

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

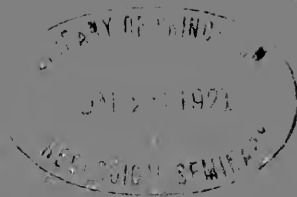
TOWRING OER THE WRECKS OF T.



**ONWARD**  
AND  
**UPWARD**  
No. 2

BY  
W. T. GIFFE,  
AND E. T. HILDEBRAND.

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**THE HOME MUSIC CO.**  
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# ONWARD AND UPWARD

No. 2.

A COLLECTION OF

## Gospel Songs and Hymns

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES, EPWORTH  
LEAGUES, DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS, CHAPEL  
EXERCISES, REVIVALS, ETC.

BY

W. T. Giffe & E. T. Hildebrand

Special Contributors:

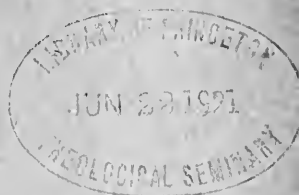
C. J. Gilbert, Jas. D. Vaughan, J. D. Brunk, S. G. Cline  
and J. Owen Long

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# Onward and Upward

## No. 2.

No. 116.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

(A GRAND OPENING HYMN.)

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

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

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly,  
gold-en crowns around the glassy sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-aphim  
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;  
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly,

Mer - ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!  
fall - ing down before Thee, Who wert, and art, and' ev - ermore shalt be.  
there is none beside Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
Mer - ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

Rev. CHAS. M. SHELDON:  
*With vigor.*

W. T. GIFFE.

1. A - wake! put on your ar - mor, dis - ci - ples of the Lord;  
2. In all the might-y con - flict faint not nor be dis-mayed,  
3. Vic - to - rious God of bat - tle, we thank Thee for the might

Sal - va - tion for your hel - met, the Spir - it for your sword.  
For Christ is fight - ing with us, all heav'n with us ar - rayed;  
Which arms the fee - blest hold - er who strug - gles for the right.

Shod with the peace that hast - ens the gos - pel to pro - claim,  
Then rouse ye, Chris - tian sol - diers, the right shall win the day;  
Oh! may Thy Church in tri - umph her hymns in pow - er sing.

March on with Christ, your lead - er, and con - quer in His name.  
Our Cap - tain bids us fol - low, and watch, and fight, and pray.  
Till all her foes are con - quered, and on - ly Christ is King.

MRS. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

W. T. GIFFE.

*Moderato.*

1. Just to let thy Fa-ther do what He will, what He will,  
 2. Just to rec - ol - lect His love, al-ways true, al-ways true,  
 3. Just to leave in His dear hand lit-tle things, lit - tle things,  
 what He will. what He will.

Just to know that He is true, and be still, and be still;  
 Al-ways shin - ing from a - bove, al-ways new, al-ways new;  
 All you can - not un - der - stand, all that stings, all that stings;  
 and be still, and be still.

Just to fol - low hour by hour, as He leadeth, Just to draw the momen'ts pow'r,  
 Just to rec - og - nize its light, all en - folding, Just to claim its present might,  
 Just to let Him take the care, sorely pressing, Finding all you let Him bear

as it needeth; Just to trust Him, that is all; Then the sky will surely  
 all upholding; Just to know it is thine own, That no pow'r can take a-  
 changed to blessing. This is all, and yet the way, Marked by Him who loves thee

be Peaceful, whatso-e'er be - fall—Bright and blessed, calm and free.  
 way, Is not this e-nough a - lone For the gladness of the day?  
 best, Se-cret of a hap - py day—Se-cret of His promised rest.



# No. 119. Lord, I Bring My Life.

T. J. SHELTON.  
*Andante.*

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Lord, I bring my life to Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
2. To Thy cross, O Lord, I cling, In Thy name my trib - ute bring;  
3. O my Sav - iour. Thou art just, In Thy prom - is - es I trust;

O my Sav - iour, cru - ci - fied, Draw me near Thy wounded side.  
All I am and have are Thine, Take me, Lord, my gold re - fine.  
For my good Thou know - est best; Safe in Thee my soul shall rest.

## CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day, while I live, Lord, to Thee my life I give;  
Ev - 'ry day, while I live,

O my Sav - iour, cru - ci - fied, Draw me near Thy wounded side.

No. 120.

Go and Gather Them In.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Go and gath-er them in, go and gath-er them in, From the  
 2. Go and gath-er them in, go and gath-er them in, Sow the  
 3. Go and gath-er the lambs that have wandered a - way, In the

broad highway, from the paths of sin; To our Sab-bath home turn their  
 "word of life," mid the thorns of sin; Tell the love of Christ with a  
 morn of life, in - to paths a-stray; Lead them back to Christ with a

REFRAIN.

feet to - day, In the strait and nar - row way.  
 prayer-ful heart, Bid them choose the bet - ter part. } Go and gath-er the  
 ten - der word, Let the voice of love be heard. }

lit - tle ones in, Go and gath-er the lit - tle ones in; Lead them to

Je-sus, bid them come, Gather the lit-tle children home. (*Interlude.*)

*Moderato.*

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav - iour, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;  
 2. Pass me not, O lov-ing Sav - iour, Let me live and cling to Thee,  
 3. Pass me not, O might-y Sav - iour, Thou canst make the blind to see—

Nev - er leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me.  
 For I'm long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.  
 Wit-ness-es of Thy great mer-it—Speak some word of pow'r to me.

CHORUS.

E - ven me, . . . . . O bless - ed Sav - iour, Let Thy  
 E - ven me, O bless - ed Sav - iour, e - ven me,

mer - - - cy light on me, E - ven me, E - ven me,  
 Let Thy mer - cy light on me, e - ven me, E - ven me,

e - ven me, Let Thy mer - - cy light on me.  
 e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me, e - ven me.

E. R. LATA.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Shall I be glad His voice to hear When Je - sus calls me  
 2. Shall I be do - ing His commands When Je - sus calls me  
 3. Shall I be read - y to de - part When Je - sus calls me

o - ver? Oh, let me feel no doubt, or fear, When Je - sus  
 o - ver? Or stand - ing still, with fold - ed hands, When Je - sus  
 o - ver? Oh, let me have a joy - ful heart, When Je - sus

calls me o - ver From the cross - es and the loss - es, From the  
 calls me o - ver From the teap - ing and the weep - ing, From the  
 calls me o - ver From the sigh - ing and the dy - ing, From the

treas - ure, that but dross is, — When Je - sus calls me o - ver.  
 wak - ing and the sleep - ing, — When Je - sus calls me o - ver?  
 care and self - de - ny - ing, — When Je - sus calls me o - ver.

## CHORUS.

When He calls me, when He calls me, Nev - er - more to sin or suf - fer;

When Jesus Calls Me Over. Concluded.

When He calls me, when He calls me, When Je - sus calls me o - ver.

No. 123. Cast a Gleam of Sunshine.

ALLIE TOLAND CRUSS.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Have you scattered thorns or ro - ses, All a - long life's wea - ry way?  
 2. Have you told the bless - ed sto - ry To the souls that mourn and weep?  
 3. You may help the lost and lonely, You can watch, and work, and pray;

Have you cheered the broken-hearted, Point - ing to a bet - ter day?  
 Have you sown a - long the way - side, That a har - vest you may reap?  
 You can light their path so drear - y, With some help - ful sun - ny ray.

CHORUS.

Then cast a gleam of sun - shine, Where the shad - ows lie;

*Rit.*  
 Cast a gleam of sun - shine, Ere the sun - ny days go by.

No. 124.

My Far Away Home.

E. T. H.

(Effective as a Solo or Duet.)

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

*With feeling.*

1. I am think-ing to - night of a far a - way home, Where the  
 2. I am think-ing to - night of that heav-en - ly band, And  
 3. I am think-ing to - night of those who have gone To

an - gels are hap - py in song, And the streets of pure gold, which I  
 those who are crowned with the blest; 'Tis the host of the Lord who re-  
 view that great cit - y a - bove; Oh, may we at length, through

long to be - hold, Are trod by the bright an - gel throng.  
 ceived the re - ward Which is promised to all who seek rest.  
 Je - sus the Son, Pass in - to that hav - en of love.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful home, land of the blest, Whose glories forev-er are bright;

*Rit.*  
 My soul goes up to the great white throne, Where Jesus is ev-er the light.

C. L. C.

C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. Oh, the blessed sunshine Which the Lord hath giv'n; 'Tis the Father's blessing  
 2. Oh, the blessed sunshine Drives the clouds away; Changes gloom and sadness  
 3. Oh, the blessed sunshine Of the Saviour's love; 'Tis the glorious sunshine

Coming down from heav'n. He who in His good-ness, Sunshine doth bestow,  
 To a bright-er day; And its ra-diant splendor Pass-es no one by;  
 From the home a-bove; Cheering us and guid-ing In the righteous way;

D. S. *He who in His goodness, Sunshine doth be-stow,*

## FINE. REFRAIN.

Gives a glimpse of glo-ry To the world be - low. }  
 Sheds on all a blessing From the throne on high. } Blessed, blessed sunshine  
 Lead-ing up to heaven, To the per - fect day. }

*Gives a glimpse of glory To the world be - low.*

*D. S.*  
 From the realms of light; Scatt'ring gloom and shad-ow Of the darkest night.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Thro' the mists and tears Of the chang-ing years, Rifts of gold - en  
 2. From the jew - eled dome Shines the light of home, Like a bea - con  
 3. Christ, the Lord of love, Is the light there-of, Fill-ing heav'n with  
 4. As we homeward go From this vale be - low, We will sing the

light are shin - ing; And we lift our eyes To the sun - lit skies,  
 broad-ly beam - ing; It is brighter far Than the morning star,  
 joys su - per - nal; And He guides His own To the great white throne,  
 old, old sto - ry; And with heart and voice We will all re - joice,

REFRAIN.

Heaven's glories half di - vin-ing, Beau-ti-ful gold - - - en light of  
 Or a vi - sion of our dreaming.  
 Thro' His gift of life e - ter - nal.  
 As we near the heights of glo-ry. Beau-ti-ful gold-en light of

home, ..... Bright-en our path, ..... where'er we  
 home, clear light of home, Brighten our path where'er we



# Beautiful Light of Heaven. Concluded.

roam, ..... Fill - ing our hearts..... with peace and  
 roam, where'er we roam, Fill - ing our hearts with peace and

love, ..... Guiding our wand'ring feet to heav'n a - bove.  
 love, with peace and love.

## No. 127. Old Hundred. (Doxologies.)

G. FRANC.

No. 1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
 No. 2. To God the Fa - ther. God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One,

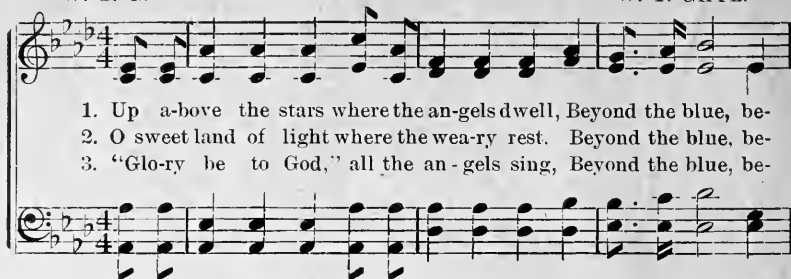
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host: Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.  
 Be hon - or, praise, and glo - ry giv'n, By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

## No. 128.

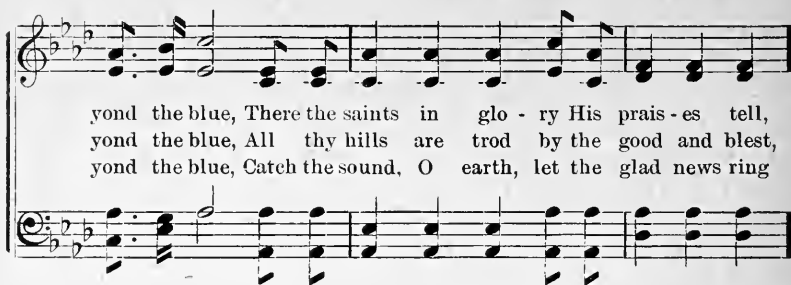
## Beyond the Blue.

W. T. G.

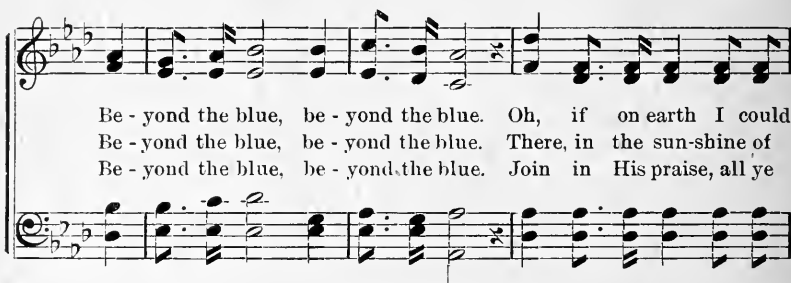
W. T. GIFFE.



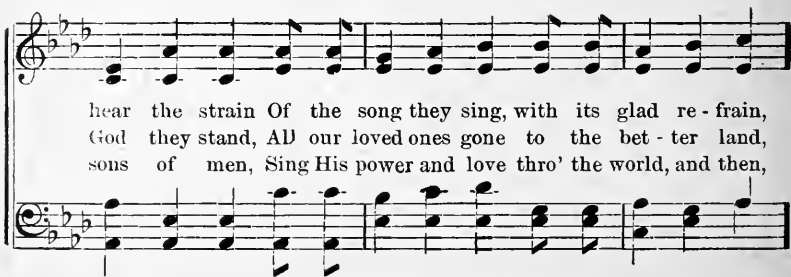
1. Up a-bove the stars where the an-gels dwell, Beyond the blue, be-  
 2. O sweet land of light where the wea-ry rest. Beyond the blue, be-  
 3. "Glo-ry be to God," all the an-gels sing, Beyond the blue, be-



yond the blue, There the saints in glo - ry His prais - es tell,  
 yond the blue, All thy hills are trod by the good and blest,  
 yond the blue, Catch the sound, O earth, let the glad news ring

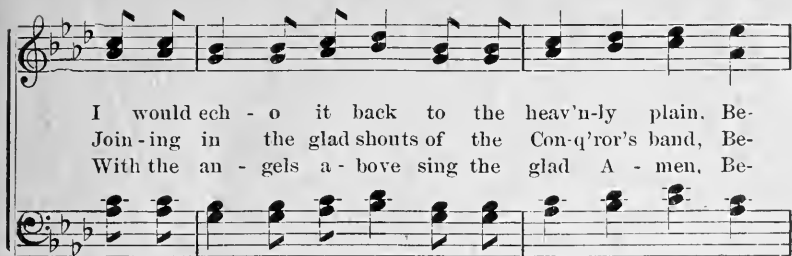


Be - yond the blue, be - yond the blue. Oh, if on earth I could  
 Be - yond the blue, be - yond the blue. There, in the sun-shine of  
 Be - yond the blue, be - yond the blue. Join in His praise, all ye



hear the strain Of the song they sing, with its glad re - frain,  
 God they stand, AD our loved ones gone to the bet - ter land,  
 sons of men, Sing His power and love thro' the world, and then,

## Beyond the Blue. Concluded.

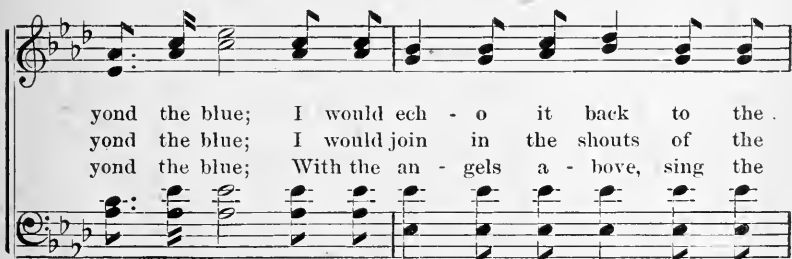


I would ech - o it back to the heav'n-ly plain. Be-  
 Join - ing in the glad shouts of the Con-q'ror's band, Be-  
 With the an - gels a - bove sing the glad A - men, Be-

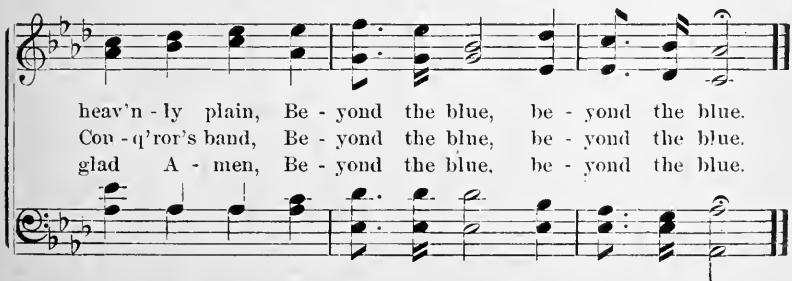
### CHORUS.



yond the blue, be - yond the blue. Be - yond the blue, be-  
 yond the blue, be - yond the blue. Be - yond the blue, be-  
 yond the blue. be - yond the blue. Be - yond the blue, be-



yond the blue; I would ech - o it back to the  
 yond the blue; I would join in the shouts of the  
 yond the blue; With the an - gels a - bove, sing the



heav'n - ly plain, Be - yond the blue, be - yond the blue.  
 Con - q'ror's band, Be - yond the blue, be - yond the blue.  
 glad A - men, Be - yond the blue. be - yond the blue.

