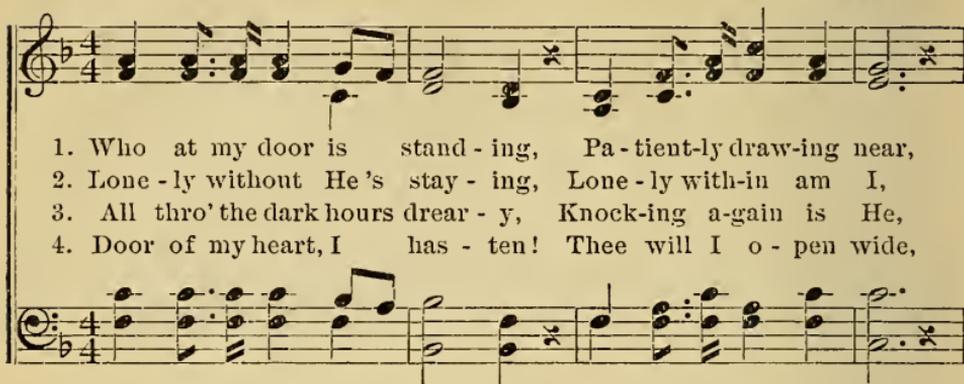
## No. 42.

## Knocking at the Door.

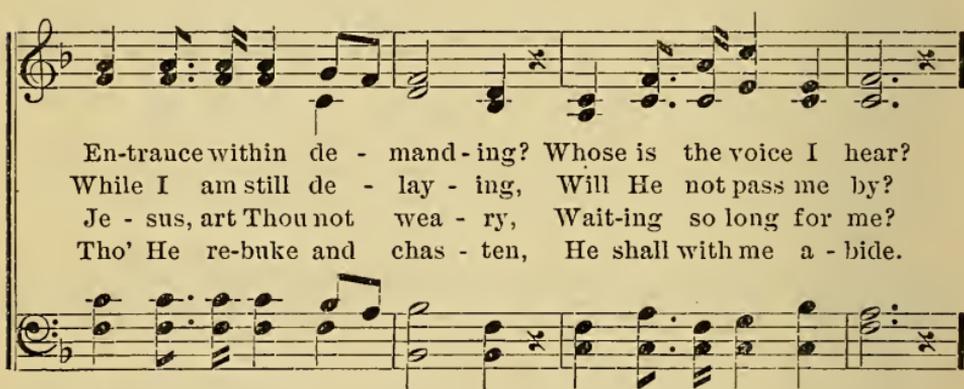
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. iii: 20.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



1. Who at my door is stand - ing, Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,  
 2. Lone - ly without He's stay - ing, Lone - ly with - in am I,  
 3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y, Knock - ing a - gain is He,  
 4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide,

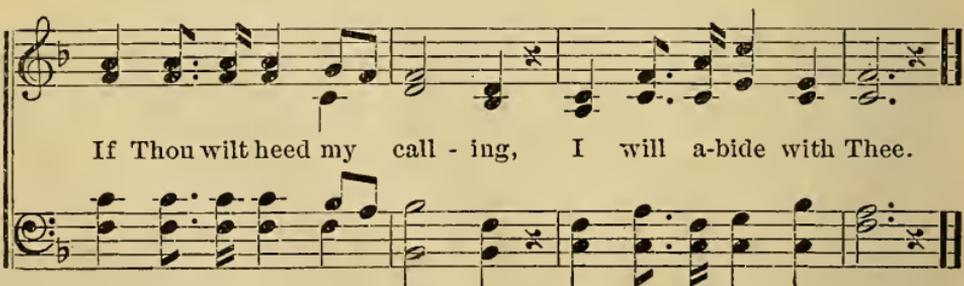


En - trance within de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?  
 While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?  
 Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?  
 Tho' He re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

## REFRAIN.



Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing, — "O - pen the door for me!



If Thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with Thee.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

Asa Hull. By per.

1. { In God I have found a re - treat, Where  
No ref - uge, nor rest so com - plete, (Omit.)

2. { I dread not the ter - ror by night, No  
His shad - ow has cov - ered me quite, (Omit.)

I can se - cure - ly a - bide;  
ar - row can harm me by day;  
And here I in - tend to re - side.  
My fears He has driv - en a - way.

## CHORUS.

Oh, what com - fort it brings, As my soul sweet - ly sings:

I am safe from all dan - ger, While un - der His wings.

- 3 The pestilence walking about,  
When darkness has settled abroad,  
Can never compel me to doubt  
The presence and power of God.
- 4 The wasting destruction at noon,  
No fearful foreboding can bring;  
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,  
His perfect salvation I sing.

- 5 A thousand may fall at my side,  
Ten thousand upon my right hand;  
Above me His wings are spread wide,  
Beneath them in safety I stand.

Dr. H. Bonar.

H. N. Lincoln.

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, . . . . . When I  
 2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread . . . . . With the  
 3. I in peace will rest me here till I see . . . . . That the

let me rest,

feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast; All in  
 scorching noon-tide ray o'er my head, Let me  
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me; That the

thrill my breast;

vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, . . . . .  
 find a wel - come shade cool and still, . . . . .  
 burn - ing heats are past and the day . . . . .

while I hide,

And my tran-quil vig - il keep by Thy side.  
 And my wea - ry steps be stayed by Thy will.  
 Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.

by Thy side.

By permission.

# Let Me Rest. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, In the  
shad-ow of the Rock let me rest; When I feel the tem-pest's  
shock thrill my breast, . . . In the shadow of the Rock let me rest.  
thrill my breast,

## No. 45.

## Lottie.

Philip Doddridge.

W. B. Bradbury.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are;
2. His boun - ty will pro - vide, His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. His good - ness stands ap - proved Thro' each suc - ceed - ing day;

Come, cast your bur - den on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.  
That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.  
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

# No. 46.

# Wonderful Grace.

Rev. W. H. Burrell.

Rev. I. Baltzell. By per.

1. 'T is grace! 't is grace! 't is wonderful grace! This great salva - tion brings :  
 2. 'T is grace! 't is grace! 't is wonderful grace! Which saves the soul from sin ;  
 3. 'T is grace! 't is grace! 't is wonderful grace! Its streams are full and free ;  
 4. 'T is grace! 't is grace! 't is wonderful grace! Which bears the soul a - bove ;

The soul de - liv - ered of its load, In sweet - est rap - ture sings.  
 The pow'r of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns su - preme with - in.  
 Are flow - ing now for all the race; They e - ven flow to me.  
 The light which gleams from Je - sus' face Is rap - ture, peace, and love.

'T is grace! . . . . 't is grace! . . . .  
 CHORUS.

'T is won - der - ful grace, 't is won - der - ful grace, Wonderful, wonder - ful,

grace! . . . . . 'T is grace! . . . . . 't is

won - der - ful grace! 'T is won - der - ful grace, 't is

grace! . . . . .

won - der - ful grace, Flow - ing still free - ly for me.

## No. 47.

## The Banquet of Love.

A. S. Kieffer.

A. S. Kieffer.

1. { "Go forth in the high-way, and bid to my ban-quet, Be-  
The chos-en have tar-ried, bring hith-er the need-y, That

2. { Then quick-ly the ser-vants went out from their Mas-ter, His  
And in from the high-way the need-y came flock-ing, His

3. { O way-worn and wea-ry, de-spise not the mes-sage That  
Re-ject not His mer-cy, the Sav-iour stands wait-ing—The

## CHORUS.

hold! it stands read-y to-day; } Now all things are read-y, the  
throng in life's bus-y high-way. }  
mes-sage with glad-ness they told; }  
mer-cy and love to be-hold. }  
sounds in life's bus-y high-way; }  
ban-quet is read-y to-day. }

Mas-ter says, "Come," The whole world is bid-den, and

yet there is room, The whole world is bid-den, The

whole world is bid-den, The whole world—and yet there is room.

## No. 48.

## Let Me Cling to Thee.

F. M. D.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Let me cling to Thee, O Rock of A - ges, While I  
 2. Let me cling to Thee, O Rock of A - ges, When my  
 3. Let me cling to Thee, O Rock of A - ges, When the  
 4. Let me cling to Thee, O Rock of A - ges, When I

sail o'er life's rough sea, While the shad-ows thick-ly round me  
 sins are press-ing me, When the tem-pest's fie - ry darts are  
 path I fail to see, When the cup of sor-row is o'er-  
 near e - ter - ni - ty, When I pass that dark and lone-ly

CHORUS.

gath - er, Let me ev - er cling to Thee. Let me ev - er cling to  
 fly - ing, Let me ev - er cling to Thee.  
 flow - ing, Let me ev - er cling to Thee.  
 val - ley, Let me ev - er cling to Thee.

Thee, O Rock of A - ges, cling to Thee, cling to Thee, While the

storm of life around is rag - ing, Let me ev - er, ev - er cling to Thee.

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# No. 49. I was a Wandering Sheep.

Horatius Bonar.

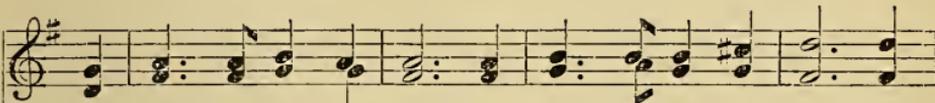
Rev. D. C. John.



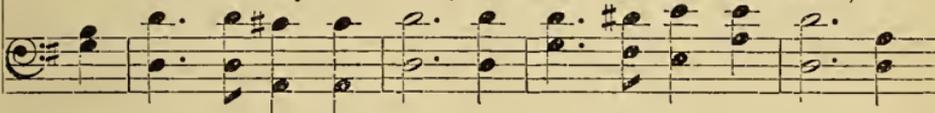
1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I
2. The Shepherd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child; He
3. Je - sus my Shep-herd is, 'Twas He that sav'd my soul; 'Twas
4. No more a wand'ring sheep, I long to be con-troll'd; I



did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd:  
fol-low'd me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - ert waste and wild;  
He that wash'd me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;  
love my ten - der Shepherd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold;



I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home; I  
He found me nigh to death, De - spair-ing, faint, and lone; He  
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wand'ring sheep; 'Twas  
No more a way-ward child, I seek no more to roam; I



did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I lov'd a - far to roam.  
bound me with the bonds of love, He sav'd the wand'ring one.  
He that bro't me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.  
love my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home.



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# No. 50.

# Wandering Home.

DUET AND CHORUS.

