

# Lasting Hymns

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

Specially Designed

• for •

Every Department

• of •

Worship

• • AND • •

Suitable for All the Services of the Churches.



by JOHN A. LEE.

*Pastor Evangelist.*



PUBLISHED BY

**JOHN A. LEE,**

419-421 Elm St. CINCINNATI, O. 7921 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans.  
GLENCOE, KY.

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WITHDRAWN

JNO. A. LEE,

419 Elm Street,  
CINCINNATI, O.

7921 St. Charles Ave.,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

GLENCOE, KY.

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# PREFACE.

## An Excellent Work.

"Your new song book is an excellent work. I congratulate you upon your success.  
*Louisville, Ky.* Yours sincerely,  
J. N. PRESTRIDGE, Editor Baptist Argus."

## Nothing But Cream.

"I have examined LASTING HYMNS song book and congratulate you upon your successful collection for Church Service, Prayer Meeting and Sunday School. You have certainly selected nothing but cream.  
*Cincinnati, O.* Very cordially yours,  
J. F. MCCURDY, Baptist Supply House."

## Good for all the Services of the Sanctuary.

"I have examined your new book, LASTING HYMNS, with much pleasure. It is an excellent collection of hymns, old and new. I am glad you have given us so many of the sweet old tunes loved by our fathers. The book is good for all the services of the Sanctuary. I hope you will find sale for many of them.  
*Richmond, Va., Oct. 25, 1901.* Yours fraternally,  
R. J. WILLINGHAM."

## Grand Old Hymns with Best of the New Ones.

"The copy of your admirable hymn book, LASTING HYMNS, has been received. In the short time I have had to peruse it. I am very favorably impressed with it. It seems to be a splendid compilation of the grand old hymns, interspersed with the best of the new ones. I trust it shall have wide circulation and fill the place it seems well qualified to occupy in the worship of the saints.  
*Allanta, Georgia, Oct. 24, 1901.* Affectionately,  
F. C. MCCONNELL."

## Much Pleased with Selection.

"DEAR BROTHER LEE:—I have carefully examined the index of your proposed hymn book and am very much pleased with your selection. Culling from the hundreds of sacred songs, good, bad and indifferent, your choice displays judgment, taste and reverence. Especially am I pleased to see that you have chosen so large a number of the grand old hymns 'that were not born to die.'  
*Louisville, Ky.* Cordially,  
CARTER HELM JONES."

## Hymns that Will Last.

"I am well pleased with LASTING HYMNS. You have a most excellent collection of hymns that will last.  
*Nashville, Tenn.* J. M. FROST."

## Right Name.

"I think your song book is aptly named. The Gospel lasts and so will the hymns in your book. May the Holy Spirit use your book for the salvation of souls.  
*Louisville, Ky.* Fraternally,  
J. G. BOW."

## Well Suited for Devotional and Evangelistic Meetings.

"I have examined the new hymn book, LASTING HYMNS, compiled by Drs. J. A. Lee and Geo. C. Cates, with much interest. The book is well suited for use in devotional and evangelistic meetings and in Sunday school. I wish it a wide circulation.  
*Louisville, Ky.* T. T. EATON,  
Editor Western Recorder."

# LASTING HYMNS.



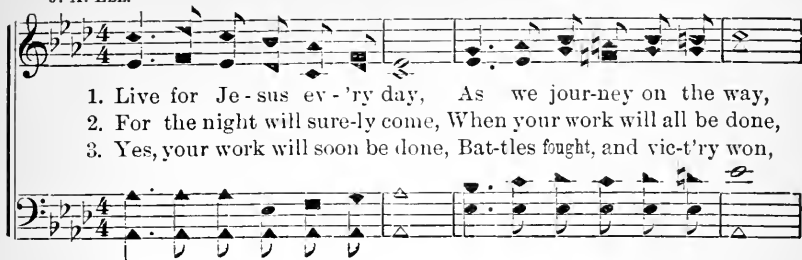
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## Live For Jesus.

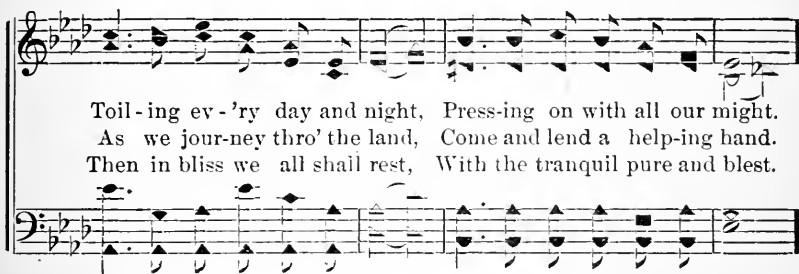
*"I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living."*—Ps. 116: 9.

J. A. LEE.

REV. W. D. HOLT.

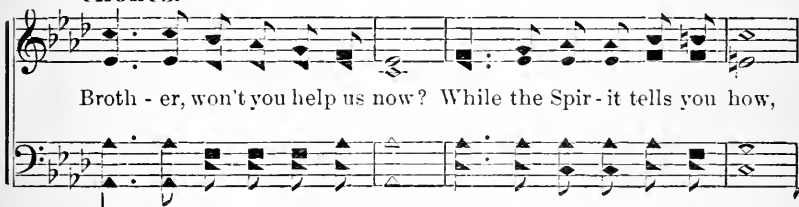


1. Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, As we jour - ney on the way,  
2. For the night will sure - ly come, When your work will all be done,  
3. Yes, your work will soon be done, Bat - tles fought, and vic - t'ry won,

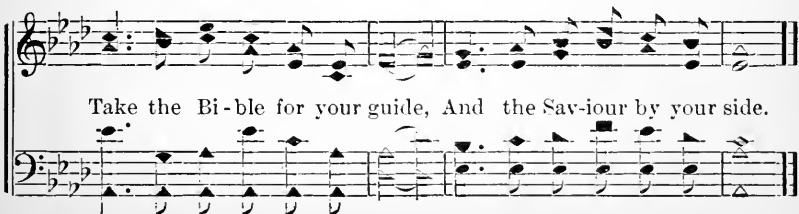


Toil - ing ev - 'ry day and night, Press - ing on with all our might.  
As we jour - ney thro' the land, Come and lend a help - ing hand.  
Then in bliss we all shall rest, With the tranquil pure and blest.

### CHORUS.



Broth - er, won't you help us now? While the Spir - it tells you how,



Take the Bi - ble for your guide, And the Sav - iour by your side.

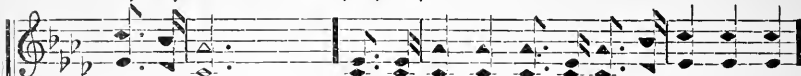
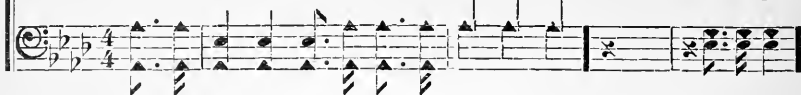
## SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. GABRIEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

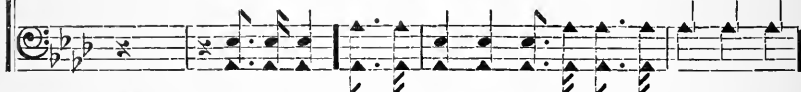


1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the rest- less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Ma - ce - do - nian call to - day,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry - where a - bound,
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, 'Send the light!

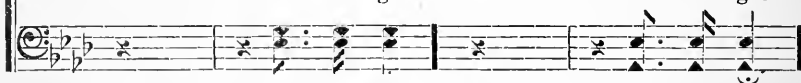


Send the light!"

There are souls to res - cue, there are souls to save,  
 And a gold - en off - ring at the cross we lay,  
 And a Christ - like spir - it ev - 'ry - where be found;  
 Send the light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,



Send the light! . . . light! Send the light! . . . light!  
 Send the light! Send the light!



## CHORUS.



{ Send the light, . . . the bless - ed gos - pel light; Let it  
 { Send the light, . . . and let its ra - diant beams Light the



shine . . . from shore to shore! . . . .  
 world . . . for - ev - er . . . . . more. (for - ev - er - more.)



## WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL, alt.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.

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

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

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

## REFRAIN.

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

P. H.

Marcia.

H. F.

1. The king-dom of the Lord Is com-ing in the world, His  
 2. The king-dom of the Lord! Let ev-'ry sol-dier true, Be  
 3. The king-dom of the Lord! Oh, speed the bless-ed time When

Word thro' all the earth has gone a-broad; The trump has sounded forth, The  
 in-stant at his gracious Leader's call; And tho' the strife be long, The  
 vic-to-ry from ev-'ry voice shall swell; And 'neath the reign of peace, E-

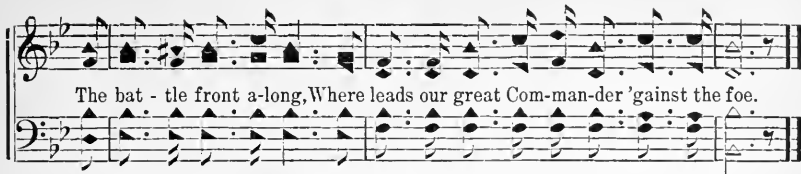
ban-ner is un-furled, And gath'ring fast are all the hosts of God.  
 triumph stands in view, And ev-'ry-where the holds of Sa-tan fall.  
 ter-nal and sub-lime, His faith-ful ones for ev-er-more shall dwell.

## CHORUS.

The king-dom of the Lord, The king-dom of the Lord, Oh,

shout, ye conquering armies as ye go, (as ye go,) While rolls the mighty song

# The Kingdom of the Lord.

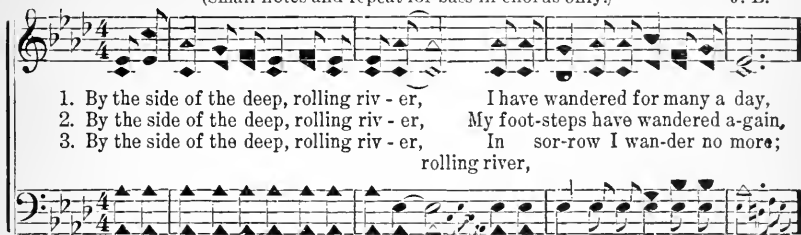


The bat - tle front a-long, Where leads our great Com-man-der 'gainst the foe.

## 5 By the Side of the Deep, Rolling River.

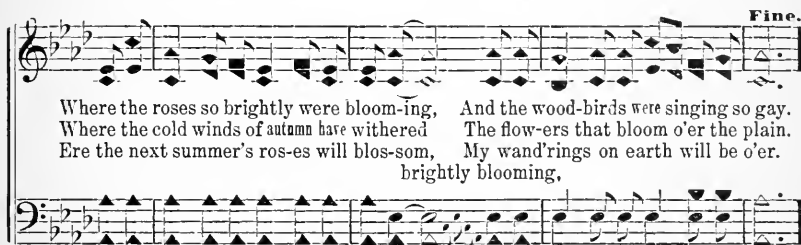
(Small notes and repeat for bass in chorus only.)

J. B.



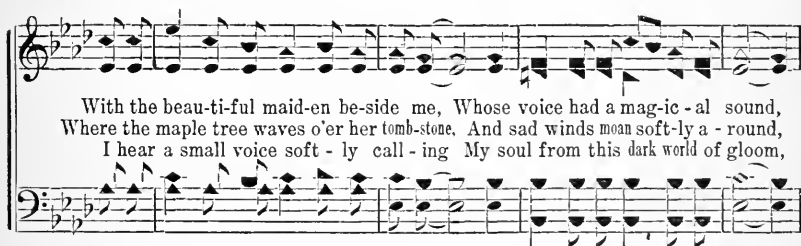
1. By the side of the deep, rolling riv - er, I have wandered for many a day,  
 2. By the side of the deep, rolling riv - er, My foot-steps have wandered a-gain,  
 3. By the side of the deep, rolling riv - er, In sor-row I wan-der no more;  
 rolling river,

*Cho.* By the side of the deep, rolling riv - er, I have wandered for many a day,



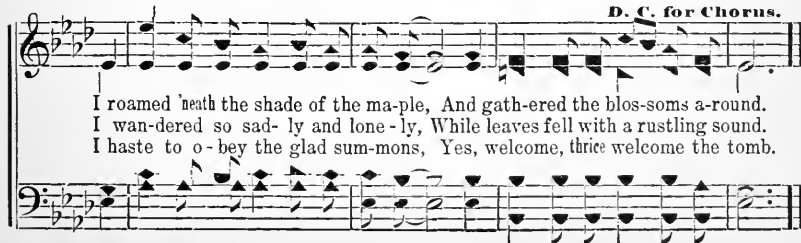
Where the roses so brightly were bloom-ing, And the wood-birds were singing so gay.  
 Where the cold winds of autumn have withered, The flow-ers that bloom o'er the plain.  
 Ere the next summer's ros-es will blos-som, My wand'rings on earth will be o'er.  
 brightly blooming,

Where the roses so brightly were bloom-ing, And the wood-birds were singing so gay.



With the beau-ti-ful maid-en be-side me, Whose voice had a mag-ic-al sound,  
 Where the maple tree waves o'er her tomb-stone, And sad winds mean soft-ly a-round,  
 I hear a small voice soft-ly call-ing My soul from this dark world of gloom,

**D. C. for Chorus.**

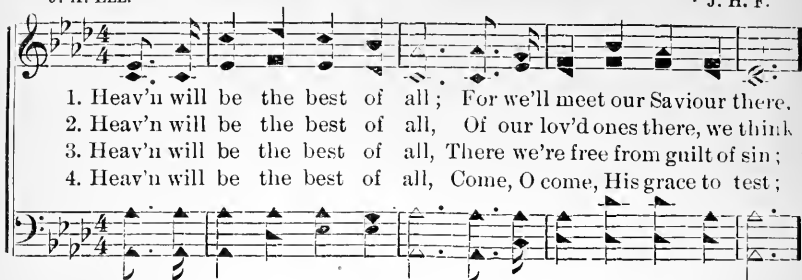


I roamed 'neath the shade of the ma-ple, And gath-ered the blos-soms a-round.  
 I wan-dered so sad-ly and lone-ly, While leaves fell with a rustling sound.  
 I haste to o-bey the glad sum-mons, Yes, welcome, thrice welcome the tomb.

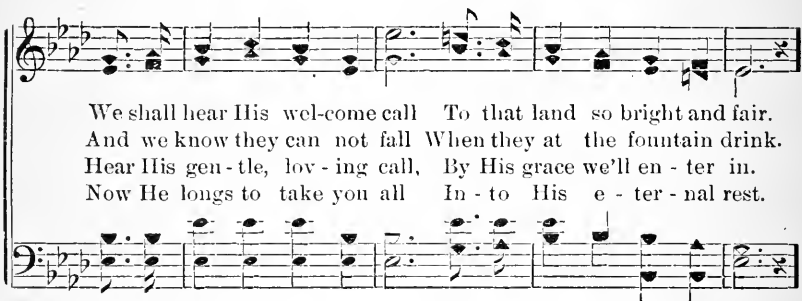
Dedicated to Miss Camilla Henderson, Covington, Ky., died Dec. 25, 1900, aged 19 years. Loved ones had gathered at her bedside, Christmas Day, and the presents she had received were mentioned. She realized what heaven was and knowing that she would soon be there said, "Heaven will be the best of all." In a little while she was there.

J. A. LEE.

- J. H. F.

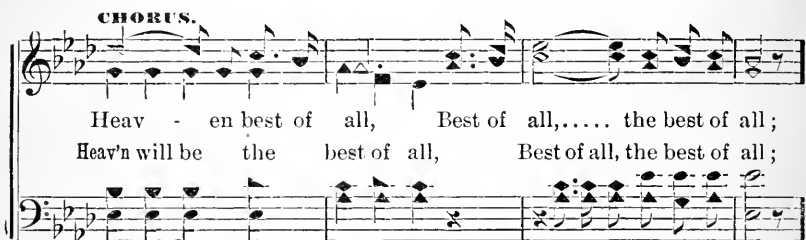


1. Heav'n will be the best of all; For we'll meet our Saviour there.  
 2. Heav'n will be the best of all, Of our lov'd ones there, we think  
 3. Heav'n will be the best of all, There we're free from guilt of sin;  
 4. Heav'n will be the best of all, Come, O come, His grace to test;

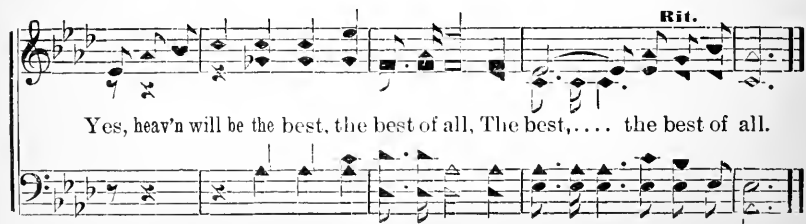


We shall hear His wel-come call To that land so bright and fair.  
 And we know they can not fall When they at the fountain drink.  
 Hear His gen-tle, lov-ing call, By His grace we'll en-ter in.  
 Now He longs to take you all In-to His e-ter-nal rest.

**CHORUS.**



Heav - en best of all, Best of all,.... the best of all;  
 Heav'n will be the best of all, Best of all, the best of all;



Yes, heav'n will be the best, the best of all, The best,.... the best of all.



## ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y - where he  
 2. An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends m...  
 3. An - y - where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark - ling

leads me in this world be - low; An - y - where with - out him, dear - est  
 fail me, he is still my own; Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver  
 shad - ows round a - bout me creep; Know - ing I shall wak - en nev - er

joys would fade, An - y - where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.  
 dear - 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.

## MY SAVIOR FACE TO FACE.

W. C. AGAR.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. I am glad I found the Savior, for He makes my heart rejoice, And I  
 2. Yes, I know He ev - er loves me, dai - ly guides my erring feet, And I'm  
 3. When life's sun is slowly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm  
 4. When I tread the crystal pavement of the new Je - ru - sa - lem, Where my

feel within my soul His saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus, hear His  
 resting in His tender, fond em - brace; But I want to know Him better, and my  
 near the ending of life's weary race, In my heart will be this longing, none but  
 Savior has prepared for me a place, Where the angel choirs are singing praise and

*Fine*

lov - ing, gen - tle voice, I want to see my Sav - ior face to face.....  
 dear Re - deem - er meet, I want to see my Sav - ior face to face.....  
 Christ can sat - is - fy, I want to see my Sav - ior face to face.....  
 glo - ry to the Lamb, Oh, then I'll see my Sav - ior face to face!.....  
 see my Savior face to face.

D.S. — *ev - er - last - ing throne, I want to see my Sav - ior face to face.....*  
 CHORUS.

Oh, I want to see my Savior face to face, Who hath loved me and re -  
 Last v. — Oh, then I'll see my Savior face to face,  
 see my Savior face to face,

*D. S.*

deemed me by His grace; In His kingdom, crowned with glory, on His  
 and redeemed me by His grace;

# The Child of a King.

Words by HATTIE E. BUELL.

Arr. from a Melody by REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the weath of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for



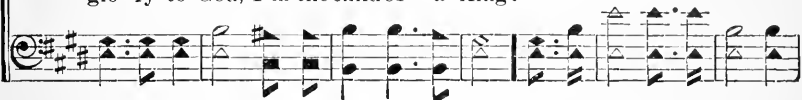
world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
 poor-est of men; But now He is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will  
 a-lien by birth! But I've been adopt-ed, my name's written down,—An  
 me o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All



## CHORUS.



cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told. I'm the child of a King, The  
 give me a home in heav'n by and by.  
 heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.  
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!



child of a King! With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King!



## I Am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the  
 2. At the fountain opened for the soul unclean, I am resting in the  
 3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the  
 4. Oh, the peace and rapture! Oh, the wondrous bliss, I am resting in the  
 5. So I live rejoicing in His love each day, I am resting in the

Saviour's love; Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins a-way, I am  
 Saviour's love; Trusting in His grace I ventured free-ly in, I am  
 Saviour's love; When I trust-ed Jesus, lo, the work was done! I am  
 Saviour's love; I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this; I am  
 Saviour's love; I am walking with Him in the narrow way, I am

## REFRAIN.

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

I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I am rest-ing,

sweet - ly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.  
 rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing,

J. A. LEE.

II. PETER 3: 18.

C. M. DAVIS.

1. We are glid-ing a - long life's wea - ry way, Serv-ing our Master from  
 2. I will nev - er de - lay at Christ's command, But in His service I'll  
 3. To the faults of man-kind I will be blind, Giv-ing to all on - ly

day to day, We are fill - ing our mis - sion here be - low,  
 lend a hand; In His serv - ice I'll al - ways take de - light,  
 words so kind, I'll for - give and be mild in what I say,

**CHORUS.**

Seek-ing still more of our Lord to know.  
 Ear-nest - ly do - ing His will with might. More of Je - sus to  
 Pointing to Christ, who's the on - ly way.

know, More of His work to do,  
 More of Je - sus to know, More of His work to

More of His grace to show,.... More loy - al and true.....  
 do, His grace to show, More loy - al, more loyal and true.

SOLO, OR DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO.

REV. J. W. PORTER.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. I wan-dered long in darkness and sin, Caring naught for His  
 2. I looked a - way from this world and its care, Sad-ly gazed in the  
 3. I looked at self and my well-deserved fate, There was darkness and  
 4. I looked a - way from my guilt and its stain, And from all self or

won-der-ful love; When a voice from a - far ech-oed sweetly with-  
 si-lent blue sky; When I saw painted there a pic-ture of  
 doom ev - 'ry-where; As there came to my soul the sad words "too  
 others could do; To the Son of God who for sin-ners was

**REFRAIN.**  
 in, Look up, lost one, thy home is a - bove.  
 blood, By Him who reigns for-ev-er on high. I look'd on the Cross at the  
 late," My load was more than mortal could bear.  
 slain And found His promise loving and true.

Cru-ci-fied One, As the blood flow'd from His dear side, It was then that I

knew when my burden was gone, And I'm un-der the crim-son tide.

F. H.

J. H. F.

1. Sweet on the ear falls a heav-en-ly voice, Hear it, oh, hear it, each  
 2. Sweet on the ear falls the ac-cent so pure, Why should earth's follies the  
 3. There in that land where the golden harps ring, There in that land where the

heart, and re-joice, Come un-to me and make heav-en your choice,  
 spir-it al-lure? Why not the bless-ings e-ter-nal se-cure?  
 glo-ri-fied sing, There in that pal-ace where Je-sus is King,

**CHORUS.**  
 Come, and your souls shall find rest. Je - - - sus in-  
 Choos-ing the things that are best.  
 There may you be a glad guest. Je - sus in - vites you, in-

vites you to - day, Why..... will you long-er de - lay?  
 vites you to - day, Why will you long-er, why long-er de - lay?

This..... is the beau-ti-ful way, Come, and for-ev-er be blest.  
 This is the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful way,

## My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(Better as a Solo.)

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I  
 lustre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the  
 parting at the riv-er I recall; To the sweet vales of Eden they will  
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of ages I shall

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

## CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;  
 I shall know Him,

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



DANIEL MARCH.

ALEX. C. HOPKINS.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing — "Who will go and work to - day?  
 2. If you can not cross the o - cean, And the heath-en lands ex-plore,  
 3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,

Fields are white, the har - vest wait - ing — Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"  
 You can find the heath - en near - er, You can help them at your door;  
 Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do."

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;  
 If you can not speak like an - gels, If you can not preach like Paul,  
 Glad - ly take the task He gives you, Let His work your pleas - ure be;

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord; send me?"  
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.  
 An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord; send me?"

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord; send me?"  
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say He died for all.  
 An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord; send me?"

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,  
 2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss - ful sight,  
 3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the fount - ains of de - light,

Where shall en - ter naught that may de - file; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,  
 When the beau - ty of the King we see, Hold - ing con - verse full and sweet,  
 Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

For the bless - ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Sav - iour's smile.  
 In a fel - low - ship com - plete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.  
 Till no spot of sin re - main, And the soul for ev - er - more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - ti - ful robes,.... Beau - - ti - ful robes,....  
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - ti - ful robes we then shall wear;....  
 Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear;

# Beautiful Robes.

Gar - - ments of light, . . . Love - ly and bright, . . .  
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walk - ing with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

17

# Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho - ly con - verse With Christ, my Lord, alone I seem to hear the  
 2. They passed thro' toils and tri - als, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's  
 3. My soul takes up the cho - rus, And press - ing on my way, Com - mun - ing still with  
 4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' e - ter - nal

## CHORUS.

mill - ions That sing a - round His throne.  
 con - quest, And sing the vic - tor's song. Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal - le -  
 Je - sus, I sing from day to day.  
 a - ges, I'll shout be - yond the sky.

## Poco ritard.

lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - men.

## Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY,

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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

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

**CHORUS.**

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

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

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

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORWENZ.

1. I am safe, what-ev - er may be - tide me; I am safe, who-  
 2. What tho' fiercely roar the storms a-round me; What tho' sore life's  
 3. Ev - er - last - ing arms of love en - fold me; Words of peace the

ev - er may de-ride me; I am safe, as long as I con - fide me  
 tri - als oft confound me; I am safe, for naught of ill can wound me  
 voice di-vine has told me; I am safe, for God Himself doth hold me,

## CHORUS.

In the hol-low of God's hand. In the hollow, hollow of His  
 In the hol-low of God's hand.  
 In the hol-low of His hand. In the hollow, in the

hand..... In the hollow, hol-low of His hand,....  
 hollow of His hand, In the hollow, in the hollow of His hand,

I am safe while God Himself doth hold me In the hol-low of His hand.

*"I will trust in thee."—Ps. 56: 3.*D. B. PURINTON.  
Gently.

DUET WITH CHORUS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. If the Sav-our journey with me, If He be my constant stay, If His  
 2. If the Sav-our journey with me, If He be my faithful friend, If He  
 3. If the Sav-our journey with me, If He keep me at His side, If He

pres - ence guide and keep me, Thro' the dark as thro' the day: I will  
 nev - er cease to love me, Love and keep me to the end; I will  
 shield me from the dan - gers That a - long my path may hide; I will

fear no harm, dread no fierce alarm; He for me the path of peace is seek-ing.  
 seek His face, I will plead His grace, Trust my life to Him who ev-er liv - eth,  
 nev - er stray from the perfect way, Till at last I stand within the por - tal

**Rit.**

And the voice of love is speaking, While He safe-ly guards me all the way.  
 Give my all to Him who giv-eth Love divine, that naught can e'er transcend.  
 Of the dwelling place im-mor-tal, Where the blest of God shall e'er a - bide.

**CHORUS.**

If the Sav-our jour-ney with me, If His guid-ing hand He give me,

# If the Saviour Journey with Me.

Musical score for the hymn "If the Saviour Journey with Me." It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. A "Rit." (Ritardando) marking is placed above the final measure of the treble staff. The lyrics are: "If His lov - ing heart receive me, I will love and trust Him all the way."

21

## Saviour, Take Me.

*'Let my prayer come before thee.'* — Ps. 88: 2.

JOHN BURTON.

W. H. DOANE.

Musical score for the hymn "Saviour, Take Me." It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Saviour, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee; 2. Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me, Let my heart be on - ly Thine, 3. Let me do Thy will, or bear it, I would know no will but Thine; 4. Thine I am, O Lord, for - ev - er, To Thy serv - ice set a - part;

Musical score for the hymn "Saviour, Take Me." It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "All my pow'rs to Thee sur - ren - der, Thine and on - ly Thine to be, Thy de - vot - ed serv - ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine. Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it, I that life to Thee re - sign. Suf - fer me to leave Thee nev - er, Seal Thine im - age on my heart."

### CHORUS.

Musical score for the chorus of the hymn "Saviour, Take Me." It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Sav - iour, take me, Sav - iour, take me, Make and keep me all Thine own,

Musical score for the chorus of the hymn "Saviour, Take Me." It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Till Thy per - fect likeness wearing, I shall stand be - fore Thy throne."

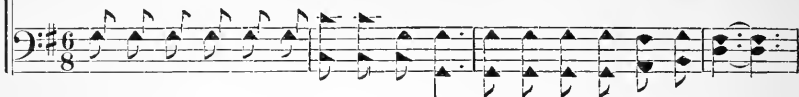
To my wife.

W. H. M.

W. H. MORRIS.



1. Aft-er all la-bor is done in this life, Aft-er has end-ed our day,
2. Aft-er all bat-tles are won in the strife, And Je-sus calls to us "come."
3. Aft-er we've suffered and wept here be-low O-ver our er-rors and sin,



Bless-ed re-ward if we've won in the strife, Joy that will pass not a-way;  
 Aft-er we've finished our work in this life, Then we shall pass to that home;  
 Up to our beau-ti-ful home we will go, Je-sus will welcome us in;



Aft-er the sorrows and tri-als are o'er That we en-coun-ter be-low,  
 Aft-er our morning and evening are past, Then will e-ter-ni-ty dawn;  
 Aft-er good-byes to our friends have been said, And we have felt the last kiss,



Aft-er the darkness and clouds are no more, To that dear home we will go.  
 Will we shout, "Glory! I'm safe home at last, Safe in our beau-ti-ful home."  
 Aft-er the watchers shall say we are dead, We shall have entered sweet bliss.





## After This, Home.

**CHORUS.**

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Where we are long - ing to be,....

Home, home, beau - ti - ful home, Where the dear Lord we'll see.

## 23 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

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

*f* One tho't re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!  
 I am con - tent; for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

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

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

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me! (of me!)

A. M. TOPLADY.

Arr. by REV. W. J. HOLTZCLAW.

1. Rock of A - - - ges, cleft for me,  
 2. Could my tears..... for-ev-er flow,  
 3. While I draw..... this fleeting breath,

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,  
 2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my tears for-ev-er flow,  
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, While I draw this fleet-ing breath,

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide..... my-self in  
 Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal..... no languor  
 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes..... shall close in

Let me hide myself in Thee, Let me  
 Could my zeal no languor know, Could my  
 When my eyes shall close in death, When my

Thee,  
 know,  
 death,  
 Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the  
 Could my zeal no lan-guor know, These for  
 When my eyes shall close in death, When I

hide my-self in Thee;  
 zeal no lan-guor know,  
 eyes shall close in death,

wa - ter and the blood (the blood), From Thy riv - en side which flowed,  
 sin could not a - tone (a - tone); Thôu must save, and Thou a - lone;  
 rise to worlds unknown (un-known), And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

# Rock of Ages.

Be of sin the dou - ble cure (the cure,) Save from wrath and makes me pure.  
 In my hand no price I bring (I bring;) Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me (for me,) Let me hide my - self in Thee.

**CHORUS.**

Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me,  
 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, cleft for me, cleft for me,

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

25

## Show Pity, Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;  
 2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;  
 3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;  
 4. Yet save a trem - bling sin - ner, Lord, Whose hope still hov'ring round Thy word,

CHO.—O depth of mer - cy! can it be That mer-cy's still re-served for me?

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 pard'ning love be found.  
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law ap - proves it well.  
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure sup - port a - gainst de - pair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sin - ners spare?

*"Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."*—2 COR. 6: 2.

REV. R. O. SMITH.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Why do ye say to - mor - row? While Je - sus calls to - day,  
 2. Come, tho' thy life be drear - y, Come, tho' distressed with care,  
 3. Come, while the Saviour's pleading, Ye guilt - y and dis - tressed,

Why spend thy time in sor - row, Sin - ner, O why de - lay?  
 Come if thy heart be wear - y, Je - sus thy grief will bear.  
 Thy Saviour's voice come heed - ing, And He will give thee rest.

**CHORUS.**

Come to the Sav - iour, come to the Sav - iour, Come while He

waits for thee,..... Come to the Sav - iour,  
 He waits for thee,

Come to the Sav - iour, Par - don He of - fers free.....  
 of - fers free.

H. R. TRICKETT.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. In the des - ert of sor - row and sin, Lo! I faint as I  
 2. In my weak - ness I turn to the fount, From the Rock that was  
 3. O thou God of com - pas - sion, I pray, Let me ev - er a -

jour - ney a - long; With the war - fare with - out and with - in, See my  
 smit - ten for me; And I drink and I joy - ful - ly count All my  
 bide in Thy sight; Let me drink of the fount day by day, Till I

**CHORUS.**

strength and my hope nearly gone. I thirst, let me drink,  
 tri - als a bless - ing to be. I thirst, let me drink,  
 join Thee in mansions of light.

Of the life - giv - ing stream let me drink, 'Tis the Rock,  
 let me drink, 'tis the Rock,

cleft for me, cleft for me, 'Tis the wa - ter, the wa - ter of life.

"And Jesus put forth his hand."—MATT. 8: 3.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. A sin - ner, lone-ly, sick and poor, So weak that I could scarcely  
 2. My life was like a ves - sel toss'd Up - on some lone-ly o - cean  
 3. I read that on Mount Cal - va - ry, For me the dy - ing Sav - iour  
 4. For my sal - va - tion now is sure, Some day be - fore the throne I'll

stand; I heard a knocking at my door, And God held out to me His  
 strand; My strength was gone, all hope was lost, When God held out to me His  
 planned; 'Twas thro' that death up - on the tree, That God held out to me His  
 stand; For I received the prom - ise sure, When God held out to me His

**CHORUS.**

hand. Yes, God's own hand, His own blessed hand, Reached  
 His bless-ed hand.

out to help a sin - ner stand; I heard His blest com - mand and

start-ed for that land, When God held out to me His hand.  
 His blessed hand.

## My Mother's Prayer.

REV. J. A. LEE.  
SOLO.*Dedicated to my praying mother.*

FRANK L. BRISTOW.

1. Oh! I was saved thro' mother's pray'r, She followed me ev - 'ry-where;  
2. In this wide world where'er you roam, Re-mem-ber your mother's at home;  
3. What would I say? what would I do? But for a moth-er so true;  
4. That mother's gone who used to pray, She's waiting now o'er the way;  
5. That mother's gone to heav'n a - bove, At home in her Sav - iour's love!

