

The  
GOSPEL  
CHORUS  
by

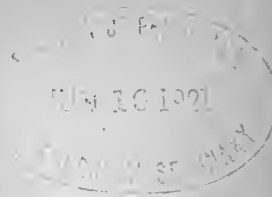
The title is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic style. The word 'The' is at the top in a simple serif font. Below it, 'GOSPEL' and 'CHORUS' are written in all caps on a ribbon that flows across the page. The ribbon is bordered with a dashed line and has a three-dimensional effect. The letters 'G' and 'C' are particularly large and ornate, with elaborate flourishes extending from them. The entire title is surrounded by intricate line drawings of leaves and stems, possibly representing wheat or olive branches, which are intertwined with the ribbon and the letters.

*James M. Black*



# The Gospel Chorus

FOR USE IN



## Prayer Meetings Young People's Societies and Revivals

Edited by J. M. Black

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"Let all the people sing"

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EATON & MAINS  
New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Detroit, San Francisco  
JENNINGS & PYE  
Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City

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THE PUBLISHERS

## PREFACE

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It is the earnest wish of the Editor and of the Publishers of "The Gospel Chorus" that a multitude of souls may be brought into the kingdom of God through the singing of its beautiful songs.

THE PUBLISHERS.

# The Gospel Chorus

## No. 1. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. *With feeling.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home ;  
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home ;  
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home ;  
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home ;  
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home ;  
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home ;

*S:*  
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.  
Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

*D.S.*—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

*CHORUS.*  
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam ;

*D.S.*

# Come, Oh, Come to Me.

LIE AKERS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Wea - ry bur - dened wand' rer, There is rest for thee, At the feet of  
 2. Bring Him all thy bur - dens, All thy guilt and sin, Mer - cy's door is  
 3. Lin - ger then no lon - ger, Come just now to Him; Ere the shad - ows  
 4. He will bid thee wel - come, At the bless - ed cross, Turn to joy thy

Je - sus, — In His love so free, Lis - ten to His mes - sage; — Words for -  
 o - pen, Rise and en - ter in. Je - sus there is wait - ing Pa - tient -  
 gath - er, And thy light grows dim. Thou hast long been wait - ing For some  
 mourn - ing, Turn to gold thy dross. He will lead thee gen - tly, All a -

ev - er blest, Oh, th u heav - y - la - den, "Come to me and rest."  
 ly for thee, Hear Him gen - tly call - ing, "Come, oh, come to me."  
 bet - ter time, But to - day He's call - ing, Come and claim Him thine.  
 long the way, In the path that shin - eth, Un - to per - fect day.

## CHORUS.

"Come,..... oh, come to me,"  
 "Come, oh, come to me," "Come, oh, come to me,"

"Come,..... oh, come to me,"  
 "Come, oh, come to me poor sin - ner, Come, oh, come to me,"

# Come, Oh, Come to Me.—Concluded.

*Rit.*.....

Je - sus now is waiting, calling, "Come, oh, come to me."  
 Jesus now is waiting, "come to me."

## No. 3. Jesus is Near to Deliver.

Words arr. by W. C. MARTIN.

W. E. MARKS.

1. Nev-er a sorrow becloudeth my sky, But Jesus is near to de-liv-er.
2. Nev-er a night is so dark or so wild, But Jesus is near to de-liv-er.
3. Why should my spirit be burden'd with fear, Since Jesus is near to de-liv-er?
4. When I shall enter the val-ley I'll know That Jesus is near to de-liv-er.

Nev-er a per-il but God hears my cry, And Jesus is near to de-liv-er.  
 Never shall harm reach His blood-redeem'd child, Since Jesus is near to de-liv-er.  
 Why should the pathway seem lonely or drear When Jesus is near to de-liv-er?  
 Jordan's dark waters shall not overflow, For Jesus is near to de-liv-er.

### CHORUS.

Je - - sus is near me wher - ev - er I go;.....  
 Jesus is near me wherev-er I go, Jesus is near me wher-ev-er I go;

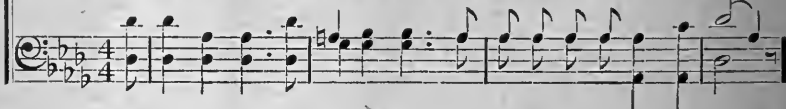
When I am tempted and tried by the foe, Je-sus is near to de-liv-er.

ADA BLENKHORN.

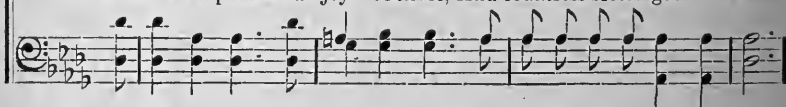
J. M. BLACK.



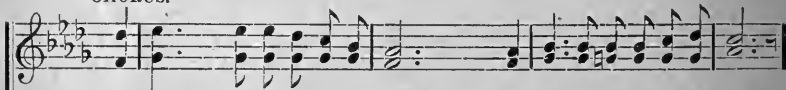
1. My Saviour's voice is sweet to me, I love to hear it more and more;
2. To Him when'er I, grieving, go, And tell the troubles of the day,
3. When at the throne in prayer I kneel, And seek to find from sin re - lease,
4. New pow'r and life His words impart, And cleanse from ev'ry stain of sin;
5. Oh, lis - ten to that Voice divine, And yield to His persuasive love;



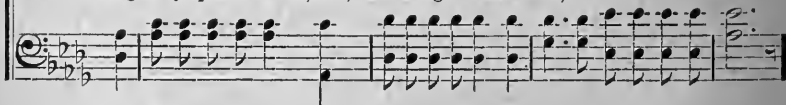
He speaketh, low and ten - der - ly, Sweet words of comfort o'er and o'er.  
 He speaks in ac - cents soft and low, And all my tears are wiped a-way.  
 What joy unspeak - a - ble I feel When Jesus whispers "Go in peace."  
 They fill with light' the darkened heart That lets the Ho - ly Spir - it in.  
 So shall His peace and joy be thine, And countless blessings from above.



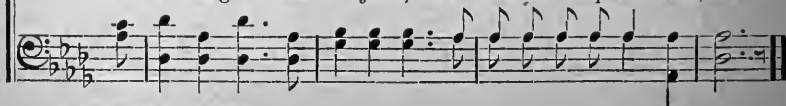
## CHORUS.



He speaks, and, list'ning to His voice, Sweet peace doth all my spirit fill;  
 He gently speaks to me, and, list'ning to His voice,



And in His good - ness I rejoice, When He doth whisper "Peace, be still."





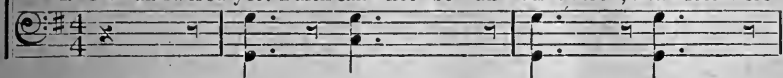
# No. 5.

# Sometime, Somewhere.

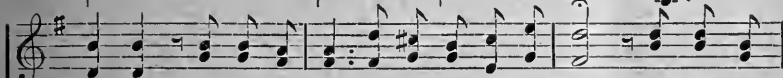
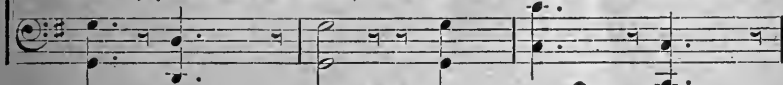
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



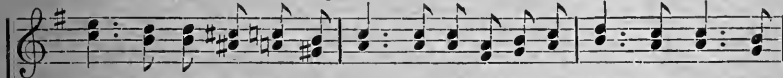
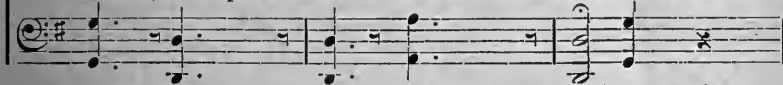
1. Un - an - swer - ed yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In ag - o -
2. Un - an - swer - ed yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe -
3. Un - an - swer - ed yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Per - haps your
4. Un - an - swer - ed yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swer - ed; Her feet were



ny of heart these many years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de -  
ti - tion at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of  
part is not yet wholly done; The work be - gan when first your pray'r was  
firm - ly planted on the Rock; A - mid the wild - est storms she stands un -



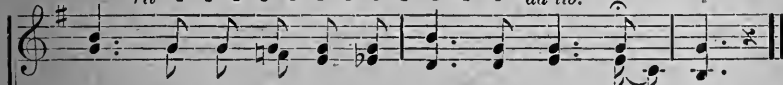
part - ing, And think you all in vain those falling tears? Say not the  
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have  
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will  
daunted, Nor quails be - fore the loud - est thunder shock. She knows Om



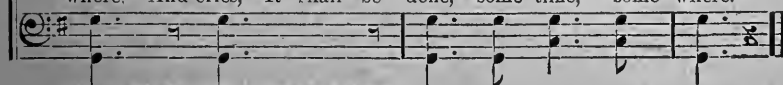
Father hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire sometime, some -  
passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will answer you sometime, some -  
keep the in - cense burning there, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, some -  
nip - otence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some -



*rit* - - - - - *ad lib.*



where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some - where.  
where, The Lord will an - swer you some - time, some - where.  
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some - where.  
where, And cries, "It shall be done," some - time, some - where.



# No. 6. Jesus, Shepherd of my Soul.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

W. E. MARKS.

1. Like a ten - der shepherd Je - sus lead - eth me Where the pas - ture
2. Tho' I left His kind - ly fold and went a - stray, He with boundless
3. Nev - er shall I stray a - gain from His dear side, Nev - er shun to
4. To the wea - ry Christ hath spoken, "Come to me," When the trou - bled

greenest grows up - on the lea, Nev - er was an - oth - er friend so true as He;  
mer - cy sought me day by day, — Sought me, found me, led me back into the way,  
go wherev - er He may guide, Nev - er doubt His kindly care whate' er be - tide.  
heart is broken, "Come to me," Thou art helpless by this token, "Come to me,"

## CHORUS.

Je - sus, Shepherd of my soul. } He's the Shep - - - - herd of my
Je - sus, Shepherd of my soul. } He's the Shepherd, He's the
Je - sus, Shepherd of my soul. } He's the Shepherd, He's the
He's the Shepherd of my soul. } He's the Shepherd, He's the

soul. . . . . Peaceful are my days with Him to guard and guide, He's the  
Shepherd of my soul,

*rit.*.....

Shep - - - herd of my soul                      Tender Shepherd of my soul.  
He's the Shepherd, He's the Shepherd of my soul,

# No. 7. The Lord Answers Prayer.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the soul is oppressed by the heat of the day, And the  
2. When the sun-shine of glad-ness is flood-ing the soul, When the  
3. When the temp-est is wild-est and storm-winds are high, When the

clouds of con-tention hang o-ver the way; When we faint 'neath the  
waves of temp-ta-tion like sea-bil-lows roll; When the pathway is  
wa-ters are calm as the stars in the sky; When our breaking hearts

bur-den He has called us to bear, There is joy in be-liev-ing the  
lost in the tu-mult of care, There is joy in be-liev-ing the  
cry from the depths of de-spair, There is joy in be-liev-ing the

## REFRAIN.

Lord answers pray'r. The Lord answers pray'r, yes, the Lord answers

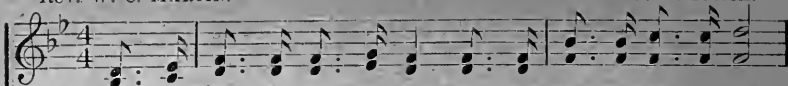
pray'r; There is joy in be-liev-ing the Lord an-swers pray'r.

# No. 8.

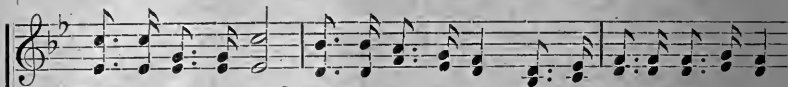
# Fully Satisfied.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

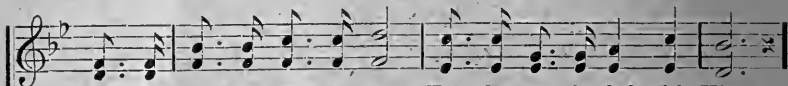
J. M. BLACK.



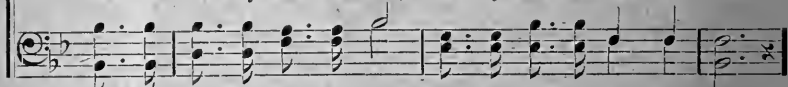
1. I am ful - ly sat - is - fied with my Sav - iour ev - 'ry day;
2. Once I sought for earth - ly joys, but they nev - er sat - is - fied;
3. All the long - ings of my heart are in Him a - lone supplied;



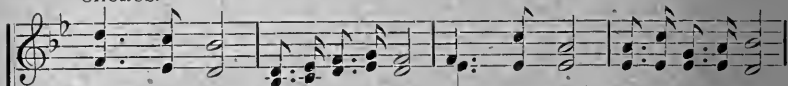
Ful - ly sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied; He provides my ev - 'ry need.  
 Ful - ly sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied, But I find my joy complete  
 Ful - ly now supplied, ful - ly now supplied; And my soul is now at peace,



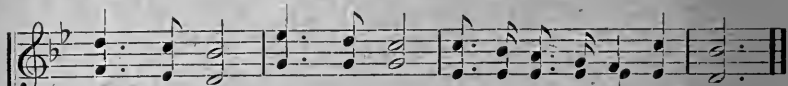
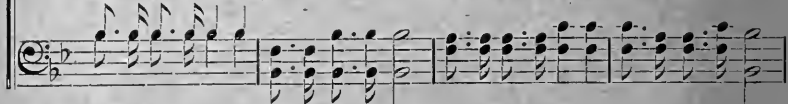
and He keeps me all the way; Ful - ly sat - is - fied with Him.  
 in the Lamb who bled and died; Ful - ly sat - is - fied with Him.  
 and is ful - ly sat - is - fied, Ful - ly sat - is - fied with Him.



## CHORUS.



Sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied, Sat - is - fied, ful - ly sat - is - fied,  
 Satisfied with Jesus, Satisfied with Jesus,



Ev - 'ry day, all the way, Ful - ly sat - is - fied with Him.  
 Satisfied with Jesus all along the way,



## No. 9.

## The Cross.

Dr. BONAR.

J. R. DUNHAM.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-  
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its  
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our

fy-ing ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! The winds of  
 triumphs let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! The grace of  
 sins on Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! So 'round the

hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown, Yet 'tis not over-thrown,  
 God here shown, Thro' Christ, the blessed Son, Who did for sin a-tone,  
 cross we sing Of Christ, our of-fer-ing,—Of Christ, our living King,

## CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It ne'er shall suffer

loss, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

1. In - to His image to grow Ev - er my purpose shall be,  
 2. In - to His image to grow, Ev - er re - sembling Him more,  
 3. In - to His image to grow, Out of the likeness of sin;

Who from the courts of the sky Came as a ran - som for me:  
 As in His foot - steps I tread; Seek - ing the heav - en - ly shore:  
 Trusting, thro' mer - its of His, Glo - ry 'e - ter - nal to win:

Like as a servant He came, Bear - ing my guilt and my shame;  
 Yea, I will earn - est - ly plead, Plead to be like Him in - deed,  
 Per - fect in faith and in love, Meet for His king - dom a - bove:

Bear - ing my bur - den of woe; Lov - ing and suf - fer - ing so!  
 Who, up - on Cal - va - ry's tree, Purchased sal - va - tion for me.  
 This the dear wish of my soul, Now to be per - fect - ly whole.

REFRAIN.

Lov - ing and suf - fer - ing so, Lov - ing and suf - fer - ing so!  
 Loving, yes, loving Loving, yes, loving  
 Pur - chased sal - va - tion for me, Pur - chased sal - va - tion for me,  
 Purchased salvation, Purchased salvation,  
 Per - fect in faith and in love, Meet..... for His kingdom above;  
 Perfect, yea, perfect Meet for His kingdom,

# Into His Image. Concluded.

Bearing my burden of woe,..... Lov-ing and suf-fer-ing so.  
 Bear - - ing my burden of woe, suf-fering so.  
 Who, upon Cal-vary's tree,..... Purchased salvation for me.....  
 Who,..... up-on Calvary's tree, sal-va-tion for me.  
 This the dear wish of my soul,..... Now to be per-fect-ly whole.....  
 This..... the dear wish of my soul, perfectly whole.

## No. 11. No, Not One.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN.

Geo. C. HUGG.

*Slow, and with great feeling.*

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!  
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!  
 4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!  
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!  
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!  
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!  
 Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!  
 Will He re-fuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!

*D.S.*—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, no one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

# No. 12. Life, Light and Love in Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. BLACK

1. Life, light and love, the gifts of God so free, For Je - sus' sake He  
 2. Now with my Lord I walk the upward way, No night is there, but  
 3. How blest the hours spent at the mer - cy-seat, To learn the les - sons  
 4. Come now to Christ, your Saviour true and kind, Yield now to Him your

gives to you and me; And in His ho - ly, bless - ed Word I see  
 clear and per - fect day; There shines for me a bright and bless - ed ray, —  
 of His will so sweet, And find, while waiting hum - bly at His feet,  
 spir - it, soul and mind; Trusting His grace and mer - cy, you shall find

## CHORUS.

Life, light and love in Je - sus. Je - sus, Je - sus, sing the glad refrain,

Je - sus on - ly, glo - ry to His name! Let ev - 'ry heart with

rap - ture now pro-claim, Life, light and love in Je - sus.