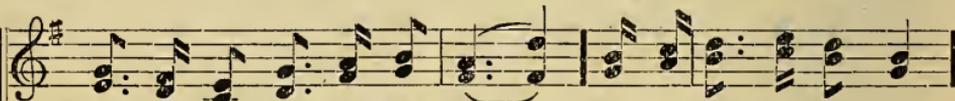
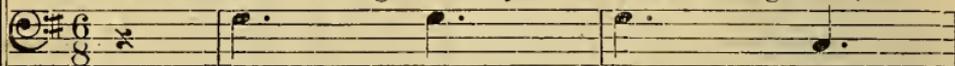
E. A. Barnes.

Arr. by J. H. Hall.

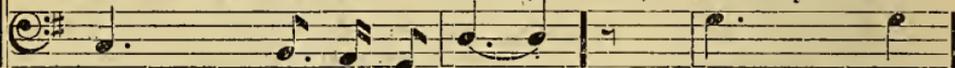
*Gently.*



1. We are wan-der-ing home as time glid-eth by, And
2. We are wan-der-ing home by the same old way Our
3. We are wan-der-ing home o'er a storm-y plain, Re-
4. We are wan-der-ing home, yes, wan-der-ing home, But



weav-eth its gar-lands of years; To a beau-ti-ful home,  
fa-thers be-fore us have trod, To the shad-ow of death  
plete with temp-ta-tion and sin, To a beau-ti-ful fold  
soon we shall wan-der no more; And, oh! may we meet



and bet-ter by far Than the one in this val-ley of tears.  
and the cit-y be-yond, The glo-ri-ous cit-y of God.  
where Je-sus a-waits To welcome each wan-der-er in.  
each oth-er at last, At home on "the heav-en-ly shore."



CHORUS.

*With emotion.*



Wan-der-ing home, . . . wan-der-ing home, . . .  
Wan-der-ing home, . . . wan-der-ing home,



*Emphatic.*

*cres.*



Soon we shall wan-der no more; And, oh! may we meet each



# Wandering Home. Concluded.

oth - er at last, At home on "the heav - en - ly shore."

*rit.*

## No. 51. Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. vi: 14.

Charlotte Abbey.

J. H. Hall.

1. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be;  
 2. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, There I would a - bide;  
 3. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Let me live and die;

**FINE.**

Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain, That cleans-eth me.  
 There let me rest for - ev - er, Near Je - sus' side.  
 There I will find sweet ref - uge, And safe - ty night.

D.S. Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain, That cleans-eth me.

CHORUS.

Near - er the cross, Near - er the cross, Near - er the cross of Je - sus.

W. A. Ogden.  
*Spirited.*

W. A. Ogden.

1. Bright-ly, sweet-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with  
 2. Glad-ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto-ry Of His love to  
 3. Meek-ly, meek-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Walk-ing faith-ful-

will-ing hands to do What-so-e'er to us He hath ap-point-ed,  
 mor-tals here below; Christ, the bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry,  
 ly the path He trod; Lead-ing wan-d'rers to the dear Re-deem-er,

CHORUS.

Faith-ful-ly our mis-sion to pur-sue. Toil-ing for  
 Free-ly here His bless-ing will be-stow.  
 Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil-ing

Je-sus, Joy-ful-ly we go; joy-ful-ly we go;  
 for the Mas-ter, yes,

Toil-ing for Je-sus, In His vineyard here be-low.  
 Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Mas-ter,

Arr.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men—Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an a-
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care, They're building a pal - ace for



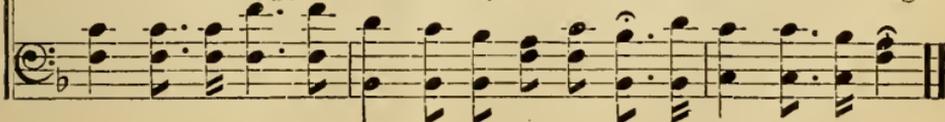
world in His hands; Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
 poor-est of them; But now He is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will  
 li - en by birth; But I've been "adopt-ed," my name's written down An  
 me o - ver there; Tho' ex-iled from home, yet still may I sing, All



cof-fers are full, He has rich-es untold. I'm the child of a King, the  
 give me a home with Him-self by and by.  
 heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.  
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.



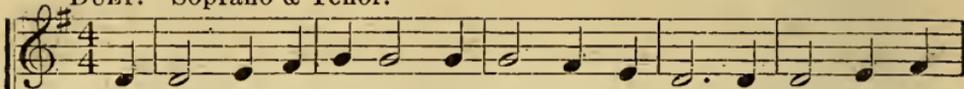
# No. 54.

# Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

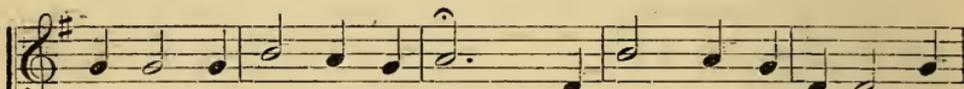
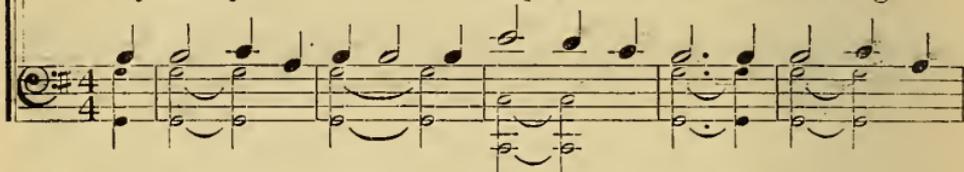
J. L. McDonald.

E. O. Excell.

DUET. Soprano & Tenor.



1. Whystand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vineyard needs
2. Whystand ye here i - dle? a broth - er's in need, His cries as - cend
3. Whystand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Whystand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to
5. Whystand ye here i - dle? a harp and a crown Are wait - ing in



workmen, the weeds are grown tall,	The ripe fruit is wast - ing for
heav'nward, then pray you, give heed;	For food, and for raiment He
warn - ing, what - ev - er the cost;	The soul you may res - cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life, and Way;	The Spir - it has promised its
glo - ry for sons of re - nown	Who la - bor and suf - fer for



lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter demands.  
 suf - fers to - night, Then ren - der as - sis - tance; Oh, dare to do right.  
 sin and from shame, And give to the Sav - iour to praise His dear name.  
 pres - ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bor shall end.  
 tru - est and best, Then la - bor and en - ter the ha - ven of rest.



## CHORUS.



Oh, why . . . stand ye i - dle, . . . Oh,  
 Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh,



# Why Stand Ye Here Idle? Concluded.

why . . . stand ye i - dle, . . . Oh, why . . . stand ye  
why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so

i - dle, . . . i - dle all day? . . . The  
i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The

har - - - vest is pass - ing, . . . The har -  
har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is

- vest is pass - ing, . . . The har - - - vest is  
pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass - ing, is

pass - ing, . . . pass - - - ing a - way. . . .  
pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

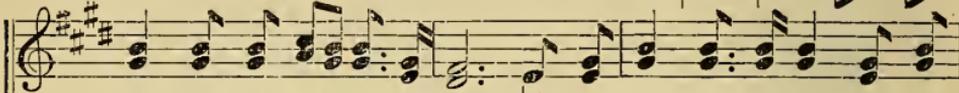
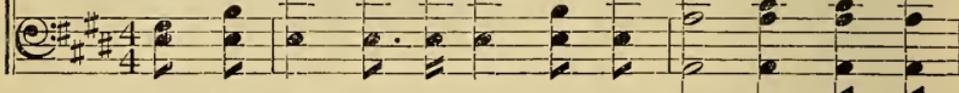
# No. 55. Lights Along the Shore.

Josephine Pollard.

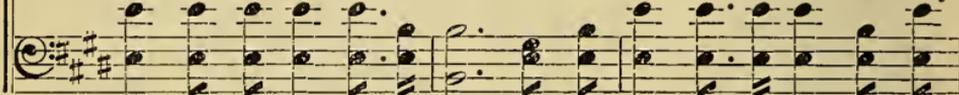
Arr. by J. H. Hall.



1. There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we
3. Oh, they tell of a hope that will cheer us, In the
4. Then for - get not to keep your light shin - ing: Oh, then,



bark a - mid per - ils I steer; And they ev - er grow brighter and  
float down the riv - er of time; All the days of our pil - grim - age  
midst of our sorrows and cares; When the lamp on our ves - sel burns  
Chris - tian, be ear - nest and true; For a soul on life's o - cean may



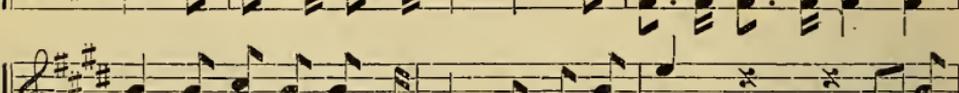
bright - er As that glo - ri - ous ha - ven I near.  
bright - en With a ra - di - ance tru - ly sub - lime.  
dim - ly, Then we watch for the glim - mer of theirs.  
per - ish, And may sink in the waves but for you.



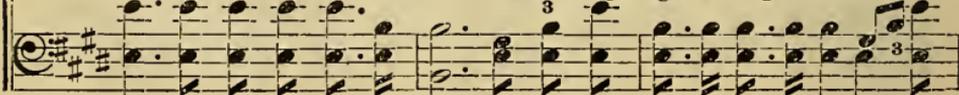
## CHORUS.



Oh, the lights, See the lights That  
Oh, the lights a - long the shore, See the lights a - long the shore,



nev - er, nev - er will grow dim; See the bright lights, Growing  
See the bright lights a - long the shore,



# Lights Along the Shore. Concluded.

bright - er, And they guide us un - to Him.  
 brighter, ev - er bright-er, And they guide us, yes, they guide us un-to Him.

## No. 56. Revive Us Again.

Dr. W. Mackay.

English Melody.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each

### CHORUS.

Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.  
 borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.  
 bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.  
 soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

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

J. H. Leslie.

Chas. Edw. Pollock. By per.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way From the  
 2. With a Shep-herd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me  
 3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me

shores of time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I  
 close to Thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on by thy  
 safe - ly on to my heav'nly home; At the fount of life on the

ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.  
 ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.  
 oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

## CHORUS.

Lead me on, Lead me on, lead me on, By the  
 Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on,

straight and nar - row way; Lead me on, lead me  
 Lead me on,

## Lead Me On. Concluded.

on, lead me on, To the realms of end - less day.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains the vocal line with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

## No. 58. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

" I will guide thee with mine eyes." Ps. xxxii: 8.

M. M. W.

M. M. Wells.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }  
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend, }  
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear. }  
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease; }  
 { Nothing left but heav' n and pray' r, Wond' ring if our names are there; }

The first system of the score is in treble clef, key of D major, and 3/4 time. It includes the vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are presented in three numbered stanzas, each enclosed in large curly braces.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,  
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;  
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood;

The second system continues the musical score in the same key and time signature. It features the vocal line and piano accompaniment with the lyrics for the second system.