And when I wandered far a - way Her pray'rs were with me ev - 'ry day.  
She'll hum-bly kneel be-side her bed At e - ven - tide un - til she's dead.  
Who prays each day and prays each night That God will make and keep me right.  
Oh! won't you heed your mother's pray'r And dwell with her at home up there?  
Oh! won't you come your mother's way And meet her there on some sweet day?

**CHORUS.**

Yes! I was saved,..... Yes! I was saved by pray'r;  
Yes! I was saved by moth-er's pray'r! Yes! I was saved by mother's pray'r;  
Yes! I was saved,..... Yes! I was saved,.....

At night she'll kneel be-side her bed, And pray for me un - til she's dead.

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## I'm Going Home.

REV. WM. HUNTER.


WM. MILLER.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there:  
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.  
CHO.—I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more.  
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 My Father's house is built on high,<br>Far, far above the starry sky;<br>When from this earthly prison free,<br>That heavenly mansion mine shall be. | 3 Let others seek a home below,<br>Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;<br>Be mine a happier lot to own<br>A heavenly mansion near the throne. |
|--|---|

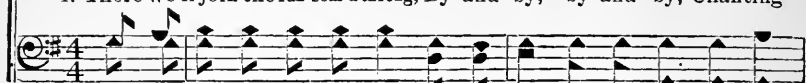
"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—Joshua 1: 11.

Rev. W. T. DALE.


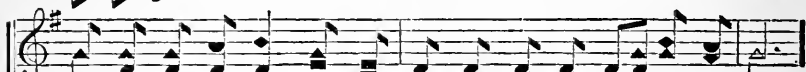
D. E. DORTCH, by per.




1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that  
 2. All our sor-rows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall  
 3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall  
 4. There we'll join the ran-som'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting



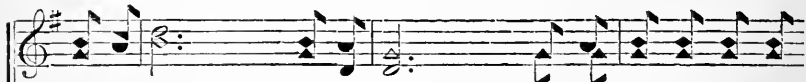

hap-py land so sweet, By and by; We shall gather on the shore, With our  
 reach our home at last, By and by; With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a  
 strike the golden lyre, By and by; In our home so bright and fair Where the  
 love's redemption song, By and by. There we'll meet before the throne, There we'll

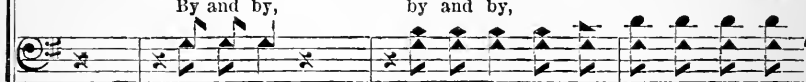
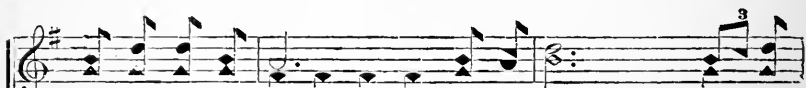
kin-dred gone be-fore, And the Sav-iour's name a - dore, By and by.  
 ho - ly, hap - py band, Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by.  
 hap - py an - gels are, We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by.  
 lay our trophies down, And re - ceive a shin - ing crown, By and by.




CHORUS.



By and by, by and by, by and by, O - ver Jor-dan we shall  
 By and by, by and by, by and by,

gath - er, by and by, by and by, By and by, By and by, by and  
 by and by, by and by, by and by,





# Over Jordan.

by, (by and by,) Then we'll shout and sing for-ev - er, by and by, (by and by.)

32

# Come To Jesus.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, trembling sin-ner, from thy seat, And bow be - fore the Lord ;
2. Come while you may to Christ and live, For life will soon be done ;
3. Come if thou canst, or canst not feel ; Come trusting in His grace ;
4. Come while the voice of Je - sus calls In ac - cents full and clear,
5. The Sav-iour stands thy cause to plead Be - fore the throne a - bove ;

Fall as a mourn-er at His feet, And hang up - on His word.  
 Oh, come and to the Sav - iour give That guilt - y heart of stone !  
 He will the work of par - don seal On all who seek His face.  
 And mer - cy's sweetest language falls In - vit - ing on the ear.  
 Come in thy hour of great - est need, And feel His pard'ning love.

## CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now, }  
 On - ly trust Him, He will save you, (Omit) . . . . . } He will save just now.

# 33 I'll Go Where You Want Me 'To Go.

MARY BROWN.  
*Andante.*

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

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

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

But if, by a still, small voice, He calls To paths that I do not know,  
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,  
So, trust - ing my all to Thy tender care, And know - ing Thou lov - est me,

I'll an - swer: "Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go."  
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

## REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O - ver mountain, or plain. or sea;

# I'll Go Where You Want.

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

Musical score for the song "I'll Go Where You Want." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

34

## Rest in the Valley.

"The rough way shall be made smooth."—LUKE 3: 5.

Words arr. by J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Where the rough road turns there's a valley sweet, Where the skies are  
2. Where the rough road turns there's a haven blest, Where the ships at  
3. There is rest, sweet rest, in that val-ley sweet, And there's rest in the

Musical score for the first system of "Rest in the Valley." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

starred and fair; We'll for-get the thorns and the noon-day heat  
an-chor ride, And the sea-winds sing sweet-est songs of rest,  
ha-ven still, Tho' the rag-ing storms on the brave ship beat,

Musical score for the second system of "Rest in the Valley." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

And rest in the ros-es there; And the dark of the drear-y,  
Far o-ver the dreamless tide, Where the tem-pest fade from a  
The thorns are keen to kill! Let us dream that the dark of the

Musical score for the third system of "Rest in the Valley." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wea-ry night, Will be lost in the morn-ing light.  
si-lent shore, And the sails furled for ev-er-more  
drear-y night, Will be lost in the morn-ing light.


Musical score for the fourth system of "Rest in the Valley." It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## TRUST AND OBEY.



"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." — Ps. 25: 14.

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, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.

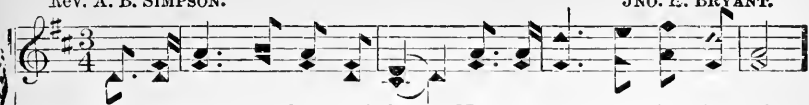



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.



Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

JNO. E. BRYANT.



1. Some sweet morn the day shall break, Nev-er-more to sink in night.
2. Some sweet day the end shall come To our part-ing and our pain.
3. Some sweet hour our mor-tal frame Shall His glo-rious im-age wear.
4. Some sweet time we'll weep no more, O'er these scenes of sin and woe;



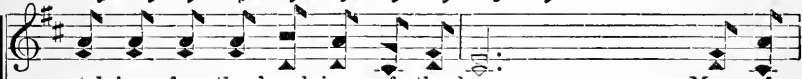
Some sweet morn we shall a - wake Mid the ev - er - last-ing light.  
 Some sweet day we'll all go home, Nev-er-more to part a-gain.  
 Some sweet hour our worthless name All His maj - es - ty shall share.  
 Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Heav'n come down to dwell be-low.



## CHORUS.



We are wait-ing for the com-ing of the morn-ing, We are



watch-ing for the break-ing of the dawn, Morn of  
 for the break-ing of the dawn,



morns, oh, haste thy glad ap - pear-ing! Day of days, speed on! speed on!



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

- 5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell,  
 All the story of His love.  
 Some sweet day our song shall swell,  
 Loud and sweet as songs above.
- 6 Some sweet morn we'll see His face,  
 And we shall be satisfied.  
 Some sweet day in His embrace,  
 We shall evermore abide.

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 won - drous good - ness,  
 3. Crown Him, crown a suf - f'ring Sav - iour, Gen - tly lift the thorn - crown,  
 4. Crown the might - y 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 suf - f'ring Sav - iour  
 Reign - ing now most glo - rious, Ev - er - more our ris - en Sav - iour

## CHORUS.

In our great Re - deem - er's praise.  
 Died a sin - ful world to bless. Crown.... Him King of  
 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,

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE, by per.



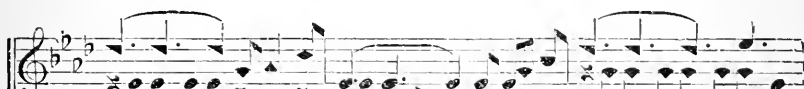
1. O, scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field; For
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live; Tho'
3. The har - vest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care; With



## CHORUS.



grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful harvest yield. Then day by  
 great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.  
 joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be garnered there.



day . . . a - long your way, . . . The seeds of prom - - ise  
 Then day by day, a - long your way, The seeds of promise cast, the



cast; . . . That rip - ened grain, . . . from hill and  
 seeds of prom - ise cast; That rip - ened grain,



plain, Be gathered home . . . at last.  
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.



1. Give as the Lord hath prospered thee, Give, give to the Lord ;  
 2. Give to the poor a - long the way, Give, give to the Lord ;  
 3. Give, tho' so poor thy gift may seem, Give, give to the Lord ;

Give with a will - ing mind and free, Give, give to the Lord ;  
 Give to the heath - en far a - way, Give, give to the Lord ;  
 Give but the cup in Je - sus' name, Give, give to the Lord ;

He hath supplied thee o'er and o'er, Blessed thee in basket and in store,  
 Give to His need - y as they cry, Give to His peo - ple ere they die,  
 Cheerful then give the good thou hast, Fearless thy bread on waters cast,

**REFRAIN.**

Promised to fill thee more and more, Thy gracious Lord.  
 Give to His gos - pel that it fly, O give, give, give. Give, give with a  
 It will re - turn to thee at last In har - vests great.

willing hand, Give, give with a liberal hand, Give at His blest command,



# Cheerful Giving.

Who prospered thee, Give at His best command, Who prospered thee.

40

# Waiting for Thee.

REV. J. A. LEE.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. There is a Saviour that's waiting for thee, Tho' you have wandered a-way,
2. There is a du - ty that's waiting just now, One you've neglected so long,
3. There are our lov'd ones who wait o'er the way, Friends we so ten-der-ly love,

You may by faith the Re-deem-er now see, Then come and be saved while you may.  
Come then to Christ while His Spirit tells how. Come to Him and He'll make you strong.  
Who with the Sav-iour are wait-ing to-day To greet us in mansions a-bove.

## CHORUS.

Wait - ing, wait - ing, Come, for His par-don is free,  
Waiting to-day, waiting for thee, so free,

Wait - ing, wait - ing, The Sav-iour is wait-ing for thee.  
Waiting, to-day, wait-ing for thee,

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py, gold - en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the  
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain, But in  
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In - to  
 heav'n no thro' of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the  
 pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com - tain - ion blend Heart with

*Fine.*  
 pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.  
 cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.  
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

*D. S. - happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more. Meet me there.*

CHORUS.  
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is  
 Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there,

*D. S.*  
 blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the  
 Meet me there;

## Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

"The eternal God is thy dwelling place, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. What a fel - low - ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean - ing on the ev - er -  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean - ing on the ev - er -  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean - ing on the ev - er -

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

## REFRAIN.

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

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

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

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal  
 2. O, sometimes how long seem the day, And sometimes how weary my feet :  
 3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sorrows pre-vail ;

And sorrow, sometimes how they sweep, Like tempests down over the soul.  
 But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet !  
 Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

CHORUS.

O, then, to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is

high - er than I ;  
                   is high - er than I ;      O, then, to the Rock let me

fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

Rev. F. BOTTOLE, D. D.

—John 14. 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

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

**Fine**

tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!  
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!  
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

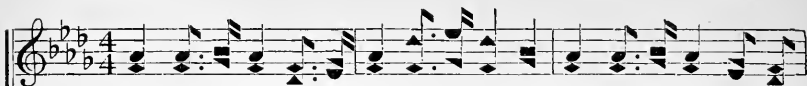
*round, Wherev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!*

**CHORUS.**

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

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press - ing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk - ing in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Up - ward, still up - ward, we'll



Sav - iour and King, Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,  
 turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,  
 mer - cy, and love; Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly promised,  
 fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"



Hap - py, how hap - py the songs that we bring. How beau - ti - ful to walk in the  
 Hap - py, how hap - py our prais - es each day.  
 Hap - py, how hap - py our jour - ney a - bove  
 Hap - py, how hap - py our place at His side.



steps of the Sav - iour, Step - ping in the light, Step - ping in the light; How



beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - iour, Led in paths of light.



## LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

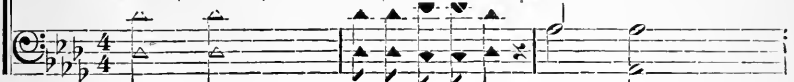
F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

**With expression.**

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,  
 2. Thou, the refuge of my soul  
 3. Saviour, lead me, then at last,

Gent-ly lead me all the  
 When life's stormy billows  
 When the storm of life is



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly



way ; I am safe when by Thy side,  
 roll ; I am safe when Thou art nigh,  
 past, To the land of endless day,

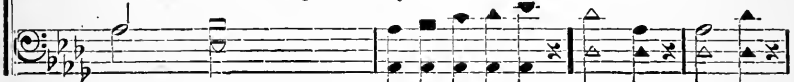


lead me all the way ; I am safe when by Thy side,

**CHORUS.**

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

Lead me, lead me,



I would in Thy love abide.



Sav- iour, lead me, lest I stray ; . . . Gently down the stream of  
 lest I stray ;

**Rit. e dim.**

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav- iour, all the way. (all the way.)

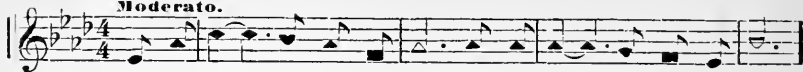


# 47 The Old Musician and His Harp.

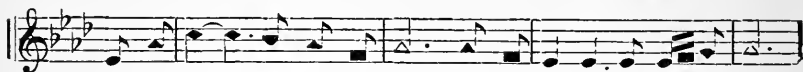
WM. S. PITTS.

H. M. HIGGINS.

**Moderato.**



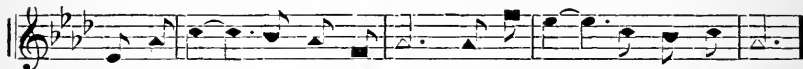
1. Years have come and pass'd a-way, Gold-en locks have turn'd to gray,
2. O those chords with magic pow'r! Take me back to childhood's hour,
3. Soon I'll be a-mong the blest, Where the wea-ry are at rest;



Gold-en ring - lets, once so fair, Time has changed to sil-v'ry hair;  
To that cot be-side the sea, Where I knelt at mother's knee;  
Soon I'll tread the gold-en shore, Singing prais - es ev - er-more.



Yes, I've neared the riv - er side, Soon I'll launch up-on its tide—  
But that moth - er, she has gone—Calm she sleeps beneath the stone,  
Now my boat is on the stream, I can see its waters gleam;



Soon my boat with noiseless oar, Safe will pass to yon-der shore.  
While I wan - der here a - lone, Sighing for a brighter home.  
Soon I'll be where angels roam—Dear old harp, I'm go - ing home.

**CHORUS.**



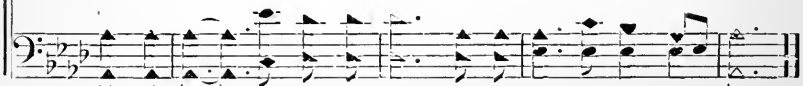
Bring my harp to me a-gain, Let me sing a gen-tle strain—



**Rit.**



Let me hear its chords once more, Ere I pass to yon bright shore.





R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.



1. We shall meet a - gain; How sweet the time will be, When in that hap - py
2. We shall meet a - gain, Where tears will nev - er flow, Where gleams the golden
3. We shall meet a - gain, Grieve not at part - ing here; When on that shin - ing



land, Each oth - er's face we'll see; The dear ones that have gone, We'll  
crowns, And robes as white as snow; With an - gels there we'll roam, And  
strand, There'll be no fare - well tear; Yes, by and by we'll meet, And



meet them o - ver there, Around the great white throne, And Je - sus will be there.  
vic - try's palm we'll bear, In that ce - les - tial home, And Je - sus will be there.  
know each oth - er there; To make our joy complete, King Je - sus will be there.



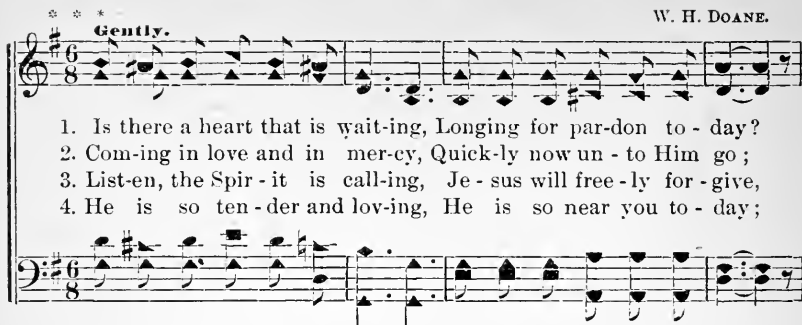
Sweet it is to know Je - sus will be there, yes, Je - sus will be there; With



all the host redeemed, We'll roam the heav'nly plains, And Je - sus will be there.

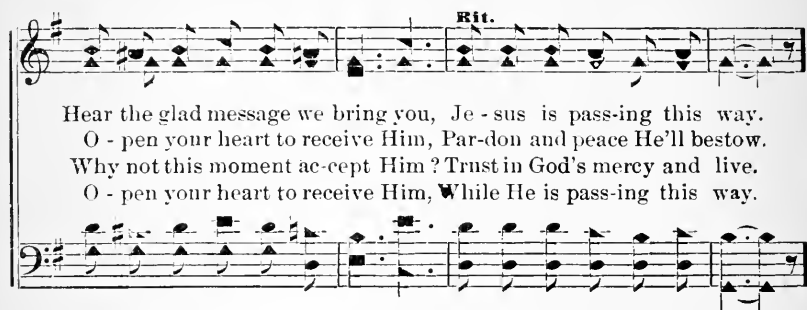


*Gently.*



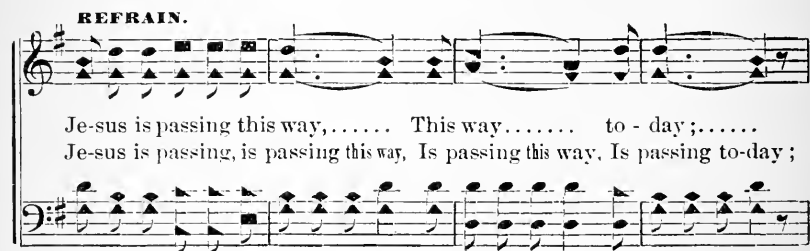
1. Is there a heart that is wait-ing, Longing for par-don to - day?  
 2. Com-ing in love and in mer-cy, Quick-ly now un - to Him go;  
 3. List-en, the Spir-it is call-ing, Je - sus will free-ly for-give,  
 4. He is so ten-der and lov-ing, He is so near you to - day;

*Rit.*



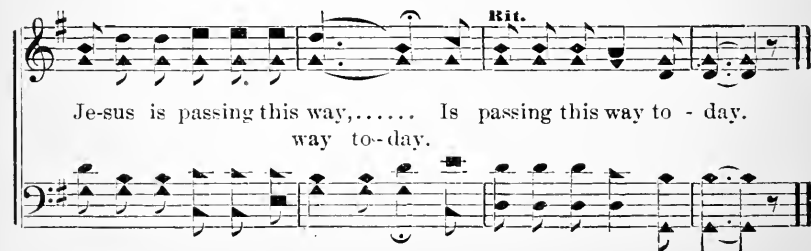
Hear the glad message we bring you, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.  
 O - pen your heart to receive Him, Par-don and peace He'll bestow.  
 Why not this moment ac-cept Him? Trust in God's mercy and live.  
 O - pen your heart to receive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.

**REFRAIN.**



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

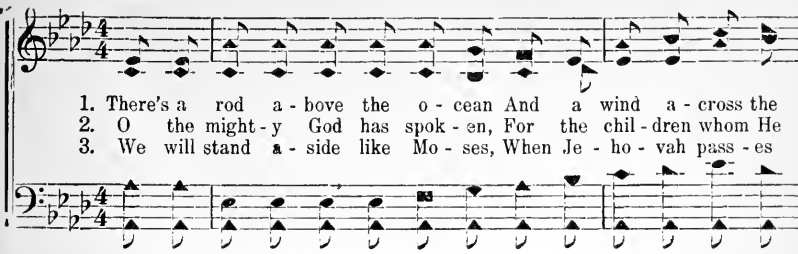
*Rit.*

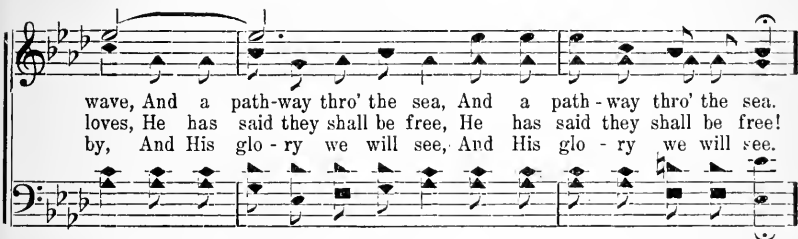


Je-sus is passing this way,..... Is passing this way to - day.  
 way to-day.

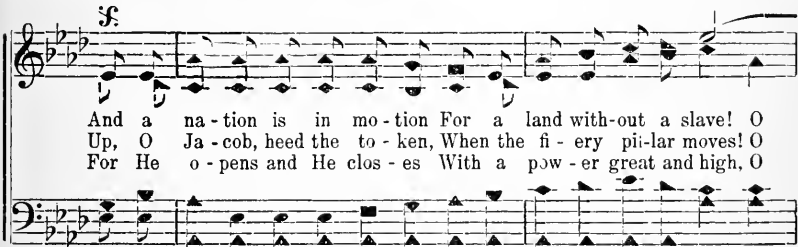
H. S. TAYLOR.

J. B. HERBERT.

- 
1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean And a wind a - cross the
  2. O the might - y God has spok - en, For the chil - dren whom He
  3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je - ho - vah pass - es

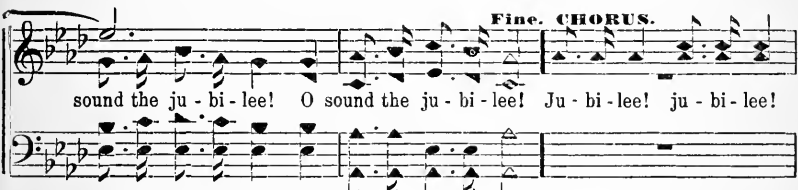


wave, And a path-way thro' the sea, And a path-way thro' the sea.  
 loves, He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!  
 by, And His glo - ry we will see, And His glo - ry we will see.



And a na - tion is in mo - tion For a land with - out a slave! O  
 Up, O Ja - cob, heed the to - ken, When the fi - ery pii - lar moves! O  
 For He o - pens and He clos - es With a pow - er great and high, O

*D. S.*—For the yoke of rum is bro - ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! O



sound the ju - bi - lee! O sound the ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!

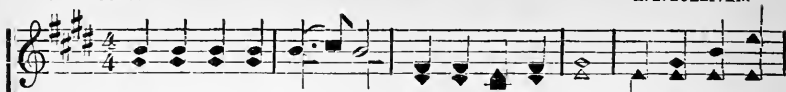
sound the ju - bi - lee! O sound the ju - bi - lee!



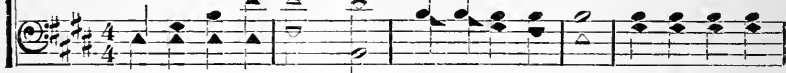

*D. S.*  
 Ju - bi - lee! come, Sound the sil - ver trum - pet, Call the chil - dren home.

S. B. GOULD.



A. S. SULLIVAN.




1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of  
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er  
 voic - es In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

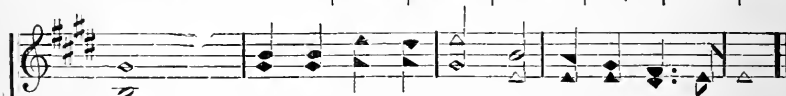
Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His  
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in  
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that  
 Un - to Christ, the King; This through countless a - ges Men and




## REFRAIN.



ban - ners go!  
 char - i - ty. }  
 can not fail. } Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to  
 an - gels sing. }

war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



## O Come Unto Jesus.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a soft plead-ing voice, call-ing ten-der-ly, To the heart heav-y  
 2. Heed not sin's lur-ing tones, tho' so tempt-ing-ly She doth whis-per of  
 3. When He hung on the cross, O how cru-el-ly! Did they mock as they  
 4. Yield to Him, for He pleads, O so pa-tient-ly! As no friend ev-er

la - den and sad; At the cross thou shalt be, from thy bur - den set free,  
 joys yet un-known; On - ly Je - sus can give pleas-ure sweet, that will live;  
 pass'd by Him there! Will you mock at Him too, when He hung there for you,  
 sought thee be - fore, On His dear, lov - ing breast, all who come shall find rest;

**CHORUS.**

Then look up, wea-ry one, and be glad. O come..... un - to  
 He with-holds naught of good from His own.  
 Whom He lov'd with a love past com-pare? Come, O come, un - to  
 Joy and peace to Thy soul He'll re-store.

Je - sus, And His love do not doubt; This the prom-ise to  
 Je-sus, come, And His love do not doubt:

thee: He that com-eth un - to me, I will nev-er, no nev-er, cast out.

# 53. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

“Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.  
 W. L. T. Matthew xxiv: 14. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

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

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be  
 bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to  
 sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, “de-

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

## CHORUS.

Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the

Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

# TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. D.

D. E. DORTCH, by per.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You  
 2. Some one will be near the ransom'd throng, And wish he could join in the  
 3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro - nounc - es the  
 4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His peo - ple as -  
 5. Some one will go in - to dark - ness drear, Far off from the Sav - iour and  
 6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail - ings no

can - not come;" With sad - ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;  
 hap - py song; With sigh - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;  
 word, "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;  
 cend the skies; With weep - ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;  
 all that's dear; With an - guish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;  
 tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state;

## REFRAIN.

Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate. Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful

gate, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With sad - ness he'll

mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Come and re - pent of your  
 2. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Tho' you have wan - dered a -  
 3. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Hear His com - pas - sion - ate  
 4. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Par - don is of - fered to

sin; He has a won - der - ful king - dom of love, And  
 far; Tell Him that you are a sin - ner in - deed, And  
 call; Count - less the bless - ings He longs to be - stow, And  
 thee, Why not the bless - ing by faith now ac - cept, While

## CHORUS.

longs for your en - ter - ing in. Come, come to the Sav - iour,  
 tell Him how sor - ry you are. wants you to ask for them all.  
 yet it is of - fered so free.

Come to the Sav - iour to - day; Come, come to a

**Rit.**  
 pard' - ning God; He nev - er turns sin - ners a - way.



REV. W. J. DORAN.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, A won - der - ful  
 2. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He saved a poor  
 3. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He sweet - ly  
 4. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He's com - ing

Sav - iour is He, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is  
 sin - ner like me, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is  
 dwells with - in, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is  
 by and by, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is

**CHORUS.**  
 Je - sus, He died for you and me.  
 Je - sus, There's par - don wait - ing for thee. What a won - der - ful  
 Je - sus, He saves and keeps from sin.  
 Je - sus, We'll reign with Him on high.

won - der - ful Sav - iour, He saves, He saves, What a  
 He saves, He saves,

won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, He saves and keeps me now.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:  
All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my [Omit. ] hours.  
2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—  
Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His [Omit. ] praise.

All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.  
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
I've lost sight of all beside;  
So enchained my spirit's vision,  
Looking at the crucified.  
: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
Looking at the Crucified. :

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!  
Jesus, glorious King of kings—  
Deigns to call me His beloved,  
Lets me rest beneath His wings.  
: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
Resting now beneath His wings. :

## I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;  
2. I now be-lieve thou dost re-ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;  
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

*Chor.* I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!  
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - ior and my God!  
I'll con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

*I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!*

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN.

J. H. ROSECRANS

1. I washed my hands this morn-ing, O ver - y clean and white.  
 2. I told my ears to list - en Quite close - ly all day thro'.  
 3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play,

And lent them both to Je - sus, To work for Him till night.  
 For a - ny act of kind-ness Such lit - tle hands can do.  
 To keep them out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake all day.

## CHORUS.

Lit-tle feet, be care-ful Where you take me to, }  
 A-ny-thing for Je - sus (Omit . . . . .) } On - ly let me do.

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros. By per.

## OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.

34. 2. 2.

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

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

1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are  
 2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - iour I would go, Where the storms are  
 3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my

blooming and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would  
 sweeping and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will  
 Sav-iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the

fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be wcn.  
 nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-gers can - not fright me if my Lord is near.  
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

## CHORUS.

Fol-low, fol - low, I will follow Je - sus j Anywhere, everywhere, I will fol-low on;

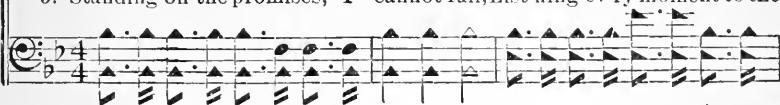
Fol - low, fol - low, I will follow Jesus! Everywhere He leads me I will fol - low on.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.



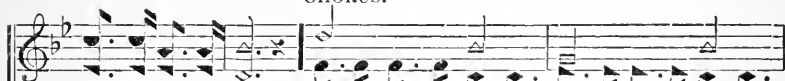
1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Thro' eternal a - ges let his
2. Standing on the promises that cannot fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
3. Standing on the promises I now can see, Perfect, present cleansing in the
4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e - ter - nal - ly by
5. Standing on the promises, I cannot fall, List'n'ing ev'ry moment to the



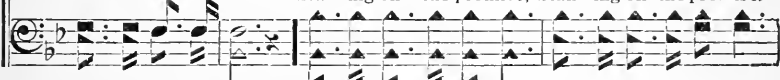
prais - es ring, Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the  
 fear as - sail, By the living Word of God I shall pre - vail, Standing on the  
 blood for me; Standing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free, Standing on the  
 love's strong cord, O - ver - coming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the  
 Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all. Standing on the



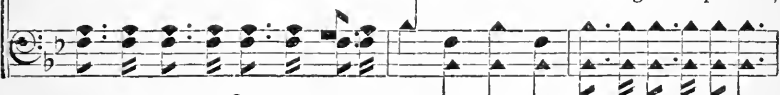
## CHORUS.



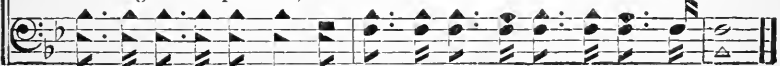
prom - is - es of God. Stand - - ing, Stand - - ing,  
 Standing on the promise, Stand - ing on the promise.



Standing on the prom - is - es of God, my Sav - ior, Stand - ing,  
 Standing on the promise,



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



"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Dai - ly ma - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

**REFRAIN.**

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

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

Words and Music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest  
 2. Pleas-ant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kind-ly words re-lieve a  
 3. Ma-ny hearts are crushed with bit-ter woe, Many hearts with grief are

bles-sed-ness, Would you know its truest joy-ful-ness, Make some other  
 bit-ter smart, Helping hands to weak-ness strength impart, Make some other  
 bend-ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

**CHORUS.**

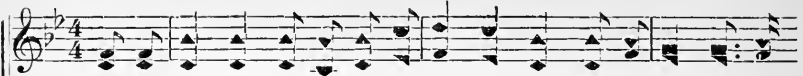
heart re-joice. Give a pleas-ant smile. Speak a kind-ly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth-er, Give a pleas-ant smile,

Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

A. P. COBB.

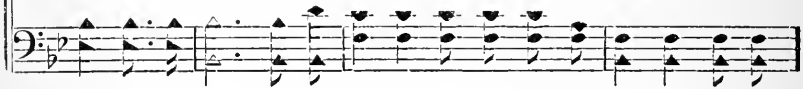
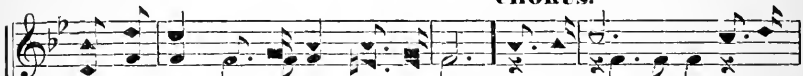
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Have you touched the garments of the Holy One? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking dai-ly with your Lord in view? Are you close to His
3. Are you bringing sinners to the sinners' Friend? Does your life tell of



soul-cleansing tide? Are your sins for-giv-en? Do you hope for heaven  
 dear, wounded side? Do you love your Saviour? Do you seek God's fav-or  
 Je - sus who died? Do you have the Spir-it? Do you peace in - her-it

**CHORUS.**

Thro' the blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied? Thro' the blood, cleansing  
 Thro' the blood,



blood, Thro' the blood of the Christ crucified! Are your sins forgiven?  
 cleansing blood,



Do you hope for heav-en Thro' the blood of the Christ cru - ci - fied?





MRS. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, who are these so near the throne, That Je - sus so de - lights to own,  
 2. They cast their crowns be - fore the King, They see His face and prais - es sing;  
 3. The Lamb of God sup - plies their needs, By streams of liv - ing wa - ters leads;  
 4. They toiled and suf - ered here be - low, And washed their garments white as snow,

Ar - rayed in gar - ments clean and white, With crowns of vic - to - ry and light?  
 They serve their God by night and day, In beau - ty shine, oh, who are they?  
 He wipes their tears of grief a - way, And can it be that these are they?  
 And in God's presence dwell for aye, Be - loved and blest, for these are they?

**CHORUS.**

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. Hal - le - lu - jah,  
 hal - le - lu - jah,

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

"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—EPH. 2: 8.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET and CHORUS.

CHORUS.

1. From the world with sin al - lur - ing, I am saved, I am saved;  
 2. Now my heart to Je - sus bring - ing, I am saved, I am saved;  
 3. Dear - est Lord, re - ceive and bless me, I am saved, I am saved;  
 4. Glo - rious tho't, I can - not lose Him! I am saved, I am saved;

CHORUS.

