

The **G**OSPEL PILOT  
 HYMNAL..

SCC  
5286

Benson

49237





31938

THE

# Gospel Pilot Hymnal

*A Collection of  
New and Standard Hymns for Sunday Schools,  
Young Peoples' Societies, Gospel  
and Social Meetings*

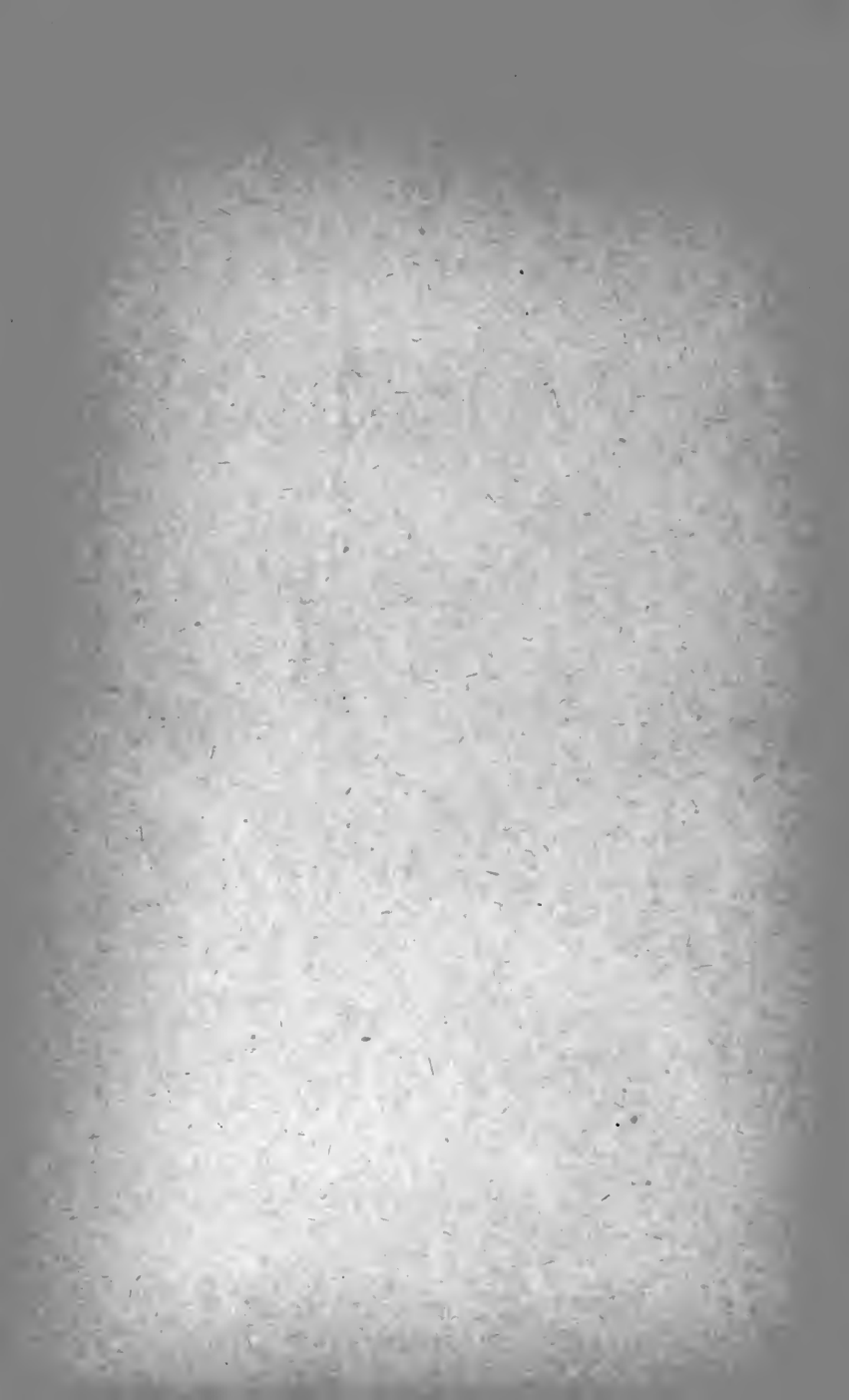
EDITED BY  
D. B. TOWNER AND FRENCH E. OLIVER

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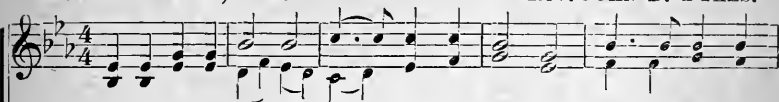
# The Gospel Pilot Hymnal.

No. 1.

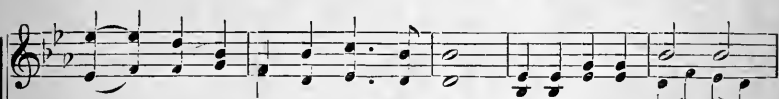
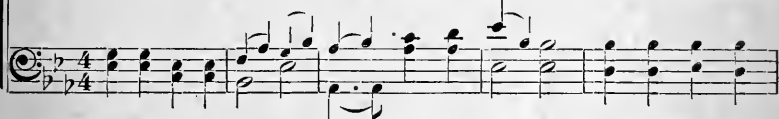
## Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

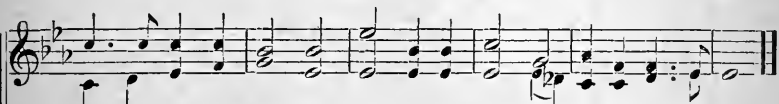
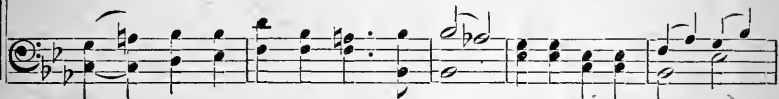
Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



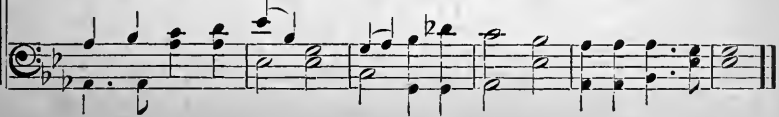
1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All thy work shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!  
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Ser - a-phim  
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,  
praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!



Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!  
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.  
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.  
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!



## Crowns of Glory.

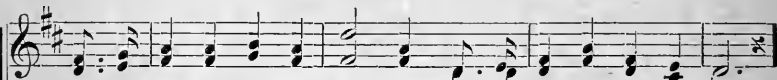
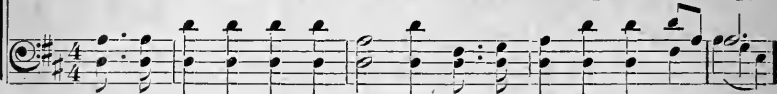
I Peter 5: 4.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

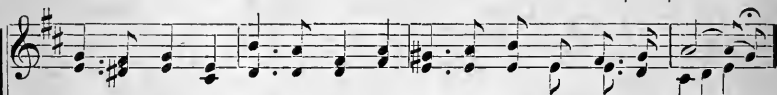
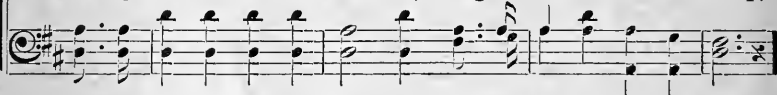
D. B. TOWNER.



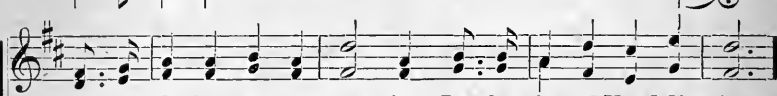
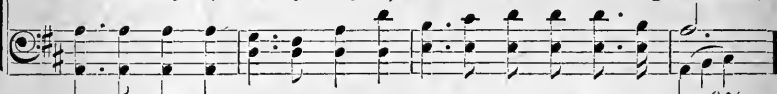
1. When the toilsome march is o - ver, When the burdens are laid down,
2. Till the glo-rious race is finished, Till the crown of life is won,
3. Lone - ly watch-er by the way-side, Mar - i - ner up - on the deep,



Heav'n will ring with hal-le - lu - jahs As the vic - tor takes his crown.  
 Press-ing forward, look to Je - sus, Seek to win the glad "Well done."  
 Wea - ry sol - dier in life's bat - tle, Pil - grim on the mountain steep,



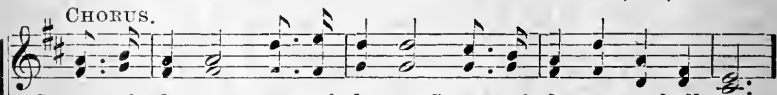
Onward, onward, thro' life's shadows, In the evening light will shine,  
 Clouds of wit-ness-es a-round us Watch the toilers on their way,  
 Look above you, look beyond you, Where the crown and kingdom wait;



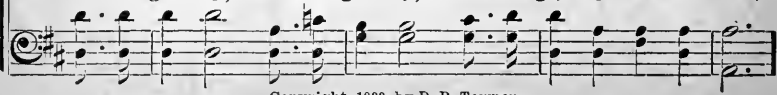
Oh, the glorious co - ro - na - tion By the pierced Hand di - vine,  
 They will join the raptured cho - rus On the fi - nal crowning day.  
 No more sor - row, no more sin - ning, When we pass that Cit - y Gate.



## CHORUS.



Crowns of glo - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear,





# Crowns of Glory.—Concluded.

When the race is run, and the vict'ry won, Crowns of glory we shall wear.

## No. 3. 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 wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleaving 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,

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

# No. 4. 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 over the stormy sea;  
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak,  
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle'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 la-bor 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 Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,  
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

*F.* I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
My voice shall echo the messages 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.

FINE.

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

REFRAIN.

D.S.

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

## My Saviour First of All.

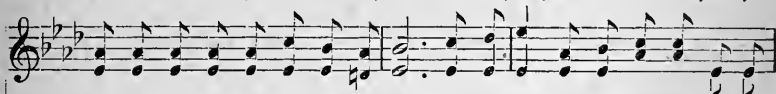
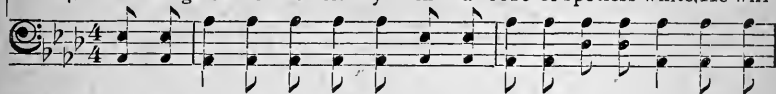
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"We shall see Him as He is," I Jno. 3: 3.

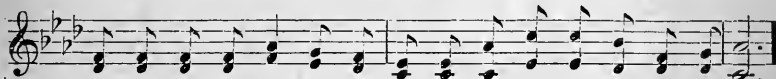
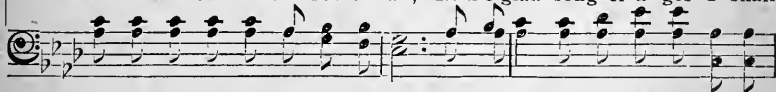
JNO. R. SWENEY.



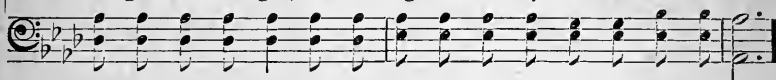
1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will



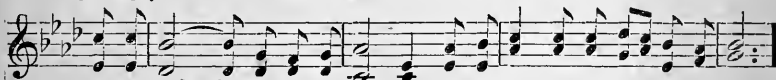
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I  
 lus-tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the  
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will  
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



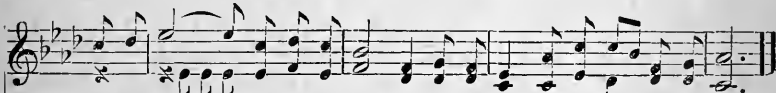
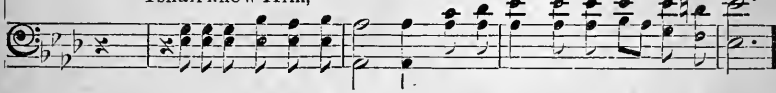
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.  
 mer-cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.  
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.  
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



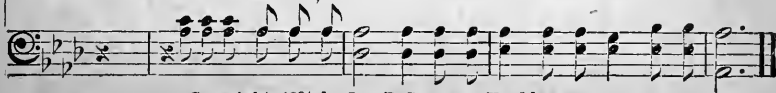
## CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,  
 I shall know Him,



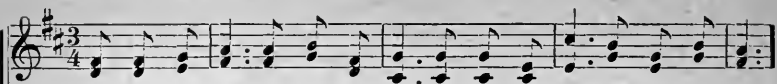
I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.  
 I shall know Him,



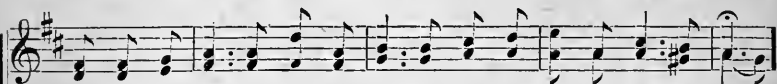
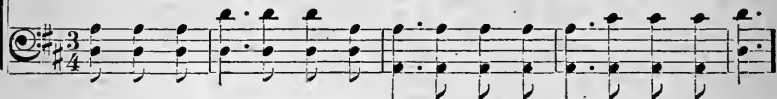
John 3: 16.

MARY B. WINGATE.

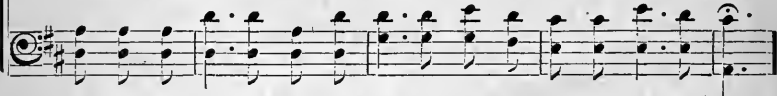
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I heard it first at mother's knee, The sto-ry of a love so free;
2. And when in days of doubt and sin, The tempter thought my soul to win,
3. And oh, the joy my soul has known! The doubt and darkness all are flown,
4. And when my work on earth is o'er, I'll sing it on a brighter shore,



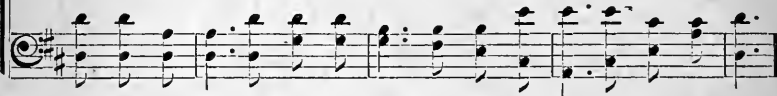
The love that drew the wondrous plan Of saving lost re-bel-lious man.  
 That sto-ry came in might-y pow'r, And saved me in that awful hour.  
 I find His serv-ice highest bliss, Was ev-er sto-ry sweet as this?  
 No ser-aph in that mighty throng Can sing a no-bler, sweeter song,



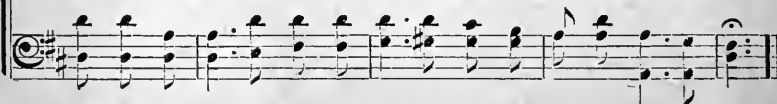
## CHORUS.



The sweetest sto-ry ev-er heard, The sweetest sto-ry ev-er heard,



I read it in God's Ho-ly Word, The sweetest sto-ry ev-er heard.



# In the Fortress of His Love.

Psalm 46: 1.

M. CUMMING.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sin has thrown its ar - rows 'round me And with snares my  
 2. Stormshaveraged, and tempests shat - tered Ev - 'ry hope sent  
 3. When life's day is turned to dark - ness, And down pleas - ure's  
 4. Tho' ar - rayed in strong - est ar - mor, "Tried and true," from

path - way wove; But I'm safe what - e'er be - tides me,  
 from a - bove; But my sin - tossed soul found shel - ter,  
 path we rove; There lurks dan - ger - seek for suc - cor,  
 heav'n a - bove; Sa - tan's shafts can nev - er reach me

### CHORUS.

In the for - tress of His love. I will sing.... the love of  
 I will sing

Je - sus, When my strength its weakness prove, I will  
 yes, I'll sing, when my strength weak - ness prove,

find... the sur - est ref - uge in the for - tress of His love.  
 I will find In the for - tress

J. EDWARD RUARK.

JNO. 8: 12.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Are you liv - ing in the sunshine, 'Tis your priv - i - lege to be,  
 2. Oh, the bliss - ful hap - py moments When our blessed Lord is near,  
 3. When our work on earth is end - ed, And we reach our home on high,

Are you walk - ing dai - ly close to Je - sus' side? You can  
 How our hearts then burn with - in us by the way; When we  
 When at last to us the pearl - y gates un - fold, We shall

have the bless - ed sun - shine All a - long your pil - grim way,  
 know that Je - sus leads us, There is nought we need to fear,  
 live in God's own sun - shine Safe with Je - sus by and by,

If you take the Sav - iour as your Friend and Guide.  
 Let us lis - ten to His mes - sage and o - bey.  
 In that cit - y where the streets are paved with gold.

CHORUS.

Let us live in the sun - shine,  
 Let us live, ev - er live in the sun - shine,

# Living in the Sunshine.—Concluded.

In the bright and glo-ri-ous sun-shine ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day,

Let us live in the sun - shine,  
Let us live, ev - er live in the sun - shine,

Live with Je - sus in the sun - shine all the way.

## No. 9.

# 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 outshine, 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 heav'nly 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 heav'nly mansion near the throne.

# No. 10. Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Romans 12: 10.

C. M. F.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest hap - pi - ness, Would you know its  
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a droop - ing heart, Kind - ly words re -  
3. Ma - ny hearts are crushed with bit - ter woe, Ma - ny hearts with

great - est blessedness, Would you know its tru - est joy - ful - ness,  
lieve a bitter smart, Help - ing hands to weakness strength impart,  
grief are bending low, Ma - ny hearts need help you can be - stow,

CHORUS.

Make some oth - er heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile,

Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help a broth - er, Give a pleasant

smile, Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

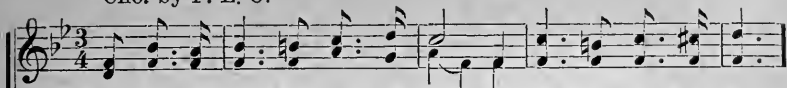


# No. 11. Thou Sun of Righteousness.

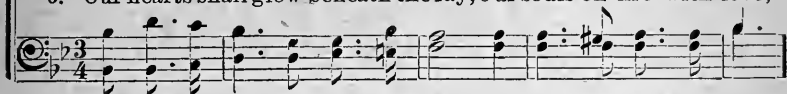
Evangelist M. B. WILLIAMS.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.

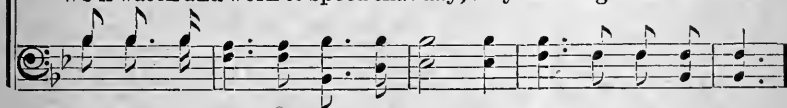
Cho. by F. E. O.



1. Thou Sun of Righteousness a - rise, Thy healing wings un-fold,
2. Shine midst the gloom, light up our sky With beams of heav'nly grace;
3. Our hearts shall glow beneath the ray, Our souls on fire with love;



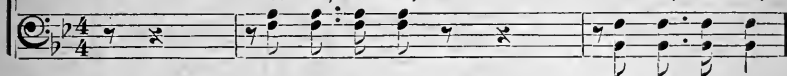
Dis-pel the damps of sin's dark night, And warm our hearts, so cold.  
That thro' these earth-born clouds may show Thy smiling, tender face.  
We'll watch and work to speed that day, Thy com-ing from a - bove.



## CHORUS.



A - rise, a - rise,..... A - rise, a - rise,.....  
A - rise, a - rise, A - rise, a - rise,



Thy wait-ing peo-ple bless; A - rise, a - rise,.....  
A - rise, a - rise,



A - rise, a - rise,..... Thou Sun of Right-ous-ness.  
A - rise, a - rise,

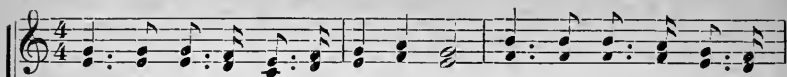


## At Calvary.

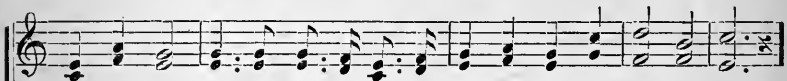
"The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." James 5: 11.

WM. R. NEWELL.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem - bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry-thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh! the love that drew salvation's plan! Oh! the grace that brought it



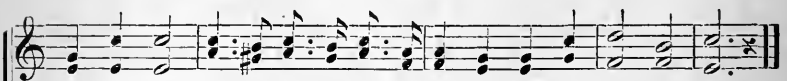
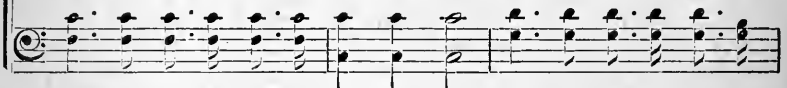
cruc - i - fied, Knowing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.  
 law I'd spurned, Till my guilty soul imploring turned To Cal - va - ry.  
 as my King; Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.  
 down to man, Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.



## CHORUS.



Mercy there was *great* and grace was *free*, Par - don there was mul - ti -



plied to me, There my burdened soul found liberty, At Cal - va - ry.

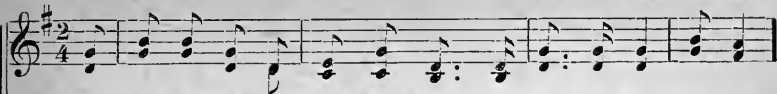


## The Very Same Jesus.

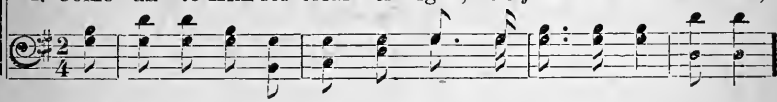
"This same Jesus." Acts 1: 2.

H. L. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Come, sinners, to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus,
2. Come, feast up-on the "liv-ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus,
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus,
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus,



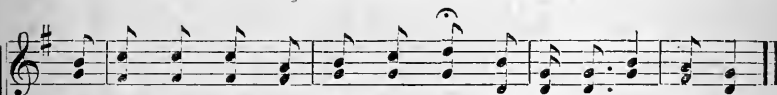
As when He raised the wid - ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.  
 As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.



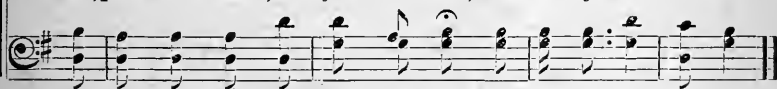
## CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der - work - ing Je - sus;



Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble<br>be,<br>He's just the same Jesus,<br>As when He hushed the raging sea,<br>The very same Jesus. | 6 Some day our raptured eyes shall<br>see,<br>He's just the same Jesus,<br>Oh, blessed day for you and me!<br>The very same Jesus. |
|---|--|

## Jesus at the Door.

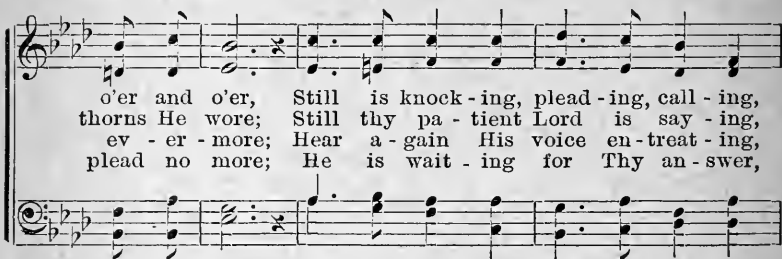
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. 3: 20.

DR. FRANK J. ROBERTSON.

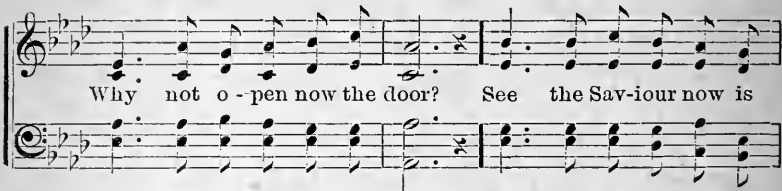


1. At thy heart the Lord is stand-ing, Griev'd and slighted  
 2. He was bruised for thy trans-gress-ions; Once a crown of  
 3. Oh how glad-ly would He en-ter, There to dwell for  
 4. O - pen quick-ly, time is fly-ing, Soon His voice will

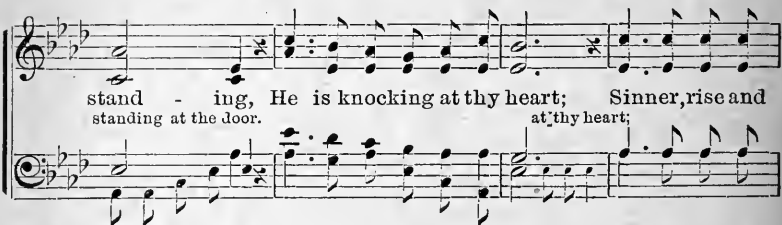


o'er and o'er, Still is knock-ing, plead-ing, call-ing,  
 thorns He wore; Still thy pa-tient Lord is say-ing,  
 ev-er-more; Hear a-gain His voice en-treat-ing,  
 plead no more; He is wait-ing for Thy an-swer,

## REFRAIN.



Why not o - pen now the door? See the Sav-iour now is



stand - ing, He is knocking at thy heart; Sinner, rise and  
 standing at the door. at thy heart;



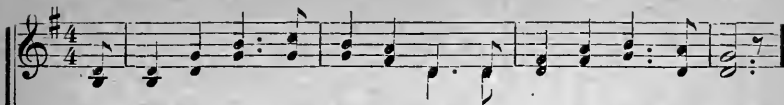
bid Him en - ter, Lest from thee He should depart.  
 en-ter, bid Him en ter,

# No. 15. I'll Trust Where I Cannot See.

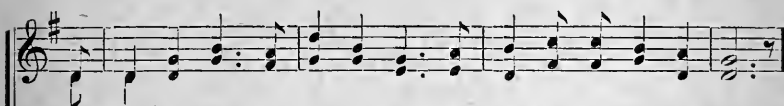
"The Lord is my light." Psalm 27: 1.

MRS. ELLA LAUDER.

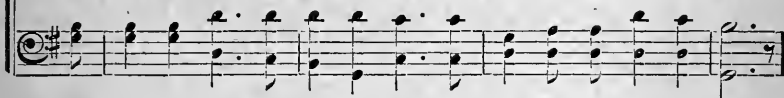
D. B. TOWNER.



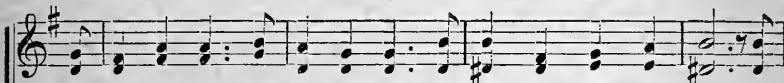
1. I have a Fa-ther who is wise, He plans my life for me;
2. My heav'nly Fa-ther is so strong No harm can come to me;
3. My Father loves each wand'ring child, I know that He loves me;
4. My lov-ing Fa-ther has for me A home beyond the sky,



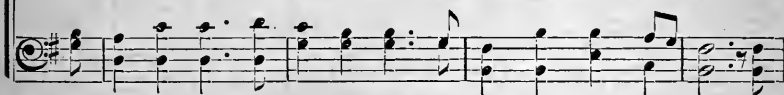
I know His wis-dom can-not fail, And trust where I can-not see.  
His might-y arm wards off each foe, I'll trust where I can-not see.  
So what He gives is sure-ly best, I'll trust where I can-not see.  
And what I can-not un-der-stand, I'll know in the bye-and-bye.



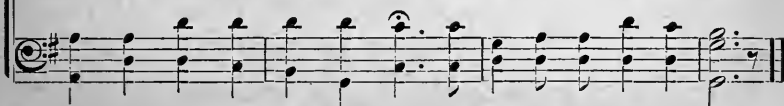
## CHORUS.



I'm trav'ling toward the heav'nly land, And when life's dark to me, I'll



let my Fa-ther hold my hand, And trust where I cannot see.



## Wholly Following.

Joshua 14: 8.

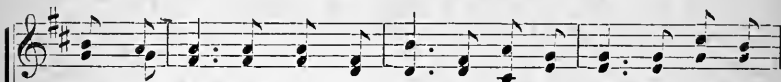
Respectfully dedicated to Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.

A. A. P.

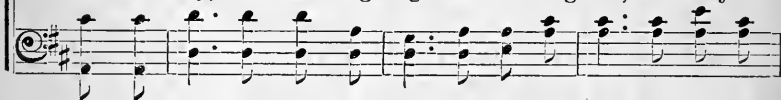
D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

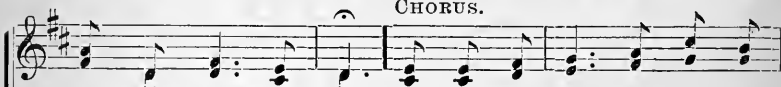
1. Be - fore the Sav - iour's judg - ment seat, His ran - somed serv - ants
2. When, like a flame of fire, His eyes Shall pierce each im - po -
3. No will of mine would I re - tain, No share in world - ly
4. Then whether He shall come to - day Or tar - ry long - er



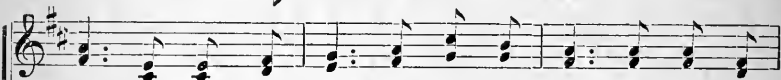
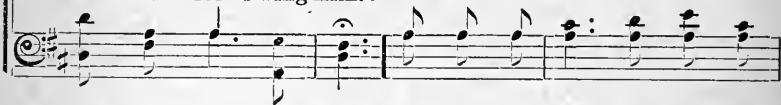
all shall meet; And some in con - fi - dence shall come, While some in  
tent dis - guise—In that dread hour may I be one To hear Him  
hon - or vain, But in His love a - lone a - bide, Nor wish for  
on the way, At morn - ing bright or ev' - ning dim, Still may He



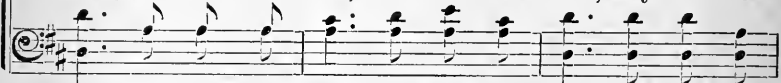
## CHORUS.



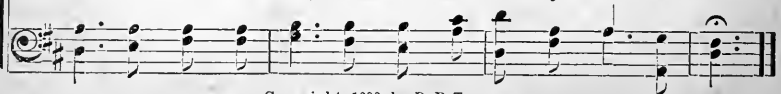
bit - ter shame are dumb, }  
soft - ly say "Well done." } Lord, when I stand be - fore Thy  
ought on earth be - side. }  
find me fol - l'wing Him. }



throne, And know at last, As I am known, May I re -



joice Thy face to see, Be - cause I whol - ly fol - lowed Thee.



# No. 17. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Acts. 3: 21.

W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we  
 2. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a  
 3. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the  
 4. At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be-lieve That the

gath-er to Je-sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to Him in  
 ten-der com-pas-sion His children to hear; When He tells us we may  
 Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing  
 bless-ing we're needing we'll surely re-ceive; In the fullness of this

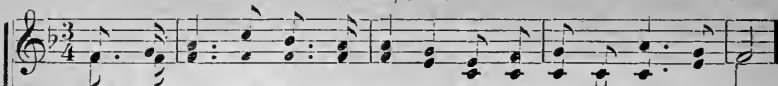
faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
 cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
 heart He removes ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
 trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

*D. S.*—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

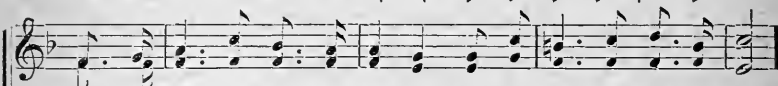
FINE. CHORUS.

*D. S.*

sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;  
 sweet to be there!



1. Search the scriptures! search them daily, Feasting on the "Bread of Life."
2. Search the scriptures! search them ev-er, Saf-est guide of age or youth,
3. Search the scriptures! wondrous treasures In the storehouse thou shalt find,
4. Search the scriptures! learn of Je-sus, Claim the rich-es of His grace,



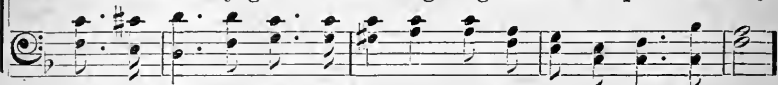
Gaining strength in hours of weakness, Finding rest in toil and strife.  
 Learning as the years roll o'er thee Lessons rare of love and truth.  
 Strength and healing for the bod-y, "Hid-den Man-na" for the mind.  
 Till the light of life e-ter-nal Shines and glows on ev'-ry face.



Naught of earth-ly wit and wis-dom For one moment can compare  
 Search the scriptures! fount of wis-dom, A-ble still to make thee wise  
 Search the scriptures! doubts will van-ish, And thy soul shall tru-ly know  
 Through the "Val-ley of the shad-ow" Let it light thy lone-ly way,



With the "Word of Life," e-ter-nal, With its precepts, rich and rare.  
 Un-to full and free sal-va-tion, More and more its fullness prize.  
 Thou art saved and saved for-ev-er! Per-fect cleansing, white as snow.  
 Till the ear-ly glow of morning Brightens to the per-fect day.



## CHORUS.



Search the scrip - tures! search the scrip-tures! For tis





# Search the Scriptures.—Concluded.

they which tes - ti - fy of me; Search the scrip - tures!

Search the scrip-tures! For in them ye find the way of Life.

No. 19.

## Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

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

*D. C.—Praise the mount I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.*

Teach me some mel-o-dious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues above;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home;  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be!  
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

## Jesus is Passing This Way.

"He was to pass that way." Luke 19: 4.

ANNIE L. JAMES.

W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. Is there a heart that is wait-ing, Longing for par-don to - day?
2. Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Quickly now un - to Him go;
3. List - en, the Spir-it is call-ing, Je - sus will free-ly for - give,
4. He is so ten-der and lov-ing, He is so near you to - day;



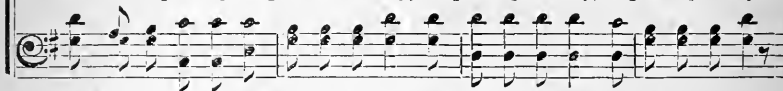
Hear the glad message we bring you, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.  
 O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Par-don and peace He'll bestow.  
 Why not this moment ac-cept Him? Trust in God's mercy and live.  
 O - pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.



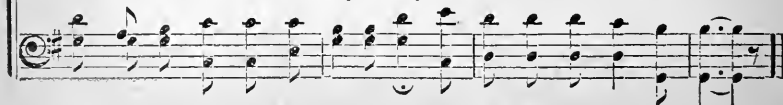
REFRAIN.



Je - sus is pass-ing this way, ..... This way, ..... to - day; ...  
 Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing to day;



Je - sus is pass-ing this way, .... Is pass-ing this way to - day.  
 way to - day,

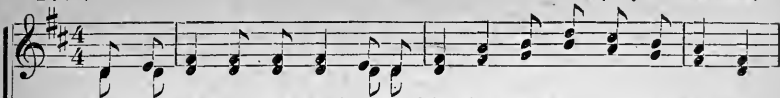


# Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

Eccel. 11: 6.