# No. 13. Leaning on Jesus, Blessed Redeemer.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Leaning on Je-sus, blessed Redeemer; Casting on Him all the cares of the
2. Leaning on Je-sus, blessed Redeemer, Trusting in Him gladly onward I
3. Leaning on Je-sus, blessed Redeemer, Singing His love I will travel a-

day; Faithful - ly fol - lowing wher - ev - er He lead - eth, Glad is my  
 move; Sor - row is lost in the joy of His pres - ence, — E - ven the  
 long; In the dark val - ley of shadows I'll praise Him, Je - sus, my

## CHORUS.

heart, and bright is the way. }  
 night is bright with His love. } Leaning on Je - sus, lean - ing on  
 hope, my joy and my song. } Leaning on Je - sus,

Je - sus, Singing His praise..... the whole day long; He is my  
 lean - ing on Je - sus, Singing His praise .

ref - uge, my Lord and Redeemer, Je - sus, my hope, my joy and my song.

# No. 14.

# Jesus, Ever Nigh.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

Spanish Melody. Arr.

1. Still with my Sav-iour when the sun sinks in the west, Still in the  
 2. On - ly in Je - sus has my soul supreme de-light, Je - sus who  
 3. Dawn, happy morning, day of glad-ness and of rest, Bright day of

gloaming, lean - ing on His breast; And un - til the morn - ing  
 robes me in His gar - ments white; So un - til the day dawn  
 crowning, last of all and best; Rise, thou Sun of beau - ty,

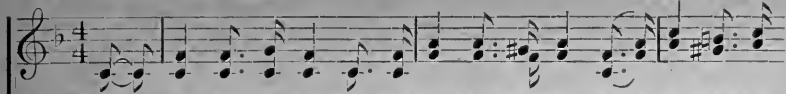
breaks e - ter - nal in the sky, Shall my pre - cious Sav - iour  
 I shall rest be - neath His wing, Then shall dwell for - ev - er  
 O re - veal Thy glo - ry now, Ev - 'ry tongue shall bless Thee,

*Slower.* CHORUS.  
 still be ev - er nigh. }  
 with my God and King. } Je - sus, my Sav - iour, stay for ev - er  
 ev - 'ry knee shall bow. }

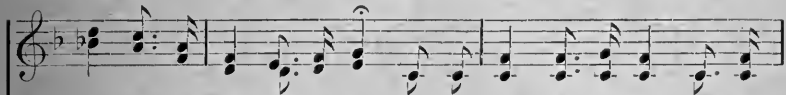
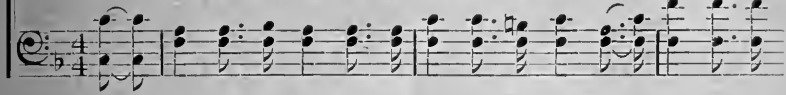
near my side; Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Safe in Thee I hide.

REV. RICHARD H. GILBERT.

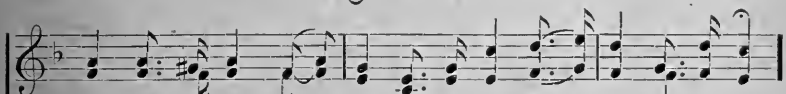
WM. J. KING.



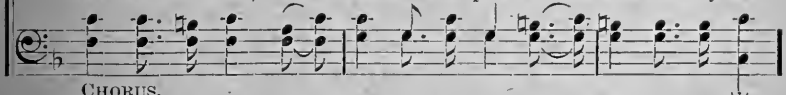
1. There's a glad, hap-py song that my heart loves to sing, Since Christ by His
2. This sweet song in my heart helps me, day aft-er day, In each tri-al and
3. That most bless-ed of books, the sweet, scripture of truth, The message most
4. Then on-ward with Je-sus, without doubt or fear, Re-joic-ing, con-



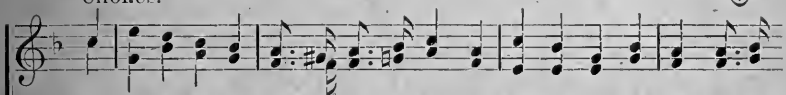
own pre-cious blood made me whole; It is nōt a mere fan-cy, but  
 sor-row the vic-t'ry to win; And I'll bless Him for mak-ing me  
 dear to my sad heart first brought; But no tongue can the sto-ry with  
 tent in His Spir-it's con-trol; And I'll tell o'er and o'er un-to



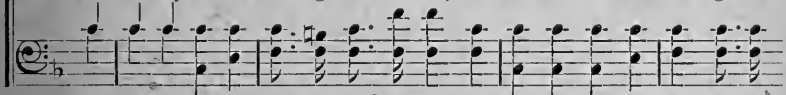
sweet, bless-ed fact, And 'tis this, that I know I've His love in my soul.  
 a-ble to say That His all-cleansing blood now saves me from sin.  
 full-ness set forth, Of the joy that His love in my spir-it has wrought.  
 all who will hear, The sweetness and pow'r of His love in my soul.



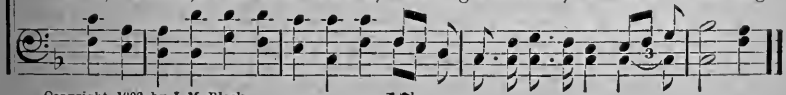
## CHORUS.



His love my soul is tell-ing o'er and o'er, And sinners 'round the tidings shall



hear; His love, for me so rich and free, He will give to thee, a fountain of blessing.



## No. 16.

## Lead Kindly.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. E. SPILMAN.

1. Lead kind-ly, dear Saviour, thro' life's wea-ry way, For-bid that I  
 2. Lead kind-ly, dear Saviour, for I can-not know Where dangers may  
 3. Lead kind-ly, dear Saviour, till, pil-grim no more, I sing the new

ev - er one mo-ment shall stray. Lead kind-ly, the road is so  
 lurk or where dark wa-ters flow. And leave me, Lord, nev - er a -  
 song on the glo - ri - fied shore. And then, with the an - gels, Thy

rough and so steep, I sure-ly shall per-ish if Thou do not keep.  
 lone with my fear To grope on un-guid-ed in dark-ness so drear.  
 face I shall see And fill high - est heav - en with prais-es for Thee.

## CHORUS.

Lead kind-ly, dear Sav-iour, thro' this des - ert land; Hold me by Thy

might - y and un - err - ing hand, And when to the val - ley at

# Lead Kindly. Concluded.

last I shall come, Still lead me, dear Sav-iour, to heav-en my home.

## No. 17. Beautiful Eden Bells.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Beauti-ful bells of E-den fair, Chim-ing at eve on the calm, still air,  
 2. Beauti-ful bells of E-den bright, Murmuring on thro' the hush of night,  
 3. Beauti-ful bells of E-den chime, Softly they breathe in their tones sublime;

Lifting the soul with its toil oppress'd, Into the vales of the pure and bless'd.  
 Telling my soul of the friends I love, Gather'd and safe in their homes above.  
 Ech-o of joy from a white-robed throng, Praising the Lord in a world of song.

CHORUS.

Sweet, beauti-ful bells;..... That oft in a dream I hear.....  
 so dear; in a dream I hear,

Welcome the message they bring to me, O-ver the waves of the crystal sea.

# No. 18. Let the Dear Saviour Come In.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. The Sav-iour is standing out-side your heart's door, Will you not  
 2. Oh, why so un-heed-ing to that lov-ing call? Will you not  
 3. Oh, why should you fear tho' the whole world should frown? Will you not  
 4. Take Je-sus for pi-lot o'er life's storm-y sea; Will you not

let Him come in just now? Seek-ing for en-trance, as  
 let Him come in just now? Re-ceive and con-fess Him thy  
 let Him come in just now? The Sav-iour is wait-ing to  
 let Him come in just now? And from all its per-ils be

oft-en be-fore, Will you not let Him come in?.....  
 Lord be-fore all— Will you not let Him come in?.....  
 give you a crown, Will you not let Him come in?.....  
 ev-er-more free— Will you not let Him come in?.....

## CHORUS.

Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in just now;

Let Him come in, let Him come in, Let the dear Saviour come in.

# No. 19.

# Speed Away.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1. Speed a - way; speed a - way; 'tis the man - date of God  
 2. Speed a - way; speed a - way; ev - 'ry mo - ment they fall,  
 3. Speed a - way; speed a - way; in the Mas - ter's own name;

That the her - als of grace bear His mes - sage a - broad, For He  
 Tho' the Lord sends the mes - sage of grace to them all, And their  
 Speed a - way the sweet gos - pel of life to pro - claim, Speed a -

looks with com - pas - sion - ate love on the race, — And He bids you a -  
 hearts are a - wait - ing the com - ing of light, Yet they grope and they  
 way with the beau - ti - ful mes - sage of love, And the peo - ple shall

way with the sto - ry of grace — There is sor - row un - told for each  
 die in the darkness of night. O, be thou un - to them as the  
 turn to their Fa - ther a - bove. There is no time to waste, for the

thoughtless de - lay — Speed a - way; speed a - way; speed a - way.  
 down - ing of day, — Speed a - way; speed a - way; speed a - way.  
 call is to - day, Speed a - way; speed a - way; speed a - way.

EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

REV. JAMES CARTER.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! The door stands o - pen wide,  
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! He pleads with thee to come,  
 3. On - ly a step He ask - eth, How small a thing to do

For - sake thy sin and en - ter in, And with thy Lord a - bide.  
 Oh, en - ter now, be - fore Him bow, And rest in peace at home.  
 For Him who died, the Cru - ci - fied, For you, for you, for you.

This night thy soul is stand - ing Just out - side mer - cy's door;  
 So near, so near to safe - ty, So near the o - pen door—  
 A step to joy from sor - row, A step to peace from strife,

Oh, hear His call, trust Christ for all, And pass the threshold o'er.  
 A - las for those who see it close To o - pen nev - er more.  
 To heav'n at last, when earth is past, A step from death to life.

## CHORUS.

On - ly a step, on - ly a step, From dark - ness in - to light.



# Only a Step.—Concluded.

On-ly a step, on-ly a step, Oh, take that step to - night.

## No. 21. Beautiful Homeland.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

(A beautiful song for the Choir.)

J. M. BLACK.

1. Beau-ti - ful homeland, fade-less and fair, Bright is the glo - ry  
 2. Beau-ti - ful homeland, coun-try of love, Sweet land of harps and  
 3. Beau-ti - ful homeland, coun-try of light, Comes nev - er sor - row

thy peo - ple wear. Thy joy ef - fac - es All sor-row's trac - es  
 sing - ing a - bove; Thy beau - ty thrills me, Thy mu - sic fills me,  
 there - in, nor night. En - ter the pure there, They are se - cure there,

### CHORUS.

From the glad fac - es O - ver there.  
 Thy com - fort stills me, And thy love. } O - pen the gates for  
 Day shall en - dure there, Day so bright. }

*Rit.*.....

me, Sav - iour, when Life's day is end - ed. A - men.

# No. 22.

# The Future.

Miss JENNIE STOUT.

A. A. ARMEN.

1. Oh, I oft - en sit and ponder, When the sun is sink - ing low,  
 2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst He leads me by the hand,  
 3. But perhaps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,

Where shall yonder fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?  
 And to those a - round be say - ing, Come and join His hap - py band?  
 All my earth - ly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;

Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?  
 Come, for all things now are rea - dy, Come, His faith - ful foll'wer be;  
 Then for - ev - er with the ransomed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be

Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Sav - iour, keep my heart with thee.  
 Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Sav - iour, keep my heart with thee.  
 Chanting praise to Him who bought me With His blood shed on the tree.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the fu - - - - ture lies be - fore me, And I  
 Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the

## The Future.—Concluded.



know..... not where I'll be, But where'er..... my path be  
future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,  
lead - - ing, Saviour, keep..... my heart with Thee.  
keep my heart with Thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with Thee.

## No. 23. All Hail the Power.

Rev. E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.



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

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

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

# No. 24. Beautiful Beckoning Hands.

C. C. L.

C. C. LUTHER.

1. Beck-on-ing hands at the gate-way to-night, Fac-es all shin-ing with  
 2. Beck-on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac-ri-ficed life, its de-  
 3. Beck-on-ing hands of a lit-tle one, see! Ba-by voice call-ing ()  
 4. Brightest and best of that glo-ri-ous throng, Cen-ter of all, and the

ra-di-ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon heav-en-ly home,  
 vo-tion to prove; Hands of a fa-ther to mem-o-ry dear,  
 moth-er for thee; ro-sy-cheek'd dar-ling, the light of the home,  
 theme of their song, Je-sus our Sav-iour, the pier-ced one stands,

REFRAIN.

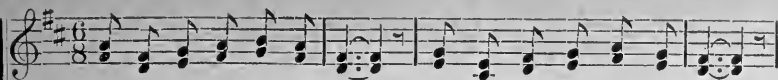
Beau-ti-ful hands they are beck-on-ing "come." Beau-ti-ful hands,  
 Beck-on up high-er the wait-ing ones here. Beau-ti-ful hands,  
 Tak-en so ear-ly; is beck-on-ing "come." Beau-ti-ful hands,  
 Lov-ing-ly call-ing with beck-on-ing hands. Beau-ti-ful hands,

beck-on-ing hands, Call-ing the dear ones to heav-en-ly lands;

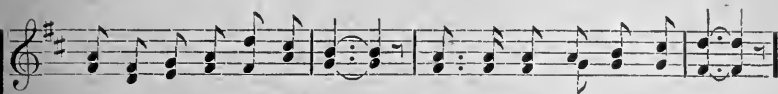
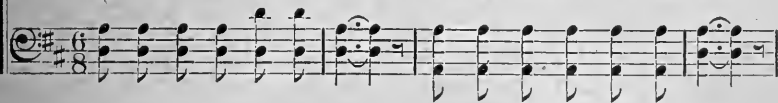
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beckoning hands.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

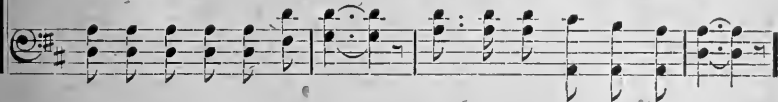
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



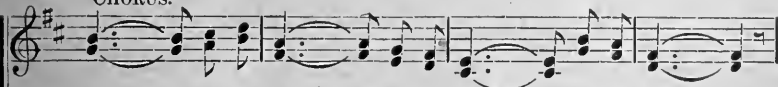
1. Wea-ry with walk-ing a - lone, Long heav-y - la - den with sin,
2. Fear-ing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in pray'r;
3. Anxious no long-er for self, Shrink-ing no long-er from pain;
4. Lean-ing, I walk in "The Way," Leaning "The Truth" I shall know,



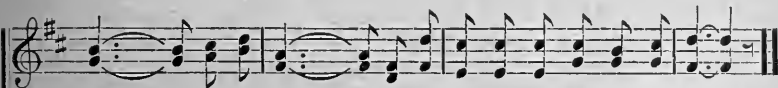
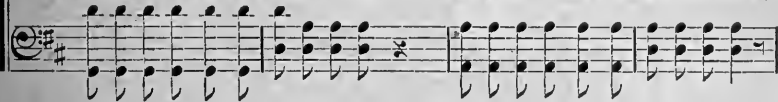
Toil-ing all night without Christ, — Rest for my soul shall I win.  
 Yet on the bos-om di - vine Los - ing each sor - row and fear.  
 Leaning on Je - sus, a - lone, He all my care will sus - tain.  
 Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ, Safe in - to "Life" I may go.



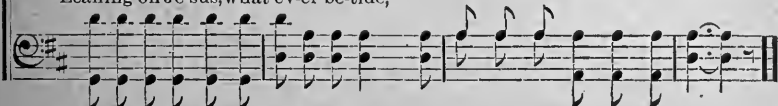
## CHORUS.



Lean - - ing on Je - - - sus, I walk..... at His side;.....  
 Leaning on Je-sus, in Him I a-bide, Leaning on Je-sus, I walk at His side;



Lean - - ing on Je - - - sus, I trust Him, my Shepherd and Guide.  
 Leaning on Je-sus, what-ev-er be-tide,



F. E. B.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. O heart bowed down with sor-row! O eyes that long for sight! There's
2. Earth's fleeting gain and pleas-ure Can nev-er sat-is-fy: 'Tis
3. Di-vin-est con-so-la-tion Doth Christ, the Saviour, give; Art
4. His peace is like a riv-er, His love is like a song; His

Four measures for prelude.

glad-ness in be-liev-ing; In Je-sus there is light.  
 love our joy doth meas-ure, For love can nev-er die.  
 thou in con-dem-na-tion? Re-pent, be-lieve and live.  
 yoke, a bur-den nev-er, Is ea-sy all day long.

REFRAIN.

“Come..... un-to me,..... all ye..... that la - bor  
 Come, O come, come un-to me, Come, O come, all ye that la bor;

and..... are heavy la - den, and I..... will give you rest.....  
 Come, O come, heavy la-den souls, I..... will give you rest.

I will give you rest.....

Take my yoke up-on you, and learn..... of me;..... for  
 Come, O come, come, take my yoke, Come, O come, come, learn of me;

# "Come Unto Me." Concluded.

*rit.*

I..... am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest un-to your souls."  
I am meek and

## No. 27. We Would See Jesus.

Anon.

