

MRS. VAN COTT'S

PRAISE BOOK,

USED AT HER

GOSPEL MEETINGS.



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MRS. VAN COTT'S



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✓  
MRS. MAGGIE N. VAN COTT.

AND USED BY HER AT HER

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

BOSTON:

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“Sing it again, and let every body sing.”

## PREFACE.

*Glory be to God in the highest!*

For a long time my precious spiritual children have urged me to give them a book of song. I now offer them this Revival Praise-Book, with an earnest prayer from Mother's soul that, when done with earth, we all may meet to sing in heaven.

*“Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely. Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee! O let the nations be glad and sing for joy!*

Yours lovingly,

MAGGIE N. VAN COTT.

NEW YORK, 1877.

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# MRS. MAGGIE N. VAN COTT'S PRAISE BOOK.

## No. 1. Saviour, look in love on me.

MRS. MAGGIE N. VAN COTT.

KARL REDEN.

1. Sav-iour, look in love on me, Fill my soul with char-i-ty;

Keep me from the tempter's pow'r, Help me in each try-ing hour.

2.

Jesus, bid my sorrows cease,  
Grant my soul a perfect peace;  
While, through faith, I look to Thee,  
Stamp thine image, Lord, on me.

3.

Fill me with thy Spirit's power,  
Let me feel it every hour;  
Keep my soul in perfect rest,  
Come, and consecrate my breast."

4.

Lord, to me Thy grace impart,  
Let its presence fill my heart;  
Send Thy Spirit from above,  
Grant the sweets of perfect love.

## No. 2.

## Welcome Home.

Words by REV. R. LOWBY.

DUET.—*Cheerfully.*

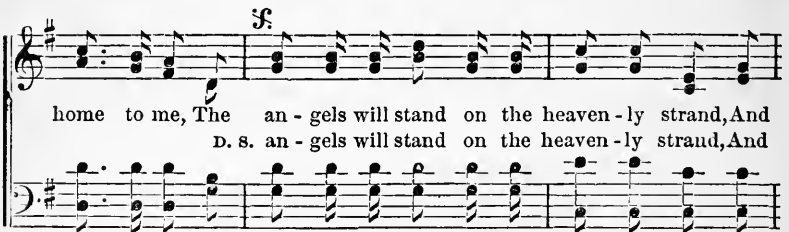
1. There is a realm where Je-sus reigns, A home of grace and love,  
 2. There sons of earth will join to bless The precious Sav-iour's name,



CHORUS.  
 Where an-gels wait with sweetest strains To greet the saints a - bove.  
 Clothed in His per-fect righteousness, And saved from sin and shame.

3.  
 Yet all, alas! may not be there,  
 For some will slight his grace,  
 Tho' now He calls, they do not care  
 To turn and seek His face.  
 CHO.—They'll sing, &c.

4.  
 He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,  
 And I will give you rest;"  
 The angels wait their melody,  
 To greet you with the blest.  
 CHO.—They'll sing, &c.



## No. 3.

## I am so happy.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. I am so hap - py, Jesus doth love me, When a poor sinner, weary and sad

He came to pardon ev'ry transgression; Jesus doth love me, I am so glad.

Sing - - ing and pray - - ing, my soul is so hap - py and free ;

**CHORUS.**

Singing and pray - ing, sing - ing and pray - ing, My soul is hap - py, hap - py and free ;

Shout hal - le - lu - - jah, For Je - sus loves ev - en me.

Shout hal - le - lu - jah, shout hal - le - lu - jah, Jesus loves ev - en me.

2

I am so happy, Jesus has promised  
 Ever to guard me with loving care,  
 He did not chide, when, contrite in spirit,  
 Asking for grace, he met me in prayer. **CHO.**

3

I am so happy, Jesus will ever  
 Help me to love him if I but try;  
 Help me to conquer every temptation,  
 Give me a crown of glory on high. **CHO.**

4

I am so happy, Jesus will meet me,  
 With the redeemed and jubilant throng;  
 Angelic choirs with heavenly music,  
 Shout the triumphant, glorified song. **CHO.**

## No. 4. O Thou God of my Salvation.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

KARL REDEN, by per.

1. O thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Redeemer from all sin;  
2. Tho' unseen, I love the Saviour; He hath brought sal-va-tion near;

Moved by thy di-vine com-pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win,  
Man-i-fests his pard'ning fa-vor; And when Je-sus doth ap-pear,

I will praise thee: I will praise thee: Where shall I thy praise be-gin?  
Soul and bod-y: Soul and bod-y: Shall his glo-rious im-age bear.

I will praise thee; I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be-gin?  
Soul and bod-y: Soul and bod-y: Shall his glo-rious im-age bear.

3

While the angel choirs are crying,—  
Glory to the great I Am,  
I with them will still be vying—  
Glory! glory to the Lamb!  
||: O how precious: ||  
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4

Angels now are hovering round us,  
Unperceived amid the throng;  
Wondering at the love that crowned us,  
Glad to join the holy song:  
||: Hallelujah,: ||  
Love and praise to Christ belong!

No. 5.

## Sweet By and By.

S. F. BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. { There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see from a - far ;  
 2. { For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, (*Omit.*)

2 CHORUS.

To prepare us a dwelling place there. } In the sweet by and  
 } In the sweet by and by, In the

by, We shall meet on the beau - ti - ful shore, In the  
 sweet by and by, by and by,

*Repeat Cho. pp*

sweet by and by, by and by, We shall meet on the beau - ti - ful shore.  
 by and by, In the sweet by and by.

2

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

3

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

## Hope for the Fallen.

From "Silver Wings."

## TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. { O'er the dark a-bodes of sor-row, Cheer'd by no re-viv-ing ray, }  
 { Brightly tem-per-ance a-ris-ing Brings a bright and glorious day. }

CHORUS.

There is hope for all the fall-en, There is hope for all the

fall-en, There is hope for all the fall-en, There is hope for all, for all.

2

May the heart-reviving story  
 Win and conquer—never cease—  
 May the ranks of temperance ever  
 Multiply and still increase.

CHO.

3

Now the trump of temperance sounding  
 Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?  
 Let your voices, all resounding,  
 Welcome on the happy day.

CHO.

## No. 7. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.

KARL REDEN.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;  
2. Have we tri - als and tempta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.  
We should nev - er be dis - couraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we often for - fei't, Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
Can we find a Friend so faithful, Who will all our sor - rows share?

All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.  
Je - sus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do our friends despise, forsake us?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield us,  
We shall find a solace there.

No. 8.

## A Home for Thee.

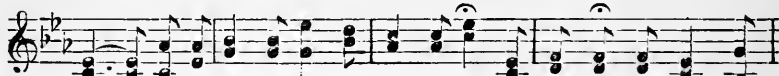
From "SILVER WINGS."

DUET.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, a home, a home for

2. There's a beau-ti-ful rest for thee, brother, a rest, a rest for



thee; In that land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother's a home for thee; In that home above, where all is love, There, brother's a rest for

CHORUS.

thee. Home! Home! Home! Home! A  
thee.

beau-ti-ful home for thee, brother, A beau-ti-ful home for thee; In that

land of bliss where pleasure is, There, brother's a home for thee.

3

There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother,  
A crown, a crown for thee;  
When the battle's done, and the victory won,  
Our Saviour will give it thee.

4

There's a beautiful robe for thee, brother,  
A robe, a robe for thee;  
A robe of white, so pure and bright,  
A glorious robe for thee.

5

Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,  
That home, that home above?  
In that land so light, where all is bright,  
That land where all is love?



## No. 9. Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
2. The way the ho - ly proph - ets went, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

He whom I fix my hopes up-on, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
The road that leads from ban - ish-ment, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

His track I see, and I'll pur-sue, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

The nar-row way, till him I view, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

3  
This is the way I long have sought,  
Glory hallelujah!  
And mourned because I found it not;  
Glory hallelujah!  
My grief a burden long has been,  
Glory hallelujah!  
Because I was not saved from sin.  
Glory hallelujah!

4  
The more I strove against its power,  
G'ory hallelujah!  
I felt its weight and guilt the more,  
Glory hallelujah!  
Till late I heard the Saviour say,  
Glory hallelujah!  
"Come hither soul, I AM THE WAY,"  
Glory hallelujah.

5  
Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,  
Glory hallelujah!  
Shall take me to thee as I am;  
Glory hallelujah!  
Nothing but sin I have to give,  
Glory hallelujah!  
Nothing but love shall I receive.  
Glory hallelujah!

6  
Then will I tell to sinners round  
Glory hallelujah!  
What a dear Saviour I have found;  
Glory hallelujah!  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
Glory hallelujah!  
And say, "Behold the way to God!"  
Glory hallelujah!

## Whiter than Snow.

E. R. LATTA.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Bless-ed be the foun - tain of blood, To a world of  
2. Thorn-y was the crown that he wore, And the cross his

sin - ners, re - vealed; Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On - ly  
bod - y o'er - came; Grievous were the sor - rows he bore, But he

by his stripes we are healed. Though I've wan - der'd  
suf - fered not thus in vain; May I to that

far from his fold, Bring - ing to my heart pain and woe;  
foun-tain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;

## Whiter than Snow.—Concluded.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whi - ter than  
Wash me in the blood that he shed; And I shall be whi - ter than

Whi - - - ter than snow;.....  
CHORUS.

snow. Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow;  
snow.

Whi - - - ter than snow;.....

Whi-ter than the snow; Whiter than the snow, the snow; Wash me in the

blood of the Lamb,.... And I shall be whi-ter than snow....  
of the Lamb, the snow.

3

Father, I have wandered from thee;  
Often has my heart gone astray;  
Crimson do my sins seem to me;  
Water can not wash them away,  
Jesus, to that fountain of thine,  
Leaning on thy promise I'll go;  
Cleanse me with thy washing divine,  
And I shall be whiter than snow.

## Seeking.

No. 11.

MRS. M. E. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. What saith Jeho-vah, the Ho - ly One, on high? Searcher of hearts and of  
 2. What saith Jeho-vah, the Ho - ly One, above? Them that love me, saith the  
 3. What saith Jeho-vah, the sweetly solemn sound? Seek ye the Lord, while he

spir - its am I. Lord, we would serve Thee with willing heart and mind,  
 Lord, will I love. Hear him his own precious word of promise speak—  
 yet may be found. Call ye up-on him, while you he draweth near;

CHORUS.

Teach us, oh teach us the way thy grace to find. If thou wilt seek him he  
 Ear - ly shall they find me, ear - ly they that seek.  
 O - pen our hearts, Lord, thy loving call to hear.

will be found of thee, If thou forsake him, Oh, where wilt thou be! Know thou the

Lord, for thy father's God is he. If thou wilt seek him, He will be found of thee.

No. 12.

## Under His Wing.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

ASA HULL.

1. In God I have found a re - treat, Where I can se - cure - ly a -  
2. I dread not the ter - ror by night, No ar - row can harm me by

- bid; No refuge, nor rest so complete, And here I Intend to re -  
day; His shadow has covered me quite, My fears He has driv - en a -

## CHORUS.

side. Oh, what comfort it brings, As my soul sweetly sings:  
- way.

I am safe from all dan - ger While un - der his wings.

3

The pestilence walking about,  
When darkness has settled abroad,  
Can never compel me to doubt  
The presence and power of God. CHO.

