

The Peacemaker

No 1

Edited

by

W. S. WEEDEN & GEO. BEAVERSON

A Compilation of Sacred Songs.

PUBLISHED BY

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W. S. Warden,
406 Weaverly Place.

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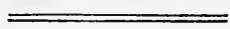
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THE PEACEMAKER

A COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS AND
HYMNS FOR USE IN ALL SERVICES
OF THE CHURCH, SUNDAY-SCHOOL,
HOME CIRCLE AND ALL KINDS OF
EVANGELISTIC WORK.

EDITED BY

W. S. WEEDEN AND GEO. BEAVERSON.



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PREFACE.

No ONE can estimate the power of Christian song. Who will measure the influence of the hymns of apostolic times, the chants of Gregory, or the lyrics of Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley? In the great revivals of recent years gospel hymns have been hardly less potent than the preaching of our most effective evangelists. This new collection of Christian songs ought to find a hearty welcome. The authors have made their selections with greatest care. Hail to "**The Peacemaker!**" The glad words of the angel ring in our ears as we open this book—"On earth peace." The name is a good one. All the songs in the collection center about and exalt the life and character of the "**Prince of Peacemakers.**" Book of song, go thou to tens of thousands, carrying thy message of peace.

WILLIAM W. CRAWFORD,

President Allegheny College.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Aug. 25, 1894.

Blessed *are* the *Peacemakers*: for they shall
be called the children of God.

MATT. v. 9.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

THE PEACEMAKER.

He's the Prince of Peacemakers.

Rev. F. W. WARE.

J. E. GLINES.

Moderato.

1. He hath spoken, "Be still," the Re-buk-er of seas: The command was for me, and my
 2. He hath quicken'd my soul by a life from a-bove; It was done by the Spir-it, its
 3. He's a wonder-ful Je-sus, this Sav-ior of mine: He's the great Son of God—a Re-
 4. I will love Him, and serve Him from now till I die; For His love fills my heart, and His

p rall. heart is at ease; He hath hush'd in-to si-lence the waves and the winds, By ap-
cres. es-sence is love. He hath pardon'd and wash'd me as white as the snow, And my
 - deem-er Di-vine. He's my Strength and my Wisdom, my Life and my Lord, And en-
 beau-ty my eye. He's the fair-est and dear-est of all to my soul, And our

CHORUS. *faster. mf*

- ply-ing His blood and re-mov-ing my sins. }
 - heart with His love does this moment o'er-flow. } He's the Prince of Peacemakers, all
 - thron'd in my heart, to be loved and a-dored. }
 lives shall be one, while e-ter-ni-ties roll. }

glo-ry to God, To re-deem me, and cleanse me, He shed His own blood; My a-

- doption is seal'd, I'm a child of the King, And for-ev-er and ev-er of Je-sus I'll sing.

The Morning Cometh!

Words by LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

Music by W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Lift up your heads, ye pil-grims, And view you east-ern sky, The
 2. Lift up your heads, ye pil-grims, And watch the morning break, For
 3. Lift up your heads, ye pil-grims, For 'tis the Bridegroom comes With

night of sin is end - ing, The morn - ing draw - eth nigh, The
 lo, Christ's glorious com - ing The thrones of earth will shake, See
 trum - pet voice to call you Forth to His roy - al throne, See

day foretold by pro-phets Will soon be ush-ered in, When
 those who do not own Him In mountains seek to hide, Whilst
 that your lamps are burn - ing, Your garments pure and white, That

Christ, the one who suf - fered, The world shall own as king.
 those who love and trust Him Still in His grace con - fide.
 He may find you watch - ing And walk - ing in the light.

CHORUS.

He's com-ing by and by, He's com-ing by and by, The

night of sin is end - ing, The morn-ing draw - eth nigh; He's

com-ing by and by, He's com-ing by and by The

night of sin is end - ing, The morn - ing draw - eth nigh.

4 Lift up your heads, ye pilgrims,
 And as ye journey on,
 Let Faith and Hope with courage
 Be ever firm and strong;
 Show by each word and action
 That Christ is real to you,
 And that His glorious coming
 Is ever clear in-view.

5 Lift up your heads, ye pilgrims,
 Sing in that gladsome day,
 Nought but the Saviour's coming
 The tide of sin can stay,
 Creation groans whilst burdened
 For pain and toil to cease;
 Come, Prince of Life and Glory,
 Bring universal peace,

For You and for Me.

W. L. T. *Very Slow. pp*

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised,

m
 Call - ing for you and for me; See at the por - tals He's
 Plead - ing for you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and
 Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing,
 Prom - ised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd He has

wait - ing and watch - ing. Watch - ing for you and for me.
 heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
 death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
 mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres.*
 Come home, Come home; Ye who are wea - ry, come home;
 Come home, Come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly. Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

Speak Kindly to the Erring.

7

C. W. RAY.

LOUIS C. JACOBY.

1. Speak kind - ly and gent - ly when - ev - er you grieve, What - ev - er your
 2. Speak kind - ly and gent - ly what - ev - er the wrong, Which you may in
 3. Speak kind - ly and gent - ly tho' fierce be the storm Of an - ger that
 4. Speak kind - ly and gent - ly and thou shalt pre - vail, The lost thy com -

sor - row or fears; No fret - ful complainings your woes can re - lieve Or
 sad - ness de - plore; En - chant by a smile and the mu - sic of song, The
 'round thee may creep; Thy pray'rs and thy patience of love may transform The
 - pas - sion may crave; Thy ten - der en - treaties at last may a - vail, The

REFRAIN.

ban - ish your an - guish and tears.
 wand - rer may grieve thee no more.
 fal - len for whom thou dost weep!
 tempt - ed and fal - len to save! } Speak kind - ly and gent - ly to

each and to all, In pi - ty the er - ring for - give; In ten - derness

plead with the tempt - ed who fall, And ev - er in hope - ful - ness live.

What will you do with Jesus?

NATHANIEL NORTON. Arr. and Cho. by C. W. R.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. "What will you do with Je - sus?" The words how sad and sweet, As ten - der -
 2. What will you do with Je - sus? The words seem loud and clear, The voice of
 3. Think of the King of Glo - ry, From heav'n to earth come down, So won - drous

- ly He bids you Lay your bur - dens at His feet. We are poor and weak and
 God is speak - ing And in ac - cents all must hear. Life im - mor - tal's in the
 pure and ho - ly, Of His death, His cross and crown. How di - vine is His com -

sin - ful, But His mer - cy's full and free; What will you do with Je - sus?
 ques - tion, And of bliss e - ter - nal - ly; What will you do with Je - sus?
 - pas - sion, And His sac - ri - fice for thee— What will you do with Je - sus?

CHORUS.

What shall the answer be? }
 What will the answer be? } Oh, say you will now re - ceive Him And grieve Him nev - er -
 What shall the answer be? }

- more; Oh, say you will make Him wel - come, He waits at your bolt - ed door.

I Tell Him All.

A. C. F.

Rev. A. C. FERGUSON.

1. I tell Him all; it is so sweet To lay my bur - den at His feet,
2. Amid earth's storms and gloom and strife, When secret tri - als pierce the life
3. How blest to know He'll guide and keep, As shepherds guard the helpless sheep,

My trust He'll not be - tray, I know He hears my prayer in song,
 Like thorns with - in the soul Je - sus then sees my ev - 'ry loss -
 In tones both soft and loud, And tho' Christ sometimes seems to wait,

My whis - per 'mid the bu - sy throng, A "Beth - el" 'long the way.
 He knows He faint - ed 'neath the cross, And cheers tho' tem - pests roll.
 He nev - er yet gave help too late To gold - en line each cloud.

CHORUS.

I tell Him all, — sin, grief, de - sire; He'll not my trust be - tray, —

He'll stay by me thro' tri - al's fire, And keep me all the way. *rit.*

"Holy Spirit From Above."

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER, May, 1894.

MET. ♩ = 66.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with Thy pure love;
 2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, oh, lead us lest we stray;
 3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our lips,* our hearts in - spire;
 4. Bless - ed source of Heav'nly light, Now dis - perse the gloom of night;

Oh, in - spire us with Thy zeal; May each soul Thy presence feel.
 Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
 Oh, il - lume us by Thy grace; In each soul Thy im - age trace.
 In our hearts for - ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy - di - vine.

REFRAIN.

f Don't hurry.

Ho - ly Spir - it from Thy throne a - bove, Fill us with the Savior's dy - ing love;

Now descend upon us, Heav'nly Dove: Come Thou blessed Comforter. A - men.

* Isaiah VI: 6 and 7.

Oh! the Blood.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. When Je - ho - vah pass'd thro' E - gypt, the first-born there to slay, He
 2. So Mos - es gath-ered Is - rael, and gave the Lord's com-mand, And
 3. They were saved from con-dem - na - tion, when sheltered by the blood; 'Twas
 4. They are promised full sal - va - tion, who have this blood ap - plied, And

told His ser - vant Mos - es how the judgment he could stay; He gave to
 bid each for his own house - hold se - cure a spot - less Lamb, Then take its
 it a - lone on that dread night se - cured their peace with God; So thro' the
 rest in faith up - on the Lord who hath for sin - ners died; Come, sin - ners,

him a tok - en true, the blood up - on the door, And promised when He
 life and catch the blood and sprink - le on the door; And thus be saved from
 blood of Christ my Lord, I have a - bid - ing peace, And from the bonds of
 get be - hind the blood, and know your sin for - giv'n; Then sing of grace which

rall. saw the blood the an - gel should pass o'er.
 judgment when the an - gel should pass o'er.
 sin and guilt a full and free re - lease. } Oh! the blood, the precious blood, I
 makes you meet to live with Him in heav'n.

CHORUS.

trust in it to - day, The blood of Christ, the Lamb of God, takes all my sin a - way.

Waiting for His Coming.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

FRANK MILLER.

1. Are you waiting for the com-ing Of the blessed Son of God, He who
 2. Are you waiting for His com-ing? List'ning for the midnight cry? Does your
 3. Are you waiting for His com-ing, Read-y to be caught a - way, In the

once a weary wand'rer Thro' this vale of sorrow trod? Are you list'ning for His
 light shine clearer, brighter, As your absent Lord draws nigh? While you're waiting for His
 cost - ly robes He gave you Shin-ing for the perfect day? If you're waiting for His

footsteps In the distance draw-ing near? Have you oil with-in your vessels—
 com-ing, Are you tell-ing all a-round Of that blessed peace and par-don
 com-ing, Work and watch, and wait and pray, Look-ing for Him, tho' He tar - ry,

CHORUS.

Lamps well trimm'd and burning clear?
 That a - lone in Christ are found? } Are you waiting for His
 With glad hearts from day to day. } Are you waiting

com-ing for His coming As your ab - sent Lord draws nigh? your Lord draws nigh?

If you're waiting for His com - ing, Work and watch, and wait and pray.

Begin the Day with God.

FRANK MILLER.

1. Be - gin the day with God! He is the sun and day; He
2. Take thy first walk with God! Let Him go forth with thee; By
3. Thy first trans ac - tion be With God Himself a - bove; So

is the radiance of thy dawn; To Him ad - dress thy lay.
 stream, or sea, or mountain-path, Seek still His com - pan - y.
 shall thy busi-ness pros-per well, And all the day be love.

Sought and Found.

Rev. C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

FULL. *Allegretto Legato.*

1. { The Sav - ior sought and found me, He found me, He found me,
He came from heav'n to save me, To save me, to save me,
D. C.—*The Sav - ior sought and found me, He found me, He found me,*

2. { A home He hath pre-pared me, Pre-pared me, pre-pared me,
He is my sure de-fend - er, De-fend - er, de-fend - er,
D. C.—*His an - gel guards at-tend me, At-tend me, at-tend me,*

FINE.

His glo - ry shone a-round me When I His grace re - ceived, }
He life e - ter - nal gave me, The mo-ment I be - lieved. }
His glo - ry shone a-round me When I His grace re - ceived,
An heir He hath de-clared me To glo - ries most di - vine, }
His wealth of love so ten - der Shall ev - er-more be mine. }
From e - vil they de-fend me Thro' all life's toil-some way.

Solo.

I know He ev - er liv - eth, And life e - ter - nal giv - eth,
His an - gel guards at-tend me, From e - vil they de-fend me;

And souls oppressed with sor - row, He can and will re-lieve....
His bless-ed pres - ence cheers me Thro' all life's toil-some way....

DUET.

His mer - cy fail - eth nev - er, His love en - dures for - ev -
No pow'r on earth can harm me, Nor ev - er can a - larm

D. C.

- er; May neith - er sin or fol - ly My dear Re - deem - er grieve!
me, For He is ev - er turn - ing My dark - ness in - to day.

Jesus the Reconciler.

“God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.”

ALICE CARY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, Jr.

1. Till I learned to love Thy name, Lord, Thy grace de - ny - ing,
2. Noth - ing could the world im - part. Dark - ness held no mor - row;
3. When I learned to love Thy name, O Thou meek and low - ly,
4. Henceforth shall cre - a - tion ring, With sal - va - tion's sto - ry;

I was lost in sin and shame, Dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - ing!
In my soul and in my heart, Sor - row, sor - row, sor - row!
Rap - ture kin - dled to a flame, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
Till I rise with Thee and sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry!

From "Our New Hymnal," by per.

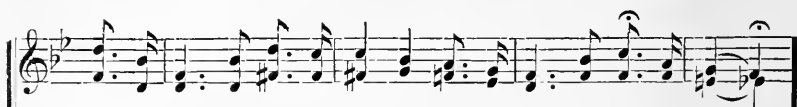
Send the News.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

CHAS. M. COUCH.

Moderato.

1. Send the news! O tell the sto-ry Of the Christ of Cal-va-ry;
2. Send the tid-ings of sal-va-tion To the is-lands far a-way;
3. Send the message; God will bless it; He commands us so to do!



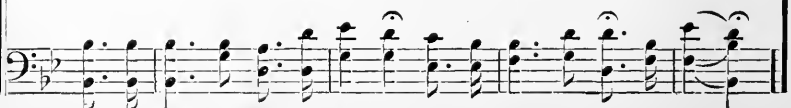
Send it o'er the o-ccean bil-lows To the shores of ev'-ry sea.
 See them in their lost con-di-tion; Let us help them while we may.
 And while bless-ing it, my brother, He will al- so strengthen you.



Send the news! O tell the sto-ry Of a Sav-ior cru-ci-fied;



Send it out! O send it quick-ly; To the lost beyond the tide.



Only a Word.

17

Arr. by G. B.

GEO. BEAVERSON. By per.

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing-ly, qui - et-ly, said,
 2. On - ly a word of re - monstrance, Sor - row-ful, gen - tle, and deep;
 3. On - ly some act of de - vo - tion, Will - ing-ly, joy - ful-ly done;

On - ly a word, Yet the Master heard, And some fainting hearts were fed.
 On - ly a look, Yet the strong man shook, And he went a-lone to weep.
 "Surely 'twas naught,"—So the proud world tho't,—Yet souls for Christ are won.

REFRAIN.

On - ly a word, on - ly a word, On - ly a word for the Mast - er;

On - ly a word, on - ly a word, On - ly a word for the Mas - ter.

4 Only an hour for the children,
 Pleasantly, cheerfully given;
 Seed was there sown,
 In that hour alone,
 Which would bring forth fruit for heav'n.

5 "Only"—but Jesus is looking
 Constantly, tenderly down,
 Earthward, and sees
 Those who strive to please,
 And their love loves to crown.

18 Christian, how can You Stand Waiting.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

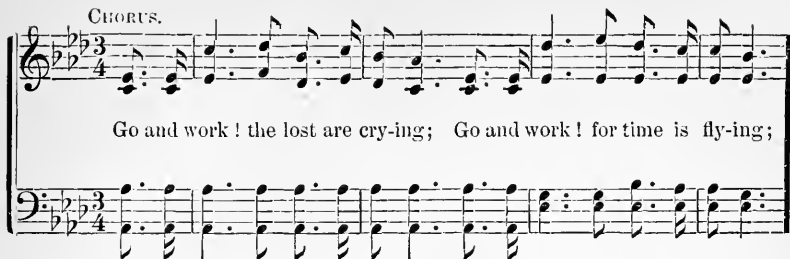
1. Christian, how can you stand wait-ing For some work to do,
 2. Un - to you the Sav - ior giv - eth Peace and joy and rest,
 3. Gath - er lit - tle children 'round you, As He did of old,

When the Mas - ter now is call-ing, Call - ing un - to you?
 Canst thou tar - ry with - out know-ing Oth - ers, too, are blest?
 Tell them how the Shepherd gath - ers Lambs un - to His fold;

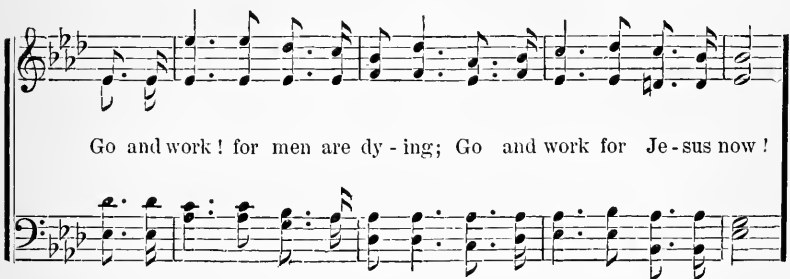
Go and work to - day, my broth - er, In the harv - est field;
 How canst thou with - hold the tid - ings Of the Sav - ior's love,
 And that they may come and trust Him For pro - tect - ing care,

See, the gold - en grain is read - y--Now thy sick - le wield.
 All the bless - ed gos - pel message Of the Son of God.
 That He'll guide them ev - er on - ward, All His grace to share.

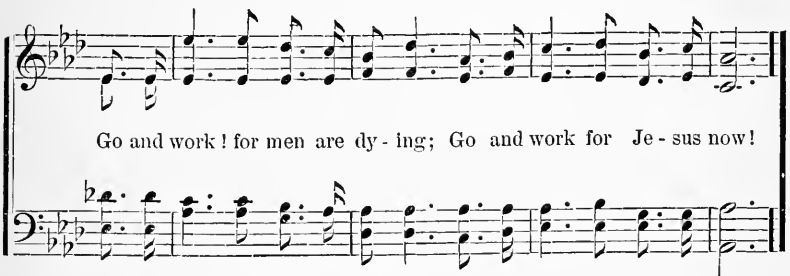
CHORUS.



Go and work! the lost are cry-ing; Go and work! for time is fly-ing;



Go and work! for men are dy - ing; Go and work for Je - sus now!



Go and work! for men are dy - ing; Go and work for Je - sus now!

4

Go then to the old and wrinkled,
 With their years of sin;
 Tell them how they may be pardoned,
 And Salvation win.
 Go to all, make no exception,
 Bid them seek His face;
 For the world may come and prove Him,
 And receive His grace.

5

Many wandering on in darkness
 Long to know the way
 From their sin, and pain, and sorrow,
 To the realms of day.
 Take the gospel of Salvation,
 Make it known to all;
 Pray and plead until believing
 On His name they call.

Phelps.

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS, Jr.

1. A guilt - y sin - ner once was I, Till God in heaven heard my cry ;
 2. I can - not tell His love to thee, I on - ly know He died for me, -
 3. The pass - ing days their tri - als bring, Yet thro' them all His ac - cents ring,

And bade me at my Savior's feet, Find rest and hap - pi - ness com - plete.
 And that because by faith I cried, I found, for ne'er was faith denied.
 "Come un - to me, and com - ing rest," And each new blessing seems the best.

There as I caught His look of love He wrote my name in heav'n a - bove
 A - lone I went to Him, and there He made me His - O vis - ion fair!
 The seasons come, the seasons go, But He a - bideth true, I know,

And ev - er since my song has been, All - glo - ry to my Sav - ior King!
 His great for - giv - ing love to see And know He died for me, for me!
 Who bore my sins on Cal - va - ry, And changing not, still lov - eth me!

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing blood wash - es white in its cleans - ing flood ;

To that fountain my sins I bring, Glo - ry to my Sav - ior King!

An Evening Prayer.

"C."

FRANK MILLER.

1. O God! to-night I can-not lay Before Thy throne, in fit-ting way, My
2. So rough the way, so sharp the fight, So oft the wrong o'ercomes the right, My
3. A sol-emn tho't my be-ing thrills, With awe and fear my bosom fills, For
4. O! let some por-tal o - pen wide, That I may en - ter and a - bide In

soul's great needs; I on - ly bring My child-hood's sim-ple of - fer-ing; From heart grows faint, my strength is small; But day and night God rul-eth all, And with the pass-ing of the night, My soul from earth may take its flight; But heav'n-ly mansion bright and fair, Which Christ hath promised to prepare; If

heart to lip the dear words leap, "Now I lay me down to sleep." soft - ly as the shad-ows creep, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep." trust-ing - ly this pray'r I make, "If I should die be-fore I wake," I should die ere morn-ing break, "I pray the Lord my soul to take."

We're a Loyal Army.

C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D.

W. C. WEEDEN.

1. O we're a loy - al arm - y En - list - ed for the fight; Our foes the foes of
 2. Brave men may fall in bat - tle While yet they win renown; They drop the warrior's
 3. Our youthful Christian arm - y Is training in all lands; And Christ will find us

Je - sus, Our cause the cause of right; We need not fear to fol - low Where
 weapons To seize the vic - tor's crown: As he - roes fall in ser - vice And
 read - y To march at his com - mands: We hear the noise of bat - tle Come

Je - sus leads the way. Our courage ne'er should falter. We're sure to win the day,
 pass to their re - ward, The ranks must be replenished By men with well - tried sword,
 sounding from a - far. We'll buckle on our ar - mor And stand prepared for war.

CHORUS.

O we're a loy - al arm - y, O we're a loy - al arm - y, O we're a

loy - al arm - y, En - list - ed for the fight, - list - ed for the fight.

Joy in Heaven.

23

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is joy among the angels, There's a might-y shout of rap-ture; Far be-
 2. There is joy among the an-gels By the shin-ing, crys-tal riv-er, For a
 3. There is ho-ly joy in heav-en High-er, pur-er than the an-gels'; 'Tis the

-yond the pearly gates the news has come Of a sin-ner now repent-ing, To the
 wand'ring one is safe within the fold; For the Shepherd sought and found him, And the
 Father's heart re-joic-ing in its love; 'Tis the Savior-Shepherd sing-ing O'er the

gos-pel-word consenting,—Of a con-trite soul that seeks its bet-ter home,
 arms of love are round him; Hear the mu-sic grandly ring from harps of gold,
 lost one he is bringing, Bringing to the ev-er-last-ing home a-bove.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, joy, joy in heaven, Souls are seeking now the liv-ing way; There is

Joy, joy, joy, joy among the angels; Join their hal-le-lu-jah songs to-day, to-day.

The Cross of Calvary.

Dedicated to Rev. C. S. LUCAS, Allegheny, Pa.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

CHARLES M. COUCH.

SOLO OR DUET. *Andante.*

1. On Cal - va - ry, despised, a - lone, His on - ly friends dis - mayed and
 2. How could He leave the courts a - bove, Ex - em - pli - fy such match - less

gone, He dies in aw - ful ag - o - ny, The shame - ful
 love, Him - self as ran - som free - ly give, To let re -

death, on Cal - va - ry. Be - hold His hands, His bleed - ing
 - bel - lous sin - ners live? I know not why He loves me

Published in Sheet Music form, with Violin Obligato, 40c. For sale by all dealers.

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feet: The sac - ri - fice is made com-plete; The wound-ed side, the
so, But that He loves, I sure-ly know; I feel His pres-ence

ach - ing brow, Are crim - son stain'd and life - less now.
in my soul— He cleans - eth me, He makes me whole.

SOLO OR DUET, WITH QUARTET, *ad lib.*

He dies for me, He dies for me, Up-on the Cross of Cal-va-
dies for me, dies for me, on the Cross,

(Org.)

-ry; He saves, He saves, He makes me free, The dying Lamb of Cal-va-ry.
He saves me,

Oh! that I Knew.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Oh! that I knew where I might find The One who saves from sin, To
 2. Oh! that I knew where I might find The nev - er - fail - ing Friend, Who
 3. Oh! that I knew where I might find The Christ that sat - is - fies, With
 4. Blest Savior, help me seek and find, Oh! bid me not de - part, I

free my soul and make me whole That I might live for Him.
 nev - er leaves, but ev - er cleaves, And keeps un - to the end.
 heav'n - ly rest up - on His breast, And ev' - ry need sup - plies.
 will be - lieve, and now re - ceive Thy love in - to my heart.

CHORUS.

Thank God thou hast not far to go, For He is ev - er near, And

if you seek Him you will find, And feel His presence here. Thank

God thou hast not far to go, For He is ev - er near, And

if you seek Him you will find, And feel His pres - ence here.

This musical score is for the song 'Oh! that I Knew. Concluded.' It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'if you seek Him you will find, And feel His pres - ence here.'

Come, Sinner, Come.

WILL. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too hea - vy la - den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re -

This musical score is for the song 'Come, Sinner, Come.' It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are', '2. Are you too hea - vy la - den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will', and '3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re -'.

pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

This musical score continues the lyrics from the previous block. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,', 'bear your burden, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,', and 'ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,'.

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Conte, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you. Come, sin-ner come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

This musical score concludes the lyrics. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!', 'Conte, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you. Come, sin-ner come!', and 'Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!'.

Redeemer of Zion.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Re-deem - er of Zi - on, blest Sav-ior of lost men, With hum-blest pe-
 2. 'Tis Thine to de - liv - er all who may trust in Thee, The cap - tive and
 3. Tho' foes fierce and cru - el may threaten and a - larm, Thy pow'r is Al -

- ti - tion we look to Thee a - gain; Pro - tect us from dan - ger and
 help - less in mer - cy to set free; The weak and de - fence - less Thou
 - might - y the strongest to dis - arm; Thy ban - ner shall wave o - ver

ev - 'ry threatened ill, And help us for - ev - er, And help us for -
 canst a - lone de - fend, Thy boundless com - pas - sion, Thy boundless com -
 ev - 'ry land and sea, Thy bo - som a ref - uge, Thy bo - som a

- ev - er, And help us for - ev - er to do Thy ho - ly will.
 - pas - sion, Thy bound - less com - pas - sion the need - y must be - friend.
 ref - uge, Thy bo - som a ref - uge for - ev - er more shall be.

Only Touch Him.

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Rev. T. N. EATON, D.D.

P. KEIL, Jr.

1. Earth's phy - si - cians know not to heal thee, Thou hast tried them a -
2. This Phy - si - cian hath pow'r to heal thee, Men have tried Him a -
3. They must die who re - fuse to trust Him, There is no oth - er

- gain and a - gain; Hu - man a - gen - cies ne'er can cleanse thee, Haste to
- gain and a - gain; You need nothing but just to touch Him, Haste to
heal - ing for thee; They shall cer - tain - ly live who touch Him, Haste to

CHORUS.
come to the Sav - ior of men. }
come to this Sav - ior of men. } O touch but the hem of His
come to the Sav - ior and see. }

gar - ment, And vir - tue shall come out to thee; So shalt thou be

saved in a mo - ment, — O sin - ner, but touch Him and see. . . .

Sweet Rose of Sharon.

Rev. F. W. WARE. By per.

J. E. GLINES.

SOLO OR DUET. *Lento.*

1. Rose of Sha - ron, Thy rich fragrance Fills the air where'er I roam,
 2. Rose of Sha - ron, Great Physi - cian Of the mind and of the heart,
 3. Rose of Sha - ron, my dear Shepherd, Feel the life in mer - cy giv'n,
 4. Then, O Rose, sweet Rose of Sha - ron, Set me in the soil a - bove;
 5. Let me grow, bless'd Rose of Sha - ron, As di - rect - ed by Thy love.

And the sweetness of Thy smil - ing Checks my tears and lifts my gloom.
 Balm and bal - sam Thou hast brought me And I'm healed in ev - 'ry part.
 Let me live and grow just like Thee Till I'm ripe and meet for heav'n.
 Let me grow in Thy great gar - den, In the frost - less land of love.
 Let me have thro' end - less a - ges, Fel - low - ship with Thee a - bove.