*p* Whisp'ring soft - ly, wan - d'r'er come! *f* Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

The third system concludes the piece. It includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown for this final system.

Adaline H. Berry.

C. D. Amstutz.



1. See, the morn is bright'ning In the eastern sky; Up! for work make
2. Sow the seeds of kindness In your neighbor's heart; You will soon with
3. Sow a-long the highway, Stran-gers may be there; You may make them



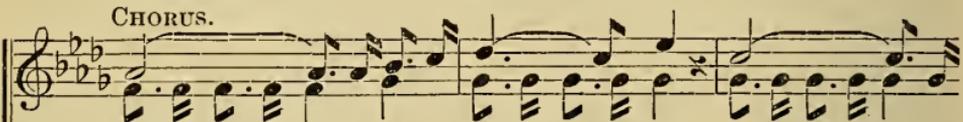
read - y, Lie not i - dly by; Has - ten to the grain - fields,  
 glad - ness See the plantlets start; If the soil is sto - ny,  
 bet - ter By a gift or pray'r; Sow be - neath the noon - tide,



With your precious seed; Ma - ny will - ing workmen Yet the Lord will need.  
 Nev - er fear to sow; Some rift may be o - pen, Where the stalk may grow.  
 While your strength is giv'n, Sow till life is end - ed, You will reap in heav'n.



## CHORUS.



'T is . . . the time for sow - - ing Seeds . . . of  
 'T is the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth, 'T is the time for sow -



By permission.

# Sowing Time. Concluded.

pre-cious worth; . . . . . Scat - - - ter them like  
ing Seeds of pre-cious worth; Scat-ter them like sun - shine,

sun - - shine, O - - - ver all the earth. . . .  
O - ver all the earth, Scat-ter them like sun - shine, O - ver all the earth.

'T is . . . . the time for sow - - ing Seeds . . . of  
'T is the time for sow - ing Seeds of precious worth, 'T is the time for sow -

precious worth; . . . . . Scat - - - ter them like  
ing Seeds of pre-cious worth; Scat - ter them like sun - shine,

sun - shine, O - - - ver all the earth. . . .  
O - ver all the earth, Scat-ter them like sun-shine, O - ver all the earth.

# No. 60.

# God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." Romans xvi: 20.

J. E. Rankin, D.D.

W. G. Tomer. By per.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Dai - ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Put His arms un-failing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

## REFRAIN.

Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet, Till we  
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet. . . till we  
 till we meet, Till we meet,

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 till we meet,

# No. 61.

# Go and Inquire.

"Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life." John v: 39.  
 W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Searching the Scrip-tures, the bless-ed Scrip-tures, Seek-ing the  
 2. Searching the Scrip-tures, the bless-ed Scrip-tures, Seek-ing to  
 3. Searching the Scrip-tures, the bless-ed Scrip-tures, Seek-ing the

Sav - iour day by day, Striv-ing to learn the wondrous sto-ry,—  
 know the heav'nly way, Try-ing to reach the gold-en cit - y,—  
 wan - d'rers by the way, Try-ing to point a soul to Je-sus,—

### CHORUS.

What does the bless - ed Bi-ble say? Go and in - quire, . . the King com-  
 What does the bless - ed Bi-ble say? Go and inquire,  
 What does the bless - ed Bi-ble say? Go and inquire,

mand-eth; Ask of the Lord . . for me and thee; Knock at the  
 Ask of the Lord

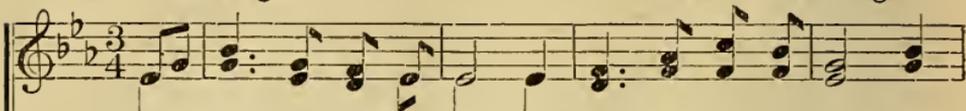
o - pen door of mercy, Where there is par - don full and free.  
 Knock at the o-pen Where there is pardon

# No. 62. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

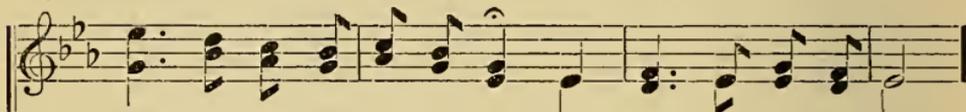
"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi: 28.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

Rev. L. Hartsough.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For  
 2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To  
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work with - in, By



cleans - ing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
 dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.  
 per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.  
 add - ing grace to welcom'd grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.



## CHORUS.



I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!



Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.



5 And He the witness gives	6 All hail, atoning blood!
To loyal hearts and free,	All hail, redeeming grace!
That every promise is fulfilled,	All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
If faith but brings the plea.	Our Strength and Righteousness!

By permission.

# No. 63.

# The Heavenly Crown.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." 1 Peter v: 4.

Anon.

J. H. Hall.

1. Gra-cious Sav-iour, can it be There a-waits a crown for me,  
 2. Can it be a harp of gold, Glitt'ring bright, these hands shall hold?  
 3. Shall I pass the pearly gates? Shall I walk the gold-en streets?

Set with gems so pure, so bright, Sparkling each with heav'nly light?  
 That this voice shall join the song, Sung by an-gels round the throne?  
 Shall I see the great white throne, And be-hold the Lamb thereon?

CHORUS.

Yes, oh, yes, if you believe, Je - - - sus  
 Yes, if you be-lieve, Je - sus has a crown,

has a crown to give; Yes, oh,  
 Yes, if you be-lieve,

yes, if you be-lieve, Je - sus has a crown to give.

# No. 64.

# It May be the Last.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” Ecc. ix: 10.

John R. Clements.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Are you do - ing your du - ty the best you can do it, And  
 2. Are you call - ing that broth - er to fol - low the Mas - ter, And  
 3. Are you spend - ing your - self in the dear Mas - ter's vine - yard, And

us - ing your might on the task of to - day? Are you working as  
 us - ing God's word as your strength and your light? Are you urg - ing as  
 sow - ing kind words as o'er life's path you go? Are you walk - ing so

if 't were the last lov - ing ser - vice, Ere Je - sus should call you from  
 if 't were the last ten - der pleading, And Je - sus might call you from  
 close to the Shepherd and Lead - er, That all men a - round you the

### CHORUS.

earth - scenes a - way? It may be the last! How the mo - ments are  
 la - bor to - night?  
 Sav - iour may know?

fly - ing! The field and its la - bor will soon pass from view. Go

# It May be the Last. Concluded.

forth to the res - cue of souls that are dy - ing, And

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The treble staff contains a vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

do with your might what your hand finds to do.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line.

## No. 65. Arlington.

Dr. Arne.

1. Once more we come be - fore our God; Once more His bless - ings ask :  
2. Fa - ther, Thy quick - 'ning Spir - it send From heav'n in Je - sus' name,  
3. May we re - ceive the word we hear, Each in an hon - est heart;  
4. To seek Thee all our hearts dispose, To each Thy blessings suit,

The first system of musical notation for 'Arlington' is in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. It features a treble staff with a vocal melody and a bass staff with accompaniment.

O may not du - ty seem a load, Nor wor - ship seem a task!  
To make our wait - ing minds at - tend, And put our souls in frame.  
And keep the pre - cious treas - ure there, And nev - er with it part.  
And let the seed Thy ser - vant sows Pro - duce a - bun - dant fruit.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment for 'Arlington', ending with a double bar line.

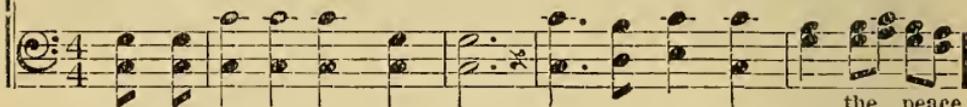
# No. 66. When the Shining Gates Unfold.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Ruebush.



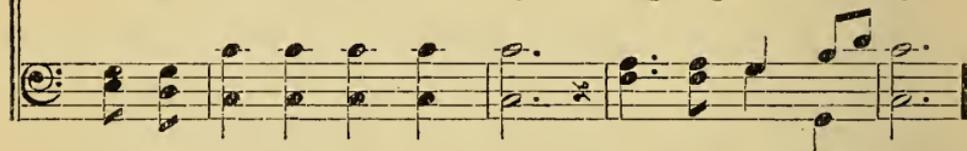
1. When the shining gates un - fold, Who may tell the peace,
2. When the shining gates un - fold, Sweet the rapturous strain,
3. When the shining gates un - fold, We His face shall see,



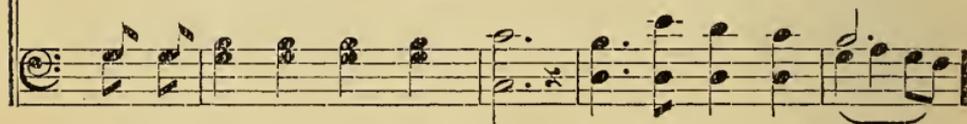
the peace,  
rapturous strain,  
shall see,



That shall fill our trust-ing souls, When our tri - als cease?  
Waft-ed soft - ly on the air, In a grand re - frain.  
Who hath come to earth to - day, Bring - ing lib - er - ty.



When our King shall call us hence, Ev - er to re - main,  
Sung by an - gel choir on high, How the notes will ring,  
If but faith-ful we shall prove, With life's sto - ry told,



With our friends, who passed a - long, To u - nite a - gain.  
As the gold - en harps re - sound, While the ran - somed sing.  
We shall wei - come that glad hour, When the gates un - fold.



By permission.

# When the Shining Gates Unfold. Concluded.

CHORUS.

When the shin - ing gates un - fold, We shall  
shin - ing gates un - fold, gates un - fold,

meet the friends we love. In the realms where streets are  
meet the friends we love, friends we love, realms where streets are

gold, In the Fa - ther's home a - bove.  
the streets are gold, a - bove.

## No. 67. Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just

now, Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

- 2 He will save you, etc.
- 3 Oh, believe Him.
- 4 He is able.
- 5 He is willing.
- 6 He'll receive you.
- 7 Call upon Him.

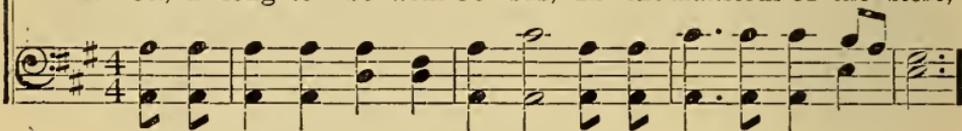
- 8 He will hear you.
- 9 Look unto Him.
- 10 He'll forgive you.
- 11 Do n't reject Him.
- 12 Jesus loves you.
- 13 Only trust Him.

