

**Hymns**  
**NEW AND OLD**  
**REVISED.**

CHICAGO—ENE—CO

Edited by  
D. B. TOWNER,  
T. T. EATON,  
AND G. H. SIMMONS.

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# Hymns New and Old, **REVISED.**

FOR USE IN ALL

**RELIGIOUS SERVICES.**

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BY

D. B. TOWNER,  
T. T. EATON, D. D., LL. D.,  
GEORGE H. SIMMONS

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FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY,

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## PREFACE.

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This book has been arranged with great care for devotional and revival meetings, as well as for Sunday School and home use. The aim has been to select the best of the old hymns suited to these purposes, and also to offer such new hymns as have these same merits and are suited to awaken and sustain spiritual life. All the good old hymns were once new, and the new ones will become old. Hymns express the deepest Christian experiences, under the teachings of God's word and the power of the Holy Spirit. It is of the highest importance that hymns should teach true Scripture doctrine, and special attention has been given to that point in the preparation of this book. The reader may miss some favorites, but a book could not contain all the good hymns, without being too large and expensive for practical service. It is hoped that Christian workers will find this book just what they need.

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# HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

REVISED.

## No. 1. Old Hundred.

ISAAC WATTS.

G. FRANC. 1545.

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise ;  
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mercies Lord, E - ternal truth attends Thy word ;  
*Dox.—Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low ;*

Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev - ery land by ev - ery tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
*Praise Him a - bove ye heavenly hosts: Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.*

## No. 2. Gloria Patri.

WM. BOYCE.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - MEN.

# No. 3.

# Praise Him.

MRS. ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sing praise un-to the Lord, O praise him from the heav'nly height, Ye  
 2. Sing praise un-to the Lord, Ye heav'n of heav-ens praise the Lord, For-  
 3. Sing praise un-to the Lord, Young men and maidens join and sing, All  
 4. Sing praise un-to the Lord, The sound of harp and trumpet raise, For

an- gels and his hosts a-bove, Sun, moon and all ye stars of light.  
 ev - er 'stablished by his pow'r, Cre - a - ted by his might-y word.  
 peo- ple join with glad ac-cord, Re-joice in him, your mighty King.  
 mighty acts and ex - cel-lence, Let ev - 'rything that hath breath, praise.

CHORUS.

Praise him, ev - er praise him, Let all earth, and  
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

heav'n with prais - es ring, Praise him, ev - er  
 Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

praise him, Praise the Lord, our ris - en Priest and King.  
 praise the Lord,

# No. 4.

# Let Me Work Too.

Selected.

GEO. H. SIMMONS.

1. Time worketh, Let me work too; Time un - do - eth, Oh!  
 2. Sin worketh, Let me work too; Sin un - do - eth, Oh!  
 3. Death worketh, Let me work too; Death un - do - eth, Oh!

let me do! As bus - y as Time at my work I'll be, Till I  
 let me do! As bus - y as Sin at my work I'll be, Till I  
 let me do! As bus - y as Death at my work I'll be, Till I

*Rit.* - - - **CHORUS.**  
 rest in the rest of e - ter - ni - ty. Work to - day, work till  
 rest in the rest of e - ter - ni - ty.  
 rest in the rest of e - ter - ni - ty. Work to - day,

death, Work for God with ev - 'ry breath, Work to -  
 work till death, ev - 'ry breath,

day, work till death, Work for God with ev - 'ry breath.  
 work to - day, work till death,

## No. 5.

## Coming To-day.

F. J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des-ert, seek-ing, seek-ing, Sin-er, 'tis Je-sus  
 2. Still he is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing; O, what com-pas-sion  
 3. Lov-ing-ly plead-ing, pleading, plead-ing, Mer-cy, tho' slight-ed,

seek-ing for thee; Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,  
 beams in his eye; Hear him re-peat-ing, gen-tly, gen-tly,  
 bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap-py, hap-py, hap-py,

REFRAIN.  
 Hith-er, thou lost one, O come un-to me.  
 Come to thy Sav-iour, O why wilt thou die? Je-sus is call-ing,  
 Come ere the life-star for-ev-er shall set.

Je-sus is call-ing; Why dost thou lin-ger? why tar-ry a-way?

Come to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

# No. 6.

# My Jesus Knows.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.



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. 7. Trusting Jesus. Hallelujah!

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am trust - ing in the Lord. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
2. Midst the tem - pest I will sing. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
3. With my eyes up - on the cross. Hal - le - lu - jah!

I be - lieve his ev - 'ry word. Hal - le - lu - jah! In the  
Ev - er trust - ing in my King. Hal - le - lu - jah! When the  
I can bear the earth - ly loss. Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing his

midst of ev - 'ry ill, I will bow to his sweet will, Love, o -  
waves are ris - ing high, He, the help - er ev - er nigh, Sweetly  
praise a - mid the pain, Who for me was scourged and slain, Sing it

CHORUS.  
bey and trust him still. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
whispers, "It is I." Hal - le - lu - jah! I am trust - ing, I am  
o'er and o'er a - gain. Hal - le - lu - jah!

trust - ing, trusting, all a - long the wea - ry way, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am



Trusting Jesus. Hallelujah!

trusting, Hal - le - lu - jah! Sweetly trust - ing Je - sus day by day.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 8. Praise Ye the Lord.

PSALM 106. C. M.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Praise ye the Lord and give him thanks, For boun - ti - ful is he ;  
2. God's mighty works, who can ex - press Or show forth all his praise ?  
3. Re - mem - ber me, O Lord, with love, Which thou to thine dost bear :

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

His ten - der mer - cy shall en - dure To all e - ter - ni - ty,  
Oh, blest are they that judgment keep, And just - ly do al - ways,  
With thy sal - va - tion, O my God, To vis - it me draw near,

The second system continues the musical score with the same notation and layout as the first system.

His ten - der mer - cy shall en - dure To all e - ter - ni - ty.  
Oh, blest are they that judgment keep, And just - ly do al - ways.  
With thy sal - va - tion, O my God, To vis - it me draw near.

The third system concludes the musical score, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The notation remains consistent with the previous systems.

# No. 9. Speak to Me Tenderly.

F. F. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Sav - iour, I thy voice would hear, Speak to me, ten - der - ly,  
 2. Sav - iour, I thy ways have sought, Speak to me, ten - der - ly,  
 3. Sav - iour, I thy voice do hear, Speak to me, ten - der - ly,

I would feel thy pres-ence near, Speak to me ten - der - ly;  
 And with peace my soul is fraught, Speak to me ten - der - ly;  
 And I feel thp pres-ence near, Speak to me ten - der - ly;

For the world, . . . with all its doubt, Would so  
 For thy voice . . . of love I've heard, Speak-ing  
 For thy Spir - - - it's in my heart, And from

For the world, with all its doubt,  
 For thy voice of love I've heard,  
 For thy Spirit is in my heart,

oft - - - en crowd thee out, Come and put . . .  
 from . . . thy writ-ten word, And with joy . . .  
 him : I ne'er will part. Sav-iour, thou . . .

Would so oft'n would crowd thee out. Come and put  
 Speaking from thy written word. And with joy  
 And from him I ne'er will part. Saviour, thou

## Speak to Me Tenderly.

my fears to rout,                      Speak to me, . . . ten-der-ly, speak tenderly.  
 my heart is stirred,                  Speak to me, . . . ten-der-ly, speak tenderly.  
 so gracious art,                      Speak to me, . . . ten-der-ly, speak tenderly.

my fears to rout,                      Speak to me, tender-ly.  
 my heart is stirred,                  Speak to me, tender-ly.  
 so gracious art,                      Speak to me, tender-ly.

## No. 10. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

C. C. LUTHER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

**Duet.**

1. "Must I go, and emp-ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re-deem-er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal-ter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin-ning wast-ed, Could I but re-call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earn-est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

Not one day of serv-ice give him, Lay no tro-phy at his feet?  
 But to meet him emp-ty hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.  
 I would give them to my Sav-iour, To his will I'd glad-ly bow.  
 Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

**CHORUS.**

"Must I go and emp-ty hand-ed," Must I meet my Sav-iour so?

Not one soul with which to greet him, Must I emp-ty hand-ed go?

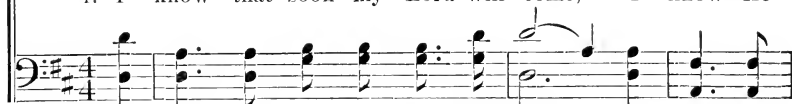
# No. 11. I know that my Redeemer lives.

Arr. by M. G. P. 1882.

Arr. by Rev. M. G. PRESCOTT. 1882.



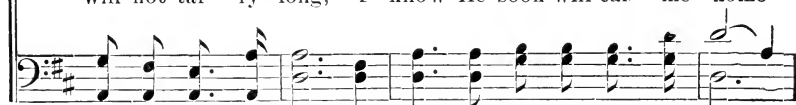
1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That He's pre-  
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His  
3. And now be-wil-dered at the thought, I stand and  
4. I know zhat soon my Lord will come, I know He



*D.C.*—For I am on-ly wait-ing here, To hear the



pared a home for me, And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives  
blood a-tones for me, I'm lis-tening for the gen-tle call  
won-der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brough  
will not tar-ry long, I know He soon will call me home

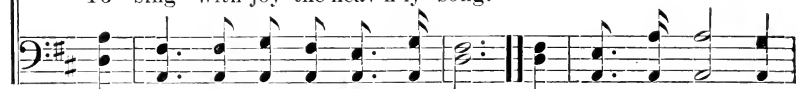


summons, "child, come home," For I am on-ly wait-ing here

## FINE. CHORUS.



To those who would His chil-dren be. Then ask me not to  
To say the Mas-ter wait-eth thee.  
To die, that I might live a-bove.  
To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.



To hear the summons, "child, come home."



min-gle on A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,



*D.C.*

# No. 12.

# We're on the Way.

S. M. SAYFORD.

D. B. TOWNER.

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 wave 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.

# No. 13. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

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 trans-gres-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.

# No. 14. Wond'rous Love.

Words arranged by ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Hark! my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Saviour—hear His word,  
2. Can a mother's love and care, Leave the ten-der child she bare?  
3. Thine is an un-changing love, High-er than the heights a-bove,  
4. Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint,

Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say poor sin-ner lovest thou me."  
"Yes, she may for-get-ful be, Yet will I re-mem-ber thee?"  
Deep-er than the depths beneath, Ev-er faith-ful, strong as death.  
Yet I love Thee and a-dore, Oh, for grace to love Thee more.

CHORUS.

Wond'rous love of God the Father, Wond'rous love of God the Son,

'T was to pur-chase man's redemption, Je-sus died, the Ho-ly One.

# No. 15.

# Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring - ing o'er the rest - less wave, "Send the  
 2. We have heard the Mac - e - don - ian call to - day, "Send the  
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev - 'ry-where a - bound, "Send the  
 4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, "Send the

light, . . . send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are  
 And a gold - en off'ring at the  
 And a Christ-like spir-it ev - 'ry-  
 "Send the light! send the light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a

souls to save, "Send the light! . . . send the light!" . . .  
 cross we lay.  
 where be found.  
 crown a - bove. "Send the light! send the light!"

CHORUS. (*The first eight measures, or Bass Solo, may be omitted.*)

We will spread the ov - er - last - ing light,  
 BASS SOLO.

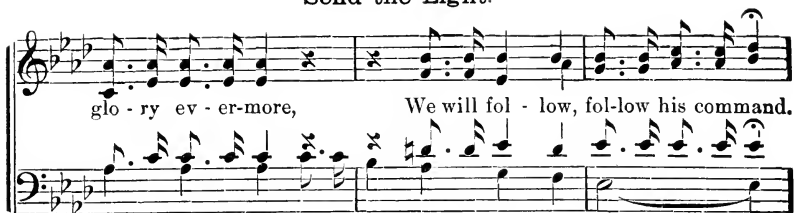
We will spread . . . the ev - er - last - ing light With a

With a will - ing, willing heart and hand, Giving God the

will - ing heart and hand, . . . . Giving God . . . . the glo-ry



## Send the Light.

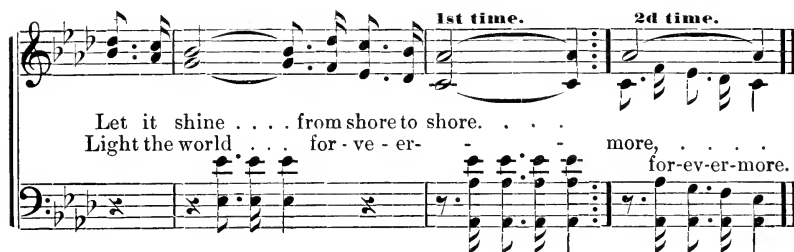


glo - ry ev - er - more, We will fol - low, fol - low his command.

ev - er - more, We will fol - low his com - mand. . . . .



Send the light, . . . . the bless - ed gos - pel light,  
Send the light, . . . . and let its ra - diant beams



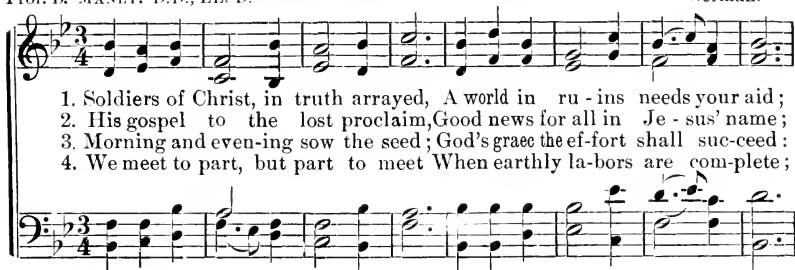
Let it shine . . . . from shore to shore. . . .  
Light the world for - ve - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

1st time. 2d time.

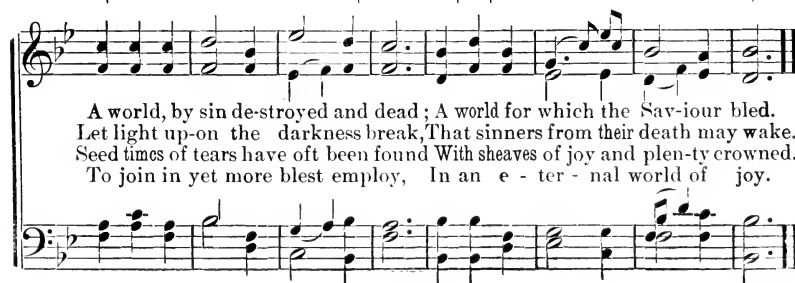
## No. 16. Mendon. L. M.

Prof. B. MANLY. D.D., LL. D.

German.



1. Soldiers of Christ, in truth arrayed, A world in ru - ins needs your aid ;  
2. His gospel to the lost proclaim, Good news for all in Je - sus' name ;  
3. Morning and even - ing sow the seed ; God's graec the ef - fort shall suc - ceed :  
4. We meet to part, but part to meet When earthly la - bors are com - plete ;



A world, by sin de - stroyed and dead ; A world for which the Sav - iour bled.  
Let light up - on the dark - ness break, That sinners from their death may wake.  
Seed times of tears have oft been found With sheaves of joy and plen - ty crowned.  
To join in yet more blest employ, In an e - ter - nal world of joy.

# No. 17. The Hollow of God's Hand.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. I am safe, what - ev - er may be - tide me; I am  
 2. What tho' fierce the storm - y blasts roar round me; What tho'  
 3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of

safe, who - ev - er may de - ride me; I am safe, as  
 sore life's tri - als oft con - found me; I am safe, for  
 peace the voice di - vine has told me; I am safe, while

long as I con - fide me In the hol - low of God's hand.  
 naught of ill can wound me In the hol - low of God's hand.  
 God Him - self doth hold me In the hol - low of His hand.

CHORUS.

In the hol - low of His hand! In the  
 In the hol - low, in the hol - low of His hand!

hol - low, of His hand! I am  
 In the hol - low, in the hol - low of His hand!

## The Hollow of God's Hand.

safe while God Himself doth hold me In the hollow of His hand.

## No. 18. Beneath His Wing.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D.D.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be-neath His wing I sweet-ly rest, While balm-y peace reigns
2. A - midst all dan-gers, seen or known, His guard-ian wing is
3. This heav'n-ly wing, so wide-ly spread, Is o - ver me where-
4. When wast-ing on the bed of death, I still can sing with

in my breast; I nev-er need a foe to dread, While His bright wing is  
o'er me thrown; It soothes me with its mag-ic power, And turns to light the  
'er I tread; It ban-ish-es all gloom and fear To feel assured His  
dy-ing breath, For round me I can clear-ly see Christ's wing of love o'er-

REFRAIN. *Repeat softly.*

o'er me spread. Beneath His wing, be-neath His wing.  
dark-est hour. Beneath His wing my heart doth sing, beneath, beneath His wing.  
wing is near.  
arching me.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.



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!

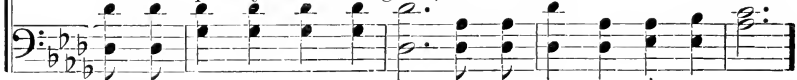


- He has been there oft be-fore: Let Him in!  
 If you wait He will de-part: Let Him in!  
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice: Let Him in!  
 He will make for you a feast: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

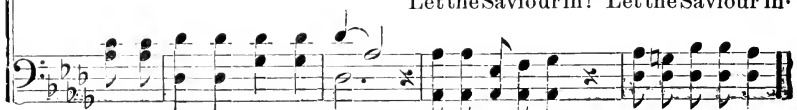


Let Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,  
 Let Him in: He is your Friend; He your soul will sure de-fend;  
 He is stand-ing at the door; Joy to you He will re-store,  
 He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,



- 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!



# No.20. More Than Tongue Can Tell.

J. E. HALL, arr.

J. E. HALL.

1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el  
 2. The man - y sor - rows that He bore, And oh, that crown of thorns He  
 3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be - fore the throne of  
 4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from

tree, That I a ransomed soul might be, Is more than tongue can tell.  
 wore, That I might live for - ev - er - more, Is more than tongue can tell.  
 God, The mer - it of His prec - ious blood, . Is more than tongue can tell.  
 fear, The hope in Him so bright and clear, . Is more than tongue can tell.

## CHORUS.

His love is more than tongue can tell, tongue can tell, His

love is more than tongue can tell, tongue can tell, The

love that Je - sus had for me . . . Is more than tongue can tell.

# No. 21. Jesus is Standing By.

ELLA LAUDER.

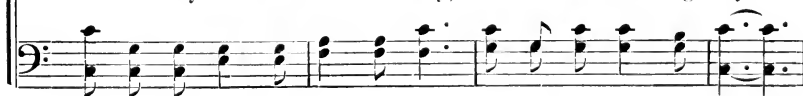
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Of - ten our hearts are sad and sore, Friends we have loved we'll see no more;
2. Partings on earth must of-ten come, Sev-ered by land or o - cean foam;
3. Sorrows may come and tears may flow, Winds of ad - vers - i - ty may blow;
4. Hearts may be light tho' skies are gray, Friends we shall meet on some sweet cay,



Yet there's a tho't will joy re - store, Je - sus is stand - ing by.  
Some, it may be, the Lord calls home, Je - sus is stand - ing by.  
Wea - ri - ness of - ten we may know, Je - sus is stand - ing by.  
And we may know that all the way, Je - sus is stand - ing by.



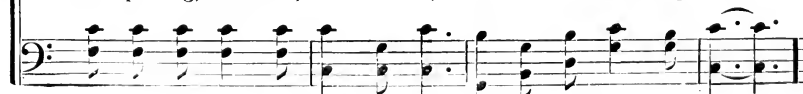
## CHORUS.



Je - sus is ev - er stand - ing by, Stand - ing by, stand - ing by,



Whis - per - ing, "Fear not, it is I;" Je - sus is stand - ing by.



# No. 22. The Cross of Christ.

J. BOWRING.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

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

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

## CHORUS.

In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, This shall  
In the cross of Je-sus, in his cross I glo - ry, This shall be my song and

be my song and sto - ry; Here, in spir-it pure and ho-ly,  
this shall be my sto - ry; Here, in spir-it low-ly, pur-i - fied and ho-ly,

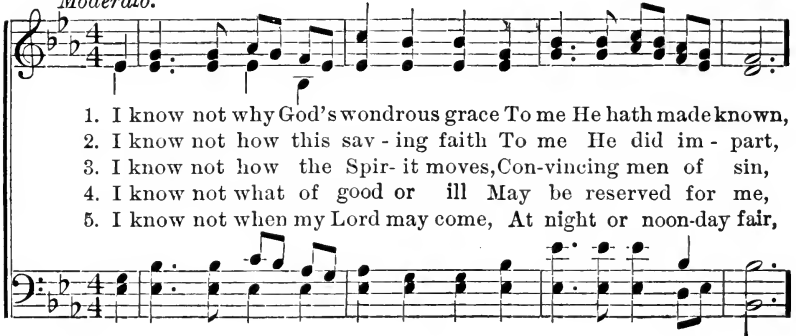
Would I ev - er - more a - bide.  
Would my soul for ev - er, ev - er - more a - bide.

# No. 23. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

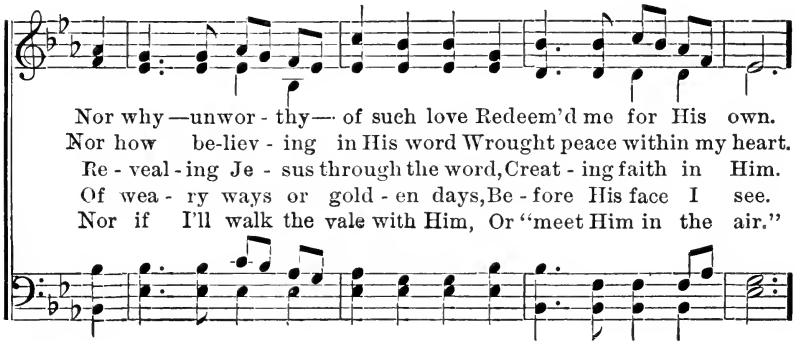
EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*Moderato.*



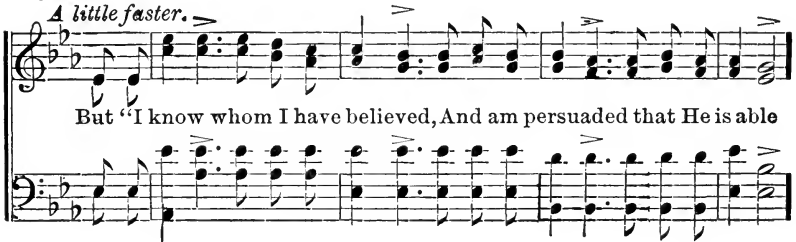
1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,  
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,  
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vincing men of sin,  
4. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,  
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



Nor why — un - wor - thy — of such love Redeem'd me for His own.  
Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.  
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Creat - ing faith in Him.  
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.  
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

**CHORUS.**

*A little faster.*



But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is able



To keep that which I've commit - ted un - to Him against that day."



# No. 24. It is the Lord, My Saviour.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I know who came to die for me, My soul to seek, my hope to be;  
2. I know who gives permission sweet To lay my bur-dens at his feet;  
3. I know who dwells within my heart, His peace and Spir-it to im-part;  
4. I know who holds salvation's cup, And as I drink my faith looks up;

I know who pleads for me a-bove, My advocate, in boundless love.  
I know who will not turn a-way When in my faith I kneel to pray.  
I know who guides my steps aright, And keeps me ever in his sight.  
I know who has a place for me In mansions by the crystal sea.

CHORUS.

It is the Lord, my Saviour, It is the Lord, my Saviour,  
It is the Lord, It is the Lord,

It is the Lord, my Sav- iour, In whom I now be- lieve.  
It is the Lord,

## No. 25.

## Redeemed.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

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.

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. 26. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. 7s. D.**

MARCUS M. WELLS.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

**Fine.**

1. { 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; }  
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend, }  
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness here; }  
 3. { 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,

# No. 27.

# Beneath Thy Cross.

Words selected.

W. J. BALTZELL.

1. Be - neath the cross I lay me down, And mourn to see thy  
 2. The rage of Sa - tan and of sin, Of foes with - out and  
 3. Se - cure from harm beneath thy shade, Here death and hell shall  
 4. Oh, un - mo - lest - ed hap - py rest! Where in - ward fears are

blood - y crown; Love drops in blood from ev - 'ry vein; Love  
 foes with - in, Shall ne'er my conquering soul re - move, Or  
 ne'er in - vade; Nor Si - nai, with its thundering noise, Shall  
 all suppressed; Here I shall love and live se - cure, And

CHORUS.

is the spring of all thy pain. Beneath thy cross, O Christ, I'll  
 from thy cross, or from thy love. e'er dis - turb my hap - pier  
 pa - tient - ly my cross en - dure.

stay, . . . And speed my lov - ing hours a - way; I'll shout and  
 I'll stay,

sing, I'm free! I'm free! . . . Since on the cross he died for me.  
 I'm free!

MRS. ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Hear the vault-ed arch-es ring-ing With the praise of Je-sus  
 2. Crown, O crown our lov-ing Sav-iour, For his wondrous good-ness,  
 3. Crown him, crown a suff'ring Sav-iour, Gent-ly lift the thorn crown,  
 4. Crown the mighty ris-en Sav-iour, O-ver death vic-to-rious,

Ev-'ry heart re-joic-es; List-en to the an-gels sing-ing,  
 For his lov-ing kind-ness; For it was this lov-ing Sav-iour  
 Take the cru-el cross down, And be-hold the suff'ring Sav-iour  
 Reigning now most glo-rious, Ev-er-more our ris-en Sav-iour

CHORUS.