F. MENDELSSOHN. ARR.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows length-en A - cross this

2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-founda - tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need-ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-will - ing - ness, come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,

faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri-ness—the fi - nal strife.  
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.  
age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.  
ris - en, plead-ing; Then welcome, day! and farewell, mor - tal night!

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Lo! here am I to do Thy will, O Lord; Lo! here am I at -  
 2. Lo! here am I, and all I have is Thine; Lo! here am I to  
 3. I do not ask for treasures here be - low; I do not seek the

ten tive to Thy word; Thy will is mine, to do or dare or die—  
 do Thy will di - vine; On er-rands for my Saviour would I fly;  
 path be-fore to know, On - ly re-veal where I shall go, not why—

On - ly let me know Thy pleas - ure, Lo! here am I.  
 Send me where - so - e'er Thou will - est, Lo! here am I.  
 Mas - ter, let me know Thy pleas - ure, Lo! here am I.

## CHORUS.

Speed, speed my feet in Thy serv - ice so sweet; With lov - ing hands I will

do Thy commands: On - ly sup - ply am - ple grace from on high, —



# Lo! Here am I.—Concluded.

Mas - ter, let me know Thy pleas - ure; Lo! here am I.

## No. 29. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry  
 bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry  
 en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry  
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com - plete; Glo - ry

*D. S.*—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry

**FINE. CHORUS.** *D.S.*

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

to His name.

ADA BLENKHORN.

E. S. HOWARD.

1. Wait-ing with joy - ful hearts to hear our bless-ed Lord's command,  
 2. Keep-ing the blood-stained cross and vic-tor's crown be-fore our view,  
 3. Know-ing the God of bat-tles will His sol-diers true de-fend,

Read-y be-neath the ban-ner of His cross to take our stand;  
 Pray-ing for grace and strength the con-flict dai-ly to re-new;  
 Trust-ing His prom-ise that He will be with us to the end;

Fol-low-ing in His steps thro' cloudless day or dark-est night,  
 For-ward we press, that we at last may win the glo-rious prize  
 We will en-dure as see-ing Him who doth our place pre-pare,

Loy-al and true to Him a-mid the thick-est of the fight.  
 Je-sus will give to all His faith-ful ones be-yond the skies.  
 Where we shall see Him face to face and all His glo-ry share.

## CHORUS.

Wait - ing for our Lord's command, Read - y by His cross to stand,  
 Waiting for our blessed Lord's command, Ready by His cross to take our stand,

## Waiting with Joyful Hearts.—Concluded.

Walk - ing in the steps of Je - sus To..... the promised land.  
Walking in the very steps of Je - sus To the peaceful, peaceful promised land.

### No. 31.

### Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my  
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!  
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!  
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!  
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

# No. 32. If You Bear the Cross for Jesus.

E. S. H.

E. S. HOWARD.

1. If you bear the cross for Je - sus, it will make your bur - dens light,  
 2. If you bear the cross for Je - sus, in the ear - ly days of youth,  
 3. If you bear the cross for Je - sus, it will less - en all your care,

And your pathway beam with sunshine as the noon-day clear and bright;  
 And you make His word your coun-sel, walk-ing in its pre-cious truth;  
 For the meek and low - ly Sav-iour says, your sor - rows He will share;

If you fol - low where He leads you, trust-ing Him by night and day,  
 It will keep your feet from straying and your lips from speak-ing guile,  
 Help-ing you to bear life's burdens, mak-ing eas - y how to live,

You will find your cares grow light-er as you walk the nar - row way.  
 And the way that leads to heav-en will grow bright-er all the while.  
 Oh, such friendship this be - tok - ens, can - not help but com - fort give.

CHORUS.

If you bear . . . . the cross for Je - sus, you will find your cares grow light,  
 If you bear, your cares grow light,

# If You Bear the Cross for Jesus.—Concluded.

And your soul..... secure and happy, as you're living for the right.  
 And your soul living, as you're living for the right.

## No. 33. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept  
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 I trav - el calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

# No. 34. At the Ending of the Way.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. M. BLACK.

1. We are pilgrims on the road Lead-ing to the land of God, On - ly  
 2. Oft - en dear ones at our side Pass be - fore us o'er the tide, And with  
 3. As we sing of sav-ing grace Oft we long to see the face Of the

for a lit - tle while on earth we stay; And tho' bit - ter tri - als come,  
 tears a sad farewell to them we say; But where partings are unknown  
 bless-ed One who ransomed us for aye; In a glo - ry none hath told

As we journey to our home, There'll be triumph at the ending of the way.  
 We again shall claim our own, They will meet us at the ending of the way.  
 Je - sus we shall soon behold, He will meet us at the ending of the way.

## CHORUS.

At the end - ing of the way, At the end - ing of the way,  
 At the ending of the way, At the ending of the way,

For us waits..... e - ter - nal joy, At the end - ing of the way.  
 For us waits eternal joy, At the ending of the way.

# No. 35.

# Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*With expression.*

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly  
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, When life's  
 3. 'Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - -

lead me all the way, I am safe when by Thy  
 storm - y bil - lows roll, I am safe when Thou art  
 storm of life is past, To the land of end - less

tly lead me all the way; I am

side, I would in Thy love a - bide.  
 nigh, All my hopes on Thee re - ly.  
 day, Where all tears are wiped a - way.

safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a - bide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;.....  
 lest I stray;

*rit. e dim.*

Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.  
 stream of time, all the way.

No. 36.

The Blood of Jesus.

2d and 3d stanzas by C. D. E.

Arr. by C. D. EMERSON.

1. We'll shout and sing, make heaven ring with prais-es to our King,  
 2. In cheer-ful lays our voi-ces raise to Him our songs of praise;  
 3. His name so sweet, His love complete, we own, and kiss His feet;

Who bled and died, was cru-ci-fied, that He might par-don bring;  
 We loud proclaim His-bless-ed name, and won-ders of His ways,  
 To pu-ri-fy and sanc-ti-fy, His prom-is-es are meet;

His blood can save a soul, can cleanse and make it whole—  
 While this, the sto-ry sweet, we joy-ful-ly re-peat—  
 All glo-ry to His name, with rap-ture we pro-claim—

The blood of Je-sus cleans-eth white as snow, white as snow.

CHORUS.

The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus



# The Blood of Jesus.—Concluded.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; I bless the hap-py day when He  
washed my sins away, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system covers the next two lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords that support the vocal melody.

## No. 37. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Toplady, 7s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;  
D.C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

The musical score for 'Rock of Ages' is in 3/2 time and one flat. It begins with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The first system covers the first line of the main verse. The second system covers the second line of the main verse and the first line of the double bar line (D.C.) section. The piano accompaniment is simple and accompanimental.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

The second system of the musical score covers the second line of the main verse and the first line of the double bar line (D.C.) section. The piano accompaniment continues with the same simple accompaniment.

2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone:  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. F. GABRIEL.

1. Thou art not ver - y far from the king - dom; Al - most thou'rt per -  
 2. Thou art not ver - y far from the king - dom, But halt - ing, His  
 3. Thou art not ver - y far from the king - dom, Just o - ver the  
 4. Thou art not ver - y far from the king - dom; De - cidel! there's no

sua - ed to - day; Thy heart has been touched by the gos - pel,  
 voice to o - bey, While an - gels are watch - ing and wait - ing,  
 bor - der - a - stray; Yet still is the voice in - ter - ced - ing,  
 time for de - lay; Ac - cept Him, be - lieve Him, re - ceive Him,

CHORUS.

O grieve not the Spir - it a - way..... Grieve not the  
 a - way.

Spir - it a - way, Grieve not the Spir - it a - way; Thou art

not ver - y far from the kingdom, O grieve not the Spirit a - way.

# No. 39. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

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

great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to  
 sad day coming 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 ready? are you ready? Are you read-y for the

judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

*Tenderly.*

1. There's room for you to an-chor, With-in the port of rest, Where  
 2. There's room for you to an-chor; The ship is wait-ing now,—The  
 3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we had loved be-low; The  
 4. O heav-ing, swell-ing bil-lows, Bear on-ward to my home! Be-

*cres.*                      *dim.*                      *p*

tempests all are o-ver, And storms no more mo-lest; How sweet to weary  
 ship of God's prepar-ing, Oh! ask not Why nor How. His boundless love and  
 same sweet voices greet us, As in the long a-go. Then hush! ye murm'ring  
 yond these dreary headlands I see its shining dome. There, there my fainting

voya-gers, This precious promise giv'n: There's room for you to an-chor  
 mer-cy, No tongue can ev-er tell; If you but trust His prom-ise,  
 wa-ters, Ye tempests, cease to blow! I almost hear the mu-sic  
 spir-it, No more for rest shall sigh; 'Tis there I hope to an-chor

REFRAIN.

*m*                      *mf*

Safe in heav'n.  
 All is well.  
 Soft and low.  
 By and by. } There's room for you, there's room for you, There's room, ..... there's  
 There's room, .... there's room; ..... for you,

# There's Room for You.—Concluded.

room..... There's room for you to an - chor Safe in heav'n.  
for you,

*f* *dim.* *p*

# No. 41. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

FRANCIS R. HAYERGAL.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,  
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -  
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa -  
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in  
5. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no  
6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the  
ful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways—  
ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a  
end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry  
lon - ger mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall  
treas - ure - store; Take my - self, and I will be Ey - er—

im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
on - ly— for my King, Al - ways— on - ly— for my King.  
mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.  
pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
on - ly— all for Thee, Ev - er— on - ly— all for Thee.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.  
DUET

J. M. BLACK.

1. Cast thy care up-on the Sav-iour, He will all thy burdens bear;  
2. He will make thy life to praise Him, And thy tongue to sing for joy;  
3. He will not per-mit one sor-row More thy com-fort to mo-lest

He has promised to sustain thee;—Claim His precious word in pray'r.  
He will give thee in af-flic-tion Hap-pi-ness with-out al-loy.  
Than will fit thee for life's du-ties And the sweet, e-ter-nal rest.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is..... our bur-den bear-er All the  
Je-sus is our bur-den bear-er,

world... may now go free; Hear His lov-ing in-vi-  
All the world may now go free; Hear His loving

ta-tion, "Wea-ry soul,..... come un-to me."  
in-vi-ta-tion, "Wea-ry soul, come un-to me, come unto me."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

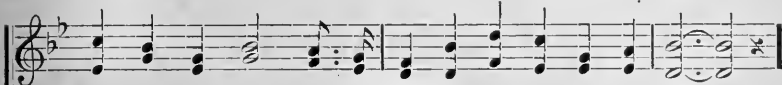
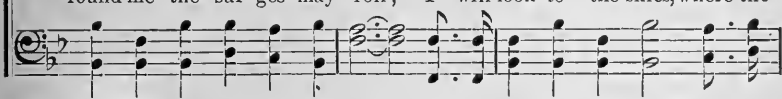
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



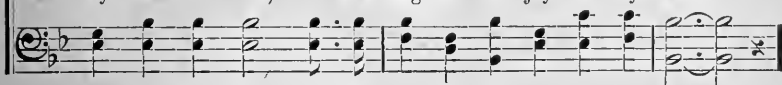
1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had  
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the  
 3. I am safe in the ark; and I dread not the storm, Tho' a -



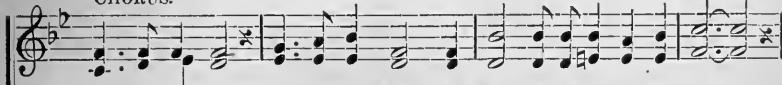
wandered, my Sav-iour, from Thee; But Thy dear lov - ing voice called me  
 bos - om of mer - cy di - vine; I am filled with the light of Thy  
 round me the sur - ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the



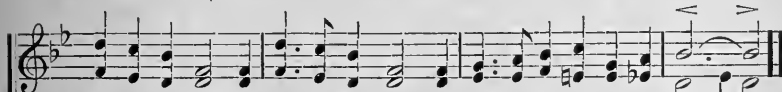
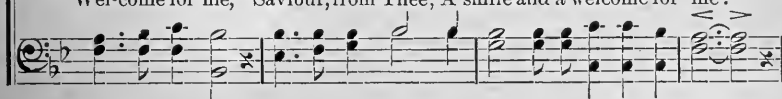
home to Thy breast, And I knew there was wel - come for me.  
 pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.  
 day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.



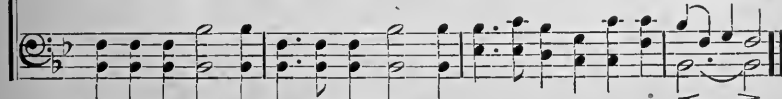
CHORUS.



Wel - come for me, Saviour, from Thee; A smile and a welcome for me:



Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet refuge in Thee.  
 in Thee.



# No. 44.

# Whiter than Snow.

E. R. LATTA.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God; On-ly by His stripes we are healed.  
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.  
Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa-ter can-not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,  
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;  
Je-sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Cleans me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

## CHORUS.

Whit-er than the snow,..... whit-er than the snow;.....  
Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow;



# Whiter than Snow.—Concluded.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.  
of the Lamb, than snow.

## No. 45. O Happy Day.

DODDRIDGE.

RIMBAULT.

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

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way!

*D.S.*—Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus washed my sins a-way!

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

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Peace like a riv - er is flooding my soul, Since Christ, my Saviour,  
 2. Joy is a - bounding—my heart gaily sings, Cleave I the heavens—  
 3. O precious Je - sus, how lovely Thou art! Come, and, a - bid - ing,

mak - eth me whole; Sweet peace a - bid - ing my por - tion shall be—  
 mount up on wings; Christ hath ex - alt - ed—my soul He set free—  
 rule in my heart; Break ev - 'ry fet - ter—Thy face let me see,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is pre - cious to me. } Pre - cious to  
 Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is pre - cious to me. }  
 Then Thou shalt ev - er be pre - cious to me. } Precious to me, He is

me,..... pre - - cious to me,.....  
 pre - cious to me, Je - sus, the Sav - iour, is pre - cious to me,

Je - sus shall ev - er..... be pre - cious to me.....  
 Jesus, my Saviour, ev - er shall be so precious to me, so precious to me.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Will you come to Je - sus with your guilt and sad-ness? Will you lay your  
 2. Free - ly come to Je - sus, un - to Him con-fess - ing How in e - vil  
 3. Come, O come to Je - sus, kind - er than a bro - ther You will find the

burdens at His bless - ed feet? In His ho - ly pres - ence find a - bid - ing  
 pathways you have wandered long; With divine compassion He will grant His  
 sinner's true and lov - ing friend; Seek His offered mer - cy, trusting in no

CHORUS.

glad-ness, As His words of pardon bring you comfort sweet.  
 blessing To each soul re-pent-ing of its shame and wrong. } Come now to  
 oth - er; He alone can save and keep you till the end. }

Je - sus, turn from sin a - way; Hark! He is calling! come without de - lay.

Come now to Jesus, come now to Je - sus, Come now to Jesus, come to - day.

W. B. D.

W. B. DRURY.

1. How great the sal-va - tion that saves in the hour When doubt and temp-  
 2. How great the sal-va - tion that saves in the gloom Of val - ley and  
 3. How great the sal-va - tion re-vealed in the day The trum-pet shall

ta - tion as - sail with great pow'r. When tempests a - rise, and dark  
 shad - ow, that lights up the tomb With glo - ry im - mor - tal, and  
 sound and the heav'ns roll a - way, When Christ shall descend as a

storms sweep the soul, And bil - lows of grief o'er the trembling heart roll!  
 shouts o'er the grave The tri-umph of Je - sus, the might - y to save!  
 Conqu'ror and King, When we shall be like Him, His prais - es to sing!

CHORUS.

Oh, this great..... this great sal - va - tion, Tell its  
 Oh, this great, this great sal-va - tion,

pow'r..... to ev'ry na - tion, Let it ring..... thro' all cre -  
 Tell its pow'r to ev'ry nation, Let it ring

# The Great Salvation. — Concluded.

a - tion, Je - sus saves,..... Oh, great sal - va - tion!  
 thro' all cre-a-tion, Jesus saves,

## No. 49. Christ of Galilee.

A. M. STARKWEATHER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. As Je - sus walked the stormy waves, The fears of loved ones to al - lay,  
 2. The storm is on, the sun is dark, I hear the breaker's ceaseless moan;  
 3. And when the sea of life is past, And all the con - flicts here are o'er,

By faith we know His pow - er saves To - day, the same as yes - ter - day.  
 Come, Master, en - ter my frail barque, That I may nev - er be a - lone.  
 When I have gained the port at last I'll praise Thy name forev - er - more.

### CHORUS.

O, blessed Christ of Gal - i - lee, I pray Thee walk the waves with me;

I must not drift away from Thee, Thou blessed Christ of Gal - i - lee.

# No. 50. Not Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

DUET FOR TENOR AND CONTRALTO.