W. O. Cushing.

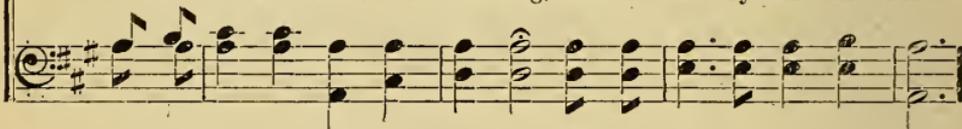
Rev. W. M. Weekley.



1. I am wait-ing by the riv-er, And my heart has wait-ed long;
2. Far a-way be-yond the shad-ows Of this wea-ry vale of tears,
3. They are launch-ing on the riv-er, From the calm and qui-et shore,
4. Oh, I long to be with Je-sus, In the man-sions of the blest,



Now I think I hear the cho-rus Of the an-gels' wel-come song.  
 There the tide of bliss is sweep-ing, Thro' the bright and change-less years.  
 And they soon will bear my spir-it Where the wea-ry sigh no more.  
 Where the wicked cease from trou-b-ling, And the wea-ry are at rest.



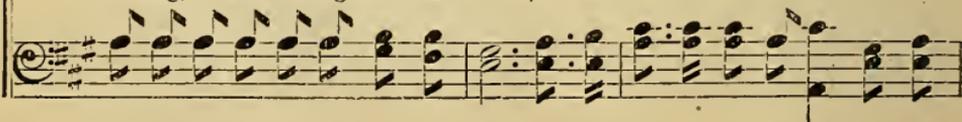
## CHORUS.



I'm wait - - - ing for the boat-man, I am  
 I'm wait-ing, I am wait-ing for the boat-man, I am



wait - - - ing till he comes; I am waiting on the shore, For my  
 wait-ing, I am waiting till he comes;



## I am Waiting. Concluded.

journey's almost o'er, I am wait-ing, yes, I'm wait-ing to go home.

## No. 69. Room at the Cross.

W. B. B.

Wm. B. Blake.

1. Room at the cross for a trembling soul, Room at the cross for you;
2. Room at the cross for a breaking heart, Room at the cross for you;
3. Room at the cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the cross for you;

Where the sin-la-den may be made whole, Room at the cross for you.  
 Choose, then, like Ma-ry, the bet-ter part; Room at the cross for you.  
 Come, then, oh, come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the cross for you.

### REFRAIN.

Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross for you;

Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross for you.

By permission.

# No. 70. I've Been Redeemed.

"For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood." Rev. iv: 9.

R. A. G.

R. A. Glenn.

*Allegretto.*

1. I've been re-deem'd thro' the blood of the Lamb,  
 2. Oh! what a Sav-iour, to love e-ven me,  
 3. I now can sing, tho' the storms o'er me roll,

I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd; And now on Christ, the sol-id  
 I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd; And now for ref-uge I to  
 I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd; For Christ, my Sav-iour, hath re-

## CHORUS.

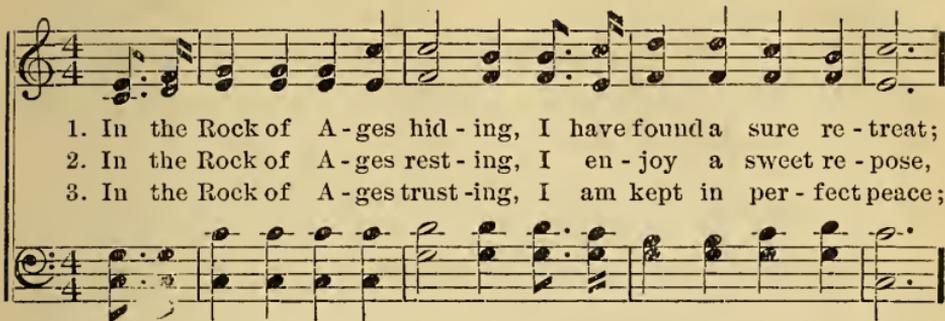
rock, I stand, I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd. Hal-le-lu - jah, Hal-le-  
 Him may flee, I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd.  
 deem'd my soul, I've been redeem'd, been redeem'd. Hal-le-lu-jah,

lu - jah, Thro' the precious blood of Je-sus, I've been redeem'd Hal-le-  
 Hal - le - lu - jah,

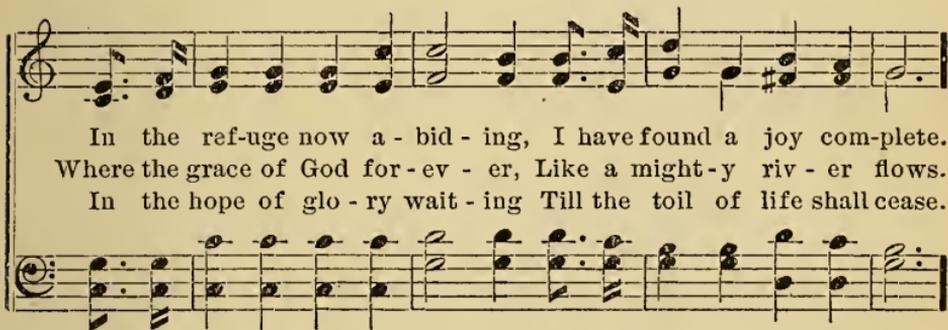
lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, To the Lamb for sinners slain.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

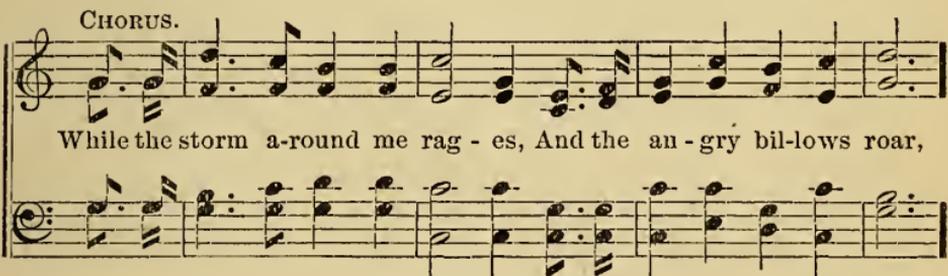


1. In the Rock of A-ges hid-ing, I have found a sure re-treat;  
 2. In the Rock of A-ges rest-ing, I en-joy a sweet re- pose,  
 3. In the Rock of A-ges trust-ing, I am kept in per- fect peace;

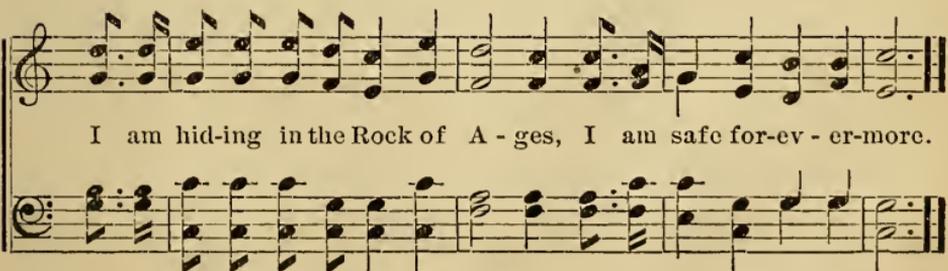


In the ref-uge now a-bid-ing, I have found a joy com-plete.  
 Where the grace of God for-ev-er, Like a might-y riv-er flows.  
 In the hope of glo-ry wait-ing Till the toil of life shall cease.

CHORUS.



While the storm a-round me rag-es, And the an-gry bil-lows roar,



I am hid-ing in the Rock of A-ges, I am safe for-ev-er-more.

By permission.

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi: 31.

Priscilla J. Owens.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the tid - ings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steps and cross the waves;  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

Onward! 'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

## No. 73.

## Beulah Land.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa. xxxv: 10.

Edgar Page.

Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;  
 2. My Sav-iour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;  
 3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver-nal trees,  
 4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimm'd one bliss-ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.  
 He gen-tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.  
 And flow'rs that nev - er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
 As an - gels with the white-rob'd throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.

## CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,

I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,

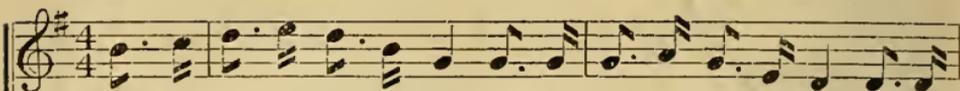
And view the shin-ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ev - er-more!

# No. 74. What Shall Our Record Be.

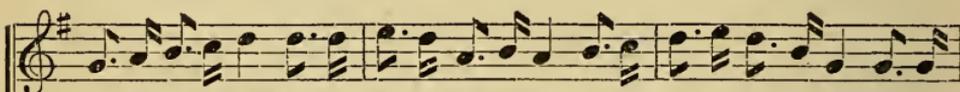
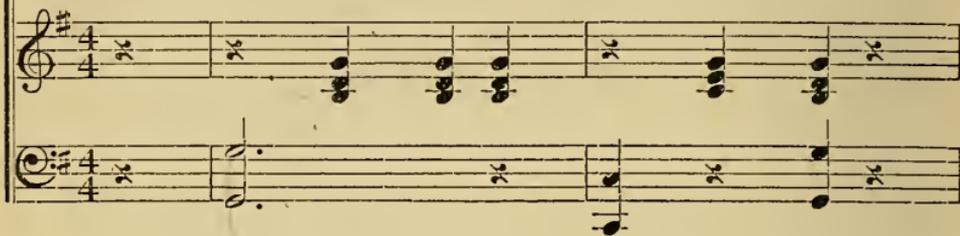
SOLO AND CHORUS.

F. M. D.

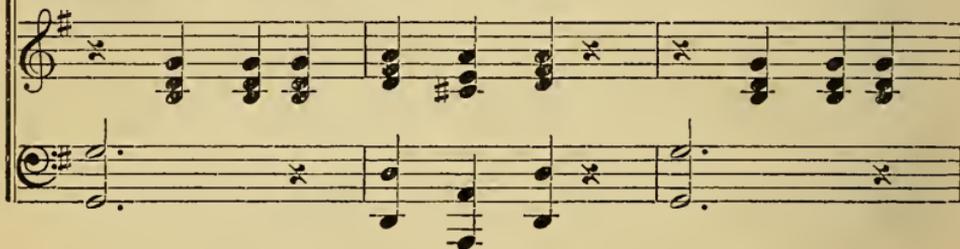
Frank M. Davis.



