

F. 46 R.L.

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Ocean Grove Songs.



EDITED BY
BISHOP J.N. FITZ GERALD
 PRESIDENT OCEAN GROVE ASSOCIATION
REV. CHAS. H. YATMAN
 LEADER YOUNG PEOPLES MEETING
TALI ESEN MORGAN
 MUSICAL DIRECTOR

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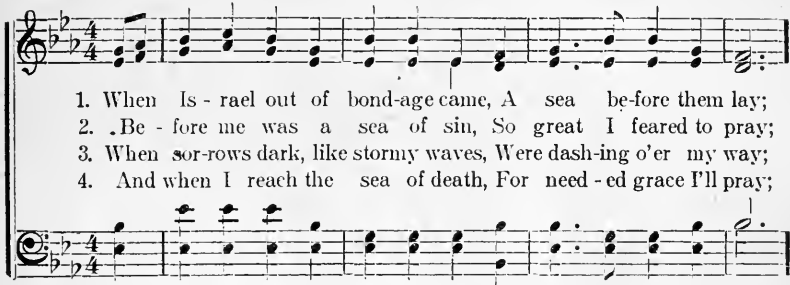
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OCEAN GROVE SONGS.

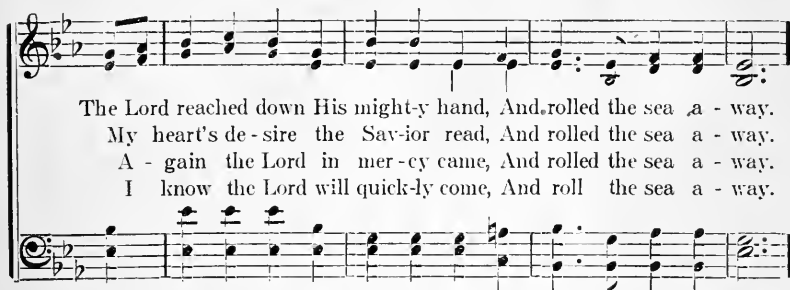
No. 1. HE ROLLED THE SEA AWAY.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

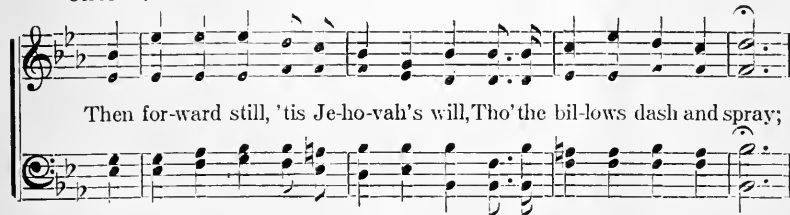


1. When Is - rael out of bond-age came, A sea be-fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sor-rows dark, like stormy waves, Were dash-ing o'er my way;
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;

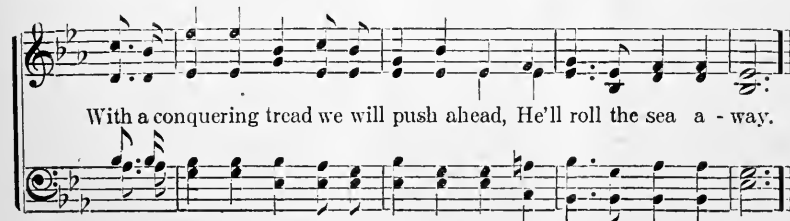


The Lord reached down His might-y hand, And rolled the sea a - way.
My heart's de-sire the Sav-ior read, And rolled the sea a - way.
A - gain the Lord in mer-cy came, And rolled the sea a - way.
I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a - way.

CHORUS.



Then for-ward still, 'tis Je-ho-vah's will, Tho' the bil-lows dash and spray;

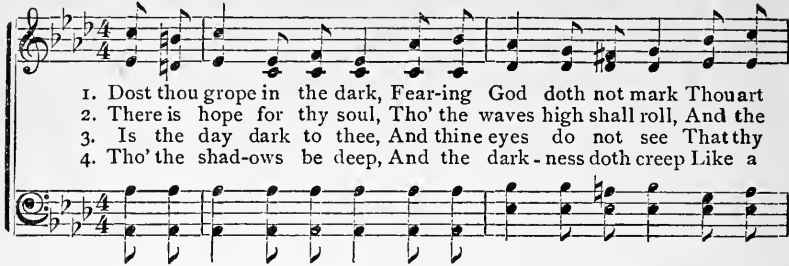


With a conquering tread we will push ahead, He'll roll the sea a - way.

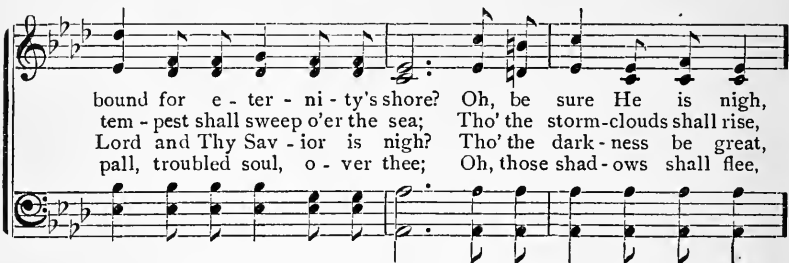
No. 2. THERE'LL BE LIGHT BY AND BY.

MELVILLE WINANS MILLER.

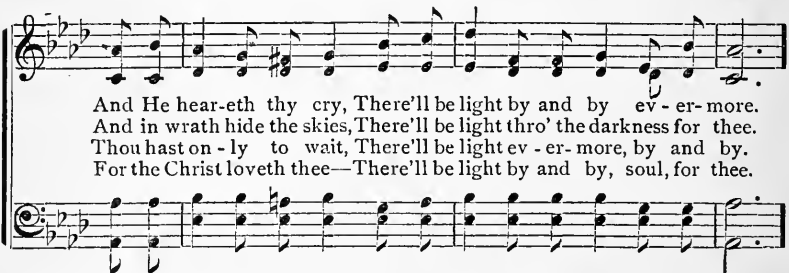
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Dost thou grope in the dark, Fear-ing God doth not mark Thou art
2. There is hope for thy soul, Tho' the waves high shall roll, And the
3. Is the day dark to thee, And thine eyes do not see That thy
4. Tho' the shad-ows be deep, And the dark-ness doth creep Like a



bound for e - ter - ni - ty's shore? Oh, be sure He is nigh,
tem - pest shall sweep o'er the sea; Tho' the storm-clouds shall rise,
Lord and Thy Sav - ior is nigh? Tho' the dark-ness be great,
pall, troubled soul, o - ver thee; Oh, those shad - ows shall flee,

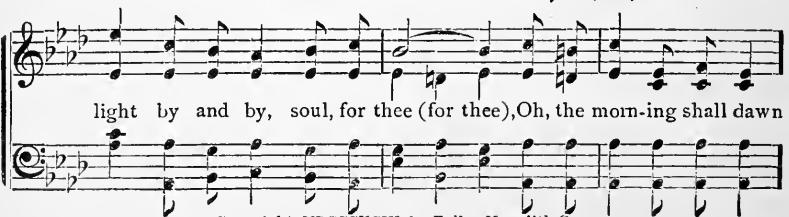


And He hear-eth thy cry, There'll be light by and by ev - er - more.
And in wrath hide the skies, There'll be light thro' the darkness for thee.
Thou hast on - ly to wait, There'll be light ev - er - more, by and by.
For the Christ loveth thee—There'll be light by and by, soul, for thee.

CHORUS.



There'll be light (by and by), There'll be light (by and by), There'll be



light by and by, soul, for thee (for thee), Oh, the morn-ing shall dawn

THERE'LL BE LIGHT BY AND BY. Concluded.

And the darkness be gone, There'll be light, there'll be light by and by.

No. 3. TEACH ME, LORD, TO PRAY.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Prayerfully.

1. Teach me, Fa - ther, by Thy spir - it, When I stand be - fore Thy face,
2. I would come in - to Thy presence, Tar - ry with Thee all the day;
3. I've been slow to learn the les - sons Which have come from day to day;

How to ask for need - ed guidance, How to seek Thy help - ful grace.
Seek to catch Thy faint - est whis - per, Hear Thy dic - tates and o - bey.
But Thy patience, Lord, has conquer'd, And I love Thy righteous way.

When with - in my clos - et kneeling, There with ear - nest - ness appeal - ing,
With my ear - nest heart thus yearning, With Thy spir - it's aid discerning,
I would give my best en - deav - or; From Thy ho - ly presence nev - er

With Thy word its light re - veal - ing, Sanc - ti - fy that place.
In Thy school I would be learn - ing, Learn - ing how to pray.
Would I stray, if Thou wilt ev - er Teach me, Lord, to pray.

No. 4.

FACE TO FACE.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR

Moderato

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be?
 2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be - tween,
 3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are ban - ished grief and pain;
 4. Face to face! oh, bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
 But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crook - ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;

Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

No. 5.

UNDER HIS WINGS.

Words by REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

Music by MORGAN.

Not too fast.

1. A wonderful promise God's giv-en, What joy to the Christian it brings;
 2. How often in dark nights of sor-row My spir-it to Him looks and sings,
 3. And when I have need of refreshing, He leads me to life-giving springs;
 4. When, like all the ransom'd immortals, My soul to that Cit-y He brings,

Rit.

That all who are striving for heav-en Find ref-uge un-der His wings.
 Be-cause I find hope for the mor-row, While rest-ing un-der His wings.
 And there I re-ceive a great bless-ing, While shield-ed un-der His wings.
 I'll find that those glo-ri-ous por-tals Are en-tered un-der His wings.

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

Un-der His wings a-bid - ing, Un-der His wings I'm hid - ing;
 a-bid-ing, a-bid-ing,

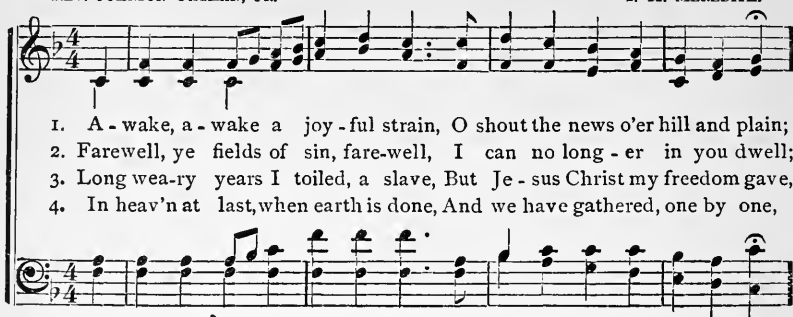
Rit.

He with His mer - cy cov-ers my soul, I'm hid - ing un-der His wings.

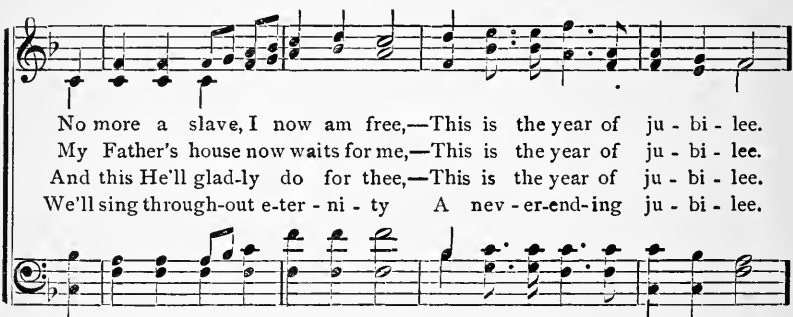
No. 6. THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

I. H. MEREDITH.



1. A - wake, a - wake a joy - ful strain, O shout the news o'er hill and plain;
2. Farewell, ye fields of sin, fare-well, I can no long - er in you dwell;
3. Long wea - ry years I toiled, a slave, But Je - sus Christ my freedom gave,
4. In heav'n at last, when earth is done, And we have gathered, one by one,




No more a slave, I now am free,—This is the year of ju - bi - lee.
My Father's house now waits for me,—This is the year of ju - bi - lee.
And this He'll glad - ly do for thee,—This is the year of ju - bi - lee.
We'll sing through - out e - ter - ni - ty A nev - er - end - ing ju - bi - lee.

CHORUS.



O hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, My lost es - tate has been re - stored;



Christ paid the debt and made me free,—This is the year of ju - bi - lee.

No. 7.

JESUS WILL LEAD.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

SOLO *ad lib.*

SEMI CHORUS.

1. While I tread life's pil - grim way, Je - sus will lead, Je - sus will lead;
 2. Tho' the sky may be o'er - cast, Je - sus will lead, Je - sus will lead;
 3. Tho' the way be dark as night, Je - sus will lead, Je - sus will lead;
 4. When I reach the Jor - dan's tide, Je - sus will lead, Je - sus will lead;

SOLO.

SEMI CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry step; by night or day, Je - sus will lead me a - long.
 And tho' fierce the storm - y blast, Je - sus will lead me a - long.
 Both in dark - ness and in light, Je - sus will lead me a - long.
 Till I've cross'd to E - den's side, Je - sus will lead me a - long.

REFRAIN.

Yes, yes, Je - sus will lead, Yes, yes, Je - sus will lead,
 Yes, He'll lead, my Yes, He'll lead, my

Till I reach the Gold - en Land, Je - sus will lead me a - long.
 will lead me a - long.

No. 8. CHRIST IS CALLING YOU TO-NIGHT.

JENNIE WILSON.
Flowingly.

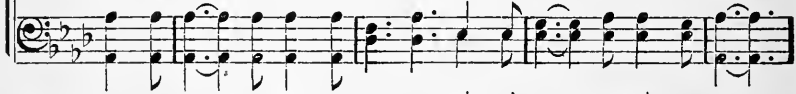
I. H. MEREDITH.



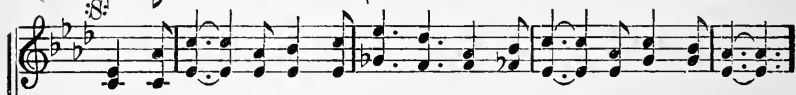
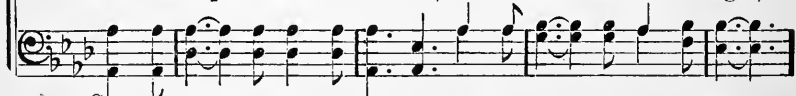
1. Sin-ful one, the Sav-ior calls you, While a - far from Him you roam,
2. In each deep and ho - ly long-ing Now a - wak-ened in your breast,
3. In the mem-'ry of the lov'd ones Gone from earth for-ev - er - more,



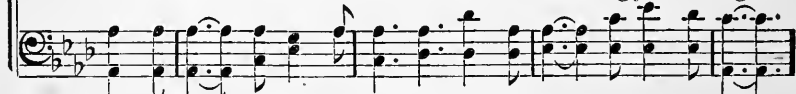
Hear His ac - cents low and ten - der, Kind - ly say - ing: "Child, come home."
Speaks the voice di - vine en - treating: "Come, and I will give you rest."
Sounds a win - ning, sol - emn whisper Soft - ly from the un - seen shore.