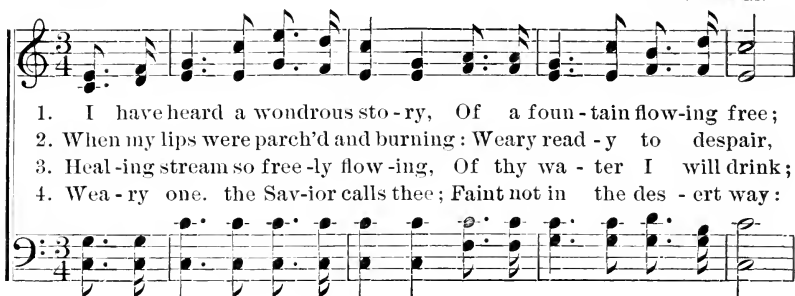
In our great Re-deem-er's praise. Crown . . . him King of  
 Died, a sin-ful world to bless.  
 On a glo-rious heav'n-ly throne.  
 Wears the crown of ho-li-ness. Crown him, crown him,

glo-ry, Crown the Son of Da-vid, Crown him Lord of all,  
 King of glo-ry,

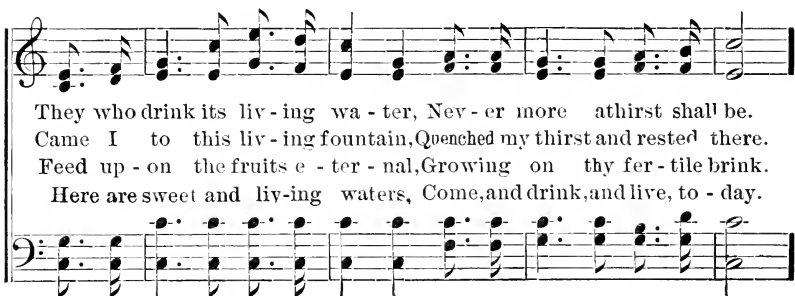
Crown him King of glo-ry, Crown the Saviour, Lord of all.  
 Crown him, crown him King of glo-ry,

N. E. B.

N. E. BYERS.




1. I have heard a wondrous sto - ry, Of a foun - tain flow - ing free ;  
 2. When my lips were parch'd and burning : Weary read - y to despair,  
 3. Heal - ing stream so free - ly flow - ing, Of thy wa - ter I will drink ;  
 4. Wea - ry one. the Sav - ior calls thee ; Faint not in the des - ert way :



They who drink its liv - ing wa - ter, Nev - er more athirst shall be.  
 Came I to this liv - ing fountain, Quenched my thirst and rested there.  
 Feed up - on the fruits e - ter - nal, Growing on thy fer - tile brink.  
 Here are sweet and liv - ing waters, Come, and drink, and live, to - day.

## CHORUS.



Yes, I'm at the fountain drinking Liv - ing wa - ter, free - ly mine :



I am in the sun - light glo - ry, Of the Sav - ior's love di - vine.

# No. 30. Fling out the Banner.

ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER



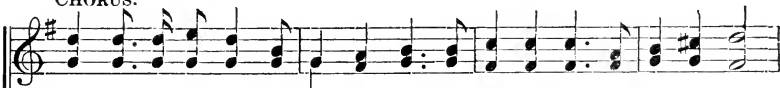
1. Fling out the banner all crimson dyed With blood that flowed from Jesus' side ;
2. Put on the ar-mor of Christ the Lord, That ye may stand against the foe ;
3. Bearing the ban-ner of Him who died, We 'll march to meet the hosts of sin ;
4. When from the ramparts of heaven high, Our banner floats a - far and wide,



This is our glo - ry and this our pride, The cross on which the Saviour died.  
Tak - ing the helmet, the shield, and sword, And in His strength and spir - it go.  
Christ is our lead - er both true and tried, His wondrous name the day shall win.  
We 'll sound the watchword thro' - out the sky, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.



## CHORUS.



Fling out the ban - ner a - far and wide, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied ;



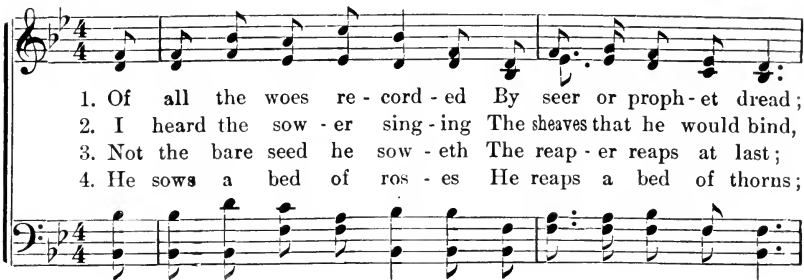
Fling out the banner a - far and wide, The cross on which the Saviour died.



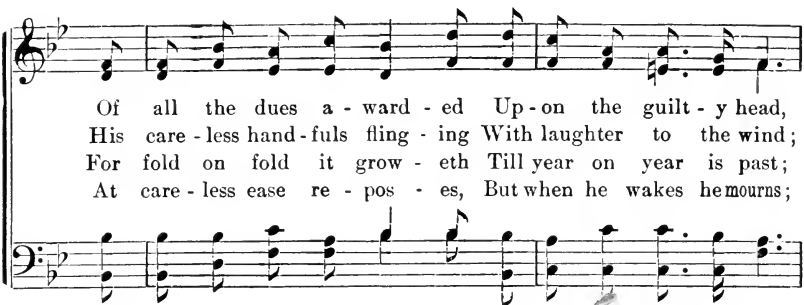
# No. 31. The Reaping Time will Come.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

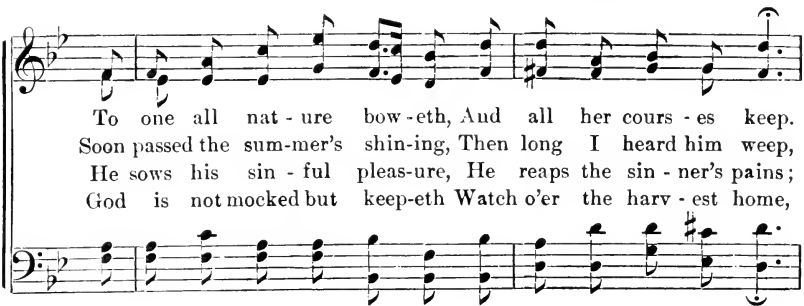
D. B. TOWNER.



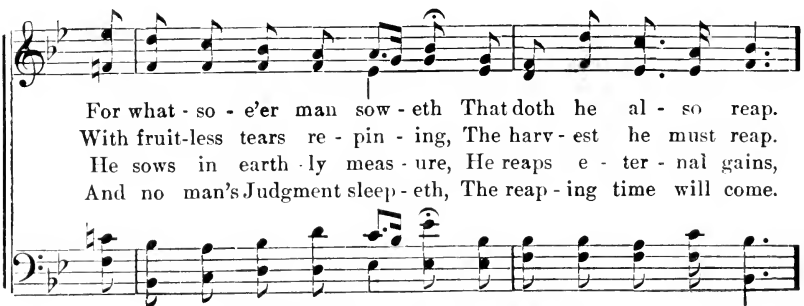
1. Of all the woes re - cord - ed By seer or proph - et dread ;  
2. I heard the sow - er sing - ing The sheaves that he would bind,  
3. Not the bare seed he sow - eth The reap - er reaps at last ;  
4. He sows a bed of ros - es He reaps a bed of thorns ;



Of all the dues a - ward - ed Up - on the guilt - y head,  
His care - less hand - fuls fling - ing With laughter to the wind ;  
For fold on fold it grow - eth Till year on year is past ;  
At care - less ease re - pos - es, But when he wakes he mourns ;



To one all nat - ure bow - eth, And all her cours - es keep.  
Soon passed the sum - mer's shin - ing, Then long I heard him weep,  
He sows his sin - ful pleas - ure, He reaps the sin - ner's pains ;  
God is not mocked but keep - eth Watch o'er the harv - est home,



For what - so - e'er man sow - eth That doth he al - so reap.  
With fruit - less tears re - pin - ing, The harv - est he must reap.  
He sows in earth - ly meas - ure, He reaps e - ter - nal gains,  
And no man's Judgment sleep - eth, The reap - ing time will come.



The Reaping Time will Come.

CHORUS.

The reap - ing time will come, The reap - ing time will come, The

seed we sow, is sure to grow; The reap - ing time will come.

No. 32. Don't keep Jesus waiting.

REV. G. W. CROFTS.

C. C. CLINE, by per.

1. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting ev - er - more, Hark! he knocketh softly
2. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door, How he suffered for thee
3. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Friend he is and more, As thy Saviour loves thee,
4. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Till the day is o'er, Sad should Jesus leave thee,

I im - plore.

At thy bosom's door; Haste that door to o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.  
 All thy sins he bore; Bid him freely en - ter, Bid him, I im - plore.  
 None e'er loved be - fore; Do not turn him from thee, Do not, I im - plore.  
 Leave thee ev - er more; Wide the door fling o - pen, O - pen, I im - plore.

I im - plore.

# No. 33. There is Sunshine in my Soul.

Rev. E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. There is sun-shine in my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! And my  
2. There's a feast with-in my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! And my  
3. There's a whis-per in my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis my

Saviour's blessed face is shin-ing thro'; It is sim-ple faith in Him,  
Sav-iour oft-en comes and sups with me; In His word He has declared  
Saviour's voice that speak-eth all the way. "Wait a lit-tle while," saith He,

hal - ie - lu - jah! And it brings His lov-ing smile in - to view.  
hal - le - lu - jah! "Where I am, my faithful ones, ye shall be."  
hal - le - lu - jah! "I am com-ing at the break of the day!"

## CHORUS.

Oh, the joy that's in my soul Since the Lord hath made me whole,

Walk-ing a-long this hap-py way, happy way; I can hear His char-iot

There is Sunshine in my Soul.

wheels, hal - le - lu - jah! For he's com - ing at the break of the day.

The musical score 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. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic accompaniment for the lyrics.

No. 34. Father, Heavenly Father.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Fa - ther, heav'nly Fa - ther, Un - to thee we cry, For the promised  
2. That he dwelleth in us, Ful - ly we be - lieve, But his grace for  
3. Breathe, O breathe up - on us, Here, with one ac - cord, Wait - ing for the

The first system of the musical score for 'Father, Heavenly Father' is shown. It features a treble staff and a bass staff, both in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

bles - ing, Pow - er from on high. May thy Spir - it, Ho - ly  
serv - ice, May we now re - ceive? Now, Al - might - y Spir - it,  
prom - ise Of our ris - en Lord. May we feel thy pow - er,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment for the first part of the hymn.

On thy servants fall, With a dou - ble portion Oh, bap - tize us all.  
Now our zeal in - spire, Now our hearts en - kindle With thy sa - cred Fire.  
While we low - ly bow, Come, thou Tongue of Fire, Fall up - on us now.

The third system of the musical score concludes the hymn with the final lines of the lyrics.

J. FAWCETT.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. How pre-cious is the book di-vine, By in-spir-a-tion giv'n!  
 2. It sweet-ly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears;  
 3. This lamp thro' all the ted-ious night Of life, shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its precepts shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.  
 Life, light and joy it still im-parts, And quells our ris-ing fears.  
 Till we be-hold the clear-er light Of an e-ter-nal day.

## CHORUS.

The Bi - - ble, sweet message of love, . . . To us, in loving kind-  
 The Ho-ly Bi - - ble, message of God's love,

ness, for our guidance giv'n; O, beau - - ti-ful gift from a-  
 O, gift of God from

bove! . . . Shine on, and guide our souls to heav'n. . . .  
 yonder home a-bove! our trusting souls to heav'n.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. To thee, who from the nar - row road, In sin - ful ways so long have
2. Ah, well that gen - tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a -
3. "My son," oh word of might - y grace, That children of our mor - tal
4. How great that Fa - ther's love must be, How fond his yearnings af - ter
5. How pa - tient hath his spir - it been, To fol - low thee thro' all thy
6. Oh, God, my Fa - ther, I o - bey, I come, I come, to thee to



trod, How kind - ly speaks thy Father, God, "My son, give me thy heart."  
 go, And now to thee it whispers low, "My son, give me thy heart."  
 race, With sons of God may take their place. "My son, give me thy heart."  
 thee, That he should say so ten - der - ly, "My son, give me thy heart."  
 sin, And plead thy wayward soul to win, "My son, give me thy heart."  
 day, "Here Lord, I give my self a - way, I give to thee my heart."



## CHORUS.



My son, my son, Give me thy  
 Give me thy heart, give me thy heart, My son give me thy



heart, Oh, hear, and heed thy Father's call, And give to him thy heart.

*Last V.*

give me thy heart, I hear, and heed my Father's call, And give to him my heart.



# No. 37. The Feast and the Robes.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. A feast is pre-par-ing, the King will pre-side, The rich and the  
2. The King in his Per-son will welcome each guest, There's room for the  
3. O, will you not come to the ban-quet to-day, And taste of the

poor are in-vit-ed, And robes of bright beauty to each he'll pro-vide,  
world at the ta-ble, Who-ev-er will come shall be per-fect-ly blest,  
sweets of sal-va-tion? The door may be shut if you lon-ger de-lay,

## CHORUS.

Not one of them all will be slight-ed.  
By him who is will-ing and a-ble. Throw off the old garments of  
And this be your last in-vi-ta-tion.

sin! Come in to the banquet, come in, come in, The robes are all read-y,

## Ad lib.

The King is now wait-ing, Come in, O, my brother, come in!

## No. 38.

## I need Thee, Lord.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.

1. When cherished joys have tak- en wing, And sor- row wounds me  
 2. When sin has robbed me of my peace, And brought me in - to  
 3. When strong tempta- tions come to me To tear my trembling  
 4. I need Thee, pre cious Lord, just now, As at the mer - cy -

with its sting, Then to Thy cross I fond - ly cling, For  
 sore dis - tress, And left me reft of hap - pi - ness, O  
 soul from Thee, Then to Thy cross for help I flee, For  
 seat I bow And of - fer up my sol - emn vow, Just

## REFRAIN.

then I need Thee Lord. I need Thee, precious Lord ! In Thee my soul would  
 then I need Thee Lord.  
 then I need Thee Lord.  
 now I need Thee Lord.

hide ! In ev - 'ry time of need, Dear Christ, with me a - bid !

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who redeemed me by His blood,  
 2. "Not my own," to Christ my Sav - ior, I be - liev - ing, trust my soul;  
 3. "Not my own," my time, my tal - ent, Free - ly all to Christ I bring,  
 4. "Not my own," the Lord ac - cepts me, One among the ransomed throng,

Glad - ly I ac - cept the mes - sage, I be - long to Christ the Lord,  
 Ev - 'ry - thing to Him com - mit - ted, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.  
 To be used in joy - ful ser - vice For the glo - ry of my King,  
 Who in heav'n shall see His glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ be - long,

CHORUS.

"Not my own!" Oh, "not my own!" Je - sus, I . . . . . belong to  
 Oh no! Oh no! Je - sus, I belong, be -

long to Thee!  
 Thee!.. All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 long to Thee!



G. W. CROFTS.

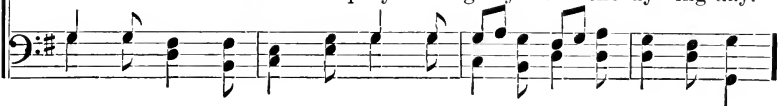
D. B. TOWNER.



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.



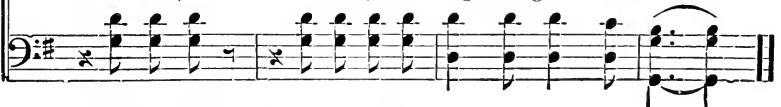
Move for - ward, move for - ward, All a - long the line, Move



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



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



move forward, move forward,

NEWMAN HALL.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Fount - ain of cleansing now o - pened for sin, Here the pol -  
 2. Though I have labored a - gain and a - gain, All my self -  
 3. Cleanse thou the tho'ts of my heart, I im - plore, Help me thy  
 4. Linked with the loved ones in glo - ry I am, Washed are their

lut - ed may wash and be clean; Je - sus, thou bless - ed Re -  
 cleansing is ut - ter - ly vain; Je - sus, Re - deem - er, from  
 light to re - flect more and more; Dai - ly in lov - ing o -  
 robes in the blood of the lamb; This is the on - ly as -

deem - er from woe, Wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 sin and from woe, Wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 bedience to grow, Wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 sur - ance I know, Wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

## CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow! Nothing furth - er I need! Christ is the

Christ is the Fountain.

Fount-ain, this on - ly I plead! This is the on - ly as-  
sur-ance I know, Wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

No. 42. I am Coming to the Cross.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has 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;

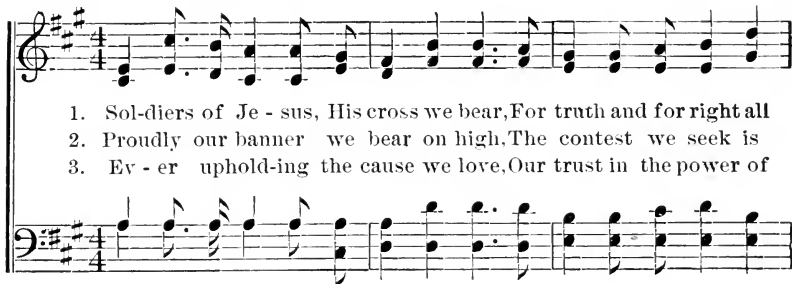
CHO.—*I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."  
Soul and bod - y thine to be, Wholly 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 - sus, save me now.*

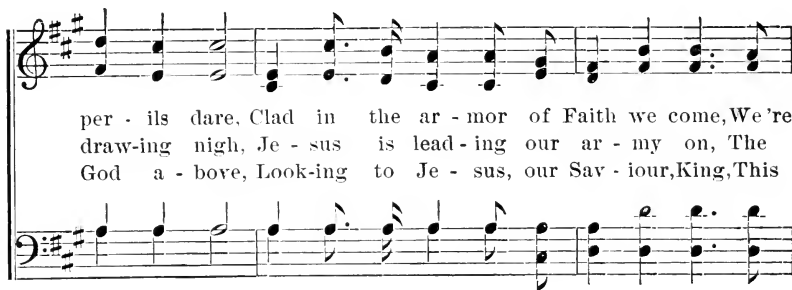
# No. 43. Stand for the Right.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.

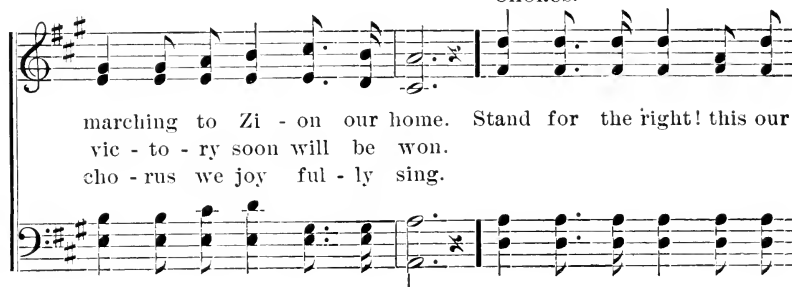


1. Sol-diers of Je - sus, His cross we bear, For truth and for right all  
2. Proudly our banner we bear on high, The contest we seek is  
3. Ev - er uphold - ing the cause we love, Our trust in the power of

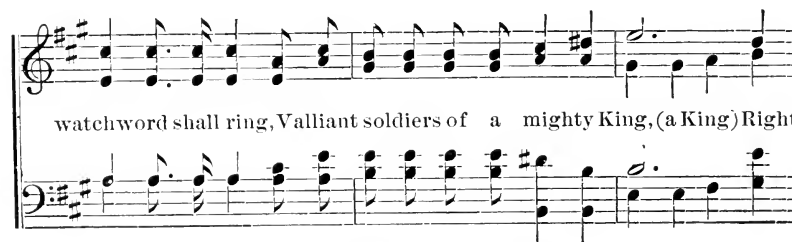


per - ils dare, Clad in the ar - mor of Faith we come, We're  
draw - ing nigh, Je - sus is lead - ing our ar - my on, The  
God a - bove, Look - ing to Je - sus, our Sav - iour, King, This

## CHORUS.



marching to Zi - on our home. Stand for the right! this our  
vic - to - ry soon will be won.  
cho - rus we joy - ful - ly sing.



watchword shall ring, Valliant soldiers of a mighty King, (a King) Right

Stand for the Right.

onward we're pressing with sword and shield, To er-ror we never will yield.

No. 44. How can I but Love Him.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. What a pre - cious, pre - cious Friend is He! How can I but  
 2. He has ta - ken all my sins a - way, How can I but  
 3. He has rolled the bur - den from my soul, How can I but  
 4. He has filled my heart with per - fect peace, How can I but

love Him? He has loved me from e - ter - ni - ty, My gracious Lord.  
 love Him? He has taught me how to trust and pray, My gracious Lord.  
 love Him? He has pu - ri - fied and made me whole, My gracious Lord.  
 love Him? He has thrilled my soul with heav'nly bliss, My gracious Lord.

CHORUS.

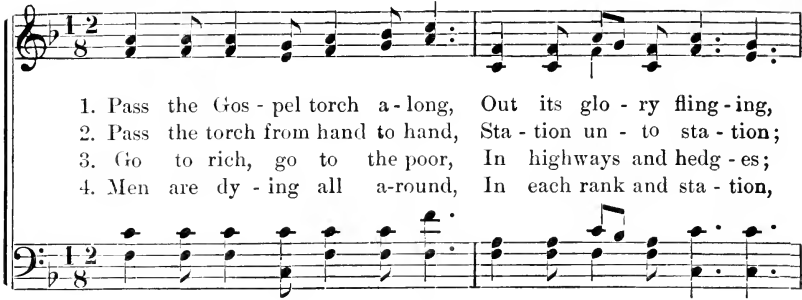
*1st.* *2nd.*

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

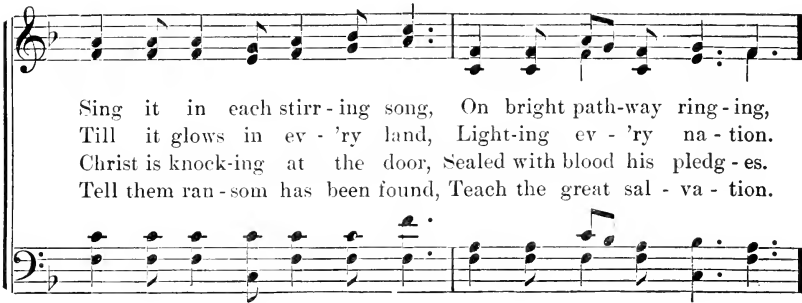
# No. 45. Pass the Gospel Torch Along.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Pass the Gos - pel torch a - long, Out its glo - ry fling - ing,  
2. Pass the torch from hand to hand, Sta - tion un - to sta - tion;  
3. Go to rich, go to the poor, In high - ways and hed - ges;  
4. Men are dy - ing all a - round, In each rank and sta - tion,



Sing it in each stir - ring song, On bright path - way ring - ing,  
Till it glows in ev - 'ry land, Light - ing ev - 'ry na - tion.  
Christ is knock - ing at the door, Sealed with blood his pledg - es.  
Tell them ran - som has been found, Teach the great sal - va - tion.

## CHORUS.



Pass the Gos - pel torch a - long, Tell to all the sto - ry;



Sing it in each stir - ring song, Preach it in its glo - ry.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

R. T. OWEN.

1. By grace redeemed thro' thy blood, O Lord, I am thine, thine a -  
 2. I am dead to sin but a - live to thee, I am thine, thine a -  
 3. Thy name I love and thy serv - ice choose, I am thine, thine a -  
 4. What peace it brings to my heart to know, I am thine, thine a -

lone. Oh, may my will with thine own ac - cord, I am  
 lone. Thy bonds are glo - ri - ous lib - er - ty, I am  
 lone. Now make me meet for my Mas - ter's use, I am  
 lone. To watch and wait or to will and do, I am

## CHORUS.

thine, thine a - lone.  
 thine, thine a - lone. Lord, thou hast bought me, I am not my own,  
 thine, thine a - lone.  
 thine, thine a - lone.

Thy word of grace to my heart is whis - per - ing, Thine, thine a - lone.

# No. 47. To Jesus my Saviour I'll Go.

T. T. EATON, D. D.

GEO. H. SIMMONS.

1. Come to me, the Saviour call - eth Come, and from thy sins be free;  
2. I have borne thy sins and sorrows, I have suffered much for thee,  
3. I've prepared a home in glo - ry, For all those who fol - low me,  
4. All thro' life I'll guide thee safe-ly, In all tri - al strengthen thee,

Look to me, what-e'er be - fall - eth, I am all in all to thee.  
I was cru - ci - fied and tortured, That from sin thou might'st be free.  
Who re - ceive the wondrous sto - ry, And believe that I am he.  
And at last when life is end - ed, Thou shalt reign in heav'n with me.

## CHORUS.

To Je - sus, my Sav-iour, I'll go, (I will go,) And

trust my poor soul to his love, (to his love); He'll save me from

sin and from woe, (and from woe), And give me a home a - bove.



## No. 48.

## A Mighty Fortress.

LUTHER. Tr. by HEDGE.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark nev - er fail - ing ;  
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing .  
 3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un-do us ;

Our helper he, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
 Were not the right up-on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us.