4

The wasting destruction at noon,  
No fearful forboding can bring;  
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,  
His perfect salvation I sing. CHO.

5

A thousand may fall at my side,  
And ten thousand at my right hand,  
Above me His wings are spread wide,  
Beneath them in safety I stand. CHO.

## No. 13. Mrs. Van Cott's March to Heaven.

KARL REDEN.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And  
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease; While

shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?  
oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd through bloody seas?

CHORUS.

Come home! Come home! Thy Father calls thee  
Come home! Come home!

home! Come home! Come home! Thy Father calls thee home.  
*Repeat. pp*

Come home, Come home, Come home, Come home!

3  
Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4  
Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.

5  
Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,—  
By faith they bring it nigh.

6  
When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

No. 13.

## Jesus is Ready Now.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. By per.

J. K. COLE.

1. You have long been thinking, brother, Of leav-ing the ways of sin,  
2. You have long been yearning, brother, For par-don, and peace, and love;

Knowing that Je - sus is ready, And wait-ing to take you in.  
Knowing that Je - sus can save you, And fit you for joys a - bove.

## CHORUS.

Then come, come to the Sav - iour, Be - fore Him hum-bly bow;

Wait no long - er, bro - ther, Je - sus is read - y now.

3

You have long been waiting, brother,  
No longer in sin delay:  
Jesus, your Lord is willing  
And ready to save to-day. CHO.

## No. 15. Why still unsaved to-night?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. The ten-der voice of Je - sus has of-ten thrill'd thy heart, Be -  
 2. The Lord has lav-ish'd bless-ings pro-fuse - ly on thy way, Ten  
 3. Come give thy-self to Je - sus, who died to ran-som thee, Come

seech-ing thee in gen - tle tones from all thy sin to part. Why  
 thousand are the mer - cies rich he sends thee day by day; Why  
 bring thy heart, so press'd with sin, and he will set it free! O

do you all the call - ings of the bless-ed spir - it slight? O  
 with in-grat-i - tude do you the love of God requite? O  
 do not now a - gain the call of thy Re-deem-er slight, Per-

soul for whom the Sav-iour died, why still un-sav'd to - night?  
 soul for whom the Sav-iour died, why still un-sav'd to - night?  
 haps thy lat - est call may be the call that comes to - night?



## Why still unsaved to-night? Concluded.

## CHORUS.

Why still un-sav'd to-night? Why still un-sav'd to-night? O

soul, for whom the Sav- iour died, Why still un-sav'd to - night?

## No. 16.

## Lead Me On.

From "SILVER WINGS."

1. Trav'ling to the bet-ter land, O'er the des-ert's scorching sand,  
2. When at Ma-rah, parch'd with heat, I the spauk-ling fountain greet,  
3. When the wil-der-ness is drear, Show me E-lim's palm-grove near,

Fa-ther! let me grasp thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!  
Make the bit-ter wa-ters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!  
And her wells, as crys-tal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!

4 When with Amalec I fight,  
Brave to battle for the right,  
Give me courage, give me might;  
Lead me on!

5 In temptation, when the foe  
Sorely thrusts to lay me low,  
Father! conquering grace bestow;  
Lead me on!

6 Through the water, through the fire, 9  
Never let me fall or tire,  
Every step brings Canaan nigher:  
Lead me on!

7 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,  
Gaze upon the land of light,  
Then transported with the sight,  
Lead me on!

8 When I stand on Jordan's brink,  
Never let me fear or shrink;  
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:  
Lead me on!

9 When the victory is won,  
And eternal life begun,  
Up to glory lead me on!  
Lead me on, lead me on!

## No. 17. We shall Rest on the beautiful Shore.

MARY KAIL.

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. Go, work, for the har-vest is near, Go work, for the lab'ers are  
2. Our Sav-iour in-vides us to come, There is room for the world in his

few, Soon our glo-ri-fied Mas-ter in joy will ap-pear, And we  
love, Do not faint, nor grow wea-ry, for yet there is room, In the

CHORUS.

all can find something to do. } We shall rest, . . . We shall rest, We shall  
heav-en - ly man-sions a - bove. } We shall rest, We shall rest,

1st time. *Repeat very soft 2d time.*

rest on the beau-ti - ful shore. rest on the beau-ti - ful shore.

3

Our Father invites us to go  
To the land of perpetual day,  
And the tears that we shed in this valley below,  
He will wipe them forever away. CHO.

4

The poor and the needy may come,  
The lame, and the halt, and the blind,  
And all those who are seeking a heavenly home,  
The pearl of salvation may find. CHO.

5

Bright, glittering palms we shall bear,  
With loved ones who've passed on before,  
And bright crowns of rejoicing we ever shall wear  
On the beautiful, beautiful shore. CHO.

## "Jesus, only Jesus."

Words and Music by KARL REDEN.

1. "Lord have mer - cy on me!" Thus the sin - ner cried;  
2. Christ said, "whô - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er will;"

I, like him, come to thee, Come for Je - sus died.  
Christ's word fail - eth nev - er, He is call - ing still.

## REFRAIN.

Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, This my on - ly plea;

Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Je - sus died for me.

3

Sin is ever with me  
When I would do good;  
But Christ's arms beneath me  
Save from Death's dark flood.  
Jesus, only Jesus, etc.

4

To no other turning,  
In my daily strife;  
For no other yearning,—  
No one else hath life.  
Jesus, only Jesus, etc.

5

If life were but seeming,  
What need for the cross?  
If death were but dreaming,  
Life, or death, were loss.  
Jesus, only Jesus, etc.

6

Take from earth the story—  
"Christ came from above,"  
Earth would lose its glory,  
God would not be love.  
Jesus, only Jesus, etc.

## No. 19. Are you living for Jesus?

E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

B. C. OYLER.

1. How are you liv - ing my broth - er? Are you go - ing the pil - grim - age  
2. Earth offers pleasures my broth - er? Have you turn'd from these pleasures a -

way? Are you do - ing the will of your Mas - ter? Are you  
way? Are you striv - ing to work for the Mas - ter? Are you

CHORUS.

liv - ing for Je - sus to - day? Are you liv - ing for Je - sus to -  
liv - ing for Je - sus to - day? for

day? . . . Are you liv - ing for Je - sus to - day . . . O,  
Je - sus to - day, for Je - sus to - day,

tell me my friend and my brother, Are you liv - ing for Je - sus to - day?

Sin will entice you, my brother,  
Quickly turn from temptation away;  
O, then give all your life to the Master,  
And be living for Jesus to-day. CHO.

You may grow careless, my brother,  
And from Christ and his following stray,  
Are you watching and praying and trust -  
ing?  
Are you living for Jesus to-day? CHO.

## No. 20. Cast your Nets on the other Side.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE,

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Seven fishers went out by night at sea, In a ship on the waves of  
2. Not one of the seven said, why, oh, Lord? For they lov'd to o-bey the

Gal - i - lee, In vain they toil'd till the night was o'er, Then Jesus stood on the  
Master's word; They cast, therefore, and behold! they saw Their nets more full than their

CHORUS.

shining shore. A-cross the sound of the sea he cried, Cast your nets on the  
hands could draw. They then rejoic'd that the dear Lord cried, Cast your nets on the

oth-er side, The other side, the other side, Ye shall fill your nets on the other side.

3

Ye fishers who go as fishers of men,  
Casting over your nets all night in vain;  
The long, dark hours have ye toiled with-in  
The tossing waves of a world of sin?

CHO. Your Master calls at the morning-tide,  
Cast your nets, &c.

4

Oh, brothers, be glad and strong in the faith,  
Ye are fishers of men, the Master saith,  
And grow not faint tho' the toil seem vain,  
But cast your nets to the right again.

CHO. The dear Lord's voice in your heart shall guide,  
Cast your nets, &c.

## No. 21. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

By KARL REDEN.

1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a -  
 2. Who is this Je - sus? why should He The ci - ty move so migh - ti -

- long These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?  
 - ly? A passing stranger has He skill To move the multitude at will?

In ac - cents hush'd the throng re - ply:  
 A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply:

Je - sus of Na - zareth, Je - sus of Na - zareth,

Je - sus of Na - za - reth pass - eth by.

## Jesus of Nazareth. Concluded.

3

Jesus, 'tis He who once below  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened ones where'er He came,  
Brought out the sick, and deaf, and lame,  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5

Ho! all ye heavy-laden come:  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept His proffered grace,  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4

Again He comes! from place to place  
His holy footprints we can trace,  
He passeth at our threshold—nay,  
He enters—condescends to stay,  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6

But if you still this call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

No. 22.

## Be Firm.

From "Silver Wings."

1. Be firm and be faithful; De - sert not the right; The brave are the  
2. If scorn be thy portion, If ha - tred and loss, If stripes or a

bolder, The darker the night, Then up and be do - ing, Tho'  
pri - son, Re - member the cross! God watches a - bove thee, And

foes may as - sail; Thy du - ty pur - su - ing, Dare all, and pre - vail.  
He will re - quite; Stand firm, and be faithful, De - sert not the right.

## No. 23. How can we sing the praise of Jesus?

FROM SILVER WINGS.

1. How can we sing the praise of Je - sus? How can we bid our voi - ces raise  
2. How can we ev - er work for Je - sus? How can we hope the crown to win?

Up to the throne of God in heaven, Like smoke from off the sac - ri - fice.  
How can we be his true dis - ci - ples, If all our tho'ts are full of sin?

CHORUS.

Vain indeed is the praise we of - fer, All in vain are the songs we raise;  
Vain indeed is our toil and la - bor, Vain our hopes to se - cure the prize;

If there is no love in our hearts for Jesus, How can we ever tru - ly sing His praise.  
If there is no love in our hearts for Jesus, He will our works and all our ways despise.

3

How can we ever slight our Saviour?  
Daily offend our gracious Lord?  
All that we do for love of Jesus,  
Surely brings us a rich reward!

CHO. Let us then have a heart to labor;  
Consecrating ourselves anew;  
Let us show our love for the blessed Saviour,  
In whatsoever we may find to do.



No. 24.

## Safe within the Vale.

REV. E. ADAMS.

JOHN M. EVANS.

1. Land a - head! its fruits are waving, O'er the hills of fadeless green;  
2. On-ward bark, the cape I'm rounding; See, the bless - ed wave their hands;

And the liv - ing waters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.  
Hear the gold - en harps resounding From the bright immor - tal bands.

REFRAIN.

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

Drop the an - chor, Furl the sail, I am safe with - in the vale.

3

There, let go the anchor, riding  
On this calm and silv'ry bay;  
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,  
Shores in sunlight stretch away. CHO.

4

Now we're safe from all temptation,  
All the storms of life are past;  
Praise the Rock of our salvation,  
We are safe at home at last. CHO.

## Crowns at Jesus' Feet.

KARL REDEN.

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trum - pet sounds, As through the world the  
2. Hail, Je - sus! all vic - to - rious Lord! Be - thou by all man -

e - cho bounds, Proclaiming to a ru - ined race, That thro' the rich - es  
kind adored! For us didst thou the fight maintain, And o'er our foes the

of his grace, Sin - ners may see the Sav - iour's face In  
vic - t'ry gain, That we, with thee, might ev - er reign In

end - less day. Sin - ners may see the Saviour's face In end - less day.  
end - less day. That we, with thee, might ev - er reign In end - less day.