CHORUS. *Allegro moderato. mf*

Sweeter, dai - ly, Rose of Sha - ron, Grows the fra - grance of Thy name.

Onward, dai - ly, My dear Sav - ior, Moves the splen - dor of Thy fame.

Is it Nothing to You?

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Espress.

1. Is it nothing to you that the curse of strong drink Al - lurement to
 2. Is it nothing to you that a du - ti - ful son, Shall ap - pe - tite
 3. Is it nothing to you that the sire of gray hairs Should mourn for the

ru - in must be? Is it nothing to you when our youth on the brink Of
 cease to con - trol; Is it nothing to you whether hearts shall be won, Or
 wand'rer be - guiled; Is it nothing to you that his sym - pa - thy shares The

CHORUS.

death and de - struc - tion you see?
 dem - ons shall cap - ture the soul?
 woes of his dis - so - lute child? } Is it nothing to you, is it

nothing to you That hearts in their anguish must break? Is it

rall.

nothing to you that the brave and the true To du - ty and danger a - wake.

Viola.

1. Thy grace, O my Sav - ior, has wrought us re - lease, When sin and temp -
 2. We know we are weak, and we're tho'tless at times, We mur - mur and
 3. O send us Thy Spir - it, Lord, keep us from sin, And lead us in

- ta - tion were nigh; And weakness soon vanished when Thee we besought, Thy
 grieve Thee, our Friend; But Fath - er, we love Thee! Thou knowest we do, Yet
 pathways of peace; Our Fath - er, O graciously grant us Thy strength, 'Twill

CHORUS.

strength in its stead to sup - ply. } In my weakness I am
 lov - ing how can we of - fend! }
 al - ways af - ford us re - lease. } In my weakness

strengthened, In my weak - ness I am
 I am strengthened, In my weakness I am

strengthened, Made strong - er by the grace of God.
 I am strengthened,

Repeat *pp*

Waiting.

A. C. F.

IN MEMORIAM.—Darlings! We are waiting.

Rev. A. C. FERGUSON.

1. I stand by the shore of a mys-tic - al sea, Where mil-lions of
 2. I gaze on the worlds that gleam in the night, Gliding on 'neath God's
 3. I see fond-est hopes en-tomb'd in man's soul, With sweet loves that
 4. O blest Naz - a - rene, Thou hast o-pen'd the gate, Proving heav - en is

souls have sailed out, Not one has returned a mes - sage to me
 pow - er and reign, And cry, my own loved, oh! whith - er thy flight?
 sure - ly will die, The heart beats right on, a long muf - fled roll,
 not far a - way, Our sense is a veil that hides glo - ry's state,

CHORUS.

Of greet - ing, by whis - per or shout. But Je - sus will come en -
 Dost thou see me? shall we meet a - gain?
 For earth - ly joys gone like a sigh.
 But a step to the bright fadeless day.

- crowned with light, And with seep - ter break down all death's bars, He will

call to His own, "Come out of earth's night!" To re-union in homes 'mid the stars.

Listen to My Story.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

S. C. FOSTER. AIT.

1. { Down at the cross the Sa - vior found me, Wea - ry of sin;
Then Je - sus saw me, weak and wea - ry, Came to my soul;

Dark - ness was ev'ry - where a - round me, Sor - row and gloom with - in. }
Brought sunshine to my heart so dreary, Whisper'd, and I was whole. }

CHORUS.

Lis - ten, lis - ten to my sto - ry: At His feet I bow;

He saves me, and He keeps me—glory! Praise the Lord! He saves me now!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 He found me on a barren mountain,
Hungry and cold;
He bro't me to the cleansing fountain,
Placed me within the fold;
I know the Savior will protect me,
Show me the way;
He never, never will neglect me,
I shall not go astray. | 3 He fills my heart to overflowing—
Wonderful love!
Rich blessings He is now bestowing,
Peace from the throne above.
Now when temptations great assail me,
I can endure;
His grace and mercy never fail me,
He makes His child secure. |
|---|---|

Christ Victorious.

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EVALYN COUARD, Deaconess,
New York City.

KATE O. CURTS, Deaconess,
New York City.

Moderato.

1. Walking dai - ly with the Master, List'ning hour - ly to His voice;
2. Lift - ing bur - dens for our neighbors That are great - er than our own,
3. Trusting quiet - ly in as-sur-ance That our Mas - ter doth partake

Helping Him . . His sheaves to gather—In His work . . our hearts rejoice.
Helping those . . who faint around us To ap - proach the roy - al throne.
Of our tri - als and our triumphs; We shall win . . . for "Jesus' sake."

CHORUS.

Marcato.

Christ vic - to - rious! oh, the glo - ry Of the glad tri - umph - ant song—

When the na - tions learn the sto - ry And to Je - sus Christ be - long.

Andante.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, G major, and begins with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a ritardando (*rit.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic.

m SOLO.

The vocal solo is in 3/4 time, G major, and begins with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. The melody is simple and expressive, with a final note held over the end of the phrase.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-sham'd of
3. A - sham'd of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a -

The piano accompaniment for the solo is in 3/4 time, G major, and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It provides a harmonic support for the vocal line with chords and a simple bass line.

f *f* *rit.*

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal phrase is in 3/4 time, G major, and begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. It features a more active bass line and harmonic texture, ending with a ritardando (*rit.*).

Thy? Asham'd of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
-way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal phrase is in 3/4 time, G major, and begins with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. It features a steady bass line and harmonic support, ending with a ritardando (*rit.*).

QUARTET. *Andantino. m*

The piano accompaniment for the quartet is in 3/4 time, G major, and begins with a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. It features a steady bass line and harmonic support, ending with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

2. Asham'd of Je - sus, that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
4. Till then, nor is my boast - ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;

ff *f*

No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name;
And oh, may this my glo-ry be That Christ is not a-sham'd of me;

f *rit.*

No, when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
And oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-sham'd of me.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Mercy's Gate.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The Spir - it now en-treat - eth thee To en - ter mer - cy's gate;
2. The call has oft - en come to thee, O wan - der - er, a - stray,
3. Thy lov - ing Sav - ior wait - ing stands To bid thee en - ter in,

f **FINE.**

Oh, en - ter while there yet is room, Be - fore it is too late.
Renounce thy sin and pardon'd be While it is called to - day.
And rec - on - cile thy guilt - y soul And cleanse thee from all sin.

D.S.—The Spir - it now en-treat - eth thee To give thy heart a - way.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Why, oh, why de - lay? Come to Christ to - day;

It was for Me.

Arr. by GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. On the Cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for you and me; There He
 2. Oh, what wondrous, wondrous love Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet! Oh, such
 3. Take me Je - sus, I am Thine, Wholly Thine for ev - ermore; Blessed
 4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the skies When the Lord was cru - ci - fied, "It is

shed His precious blood, That from sin we might be free. Oh, the
 wond - rous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - plete, Here I
 Je - sus, Thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er - more; Cleanse, oh,
 fin - ished:" was His cry When He bow'd His head and died. It is

cleans - ing stream does flow, And it wash - es white as snow. It was for
 give my - self to Thee, Soul and bo - dy Thine to be; It was for
 cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in; It was for
 fin - ish'd, it is finish'd; All the world may now go free; It was for

F FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.—me that Je - sus died	On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!	} It was for
me Thy blood was shed	On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!	
this Thy blood was shed	On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!	
me that Je - sus died	On the Cross of Cal - va - ry!	

D. S.

me, For e - ven me; It was for
 It was for me, For e - ven me;

Two Builders.

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E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Two builders are at work to-day, We hear the blessed Master say, Up-
 2. One builds up-on the liv-ing Rock: He need not fear the tempest shock; His
 3. The other builds upon the sand: He does not heed the Lord's command; The
 4. Is Je-sus our Foundation stone? And do we rest on Him a-lone? Then

on the rock, up- on the sand; One house shall fall, and one shall stand.
 hope in Je- sus is se- cure, His house for ev- er shall en- dure.
 rain will fall, the winds will blow; His house they soon will o- ver-throw.
 gold- en ser-vice let us bring, And love's bright jew-els, for our King.

CHORUS. |

Build - ing, ev - 'ry one, Building till the work of life is done;
 Build-ing, build-ing,

Build - - ing, Lord, we pray, Help us to build on Thee each day.
 Building, we are building,

Church of Christ.

C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D.

FRANK MILLER.

1. O Church of Christ most ho - ly, Thy mis-sion is to be
 2. O Church of Christ all - glo - rious, Thy mis-sion is to save;
 3. O Church our fa - thers cher - ished, Their sons shall hon - or thee;
 3. O Church of coin - ing glo - ry, Thy fu - ture glows with light;

Like Him, the Meek and Low - ly, From pride and pas sion free.
 Thy Lead - er rose vic - to - rious, The Conqueror of the grave.
 When all thy foes have per - ished, Thy friends shall countless be.
 The a - ges may grow hoar - y, But thou shalt shine more bright.

Like Him, with love so ten - der, He wept o'er oth - ers' woe;
 To Him all pow'r is giv - en—To set the pris - ner free;
 Thy ser - vice be our plea - sure, Thy joy our strength and stay,
 Great vic - 'tries are be - fore thee, For Right shall con - quer Wrong;

Of Right the swift de - fend - er, Of Wrong the cer - tain foe.
 To lift the lost to heav - en,—That pow'r He gives to thee.
 Thy faith our choic - est trea - sure, Till dawns the per - fect day.
 Christ's ban - ner shall be o'er thee; Fear not, faint not, be strong.

Why Longer Wait.

H. H. HALL

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. O cap-tive soul, why long-er wait? The Prince of Life would
 2. Why, burdened, trembling, still de-lay, So long by guilt and
 3. From Mer-cy's gate, oh, hear Him call, And fly at once to

make thee free; He stands in Mer-cy's o-pen gate, With
 fear op-press; At Je-sus' feet thy bur-den lay, And
 His em-brace; 'Tis o-pen wide for thee—for all Who

CHORUS.

hands out-stretch'd to wel-come Thee. } His heart of love and
 thou shalt find the long-sought rest. }
 care to taste His won-drous grace. }

sym-pa-ty With ten-der yearn-ing waits for thee; His voice with

sweet-est ac-cents fall-ing, Gent-ly whis-pers "Come to me."

Let Me Die at My Post.

Lines written by Wm. Hunter, D.D., on the death of Rev. Gideon D. Kinnear, while preaching at Hollow Rock Campmeeting on the evening of September 5th, 1875. Near the close of his discourse he was observed to stagger; some persons ran to his assistance. Feeling that he was failing, he said, "Let the meeting go on; let me die at my post;" and the very last words he uttered were, "All is well." He immediately became unconscious and remained so until death.

W. HUNTER D.D.
Con espress.

J. HARRY HORNER.

1. An old sol - dier I stand with my sword in my hand, Till I
 2. Let the meet - ing go on! I will short - ly be gone; Let an -
 3. Let the meet - ing go on! when the conquest is won, And the
 4. When He com - eth to reign we shall come in His train, To His

catch the glad summons di - vine; Lo! the sig - nal I see, He is
 oth - er the mes - sage re - peat; In the blood that was shed there is
 Lord from the o - pen - ing skies, Shall in glo - ry come down, with the
 saints shall the kingdom be giv'n; With our last la - bor done and our

com - ing for me; All is well! . . . I am His, He is mine.
 life from the dead; O ye ransomed, come, bow at His feet.
 long - promised crown, All the sleep - ers in Christ shall a - rise.
 last bat - tle won, We shall shine. . . . as the stars in the heav'n's.

CHORUS.

Let the meeting go on! Let me die at my post! Let me

fall in the van of the con - quer - ing host; Let the meeting go

on! Let me die at my post! All is well! All is well!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first system of the song 'Let Me Die at My Post. Concluded.'. It features a treble and bass staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

How They Crucified My Lord.

(JUBILEE SONG.) Arr. by M. E. BLISS-WILLSON.

1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, When I
cru - ci - fied my Lord,

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'How They Crucified My Lord.'. The key signature is two flats and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

think how they crucified my Lord, Oh, sometimes it causes me to
think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

tremble, tremble, tremble, When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The melody and accompaniment continue to the end of the piece. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

2. When I think how they crowned Him with the thorns.
3. When I think how they nailed Him to the tree.
4. When I think how they pierced Him in the side.
5. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb.
6. When I think how the stone was rolled away.
7. When I think how He rose up from the grave.

Used by permission.

Is It for Me?

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Was it for me that Je - sus died, Sal - vation's gate to o - pen wide?
 2. Is it for me His grace to share? Is it for me the robe to wear?
 3. Is it for me the Spir - it's pow'r? Is it for me this ve - ry hour?
 4. Is it for me His yoke to take, And for my Lord all else for-sake;

Was it for me His blood washed? Did He then suf - fer in my stead?
 Can I be sav'd and hap - py be, And ev - er from all sin be free?
 Will he come in and cleanse my heart, Bidding the world and sin de-part?
 To let His ser - vice be my joy, And yield my all to His employ?

REFRAIN.

It was for me,..... yes, all for me,..... He bled and
 It is for thee,..... my soul, for thee,..... All, all is
 It is for me,..... He com-eth now;..... I in His
 It is for me,..... A - dor-ing grace!..... That gives me

suf - - fer'd on the tree;..... The ransom price..... for me He
 of - - fer'd full and free;..... Rejoice and take..... Him at His
 pres - - ence low-ly bow;..... Come, Ho-ly Spir - - it, to my
 in..... His work a place;.... I'll glad-ly serve,.... constrain'd by

paid..... When on the Cross..... His life He gave.....
 word..... And worship and..... a-dore thy Lord.....
 heart..... And bid all a - lien guests de-part.....
 love..... Un-til I reach..... the realms a - bove.....

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 Is it for me he soon will come,
 When He shall call His people home?
 Shall I then hear the trumpet voice?
 Will it make my poor heart rejoice?
 It is for me He soon will come
 To take me to His home above;
 Then in the twinkling of an eye
 I'll rise to meet Him in the sky.</p> | <p>6 Oh, help me, Lord, until that day,
 To faithful keep and never stray;
 To live for Thee from morn till night,
 And find in Thee my soul's delight.
 So shall I praise Thy glorious name,
 And spread abroad Thy wondrous fame;
 And others by my life shall see
 That Thou art all in all to me.</p> |
|---|---|

HENRIETTA LAWTON FISHER.

We are Thine.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Moderato.

1. Precious Sa - vior, we are Thine, Thine by right and choice; Let Thy
 2. Precious Sa - vior, we are Thine; We have heard Thy voice Call - ing
 3. Precious Sa - vior, we are Thine, Bought with won - drous price; May we

CHORUS.

love around us shine: Make our hearts re-joice.
 gently, come, be mine, Make my yoke thy choice. } Precious Savior, we are Thine,
 in Thy kingdom shine, With Thine own re - joice. }

Thine in life to be; Precious Savior, we are Thine Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

Saved by His Blood.

MRS. M. E. BLISS-WILLSON.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. The Sav - ior called so lov - ing - ly— I am saved by His blood—
 2. His lov - ing words came to my ear— I am saved by His blood—
 3. He that be - liev - eth—hear the word— I am saved by His blood—

I heard His voice from Cal - va - ry— I am saved by His blood—
 "Come un - to me" and do not fear— I am saved by His blood—
 Hath life in Je - sus Christ our Lord— I am saved by His blood—

I wondered if it was for me, A wretch so full of mis - e - ry,
 And I had naught to bring to Him, On - ly my vileness, guilt and sin;
 On Him thy load of sor - row roll, Be - fore Him lay thy sin - sick soul,

To be from sin and sor - row free— I am saved by His blood.
 But as I came He let me in— I am saved by His blood.
 And He will quick - ly make thee whole, And will save by His blood.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - - jah! Hal - le - lu - - jah! I am saved by His blood;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am saved by His blood.
 Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!

Where will You Spend Eternity?

ELIZA SHERMAN.
 SOLO OR DUET.

C. C. CASE.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Oh! child of love for whom Christ died,
2. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? The King of Glo - ry bids thee come;
3. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Time's solemn bells soon cease to chime;

The harvest time will soon be gone, Oh! hast - en, hast - en to de - cide.
 Ac - cept of Him and He will give A bright, e - ter - nal, glorious home.
 God's spir - it will not always strive, Time's bell tolls on; be wise in time.

CHORUS.

E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e -

- ter - ni - ty? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?

In Beulah Land.

SOPHIA MIDDLETON.

W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET—Soprano and Alto.

1. The sin - taint of earth is still cling - ing, And the
 2. They re - mem - ber their song—the star shin - ing, Of
 3. O'er its sky shad - ows gath - er, ah! nev - er, And the

spir - it, till pur - i - fied grown, Could not bear heaven's rap - tur - ous
 peace and good will towards men, And their love is for - ev - er in -
 am - biant air ech - oes no sigh, For life's heart - aches are banished for -

sing - ing, The in - ef - fa - ble light of God's throne. But in
 - clin - ing, To bring full - ness of joy un - to them. Here in
 - ev - er, Sin nor sor - row no more com - eth nigh. In near

Beu - lah's fair pre - cinets re - pos - ing— It so - journs where
 Beu - lah are fruits, flow'rs, im - mor - tal, By the four - fold still
 sight of the gates now un - fold - ing, As the shin - ing ones

an - gels se - rene..... Are as min - is - t'ring spir - its, dis -
 wa - ters they bloom,.... Their fragrance e'en reach - ing the
 pass and re - turn,..... See the ra - di - ant crowns they are

clos - ing ... The glo - ries of heav'n yet un - seen.....
 por - tal.... Of yon bright - er, more per - ma - nent home.....
 hold - ing.... For the brows that will nev - er - more yearn.....

CHORUS.

Oh! the home - bring - ing must be so glo - rious... When the

en - trance a - bund - ant is given,.... As the an - gels lead

on the vic - to - rious ... The pur - i - fied spir - its to heav'n.

Precious Truth.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. For the blessed source of truth We are seek-ing in our youth, While the
 2. O the precious, precious truth We are seek-ing in our youth, Makes our
 3. From the straight and narrow way, We will nev-er, nev-er stray, Our Re-

dear Savior's voice Bids us come and rejoice; To His ev - er gracious call,
 path ev - er bright As we walk in its light; And our Savior's gen-tle care
 - deem - er is near And we know not a fear; For He leads us by His hand

May we answer one and all, To our Sav - ior and King will-ing
 Guides us safe - ly ev-'rywhere, O how thank - ful are we for His
 Thro' a good - ly pleasant land, Where the green pastures grow and the

FINE.

hearts we bring. While the days are bright before us, We will join the
 grace so free! With His banner floating o'er us, We will ech - o
 glad streams flow. While He guides the way be-fore us, We will shout a -

* Small notes for organ.

Precious Truth. Concluded.

D.S.

hap - py cho - rus, Sing - ing, sing - ing, Our Savior's praise;
 still the cho - rus, Tell - ing, tell - ing, His wondrous love;
 - loud the cho - rus, Glo - ry, glo - ry, To God on high.

Singing, singing, singing, singing,
 Tell-ing, tell-ing, tell-ing, tell-ing,
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

Jesus is Calling Now.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Je - sus is call - ing you now! Come to His arms of love; He will pre-
 2. Je - sus is call - ing to - day,— Why will you long - er wait? Cast all your
 3. Je - sus is call - ing to you; Pledge Him, in solemn vow, Spir - it, and

CHORUS.

- pare your soul For the home a - bove
 sins a - way,— En - ter Mer - cy's gate, } Call - ing now, call - ing now,
 life, and all,— He will save you now!

Je - sus is call - ing now! At the cross hum - bly bow,—He will save you now!

Ring Out, Ye Gospel Bells.

Words by LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

Music by W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Ring out, ring out, ye gos - pel bells, Pro - claim the news to all,
 2. Ring out, ring out, ye gos - pel bells, The notes all *true and clear*,

That all the sons of Ad - am's race May hear the gra - cious call,
 For ma - ny in the mists of life Know not which way to steer;

And know sal - va - tion's work complete, That Je - sus waits to bless
 The anx - ious thought is on their brow, Their limbs all shake with fear;

All who on His sweet name believe And on His prom - ise rest.
 Let ev - 'ry word be true and plain, That all The Way may hear.

CHORUS.

Ring out, ring out,..... ye gos - pel
Ring out, ring out,

bells,..... Pro - claim the news to all, That
ye gos - pel bells,

all the sons of Ad-am's race May hear the gra-cious call.
rall.

3.

Ring out, ring out, ye gospel bells,
Your *solemn* tones prolong,
For in the broad and downward road,
Amongst the careless throng,
Are those who oft your notes have heard,
But still they disobey:
Plead with them tenderly yet warn;
Now is Salvation's day.

4.

Ring out, ring out, ye gospel bells,
Sometimes *in undertones*,
For lo! there comes from dying ones
A sad and awful groan;
My life is past, oh, hear their cry,
The harvest time gone by;
I've gained the world, but oh, the cost!
My soul, my soul is lost!

Yes, We're Coming.

DELOSS EVERETT.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

In martial style.

1. Oh, come, believe on Je - sus: He'll wipe a - way your tears, And
 2. Oh, come, believe on Je - sus, He will your sins forgive If
 3. Oh, come to-day to Je - sus, He is so kind and true; Just

fill your heart with joy and peace, And ban - ish all your fears; Then
 you'll just take Him at His word,—So come to Christ and live; He
 list - en to His lov - ing voice,—He's call - ing now for you; He

do not lin - ger or de - lay, There's room for mill - ions more Who
 is a lov - ing Sav - ior; He died for you and me Up -
 bids you come and wel - - come, In all His glo - ry share A -

ad lib. CHORUS.
 may believe on Christ and live With Him forever more. Yes, we're com -
 - on the cross on Cal - va - ry, And made salvation free.
 - round his Father's throne in heav'n, And live forever there. Yes, we're coming to the

- ing to the Sav - ior, For He'll wash our sins a -
 Sav - ior, Yes, we're coming to the Sav - ior, For He'll wash our sins a - way, For He'll

way; And we'll live..... with Him in heav - -
wash our sins a-way; And we'll live with Him in Heaven, And we'll live with Him in

- en, In that bright,..... e - ter - nal day.
heav - en, In that bright, e - ter - nal day, In that bright, e - ter - nal day.

Jesus Bids You Come.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come, Earn - est - ly for you He's calling,
2. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come, Wea - ry trav'ler, do not tar - ry,
3. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come, Voic - es may not always call you,
4. Je - sus bids you come, Je - sus bids you come, Where 'tis love and joy for - ev - er,

Gent - ly at thy heart He's pleading, "Come un - to me," "Come un - to me."
Je - sus will thy burden car - ry, Oh, will you come? Oh, will you come?
"Late, too late," may yet befall you, "Why will ye die?" "Why will ye die?"
Where we'll meet to part, no, nev - er, Sin - ner, come home, Oh, come, come home.

Oh, Admit Him!

JACOB CRIST.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Hear your blessed Mas-ter pleading, For ad-mission to your heart; Be not
2. Choose you now His free sal-va-tion, That you may be born a-new, Suf-fer
3. En-ter not the val-ley friendless, Let Him in—your need is great; His de-

stub-born or un-heed-ing, Else from you He may de-part; Oh, ad-
not pro-cras-ti-na-tion To steal pre-cious time from you; Let Him
-par-ture may be end-less, Fix-ing your e-ter-nal state. Hear your

-mit the great Phy-si-cian, Hast-en now to let Him in; Do not
in; He long has wait-ed, Stand-ing at the bolt-ed door, Bow to
bless-ed Mas-ter plead-ing For ad-mis-sion to your heart; Be not

rall.
ren-der void His mis-sion—Your de-cep-tive heart to win.
Him, whom once you hat-ed, Let Him stand with-out no more.
stub-born or un-heed-ing, Else from you He may de-part.

CHORUS.

ff Oh, admit Him! Oh, admit Him! O-pen ere it be too late. *pp* ere it be too late. *f* *rall.*

rall.

His de - par - ture may be end - less, Fix - ing your e - ter - nal state.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Oh, Admit Him! Concluded.' It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'His de - par - ture may be end - less, Fix - ing your e - ter - nal state.'

The King's Highway.

"And an highway shall be there."—Isaiah xxxv: 8.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

With animation.

1. We're marching to Mount Zi - on, We keep the King's highway; We
 2. When foes encamp a-round us, We look to Christ and pray; Tho'
 3. We see the tow-ers shin-ing, They bright-en day by day; Our

The image shows the first part of the musical score for 'The King's Highway.' It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: '1. We're marching to Mount Zi - on, We keep the King's highway; We 2. When foes encamp a-round us, We look to Christ and pray; Tho' 3. We see the tow-ers shin-ing, They bright-en day by day; Our'.

CHORUS.

have a mighty Leader, We walk in white array. We're marching to Mount Zion, We war should rise against us, We keep the King's highway.
 home is drawing nearer, We sing up-on the way.

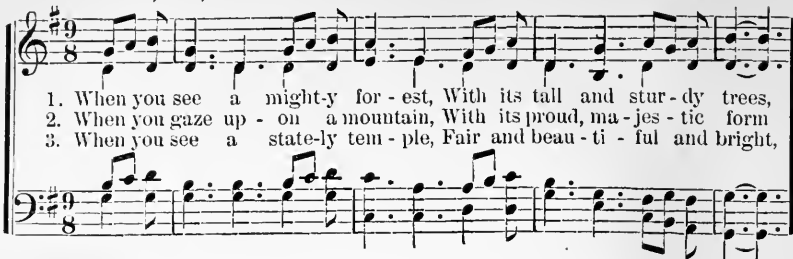
The image shows the chorus of the musical score. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'have a mighty Leader, We walk in white array. We're marching to Mount Zion, We war should rise against us, We keep the King's highway. home is drawing nearer, We sing up-on the way.'

keep the King's highway; 'Tis blest to follow Jesus, Come, walk with us to-day.

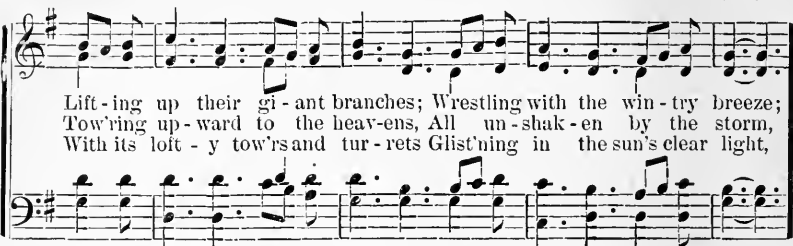
The image shows the final line of the musical score. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of three sharps and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'keep the King's highway; 'Tis blest to follow Jesus, Come, walk with us to-day.'

C. H. PAYNE, D.D., LL.D.

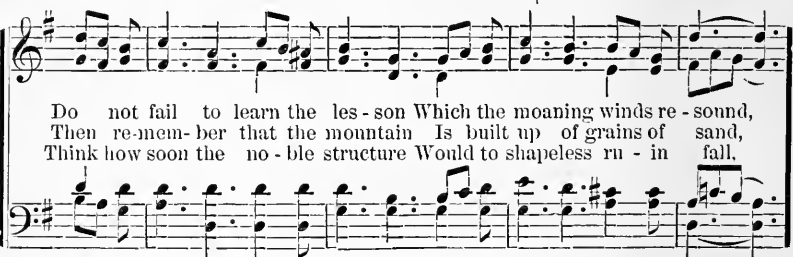
W. S. WEEDEN.



1. When you see a might-y for - est, With its tall and stur - dy trees,
2. When you gaze up - on a mountain, With its proud, ma - jes - tic form
3. When you see a state-ly tem - ple, Fair and beau - ti - ful and bright,



Lift - ing up their gi - ant branches; Wrestling with the win - try breeze;
Tow'ring up - ward to the heav - ens, All un - shak - en by the storm,
With its loft - y tow'rs and tur - rets Glist'ning in the sun's clear light,



Do not fail to learn the les - son Which the moaning winds re - sound,
Then re - mem - ber that the mountain Is built up of grains of sand,
Think how soon the no - ble structure Would to shapeless ru - in fall.