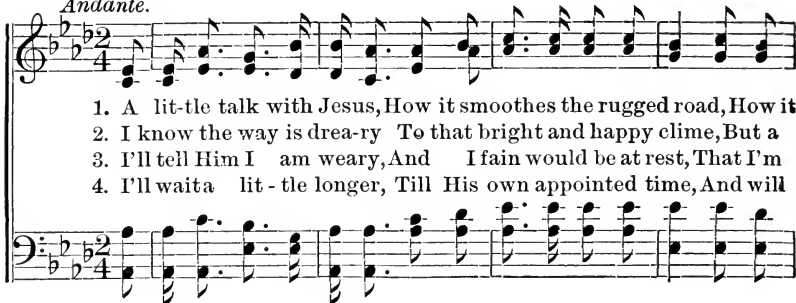
For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his woe ; His craft and pow'er are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he ; Lord Sabaoth is his  
 The Prince of darkness grim, — We tremble not for him ; his rage we can en -

great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.  
 dure, For Jo! his doom is sure, — One lit - tle word shall fell him.

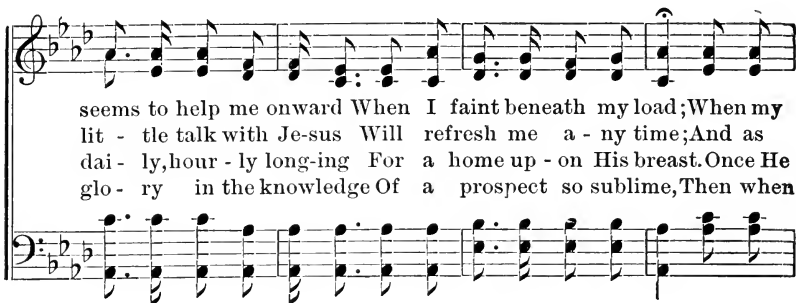
# No. 49. A Little Talk with Jesus.

Words arranged.  
*Andante.*

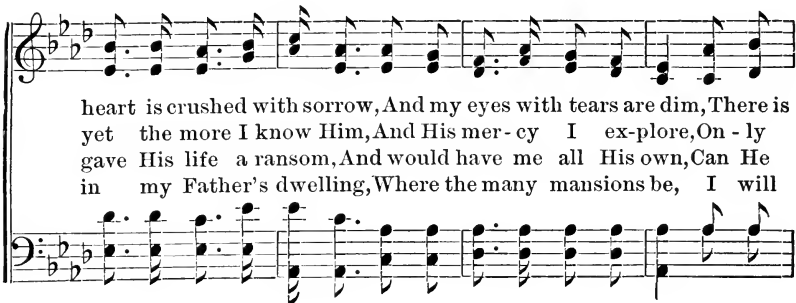
D. B. TOWNER.



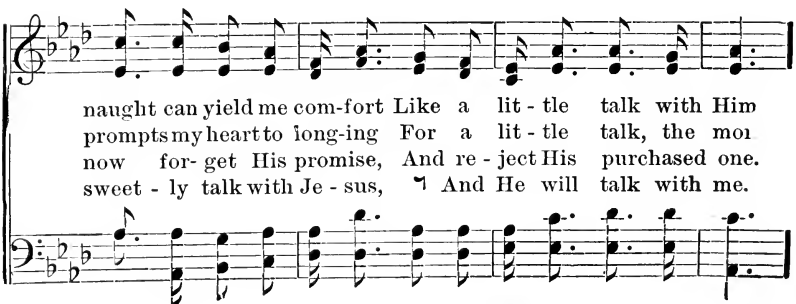
1. A lit-tle talk with Jesus, How it smoothes the rugged road, How it  
2. I know the way is drea-ry To that bright and happy clime, But a  
3. I'll tell Him I am weary, And I fain would be at rest, That I'm  
4. I'll wait a lit-tle longer, Till His own appointed time, And will



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 mansions 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 mor-  
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.

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. 50. Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS. By per.

*Moderato.*

1. "Man of sorrows," what a name For the Son of God, who came,  
 2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude, In my place condemned He stood.  
 3. Guil - ty, vile and helpless, we; Spotless Lamb of God was He,  
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is finished," was His cry,  
 5. When He comes, our glorious King, All His ransomed home to bring,

Ru - in'd sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!  
 Sealed my pardon with His blood: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!  
 "Full a - tonement," can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!  
 Now in heaven ex - alt - ed high: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!  
 Then a - new this song we'll sing: Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav - iour!

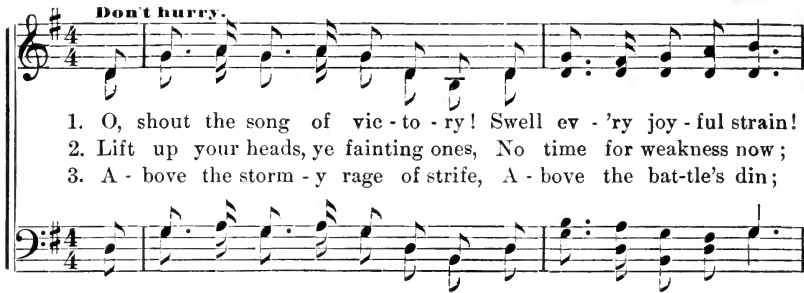
## No. 51.

## The Victor's Song.

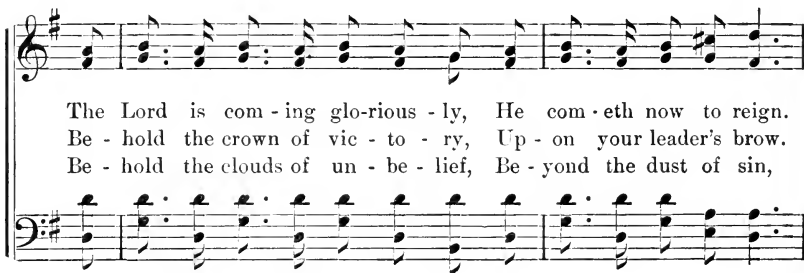
MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

D. B. TOWNER.

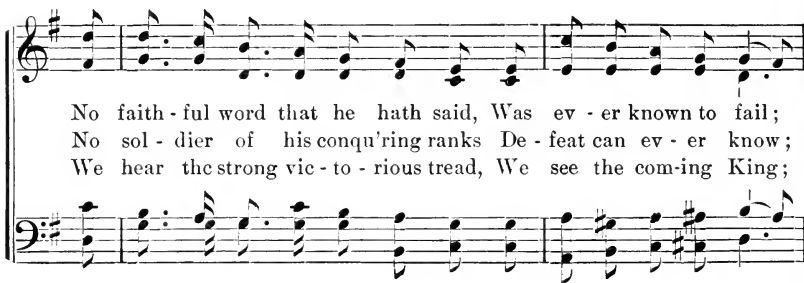
**Don't hurry.**



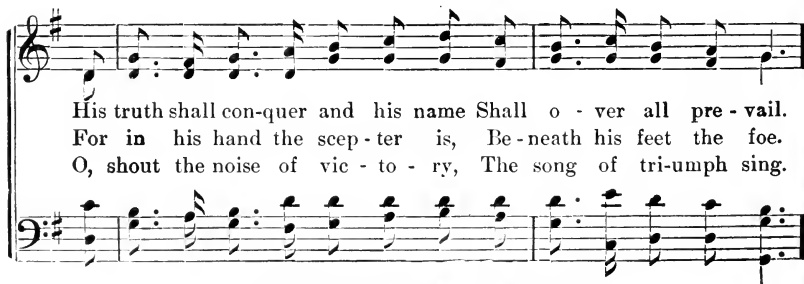
1. O, shout the song of vic - to - ry! Swell ev - 'ry joy - ful strain!  
 2. Lift up your heads, ye fainting ones, No time for weakness now;  
 3. A - bove the storm - y rage of strife, A - bove the bat - tle's din;



The Lord is com - ing glo - rious - ly, He com - eth now to reign.  
 Be - hold the crown of vic - to - ry, Up - on your leader's brow.  
 Be - hold the clouds of un - be - lief, Be - yond the dust of sin,



No faith - ful word that he hath said, Was ev - er known to fail;  
 No sol - dier of his conqu'ring ranks De - feat can ev - er know;  
 We hear the strong vic - to - rious tread, We see the com - ing King;



His truth shall con - quer and his name Shall o - ver all pre - vail.  
 For in his hand the scep - ter is, Be - neath his feet the foe.  
 O, shout the noise of vic - to - ry, The song of tri - umph sing.

## The Victor's Song.

CHORUS.

O, shout the song of vic - to - ry! Let ev - 'ry heart - bell ring;

Ring out the Gos - pel ju - bi - lee, Ring welcome to the King.

## No. 52. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6. 4.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way appear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou sendest me,  
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs,  
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars for - got,

*D. S. Nearer, my God, to thee!*

**Fine.** **D. S.**  
 That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to thee!  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God to thee!  
 In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me Nearer, my God to thee!  
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God to thee!  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to thee!

*Nearer to thee!*

M. S. S.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Be-hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa-ther hath bestowed  
 2. No lon-ger far from Him, but now By "precious blood" made nigh  
 3. What we in glo-ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap-pear;  
 4. With such a bless-ed hope in view, We would more ho-ly be,

On sin-ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!  
 Ac-cept-ed in the "Well-be-loved," Near to God's heart we lie.  
 But when our precious Lord we see, We shall His im-age bear.  
 More like our ris-en, glorious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

CHORUS.

Be-hold, what manner of love! . . . . What manner of  
 What manner of love,

love the Father hath bestowed up-on us, That we, that

we should be call'd, . . . Should be call'd the sons of God.

the sons of God,

# No. 54. He that Believeth.

Mrs. ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. List to the message plain and clear, He that believeth need not fear,
2. Hush! 'tis the Spir-it speaks to you, Now as He pleads, what will you do?
3. Heed ye the call as for your life, Yield to the Lord, and end the strife;
4. Hark! 'tis re-echoed from the skies, Deep un-to deep with voice replies,



He that hath ears, O, let him hear, For ev - er - last - ing life.  
They who believe, O, joy 'tis true, Have ev - er - last - ing life.  
All that is need - ed is be - lief, For ev - er - last - ing life.  
"He that for - ev - er will be wise, Hath ev - er - last - ing life."



## CHORUS.



He that believeth, hear ye the word, He that believeth, praise the Lord



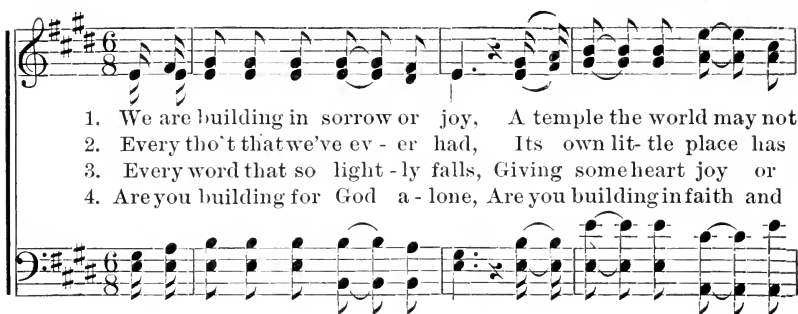
He that be - liev - eth on the Son, Hath ev - er - last - ing life.



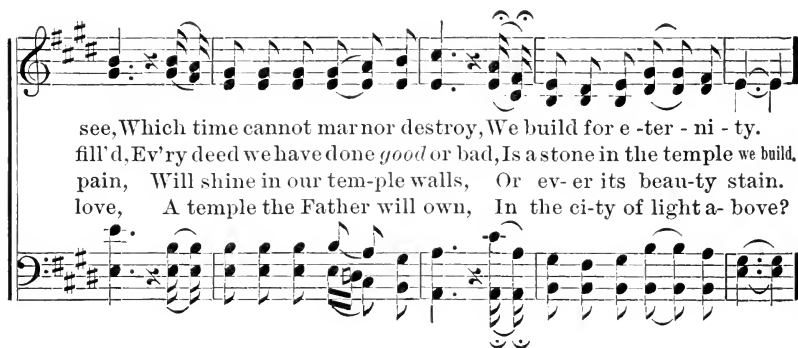
# No. 55. Building for Eternity.

N. B. S.

N. B. SARGENT, ARR.

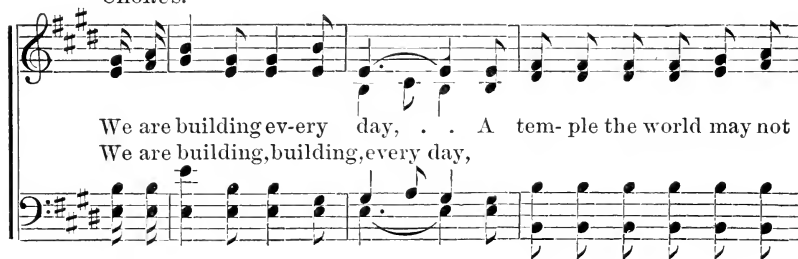


1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the world may not  
2. Every tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit - tle place has  
3. Every word that so light - ly falls, Giving someheart joy or  
4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and



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.



# No. 56.

# I long to be There.

Arranged.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O home of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the moment come,  
 2. There ev - er - last - ing Spring a-bides, And nev - er with'ring flow'rs;  
 3. Sweet fields be-yond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green.

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.  
 Death like a nar - row sea divides This hap - py land from ours.  
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled be - tween.

CHORUS.

Oh, that home so bright and fair, How I  
 Hap - py home so bright and fair, bright and fair,

long to be there, With the an - gels bright, in  
 Hap - py home, how I long to be there,

robes of white, Oh, I long, yes, I long to be there.

# No. 57. Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

E. A. HOFFMANN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. 'Tis the hallowed hour of pray'r, And we trust-ing-ly bring All our  
2. 'Tis the prec-ious hour of pray'r, And we humb-ly en-treat: Fa-ther,  
3. 'Tis the sa-cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav-en a-bove; Soul to

fears and doubtings there, Sin and want, ev-ery-thing; For we  
breathe the Spir-it now As we bow at Thy feet; Touch our  
soul is breathing here The com-munion of love; Ev-ery

know that God de-lights A glad wel-come to give, And the  
lips with pow'r of song; Fill our souls with Thy love; And be-  
heart is sweet-ly filled With a peace most pro-found; Oh, the

CHORUS.  
blessings that we ask for We shall free-ly receive. Precious hour of pray'r,  
stow the ben-e-diction Of Thy peace from a-bove.  
place is like to Heaven Where such true joys abound!

## Hallowed Hour of Prayer.

hallowed hour of pray'r, Sacred season of communion, It is sweet to be there!

*Rit.*

This musical score is for the hymn 'Hallowed Hour of Prayer'. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a 'Rit.' (ritardando) marking.

## No. 58. Down at the Fount.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Down at the fount, with its crimson flow, Where all poor sinners for cleansing go,  
2. Wondrous the grace that redeems from sin! Wondrous the pow-er that keeps me clean,  
3. I am redeemed, and my soul is free! Je-sus atoned on the cross for me!

This musical score is for the first three verses of 'Down at the Fount'. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

There Je-sus made me as white as snow, There I was saved from sin.  
Wondrous the Christ that a-bides with-in, Sav-ing my soul from sin.  
Peace he has brought me, and lib - er - ty! I am redeemed from sin.

This musical score is for the fourth verse of 'Down at the Fount'. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

### CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! I am redeemed from sin,

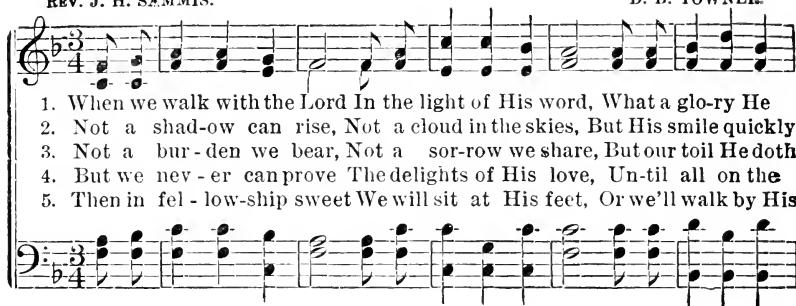
This musical score is for the chorus of 'Down at the Fount'. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

Wondrous-ly saved! Wondrously saved! Washed in the blood and clean.

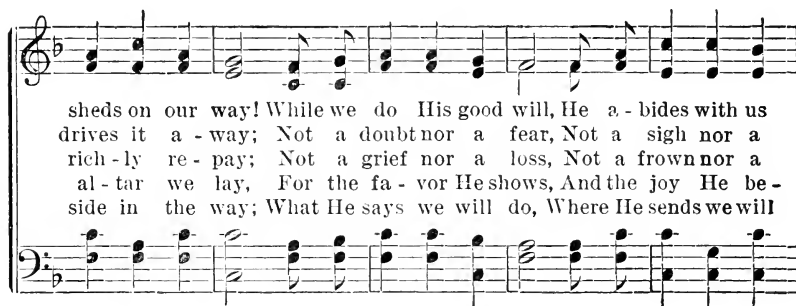
This musical score is for the final verse of 'Down at the Fount'. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

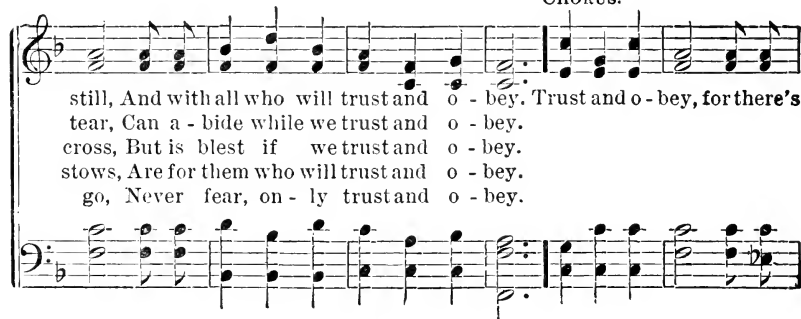


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He  
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly  
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth  
 4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the  
 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.

# No. 60. What more could He do?

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, won - der-ful, won-der-ful grace! Oh, sto - ry so  
 2. For sin, oh, how dear-ly He paid, Your soul to re -  
 3. What more could He suf-fer to pay, The debt un - to  
 4. What more could He suf-fer to prove The love of the

sweet and so true, Of Je - sus who died in our place!  
 deem from its woe! A full sat - is - fac - tion He made,  
 righteousness due, For mer - cy to op - en the way,  
 Fa - ther for you, Thy heart with con - tri - tion to move.

## CHORUS.

What more, oh, what more could He do? What more could He do, what  
 O broth-er, what more could He do?  
 My broth-er, what more could He do?  
 Say, broth-er, what more could He do?

more could He do? Say, brother, what more could He do? He

shed His own blood for a sin-cleansing flood, O brother, what more could He do?

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earthly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?  
 2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;  
 3. Soul of mine, must I sur - ren-der, See my-self as cru - ci-fied;  
 4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue plead-ing; Sin re-buke, and fol - ly chide;

Why art thou for - ev - er pleading? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?  
 Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?  
 Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?  
 I ac-cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?

CHORUS.

I . . . . . shall be satisfied, I . . . . . shall be satisfied,  
 I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,

When I awake in His like-ness I . . . . . shall be satisfied,  
 I shall be satisfied,

I . . . . . shall be satisfied, When I awake in His like - ness.  
 I shall be sat-isfied, I shall be satisfied,

# No. 62.

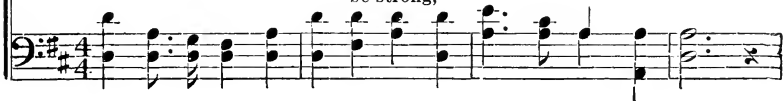
# Quit You Like Men.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Quit you like men, be strong,      Lean on Thy Lord's right hand!
2. Quit you like men, be strong,      Hold up faith's might-y shield!
3. Quit you like men, be strong,      For bold is Sa- tan's host:
4. Quit you like men, be strong,      In God's whole armour clad,



Why should you faint or be dismayed, When He is in command?  
Thine are the weapons of His grace, To these His foes shall yield.  
Cour-age, ye soldiers of the Lord, That may His triumphs boast!  
War a good warfare to the end; Spread ye the tid-ings glad.



## CHORUS.



Stand fast in the faith, Quit you like men, be strong!

Stand fast, stand fast

be strong!



Hearken to what your Lord hath said: He is thy strength and song.



G. N. L.

G. W. LYON.

1. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, They cheer like the  
 2. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, More pre - cious than  
 3. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, Re - mem - ber the  
 4. Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, We nev - er know

beau - ti - ful rain, That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers, And  
 treas - ures of gold, They light - en the bur - dens of oth - ers, They  
 weak and op - pressed, Oh, smile on the poor and the need - y, And  
 where they may fall, Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing To

## CHORUS.

makes them bloom sweetly a - gain.  
 cheer up the young and the old. Then scatter bright smiles, they will  
 com - fort the sad and dis - tressed.  
 scat - ter bright smiles o - ver all.

nev - er be lost, Re - member your mis - sion be - low ; Scat - ter bright smiles,

scat - ter bright smiles Wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er you go.



# No. 64.

# Jesus bids you come.

Words arranged.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Just as thou art with - out one trace Of love, or joy, or  
 2. Burdened with guilt wouldst thou be blessed. Trust not the world, it  
 3. Come leave thy bur - den at the cross. Count all thy gains but  
 4. Come, hith - er bring thy bod - ing fears, Thy ach - ing heart, thy  
 5. The Spir - it and the Bride say "come," Re - joic - ing saints re -

in - ward grace, Or meet - ness for the heavenly place; Oh,  
 gives no rest, I bring re - lief to hearts op - pressed: Oh,  
 emp - ty dross, My grace re - pays all earth - ly loss. Oh,  
 burst - ing tears. 'Tis mer - cy's voice sa - lutes thy ears. Oh,  
 ech - o "come" Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come; Thy

## CHORUS.

guilt - y sin - ner come. Come, come, come, Je - sus bids you  
 wear - y sin - ner come.  
 need - y sin - ner come.  
 trembling sin - ner come.  
 Sav - iour bids thee come. Come and wel - come Sin - ner, Je - sus

come, Come, come, come, Je - sus bids you come.  
 bids you come, Come and wel - come,

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Waiting and longing thy  
 2. That He might win thee He shed His own blood, Come to this fountain, oh,  
 3. Wan-der no lon-ger in darkness, we pray, Come to the Saviour, oh,  
 4. Come from the darkness of sin in-to light, Come to the Shepherd who

comfort to be. Lov-ing-ly now He is say-ing to thee,  
 bathe in the flood. Come while the slain One is say-ing to thee,  
 make no de-lay. Je-sus is say-ing this moment to thee,  
 lead-eth a-right. Come to the foun-tain now o - pen and free,

CHORUS.  
 Call - ing, Call - ing,  
 "Come and find mercy in me." Call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee,  
 "Come, sinner, come un-to me."  
 "Come, weary one, un-to me."  
 Je-sus is call-ing for thee.

Call - ing,  
 Je - sus is ten - der ly call - ing for thee, Call - ing for thee, .

Call - ing for thee, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

No. 66.

Lead Me, Saviour.

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.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Go, work to-day ! the Lord commands ! Go, work to-day ! there's much to do !
2. Go, work to-day ! break up the ground, And scatter far the gos-pel grain,
3. Go, work to-day ! some soul to save, From ev-er-last-ing death and woe,
4. Go, work to-day ! to-morrow's sun May shine upon your lifeless day,



Before you now the Master stands, And speaks these thrilling words to you.  
 Go, make a harvest wave around, And flow'rs adorn the desert plain.  
 Out thro' the dark devouring wave, Where Christ doth guide the life-boat, go !  
 To-day the crown of life is won, Go, work to-day, go, work to-day.



CHORUS.



Go, work to-day, go, work to-day. The Master's voice now calls to you,



Re-deem the time it glides away, Work with e-ter - ni - ty in view.



# No. 68. Hark! the Trump of God.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Hark! the trump of God is sounding! Cor-o - na-tion day is come!
2. Summoned to a home of glo - ry, And a robe of pur - est white,
3. To the front, my faithful comrades! Christ is wait-ing for you there;



Christ appears to take the faithful To their ev - er - last - ing home.  
Take your place among the ransomed, In the land of peerless light.  
To the front for cor - o - na-tion, Your in - her - it - ance to share.



## CHORUS.



Soldiers! muster to the roll-call! In-to line at God's command! into line! And



answer to your names, and forward To your place at God's right hand.



# No. 69. Look Unto Him and be True.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS,

D. B. TOWNER.

1. My boy the wide world is be-fore you, Its du-ties, its pleasures, its  
 2. When sin-ners en - tice you consent not, Have courage to stand for the  
 3. Tho' bit-ter the tri - als that wait you, The struggles unknown and un-

strife, And soft siren voices, to lure you A - far from the pathway of  
 right, The vic-to-ry's yours if you faint not, Re - sist and the foe will take  
 tried, Be firm as a rock, never fal - ter Tho' thousands may fall at your

life, Beware of the snares that surround you, The wrong you'll be tempted to  
 flight, But sin like a ser-pent will bind you, In coils you can nev-er un-  
 side, There's one who is strong to de - liv - er, Tho' foes should be man - y or

do, The grace of the Lord can sustain you, Then look unto Him and be true.  
 do, Yet He that is mighty can save you, Then look unto Him and be true.  
 few, The arm of the Lord is Sal-va-tion, Then look unto Him and be true.

## CHORUS.

My boy, nev-er yield to temp-ta - tion, Be up - right in all that you

Look Unto Him and be True.

do, When press'd by the sin that besets you, Then look unto Him and be true!

*Rall.*

No. 70. Take me as I Am.

Anon.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. If Thou hast work for me to do, In spire my will, my heart re-new,
4. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,

*f.* Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!  
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Oh, take me as I am!

*Fine.*

D. S. — bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am: Oh,  
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am:

D. S.

# No. 71.

# Power to save.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. There's a song my heart is sing - ing, In my soul its tones are  
 2. Oh, that song my soul is thrill - ing, Je - sus saves the soul that's  
 3. Sin - ner come, if thou'lt re - ceive Him, Look to Je - sus and be -

ring - ing, Peace and rest and joy 't is bring - ing, Je - sus  
 will - ing, Prec - ious truth my heart 't is fill - ing, Je - sus  
 lieve Him, ; All your life and serv - ice give Him, Je - sus

CHORUS. (SOLO, BASS OBLIGATO.)