P. H.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the Master's  
 2. Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the ear - ly  
 3. Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the heart of



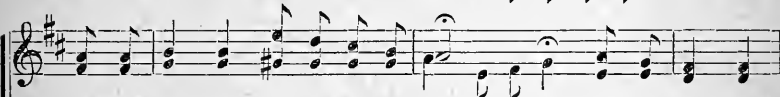
field so fair? Are you casting it forth with a full hand, brother, In the  
 morn so bright? Are you sowing the seed as the day wears on ward, And ap-  
 ten - der years? Are you sowing the seed o'er the ground so stony. Toiling



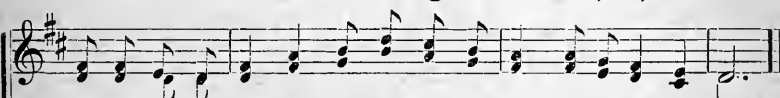
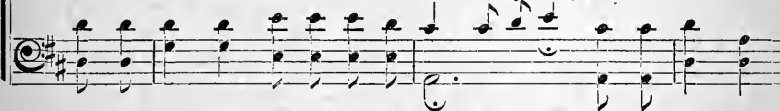
CHORUS.



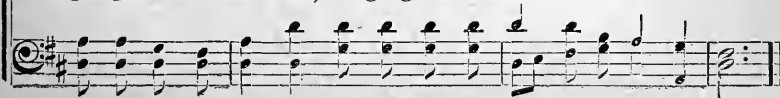
strength of faith and pray'r? }  
 proach the shades of night? } Oh, the spring so bright is passing by,  
 on with pray'r's and tears? } passing by,



And the reap-ing time will surely come; Hastle! the seed wide  
 Surely come;



fling-ing, Then at last come, bringing Golden sheaves for the harvest-home.



## Hear the Word.

Respectfully dedicated by the author to his choir in Music Hall, Cincinnati,

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

during the Moody meetings.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Come, for all is read - y, and the feast is spread,  
 2. Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, hear the ech - o sweet,  
 3. Wel - come, ev - er wel - come to the feast of love,  
 4. You who know how pre - cious is His grace so free,

Come, for Je - sus of - fers you the liv - ing Bread. Hear His in - vi -  
 Call - ing in the wand'ring to the Sav - ior's feet. Heed the ten - der  
 Who - so - ev - er will, may see His face a - bove. Hark, with hal - le -  
 Take the gift of life yet more a - bund - ant - ly. Spread the in - vi -

ta - tion 'mid the toil and strife, Come, and take the gift of life.  
 mes - sage, seek the great re - ward, Hear the voice of Christ your Lord.  
 lu - jahs, how the high courts ring, Come, and crown the Savior King.  
 ta - tion, there is room for all, Sound abroad the lov - ing call.

**CHORUS.**

Hear..... the word, All..... may come,  
 Hear the word of God's own Son, Who - so - ev - er will, may come,

With - out price,.....  
 With - out money, without price, Come and take e - ter - nal life.

# No. 23. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

Psalm 23: 4.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*

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

When life's toils are ended, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall  
 In life's darkest hours Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from

tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Fa - ther,  
 wand'ring, Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I'll fall up - on the wayside,

## REFRAIN.

Lead me gently home.                      Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,  
 Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently

lead me gen - tly,    gently home.  
 home, Father, Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

## I Sing of the Home-land.

John 14: 2.

ANDREW SHERWOOD.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O'er all the hills of Home-land, And thro' its peace-ful vales,  
 2. My Sav-iour dwells in Home-land, He's fair - est of the fair;  
 3. There is no death in Home-land, No fun - 'ral dirg - es toll;

The mu - sic of the ran-somed Is float-ing on the gales;  
 My friends who left me lone - ly Are wait-ing for me there;  
 There is no sad, sad fare-well, No wea - ry, sin-sick soul—

A trav - ler to that coun-try, Our Fa-ther's fold a - bove,  
 A worn and wea - ry trav -'ler, I go and share their bliss;  
 Christ bring us all to know Him, And save us by His truth;

Here on the shores of Earth-land I sing of the home of love.  
 Far from my na - tive coun-try, I faint on the sands of this.  
 God grant we find in Home-land The bloom of e - ter-nal youth!

## CHORUS.

I sing of home and the Homeland, Its joy and its beau-ties rare;

# I Sing of the Home-land.—Concluded.

And smile to think of the greet-ing That waits for me o - ver there.

## No. 25. All the Day Long.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The pre-cious Sav-iour's by my side, All the day long;
2. With-in my spir - it there is peace, All the day long;
3. He grants me His sus - tain - ing grace, All the day long;
4. So I will serve Him with my might, All the day long;

And when the tem-pests rise in pride, With - in the Rock 'tis  
'Tis some-times more than hap-pi - ness, A fore - taste of my  
While look-ing on His pa-tient face, I stand a he - ro  
He is my joy, my life, my light, My hope, my strength, my

then I hide, All the day long, All the day long.  
fu - ture bliss, All the day long, All the day long.  
in my place, All the day long, All the day long.  
ar - mor bright, All the day long, All the day long.

# No. 26. Jesus is Living With Me.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

Eph. 3: 17.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Tho' ma - ny my bur - dens and sor - rows, And ma - ny the  
 2. The joys of my life may all fail me, And friendship and  
 3. Tho' all of life's work be un - no - ticed, And tho' I for -  
 4. Some day my frail tent shall be fold - ed, Mine eyes to earth's

tri - als I see, My heart is o'er-flow-ing with glad-ness, For  
 for-tune may flee, But these have no pow - er to move me, When  
 got-ten should be, I can-not be wea - ry or lone - ly Since  
 glo - ries grow dim; I then shall a-wake in His like-ness, And

Je - sus is liv-ing with me. Liv - - ing with me,.....  
 Je - sus is liv-ing with me.  
 Je - sus is liv-ing with me.  
 ev - er be liv-ing with Him. Living with me, yes, liv-ing with me,

Liv - - ing with me,..... Je - - - sus, my  
 Living with me, yes, liv - ing with me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is

Sav - - ior, Is liv - - ing with me .....  
 liv - ing with me, Is liv - ing with me, yes, liv - ing with me.



## Beneath the Blood.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood! even the forgiveness of sins." Col. 1: 14.

W. J. KENNEDY, AIR.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be - neath the sprinkled blood, In safe - ty now I stand;  
 2. For me the Lamb was slain, For me was shed the blood,  
 3. My soul hath found sweet rest Beneath the sprinkled blood,  
 4. The bless - ed Son of God From sin hath made me free;  
 5. Then plunge beneath the flood And par - don free re - ceive;

Redeemed and owned of God, Kept by His might-y hand,  
 That cleanseth ev - 'ry stain, That re - con-ciles to God.  
 No long - er I'm op - pressed, With sin's dark, heav - y load.  
 His own redeem-ing blood Hath ransomed e - ven me.  
 A just and lov - ing God, E - ter - nal life will give.

## CHORUS.

Be - neath.... the blood, ... With all my sins I go,  
 Be - neath the blood, the sprink - led blood,

And in..... that flood,.... He makes them white as snow.  
 And in that flood, that crim-son flood.

## There is Glory in My Soul.

Mrs. GRACE WEISER DAVIS. Isaiah 53: 8.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is  
 2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is  
 3. Since with God I've walked, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is  
 4. Since I en - tered Canaan on my way to heav-en, There is

glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I sought and obtained God's favor,  
 glo-ry in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in loving kindness,  
 glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly un-ion,  
 glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en,

## CHORUS.

There is glo-ry in my soul. Yes, there's glory, glory, there is glory in my soul!

Ev-ry day bright-er grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is

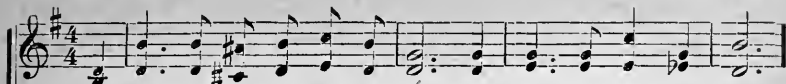
glo-ry, glo-ry, yes, there's glory in my soul, There is glory in my soul!

glory in my soul.

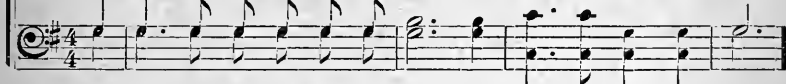
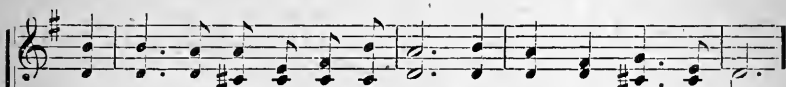
JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

I Peter 2: 24, 25.

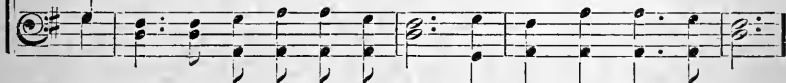
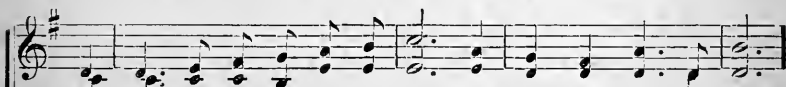
D. B. TOWNER.



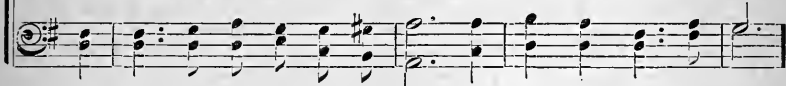
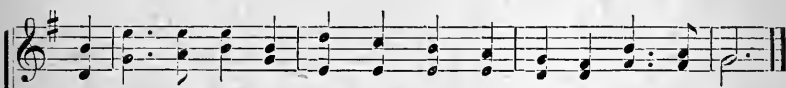
1. O Christ, Thy precious self hath borne Up - on the curs - ed tree,  
 2. O Christ, Thy righteousness hath made Thy servant dead to sin,  
 3. O Christ, Thy Shepherd heart hath loved Thy lost and wand'ring sheep,  
 4. O Christ, Thy wondrous pace hath stirred Our deepest notes of joy,


The sin of all the sons of men, The sin that bur - dened me.  
 And wrought in me a heart to love And ho - li - ness a - kin.  
 And fol - lowed it o'er pas - ture wild And in - to ston - y deep.  
 And wak - ened chords of grat - i - tude No an - gel tongues em - ploy.

Hath borne my sin, my soul to win, Thy cross hath set me free,  
 Hath made me new, Thy Spir - it true In pow - er dwells with - in,  
 Hath bro't it home, no more to roam, But ev - er - more to keep,  
 Hath giv - en peace, that years increase, And nothing can de - stroy,

Hath borne my sin, my soul to win, Thy cross hath set me free.  
 Hath made me new, Thy Spir - it true In pow - er dwells with - in.  
 Hath bro't it home, no more to roam, But ev - er - more to keep.  
 Hath giv - en peace, that years increase, And nothing can de - stroy.

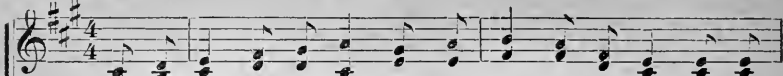


# Sing Praise to His Name.

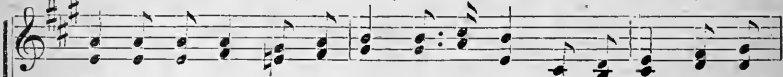
Psalm 146: 1.

H. E. JONES.

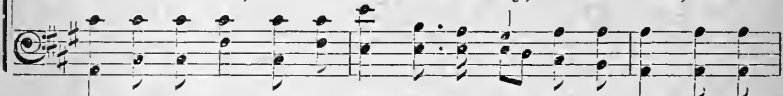
D. B. TOWNER.



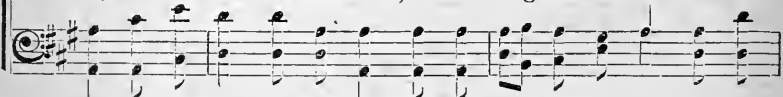
1. By and by we shall meet on the bright, golden shore, Cast our  
 2. Let us toil, let us fight, while we tar - ry be - low, Let us  
 4. Let us take up the cross, ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry day, Be it



crowns at the feet of the One we a - dore; Join the glo - ri - fied  
 stand for the right in the face of the foe, Let us work while we  
 sor - row or loss, nev - er an - swer Him nay, What He wills, let us



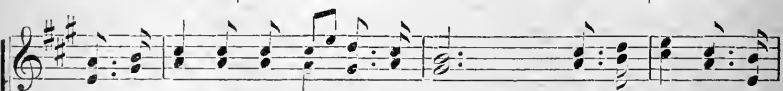
band in their joy - ous re - refrain, All in praise of the Lamb who for  
 may for our Sav - iour and Lord, Gath - er trophies each day for the  
 do, till we hear the word "Come," Then the gates en - ter thro' His



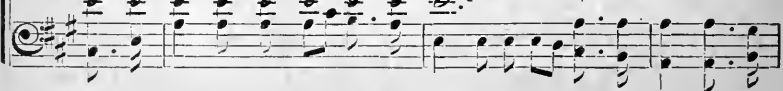
CHORUS.



sin - ners was slain. }  
 home of reward. } We shall meet in the glad by and by.  
 own roy - al home. } by and by,



Hal - le - lu - jah! sing praise to His name, We shall meet in the  
 precious name,



# Sing Praise to His Name. — Concluded.

bright home on high,  
home on high,

Hal - le - lu-jah! sing praise to His name.

## No. 31. The Way is Dark, O Jesus.

A. A. P.

Psalm 23: 4.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

1. The way is dark, O Je - sus! Is this the way to Thee?
2. I choose Thy way, O Je - sus! What was that way my child?
3. Thou wilt then choose that hard way, And bear that heav-y cross?
4. If thou wilt walk with me, child, Thy burdens I will bear,

Child, wilt thou choose thine own way? Or wilt thou fol - low me?  
Despised wert Thou, O Mas - ter, Re - ject - ed and re - viled!  
I choose to walk with Thee, Lord, And count all things but loss,  
And in the heav'n-ly King - dom My glo - ry thou shalt share.

Child wilt thou choose thine own way, Or wilt thou fol - low me?  
Despised wert Thou, O Mas - ter, Re - ject - ed and re - viled  
I choose to walk with Thee, Lord, And count all things but loss.  
And in the heav'n-ly King - dom My glo - ry thou shalt share.

# No. 32. Why Dost Thou Wander Away.

"Return unto the Lord, thy God." Hosea 14: 1.

Rev. E. G. WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Why dost thou wander a - way from thy Lord? Je - sus is calling thee  
 2. Calling thee home from thy sin and its tears? Je - sus is calling thee  
 3. All thy pol - lu - tion He wash - es a - way, Je - sus is calling thee

home, Call - ing thee now thro' the truth of His Word, Je - sus is  
 home, Call - ing thee home from thy sor - row and fears, Je - sus is  
 home, Come with thy bur - den He'll not say thee nay, Je - sus is

call - ing thee home, Now He is wait - ing the soul to re - ceive;  
 call - ing thee home, Why not ac - cept your Re - deem - er to - night?  
 call - ing thee home, Art thou un - worth - y? His blood yet a - vails,

Now He will help you His Word to be - lieve; Now ev - 'ry  
 Why will you per - ish with heav - en in sight? See thro' its  
 Trembling and doubt - ing, His word nev - er fails, Held by thy

need of thy heart He'll re - lieve; Je - sus is call - ing thee home.  
 portals the "Home - light" so bright, Je - sus is call - ing thee home.  
 weakness? 'Tis Je - sus pre - vails, Je - sus is call - ing thee home.

# Why Dost Thou Wander Away?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Call - ing, call - ing, Je - sus is calling thee home, ...  
Call ing thee home, Call ing thee home, Je - sus is call ing, is call - ing thee home.

Call - ing, call - ing Je - sus is calling thee home.  
Calling thee home, call - ing thee home, Je - sus is call - ing, is calling thee home.

No. 33.

## Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;  
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;  
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;  
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

*f* While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.  
Heal my wound - ed, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

FINE.

*D. S.*—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

1. The prom-ised land! by faith I see Where God's own glo - ry  
 2. The prom-ised land! where thousands dwell, Who've washed their robes in  
 3. The prom-ised land! with mansions fair, Where Je - sus now pre -  
 4. The prom-ised land! the Fath-er's house A - waits us on the

gilds the day, - Where we shall dwell with Christ redeem'd, By  
 Je - sus' blood, With them we'll wade the branch of palm, When  
 pares a place, From whence He'll come to take us home, And  
 shin - ing shore, When there we'll strike our harps of gold, And

## CHORUS.

His own grace we're on the way.  
 we have cross'd the nar - row flood. We're on the way, we're  
 we shall see Him face to face.  
 praise His name for ev - er more.

on the way, To glo - ry - land, We're on the way; We

fol - low Je - sus day by day, He leads us all a-long the way.



## Are You Weary?

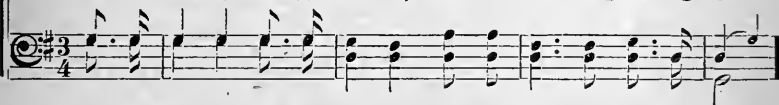
Matt. 11: 28.

Mrs. J. W. KENNEDY, arr.

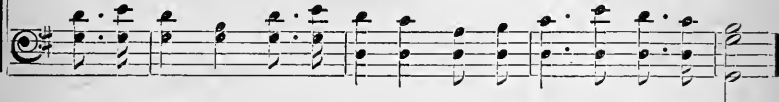
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Are you wea-ry, heav - y la - den, Do you long for peace and rest?
2. Are you wea-ry with sin's pleasures, That can nev - er sat - is - fy?
3. Are you wea-ry with the friendship This vain world has to be - stow?
4. Are you wea-ry with life's burdens, With its con - flicts and its care?
5. Come to Je - sus, wea-ry, lost one, Come, for He is pass - ing by;



Je - sus waits with full for - give - ness; For the soul with sin oppressed.  
 Would you have joys pure and lasting, That earth's gold can never buy?  
 Come to Christ, the friend of sinners, Then true friendship you shall know.  
 Come with all thy need to Je - sus, Sweetest rest is for thee there.  
 Ven - ture all, and ful - ly trust Him, He will save and sat - is - fy.



## CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, He will all your sins for - give;

*Rall.*

He is call - ing, He is call - ing, Trust Him now and you shall live.



# No. 36. - The Comforter Has Come.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 14: 16.

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. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To  
 4. Oh, 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 gold - en  
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant  
 wond'ring mor-tals tell the matchless grace divine 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 Fa-ther'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-vanc-es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 cels the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hell, 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.

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

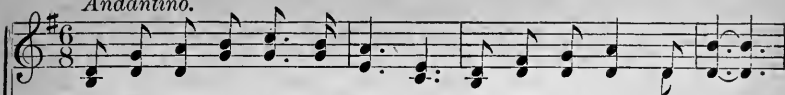
*D. S.*

## Carry it All to Jesus.

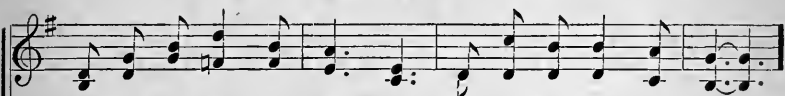
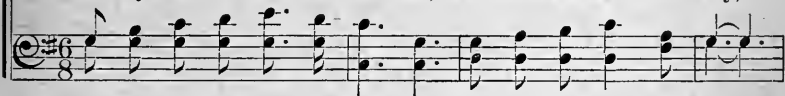
"Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." I Pet. 5: 7.

A. A. P.

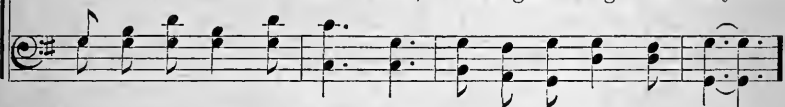
D. B. TOWNER.

*Andantino.*

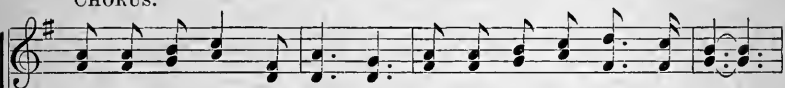
1. Car - ry thy sor - row to Je - sus, On - ly His heart can feel
2. Car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus, Anx - ious for noth - ing be;
3. Car - ry thy fail - ure to Je - sus, Trust Him to keep thee true;
4. Car - ry thy long - ing to Je - sus, Plead for the liv - ing Bread;
5. Car - ry each mo - ment to Je - sus, Fol - low Him all the way,



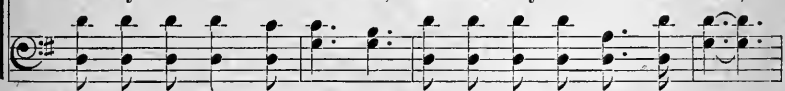
All that thine own hath suf - fered; On - ly His love can heal.  
 E - ven the birds He guard - eth— Shall He not care for thee?  
 Strong is the Lord, thy Cap - tain! Might - y to will and do!  
 Bless - ed are they that hun - ger! Sure - ly they shall be fed!  
 Faithful thro' storm and sun - shine, Trusting thro' night and day.



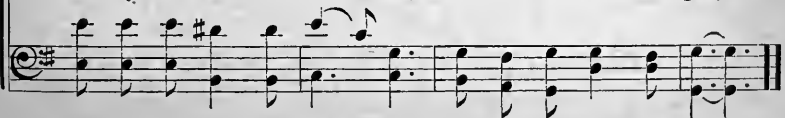
## CHORUS.



Car - ry it all to Je - sus, Take Him thy bur - den of care,



Car - ry it all to Je - sus, Leave it with Him in prayer.



# When the Roll is Called.

2 Cor. 5:10.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1. { When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall  
 2. { When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the  
 3. { On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing, when the dead in  
 { When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home be-  
 { Let us la-lor for the Mas-ter, from the dawn till  
 { Then when all of life is o-ver, and our work on

1  
 be no more, And the morning breaks e-ter-nal, bright and fair,  
 oth-er shore, And the (Omit)  
 Christ shall rise, And the glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share;  
 yond the skies, And the (Omit.)  
 set-ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;  
 earth is done, And the (Omit.)

2  
 FINE. CHORUS.  
 roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll ... is  
 When the roll is

*D. S.*—roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

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

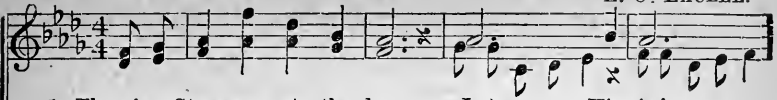
*D. S.*  
 yon-der, When the roll, . . . . . is called up yonder, When the  
 yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der,

# Let Him In.

Rev. 3: 20.

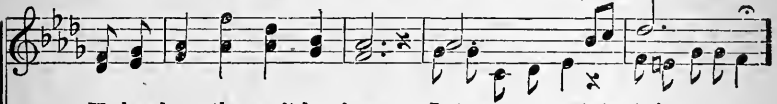
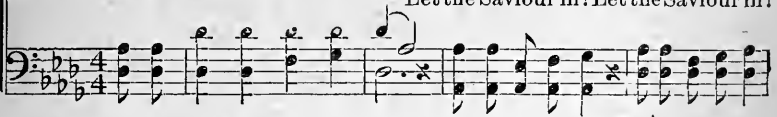
Rev. J. R. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.



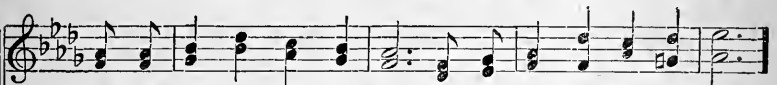
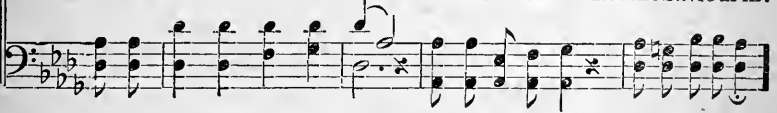
1. There's a Stranger at the door: Let Him in!
2. O-pen now to Him your heart: Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

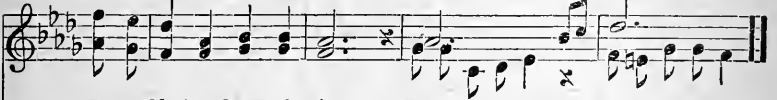
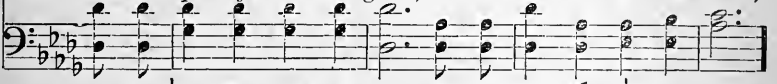


- He has been there oft be-fore: Let Him in!  
 If you wait He will de-part: Let Him in!  
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice: Let Him in!  
 He will make for you' a feast: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

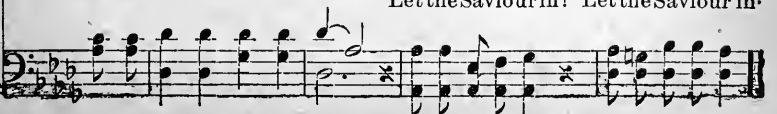


Let Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,  
 Let Him in: He is your Friend; He your soul will sure de-fend;  
 He is stand-ing at the door; Joy to you He will re-store,  
 He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,



- Jesus Christ, the Father's Son: Let Him in!  
 He will keep you to the end: Let Him in!  
 And His name you will adore: Let Him in!  
 He will take you home to heav'n: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!



## When Will You Come?

"Return unto the Lord and He will have mercy." Isa. 55: 7.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When will you come to the Saviour? When will the bright morning dawn?  
 2. Will it be eas - i - er, think you, Af - ter life's morning is past?  
 3. When will you come to the Saviour? Why not, oh, why not come now?  
 4. Now is the day of Sal - va - tion, Now the Lord's voice you may hear,

When, with the chords of His kindness, You will more surely be drawn.  
 Will it be wis - er to tar - ry, Saved as by fi - re at last?  
 E're with the sin of a life - time, Un - der the bur - den you bow.  
 Heed the di - vine in - vi - ta - tion, While He is calling, come near.

CHORUS. *Ad lib.*

When will you come? when will you come? He is the Life and He is the

*Rall.*

Way, Waiting is vain, What will you gain? Will you not come to - day.

## O How He Loves Me.

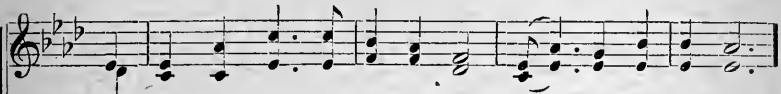
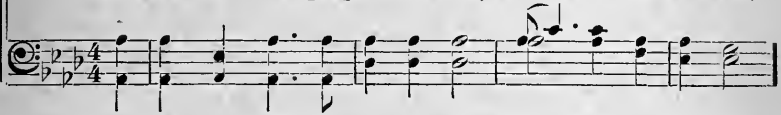
John 3: 16.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

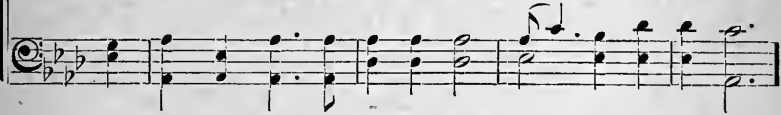
H. L. GILMOUR.



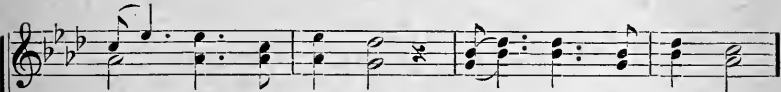
1. I have a Friend, a precious Friend, O how He loves me;
2. Why He should come, I can-not tell, O how He loves me;
3. He died to save my soul from death, O how He loves me;
4. He walks with me a-long life's road, O how He loves me;
5. He has a home prepared for me, O how He loves me;



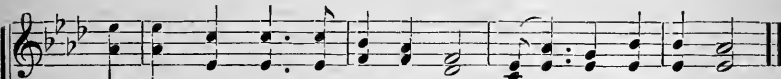
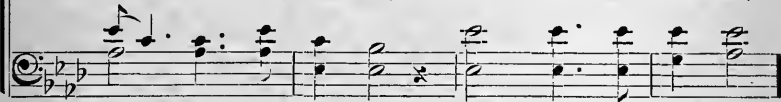
He says His love will nev-er end, O how He loves me.  
 In my poor brok-en heart to dwell, O how He loves me.  
 I'll praise him while He gives me breath, O how He loves me.  
 He car-ries ev-'ry heav-y load, O how He loves me.  
 With Him I'll spend e-ter-ni-ty, O how He loves me.



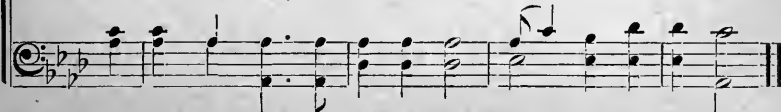
## CHORUS.



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



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



# No. 42. The Shepherd is Calling His Sheep.

"I am the good Shepherd." Jno. 10: 11.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Hark! the Good Shepherd is call - ing His sheep, Call - ing the  
 2. Je - sus has giv - en His life for the sheep—Won - der - ful  
 3. Those who are His will o - bey His dear voice; See where He  
 4. What can you do for the stray - ing and lost, Those "oth - er

lambs to the fold; Come from the moun - tain, so wild and so steep,  
 won - der - ful love. All who will trust Him, His mer - cy shall keep;  
 go - eth be - fore. Come, lit - tle lambs, in His goodness re - joice,  
 sheep" of the fold? Tell them the Shep - herd at won - der - ful cost,

## CHORUS.

Come from the dark and the cold.  
 They shall be with Him a - bove. } Call - ing, Call - ing  
 Fol - low and trust, ev - er - more. } Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing  
 Of - fers a bless - ing un - told.

Je - sus is call - ing, Hark, the Good Shepherd calls you to His  
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing,

fold. List - - en! List - - en! Come  
 List - en, oh, list - en, List - en, oh, list - en List - en, and



# The Shepherd is Calling.—Concluded.

*Rall.*

while He's call-ing; Fol-low the Shep-herd; Come in-to the fold.  
come while He's call - ing,

## No. 43. The Spirit Saith "To-day!"

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." Prov. 27: 1.

A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

1. The Spir - it saith "to - day!" To-mor-row is not thine, Then turn thou
2. The Spir - it saith "to - day!" Look up, ye doubting eyes! Be-hold while
3. The Spir - it saith "to - day!" Forsake the downward path! Escape with-
4. The Spir - it saith "to - day!" Repent, submit and bow! Yield, lost one

CHORUS.

not a - way From love and grace di-vine.  
yet ye may The heav'nly sac - ri - fice.  
out de-lay, From God's consuming wrath.  
yield and pray! God's time is al - ways now.

To-day, to-day, The  
To-day! to day!

*Rall.*

Spir-it saith "to-day!" O-bey! o-bey! That still small voice obey!  
o-bey! o bey! o bey!

# No. 44. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Deut. 33: 27.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Ev - er -  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev - er -  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev - er -

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

## CHORUS.

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

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

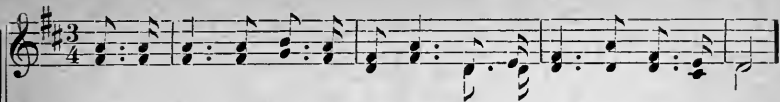
Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!  
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

## Peace for Thee.

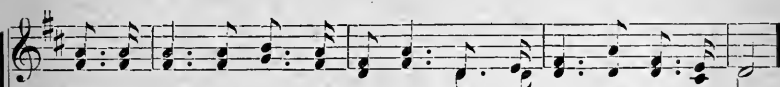
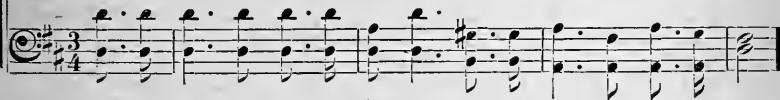
"The Lord will bless His people with peace." Ps. 29: 2.

W. J. KENNEDY.

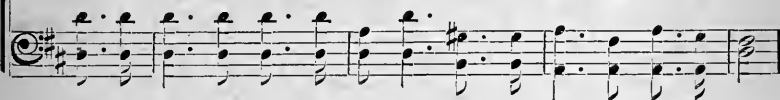
D. B. TOWNER.



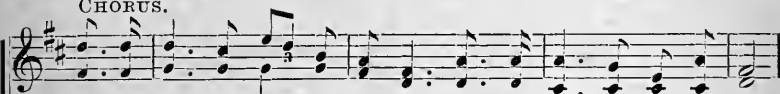
1. When you come to Christ, believing, All your sins He will for-give;
2. Hark - en to His sweet voice pleading, He is call - ing you to-day;
3. With re - pent-ance and con-tri-tion, All your guilt before Him lay;
4. Bring Him all your guilt and sor-row, And rejoice in pard'ning love;
5. You will praise the grace that sought you, While you wandered far away;



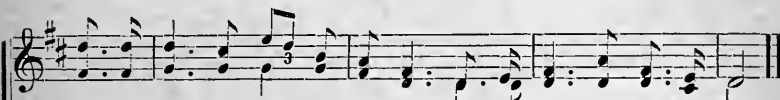
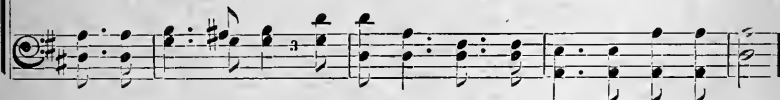
Then His peace and joy re - ceiv-ing For His glo - ry you will live.  
 Peace and par - don are needing, Come, receive them while you may.  
 You will sure - ly gain re - mis-sion, Ev - 'ry stain be wiped a - way.  
 On some joy - ous bright-to-mor-row, You will gain the joys a - bove.  
 You will praise the blood that bought you, Thro' a glad e - ter - nal day.



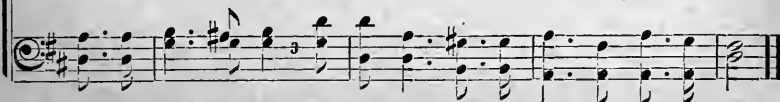
## CHORUS.



Peace for thee, for thee, my broth-er, If you trust the precious blood,



There's sal - va - tion in no oth - er, But in Christ, the Son of God.