List - en while the tones of mer - cy To the cleansing fount in - vite;
Thro' each ef - fort by your spir - it Made to reach a pur - er height,
Thro' the hope of sweet re - un - ion, Somewhere in the land of light,



Way - ward one, from last - ing sor - row, Christ is call - ing you to - night.
To His bright and blessed kingdom Christ is call - ing you to - night.
To the bliss of life e - ter - nal Christ is call - ing you to - night.

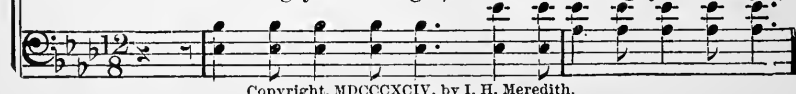


D. S.—Can you slight His ten - der pleading While He's calling you to - night.

CHORUS.



He is call - - - - - ing you to - night,
Call - ing you to - night, He is call - ing you to - night,



CHRIST IS CALLING.—Concluded.

Rit.

D. S.

He is call - - - ing you to - night.....
 Call-ing you to-night, He is call-ing you to-night.
 you to - night.....

No. 9.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

Dr. W. F. MACKAY.

English Melody.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 10.

WINNING ITS WAY.

"The light shineth in darkness." John 1: 5.

E. E. HEWITT.

Dedicated to the Rev. Wallace McMullen.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O let us re-joice in the work of the Lord, The serv-ice of
 2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow Will car-ry the
 3. The darkness may linger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be
 4. The moon as the glit-ter-ing sun-light will shine, The sun sev-en-

Je-sus brings blessed reward; The shadows shall flee from love's conquering
 joy to the valleys below; The King presseth onward, His wheels will not
 Victor, right triumph o'er wrong; We'll tell the glad story, His bidding o-
 fold in His glo-ry divine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing

CHORUS.

day, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way.
 stay, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way.
 bey, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way. } Winning its way,
 ray, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way.

winning its way, Glo-ri-ous dawn of a bet-ter day; Winning its

way, winning its way, The light of the gos-pel is winning its way.

No. 11. SEAL US, O HOLY SPIRIT.

Inscribed to my friend Rev. J. F. Carson, D. D.

I. H. M.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Prayerfully.



1. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Grant us Thine im-press we pray;
2. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Help us Thy like-ness to show;
3. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Make us Thine own from this hour;



We would be more like the Sav-ior, Stamp'd with His im-age to - day.
Then from our lives un - to oth - ers Streams of rich bless-ing shall flow.
May we be use - ful, Dear Mas-ter, Seal us with wit-ness-ing power.



CHORUS.



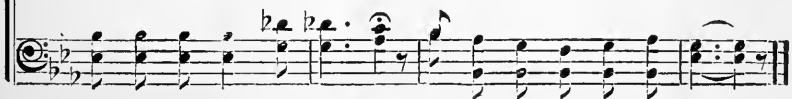
Seal us, seal us, Seal us just now we pray;



Rit.



Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Seal us for serv - ice to - day.



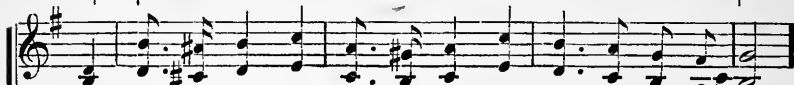
No. 12. O GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE!

M. J. S.

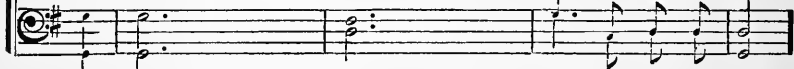
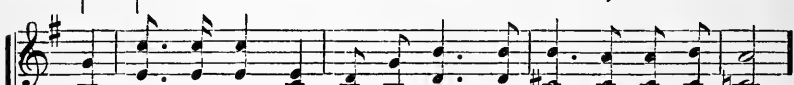
M. J. SMALEY.



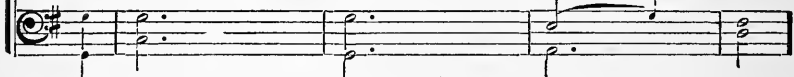
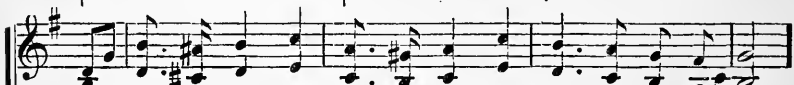
1. O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee! O land where prophets trod;
 2. O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee! Thy hills are sa - cred now;
 3. O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee! We claim thee as our own;


O land most sa - cred in our eyes, Where walk'd the Son of God:
 Whose rocks did lend, on wea - ried nights, A pil - low for His brow,—
 Where first He came, whose mis - sion was To bind all flesh in one;


We praise the name that hallow'd Thee, Dear Je - sus, bless - ed name;
 Or from whose crests, where ce - dars bend, In si - lent twi - light hour,
 O na - tive land, O cov'nant land Of earth's most roy - al King!


As long as tongue shall sound His praise, So long thy death - less fame.
 He stood en - wrapp'd in pray'r - ful mood, A - wait - ing God - seal'd pow'r.
 We give thee mead of bless - ed praise, While we His glo - ry sing.



CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee! O land where prophets trod;



O GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE! Concluded.

Rit.
O Gal - i - lee sweet Gal - i - lee, where walked the Son of God.

No. 13. PRECIOUS SAVIOR, DEAR REDEEMER.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, Thy sweet mes-sage now im-part;
2. Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, We are weak but Thou art strong;
3. Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, Thou wilt bind the bro-ken heart;

May Thy Spir - it, pure and fer - vid, En - ter ev - 'ry tim - id heart;
In Thy in - fi - nite com - pas - sion Stay the tide of sin and wrong;
Let not sor - rows o - ver - whelm us, Dry the bit - ter tears that start;

Car - ry there the swift con - vic - tion, Turn - ing back the sin - ful tide;
Keep Thy lov - ing arms a - round us, Keep us in the nar - row way;
Curb the winds and calm the bil - lows, Bid the an - gry tem - pest cease;

Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, Let us nev - er from Thee stray.
Pre-cious Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, Grant us ev - er - last - ing peace.

No. 14. WE'LL ALWAYS SAY "GOOD MORNING."

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

Music by MORGAN.

1. Tho' the mys-tic veil of darkness throws her mantle o - ver all, When each
2. Here we have our nights of trouble, here we have our nights of woe, Here we
3. When we laid a-way our loved ones in the cold and silent tomb, Night and

night the sun descends his golden stair, Yet we soon will reach that country
have our nights of sor-row and de-spair; But there is a bless-ed country
darkness seemed to set-tle ev - 'ry-where; But we'll meet them in that cit-y

where no shadows ev-er fall, Then we'll always say "Good morning" over there.
where no tears will ev-er flow, And 'twill always be "Good morning" over there.
where no night shall cast its gloom, Then we'll always say "Good morning" over there.

CHORUS.

We will never say "Good night," When we reach that land of light, And the

gold - en por-tals o - pen bright and fair; Where no shadows ev-er fall,
bright and fair,

WE'LL ALWAYS SAY. Concluded.

Musical notation for the conclusion of the piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a *Rit.* marking.

Where no darkness can appall, We will always say "Good morning," over there.

No. 15. FILL ME NOW.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Musical notation for the first part of the hymn, in 6/4 time, with treble and bass staves.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

Musical notation for the second part of the hymn, including a *F.* marking and the word **FINE.**

Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow - er, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S.—Fill me with Thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, O, come and fill me now.

Musical notation for the chorus, including a **CHORUS.** marking and a *D. S.* marking.

Fill me now, fill me now, Ho - ly Spir - it, fill me now;

L. E. JONES.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. I have a roy - al mes - sage, from Christ up - on the throne, From
 2. I have a roy - al mes - sage, good news to all man - kind; It
 3. I have a roy - al mes - sage, the seal of heaven it bears; It

Him who came from glo - ry - land to seek and save His own;
 gives the blest as - sur - ance that the ones who seek shall find.
 bids us lay up - on the Lord our bur - dens and our cares.

He does not send in an - ger, but from His home a - bove
 It tells the burdened sin - ners, to seek the Sav - ior's side,
 It says the cry of mourn - ing shall soon for - ev - er cease,

He sends to call the wan - dering ones and tell them of His love.
 To find the cleans - ing foun - tain there and plunge be - neath its tide.
 For Christ a homel - and has pre - pared where all is joy and peace.

CHORUS.

Come to - day, This roy - al mes - sage of Christ o - bey;
 Come to - day, Come to - day,

A ROYAL MESSAGE. Concluded.

come.... to - day,.... This mes - sage of Christ o - bey.
Come, O come, Come to-day,

No. 17. PRECIOUS IS THE BLOOD.

G. C. T.

I Pet. 1: 18, 19.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Naught have I to make my plea, Pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood;
2. While I wan-dered far in sin, Pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood;
3. Once in sor-row, sin and woe, Pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood;
4. Till I see my Sav-ior King, Pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood;

But that Je-sus died for me, Oh, pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood.
Je - sus found and took me in, Oh, pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood.
Now in paths of peace I go, Oh, pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood.
Still my soul in joy shall sing, Oh, pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood.

CHORUS.

Oh, the cleans-ing now I see, Je - sus shed His blood for me;

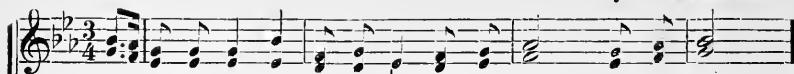
That applied now sets me free, Oh, pre-cious is the cleans-ing blood.

No. 18.

CHRIST FOR ME.

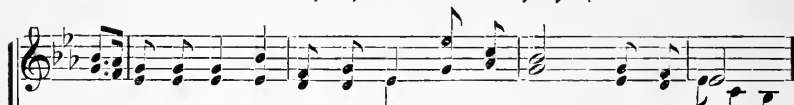
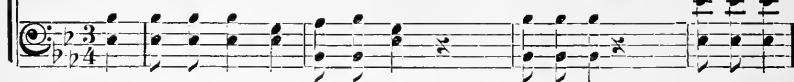
R. JUKES.

Arr. by I. H. MEREDITH.



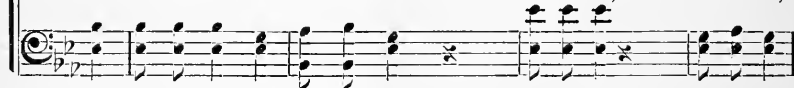
1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, Fix'd on Thee, fix'd on Thee;
2. In Him I see the God-head shine, Christ for me, Christ for me;
3. Let oth - ers boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me, Christ for me;
4. In pin - ing sick - ness, or in health, Christ for me, Christ for me;

Fix'd on Thee, fix'd on Thee,

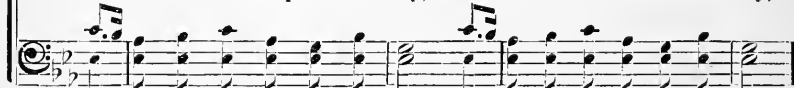


And my im - mor - tal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me;
 He is the Maj - es - ty Di - vine, Christ for me, Christ for me;
 His rich - es nev - er can be told, Christ for me, Christ for me;
 In deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me, Christ for me;

Christ for me, Christ for me,

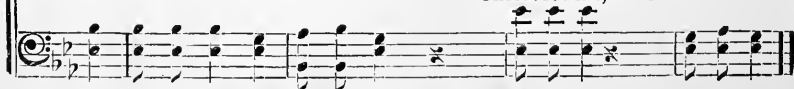


He is my Prophet, Priest and King, Who did for me sal - va - tion bring,
 The Father's well - be - lov - ed Son, Co - part - ner of His roy - al throne,
 Your gold will waste and wear a - way, Your honors per - ish in a day
 And in that all - im - port - ant day, When I the summons must o - bey,



And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 Who did for human guilt a - tone, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 My por - tion nev - er can de - cay, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 And pass from this dark world away, Christ for me, Christ for me.

Christ for me, Christ for me.



No. 19. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris - tian
 hushed the dread - ful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
 won - d'ring mor - tals tell the match - less grace di - vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid - ings

FINE.

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

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

CHORUS.

D. S.

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

No. 20. THE SPIRIT AND BRIDE SAY COME.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. A glo-ri-ous in - vi - ta - tion Now calls you to the feast;
 2. That bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion! Oh, hear to - day and heed,
 3. Re - peat the in - vi - ta - tion! Pass on the bless - ed news;

Each soul is now in - vit - ed, The great - est and the least.
 The Spir - it now is call - ing, Why long - er dwell in need?
 Let none for - sake His mer - cy, Or par - don now re - fuse.

Come, all ye heav - y bur - dened, With sor - row or with care—
 Thy soul to - day is faint - ing For Christ the liv - ing bread;
 'Tis Je - sus that is call - ing—All things are read - y, come—

To - day you are in - vit - ed, Your bur - dens Christ will bear.
 Ac - cept the in - vi - ta - tion, Come while the feast is spread.
 The Spir - it will di - rect you, The Bride will wel - come home.

CHORUS.

The Spir - it says come, The Bride says come; Let
 The Spir - it says come, says come, The Bride says come, says come;

THE SPIRIT AND BRIDE SAY COME. Concluded.

Him that heareth say come; Let Him that thirsteth come, And who-so-ev - er

will let Him take of the wa-ter of life free - - ly.
take of the wa-ter of life

No. 21. NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—Jer. 6: 4.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye-lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch-ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run. A - men.

ev'ning Steal across the sky.

No. 22. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

B. B.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

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

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

CHORUS,

The Cross is not great-er than His Grace, The storm can - not

hide His bless-ed face. I am sat - is - fied to know That with

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

No. 23.

FORWARD!

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.
Animato.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. Christ, our might-y Captain, leads against the foe; We will nev - er falt - er
 2. Satan's fearful onslaughts cannot make us yield, While we trust in Christ, our
 3. Let our glorious ban - ner ev - er be unfurled—From its mighty stronghold
 4. Fierce the bat - tle ra - ges, but 'twill not be long, Then triumphant—shall we

when He bids us go; Tho' His righteous pur - pose we may nev - er know
 Buck - ler and our Shield; Press - ing ev - er on— the Spirit's sword we yield,
 e - vil shall be hurled; Christ, our might-y Captain, o - ver - comes the world,
 join the bless - ed throng, Joy - ful - ly u - nit - ing in the vic - tor's song—

CHORUS.

Yet we'll fol - low all the way.
 And we fol - low all the way.
 And we fol - low all the way. } Forward! forward! 'tis the Lord's command,
 If we fol - low all the way.

For - ward! for - ward! to the prom - ised land; For - ward! for - ward!

let the cho - rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!

No. 24.

SING ON.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, Nor think the moments long; My faith is heav'n-
 2. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, While here on earth we stay; Let songs of home
 3. Sing on, ye joy-ful pil-grims, The time will not be long; Till in our Fa-

ward ris - ing With ev-'ry tune-ful song; Lo! on the mount of bless-ing, The
 and Je - sus Beguile each fleet-ing day; Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of
 ther's king-dom We swell a no-bler song; Where those we love are waiting To

glo-rious mount I stand, And looking o-ver Jor-dan, I see the promised land!
 His re-deem-ing love; The ev-er-last-ing cho-rus That fills the realms a-bove.
 greet us on the shore, We'll meet beyond the riv-er, Where surges roll no more.