Christ has power to save! Sing it o - ver and o - ver a -  
 Sing it o'er a - gain to

gain to me In its won - der - ful sweet sim -  
 me . . . . . In its sweet . . . . . sim - plic - i -



Power to save.

plic - i - ty, Tell it o'er the o - cean  
 Tell it o'er the o - cean  
 ty,  
 wave, Je - sus Christ has power to save.  
 wave, Je - sus Christ has power to save.

No. 72. Silver Street. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - monious 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 - enly 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 wond'rous 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. 73.

# The Wayside Cross.

C. L. ST. JOHN.

H. R. PALMER.

**SOLO. Declamatory style.**

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-  
 2. "Which way shall I take for the bright golden span, That brid-ges the  
 3. "See the lights from the palace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pencil the

wea-ried, and spent is my light, And I seek for the palace that  
 wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah!  
 hed-ges and fruit la-den vines— My fortune! my all! for

**Slower and sustained.**

**Rit.**

rests on the hill, But between us a stream li-eth, sul-len and chill.  
 me! if I knew— The night is so dark and the pass-ers so few."  
 one tangled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies and wastes on the stream."

**CHORUS.**

Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side cross, Like a

gray fri-ar cowed in lichens and moss; And its cross-beam will

\* Chorus should begin while solo voice is still holding this last note.

By per. H. R. PALMER, owner of Copyright.

## The Wayside Cross.



point to the bright gold-en span, That brid-ges the wa-ters so



### CODA to be sung after last stanza.



safe-ly for man. That bridges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.



## No. 74.

## Ahira. S. M.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

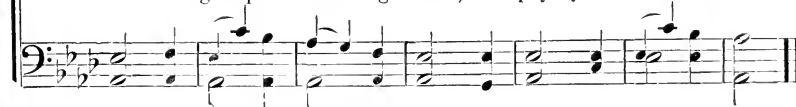
GREATORIX.



1. La-borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil, The
2. Go where the sick re-cline, Where mourning hearts deplore, And
3. By faith, which looks a - bove, With pray'r your constant guest, And
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil, And

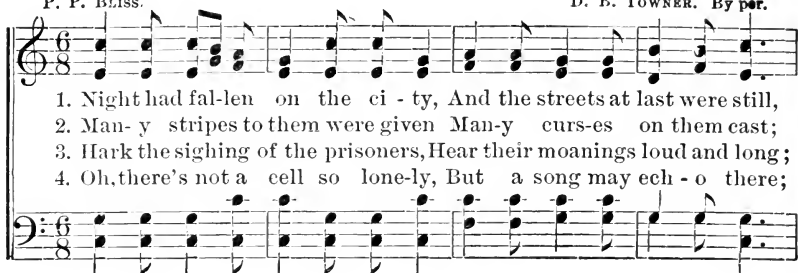


dew of prom-ise from the skies, Al - read - y cheers the soil.  
 where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis-pense your hal-lowed love.  
 wrap the Sav-iour's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.  
 the blest gos-pel's sav - ing health, Re - pay your ar-duous toil.

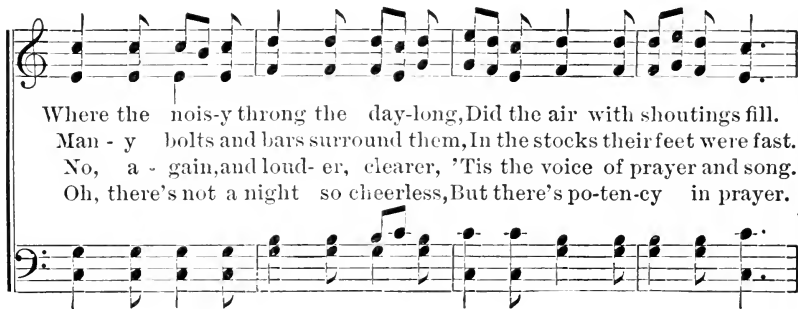


P. P. BLISS.

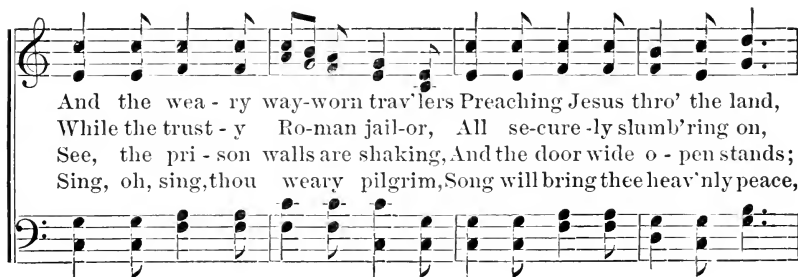
D. B. TOWNER. By per.



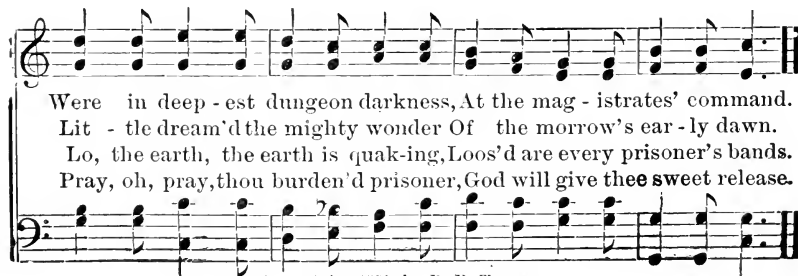
1. Night had fal-len on the ci - ty, And the streets at last were still,  
 2. Man - y stripes to them were given Man - y curs-es on them cast;  
 3. Hark the sighing of the prisoners, Hear their moanings loud and long;  
 4. Oh, there's not a cell so lone-ly, But a song may ech - o there;



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, clear- er, '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 wea - ry 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.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

J. H. TENNEY, Arr.

1. Par-don in Je-sus, my brother, All who will seek it may have,  
 2. Ful-ly the sin that I brought Him, He in His kind-ness for-gave,  
 3. If we repent there's re-mis-sion, This is the promise He gave,  
 4. Come to Him now, and re-ceive-ing Free-ly the blessing you crave,

save, . . .

Tho' there is help in none oth-er, Je-sus is a-ble to, a-ble to save.  
 All who for mer-cy have sought Him, Je-sus is a-ble to, a-ble to save.  
 Hearts that are mov'd with contrition, Je-sus is a-ble to, a-ble to save.  
 Trust and confess Him, believ-ing Je-sus is a-ble to, a-ble to save.

CHORUS.

A-ble to save, . . . a-ble to save, . . .

save, . . .

A-ble to save, a-ble to save, Je-sus is

a-ble and willing to save, . . . A-ble to save, a-ble to

a-ble, is a-ble and willing to save,

save, Je-sus is a-ble and will-ing to save. . .

*ad lib.*

able to save.

# No. 77. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Air. from NEUMASTER, 1671.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Sin-ners Je - sus will re-ceive: Sound this word of grace to all  
 2. Come: and He will give you rest; Trust Him: for His word is plain;  
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;  
 4. Christ re- ceiv-eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.  
 He will take the sin - ful - est, Christ re- ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.  
 Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er . . . . . and o'er a - gain, . . . . . Christ re -

Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er again: Christ re -

ceiv - eth sin - ful men; . . . . . Make the mes - sage

ceiveth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain: . . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
 Make the message plain:

# No. 78.

# Christ My Refuge.

MRS. H. E. JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When drear-y shad-ows veil my skies, And sor-row's waves a-  
 2. When doubts creep in and hope is small, And soul-tor-ment-ing  
 3. When mountains high my sins ap-pear, And my poor soul is

round me rise, I fly to him who hears my cries— To  
 fears en-thrall, I go with haste and tell it all To  
 filled with fear, I fly to Christ for strength and cheer, My

CHORUS.

Christ, my bless-ed ref-uge.  
 Christ, my bless-ed ref-uge. O, shel-ter safe in  
 ev-er bless-ed ref-uge.

which I hide, When wea-ry, worn and tem-pest-ried. In

thee, in thee let me a-bide—Dear Christ my bless-ed ref-uge.

# No. 79. Some Day, some Time.

ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

1. Some day, some time, the boat-man gray, O'er death's dark  
2. Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The King in  
3. Some day, some time, our hearts shall know Sweet peace and  
4. Some day, some time, through streets of gold Our feet shall

riv - er far a - way, Shall guide us in - to end-less day,  
won-drous maj - es - ty, And from earth's bond-age we'll be free,  
rest from earthly woe, And we shall leave these scenes be - low,  
walk, 'mid joys un - told, And boundless love shall then en - fold,

## CHORUS.

Some day, some golden day. Some day, some time, we soft-ly say  
Some day, some golden day.  
Some day, some golden day.  
Some day, some golden day.

'T will sure - ly come that glo - rious day, When Christ shall



## Some Day, some Time.

*ritard.*

call His own a - way. Some day, some gol - den day.

The image shows the musical score for 'Some Day, some Time.' It consists of a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody ends with a 'ritard.' (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: 'call His own a - way. Some day, some gol - den day.'

## No. 80. Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bid 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 pass - ing hour, What but Thy  
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes! Shine thro' the

The image shows the first system of the musical score for 'Abide with Me.' It includes a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. A - bid 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 pass - ing hour, What but Thy 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes! Shine thro' the'

deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bid! 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 image shows the second system of the musical score for 'Abide with Me.' It includes a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bid! 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'

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

The image shows the third system of the musical score for 'Abide with Me.' It includes a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me! all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me! guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me! earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!'

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

The image shows the fourth system of the musical score for 'Abide with Me.' It includes a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me! all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me! guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me! earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!'

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

The image shows the fifth system of the musical score for 'Abide with Me.' It includes a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me! all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me! guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me! earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!'

# No. 81. Standing by the Cross.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY.  
REF. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in ceaseless con-tem - pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on thee,



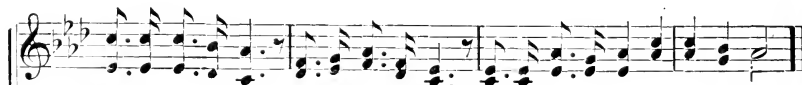
Life and health and peace possess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.  
Pre-cious drops my soul be - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.  
While I see di - vine compas-sion, Beaming in his gra-cious eye.  
And my tho'ts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'erflow with praise.  
Till I taste thy full sal - va-tion, And, unvailed, thy glo-ries see.



## CHORUS.



Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va-ry;



Looking up to Christ, trusting in his love, Hoping in his mercy full and free.



# No. 82. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, then why should I fear, His past-ures are  
2. The Lord is my shepherd, whenev - er I stray, He fol-lows and  
3. The Lord is my shepherd, his loveshall not fail When I must be

fer - tile, his riv - ers are clear, Be - side the still wa-ters I  
calls me from sin-ning a - way; My bless - ed Re-deem-er re-  
pass - ing the shad - ow - y vale, "The rod" and the "staff" of my

dai - ly am led, And from the green pastures I gath-er my bread.  
stor-eth my soul, And holds, "for his name's sake," in loving con - trol.  
Saviour shall be, A won - der - ful com-fort and blessing to me.

## CHORUS.

The Lord is my shep - herd, The Lord is my guide;  
The Lord is my shepherd and guide, The Lord is my shepherd and guide;

The Lord is my shep - herd, the Lord will pro - vide.  
The Lord is my shepherd and guide,

ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Tread - ing the bright and
2. Who'll be the next to bow - be - fore Him. Who'll be the next His
3. Who'll be the next to reach the king - dom? Leav - ing behind, the
4. Who'll be the next to heed the sum - mons "Come un - to me, Oh,
5. If you would reign with Christ for - ev - er, You must o - bey His



heav'n - ly way, Lead - ing from earth to realms of glo - ry,  
 praise to sing, And with the host of saints a - dore Him,  
 path of sin, Look - ing to Je - sus for sal - va - tion,  
 wea - ry one." Do not ne - glect the in - vi - ta - tion,  
 gra - cious call, Serve Him on earth with brave en - deav - or,



## CHORUS.



Lead - ing from night to end - less day. Who'll be the next,  
 Reign - ing a - bove, our Lord and King.  
 Bear - ing the cross the crown to win.  
 You may not see to - mor - row's sun.  
 En - ter the ranks, there 's room for all.

Oh,



Who'll be the next, Who'll be the next the yoke to wear? Who'll be the  
 Oh,



Who'll be the Next.

next, Oh, Who'll be the next. Oh, Who'll be the next the cross to bear.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics placed below the notes.

No. 84. Glorifying in the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

EUCCHARIST. L. M.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the  
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the  
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and  
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics placed below the notes.

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I  
 death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that  
 love flow ming - led down: Did e'er such love and  
 pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics placed below the notes.

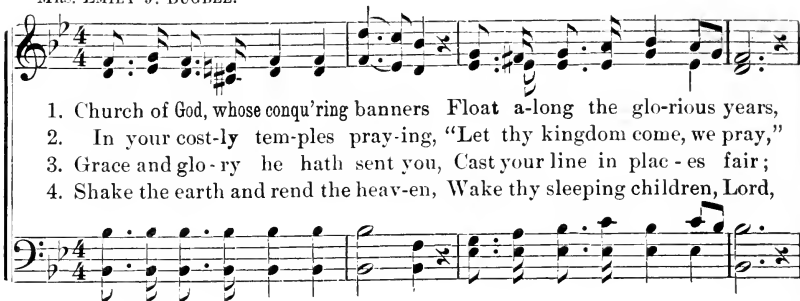
count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics placed below the notes.

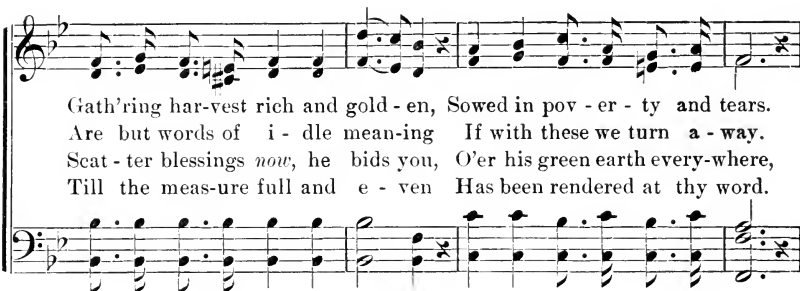
# No. 85. Church of God, Awake!

MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

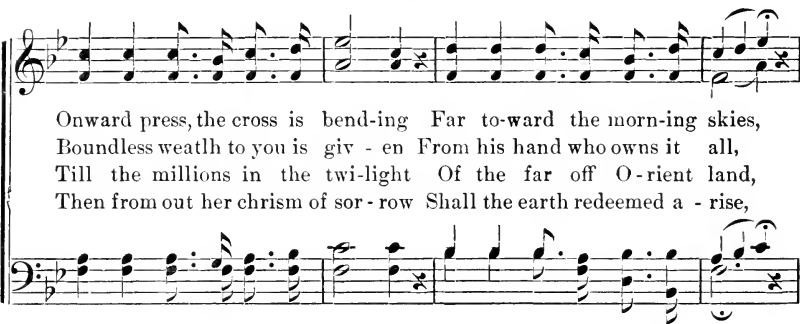
T. C. O'KANE.



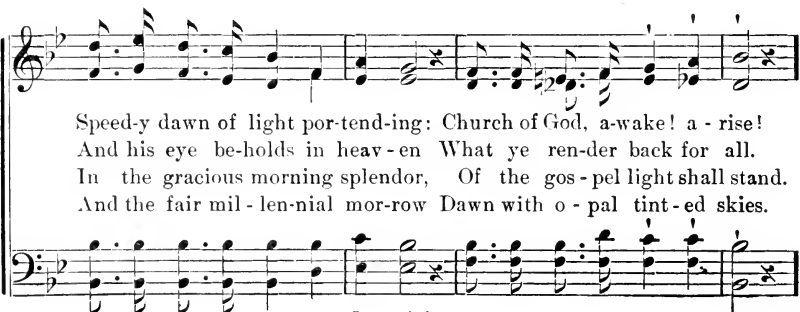
1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring banners Float a-long the glo-ri-ous years,  
2. In your cost-ly tem-ples pray-ing, "Let thy king-dom come, we pray,"  
3. Grace and glo-ry he hath sent you, Cast your line in plac-es fair;  
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav-en, Wake thy sleep-ing children, Lord,



Gath'ring har-vest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er-ty and tears.  
Are but words of i-dle mean-ing If with these we turn a-way.  
Scat-ter blessings now, he bids you, O'er his green earth every-where,  
Till the meas-ure full and e-ven Has been rendered at thy word.



Onward press, the cross is bend-ing Far to-ward the morn-ing skies,  
Boundless weath to you is giv-en From his hand who owns it all,  
Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far off O-rient land,  
Then from out her chrim of sor-row Shall the earth redeemed a-rise,



Speed-y dawn of light por-tend-ing: Church of God, a-wake! a-rise!  
And his eye be-holds in heav-en What ye ren-der back for all.  
In the gra-cious morn-ing splendor, Of the gos-pel light shall stand.  
And the fair mil-len-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal tint-ed skies.

# Church of God, Awake!

CHORUS.

Church of God, . . . awake, a-rise! Christ, your Head . . . and Master,  
Church of God, a - wake, a-rise! Christ, your Head and

cries, Send the Gos - pel's joyful sound Unto earth's remotest bound.  
Master, cries, oh, send the Gospel's joyful sound.

# No. 86. Evening Prayer.

J. EDMESTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless - ing, Ere re -  
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the  
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness  
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our

pose our spir - its seal: Sin and want we  
ar - rows past us fly; An - gel - guards from  
can - not hide from thee; Thou art he who,  
couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in

*Rit.*  
come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and thou canst heal.  
thee sur - round us, We are safe if thou art nigh.  
nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where thy peo - ple be.  
heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

# No. 87. Father, I would Humble be.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Fa - ther, I would hum - ble be, Ev - er at thy feet;  
2. Gra - cious Mas - ter, make of me What - so - e'er thou wilt;  
3. Grant that self with thee may be, Ev - er cru - ci - fied;  
4. Then with grate - ful voice I'll sing, Prais - es un - to thee;

Do - ing with a faith - ful heart, What - so - e'er is meet.  
Free me from the pow'r of sin And its aw - ful guilt.  
That thy child may al - ways live Near thy pierc - ed side.  
And re - joyce that in thy love Thou didst thus use me.

For the glo - ry of thy name Would I al - ways live,  
Work in me the full ex - tent Of thy ho - ly will;  
That my life may fruit - ful be, By thy pow'r di - vine;  
And when I, oh, rapturous tho't, Gaze up - on thy face,

Tell - ing of the pre - cious life, Thou didst free - ly give.  
Help me as the teach - ing comes, Ev - er to be still.  
That up - on my crown of joy, Ma - ny stars may shine.  
I will praise thee that I'm saved By re - deem - ing grace.



ELLA LAUDER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lov - ing word that's nightly whispered, O'er each ti - ny trundle-bed,  
 2. When the toils of day are ov - er, Friend to friend bids soft good-night,  
 3. Gent-ly whispered by the dy - ing, At the fad-ing of the day;  
 4. Some good-night will be the last one, When our days of earth are o'er,

While a moth-er's ben-e - dic - tion, Falls up-on the sleeper's head.  
 Pray-ing that the coming morrow, Be with heaven's blessing bright.  
 En-t'ring in up-on the shin-ing Of the heav'nly light for aye.  
 When we reach the shining por-tal, And earth's twilights are no more.

## CHORUS.

Loving good-night, tender good-night, Sweet word of parting good-night;  
 good-night,

Parting is on-ly, on - ly for night, Meeting will come with the light, good-night.

# No. 89. The Wages of Sin is Death.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O soul on worldly pleasures bent,                      On earth - ly good and  
 2. Thine is a broad, frequented path,                      But they that walk there -  
 3. Why will ye spend your strength for bread,                      That can - not sat - is -  
 4. Lo! here is meat and drink in-deed,                      In rich and full sup -

*Andante.*

gain,                      When all thy days and toils are spent,                      What  
 in,                      Must reap the bit-ter-ness of death,                      The  
 fy,                      Come see the ta-ble grace has spread                      And  
 ply,                      Life, par - don, Son-ship, all you need,                      And

wilt thou have but pain.  
 wag - es of their sin.  
 with - out money, buy.  
 glo - ry bye and bye.

**CHORUS. *faster.***  
**UNISON.**

The wag-es of sin is death, \*

Copyright, 1889, by D. B. TOWNER.

\* When sung by mixed voices use the chorus marked No. 2.

## The Wages of Sin is Death.

Is death, is death, But the gift of God is e - ter - nal life

Is e - ter - nal life, To all who will re - ceive it.

5

6

Thy sins may be like scarlet red  
And guilt thy steps pursue,  
Judgment be frowning overhead  
And death thy portion due;

Let tears of penitence be shed  
And cry forgive, forgive,  
And by the drops that Jesus bled  
Thy soul shall surely live.

### CHORUS No. 2. for mixed voices.

*rall.* . . . . *a tempo.*

Is death, is death, But the gift of God is e - ter - nal life, Is e -

ter - nal life, To all who will re - ceive it.

# No. 90. Somewhere To-night.

REV. R. M. OFFORD.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. A mother dear is weeping, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,  
 2. A mother's lowly bending, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,  
 3. A mother's heart is breaking, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,  
 4. A mother still is pleading, Somewhere to-night, Somewhere to-night,

Man - y and bit - ter the tears she weeps, Weary the vi - gil and  
 Bow - ing and pleading with God in prayer, Bringing to Je - sus her  
 Breaking with sor - row with shame and grief. When shall she find for her  
 Pleading, still pleading, for one a - stray, Making the prom - ise of

sad she keeps. For, oh, she grieveth by night and day For one that wandereth  
 load of care. She prays as mother alone can pray For one that wandereth  
 soul re - lief! A - las! for her there can be no peace Until her darling to  
 God her stay, While faith and hope in her bos - om burn. Oh! come, thou wandering

## REFRAIN.

far away From God and right. O wandering one, . . .  
 far away From God and right.  
 wander cease From God and right.  
 one, return To God and right. Wandering one,

## Somewhere To-night.

List, list to the plea, Thy mother is praying, is praying for thee.  
 List to the plea,

## No. 91. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.

1. { O hap - py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him that 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; Fix'd on this blissful cen - tre, rest;  
 { Nor ev - er from thy Lord depart; With Him, of ev'ry good possess'd
5. { High Heaven that heard the solemn vow, That vow renew'd shall daily hear,  
 { Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic - ing ev - 'ry day.

# No. 92. We'll Meet Each Other There.

R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Soon will come the set - ting sun, When our work will all be done,  
2. Deep the shad - ows in the vale, Fierce the howl - ing of the gale,  
3. Flood the heart with parting tears, Frost the head with pass - ing years,

And the we - ry heart at last be still ; But the Lord with gen - tle cry,  
Long and dark the storm a - round our door ; But the Lord will make a - way  
Let the days of earth be fill'd with care ; But the Lord at length will come,

Will a - wake us by and by, And we'll meet a - gain on Zi - on's hill.  
To the shin - ing realms of day, With the shadow and the storm no more.  
In his love to take us home, And we'll nev - er know a sor - row there.

CHORUS.

We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there,

And the Sav - iour's like - ness bear, When we meet each oth - er

We'll Meet Each Other There.

there; We'll meet each oth - er there, Yes, we'll meet each oth - er there,

And his glo - ry, and His glo - ry we shall share.

No. 93. Enough For Me.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

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

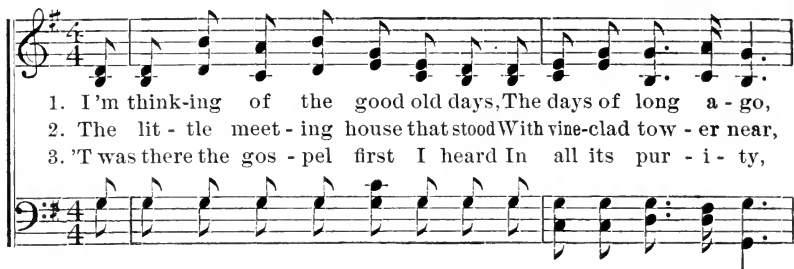
**Fine.**  
 I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e - nough for me.  
 I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me.  
 I feel its clean - ing pow - er, And that's e - nough for me.

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

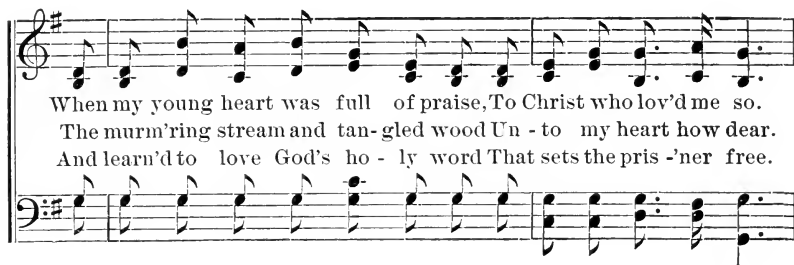
# No. 94. The Old Time Religion.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

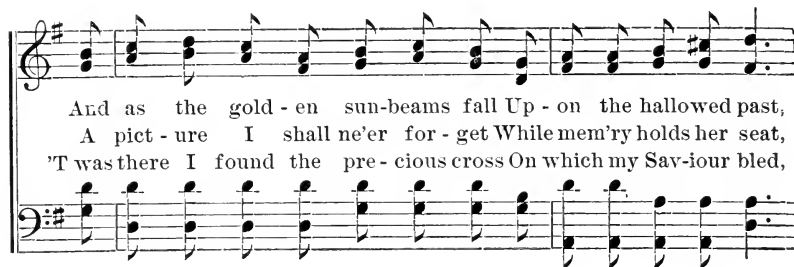
D. B. TOWNER. Arr.