# Nothing to Pay.

"Christ is made to us sanctification and redemption." I Cor. 1: 30.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

1. Noth-ing to pay! Ah! noth-ing to pay! Nev-er a word  
 2. Noth-ing to pay! The debt is so great; What will you do  
 3. Noth-ing to pay! Yes, noth-ing to pay! Je-sus has cleared

of ex-cuse to say, Year af-ter year thou hast filled the score,  
 with the aw-ful weight? How shall the way of es-cape be made?  
 all the debt a-way, Blot-ted it out with His bleed-ing hand!

*Ad lib.*

CHORUS. *Allegretto*

Ow-ing the Lord still more and more.  
 Noth-ing to pay, yet all must be paid. } Hear the voice of Je-sus  
 Free and forgiv'n and loved you stand. }

say,  
 sweet-ly say,  
 Ver-i-ly thou hast noth-ing to pay!

# Nothing to Pay. — Concluded.

*Rall*

Ruined now, lost art thou, and yet I for-gave thee all the debt.  
All is charged to my own account, I have paid the full amount.  
Paid the debt, and the debtor's free, Now, I ask thee, "lov'st thou Me."

## No. 47. The World for Christ.

A. P. COBB.

Matt. 28: 18. mark 16: 15.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lo! the ar - my of our King, Marching on from sea to sea!  
2. Hear the marching or - der: "Go, Preach the word in ev - 'ry clime,  
3. See! the ban - ner is un - furled! See! it floats up - on the breeze!

Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs ring With the joy of vic - to - ry.  
Un - til all the earth be - low, Ech - o with the strain sub - lime!"  
O'er the kingdom's of the world, O'er the is - lands of the seas!

CHORUS.

"The world for Christ, Christ for the world!" We shout with loud acclaim,

Till ev - 'ry soul, From pole to pole, Con - fess that glo - rious name.

# Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. CASSEL.

John 3: 20.

FLORA H. CASSEL.

1. Up - on the western plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty,  
 2. O hear ye brave the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty,  
 3. Come, join our loy - al thronq, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty,  
 4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take  
 loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the  
 loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float, We'll send the  
 loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro - claim, Thro' out the

D. S.—move at His command, We'll soon pos-

FINE. CHORUS.

up the song, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.  
 watch-word true, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loyalty to Christ. } "On to victory!  
 bu - gle note, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loyalty to Christ. }  
 world's domain, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.

sess the land, Thro' loyalty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

On to vic - to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" ..... We'll  
 great Commander; "On!"

# Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock for a house of defense." Ps. 31: 2.

Rev. WM. C. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY. By per.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I,  
 2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour,  
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe,

My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;  
 In times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r;  
 I have fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe;

So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be;  
 In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea,  
 How oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll,

REFRAIN.

Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee. }  
 Thou blest "Rock of A-ges;" I'm hid - ing in Thee. } Hiding in Thee,  
 Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul. }

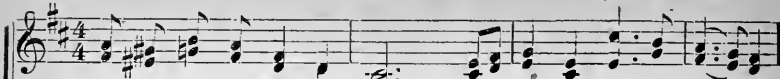
Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.

# The Path of the Just.

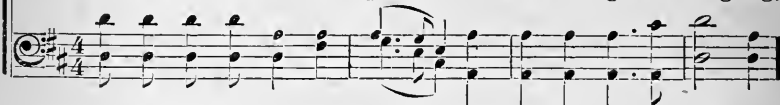
R. F. GORDON.

Prov. 4: 13.

D. B. TOWNER.



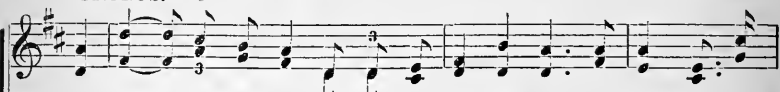
- |                                    |                                   |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. We, who follow Christ the Lord, | Go on-ward, upward, ev - er;      |
| 2. From the gloom of sin we came,  | Our faithful Shepherd guiding;    |
| 3. So we jour-ney safe-ly on,      | Our faith in Christ con-fess-ing; |
| 4. Come with us and on-ward go,    | For time its flight is wing-ing;  |



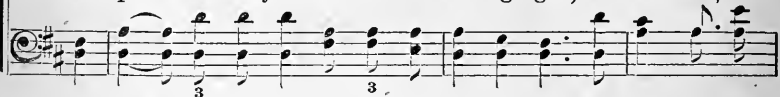
A hap-py throng, and with a song Of joy that fail-eth nev - er.  
 His love we know, and joy-ful show In Him we are a - bid-ing.  
 With hearts of cheer, that have no fear In ful - ness of God's blessing.  
 Make Christ your king, and gladly sing The song that we are sing-ing.



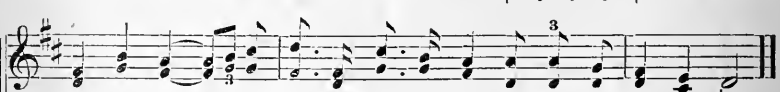
CHORUS.



The path of the just is as a shin-ing light, That shineth, that



shin-eth, that shineth more and more; The path of the just is as a



shin-ing light, That shineth more and more un-to the per-fect day.





# Speed the Light.

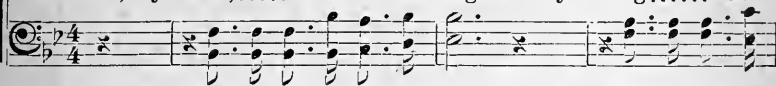
ANNA D. BRADLEY.

Mark 16: 15.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



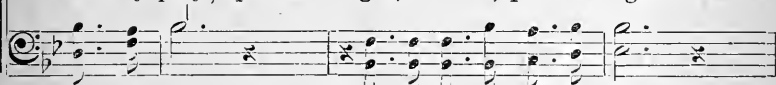
1. There's a land..... beyond the sea Where the fields..... are  
 2. Hear our cry,..... for soon for us Day will sink..... in  
 3. Still they cry!..... give heed, oh, soul, Je - sus died..... that  
 4. Know, my soul,..... 'tis not e-nough That you sing..... and



1. There's a land beyond the sea, Where the fields are

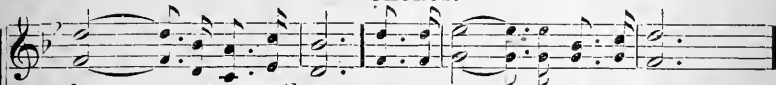


white and fair; Hear the cry,..... oh, souls redeemed—From the  
 end - less night; Give us help..... ere 'tis too late,—Speed the  
 they might live; Dare ye turn..... a deaf-ened ear? Dare re-  
 soft - ly pray; Speed the light,.... oh, speed the light!—Je - sus



white and fair. Hear the cry, O souls re-deemed,—

CHORUS.



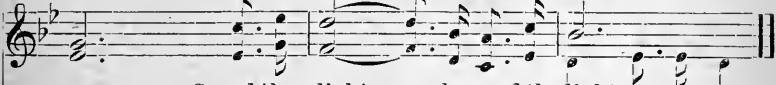
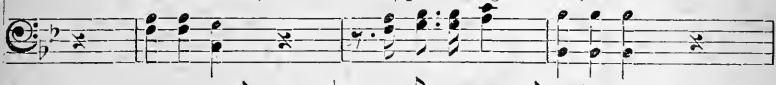
lost . . . ones o-ver there.  
 light... oh, speed the light.  
 fuse... the light to give? } Speed the light, or else we die,  
 calls, ... do not de-lay. } Speed the light, or else we die,



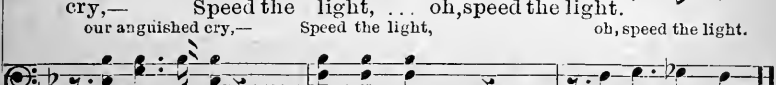
From the lost ones o - ver there.



Souls redeemed, oh, speed the light. Heed, oh, heed our anguished  
 Souls redeemed, oh, speed the light. Heed, oh heed



cry,— Speed the light, ... oh, speed the light.  
 our anguished cry,— Speed the light, oh, speed the light.



Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have learned the wondrous secret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;  
 2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells in me,  
 3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He bears them all - a - way;  
 4. For my words I take His wisdom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of confiding in His Word;  
 I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but He;  
 All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.  
 For my ways His gracious presence Guards and guides me ev'ry hour.

I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in His blood,  
 All my will is yield - ed to Him, And His spir - it reigns with - in,  
 All my strength I draw from Jesus, By His breath I live and move;  
 Of my heart He is the por - tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;

I have lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.  
 And His precious blood each moment Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.  
 E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.  
 Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy - er, Keep - er, Glorious Lord and coming King.

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -  
 I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord,

# Abiding and Confiding.—Concluded.

fid - - ing in His word, And I'm hid -  
 fid - ing in His Word, And cou - fid - ing in His Word, And I'm hid ing, safe-ly

ing, safe-ly hid - ing, In the bosom of His love.  
 hid - ing, I am hid-ing, safe-ly hid - ing

No. 53.

## Asleep in Jesus.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest:

A calm and undisturbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.  
 With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing That death has lost his venomd sting.  
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

## Turning Water Into Wine.

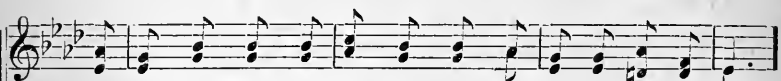
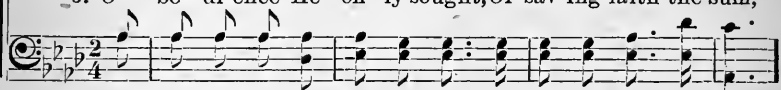
JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

John 2: 1-11.

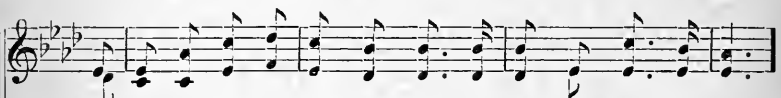
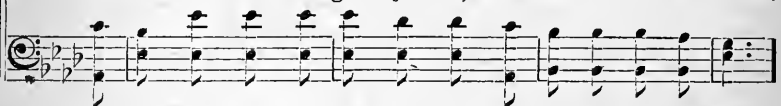
D. B. TOWNER.



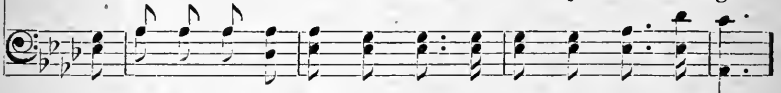
1. A wedding fea-st at Ga - li - lee, And Je - sus as a guest!
2. Six wa-ter pots were stand-ing there, And at com-mand of Him,
3. He called the bride-groom to His side, And said: "Behold thou hast
4. As well to-day as yes - ter-day, As well in great or small,
5. O - be - di-ence He on - ly sought, Of sav-ing faith the sum,



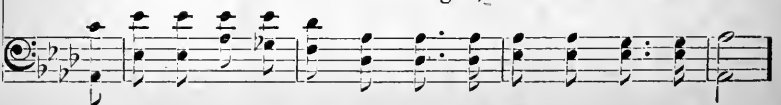
Our earth - ly loves and so - cial joys By Lord of glo - ry blest!  
 The serv - ants filled them ev - 'ry one With wa - ter to the brim.  
 Dispensed the poor - est at the first And kept the best till last!  
 As well in things of earth or heav'n, He o - ver - rul - eth all.  
 E'er He should show His glo - ry forth, Or e'er His hour should come.



And greater con - de - scen - sion still, That Maj - est - y Di - vine  
 And lo! as they be - gan to draw, Of vint - age su - per - fine  
 He did not know, thro' vis - ion dim, That the E - ter - nal Vine,  
 And bet - ter do His mer - cies grow, As pow'r and love combine  
 Then "Whatsoe'er He saith to thee" To Him thy will re - sign



Should not re - buke the home - ly plea When told they had no wine!  
 The rul - er of the feast de - clared That he had tast - ed wine!  
 Is ev - er pres - ent to sup - ply The need of heav'n - ly wine!  
 To work for us what Ca - na saw When Je - sus gave them wine!  
 And weak - ness shall be turned to strength, Like wa - ter in - to wine.



# Turning Water Into Wine. — Concluded.

CHORUS.

Turn - ing wa - ter in - to wine, Mak - ing  
 Turn-ing wa - ter in - to wine, Turning wa - ter in - to wine, Making saddened

sad-dened fac - es shine Cheer - ing hearts when they re-  
 faces shine, Making saddened faces shine, Cheering hearts when they repine, Cheering hearts when

pine, Thus is Je - sus ev - er turning wa - ter in - to wine.  
 they re-pine,

No. 55.

## Come to Jesus.

ENGLISH.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, just now, Just now come to

Jesus, come to Jesus just now.

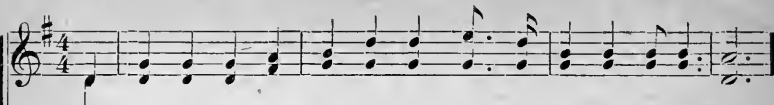
- |                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 2. He will save you.  | 10. He'll forgive you.   |
| 3. Oh! believe Him.   | 11. Flee to Jesus.       |
| 4. He is able.        | 12. He will cleanse you. |
| 5. He is willing,     | 13. He will clothe you.  |
| 6. He'll receive you. | 14. Jesus loves you.     |
| 7. Call upon Him.     | 15. Don't reject Him.    |
| 8. He will hear you.  | 16. Only trust Him.      |
| 9. Look unto Him.     | 17. Hallelujah, Amen.    |

# No. 56. There'll be no Dark River There.

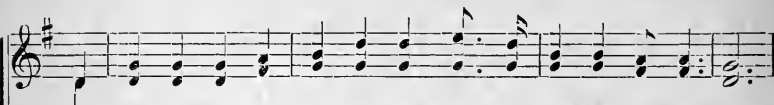
E. C. MACARTNEY.

Isaiah, 43: 2.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. When we have come to Jordan's tide, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
2. With an-gels bending from a - bove, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
3. And when we've crossed the mystic tide, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
4. Let this blest thought fresh courage give, There'll be no dark riv-er there;



With Je - sus standing close beside, There'll be no dark riv - er there.  
 In fel-low-ship with Him we love, There'll be no dark riv - er there.  
 When we have reached the otherside, There'll be no dark riv - er there.  
 In that bright home of peace and love, There'll be no dark riv - er there.



His boundless grace shall light the place, With beams of glo-ry fair,  
 His word di - vine shall brightly shine, His end-less life we'll share;  
 And hand in hand we'll walk the strand With loved ones bright and fair,  
 The gates a - jar, we see a - far, Beyond this world of care;



And in the sunshine of His face, There'll be no dark riv - er there.  
 When all to Je - sus we re-sign, There'll be no dark riv - er there.  
 For in that hap-py heav'nly land, There'll be no dark riv - er there.  
 Tho' Jordan's stream may us divide, There'll be no dark riv - er there.



# There'll be no Dark River There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There'll be no dark riv - er there, There'll be no dark riv - er there;

Upon His breast we'll sweetly rest, There'll be no dark riv - er there.

## No. 57. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

*Repeat for Chorus.*

I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.

Je - sus sweet - ly speak to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."

Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.

I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

*Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sns, save me now.*

# Let Him Come.

John 7: 37.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, Let him  
 2. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, Let him  
 3. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, Let him  
 4. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, Let him

come!... Let him come! ..... Who - ev - er shall hear  
 come! ... Let him come! ..... Wher - ev - er he dwell,  
 come!... Let him come! ..... What - ev - er the need  
 come! ... Let him come! ..... "When - ev - er he may,"  
 Let him come! Let him come!

let him come with - out fear, Let him come!..... Let him  
 in a pal - ace or cell, Let him come!..... Let him  
 may it hast - en his speed, Let him come!..... Let him  
 is a call for to - day, Let him come!..... Let him  
 Let him come,

come! .... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,  
 come!..... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,  
 come!..... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,  
 come!..... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,  
 Let him come!



# Let Him Come.—Concluded.

Let him free-ly par-take, and a-bun-dant-ly live, Let him  
 Let the chief-est of sin-ners e-ter-nal-ly live, Let him  
 Let the care-bur-den-ed spir-it re-joic-ing-ly live, Let him  
 Let him drink of it now and im-me-diate-ly live, Let him

come! .. Let him come! .... If a-ny man thirst let him come.  
 Let him come, Let him come,

## No. 59.

## Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

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

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

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

*Marcia.*

1. We are sol-diers in the ar - my, We are under marching orders,  
 2. Tho' the way be rough and thorny, Tho' the foe be strong and wily,  
 3. Joy to us is pain and hunger, Sweet to us is sound of bat-tle,

We are now to move a-against a might-y foe; We have buckled on the  
 Forward sounds the call, and bold we march along, And tho' legions camp a-  
 For we see a crown and kingdom to be won, To our Leader we'll be

armor, We have raised a - loft our banners, And we sing for joy as  
 round us, All their might cannot confound us, For Je-ho - vah is our  
 loy-al, And with Him we'll share the triumph, When at last the glorious

CHORUS.

on we go. } The Lord of hosts is our defense,  
 shield and song. }  
 war is done. } The Lord of hosts. . . . . is our defense, . . . . . He is our

our ref uge and our strength, The Lord of hosts,  
 ref - uge and strength, and strength, The Lord of hosts . . . . .

# Soldiers in the Army.—Concluded.

is our de-fense,..... He is our ev - er - last-ing strength.

is our defense,..... He is our ev - er - last-ing strength.

## No. 61. Work, Watch, Pray.

Mrs. N. A. MONTFORT.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. When the heart grows faint and the soul is wea-ry, Brother, work, watch, pray;  
 2. When the way seems lost and the staff is broken, Brother, work, watch, pray;  
 3. For your work will bring you the richest treas-ure, Brother, work, watch, pray;

When the nights are long and the days are dreary, Brother, work, watch, pray.  
 And the spirit yearns for some kind-ly token, Brother, work, watch, pray.  
 And your prayer's reward is the sweetest pleas-ure, Brother, work, watch, pray.

### CHORUS.

Work, watch, and pray, Brother, bid the temp - ter flee; When the  
 heart is faint and the life seems vain, My brother, work, watch, pray.

## The Day Breaketh.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." Isa. 40:31.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. First a gleam, and then a glow - ing, Then the sun its light forth-  
 2. First a hush, and then for - ev - er, Trust - ing God, and doubting  
 3. Fear thou not! the Lord is near thee, Shed - ding o'er thy path to

show - ing; Lo! 'tis day! Thus the night gives way to morning; Thus the  
 nev - er, Lo! 'tis peace! Thus the night of trib - u - la - tion, Ends in  
 cheer thee, Light from heav'n, Blessed hope the vale pervading, Rod and

world puts on adorning, Thus the dark, all shadows scorning, Ends in day.  
 dawn of ad - o - ra - tion, Thus the God of our sal - va - tion, Sends us peace.  
 staff the journey aiding, Then the dawn of morn unfading. Lo! 'tis heav'n!

## CHORUS.

Till the day breaks o'er the mountain, And the shadows flee a - way;

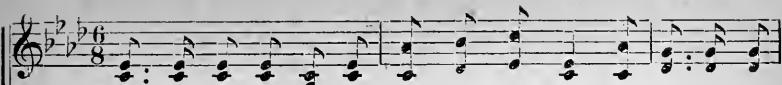
Let us calm - ly trust in Je - sus, Let us wait, and watch and pray.

# No. 63. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

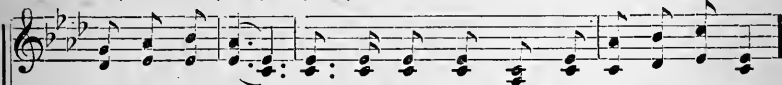
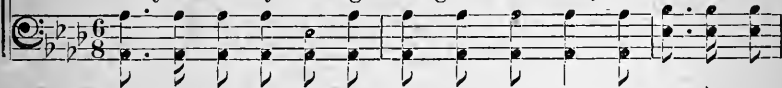
C. H. M.

Rev. 3: 20.

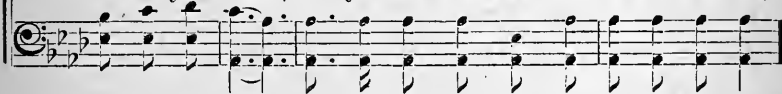
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



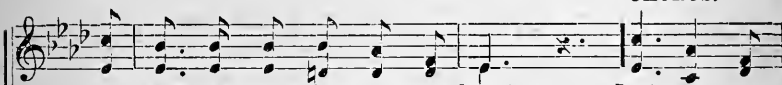
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come
3. If there's a tempest your voice can-not still, Let Je-sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un - true, Let Je-sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come



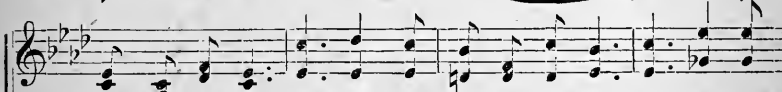
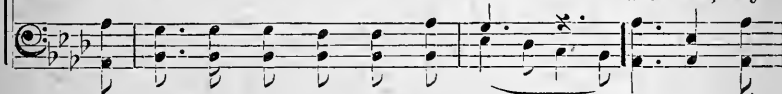
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,  
in - to your heart; Fountains of cleansing are flow - ing near by,  
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,  
in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,  
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,



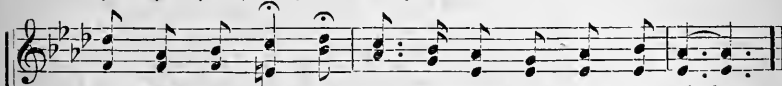
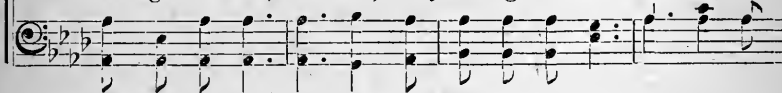
## CHORUS.



Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your  
Just now, my



doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw  
doubtings are o'er; Just now, re - ject - ing no more; Just now, I



o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.  
o - pen the door; And Je - sus come in - to my heart.



## Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

John 6: 47.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is - mine! Oh, what a  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore-taste of glo - ry - di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of  
 rap - ture burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -  
 Sav - iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a -

CHORUS.

God, Born of His spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry,  
 bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry,  
 bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love. This is my sto - ry,

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

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

1. How blest the thought that Je-sus knows Each wind that round me rudely  
 2. The bit - ter cups that I must drain, The thoughts that rack my wea-ry  
 3. The cross that I must dai - ly bear, The deep anx - i - e - ty and  
 4. The long - ings that per - vade my breast, To reach my home and be at

blows, Each tide of grief that o'er me flows, He knows, my Je - sus knows.  
 brain, The efforts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Je - sus knows.  
 care, The crown of thorns I too must wear, He knows, my Je - sus knows.  
 rest With Him I love, a welcome guest, He knows, my Je - sus knows.

## REFRAIN.

He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus knows, He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus

knows, My hopes, my fears, my bit - ter woes, He knows, my Je - sus know.

# No. 66. Take a Step forward To-day.

Isaiah, 43:2.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. My broth - er, look up - ward and on - ward, The hosts of our  
 2. In spite of life's wor - ries and stress - es, In spite of the  
 3. Look up to the sum - mit a - bove you, Look on to the

God in ar - ray With shout and with song are ad - vanc - ing, Then  
 thorns of the way, Lift brave - ly the bur - den that press - es, And  
 end of the way, Look up to the an - gels who love you, And

## CHORUS.

take a step for - ward to - day. Oh take a step for - ward,  
 For - ward, 'oh, take a step

for - ward, Take a step for - ward to - day, . . . . . Oh,  
 for - ward, oh, take a step for - ward, Take a step for - ward to

*Rit.*  
 broth - er, look up - ward and on - ward, And take a step forward to - day.  
 day,



# No. 67. I Will Boldly Tell to All Around.

Mark 5: 19.

Mrs. ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Once my eyes were blinded by the world; And my ears were deaf to  
 2. Ev - 'ry day His mer-cy more ap-pears Ev - 'ry day I love and  
 3. All my life is brightened by His love, All my sins for-giv-en  
 4. I would speak the joys which He has bro't, I would sing the blessngs

Je - sus' call; But at last His ten - der voice I heard, And to  
 trust Him more; Tell Him all my earth - ly hopes and fears, Ask His  
 by His grace; Since His Spir-it like a heav'n-ly dove; Found with-  
 He has giv'n; I would pray that all who Christ have sought, May re-

## CHORUS.

Him I free-ly yield-ed all  
 help and guidance o'er and o'er.  
 in my heart a dwelling place. } I will bold-ly tell to all a-  
 ceive a crown of life in heav'n.

round, What a precious Sav-iour I have found, When I came unto Him,

He my heart did en - ter in, And for-gave me of all my sin.

N. B. SARGENT.

N. B. SARGENT. Arr.

1. Tho' earthly friends be far a - way, And dark my path ap - pear,  
 2. I can rejoice tho' storms assail, As when the sky is fair,  
 3. Gird up Thy loins, O trembling soul, Go forth to meet the throng,

'Tis sweet to feel I'm not a - lone, For God is al - ways near. I'll  
 I know His arm can nev - er fail; And I am in His care. I'll  
 There is no task for thee too hard; No foe for thee too strong. But

trust His love; I'll doubt no more; For storm and night will soon be o'er.  
 trust His love; I'll doubt no more; For storm and night will soon be o'er.  
 trust His love; And doubt no more; For storm and night will soon be o'er.

## CHORUS.

What time I'm a - fraid I will trust in Thee; No oth - er arm such

help can bring, By night or day, on land or sea, I will hide 'neath the

# What Time I'm Afraid.—Concluded.

shad-ow of Thy wing, I will hide, safe-ly hide, 'neath the  
I will hide, safe - ly hide,

shadow of Thy wing, I will hide 'neath the shadow of Thy wing.  
'neath the shadow of Thy wing,

No. 69.

A. A. P.

## Make me like Thee.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Thy will, O Lord, be done ful - ly in me. Je - sus, Thou  
2. Thy will, O Lord, be done ful - ly in me. Je - sus, Thou  
3. Thy will, O Lord, be done ful - ly in me. Je - sus, Thou

ho - ly One, make me like Thee, Cleanse me, O Son of God,  
low - ly One, make me like Thee, Meek - ly for Thy dear name.  
lov - ing One, make me like Thee. Sweet Spir - it from a - boye,

In Thy redeeming blood, Je - sus, in pur - i - ty make me like Thee.  
Bearing reproach and shame - In deep hu - mil - i - ty make me like Thee.  
Fill Thou my heart with love, Je - sus in char - i - ty make me like Thee.

# Under His Shadow.

"They that dwell under his shadow shall return: they shall revive as corn." Hos. 14: 7.  
 F. E. O. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. Why care for the bur-dens or sor-rows Or tri-als you  
 2. Tho' all of life's joys may for-sake me, These beg-gar-ly  
 3. If you will dwell un-der His shad-ow You'll nev-er stay  
 4. Dwell un-der His shad-ow, my broth-er, For here He your

see night or morn, If you will dwell under His shad-ow He'll  
 pleasures I scorn, I'm con-stant-ly un-der His shad-ow And  
 sad or for-lorn—"O come un-to Me all ye burdened And  
 life will a-dorn, And He'll make your face shine with gladness For

CHORUS.

make you re-vive as the corn.  
 here He re-vives me a-gain. } In ..... His shad-ow  
 I will re-vive you as corn." } In His shadow, yes, in His shadow,  
 He will re-vive you as corn.

Here .. . . . night and morn, .. . . . Lord .. . . . with Thy  
 He e night and morn, Here night and morn, Lord with Thy Spir-it,

Spir-it, Re-vive .... us as corn, In ..... shad-  
 Lord, with Thy Spir-it Re-vive us, re-vive us as corn, In His shad-ow, yes

# Under His Shadow.—Concluded.

shad - ow Here night and morn..... Lord....  
 in His shad-ow, Here night and morn, Here night and morn Lord with Thy

..... with Thy Spir - it Re-vive us..... as corn.  
 Spir - it, Lord, with Thy Spirit, Re - vive us, re - vive us as corn

## No. 71. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

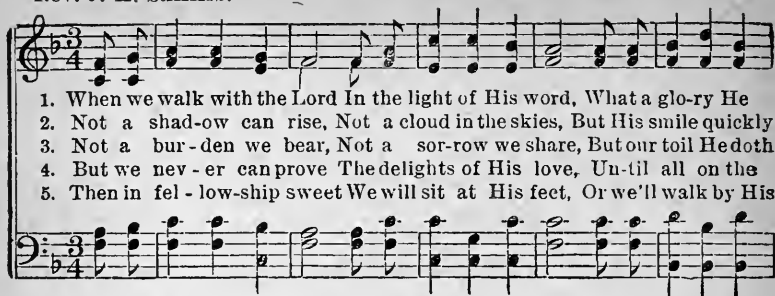
JANE BORTHWICK. Tr.

C. M. von WEBER.

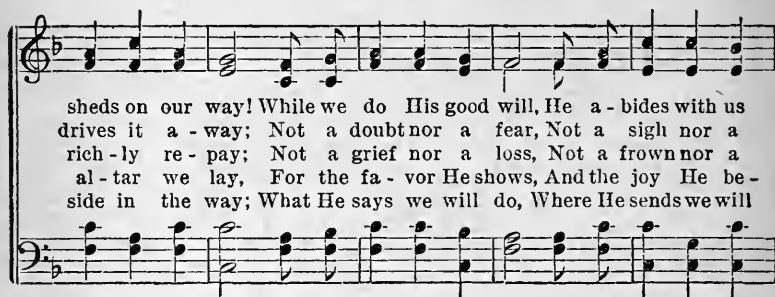
1. My Jesus, as Thou wilt—Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love
2. My Jesus, as Thou wilt—Tho' seen thro many a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Jesus, as Thou wilt—All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing future scene

I would my all re-sig-n. Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy, Conduct me  
 Grow dim or dis-ap-pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed  
 I glad-ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home above I trav-el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
 oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
 calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

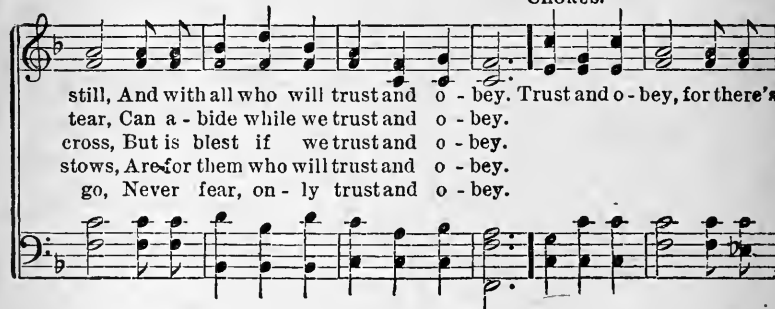


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He  
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly  
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth  
 4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the  
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

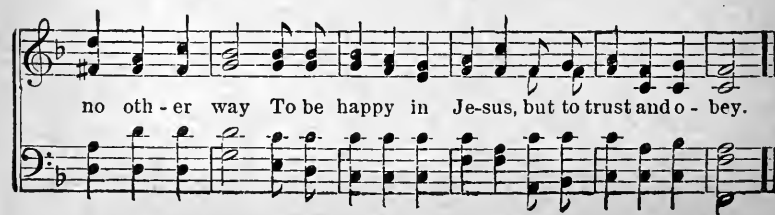


sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us  
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a  
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a  
 al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-  
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

## CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's  
 tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.  
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.  
 stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.  
 go, Never fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.



no oth-er way To be happy in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

# Lead Me, Saviour.

Psalm 31: 3.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Saviour, lead me lest I stray,      Gen-tly lead me all the way ;  
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul      When life's stormy billows roll,  
 2. Saviour, lead me then at last,      When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour,      lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly      lead me all the way ;

I am safe when by thy side,      I would in thy love a-bide.  
 I am safe when thou art nigh,      All my hopes on thee re-ly.  
 To the land of endless day,      Where all tears are wiped a-way.

I am      safe when by thy side, I would      in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray :  
 lest I stray :

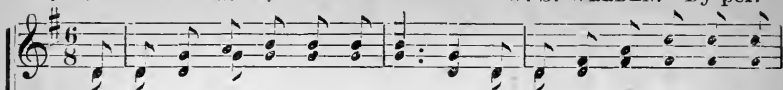
Gently down the stream of time,      Lead me, Saviour, all the way.  
 stream of time,      all the way.

## He Saves Me.

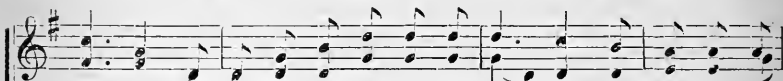
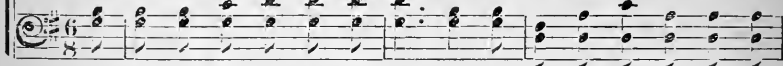
Eph. 2: 8.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

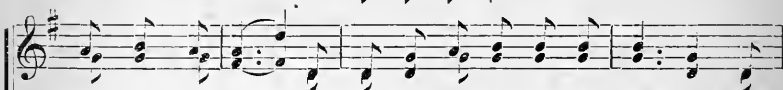
W. S. WEEDEN. By per.



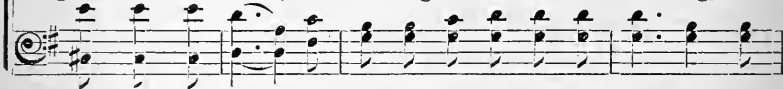
1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fet-ters that  
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi-nal-ly win-ning me  
 3. I nev-er, no, never will leave Him, Grow weary of serv-ice and



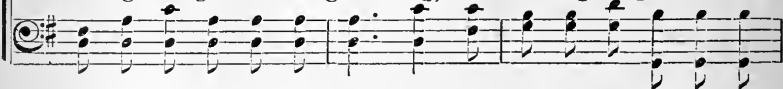
bound me, Tho' all was con-fu-sion a-round me, He came and spoke  
 to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur-sue Him, And asked to be  
 grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Re-main in His



peace to my soul; The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In  
 filled with His grace; Al-though a vile sin-ner be-fore Him, Thro'  
 pres-ence di-vine; A-bid-ing in love ev-er-flow-ing, In



ten-der-ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of sal-va-tion He  
 faith I was led to im-plore Him, And now I re-joice and a-  
 knowledge and grace ev-er grow-ing, Con-fid-ing im-plic-it-ly



## CHORUS.



taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole. }  
 dore Him, Re-stored to His lov-ing em-brace. } He saves me, He  
 know-ing That Je-sus the Sav-iour is mine. }





# He Saves Me.—Concluded.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu-jah! O glo-ry, O glo-ry,

His Spir-it a - bid-eth with-in; His blood cleanses me from all sin.