# No. 129. He's Calling Thee Home To-day.

Rev. Dr. E. MEDD.  
*Tenderly.*

A. H. LINK.

1. Je - sus calls for thee, O soul; Oh, in sin why stay a - way?  
2. Je - sus died that He might save Wea - ry hearts that sigh for rest;  
3. Though through sin thy death be sure, Je - sus' blood can wash a-way

Shame and guilt thy heart con-trol; Je - sus calls thee home to - day.  
Oh, be-lieve the word He gave, Trust in Him and thou art blest.  
All thy guilt, and make thee pure, Oh, then come, make no de - lay.

## CHORUS.

Call - ing, call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing thee home to-day;

Call - ing, call - ing, He's call - ing thee home to day.

JOHN COBLENTZ.

FRED. COBLENTZ.

1. There is a cit - y bright and fair, In the glo - ry land;  
 2. Where nev - er com - eth an - y night, In the glo - ry land;  
 3. And there my Saviour now doth wait, In the glo - ry land,  
 glo - ry, glo - ry

Where joy - ful prais - es fill the air, In the glo - ry land;  
 For God the Fath - er is the light, In the glo - ry land.  
 To meet us at the gold - en gate, In the glo - ry land.  
 glo - ry, glo - ry

REFRAIN.

In the glo - ry land, bright glo - ry land, In the glo - ry land so fair;

Where joyful prais - es fill the air, In the glo - ry land.  
 glo - ry land, bright glo - ry land.

## No. 131.

## Revive Thy Work.

*With vigor.*

W. T. GIFFE.

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

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

## CHORUS.

Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, And give re - fresh - ing showers;

The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The blessing shall be ours.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Just as I am, with out one plea, But that Thy blood was  
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of  
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict,  
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt wel - come, par - don,

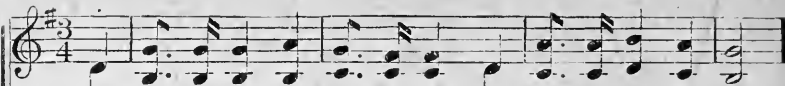
shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O  
 one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O  
 many a doubt, Fightings with - in, and fears with-out, O  
 cleanse, re - lieve; Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O

## CHORUS.



Lamb of God, I come! Oh, glo - ry, glo - ry to the

Lamb of God, Who takes my sins away And loves me ev-'ry day! Oh,



glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb of God, Who takes my sins a - way!





1. I asked the Lord to let me do Some mighty work for Him;  
 2. He placed me in a qui-et home, Whose life was calm and still;  
 3. Small du-ties gath-ered round my way, They seemed of earth a-lone;  
 4. So then I thought my prayer unheard, And asked the Lord once more  
 5. Then qui-et-ly the answer came, "My child, I hear thy cry;

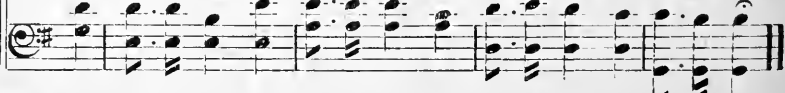
To fight amidst His bat-tle hosts, Then sing the vic-tor's hymn.  
 And gave me lit-tle things to do, My dai-ly round to fill.  
 I, who had longed for conquests bright To lay be-fore His throne,  
 That He would give me work for Him, And o-pen wide the door;  
 Think not that mighty deeds a-lone Will bring the vic-to-ry;

I longed my ar-dent love to show, But Je-sus would not have it so,  
 I could not think it good to be Just put a-side so si-lent-ly,  
 Had com-mon things to do and bear, To watch and strive with daily care,  
 For-get-ting that my Mas-ter knew Just what was best for me to do,  
 The bat-tle has been planned by me, Let dai-ly life thy conquests see,

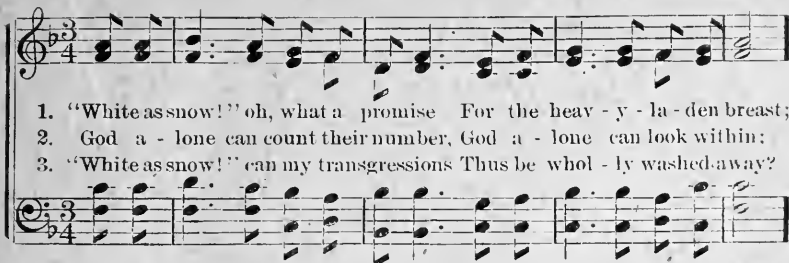
I longed my ar-dent love to show, But Je-sus would not have it so.  
 I could not think it good to be Just put a-side so si-lent-ly.  
 Had com-mon things to do and bear, To watch and strive with daily care.  
 For-get-ting that my Master knew Just what was best for me to do.  
 The bat-tle has been planned by me. Let dai-ly life thy conquests see."



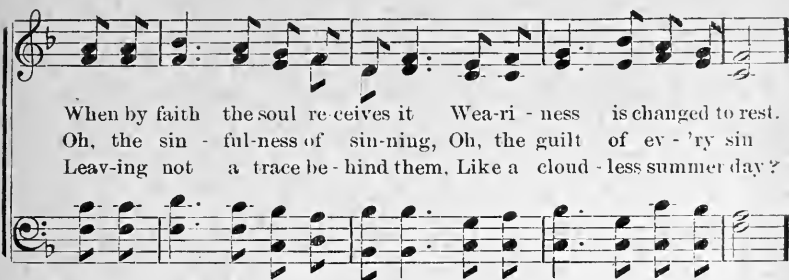


*Andante.*

W. T. GIFFE.



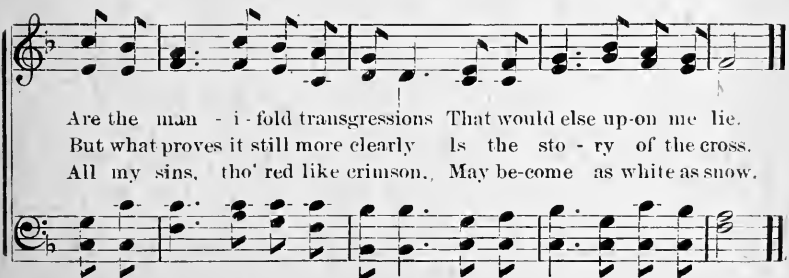
1. "White as snow!" oh, what a promise For the heav - y - la - den breast;  
 2. God a - lone can count their number, God a - lone can look within;  
 3. "White as snow!" can my transgressions Thus be whol - ly washed-away?



When by faith the soul re ceives it Wea - ri - ness is changed to rest.  
 Oh, the sin - ful - ness of sin - ning, Oh, the guilt of ev - 'ry sin  
 Leav - ing not a trace be - hind them, Like a cloud - less summer day?



Red like crim - son, deep as scar - let. Scar - let of the deep - est dye.  
 God's own law, so just and ho - ly, Proves my sin and shame and loss,  
 Yes, at once. and that completely; Thro' the blood of Christ, I know.



Are the man - i - fold transgressions That would else up - on me lie.  
 But what proves it still more clearly Is the sto - ry of the cross.  
 All my sins, tho' red like crimson, May be - come as white as snow.

ALLIE TOLAND CRISS.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Oh! I love to think of Je - sus, When I read the sto - ry o'er,  
 2. Oh! I love to think of Je - sus, As He jour - neyed day by day,  
 3. Oh! I love to think of Je - sus, When the twi - light shadows fall,

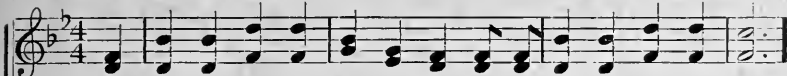
How the Sav - iour, worn and wea - ry, Trod the Gal - i - le - an shore;  
 Hand in hand with those who loved Him, In that land so far a - way,  
 And the shin - ing stars of heav - en Smile in beau - ty o - ver all.

How He taught His loved dis - cip - les, As they walked be - side the sea,  
 And the wa - ters murmured softly As the sun - light kissed the sea.  
 Then I hear a sweet voice saying, "Come, my child, come un - to me;

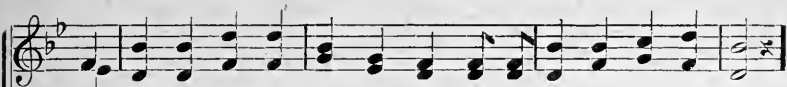
In the sun - shine of His pres - ence, On the shores of Gal - i - lee.  
 Oh! how sweet to walk with Je - sus, On the shores of Gal - i - lee.  
 I will ev - er walk be - side you, On the shores of Gal - i - lee."

JOSIE A. McCORMACK.

J. R. WILLIAMS.



1. O Sav-iour, lead me by the hand, Safely o'er the sands of time.
2. O Sav-iour, lead me by the hand, Bid all cares and fears de-part,
3. O Sav-iour, lead me by the hand. Let me all Thy love pro claim.



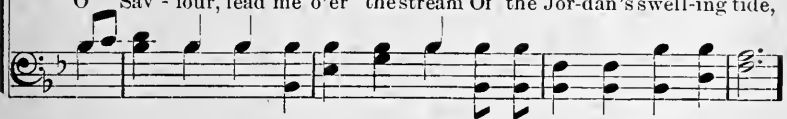
That when I leave this part - ing strand I may reach the sun - lit clime.  
 For Thou canst in a des - ert land Soothe the weary, ach - ing heart.  
 That I may in this wea - ry land Praise Thy great and ho - ly name.



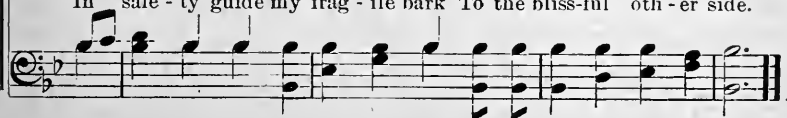
## CHORUS.



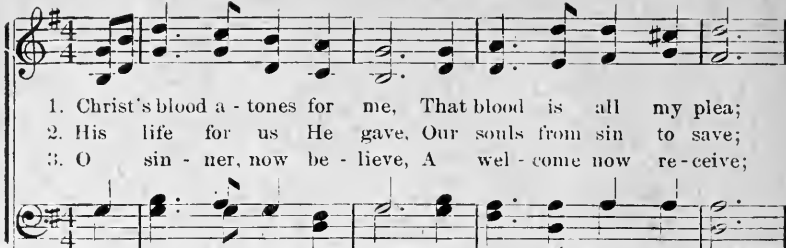
O Sav - iour, lead me o'er the stream Of the Jor - dan's swell - ing tide,



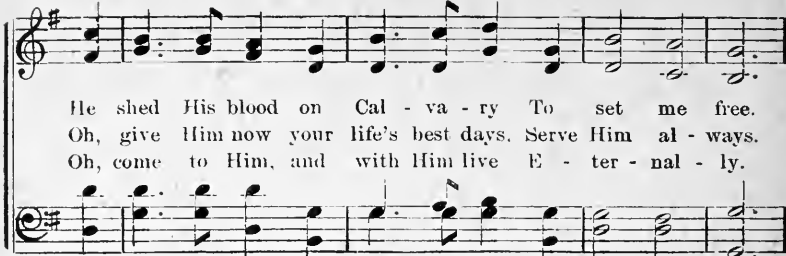
In safe - ty guide my frag - ile bark To the bliss - ful oth - er side.



CHAS. H. PARKS.



1. Christ's blood a - tones for me, That blood is all my plea;  
 2. His life for us He gave, Our souls from sin to save;  
 3. O sin - ner, now be - lieve, A wel - come now re - ceive;



He shed His blood on Cal - va - ry To set me free.  
 Oh, give Him now your life's best days. Serve Him al - ways.  
 Oh, come to Him, and with Him live E - ter - nal - ly.

## CHORUS.



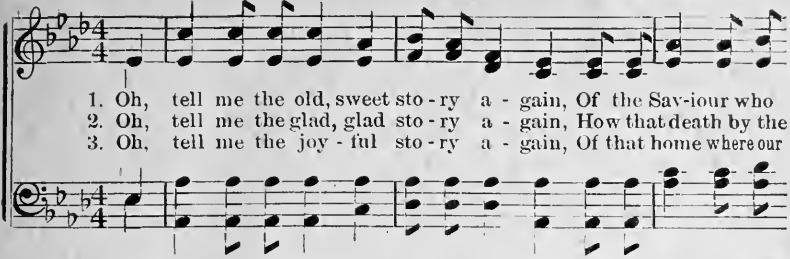
His blood for me is all my plea, His blood a - tones for me;



His blood a - lone can sat - is - fy, Oh, come and try.

J. H. H.

J. H. HARGROVE.



1. Oh, tell me the old, sweet sto-ry a - gain, Of the Sav-iour who  
 2. Oh, tell me the glad, glad sto-ry a - gain, How that death by the  
 3. Oh, tell me the joy - ful sto-ry a - gain, Of that home where our

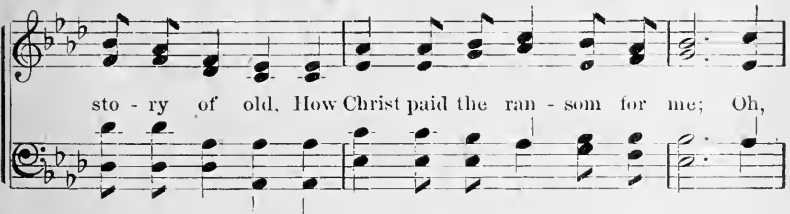


died on the tree; Oh, tell me once more of His boun-ti-ful love,  
 Lord was o'ercome, That I might e-ter - nal life ob-tain  
 joys ne'er shall cease. Where angels are sing-ing a - round the throne,

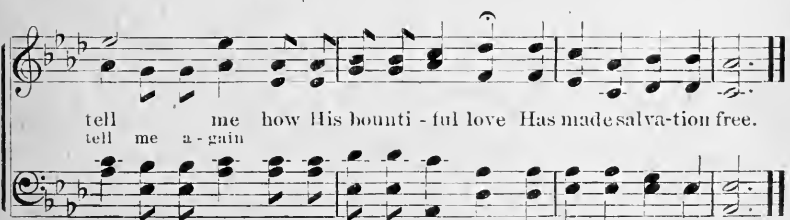
## CHORUS.



His mer-cy for sinners like me. Oh, tell me the  
 In that bright and beau-ti - ful home.  
 And the soul is ev - er at peace. Oh, tell me a - gain the



sto - ry of old. How Christ paid the ran - som for me; Oh,



tell me how His boun-ti - ful love Has made salva-tion free.  
 tell me a - gain

## No. 139.

## The Wonderful Story.

J. A. P.

J. A. PARKS.

1. Tell them the won - der - ful sto - ry— The wan - der - ing ones to  
 2. Tell them the won - der - ful sto - ry— The wea - ry who long for  
 3. Tell them the won - der - ful sto - ry— How man - y still wait to

day, The beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, To  
 rest, Of One who is a - ble to com - fort The  
 hear The beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, A

hearts that have gone a - stray. Tell of His love and com -  
 lone - ly and sore - dis - tress'd. Whis - per it low to the  
 friend who is ev - er near. Go to the weak and the

pas - sion, How free - ly His life He gave; Oh! tell them the  
 err - ing, Who fal - ter a - long life's way; 'Twill lighten the  
 help - less, The out - cast, where'er they roam, And tell them the

# The Wonderful Story. Concluded.

won - der - ful sto - ry Of Je - sus who died to save.  
bur - den and sor - row Of some wea - ry heart to - day.  
Sav - iour is wait - ing To wel - come the wan - d'ers home.