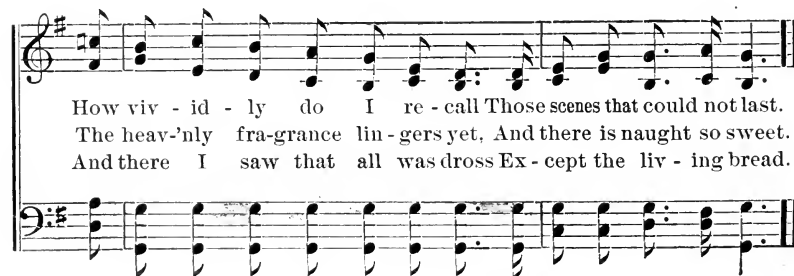
1. I'm think-ing of the good old days, The days of long a-go,  
2. The lit-tle meet-ing house that stood With vine-clad tow-er near,  
3. 'T was there the gos-pel first I heard In all its pur-i-ty,



When my young heart was full of praise, To Christ who lov'd me so.  
The murm'ring stream and tan-gled wood Un-to my heart how dear.  
And learn'd to love God's ho-ly word That sets the pris-'ner free.



And as the gold-en sun-beams fall Up-on the hallowed past,  
A pict-ure I shall ne'er for-get While mem'ry holds her seat,  
'T was there I found the pre-cious cross On which my Sav-iour bled,



How viv-id-ly do I re-call Those scenes that could not last.  
The heav'nly fra-grance lin-gers yet, And there is naught so sweet.  
And there I saw that all was dross Ex-cept the liv-ing bread.



## The Old Time Religion.

REFRAIN to be sung after 2nd, 5th and 7th verses.

As the old time re - lig - ion, The old time re - lig - ion,  
It was good enough for fa - ther, It was good enough for moth - er,

The old time re - lig - ion is good e - nough for me.

4 The preacher did not mince his talk  
To please esthetic ears,  
Nor hide all danger from his flock  
To pacify their fears,  
But Sinai thundered forth the law  
The law by Moses given,  
And wrath the trembling sinner saw  
Revealed from God in heaven.

5 Then came the gospel's "joyful  
- sound"  
In accents sweet and low,  
The healing balm for every wound,  
The solace for each woe, [sin,"  
The blood that "cleanseth from all  
Tho' crimson be the stain,  
The Christ who died my soul to win,  
The Lamb for sinners slain.

REFRAIN. Oh! the old, etc.

6 And now I think as oft I gaze  
On altars rich and rare,  
And wander thro' the dreamy maze  
Of choral song and prayer,  
How Christ came nearer to my heart  
In those blest days of old,  
When worship was devoid of art,  
And truth was plainly told.

7 Tho' times may change and methods,  
too,  
The world in thought advance,  
The Word of God will still hold true,  
' Mid every circumstance,  
The wants of men are still the same,  
Their trials and their fears,  
The only light is that which came  
In old prophetic years.

REFRAIN. So the old, etc.

SHEPHERD.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,  
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,  
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glori - ous crown! O 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.  
 Joy - ful 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.

## CHORUS.

I will bear the hallowed cross, And will nev - er lay it down,  
 blessed cross, lay it down,

Till the Sav - iour calls me from my toils To re - ceive the gold - en crown,

Till the Sav - iour calls me from my toils To re - ceive the gold - en crown.

# No. 96. Walk in the Light.

Words arranged.

Arr. by F. A. SCOTT.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give, In the light, in the light, Sweet - est pleasure  
 2. 'Tis Christ Je - sus must supply, In the light, in the light, Sol - id com - fort  
 3. Aft - er death our joys will be, In the light, in the light, Lasting as e -  
 4. Be the liv - ing God my Friend, In the light, in the light, Then my bliss shall

CHORUS.

while we live, In the light of God. Let us walk in the  
 when we die, In the light of God.  
 ter - ni - ty, In the light of God.  
 nev - er end, In the light of God. Let us walk

light, In the light, in the light, Let us  
 in the light, Let us walk in the light of God.

walk in the light, In the light the light of God.  
 Let us walk, in the light, Let us walk in the light of God.

# No. 97. Jesus is Calling You Now.

J. M. W.

J. M. WHITE.  
Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

DUET.

QUARTET.

1. Why do you wait a con - venient day? Jesus is calling you now;  
2. Days have gone by, and the months and the years, Jesus is calling you now;  
3. Darkness is deep'ning, and oh, 'tis so late! Jesus is call-ing you now;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Why do you turn from His pleadings away? Je-sus is calling you now.  
Joys have depart-ed and sorrow appears, Je-sus is calling you now.  
What if the Spir-it left you to your fate? Je-sus is calling you now.

DUET.

He stands at the door of your heart just now, The dews of the morning are on His brow;  
The promise you made Him was never kept, When down by the grave-side you mourn'd and wept.  
Es-cape for your life, tar - ry not, O soul, Es-cape for your life, you may miss the goal.

QUARTET.

He is there waiting and calling you now, O will you not come to Him now?  
Turn to Him now and His free grace accept; O will you not come to Him now?  
Look not behind you, nor linger O soul! O will you not come to Him now?

Jesus is Calling.

CHORUS.

Will you not come to Him now? Will you not trust in Him now?  
 Come to Him now, Come just now, right now,  
 Just now, right now, O hear Him, He's calling you now.  
 Come to Him now, trust in Him now,

No. 98. Glory to His Name.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from  
 2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a  
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have  
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the  
 sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His  
 bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His  
 en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His  
 Sav - ior's feet: Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

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

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*  
 name. Glo - ry to His name, Gle ry to His name;

# No. 99. Cling to the Bible, my Boy.

WILL S. HAYS, arr.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. As your jour-ney thro' life to the grave you pur - sue, There is  
 2. You may meet with mis-for-tunes and sor - rows and tears, You may  
 3. Put your faith in our Fa-ther and you will be *strong*, Keep your  
 4. Ev-'ry time that you read it, you'll learn something *new*, Of  
 5. 'Tis the an - chor of hope, and the lamp that gives light, 'Tis the

one thing in earn-est I wish you to do, Oh! list - en, my  
 bat - tle with sin and with Sa - tan for years, Be a Chris-tian! press  
 eye on the cross and you'll nev-er go wrong, Sing the sweet songs of  
 Je - sus who died on the cross to save *you*, To the Lord, to your-  
 star that will shine thro' your life's darkest night, If you fol - low its

boy, while I say this to you—Oh! cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.  
 on! do not have an - y fears, But cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.  
 praise as you jour - ney a - long,—And cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.  
 self, and to heav - en be *true*, And cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.  
 guidance you'll al-ways be *right*, Oh! cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.

## CHORUS.

Then cling to the Bi - ble, my boy, . . . . . Oh, cling to the  
 the Bi - ble, my boy,

Bi - ble, my boy, . . . . . While liv - ing or dy - ing, all  
 the Bi - ble, my boy,

Cling to the Bible, my Boy.

else let - ting go, Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my boy!

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 100. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

(PILOT.)

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D., 1871, alt.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous 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

The first system of the musical score for 'Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.' includes a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat and the time signature is 3/4.

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal ;  
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will When thou sayst to them, "Be still!"  
'Twi'x me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

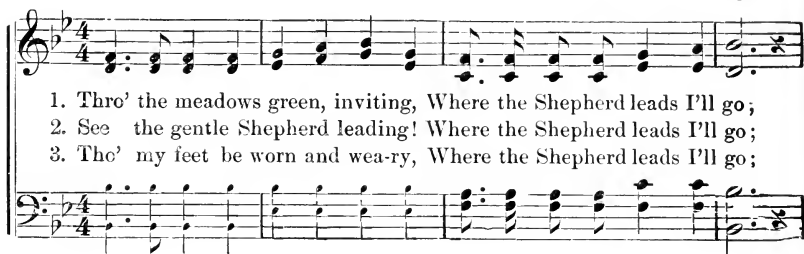
Chart and com- pass come from thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. It includes a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath. The key signature has one flat and the time signature is 3/4.

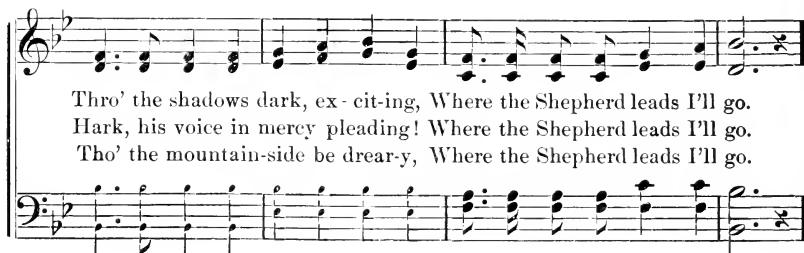
# No. 101. Where the Shepherd Leads I'll Go.

A. P. COBB.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

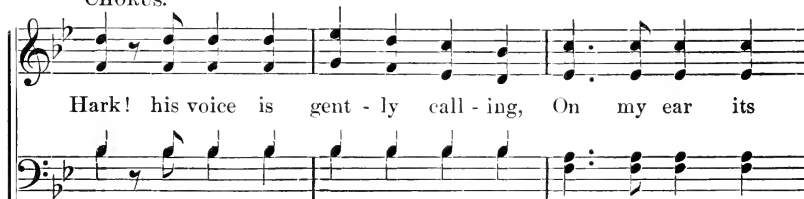


1. Tho' the meadows green, inviting, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go;  
2. See the gentle Shepherd leading! Where the Shepherd leads I'll go;  
3. Tho' my feet be worn and wea-ry, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go;

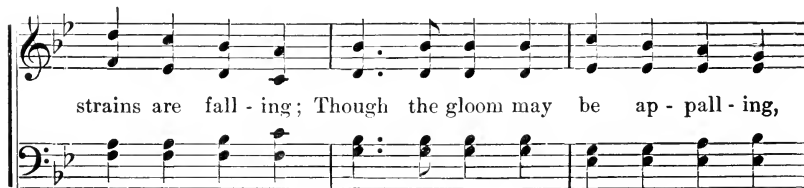


Tho' the shadows dark, ex-cit-ing, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.  
Hark, his voice in mercy pleading! Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.  
Tho' the mountain-side be drear-y, Where the Shepherd leads I'll go.

## CHORUS.



Hark! his voice is gent - ly call - ing, On my ear its



strains are fall - ing; Though the gloom may be ap - pall - ing,



Where the Shep-herd leads I'll go, I'll go, Where the Shep-herd leads I'll go.



J. CENNICK.

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



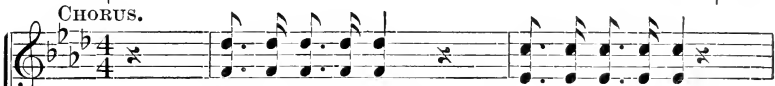
1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney let us
2. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our
3. Lord, o - be - dient-ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be-



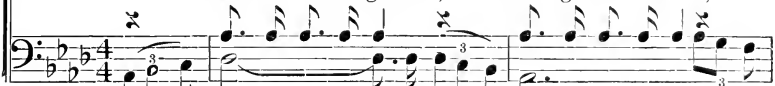
sing, Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.  
land, Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un-dismayed go on.  
low, On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still will follow Thee.



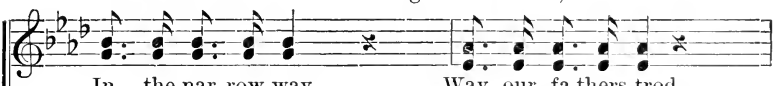
## CHORUS.



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-ters 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.

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# No. 103. Jesus will let you in.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



1. Come to our Fa - ther's house, Come, ere the day be gone;
2. Look at the wea - ry way; Look where thy feeth have trod;
3. Dark - er thy path - way grows; Soon will the night come down;
4. Fly from the fields of sin; Fly for thy life to - day;
5. Here will thy soul find rest, Safe from each an - gry blast;



Tem - pests are gath'ring fast: Dark - ness is com - ing on.  
Find - ing no rest nor peace, — Wand'ring a - way from God.  
Fierce - ly the lightnings flash; Dark - er the tem - pests frown.  
Fly to our Fa - ther's house; En - ter the nar - row way.  
Here find a per - fect peace, — Joys that for - ev - er last.



## REFRAIN.



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



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



ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet  
 day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un -  
 day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's  
 day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - ery -

fold Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

ISAAC WATTS.

KARL WILHELM. Arr.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive  
 2. To him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less prais - es  
 3. Blessings a - bound wher - e'er he reigns, The joy - ful pris - 'ner

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till  
 crown his head; His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With  
 bursts his chains, The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And

moons shall wax and wane no more, From north to south the prin - ces meet,  
 ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice, Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue  
 all the sons of want are blest, Let ev - 'ry creature rise and bring

To pay their hom - age at his feet; While west - ern em - pires  
 Dwell on his love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voic - es  
 Pe - cul - iar hon - ors to our King; An - gels de - scend with

own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend his word.  
 shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on his name.  
 songs a - gain, And earth re - peats the loud A - men.

# No. 106. O, for a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY.  
Cho. by MRS. H. E. J.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. O, for a thousand tongues to sing, My dear Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor - row cease ;
4. He breaks the pow'r of reign-ing sin, He sets the pris-oner free ;



The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of his grace.  
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon - ors of thy name.  
'Tis mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears ; 'Tis life and health and peace.  
His blood can make the foul - est clean ; His blood a-vailed for me.



## CHORUS.



O, matchless Christ! O, wondrous King! O Lamb for sinners slain ;  
for sinners slain,



Let all the earth thy prais-es sing, While an - gels join the strain!



# No.107. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD.

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

# No. 108.

# Brother, Come.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Broth - er, the Sav - iour calls to thee, Calls so lov - ing - ly :
2. Broth - er, the Sav - iour seeks for thee, Seeks so gra - cious - ly :
3. Broth - er, the Sav - iour waits for thee, Waits so pa - tient - ly :
4. Broth - er, the Sav - iour pleads with thee, Pleads so earn - est - ly :



Hear his gen - tle plead - ing voice Say - ing ten - der - ly :  
 Come, he saves who - ev - er will, Saves them will - ing - ly.  
 Come, do not re - ject his love, Turn not scorn - ful - ly.  
 Yield your - self to him just now, Un - re - sist - ing - ly.



## CHORUS.



Come, come, come un - to me, Come un - to me and rest ;



Come, come, come un - to me, Come un - to me and rest.



# No. 109. Is thy Cruse of Comfort failing.

Mrs. E. R. CHARLES, arr. by J. H. S.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Is thy cruse of com-fort fail - ing, Rise, and from thy wasting store,
2. For the heart grows rich in giv - ing, All its wealth is liv - ing grain,
3. Chilled and weary wouldst thou slumber? Sink not in the drifts, but go,
4. Is thy heart a well left emp - ty? None but God its void can fill,



Go re-fresh thy fainting broth-er And in shar - ing, gath-er more.  
Seeds, which mil - dew in the gar - ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.  
Rouse and chafe thy fro - zen fel - low Till the crim - son currents flow.  
Noth - ing but a ceaseless fountain Can its cease - less longings still.



Fear not, He who gave the handful, Will from day to day re-new,  
Is thy bur - den hard and heav - y? Do thy steps drag wea - ri - ly?  
Sore - ly wound - ed of the arch - ers O'er thy bruis - ed comrade's wound,  
Is thy heart a liv - ing pow - er? Self enthroned its strength sinks low,



Scan - ty fare for one, will of - ten Make a roy - al feast for two,  
Help to lift thy brother's bur - den God will bear both it and thee,  
Break thy flask of prec - ious bal - sam, And thine own hath healing found,  
It can on - ly live in lov - ing, And by serv - ing, love will grow,





Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing.

Scan-ty fare for one, will of - ten Make a roy - al feast for two.  
 Help to lift thy brother's bur - den, God will bear both it and thee.  
 Break thy flask of pre - cious bal - sam, And thine own hath healing found.  
 It can on - ly live in lov - ing, And by serv - ing, love will grow.

No. 110. Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are  
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will  
 3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

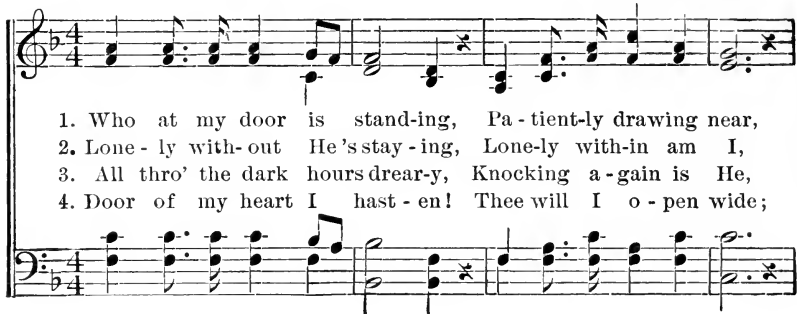
pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own him,  
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,  
 ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you,

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

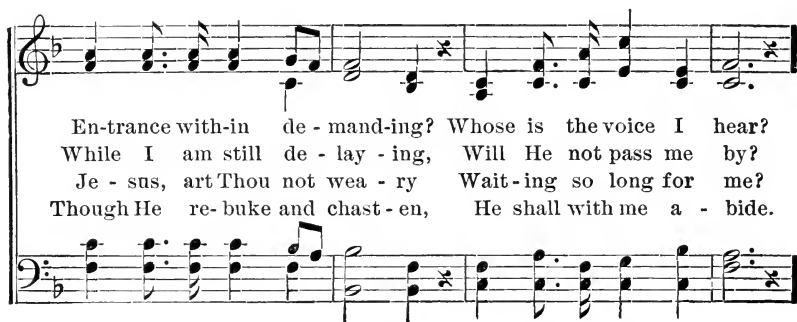
# No. 111. Who at my Door is standing.

Mrs. H. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

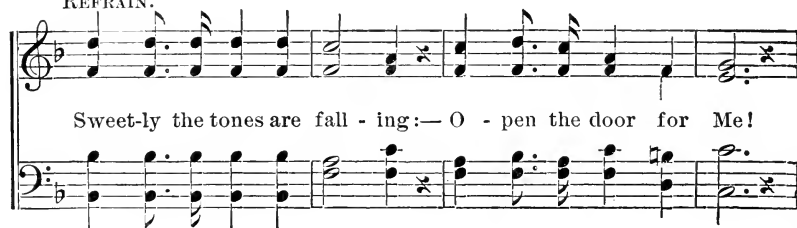


1. Who at my door is stand-ing, Pa-tient-ly drawing near,  
2. Lone-ly with-out He's stay-ing, Lone-ly with-in am I,  
3. All thro' the dark hours drear-y, Knocking a-gain is He,  
4. Door of my heart I hast-en! Thee will I o-pen wide;




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

## REFRAIN.



Sweet-ly the tones are fall-ing:— O-pen the door for Me!



If thou wilt heed My call-ing, I will a-bide with thee.

By per. R. M. MCINTOSH.

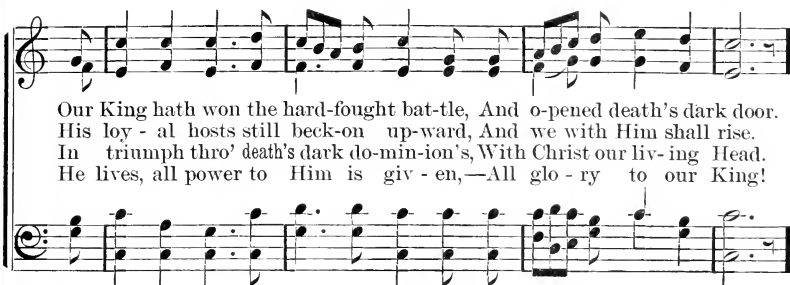
# No. 112. The Lord hath Risen.

Mrs. KATE SUMNER BURR.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. The Lord hath ris'n, sing hal - le - lu - jah! Hath ris'n to die no more;  
2. The Lord hath ris'n, sing hal - le - lu - jah! Our Cap-tain from the skies;  
3. The Lord hath ris'n, sing hal - le - lu - jah! A shin-ing path we tread,  
4. The Lord hath ris'n, sing hal - le - lu - jah! To Christ the Conqueror sing!



Our King hath won the hard-fought bat-tle, And o-pened death's dark door.  
His loy - al hosts still beck-on up-ward, And we with Him shall rise.  
In triumph thro' death's dark do-min-ion's, With Christ our liv-ing Head.  
He lives, all power to Him is giv - en, —All glo - ry to our King!

## CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ the Lord hath ris - en  
Hal-le-lu - jah! Hal-le-lu - jah!



from the dead, Let all the earth sing hal - le - lu - jah! For



*Adagio.*  
Christ hath ris - en! Hath ris - en from the dead.

# No. 113. I could not do without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

*Andante.*



1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost, Whose
2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can-not stand a - lone; I
3. I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet-ing fast, And



pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost; Thy  
have no strength or good-ness, No wis - dom of my own; But  
soon in sol-emn si lence The riv - er must be passed; But



right-ous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice, must be My  
Thou, be-lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me, And  
Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high, I



on - ly hope and com-fort, My glo - ry and my plea.  
weak - ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on Thee.  
know Thou wilt be near me, And whis - per, "It is I."



# No. 114. I Love to tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKS.

W. G. FISCHER. By per.

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.**

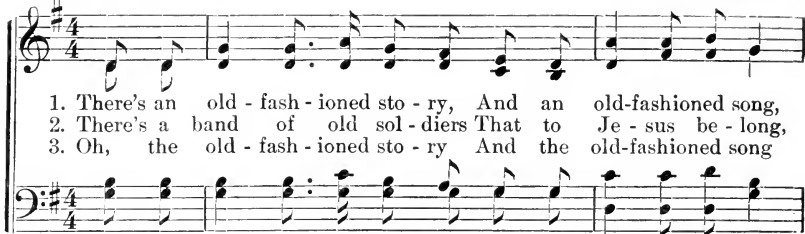
As noth - ing else can do.  
From God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill  
That I have loved so long.

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

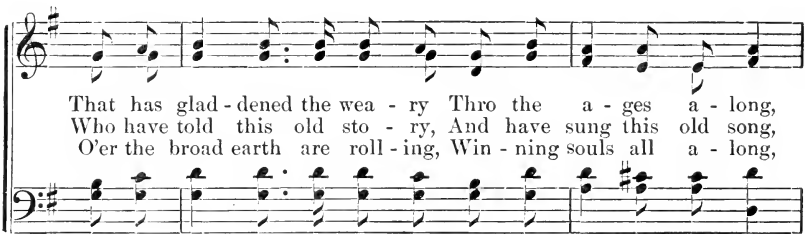
# No. 115. The Old-fashioned Story and Song.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

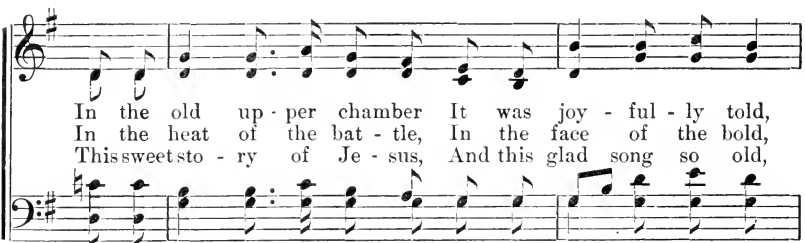
D. B. TOWNER.



1. There's an old - fash - ioned sto - ry, And an old-fashioned song,  
2. There's a band of old sol - diers That to Je - sus be - long,  
3. Oh, the old - fash - ioned sto - ry And the old-fashioned song



That has glad - dened the wea - ry Thro the a - ges a - long,  
Who have told this old sto - ry, And have sung this old song,  
O'er the broad earth are roll - ing, Win - ning souls all a - long,

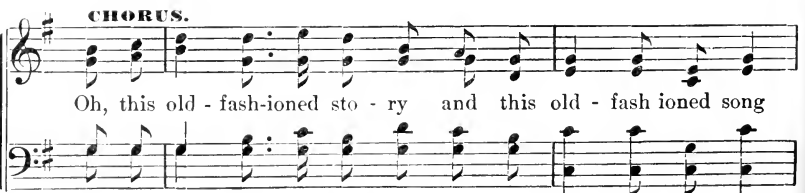


In the old up - per chamber It was joy - ful - ly told,  
In the heat of the bat - tle, In the face of the bold,  
This sweet sto - ry of Je - sus, And this glad song so old,



Oh, 'tis ver - y old - fashioned, But as sweet as of old.  
And to - day they will tell you, 'Tis as sweet as of old.  
Shall be heard thro' the a - ges, In that bright up - per fold.

**CHORUS.**



Oh, this old - fash - ioned sto - ry and this old - fash - ioned song

The Old-fashioned Story and Song.

Is a joy to the wea - ry all life's jour - ney a - long,

For they know, hal - le - lu - jah! In the cit - y of gold

They will sing it for - ev - er, This sweet sto - ry of old.

No. 116. 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 going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more!  
 To die no more, to die no more, I'm going 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 heavenly mansion near the throne.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. My heart is a foun - tain of joy to - day, For  
 2. I nev - er had thought such a peace to know, And  
 3. And so I have fore - tastes of heav'n with - in, Be-

Je - sus has tak - en my guilt a - way, And leads me in peace in the  
 so much of glad ness on earth be - low, But Je - sus has wash'd me as  
 cause my Re deem - er has en - tered in And pardoned me, sav'd me and

## CHORUS.

nar - row way, And I am redeemed. Redeemed, re -  
 white as snow, And I am redeemed.  
 wash'd me clean, And I am redeemed. I am redeemed,

deemed, My soul is redeemed, For  
 I am redeemed, Glo - ry to Je - sus my soul is redeemed

Je - sus has ta - ken my sin a - way And I am redeemed,  
 redeemd.



