

QUARTETTE,

—BY—

R. E. HUDSON,

CONTAINING

Songs for the Ransomed.
Songs of Love, Peace and Joy.
Gems of Gospel Song.
Salvation Echoes.

WITH ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS ADDED.

ALLIANCE, OHIO.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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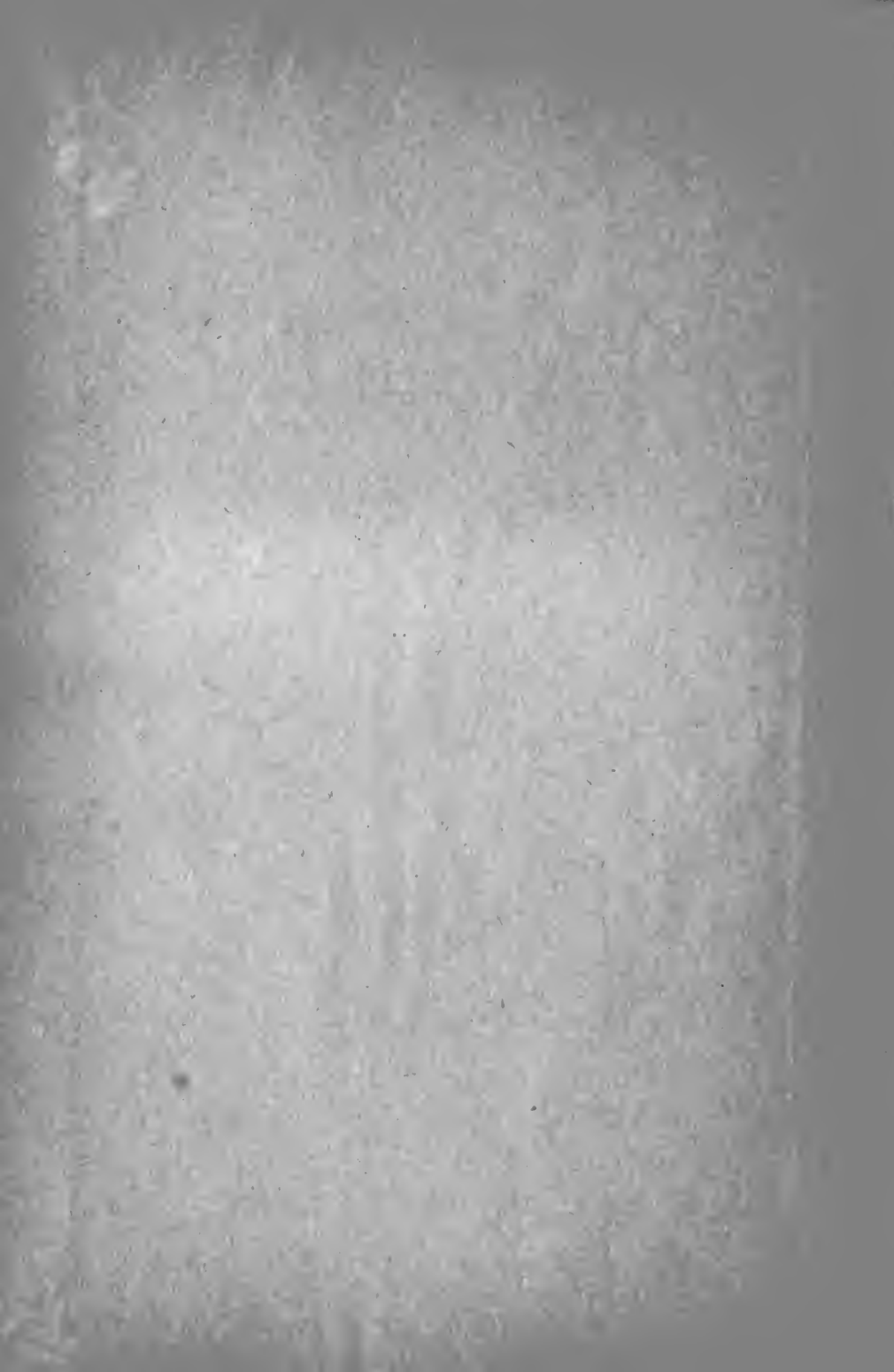
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Wm. H. Burleigh
Allentown

1862





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2.

WONDERFUL LOVE.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. Jno. Thompson, of Phila, Pa.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Sing of His love, His won-der-ful love, How He came down from Heav-en
 2. Tell of His love wher-ev-er you go, Tell that His blood makes whit-er
 3. Come, then, poor sin-ners, come while you may, Je-sus in-vites you, why still

a-bove, Died on the cross that all might go free,— O 'twas won-
 than snow, All who be-lieve may sing "I am free!" O 'twas won-
 de-lay? Je-sus has died, sal-va-tion is free,— O 'twas won-

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful love of

der-ful love to me. Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love,
 der-ful love to me.
 der-ful love to me.

God..... to me, Je - - sus has

love to me, love to me, Je - sus has suf-fered,

WONDERFUL LOVE.—Concluded.

suf - fered, sal - va - - - tion is free.

Je - sus has suf - fered, Je - sus has suf - fered, sal - va - tion is free.

Copyrighted, 1887, by R. E. HUDSON.

HIS YOKE IS EASY.

3.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: 're-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In pastures green, He lead-eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 take The nar - row path of righteousness, Ev'n for His own name's sake.
 ill? For Thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

CHORUS.

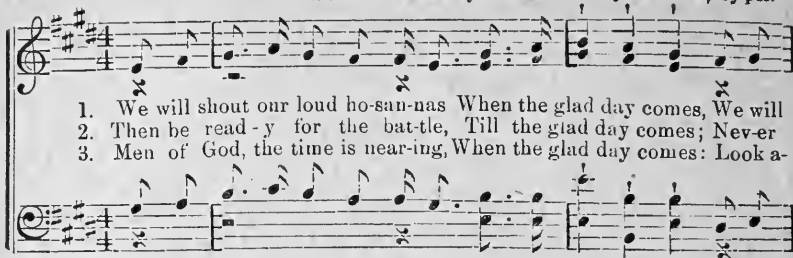
His yoke is eas-y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it

so, He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

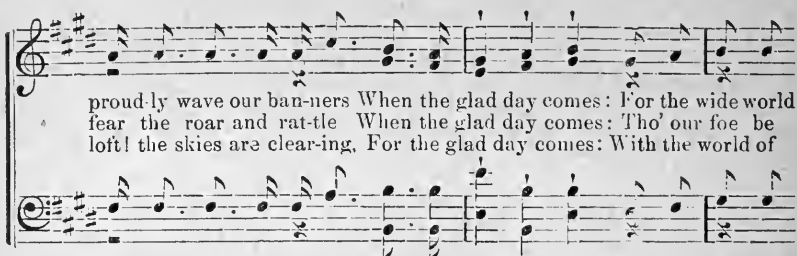
4.

WHEN THE GLAD DAY COMES.

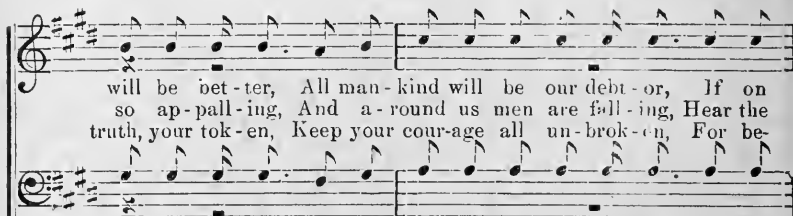
Words and Music by SILVER LAKE QUARTETTE, by per.



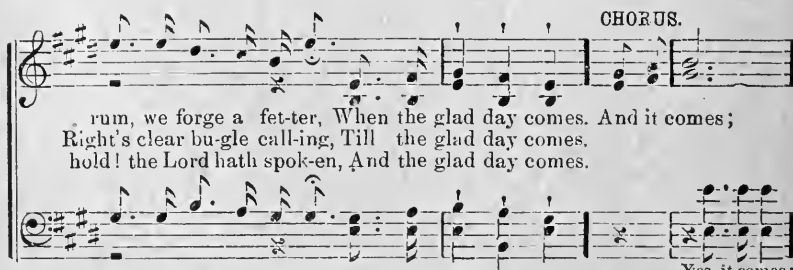
1. We will shout our loud ho-san-nas When the glad day comes, We will
 2. Then be read-y for the bat-tle, Till the glad day comes; Nev-er
 3. Men of God, the time is near-ing, When the glad day comes: Look a-



proud-ly wave our ban-ners When the glad day comes: For the wide world
 fear the roar and rat-tle When the glad day comes: Tho' our foe be
 loft! the skies are clear-ing, For the glad day comes: With the world of




will be bet-ter, All man-kind will be our debt-or, If on
 so ap-pall-ing, And a-round us men are fall-ing, Hear the
 truth, your tok-en, Keep your cour-age all un-brok-en, For be-



CHORUS.

rum, we forge a fet-ter, When the glad day comes. And it comes;
 Right's clear bu-gle call-ing, Till the glad day comes.
 hold! the Lord hath spok-en, And the glad day comes.

Yes, it comes;



Yes, it comes; For be-hold the skies are clear-ing, And it
 Yes, it comes;

WHEN THE GLAD DAY COMES.—Concluded.

p *Rit.*.....

comes; Soon we'll hear the music ring-ing, From the glad hearts

Yes, it comes;

Rit...... *a tempo.*

it is bring-ing, And the world will join in singing, When the glad day comes.

PRESS THIS BATTLE ON. 5.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Sold-iers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - or on,
Cho.— We'll press this bat - tle on, We'll press this bat - tle on,
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his might - y pow'r,
 3. Stand, then, in His great night, With all His strength en-dued;
 4. That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed,

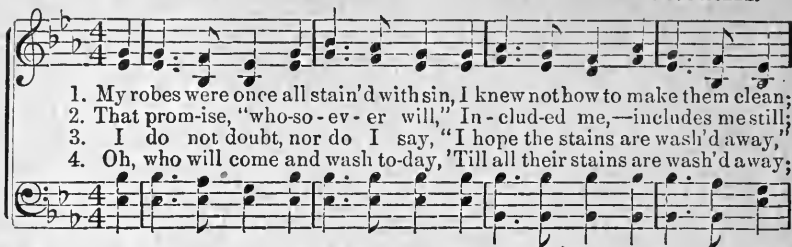
Strong in the strength which God supplies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son;
 In Je - sus' might we'll stand and fight, And press this bat-tle on.
 Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer-or.
 But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God;
 Ye may o'er-come thro' Christ a-lone, And stand en-tire at last.

6.

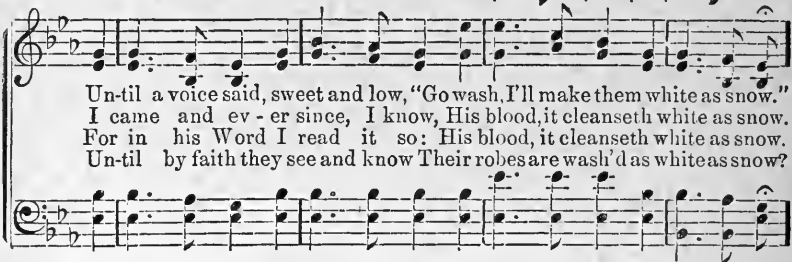
I'VE WASHED MY ROBES.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

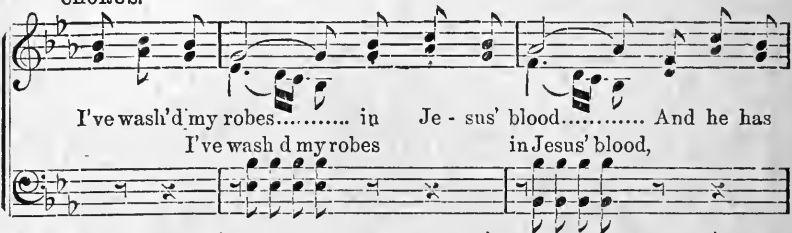


1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
 2. That prom-ise, "who-so-ev-er will," In-clud-ed me,—includes me still;
 3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are wash'd away,"
 4. Oh, who will come and wash to-day, 'Till all their stains are wash'd away;



Un-til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
 I came and ev-er since, I know, His blood, it cleanseth white as snow.
 For in his Word I read it so: His blood, it cleanseth white as snow.
 Un-til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow?

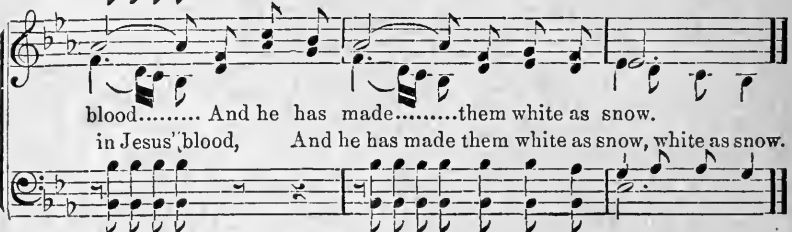
CHORUS.



I've wash'd my robes..... in Je - sus' blood..... And he has
 I've wash'd my robes in Jesus' blood,



made.....them white as snow:.....I've wash'd my robes... in Je - sus'
 And he has made them white as snow, I've wash'd my robes



blood..... And he has made.....them white as snow.
 in Jesus' blood, And he has made them white as snow, white as snow.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

7.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. G. F. Oliver and Wife.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. "God be with you," so our loved ones pray,—“God be with you,”
 2. “God be with you,” may you nev - er stray,—“God be with you”
 3. “God be with you” till your work is o'er, “God be with you”

guide you day by day, May His lov-ing, ten-der care Keep you
 in the nar-row way, May His peace, His joy and love, Ev - er
 if we meet no more, Till we meet in heav'n, our home, Hear Him

CHORUS.

till we meet in heav'n so fair. God be with you till we
 keep you till we meet a - bove.
 say at last, “well done,” “well done.” God be with you

meet..... Round His throne at Je - sus' feet,— Sing the
 till in heav'n we meet,

new and glad re - frain, We shall nev - er, nev - er part a - gain.
 nev - er part a - gain.

8.

FATHER'S HOUSE.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. S. C. Swallow, Harrisburg, Pa.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
 2. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 3. O! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
 4. A - gon - iz - ing in the gar - den, Your Re - deem - er prostrate lies ;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His precious blood.
 Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my lov - ing heart to Thee.
 On the blood - y tree be - hold Him! Hear Him cry, be - fore he dies.

CHORUS.

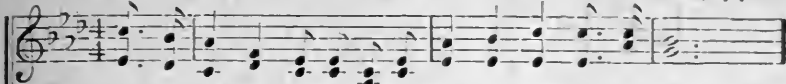
In my Father's house are many mansions, If it were not so I would have told you,

In my Father's house are many mansions, And all the streets are paved with gold.

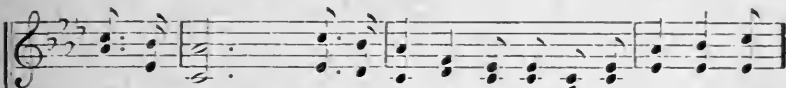
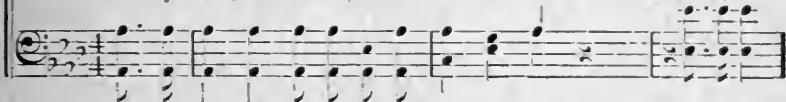
TAKE MY HEART, DEAR JESUS. 9.

AMICUS.

I. BALTZELL, by per.



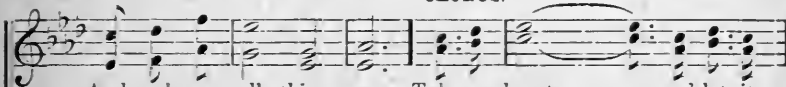
1. Take my heart, dear Je-sus, Make it all thine own—All thine own.
2. Take my heart, dear Je-sus, Make it pure and clean—Pure and clean.
3. Take my heart, dear Je-sus, Make it white as snow—White as snow.



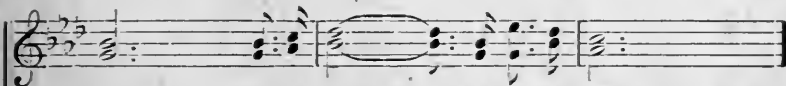
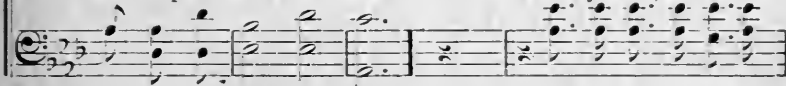
all thine own; Let thy Ho - ly Spir - it Break this heart of stone,
 pure and clean; Let thy blood still flow-ing, Wash a - way my sin.
 white as snow; May the cleansing fountain, May thy precious flow,



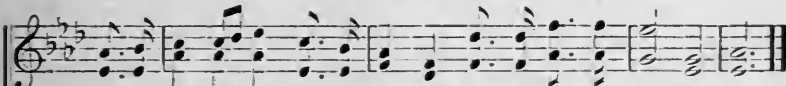
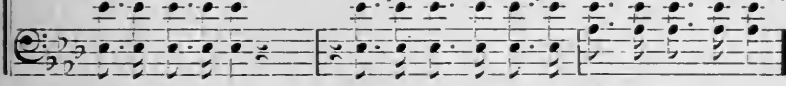
CHORUS.



And make me all thine own. Take my heart, and let it
 And make me pure and clean.
 Still keep me white as snow. Take my heart, and let it



be Ev-'ry mo - ment more like Thee;
 be, and let it be, Ev-'ry moment, ev-'ry moment more like Thee;



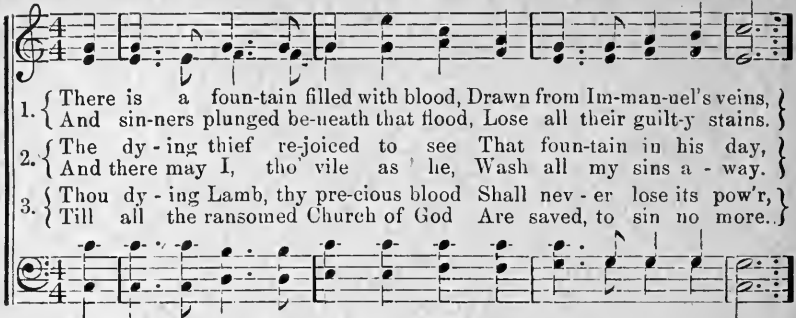
At Thy feet I bow; Take my heart just now, And make me all Thine own.



WASH ME IN THE BLOOD.

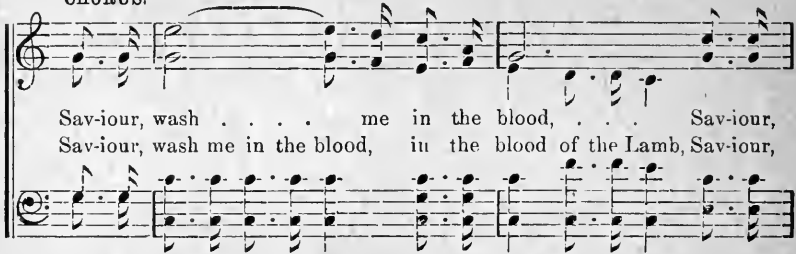
COWPER.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

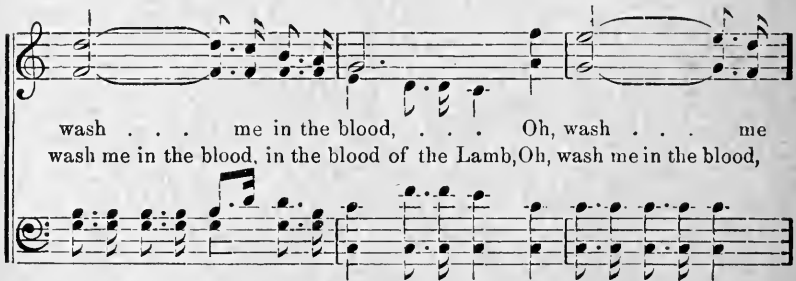


1. { There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-u-el's veins, }
 { And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. }
 2. { The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day, }
 { And there may I, tho' vile as ' he, Wash all my sins a - way. }
 3. { Thou dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, }
 { Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more. }

CHORUS.



Sav-our, wash me in the blood, Sav-our,
 Sav-our, wash me in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, Sav-our,



wash me in the blood, Oh, wash me
 wash me in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the blood,



in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
 in the blood

THE WATERS OF JORDAN.

11.

Words and Music by BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The waves of death's riv-er are dark and cold, But Je-sus Him-
 2. On this side the riv-er is war and strife, A-gainst sin by
 3. As we're ford-ing the riv-er in sight of land, Our com-rades will

self has passed thro'; The Sav-iour in mer-cy thy feet will hold; His
 God's faith-ful few; Yet trem-bling sin-ners are en-ter-ing life, The
 stand on the shore; As our sold-ier-feet touch the shin-ing strand, We

CHORUS.

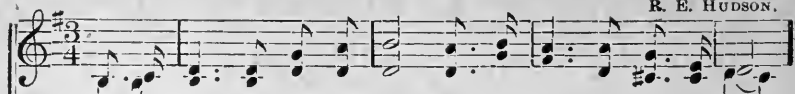
prom-ise is faith-ful and true. Oh, the wa-ters of Jor-dan may
 pow'r that will car-ry them through. shall clasp their hands once more.

roll, But Je-sus will car-ry me through; His peace is now

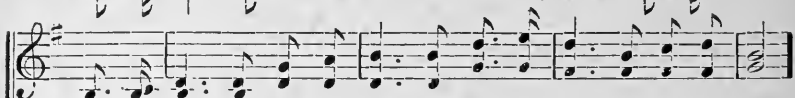
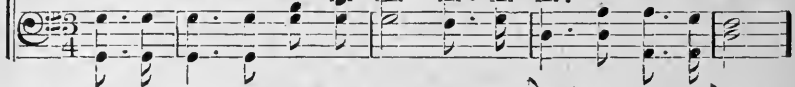
fill-ing my soul, Oh, that it were giv-en to you!

WONDROUS LOVE.

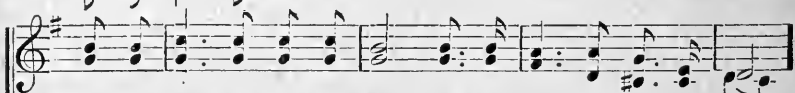
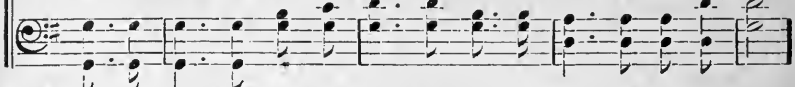
R. E. HUDSON.



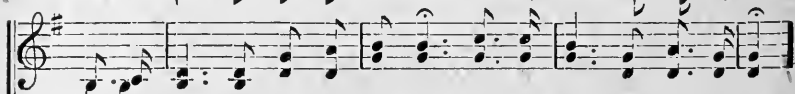
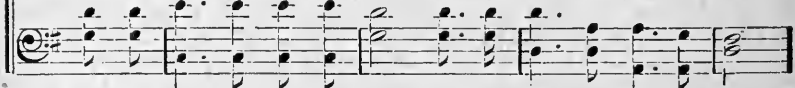
1. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love Brought me down at Je - sus' feet,
2. Clouds of dark - ness veil the skies, Je - sus now is cru - ci - fied;
3. Pre - cious Sav - iour, I am Thine, Ne'er to pain or grieve Thee more;



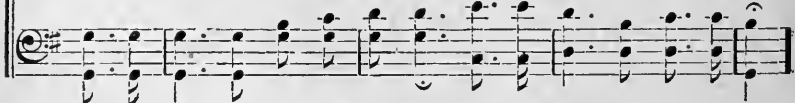
Oh, such love, such wondrous love, Demands a sac - ri - fice com - plete.
 "It is fin - ished," hear Him cry, Je - sus bowed his head and died.
 Precious Sav - iour, I am Thine, Friends and time and earthly store.



Here I give my - self to Thee, Soul and bod - y Thine to be,
 Sin - ner, Je - sus died for thee, On - ly trust Him, and go free;
 Cleanse and keep my heart from sin, Ev' - ry mo - ment pure with - in;

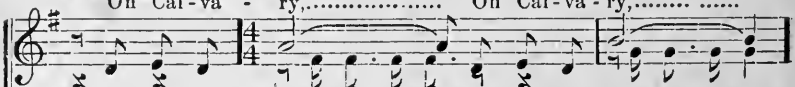


'Twas for me that Je - sus suffered On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 'Twas for me that Je - sus suffered On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 'Twas for me that Je - sus suffered On the cross of Cal - va - ry.



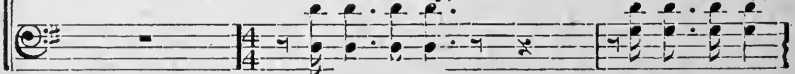
CHORUS.

On Cal - va - ry, On Cal - va - ry,



On Cal - va - ry,

On Cal - va - ry,



WONDROUS LOVE.—Concluded.

'Twas for me that Je-sus suffered On the Cross of Cal-va-ry.

Copyrighted, 1886, by R. E. HUDSON.

HAPPY ON THE WAY. 13.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. { Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, } Bless the Lord, I'm
 { May none of us from Thee de-part; }
 2. { But may our ac-tions al-ways say, } Bless the Lord, I'm
 { We're marching in the good old way, }
 3. { This note a-bove the rest shall swell, } Bless the Lord, I'm
 { That Je-sus do-eth all things well, }

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

hap-py on the way, way. Hap-py on the way, Hap-py
 hap-py on the way, way.
 hap-py on the way, way.

on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm hap-py on the way.

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H. S. P.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Go, ye, in - to the world, Preach the gos-pel of peace, With the
 2. Teach by good deeds of love, Ne'er for - get-ting the poor, For each
 3. All may some good im-part, E'en tho' burdened with care, For 'twill

love of a friend; Let thy pleadings ne'er cease; Go with pray'r in thy soul,
 mer-ci-ful act Will be laid up in store For thee, in that great day,
 light-en thy heart, With thy bro-th-er to share; Go, then, in-to the world,

Which thy tongue may im-part; 'Tis the voice, small and still, That will
 When the judgment shall come, When Christ, once lone and poor, Shall say:
 Preach the gos - pel of peace, That thy soul may be blest, And Christ's

CHORUS.

Go.....

preach.....

touch the cold heart. In-to the world, The gos-pel of peace,
 "Child, wel-come home." king-dom in creased.

1st. Go preach the gos-pel of peace; 2d. *rit.* Go preach the gos-pel of peace.

BEAUTIFUL BECKONING HANDS. 15.

SOLO.

(Respectfully dedicated to Miss Emma Montgomery.)

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Beau-ti-ful hands at the gateway to-night, Fac-es all shining with
 2. Beck-on-ing hands of a mother, whose love Sac-ri-ficed life its de-
 3. Beau-ti-ful hands of a lit-tle one, see, Bab-y voice call-ing, oh,
 4. Beck-on-ing hands of a husband or wife, Wait-ing and watch-ing the

ORGAN.

ra-di-ant light, Eyes look-ing down from yon heav-en-ly home,
 vo-tion to prove; Hands of a fa-ther, to mem-or-y dear,
 moth-er, to thee; Ro-sy-cheeked dar-ling, the light of our home,
 loved one of life; Hands of a broth-er, a sis-ter, a friend,

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful hands that are beck-on-ing, come. Beau-ti-ful hands,
 Beck'ning up high-er, the wait-ing one here.
 Tak-en so ear-ly, is beck-on-ing, come.
 Out from the gate-way to-night they ex-tend.

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

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

A little child, two years old, was dying, seeing her parents weep, she said: "Don't cry, I'll be at the window and watch for you when you come."

Copyrighted, 1886, by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Fear not, little flock, says the Saviour divine, The Father has willed that the
 2. Far whiter than snow, and as fair as the day,—For Christ is the fountain to
 3. Yon sheep, that was lost in the valley of sin, Was found by the shepherd, who

kingdom be thine, O soil not your garments with sin here below,—My sheep and my
 wash guilt away; Oh, give him, poor sinner, that burden of thine, And enter the
 gathered him in; With songs of thanksgiving the hills did resound, My friends, and my

CHORUS.

lambs must be whiter than snow. } Whit er than snow,
 fold with the ninety-and-nine. } Whiter than the snow, I long to be, dear Saviour,
 neighbors the lost sheep is found.

Whit..... er than snow, Whit..... er than
 Whiter than the snow, I long to be Whiter than the snow,

Repeat Chorus pp.
 snow, Whit..... er than snow.
 I long to be, dear Saviour, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow.

COME UNTO ME.

17.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Hark! the gen-tle voice of Je-sus fall-eth Ten-der-ly up-
 2. Take His yoke, for He is meek and low-ly: Bear His bur-den,
 3. Then, His lov-ing, ten-der voice o-bey-ing, Bear His yoke. His

on your ear; Sweet His cry^e of love and pit-y call-eth:
 it is light; He who call-eth is the Mas-ter, ho-ly:
 bur-den take, Find the yoke, His hand is on you lay-ing,

CHORUS.

Turn and list-en, stay and hear. Ye that la-bor, and are
 He will teach you what is right.
 Light and ea-sy for His sake.

heav-y la-den, Lean up-on your dear Lord's breast! Ye that

la-bor, and are heav-y la-den, Come, and I will give you rest.

18. ONLY JESUS WILL I KNOW.

Words by H. H. B.

Arranged from the English.

1. When the charms of earth have fled, When have gone my earth-ly
 2. When temp-ta-tions try me sore, And the hosts of hell at-
 3. When on earth my days are done, And my name no long-er

aims, When bereavements round me spread Darkest shadows, bit-ter pains,
 tack, When be-hind me and be-fore Darkness would obscure my track;
 known, When the Judg-ment Day has come, And I stand be-fore the throne;

Then to Calv'ry's Cross I cling; And I'm hap-py while I sing:
 Then in faith this is my cry, Ev-en though I'm called to die:
 This my an-swer then shall be, As I'm called His face to see:

CHORUS.

On - ly Je - sus will I know,
 3. On - ly Je - sus have I known,

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus ern - ci - fied!

LET ME HIDE IN THY WOUNDS. 19.

Words and Music by

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O Jesus! when wounded with sin, I flee to the cleft of thy side;
 2. When thirsting for fulness of love, And deeper communion with thee,
 3. When nearing the shadowy vale, The darkness enshrouding my sight,

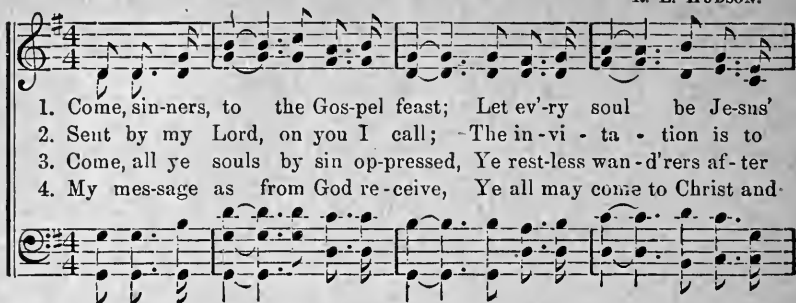
I leave all my sorrow and fear, And trust in the "Once Crucified."
 I haste to the cleft of thy side, Where blessing is waiting for me.
 I'll hide me in peace in thy wounds, Till bathed in yon heavenly light.

CHORUS.

O Lord, in thy wounds let me hide, In the
 O Lord, in thy wounds let me

wounds of the Saviour crucified, In the cleft, in the cleft of thy
 hide, In the wounds of the Saviour crucified, In the

side, Blessed Sav-iour of sinners, let me hide, let me hide.
 cleft of thy side,

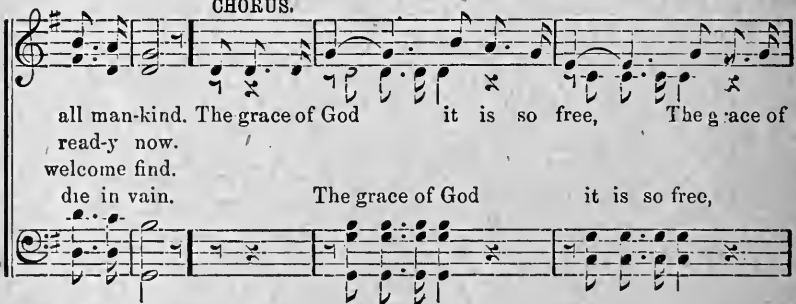


1. Come, sin-ners, to the Gos-pel feast; Let ev'-ry soul be Je-sus'
 2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; -The in-vi - ta - tion is to
 3. Come, all ye souls by sin op-pressed, Ye rest-less wan-d'ers af-ter
 4. My mes-sage as from God re-ceive, Ye all may come to Christ and



guest; Ye need not one be left be-hind, For God hath bid-den
 all: Come all the world! come, sin-ner thou,—All things in Christ are
 rest; Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y
 live; O let His love your hearts con-strain, Nor suf-fer Him to

CHORUS.



all man-kind. The grace of God it is so free, The grace of
 ready now.
 welcome find.
 die in vain. The grace of God it is so free,



God, for you and me, The grace of God
 The grace of God, for you and me, The grace of God,

GOSPEL FEAST.—Concluded.

taste and see, The grace, the wondrous grace of God.
O taste and see,

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REJOICING EVERMORE. 21.

Copyrighted, 1835, by R. E. HUDSON.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Tho' troubles as - sail, and dangers af-fright, Tho' friends should all
2. When Sa-tan ap-pears to stop up our path, And fills us with
3. He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain; The good that we
4. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is

CHO.—Yes, I will re-joice, re-joice in the Lord; Yes, I will re-

fail, and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing se-cures us what-
fears, we tri-umph by faith; He can-not take from us (tho'
seek we ne'er shall ob-tain; But when such sug-ges-tions our
wait-ing to com-fort thee now, Fear not to re-ly on the word

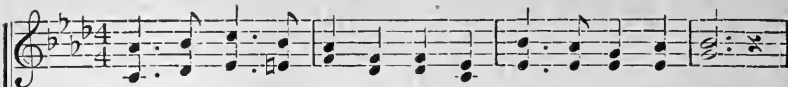
joice, re-joice in the Lord; Yes, I will re-joice, in the

e'er be-tide, The prom-ise as-sures us,—The Lord will pro-vide.
oft He's tried) The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will pro-vide.
grace have tried, This answers all questions,—The Lord will pro-vide.
of thy God, Step out on the promise, and trust in the blood.


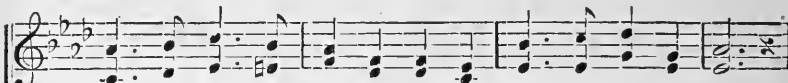
in the Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion.

DEATH IS COMING.

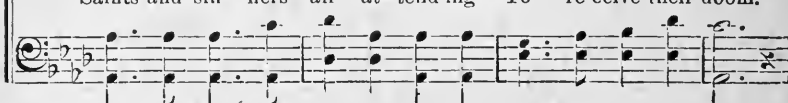
R. E. HUDSON.



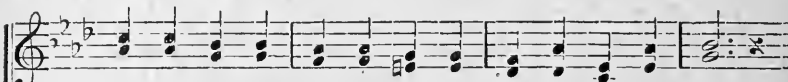
1. Sin-ners, whith-er will you wan-der? Whith-er will you stray?
 2. Sa - tan has re-solved to have you For his law-ful prey;
 3. Lis - ten to the in - vi - ta - tion, While He's cry-ing, come;
 4. Soon you'll see the Lord de-scend-ing On His great white throne,

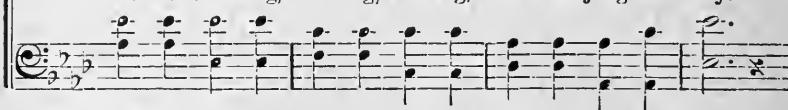
O re-mem-ber life is slen-der, 'Tis but a short day.
 Je - sus Christ has died to save you; Haste, O haste a - way.
 If you miss the great sal - va - tion Hell will be your doom.
 Saints and sin - ners all at-tend-ing To re-ceive their doom.



CHORUS.



Death is com-ing, com-ing, com-ing, And the judgment day.




Hast - en, sin - ner, hast - en, sin - ner, Seek the nar - row way.



I COME JUST AS I AM.

23.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. O Lord, thine on - ly will I be, And now I glad - ly come to thee,
 2. My sins, like mountains round me rise, But thou hast made the sac - ri - fice;
 3. I come to thee with sin oppressed, Thy prom - ise is I'll give thee rest;
 4. For me, dear Saviour, thou hast died, Thy precious blood is now ap - plied,

I take thy prom - ise made to me, And come just as I am.
 Now to my heart the blood ap - ply, I come just as I am.
 In trust - ing thee I now am blest, I come just as I am.
 Now in thy prom - ise I con - fide, And come just as I am.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am
 Take me as I am, Take me as I am, Take me as I am, Take me

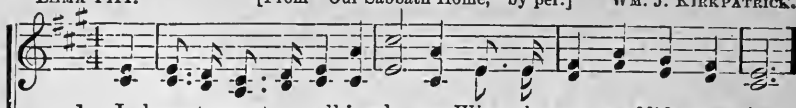
as I am, Without one plea I come to thee, Oh, take me as I am.

24. I HOPE TO MEET YOU ALL IN GLORY.

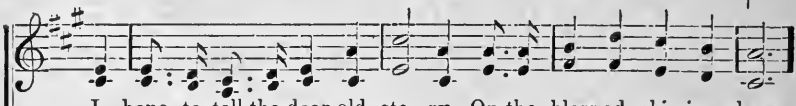
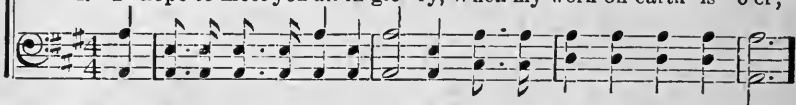
EMMA PITT.

[From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

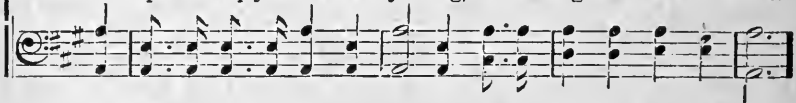
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



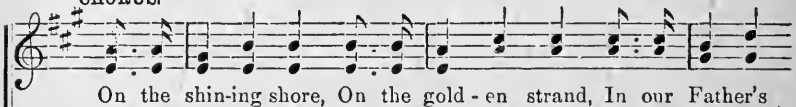
1. I hope to meet you all in glo-ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo-ry, By the tree of life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo-ry, Round the Saviour's throne a-bove;
4. I hope to meet you all in glo-ry, When my work on earth is o'er;



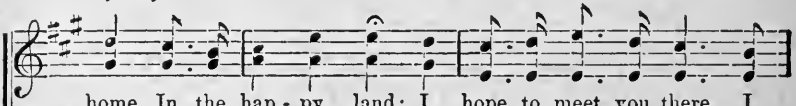
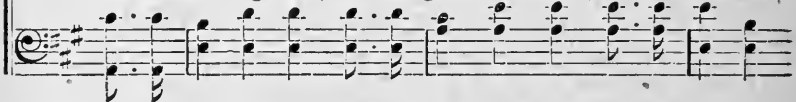
I hope to tell the dear old sto-ry On the bless-ed shin-ing shore.
 I hope to praise our dear Re-deem-er For the grace that brought me there.
 I hope to join the ransomed arm-y, Singing now re-deem-ing love.
 I hope to clasp your hands re-joic-ing, On the bright e-ter-nal shore.