By the grace of God en - dur - ing, I am saved for ev - er - more.  
 To His promised par - don cling - ing, I am saved for ev - er - more.  
 Let Thy ho - ly peace pos - sess me, I am saved for ev - er - more.  
 If by grace a - lone I choose Him, I am saved for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

O the blood..... that flowed for me, Long a -  
 O the blood flowed for me,

go..... on Cal - va - ry; Praise the  
 Long a - go, Cal - va - ry;

Lord,..... it made me free;..... I am saved for ev - er - more.  
 praise the Lord, made me free;

## Jesus Knocks at thy Heart.

A. J. S.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Je - sus pa-tient - ly knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart,  
 2. O - pen the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and a-bide,  
 3. Je - sus stands waiting and pleads with thee still, O - pen to-day!  
 4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to-day,

knocks at thy heart, O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more,  
 come and a - bide;" He will re-deem thee and cleanse from all sin,  
 o - pen to - day! How canst thou treat the dear Saviour so ill?  
 find it to - day; Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest;

**REFRAIN.**

rest He for - ev - er de - part. Knock - ing to - day, . .  
 He will be with thee to guide.  
 How canst thou turn Him away?  
 Why wilt thy long - er de - lay? Knocking, knocking to-day, to-day,

Knock - ing to - day, . . Je - - - sus is  
 Knocking, knocking to - day, to-day. Je - sus is earn - est - ly

knock - - ing,  
 knocking to - day, Is knock - ing for en - trance to - day.

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Soon the eve - ning shad - ows fall - ing, Close the day of mor - tal life;  
 2. Soon the aw - ful trum - pet sound - ing Calls thee to the judg - ment - throne;  
 3. O how fa - tal 'tis to lin - ger! Are you read - y, read - y now,  
 4. Priceless love and free sal - va - tion, Free - ly still are of - fer - ed thee;

Soon the hand of death ap - pal - ling, Draws thee from its wea - ry strife.  
 Now pre - pare, for love a - bound - ing Yet has left thee not a - lone.  
 Read - y, should death's i - cy fin - ger Lay its chill up - on thy brow?  
 Yield no long - er to tempt - a - tion, But from sin and sor - row flee.

**REFRAIN.**

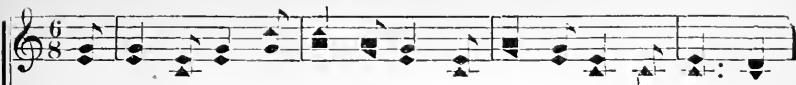
Are you read - y? Are you read - y?  
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y?

'Tis the Spir - it call - ing; why de - lay? Are you read - y?  
 Are you read - y?

are you read - y? Do not lin - ger longer; come to - day.  
 are you read - y?

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thro' its por-tals gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion ;
3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is o - pen ;
4. Be - yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is tak - en,



A radiance from the crown a - far The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.  
 The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.  
 Ac - cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken.  
 And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav - en.



## REFRAIN.



Yes, in the blood of Christ I see The gate that stands a-jar for me,



For me,..... for me,..... That stands a - jar for me.  
 For me, for me,



REV. J. A. LEE.

II. COR. 4: 17.

C. M. DAVIS.

## DUET. Gently.

*mf*

1. How oft - en in life's jour - ny here be - low, When bit - ter dis - ap -  
 2. There are af - flic - tions which we must pass through, It on - ly is our  
 3. There'll nev - er be a night so dark to thee, But what our Lord who  
 4. When to death's val - ley, we each one must come, And earth - ly friends then

pointments come to me; To that bright heav'nly home I long to go, Where  
 Lord's chas - tiz - ing rod; Our Lord's "Fear not for I will be with you," Will  
 al - ways is a - wake, Will guide us o'er the rough and stor - my sea, And  
 turn from us a - way; Our God will take us to that heav'nly home, Where

**CHORUS.**

for - ev - er can more clearly see. O Sav - iour, lead me  
 clear a - way the doubt, for He's our God.  
 we can lean on Him who'll nev'er forsake.  
 we can spend one nev - er end - ing day. Lead me, Sav - iour,  
 Lead me,

on and on, O lead... me gent - ly on and on, Un - til life's  
 on and on, Gent - ly lead me on and on, Lead me,  
 Sav - iour, Gent - ly lead me, Lead

**Rit.**

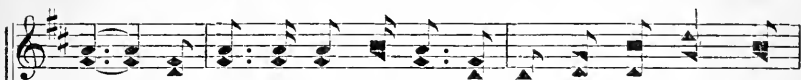
tri - al time is past,..... O Saviour, lead me gent - ly on.....  
 Sav - iour, on and on, on and on.  
 me on,.....

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 com-ing, 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-



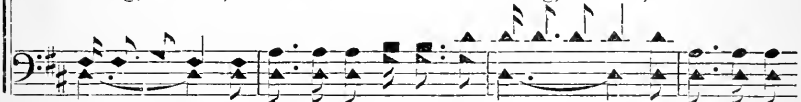
## CHORUS.



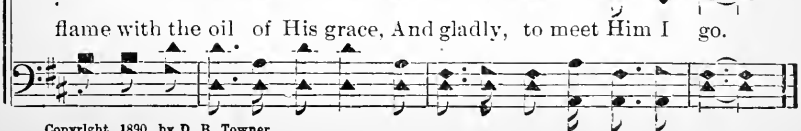
coun-tenance beaming with light. The Sav-iour is com-ing I  
 Je-sus, my Sav-iour is nigh.  
 now in His glo-ry ap-pear.  
 deem-ing my soul in His love. is



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 gladly, to meet Him I go.



W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide; His tempter was  
2. He lingered and listened to ev-'ry sweet chord; He remembered the

watch-ing close by at his side; In his heart raged a bat-tle for  
time he once loved the Lord. Come on! says the tempter, come

right a-gainst wrong; But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.  
on with the throng; But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

QUARTET. *pp* D.C.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my, soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high!



THE SINNER AND THE SONG.

SOLO.

O, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

Sav-iour, He dwells in the song; O Lord, can it be that a

sin-ner like me May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

QUARTET. *pp* SOLO.

Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee. I come,

QUARTET. *pp*

Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, receive my soul at last.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. O glad "who-so-ev-er," the deed is done, My sins are pardon'd thro'  
 2. I came to my Sav-iour, His word be-lieved, When He the sin-ner at  
 3. O glad "who-so-ev-er," the crim-son tide Is free and o-pen, is

Christ the Son; Of love so precious I nev-er had dream'd, O sweet is the peace of the  
 once received; And now His praises I joy-ful-ly sing, And dwell in the love of my  
 deep and wide; O come, my brother, and bathe in the stream, And you shall be fill'd with a

**CHORUS.**

soul redeem'd. O glo-ry to Je-sus, re-deem'd!... re-  
 Lord and King. O glo-ry to Je-sus, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my  
 joy supreme. re-deem'd!... re-

deem'd!..... Of love so pre-cious I nev-er had dream'd; O  
 soul is re-deem'd!  
 deem'd!.....

rapt-ur-ous sto-ry, re-deem'd!... re-deem'd!... O  
 rapt-ur-ous sto-ry, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! O

# Redeemed.

**Rall.**

glo - - ry, O glo - ry, re - deemed! . . . re - deemed! . . .  
glo-ry, O glo-ry, my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd! my soul is redeem'd!

## 74 The Song That Rings Around.

*"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."*—LUKE 2: 14.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. The song that rings around the world, Thro' ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion,  
2. Ring out, ring out, the tid - ings glad, Earth needs the song to cheer it,  
3. Thro' all the a - ges sounding still It rings from countless voic - es,  
4. Around the world, around the world, Set all the joy - notes ring - ing,

Is that sweet song the an - gels sang, The tid - ings of sal - va - tion.  
Re - peat the news of Je - sus' love Till all the earth shall hear it.  
That song of old as - cends on high, While heav'n's bright host re - joic - es.  
Till ev - 'ry na - tion, tribe and tongue Shall lift the voice of sing - ing.

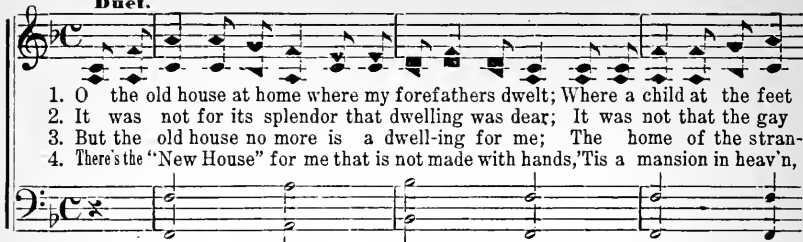
### CHORUS.

On earth be peace, good will to men, And in the high - est glo - ry,

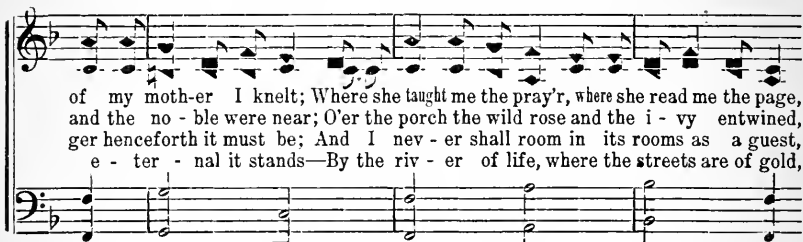
Around the earth it ech - oes still, The glad re - demp - tion sto - ry.

Old English.  
Duet.

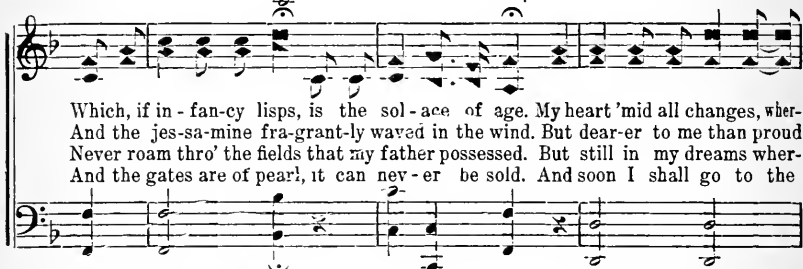
Arr. by F. L. BRISTOW.



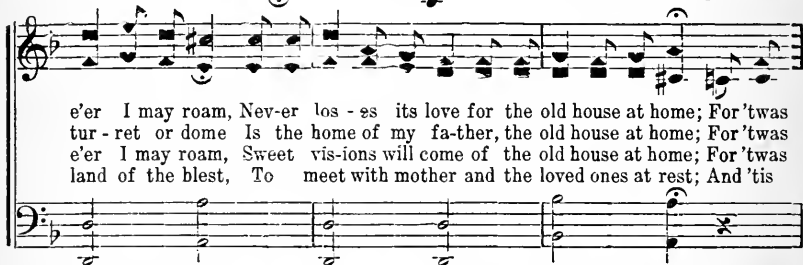
1. O the old house at home where my forefathers dwelt; Where a child at the feet  
2. It was not for its splendor that dwelling was dear; It was not that the gay  
3. But the old house no more is a dwell-ing for me; The home of the stran-  
4. There's the "New House" for me that is not made with hands, 'Tis a mansion in heav'n,




of my moth-er I knelt; Where she taught me the pray'r, where she read me the page,  
and the no - ble were near; O'er the porch the wild rose and the i - vy entwined,  
ger henceforth it must be; And I nev - er shall room in its rooms as a guest,  
e - ter - nal it stands—By the riv - er of life, where the streets are of gold,



Which, if in - fan-cy lips, is the sol - ace of age. My heart 'mid all changes, wher-  
And the jes-sa-mine fra-grant-ly waved in the wind. But dear-er to me than proud  
Never roam thro' the fields that my father possessed. But still in my dreams wher-  
And the gates are of pearl, it can nev-er be sold. And soon I shall go to the



e'er I may roam, Nev-er los - es its love for the old house at home; For 'twas  
tur - ret or dome Is the home of my fa-ther, the old house at home; For 'twas  
e'er I may roam, Sweet vis-ions will come of the old house at home; For 'twas  
land of the blest, To meet with mother and the loved ones at rest; And 'tis



there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my  
there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my  
there at the feet of my moth-er I knelt, In the old house at home where my  
there 'round a throne pearly white we shall sing, In that "New House at Home," tis the

# The Old and New Home.

CHORUS.



forefathers dwelt.  
forefathers dwelt. 1-3. O the old house at home, O the old house at home, My  
forefathers dwelt. 4. O the new house at home, O the new house at home, My  
home of a King!



heart nev-er chang-es for the old house at home; O the old house at home,  
soul now is long-ing for the new house at home; O the new house at home,



O the old house at home, My heart nev-er chang-es for the old house at home.  
O the new house at home, My soul now is long-ing for the new house at home.



76

# I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

Melody by F. L. BRISTOW.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark
3. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse re-



CHO.— *I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-*



me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee; O Lamb of God, I come!  
blot; To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!  
lieve Because Thy promise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God, I come!



*lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus died for me.*

"I will tell thee."—Num. 23: 3.

KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleas - ant to re - peat What  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the  
 all the golden fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the  
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the  
 hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of

sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings As  
 sto - ry, It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I  
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From  
 glo - ry I sing the New, New Song, 'T will be the Old, Old Sto - ry That

## REFRAIN.

nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'T will be my theme in  
 tell it now to thee.  
 God's own ho - ly word.  
 I have lov'd so long.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

"Lo, I am with you alway." — MATT. 28: 20.

C. F. O. and P. H.

DUET and CHORUS.

Arrangement for this work.

1. Lone-ly? no, not lone-ly While Je-sus stand-eth by; His pres-ence al-ways  
 2. Wea-ry? no, not wea-ry While lean-ing on His breast; My soul hath full en-  
 3. He died upon the mountain, For me was cru-ci-fied, He o-pened there the  
 4. Wait-ing? O yes, wait-ing; He bade me watch and wait; I on-ly won-der

cheers me; I know that He is nigh. Friendless? no, not friendless, For Je-sus  
 joyment, 'Tis His e-ter-nal rest. Help-less? yes, so help-less; But I am  
 fountain From out His bleed-ing side. Soon from realms of glo-ry He's com-ing  
 oft-en What makes my Lord so late. Joy-ful? yes, so joy-ful; With joy too

is my Friend; I change, but He re-main-eth The same un-to the end.  
 lean-ing hard On the might-y arm of Je-sus, And He is keep-ing guard.  
 for His own, Then me He'll sure re-mem-ber, He ne'er will leave me a-lone.  
 deep for words: A pre-cious, sure foun-da-tion, The joy that is my Lord's.

## CHORUS.

No, never a-lone,..... no, never a-lone,.... He has promised never to  
 No, no, never alone, no, no, never alone.

leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone: Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D.

J. H. F.

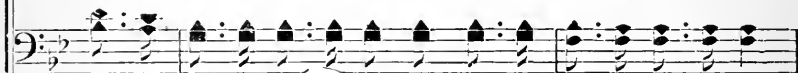
SOLO or DUET.



1. Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, Are you al-ways do-ing good?
2. Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, Do you ev-er seek the lost
3. Are you walk-ing in His footsteps, As He bids you dai-ly do,



Do you fol-low ait-er Je-sus As sin-cre-ly as you should?  
 In the mountain and the des-ert What-so-e'er may be the cost?  
 Do you fol-low near the Saviour With Him constantly in view?



Do you trav-el in the pathway That will shine with brighter light,  
 In the highways and the by-ways, Are your footsteps ev-er found,  
 In the sunshine and the shad-ow, In the darkness and the light,



Till you reach the mansions yonder, In the land of pure de-light?  
 Where His wounded feet and bleeding, Left their marks upon the ground?  
 Are you press-ing in your jour-ney To the land of pure de-light?

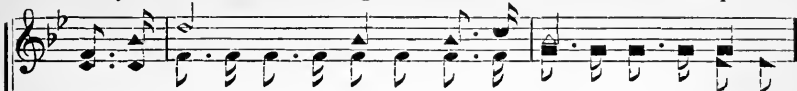




# Walking In His Footsteps.

## FULL CHORUS.

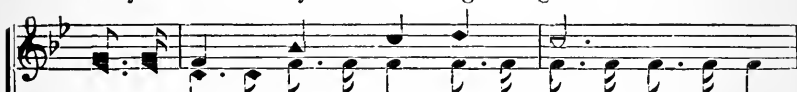
Are you walk - - - ing in His foot - - - steps?



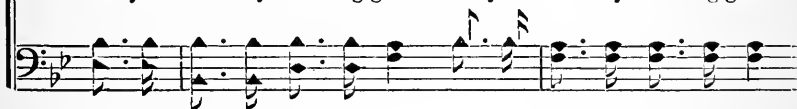
Are you walk-ing in His footsteps? Are you walk-ing in His footsteps?



Are you al - ways do - ing good?



Are you al - ways do - ing good? Are you al - ways do - ing good?



Do you fol - - - low aft - er Je - - - sus



Do you fol - low aft - er Je - sus? Do you fol - low aft - er Je - sus



As sin - cere - ly as you should?



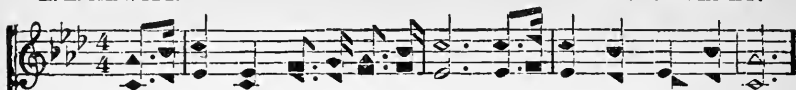
As sin - cere - ly as you should? As sin - cere - ly as you should?



As sin - cere - ly as you should?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



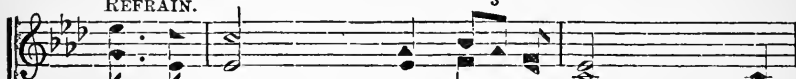
1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright  
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King,  
 3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,  
 4. There's glad - ness in my soul to-day, For hope, and praise, and love.



Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.  
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing,  
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.  
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



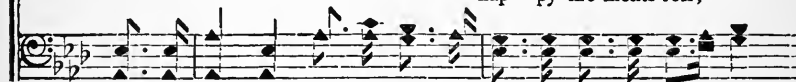
## REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,  
 Oh, there's sun-shine in the soul, bless - ed sun-shine in the soul,



While the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll; When  
 hap - py mo - ments roll;



Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.



## More Like Thee.

*"Joy in the Holy Ghost."*—ROM. 14: 17.

REV. J. A. LEE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Ho-ly Spir - it, Dove divine, Hear my ear - nest plea; Come in-  
 2. Ho-ly Spir - it, give me rest, Take life's cares from me; Come and  
 3. Ho-ly Spir - it, dwell within, Shin-ing in my face; Cleanse me

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, Dove divine, Hear my earnest plea;

**REFRAIN.**

to this heart of mine, Make me more like Thee. Dove divine, Dove di-  
 reign with-in my breast, Make me more like Thee. Give me rest, give me  
 from all guilt of sin, By the sav - ing grace. Dwell within, dwell with-

Come in-to this heart of mine, Make me more like Thee. Dove divine,

vine, Hear my ear - - nest plea, Come, oh come, in - to this  
 rest, Take life's cares from me; Come, oh come, and reign with-  
 in, Shin-ing in my face; Cleanse, oh cleanse, me from all

Dove di-vine, Hear my ear-nest plea, Come, oh come, in - to this

heart of mine, Make me more like Thee, Make me more like Thee.  
 in my breast, Make me more like Thee, Make me more like Thee.  
 guilt of sin, By Thy sav - ing grace, By Thy sav - ing grace.

heart of mine, Make me more and more like Thee, Make me more and more like Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. B. SWENEY.



1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to others show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in his word, Holding communion with the Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on his throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all his own,



More of his sav - ing full - ness see, More of his love who died for me.  
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.  
 Hear - ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.  
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his com - ing, Prince of Peace.



## CHORUS.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of his sav - ing full - ness see, More of his love who died for me.



REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

KARL REDEN.



1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, So wea-ry, faint and sore; Waiting
2. A wea-ry path I've traveled, 'Mid darkness, storm and strife; Bearing
3. Methinks I hear the voic-es Of loved ones as they stand Singing
4. With them the blessed an-gels, That know no grief or sin; See them



for the dawning, The ope-ning of the door; I'm wait-ing 'till the many a bur-den And struggling for my life; But now the morn is in the sun-shine In that far, sin-less land; O would that I were by the por-tals, Pre-pared to let me in! O, Lord, I wait Thy



Mas-ter Shall bid me rise and come To His all-glorious pres-ence, breaking, My toil will soon be o'er; I'm kneeling at the threshold, with them, A-mid their shing throng, And mingling in their worship-pleas-ure, Thy time and way are best; But I'm all worn and wea-ry,



The glad-ness of His home.  
My hand is on the door. Kneeling at the threshold, Weary, faint and  
And join-ing in their song!  
O, Fa-ther, bid me rest!



sore; Kneel-ing at the threshold, My hand is on the door.



JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I love to share a sor - row, I love to dry a tear, I  
 2. I love to lift the fall - en, And comfort those distressed, I  
 3. I love to bear his ban - ner A - mid the worldly throng, I

love to aid the wea - ry, And give the sad heart cheer; I love to  
 love to cheer and gladden The lone - ly and op - pressed; I love to  
 love to spread His gospel, By sto - ry and by song; I love to

scat - ter sunshine, As on my way I go, For this is work for  
 brighten pathways And share anoth - er's woe, For this is work for  
 plead with sinners, Un - til to Him they go, For this is work for

**CHORUS.**

Je - sus, And O I love Him so, . . . I love to scatter sunshine, As

on my way I go; For this is work for Je - sus, And O, I love Him  
 on my way I go; O, I

# I Love to Scatter Sunshine.

so,..... I love to scat-ter sun-shine, As on my way I  
love Him so, on my

go,..... For this is work for Je - sus, And O, I love Him so.  
way I go,

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## Golden Harps.

P. H.

*May be used as a Soprano and Tenor Duet.*

J. H. F.

1. O'er the dark and si - lent stream, Comes to us a cheer-ing gleam, Of the  
D. C. *And our lov'd ones wait, we know, While we shrink and fear to go, To that*  
2. We must hear the sol - emn knell, We must say the sad fare-well, While with-  
And our hearts would sink with grief, Had we not the sweet re - lief, Of a  
3. Soon the even-ing shades will fall, Soon will sound the boatman's call, And our  
But the hand that led us here, Will not fail us in our fear, It will

**CHORUS.**

*Fine.*  
light and beau-ty of the farther shore, }  
*sun-ny land to dwell for ev - er - more.* } Gold-en harps..... are loud-ly  
in this land of part-ings we a - bide. }  
Friend that standeth ev - er at our side, }  
fra - gile bark must launch in - to the night. }  
bear us safe - ly to the shores of light. } Golden harps are loud-ly

**D. C.**  
ring-ing o - ver there, An-gel choirs ..... are sweet-ly sing-ing, o - ver there.  
An-gel choirs

1. O - pen wide . . . . . the bolt - ed door, . . . . . The Saviour knocks, He's  
 2. O - pen wide . . . . . the bolt - ed door, . . . . . He'll guide you to that  
 3. O - pen wide . . . . . the bolt - ed door, . . . . . The Spir - it ca lls you  
 4. O - pen wide, . . . . . let Him come in, . . . . . He longs to save you

knocked be - fore, . . . . . He is your dear - est friend, so  
 peace - ful shore, . . . . . 'Tis there, your loved ones you will  
 o'er and o'er: . . . . . Will you not let . . . . . the Sav - iour  
 now from sin; . . . . . Oh, trust Him, trust . . . . . Him now to -

true, . . . . . A - rise, He call - eth now for you . . . . .  
 meet, . . . . . And walk with them the gold - en street . . . . .  
 in? . . . . . He wants to save you from all sin . . . . .  
 day, . . . . . For Je - sus is the on - ly way . . . . .

**CHORUS.**

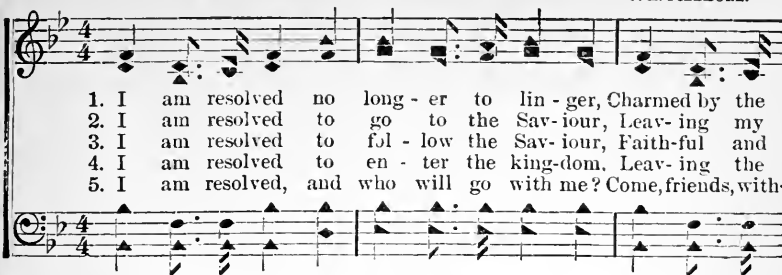
Open wide the bolted door, For Christ, the Lord, may knock no more, Oh, let Him  
 no more,

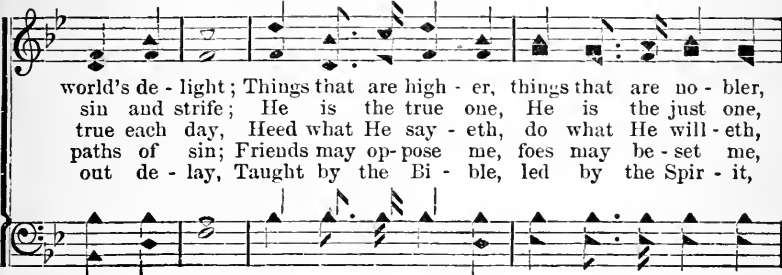
in . . . . . the Ho - ly One, . . . . . For Je - sus is God's only Son . . . . .  
 Oh, let Him in, the Holy One, the Holy One, God's only Son.



PALMER HARTSOUGH.

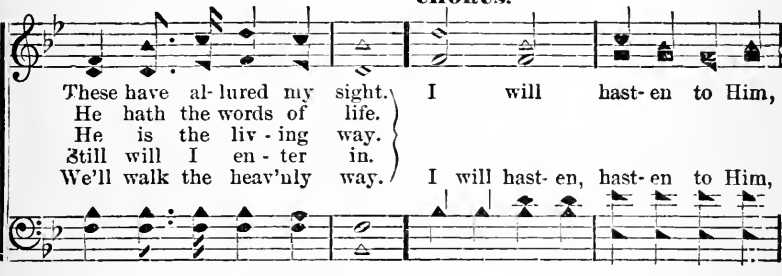
J. H. FILLMORE.

- 
1. I am resolved no long - er to lin - ger, Charmed by the
  2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
  3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
  4. I am resolved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
  5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-




world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,  
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,  
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,  
 paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,  
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

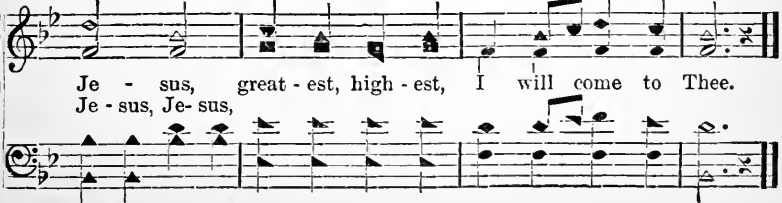
## CHORUS.



These have al - lured my sight, I will hast - en to Him,  
 He hath the words of life.  
 He is the liv - ing way.  
 Still will I en - ter in.  
 We'll walk the heav'ly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,



Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free,)



Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.  
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

ROBT. SPURGIN.

J. H. F.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the  
 2. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, The cit - y that  
 3. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the

cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,  
 knoweth no night; It need-eth no sun, neith-er need-eth the moon,  
 cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold,

And by glo - ri - fied be-ings they're trod. And Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has  
 For the glo - ry of God is its light. In that cit - y are loved ones a-  
 And by glo - ri - fied be-ings they're trod. And Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has

gone to that cit - y, A place for His own to pre - pare; In the  
 wait - ing my com - ing, Ex - pect - ant they stand on the shore; O  
 gone to that cit - y, A place for His own to pre - pare; In the

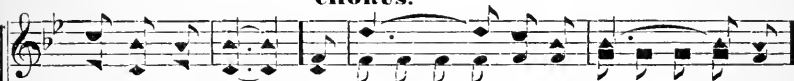
# Just Over the River.



house of the Fa - ther the man - sions are ma - ny, And one is a -  
when shall I en - ter my man - sion in heav - en, A pil - grim to  
house of the Fa - ther the man - sions are ma - ny, And one is a -



## CHORUS.



wait - ing me there. Just o - - ver the riv - er,  
roam nev - er - more.  
wait - ing me there. Just, o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er,



That beau - ti - ful cit - y I see; Just o - - ver the  
That beau - ti - ful cit - y I see; And Je - <sup>s</sup>us, my Sav - iour, has



riv - - er, A place in that cit - y for me.  
gone to make read - y, A place in that cit - y for me.

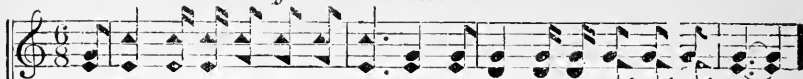


# 89. The Great Judgment Morning

War Cry

L. L. PICKETT.

*Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.*



1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt-ed and van-ished a - way;
3. The wid-ow was there and the or-phans, God heard and re-mem-bered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do,



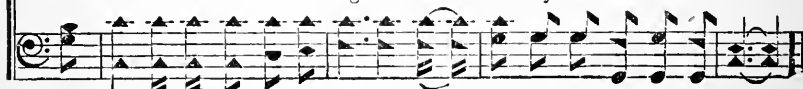
I dreamed that the na-tions had gath-ered To judgment before the white throne.  
A pauper he stood in the judgment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.  
No sor-row in heaven for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.  
The men who had cru-ci - fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor - al men too.



From the throne came a bright shin-ing an - gel And stood on the land and the sea,  
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far be - hind -  
The gam - bler was there and the drunk - ard, And the man who had sold them the drink,  
The souls that had put off sal - va-tion—"Not to night; I'll get saved by-aud-bye:



And swore with his hand raised to heav-en, That time was no long - er to be.  
The an - gel that o - pened the rec-ords, Not a trace of his great-ness could find.  
With the peo-ple who gave him the li-cense—Togeth-er in hell they did sink.  
No time now to think of re - lig - ion!" At last they had found time to die.



# The Great Judgment Morning. Concluded.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;

*rit.*

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

## 90. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER. By per.

1. O mourn-er in Zi-on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je-sus is  
 2. Oh, ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y re-joice; For ye shall be  
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in-i-qui-ty free? Oh, poor trou-ble-d  
 4. The prom-ise can't save, tho' the prom-ise is true; 'T is the blood we get

wait-ing to com-fort you now; Fear not to re-ly on the filled; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the un-der, that cleans-es us through: It cleans-es me now, hal-le-

word of thy God. Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.  
 ban-quet of God? Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.  
 hos-om of God. Step out on the prom-ise, get un-der the blood.  
 lu-jah to God! I rest on the prom-ise, I'm un-der the blood.

"There shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. 31: 26.  
 "Bless me, even me, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 34.

MRS. ELIZABETH CONDER.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free;  
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa-ther, Lost and sin-ful tho' I be;  
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour, Let me love and cling to Thee;

Show'rs the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me.  
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me.  
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.

## CHORUS.

E - ven me, yes, e - ven me; Let some droppings fall on me.  
 e-ven me,

E - ven me, O precious Sav-iour, Let some droppings fall on me.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,<br/>         Thou canst make the blind to see;<br/>         Testify of Jesus' merit,<br/>         Speak the word of peace to me.</p> <p>5 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,<br/>         Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;<br/>         While the streams of life are springing,<br/>         Blessing others, O bless me.</p> | <p>6 Have I long in sin been sleeping?<br/>         Long been slighting, grieving Thee?<br/>         Has the world my heart been keeping?<br/>         O forgive and rescue me.</p> <p>7 Love of God so pure and changeless,<br/>         Blood of Christ so pure and free,<br/>         Grace of God so strong and boundless,<br/>         Magnify them all in me.</p> |
|---|---|

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.  
SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET, *ad lib.*

R. M. M'INTOSH, by per.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where fall-eth no night,—Gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful man-sions a-bove,—Gath-er-ing home!

gath-er-ing home! Up to the dwell-ing where com-eth no strife, The  
gath-er-ing home! Up where the Sav-iour's own face is the light, The  
gath-er-ing home! Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The

REFRAIN.

dear ones are gath-er-ing home. Gather-ing home! . . . gath-er-ing  
Gath-er-ing home!

home! . . . Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gathering  
gath-er-ing home!

*Repeat pp ad lib.*

home! . . . gath-er-ing home! . . . God's children are gathering home.  
gath-er-ing home!

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -  
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to  
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed  
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry  
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I  
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood  
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st

CHORUS.

foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than  
 know - Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 flow - Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 No - Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



## Walk In the Light.

"That I may walk before God in the light of the living."—Ps. 59 : 13.

Anon.

I. BALTZELL.



1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and sin ab-horred Shall ne'er de - file a - gain ;
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear ;
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorny, bright,



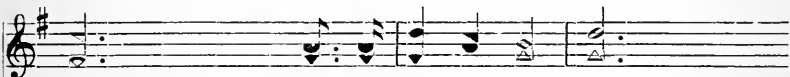
His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.  
The blood of Je - sus Christ the Lord, Shall cleanse from ev'ry sin.  
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.  
For God by grace shall dwell in thee, And God Him - self is light.



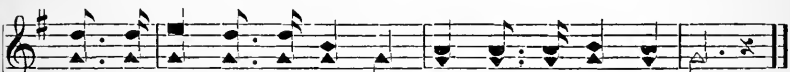
## REFRAIN.



Walk in the light, in the light of the liv - ing,  
Walk in the light, in the light of the liv - ing,



Walk in the light, in the light of God; Walk  
Walk in the light, in the light of God; Walk in the light,



in the light of the liv - ing, Walk in the light of God.



"And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."—REV. 15: 3.

REV. J. A. LEE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. What shall we do in heav'n a - bove, (heav'n a - bove,) When gathered  
 2. When there, we'll walk around the throne, (round the throne,) With friends we  
 3. We'll meet our friends and loved ones there, (loved ones there,) We'll see and  
 4. Our loved and own up there we'll meet, (there we'll meet,) O then why

there from land and sea? (land and sea?) We'll praise the bless - ed  
 loved so dear - ly here; (dear - ly here;) We'll see our Lord smile  
 know them face to face, (face to face,) With - out a bur - den  
 need we fear to go? (fear to go?) Our Sav - iour's there, our

Christ we love, (Christ we love,) Be - cause He died for you and me.  
 on His own, (on His own,) Then nev - er more need we to fear.  
 or a care, (or a care,) Be - cause of God's own sav - ing grace.  
 souls to greet, (souls to greet,) He'll free us all from sin and woe.

**CHORUS.**

I shall then..... a crown be wear - ing, On the bright..... and  
 I shall then On the bright

gold - en shore, the golden shore, Heaven's joy ..... with loved ones  
 Heaven's joy

# What Shall We Do In Heaven ?

shar - ing, Praise His name, praise His name for evermore.  
for ev-er-more.