CHORUS.

Sing on; O bliss-ful mu-sic, With ev-'ry note you raise, My heart is fill'd with

rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise. Sing on; O bliss-ful mu-sic,
 Sing on; blissful, bliss-ful mu-sic,

SING ON. Concluded.

With ev-'ry note you raise, My heart is fill'd with rapture, My soul is lost in praise.

No. 25. IF YE ABIDE IN ME.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

John 15: 7.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Come, sit at the feet of the Mas-ter, And lis-ten, as Mar-y, of old!
 2. Come, sit at the feet of the Mas-ter, Come, learn the great se-cret of pow'r.
 3. A - bid-ing in full con-se-ra-tion, A - bid-ing in spir - it and deed.

Most won-der-ful vis-ions of glo - ry, The Mas-ter to thee will un - fold.
 His word is thy wea-pon for serv-ice, And He is thy strength and thy Tow'r.
 A - bid-ing and pray-ing and trust-ing, The Lord thy pe-ti-tions will heed.

CHORUS.

If ye a - bid in Me, And My words a - bid in you,
 in Me, in you,

Rit.
 Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done un - to you.

No. 26. O SING OF HIS WONDERFUL LOVE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN JR.

Music by MORGAN.

1. God gave His own Son to re-deem a lost race, O sing of His
 2. For us the dear Sav-ior came down from His throne, O sing of His
 3. For us He was scoffed and ill-treat-ed of men, O sing of His
 4. For us on the cross He shed all His life's blood, O sing of His
 5. A man-sion in Glo-ry He's gone to pre-pare, O sing of His

won-der-ful love. Be-stow-ing on sin-ners His mer-cy and grace,
 won-der-ful love. Gave up all the rich-es in Glo-ry, His own,
 won-der-ful love. De-spised and re-ject-ed a-gain and a-gain.
 won-der-ful love. And o-pened a high-way to Heav-en and God;
 won-der-ful love. For-ev-er and ev-er we'll dwell with Him there;

D.S. life on the cross, He was will-ing to give,

FINE. CHORUS.

O sing of His won-der-ful love. O sing of His
 O sing of His won-der-ful,
 O sing of His won-der-ful love.

D. S.

won-der-ful love, O sing of His won-der-ful love, His
 O sing of His won-der-ful,

No. 27. IF HE ABIDE WITH ME.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET.

1. My days with sunshine shall be fraught, My sor - row, joy shall be,
 2. No e - vil ev - er shall be - fall, No bur - dens heav - y be,
 3. If shad - ows make my pathway dim, I shall not need to see;
 4. My storms are calm at His be - hest, Who spoke to Gal - i - lee,
 5. No pow'rs of life or death can harm, All griefs and dan - gers flee,

And thorn-y ways shall seem as naught, If Christ a-bide with me.
 For Christ will glad-ly take them all If He a-bide with me.
 But sweet-ly trust my way with Him Who will a-bide with me.
 And fears shall nev - er rob my rest, If Christ a-bide with me.
 If I but trust in Christ's strong arm, When He a-bide with me.

CHORUS.

I shall be safe - - - ly kept from sin,..... My life be
 I shall be safe - ly, safe-ly kept from sin,

glad..... and free;..... For I shall have..... sweet peace with-
 Each moment glad and free, yes, glad and free; For I shall have sweet

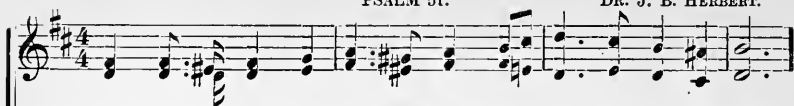
Rit.

in,..... If Christ a - bide with me.....
 peace, sweet peace within, If Christ abide with me, abide with me.

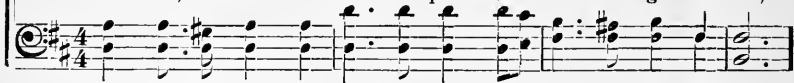
No. 28. WHITER THAN THE SNOW.

PSALM 51.

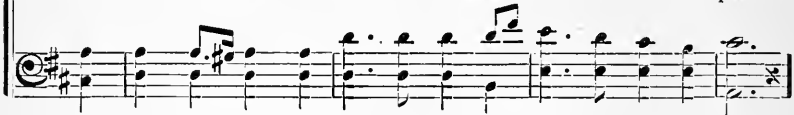
DR. J. B. HERBERT.



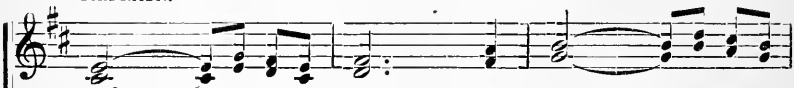
1. In Thy great lov - ing kind - ness, Lord, Be mer - ci - ful to me;
2. O wash me thor - ough - ly from sin; From all my guilt me cleanse;
3. 'Gainst Thee, Thee on - ly have I sinned, Done e - vil in Thy sight,
4. Be - hold, Thou in the in - ward parts With truth de - light - ed art;



In Thy com - pas - sion great blot out All my in - iq - ui - ty.
 For my trans - gress - ions I con - fess; I ev - er see my sins.
 That when Thou speak'st Thou mayst be just, And in Thy judg - ing right.
 And wis - dom Thou shalt make me know With - in the hid - den part.



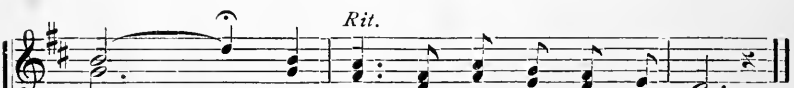
REFRAIN.



Wash..... Thou me, yea, wash..... Thou
 Wash Thou me, yea, Wash Thou me, Wash Thou me, yea,



me, wash Thou me, And then I shall be whit - er than the



snow,..... I shall be whit - er than the snow.
 snow, the snow,



No. 29. JESUS IS LIVING WITH ME.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

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

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

Je - sus is liv - ing with me. Liv - - ing with me,
 Je - sus is liv - ing with me. }
 Je - sus is liv - ing with me. } *L. V.* Liv - - ing with Him,
 ev - er be liv - ing with Him. } Living with me, yes, living with me,

Liv - - ing with me, Je - - - sus, my
 Liv - - ing with Him, Then shall I
 Living with me, yes, liv - ing with me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is

Sav - - ior, Is liv - - ing with me
 ev - er be liv - - ing with Him
 liv - ing with me, Is liv - ing with me, yes, liv - ing with me.

No. 30.

OVER YONDER.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. O - ver yon-der there is rest, And the wea-ry and oppressed Shall for-
 2. O - ver yon-der there is song, That shall ev - er sweep a-long Thro' a
 3. O - ver yon-der joy shall reign, For we'll meet our own again, Freed from

ev - er-more be blest, By and by. Lone - ly hearts no more are lone,
 happy, white-robed throng, By and by. And the new song we shall sing,
 wea - ri - ness and pain, By and by. O the glad-ness of that day,

And no sor-row shall be known, In that hap-py, hap py home on high.
 Is of our e - ter - nal King, Who has bro't us to that home on high.
 With our tears all wiped a - way, In that bless-ed home be-yond the sky.

CHORUS.

O - ver yon-der all is bright, O - ver yon-der all is right, For there

nev - er com - eth night, By and by. There are streets of shin - ing gold,

OVER YONDER. Concluded.

There are glo-ries none have told, In that hap-py land be-yond the sky.

No. 31. THE HOMELAND.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Oh! the home-land o - ver you-der Where abide the blood-washed throng;
2. Oh! the rest for feet a - wea - ry, In the home-land of the soul;
3. Oh! the hap - py, hap - py meet-ings With the loved ones gone be - fore;
4. Oh! the shouts of joy and won-der When we look up - on our King;
5. By and by, the toil-ing o - ver, We will reach the home-land shore,

Oh! the shouts of joy and won-der When we reach that home of song.
 All unknown are pathways drear - y In that sweet and rest-ful goal.
 Oh! the ma - ny ten-der greet-ings On that shin-ing home-land shore.
 He who lights the homeland yon-der Where the saved His prais-es sing.
 All its beau-ties to dis - cov - er; There to dwell for - ev - er - more.

D.S.—I've a man-sion o - ver you-der In the home-land of my God.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

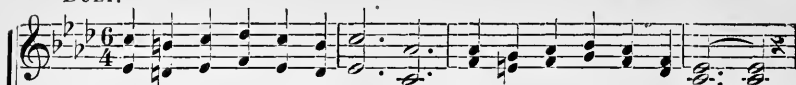
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Thro' the pre-cious, pre-cious blood,

No. 32. DEAR TO HEART OF THE SHEPHERD.

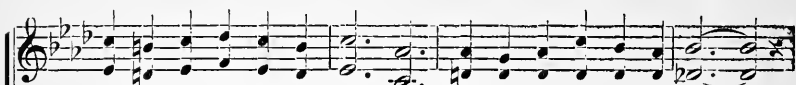
Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.



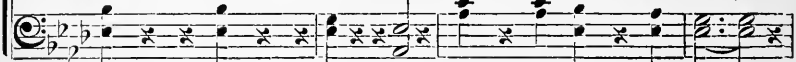
1. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."
4. Green are the pastures in-vit-ing, Sweet are the wat-ers and "still;"



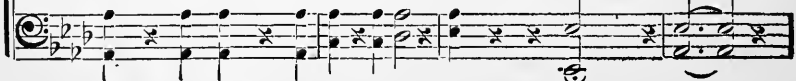
Dear is the love that He gives them, Dearer than sil-ver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wandered Out in the des-ert to pine.
Lord, we will an-swer thee glad-ly, "Yes, bless-ed Mas-ter, we will!"



Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;
Hark! He is earn-est-ly call-ing, Ten-der-ly plead-ing to-day;
Make us Thy true un-der-shep-herds, Give us a love that is deep;



O-ver the mountains He fol-lows, O-ver the wa-ters so deep.
Bring-ing them in with re-joic-ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shel-ter a-stray?"
Send us out in-to the des-ert Seek-ing Thy wan-der-ing sheep."



DEAR TO THE HEART.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Poco rit.*

Out in the des-ert they wan-der, Hungry and helpless and cold;....

f A tempo.

Off to the res-cue { He hast-ens, } Bring-ing them back to the fold.
(4th verse.) { we'll hasten, }

No. 33. COME, SINNER, COME.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER.

- { While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
While we are pray-ing for you, Come,..... sin-ner, come!
- { Are you too heav-y la-den? Come, sin-ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur-den; Come,.....sin-ner, come!
- { Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, Come,..... ..sin-ner, come!

{ Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know Him, Come,sin-ner, come!
{ Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ Je - sus can now re-deem you; Come,.....sin-ner, come!
{ While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come!
{ While we are pray-ing for you, Come,sin-ner, come!

No. 34.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

MARY. S. B. DANA.

Spanish.

Andante

1. Flee as a bird to your moun-tain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin,
2. He will pro-tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - er - y fall-ing tear;

Go to the clear flow-ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will for-sake thee, oh nev - er, Shel-tered so ten - der-ly there.

*Faster.**Rit.*

Fly, for th'a-ven-ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will
Haste, then the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in

A tempo.

hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear thee; Oh, thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The Sav - ior will

wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

No. 35.

JESUS IS PRECIOUS.

"Unto you therefore which believes he is precious."

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Peace like a riv - er is flood - ing my soul, Since Christ, my Sav - ior,
 2. Joy is a - bounding—My heart gaily sings, Cleave I the heavens—
 3. Oh pre - cious Je - sus, how love - ly Thou art! Come and a - bid - ing

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

CHORUS.

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

me,..... Pre - cious is He;.....
 pre - cious to me, Je - sus, the Sav - ior, how pre - cious is He;

to me.
 Je - sus shall ev - er..... be pre - cious so pre - cious to me.
 Je - sus, my Sav - ior, ev - er shall be so pre - cious to me, to me.

No. 36.

NO, NOT ONE!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great feeling.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

No. 37. THEY ARE COVERED BY THE BLOOD.

L. E. JONES.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. I brought my sins to Cal - va - ry, They are cov-ered by the
2. My woes are bur - ied 'neath the tide, They are cov-ered by the
3. 'Twas my trans-gres-sions that He bore, They are cov-ered by the
4. The bur-dens that my soul op- prest, They are cov-ered by the

blood of Je - sus; There He in mer - cy set me free, They are
blood of Je - sus; Be - neath the fount - ain deep and wide, They are
blood of Je - sus; Now He re - mem - bers them no more, They are
blood of Je - sus; He took them all and gave me rest, They are

CHORUS.

cov-ered by the blood of Je - sus. They are cov-ered by the blood,

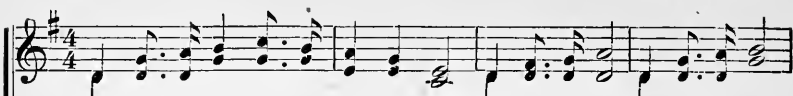
cov-ered by the blood, Cov-ered by the blood of Je - sus; Tho'

crim - son were my sins I know, They are covered by the blood of Je - sus.

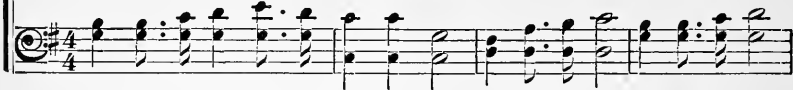
No. 38. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.



1. Je - sus is call-ing, dear child, come home, Calling to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing from Cal - va - ry, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is call-ing in gen - tle tone, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
4. Je - sus is call-ing from heav'n a - bove, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
5. Je - sus is call-ing, He still doth wait, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;



Why will you wan-der, why will you roam, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.
 Pleads by His blood shed up - on the tree, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.
 Plead-ing He stands at the Fa-ther's throne, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.
 Call-ing in mer - cy and wondrous love, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.
 Give Him your heart e'er it is too late, Come, while He's calling to - day.



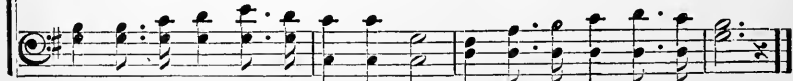
CHORUS.



Call - ing to - day, Call - ing to - day,
 Calling to-day, calling to-day, Calling to-day, Calling to-day,
 5 v. Come, come to - day, come while you may,
 Come, come to-day, come, come to-day, come while you may, come while you may.



Je - sus is call - ing to you, come home, Je - sus is call - ing to - day.
 Je - sus is call - ing to you, come home, Come, while He's calling to-day.



No. 39. THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

Spirited.

1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of rip - ened
 2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noon-tide's
 3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of

grain; Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, O'er the sun - ny
 glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing, Bid them gath - er
 gold, Heav'n - ward then at ev - 'ning wend - ing Thou shalt come with

CHORUS.

slope and plain. }
 ev - 'ry - where. } Lord of har - vest, send forth reap - ers!
 joy un - told. }

Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; Send them now the

sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

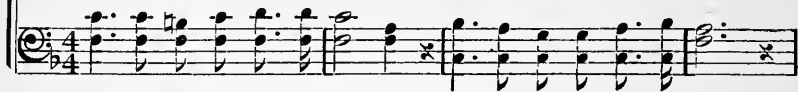
No. 40. MERCY'S DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN.