## CHORUS.

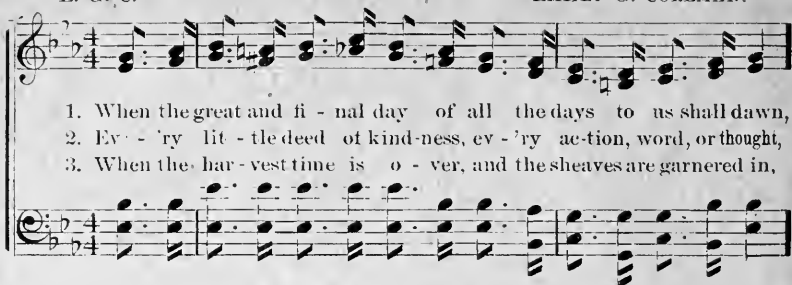
{ Tell them the won - der - ful sto - ry, Sing the glad song of His  
Sing it o'er val - ley and mountain, Tell it by riv - er and

glo - ry, Tell them the beau - ti - ful sto - ry,  
foun - tain, Tell them the won - der - ful sto - ry,

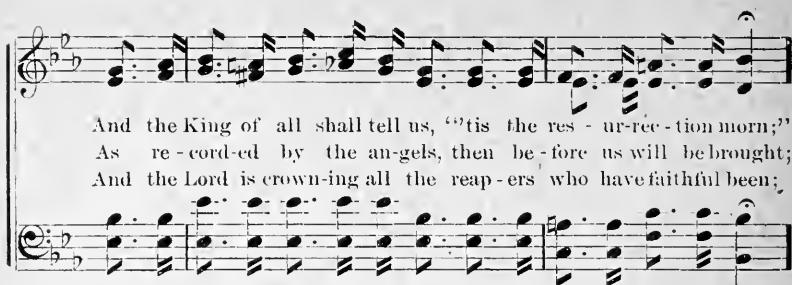
So that the world may know.  
[Omit.....] } Tell it where'er you go.

E. G. C.

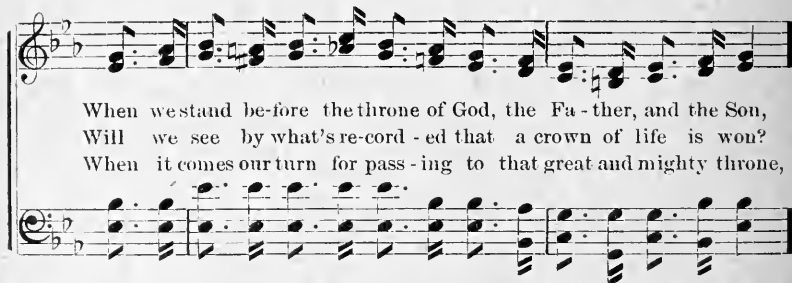
EMMET G. COLEMAN.



1. When the great and fi - nal day of all the days to us shall dawn,  
 2. Ev - 'ry lit - tle deed of kind-ness, ev - 'ry ac-tion, word, or thought,  
 3. When the har - vest time is o - ver, and the sheaves are garnered in,

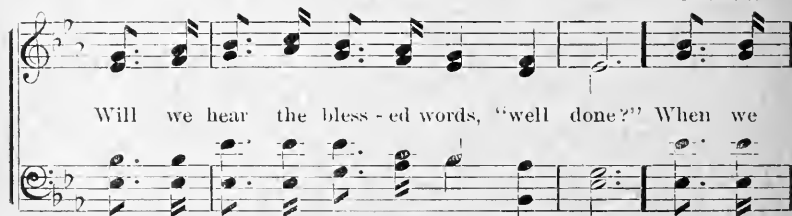


And the King of all shall tell us, "'tis the res - ur-rec-tion morn;"  
 As re - cord-ed by the an-gels, then be - fore us will be brought;  
 And the Lord is crown-ing all the reap - ers who have faithful been;



When we stand be - fore the throne of God, the Fa - ther, and the Son,  
 Will we see by what's re - cord - ed that a crown of life is won?  
 When it comes our turn for pass - ing to that great and mighty throne,

## CHORUS.



Will we hear the bless - ed words, "well done?" When we



“Well Done.” Concluded.

stand..... be - fore the throne,.....  
stand be - fore the throne Of the Fa - ther and the Son.

Shall we hear the lov - ing call, "Come, ye bless - ed of the Lord?"

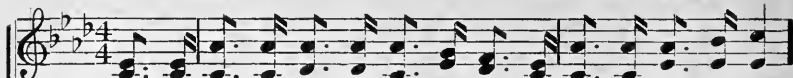
Can we claim..... a man - sion bright,.....  
Can we claim a man - sion bright In the cit - y of de - light,

Will we hear the bless - ed words "well done?"  
"well done?"

# No. 141. Have You Heard the Sweetest Story ?

NELLIE D. PRICE.

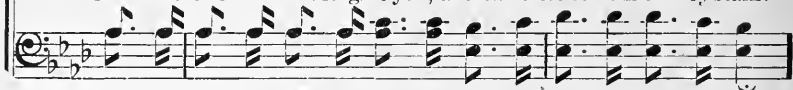
E. T. HILDEBRAND.



1. Have you heard the sweet-est sto - ry that has ev - er yet been told ?
2. Have you heard the sweet-est sto - ry that the world will ev - er know,
3. Have you heard the sweet-est sto - ry that can e'er be heard a - gain,



Tho' for years it has been sounded, still to me it ne'er grows old;  
Of the Sav - iour who redeemed us from this sin - curs'd world below?  
Of the One who will forgive you, and can cleanse from ev - 'ry stain?



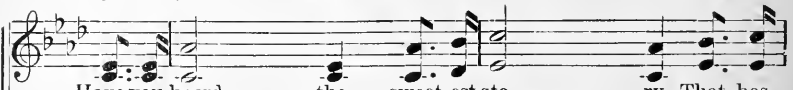
'Tis of Him, the wondrous Saviour, who has died for you and me;  
How He left His home in glo - ry, and for man was cru - ci - tied?  
Hear to - day the bless - ed sto - ry of the Saviour's wondrous love;



He in ten - der love for sin - ners gave His life to make us free.  
How He bore the cru - el suf - f'ring, when for you and me He died?  
Hear of Him who'll safely lead us till we reach our home a - bove.



## CHORUS.



Have you heard the sweet-est sto - ry That has  
Have you heard the sweetest sto - ry That has ev - er yet been told ? Have you



# Have You Heard the Sweetest Story? Concluded.

ev - er yet been told? Tho' for years  
heard the sweetest story That has ev - er yet been told? Tho' for years I've heard it

I've heard it oft - en, Yet, to me it ne'er grows old.  
oft - en, Yet, to me it ne'er grows old,

## No. 142. Asleep In Jesus.

MARGARET MACKAY.

W. B. BRADBURY.

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

A calm and un - dis - turbed repose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.  
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hast lost his venom'd sting.  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That mani - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.

# No. 143. I Shall Go Home Some Day.

JENNIE T. RUPRECHT.

(GOOD AS A SOLO.)

W. T. GIFFE.

1. I shall go home some day, And others wonder at my journey o'er;  
 2. It is a joy to know That I am nearer home than loved ones think;  
 3. I shall go homesome day, And if I see my loving Mas - ter's face

Yes, I shall slip a - way Into my mansions fair, and close the door  
 'Twere bet - ter to be so Than have them see me on the riv - er's brink,  
 The first, and He shall say, "I welcome thee, child of my love and grace,"

To ills that so perplex the mind and brain, And often break the heart of  
 Watching the boatman pale, slow ply the oar, Until I dread the voyage  
 Enough in this sweet greeting there will be To make me glad throughout e -

peace in twain; When I go home some day, Some day, some day.  
 more and more, When I go home some day, Some day, some day.  
 ter - ni - ty, When I go home some day, Some day, some day.

# No. 144. When the Great Day Comes.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. "Come, ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther, In - her - it the  
 2. "Come, ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther." Blest words of re -  
 3. "Come, ye bless - ed of my Fa - ther," I know this glad

king - dom pre - pared for you;" Thus will the Mas - ter  
 demp - tion com - plete and sure; How they will thrill the  
 wel - come will ring for me, If I am faith - ful,

say to His serv - ants, Who un - to Him have been faith - ful and true.  
 souls that shall hear them With praise ecstat - ic and love ev - er pure.  
 lov - ing and pa - tient, Bear - ing the cross till the crown makes me free.

## REFRAIN.

When the great day comes, ..... When the great day comes, .....  
 when it comes. when it comes,

*m* *p* *Cres.* *f*  
 1 & 2. Will you be read - y? Will you be read - y when the great day comes?  
 3. May we be read - y; May we be read - y when the great day comes.

# No. 145. A Song of Hope and Trust.

LIZZIE A. SWITZER.

G. W. FIELDS.

1. In our child - hood we are bringing Love's young off - ring, pure and  
 2. Wisdom's les - sons we are learning, In our hap - py Sunday -  
 3. When the race of life is end - ed, And we stand at heaven's  
 In our child - hood we are bringing Love's young off - ring.

sweet, Je - sus' prais - es we are singing, While we  
 school. Good from e - vil now dis - cerning By the  
 gate, When, by an - gel - guards at - tend - ed, We Thy  
 pure and sweet, Je - sus' prais - es we are sing - ing,

wor - ship at His feet. Bless - ed truths we all are  
 meas - ure of God's rule. Dear - est Je - sus, gen - tly  
 joy - ous wel - come wait, Then, oh, then with rap - ture  
 While we wor - ship at His feet. Bless - ed truths we

read - ing In God's ho - ly Word to - day. As a  
 guide us. In the straight and nar - row way, In Thy  
 thrilling. May we hear the glad, new song. Praise to  
 all are read - ing In God's ho - ly Word to - day.

light our footsteps leading, Bright they shine a - long the way.  
 prom - ise safely hide us, Keep our feet by night and day.  
 God the heavens fill - ing, When we join the ransomed throng.  
 As a light our footsteps lead - ing, Bright they shine a - long the way.

E. K. H.

E. K. HEYSER.

1. Oh! come to the light that is beam - ing for you, To  
 2. The Lord gives a wel - come to all who will come, A  
 3. Oh, turn from the world, give your serv - ice to Him, He

lead you from darkness and sin; Oh! why do you lin - ger 'mid  
 share in the glo - ries a - bove; Oh! flee from the world, seek His  
 needs you. why longer de - lay; The har - vest is read - y, the

dan - ger and strife? Come help us the con - flict to win.  
 bless - ing to - day; Come dwell in the light of His love.  
 reap - ers are few, Come fol - low the Mas - ter to - day.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus loves you, Tho' you may cast Him a - way;  
 Je - sus loves you, Je - sus loves you.

Oh! He loves you, Give Him your heart to - day.  
 Je - sus loves you, Je - sus loves you.

# No. 147. Jubilee of the Redeemed.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. T. GIFFE.

*Not too fast.*

1. There's a ju - bi - lee in heaven, where the saints are crowned, And the  
 2. There's a ju - bi - lee in heaven, for their Lord is there, And the  
 3. There's a ju - bi - lee in heaven, and we soon shall go To the

hap - py song re - ech - oes through the air a - round, While the  
 hosts of shin - ing ser - aphs fill the sun - ny air, And they  
 grand e - ter - nal mansions from our home be - low, With the

millions chant the pleasing sto - ry, And join in the anthems of glo - ry.  
 shout a - loud the pleasing sto - ry, In loud swelling anthems of glo - ry.  
 millions there to chant the sto - ry, And join in the anthems of glo - ry.

*m* CHORUS. *p* *m* *p*

Ju - bi - la - te, Hark, the angels sing, Ju - la - te, Glo - ry to the King!



# Jubilee of the Redeemed. Concluded.

*f* *m* *p*

All the host of heav'n re-joices, Ju-bi-la-te, Hear the heav'nly sound,

*m* *p* *Cres.* *f*

Ju-bi-la-te. All the angels round, Praise Him with their harps and voices.

## No. 148. Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

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

# No 149. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

BONAR.

J. D. BRUNK.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say. "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say. "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"  
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live!"  
 Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright!"

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream:  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my journey's done.

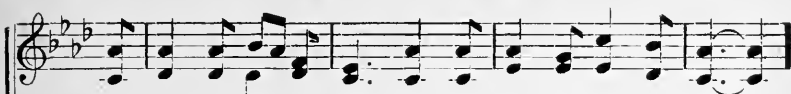
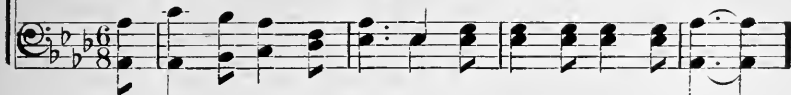
# No. 150. Fount of Redemption.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

C. V. STRICKLAND.



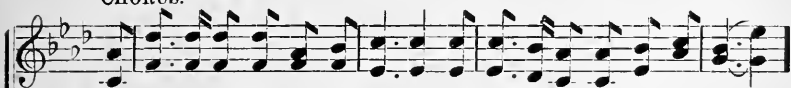
1. The heart of God a - bound-ed With love for great and small;
2. Up - on a cross-crowned mountain, The mount of Cal - va - ry,
3. The Lord of love is show-ing His mer - cy day by day,



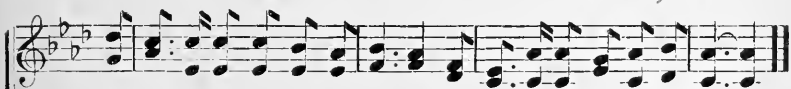
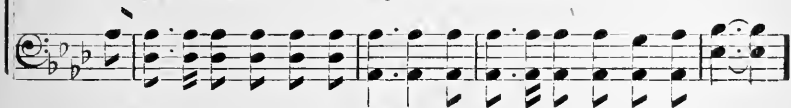
When He the fount pro-vid - ed To cleanse and save us all.  
Christ's blood hath filled the fountain That flows for you and me.  
For still the fount is flow - ing That washes guilt a - way.



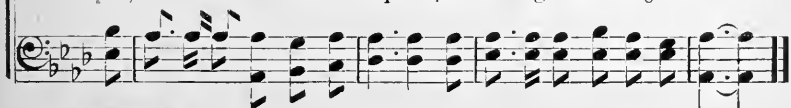
## CHORUS.



Oh, glo - ri - ous fount of redemption, Where sinners are en - ter - ing in!

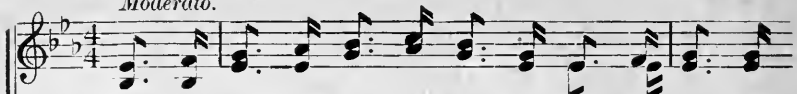


Oh, wonderful fount of redemption, Of healing and cleansing from sin!

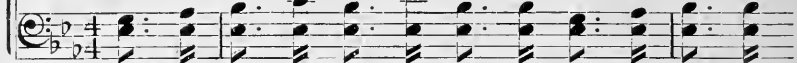
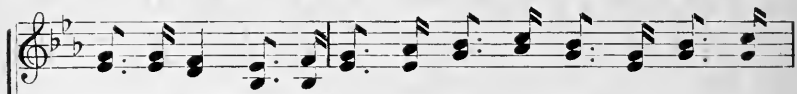


MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.


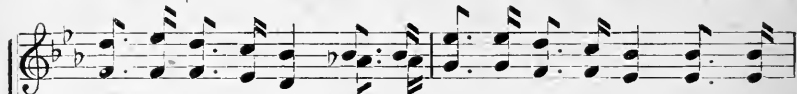
C. J. GILBERT.

*Moderato.*



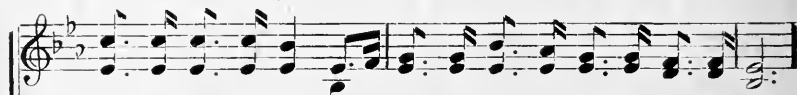
1. Tho' we have a time of sor - row, 'Twill be o - ver  
 2. There is mu - sic o'er the riv - er, We shall hear it  
 3. There is love, and life, and bless - ing In that land be -


by and by; There'll be glad - ness on the mor - row, In the  
 by and by; Prais - ing Him, the great Life - giv - er. Where they  
 yond the sky; Joy be - yond the heart's ex - press - ing. Shall be


bet - ter home on high. Dear ones now are cross - ing o'er To the  
 nev - er more shall die. We shall join them o - ver there, And their  
 giv - en by and by. When our tri - als all are done, And the

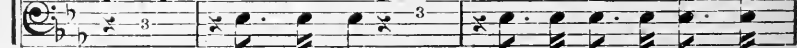
hap - py gold - en shore, And we shall go to meet them by and by.  
 glo - ry we shall share, And sing of our re - demption by and by.  
 crown of life is won, Oh, we shall reign with Je - sus by and by.