95½

## We'll Never Say Good-bye.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. With friends on earth we meet in glad-ness, While swift the mo-ments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lin-gers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok-en, In yon - der home so fair,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say, "Good-bye."  
That we, when all earth's toils are end - ed, With Thee shall ev - er be.  
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.

### CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good-bye,....  
good-bye,

### Repeat Chorus. *pp*

For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev - er say good - bye.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Thro' the shining gate Where the an-gels wait, When the saints. . . . . are
2. Part-ed friends shall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints. . . . . are
3. Ev-'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints. . . . . are
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again, When the saints. . . . . are

When the saints are



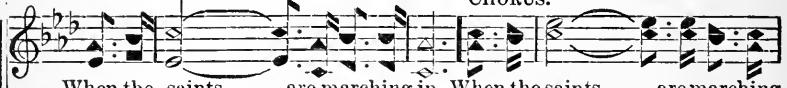
marching in,  
marching in,  
marching in,  
marching in,

are marching in.

The redeemed shall come And be crowned at home,  
Spotless robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear,  
And the blood-washed throng Shall repeat the song,  
We shall of - fer praise Thro' e-ter - nal days,



CHORUS.



When the saints. . . . . are marching in. When the saints. . . . . are marching  
when the saints when the saints



in, When the saints. . . . . are marching in, Joy-ful  
are marching in, When the saints are marching in,



songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.  
When the saints are marching in, marching in.



"Forsake not the law of thy mother."—PROV. 6: 20.

S. B.

SHEPHERD BEATTY.

1. Will a girl for-get her moth-er's pray'r, Tho' she has left her ten-der care? Out  
 2. Will a girl for-get the last em-brace, The anxious look on mother's face? As  
 3. No, nev-er in the years to come. Will she for-get that mother, home; Sin  
 4. It may be that perhaps she's dead, And mother's pray'rs have all been said; To-  
 5. The mother's pray'r is nev-er lost, Faith's answer comes at a - ny cost; Tears,  
 6. Oh, child of ma - ny pray'rs and tears, You've wandered, oh, so ma - ny years; Oh,

*f* in the world, tho' all a - lone, Her moth - er prays for her at home.  
 from the door she stepped that day, Out in the world to make her way.  
 may e - raise all thought of care, Down in the heart that love is there.  
 night you're in the world a - lone, With - out a moth - er, friend or home.  
 pray'rs are bot-tled in the sky, Though aft - er moth - er's gone on high.  
 leave sin's path, it is not gain, It's pass - ing joys are but a name.

can't re - sist the pow'r of sin With - out the pow'r of God with - in.

**CHORUS.** *D. S.*  
 Oh, come to Je - sus, come to - day, Come back and walk the nar - row way; You

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## 98 I Need Thee Every Hour.

KEY OF A-FLAT.

1 I need Thee every hour,  
 Most gracious Lord:  
 No tender voice like Thine  
 Can peace afford.

СНО.—I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;  
 Every hour I need Thee;  
 Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,  
 I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour;  
 Stay Thou near by;

Temptations lose their power  
 When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,  
 In joy or pain;  
 Come quickly and abide,  
 Or life is vain.

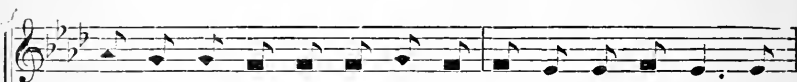
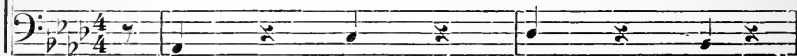
4 I need Thee every hour;  
 Teach me Thy will;  
 And Thy rich promises  
 In me fulfill.

Words and music by CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

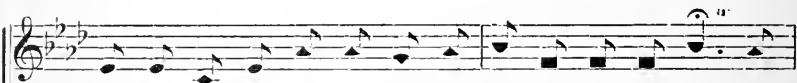
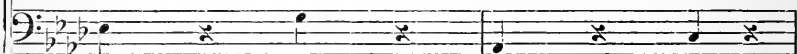
Not too fast.



1. When I was but a lit - tle child how well I rec - ol - lect How
2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was al - ways kind and good, So
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof - tree, She
4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quickly come, If



I would grieve my mother with my fol - ly and neg - lect, And  
 pa - tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude, My  
 al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing aft - er me, And  
 I would see my moth - er, ere the Sav - iour took her home ; I



now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care, O  
 childhood griefs and tri - als, she would glad - ly with me share, O  
 day and night she pray'd to God to keep me in His care, O  
 prom - ised her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare, O



# Tell Mother I'll Be There.

**CHORUS.**

an - gels, tell my moth - er I'll be there. Tell moth - er I'll be

This system contains the first line of the chorus. It features a vocal line with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

there, in an - swer to her pray'r, This mes - sage, guar - dian

This system contains the second line of the chorus. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4, then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

an - gels to her bear, ... Tell moth - er I'll be there heav'n's

This system contains the third line of the chorus. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

joys with her to share, Yes, tell my dar - ling moth - er I'll be there.

This system contains the final line of the chorus. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

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

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

## REFRAIN.

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

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

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



*"Let us love one another."*—1 JOHN 4: 1.

D. E. L.

D. E. LORENZ.

1. This is the mot-to we all would o-bey, We will all  
 2. Thus will we la-bor and thus will we play, Try-ing to  
 3. Let us, like Je-sus, be thoughtful and kind, Striv-ing to

love one an-oth-er; Hap-py we sing and are glad all the day,  
 help one an-oth-er; Driv-ing the sor-rows of oth-ers a-way,  
 please one an-oth-er; Here, as in heav'n, we will be of one mind,

**CHORUS.**

When we can serve one an-oth-er, Lov - - ing each  
 Bring-ing sweet peace to each oth-er.  
 Ev-'ry one lov-ing the oth-er. Lov-ing and serving each

oth-er, How pleasant to cher-ish a broth-er; Serv- -  
 Serving and

- - - ing each oth-er, The Sav-iour looks on us with joy.  
 lov-ing each oth-er,

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. F.

1. List! the trump-et of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing from  
 2. See, the ar - my of God ad - van - ces, In strength of His  
 3. List! the trump-et of God is sound-ing, Is sound-ing for

sea to sea; On the field where the brave are fall-ing, There's a  
 ho - ly might; See the flash of the mov - ing lan - ces, And the  
 vic - to - ry; I must go, for the brave are fall - ing, And the

**CHORUS.**

place in the ranks for me.  
 glit - ter of hel - mets bright. There's a place in the ranks for  
 Cap - tain has need of me.

me! (for me!) A place in the ranks for me! (for me!) On the

field where the brave are falling, There's a place in the ranks for me.

## THE SWEET STORY.

J. B. ATCHINSON.

PEARL J. SPRAGUE, by per.

1. Re-peat the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to me, O, tell me the  
 2. O, tell me once more of his won - der - ful love, His goodness and  
 3. O, tell me a - gain of the land of the blest, Where sorrow and

sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told,  
 mer - cy to me; When hope - less - ly lost in the dark - ness of sin,  
 sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav - iour shall ev - er - more dwell,

## REFRAIN.

'Tis sweet - er than ev - er be - fore. } 'Tis sweet er, yes,  
 He found me and bade me go free. }  
 O, tell me of heav - en my home. } O, tell me the sto - ry of

sweet - - er each time . . . . than be - fore.  
 Je - sus once more, 'Tis sweet - er, yes, sweet - er each time than before.

Then tell . . . me the sto - - ry of Je - - sus once more.  
 Then tell me the story, the story so sweet, O, tell me the story of Jesus once more.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri - als and tempta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heavy lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?

**FINE.**

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!  
 We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

*D.S.*—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!  
*D.S.*—Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
*D.S.*—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

*D.S.*

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

\*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

## 145 Precious Promise.

Key of G.

- 1 Precious promise God has given  
 To the weary passer by,  
 On the way from earth to heaven,  
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
 I will guide thee with mine eye;  
 On the way from earth to heaven,  
 I will guide thee with mine eye.

- 2 When temptations almost win thee,  
 And thy trusted watchers fly,  
 Let this promise ring within thee,  
 "I will guide thee with mine eye."

- 3 When thy secret hopes have perished  
 In the grave of years gone by,  
 Let this promise still be cherished,  
 "I will guide thee wit'

## 106 All To Christ I Owe.

Key of E $\flat$ .

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,  
 Thy strength indeed is small;  
 Come to me—I'll be thy stay;  
 Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

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

- 2 For nothing good have I  
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—  
 Jesus died my soul to save,  
 And blessed be His name.

- 3 When from my dying bed  
 My ransomed soul shall rise,  
 "Jesus died my soul to save,"  
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

A. M. TOPLADY.

\*M. H. B. H. P. H.  
106. 496. 304.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,

- D. C.—1. Be of sin the dou-ble cure Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 D. C.—2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 D. C.—3. Vile, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.  
 D. C.—4. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd.  
 Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;  
 When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

## 108 Italian Hymn.

- 1 Come, Thou Almighty King,  
 Help us Thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise:  
 Father, all-glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
 Ancient of Days!
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
 Our prayer attend;  
 Come, and Thy people bless,  
 And give Thy word success;  
 Spirit of holiness!  
 On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter!  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour;  
 Thou, who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.
- 4 To the great One in Three,  
 The highest praises be,  
 Hence evermore!  
 His sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.

## 109 My Happy Home.

Key of G.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
 Oh, how I long for thee!  
 When will my sorrows have an end?  
 Thy joys, when shall I see?

REFRAIN.

- ||: Will you meet me in the city of the  
 new Jerusalem?  
 Are you washed in the blood of the  
 Lamb?: ||
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone  
 Most glorious to behold;  
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
 Thy streets are paved with gold.
  - 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant  
 streams  
 My study long have been—  
 Such sparkling gems by human sight  
 Have never yet been seen.
  - 4 Reach down, reach down thine arms  
 of grace,  
 And cause me to ascend  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And praises never end.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,  
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,  
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,  
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

*v.c.* Where He leads me I will fol-low. Where He leads me I will fol-low,

*ad lib.* *D.C.*

I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."  
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.  
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

### Arlington. C. M.

111

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross—  
A follower of the Lamb,—  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

L. WATTS.

112

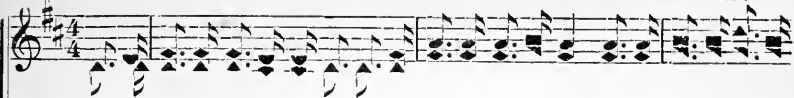
- 1 There is an hour of hallowed peace  
For those with care oppressed,  
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,  
And all be hushed to rest.
- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears  
And doubts which here annoy;  
Then they that oit had sown in tears  
Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,  
Where storms assail no more;  
The stream of endless pleasure flows  
On that celestial shore.

W. B. TAPPAN, 3

# 113 Walking and Talking With Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. Last verse by REV. J. M. MARTIN.

W. E. PENN.



1. When I read the dear old story of the cross and Cal-va-ry, With what joy my heart runs
2. O to walk and talk with Jesus, what a rapture in the tho't! O to be like His dis-
3. I can walk and talk with Jesus, tho' I can-not see His face; I can feel the Lord, who
4. When I reach the gate of heaven I shall meet His smiling face; Then I'll walk and talk with



o - ver, as I think He died for me; And my soul is filled with longing as I  
 ciples, by the world's great teacher taught! And my heart o'er-flows with gladness as the  
 loves me, near in ev-'ry time and place; I can feel His smile up-on me; "Follow  
 Je-sus, of His goodness, love and grace; As I range the fields of glo-ry, with the



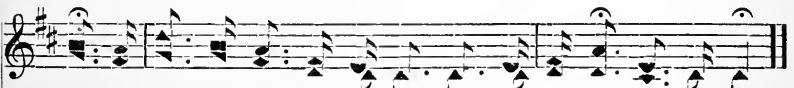
read that long a - go, Persons walk'd and talk'd with Jesus as He journeyed to and fro.  
 sto - ry I repeat, Let me walk and talk to Je - sus, let me learn at Je - sus' feet.  
 me," I hear Him say; Soul be glad, with those who love Him, Jesus walks and talks to-day.  
 saints who've gone before, I shall walk and talk with Jesus, and be with Him evermore.



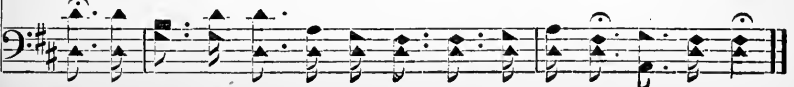
## CHORUS.



O to walk and talk with Je - sus! 'Tis a bless - ed tho't to me;



This my dai - ly pray'r, my Sav-iour, Let me walk and talk with Thee.



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 misfortunes 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, O list - en, my  
 bat - tle with sin and with Sa - tan for years, Be a Christian! press  
 eye on the cross and you'll never 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: O 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.  
 guid - ance you'll al - ways be *right*, O cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.

## CHORUS.

Then cling to the Bible, my boy, . . . . O cling to the Bible, my boy, . . . .  
 the Bible, my boy, the Bible, my boy,

While living or dying, all else letting go, O cling to the Bible, my boy!



"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 11: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In my Father's dwelling a-bove There's a robe and a crown for  
 2. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, O the bliss that re-mains for  
 3. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, When the cares of the world shall  
 4. In my Father's dwelling a-bove, With the friends that have gone be-

me; I shall en - ter thro' the gates of glo - ry there, And the  
 me; I shall tell of my Re-deem-er and His love, I shall  
 cease, I shall join the hap-py cho-rus of the blest, In a  
 fore, We shall meet be-yond the riv - er by and by, There to

CHORUS.

King in His beau-ty see. O the rapt - ure, O the rapt - ure,  
 sing in His grace so free.  
 land of de-light and peace,  
 praise Him for ev - er - more. O the rapture then, O the rapture then,

When I reach my Father's dwelling bright and fair! O the rapt - ure,  
 O the rapture then,

O the rapt - ure, When the King shall re-ceive me there!  
 O the rapt-ure then.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. F.

1. If the name of the Sav-iour is pre-cious to you, If His  
 2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its re-ward, If a  
 3. If the souls all a-round you are liv - ing in sin, If the

care has been constant and ten-der and true, If the light of His  
 strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a  
 Mas - ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in-vi-

presence has brightened your way, O will you not tell of your  
 rest in His pal - ace is sweet, O will you not, brother, the  
 ta - tion they nev - er have heard, O will you not tell them the

## REFRAIN.

glad - ness to - day? O will you not tell it to - day?.....  
 sto - ry re - peat?  
 cheer-bringing word? O will you not, will you not, tell it to-day?

Will you not tell it to - day?..... If the light of His  
 Will you not, will you not, tell it to-day?

## Tell It To-day.

presence has brightened your way, O will you not tell it to-day.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Tell It To-day.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

117

## The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

Fine.

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

D. C.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

The image shows a musical score for 'The Great Physician.' It features two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are provided for two different vocal parts, labeled 1 and 2. The score ends with a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction and the lyrics 'Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.'

### REFRAIN.

{ Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, }  
 { Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue. }

D. C.

The image shows the musical score for the refrain of 'The Great Physician.' It consists of two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are enclosed in curly braces. The score concludes with a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
 I now believe in Jesus;  
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
 I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 No other name but Jesus;  
 O how my soul delights to hear  
 The charming name of Jesus.

## 118 A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

KEY OF F.

Words Arr.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we  
 hide,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;  
 Secure whatever ill betide,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

### CHORUS.

O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
 A weary land, a weary land,  
 O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defence by night,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;

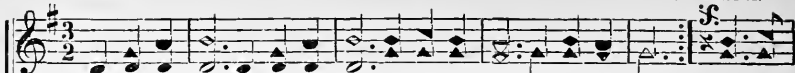
No fears alarm, no foes affright,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us  
 beat,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;  
 We'll never leave our safe retreat,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

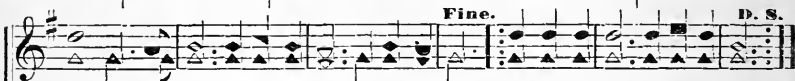
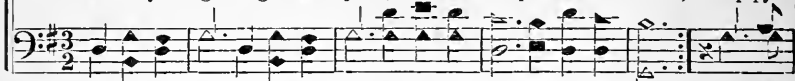
4 O Rock divine, O refuge dear,  
 A shelter in the time of storm;  
 Be Thou our helper ever near,  
 A shelter in the time of storm.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.



1. O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! }  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Hap-py



day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray. }  
And live re-joicing ev-'ry day. }



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

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

## 120 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISHER, 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 with-in;  
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth-ly store;  
*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, Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.  
*Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.*





4 In Thy promises I trust,  
Now I feel the blood applied;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.—CHO.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
Perfected in Him I am;  
I am every whit made whole,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—CHO.



GEORGE KEITH.



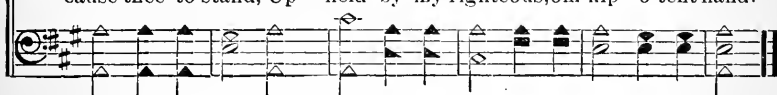
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. In ev - 'ry con-di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov-er-ty's  
 3. " Fear not; I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed! I, I am thy

faith in his ex - cel-lent word! What more can he say than to  
 vale, or a - bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the  
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

you he hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
 land, on the sea—" As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.  
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.



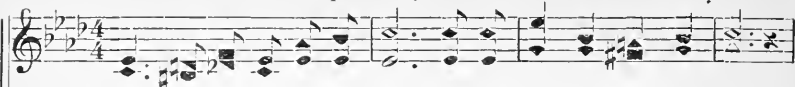
- 4 " When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 6 " E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 5 " When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:  
 The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 7 " The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
 I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
 I'll never, no, never, NO, NEVER forsake."

# 122 Why Should Mortals Doubt and Fear.

J. A. LEE.

"Grace to help in time of need.—HEB. 4: 16.

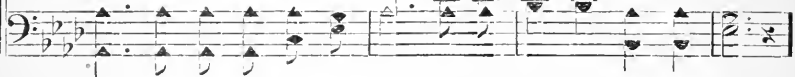
W. D. HOLT.



1. Why should mortals doubt and fear, At the rag - ing tempest's tide,  
 2. Let us e'er up on Him call, When we feel and know the need,  
 3. All the way I'm safely led, By the Christ who set me free,



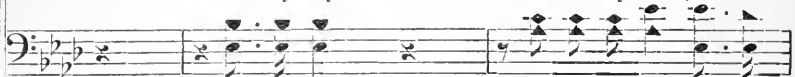
For the Saviour's ver - y near, Ev - er stand - ing by our side  
 For our Christ is all in all, And He'll be our help in - dee d.  
 Day by day I'm kindly fed, For He loves and cares for m -



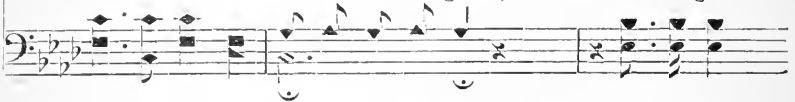
## CHORUS.



Ev - 'ry day..... and ev - 'ry hour..... He will  
 Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour,



be our friend and guide, He will give..... us  
 our friend and guide, He will give



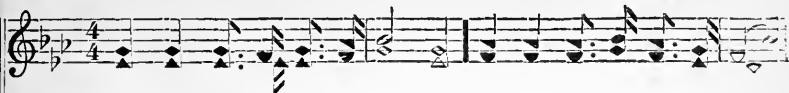
grace and pow'r,..... And will bear us o'er the tide.  
 grace and pow'r, the rolling tide.



## BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

ROBERT LOWBY.

ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down,
4. Soon we'll reach the crys-tal riv - er, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease,



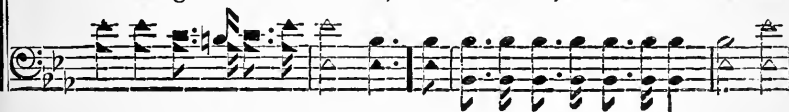
With its crys-tal tide for-ev - er Flowing by the throne of God.  
 We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.  
 Grace our spir - its will de-liv - er, And pro-vide, a robe and crown.  
 Soon our hap- py hearts will quiver, With the mel - o - dy of peace.



## CHORUS.



Yes we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er--



Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



W. E. PENN.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

*Quartet legato.*

1. As doves to their windows, when darkness draws nigh My soul in its longings to  
 2. The win-dows of heaven stand open and wide, Where earth's weary pilgrims may  
 3. The storm clouds are gath'ring, the tempest is high, The day is far spent and the  
 4. Then come, trembling sin-ner, no long-er de-lay, As doves to their windows fly

Je-sus would fly; When dark waves of sor-row would o-ver me roll, In  
 ev-er a-bide; Why then do we tar-ry in dark-ness and sin, When  
 dark night is nigh; Why then stand we i-dle mid dan-gers so great? We  
 quick-ly a-way; A-way from the sins that will sink thy poor soul, Where

REFRAIN. *cres.*

Jesus, my Saviour, there's rest for my soul. As doves . . . to their win-dows, when  
 Je-sus is waiting to welcome us in?  
 know that this moment may close mercy's gate,  
 dark waves of death must eternally roll.

As doves to their windows, as doves to their windows, when

dark-ness is nigh, . . . As doves . . . to their win-dows, when  
 darkness is nigh, when darkness is nigh, As doves to their windows, as doves to their windows, when

tem-pests are high . . . There's ref-uge in Je-sus for  
 tem-pests are high, when tempests are high



# As Doves to Their Windows.

*m* **Con espress ad lib.**

thy wea - ry soul When dark waves of sorrow would o-ver thee roll.....  
o-ver thee roll.

125

## My Mission Field.

W. O. CUSHING.

"The Lord alone did lead him."

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I would toil in the field where He call - eth me to go, Tho'  
2. I would walk in the path where it lead - eth un - to day, Tho'  
3. I would toil in the field where He call - eth me to go, Tho'

humble my work may be; I would ask no more; I on - ly care to know,  
lone-ly the path might be; I would take my staff and fol-low all the way,  
bar-ren the soil might be; Tho' the way be hard, 'tis sweet enough to know.

*D. S.* I would ask no more; I on - ly care to know,

**Fine. CHORUS.**

'Tis the way my Lord lead-eth me. 'Tis the way..... my Lord  
'Tis the way my  
'Tis the way my Lord lead-eth me.

*D. S.*

lead - eth me, 'Tis the way.... my Lord lead - eth me;  
Lord lead-eth me, 'Tis the way my Lord lead-eth me;

First 3 verses ANON.  
Last 4 by Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.

Aff. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO.

1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We have not long to stay;  
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour-ag-ed, And thought it all in vain,  
3. The Life-boat soon is com-ing, By the eye of Faith I see,

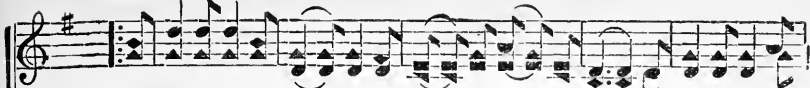
The storm-y clouds of dark-ness Will turn to brightest day.  
For us to live a Christian life, And walk in Je-sus' name.  
As she sweeps thro' the wa-ters To res-cue you and me,

Then let us all take cour-age, For we're not left a-lone;  
But then we heard the Mas-ter say, I'll lend a help-ing hand;  
And land us safe-ly in the port With friends we love so dear.

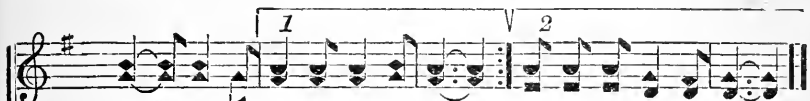
The life-boat soon is com-ing To gath-er the jew-els home.  
And if you'll on-ly trust me I'll guide you to that land.  
"Get read-y," cries the Cap-tain. Oh! look, she is al-most here.

CHORUS.

# The Life-Boat. Concluded.



Then cheer, my brother, cheer, Our tri-als will soon be o'er, Our lov'd ones we will  
We're pilgrims and we're strangers here, We're seeking a city to come, The life-boat soon is



meet, will meet Up - on the gold-en shore;  
com - ing To gath-er the jew-els home.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Yes, see her coming o'er the tide<br/>With banners all unfurled;<br/>She comes from heavenly ports<br/>afar,<br/>To take us from this world.<br/>"Aboard, aboard," the Captain cries,<br/>Let every pilgrim come,<br/>And once upon the Life-boat,<br/>I'll bear you safely home."</p> <p>5 Behold all things are ready now,<br/>The bells begin to ring,<br/>The Captain stands upon the prow,<br/>And all the pilgrims sing.<br/>The breezes fill the canvas,<br/>The waters rush and foam,<br/>For we're upon the Life-boat,<br/>And on our journey home.</p> | <p>6 Far out upon the widening seas<br/>Our Captain steers the way,<br/>And yonder in the eastern skies<br/>We see the gleaming day.<br/>Oh, yes, we see the distant shore,<br/>We hear the ransomed sing,<br/>And every breeze that comes this way<br/>The sweetest odors bring.</p> <p>7 Oh, wondrous joy we're home at last,<br/>We've reached the golden shore!<br/>And here we'll live, and sing, and<br/>praise,<br/>And shout forever more.<br/>We're welcomed by our Saviour here<br/>And friends and loved ones come;<br/>While angel throngs and ransomed<br/>All bid us welcome home! [saints]</p> |
|---|---|

## No. 127. Sinners, Turn; why will ye Die?

REV. C. WESLEY, 1745.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?<br/>God, your Maker, asks you why?<br/>God, who did your being give,<br/>Made you with Himself to live;<br/>He the fatal cause demands:<br/>Asks the work of His own hands,—<br/>Why, ye thankless creatures, why<br/>Will ye cross His love, and die?</p> <p>3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?<br/>God, your Saviour, asks you why?<br/>He, who did your souls retrieve,<br/>Died Himself, that ye might live.</p> | <p>Will ye let Him die in vain?<br/>Crucify your Lord again?<br/>Why, ye ransomed sinners, why<br/>Will ye slight His grace and die?</p> <p>3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?<br/>God, the Spirit, asks you why?<br/>He who all your lives hath strove,<br/>Urged you to embrace His love.<br/>Will ye not His grace receive?<br/>Will ye still refuse to live?<br/>O ye dying sinners, why,<br/>Why will ye forever die?</p> |
|--|---|

P. H.

J. H. F.

1. When the Lord in glo - ry com-eth with His hosts in bright array,  
 2. We shall see our bless-ed Sav-iour, and shall know Him in the skies,  
 3. We shall see the countless righteous gath'ring for their great reward,

And we wak - en at His summons in that new and gladsome light,  
 As He comes to take His children thro' the gates of shin - ing gold,  
 We shall see the palms of vic - t'ry that the saints in glad-ness bring,

O the won - der, O the rap - ture as we greet the heav'nly day,  
 We shall hear the shouts of joy that from unnumbered thousands rise,  
 We shall hear the might-y cho - rus to the Ho - ly One a - dored,

**CHORUS.**

When the dawn e - ter - nal breaks up - on our sight. We'll be there,  
 As His beau - ty and His glo - ry they be - hold.  
 As in robes of white they stand be - fore their King. We'll be there,

we'll be there, Or the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing we'll be  
 we'll be there,

# We'll Be There.

there, We'll be there, we'll be there, On the resurrection morning we'll be there.  
 We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there.

129

## A Hundred Years to Come.

W. C. BROWN.

(For anniversaries or centennials.)

J. A. L.

1. Where, where will be the birds that sing A hundred years to come? The flow'rs that now in  
 2. Who'll press for gold this crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who'll tread yea church with  
 3. We all within our graves shall sleep A hundred years to come; No liv-ing soul for

beau-ty spring, A hundred years to come? The ro - sy lips, the loft - y brow, The  
 will-ing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age and fier-y youth, And  
 us will weep A hundred years to come; But oth - er men our lands will till, And

heart that beats So gai-ly now, O where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile and  
 childhood with its heart of truth, The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the mighty  
 o'thers then our streets will fill, While other birds will sing as gay, And bright the sun shine

sor-row's sigh, A hun-dred years to come, A hun-dred years to come.  
 mil - lions be A hun-dred years to come? A hun-dred years to come?  
 as to-day, A hun-dred years to come, A hun-dred years to come.

*To my very dear sister in Christ, Mrs. W. M. Senter.—W. E. P.*

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

W. E. PENN.

1. I've had a talk with Je-sus, I've told Him all my care; I've sought His blessed  
 2. I've had a talk with Je-sus, His promised peace to share, We walked by heal-ing  
 3. I've had a talk with Je-sus, We held communion sweet; I've laid my joys and

presence, And dropped my burden there, And when I knelt be-fore Him, I  
 wa-ters Thro' pastures green and fair; His arms of love were round me, And  
 sor-rows, Like Ma-ry, at His feet—I've told Him ev-ry long-ing That

felt my spir-it thrill To hear His gentle whis-per, "I love thee, peace, be still."  
 blest indeed was I, And oh, I dwelt in safe-ty With such a ref-uge nigh!  
 throbb'd within my breast, He fill'd my soul with com-fort; And gave His peace and rest.

**CHORUS.**

O blest com-mu-nion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy complete; And

oh, I love to steal a-way, And talk with Je-sus ev-ry day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
354. 499. 305.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

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

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

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

2 Other refuge have I none ;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
 Leave, ah ! 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 ;  
 False 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.

\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

COWPER.

Unknown.

2 FINE. D. C.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed Church of God  
 Be 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.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save,  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

*"The exceeding riches of his grace."—EPH. 2: 7.*

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. Rich-es of earth I may not see, God may pre-vent; Rich-es of  
 2. I may not win fair hon-or's crown, God may pre-vent; Heav-en-ly  
 3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre-vent; I have a

grace are of-fered me, I am con-tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail,  
 hon-ors are my own, I am con-tent. Children of God and heirs of grace,  
 peace that can not cease, God hath it sent. Sweet-ly the hours of life glide by,

Earth-ly de-light grow tasteless, stale; I have the wealth that must a-vail—  
 Walk-ing in light be-fore His face, Rest-ing in peace in His embrace—  
 Harmless its tri-als past me fly, Strong in His grace I all de- fy—

**CHORUS.**

Rich-es of grace. Rich-es of grace..... for - ev - er en-  
 Rich-es of grace,

dure,..... Rich - es of grace..... my safe - ty as-  
 for - ev - er en - dure, Rich - es en - dure,



## Riches of Grace.

sure;... .. Rich-es of grace..... are fade-less and  
 mp safe-ty as-sure; Rich-es of grace,

pure,..... Rich-es of grace,.... Rit. Rich-es of grace.  
 are fadeless and pure, Riches of grace,

## 134 When I Think How They Crucified.

Southern Melody.

1. When I think how they crucified my Lord, When I think how they crucified my Lord, O

sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble, When I think how they crucified my Lord.

2. When I think how they crowned Him with the thorns. :||
3. When I think how they nailed Him to the tree. :||
4. When I think how they pierced Him in she side. :||
5. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb. :||
6. When I think how the stone was rolled away. :||
7. When I think of His rising from the grave. :||

J. NEWTON.

J. NEWTON.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me !  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved :  
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come ;  
 4. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found ; Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved !  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
 I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
178. 196. 76.

Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavn'ly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
 2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys ;  
 3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise ;  
 4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
 Ho - san - nabs lan - guish on our tongues. And our de - vo - tion dies.  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great ?

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O for a faith that will not shrink,<br/>Though pressed by every foe;<br/>That will not tremble on the brink<br/>Of any earthly woe;</p> <p>2 That will not murmur or complain<br/>Beneath the chastening rod,<br/>But, in the hour of grief or pain,<br/>Will lean upon its God;</p> | <p>3 A faith that shines more bright and clear<br/>When tempests rage without;<br/>That, when in danger, knows no fear,<br/>In darkness, feels no doubt!</p> <p>4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;<br/>And then, whate'er may come,<br/>We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss<br/>Of an eternal home.</p> |
|---|---|

W. H. BALHURST.

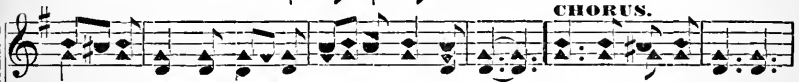
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O for a closer walk with God,<br/>A calm and heavenly frame,<br/>A light to shine upon the road<br/>That leads me to the Lamb!</p> <p>2 Where is the blessedness I knew<br/>When first I saw the Lord?<br/>Where is the soul-refreshing view<br/>Of Jesus and His word?</p> | <p>3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!<br/>How sweet their memory still!<br/>But they have left an aching void<br/>The world can never fill.</p> <p>4 Return, O holy Dove, return,<br/>Sweet messenger of rest!<br/>I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,<br/>And drove Thee from my breast.</p> |
|--|--|

WM. COWPER.

ISAAC WATTS.



1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-  
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up-on the tree? A - maz-ing  
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, Aud shut his glo-ries in, When God's own  
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross appears, Dissolve my  
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I



## CHORUS.

- vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I?  
pit - y! grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!  
Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creature's sin. O how I love Je - sus,  
heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
give my-self a-way—'Tis all that I can do.



- O how I love Je - sus, O how I love Je - sus, Because He first loved me.



Rev. C. C. LUTHER. By per. (To my Choir at Walhalla, S. C.) JNO. R. BRYANT.

DUET.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to-night,      Fa - ces all shin-ing with  
 2. Beck - on-ing hands of a moth-er whose love      Sac - ri-ficed life its de-  
 3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one,—see,      Ba - by voice call-ing, O

ra - di - ant light.      Eyes looking down from you heav-en - ly home,  
 vo - tion to prove;      Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,  
 moth - er, to thee;      Ro - sy-cheek'd darling, the light of our home,

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful hands that are beck-on - ing come.      Beck - - on - ing  
 Beck'ning up high - er the wait-ing one here.      Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful,  
 Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck-on - ing come.

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

Beck - - on-ing hands, . . . Beau - ti - ful,beck-on-ing hands. . .  
 Beau - ti - ful,beau-ti - ful, beckoning hands, Beau - ti - ful,beck-on-ing,beckoning hands.