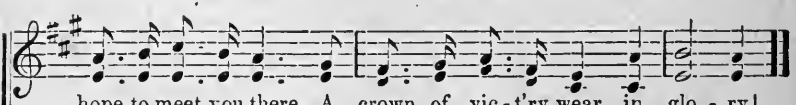
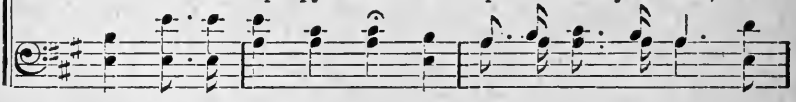
CHORUS.



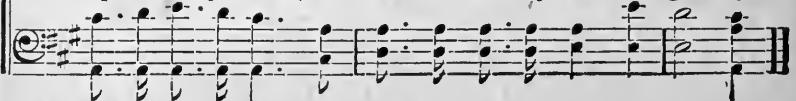
On the shin-ing shore, On the gold-en strand, In our Father's



home In the hap-py land: I hope to meet you there, I



hope to meet you there, A crown of vic-t'ry wear in glo-ry!



HE COMES O'ER MY SOUL LIKE A WAVE. 25.

Words and Music by H. H. B.

1. Like the bil-lows of an o - cean, Boundless, ceaseless, full and free,
2. Ah! those barriers that had hindered Him and me from be - ing one;
3. Grandly roll - ing o'er the re - gion, Where was once but pain and woe,

Comes the Spir - it of my Sav - iour, Cleansing, fill - ing, sav - ing me.
When His love came o'er me sweeping, He was left and they were gone.
Are the waves of love's pure o - cean, Which in ceaseless rap - ture flow.

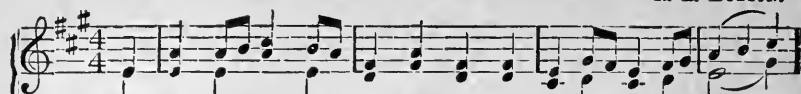
CHORUS.

Now He comes o'er my soul like a wave, The pow'r of His wonderful might;


He cleanseth my sins all a - way, And turneth my darkness to light.

WEARY ONE, REST.

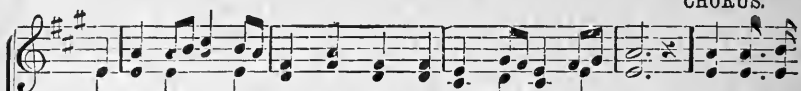
R. E. HUDSON.



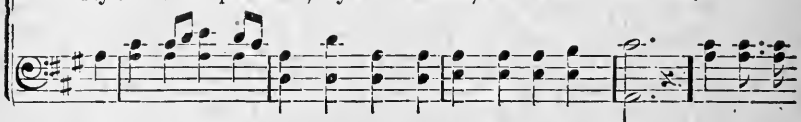
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say: "Come un-to me and rest!
 2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-ry, and worn, and sad;
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say: "Behold! I free-ly give
 4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream;



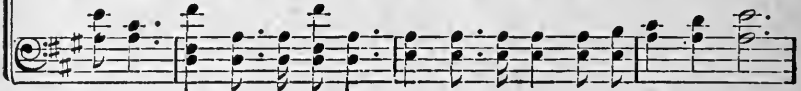

CHORUS.



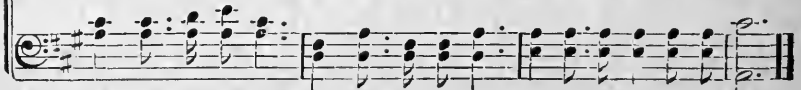
Lay down, poor weary one, Lay down your head upon my breast. Je-sus is
 I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.
 The living water—thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 My thirst was quenched, my soul is saved, And now I live in Him.




waiting, Je - sus is waiting, Je - sus is waiting for you and me;

Je - sus is waiting, Je - sus is waiting, Je - sus is waiting for thee.



JESUS IS STRONG TO DELIVER. 27.

Words and Music by H. H. B.

1. When in the tem - pest He'll hide us, When in the storm
 2. When in my sor - row He found me, Found me and bade
 3. Why are you doubt - ing and fear - ing? Why are you still
 4. You say: "I'm weak, I am help - less, I've tried a - gain

He'll be near; All the way long He will car - ry us on,
 me be whole; Turned all my night in - to heav - en - ly light,
 un - der sin? Have you not found that His grace doth a - bound?
 and a - gain;" This may be true, but it's not what *you* do,

CHORUS.

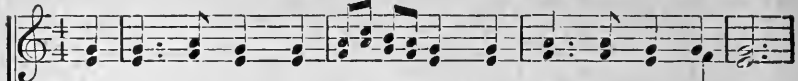
Now we have nothing to fear. Je - sus is strong to de -
 From me my bur - den did roll.
 Might - y to save; let Him in.
 He is the "Might - y to save!"

liv - er! Might - y to save! might - y to save! Je - sus is


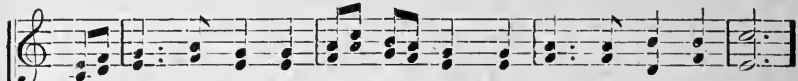
strong to de - liv - er! Je - sus is might - y to save!

OH! 'T WAS LOVE.

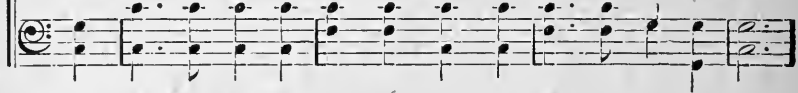
Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.



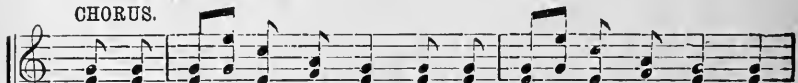
1. Oh, tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of love so full and free!
 2. He died for me; naught but His love Could melt this heart of mine;
 3. His life, His death, His pre-cious love, To you shall all be giv'n;

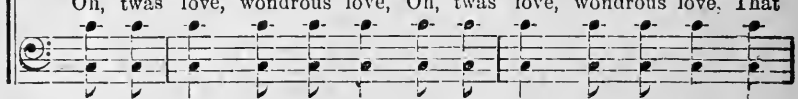
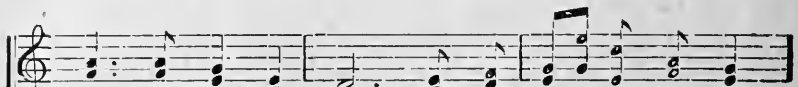
I give my-self, my all, to Him Who bled and died for me.
 Oh, come and take the pre-cious gift Of peace and joy di-vine!
 Come now, ac-cept His of-fered grace, And reign with Him in heav'n.



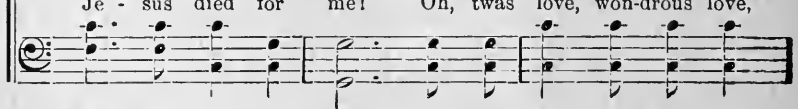
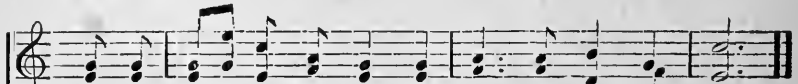
CHORUS.



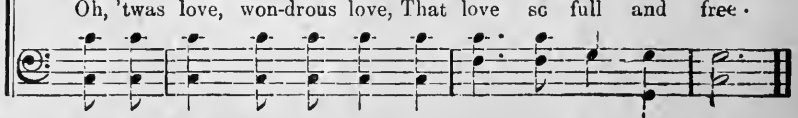
Oh, 'twas love, wondrous love, Oh, 'twas love, wondrous love, That

Je - sus died for me! Oh, 'twas love, won-drous love,

Oh, 'twas love, won-drous love, That love so full and free .



WHAT DID JESUS SAY ?

29.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Je - sus in the tem - ple, with the doc - tors wise,

Asking wondrous questions, giving deep replies ; When his parents found him,

seeking night and day, Found him in the tem - ple, what did Jesus say ? [LUKE ii : 49.]

CHORUS. (For last verse.)
Come, ye blessed of my Father, In - her - it the kingdom prepared for you,

From the foundation of the world, From the foundation of the world. A - men.

2. At the well of Jacob, resting by its brink,
Bidding the Samaritan give to him to drink,
When she asked of Jesus where men ought to
pray,
At the well of Jacob, what did Jesus say ?
[JOHN iv : 21, 23.]

5. Weeping o'er Jerusalem, city of the King,
Whom he would have gathered 'neath his
loving wing,
Mourning for her children, going far astray,
Weeping o'er Jerusalem, what did Jesus say ?
[MATT. xxiii : 37.]

3. On the sea of Galilee, when the storm was
high,
Save us, Lord ! we perish ! his disciples cry ;
While they marvel greatly, as the winds obey,
On the sea of Galilee, what did Jesus say ?
[MATT. viii : 26.]

6. From that cross of sorrow, ere his soul
went up,
As he drank the fullness of the bitter cup,
Looking on his enemies, in their dark array,
From that cross of sorrow, what did Jesus
say ? [LUKE xxiii : 34.]

4. Coming into Bethany, meeting, full of gloom,
Martha, mourning Lazarus, lying in the
tomb -
Of the Resurrection, and the last Great Day,
Coming into Bethany, what did Jesus say ?
[JOHN xi : 23, 25.]

7. On the hills of heaven, in the world above,
Where his faithful children share his
wondrous love,
All their sins forgiven, in that blessed day,
On the hills of heaven, what will Jesus say ?
[MATT. xxv. 34.]

TREASURES OF HEAVEN.

By per. T. G. O'KANE.

1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the bless-ed Je-
 2. There's a Rest in heaven for the wea - ry soul, 'T is for all by care
 3. There's a home in heaven for the faith-ful soul, In the man - y man-

sus him-self will place On the head of each who shall faith-ful prove
 and by sin oppressed; To the sons of God it re-main-eth sure,
 sions pre-pared a - bove, Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing,

Even un - to death in the heavenly race, Oh, may that crown in heaven be
 And the Prophet says, 'tis a "glorious rest," Oh, may that Rest in heaven be
 Of a Saviour's free and unbounded love, Oh, may that Home in heaven be

Oh, may that crown

mime, And I a - mong the an - gels shine; Be thou, O
 in heaven be mine, And I among the angels shine;

Lord! my daily guide, Let me ev - er in thy love a - bide.
 Be thou, oh Lord! my daily guide, Let me ev - er in thy love a - bide.

THERE IS JOY IN HEAVEN.

31.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

J. H. T., by per.

1. There is joy in heaven, where the angels dwell, And the gladsome notes of rejoicing swell,
 2. There is joy in heaven, when the lost is found, And the golden streets with the news resound,
 3. There is joy in heaven, that begins below, Where the tears of grief and repentance flow ;

When the tidings come from the world below, That a soul is saved from eternal woe.
 Till the tide of song like an ocean rolls Unto Him who died for the love of souls.
 And the saints of God with the angels share In the praise that rings like an anthem there.

Chorus.

Beautiful song! Beautiful song! Beautiful song! Beautiful song of
 Beautiful song! Beautiful song! Beautiful song! Beautiful

mp joy! Ev'-ry harp is at-tuned un - to the sound, And the angels re-
 song of joy!

joice that the lost is found, Beautiful song! Beautiful song of joy!

Song of joy, Beau-ti-ful song, hap-py song of joy!

I'M SATISFIED.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, no! there's nothing more I seek, With Je - sus ev - er near; My
 2. They bid me seek the world's de-light, The charms that others see; But
 3. For oh! there are so man-y things Re-call His love to me, He

lips I feel are frail to speak His love to me so dear. From
 what to me is change of sight, While Je - sus dwells with me? 'Tis
 washed a-way my man-y sins With His own blood so free. The

day to day He strengthens me With nev - er fail-ing grace; To
 true that I be-held them once, Yet nev - er found re - lief; And
 pride that reigned with-in my heart, My stern re - bell-i-ous will, And

CHORUS.

be with Him is all I seek,—To see His blessed face. I'm sat - is - fied
 tho' they won from me a smile, My heart was full of grief.
 ev'-ry e-vil thought and wish Has vanished at His will.

with Je - sus here, Je - sus here, He's ev' - ry thing to me; His dy - ing

I'M SATISFIED.—Concluded.

love has won my heart, won my heart, And now He sets me free.

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SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS. 33.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. O the peace that fills my soul, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
2. Christ is mine in storm and calm; Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;
3. Here I rest from toil and strife, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus;

Cleansed from sin, made free and whole, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.
 All my wounds are filled with balm, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.
 Safe be-neath the Tree of Life, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

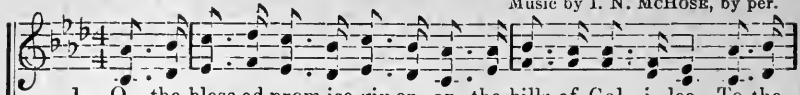
This is my a - bid - ing place, Clothed with His a - bound - ing grace,

Look - ing up - ward to His face, Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.

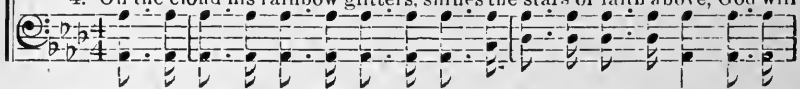
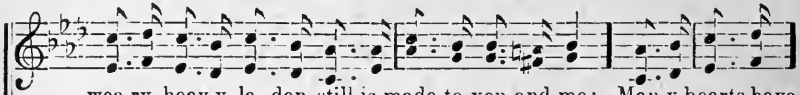
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THE BURDEN BEARER.

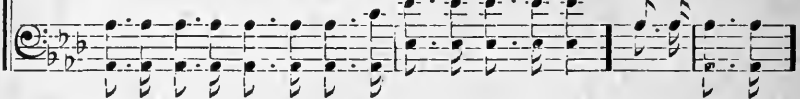
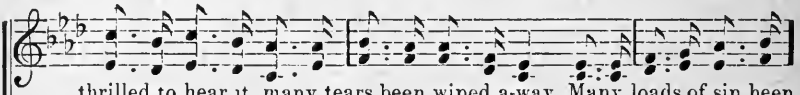
Music by I. N. McHose, by per.



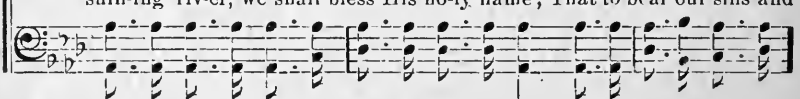
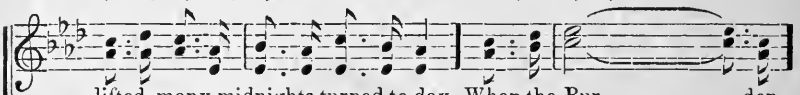
1. O the bless-ed prom-ise giv-en, on the hills of Gal - i - lee, To the
2. Man-y brok-en, con-trite spir-its, lonely, sor-row-ing and sad, Felt the
3. Ev-ry phase of human sor-row fills the path we tread to-day, Harps are
4. On the cloud his rainbow glitters, shines the stars of faith above, God will


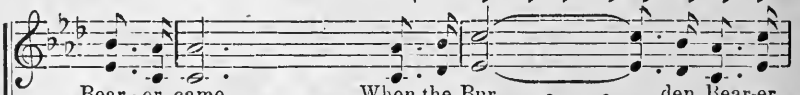
weary, heav-y la - den, still is made to you and me; Man-y hearts have
might-y con-so-la-tion, heard the heavenly tidings glad; And the dy-ing
hang-ing on the willows, souls are fainting by the way; But there still is
not for-sake or leave us, let us trust His truth and love; And beyond the


thrilled to hear it, many tears been wiped a-way, Many loads of sin been
gazed with rapture, trusting in the Saviour's name, On the land of rest and
balm in Gilead, and, tho' here on earth we weep, God within the many
shin-ing riv-er, we shall bless His ho-ly name; That to bear our sins and

lifted, many midnights turned to day. When the Bur - - den
refuge, when the Burden bearer came.
mansions, giveth His he - lov - ed sleep.
sorrows, Christ, the Burden Bearer came. When the Burden Bearer came, the

Bear - er came, When the Bur - - den Bear -
er blessed Burden Bearer came, When the Burden Bearer came, the blessed



THE BURDEN BEARER.—Concluded.

came, And be-yond the shin-ing riv-er, we shall bless His
Burden Bearer came.

holy name; That to bear our sins and sorrows, Christ, the Burden Bearer, came.

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HE CAME TO SAVE ME. 35.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. { When Jesus laid His crown aside, He came to save me;
When on the cross He bled and died, He came to save me.
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
Oh, praise His name, I know it well, He came to save me.

REFRAIN.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
He came to save me.

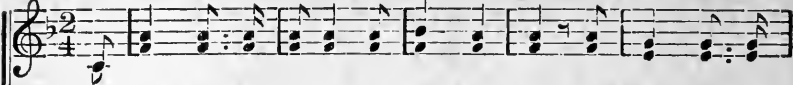
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 With gentle hand He leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting Him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.</p> | <p>4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.</p> |
|--|---|

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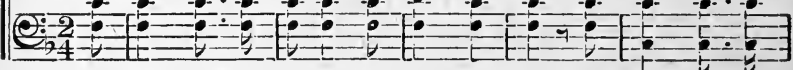
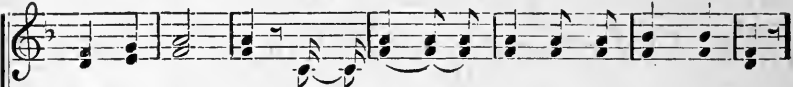
THE UNSEEN CITY.

EMMA TUTTLE.

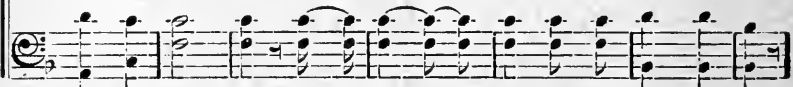
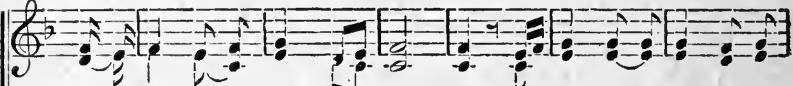
MES G. CLARK.




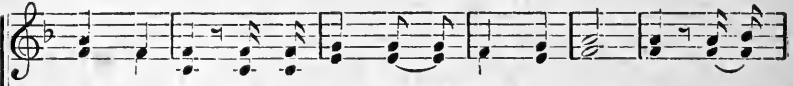
1. I think of a cit-y I have not seen, Ex-cept in my
 2. I think of that cit-y, for O, how oft My heart has been
 3. That beau-ti-ful cit-y is home to me, My loved ones are

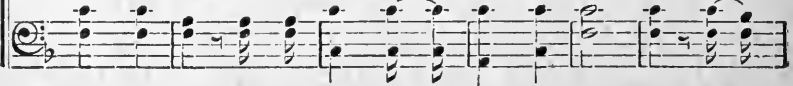
hours of dream-ing; Where the feet of mor-tals have nev-er been
 wrung at part-ing; With friends all pale, who with foot-fall soft
 go-ing thith-er, And they who al-read-y have crossed the sea

To dark-en its soft, soft gleam-ing: A glim-mer of pearl, and a
 To its air-y heights with start-ing; I see them a-gain in their
 Are call-ing, "come hith-er, hith-er;" The ten-der eyes that I

glint of gold, And a breath from the souls of ro-ses; And
 rai-ment white, In the blue, blue dis-tance dwell-ing; And I
 worshipped here, From the gold-en heights be-hold me; And their



THE UNSEEN CITY.—Concluded.

glo-ry and beau-ty all un-told, Steel o-ver my calm re-pos-es.
hear their prais-es in calm de-light, Come down to the breez-es swell-ing.
songs en-trance my raptur-ed ear, When the wings of slum-ber fold me.

CHORUS.

As I dream..... As I dream.....

As I dream of a cit-y I have not seen, Of a cit-y I have not seen,

Of a cit-y I have not seen, As I dream.....

As I dream,..... As I dream of a cit-y I have not seen,

As I dream..... of a cit-y I have not seen.

Of a cit-y I have not seen, Of a cit-y I have not seen.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

R. A. SEARLES.

ASA HULL, *by per.*

1. When mountains of doubt hem-me in on each side, And waves of af-
 2. When storms of deep trouble rage fiercely around, When forebodings of
 3. The sun of prosperity brightly may shine, And my heart round its
 4. When nearing the shore of the riv - er of death, And the moments fly

fiction roll in like a tide; When vainly I seek some new pathway to try,
 ill in my spirit abound; When the hopes of a lifetime are blighted and die,
 treasures too closely may twine,—When my hopes are in danger of rising too high,
 swiftly with each labored breath, When losing my hold of each dear earthly tie,

CHORUS.

Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. }
 Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. } Oh, lead me to the Rock, Oh,
 Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. }
 Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. }

lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,

Oh, lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

LET HIM IN.

39.

Rev. J. B. ARCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let Him in,
 2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in,
 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in,
 4. Now ad-mit the heavenly Guest, Let Him in,
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in,
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in,
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

Let Him in ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
 He is standing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
 He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth ties all are riven, He will

Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.
 keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
 take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

R. E. HUDSON.

Arranged by R. E. HUDSON.

1. { We are out up-on the o-cean, bound for home, Where the
And my soul is filled with rap-ture on the way, For we

2. { He has land-ed man-y pil-grims safe-ly home, Where no
There we'll meet with all our loved ones gone be-fore, And we'll

3. { Come and go with us to-day, we'll soon be home; While the
Je-sus waits to save you now from all your sin, Will you

CHORUS.

winds and waves of sor-row nev-er come; }
soon shall reach the land of end-less day. } We are homeward bound for

sin with all its sorrows ne'er can come; }
tell His wondrous love for-ev-er-more. }

Spir-it now in-vites you, sin-ner, come! }
o-pen now your heart and let Him in. }

glo-ry, Homeward bound for glo-ry! There we'll meet with

Yes, we're homeward bound for glo-ry, There we'll meet with all our

loved ones gone be-fore; We are homeward bound for glory,

loved ones gone be-fore; We are homeward bound for glo-ry, Yes, we're

HOMeward BOUND.—Concluded.

Homeward bound for glo-ry! All the storms of life will soon be o'er.

homeward bound, O hal-le-lu-jah!

I'M BELIEVING AND RECEIVING. 41.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Sins of years I come con-fess-ing, While I to the fountain go;
2. I be-lieve Him, and re-ceive Him, Je-sus' blood my on-ly plea;
3. Keep me near Thee, pre-cious Saviour, Help me bring the world to Thee;

In His prom-ise I'm con-fid-ing, "I will wash you white as snow."
 Filled with love, O wondrous sto-ry! I am whol-ly lost in Thee.
 On ly this shall be my sto-ry, Thro' Thy blood I now am free.

CHORUS.

I'm be-liev-ing and re-ceiving, While I to the fountain go,

And my heart His blood now cleanseth Whiter, whit-er than the snow.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful ech-o
 2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! Hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
 3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! Hark! again! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Through the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
 Come, O come to-day. Christ, our lov-ing Saviour, still repeats the call—
 Sweeping o'er the plain! Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.

Come ye starv-ing ones that perish, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth,
 Come ye wea-ry hea-vy la-den, Room, room for all.
 Come for ev-ry-thing is ready, Room, room for all.

Je - sus will re-ceive; Who-so-ev - er thirsteth, Je - sus will re-lieve.

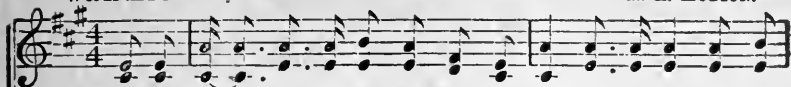
See the living waters Flowing full and free, O the blessed whosoever, That means me.

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

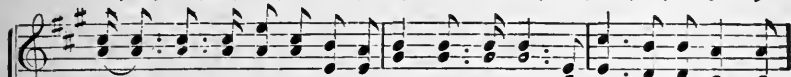
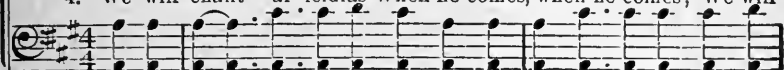
43.

Words and music by

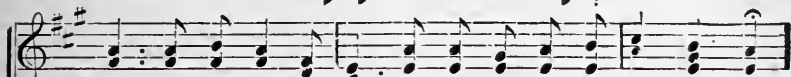
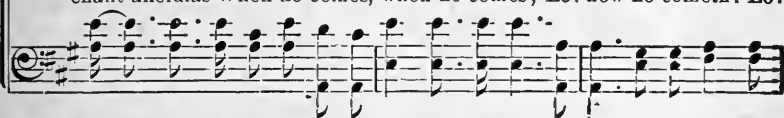
R. E. HUDSON.



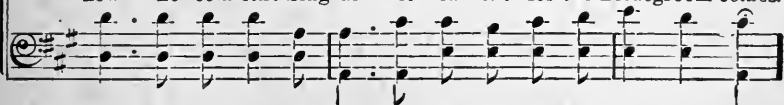
1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al-leluias When he comes, when he comes; We will



ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes; Behold! he cometh! Be-
lamps trimmed and burning When he comes, when he comes; He quickly cometh, he
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh! he
chant alleluias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh! Lo!



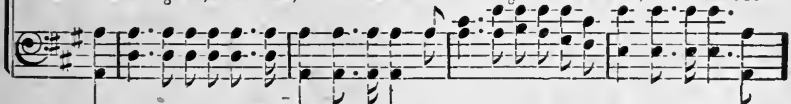
hold! he com-eth! Be robed and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.
quick - ly com-eth, O soul! be read-y when the Bridegroom comes.
sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
now he com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



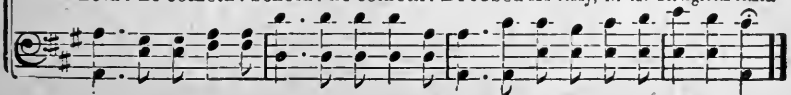
CHORUS.



Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes! Be-



hold! he cometh! behold! he cometh! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.



44. HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

K. SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW.
Arranged by E. O. EXCELL.

1. { At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thousand of his lords, While they
2. { In the night as they rev-el in the roy-al pal-ace hall, They were
3. { See the brave cap-tive, Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throne, And re-
4. { As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the doom of one and all. For the
3. { See the faith, zeal, and conrage, that would dare to do the right, Which the
4. { In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall—He
4. { So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writ-ing now, Sin-ner,
4. { For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must come to one and all—When the

1st. 2d.

drank from golden vessels, as the book of truth records;
seized with con-ster-na-tion, [*Omit.* 'twas the hand upon the wall.
buked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds of wrong;
kingdom now was finished—[*Omit.* said the hand upon the wall.
Spir-it gave to Daniel—this the secret of his might;
un-der-stood the writing, [*Omit.* of his God upon the wall.
give your heart to Je-sus, to His royal mandate bow;
sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion, [*Omit.* will be written on the wall.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God
'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall; 'Tis the hand of God

on the wall; Shall your record be "Found wanting," or shall you
that is writing on the wall.

Handwriting on the Wall.—Concluded.

be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall,
writing on the wall.

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ROLL THE STONE AWAY. 45.

Dedicated to W. C. T. U. of the United States.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Lo! the night of ease is past, Ac - tion comes, in love, at last,
2. It has filled our hap - py land With its wrecks on ev - 'ry hand,
3. Ye who pi - ty, ye who feel, Lis - ten now to our ap - peal,
4. Un - to Thee we look for power, Help us in this cri - sis hour,

As we hail the dawning day; Who shall roll the stone a - way?
While the helpless vic - tims pray, Roll this dreadful stone a - way.
All who sym - pathize and pray, Help us roll the stone a - way.
Bring the dawning of the day, Roll, oh, roll the stone a - way.

CHORUS. Roll..... the stone a - way,

Roll the stone, the stone a - way, Brothers, roll, while sis - ters pray,

Join to - geth - er heart and hand, And roll the stone a - way.

MEET ME THERE.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dissolves away
 But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the river sparkling bright,
 In the palace of the King, Meet me there. Where, in sweet communion, blend

D. S.—storms of life are o'er,

In - to pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home to stay,
 In the cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
 Heart with heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,

On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,

Fine. CHORUS.

Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,
 Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,
 Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,

Meet me there.

MEET ME THERE.—Concluded.

D.S.

Where the Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there. When the
Meet me there.

TAKE ALL MY SINS AWAY. 47.

MARECHALE BOOTH.

MARECHALE BOOTH.

1. Oh, spot-less Lamb, I come to Thee, No longer can I from Thee stay;
2. My hun-gry soul cries out for Thee, Come, and for-ev-er seal my breast;
3. Wea-ry I am of in-bred sin, Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release?

Fine.

Break ev'-ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sins a-way,
To Thy dear arms at last I flee, There on-ly can I rest.
En-ter, and speak me pure with-in, Give me Thy per-fect peace.

D.S.—My pre-cious Sav-iour, full of love, Take all my sins a-way.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Take all my sins a-way, Take all my sins a-way,

48. HE ROLLED THE CLOUDS AWAY.

R. E. HUDSON.

Arranged by R. E. H.

1. The way was dark be-fore me, Dark clouds were o'er me spread; The
 2. I'm walk-ing now in sun-shine, The way is full of joy; I'm
 3. O wea-ry, heav-y la-den! On Him your bur-den roll; He

temp-est gathered round me, The storm a-bove my head, I could not
 trust-ing ev'-ry mo-ment, I've love with-out al-loy, My Fa-ther
 free-ly suffered for you, He died to save your soul; O hear Him

see for weep-ing, And wea-ry was the day, 'Twas then I said, my
 smiles up-on me, And fills with peace each day, And now I am re-
 bid you wel-come, He nev-er will say nay, If you will on-ly

CHORUS.

Fa-ther, Oh, roll these clouds a-way. He rolled the clouds a-
 joic-ing, He rolled the clouds a-way. He rolled the clouds a-
 trust Him, He'll roll the clouds a-way. He rolled the clouds a-

way, He rolled the clouds a-way, My Sav-iour
 way, hap-py day, He rolled the clouds a-way.

He Rolled the Clouds Away.—Concluded.

He hath spok - en, And rolled the clouds, the clouds a - way.

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OLD, YET EVER NEW.

49.

W. A. WILLIAMS, by per.

1. There is a sto-ry sweet to hear, I love to tell it, too: It fills my
2. They tell me God the Son came down From His bright throne to die, That I might
3. They say He bore the cross for me, And suffered in my place, That I might
4. O wondrous love! so great, so vast, So boundless and so free! Low at thy

CHORUS.

heart with hope and cheer, 'Tis old, yet ever new. 'Tis old, yet ev-er new; 'Tis wear a starry crown, And dwell with Him on high. always happy be, And ransomed by His grace. feet my all I cast; I cov-et on-ly Thee. 'Tis old,

old, yet ev-er new; I know, I feel it's true: 'Tis old, but ever new. 'Tis old, I know,

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

G. W. FIELDS.

1. In the si - lent mid-night watch-es, List—thy bo-som door! List—thy
 2. Say not 'tis thy pulse is beat-ing: 'Tis thy heart of sin! 'Tis thy
 3. Death comes down with reckless footstep To the hall and hut, To the
 4. Je - sus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth, But the door is fast, But the

bo - som door! List—thy bo-som door! How it knock-eth, loud - ly
 heart of sin! 'Tis thy heart of sin! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, knocks and
 hall and hut, To the hall and hut: Think you death will long stand
 door is fast, But the door is fast! Grieved, a-way the Sav - iour

knock-eth Ev - er, ev - er-more! How it knock-eth ev - er - more!
 cri - eth: Rise, and let me in! Sin - ner, rise and let me in!
 wait-ing Where the door is shut? Wait-ing where the door is shut?
 go - eth: Death breaks in at last, Death, a - las! breaks in at last.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to - day!

Come, oh, come to - day! Come, oh, come to - day! Come, oh,

Come..... to Him with-

come to-day! Come, oh, come to-day! Come with-out de - lay,

COME TO CHRIST.—Concluded.

out de - lay.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

Come with-out de - lay, Come, oh, come with out de - lay!

WE CONQUER.

51.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

1. The war-drums are beat-ing, Up, sold-iers, and fight! The des-pot In-
 2. Go forth in the path-ways Your fore-fa-thers trod! Ye, too, fight for
 3. Not chains for the ty-rant, For chains are in vain; He's planning al-

Musical notation for the third system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

temp'rance, Hurl down from his height, Oh, gird on your armors, His minions are
 freedom, Your captain is God! Fling out your broad banner, Against the blue
 ready To break them in twain! But raise your deep voices, And shout the war-

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the fourth system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

nigh, I'll give you the watchword, "We conquer, or die." We conquer, we
 sky, And shout, like true sol-diers, "We conquer, or die."
 cry, Death! death! for the ty-rant, "We conquer, or die."

Musical notation for the fifth system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

conquer, We conquer, or die, We conquer, we conquer, We conquer, or die.


Words by R. E. HUDSON.
Not too fast.

ARRANGED.

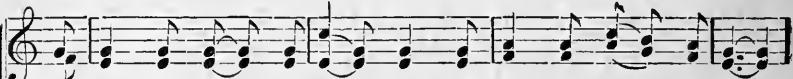


1. I know my sins are for - giv - en, My name is writ - ten down,
2. I know that Je - sus loves me, I'm sure I love him too,
3. I'm trust - ing ev' - ry mo - ment, His will is my de - light,


CHO.: I am a child of the King of kings, His blood now cleans-eth me,



He's prom-ised me a man - sion, And I shall wear a crown;
And I am rea - dy wait - ing His will and work to do;
My ev' - ry need he doth supply, While walk - ing in the light
I am a child of the King of kings, I now have vic - to - ry;



I know he will be with me In ev' - ry try - ing hour,
I know His pre - cious pro - mise He ne - ver will for - sake;
In fel - low - ship with Je - sus His blood now cleans - eth me;
His love, His peace, His joy are mine; I'm walk - ing in the light;



And I shall have the vic - to - ry Through his Al - migh - ty power.
He'll guide and guard me ev - er And then at last He'll take.
O glo - ry to his precious name, I'm free, I'm free, I'm free.
I soon shall see Him as He is, Look on His face so bright.

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATER. 53.

By per. JOHN J. HOOD.

J. R. SWENEY.

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Ye who have but scant supply,
 2. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Poor and weary, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Ye who have abundant store;
 4. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Far and wide your treasure strew,
 5. Cast thy bread upon the waters, Waft it on with praying breath,

Angel eyes will watch above it;— You shall find it by and by;
 Of- ten sitting in the shadow,— Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on many a billow, It may stand on many a shore;
 Scatter it with willing fingers, Shout for joy to see it go!
 In some distant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;

He who in his righteous balance Doth each human action weigh
 Can you not to those around you Sing some little song of hope,
 You may think it lost for-ev-er, But as sure as God is true,
 For if you do closely keep it, It will only drag you down;
 When you sleep in solemn silence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

Will your sacrifice re- member, Will your loving deeds re-pay.
 As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope?
 In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet return to you.
 If you love it more than Jesus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies over you.

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOLD.

Respectfully dedicated to Mother McCoy, Empire, O.

CHRISTIAN STANDARD.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King, our Re-deem-er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. Ev' - ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev' - ry
4. In that cit - y of light, where the sun nev - er sets, The in-
5. Go and teach ye all na - tions, the Sav - iour com-mands; Who-so-
6. Go - ing forth in His name, all our needs are sup-plied; In this

glo-ries can nev - er be told, There the sun nev - er sets, and the
 faith-ful with rap-ture be - hold; There the righteous for-ev - er shall
 lamb we have brought to the fold, Shall be kept as bright jew - els our
 hab - it - ants nev - er grow old; There no sor - row, no sick-ness, no
 e'er will, may come, we are told, And be saved by His grace, share with
 life we re - ceive hun-dred-fold, With re-joic-ing we'll come, bring-ing

leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 shine as the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 crowns to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 death ev - er comes, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 us in His love, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 sheaves for the Lord, In the beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

CHORUS.

That beau - ti - ful cit - y, the home of the soul, Oh, what

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOLD.—Concluded.

joy and what rap-ture to be - hold! My Sav-iour to
to be-hold!

see, and for - ev - er to be, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.

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MEDITATION.

55.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

FREEMAN LEWIS.

1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. O why should I wander, an alien from Thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?
3. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen The Star that on Israel shone?
4. Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy

[voice ;

My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all!
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been, And where with his flocks he is gone.
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ever rejoice.

FREE AT LAST!

Words and Music by

DR. M. LAFAYETTE BYRN, by per.

1. For man-y wea-ry years I tried, With doubts and fears op-pressed,
 2. But this was all of no a-vail, To do the might-y work;
 3. Now all the day He walks with me, I feel Him ev-er near;

To know the Lord for me had died, To give me per-fect rest.
 Un-til my par-don He did seal, My sin-ful heart He broke.
 I'm go-ing to my "Fa-ther's home," With-out a doubt or fear.

Still I was bound by Sa-tan's chains, Tho' oft I wept and prayed,
 Oh, bless-ed thought, oh, bless-ed hour, Oh, hap-py day for me,
 The way grows bright-er all the time, I've gained the vic-to-ry!

The Lord would par-don all my sins, For He the debt had paid.
 When first I felt His might-y pow'r, That saved and set me free.
 Now it is not a gold-en dream, At last I know I'm free!

CHORUS.

Free at last! I'm free at last! All glo-ry to His name!

FREE AT LAST!—Concluded.

Free at last! I'm free at last! All glo - ry to His name!

Copyrighted, 1885, by DR. M. LAFAYETTE BYRN.

THEY COME.

57.

Not to fast.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - wake, a - wake, a - wake ye sons of free - dom, bark!
 2. Go forth, go forth, go forth and re - scue fal - len men:
 3. We'll win, we'll win, for God is on the side of right;

A - wake, a - wake

A - wake, a - wake, a - wake, and hear their cry;
 For God, and home, and free - dom's land be true;
 We'll work, we'll pray, the day may quick - ly come,

A - wake, a - wake,

They come, they come and ask your help their sons to save
 Gird on, gird on, the ar - mor of our fathers' God,
 When men, when men and wo - men, oy - er all our land

The come, they come,

Rit. to close.

From rum, foul rum; Oh! help us, or we die.
 And stand for right, Our coun - try calls for you.
 U - nite to stop the sale of poisoned rum.

WHO'S ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

Mrs. W. R. GRISWOLD.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. We're marching to Ca-naan with ban-ner and song, We're sold-iers en-
 2. The sword may be burn-ished, the arm-or be bright, For Sa-tan ap-
 3. Who is there a-mong us yet un-der the rod, Who knows not the
 4. Oh, heed not the sor-row, the pain and the wrong, For soon shall our

list-ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con-flict our
 peers as an an-gel of light; Yet dark-ly the bo-som may
 par-don-ing mer-cy of God? Oh, bring to Him hum-bly the
 sigh-ing be changed in-to song; So bear-ing the cross of our

strength should di-vide, We ask, who a-mong us is on the Lord's side?
 treach-er-y hide, While lips are pro-fess-ing, "I'm on the Lord's side?"
 heart in its pride; Oh, haste while He's wait-ing, and seek the Lord's side.
 cov-en-ant Guide, We'll shout as we tri-umph, "I'm on the Lord's side."

CHORUS.

Oh, who is there a-mong us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by His

Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.

col-ors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there a-mong us, the

true and the tried, Who'll stand by His col-ors—who's on the Lord's side?

HE IS CALLING.

59.

FABER.