# No. 118. Will You be There?

Words furnished by T. C. HORTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be - yond this life of hope and fears, Be - yond this world of  
 2. Its gold - en gates are closed to sin, Naught that de - files can  
 3. No droop - ing form, no tear - ful eye, No hoar - y head, no  
 4. Who shall be there? The low - ly here, All those who serve the  
 5. Will you be there? You can, you may, For He who is the

grief and tears, There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and  
 en - ter in To mar its beau - ty rare; Up - on that bright e -  
 wea - ry sigh, No pain, no grief, no care, But joys which mor - tals  
 Lord with fear, So that His love they share; Who, gaz - ing on the  
 truth, the way, Your sins did ful - ly bear. O hear His voice sound

no de - cay, No night, but one un - end - ing day: Oh say, will you be there?  
 ternal shore, Earth's bitter curse is known no more: Oh say, will you be there?  
 may not know, Like rivers ev - er on - ward flow: Oh say, will you be there?  
 cru - ci - fied, By faith can say, "For me He died:" These, these shall all be there.  
 sweet - ly "Come, I am the way, I'll lead you home; With me you shall be there.

CHORUS. Will you Will you?  
 Will you be there, will you be there, Will you be there, will you be there? In

that e - ter - nal home so fair: Oh say, will you be there!  
 will you, will you be there?

# No. 119. Draw Me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Clos - er to Thee, my Fa-ther, draw me, I long for Thine em-  
 2. Clos - er to Thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee  
 3. Clos - er by Thy sweet Spir - it draw me, Till I am whol - ly

brace; Closer within Thine arms enfold me, I seek a rest-ing  
 more; Sighing to feel Thine arms around me, And all my wand' rings  
 Thine; Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall

## CHORUS.

place. Clos - - - er with the cords of love,  
 o'er. Clos - er, clos - er with the cords of love,  
 shine.

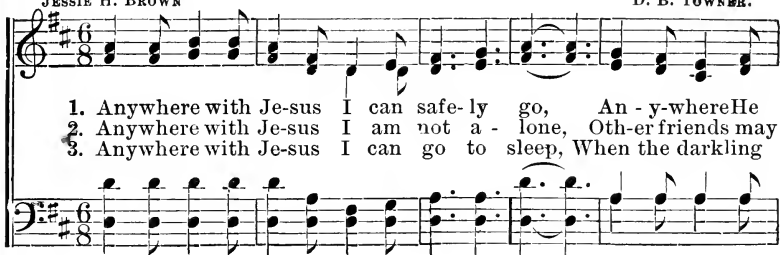
Draw me to Thyself a - bove; Clos - - er  
 Draw me, draw me to Thyself a - bove; Closer with the cords of love,

draw me To Thy-self a - bove.  
 Draw me to Thy-self a - bove, Draw me to Thy-self a - bove.

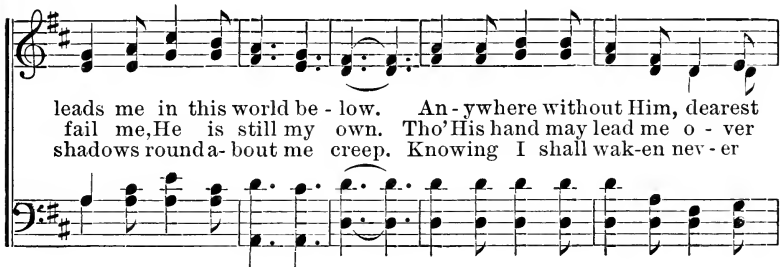
# No. 120. Anywhere with Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN

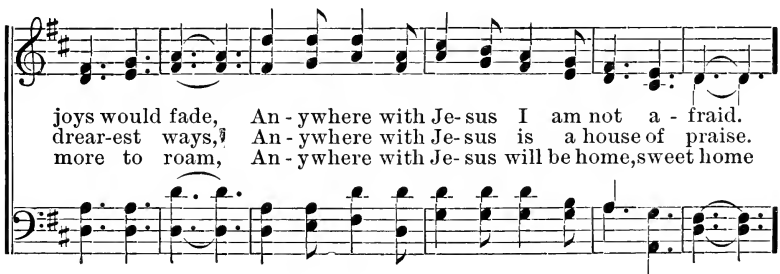
D. B. TOWNER.



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

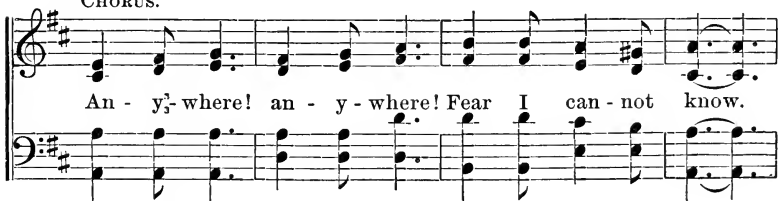


leads me in this world be-low. An-y-where without Him, dearest  
fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver  
shadows round-a-bout me creep. Knowing I shall wak-en nev-er



joys would fade, An-y-where with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.  
drear-est ways, An-y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.  
more to roam, An-y-where 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.

# No. 121.

# On Calvary's Brow.

W. M.K. DARWOOD.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-iour died, 'T was there my  
 2. Mid rend-ing rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour  
 3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou shouldst

Lord was cruci-fied : 'T was on the cross He bled for  
 bows His head and dies ; The op'ning veil reveals the  
 give Thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

me, And pur-chased there my par-don free.  
 way To heav-en's joys and end-less day.  
 ny, In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry?

## CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry ! dark Cal - vary ! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me.

O Cal - va - ry ! blest Cal - va - ry ! 'T was there my Saviour died for me.

# No. 122. Dear Saviour, Come in!

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. I'm athirst for the fountain of mercy, My soul is o'er - burden'd with sin,
2. I have wander'd so long in the darkness, So far from the path of the blest,
3. Let the light of Thy presence forever, Il - lumine the depths of my heart;



And the tears of repentance are fall-ing, Come in, blessed Saviour, come in.  
I am wea-ry and faint and I'm sighing For pi - ty, for pardon, and rest.  
Thou art waiting e'en now on the threshold, Oh, en - ter, no more to de - part.



## CHORUS.



Come in, come in, come in, come in, My soul is so wea - ry of



sin; The door of my heart is now open, Come in, dear Saviour, come in.



Come in, for

# No. 123. Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



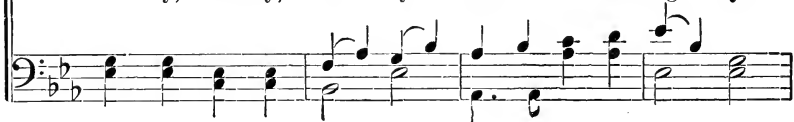
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-migh - ty!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-migh - ty!



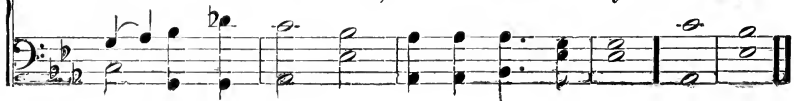
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!  
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,  
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!



God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! **A - men.**



# No. 124.

# Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

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.



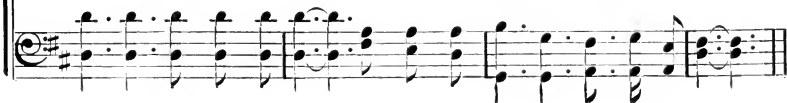
God, Born of His spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry,  
 bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry,  
 bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love. This is my sto - ry,



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.



# No. 125. Loved Ones in Glory.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. There are friends beloved, in glo - ry who have walk'd with me be - low,  
2. We have laughed and wept to - geth - er on this ev - er - chang - ing shore,  
3. One by one they left me weeping, gaz - ing up - ward thro' my tears,

I have known them and I've loved them well and true; Like a  
Bear - ing one an - oth - er's bur - dens by the way; In the  
When the pear - ly gates were o - pened in the sky; And though

dream of love they van - ished when they left me long a - go,  
old fa - mil - iar plac - es, I shall nev - er see them more,  
still I live and la - bor on, through all the wea - ry years.

Wait - ing long - ing our com - mun - ion to re - new.  
But I'll see them in a bet - ter land some day.  
I shall meet them and be with them bye and bye.



Loved Ones in Glory.

CHORUS.

They are gone, and I'll know them no more here be-low, But I'll

meet them in glo-ry bright and fair. Oh, the joy when I be-hold them, When

to my heart I fold them, And rest with them in Je-sus o-ver there.

No. 126. Eaton. 7s.

GEO. HERBERT.

F. A. SCOTT.

1. Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life : Such a Way as gives us breath ;  
 2. Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength : Such a Light as shows a feast ;  
 3. Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart : Such a Joy as none can move ;

Such a Truth as ends all strife ; Such a Life as kill-eth death.  
 Such a Feast as mends in length ; Such a Strength as makes his guest.  
 Such a Love as none can part ; Such a Heart as joys in love.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Tell the joy - ful news a - round, Grace is free! Now a  
 2. Tell the mess - age all a - broad, Grace is free! Man is  
 3. Tell the tid - ings o'er and o'er, Grace is free! Tell to

cure for sin is found, Grace is free! On the cross of Cal - va - ry,  
 re - con - ciled to God, Grace is free! He has ban - ished all our sin,  
 earths re - mot - est shore, Grace is free! For re - demp - tion's work is done,

D. S. *In the hearts where sin is found,*

Je - sus died for you and me, And he made re - demp - tion free,  
 With his blood has made us clean, And has brought re - demp - tion in,  
 And as - cend - ed God's dear Son, And the King - dom mov - ing on,

*Grace and par - don may a - bound, We are on re - demp - tion ground,*

full and free, And he made re - demp - tion free, full and free,  
 full and free, And has brought re - demp - tion in, full and free,  
 Grace is free! And the King - dom mov - ing on, Grace is free!

*Grace is free! We are on re - demp - tion ground, Grace is free!*

Grace is Free.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Grace is free! Grace is free! Grace for you and for me! for me!  
Grace is free! Grace is free! Grace for you

No. 128. Loving Kindness. L.M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. A-wake, my soul, to joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rou's hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how free!  
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how great!  
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how strong!  
He near my soul has always stood, His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how good!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how free!  
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how great!  
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how strong!  
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kindness, oh, how good!

# No. 129.

# Sweet Peace.

P. H. ROBLIN.

P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, sweet strain, A  
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, was made, My  
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, had crowned, My  
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, a - bide, And

glad and a joy ous re - frain, re - frain, I  
 debt by His death was all paid, all paid, No  
 heart with this peace did a - bound, a - bound, In  
 as I keep close to His side, His side, There's

sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.  
 oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace the gift of God's love.  
 Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.  
 noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

## CHORUS.

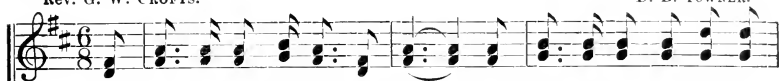
Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, a - bove, O

won - derful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace the gift of God's love.

# No. 130. The Saviour is Coming

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. The morning is dawning, be - hold! A - way roll the shadows of
2. O long have I wait-ed to greet My Lord in the clouds of the
3. He com-eth to take me a - way From sickness and suf-fer-ing
4. Re - joic-ing I ev - er shall reign With Christ in His Kingdom a -



night. The King is ap-proaching in pur - ple and gold. His  
sky! And now he is coming the vis - ion how sweet: My  
here, To man-sions e - ter - nal more love - ly than day That  
bove. And sing the glad triumphs of Him who was slain Re



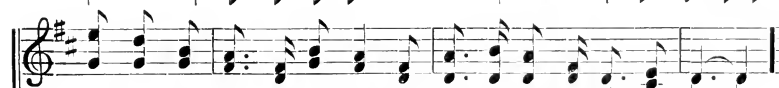
CHORUS.



coun-tenance beaming with light. The Sav-iour is coming I  
Je - sus, my Saviour is nigh. is  
now in His glo-ry ap - pears.  
deem - ing my soul in His love.



know, The Saviour is coming I know. My lamp is a  
coming I know, is coming I know.



flame with the oil of His grace. And glad-ly, to meet Him I go.



SOLO. *Moderato.*

1. As I rummag'd thro' the at-tic, List'n'ing to the fall-ing rain,  
 2. So I drew it from the re-cess, Where it had remained so long,



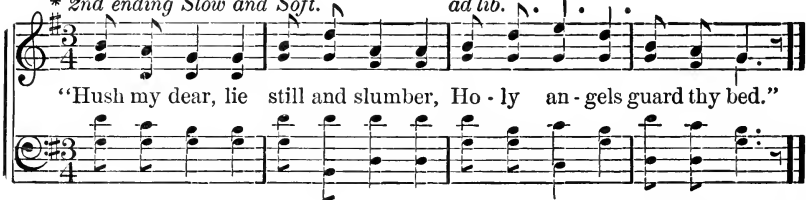
As it pat-ter'd on the shingles, And a-against the win-dow pane;  
 Hear-ing all the while the mu-sic Of my moth-er's voice in song,



Peep-ing o-ver chests and box-es, Which with dust were thick-ly spread,  
 As she sung in sweet-est accents, What I since have of-ten read,



Saw I in the farthest cor-ner, What was once my trun-dle bed.  
*Omit.*.....

\* 2nd ending *Slow and Soft.*

"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber, Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed."  
*ad lib.*

3 As I listened, recollections,  
 That I thought had been forgot  
 Came with all the gush of mem'ry  
 Rushing, thronging to the spot,  
 And I wandered back to childhood,  
 To those merry days of yore,  
 When I knelt beside my mother  
 By this bed upon the floor.

4 Then it was with hands so gently  
 Placed upon my infant head,  
 That she taught my lips to utter,  
 Carefully the words she said:  
 Never can they be forgotten,  
 Deep are they in mem'ry riven,  
 \* "Hallowed be Thy name, O Father!  
 Father! thou who art in heaven."

5 This she taught me, then she told me  
 Of its import, great and deep;  
 After which, I learned to utter,  
 "Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
 Then it was with hands uplifted,  
 And in accents soft and mild,  
 \* That my mother asked "our Father!"  
 "Father! do thou bless my child."  
 6 Years have passed, and that dear  
 mother,  
 Long has rested 'neath the sod;  
 And I know her sainted spirit  
 Dwells before the throne of God.  
 But that scene at summer twilight,  
 Fills my heart with joy divine,  
 For my mother's prayer is answered,  
 And her Savior now is mine.

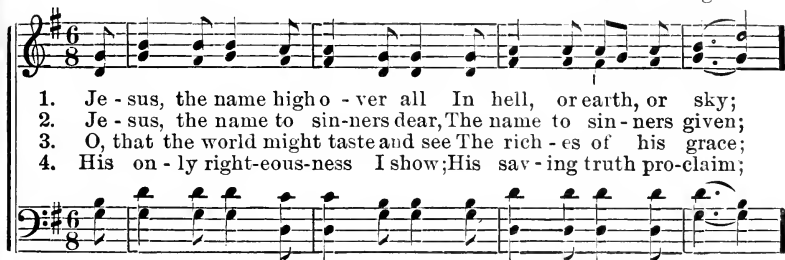
\*Use second ending.

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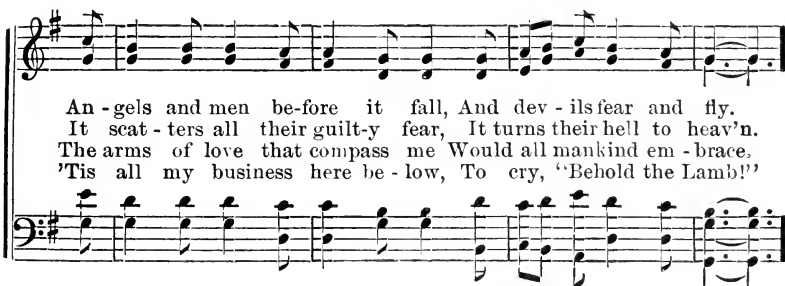
# No. 132. O, How I Love Jesus.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Music Arranged.

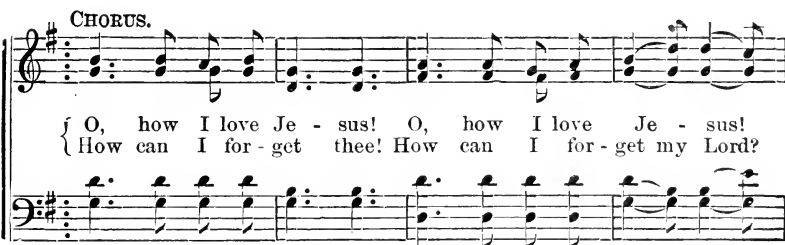


1. Je - sus, the name high o - ver all In hell, or earth, or sky;  
2. Je - sus, the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners given;  
3. O, that the world might taste and see The rich - es of his grace;  
4. His on - ly right - eous - ness I show; His sav - ing truth pro - claim;

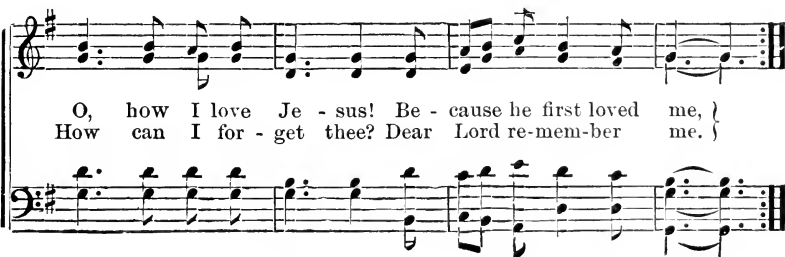


An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.  
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear, It turns their hell to heav'n.  
The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind em - brace.  
'Tis all my business here be - low, To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

CHORUS.



{ O, how I love Je - sus! O, how I love Je - sus!  
{ How can I for - get thee! How can I for - get my Lord?



O, how I love Je - sus! Be - cause he first loved me, }  
How can I for - get thee? Dear Lord re - mem - ber me. }

# No. 133. Going away Unsaved.

Words arr. for this work.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Some go a way from the house to-night, Pu - ri - fied from sin  
2. Some go a-way from the house of God, Filled with joy and peace,  
3. Some go a-way from the house to-night, Bowed with guilt and shame,

Oth - ers re - ject the gra - cious light, And go a - way un - clean.  
Oth - ers despise the pre - cious blood That brings the soul re - lease.  
Oth - ers re - ceiv - ing life and light, Con - fess the Sav - ior's name.

Lov - ing - ly still the Sav - ior stands, Plead - ing with thy heart,  
Nev - er a - gain the Sav - ior dear May be of - fered thee,  
Hap - py are they who share His grace, Trust - ing in His word,

Pa - tient - ly knocks with bleed - ing hands, Un - will - ing to de - part.  
Nev - er a - gain thy soul may hear The Spir - it's ten - der plea.  
Give Him thy heart and leave the place Re - joic - ing in the Lord.

## CHORUS.

Go - ing a - way un - saved to - night, A - way from re - deem - ing blood.



## Going away Unsaved.

Go - ing a - way from glorious light, From pardon, life and God.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

## No. 134. Eternity is Drawing Nigh.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall - ing; Pray, brethren, pray, God's  
 2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend - ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The

The score is in 2/2 time. It features a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

voice is call - ing. Yon { tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime, We }  
 fight is end - ing. Be- { kneel up - on the edge of time. }  
 { hold, the glo - ry draw - eth near, The }  
 { King him - self will soon ap - pear. }

The score continues with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves. A double bar line with repeat dots is used to indicate a repeat section.

### REFRAIN.

E - ter - ni - ty is drawing nigh, Eter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty Is drawing nigh.

The refrain is written in a treble and bass staff. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics placed below the staff.

3 Watch, brethren, watch,  
 The day is dying;  
 Watch, brethren, watch,  
 The time is flying.

Watch as men watch the starting breath,  
 Watch as men watch for life or death.

4 Look, brethren, look,  
 The day is breaking;  
 Hark, brethren, hark,  
 The dead are waking.

With girded loins already stand,  
 Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.

\* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES McGRANAHAN. By per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is awaking, When sunlight thro'  
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-  
 3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With glori-fied  
 4. Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the  
 chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in - to light in the  
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a  
 sad-ness, no dread and no crying, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."  
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."  
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."  
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."

CHORUS.

Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-

turneth, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A - men.

# No. 136. Hallelujah! I am Thine.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. I have plunged beneath the flood, I have felt the love di-vine;
2. I have seen Thy smil-ing face, I have heard Thy pard'ning voice;
3. Thou art ev - er by my side All a-long my pil-grim way;
4. Oh, the sweets of pard'ning love, All the depths we ne'er can tell,



Prec-ious Je - sus, thro' Thy blood, Thou art mine, and I am Thine.

I have felt Thy quick'ning grace, In Thy love I now re-joice.

Thou art near when woes be - tide, Near to strengthen day by day.

Till we reach the home a - bove, Where im - mor - tal spir - its dwell.



## CHORUS.



Glo-ry! glo - ry! I am Thine, Prec-ious Je - sus Thou art mine;



Sweet, oh, sweet ~~the~~ love di - vine, Hal-le - lu - jah! I am Thine.



I. B. WOODBURY.

Arr. from I. B. WOODBURY.

## THE CALL.

1. O slum - ber - er, rouse thee! des - pise not the truth; But give thy Cre -  
 2. O loi - ter - er, speed thee! the morn wears a - pace: Then squan - der no  
 3. O sin - ner, a - rouse thee! thy morn - ing is past; Al - red - y the

a - tor the days of thy youth; Why stand - est here i - dle? the  
 lon - ger the mo - ments of grace; But haste while there's time! with the  
 shad - ows are length - en - ing fast; Es - cape for thy life! from the

day breaketh, see! The Lord of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee!  
 Mas - ter a - gree: The Lord of the vine - yard stands waiting for thee!  
 dark mountains flee; The Lord of the vine - yard still wait - eth for thee!

## RESPONSE.

“Ho - ly Spi - rit, by Thy power, Grant me yet an - oth - er hour;  
 “Gentle Spi - rit, stay, oh stay! Bright ly beams the earth - ly day;  
 “Spirit, cease thy mournful lay, Leave me to my - self I pray;

## The Three Calls.—Concluded.

Earth ly pleas - ures I would prove, Earth ly joys, and earth-ly  
 Let me lin - ger, in these bow-ers; God shall have my noon-day  
 Earth hath flung her spell a - round me, Pleasure's silk - en chain hath

love; Scarcely yet hath dawn'd the day; Ho-ly Spir-it, wait, I pray!"  
 hours; Chide me not for my de - lay; Gentle Spir-it, wait, I pray!"  
 bound me; When the sun his path has trod, Spirit, then I'll turn to God!"

*rit.*

AFTER LAST RESPONSE.  
*Moderato.*

Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's solemn toll; 'Tis mournful - ly

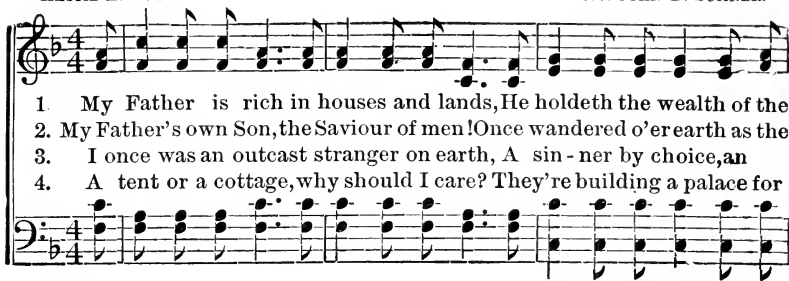
peal - ing the kuell of a soul; The Spirit's sweet plead-ings and

strivings are o'er; The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more!

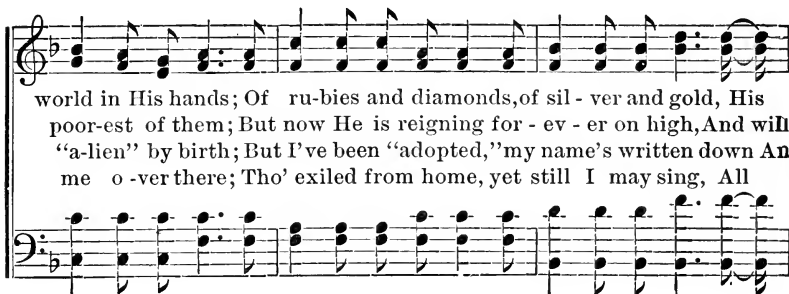
# No. 138. The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BURELL.

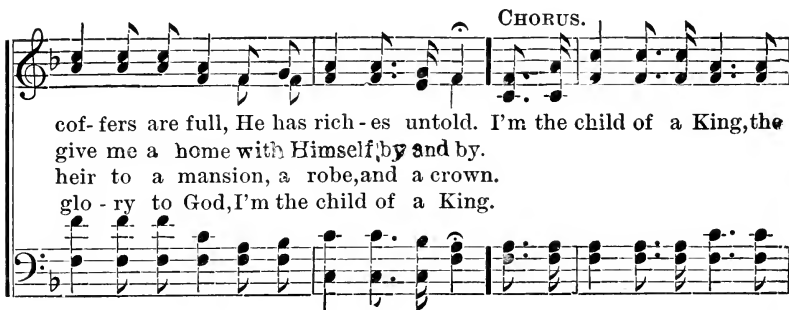
REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.