Ev - 'ry oak was once an a - corn, All un - no - ticed on the ground.
Which an in - fant child might scat - ter With its ti - ny, fee - ble hand.
Were it not for sure foun - da - tions Firm - ly laid be - neath it all.

4 When you see a goodly nation
Strong and free and proud and great,
With its statesmen, scholars, poets,
All its men of high estate,
Keep in mind that all these great ones,
To whom honors high you pay,
Once were only little people,
Children such as we to-day.

5 In the building of our temple,
Noble temple of the state,
As a refuge of true freemen,
Both the lowly and the great,
Do not slight the little builders,
Let us have some humble place,
Lay with us the sure foundation,
Then you'll shout the capstone's grace.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Hast thou, by burdens sore oppress'd, But vain - ly sought the long'd-for rest,
 2. Hast thou in doubt and conflict been, Estranged from God, enslaved by sin,
 3. Hast thou some worldly hope or friend, On which thy soul would fain depend,

And seen thy chosen props remov'd, While all thy works have worthless prov'd?
 Hast thou long tried, and tried in vain, To find release from guilt and pain?
 Turn from thine i - dol trust a - way, Nor brave the per - ils of de - lay.

CHORUS.

Then prostrate at thy Sa - vior's feet, His fa - vor and His love en - treat;

There lay thy grievous burdens down, And He thy trust with bliss shalt crown

60 I will Sing of the Mercies of the Lord.

C. W. RAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, All His goodness I will
 2. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, Praise for-ev-er shall my
 3. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, Who in pi-ty doth each
 4. I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord, Whose compassion will my

has - ten to pro-claim; I will sing of the prom-ise of His word, And
 heart and tongue employ: Ho - ly an - gels shall join with one ac-cord The
 stain of guilt re-move; Ev - er-more be His precious name a dored For
 ev - ry want sup-ply; He will ev - er each needful grace af ford, And

REFRAIN.

tell His power and fame, } I will sing His praise forev - - er
 song of grate-ful joy. }
 His for-giv - ing love. }
 bring me safe on high. } I will sing His praise, will sing His praise forever,

While I tread this vale of tears; Naught from
 While I tread this vale of tears; While I tread this vale of tears;

Him . . . my soul shall sev - - er, He hath banished all my fears.
 Naught from Him my soul can sever, naught can sever, He hath

Make Room for Jesus.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Moderato.

1. The soul who would find full re-lease from his woes, For the Sav - ior must
 2. Tho' fears may be ma - ny and friends may be few, Give Him room and He
 3. His touch bids the wounded and dy - ing to live, There is strength in His
 4. The tempt-ed and help - less a help-er may find, With an arm that is

haste to make room; Must drive from the door whatsoe'er may oppose, Or re -
 nev - er can fail; The wild - est of storms He will gently subdue, Give Him
 buck-ler and shield, In con - flict with sin, He the vic - try will give, To His
 might-y to save; He gird-eth the faint, and He leadeth the blind, He is

CHORUS.

- ceive the impen-itent's doom.
 room, He will sure-ly pre-vail. } Give Him room, give Him room,
 weapons the strongest must yield. } Give Him room, give Him room,
 victor of death and the grave.

To thy heart make Him welcome to-day, Make Him room,
 yes, to-day, don't de lay.

Make Him room, Make Him wel-come, nor long-er de - lay.
 Make Him room,

Our Loved Ones, Our Lost Ones.

SARAH I. C. WHITTLESEY.

J. HARRY HORNER.

1. They are safe in the har - bor, the white sails are furled, The an - chor is
 2. How far from this earth-home, oh! where on the plane Of the pur - ple im -
 3. A - way, far a - way, in the vi - o - let glow, A - cross the wide
 4. Yes, here by the home-hearth with love-light-ed eyes, A breath of their

cast by the ev - ergreen shore: They are liv - ing to - geth - er in God's love - ly
 - mense is the sweet ev - er - more: When af - ter life's sun - set we'll meet them a -
 waste of a fath - om - less sea: Un - think - ing of us are they rest - ing, no,
 presence drifts thro' the dim days: They come swift as tho't from their home in the

world, Our loved ones, our lost ones, they sor - row no more, They sor - row no
 - gain, Our loved ones, our lost ones, who wait on the shore, Who wait on the
 no! Our loved ones, our lost ones, are with you and me, Are with you and
 skies, Our loved ones, our lost ones, they guard us al - ways, They guard us al -

more, They sor - row no more, Our loved ones, our lost ones, they sorrow no more.
 shore, Who wait on the shore, Our loved ones, our lost ones, who wait on the shore.
 me, Are with you and me, Our loved ones, our lost ones, are with you and me.
 - ways, They guard us al - ways, Our loved ones, our lost ones, they guard us always.

- 5 I watch the long vacant old arm-chair sometimes,
 Soul-yearning to see them and hear them once more;
 I know it is vain, till the last vesper chimes,
 Our loved ones, our lost ones, we'll see them no more.

- 6 But oh! when the rose-tint of earth-life shall pale,
 And the mortal lies down with its sorrow and pain,
 And the freed spirit passes beyond the dim veil,
 Our loved ones, our lost ones, we'll meet them again.

Jesus is Mine!

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I hear the heav'nly bells to-night, My soul is bath'd in glorious light:
 2. Ring out, ring out, ye bells of tho't, Recall to me what God hath wrought:
 3. Ring out, ring on, ye joyous bells, Combined your pow'rs His praise to swell;
 4. Ring out, ring on, ye bells of love, For me the Savior shed His blood,

Oh, that I could the rap-ture tell, That comes to me thro' each sweet bell.
 My soul to save from guilt and sin, That I might ev-er live with Him.
 For peace and joy now dwells withiu, Where reign'd the gloomy night of sin.
 A - maz - ing grace! up - on the tree, He gave Him-self to ran-som me.

CHORUS.

Then ring,..... Ring out,..... I
 oh, ring, ye bells sublime, ring on your hap-py chime;

nev - er can for-get the day When Je - sus took my sins away: Ring

rall. ad lib.

out, ring on this bless - ed chime: Je-sus is mine, is mine, is mine.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 5 Ring out, ring on, ye bells of trust,
For God hath said perform He must;
'Tis on His truth my all I stake,
No tempest-storms that Rock can shake. | 6 Ring out, ring on, ye bells of heaven,
'Tis sweet to know all sin forgiven;
But oh, thy courts I soon shall see,
And share thy full felicity. |
|--|--|

We Shall Gather at the River.

"A river the streams whereof life shall make glad."—Ps. 46: 4.

B. M. L.

GEO. BEAVERSON. By per.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the bil - lows cease to roll;
 2. Songs of those long gone be - fore us Then will make our hearts re-joice;
 3. We shall meet with all the lov'd ones, Torn on earth from our em-brace,
 4. There throughout the endless a - ges, Free from sor - row, pain or care,

There in all the bright for - ev - er Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul.
 An-gels bright will swell the cho - rus With most sweet ce - les - tial voice.
 We shall hear a - gain their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face.
 We shall live with those that love us, There will be no part-ing there.

CHORUS.

We shall gather at the riv - er, When our work on earth is o'er;
 Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er,

We shall gather at the riv - er, There to meet and part no more.
 Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er,

In the Secret of His Presence.

65

Rev. HENRY BURTON.

FRANK MILLER.

1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence I am kept from strife of tongues;
2. In the se - cret of His pres - ence All the darkness dis - ap - pears,
3. In the se - cret of His pres - ence Is a sweet, un - brok - en rest;

His pa - vil - ion is a - round me, And with - in are ceaseless songs!
For the sun that knows no set - ting Throws a rain - bow on my tears.
Pleasures, joys, in glo - rious full - ness, Mak - ing earth like E - den blest;

Stormy winds, His words ful - fill - ing, Beat with - out, but can - not harm,
So the day grows ev - er light - er, Broad'ning to the per - fect noon;
So my peace grows deep and deeper, Wid'ning as it nears the sea,

For the Master's voice is still - ing Storm and tempest to a calm.
So the way grows ev - er brighter, Heav'n is com - ing near and soon.
For my Sav - ior is my keep - er, Keep - ing mine and keep - ing me!

A Harbor of Rest.

C. W. R.

(RESPONSIVE SONG.)

C. W. RAY.

SOLO.

1. Out on the wide, wide o - cean, A - drift on the stormy sea;
 2. When with the ris - ing tem - pest The bil - lows around me sweep,
 3. When with the gath'ring dark - ness My courage and strength give way,

Where can my soul find ref - uge, And what shall my shel - ter be?
 Who shall attempt my res - cue And save from the boist'rous deep?
 Will He draw near me, turn - ing My drea - ri - est night to - day?

RESPONSE—QUARTET OR CHORUS.

Je - sus thy Sav - ior, Re - deem - er, The winds and the waves shall control;
 Je - sus thy Sav - ior, Re - deem - er, Shall bid the wild tempest to cease;
 Je - sus thy Sav - ior, Re - deem - er, To hear and to help thee is nigh,

And He as a Pi - lot shall find thee A har - bor of rest for the soul.
 And He as a Pi - lot shall find thee A ha - ven of shelter and peace.
 And banishing darkness and danger, Shall brighten the gloomiest sky.

Lead Me.

67

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Lead me, O Thou bless - ed Je - sus, In Thy foot-steps lead Thou me;
2. When I fal - ter, weak and wea - ry, Leave, O leave me not; I pray;
3. When I reach death's gloomy riv - er, Leave me not a - lone to die;

The first system of music consists of a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 6/8 time and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

I can safe - ly trust no oth - er, Let me fol - low on - ly Thee.
Heal my wound - ed feet so ten - der, Help me up the rug - ged way.
When I rise a - bove the shadows, Let me to Thy bos - om fly.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics and is followed by a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

CHORUS.

Lead me, O Thou bless - ed Je - sus, Thou a - lone can safe - ly guide;

The chorus begins with a new vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 6/8 time and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Let my heart, so prone to wan - der, Ev - er in Thy love a - bide.

The final system of music concludes the piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment end with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

M. E. UPHAM.

1. I have a Shepherd, one I love so well, What He is to me
 2. Pas - tures a - bun - dant doth His hand pro - vide, Wa - ters of sweet - ness
 3. When I would wander from the fold a - stray, Then He doth draw me
 4. When the work is o - ver and the journey done, Then He will lead me

tongue can nev - er tell; On the cross He suf - fered, shed His blood, and
 flow - ing at my side; Good - ness and mer - cy ev - er on my
 back in - to the way; In dark - est val - ley I need fear no
 safe - ly to my home; There I shall dwell in rap - ture pure and

died, That I might ev - er in his love con - fide.
 track, With such a Shep - herd noth - ing can I lack.
 ill, For He my Shep - herd will be with me still.
 sweet, And with all the loved ones gath - er at His feet.

CHORUS.

Fol - low - ing Je - sus ev - er day by day, Noth - ing have
 Dark - ness or sun - shine, what - e'er be - fall, Je - sus the

1. I to fear when He leads the way;
 Sav - ior (*Omit.*.....) Is my all in all.
 2.

Come to the Savior.

69

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

A. H. LIST.

1. Al - most persuad - ed, wea - ry of sin - ning, Come to the Sav - ior,
 2. Why do you fal - ter? Sa - tan is tempting; Flee from His presence,
 3. Je - sus in - vites you, ten - der - ly say - ing, Come helpless sin - ner,

come, wea - ry soul; He is in - vit - ing, do not re - sist Him,
 do not de - lay: Je - sus is call - ing, anx - ious - ly wait - ing,
 why do you wait? Throw down your bur - den; eu - ter the king - dom,

CHORUS.

Come to the fount - ain, wash and be whole.
 Plead - ing to save you; won't you o - bey? } Come to the Savior, He's
 Ask for my par - don ere it's too late. }

wait - ing to bless you, O come to Him, He pleads for thee; Throw down thy

burden, And lean on the promise, O seek His par - don full and free.

The Master is Calling.

DANIEL MARCH.

JAS. H. ROBINSON.

1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Will you go and work to-day?"
 2. Let none hear you id - ly say - ing, "There is nothing I can do,"
 3. Take the task he gives you glad-ly, Let His work your pleasure be;

Fields are white, and harvests waiting, Will you bear the sheaves a-way?
 While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas-ter calls for you.
 Answer quick-ly now He call-eth, Here am I, send me, send me.

CHORUS.

Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of-fers free;

Will you answer, glad-ly say - ing, Blessed Lord, send me, send me.

Precious Jesus.

71

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Precious Je - sus, O to love Thee!—O to know that Thou art mine!
2. Take my warm-est, best af - fec - tion, Take my mem - 'ry, mind and will;
3. Bold I touch Thy sa - cred garments, Fearless stretch my ea - ger hand;
4. O how precious, dear Re - deem - er, Is the love, the life di - vine!

Je - sus, all my heart I give Thee, If Thou wilt but make me Thine.
Then with all Thy lov - ing Spir - it, All my emp - tied na - ture fill.
Vir - tue, like a heal - ing foun - tain, Free - ly flows at love's command.
I am saved, the word is spok - en; I am Christ's, and He is mine.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, precious Je - sus, Thou art all in all to me.

Je - sus, Je - sus, precious Je - sus, Thou art all in all to me.

I'll go to Jesus.

E. JONES.

P. KEIL, Jr.

DUET. *Andante.*

1. Come, trembling sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re - volve,
 2. Prostrate I'll lie before His throne, And there my guilt con - fess;
 3. Perhaps He will ad - mit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer;
 4. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;

QUARTET.

Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last re - solve:—
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone With - out His sovereign grace.
 But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
 For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

CHORUS.

I'll go to Je - sus, I'll go to Je - sus, I'll go to Je - sus
 I'll go I'll go I'll go

tho' my sins like mountains round me close; I'll go to Je - sus, I'll
 I'll go

rall.

go to Je - sus, I know his courts I'll enter in, What'e'r may oppose.
 I'll go

He Saves to the Uttermost.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CARYL FLORIO.

1. Our bless - ed Re - deem - er came down from a - bove To
 2. Be - hold, He is call - ing! No long - er de - lay; His
 3. Come hith - er, ye thirst - y, wher - e'er you may be, Life's
 4. O come to the ban - quet pre - pared for the world, And

bring us good tid - ings of wonder - ful love; Then list - en with
 arms are extend - ed in mer - cy to - day; He waits to be
 wa - ters are flow - ing, sal - va - tion is free; O come with - out
 rest 'neath His standard so wide - ly un - fur'l'd; There's room, and the

gladness, His message re - ceive:—He saves to the ut - termost
 gracious, your souls to re - ceive:—He saves to the ut - termost
 mon - ey, full par - don re - ceive:—He saves to the ut - termost
 welcome that all may re - ceive:—He saves to the ut - termost

REFRAIN.

all who be - lieve. He saves to the ut - ter - most, Saves to the

ut - ter - most, Saves to the ut - ter - most All who be - lieve.

My Mother's Silv'ry Hair.

Dedicated to my friend W. S. Weeden.

Words and Music by GEO. BEAVERSON.

mf con espress.

1. Dear mother, look back on the days of my youth, And fond-ly and
 2. How well I re-mem-ber the "days of lang syne," When gather'd and
 3. I see her still bending in pain o'er my bed, As I in my

free-ly for-get The pranks that I play'd, and the tricks, too, for-
 group'd 'round the hearth, The sto-ries we heard, and the games to wile
 weakness there lay; Her voice low and sweet, as she rais'd up my

- sooth, There's hope for your wan-der-er yet! I'll ev-er re-
 time, The jokes that ex-cit-ed our mirth: My broth-ers and
 head, Or knelt by my bed-side to pray: That voice is now

rit. ad lib.

- mem-ber, while life to me last, Thy face, O my mother, so fair,
 sis-ters, now scatter'd, a-las! All join'd in the song and the smile,
 hush'd and that sil-v'ry hair hid, 'Tis bur-ied 'neath sod and 'neath clay!

My Mother's Silv'ry Hair. Concluded.

75

a tempo.

While I from the roof-tree went out quick and fast, You sat in the old rocking
 While mother sat sew-ing or knitting so fast, Her hair growing whit-er the
 Her spir-it, I know, when the Savior shall bid, Will rise up and shine as the

CHORUS. *slower. pp*

cres.

chair.....
 while..... I can see her now, as in days long past, By the
 day!.....

dim.

cres.

fire in the old rock-ing chair! 'Tis a pic-ture that I'll

rall.

ev-er hold fast, My dear mother with her sil-v'ry hair.

The Savior's Call.

O. S. G.

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. The voice that is call - ing thee, broth - er, Is the voice of Thy
 2. Once more He is call - ing thee, broth - er, And you know that God's
 3. The Spir - it is call - ing, oh, list - en! Hear Him now while He

Sav - ior so dear; And He comes with sweet words of en - treat - y; Oh,
 claim is but right; Do not say, "Go thy way for a sea - son," But
 calls thee once more, For it may be the last sad en - treat - y This

CHORUS.

yield while His grace is so near. }
 come, and He'll save you to-night. } Will you come to the Sav - ior who
 side of e - ter - ni - ty's shore. } the

died? He who pur - chased thy life on the cross;
 Sav - ior who died? on the cross;

Oh, come, lest in staying from Je - sus, Thy soul suf - fer in - fi - nite loss.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—Matt. 16: 24.

JAS. H. ROBINSON.

1. Who fain would fol - low Je - sus, A dai - ly cross must bear;
 2. Who fain would fol - low Je - sus, The Mas - ter's life must heed;
 3. Who fain would fol - low Je - sus, He can - not step a - side
 4. Who fain would fol - low Je - sus, Thro' strife, and shame, and death,

With nev - er - ceas - ing pa - tience, With watch - ful - ness and prayer;
 Must spend him - self for oth - ers, And hear when oth - ers plead;
 Scorn - ing the weak and tempted, In loft - i - ness of pride.
 Will sit with Him in glo - ry— This the Mes - si - ah saith.

And, morn - ing af - ter morn - ing, Must tread the up - ward way,
 Must ev - er bear the fall - en In arms of bless - ing up;
 For who would fol - low Je - sus, Must min - gle in the throng,
 The dai - ly cross, my broth - er, And then the crown and palm;

That leads thro' pain and con - flict To love's e - ter - nal day.
 And oft to lips in sor - row, Hold sweet compassion's cup.
 And aid when hun - ger wail - eth, And stoop to right the wrong.
 Here lost and ma - ny - a tri - al; There heav'n's un - end - ing psalm.

Fall into Line, Boys.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

TO THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. We've en-list-ed in the arm-y of the Lord, And de-pending on the
 2. We will fol-low our Commander up the way, He will lead us out of
 3. We will climb the hills of glo-ry by and by, Lay our ar-mor at the

glo-ri-ous re-ward; For the Sav-ior paid the price, Yes, He
 dark-ness iu-to day; In the pow-er of His might, We will
 gate-way in the sky; All the loved ones we shall meet, As we

made the sac-ri-fice: Hal-le-lu-jah! We are trust-ing in His word.
 bat-tle for the right: Hal-le-lu-jah! We will nev-er go a-stray.
 march the golden street: Hal-le-lu-jah! O, the day is draw-ing nigh.

CHORUS.

Fall in-to line, boys, Fall in-to line, boys; Put the
 Fall in-to line, boys, Fall in-to line, boys,

gos-pel ar-mor on, Don't you wander by the way; Fall into line, boys,
 Fall in-to line, boys,

Repeat *pp*

rall.

Fall in - to line, boys, In our Leader's name we're sure to win the day.
Fall in - to line, boys,

3

Step Out on the Promise.

From "The Highway." Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER. By per.

1. O mourn - er in Zi - on, how bless - ed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y, re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - iq - ui - ty free? O, poor troubled
4. Step out on this prom - ise, and Christ thou shalt win, "The blood of His

wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea - ry one, in the
Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleans - eth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
bo - som of God; Step out on the promise,—get un - der the blood.
- lu - jah to God; I rest on His promise,—I'm un - der the blood.

Songs that Mother Sang.

A. B.

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF MY DEAR MOTHER.

A. BIERLY.

DUET. SOP. & ALTO.

Andante.

1. Hark! I hear a soft re-frain, Echoing to and fro; 'Tis a
 2. Love and kind-ness that dear heart Fill'd to o-ver-flow; Strong in
 3. What the cares of that sweet soul, None will ev-er know; 'Mid them
 4. By and by her spir-it fled, At her Lord's command; Now with

rit.

song that mother sang In the long a-go So sweet and low:
 faith, her soul would sing In the long a-go So sweet and low:
 all of heav'n she sang In the long a-go So sweet and low:
 an-gels moth-er sings, In the glo-ry-land So sweet and grand:

CHORUS. *After first verse.*

p

{ O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

D.C.

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

After second verse.

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine;

D.C.

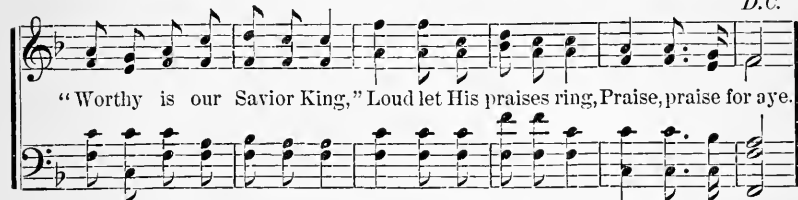


{ Now hear me while I pray, }
 { Take all my guilt a-way, } Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.

After third verse.


{ There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, }
 { Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day; } Oh, how they sweetly sing,

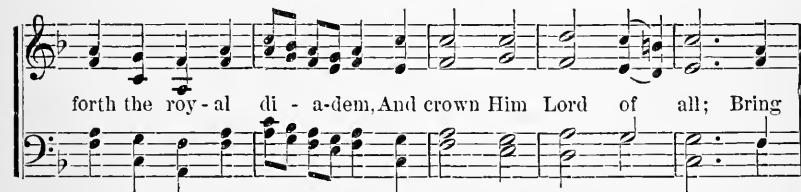
D.C.



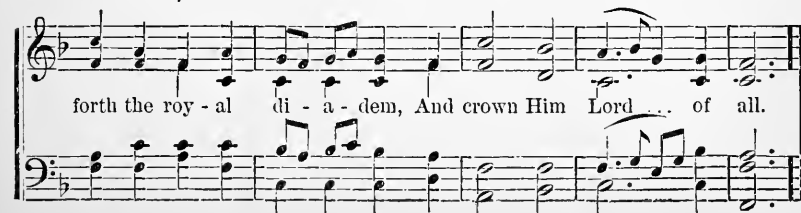
"Worthy is our Savior King," Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

After last verse.


All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring



forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring

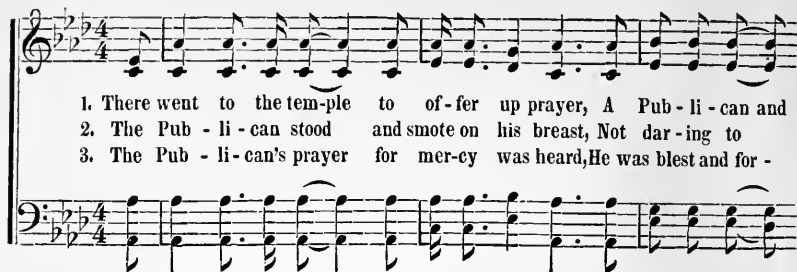


forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord ... of all.

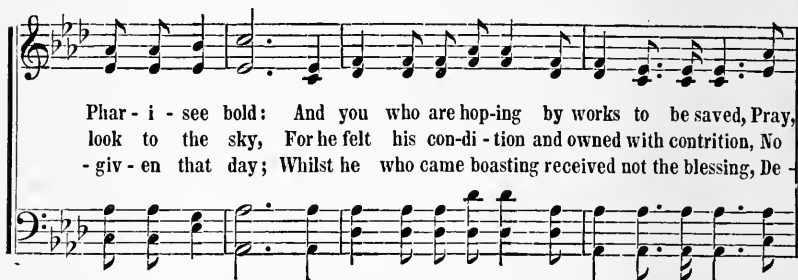
The Pharisee and Publican.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

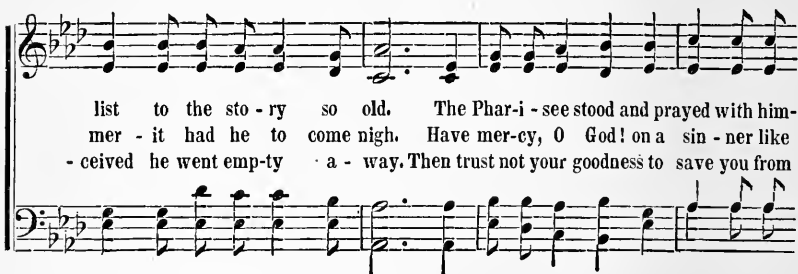
W. S. WEEDEN.



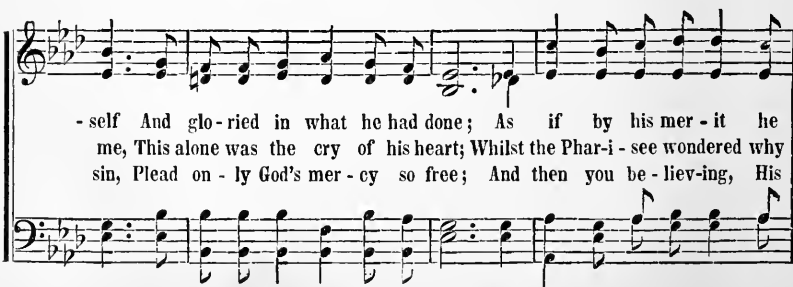
1. There went to the tem-ple to of-fer up prayer, A Pub-li-can and
 2. The Pub-li-can stood and smote on his breast, Not dar-ing to
 3. The Pub-li-can's prayer for mer-cy was heard, He was blest and for -



Phar-i-see bold: And you who are hop-ing by works to be saved, Pray,
 look to the sky, For he felt his con-di-tion and owned with contrition, No
 -giv-en that day; Whilst he who came boasting received not the blessing, De-



list to the sto-ry so old. The Phar-i-see stood and prayed with him-
 mer-it had he to come nigh. Have mer-cy, O God! on a sin-ner like
 -ceived he went emp-ty a-way, Then trust not your goodness to save you from



-self And glo-ried in what he had done; As if by his mer-it he
 me, This alone was the cry of his heart; Whilst the Phar-i-see wondered why
 sin, Plead on-ly God's mer-cy so free; And then you be-liev-ing, His

CHORUS.

thought to in-her - it A place in the heav'n - ly home,
 God did not bid, The Pub - li - can sin - ner de - part. } It's not by my
 fa - vor re - ceiv - ing, The glo - ries of heav'n shall see. }

work - ing, it's not by my pray - ing, Sal - va - tion from sin can be won; It

is by be - liev - ing, It is by re - ceiv - ing, I'm saved thro' faith in God's Son.

The Lord's Prayer.

Matt vi.

GREGORIAN.

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

Earnestly Pray.

HARLEY ANDERSON.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Andante

1. In sym - pa - thy for those who weep, For tempt - ed ones who fall;
 2. For homes made des - o - late by sin, For reck - less souls who stray;
 3. For those who vain - ly sigh for rest, From whom all hopes have fled;
 4. For men long va - liant for the truth In con - flict strong and brave,

For those who soon must si - lent sleep Beneath death's gloomy pall;
 For err - ing ones whom love may win, In ten - der pit - y pray.
 For those so long by fear oppressed, Now mourning for their dead;
 Who no - bly strive our way - ward youth From sin and death to save;

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Earn - est - ly pray, trust - ful - ly pray,
 Earn - est - ly pray, trust - ful - ly pray,

The Lord will sure - ly hear;
 The Lord will sure - ly an - swer pray'r, will sure - ly an - swer pray'r;

Earn - est - ly pray, and trust His word,
 Earn - est - ly pray, trust to His word,

For He can nev - er say thee nay.....
 For he can nev - er say thee nay, can nev - er say thee nay.

Amazing Grace.

NEWTON.
Slow.

J. G. FOOTE.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me,
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares I have al - read - y come;

f FINE.