Arranged by S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. There's a full-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the full-ness of the sea;
2. There's no place where earth-ly sor-rows, Are more felt than up in heav'n;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at his word;

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There's no place where earth-ly fail-ings Have such kind-ly judg-ment giv'n.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

REFRAIN.

He is call-ing, "Come to me;" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

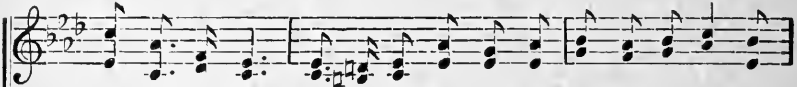
IF YOU WANT PARDON.

E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER, by per.



1. If you want par-don, if you want peace, If you want sor-row and
2. If you want Christ to reign in your soul, Sa-tan cast out, and be
3. If you want strength, take part in the fight, If you want pur-i-ty,

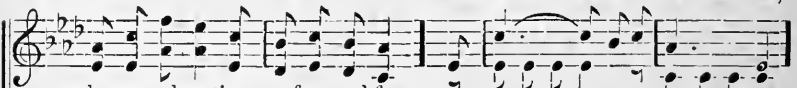


sigh-ing to cease, Look up to Je-sus, who died on the tree, To
made ful-ly whole, Wash in the blood of the cru-ci-fied one, And
walk in the light; If you want lib-er-ty, fear not to say: Oh,



GHORUS.

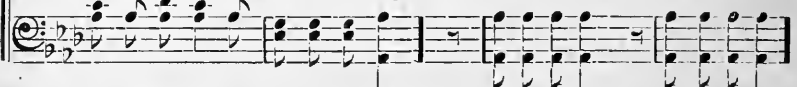
Come now..... to the Sav - iour,



make our sal-va-tion per-fect and free.
then tell to all what Je-sus has done.
glo-ry to God, he saves me to-day!

Come to Him now,

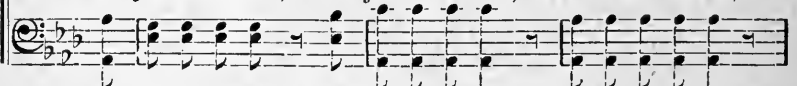
Come to Him now,



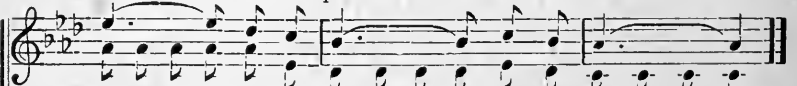
Re-ject..... not the call..... And take..... this sal-



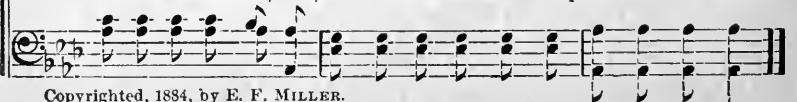
Re-ject not the call, Re-ject not the call, Take this sal-va-tion,



va-tion He pur-chased for all.....



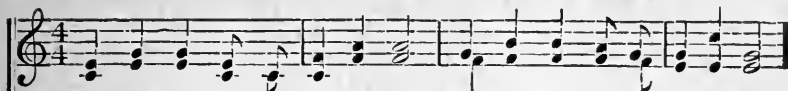
Take this sal-va-tion, Yes, take this sal-va-tion He purchased for all.



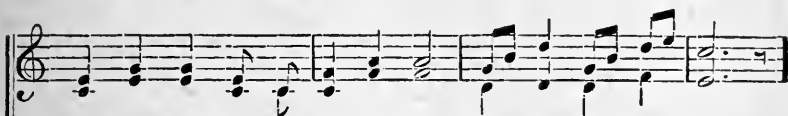
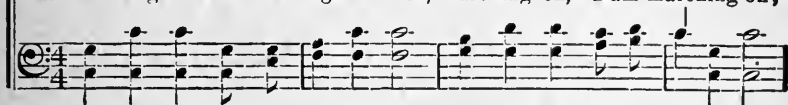
MARCHING ON.

61.

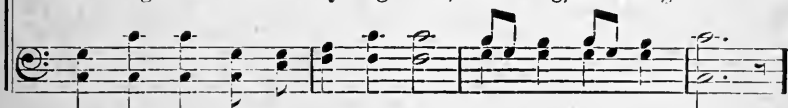
Words and Music by CAPT. JOHNSON.



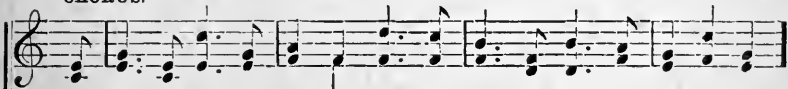
1. Marching on in the light of God, Marching on, I am marching on;
2. Marching on thro' the hosts of sin, Marching on, I am marching on;
3. Marching on while the skeptics sneer, Marching on, I am marching on;
4. Marching on with the flag un-furled, Marching on, I am marching on;



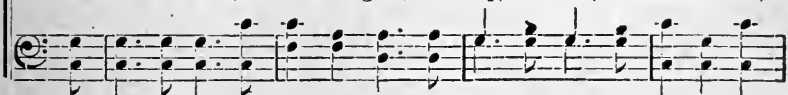
Up the path that the Mas-ter trod. March-ing, march-ing on.
 Vic-t'ry's mine, while I've Christ with-in, March-ing, march-ing on.
 Per-fect love cast-eth out all fear, March-ing, march-ing on.
 Preach-ing Christ to the dy-ing world, March-ing, march-ing on.



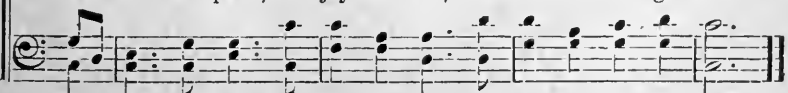
CHORUS.



A robe of white, a crown of gold, A harp, a home, a mansion fair,



A vic-tor's palm, a joy un-told, Are mine when I get there.



GLORY, HONOR TO HIS NAME.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. { Soldiers of our God, a-rise, The day is drawing near-er, } Do not
 { To the hills up-lift your eyes, The light is growing clear-er; }

2. { See the braz-en hosts of hell, Art and pow'r em-ploy-ing, } Hark, on
 { More than human tongue can tell, Blood-bought souls destroy-ing; }

3. { War-riors of the bleed-ing Lamb, Arm-y of sal-va-tion, } Raise the
 { You shall wave the vic-tor's palm, Con-quer ev'-ry na-tion; }

let the moments fly, While the heedless millions lie; Lift the blood-stained
 ru-in's ghast-ly road, Victims groan be-neath their load; Forward, oh ye
 glorious standard high, Strike for vic-t'ry, nev-er tire; Onward march with

CHORUS.

ban-ner high, And take the field for Je-sus. Glo-ry, hon-or to the
 sons of God, And dare or die for Je-sus.
 "Blood and Fire!" And win the world for Je-sus.

Lamb, Glo-ry, hon-or to the Lamb, Glo-ry,
 to the Lamb, to the Lamb,

GLORY, HONOR TO HIS NAME.—Concluded.

hon - or, praise and pow - er, Be for - ev - er to the Lamb.

Copyrighted, 1886, by R. E. HUDSON.

WE SHALL SING.

E. N. 63.

1. Soldiers fight - ing in the bat - tle, Up to glo - ry march a - long; Keeping
2. Sing to - day, and sing to - morrow, Sing when things are going wrong; Sing the
3. Use the joy that God has giv - en, For the battle keeping strong; Liv - ing

CHORUS.

cheerful in the struggle, Praise the Lord, it won't be long. We shall sing,
most in pain or sorrow; Praise the Lord, it won't be long.
near the gate of heaven; Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

We shall
We shall sing When the glorious fight of faith is
sing, We shall sing,

o - ver, Round the tree of life for - ev - er, Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Conquering God, go forth in gran - deur, Bless - ed Christ, as -
 2. Pray'r is an - swered; lol the vic - t'ry! High - est mount and
 3. Like the sound of man - y wa - ters From a choir ten

sert Thy sway; Ho - ly Spir - it, lift the peo - ple Out of
 deep - est glen; Roll the bless - ed tid - ing on - ward, Je - sus
 thou - sand strong, Swells the ev - er widening glo - ry, Swells sal -

CHORUS.

Spread the an - - - them

dark - ness in - to day. Spread the anthem high as heav'n,
 Christ is sav - ing men.
 va - tion's sweet - est song.

high as heav - - - en, Raise the grand..... tri -

Spread the an - them high as heav'n, Raise the grand tri - um - phal arch,

um - phal arch, Make way, con - - ti -

Raise the grand tri - um - phal arch, Make way, con - ti - nents and na - tions,

MIGHTY MARCH.—Concluded.

nents and na - tions,

Make way, con-ti-nents and na-tions, Truth is on its might-y march.

Copyrighted, 1885, by I. N. McHose.

I AM SAVED.

65.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Jno. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. I am saved! the Lord hath saved me, Help me shout the
 2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hope-ing it will
 3. Free sal - va - tion! glad sal - va - tion! Let us shout from

glo-rious news! I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, And 'tis
 reach the skies, Keep, dear Lord, my soul for - ev - er Un - der
 pole to pole, Un - til each dis - eas - ed na - tion Feels that

CHORUS.

sweet as honeyed dews. Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 thy pro - tect-ing eyes. Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-le-jah!
 God hath made them whole.

1st. 2d.

I re-joice sal - va-tion came; [Omit. I am saved in Je-sus' name.]
 [Omit]

HIS NAME IS JESUS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I bring you tid-ings of great joy, For Je-sus comes to save His own;
 2. Just at the door, with lifted hand, He stands and knocks, would enter in—
 3. Be-set-ting sins to Christ will yield, Thro' Him all self will find a grave;
 4. And pur-i-ty is His free gift, Thus sav-ing to the ut-ter-most,

Yes, Je-sus comes, the Lord of all, For you He leaves His heav'nly home.
 Who welcomes Christ with heart and soul, Will prove that Je-sus saves from sin.
 And all this dead-ly strife will cease, As Je-sus proves his pow'r to save.
 And by the Ho-ly Spir-it's pow'r, He gives to us our Pen-te-cost.

CHORUS.

Re-joice, His name is Je-sus, for He saves! Re-
 for He saves!

joice, His name is Je-sus, for He saves! For He saves!
 for He saves! for He saves!

HIS NAME IS JESUS.—Concluded.

For He saves! For He saves His peo-ple from their sins.
For He saves!

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BLESSED NAME.

67.

R. E. HUDSON.

1st.

- O for a thousand tongues to sing: Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo-ries of my God and King, Bless-ed be the name [Omit.....]
- Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ear, Bless-ed be the name [Omit.....]
- He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul-est clean, Bless-ed be the name [Omit.....]
- I nev-er shall for-get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way, Bless-ed be the name [Omit.....]

2d. CHORUS.

of the Lord! Bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name,
of the Lord!
of the Lord!
of the Lord!

1st. 2d.

Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

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68. We Shall Stand Before the King.

Words and Music by E. O. EXCELL.

1. We shall stand be-fore the King, With the an-gels we shall sing,
 2. Ring, ye bells of heav-en, ring, We shall stand be-fore the King,
 3. Wake, my soul, thy tri-bute bring, Thou shalt stand be-fore the King,

By and by, by and by, Walk the
 By and by, by and by, There our
 By and by, by and by, Lay thy

By and by, By and by,

bright, the gold - en shore, Prais-ing Him for - ev - er more, By and
 sor - rows will be o'er, There His uame we will a - dore, By and
 tro - phies at His feet, In His likeness stand com-plete, By and

CHORUS.

by, by and by. We shall stand . . . be-
 by, by and by.
 by, by and by.

By and by, by and by. We shall stand

We Shall Stand Before the King.—Concluded.

fore the King, With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry
 be-fore the King,

glo - ry to our King! Hal - le - lu jah! hal - le -
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

lu jah! We shall stand . . . be-fore the King.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! We shall stand

Copyrighted, 1885, by E. O. EXCELL.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

69.

1. { The road to heav'n by Christ was made, With heav'nly truth the rails are laid, }
 { From earth to heav'n the line ex-tends, To life e - ter - nal where it ends. }
2. { Re - pen-tance is the sta-tion, then, Where pas-sen-gers are tak-en in; }
 { No fee for them is there to pay, For Je - sus is him-self the way. }
3. { The Bi - ble is the en - gi-neer—It points the way to heav'n so clear, }
 { Thro' tun-nels dark and dreary here— It leads to glo - ry, nev-er fear. }
4. { God's love the fire, his truth the way, Which leads us home to endless day; }
 { All you who would to glo-ry ride, Must come to Christ—in him abide. }
5. { Come, then, poor sin-ner, now is the time, At an - y sta - tion on the line; }
 { If you re-pent, and turn from sin, The train will stop, and take you in. }

CHORUS.

We're going home, We're going home, To die no more, To die no more.

70. I HAVE TAKEN UP THE CROSS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. I have tak - en up the cross of Christ; And I'll
 2. I have tak - en up the cross to - day; I will -
 3. I have tak - en up the cross at last, And I

bear it if he gives me grace; It will make each heav - y
 in my Saviour's foot-steps go; He will guide me in the
 nev - er more will lay it down; Then when toils and cares of

bur - den light, If he shows me but the smil - ing of his face.
 nar - row way Till my pil - grimage is end - ed here be - low.
 life are past, En - ter heav - en and re - ceive the gold - en crown.

CHORUS.

Oh! the cross, I will bear it In love, In
 Oh! the cross, I will bear it In love, In

love, Oh! the crown, I shall wear it In heaven a - bove.
 In love, Oh! the crown, I shall wear it In heaven a - bove.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

71.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

JAS. R. SWENET, by per

1. The Lord is my light, then why should I fear, By day and by night his
 2. The Lord is my light! tho' clouds may arise, Faith, stronger than sight, looks

pres-ence is near; He is my salvation from sorrow and sin, This
 up thro' the skies, Where Jesus for- ever in glory doth reign; Then

CHORUS.
 blessed as- surance the Spir- it doth bring. } The Lord is my
 how can I ev- er in darkness remain? } The Lord is my light, The

light, He is my joy, and my song, By
 Lord is my light, He is my joy, and my song, By

day and by night, He leads, he leads me a- long.
 day and by night, by day and by night.

3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength,
 I know in his might I'll conquer at length;
 My weakness in mercy he covers with pow'r,
 And walking by faith I am saved every hour.

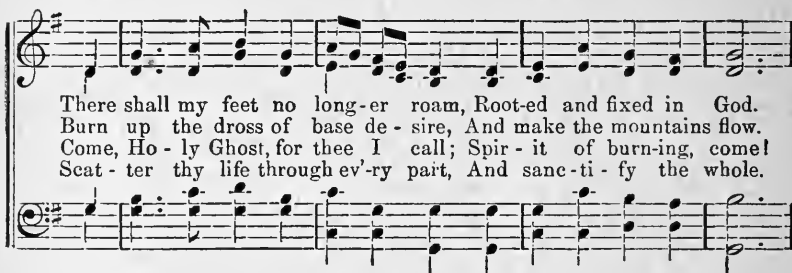
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all,
 There is in his sight no darkness at all;
 He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King,
 With saints and with angels his praises I sing.

I WILL, GOD HELPING ME.

R. E. HUDSON.

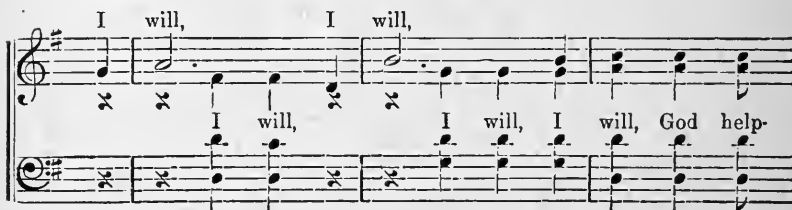


1. Je - sus, thine all vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad;
 2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow,
 3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume!
 4. Re - fin - ing fire, go through my heart, Il - lu - min - ate my soul;

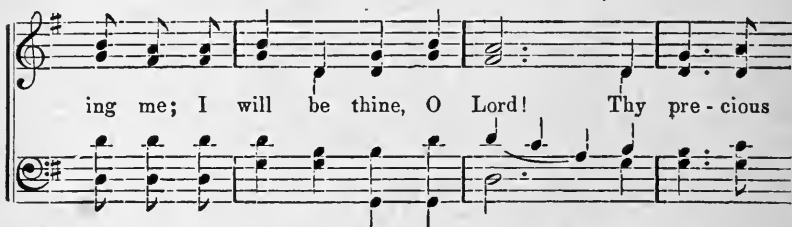


There shall my feet no long - er roam, Root - ed and fixed in God.
 Burn up the dross of base de - sire, And make the mountains flow.
 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call; Spir - it of burn - ing, come!
 Scat - ter thy life through ev' - ry part, And sanc - ti - fy the whole.


CHORUS.



I will, I will,
 I will, I will, I will, God help -



ing me; I will be thine, O Lord! Thy pre - cious



blood was shed to ran - som me, I will be thine, O Lord!

SAVED BY HIS GRACE ALONE! 73.

DUET.—SOPRANO & TENOR.

L. H. BAKER.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound,..... - Harmonious to the ear;.....
 2. Grace first contrived a way..... To save re-bell-i-ous man;.....
 3. Grace taught my roving feet..... To tread the heavenly road;.....
 4. Grace all the work shall crown,..... Thro' ev - er - last - ing days;.....

Heaven with the ech - o shall resound. And all the earth shall hear.
 And all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the wondrous plan.
 And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
 It lays in heaven the top-most stone, And well deserves our praise.

CHORUS.

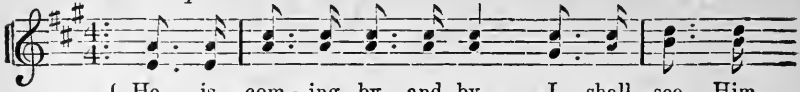
Saved by His grace a - lone!..... Saved by His grace a - lone!
 Saved by His grace a-lone! Saved by His grace, by His grace alone!

And we shall sing a-round His throne: Saved by His grace a-lone!

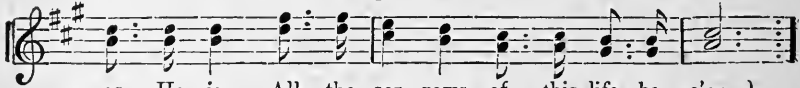
R. E. HUDSON.

Arranged by R. E. H.

DUET.—Soprano and Tenor.



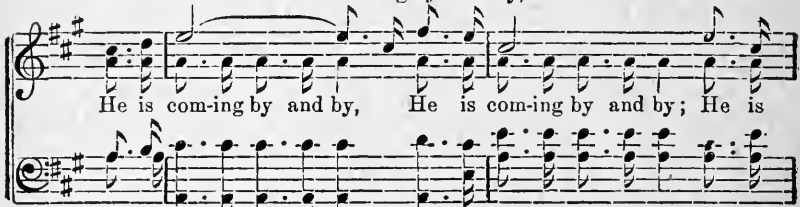
1. { He is com - ing by and by, I shall see Him
I shall join the blood-washed throng, I shall sing the
2. { I shall see Him as he is, O what rap - ture
Cleansed and clothed in spot - less white, Ev - er walk - ing
3. { Are you read - y when He comes? Have you in your
He will come and reign with - in, He will cleanse your



as He is, All the sor - rows of this life be o'er, }
new, new song, I shall reign with Him for - ev - er - more. }
and what bliss! I shall see my Sa - viour and a - dore, }
in the light, I shall sing of Him for - ev - er - more. }
heart made room For the King of glo - ry to a - bide? }
heart from sin, Then with Him the soul is sat - is - fied. }

CHORUS.

He is com - - - ing by and by, He will



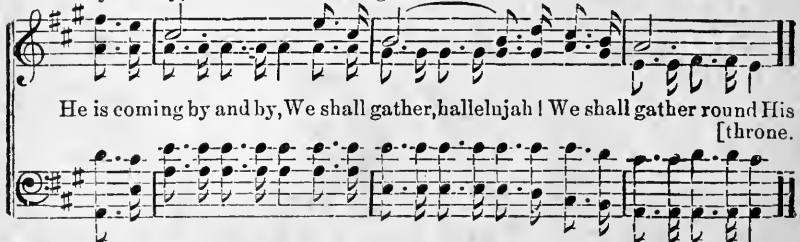
He is com - ing by and by, He is com - ing by and by; He is

come..... and claim His own; He is com - ing



come and claim His own; He will come and claim His own; He is coming by and by,

by and by, We shall gath - er round His throne.

He is coming by and by, We shall gather, hallelujah! We shall gather round His
[throne.]

THERE IS LIFE IN A LOOK.

75.

Rev. J. PARKER.

By per. S. J. VAIL.

1. There is life in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, And
 2. There is peace in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, He
 3. There is rest in a look at the cru - ci - fied One, When

joy to the spir - it with - in; There is pardon for thee, sin - ner,
 bore all my bur - den and shame; I have nothing to bring, To His
 wea - ry I fly to His care; He in - vites me to come, In His

REFRAIN.

come and be free, For His blood giveth cleansing from sin.
 mer - cy I cling, I am trusting a - lone in His name. Oh, trust in His
 love there is room, And I'm welcome His mercy to share.

own precious blood, Who gives us acceptance with God; He has pardoned

my sin, And renewed me with - in, I love Him and trust in His word.

LIVING WATERS FLOW.

Respectfully dedicated to Miss Ida L. Mullenix.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I've reached the land of light, The air is pure and bright, Down where the living
 2. I've reached the land of rest, While trusting I am blest, Down where the living
 3. I've reached the land of joy, I've love without al-loy, Down where the living

wa - ters flow; For God and souls I fight, I'm do-ing what is right,
 wa - ters flow; Peace, like a riv - er, rolls, And love it fills my soul,
 wa - ters flow; I rest in Him complete, While sitting at His feet,

CHORUS.

Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
 Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow. Down where the living waters flow,
 Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.

Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm walk-ing in the light; For

God and souls I fight, Down where the liv - ing wa-ters flow.

WE ARE WALKING IN THE LIGHT. 77.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. { Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, We are walk-ing in the
 { As we jour-ney, let us sing: We are walk-ing in the
 2. { We are trav-'ling home to God, We are walk-ing in the
 { In the way our fa-thers trod, We are walk-ing in the
 3. { Lord, o - be - dient - ly we'll go, We are walk-ing in the
 { Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low, We are walk-ing in the

CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful light of God; We are walk - ing in the
 beau-ti-ful light of God.
 beau-ti-ful light of God;
 beau-ti-ful light of God.
 beau-ti-ful light of God;
 beau-ti-ful light of God.

Walking in the light,

light, We are walk - ing in the
 Beau-ti-ful light of God; Walk-ing in the light,

light, We are walk - ing in the
 Beau-ti-ful light of God; Walk-ing in the light,

light, We are walk-ing in the beautiful light of God.
 Beautiful light of God.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. A-wake! awake! the Mas-ter now is call-ing us, A-rise! a-rise! and,
 2. A cry for light from dy-ing ones in heathen lands: It comes, it comes a-
 3. O church of God, ex-tend thy kind, ma-ter-nal arms To save the lost on

trust-ing in His word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And
 cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, hast to spread the words of truth abroad, For
 mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And

CHORUS.

take the cross, the blessed cross of Christ, our Lord. On, on, swell the
 get - ing not the starv-ing poor at home, dear home.
 bring them to the shel - ter of the Saviour's fold. On, on, on,

cho - rus; On, on, on, the morning star is shin-ing o'er us;
 swell the cho-rus, On, on, on,

On, on, while be-fore us Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way:
 On, on, on, while before leads the way:

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.—Concluded.

{ Glo - ry, glo-ry, hear the ev - er-last-ing throng } Faithful soldiers here below,
 { Shout ho-san-na, while we boldly march a-long; }

On-ly Je-sus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world we go.

Copyrighted, 1883, by JOHN J. HOOD. by per.

HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD. 79.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can des - troy.
 And sweet - er is the thought of Thee, Than an - y love - ly song.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of love so full and free,
 The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) His blood now cleanseth me.

Copyrighted, 1881, by R. E. HUDSON.

ONLY NEAR TO THE KINGDOM.

Words and Music by W. JOHNSON.

1. To live in the land where the Christ pass-es by, To go to the
 2. To come to the Sav-iour with ques-tion and pray'r, His an-swer of
 3. Not far from the king-dom, yet not born a-gain; Not far from the

place where His Spir - it is nigh, To know the sweet gos - pel of
 love and sal - va - tion to hear, To speak in His pres - ence ac -
 king - dom, yet cling - ing to sin; Not far from the king - dom, close,

Je - sus, the Lord, And yet on - ly near to the
 knowl - edge His word, And yet on - ly near to the
 close to the road, And yet on - ly near to the

REFRAIN.

king - dom of God. Near to the king - dom, Near to the
 king - dom of God.
 king - dom of God.

Rit......
 king - dom, And yet on - ly near To the king - dom of God.

AT THE CROSS.

81.

R. E. HUDSON

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de-gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way — It was there by faith
 rolled away,

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

Very slow.

Words and Music by WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, — Plead - ing for
 3. O for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised, — Prom - ised for

you and for me; See, on the por - tals He's wait - ing and
 you and for me? Why should we ling - er and heed not His
 you and for me; Though we have sinned, He has mer - cy and

REFRAIN.

watch - ing, — Watch - ing for you and for me. *m* Come home,..... come
 mer - ies, — Mer - cies for you and for me?
 par - don, — Par - don for you and for me. Come home,

home,..... *cres.* Ye, who are wea - ry, come home;... *rit.* Earn - est - ly,
 come home, *p* *pp*

ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home. *ritard.* *pp*

LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER. 83.

Words and Music by

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are ended, and
 2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home; In life's darkest hours, Father,

parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from thee I'll
 When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from thee I

Rit. p
 roam, If thou'lt on - ly lead me. Fath - er, Lead me gently home.
 roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gent - ly home, Fath - er, Lead me gent - ly
 Lead me gently home, Fath - er, Lead me gently home, Fath - er,

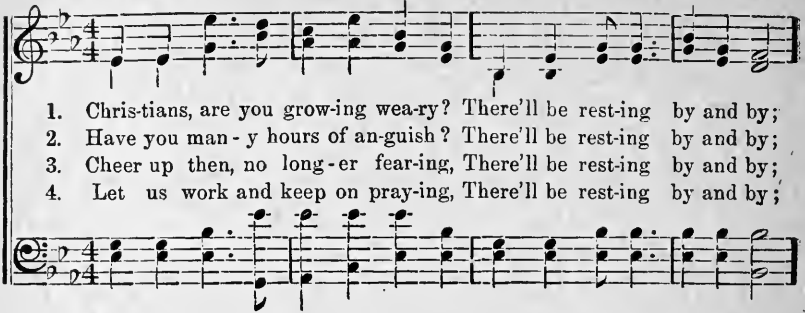
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gently home.
 Lead me gently, gently home.

RESTING BY AND BY.


[From HARVEST BELLS No. 3.]

REV. W. E. PENN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

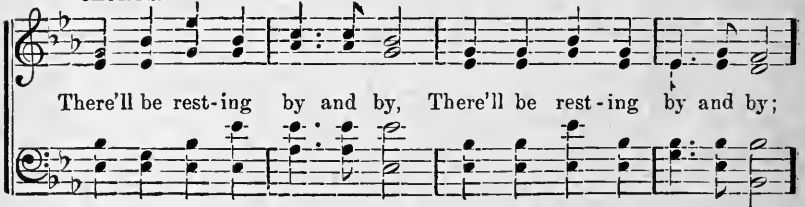


1. Christians, are you grow-ing wea-ry? There'll be rest-ing by and by;
 2. Have you man-y hours of an-guish? There'll be rest-ing by and by;
 3. Cheer up then, no long-er fear-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by;
 4. Let us work and keep on pray-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by;

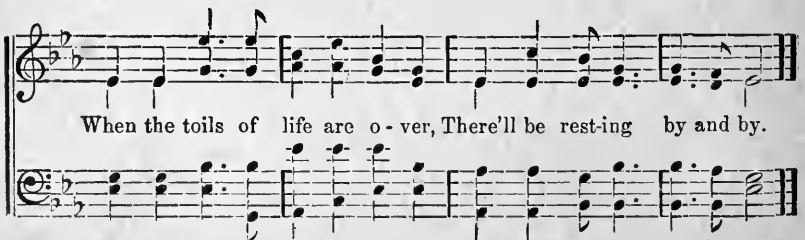


Is your path-way dark and drea-ry? There'll be rest-ing by and by.
 Where your souls will no more lan-quish, There'll be rest-ing by and by.
 When you see our Lord's ap-pear-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by.
 If we come, His word o-bey-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by.

CHORUS.



There'll be rest-ing by and by, There'll be rest-ing by and by;



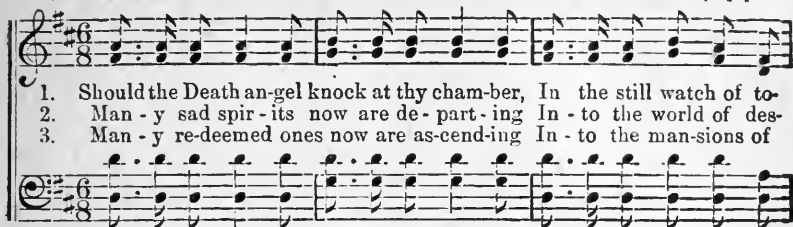
When the toils of life are o-ver, There'll be rest-ing by and by.

SAY, ARE YOU READY?

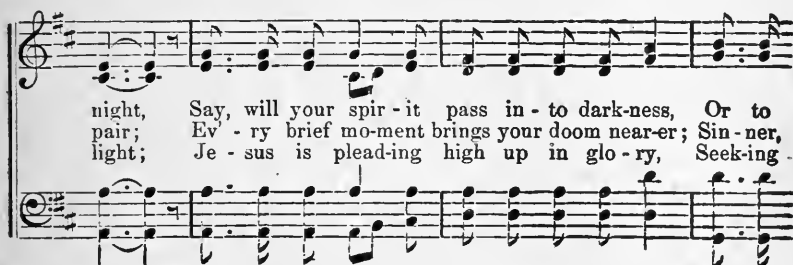
85.

A. S. KIEFFER.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

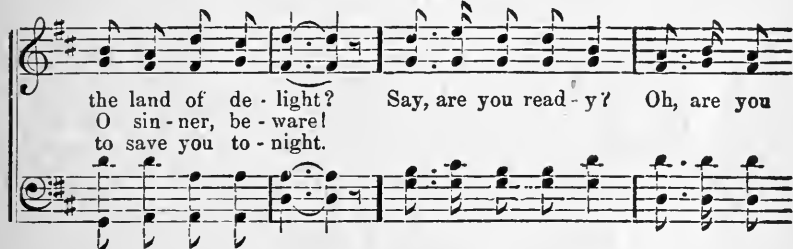


1. Should the Death an-gel knock at thy cham-ber, In the still watch of to-
 2. Man - y sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of des-
 3. Man - y re-deemed ones now are as-cend-ing In - to the man-sions of

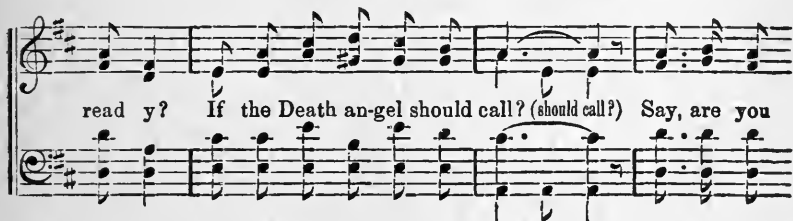


night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to dark-ness, Or to
 pair; Ev - ry brief mo-ment brings your doom near-er; Sin - ner,
 light; Je - sus is plead-ing high up in glo - ry, Seek-ing.

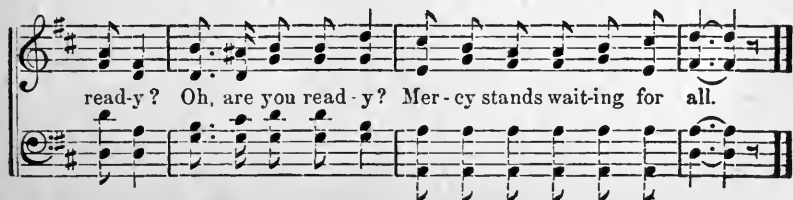
CHORUS.



the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y? Oh, are you
 O sin - ner, be - ware!
 to save you to - night.



read y? If the Death an-gel should call? (should call?) Say, are you



ready? Oh, are you read - y? Mer - cy stands wait-ing for all.

LEAD ME SAFELY ON.

J. H. LESLIE.

R. A. GLENN, by per.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way, From the shores of
 2. With a Shepherd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me close to
 3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly

time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
 thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on by thy
 on to my heav - en - ly home; At the fount of life on the

ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
 tend - er love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
 oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

REFRAIN.

Lead me on, lead me on, Lead me
 Lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and narrow way,

on, lead me on,
 Lead me on. lead me on To the realms of end - less day.

DAILY VICTORY.

87.

From the CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

JOHN R. SWENEY, by per.

Moderato.

1. I want a present living faith, That I may prove each day, each hour,
 2. I want a firm, unwavering faith, That bringeth good from seeming ill;
 3. I want a faith that falters not, Let skies be bright or tempest beat,

A - mid the toils and cares of life, My precious Sav - iour's
 That, e'en amid affliction's blast, Re-joic-es in the
 That 'mid earth's joys and cares and griefs, Vic-tor-ious sits at

love and power, (love and power; I want, a - mid the pet - ty cares That
 Father's will, (Father's will); That when long-cherished hope's denied, Still
 Jesus' feet, (Jesus' feet); Give me such faith, and then I know When

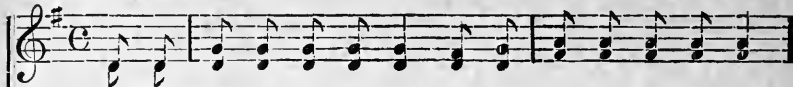
dai - ly weary and an - noy, To live by faith so near my God
 sings "a glad triumphant song," Knowing that he who reigns on high—
 I shall pass cold Jordan's wave, The faith that kept me day by day

That life shall be a constant joy, (constant joy.)
 A God of love can do no wrong, (do no wrong).
 Will be tri - umph ant o'er the grave, (o'er the grave).


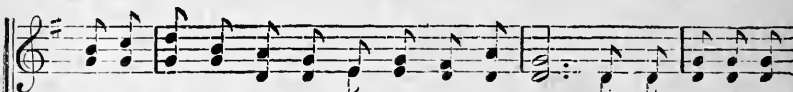
I Shall Never Know a Sorrow.

As Sung by ADDIE WATERMAN.

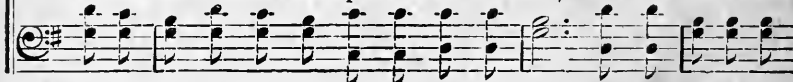
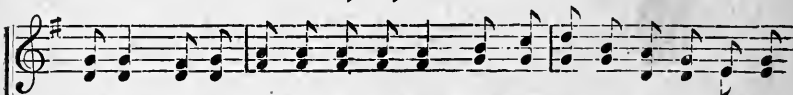
E. E. NICKERSON, by per.




1. We are sweep-ing thro' the land, With the sword of God in hand,
2. Oh, the bless-ed Lord of light, We will serve Him with our might,
3. We are sweep-ing on to win Per-fect vic-t'ry o-ver sin,

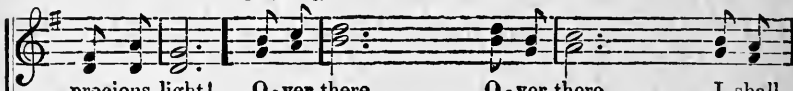
We are watching, and we're praying while we fight; On the wings of love
And His arm shall bring sal-va-tion to the poor; They shall lean up-on
And we'll shout our Saviour's prais-es ev-er-more; When the strife on earth


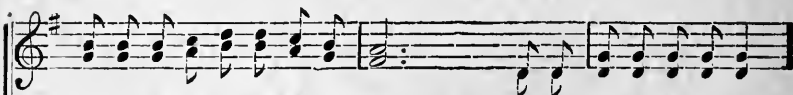
we'll fly, To the souls a-bout to die, And we'll force them to be-hold the
His breast, Know the sweetness of His rest,—Of His par-don He the vil-est
is done, And some million souls we've won, We'll rejoin our conqu'ring comrades



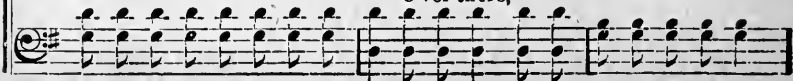
CHORUS.



precious light! O-ver there, O-ver there, I shall
will as-sure. gone be-fore. O-ver there, O-ver there,

nev-er know a sor-row o-ver there; In the streets of shining gol'
o-ver there,



I Shall Never Know a Sorrow.—Concluded.

with the glo-ry in my soul, I shall nev-er know a sorrow o-ver there!

over there!

Copyrighted, 1885, by E. E. NICKERSON.

ANGELS ARE LOOKING ON ME. 89.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

Arranged.

1. Like Ja-cob, in his Beth-el rest, The an-gels are look-ing on me;
2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an-gels are look-ing on me;
3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an-gels are look-ing on me;
4. I lay me down at night to sleep, The an-gels are look-ing on me;

They watch my pil-low—I am blest, The an-gels are look-ing on me.
 I know I'm safe, for an-gels keep, The an-gels are look-ing on me.
 God's presence makes my joy com-plete, The an-gels are look-ing on me.
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep, While an-gels are look-ing on me.

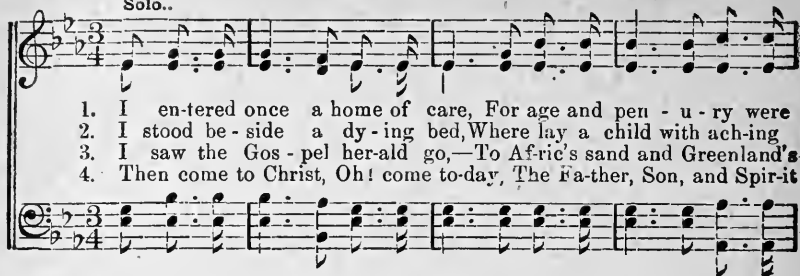
REFRAIN.

All night, all night The an-gels are look-ing on me;

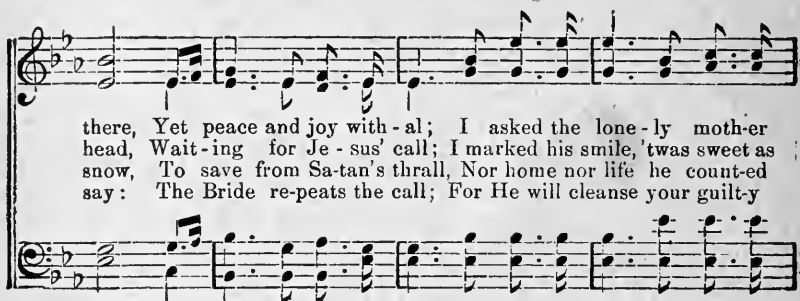
All night, all night The an-gels are look-ing on me.