3

And when, through grace, our course is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Then crowns unfading we shall wear,  
The glory of thy kingdom share,  
With thee, our glorious leader, there,  
In endless day.

4

Then, in thy presence, heavenly King,  
In loftier strains thy praise we'll sing,  
When with the blood - bought hosts we meet  
Triumphant there, in bliss complete,  
And cast our crowns before thy feet,  
In endless day.

## No. 26.

## Hear Him Calling.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. Are you stay-ing, safe-ly stay-ing, In the tender shepherd's peaceful

fold's? No, I'm stray-ing, sadly stray-ing, On the lonely mountains, dark and cold.

## REFRAIN.

On your ear his loving tones are fall-ing, For he seeks you, wheresoe'er you

roam, Hear him calling, sweet-ly call-ing, As he bids his wand'ring sheep come home.

2

Are you hearing, gladly hearing,  
 How he bids his folded flock rejoice?  
 No, I'm fearing, sadly fearing,  
 I have followed far the stranger's voice.

3

Are you roaming, longer roaming,  
 In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin?  
 No, I'm coming, quickly coming!  
 Open Door! make haste to let me in!

## No. 27. The Good we all may do.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1st time.

1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are go - ing by;  
There are wea - ry souls who per - ish While the [OMIT.].....

2. { There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go - ing by;  
Let your face be like the morning, While the [OMIT.].....

3. { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;  
One by one we leave be - hind us, While the [OMIT.].....

2d time.

days are go - ing by; If a smile we can re - new, As our  
days are go - ing by; Oh the world is full of sighs, Full of  
days are go - ing by; But the seed of good we sow, Both in

jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the good we all may do, While the  
sad and weeping eyes, — Help your fallen broth - ers rise, While the  
shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the

days are go - ing by, While the days are going by, While the days are go - ing

## The Good we all may do. Concluded.

by; Oh the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.

No. 28.

## There, there is Rest.

REV. G. D. BROWNE.

1. Come, poor pil-grim, sad and wea - ry, Why heaves thy breast? Roaming  
2. There is rest for thee in glo - ry, A - mong the blest; Lis - ten

CHORUS. *ad lib.*

this wide world so dreary, Sigh-ing for rest. Rest, rest, sweet rest;  
to the joy - ful sto - ry, There, there is rest. Rest, etc.

*a tempo.*

Where the wick-ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.

3

There are those who've gone before us,  
All who are blest,  
singing now the happy chorus,—  
There, there is rest.—CHO.

4

There the golden harps are ringing,  
Harps of the blest;  
And the angel bands are singing,  
There, there is rest.—CHO.

5

And while we on earth are praying,  
Jesus the blest  
Unto us is sweetly saying,  
There, there is rest.—CHO.

6

We shall meet where parting never  
Comes to the blest:  
And we'll safely dwell for ever  
In heavenly rest.—CHO.

## "Rest Remaineth."

By D. F. HODGES.

1. *Rest remain - eth*— oh, how sweet! Flowery field for wand'ring feet,  
 2. *Rest remain - eth*— rest from sin— Guilt can nev - er en - ter in;  
 3. *Rest remain - eth*— rest from tears, Rest from parting, rest from fears;

Peace-ful calm for sleepless eyes, Life for death, and songs for sighs.  
 Eve - ry warring thought shall cease—Rest in pu - ri - ty and peace.  
 Eve - ry trembling thought shall be, Lost, my Saviour— lost in Thee.

REFRAIN.

*Rest remain - eth*— hush that sigh; Mourning pilgrim, rest is nigh;

Yet a sea - son, bright and blest, Thou shalt en - ter in - to rest.

4  
*Rest remaineth*—oh! how blest!  
 We believe, and we have rest;  
 Faith, reposing faith, hath been  
 'Mongst the things that are not seen.

5  
 Thus my Saviour, let me be,  
 Even here at rest in Thee,  
 And, at last, by Thee possessed,  
 On Thy bosom sink to rest.

## I have a Sweet Hope.

REV. JOS. H. MARTIN,

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. I have a sweet hope that in heav-en above The Saviour is waiting for  
2. In midst of the trou-bles and sorrows I bear, By faith I repose on his

me, That ransom'd and sav'd by his mer - cy and love, My  
breast, I know He will make my af - flic - tions his care, And

## CHORUS.

friend and my portion He'll be. Jesus, dear Jesus will welcome me, Welcome me,  
bring me at last to his rest.

welcome me, Je - sus, dear Jesus will welcome me Home to the beau - ti - ful land.

3

He's gone to prepare for his people a place,  
A mansion of glory on high,  
And when I shall finish my journey and race,  
He'll give me a home in the sky.

4

I know when this body of flesh shall decay,  
My strength and my portion He'll be,  
In death he will be my sweet comfort and stay,  
The Saviour is waiting for me.

## Clinging to the Rock.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. When the tem-pest high is rag-ing, As I sail o'er life's rough sea,

I will fear no foam-ing bil-low, If I there may on-ly be

CHORUS.

Clinging to the rock, Yes, clinging to the rock, Clinging, clinging, clinging to the rock,

Waiting for the boatman from the oth-er shore, Coming, coming for me.

2

If amid the wrecks I'm drifted,  
 Darkness settles thickly round,  
 Hope shall lift her gleaming beacon,  
 If I then be only found.—CHO.

3

When the waves shall close around me,  
 Guardian angels standing by,  
 Guide me to the open portal,  
 Thus I triumph while I cry.—CHO.



## No. 32. Jesus is Calling you, Children.

E. R. LATTI.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Jesus is calling you, children, Joy-ful-ly hear, joy-ful-ly hear!  
2. Jesus is calling you, children, Just as of old! just as of old!

Loving-ly, tender-ly calling; Je-sus so dear! Je-sus so dear!  
Lo! he is bid-ding you welcome In-to his fold, In-to his fold!

CHORUS.

Do not delay, do not de-lay; Je-sus is calling you, children,

Do not, de-lay, do not de-lay, Jesus is call-ing you!

3

Jesus is calling you, children,  
Calling from sin, calling from sin!  
Now in his vineyard to labor,  
Quickly begin, Quickly begin.

4

Jesus is calling you, children,  
Give him your love, give him your love!  
Seek thro' his blessed atonement,  
Glory above, Glory above.

## My Beautiful Home.

From "SILVER WINGS."

1. Oh how my spir - it longs for thee, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; Where  
2. To reach thee safe I dai - ly pray, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; And

I may rest from sor - row free, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; With -  
trav - el in the toilsome way, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove; My

in the gold - en gates of light, Arrayed in garments pure and white, I'll  
wea - ry feet are bruised and sore, But Jesus' feet were bruised before, To

walk with an - gels fair and bright, In my home a - bove.  
bring me to the o - pen door Of my heav'nly home.

3

Thy shining walls by faith I see,  
Beautiful home above;  
The mansions fair prepared for me,  
Beautiful home above;  
O, let me keep my longing eyes  
Intently fixed upon the prize,  
Till angels bear me to the skies,  
In my home above. CHO.

## My Beautiful Home. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful home a - bove, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home! Oh,

come and take me dear Sav-iour, To my beau-ti - ful home a - bove.

No. 34.

## Free Grace.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev-'ry soul be Je - sus' guest;  
CHO. *There is free grace and nev-er dying love, There is free grace and nev-er dying love.*

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bidden all mankind.  
*There is free grace and nev-er dying love, Reigning in the new Je - ru - sa - lem.*

2  
Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all;  
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou,  
All things in Christ are ready now.

CHO.

3  
Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest,  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

CHO.

4  
My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
Oh, let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

CHO.

5  
See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding Sacrifice;  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace.

CHO.

## No. 35. I will leave my Jesus never.

A. B. HOAG.

1. I will leave my Je - sus nev - er! On the cross for me he died;  
2. In his name I stand ac - quit - ted While upon the earth I stay;

Love shall draw me to him ev - er; At his feet I will a - bide:  
What I have to him com - mit - ted He will keep un - til that day:

Of my life the light for - ev - er, I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!  
Be his ser - vice my en - deav - or; I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!

Of my life the light for - ev - er, I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!  
Be his ser - vice my en - deav - or; I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!

CHORUS.

Nev - er, nev - er, I will leave my Je - sus nev - er!

## No. 36. The Fountain lies open.

REV. W. H. BURRELL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Behold a fountain deep and wide, Lies o - pen ev' - ry day;  
 2. Behold, how ma - ny seek its brink, To find a cure for sin;  
 3. Come, trembling soul, and find a cure For all your ills and woes;

'Tis flowing from Immanuel's side, Come, wash your sins a - way.  
 And all the world may come and drink, And be renewed with - in.  
 The prom - is - es of God are sure; For you the fountain flows.

## CHORUS.

The foun - tain lies o - pen, The foun - tain lies  
 The fountain, The fountain,

*Rep. Cho. ad lib.*

o - pen, Come, mourn - er, Come, and bathe your wea - ry soul.  
 Yes, mourner,

4

Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
 Are freely welcomed here;  
 Salvation like a river rolls,  
 Abundant, free, and clear. CHO.

5

Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;  
 Your every burden bring;  
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
 A deep celestial spring. CHO.

No. 37.

## How goes the Battle.

*(Traveller.)*

A. HULL.

1. "How goes the battle?" O watchman, tell! Look from yon heights, where the  
 2. "How goes the battle?" O watchman, tell! Look, look a-gain where the

pilgrims dwell! Are they walking humbly where Jesus trod, And faith-ful-ly  
 pilgrims dwell! From the thorny highway of woe and sin, Do they lead the

*(Watchman.)*

keeping the truths of God? Trav - 'ler, behold the pilgrim band!  
 err - ing wand'ers in? Trav - 'ler, behold, etc.

See! they are nearing the heav'nly strand; Some fall out by the way, but the

host press on; In Jesus' strength they conquer, When the victory is won.

## How goes the Battle. Concluded.

In Jesus' strength they conquer, In Jesus' strength they conquer,

In Jesus' strength they conquer, When the vic - to - ry is won.

3

“How goes the battle?” Has *love* grown cold?  
Has *faith* been bartered for worthless gold?  
Or has *hate* crept in, and a guilty *pride*  
Borne some far away on its rolling tide?—Trav'ler, etc.

4

“How goes the battle?”—Does heartfelt prayer  
And praise arise on the grateful air?  
Do their lamps gleam bright o'er the darkened plain?  
Are they trusting still in the Saviour's name?—Trav'ler, etc.

No. 38.

## There are Angels.

HUSBAND.

1. There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round,

There are an - gels, an - gels hov'ring round.

2 To carry the tidings home.  
3 To the new Jerusalem.  
4 Poor sinners are coming home.  
5 And Jesus bids them come.  
6 Let him that heareth come  
7 We're on our journey home

## No. 39. Wandering Child, come Home.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Come home, come home! 'Tis your Father says, "Come, Thou hast wander'd a-  
 2. Come home, come home! In the des-ert and wild Thou hast gone from his  
 3. Come home, come home! There is bread, and to spare, In thy Father's a-

CHORUS.

stray Far a - way from thy home. Wandering child, come home, come  
 fold, Yet thou art his dear child.  
 bode; He will welcome thee there.