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind but now I see.
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

D. S.—Was sav'd by grace, am kept by grace, This theme my song shall be.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

A - maz - ing grace! a - maz - ing grace, How sweet its sound to me,

Savior, Keep Me Near Thee.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Sav-ior, make me pure with - in, Cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry sin,
 2. Guide my feet, dear Lord, I pray, In the true and ho - ly way;
 3. Foes around are great and strong, Hear them call - ing loud and long;

Take my e - vil thoughts a - way, Keep me near Thee day by day.
 Be my strength in ev - 'ry hour, Shield me from the tempter's pow'r.
 But the way Thy - self hast trod I would fol - low home to God.

CHORUS.

My gracious Lord, dear Friend and Guide, O keep me
 My gracious Lord, dear Friend and Guide,

near Thy blessed side; My gracious Lord, dear Friend and
 O keep me near Thy blessed side; My gracious Lord,

Guide, O keep me near Thy blessed side
 dear Friend and Guide, O keep me near Thy blessed side, Thy blessed side.

rit.

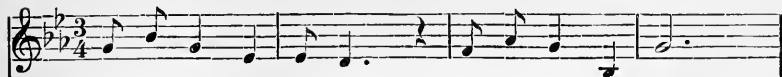
Take My Hand, Dear Father.

87

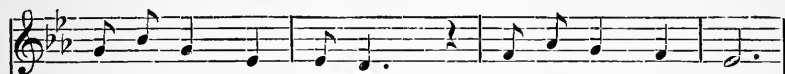
"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. xli: 13.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. ALTO SOLO.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther, Lead me safe - ly through;
2. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther, Lest I meet a snare,
3. Take my hand, dear Fa-ther, Be my guard and guide.



For the gate is nar-row, And the way is new.
And my feet should stum-ble While I'm un - a - ware.
Nought shall ev - er harm me, While I'm near Thy side.



CHORUS.



Take my hand, oh, take it, Hold me close to Thee;



For with Thee in safe - ty, Hold then, hold Thou me.

Sometime the Veil will be Lifted.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. How oft - en in mo - ments of sor - row, In - clined in our
 2. Be - yond the fare - well at the riv - er The shad - ows will
 3. It's on - ly a lit - tle while long - er, And all of the

grief to de - spair, We look thro' the gloom up to heav - en,
 all dis - ap - pear, And sor - row will van - ish for - ev - er,
 storms will be o'er; Then safe - ly we'll pass in the har - bor,

And won - der if God is still there; Then ask, as we doubt in our
 For Je - sus will dry ev - 'ry tear. U - nit - ed with lov'd ones in
 And step on the ev - er - green shore; And there, at the end of the

rall. weak - ness, Will He sometime light up the sky; Turn all of our
 glo - ry, With Him who for sin - ners was slain: Redeemed, we will
 jour - ney, We may be per - mit - ted to know The rea - son for

a tempo.

tears in - to glad - ness, Will mor - tals find rest by and by?
 lay down our bur - dens, And nev - er will bear them a - gain.
 all our af - flic - tions, Temp - ta - tions, and tri - als be - low.

Sometime the Veil will be Lifted. Concluded. 89

CHORUS.

Yes, sometime the veil will be lift-ed, The mists then will all clear-a-way;

Within the bright sushine of glo-ry All darkness will turn in-to day.

Song of Praise.

J. W. W.

J. W. WARD.

1. Give thanks, all ye peo - ple, And praise ye the Lord; Re-joice in His
 2. The wells of sal - va - tion Are flow - ing for thee; Oh! draw from the
 3. Oh! look un - to heav - en For guid - ance each day; Still cling to God's

mer - cy, Re - ly on His word. With joy - ous ho - san - nas And
 wa - ters So cleans - ing and free. The clear, crys - tal foun - tain, So
 prom - ise, And la - bor and pray. For soon in His king - dom, The

anthems proclaim His goodness and kindness, And worship His name, His name.
 sparkling and pure, Shall quench all thy longings, Refresh and en - dure, en - dure.
 new song we'll sing, Where glad hal - le - lu - jahs, Resound to our King, our King.

Soldiers of the Lord.

JOSHUA SMITH.

A. BEIRLY.

1. We are sol - diers true and val - iant in the ar - my of the Lord,
 2. We are bold - ly marching onward, with the Right we're keeping pace,
 3. For - ward, sol - diers, ev - er forward! let there be no room for fear,

We shall con - quer in the bat - tle, by the pow - er of His word,
 And we'll help to make for Je - sus, in this world of sin a place,
 Christ will more than keep His promise, with the loy - al and sincere;

If we nev - er faint nor fal - ter, we shall snre - ly nev - er fail,
 For the cross shall be our standard, and we'll nev - er turn a - side,
 On - ward! comrades, ev - er onward! till all na - tions'neath the sun,

CHORUS.

For the Lord has promis'd that we shall prevail. } Marching on, yes,
 But to Christ our Captain ever true a - bide. }
 To the cause of Je - sus are for - ev - er won. } Marching on,

march - ing on, Sol - diers true we're marching
 yes, marching on, Soldiers true

on,..... If we nev - er faint nor fal - ter, we shall
we're marching on,

sure - ly nev - er fail, For the Lord has promis'd that we shall prevail.

Nothing but Thy Blood.

Words arr. by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

Music arr. by W. S. WEEDEN.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me; }
{ Thou a - lone my need caust meet, Nothing but Thy blood can save me. }

D.C.—To my cross, O Lamb of God, Nothing but Thy blood can save me.

REFRAIN.

D.C.

No, no, nothing do I bring, But by faith I'm cling - ing
No, no, no, no,

2 See my heart, Lord, torn with grief,
Precious Savior, send relief.

4 All that I can do is vain,
I can ne'er remove a stain.

3 As I am, oh, hear me pray,
I can come no other way.

5 Lord, I cast myself on Thee,
From my guilt, oh, set me free.

Pass Over to Thy Rest.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. From cease-less toil and pain, Where earth-ly hopes are vain,
 2. From shad-ows dark and deep, Where wea-ry watch-ers weep,
 3. From scenes where hearts must ache, And oft with an-guish break,
 4. From shades of mor-tal fears, From this lone vale of tears,
 5. We near the Glo-ry Land, And on its shin-ing strand

Where sin and sor-row reign, "Pass o-ver to thy rest."
 And night-ly vi-gils keep, "Pass o-ver to thy rest."
 And friends may then for-sake, "Pass o-ver to thy rest."
 To bright an-gel-ic spheres, "Pass o-ver to thy rest."
 We'll wait the King's command, "Pass o-ver to thy rest."

CHORUS.

Pass o - - - ver to thy rest, And be
 Pass o-ver, my broth-er, Pass o-ver to thy rest, Pass o-ver, my

. for-ev-er blest, Pass o-ver, my - - - ver
 broth-er, and be for-ev-er blest, Pass o-ver, my broth-er, Pass

to thy rest, The end - - - less rest of God.
 o-ver to thy rest, The glo-ri-ous, end - - - less rest of God.

Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter - ing
2. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter - ing
3. Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed, doubt - ing, nev - er, Scat-ter - ing

pre - cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed
pre - cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed
pre - cious seed, trust - ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter - ing pre - cious seed by the way.
trust - ing, know - ing, Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en - deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

{ Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - ing at the
{ Sow - - ing in the eve - - ning (Omit
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

noon - - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

Consecration Hymn.

C. H. PAYNE, D.D., L.L.D.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Burn ev'ry heart with quenchless love, Like Horeb's un - con - suming flame:
 2. Our ear - ly days and lat - est hours To love's sweet la - bor shall be given;
 3. Our be - ing and our powers we give—In this blest work our all em - ploy:

Fed from the sa - cred fires a - bove, In youth and hoar - y age the same.
 On thorn - y paths we'll scatter flowers, On darkened ways shed light of heav'n.
 No an - gel no - bler life could live, No ser - aph taste a sweeter joy.

CHORUS.

Our hearts aflame with fire of love, Our zeal en - kindled from a - bove,

Our souls with heav'nly light a - glow, From strength to strength we onward go.

Only Trust.

95

H. H. HALL.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Hast thou grieved in un - rest? Hast thou longed to be blest?
 2. To be saved from thy sin, Hast thou long mourn - ing been?
 3. On - ly trust in the Lord And with sweet - est ac - cord

Hast thou wept o - ver Cal - va - ry's sto - ry? On - ly
 Have the heav - ens seemed frown - ing a - bove thee? On - ly
 He shall whis - per thy sins are for - giv - en; All thy

trust in the Lord, Thou shalt find thy re - ward,
 trust in the Lord, And be - lieve in His word,
 sor - row shall cease, And thy soul shall have peace,

And a place in His king - dom and glo - ry.
 He will par - don and gra - cious - ly love thee.
 He shall give thee a fore - taste of heav - en.

Onward Up the Highway.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Onward up the highway, To the promised land, Moves the gospel
 2. Onward up the highway, Vanquish-ing the foe, Following the
 3. Onward up the highway, See the eastern sky, Ra-di-ant with

ar-my, Je-sus in command; See the host ad-vanc-ing,
 Sav-ior; Shouting as we go. Full and free sal-va-tion,
 sun-shine—Morning draweth nigh. Soon the gates will o-pen,

On to vic-to-ry! Marching up to Ca-naan, From captiv-i-ty.
 Life for ev-er-more; Marching to the homeland, On the oth-er shore.
 An-gel hosts appear; Onward, Christian sol-dier, Vic-to-ry is near.

CHORUS.

When the strug-gle here is o-ver, And the con-quest is complete,

We will lay a-side our ar-mor, Sweetly rest at Je-sus' feet:

We will lay a-side our ar-mor, Sweetly rest at Je-sus' feet.

We Praise Thee, O Lord.

Rev. Wm. Appel.

A. BEIRLY.

1. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the smile of Thy face, For the health of Thy
2. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the light of Thy love, For the dew of Thy
3. We praise Thee, O Lord, For the strength of Thine arm, For Thy care and pro-
4. We praise Thee, O Lord, For Thy coming a - gain, For Thy glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

sun-shine, The pow'r of Thy grace,
mer - cy That comes from a - bove. } We praise Thee, dear Savior, A -
- tec - tion That shields us from harm. }
kingdom, Thy won - der - ful reign.

- gain and a - gain, We praise Thee, hal-le - lu - jah ! for-ev - er a - men.

Go Preach the Gospel Tidings.

Words and music written expressly for and dedicated to my friend W. S. Weeden.

J. W. W.

J. W. WARD.

1. Go preach the gos - pel tid - ings To ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion,
 2. Go preach the cross of sor - row While on His death you're dwell - ing,
 3. In high-ways and in hedg - es Go preach the gos - pel sto - ry,

Go tell of Him on Cal - v'ry, Who died for our sal - va - tion.
 Let heart and soul come seek - ing, The sto - ry you are tell - ing.
 Then tell the love of Je - sus, Who pleads for them in glo - ry.

DUET—SOPRANO AND TENOR.

For you and me the Sav - ior came And laid up - on the al - ter,
 'Twas on the cross He suffered so, With no one His de - fend - er,
 Oh, tell to them the love you've found While marching on to heav - en,

His life a will - ing sac - ri - fice That we might nev - er fal - ter.
 For you in ag - o - ny be - reft He died with love so ten - der.
 That they may join with one ac - cord, And feel their sins for - giv - en.

CHORUS.

The Sav - ior died for you and me, But lives a - gain in glo - ry,

He died that we might be redeemed; Oh, tell the wond'rous sto - ry.

Cling.

Anon.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Cling to the Might - y One, Cling in thy grief, Cling to the
 2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the
 3. Cling to the Bleed - ing One, Cling to His side, Cling to the

Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief: Cling to the Gracious One,
 Liv - ing One, Through all be - low; Cling to the Pardoning One,
 Ris - en One, In Him a - bide; Cling to the Com - ing One,

rit.
 Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faithful One, He will sus - tain.
 He speaketh peace, Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.
 Hope shall a - rise, Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

HORATIUS BONAR. Written for Miss Annette Reynolds, New York City, TALLIE MORGAN.

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 the 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!

Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!" I came to Je - sus
 And all thy day be bright!" I looked to Je - sus

as I was wea - ry, and worn, and sad, I
 and I drank of that life - giv - ing stream; My
 and I found in Him my Star, my Sun, And

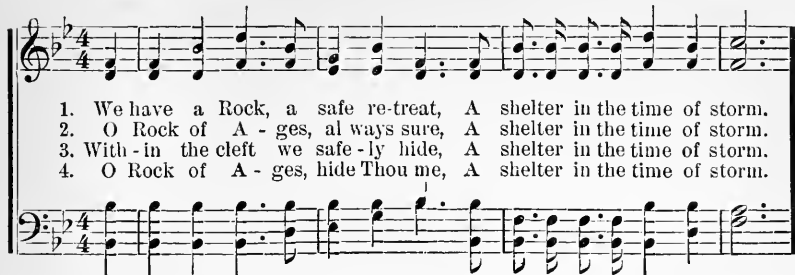
found in Him a rest - ing place and He has made me glad.
 thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, and now I live in Him.
 in that light of life I'll walk 'till all my jour - ney's done.

A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

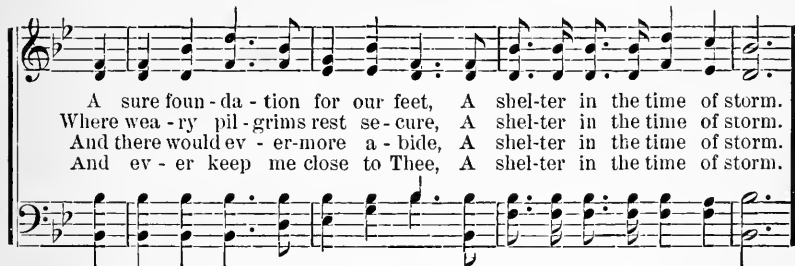
101

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

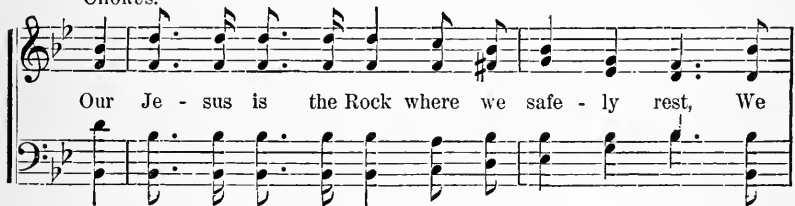


1. We have a Rock, a safe re-treat, A shelter in the time of storm.
2. O Rock of A - ges, al ways sure, A shelter in the time of storm.
3. With - in the cleft we safe - ly hide, A shelter in the time of storm.
4. O Rock of A - ges, hide Thou me, A shelter in the time of storm.

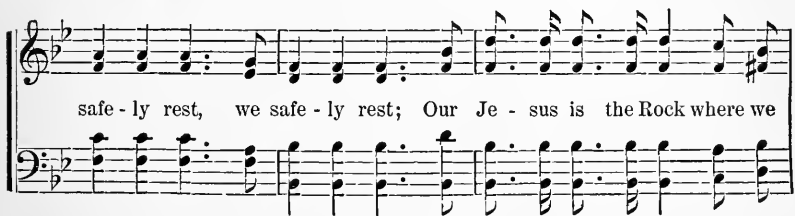


A sure foun - da - tion for our feet, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
Where wea - ry pil - grims rest se - cure, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
And there would ev - er - more a - bide, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
And ev - er keep me close to Thee, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

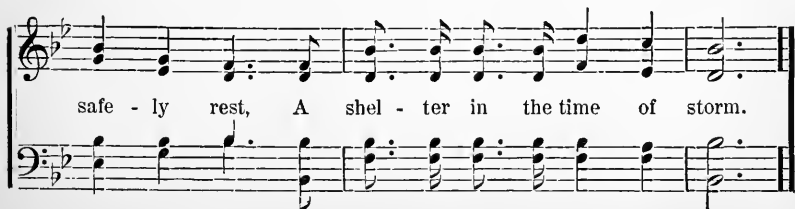
CHORUS.



Our Je - sus is the Rock where we safe - ly rest, We



safe - ly rest, we safe - ly rest; Our Je - sus is the Rock where we




safe - ly rest, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

Cheer for the Thirsty.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

SOLO OR SELECT VOICES.



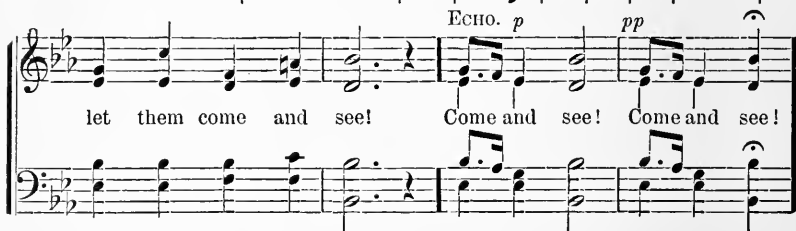
1. May faint-ing souls approach the Lord, And ev - er wel-come be?
 2. Shall all who come be sure to find, The wa - ters full and free?
 3. May halt and blind and guilt - y come, And drink as well as we?
 4. May the de - spair-ing be made whole, If to this fount they flee?

CHORUS ECHO.

FULL CHORUS.

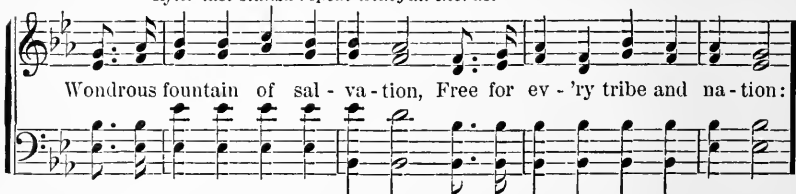


p O can it be? *pp* Can it be? Trust - ing to the Sav-ior's word; O

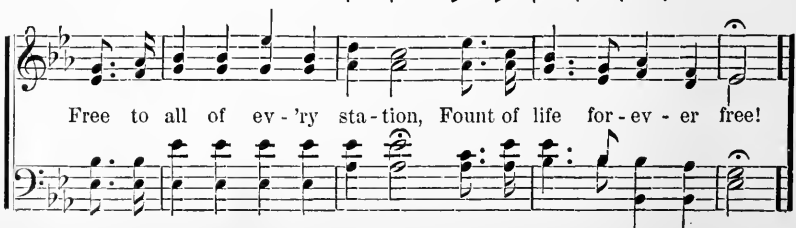


ECHO. *p* let them come and see! *pp* Come and see! Come and see!

DUET. After last stanza repeat with full chorus.



Wondrous fountain of sal - va - tion, Free for ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion:



Free to all of ev - 'ry sta - tion, Fount of life for - ev - er free!

My Spirit is Free.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D.D. By per.

1. I fol - low the footsteps of Je - sus, my Lord, His Spir - it doth
 2. A lep - er He found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From which He a -
 3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night, The Mas - ter hath
 4. Proclaim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For sin - ners from

lead me a - long; I walk in the pathway made plain by His word,
 - lone can set free; He spake, in His mer - cy, "I will, be thou clean,"
 o - pen'd the door; Shout a - loud of de - liv'rance, ye an - gels of light,
 sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of His grace who my pardon has bought,

REFRAIN.

And He fills all my soul with this song,
 And He in - stant - ly pur - i - fied me. } Glo - ry to God, my
 Praise His name, O my soul, ev - er - more,
 For His blood washes whit - er than snow. }

spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, He pur - i - fies me; I'm

walking the thorn - path, but joyful I'll be While following Je - sus my Lord.

Jesus Tenderly Calling.

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

J. G. FOOTE.

JOHN.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior now
 2. Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good Shepherd, Out on the des - ert to
 3. Prod - i - gal son, thy Fa - ther is wait - ing, Anx - ious and long - ing for
 4. Chiefest of sin - ners Je - sus will wel - come, Be of good cheer, He will

pleads for thee; Stand - ing and knock - ing, anx - ious - ly wait - ing,
 find His sheep; When He hath found it Heav - en re - joic - es;
 thy re - turn; He will for - give thee, wel - come and bless thee,
 say to thee; He will re - move your ev - 'ry transgres - sion,

D.S.—Will you not heed His ten - der en - treat - ies?

Long - ing to save thee and set thee free.
 Sin - ner, thy Sav - ior can save and keep. } Je - sus is call - ing,
 Glad - ly em - brace thee: then why not come? }
 Blot - ting them out, and will set thee free.

Why not re - ceive Him, His voice o - bey?

ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, He pleads, oh, hear Him to - day;

A Happy Band are We.

105

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

(BOYS' BRIGADE SONG.)

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Wake the strain, the glad refrain, A hap - py band are we! Hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. Hear the bu - gle notes resound, The Savior sends the call; Ev - ry - bo - dy

praise the Lord! We'll sound the jubi - lee!
 hear His voice; He asks to save you all; Send a shout upon the breeze, Pro -
 Trust in Him for saving pow'r, For

D.S.—Wake the strain, the glad refrain, A

- claim it far and wide—Sing a-loud the precious name of Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
 keeping grace di - vine; Je - sus waits to welcome you—O sin - ner, fall in line.

hap - py band are we! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! We'll sound the jubilee!

REFRAIN.

Ready! steady! always brave and true, Marching onward all the journey thro'!

Forward! upward! thro' the heat and cold; Glory! glo - ry! we are soldiers bold!

D.S.

Crown Him.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. { Crown Him, crown Him! o - 'ver all na - tions vic - to - rious,
 { Crown Him, crown Him! tell of His king - dom all - glo - rious,
 2. { Crown Him, crown Him! now and for - ev - er a - dore Him,
 { Crown Him, crown Him! ye, who have wander'd, im - plore Him,

Shout ho - san - na! Je - sus has come to reign; }
 Raise the stand - ard, ev - er His cause main - tain. }
 Lo, He com - eth! glad - ly the news pro - claim; }
 Seek His par - don, He will your souls re - claim; }

Laud Him! praise Him, join in the mighty cho - rus, Joy - ful sing the
 Hail Him! bless Him! worship and fall be - fore Him, Joy - ful sing the

CHORUS.

song with its glad re - frain. Crown Him, crown Him! wor - ship the

King of Sal - va - tion, Shout ho - san - na! Je - sus has come to reign!

The Penitent's Prayer.

107

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

P. KEIL, JR.

1. I am weak and heavy laden, Je - sus, Sav - ior, give me rest;
 2. Nothing good have I to offer, Sin - ful self is all I bring;
 3. All the world I leave behind me, Ev - 'ry - thing to fol - low Thee;
 4. In the world of sin and pleasure, Vain - ly I have sought for peace;

1, 2, 3, 4. Save me, Je - sus, While I bow;

Sin - ful pleasure all for - sak - en, I am wait - ing to be blest.
 O, re - ceive me and de - liv - er, Up - on Thee my load I fling.
 O, Thou Sav - ior, now be - friend me, Come, O, come and set me free.
 Now, I come to Thee, O Sav - ior, Lift my burden, bring re - lease.

Hear me, help me, Save me now.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, save me, Je - sus, save me,

Je - sus, save, save me.

Bless - ed Je - sus, See me at thy bleed - ing feet; thy feet;

Thou a - lone my lost con - di - tion, Canst restore and make complete.

The Kingdom Shall Endure.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. The King - - dom of the Lord..... For ev - -
 2. The Isl - - ands of the sea..... Shall sweet - -

1. The Kingdom of the Lord, The Kingdom of the Lord For - ev - er shall en-
 2. The Isl - ands of the sea Shall sweet of-ferings bring, Shall sweet of-ferings

- - - er shall en-dure;..... The prom - - ise of His
 - - - est off'rings bring;..... And songs..... of ju - bi -
 - dure, For - ev - er shall endure; The prom-ise of His word, The
 bring, Shall sweet of - ferings bring; And songs, ju - bi - lee songs, Shall

word For - ev - - er shall be sure. He
 lee They grate - - ful - ly shall sing. The
 promise of His word, For - ev - er shall be sure, For - ev - er shall be sure. He
 they gratefully sing, Shall they gratefully sing, Shall they gratefully sing. The

will..... His ho - ly cause maintain, He will..... ex-tend His
 world shall bend with trembling awe, And haste..... to ex - e -
 will His ho - - ly cause main-tain, He will ex - tend His
 world shall bend with trem - bling awe, And haste to ex - e -

righteous reign, His conquests reach from shore to shore, Till heathen tribes His
 - cute His law; While small and great before Him fall, And crown their Maker
 righteous reign, His conquests reach from shore to shore, Till heathen tribes His
 - cute His law; While small and great be - fore Him fall, And crown their Mak-er

CHORUS.

name a - dore. The King - - dom of the Lord..... For
 Lord of all. The Isl - - ands of the sea..... Shall
 name a - dore. The kingdom of the Lord, The king-dom of the Lord For-
 Lord of all. The is-lands of the sea, The is-lands of the sea Shall

ev - - er shall en - dure, The prom - - ise of His
 sweet - - - est offerings bring, And songs..... .. of ju-bi-
 ev - er shall endure, For - ev - er shall endure, The promise of His word, The
 sweet offerings bring, Shall sweet offerings bring, And songs, jubilee songs, They

word For - ev - - er shall be sure!
 - lee They grate - - - ful-ly shall sing.
 prom - ise of His word, For - ev - er shall be sure, For - ev - er shall be sure!
 shall grate-ful-ly sing, And songs, ju - bi - lee songs They shall grate-ful-ly sing.

Down in the Licensed Saloon.

Answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

Where is my wand-ring boy to - night! Down in the licensed sa - loon.

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Filled with the glare of many a light,
2. Little arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my poor heart will break!
3. Broth-er, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy down there to - night.

Beau-ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de - light, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.
Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.
Ruined and wrecked by the drink appetite, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.

CHORUS.
There is my wand-ring boy to - night, There is my wand - 'ring

boy to - night, Down, down, down, down, Down in the licensed sa - loon!

Do You Remember?

111

M. E. B. W.

Mrs. M. E. B. WILSON. By per.

1. Do you re - mem - ber the dear old home, A -
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the warm fire - side, Where the
 3. Do you re - mem - ber the pray'r at night, And the
 4. Do you re - mem - ber your poor moth-er's tears, When she

- way back in childhood's bright days? Where in joy and de-light we had
 old folks sat night aft - er night? With the bright light between, and what
 old fa-ther's trem - u - lous tone, As he plead for the boy to be
 bid you "good-bye" at the door? How her heart ached with grief and for-

free-dom to roam, And rev - el in pure glad-some ways?
 ev - er be-tide, Their fac - es were hap - py and bright?
 guid-ed a - right, Just leav - ing the hap - py old home?
 - bod - ing fears, For the boy she might see nev - er - more?

REFRAIN. *Slow.*

After last stanza sing "Home, Sweet Home."

Do you re-mem-ber, do you re-mem-ber your old home?

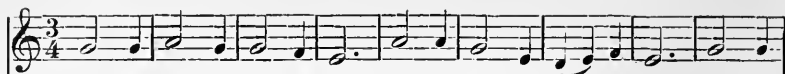
- 5 Do you remember the letter that came,
 Telling how that dear mother had died?
 And while dying, she prayed God to lead her boy home
 To his heav'n, and a place by her side?
- 6 Will you give heed to these mem'ries to-day,
 And turn to the Savior, your friend?
 Believe Him, and trust Him, and serve Him always,
 He'll forgive you, and save to the end.

Hide Me.

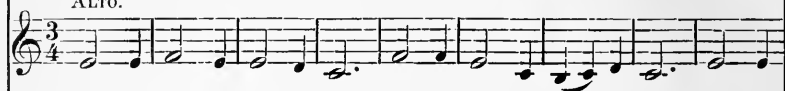
J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

P. KEIL, Jr.

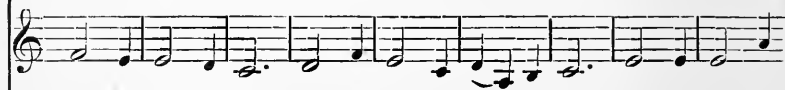
DUET—SOP. OF TENOR and ALTO.



1. Hide me, Savior, from the storm, In Thy cleft let me a-bide; Cov-er
 2. Guard my soul from ev'-ry sin, Bid my wick-ed thoughts depart; Wash and
 3. "Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide," When the storms of death as-sail; Bear me
- ALTO.