W. A. WILLIAMS, by per.

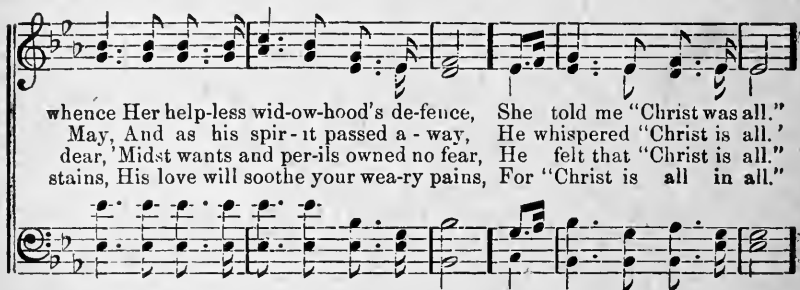
Solo..



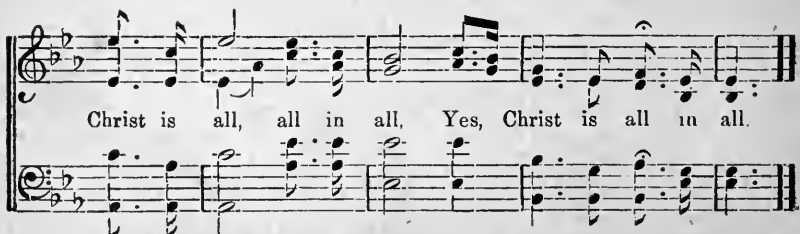
1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were
 2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching
 3. I saw the Gos - pel her - ald go, — To Afric's sand and Greenland's
 4. Then come to Christ, Oh! come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it



there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
 head, Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
 snow, To save from Sa - tan's thrall, Nor home nor life he count - ed
 say: The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilty



whence Her help - less wid - ow - hood's de - fence, She told me "Christ was all."
 May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered "Christ is all."
 dear, 'Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
 stains, His love will soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."



Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

91.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came,
 2. Five of them were fool-ish when the Bridegroom came,
 3. The wise took their oil when the Bridegroom came,
 4. The fool-ish had no oil when the Bridegroom came.
 5. The right-eous were ac-cept-ed when the Bridegroom came,
 6. The fool-ish were re-ject-ed when the Bridegroom came,
 7. Will you all be read-y when the Bridegroom comes?

Five of them were wise when the Bride-groom came,
 Five of them were fool-ish when the Bride-groom came,
 The wise took their oil when the Bride-groom came,
 The fool-ish had no oil when the Bride-groom came,
 The right-eous were ac-cept-ed when the Bride-groom came,
 The fool-ish were re-ject-ed when the Bride-groom came,
 Will you all be read-y when the Bride-groom comes?

And trust-ing, oh, trust-ing, yes, trust-ing when the Bridegroom came.
 And doubt-ing, oh, doubt-ing, yes, doubt-ing when the Bridegroom came.
 And sing-ing, oh, sing-ing, yes, sing-ing when the Bridegroom came.
 And weep-ing, oh, weep-ing, yes, weep-ing when the Bridegroom came.
 And shout-ing, oh, shout-ing, yes, shout-ing when the Bridegroom came.
 And wail-ing, oh, wail-ing, yes, wail-ing when the Bridegroom came.
 And wait-ing, oh, wait-ing, yes, wait-ing when the Bridegroom comes.

COMING HOME TO-NIGHT.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I see a moth-er wait-ing, She's wait-ed wea-ry years, The
 2. The boy she loved has wan-dered A-way from home and friends, But
 3. O wan-der-ing boy, come home, They're wait-ing for you there; Oh,

boy she loved is far from home, Oh, see her bit-ter tears; But
 now in want, he thinks of one Whose heart in pit-y bends, He
 hear them sing the sweet old hymn, And kneel in ev'-ning pray'r, They

glad good news she soon will hear, 'Twill make her sad heart light, The
 thinks of fa-ther's ten-der care, Of sis-ter's face so bright; And
 wait, they long for thy re-turn From dark-ness in-to light, Let

boy she loves, to her so dear, Is com-ing home to-night.
 now with ea-ger steps he turns, He's com-ing home to-night.
 an-gels sing, while hearts re-joice, He's com-ing home to-night.

CHORUS.

Coming home to-night,

He's coming home to-night,

He's coming home to-night, He's coming home to-night, The

COMING HOME TO-NIGHT.—Concluded.

Rit.

boy she loves, to her so dear, Is com-ing home to-night.

Copyrighted, 1882, by R. E. HUDSON.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

93.

MRS. H. B. BEEGLE.

[For Male Voices.]

J. H. TENNEY.

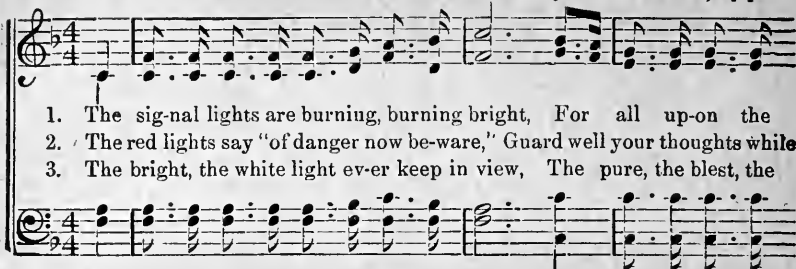
1. A-lone with Je-sus! oh, how sweet To bow sub-mis-sive at His feet!
2. A-lone with Je-sus! bless-ed rest, While by His constant presence blest.
3. A-lone with Je-sus! let me stay While earth-ly com-forts pass a-way;

To bid my trembling heart be still, And calm-ly sink in-to His will;
 With ev'-ry i-dol brok-en down, And in my heart He reigns a-lone;
 Till ev'-ry earth-ly prop shall fall, And Christ, my Lord, be all in all;

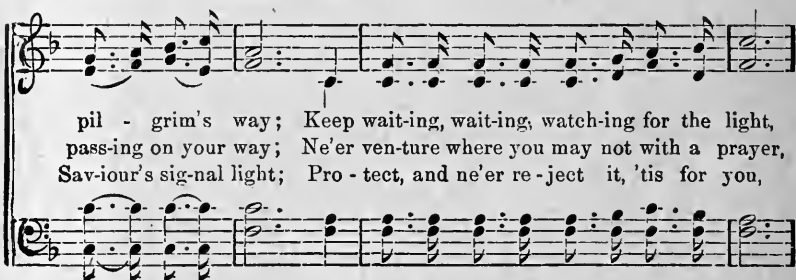
For-get-ting all my cares and woes, And in His lov-ing arms re- pose!
 While in my soul His love is shed, And roy-al bless-ings crown my head.
 Till in His glo-ry He shall come, And bring His ransomed children home.

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SIGNAL LIGHTS.

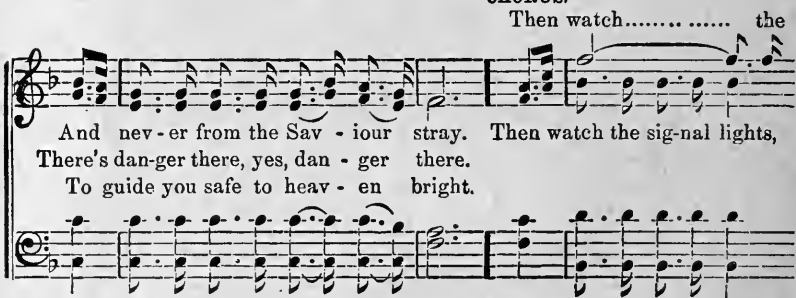
Words and Music by W. J. WEAVER, *lyrics*.


1. The sig-nal lights are burning, burning bright, For all up-on the
 2. The red lights say "of danger now be-ware," Guard well your thoughts while
 3. The bright, the white light ev-er keep in view, The pure, the blest, the



pil - grim's way; Keep wait-ing, wait-ing, watch-ing for the light,
 pass-ing on your way; Ne'er ven-ture where you may not with a prayer,
 Sav-iour's sig-nal light; Pro - tect, and ne'er re - ject it, 'tis for you,

CHORUS.



Then watch..... the
 And nev - er from the Sav - iour stray. Then watch the sig-nal lights,
 There's dan-ger there, yes, dan - ger there.
 To guide you safe to heav - en bright.



sig - nal lights,..... God's ho - ly word still
 then watch the sig - nal lights, And nev - er from the Sav - iour

SIGNAL LIGHTS.—Concluded.

points the way, Oh, watch..... the sig-nal
 stray, from the Sav-iour stray, Oh, watch the sig-nal lights, Oh,
 lights,..... And nev-er from..... the Sav-iour stray.
 watch the sig-nal lights, And nev-er from the Sav - iour stray.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The first system begins with the lyrics 'points the way, Oh, watch..... the sig-nal stray, from the Sav-iour stray, Oh, watch the sig-nal lights, Oh,'. The second system continues with 'lights,..... And nev-er from..... the Sav-iour stray. watch the sig-nal lights, And nev-er from the Sav - iour stray.'

FILL ME NOW.

95.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Breathe upon me, Ho - ly Spir-it! Touch my trembling heart and brow
2. Thirsting for a full sal - va - tion, At thy feet in tears I bow;
3. I am wait - ing for thy bless - ing, Ho - ly Ghost, my soul en - dow!
4. Hal - le - iu - jah! thou art com - ing! On my trembling heart and brow

With the liv - ing flame of pow - er; Oh, de - scend and fill me now!
 Come, dethrone my cherished idols! Come, oh come, and fill me now!
 Come, with grace and power in fulness, Come, and save me ev - en now!
 Streams of healing power are falling, Blessing, cleansing, sav - ing now.

The musical score for 'Fill Me Now' is in 4/4 time. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are arranged in four numbered lines, followed by a paragraph of text. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords.

CHORUS.

Fill me now, fill me now, Oh, descend and fill me now!
 Fill me now, fill me now, Ho - ly Spir - it, fill me now!
 E - ven now, e - ven now, Save me, save me ful - ly now!
 Sav - ing now, sav - ing now, Bless - ing, cleansing, sav - ing now!

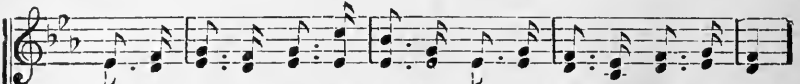
The chorus of the musical score is on a single system with a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: 'Fill me now, fill me now, Oh, descend and fill me now! Fill me now, fill me now, Ho - ly Spir - it, fill me now! E - ven now, e - ven now, Save me, save me ful - ly now! Sav - ing now, sav - ing now, Bless - ing, cleansing, sav - ing now!'.

MRS. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

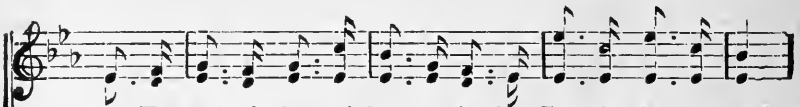
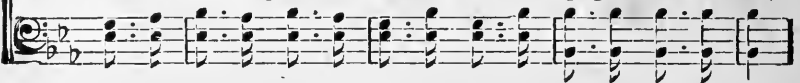
I. N. McHOSE, per.



1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of the Babe of Beth - le - hem?
2. Have you ev - er heard how Je - sus walked up - on the roll - ing sea?
3. Once while rest - ing on a pil - low in the ves - sel, fast a - sleep,
4. Sure - ly you have heard how Je - sus prayed down in Geth - sem - a - ne,



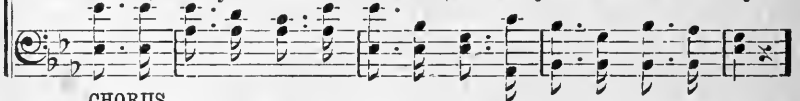
Who was worshipped by the an - gels, and by wise and ho - ly men?
 To His loved dis - ci - ples toss - ing on the waves of Gal - i - lee,
 There a - rose a might - y tempest on the wild and rag - ing deep:
 How He shed his pre - cious life - blood on the rug - ged shame - ful tree,



How He taught the learned doc - tors in the Tem - ple far a - way?
 How He re - s - cued sink - ing Pe - ter from his dan - ger and dis - may?
 "Peace, be still," the Lord com - mand - ed, ev' - ry an - gry wave did stay;
 Cru - el thorns His fore - head pierc - ing as His spir - it passed a - way:



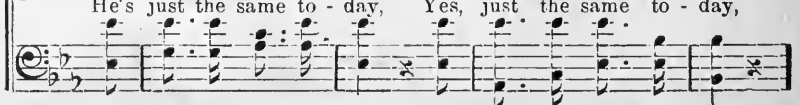
I am glad to tell you, sin - ners, He is just the same to - day.
 After L.V. Sin - ner, won't you come and love Him, He is just the same to - day.



CHORUS.



He's just the same to - day, Yes, just the same to - day,



JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.—Concluded.

I'm glad to tell you, sin - ner, He is just the same to - day.

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WONDERFUL SAVIOUR. 97.

Words and Music by

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. Christ has for sin a - tone-ment made—What a won - der - ful
2. I praise Him for the cleans-ing blood, What a won - der - ful
3. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won - der - ful

Sav - iour! We are re-deemed! the price is paid! What a
Sav - iour! That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a
Sav - iour! The world shall nev - er share a - part; What a

CHORUS.

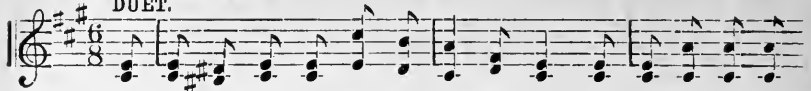
won-der-ful Sav - iour! What a won-der-ful Sav - iour is Je - sus,
won-der-ful Sav - iour!
won-der-ful Sav - iour!

my Je-sus! What a won-der-ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord!

F. B. COPP.

W. O. PERKINS, by per.

DUET.



1. Oh, what shall I do with this heart of mine, So sin-ful, so false,
2. Oh, what shall I do with my class so dear, Whose souls I have prayed
3. Oh, what shall I do with my time be-low, My tal-ents, my pow-



and so vain? For I've of-ten promised to change my life, I
for so much? Whose hearts now so ten-der may soon grow hard And
ers, my health, My youth and its flow-ers, of prom-ise sweet, My



care not to prom-ise a - gain, I've brok-en my vows, and
cold to the Sav-iour's kind touch? Oh, what more can be done for
sor-rows, my wants, or my wealth? With my man-hood, my age, my

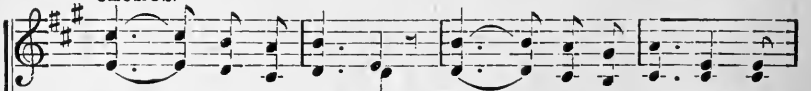


sinned a - new, So of-ten in sea-sons gone by, That now when
these dear youth, Ere hearts and af-fec-tion grow cold, To lead them
long, sad days, My moments of sweet-ness and gall? My cross-es,

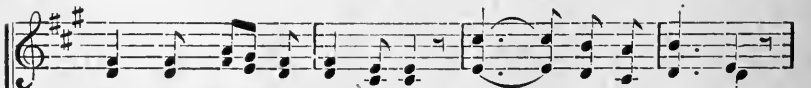
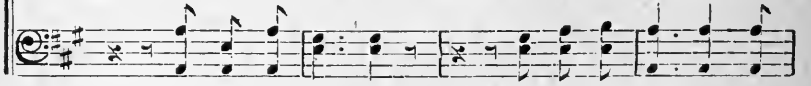


I feel I ought to re-pent, I am al-most a-fraid to try,
a-way from broad ways of sin, And to save them from woe un-told?
my joys, my loss-es, my gains, With my be-ing, my life, my all?

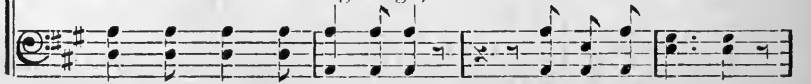
CHORUS.



Trust all to Je - sus! Trust all to Je - sus! You



should have trust-ed long a-go; Trust all to Je - sus!



TRUST ALL TO JESUS.—Concluded.

Trust all to Je-sus! Je-sus can wash as white as snow.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

ROOM AT THE CROSS. 99.

W. B. B.

W. B. BLAKE, by per.

1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul, Room at the Cross for you;
 2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart, Room at the Cross for you;
 3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the Cross for you;

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the Cross for you.
 Choose, then, like Ma-ry, the bet - ter part, Room at the Cross for you.
 Come, then, oh! come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the Cross for you.

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

REFRAIN.

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you;

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

O TO BE NOTHING!

R. E. HUDSON.

Slow.

D. C.—1. O to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at His
 2. O to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly as led by His
 3. O to be noth-ing, noth-ing, Pain-ful the hum-bling may

feet; A brok-en and empt-ed ves-sel, For the
 hand; A mes-sen-ger at His gate-way, On-ly
 be, Yet low in the dust I'd lay me, To

Fine.

Mas-ter's use made meet; Emptied that He might fill me,
 wait-ing His com-mand; On-ly an a-gent, read-y
 bring the world to Thee; Rath-er be noth-ing, noth-ing—

As forth to His serv-ice I go, Brok-en, that
 His prais-es to sound at His will, Will-ing, should
 To Him let their voic-es be raised, He is the

so un-hin-dered, His life through me might flow.
 He not call me, In sil-ence trust Him still.
 fount of bless-ing, His name the world shall praise.—*D. C.*

GATHERING HOME.

101.

I. B.

REV. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper
 2. We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great ju-bi-
 3. We'll all gather home in the morning, Our bless-ed Redcem-er to

sea; We'll meet all the good and the faithful; What a gath'ring that will be!
 lee; We'll all gather home in the morning; What a gath'ring that will be!
 see; We'll meet with the friends gone before us; What a gath'ring that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,
 What a gath - 'ring that will be, that will be, What a

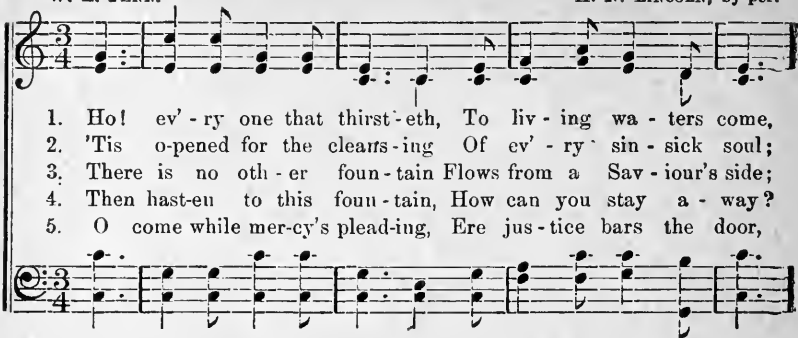
gath'ring that will be! What a gath - 'ring,
 that will be! While the an - gels sing, we'll

gath - 'ring, What a gath - 'ring that will be!
 all gath - er home;

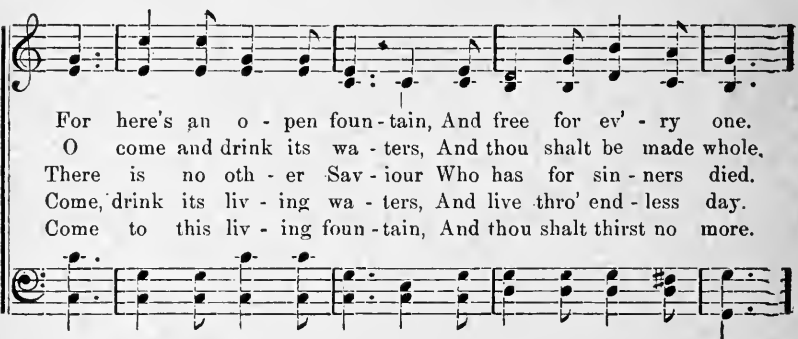
THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

W. E. PENN.

H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

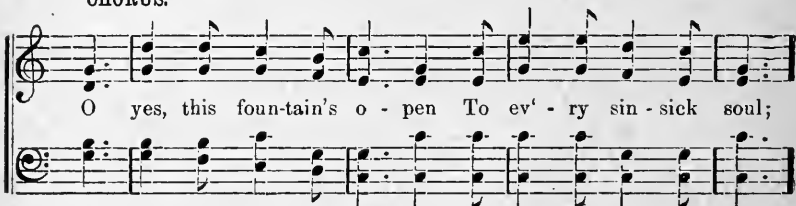


1. Ho! ev' - ry one that thirst' - eth, To liv - ing wa - ters come,
 2. 'Tis o - pened for the clear - ing Of ev' - ry sin - sick soul;
 3. There is no oth - er foun - tain Flows from a Sav - iour's side;
 4. Then hast - en to this foun - tain, How can you stay a - way?
 5. O come while mer - cy's plead - ing, Ere jus - tice bars the door,

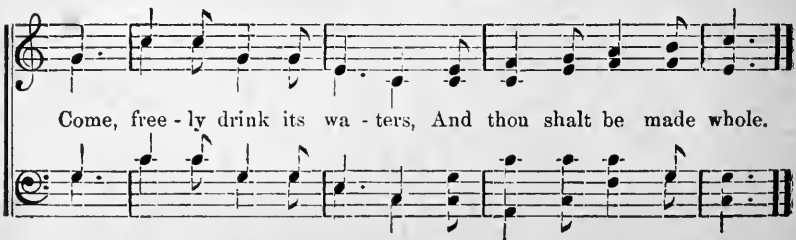


For here's an o - pen foun - tain, And free for ev' - ry one.
 O come and drink its wa - ters, And thou shalt be made whole.
 There is no oth - er Sav - iour Who has for sin - ners died.
 Come, drink its liv - ing wa - ters, And live thro' end - less day.
 Come to this liv - ing foun - tain, And thou shalt thirst no more.

CHORUS.



O yes, this foun - tain's o - pen To ev' - ry sin - sick soul;



Come, free - ly drink its wa - ters, And thou shalt be made whole.

BE GUIDING ME.

103.

Words and Music by Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN, by per.

Slowly.

1. When my way is bright as morning, And my heart from care is free, Be Thy
 2. When my heart is almost yielding To the pow'rs that e-vil be, Let Thy
 3. When my days are long and weary, And my soul a ray would see 'Mid the
 4. When my walk thro' life is o-ver, And my spir-it flies to Thee, May it

grace my life a-dorn-ing, And Thy light be guid-ing me.
 storm-clouds, dark and drear-y, And Thy light be guid-ing me.
 then in joy dis-cov-er How Thy light was guid-ing me.

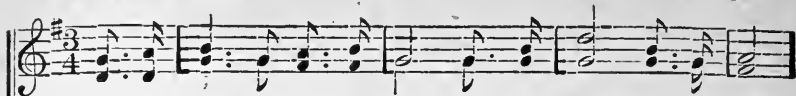
CHORUS.

Guid-ing me,..... O bless-ed Sav-iour, Let Thy
 Ev-en me, O bless-ed Saviour, ev-en me,

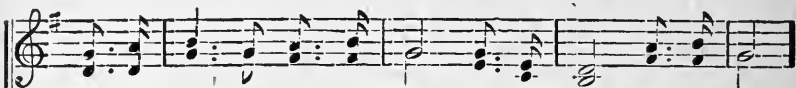
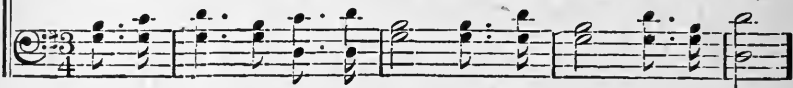
light..... be guid-ing me; Guiding me,..... guid-ing
 Let Thy light be guid-ing me; Ev-en me,

me,..... Let Thy light..... be guid-ing me.
 ev-en me, Let Thy light be guid-ing me, ev-en me.

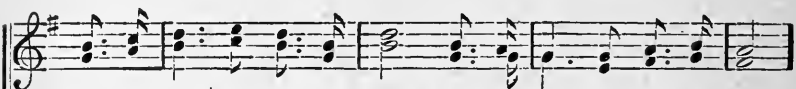
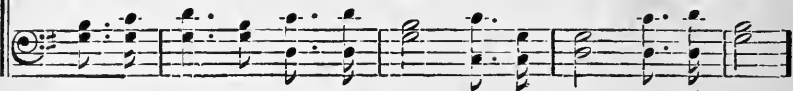
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

D. B. TOWNER, *by per.*

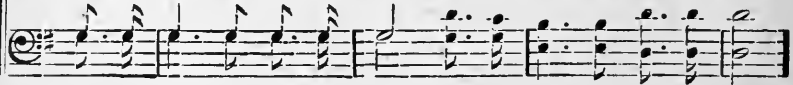
1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
3. We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Gath - ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold,
 We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain;
 By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev' - ry - where;



Heav - en's splen - dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 O the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

105.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

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

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

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
 And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!
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LOOK TO JESUS.

106.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Look to Je - sus, look to Je - sus, Look, look to - day;
 2. Look to Je - sus, look to Je - sus, Look, look to - day;
 3. Look to Je - sus, look to Je - sus, Look, look to - day;
 4. Look to Je - sus, look to Je - sus, Look, look to - day;

When you're tempt-ed, look to Je - sus, He'll ne'er turn a - way.
 When in trou - ble, look to Je - sus, He'll ne'er turn a - way.
 When af - flict - ed, look to Je - sus, He'll ne'er turn a - way.
 When I'm dy - ing, He'll be near me, He'll ne'er turn a - way.

Copyrighted, 1882, by R. E. HUDSON.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, come and join our temp'rance band, For truth and right we'll firm-ly
 2. Cold wa-ter, pure cold wa-ter bright, Shall be our watchward day and
 3. We'll nev-er drink the poisoned cup, No! we'll not e-ven take a

stand, We're joined to-gether hand in hand, Cold wa-ter for me.
 night, We're sure to con-quer in this fight, Cold wa-ter for me.
 sup Of that which ru-ins, hangs men up, Cold wa-ter for me.

CHORUS.

Cold wa-ter is my mot-to, Cold wa-ter, I'm a cold

wa-ter boy, Cold wa-ter is my mot-to, Cold wa-ter for me.
 girl,

Copyrighted, 1882, by R. E. HUDSON.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

1 The light of truth is breaking,
 On the mountain-top it gleams;
 Let it flash along our valleys,
 Let it glitter on our streams,
 Till all our land awakens
 In its flush of golden beams.

Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Our God is marching on.

2 Our strength is in Jehovah,
 And our cause is in His care;
 With Almighty hands to help us,
 We have faith to do and dare,
 While confiding in the promise
 That the Lord will answer prayer.

3 With purpose strong and steady,
 In the great Jehovah's name,
 We rise to snatch our kindred
 From the depths of woe and shame,
 And the jubilee of freedom
 To the slaves of sin proclaim.

JESUS IS CALLING.

109.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, ye wea-ry and oppressed, Je-sus now is call-ing you,
 2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Je-sus now is call-ing you,
 3. Tho' your sins like scar-let be, Je-sus now is call-ing you,
 4. Come, ye wand'ers from the fold, Je-sus now is call-ing you,

Come to Him, he'll give you rest, Still He bids you come.
 He has made the sac-ri-fice, Still He bids you come.
 From your sins He'll set you free, Still He bids you come.
 Oh, His love can ne'er be told, Still He bids you come.

CHORUS.

Je-sus now is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,
 Je-sus now is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,

Je-sus now is call-ing you, Call-ing you to come.

Copyrighted, 1882, by R. E. HUDSON.

COME, YE SINNERS.

110.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power.</p> <p>CHORUS.
 Turn to the Lord and seek salvation;
 Sound the praise of His dear name;
 Glory, honor, and salvation!
 Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.</p> | <p>2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,—
 Every grace that brings you nigh.</p> <p>3 Let not conscience make you linger;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him!</p> |
|--|--|

111.

AWAKE, MY SOUL!

I. N. McHose, by per.

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev' - ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
 2. 'Tis God's all an - i - ma - ting voice That calls thee from on high;
 3. Blest Sav - iour! in - tro - duced by thee, Our race have we be - gun;

A heav'n - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 'Tis He whose hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.
 And, crowned with vic - try, at Thy feet We'll lay our troph - ies down.

CHORUS.

A crown, a bright, im - mor - tal crown, A ght - t'ring crown I see;

'Tis mine, all mine, for - ev - er mine, If I but faith - ful be.

Copyrighted, 1885, by I. N. McHose.

112.

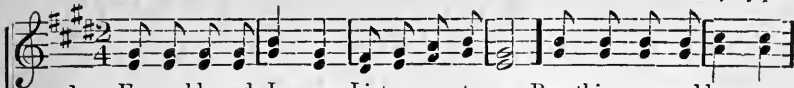
KENTUCKY.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive?</p> <p>2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
 I can hold out no more;
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror.</p> | <p>3 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all, resign;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.</p> <p>4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove;
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.</p> |
|---|---|

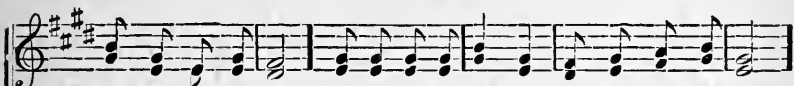
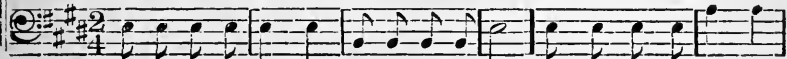
TAKE MY HAND, DEAR JESUS. 113.

KATE OSBORN.

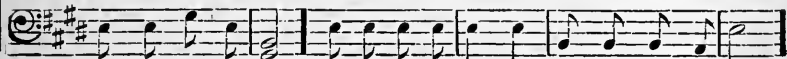
WM. W. BENTLEY, By per.



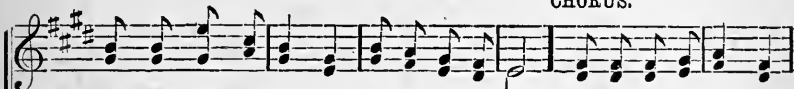
1. Ev - er blessed Je - sus, Listen un - to me, Bow thine ear and hear me,
2. Ever blessed Jesus, Bless Thy wayward child, Keep my feet from straying
3. Help me, blessed Jesus, Leave me not alone, Give me strength and patience,



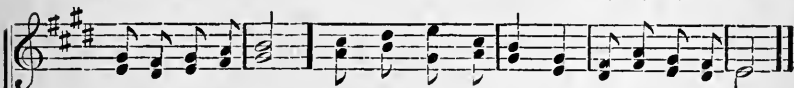
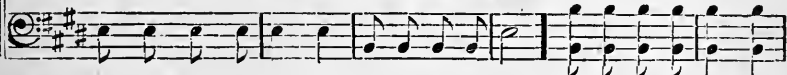
While I call to thee; I am weak and sin-ful, Thou art pure and strong;
Through the de-sert wild; I would never wander From Thy lov-ing side,
Till each du-ty's done; And when life is ended, I Thy face would see,



CHORUS.



Take my hand, dear Je-sus, Lead thy child along -
Ev - er bless - ed Je-sus, Be my constant guide. Take my hand, dear Jesus,
Hear my pray'r, dear Jesus, Take me up to Thee.



Let me nev-er stray, Take my hand and lead me in the bet-ter way.



OVER THERE. 114.

1 Oh! think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

CHO.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there,
Over there, over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

111.

AWAKE, MY SOUL!

I. N. McHose, by per.

1. A - wake, my soul! stretch ev' - ry nerve, And press with vig - or on;
 2. 'Tis God's all an - i - ma - ting voice That calls thee from on high;
 3. Blest Sav-iour! in - tro - duced by thee, Our race have we be - gun;

A heav'n - ly race de mands thy zeal, And an im - mor - tal crown.
 'Tis He whose hand pre - sents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye.
 And, crowned with vic - try, at Thy feet We'll lay our troph - ies down,

CHORUS.

A crown, a bright, im - mor - tal crown, A ght - t'ring crown I see;

'Tis mine, all mine, for - ev - er mine, If I but faith - ful be.

Copyrighted, 1885, by I. N. McHose.

112.

KENTUCKY.

1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
 I can hold out no more;
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all, resign;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove;
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.

TAKE MY HAND, DEAR JESUS. 113.

KATE OSBORN.

WM. W. BENTLEY, By per.

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 Hear my pray'r, dear Jesus, Take me up to Thee.

Let me nev-er stray, Take my hand and lead me in the bet-ter way.

OVER THERE.

114.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Oh! think of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white.</p> | <p>2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God.</p> |
| <p>CHO.—Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the home over there,
 Over there, over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the friends over there.</p> | <p>3 My Saviour is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.</p> |

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

Slow.

1. Je-sus is waiting, dear sin-ner, Wait-ing to save you from sin,
 2. Je-sus is seeking you, sin-ner, Seek-ing by night and by day;
 3. Je-sus is knocking, my brother, Why will you turn Him a-way?

Plead-ing His blood, O how precious! Wait-ing to welcome you in.
 Long-ing to hear you say welcome, Turning from all sin a-way.
 Je-sus in mer-cy is pleading, Why will you longer de-lay?

CHORUS.

Wait - ing, wait - ing, Je - sus has bid - den you come;

Wait - ing, wait - ing, wand' rer, O wand' rer, come home.

Copyrighted, 1884, by R. E. HUDSON.

116. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear!
 What a privilege to carry
 Every thing to God in prayer!
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what endless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

GLORY TO HIS NAME! 117.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where the Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin; Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
 3. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

Fine.

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to His name!
 bides with-in, Saves me each moment, and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name!
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete, Glo-ry to His name!

D.S.—Now to my heart is the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His name!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry to His name!
 Glory to His name! Glo-ry to His name!

118. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

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

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

- 2 I need Thee every hour,
 Stay Thou near by;
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art nigh.

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

119. Tune—BOYLSTON.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,—
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

120.

JESUS, MY ALL.

1. Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum - bly I fall; Plead - ing Thy
 2. Tears of re - pent - ent grief Si - lent - ly fall; Hear thou my
 3. Wash me, and make me clean—Pure as Thou art; Each root and

promise sweet, Lord, hear my call: Now let Thy work be - gin, Oh, make me
 un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee! 'Tis all my
 seed of sin Take from my heart; Make me, in thought and word, Like un-to

pure with - in, Cleanse me from ev' - ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
 hope, my plea, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
 Thee, my Lord; Then be Thy grace a - dored For - ev - er - more.

121.

JESUS IS MINE.

- 1 Fade, fade, each earthly joy,
 Jesus is mine!
 Break, every tender tie,
 Jesus is mine!
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting-place,
 Jesus alone can bless,
 Jesus is mine!
- 2 Tempt not my soul away,
 Jesus is mine!
 Here would I ever stay,
 Jesus is mine!
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine!
- 3 Farewell, mortality!
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, eternity!
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest!
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast!
 Jesus is mine!

122.

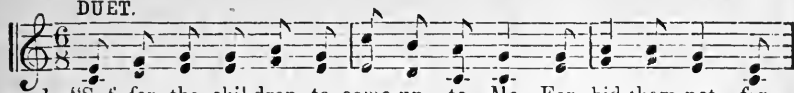
BETHANY.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let my way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

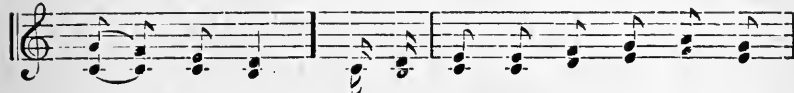
SUFFER THE CHILDREN TO COME. 123.

L. H. B.
DUET.

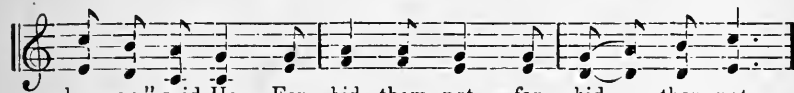
L. H. BAKER.



1. "Suf-fer the chil-dren to come un- to Me, For- bid them not, for-
2. Je- sus shall gath-er the lambs with His arms, And car-ry them, and
3. Shepherd so ten-der, so lov-ing and strong, I come to Thee, I

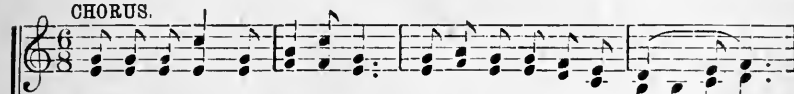


bid them not," For of such is the king-dom of
car-ry them, Safe-ly held in His bo-som, and
come to Thee, To be kept by Thy pow-er, and

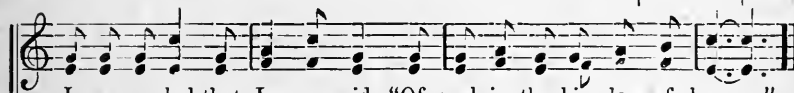
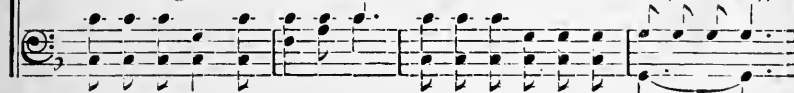


heav-en," said He, For- bid them not, for- bid them not.
free from all harm, He'll car-ry them, He'll car-ry them.
saved from the wrong, I come to Thee, I come to Thee.

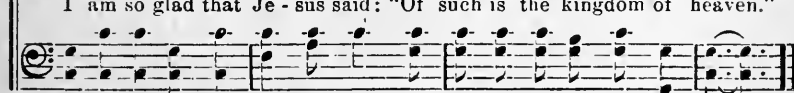
CHORUS.



I am so glad that Je-sus said: "Suffer the children to come (un-to Me);"



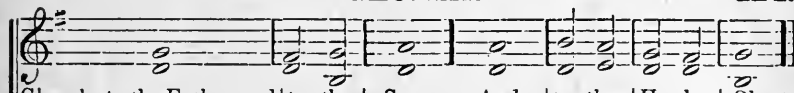
I am so glad that Je- sus said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."



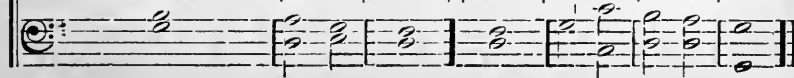
Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.

GLORIA.

124.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev-er shall be, World with out end. A men.



ANON.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor-row free, The
 2. That beau-ti-ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of
 [night; The
 3. In vis-ion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I too behold, The

home of the ransomed, bright and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels, too, are there.
 glo-ry of God, the light of day Hath driven the darkness far a-way.
 riv-er of life, the crys-tal sea, The am-bro-sial fruit of life's fair tree.

CHORUS.

Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me? land?

127. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

- 1 What can wash away my sins?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
 What can make me whole again?
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

CHORUS.

Oh, precious is the flow
 That makes me white as snow,
 No other fount that I know,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

- 2 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
- 3 This is all my hope and peace,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

128. No. 122 Songs of Peace, Love and Joy.

- 1 All my life long I had panted
 For a draught from some cool spring,
 That I hoped would quench the burning
 Of the thirst I felt within.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! I have found Him—
 Whom my soul so long has craved!
 Jesus satisfies my longings;
 Through His blood I now am saved.

- 2 Feeding on the husks around me,
 Till my strength was almost gone;
 Longed my soul for something better,
 Only still to hunger on.
- 3 Well of water, ever springing,
 Bread of life, so rich and free;
 Untold wealth that never faileth,
 My Redeemer is to me.

SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

129.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

REFRAIN.