*Rit.*

No. 75.

## Old Hundred.

DOXOLOGY.

G. FRANC. 1545.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre-  
 2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord, E - ter - nal  
*Dox.—Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him—* *all*

a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem - er's  
 truth at - tends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound from  
 creat - ures here be - low; Praise Him o - bove, ye

name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.  
 shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
 heav'n - ly hosts: Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

## He is Able to Deliver.

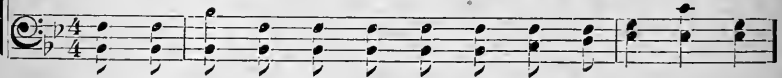
SUITABLE FOR SOLO,

MARY SPARKES WHEELER.

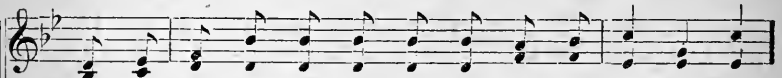
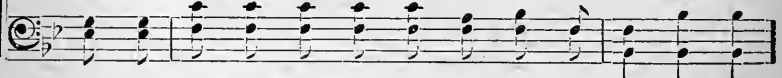
D. B. TOWNER.



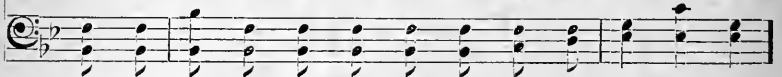
1. When the proph - et Dan - iel prayed to God on bend - ed knee,
2. Where - fore is the king so sad, and wherefore does he fast?
3. "O king live for - ev - er!" and from anx - ious care be free,
4. From the roar - ing li - on, seek - ing whom he may de - vour,
5. He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to keep in peace,



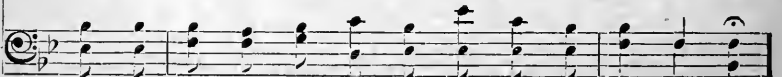
With his win - dows o - pen wide, despite the king's de - cree;  
 As he thinks of Dan - iel, who, with - in the den is cast;  
 For my God has sent his an - gel to de - liv - er me;  
 God is a - ble to de - liv - er by His might - y pow'r;  
 Till life's pil - grim - age is end - ed and my con - flicts cease;



And they cast him in the li - ons' den, his life to close,  
 "O, thou serv - ant of the liv - ing God, tell me, I pray,  
 He has shut the li - ons' mouths, my soul in tri - umph sings,  
 And the soul who comes to Je - sus with his sins oppressed,  
 And when Death, the lat - est en - e - my, shall end the strife,



God was a - ble to de - liv - er him from all his foes.  
 From the li - ons' cru - el pow - er can He save, to - day?"  
 Oh, what joy to trust for shel - ter un - der - neath His wings!  
 He is a - ble to de - liv - er and to give him rest.  
 He is a - ble to de - liv - er and to crown with life.



# He is Able to Deliver.—Concluded.

CHORUS. Psalm 34: 7.

For God's an - - gel is en - camp - ing  
 For God's an - gel is en - camp - ing, is en - camp - ing

Round a - bout..... all them that fear Him, He is  
 Round a - bout them, round a - bout all them that fear Him,

a - ble to de - liv - er All who put their trust in Him.  
 He is a - ble, He is a - ble to de - liv - er

No. 77.

## I Do Believe.

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

Cho.—I do be-leave, I now be-leave, That Je - sus died for me;

Repeat for Chorus.

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!  
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood His pre-cious blood I shall from sin be free.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Look, sin-ner, to Je - sus, the ris - en One, Who bled on the  
 2. He points to the prints of the cru - el nails, He shows thee His  
 3. The Sav-iour is stand-ing at mer-cy's gate, He asks thee to  
 4. Come now to the Sav-ior, ac-cept His love, And live for His

tree for thee; He's gra-cious-ly say - ing, "O troub-led one,  
 bleed - ing side; His heart's full of pit - y, His love ne'er fails,  
 en - ter in; He's plead-ing, en-treat-ing, 'tis grow-ing late,  
 glo - ry here; He'll take thee at last to His home a - bove;

## CHORUS.

Wilt thou not come un - to me?"  
 Wilt thou not come and a - bide? } There'll be joy in heav'n,  
 Art thou not wea - ry of sin? }  
 Come, then, oh, come without fear.

There'll be joy in heav'n, There'll be joy in heav'n.  
 There'll be joy in

And the an-gels will strike the gold-en lyre; And the ransomed will

# There'll be Joy.—Concluded.

join the ser - aph choir. There'll be joy in heav'n!  
There'll be joy in

No. 79.

## Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—  
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;  
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.  
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.  
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,  
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;  
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

*D. C. Chorus first four lines.*

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea,  
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.  
Wait till I see the morn - ing, Break on the gold - en shore.

Eph. 3: 17.

A. A. P.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Since I have o-pen'd wide the door And let the Sav-iour in,  
 2. Naught have I now to do or say; From Him my fruit is found,  
 3. Mine eyes are ev - er toward the Lord, No more on self I gaze,  
 4. A Ref-uge, Shield, De-liv - er - er, A might-y King is He!

He keeps His tem - ple pure and clean, Without a stain of sin.  
 All wis-dom, knowledge, grace and pow'r In Je-sus Christ a-bound.  
 He watch-es and He works in me— I trust and rest and praise.  
 I need not fear, I need not fall, Since Je - sus dwells in me.

## CHORUS.

Since Je - sus dwells in me, Since Je - sus dwells in me,

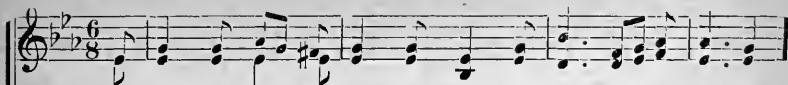
My life is one glad, end-less song, Since Je-sus dwells in me.

## My Pilot is Jesus.

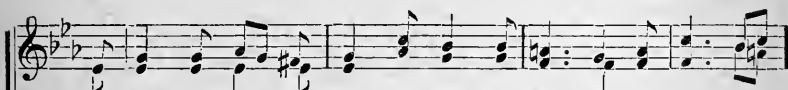
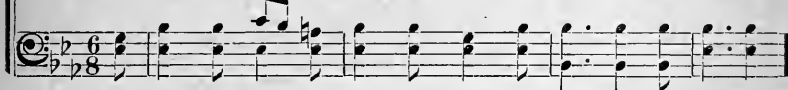
"Looking unto Jesus." Heb. 12: 2.

F. E. O.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.



1. I'm on life's o-cean, homeward bound, My Pi - lot is Je - sus,
2. The old ship Zi - on is my boat, My Pi - lot is Je - sus,
3. No hid - ing rock or treach'rous shoal, My Pi - lot is Je - sus,
4. He calms the rag - ing winds at will, My Pi - lot is Je - sus,



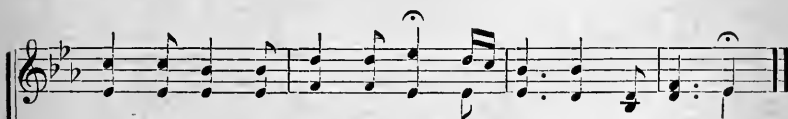
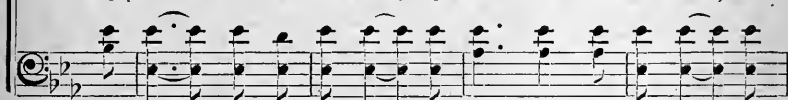
Where ma - ny mansions will be found, My Pi - lot is Je - sus.  
 In ev - 'ry storm she'll safe - ly float, My Pi - lot is Je - sus.  
 Can wreck me ere I reach my goal, My Pi - lot is Je - sus.  
 He speaks, and lash - ing waves are still, My Pi - lot is Je - sus.



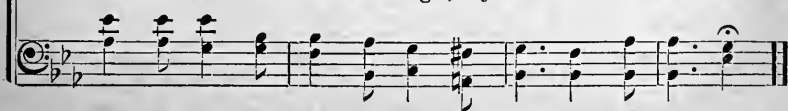
## CHORUS.



My Pi - lot is Je - sus, My Pi - lot is Je - sus, Oh



what care I tho' waves roll high; My Pi - lot is Je - sus.



## Listen to His Voice.

Mrs. ELLA LAUDER.

Genesis 6: 3.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Hark! a gen - tle whisp - er on - ly thou canst hear,  
 2. Je - sus stand - eth knock - ing at thy hearts closed door,  
 3. If you do not lis - ten, He will turn a - way,

Tell - ing thee, O sin - ner, that the Lord is near,  
 Bring - ing thee a bless - ing from His boun - teous store,  
 Heed the lov - ing mes - sage, wan - d'rer while you may,

Do not drown His plead - ings by the gay worlds din,  
 Wait - ing to be gra - cious to thy need - y soul,  
 Lest when you shall o - pen wide the fast barred door,

List - en as He bids thee turn a - way from sin.  
 By His grace to heal thee if thou wilt be whole.  
 Je - sus shall be wait - ing there for thee no more.

## CHORUS.

List - en, list - en, list - en to His voice, Call - ing, call - ing,



# Listen to His Voice.—Concluded.

bid-ding you re-joice, 'Tis the Sav-iour call-ing, come, oh,

The first system of musical notation for the first part of the piece. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in eighth notes. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Come to me, Haste, He will not al-ways call and wait for thee.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.

## No. 83. Salvation! Oh the Joyful Sound.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.

1. Sal - va-tion! O the joy-ful sound, What pleasure to our ears;  
2. Sal - va-tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth a - round,  
3. Sal - va-tion! O Thou bleeding Lamb, To Thee the praise be-longs;

The first system of musical notation for the second piece. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is written in eighth notes. Below it is a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

A sov'reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cord-ial for our fears,  
While all the ar-mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.  
Sal - va-tion shall inspire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.

# No. 84. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

Isaiah 1: 18.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un-to God! to God!  
 3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"  
 He is of great . . . . compas-sion, And of wondrous love;  
 "Look un-to Me, . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET.

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
 Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,  
 He'll for-give your transgres-sions, He'll forgive your transgressions.

*p ritard.*

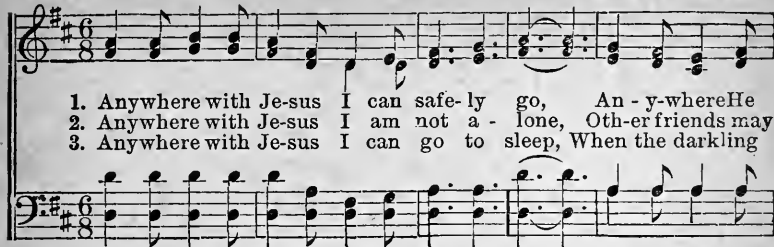
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!  
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

# Anywhere With Jesus.

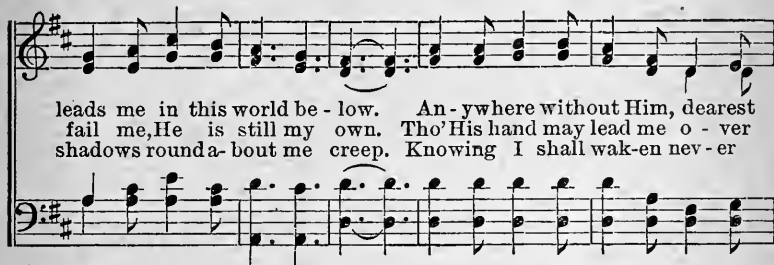
"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." Luke 9: 57.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

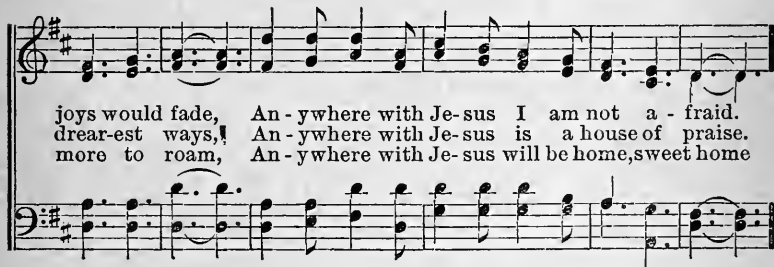
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Anywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An - y-where He  
 2. Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may  
 3. Anywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling

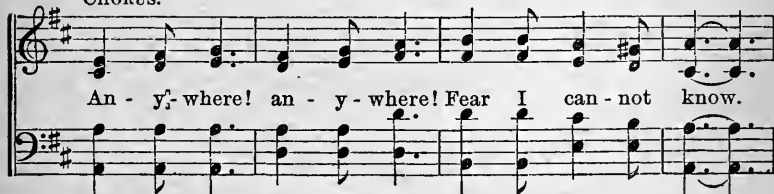


leads me in this world be - low. An - ywhere without Him, dearest  
 fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver  
 shadows round a - bout me creep. Knowing I shall wak - en nev - er



joys would fade, An - ywhere with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.  
 drear - est ways, An - ywhere with Je - sus is a house of praise.  
 more to roam, An - ywhere with Je - sus will be home, sweet home

## CHORUS.



An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know.



An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

## He Hideth My Soul.

Psalm 94: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Allegretto.*

1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord, A  
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord, He  
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And  
 4. When clothed in His brightness, trans - port - ed I rise To

won - der - ful Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the  
 tak - eth my bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I  
 filled with His full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O  
 meet Him in clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His

cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of pleas - ure I see.  
 shall not be moved, He giv - eth me strength as my day.  
 glo - ry to God, For such a Re - deem - er as mine.  
 won - der - ful love, I'll shout with the mil - lions on high.

CHORUS.

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shadows a

dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depth of His love, And

# He Hideth My Soul.—Concluded.

covers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

## No. 87. How can I but Love Him.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. What a precious, precious Friend is He! How can I but love Him?
2. He has tak-en all my sins a-way, How can I but love Him?
3. He has rolled the burden from my soul, How can I but love Him?
4. He has filled my heart with perfect peace, How can I but love Him?

He has loved me from e - ter - ni - ty, My gra - cious Lord,  
 He has taught me how to trust and pray, My gra - cious Lord.  
 He has pur - i - fied and made me whole, My gra - cious Lord.  
 He has thrilled my soul with heav'n-ly bliss, My gra - cious Lord.

CHORUS.

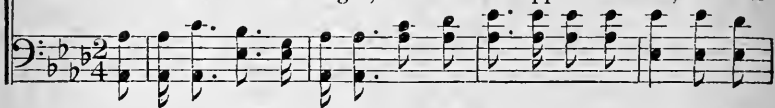
{ How can I but love Him? Wonderfully love Him?  
 { And for-ev-er love (Omit ..... ) Him, My gracious Lord.

Words arranged.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

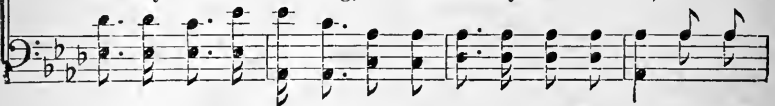
1. A lit-tle talk with Jesus, How it smoothes the rugged road, How it
2. I know the way is drear-y To that bright and happy clime, But a
3. I'll tell Him I am weary, And I fain would be at rest, That I'm
4. I'll wait a lit-tle longer, Till His own appointed time, And will



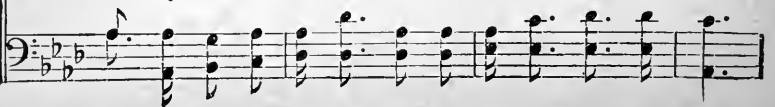
seems to help me onward When I faint beneath my load; When my  
lit-tle talk with Je-sus Will refresh me a-ny time; And as  
dai-ly, hour-ly long-ing For a home up-on His breast. Once He  
glo-ry in the knowledge Of a prospect so sublime, Then when



heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim, There is  
yet the more I know Him, And His mer-cy I ex-plore, On-ly  
gave His life a ransom, And would have me all His own, Can He  
in my Father's dwelling, Where the many mausions be, I will



naught can yield me com-fort Like a lit-tle talk with Him  
prompts my heart to long-ing For a lit-tle talk, the moi  
now for-get His promise, And re-ject His purchased one.  
sweet-ly talk with Je-sus, And He will talk with me.



# A Little Talk With Jesus. — Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then I will talk with Jesus, Come, Lord, and talk with me, For there's  
 naught can yield me com-fort, Like a lit-tle talk with Thee.

No. 89.

## Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

C. C. CLINE, by per.

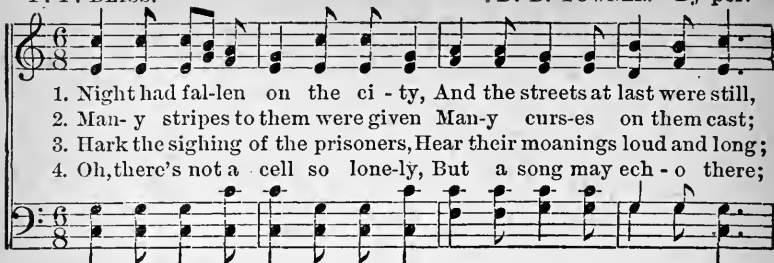
1. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing, Wait - ing ev - er - more,  
 2. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing, Wait - ing at the door,  
 3. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing, Friend He is and more,  
 4. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing, Till the day is o'er,

Hark! He knock-eth soft - ly At thy bo - som's door;  
 How He suf - fered for thee All thy sins He bore;  
 As thy Sav - iour loves thee, None e'er loved be - fore;  
 Sad should Je - sus leave thee. Leave thee ev - er - more;

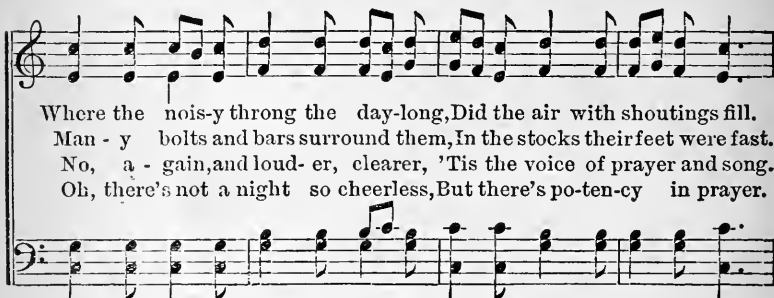
I..... im - plore.  
 Haste that door to o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.  
 Bid Him free - ly en - ter, Bid Him, I im - plore.  
 Do not turn Him from thee, Do not, I im - plore.  
 Wide the door fling o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.  
 I..... im - plore.

P. P. BLISS.

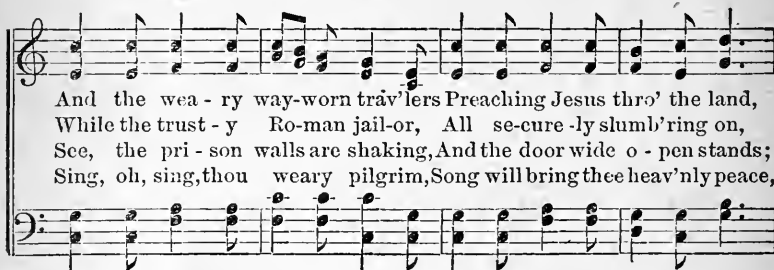
D. B. TOWNER. By per.



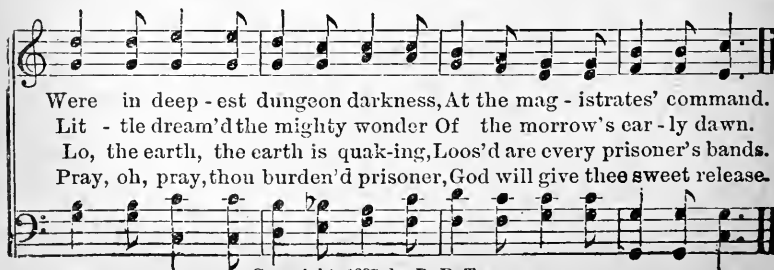
1. Night had fal-len on the ci - ty, And the streets at last were still,  
 2. Man - y stripes to them were given Man - y curs-es on them cast;  
 3. Hark the sighing of the prisoners, Hear their moanings loud and long;  
 4. Oh, there's not a cell so lone-ly, But a song may ech - o there;



Where the nois-y throng the day-long, Did the air with shoutings fill.  
 Man - y bolts and bars surround them, In the stocks their feet were fast.  
 No, a - gain, and loud-er, clearer, 'Tis the voice of prayer and song.  
 Oh, there's not a night so cheerless, But there's po-ten-cy in prayer.



And the wea - ry way-worn trav'lers Preaching Jesus thro' the land,  
 While the trust - y Ro-man jail-or, All se-cure -ly slumb'ring on,  
 See, the pri - son walls are shaking, And the door wide o - pen stands;  
 Sing, oh, sing, thou weary pilgrim, Song will bring thee heav'nly peace,



Were in deep - est dungeon darkness, At the mag - istrates' command.  
 Lit - tle dream'd the mighty wonder Of the morrow's ear - ly dawn.  
 Lo, the earth, the earth is quak-ing, Loos'd are every prisoner's bands.  
 Pray, oh, pray, thou burden'd prisoner, God will give thee sweet release.



## O the Love that Sought Me.

I John 4: 9.

Dr. A. J. GORDON.

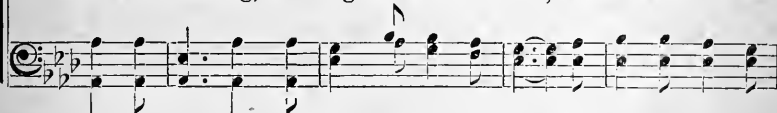
H. L. GILMOUR.



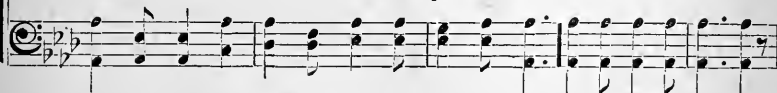
1. In tenderness He sought me, Weary and sick with sin, And on His
2. He washed the bleeding sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He whispered
3. He point-ed to the nail-prints; For me His blood was shed; A mocking
4. I'm sit-ting in His presence, The sunshine of His face, While with a-
5. So while the hours are passing, All now is per-fect rest; I'm wait-ing



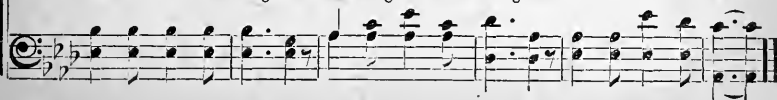
shoulders bro't me Back to His fold a - gain; While angels in His  
to as-sure me, "I've found Thee, Thou art mine;" I nev-er heard a  
crown so thorn-y Was placed up-on His head; I won-der what He  
dor-ing won-der His blessings I re - trace; It seems as if e-  
for the morn-ing, The brightest and the best, When He will call us

CHORUS. *With feeling.*

presences sang, Un - til the courts of heaven rang.  
sweet-er voice, It made my ach-ing heart rejoice.  
saw in me, To suf-fer such deep ag-o - ny. } O the love that sought me!  
ter-nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.  
to His side, To be with Him, His spot-less bride. }



O the blood that bought me! O the grace that brought me To the Savior's fold!

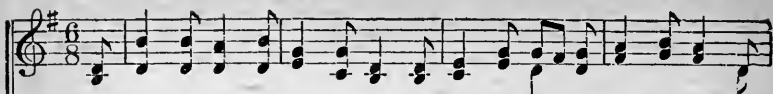


## Move forward.

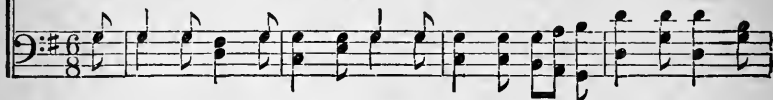
G. W. CROFTS.

Philip 3: 14.

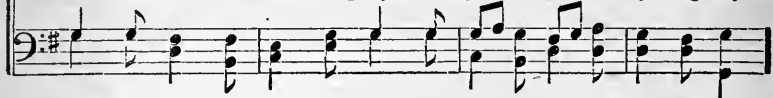
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Move forward! valiant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and labored long, The
2. Move forward! each and every one, The gold-en harvest is begun, Ye
3. Move forward! reaping as you move! Angels are watching from above! A-
4. Move forward! day will die full soon, How quickly evening follows noon, Now



time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.  
 reap - ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sickle's glitt'ring blade.  
 round are wit - ness - es a host, A - rouse ye now and save the lost.  
 is the time to work and pray - Let glory crown the dy - ing day.



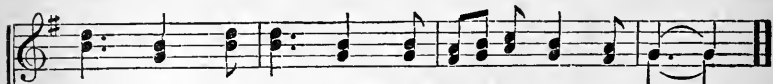
## CHORUS.



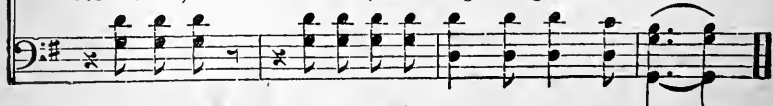
Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line, Move



Move forward, move for - ward, All a - long the line, move forward,



for - ward, move for - ward, The light be - gins to shine.



move forward, move forward,

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. Whata 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, Resting  
 4. And methinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the  
 5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort and rest, Marching

mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strain sit 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 kingdom will be.  
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime,

## CHORUS.

Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - bove; Sweep  
 o - ver my spirit for - ev - er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

# Saved by Grace.

"By grace ye are saved." eph 2: 5.

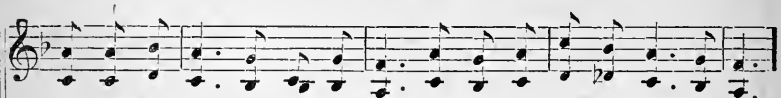
F. J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

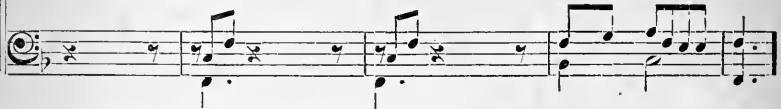
SOLO OR DUET.



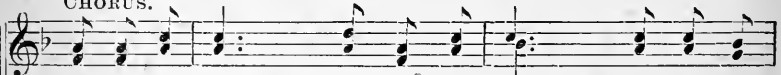
1. Some day the silver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint-ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,



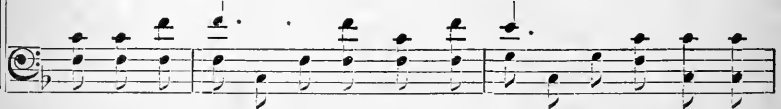
But, O, the joy when I shall wake Within the pal-ace of the King!  
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.  
 My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall enter in - to rest.  
 That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



CHORUS.



And I shall see Him face to face, and tell the  
 shall see to face,



sto-ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to  
 shall see



# Saved by Grace.—Concluded.

*Rit.*

face, to face, And tell the sto-ry— Saved by grace.

The first system of music for 'Saved by Grace' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a vocal line with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a piano accompaniment. The tempo marking 'Rit.' is placed above the first measure of the vocal line.

## No. 95.

## Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.

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

The second system of music for 'Abide with Me' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a vocal line with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a piano accompaniment.

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 pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my  
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and

The third system of music for 'Abide with Me' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a vocal line with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a piano accompaniment.

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, 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, oh, a-bide with me!  
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

The fourth system of music for 'Abide with Me' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a vocal line with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a piano accompaniment.

1. Oh, glad "whosoever," the deed is done, My sins are pardoned thro'  
 2. I came to my Saviour, his word believed, When he the sin - ner at  
 3. Oh, glad "whosoever," the crim-son tide Is free and o - pen, is

Christ the Son; Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed; Oh,  
 once received, And now his prais-es I joy - ful - ly sing, And  
 deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth-er, and bathe in the stream, And

CHORUS.  
 sweet is the peace of the soul redeemed. Oh, glo - ry to  
 dwell in the love of my Lord and King.  
 you shall be filled with a joy su-preme. Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus, my

Je - sus, re - deemed! . . . re - deemed! . . . Of  
 soul is redeemed, my soul is redeemed, my soul is redeemed!

love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed; Oh, rapt - ur-ous  
 Oh, rapt-ur-ous sto-ry! my

# Redeemed.—Concluded.

sto - ry, re - deemed! . . . , re - deemed! . . . Oh,  
soul is redeemed, my soul is redeemed, my soul is redeemed, Oh,

**Rall.**  
glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! re-deemed! . . . re - deemed! . . .  
glo-ry, oh, glo-ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

## No. 97. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

**Fine.**

- { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
{ Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }
- { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, }  
{ Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness here; }
- { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }  
{ Noth - ing left but heav'n and prayer, Trusting that our names are there, }

D. C. *Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."*

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

## Rest in the Lord.

N. B. SARGENT.

Jer. 6: 16.

N. B. SARGENT.

1. I was tempest-tossed on the sea of life For years and years;  
 2. In the hu-man heart I had sought re-pose, With joy and pride;  
 3. I will sing a glad and a grate-ful song, Long as I live,

I had fought a-lone in the dai-ly strife, With tears, and tears; With  
 But the pain that followed, God on-ly knows, When love had died; There  
 Un-to Him, that doth, all the way a-long, His sweet peace give; All

heav-y load op-pressed, My heart could find no rest, Till I rest-ed  
 was no rest for me On life's dark, storm-y sea, Till I rest-ed  
 earth-ly din a-bove, His ten-der voice of love Bids us come to

CHORUS.

in the Lord, Till I rest-ed in the Lord.  
 in the Lord, Till I rest-ed in the Lord. } Oh, rest in the Lord,  
 Him and rest, Bids us come to Him and rest.



# Rest in the Lord.—Concluded.

*Rit. Ad lib.*

Rest in the Lord, And wait, wait, wait; Pa-tient-ly wait for Him.

No. 99.

## None Shall Pluck Thee.

John 10: 28.

H. E. JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Pre-cious prom-ise from my Sav - ior, In His Ho - ly Word it stands;
2. I am His now and for - ev - er, Held by love's en - dur - ing bands;
3. In the midst of earth's temptations, Hid - den snares and treach'rous sands,

"Thou art mine, I have redeemed thee, None shall pluck thee from my hands."  
Thro' the pow'r of the E - ter - nal, None shall pluck me from His hands.  
He, the might-y God, shall keep me, None shall pluck me from His hands.

CHORUS.

O - ver there my name is writ - ten, In the Book of Life it stands;

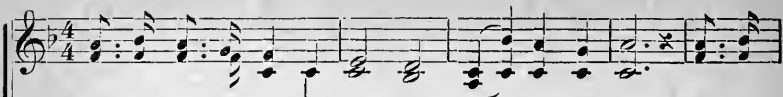
He has prom-ised, who redeemed me, "None shall pluck thee from my hands."

## It is Better Farther On.

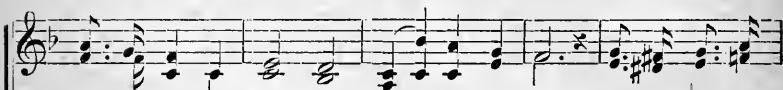
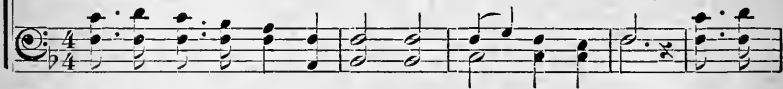
Proverbs 4: 18.

KATE ULMER.

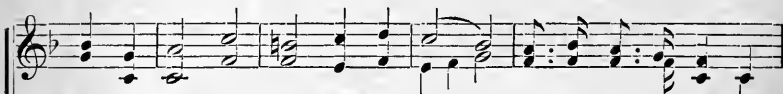
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Walk-ing as my Sav-iour lead-eth, heav'n-ward I go; Ev - er
2. Oft - en on the mounta - bid - ing, lost in His love; Count-less
3. Sweetest of com-mun-ion shar-ing with Him, my Guide, As He
4. Oh, 'tis sweet with Him to jour-ney in this glad way, Step by



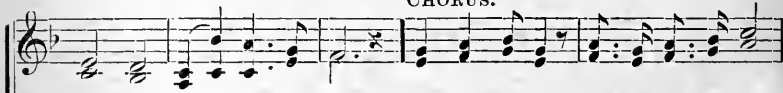
in His foot-steps tread-ing, no fear I know; As the days glide  
mer-cies round me fall - ing fresh from a - bove; Sometimes in the  
gen - tly leads me where the still wa-ters glide; Rest-ing in the  
step His glo - ry shin - eth clear - er each day; Joy-ful - ly I'm



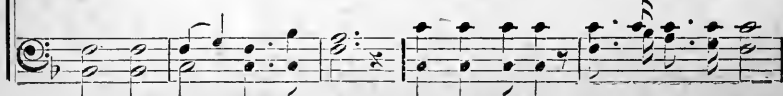
sweet-ly on - ward, this my glad song; Oh, the way grows brighter,  
val - ley, sing-ing there 'mid the throng; Oh, the way grows brighter,  
liv - ing pas - tures, nev - er a - lone; Oh, the way grows brighter,  
home-ward pressing, faith growing strong; For the way grows brighter,



## CHORUS.



bet - ter, still far-ther on. It is bet-ter, bet-ter far-ther on,



# It is Better Farther On.—Concluded.

Bet-ter far-ther on, The way grows bright-er  
Bet-ter,..... bet-ter far-ther on,

day by day, It is bet-ter far-ther on.....  
It is bet-ter far-ther on, far-ther on. *Rall.*

## No. 101.

## Olive's Brow.

WM. H. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from eith-er plains Is borne the song that angels know;

'Tis midnight; in the garden now, The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.  
E'en that disciple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.  
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.  
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

W. B. BLAKE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. In the courts of heav'n we'll sing a no-bler song Than our lips can  
 2. Sure the sweetest song e'er heard on earth by man Floated o'er Ju-  
 3. In that song of tri-umph we shall have a part Who are faith-ful

raise be - low, Un - to Je - sus Christ, our Elder Brother's praise, Who has  
 de - a's plain, But a grand - er an - them will be ours a - bove, When we  
 to the last; And who stand with Him upon the shining strand, When the

## CHORUS.

washed us white as snow.  
 go with Him to reign. } 'Twill be "Glory to Christ, our King," While the  
 Jor - dan we have passed. }

heav - en - ly arch - es ring With the mel - o - dy of redeeming love com -

plete, ..... Safe in heav - en - ly mansions fair, Its rich glo - ries e -  
 full and sweet,

# The New Song.—Concluded.

ternal share, And with praises we'll cast our crowns at Jesus' feet . . . .  
Jesus' feet.