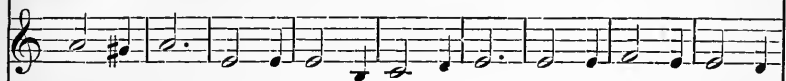



my de-fenceless form Till the raging winds subside. Shield Thou me from
 make me pure with-in, Cleanse my poor, re-bellious heart; Fill, O fill it
 o'er the swelling tide To my home with-in the veil; Thou, the Rock that





tempests wild ; Let me lean up - on Thy breast ; Save and own me for Thy
with Thy love ; Je - sus, make it on - ly Thine ; Seal it for Thy courts a -
saved my soul, Let me ev - er hide in Thee, While the countless a - ges



a tempo.



child ; On Thy bo - som let me rest, On Thy bo - som let me rest.
- bove With Thy pre - cious love di - vine, With Thy pre - cious love di - vine.
roll On through all e - ter - ni - ty, On through all e - ter - ni - ty.



The Open Tomb.

JOSHUA SMITH.

A. BEIRLY

p

1. The deed was done, the debt was paid, Our Lord was cru - ci - fied;
2. The night winds sigh'd a - mong the boughs, A - bove the lone - ly way,

The earth in sol - emn awe was wrapt, The Prince of Peace had died;
Of two as soft - ly they drew nigh, The tomb where Je - sus lay;

A - bove Gol - goth - a's cru - el site The stars their vig - ils gave;
A - near, in heav'n - ly vest - ure clad, One spoke with an - gel voice;

Be - low the guards thro' sleepless night In vain watch'd o'er His grave.
"He is a - ris'n, He is not here;" Let all the earth re - joice.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

Hark, hark! the seal is bro - ken, Be - hold! the tomb is o - pen,

The stone is rolled a - way,.... The stone is rolled a - way;

Hal - le - lu - jah! He is 'ris - en, See the place where Je - sus lay!

Hal - le - lu - jah! He is ris - en, See the place where Je - sus lay!

Less of Self.

HENRIETTA LAWTON FISHER.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

Moderato.

1. Less of self and more of Thee, Lov-ing Sav - ior, is my plea; Ev - er in Thy-
2. Cleanse my heart and keep it pure, Precious Je - sus, leave no more, But a-bide with
3. Teach my feet to walk the way Leading un - to end-less day; Lov-ing Sav - ior,
4. May my faith by works be shown Jus-ti-fied by faith a - lone; By Thy blood be

tem - ple dwell, Keep a - way the pow'rs of hell, Keep a-way the pow'rs of hell.
 - in my breast, And no sin can find a rest, And no sin can find a rest.
 this I ask, Draw the line and mark the task, Draw the line and mark the task.
 sanc - ti - fied, In Thy love for - e'er a-bide, In Thy love for - e'er a-bide.

Whatever You Sow You must Reap.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O sin-ner, take heed, When scat-ter - ing seed: What-ev - er you
 2. The moments may fly, The seasons pass by, Your deeds still re-
 3. It's bet-ter to sow Good seed as you go, Then life ev - er-
 4. The seed sow - ing day Will soon pass a - way, The an - gel of

sow you must reap; Wher-ev-er it blows, Like thistles it grows, Tho'
 - main-ing unknown; But sor-row and tears Will come with the years, Re-
 - last-ing is yours. I pray do not wait, The prospects are great, Be-
 death draweth near. Oh, will you 'not yield, And en-ter the field, Be-

CHORUS.

sa-tan may bu-ry it deep. }
 -vealing the seed you have sown. } Whatever you sow you must reap,
 -gin while the promise endures. } you must reap,
 -fore the long shadows appear ? }

What-ev - er you sow you must reap, you must reap! O sin-ner, take

heed, When scat-ter - ing seed—What - ev - er . you sow you must reap.

The Cross of Jesus Lifts Me.

117

A heathen ruler who had heard the story of the cross was dying. He said to his attendants, "Make me a cross and lay me upon it." They did so, and as he lay there dying, he laid hold of the blood of Christ and said, "It lifts me up, it lifts me, it lifts me, it lifts me."

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. O, the cross of Je-sus lifts me, Lifts me up and makes me free;
 2. O, the cross of Je-sus lifts me, Lifts me in - to per - fect rest;
 3. O, the cross of Je-sus lifts me, Lifts me up to fall no more;

On a sol - id sure foun - da - tion, On the rock He cleft for me.
 Where the surg - ing bil - lows nev - er Roll a - cross my peace - ful breast.
 Up - ward, up - ward, ev - er ris - ing, Till it touch - es yon - der shore.

Though tempta - tions may as - sail me, Thro' the pre - cious blood I rise;
 High - er, high - er still it lifts me Thro' the vast ex - pance of blue,
 Ra - diant with im - mor - tal glo - ry Je - sus crowns me His a - bove,

I can feel the lift - ing pow - er Of the bless - ed sac - ri - fice.
 Up - ward till the hills of glo - ry Roll their grandeur in - to view.
 Saved to live and bask for - ev - er In the sun - shine of His love.

1. Yes, the sor - row, pain and woe, That we find where'er we go,
 2. Ties of friendship, strong and true, Bind your dear - est friend to you;
 3. Fa - ther, moth - er, children dear, Whom we've lov'd and cherish'd here,
 4. Praise the Lord, the time will come When we'll all be gathered home,

Fill with bit - ter tears the weeping eyes, When we reach the parting strand,
 And the hours unheed - ed, swift - ly fly, But the time will come to thee
 Wait our com - ing in the by and by; What a meet - ing that will be,
 There to live and reign with God on high; End - less prais - es we shall sing,

And we clasp the parting hand, And we sad - ly speak the last good-bye.
 When those ties will severed be, And you'll sad - ly speak the last good-bye.
 When each oth - er's face we see, And we'll nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.
 In the presence of the King, And we'll nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.

CHORUS.

1-2. But we'll never say good-bye, o - ver yonder, We will never say good-
 3-4. We will, etc.

bye, o - ver yon - der, As we walk the gold - en street, And each

oth - er glad - ly greet, We will nev - er, nev - er say good-bye.

Blessed Be His Name.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

A. BEIRLY

1. I have found the great sal - va - tion In His name, in His name;
 2. I have found a joy un - ceas - ing In His name, in His name;
 3. O, how sweet is ev - 'ry du - ty In His name, in His name;
 4. I will ev - er tell the sto - ry In His name, in His name;

I am free from con - dem - na - tion In the Sav - ior's name.
 Life and bless - ing still in - creas - ing In the Sav - ior's name.
 There is ev - er - last - ing beau - ty In the Sav - ior's name.
 I will nev - er cease to glo - ry In the Sav - ior's name.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed, bless - ed be the name, Pre - cious name of Je - sus;

Sing it out, Let us shout; Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!

The Christian's Hope.

"We have as an anchor of the soul, a hope that is sure and steadfast and entering into that which is within the veil."—Heb. 6: 19 (R. V.).

REV. JAMES G. DITMARS.

G. FROELICH.

With Spirit.

1. Our Hope is firm in Je - sus' love! Our Anch - or is se - cure!
 2. Some seem to hope be - cause they long To reach God's world of light;
 3. Oft' ex - pec - ta - tion seems to yearn To shun death's saddest blight,
 4. When hon - est faith and love in - spire, We're kept from all that harms,
 5. From Beth - le - hem to Cal - va - ry, And Ol - i - vet's as - cent,

'Tis safe with - in the veil a - bove! It will for - e'er en - dure!
 They o - ver - come not ev - 'ry wrong, They help not in God's fight.
 While car - nal hab - its are too firm To yield to ho - ly light.
 These grac - es stand life's temp'ring fire, They form our Anchor's arms.
 Our Sav - ior trod life's wea - ry way In per - fect peace, con - tent:

In ev - 'ry tri - al here be - low It keeps us safe from harm.
 Such hope is not the Christian's Hope! It can but end in night!
 But on - ly Je - sus' sa - cred Love, Con - straining more than sin,
 Since Christ's own blood a - tones for sin, No trust - ful hope can fail,
 For, with the trav - ail of His soul, Redeemed ones pur - i - fied,

Hope is the Anch - or sure we know, Hence nothing need a - larm!
 All must with e - vil dai - ly cope Who'd share in God's de - light!
 In u - nion with the heav'n - ly Dove, Can bring sweet peace with - in.
 When life is free - ly spent for Him Who reigns be - yond the veil.
 The ransomed Bride made pure and whole, He will be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

Hope is the An - chor sure!... Hope is the An - chor strong!..
 Hope is the An - chor sure!... Hope is more safe than sight!...
 Hope is the An - chor sure!... Hope stands the storm of sin!.....
 Hope is the An - chor sure!... Hope will for - e'er pre - vail!....
 Hope is the An - chor sure!... Hope, Love and Faith a - bide!....

1st Verse. An - chor sure, An-chor strong,

The Christian's Hope se - cure..... Will strengthen 'gainst all wrong.
 The Christian's Hope se - cure,..... Fills life with God's clear light.
 The Christian's Hope se - cure..... Brings sweetest peace with - in.
 The Christian's Hope se - cure..... En-dures with - in the veil.
 The Christian's Hope se - cure... Up-holds the Lamb's true Bride.

Christian's Hope se - cure,

Hope is the An - chor sure!... Hope is the An - chor strong!
 Hope is the An - chor sure! ... Hope is more safe than sight!
 Hope is the An - chor sure!... Hope stands the storm of sin!
 Hope is the An - chor sure! ... Hope will for - e'er pre - vail!
 Hope is the An - chor sure! ... Hope, Love and Faith a - bide!

An - chor sure, An - chor strong.

The Christian's Hope se - cure Will strengthen 'gainst all wrong.
 The Christian's Hope se - cure, Fills life with God's clear light.
 The Christian's Hope se - cure Brings sweetest peace with - in.
 The Christian's Hope se - cure En-dures with - in the veil.
 The Christian's Hope se - cure Up-holds the Lamb's true Bride.

"Robes of Spotless White."

"They shall walk with me in white."—Rev. iii. 4.

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Words and Music by Rev. M. LAFAYETTE BYRN, M. D.

1. Clad in robes of spot-less white-ness, As be-fore the throne you bow;
 2. On the banks of that "Blest Riv-er," Gush-ing from the throne of God;
 3. You shall live with me for-ev-er, And "shall walk with me in white";

Sweet re-ward for faith and du-ty, Shin-ing then more bright than now.
 Grow the trees that live for-ev-er, For your heal-ing I have made.
 Noth-ing there our love can sev-er, In that "Home of joy-ous light."

You'll be-hold the God-built Ci-ty, With its streets of pur-est gold;
 Death and dark-ness nev-er en-ter That "Bright Home" of end-less day;
 Ou-ly wait a lit-tle long-er, Watch and pray, and brave-ly fight;

And its jas-per walls, whose beau-ty, Ne'er by mor-tal tongue was told.
 Sor-row ne'er a-gain shall crush you, Ev-'ry tear I'll wipe a-way.
 Work shall on-ly make you strong-er, Then you'll "walk with me in white."

FINE.

D.S.—As you tell the dear old sto-ry In the "Home that knows no night."

CHORUS.
 When you reach your "Home in Glo-ry," "You shall walk with me in white,"

D. S. al Fine.

As you tell the dear old sto-ry, As you tell the dear old sto-ry,

Looking O'er the River.

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Mrs. J. W. WARD.

J. W. WARD.

1. On - ly look - ing o'er the riv - er, Where are loved ones gone be - fore;
 2. On - ly look - ing o'er the riv - er, While the boat - man speeds a - way;
 3. On - ly look - ing o'er the riv - er, While its bil - lows hush their roar;
 4. On - ly look - ing o'er the riv - er, On - ly look - ing while I wait,

On - ly look - ing for the boatman, Thro' the mist on yon - der shore.
 To that bright ce - les - tial ci - ty, Guid - ing loved ones day by day.
 And I hear the song of boatmen, Waft - ed from the far - off shore.
 On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels, O - pen wide the pearl - y gate.

Oh! the ra - diance of that ci - ty, Filled with glo - ry of God's love,
 Ma - ny loved ones they have fer - ried, O'er the dark - ly roll - ing tide;
 Ev - en now I hear the dip - ping, Of an oar not far a - way;
 Row me o - ver quick - ly, boat - man, For my heart is full to - day;

With its tow'rs that need no sun - light, For the Lamb is light there - of.
 With our boat - man we shall meet them, When we reach the far - ther side.
 If they call me I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
 Loved ones there will greet my com - ing, Hast - en, boatman, and a - way.

The Wonderful Story.

C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. In the wil - der-ness drea - ry, And like sheep from the fold,
 2. Death and dan - ger un - heed-ing, They had wan-dered a - way;
 3. Wild the storms beat a-round them Thro' the moun-tains so bare;
 4. Strangely ten - der His plead-ing: "Why in wretch - ed - ness roam?"

Were the wan - der - ers wea - ry; They were tremb-ling with cold.
 With their feet torn and bleed-ing, They had long been a - stray.
 Je - sus sought them and found them, Je - sus saved from de - spair.
 Strangely ten - der His lead-ing, And the wel - come at home!

CHORUS.

'Tis a won - der - ful sto - ry, That the Sav - ior and King,

To the man - sions in glo - ry Should the wan - der - ers bring.

I'm Going to Jesus To-night.

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A little boy was taken fatally ill, and when he was told that he could not live, he said to his mother, "It is dark; I'm afraid to die." Then he closed his eyes a few moments in prayer. Arousing suddenly, as he seemed to catch a glimpse of the better world, he said, "Mother, don't weep for your boy; it is all right now; an angel has shown me the way; I'm going to Jesus to-night."

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O moth-er, don't weep for your boy, A beau-ti-ful land is in sight;
 2. The pathway was once ve-ry dark, But God sent a beau-ti-ful light,
 3. Tho' I was so reckless and wild, The Sav-ior has made it all right;

An an-gel has shown me the way, I'm go-ing to Je-sus to-night.
 And heav-en is now ve-ry near, I'm go-ing to Je-sus to-night.
 I'm will-ing and read-y to die, I'm go-ing to Je-sus to-night.

CHORUS.

I'm go-ing to Je-sus to-night, I'm go-ing to Je-sus to-night;

An an-gel has shown me the way, I'm go-ing to Je-sus to-night.

Song of Peace.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

Slow.

1. The storm sweeps o-ver Gal - i - lee, The ship is tempest-tossed,
2. O mar - i - ner a-midst the waves, Secure sweet peace and rest;

The sail - ors cry, O Mas - ter, save! Oh, save, or we are lost.
Je - sus of Gal - i - lee is near, Lean thou up - on His breast.

rall. p
The Sav - ior whispers, peace, be still; The surg - ing waves o - bey;
The voice that stilled the troubled sea Speaks to the hu - man heart,

The temp - est hears His gen - tle voice, The storm-clouds pass a - way.
Rebukes the surg - ing storm with-in, And bids our fears de - part.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus whis - pers, peace, be still, The an - gry bil - lows cease to

roll, Where once the gloomy heart was sad, Bright sunshine comes and cheers the soul,

Where once the gloomy heart was sad, Bright sunshine comes and cheers the soul.

Come, Brother, Come!

J. W. W.

J. W. WARD.

1. Come, brother, come! Let Jesus now your heart receive, Your loved ones wept sad
2. Come, brother, come! Oh, slumber not, He bids you wake From sin, let Christ your
3. Come, brother, come! For soon your toils and strife are o'er, The tomb of death will
4. Come, brother, come! To-morrow you may nev - er rise, Now is the time; oh,

tears for you, While you have wandered far a-way from one so true.
 fet - ters break, In glo - ry-land there waits a crown for you to take.
 close its door, Oh! look and live, for you there's life for-ev - er - more.
 then be wise, Un - to the Lord lift up your voice, lift up your eyes.

Mercy at the Cross.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. There is mer - cy at the cross to - day, There the sinner's guilt is wash'd a -
 2. There's sal - va - tion at the cross to - day, Wea - ry sin - ner, throw your fears a -
 3. There is cleans - ing at the cross to - day, Be made ho - ly on the King's high -
 4. There's a bless - ing at the cross to - day, We ob - tain it as we watch and

way; There is par - don pure and sweet, When we fall at Je - sus' feet, There is
 way; There your precious Sav - ior died! See His wounds are o - pen wide, There is
 way; Give to Je - sus all your heart, Do not keep back a - ny part, There is
 pray; As we do the Master's will, He His prom - ise will ful - fill, There is

CHORUS.

mer - cy at the cross to - day. There is mer - - cy, mercy at the cross.
 There is mer - cy, there is mercy, There is

There is mer - cy at the cross to - day. Ev - 'ry blessing Christ will give:
 There is mer - cy, mercy at the cross.

If you on - ly look and live, There is mer - cy at the cross to - day.

The Haven.

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Words arranged.

May be sung as Solo or Duet.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. There's a hav - en safe - ly locked By two arms 'out-stretching wide,
2. Depth e-nough it has to float Ev - 'ry ves - sel, great or small,
3. Ev - er on its swell-ing breast Pours the sun-shine from a - bove,
4. And the arms, its sure de-fense, By the rud - est shocks un - stirred,

Where for ma - ny an age have flock'd Storm-toss'd ships from ev - 'ry side.
State - liest build, or simp - lest boat, And there's room e-nough for all.
For this hav - en safe and blest, It is God's un - fet - tered love.
Are our God's Om - nip - o - tence, And His nev - er - fail - ing word.

CHORUS.

An - chor here, O storm-toss'd soul, Here thy fears and doubts shall cease;

Though without the bil-lows roll, Here is safe - ty, rest and peace.

Send the Light.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

Send the light, the bless - ed gos - pel light,
 Send the light, the bless - ed gos - pel light,

Let it shine from shore to shore!
 Let it shine from shore to shore!

Send the light,..... and let its ra - diant beams
 Send the light, and let its ra - diant beams

Light the world..... for - ev - er - more.....
 Light the world for - ev - er - more.

Elmhurst. L. M.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Now be my heart inspired to sing The glo-ries of my Sav-ior King,
2. O'er all the sons of hu-man race, He shines with a su - pe-rior grace:
3. Thy throne, O God, for - ev-er stands; Grace is the scep - ter in Thy hands;
4. God, thine own God, has rich-ly shed His oil of glad-ness on thy head;

Je - sus the Lord; how heav'nly fair His form, how bright His beauties are!
 Love from His lips di - vine - ly flows, And blessings all His state com - pose.
 Thy laws and works are just and right; Justice and grace are Thy de - light.
 And with His Sa - cred Spir - it bless'd His first-born Son a - bove the rest.

Boys' Recruiting Song.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

A. H. LIST.

1. Ho! my broth-er, hear the call! Je - sus speaks, he speaks to you;
2. Sa - tan's hosts are press-ing hard, Caus-ing death on ev - 'ry hand;

Fall in line; we need you all; There is fight-ing now to do!
Christ the Cap - tain is on guard; For-ward all, at His command.

{ Ev - 'ry - bo - dy who is true and brave
{ He in - vites you, broth - er, do not wait;
{ You are need - ed in the field to - day;
{ Cour - age, broth - er, al - ways brave and true,

Should as - sist us in the work to save,
Do not fal - ter; it may be too late;
Don't re - sist Him, but the call o - bey;
Look - ing for - ward to the grand re - view;

Lift the bur - dens that are hard to bear,
 For - ward! for - ward! is the bat - tle cry;
 Je - sus lead - ing, we will meet the foe;
 When we pass our Lead - er, one by one,

Help to save the fall - en ev - 'ry - where; }
 For - ward! we will con - quer by and by! }
 Don't re - fuse Him; oh, a - rise and go! }
 We will hear His wel - come voice, "Well done!" }

CHORUS.

Christ commands us, for - ward all, O my broth - er, hear the call;

With the Lord of Cal - va - ry, We will march to vic - to - ry.

Throw out the Line.

Words and Music by W. E. WILLIAMS.

Not too slow.

1. Don't you hear the cry of the tempest toss'd, Of the wreck'd and ru-ined, our
 2. Comes the loud ap-peal, like a clar-ion call, To the church of God and to
 3. He that came from heav'n that He might redeem All who look to Him in re-
 4. In a work Christ-like, and so tru-ly grand, Is there one un-will-ing to

broth-ers lost? They are sink-ing down 'neath the an-gry wave; To the
 one and all, O, ye Chris-tian men, to your du-ty fly; If you
 - demp-tion's scheme, He that saved your soul bids you rise and go, And to
 lend a hand? We will all take part in the work di-vine, And to

CHORUS.
Vivace.

res-cue haste, you a soul may save. Throw out the line! Throw
 lin-ger long, precious souls will die.
 save the lost from e-ter-nal woe.
 some lost soul, we'll throw out the line. Throw out the line!

out the line! They're sink-ing 'neath the wave, Throw
 Throw out the line, They're sinking 'neath the wave, Sinking, sinking 'neath the wave,

out the line! Throw out the line! And you a soul may save!
 Throw out the line! Throw out the line!

Prepare to Meet Thy God.

To my Friend, the Evangelist, Clark Willson.

J. G. D.

J. G. DAILEY.

1. Prepare to meet thy God!

1. Hark! I hear a warning voice in whisper stealing: Prepare to meet thy God! 'Tis sounding in the lightning's flash or thunder's pealing: (*Omit*

2. 'Mid the thronging cares of life the words keep ringing: Prepare to meet thy God! You hear it from the word of truth or voice of singing: (*Omit*

3. On thy couch reclining, hear that voice repeating: Prepare to meet thy God! Now thy guilty conscience from the truth's retreating; (*Omit*

4. In the world of pleasure, list! the Spirit's pleading: Prepare to meet thy God! Loving friends are praying, Christ is interceding; (*Omit*

2. Prepare to meet thy God! *rit.* CHORUS. Pre-prepare..... to

Pre-prepare to meet thy God! to meet thy God! Pre-prepare to meet, to Pre-prepare to

Pre-prepare to meet thy God! Pre-prepare.... to

meet thy God! Pre-prepare..... to meet thy God!

meet thy God! Pre-prepare..... to meet thy God! Oh, my brother!

Pre-prepare to meet thy God!

Pre-prepare ... to meet thy God!

p Oh, my sis - ter! Pre - pare, Pre - pare to meet thy God! thy God! *rit.*

* If *Alto* is absent, *Tenor* take small notes.

The Wanderer's Return.

L. S. H.

Inscribed to Rev. James A. O'Connor.

M. E. UPHAM.

1. I have wander'd, dearest Je - sus, — Far from Thee;
 2. I have sinn'd against Thee, Je - sus, Scorned Thy Word;
 3. Thou hast come to me, sweet Je - sus — Heard my prayer;
 4. Nev - ermore to wander, Je - sus, Far from Thee;

I have steel'd my heart against Thee Call - ing me;
 I have shunn'd the light Thy grace And love af - ford;
 Thou hast made my soul — all sin - ful — Bright and fair;
 On my path a plenteous light Thou Shed'st for me;

I have heard Thy sweet voice pleading, I have turn'd away un - heed - ing,
 I have mock'd Thee, and defied Thee, I have scourg'd and crucified Thee,
 On Thee, Jesus, firm be - liev - ing — Bless ed pardon humbly crav - ing —
 Nevermore o'er symbols mop - ing, Not in man's vain power hoping,

But now do-cile to Thy lead - ing I shall be.
 Lo! I come, repentant, guide me, Gen - tle Lord.
 Me, Thy precious blood all-sav - ing, Cleansed for - e'er.
 Not in darkness feeb-ly grop - ing— I AM FREE.

Gently Evening Bendeth.

Anon.

Dolce.

C. H. RINK. Arr. by G. B.

1. Gent - ly eve - ning bend - eth O - ver vale and hill;
 2. Save the wood-brook's gush - ing, All things si - lent rest;
 3. And no eve - ning bring - eth, To its life re - lease;
 4. Rest - less thus life flow - eth, Striv - eth in my breast;

Soft - ly peace de - scend - eth, And the world is still.
 Hear its rest - less rush - ing, On t'ward o - cean's breast.
 And no sweet bell ring - eth, O'er its wave - lets, peace.
 God a - lone be - stow - eth Tran - quil eve - ning rest.

Balm for Aching Hearts.

C. W. RAY.

HARLEY ANDERSON.

1. Not an ach - ing heart is yearn - ing For the Sav - ior's ten - der love;
 2. Not an earth - ly tie is bro - ken, Not an eye is dim with tears,
 3. Not a wea - ry soul shall languish On the sea or des - ert wide;—

Not a mourn - er's eye is turn - ing To His dwell - ing - place a - bove,
 Not a fare - well word is spo - ken Thro' the long and drear - y years,
 Not a child shall sob in an - guish Or an ill its life be - tide,—

That He hears not each pe - ti - tion That is waft - ed thro' the sky;
 That our Lord is not be - hold - ing Ev - 'ry crys - tal drop that flows;
 That in ten - der love be - friending Je - sus is not e - ven there,

That each plea of deep con - tri - tion Is not answered from on high.
 And in ten - der - ness un - fold - ing Sweet - est balm for hu - man woes.
 Need - ful help to each ex - tend - ing Sooth - ing ev - 'ry brow of care.

To Enter Heaven's Gate.

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Rev. C. C. HUNTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. We pass a - long thro' toil and care, Be - set by sin's de - lu - sive snare, And
 2. The storm may gath - er fierce and wild, With clouds of blackness mountain piled, And
 3. The temp - ter plies his fiend - ish arts, And points his keen and dead - ly darts. To
 4. And though we pass thro' sor - row's vale, To find the joys of earth must fail, And

sore and heav - y burdens bear Thro' wea - ry hours late; But still a saved and
 frown where once the heavens smiled, Forboding cruel fate; But on, still on thro'
 strike with death unguarded hearts, In bit - ter cru - el hate; But strong in Christ we
 weep and sigh with bitter wail, And suf - fer anguish great; Yet bright the star of

heav'n-bound throug, We join to sing a hope - ful song, To urge our wea - ry
 tem - pest blast, And crash - ing thun - ders, shad - ows vast, We urge our way in
 foil the foe, And sa - cred peace and com - fort know, To urge our feet as
 hope ap - pears, To light our gloom and calm our fears, And guide us thro' our

CHORUS.

fect a - long To en - ter heav - en's gate. }
 hope at last To en - ter heav - en's gate. } To en - ter heav - en's gate, To
 on we go To en - ter heav - en's gate. }
 toils and tears, To en - ter heav - en's gate. }

raù.

en - ter heav - en's gate; We press along with joy and song To en - ter heav - en's gate.

Just the Same To-day.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

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 - sue Pray - ing in Gethsem - an - e,

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 - beyed?
 Cru - el thorns His forehead piercing, 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 brother, 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, Seeking those who are astray,
just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

Sav - ing souls a-long the way; Thank God, He is just the same to - day.

Time's Restless Tide.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

MALE QUARTET.

J. W. WARD.

1. Adown life's vale we wander, Borne swift-ly on for - ev - er, For
2. The friends we love and cherish, With sweetest blos - soms per - ish, And
3. Adown life's vale we wander, We near the si - lent riv - er, With

time no hand can stay, None may recall to - day; We're borne adown time's
as they calm-ly sleep, A vig - il sad we keep, While borne adown time's
loved ones we'll abide, When past time's restless tide, We'll soon be past time's

rest-less tide, A - down time's restless tide, time's restless tide.
rest-less tide, A - down time's restless tide, time's restless tide.
rest-less tide, Be - yond time's restless tide, time's restless tide.

March On.

"Sorrow is turned into joy."—Job 41: 22.

J. H. HALL.

Joyfully.

1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De - liv-'rer sing;
 2. His hand di - vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road,
 3. Bright garlands of im - mor-tal joy Shall bloom on ev-'ry head;

Ye pilgrims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in the Lord.
 Till to the sa - cred Mount you rise, And see your gra - cious God.
 While sor - row, sigh - ing and dis - tress, Like shad - ows, all are fled.

REFRAIN.

March on, march on, Your great De - liv-'rer sing;
 March on, march on, ye ransomed ones, March on,

Ye pilgrims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King.

Bright Home of the Soul.