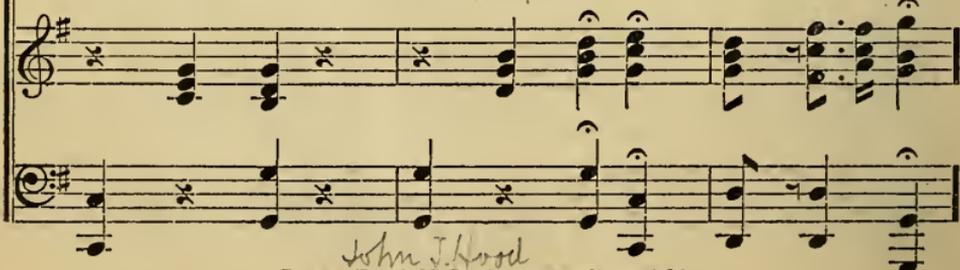
1. There's a hand that's writing now In the book of life, they say; Ev-'ry
2. Still that hand goes writing on, Mak-ing pa - ges dark or fair; Let us
3. Time is eb-bing fast a - way, Life for us will soon be done; Can we,



ac-tion, word or deed Is re-cord-ed there each day. What shall then our record be? Let us ponder well, dear friend, What for us is written there. trusting-ly, go hence, That a crown of life is won.



stop and think, I pray! What shall then our record be, In the coming judgment day?



*John J. Hood*  
By per. Frank M. Davis, owner of copyright.

# What Shall Then Our Record Be. Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the com-ing judg-ment day, In the coming judgment day,

What shall then our rec - ord be, In the com-ing judg-ment day?

No. 75.

## Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. By per.

1. O love sur-pass-ing knowl-edge! O grace so full and free!  
2. O won-der-ful sal - va - tion! From sin He makes me free!  
3. O blood of Christ, so pre-cious, Pour'd out on Cal - va - ry!

*FINE.*  
I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me!  
I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me!  
I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's e - nough for me!

*D.S.*  
And that's e - nough for me, And that's e - nough for me,

# No. 76.

# The Unclouded Day.

(May be sung as a Solo.)

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood. Harmony by J. F. Kinsey.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond theskies, O they tell me of a  
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that  
 3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine  
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His smile drives their sor-

home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,  
 land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom  
 eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whit-er than snow,  
 rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a - gain,

O they tell me of an un-clouded day. O the land of cloudless day,  
 Sheds its fra-grance thro' the un-clouded day. O the land of cloudless day,  
 In the cit - y that is made of gold. O that land mine eyes shall see,  
 In that love-ly land of un-clouded day. O that land of love-ly smiles,

O the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a  
 O the land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my  
 O that land of an un - cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the  
 O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the King in His

## The Unclouded Day. Concluded.

home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an uncloud-ed day.  
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the uncloud-ed day.  
 King and His snow-white throne, In the land of the uncloud-ed day.  
 beau-ty in-vides me there, To the land of the uncloud-ed day.

## No. 77. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en tho' it  
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be  
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps up to heav'n; All that Thou

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,  
 o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
 send-est me In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

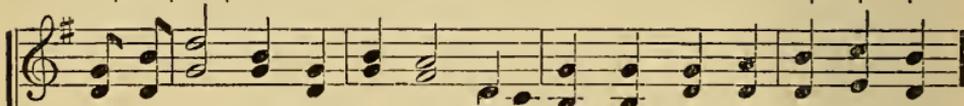
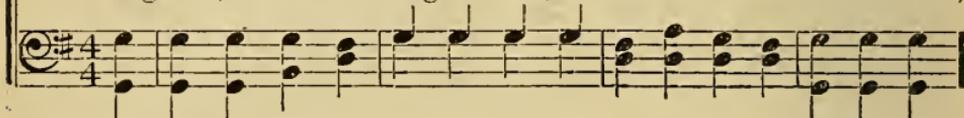
# No. 78. What a Glorious Redeemer!

Rev. H. G. Jackson.

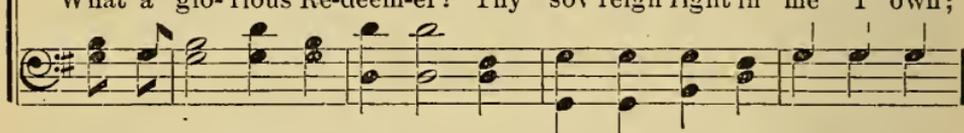
A. Beirly.



1. My Sav-iour left His throne on high, And came on earth for me to die;  
2. Be-neath the heav-y cross, low bent, Up Calv'ry's rug-ged steep He went;  
3. That all might know His pow'r to save, He rose in triumph from the grave;  
4. Reigntoo, O bless-ed King di-vine, For-ev-er in this heart of mine;



What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er! At mid-night in Geth-sem-a-ne,  
What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er! From sin and death to set me free,  
What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er! And now His cru-el suff'rings o'er,  
What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er! Thy sov'reign right in me I own;



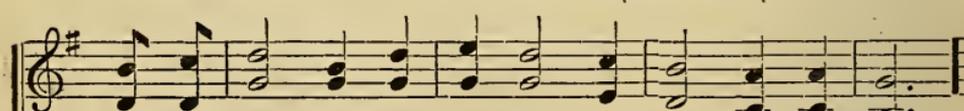
He drank the bit-ter cup for me; What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er!  
There on the cross He died for me; What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er!  
He reigns in bliss for-ev-ermore; What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er!  
In life or death I'm Thine a-lone; What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er!



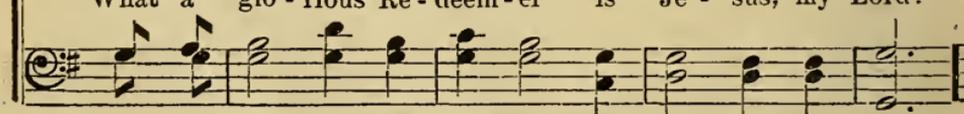
## CHORUS.



What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er is Je-sus, my Sav-iour!



What a glo-ri-ous Re-deem-er is Je-sus, my Lord!



## No. 79.

## Over the Border Land.

J. H. A.

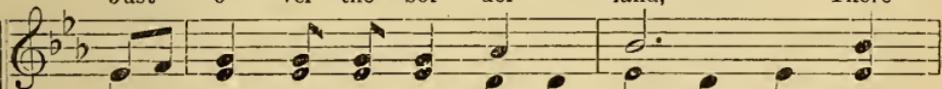
J. H. Alleman.

- 
1. A home on high is wait-ing me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
  2. My lov'd ones there, will welcome me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
  3. My Sav-iour there is call-ing me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,
  4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor-der land,



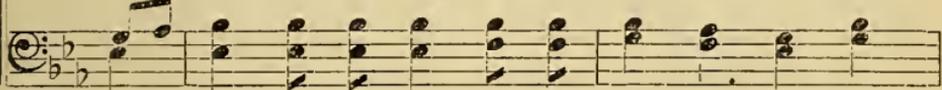
And there my Sav-iour I shall see, Just o - ver the bor-der land.  
 And with them soon, for - e'er I'll be, Just o - ver the bor-der land.  
 And by His grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor-der land.  
 And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor-der land.

## CHORUS.

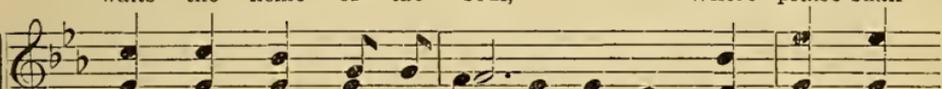


Just o - ver the bor - der land, There

Just o - ver the bor - der, the bor - der land, There



waits the home 'of the soul, Where praise shall



waits the home, the home of the soul, Where praise shall



ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor - der land.

# No. 80. I am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

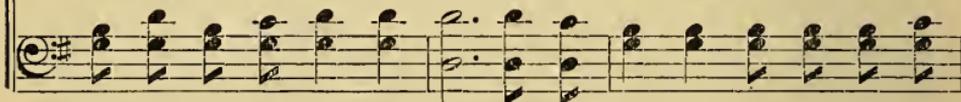
D. E. Dortch.



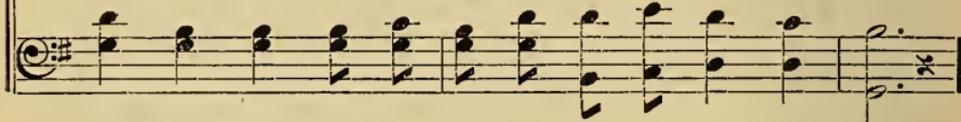
1. Oh! my heart is thrill'd with won-drous joy to - day, I am  
2. All the doubts are van-ished, all my fears are gone, I am  
3. O the bliss and rap - ture! O the won-drous peace! I am  
4. So I live re - joi - cing in His love each day, I am



rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has ta - ken all my  
rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the  
rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a  
rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love; I am walk - ing with Him in the



sins a - way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.  
work was done, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.  
joy as this, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.  
nar - row way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.



## REFRAIN.



I am resting, sweet - ly rest - ing, I am resting in the Saviour's love;  
rest - ing, sweetly



# I am Resting in the Saviour's Love. Concluded.

I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love!  
resting, sweetly

# No. 81. Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. R. Lowry.

Rev. R. Lowry. By per.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my cleansing this I see—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
5. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;

:S: FINE.

What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
For my par - don this my plea—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
Naught of good that I have done—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
This is all my righteousness—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.  
All my praise for this I bring—Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No oth - er fount I know,

## No. 82.

## Mercy for All.

Words by Fanny Crosby.

G. P. Benjamin.

1. We are bought with a price by the Lamb that was slain; He has  
 2. We may drink if we will of the foun-tain so free, That is  
 3. O the rich-es of grace that in Je-sus abound! With the  
 4. If we walk in the path that our Mas-ter has trod,—If we

conquer'd the grave—He liv-eth a-gain! At the foot of the  
 flow-ing to-day for you and for me; With our bur-den of  
 full-ness of joy His peo-ple are crow'd. At the door of His  
 die un-to sin, but live un-to God, When we pass the dark

cross He will an-swer our call: Bless-ed be the Lord! there is  
 sin at its brink we may fall: Bless-ed be the Lord! there is  
 love He will an-swer our call: Bless-ed be the Lord! there is  
 vale He will an-swer our call: Bless-ed be the Lord! there is

REFRAIN.

mer-cy for all! Mer-cy for all! Mer-cy for all!

By permission of Biglow &amp; Main, N. Y.

## Mercy for All. Concluded.

Bless-ed be the Lord! there is mer-cy for all! Mer-cy for all!

Mer-cy for all! Bless-ed be the Lord! there is mer-cy for all!