## CHORUS.



We shall cross o'er the riv - er, Where there  
 We shall cross o'er the riv - er,



## Across the River. Concluded.

nev - er shall be sor - row to bear; We shall cross o'er the  
 We shall cross

riv - er, And we'll share the ev - er - last - ing glo - ry there.  
 o'er the riv - er.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes lyrics: 'nev - er shall be sor - row to bear; We shall cross o'er the We shall cross'. The second system includes lyrics: 'riv - er, And we'll share the ev - er - last - ing glo - ry there. o'er the riv - er.' There are triplets in the piano accompaniment in both systems.

## No. 152. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;  
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;  
 3. Ne'er think the vic - 'try won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.  
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help divine im - plo - re.  
 Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes lyrics: '1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thou - sand foes a - rise; 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; 3. Ne'er think the vic - 'try won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;'. The second system includes lyrics: 'The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help divine im - plo - re. Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown.'

# No. 153. "The Sun Will Shine To-morrow."

(DUET AND QUARTET.)

M. D. BRITTS.

LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. O wea-ry pilgrim, thro' life's day, Are shadows gath'ring o'er thee?  
 2. Our lives must hold some rainy days, Some storms must break a - bove us,  
 3. This world is quite a hap - py place, In rain or pleas - ant weath - er.

Have care and pain be - set the way That stretches on be - fore thee?  
 But 'tis our Fa - ther guides our ways, He'll nev - er fail to love us.  
 If peo - ple on - ly try to live In har - mo - ny to - geth - er.

Then trust in God, look up and smile Thro' blinding tears of sor - row:  
 So brave - ly, brightly keep thy way, And do not yield to sor - row,  
 Oh, let us trust, midst good and ill, And joy from trouble bor - row:

The clouds can darken but a - while. "The sun will shine to - mor - row."  
 For tho' the clouds hang thick to - day, "The sun will shine to - mor - row."  
 A lov - ing Fa - ther watch - es still, "The sun will shine to - mor - row."

QUARTET.

"The sun will shine, the sun will shine, The sun will shine to - mor - row,"

"The Sun Will Shine To-morrow." Concluded,

The clouds can darken but a - while, "The sun will shine to-mor-row."

Musical score for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics. The melody includes triplet markings (3).

No. 154. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;  
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;  
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Musical score for the second system, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics. The key signature has one flat and the time signature is 4/4.

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;  
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;  
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;

Musical score for the third system, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics. The key signature has two flats and the time signature is 4/4.

*Cres.*

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;  
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;  
 Work 'till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Musical score for the fourth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics. The key signature has two flats and the time signature is 4/4.

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
 Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

Musical score for the fifth system, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics. The key signature has two flats and the time signature is 4/4.

No. 155.

Home to Zion.

Rev. J. W. WAYLAND.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. See the countless way-ing ban-ners of the ar-mies of the Lord.  
 2. They are marching home from bondage, from the Bab - y - lon - ish plains,  
 3. When they reach the Ho-ly Cit - y and the gates are o-pened wide,

Hear the might-y cho - rus sound-ing as they chant His blessed Word;  
 While they laud and praise Je - ho - vah who has bro-ken all their chains;  
 What a time of hap - py tri-umph for the captives sore - ly tried!

They are marching home to Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on built a - bove,  
 And, as to their anx - ious vi - sion Zi - on's walls and tow - ers rise,  
 Crowned with ever - last - ing glad-ness, sighs and tears all cleared a - way,

There to reign in peace for - ev - er in the light of end - less love!  
 Loud - er swells the sound-ing cho - rus to the gates of Par - a - dise.  
 With the hosts of the re - deem - ed they shall bless the hap - py day.

CHORUS.

Home to Zi - on, Home to Zi - on,  
 Home to Zi - on, To the cit - y that's e -



# Home to Zion. Concluded.

ter-nal, built a - bove; By the crystal flowing riv - er, Where af-  
built a - bove;

flic-tion com-eth nev-er, There we'll reign with God forey - er, in His love.

## No. 156. A Child's Evening Prayer.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

*Andante.*

1. Je - sus, wilt Thou guard the slumber Of a lit - tle child like me?  
2. Yes, I know that Thou wilt keep me, So I close my wea - ry eyes,  
3. In Thine arms, O Je - sus, fold me Let me be Thy lit - tle lamb;

Wilt Thou watch in darkness o'er me, That pro - tect - ed I may be?  
Pray - ing God to send His angels Down, to guard me, from the skies.  
Close un - to Thy bo - som hold me; Give me slumber deep and calm.

# No. 157. Life's Fountain is Flowing for Thee.

J. W. WAYLAND.

S. G. CLINE.

1. O friend, have you drank of the beau-ti - ful stream? Its wa - ters are  
 2. O friend, at the fountains of earth have you sought, And test - ed the  
 3. The Sav-iour in-vites you, O friend, will you come? The fount of true  
 4. The Spir-it in-vites you, O friend, will you hear? Your sad soul is

flow-ing so full and so free; The pleasures of earth shall all  
 sweetness they've promised to you? How oft they have failed you, and  
 glad-ness He'll o - pen to thee; He calls you from sin to a  
 thirsting for peace and for rest; Life's fountain is flow - ing, 'tis

fade as a dream, But life - giv - ing wa - ter is of-fered to thee.  
 bit - ter-ness brought, And left your soul long-ing for that which is true.  
 heav - en - ly home. He of - fers you life, and He of-fers it free.  
 flow - ing so near, O friend, will you come and for - ev - er be blest?

## CHORUS.

Oh, come,..... Oh, come,..... Life's foun-tain is  
 Oh, come to the foun-tain, yes, come to the foun - tain,

Life's Fountain is Flowing for Thee. Concluded.

flow - ing so free;..... Oh, come,..... Oh,  
is flow - ing so free; Oh, come to the foun - tain, yes

come,..... Sal - va - tion is of - fered to thee.  
come to the foun - tain,

No. 158. The Wondrous Man,

W. T. G.

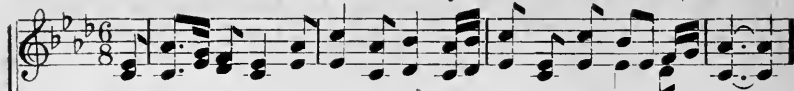
W. T. GIFFE.

1. They tell me of a man of old, Who walked upon the sea;
2. This wondrous man could heal the sick, And raise the dead to life,
3. He cured the blind and healed the lame, He gave the need - y aid,
4. He blessed the children while He said, "Of such my king - dom is;"

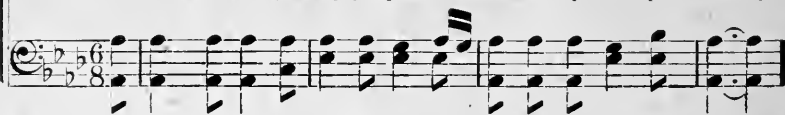
Who turned the wa - ter in - to wine, Way down in Gal - i - lee.  
And with the words of "Peace, be still," He stopped the bil - low's strife.  
And said un - to the tempest - toss'd, "Tis I, be not a - fraid."  
This wondrous man was Christ the Lord, And I'm a child of His.

# No. 159. He Tenderly Bids You, Come.

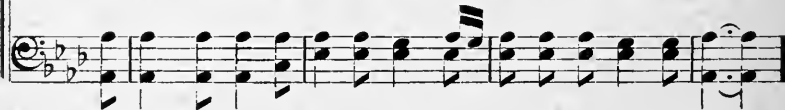
Words and Music by Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D. D.



1. Oh, hear the Saviour's loving voice, He ten-der-ly bids you, come;
2. Up - on the cross He died for me, He ten-der-ly bids you, come;
3. From sin and guilt it washes white, He ten-der-ly bids you, come;
4. He of - fers you sweet peace and rest, He ten-der-ly bids you, come;
5. To fel-lowship with all the saints, He ten-der-ly bids you, come;
6. To heaven, at last, with joy supreme, He ten-der-ly bids you, come;



Oh, hearken, that you may rejoice, He ten-der-ly bids you, come.  
 His precious blood is of-fered free, He ten-der-ly bids you, come.  
 It makes us spotless in His sight, He ten-der-ly bids you, come.  
 That you may be supremely blest, He ten-der-ly bids you, come.  
 To share their pleasures and complaints, He ten-der-ly bids you, come.  
 To rest - be-side its crystal stream, He ten-der-ly bids you, come.



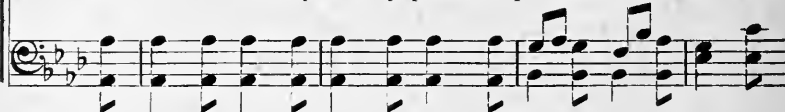
CHORUS.

*Accel.*

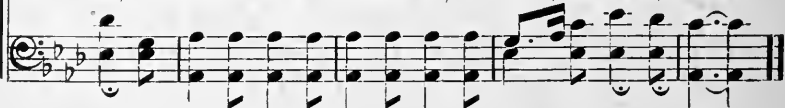
*Tempo.*



"Just as I am," my on - ly plea, His precious blood was shed for



me; And from all sin He sets me free, To Thee, dear Lord, I come.



J. D. V.

JAS. D. VAUGHAN.

1. Wel-come, day of peace-ful rest, Giv-en in a Fa-ther's love;  
 2. Bless-ed day when Je-sus came From the grave victo-rious-ly;  
 3. On this ho-ly, sa-cred day, At the house of God we'll meet,

To the wea-ry ones how blest, Emblem of sweet rest a-bove.  
 Let us wor-ship His dear name, On this day of rest so free.  
 There to watch, and praise, and pray, Blessed serv-ice, oh, how sweet!

CHORUS.

Sweet day,            blest day,            Welcome, ho-ly Sab-bath - day;  
           Sweet day,            blest day,

Sweet day,            blest day,            Welcome, blessed Sabbath-day.  
           Sweet day,            blest day,

No. 161.

The Crowning, By and By.

W. T. GIFFE.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. By and by the mists shall all be cleared away. And the light break  
 2. By and by we all shall see the rea-son why Thorns and briars be-  
 3. By and by our eyes shall o - pen to the sight Of our Lord in

forth a - new; Then we shall see 'twas God that led the way,  
 set our way; Why clouds be - gloomed the sun in mid-day sky,  
 glo - ry crowned; And we shall see His Son enthroned in light,

CHORUS.

All the wea - ry jour - ney through. By and by, by and  
 Why the night drove out the day.  
 'Mid the an - gel host a - round. By and by,

by, 1 & 2. We'll un - der - stand it by and by, Oh,  
 (3.) We shall see Je - sus, by and by, Oh,  
 by and by, by and by,

## The Crowning, By and By. Concluded.

grand will be the vic - to - ry, When we shall understand it, by and by.  
 grand will be the vic - to - ry, Of Je - sus at the crowning, by and by.

## No. 162. Some Sweet Day.

S. H. C.

S. H. CHORD.

1. Some sweet day when life is o'er, We shall meet a - bove,
2. Tri - als here be - low we meet, Sor - row, pain and care,
3. Bright the dawn - ing of that morn, Night be turned to day,

We shall greet those gone be - fore, In that home of love.  
 In that hap - py home so sweet, Joy and peace we'll share.  
 Part - ed friends no fare-wells know, Tears be wiped a - way.

### REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, some sweet day, Oh! that hap - py time will be, Some sweet day.

No. 163.

The Rifted Rock.

R. G. STAPLES.

W. F. HEATH.

1. No oth-er ref-uge, Lord, have I; Who can I trust but Thee?  
 2. Tho' clouds obscure and dark the way, Storms in wild fu - ry rage,  
 3. Come, stormy wind: come, tempestshock: Roll, bil-lows of the sea;

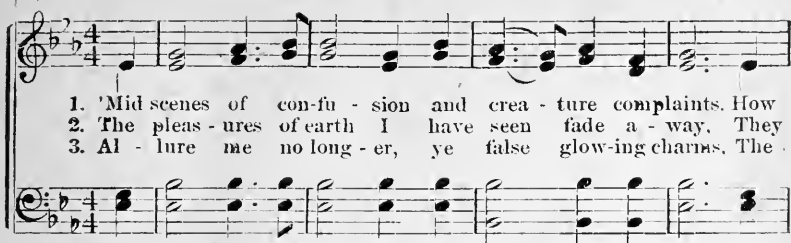
Oh, fix my hope up - on the Rock That has been cleft for me.  
 Safe from a - lam, I rest se - cure Till Thou the storms as - suage.  
 I am se - cure within the Rock That has been cleft for me.

CHORUS.

The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter  
 The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter

me; My hope is in the rift-ed Rock That has been cleft for me.  
 shelter me;





1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu - sion and crea - ture complaints. How  
 2. The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way. They  
 3. Al - lure me no long - er, ye false glow - ing charms. The

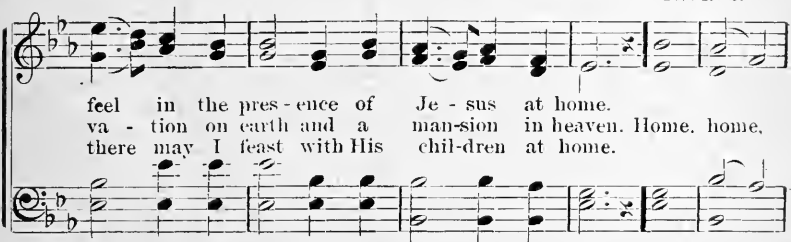


sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion with saints! To  
 bloom for a sea - son, but soon they de - cay; But  
 Sav - iour in - vites me, I'll go to His arms; At the



find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And  
 pleas - ures more last - ing in Je - sus are given, Sal -  
 ban - quet of mer - cy I hear there is room, Oh,

## CHORUS.



feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home.  
 va - tion on earth and a man - sion in heaven. Home, home,  
 there may I feast with His chil - dren at home.



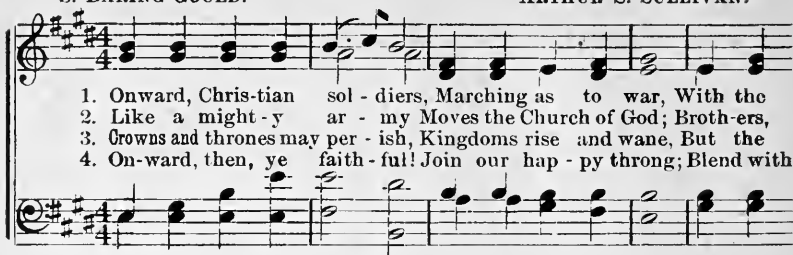
sweet, sweet home, Pre - pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

No. 165.

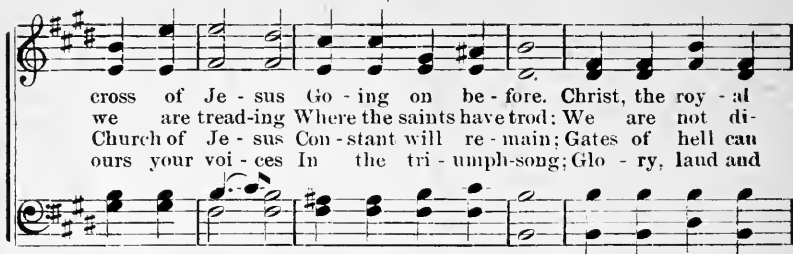
# Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD.

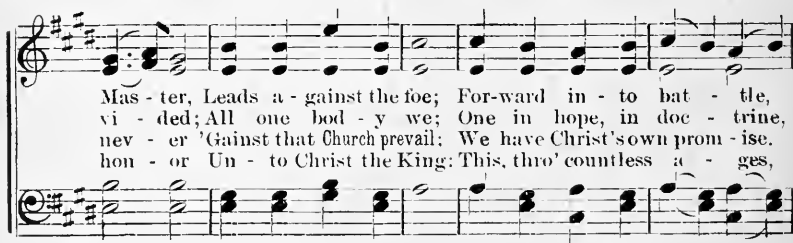
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



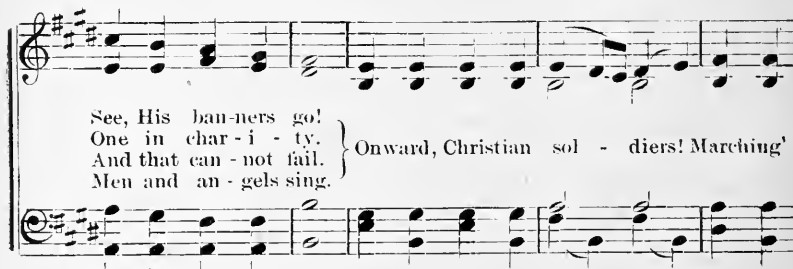
1. Onward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the  
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers,  
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the  
4. On-ward, then, ye faith - ful! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with



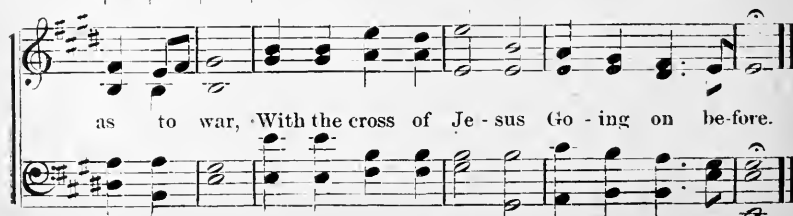
cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al  
we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod: We are not di-  
Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can  
ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud and



Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle,  
vi - ded; All one bod - y we; One in hope, in doc - trine,  
nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own prom - ise.  
hon - or Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges,



See, His ban - ners go!  
One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching'  
And that can - not fail.  
Men and an - gels sing.