JENNIE WILSON.

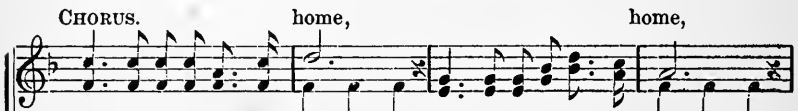
I. H. MEREDITH.



1. Hark! the spir-it's voice is say-ing, Though in sin-ful ways you roam,
2. Tho' where evil's gloom is deep-est, Far away from Christ you rove,
3. Tho' up-on your soul like crimson, Glow de-fil-ing stains of sin,
4. Lis - ten to the spir-it's pleading; From the Sav-ior stray no more;



Mer-cy's door is al-ways o - pen, Wea-ry prod - i - gal, come home.
 Mer-cy's door is al-ways o - pen; Come and prove His boundless love.
 Mer-cy's door is al-ways o - pen; En-ter and be whol-ly clean.
 Mer-cy's door may close for-ev - er, When the days of time are o'er.



CHORUS. home, home,
 Weary prodigal, come home, come home, Weary prodigal, come home, come home;



Mer-cy's door is al-ways o - pen, Wea-ry prod - i - gal, come home.



No. 41. HALLELUJAH TO HIS NAME.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

Music by MORGAN.

1. We are trav'ling o - ver to the prom-ised land, Hal - le-
 2. There's a clear light gleam-ing thro' the dark - est night, Hal - le-
 3. O'er the dash - ing wa - ters of life's storm - y sea, Hal - le-
 4. There are loved ones wait - ing on the heav-'nly shore, Hal - le-

lu - jah to His name! And our Pi - lot guides us with un-
 lu - jah to His name! For His Word is giv - en as a
 lu - jah to His Name! Still the Mas - ter speak - eth peace to
 lu - jah to His Name! From that peace - ful ha - ven we'll go

REFRAIN.

err - ing hand, Hal - le lu - jah to His Name!
 bea-con bright, Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name!
 you and me, Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name!
 out no more, Hal - le - lu - jah to His Name!

} Hal - le - lu - jah to His

Name! Hal le - lu - jah to His Name! He is
 Bless - ed name! bless - ed name!

guid-ing, cheer-ing, lov-ing all the way! O glo - ry to His Name!

No. 42. COME CLOSE TO THE SAVIOR.

F. J. CROSBY.
DUET.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Come close to the Sav - ior, Thy lov - ing Redeem - er, O sor - rowing
2. Come close to the Sav - ior, He call - eth thee gent - ly, Draw near to thy
3. Come close to the Sav - ior, Earth - pleasures are fleeting, But Je - sus will

heart op - pressed, (sore - ly oppressed.) Life's jour - ney is drear - y,
Fa - ther's throne, (thy Father's throne.) His eye will be - hold thee,
care for thee, (He'll care for thee.) What - ev - er may grieve thee,

Thy spir - it is wea - ry, O, come un - to Him and rest. Come close to the
His mer - cy en - fold thee, Why carry thy grief a - lone. Come close to the
He nev - er will leave thee, Thy strength as thy day shall be. Come close to the

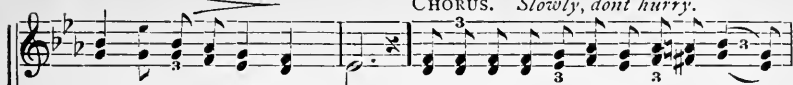
Cres.

Sav - ior, O, why dost thou lin - ger? He know - eth thy heart op -
Sav - ior, O, trust and re - mem - ber, Thro' tri - als our souls are
Sav - ior, O, come as a bird - ling Flies back to its par - ent

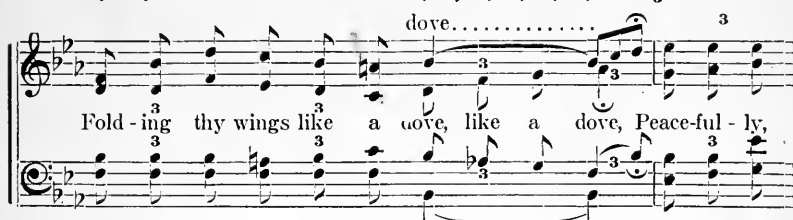
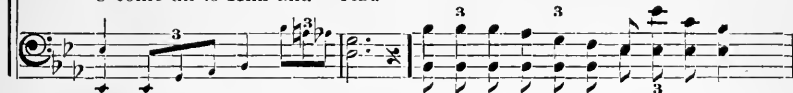
pressed, (sore - ly oppressed.) His promise be - liev - ing, His message re - ceiv - ing,
blest, (rich - ly are blest.) What - ev - er be - tide thee, Thy Refuge will hide thee,
nest, (flies to its nest.) Where peace like a riv - er, Flows onward for - ev - er,

COME CLOSE TO THE SAVIOR. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Slowly, dont hurry.*

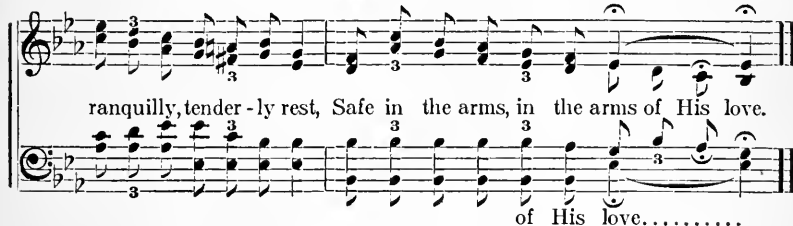


O come un-to Him and rest.
 O come un-to Him and rest.
 O come un-to Him and rest. } Peaceful-ly, tranquilly, ten-der-ly. rest,



Fold-ing thy wings like a dove, like a dove, Peace-ful-ly,

Safe in the arms of His love.....

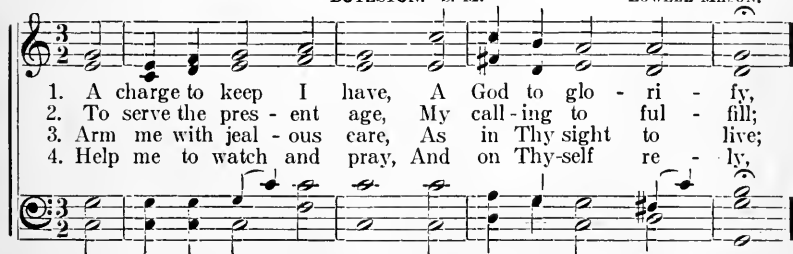


ranquilly, tender-ly rest, Safe in the arms, in the arms of His love.
 of His love.....

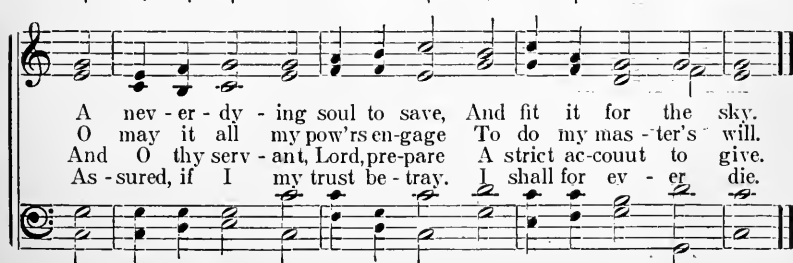
No. 43. A CHARGE TO KEEP.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re - ly,



A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my mas - ter's will.
 And O thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-prepare A strict ac-count to give.
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray. I shall for ev - er die.

No. 44. THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

SELECTED.
Moderato.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. In the crim-son of the morn-ing, in the whiteness of the noon, In the
 2. I have heard His wea-ry foot-steps on the sands of Gal-i-lee, On the
 3. Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim, Thro' the
 4. He is com-ing, O my spir-it! with His ev-er-last-ing peace, With His

am-ber glo-ry of the day's re-treat, In the midnight, rob'd in dark-ness,
 temple's marble pavement, on the street, Worn with weight of sorrow, falt'ring
 wond'ring throng, with motion strong and fleet, Sounds His victor tread, approaching
 bless-ed-ness in-mor-tal and com-plete. He is com-ing, O my Spir-it!

or the gleaming of the moon, I lis-ten for the com-ing of His feet.
 up the slopes of Cal-va-ry—The sor-row of the com-ing of His feet.
 with a mu-sic fair and dim—The mu-sic of the com-ing of His feet.
 and His com-ing brings re-lease—I lis-ten for the com-ing of His feet.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed com - ing of His feet,..... I lis-ten for the
 coming, blessed coming of His feet, of His feet,

com-ing of His feet,..... Bless-ed com - ing
 of His feet, com-ing, bless-ed com-ing

THE COMING OF HIS FEET. Concluded.

of His feet,..... I lis - ten for the com - ing of His feet.
of His feet, of His feet,

No. 45. MASTER, SPEAK!

Selected by MR. YATMAN.

1. Mas - ter speak! Thy serv - ant hear - eth, Wait - ing for Thy gra - cious word;
2. Speak to me by name, O Mas - ter! Let me know it is to me;
3. Mas - ter, speak! tho' least and low - est, Let me not un - heard de - part;
4. Mas - ter, speak! and make me read - y, When Thy voice is tru - ly heard,

Long - ing for Thy voice that cheer - eth; Mas - ter let it now be heard.
Speak, that I may fol - low fas - ter, With a step more firm and free;
Mas - ter, speak! for O, Thou know - est, All the yearnings of my heart;
With o - be - dience glad and stead - y, Still to fol - low ev - 'ry word.

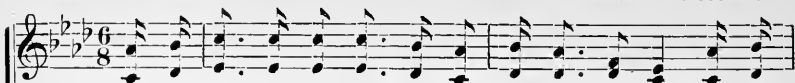
I am list'ning, Lord for Thee; What hast Thou to say to me?
Where the Shep - herd leads the flock, In the shad - ow of the Rock.
Know - est all its tru - est need; Speak! and make me blest in - deed.
I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee; Mas - ter, speak! O speak to me.

No. 46.

WONDERFUL PEACE.

REV. W. D. CORNELL.

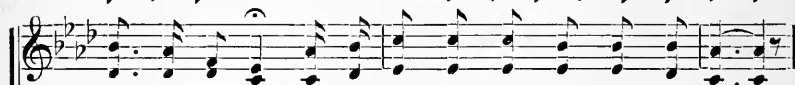
REV. W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
4. And me - thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace Where the



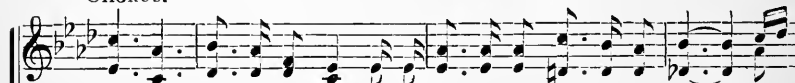
mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see; That one strain of the song which the



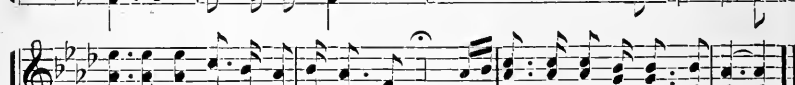
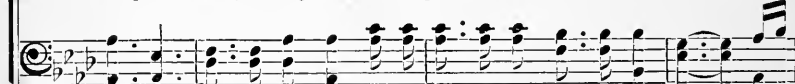
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a-way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
 ran - som'd will sing In that heav - en - ly cit - y will be.



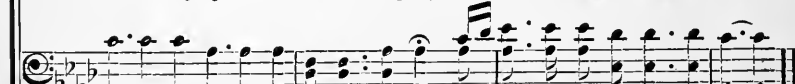
CHORUS.



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



o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er I pray, In fath - om - less bil - lows of love.

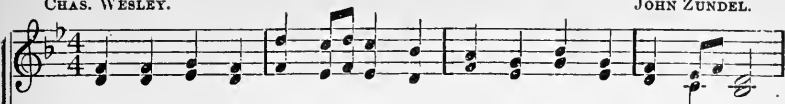


No. 47.

LOVE DIVINE.

CHAS. WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



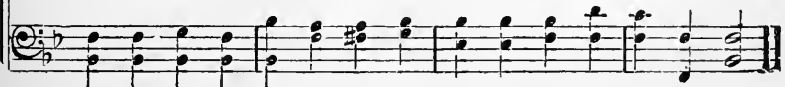
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwelling; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave;
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee;



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
 End of faith as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee: Lost in won - der, love, and praise



No. 48. ALWAYS MORE OF SUNSHINE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato. (Don't hurry.)

1. There is twi-light in the val-ley, There is light a-long the plain,
 2. Is thy life be-set with tri-al Where the shadows dark-ly fall?
 3. Let us mount a-bove the shad-ow Let us dwell a-bove the storm,

But there's glo-ry on the hill-tops, Blessed "shining aft-er rain."
 Has thy burden'd heart remember'd There is love be-hind it all?
 Where no blast shall ev-er chill us Where the sun is shining warm.

There is more of light than darkness, Let us greet it with a smile,
 Ye may go up-on the mountain Where "the shadows flee away,"
 Where the Lord of light is shining With a ra-di-ance sublime,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

There's a world of joy-ous shining All the while. }
 Ye may dwell in heavenly sun-shine Ev-'ry day. } There's always
 Where there's light and love and sunshine All the time. }

more of sunshine, Always more of day, Then tar-ry in the brightness,

ALWAYS MORE OF SUNSHINE. Concluded.

Be hap - py all the way. There's glo - ry on the mount - ain! O

scale the heights a - bove! The sun is al - ways shining, And God is love.

No. 49. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

THOS. MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

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

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

Here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n cannot heal.
Ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor - row that heav'n cannot cure.
Come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor - rows but heav'n can remove.

No. 50.

O FAIREST LAND.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

I. H. MEREDITH.

With expression.

1. There is a land be-yond the reach of sor-row, Where Je - sus doth a
 2. No thing un-clean shall en - ter that fair cit - y, No sor-row there, no
 3. No long-ings there, for all shall be con-tent - ed, All high-est hopes shall
 4. O shall we join the dwell-ers in yon cit - y? Are we, in-deed, so
 5. So, cleansed and pur - i-fied in blood most pre-cious, And kept from day to

place for us pre-pare, Where we may stand up-on some glad to-mor-row, And
 pain, no death, no sin, But glo-ry bright, and sweet, un-brok-en worship, When
 full fru-i-tion find; All pray'rs shall change to raptured songs of praises, Such
 free from earth's dark stains? Nay, sin had claimed us, but we fled to Je - sus, His
 day by won-drous grace, We turn our eyes to yon-der fair, bright cit-y, Where

D.S. We turn our eyes to yon-der fair, bright cit-y, Where

FINE. CHORUS.

gaze en - rap-tured on the glo-ries there.
 ope the pear - ly gates to let us in.
 bliss hath nev - er en - tered mor-tal mind. } O fair - est land! be-
 blood will cleanse till not a spot re - mains.
 we some day shall see His bless-ed face. }

we some day shall see His bless-ed face.