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J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

A. H. LIST.

1. There is a ci - ty made of gold, Be - yond the storm - y
 2. Loved ones are wait - ing o - ver there To wel - come home our
 3. There in the throng our Sav - ior stands To show us our e -

sea of time, Where we shall live and ne'er grow old, Where
 wea - ry feet; When we have done with earth - ly care, To
 - ter - nal home, Man - sions pre - pared with His own hands, A -

CHORUS.

glo - ry crowns our lives sub - lime.
 lead us up the gold - en street. } And there is the home, bright
 - wait - ing us un - til we come.

home of the soul, Where we shall spend e - ter - ni - ty, Where a - ges of

joy un - ceas - ing - ly roll, Roll on and on for you and me.

Mighty to Save.

J. H. A.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

Joyfully.

1. Might - y to save, He is might - y to save, He who in tri - umph a -
 2. Might - y to save, He is might - y to save, Why then remain un - to
 3. Might - y to save, He is might - y to save, Glo - ry to God for His

- rose from the grave; Cast all your bur - dens on Him and believe,
 sa - tan a slave? Flee to the cross; noth - ing else can a - vail,
 love when He gave Je - sus, His on - ly be - got - ten dear Son.

CHORUS.

For Je - sus is might - y to save. }
 For Je - sus is might - y to save. } Might - y to save, He is
 Yes, Je - sus the might - y to save. }

might - y to save, On let it roll like a tur - bu - lent wave,

Till ev - 'ry nation shall hear and believe, Je - sus is might - y to save.

I Need Thee, Lord.

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"Without me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR. By per.

1. When cherish'd joys have taken wing, And sorrow wounds me with its sting,
 2. When sin has robb'd me of my peace, And bro't me in - to sore dis-tress,
 3. When at the cross in anguish bent, An humble, weeping pen - i - tent,
 4. When strong temptations come to me To tear my trembling soul from Thee.

Then to Thy cross I fond - ly cling, For then I need Thee, Lord.
 And left me 'reft of hap - pi - ness, Oh, then I need Thee, Lord.
 My tears and all my ef - forts spent, Oh, then I need Thee, Lord.
 Then to Thy cross for help I flee, For then I need Thee, Lord.

CHORUS.

I need Thee, pre-cious Lord! In Thee my soul would hide!

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

- 5 When longs my soul for deeper rest, To be with all Thy fullness blest,
 I lean me, then, upon Thy breast,
 For then I need Thee, Lord.
- 6 I need Thee, precious Lord, just now,
 As at the mercy-seat I bow,
 And offer up my solemn vow,
 Just now I need Thee, Lord.

Soldiers of the King.

J. W. W.

J. W. WARD.

1. We are soldiers of the King, Heav'nly tid-ings we will sing, Marching
 2. With our shield and banner bright, We are fighting for the right, Marching
 3. We've en - list - ed for the right, And its foes we'll bravely fight, Marching

on, marching on, Will you join our ranks to-day,
 on, marching on, Tho' the foe is pressing near,
 on, marching on, marching on, marching on, Cheer, my comrades, loudly cheer,

Praising Him who leads the way, Marching on, marching on.
 With our King we do not fear,
 For the vic - to - ry is near. marching on, marching on,

Chorus.

We are sol - diers of the King, Heav'nly
 We are soldiers of the King,

tid-ings we will sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King, Hal - le - lu - jah,
 Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, We are sol - diers of the King.
Hal - le - lu - jah,

Good News Gone to Canaan.

JUBILEE SONG.

Arr. by W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I'm glad I've got re - lig - ion, I'm glad I've got re - lig - ion, I'm

CHORUS.
glad I've got re - lig - ion, I'm on my way. Good news gone to Ca-na-an, Good

news gone to Ca-na-an, Good news gone to Ca-na-an, I'm on my way.

2 I'll tell you how I got it,
I'm on my way.

3 I gave my heart to Jesus,
I'm on my way.

4 I'll tell you how I keep it,
I'm on my way.

5 By watching and by praying,
I'm on my way.

6 My all is on the altar,
I'm on my way.

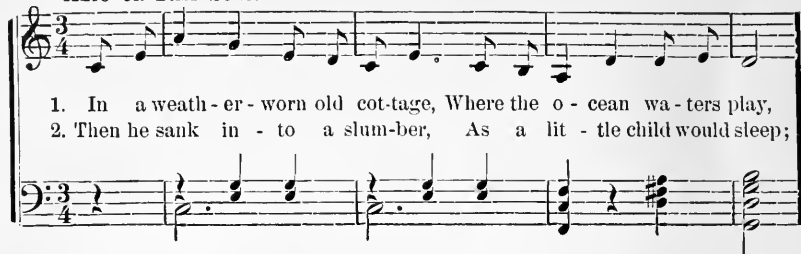
7 I'm believing and receiving,
I'm on my way.

The Dying Boatman.

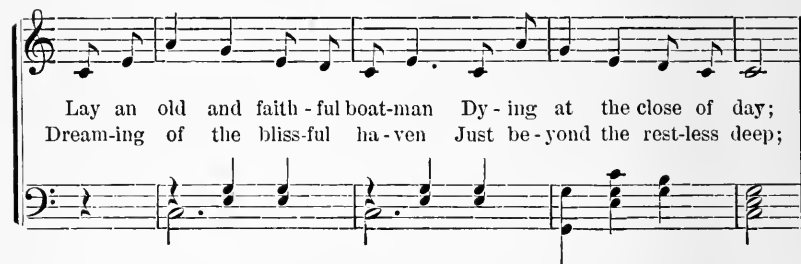
Dedicated to my Esteemed Friend W. S. Weeden.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

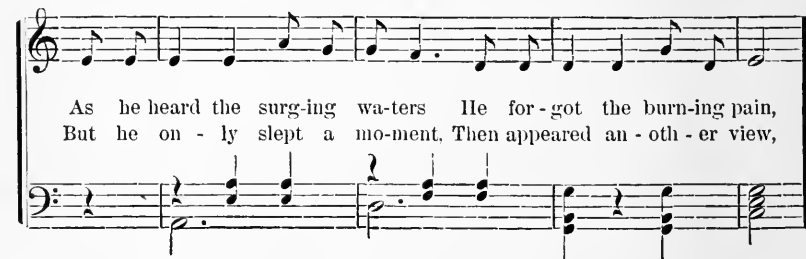
ALTO OR BASS SOLO.



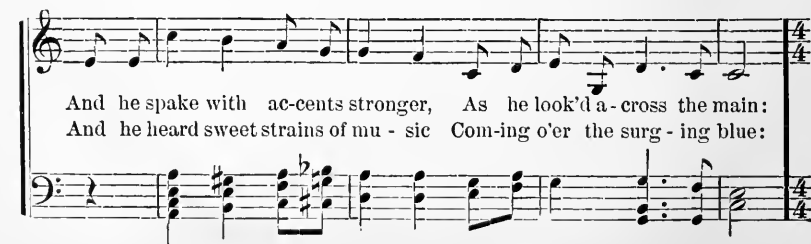
1. In a weath - er - worn old cot-tage, Where the o - cean wa - ters play,
2. Then he sank in - to a slum-ber, As a lit - tle child would sleep;



Lay an old and faith - ful boat-man Dy - ing at the close of day;
Dream-ing of the bliss-ful ha - ven Just be - yond the rest-less deep;



As he heard the surg-ing wa-ters He for-got the burn-ing pain,
But he on - ly slept a mo-ment, Then appeared an - oth - er view,

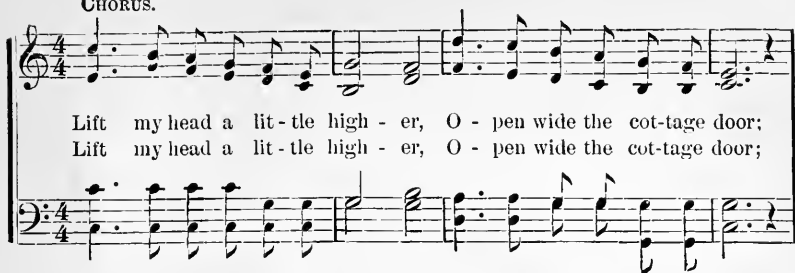


And he spake with ac-cents stronger, As he look'd a - cross the main:
And he heard sweet strains of mu - sic Com-ing o'er the surg - ing blue:

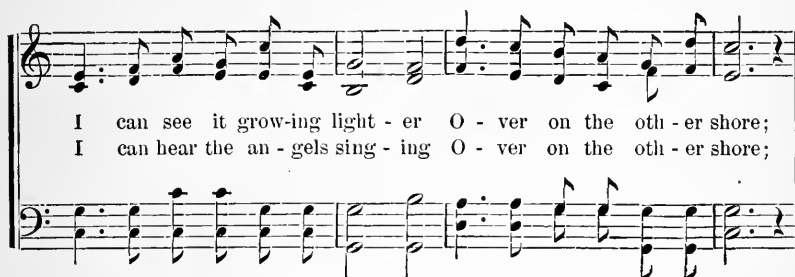
The Dying Boatman. Concluded.

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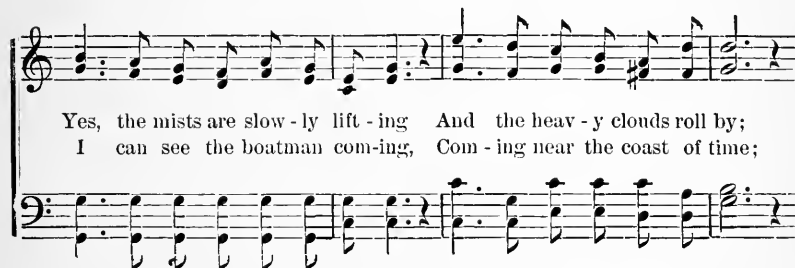
CHORUS.



Lift my head a lit - tle high - er, O - pen wide the cot-tage door;
Lift my head a lit - tle high - er, O - pen wide the cot-tage door;



I can see it grow-ing light - er O - ver on the oth - er shore;
I can hear the an - gels sing - ing O - ver on the oth - er shore;



Yes, the mists are slow - ly lift - ing And the heav - y clouds roll by;
I can see the boatman com-ing, Com - ing near the coast of time;



Let me look at yon - der ha - ven, Ere I lay me down to die.
Yes, he tells me life is o - ver; Let me pass to yon - der clime.

Over the Border Land.

J. H. A.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

1. A home, on high, is wait - ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 2. My loved ones there, will welcome me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 3. My Sav - ior there is call - ing me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,
 4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor - der land,

And there my Sav - ior I shall see, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And with them soon, fore'er I'll be, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And by His grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor - der land.
 And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor - der land.

CHORUS.

Just o - ver the bor - der land, There
 the bor - der land,

waits the home of the soul, Where praise shall
 the home of the soul,

ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor - der land.

All the Way to Calvary.

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

I. H. MEREDITH. Cho. arr.

1. Oh, how dark the night that wrapt my spir - it round! Oh, how deep the woe my
 2. Tremblingly a sin - ner bowed be-fore his face, Naught I knew of par-don,
 3. Oh, 'twas wondrous love the Sav-ior show'd for me, When He left His throne for

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Dare to Say No!

Words arranged.

Written expressly for W. C. Weeden.

TALLIE MORGAN.

With expression.

1. Dare to say no, when you're tempted to drink, Pause for a
 2. Think of the homes that are drown'd in the bowl, Think of the
 3. Think of lone graves both un-wept and unknown, Hid - ing fond

Allegro moderato.

mo-ment, my brave boy, and think: Think of the wrecks up-on
 dan-ger to bo-dy and soul; Think of sad lives once as
 hopes as fair as your own; Think of the proud forms for-

life's o-cean tossed, For ans-er-ing "yes," without counting the cost.
 pure as the snow;.. Look at them now, and at once an-swer "no!"
 -ev-er laid low, That might have been here had they learn'd to say "no."

cres.

Think of the moth-er, who has wait-ed in vain;
 Think of a manhood with rum-taint-ed breath;
 Think of the de-mon that lurks in the bowl;

cres.

Dare to Say No! Concluded.

p *rit.* *a tempo.*

Think of the tears, that will fall like the rain, Think of her heart and
 Think of the end, and the ter - ri - ble death: Think of the homes, now
 Driv - ing to ruin, both bo - dy and soul; Think of all this, as life's

a tempo.

cru - el the blow; .. Think of her love, and at once an - swer "no!"
 shadowed with woe; That might have been heav'n, had the an - swer been "no!"
 jour - ney you go, And when you're assail'd by the tempter, say "no!"

CHORUS. *faster.*

Dare to say "no," dare to say "no,"
 yes, dare to say "no," yes, dare to say "no,"

rit. *pp*

Stand by your man - hood and dare to say "no;" Look un - to God for

cour - age and might; Dare to say "no," And stand for the right.

Keep Moving on the Way.

E. S. U.

JUBILEE MELODY.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

Lively.

1. There is on - ly one thing that the Chris-tian needs to do,
 2. Oh, this se-cret of pro-gress-ing, ev - 'ry - bo - dy ought to keep,
 3. In the gal-ries of the skies, an - gel hosts are look - ing down,

As he jour - neys with the saints to end - less day; If he'd
 For this earth - ly life will nev - er, nev - er pay, If we
 And they watch us as we strug - gle day by day; To the

keep his soul from fall - ing while the way he does pur - sue, Is to
 lay a - side the cross and re - sign our eyes to sleep, And for -
 vic - tor in the race God will give a star - ry crown, If we

D. S.—Let us

FINE.

CHORUS.

ever keep moving on the way. Keep moving on the way, Let us
 - get to keep moving on the way.
 ever keep moving on the way. Keep moving on the way,
 ever keep moving on the way. *D. S.*

ever keep moving on the way, Keep moving on the way;
 on the way, Keep moving on the way.

There is Hope.

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C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEATVERSON.

1. There is hope for hearts now ach-ing, Who their migh-ty vig-ils keep;
 2. There is hope for those who sor-row, O'er some tarnished kindred name;
 3. There is hope for those who sad-ly Sigh for earth-ly friends and home:

There is hope for hearts now breaking, Where the waves of anguish sweep:
 That some helping hand to-mor-row, May the fal-len ones re-claim:
 There is hope for those who mad-ly, And in friend-less-ness may roam:

Earnest toil-ers, true and faithful, Fearless-ly the dan-ger brave,
 Men of faith who never fal-ter, Men who grieve for those who stray,
 He who once hung bleeding, dying, Marks the bit-ter tears that flow,
 the dan-ger, danger brave,
 grieve for those, for those who stray,
 bit-ter, bit-ter tears that flow,

Ev-er ten-der, ev-er hope-ful, Striving wand'ring ones to save.
 Now with tire-less, ea-ger foot-steps, Hasten thro' the world's highway.
 He can hear the feeblest sigh-ing, He can pi-ty hu-man woe!

Climbing Eternity's Stair.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

J. W. WARD.

With expression.

1. Up from the dark, gloomy vale of the riv - er, Free from their
 2. Call - ing to us, as they bask in the sun - shine, Ra - di - ant
 3. Lit - tle ones safe in the arms of the Sav - ior, Moth - ers and
 4. Soon we will en - ter the vale and the shad - ow, Si - lent - ly

sor - rows, temp - ta - tions and care, In - to the dawn of the
 fac - es re - splendent with love; Bid - ding us come, as they
 fath - ers, and re - la - tives dear, Wav - ing to us from the
 pass up the glo - ri - fied way; Out of the dark - ness

bliss - ful for - ev - er, Loved ones are climbing e - ter - ni - ty's stair.
 pass thro' the gate - way, In - to the beau - ti - ful ci - ty a - bove.
 por - tal of heav - en, Beck - on - ing high - er the wait - ing ones here.
 in - to the sun - shine, Glo - ri - ous light of per - pet - u - al day.

CHORUS.

Climbing e - ter - ni - ty's stair, Climbing e - ter - ni - ty's
 Climb - ing, yes, climb - ing e - ter - ni - ty's stair, Climb - ing, yes, climbing e -

1. *rit.*

stair, In - to the dawn of the blissful for-ev - er climbing e -
- ter - ni - ty's stair,

2.

- ter - ni - ty's stair; blissful forev - er, Climbing e - ter - ni - ty's stair.

Come to the Savior, Come.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Arr. by W. S. WEEDEN.

FINE.

1. { Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; Come to the Sav - ior, come, }
 { Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest; Come to the Sav - ior, come, }
 2. { Ye need not one be left be - hind; Come to the Sav - ior, come, }
 { For God hath bid - den all man - kind: Come to the Sav - ior, come. }

D.C.—For you He shed His pre - cious blood, Come to the Sav - ior, come.

REFRAIN.

D.C.

Come to the Sav - ior, come, Come to the Sav - ior, come;

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all. | 6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find. |
| 4 Come all the world! come, sinner, thou
All things in Christ are ready now. | 7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live. |
| 5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest. | 8 O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain. |

The Wedding Garment.

C. C. H.

REV. C. C. HUNT.

1. From the highways and the hedges God is call-ing sin - ners home;
 2. Wedding garments are pro-vid-ed, Free - ly will they be bestowed;
 3. Will you scorn the gracious of - fer, Wear-ing still the robes of sin,
 4. Oh, then, brother, heed the warning, And the wedding robe re-ceive,

From the rocks and mountain led-ges, And wher - ev - er sin - ners roam;
 All may have them and be guid-ed In the high and heavenward road.
 Sit - ting as a heed - less scof - fer, When the King shall en - ter in?
 Why re - ject the gift with scorn-ing, And your lov-ing Sav-ior grieve?

rall.
 God has sent His mes-sage, tell-ing Of His sup - per rea - dy now,
 Robe of right-eous-ness most ho - ly Fair - er than we now be-lieve
 Then what cour-age will you bor-row? You will sit and speechless be,
 At the mar-riage feast in heav-en Where there shines un-fading light,

a tempo.
 And by sa - cred love com - pell - ing Sin - ners at His feet to bow.
 Rich and poor, and high and low - ly. All a - like this robe re - ceive.
 And in out - er dark - ness sor - row Thro' one long e - ter - ni - ty.
 With the ransomed host for - giv - en, You may wear that robe of white.

CHORUS.

O my brother, have you on the wedding gar - ment? O my

brother, have you on the wedding garment? O my brother, have you

on the wedding garment? Are you ready for the supper of the lamb?

Rev. W. L. WARDELL.

Aldene. S. M.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. God always deals in love! Whate'er that deal-ing be; The soft caress, the
 2. I should not censure God Be - cause I can - not see The reason for the
 3. When in the darksome place He leads my tardy feet No hate is writ-ten
 4. Tho' death's cold, sullen stream Doth o'er me throw its foam, Yet this or - deal is

stunning blow, Each speak of sym - pa - thy, Each speak of sym - pa - thy,
 chastening rod Which He deems good for me, Which He deems good for me.
 on His face; His voice is calm and sweet, His voice is calm and sweet.
 God's own means To take my spir - it home, To take my spir - it home.

Hold Up the Light.

A number of years ago there lived a lady near Armour, South Dakota, who always kept a light in the window, all night long. A neighbor asked why she did this, and she replied, "You know the way is so long from here to Mitchell and return, and your boy or my boy or some one may be overtaken by the darkness on these trackless prairies, and because some one may need a light, I keep one in the window." This incident prompted the following:—

Words and music by EMMA POWERS CRANMER.

1. Hold up the light, The way is so dark; Hold up the light, Where
2. Hold up the light, A brother is lost, Hold up the light, What-
3. May be my boy Is out in the cold, May be your boy Is

crime's left its mark. The soul once so pure Is now stained with sin,
- ev - er the cost. Tell him of Je - sus, The migh - ty to save.
not in the fold. Rea - dy to per - ish, No help with - in sight,

CHORUS.

Hold up the light And gather them in. }
How He was victor O'er sin and the grave. } Hold up the light, Hold up the light,
Then, O my brother, Let's hold up the light. }

Man - y a wan - der - er Out in the night, Peer - ing thro' darkness, No

help with - in sight. Is your boy among them? Oh, hold up the light.

My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

Tune, "America."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.</p> | <p>3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.</p> |
| <p>2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.</p> | <p>4 Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.</p> |

Our Country's Voice.

M. F. ANDERSON.
With Vigor.

TALLIE MORGAN.

1. Our country's voice is plead-ing, Ye men of God, a - rise, His
2. The love of Christ un - fold - ing, Speed on from East to West, 'Till

prov - i - dence is lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies. Day gleams are
all His cross be - hold - ing, In Him are ful - ly blest. Great Au - thor

o'er it bright - ning, And promise clothes the soul, Wide fields for harvest's
of sal - va - tion, Haste, haste the glorious day, When we a ransomed

whitening, In - vite the reaper's toil, } Go where the waves are breaking,
na - tion, Thy sheep - tre shall o - bey. }

On Cal - i - for - nia's shore; Christ's precious gospel taking, More rich than

gold-en ore, On Al - le - gheny's mountains, Thro' all the west - ern

vales, Be - side Mis - sou - ri's foun-tains, Rehearse the wondrous tale.

Gwendolen. 8, 5, 8, 3.

T. J. DAVIES, Mus. Bac.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore distressed?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?

"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
 "In His feet, and hands, are wound-prints, And His side."
 "Yea, a crown in ve - ry sure - ty, But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His gnerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

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

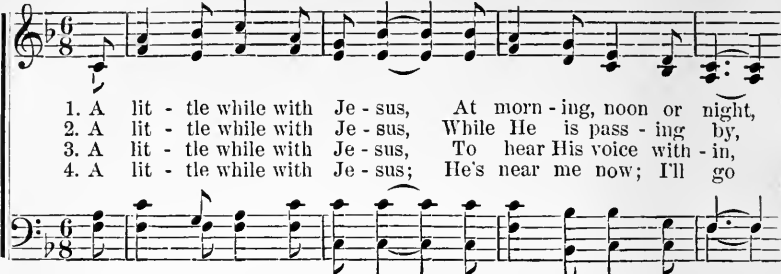
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan past!"

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
 Answer "Yes!"

A Little While with Jesus.

Words arranged by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

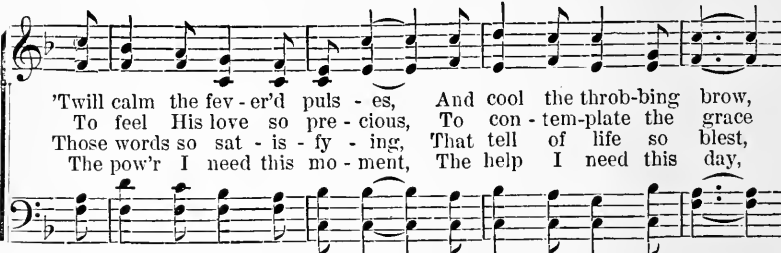
W. S. WEEDEN.



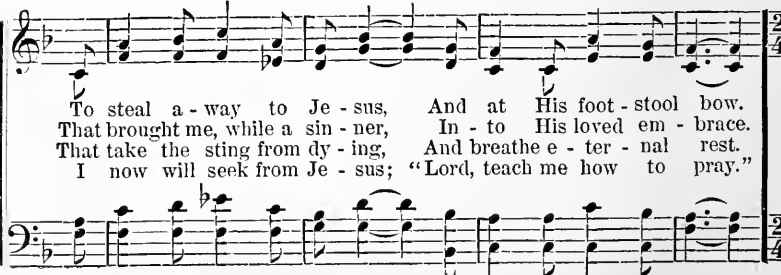
1. A lit - tle while with Je - sus, At morn - ing, noon or night,
 2. A lit - tle while with Je - sus, While He is pass - ing by,
 3. A lit - tle while with Je - sus, To hear His voice with - in,
 4. A lit - tle while with Je - sus; He's near me now; I'll go



Will give you strength in weak-ness, Will make your path-way bright;
 To drink His Ho - ly Spir - it, To feel His pres - ence nigh;
 Un-trammeled by my doubt - ing, Heard clear a - bove the din;
 And seek the need - ed bless - ing He wait - eth to be - stow;



'Twill calm the fev - er'd puls - es, And cool the throb - ing brow,
 To feel His love so pre - cious, To con - tem - plate the grace
 Those words so sat - is - fy - ing, That tell of life so blest,
 The pow'r I need this mo - ment, The help I need this day,



To steal a - way to Je - sus, And at His foot - stool bow.
 That brought me, while a sin - ner, In - to His loved em - brace.
 That take the sting from dy - ing, And breathe e - ter - nal rest.
 I now will seek from Je - sus; "Lord, teach me how to pray."

CHORUS.

A lit - tle while with Je - sus, A lit - tle while with Je - sus,

A lit - tle while with Je - sus, Will make our path - way bright.

I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.

1. I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat,
 Cho.— I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be lieve,

I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r.
 I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.

2 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul.

3 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume.

If We Would but See the Way.

Rewritten by C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Ah! the wrongs that might be righted, If we would but see the way;
2. Let us not betray to others Aught of self-ishness or pride:

O, the paths that might be lighted With the brightness of the day;
Let us lift our fainting brothers, Let us strengthen ere we chide;

If we would but mark the footsteps Of the feet which go astray!
And be-fore we blame the fallen, Hold a light to cheer and guide!

F. If we would but mark the footsteps Of the feet which go astray!
And be-fore we blame the fallen, Hold a light to cheer and guide!

FINE.

D. S.—And the weak and err-ing wooing, Ev-er ban-ish hu-man woe!

REFRAIN.

Let us up..... and bravely do - ing,
Let us up and brave-ly do-ing, Let us up and brave-ly do-ing,

If We Would but See the Way. Concluded. 167

D. S. F.

Bear a light... where'er we go;
 Bear a light where'er we go, Bear a light where'er we go.

Day by Day.

EVA T. POOLE.

Tune, WARDELL.

G. B. SORTIS.

1. Trust in the Lord to hide thee, Wait on the Lord to
 2. Rise with His fear be - fore thee, Tell of the love He
 3. Clouds with their sil - ver lin - ing, Hopes and fears in - ter -
 4. Such may be thy sur - round - ing, Still let His praise be

guide thee; So shall no ill be - tide thee,
 bore thee; Sleep with His shad - ow o'er thee,
 twin - ing, God Him - self thro' them shin - ing,
 sound - ing, Praise for His grace a - bound - ing,

Day by day; So shall no ill be - tide thee, Day by day.
 Day by day; Sleep with His shad - ow o'er thee, Day by day.
 Day by day; God Him - self thro' them shining, Day by day.
 Day by day; Praise for His grace a - bound - ing, Day by day.

Fighting Underneath the Cross.

To the Boys' Brigade of America.

VAN.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. We are sol - diers of the Lord, Trust - ing in His pre - cious word,
 2. We will raise the ban - ner high, In the breeze of ev - 'ry sky;
 3. We will con - quer ev - 'ry foe In the high-way, as we go,

DUET—SOP. AND ALTO. DUET—SOP. AND TEN. CHORUS.

Fight - ing for Him day by day, March - ing up the King's high-way.
 Tell the sto - ry of His love, As the en - sign floats a - bove;
 Plung - ing in the crim - son flood, In the fountain filled with blood;

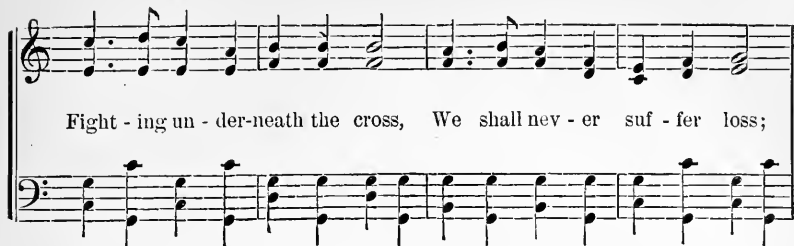
DUET. CHORUS.