## No. 83.

## Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliot.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

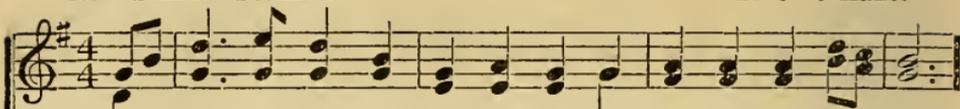
1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;  
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,  
4. Just as I am! poor, wretch-ed, blind. Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,  
5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

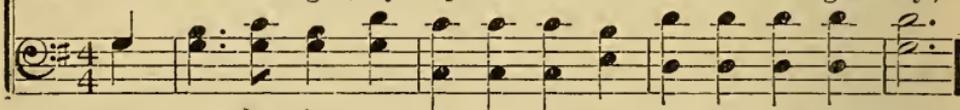
# No. 84. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennet.

T. C. O'Kane.



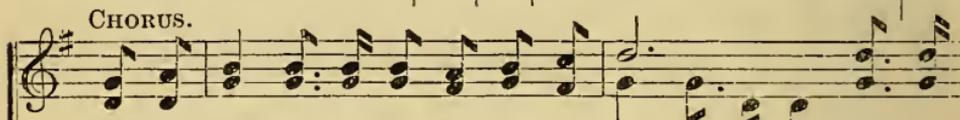
1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no lon-ger stay;



To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.  
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?  
Though Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.



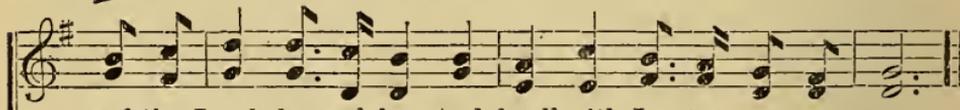
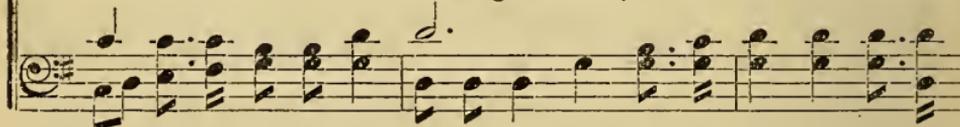
## CHORUS.



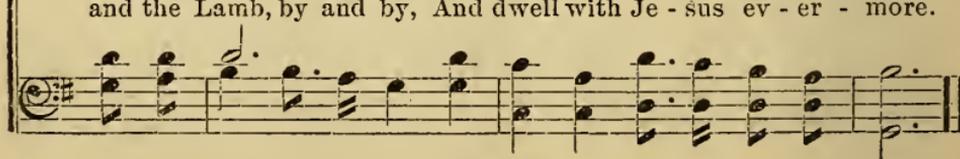
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-  
by and by,



cross on the ev-er-green shore; . . . Sing the song of Mo-ses  
ev-er green shore;



and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.



# No. 85. The Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the Ev-er-  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev-er-  
 3. What have I to do, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev-er-

last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last-ing Arms? I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

## CHORUS.

Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms. Lean - ing,  
 Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms.  
 Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms. Lean-ing on Je-sus,

lean - - ing. Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;  
 lean-ing on Je-sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!  
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

# No. 86.

# Come and be Saved.

Mrs. S. M. Harrington.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Come to Me, oh, wea-ry, heav-y la - den, With thy load of
2. Come to Me, all ye op-prest by sor-row, 'Neath the brand of
3. Come to Me, I'll bear thy ills and cross-es, Calm thy grief with-

sin op-prest; Come to Me, all ye whose hopes are fad - ing,  
 sin and shame. Come to Me and find a bright-er mor - row;  
 in thy breast; Come to Me with all thy heav-y loss - es,

### CHORUS.

Come, and I will give you rest. Come, oh, come, sin-ner, come, . . .  
 Own and trust in Je-sus' name.  
 Come, and I will give thee rest.

sin-ner, come;

Come now to Je - sus and be saved! List to His voice!  
 be saved!

*rit.*

Hear and re-joice; Oh, come and be saved! . . .  
 be saved!

No. 87.

At the Cross I'll Abide.

"And many women were there." Matt. xxvii: 55.

I. B.

Rev. I. Baltzell.

1. O Je - sus, Sav-iour, I long to rest Near the cross where Thou hast died ;  
 2. My dy - ing Je - sus, my Saviour, God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,  
 3. O Je - sus, Saviour, now make me Thine, Nev-er let me stray from Thee ;  
 4. The cleansing pow'r of Thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re - move ;

For there is hope for the ach-ing breast, At the cross I will a - bide.  
 Now wash me, cleanse me with Thine own blood, Ev - er keep me pure and clean.  
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.  
 Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a -  
 At the cross I'll a-bide, At the cross

bide, At the cross I'll a - bide, There His  
 I'll a - bide,

blood is ap-plied; At the cross I am sanc - ti - fied.

From "Gates of Praise." By permission.

Rev. W. P. Rivers.

R. M. McIntosh. By per.

1. Oh, the gos - pel sto - ry tell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the  
 2. Let us plead the ho - ly name Of the cross! (of the cross!) And the  
 3. Oh, the song shall never cease Of the cross! (of the cross!) Of the

e - cho rise and swell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Sing the  
 Sav - iour's pain and shame Of the cross! (of the cross!) For His  
 mer - cy, grace and peace, Of the cross! (of the cross!) For its

Saviour's grief and woe, How His blood did free - ly flow, Till the  
 name must be our plea, For sal - va - tion full and free, And in  
 glo - ry gilds the way, And it hath im - mor - tal ray, And we'll

CHORUS.

children all shall know Of the cross! Of the cross, . . . of the  
 death our hope must be Of the cross!  
 sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross! Of the cross on which the

cross! . . . . Sing the Sav - iour's grief and woe, How His  
 bless - ed Sav - iour died,

## Story of the Cross. Concluded.

blood did free-ly flow, Till the chil-dren all shall know Of the cross!

### No. 89. A Sinner Like Me.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i: 15.

C. J. B.

C. J. Butler. By per.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as  
 2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a  
 3. And then, in that dark, lone - ly hour, . . . A

vile as a sin-ner could be; . . . I won-der'd if  
 ray . . . of light could I see; . . . And the tho't fill'd my  
 voice sweetly whis-per'd to me, . . . Say-ing, Christ, the Re -

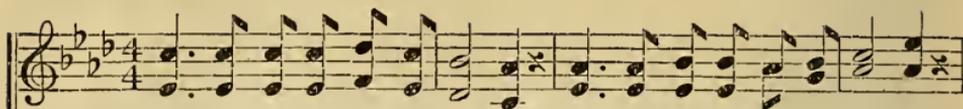
Christ the Re - deem-er, Could save a poor sin-ner like me.  
 heart with sad - ness, There's no help for a sin-ner like me.  
 deem-er, has pow - er To save a poor sin-ner like me.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4 I listened : and lo ! 't was the Saviour<br/>         That was speaking so kindly to me ;<br/>         I cried, " I'm the chief of sinners,<br/>         Oh, save a poor sinner like me ! "</p> | <p>6 No longer in darkness I'm walking<br/>         For the light is now shining on me,<br/>         And now unto others I'm telling,<br/>         How He saved a poor sinner like me.</p> |
| <p>5 I then fully trusted in Jesus ;<br/>         And oh, what a joy came to me !<br/>         My heart was filled with His praises,<br/>         For saving a sinner like me.</p>                   | <p>7 And when life's journey is over,<br/>         And I the dear Saviour shall see,<br/>         I'll praise Him for ever and ever.<br/>         For saving a sinner like me.</p>         |

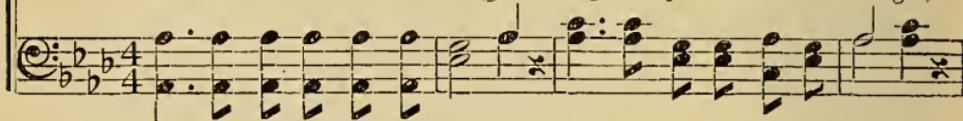
# No. 90. Sheltered in the Rock of Ages.

Ernest Geo. Wesley.

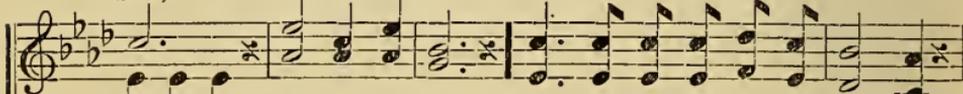
Wm. Beery. By per.



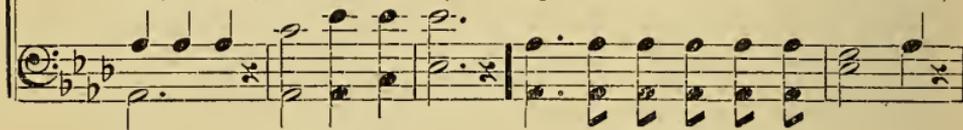
1. Sheltered in the "Rock of A-ges," Safe when storm and tem-pest ra-ges,
2. Sheltered in the "Rock of A-ges," Safe when sin its death-strife wages,
3. Sheltered in the "Rock of A-ges," Deep "His peace" which fear assuages,



Safe,



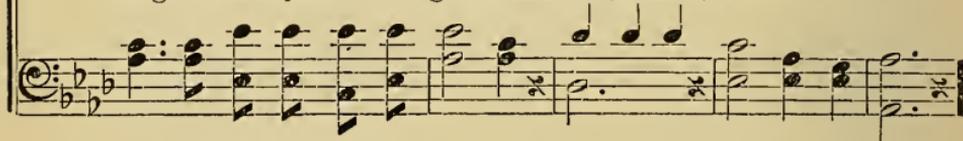
Safe, so safe, so safe am I; Strongest wave can harm me nev-er,  
 Safe, so safe, so safe am I; Swiftest shaft falls harmless, shattered,  
 Safe, so safe, so safe am I; Kept secure from sorrow's sad-ness,



Safe,



Here my soul shall rest for-ev-er, Safe, so safe, so safe am I.  
 Fierc-est foeman's forces scattered, Safe, so safe, so safe am I.  
 Changeth heart-pain in-to glad-ness, Safe, so safe, so safe am I.

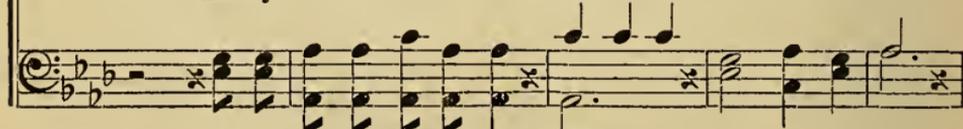


CHORUS.

Safe,



Safe-ly sheltered in the Rock, Safe, so safe, so safe am I;  
 Safe-ly



# Sheltered in the Rock of Ages. Concluded.

Safe,

Safe-ly sheltered in the Rock, Safe, so safe, so safe am I.

Safe-ly

## No. 91. There is a Fountain.

William Cowper.