*For last stanza ad lib.*

home! Wandering child, come home, come home! I will a - rise,.....  
 I will a -

..... I will a - rise,..... And go to my Fa-ther, my  
 rise, I will a - rise,

Fa - ther, And will say..... un-to him,.....  
 And will say un - to him,



## Wandering Child. Concluded.

*mf*  
Fa - ther, Fa-ther, I have sinn'd a-against thee, and am no more

worthy to be called thy son; I will go, I will go, I will go.

No. 40.

## Just as I am.

Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,

And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, 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!

5

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

6

Just as I am, thy love, unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down:  
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

No. 41.

## Take thy Cross.

Words by F. POLLARD.

From "Silver Wings."

1. Brother, take thy cross and bear it, Dark and heavy though it be;  
2. Brother, take thy cross of sorrow; Bear the heavy weight of pain;

Je - sus His command has giv - en, Take thy cross, and fol - low me.  
Je - sus bent 'neath such a burden, Why should such as thou complain.

## CHORUS.

Take thy cross, Take thy cross, Take thy cross whate'er it be;

Take thy cross, Take thy cross, Learn to bear it cheer - ful - ly.

3

Brother, take thy cross and follow  
Jesus through the shadows dim;  
Thou wilt find thy burden easy,  
If thou wilt depend on Him.

4

Brother, take thy cross; for Jesus  
Gives thee strength its weight to bear;  
Trust Him in the time of sorrow,  
He will hear and answer prayer.

## "Something for Thee."

KARL REDEN.

1. Something, my God, for Thee— | Something . . for | Thee! ||

That each day's setting sun may bring Some penitential | of - fer - ing. ||

In Thy dear name some kind - ness | done; |

To Thy dear love some wan - d'rer | won— ||

Some trial meekly | borne for | Thee, || Dear | Lord, for | Thee. ||

2 Something, my God, for Thee— |  
Something . . for | Thee! ||

That to Thy gracious throne may rise  
Sweet incense from some | sacri- | fice; ♯  
Uplifted eyes, undimmed by | tears—  
Uplifted faith, unstained by | fears, ||  
Halling each joy as | light from | Thee, ||  
Dear | Lord, from | Thee. ||

3 Something, my God, for thee— |  
Something . . for | Thee. ||

For the great love that Thou hast given—  
For the dear hope of | Thee and | heaven, ♯  
My soul her first allegiance | brings, |  
And upward plumes her heavenward | wings ||  
Near- | er to | Thee— ||  
Near- | er to | Thee. ||

## No. 43. Kneeling at the Threshold.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

KARL RÆDEN.

1. I'm kneel-ing at the thresh-old, So wea-ry, faint and sore;  
2. A wea-ry path I've trav-eled, 'Mid darkness, storm and strife;

Wait-ing for the dawn-ing, The open-ing of the door; I'm  
Bear-ing many a bur-den, And strugg-ling for my life; But

wait-ing 'till the Mas-ter Shall bid me rise and come To  
now the morn is break-ing, My toil will soon be o'er; I'm

his all glo-rious pres-ence, The glad-ness of his home.  
kneel-ing at the thres-hold, My hand is on the door.

*p* CHORUS.

Kneel-ing at the thres-hold, Wea-ry, faint and sore;

## Kneeling at the Threshold. Concluded.

*rit e dim.*

Musical notation for the first system of 'Kneeling at the Threshold. Concluded.' It consists of a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

Kneel-ing at the thresh-old, My hand is on the door.

3 Methinks I hear the voices,  
Of loved ones as they stand,  
Singing in the sunshine,  
In that far, sinless land,  
Oh, would that I were with them,  
Amid their shining throng,  
And mingling in their worship,  
And joining in their song! CHO.

4 With them the blessed angels,  
That know no grief or sin;  
See them by the portals,  
Prepared to let me in!  
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,  
Thy time and way are best;  
But I'm all worn and weary,  
O Father, bid me rest. CHO.

## No. 44. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.

D. F. HODGES.

Musical notation for the first system of 'Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.' It consists of a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

1. Beyond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall be soon; Beyond the  
2. Beyond the bloom-ing and the fad-ing, I shall be soon; Beyond the

Musical notation for the second system of 'Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.' It consists of a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

wak-ing and the sleep-ing, Beyond the sow-ing and the reap-ing,  
shin-ing and the shad-ing, Beyond the hop-ing and the dread-ing,

## REFRAIN.

Musical notation for the Refrain of 'Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.' It consists of a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet hope! Lord, tarry not, but come.  
I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the calning and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.

5 Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the gathering and the strewing,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.

6 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon.

## Jerusalem the Golden.

KARL REGEN.

1. { Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; }  
 2. { Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. }  
 2. { They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, }  
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. }

I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait us  
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se -

there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.  
 rene, The pastures of the bless - ed, Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.

## CHORUS.

I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait us

there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

3  
 There is the throne of David;  
 And there, from care released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast;  
 And they who with their Leader  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 For ever and forever  
 Are clad in robes of white. CHO.

4  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest. CHO.

No. 46.

## Jesus is coming again.

JESSIE E. STROUT.

GEO. E. LEE.

1. Lift up the trumpet, oh, loud let it ring! Je - sus is com - ing a -  
 2. Ech - o it, hill-tops, proclaim it, ye plains, Je - sus is com - ing a -

- gain! Cheer up, ye pil - grims, be joy - ful and sing,  
 - gain! Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain,

3  
 Sound it, old ocean, in thy mighty wave,  
 Jesus is coming again! [lave,  
 Break on the sands of the shores that ye  
 Jesus is coming again!  
 4  
 Soon we will wing our glad flight thro'  
 Jesus is coming again! [the air,  
 Enter the kingdom, its glories to share,  
 Jesus is coming again!

No. 47.

## Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just now,  
 2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.  
 Just now he will save you, He will save you just now.

3. Oh, believe him, etc.
4. He'll receive you, etc.
5. Flee to Jesus, etc.
6. He will hear you, etc.

7. He'll have mercy, etc.
8. He'll forgive you, etc.
9. He will cleanse you, etc.
10. Jesus loves you, etc.

## No. 48.

## Oh, Pass Not By.

MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

D. HAYDEN LLOYD.

1. Je - sus, Saviour, pass not by, Pass not by, pass not  
2. We have heard thy foot-steps near, Pass not by, pass not

by; Lo, we join, as one, to cry: Bless us al - so, pass not  
by; Pause, be - hold the pleading tear, List - en to the longing

by, Lord, ful - fil thy promise now, Pour thy spir - it while we  
sigh; Je - sus, Saviour, come at last, Lest, in blessing, we be

bow; Turn to us, as one we cry, "Pass not by, pass not  
passed; When thy spir - it is so nigh, "Pass not by, pass not by."

3

Prostrate in thy path we lie,  
Pass not by, pass not by;  
Lest our very faith should die,  
Lord, we perish, pass not by;  
To thy garments we will cling,  
All our need before thee bring;  
Son of David, hear our cry,  
"Pass not by, pass not by."

4

Lord, we cannot let thee go,  
Pass not by, pass not by;  
In our midst thy presence show,  
Till thou bless us we will cry;  
Breathe on us, oh, breathe, we pray,  
Tarry not, Lord, come to-day;  
While we wait, and watch and cry,  
"Pass not by, pass not by."



## Storm the Fort.

REV. J. B. VINTON. BURMAH.

KARL REDEN.

(One of our returned missionaries thinks that the soldiers of Christ should be employed in *storming* instead of *holding* the Fort, and sends the following as a substitute for "HOLD THE FORT." He says, "If I read Jesus' signals aright, these are no times for lurking behind stone-walls, but for storming them. The fort is not ours to hold, but the Devil's (John 14 : 30 : 12 : 31 : 16 : 11.) Holding forts is his work. Would that God would make American Baptists sing and *mean* the hymn I have written ; then I could die content with no greater work.")—Watchman.

1. Ho! my comrade, see the signal Je - sus waves on high!  
2. See! the lof-ty walls are frowning, Held by Satan's power;

Sa - tan's battlements are reeling, Hear our Captain's cry:  
Sin enshrouds the world in darkness, Now's the storming hour.

CHORUS.

"Storm the fort, for I am leading, I have shown you how;"

Shout the answer back to heaven— We are ready— now.

3

See! the prophets now are showing,  
How the fort must fall;  
There is no such thing as failing,  
Shout, my comrades, all! CHO.

4

Fierce and long the siege has lasted,  
But the end is near;  
Onward leads our great Commander,  
Cheer! my comrades, cheer! CHO.

## No. 50. We're marching through a Wilderness.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

KARL REDEN.

1. We're wand'ring thro' a wil - derness; Wand'ring, wand'ring; We're  
2. We're marching thro' a wil - derness; Marching, Marching; We're

wand'ring thro' a wil - der-ness, Be - set on eve-ry side.  
marching thro' a wil - der-ness, In search of Canaan's land.

## SEMI CHORUS.

We are but a pil-grim band, Marching tow'rd the promis'd land;  
Soon we'll reach that blissful shore, Pilgrim days will soon be o'er,

Eve-ry foe we can with-stand, With Je - sus for our guide.  
Then in Heav'n, for ev - er - more, We'll be a ransom'd band!

## FULL CHORUS.

No fears dis-turb us as we go, Nor fill us with dis -

## We're marching. Concluded.

may; For He is a pillar of fire each night, A pil-lar of cloud each day.

3

4

We're marching thro' a wilderness;  
 Marching, marching;  
 We're marching thro' a wilderness,  
 Beset on every side.  
 But the smitten rock will give  
 Healing draught that we may live;  
 He will all our sins forgive,  
 And every want provide.

We're marching thro' a wilderness;  
 Marching, marching;  
 We're marching thro' a wilderness,  
 With Christ our beacon-light.  
 He will lead us through the flood,  
 He will give us daily food;  
 He will save us by His blood;  
 And keep us day and night.

No. 51.

## Invitation.

*Moderato.*

1. { Children, hear the melt-ing sto-ry Of the Lamb that once was slain; }  
 'Tis the Lord of life and glo-ry; Shall He plead with you in vain? }  
 D.C. O re-ceive Him, O re-ceive Him, And sal-va-tion now ob-tain.

*cres.* O re-ceive Him, O re-ceive Him, And sal-va-tion now obtain. *D.C.*

2

3

Yield no more to sin and folly,  
 So displeasing in His sight;  
 Jesus loves the pure and holy,  
 They alone are His delight;  
 Seek His favour,  
 And your hearts to Him unite.

All your sins to Him confessing  
 Who is ready to forgive,  
 Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,  
 On His precious name believe;  
 He is waiting,  
 Will you not His grace receive?

## Jubilate Deo.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

From "SILVER WINGS."

1. { Oh be joy - ful all ye lands! Shout a - loud for joy! }  
 { Take your harps with - in your hands, Shout a - loud for joy! }  
 2. { Know ye that the Lord is God! Praise His ho - ly name! }  
 { Know ye that the Lord is God! Praise His ho - ly name! }

Seek the Lord with love and joy! Let no thought of grief an - noy, And  
 For He made us and will keep Faithful watch o'er all His sheep; Dear

come be - fore His pres - ence with a song.  
 Shep - herd of the flock and fold a - bove.

CHORUS.

Oh! be joyful! Shout aloud for joy! Oh! be joyful, Shout aloud for joy!

Enter in His gates with thanks!

And His courts with praise!

Enter in His gates with thanks!

And His courts with praise!

Poor return our hearts can give

For the blessings we receive;

And ever may our voices sing His praise.