## No. 103. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow-ing Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,  
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure; Here speaks the Com-fort-er,  
 throne of God, pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love,

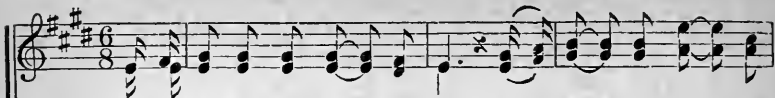
here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not heal.  
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.  
 come, ev-er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re-move.

## Building for Eternity.

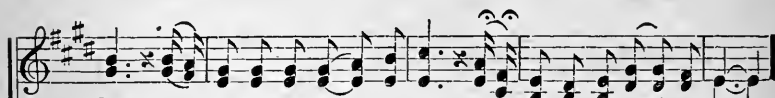
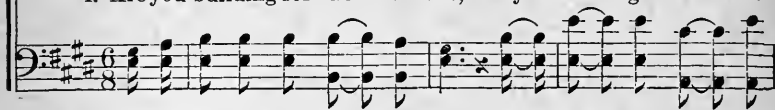
Acts 20: 32.

N. B. S.

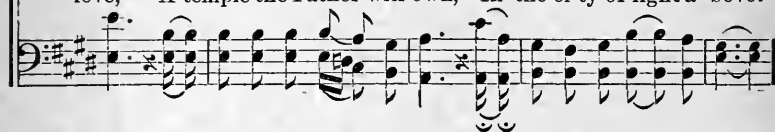
N. B. SARGENT. Arr.



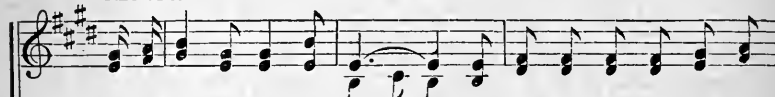
1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the world may not
2. Every tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit - tle place has
3. Every word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or
4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and



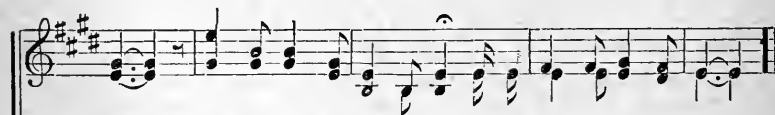
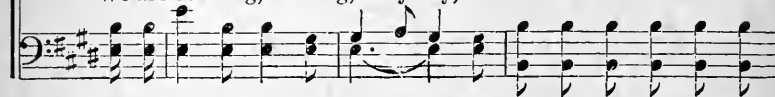
see, Which time cannot mar nor destroy, We build for e - ter - ni - ty.  
 fill'd, Ev'ry deed we have done *good* or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build,  
 pain, Will shine in our tem - ple walls, Or ev - er its beau - ty stain.  
 love, A temple the Father will own, In the ci - ty of light a - bove?



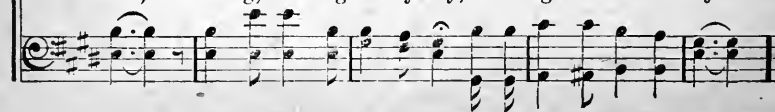
## CHORUS.



We are building ev - ery day, . . . A tem - ple the world may not  
 We are building, building, every day,



see, Building, building ev - ery day, Building for e - ter - ni - ty.

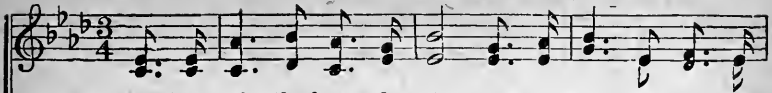


# Travelling Home.

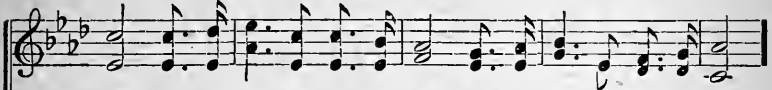
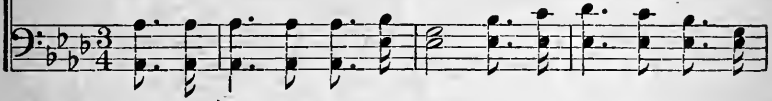
Isaiah 35: 10.

J. CENNICK.

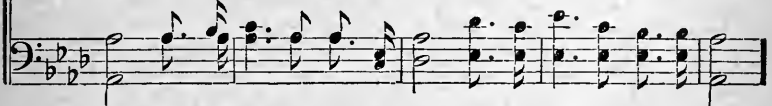
T. C. O'KANE. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.



1. Chil- dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney let us
2. Fear not, brethren, joy- ful stand On the bor- ders of our
3. Lord, o - be- dient-ly we'll go, Glad- ly leav- ing all be-



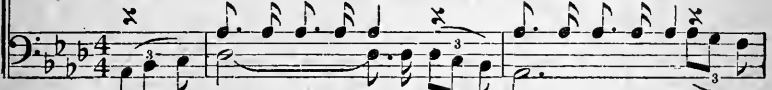
sing, Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.  
land, Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un-dismayed go on.  
low, On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still will follow Thee.



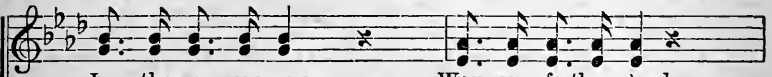
CHORUS.



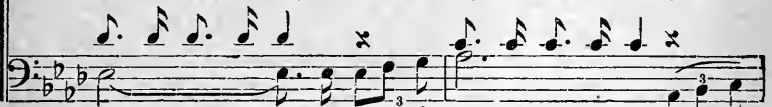
We are trav'ling home, trav'ling home to God,



We are trav - - 'ling home to God, In the



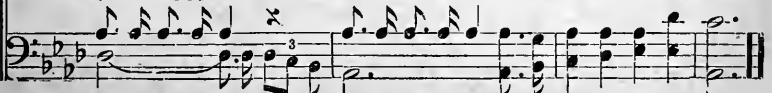
In the nar- row way, Way our fa-thers trod,



way . . . . our fa-thers trod, They are



They are happy now, happy now and we Soon their happiness shall see.



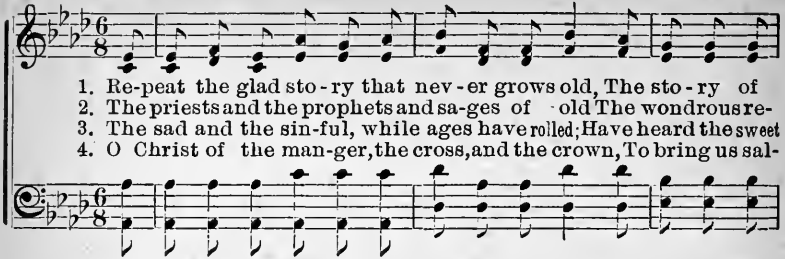
hap - - py now and we Soon their happiness shall see.

## It Never Grows Old.

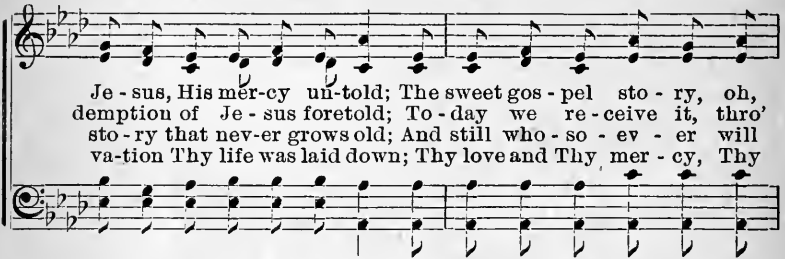
JOHN III: 16.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

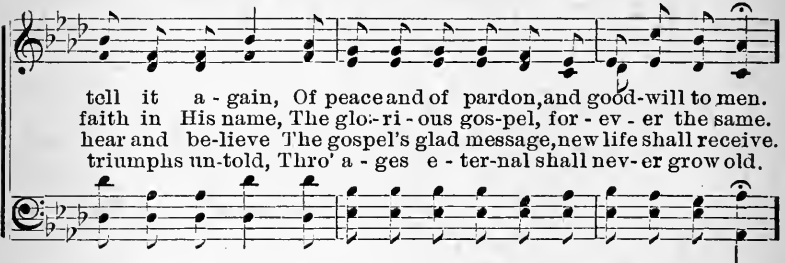
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Re-peat the glad sto-ry that nev-er grows old, The sto-ry of  
 2. The priests and the prophets and sa-ges of old The wondrous re-  
 3. The sad and the sin-ful, while ages have rolled; Have heard the sweet  
 4. O Christ of the man-ger, the cross, and the crown, To bring us sal-

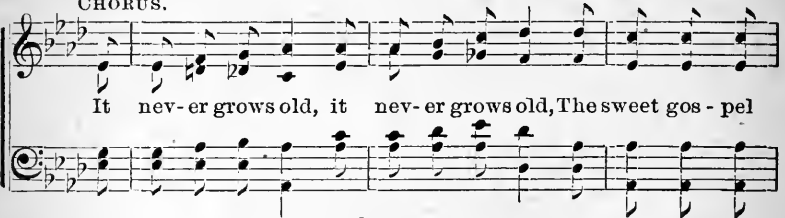


Je - sus, His mer-cy un-told; The sweet gos - pel sto - ry, oh,  
 demption of Je - sus foretold; To - day we re - ceive it, thro'  
 sto - ry that nev - er grows old; And still who - so - ev - er will  
 va - tion Thy life was laid down; Thy love and Thy mer - cy, Thy



tell it a - gain, Of peace and of pardon, and good-will to men.  
 faith in His name, The glo - ri - ous gos - pel, for - ev - er the same.  
 hear and be - lieve The gospel's glad message, new life shall receive.  
 triumphs un - told, Thro' a - ges e - ter - nal shall nev - er grow old.

## CHORUS.



It nev - er grows old, it nev - er grows old, The sweet gos - pel



sto - ry will nev - er grow old; Tho' kingdoms de - cay, and the



# It Never Grows Old.—Concluded.

heav'n's pass a-way, Yet this won-der-ful sto-ry will never grow old.

No. 107.

## Lord Jesus, Come.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow."—ISAIAH 18: 3.

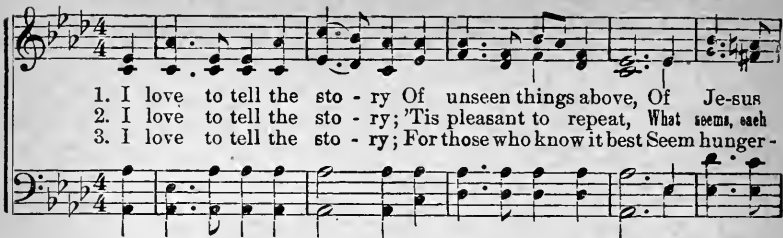
A. A. POLLARD.

D. B. TOWNER.

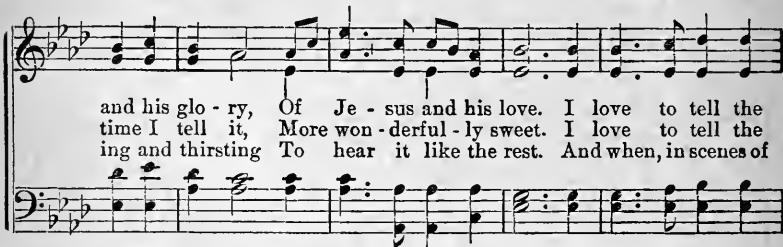
1. No pain nor sor-row In that new land! No death nor  
 2. Naught that de - fil - leth, No taint of sin, On - ly the  
 3. Seal not the say - ing! Bless - ed are they Who read and  
 4. Come, saith the Spir - it; Come, saith the Bride, Come, all ye

cry - ing 'Mid that bright band! O ho - ly cit - y! O  
 blood-washed Shall en - ter in; There we shall see Him, The  
 heark - en Who watch and pray. Off-spring of Da - vid, Bright  
 thirst - y— Be sat - is - fied. Lord, count us wor - thy Of

per - fect day! All for - mer shad - ows Are passed a - way.  
 Lamb di - vine, And in our fore - heads His name shall shine.  
 Star of Morn, Guide us and guard us Till Thy re - turn!  
 that pure home! Come and re - ceive us! Lord Je - sus, come!



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat, What seems, each  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger -

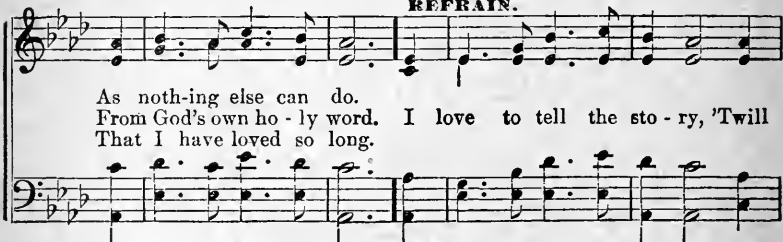


and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the  
 time I tell it, More won - derful - ly sweet. I love to tell the  
 ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

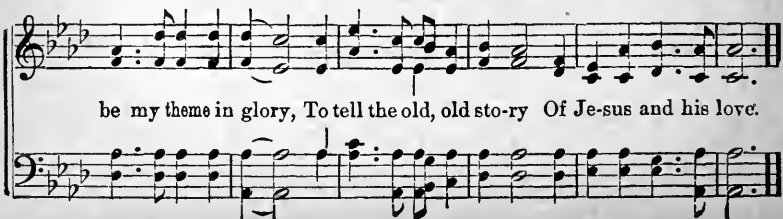


sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings,  
 sto - ry: For some have nev - er heard The message of sal - va - tion,  
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry,

## REFRAIN.



As noth - ing else can do.  
 From God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill  
 That I have loved so long.



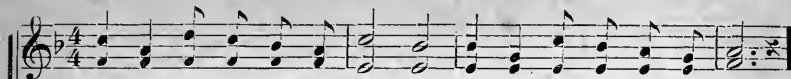
be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

## Draw Me Nearer.

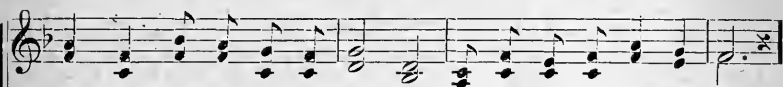
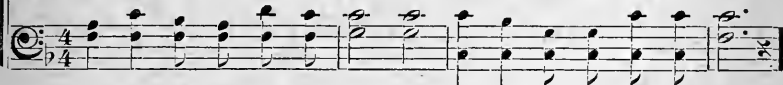
John 12: 32.

HELEN G. PIERCE.

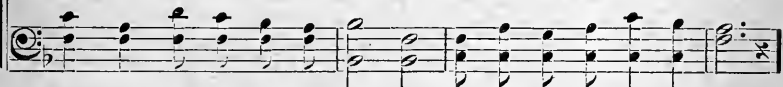
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Draw me near-er, Je-sus, nearer, When my heart grows faint with fear;
2. Ask! I hear Thee say, and ask-ing Heavens richest gifts are Thine.
3. So I come, dear Saviour, knocking, Knocking at sweet mercies gate,
4. Oh Thou, in whom dwell all fullness, Wilt Thou now impart to me,

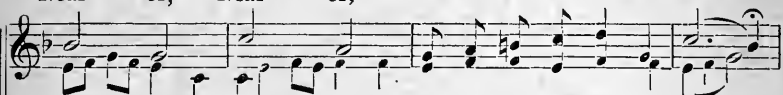


Help me catch Thy faintest whisper, Give me Lord a list'ning ear.  
 Seek, Thou biddest me, and seek-ing, Thou shalt never fail to find.  
 Why should I for its un-lock-ing Still in doubt and darkness wait.  
 Something of Thy bless-ed na - ture, Draw me near-er, Lord, to Thee.

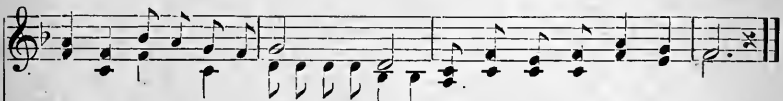
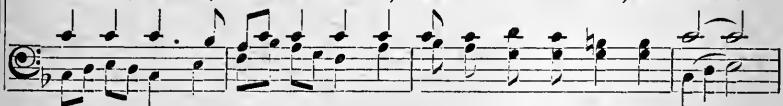


## CHORUS.

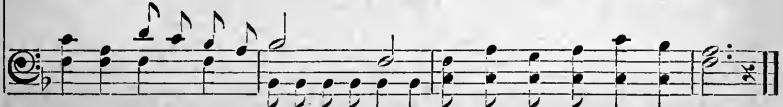
Near - er, Near - er,



Near-er, near-er, Draw me nearer, Draw me near-er Lord, to Thee.



Fill me with Thy Holy Spir - it.  
 Fill me, fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, Draw me nearer, Lord, to Thee.



S. B. GOULD.

Deut 31: 6.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Jesus  
 2. Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus  
 4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
 Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the triumph - song; Glory, laud, and hon - or, Unto Christ the King;

CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. Onward, Christian  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.  
 This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.  
 war, With the cross of Je - sus

1. All the way my Lord is lead - ing me; Praise His name,  
 2. When I faint, His grace up - hold - eth me; Praise His name,  
 3. Cares of life have o - ver - tak - en me; Praise His name,

praise His name! With His heav'n-ly man - na feed - ing me;  
 praise His name! When I fear, His arms en - fold - eth me;  
 praise His name! Yet He nev - er has for - sak - en me;

CHORUS.

Praise His ho - ly name. Hal - le - lu - jah! this is my song,

Je - sus, Je - sus, the whole day long, Swell the cho - rus,

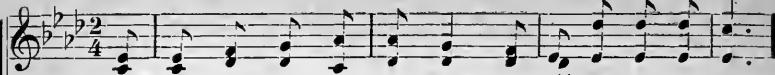
might - y and strong, — Praise His ho - ly name.

## He Never Says "Good-bye."

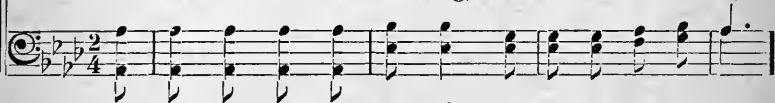
"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Heb. 13: 5.

C. A. S. Alt. and arr. by  
JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

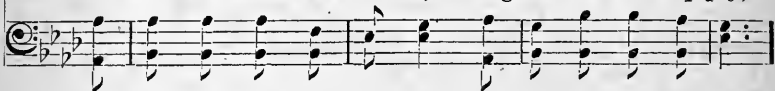
D. B. TOWNER.



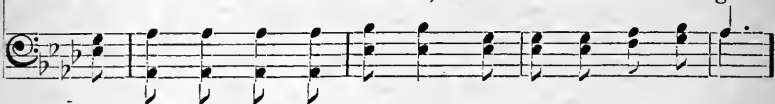
1. In pain, on couch of weakness, A wea-ry suff-'rer lay.
2. He nev - er leaves His peo - ple, Nor e'er forsakes His own;
3. The joys of earth may van - ish, Its mu-sic cease to cheer,
4. And tho' we oft - en grieve Him, Unmind-ful of His love,
5. A dark-ened vale is near - ing, The hour has come to die;



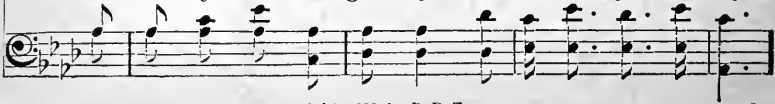
With face, both pale and hag-gard, In twilight, soft and gray;  
He knows their needs, how-ev - er, To oth - ers all unknown;  
Its bright-ness be o'er-cloud - ed, Its glo - ry dis - ap - pear;  
While stray-ing from the pas - ture He watch-es still a - bove.  
But still He walks be - side us, And grace doth He sup-ply;



A friend, de - part - ing, whispered That Je - sus still was nigh,  
In sick - ness and in sor - row He list - ens to their cry;  
Our near - est friends may leave us, Our moth - er stay not by,  
He notes the rug - ged path - way, That brings the bit - ter sigh,  
From death to life a - ris - en, With Him are we on high!

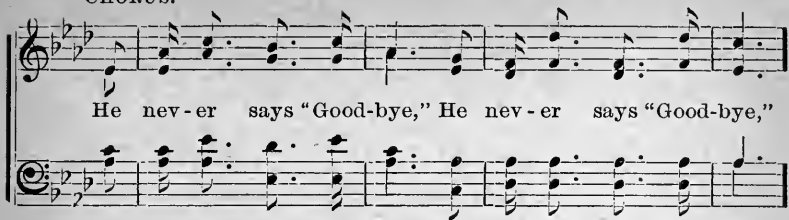


"Oh yes," She slow - ly answered, "He nev - er says 'Good-bye.'  
-With lov - ing arms a - round them, He nev - er says "Good-bye."  
But Je - sus nev - er fails us, He nev - er says "Good-bye."  
And lifts us to His bos - om He nev - er says "Good-bye."  
In heav'n - ly life and glo - ry He nev - er says "Good-bye."

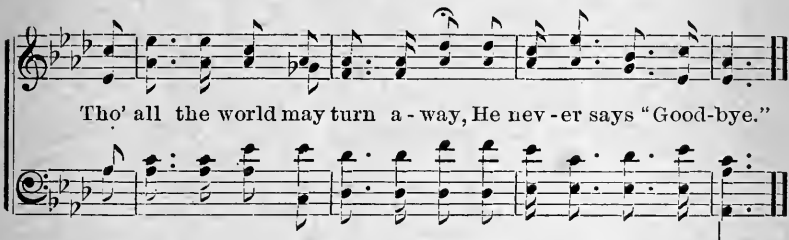


# He Never Says "Good-bye."—Concluded.

CHORUS.



He nev-er says "Good-bye," He nev-er says "Good-bye,"



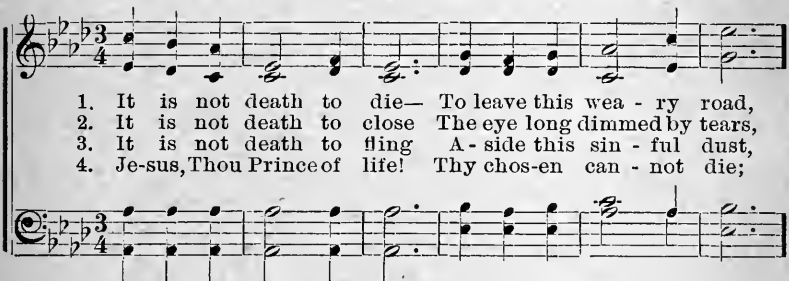
Tho' all the world may turn a-way, He nev-er says "Good-bye."

No. 113.

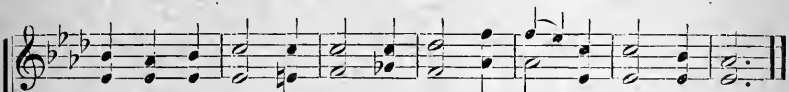
## It is Not Death to Die.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

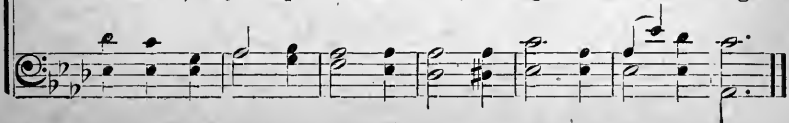
JOS. E. SWEETSER.



1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea - ry road,  
2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears,  
3. It is not death to fling A - side this sin - ful dust,  
4. Je-sus, Thou Prince of life! Thy chos-en can - not die;



And 'mid the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God.  
And wake in glo - ri - ous re - pose To spend e - ter - nal years.  
And rise, on strong ex - ult - ing wing, To live a - mong the just.  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high.



# No. 114. Brother, Won't you Send the Light?

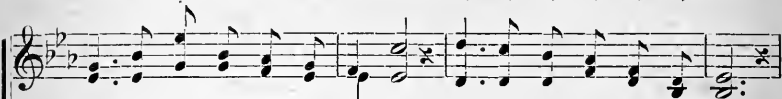
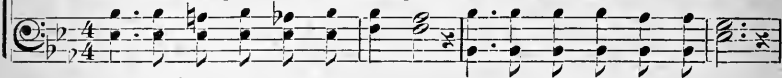
Acts 14: 47.

W. B. CARNES.

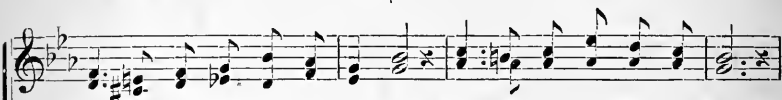
NANNIE CARNES.



1. Hark! I hear a cry ascending, From the blind, the halt and lame;
2. I-dols on their thrones are shaking, See them crumbling to decay;
3. Lo, that cry grows loud and stronger "Come and help us now" they pray;



'Tis the cry of na-tions bending 'Neath a load of sin and shame.  
Sol-diers of the cross are tak-ing Heath-en lands for Christ to-day.  
Broth-er, do not dal - ly long - er, Heed that plaintive cry to - day.



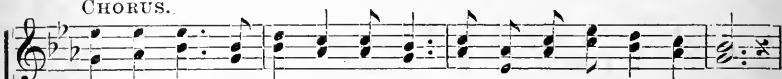
Long in darkness have they pleaded, Long has been their lonely night;  
Open doors stand wide before us, Lo the fields are read-y, white;  
God will bless you if you list-en, Give, and do it with your might;



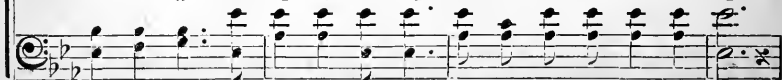
Long that cry has gone un-heed-ed, Brother, won't you send the light?  
"Come and help now" they implore us, Brother, won't you send the light?  
Pray the Lord the day to hast-en When all na-tions have the light?



## CHORUS.



O that light so brightly shining, Drives a-way the dark-est night;





# Brother, Won't You?—Concluded.

Thousands for its rays are pin-ing, Brother won't you send the light?

No. 115.

## Room at the Cross.

W. B. B.

WM. B. BLAKE. By per.

1. Room at the cross for a tremb-ling soul, Room at the  
 2. Room at the cross for a break-ing heart, Room at the  
 3. Room at the cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the

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

### REFRAIN.

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

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

# No. 116. Forward on the Heavenly Way.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

Phil. 3: 14.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. For-ward, for-ward on the heav'n-ly way, On-ward, up-ward,  
 2. List-en, list-en, from His king-ly throne, Je-sus calls us,  
 3. Fol-low, fol-low, loy-al to the Right, Press-ing for-ward

lin-ger not to-day, Je-sus calls us, He pre-sents the prize,  
 He will lead His own. Cour-age, cour-age, march a-against the foe,  
 in the path of light. On-ward, up-ward, till the day is done,

## CHORUS.

Stead-i-ly march onward 'neath His watching eyes.  
 With your great commander ev-er for-ward go. } March-ing,  
 Till the promised vic-to-ry is brave-ly won. } Marching on, *steadily*

march-ing, Je-sus' march-ing or-ders we must  
 march-ing on, *stead-i-ly*

all o-bey, for-ward, for-ward,  
 For-ward, for-ward, *stead-i-ly, stead-i-ly* for-ward,

# Forward on the Heavenly Way.—Concluded.

Keep - ing step to - geth - er, on the heav'n - ly way.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

No. 117.

## Sweetly Resting.

Psalm. 94: 22.

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLY. By per.

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly sheltered, I a - bide;  
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea - ry, sad, I longed for rest.  
3. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can never give,  
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life is past;

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide.  
Then I found this heav'nly shelter, O - pened in my Saviour's breast.  
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In His smiles of love I live.  
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

### CHORUS.

Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

# As Panteth the Hart.

Psalm 42.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

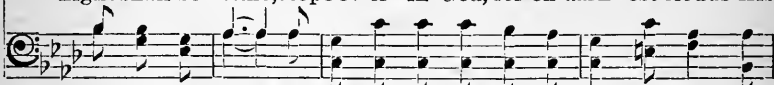
D. B. TOWNER.



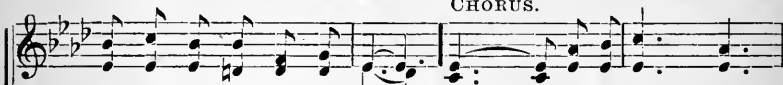
1. As pant-eth the hart for the wa - ter brooks, So panteth my  
 2. Thou, God of my life I re - mem - ber Thee, Thy love has been  
 3. I look un - to Je - sus, my on - ly help, I lift up my  
 4. The Lord will de - liv - er the soul that trusts, A song in the



soul aft - er God, In hun - ger and thirst in a des - ert way, The  
 ev - er of old, Oh, make in my heart Thine a - bid - ing place, And  
 heart and re - joyce, From out of the darkness I cry to Him, He  
 night shall be Thine, Hope ev - er in God, for on dark - est clouds His



CHORUS.

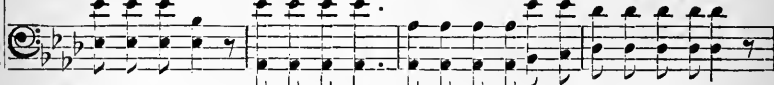


trav - el - worn pil - grim has trod.  
 let me Thy gladness be - hold.  
 hear - eth the pen - i - tent's voice.  
 ra - di - ant prom - is - es shine.

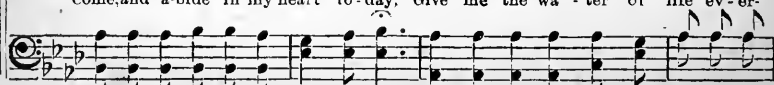
} Hun - ger - ing, thirst - ing,  
 } Hungering, hungering, hungering, thirsting,



Je - sus I pray, . . . . . come and a - bide. . . . . in my  
 Je - sus I pray, Je - sus I pray, Come and abide, come and abide in my heart,



heart. . . . . to - day, . . . . . Give . . . . . me the wa -  
 Come, and a - bide in my heart to - day, Give me the wa - ter of life ev - er -



# As Panteth the Hart.—Concluded.

ter of life..... I pray,..... Give.... me the  
last - ing Je - sus I pray, Je - sus I pray, Give me the wa - ter of

wa - - ter of life..... to - day.....  
life ev - er - last - ing, of life ev - er - last - ing to - day, to - day.

No. 119.

## Peace, Perfect Peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin?  
2. Peace! per - fect peace! by throng - ing du - ties pressed?  
3. Peace! per - fect peace! with sor - rows surg - ing round?  
4. Peace! per - fect peace! with loved ones far a - way?  
5. Peace! per - fect peace! our fu - ture all un - known?

The blood of Je - sus whisp - ers peace with - in.  
To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.  
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.  
In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.  
Je - sus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace,

## Wonderful Love of Jesus.

Romans 8: 39.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grate - ful  
 2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in  
 3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing

voice would raise; For who can sing the worth - y praise Of the  
 dark - ness light; In pain a balm, in weak - ness might, Is the  
 when I fall; In life, in death, my all in all, Is the

CHORUS.

won - der - ful love of Je - sus. Won - der - ful love!

won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

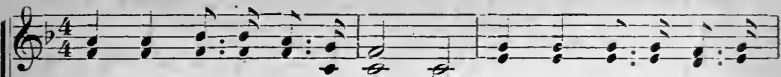
Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

# No. 121. Are You Laying Up Your Treasure.

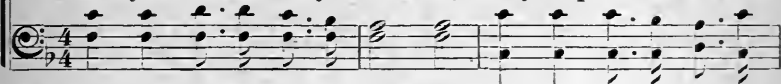
Matt. 6: 21.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

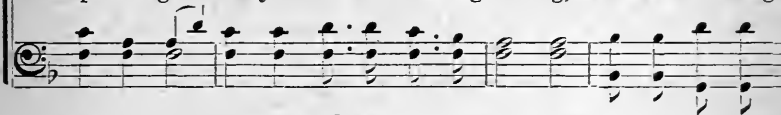
D. B. TOWNER.



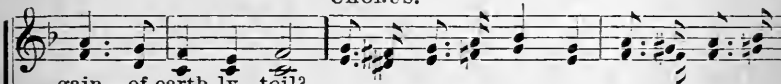
1. Are you lay-ing up your treas-ure, Where no moth nor rust can
2. Here on earth are scattered jew - els, Jew - els that may shine for-
3. Pre-cious souls may be your treas - ure, Gifts of love and deeds of
4. With your treasure will your heart be, Are your precious stores laid



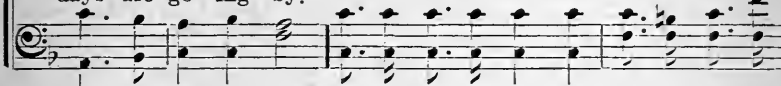
ev - er spoil? What shall be the fi - nal meas-ure, What shall be the  
 ev - er-more; In the Saviour's crown of glo - ry, Will you gath-er  
 mercy shown, These may go be-fore to meet you, When the Lord of  
 up on high? Then your life is rich-er grow-ing, While the hast'ning



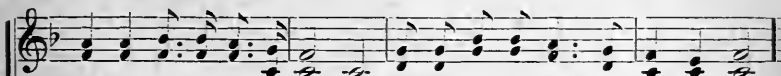
## CHORUS.