D. S.

yond the reach of sor-row, We'll enter there thro' His re-deem-ing grace,

No. 51. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

CATHERINE HANKEY.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

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; 'Tis 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
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all the gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in

tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS.

long - ings, As noth - ing else can do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

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

No. 52. ALL THE WAY LONG IT IS JESUS.

I. H. M.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Joy - ful I sing as I jour - ney each day; All the way long it is
 2. Tho' I am tempt - ed and sor - row - oppressed, All the way long it is
 3. Noth - ing shall sev - er my Sav - ior from me; All the way long it is
 4. There I shall sing on that beau - ti - ful strand; All the way long it is

Je - sus; Safe while He leads me, I nev - er shall stray; All the way
 Je - sus; Still I can trust Him, His Spir - it gives rest; All the way
 Je - sus; Soon in its beau - ty His face I shall see; All the way
 Je - sus; There in the pres - ence of Christ I shall stand; All the way

CHORUS.

long it is Je - sus. }
 long it is Je - sus. } Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is
 long it is Je - sus. }
 long it is Je - sus. }

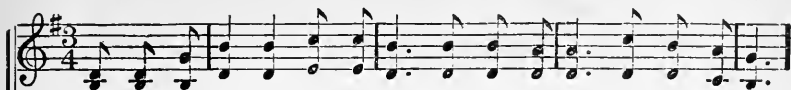
Je - sus; Je - sus, Je - sus, All the way long it is Je - sus.

No. 53.

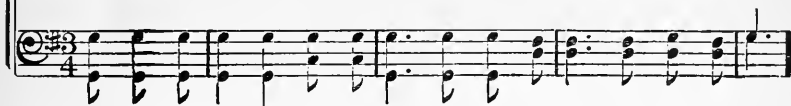
THE FOUNT I SEE.

ABBIE MILLS.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. I come, dear Sav-ior, with this plea, Oh, cleanse and then a - bide in me,
2. Take all, yea, all my stains a - way; "I will" O joy! I hear Thee say
3. O melting love! this calv'ry stream, Has power beyond my fondest dream,
4. For - ev - er let love's current roll, With flow unhindered thro' my soul,



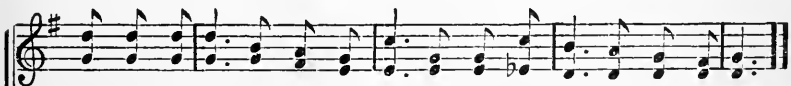
Pre-pare Thy place with-in my heart, And reign supreme in ev - 'ry part.
 'Be clean, I came to make thee so, Yea, whit-er than the spot-less snow."
 And swee-ter is God's will to me, Than hon-ey-comb can ev - er be.
 Ex-pand its chan-nel, day by day, For life is bliss be-neath Thy sway.



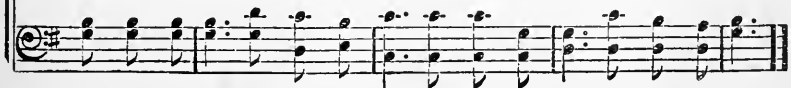
CHORUS.



O glo - ry! now the fount I see! The cleansing flood now reaches me,



The Ho - ly Spir-it comes to dwell In my poor heart, and all is well.



No. 54. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

"CONSECRATION."

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

D.S.

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

No. 55.

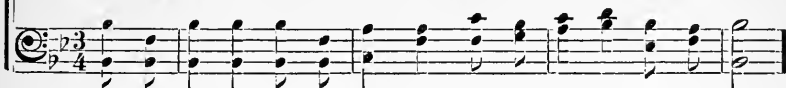
THE INNER CIRCLE.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whis - per, "I have chos - en you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went where'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some er - rand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot - stool kneel - ing, We, Thy chil - dren, humbly wait;



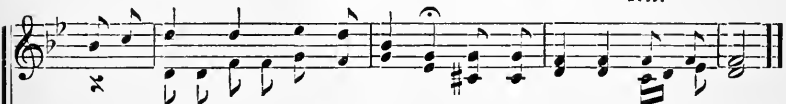
Does He tell you in com - mun - ion What He wish - es you to do?
 So to - day, we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in - tent.
 We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
 Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav'n's gate.



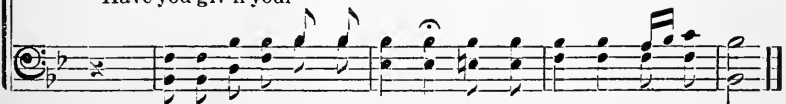
CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas - ter's call?
 Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

*Rit.*

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your All in all?
 Have you giv'n your



No. 56. GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. How great the love of God to me, When He so free-ly gave
 2. O love be-yond the tho't of man! How must my glad heart sing!
 3. Pro-claim to ev-'ry dis-tant isle A Sav-ior's lov-ing call!
 4. Let an-gels on the heights of heav'n, Let saints and ser-a-aphim

His Son, my sac-ri-fice to be, My sin-ful soul to save!
 The won-drous beau-ty of the plan That bro't from heav'n my King!
 Pro-claim a Fa-ther's pard'ning smile—Sal-va-tion free to all.
 Cry out, let praise to God be given, And let us wor-ship Him!

CHORUS.

For God so loved the world.... That He gave His on-ly Son....
 so loved the world, His on-ly be-got-ten Son,

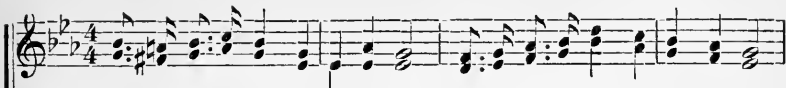
That who-so-ev-er be-liev-eth in Him, That who-so-ev-er be-

liev-eth in Him, Should not per-ish, but have ev-er-last-ing life.

No. 57. IN HIS STEPS I FOLLOW.

G. C. T.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.



1. "In His steps" I fol-low as I go On my pilgrim journey here be-low.
2. "In His steps," what peace and joy I know, Ev'ry day my path doth brighter grow,
3. "In His steps," I prove His matchless love, While He leads me to my home above-
4. "In His steps!" how sweet to walk with Him, E'en tho' clouds my pathway often dim,



"In His steps" I fol - low day by day, Trusting Him to lead the way.
"In His steps" His spir-it dwells with-in, Cleans-ing me from ev'-ry sin.
"In His steps" tho' pressed by ev'ry foe, I shall con-quer all, I know.
"In His steps," His smile il-lumes the way, And my night is turned to day.



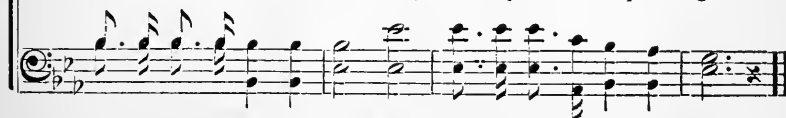
CHORUS.



Glad-ly in His steps I fol - low—I fol - low—I fol - low.



Glad-ly in His steps I fol - low, Glad-ly in His steps I go.



No. 58.

GOD'S SUMMERLAND.

JENNIE WILSON.
Not too fast.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. A-far from earth..... is a sum-mer-land,.....
 2. A-cross the sky..... of that sum-mer clime,.....
 3. Glad mu-sic floats..... on each balm-y breeze.....
 4. God's sum-mer-land..... is a ho-ly place,.....
 A-far from earth, a sum-mer-land,

Where flow'rs.. are ev-er bright,..... And all is fair..... on that
 No storm.. shall ev-er sweep,..... And free from care..... and its
 That sweeps.. ce-les-tial plains,..... By life's clear stream,..... 'mid the
 Where sin.... can nev-er come,..... And then with Christ.... thro' re-
 Where flow'rs are ev-er bright, and all is fair,

beauteous strand,..... Where com-eth no with-'ring blight...
 griefs of time,..... None ev-er shall mourn or weep....
 heal-ing trees,..... Is waft-ed an-gel-ic strains...
 deem-ing grace,..... We'll find our e-ter-nal home...
 that beauteous strand.

CHORUS.

Sweet sum-mer-land,..... God's sum-mer-land,..... Where
 sweet sum-mer-land, God's sum-mer-land,

GOD'S SUMMERLAND. Concluded.

saints.... in His light a - bide,..... A - mid its bloom,.....
 where saints His light a-bide, A-mid its

..... and its sweet per-fume,..... Our souls shall be sat-is - fied.....
 bloom, its sweet per-fume,

No. 59. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

SCOTCH AIR.

1. { Near-er, my God, to Thee! Near-er to Thee, } Still all my song shall be,
2. { E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me; } Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, } Yet in my dreams I'll be
3. { Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone, } There let my way ap-pear, Steps un-to heaven. } An-gels to beck-on me
4. { All that Thou send-est me, In mer-cy given; }

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

No. 60. TELL THE SAVIOR ALL.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

MUSIC BY MORGAN.

Quietly.

1. Make the Lord a full con - fes - sion When on Him you call.
 2. Not a - lone the great temp - ta - tions, That the heart ap - pall,
 3. For the Eye that guards Cre - a - tion Sees a spar-row fall;
 4. To the Lord of Earth and Heav-en, Noth-ing counts too small.

F. Do not car - ry half the bur - den, Tell the Sav - ior all.
 But the lit - tle cares and bur - dens, Tell the Sav - ior all.
 All your troub - les will not tire Him; Tell the Sav - ior all.
 Take your joys, and take your sor - rows; Tell the Sav - ior all.

FINE.

D.S. Make to Him a full con - fess - ion; Tell the Sav - ior all.

CHORUS. Tell the Sav - ior all,..... Tell the Sav - ior all;.....
 Tell Him all, tell Him all;

D. S.

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No. 61. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

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. O, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM. Concluded.

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I 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!

No. 62. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

MONTGOMERY.

KOSCHAT.

Slowly and sustained. Alto prominent.

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd no want shall I know;
 2. Thro' the val - ley of the Shad - ow of death though I stray,

I feed in green pas - tures; safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
 Since Thou art my Guard - ian no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring re -
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my

Rit.
 deems when oppressed. Re - store me when wan - d'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 Com - fort - er near. No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.

No. 63. THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

Arr. by I. H. MEREDITH.

1. It's no^t 'mid scenes of rev - el My heart de-lights to be;
 2. O the match-less love that bought me, O bonds that set me free,
 3. When Sa - tan's hosts pur - sue me, Where think ye I should flee?
 4. Thus for - ev - er let me lin - ger Where Christ gives lib - er - ty;

But it's where my Sav - ior suf - fer - ed — The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Shout glo - ry un - to glo - ry, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Un - to this bless - ed ref - uge, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And twine my heart-strings round it — The cross of Cal - va - ry.

REFRAIN.

The cross once raised for me,	The cross once raised for thee;
The cross once raised for me,	The cross once raised for thee;
The cross once raised for me,	The cross once raised for thee;
The cross once raised for me,	The cross once raised for thee;

But it's where my Sav - ior suf - fer - ed — The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Shout glo - ry un - to glo - ry, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Un - to this bless - ed ref - uge, The cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And twine my heart-strings round it, — The cross of Cal - va - ry.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

EDWIN J. NEWTON.

1. Peace with God thro' Christ our Sav - ior, By His blood we're jus - ti - fied;
 2. Peace, the Christian's con - so - la - tion, Peace the world can nev - er know;
 3. Peace that pass - eth un - der - stand - ing, Peace, the com - fort of the soul;
 4. Peace on earth and joy in heav - en, For this cause the Sav - ior came;

By His mer - cy and His fa - vor, Peace our souls hath sat - is - fied.
 Com - ing from our Heav'nly Fa - ther, Ev - er with us here be - low.
 Peace in joy, and peace in sor - row, Peace with - in tho' tempests roll.
 Bring - ing peace and joy and bless - ing, Thro' be - liev - ing on His name.

CHORUS.

Peace that pass - eth un - der - stand - ing, Peace the world can nev - er know;

Peace that flow - eth like a riv - er, Sat - is - fies us as we go.

DAVID DENHAM.

ARRANGED.

Con espress.

1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture com-plaints, How sweet to my
 2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace, And thrice gracious
 3. Whate'er Thou de-ni - est, oh, give me Thy grace! The Spir-it's sure
 4. I long, dear-est Sa-rior, in Thy beau-ty to shine, No more as an

soul is com - mun-ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
 Je - sus, whose love can - not cease, Tho' oft from Thy pres - ence in
 wit-ness, and smiles of Thy face; En - due me with pa-tience to
 ex - ile in sor - row to pine; But in Thy bright in - age to

mer-cy there's room, And feel in the pres-ence of Je - sus at home.
 sad-ness I roam, I long to be - hold Thee in glo - ry at home.
 wait at Thy throne, And find, e - ven now, a sweet fore-taste of home.
 rise from the tomb, With glo-ri - fied mill-ions to praise Thee at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Pre-pare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

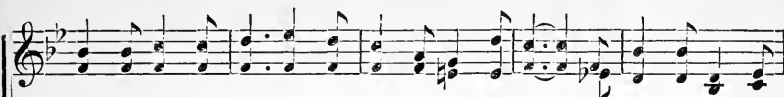
No. 66. AS THE APPLE OF HIS EYE.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



1. Oh! what a might - y Sav - ior, re-mem-b'ring all my need! His
2. The winds may sweep around me, the sun with-draw its light, Yet
3. The griefs a - long the path-way, like thorns a-mong the flow'rs, But
4. I'll serve the pre-cious Mas - ter, with joy - ful-ness of heart, And



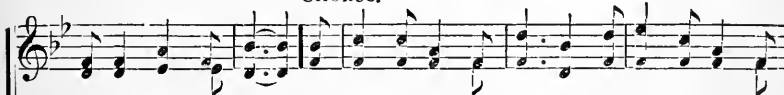
ten-der-ness and mer-cy a moth-er's care ex-ceed; I cast my care up-
Je - sus is the Day-spring whose smile dispels the night; I'll creep the closer
bid my soul look for-ward to E-den's fair - er bow'rs; And ev-'ry joy is
tell His love to oth - ers, till earth - ly days de - part; A bless-ed home a -



on Him, He hears my faintest cry; He'll keep me, for He says so, as the
to Him un - til the storm goes by; He'll keep me, for He says so, as the
sweet-er, the Giv - er draws so nigh; He'll keep me, for He says so, as the
waits me be-yond the arch-ing sky; He'll keep me, for He says so, as the



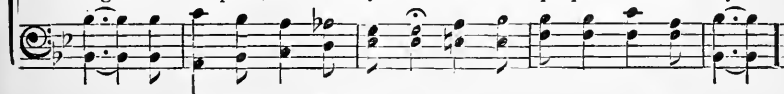
CHORUS.



ap-ple of His eye! Oh! what a glo-rious Sav-ior! His love so deep, so



high! He'll keep me, for He says so, as the ap - ple of His eye!



No. 67. WE'RE NEARING THE CITY.

Rev. HARRY WHITE.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. We're near - ing the cit - y of which we are told;
 2. Mid tri - - als and dan - gers and an - guish of soul,
 3. We're cross - ing the riv - er, we're out on its tide;
 4. O sin - ner, now drift - ing far out on the tide

Its walls are of jas - per, its streets are of gold;
 Tho' dark be the night and the wild bil - lows roll,
 The cit - - y ap - pears on the fair E - den side;
 Of sin's bit - ter an - guish, in death to a - bide,

Tho' lone - ly, and drear - y, and bois - t'rous the way,
 I see a light gleam - ing a - cross the dark wave,
 There, an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come us home,
 Turn back to the Sav - ior—for you He has died;

We'll anch - or in heav - en, with Je - sus to stay.
 And Je - - sus stands wait - ing the lost ones to save.
 To swell the sweet cho - rus a - round the white throne.
 Come anch - or your soul in the Lamb cru - ci - fied.