O how gracious is the Lord!

Ever good and kind!

Sing His praise with one accord!

Joined in heart and mind.

For his mercy's ever sure,

And His truth will still endure;

O shout aloud for joy of such a God.

CHO.

CHO.

## Fruit and Leaves.

LON LOVELAND.

KARL REDEN.

## DUET.

1. "Nothing but leaves!" Oh, God! forbid That when the Mas ter comes this way And  
2. "Nothing but leaves!" Oh! what a tho't, That life should yield no fruit for God; To

looks for fruit, that in its stead He finds a worthless, barren tree, a  
feel that I had nev - er wrought A work deserving of reward, re -

## CHORUS.

bar - ren tree. Master I would serve thee on - ly, Master I would  
-ward, reward.

serve thee on - ly, on - ly thee. . . .

3

"Nothing but leaves!" It must not be  
That mine should be a wasted life.  
Oh, Father! help me work for Thee,  
Until I'm called from earthly strife.

4

Help me to bring the garnered sheaves  
Into Thy kingdom, pure and bright,  
That I may have both fruit and leaves,  
To be of use in Thy pure sight.

No 54.

## Knocking at the Door

GRIGG.

Music arranged from the German. (Protected.)

1. { Be - hold a stranger at the door! He gent - ly knocks, has  
 { Has wait - ed long - is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er

1 2 CHORUS. By L. V.  
 knocked be - fore; } friend so ill. Oh! bid Him en - ter  
 . . . . . }

in . . . He on - ly pardons sin. The

Sav - iour stands at the door, Stands at the door.

2  
 Oh! lovely attitude—he stands  
 With melting heart and loaded hands;  
 Oh! matchless kindness—and he shows  
 This matchless kindness to his foes. CHO.

3  
 But will he prove a friend indeed?  
 He will—the very friend you need;  
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,  
 With garments dyed on Calvary. CHO.

4  
 Rise—touched with gratitude divine,  
 Turn out his enemy and thine,—  
 That soul-destroying monster, sin,—  
 And let the heavenly stranger in. CHO.

5  
 Admit him, ere his anger burn;  
 His feet, departed, ne'er return;  
 Admit him, and thy soul shall prove  
 The fulness of thy Saviour's love. CHO.

## March On!

From "SILVER WINGS."

1. { March on! brave youth, the field of strife, With per - il fraught be - fore thee  
March on! the bat - tle plain of life, Shall yield thee yet a glow - ing

lies: } Un - furl thy banner to the breeze, Em - bla - zon truth on ev - ry  
prize. }

fold, And nobly shunning selfish ease, Tread down the wrong the right uphold.

March on! March on! The Lord will guide thee on!

2

March on! and in thy glowing heart,  
The reveille of hope shall beat!  
March on! and bear that glorious part,  
Which renders victory doubly sweet.  
Press forward to the battle field,  
And bear thee bravely, noble youth;  
Gird on thy armor, take thy shield,  
And boldly strike for God and truth.  
March on! March on!  
The Lord will guide thee on!

## No. 56. He will in no wise cast you out.

SMITH.

Arranged for this work.

1. Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear; Come, trembling soul, dis-  
 2. Doth sin ap - pear be - fore your view, Of scar - let or of

pel thy fear. He saith, and who his word can doubt? *He*  
 crimson hue? If black as hell, why should you doubt? *He*

*will in no wise cast you out!* Doth Sa - tan fill you  
*will in no wise cast you out!* The pub - li - can and

with dis - may, And tell you, Christ will cast a - way? It  
 dy - ing thief Ap - plied to Christ, and found re - lief; Nor

is a truth, why should you doubt; *He will in no wise cast you out!*  
 need you en - ter - tain a doubt, *He will in no wise cast you out!*

3

Approach your God, make no delay,  
 He waits to welcome you to-day;  
 His mercy try, nor longer doubt;  
*He will in no wise cast you out!*

Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear;  
 Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear,  
 He saith, and who his word can doubt?  
*He will in no wise cast you out!*



No. 57.

## Youthful Pilgrims.

KATE CAMERON.

From "SILVER WINGS."

1. Youthful pilgrims, hap - py band, Marching to the bet - ter land!

Do not loi - ter on the way, Learn to la - bor while 'tis day;

END.

Soon the night of death will come; Youthful pil - grims, has - ten home!

D.C.

2

3

Youthful pilgrims, O beware!  
 Life is sweet, and earth is fair;  
 Place not all your hope and trust  
 On the things that turn to dust;  
 Lay your treasure upon high;  
 You will find it when you die.

Youthful pilgrims, &amp;c.

Youthful pilgrims, do not fear;  
 One who loves you well is near;  
 He will guard you, He will guide,  
 Love you more than all beside;  
 And when earth is growing dim,  
 Joy and peace you'll find in Him.

Youthful pilgrims, &amp;c.

No. 58.

## Dismission.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in redeeming grace;

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - derness.

2

3

Thanks we give and adoration,  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound;  
 May Thy presence,  
 With us evermore be found.

Then, whene'er the signal's given  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne, on angel's wings, to heaven—  
 Glad the summons to obey—  
 May we ever,  
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

## No. 59. We sing the Song of Jesus.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. We sing the song of Je-sus, With hap-py heart and voice; Come,  
 2. For us he waits in glo-ry, Up-on the far-ther shore; When  
 3. We know our up-ward jour-ney Is on-ly just be-gun; But  
 4. Come, walk with us the path-way That leads un-to the skies; And

join our tune-ful num-bers, With us may you re-joice!  
 sin and all trans-gres-sion Shall live and harm no more.  
 fear not toil or dan-ger, While Je-sus leads us on.  
 let your tune-ful voi-ces With ours in an-thems rise.

CHORUS.

We sing, We sing, We sing the song of Je-sus; We  
 We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We sing the song of Je-sus; We

*Repeat pp.*

sing, we sing, We sing the song of love.  
 sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We sing the song of love.

No. 60.

## In shining White.

Words by JUDKINS.

From "THE HYMNAL," by per.

1. En-throned is Je - sus now Up - on His heav'nly seat;  
2. They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them;

The king-ly crown is on His brow, The saints are at His feet.  
The Lamb, thro' whose a - toning blood Each wears his di - a - dem.

## CHORUS.

In shin - ing white they stand, A great and countless throng;

A palm - y scep - tre in each hand, On eve - ry lip a song.

3

Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,  
And blessed help supply,  
That we may join that radiant host,  
Triumphant in the sky. CHO.

No. 61.

## The King of Glory.

Words by Rev. JOHN M. LOWRIE, D.D.

From "CHILDREN'S PRAISE." By per.

1. The King of glo - ry! Lift ye up the gates! Lo! at your door the  
2. Down from the mansions of ce - les - tial day, See Him descend and

King of glo - ry waits; Un-bar the heart, draw back the bolts of sin,  
robe Himself in clay; Suffering and grief for us He meek-ly bears,

CHORUS.  
Rise up and let the King of glo - ry in. Who, who is He? the  
For us His toils, His a - go-nies and tears.

King of glo - ry, who? Je - sus our Lord, to Him is honour due;

Hail to our King! let all before Him fall! And crown Him, crown Him, Jesus Lord of all!

3

Nailed on the cross of misery and shame—  
'Twas thus to bleed the Lord of glory came—  
Hear from His lips that agonizing cry!  
For us forsaken see the Saviour die. CHO.

4

Death could not hold Him in the silent gloom,  
On the third morn He burst the feeble tomb,  
Rising, He reigns exalted in the sky,  
Praise ye the Lord of boundless majesty. CHO.

No. 62.

## The Home Voyage.

REV. R. F. SAMPLE.

KARL REDEN.

*mf*

1. { The pen - nons above are flutt' - ring now, The  
 { The wave - lets break on the snow - y prow, We  
 2. { We're sail - ing fast for the shores of Time, The  
 { But we're sail - ing toward a hap - pier, clime, The

CHORUS.

sails be - gin to swell, }  
 hear th' al - a - rum bell. } A - way, a - way o'er the  
 lights on land grow dim, }  
 home of ser - a - phim. } A - way, a - way o'er the

swelling main, Bound for the shining shore, Where zephyrs play o'er the

*Repeat pp*

fra - grant plain, And tem - pests rage no more.

3  
 Through light and gloom we take our way,  
 Nor fear the darkening deep:  
 We'll dash aside the foaming spray  
 And prayerful vigils keep. **Спо.**

4  
 We're drawing near the golden strand,  
 The Sabbath bells we hear:  
 Along the shore bright angels stand,  
 And glitt'ring domes appear. **Спо.**

## Just as thou art.

Arranged for this Work.

1. Just as thou art—with - out one trace Of love, or joy, or

inward grace, Or meetness for the heavenly place O guil - ty sinner, come.

## CHORUS.

"The Spir - it and the Bride say, come;" Re - joic - ing saints re -

- echo, come. Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come, Thy Saviour bids thee come.

2

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;  
 The stripes thy due were laid on me,  
 That peace and pardon might be free;  
 O wretched sinner, come. CHO.

No. 64.

## The Voice of Jesus.

BONAR.

From "THE HYMNAL," by per.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest,  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light,

Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!  
 Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found in Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest-ing place, And He has made me glad.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav'ling days are done.

## No. 65. Come, ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

Music Composed by KARL REDEN, for the Sweet Singer, IRA D. SANKEY.

By per.

*mf* Moderato. SOPRANO SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;  
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y laden, Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power;  
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Every grace that brings you nigh,  
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all;

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt, no more,  
Without mon - ey, with - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy,  
Not the right - eous, not the righteous, Sin - ners Je - sus came to call,

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.  
Without mon - ey, with - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.  
Not the right - eous, not the righteous, Sinners Je - sus came to call.

*mf* CHORUS.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick, and sore,



## Come ye Sinners. Concluded.

Je - sus ready stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power.

*Repeat pp.*

No. 66.

## Nearer, my God to Thee.

DR. L. MASON,

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee, Ev'n tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps up to heav'n: All that thou sendest me,

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my  
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, etc.  
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, etc.

God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

4

Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

5

Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,—  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee, etc.

## No. 67. Yes, for me He standeth pleading.

KARL REDEN.

1. Yes, for me He standeth pleading At the mer - cy - seat a - bove,

Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing Constant in un - tir - ing love.

CODA. *pp*

Even me, yes, e - ven me.

2

Yes, for me, for me He careth  
With a brother's tender care;  
Yes, with me, with me He shareth  
Every burden, every fear.

3

Yes, in me abroad He sheddeth  
Joys unearthly, love and light;  
And to cover me He spreadeth  
His paternal wing of might.

4

Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,  
I in Him, and He in me;  
And my empty soul He filleth  
Here and through eternity.

No. 68.

## I'm nearer my Home.

PHOEBE CARY.

JOHN M. EVANS.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;

I'm nearer my home to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.  
I'm nearer the great white throne, And near - er the Jas - per sea.

## CHORUS.

I'm near - er my home, near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day;

Yes, nearer my home in heav'n to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

3  
Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
I'm nearer leaving the cross,  
And nearer wearing the crown. CHO.

4  
But lying dark between,  
And winding through the night,  
In silence that unknown stream  
Is bearing us to the light. CHO.