Nev - er shall we suf - fer loss, Fight - ing un - der - neath the cross,
 How His life He free - ly gave, Bore the cross that He might save
 Tell mankind it cleanseth sin, Makes the vil - est pure with - in;

Je - sus' blood, the per - fect cure, Makes the vic - to - ry se - cure.
 Ev - 'ry sin - ner of the race By the pow - er of His grace.
 Sing to them sal - va - tion's song As they join the blood - wash'd throug -

Fighting Underneath the Cross. Concluded. 169

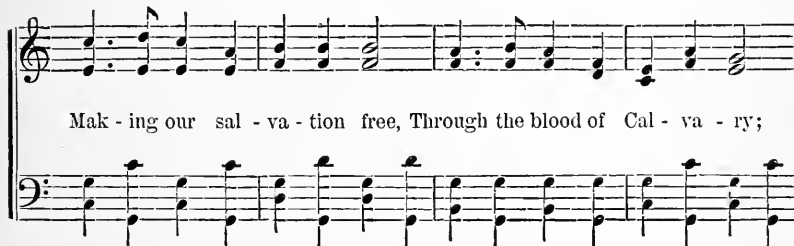
CHORUS. *Marcato.*



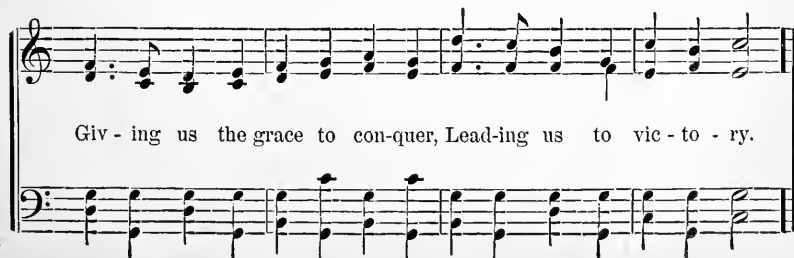
Fight - ing un - der-neath the cross, We shall nev - er suf - fer loss;



Lift - ing up the weak and fallen, Je - sus cast - ing out the dross;



Mak - ing our sal - va - tion free, Through the blood of Cal - va - ry;



Giv - ing us the grace to con-quer, Lead-ing us to vic - to - ry.

Let it Shine.

JAY SYLVESTER.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. There are thousands who grope in the dark - ness Of sin and dis -
 2. Did Je - sus leave nought for dis - ci - ples To do, but to
 3. Then a - wake from thy slumbers, O Chris - tian, For lab - rers are

- tress day by day, Who glad - ly would come to the Sav - ior, If
 drift with the tide. When sheep that have strayed from His pastures, Are
 ev - er too few, As long as there's one to be res - cued, Thy

some one would show them the way. No hand has been reached out to
 need - ing a shep - herd to guide? You know not how ma - ny may
 hands should find something to do. Go out in the highways and

help them, No word of encouragement giv'n, When a gleam from the
 hear you, And come to the fold to - night, If you spoke but a
 hedg - es, Go out in the darkness of night, And fill it with

REFRAIN.

lamp of a Christian, Might show them the way to heav'n.
 word for the Mas - ter, For Jesus the world's bright light. } Hold up the light!
 gleams of sun - shine, By spreading the gospel light.

Let it Shine. Concluded.

171

Hold up the light, For thousands are wait - ing to see, Let it

shine where the night is the dark - est, To show where the dangers may be.

Wacden. C. M.

Rev. W. L. WARDELL.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

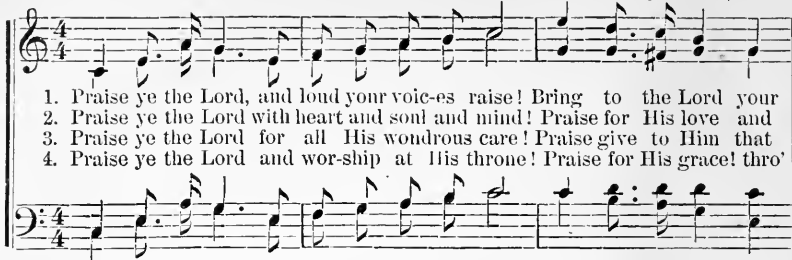
1. I love to med - i - tate, O God! Up - on Thy ho - ly word;
2. How sweet it is to think up - on Thy mer - cy and Thy grace;
3. Like Je - se's son of old - en time, We of - fer praise to Thee;

I love to lean up - on Thy rod, I love to lean up - on Thy rod,
As in this house of pray'r we come, As in this house of pray'r we come,
Oh, bless us now while at Thy shrine, Oh, bless us now while at Thy shrine,

I love to lean up - on Thy rod, A - mid the dis - mal flood.
As in this house of pray'r we come To seek Thy lov - ing face.
Oh, bless us now while at Thy shrine We hum - bly bend our knee.

Praise Ye the Lord.

Words and Music by P. KEIL, Jr.



1. Praise ye the Lord, and loud your voices raise! Bring to the Lord your
 2. Praise ye the Lord with heart and soul and mind! Praise for His love and
 3. Praise ye the Lord for all His wondrous care! Praise give to Him that
 4. Praise ye the Lord and worship at His throne! Praise for His grace! thro'

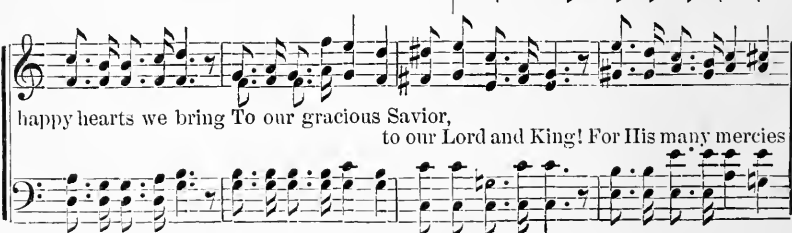


happiest songs of praise; Praise ye the Lord! let earth with praises ring!
 mer-cies ev - er kind! Praise ye the Lord! let thankful songs now rise!
 we His child-ren are! Praise ye the Lord! for His sal - va-tion free!
 it we are His own; Praise ye the Lord! let ev - ry soul re - joice!

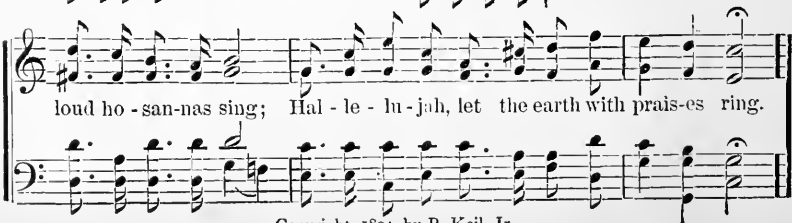


CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jahs and ho - san - nas to Him sing! }
 Hal - le - lu - jah, to the Lord of earth and skies! }
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord o'er land and sea! } Now we come rejoicing.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord with heart and voice! }



happy hearts we bring To our gracious Savior,
 to our Lord and King! For His many mercies



loud ho - san - nas sing; Hal - le - lu - jah, let the earth with prais - es ring.

Glory to the Bleeding Lamb.

173

CARRIE ELLA BRECK.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Come sing a - gain the song of love, The love of God to man;
 2. Come sing of Je - sus, wounded, slain, For sin - ners lost like me;
 3. Oh, wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb, All glo - ry to re - ceive;
 4. O Lord, who hast my sins for - giv'n, My joy, my song, art Thou;
 5. Dear Bleeding Lamb of God, who came, For sac - ri - fice di - vine;

The love that wrought in heav'n a - bove The great re - demp - tion plan.
 He came in love to break my chains, And set the cap - tive free.
 Dear Sav - ior, take me as I am, And help me now be - lieve.
 I'll sing no oth - er song in heav'n, I'll sing no oth - er now.
 Wilt Thou, who bore my guilt and shame, Now make me whol - ly Thine.

CHORUS.

Oh, Glo - ry to the Bleed - ing Lamb, For me He bled and died;

I plunge be - neath the cleans - ing blood, The fountain deep and wide.

E. S. U.

"And to wait for his Son from heaven."—Thess. 1: 10.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Watch ye and wait, O breth - ren of God, Wait for the
 2. Stead - fast - ly wait, and pa - tient - ly pray, Thus did our
 3. Some day the sky will part like a scroll, O - ver the

com - ing of Je - sus our Lord, A - ges have passed, yet
 fath - ers who "wished for the day;" Cheer - ful they toiled and
 earth will the Judgement trump roll; But to the saints 'twill

bright grows the dawn, Je - sus has prom - ised to come in the morn.
 calm - ly did die, Wait - ing for Je - sus to come from the sky.
 hap - pi - ness bring, Since they have wait - ed so long for their King.

CHORUS.

Wait! wait! Jesus will come, Soon will our Bridegroom descend from His throne;

Wait! wait! Jesus will come, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain to His own.

Hallelujah to the Lamb.

175

G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. I have found a Friend, oh, such a Friend; On Him my hope of heav'n depends;
 2. Oh, the Lamb of God was slain for me Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry;
 3. Now I love to tell to all a-round, What a dear Sav - ior I have found;
 4. I shall ev - er - more to Je - sus cling, And all my sor - row to Him bring;

And He will go with me to the end, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Bleeding Lamb.
 There He paid the debt and made me free, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Bleeding Lamb.
 How with cruel thorns His head was crowned, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Bleeding Lamb.
 And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty I'll sing Hal - le - lu - jah to the Bleeding Lamb.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb That was slain for you and me, Hal - le -

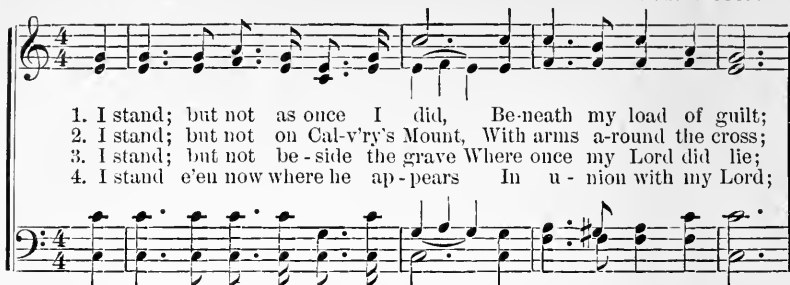
- lu - jah to the Lamb, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, He doth wash my sins a-way,

In the blood of Cal - va - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Bleed - ing Lamb.

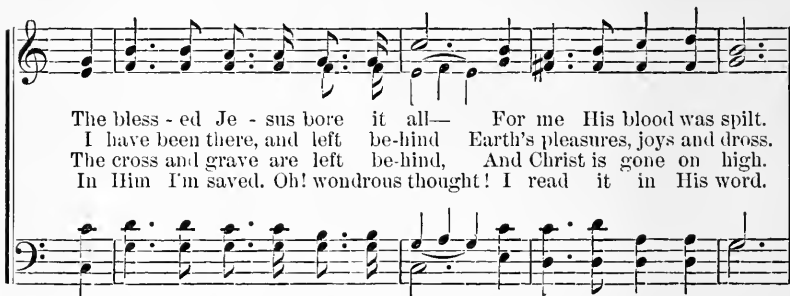
The Believer's Standing.

G. C. NEEDHAM.

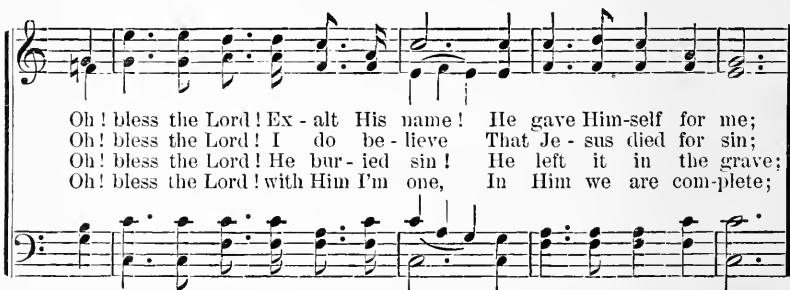
W. S. WEEDEN.



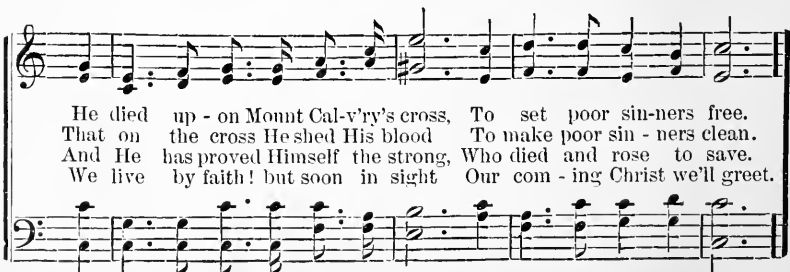
1. I stand; but not as once I did, Be-neath my load of guilt;
 2. I stand; but not on Cal-v'ry's Mount, With arms a-round the cross;
 3. I stand; but not be-side the grave Where once my Lord did lie;
 4. I stand e'en now where he ap-pears In u-nion with my Lord;



The bless-ed Je-sus bore it all— For me His blood was spilt.
 I have been there, and left be-hind Earth's pleasures, joys and dross.
 The cross and grave are left be-hind, And Christ is gone on high.
 In Him I'm saved. Oh! wondrous thought! I read it in His word.



Oh! bless the Lord! Ex-alt His name! He gave Him-self for me;
 Oh! bless the Lord! I do be-lieve That Je-sus died for sin;
 Oh! bless the Lord! He bur-ied sin! He left it in the grave;
 Oh! bless the Lord! with Him I'm one, In Him we are com-plete;



He died up-on Mount Cal-v'ry's cross, To set poor sin-ners free.
 That on the cross He shed His blood To make poor sin-ners clean.
 And He has proved Him-self the strong, Who died and rose to save.
 We live by faith! but soon in sight Our com-ing Christ we'll greet.

The Beautiful City.

177

C. W. R.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11: 16.

C. W. RAY.

1. O, there is a beau - ti - ful ci - ty, Whose walls are of
 2. O, there is a beau - ti - ful ci - ty, Where saints with the
 3. O, there is a beau - ti - ful ci - ty, Whose streets are all

jew - els most rare; And mansions of bright-est a - dorn - ing
 an - gels shall dwell; Where songs of the sweet - est re - joic - ing
 paved with pure gold; And ev - 'ry de - light for im - mor - tals

REFRAIN.

Are wait - ing the glo - ri - fied there.
 Their rap - tures un - ceas - ing - ly tell. } My Sav - ior shall
 Its gates shall for - ev - er un - fold.

wel - come me there, His king - dom and glo - ry to see; White

rit.

robes with the ransomed to wear. How sweet will their fel - low - ship be!

"Sometime."

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

MALE VOICES.

TALLIE MORGAN.

Andante, with expression.

1. Sometime, some day, We'll flee a-way, Where mortals sorrow nev - er;
 2. Sometime, ere long, A ransomed throng, We'll meet no more to sever;
 3. Sometime, somehow, But not just now, We'll sweep across the riv - er;

Our la - bor o'er, We'll toil no more, But be at rest for-ev - er.
 But sweetly rest, On Je-sus' breast, And clasp glad hands forev - er.
 And rest com-plete At Je-sus' feet, And praise His name for-ev - er.

REFRAIN.

Some - time, some day, We'll be at rest for -
 Some - time, some day, Some - time, some day,

- ev - er; We'll flee a - way Where mor-tals sor - row
 We'll flee a-way, we'll flee a-way,

nev - er, Rest, sweet rest, Some-time we'll rest for-ev - er.

I Made It in My Soul, Hallelujah! 179

Dedicated to my friend, William P. Pratt, Portland, Maine.

E. S. U.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Come, weep just as we did in sor-row for sin, Come, knock till the Lord bid you
 2. Come, pray just as we did to live hour by hour, Above earth's temptations, with
 3. Come, shout just as we did your "Glo-ry to God!" Sing prais-es to Je-sus, who

en-ter within; Come trust-ing, ex-pecting, There's no oth-er way, And
 God's keep-ing pow'r; To kneel oft in prayer is vic-t'ry be-gun, Thus
 saves by His blood; The song of re-demption shall be our re-frain, Till

CHORUS.

soon you will find it the gladsome new day,
 wrestling with e-vil the crown will be won. } I have it in my soul, hal-le-
 in the new heaven we sing it a-gain. }

-lu-jah! I have found the Savior precious all the way, I was
 all the way,

once a child of sin, but I let my Savior in, And there's sunlight in my soul to-day.

Already Condemned.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Suggested by H. N. L.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. God so loved the world that in mer - cy He gave His Son as a
 2. Al - read - y condemned, in the sight of the Lord, Be - cause thou art
 3. Al - read - y condemned un - be - liev - er thou art, O, think what a
 4. Al - read - y condemned wilt thou turn from thy sin! Then list to the

ran - som lost sin - ners to save, O thou who hast nev - er be -
 turn - ing a - way from His word, Thou choos - est the e - vil re -
 sen - tence hangs o - ver thy head, Yet why wilt thou per - ish? when
 Spir - it now plead - ing with - in, Re - pent - ing and trust - ing, yield

- lieved on His name, Re - mem - ber the truth that the scrip - tures pro - claim.
 - ject - est the right, Thou lov - est the dark - ness far bet - ter than light.
 thou can'st be free, If thou wilt ac - cept it, there's par - don for thee.
 Je - sus thy heart, De - lay not a mo - ment but come as thou art.

REFRAIN.

Con - demned, con - demned, On Jesus the Savior thou hast not believ'd;
 Condemned, condemned, already condemned,

Con - demned, con - demned, The life that He offers thou hast not re - ceived.
 Condemned, condemned, already condemned,

Hear Ye Not the Savior.

181

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

C. W. R.

C. W. RAY.

1. Hear ye not the Sav-ior call - ing, Gent-ly call - ing aft - er thee?
 2. In the sweetest ac cents plead-ing, Pointing to the blood-y tree;
 3. Art thou still thy need de - bat - ing, Canst thou not thy dan-ger see?

On thine ear His voice is fall - ing; Come, poor sinner, "Come to Me."
 Where for thee He once hung bleeding, Still He whispers, "Come to Me."
 Wouldst thou lon-ger keep Him wait-ing, Sad-ly pleading, "Come to Me."

REFRAIN.

Ten - der - ly He doth en-treat thee; Pa-tient - ly He waits to greet thee:

If in judg-ment He shall meet thee, Fearful then shall be thy doom.

1. Come weal, come woe, where'er we go, God is not far a - way;
 2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
 3. Thro' chang-ing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,

He holds the storm - y winds that blow, And molds the gold - en day.
 And lights a - long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face;
 And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bo - som hides.

The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade.
 But sweet - ly whis - pers while His hands Up - on His own are laid,
 On nois - y street, in still re - treat, Thro' vales of deep - est shade,

He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - afraid."
 "Lo! at thy side thy Fa - ther stands." "My child, be not a - afraid."
 That voice is heard with ac - cents sweet, "My child, be not a - afraid."

CHORUS.

f Be not a - afraid, *p* Be not a - afraid, *crés.*
 Child, be not, be not afraid, Child, be not, be not afraid, { 1. The darkest night to
 { 2. He speaks in tones of

1. Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade, tender might, "My child, be not afraid."
2.

J. W. W.

Sweet Words of Peace.

J. W. WARD.

1. Sweet words of peace, so full of rest, Our Sav-ior speaks to me;
2. When joys per-vade my trusting heart, His presence gilds the day;
3. Sweet words of peace, O, love di-vine, That still my all shall be,

When tri - als vex my wea - ry soul, He com-forts ten-der - ly.
And when with sor-rows I'm oppressed, He wipes my tears a - way.
Un - til life's sun shall all de-cline, And dawns e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Peace, wonderful peace, Peace, wonderful peace, . . .
won-der-ful peace, won-der-ful peace,

Peace, won-der - ful peace, The Sav - ior speaks to me.
won-der-ful peace,

Repeat pp

Wonderful is the Savior.

G. C. T.

GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Wonderful is the Sav-ior, hear the angels sing; Wonderful is the Sav-ior,
 2. Wonderful is the Sav-ior on a stormy sea; Wonderful is the Sav-ior
 3. Wonderful is the Sav-ior when I'm in despair, Wonderful is the Sav-ior
 4. Wonderful is the Sav-ior in Geth-sem-a-ne; Wonderful is the Sav-ior
 5. Wonderful is the Sav-ior, I was lost in sin; Wonderful lov-ing Je-sus,

wise men tributes bring; Wonderful is the Sav-ior, I have crown'd Him King;
 "Peace, be still," said He; Wonderful is the Sav-ior, ev-'ry wave did stay;
 He is always there; Wonderful is the Sav-ior, cast on him your care;
 dy-ing on the tree; Wonderful is the Sav-ior, it was all for me;
 stoop'd and took me in; Wonderful is the Sav-ior, now His praise begin;

D. S.—Shedding His precious life-blood on the cursed tree;

FINE. CHORUS.

Wonderful is the Sav-ior now to me. Wonderful is the Sav-ior,
 Wonderful is the Sav-ior now to me.

wonderful now to me; Purchasing peace and pardon, all so full and free;

Soldier of the Cross.

185

ISAAC WATTS.

TALLIE MORGAN.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 3. Thy saints, in all this glorious war Shall con - quer, tho' they die;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to own His name?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 They view the triumph from a - far, And seize it with their eye.

UNISON. *rit.*

Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease?
 Sure I must fight, if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
 When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thy arm - ies shine

a tempo.

While oth - ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
 In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

Sabbath Day Song.

B. W. CAMP.

J. H. ALLEMAN.

1. O beau-ti - ful day, bright Sab - bath day That Je - sus hath
 2. Our la - bors and cares we'll lay a - side, Our hearts un - to
 3. We'll sing of the day, dear Sab - bath day That Je - sus, the

giv'n for rest, His word let us search for truths that we may By
 Him we'll bring; We'll turn from the world, its fol - lies de - ride, To
 Lord hath blest; From earth and its cares we're pass - ing a - way To

CHORUS.

faith in His promise be blest. } We'll sing of the beau - ti - ful
 hon - or the Sav - ior, our King. }
 en - ter the Sab - bath of rest. }

Sab - bath day, The day of all oth - ers the best, 'Till Je - sus shall

call His dear children a - way To en - ter the Sab - bath of rest.

Papa, Shall I Look For You?

187

Dedicated to the memory of AMY GRACE BEABLE.

For more than two years this child of Jesus, only nine years of age, had vainly besought her father to come to the Savior. Sickness at last seized her, and death came; but before the spirit took its flight she gave expression to these beautiful words, "I am going up; come, hurry up, mamma,—tell papa to come." Then, speaking to others, she said, "Won't you come?" Then, to her father, who had just arrived, she said, "Papa, come!" "I will come," said the father, "I can't have my child in heaven and not be there too."

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. I am go-ing up, dear pa-pa, Are you coming by and by?
2. Won't you promise me, dear pa-pa? Je - sus wants you there, I know.
3. Yes, I'll come, my lit - tle darling, Calm your fears and doubt no more;
4. She has passed be-yond the riv-er, And we hear her voice no more;

Won't you come to see your darling In the home be-yond the sky?
Will you meet me up in heaven? Tell me now, be-fore I go.
I will meet my child in heaven, When this drea - ry life is o'er.
She is rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, O - ver on the oth - er shore;

At the gate-way I'll be waiting When the lov - ing ones pass thro';
At the gate-way I'll be waiting When the lov - ing ones pass thro';
Tell the Sav - ior I am coming, That He saves your pa - pa, too;
But the Sav - ior is in - vit-ing, And the call is ev - er new:

rall.
I will see them as they en - ter; Pa-pa, shall I look for you?
I will see them as they en - ter; Pa-pa, shall I look for you?
Thro' His bless-ed love and mer - cy, By and by I'll be with you.
Will you hear the in - vi - ta - tion? Sinner, He is call - ing you!

"Where is My Lost One To-night?"

The last words of a mother who died of a broken heart because her daughter had been deceived and lost her character.

IDA L. REED.

Proverbs 5: 5.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Stow, may be used as a Solo.

1. Where does she wan-der—this drea - ry night, My child who has gone a - stray,
 2. Once she was pure and so won - drous fair, Oh, none was so sweet as she,
 3. Of - ten I dream she is by my side, As sweet as in days of yore,
 4. Dark is the path that her foot-steps keep, My fall-en one, once so dear,
 5. If I could tell her this drea - ry night, As fast sinks my faint-ing breath,

The daughter who once filled my home with light, Whose heart was so blithe and gay,
 Each trouble and sor - row and child-ish care, She trust-ful - ly brought to me,
 But oh, when I wak-en, all hope has died, For I know she will come no more,
 Tho' oth - ers may shud-der, I can but weep; The name of my child to hear,
 "The Sav - ior can bring you from dark to light, And save you from endless death."

CHORUS. *Espressivo.*

Oh, "Where is my lost one to - night?" . . . "Where is my

lost one to - night?" Tho' ru - ined and sin - de - fled, She

ev - er must be my child; Oh, "Where is my lost one to - night?"

From "Song Land Messenger," by per.

America, Land of the Free.

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C. W. RAY.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. A - mer - i - ca! land of sweet sto - ry and song, Where lib - er - ty
 2. A - mer - i - ca! land of the brave and the free, Bright promise of
 3. A - mer - i - ca! land of the free born and true, Let none seek thy

holds her blest sway; Where right in its might in detroning the wrong, Shall
 a - ges to come; The heart-brok-en ex - ile from o - ver the sea Shall
 ref - uge in vain; Fling out the bright token of red, white and blue, O'er

CHORUS.

drive all op-pres-sion a - way.
 here find a ref - uge and home. } O land of the free, There is
 moun-tain and val - ley and plain. }

shel - ter in thee, For the friendless and wea - ry who roam, For the

pilgrim oppress. There is room, there is rest, There's waiting a welcome and home.

The Sinner and the Song.

By WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, The Tempter was
 2. He lingered and listened to ev - 'ry sweet chord. He re-remembered the

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

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

QUARTET, to be sung very softly.

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

3. O Tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

Sav - lor, He dwells in that song, O Lord, can it be, that a

sinner like me, May find a sure ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

QUARTET, to be sung very softly.

pp
Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, and
and Oh, receive my soul at last...
pp QUARTET.

Sowing and Reaping.

Words and Music by Rev. C. H. LINCOLN.

1. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wea-ry, burdened heart;
 2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wea-ry, burdened heart;
 3. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a weak and faltering faith;

Oft the fields in which we la-bor Are, in dis-tance, far a-part;
 Oft we're lift-ed up from sadness To the hills of joy and mirth;
 Oft we count our privi-lege cross-es, And we sink be-neath the load:

Soon the time of sow-ing ceas-es, And the reap-ing day will come,
 But in all our jour-ney onward, Be there joy or be there pain,
 But, in all of life's ex-perience, Be there song or be there prayer,

Then we'll gath-er in the har-vest From the sow-ing we have done.
 Let us not for-get the prom-ise, What we sow we reap a-gain.
 Let us not neglect the privi-lege, Speak for Je-sus ev-'ry-where.

Chorus.

What we sow . . . that shall we reap, . . . When our sow - - ing days are
 What we sow shall we reap, Our sow-ing

o'er;.... If we sow..... the seeds of love.... God will
 days are o'er; If we sow seeds of love,

take.... us home a - bove,.... If we sow the seeds of love.
 God will take, home a-bove.

Waseca.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Lead Thou me on, O Lord, 'twill be e-nough If Thou art with me,
 2. Lead Thou me on, O Lord, leave not a-lone Amidst the dark-ness
 3. Lead Thou me on, for Thou art all I need, When hungry Thou the

tho' the road be rough; Thy presence will sup- ply me peace and rest,
 of this world Thine own; But guide me, as a shepherd, all the way,
 bread of life canst feed; If faint or thirst- y, Thou, the liv - ing spring,

And calm all anxious throbbings of the breast.
 And hold me ev-er near Thee, lest I stray.
 Canst sweet re-freshment to my spir-it bring.

4.
 Lead Thou me on, O Lcrl,
 and all is light;
 What can I ask for more by
 day or night?
 'Twill be enough if but Thy
 face I see,
 And feel Thine own strong
 hand is leading me.

The Prodigal Daughter.

TALLIE MORGAN.

Slow, with expression.