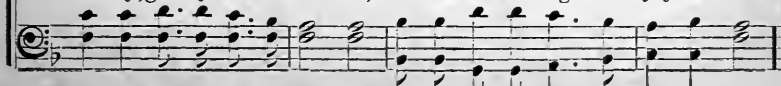
gain of earth-ly toil?  
 these for you bright shore?  
 life calls home His own.  
 days are go - ing by. } Laying up your treasure, Heap-ing up the



meas - ure, In the safe and se-cret place a - bove.....  
 se - cret place a - bove.



Glad-ly, gladly shall we find it, In the realms of light and joy and love.



Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

Psalm 40: 2.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. He brought me up from the mir - y clay, Glo-ry to His name!  
 2. I rest in peace when the waves rise high, Glo-ry to His name!  
 3. He brought me up from the mir - y clay, Glo-ry to His name!

I find sweet rest on the Rock to - day, Glo-ry to His name!  
 I have no fear when the storms sweep by, Glo-ry to His name!  
 And that is why I re-joice to - day, Glo-ry to His name!

My heart is full of the glad new song, I join in praise with the  
 I'm safe, I'm safe, in the cleft I hide, In storm and calm, in my  
 My rock is Christ and my safe - ty sure, My rock is Christ and I

ran-somed throng, My faith is bright and my hope is strong,  
 Lord a - bide, O sweet the rest of His shel - t'ring side,  
 shall en - dure, Till safe at home with the host made pure,

## CHORUS.

Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry to His name! Glo - ry to His  
 Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry, glo - ry



# On the Rock.—Concluded.

name! I rest secure on the Rock to-day, Glo-ry to His name!  
to His name!

No. 123.

## O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior, and my God! }  
{ Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

8: CHORUS.

FINE.

*D.S.*—Happy day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

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

2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love;  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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

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

A. A. P.

Hebrews 6: 19

D. B. TOWNER.

DUET.

1. I can - not see            beyond the mo - ment; To - mor - row  
 2. With each temp - ta - tion, Thou hast promised The grace to  
 3. For - get - ting all            the wea - ry fail - ures, The sin - ful  
 4. The storms that gath - er round my path - way, May hide the

strength comes not to - day; But bless - ed Lord, I trust Thy  
 con - quer and to bear, A way of sure es - cape pro -  
 sel - fish past has known, With eyes that look right on - ward  
 next step from my sight, But faith can walk with God in

CHORUS.

keep - ing, For just the next step of my way.  
 vid - ed, from ev - ry sub - tle, se - cret way.  
 all - way, I will to fol - low Thee a - lone. } O Jesus keep my next step  
 darkness, And He will guide that step a - right.

faith - ful, To paths marked out by God for me! "Hold Thou me

# The Next Step.—Concluded.

up!" O might-y Saviour! My strength and hope are all in Thee.

## No. 125. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*With great feeling.*

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny precious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;

FINE.

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.

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

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

5 My only hope, my only plea,  
 Now I'm coming home,  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

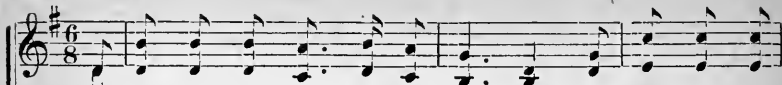
6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 O wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

## My Other Lost Sheep.

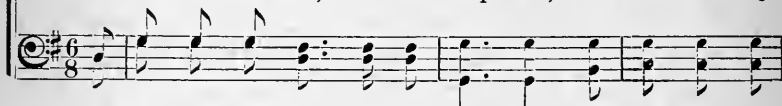
"And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also  
must I bring." John 10: 16.

MARY B. WINGATE.

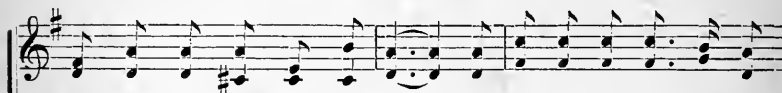
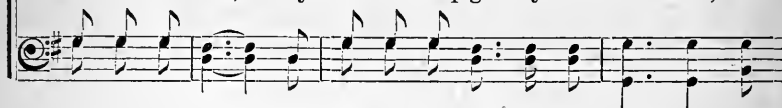
D. B. TOWNER.



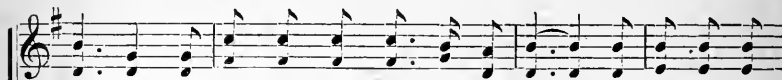
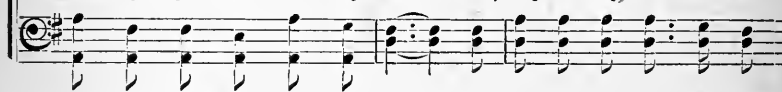
1. My "oth - er" lost sheep I am seek - ing, Oh, go out and
2. Oh, dear are the "sheep of my past - ures," And pre - cious the
3. Go gath - er my sheep that are stray - ing, Go seek - ing my
4. One fold there shall be, and one Shep - herd, There's room in my



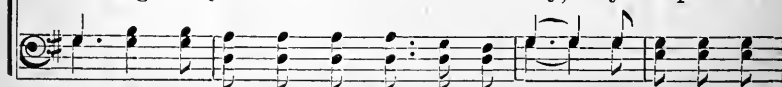
gath - er them in; They're not of this fold and they wan - der A -  
lambs of my fold; But "oth - er sheep," hungry and thirst - y Are  
"oth - er" lost sheep; The thorns and the bri - ars will tear them, The  
heart for them all; My "oth - er" sheep glad - ly will fol - low, If



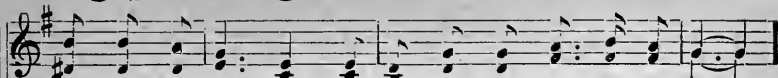
way on the mountains of sin. No call to a fold that is  
wan - d'ring a - way from the fold. No draught of the "still flow - ing  
pit - falls are ma - ny and deep. Go, gath - er the lambs for my  
on - ly you ech - o my call. Oh, why stand ye i - dle and



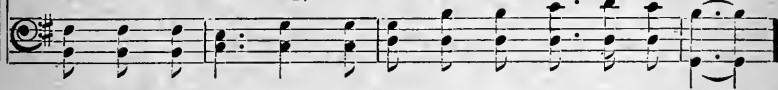
wait - ing, Has bid - den those sheep to re - joice, No word of a  
wa - ters" That wind thro' the pastures of love, No Shepherd to  
bo - som, The lambs that are ten - der and fair, The highways and  
wait - ing? They wander still far - ther a - way, My sheep in the



# My Other Lost Sheep.—Concluded.



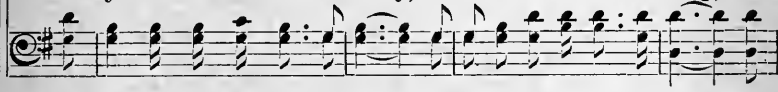
Shep-herd who loves them, No sound of His wel-com-ing voice.  
 guide thro' the val-ley, Or lead to the high-lands a-bove.  
 by-ways are wast-ing And seek-ing their feet to en-snare.  
 des-ert are dy-ing, Oh who'll go and seek them to-day?



## CHORUS.



A-way! o'er the mountains to-day, And o-ver the waters so deep, I



never will rest till I fold to my breast My "other," my wandering sheep.

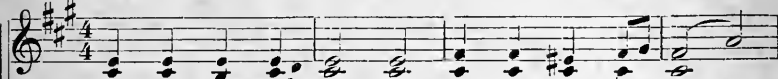


## No. 127.

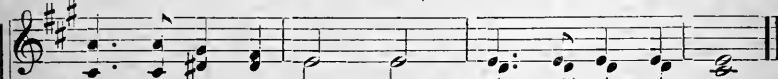
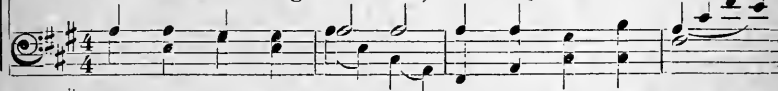
# Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

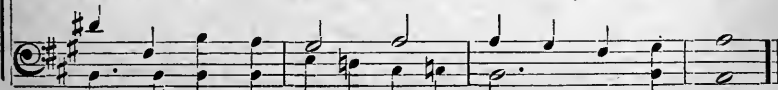
JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vis-ions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an-gels spread
5. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise,



Shad-ows of the ev-'ning	Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy tenderest bless-ing	May our eye-lids close.
Guard the sail-ors toss-ing	On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a-bove me,	Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin-less	In Thy ho-ly eyes.



Steal a - cross the sky.

P. H.

J. H. F.

*Con spirito.*

1. Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, ye thankful people.

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, all ye Hissaints.

1. All thy hills He clothed with fattling, All thy vales He spread with harvest,  
2. We will haste un-to His temple, We will come with glad thanksgiving,

All thy barns He filled with plen-ty, He, the bounteous Giv - er.  
We will show ourselves most joy-ful, In His gra - cious pres-ence.

He hath crowned the year with goodness, He hath set for thee a table,  
We will talk of all His goodness, We will tell of all His kindness,

# Sing to the Lord.—Concluded.

He hath filled thy heart with gladness, Praise ye Him for - ev - er.  
We will sing of all His mer - cies, Sure and ev - er - last - ing.

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, ye thankful  
oh, oh,

people, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Praise ye His holy name.  
oh, oh,

## No. 129. Behold! a Stranger's at the Door!

JOSEPH GREGG.

HENRY K. OLIVER.

- Behold! a Stranger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
- Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude, He stands With melting heart and laden hands!
- But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver-y friend you need:
- Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out His en-e - my and thine,
- Ad-mit Him, ere His an - ger burn - His feet de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friends so ill,  
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.  
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.  
That soul-destroying monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.  
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

# Would You Believe?

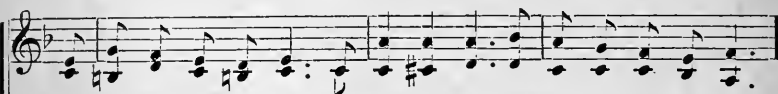
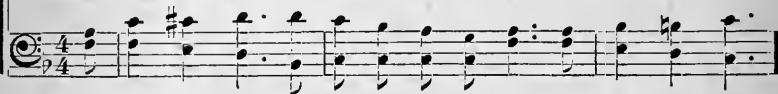
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Act. 16: 31.

CAROLINE SAWYER.

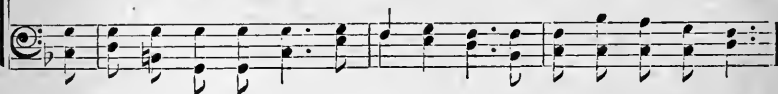
D. B. TOWNER.



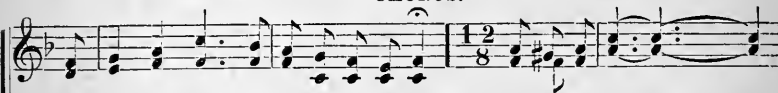
1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head,
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
3. He whisper-s to your heart, turn not a-way, For He's be-side



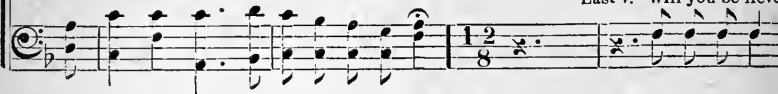
and pierc-ed hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light;  
words on-ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His ten-der feet;  
you, in your nar-row pew; If you will list-en, you will hear Him say,



## CHORUS.



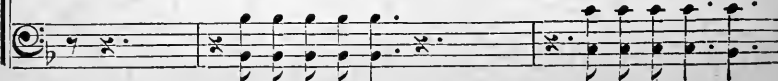
And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you." } Would you believe.....  
 And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you." } Last. v. Will you believe.....  
 In loving tones, "Beloved, 'twas for you." } Will you be-lieve  
 Last v. Will you be lieve



and Je-sus re-ceive..... If He were stand - ing  
 and Je-sus re-ceive..... For He is stand - ing

And Je-sus re-ceive?  
 And Je-sus re-ceive?

If He were standing  
 For He is stand-ing





# Would You Believe?—Concluded.

here?..... Would you be-lieve,..... and Je-sus re-  
 here, ..... Will you be-lieve,..... and Je-sus re-  
 here, were standing here?                      Would you be-lieve,  
 here, is stand-ing here,                      Will you be-lieve,

ceive?..... If He were stand-ing..... here....  
 ceive?..... For He is stand-ing..... here....  
 and Je-sus re-ceive? If He were stand-ing, if He were standing here....  
 and Je-sus re-ceive? For He is stand-ing, for He is stand-ing here...

No. 131.

## There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. There is plen-ti-ful redemption In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word;

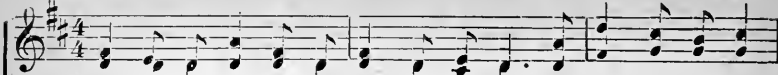
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.  
 There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is healing in His blood,  
 There is joy for all the members In the sor-rows-of the Head.  
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.  
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of the Lord.

# Go and Tell Jesus.

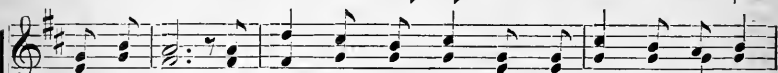
"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Isaiah 53: 4.

W. J. KENNEDY.

D. B. TOWNER.



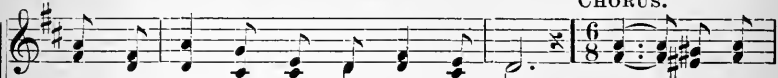
1. Go and tell Je - sus how wea - ry thou art; Poor pilgrim, so ti -  
 2. Go and tell Je - sus how tempted thou art; Tho' tempted, He sin -  
 3. Go and tell Je - sus how lone - ly thou art; As loved ones are pass -  
 4. Go and tell Je - sus thy tri - als and care; And He will sup - ply



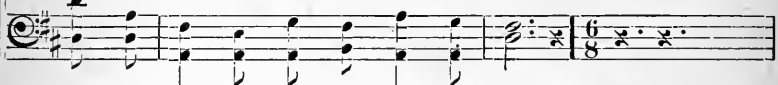
red and weak; He'll smoothe thy rough way, And fresh courage im - part,  
 less remained; With pow'r to re - sist, He will strengthen thy heart,  
 ing a - way; Thy Broth - er and Friend, He will nev - er de - part,  
 all thy needs; Thy bur - dens for thee, He will gra - cious - ly bear.



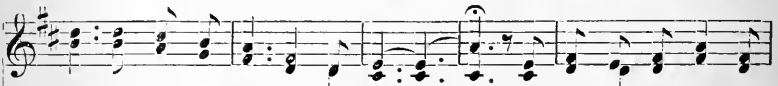
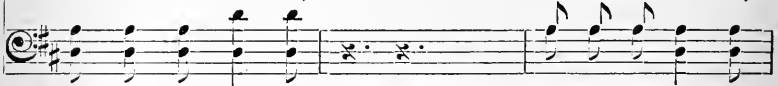
CHORUS.



If His help thou wilt trust - ing - ly seek.  
 With His grace thou wilt still be sus - tained. } Go and tell  
 But with thee will for - ev - er - more stay.  
 If thou'lt fol - low where - ev - er He leads.



Je - - sus, go and tell Je - sus,  
 Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus,



Go tell Him thy sor - row and fears, His pro - mise be - lieve, His



# Go and Tell Jesus.—Concluded.

par-don re-ceive, And He will dry all thy tears.....  
all thy tears.

## No. 133. Rest for the Weary Feet.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Rest for the wea - ry feet. Peace for the anx - ious heart;
2. Light, when earth's light grows dim; Joy, when the hot tears start;
3. Bread for the hun - gry soul, Strength for the trembling heart;

Hope for the sad - dened souls; Je - sus, Thou art.  
Love, when earth's love grows cold; Je - sus, Thou art.  
Wa - ter of life for thirst, Je - sus, Thou art.

### CHORUS.

All things, dear Lord, to all; O won - drous wealth of grace!

Thou dost to us re - veal, Our lov - ing Fa - ther's face.

# No. 134. When the Judgment-day Shall Dawn.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

II Cor. 5: 10.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

1. When the judg-ment-day shall dawn, And the Lord His saints reward,  
 2. When God's an - gel shall draw near, Bring to you the sol - emn word,  
 3. Some will stand be - fore the throne, Un - re - pent-ed, full of sin;  
 4. What a mo - ment that will be, When we stand be-fore the Lord,  
 5. Come now, friend, the question solve, For the judgment-day is near,

*Rall.*

Will your soul at Je - sus' call, Read - y be to meet your Lord?  
 In the judg-ment to ap-pear, Can you meet with joy the Lord?  
 Some a - noint-ed as His own, Shall with Je - sus en - ter in.  
 Who of us will read - y be, Worth - y to re - ceive re - ward?  
 Trust Him now, and let Him in, And sur - ren - der ev - 'ry fear.

CHORUS.

Will your soul be robbed and ready, Clothed in garments spotless white?

Will a fade-less crown a-wait you, In that home of love and light?

# When the Judgment.—Concluded.

Yes if Je-sus Christ, the Sav-iour, Shall proclaim you as His own,

*Rall.*  
You will share His glo-ry with Him, And re-ceive a fade-less crown.

No. 135.

## Silver Street.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to mine ear, Heav'n
2. Grace first contrived the way To save re - bel - lious man, And
3. Grace led my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'n-ly way, And
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It

with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.  
all the steps that grace dis - play Which drew the won-drous plan.  
new sup-plies each hour I meet While press-ing on to God.  
lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well deserved the praise.

# No. 136. I Will Tell of His Goodness to Me.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." I Tim. 1: 15.

DAVID CONN.

O. A. MILLER.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast saved me, I will tell it o'er and o'er;  
 2. Bless-ed Christ, O King of glo-ry, Thou hast done so much for me;  
 3. I the law of God had bro-ken, I the curse was doomed to share;  
 4. Now my hap-py soul is sing-ing Of sal-va-tion full in Thee,

It was grace that made me love Thee, O for grace to love Thee more.  
 That I now must tell the sto-ry Of Thy dy-ing love so free.  
 But Thy ho-ly heart was o-pen, All the curse of sin to bear.  
 And to Thee a-lone I'm clinging, For the pow'r to keep me free.

## CHORUS.

I will tell of His good-ness, His won-der-ful  
 I will tell of His good-ness,

good-ness to me, I will tell of His  
 His good-ness to me. I will tell of His

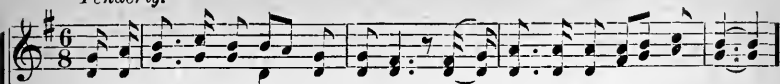
good-ness, Of His won-der-ful goodness to me.  
 good-ness to me. His good-ness to me.

## At the Door.

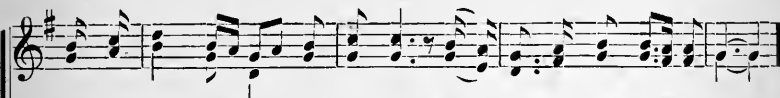
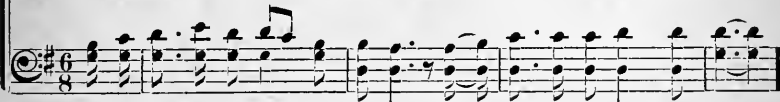
"Behold, I have set before thee an open door." Rev. 3: 8.

Mrs. URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.

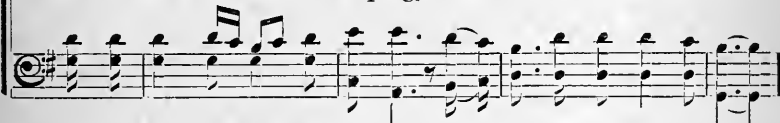
ROBERT LOWRY.

*Tenderly.*

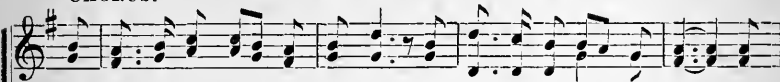
1. The mistakes of my life are ma-ny, The sins of my heart are more,
2. I am low-est of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who pray;
3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash a - way,
4. The mistakes of my life are ma-ny, And my spir-it is sick with sin,



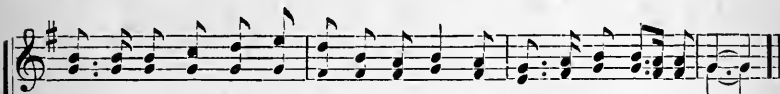
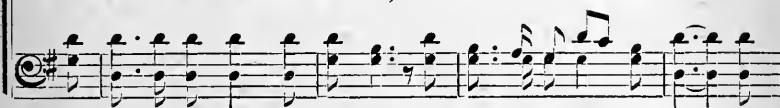
And I scarce can see for weeping, But I knock at the o - pen door.  
 But I come as He has bid - den, And He will not say me nay.  
 And the feet that shrink and falter, Shall walk thro' the gate of day.  
 And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.



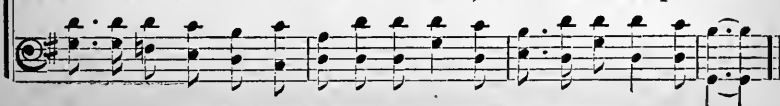
## CHORUS.



I know I am weak and sin - ful, It comes to me more and more; But



when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter that o - pen door.



# The Spirit is Calling.

Rev. 22: 17.

L. E. JONES.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The Spir - it is call-ing, oh, do not de-lay, But turn, quickly turn  
 2. The Spir - it is call-ing, in ten-der-est voice, Oh, hasten to-day  
 3. The Spir - it is call-ing, oh, do not say no, Es-cape from a serv-

from the danger-fraught way; There's safety nowhere but in Je - sus the Lord,  
 and your heart shall rejoice, For with the Redeemer, the tried and oppressed,  
 ice that's freighted with woe; Just come as you are to the foot of the throne

CHORUS.

So come to Him now and believe in His word.  
 Shall find a blest ha-ven of com-fort and rest. } The Spi - it is  
 And Christ will accept you and make you His own. } The Spir-it is call-ing, is

call-ing, .... Is ten - der-ly call-ing, The  
 call-ing for thee, Is ten-der-ly call-ing, "Oh, come un - to me:" The

Spir - it is call-ing, ... Is call - ing for thee, Re-  
 spir-it is call-ing, is call-ing for thee, Is call-ing, is call-ing for thee, for thee, Re-



# The Spirit is Calling—Concluded.

sist ..... not His pleading, .. His sweet ... tender pleading, ...  
 sist not His pleading, His pleading for thee, His sweet tender pleading, His pleading for thee,

He's lov - ing-ly pleading, "Oh, come .... un-to me." ...  
 He's lov - ing ly pleading, "Oh come unto me, Oh, come un-to me, Oh, come un - to me "

## No. 139. The Old Time Religion.

Anon.

Arr. by FRENCH E. OLIVER.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig-ion,  
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,  
 2. Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry-bod - y,  
 3. It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It has sav - ed our fa - thers,

*D. C. for Chorus.*

'Tis the old - time re - lig-ion And it's good e-nough for me.  
 It was good for our mothers, It's good e-nough for me.  
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Its good e-nough for me.  
 It has sav - ed our fa - thers, It's good e-nough for me.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 4   : It was good for the Prophet Daniel.:  | 7   : It was good for Paul and Silas.: |
| It's good enough for me.                    | It's good enough for me.               |
| 5   : It was good for the Hebrew Children.: | 8   : It will do when I am dying.:     |
| It's good enough for me.                    | It's good enough for me.               |
| 6   : It was tried in the fiery furnace.:   | 9   : It will take us all to heaven.:  |
| It's good enough for me.                    | It's good enough for me.               |

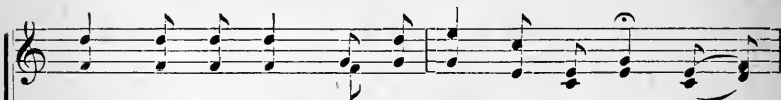
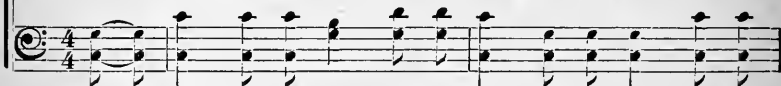
M. J. CARTWRIGHT.

Psalm 18: 6.

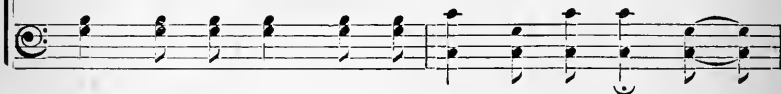
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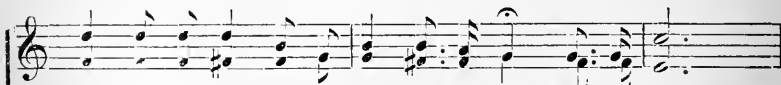
1. I was drift - ing a - way on life's pit - i - less sea, And the
2. 'Twas the "Old ship of Zi - on," thus sail - ing a - long, All a -
3. The good Cap - tain com - mand - ed a boat to be low 'red, And with
4. O soul, sink - ing down 'neath sin's mer - ci - less wave, The strong



an - gry waves threatened my ru - in to be, When a -  
board her seemed joy - ous, I heard their sweet song, And the  
ten - der com - pass - ion, He took me on board, And I'm  
arm of our Cap - tain is might - y to save; Then



way at my side, there I dim - ly des - cried A  
Cap - tain's kind ear, ev - er read - y to hear, Caught my  
hap - py to - day, All my sins washed a - way In the  
trust Him to - day, No long - er de - lay; Board the



state - ly old ves - sel, and loud - ly I cried, Ship, a - hoy!  
wail of dis - tress, as I cried out in fear, Ship, a - hoy!  
blood of my Sav - iour; and now I can say, Bless the Lord!  
old ship of Zi - on, and shout on your way, Je - sus saves!



# The Old Ship Zion.—Concluded.

Ship, a - hoy!                      And loud - -ly I cried, Ship, a - hoy!  
 Ship, a - hoy!                      As I cried out in fear, Ship, a . hoy!  
 Bless the Lord!                      From my soul I can say, Bless, the Lord!  
 Je - sus saves!                      Shout and sing on your way, Je - sus saves!

## No. 141.      Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D.D. 1871, alt.

J. E. GOULD.

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

Unknown waves before me roll,      Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.  
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will, pi - lot thee!"

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hap-py in the Saviour we are marching on to glory, Singing hal-le-  
 2. Clouds and darkness, sin and error—see them disappearing, As the hosts of  
 3. Faith will bring the victory! rejoice, the day is breaking! Floods of golden

lu-jah to the Lamb of Cal-va-ry! All a-long the way to oth-ers  
 Is-ra-el advance in proud array; Hark! the bu-gle notes of the mil-  
 glory now il'-lu-mi-nate the sky; Might-y songs of triumph from the

telling out the story—"Jesus lives, He lives! behold the year of ju-bi-lee."  
 len-ni-um is near-ing, Glory hallelujah! let us watch, and fight and pray.  
 Ba-bel din a-wak-ing, Herald now the glory that is coming by and by.

## CHORUS.

Praise Him! Praise Him! Beautiful strains of music bring, Praise Him.  
 Praise Him in the highest glo-ry! Praise Him! tell the

Praise Him! Love and a-dore the King! Praise Him! Praise Him!  
 wondrous story! Praise Him! wave His banner o'er thee,

for-ev-er,

# Victory!—Concluded.

Let the redeemed of Zion sing Until all the world shall know and love the Lord.

## No. 143. *Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.*

Col. 3: 2.

Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR. 1843.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Jesus is mine; Break ev-'ry ten-der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Jesus is mine; Here would I ev-er stay,
3. Farewell, yedreams of night, Jesus is mine; Lost in this dawning light,
4. Fare-well, mor-tal '-i-ty, Jesus is mine; Welcome, e-ter-ni-ty,

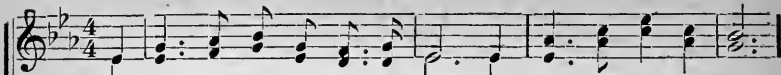
Je - sus is mine; (is mine;) Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no  
 Je - sus is mine; (is mine;) Perishing things of clay, Born but for  
 Je - sus is mine; (is mine;) All that my soul has tried, Left but a  
 Je - sus is mine; (is mine;) Welcome, oh, loved and blest, Welcome, sweet

rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 dis - mal void, Je - sus hath sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

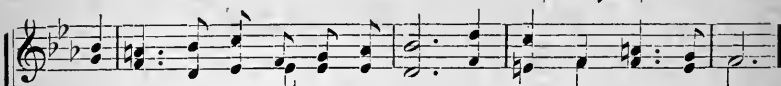
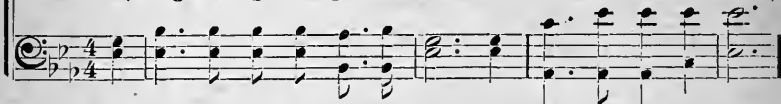
ANDREW SHERWOOD.

Acts. 5: 31.

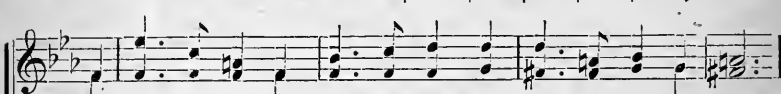
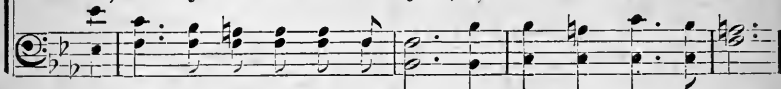
D. B. TOWNER.



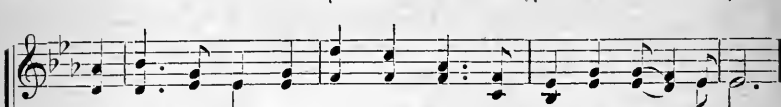
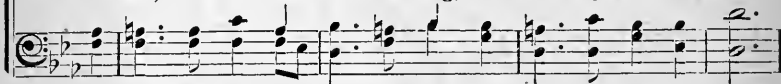
1. Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth never cease,
2. When I, a lisp-ing in-fant, lay Up - on my mother's knee,
3. Oh, song of songs, that grows sublime As on-ward roll the years;



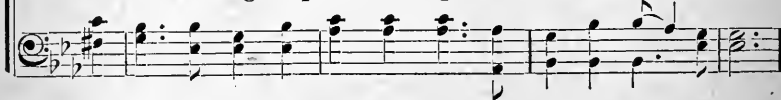
Of Him who died for sin - ful men: Im-man - uel, Prince of Peace.  
 She told me in the twilight gray, How Je - sus died for me;  
 Oh, sto - ry wov - en in - to rhyme, That melts the heart to tears;



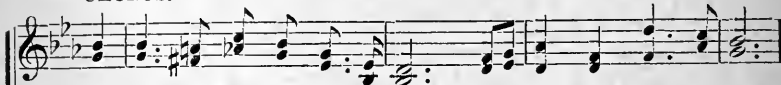
The peer-less One of all the throng Who've walked our earthly sod;  
 She sang a song of heav'n and God I nev - er can for - get;  
 I love, I love to hear that song, It fills my soul with joy.



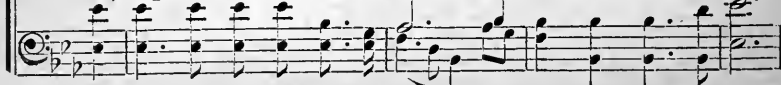
The sweetest name that lives in song: Christ Je - sus, Son of God.  
 And tho' she sleeps beneath the sod, Her song is liv - ing yet.  
 To Him all songs of praise be-long Which mor-tal tongues employ.



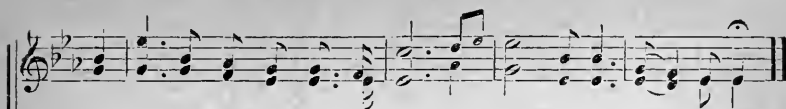
## CHORUS.



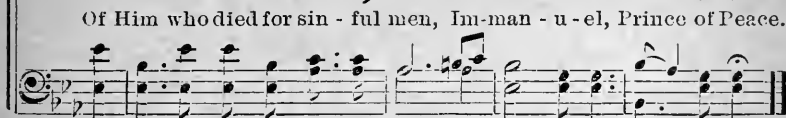
Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth nev - er cease.



# Immanuel, Prince of Peace.—Concluded.



Of Him who died for sin - ful men, Im-man - u - el, Prince of Peace.



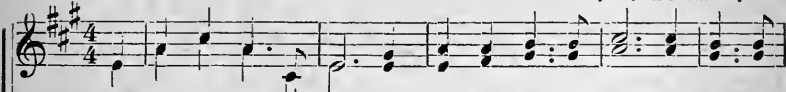
No. 145.

## Thou Ever-Living King.

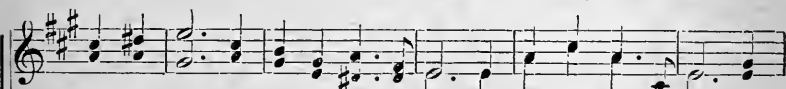
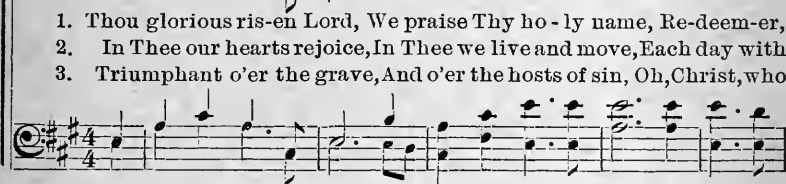
"He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7: 25.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.


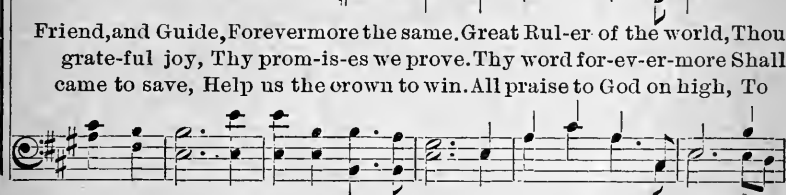
D. B. TOWNER.