Western Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no- bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

FINE.

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains.  
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God Are saved to sin no more.  
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be, till I die.  
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

*D.S.* And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains.

*D.S.*

Lose all their guil-ty stains, Lose all their guil-ty stains;

# No. 92. Fear Not to Trust Me in the Storm.

"It is I; be not afraid." Matt. xiv: 27.

Rev. J. W. Howe.

J. H. Ruebush.

1. Fear not to trust Me in the storm, I'm al - ways ver - y  
 2. I may not al - ways seem so near As thou wouldst have Me  
 3. Fear not to trust My mighty arm; It bro't sal - va - tion

near. I come thy needless fears to calm, Then, weary ones, don't fear.  
 be; But in the calm and in the storm, I all thy dangers see.  
 down. I suf-fered much to give thee life, To give to thee a crown.

CHORUS.

Fear not, . . . I am with thee, Fear not, . . . I am with thee, Fear

Fear not, I am with thee, am with thee all way, Fear not, I am with thee, am with thee all way, Fear

not, . . . I am with thee, . . . am with thee all the way.

not, I am with thee, am with thee all way,

- 4 I'm always near thee in the storm, 6 And when the storm of life is past,  
 To raise thy sinking feet, And you have faithful been,  
 If only thou wilt trust My word, I'll take you to that blest abode  
 And My commandments keep. That's not defiled with sin.
- 5 Fear not, the storm will soon be 7 There no more storms shall cause  
 o'er, the fear;  
 The victory soon be won; The river will be crossed;  
 Then lean upon My mighty arm, Then thou shalt rest within the gates,  
 And sing, I'm going home. With all the heavenly host.

Copyright, 1894, by J. H. Ruebush.

# No. 93. I am with Thee Every Hour.

Arr. from a "Jubilee Song," by J. H. Tenney.

1. I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, O ran - somed one, For too  
 I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, trust thou in Me, For my  
 2. I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, I know thy care, I will  
 I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, My strength is thine, Thou the  
 3. I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, Till life's work done, I shall  
 I am with thee ev - 'ry hour, And heav - en waits, To throw

## CHORUS.

long the way, and dark, for thee a - lone. } I am with thee, yes, I'm  
 love un - chang - a - ble is pledged to thee. }  
 cheer thy trou - bled heart, thy bur - dens bear. }  
 ten - der branch, and I the liv - ing vine. }  
 bear thee hence to stand be - fore the throne. }  
 o - pen wide for thee its pearl - y gates. }

with thee, with thee, Ev - 'ry hour I'm with thee, with thee; Thou art mine, for

thee my life I gave! . . . I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, with thee,

Ev - 'ry hour I'm with thee, with thee, With my love I'll guard and guide and save!

"And there shall be no night there." Rev. xxii: 5.

E. R. Latta.

J. H. Fillmore.

1. Where life's crys-tal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom,  
 2. There the good a - gain shall meet, Who have clasped the part-ing hand;  
 3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor-row more,

Where no chill-ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet-ly bloom;  
 Fa-thers, mothers, chil-dren dear, A-round the throne shall stand;  
 Where no sick-ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r,

Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloudless skies,  
 There no tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise,  
 Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes;

*D. S.* 'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be - yond the skies,

FINE.

There, as end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.  
 And in that e - ter - nal home Shall be no more good-byes.  
 All the good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good-byes.

*When the end-less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes.*

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

## No More Good-Byes. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 2/4 time signature. It contains the lyrics: "No more good-byes, . . . . No more good-byes, . . . . O". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "No more good-byes, . . . . No more good-byes, . . . . O bless - ed thought! . . . . No more good - byes, . . . . O bless - ed thought!". The piano accompaniment continues below. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the marking "D S." (Da Capo).

No more good-byes, . . . . No more good-byes, . . . . O  
 No more good-byes, . . . . No more good-byes, . . . . O  
 bless - ed thought! . . . . No more good - byes, . . . .  
 O bless - ed thought!

## No. 95. I Do Believe.

Isaac Watts.

The musical score is for a hymn in 3/2 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line contains three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'-reign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?  
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

CHO. *I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me;*

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz-ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be-yond de - gree!  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way, 'T is all that I can do.

*And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.*

# No. 96. The Message of the Angels.

Laura E. Newell.

J. H. Hall.



1. "Glo-ry in the highest,"hear the grand re-frain, Glo-ry, glo-ry, peace on
2. On the plains of Ju - da, shepherds watch their sheep, And a si - lent vi - gil,
3. Star-tled at the ca - den - ces, ce - lestial, grand, Now they hear the mes - sage,
4. Lo! we bring you ti - dings of great joy and peace, Now shall reign a Sav - iour,



earth, good-will to men; "Glo-ry in the high-est," rang o'er Bethlehem's plain;  
 did the long night keep, When a star blazed brightly in the a - zure sky,  
 that they un - derstand, "Un - to you, in Beth - le - hem, is born, this day,  
 and all strivings cease, Prais'd they, softly sing - ing, ere they took their flight,



## CHORUS.

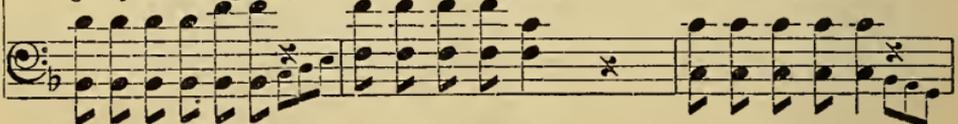


Then the an-gels' message rang a-gain, a-gain. Glo - - ry in the  
 While a burst of mu - sic, from the choirs on high.  
 Christ, the world's Redeem-er; go, your homage pay."

"Glo-ry in the High-est! Hail the King of Light." Glo-ry in the highest,



high - est, hear . . . the angels' song,  
 glo-ry in the highest, hear the angels' song, hear the angels' song,



By permission.

# The Message of the Angels. Concluded.

Glo - ry in the high - est, send . . . the word a-  
 Glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry in the highest, send the word along,

long,  
 send the word a-long, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - ry, Christ the Lord is come!

Earth re - joice, a Sav - iour came this ra - diant morn.

## No. 97.

## Gates.

*Moderato.*

T. J. Griggs.

1. Dear Fa-ther! to Thy mer - cy seat, My soul for shel-ter flies :
2. My cheerful hope can nev - er die, If Thou, my God, art near;
3. Oh! nev - er let my soul re-move From this di-vine re-treat;

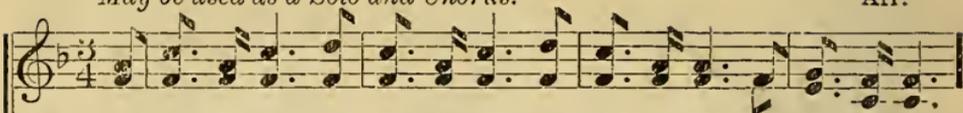
'T is here I find a safe retreat, When storms and tempests rise.  
 Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.  
 Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be-neath Thy feet.

## No. 98.

## The Road to Heaven.

*May be used as a Solo and Chorus.*

Arr.



1. The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails were laid ;
2. Re-pen-tance is the station, then, Where pas-sengers are ta - ken in ;
3. The Bi - ble is the en - gineer, It points the way to heav'n so clear ;
4. God's love the fire, His truth the steam Which drives the en-gine and the train ;
5. Come, then, poor sinner, now 's the time, At an - y sta-tion on the line ;
6. And then to glo - ry we will go, With all on board as white as snow.



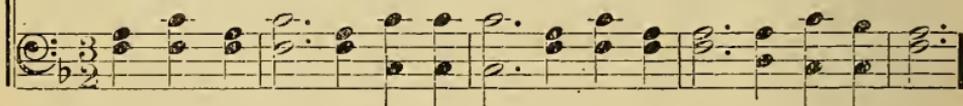
From earth to heav'n the line extends To life e - ter - nal where it ends.  
 No fee for them is there to pay, For Je - sus is Him-self the way.  
 Thro' tunnels dark and drear-y here, It does the way to glo - ry steer.  
 All you who would to glo - ry ride, Must come to Christ, in Him a-bide.  
 If you re-pent and turn from sin, The train will stop and take you in.  
 So ring the bell and start the train, And run it thro' in Je - sus' name.



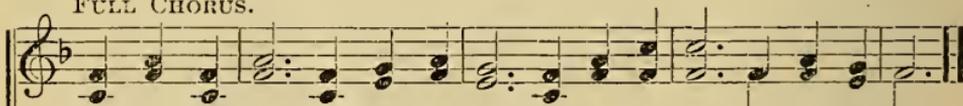
## QUARTET.



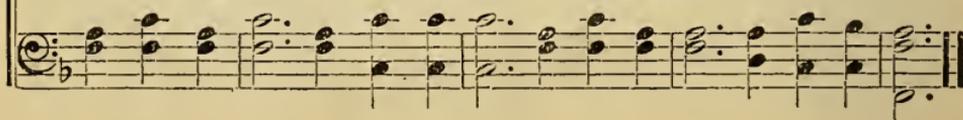
All get a-board the Gospel train, We 'll run it thro' in Je - sus' name.



## FULL CHORUS.



We're go - ing home, We're go - ing home, We're go - ing home To die no more.



## No. 99.

## The City of Light.

A. S. K.

A. S. Kieffer.

1. { There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a  
And the gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold, And the building ex-  
2. { Brother dear, nev-er fear,—we shall triumph at last, If we trust in the  
When our tri - als and toils, and our weepings are past, We shall meet in that

## CHORUS.

sor - row or care ; } Let us pray for each oth - er, nor faint by the way,  
ceed - ing - ly fair. }  
word He has giv'n ; }  
home up in heav'n. }

In this sad world of sor - row and care, For that home is so

bright, and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

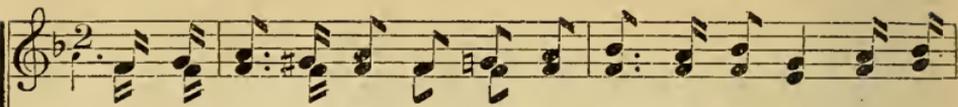
3 Sister dear, never fear,—for the Saviour is near,  
With His hand He will lead you along ;  
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,  
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine ;  
Let us ever keep near to the cross ;  
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here ;  
Let us count all things else but as loss.

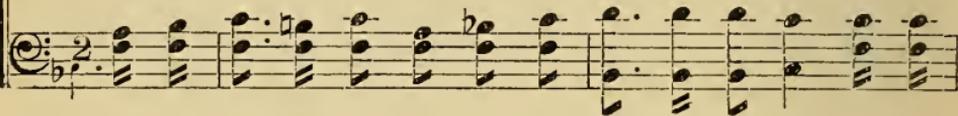
# No. 100. At the Saviour's Right Hand.