WE'RE NEARING THE CITY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We're bound..... for that cit - - - y where com - - eth no
We're bound for that cit - y, that beau-ti-ful cit-y where cometh no night, where

Rit.
night,..... Oh, glo - ri-ous cit - y of end-less de - light.
com-eth no night,

No. 68. THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a

glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worth-y
doubt-ing stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from
Fa-ther's hand, Love can - not die; Oh, then, to glo - ry run, Be a

is our Sav - ior, King, Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
crown and kingdom won, And bright a - bove the sun We reign for aye.

No. 69. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

GOULD.

SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y 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 happy 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 Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,

With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

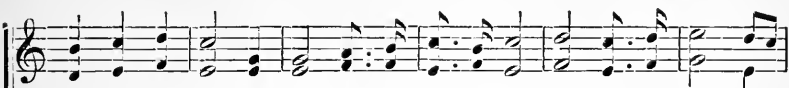
No. 70. O SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

REV. FRANK BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.



1. O, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide
2. O, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, Je-sus is mine, No long-er in dread condem-
3. O, bliss of the pu-ri-fied, bliss of the pure! No wound hath the soul that His
4. O, Je-sus the cru-ci-fied! Thee will I sing, My bless-ed Re-deem-er, my



o-pened for me; O'er sin and un-cleanness ex-ult-ing I stand, And
na-tion I pine; In conscious sal-va-tion I sing of His grace, Who
blood can-not cure, No sor-row bowed head but may sweet-ly find rest, No
God and my King; My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave, And



CHORUS.



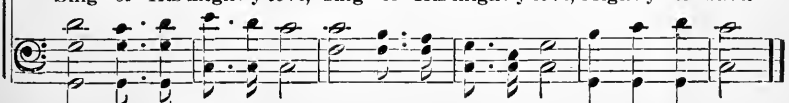
point to the print of the nails in His hand.
lift-eth up-on me the light of His face. } Oh, sing of His might-y love,
tears but may dry them on Je-sus' breast.
tri-umph in death in the "Might-y to save."



Rit.



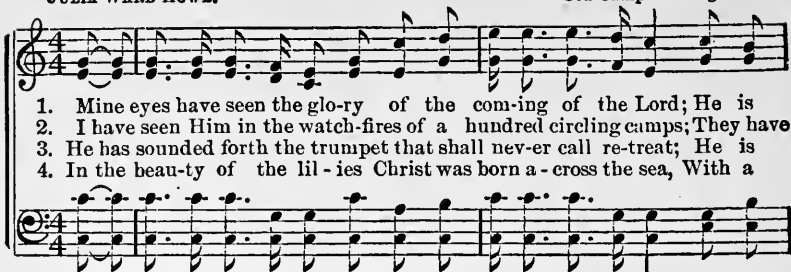
Sing of His might-y love, sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.



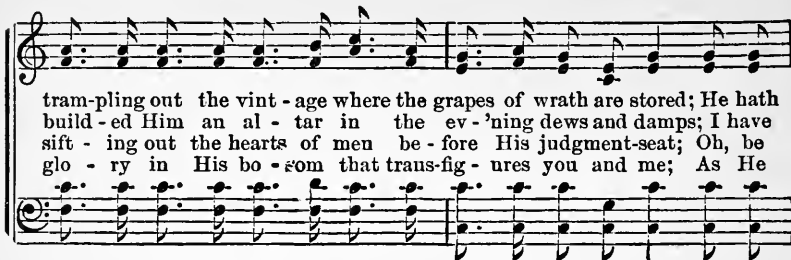
No. 71. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

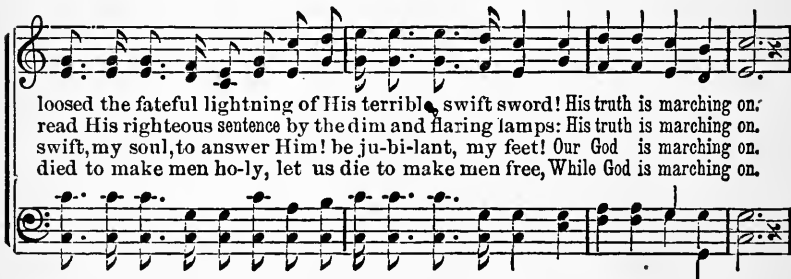
Old Camp meeting Air.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
 3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is
 4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

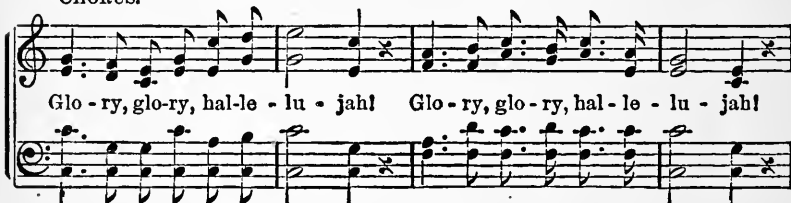


tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build-ed Him an al-tar in the ev-'ning dews and damps; I have
 sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment-seat; Oh, be
 glo-ry in His bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He



loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword! His truth is marching on;
 read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His truth is marching on.
 swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
 died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.

No. 72.

ONLY WAITING.

FRANCIS L. MACE.

J. A. LLOYD.

Andante maestoso.

1. On - ly wait - ing, till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle longer grown;
 2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers Have the last sheaf gathered home;
 3. On - ly wait - ing, till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle longer grown;

On - ly wait - ing, till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown;
 For the sum - mer time is fad - ed, And the au - tumn winds have come.
 On - ly wait - ing, till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown.

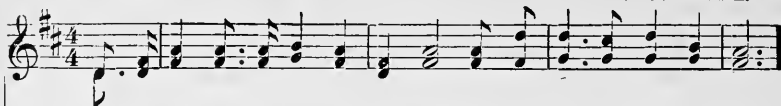
Till the light of earth is fad - ing From the hearts once full of day;
 Quick - ly, reap - ers, gath - er quick - ly These last ripe hours of my heart,
 Then, from out the gath - ered dark - ness Ho - ly, deathless stars shall rise,

Till the stars of heav'n are break - ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray.
 For the bloom of life is with - er'd, And I hast - en to de - part.
 By whose light my soul shall glad - ly Tread its path - way to the skies.

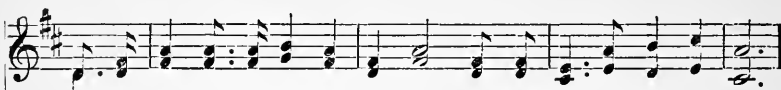
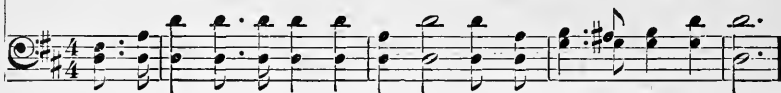
No. 73. LIGHT FROM THE HOME-LAND.

JENNIE WILSON.

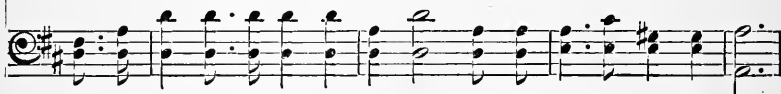
I. H. MEREDITH.



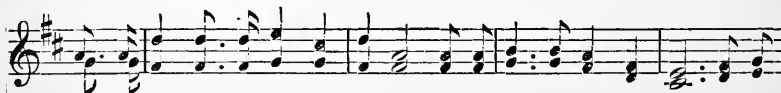
1. There's a soul-cheer-ing radiance streaming From the strand beyond the tide;
2. Tho' e-bove us the storm-clouds gather, And a-round the bil-lows war;
3. Tho' the jour-ney be long and drear-y, We shall an-chor with the blest;
4. How the light from the Home-land glowing Gladdens all our pilgrim way;



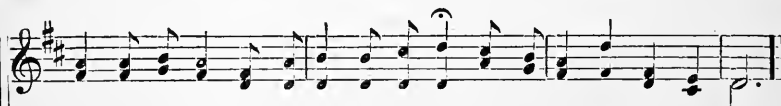
'Tis a light from the Home-land beaming, O'er the waves our bark to guide.
Still the hand of a lov-ing Fa-ther Sends a light from Heaven's shore.
And tho' tempest-toss'd, worn and wear-y, In the Home-land we shall rest.
With as-sur-ance that we are go-ing To a port of per-fect day.



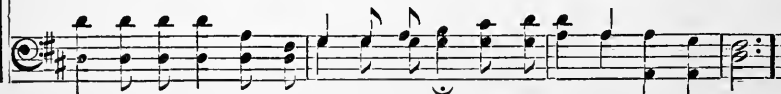
CHORUS.



Bless-ed light from the Home-land streaming, Shining out o'er life's dark sea, May that



light guide us on till the har-bor is won, And from dan-ger we are free.



1. { Down at the cross, on Cal-v'ry's mountain Where mer-cies flow,
 { When noth-ing in the whole cre - a - tion Could purchase peace,
 2. { When lost in sin, my all I squandered, Far from the fold:
 { All bonds of sin and Sa - tan rend-ing, Christ made me whole:
 3. { All round my way the sun is shin-ing, Dark - ness has fled;
 { My Lord has cast His robe a - round me, No more I'll roam;

I plung'd in the re-deem-ing fountain, Wash'd whit-er than the snow. }
 My Sav-ior bro't His free sal - va - tion, Gave me com-plete re - lease. }
 My Sav-ior sought me where I wandered, Gave me His wealth un - told. }
 I'll ne'er for-get that joy transcend-ing, When Je - sus sav'd my soul. }
 On Je - sus' breast I am re - clin - ing, Dai - ly by Him I'm fed. }
 The Shep-herd of the sheep has found me, Je - sus has bro't me home. }

CHORUS.

Broth-ers, won't you hear the sto - ry? See the fount-ain flow!

Oh, glo-ry in the high-est, glo - ry! Je - sus saves me, this I know.

No. 75. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

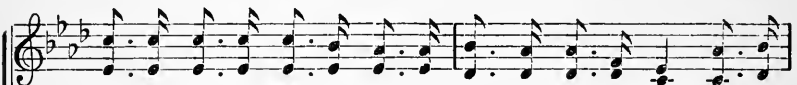
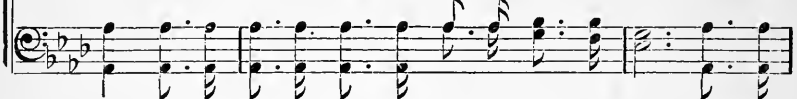
J. M. BLACK.



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



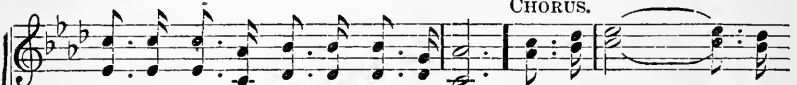
more, And the morning breaks e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when



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



CHORUS.



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



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



WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.—Concluded.

yon - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
 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.

No. 76. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of

morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera-phi-m
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!

mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down before Thee Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.

No. 77. DO YOU LOVE JESUS?

FLORA KIRKLAND.
DUET AND CHORUS.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Do you love Je - sus? He hath re-deemed you; He up - on Cal - v'ry
 2. Do you not know Him? Hark to the sto - ry; How to re-deem you,
 3. Do you love Je - sus? Do you love Je - sus? Think how He left His

Suffered and Died. Will you ac - cept Him? How can you lin - ger?
 Glad - ly He came; Left His bright heav - en, Slept in a man - ger.
 Home in the sky; Lov - ing and toil - ing, Suf - fer - ing, dy - ing,

CHORUS.

How can you slight Him? Once cru-ci-fied. } Will you love Je - sus?
 Sav-ior of sin-ners! Won-der-ful name! }
 Pay-ing your debt so You need not die. } Will you love Je-sus?

Love Him to - day?..... Slight not His mer - cy,
 Will you love Him to - day? Slight not His mer - cy,

Yield while you may;..... O - pen your heart's door,
 Yield, O yield while you may; O - pen your heart's door,

DO YOU LOVE JESUS? Concluded.

Do not de-lay, Grant Him ad-mis - sion, Ev - er to stay.
Do not, do not de-lay, Grant Him admission, Bid Him ever to stay.

No. 78. DO YOUR VERY BEST.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

1. Do your ver - y best for Je - sus, Triv - ial tho' your serv - ice be;
2. Do your ver - y best for Je - sus, He your mo - tive un - der - stands;
3. Do your ver - y best for Je - sus, Seek to serve Him ev - 'ry - where;

When He comes He will re - ward you, Say - ing, "This was done for me."
Tho' your ef - forts may seem use - less, You are in the Mas - ter's hands.
Walk in low - ly paths of serv - ice, You will find the Mas - ter there.

CHORUS.

Do your ver - y best for Je - sus, He is watch - ing from the sky;

Rit.
He will note your earn - est ef - forts, And re - ward you by and by.

No. 79.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

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 rapt-ure now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

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

CHORUS.

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

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

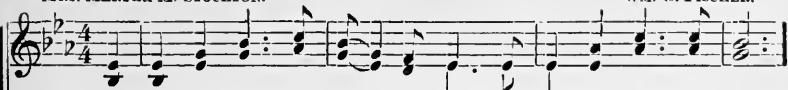
sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 80.

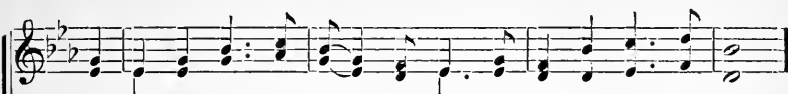
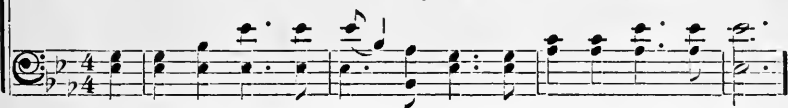
OH, 'T WAS LOVE.

MRS. MARTHA M. STOCKTON.

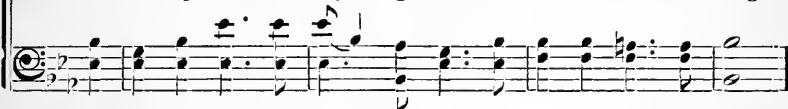
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall;
2. Ev' n now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glorious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known
4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be given
5. Of vic - tory now o'er Sa - tan's power Let all the ransomed sing,



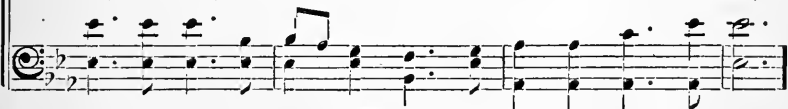
Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 Re - demp - tion by His death I find, And cleans - ing thro' the blood.
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heaven.
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King



CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas won - drous love! The love of God to me;



It brought my Sav - ior from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.