Beau - ti - ful,beck-on-ing hands. . .

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 Beckoning hands of a husband or wife,  
 Waiting and watching the lov'd ones of life;  
 Hands of a brother, a sister, a friend,  
 Out from the gate-way to-night they extend.

5 Brightest and best of that glorious throng,  
 Center of all, and the theme of our song,  
 Jesus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands,  
 Lovingly calling, with beckoning hands.

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## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody.

Arr. by E. HANKS.

1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me, He's the  
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sorrows borne, In temp -  
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the  
 ta - tion He's my strong and might - y tow'r I have all for Him for -  
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a -

D.S.—He's the "Lil-y of the

Val - ley," In Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and  
 sa - ken, And all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He  
 bout me, I've noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my

Val - ley, the Bright and Morn - ing Star," He's the fair - est of ten  
 FINE.

make me ful - ly whole. In sor - row He's my com - fort, In  
 keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world for - sake me, And  
 hun - gry soul will fill. Then sweeping up to glo - ry, To  
 thousand to my soul.

D.S.

trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll;  
 Sa - tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal;  
 see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll;

## "TITLE CLEAR."\*

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." — 2 Tim. 2: 3.

May also sing, Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my title clear: To mansions in the skies;  
 2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurled;  
 3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall—  
 4. There I shall bathe my weary soul: In seas of heavenly rest;

I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.  
 So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.  
 And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

**CHORUS.**  
 We will stand the storm, We will  
 We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long; We will

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

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

\*The repeats in verses are only for bass and tenor.



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 upon it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.*

*D. C.*



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I've 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.

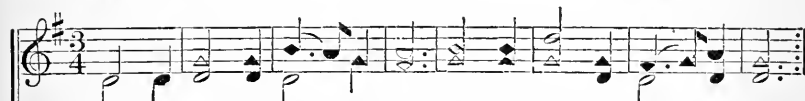
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

## 144 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"He will guide you into all truth."—JOHN 16: 13.

M. M. WELLS

M. M. WELLS.



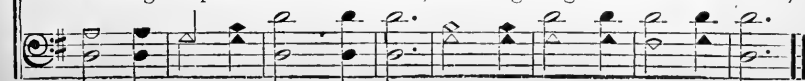
1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }  
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }  
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend, }  
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear. }  
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, }  
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there, }



*D. C. Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d'r'er, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home.*



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



1. There are complaining people, Who say we are too bold, Alas there are still  
 2. Ah, many hearts are aching, We find them ev'rywhere, Whose cups are filled with  
 3. One day my precious comrade, You, too, were lost in sin, But others sought your  
 4. So let us keep it burning, The Lamp of holy love, To ev'ry per-se-

oth-ers Who say we're aft-er gold; But they are all mis-tak-en, We  
 sorrow, Whose homes are filled with care; When misfortune overtakes them, The  
 res-cue, And Je - sus took you in; So when you're tried and tempted, By  
 cu - tor, Point out the way above; The precious blood of Je-sus, Was

want not sordid stuff, But souls of poor lost sinners—Those diamonds in the rough.  
 world gives them a cuff, Or sends them to perdition—Those diamonds in the rough.  
 scoffer's keen rebuff, Don't turn away in anger—This diamond in the rough.  
 shed and that's enough, Oh, let us tell Him of it—That diamond in the rough.

**CHORUS.**

The day will soon be over In which to work and win, There's many a gem lies

hid-den Beneath the dross of sin; Oh, let us dig and find them, God's



# Diamonds In the Rough.

pow-er is enough To pol-ish in - to beauty Those diamonds in the rough.

*Rit.*

146

## Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow ;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way That leads you in - to rest ;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sur - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.  
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.  
 Be - lieve in Him without de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.  
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

### CHORUS.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now ;  
 Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now ;  
 Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now ;  
 I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now ;

1,2,3. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.  
 4. He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,"—Luke 14:23.  
 FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

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 hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy lab - or the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,  
 child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly;  
 grace can re - store, Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
 Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

## REFRAIN.

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 are brok - en will vi - brate once more.  
 Tell the poor wanderer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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 O believe Him.

10 He will cleanse you.

3 He is able.

7 O 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.

"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

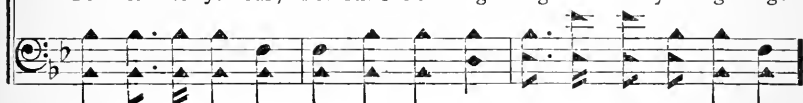
Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.



1. Are you wea - ry, are you hea - vy heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - 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,



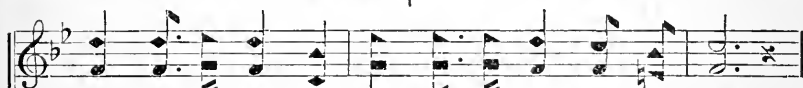
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?  
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?



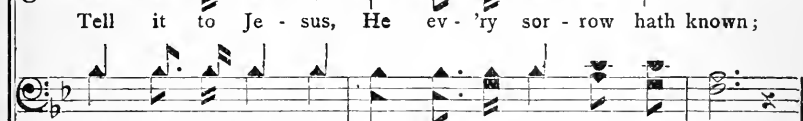
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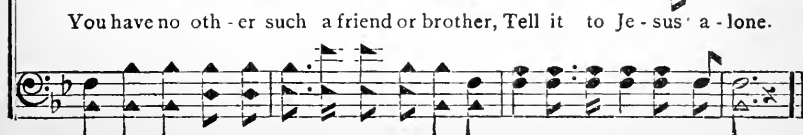
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus,



Tell it to Je - sus, He ev - 'ry sor - row hath known;

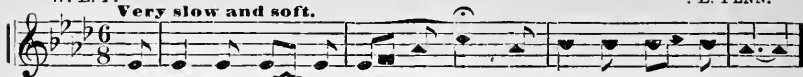


You have no oth - er such a friend or brother, Tell it to Je - sus' a - lone.

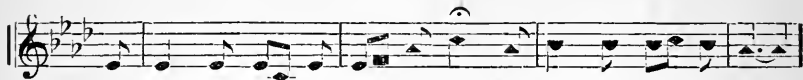


W. E. P.

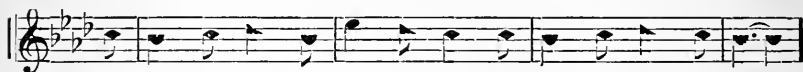
. E. PENN.

*Very slow and soft.*

1. 'Twas night, and all a - round was still, I lay up - on my bed,
2. The sweetest voice fell on mine ear, It thrill'd my in-most soul;
3. I dreamed I saw the jas - per walls, And streets of pur-est gold;



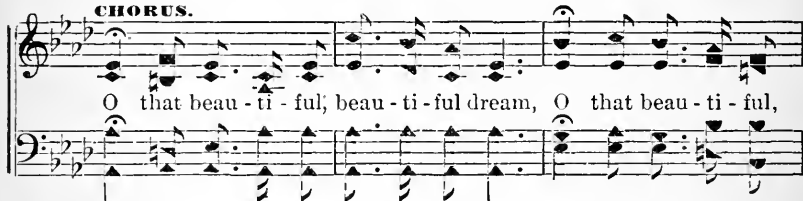
I dreamed death's portals I had passed And was a - mong the dead;  
 "A - rise, my love, and come a - way Un - to thy promised goal."  
 And all the saints of God were there, Those beauties to be - hold.



I heard the trump of God resound, The dead in Christ to raise,  
 I looked—I saw—I can - not tell, There's nothing will compare;  
 I heard the wel-come plaud-it giv'n: "Come, all ye bless - ed, come;



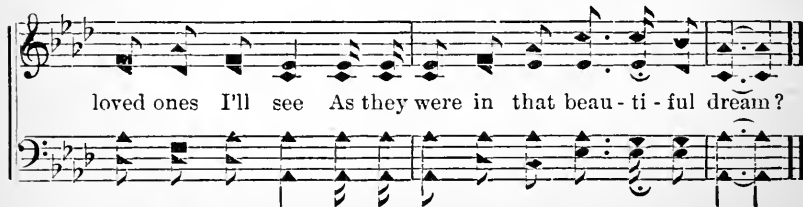
I saw the saints prepared to shout Our blest Redeemer's praise.  
 I saw the Sav - iour glo - ri - fied, And loved ones gathered there.  
 Re-joice, re-joice for ev - er-more, In this thy heav'nly home."

**CHORUS.**

O that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dream, O that beau - ti - ful,



beau - ti - ful dream! Dear Lord, shall it be all my



loved ones I'll see As they were in that beau - ti - ful dream?

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."—Matt. II: 28.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow *pp**m*

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

you and for me, See on the portals He's waiting and watching,  
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,  
 you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,  
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,

**CHORUS.**

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

*cres* home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly  
 come home, *pp*

*ppp* ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, oh, sinner, come home. *Rit* *pp*

J. H. F.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. When the wait - ing time is ov - er, When the Mas - ter bids us come,  
 2. When the wait - ing time is ov - er, Bat - tles fought and vic - to - ries won,  
 3. When the wait - ing time is ov - er, When the toils of life are past,

In the glad and bright for - ev - er, We shall rest in peace at home.  
 We shall hear the Sav - iour's wel - come, " Good and faith - ful one, well done."  
 We shall sing with ho - ly rapt - ure, " Praise the Lord, we're home at last."

**CHORUS.**

When the wait - - - ing time is ov - er,..... When from  
 When the wait - ing, waiting, waiting, When the waiting time is o - ver, When the

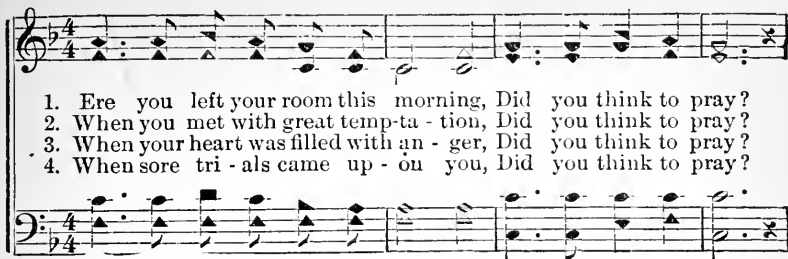
sin..... and sor - row free, We shall meet..... be -  
 waiting time is ov - er, When from sin and sorrow free, We shall meet beyond the river,

yond the riv - er,..... There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.  
 When the waiting time is ov - er, e - ter - nal - ly

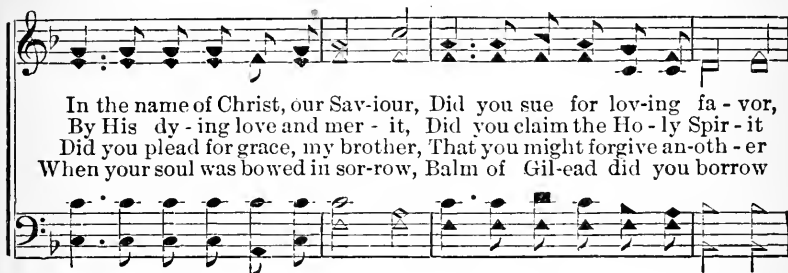
"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil. 4 : 5.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS.

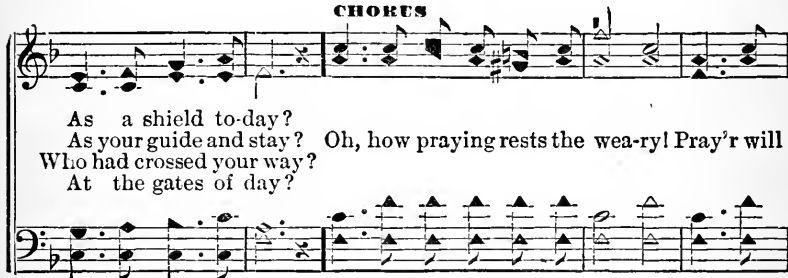


1. Ere you left your room this morning, Did you think to pray?  
 2. When you met with great tempta - tion, Did you think to pray?  
 3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?  
 4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

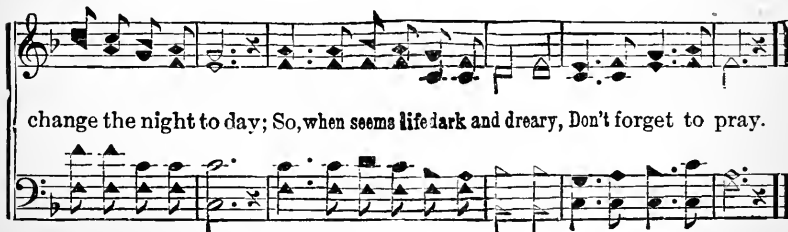


In the name of Christ, our Sav-iour, Did you sue for lov-ing fa - vor,  
 By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it  
 Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive an - oth - er  
 When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you borrow

## CHORUS



As a shield to-day?  
 As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the wea-ry! Pray'r will  
 Who had crossed your way?  
 At the gates of day?



change the night to day; So, when seems life dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is a face at heav-en's gate, A face I long to see;  
 2. There is a face at heav-en's gate, With smile di - vine and kind  
 3. There is a face at heav-en's gate, And if for me a pray'r,  
 4. There is a face at heav-en's gate, It cheers me on my way,

Lin - ger - ing by the jas - per walls, And watch - ing there for me.  
 For one who in this storm - y world Is left a - while be - hind.  
 The al - tar of a moth - er's love, It still is stand - ing there.  
 And is the morn - ing star that shines Be - fore the wake of day.

## CHORUS.

Watch - - - ing as the an - gels wait, As the  
 Watching as the an - gels, as the an - gels wait,

bells..... of heav - en ring..... Watch - ing  
 Watching as the bells, as the bells of heav - en ring,

till..... the race is run, Waiting for the ab - sent one.  
 Watching till the race, till the race is run,



"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—JOHN 1: 29.

REV. WILLIAM I. FEAZELL.

Arr. by MISS LIDA CLARK.

1. Be-hold, ye men of earth, and see The Saviour die on Cal-va-ry ;  
 2. Oh, hear Him to His Fa-ther cry, While mul-ti-tudes in si-lence sigh ;  
 3. The temple's vail was rent in twain, The Saviour's voice was heard a-gain ;  
 4. Glo-ry to His pre-cious name, Now I'm washed from ev-'ry stain ;

His blood He shed for you and me To give us life and lib-er-ty.  
 And dark-er grows the low'ring sky, The sun re-fused to see Him die.  
 "'Tis finished," was the Victor's cry, The debt was paid for you and I.  
 His Spir-it sweet-ly dwells within, My soul is pure and cleansed from sin.

**CHORUS.**

The Sav-iour died..... up - on the tree,..... His blood He  
 The Saviour died up-on the tree,

shed..... for you and me;..... Oh, let us to..... the Saviour  
 His blood is shed for you and me; Oh, let us to

go,..... He'll make us pure..... and white as snow.....  
 the Saviour go, He'll make us pure and white as snow.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
313. 283. 192.

WM. BRADBURY,

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood washed for me,  
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid myself of one dark blot,  
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!  
Fighting and fears with-in, without. O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

- 4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve  
Because Thy promise I believe:  
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

## 157

## Wait On the Lord.

J. B. H. AND E. C. LEE.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. O Lord give ear when with my voice I cry a-loud to Thee, Up-on me al-so  
2. O Lord, Thou art so good and kind, To hear a sinner's plea, O give me peace and  
3. O wait, my soul, up-on the Lord, And rest in Him to-day, O hear the promise  
4. O wea-ry one, He'll give you rest, If on the Lord you'll wait, And you can dwell with

**CHORUS.**

mer-cy have, And do Thou an-swer me. Wait on the Lord, Be  
rest of mind, And hear and an-swer me.  
in His word, 'He'll guide thee all the way.'  
all the blest In-side of heaven's gate. Wait on the Lord, wait on the Lord,

# Wait On the Lord. Concluded.

*f* *m*  
 firm of heart, Yea, wait, wait, wait and He shall strength impart.  
 firm of heart, be firm of heart,

158

## From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny
2. What tho' the spic-y breez-es Blow soft e'er Ceylon's isle! Tho' ev-'ry prospect
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till, like a sea of

fountains Roll down their gold-en sand. From many an an-cient riv - er, From  
 pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile. In vain with lav - ish kind-ness The  
 night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The  
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ransomed nat - ure The

ma - ny a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.  
 gifts of God are strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.  
 joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learned Messiah's name.  
 Lamb, for sin - ners slain, Re - deemer, King, Crea - tor, In bliss returns to reign.

# No. 159. I Will Arise and Go To Jesus.

Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;  
 2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;  
 3. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;  
 4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y lad - en, Bruised and man-gled by the fall,

CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

**D. C. Chorus.**

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.  
 True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - ry grace that brings you nigh.  
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth, Is to feel your need of Him.  
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, O there are ten thousand charms.

# 160 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

S. STENNETT.

ORTONVILLE.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - iour's brow;  
 2. No mor - tal can with Him compare A - mong the sons of men;

His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.  
 Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the heav - en - ly train.

His lips with grace o'erflow.  
 Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
 And flew to my relief;  
 For me He bore the shameful cross,  
 : And carried all my grief. :||

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,  
 And all the joys I have;  
 He makes me triumph over death,  
 : And saves me from the grave. :||

# 161 IN THE CROSS. (Ithamar.) 8s & 7s.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



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 deceive and fears an-oy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming 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 sublime.  
 Nev - er will the cross for - sake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - dianc streaming. Adds new luster to the day.  
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



# 162 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

W. W. WALFORD.

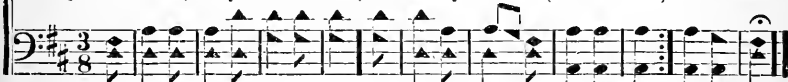
\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
 789. 405. 49.

W. B. BRADBURY.

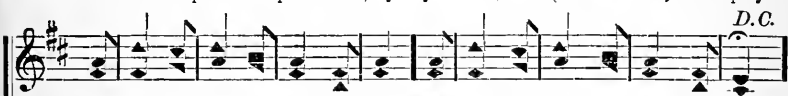
FINE.



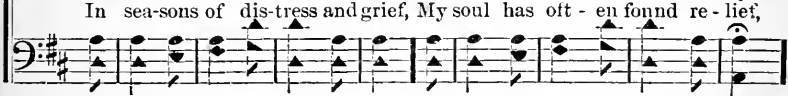
1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (*Omit. . . .*) wishes known :



*D. C.*—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet (*Omit. . . .*) hour of pray'r.



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!<br/>                 Thy wings shall my petition bear,<br/>                 To Him whose truth and faithfulness<br/>                 Engage the waiting souls to bless;<br/>                 And since He bids me seek His face,<br/>                 Believe His word and trust His grace,<br/>                 I'll cast on Him my every care,<br/>                 And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!<br/>                 May I thy consolation share;<br/>                 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,<br/>                 I view my home, and take my flight:<br/>                 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise<br/>                 To seize the everlasting prize;<br/>                 And shout, while passing thro' the air,<br/>                 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

RAY PALMER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
398. 384. 335.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

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

ELIZA SHERMAN.

J. H. F.

1. O the precious love of Je - sus, Growing sweeter day by day,  
2. But we can - not know the fullness Of the Saviour's wondrous love,  
3. Come and taste the love of Je - sus, At His feet thy burdens lay;

Tun - ing all my heart so joy - ous To a heav'n - ly mel - o - dy.  
Till we see and know His glo - ry, In the heav'nly home a - bove.  
Trust Him with thy grief and sor - row, Bear this joy - ful song a - way.

# Christ Is Precious.

## CHORUS.

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey He will lead thee;

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

## 165 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

EDWARD PERRONET.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
132. 161. 32.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall!  
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
Ex - tol the stem of Je - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall;  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

BEDDOME.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let  
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see; Be  
 3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear; In

floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.  
 thou as - ton - ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.  
 heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

## 167

## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

*Fine.*

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous 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,

*D. C.* Chart and com - pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
*D. C.* Wondrous sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
*D. C.* May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

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



## We Are Running the Race.

G. D.

HEB. 12: 1, 2.

THE REV. GILBERT DOBBS.

**Con spirito.**

1. We are run-ning the race t'ward the goal and the crown, Onward, up-ward,  
 2. The sons of the king - dom are cheer-ing us on, Forward then with  
 3. A - way with the weights and the trammels of sin, On-ward ev - er  
 4. We're look - ing to Je - sus the Prince of the race, Pressing stead - y

ev - er on! And God and the an - gels are now bend-ing down, To  
 all our pow'rs! We'll let the world mock if the prize may be won, The  
 be our cry! 'Twas thus that the he - roes of God en - tered in, In-  
 t'ward the skies! And soon by His grace we shall look on His face, And

**CHORUS.**

help us as we run..... We shall gain,..... shall gain the  
 glo - ry will be ours .....  
 to the glo - ries on high.....  
 from His hand take up the prize. gain the vic - to - ry,

vic - to - ry, We shall win..... a star-ry prize, When we  
 win a star-ry prize, prize, a star-ry prize,  
 shall win a star - ry prize,

reach the goal up there in heav'n, Blessed home beyond the skies.  
 reach the goal, skies, beyond the skies.

1. There is joy in heav'n a-mong the an - gels, When a wan-der - er re-  
 2. There is joy on earth a-mong the right - eous, There are faithful hearts that  
 3. You can give that joy to saints and an - gels, For the lov - ing Shepherd

turns to the fold—When he comes to seek a place of safe - ty, Aft - er  
 thrill with de - light When a soul is giv - en to the Sav - iour—Led to  
 calls you to - day, Heav'n and earth will call to bid you wel - come, Do not

**CHORUS.**

stray - ing in the dark and cold. There is joy,..... a-mong the  
 trust the gen - tle Shepherd's might.  
 lin - ger, do not long - er stray. There is joy, yes, there is

an - gels, There is joy a-mong the an - gels when a  
 joy a-mong the an - gels,

wan-der - er re- turns; There is joy..... a-mong the an -  
 There is joy, yes, there is joy a-mong the

## Joy Among the Angels.

gels, When a wan-der-er re-turns to the fold. ....  
an-gels,

170

## The Old Ship of Zion.

Anon.

1. O what ship is this that will take us all home? O  
2. Come a - long, come a - long, and let us go home? O  
3. Do you think she will be a - ble to take us all home? O  
4. She has landed ma - ny thousands and can land as ma - ny more, O

glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le -  
glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor - dan, Hal - le -  
glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le -  
glo-ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! She has land-ed them in heav - en, Hal - le -

lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
lu - jah! She has land - ed them in heav - en, Hal - le - lu - jah!

171

'Tis religion that can give,  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity;  
Be the living God my friend,  
Then my bliss shall never end.

UNKNOWN.

ISAAC WATTS.

\*M. H. B. H. P. H.  
59. 105. 98.

Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King;  
2. Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ;  
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;  
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove

Let ev-'ry heart prepare Him room. And heav'n and nature sing, And  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-  
He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far  
The glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And  
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 sounding joy.  
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.  
wonders of His love, And wonders, wonders of His love.  
sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

\*M. H. B. H. P. H.  
910. 476. 950.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work, thro' the morning hours; }  
{ Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit. . . . .) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs;  
D. C.—Work, for the night is coming, (Omit. . . . .) When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun: D. C.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work in 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.

W. D. S.

Arr. for this work.

1. Put a - way the lit-tle dress-es That our darling used to wear; She will need them  
 2. Lay a - side her lit-tle playthings, Wet with mother's pearly tears; How we shall miss  
 3. Kiss the lit - tle curl-y tress-es, Cut from her bright golden hair; Do the angels

on earth nev-er—She has climbed the golden stair. She is with the happy an-gels,  
 lit - tle Nel-lie All the coming weary years. Fold the dainty lit-tle dresses  
 kiss our darling In the realm so bright and fair? O we pray to meet our darling

And I long for her sweet kiss, That her lit - tle feet are waiting In the  
 That she never more will wear, For her lit - tle feet are waiting Up a -  
 For a long, long sweet embrace Where the lit-tle feet are waiting And we

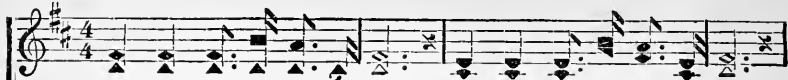
**CHORUS.**

realm of per-fect bliss.  
 bove the gold-en stair. An-gels whis-per that our dar-ling Is in lands of  
 meet her face to face.

love so fair; That her lit-tle feet are waiting Close beside the golden stair.

F. E. HAVERGAL.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



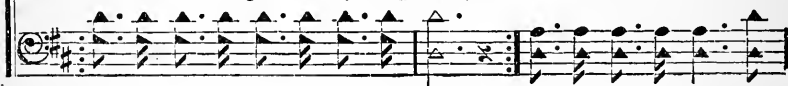
1. Take my life, and let it be      Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee ;
2. Take my feet, and let them be      Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee ;
3. Take my lips, and let them be      Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee ;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine,      It shall be no long - er mine ;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour      At Thy feet its treasure store ;



Take my hands, and let them move      At the im - pulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice, and let me sing      Al - ways, on - ly for my King.  
 Take my moments and my days,      Let them flow in ceaseless praise.  
 Take my heart, it is thine own,      It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
 Take my self, and I will be      Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

**CHORUS.**

{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, }  
 { Cleanse me in the pur - i - fy - ing flood ; }      Lord, I give to Thee my



life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.



(WEBB.) 7s &amp; 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;  
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;  
D.S.—Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

And thous - and hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;  
D.S.—And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing—A na - tion in a day.



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,  
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,



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."

2 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.

177

Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

3 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.

## The "Haven of Rest."

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."—Hebrews 4: 3.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

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

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

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

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

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

**CHORUS.** *D. S.*  
 I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;



W. E. ABBEY.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

**DUET. With expression.**

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en - gin - eer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al, You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres-tle—Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,



We must make the run with patience From the cra-dle to the grave:  
 See that Christ is your con-duct - or On the light'ning train of life:  
 On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle They will almost ditch your train;  
 You be - hold the un - ion de - pot In-to which your train will glide;



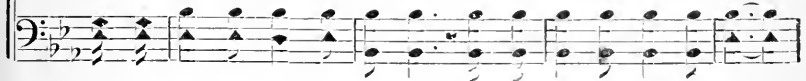
Watch the curves, the fills and tun-nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail!  
 Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc - tions, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail—  
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus, Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail—  
 There you'll meet the Superintendent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



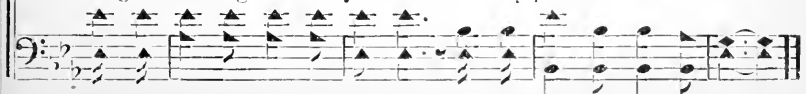
Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle And your eyes up - on the rail.  
 Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle And your eyes up - on the rail.  
 Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle And your eyes up - on the rail.  
 With the heart - y, joy - ous plaud - it, "Wear - y pil - grim, welcome home."

**CHORUS.**

Bless - ed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that blissful shore :



Angels wait - ing there to join us— In Thy praise for ev - er - more.



C. W. RAY.

A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.

SOLO.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the  
 2. Why should we weep when the weary ones rest In the bo - som of  
 3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it frightful - ly  
 4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide, Doth the light of e -

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

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

# DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

CHORUS. \*

On-ly a dream, on-ly a dream, And glory beyond the dark stream; How

peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on-ly a dream.

\* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

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## We Praise Thee, O God!

H. BONAR.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For our Sav-iour 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 -

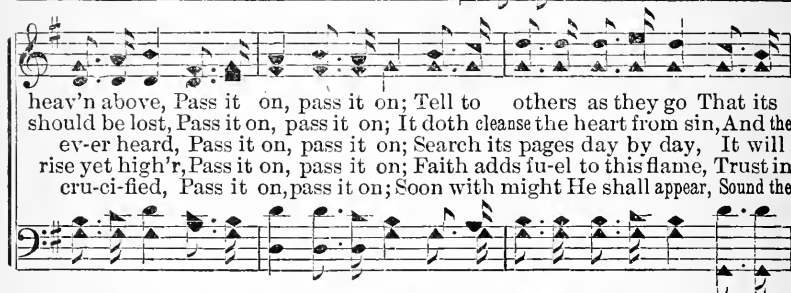
REFRAIN.

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

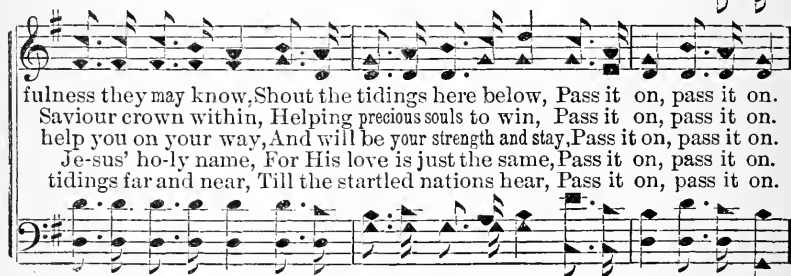
lu - jah, a - men; Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.



1. Have you felt the Saviour's love? Pass it on, pass it on; 'Tis a gift from  
 2. Have you had your Pentecost? Pass it on, pass it on; Lest your neighbors  
 3. Have you searched the Holy Word? Pass it on, pass it on; Sweetest message  
 4. Have you felt the heav'nly fire? Pass it on, pass it on; Thus its flame will  
 5. Christ is coming for His Bride, Pass it on, pass it on; Crowned shall be the

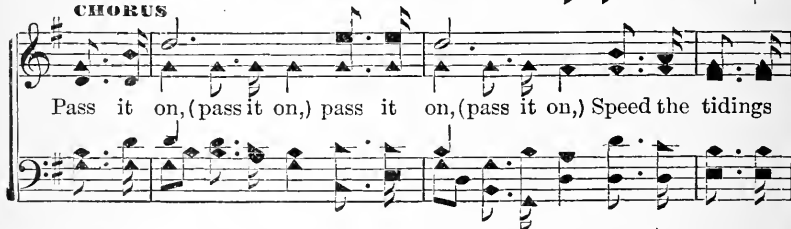


heav'n above, Pass it on, pass it on; Tell to others as they go That its  
 should be lost, Pass it on, pass it on; It doth cleanse the heart from sin, And the  
 ev-er heard, Pass it on, pass it on; Search its pages day by day, It will  
 rise yet high'r, Pass it on, pass it on; Faith adds fu-el to this flame, Trust in  
 cru-ci-fied, Pass it on, pass it on; Soon with might He shall appear, Sound the

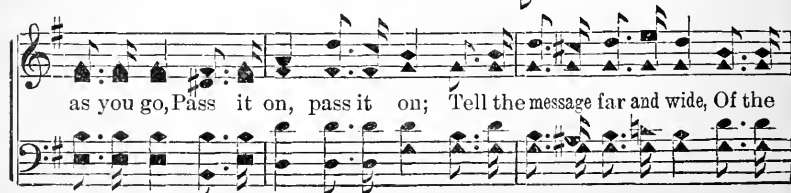


fulness they may know, Shout the tidings here below, Pass it on, pass it on.  
 Saviour crown within, Helping precious souls to win, Pass it on, pass it on.  
 help you on your way, And will be your strength and stay, Pass it on, pass it on.  
 Je-sus' ho-ly name, For His love is just the same, Pass it on, pass it on.  
 tidings far and near, Till the startled nations hear, Pass it on, pass it on.

## CHORUS



Pass it on, (pass it on,) pass it on, (pass it on,) Speed the tidings



as you go, Pass it on, pass it on; Tell the message far and wide, Of the

PASS IT ON. Concluded.

Saviour cru - ci - fied, Till it spreads like ocean tide, Pass it on, pass it on.

183

Near the Cross.

"Far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6: 14.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious fount - ain  
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;  
 3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all—a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.  
 There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.  
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

MARGARET MACKAY.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep,

A calm and un - dis-turbed re- pose, Unbrok-en by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely best!

No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be:  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

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## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

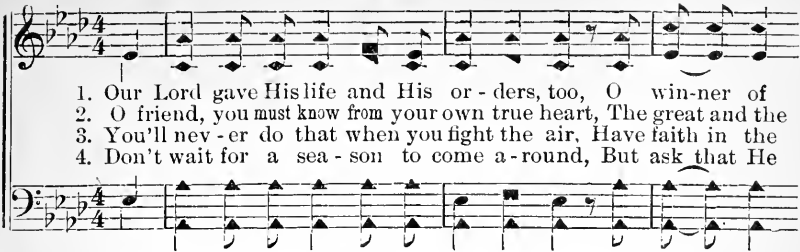
1. { Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from (Omit.....)

home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to

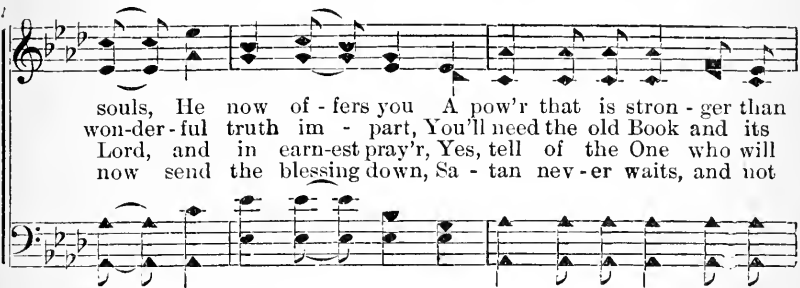
see..... The dis - tant scene: one step e - nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou  
I loved to choose and see my path; but  
Lead Thou me on! [now  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride used my will. Remember not  
past years!