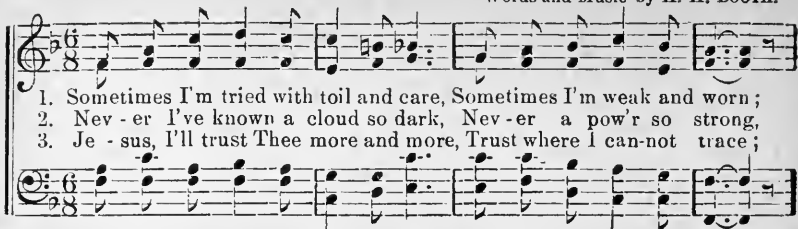
Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,

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

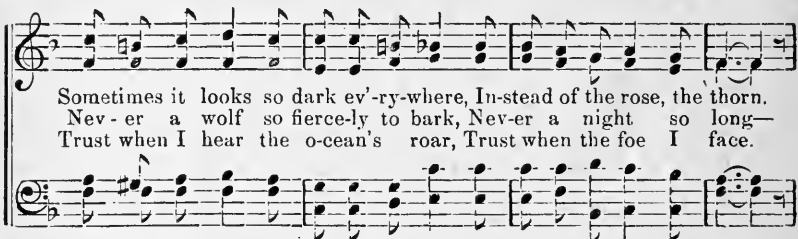
Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.

MIGHTY TO KEEP.

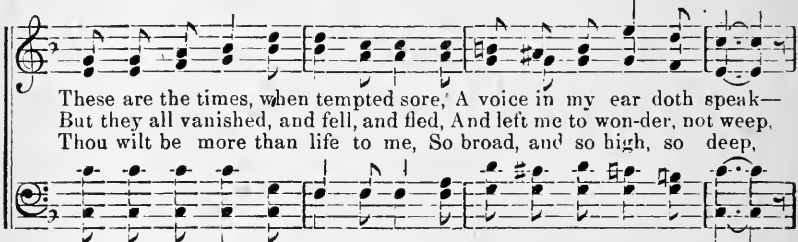
Words and Music by H. H. BOOTH.



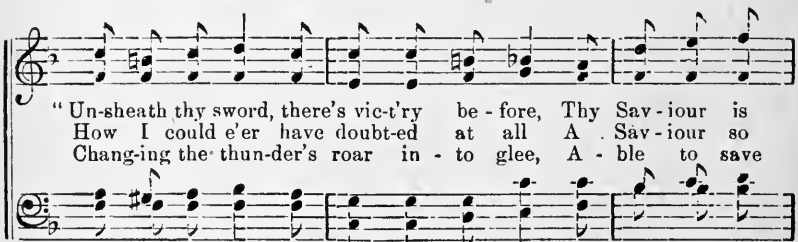
1. Sometimes I'm tried with toil and care, Sometimes I'm weak and worn ;
 2. Nev - er I've known a cloud so dark, Nev - er a pow'r so strong,
 3. Je - sus, I'll trust Thee more and more, Trust where I can-not trace ;



Sometimes it looks so dark ev'-ry-where, In-stead of the rose, the thorn.
 Nev - er a wolf so fierce-ly to bark, Nev - er a night so long—
 Trust when I hear the o - cean's roar, Trust when the foe I face.

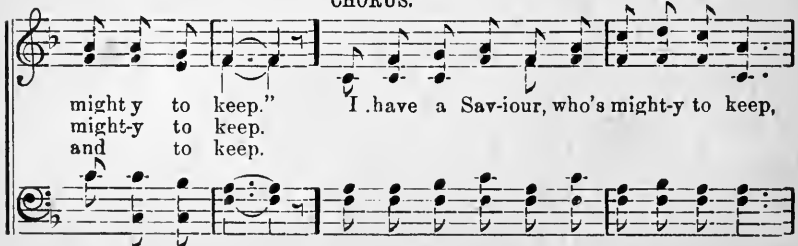


These are the times, when tempted sore, A voice in my ear doth speak—
 But they all vanished, and fell, and fled, And left me to won - der, not weep.
 Thou wilt be more than life to me, So broad, and so high, so deep.



"Un-sheath thy sword, there's vic-t'ry be - fore, Thy Sav - iour is
 How I could e'er have doubt-ed at all A Sav - iour so
 Chang-ing the thun-der's roar in - to glee, A - ble to save

CHORUS.



might y to keep." I have a Sav-iour, who's might-y to keep,
 might-y to keep.
 and to keep.

MIGHTY TO KEEP.—Concluded.

Might-y to keep, might-y to keep; I have a Sav-iour who's

might-y to keep, Might-y to keep ev - er more.

I'M SO GLAD!

131.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
3. Oh! to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
4. Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it,—Prone to trust the God I love;

CHO.—*I'm so glad that Je - sus loves me, I'm so glad He died for me;*

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my lov - ing heart to Thee.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

I'm so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus died to set me free.

JESUS, I HAVE TAKEN.

Sing first verse as Duett.

Arranged from HARRISON.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low thee;
 2. Let the world des - pise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too;
 3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain!
 4. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;

Nak - ed, poor, des - pised, for - sa - ken. Thou, from hence my all shalt be:
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true;
 In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleas - ure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
 Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

m
 Per - ish ev' - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
 I have called Thee "Abba, Fa - ther;" I have stayed my heart on Thee:
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

f
 Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er, All must work for good to me.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.

MY SINS ARE UNDER THE BLOOD. 133.

Words and Music by F. W. Fry.

1. God's an-ger now is turned a-way, My sins are un-der the blood;
 2. When sor-row's waves a-round me roll, My sins are un-der the blood;
 3. In ev'-ry step His hand doth lead, My sins are un-der the blood;
 4. What though the way I can-not see, My sins are un-der the blood;
 5. He'll keep me faith-ful to the end, My sins are un-der the blood;

My dark-ness He has changed to day, My sins are un-der the blood.
 In per-fect peace He keeps my soul, My sins are un-der the blood.
 And He sup-plies my ev'-ry need, My sins are un-der the blood.
 Still this I know, He lead-eth me; My sins are un-der the blood.
 And when in death, He'll be my friend; My sins are un-der the blood.

CHORUS.

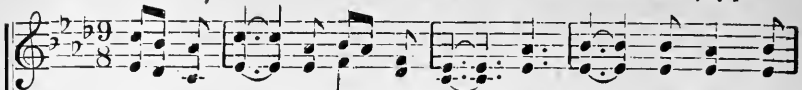
My sins,..... my sins, My sins are un-der the blood;
 My sins, my sins are under the blood, My guilt is gone, and my soul is free;

My peace,..... my peace, My peace is made with God
 My peace, my peace is made with God, For the Lord has pardoned me.

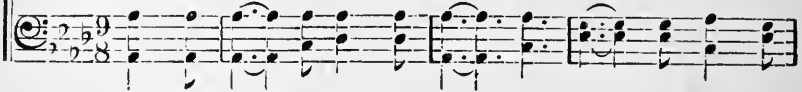
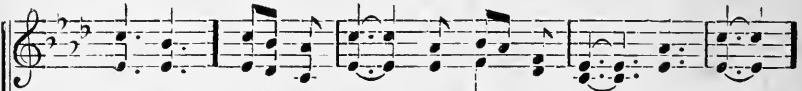
SAFELY HIDE ME.

J. H. K.

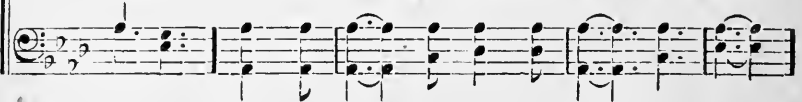
J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.



1. Pre - cious love that gives me proof, What - ev - er may be
 2. Pre - cious hope that bears me up, Though all the world de -
 3. Pre - cious trust that cheers me most When sin and Sa - tan
 4. Pre - cious peace in my dis - tress, When death's form stands be -

hide me, Je - sus gave His life to save, And He
 ride me! I have heard the pard - ning word, And He
 chide me! I shall know the way to go, And He
 side me! From the strand He'll reach His hand To shield



CHORUS.



will safe - ly hide me. Safe - ly hide me, safe - ly hide
 will safe - ly hide me.
 will safe - ly hide me.
 and safe - ly hide me. Safe - ly hide me, Safe - ly




me, When the storms and bil - lows rage; He will
 hide me, When the storms, the storms and bil - lows rage;



SAFELY HIDE ME.—Concluded.

guide me, safe-ly guide me, Thro' this earth - ly pil - grim-age.

COME TO ME.

135.

Words and Music arranged by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh! come to Me, said Je - sus, Thou wea - ry soul op - pressed,
2. Oh! come to Me, said Je - sus, And thou shalt be for - given,
3. Oh! come to Me, said Je - sus, A sin - ner, as thou art;
4. I come to Thee, Lord Je - sus; I trust Thy pre - cious blood;

And take my yoke up - on you, And I will give you rest.
 And have a crown of glo - ry, Pre - pared for thee in Heaven.
 My blood for thee was giv - en, Give thou to Me thy heart.
 I do be - lieve Thy prom - ise; I take the gift of God.

CHORUS. (*Repeat softly.*)

Come, and I will give you rest; Come, and I will give you rest;

Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, I will give you rest.

Arranged by R. E. HUDSON.

1. { On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye }
 To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 2. { O the trans-port-ing, rapturous scene, That ris-es to my sight! }
 Sweet fields, arrayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.
 3. { There gener-ous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow; }
 There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale, With milk and hon-ey flow.
 4. { O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines onc e - ter - nal day; }
 There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And seat-ters night a - way. }

REFRAIN.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there.
 Will you be there? Will you be there?

137. GATHER AT THE RIVER.

- 1 Shall we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod?
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

- Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river,
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows by the throne of God.
- 2 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down,
 Grace our spirit will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
- 3 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
 With the melody of peace.

138. SWEET BY-AND-BY.

- 1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
 And by faith we can see it afar;
 For the Father waits over the way,
 To prepare us a dwelling place there.

CHORUS.

- In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
 In the sweet by-and-by,
 We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
- 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.
- 3 To our hountiful Father above
 We will offer our tribute of praise,
 For the glorious gift of His love, [days-
 And the blessings that hallow our

WE'LL WORK.

139.

1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name.
 2. { Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 3. { Since I must fight, if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy word.

CHORUS.

We'll work, we'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
 We'll work, we'll work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

I LOVE THEE.

140.

1. { My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, My gra -
 For Thee all the pleasures of sin I re - sign; If ev -
 There's no

1st. 2d. Fine. CHORUS. D.S.
 cious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou, } Home, Home, sweet, sweet
 er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. } [Home,
 friend like Je - sus, There's no place like Home.

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
 And purchased my pardon when nailed to the tree;
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
 If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

141. SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Words by MAY CLIFTON.

Music by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Sing, oh sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep, unmeasured love;
 2. Sing, oh sing the love of Je - sus, Ren - der heart - y thanks and praise;
 3. Pow'r and might and bliss e - ter - nal Now and ev - er - more shall be

Let the soul - in - spir - ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a - bove.
 While He gives us life and be - ing, Praise Him on thro' end - less days.
 Un - to Him who loved and saved us With a love so full and free.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh sing,..... the love of Je - - sus,
 the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,

Heav'n and earth..... re - peat the strain;
 re - peat the strain, Heav'n and earth re - peat the strain;

Sing, O sing,..... till ev' - ry na - - tion
 till ev' - ry na - tion, Sing, O sing, till ev' - ry na - tion

SING THE LOVE OF JESUS.—Concluded.

Ech - o on..... the sweet re - frain.
the sweet re-frain, Ech - o on the sweet re-frain.

Copyright, 1885, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

PERFECT PEACE.

142.

Dedicated to my friends, Samuel Sechrist and wife, of Warsaw, Ind.

Slow.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth understanding, Perfect peace that has no
2. Perfect love, Perfect love all fear removing, Fills the heart, all sorrows
3. Joy, joy, joy, Joy to know my sins forgiven, Cleansed, made pure, prepar'd for

ending, Peace, that like a river deepens, Till we reach the pearly gates.
soothing, Dwells in God the fountain flowing, Till we join the blood-washed throng.
heaven, Evermore in Him rejoicing, Till my work on earth is o'er.

CHORUS.

Perfect peace, Perfect peace, Oh, what joy to know I'm saved,
Perfect peace, Perfect peace,

Cleansed from sin, Pure with-in, Oh, for me His life He gave.

Cleansed from sin, Pure within,

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

(Soprano and Alto Duet first time, Quartet in repeat.)

ARRANGED.

1. { Daugh - ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness! A - wake!
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day - star of glad - ness, A - rise!

2. { Strong were thy foes, but the arm that sub - dued them, And scat -
They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them—Vain were

3. { Daugh - ter of Zi - on, the pow'r that hath saved thee, Ex - tolled
Shout, for the foe is des - troyed that en - slaved thee, Th' op - press -

CHORUS.

for thy foes shall op - press thee no more; } Daugh - ter of
for the night of thy sor - row is o'er. }
tered their le - gions, was migh - ti - er far; }
their steeds and their char - i - ots of war. }
with the harp and the tim - brel should be; }
or is van - quished, and Zi - on is free. }

Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad - ness, A - wake! for thy foes shall op -

Shall op - press thee

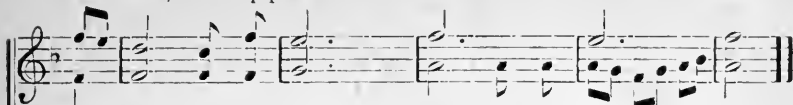
Coda.

press thee no more. Shall op - press thee no more, no more,
Shall op - press thee

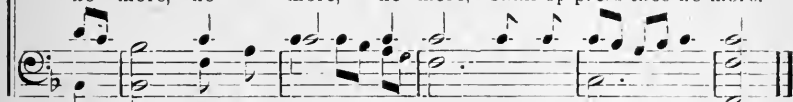
Shall oppress thee no more,

DAUGHTER OF ZION.—Concluded.

no more, Shall op-press thee no more.



no more, Shall op-press thee, Shall op-press thee no more.
no more, no more, no more, Shall op-press thee no more.



no more, Shall op-press thee no more, no more.

FOLLOW THOU ME.

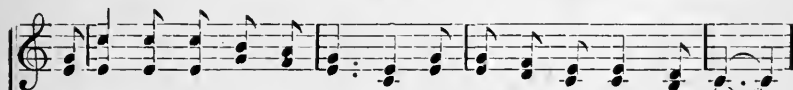
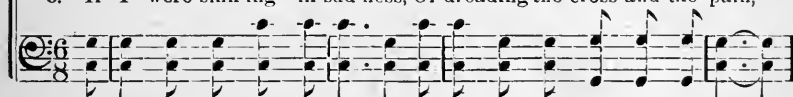
144.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

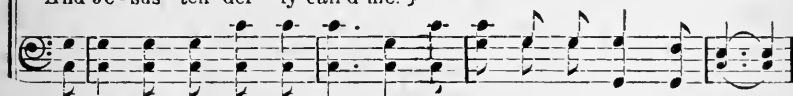
DR. A. B. EVERETT.



1. If I, like Gal - i - lee fish-ers, Were mending my nets by the main,
2. If I were dwelling in pleasure, Or sit - ting in plac - es of gain,
3. If I were sink - ing in sad - ness, Or dreading the cross and the pain,



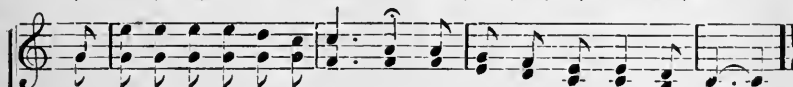
And Je - sus, com - ing, should call me.
And Je - sus, pass - ing, should call me. } He nev - er should call in vain.
And Je - sus ten - der - ly call'd me. }



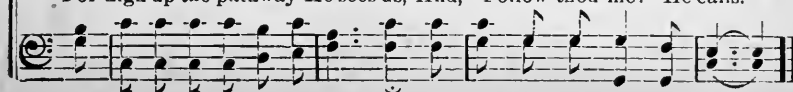
CHORUS.



Then fol - low the summons of Je - sus, Where - ev - er, how - ev - er it falls;



For high up the pathway He sees us, And, "Follow thou me!" He calls.



Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Savior died!

My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me and make me thusthine own
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die.
And all my soul be love.

146 MARCHING TO ZION. G

Come, ye, that Love the Lord,
And let your Joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround the throne. ||

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion
The beautiful city of God.

The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields ||
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry, [ground] ||
We're marching through Immanuels
To fairer worlds on high.

147 THE SOLID ROCK. G

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus blood and righteousness,
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Cho.—On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand. ||

When darkness seems to veil his face
I rest on his unchanging grace,
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

His word, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around on earth gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

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

Work for the night is coming.
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming;
When man works no more.

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

149 MUSIC No. 348.

I would not live away;
I ask not to stay where storm after
Rises dark o'er the way: [storm]
The few lurid mornings
That dawn on us here,
Are enough for lifes joys,
Full enough for its cheer.

Cho.—Home, home sweet, sweet home
Prepare me dear Savior for
heaven my home.

I would not live away;
No—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there
I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest,
Till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph,
Descending the skies.

Who, who would live away,
Away from his God—
Away from yon heaven,
That blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure
Flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory
Eternally reigns?

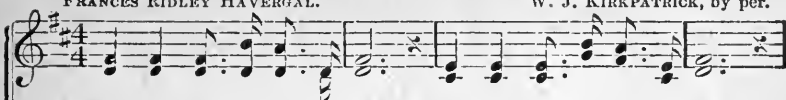
CONSECRATION.

150.

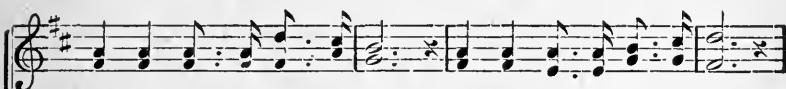
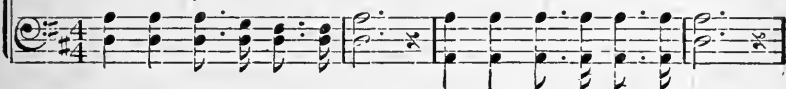
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1 Chr. 29:5.

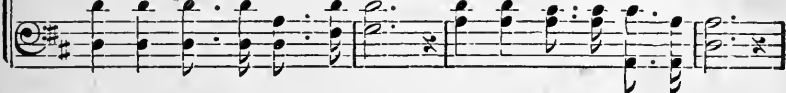
W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



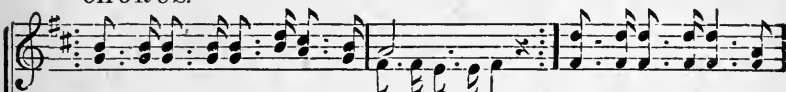
- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Take my life and let it be | Con-se-crated, Lord, to thee; |
| 2. Take my feet and let them be | Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee; |
| 3. Take my lips and let them be | Filled with mes-sages from thee; |
| 4. Take my moments and my days, | Let them flow in endless praise; |
| 5. Take my will and make it thine, | It shall be no long-er mine; |
| 6. Take my love—my Lord, I pour | At thy feet its treasure-store; |



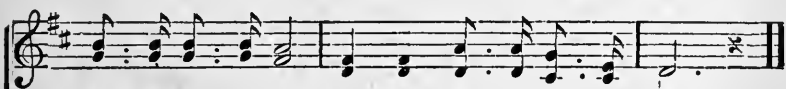
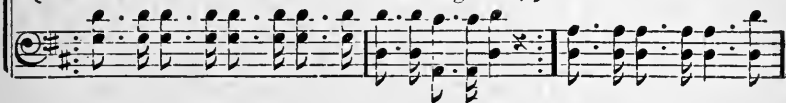
- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Take my hands and let them move | At the impulse of thy love, |
| Take my voice and let me sing | Always—on-ly—for my King. |
| Take my sil-ver and my gold, | Not a mite would I withhold. |
| Take my in-tel-lect and use | Ev'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose. |
| Take my heart, it is thine own, | It shall be thy roy-al throne. |
| Take my-self, and I will be | Ev-er, on-ly, all for thee. |



CHORUS.



- | | | |
|--|---------------------|---------------------------|
| Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, | the precious blood, | } Lord, I give to thee my |
| | | |

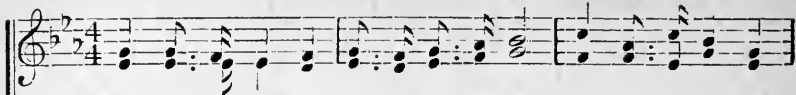


life and all to be Thine, henceforth, e-ter-nal-ly.

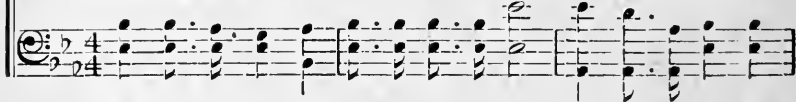


151. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

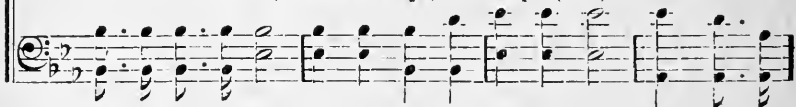
Words and Music by T. C. O'KANE, by per.



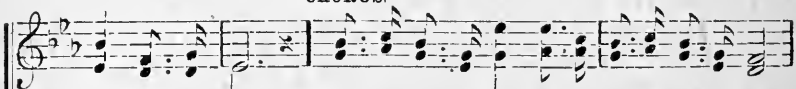
1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders
- 2 These, these are they, who in their youthful days, Found Je - sus ear - ly,
3. These, these are they, who in af - flic - tion's woes, Ev - er have found in
4. These, these are they, who in the con - flict dire Bold - ly have stood a -



of the si - lent grave, Shouting Je - sus' pow' er to save, "Washed in the
and in wisdom's ways Proved the fullness of His grace, "Washed in the
Je - sus calm re - pose; *Such as from a pure heart flows,* "Washed in the
mid the hottest fire; Jesus now says, "Come up higher," "Washed in the



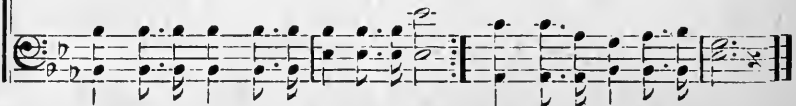
CHORUS.



blood of the Lamb." { "Sweeping thro' the gates," to the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
blood of the Lamb." } "Sweeping thro' the gates," to the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
blood of the Lamb."
blood of the Lamb."



"Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
[Omit. "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." }
in the blood of the Lamb.



A THOUSAND YEARS.

152.

HENRY C. WORK.

Maestoso.

1. Lift up your heads, ye friends of Je-sus, Fling to the winds your needless fears,
 2. What if the clouds, one little moment, Hide the glad sight when morn appears,
 3. Tell the great world these blessed tidings, Yes, and be sure each si-ner hears,
 4. Foes all around the wide world o-ver Little may heed our pray'rs and tears,
 5. A thousand years, bright reign of glo-ry, On-ly the dawn when day appears,

He who un-furled his blood-stained banner, Says it shall wave a thousand years.
 Christ has declared with him in glo-ry, We shall all reign a thousand years.
 Tell the sin-curs'd of ev-'ry na-tion. Ju-bi-lee lasts a thousand years.
 But the great King, our blessed Sav-iour, Says we shall reign a thousand years.
 On-ly the dawn of the reign un-end-ing, Each of its days a thousand years.

CHORUS.

A thousand years, my own loved Zi-on, 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told,

'Tis the glad morn whose radiant glo-ry Prophets fore-saw in days of old.

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I. N. McH.

Music by I. N. McHose, by per.

1. A-wake, thou that sleep-est, a - rise from the dead! Be glad, thou that
 2. A-wake from the stu - por of earth's gloomy night; The Star of the
 3. The gates of the na - tions be - gin to un - fold, To hear with de -
 4. Go forth, O ye her - alds! ring out the glad song; The Sav - iour is

[the
 weep-est, the night is far sped; The beams of the morning stream forth from
 morn - ing sweeps on to its hight; Let mu - sic mil - len - ni - al your pow'r em -
 light the "Sweet Story of old," While songs from the Islands go up to the
 com - ing, O watchers, be strong! All things are now ready, the wayward bring

CHORUS.

A - wake, O
 East; The Lamb's bright adorning, prepare for the feast. A-wake, a-wake, a-
 ploy, Like Sons of the morning, break forth into joy.
 sky, Pro-claim-ing the day of re-demp-tion is nigh.
 in; The feast ev - er-last-ing now waits to be-gin.

sleep - er, a - wake;..... O sleep - - er in
 wake; 'wake, O sleeper, a-wake; O sleep er in Zi - on, a-wake;

SLEEPER IN ZION, AWAKE!—Concluded.

Zi-on, a - wake; A - wake..... from thy slumbers, a-

'wake, O sleeper, a-wake; A-wake from thy slumbers,

wake, From thy slum - bers 'wake.

'wake, a-wake a-wake, From thy slumbers 'wake, O sleeper, 'wake, a-wake.

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BALM IN GILEAD.

154.

Arr. by R. E. HUDSON.

1. How lost was my con - di - tion Till Je - sus made me whole,
2. Next door to death he found me, And snatched me from the grave,
3. The worst of all dis - eas - es Is light compared with sin;
4. Come then to this Phy - si - cian, His help He'll free - ly give;

Cho.—I'm glad there's balm in Gil - ead To make the wound - ed whole,

There is but one Phy si - cian Can cure a sin - sick soul.
 To tell to all a - round me His wondrous power to save.
 On ev' - ry part it seiz - es, But ra - ges most with - in.
 He makes no hard con - di - tion, 'Tis on - ly, Look and live.
 There's pow'r e-nough in Je - sus To cure a sin - sick soul.

MY DREAM.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. I had a dream of long a - go, I heard them sing once more,
 2. Now while they sang, poor sin - ners came With tears of sor - row cried:
 3. Then each with joy be - gan to tell, Of Je - sus and his love,

SING ONE VERSE OF NO. 156 AS FIRST CHORUS.

The same old songs they used to sing In long gone days of yore.
 What shall I do? I heard them say, Look to the cru - ci - fied,
 While old and young in repturous strain Would sing of joys a - bove,

SING ONE VERSE OF NO. 157 AS SECOND CHORUS.

They sang of Him, who died for me,—How sweet it was to hear
 Then while they prayed in Je - sus' name, That they might now be - lieve;
 Now as the part - ing hour had come, When they must say good - by

SING ONE VERSE OF NO. 158 AS THIRD CHORUS.

The old, old hymn my moth - er sang, In ac - cent soft and clear.
 I heard a shout that thrilled my soul, I do my Lord re - ceive.
 They joined in prayer then sang once more I'll to thy bos - som fly.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. Bnt drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sac-red head For such a worm as I?
 A-maz-ing pi-ty! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my-self to thee, 'T is all that I can do.

HAPPY DAY.

157.

:S: CHORUS.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour, and my God! } Hap-py
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt-ures all a-broad. }

Fine. *D. S.*

day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { Aad live re-joic-ing et-ery day; }

2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charnea to confess the voice divine.
3. Now rest, my long divided heart:
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With him of every good possessed.

158.

MARTYN.

Musical score for 'MARTYN.' in 6/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

159.

WEBB.

Musical score for 'WEBB.' in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the instruction '[1st time only.]'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

160.

DUANE STREET.

Musical score for 'DUANE STREET.' in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, oh, my Savior! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.
 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on thee is stayed;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
 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.

162 MUSIC No. 159.

The morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for zion's war.
 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

163 MUSIC No. 160.

Of Him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.
 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heav'n;
 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm, will make it whole.
 To shame our sins he blushed in blood
 He closed his eyes to show us God;
 Let all the world fall down and know

That none but God such love can show
 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.

164 MUSIC No. 160.

He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden tremblingshakes the ground
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your
 load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you.—
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies
 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer
 reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains.
 Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy
 sting?" [ing Grave?"
 And, "Where's thy victory, boast-

165 WHITER THAN SNOW. A

Dear Jesus I long
 To be perfectly whole,
 I want Thee forever
 To live in my soul,
 Break down every idol,
 Cast out every foe,
 Now wash me, and I
 Shall be whiter than snow.

Cho.—Whiter than snow,
 Yes, whiter than snow,
 Now wash me, and I
 Shall be whiter than snow.

Dear Jesus, for this
 I most humbly entreat;
 I wait, blessed Lord,
 At thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing,
 I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me, and I
 Shall be whiter than snow.

167.

CORONATION.

Musical score for 'CORONATION' in 4/4 time, G major. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece with similar instrumentation and includes some dynamic markings like *mf* and *f*.

168.

GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Musical score for 'GREAT PHYSICIAN' in 6/8 time, G major. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system starts with a *p* dynamic marking. The second system includes a *pp* dynamic marking. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more active melodic line in the treble.

169.

CONSECRATION.

Musical score for 'CONSECRATION' in 6/8 time, G major. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system is marked 'Very slow.' and includes first and second endings. The second system is labeled 'CHORUS.' and includes 'Rit.' and *p* markings. The piece features a slow, solemn atmosphere with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall.
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

The great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus;
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sang,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.
 Your many sins are all forgiven.
 I now believe in Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus,
 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

My body, soul and spirit,
 Jesus I give to thee,
 A consecrated offering,
 Thine evermore to be.
 CHORUS.
 My all is on the altar,
 I'm waiting for the fire
 Waiting, waiting, waiting,
 I'm waiting for the fire.
 O, Jesus mighty Savior,
 I trust in thy great name,
 I look for thy salvation,
 Thy promise now I claim.
 Oh, let the fire descending,
 Just now upon my soul,
 Consume my humble offering,
 And cleanse and make me whole.

I am coming to the cross;
 I am poor, and weak and blind;
 I am counting all but dross,
 I shall full salvation find.
 CHO.—I am trusting, Lord in thee.
 Blest Lamb of Calvary,
 Humbly at thy cross I bow,
 Jesus saves me, saves me now.
 Here I give my all to thee,
 Friends, and time and earthly store;
 Soul and body thine to be—
 Wholly thine forever more.
 In thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied;
 I am prostrated in the dust,
 I with Christ am Crucified.

Thou my everlasting portion,
 More than friend or life to me,
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Savior, let me walk with Thee.
 CHO.—Close to thee, close to thee,
 Close to Thee, close to Thee,
 All along my pilgrims journey,
 Savior, let me walk with Thee,
 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
 Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with Thee.
 Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,
 Bear me o'er life's fitful sea.
 Then the gate of life eternal,
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

Jesus, my Lord to thee I cry,
 Unless thou help me I must die;
 Oh, bring thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am.
 CHO.—Take me as I am,
 Take me as I am,
 Oh bring thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am.
 Helpless I am and full of guilt,
 But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 And thou canst make me what thou
 But take me as I am. [wilt,
 I thirst; I long to know thy love,
 Thy full salvation I would prove;
 But since to thee I cannot move,
 Oh, take me as I am.

176.

SHINING SHORE.

1st. 2d. *Fine.*

D.C. al Fine.

177.

GLORY TO THE LAMB!

Fine.

CHORUS. *D.C.*

178.

ROCKPORT.

Fine.

D.C.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the shining shore
We may also discover. [dear

We'll grind our loins, my brethren
Our heav'nly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our king says come, and there's our
Forever, O forever! [home.

My savior suffered on the tree;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
O come and praise the Lamb with me
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

CHORUS. [Lamb

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding
I love the sound of Jesus' name,
It sets my spirit in a flame,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

He bore my sins, and curse, and shame
And I am saved thro' Jesus' name,
I know my sins are all forgiven,
And I am on my way to heaven,
And when the fighting here is o'er
I'll sing upon a happier shore.
And this my ceaseless song shall be,
That Jesus tasted death for me.

I hear thy welcome voice
That calls me Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming Lord,
Coming now to thee,
Wash me, cleanse me in thy blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heaven above.

Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Other knowledge I disdain;
'Tis all but vanity,
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold,
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold,
In the book of Thy Kingdom,
With its pages so fair.
Tell me, Jesus, my Savior,
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there.
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy Kingdom,
Is my name written there?

Lord, my sins they are many.
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written
In bright letters that glows,
Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow.

Oh, that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white,
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Is my name written there?

184.

GOING HOME.

The first system of music for 'GOING HOME.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/2 time signature. The music features a steady accompaniment of chords in the bass and a melody in the treble.

The second system of music for 'GOING HOME.' continues the two-staff arrangement. It maintains the 3/2 and 2/2 time signatures and the one-sharp key signature. The musical structure is consistent with the first system.

185.

REST.

The first system of music for 'REST.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/2 time signature. The music features a steady accompaniment of chords in the bass and a melody in the treble.

The second system of music for 'REST.' continues the two-staff arrangement. It maintains the 3/2 and 2/2 time signatures and the one-sharp key signature. The musical structure is consistent with the first system.

186.

DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

ENGLISH.

The first system of music for 'DELIVERANCE WILL COME.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The music features a steady accompaniment of chords in the bass and a melody in the treble.

CHORUS.

The second system of music for 'DELIVERANCE WILL COME.' is labeled 'CHORUS.' It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The music features a steady accompaniment of chords in the bass and a melody in the treble.

My heavenly home is bright and fair:
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

While hear a stranger far from home,
Afflictions waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing, [sting
That Death hath lost his venomed

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviors' power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be?
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

189 SWEET BY AND BY.

Let us sing of His love once again,
Of the love that can never decay,
Of the blood of the Lamb who was
slain,

Till we praise him again in that day.

|| I believe Jesus saves
And his blood

Makes me whiter than snow. ||

There is cleansing and healing for all
Who will wash in the life-giving flood,
There is life everlasting and joy,
At the right hand of God through
the blood.

Even now, while we taste of his love
We are filled with delight at his name
Oh, what will it be when above
We shall join in the song of the Lamb,

I saw a happy pilgrim,
In shining garments clad,
While traveling up the mountain.
His countenance was glad;
He had no cares nor burdens,
He'd laid them at the cross,
The blood of Christ, his Savior,
Had cleansed him from all dross.

Choro.—Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory,
We shall wear.

The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow,
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed.
Deliverance will come:

I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain;
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosannah'
Deliverance will come.

191 HOME OF THE SOUL. D

I will sing you a song
Of that beautiful land,
The faraway home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat
On the glittering strand
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat
On the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh that home of the soul
In my visions and dreams,
Its bright Jasper walls I can see;
:|| Till I fancy but thinly :||
The veil intervenes
:|| Between the fair city and me, :||

Oh how sweet it will be
In that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips
And with harps in our hands,
:|| To meet one another again, :||

*and toiling up
the pathward*

192.

LAND AHEAD.

1st.

2nd.

CHO.

3rd.

Detailed description: This is a three-system musical score for piano. The first system is marked '1st.' and the second system is marked '2nd.' and 'CHO.'. The third system is marked '3rd.'. The music is in 9/8 time and features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

193.

HEAVENLY SHORE.

Detailed description: This is a two-system musical score for piano. The music is in 6/8 time and features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

194.

A SINNER LIKE ME.

Detailed description: This is a two-system musical score for piano. The music is in 6/8 time and features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

195

MUSIC No. 192.

"Land ahead!" its fruits are waving
 O'er the hills of fadeless green;
 And the living waters laving
 Shores where heav'nly forms are seen
 CHO. Rocks and storms I fear no more
 When on that eternal shore,
 Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
 I am safe within the veil.

Onward, bark! the cape I'm round-
 See the blessed wave their hands; [ing
 Hear the harps of God resounding
 From the bright, immortal bands.
 There, let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silvery bay;
 Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.

196

MUSIC No. 193.

I love to think of heaven,
 Where white-robed angels are,
 Where many a friend is gathered safe
 From fear, and toil and care,
 CHO.—There'll be no parting there,
 There'll be no parting there,
 In heav'n above where all is love
 There'll be no parting there.

I love to think of heaven,
 Where my Redeemer reigns, [rise,
 Where rapturous songs of triumph
 In endless, joyous strains.

I love to think of heaven,
 The saints eternal home,
 Where palms, and robes, and crowns
 ne'er fade,
 And all their joys are one.

CHO.—I'm glad salvation's free,
 I'm glad salvation's free,
 Salvation's free for you and me
 I'm glad sal-va-tion's free.

197

HAPPY HOUR, A

O how happy are they
 Who their Savior obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above
 Tongue cannot express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love!
 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine,
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb
 When my heart first believed
 What a joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!

Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song;
 Oh that all his salvation might see!
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me.

198

MUSIC No. 194.

I was once faraway from the Sav-
 And as vile as a sinner could be, [our
 I wondered if Christ the Redeemer,
 Could save a poor sinner like me.

I wandered on in the darkness,
 Not a ray of light could I see.
 And the thought filled my heart with
 [sadness,
 There's no hope for a sinner like me.

I then fully trusted in Jesus,
 And oh, what a joy came to me;
 My heart was filled with his praises,
 For saving a sinner like me.

No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me,
 And now unto others I'm telling,
 How he saved a poor sinner like me.
 And when life's short journey is over,
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,
 I'll praise him forever and ever,
 For saving a sinner like me.

199 TUNE—BEULAH LAND. G

I've reached the land of corn and
 And all its riches freely mine; [wine
 Here shines undimmed one blissful
 [day,
 For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me
 And view the shining glory shore,
 My heav'n, my home forevermore.

The Saviour comes and walks with me
 And sweet communion here have we;
 He gently leads me with His hand,
 For this is heaven's border land.

A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from every vernal tree,
 And flowers that never fading grow
 Where streams of life forever flow.

The zephyrs seem to float to me,
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels with the white-robed throng
 Join in the sweet redemption song.

200.

I DO BELIEVE.

Musical score for 'I DO BELIEVE.' in 6/8 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the piece, ending with a final chord.

201.

CLEANSING WAVE.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

Musical score for 'CLEANSING WAVE.' in 3/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the piece, ending with a final chord. A bracketed instruction '[Omit in Repeat.]' is placed below the first system.

CHORUS.

Musical score for the 'CHORUS.' of 'CLEANSING WAVE.' in 3/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the chorus with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the chorus, ending with a final chord. A bracketed instruction '[Omit in Repeat.]' is placed below the first system.

202.

STOCKWELL.

DARIUS ELIOT JONES.

Musical score for 'STOCKWELL.' in 3/4 time. The score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The second system continues the piece, ending with a final chord.

203 MUSIC No. 200.

Come, O my God the promise seal,
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

CHO.—I can, I will, I do believe,
I can, I will, I do believe,
I can, I will, I do believe,
That Jesus saves me now.

I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire and trust in thee,
To be redeemed from sin

Savior, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Savior thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now.

204 MUSIC No. 201.

O, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see
I plunge, and O it cleanseth me;
O, praise the Lord it cleanseth me,
It cleanseth me, yea cleanseth me.

I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood,
It speaks, polluted nature dies,
Sinks neath the cleansing flood.

I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With hearts made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

205 PISGAH. A

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come—
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

206 MUSIC No. 202.

Savior breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal
Though destruction walk around us;
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be. [us
Should swift death this night o'ertake
And our couch become our tomb
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

207 MUSIC No. 202.

Silently the shades of evening,
Gather round my lowly door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

O, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot.
O, the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.

Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend,
They, unlinked with earthly troubles
We, still hoping for its end.

208 OH HOW I LOVE JESUS. A

Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, on earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

CHO.—O, how I love Jesus;
O, how I love Jesus;
O, how I love Jesus,
Because he first loved me.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,—
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

O that the world might taste and see,
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

209.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

The first system of music for 'Only Trust Him' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff, primarily using chords and eighth-note patterns.

CHORUS. | 1st time. | 2d time.

The chorus section is marked 'CHORUS.' and includes two repeat signs labeled '1st time.' and '2d time.'. It continues with two staves of music in the same key and time signature as the first system, featuring a melodic line and a bass accompaniment.

210.

COMMUNION.

STEPHEN JENKS.

The first system of music for 'Communion' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is characterized by a steady, rhythmic accompaniment in the bass and a melodic line in the treble.

211.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

The first system of music for 'Revive Us Again' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a strong, rhythmic bass line and a melodic line in the upper staff.