1. Je - sus, and shall..... it ev - er be,..... A mortal man.....  
 2. Ashamed of Je - - sus! sooner far..... Let evening blush....  
 3. Ashamed of Je - - sus! just as soon..... Let midnight be.....  
 4. Ashamed of Je - - sus! yes, I may,..... When I've no guilt.....  
 1. Jesus, and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man

ashamed of Thee?..... Ashamed of Thee,..... whom angels praise, ...  
 to own her star;..... He sheds the beams..... of light di - vine.....  
 ashamed of noon;..... 'Tis midnight with..... my soul till He,.....  
 to wash a - way,..... No tear to wipe,..... no good to crave, ...  
 ashamed of Thee? Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,

## CHORUS.

Whose glories shine thro' end-less days? Ashamed of Je - sus I  
 O'er this be - night-ed soul of mine. }  
 Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee. }  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.  
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days? Ashamed of Je - sus I

nev - er, I nev - er will be,..... For my dear  
 nev - er, I nev - er will be, I nev - er will be, For

# Not Ashamed of Jesus.—Concluded.

Sav - iour is not ashamed of me;  
 my dear Sav - iour is not a-shamed, is not a-shamed of me;

No; when I blush,..... be this my shame.....  
 No; when I blush, be this my shame, be this my shame,

That I no more re - vere His name.  
 That I no more re - vere His name.

## No. 51.

## Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

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' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict many a doubt,
4. Just as I am-poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

And that Thou bidd'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 promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Rev. GEO. A. LECLERE.

O. E. MATTON.

1. Do you hear the voice of God As He call - eth now to the  
 2. Ma - ny times the voice has come, Call - ing thee from paths of sin;  
 3. Now's the time to - let Him in, While He calls to thee to - day;

Hear Him speak in ten - derest tones, As He calls to mer - cy free;  
 Knock - ing at the heart's - door loud, Plead - ing that you let Him in;  
 O - pen wide the heart's - door now, E're He turns from thee a - way,

Oft He calls thee to His breast, And He of - fers to thy soul.  
 Yet you've turned Him from your heart, By your sin you've barred the door.  
 It may be that you will die Far a - way from God and home.

CHORUS.

Wear - y with its bur - den, rest, sweet rest. } There is a last chance  
 You have caused the spir - it to de - part. }  
 If you let this chance to - night pass by. } There is a last chance

for sal - va - tion, Do you not hear Him  
 for sal - va - tion, Do you not hear Him



# The Last Chance.—Concluded.

ten-der-ly call - - - ing— There is a last chance,  
 ten-der-ly call-ing, There is a last chance,

There is a last chance, Turn, O sinner, ere it is too late.  
 There is a last chance, ere it be too late.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next two lines. There are triplets marked with a '3' in both systems. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

## No. 53.

## Come for Rest.

IDA L. REED.

A. BEIRLY.

1. "Come un-to me," O pre-cious in-vi-ta-tion, Come un-to me, and  
 2. "Come un-to me," O ho-ly, blessed promise, Come un-to me, ye  
 3. "Come un-to me, ye weak and heavy la-den, Come un-to me, ye

I will give you rest; Rest from your ills, your care and trib-u-  
 wea-ry and oppressed; I'll heal your woes, and share your ev-'ry  
 suff-ring and dis-tressed; Come, all ye err-ing, come to me, ye

la-tion, Come un-to me, and ev-er-more be blest."  
 sor-row, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest."  
 stray-ing, Kneel at my feet, and I will give you rest."

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system contains the first three lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next three lines. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

# No. 54. I Only Know It Reaches Me.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace, To all the world He offers free;  
 2. I know not why such sav - ing faith As this could ev - er, ev - er be,  
 3. I know not why the Spir - it comes A wit - ness in my soul to be;

Nor why His loveshall nev - er cease, I on - ly know it reaches me.  
 Bestowed on one of lit - tle worth, I on - ly know it reaches me.  
 To wit - ness to the cleansing pow'r, I on - ly know it reaches me.

CHORUS.

It reach - es me, . . . . . it reach - es me,  
 It reach - es me, it reach - es me.

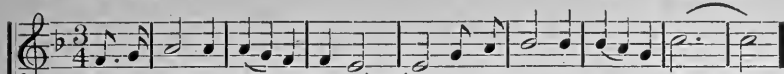
God's grace so wondrous reaches me, I know not why . . . . . it is so  
 I know not why

free (it is so free,) I on - ly know it reach - es me, (it reaches me.)

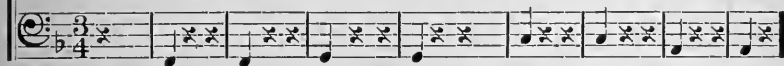
# No. 55. There's a Hand Held Out.

M. W. MORSE. Alt.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



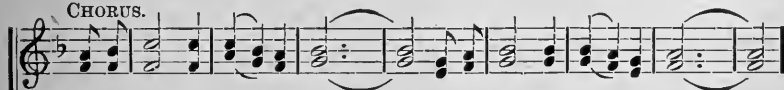
1. There's a hand held out in pit - y,..... There's a hand held out in love;.....
2. 'Tis the blessed hand of Je - sus,..... Oh, how gently will it lead!.....
3. Oh, how sweet its touch of healing,.... To the wounded heart applied,.....
4. Yes, 'tis love to me a sin - ner,.... Prompts this hand to reach so low,.....
5. Let me take this hand extended,..... Knowing that it leads a - right,.....



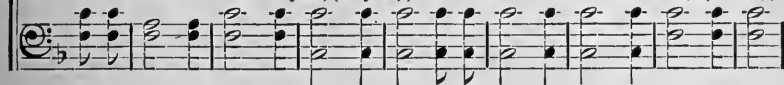
It will guide us to the cit - y,..... Where our Fa - ther dwells a - bove.  
 In its ten - der grace and mercy,..... Breaking not the "bruised reed."  
 When the hand that bears the nail - prints Draws us to the riv - en side.  
 Reaching down that it may lift me..... To the heights were blessings flow.  
 Finding ev - 'ry step de - fend - ed..... By my Sav - iour's love and might.



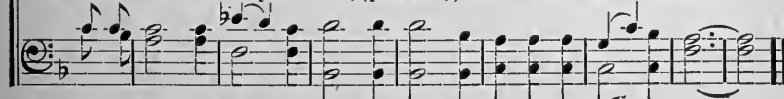
## CHORUS.



There's a hand held out to you, (to you,) There's a hand held out to me, (to me,)



There's a hand that will prove true, (prove true,) Whatever our lot shall be.....



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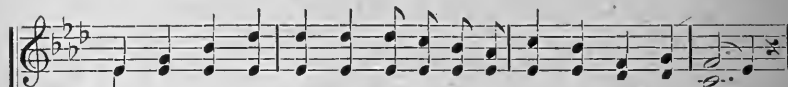
# No. 56. Grace and Glory Day by Day.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

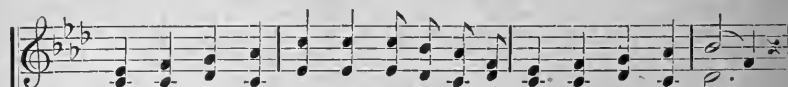
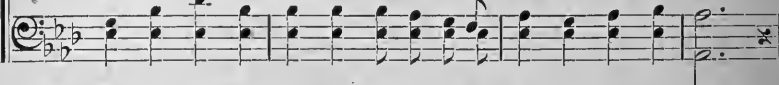
J. M. BLACK.



1. Day by day I trust my guiding To the Shepherd, of my soul,
2. Day by day I trust for man-na To sus-tain my heav' n-born life,
3. Day by day the way grows brighter As I near the gold-en shore,



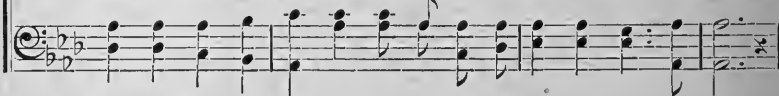
Day by day I look for pardon To the One who made me whole;  
Day by day my Saviour helps me In the strug- gle and the strife;  
Day by day my load seems lighter Than it was the day be - fore:



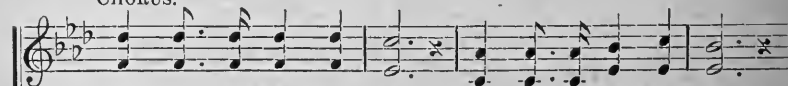
Day by day I ask for wisdom From the Fount of truth and light,  
Day by day He leads me onward Where the liv- ing wa - ters flow,  
Day by day my love in-creas-es As by faith I see the Lord,



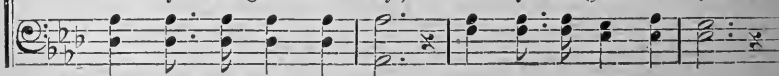
Day by day my joy grows greater As I feel His pres- ence bright,  
Day by day my soul is sat - is-fied With Je - sus here be - low..  
Day by day my steps lead upward To my Saviour and my God.



## CHORUS.



Glo - ry and grace each day; Glo - ry and grace for aye:



# Grace and Glory Day by Day.—Concluded.

Grace and glo - ry is my portion From the Sav-iour day by day.

## No. 57. While Jesus Whispers.

WILL. E. SMITH.

H. R. PALMER.

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

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

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

# No. 58. Would You Shine for Jesus?

G. M. BILLS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Would you shine for Je-sus? Let His love impart Ar-dor to your actions,  
 2. Would you shine for Je-sus 'Mid the careless throng? Im-i-tate His graces  
 3. Would you shine for Je-sus As a mir-ror true? Image forth His goodness

Com-fort to your heart; With your soul illumined By the Spir-it's glow,  
 As you pass a - long; Make no weak surren-der To the coarse and vile;  
 As revealed in you. If you thus re-lect Him Till this life is o'er,

**FINE. CHORUS.**

You will be a bea-con In this world of woe. } Shin - ing for  
 Keep your tongue from evil, And your lips from guile. }  
 You will in His kingdom Shine for-ev - er - more. } Shining for Jesus, yes,

*D. S.*—To the sad and err-ing, Thus for Je - sus shine.

Je - sus, Bringing light di-vine To the sad and err-ing, Thus for  
 shining for Jesus,

*D. S.*

Je-sus shine; Shin - ing for Je - sus, Bringing light di-vine  
 Shining for Jesus, yes, shining for Jesus,

# No. 59. The Comforter has Come!

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, spread the tid - ings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -  
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And  
 3. Be - hold the King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To  
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To  
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

ev - er hu - man hearts and human woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian  
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden  
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant  
 wond'ring mor - tals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of  
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of endless

*D.S.*—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings

FINE.

tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 cells the song of tri - umph rings! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 sin, should in His im - age shine? The Com - fort - er has come!  
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

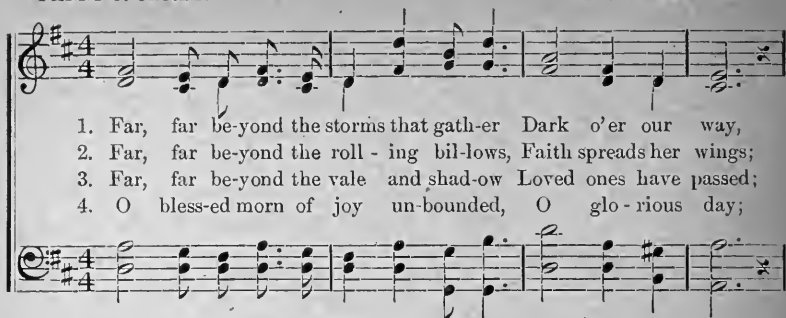
*D. S.*

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

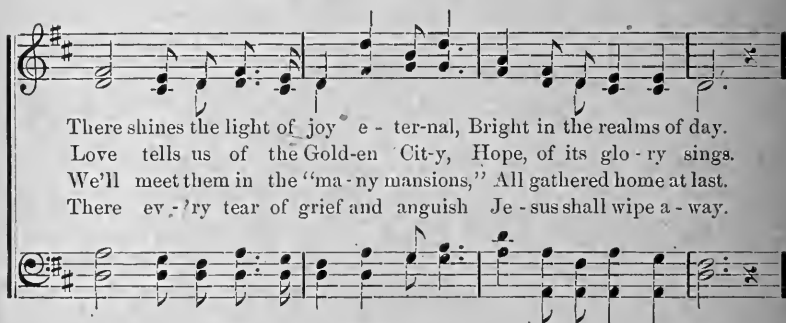
# No. 60. The Home-Land Shore.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. C. FOSTER. Arr.

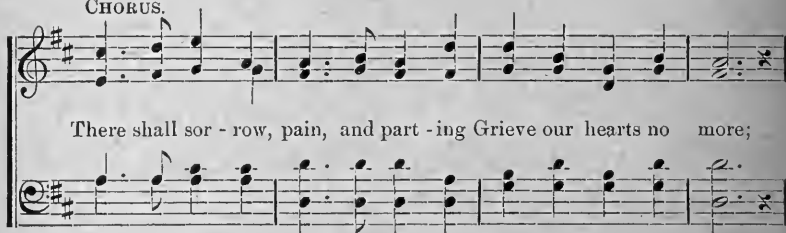


1. Far, far be-yond the storms that gath-er Dark o'er our way,  
2. Far, far be-yond the roll - ing bil-lows, Faith spreads her wings;  
3. Far, far be-yond the vale and shad-ow Loved ones have passed;  
4. O bless-ed morn of joy un-bounded, O glo-ri-ous day;

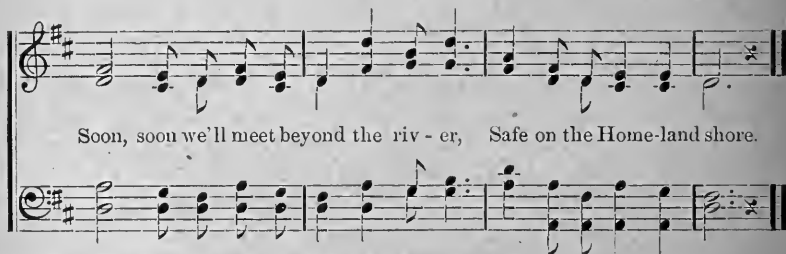


There shines the light of joy e - ter-nal, Bright in the realms of day.  
Love tells us of the Gold-en Cit-y, Hope, of its glo-ry sings.  
We'll meet them in the "ma-ny mansions," All gathered home at last.  
There ev-'ry tear of grief and anguish Je - sus shall wipe a - way.

## CHORUS.



There shall sor - row, pain, and part - ing Grieve our hearts no more;



Soon, soon we'll meet beyond the riv - er, Safe on the Home-land shore.



F. W. FABER.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of  
 4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet

fields and ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed  
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes  
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands  
 fragments of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the

strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.  
 meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.  
 night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.

## REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Long Thou hast wait - ed out - side of my heart, Sav-iour, come  
 2. Make me a tem - ple all ho - ly with - in, Sav-iour, come  
 3. Come and il - lu - mine my soul with Thy light, Sav-iour, come

in to - day; Tho' I have grieved Thee, O do not de - part,  
 in to - day; Grant me for-give-ness, and cleanse me from sin,  
 in to - day; Shine on my dark-ness, and all will be bright,

Saviour, come in to - day. Wea-ry of sin, heavy-la-den oppressed,  
 Saviour, come in to - day. Come in and teach me to know Thy will;  
 Saviour, come in to - day. Teach me Thy patience, and help me to know

Seek - ing Thy mer - cy and long - ing for rest; En - ter my  
 Help me to trust in Thy love and be still; Guard me, and  
 Some of the joys of Thy heav - en be - low; More and more

heart that I too may be blest, Sav-iour, come in to - day.  
 keep me se - cure from all ill, Sav-iour, come in to - day.  
 I in Thy like-ness would grow, Sav-iour, come in to - day.

# Saviour, Come In To-Day.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Saviour, come in, (Saviour, come in,) Saviour, come in; (Saviour, come in;)

Long Thou hast waited outside of my heart, Saviour, come in to - day.

## No. 63.

## Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,  
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,  
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried  
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no rest - ing - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

JOHN CENNICK.

J. H. TENNEY.

*Slow.*

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King! We are walk - ing in the  
 2. We are trav' - ling home to God, We are walk - ing in the  
 3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock and blest, We are walk - ing in the  
 4. Je - sus, Thou our lead - er be, We are walk - ing in the

beau - ti - ful light of God; As we jour - ney let us sing,  
 beau - ti - ful light of God; In the way our fa - thers trod,  
 beau - ti - ful light of God; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest,  
 beau - ti - ful light of God; Glad - ly we will fol - low Thee,

We are walk - ing in the beau - ti - ful light of God.

CHORUS.

We are walk - - - - ing in the light,.....  
 Walk - ing in the light, beau - ti - ful light of God,

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

# Walking in the Light.—Concluded.

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

*repeat chorus pp*

We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of God.  
the beau-ti-ful light of God.

## No. 65. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

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

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rooks and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
Won - drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. O Gal-i - lee,..... O sa-cred sea,..... With hallowed  
 2. Thou Gali - lee,..... shalt ev-er be,..... Thro' all the  
 3. Mad Gali - lee,..... wild stormy sea,..... His voice brought  
 1. O Gal - i - lee, O sa - cred sea,

thoughts..... we turn to thee,..... And think of Him.....  
 world..... a hallowed sea,..... For He whose feet.....  
 peace,.....great peace to thee. .... Our hearts He calms.....  
 With hallowed thoughts we turn to thee, And think of Him

who walked thy shore,..... And all our sins and sor - rows bore.  
 thy wa-ters trod..... Was Jesus, on - ly Son of God.  
 thus by His will;..... He still is say - ing "peace be still."  
 who walked thy shore, And all our sins and sorrows bore.