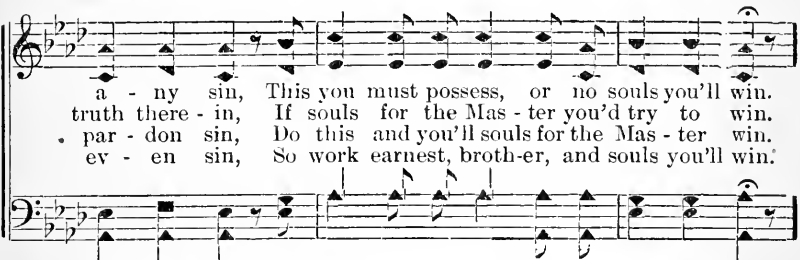
3 So long Thy power hath blessed me,  
Will lead me on [sure it still  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,  
The night is gone, [till  
And with the morn those angel faces  
smile [awhile!  
Which I have loved long since, and lost



1. Our Lord gave His life and His or - ders, too, O win - ner of  
 2. O friend, you must know from your own true heart, The great and the  
 3. You'll nev - er do that when you fight the air, Have faith in the  
 4. Don't wait for a sea - son to come a - round, But ask that He

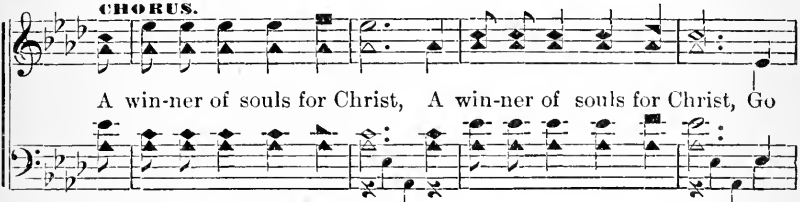


souls, He now of - fers you A pow'r that is stron - ger than  
 won - der - ful truth im - part, You'll need the old Book and its  
 Lord, and in earn - est pray'r, Yes, tell of the One who will  
 now send the blessing down, Sa - tan nev - er waits, and not

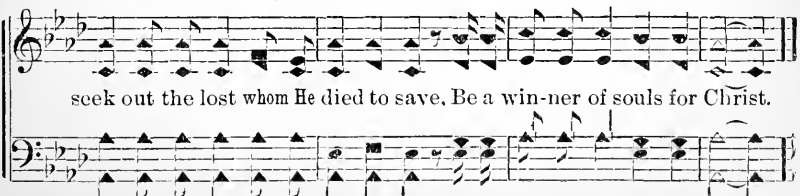


a - ny sin, This you must possess, or no souls you'll win.  
 truth there - in, If souls for the Mas - ter you'd try to win.  
 . par - don sin, Do this and you'll souls for the Mas - ter win.  
 ev - en sin, So work earnest, broth - er, and souls you'll win.

## CHORUS.



A win - ner of souls for Christ, A win - ner of souls for Christ, Go



seek out the lost whom He died to save, Be a win - ner of souls for Christ.

DR. BETHUNE.

"The wall of it was of jasper."

W. A. OGDEN.

1. O cit - y of the jas - per wall And of the pearly gate, For thee a -  
 2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star, Could we with  
 3. O cit - y where the shining gates Shut out all grief and sin, Well may we

**Duet. p**

mid the storms of life Our wea - ry spir - its wait. O may we walk the  
 eye of faith but see How bright thy mansions are. How soon our doubts would  
 yearn amid earth's strife Thy ho - ly peace to win. Yet will we meek - ly

**Chorus. f** **Duet. p**

streets of gold No mor - tal feet have trod; O may we worship at the shrine,  
 flee a - way, How strong our trust would grow, Un - til our hearts should trust no more  
 bear the cross, Nor seek to lay it down, Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home,

**f Chorus. CHORUS.**

The tem - ple of our God. O land... of bliss, O land... of  
 The treasures here be - low. O land, O land of bliss, O land, O  
 And gives the promised crown.

light,... O cit - y of the jas - per wall, O land for - ev - er bright!  
 land of light,



## BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
751. 463. 597.

GEO. NAEGELI.

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

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

\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal)

## AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

\* M. H. B. H.  
728. 696.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal  
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

father's died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.  
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

M. A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord I care not for rich-es, Neith-er sil-ver nor gold, I would make sure of  
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, oh, my  
 3. Oh! that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heav-en, I would en-ter the fold, In the book of Thy king-dom, With its Sav-our! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ-ten In bright be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white, Where no e-vil thing cometh, To de-

pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-our, Is my name writ-ten there? let-tersthat glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, I will make them like snow." spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watching, Is my name writ-ten there?

## REFRAIN.

Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. O, think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of
2. O, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, o-ver there; Where the saints all im-mor-tal and fair, . . . Are  
 trod, o-ver there; Of the songs that they breathe on the air, . . . In their  
 rest, o-ver there; Then a-way from my sor-row and care, . . . Let me  
 see, o-ver there; Ma-n-y dear to my heart o-ver there, . . . Are

REFRAIN.

robed in their gar-ments of white. O-ver there O-ver there, O-ver  
 home in the pal-ace of God. O-ver there  
 fly to the land of the blest. O-ver there.  
 watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O-ver there.

O-ver there,

there, Over there, O, think of a home o-ver there; Over there; Over there, Over there,

O-ver there, O-ver there, O, think of a home o-ver there.

UNKNOWN.

AMOS 5: 8.

T. W. HUBBARD.

1. O - ver the riv - er the crystal stream flows, O-ver the riv-er the tree of life grows;  
 2. O - ver the riv - er the streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;  
 3. There ev-'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of glo-ry ne'er dies;  
 4. O - ver the riv-er, we've cross'd it at last; O-ver the riv - er our dan-ger is pass'd;

O-ver the river each lone pilgrim goes, Thro' the dim portals of death. Close by our threshold the  
 O-ver the river time never goes old, Bearing the burden of years. There all our sigh-ing and  
 Lighting forever those fair upper skies, Eden's glad plains a-dorn. O-ver the riv-er fair  
 Safe in the harbor our barks are moored fast, Ne'er from their haven to roam. Then will we sing with the

dark an-gel stands, Beck'ning us on with His pale trembling hands; Chilling our hearts with the  
 sorrows shall cease. Hush'd by the chor-us of heav-en - ly peace; O - ver the riv-er thrice  
 king-dom of light, There heaven's mansions for-ev-er are bright; O-ver the riv-er there  
 glo-ri-fied throng, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs in one hap-py song; Praising the pow'r that has

## CHORUS.

cold i - cy bands, Stealing each quivering breath. O - - ver the riv - er,  
 hap-py re-lease, We shall be free from our fears.  
 cometh no night, Long is e - ter - ni-ty's morn.  
 brought us a-long, O - ver the riv - er at—home. Over the river the streets are of gold,

O - ver the riv - er, O - ver the riv - er the streets are of gold.  
 There are enjoyments and pleasures untold; O-ver the riv-er time never grows old, Bearing the bur-den of years.

# 193 WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.



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



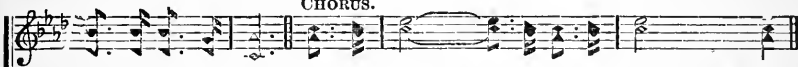
And the morn-ing breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall  
 And the glo - ry of his res - ur-rec-tion share; When his chosen ones shall  
 Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is



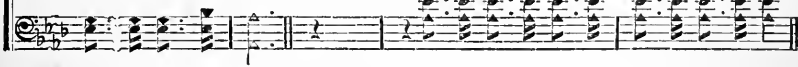
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up  
 gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up  
 o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



## CHORUS.



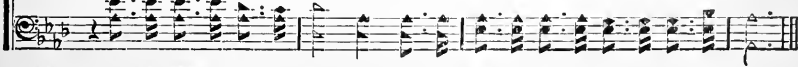
yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - - der,  
 When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,



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



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



KATE CAMERON.

R. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. When our work is end-ed, we shall sweetly rest, 'Mid the saint-ed spir-its,  
 2. Earth hath ma-ny sorrows, but they cannot last, And our greatest troubles  
 3. When the storm is o-ver, sweet will be the calm, Af-ter life's long bat-tle,

safe on Je-sus' breast; All our tri-als o-ver, we shall glad-ly sing,  
 quick-ly will be pas; If we look to Je-sus, He will give us strength;  
 bright the victor's palm; And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down;

CHORUS.

Grave! where is thy vict'ry? Death! where is thy sting?  
 By His grace we shall be con-quer-ors at length. Tho' the dark waves roll  
 We'll exchange in heav-en for a shin-ing crown.

high, we will be un-dis-mayed, "Let us pass o-ver the riv-er, And

rest under the shade, rest under the shade, Rest under the shade of the trees."

\*This hymn was suggested by the last and dying words of Stonewall Jackson. The closing lines of the Chorus are in his own language.

Anon.

ANON.

1. I saw a way-worn trav-'ler, In tat-tered gar-ments clad,  
His back was la - den heav - y, His strength was almost 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;

And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad; }  
Yet he shout-ed as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }  
His garments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow, }  
Still shout-ing as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }

**REFRAIN.**

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

3 The songsters in the arbor  
That stood beside the way,  
Attracted his attention,  
Inviting his delay:  
His watchword being "Onward!"  
He stopped his ears and ran,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw the golden city,—  
His everlasting home,—  
And shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance will come!

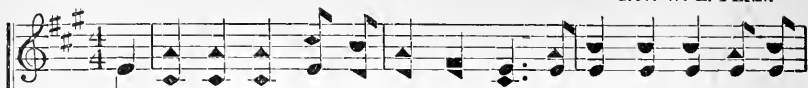
5 While gazing on that city,  
Just o'er the narrow flood,  
A band of holy angels  
Came from the throne of God;  
They bore him on their pinions  
Safe o'er the dashing foam,  
And joined him in his triumph,—  
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
To suffer nevermore:  
Then, casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!


## The Sheltering Rock.

W. E. P.

Rev. W. E. PENN.




1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land; Its shad-ow falls on the  
 2. There is a Well in a des-ert plain; Its wa-ters call with-en-  
 3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the  
 4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died; His blood flow'd out in a






burn-ing sand, In-vit-ing pil-grims as they pass, To  
 treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-ing, sin-sick soul, Come,  
 moun-tain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er moun-tains steep; He's  
 crim-son tide, A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And




## REFRAIN.



seek a shade in the wil-der-ness. Then why will ye die? Oh!  
 free-ly drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? Oh!  
 search-ing now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh!  
 free to all who will en-ter in. Then why will ye die? Oh!

why will ye die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the living Well is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?  
 why will ye die? When the crim-son cross is so near by, Oh! why will ye die?





Old melody.

Cho.—'Tis the old - time re - li - gion, 'Tis the old - time re - li - gion,  
 1. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,  
 2. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,

'Tis the old - time re - li - gion, It's good e - nough for me.  
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It's good e - nough for me.  
 It was good for our moth - ers, It's good e - nough for me.

3 It has saved our fathers,  
 It has saved our fathers,  
 It has saved our fathers,  
 It's good enough for me.

4 It will save our children,  
 It will save our children,  
 It will save our children,  
 It's good enough for me.

5 It was good for Paul and Silas,  
 It was good for Paul and Silas,

It was good for Paul and Silas,  
 It's good enough for me.

6 It will do when I am dying,  
 It will do when I am dying,  
 It will do when I am dying,  
 It's good enough for me.

7 It will take us all to heaven,  
 It will take us all to heaven,  
 It will take us all to heaven,  
 It's good enough for me.

## MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
542. 449. 223.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

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 pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,  
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glorious 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.  
 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.

H. H. .

H. H. BOOTH.

1. I have giv'n up all for Je - sus; This vain world is naught to me:  
 2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis - per low,  
 3. Just be - yond the waves of Jor - dan, Just be - yond the chill - ing tide,

All its pleas - ures are for - got - ten In re - mem - b'ring Cal - va - ry.  
 I will lean up - on my Sav - iour, Thro, the val - ley as I go;  
 Blooms the tree of life im - mor - tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide;

Tho' my friends de - spise, for - sake me, And on me the world looks cold,  
 I will claim His prec - ious prom - ise, Worth to me a world of gold,  
 In that hap - py land of spir - its, Flow - ers bloom on hills of gold,

I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pear - ly gates un - fold.  
 "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pear - ly gates un - fold.  
 And the an - gels are a - wait - ing When the pear - ly gates un - fold.

Fine.

D. S. *But my heart will know no sad - ness, When the pear - ly gates un - fold.*

**CHORUS.**

Life's morn will soon be wan - ing, And its eve - ning bells will toll;

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

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

## CHORUS.

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

bur-den of my heart rolled a - way— It was there by faith  
 rolled away,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

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

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

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just a - cross on the  
 by and by,

ev - er - green shore, . . . . Sing the song of Mo - ses and the  
 ev - er - green shore,

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

D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. R.

1. We wait the coming of the Lord, The Sav-iour reign-ing now a - bove;  
 2. We wait the coming of our Friend, Who loves us with im - mor-tal love,  
 3. We wait the coming of the King, Who holds the keys of ev - 'ry grave,

The prom-ise of His ho - ly word, He shall con - firm in truth and love.  
 And shall Himself from heav'n descend, And bring us to our home a - bove.  
 Who will the palms of vic-t'ry bring, And all His loy - al peo-ple save.

**CHORUS.**

O wait!..... O wait!.....  
 O wait, calmly wait, calmly wait, for He will come, O wait, calmly wait,

He will come and bring us home! O wait, calm - ly wait, calm - ly

wait, for He will come! O wait, He will come and bring us home.  
 bring us home!

J. H. PAINTER.

Melody by J. H. PAINTER.

1. There's a home with the Sav-iour for all who be-lieve, Where watch-ing and  
 2. That home is a hav-en for mar-i-ners tossed On the storm-riv-en  
 3. O my soul is in rapture, that home draweth nigh, Dar-ling lov'd ones in

waiting will nev-er-more be, And the Father's glad welcome each saint will receive,  
 waves and thy bil-low-y sea, Which beat o'er a ves-sel that can-not be lost—  
 glo-ry I almost can see; Then haste, thee, my Sav-iour, and take me on high,

**CHORUS.**

And that is the welcome in wait-ing for me. The wel - come, the  
 And that is the ha-ven in wait-ing for me. The ha - - ven, the  
 To share in that glo-ry that's waiting for me. The glo - - ry, the

The welcome that's waiting, the  
 The ha-ven that's wait-ing, the  
 The glo-ry that's wait-ing, the

wel - - come, The wel-come that's wait-ing for me;..... The  
 ha - - ven, The ha - ven that's wait-ing for me;..... The  
 glo - - ry, The glo - ry that's wait-ing for me;..... The

welcome that's waiting, The wel-come that's wait-ing for me, for me; The  
 ha-ven that's waiting, The ha-ven that's wait-ing for me, for me; The  
 glo-ry that's waiting, The glo-ry that's wait-ing for me, for me; The

# The Welcome That's Waiting.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a melody in the upper voice and a supporting bass line.

wel - come, the wel - come, The welcome that's waiting for me.  
 ha - ven, the ha - ven, The ha-ven that's waiting for me.  
 glo - ry, the glo - ry, The glo-ry that's waiting for me.

welcome that's waiting, the welcome that's waiting.  
 ha-ven that's waiting, the haven that's waiting.  
 glo-ry that's waiting, the glo-ry that's waiting.

## 204 Jesus, I Come to Thee.

REV. J. W. PORTER.

W. D. HOLT.

**Soprano.**

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a melody in the upper voice and a supporting bass line.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee for peace, Bid all my sin - ful striv - ing cease;
2. Je - sus, for faith I come to Thee, May doubt no more be found in me;
3. Je - sus, for joy I come to Thee, The joy that lasts e - ter - nal - ly;

**Tenor.**

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a melody in the upper voice and a supporting bass line.

My wand'ring heart bring to its home, To dwell with Thee, no more to roam.  
 Give trust each day while life shall last, Till the dark riv - er's safe - ly past.  
 The world's delights but leave me sad, Thy joy a - lone can make me glad.

**REFRAIN.**

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a melody in the upper voice and a supporting bass line.

O Je - sus, Lord, I see Thy face, I praise Thee for Thy won-drous grace.

J. K. ALWOOD.

MAY BE USED AS A SOLO.

J. F. KINSEY.

*Moderato.*

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

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

O, they tell me of an un-clouded day ; O, the land of cloud-less day,  
 Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day ; O, the land of cloud-less day,  
 In the cit - y that is made of gold ; O, that land mine eyes shall see,  
 In that lovely land of un-clouded day ; O, that land of love - ly smiles,

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



## The Unclouded Day.

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

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## Some Day, Some Time.

*"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."*—HEB. 9: 27.

REV. J. A. LEE.

(Dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Emma Cluster.)

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Some day, some time, I know not when, Our voyage here will have an end ;  
2. Death calls the rich and calls the poor, 'Tis he that knocks at ev-'ry door ;  
3. Death comes to take the Christians home From whence they nev-er more will roam ;

Then in our graves we all shall lie, To wait the summons from on high.  
He calls for them who lived in shame, And never owned the Saviour's name.  
There we shall see Christ's smiling face, And praise Him for His saving grace.

### CHORUS.

His grace has bro't me on my way, I've learned to love Him more and more.

His grace will be my strength and stay Un-til I reach the heav'nly shore.

Mrs. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



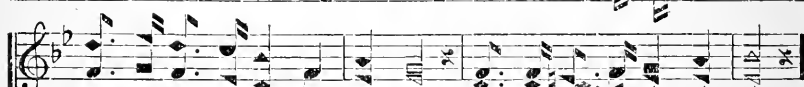
1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring banners Float a - long the glo - rious years,
2. In your cost - ly tem - ples pray - ing, "Let Thy king - dom come, we pray,"
3. Grace and glo - ry He hath sent you, Cast your line in pla - ces fair;
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav - en, Wake Thy sleeping children, 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 bless - ings now, He bids you, O'er His green earth ev'ry - where,  
 Till the meas - ure full and e - ven Has been ren - dered at Thy word.



On - ward press, the cross is bending, Far to - ward the morning skies,  
 Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hand who owns it all,  
 Till the mil - lions in the twi - light Of the far - off O - rient land,  
 Then from out her chris - m 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 morning splen - dor, Of the gos - pel light shall stand.  
 And the fair mil - len - nial mor - row Dawn with o - pal tint - ed skies.



## REFRAIN.



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



# Church Of God.

cries, Send the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Un-to earth's re-mot-est bound.  
 Master cries, O send the gos - pel's joyful sound.

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## Flitting Away. C. M.

"Jesus abides ever."

C. C. CLINE.

1. As shadows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,  
 2. And while the years, an endless host, Come pressing swift-ly on,  
 3. Yet doth the star of Beth'em shed A lus - ter pure and sweet;  
 4. O Fa-ther! may that ho - ly star Grow ev - 'ry year more bright;

Rit.

So in Thy sight, Al-might-y One, Earth's gen-er - a - tions pass.  
 The brightest names that earth can boast Just glist-en, and are gone.  
 And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes - si - ah's feet.  
 And send its glo-rious beams a - far To fill the world with light.

### CHORUS.

1-2. Flit-ting,.... flit-ting,.... Flit-ting like shadows a - way;  
 3-4. Brighter,.... brighter,.... Brighter the ho - ly star shines;

1-2. Flitting a - way, flitting a - way,  
 3-4. Brighter it shines, brighter it shines,

Rit.

Flit - ting,.... flit-ting a-way, Flit-ting like shadows a - way.  
 Bright-er,.... brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

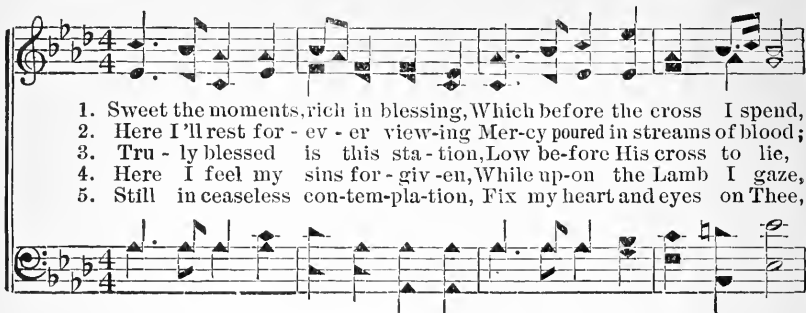
Flitting a-way,  
 Brighter it shines,

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother."— John 19: 25.

ALLAN SHIRLEY.

REF. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

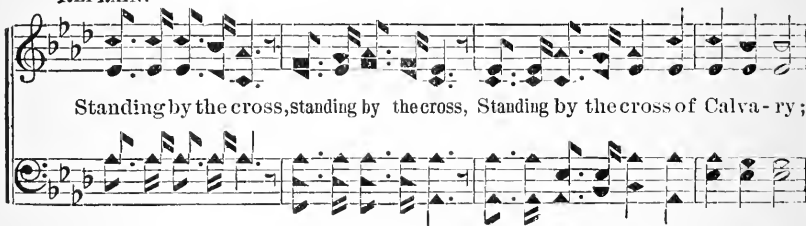


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend,  
 2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;  
 3. Tru - ly blessed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,  
 4. Here I feel my sins for - giv-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,  
 5. Still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

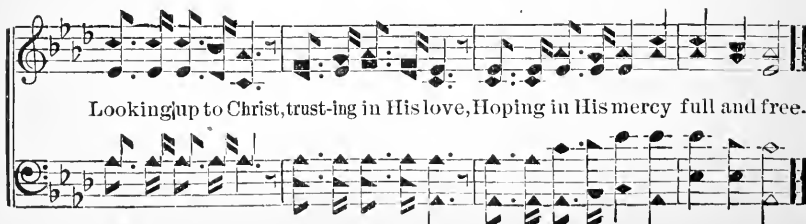


Life, and health and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.  
 Precious drops my soul be - dewing, Plead and claim my peace with God.  
 While I see di - vine compass-ion, Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye.  
 And my tho'ts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'erflow with praise.  
 Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And, unveiled, Thy glo - ries see.

REFRAIN.



Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Calva-ry;



Looking up to Christ, trust-ing in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.

J. M. D.

JOHN 15: 13.

REV. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful story of  
 2. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful story of  
 3. Wonderful sto-ry of love; Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful story of

love; Wake the im-mor-tal strain! An-gels with rap-ture announce it,  
 love; Still He doth call to - day, Calling from Cal-va-ry's mountain,  
 love; For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-bove us

Shepherds with wonder re-ceive it; Sin-ner, O won't you be-lieve it?  
 Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion,  
 With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapt - u - rous cho - rus,

## REFRAIN.

Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won-  
 Wonderful sto-ry of love; Won-der-ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful sto-ry of love!  
 story of love; Wonderful story of love;

MECHLENBERG.

1. { I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay,  
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the (Omit.) way;  
2. { I would not live al - way: no, wel - come the tomb;  
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its (Omit.) gloom;

{ The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here,  
Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its (Omit.) cheer.  
{ There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a - rise  
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the (Omit.) skies.

## CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me dear Sav - iour for heav - en my home.

- 3 Who, who would live always, away | 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmo -  
from his God, ny meet,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful Their Saviour and brethren transported  
abode, to greet,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the While the anthems of rapture unceas -  
bright plains, [ reigns. ingly roll, [ of the soul.  
And the noontide of glory eternally And the smile of the Lord is the feast

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## FREDERICK.

MECHLENBERG.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live always; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

## A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON.

Arranged.



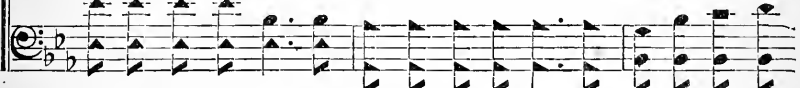
1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver - head, And  
 2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And  
 3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And



trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How  
 more who once pro - fessed to love, Have dis - tant grown, and mute, I  
 march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - mg lib - er - ty; With



soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with  
 tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with  
 Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with



*D.S.* trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with  
 CHORUS.



Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it



*Je - sus makes it right, all right.*

*D.S.*

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right. In



# 214 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 that soon my Lord will come, I know that

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 list - ening for the gen - tle call  
 won - der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought  
 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.  
 To say "the Mas - ter wait - eth thee." Then ask me not to  
 To die, that I might live a - bove.  
 To sing with joy the heav'n - ly song.

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

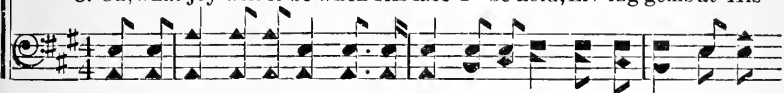
min - gle on A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng.

D. C.

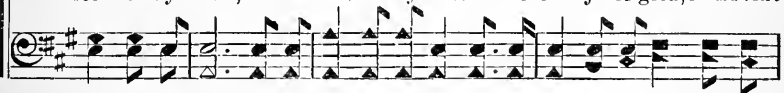




1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His



sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold, Should there



## CHORUS.



be an - y stars in my crown?  
praise like the sea-billow rolls. } Will there be an - y stars, any stars in my crown,  
be an - y stars in my crown. }



When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . . . When I wake with the blest  
go-eth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown? . . . .  
an - y stars in my crown?



## SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

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 lov'd 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; Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry -

fold Heav-en's spen - dors, 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.

From "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score is divided into two systems. The first system has two measures, with a first ending bracketed over the second measure. The second system is labeled 'CHORUS' and also has two measures with a first ending bracketed over the second measure. The piece concludes with a 'Fine' and a 'D.S. to Fine' instruction.

- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Cho.—Bringin in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

- 3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

## 218 I am Dwelling on the Mountain.

- 1 I am dwelling on the mountain,  
Where the golden sunlight gleams  
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty  
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;  
Where the air is pure, ethereal,  
Laden with the breath of flowers,  
They are blooming by the fountain,  
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beulah,  
Blessed, blessed land of light,  
Where the flowers bloom forever,  
And the sun is always bright.

- 2 I can see far down the mountain,  
Where I wandered weary years,  
Often hindered in my journey  
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,  
Broken vows and disappointments  
Thickly sprinkled all the way,  
But the Spirit led, unerring,  
To the land I hold to-day.

- 3 I am drinking at the fountain,  
Where I ever would abide;

For I've tasted life's pure river,  
And my soul is satisfied; [ures,  
There's no thirsting for life's pleas  
Nor adorning, rich and gay,  
For I've found a richer treasure,  
One that fadeth not away.

- 4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,  
Nor the burdens hard to bear,  
For I've found this great salvation  
Makes each burden light appear;  
And I love to follow Jesus,  
Gladly counting all but dross,  
Worldly honors all forsaking  
For the glory of the Cross.

- 5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!  
Oft I've proved this to be true;  
When I'm in the way so narrow  
I can see a pathway through;  
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:  
Take the Cross, thou needst not fear,  
For I've tried this way before thee,  
And the glory lingers near.

# 219 We Are Traveling Home To-day.

"We are journeying unto a place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good."—NUM. 10: 29.

REV. J. A. LEE. Dedicated to my wife.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. We are trav'ling home to-day, To that land of light and love, Trav'ling home,  
 2. Tho' we're often times cast down, And we're weary, worn and sad, Trav'ling home,  
 3. We shall nevermore fear harm, For He'll come and stem the tide, Trav'ling home,  
 4. He is com-ing by and by, And He'll claim His loved and own, Trav'ling home,

Beautiful home,

to our home, Christ will guide us on our way, To that  
 to our home, Still the Sav-our nev-er frowns, But He  
 to our home, Shield us un-der-neath His arm, And in  
 to our home, He will take us home on high, There to

Heavenly home,

## CHORUS.

heav'n-ly home a-bove, To our home, Heavenly home. We are trav-  
 comes and makes us glad, Trav'ling home, Heavenly home.  
 Him we'll safe-ly hide, Trav'ling home, Heavenly home.  
 dwell around the throne, In our home, Heavenly home.

home, sweet home, Trav'ling home to-

'ling, Trav-ling, Trav'ling to that land of love,  
 day, To our beau-ti-ful heav-en-ly home, We are

We are trav-ling, yes, trav-ling to our beau-ti-ful heav'nly home a-bove.

REV. WILLIAM I. FEAZELL.

Music arr. by LIDA CLARK.

1. Shine on, bright star of hope, shine on, And give me light from  
 2. O dark has been this earth to me, No light had I on  
 3. Now in the fut-ure bright and fair, Tho' snow-white turn my  
 4. But should this star e'er fail to shine, And I thro' tun-nels

eve till morn, O let me in thy light a-bide, Un-til with  
 land and sea Un-til I learned this star to know, Whose brilliant  
 ra-ven hair, There is a home where I shall share E-ter-nal  
 dark must climb, The hand of God will cling to mine Till I a

## CHORUS.

Christ I'm glo-ri-fied. Shine on,..... bright star,..... Shine  
 light doth brighter grow.  
 peace with-out a care.  
 star in glo-ry shine. Shine on, bright star,

on, bright star, shine on,..... Un-til I reach the gold-en shore,  
 shine on,

May be sung after last verse.

And need on earth thy light no more. On earth no more.  
 Thy light on earth no more.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. F. BOURNE.

1. When the pearl-y gates are o-pened To a sin - ner "saved by grace,"  
 2. Thro' time's ev-er-chang-ing sea-sons, I am pressing t'ward the goal;  
 3. There my dear Re-deem-er liv-eth, Blessed Lamb upon the throne;

When thro' ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, I be - hold my Saviour's face,  
 'Tis my heart's sweet native country, 'Tis the homeland of my soul;  
 By the erimson marks up-on them, He will sure - ly claim His own.

When I en - ter in the mansions Of the cit - y bright and fair,  
 Ma - ny loved ones, cloth'd with beauty, In those wondrous glories share;  
 So, when - ev - er sad and lone - ly, Look be - yond the earth - ly care;

I shall have a roy - al wel - come, For I'll be no stran - ger there.  
 When I rise, redeem'd, for - giv - en, I shall be no stran - ger there.  
 Wea - ry child of God re - mem - ber You will be no stran - ger there.

## CHORUS.

I shall be no stranger there, Jesus will my place prepare;  
 I shall be no stranger there, Jesus will my place prepare;

# I Shall Be No Stranger There.

He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be no stranger there.  
He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be

222

# In Touch With Jesus.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is your soul in touch with Je-sus? Do you know His grace di-vine?  
2. Is your soul in touch with Je-sus? Is His love your sure re-treat?  
3. Is your soul in touch with Je-sus? Is He tru-ly all in all?  
4. Is your soul in touch with Je-sus? Has your will been cru-ci-fied?

Are you in the Lord a-bid-ing, As the branch dwells in the vine?  
Have you made a glad sur-ren-der? Is your faith in Him complete?  
Are you joy-ful in His pres-ence, And re-spon-sive to His call?  
In His will are you re-joic-ing? Is He trust-ed Friend and Guide?

CHORUS.

Keep your soul in touch with Je-sus, Keep Him with you ev'ry-where;

Keep your soul in touch with Je-sus, By the pow'r of love and prayer.

# 223 Will the Gates of Heaven Be Open to Me?

E. R. LATTI.

C. E. LESLIE.

1. When my work is fin-ished I'm try-ing to do For my dear Re-  
 2. When my toil-some jour-ney is end-ed be-low, And my feet, so  
 3. When the tears of sor-row, so com-mon to all, And each scene of  
 4. Where no death nor sickness can ev - er-more come, And the loved, if

deem-er, tho' humble I be, Will the gold-en cit-y a - rise to my view?  
 wea-ry, for - ev - er are free, Will the walls of jas-per ef - ful-gent-ly glow?  
 trou-ble com-pleted shall be, Will the voice of Je-sus in tenderness call?  
 ho - ly, each other shall see, Will I there be welcomed, no lon-ger to roam?

**CHORUS.**

Will the gates of heaven be o - pen to me? O - pen to me, o - pen to you?

Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to me? Will the gold-en cit-y a -

rise to my view? Will the gates of heav-en be o - pen to you?



## Glory to His Name.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Down at the cross where the Sav - iour died, Down where for  
 2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so  
 3. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor

cleans - ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the  
 sweet - ly a - bides with - in. Saves me each mo - ment, and  
 soul at the Sav - iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be

D.S. Now to my heart is the

FINE. CHORUS.

blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his  
 keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his name!  
 made com - plete, Glo - ry to his name!

blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name!

name! . . . Glo - ry to his name!  
 Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his name!

## 225 Going By.

1 There are lonely hearts to cherish  
 While the days are going by;  
 There are weary souls who perish,  
 While the days are going by;  
 If a smile we can renew,  
 As our journey we pursue,  
 Oh, the good we all may do,  
 While the days are going by.

REFRAIN.

Going by, going by,  
 Going by, going by,  
 Oh, the good we all may do,  
 While the days are going by.

1 There's no time for idle scorning,  
 While the days are going by,  
 Let your face be like the morning,  
 While the days are going by;  
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,  
 Full of sad and weeping eyes;  
 Help your fallen brother rise,  
 While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,  
 While the days are going by;  
 One by one we leave behind us,  
 While the days are going by;  
 But the seeds of good we sow,  
 Both in shade and shine will grow,  
 And will keep our hearts aglow,  
 While the days are going by.

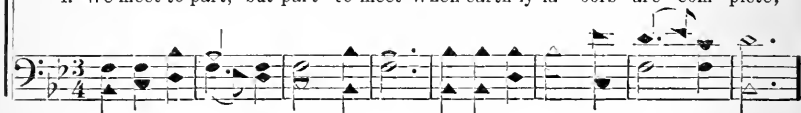
—Geo. Cooper.

PROF. B. MANLY, D. D., LL. D.

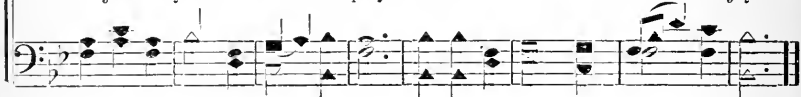
German.



1. Sol-diers of Christ, in truth ar-rayed, A world in ru - ins needs your aid;
2. His gos-pel to the lost pro-claim, Good news for all in Je - sus' name;
3. Morning and even-ing sow the seed, God's grace the ef - fort shall suc - ceed;
4. We meet to part, but part to meet When earth-ly 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 em - ploy In an e - ter - nal world of joy.



## 227

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours  
 When Jesus no longer I see!  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
 flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me,—  
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 But when I am happy in Him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.