No. 81.

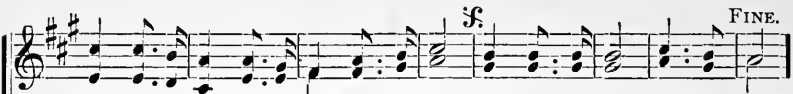
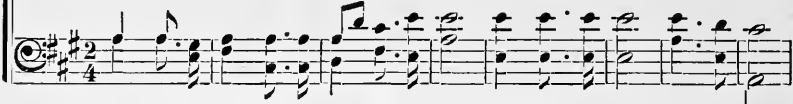
HOMeward BOUND.

W. F. WARREN.

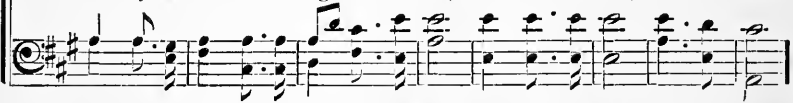
C. S. HARRINGTON.



1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars; We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
3. We'll tell the world, as we journey along, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
4. Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;



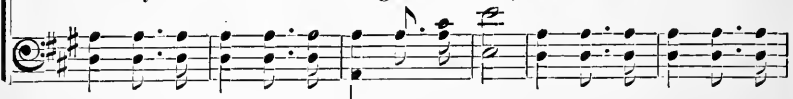
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Look! yonder lie the bright heav'nly shores; We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Try to persuade them to enter our throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
 Soft - ly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last, home at last.



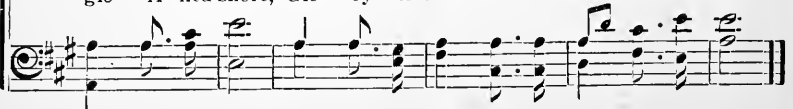
D.S. *We're homeward bound, homeward bound.*
 D.S. L.V. *We're home at last, home at last.*



Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode; Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce -
 Stead - y! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Stead - y! we soon shall out -
 Come, trembling sin - ner, for - lorn and op - pressed, Join in our num - ber, O
 Glo - ry to God! all our dan - gers are o'er; We stand se - cure on the



les - tial a - bode, Prom - ise of which on us each He be - stowed,
 weath - er the gale; Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creak - ing sail!
 come and be blest; Jour - ney with us to the man - sions of rest,
 glo - ri - fied shore; Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more.



No. 82. ALL THE WAY TO CALVARY.

Mrs. W. G. MOYER & I. H. M.

I. H. MEREDITH. Cho. arr.

1. Oh, how dark the night that wrapt my spirit round! Oh, how deep the woe my
 2. Tremblingly a sinner bowed before His face, Naught I knew of pardon.—
 3. Oh, 'twas wondrous love the Savior show'd for me, When He left His throne for

Sav - ior found When He walked across the wa - ters of my soul,
 God's free grace, Heard a voice so melt-ing, "Cease thy wild re - gret,
 Cal - va - ry, When He trod the wine-press, trod it all a - lone;

CHORUS.

Bade my night dis - perse and made me whole.
 Je - sus bought thy par - don, paid thy debt. } All the way to
 Praise His name for - ev - er, make it known. }

Cal - va - ry He went for me, He went for me, He went for me;

All the way to Cal - ya - ry He went for me, He died to set me free.

No. 83.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

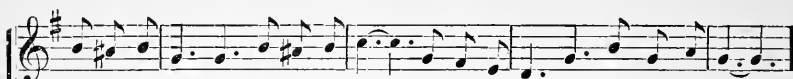
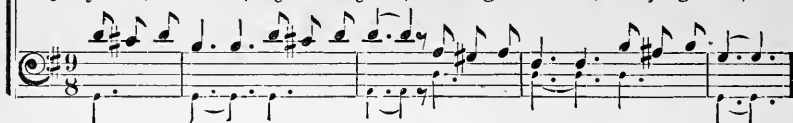
J. W. VAN DE V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

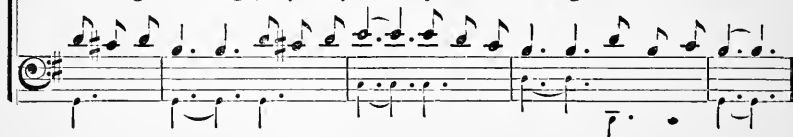
DUET.



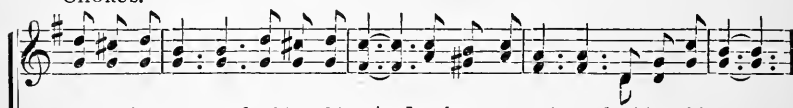
1. O-ver the riv - er fac-es I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Father and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis-ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, coming sometime;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come;
5. Je-sus, the Savior, bright morning star, Looking for lost ones straying a- far;



Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
 Bearing the loved ones over the tide In- to the har- bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be- low.
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously look- ing, moth- er, for you.
 Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je- sus is call- ing, "Sinner, come home."



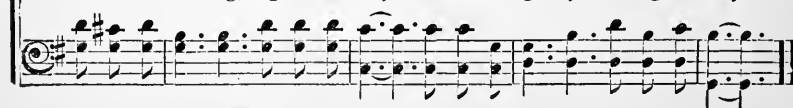
CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo- ry, looking this way.



No. 84. TAKE THE FIELD FOR GOD.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Edwin J. Newton.

Martial.

1. Go forth! go forth! 'tis Je - sus who is call - ing you—
 2. Oh! fear not man, for Je - sus is the Might - y One;
 3. March on! march on! 'tis Christ him-self who lead - eth you;

Go ye forth with cour-age and with song, Ar - rayed with all the
 Trust in Him and you are safe from harm; Be - lieve! oh! nev - er
 Dare to go where oth - ers nev - er trod! Un - daunt - ed, fear - less,

ar - mor He pro - vid - eth you, Go and bat - tle 'gainst the wrong!
 doubt His bless - ed prom - is - es, Trust in God's al - might - y arm.
 on - ward go to vic - to - ry! Go and take the field for God!

CHORUS.

Go ye forth! the Savior's call o - bey - ing, Meet thy foes a - broad! Go
 call o - bey - ing,

forth, and know that your's shall be the victory, Go and take the field for God!

ALL SAINTS. C. M. D.

REGINALD HEBER.

DR. HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3. A glo - ri - ous band the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows, in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, and called on Him to save:
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, And tri - umph o - ver pain,
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They climbed the dizzy steep to heav'n Thro' per - li - toil and pain.

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low—He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
 O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

No. 86.

ONWARD I FLOAT.

REV. JNO. O. FOSTER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. I came to the fount-ain where pur - i - ty flows In riv - ers of
 2. With per-fect con-tent-ment and heav - en - ly rest, I float on this
 3. In vis - ions of life and of ho - ly de-light, My soul has been

heav - en - ly might; Where wide as the in - fi - nite Mer - cy there
 tide from a - bove; Borne on - ward by waves from the aisles of the
 mov - ing a - way; To realms where my faith shall be end - ed in

CHORUS.

goes, A spir-it-ual stream of de - light.
 blest, "O'er fath-om-less bil-lows of love." } On-ward I float to the
 sight, A-mid the wide splendors of day.

realms of the blest On bil-lows of heav - en - ly love. Soon I shall

en - ter the ha - ven of rest And dwell with the Sav - ior a - bove.

No. 87.

THOU ART COMING.

ROBT. L. FLETCHER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. O, Je - sus, Thou art com - ing; We wait and watch for - Thee,
 2. Thy prom - is - es be - liev - ing, Our hearts re - spon - sive say,
 3. O! Je - sus, in com - pas - sion, Bring Thou that glo - ry night,

That with en - rap - tured vis - ion, Thy beau - ty we may see;
 That Thou art sure - ly com - ing, With those we love, some day;
 And wipe all tears of sor - row From ev - 'ry weep - ing eye;

And mount on wings, like ea - gles, To dwell in Thine a - bode,
 O! sweet and blest re - un - ion Of friend a - gain with friend,
 And in that new cre - a - tion, Bright with the an - gels' praise,

With all the sons of glo - ry, — The pur - chase of Thy blood.
 With those who love our Sav - ior, E - ter - ni - ty to spend.
 We shall to Thee for - ev - er Our songs of tri - umph raise.

CHORUS.

Com - ing by and by, com - ing by and by, Our bless - ed Lord is

THOU ART COMING. Concluded.

com - ing in glo - ry from on high; Be-hold! the day is com-ing, when
 heav'n with praise shall ring, And on the clouds appearing, we'll hail our coming King.

No. 88. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISHER, 1879, by per.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er,
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at
 4. Lord Je-sus, Thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and within me
 to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know,
 Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow—
 a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er said'st No.

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

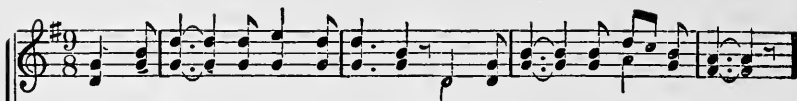
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;

D. S. Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

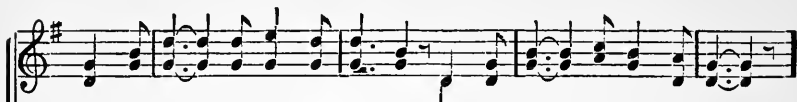
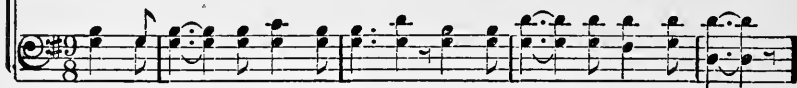
No. 89. SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Rev. E. ADAMS.

J. M. EVANS.



1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See! the bless-ed wave their hands;
3. There, let go the anch-or! rid-ing On this calm and sil-v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all tempt-a-tion; All the storms of life are past;



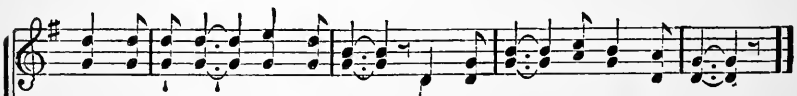
And the liv - ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God re-sound-ing From the bright im-mor-tal bands.
 Sea - ward fast the tide is glid-ing; Shores in sun-light stretch a-way.
 Praise the Rock of our Sal - va-tion; We are safe at home at last!



CHORUS.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter-nal shore.



Drop the anch-or! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!



No. 90.

REJOICE IN THE LORD.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Re-joyce in the Lord al - way! Re - joyce in His power di - vine!
 2. Re-joyce in the Lord al - way! His word is the light of life!
 3. Re-joyce in the Lord al - way! His peace like a riv - er flows!
 4. Re-joyce in the Lord al - way! Let faith hold His ban-ner high!
 5. Re-joyce in the Lord al - way! For He is the Lord, our God!

His love and grace from day to day, O'er all the dark world shine.
 It leads us on from strength to strength, Thro' sor-row, sin and strife.
 Who rests in Him no dan-ger fears, Nor grief nor sor-row knows.
 For he whose hope is placed in Him, Dwells safe be-neath His eye.
 We take for our E - ter - nal Guide, His ev - er - last - ing Word.

CHORUS.

Re - joyce,..... re - joyce!..... Re-joyce in the Lord al - way.
 In the Lord, In the Lord.

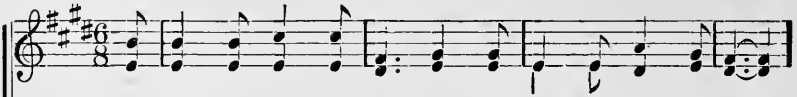
Re - joyce!..... Re - joyce,..... and a-gain I say re-joyce.
 In the Lord, In the Lord.

No. 91.

CONSECRATION.

MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name,
3. Oh, let the fire, de - scend - ing Just now up - on my soul,
4. I am Thine, O blest Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy cleans - ing blood;



A con - se - crat - ed off'ring, Thine ev - er - more to be.
 I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
 Consume my hum - ble offring, And cleanse and make me whole.
 Now seal me by Thy Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.



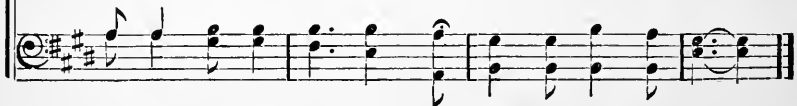
CHORUS.



My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire:

*Rit.*

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.



No. 92. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

ISSAC WATTS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 chil - dren of the heav'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May
 fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

No. 93. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

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

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

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

By Permission.

No. 94. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

ENGLISH MELODY.

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

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 '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 that voice divine. | Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him of every good possessed. |
| 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest; | 4 High heavn that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. |

No. 95.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
 2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,

See the in-cense rise To the star-ry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
 But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>3 Take the golden key
 In your hand and see
 As the night-tide drifts away,
 How its blessed hold
 Is the crown of gold,
 Thro' the weary hours of day.</p> | <p>4 When the shadows fall,
 And the vesper call
 Is sobbing its low refrain,
 'Tis a garland sweet
 To the toil-dent feet,
 And an antidote for pain.</p> | <p>5 Soon the year's dark door
 Shall be shut no more;
 Life's tears shall be wiped away
 As the pearl gates swing,
 And the gold harps ring,
 And the sun unsheathe for aye.</p> |
|--|--|---|

No. 96. THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Arr.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior 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 judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHOR.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

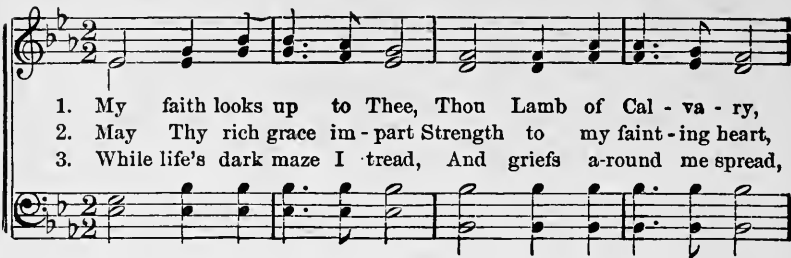
I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

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

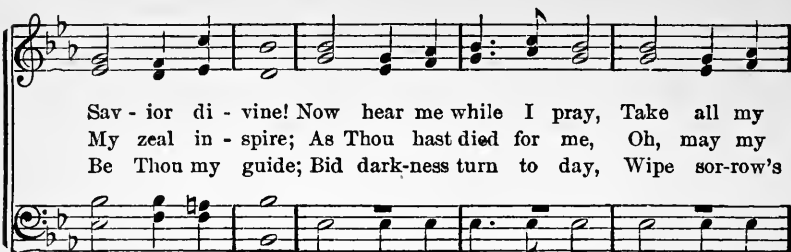
No. 97. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAT PALMER.