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

W. T. GIFFE.

J. D. BRUNK.

1. Do we fol - low Je - sus tru - ly? Do we walk the nar - row way?  
 2. Do we fol - low Je - sus meek - ly? Do we strive His will to know?  
 3. Do we fol - low Je - sus glad - ly? Do we put our trust in Him?

Do we fol - low His commandments? Do we trust Him and o - bey?  
 Do we yield our hearts, submis - sive? Do our lives His im - press show?  
 Do we call on Him to res - cue When we stumble in - to sin?

There is life, and health, and beauty In the Mas - ter's steps to - day.  
 In the footsteps of the Mas - ter We should walk where'er we go.  
 There is safe - ty in His foot - steps If we on - ly walk therein.

## REFRAIN.

In His steps, in His steps, O Lord, may we be  
 In His steps, in His steps, in His steps.

true, As we ask the question to ourselves "What would Je - sus do?"

ADELINE H. BERRY.

C. D. AMSTUTZ.

1. See the morn is bright-'ning In the east - ern skies;  
 2. Sow the seeds of kind - ness In your neigh - bor's heart;  
 3. Sow a - long the high - way, Strangers may be there;

Up. for work make read - y, Lie not i - dly by.  
 You will soon with glad - ness See the plant - lets start.  
 You may make them bet - ter, By a gift or prayer.

Has - ten to the grain - fields With your pre - cious seed;  
 If the soil is ston - y, Nev - er fear to sow;  
 Sow be - neath the noon - tide, While your strength is giv'n;

Man - y will - ing work - men Yet the Lord doth need.  
 Some rift may be o - pened, Where the stalk may grow.  
 Sow till life is end - ed, You will reap in heav'n.

## REFRAIN.

'Tis . . . . . the time for sow - ing  
 'Tis the time for sow - ing for seeds of pre - cious worth;

# Sowing Time. Concluded.

seeds . . . . . of precious worth;      Scat - ter them like  
 'Tis the time for sow - ing seeds of precious worth; Scatter them like sun-shine

sun - shine o - ver all the earth;      Scat - ter them like sun - shine  
 o - ver all the earth; Scatter them like sun - shine

earth.      'Tis . . . . . the time for sow - - ing  
 o - ver all the earth. 'Tis the time for sow - ing seeds of precious worth;

seeds . . . . . of precious worth;      Scat - - ter them like  
 'Tis the time for sow - ing seeds of precious worth; Scatter them like sun-shine

sun - shine o - ver all the earth.  
 o - ver all the earth; Scat-ter them like sun - shine o - ver all the earth.

1. And must I be to judgment brought, And answer in that day  
 2. Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall shortly be made known,  
 3. How care - ful, then, ought we to live, With what re - lig - ious fear,  
 4. Oh, may the Judge of quick and dead His watchful powers bestow,

For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev - 'ry word I say?  
 And I re - ceive my just re - ward For all that I have done.  
 Whosuch a strict ac - count must give For our be - hav - ior here.  
 That by His Spir - it we'll be led In all we speak or do.

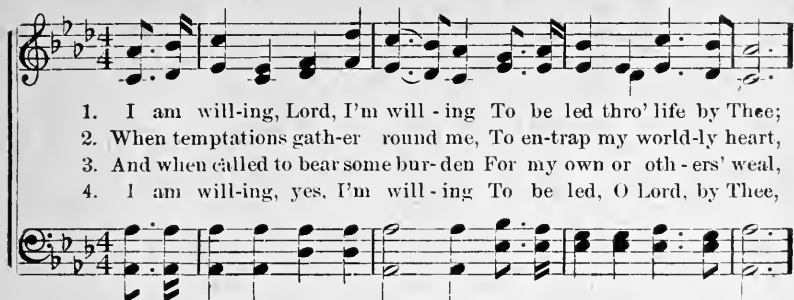
## CHORUS.

We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a -

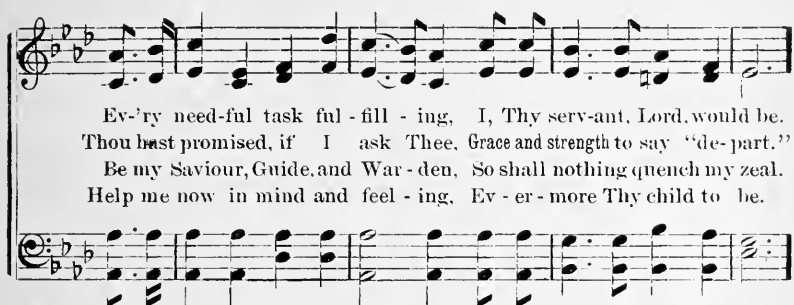
way. We are pass - ing a - way, To that great judgment day.

Rev. D. E. MILLARD.

C. V. STRICKLAND.

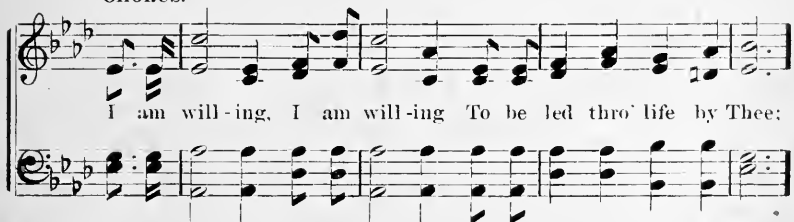


1. I am will-ing, Lord, I'm will - ing To be led thro' life by Thee;  
 2. When temptations gath-er round me, To en-trap my world-ly heart,  
 3. And when called to bear some bur-den For my own or oth - ers' weal,  
 4. I am will-ing, yes, I'm will - ing To be led, O Lord, by Thee,

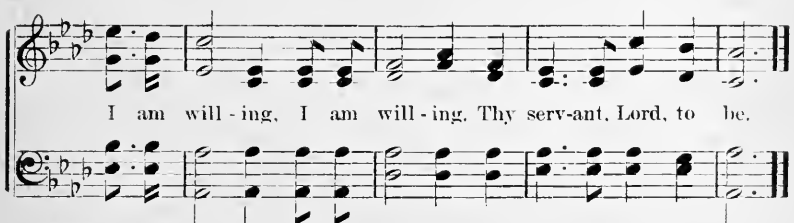


Ev-'ry need-ful task ful - fill - ing, I, Thy serv-ant, Lord, would be.  
 Thou hast promised, if I ask Thee, Grace and strength to say "de-part."  
 Be my Saviour, Guide, and War - den, So shall nothing quench my zeal.  
 Help me now in mind and feel - ing, Ev - er - more Thy child to be.

## CHORUS.



I am will - ing, I am will - ing To be led thro' life by Thee:



I am will - ing, I am will - ing, Thy serv-ant, Lord, to be.

By per.

1. We are build - ing ev - 'ry day, In a good or e - vil way;  
 2. Till in ev - 'ry arch and line All our faults and failings shine;  
 3. Do you ask what building this, That can show both pain and bliss,

And the struct-ure, as it grows, Will our in - most self dis-close.  
 It may grow a cas - tle grand, Or, a wreck up - on the sand.  
 That can be both dark and fair? Lo! its name is Char - ac - ter.

CHORUS.

Build it well..... what-e'er you do; Build it  
 Build it well what-e'er you do; Build it

Build it straight, and strong and true; Build it clean,  
 straight..... and strong and true; Build it clean..... and r'gh and

and high and broad; Build it for the eye of God.  
 broad;..... Build it for..... the eye of God.....

Used by per. of Rev. C. V. Strickland.



J. BORTHWICK. Tr.

WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Oh, may Thy will be mine;  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' man - y a tear,  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me:

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.  
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear.  
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee.

Thro' sor - row or thro' joy. Con - duct me as Thine own,  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,  
 Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el calm - ly on,

And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."  
 And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

W. T. GIFFE.

FINLEY LYON.

1. Tell the joy - ful ti - dings far and wide, Ti - dings of sal -  
 2. Tell the glad, glad news to all a - round, Of the love of  
 3. Tell the sto - ry, how He breaks the chain Of the sins that

va - tion free for all; Tell the sto - ry how the Sav - iour died,  
 Christ for all man - kind. Reaching to the earth's re - mot - est bound,  
 so be - set our way; In our hearts He comes to kind - ly reign;

CHORUS.

How He paid the ran - som of our fall. Tell the joy - - ful ti - dings  
 Breathing life and light to sick and blind. Tell the joy - ful ti - dings  
 Light of all the world, He shines to - day.

far and wide; Send the news . . . . . a - cross the o - cean tide; Tell the  
 far and wide; Send the news - a - cross the o - cean tide;

sto - - ry, how the Christ who died Is our Ad - vo - cate to - day.  
 Tell the sto - ry.

Rev. LOMAX L. CHILDRESS.

C. J. GILBERT.

1. For ev - 'ry tri - al there is grace, And glo - ry when the day is done;  
 2. We may not know the way we tread, But an - gels hold our feet se - enre,  
 3. Oh, sweet the promise of His love: Yes, sweeter far than song or story  
 4. The Lord will guide the pilgrim's feet, And crown the soul with love and grace;

And we shall see Him face to face, Be - yond the set - ting of the sun.,  
 And crowns are waiting o - ver - head For all whose patience shall endure.  
 Is God's own message from above, Which fills our souls with grace and glory.  
 Un - til the good in Christ shall meet In life e - ter - nal, face to face.

## CHORUS.

The Lord will send—how sweet to know—Up - on the young and on the old,

The rich - es of His grace be - low, And ev - er - last - ing life a - bove.

No. 174.

Sowing the Tares.

(DUET AND QUARTET, OR MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO.)

Words by a Convict  
while in prison.

Melody by J. C. BRIDGE.  
Harmonized by W. T. GIFFE.

*Con affettuoso.*

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| 1. Sow - ing the tares, when it might have been wheat,                    | Sow - ing of |
| 2. Sow - ing the tares, oh, how dark the black sin!                       | Mingling a   |
| 3. Sow - ing the tares that will bring sorrow down,                       | Rob of its   |
| 4. Sow - ing the tares, un - der cov - er of night, Which might have been |              |

mal-ice,	spite, and de - ceit;	We might have sown ro - ses a -
curse with	life's sweetest hymn, And heed - ing no an - guish, no	
jew - els	life's fair - est crown, And turn - ing to sil - ver the	
wheat all	gold - en and bright; O heart, turn to God with re -	

## Sowing the Tares. Concluded.

mid life's sad cares, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.  
 pit - e - ous prayers, While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.  
 once gold - en hairs, Grown whiter as thoughtlessly we sowed the tares.  
 penitance and prayers, And plead for for - giveness for sow - ing the tares.

### QUARTET.

Sow - ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow - ing of mal - ice,

spite, and de - ceit; We might have sown ro - ses a - mid life's sad

cares, But we plead for for - giveness for sow - ing the tares.

\*Small notes for the last stanza.

"For my strength is made perfect in weakness."—2d Cor. 12: 9.

L. W. H.

L. W. HAUSER.

1. Je - sus, my gra - cious, lov - ing Re - deem - er, Oh, how He  
 2. Oh, how my heart craves more of Thy Spir - it, Bless - ed Re  
 3. Fee - ble my ef - forts. Sav - iour, to praise Thee, Sin - ful the

pleads and cares for my soul! Tho' I am lost, neg - lect - ed, for -  
 deem - er—more of Thy aid! All the al - lur - ing scenes of the  
 heart I of - fer to Thee; Here is my life, take all as my

*D. S.—Led by Thy Spir - it, clothed with sal -*

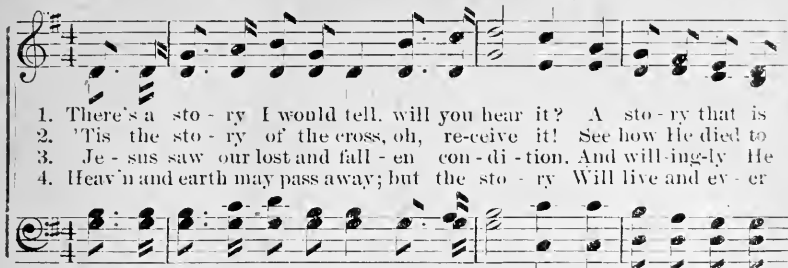
FINE. CHORUS.

sa - ken, Tossed while the tem - pests o - ver me roll.  
 tempter Flee from Thy glo - ry, ev - er to fade. } Nearer, still  
 of - f'ring, No long - er mine, but Thine let it be.

*va - tion, E'er let me tread the life - giv - ing way.*

*D. S.*

near - er, Sav - iour, I plead Thee, Bearing the cross from day un - to day;

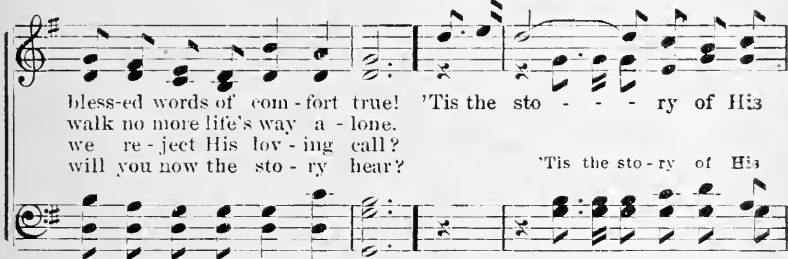


1. There's a sto - ry I would tell, will you hear it? A sto - ry that is  
 2. 'Tis the sto - ry of the cross, oh, re - ceive it! See how He died to  
 3. Je - sus saw our lost and fall - en con - di - tion. And will - ing - ly He  
 4. Heav'n and earth may pass away; but the sto - ry Will live and ev - er

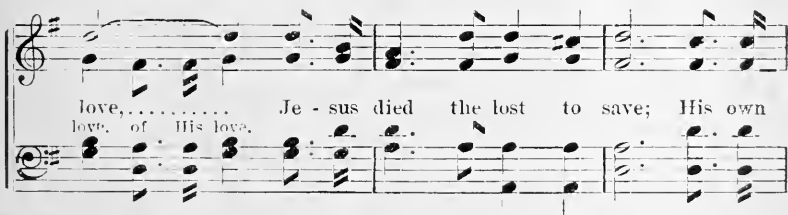


ev - er new: 'Tis that Je - sus frees the sin - bur - dened spir - it, — Oh,  
 save His own: Oh, ac - cept the mes - sage now, and be - lieve it. And  
 died for all; Now He's knocking at our hearts for ad - mis - sion; Shall  
 grow more dear Of our Sav - iour's match - less love and His glo - ry. Oh.

## REFRAIN.



bless - ed words of com - fort true! 'Tis the sto - - - ry of His  
 walk no more life's way a - lone.  
 we re - ject His lov - ing call?  
 will you now the sto - ry hear? 'Tis the sto - ry of His



love, ..... Je - sus died the lost to save; His own  
 love, of His love.



pre - cious blood He shed to re - deem us, And rose in triumph from the grave.

## No. 177.

## We Shall be Like Him.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. We shall be like Him, oh, beau-ti-ful thought! Well may our  
 2. Aft-er the con-flict in peace to sit down, Aft-er the  
 3. Death! 'tis this tho't does a-way with thy sting, Makes us tri-  
 glad souls with rap-ture be wrought; Aft-er the sor-rows, the  
 cross to be wreath'd with a crown; Aft-er the dust and the  
 um-phant to meet thee and sing, "Glo-ry to God," when the  
 woe and, the tears, We shall be like Him when Je-sus ap-pears.  
 toil of the way, With Him and like Him for-ev-er to stay.  
 Jor-dan is passed, We shall go home and be like Him at last.

## No. 178.

## Abide With Me.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE.

W. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens;  
 2. Not a brief-glimpse I beg, a part-ing word; But as Thou dwell'st with  
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can  
 Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee.  
 Thy dis-ci-ples, Lord, Fa-mil-iar, con-de-scending, patient, free,  
 foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?