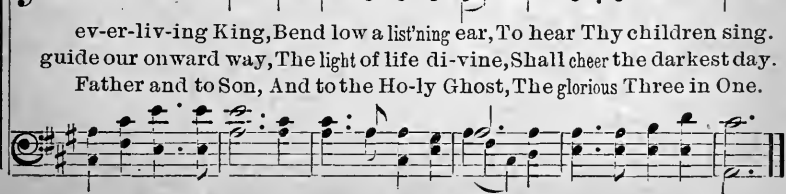
1. Thou glorious ris-en Lord, We praise Thy ho - ly name, Re-deem-er,  
2. In Thee our hearts rejoice, In Thee we live and move, Each day with  
3. Triumphant o'er the grave, And o'er the hosts of sin, Oh, Christ, who



Friend, and Guide, Forevermore the same. Great Rul-er of the world, Thou grate-ful joy, Thy prom-is-es we prove. Thy word for-ev-er-more Shall came to save, Help us the crown to win. All praise to God on high, To



ev-er-liv-ing King, Bend low a list'ning ear, To hear Thy children sing. guide our onward way, The light of life di-vine, Shall cheer the darkest day. Father and to Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost, The glorious Three in One.

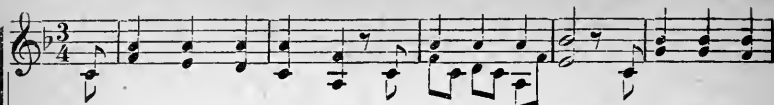


## The Lord is Our Leader.

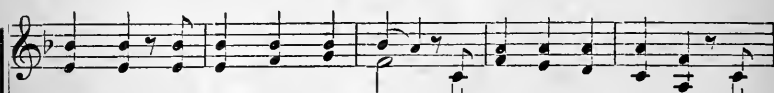
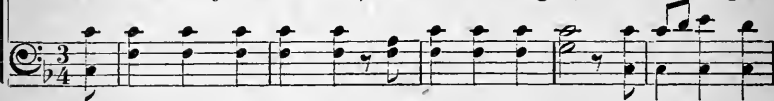
"But the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Dan. 11: 32.

JOHN N. DARBY.

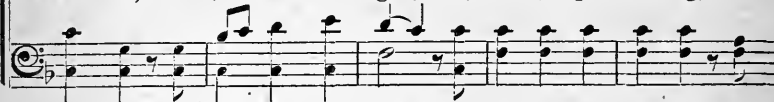
THOS. KOSCHAT.



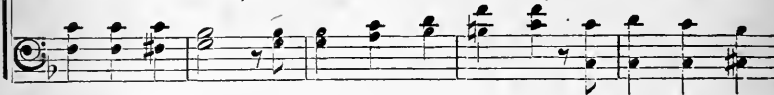
1. Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, He cheereth the faint; The weak and op -
3. And to His green pastures our foot-steps He leads; His flock in the
4. Tho' clouds may sur-round us, our God is our light; Tho' storms rage a -



Lead - er, His word is our stay; Tho' suffer - ing, and sor - row, and  
 pressed, He will hear their complaint; The way may be wea - ry, and  
 des - ert how kind - ly He feeds! The lambs in His bos - om He  
 round us, our God is our might; So, faint yet pur - su - ing, still



tri - al be near, The Lord is our Ref - uge, and whom can we  
 thorn - y the road, But how can we fal - ter? our help is in  
 ten - der - ly bears, And brings back the wanderers all safe from the  
 on - ward we come; The Lord is our Lead - er, and heav - en our



fear? The Lord is our Ref - uge, and whom can we fear?  
 God! But how can we fal - ter?—our help is in God!  
 snares, And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.  
 home! The Lord is our Lead - er, and heav - en our home!



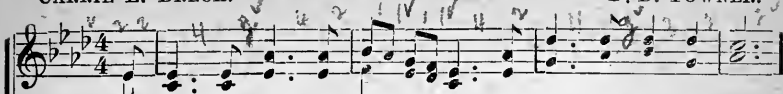


# Arise and Shine.

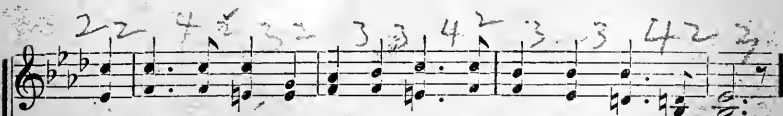
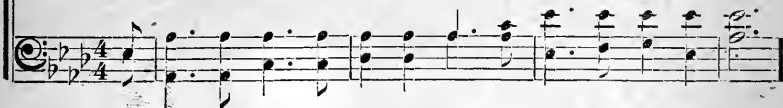
Isa. 60: 1.

CARRIE E. BRECK.

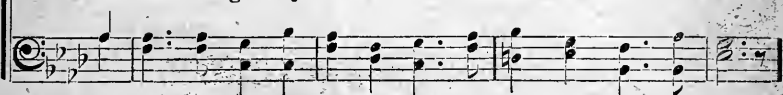
D. B. TOWNER.



1. "A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" The Lord hath made thee free!
2. "A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" Let sin and sor-row hide.
3. "A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" Thy God thy glo-ry is;
4. "A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" And night shall be no more;



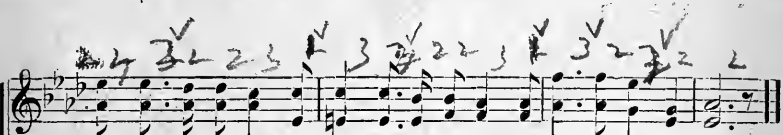
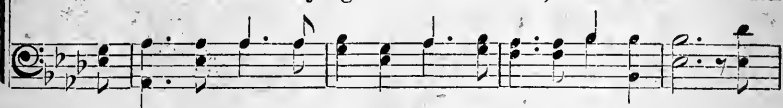
The chains of darkness bind no more. Go forth in lib - er - ty!  
 Go forth and show to all the world That Light and Life a - bide.  
 Show forth the wonders of His love, And let all praise be His.  
 Shine till the glo-ry of the Lord Is known from shore to shore.



CHORUS.



"A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" A-rise, a-rise and shine! With



love's bright adorning, Shine forth as the morning, A-rise, a-rise and shine!



## No, Not One!

Prov. 18: 24.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

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 ev-er a gift like the Saviour giv'n? 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 heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

## CHORUS.

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

There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

## The Better Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly. Heb. 11: 16

GURDON ROBINS. Arr.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In visions of enraptured tho't,  
 2. A land up-on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, rests no stain;  
 3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;  
 4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, serene a - bode.

So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glories fraught.  
 There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a-gain.  
 It hath no need of suns to rise To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.  
 The wand'rer there a home may find Within the par-a - dise of God.

## CHORUS.

Oh, land of love, of joy and light, Thy glories  
 Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

gild earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore  
 Thy glories gild earth's darkest night, (earth's darkest night); Thy tranquil shore,

we, too, shall see, When day shall break and shadows flee.  
 we, too, shall see, When day shall break

Evangelist M. B. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' its worn and faded now, Which re-  
 2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of  
 3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He  
 4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls those hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,  
 Jos - eph and of Dan - iel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da - vid bold,  
 suffered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heavy load of care,  
 dear old book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.  
 Who became a king at last; Of Sa - tan with His many wicked wiles.  
 Then she dried my flowing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.  
 As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words abide.

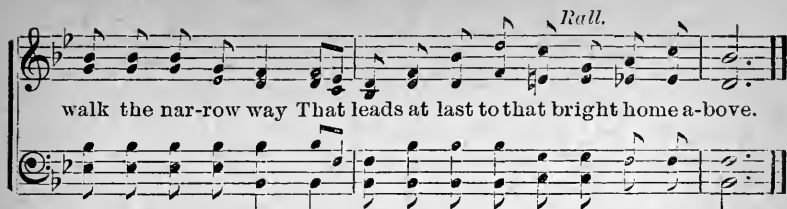
CHORUS.

Bless-ed book, pre-cious book, On thy dear old tear-stained  
 Bless-ed book, pre-cious book,

leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweeter day by day, As I  
 love to look:

# My Mother's Bible. — Concluded.

*Rall.*

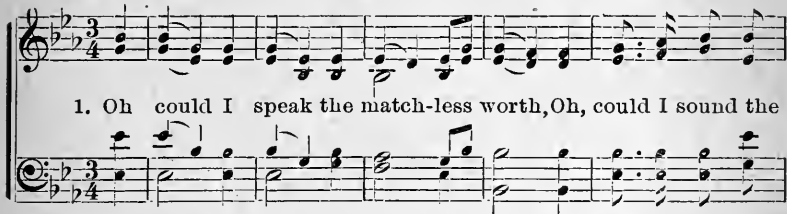


walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a-bove.

## No. 151. Oh, Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

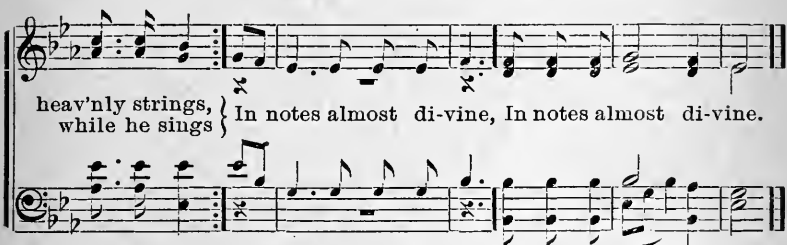
LOWELL MASON.



1. Oh could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the



glo-ries forth, Which in my Saviour shine! { I'd soar and touch the  
And vie with Ga - briel



heav'nly strings, while he sings } In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine!  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which, all-perfect heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne:

In loftiest of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.

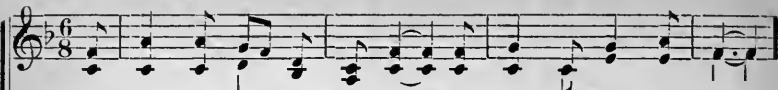
4 Well—the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face:  
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

## There is a Blessed Harbor.

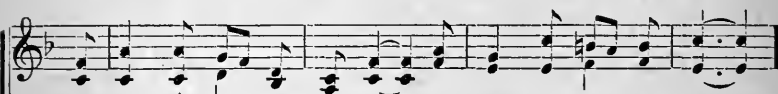
"The Lord will be the Place of repair, or Harbor for His People. Joel 3: 16. (Margin.)

FLORA KIRKLAND.

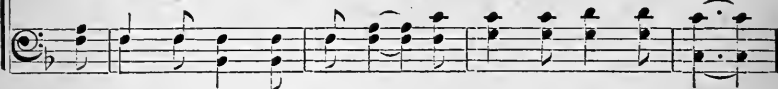
D. B. TOWNER.



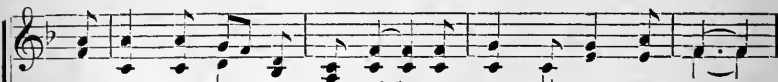
1. There is a blessed har - bor, For ev - 'ry storm-tossed soul,
2. O dear and blessed shel - ter! O ha - ven of the soul!
3. The Lord, who of - fers shel - ter, Who will thy life re - pair;
4. Till then, in calm o - be-dience I want to trust in Him.



No an - gry winds can en - ter, No dash - ing bil - lows roll,  
O place for God's re - pair - ing! O place to be made whole!  
Is in Him - self that shel - ter, Is in Him - self that care.  
In all my brightest mo - ments, And when my joys grow dim.



But peace in ful - lest meas - ure, And rest most dear, most calm,  
I fain would seek that ref - uge, My bark is tem - pest - tossed.  
I can - not un - der - stand it! But, yon - der on His throne  
I know that He who prom - ised Will keep His word with me.



And strength for ev - 'ry weak - ness, For ev - 'ry an - guish balm.  
The storms of life sur - round me - A - lone! I should be lost!  
I'll see my Lord, my Ref - uge! I'll know, as I am known.  
My Lord will be my Har - bor, Un - til His face I see.

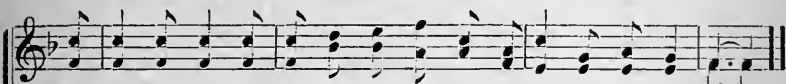
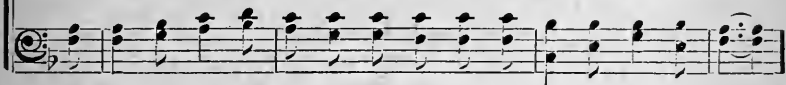


# There is a Blessed Harbor.—Concluded.

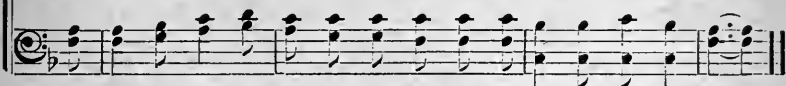
CHORUS.



The Lord will be the hope of His peo-ple, Their storm-tossed lives re - pair.



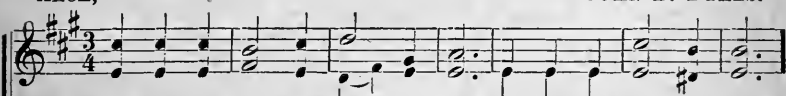
The Lord will be a Har-bor of safe-ty, O soul take refuge there.



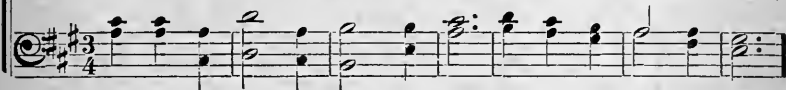
## No. 153. Give Me a Heart of Calm Repose.

Anon,

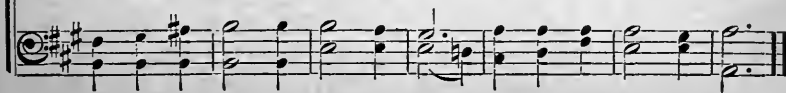
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Give me a heart of calm re - pose Amid the world's loud roar;
2. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, hush my heart With gen - tle - ness di - vine;
3. Above these scenes of storm and strife, There spreads a re - gion fair;
4. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, breathe that peace Which flows from pardoned sin;



A life that like a riv - er flows A - long a peaceful shore.  
Indwelling peace Thou canst impart; Oh, make the blessing mine.  
Give me to live that high - er life, And breathe that heav'nly air.  
Then shall my soul her con - flict cease, And find a heav'n with - in.



# I Have Kept the Faith.

"I have kept the faith." II Tim. 4: 7.

ELIZABETH M. CLARK.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. Thro' all the brightness of life's glad day, Thro' all dark scenes of the
2. In the front ranks let our place be found, Where the most sorrow and
3. Lord, where Thou ledest, we gladly go, Fear-less and dauntless, to

bat-tle's fray; Tell-ing the pow'r of our Christ to save, True to the  
 sin a-bound; Where we are need-ed, in ev - 'ry land, True to the  
 face the foe; By Thine own love from sin's pow'r set free, True to the

CHORUS.

faith! let our col-ors wave. }  
 faith! may our banner stand. } True..... to the faith, when the  
 faith! shall our standard be. } True to the faith, true to the faith when the

storm is high, True... to the faith, when de-  
 storm, the storm is rag-ing high, True to the faith, true to the faith, when de-

feat seems nigh; True ... to the faith! be our  
 feat, de-feat seems nigh: True to the faith, true to the faith be our



# I Have Kept the Faith.—Concluded.

bat - tle - cry, I have kept the faith.....  
cry, our bat - tle cry, I have tru - ly kept the faith.....

No. 155.

## The Shining Shore.

G. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stranger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren, dear, Our distant home discerning,
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing;
4. Let sor - row's rudest tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.  
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burning.  
That per - fect rest naught can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.  
Our Kingsays, "Come," and there's our home, For - ev - er, O for - ev - er!

*D. C.*—And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

CHORUS.

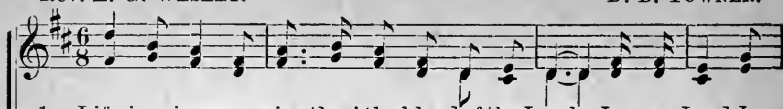
*D. C.*

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver;

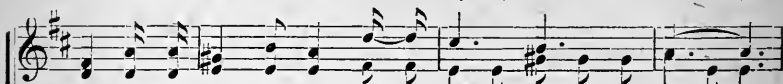
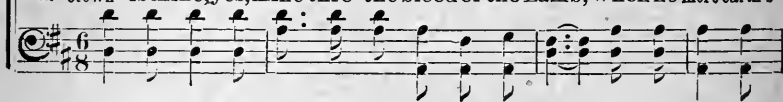
Rev. E. G. WESLEY.

I John 5: 2.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Life is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb, In my Lord I
2. Strength is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb, Tho' so weak in
3. Peace is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb, since I came in
4. Crown is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb, When no more earth's



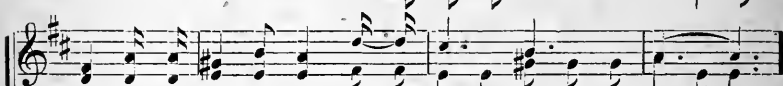
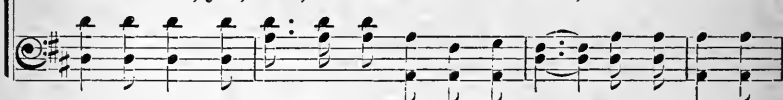
live and He lives in me; He lives in me,  
 self in my Lord I'm strong, In my Lord I'm strong;  
 faith to the cleansing stream, To the cleansing stream;  
 toil, and this life's work's done, This life's work's done;



In my Lord I live, and He lives in me;  
 Tho' so weak in self, in my Lord I'm strong;  
 Since I came in faith to the cleansing stream;  
 When no more earth's toil, and this life's work's done;



Faith is mine, yes, mine, for in Him I be - lieve, And my heart is  
 Love is mine, yes, mine, pure and free from my Lord, I am His a -  
 Joy is mine, yes, mine, all His joy is mine own, On my path His  
 Rest is mine, yes, mine, the sweet rest of His love, When the bat - tle's



glad since He made me free, Since He made me free.....  
 lone, and to Him be - long, And to Him be - long.....  
 light doth for - ev - er beam, Doth for - ev - er beam.....  
 o'er and the vic - t'ry won, The vic - t'ry won.....



And my heart is glad since He made me free.  
 I am His a - lone, and to Him be - long.  
 On my path His light doth for - ev - er beam.  
 When the bat - tle's o'er, and the vic - t'ry won,

# Life is Mine.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Life is mine, faith is mine, strength is mine, Love is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb; Peace is mine, joy is mine, crown is mine, Rest is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb.

Life is mine, faith is mine, strength is mine, Love is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb; Peace is mine, joy is mine, crown is mine, Rest is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb.

Life is mine, faith is mine, strength is mine, Love is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb; Peace is mine, joy is mine, crown is mine, Rest is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb.

No. 157.

## State Street.

(Suitable for Communion Service.)

CHARLES WESLEY.

JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

1. Je - sus, we thus o - bey Thy last and kind-est word, And  
 2. Thus we re-mem-ber Thee, And take this bread and wine As  
 3. Now let our souls be fed With man-na from a - bove, And

in Thine own ap - point-ed way We come to meet Thee, Lord!  
 Thine own dy - ing leg - a - cy, And our re-demp-tion's sign.  
 o - ver us Thy banner spread Of ev - er - last - ing love.

## Moment by Moment.

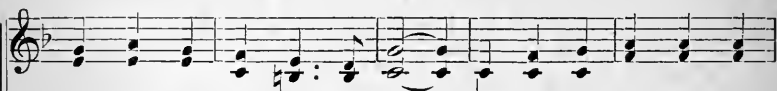
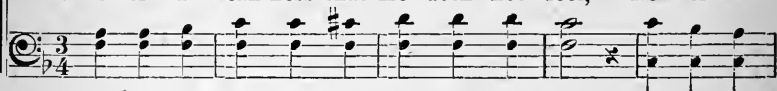
"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it,  
I will keep it night and day." Isa. 27: 3.

D. W. WHITTLE.

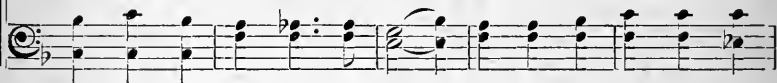
MARY WHITTLE.



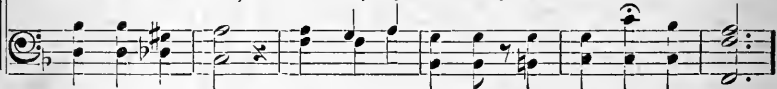
1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck-oned mine; Liv - ing with
2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a
3. Nev - er a heart - ache and nev - er a grōan, Nev - er a
4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a



Je - sus, A new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus till  
bur - den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that  
tear - drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but  
sick - ness that He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in



glo - ry doth shine, Moment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.  
He doth not share, Moment by mo - ment I'm un - der His care.  
there on the throne, Moment by mo - ment He thinks of His own.  
woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, a - bides with me still.



## CHORUS.



Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by



# Moment by Moment.—Concluded.

mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till

glo - ry doth shine; Moment by mo - ment, Oh, Lord, I am Thine. *Rit.*

## No. 159. There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, [Omit.....]

D.C.—And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood, [Omit.....]

LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS, LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS, LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS. *FINE.* D. C.

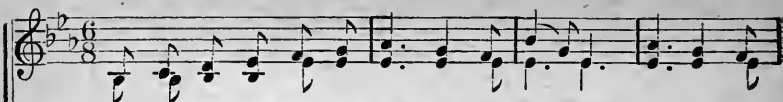
Lose all their guilty stains.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see<br/>That fountain in his day;<br/>And there may I, though vile as he,<br/>Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood<br/>Shall never lose its power,<br/>Till all the ransomed Church of God<br/>Are saved to sin no more.</p> | <p>4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream<br/>Thy flowing wounds supply,<br/>Redeeming love has been my theme,<br/>And shall be till I die.</p> <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,<br/>I'll sing Thy power to save,<br/>When this poor lisping, stammer-<br/>Lies silent in the grave. [ing tongue</p> |
|--|--|

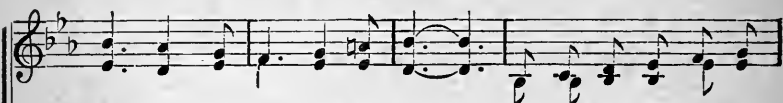
## Are You a Reaper.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

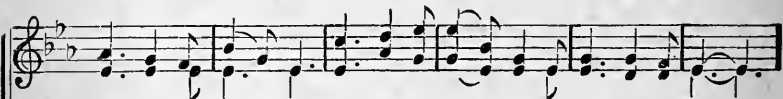
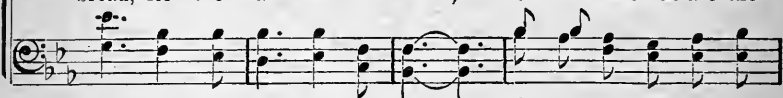
D. B. TOWNER.



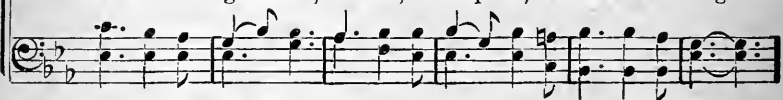
1. Lift up your eyes to the fields that are whitening, Hark! 'tis the
2. Look on the fields how the har - vest is wast - ing, Wait - ing for
3. Souls that are read - y to en - ter the king - dom, Wait for the
4. Reap for His glo - ry in fields that are near - est, Look all a -



voice of the Mas - ter and Lord; See! on each side there is  
 reap - ers to gar - ner it in; He that is faith - ful, re -  
 glad in - vi - ta - tion to - day; "Go ye and tell," is the  
 broad, for the har - vest is white; O'er the wide earth are the



work for the reap - er, Sheaves that are golden shall be the re - ward.  
 ceiv - eth his wa - ges; Joy ev - er - last - ing the reap - er shall win.  
 word of the Mas - ter, Serv - ant of Je - sus, oh, hear and o - bey.  
 sheaves to be gar - nered, Hast - en, O reap - er, fast com - eth the night.



## CHORUS.



Are you a reap - er? Are you a reap - er, Gath - - er - ing  
 Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing



# Are You a Reaper.—Concluded.

fruit..... un-to life ev - er - more? Lift up your eyes for the  
fruit, golden fruit un - to life ev - er - more?

har - vest is read - y; Hast - en, oh, hast - en to gath - er your store.

No. 161.

## Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. 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 me from it's guilt and pow'r.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,

- 2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy law's demand;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

- Helpless look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## Hark! Hark, my Soul.

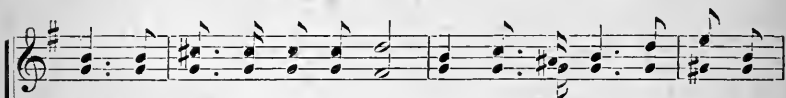
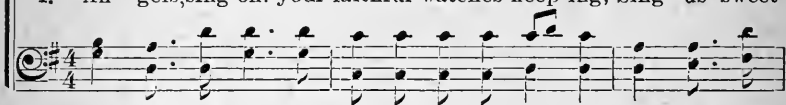
"To give light to them that sit in darkness." Luke 1: 79.

F. W. FABER.

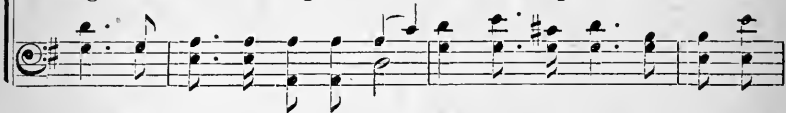
FRENCH E. OLIVER.



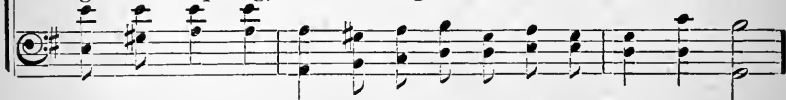
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic voic-es swell-ing O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev-'ning pealing, The voice of
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet



fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed  
souls, for Je - sus bids you come; "And thro' the dark its ech - oes  
Je - sussounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousand,  
frag-ments 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 weary steps to Thee.  
night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



## CHORUS.



An-gels of Je - sus, an-gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the





# Hark! Hark, My Soul!—Concluded.

pilgrims of the night; An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

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

## No. 163. How Tedious and Tasteless.

German Melody.

*Fine.*

1. { How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs Have lost all their sweetness with me.

*D. C.* - But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.

*D. C.*

The mid Summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay:

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music His voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.  
I should, were He always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I;  
My summer would last all the year.

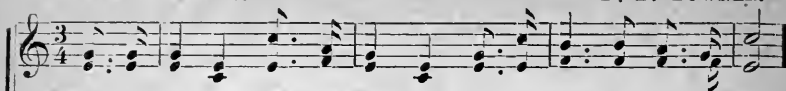
3 Content with beholding His face,  
My all to His pleasure resigned,  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind.  
While blest with a sense of His love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove  
If Jesus would dwell with me there,

## Man the Life-Boat.

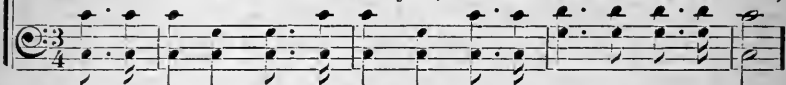
James 5: 20.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

D. B. TOWNER.



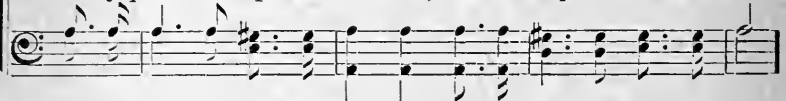
1. Man the life-boat! quick, my broth-er, Send it speed-ing o'er the wave;
2. Man the life-boat! to the res-cue! Hast-en, hast-en on your way,
3. Man the life-boat! struggling sea-men Bat-tle now with rag-ing wave;
4. Man the life-boat! God will aid you; Out a-cross life's storm-tossed wave,



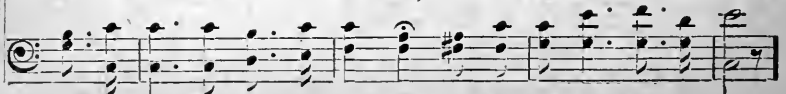
If you hast-en to the res-cue, Some poor sail-or you may save,  
 With the bea-con lights to guide you From the wreck you can not stray;  
 See! they cling to spar and tim-ber, Precious lives your hand can save,  
 Wrecks the wa-ters dark are strewing, On them some whom you can save;



Sink-ing fast in sin's dark wa-ters, Helpless 'mid the break-ers high,  
 Speed a-way! the ship is sink-ing, Go and work 'mid scenes of woe;  
 Leaps the an-gry surge a-bout them, As to drown their pleading cry.  
 Car-ry quick the cups of com-fort, Pick them up in Je-sus' name.



Man the life-boat! quick, oh, hast-en, To the res-cue, ere they die.  
 Man the life-boat! nerve for ac-tion! To the res-cue, broth-er, go.  
 Man the life-boat! flash your sig-nal! Let them know that help is nigh.  
 Man the life-boat! res-cue some one, From the wreck some soul reclaim.



# Man the Life-Boat.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

A-way! a-way! God's spirit speed you, Res-cue some poor soul to-day!

A-way! A-way! God's spirit lead you To the res-cue, speed a-way.

No. 165.

## All to Christ I Owe.

MRS. E. M. HALL. Alt.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Come to me—I'll
2. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—Jesus died my
3. When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, "Jesus died my
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Jesus died my

CHORUS.

be thy stay, Find in me thine all in all.  
 soul to save, And bless-ed be His name. } Je-sus died for me,  
 soul to save," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.  
 soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.

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

## Sweeping through the Gates.

Arr. by J. L. M.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut." Rev. 21: 25.

J. L. Moore.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been washed in Je-sus' blood,  
 2. Oh, the bless - ed Lord of light Now up-holds me by His might,  
 3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless-ed for me wait,  
 4. Burstare all my pris - on bars, And I soar beyond the stars,

I am watch-ing and I'm long-ing while I wait; Soon on  
 And His arms en - fold and com-fort while I wait; I am  
 Where the wea-ry work - ers rest for - ev - er - more; Where the  
 To my Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate; Lo! the

wings of love I'll fly, To a home be-yond the sky, To my  
 lean-ing on His breast; Oh, the sweet-ness of this rest! Hal - le-  
 strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won, Oh, the  
 morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes, Washed in

blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb, Washed from ev-'ry stain I am, Hal - le-  
 FINE. CHORUS.

welcome as I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.  
 lu-jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the gates.  
 glo-ry of that cit - y just be-fore.  
 Jesus' blood, I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

Sweep - ing thro' the  
 Sweeping thro' the gates, Yes I'm

lu-jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the gates.

gates,  
 sweep-ing thro' the gates: Sweep-ing thro' the gates; Yes, I'm sweeping thro' the gates.

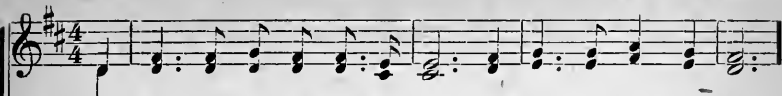
D. S.

## The Will of God.

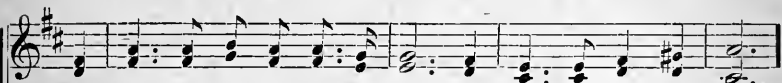
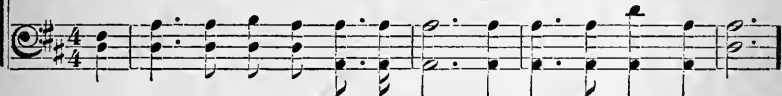
I Peter 4: 2.

A. A. P.

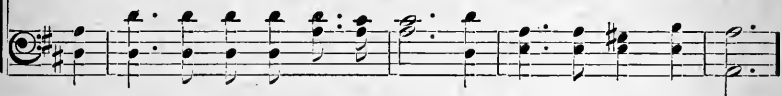
D. B. TOWNER.



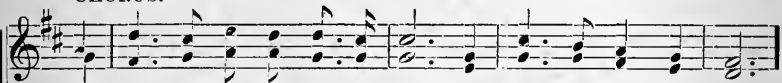
1. With-in the per-fect will of God, I long to live and move!
2. How lit - tle all my vaunted works In His large sight ap-pear!
3. He knows the path is straight and true, That now seems strange and wild,
4. O sure - ly I can trust the love That gave an on - ly Son;



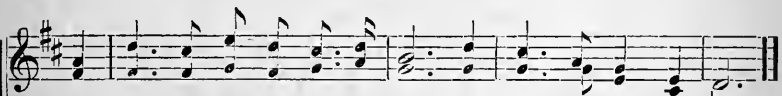
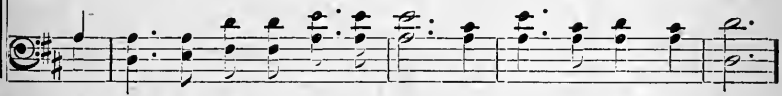
To feel its guidance ev - 'ry hour, And all its pow - er prove.  
 How vain and car - nal all my ways When God Himself draws near.  
 And no good thing will He withhold From His be - lov - ed child.  
 And say in sorrow's darkest night, "His will, not mine be done!"



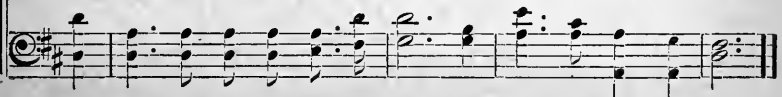
## CHORUS.



O per - fect, per-fect will of God, So far a - bove mine own!



What - e'er He gives, whate'er He takes, I choose His will a - lone.



# No. 168. Ready When the Call is Heard.

John 11: 28.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus, call - ing from on high, Who to - day will  
 2. Joy - ful - ly o - bey Him, do not fear to fall, His command is  
 3. Ring - ing thro' the si - lence, comes the cry of need, Souls of those who

an - swer, "Mast - er, here am I!" Out up - on the high - way.  
 roy - al, He is Lord of all. Oth - er voic - es call - ing,  
 per - ish, in the dark - ness plead, God is call - ing, call - ing,

there is work to do. Tho' the need is pressing, la - bor - ers are few.  
 lure the heart a - way, List to "Je - sus on - ly," fol - low Him to - day.  
 hear His tender plea, Who will say, with gladness, "Here am I, send me?"

## CHORUS.

Who to - day is read - y, With a purpose steady, Will - ing now to

fol - low at His word? Du - ty lies be - fore us, God is watching

# Ready When the Call is Heard.—Concluded.

o'er us, Who will an - swer "Read-y," when His call is heard?