CHORUS. | 1st time. | 2d time.

The chorus section is marked 'CHORUS.' and includes two repeat signs labeled '1st time.' and '2d time.'. It continues with two staves of music in the same key and time signature as the first system, featuring a melodic line and a bass accompaniment.

212 MUSIC No. 209.

Come, every soul, by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

Cho.—Only trust him, only trust him
Only trust him now:
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest,
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

213 MUSIC No. 210.

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
'Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

Cho.—O, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb
The Lamb upon Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain, [for me.
That liveth again, to intercede

I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his anguid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death
Though not a word he spoke.

My conscience felt and own'd the guilt
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

214 MUSIC No. 211.

We praise thee, O God,
For the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died,
And is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Hallelujah! amen. ||
Revive us again.

We praise thee, O God,
For thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior,
And scattered our night.

All glory and praise,
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has born all our sins,
And has cleansed every tain.

215 WE SHALL MEET HIM. A

The prize is set before us,
To win, His words implore us,
The eye of God is o'er us,
From on high;

His loving tones are calling
While sin is dark, appalling,
'Tis Jesus gently calling,
He is nigh.

Cho.—By and by we shall meet Him,
By and by we shall meet Him,
And with Jesus reign in glory,
By and by.

By and by we shall meet Him,
By and by we shall meet Him,
And with Jesus reign in glory,
By and by.

We'll follow where He leadeth,
We'll pasture where he feedeth,
We'll yield to him who pleadeth
From on high.

Then naught from Him shall sever,
Our hopes shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never,
He is nigh.

216 YIELD NOT. F

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Savior to help you,
Comfort strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
And he will carry you through.

Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

To him that overcometh,
God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down;
He, who is our Savior,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

217.

AUTUMN.

1st time.

2d and last time.

Fin.

Musical score for 'Autumn' (1st time). The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score consists of two staves of music.

Musical score for 'Autumn' (2d and last time). The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score consists of two staves of music, ending with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

218.

NETTLETON.

Musical score for 'Nettleton' (1st time). The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score consists of two staves of music.

Musical score for 'Nettleton' (2d and last time). The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score consists of two staves of music, ending with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

219.

WOODWORTH.

W. B. BRADBURY.

Musical score for 'Woodworth' (1st time). The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score consists of two staves of music.

Musical score for 'Woodworth' (2d and last time). The piece is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score consists of two staves of music, ending with a double bar line and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

220 **MUSIC No. 217.**

Hail, thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail, thou Galilean King,
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring,
 Hail, thou agonizing Savior,
 Bearer of our sin and shame,
 By thy merits we find favor,
 Life is given through thy name
 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side;
 There for sinners thou art pleading
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us enterceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give,
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Savior's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

221 **MUSIC No. 218.**

Hark, the voice of Jesus crying,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white and harvest waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"
 Loud and strong the master calleth;
 Rich reward he offers thee;
 Who will answer gladly saying,
 "fiere am I; take me, tike me."
 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the master calls for you.
 Take the task he gives you gladly;
 Let his work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I, send me, send me!"

222 **MUSIC No. 156.**

Come Holy spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
 Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate—
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great.
 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

223 **MUSIC No. 219**

Just as I am without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me.
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee
 O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each
 O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe.
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 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!

224 **MUSIC No. 237**

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine
 With full consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sovereign right in me.
 Grant one poor sinner more a place
 Among the children of thy grace;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
 Thine would I live, thine would I die
 Be thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past beyond repeal,
 And now I set the solemn seal.
 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And concentrate to thee my all.

225 **MUSIC No. 218.**

Love Divine all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown;
 Jesus thou art all compassion,—
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter ever trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing
 Glory in thy perfect love.

226.

AMERICA.

HENRY CAREY.

Musical score for 'AMERICA' by Henry Carey, measures 1-8. The score is in 3/4 time and G major. It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with a supporting bass line in the bass staff.

227.

ORTONVILLE.

Musical score for 'ORTONVILLE', measures 1-8. The score is in 6/8 time and B-flat major. It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with a supporting bass line in the bass staff.

228.

GUIDE.

Musical score for 'GUIDE', measures 1-8. The score is in 3/4 time and G major. It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with a supporting bass line in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

D.C.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

230

MUSIC No. 226.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

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

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

231

MUSIC No. 228.

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!

Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

232

MUSIC No. 227.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

233

MUSIC No. 227.

Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;— [clear
A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;—
A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till lifes last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

234

MUSIC No. 227.

O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from my throne,
And worship only thee.

235.

ANTIOCH.

Musical score for 'ANTIOCH', measures 1-8. The score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

236.

LENOX.

Musical score for 'LENOX', measures 1-8. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff is primarily composed of quarter and eighth notes, with a steady accompaniment in the bass staff.

237.

ROCKINGHAM.

Musical score for 'ROCKINGHAM', measures 1-8. The score is in 3/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff uses a mix of quarter and eighth notes, with a supporting bass line in the lower staff.

238 **MUSIC No. 235.**

Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,

No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and
 And makes the nations prove [grace
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

239 **MUSIC No. 235.**

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their
 But all their joys are one. [tongues,
 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
 "To be exalted thus!" [cry,
 "Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
 "For he wa slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

240 **MUSIC No. 236.**

Arise, my soul, arise;
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding sacrifice
 In my behalf appears;
 Before the throne my surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.

He ever lives above
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of
 grace.

The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed one;
 He can not turn away
 The presence of his Son;
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled;
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child;
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

241 **MUSIC No. 236.**

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,—
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim;
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

242 **MUSIC No. 237.**

While life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found and peace is given;
 But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

While God invites, how blest the day!
 How sweet the Gospel's charming
 sound!

Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the
 grave,
 Before his bar your spirit bring.
 And none be found to hear or save.

In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise.
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 No Savior call you to the skies.

243 **MUSIC No. 237.**

Praise God, from whom all blessings
 flow;

Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

243.

AVON.

HUGH WILSON.

Musical score for "AVON." by Hugh Wilson. The score is presented in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The second system is in 2/5 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb).

244.

DENNIS.

Musical score for "DENNIS." The score is presented in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The second system is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb).

245.

DUKE STREET.

JOHN HATTON.

Musical score for "DUKE STREET." by John Hatton. The score is presented in two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is in 2/2 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The second system is in 2/2 time with a key signature of three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab).

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
The grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

247

MUSIC No. 244.

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

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

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

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

248

MUSIC No. 244.

My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw the from the skies.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

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

2 Could my tears forever flow—
Could my zeal no languor know—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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

250

MUSIC No. 245.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee

My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

Yet save a trembling sinner Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round
thy word, [there,
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

251

MUSIC No. 245.

O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

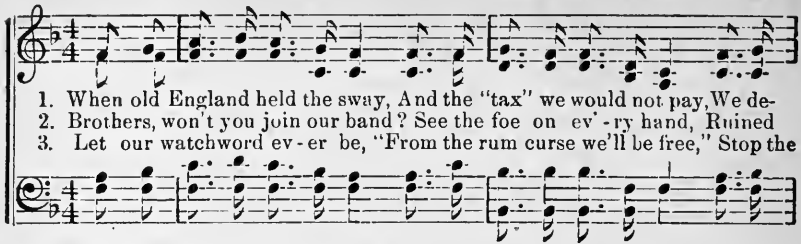
Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd
The labor of thy dying love. [blood,

I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

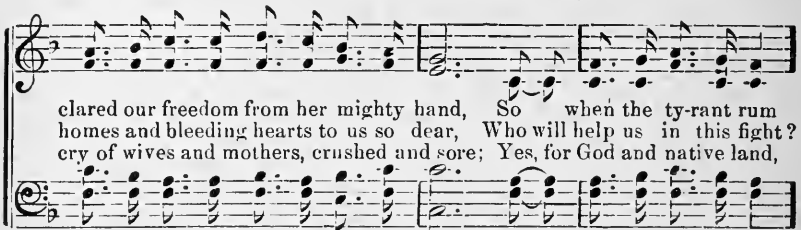
WHO'LL ENLIST?

Respectfully dedicated to Miss Frances Williard.

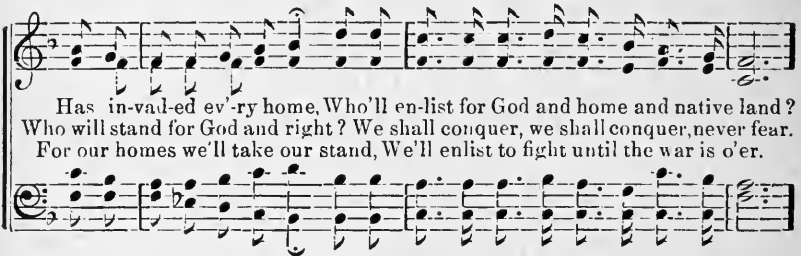
Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.



1. When old England held the sway, And the "tax" we would not pay, We de-
 2. Brothers, won't you join our band? See the foe on ev'-ry hand, Ruined
 3. Let our watchword ev-er be, "From the rum curse we'll be free," Stop the




clared our freedom from her mighty hand, So when the ty-rant rum
 homes and bleeding hearts to us so dear, Who will help us in this fight?
 cry of wives and mothers, crushed and sore; Yes, for God and native land,

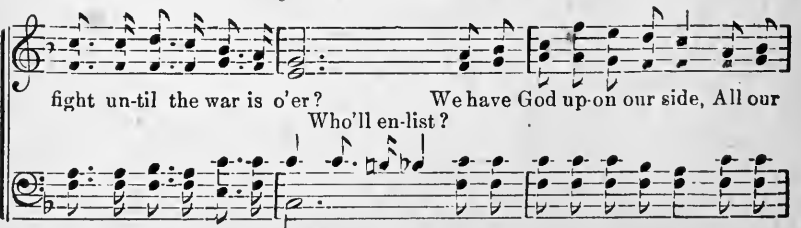


Has in-val-ed ev'-ry home, Who'll en-list for God and home and native land?
 Who will stand for God and right? We shall conquer, we shall conquer, never fear.
 For our homes we'll take our stand, We'll enlist to fight until the war is o'er.

CHORUS.



Who'll en-list? Who'll en-list?
 to fight for right, for God and home, Who'll en-list to
 L. V. — I'll en list, I'll en-list,



fight un-til the war is o'er? We have God up-on our side, All our
 Who'll en-list?

WHO'LL ENLIST?—Concluded.

conflicts He will guide, He has never lost a battle, fear no more. fear no more.

Copyrighted, 1888, by R. E. HUDSON.

'Twas RUM.

253.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. I heard a weep-ing moth-er say, While com-ing from the grave,
2. Once he was pure and in - no - cent, The pride and joy of home,
3. O pit - y brok - en - hearted ones, And teach the boys to shun

Of one, to her as dear as life, She tried, but could not save.
But see the de - mon in 'he glass! At last the deed is done.
The road that leads to cru - el death By rum, foul de - mon, rum.

CHORUS.

"'Twas rum that spoiled my dar - ling boy, They caught him in the snare;

'Twas rum that spoiled my darling boy, I pray you, boys, be - ware!"

Copyrighted, 1886, by R. E. HUDSON.

254. JESUS IS WAITING TO SAVE.

Words and Music by

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. Why do you linger in darkness so long? Je - sus is waiting to save!
 2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Jesus is waiting to save!
 3. Time will not linger; how soon we must go! Jesus is waiting to save!
 4. Jesus is calling, "Oh, come unto me!" Je - sus is waiting to save!
 5. While we are praying, oh, stay not away! Je - sus is waiting to save!
 save you now!

Have you not friends in the heavenly throng? Je - sus is waiting to save!
 Angels are longing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is waiting to save!
 Why turn away, and to Jesus say no? Je - sus is waiting to save!
 Pardon is purchased, salvation is free; Je - sus is waiting to save!
 Come to him now, not a moment delay; Je - sus is waiting to save!
 save you now!

CHORUS.

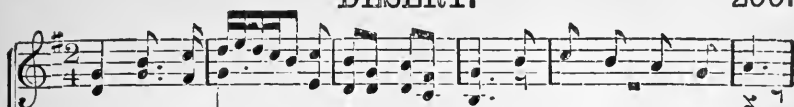
Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is waiting to save!
 save you now!

Come to him now, come to him now, Je - sus is waiting to save!
 save you now!

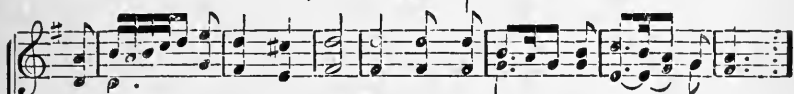
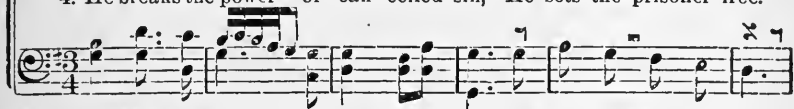
Songs of Peace, Joy, and Love.

DESERT.

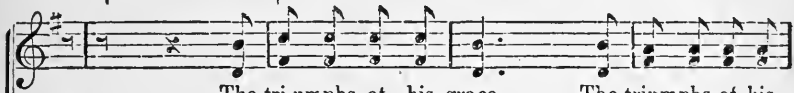
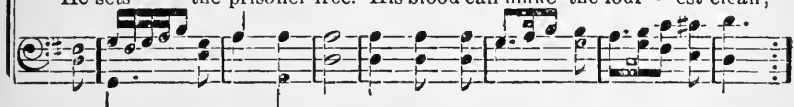
255.



1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
4. He breaks the power of can - celled sin, He sets the prisoner free.



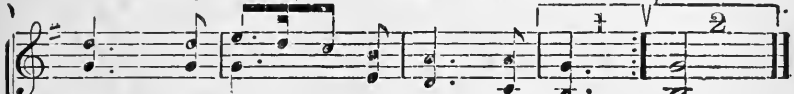
My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of my God and King,
 As-sist me to pro-claim, To spread through all the earth a-broad,
 That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears,
 He sets the prisoner free. His blood can make the foul - est clean;



The tri-umphs of his grace,	The triumphs of his
The hon - ors of thy name,	The hon - ors of thy
'Tis life, and health, and peace,	'Tis life, and health, and
His blood a-vailed for me,	His blood a-vailed for



The tri-umphs of his grace,	The tri-umphs of his grace,
The hon - ors of thy name,	The hon - ors of thy name,
'Tis life, and health, and peace,	'Tis lite, and health, and peace,
His blood a-vailed for me,	His blood a-vailed for me,



grace,	The tri - umphs of his grace.
name,	The hon - ors of thy name.
peace,	'Tis life, and health, and peace.
me,	His blood a - vailed for me.



256. WHEN WE ARRIVE AT HOME.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. There's a crown for ev'-ry head, And there's joy for ev'-ry heart,
 2. There's a joy in trust-ing here, And there's love with-out a fear,
 3. Oh, come and join our band, For right and truth we'll stand,

CHORUS.

At the end of our jour-ney, We'll re-ceive a crown,

Joy for ev'-ry heart, joy for ev'-ry heart, Who will
 Love with-out a fear, love with-out a fear; Re-joic-
 Right and truth we'll stand, right and truth we'll stand Till right
 Bright and gold-en crown, nev-er fad-ing crown, At the

in His vine-yard en-ter, And brave-ly do
 ing ev-er-more Un-til the coun-
 shall con-quer wrong; Then we'll join the
 end of our jour-ney We'll re-ceive

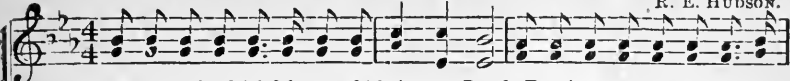
his part Till we ar-rive at home?
 flict's o'er And we ar-rive at home.
 washed throug, When we ar-rive at home.
 a crown, When we ar-rive at home.

RESTING.

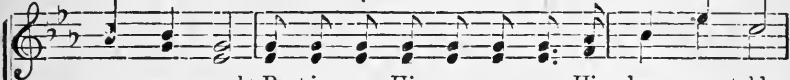
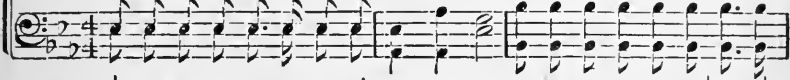
257.

Respectfully dedicated to my esteemed friends, Rev. C. G. Hudson and wife.

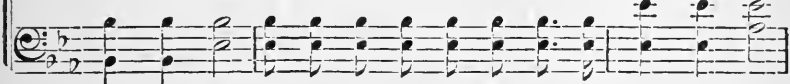
R. E. HUDSON.



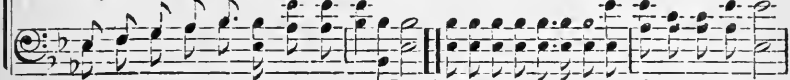
1. Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord; Resting on the fulness of His
2. Resting His guiding hand for un- days; Resting His shadow from the
neath tracked neath
3. Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh; Resting in the lifeboat while the
4. Resting and believing, let us onward press, Resting in Himself, the Lord, our



own sure word; Rest-ing on His pow-er, on His love un- told;
noon- tide rays; Rest-ing at the cv- en- tide be- neath His wing,
waves roll high; Rest-ing in His char-iot for the swift glad race;
Right-eous-ness; Rest-ing and re- joic- ing, let His saved ones sing,



Rest-ing on his covenant secured of old.
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King. } Rest - ing on His promise sweet,
Resting, always resting in His boundless grace. }
Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King. }



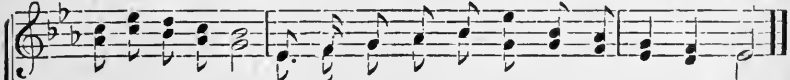
Resting, every moment resting



Rest - ing, sitting at His feet, Glad - ly



Resting, every moment resting, Waiting, ever ready waiting



at His call I'll go, Trusting in His blood that cleanseth white as snow.



MY SPIRIT IS FREE.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, by per.

1. I fol - low the foot - steps of Je - sus, my Lord, His
 2. A lep - er he found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From
 3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night The
 4. Pro - claim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For

Spir - it doth lead me a - long; I walk in the path-way made
 which he a - lone can set free; He spake in His mer - cy, "I
 Mas - ter hath o - pen'd the door; Shout a - loud of deliv'rance, ye
 sin - ners from sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of His grace who my

plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
 will, be thou clean," And He in - stant - ly pu - ri - fied me.
 an - gels of light, Praise His name, oh my soul, ev - er - more.
 par - don has bought, "For His blood washes whit - er than snow."

Chorus.

Glo - ry to God! my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, He pu - ri - fies me! I'm

walking the high-way and joyful I'll be While following Je - sus my Lord.

HE RANSOMED ME.

259.

By per. J. H. S.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my
 3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too

died, My rich-est gain, I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.
 down: Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 small; Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

CHORUS.

He ransomed me, He ransomed me, My Sav-iour died to ran-som me,

He ransomed me, He ransomed me, With his own blood He ransomed me.

THE HARVEST IS PASSING.

Slow.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. The harvest is passing of blessings so free, The harvest is passing, He
 2. The harvest is passing, al-ready the fields Are whit'ning for harvest, but
 3. The harvest is passing, no seed have I sown, No grain have I gathered, no
 4. The harvest is passing, Oh, hasten to-day, The summer will end soon, Oh

call-eth for thee, Re-ject not the Sav-ior, he waits now to save, The
 what of the yield, No reap-ers to gath-er life's fast ripen-ing grain, A-
 fruit have I grown, My life has been spent gath'ring thorns, leaves and flow'rs, And
 turn not a-way While Je-sus is wait-ing his love to be-stow, Then

CHORUS. The har.....

Lord of the harvest his life free-ly gave. }
 has, when he calleth, he call-eth in vain. } The harvest is passing, The
 I'm not pre-pared for those heav'nly bowers. }
 forth to his ser-vice, say glad-ly I'll go. }

.....vest, The har..... vest, The

harvest is passing, The harvest is passing, The harvest is passing, The
 summer

summer is end-ed, The summer is ended, And I am not sav-ed.

THE SAVIOUR STANDS WAITING. 261.

Arranged.

1. Thy Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door, He's called thee a-
 2. In in - fin - ite mer - cy He came from a - bove, To ran - som and
 3. A - gain He is call - ing, re - ject Him no more, But come while He's
 4. Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart, 'Tis o - pened in

gain, and a - gain; Oh, yield to His voice, and re - ject Him no more,
 cleanse thee from sin; Now yield to the voice of His in - fin - ite love,
 wait - ing to save—Ere the day of His grace and mer - cy are o'er,
 wel - come to Thee; Come in, blessed Sav - iour, and nev - er de - part,

CHORUS.

Nor let Him stand pleading in vain. Thy Sav - iour is call - ing to -
 And let thy dear Sav - iour come in.
 And thou art sunk low in the grave.
 Come in with Thy mer - cy to me.

day, Oh, hear His kind voice and o - bey; Now give 'od your

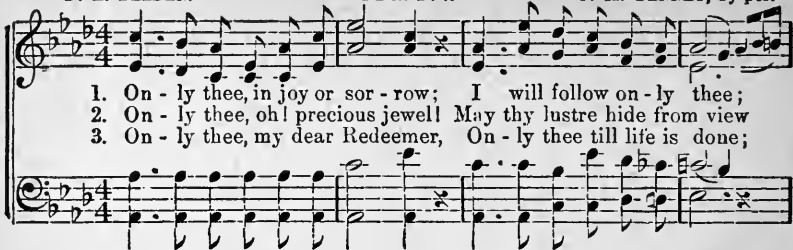
heart, and for heav'n make a start, Oh, come, and be saved while you may.

ONLY THEE.

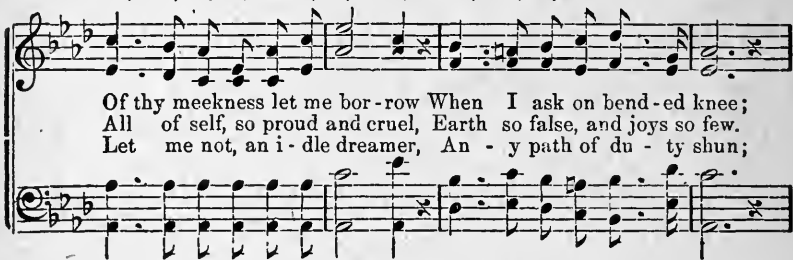
F. E. BELDEN.

1 Pet. 2 : 7.

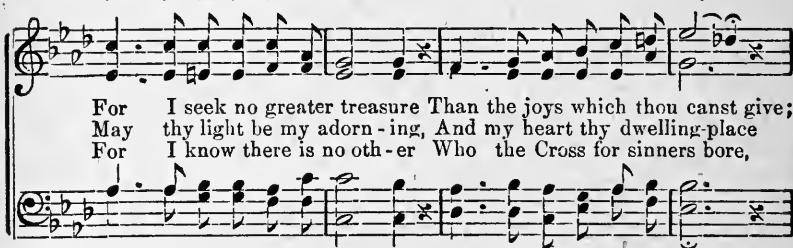
J. H. TENNEY, by per.



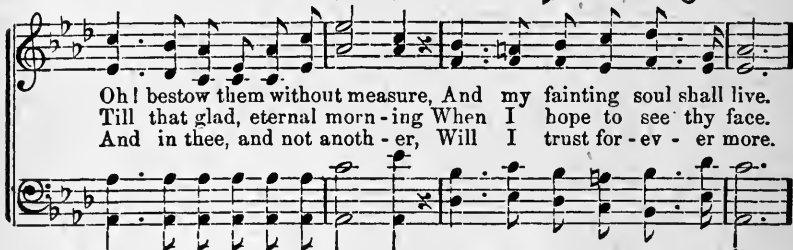
1. On - ly thee, in joy or sor - row; I will follow on - ly thee;
 2. On - ly thee, oh! precious jewell May thy lustre hide from view
 3. On - ly thee, my dear Redeemer, On - ly thee till life is done;



Of thy meekness let me bor - row When I ask on bend - ed knee;
 All of self, so proud and cruel, Earth so false, and joys so few.
 Let me not, an i - dle dreamer, An - y path of du - ty shun;

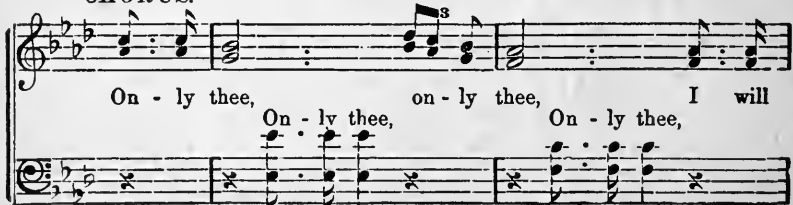


For I seek no greater treasure Than the joys which thou canst give;
 May thy light be my adorn - ing, And my heart thy dwelling - place
 For I know there is no oth - er Who the Cross for sinners bore,



Oh! bestow them without measure, And my fainting soul shall live.
 Till that glad, eternal morn - ing When I hope to see thy face.
 And in thee, and not anoth - er, Will I trust for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.



On - ly thee, On - ly thee, on - ly thee, On - ly thee, I will

ONLY THEE. Concluded.

dim. *pp.*

fol - low on - ly thee; On - ly thee, on - ly
 I will fol - low on - ly thee; On - ly thee,

thee On - ly thee, Will I trust e - ter - nal - ly.

f.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes dynamic markings 'dim.' and 'pp.'. The second system includes a 'f.' marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. There are triplet markings (3) over some notes in the vocal line.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

263.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me, Lest by base de -
 2. With its witching pleasures, Would this vain world charm, Or its sor - did
 3. If with sore affliction, Thou in love chastise, Pour thy ben - e -
 4. When in dust and ashes To the grave I sink, While heav'n's glory

ni - al, I depart from thee; When thou seest me waver, With a
 treasures Spread to work me harm, Bring to my remembrance Sad Get -
 dic - tion On the sac - ri - fice; Then up - on thine al - tar Free - ly
 flashes O'er the shelving brink, On thy truth re - ly - ing Thro' the

look re - call; Nor for fear or fav - or Suf - fer me to fall.
 sem - an - e, Or, in darker semblance, Cross - crowned Calvary.
 of - fered up, Though the flesh may falter, Faith shall drink the cup.
 mor - tal strife, Lord, re - ceive me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system contains four numbered verses. The second system contains the beginning of the chorus. The third system contains the end of the chorus. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and some melodic lines.

SING OF HIS LOVE.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

(Omit 2d ending only.)

Ritard. for-ev-er-more, for-ev-er-more! *Fine.* Oh, worship the Lord in the

beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Sing un-to Him, and tell of His love.

Sing of His love to me, Sing how He free-ly

gave His life for thee, Sing through His blood we may from sin be free,

SING OF HIS LOVE.—Concluded.

Etard. | *Solo first time.*

Sing of His love. For God so loved the world
For God so loved the world

that He gave His on - ly Son, His
that He gave, He gave His Son,

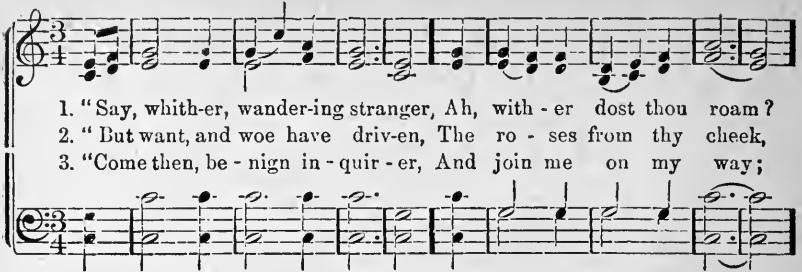
on - ly be - got - ten Son, That who - so - ev - er be -

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

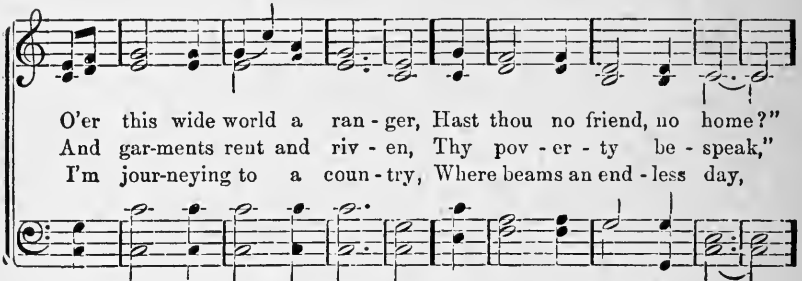
D.C.

Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

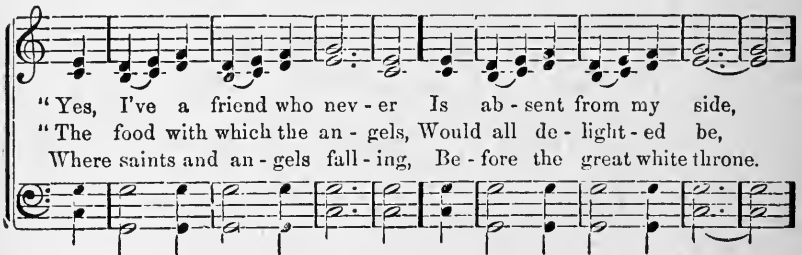
265. THE WANDERING STRANGER.



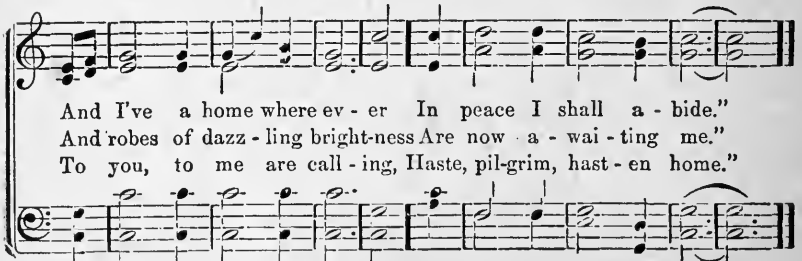
1. "Say, whith-er, wander-ing stranger, Ah, with - er dost thou roam ?
 2. " But want, and woe have driv-en, The ro - ses from thy cheek,
 3. "Come then, be - nign in - quir - er, And join me on my way ;



O'er this wide world a ran - ger, Hast thou no friend, no home?"
 And gar - ments rent and riv - en, Thy pov - er - ty be - speak,"
 I'm jour - ney - ing to a coun - try, Where beams an end - less day,



" Yes, I've a friend who nev - er Is ab - sent from my side,
 " The food with which the an - gels, Would all de - light - ed be,
 Where saints and an - gels fall - ing, Be - fore the great white throne.



And I've a home where ev - er In peace I shall a - bide."
 And robes of daz - zling bright - ness Are now a - wai - ting me."
 To you, to me are call - ing, Haste, pil - grim, hast - en home."

THE ALTERED MOTTO.

266.

THEO. MONOD.
With expression.

THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him, Bleed - ing on th' accursed tree;
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal - ing, help - ing, full and free;
4. Higher than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee."
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
Brought me lower, while I whis - pered, "Less of self and more of Thee."
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of Thee."

Rit.

All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee,
Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee,
Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee,
None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee,

Rit.

When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee."
And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
Brought me low - er, while I whis - pered, "Less of self and more of Thee."
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of Thee."

SOWING AND REAPING.

GEO. COOPER.

R. E. HUDSON.

SOLO.

1. There are lonely hearts to cherish, While the days are go-ing by; There are
 2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by; Let your
 3. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by; One by

wea - ry souls who perish, While the days are go-ing by; If a smile we can
 face be like the morning, While the days are go-ing by; Oh, the world is full
 one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go-ing by; But the seed of good

re-new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the good we all may do, While the
 of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes, — Help your fallen brother rise, While the
 we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the

CHORUS.

days are go-ing by. }
 days are go-ing by. } While the days are go-ing by, While the days are go-ing
 days are go-ing by. }

by, You may find a field of toil, While the days are go - ing by.

UP FOR JESUS STAND.

268.

J. H.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, by per.

1. Soldiers of th' eternal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the
 2. La- bel it on ev'ry door, Place it high the pulpit o'er, Let it stand for
 3. Place it on the chisel'd stone, Where the mourners weep alone; Grave it on the

churches ring, Up for Je- sus stand! Write it on the temple's spire,
 ev- er- more! Up for Je- sus stand! Blazon it in mansion-halls,
 monarch's throne, Up for Je- sus stand! Let the press, whose wheels of might

Ut- ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up for Jesus stand!
 Pencil it on pris- on walls; Do and dare as duty calls, Up for Jesus stand!
 Roll for reason and for right, Flash it on the nation's sight; Up for Jesus stand!

CHORUS.

Sire to son and son to sire, Up for Je- sus stand! Up for Je- sus stand!
 Do and dare as du- ty calls, Up for Je- sus stand!
 Flash it on the nation's sight, Up for Je- sus stand! Jesus stand!

Up for Jesus stand! Speed the watchword, give it wing, And up for Jesus stand!
 Jesus stand,

1. Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the newborn King; Peace on earth and
 2. Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd, Christ, the everlasting Lord; Veil'd in flesh the
 3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to

mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled. Joy-ful all ye na-tions
 Godhead see; Hail in-car-nate De-i-ty! Come and worship humbly
 all he brings; Risen with healing in his wings. Wonder-ful in coun-sel,

rise and sing, Join the triumphs of your King, With an-gel-ic hosts a-
 at his feet; Yield to him the hom-age meet; From the manger raise Him
 come and see, Christ th' incarnate De-i-ty; Sire of the a-ges,

CHORUS.—Hail Him King,

loud proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem Hail Him King, Hail Him King,
 to the throne, Homage due to God a-lone.
 ne'er to cease; King of kings, and Prince of peace.

Hail Him King.

Hail Him King, Hail Him King.
 Crown Him Lord o'er earth and sky, and Hail Him King.

STAND THE STORM.

270.

I. B.

By per. I. BALTZELL.

1. Lo! our ves - sel's on the o - cean, See it glid - ing swiftly by,
 2. Come on board the ves - sel, strai - ger, Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
 3. When we gain the port of glo - ry, When we reach our home above,

And a - mid the wild com - mo - tion, Hear the sail - ors loud - ly cry:
 For we fear no want or dan - ger, From all per - ils we are free
 We'll re - peat the old, old sto - ry, Of the Sav - iour's dying love.

CHORUS.

Stand the storm, Stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by,
 It won't be long, It won't be long, ||: we will anchor, :|| ||: by and by. :||

Stand the storm, Stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.
 It won't be long, It won't be long, we will anchor, we will anchor By and By.

271. SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. I have a *song* I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of
 2. I have a *Christ* that sat - is - fies, Since I have been redeemed, To
 3. I have a *Wit-ness*, bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dis-
 4. I have a *joy* I can't ex-press, Since I have been redeemed, All
 5. I have a *home* pre-pared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where

CHORUS.

my Re-deem-er, Saviour, King, Since I have been re-deemed. Since
 do His will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deemed.
 pell - ing ev' - ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deemed.
 through His blood and righteous-ness, Since I have been re-deemed.
 I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re-deemed. Since

I..... have been re-deemed,
 I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been

redeemed, I will glory in His name, I will glo-ry in my Saviour's name.

BE WASHED.

272.

Words and Music by

Rev. I : 5.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. List, the Spirit calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
 2. Sinner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
 3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
 4. Je - sus drank that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?

Je - sus died to make you free, Will you be washed in the blood?
 Through the dear Redeemer's name, Will you be washed in the blood?
 And the witness you may know, Will you be washed in the blood?
 Don't re - ject the Spirit's call, Will you be washed in the blood?

Par - don will be giv - en, Cleans - ing you for heav - en.
 Claim him as your Sav - iour, He can save for - ev - er.
 You can know this hour Of his sav - ing pow - er.
 Grace is all a - bound - ing, Joy thro' heaven resounding.

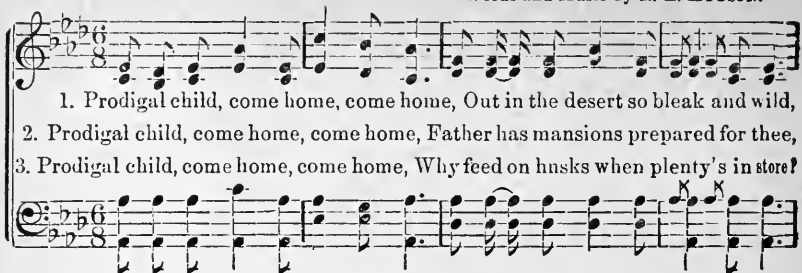
CHORUS.

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

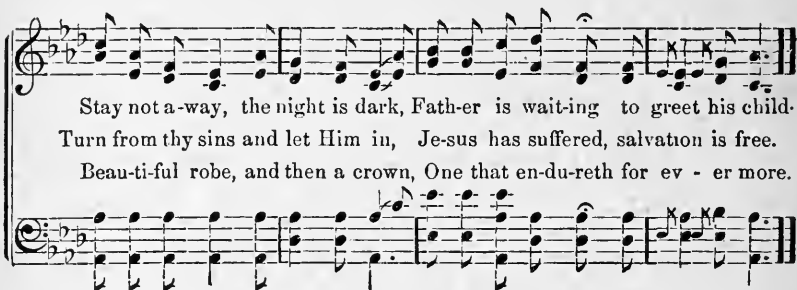
Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

273. PRODIGAL CHILD, COME HOME.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

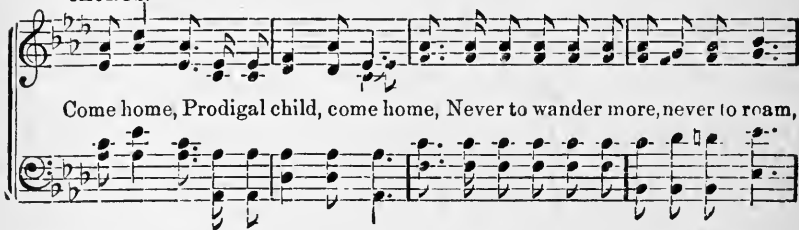


1. Prodigal child, come home, come home, Out in the desert so bleak and wild,
2. Prodigal child, come home, come home, Father has mansions prepared for thee,
3. Prodigal child, come home, come home, Why feed on husks when plenty's in store?

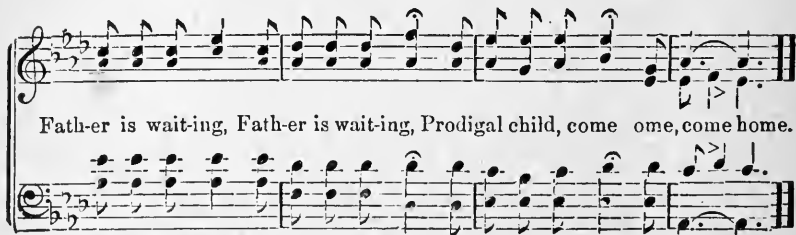


Stay not a-way, the night is dark, Fath-er is wait-ing to greet his child-
Turn from thy sins and let Him in, Je-sus has suffered, salvation is free.
Beau-ti-ful robe, and then a crown, One that en-du-reth for ev - er more.

CHORUS.



Come home, Prodigal child, come home, Never to wander more, never to roam,



Fath-er is wait-ing, Fath-er is wait-ing, Prodigal child, come ome, come home.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

274.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.
May be sung as a solo.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh! wondrous love, the love of Christ! The soul's sweet rest-ing
2. A ref - uge from each rag - ing storm, A shel - ter from the
3. Our ev - ery bur deu he will bear, When we, in sim - ple

place, The palm - tree where we find a shade, The
heat, A tower of strength, a qui - et home, Where
faith, In child - like trust, cling and a - dore, And

Rock on which our hopes are laid— This love is per - fect peace.
wea - ry, trou - bled hearts may come— A sure and safe re - treat.
learn to love him more and more, Be - liev - ing what he saith.