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee,..... fair Gal - i - lee, Thy bil - lows  
 O Gal - i - lee, fair Gal - i - lee,

how..... we long to see,..... For He who came.....  
 Thy billows how we long to see, For He who came

## Galilee.—Concluded.

our souls to save,..... Hath walked up-on thy roll-ing wave.

save, our souls to save,

## No. 67. The Man of Galilee.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

Arr. by J. M. B.

1. Who is this that loves the low-ly with love that nev-er fails?  
 2. Who is this that calls the wea-ry to come to Him and rest,  
 3. Who is this that reigns in splendor, to whom the an-gels bow,

Who is this so pure and ho-ly whose grace for sin a-vails?  
 And dis-pels the sor-rows drear-y, in many a troub-led breast?  
 And to whom the might-y ren-der their ad-o-ra-tion now?

So pure and good is He, His grace avails for me;  
 So ver-y kind is He, His love en-cir-cles me;  
 'Tis He who died for me, The Christ of Calva-ry;

1. So pure and good is He, His grace avails for me;

He's the Man of shame and sor-row;— the Man of Gal-i-lee.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So  
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And  
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has  
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like  
 5. O come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,  
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I  
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -  
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no  
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

*D.S.*—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.  
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"  
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



# No. 69. Peace Peace, be Still.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

B. J. NOWLAN.

1. Wild - ly a - bout me the tem - pests may sweep, Bil - lows may  
 2. Dark fall the shad - ows on life's troub - led main; Some - times the  
 3. Some hap - py day I shall an - chor and rest In yon - der

toss my frail barque on the deep; Still, it is God holds the  
 heart suf - fers doubt - ings and pain, — Still, God is near me and  
 port where no bil - lows mo - lest, Where nev - er storm - cloud shall

seas in His hand, — Storms all will cease at His  
 hears when I pray, Bil - lows a - bate when they  
 dark - en the sky, Glo - ry to God, that fair

## CHORUS.

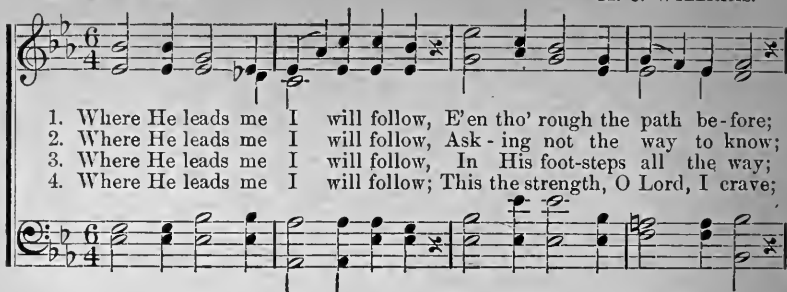
bless - ed com - mand. }  
 hear Him but say: } "Peace, peace be still." "Peace, peace, be  
 morn - ing is nigh. }

still." All storms will cease when He says "Peace, be still."


# No. 70. I'll Follow Where He Leads.

LOU W. WILSON.

M. C. WILLIAMS.

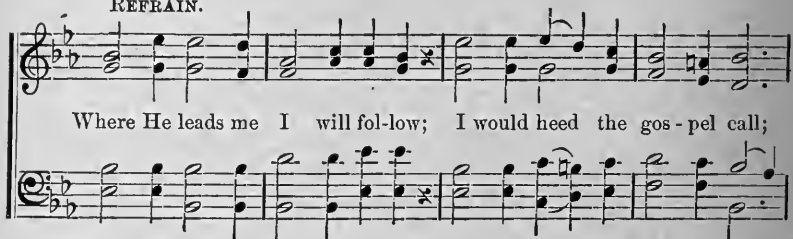


1. Where He leads me I will follow, E'en tho' rough the path be-fore;  
 2. Where He leads me I will follow, Ask - ing not the way to know;  
 3. Where He leads me I will follow, In His foot-steps all the way;  
 4. Where He leads me I will follow; This the strength, O Lord, I crave;

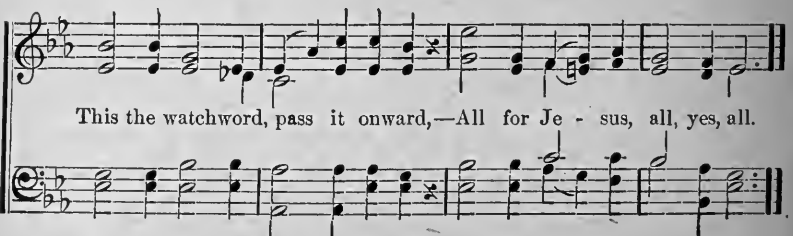


I will trust the bless - ed Saviour, Till the wea - ry strife is o'er.  
 At the Lord's command I'll take me Where-so-e'er He bids me go.  
 Soon the con - flict will be end-ed; Soon will dawn a bet - ter day.  
 If Thou wilt, oh, make me use-ful, Some poor dy - ing soul to save.

## REFRAIN.



Where He leads me I will fol-low; I would heed the gos - pel call;



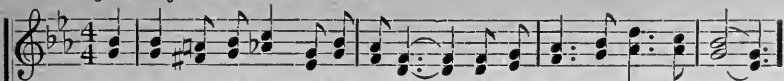
This the watchword, pass it onward,—All for Je - sus, all, yes, all.

# No. 71. The Cross is Not Greater.

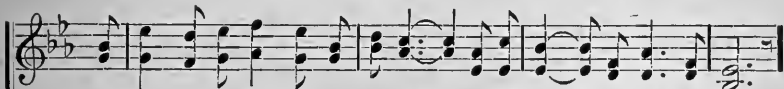
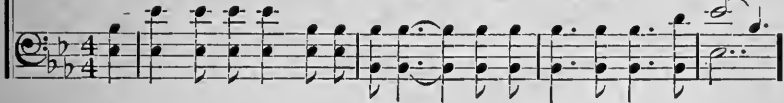
B. B.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

*May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*



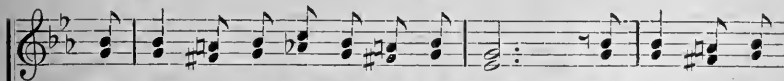
1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;



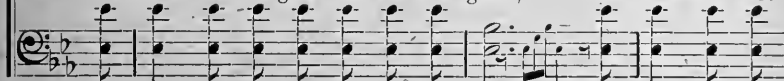
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.  
 The cup that I drink, not more bit-ter Than He drank at Geth-sem-a-ne.  
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a-lone can keep me right.



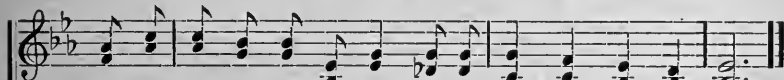
## CHORUS.



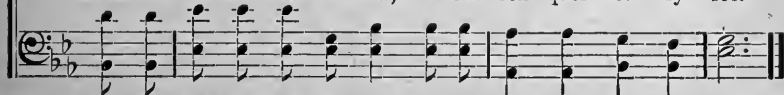
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know



That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.



# No. 72. The Fruitage Cometh From God.

Anon.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER

1. Sow thou thy seed in the morn - ing, And wa - ter it oft - en with tears,  
 2. Speak words of love to the err - ing, And plead with a gen - tle breath,  
 3. Trust then in His blest prom - ise, Grieve not when you see no sign

And pray that the time for the reap - ing Will come in the fu - ture years;  
 And trust God while you are pray - ing To save a soul from death.  
 Of fruit from the fields where you la - bor, Or life from gifts of thine;

For the gleaners wait with pa - tience, And from field of un - faith - ful sod,  
 The fruit may pass un - heed - ed, And care not for love nor rod,  
 No ef - fort will be for - got - ten, Tho' you rest be - neath the sod,

*rit.*  
 Will come the sweet as - sur - ance That the fruit - age com eth from God.  
 Say when thou sendest a mes - sage, The fruit - age com - eth from God.  
 And others may gather the har - vest, Yet the fruit - age com - eth from God.

## CHORUS.

Sow in love..... the precious seed, 'Mid the scenes..... of peace and  
 Sow in love the pre - cious seed, pre - cious seed, 'Mid the scenes of peace and

# The Fruitage Cometh From God.—Concluded.

strife, Scat-ter wide..... the seed so pre-cious, In the morning of thy life.  
 strife, peace and strife, Scatter wide the seed so precious,

## No. 73. Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. M. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.  
 Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Till last while endless a - ges roll.  
 In cot-tage, or a mansion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav-en there.

# No. 74. Shall the World be Made the Better?

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. There are burdens to be lightened ev-'ry day; There are sad hearts to be  
 2. There are seeds of love to scat-ter by the way; There are souls to win from  
 3. There are those who in the paths of darkness stray: Knowing not the bright-ness

brightened ev'ry day; Shall the burdens be made light? Shall the sad hearts be made bright?  
 Satan's stern array; Shall the seeds of love be sown? Shall the souls for Christ be won?  
 of the Heav'nly way; Shall their feet be led aright From the darkness to the light?

## CHORUS.

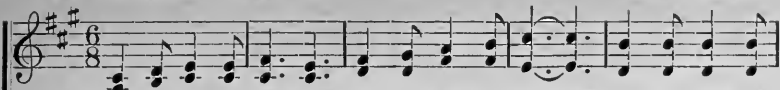
O the an-swer is for us to say! Shall the world be made the better for our

having journeyed here? Shall the world be made the brighter day by day and year by year? To the

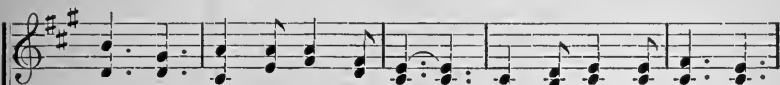
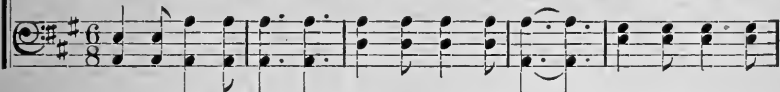
Promised Day of gladness shall the nations soon draw near? O the answer is for us to say!

Rev. RICHARD H. GILBERT, D. D.

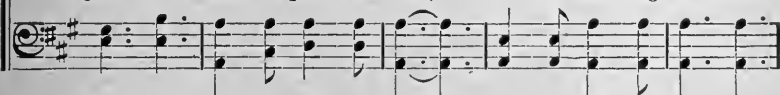
J. M. BLACK.



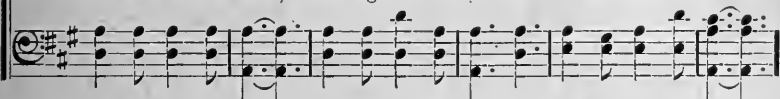
1. In this world, where shadows Dark and drear a - bound, Where the tears of
2. Souls in darkness groping, Seek - ing for the way, Lead - ing up to
3. Soon will end the work - time, And the pain and strife, Then we'll rest to -



sor - row Plen - ti - ful are found, Let us prove our un - ion  
 glo - ry, Realm of end - less day; Com - fort, cheer and help them,  
 geth - er Blest with peace and life; With our lov - ing Sav - iour



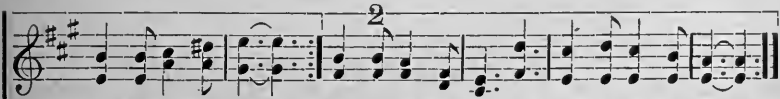
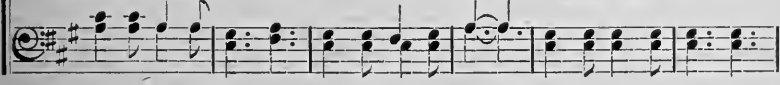
With the Christ a - bove, By the joy of show - ing Bright sunshine of love.  
 Doubt and fear re - move, Making plain the pathway With sunshine of love.  
 Now enthroned a - bove, Basking then for - ev - er In sunshine of love.



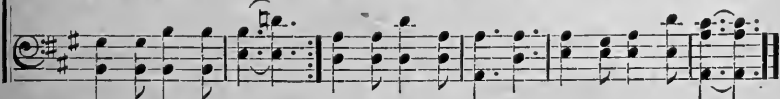
CHORUS.



Snn - shine, sun - shine, coming from a - bove, Keep it beaming ev - er,  
 Sunshine, blessed



Bright sunshine of love, Keep it beaming ev - er, Bright sunshine of love.



# No. 76. I Give My Heart to Thee.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I give my heart to Thee, O bless-ed Sav-iour, Heav-y and  
 2. I give my heart to Thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, Wea-ry with  
 3. I give my heart to Thee, O Je-sus, take it, Cleanse it from

bur-ned with its load of sin; Smile Thou up-on me  
 striv-ings, filled with anx-ious care; Help me to cling to  
 sin, Thy pre-cious blood ap-ply; Grant that Thy Spir-it's

with Thy lov-ing fa-vor, Hear and for-give me,  
 Thee with new en-deav-or, Help me, dear Lord, my  
 pow'r may melt and break it, Teach it to serve Thee

## CHORUS.

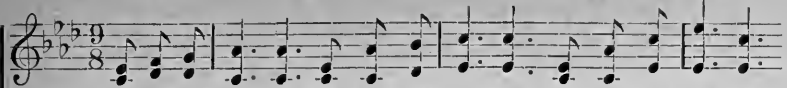
make me pure with-in. } O take my heart, Sav-iour Di-  
 dai-ly cross to bear. }  
 while the days go by.

vine; Guard it from e-vil, Make it whol-ly Thine.

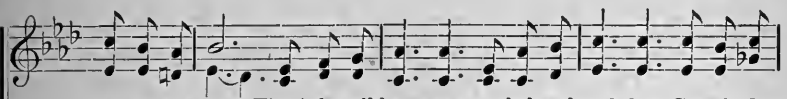
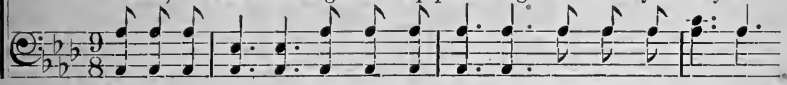


IDA M. BUDD.

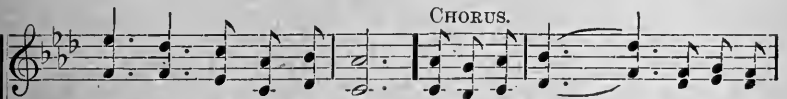
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. O-ver the mountain rug-ged and cheerless; Out in the des-ert
2. Loving them still wher-ev-er they wan-der; Long-ing to save whom
3. Listen, O wand' rer! night is ap-proach-ing! Soon will your day to

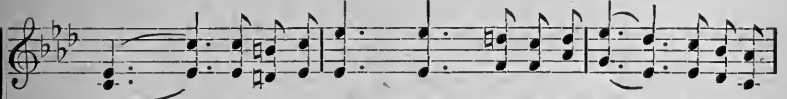


barren and lone; Thro' the wild maz-es tangled and path-less Go-eth the sin has o'erthrown, Patiently searching, kindly en-treat-ing, Still is the darkness have grown; Answer Him gladly "Thee will I fol-low; Lead me, O

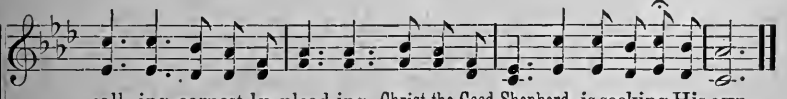


CHORUS.

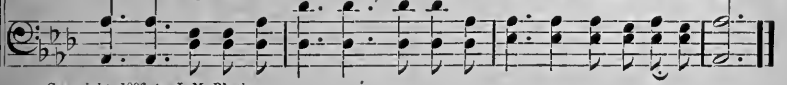
Shep-herd, seek-ing His own. } Seeking His own,..... seeking His  
 Shep-herd, seek-ing His own. }  
 Shep-herd, I am Thine own." } Seeking His own,



own,..... Go-eth the Shep-herd, seeking His own; Tenderly seeking His own, Goeth the Shepherd, seeking His own;



call-ing, earnest-ly plead-ing, Christ the Good Shepherd, is seeking His own.