1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the  
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men! Once wandered o'er earth as the  
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an  
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for

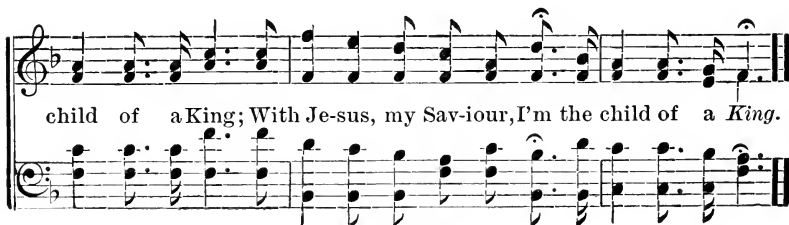


world in His hands; Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His  
poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will  
"a - lien" by birth; But I've been "adopted," my name's written down An  
me o - ver there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, All



CHORUS.

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



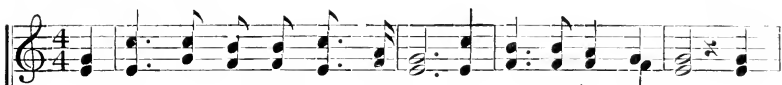
child of a King; With Je - sus, my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King.

By permission.

# No.139. I Know I Love Thee better, Lord.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

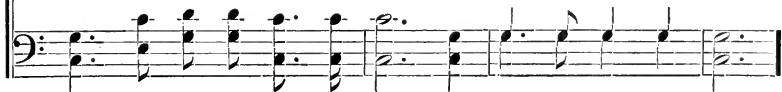
D. B. TOWNER.



1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earthly joy, For
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth-ly throng; And
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart, Then may I well be glad, With-
4. O Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour, mine, What will Thy presence be, If



Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.  
sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.  
out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee.



## CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told Of love so full and free, The  
been told



half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.  
been told, cleanseth me.



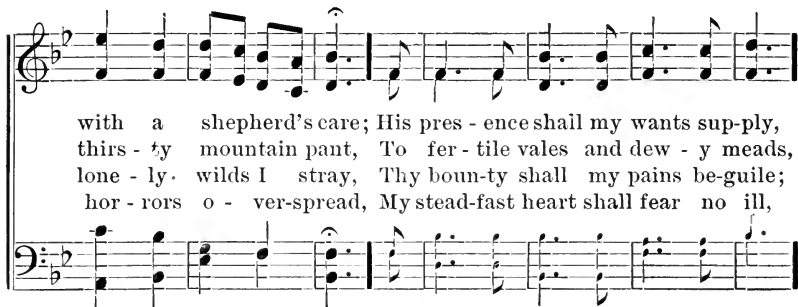
# No.140. The Lord my Pasture shall Prepare.

Psalm 23.

Arranged from HAYDN.



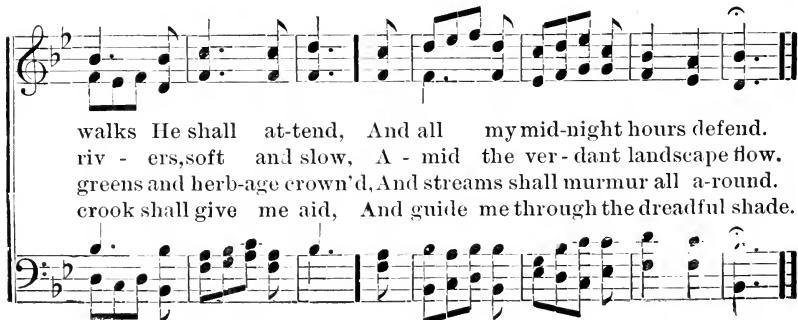
1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me  
2. When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the  
3. Though in a bare and rug - ged way, Thro' de - vious,  
4. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy



with a shepherd's care; His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply,  
thirs - ty mountain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads,  
lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy boun - ty shall my pains be - guile;  
hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill,



And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noon - day  
My wea - ry, wan - d'ring steps He leads, Where peace - ful  
The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile, With sud - den  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friend - ly



walks He shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours defend.  
riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant landscape flow.  
greens and herb - age crown'd, And streams shall murmur all a - round.  
crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.



## No. 141.

## O, Lamb of God.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. O, Lamb of God for sin - ners slain, I come, I come to thee;
2. For me, for me the thorn - y crown, For me the riv - en side,
3. Thy pre - cious blood, my on - ly plea, While humbled low I bow;



Up - on the cross thy bit - ter pain Was borne to ran - som me.  
 For me that spot - less life laid down, For me, O, Cru - ci - fied.  
 With all my sins I come to thee, O, save me, save me now.



## CHORUS.



For me, for me, O hear my plea And take me as I am;



While now I cry the blood ap - ply, O bless - ed, bless - ed Lamb!



Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOOK

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have tossed up-on the bil-lows, I am shipwreck'd on the sea,  
 2. I have wandered, O my Father! In the dark-ness of the night,  
 3. I have sul - lied all my garments, With the scar-let stain of sin,  
 4. I have slight-ed all Thy mer-cy, All the rich-ness of Thy grace,

O'er the dark and trou-bled wa-ters, Oh, can there a ha - ven be?  
 Can there dawn for me a mor-row, Full of glad-ness, full of light.  
 Where the pure in heart are gathered, Can I hope to en - ter in?  
 In Thy kingdom, O my Fa-ther, I would fill the low - est place.

Can there be, (for me,) Can there be, (for me,) Hope and love and joy for me?  
 Can there be, (for me,) Can there be, (for me,) E - ven now a home for me?  
 Can there be, (for me,) Can there be, (for me,) Cleans-ing wa-ters still for me?  
 Can there be, (for me,) Can there be, (for me,) Pard'ning love for such as me?

CHORUS.

Come and see, come and see, Come and see, come and see, All that

Come and see.

Christ will do for thee, (Come and see,) He will comfort, he will bless,

Clothe thee with his righteousness, Grant thee pardon full and free.

No. 143. Jewett. 6s. D.

JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

VON WEBER.

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

hand of love, I would my all re - sign: Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,  
 star of hope Grow dim or disap - pear: Since thou on earth hast wept,  
 fu - ture scene I gladly trust with thee: Straight to my home a - bove

*Rit.*  
 Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done.  
 And sorrowed all alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.  
 I travel calmly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done.

# No. 144. Bear the Banner Forward.

WILLIAM HENRY GARDNER.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. On-ward, on-ward! press to glo - ry, Hear the Captain's trumpet  
2. On-ward, on-ward! to the bat - tle, Gird - ed with the spir-it's  
3. On-ward, on-ward! Christ a-waits you, From his hands receive the

call, Bear the Sav-iour's ban - ner for-ward, Fill the ranks up  
mail, Let the "Cross" e'er be your watchword, And your cause will  
crown, Bear the pre-cious ban - ner for-ward, For the Gos-pel's

## CHORUS.

as they fall. Bear . . . the ban - ner  
nev - er fail.  
great re - nown. Bear the ban - ner for - ward, bear it

for - ward, Let it wave on high! Thro' our  
bear it for-ward,

bles - ed Lord and Mas - ter, We will gain the vic - to - ry.

## No. 145.

## Jesus at the Door.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Knocking at the door, Knock-ing at the door, At the bolted door,  
 2. Wait-ing, there he stands, Wait-ing, there he stands, Ready to make whole,  
 3. List-en! to his voice; List-en! to his voice; How he pleads with thee!

Call-ing o'er and o'er, Call-ing o'er and o'er, Call-ing o'er and o'er;  
 Mer-cy in his hands, Mer-cy in his hands, For thy guilt-y soul;  
 Trust him, and re-joice, Trust him, and re-joice; Thy best friend he'll be,

'Tis thy Sav-iour in-ter-ced-ing, Let him not from  
 Why not now in love ac-cept him, While he shows a  
 And thy name shall be re-record-ed In the Book of

thee de-part; 'Tis thy Sav-ior pleads, he pleadeth For thy heart,  
 smil-ing face; Why in un-belief re-ject him, And his grace?  
 Life a-bove, And thy soul shall be re-ward-ed With his love.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. I'm wea - ry of earth and its toil, . . . . I'm wea - ry of conflicts with-
2. I've heard of a hav - en of rest, . . . . A realm of the pur - est de-
3. With wings of strong faith I will fly . . . . To Him, who of friends is the

ORGAN. *legato.*

*ad lib.*

in, I'm weary of turmoil and strife, I'm weary of woe, and of sin. . . .  
light, I long for that home of the soul, I yearn for its bright golden light.  
best, And find on His bosom of love, E - ternal and glorious rest. . .

REFRAIN.

O . . . that I had wings like a dove, O . . . that I had

wings like a dove, I'd fly away and be at rest, be at rest, I'd fly . .

I'd fly a -

## Longing for Rest.

And be . . . . . at .. rest, . . . . .

. . . . . a - way, .. I'd fly away to him and be at rest, sweet rest, I'd

way, I'd fly a-way and be . . . . ., at rest, sweet rest, I'd

And be . . . . . at rest. . . . .

fly . . . . . a - way, .. I'd fly away and be at rest, heav'nly rest.

fly a - way, a - way, .. and be . . . . . at rest. . . . .

## No. 147. De Fleury. 8s D.

German Melody. **Fine.**

1. { How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no long-er 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.

# No. 148. Throw out the Life-Line.

Words and Melody by REV. E. S. UFFORD.

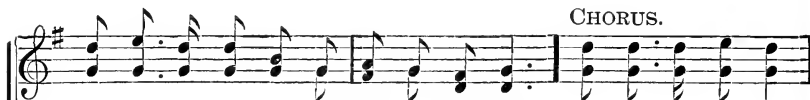
Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, my
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will we drift to that



some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To  
broth-er so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast - en to-day—And  
you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will  
fair E - den shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be, That



## CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?  
out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! } Throw out the Life-Line!  
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.  
Je - sus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the





Throw out the Life-Line.

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day.

No. 149. Only a Little While.

REV. ERNEST WESLEY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while, And then—The long, long day will  
 2. On - ly a lit - tle while, And then—The hours of con - flict  
 3. On - ly a lit - tle while, And then—Shall pass the drear, dark  
 4. On - ly a lit - tle while, And then—The conq' - rors tri - umph

end, With all its joy and pain, With all its loss and gain,  
 cease, No more the bat - tle cry, No more fierce foeman's might;  
 night; For - got the troubled dream, For - got the ter - ror gleam,  
 song; White gar - ments, dazzling sheen, Christ's hosts in glo - ry seen;

And Christ sweet rest will send, But when? But when?  
 My Lord will give his peace, But when? But when?  
 All lost in dawn so bright, But when? But when?  
 Sad day, drear night not long, Christ then, Christ then.

# No. 150. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Chorus by J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?  
2. Are there no foes for me to fight? Must I not stem the flood?  
3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord:

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

**CHORUS.**

The cross, the cross of gos-pel sto-ry; Dear cross of Christ, in thee I

glo - ry; And with thy conquering banner o'er me, I'll o - vercome the

foe, Up - lift - ed for the world's redeeming, From thee the love of God is

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

beam-ing, And drops of mer-cy ev-er stream-ing, that wash me white as snow.

No. 151. Calvary.

Words arr.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. There is a dear and hal-lowed spot, Oft pres-ent to my eye;
2. Oh, what a scene was there displayed, Of love and a-go-ny,
3. When fainting un-der guilt's dread load, Un-to the cross I'll fly,
4. And when shall come to me at last, The hour when I must die,

**Fine.**

By saints it ne'er can be for-got; That place is Cal-va-ry.  
 When our Re-deem-er bow'd his head, And died on Cal-va-ry.  
 And trust the mer-it of that blood Which flow'd on Cal-va-ry.  
 With life's de-part-ing rays I'll cast, A look at Cal-va-ry.

D. S.

That place is Cal-va-ry, That place is Cal-va-ry.  
 That place, that place is Cal-va-ry, That place, that place is Cal-va-ry.  
 And died on Cal-va-ry, And died on Cal-va-ry.  
 And died for me on Cal-va-ry, And died for me on Cal-va-ry.  
 Which flow'd on Cal-va-ry, Which flow'd on Cal-va-ry.  
 Which flow'd for me on Cal-va-ry, Which flow'd for me on Cal-va-ry.  
 A look at Cal-va-ry, A look at Cal-va-ry.  
 I'll cast a look at Cal-va-ry, I'll cast a look at Cal-va-ry.

# No. 152. Teach me how to pray.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

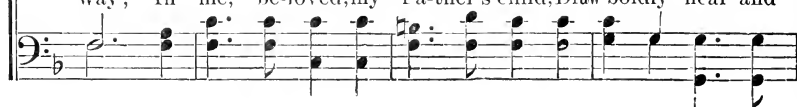
D. B. TOWNER.



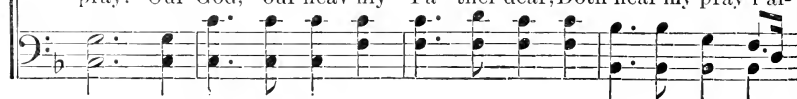
1. "Come thou a - part and rest a-while," I heard my Sav - iour  
2. He seemed so like the Son of Man, As on His breast I  
3. "My dove," He said, my un - de - filed, Thy sins are put a -



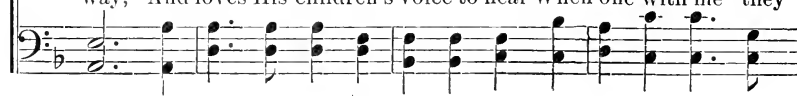
say, So sweet His tone, so fond His smile, I turned a - side to  
lay, That I with burn - ing heart be - gan, "Lord, teach me how to  
way; In me, be - loved, my Fa - ther's child, Draw boldly near and



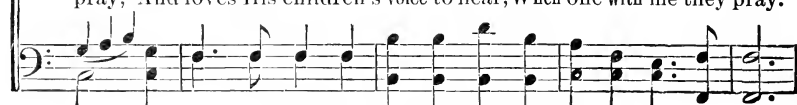
pray. He led me to a place a - part, Far from the bu - sy  
pray. 'Tis Thine to in - ter - ce - de for me, For grace from day to  
pray. Our God, our heav'nly Fa - ther dear, Doth hear my pray'r al -



way; He gen - tly drew me to His heart, And whisper'd, "Let us  
day; And help in my in - fir - mi - ty, Thy sin - ful child to  
way, And loves His children's voice to hear When one with me they



pray, He gen - tly drew me to His heart, And whisper'd, "Let us pray."  
pray, And help in mine in - fir - mi - ty Thy sin - ful child to pray.  
pray, And loves His children's voice to hear, When one with me they pray.



Teach me how to pray.

Very softly.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed . . . be thy name.  
Give us this day, our . . . dai - ly bread,  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . . us from evil.

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it . . . is in  
And forgive us our debts, as we for - - - give our  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for (*Omit.*) .

Ending for last verse.

heaven.  
debtors,  
. . . . . ever and ever. A - MEN.

No. 153. Rest. L. M.

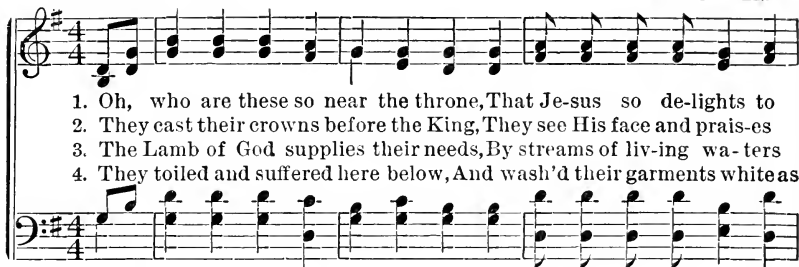
W. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev - er 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 supremely blest:

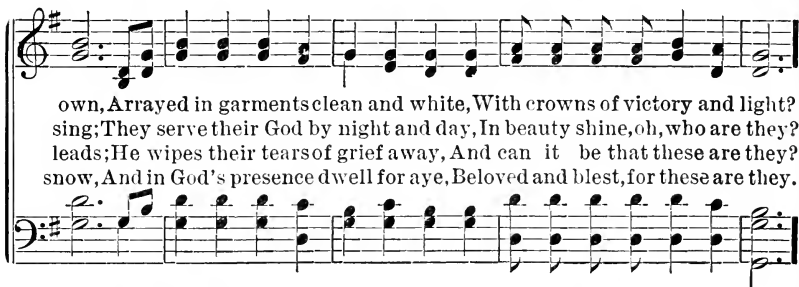
A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.  
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lo't this venomed sting.  
No fear, no woe shall dum that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's power.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

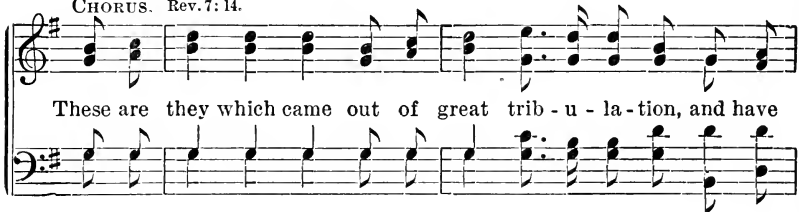


1. Oh, who are these so near the throne, That Je-sus so de-lights to  
 2. They cast their crowns before the King, They see His face and prais-es  
 3. The Lamb of God supplies their needs, By streams of liv-ing wa-ters  
 4. They toiled and suffered here below, And wash'd their garments white as

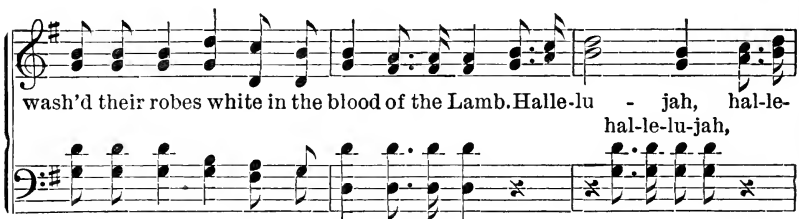


own, Arrayed in garments clean and white, With crowns of victory and light?  
 sing; They serve their God by night and day, In beauty shine, oh, who are they?  
 leads; He wipes their tears of grief away, And can it be that these are they?  
 snow, And in God's presence dwell for aye, Beloved and blest, for these are they.

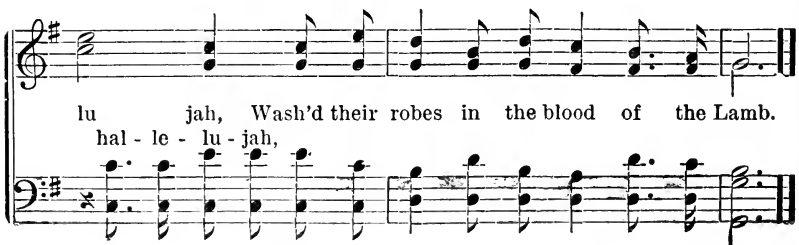
CHORUS. Rev. 7: 14.



These are they which came out of great trib-u-la-tion, and have



wash'd their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. Halle-lu - jah, hal-le-  
 hal-le-lu-jah,



lu jah, Wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb.  
 hal - le - lu - jah,

# No. 155. Glorious Fountain.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

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

is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins ; }  
sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }  
dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day ; }  
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous foun - tain! Here will I stay,

And in Thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

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

Words arranged.

GEO. H. SIMMONS.

1. Tell me, pilgrim, faint and wea-ry, Trav'ling o'er the pathway dim,  
 2. Are you seek-ing out the lost ones Whom the Mas-ter died to win?  
 3. Do you love to talk of Je-sus More than all the world be-side?

Are you shedding light a-round you? Are you wit-ness-ing for him?  
 Are you showing them the fount-ain That can wash a-way their sin?  
 Does it bring a ho-ly com-fort With his peo-ple to a-bide?

Do you try to tell the sto-ry Of the pre-cious Saviour's love?  
 Are you look-ing by the way-side For the wea-ry ones who fall?  
 Have you made a con-se-era-tion Of your time and earth-ly store?

Are you hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing Ev-er-more your love to prove?  
 Do you take them to the Sav-iour Who has promised rest for all?  
 If your all is on the al-tar, Then the Mas-ter asks no more.



# Ye are My Witnesses.

## CHORUS.

Thus should we journey, Showing forth the Master's praise,  
Thus, O pilgrim, should we jour-ney,

With our lamps all trimmed and burning, That the world may catch their rays.

# No. 157. Prayer.

T. T. EATON, D. D.

GEO. H. SIMMONS.

1. Father, from whom salvation came, Hal-low-ed be thy ho - ly name;  
2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread, Forgive our sins and on us shed  
3. De-liv-er us from e - vil now, And to thy kingdom may we bow;

We pray thy kingdom here to come, And as in heav'n thy will be done.  
Thy grace, that we, too, may forgive, And freedom from temptation give.  
The power shall ev-er-more be thine, For-ev-er shall thy glo - ry shine.

# No. 158. Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

Psalm 55.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh, had I wings, I sigh and say, Like some swift dove to roam;  
 2. Lo! wand'ring far my rest should be In some lone, des-ert waste;  
 3. But as for me, I'll call on God, The Lord will safe-ty give;  
 4. He hath re-stor'd my soul to peace, From trouble set me free;

Then would I hast - en far a - way, And find a peace - ful home.  
 I from the wind - y storm would flee, And from the tempest haste.  
 He'll hear me when I cry a - loud, At morning, noon, and eve.  
 And made the war a - gainst me cease, For man - y were with me.

CHORUS.

Cast . . . thy bur - den up - on . . . the  
 Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den up -

Lord, And He shall sus - tain thee, He shall sus - tain thee;  
 on the Lord, And

## Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

Cast . . . thy bur - den up - on . . . the  
 Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den up -

Lord, . . . And He shall sus - tain thee, He shall sus - tain thee.  
 on the Lord,

*ritard.*

## No. 159. 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. Trust - ing 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—

*FINE.*

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 wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.  
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

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

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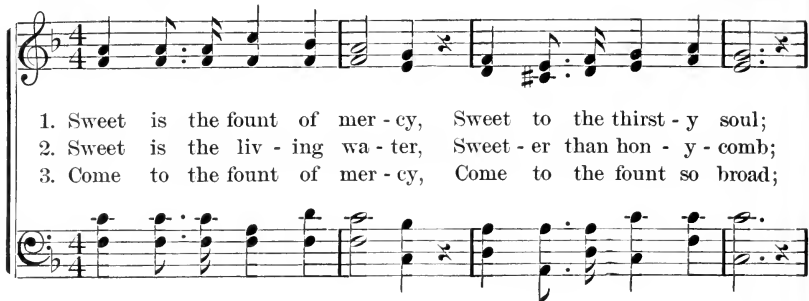
*D.S.*

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

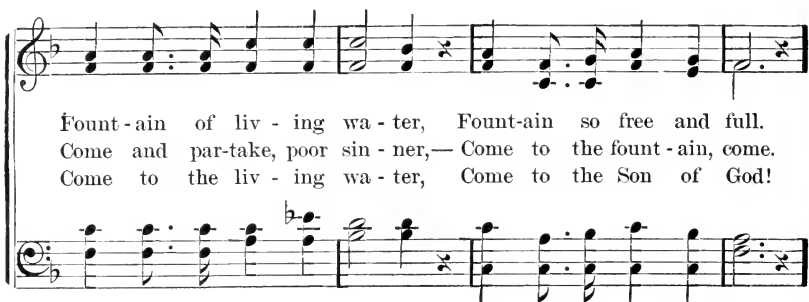
# No. 160. Come to the Fount of Mercy.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

A. LOUIS PAQUETTE.

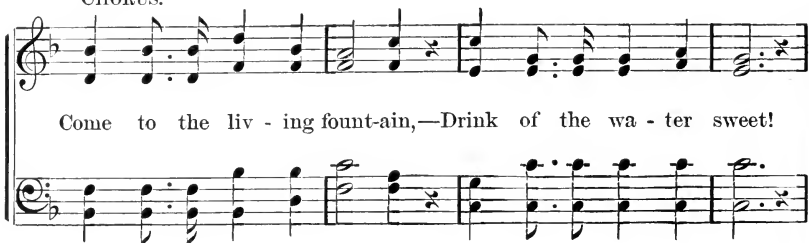


1. Sweet is the fount of mer - cy, Sweet to the thirst - y soul;  
2. Sweet is the liv - ing wa - ter, Sweet - er than hon - y - comb;  
3. Come to the fount of mer - cy, Come to the fount so broad;

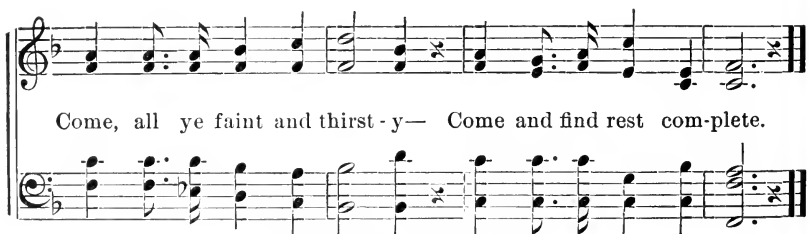


Fount - ain of liv - ing wa - ter, Fount - ain so free and full.  
Come and par - take, poor sin - ner, — Come to the fount - ain, come.  
Come to the liv - ing wa - ter, Come to the Son of God!

## CHORUS.



Come to the liv - ing fount - ain, — Drink of the wa - ter sweet!



Come, all ye faint and thirst - y — Come and find rest com - plete.

# No. 161. 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.



# No. 162. And the Spirit and the Bride.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Ye sons of men to you we bring Glad tidings from our Lord the King,  
 2. Ye souls oppressed by guilt-y fears, Ye hearts o'erwhelmed by sighs and tears,  
 3. Ye doubting saints, that dare not say "I am the Lords," be-lieve to-day,  
 4. Ye peo-ple, he re-fus-eth none, Who seek his grace thro' Christ the Son,

In Je-sus' great and spot-less name, To "who-so-ev-er" we pro-claim.  
 Come hith-er to the mer-cy seat, To "who-so-ev-er" we re-peat.  
 For in the prom-ise all may share, To "who-so-ev-er" we de-clare.  
 This "who-so-ev-er" is for thee, To "who-so-ev-er" thou may be.