## Abide With Me. Concluded.

Help of the help-less, oh, a-bide with me!  
 Come, not to so-journ, but a-bide with me!  
 Through cloud and sun-shine, oh, a-bide with me!

## No. 179. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thon Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my  
 Be Thon my guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's  
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt a - way: Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, — A liv - ing fire.  
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
 trust re - move: O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

# No. 180. We Will Rally to the Standard.

ADA BURNS WATKINS.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. We will ral - ly to the stand - ard Of our bless - ed Lord and King;  
 2. Children, come, our ranks are o - pen, We will give the wel - come hand;  
 3. He will give us peace and par - don, He will name us as His own;

We will gath - er 'neath His ban - ner; We to Him our hearts will bring;  
 Come with us, our Prince is call - ing; Come and join our hap - py - band;  
 He will crown us with His glo - ry; He will guide us to the throne;

We will come to Him, our Sav - iour, With His blood He hath us bought;  
 We have Je - sus for our Cap - tain, He will keep us from all haz - ar;  
 Nev - er let us faint or fal - ter, Nev - er wea - ry, nev - er wait;

He hath said, "Let lit - tle chil - dren Come to me, for - bid them not."  
 Where He leads us we will fol - low, Trust - ing in His sav - ing arm.  
 On - ward, on - ward, God is with us; On - ward to the Gold - en Gate.

## CHORUS.

We will ral - - - ly to the stand - - - ard  
 We will ral - ly to the stand - ard, yes, we'll ral - ly to the stand - ard

We Will Rally to the Standard. Concluded.

Of our bless - - - - ed Lord and King,.....  
Of our bless - ed Lord, our bless - ed Lord and King, Lord and King,

We will gath - - - - er 'neath His ban - - - - ner,  
We will gath - er, yes, we'll gath - er 'neath the ban - ner, glo - rious ban - ner.

We to Him..... our hearts will bring.  
We to Him our hearts will bring, our hearts will glad - ly bring.

No. 181.

Story of the Christ.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Oh, I love to hear the sto - ry That I sometimes hear them tell,
2. With the shepherds close beside them, Seated on the qui - et ground,
3. How an an - gel in the heav - ens Said to them, "Be not a - afraid!"
4. Of a sta - ble and a man - ger, Of a King with - in a stall;
5. Oh, I love to hear that sto - ry O'er and o'er, and o'er a - gain;

How the sheep and lambs were ly - ing In their midnight slumber spell,  
When the star rose up be - fore them, And a light shone all a - round.  
How the wise men has - tened onward Till they came where Christ was laid,  
Of the Christ born of a wom - an, To be Rul - er o - ver all.  
Sto - ry of the an - gel's message, "Peace on earth, good - will to men."

G. MOULTRIE.

J. BARNEY.

*Tempo di marcia.*

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be-

fore us, With His lov - ing eye Look - ing down from the sky,

FINE

And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.  
His arm spread o'er us.

1. We come in the might of the Lord of Light, With ar - mor bright to  
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met is His sal -  
3. Then onward we march, our arms to prove, With the ban - ner of Christ be-

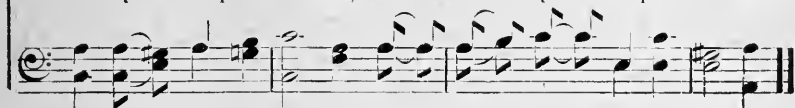
meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the  
va - tion, Our ban - ner, the cross of Cal - va - ry, Our  
fore us, With His eye of love look - ing down from a - bove. And His

# We March to Victory.

*D. C.*



sons of the day may greet Him, That the sons of the day may greet Him.  
 watchword, the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword, the In - car - na - tion.  
 ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

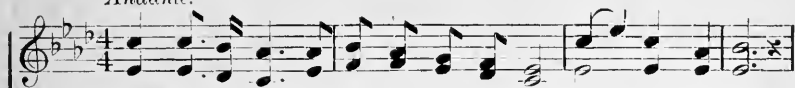


No. 183.

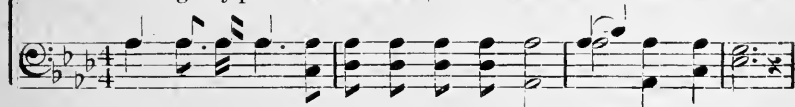
# Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN W. NEWMAN.  
*Andante.*

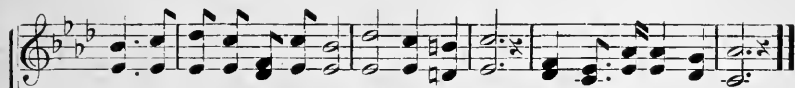
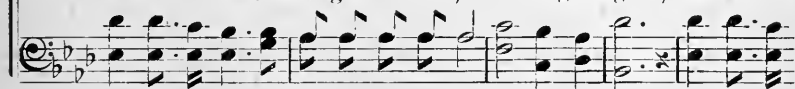
W. T. GIFFE.



1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom. Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my  
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the



feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
 garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years.  
 morn those angel-faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



1. All day long my heart is singing, For I know the Lord loves me;  
 2. All day long my heart is pleading, Come to Christ, He loves you true;  
 3. Would you taste the sweetest pleasure That your soul can ever know?

And with joy my soul is ring-ing, For from sin my soul is free.  
 'Tis that love your soul is need-ing, And the Spir - it calls for you.  
 Je - sus' love is with-out measure, Oh, re-ceive it ere you go.

CHORUS.

All the day..... my heart is sing - ing;  
 All the day my heart is sing - ing.

And with joy..... my soul is ring - ing;  
 And with joy my soul is ring - ing.

Je - sus' love ..... to you I'm bring - ing.  
 Je - sus' love to you I'm bring-ing

# My Heart is Singing. Concluded.

Je - sus' love so full and free. . . . . so full and free.

## No. 185. O Day of Rest.

C. WORDSWORTH.

German. Arr. by L. MASON.

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; }  
 3. { New gra-cies ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest, }  
 { We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest; }

On thee, the high and low-ly, Be-fore th'e ter-nal throne,  
 On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;  
 To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther and to Son;

Sing Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly! To the great Three in One.  
 And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A trip-le light was giv'n.  
 The Church her voice up-rais-es To Thee, blest Three in One.

# No. 186. We Are Nearing That Sweet Home.

J. D. V.

J. D. VAUGHAN.

1. We are near-ing that bright man-sion Up a-bove the star-ry way,  
 2. We are near-ing that fair cit-y Where our dear ones watch and wait;  
 3. We are near-ing joys im-mor-tal That will nev-er fade a-way,  
 4. We are near-ing bliss and glo-ry In that home be-yond com-pare.

And we'll pass its bless-ed por-tals by and by; When we  
 There we nev-er-more shall speak the sad good-bye; Oh, how  
 In that coun-try where we'll nev-er, nev-er die; There we'll  
 Where the saints of God shall gath-er by and by; We shall

reach the land ce-les-tial We shall rest in peace for aye;  
 glad-ly they will greet us When we reach the pearl-y gate;  
 live with Christ, the Sav-iour, In the realms of end-less day;  
 dwell in love for-ev-er, And the rich-est bless-ings share;

We are near-ing that sweet home be-yond the sky.

CHORUS.

We are near - - - ing that sweet home,  
 We are near-ing that sweet home.



# We Are Nearing That Sweet Home. Concluded.

We are near - - - ing that sweet home.  
We are near - ing that sweet home, that hap - py home,

We are near - - - ing that sweet home,  
We are near - ing that sweet home,

We are near ing that sweet home be - yond the sky.  
be - yond the sky.

No. 187.

## Thus Far the Lord.

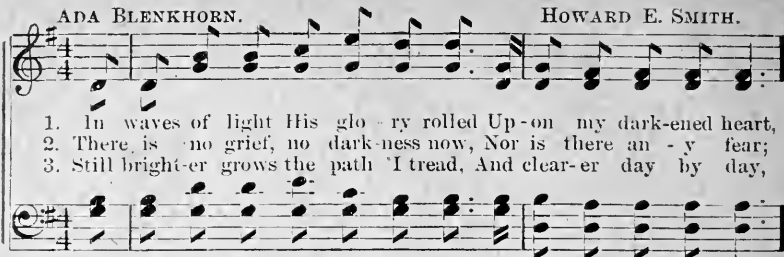
Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;  
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;

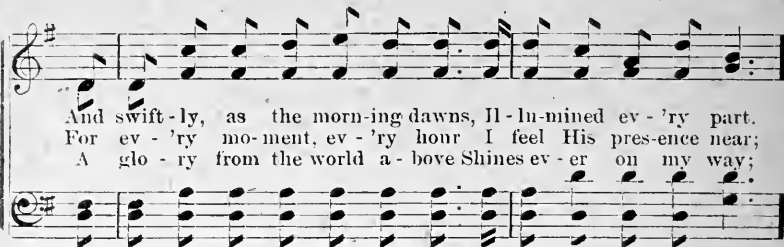
And ev - 'ry eve - ning shall make known Some fresh me - mo - rial of His grace.  
But He for - gives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.  
While well - ap - point - ed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

ADA BLENKHORN.

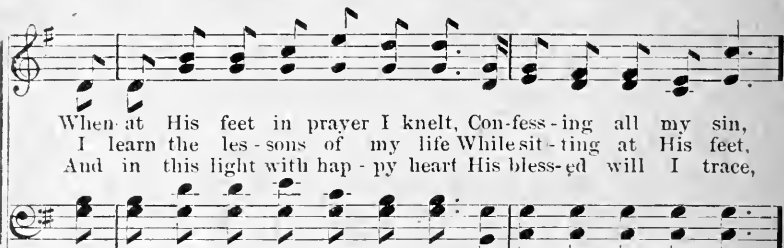
HOWARD E. SMITH.



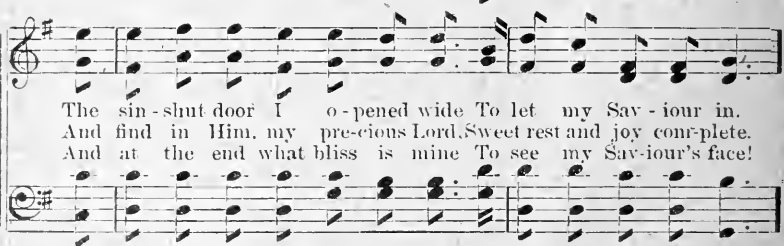
1. In waves of light His glo - ry rolled Up - on my dark - ened heart,  
 2. There is no grief, no dark - ness now, Nor is there an - y fear;  
 3. Still bright - er grows the path I tread, And clear - er day by day,



And swift - ly, as the morn - ing dawns, Il - lu - mined ev - 'ry part.  
 For ev - 'ry mo - ment, ev - 'ry hour I feel His pres - ence near;  
 A glo - ry from the world a - bove Shines ev - er on my way;



When at His feet in prayer I knelt, Con - fess - ing all my sin,  
 I learn the les - sons of my life While sit - ting at His feet,  
 And in this light with hap - py heart His bless - ed will I trace,



The sin - shut door I o - pened wide To let my Sav - iour in.  
 And find in Him, my pre - cious Lord, Sweet rest and joy com - plete.  
 And at the end what bliss is mine To see my Sav - iour's face!

## CHORUS.



His glo - - - ry shone my heart with - in, When,  
 His glo - ry shone, His glo - ry shone my heart with - in.

In Waves of Light. Concluded.

at His feet con-fess - ing sin, I o - - - - pened wide the  
I o - pened wide, I o - pened wide the

sin - shut door To let my Sav - iour in.....  
sin - shut door To let my Sav - iour in.

No. 189.

Blest Be the Tie.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

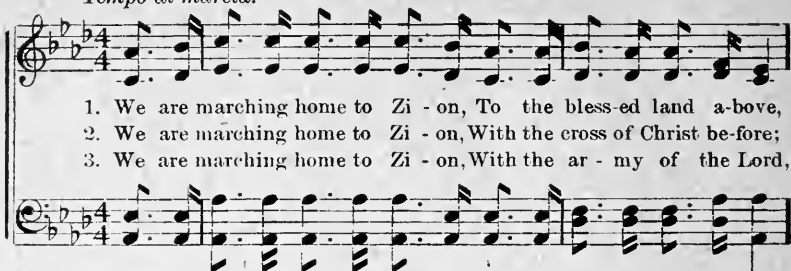
H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
2. Be - fore - our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

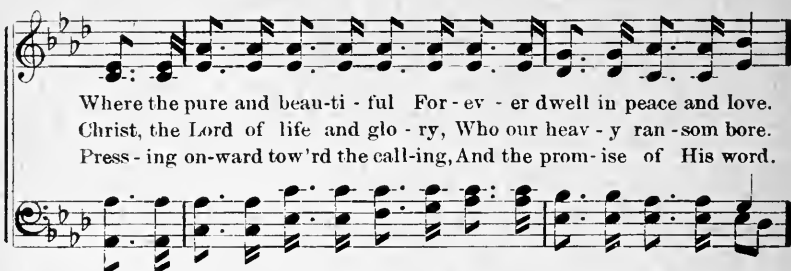
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.  
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

W. T. G.

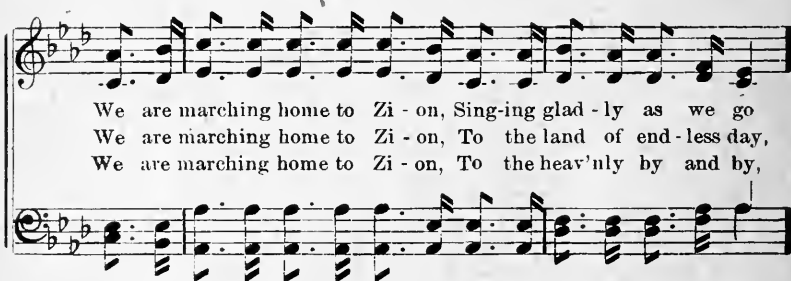
W. T. GIFFE.

*Tempo di marcia.*


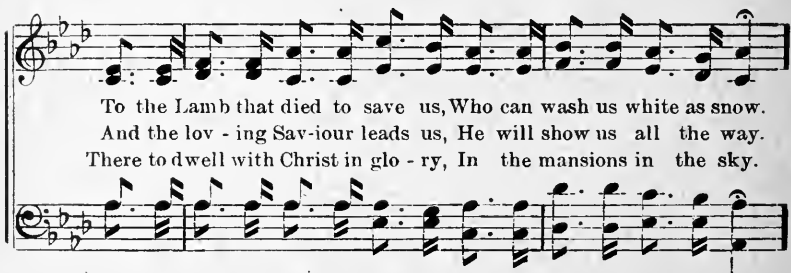
1. We are marching home to Zi - on, To the bless-ed land a - bove,  
 2. We are marching home to Zi - on, With the cross of Christ be - fore;  
 3. We are marching home to Zi - on, With the ar - my of the Lord,



Where the pure and beau-ti - ful For - ev - er dwell in peace and love.  
 Christ, the Lord of life and glo - ry, Who our heav - y ran - som bore.  
 Press - ing on - ward tow'rd the call - ing, And the prom - ise of His word.



We are marching home to Zi - on, Sing - ing glad - ly as we go  
 We are marching home to Zi - on, To the land of end - less day,  
 We are marching home to Zi - on, To the heav'nly by and by,



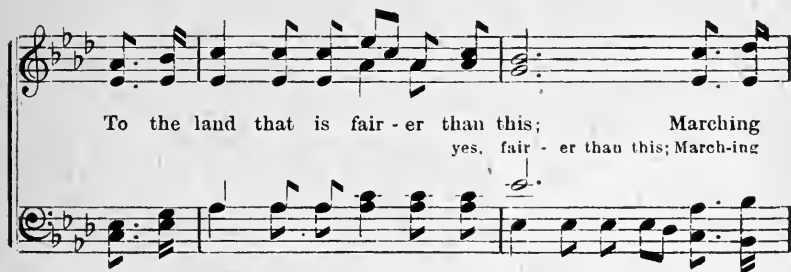
To the Lamb that died to save us, Who can wash us white as snow.  
 And the lov - ing Sav - iour leads us, He will show us all the way.  
 There to dwell with Christ in glo - ry, In the mansions in the sky.

# Marching Home to Zion. Concluded.

CHORUS.



March-ing home,..... we're marching home,  
March-ing home, we're marching home, Marching home to Zi - on,



To the land that is fair - er than this;                      Marching  
yes, fair - er than this; March-ing



home,..... we're marching home,  
home, we're march - ing home, yes, march-ing home to Zi - on,



To the land full of beau - ty and bliss.

MARYE J. C. DAVIS.

ISA. 6: 8.