1. To the home of the fath-er re - turn-ing, The prod - i - gal,
 2. But ah! for the prod - i - gal daughter, Who has wan - dered a -
 3. But thanks to the Shepherd whose mercy, Still fol - lows the

cres.
 wea - ry and worn, Is greet-ed with joy and thanksgiving, As
 - way from her home, Her feet must still press the dark val - ley, And
 sheep tho' they stray, The weak-est and e'en the for - sak - en, He

rit. *a tempo.*
 when on his first natal morn. A robe and a ring is his por - tion,
 thro' the wild wilderness roam, A-lone on the bleak barren mountains,
 bears on His bosom a - way. And in the bright mansions of glo - ry,

The servants as sup - pli - ants bow, He is clad in fine lin - en and
 The mountain so dreary and cold, No hand is outstretched in fond
 Which the blood of His sacri - fice won, There is room for the prodgal

pur - ple, In re - turn for his pen - i - tent vow, He is clad in fine
 pi - ty, To welcome her back to the fold, No hand is out -
 daughter, As well as the prod - i - gal son, There is room for the

lin - en and pur - ple, In re - tu - for his pen - i - tent vow.
 - stretched in fond pi - ty, To wel - come her back to the fold.
 prod - i - gal daughter, As well as the prod - i - gal son.

rit.

I'm Not Afraid.

H. H. HALL.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Our sighs and tears, They mark the years Which swiftly pass a - way;
 2. Tho' death may seem An end-less dream. Je - sus hath pow'r to save;
 3. In him I'll trust, Tho' in the dust This bo - dy must be laid;

White morn and noon—A-las! how soon—Sob out life's part-ing day.
 He sure - ly will His word ful - fil, And res - cue from the grave!
 He must pre - vail, He can - not fail, Of death I'm not a - afraid.

CHORUS.

It may be near, I have no fear, I'm safe in Je - sus' love;

What - e'er a - larm, His migh - ty arm, Shall bring me safe a - bove!

The Day of Jubilee.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Fall in! ye sol - diers of the Lord! The time is now at hand;
 2. Fall in! and press with vig - or on, Our Lord we must o - bey;
 3. No time to fal - ter or re - treat, The en - e - my must die!

Go, work and fight with one ac - cord, O com - rades, bold - ly stand!
 The foe comes ev - er and a - non, A - gain we meet to - day.
 Move on with sure and stead - y feet, The vic - to - ry is nigh!

Re - pel the might - y hosts of sin, And set the na - tions free;
 Advance! and charge with might and main; We fight for lib - er - ty!
 Once more we go, ye brave and strong, Reach out from sea to sea;

Be true, and help to ush - er in The day of Ju - bi - lee.
 Cease not to strike, but strike a - gain Un - til the Ju - bi - lee.
 The strug - gle now will not be long, And then the Ju - bi - lee.

The Day of Jubilee (Concluded.)

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CHORUS,

The day of Ju - bi - lee, The day of Ju - bi - lee; O,
Day of Ju - bi - lee, Day of Ju - bi - lee,

praise the Lord, with one ac - cord, The na - tions shall be free! The
Praise the Lord, The na - tions shall be free;

day of Ju - bi - lee, The day of Ju - bi - lee, Be
Day of Ju - bi - lee, Day of Ju - bi - lee

true, and help to ush - er in The day of Ju - bi - lee.
Help to ush - - er The day of Ju - bi - lee,

Give Him a Cheer.

At a tenement-house fire in New York City, the throngs of people saw, through flames and smoke, a young woman in her night-robe at a fifth story window, clinging to the window-casing, while her gaze was fixed on the excited people below. The fire-ladder was too short to reach the window; but a brave fireman made a desperate effort to go up the ladder, through the flames, to a point from which the young woman could spring into his arms. When half way up the ladder, as a fresh burst of flame shot about, the fireman seemed to falter and began to retrace his steps. At this critical moment a man in the crowd shouted out, "For God's sake—give him a cheer!" which was done with tremendous power. He immediately made a desperate rush through flame and smoke, where the imperilled young woman sprang into his arms, and he brought her safely to the ground.

A. C. F.

(May be sung as a Solo or Duet, with Refrain.)

REV. A. C. FERGUSON.

1. There's a tried, struggling heart, half hop - ing to win A tri-umph o'er
 2. How lit - tle we know of the longings within The sin-burdened
 3. Sin's fires, so vast, are rag - ing around, While poor, blistered
 4. How glorions the work! 'Tis for you and for me To point the dimm'd

trouble, or sor-row, or sin; The wild, lu - rid flames leap a-
 souls that e'en now would be-gin To turn from the vile, for the
 hearts lie prone on the ground; The hiss of the flames is
 eyes lov-ing Je - sus to see; Thus, see-ing by faith 'twas for

-bout where he stands—We may give him heart-cheer, we may give him our hands,
 pure and the true, If helped just in time, tho' our deeds are but few.
 heard in the street; Shall we bind up the wounds of the sad ones we meet?
 them that He came, the form of "The Fourth" they'll behold 'mid the flame.

REFRAIN. *Spirited.*

Go, give him a cheer! O, give him a cheer! Who yet may have

Give Him a Cheer. Concluded.

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hope, tho' sin's fire is near; Let us join the life-corps, so cour-
 -ageous and brave, And by prompt, faithful deeds, the lost we shall save.

The Fountain Now is Open.

REV. JOS. HART, 1759.

ARR. BY J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power; }
 2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true repent - ance, — Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh; }

CHORUS.

For the foun - tain now is o - pen, the foun - tain now is o - pen,

The foun - tain now is o - pen, O sin - ner, won't you come?

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger; Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth Is to feel your need of Him;
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all;

Raise the Song Triumphant.

Play first four measures for prelude.

Words and music by GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.

VOICES IN UNISON. *Spirited.*

1. Raise the song triumph-ant, Sing in cho-rus strong; Let all earth re-ech-o
 2. Tho' sin and temp-ta-tion Ev-'rywhere abound, Tho' the hosts of Sa-tan
 3. Would we reign in glo-ry, And a crown there wear, We must here be faith-ful

As we march along, We are Christian sol-diers, We are proud to be
 Com- pass us a- round, They can-not af-fright us, Christ who leads the way,
 To the trust we bear; So when death shall call us, And our conflicts o'er,

CHORUS.

Foll'wers of a Cap-tain Who has made us free, }
 Conquer'd them, and by Him We shall gain the day, } Then march on to bat-tle,
 We shall reign in glo-ry, Vic-tors ev-er-more. }

Raise the Song Triumphant. Concluded. 201

cres.

Prompt the call o - bey, For-ward to the con - flict, Strong in faith al-way;

cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in a single staff, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "Prompt the call o - bey, For-ward to the con - flict, Strong in faith al-way;". The bottom two staves are for piano accompaniment, with a treble and bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. The word "cres." appears above the first measure and below the third measure.

mf

Sing - - ing as we go,..... Sing - - ing as we

mf

Detailed description: This system contains the second and third lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in a single staff, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "Sing - - ing as we go,..... Sing - - ing as we". The bottom two staves are for piano accompaniment, with a treble and bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. The word "mf" appears above the first measure and below the first measure. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a "3" in the third measure of the piano part.

cres.

go;..... Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the fourth and fifth lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in a single staff, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are "go;..... Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!". The bottom two staves are for piano accompaniment, with a treble and bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. The word "cres." appears above the first measure and below the second measure.

Interlude.

Detailed description: This system contains the sixth line of music, which is an interlude. It consists of two staves for piano accompaniment, with a treble and bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. The word "Interlude." is written above the first measure.

"Here Am I."

"That the Lord called Samuel : and he answered, Here am I."—1 Sam. 3: 4.

Rev. T. C. SMITH.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

1. As the Lord to Sam- uel spake, In silent night hours long gone by,
 2. When the Lord calls you to strive Against the wrongs that round you lie
 3. To the Sav- ior's gen- tle call, With meek and lov- ing heart re- ply,
 4. Christ a rich re- ward will give To you in His bright home on high,

If His voice should you a- wake, Would you an- swer Here am I?
 Ev- ry day of earth- ly life, Will you an- swer Here am I?
 For Him free- ly leav- ing all, Glad- ly an- swer Here am I?
 And He'll bless you while you live, If you'll an- swer Here am I?

CHORUS.

Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, When my name is called, I'll
 Here am I, Here am I, Here am I,

answer Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am
 Here am I, Here am I, Here am I,

Repeat Chorus softly.
rit.

I, When my name is called, I'll answer Here am I. Here am I.
 Here am I,

John, Three, Sixteen.

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E. E. N.

Matt. 18: 11-15.

E. E. NICKERSON.

1. { Once I was a lost one, and did not know the way, My eyes they were
I read in the Bi - ble that Je - sus is the way, For (Omit.....
2. { On rough surg-ing bil-lows my fainting soul was tossed, My sins were like
My soul cried for Je - sus, just then I heard His voice, He (Omit.....
3. { And now Je - sus saves me, He makes my life a joy, His love Je - sus
He saves anx-ious sinners, He makes them just and clean, Now (Omit....

2.
blinded, 'twas dark when 'twas day; sinners lost, and sheep that go a-stray.
mountains, my gold was all dross, said. Accept my peace, my love, my joy.
gives me, yes, love without al-loy; read it for yourself, John, three sixteen.

CHORUS.

'Twas Je - sus my Sav - ior who died on the tree, To pur-chase sal -

- va-tion for sin - ners like me; His blood is a foun-tain, and

all men may know He cleans - es the vil - est, yes, whit-er than snow.

I'm Going Home to Glory.

LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. My heart is full of glad-ness, And mu - sic fills the air, I'm
 2. I've ma - ny loved ones yon - der Who have but gone be - fore, Their
 3. When here on earth they trusted The Sav - ior's pre - cious blood, And

on my way to heav - en, And soon its bliss will share; No pain, no
 jour - ney now is o - ver, They've reached the golden shore; Oh, what a
 fol - low - ing the Shepherd, They trod the heav'nly road; I, too, in

death nor sor - row, But glo - ry bright and fair, Shall be the blessed
 glad - some meet - ing 'Twill be when I get home, A great and sweet re -
 Christ am rest - ing, And in His grace a - lone; I'm dai - ly, hour - ly

CHORUS.
 por - tion Of all who en - ter there. }
 - un - ion Be - fore our Father's throne. } I'm going home to glo - ry, I'm
 long - ing To hear Him call me home. }

go - ing home to glo - ry, I'm go - ing home to glo - ry Some glad day. *rit. ad lib.*

I Am Trusting in My Savior.

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LEONARD WEAVER, Evangelist.

J. W. WARD.

1. *I am trust-ing* in my Sav - ior, For his death up - on the tree;
 2. *I am look-ing* un - to Je - sus, To sup - ply all dai - ly grace;

Has re - moved all con - dem - na - tion, And from sin has set me free.
 And so sweet - ly *I am rest-ing* In the sun - shine of His face.

CHORUS.

Rest - ing so sweet - ly, Fol - low - ing so close - ly,

Kept for His ser - vice I e'er would be Wait - ing and watching,

Work - ing and prais - ing 'Till in the glo - ry His face I see.

3 *I am living* now to serve Him,
 Go or wait at His command;
 Like a servant, ever ready
 To obey *I listening stand*.

4 *I am working* for the Master
 In the harvest field to day;
 Oh, how sweet it is to follow,
 When His Spirit leads the way.

5 *I am following* in the foot - prints
 He has left along the way;
 And, tho' rough at times the journey,
 Yet it leads to endless day.

6 I am waiting for His coming,
 When the working day is o'er;
 I am watching and I'm longing,
 To be with Him evermore.

The Better Land.

C. B. KENDALL. Cho. Arr.

GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. There is a better land a - bove, . . . A land to us un - seen,
 2. The place which knows us here below . . . Will know us soon no more;
 3. Tho' toil-ing here we soon shall be, . . . Safe in that happy land;
 4. A ci - ty there we shall en-joy, . . . All beau - ti-ful and bright;

A land of peace, of light and love, . . . And ho - li - ness su - preme.
 But oh, what bliss if we but go, . . . To dwell on Ca - naan's shore.
 We shall the King of glo - ry see, . . . And with the an - gels stand
 Where sin will nev - er more annoy, . . . The hap - py souls in light.

This world is not our rest-ing-place, Here we are far from home,
 There God our Sav-ior lives and reigns, And all His saints ap-pear
 It is a land of rest, 'tis said, For saints it is pre-pared—
 Oh, when shall I that land be - hold, That ci - ty bright and fair?

Where long we've slight - ed of - fered grace, Con-tent in sin to roam.
 With garments washed all free from stains, They love His name to fear.
 By us, if joined to Christ our head, Its bless-ings will be shared.
 With streets a - dorned and paved with gold, Thy joys when shall I share?

REFRAIN.

That bet- ter land, where an-gels stand,
That bet- ter land, where an- gels stand.

And sing His prais - es o'er; I'm go - ing there,
I'm going there,

His joy to share, And live for - ev - er - more.
His joy to share,

Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and,ev - er shall be, World with - out end. A - men.

Draw Near, Fair Eden.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. We lay our dear ones down to rest, And wipe away a fall-ing tear, Then
2. The time to wait will not be long, Tho' dreary years may roll between: Each

turn our eyes to you-der shore, And fan-cy it is drawing near: We
mo-moment brings us near-er home And adds new beau-ty to the scene; The

see their fac-es in the throng, The lov-ing smile, the wav-ing hand; We
sore af-flic-tions we endure, The heav-y loads we have to bear, The

catch the mel-o-dy of song, And long to fly to you bright land.
hours of sor-row we pass through Secures for us our treasure there.

CHORUS.

Draw near, fair E-den, ve-ry near, And hov-er o'er this world of care;

And thro' the years that in-ter-vene Let our af - fec - tions linger there.

Farewell.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

J. KINKLE. Arr. by G. B.

mf Andante.

p

poco rit.

1. Fare-well! we now must sev - er, We'll part, but not for - ev - er; Be -
 2. Fare-well! our love we cher-ish, Af - fec-tions nev - er per-ish; But
 3. Fare well! in tears we leave you, Tho' part-ing now may grieve you; We

cres.

f

CHORUS.

- yond the vale of sor-row We meet again to - morrow.
 in a coun-try ver - nal A - bide with us e - ter - nal. } Farewell! fare-
 go where duties call us, What-ev - er may be - fall us.

- well! We part in love, Fare-well! fare - well! We'll meet a - bove.

Remember Your Mother's Prayer.

A dying mother's last words to her child.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

J. W. WARD.

1. This life is be - set with temp - ta - tion, Sur - round - ing us
 2. My life and its la - bors are o - ver, I'm go - ing to
 3. Tho' gone I shall nev - er for - get you, But pray in my
 4. I'll watch the ce - les - tial pro - ces - sion, As - cend - ing the

ev - 'ry - where, But Je - sus is a - ble to keep you,
 rest o - ver there, A - bide in the love of your Sav - ior,
 man - sion fair, That sometime I'll meet you up yon - der,
 gold - en stair. And meet you, my child, at the gate - way,

CHORUS.

Re - member your moth - er's pray'r. Re - member, my child, O, re -

- mem - ber, The years of ma - ter - nal care; The days that I

prayed for you, dear one, Re - mem - ber your moth - er's pray'r.

Awake! He Cometh!

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J. VAN TASSEL.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Wake! wea - ry Bride, from slum - ber; Be watch - ing un - to pray'r;
2. The ban - quet hall is read - y, With daz - zling light a - glare.
3. Oh! what a joy - ous end - ing, To years of wait - ing here!

With oil thy ves - sel well sup - ply, And trim thy lamp with care.
The ta - ble groaning with the weight Of rich and dain - ty fare.
What glo - rious sun - shine af - ter storm; What peaceful rest - ing near.

The Bridegroom will not tar - ry, Nor lengthen His de - lay;
The guests are all in - vit - ed; The door stands o - pen wide;
Look up! look up, He com - eth! What com - fort in His word,

The her - ald trum - pet soon will peal, And summon thee a - way!
The Marriage Sup - per of the Lamb A - waits His honored Bride.
"I quick - ly come, and thou shalt be For - ev - er with thy Lord."

212 What I Have Written I Have Written.

J. G. D.

J. G. DAILEY.

1. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, King of the Jews, But to re - ceive Him the
 2. Je - sus of Naz - a - reth now I see, Nailed by His foes to the
 3. Are you re - ject - ing this cru - ci - fied Lord? Are you de - spis - ing His
 4. Brother, your rec - ord you're writing to - night, Oh, may its pag - es be

peo - ple re - fuse; Pi - late made answer, I say un - to Thee;
 shame - ful tree; "Fa - ther, forgive them, they know not of Thee."
 ex - cel - lent Word? This shall your cry in e - ter - ni - ty be;
 spotless and white; Par - doned or lost, in the judg - ment you'll see,

CHORUS.

What I have written, the rec - ord shall be.
 What they have written, their rec - ord shall be. } What I have written,
 What I have written, my rec - ord shall be. }
 What you have written, your rec - ord shall be.

rit.
 I have writ - ten, Thus shall my rec - ord stand to - day.

They are Covered by the Blood.

213

L. E. JONES.

I. H. MEREDITH.

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

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

CHORUS.

covered by the blood of Je - sus, They are covered by the blood,

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

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

The Kingdom to Come.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11: 16.

Mrs. HANNAH M. RICHARDS.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Let the world have its diamonds, its sil - ver and gold, I am rich - er by
 2. Let the world have its pottage, my birth-right I'll keep, For its pleasures or
 3. Let the world have its hon - ors, am - bitions and fame, In the Lamb's Book of
 4. Let the world dive for pearls 'neath the ocean's blue deep, All its treasures and
 5. I am near - ing the ci - ty, its spires I can see, And its pearly gates

far with the ti - tle I hold; I am heir to a king - dom, a
 toys I'll not grov - el or creep; I'm a child of a King, I'll not
 Life has been writ - ten my name; When the world is on fire still my
 dia - monds and pearls it - may keep; I've a mansion pre - pared in the
 soon will be opened to me, With the shout of a vic - tor I

crown and a throne, That shall stand when earth's kingdoms are all overthrown.
 bar - ter a crown, For the tri - fles of earth, for its wealth or re - nown.
 name shall en - dure, And my kingdom and palace will then be se - cure.
 ci - ty of gold, Where the gates are of pearl, and its wealth is un - told.
 soon shall be crowned, While the arches of heav'n with ho - san - nas re - sound.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, my soul mounts up - ward and sings, Hal - le -
 - lu - jah to Je - sus, the King of all Kings! Hal - le - lu - jah, the

king-dom to come draweth nigh, What a crowning 'twill be in the

sweet by and by, What a crowning 'twill be in the sweet by and by.

rit. ad lib.

Invocation.

To W. S. Weeden.

E. T. LANDON.

1. O God, Thou art the King of Kings! No counsellor hast Thou! With
 2. We thank Thee, Fa-ther, for Thy love, And all Thy mercies giv'n! When
 3. Je - ho - vah! Thou whom we a-dore! Im-part to us Thy peace! Then,

love and pow'r Thou art replete, Thou art the star that guides our feet,
 trou-ble on our sky appears, We'll trust and bring Thee all our fears,
 wheth-er life be dark or bright, Or should our sky be gray or fair,

We find our joys in Thee complete, Be-fore Thy throne we bow.
 As-sured that Thou wilt dry our tears, And lead us safe to Heav'n.
 Thy peace will fill each heart with light, And dis-si-pate all care.

We are Soldiers of the Cross.

Play first eight measures for prelude.

Words and Music by GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.

Spirited.

1. We are sol - diers of the cross, Battling for the right;
 2. We are sol - diers of the cross; By it we are led;
 3. We are sol - diers of the cross, Faithful, val - iant, true;
 4. We are sol - diers of the cross; Let us ev - er be

f *ff*

We are march ing on to war, With shield and buckler bright;
 It is gleam - ing with the blood That Christ our Lord bath shed.
 Do - ing with our strength and might Whate'er we find to do;
 Worthy of the name we bear, Till death shall set us free.

f

We are chil - dren of a King Who sits enthroned on high;
 He so loved us that He died To take our sins a - way;
 Nev - er yield - ing un - to sin, Tho' foes en - camp a - round;
 Then for - ev - er we will give All praise, O God, to Thee;

mf *cres.*

He is strong, and we shall win If on Him we re - ly.
It is lit - tle we can do This debt of love to pay.
Us - ing prayer, a wea - pon strong, To crush them to the ground.
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

CHORUS.

As we march ring out the song, Lift the cross on high;

Blow the trum - pet loud and long, And shout the bat - tle cry.

Angels Hovering Round.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1 There are angels hov'ring round, etc. | 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. |
| 2 To carry the tidings home, etc. | 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc. |
| 3 To the New Jerusalem, etc. | 6 There's glory all around, etc. |

My Heart's Prayer.

"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."—Mark 9: 24.

FLORA MCLEAN. Arr. by W. G. C.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Dear Lord, in-crease my faith, I pray, While on this earth I roam;
 2. Give me the faith to trust Thy pow'r, E'en where I can - not see;
 3. To yield the whole and not a part, Is my most earn - est pray'r;
 4. Should an - y - thing e'er seem to stand Be - tween Thy heart and mine,

Ban - ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.
 The faith to yield, this ve - ry hour, My life, my all to Thee.
 Come, Thou, and cleanse my froward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.
 Spare not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.

Guide me home, guide me home, Guide me safe - ly home; Ban -
 All to Thee, all to Thee. Life and all to Thee; Help
 Cleanse my heart, cleanse my heart, Reign for - ev - er there; Come,
 Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine. Till I'm whol - ly Thine: Spare

- ish my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, And guide me safe - ly home.
 me to yield this ve - ry hour, My life and all to Thee.
 Thou, and cleanse my fro - ward heart, And reign for - ev - er there.
 not the chast'ning of Thy hand, Till I am whol - ly Thine.

- 5 Then, when on earth my work is past, 6 A palm of victory I'll bear,
 And I have reached the goal, Of victory over sin;
 Oh, bear me to my home at last, And I shall tell the angels there,
 An humble, grateful soul. How Jesus took me in.
 Bear me home, bear me home, Tell them there, tell them there,
 To my heav'nly home; Jesus took me in;
 Oh, bear me to my home at last, Oh, I shall tell the angels there,
 An humble, grateful soul. How Jesus took me in.

From "Pearls of Paradise," by per.

219 *I Gave My Life for Thee,*

- 1 I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
||: I gave, I gave my life for thee, :||
What hast thou given for Me?
- 2 My Father's house of light
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone.
||: I left, I left it all for thee, :||
Hast thou left aught for Me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
||: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :||
What hast thou borne for Me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
||: I bring, I bring, rich gifts to thee, :||
What hast thou brought to Me?

220 *Haste, O Sinner, Now be Wise.*

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

221 *Stand up for Jesus.*

- 1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross:
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey :
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

222 *Even Me.*

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful tho' my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me, even me,
Let Thy mercy fall on me.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to Thee ;
I am longing for Thy favor ;
Whilst Thou art calling, oh, call me—
Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou caust make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of pow'r to me—
Even me, even me,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

223 *And Can It Be?*

- 1 AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Savior's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me!
- 2 He left the Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite His grace!—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race!
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!
- 3 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee,

224 *Revive Us Again.*

1 WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son of
Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit
of light, [tered our night.
Who has shown us our Savior, and scat-

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain, [cleansed every stain.
Who has borne all our sins, and hath

4 All glory and praise to the God of all
grace, [guided our ways.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with
Thy love; [above.
May each soul be rekindled with fire from

225 *There is a Fountain.*

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

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

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

226 *Sinners, Turn, Why will Ye Die?*

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why;
Will ye not in Him believe?
He has died that you might live.

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
Often with you has He strove,
Wooded you to embrace His love.

227 *Take My Life and Let It Be.*

1 TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always—only—for my King.

3 Take my lips and let them be
Fill'd with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold,

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

228 *Just as I Am.*

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

229 *Blest be the Tie.*

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

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

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

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

230 *I Do Believe.*

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me; [blood,
And thro' His blood, His precious
I shall from sin be free.

2 What did Thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath;
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

231 *He is Calling.*

1 THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

CHO.—He is calling, "Come to Me!"
Lord, I gladly haste to Thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior,
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind,

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

232 *Oh, How I Love Jesus!*

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHO.—||: Oh, how I love Jesus! :||
Because He first loved me;
||: How can I forget Thee! :||
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

233 *O Happy Day.*

1 O HAPPY day that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

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

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him of ev'ry good possess'd,

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

234 *At the Fountain.*

1 OF Him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home

2 Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n,
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n.

3 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make me whole.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I drink and yet am ever dry.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain, drinking,
Glory to God,
My soul satisfied,

235 *Glorying in the Cross.*

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

236 *Arise, My Soul, Arise.*

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
- ||: Before the throne my Surety stands; :||
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead.
- ||: His blood atoned for all our race; :||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear.
- ||: With confidence I now draw nigh; :||
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

237 *Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow.*

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
- ||: The year of jubilee is come; :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
- ||: The year of jubilee is come; :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
- ||: The year of jubilee is come; :||
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

238 *Coronation.*

- 1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all,

239 *My Faith Looks up to Thee.*

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

240 *Must Jesus Bear the Cross?*

- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ry one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

241 *Doxology.*

- PRaise God from whom all blessing flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

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PRESS AND PULPIT NOTICES.

I cannot possibly find words to adequately express the high appreciation in which I hold W. S. Weeden, as a musical director for Chautauqua Assemblies, as a soloist, and as a Christian gentleman. He is a magnificent singer, an inspiring director, a bright, sunshiny man of even temper, who can always be trusted to do the right thing, and to do it well.

REV. W. L. DAVIDSON, D.D., Supt. of Instruction.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1893.

W. S. Weeden is by all odds the best male soloist that has yet appeared before a Beatrice Chautauqua audience. His voice is a magnificent baritone.
The Daily Express (Beatrice, Neb., June, 1893).

That I am without musical capability—instrumental, I know; vocal, my friends eagerly assure me. But I have a listening ear, and to the thorough and general esteem in which Mr. Weeden is held at Chautauqua Assemblies as a musical director, I gladly testify.

Cuba, New York, August 19, 1893.

DEWITT MILLER, Lecturer.

One of the great attractions of the assembly has been the singing of Mr. Weeden, the chorus conductor. We should hardly know what to do without him. Mr. Weeden's forte is in assembly and chorus work, and in this he is said by his colleagues to have no equal at present in the country.

Times Republican (Marshalltown, Iowa, July 20, 1893).

Mr. W. S. Weeden sings to the heart with artistic grace and sweetness and is a skillful leader.

REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 22, 1893.

This was Mr. Weeden's second Chautauqua appearance here. He is a fine chorus trainer and conductor.

Lexington Transcript (July, 1893).

As a pastor, and especially as an assembly director for ten years, I have had much to do with musical directors, and in the list are some names known throughout the land. I do not hesitate to say that W. S. Weeden easily excels all the others. He has the power of inspiring enthusiasm in his choruses, which insures the highest success in chorus work. As a soloist he is exceptional.

H. C. JENNINGS, Supt. Waseca Assembly.

Red Wing, Minn., Sept. 23, 1893.

W. S. Weeden is an ideal musical director. He is the possessor of a magnificent voice, which he uses with rare taste and expression in solo work; while his fine presence, technical skill, enthusiastic devotion to his art, and sterling personal character make him an exceptionally strong and popular conductor.

E. C. WHALEN, Superintendent.

Spirit Lake, Iowa, July 26, 1893.

I know W. S. Weeden to be a thorough artist, as well as Christian gentleman. As a chorus organizer and conductor he is simply unrivaled—as a solo singer he is splendidly equipped with a glorious voice, artistic taste, and, best of all, tact and sense of fitness in his selections.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 1, 1893.

L. F. COPELAND, Lecturer.

W. S. Weeden has had many years of experience in conducting music at large assemblies all over the country. He will be pleased to correspond with committees who have need of such a man. He is perfectly at home in Chautauqua work, camp meetings, Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Conventions, Young Men's Christian Association Conventions, Temperance Rallies, Evangelistic work, and all special meetings of the church. Address all communications to

W. S. WEEDEN, 106 WAVERLY PLACE, NEW YORK.







“Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace, good will to-
ward men.”—Luke II; 14.



“Peace I leave with you, my
peace I give unto you; not as the
world giveth, give I unto you.
Let not your heart be troubled,
neither let it be afraid.”—John
XIV; 27.