# No. 78.

# Keep Close to Jesus.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Keep close to Je - sus and the day will be a bright one;  
 2. Keep close to Je - sus would you stand a - gainst temp - ta - tion;  
 3. Keep close to Je - sus cast - ing all of sin be - hind you;

Keep close to Je - sus and your load will be a light one;  
 Keep close to Je - sus for the rap - tures of sal - va - tion;  
 Keep close to Je - sus and no fet - ters more will bind you;

Keep close to Je - sus and your way will be the right one;  
 Keep close to Je - sus for His peace in trib - u - la - tion;  
 Keep close to Je - sus for the glo - ry God de - signed you;

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close, ver - y close,

ev - er close to Je - sus; Keep close to Je - sus ev - 'ry day;

# Keep Close to Jesus.—Concluded.

Keep close, very close, ever close to Je - sus, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

## No. 79. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

# No. 80. The Latch of Father's Door.

Mrs. W. C. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On - ly a fond old fa - ther, Fac - ing the window pane; Peering with  
 2. On - ly a fa - ther weeping, Weep - ing as o'er the dead, Seeing no  
 3. On - ly a rest - ful homestead Waits the re - turn - ing one; On - ly a

anxious longing In - to the dark and rain: On - ly the weary wand' rer,  
 form approaching, Hear - ing no manly tread; On - ly a trembling wand' rer,  
 heav' nly Fa - ther Welcomes a long lost son; On - ly a wea - ry sin - ner,

Home from a for - eign shore, Waiting outside, and fears to lift The latch of his  
 Longing for home once more; Weary and worn, too faint to lift The latch of his  
 Bro - ken in heart, and sore, Almost persuad - ed now to lift The latch of his

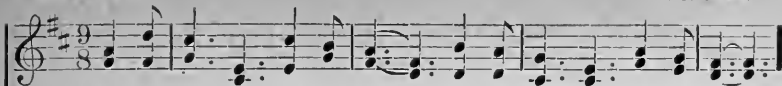
## CHORUS.

fa - ther's door. Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy, And wait outside no

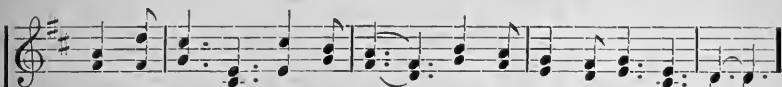
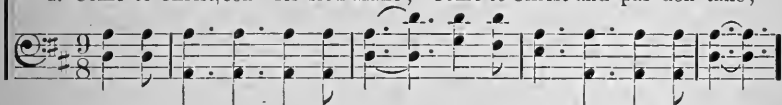
more; There's love and rest for thee, my boy, With - in thy fa - ther's door.

EL. NATHAN.

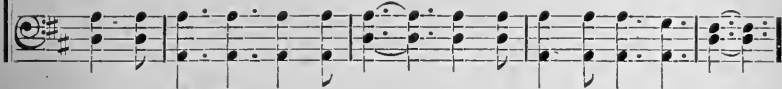
C. C. CASE.



1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;



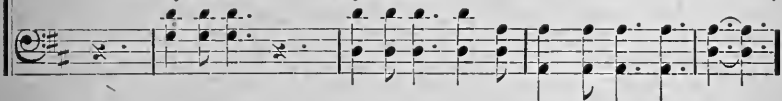
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?  
 Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.  
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.  
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



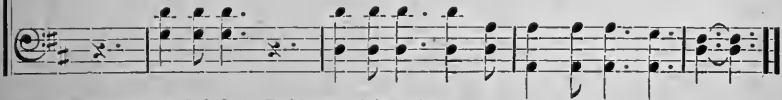
## CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
 Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?  
 Why not now? why not now?



# No. 82. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like  
 2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -  
 3. My sin,—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled

sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my - lot, Thou has taught me to  
 sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
 part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no  
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -

CHORUS.

say, It is well, it is well with my soul. } It is well.....  
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. }  
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! }  
 scend, "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. } It is

..... with my soul, ..... It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 well with my soul,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, Per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture burst  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, All is at rest, I in my sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His  
 on my sight; An - gels descending, bring from a - bove Echoes of  
 hap - py and blest; Watching and wait - ing, looking a - bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood. } This is my sto - ry, this is my  
 mer - cy, whisp - ers of love. }  
 good - ness, lost in His love. }

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

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

# No. 84.

# Never Alone.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed gold-en ray, Like a star of  
 2. Ros-es fade a-round' me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earth-ly sunbeams  
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dan-gers near; Near-er still my

glo-ry, Light-ing up my way! Tho' the clouds of mid-night,  
 van-ish—Ra-diant still the sky! Je-sus, Rose of Shar-on,  
 Say-iour, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer;" Joys, like birds of spring time,

This bright promise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will  
 Blooming for His own, Je-sus, heav-en's sun-shine, Nev-er will  
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet-ly, "He will not

### CHORUS.

leave thee a-lone." } No, nev-er a-lone,.....  
 leave me a-lone. }  
 leave me a-lone." } Nev-er a-lone, nev-er a-lone,

No, nev-er a-lone; He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,



# Never Alone.—Concluded.

1  
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

2  
Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first two lines of the song 'Never Alone.—Concluded.'. It features a treble and bass clef staff. The first line is marked with a '1' and the second with a '2'. The lyrics are 'Nev-er to leave me a - lone.' repeated twice. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble clef and chords in the bass clef.

## No. 85. Do Not Pass Me By.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Do not pass me by, dear Sav - iour, Tho' I may un-worth-y be;  
2. Do not pass me by, dear Sav - iour, I am hope-less but for Thee;  
3. Do not pass me by, dear Sav - iour, Make my blinded eyes to see;

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first three verses of 'Do Not Pass Me By.'. It features a treble and bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. Do not pass me by, dear Sav - iour, Tho' I may un-worth-y be;', '2. Do not pass me by, dear Sav - iour, I am hope-less but for Thee;', and '3. Do not pass me by, dear Sav - iour, Make my blinded eyes to see;'. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble clef and chords in the bass clef.

Tho' my heart be stained and sin - ful, Look with mer-cy, Lord, on me.  
Let me hide beneath Thy pin - ions: Look with fa-vor, Lord, on me.  
Speak the word that shall re-store me; Let Thy goodness rest on me.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the concluding lines of the verses. It features a treble and bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Tho' my heart be stained and sin - ful, Look with mer-cy, Lord, on me.', 'Let me hide beneath Thy pin - ions: Look with fa-vor, Lord, on me.', and 'Speak the word that shall re-store me; Let Thy goodness rest on me.'. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble clef and chords in the bass clef.

### CHORUS.

E - ven me, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Par - don, heal and comfort me,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first line of the chorus. It features a treble and bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'E - ven me, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Par - don, heal and comfort me,'. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble clef and chords in the bass clef.

E - ven me, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second line of the chorus. It features a treble and bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'E - ven me, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me.'. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble clef and chords in the bass clef.

SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.

1. O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay, Are strewn this  
 2. His word goes forth, and peo-ples by its might Once more re-  
 3. Sing and re-joyce, O, blest Je-ru-sa-lem, Of all thy

day in fes-tal prep-a-ra-tion, Where Je-sus comes, to wipe our  
 gain freedom from deg-ra-da-tion; Hu-man-i-ty doth give to  
 sons sing the e-man-ci-pa-tion; Thro' boundless love, the Christ of

tears a-way,... E'en now the throng to wel-come  
 each his right,... While those in dark-ness find re-  
 Beth-le-hem.... Brings faith and hope to thee for-

*ff* CHORUS.  
 him..... pre-pare.  
 stored.... the light.  
 ev - - er - more. } Join all, and sing,... His

SOLO OR UNISON.

name de-clare, Let ev-'ry voice re-sound with ac - - cla-ma-tion,

# Palm Branches.—Concluded.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

Ho - san - - - na!      praised be the Lord!

*Last time go to \**

Bless Him who com eth to bring us sal - va - - - -

*Prelude and Interlude.*

tion!

*D. C. \**

tion!

## No. 87.      Response After Prayer.

W. A. O.

Hear, O Lord, our humble sup- pli - ca - tion, Ac - cept us, O Lord, for Je - sus' sake.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Dear Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue, And bid it speak for Thee, That  
 2. Dear Lord, I con - se - crate my all, A sac - ri - fice most meet, And  
 3. O, guide my fee - ble, falt'ring feet, And watch them lest they stray; And

I may tell to sinners round; Thy goodness un - to me; Dear Mas - ter,  
 lay the hum - ble of - fer - ing Low at Thy bless - ed feet; Re - ceive it  
 day by day may they be found In wisdom's pleasant way! Dear Lord, with -

lift my i - dle hands, And fill them with Thy work; In - spire my soul with  
 for Thy mer - cy's sake, Ac - cept the gift I bring; 'Tis all I have to  
 in my err - ing heart, O make Thy dwelling place; Bap - tize it rich - ly

CHORUS.

fervent zeal, That I no task may shirk. } Sav - iour, I cling to Thee,  
 of - fer Thee, My Lord, my God, my King. }  
 with Thy love, And fill it with Thy grace. } Saviour, I will cling to Thee,

I'll live and work for Thee, I'll love and serve Thee better, Saviour, stay with me.  
 I will live and work for Thee, I will love and

# No. 89.

# Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

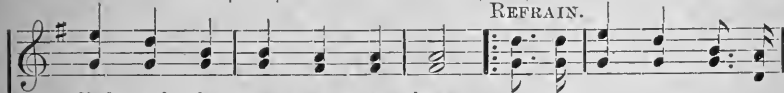
J. J. HUSBAND.



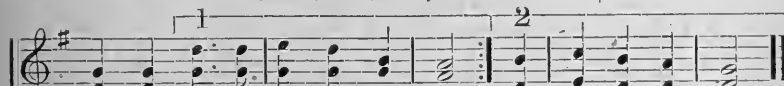
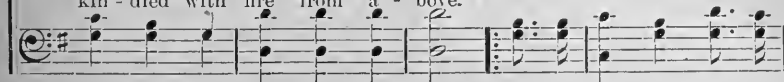
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



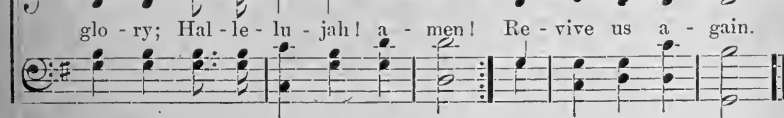
## REFRAIN.



died and is now gone a - bove.  
 Sav - iour and scat - tered our night. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the  
 sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.  
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove.



glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.



# No. 90.

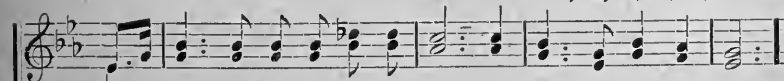
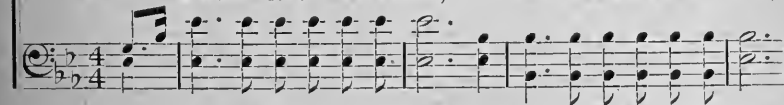
# He Knows.

J. M. B.

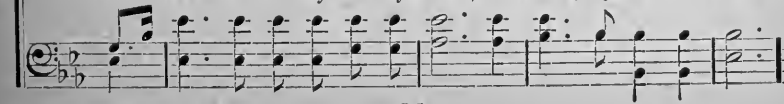
J. M. BLACK



1. He knows the tri - als of each day, — The struggles all a - long the way;
2. His serv - ice is so sweet to me, His true dis - ci - ple I would be;
3. In His sweet love I will a - bide, — Un - der His shadow I will hide,



The souls that weep, the souls that pray; He knows, my Fa - ther knows.  
 And tho' the way I can - not see, He knows, my Fa - ther knows.  
 And take Him for my dai - ly Guide, He knows, my Fa - ther knows.



# No. 91. Jesus Hath Redeemed Me.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Je - sus hath re-deemed me and I glad - ly sing His praise,  
 2. Je - sus hath re-deemed me, hal - le - lu - jah to His name!  
 3. Je - sus hath re-deemed me, what a won-drous love is this!

That the world may know the wonders of His love; Tell - ing how to  
 From the pow'r of e - vil He hath set me free; Now with joy I  
 Gave His life a ran - som on the cru - el tree; Now my soul He

win me from the er - ror of my ways, Je - sus left His throne a - bove.  
 hast - en all the goodness to pro - claim Of the Christ who died for me.  
 fill - eth with a sweet, a - bid - ing bliss, And His Spir - it lives in me.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus, my Sav - - - - - iour, Je - sus, my Sav - - - - - iour,

Je - sus, my blessed Redeemer, Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,

Jesus, my Sav - - - - - iour,  
 Infinite God of Love, leaving His throne above, Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,

# Jesus Hath Redeemed Me.—Concluded.

Je-sus, my Sav - - - iour,

Jesus, my blessed Redeemer, Dying from sin to set me free,  
sin..... to set me free.

## No. 92. Lead Thou the Way.

Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Lead me, O Lord, my err-ing footsteps guide, Lest I should chance to
2. When skies are bright and all the world is kind, Broad fields al - lure and
3. Thou know-est, Lord, the ten-den-cy to roam; Take, then, my hand and

wan-der from Thy side; Oft-times in life the heart is prone to stray,  
paths are left be-hind; Should I thus wan-der, Lord, ere close of day,  
lead me safe-ly home; Tho' heedless-ly, O Lord, I dis-tant stray,

### CHORUS.

Lead, Thou, the way, dear Lord, lead, Thou, the way. }  
Back to a Fa-ther's love, lead, Thou, the way. } Lead, Thou, the way,  
Bring back Thy err-ing child, lead, Thou, the way. }

Lead, Thou, the way, And I will follow Thee, dear Lord, Lead, Thou, the way.

# No. 93. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloudless morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting

more, And the morn - ing breaks e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the rise; And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when

saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the

## CHORUS.

roll is called up you - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is  
When the roll is

called up you - - - der, When the roll..... is called up  
called up you - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



# When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.—Concluded.

you - - - der, When the roll..... is called up  
 you - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

you - der, When the roll is called up you - der, I'll be there.

## No. 94. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

SIMON BUTLER MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }  
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high. }

D. S.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last.

D. C.

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

2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
 Leave, O leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me.  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenseless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart;  
 Rise to all eternity.

# No. 95.

# Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, con-trite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;  
 2. Come, hun - gry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass - ing by;  
 3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;  
 4. Come, bur - dened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

See in His rec - on - cil - ed face The sun - shine of the sky.  
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.  
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on His bos - om lie.  
 The love that lis - tens to your pray'r Will "no good thing" de - ny.

## CHORUS.

Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, Hasten to meet Him on the way,  
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,

Je - sus is passing by to - day, Pass - ing by, pass - ing by.  
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.

*p* *rit.*  
*mp*

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# No. 96.

# The Call for Reapers.

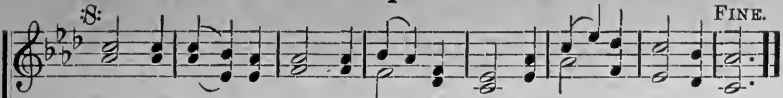
J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

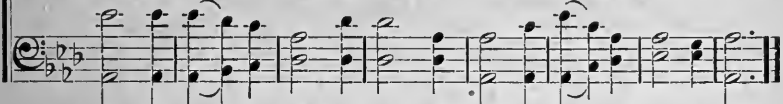
1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing With the waves of ri - pened grain;  
 2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;  
 3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;

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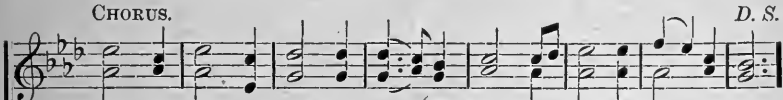
# The Call for Reapers.—Concluded.



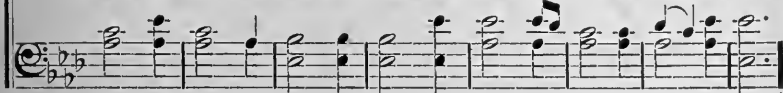
Far and near their gold is gleaming, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.  
 When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath - er ev-'ry - where.  
 Heav'nward then at eve - ning wending, Thou shalt come with joy untold.



*D. S.*—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.



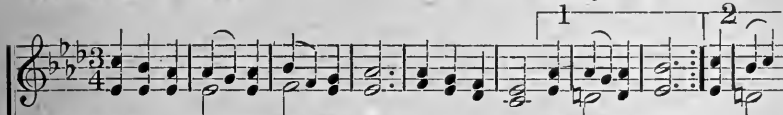
Lord of har - vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry :



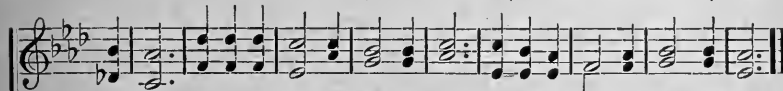
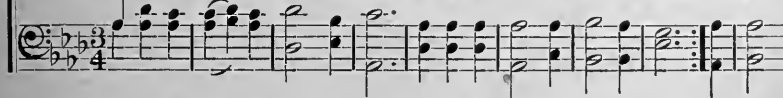
## No. 97. Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

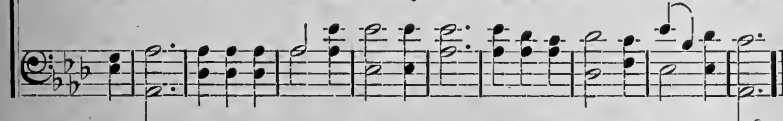
Ad. by J. G. WALTON.



1. { Faith of our fathers! living still In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:  
 O how our hearts beat high with joy When'er we hear [Omit.....] that glo-



rious word: Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!



2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,  
 Were still in heart and conscience free;  
 How sweet would be their children's  
 fate,  
 If they, like them, could die for thee!  
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
 We will be true to thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love  
 Both friend and foe in all our strife:  
 And preach thee, too, as love knows  
 how,  
 By kindly words and virtuous life:  
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
 We will be true to thee till death!