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 change of the season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind  
 While blessed with a sense of His love,  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,  
 If Thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say why do I languish and pine?  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or take me to Thee up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

## 228

1 Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at  
 hand,  
 That we must be parted from this social band;  
 Our several engagements now call us away,  
 Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a  
 while,  
 We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence  
 smile;  
 But when we are parted and scattered abroad,  
 We'll pray for each other and wrestle with  
 God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be  
 discharged,  
 The war will be ended, your treasures en-  
 larged;  
 With shouting and singing, though Jordan  
 may roar,  
 We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the  
 shore.

4 Farewell, you young converts, who've 'list-  
 ed for war,  
 Sore conflicts await you, but Jesus is near;  
 Although you must travel the dark wilder-  
 ness,  
 Your Captain's before you, He'll lead you to  
 peace.

5 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all  
 around,  
 Perhaps we'll not meet till the last trump  
 shall sound;  
 To meet you in glory I give you my hand,  
 Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.

"Man goeth to his long home."—ECL. 12: 5.

REV. J. A. LEE.

DUET AND CHORUS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Duet.

1. Our race will soon be run, dear wife, I feel the end is draw - ing near,
2. We've tried to serve the Lord each year, We've tried it in our home be - low,
3. Life's bur - dens we will soon lay down With ev - ry du - ty, toil and care ;

When we'll be free from sin and strife, And go to meet our Sav - iour dear.  
To teach our chil - dren God to fear, And point them in the way to go.  
Then we shall wear the gold - en crown, And dwell with Christ and friends up there.

CHORUS.

O will our children meet us there, meet us there, And spend e - ter - ni - ty a - bove;

It's been our earn - est, life - long pray'r. That we'll dwell together in that land of love.

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\* The upper voice of the duet may be a male voice.

## 230 The White Pilgrim.

11s, 8s.

- 1 I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay,  
And pensively stood by his tomb,  
And in a low whisper a voice seemed to say,  
"How sweetly I sleep here alone."
- 2 The tempest may howl, and loud thunders may roll,  
And gathering storms may arise,  
But calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,  
The tears are all wiped from mine eyes.

- 3 "The call of my Master compelled me from  
I bade my companions farewell, [home,  
I left my sweet children, who for me now  
In a far distant region to dwell. [mourn,
- 4 "I wandered a stranger, an exile from home,  
To publish salvation abroad ;  
I met the contagion and sunk in the tomb,  
My spirit ascending to God.
- 5 "Go, tell my companion and children most dear,  
To weep not the loved one that's gone ;  
The same hand that led me through scenes  
dark and drear,  
Hath kindly conducted me home."

# 231 Hear the Saviour Gently Calling.

"The Master has come, and calleth for thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

MRS. J. A. LEE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Hear the Sav-iour gen-tly call-ing Come, oh come, why yet de-lay?  
 2. Sin-ner, won't you heed His calling? Answer "Here am I," take me;  
 3. Answer now while yet He's pleading At the door of thine own heart,

See the hand of death ap-pall-ing, Claiming peo-ple ev-'ry day.  
 While the dead a-round are fall-ing, Seek the Sav-iour and be free.  
 Ma-n'y oth-ers He is lead-ing, Do not let Him now de-part.

## CHORUS.

Hear His voice while yet He's say-ing, Come, ye wear-y, worn and sad,

Come, let there be no de-lay-ing, Come, your hearts He will make glad.

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## 232

KEY OF G.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less  
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
 But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

### CHORUS.

On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;  
 All other ground is sinking sand: ||

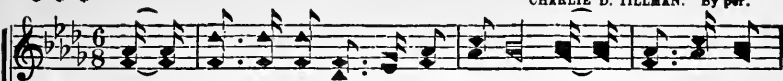
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,  
 I rest on His unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale  
 My anchor holds within the veil:
- 3 His oath, His covenant and blood  
 Support me in the whelming flood:  
 When all around my soul gives way,  
 He then is all my hope and stay.

## 233

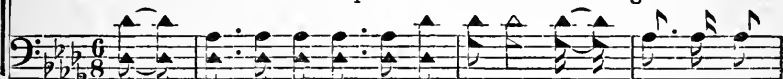
C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place;  
 My never-failing treasure, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 I would Thy boundless love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 So shall the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.



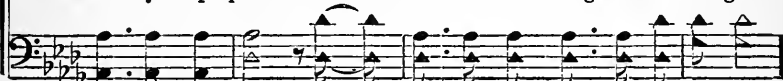
1. The sands have been washed in the footprints Of the stranger on
2. There are so many hills to climb upward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me Or give me one
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that



D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the  
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the



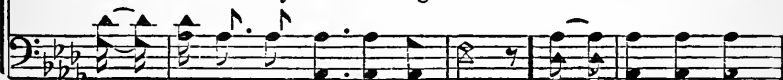
Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough billows,  
long-ing for rest, But He who appoints me my pathway,  
tri - al too much, All His peo-ple have been dearly purchased,  
cit - y ap-pear. And the beau-ti - ful songs of the an-gels



end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,



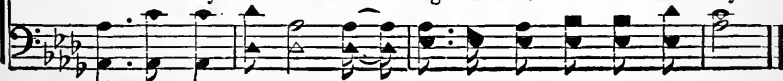
Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that  
Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His  
And Sa-tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall  
Float out on my list - en-ing ear. When all that now



When I get to the end of the way.



lone Gal - i - lee-an With joy I will fol-low to-day.  
word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."  
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - ending day.  
seems so mys-te-rious Will be bright and as clear as the day.



B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

1. Beau-ti-ful robes of white, Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beautiful home so bright,  
 2. Beau-ti-ful thought to me, We shall for-ev-er be Thine in e-ter-ni-ty,  
 3. Beau-ti-ful things on high, O-ver in yon-der sky; Thus I shall leave this shore,

Where there shall come no night; Beautiful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there. Yonder in  
 When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heavenly joys to share; Let me cross  
 Counting my treasures o'er; Where we shall never die, Carry me by and by, Nev-er to

## CHORUS.

mansions fair, Gather us there. Beautiful robes,..... Beautiful land,..  
 o-ver there, This is my pray'r.  
 sor-row more, Heavenly store, Beautiful robes of white, Beautiful

..... Beautiful home..... Beautiful band,.....  
 land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beau-ti-ful land no night,

Beau-ti-ful crown,..... Shining so fair,.....  
 Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful crown, Shining, yes, shining so fair,

# Beautiful.

Beau-ti-ful man - sion bright, gath-er us there,.....  
 Beau-ti-ful man-sion bright, gather us there, yes, gather us there.

236

## NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSTON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

*Slow and with feeling.*

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

**Fine.**

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

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

### CHORUS.

**D. S.**

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

"For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet."—1 Cor. 15 : 25.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

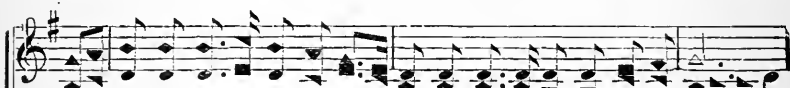
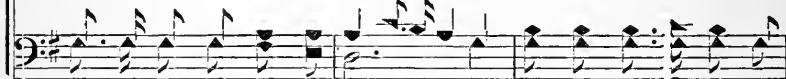
H. R. PALMER.



1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win His words implore us, The eye of
2. We'll follow where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, We'll yield to
3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je - sus



God is o'er us, From on high; His lov-ing tones are call-ing,  
Him who pleadeth, From on high; Then naught from Him shall sever,  
dear to love us, There on high; We'll give Him best en-deav-or,  
from on high;

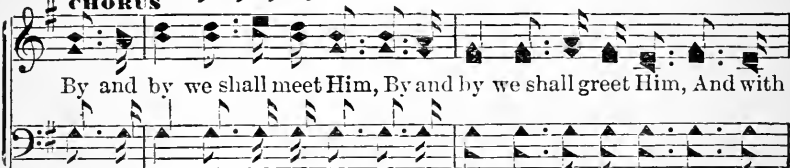


While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Je-sus gently calling, He is nigh.  
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh.  
And praise His name forever; His precious ones can never, never die.

He is nigh.



CHORUS



By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with



Jesus reign in glory by and by; Jesus reign in glory by and by.  
by and by;





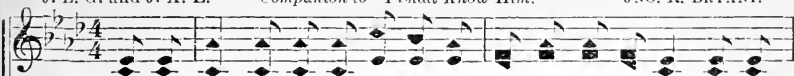
## He Will Know Me.

"Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 10: 32.

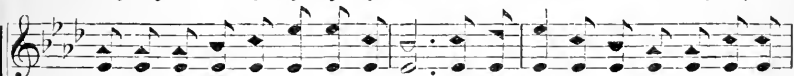
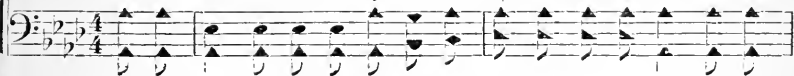
J. L. G. and J. A. L.

Companion to "I Shall Know Him."

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. When this world's cares are over and I'm com-ing home to rest, When my
2. When my soul mounts in freedom to yon bright ce - les-tial shore, And en-
3. O how oft have I wandered from His ten - der, lov-ing care, Seek-ing
4. O the sweet con - so - la - tion in life's journey here be - low, Is the
5. Thro' the streets in that cit - y I shall wear a robe of white, And I'll



Sav-iour bids me welcome o - ver there, He will know me, He'll take me to the raptured sees the Saviour's kindly face; I shall bask in the sunshine of His pleasure in this world's e - ter-nal night; But my soul He de - livered from the hope that I have ev - er dear-ly prized; That the loved ones depart-ed in the walk with Him throughout eternal day; I shall nev - er grow weary, but will



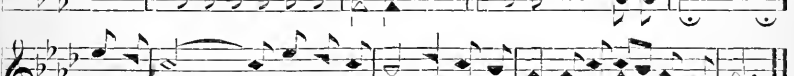
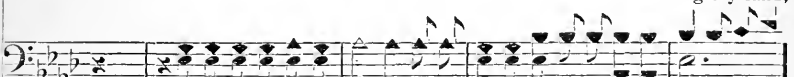
ones that I love best, For they've long been waiting in that land so fair. love for ev - er-more, While I praise His name for all His wondrous grace. fowl-er's cru - el snare, And re-stored it to a realm of brightest light. fut - ure I shall know, And by Je - sus, too, I shall be rec - og - nized. praise Him with delight, All my tears and sor-rows will be cast a - way.



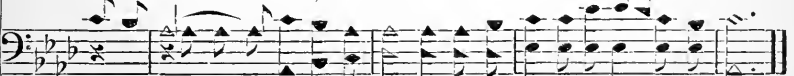
**CHORUS.**



He will know me, He will know me, When we meet in yon blessed glory-land;  
glory-land;



He will know me, He will know me, For I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.  
He will know me,

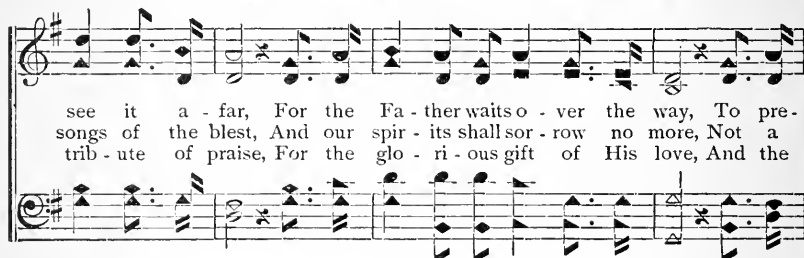


S. F. BENNET.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.

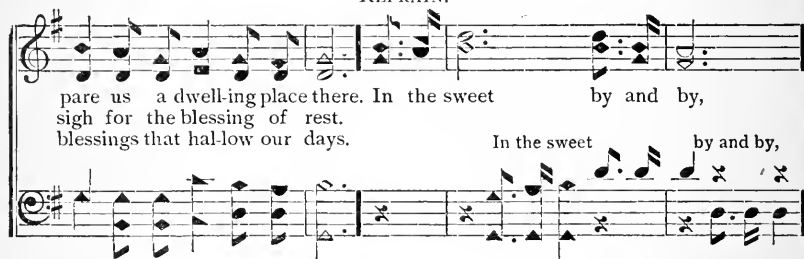


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can  
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous  
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our

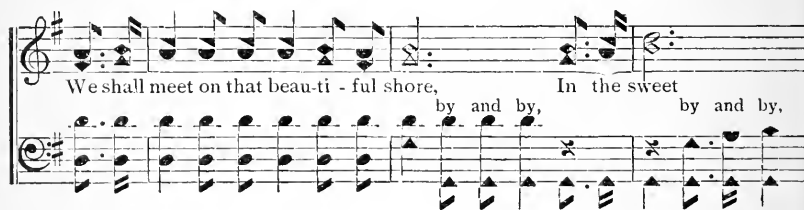


see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre -  
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a  
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

## REFRAIN.



pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and by,  
 sigh for the blessing of rest.  
 blessings that hal - low our days. In the sweet by and by,



We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet  
 by and by, by and by,



by and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

E. A. H.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear those  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles, He is a kind, com-  
 3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Saviour, One who can help my  
 4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al-lures me! Oh, how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev - er  
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my  
 burdens to bear; I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je-sus; He all my  
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je-sus and He will help me O - ver the

## CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.  
 troubles quickly an end. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell  
 cares and sorrows will share.  
 world the vic-t'ry to win.

Je - sus, I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus, I must tell Je-sus; Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. *Rit.*

M. B. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

## DUET.

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

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

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

## CHORUS.

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

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweeter day by day,

As I walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above.

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SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head! its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands;
3. There, let go the anchor, rid - ing On this calm and sil - v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all tempta - tion; All the storms of life are past;

And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing Shores where heav'ny forms are seen.  
 Hear the harps of God resounding, From the bright im - mor - tal bands.  
 Seaward fast the tide is glid - ing, Shores in sun - light glide a - way.  
 Praise the Rock of our sal - va - tion, We are safe at home at last.

Chorus.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more When on that e - ter - nal shore;

Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe with - in the veil.

## DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

(An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?")

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Prov. 23: 32.

W. A. W.

W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.  
Rit.

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night? Down in the licensed sa-loon.

*mf*

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of
2. Learning new vic - es all the night long, Tempted to all that's
3. Lit - tle arms once were thrown round my neck Look at him now, my
4. Brother, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy

*mp*

ma - ny a light, Beau-ti-ful mu - sic the ear to delight, Down in the  
sin-ful and wrong, List-en-ing to the har-lot's foul song, Down in the  
poor heart will break! Think of that boy to-night a sad wreck, Down in the  
down there to-night, Ruined and wrecked by the drink appetite, Down in the

**CHORUS** *m*

licensed sa - loon. There is my wand'ring boy to-night, There is my

*Cres.*

wand'ring boy to-night, Down, down, down, down, Down in a licensed saloon?

"Who giveth songs in the night."—Job 35: 10.

DR. RAY.

R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Floating a-cross . . . from the oth-er side. . . . Cometh a mel - - o - dy  
 2. Tender and sweet . . . is the mys-tic storm, . . . Far a-way ech - - oes of  
 3. In the deep si - lence comes floating o'er. . . . Far a-way ech - - oes, but

1. Floating across from the oth - er side, Com-eth a mel-

sweet and low, . . . . Over life's shad - ow-y, rest-less tide, . . . Down where the  
 E - den bright, . . . Sweetly it stil - leth the heart's deep pain, . . . Crowns the sad  
 faint and clear, . . . Tones of re-joic - ing from heav'n's glad shore. . . Wel-coming  
 o - dy sweet and low; Over life's shad - o - y, rest-less tide,

**REFRAIN.**  
 bil - - low-y sur-ges roll. . . . List to the song. . . . of the an - gels  
 soul. . . with its calm, clear light. . . .  
 songs. . . of our lov'd ones there. . . . List to the song of the  
 Down where the bil - low - y sur-ges roll.

sweet, . . . Drift-ing a - cross. . . . from the gold-en strand, . . . And the glad  
 an-gels sweet, Drifting across from the gold-en strand,

mur - mur of waves that beat . . . Up o'er the shores of the fair-er land.  
 And the glad mur-mur of waves that beat

REV. J. A. LEE.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.

1. Deal gen-tly, Lord, with me to-day, Lead Thou me on where I should go;  
 2. I want my hand with-in Thine own, My will be lost, O Lord in Thine;  
 3. When day is gone and night is here, And I have griefs I can-not bear;  
 4. And when I stand be-fore the throne, With all the nations gath-ered there;

And may I nev-er go a-stray, But seek the more of Thee to know.  
 And have Thine arms around me thrown, And may Thy praise ev-er be mine.  
 Then may I feel Thy presence near, And have Thee all my sor-rows share.  
 Then Thou wilt call me as Thine own, And have a robe for me to wear.

**CHORUS.**

Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, Lead Thou  
 Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on,

me, yes on and on, Lead me on, Lead me on,  
 Lead Thou me, yes on and on, Lead me on, Lead me on,

lead me on, . Lead me on. yes on and on.  
 lead me on, Lead me on, yes on and on.



E. E. HEWITT.

J. B. HERBERT.



1. Faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful to the King's com-mand, Faithful to the guid-ance
2. Faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful thro' His sav - ing pow'r, In the try-ing con-flict,
3. Faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful, boundless grace I seek; May His bless-ed Spir-it
4. Faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful to the task assigned; In the Master's serv-ice,



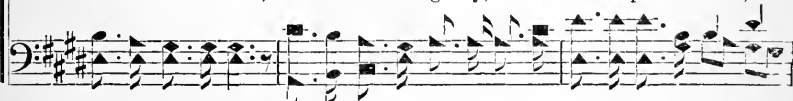
of His lov - ing hand, As His loy - al sol - dier may I brave-ly stand,  
in temp-ta - tion's hour, Read - y for His bid-ding, in life's sun and show'r,  
give the words I speak; Prompt my will to ac - tions, kind, for-giv-ing, meek,  
sweet-est joy I'll find; For the com-ing harv-est, precious sheaves I'll find;



Faith - ful to the Lord who died for me. Faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful,



faith-ful to the end, Then a crown of glo-ry, where e-ter-nal praises blend; O



faithful, ev-er faithful, may I tru - ly be, Faithful to the Lord who died for me.



REV. J. A. LEE.

To my friend and brother, Rev. T. C. Ecton.

REV. J. A. LEE.

1. The Sav-iour's with me now to-day, He's guid-ing me a-long the way,  
 2. O I find com-fort as I go To know He will His grace bestow;  
 3. The dark-est hour that comes to you, 'Tis He will come and guide you thro';  
 4. He's journeyed with the saints these years, Driving away their doubts and fears;

He'll go with me thro' ev-'ry clime, And furn-ish aid each try-ing time.  
 He is a lov-ing, ten-der friend, Who'll journey with me to the end.  
 A-mid the waves of troubled sea Or at the grave He'll be with thee.  
 And when they stand be-fore the throne, He will be there each one to own.

**CHORUS.**

With me now to-day,..... With me all the  
 With me all the way;

way,..... Sav-our, Friend and Guide,.....  
 With me now to-day, Ev-er at my

..... Ev-er at my side.....  
 side, Sav-our, Friend and Guide.

REV. J. A. LEE. Dedicated to my deceased friend and brother, John Bridges. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. One of these days our trou-bles will cease, One of these days there'll  
 2. One of these days, and not ver - y long, One of these days we'll  
 3. One of these days from sin we'll be free, One of these days in  
 4. One of these days our bod - ies will rise, One of these days no

come bless-ed peace; One of these days our sor-rows will end,  
 sing the new song; One of these days our partings will end,  
 heav - en we'll be; One of these days no bur-dens or care,  
 tears in our eyes; One of these days from death we'll be free,

**CHORUS.**

One of these days we'll meet our dear friends.  
 One of these days our voic - es will blend. One of these days it  
 One of these days we'll meet o - ver there.  
 One of these days with Je - sus, we'll be.

all will be o'er, One of these days, one of these days, One of these

days, with Christ ev - er-more, One of these days, one of these days.

REV. J. A. LEE.

REV. J. A. LEE.

1. O tell of the Saviour, His won - der - ful love, Of His com - ing to  
 2. O tell of the Saviour, the life He did live, Of His walk - ing this  
 3. O tell of the Saviour, and what He did do, Of His help - ing the  
 4. O tell of the Saviour, and how He will come, Of His call - ing the

earth in a man - ger to lie; Of His leav - ing the man - sion in  
 earth, and so oft - en a - lone; Of His preach - ing and pow - er a -  
 wear - y and trou - bled each day; Of His com - fort - ing words and His  
 dead from the grave and from sea; Of His tak - ing His chos - en to

heav - en a - bove, Of His treatment on earth and of how He did die.  
 lone to for - give, Of His leav - ing this world and is now on the throne.  
 warn - ing ones too, Of His death that our sins may be washed all a - way.  
 heav - en, their home, Of His reign - ing with them thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

**CHORUS.**

Won - - der - ful Sav - iour! Wonderful Saviour is He, ....  
 Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful Saviour! Wonderful, wonderful Saviour is He,

Won - - der - ful Sav - iour! He pardons and makes us free.  
 Wonderful, wonder - ful, wonderful Saviour!

J. A. L.

REV. J. A. LEE.



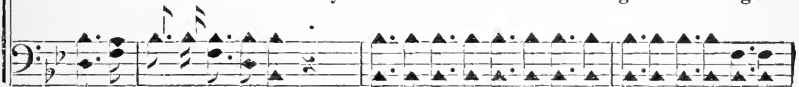
1. Are you in..... the Lord a - bid - ing? Is He now..... your  
 2. Are you in..... His grace still grow - ing? As you're trav - - 'ling  
 3. Are you in..... His footsteps walk - ing? Have Him con - - stant  
 4. Are you in..... His presence liv - ing? Just as if..... your



1. Are you in the Lord a-bid-ing? in the Lord a-bid-ing? Is He now your sure re-



- sure re - treat?..... Are you all..... in Him con - fid - - ing  
 on and on?..... While His love..... for you is flow - - ing?  
 at your side..... So that you..... can hear Him talk - - ing,  
 work was o'er?..... Are you to..... oth - ers for - giv - - ing?



- treat? Is He your sure retreat? Are you all in Him confid-ing? all in Him confiding!

## CHORUS.



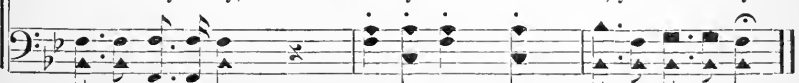
- As you near..... the mer - cy - seat?..... With my Lord... from day to  
 O then seek..... to be made strong.....  
 And you can..... with Him a - bide.....  
 Growing like..... Him more and more..... With my Lord, my



- Are you near the mercy-seat? yes, near the mercy-seat?



- day..... Yes, with my Sav - iour all the way.....  
 Lord from day to day, With my Sav - iour all, yes all the way.



REV. GILBERT DOBES.

REV. 21: 23.

FRANK L. BRISTOW.

*Joyfully. In march time.***Maestoso.**

1. Sweet o - ver there, be - yond the storm, Be - yond the sur - ges' an - gry swell,  
 2. Sweet o - ver there, blest summer land, Where scented gales from E - den blow,  
 3. Sweet o - ver there, O heav'n my home, Unstained 'by sin, un - vexed by care,

Be - yond earth's low'ring tempest form, Be - yond the circ - ling waves of hell.  
 Sweet wa - ters lip thy flow -'ry strand, 'Twill then be sweet to rest, I know.  
 No bane nor pain shall ev - er come To mar thy joys, my home so fair!

**CHORUS.**

Sweet o - ver there,.....	Sweet o - ver there!.....
O land so fair,.....	O land so fair!.....
Sweet o - ver there,.....	Sweet o - ver there!.....

Sweet over there, over there, over there, Sweet over there, over there, over there!  
 O land so fair, land so fair, land so fair, O land so fair, land so fair, land so fair!  
 Sweet over there, over there, over there, Sweet over there, over there, over there!

{ I'll an - chor o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll an - chor o - ver there! }  
 { By the grace of God I'll meet you o - ver there, I'll meet you o - ver there! }  
 { O bliss - ful o - ver there, o - ver there, O bliss - ful o - ver there! }  
 { By the grace of God I'll meet you o - ver there, I'll meet you o - ver there! }  
 { I'll soon be o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be o - ver there! }  
 { By the grace of God I'll meet you o - ver there, I'll meet you o - ver there! }

# 252 I'll Soon Be Crossing the Stream.

Dedicated to my brother, R. M. Lee, who departed this life Dec. 23, 1901.

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

1. I soon and for-e'er shall be cross-ing the stream That sep-ar-ates  
 2. That stream is so nar-row I al-most can see The friends who have  
 3. O Je-sus is com-ing to meet me, I know, When friends here be-

loved ones from me; The know-ing each oth-er is more than a dream, For  
 long since been gone, And still they are wait-ing and beck'ning for me, O'er  
 low say good-bye; The heav-en-ly hosts will me greet when I go From

sweet, O how sweet, it will be. O the meet-ing and greet-  
 there with the glo-ri-fied throng. O the meeting and greeting of friends o-ver  
 earth to' the Sav-iour on high. O the meeting and greeting of friends o-ver

- - ing of friends..... o-ver there,..... Yes, the greet-  
 there, the meeting and greeting of friends o-ver there, Yes, the greeting and

- - ing and meet - - ing in heav-en so fair.....  
 meeting in heav-en so fair, the greeting and meeting in heaven so fair.

"None other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—ACTS 4: 12.

REV. J. A. LEE.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. My sins were so great that no tongue could tell, I felt that I sure-ly would  
 2. I looked up to Christ as my "All in All," I knew 'twas His Spir-it that  
 3. The world sometimes seems, O so dark and cold, Un-wor-thy I am of the  
 4. I want to es-teem Je-sus more and more, For He left that beau-ti-ful,  
 5. I know to the man-sions a-bove the skies, Some-day my glad spir-it shall

sink in hell; My load was so great that I could not bear, I went to the  
 gave the call; I felt so un-wor-thy and al-way do, Still I will in  
 Shep-herd's fold; But He loves me still with an end-less love, And some day He'll  
 shin-ing shore, To suf-fer and die on the cru-el cross, That I might be  
 hith-er rise, To dwell with my Sav-iour for-ev-er there, Re-leased from all

CHORUS.

cross and I left it there. I am trust-ing in my  
 Him trust to lead me thro'.  
 take me to heav'n a-bove.  
 cleansed from all sin and dross.  
 sor-row, and pain, and care. I am trust-ing in my Sav-iour, I am

Sav-our, For He keeps..... me all the  
 trust-ing, day by day, For He keeps me by His Spir-it, yes, He

way; And He gives..... me peace and  
 keeps me all the way; And He gives me peace and par-don in this



## Beholding the Cross.

par - - don, As I trust Him day by day.  
 bless-ed nar-row way, As I trust Him day by day, as I trust Him day by day.

## 254 There Is a Home In Heaven.

*"In my father's house are many mansions."*—JOHN 14: 2.

REV. J. A. LEE.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There is a home in heav'n a - bove Where all are free from sin and woe,  
 2. There is a land I long to know Where sin and death do not a-bound;  
 3. There'll be no part - ing o - ver there, When we have reach'd that peace-ful shore;

Whith-er, if we our Sav-iour love When death o'ertakes us, we can go.  
 My tho'ts to friends up yon - der go, By grace I'll there some day be found.  
 But in that bet - ter land so fair We'll praise our Sav - iour ev - er - more.

### CHORUS.

That home a - waits God's saints to-day Of ev - 'ry kin-dred, tribe, and race;

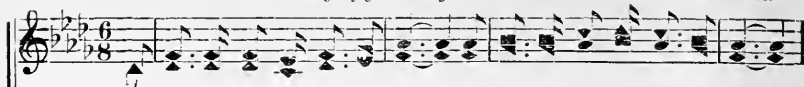
Then come to Christ, the on - ly way; He'll save and keep you by His grace.

# 255 The Story That Never Grows Old.

REV. J. A. LEE.

"Glad tidings of good things."—ROM. 10: 15.

CHAS. M. DAVIS.



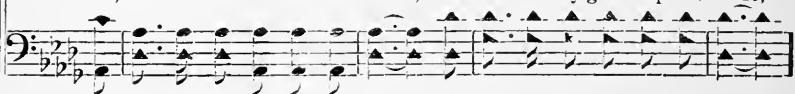
1. The sto-ry that nev-er grows old, Tho' o-ver and o-ver it's told,  
 2. That sto-ry in ser-mon and song Has aid-ed the world all a-long,  
 3. O beau-ti-ful sto-ry so true That tells of the One to save you!



That sto-ry I love, O so dear, Brings Je-sus our Lord ev-er near  
 When down to the a-ges it's told, It's helped both the young and the old;  
 Then make the sweet message more plain By tell-ing it o-ver a-gain;



That sto-ry that's always so sweet, Brings Je-sus to us more com-plete,  
 O tell that sweet sto-ry a-gain, And make it to all the more plain,  
 Yes, tell of the cross where He died, And heav-en-ly gates o-pened wide,



What comfort to my wea-ry soul, When-ev-er that sto-ry is told.....  
 For sweet, O how sweet, it will be, When we our Re-deem-er can see.....  
 O tell of His pow-er to save, Of our coming up from the grave.....  
 sto-ry is told.



## REFRAIN.

The sto-ry that never grows old. Tho' o-ver and o-ver its told;  
 That never grows old, and over it's told;



# The Story That Never Grows Old.

I love to repeat that sto-ry so sweet, The story that never grows old.....  
 never grows old.

## 256 It Makes a Heaven Down Here Below.

J. A. L.

"The Lord had made them joyful."—EZRA 6 : 22.

REV. J. A. LEE.

1. It makes a heav'n down here be - low, To walk with Christ as on I go;
2. I find heav-en when with the Lord, Where I can hear His ho - ly word,
3. I have heav-en from day to day, When walk-ing in the nar - row way;
4. I have a heav'n thro' all the dark; For I'm in Christ who is the Ark;
5. I have a heav'n, I'm glad to tell, I trust in Christ and all is well;
6. O, friend, that heav'n is free to all, Who will re - pent and on Him call;

With Him I'm hap - py a - ny - where, When I can talk to Him in pray'r.  
 And what I want you all to do, Is to love Christ who died for you.  
 In His ser - vice I now can find Great joy for an - y and all time.  
 It may be dark and lone - ly now, He'll make it right, I know, some-how.  
 I'll trust in Christ for ev - er - more, To take me to the oth - er shore.  
 Just look to Christ, God's on - ly Son, It is thro' Him the work is done.

### CHORUS.

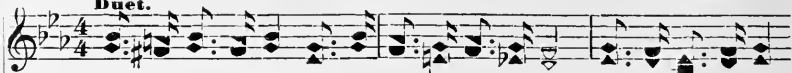
Some peo-ple wait for a heav'n to come, But I find one while trav'ling home;

We can have heav'n as on we go, If we live right down here be - low.

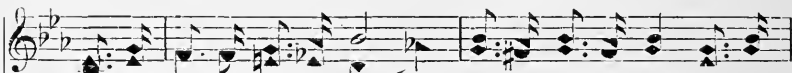
"There is one glory of the sun."—1 COR. 15: 41.

J. A. LEE.

FRANK L. BRISTOW.

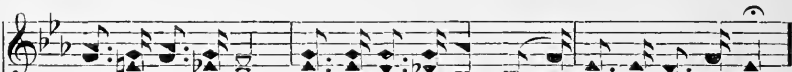
**Duet.**

1. Just a lit - tle sun - shine is what we need to - day, Ma - ny have the dark -
2. You can give the sunshine to those who round you live, Tell - ing them of Je -
3. You can give the sunshine from earnest hearts of love, Tell - ing of the man -

**Organ.**

ness a - long life's wea - ry way.  
 sus, who's read - y to for - give.  
 sions in heav - en bright a - bove.

You can give the sun - shine by  
 You can give the sun - shine that  
 You can give the sun - shine to

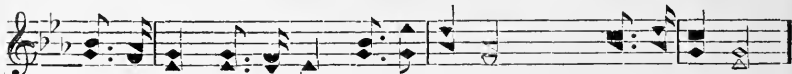


what you do or say,  
 e'er will help a - long,  
 those who're weigh'd with sin,

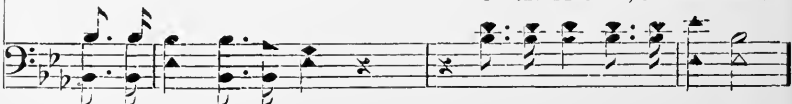
It will help your broth - er who has gone a - stray.  
 Do - ing right and shunn - ing ev'rything that's wrong  
 Praying to the Sav - iour to come and dwell within.

**CHORUS.**

O the sun - shine, O the sun - shine! Showing us the heav'nly way;  
 O the sunshine, the sun - shine!



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day! O the sun - shine! O the sunshine!  
 O the sunshine, the sun - shine!



# Just a Little Sunshine.

<Rit.> A tempo.

You can give it as you do and say! You can give the sun-shine to

those who're weighed with sin, Praying to the Sav-iour to come to dwell with-in.

## 258 Land of the Morning.

REV. GILBERT DOBBS.

Revelation, chapter 21.

FRANK L. BRISTOW.

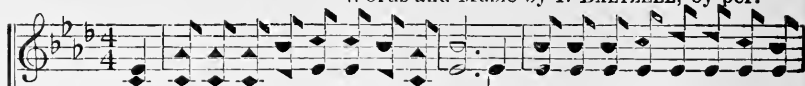
*Andante religioso.*

1. O land of the morning, Thy glo-ries a-dorn-ing, The man-sions su-  
 2. No night and no curs-es, No death and no hears-es Shall dark-en with  
 3. No tears and no sigh-ing, No fears and no cry-ing, All fore-bod-ing

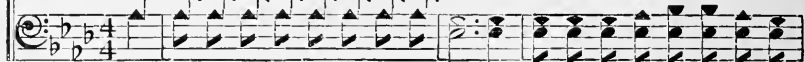

per-nal, Where God ev-er reigns! Where throne lights are streaming, And  
 gloom, Nor thy gates, nor streets. No thirst-ing, nor fast-ing, But  
 hor-ror Of dark-ness e'er past. But there at His side, The

spir-its are beaming With bliss-es e-ter-nal, And sin nev-er stains!  
 joy ev-er-lasting, 'Mid flow-ers a-bloom, And heav-en-ly sweets!  
 soul sat-is-sied, In the dawn of the mor-row Shall reach home at last.