C. J. GILBERT.

1. { Can I not bear a mes - sage To those in dark - est night,  
The years are swift - ly pass - ing. Pro - ba - tion soon will end;

2. { How joy - ful are the ti - dings To those who want re - lease;  
May I not whis - per soft - ly To those for whom He died,

3. { If an - gels do His bid - ding, Whose state was al - ways right,  
My debt of love to heav - en I nev - er can re - pay;

To souls of great - est, val - ue, Who need the truth and light? }  
Shall I not bear a mes - sage For Christ to some dear friend? }  
"There's joy a - mong the an - gels" When sin - ners sue for peace. }  
Of Je - sus and His mer - cy, The Sav - iour cru - ci - fied? }  
Shall I not be as faith - ful As mes - sen - gers of light? }  
May burn - ing zeal for Je - sus Im - pel me day by day. }

## CHORUS.

Oh, who will go for Je - sus? A voice from heav - en cries.

Let Christians make the ef - fort To help the fall - en rise.

*March time.*

J. OWEN LONG.

1. March-ing on, with cross and ban-ner o'er us, In the strength of  
 2. March-ing on, our feet should nev-er fal-ter, Shod with Christ's pre-  
 3. Marching, marching, come and join our ar-my! First the cross, and

ear-ly youth; Crown us with the hel-met of sal-va-tion,  
 par-ing word; Hear the prom-ise, "Lo! I'm with you al-way,  
 then the crown; Bold-ly press to Zi-on's ho-ly moun-tain,

CHORUS.

Shield of faith and sword of truth. }  
 And will guide you," saith the Lord. } Marching on to Zi-on,  
 Rest not till the bat-tle's won. }

marching on to Zi-on, There to lay our burd-ens down,  
 lay our burd-ens down,

There to meet the friends who've gone before us, There to gain a star-ry crown.

# No. 193. How Beautiful to Trust in the Saviour.

EDDIE LOU ADKINS.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. How beau-ti-ful to trust in the Sav-iour, How beau-ti-ful to  
 2. How beau-ti-ful to trust in the Sav-iour, How beau-ti-ful His  
 3. How beau-ti-ful to trust in the Sav-iour, Not car-ing for the

walk by His side! How beau-ti-ful to share all our sor-rows With  
 foot-steps to take! How beau-ti-ful to trust in His prom-ise, "The  
 world's fiercest foe; We know that our own bless-ed Re-deem-er Is

CHORUS.

Je-sus, our Friend and Guide. How beau-ti-ful to trust in the  
 right-ous I'll ne'er for-sake." lead-ing the way we go. How beau-ti-ful to trust, to

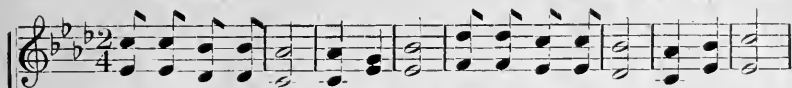
Sav-our, Joy-ful-ly His praise we sing, Who  
 trust the bless-ed Sav-iour; Joy-ful-ly His praise, His praise we sing,

shel-ter-eth the soul from dan-ger. Beneath the shad-ow of His wing.

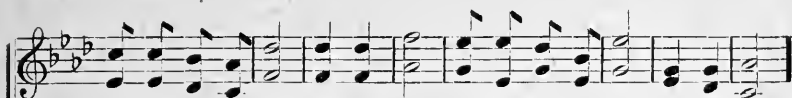
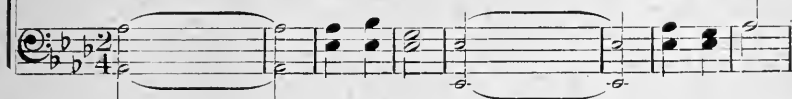


D. T. GOCHENOUR.

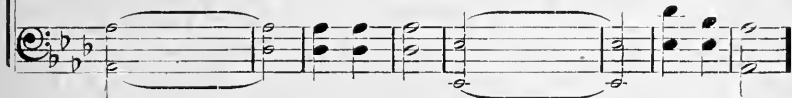
E. T. HILDEBRAND.



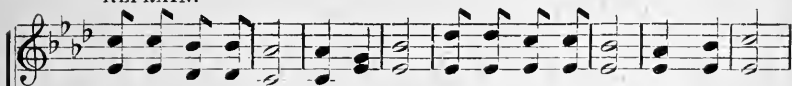
1. There's a hap-py land, far a-way, Shades of night ne'er close o'er the day;
2. Tears are wiped a-way, sor-row o'er; Tempests never roll, raging sore;
3. Soon we all shall go, hap-py day, To that ha-ven land far a-way;  
far a-way. o'er the day;



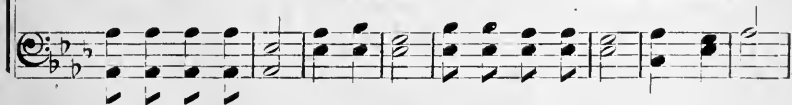
But a sea of love, on and on, Flows e - ter-nal-ly round the throne.  
Je - sus, Lord and King, Prince of Love, In that land of peace, reigns a-bove.  
Bid farewell to stars, rise on high, There to live with Him, ne'er to die.  
on and on, round the throne.



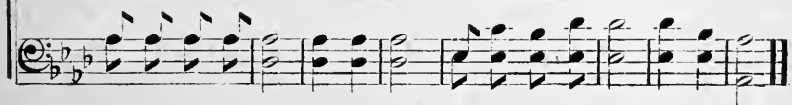
## REFRAIN.



With the angels there, tears all gone, We shall sing His praise, round the throne;



Loved ones meet again, clasping hands, Where the tides ne'er roll o'er the sands.



# No. 195. We Shall Know Each Other There.

Miss M. E. WINSLOW.

W. A. TINNIN.

1. When we stand a - mong the an - gels Gathered round our Saviour's throne,  
 2. We shall know each oth - er's sor - rows When the lat - est tears are shed;  
 3. We shall know each other's mournings 'Neath the wea - ry load of sin;  
 4. Fel - low - Christians! if in heav - en We shall know as we are known,

Can we doubt that in the sun - shine We shall know as we are known?  
 We shall speak with ho - ly rev' - rence Of each oth - er's loved and dead;  
 We shall know each oth - er's strug - gles A bright crown of life to win;  
 If each dark mis - ap - pre - hen - sion Shall roll off be - fore the throne,

Ev - ry eye will beam with love's light, Ev'ry tone with joy ac - cord,  
 And no word of cold un - kind - ness From each oth - er's lips shall flow;  
 We shall there find ev - ry bar - rier, Which has kept us here a - part,  
 Let us strive by deeds of kind - ness Tender words and lov - ing prayer,

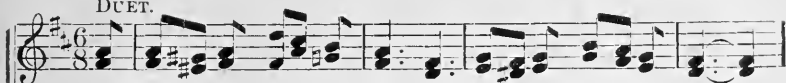
For we all must know each oth - er - If we know and love our Lord.  
 Like our Lord, we'll love each oth - er. When we each the oth - er know.  
 Van - ish quick - ly in the warm glow Of our bless - ed Saviour's heart.  
 Here to bind those hearts to - geth - er Which shall know each oth - er there.

# No. 196. Bells of Heaven are Ringing.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. O. L.  
DUET.

J. OWEN LONG.



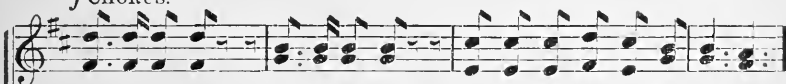
1. The bells of heav'n are ring-ing, Christ, the Lord, is born;
2. His prais es they are tell-ing, Christ, the Lord, is born;
3. Go, tell the wondrous sto-ry, Christ, the Lord, is born;



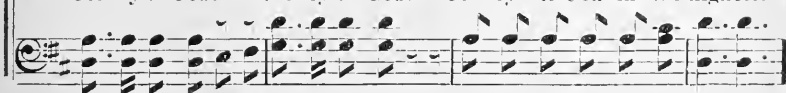
The choirs of heav'n are singing, Christ, the Lord, is born.  
Loud an-thems they are swelling On the Christmas morn.  
Hail ye the King of glo-ry On this Christmas morn.



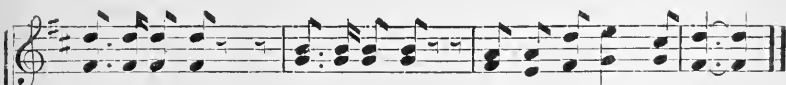
*f* CHORUS.



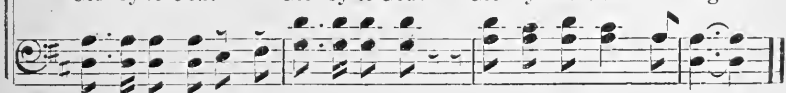
Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the highest!



Yes, its



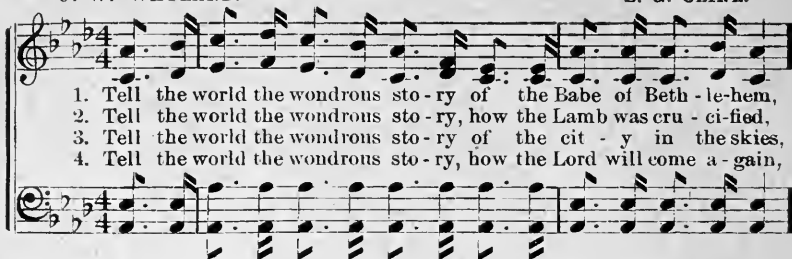
Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God on high!



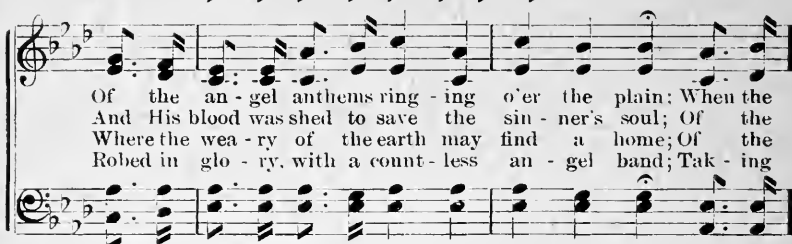
Yes, its

J. W. WAYLAND.

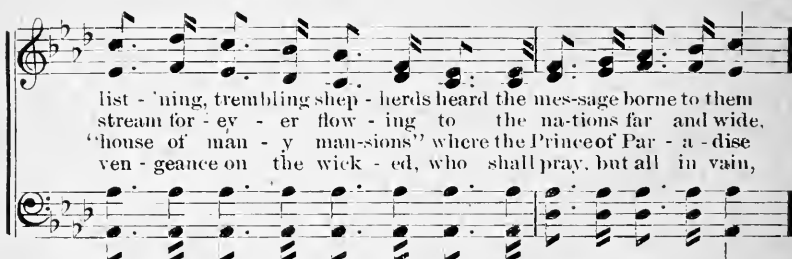
S. G. CLINE.



1. Tell the world the wondrous sto - ry of the Babe of Beth - le - hem,  
 2. Tell the world the wondrous sto - ry, how the Lamb was cru - ci - fied,  
 3. Tell the world the wondrous sto - ry of the cit - y in the skies,  
 4. Tell the world the wondrous sto - ry, how the Lord will come a - gain,



Of the an - gel anthems ring - ing o'er the plain: When the  
 And His blood was shed to save the sin - ner's soul; Of the  
 Where the wea - ry of the earth may find a home; Of the  
 Robed in glo - ry, with a count - less an - gel band; Tak - ing



list - 'ning, trembling shep - herds heard the mes - sage borne to them  
 stream for - ey - er flow - ing to the na - tions far and wide,  
 "house of man - y man - sions" where the Prince of Par - a - dise  
 ven - geance on the wick - ed, who shall pray, but all in vain,



That should free the hearts of men from grief and pain.  
 Where the lep - rous and the lame may be made whole.  
 Waits and watch - es for the ran - somed ones to come.  
 While the right - eous in His pres - ence crowned shall stand.

## CHORUS.



Tell the world..... the wondrous sto - ry,  
 Tell the world the won - drous sto - ry, sung by an - gel bands a - bove,

## Tell the World. Concluded.

Of the Sav - iour and His love,  
Of the Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, and His love, ten - der love,

Till the earth . . . . . be filled with glo - ry,  
Till the earth be filled with glo - ry, with His glo - ry and His love.

And with peace from heav'n a - bove.  
And with peace from heav'n a - bove, from heav'n a - bove.

## No. 198. Oh, for a Heart to Praise.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free.
2. A hum-ble, low - ly, contrite heart, Be - liev-ing, true, and clean.
3. Thy nat-ure, dear - est Lord, impart; Come quickly from a - bove;

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free-ly spilt for me.  
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within.  
Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

No. 199. Onward, Children of the Day.

J. D. BRUNK.

1. Standing at the por-tal of the op'ning year, Words of com-fort  
 2. I, the Lord, am with thee, be thou not a-fraid! I will help and  
 3. He will nev-er fail us, He will not for-sake; His e-ter-nal

meet us, hush-ing ev-'ry fear, Spo-ken thro' the si-lence by our  
 strength-en, be thou not dis-mayed! Yes, I will up-hold thee with my  
 cov-e-nant He'll nev-er break! Rest-ing on His prom-ise, what have

Fa-ther's voice, Ten-der, strong, and faith-ful, mak-ing us re-joice.  
 own right hand; Thou art called and cho-sen in my'sight to stand.  
 we to fear? God is all-suf-fi-cient for the com-ing year.

REFRAIN.

On-ward, then, and up-ward, On-ward, then, and up-ward, on-ward,  
 On-ward, then, and up-ward, on-ward, then, and up-ward.

then, On-ward, then, chil-dren of the day;  
 On-ward, then, and up-ward, chil-dren of the day;

Onward, Children of the Day. Concluded.

On - ward, then, and up - ward, Onward, then, on - ward, then, and up - ward, on - ward,

then, On - ward, then, and up - ward, O chil - dren of the day, For His chil - dren of the day.

word, For His word, for His word, For His word shall nev - er For His word, for His word, For His word

pass a - way; shall nev - er pass a - way For His word, For His word, for His

word, for His word. For His word shall nev - er. nev - er pass a - way.

JOHN M. BAKER.

FRED COBLENTZ.

*Lively.*

1. Oh, the world has need of sun - shine as you go,  
 2. You can la - bor for the Mas - ter as you go,  
 3. You will meet with man - y tri - als as you go;

For we oft - en see the tears of sor - row flow; You can  
 Plant the pre - cious seed, and He will bid it grow; Toil - ing  
 There will be some self - de - ni - als here be - low; But keep

haste that com - ing day, When they'll all be wiped a - way,  
 on, what - e'er be - tide, With the Sav - iour by your side,  
 look - ing still a - bove, And re - mem - ber God is love,

If you'll scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.  
 You can scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.  
 While you scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.

CHORUS.

As you go..... on the way.....  
 As you go re - joic - ing, sing - ing on the way.



## Sunshine as You Go. Concluded.

You can scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day,

For so man - y hearts are sad, You can help to make them glad,

If you'll scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine all the way.

No. 201.

## O For a Faith!

Rev. W. W. BATHURST.

(EVAN.)

WM. H. HAVERGAL.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe,
2. That will not mur - mur or complain Be - neath the chast'ning rod;
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come,

That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe;  
 But in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;  
 That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt;—  
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.

No. 202.

Come Back, Wand'rer.

"They have wandered as blind men."—SAM. 4: 14.

Rev. G. P. HOTT.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. O homeless wand'rer, sad and lone. An in - vi - ta - tion sweet is giv'n;  
 2. Why wander long-er from thy God When saints and angels ev-er wait  
 3. To find the bliss-ful Par - a - dise, Thy feet should hasten on the way,

Lay down your burden at His feet, And claim a mansion, fair, in heav'n.  
 Thy quick return, with crowns of gold, And welcomes at the golden gate?  
 Nor tar - ry till the shades of night Are lost in an e - ter - nal day.

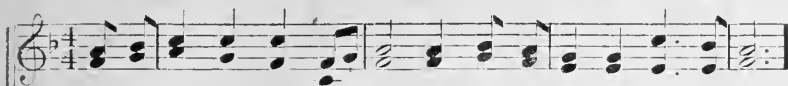
CHORUS. *f*

Come back, wand'rer, why longer stray? Jesus, thy Saviour, calls thee to-day;

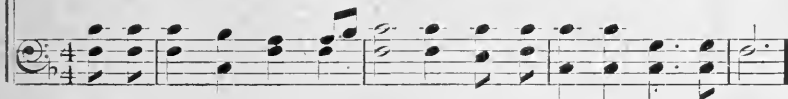
*p* Come back, wand'rer, why longer stray? Jesus, thy Saviour, calls thee to-day. *pp*

E. R. LATTA.

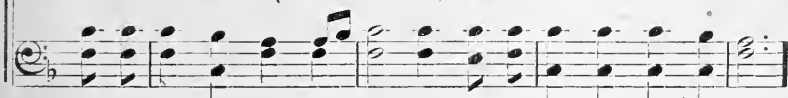
A. E. LONG.