# No. 98. The Country Over Yonder.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. M. BLACK.

1. By and by we'll walk in light su - per-nal, 'Mid the scenes of beauty  
2. There are mansions fair beyond all tell-ing, Where the ransomed of all  
3. Oh, how sweet where sorrow cometh nev - er, Where love's tender ties no

ev - er ver - nal, While our souls are thrilled with joys e - ter - nal,  
climes are dwell-ing, With their praise of Je - sus loud - ly swell-ing  
death can sev - er, Safe with Je - sus to a - bide for - ev - er

## CHORUS.

In that country o - ver yon - der. Some sweet day where living waters flow,

Wear-ing gar-ments whit - er than the snow, Saved by grace, a

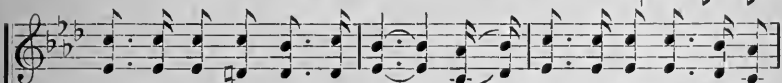
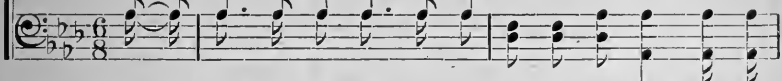
joy di-vine we'll know, In that coun - try o - ver yon - der.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.



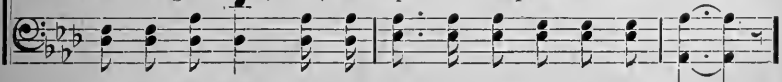
1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a -
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me - things when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing



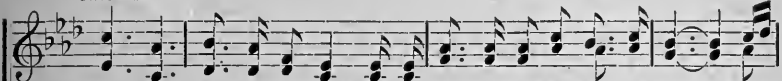
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -  
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can  
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by  
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the  
 down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the



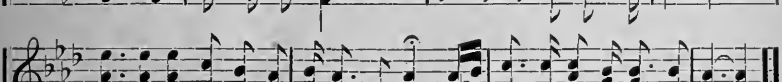
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.  
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.  
 ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom shall be:  
 shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.



## CHORUS.



Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep



o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fathom - less billows of love.



HATTIE E. BUELL.

Arr. from a melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the  
 2. My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin, Once wandered o'er  
 3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by  
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of  
 earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reign - ing for -  
 choice, and an a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my  
 pal - ace for me o - ver - there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still

sil - ver and gold, His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.  
 ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.  
 name's written down, An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.  
 I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

## CHORUS.

I'm the child of a King, the child of a King!

*Ad lib.*  
 With Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King;

# No. 101. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fol-low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-  
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-  
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing 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 bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

## CHORUS.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms! Lean - - ing,  
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms, Lean - - ing,  
leaning on Je - sus, Leaning on Je - sus,

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

# No. 102. Dear Ones are Waiting for Thee.

Rev. J. A. PATTON.

C. E. BROWNELL.

1. Dear ones are wait-ing in heav - en, Clad in their garments of white,  
 2. Faces that beamed with their kindness, Forms we remember in love,  
 3. Yes, they are waiting and watch-ing, Free from all la - bor and care,

Anx-ious-ly look for our com - ing Home to the man-sions of light;  
 Shin-ing resplendent with glo - ry, Beam on us still from a - bove;  
 Dwelling se-secure in the Man-sions Je - sus has gone to pre-prepare,

Safe-ly they passed thro' the por-tals In - to the ha-ven of rest,  
 Hands that once lightened our bur-dens, Voic-es we cherished so long,  
 Dear is the thought in our sor - row, Part-ed from us tho' they be,

Washed in the blood of the Sav - iour, Now they are hap-py and blest.  
 Beck-on us on-ward and up - ward, Welcome us home with their song.  
 Yet, we shall meet them in glo - ry, Safe o'er the bright crystal sea.

## CHORUS.

Wait - ing, wait - ing, Over the bright crystal sea,  
 Wait-ing for thee, waiting for thee, bright crystal sea,



# Dear Ones are Waiting for Thee.—Concluded.

*rit.*.....

Wait - ing, wait - ing, Dear ones are waiting for thee.....  
 Waiting for thee, waiting for thee, yes, waiting for thee.

## No. 103. I'll Die For Him.

Rev. R. H. GILBERT, D. D.

ROM. 6 : 11. GAL. 2 : 20.

J. M. BLACK,

1. I'll die for Him who lives for me, The bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
 2. I'll die for Him who lives thro' me, And thus a faith - ful work - er be,  
 3. I'll die for Him who lives in me, And o'er the world win vic - to - ry,

His grace from sin hath set me free, He is my Lord and King.  
 Help sin - ners to the Sav - iour flee, And find Him Lord and King.  
 And then go home the face to see Of Christ, my Lord and King.

### CHORUS.

I'll die for Him who lives for me, That He, by grace, may dwell in me;

How bless - ed then my life shall be For Christ, my Lord and King:

# No. 104. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.  
*Andante.*

(Consecration.)

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;  
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—  
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;  
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—  
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied;

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,  
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
So, trusting my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
My voice shall ech-o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

## REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

# I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.—Concluded.

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

## No. 105. O How He Loves Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

John 3 : 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

- |   |   |                  |
|---|---|------------------|
| 1. I have a Friend, a precious Friend,  | O | how He loves me; |
| 2. Why He should come, I can-not tell,  | O | how He loves me; |
| 3. He died to save my soul from death,  | O | how He loves me; |
| 4. He walks with me a-long life's road, | O | how He loves me; |
| 5. He has a home pre-pared for me,      | O | how He loves me; |

He says His love will nev-er end,	O	how He loves me.
In my poor brok-en heart to dwell,	O	how He loves me.
I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,	O	how He loves me.
He car-ries ev-'ry heav-y load,	O	how He loves me.
With Him I'll spend e-ter-ni-ty,	O	how He loves me.

### CHORUS.

O how He loves me, O how He loves me;

I know not why, I on-ly cry, O how He loves me.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a  
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - iour, One who can  
 4. O - how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my

bear these burdens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kindly will help me;  
 kind, com - passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,  
 help my bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,  
 heart is tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.  
 Make of my troubles quickly an end.  
 He all my cares and sorrows will share. } I must tell Je - sus, I must tell  
 O - ver the world the vict'ry to win.

Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

*rit.*

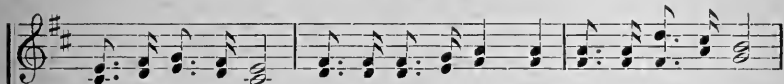
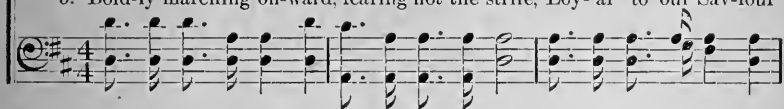
Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

JENNIE WILSON.

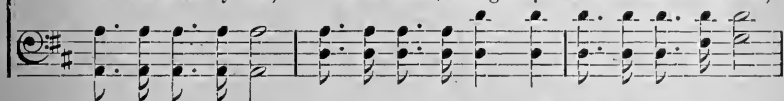
J. M. BLACK.



1. Dai - ly marching on - ward thro' the vale of time, Glad ly look - ing upward  
 2. When we, in our jour - ney, are by foes assailed, We will trust the Conqu'ror  
 3. Bold - ly marching on - ward, fearing not the strife, Loy - al to our Sav - iour



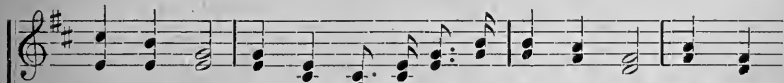
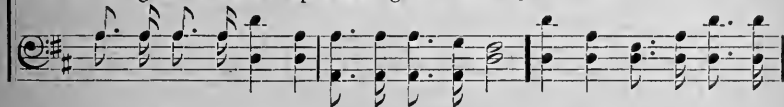
un - to heights sublime; We are pressing on - ward to be - hold the King,  
 who has nev - er failed; Af - ter all the con - flict vic - to - ry is sure,  
 in this earth - ly life; We shall share His glo - ry when our march is o'er,



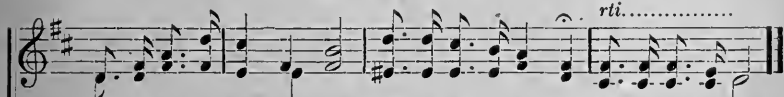
CHORUS.



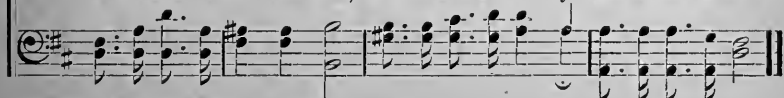
Where our hal - le - lu - jah shall for - ev - er ring.  
 If our faith and courage all the way endure. } Marching onward in the  
 Shin - ing crowns of triumph wearing ev - er - more.



heav'ward way, Trust - ing Je - sus as our Guide each day; We will

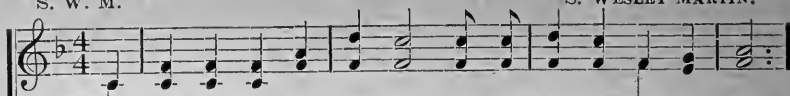


fol - low Him in faith and love, Till we reach the cit - y that is built a - bove:

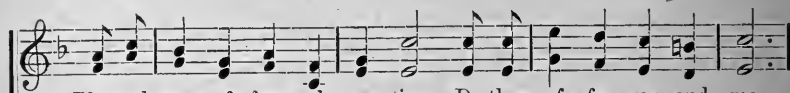


S. W. M.

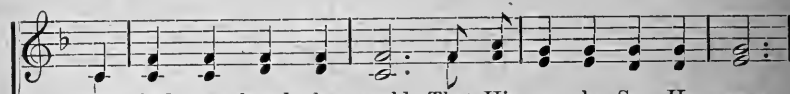
S. WESLEY MARTIN.



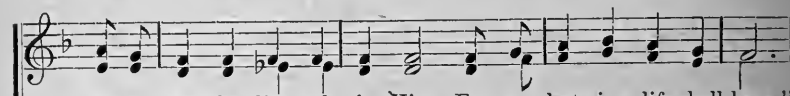
1. The gos-pel bells are ring-ing O-ver land from sea to sea;  
 2. The gos-pel bells in-vite us To a feast prepared for all;  
 3. The gos-pel bells are joy-ful, As they ech-o far and wide,



Bless-ed news of free sal-va-tion Do they of-fer you and me.  
 Do not slight the in-vi-ta-tion, Nor re-ject the gra-cious call.  
 Bearing notes of per-fect par-don, Thro' a Sav-iour cru-ci-fied.

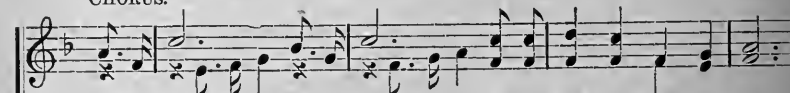


"For God so loved the world That His on-ly Son He gave,  
 "I am the bread of life; Eat of me, thou hun-gry soul,  
 "Good tid-ings of great joy To all peo-ple I do bring,



Who-so-e'er be-liev-eth in Him Ev-er-last-ing life shall have."  
 Tho' your sins be red as crim-son, They shall be as white as wool."  
 Un-to you is born a Sav-iour, Which is Christ, the Lord and King."

## CHORUS.



Gospel bells, how they ring, O-ver land from sea to sea;  
 Gospel bells, how they ring,

# The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

Gospel bells, free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.  
Gospel bells, free-ly bring

## No. 109. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.  
DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give; }  
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live. }  
2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow; }  
Worldly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }  
3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine; }  
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I surrender all, I sur-ren-der all;  
I surrender all, I surrender all;

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour. I sur-ren-der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,  
Lord, I give myself to Thee;  
Fill me with Thy love and power,  
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,  
Now I feel the sacred flame;  
Oh, the joy of full salvation!  
Glory, glory, to His name!

ALLIE T. CRISS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Are the skies a - bove you darkened, And the sunshine lost to view;  
 2. Do the fond-est hopes you cher-ished At your feet lie cold and dead?  
 3. Have the friends you long have trusted, In their friendship proved untrue?

Thro' the heav-y clouds of sor - row, Does no ray of light shine thro'?  
 Have your fair-est ro - ses fad - ed, Leaving you the thornes in - stead?  
 And the hearts you thought the tru-est, Lost their ten-der love for you?

Is your soul with sor - row burdened And your heart bowed low with grief;  
 'Tis the rain as well as sun-shine Makes the fra-grant flow - ers grow;  
 There's a friend that will not fail you, Thro' the darkness and the day;

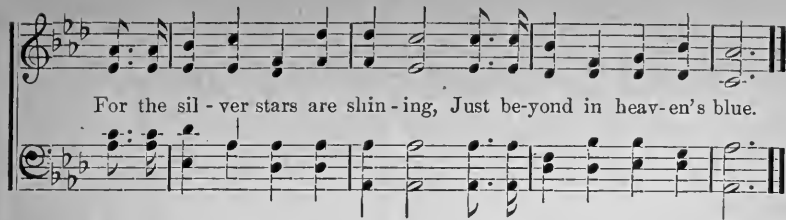
Trust the prom-is - es of Je - sus, They will bring you sweet re - lief.  
 Trust the prom-is - es of Je - sus, Trust them still where'er you go.  
 Trust the prom-is - es of Je - sus, They will guide you all the way.

## CHORUS.

O then, sad heart, cease your pin-ing, Trust His prom-is - es so true;



# The Promises of Jesus.—Concluded.



For the sil - ver stars are shin - ing, Just be - yond in heav - en's blue.

## No. 111. I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

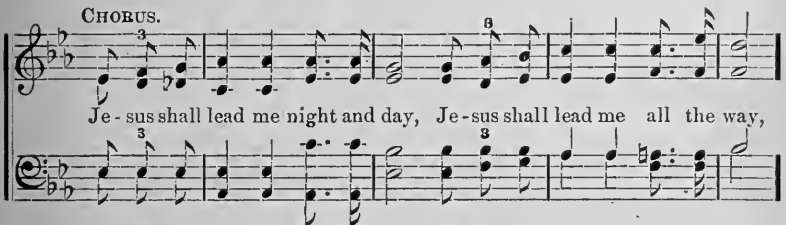


1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,  
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,  
3. Onward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Happy with Christ, my Saviour near,

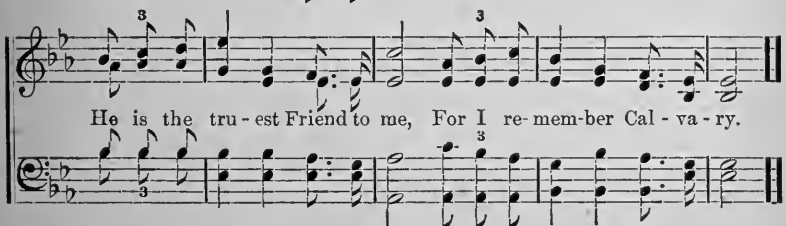


And I re - mem - ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.  
His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood - stained Cal - va - ry.  
Trusting that I some day shall see Je - sus my Friend of Cal - va - ry.

### CHORUS.



Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way,



He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

"Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ,"—2 Cor. 1: 2.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, up-  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wing se - cure - ly  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con-  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,  
 hide you; Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you,  
 found you, Put - His arms un - fail - ing round you,  
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

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

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we  
 meet a - gain, till we meet;

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

# Foundation-Hymns of the Church.

## No. 113. How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH.

(Portuguese Hymn. 11s.)

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His  
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will  
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall  
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-

excellent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—To you, who for  
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My  
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sancti-fy  
 sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no,

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?  
 gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gracious, omnip-o-tent hand.  
 to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest distress.,  
 nev-er—no, nev-er for-sake!" I'll nev-er—no, nev-er—no, nev-er forsake!"

## No. 114. I'm Going Home.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }  
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }  
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }

2 My Father's house is built on high,  
 Far, far above the starry sky;  
 When from this earthly prison free,  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,  
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;  
 Be mine a happier lot to own  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

# No. 115.

# There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,  
2. { The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see, re-joiced to see,  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }  
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. }  
The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fount-ain in his day, }  
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, }

### CHORUS.

Oh, glorious fountain! here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

- 3 Thou dying Lamb, ||: Thy precious blood, :|| 4 E'er since by faith ||: I saw the stream, :||  
Shall never lose its power, Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Till all the ransomed ||: Church of God, :|| Redeeming love ||: has been my theme, :||  
Are saved to sin no more. And shall be till I die.

# No. 116. I Stretch My Hands to Thee.

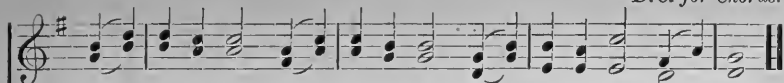
CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;  
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath!  
3. O Je - sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;  
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

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

# I Stretch My Hands to Thee.—Concluded.

*D.C. for Chorus.*

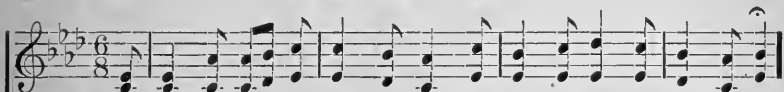


If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?  
 What pain, what la - bor, to se - cure My soul from end - less death!  
 And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve In this ac - cept - ed hour.  
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift! My soul without it dies.

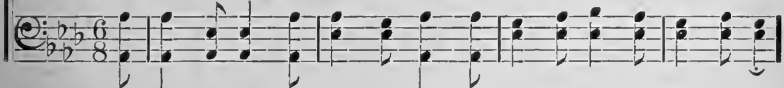


And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

## No. 117. Take Me As I Am.



1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me, I must die;  
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;  
 3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best resolves I on - ly break;  
 4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;



*D.S.*—Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.  
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.  
 But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.