E. R. Latta.

Geo. B. Holsinger. By per.



1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the  
 2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will  
 3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty, now, On the  
 4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will



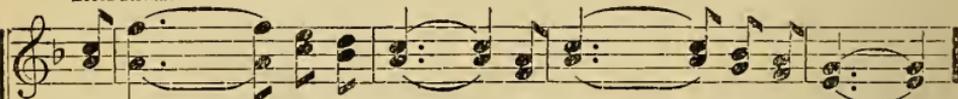
chaff from the wheat shall be thor - ough - ly fanned, Then the right - eous shall shine as the  
 nev - er live up to the Master's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -  
 bank of death's Jordan we someti mes shall stand ; Shall we fear to pass o - ver the  
 lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land ; And with crowns on our brows, and with



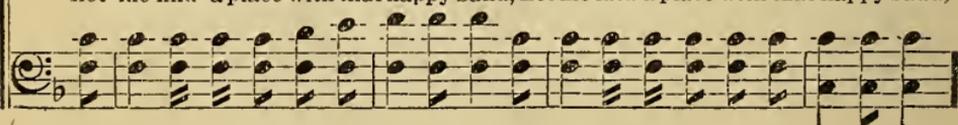
stars in the sky, And their pla - ces shall be at the Sav - iour's right hand.  
 wor - thy to be With the chil - dren of God at the Sav - iour's right hand.  
 dark roll - ing flood, Lest our por - tion be not at the Sav - iour's right hand?  
 branches of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Sav - iour's right hand.



## REFRAIN.



Let me . . . find a place with that . . . hap - py band,  
 Let me find a place with that happy band, Let me find a place with that happy band,



# At the Saviour's Right Hand. Concluded.

Who shall ev - - er a - bide, . . . A-bide at the Saviour's right hand.  
 Who shall ev-er a-bide at the Saviour's right hand, right hand.

## No. 101. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. Mund.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright, or dark with woe,

FINE.

One thought re-mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!  
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!  
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!

*D.S.—What need I fear when Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.*

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me,  
 of me, of me,

Copyright, 1885, by E. S. Lorenz.

# No. 102. What shall it Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson.

W. A. Ogden. By per.

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er,      Hous-es and a - cres so  
 2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er,      Friend-ships to share and to  
 3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er,      Earth-ly am - bi-tion and

broad, No ti - tle to man-sions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, And  
 make, And know not the friend-ships of Je - sus, the Sav - iour, Of  
 fame, If Christ in the life-book of glo - ry e - ter - nal, Had

REFRAIN.

none to the cit - y of God?      What shall it prof - it thee  
 Je - sus who died for thy sake?  
 nev - er re - cord - ed thy name?

then; . . . Tho' the whole world be thine own, . . . When the death

prof-it thee then;

The whole world be thine own,

*rit.*

an - gel has called for thy spir - it, And mer - cy for - ev - er has flown?

## No. 103.

## Come unto Me.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi: 28.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Dr. A. B. Everett.



1. Hark! the gentle voice of Je - sus fall-eth Ten - der - ly up - on your ear ;
2. Take His yoke ; for He is meek and low - ly, Bear His burden, of Him learn.
3. Then, His loving, tender voice o - bey - ing, Bear His yoke, His burden take.



Sweet His cry of love and pit - y call-eth ; Turn and lis - ten, stay and hear.  
He who call-eth is the Master, ho - ly ; He will teach, if you will learn.  
Find the yoke His hand is on you lay - ing Light and ea - sy for His sake.



CHORUS.



Ye that la - bor and are heavy - la - den, Lean up - on your dear Lord's breast.



Ye that la - bor and are heavy - lad - en, Come, and I will give you rest.



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# No. 104. The Kingdom Coming.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh. By per.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heathen ra - ces, Oh,  
 2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er arm - ies ad - vanc - ing To  
 3. With shout - ing, and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shadows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -  
 con - quer the king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His  
 arms of re - bel - lion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

wakes ev - 'ry na - tion. Come o - ver and help us, they cry.  
 pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.  
 Lord of sal - va - tion, Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

## CHORUS.

The king - dom is com - ing, Oh, tell ye the sto - ry; God's

ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of His

By per. R. M. McIntosh, owner of copyright.

# The Kingdom Coming. Concluded.

knowl-edge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!

## No. 105. Out of Christ.

F. M. D.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Out of Christ, without a Sav-iour, Oh! can it, can it be;  
 2. Out of Christ, without a Sav-iour, Lone-ly and dark the way;  
 3. Out of Christ, without a Sav-iour, No help nor ref-uge nigh;

Like a ship with-out a rud-der, On a wild and storm-y sea!  
 With no light, no hope in Je - sus, Making bright the cheerless day.  
 How can you, my friend and brother, Dare to live or dare to die?

### CHORUS.

Oh! to be with-out a Sav-iour, With no hope nor ref-uge nigh;

Can it be, O bless-ed Sav-iour, One without Thee dares to die?

By permission.

set in D.

*By permission of Sam & Ann Clark*

# No. 106. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day coming, There's a great day  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day coming, There's a bright day  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day coming, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
 com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to  
 com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

## CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

Judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the Judgment day?

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# No. 107. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Other refuge have I none,<br/>                 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;<br/>                 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,<br/>                 Still support and comfort me.<br/>                 All my trust on Thee is stayed,<br/>                 All my help from Thee I bring;<br/>                 Cover my defenseless head<br/>                 With the shadow of Thy wing.</p> | <p>3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;<br/>                 More than all in Thee I find;<br/>                 Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!<br/>                 Heal the sick! and lead the blind!<br/>                 Just and holy is Thy name,<br/>                 I am all unrighteousness;<br/>                 Vile and full of sin I am,<br/>                 Thou art full of truth and grace.</p> |
|--|---|

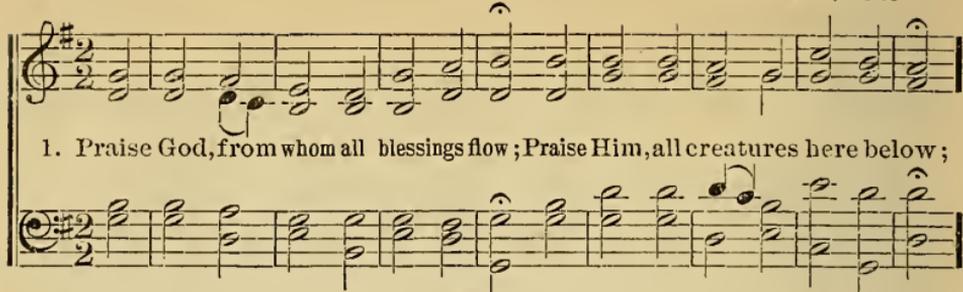
# No. 108. Mount Vernon.

S. F. Smith.

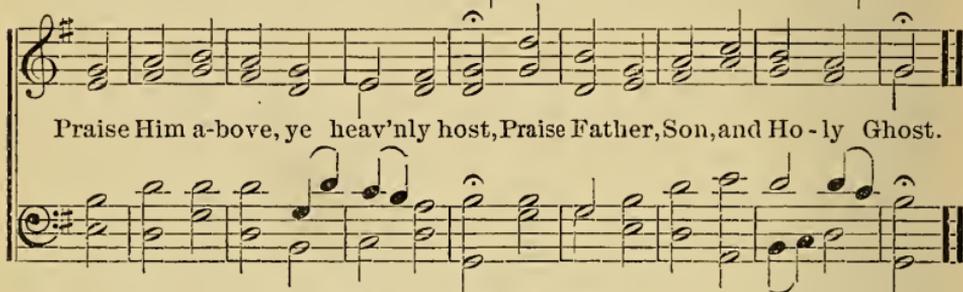
Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the summer breeze.  
 2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumbers, Peace - ful in the grave so low,  
 3. Dear - est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep - ly feel;  
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;

Pleas - ant as the air of ev - 'ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.  
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know.  
 But 't is God that hath be - rept us; He can all our sor - rows heal.  
 Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.



1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;



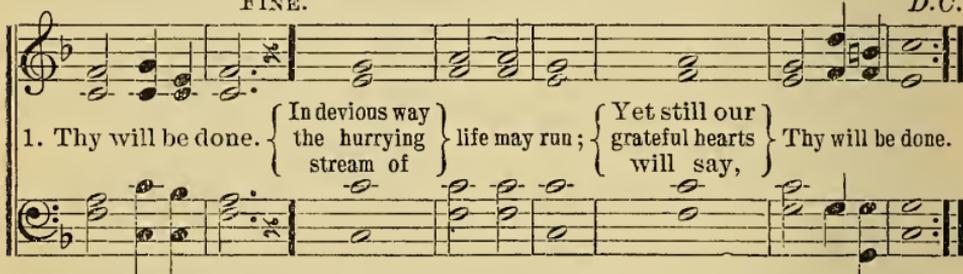
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

No. 110.

“Thy Will be Done.”

FINE.

D.C.



1. Thy will be done. 

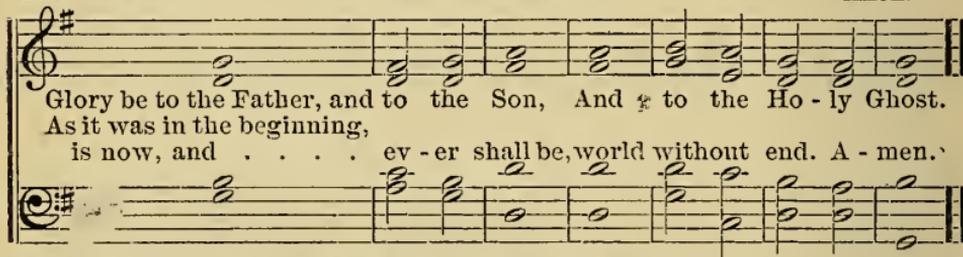
{	In devious way the hurrying stream of	}	life may run;	{	Yet still our grateful hearts will say,	}	Thy will be done.
---	---	---	---------------	---	---	---	-------------------

2 Thy will be | done. || If o'er us shine 3 Thy will be | done. || Tho' shrouded  
A gladdening and a | prosperous | o'er  
sun, || Our | path with | gloom, | one  
This prayer will make it more di- comfort, one, ||  
vine, || Is ours to breathe, while we adore, ||  
Thy will be | done. Thy will be | done.

No. 111.

Gloria Patri.

Anon.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost.  
As it was in the beginning,  
is now, and . . . ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men.

No. 112.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name: || Thy kingdom  
come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;  
2 Give us this day our | daily | bread: || and forgive us our trespasses, as we  
forgive | those who | tres-pass a- | gainst us.  
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- liver | us from | evil; || for Thine is the  
kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

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