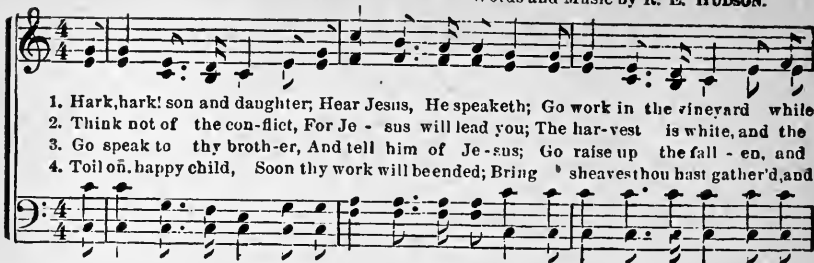
p REFRAIN.

Perfect peace, perfect peace, This love is perfect peace.
Safe re - treat, safe re - treat, A sure and safe re - treat.
What he saith, what he saith, Be - liev - ing what he saith.

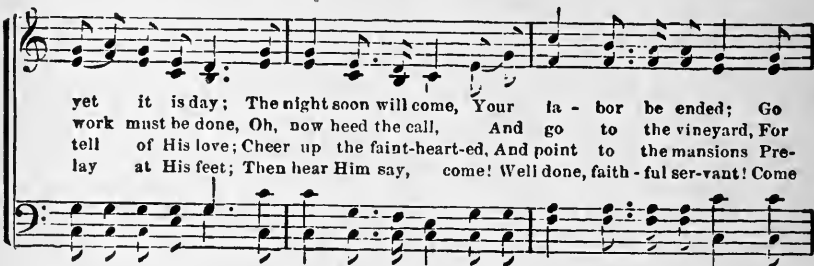
Perfect peace, perfect peace, This love is per - fect peace.
Safe retreat, safe retreat, A sure and safe re - treat.
What he saith, what he saith. Be - liev - ing what he saith.

REWARDED.

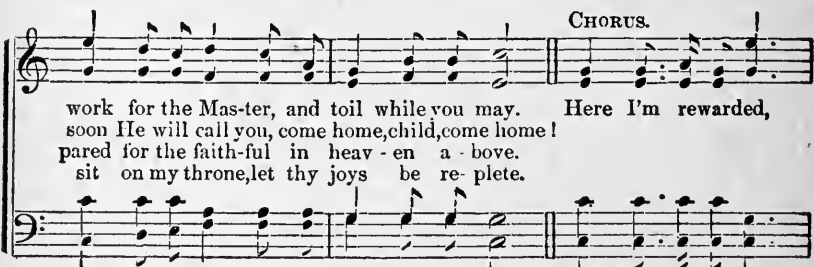
Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.



1. Hark, hark! son and daughter; Hear Jesus, He speaketh; Go work in the vineyard while
 2. Think not of the conflict, For Je - sus will lead you; The har - vest is white, and the
 3. Go speak to thy broth - er, And tell him of Je - sus; Go raise up the fall - en, and
 4. Toil on, happy child, Soon thy work will be ended; Bring ' sheaves thou hast gather'd, and

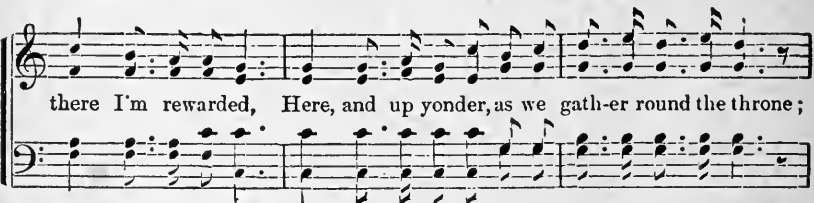


yet it is day; The night soon will come, Your la - bor be ended; Go
 work must be done, Oh, now heed the call, And go to the mansions, For
 tell of His love; Cheer up the faint - heart - ed, And point to the mansions Pre -
 lay at His feet; Then hear Him say, come! Well done, faith - ful ser - vant! Come

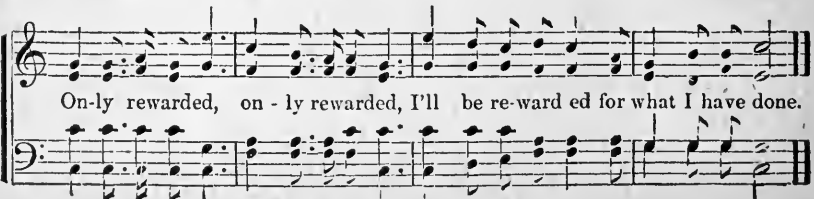


CHORUS.

work for the Mas - ter, and toil while you may. Here I'm rewarded,
 soon He will call you, come home, child, come home!
 pared for the faith - ful in heav - en a - bove.
 sit on my throne, let thy joys be re - plete.



there I'm rewarded, Here, and up yonder, as we gath - er round the throne;



On - ly rewarded, on - ly rewarded, I'll be re - ward ed for what I have done.

ANTICIPATION.

276.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause

Or blush to speak his name? Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While

others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas? Com-ing by and by,

CHORUS.

Coming by and by, A better day is dawning, The morning draweth nigh, Coming by and by,

Coming by and by, A bet-ter day is dawning, For He is coming by and by.

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 With faith's discerning eye.
 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

277. WHEN HE MAKES UP HIS JEWELS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh! when the Saviour shall gather his jewels In - to the beau-ti - ful
 2. Oh! when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, Wash'd and renew'd in his
 3. Oh! when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, And, in their triumph, they

mansions of rest, Shall I be counted as wor- thy to en- ter
 own precious blood, Shall I be cleansed from all sin and defilement,
 sing the new song, Shall I be there to u- nite in the chorus?

CHORUS.

In - to the home of the pure and the blest? }
 Read- y to en- ter the king- dom of God? } Yes, precious Saviour!
 Shall I be one of the numberless throng? }

Grant but thy fav- or, Daily but strengthen me and help my soul along,

Then, robed in whiteness, changed to thy likeness, I shall be one of the num- ber- less throng.

REDEEMING LOVE.

278.

J. A. C.

Moderato.

THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Re - deem - ing Love! Re - deem - ing Love! This is the
 2. The an - gel hosts all wond'ring see, But fail to
 3. And here on earth the pow'r is giv'n To sing this
 4. Oh, shout a - loud, ye sons of men! Tell the glad

Rit.

theme of saints a - bove; Ar-ray'd in heaven's own spot-less
 solve the mys - ter - y; They here, en-tranced, this no - ble
 sweet - est song of heav'n; And our poor voi - ces e'en to
 tid - ings o'er a - gain; Oh, earth be - low! oh, heav'n a -

Rit.

white, Chant they this song with pure de - light.
 song Of souls re - deemed— a might - y throng.
 raise In notes of loud and joy - ous praise.
 bove Sing ye the song, Re - deem - ing Love!

Refrain, slowly.

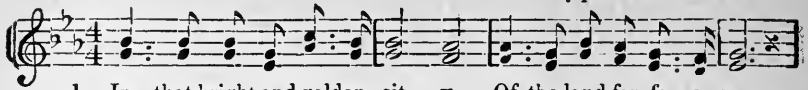
ff *mf* *pp Rit.*

Re - deem - ing Love! Re - deem - ing Love! Re - deem - ing Love!

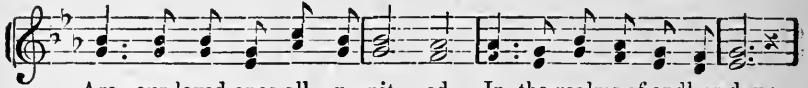
279. OUR CHERISHED LOVED ONES.

DUET.

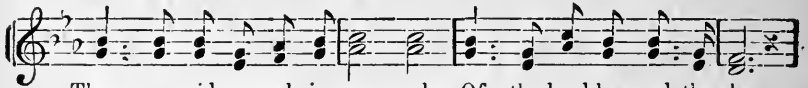
By per. WILL. C. BROWN.



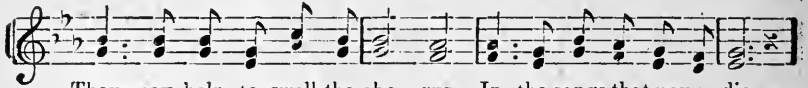
1. In that bright and golden cit - y, Of the land far, far a - way,
2. In that land where all is sun - shine, And no clouds can in - ter - vene,
3. In that home of life and beau - ty, Is the dwelling place of God;



Are our loved ones all u - nit - ed, In the realms of endless day;
Where the brightest saints of heav - en Are be - hold - en in the scene;
And He gives to us the prom - ise, If we'll take Him for our guide;



There a - mid an - gel - ic se - raphs, Of the land be - yond the sky,
There they dwell with sweetest rap - ture, In the bliss that love be - stows;
That when here our days are end - ed, And we go a - cross the stream,



They may help to swell the cho - rus, In the songs that nev - er die.
And no mor - tal hand can rob them, Of the glo - ry of their souls.
He will lead us thro' the gate - way, To the home of the redeemed.

CHORUS.



We shall see our cherished loved ones In that land far, far a - way,

We shall see our cherished loved ones In that land far, far a - way,



In the cit - y bright and gold - en, In the realms of endless day.

In the cit - y bright and golden, In the realms of endless day.

I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

280.

1. { Je - sus, thy pre - cious blood alone, The sin - ner can re - deem; }
 { For all our sin and guilt atone, (Omit.....) }
 2. { For all the foun - tain of thy blood is flow - ing night and day, }
 { And they who sink beneath its flood, (Omit.....) }

CHORUS.

And make en - tire - ly clean; } I've been re - deemed, I've been re -
 Wash all my sins a - way. } I've been, etc.

I've been redeemed,

deemed..... I've been re - deemed..... I've been re - deemed.....

I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,

Been washed in the blood of the Lamb, Been redeemed by the blood of the
 by the blood of the

Lamb..... Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb That flow'd on Calvary.

Lamb, of the Lamb, by the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb,

3 Come to the crimson flowing tide,
 O weary, sin-sick soul!
 Come, have the precious blood applied,
 And it will make you whole.—CHO

4 And when we reach the "shining shore"
 Amid the blood-washed throng,
 We'll praise the Lamb forever more,
 And this shall be our song:—CHO.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

As sung by Chaplain C. C. McCabe.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

[Used by permission.]

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

1. Such beau-ti-ful, beanti - ful hands, They're neither white nor small, **And**
 2. Such beau-ti-ful, beanti - ful hands, Tho' heart was weary and sad, **These**
 3. Such beau-ti-ful, beanti - ful hands, They're growing feeble now, **And**
 4. But oh, beyond these shadowy lands, Where all is bright and fair, **I**

you, I know would scarcely think That they were fair at all; I've
 patient hands kept toiling on, That the children might be glad; I
 time and toil have left their mark On hand, and heart, and brow; A
 know full well these dear old hands Will palms of vict'ry bear; Where

looked on hands in form and hue A sculptor's dream might be, Yet
 oft - en weep, as looking back To childhood's distant day, I
 las, a - las! the nearing time, The sad, sad day to me, When
 crystal streams thro' endless years Flow over gold - en sands, And

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.—Concluded.

are these ag - ed, wrinkled hands Most beauti - ful to me.
 think how these hands rest - ed not When mine were at their play.
 'neath the dai - sies, cold and white, These hands will folded be.
 where the old grow young a - gain, I'll clasp my mother's hands.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

282.

MISS M. A. LEE.

SCOTCH SONG.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry af - tenwhiles, For the
 I'll . . . nee'r be fu' content, un - til my e'en do see, The
 D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

Fine

lang'd - for hame - bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles, }
 gowden gates of heav'n an' my (OMIT.) ain coun - trie.
 hear the angels singing in my (OMIT.) ain coun - trie.

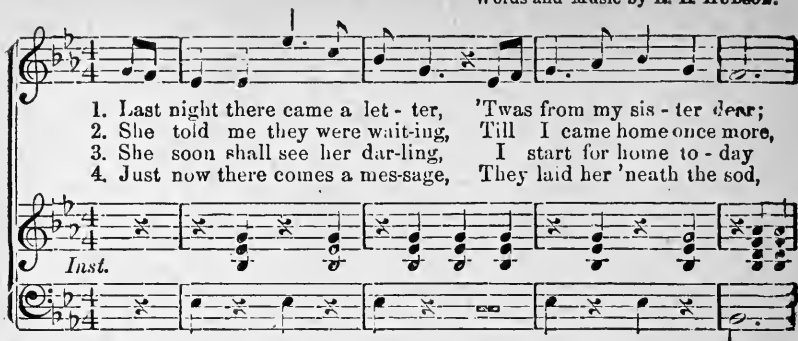
D. C.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow - ers, mon - y - tinted, fresh and gay ; }
 { The bird - ies war - ble blithely, for my Father's made them sae ; }

- 2 I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King,
 To his ain royal palace, his banished hame, will bring
 W'e'en, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
 "The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
 My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair,
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered naир.
 For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
 When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.
- 3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
 For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
 An' "he carries them himsel'," to his ain countrie.
 He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
 But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
 To gang at any moment to my ain countrie.

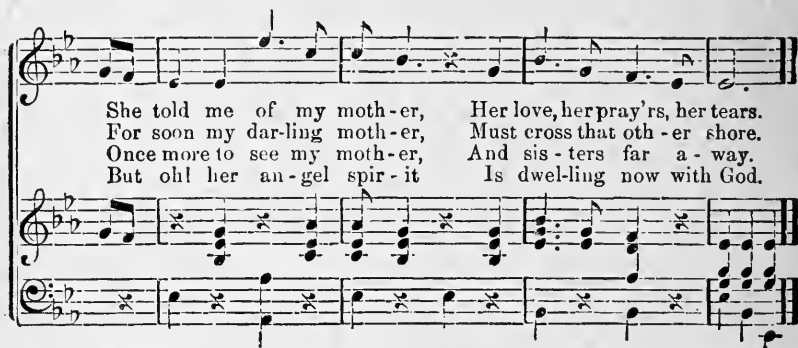
MY ANGEL MOTHER.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.



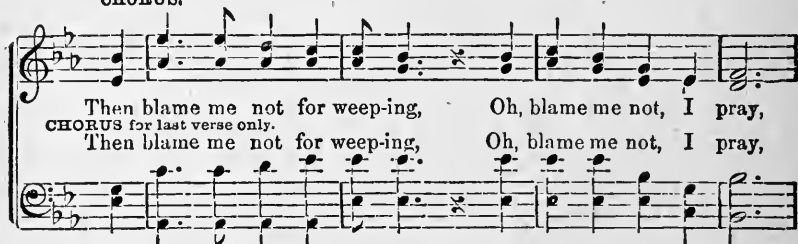
1. Last night there came a let - ter, 'Twas from my sis - ter dear;
 2. She told me they were wait-ing, Till I came home once more,
 3. She soon shall see her dar-ling, I start for home to - day
 4. Just now there comes a mes-sage, They laid her 'neath the sod,

Inst.

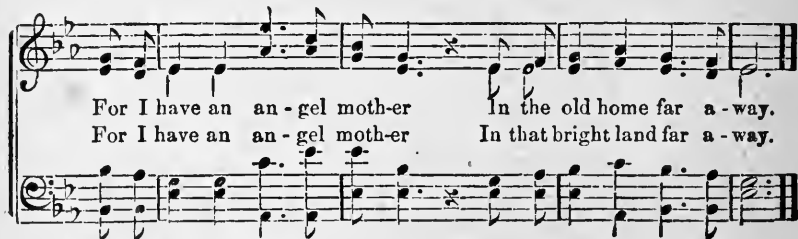


She told me of my moth-er, Her love, her pray'rs, her tears.
 For soon my dar-ling moth-er, Must cross that oth-er shore.
 Once more to see my moth-er, And sis - ters far a - way.
 But oh! her an - gel spir - it Is dwell-ing now with God.

CHORUS.



Then blame me not for weep-ing, Oh, blame me not, I pray,
CHORUS for last verse only.
 Then blame me not for weep-ing, Oh, blame me not, I pray,



For I have an an - gel moth-er In the old home far a - way.
 For I have an an - gel moth-er In that bright land far a - way.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

284.

Words by R. E. H.

ARRANGED.

1. Je - sus, tend-er shep-herd, hear me In the morn-ing fresh and bright;
 2. Let my tongue be kept from speak-ing Words of envy, wrath, or guile;
 3. Let my feet be kept from stray-ing In - to sin of an - y kind;

Let Thy Spi-rit dwell with - in me, Keep me walk-ing in the light.
 Let my heart be kept from feel - ing Aught but what becom-es Thy child.
 Lead me not in - to temp - ta - tion, All this day, Lord, keep me thine.

♩: CHORUS.

Keep me walk - ing in the light, Keep me walk - ing in the
 walk-ing, beautiful light, walk-ing,

light,..... Keep me walk - - ing in the light,.....
 beautiful light, walking, beautiful light,
Repeat scfly

Keep me walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of God.
 light of God

HEAR HIM CALLING.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing In the ten - der Shep - herd's
 2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How He bids his fold - ed
 3. Are you roam - ing, long - er roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of

peaceful folds? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the
 flock re - joice? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have
 doubt and sin? No, I'm com - ing, quick - ly com - ing! O - pen

REFRAIN.

lone - ly mountains dark and cold.
 followed far the stranger's voice. On your ear His lov - ing tones are
 door, make hast to let me in!

fall - ing, For He seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam; Hear Him call - ing,

sweet - ly call - ing, As He bids His wand'ring child come home.

HE'S KING OF KINGS.

286.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. L. H. Crumpner and wife.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Sin - ners! whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
 3. Let ev' - ry kin - dred, ev' - ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O! that with you - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

He's King of Kings! He's Lord of Lords! He's the morn - ing

Ritard..... 1st. 2d.

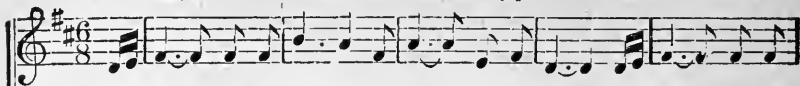
Star, The First and the Last, No man can do the work like Him. Him.

287. DISTURB NOT MY DREAMING.

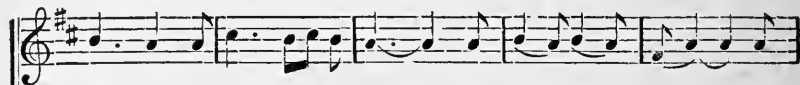
MARIA STRAUB.

From "GOOD CHEER," by per.

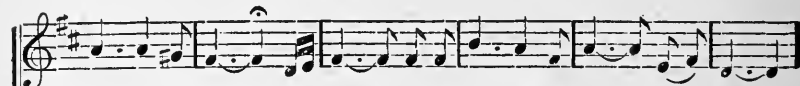
S. W. STRAUB.



1. Dis - turb not my dreaming, I love the bright scenes That come o'er my
2. Dis - turb not my dreaming, it brings sweet re - pose, Each pic - ture be -
3. Dis - turb not my dreaming, when earth's scenes are o'er, When my life-bark is



vis - ion in beau - ti - ful dreams. They steal o'er me gently, like
fore me with sooth - ing light glows; I see not earth's sor - row, its
near - ing the heav - en - ly shore— Let me dream of that land, of that



sweet thoughts by night, So fond - ly en - wrapping the soul with de - light.
toil, and its care, I roam in the land of the charm - ing and fair.
beau - ti - ful land, Fore - shad - owed to me o'er the mys - ti - cal strand.



DISTURB NOT MY DREAMING—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Dis - turb..... not my dream - ing, I love the bright
Disturb not my dreaming, disturb not my dreaming, I love the bright scenes, I

scenes, That come..... o'er my vis - ion in
love the bright scenes, That come o'er my vis - ion, that come o'er my vis-ion in

beau - ti - ful dreams, Dis - turb not my dreaming, disturb not my
beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful dreams, Dis - turb not my dream-

dreaming, I love the bright scenes, I love the bright scenes, That come o'er my
ing, I love..... the bright scenes,..... That come.....

Repeat softly.

vis-ion, that come o'er my vision in beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful dreams.
o'er my vis - ion in beau - ti - ful dreams.

MRS. SUE, M. O. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. God is coming! God is coming! shout aloud the glad re-frain;
 2. God is coming! God is coming! roll the notes of joy on high;
 3. God is coming! God is coming! and the hosts of sin are strong;
 4. God is coming! God is coming! O lift up your hearts and pray!

Send the cry from town and cit - y to the vil - lage, ham - let, plain;
 Ev - ery blood - bought son of Je - sus, ral - ly to your lead - er's cry!
 We will meet them bravely, bold - ly, and the fight will not be long.
 in the fight 'twixt light and darkness he will need strong arms to - day.

D.S. Every man be up on du - ty, For Je - hovah comes this way.

God is com - ing! hear the an - gels shout the tidings from above;
 God is com - ing! God is com - ing! rub your rus - ty ar - mor bright,
 God is com - ing! and be - fore him powers of darkness must give way;
 God is com - ing! fal - ter nev - er - when the conflict here is done

He will de - luge our whole country with his ti - dal wave of love.
 Gird your sword and shield about you, and be read - y for the fight.
 God is com - ing! by his strong arm we shall gain the vic - tor - y.
 You shall wear a crown of glo - ry in the kingdom of his Son.

Chorus. God is com - ing! pass the watchword all a - long the line to - day!

IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS. 289.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL. by per.

1. In the shadow of his wings, There is rest, sweet rest. There is rest from care and
 2. In the shadow of his wings, There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-
 3. In the shadow of his wings, There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of his wings
 standing. Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of his wings
 sto - ry - Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry: In the shadow of his wings

There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of his wings, There is rest, *sweet rest.*
 There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of his wings, There is peace, *sweet peace.*
 There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of his wings, There is joy, *glad joy.*

CHORUS.

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy glad joy In the shadow of his wings;
 sweet rest, sweet peace,

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy, glad joy In the shadow of his wings.
 sweet rest, sweet peace,

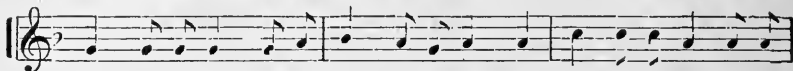
Words by KATTIE BUELL.

Music by JOHN SUMMER.

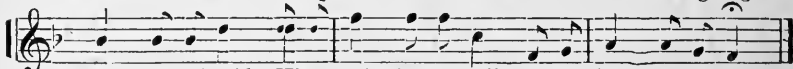
SOLO.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sa - viour of men! Once



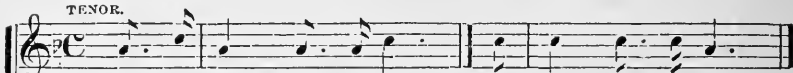
hold eth the wealth of the world in his hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of
 wandered o'er earth as the poor - est of men! But now He is reigning for -



sil - ver and gold : His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told.
 ev - er on High, And will give us a home in the sweet by - and - by.

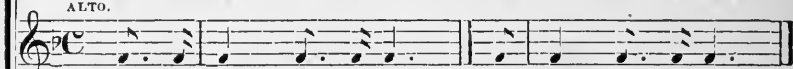
CHORUS.

TENOR.

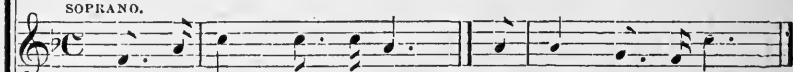


I'm the child of a King, The child of a King;

ALTO.

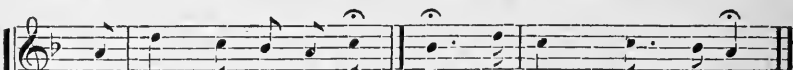


SOPRANO.

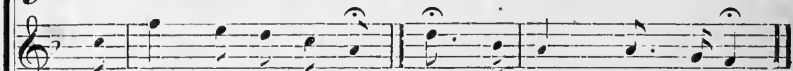
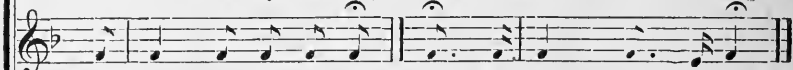


I'm the child of a King, The child of a King;

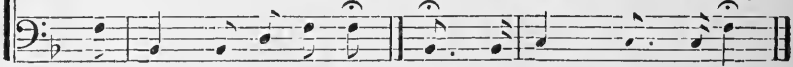
BASS.



With Je - sus my Sa - viour, I'm the child of a King.



With Je - sus my Sa - viour, I'm the child of a King.



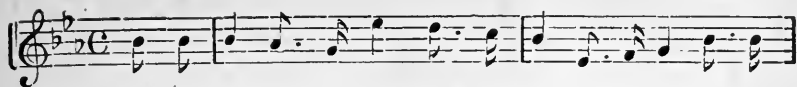
I once was an outcast, stranger on earth,
 A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth!
 But I've been "adopted" my name's written down:
 An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
 They're building a palace for me over there!
 Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing
 All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

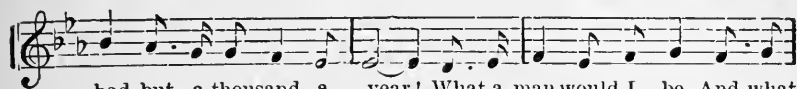
THE BETTER WISH.

291.

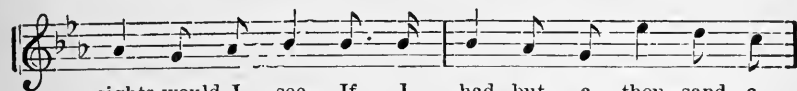
HENRY RUSSELL.



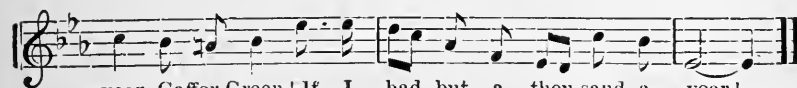
Robin Ruff. If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green! If I



had but a thousand a year! What a man would I be, And what



sights would I see, If I had but a thousand a



year, Gaffer Green! If I had but a thousand a year!

Gaffer Green. The best wish you could have, take my word, Robin Ruff,
 Would scarce find you in bread or in beer;
 But be honest and true,
 And say what would you do,
 If you had but a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
 If you had but a thousand a year.

Robin Ruff. I'd do, I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,
 I'd go, faith! I hardly know where,
 I'd scatter the chink
 And leave others to think,
 If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,
 If I had but a thousand a year!

Gaffer Green. But when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff,
 And the day of your death, it draws near,
 Say, what with your pains,
 Would you do with your gains,
 If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
 If you then had a thousand a year?

Robin Ruff. I scarcely can tell, what you mean, Gaffer Green,
 For your questions are always so queer,
 But as other folks die,
 I suppose so must I—

Gaffer Green. What! and give up your thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
 And give up your thousand a year?

There's a place that is better than this, Robin Ruff,
 And I hope in my heart you'll go there,
 Where the poor man's as great,

Robin Ruff.

Gaffer Green. Yes, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,

Gaffer Green. } Yes, as if he'd a thousand a year.
Robin Ruff. }

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNIE CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAAPP, *by per.*

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Perfect sub - mis - sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
 3. Perfect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - vation, purchased of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight; Angels descending bring from above, Ech - oes of
 happy and blest; Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood.
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. } This is my sto - ry, this is my
 good - ness, lost in his love.

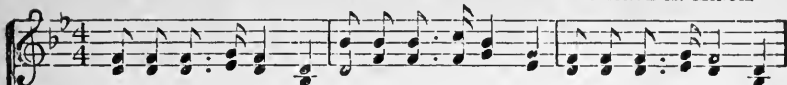
song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

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

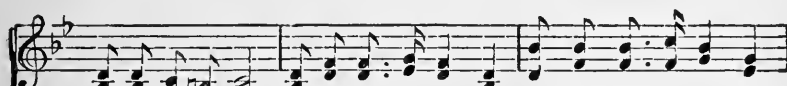
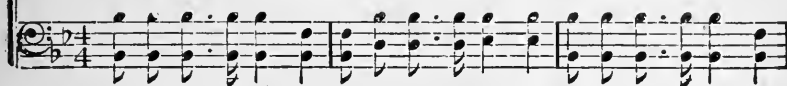
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. 293.

Mat. 13 : 39.

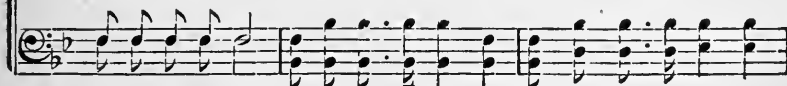
GEORGE A. MINOR.



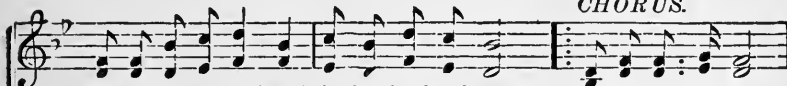
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our



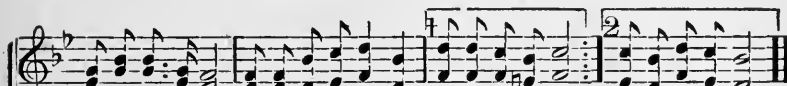
and the dewy eve: Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end-ed,
spirit often grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,



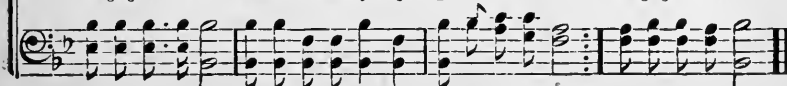
CHORUS.



We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. }	}	Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. }		
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. }		



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, [OMIT.] Bringing in the sheaves.

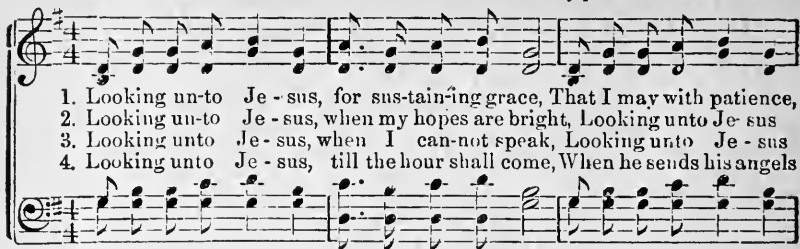


By per. from "GOLDEN LIGHT."

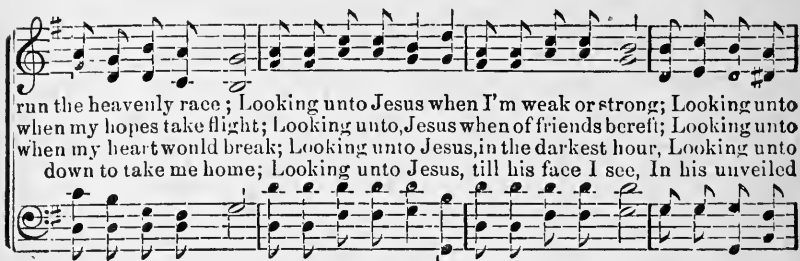
LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

By per. WM. G. FISCHER.

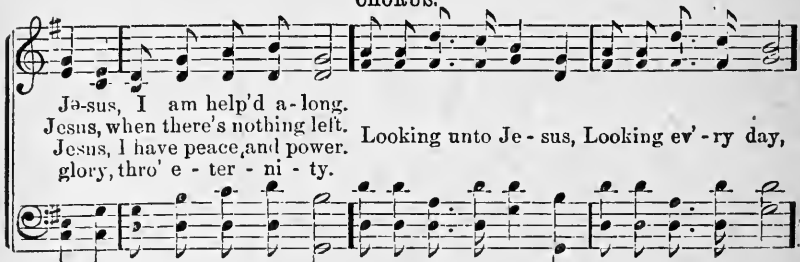


1. Looking un-to Je - sus, for sus-tain-ing grace, That I may with patience,
 2. Looking un-to Je - sus, when my hopes are bright, Looking unto Je - sus
 3. Looking unto Je - sus, when I can-not speak, Looking unto Je - sus
 4. Looking unto Je - sus, till the hour shall come, When he sends his angels

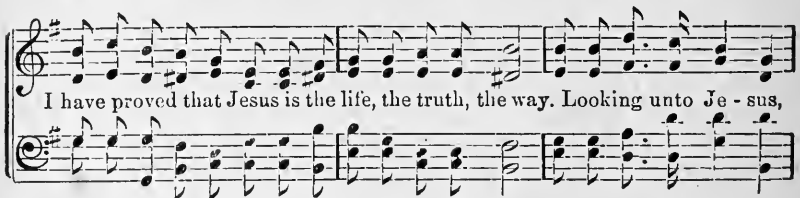


run the heavenly race; Looking unto Jesus when I'm weak or strong; Looking unto
 when my hopes take flight; Looking unto, Jesus when of friends bereft; Looking unto
 when my heart would break; Looking unto Jesus, in the darkest hour, Looking unto
 down to take me home; Looking unto Jesus, till his face I see, In his unveiled

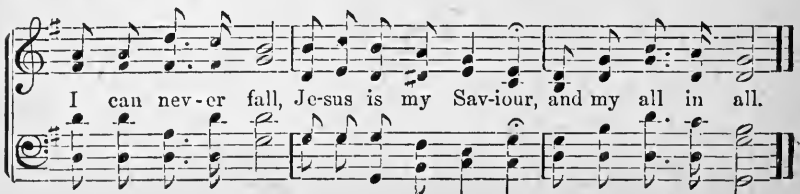
CHORUS.



Ja-sus, I am help'd a-long.
 Jesus, when there's nothing left. Looking unto Je - sus, Looking ev' - ry day,
 Jesus, I have peace, and power. glory, thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



I have proved that Jesus is the life, the truth, the way. Looking unto Je - sus,



I can nev - er fall, Je - sus is my Sav - iour, and my all in all.

SWEETLY RESTING.

295.

MARY D. JAMES.

WARREN W. BENTLEY, By per.

1. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, Safely sheltered I a - bide;
 2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Weary, sad, I longed for rest;
 3. Peace which passeth un - der - stand - ing, Joy the world can nev er give;
 4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past;

There no foes nor storms mo - lest me, While within the cleft I hide.
 Then I found this heav'nly shel - ter, Opened in my Saviour's breast.
 Now in Je - sus I am find - ing, In His smiles of love I live.
 All se - cure in this blest re - fuge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.

REFRAIN.

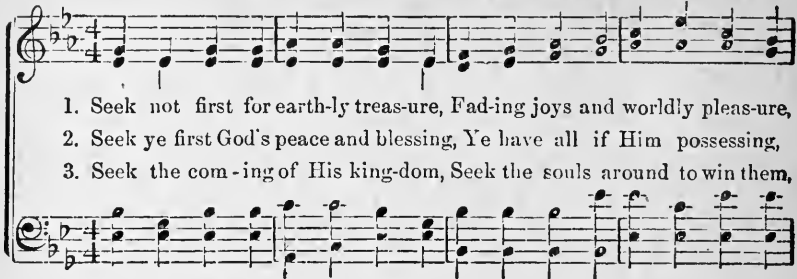
Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;

Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

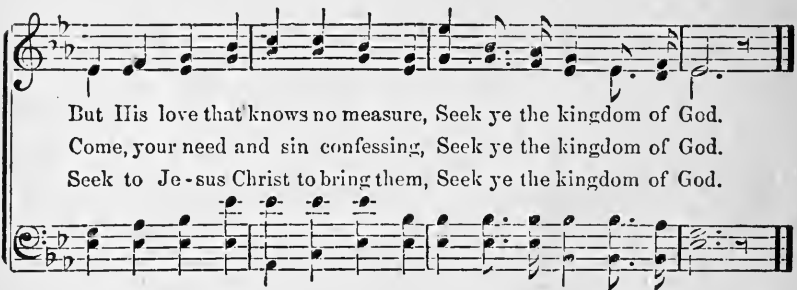
296. SEEK YE THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

(Matt. vi. 33.)

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

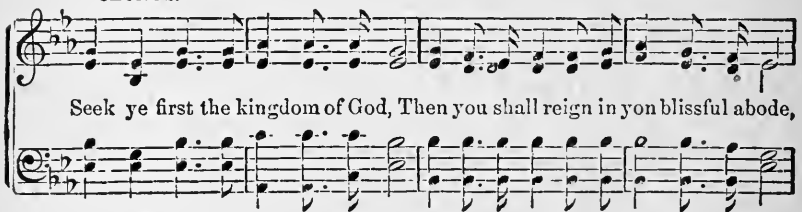


1. Seek not first for earth-ly treas-ure, Fad-ing joys and worldly pleas-ure,
 2. Seek ye first God's peace and blessing, Ye have all if Him possessing,
 3. Seek the com-ing of His king-dom, Seek the souls around to win them,

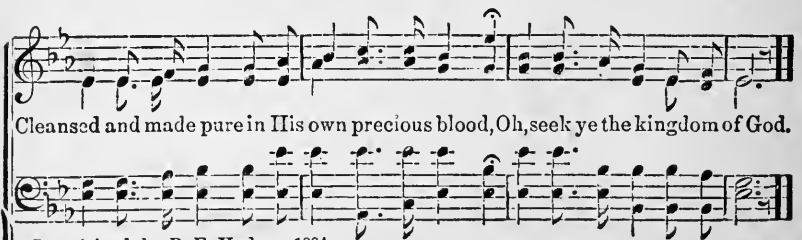


But His love that knows no measure, Seek ye the kingdom of God.
 Come, your need and sin confessing, Seek ye the kingdom of God.
 Seek to Je-sus Christ to bring them, Seek ye the kingdom of God.

CHORUS.



Seek ye first the kingdom of God, Then you shall reign in yon blissful abode,



Cleansed and made pure in His own precious blood, Oh, seek ye the kingdom of God.

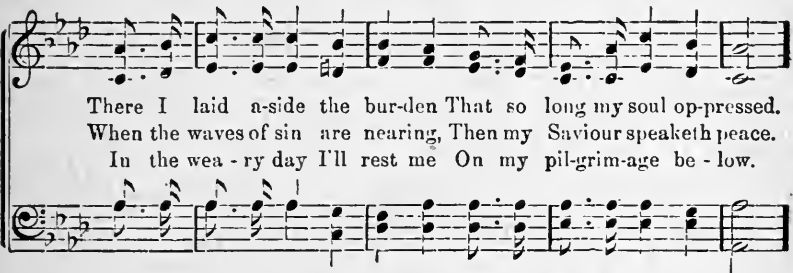
THE CROSS IS ALL MY GLORY. 297.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN, By per.

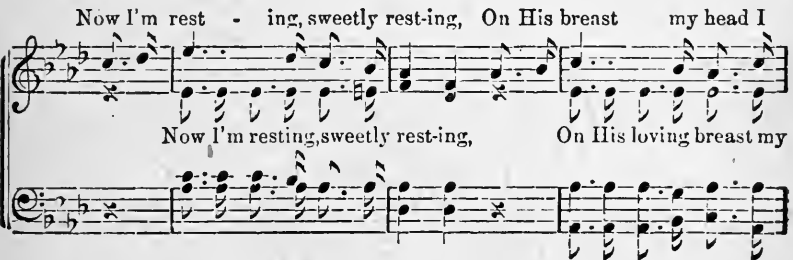


1. Oh! the cross is all my glo - ry, There I found a per - fect rest ;
 2. Oh! the cross is all my glo - ry, There my cares and sorrows cease ;
 3. Oh! the cross is all my glo - ry, To its mighty shade I'll go ;

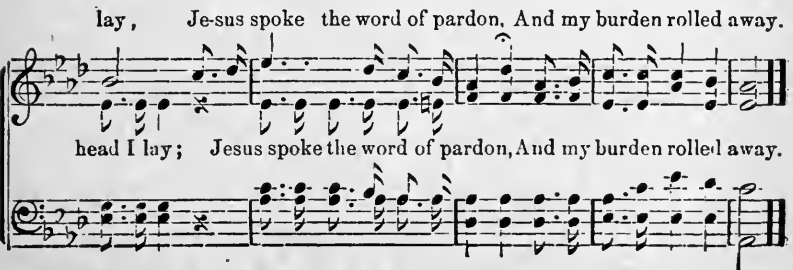


There I laid a - side the bur - den That so long my soul op - pressed.
 When the waves of sin are nearing, Then my Saviour speaketh peace.
 In the wea - ry day I'll rest me On my pil - grim - age be - low.