Words and Music by I. BALTZELL, by per.



1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly  
 2. I want to be a work-er ev -'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing in the  
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to  
 4. I want to be a worker, help, me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy


word, I want to sing and pray, be bus - y ev -'ry day, In the  
 way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In the  
 save, All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py home, In the  
 word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures nev - er die, In the



## CHORUS.



vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the  
 kingdom of the Lord.  
 kingdom of the Lord.  
 kingdom of the Lord.  
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray,




vine - yard, in the vine - yard of the Lord, (of the Lord,) I will




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



REV. J. A. LEE.

COL. 1: 10.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I'll try to do good in the world while I live, For much has been  
 2. There's work on the sea and there's work on the land For us in the  
 3. O work for the night is approaching so fast, Yes, toil for the

done by the Lord for me, Free grace to us all He will  
 home and for those a - way, O yes, there's much to be done  
 Mas - ter and do your best, For life will soon end, and we'll

cer - tain - ly give, Then let us be work - ing, dear Lord, for Thee.  
 near at hand, Be - fore the night cometh, and still it's day.  
 lie down at last, And then we'll go home to praise Him and rest.

**CHORUS.**

Do good, do good, Do good while you live in this world below ;  
 Do good, do good,

Do good, do good, Do good for the Master while on you go.  
 Do good, do good,

# 261 In the Land Beyond the River.

E. E. HEWITT.

REV. 22: 1, 2.

C. M. DAVIS.

1. In the land be-yond the riv - er, "Home, sweet home;" by faith I see;  
 2. Ma - ny loved ones there are singing, Swell - ing love's en - rapt - ured song;  
 3. Close to Je - sus, He'll con - duct me To that home so bright and fair;  
 4. Christ with - in, the hope of glo - ry, This thro' life shall com - fort bring;

There to be with Christ for - ev - er, Bless - ed hope! it shines for me.  
 Joy - bells in my heart are ring - ing, I shall join that white - robed throng.  
 He will strengthen, cleanse, instruct me, Keep me in His ho - ly care.  
 "Saved by grace," my grate - ful sto - ry, When my eyes be - hold the King.

**REFRAIN.**

In the land..... be - yond the riv - - - er,  
 Land be - yond the riv - er, Land be - yond the riv - er,

Since His love..... shall fail me nev - - - er,  
 Love shall fail me nev - er, Love shall fail me nev - er,

I shall dwell ..... with Him for - ev - - - er, In the  
 Dwell with Him for - ev - er, Dwell with Him for - ev - er,



# In the Land Beyond the River.

beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, (His beautiful home.)

Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, His home.....

## 262 O Come to the Fountain of Life.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—REV. 21 : 6.  
 E. E. HEWITT. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. O come to the fount-ain of life, A - bun-dant - ly flow-ing for thee;  
 2. This fount-ain of bless-ing un - told, Streams forth from the cleft in the rock;  
 3. This won - der - ful fount - ain will make The wil - der-ness bloom as the rose;  
 4. O come to the fount-ain to - day, Constrained by love's welcoming voice;

Come, wea - ry of sin and its strife, And take of its wa - ter so free.  
 And there is the Shepherd's safe fold, There, safe - ly re - pos - es His flock.  
 Come, now of its ful - ness par - take, Sal - va - tion which Je - sus be - stows.  
 Its riv - ers shall glad - den thy way; Thy heart in the Lord shall re - joice.

**REFRAIN.**

O come to the fount-ain, O come to the fount-ain to - day;  
 O come, O come, to - day;

O come, O come, O come to the fount-ain to - day.  
 O come, O come,

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14:15.

A. J. GORDAN.

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

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

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

## What Hast Thou Done For Me?

Key C.

1 I gave my life for thee,  
 My precious blood I shed  
 That thou might'st ransomed be,  
 And quickened from the dead.  
 ||:I gave, I gave my life for thee,||  
 What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,  
 My glory-circled throne  
 I left, for earthly night,  
 For wanderings sad and lone,  
 ||:I left, I left it all for thee,||  
 Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,  
 More than thy tongue can tell,  
 Of bitterest agony,  
 To rescue thee from hell;  
 ||:I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,||  
 What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee  
 Down from my home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 My pardon and my love;  
 ||:I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,||  
 What hast thou brought to me?

—F. R. Hawergal.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh; When will the moment come When I shall lay my  
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shel't'ring dome, This world's a wilder-  
 3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor

## CHORUS.

ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home? We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work  
 ness of woe, This world is not my home.  
 on His breast, And He'll conduct me home. We'll work We'll work

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

I'll be with my Saviour\* o - ver there, I be with my Saviour\* I know:  
 over there, I know:

I'll be with my Saviour\* o - ver there, When I leave this world be-low.  
 over there,

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

DUET. *Gently.*

√1 √2

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!  
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red, (tho' they be red,) like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"  
He is of great, (He is of great) com-pas - sion, And of won-drous love;  
"Look un - to Me, (look un - to Me,) ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

DUET.

QUAREET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,  
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for -give 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.

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane.

## 268 Take Me as I Am.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,  
Unless Thou help me I must die;  
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

Take me as I am,  
Take me as I am;  
Oh, bring Thy salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,  
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,  
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,  
And take me as I am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,  
Thy full salvation I would prove;  
But since to Thee I can not move,  
Oh, take me as I am!

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

JANE BORTHWICK. Tr.

JEWETT.

C. M. VON WEBER.

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

I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con-duct me  
 Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor-rowed  
 I glad - ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

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

## 270 The Promised Land.

OLD TUNE. KEY E $\flat$ .

- 1 I have a Father in the promised land,  
 I have a Father in the promised land;  
 My Father calls me, I must go  
 To meet **Him** in the promised land.

CHORUS.

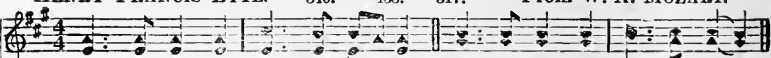
- I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,  
 I'll away, I'll away to the promised land;  
 My Father calls me, I must go  
 To meet **Him** in the promised land.
- 2 I have a Saviour in the promised land,  
 I have a Saviour in the promised land;  
 My Saviour calls me, I must go  
 To meet **Him** in the promised land.—*Cho.*
- 3 I have a crown in the promised land,  
 I have a crown in the promised land;  
 When Jesus calls me, I must go  
 To wear it in the promised land.—*Cho.*
- 4 I hope to meet **Œch** in the promised land,  
 I hope to meet you in the promised land;  
 At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,  
 We'll praise **Him** in the promised land. *Cho.*

## 271 Rest for the Weary.

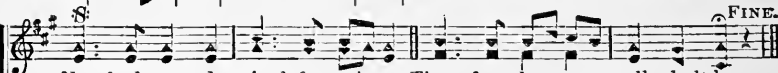
- 1 In the Christian's home in glory,  
 There remains a land of rest;  
 There the Saviour's gone before me,  
 To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

- There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for the weary,  
 There is rest for you.  
 On the other side of Jordan,  
 In the sweet fields of Eden,  
 Where the tree of life is blooming,  
 There is rest for you.
- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,  
 Which eternally shall stand,  
 For my stay shall not be transient  
 In that holy, happy land.—*Cho.*
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,  
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;  
 But in that celestial center,  
 I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. \* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
540. 455. 317. From W. A. MOZART.

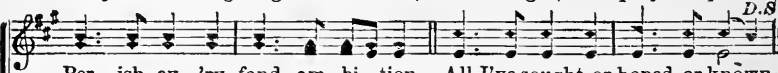
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav-iour to:
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure; Come dis-as-ter, scorn, and pain;
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;



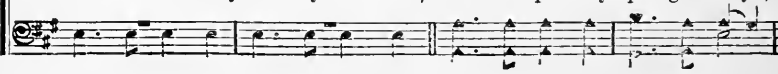
Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;  
In Thy serv-ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.  
Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta-tion Something still to do or bear.  
Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.



- D.S.*—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.  
*D.S.*—Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.  
*D.S.*—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.  
*D.S.*—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee!  
*D.S.*—Think that Jesus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re-pine?  
*D.S.*—Hope shall change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.



Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,  
I have called Thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee:  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!  
Think what Spir-it dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;



## 273 My Days are Gliding

## 274 Faith in Jesus.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly  
Those hours of toil and danger.

## REFRAIN.

- For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before the Shining Shore,  
We may almost discover.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning.
  - 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.

- 1 'Tis our faith in Jesus brings the promise  
near,  
'Tis the love of Jesus conquers every fear,  
'Tis the voice of Jesus warns us every day,  
'Tis the blood of Jesus takes our sins away.

## CHORUS.

- Jesus in our trials, Jesus in our cares,  
Jesus in our praises, Jesus in our prayers,  
Jesus in our sorrows, Jesus in our song,  
O 'tis always Jesus all the way along.
- 2 'Tis our faith in Jesus makes us bold and  
brave,  
'Tis our hope in Jesus looks beyond the grave,  
'Tis the smile of Jesus makes the clouds  
depart,  
'Tis the eye of Jesus reaches every heart.
  - 3 'Tis the ear of Jesus bending from the sky,  
'Tis the ear of Jesus hears the mourner's cry,  
In the arms of Jesus sweetly we repose,  
From the side of Jesus living waters flow.

R. L.

Music by R. LOWRY. *ry per.*  
CHORUS.

1. { What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus ; } Oh, precious is the flow  
 { What can make me whole again? Nothing but the blood of Jesus ; }

That makes me white as snow ; No oth-er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

2 For my pardon this I see—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;  
 For my cleansing, this my plea,—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

3 Nothing can for sin atone,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;

Naught of good that I have done,  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

4 This is all my hope and peace—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus ;  
 This is all my righteousness—  
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6, 4.)

;S; 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 ap-pear Steps un-to heaven; 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 forgot,

D. S. *Near-er, my God, to Thee!*

FINE.

D. S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my songs 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 songs shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee!

*Near-er to Thee!*

# 277 Triumphs of Our God.

*Dedicated to missionaries everywhere.*

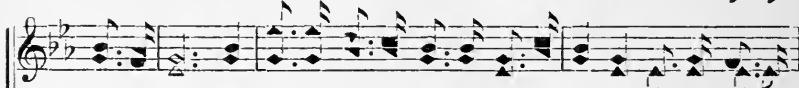
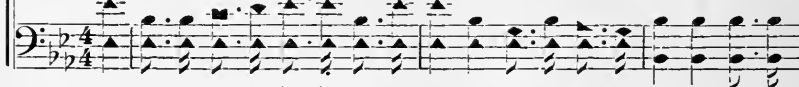
"I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."—EXODUS 15: 1.

REV. J. A. LEE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



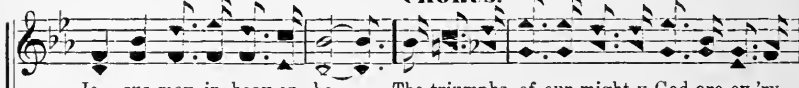
1. The triumphs of our God are ev-'ry-where to-day, The glorious news is borne o'er
2. The glorious triumphs of our great and mighty King Have been the long expected
3. For greater triumphs of our might-y God a-bove, Let all our Christian peo-ple
4. The triumphs of our God are ev-'ry-where to-day, Awake! awake! ye sleeping



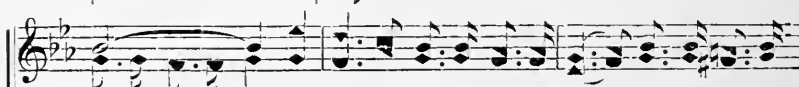
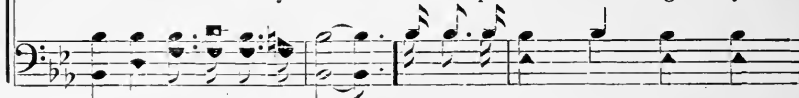
land and sea, Of na-tions who de-sire to know the on - ly way, That they with  
looked for day, Let heav'n a-bove and all of earth re-joice to sing Of our Re-  
give and pray, From hearts that now o'erflow with gratitude and love, Un - til all  
Church, be true, The Ho - ly Spirit's pow'r has now the right of way, Awake! pray



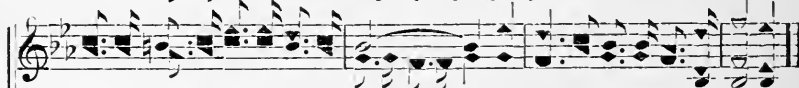
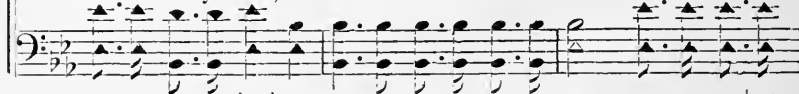
## CHORUS.



Je - sus may in heav-en be. The triumphs of our might-y God are ev-'ry-  
deem-er who now holdeth sway. of the world may know the way.  
tell us now what will you do? The triumphs of our might - y



where..... His truth is ev - er-more pre - vail - ing, In an-swer  
God are ev-'ry-where,



to our earnest faith and fervent pray'r,.... Be-hold! the gospel ships are sailing.  
to our earn - est faith and fervent pray'r,





# 278 Repent To-day.

"Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."—LUKE 13: 3.

Arr. by L. A. J.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Re-pent to-day! to-mor-row's ris-ing sun May see thee in the  
 2. Re-pent to-day! So long thy stubborn will Has ris-en in re-  
 3. Re-pent to-day! Still stands thy bless-ed Lord, And bids thee yield to  
 4. Re-pent to-day! Thou canst not tell the glo-ry That waits thee in that

cold em-brace of death, Soon shall thy brief, un-cer-tain course be run,  
 bel-lion 'gainst thy God— Why wilt thou grieve and wound thy Master still,  
 Him a lov-ing heart, O trust Him and be-lieve His promised word,  
 hap-py home a-bove, But an-gels strike their harps and tell the sto-ry

## CHORUS.

This present hour may see thy lat-est breath. Re-pent, re-  
 He the Cre-a-tor, and thy-self a clod?  
 Nor lon-ger from His presence dwell a-part.  
 Of joy that bless the soul redeemed by love. Re-pent to-day,

pent, To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, Be-fore the  
 re-pent to-day,

spir-it strives again with thee, E-ter-ni-ty may greet thy waking eyes.

# 279 Seeking the Lost.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19 · 10.

J. A. LEE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

**Tenderly.**

1. Seek-ing the lost, He is seek-ing to - day, Want-ing those back who have  
 2. Dy - ing for you, yes, dy - ing for me, See, yes, be - hold Him just  
 3. Pray-ing, my broth - er, yes, praying for you, Al - ways He's seek - ing so

wandered a - way : Wan - der - ing ones who are out in the cold, When will you  
 now on the tree ! Filled with an an - guish no tongue can e'er tell, All this to  
 ear - nest and true ; Plead - ing, His spir - it is plead - ing just now, Come to the

## CHORUS.

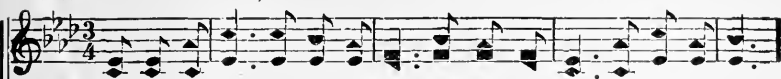
come to the dear Shepherd's fold ? Seeking the lost, . . . . He is seeking to - day,  
 save a lost world from dark hell.  
 cross, yes, come humbly and bow. Seeking the lost,

Seeking His sheep . . . . that have gone a - stray ; Up in His arms, . . . . and  
 Seeking His sheep, Up in His arms,

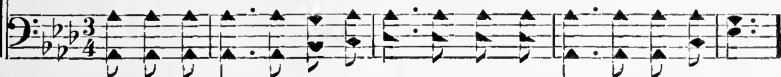
safe from the cold, He ten - der - ly bears them back to the fold.  
 ten - der - ly bears

REV. JOHNSTON OATMAN, JR.

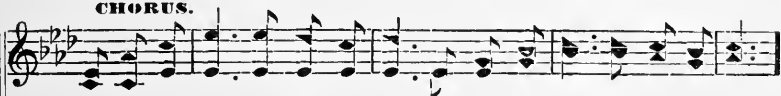
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



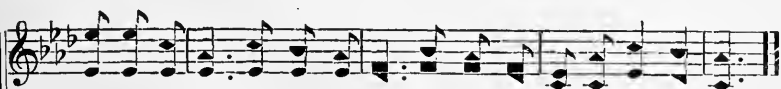
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day ;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay ;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd ;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright ;



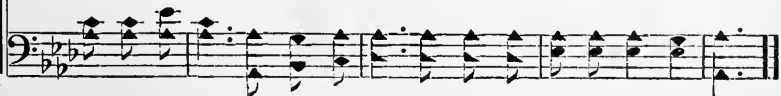
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."  
 Tho' some may dwell where these a-bound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.  
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.  
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

**CHORUS.**

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land ;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

1. We shall lay the ar-mor down, And re-ceive a fadeless crown, Some sweet  
 2. Our dear Lord will some day come And will take His children home,  
 3. Heav-en's beau-ties will un-fold, As we walk the streets of gold,  
 4. Yes, our Lord will claim His own, When He sits up - on His throne, -

day, some sweet day; Then we'll be among that throng, And we'll  
 beautiful day, hap-py day; When we see Him in the skies, Then the  
 We shall meet our loved ones there, When we  
 There the saved are on His right, And there'll

sing the new, new song, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 dead will all a - rise,  
 reach that home so fair, beau-ti - ful day, hap-py day.  
 come to them no night,

**CHORUS.**

Some sweet day, some sweet day, There the saved from ev'ry nation  
 beau-ti-ful day, hap-py day,

Praise the God of their sal-va-tion, Some sweet day, some sweet day.  
 beautiful day, hap-py day.

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

1. In the preach-ing and the plead-ing, Can we count, O say,  
 2. In the pray-ing and the talk-ing,  
 3. In the lov-ing and for-giv-ing,  
 4. In the stand-ing for the right, Can we count,

can we count on you? In the teach-ing and the lead-ing,  
 In the sing-ing and the walk-ing,  
 In the do-ing and the giv-ing,  
 count on you? In the thick-est of the fight,

**CHORUS.**

Can we count, O say, can we count on you? Can we count,  
 Can we count, Can we count,

on you? Will you e'er be true? Can we  
 on you, on you? Will you e'er be true, be true?

count, can we count on you, O say, can we count on you?  
 can we count, on you?

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

Slow.

1. Beau-ti-ful man-sion, O so fair, Where Je-sus has gone, yes, to pre-pare;  
 2. Beau-ti-ful riv-er, shin-ing shore, Where millions of saved are cross-ing o'er;  
 3. Beau-ti-ful day! it now has dawned, The one we have wait-ed for so long;

Chil-dren of God are gath'ring there With nev-er a bur-den or a care.  
 There we shall meet those gone before, And nev-er, no, nev-er part no more.  
 There we shall sing the new, new song, And be ev-er-more a - mid the throng.

**CHORUS.**

Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful place,..... Where shall  
 Beau-ti-ful place, O beau-ti-ful place,

end.... life's wea-ry race;.... Then we shall see..... Him face to  
 Where shall end, shall end life's wea-ry race; There we shall see, shall see Him

face,.... And we shall sing..... re-deem-ing grace.....  
 face to face, And we shall sing re-deem-ing grace, redeeming grace.

J. A. L.

L. R. G.

1. I am walk-ing in the light, to that coun-try fair and bright, Where the  
 2. I will sure-ly win the race, for I'm saved by His free grace, And I'll  
 3. All my toil will soon be o'er, and I'll go to that bright shore, Where our

saints of all the a-ges go (a-ges go); When I reach that hap-py place,  
 be with Je-sus o-ver there (over there); There I'll rest for ev-er-more  
 friends and many loved ones wait (loved ones wait); In that land there is no night,

I shall look up-on His face, And I'll praise Him ev-er-more I know.  
 with the loved ones gone be-fore, And I'll nev-er have a wait or care.  
 all things there are pure and bright, When we en-ter thro' the pearl-y gate.

**CHORUS.**

I am walk-ing in the light, . . . To that coun-try fair and bright,  
 I am walking in the light, in the light, To that country fair and bright, fair and bright

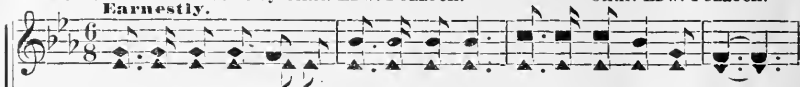
Where the saints of a-ges go, . . . Where our loved ones we shall know.  
 Where the saints of ages go, ages go, Where our loved, where our loved ones we shall know, we shall know.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."—ISA. 40: 11.

Words arr. and 4th verse by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

**Earnestly.**



1. In from the highways and byways of sin, In from the storm and cold,
2. Bring them to Je-sus from pal-ace and cot, And from the lane and street;
3. Gath-er them in, jewels bright for His crown, Gath-er them in to - day;
4. Chil-dren of Je - sus the work is for you, Will you the call o - bey?



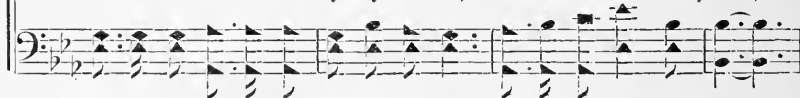
Gath-er the lambs that are go-ing a-stray In - to the Shepherd's fold.  
Ten - der-ly He will re - ceive them all, Guiding their wayward feet.  
Gath-er the rich and the poor just the same, Show them the narrow way.  
Will you go glad-ly the work to per-form, Sav-ing the lambs a - stray?



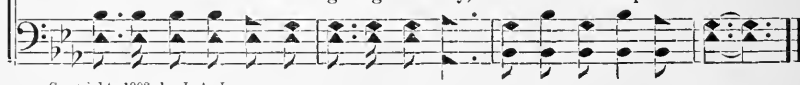
**CHORUS:**



Gath-er them in from the by-ways of sin, In from the storm and cold;



Gath-er the lambs that are go-ing a-stray, In - to the Shepherd's fold.



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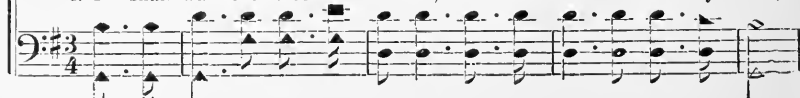
J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

**Slow.**



1. I shall some day cross the riv-er Where the loved ones watch and wait;
2. O then come my dear Re-deem-er, Come and claim me as Thine own;
3. I shall up there meet the loved ones, And shall see them face to face;
4. I shall walk the streets in heav-en, With the saved from ev - 'ry land;



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# I Shall Some Day Cross. Concluded.

**Fine.**

There to be with Christ for - ev - er, Safe with - in the pearl - y gate:  
 Look up - on me in much fav - or, When Thou sit - test on Thy throne.  
 He my soul I know will wel - come, When I've run my earth - ly race.  
 Who by Christ have been for - giv - en, There they praise the bless - ed Lamb.

*D. S.* There I'll see the dear Life Giv - er, Seat - ed on the great white throne.

**CHORUS.**

Yes, I'll some day cross that riv - er, Where no troub - le e'er is known.

**D. S.**

287

## I'll Love Him Till I Die.

J. A. L.

J. A. LEE.

1. The Lord sup - plies my dai - ly need, I'll love Him till I die;  
 2. The Lord's so good and kind to me, I'll love Him till I die;  
 3. I want to work for His cause to-day, And love Him till I die;  
 4. He saves me now by His free grace, I'll love Him till I die;

**Fine.**

On what He sends I'll dai - ly feed, I'll love Him till I die.  
 I want His faith - ful fol - low - er to be, And love Him till I die.  
 I want Him with me long the way, And love Him till I die.  
 In heav'n above I shall see His face, And praise Him there on high.

*D. S.* He is so good and kind to me, I'll love Him till I die.

**REFRAIN.**

I'll love Him till I die, I'll love Him till I die;

**D. S.**

J. A. LEE.

C. J. GILBERT.

*Slowly.*

1. I feel that I am homeward bound, Where many loved ones watch and wait,  
 2. O yes, I know I'm homeward bound, Where I'll for - ev - er praise and rest;  
 3. I know that I am homeward bound, Where I shall walk the gold-en street;  
 4. I'm homeward bound, yes, homeward bound, To loved ones who've gone on be - fore;

There I'll re - ceive a shin - ing crown When I have passed the pearly gate.  
 With ev - ry bur - den there laid down, I'll be with all the pure and blest.  
 Yes, there with Christ I shall be found, Where we shall hold commun - ion sweet.  
 Whom, while on earth the Saviour found, But now they're on the oth - er shore.

**CHORUS.**

Home - ward bound, . . . . . yes, home - ward bound, I know, Where the  
 Homeward bound,

saints are robed as white as snow; There we'll rest . . . . . from  
 for - ev - er we'll rest

**Rit.**

all our earth - ly cares, When we meet our Sav - iour o - ver there.

## 288 Favor. 7s & 6s.

- 1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with Him above!  
And drink the flowing fountain,  
Of everlasting love,  
And with my blessed Jesus,  
Drink endless pleasures in,  
When shall I be delivered  
From this vain world of sin.
- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
My Captain's gone before,  
He's given me my orders,  
And tells me not to fear;  
And if I hold out faithful  
A crown of life He'll give,  
And all His valiant soldiers  
Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determined  
To conquer though I die,  
And then away to Jesus  
On wings of love I'll fly;  
Farewell to sin and sorrow,  
I bid them both adieu;  
And you, my friends, prove faithful,  
And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles  
And trials on the way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray;  
Gird on the heavenly armor  
Of faith, and hope, and love,  
And when your warfare is ended  
You'll reign with Him above.
- 5 Oh! do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend,  
And if you lack for knowledge  
On Him you may depend;  
Neither will He upbraid you,  
Though often you request;  
He'll give you grace to conquer,  
And take you home to rest.

## 289 The Half Has Never Been Told.

- 1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,  
Than any earthly joy,  
For Thou hast given me the peace  
Which nothing can destroy.

### REFRAIN.

The half has never yet been told,  
O love so full and free,  
The half has never yet been told,  
The blood—it cleanseth me.

- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still  
Than any earthly throng,  
And sweeter is the thought of Thee  
Than any lovely song.

- 3 Thou has put gladness in my heart,  
Then well may I be glad!  
Without the secret of Thy love  
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!  
What will Thy presence be  
If such a life of joy can crown  
Our walk on earth with Thee?

## 290 More Love to Thee.

- 1 More love to Thee, O Christ!  
More love to Thee!  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee;  
On bended knee;  
This is my earnest plea,—  
More love, O Christ! to Thee,  
More love, O Christ! to Thee,  
More love to Thee!
- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek,  
Give what is best;  
This all my prayer shall be,—  
More love, O Christ! to Thee,  
More love, O Christ! to Thee,  
More love to Thee!
- 3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ! to Thee,  
More love, O Christ! to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

## 291 Roll the Sea Away.

- 1 When Israel out of bondage came,  
A sea before them lay,  
The Lord reached down His mighty hand  
And rolled the sea away.

### CHORUS.

- Then forward still, 'tis Jehovah's will  
Tho' the billows dash and spray,  
With a conquering tread we will push ahead,  
He'll roll the sea away.—*Cho.*
- 2 Before me was a sea of sin,  
So great I feared to pray,  
My heart's desire the Saviour read  
And rolled the sea away.—*Cho.*
  - 3 When sorrows dark like stormy waves  
Were dashing o'er my way,  
Again the Lord in mercy came  
And rolled the sea away.—*Cho.*
  - 4 And when I reach the sea of death  
For needed grace I'll pray,  
I know the Lord will quickly come  
And roll the sea away.—*Cho.*

## 292 Farewell.

1 Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,  
When I am gone, when I am gone,  
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you shall hear,  
When I am gone, I am gone.  
Weep not for me when you stand by my grave.  
Think of the crowns all the ransomed shall  
have,  
Think who has died His beloved to save.  
When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,  
When I am gone, when I am gone;  
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,  
When I am gone, I am gone.  
Come at the close of a bright summer day,  
Come when the sun sheds its last ling'ring ray,  
Come and rejoice that I thus passed away,  
When I am gone, I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,  
When I am gone, when I am gone;  
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,  
When I am gone, I am gone;  
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care,  
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss ye may share,  
Look up on high and believe I am there,  
When I am gone, I am gone.

## 293

KEY OF 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.

## 294

KEY OF G.

1 Come we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,  
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,  
We're marching upward to Zion,  
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

## 295 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

1 There is a name I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth;  
It sounds like music in mine ear—  
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus! the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear!  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road;  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

## 296 The Old Church Yard.

1 Oh come, come with me to the old church  
yard,  
I well know the path through the soft green  
sward;  
Friends slumber there, we were want to  
regard,  
We'll trace out their name in the old church  
yard;  
Oh mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,  
Weep not for them, they weep no more,  
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard  
Their pillow may be in the old church yard.

2 I know it seems vain when friends depart,  
To breathe kind words to the broken heart;  
I know that the joys of life seem marred,  
When we follow our friends to the old church  
yard;  
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,  
Why should you weep, dear friends, for me?  
I'm wayworn and sad, oh why then retard  
The rest that I seek in the old church yard.

3 "Our friends linger there in the sweetest  
repose,  
Released from the world's sad bereavements  
and woes;  
And who would not rest with the friends  
they regard,  
In quietude sweet, in the old church yard?  
We'll rest in the hope of that bright day,  
When beauty shall spring from the prison  
of clay,  
When Gabriel's voice, and the trump of the  
Lord,  
Shall awaken the dead in the old church  
yard."

4 "Oh! weep not for me, I am anxious to go  
To that haven of rest where tears never flow;  
I fear not to answer that dark lonely ward;  
For soon shall I rise from the old church  
yard:  
Yes, soon shall I join that heavenly band  
Of glorified souls at my Saviour's right hand;  
Forever to dwell in bright mansions, pre-  
pared  
For the saints, who shall rise from the old  
church yard."

- 1 Come, humblesinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,—  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,  
And make this last resolve:
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
His kingdom I will enter in,  
Whatever may oppose;
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without His sovereign grace:
- 4 The Saviour will admit my plea,  
For He has bid me come;  
Forthwith I'll rise and to Him flee,  
For yet, He says, "there's room."
- 5 I cannot perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try:  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die.

## 298

## KEY OF 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.

## CHORUS.

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 for 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.  
—Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

## 299 Forget Him Not.

- 1 O thou, my soul, forget no more  
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,  
Let every idol be forgot,  
But O, my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways, with grief,  
And fly to this divine relief;  
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,  
And for thy life gave up His own.
- 3 Eternal truth and beauty shine  
In Him, and He Himself is thine:  
And canst thou, then, with sin beset;  
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?
- 4 O no: till life itself depart,  
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;  
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,  
And join the chorus of the skies.

*Krishnoo Pal* 1801.

*Tr. by Rev. Joshua Marshman.* (1767—1837.) 1801.

## 300 Faith in Christ Our Sacrifice.

- 1 Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood, than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the curs'd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing we rejoice  
To see the curse remove,  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.  
*Rev. Isaac Watts.* (1671—1748.) 1709.

## 301 A Charge to Keep I Have.

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

## 302 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Tune—DENNIS. S. M.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord—  
The house of Thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,  
Our Savior and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.  
—Dwight.

## 303 Courage.

- 1 Oh, do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your Friend!  
Oh, do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your Friend!  
He will give you grace to conquer,  
He will give you grace to conquer,  
And keep you to the end.

### CHORUS.

I am glad I'm in this army,  
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,  
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,  
And I'll battle for the school.

- 2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,  
The battle you shall win;  
Fight on, ye little soldiers,  
The battle you shall win;  
For the Saviour is your Captain,  
For the Saviour is your Captain,  
And He has vanquished sin.
- 3 And when the conflict's over,  
Before Him you shall stand;  
And when the conflict's over,  
Before Him you shall stand;  
You shall sing His praise forever,  
You shall sing His praise forever,  
In Canaan's happy land.

## 304 I Left it All With.

- 1 I left it all with Jesus,  
Long ago;  
All my sins I brought Him,  
And my woe,  
When by faith I saw Him  
On the tree,  
Heard His small, still whisper,  
" 'Tis for thee,"  
[:From my heart the burden:]  
[:Rolled away—Happy Day!:]
- 2 I leave it all with Jesus,  
For He knows  
How to steal the bitter  
From life's woes;  
How to gild the tear-drop  
With His smile,  
Make the desert garden  
Bloom awhile:  
[:When my weakness leaneth:]  
[:On His might—All seems light.:]
- 3 I leave it all with Jesus  
Day by day;  
Faith can firmly trust Him  
Come what may,  
Hope has dropped her anchor,  
Found her rest  
In the calm, sure haven  
Of His breast;  
[:Love esteems it heaven:]  
[:To abide—At His side.:]
- 4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,  
Brooping soul!  
Tell not half the story,  
But the whole.  
Worlds on worlds are hanging  
On His hand,  
Life and death are waiting  
His command;  
[:Yet His tender bosom:]  
[:Makes thee room—Oh, come home!:]

## 305 O How Happy.

- 1 O how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And whose treasures are laid up above,  
Tongue can never express  
That sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

- 2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;  
When by faith I believed,  
O what joy I received!  
What a heaven in Jesus' sweet name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know;  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song;  
O that all His salvation might see!  
"He hath loved me," I cried,  
"He hath suffered and died  
To redeem such a rebel as me."
- 5 O the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possessed,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fullness of God.

## 306 Pass Me Not.

- 1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry:  
While on others Thou art smiling,  
Do not pass me by.

### CHORUS.

- Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.
- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.
- 3 Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.
- 4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me;  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heaven but Thee?

## 307 The Ninety and Nine

- 1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold,  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold—  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
[:Away from the tender Shepherd's care.:]
- 2 "Lord Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;  
Are they not enough for Thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine  
Has wandered away from me;  
And although the road be rough and steep,  
[:I go to the desert to find my sheep.:]"
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through,  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost;  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
[:'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.:]
- 4 And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
[:"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His  
own.":]

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