5  
Perhaps my weary feet,  
Now tread upon its brink;  
And I may be nearer my home  
Than even I now may think. CHO.

6  
Father, perfect my trust;  
Strengthen my feeble faith;  
Oh, bear me triumphantly o'er,  
Tho' crossing the river death. CHO.

## Toplady.

TOPLADY.

END.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee;  
D. c. Be of sin the double cure,—Cleanse me from its guilt and power;  
2. Not the la - bour of my hands Can ful - fil the law's demands;  
D. c. All for sin could not a - tone,—Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

3  
Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,—  
Vile, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4  
While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my heart-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne—  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## Maitland.

ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,

No, there's a cross for eve - ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

3  
Before the great, the heavenly throne, O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
At Jesus' piercéd feet, O resurrection day!  
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown, Let angels from Thy throne come down,  
And His dear name repeat. And bear my soul away.

EDSON.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations

know, To earth's remo-test bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come, the

- lee is come. The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. year of ju-bi-lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd 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 ransom'd sinners, home.

3

Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption in his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4

Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5

Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love;  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6

The gospel trumpet hear,—  
The news of heav'nly grace;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face:  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honors raise;  
Glory to God the Son,  
And to the Spirit praise:  
With all our pow'rs, eternal King,  
Thy everlasting praise we sing.

## No. 72. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

C. WESLEY.

DR. MASON.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,  
2. O - ther re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
All my trust on thee is stay'd; All my help from thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3

4

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name—  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am—  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within  
Thou of life the Fountain art—  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

## No. 73. I am waiting for the Dawning!

Set to a favorite Melody.  
Copyrighted by G. Ditson & Co.

DUET.

1. I am wait-ing for the dawning, Of the bright and blessed day,

When the darksome night of sor-row, Shall have vanish'd far a-way;

When for-ev-er with the Sav-iour, Far be-yond this vale of tears,

I shall swell the song of worship, Thro' the ev-er-last-ing years.

2

I am looking at the brightness,  
See, it shineth from afar,—  
Of the clear and joyous beaming,  
Of the bright and morning star;  
Thro' the dark, gray mist of morning,  
Do I see its glorious light,  
Soon will flee the ev'ry shadow,  
Of this sad and weary night.

3

I am waiting for the coming  
Of the Lord, who died for me!  
Oh! His words have thrill'd my spirit,  
"I will come again for thee,"  
I can almost hear His footfall,  
On the threshold of the door,  
And my heart, my heart is longing  
To be His forevermore.

No. 74.

## Need for Jesus.

KARL REIEN.

1. I need Thee, precious Je - sus! For I am full of sin; My  
 2. I need Thee, precious Je - sus! For I am ver - y poor; A  
 3. I need Thee, precious Je - sus! For I am ver - y blind; A

soul is dark and guilt - ty; My heart is dead with - in; I  
 stran - ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store; I  
 weak and help - less wand'rer, With dark and e - vil mind; I

need the cleansing fountain, Where I can al - ways flee; The  
 need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way; To  
 need thy charming presence, To tread the nar - row road; To

blood of Christ, most precious, — The sin - ners' on - ly plea.  
 guide my doubting foot - steps; To be my strength and stay,  
 guide me safe to glo - ry; To bring me home to God.

I need Thee! Oh I need Thee! I need Thee, Yes, I need Thee, To



## Need for Jesus. Concluded.

guide me safe to glo - ry, And bring me to my home.

## No. 75. Salvation's Free.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;  
 CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God.

Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye surround his throne.  
 Sal - vation's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.  
 But servants of the heav'nly King, May speak his praise a - broad.

3  
 There we shall see his face,  
 And never, never sin;  
 There, from the rivers of his grace,  
 Drink endless pleasures in. CHO.

4  
 Yea, and before we rise,  
 To that immortal state,  
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
 Should constant joys create. CHO.

5  
 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below:  
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow. CHO.

6  
 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high. CHO.

Adapted to a favorite melody for this Work.

SOLO.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O, sin - ner draw near, The Waters of  
2. De - lay not, de - lay not, O, sin - ner to come, For mer - cy still

life are now flow - ing for thee; No price is de - mand - ed, the  
lin - gers, and calls thee to - day: Her voice is not heard in the

Saviour is here, Re - demp - tion is purchased, Sal - va - tion is free.  
vile of the tomb; Her mes - sage un - heed - ed will soon pass a - way.

Then haste to the Sav - iour, why long - er de -

lay? See Je - sus stands plead - ing, O hear and o - bey.

3

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4

Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,  
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;  
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand,  
What pow'r then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid.—

## No. 77. With Banner and with Badge we Come.

TEMPERANCE CHORUS.

HALI CASTER.

1. With ban-ner and with badge we come, An ar - my true and strong; To  
2. "Cold Water Ar - my," is our name, O, may we faithful be, And

fight a - gainst the hosts of rum, And this shall be our song.  
so in truth and jus-tice claim The bles - sings of the free.

## CHORUS.

We've signed the pledge which makes us free, Up, give it all our powers, The

slaves of Rum we'll nev - er be, The vic - to - ry is ours.

3

4

Though others love their Rum and Wine, I pledge to thee this hand of mine  
And drink till they are mad; In faith and friendship strong;  
To water we will still incline, And, fellow soldiers, we will join,  
To make us strong and glad. The chorus of our song.

No. 80.

## The Temperance March.

From the "Children's Friend."

1. The ar - my of temp'rance is gat h'r - ing its men, From  
2. King al - co - hol's ar - my is must' - ring in might; Then

hill-top and mountain, from valley and glen, Cold water's our beverage, we are  
come to the rescue—come join in the fight, With love on our banner, and

lus - ty and strong; Then come join our army and be marching a - long.  
love in our song, We're sure now to win as we're marching a - long.

## CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along; Come join our army and be marching along.

## The Temperance March. Concluded.

Marching along, yes marching along, Oh come join our army and be marching along.

No. 77.

## "I'll Taste not."

From the "Boys' and Girls' Monthly."

1. La-dies and gentlemen, Listen to my song: Hurrah, then, for temperance,  
2. Let ev'-ry girl and boy Sing this little song: And try to be tem-per-ate

CHORUS.

All the day long! } I'll taste not, han - dle not, Touch not the  
All his life long. }

wine, For ev' - ry girl and boy like me The temp'rance pledge should sign.

## No. 80.

## Temperance Hymn.

J. G. WEBB.

1. Oh! patiently we've waited To see the happy day When man shall tempt his brother  
D.S. And teach the weak and wretched  
2. With words and deeds of kindness, With words of love and cheer, O treat thy fellow being  
D.S. Then let us, like the angels,

END. *Al Segno.*  $\text{♩}$

No more to go a-stray; And all shall strive togeth - er To lift the fallen up,  
To leave the cruel cup.  
Thro' all his tri - als here: There's poverty and sor - row Wherever we may go—  
Be kind to all be - low.

## No. 87.

## Fount.

By ROBINSON.

END.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of every bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
{ Streams of mer - cy never ceasing Call for songs of loudest praise: }  
D. C. Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

*D.C.*

Teach me some melodious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove:

2

Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed with precious blood.

3

Oh to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

No. 82.

## Give yourself to Jesus.

KARL REDEN.

1. Give yourself to Jesus, whol-ly, He has bought you with His blood;

He de-sir-eth your sal-va-tion; He would bring you home to God.

Small return for love so ten-der, Small return for love so true,

Is your heart with all its weakness, Yet, 'tis all He asks of you.

2

3

Give yourself to Jesus, wholly;  
 His to be eternally;  
 Where and what your Lord would  
 Ever willing just to be. [have you  
 Follow closely where He leadeth,—  
 It will be in pastures sweet;  
 Happy, if for Jesus toiling;  
 Happy, waiting at His feet.

Give yourself to Jesus, wholly;  
 On His bosom 'can and rest;  
 In His love secure abiding;  
 In that love completely blest.  
 All your heart to Him uplifted,  
 All your will in His control;  
 Be your life one glad communion,  
 With the Saviour of your soul.

## Spread thy Wings.

Music arranged from the Scotch for this Work.

## DUET.

1. What is life? 'tis but a va - por; Soon it van - ish - es a -  
2. See that glo - ry, how re - splendent! Brighter far than fan - cy

- way: Life is but a dy - ing ta - per; O my soul, why wish to stay?  
paints; There, in ma - jes - ty transcendent, Je - sus reigns, the King of saints.

## CHORUS.

Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings, my soul, and fly;

Spread thy wings, spread thy wings, spread thy wings and fly.

3

Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,  
Sing with rapture of his love;  
Thro' the heavens his praises sounding,  
Filling all the courts above.—CHO.

4

Go, and share his people's glory;  
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;  
Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,  
One that angels love to hear.—CHO.



## The Universal Chorus.

Music arranged from the German for this Work.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord In the heights of glo - ry;

Hosts of heaven, with one ac - cord, Shout the joy - ful sto - ry;

CHORUS.

Praise him for his might - y deeds. Praise ye him whose grace exceeds

All that heaven in songs concedes; Worlds re - cord his glo - ry.

2

Praise him with the trumpet's tongue,  
Far and wide resounding;  
Praise him with the harp well-strung,  
While your hearts are bounding;  
Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre;  
Let his praise the lute inspire;  
Praise him in a mighty choir;—  
Shout his praise and glory.

3

Praise him with the viol's strings,  
Waking joyous feeling;  
While the vault of glory rings  
With the organ's pealing;  
Let the cymbals ring his praise,  
Wake the clarion's grandest lays,  
Praise the Lord;—thro' endless days  
Sing his praise and glory.

## No. 85. The Little Straying Lamb.

DUET.

KARL REDEN.

1. And is it true what I am told, That there are lambs within the fold Of

God's be-lov-ed Son? That Jesus Christ, with tender care, Will in his arms most

gent-ly bear The helpless "lit - tle one?" The help-less "lit - tle one?"

2 And I, a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,  
Though goodness I have none;  
May now be folded to his breast,  
As birds within the parent's nest,  
And be his "little one."

3 And he can do all this for me,  
Because, in sorrow on the tree  
He once for sinners hung;  
And having washed their sins away,  
He now is waiting, day by day,  
To cleanse the "little one."

4 Others there are who love me, too,  
But who, with all their love can do  
What Jesus Christ hath done?  
Then if he teaches me to pray,  
I'll surely go to him and say,  
Lord, bless thy "little one."

5 Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,  
And by his mercy gently led  
Where living waters run,  
My greatest pleasure will be this,  
That I'm a little lamb of His  
Who loves the "little one."

## No. 86.

## Haste to Jesus.

DUET.

Music arranged from the German, for this work.

1. Hear, O sinner! mer-cy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls;  
2. Haste, O sinner! to the Sav-iour; Seek his mer-cy while you may;

Bids you haste to seek the Sav-iour Ere the hand of jus-tice falls.  
Soon the day of grace is o-ver; Soon your life will pass a-way.

## Haste to Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Trust in Je - sus, Trust in Je - sus; 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.  
Haste to Je - sus, Haste to Je - sus; You must per - ish if you stay.

Trust in Je - sus, Trust in Je - sus; 'Tis the voice of mer - cy calls.  
Haste to Je - sus, Haste to Je - sus; You must per - ish if you stay.

No. 87.

## Jesus, Lead the Way.

Music arranged from the German for this work.