No. 169.

## How Firm A Foundation.

G. KEITH.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I

laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He  
I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,  
riv - ers of sor - rows shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be  
will not—I will not de - sert to his foes;—That soul tho' all

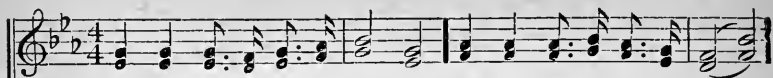
say, than to you He hath said,—To you, who for ref - uge to  
help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om -  
with thee thy trou - ble to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy  
hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er—no nev - er no

Je - sus have fled? To you, who to Je - sus for ref - uge has fled.  
nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by my gracious om - nip - o - tent hand,  
deepest dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deepest dis - tress.  
will not for - sake!" I'll nev - er—no nev - er—no nev - er for - sake!"

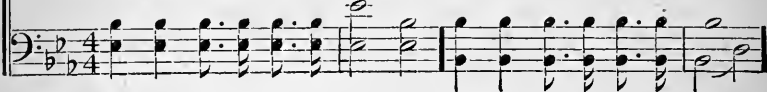
# No. 170. Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L.

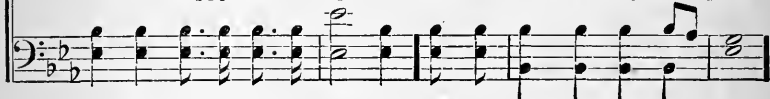
ROBERT LOWRY. By per.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour King we own,
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;



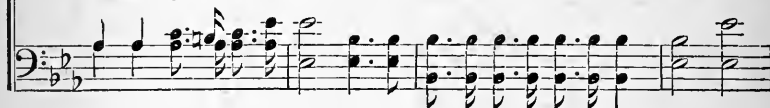
With its crystal tide for - ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?  
 We shall walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.  
 We shall meet and sorrow nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



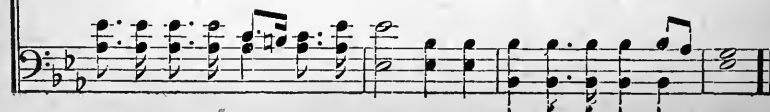
## CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - tiful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er,



Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.





# God Bless You.

— "The blessing of the Lord be upon thee." Psalm 129: 8.

EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. God bless you till we meet a - gain, And gen - tly hide you  
 2. 'Tis sweet to min - gle here be - low, In pray'r and praise with  
 3. There is a bright - er, rich - er thought, That tin - ges life with

'neath His wing, Then may your hours be filled with song, While in your grate-ful song, 'Tis sweet our fel-low-ship to know, And to God's pur-est gold, Some day we'll meet to part no more; Some day we'll

CHORUS.

hearts His prais-es sing. }  
 peo-ple here be-long. } God bless you, God bless you, Bless and  
 join the heav'nly fold. } God keep and bless you, God keep and bless you,

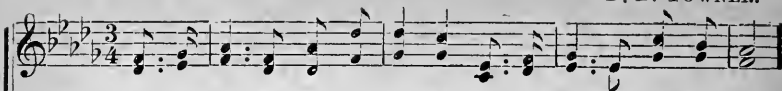
keep you till we meet a - gain. God  
 Keep you till we meet a - gain. Keep and

bless you, God bless you, Bless and keep you till we meet a-gain.  
 bless you, God keep and bless you,

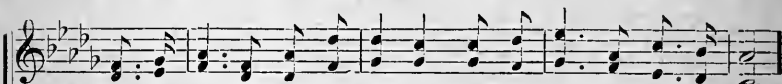
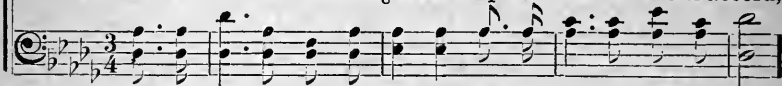
## Sing to Jehovah.

Psalm 98.

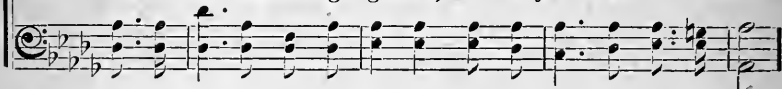
D. B. TOWNER.



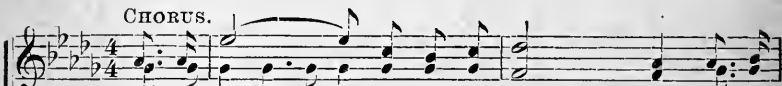
1. Sing a new song to Je - ho - vah, For the wonders He hath wro't;
2. Lo, Je - ho - vah His sal - va - tion Hath to all the world made known;
3. Sound the trumpet and the cornet, Shout before the Lord, the King;
4. Let the riv - ers in their gladness Clap their hands with one accord;



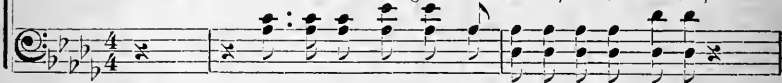
His right hand and arm most ho - ly, Vic - to - ry to Him hath bro't.  
 In the sight of ev - ry na - tion He His righteousness hath shown.  
 Sea and all its full - ness thunder; Earth and all its peo - ple sing.  
 Let the mountains sing together, And re - joyce be - fore the Lord.



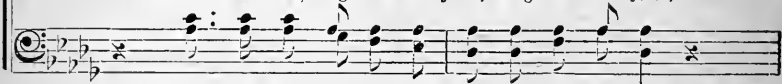
## CHORUS.



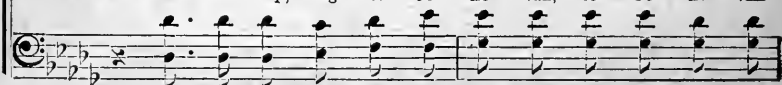
All the earth ..... sing to Je - ho - vah shout a -  
 All the earth sing to Je - ho - vah, to Je - ho - vah,



loud ..... sing and re - joyce, With the  
 Shout a - loud, sing and re - joyce, sing and re - joyce,



harp ..... sing to Je - ho - - - vah,  
 With the harp, sing to Je - ho - vah, to Je - ho - vah



# Sing to Jehovah.—Concluded.

*Rall.*

With the harp..... and tuneful voice.  
 With the harp, with the harp and tune-ful voice, and tune-ful voice.

## No. 173. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, }  
 { Where Af-ric's sun-ny fount-ains [Omit. ....] } Roll

down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv - er, From many a

palmy plain, They call us to de-liv - er Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile;  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,—  
 Shall we, to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature  
 The Lamb for sinner's slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign!

# The Lost Found.

"Doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray." Matt. 18: 12.

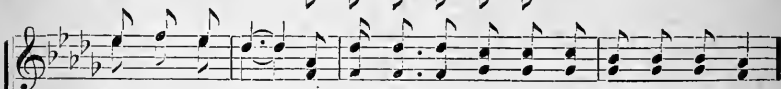
MARY IRENE MCLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

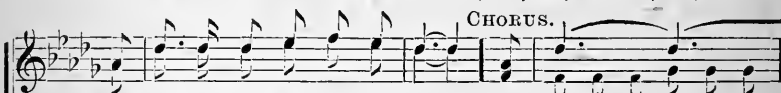
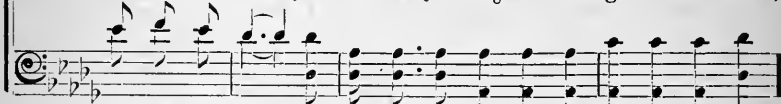
*Spirited.*



1. The shepherd who misses a sheep from the fold, Re-gard-less of
2. And when he has found it his joy is so deep, Tho' wea-ry and
3. Tho' wet with the dews of the night are his locks, And dark are the



dan-ger or cost, Will search on the mountains all night in the cold,  
hun-gry and cold, He ten-der-ly lifts in his arms the poor sheep,  
wa-ters he cross'd, How blithely he sings when in sight of his flocks,

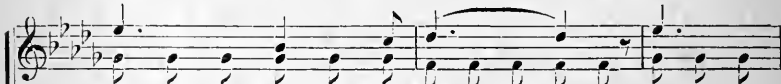
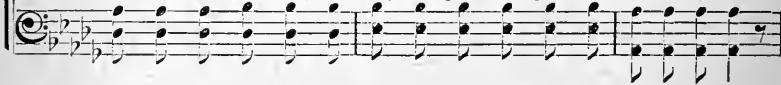


CHORUS.

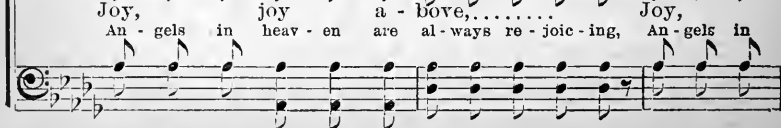
To res-cue the sheep that is lost. } There's joy.....  
And car-ries it back to the fold. }  
"I've bro't back the sheep that was lost." } There's joy 'mong the an-gels, there's



..... in heav'n ..... a - bove,.....  
joy 'mong the an - gels, there's joy 'mong the an - gels in heav-en a - bove,



Joy, joy a - bove,..... Joy,  
An - gels in heav - en are al - ways re - joic - ing, An - gels in



# The Lost Found.—Concluded.

joy a - bove..... When a sin - ner re-  
in heav'n are al - ways re - joic - ing When a sin - ner re - pents, there is

pents.... There's joy, joy a - bove.....  
joy 'mong the an - gels, There's joy 'mong the an - gels in heav - en a - bove.

No. 175.

## Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My weary eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

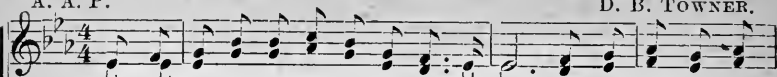
Oh, may no earth born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!  
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast!  
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.  
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a - bove.

## I am Satisfied with Jesus.

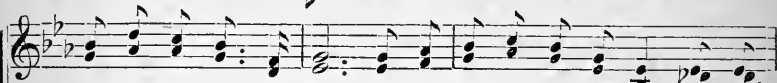
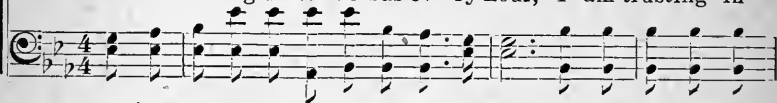
"For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Ps. 107: 9.

A. A. P.

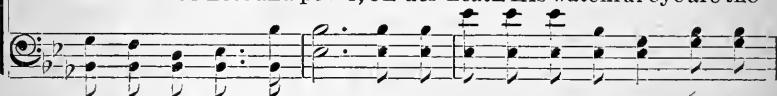
D. B. TOWNER.



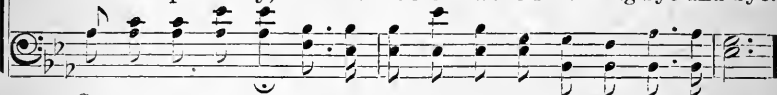
1. I am sat-is-fied with Je-sus ev-'ry day, His redeeming blood
2. Sad and hopeless once I wandered all a-lone, Now He dwells with me
3. Tho' the fier-y darts of Sa-tan may as-sail, O'er the shield of faith
4. To His mercy-seat I hasten when oppress'd, For with Jesus there
5. I am looking un-to Je-sus ev-'ry hour, I am trusting in



has wash'd my sins a-way; Oh, in dark Geth-sem-a-ne and on  
and claims me as His own; Oh, He makes my pathway bright, For He  
they nev-er shall pre-vail, I have giv-en Christ my all; I shall  
is per-fect peace and rest, So I take to Him in pray'r ev-'ry  
His faith-ful-ness and pow'r, Un-der-neath His watchful eye are the



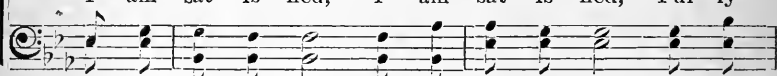
cru-el Cal-va-ry, What a-maz-ing love He show'd for such as me.  
is Himself the light, And His presence turns to day life's darkest night.  
rise when'er I fall, He will answer and de-liv-er at my call.  
anxious weight of care, And I leave it, yes, I leave it with Him there.  
flames that pur-i-fy, I shall understand their meaning bye-and-bye.



## CHORUS.



I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, Ful - ly



sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev - 'ry day; I am sat - is - fied,



# I am Satisfied with Jesus.—Concluded.

*Ad lib.*

I am sat-is-fied, Ful-ly sat-is-fied with Je-sus ev-'ry day.

## No. 177. I Would Not Live Always.

MECHLENBERG.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay, Where storm after
2. I would not live al-way, no, welcome the tomb; Since Je-sus has
3. Who, who would live alway, a-way from His God, A-way from you
4. Where the saints of all a-ges in har-mo-ny meet, Their Saviour and

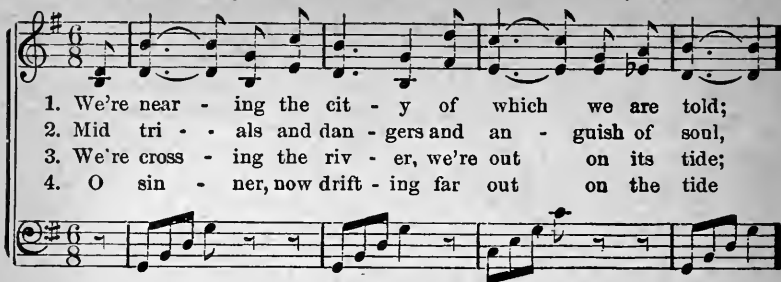
storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lur-id mornings that  
lain there I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till He  
heav-en, that bliss-ful a-bode, Where riv-ers of pleas-ure flow  
brethren trans-ported to greet, While the anthems of rap-ture un-

dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.  
bids me a-rise, To hail Him in tri-umph de-scend-ing the skies.  
o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly reigns.  
ceas-ing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

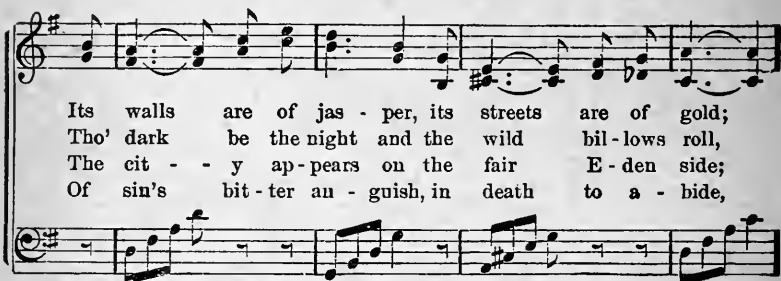
## We're Hearing the City.

Rev. HARRY WHITE.

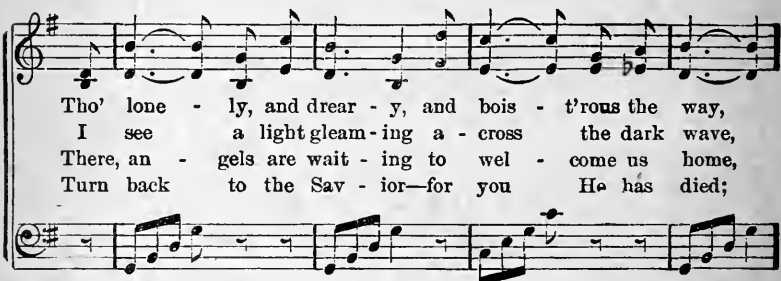
I. H. MEREDITH.



1. We're near - ing the cit - y of which we are told;  
 2. Mid tri - als and dan - gers and an - guish of soul,  
 3. We're cross - ing the riv - er, we're out on its tide;  
 4. O sin - ner, now drift - ing far out on the tide



Its walls are of jas - per, its streets are of gold;  
 Tho' dark be the night and the wild bil - lows roll,  
 The cit - y ap - pears on the fair E - den side,  
 Of sin's bit - ter an - guish, in death to a - bide,



Tho' lone - ly, and drear - y, and bois - t'rous the way,  
 I see a light gleam - ing a - cross the dark wave,  
 There, an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come us home,  
 Turn back to the Sav - ior—for you He has died;



We'll anch - or in heav - en, with Je - sus to stay.  
 And Je - sus stands wait - ing the lost ones to save.  
 To swell the sweet cho - rus a - round the white throne.  
 Come anch - or your soul in the Lamb cru - ci - fied.



# We're Hearing the City.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We're bound..... for that cit - - - y where com - - eth no  
We're bound for that cit - y, that beau-ti-ful cit-y where cometh no night, where

night,..... Oh, glo - ri-ous cit - y of end-less de - light.  
com-eth no night,

*Rit.*

No. 179.

## There is a Happy Land.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in  
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you  
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a

glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worth-y  
doubt-ing stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from  
Fa-ther's hand, Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo - ry run, Be a

is our Sav - ior, King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.  
sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.  
crown and kingdom won, And bright a - bove the sun We reign for aye.

## He is Guiding My Helm.

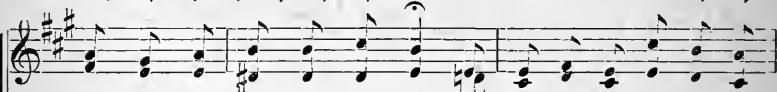
"In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3: 6.

W. J. KENNEDY.

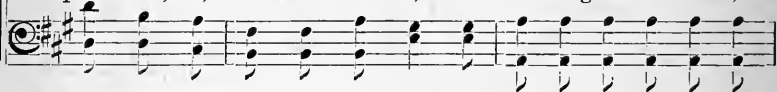
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I know that my Saviour is car-ing for me, He is guiding me
2. In fair pleasant sail-ing, or rough stormy gale, Thro' sunshine or
3. My poor barque, tho' fragile, a wreck ne'er will be, For Christ is my
4. Without my dear Saviour so lov-ing and true, With-out His sweet



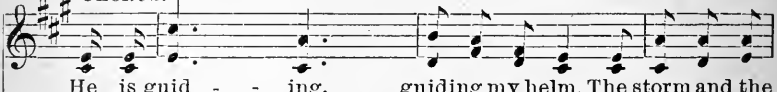
on - ward o'er life's strom-y sea; Sometimes the rough billows my  
shad - ow, He nev - er will fail; He knows all my dan-ger, in  
pi - lot, He still guid - eth me; His eye is still watching, His  
pres-ence, oh, what would I do; The chief 'mong ten thousand, the



barque would o'erwhelm, But Je-sus is with me, He's guiding my helm.  
Him help I find, A friend true and faithful, still tender and kind.  
hands on the helm, Tho' high roll the billows, they cannot o'erwhelm.  
fair - est to - me, Is Je-sus who guides me o'er life's stormy sea.



## CHORUS.



He is guid - - ing, guiding my helm, The storm and the  
He is guid-ing my helm, He is



bil-lows can - not o - ver-whelm, A - way from the breakers, and



# He is Guiding my Helm.—Concluded.

*Rall.*

O - ver the foam, My barque He is guid - ing to Canaan's fair home.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is marked 'Rall.' and features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

No. 181.

## We Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A - cross this  
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foundation, Whereon our  
 3. We would see Je - sus—other lights are pal - ing, Which for long  
 4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're needing, Strength, joy and

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

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

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

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, pleading, Then welcome day, and farewell mor - tal night!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;  
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,  
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;  
 I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,  
 I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;  
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,  
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

## Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of life;  
 2. Christ, the bless - ed one, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of life;  
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of life.  
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of life.  
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of life.

# Wonderful Words of Life.—Concluded.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;  
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:  
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er;

1st time.                      2d time.

Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life,                      life.

## No. 184. In the Christian's Home in Glory.

SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER, 1856.

WM. McDONALD, 1856.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest,  
 2. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,  
 3. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go,

There my Saviour's gone be - fore me To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.  
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - ter I a crown of life shall wear.  
 Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en - trance thro'.

### CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry,, There is rest for the wea - ry,  
 On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.  
 Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you.

## No. 185.

## Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per-

1. "Nearer the cross," my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the  
 2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my  
 3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the

cross from day to day. I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where  
 soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more  
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Nearer the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's  
 clear I see Je - sus, who gave himself for me; Near-er to him I  
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.  
 still would be; Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.  
 soon shall wear; I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

## No. 186.

## Revive us Again.

REV. WM. PATON MACKAY.

JOHN 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 Spir-it 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. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and  
 5. Re-vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-

# Revive us Again.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.  
 Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.  
 sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry,  
 sought us, and guid - ed our ways.  
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

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

## No. 187. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. A.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy wel - come voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure: Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work with - in, By
5. And he the wit - ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That
6. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re - deem - ing grace! All

cleans - ing in thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
 dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.  
 per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.  
 add - ing grace to wel - comed grace, Where reigned the power of sin.  
 ev - 'ry prom - ise is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea.  
 hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our strength and right - eous - ness.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to thee;

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

## No. 188.

## Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A-rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake of thy guilty fears, The bleeding sac-ri-fice  
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all-re-deem-ing love,  
 3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef - fect - ual pray'rs,  
 4. My God is re-con-ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for his child,

In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands,  
 His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,  
 They strong - ly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry,  
 I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.  
 His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.  
 For - give him, oh, forgive, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die.  
 With confidence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

## No. 189. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

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

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



# What a friend. — Concluded.

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

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

No. 190.

## Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,  
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gently;  
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kindness,  
Lord will pro - vide. Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.  
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
Chords that were broken will vi - brate once more.  
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing: Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

## Manoah.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. God moves in a mys - terious way His won - ders to per - form ;  
 2. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take, The clouds ye so much dread  
 3. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust him for his grace ;

He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.  
 Are big with mer - cy, and shall break With blessing on your head.  
 Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.

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## No. 192.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 I know that my Redeemer lives,<br/>         And ever prays for me ;<br/>         A token of his love he gives,<br/>         A pledge of liberty.</p> <p>2 I find him lifting up my head ;<br/>         He brings salvation near ;<br/>         His presence makes me free indeed,<br/>         And he will soon appear.</p> | <p>3 He wills that I should holy be ;<br/>         What can withstand his will ?<br/>         The counsel of his grace in me<br/>         He surely shall fulfill.</p> <p>4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;<br/>         I steadfastly believe<br/>         Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,<br/>         And to thyself receive.</p> |
|--|--|

## No. 193.

## Dorton.

X. S. VON WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice ;  
 2. Thou who, home - less and for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain,  
 4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

I will guide you to your home : Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.  
 Long hast roam'd this bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.  
 Ye, by fierce - er an - guish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn ;  
 Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Chris, my God;  
 3. See! from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
 4. Were the whole realm of nat - ure mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt 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, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## No. 195.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 We are his people, we his care,  
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame;  
 What lasting honors shall we rear,  
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

## No. 196.

## Heber.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;  
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;  
 3. By thee my pray'rs ac - cept - ance gain, Al - though with sin de - filed;  
 4. Je - sus, my shep - herd, guardian, friend, My prophet, priest, and king;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.  
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.  
 Sa - tan ac - cus - es me in vain, And I am owned a child.  
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

## No. 197.

## Hebron.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,  
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;  
 3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;

And ev-'ry evening shall make known Some fresh me-mo - rial of his grace.  
 But he forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.  
 While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

## No. 198.

## Arlington.

ISAAC WATTS.

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. Since 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. 199.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look! how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling toys;  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go  
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs;  
 In vain we strive to rise;

- Hosannas languish on our tongues.  
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
 At this poor, dying rate—  
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?  
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?  
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,  
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would he de - vote that sa - red head For such a worm as I?  
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!  
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man the creature's sin.  
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 201.

- 1 Jesus, the very thought of thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast;  
 But sweeter far thy face to see,  
 And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find  
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,  
 O Saviour of mankind!
- 4 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!  
 Oh, joy of all the meek!  
 To those who fall how kind thou art!  
 How good to those who seek!

## No. 202.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
 Nor 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.

## No. 203.

## Duke Street.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,  
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads;  
 3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend;  
 4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more;

There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - fore the mercy-seat.  
 A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood - bought mercy-seat.  
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one common mercy-seat.  
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 204.

Antioch.

I. WATTS.

ARR. FROM GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her king; Let  
 2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And  
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-  
 glo - ries of his right-ous-ness, And wonders of his love, And  
 And heav'n, and heav'n and nature

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat - ure sing.  
 peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.  
 won-ders of his love, And wonders, and won-ders of his love.  
 sing, . . . . .

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

No. 205.

Christmas.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'nly  
 2. A cloud of wit-ness-es around Hold thee in full sur-vey; For - get the  
 3. 'Tis God's all-an - i-mat-ing voice That callsthee from on high; 'Tis his own  
 4. That prize, with peerless glories bright. Which shall new luster boast, When vic-tors'

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.  
 steps al-read-y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.  
 hand pre-sents the prize, To thine up-lift-ed eye, To thine up-lift-ed eye.  
 wreaths and mon-arch gems, Shall blend in common dust, Shall blend in common dust.

No. 206.

Dennis.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGELI.

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

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

No. 207.

- 1 How gentle God's commands,  
 How kind his precepts are;  
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
 And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye  
 His saints securely dwell;  
 That hand which bears creation up  
 Shall guard his children well.
- 3 His goodness stands approved,  
 Unchanged from day to day;  
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
 And bear a song away.

No. 208.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
 And shall our cheeks be dry?  
 Let floods of penitential grief  
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
 The wondering angels see;  
 Be thou astonished, oh, my soul,  
 He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
 Each sin demands a tear;  
 In heaven alone no sin is found,  
 And there's no weeping there.

No. 209.

Maitland.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;  
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,  
 4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glo - rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.  
 Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 210.

Italian Hymn.

C. WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us thy name 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, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sacred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest praises be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of Days!  
 people bless, And give thy word success: Spirit of ho - li-ness! On us descend.  
 mighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r.  
 maj-es - ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a-dore.

No. 211.

- 1 Glory to God on high!  
 Let heaven and earth reply:  
 Praise ye his name;  
 His love and grace adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore;  
 And sing forever more,  
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye who surround the throne,  
 Join cheerfully in one,  
 Praising his name:  
 Ye who have felt his blood  
 Sealing your peace with God,  
 Sound his dear name abroad—  
 "Worthy the Lamb."

- 3 Join, all ye ransomed race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless;  
 Praise ye his name;  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 And make a joyful noise,  
 Shouting with heart and voice  
 "Worthy the Lamb."
- 4 Soon must we change our place,  
 Yet will we never cease  
 Praising his name:  
 To him our songs we'll bring,  
 Hail him our gracious King,  
 And through all ages sing,  
 "Worthy the Lamb."

Olivet.

No. 212.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Saviour divine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior,

while I pray, Take all my guilt away, Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine.  
 died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.  
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.  
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul.



## No. 213.

## Rathbun.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless his name;  
 2. Who forgives all thy transgres-sion, Thy dis - eas - es all who heals;  
 3. Who with ten - der mercies crowns thee, Who with good things fills thy mouth,  
 4. In his right-ous-ness, Je - ho - van Will de - liv - er those distressed;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for-get not, All his mercies to proclaim.  
 Who re-deems thee from de-struc-tion, Who with thee so kind - ly deals.  
 So that e - ven like the ea - gle Thou hast been restored to youth.  
 He will ex - e - cute just judgment In the cause of all oppressed.

## No. 214.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,<br/>         Zion, city of our God;<br/>         He whose word can ne'er be broken,<br/>         Chose thee for his own abode.</p> <p>2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,<br/>         Still is precious in thy sight,<br/>         Judah's temple far excelling,<br/>         Beaming with the gospel's light.</p> <p>3 On the Rock of ages founded,<br/>         What can shake her sure repose?<br/>         With salvation's wall surrounded,<br/>         She can smile at all her foes.</p> | <p>4 See, the streams of living waters,<br/>         Springing from eternal love,<br/>         Well supply her sons and daughters,<br/>         And all fear of want remove.</p> <p>5 Round her habitation hovering,<br/>         See the cloud and fire appear,<br/>         For a glory and a covering,<br/>         Showing that the Lord is near.</p> <p>6 Glorious things of thee are spoken,<br/>         Zion, city of our God;<br/>         He whose word can ne'er be broken,<br/>         Chose thee for his own abode.</p> |
|--|---|

## No. 215.

## Federal Street.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Show pit-y, Lord; O Lord, for-give, Let a re-pent-ing reb - el live;  
 2. My crimes, tho' great, can not sur - pass The pow'r and glo-ry of thy grace;  
 3. O, wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean;  
 4. My lips, with shame, my sins con-fess, Against thy law, a-against thy grace;  
 5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death;

Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in thee?  
 Great God, thy nat-ure hath no bound, So let thy pardoning love be found.  
 Here, on my heart, the bur - den lies, And past of-fens - es pain mine eyes.  
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe, I am condemned, but thou art clear.  
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.

## No. 216.

## Boylston.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The  
 2. I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear  
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To  
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her

church our blest Re - deem-er saved With his own pre - cious blood.  
 as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.  
 her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 sweet com-mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

## No. 217.

- 1 Oh, come and dwell in me,  
 Spirit of power within,  
 And bring the glorious liberty  
 From sorrow, fear, and sin.
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,  
 Spirit of health, remove,  
 Spirit of finished holiness,  
 Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 I want the witness, Lord,  
 That all I do is right,  
 According to thy will and word,  
 Well pleasing in thy sight.

## No. 218.

- 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 Come, and possess me whole,  
 Nor hence again remove;  
 Settle and fix my wavering soul  
 With all thy weight of love.

## No. 219.

## Zaban.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard. Ten thousand foes a - rise;  
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down;  
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.  
 The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain a crown.  
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To his di - vine a - bode.

No. 220.

# Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.

1st time.

2d time.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morn-ing hours ;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit* . . . . . ) Work 'mid spring-ing  
*D.C.* Work, for the night is coming, (*Omit* . . . . . ) When man's work is

*FINE.* flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glow-ing sun;  
 done. *Cres.* *D. C.*

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies ;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more ;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

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No. 221.

# Naomi.

ANNIE STEELE.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-ereign will de - nies,  
 2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free ;  
 3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at - tend ;

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise :  
 The bless-ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.  
 Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

No. 222.

1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat  
 My soul for shelter flies ;  
 'Tis here I find a safe retreat  
 When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,  
 If thou, my God, art near ;  
 Thy grace can raise my comforts high,  
 And banish every fear.

3 My great protector and my Lord,  
 Thy constant aid impart ;  
 Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word  
 Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh, never let my soul remove  
 From this divine retreat ;  
 Still let me trust thy power and love,  
 And dwell beneath thy feet.

No. 223.

America.

S. F. SMITH.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free-dom's song; Let mortal  
 4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

*Cres.*

fathers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev'ry mount-ain side, Let freedom ring.  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.  
 tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.  
 land be bright, With freedom's ho-ly light, Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God! our King.

No. 224.

1 God bless our native land;  
 Firm may she ever stand,  
 Through storm and night.  
 When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of wind and wave,  
 Do thou our country save  
 By thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise  
 To God, above the skies;  
 On him we wait.  
 Thou who art ever nigh,  
 Guardian with watchful eye,  
 To thee aloud we cry,  
 God save the state.

No. 225.

Farwell.

T. KELLY.

LOWELL MASON.  
 FINE.

1. { Hark, ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love.  
 2. { King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown.  
 { Nothing from thy love shall sev - er, Those whom thou hast made thine own.  
 3. { Sav - iour, hast - en thine ap - pear - ing, Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day;  
 { When the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way.

D.C. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

See, he sits on yonder throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 Happy ob - jects of thy grace, Destined to behold thy face.  
 Then with golden harps we'll sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King.  
 See, he sits on yonder throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner,

D. S. Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,

It must not suf-fer loss; From vict'ry unto vict'ry His arm-y shall he lead,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day, the noise of battle,  
The next, the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally!

**No. 227.**

1 The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears!  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

**No. 228.**

1 Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in his wings:  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing  
But he will bring us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too;  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And he who feeds the ravens,  
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,  
Their wonted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For while in him confiding,  
I can not but rejoice.

T. KELLY.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands; }  
 { Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands; } Mourning  
 captive! God himself will loose thy hands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy hands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
 Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
 By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
 Cease thy mourning:  
 Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:  
 He himself appears thy Friend;  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.  
 Great deliverance  
 Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;  
 All thy warfare now be past;  
 God, thy Saviour, will defend thee;  
 Victory is thine at last.  
 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

## No. 231.

Key D.

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,  
 Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;  
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!  
 By his own hand he leadeth me;  
 His faithful follower I would be,  
 For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
 Content, whatever lot I see,—  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 When, by thy grace the victory's won,  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

## No. 230.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Cheered by no celestial ray,  
 Sun of righteousness arising,  
 Bring the bright, the glorious day.  
 Send the gospel  
 To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdom's wide that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
 And from eastern coast to western,  
 May the morning chase the night.  
 And redemption  
 Freely purchased win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!  
 Win and conquer, never cease,  
 May thy lasting, wide dominion,  
 Multiply and still increase.  
 Sway thy sceptre  
 Saviour, all the world around.

## No. 232.

Key A flat.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,  
 Child of sorrow and of woe;  
 It will joy and comfort give you,  
 Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,  
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven;  
 Precious name, O how sweet,  
 Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
 As a shield from every snare;  
 If temptations round you gather,  
 Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
 How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 When his loving arms receive us,  
 And his songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
 Falling prostrate at his feet,  
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,  
 When our journey is complete,

## No. 233.

## Coronation.

E. PERRONET.

OLIVER GOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,  
 3. Oh, that with yon - 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. 234.

## Ortonville.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev-'ry foe: That will not  
 2. That will not murmur nor com-plain Beneath the chast'ning rod, But in the  
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in  
 4. A faith that keeps the narrow way Till life's last hour is fled, And, with a  
 5. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, e'en

trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe, Of an - y earth-ly woe.  
 hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God, Will lean up-on its God.  
 dan - ger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt, In darkness feels no doubt,  
 pure and heav'n-ly ray, Lights up a dy - ing bed, Lights up a dy - ing bed.  
 here, the hallow'd bliss Of an e - ter - nal home, Of an e - ter - nal home.

No. 235.

Martyn.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.  
FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly;  
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high,  
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

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

- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, oh, 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 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

- Just and holy is thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 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. 236.

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, thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;  
4. Just as I am—thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

And that thou bidst 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.  
Be - cause thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.



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