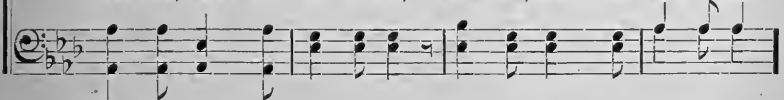


REFRAIN.

*D.S.*



Take me as I am, . . . . Take me as I am, . . . .  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am.



5 If Thou hast work for me to do,  
 Inspire my will, my heart renew,  
 And work both in and by me, too,  
 And take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,  
 The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,  
 Still, still my cry shall be alone,  
 Lord, take me as I am!

# No. 118.

# Forever Here my Rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(C. M.)

HUGH WILSON.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;  
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Fount-ain for guilt and sin,  
 3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
 4. Th'a - tone - ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;

This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - iour died."  
 Sprin - kle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.  
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.  
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

## No. 119. Come, Humble Sinner.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve:—
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know His courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But, if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 4 I can but perish if I go;  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

Edmund Jones.

## No. 120. O for a Faith.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink,  
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;  
And then, what'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst.

## Mear.

(C. M.)

Welsh Air. AARON WILLIAMS.

## No. 121. O for a Heart to Praise.

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free!  
A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

## No. 122. My God, the Spring of All.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
The comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And Thou my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,  
And whispers, I am His.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.

Isaac Watts.

# No. 123.

# Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE

(S. M.)

H. G. NÆGELI.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;  
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee;  
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.  
 And hun - g'ring for the Bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!  
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

# No. 124. Blest Be the Tie.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds  
 Our hearts in Christian love;  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
 We pour our ardent prayers:  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett.

# No. 125. A Charge to Keep I Have.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
 My calling to fulfill,—  
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,  
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
 As in Thy sight to live;  
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,  
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
 And on Thyself rely,  
 Assured, if I my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

# Boylston.

(S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

# No. 126. And Can I Yet Delay.

- 1 And can I yet delay  
 My little all to give?  
 To tear my soul from earth away  
 For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
 I can hold out no more:  
 I sink, by dying love compelled,  
 And own Thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,  
 My friends, my all resign;  
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
 And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,  
 Nor hence again remove:  
 Settle and fix my way'ring soul  
 With all Thy weight of love.

Charles Wesley.

# No. 127. Mourn for the Thousands Slain.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,  
 The youthful and the strong;  
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,  
 And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—  
 Eternal life and light  
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,  
 And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost;—but call,  
 Call to the strong, the free;  
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,  
 And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost;—but pray,  
 Pray to our God above,  
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,  
 And show His saving love.

# No. 128. Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY.

(Italian Hymn, 6. 4.)

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy praise to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all  
 2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy  
 3. Come, holy Comforter! Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour; Thou, who al-  
 4. To the great One in Three, The highest praises be, Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

glor-ious, O'er all vic-tor-ious, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of Days!  
 people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend,  
 might-y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!  
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

## No. 129. The God of Harvest Praise.

- 1 The God of harvest praise;  
 In loud thanksgiving raise  
 Hand, heart, and voice;  
 The valleys wake and sing,  
 Forest and mountains ring,  
 The plains their tribute bring,  
 The streams rejoice.
- 2 Yea, bless His holy name,  
 And joyful thanks proclaim  
 Through all the earth;

To glory in your lot  
 Is comely,—but be not  
 God's benefits forgot,  
 Amid your mirth.

- 3 The God of harvest praise;  
 Hands, hearts, and voices raise  
 With one accord;  
 From field to garner throng,  
 Bearing your sheaves along,  
 And in your harvest song  
 Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery.

## No. 130. In the Cross.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

(Rathbun. 8s. 7s.)

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an- noy,  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up- on my way,  
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sauc- ti- fied;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry, Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.  
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds new lus-ter to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide

## No. 131. Before His Cross.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend;  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here it is I find my heaven  
 While upon the cross I gaze;  
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;  
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
 Constant still, in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from His death.

- 4 Here in tender, grateful sorrow  
 With my Saviour will I stay;  
 Here new hope and strength will borrow  
 Here will love my tears away.

James Allen, alt. by Walter Shirley.



# No. 132. O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

C. WESLEY.

(Azmon, C. M.)

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.

1. O for a thou- sand tongues, to sing My great Redeem-er's praise,  
 2. My gracious Mas- ter and my God, As- sist me to pro- claim,  
 3. Je- sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor- rows cease;  
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris- 'ner free;

The glo- ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!  
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.  
 'Tis mu- sic in the sinner's ear, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.  
 His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

# No. 133. Come, Let Us Join.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus!"  
 "Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,  
 "For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honor and power divine;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be Lord, forever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name  
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

# No. 134. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

(Arlington, C. M.)

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol- dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb,  
 2. Must I be car- ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood- y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en- dure the pain, Sup- port- ed by Thy word.

# No. 135. I'm Not Ashamed.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend His cause;  
 Maintain the honor of His word,  
 The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;  
 His name is all my trust;  
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
 And He can well secure  
 What I've committed to His hands,  
 Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name  
 Before His Father's face,  
 And in the New Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts.

# No. 136.

# All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness  
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can change the  
 3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my  
 4. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll lay my

## CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all." }  
 lep-er's spot, And melt the heart of stone. } Je - sus paid it all,  
 garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.  
 tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

# No. 137.

# My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.

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

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

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

# No. 138.

# The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide; Je-  
 2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin, With  
 3. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low To feel the blood ap - plied; And

### CHORUS.

sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side. } The cleansing stream I  
 heart made pure and, garments white, And Christ enthron'd within. } Oh, praise the Lord! it  
 Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied. }

see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me; }  
 cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, [Omit.....] } yes, cleanseth me.

# No. 139.

# Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou  
 4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my  
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

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  
 ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be  
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!

# No. 140. Jesus, Thou Everlasting King.

ISAAC WATTS

(TRURO, L. M.)

CHARLES BURNBY

1. Je-sus, Thou ev - er - last - ing King, Ac - cept the trib - ute which we bring;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry act of wor - ship be Like our es - pous - als, Lord, to Thee;  
 3. Let ev - 'ry moment as it flies, In - crease Thy praise, im - prove our joys.

Ac - cept Thy well - de - served re - nown, And wear our pris - es as Thy crown.  
 Like the blest hour, when from a - bove We first re - ceived the pledge of love.  
 Till we are raised to sing Thy Name, At the great sup - per of the Lamb.

## No. 141. Eternal Father.

- 1 Eternal Father, Thou hast said,  
 That Christ all glory shall obtain;  
 That He who once a sufferer bled  
 Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.
- 2 We wait Thy triumph, Saviour King;  
 Long ages have prepared Thy way;  
 Now all abroad Thy banner fling,  
 Set time's great battle in array.

- 3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field;  
 "The cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;  
 The old grim towers of darkness yield,  
 And soon shall totter to their fall.
- 4 O fill Thy Church with faith and power,  
 Bid her long night of weeping cease;  
 To groaning nations haste the hour  
 Of life and freedom, light and peace.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

## No. 142. Walk in the Light.

B. BARTON.

(C. M.)

From MEHUL and HAYDN.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know, That fel - low - ship of love,  
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,  
 3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark - ness passed a - way,  
 4. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peace - ful, se - rene, and bright,

His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.  
 Who dwells in cloud - less light en - shrined, In whom no dark - ness is.  
 Be - cause that light hath on thee shone, In which is per - fect day.  
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him - self is light.

## No. 143. When All Thy Mercies.

- 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost.  
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how can words with equal warmth  
 The gratitude declare,  
 That glows within my ravished heart?  
 But Thou canst read it there.

- 3 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The pleasing theme renew.
- 4 Through all eternity to Thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise;  
 But O, eternity's too short  
 To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

# No. 144. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

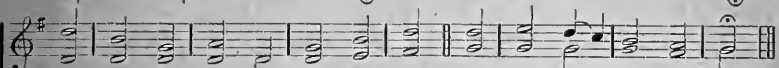
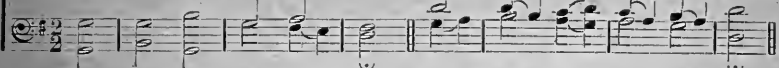
TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

(S. M.)

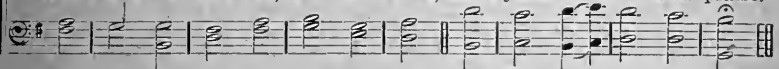
HANDEL.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,  
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;  
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'n - ly ways,



The Church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils are giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



## No. 145. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard;  
 Ten thousand foes arise;  
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.  
 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.  
 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armor down:  
 The work of faith will not be done,  
 Till thou obtain the crown.  
 4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God;  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
 To His divine abode.

G. Heath.

## No. 146. My Times Are In Thy Hand.

- 1 "My times are in Thy hand:"  
 My God, I wish them there;  
 My life, my friends, my soul, I leave  
 Entirely to Thy care.  
 2 "My times are in Thy hand,"  
 Whatever they may be;  
 Pleasing or painful, dark, or bright,  
 As best may seem to Thee.  
 3 "My times are in Thy hand;"  
 Why should I doubt or fear?  
 My Father's hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.  
 4 "My times are in Thy hand;"  
 I'll always trust in Thee:  
 And, after death, at Thy right hand  
 I shall forever be.

W. F. Lloyd.

## Greenwood.

(S. M.)

Joseph E. Sweetser.



## No. 147. Behold the Throne of Grace.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace;  
 The promise calls us near;  
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
 And waits to answer prayer.  
 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
 Thy presence and Thy love,  
 That we may serve Thee here below,  
 And reign with Thee above.  
 3 Teach us to live by faith,  
 Conform our wills to Thine;  
 Let us victorious be in death,  
 And then in glory shine.

John Newton.

## No. 148. Jesus, I Live to Thee.

- 1 Jesus, I live to Thee,  
 The loveliest and best;  
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
 In Thy blest love I rest.  
 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
 Whenever death shall come;  
 To die in Thee is life to me,  
 In my eternal home.  
 3 Living or dying, Lord,  
 I ask but to be Thine;  
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
 Makes heaven forever mine.

Henry Harbaugh.

# No. 149. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac - ri -  
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - ce - de; His all - re - deem - ing  
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceiv - ed on Cal - va - ry; They pour of - fect - ual  
 4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear: He owns me for His

fic In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,  
 love, His pre - cious blood, to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,  
 pray'rs, They strongly plead for me: "For - give him, O for - give," they cry,  
 child; I can no long - er fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
 "For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sinner die."  
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

## No. 150. The Year of Jubilee.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,  
 The gladly - solemn sound!  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of jubilee is come!  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Hath full atonement made:  
 Ye weary spirits, rest;  
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
 The year of jubilee is come!  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
 The all - toning Lamb:  
 Redemption in His blood  
 Throughout the world proclaim:  
 The year of jubilee is come!  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

## No. 151. O Thou That Hearest Prayer.

- 1 O Thou that hearest prayer,  
 Attend our humble cry,  
 And let Thy servants share  
 Thy blessing from on high:  
 We plead the promise of Thy word;  
 Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear  
 Their children when they cry;  
 If they, with love sincere,  
 Their children's wants supply;  
 Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,  
 And answer when Thy children pray.
- 3 Our heavenly Father, Thou;  
 We, children of Thy grace;  
 O let Thy spirit now  
 Descend and fill the place;  
 That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise Thy name.

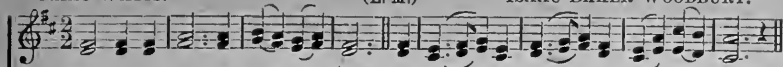
John Burton.

# No. 152. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

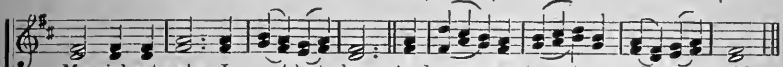
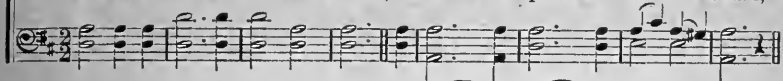
ISAAC WATTS.

(L. M.)

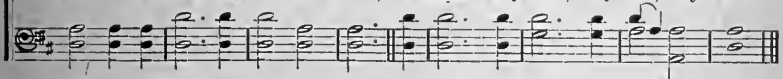
ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow ming-led down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



- My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.  
 DId e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.



# No. 153. Jesus, a Word, a Look.

- 1 Jesus, a word, a look from Thee,  
 Can turn my heart and make it clean;  
 Purge out the inbred leprosy,  
 And save me from my bosom sin.
- 2 Lord, if Thou wilt, I do believe  
 Thou canst the saving grace impart;  
 Thou canst this instant now forgive,  
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.

- 3 My heart, which now to Thee I raise,  
 I know Thou canst this moment cleanse;  
 The deepest stains of sin efface,  
 And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 4 Be it according to Thy word;  
 Accomplish now Thy work in me;  
 And let my soul, to health restored,  
 Devote its deathless powers to Thee.

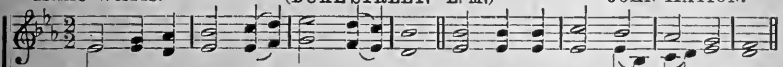
Charles Wesley.

# No. 154. From All that Dwell Below the Skies.

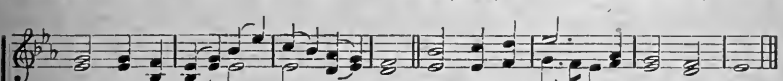
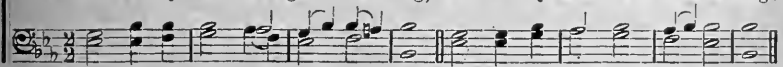
ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

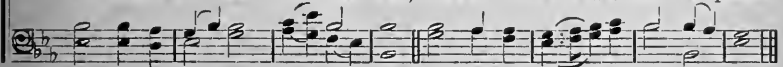
JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;
2. E-ter-nal are Thy mer-cies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth attends Thy word;
3. Your loft-y themes, ye mor-tals, bring; In songs of praise di-vine-ly sing;
4. In ev-'ry land be-gin the song; To ev-'ry land the strains be-long:



- Let the Re-dee-mer's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
 The great sal-va-tion loud pro-claim, And shout for joy the Savi-our's name.  
 In cheerful sounds all voic-es raise, And fill the world with loud-est praise.



# No. 155. Jesus Shall Reign.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does His successive Journeys run;  
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,  
 To pay their homage at His feet;  
 While western empires own their Lord,  
 And savage tribes attend His word.

- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown His head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise,  
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His name.

Isaac Watts.

# No. 156. Guide Me, Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land; }  
 { I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow' rful hand: }  
 2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow; }  
 { Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey thro': }  
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anxious fears sub - side; }  
 { Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side: }

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,  
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,  
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee,

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

## No. 157. Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
 And let your joys be known,  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,  
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion;  
 We'er marching upward to Zion,  
 The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God;  
 But children of the heavenly King  
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 Then let our song abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching through Immanuel's  
 ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high.

## No. 158. Come, Ye Sinners.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love, and power.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salva -  
 tion,  
 Sound the praise of His dear name;  
 Glory, honor, and salvation,  
 Christ the Lord has come to reign

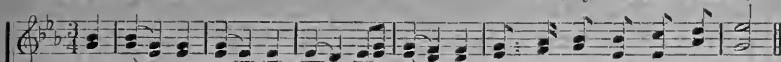
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness He requireth  
 Is to feel your need of Him.



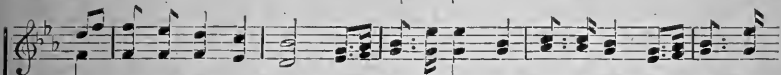
# No. 159. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

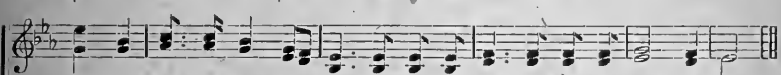
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



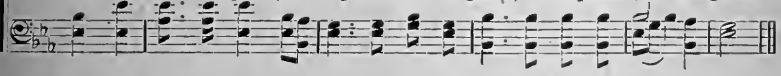
1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth,  
 2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt,  
 3. Well, the de- lightful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with  
 Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all  
 And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-



Ga-briel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.  
 per-fect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.  
 ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant In His grace, Triumphant in His grace.



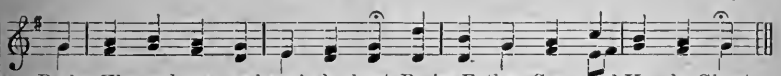
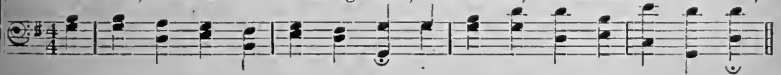
# No. 160. Praise God.

THOS. KEN.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



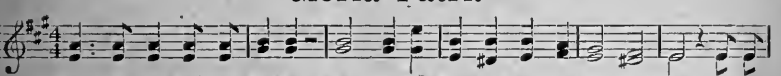
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be- low;



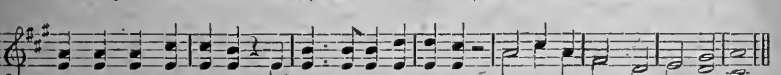
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.



# Gloria Patri.



Glo-ry be to' the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, as it



was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

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