1. Je - sus, lead the way, So we shall not stray;  
2. Should our fare be hard, Be thou our re - ward;

From the path while here a - bid - ing, But shall follow thy safe guiding;  
Should our days be ver - y drear - y, And our burdens ver - y wea - ry,

Lead us by the hand To the hap - py land.  
Lead us by the hand To the hap - py land.

3  
Should the tempter's dart  
Vex and wound our heart,  
Then in our woe and weakness  
Grant us patience, grant us meekness;  
Lead us by the hand  
To the happy land.

4  
Lord, thy guidance lend  
Through life to the end;  
Should the way be smooth or trying,  
Still will we to thee be crying:  
Lead us by the hand  
To the happy land.

## Good Tidings.

KARL REDEN.

1. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the young;  
 2. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion O'er the prairies of the West;  
 3. Shout the tid-ings of sal - va - tion Mingling with the ocean's roar;

Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wa - ken ev' - ry heart and tongue.  
 Till each gath'ring congre - ga - tion With the gos - pel sound is blest,  
 Till the ships of ev' - ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.

## CHORUS.

Send the sound The earth a - round, Send the sound The earth around,

Send the sound, Send the sound, The earth a - round.

4

Shout the tidings of salvation  
 O'er the islands of the sea;  
 Till, in humble adoration,  
 All to Christ shall bow the knee.  
 Send the sound, &c.

5

Shout the tidings of salvation  
 Till the world shall hear the call;  
 And with joyous acclamation,  
 Crown the Saviour Lord of all.  
 Send the sound, &c.

## No. 89. Come to Jesus, Little One.

KARL REDEN.

1. Come to Je-sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je-sus now; Humbly at his  
2. Seek his face without delay; Give Him now your heart; Tar - ry not, but,

gracious throne In sub - mis-sion bow. At his feet con - fess your sin;  
while you may, Choose the better part. Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one,

Seek forgiveness there; For his blood can make you clean: He will hear your prayer.  
Come to Je-sus now; Humbly at his gracious throne In submission bow.

## No. 90. Jesus, I my Cross have taken.

Arranged for this Work.

End.

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee: }  
{ Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be. }  
D. C. Yet how rich is my con - di-tion—God and heav'n are still my own!  
2. { Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - iour too: }  
{ Human hearts and looks de-ceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true, }  
D. C. Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show thy face, and all is bright.

D. C.  
Per - ish, ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion—All I've sought, or hoped, or known.  
And while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,

## Beware of Peter's Word.

KARL RUDEN.

1. Be - ware of Pe - ter's word, Nor con - fi - dent - ly say, "I  
2. Man's wisdom is to seek His strength in God a - lone, And

nev - er will de - ny . . the Lord," But, "Grant I nev - er may,"  
e'en an an - gel would be weak, Who trust - ed in his own,

CHORUS.

But, "Grant I nev - er may," But, "Grant I nev - er may," "I  
Who trust - ed in his own, Who trust - ed in his own, And

nev - er will de - ny . . the Lord," But, "Grant I nev - er may."  
e'en an an - gel would be weak, Who trust - ed in his own.

3

Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide;  
This more exalts the King of kings  
Than all his works beside.

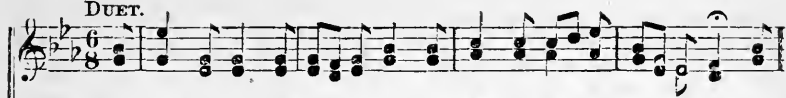
4

In Jesus is our store;  
Grace issues from his throne;  
Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

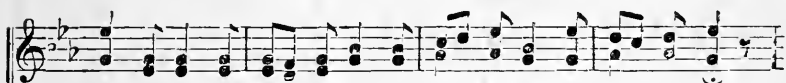
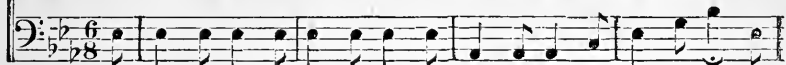
## Come, Weary Souls.

KARL REDEN.

## DUET.



1. Come hith-er, all ye weary souls, Ye heav-y lad-en sinners, come; I'll  
2. They shall find rest that learn of me; I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But



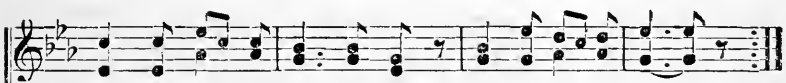
give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.  
pas-sion ra-ges like thesea, And pride is rest-less as the wind.



## CHORUS.



Come, ye wea-ry souls, hither, Come, ye wea-ry souls, come hither,  
Come, ye wea-ry souls, &c.



Come, ye wea-ry souls, hith-er, Come, ye wea-ry souls.



3

Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My cross, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to the neck;  
My grace shall make the burden light. **CHO.**

4

To Thee we come, at thy command,  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will. **CHO.**

## America.

Arranged for this Work.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble tree,  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And sing from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that  
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.  
 tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 breathe partake: Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light: Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God our King!

1	2	3
Glory to God on high! Let heaven and earth reply, "Praise ye his name!" Angels his love adore, Who all our sorrows bore, Saints, sing for evermore, "Worthy the Lamb!"	Join, all the ransomed race, Our Lord and God to bless, Praise ye his name. In him we will rejoice, Making a cheerful noise, Shouting, with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"	Soon must we change our place, Yet will we never cease Praising his name; Still will we tribute bring, Hail him our gracious King, And through all ages sing, "Worthy the Lamb!"

## Something for Jesus.

KARL REDEN.

1. Saviour! Thy dy - ing love, Thou gavest me; Nor should I  
 2. O'er the blest mer - cy seat, Pleading for me, My fee - ble  
 3. Give me a faithful heart, Like un - to Thee; That each de -



## Something for Jesus. Concluded.

ought withhold, Dear Lord from Thee. My soul would hum-bly bow.  
 faith looks up, Je-sus to Thee. Help me the cross to bear,  
 -part-ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be-gun,

My heart fulfil each vow, Some off ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.  
 Thy wond'rous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.  
 Some deed of goodness done, Some sinful wand'rer won, Something for Thee.

No. 93.

## Under Thy Wings.

Adapted to a favorite Melody.

Copyrighted by O. Ditson &amp; Co.

1. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Close by Thy side, Safe from the  
 2. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Loved ones a - bid, Whon Thou hast  
 3. Un - der Thy wings, my God, Safe - ly to hide, Gath - er Thy

"win - dy storm," Joy - ful I hide. Oft Thou hast call'd for me;  
 Thy side. Close to Thy side. Watch kind - ly o - ver me,  
 "lit - tle ones," Close to Thy side. Side wounded sore for me,

Now while the cloud I see, Swiftly I run to Thee, Close to Thy side.  
 My shield from harm to be, Keep eve - ry sin from me, While by Thy side.  
 Bleeding and bruised I see, Saviour I fly to Thee, Close to Thy side.

## Go and tell Jesus.

DUET.

KARL REEDEN.

1. Bu-ry thy sorrow, The world has its share, Bu - ry it deep-ly, Oh,

hide it with care. Think of it calmly, When curtain'd by night: Tell it to

CHORUS.

Je - sus, And all will be right. Go, and tell Je - sus! Go, and tell

Je - sus! Go, and tell Je - sus! And all will be right.

2

Tell it to Jesus,  
 He knoweth thy grief;  
 Tell it to Jesus,  
 He'll send thee relief.  
 Gather the sunlight  
 Aglow on thy way;  
 Gather the moonbeams—  
 Each soft, silver ray.  
 Go, and tell Jesus!

3

Hearts grown aweary  
 With heavier woe,  
 Droop 'mid the darkness—  
 Go, comfort them, go!  
 Bury thy sorrow,  
 Let others be blest;  
 Give them the sunshine,—  
 Tell Jesus the rest.  
 Go, and tell Jesus!

## Precious Cross.

Adapted to a favorite Melody.  
Copyrighted by O. Ditson & Co.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go  
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me

free? No, there's a cross for ev' - ry one. And there's a cross for  
free. And then go home my crown to wear; For there's a crown for

## CHORUS.

me. O, pre - cious cross! O, glo - rious crown! O, re - sur - rection  
me. O, pre - cious cross! &c.

day!..Ye angels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

3

Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pierced feet,  
I'll joyful, cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.  
O, precious cross! &c.

4

And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,  
'Neath Heaven's arches high;  
The Lord that lives, the ransom'd sing,  
That lives no more to die!  
O, precious cross! &c.

## No. 93. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

Adapted to a favorite melody.

Copyrighted by O. Ditson &amp; Co.

1 Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pes - 'ous sea;  
2. Though the sea be smooth and bright, Sparkling with the stars of night,

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
And my ship's path be a - blaze, With the light of halcyon days,  
D.C. Je - sus, Sav - iour, Bleeding Sav - iour, Je - sus, Mas - ter, pi - lot me.

D.C.  $\text{F}$   
Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.  
Still, I know my need of Thee; Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me.

3  
When the darkling heavens frown,  
And the wrathful winds come down,  
And the fierce waves tossed on high,  
Lash themselves against the sky,  
Over life's tempest'ous sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

4  
When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twi'x me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on thy breast,  
May I hear thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

## No. 99. Heaven is our Home.

Music adapted for this work.

1. Short our a - bid - ing here, Heaven is our home, The rest - ing  
2. Soon will our cares be o'er, Our la - bor done, And we shall  
3. What tho' life's sea looks dark, Rag - ing with foam, Christ guides our

## Heaven is our Home. Concluded.

CHORUS.

place is near; Heaven is our home. We tar - ry but a day;  
sigh no more; Heaven is our home.  
wand'ring bark, Heaven is our home.

Soon we shall pass away; Short here will be our stay, Heaven is our home.

4 Though oft in deep distress,  
Tearful and lone,  
Jesus will come to bless;  
Heaven is our home.

5 Earth-joys are full of pain;  
True peace unknown;  
Heaven is eternal gain;  
Heaven is our home.

No. 100.

## Jesus, paid it all.

CHORUS.

1. { Nothing either great or small, Nothing sin-ner, no; } Jesus paid it all,  
{ Jesus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go. }

All the debt I owe, And nothing either great or small Remains for me to do.

2 When He from His lofty throne  
Stooped to do and die,  
Everything was fully done—  
" 'Tis finished," was His cry.  
CHO. Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,  
By a simple faith,  
Doing is a deadly thing,  
Doing ends in death.  
CHO. Jesus paid it all, &c.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,  
Wherefore toil you so?  
Cease your doing; all was done  
Long, long ago.  
CHO. Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 Cast your deadly doing down,  
Down at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Glorious and complete.  
CHO. Jesus paid it all, &c.

## Home.

No. 101.

DENHAM.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture com - plaints,  
How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with . . . saints; }

{ To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's  
And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at  
D. S. Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my

room, } Home, home, sweet, sweet home.  
. . . . home.  
. . . . home.

2  
Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!  
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!  
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,  
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

3  
I sigh from this body of sin to be free,  
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;  
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,  
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4  
While here in the valley of conflict I stay,  
Oh give me submission, and strength as my day;  
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,  
Rejoicing in hope of my own glorious home.

5  
Whate'er Thou deniest, oh give me Thy grace,  
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;  
Endue me with patience to wait at Thy throne,  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6  
I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine.—  
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,—  
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,  
With glorified millions to praise Thee at home.

## No. 102. The Spirit turned away.

DUET.

KARL REDEN.