1. There is on - ly one foun - da - tion Where our hope may safely rest;
2. Boundless wealth can - not a - vail us, World - wide fame, or earthly pride;
3. Let us build up - on Him, on - ly, Then in peace our souls may dwell;



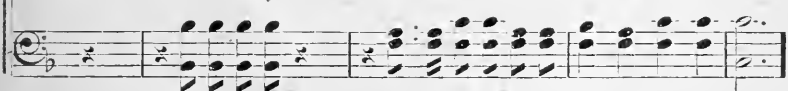
That is Je - sus Christ, the Righteous, Hope of all by sin oppressed.  
 There is on - ly one foun - da - tion, On - ly Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.  
 For, what - ev - er - may be - tide us, We shall know that all is well.



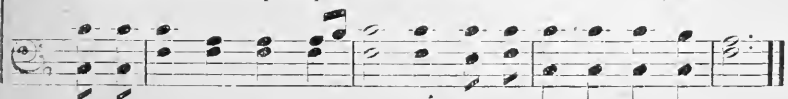
## CHORUS.



There is on - - ly one foun - da - tion; Seek it in the sacred Word!  
 There is on - ly one foundation;



Let us build our hopes up - on it, Build on Je - sus Christ, the Lord!



C. E. N.

CHAS. E. NEAL.

*Sprightly.*

1. We are lit - tle lights, in the world a - round us, Shin - ing by our  
 2. We are lit - tle lights, and the world grows brighter For our ti - ny  
 3. We are lit - tle lights, and our light He giv - eth, Mak - ing it more

King's com - mand; Light - ing up the way thro' this world of dark - ness,  
 rays of light; Rays of sun - ny smiles, rays of words of kind - ness,  
 bright each day, As we send it out on its lov - ing mis - sion,

## CHORUS.

Lead - ing to the King's own land. }  
 Rays of lov - ing deeds so bright. } Shining, shin - ing, shin - ing for the  
 Shin - ing forth each brilliant ray. }

Sav - iour, Shin - ing thro' the day and night; Shin - ing, shin - ing.

shin - ing for the Sav - iour, Shin - ing with a bright, bright light.

Rev. J. W. WAYLAND.

JAS. D. VAUGHAN:

1. "Go ye, and work in the har-vest to-day," Christ is call - ing thee;  
 2. Go out and gather the swift-falling grain, Much there is to do;  
 3. Gather in souls for the heav-en-ly home, Of its glo - ries tell;

"Fields are all whitened, O has-ten a-way," Christ is call - ing thee.  
 Workers for Je - sus toil nev - er in vain, He will work with you.  
 Tell how the Saviour is bidding all come Home with Him to dwell.

## CHORUS.

Gath - - - er, gath - - - er, Will you the  
 Gath - er, O gath - er the har - vest to - day,

Lord of the har - vest o - bey? Gath - - - er,  
 Gath - er, O gath - er the

gath - - - er, Fields are all whit - ened, O has - ten a - way.  
 har - vest to - day,

W. L. CORNELL.

J. H. KISSINGER.

1. Oh, the bless-ed words of Je-sus, That He spake while here on earth;  
 2. Oh, the bless-ed words of Je-sus, We should search them thro' and thro';  
 3. Oh, the bless-ed words of Je-sus, How they give our souls de-light;

Who can tell their wondrous meaning, Who declare their matchless worth?  
 For the pearl of price-less val - ue, For the gold that's tried and true;  
 Lead-ing us from out the dark-ness In - to paths of peace and light;

How they comfort, cheer, and strengthen, All a-long earth's wea-ry way;  
 For the fount of liv - ing wa - ters That so free - ly flows for all  
 In - to ways of God's ap-point-ment, In - to serv-ice born of love;

Mould-ing us in - to His like-ness, Fit-ting us for per-fect day.  
 Who would seek the Father's fa - vor, And in faith up - on Him call.  
 Till at last, our life-work end - ed, We shall dwell with Him a-bove.

ADALYN.

L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. I go re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day, On to my home so  
 2. I go re-joic - ing, since God's love Point - ed the way to  
 3. I go re-joic - ing, praise His name! Since to my wait-ing

far a - way; Fair is the path my feet doth tread; God's golden  
 heav'n a - bove; Trust-ing in Him, I can - not stray Far from the  
 soul He came, Earth is an E - den - life di - vine, Since in my

CHORUS. *Faster.*

sun shines o'er my head. }  
 straight and nar - row way. } I go re-joic - ing, I go re-joic - ing,  
 heart His love doth shine. }

I go re-joic - ing on my way; God's love hath found me,

an - gels sur-round me, Heav'n seems a-round me ev - 'ry day.

No. 208.

The Prayer of Gethsemane.

W. T. GIFFE.

W. T. G.

*Moderato.*

1. Oh, won-der - ful prayer that Je - sus prayed, Kneeling in dark Geth-  
 2. Oh, bless - ed be e'er that prayer divine, Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-  
 3. Oh, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-

sem - a - ne, On Ol - i - vet's slope, by Kid-ron's side; Beau-ti-ful  
 sem - a - ne, Which Je - sus breathed forth in words sublime: Beau-ti-ful  
 sem - a - ne, May this be my prayer, by faith up-built; Beau-ti-ful

*Slow.*

prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne. "Fa - ther," He cried, as He  
 prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne. Fa - ther, I, too, would come  
 prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne. Fa - ther, I pray for the

ten-der-ly knelt, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." This was His  
 nigh un-to Thee, Praying the prayer of Geth-sem-a - ne. "Not as I  
 faith of Thy Son. Not that my will, but Thine be done. This was the

prayer in Geth-sem - a - ne; Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.  
 will," be it e'er my plea; Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.  
 prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne; Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.



# No. 209. Holy Spirit, Breathe Upon Us.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

R. D. BURLESON.

1. Breathe up-on us, Ho-ly Spir-it, Fill our hearts with peace and love;  
2. Lead us on, di-rect us ev-er, Ho-ly Spir-it, gift di-vine;  
3. May Thy peace, past understand-ing, Now and ev-er fill each soul;

Touch us, quicken us, and bless us, Fit us for our home a-bove.  
But a-bide with us in mer-cy, Till life's lat-est days de-cline.  
Till we reach the heav'nly har-bor, All our ways with love con-trol.

## REFRAIN.

Ho-ly Spir-it, breathe up-on us, Fill our hearts with zeal, we pray;

Guide us ev-er by Thy coun-sel, Keep us in Thy bet-ter way.

No. 210.

Gathering Home.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One by one our friends are go-ing on be-fore, Go - ing on be-fore,  
 2. One by one they gath-er on the golden shore, Gather on the shore,  
 3. One by one they see the blessed Saviour's face, See Him face to face,  
 4. One by one they join to sing the glad, new song, Sing the glad, new song,

go - ing on be-fore, Up to mansions that are ev-er bright and fair, O  
 gath-er on the shore, Where they never-more shall know a grief or care, O  
 see Him face to face, And for - ev - er-more His glo-ry they will share, O  
 sing the glad, new song; Robes of righteous-ness they evermore shall wear, O

REFRAIN.

say, shall we meet them up there? Gath'ring home - - -ward,  
 meet up there? Gath'ring homeward, one by one,

one by one, ..... When their work ..... on earth is  
 gath'ring homeward, one by one, When their work on earth is done, when their

## Gathering Home. Concluded.

done, ..... To those man - - - sions bright and  
work on earth is done, To those mansions bright and fair, to those

fair, ..... O say, shall we meet them up there?  
man-sions bright and fair,

### No. 211. Seymour. 7s.

Rev. WM. HAMMOND.

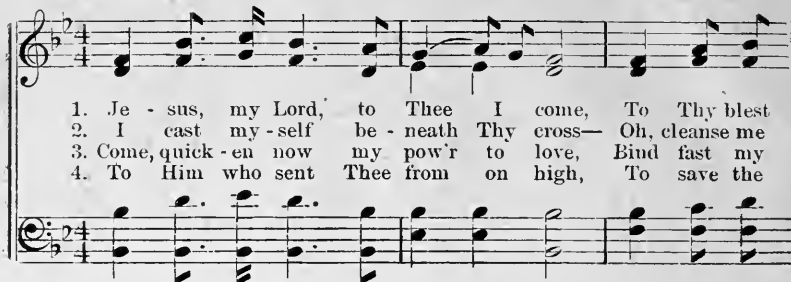
C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! gen - tly come, Raise us from our fall - en state;  
2. Now Thy quick'ning influence bring, On our spir - its sweet - ly move;  
3. Take the things of Christ, and show What our Lord for us hath done;

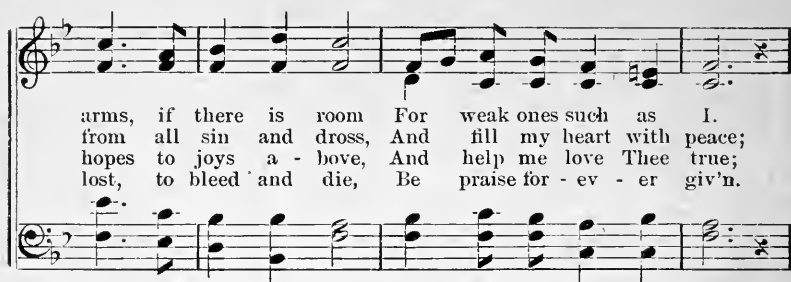
Fix Thy ev - er - last - ing home In the hearts Thou didst cre - ate.  
O - pen ev - 'ry mouth to sing Je - sus' ev - er - last - ing love.  
May we God the Fa - ther know Thro' His well - be - lov - ed Son.

FRANCIS P. GRIFFITH.

W. T. GIFFE.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I come, To Thy blest  
 2. I cast my - self be - neath Thy cross— Oh, cleanse me  
 3. Come, quick - en now my pow'r to love, Bind fast my  
 4. To Him who sent Thee from on high, To save the

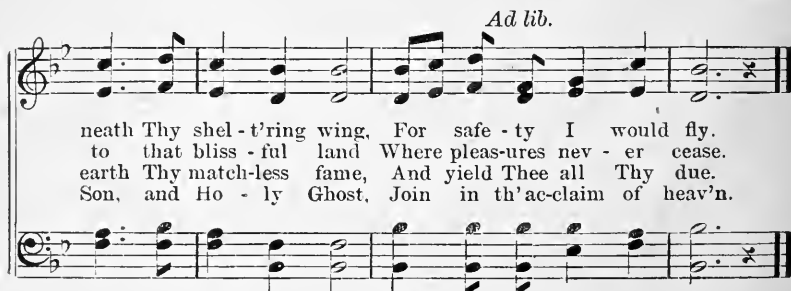


arms, if there is room For weak ones such as I.  
 from all sin and dross, And fill my heart with peace;  
 hopes to joys a - bove, And help me love Thee true;  
 lost, to bleed and die, Be praise for - ev - er giv'n.



To Thy bright robe, oh, let me cling; To hide be-  
 Oh, take me by Thy lov - ing hand, And lead me  
 Help me a - dore Thy ho - ly name, Spread o'er the  
 May I, with all Thy ran - somed host. To Fa - ther,

*Ad lib.*



neath Thy shel - t'ring wing, For safe - ty I would fly.  
 to that bliss - ful land Where pleas - ures nev - er cease.  
 earth Thy match - less fame, And yield Thee all Thy due.  
 Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Join in th'ac - claim of heav'n.

Arr. by C. L. C.

C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. Lis - ten, sin - ner, will you scorn the mes - sage Sent in mer - cy  
 2. Hear the her - alds of the bless - ed gos - pel, News from Zi - on  
 3. Oh, ye shin - ing an - gels hov'ring round us, Wait - ing spir - its,

from a - bove? Ev - 'ry sen - tence is so sweet and ten - der,  
 King pro - claim; Par - don, par - don to 'each reb - el sin - ner,  
 speed your way; Haste, oh, haste ye to the courts of heav - en,

## REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry line is full of love.  
 Free for - give - ness in His name. } Bless - ed ti - dings,  
 Ti - dings bear with - out de - lay. }

bless - ed ti - dings Of the Sav - iour's ten - der love, Free for - give - ness

is the proc - la - ma - tion Hand - ed down from courts a - bove.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. Arr.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the babe of Beth - le - hem,  
 2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry, How He walked up - on the sea,  
 3. Have you ev - er heard of Je - sus Pray - ing in Geth - sem - a - ne,

Who was worshiped by the an - gels, And the wise and ho - ly men?  
 To His dear dis - ci - ples, toss - ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee?  
 And the ev - er - thrill - ing sto - ry How He died up - on the tree,

How He taught the learn - ed doc - tors In the tem - ple far a - way?  
 How the waves in an - gry mo - tion Quick - ly at His will o - bey?  
 Cru - el thorns His fore - head pierc - ing, As His spir - it passed a - way?

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to - day.  
 Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to - day.  
 This He did for you, my broth - er, And He's just the same to - day.

## CHORUS.

He is just..... the same to - day, He is  
 Just the same to - day, He is just the same to - day,

## Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

just ..... the same to - day,                      Seeking those who've gone a-  
just the same to-day.    He is    just the same to-day.

stray, Sav-ing souls a-long the way, Thank God! He's just the same to-day.

## No. 215.                      Arlington.    C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

Dr. T. A. ARNE.

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

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

# No. 216. Take My Heart, O Father.

(DORRANCE.)

ANON.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Take my heart, O Fa-ther! take it; Make and keep it all Thine own;  
 2. Ev - er let Thy grace surround me; Strengthen me with power divine,  
 3. May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all for-giv'n;

Let Thy Spir - it melt and break it—This proud heart of sin and stone.  
 Till Thy cords of love have bound me; Make me to be whol-ly Thine.  
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heav'n.

# No. 217. Joy to the World.

(ANTIOCH.)

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let  
 2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing,  
 fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy,  
 glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love,  
 And heav'n and na-



## Joy to the World. Concluded.

And heav'n and na-ture sing,      And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.  
 Re - peat the sounding joy,      Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.  
 And wonders of His love,      And wonders, and won-ders of His love.  
 ture sing.....

And heav'n and nature sing.      And heav'n      and      na - ture sing.

## No. 218.                      We' Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows lengthen A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foun-da-tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're needing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak  
 feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their  
 will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,

faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.  
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.  
 ris - en, plead-ing; Then wel - come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal night!

No. 219. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

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 prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
 In this glad hour; Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in

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. 220. There's a Wideness.

F. W. FABEE.

(WILMOT.)

VON WEBER.

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

There's a Wideness. Concluded.

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
 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. 221.

Awake, My Soul.

DODDRIDGE.

HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with  
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round, Hold thee in  
 3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice, That calls thee

vig - or on; A heav'n-ly race de-mands thy zeal, And  
 full sur - vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And  
 from on high; 'Tis His own hand pre-sents the prize To

an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.  
 on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.  
 thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.

# No. 222. Hail! Sweetest Tie that Binds.

(CLOSING HYMN.)

Scotch Air.

1. Hail! sweetest, dear-est tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one;  
 2. No ling'ring hope, no part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meet-ing knows;

FINE.

Hail! sa-cred hope, that tunes our minds To har-mo-ny di-vine:  
 The friendship beams from ev-'ry eye, And hope im-mor-tal grows:

*D. S.*—The hope, when days and years have passed, We all shall meet in heav'n.

*D. S.*

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n;  
 O sa-cred hope, O bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n;

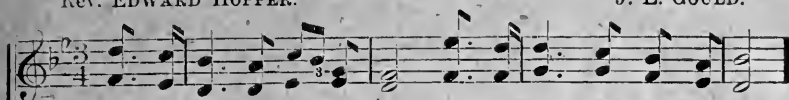
# No. 223. God is Love.

1. God is love; His mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove;  
 2. Chance and change are bus-y ev-er; Man de-cays, and a-ges move;  
 3. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and com-fort from a-bove;

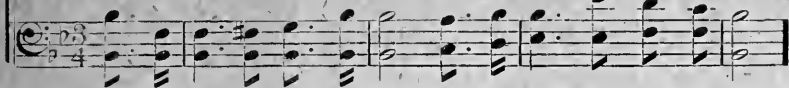
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; God is wis-dom, God is love.  
 But His mer-cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.  
 Ev-'ry-where His glo-ry shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



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



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



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



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