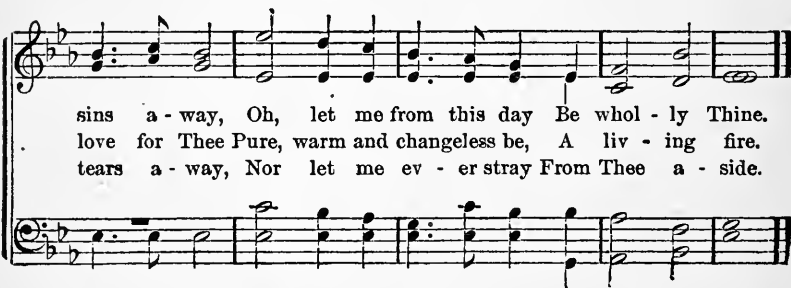
LOWELL MASON.



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,

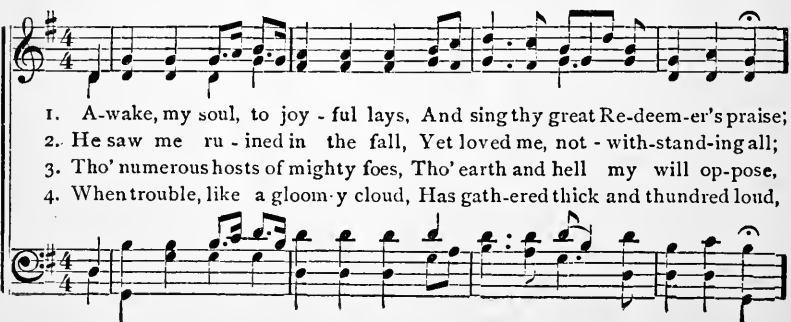


Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's



sins a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love for Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

No. 98. LOVING KINDNESS.



1. A-wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my will op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundred loud,

LOVING KINDNESS. Concluded.



He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!
 He saves me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how great!
 He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how strong!
 He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how good!



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



PLEVEL'S HYMN. 7.



99.

Hasten Sinner.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Wisdom if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest thy season should be o'er
 Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
 Stay not for the morrow's sun:
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
 Ere salvation's work is done.

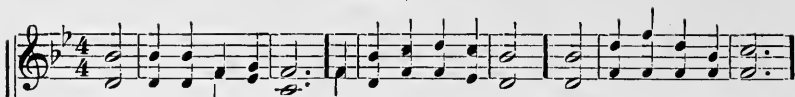
100.

Take My Life.

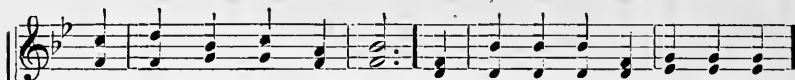
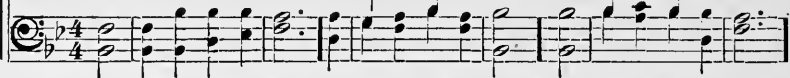
- 1 Take my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord to Thee.
 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love.
- 2 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
 Take my will and make it Thine,
 Let it be no longer mine.
- 3 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 Let it be Thy royal throne,
 Take my love, my Lord of power,
 At Thy feet its treasures store.

No. 101. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

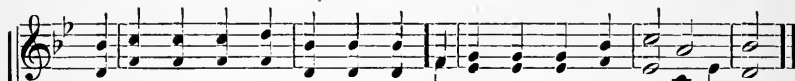
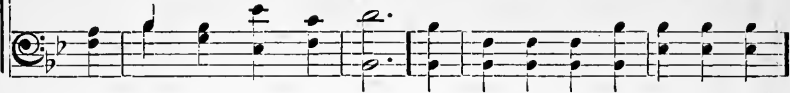
LENOX, H. M.



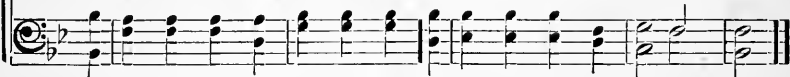
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know,
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made: Ye weary spirits, rest:



To earth's re - mo - test bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Ye mourn - ful souls be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!



The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.



3 Extol the lamb of God,
The all atoning lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Savior's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

102. Come, Every Pious Heart.

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Savior's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to Him you owe.

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode
And reigns on high, the Savior God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give—
The gift, though small, Thou wilt receive.

No. 103.

COME UNTO ME.

HENLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark-ly gath - er, When the sad
 2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwell-ing, Glad are the
 3. There, like an E - den, blos-som-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair

heart is wea - ry and distressed, Seek-ing for com - fort from your
 homes that sor-rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly
 flow'rs the earth too rude-ly pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who

heav'nly Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
 mu - sic swell-ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
 droop in sad-ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

No. 104.

O FOR A HEART.

C. WESLEY.

Scottish Tune.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;—
 2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;
 3. O for a low - ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev - ing, true, and clean;
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine;

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me:—
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
 Which nei-ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in:—
 Per - fect and right and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



105. My Soul, Repeat His Praise.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

106. Jesus, Who Knows Full Well.

- 1 Jesus, who knows full well
Thy heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows His gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest,
But be importunate.
- 4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen, when they cry;
Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

107. Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving-breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

108. Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open Thou our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love
- 3 'Tis Thine to cleanse the hearts,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
- 4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and
The Father, Son and Thee. [love.]

MISSIONARY HYMN.

L. MASON.

109. From Greenland's Icy.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

110. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppressions,
To set the captive free,—
To take away transgressions,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is—LOVE!

No. 111. O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

C. WORDSWORTH.

MENDEBRAS. 7, 6.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; }
 2. { On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; }
 { On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; }

On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
 On thee our Lord, vic-to-ri-ous, The Spir-it sent from heav'n:

Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une,
 And thus on Thee, most glo-ri-ous, A tri-ple light was giv'n.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining,
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

112.

Now Be the Gospel Banner.

1 Now be the gospel banner
 In every land unfurled,
 And be the shout, Hosanna!
 Re-echoed through the world;
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
 Of earth and hell combine,
 His arm throughout their regions
 Shall soon resplendent shine;

Ride on, O Lord, victorious.
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,
 Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
 O Jesus, King of kings;
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings:
 The isles for Thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn Thy praise;
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.

VARINA. C. M. D.

GEO. F. ROOT.



113. How Happy Every Child.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,

I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with His glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would He more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at His grace
Through all eternity!

114. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, in peace, and Thee?
Oh, when, thou city of my God!
Shall I Thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's
Nor sin nor sorrow know; [bloom,
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

115. There Is a Land.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 116. THE MORNING LIGHT.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

WEBB. 7, 6.



1 The morning light is breaking
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow Thou to every nation,
Nor in Thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

117.

Stand Up, 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 shall He lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

118.

When, His Salvation Bringing.

1 When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosannas to His name.
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
For as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,

We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise;
The stones, our silence shaming
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS

JOHN HATTON.

Musical score for 'Duke St. L. M.' in 2/2 time, featuring a treble and bass clef staff with chords and melodic lines.

119 Jesus Shall Reign.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run;
His kingdoms stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more
- 2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.
- 3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

120 Glorifying in the Cross.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 121. ASHAMED OF JESUS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

Musical score for 'Ashamed of Jesus' in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef staff with chords and melodic lines. The score includes first and second endings.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise
Whose glories shine thro' endless days
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I pluck, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

No. 122. THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.

I. { There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood [Omit.]

D.C.—And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood [Omit.]

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

Lose all their guilty stains.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.</p> <p>3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave, [tongue</p> |
|---|--|

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

123. Am I a Soldier?

- 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.

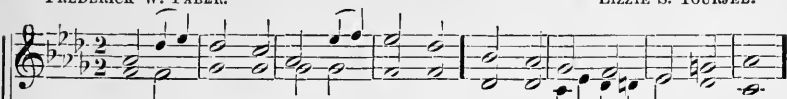
124. Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

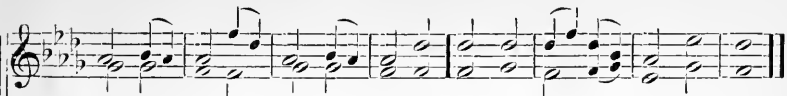
No. 125. THERE'S A WIDENESS.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There's a wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple. We should take Him at His word;



There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

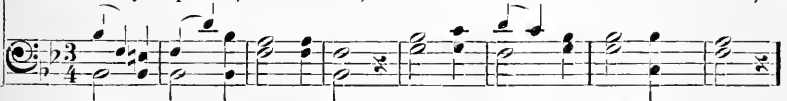


No. 126. HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

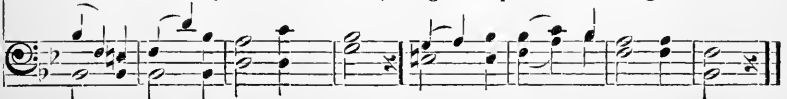
LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho-ly Spir - it, all di-vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev-ry i - dol-throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a - lone.



NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

127. Come, Thou Fount.

- 1 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love:
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

128. Jesus, I My Cross.

- 1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 3 Haste Thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before Thee,
God's own hand shall guide Thee there.
Soon shall close Thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass Thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.

129.

Come, Ye Sinners.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

AVON. C. M.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and single notes.

130. I Will Remember Thee.

- 1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice.
I must remember Thee.—
- 5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

131. Jesus, I Love.

- 1 Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In Thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

132. Alas! and Did My Savior.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

133. Come, Humble Sinner.

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

DENNIS. S. M.

ARR. FROM H. G. NAGELL.



1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT.

135. How Gentle God's Commands!

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind His precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard His children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIPP DODDRIDGE.

136. Still With Thee.

- 1 Still, still with Thee, my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With Thee my heart would find.
- 4 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

JAMES D. BURNS.

No. 137.

CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs PHIGEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

CHORUS.

1 Oh! now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide:
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;

It speaks, polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure, and garments
white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heav'n below,
To feel the blood applied,
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 138.

PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.

BISHOP EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of
2. Peace, per - fect peace, by thronging du - ties pressed? To do the
3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing 'round? On Je - sus'

Dim.

pp

Jesus whispers peace within.
will of Jesus, this is rest.
bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

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

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

No. 139.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am! thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve,

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

No. 140.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and that a-lone, Can change the
 3. For nothing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all. }
 lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. } Je-sus paid it all,
 garment's white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb. }

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. Concluded.

Musical notation for the first piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He wash'd it white as snow.

No. 141. WHAT A FRIEND.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

Musical notation for the second piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

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

Musical notation for the second piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

Musical notation for the second piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r,

Musical notation for the second piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

All be - cause we do not car - ry, Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

No. 142. JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.

JEWETT.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

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

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

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

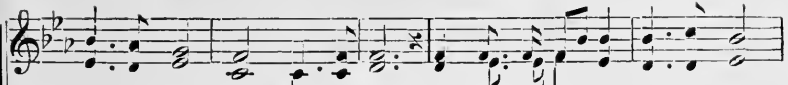
No. 143. JUST FOR TO-DAY.

E. R. WILBERFORCE.

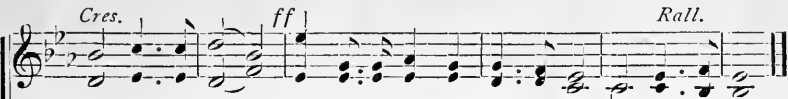
H. R. PALMER.

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Unthinking say; Set Thou a seal up -
3. And if, to - day, this life of mine Should ebb a way, Give me Thy Sac - ra -

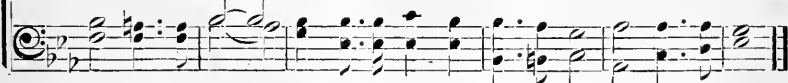
JUST FOR TO-DAY. Concluded.



stain of sin Just for to-day. Help me to la - bor earn - est - ly,
 on my lips Thro' all to-day. Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave,
 ment Di - vine, Fa - ther, to-day. So for to - mor - row and its needs



And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to - day.
 In sea - son gay; Let me be faith - ful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to - day.
 I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, thro' each to - day.



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No. 144. ART THOU WEARY?

JOHN M. NEALE, tr.

STEPHANAE, P. M.

W. H. MONK.



1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distressed?—"Come to me," saith
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?—"In His feet and
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Monarch, That His brow adorns?—"Yea, a crown in
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His Guerdon here?—"Many a sor - row,
5. If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last?—"Sorrow vanquished,



- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?—
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
 hands are wound - prints, And His side."
 ver - y sure - ty; But of thorns."
 ma - ny a la - bor, Ma - ny a tear."
 la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."

- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless?—
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes."



No. 145. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

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;
 4. In Thy prom - i - ses I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
 5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

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

D. C. CHORUS.

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.
 I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied
 I am ev - ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

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

No. 146. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. Concluded.

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend:
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!

No. 147. SHALL WE MEET?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Where the mu - sic of the ran - somed Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,
5. Shall we meet there many a loved one, That was torn from our embrace?
6. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav - ior, When He comes to claim His own?

FINE.

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet, me - lo - dious sound?
 Shall we lis - ten to their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

D.S. *Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

No. 148.

RISE, MY SOUL.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s D.

Musical score for 'RISE, MY SOUL' in G major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

1 Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Toward's heaven, thy native place.
 Sun and moon and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source;

So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view His glorious face,
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

No. 149. SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

G. W. DOANE.

SEYMOUR. 7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Musical score for 'SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day, Fades up - on our sight a - way;
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
 3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Musical score for 'SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY' (continued). It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 2/4.

No. 150.

ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

TOPLADY. 7s, 6.

THOS. HASTINGS.

Musical score for 'Rock of Ages' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and melodic lines.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flow'd.
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;

Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

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

No. 151. MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

AD. HENRY CAREY.

Musical score for 'My Country 'Tis of Thee' in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and melodic lines. A 'Cres.' marking is present above the second system.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free.
Thy name I love;
I love Thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let Rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our Father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

No. 152. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.

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

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

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

No. 153. ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

W. H. MONK.

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

ABIDE WITH ME. Concluded.

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

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

154. SWEET NAME OF JESUS.

G. KINGSLEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing place;
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm - est thought;
5. Till then I would Thy love proclaim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

No. 155.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

DYKES.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

NEWMAN.

No. 156.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

MASON.

Cres. D.C.

1 Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 157. THE FIRM FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

Unknown.

The musical score for 'The Firm Foundation' is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

<p>1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, [word! Is laid for your faith in His excellent What more can He say, than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?</p> <p>2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis- mayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, [hand. Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent</p>	<p>3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy trials to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis- tress.</p> <p>4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"</p>
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No. 158. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.

The musical score for 'The Lord's Prayer' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

Our Father which art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name. ||
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
Give us this | day our— | daily | bread. ||
And forgive us our debts, as | we for— | give our | debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but de— | liver | us from | evil: ||
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for— | ever. | A— | men.

No. 159.

I HEARD THE VOICE.

SPOHR. C. M. D.

ARR. FROM LOUIS SPOHR.

Musical score for 'I Heard the Voice' in G major, 6/8 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system includes a forte (f) dynamic marking. The second system includes a 'FINE.' marking and a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) instruction.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

- I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, and Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

No. 160.

PRINCE OF PEACE,

ALETTA.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

Musical score for 'Prince of Peace' in B-flat major, 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs and accents.

- 1 Prince of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate of God;
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.
- 3 May Thy will, not mine be done;
May Thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Savior, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 161.

GLORIA PATRI.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the

Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is

now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men, A men.

No. 162.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hades; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.

No. 163.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

THOMAS KEN.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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