1. The Spir - it came in child-hood, And plead - ed, "Let Me  
2. A - gain He came and plead - ed In youth's bright, hap - py

in;" But ah, the door was bolt - ed And barred by child-ish sin.  
hour, He call'd, but heard no an-swer; For, fet - tered in sin's pow'r,

The child said, "I'm too lit - tle; There's time e - nough to -  
The youth lay dream-ing i - dly, And cry - ing: "Not to -

day; I can - not o - pen;" sad - ly The Spir - it went His way.  
day; For I must have some pleasure." A - gain He turn'd a - way.

3

4

Again He came in mercy,  
In manhood's vig'rous prime;  
But still could find no welcome—  
The merchant had "no time"  
To spare for true repentance,  
No time to praise and pray;  
And thus, repulsed and saddened,  
The Spirit turned away.

Once more, he called and waited,  
The man was old and sad;  
He scarcely heard the whisper,  
His heart was seared and bad.  
"Go, leave me. When I need Thee  
I'll call for Thee," he cried;  
Then, sinking on his pillow,  
Without a God he died!

## No. 103. Out on the Fathomless Sea.

MRS. S. B. HERRICK.

KARL REDEN.

1. Swell, swell the song, as we're glid - ing a - long,

Out on the fath - om - less sea, . . . the sea, the sea,  
Fath - om - less sea, the sea,

Gath - er - ing strength as the tem - pest comes on,

Youth - ful life, voy - 'gers are we, are we;  
voy'gers are we;



## Out on the Fathomless Sea. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

1. We have a Pi - lot whose com - pass is true; }  
Ask - ing us on - ly His bid - ding to do;

He'll guide us safe - ly the whole jour - ney through,

Out on the fath - om - less sea.

2

What though the tempest should ride in its wrath,  
Out on the fathomless sea,  
We have a lamp that will lighten our path,  
Though 'neath the storm-cloud are we.  
What tho' the wild winds our bark should assail!  
Furl we our canvas, and weather the gale;  
Pilot and compass, and chart never fail,  
Out on the fathomless sea.

3

When in the Harbor we're anchored at last,  
Over the fathomless sea;  
Breaker and reef-range and current we've passed,  
Thrilling with joy shall we be;  
Friends will be there the home voy'ger to meet,  
Angels, with welcomes, the ransom'd to greet;  
Then will our joy be forever complete,  
Home o'er the fathomless sea.

## Plenty of Work.

A. ARNOTT.

From "Silver Wings."

1. We've on - ly a lit - tle while to stay, And ev - er so much to  
 2. 'Tis sure - ly an ea - sy thing to do What - ev - er love may re

do; There's plen - ty of work for ev - 'ry day, And  
 quire; The sim - plest of tasks that we pur - sue To

SEMI-CHORUS.

plen - ty for me and for you! And ev - 'ry mo - ment  
 might - i - er deeds in - spire. The soul that longs with

as it flies, The bridge of Time has crossed; Oh,  
 grate - ful love To do its Fa - ther's will, Can

## Plenty of Work. Concluded.

may it nev - er be to us A gold - en mo - ment lost!  
find some task for ev - 'ry day, The fleet - ing hours to fill.

*f* CHORUS.

We've on - ly a lit - tle while to stay, And ev - er so much to

do; There's plen - ty of work for ev - 'ry day, And plen - ty for

me and for you, and you; There's plenty for me and for you!

3

4

'Tis sinful to idle time away;  
These moments to us are given,  
To gather the wheat that grows to-day,  
And bind it in sheaves for Heaven.  
The fields are white; oh! ask your soul  
Why are the laborers few!  
Since God appointed man to toil,  
There's work for all to do.

Then up, and away, for evening comes  
Too soon, ah! too soon for those  
Who trifle life's morning hours away,  
And sinfully seek repose.  
For still the work is going on,  
And he must work who'd win;  
Then if you mean to do your part,  
'Tis time you should begin.

## My Heavenly Home.

KARL REDEN.

1. Heav - en - ly home! Heav - en - ly home!  
 2. Heav - en - ly home! Heav - en - ly home!

bles - ed place to me! I love to think the time will come when  
 there no clouds a - rise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy

I shall rest in thee; I love to think the time will come when  
 ev - er - smil - ing skies. No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy

## DUET.

I shall rest in thee. I've no a-bid - ing ci - ty here, I seek for one to  
 ever-smiling skies, This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will often



## No. 106. "Repent, Believe, Obey."

From "Silver Wings."

1. Come, children, come to God, Cast all your sins a-way; Seek  
2. Say not ye can-not come; For Je-sus bled and died, That

ye the Sav-iour's cleansing blood, Repent, be-lieve, o - bey.  
none who ask in humble faith Should ev - er be de - nied.

CHORUS.

Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey, Re - pent, be-lieve, o -

bey. Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood, Repent, believe, o - bey.

3

Say not ye will not come,  
When God vouchsafes to call,  
For sadly will their life be passed,  
O'er whom his sin's dark thrall.

4

Come, then, whoever will,  
Come while 'tis called to-day;  
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,  
Repent, believe, obey.

No. 107.

## Are you going to Jesus?

Words by LESTA VESE, by per.

KARL REDEN.

1. To the wand'ring and wea - ry, Where - so - ev - er you be,  
2. From the home and the al - tar, Where is bend - ed the knee;

Je - sus stoops in mer - cy, Call - ing, "Come un - to me."  
Speaks His voice in mer - cy, Call - ing, "Come un - to me."

## CHORUS.

Are you go - ing to Je - sus? Are you go - ing to - day?

Heed the calling of Je - sus, Grieve not the Spir - it a - way.

3

When at night by the pillow,  
We in penitence be;  
List! His voice in mercy,  
Calling, "Come unto me." CHO.

4

When we cross the dark river,  
Calm and peaceful 'twill be,  
If we hear Him calling,  
Calling, "Come unto me." CHO.

## No. 108. The Star-spangled Banner.

Arranged for this book.

1. O say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we  
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty

ailed at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the  
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the

per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming.  
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half disclos - es?

## CHORUS.

And the rock-et's red glare, bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the  
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re -

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

night that our flag was still there: O . . . say, does that star - span-gled  
flect - ed now shines in the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled ban - ner; O



## The Star-spangled Banner. Concluded.

ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?  
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more—  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.  
No refuge can save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.  
CHO. And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation,  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust!"  
CHO. And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## No. 109. The Storm at Sea.

LESTA VESE, by per.

DUET.

1. The dis-ci-ples, with Jesus their Lord, On the sea in a ves-sel were  
toss'd; As the wind fiercely blew, and waves roar'd, Much they fear'd that they all should  
be lost.

2 Soon the water rushed into the ship; For the Master all eagerly look;  
On a pillow they find him asleep— Had the Lord his dear children forsook?  
3 While the Saviour was sleeping, he tho't Of their danger and bitter distress;  
For his merciful eye slumbers not, But is watching his children to bless.  
4 To their pray'rs Jesus' ear was inclin'd;  
To the wind and the waters he spake:  
"Peace, be still;" and soon hushed is the wind,  
And the waters their roaring forsake.  
5 Ah, how ready is Jesus to save,  
And how strong is his arm to protect;  
Then his mercy we ever will crave,  
And an answer will ever expect.

110  
The Angel Choir.

LESTA VESK. by per.

## DUET.

1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?  
2. Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found;  
3. Christ is born, the great Anoint - ed; Heaven and earth his praises sing!

Lo! th'an-gel-ic host re - joi-ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.  
Souls redeemed, and sins for - given, Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
O, receive whom God appointed For your Prophet, Priest and King.

## CHORUS.

Hear them tell their wondrous story, Hear them chant their hymns of joy;

Glo - ry in the high-est—glo - ry! Glo-ry be to God on high!

4

Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;  
Learn his name, and taste his joy;  
Till in heaven ye sing before him,  
Glory be to God on high!  
CHO.—Hear them tell, &c.

5

Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth,  
Spread the brightness of his glory  
Till it cover all the earth.  
CHO.—Hear them tell, &c.

## Parting Song.

DUET.

Music arranged from the German for this work.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a -

gain? Oft while glowing hopes ex - pire, Oft shall wearied love re -

CHORUS.

tire, Oft shall death and sorrow reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath the hostile sky;  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls;  
And in fancy's wide domain  
There shall we all meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamps are dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.

## Hosanna.

Music arranged from the German for this work.

TRIO.

1. Now to the Lord a noble song! Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Ho -  
2. See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of his grace! God

san - na to th'e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.  
in the person of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3

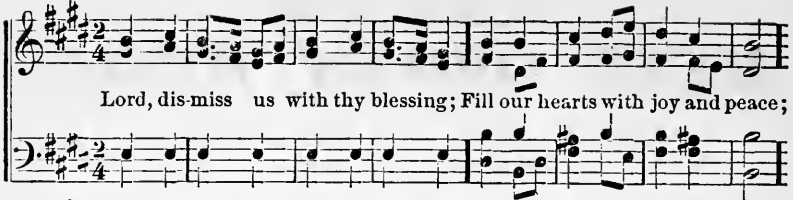
4

Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:  
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

O! may I reach that happy place  
Where he unveils his lovely face;  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

No. 113.

## Dismission. 8s &amp; 7s.



Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

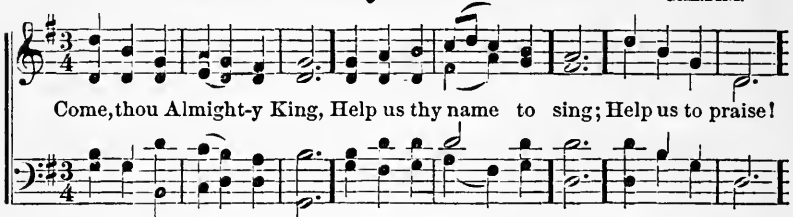


Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.

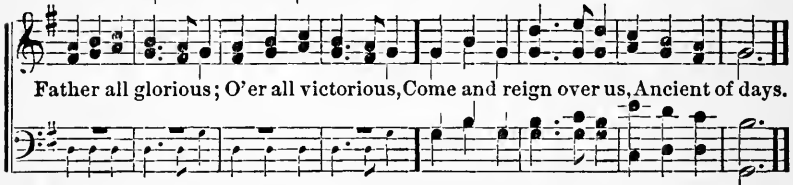
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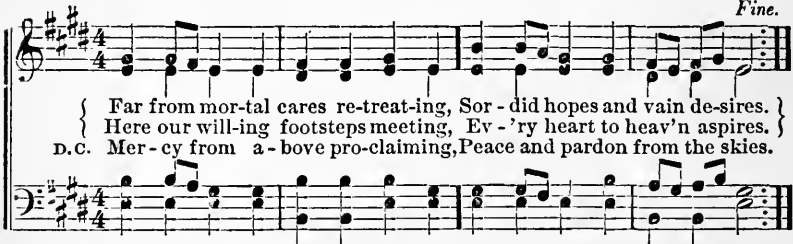


Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing; Help us to praise!



Father all glorious; O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.

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*Fine.*


{ Far from mor-tal cares re-treat-ing, Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires. }  
 { Here our will-ing footsteps meeting, Ev-ry heart to heav'n aspires. }  
 D.C. Mer-cy from a-bove pro-claiming, Peace and pardon from the skies.

*D. C.*


From the fount of glo-ry beam-ing, Light ce-lestial cheers our eyes.

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