## CHORUS Rev. 22 : 17.

And the Spir-it and the bride say come, come, come, And let him that heareth, say

come, come, come, And let him that is a-thirst, come, let him come, And

who-so-ev-er will, let him take the wa-ter of life free-ly, And

And the Spirit and the Bride.

who-so-ev-er will, And who-so-ev-er will, let him come, And  
Let him come

who-so-ev-er will, . . . Let him take the wa-ter of life free-ly.  
Let him come and

No. 163. Your Soul must Live.

Words arranged.

E. F. GOFF.

1st.

1. { Your soul must live, and live for aye; But where, poor sin-ner where?  
In that bless'd heav'n where Je-sus is, Or [Omit]
2. { Your soul must live, and live for aye; How can you meet your God,  
With all the sins of all your life Un-[Omit]
3. { Your soul must live and live for aye; Pause, think and an-swer this;  
Where will you spend e-ter-ni-ty? In [Omit]

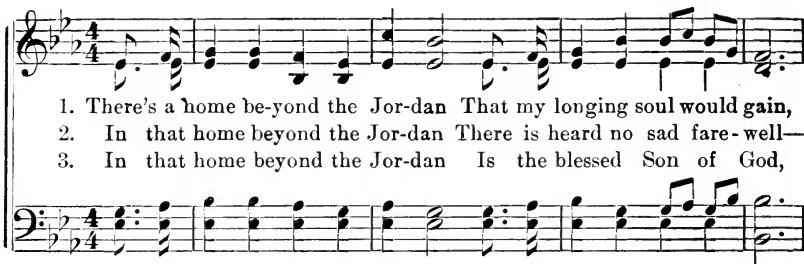
2nd. Ritard ad libitum.

sunk in deep despair, (in deep despair,) Or sunk in deep, in deep despair.  
covered by the blood, (the cleansing blood,) Your sins un-cov-ered by the blood.  
end-less woe or bliss, (in woe or bliss,) E-ter-ni-ty in woe or bliss?

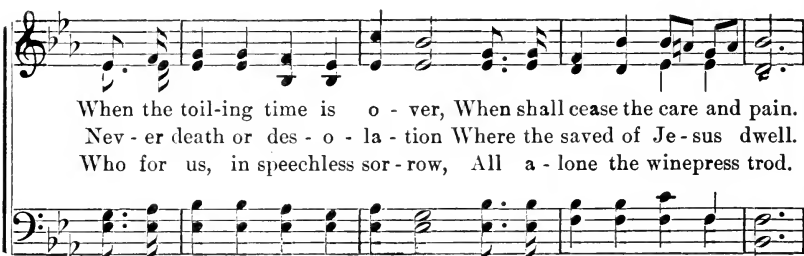
# No. 164. O Home beyond the Jordan!

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

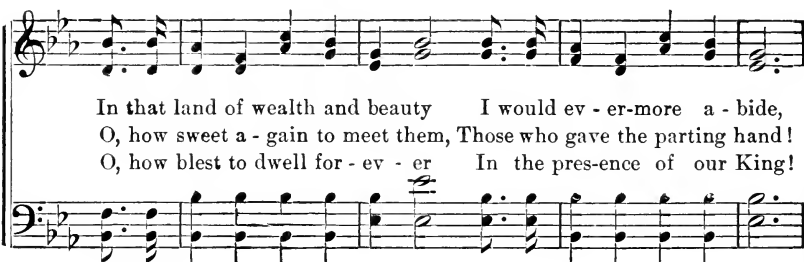
D. B. TOWNER.



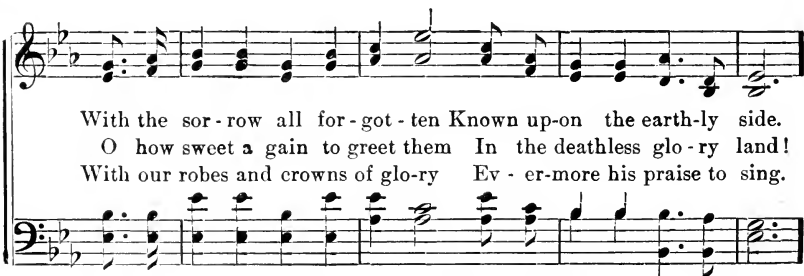
1. There's a home be-yond the Jor-dan That my longing soul would gain,  
2. In that home beyond the Jor-dan There is heard no sad fare-well—  
3. In that home beyond the Jor-dan Is the blessed Son of God,



When the toil-ing time is o - ver, When shall cease the care and pain.  
Nev - er death or des - o - la - tion Where the saved of Je - sus dwell.  
Who for us, in speechless sor - row, All a - lone the winepress trod.



In that land of wealth and beauty I would ev - er-more a - bide,  
O, how sweet a - gain to meet them, Those who gave the parting hand!  
O, how blest to dwell for - ev - er In the pres-ence of our King!



With the sor - row all for - got - ten Known up-on the earth-ly side.  
O how sweet a gain to greet them In the deathless glo - ry land!  
With our robes and crowns of glo-ry Ev - er-more his praise to sing.



## O Home beyond the Jordan!

### CHORUS.

O, that home . . . be - yond the Jor - dan— Sin - less  
O, that home be - yond the riv - er Jor - dan—

home . . . be - yond the Jor - dan, How my  
Sin - less home be - yond the riv - er Jor - dan,

wea - - ry soul is long - ing For a rest - ing - place in thee!  
How my wea - ry soul is ev - er long - ing

## 165. Sweet By any By. 166. Over There.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,  
And by faith we can see it afar,  
For the Father waits over the way,  
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

### CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,  
In the sweet by and by  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore  
The melodious songs of the blest,  
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,  
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above  
We will offer the tribute of praise,  
For the glorious gift of his love  
And the blessings that hallow our days.

1 Oh, think of a home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
Are robed in their garments of white.

### CHORUS.

Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of a home over there,  
Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,  
Who before us the journey have trod;  
Of the songs that they breathe on the air  
In their home in the palace of God.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart over there  
Are watching and waiting for me.

# No. 167. There Shall be Showers of Blessing.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of blessing;" This is a promise of love;  
 2. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;  
 3. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord;  
 4. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall;

There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.  
 O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bund-ance of rain.  
 Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or thy Word.  
 Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call.

## CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless-ing,

Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;

Mer-cy-drops 'round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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# No. 168. We're Marching to Zion.

REV. I. WATTS.

R. LOWRY. By per.

## Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, and let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join  
 2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But  
 3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets; Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be-  
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're march-ing thro' Im-man-nel's ground, We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.  
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.  
 fore we reach the heav'n-ty fields, Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.  
 march-ing thro' Im-man-nel's ground To fair-er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high,

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

## We're Marching to Zion.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on; We're  
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God.  
Zi - on, Zi - on,

## No. 169. Tell it to Jesus Alone.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

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

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

*D. S. You have no oth - er such a friend or broth - er,*

**Fine.** CHORUS.

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

Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known;  
*D. S.*

# No. 170. 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;  
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

# No. 171. 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.

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;

Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life, life.

*1st time.* *2d time.*

No.172. 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. 173.

# 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. 174.

# 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.

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. 175. 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. 176.

## The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-own-ed,  
 2. The heav'n's shall glow with splen-dor, But bright-er far than they  
 3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,  
 4. Let all that look for, hast-en, The com-ing joy-ful day,

By the *ma-ny* still neg-lect-ed, And by the *few* enthron-ed,  
 The saints shall shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray,  
 Be-hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore,  
 By earn-est con-se-cra-tion To walk the nar-row way,

But soon he'll come in glo-ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh,  
 The beau-ty of the Sav-iour Shall daz-zle ev-'ry eye,  
 A joy in our Re-deem-er, As we to him are nigh,  
 By gath-'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,

For the crown-ing day is com-ing by and by.  
 In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.  
 In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.  
 For the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.

## CHORUS.

Oh, the crown-ing day is com-ing, Is com-ing by and by,

When our Lord shall come in "pow-er" And "glo-ry" from on high.



## The Crowning Day.

Oh, the glo-ri-ous sight will glad - den Each wait-ing, watch-ful eye,

In the crown ing day that's com-ing by and by.

## No. 177. Come, ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

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 wound-ed 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 an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can not heal.  
 ten - der-ly say - ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can not cure.  
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

# No. 178.

# God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! By his counsels guide, up-  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! 'Neath his wings se - cure - ly  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain! When life's perils thick con-  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain! Keep love's banner float - ing

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

## CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet, . . . till we meet,  
 Till we meet, till we meet again,

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

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

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# No. 179.

# More Love to Thee.

Mrs. E. P. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee; Hear thou the  
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a -  
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are thy  
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per thy praise; This be the

## More Love to Thee.

pray'r I make, On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea:  
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:  
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain: When they can sing with me—  
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee.

## No. 180. Lead Me by the Hand.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. By thine eye, O God, all - see-ing, Guide my err-ing feet a - right,
2. By thy love, so strong and ten-der, Cheer and chide me ev - er nigh:
3. By thy pleasant words be - guil-ing All the long and wea-ry road,

And from hind'ring shadows free-ing, Lead me on-ward in - to light.  
 Keep me, oh, my soul's de-fend - er, As the ap - ple of thine eye.  
 Toil - ing, rest-ing; weep-ing, smil-ing; Lead me still to thine a - bode.

### CHORUS.

Lead me by thy hand, dear Sav-iour, Let me walk in light with thee;

*Rall.*  
 All a - long life's thorny pathway In thy mer-cy lead thou me.

# No. 181. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CH. 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 bleed-ing 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. 182. 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 we have in Jesus.

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. 183. 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.

# No. 184. There's a Work for each of us.

A. A. A.

JAMES McGRANAHAN. By per.

1. Our Mas-ter has tak-en his jour-ney To a coun-try that's far a - way,  
 2. In this "lit-tle while" doth it mat-ter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,  
 3. There's on-ly one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;  
 4. Our Mas-ter is coming most sure-ly, To reck-on with ev - 'ry one;

And has left us the care of his vineyard, To work for him day by day.  
 If we're filling the place he as-signs us, Be its serv - ices small or great.  
 And then, having found it, to do it With all our God giv-en pow'rs.  
 Shall we, then, count our toil or our sor-row, If his sen - tence be, "Well done.

## CHORUS.

There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do,

Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.

# No. 185. The King's Highway.

CENNICK.

DUANE STREET. L. M. D.

Rev. GEO. COLES.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fixed my hopes up-on;

His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till him I view.

*Fine.*

D. S. *The King's highway of ho - li - ness I'll go, for all his paths are peace.*

## The King's Highway.

D. S.

The way the ho - ly prophets went, The road that leads from ban-ish-ment ;

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 This is the way I long have sought,<br/>And mourned because I found it not;<br/>My grief a burden long has been,<br/>Because I was not saved from sin.<br/>The more I strove against its power,<br/>I felt its weight and guilt the more;<br/>Till late I heard the Saviour say,<br/>Come hither, soul, I am the way.</p> | <p>3 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,<br/>Shall take me to thee as I am ;<br/>Nothing but sin have I to give,<br/>Nothing but love shall I receive.<br/>Then I will tell to sinners round<br/>What a dear Saviour I have found ;<br/>I'll point to thy redeeming blood,<br/>And say, "Behold the way to God."</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## No. 186. Deliverance will Come.

J. B. M.

REV. JOHN B. MATTHIAS, 1836.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav - 'ler, In tat - tered gar - ments clad,  
His back was lad - en heav - y, His strength was al - most gone,  
2. { The Sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,  
But he kept press - ing on - ward, For he was wend - ing home ;  
3. { The song - sters in the ar - bor That stood be - side the way,  
His watchword be - ing "On - ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

And strug - gling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad ;  
Yet he shout - ed as he jour - neyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }  
His gar - ments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow. }  
Still shout - ing as he jour - neyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }  
At - tract - ed his at - ten - tion, In - vit - ing his de - lay ; }  
Still shout - ing as he jour - neyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }

### CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry I shall bear.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4 I saw him in the evening,<br/>The sun was bending low,<br/>He'd overtopped the mountain,<br/>And reached the vale below ;<br/>He saw the golden city—<br/>His everlasting home—<br/>And shouted loud, Hosanna!<br/>Deliverance will come.</p> <p>5 While gazing on that city,<br/>Just o'er the narrow flood,<br/>A band of holy angels<br/>Came from the throne of God :</p> | <p>They bore him on their pinions<br/>Safe o'er the dashing foam ; ;<br/>And joined him in his triumph—<br/>Deliverance had come.</p> <p>6 I heard the song of triumph<br/>They sang upon that shore,<br/>Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,<br/>To suffer nevermore ;<br/>Then, casting his eyes backward<br/>On the race which he had run,<br/>He shouted loud, Hosanna!<br/>Deliverance has come !</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## No. 187.

## Manoah. C. M.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious 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. 188.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,  
 And ever prays for me ;  
 A token of his love he gives,  
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head ;  
 He brings salvation near ;  
 His presence makes me free indeed,  
 And he will soon appear.

- 3 He wills that I should holy be ;  
 What can withstand his will ?  
 The counsel of his grace in me  
 He surely shall fulfill.
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;  
 I steadfastly believe  
 Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
 And to thyself receive.

## No. 189.

## Horton. 7s.

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 fierc - 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.



# No. 190. Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by DR. L. MASON.

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 Christ, 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. 191.

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. 192. Heber. C. M.

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 æ - 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. 193.

## Hebron, L. M.

WATTS.

L. 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. 194.

## Arlington. C. M.

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. 195.

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 fowls 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.

# No. 196.

# Balerna. C. M.

Scottish Melody.

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 unknow'n! 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. 197.

- 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. 198.

- 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. 199.

# Duke Street. L. M.

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. 200.

# Antioch. C. M.

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-eous-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 nature 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. 201.

# Christmas. C. M.

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 calls thee 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. 202.****Dennis, S. M.**

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. 203.**

- 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. 204.**

- 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. 205.****Maitland. C. M.**

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. 206. Portuguese Hymn. IIs.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God, in great mercy, is  
 2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay Your hearts may grow better, your  
 3. The contrite in heart he will free-ly re-ceive, O why will you not the glad

com-ing so nigh? Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come! And angels are  
 chains melt away! Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are; All helpless and  
 message believe? If sin be your burden, why will you not come? 'Tis you he makes

waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.  
 dy-ing, to Je-sus re-pair, All helpless and dy-ing, to Je-sus re-pair.  
 welcome, he bids you come home, 'Tis you he makes welcome, he bids you come home.

# No. 207. Hursley. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;  
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied 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;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise, 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 above.

# No. 208. How Firm a Foundation.

Old Melody.

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

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

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

# No. 209. To-day. 6s & 4s.

REV. S. F. SMITH.

DR. L. MASON, 1831.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Ye wan - d'ers, come;  
 2. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Oh, list - en now;  
 3. To - day the Sav - iour calls: For ref - uge fly;  
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to his pow'r;

O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?  
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.  
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.  
 Oh, grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

# No. 210. Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

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-ri-ous, 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."

# No. 212. Olivet. 6s & 4s.

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. 8s & 7s.

Ps. 103.

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 mer - cies crowns thee, Who with good things fills thy mouth,  
 4. In his right - eous - ness, Je - ho - vah Will de - liv - er those distressed ;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All his mer - cies 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. L. M.

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 mer - cies 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. S. M.

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.

# Laban. S. M.

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. Cres. D. C.  
 flow'rs ; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glow-ing sun ;  
 done.

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. C. M.

ANNIE STEELE.

H. G. NAGELL.

1. Fa - ther, what'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. 6s & 4s.

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-gim'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-ject 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. Harwell.

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.

# No. 226.

# Ariel. C. P. M.

Psalm 63.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Thou art my God, O God Most High, And ear - ly seek thy face will  
 2. I long, as in the times of old, Thy pow'r and glory to be -  
 3. Thus will I bless thee while I live, And with up - lift - ed hands I'll

I; My soul doth thirst for thee. { My spir - it thirsts to taste thy grace, }  
 hold With-in thy ho - ly place. { My flesh longs in this bar - ren place, }  
 give Praise to thy ho - ly name. { Be - cause to me thy wondrous love }  
 { Than life it-self doth dear-er prove; }  
 { As when with fat-ness well sup-plied, }  
 { So shall my soul be sat - is - fied; }

In which no wa - ters be, In which no wa - ters be.  
 My lips shall praise thy grace, My lips shall praise thy grace.  
 My mouth shall praise pro - claim, My mouth shall praise pro - claim.

# No. 227.

1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,  
 Oh, could I show the glories forth,  
 Which in my Saviour shine!  
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
 In notes almost divine.

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 songs 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.

# No. 228.

# Come to Jesus just now.

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

- |                     |                      |                         |
|---------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 6 Oh, believe him.   | 10 He will cleanse you. |
| 3 He is able.       | 7 Oh, receive him.   | 11 Only trust him.      |
| 4 He is willing.    | 8 Jesus loves you.   | 12 Let us praise him.   |
| 5 He is waiting.    | 9 He will bless you. | 13 Hallelujah. Amen.    |

# No. 229. No Sorrow There.

Arranged.

1. Far from the scenes of night Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise,  
 2. Fair land! could mor - tal eyes But half its charms ex - plore,  
 3. No cloud those re - gions know, Realms ev - er bright and fair;

CHO. *There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;*

D. C. CHORUS. FINE.

And realms of joy and pure de - light Un - known to mor - tal eyes.  
 How would our spir - its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.  
 For sin, the source of mor - tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.

*In heaven a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.*

# No. 230.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 "Forever with the Lord!"<br/>             Amen! so let it be;<br/>             Life from the dead is in that word,<br/>             'Tis immortality. CHO.</p> <p>2 Here in the body pent,<br/>             Absent from him, I roam,<br/>             Yet nightly pitch my moving tent<br/>             A day's march nearer home. CHO.</p> | <p>3 My Father's house on high,<br/>             Home of my soul—how near,<br/>             At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,<br/>             Thy golden gates appear! CHO.</p> <p>4 "Forever with the Lord!"<br/>             Father, if 'tis thy will,<br/>             The promise of that faithful word,<br/>             E'en here to me fulfill. CHO.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

# No. 231. 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 its guilt and pow'r.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flow'd,

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Not the labor of my hands<br/>             Can fulfill thy law's demands;<br/>             Could my zeal no respite know,<br/>             Could my tears forever flow,<br/>             All for sin could not atone;<br/>             Thou must save, and thou alone.</p> <p>3 Nothing in my hand I bring,<br/>             Simply to thy cross I cling;<br/>             Naked, come to thee for dress,</p> | <p>Helpless, look to thee for grace;<br/>             Foul, I to the fountain fly,<br/>             Wash me, Saviour, or I die.</p> <p>4 While I draw this fleeting breath,<br/>             When mine eyes shall close in death,<br/>             When I soar to worlds unknown,<br/>             See thee on thy judgment throne,<br/>             Rock of Ages, cleft for me,<br/>             Let me hide myself in thee.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

# No. 232.

# Webb. 7s & 6s.

G. DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

*D. S.* Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished,

*D. S.*

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. 233.

- 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. 234.

- 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.

# No. 235. Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

T. KELLY.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

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. 236.

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. 237. 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. 238. 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. 239.

# Azmon. C. M.

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 spa - cious earth a - round,  
 3. Sal - va - tion! O thou bleeding Lamb, To thee the praise be - longs :

A sovereign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cord - ial for our fears.  
 While all the arm - ies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.  
 Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

# No. 240.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame,  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus and his word?

- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
 How sweet their memory still!  
 But they have left an aching void  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest;  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.

# No. 241. Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

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 loud - est 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 son - net, 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.

# No. 242. Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROUSSEAU.  
FINE.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
*D.C.* Oh, re-fresh us, oh, re-fresh us, Trav-'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.  
 2. Thanks we give, and ad-o-ra-tion, For the gos-pel's joy-ful sound;  
*D.C.* May thy pres-ence, may thy presence With us ev-er-more be found.  
 3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en, Us from earth to call a-day,  
*D.C.* May we ev-er, may we ev-er Reign with Christ in end-less day.

*D. C.*

Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace.  
 May the fruits of thy sal-va-tion, In our hearts and lives a-bound.  
 Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the sum-mons to o-bey.

# No. 243.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,<br/>         Come in mercy's gracious hour;<br/>         Jesus ready stands to save you,<br/>         Full of pity, love and power:<br/>         He is able,<br/>         He is willing, doubt no more.</p> <p>2 Let no sense of guilt prevent you,<br/>         Nor of fitness fondly dream;<br/>         All the fitness he requireth<br/>         Is to feel your need of him:<br/>         This he gives you;<br/>         'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.</p> | <p>3 Agonizing in the garden,<br/>         Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;<br/>         On the bloody tree behold him,<br/>         There he groans, and bleeds and dies:<br/>         "It is finished!"<br/>         Heaven's atoning sacrifice.</p> <p>4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,<br/>         Pleads the merit of his blood;<br/>         Venture on him, venture wholly,<br/>         Let no other trust intrude:<br/>         None but Jesus<br/>         Can do helpless sinners good.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

# No. 244. Guide Me.

W. WILLIAMS.

WM. L. VINER.  
FINE.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-hov-ah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land;  
*D.C.* Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.  
 2. O - pen now the crys-tal fount-ain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;  
*D.C.* Strong de-liv-'rer, strong de-liv-'rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.  
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;  
*D.C.* Songs of prais-es, songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to thee.

*D. C.*

I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy power-ful hand.  
 Let the fie-ry, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney through.  
 Bear me thro' the swelling cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side.

# No. 245.

# Coronation. C. M.

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. 246.

# Ortonville. C. M.

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, what'er may come, We'll taste, '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. 247.

# Martyn. 7s D.

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. 248.

# Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

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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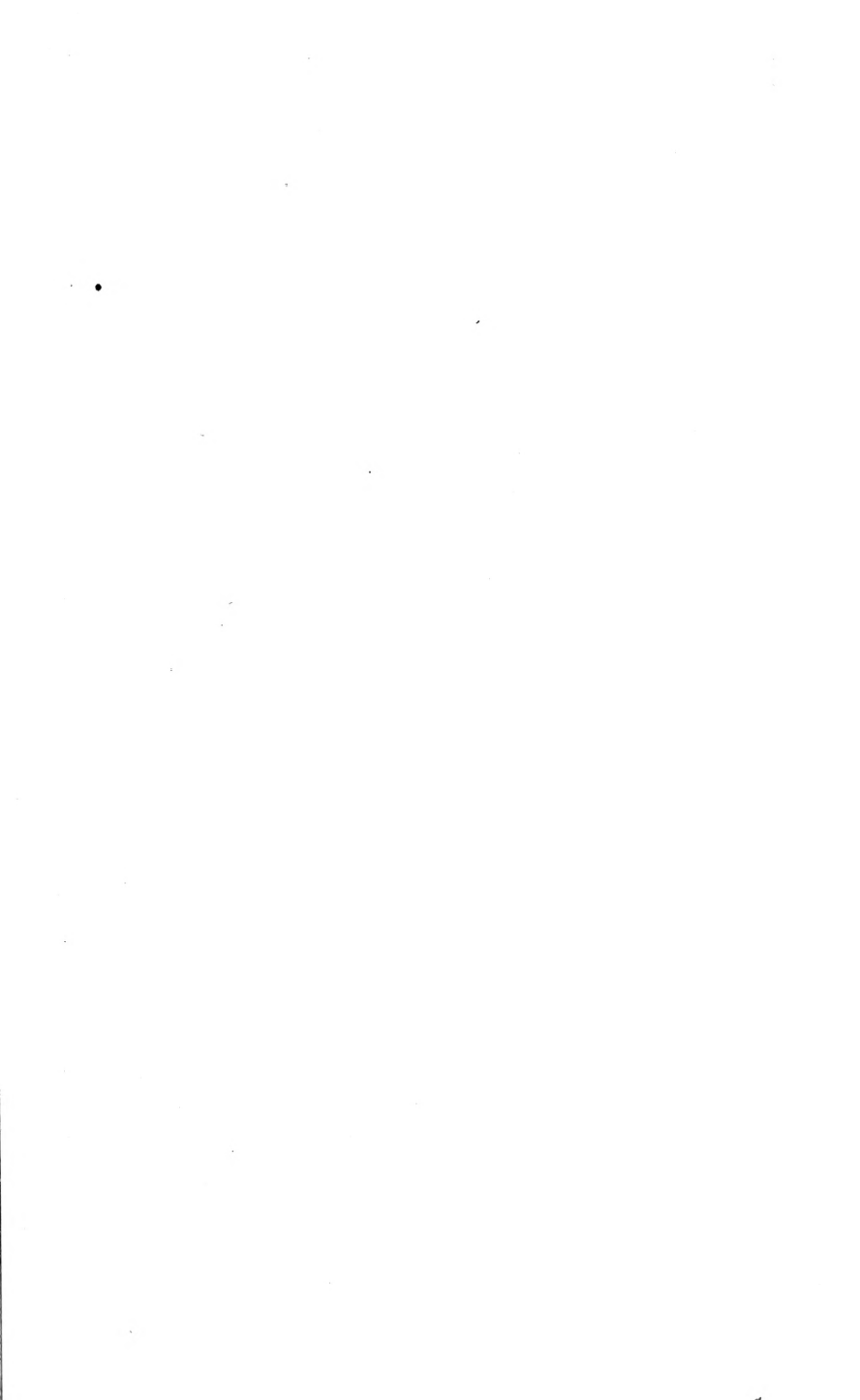
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