CHORUS.



Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, On His breast my head I
 Now I'm resting, sweetly rest - ing, On His loving breast my



lay, Jesus spoke the word of pardon, And my burden rolled away.
 head I lay; Jesus spoke the word of pardon, And my burden rolled away.

LOUISE M. ROUSE.

MISS DORA BOOLE.

1. Precious Saviour, thou hast saved me: Thine and only thine I am:
 2. Long my yearning heart was trying To en-joy this per-fect rest;
 3. Trusting, trusting, ev-ery mo-ment Feeling now the blood ap-plied;
 4. Glo-ry to the blood brought me Glo-ry to its cleansing power!

Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
 But I gave all try-ing o-ver: Sim-ply trust-ing, I was blest.
 Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Sav-iour's side.
 Glo-ry to the blood that keeps me! Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev-er-more!

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, Je-sus saves me, Glo-ry, glo-ry, to the Lamb!

Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

HE WILL GATHER THE WHEAT. 299.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Je - sus shall gath - er the na - tions Be - fore Him at
 2. Shall we hear from the lips of the Sav - iour, The words "Faithful
 3. Then let us be watch - ing and wait - ing, Our lamps burn - ing

last to ap - pear, Then, oh, how shall we stand in the judg - ment,
 serv - ant, well done;" Or, trembling with fear and with an - guish,
 stead - y and bright, When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed - ding,

CHORUS.

When summoned our sentence to hear? He will gath - er the wheat in His
 Be banished a - way from His throne?
 Our spir - its made ready for flight.

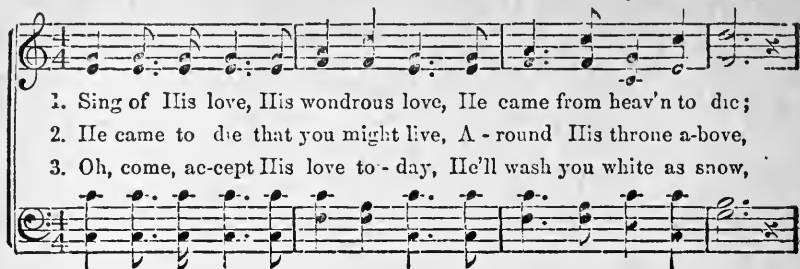
gar - ner, But the chaff will He scat - ter a - way; Then, oh,

how shall we stand in the judg - ment Of the great Re - sur - rec - tion Day?

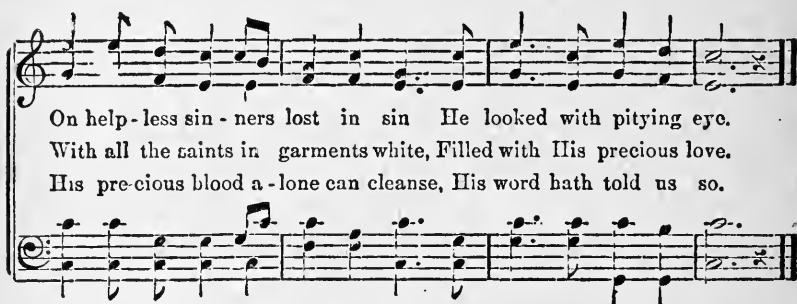
From "The Garner." by per.

SING OF MY REDEEMER.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.



1. Sing of His love, His wondrous love, He came from heav'n to die;
 2. He came to die that you might live, A - round His throne a - bove,
 3. Oh, come, ac - cept His love to - day, He'll wash you white as snow,



On help - less sin - ners lost in sin He looked with pitying eye.
 With all the saints in garments white, Filled with His precious love.
 His pre - cious blood a - lone can cleanse, His word hath told us so.

CHORUS.

Sing of my Re - deem - er, Sing, He died for me;



Sing of my Re - deem - er, Sing of my Re - deem - er, Sing, He died for me, Sing, He died for me,

Sing of my Re - deem - er,



love so free.
 Sing of my Redeemer, Sing of my Redeemer, Sing of love so free,

CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

301.

Dr. T. C. UPHAM.

J. H. T.

1. O Father, let me bear the cross; Make it my dai - 1 fool,
 2. Take house and lands and earthly fame; To all I am 1: sign'd;
 3. I know it costs me ma - ny tears, But they are tears of bliss,

Though with it thou dost send the loss Of ev' - ry earth - ly good.
 But let me make one earnest claim; Leave, leave the cross behind.
 And moments there outweigh the years Of sel - fish hap - pi - ness.

I am cling - ing, I am cling - ing, Yes, I'm
 CHORUS.

I am cling - ing to the cross, I am cling - ing to the cross, Yes, I'm

cling - ing to the cross, I am cling - ing, I am
 clinging, clinging to the cross, I am cling - ing to the cross, I am

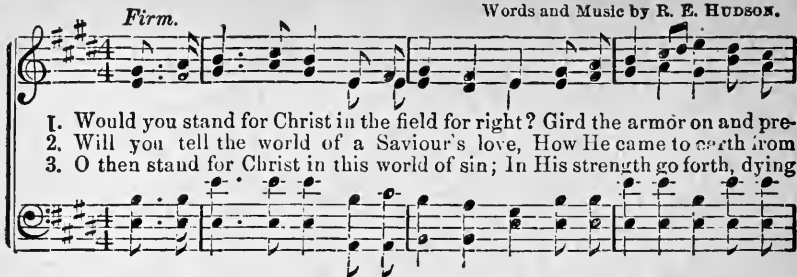
clinging, Yes, I'm cling - ing to the cross.
 cling - ing to the cross, Yes, I'm cling - ing to the cross.

From "Songs of Joy," by per.

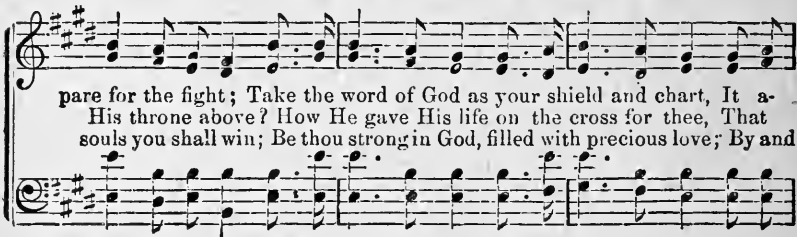
WILL YOU STAND?

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

Firm.



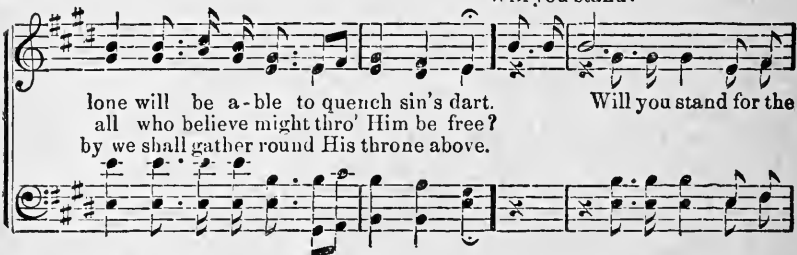
1. Would you stand for Christ in the field for right? Gird the arm6r on and pre-
 2. Will you tell the world of a Saviour's love, How He came to earth from
 3. O then stand for Christ in this world of sin; In His strength go forth, dying



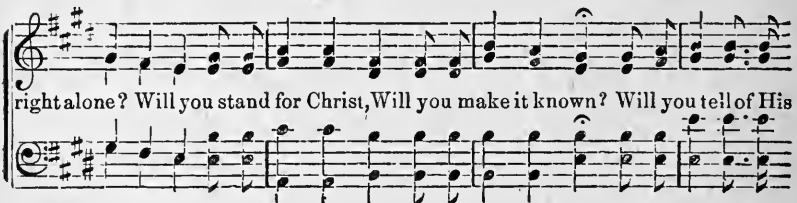
pare for the fight; Take the word of God as your shield and chart, It a-
 His throne above? How He gave His life on the cross for thee, That
 souls you shall win; Be thou strong in God, filled with precious love; By and

CHORUS.

Will you stand?

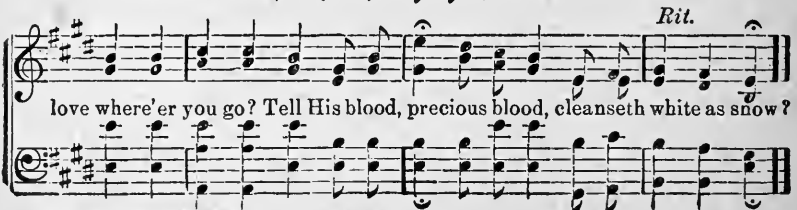


lone will be a-ble to quench sin's dart. Will you stand for the
 all who believe might thro' Him be free?
 by we shall gather round His throne above.



right alone? Will you stand for Christ, Will you make it known? Will you tell of His

Rit.



love where'er you go? Tell His blood, precious blood, cleanseth white as snow?

SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST. 303.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Saved to the ut - ter - most: I am the Lord's, Je - sus, my Saviour, sal -
 2. Saved to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus is near, Keeping me safe - ly, He
 3. Saved to the ut - ter - most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but
 4. Saved to the ut - ter - most: cheerfully sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to

va - tion af - fords, Gives me His Spir - it, a wit - ness with - in,
 cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest!
 now it is day;" Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,
 Je - sus, my King! Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by His blood,

CHORUS.

Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
 Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest! Saved, saved, saved to the
 Je - sus in brightness revealed un - to me.
 Cleansed from unrighteousness, glo - ry to God!

ut - ter - most, Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine! Saved, saved, I'm

Saved to the ut - ter - most, Je - sus, the Saviour, is mine.

304. HAVE YOU THE GARMENT OF WHITE ?

HARRIET JONES.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The King bids you come and par-take of the feast; For
 2. Oh, will you be speech-less when questioned by One, Who
 3. Dear friend, are you read - y to meet the great King, And

all there is room ev - en un - to the least; But if you would enter the
 of-fered you mer-cy thro' Je - sus, his Son? Who opened a fountain that
 join in the anthem the glo - ri - fied sing? Oh, will you be welcome with-

pal - ace so fair; The pure wedding garment you sure - ly must wear.
 sin - ners be - low Might wear a bright garment as spot-less as snow?
 in that pure home, Where none but the white-robed are suffered to come?

CHORUS.

Oh, have you the garment of white, brother, If called to the banquet to-night -

The beau - ti - ful garment of white, brother, They wear in the palace of light ?

SALVATION.

305.

JOHN FAWCETT.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Our sins on Christ were laid; He bore the might-y load; Our
 2. To save a world, he dies; Sin - ners, be-hold the Lamb! To
 3. Par - don and peace a - bound; He will your sins for -give; Sal-
 4. Je - sus, we look to thee; Where else can sin - ners go? Thy

ran - som-price he ful - ly paid In groans, and tears, and blood.
 him lift up your long - ing eyes; Seek mer - cy in his name.
 va - tion in his name is found,—He bids the sin - ner live.
 boundless love shall set us free From wretched-ness and woe.

CHORUS.

I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood, I am glad there is
 CHORUS
 I am glad there is cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood, I am glad there is

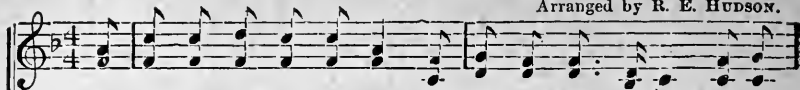
cleansing in the Blood, Tell the world All the
 cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood, Tell the world there is cleansing. All the

world,
 world there is cleansing, There is cleansing in the Sa - vior's Blood.

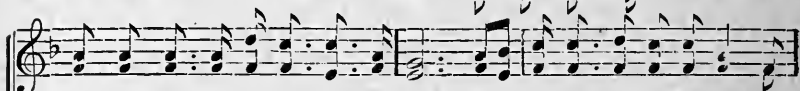
LILY OF THE VALLEY.

(As sung by Miss Belle McIlfried and Miss Fannie Emmel.)

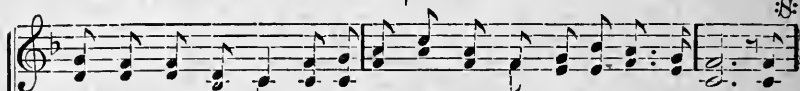
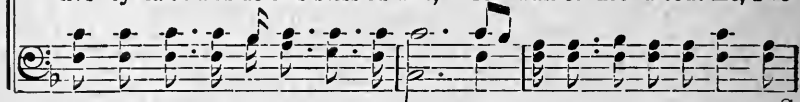
Arranged by R. E. HUDSON.



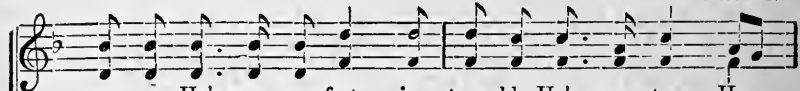
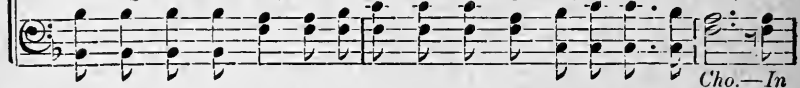
1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's eve - ry - thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has tak - en, And all my sor - rows borne, In temp -
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for - sake me here, While I



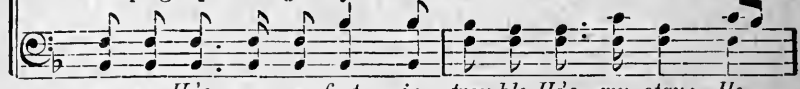
fair - est of ten thousand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Valley in
ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him for - sak - en, I've
live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've



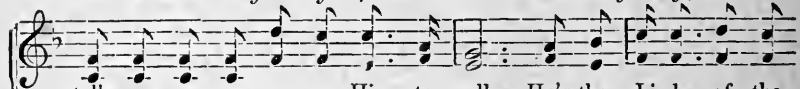
Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole, In
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r; Tho'
noth - ing now to fear; With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then



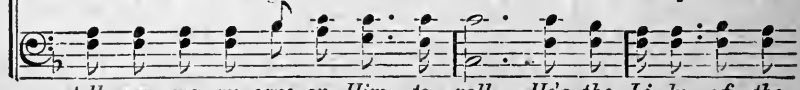
sor - row He's my com - fort, in trou - ble He's my stay, He
all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore, Through
sweeping up to glo - ry, to see His bless - ed face, Where



sor-row He's my com-fort, in trouble He's my stay; He



tells me eve - ry care on Him to roll. He's the Li - ly of the
Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal. He's the Li - ly of the
riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er flow. He's the Li - ly of the



tells me eve-ry care on Him to roll. He's the Li-ly of the

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Concluded.

D.S.

Val-ley, the bright and morning star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
 Val-ley, the bright and morning star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
 Val-ley, the bright and morning star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

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MARY MAGDALEN.

307.

Arranged by R. E. HUDSON.

- To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair; She heard in the city that
- The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all, That one so unhallow'd
- She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs; She dare not look up to the
- In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow, In the glance of the sunbeam

Jesus was there; Unheeding the splendor that blazed on the board, She silently
 tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be objects more meet, As the
 heav'n of His eyes; And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast, As
 as melteth the snow He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiv'n," And Mary
 [went

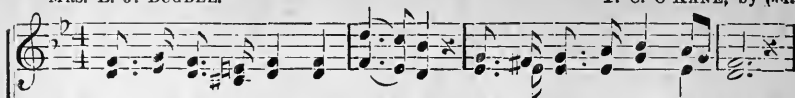
knelt at the feet of the Lord, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord,
 perfume she shower'd on His feet, As the wealth of her perfume she show'ed on His
 His sandals were throbbingly pressed, As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly
 forth in the beauty of heav'n, And Mary went forth in the beauty of heav'n.

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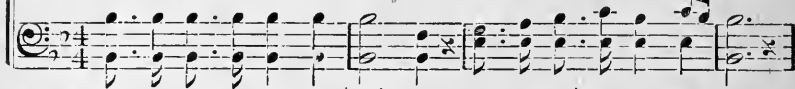
CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE.

Mrs. E. J. BUGBEE.

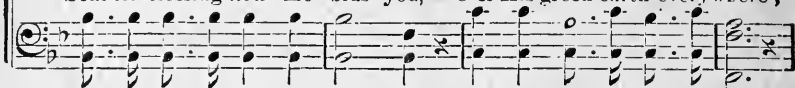
T. C. O'KANE, by per.



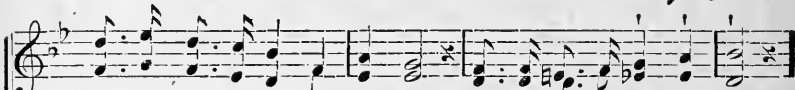
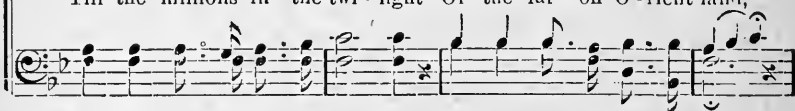
1. Church of God, whose conquering banners Flout along the glorious years,
2. In your cost-ly tem-ples pray-ing, "Let thy kingdom come, ' ye pray,
3. Grace and glo - ry He hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla - ces fair,



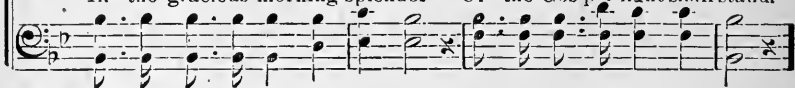
Gath'ring harvest rich and gold - en, Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears:
 Are but words of i - dle mean - ing, If with these ye turn a - way;
 Scat - ter blessing now He bids you, O'er His green earth everywhere;



Onward press, the cross is bend - ing Far to - ward the morning skies,
 Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From His hand who owns it all,
 Till the millions in the twi - light Of the far - off O - rient land,



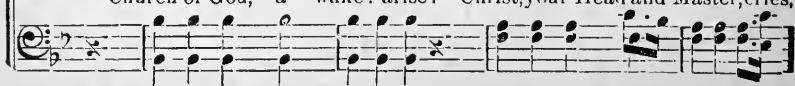
Speedy dawn of light por - tend - ing; - Church of God, a - wake, a - rise!
 And His eye beholds in heav - en What ye ren - der back for all.
 In the gracious morning splendor Of the Gos - pel light shall stand.



CHORUS.



Church of God, awake! a - rise! Christ, your Head... and Master cries,
 Church of God, a - wake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,



CHURCH OF GOD, A WAKE.—Concluded.

Send the Gos - pel's joy-ful sound, Unto-earth's re - mot - est bound.
Oh, send the Gos - pel's joy-ful sound,

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. 309.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

By per. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. Weigh'd by thy love for thy brother, Weigh'd by thy love for thy God;
2. Weigh'd by the hope of sal - va - tion, Weigh'd by the Rock where 'tis built;
3. Weigh'd by the rich-est of treasures, Weigh'd by their in - fi - nite loss;

Fine.

Weigh'd by thy faith in an - oth - er, Weigh'd by the shedding of blood.
Weigh'd by the sweet in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, e - ven now, if thou wilt."
Weigh'd by the brightest of pleasures, Weigh'd by the dark, heavy cross.

D.S. Weigh'd, but thy soul has been trifling, Weigh'd, but found lighter than air.

REFRAIN.

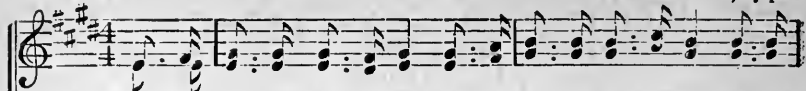
D.S.

Weigh'd in the balance, and wanting, Weigh'd, but no Saviour is there;

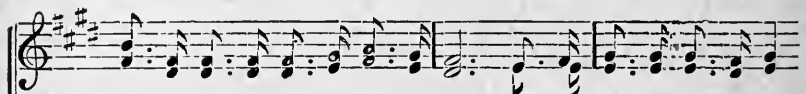
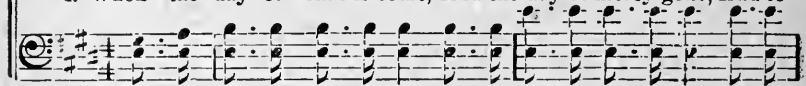
WHO SHALL BE ABLE?

K. 8.

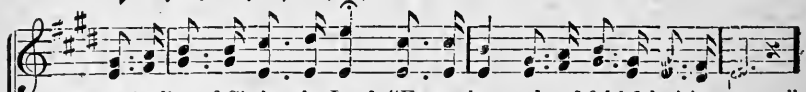
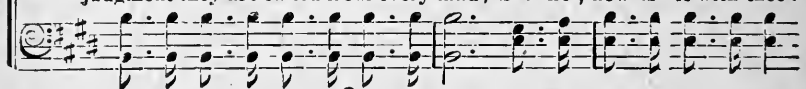
KNOWLES SHAW, by per.



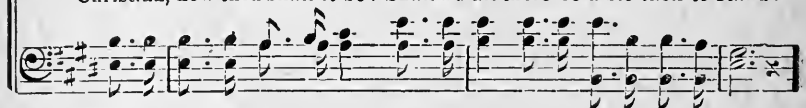
1. When the trump of God shall sound, And the nations gather round, And the
2. When the deluge swept the world, And to death its millions buried, And the
3. When the cit - ies of the plain Were enveloped in the flame, And de-
4. When the day of wrath is come, And the day of mercy gone, And to



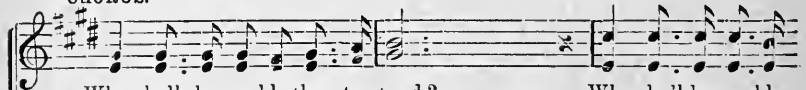
Judge shall sit up-on the roy-al throne: Who will hear the wel-come word
wa-ters covered o-ver all the land; Those who trust-ed in the Lord,
struc-tion swept the mul-ti-tudes a-way; There was just a lit-tle band
judg-ment they are called from every land; Sin-ner, how is it with thee?



From the lips of Christ, the Lord, "En-ter in, good and faithful with my own."
And obeyed His holy word, These were all that were able then to stand.
Who were a-ble then to stand In that great and that lawful judgment day.
Christian, how then shall it be: Shall we all there be a-ble then to stand?



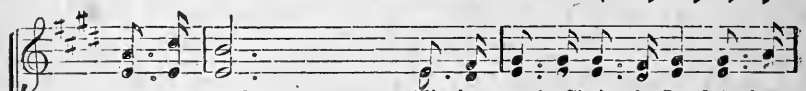
CHORUS.



Who shall be a-ble then to stand?

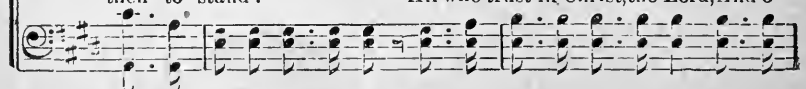
Who shall be a-ble

shall be a-ble then to stand?



then to stand?

All who trust in Christ, the Lord, And o-



shall be a-ble then to stand?

WHO SHALL BE ABLE?—Concluded.

by His ho - ly word: These shall be a - ble then to stand.

HE WOULD NOT GO AWAY. 311.

J. W. MCABEE.

1. I nev - er was puz - zled be - fore, As I was up - on that day, When
2. I did not want Him to go, I could not ask Him to stay, What
3. I feared to let Him in, Things were in such a state; Could

Cho.—Oh, come to the Saviour now, Where sin - ners are forgiven; Oh,

Je - sus stood at my door—And would not go a - way.
to do I did not know, He would not go a - way.
I get read - y for Him, If He would on - ly wait!

come to the Sav - iour now, And go with me to heaven.

4 I thought in time I might
With some of my sins make way,
Or hide them out of sight—
But He would not go away.

5 Mine eyes with tears were dim,
And all the night and day
I could only think of Him,
For He would not go away.

6 At last I ceased to weep,
Then I forgot to pray,
The door of my heart I could not keep,
I asked Him in to stay.

Chorus after last verse.

He is my Saviour now,
My sins are all forgiven;
He is my Saviour now,
I'm on my way to heaven.

1. God's al-might-y arms are round me, Peace is mine, peace di-vine;
 2. Tho' life's o-cean wild-ly roll-eth, Peace is mine, peace di-vine;
 3. Wel-come ev'-ry ris-ing sun-light, Peace is mine, peace di-vine;

Cares of life may not confound me, Peace is mine, peace di-vine;
 Winds and waves our God con-troll-eth, Peace is mine, peace di-vine;
 Near-er home in ev'-ry midnight, Peace is mine, peace di-vine;

Je-sus came him-self and sought me, To His lov-ing fold He brought me,
 I can sing with Christ be-side me, Tho' a thousand ills be-tide me,
 Death and hell can-not ap-pall me, Safe in Christ what'er be-fall me,

Bless-ed free-dom Je-sus taught me, Ev-er-last-ing peace is mine.
 He will safe-ly keep and guide me, Ev-er-last-ing peace is mine.
 Calm-ly wait I 'till He call me, Ev-er-last-ing peace is mine.

CHORUS.

Peace is mine,..... peace is mine,.... Ev-er-last-ing peace is mine;
 'Tis mine, 'Tis mine,

PEACE DIVINE.—Concluded.

Peace is mine, ... sweet peace is mine, Ever - last - ing peace is mine.
'Tis mine, Ever - last - ing peace is mine.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with lyrics written below the notes. There are triplets indicated by a '3' above the notes.

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WELCOME TO GLORY.

313.

Words by MRS. P. PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

I. { O, when shall I sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er, }
{ What then for my spir - it a - waits? Will they sing on the glo - ri - fied shore? }

The musical score is in 4/4 time and consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with lyrics written below the notes.

CHORUS.

Welcome home! welcome home! A wel - come in glo - ry for
Welcome home! welcome home!

The musical score for the chorus consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with lyrics written below the notes.

me; Welcome home! welcome home! A wel - come for me!
Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

The musical score for the chorus consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with lyrics written below the notes.

2. When from Calvary's mount I rise,
And pass through the portals above,
Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!
Resound through the regions of love?
3. Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer!
4. The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold!
For, O! there's a welcome for me!
5. A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!

CALVARY.

Dedicated to Miss Belle McIlfried and Miss Fanny Emmet.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Once I was bound..... by sin's dark chain,..... And
 2. I heard a voice..... which sweetly said:..... "Come
 3. This heart once dark,..... now filled with light,..... Bathed
 4. O wea-ry one,..... -come un-to me!..... He'll

far a-way..... from God I strayed;..... And
 un-to me..... and be at rest!..... My
 in the blood..... of Christ, my King..... And
 free-ly par - - - don all thy sin;..... O

on be-fore..... an aw-ful doom,..... And
 blood was for..... thy ran-som shed,"..... And
 in the peace..... that fills my heart..... Shouts
 hear Him say..... those words of joy:.. "Who

yet my soul..... was not a-raid.....
 now with par - - - don I am blest.....
 forth His prais - - - es, and I sing.....
 ev-er will..... may en-ter in.".....

CALVARY.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O Cal - va - ry, dark Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus shed His blood for me ; O

Cal - va - ry, dark Cal - va - ry, Speak to my heart and set me free.

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REDEEMED:

315.

Words and music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Redeemed from the law I had brok - en, Redeemed, Redeemed; Re -
2. Redeemed, and by faith I'm for - giv - en, Redeemed, Redeemed; My
3. Redeemed, O I'll tell the glad sto - ry, Redeemed, Redeemed; And

Cho.—Redeemed, how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed, Redeemed; Re -

Repeat for Chorus.

deemed, for my Saviour hath spok - en, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.
name is now writ - ten in Heav - en, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.
soon I'll be with Him in glo - ry, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.

deemed, how I love to pro-claim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.

Copyrighted, 1884, by R. E. HUDSON.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER. By per.

1. Oh! come to the cross where Je-sus bled and died, Oh! come to the
 2. He's a - ble to save from all the guilt of sin, He's a - ble to
 3. He's will-ing to save, to seek and save the lost, He's will-ing to
 4. He does save me now from eve-ry act of sin, He does save me

cross where He was cru - ci - fied; Oh! come to the cross, 'tis
 save from all that's born with-in; He's a - ble to save by
 save the Christian, tempest-tossed; He's will - ing to save, so
 now from eve-ry spot with-in; He does save me now, He

finished there, He cried! For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 sim-ple faith in Him, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 free - ly with-out cost, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth us from all sin.
 makes and keeps me clean, For the blood of Je - sus cleanseth me from all sin.

REFRAIN.

There is balm in Gi-lead, balm in
 There is precious balm in Gi-lead, there is heal-ing balm in

Gi-lead, There is balm in Gi-lead for the soul that needeth
 Gi-lead, There is per-fect balm in Gi-lead for the soul that needeth

CLEANSING BALM.—Concluded.

cleansing; Sing praise to Je - sus, praise to
cleansing; Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, oh! sing praise, sing praise to

Je - sus, Sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! glo - ry to His name.
Je - sus, Sing praise, sing praise to Je - sus, Oh! glo - ry to His name.

Copyrighted, 1884, By KELSO CARTER.

STAY, SINNER, STAY. 317.

Slow.

Arranged by R. E. H.

1. Stay, sin - ner, stay! the night comes on, When slighted mer - cy is with -
2. Stay, sin - ner, stay! 'tis Je - sus pleads, For you He weeps, for you He
3. Come, sinner, come! tho' guil - ty now, At Je - sus' feet sub - mis - sive
4. See! sin - ner, see! where loved ones stand, All saved in heav'n—a happy

drawn; The Holy Spirit strives no more, And Jesus gives His pleadings o'er -
bleeds; Oh, let His love your hearts constrain, Nor let Him weep and bleed in vain!
bow. And freely all shall be forgiv'n; Oh, come and taste the joys of heav'n!
band; Oh, come and join them on that shore, Where death and parting are no more.

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318. 'NEATH THE SHADOW OF HIS WING.

Rev. W. E. PENN.

I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.

1. When darkness gathers o'er my soul, My heart so sad it cannot sing,
 2. Dark waves may roll, the tempests roar, Earthquakes and wars their terrors bring,
 3. There is no pow'r beneath the sun, Not ev - en death's cold icy sting,
 4. Then, sin - ner, come, O quickly come, Take Je - sus as your Priest and King!

'Tis sweet to know that there is rest Be - neath the shadow of His wing.
 But all is safe if I am found Be - neath the shadow of His wing.
 Can ev - er reach the soul that rests Be - neath the shadow of His wing.
 That you this blessed rest may find Be - neath the shadow of His wing.

CHORUS.

I am rest - ing, sweet - ly rest
 I am rest - ing, sweet - ly rest - ing, I am rest - ing, sweet - ly

ing, And my heart his prais - es sing; Rest - ing in the
 rest - ing,

love of Je - sus, 'Neath the shad - ow of His wing.

JUST WAITING.

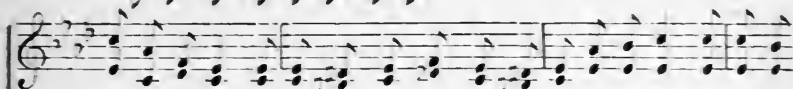
319

Rev. W. T. DALE.

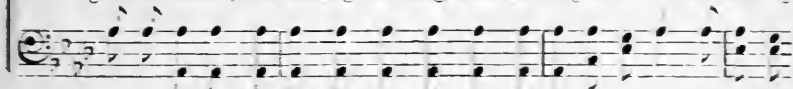
D. E. DORTCH, by per.



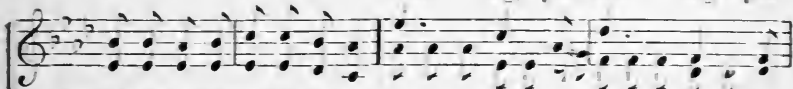
1. Just waiting the summons to welcome me home, Just waiting the time when my
2. Just waiting to step from the borders of time, Just waiting to enter the
3. Just waiting to stand on the beautiful shore, With kindred and friends who have



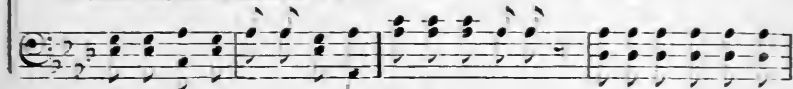
Saviour shall come To take me away to his palace on high, And give me heavenly clime, Just waiting the si - nal a - lien here below Just waiting gone on before, Just waiting to sing with the an - gels above, Just waiting



Wait - ing, yes, wait - ing, just



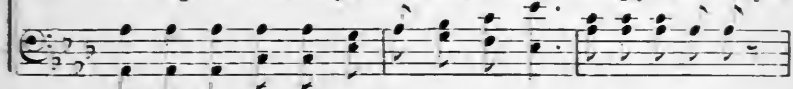
a place with the saints in the sky, with Jesus, my Saviour, to go. Waiting, yes, waiting, waiting, yes, waiting, just to chant the sweet anthem of love.



Wait - ing, yes,



wait - ing 'till Je - sus, my Saviour, shall come; Waiting, yes, waiting, yes,



wait - ing, just wait - ing,



waiting, yes, waiting, just waiting, 'till Je - sus shall welcome me home.



C. WESLEY.

R. E. HUDSON.

Affetuoso.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me
Je-sus, lover of my soul, Je-sus, lov-er of my soul,
to thy bosom fly, While the bil-lows near me
Let me to thy bosom fly, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll,
roll, While the tem-pest still is nigh; Hide me,
While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is nigh, While the tempest still is nigh;
O my Saviour, hide, Till the
Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
storm of life is past; Safe into the haven
Till the storm of life is past, Till the storm of life is past! Safe in-to the haven guide,
guide, Oh! receive my soul at last,
Safe in-to the haven guide, Oh! receive my soul at last, my soul at last.

2. 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.

3. 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.

THERE'LL BE JOY IN THE MORNING. 321

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. We shall meet with the saints in the morning, On the shore of the bright crystal
 2. We shall meet with the pure of all a - ges, And from sin and from death shall be
 3. Oh, the joy of that meeting and greeting, And the smile of our Sa - vior to

sea. With the lov'd ones who long have been waiting, What a meeting that will be.
 free, We shall join in the song with the an - gels, What a meeting that will be.
 see, To sing un - to him who has lov'd us, What a meeting that will be.

CHORUS.

There'll be joy in the morning, There'll be joy in the morning, When we

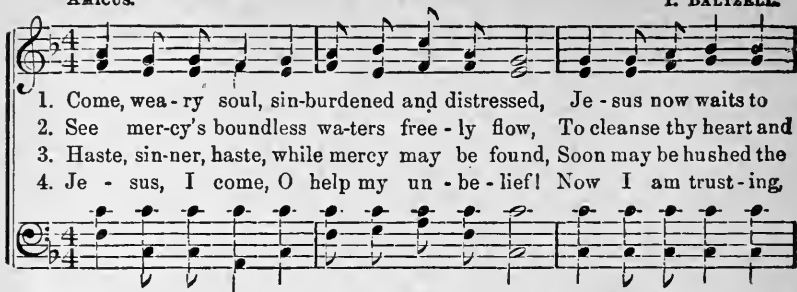
all ar - rive at home, There'll be joy There'll be
 When we all ar - rive at home, in the morning,

joy, in the morning When we hear the Sa - vior say - ing come, ye blessed, come.

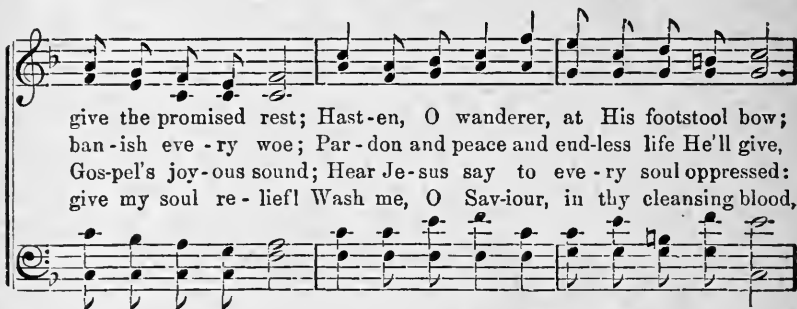
I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

AMICUS.

I. BALTZELL.

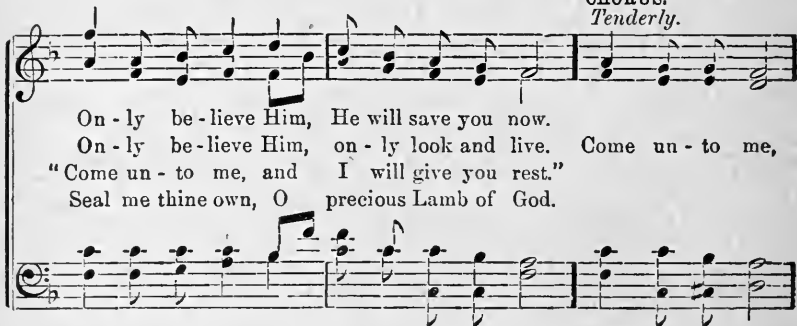


1. Come, wea-ry soul, sin-burdened and distressed, Je-sus now waits to
 2. See mer-cy's boundless wa-ters free-ly flow, To cleanse thy heart and
 3. Haste, sin-ner, haste, while mercy may be found, Soon may be hushed the
 4. Je - sus, I come, O help my un - be - lief! Now I am trust-ing,

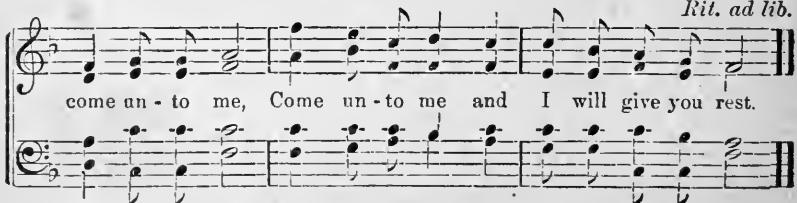


give the promised rest; Hast-en, O wanderer, at His footstool bow;
 ban-ish eve-ry woe; Par-don and peace and end-less life He'll give,
 Gos-pel's joy-ous sound; Hear Je-sus say to eve-ry soul oppressed:
 give my soul re-lief! Wash me, O Sav-iour, in thy cleansing blood,

CHORUS.

Tenderly.


On-ly be-lieve Him, He will save you now.
 On-ly be-lieve Him, on-ly look and live. Come un-to me,
 "Come un-to me, and I will give you rest."
 Seal me thine own, O precious Lamb of God.

Rit. ad lib.


come un-to me, Come un-to me and I will give you rest.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

323

REV. J. A. HOUGH.

"The shadow of a great Rock in a weary land,"

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Where sun ev-er burns, and the wind ev-er blows, The great Rock its
 2. That Rock was once bruised by the spear and the nail, Till life-streams flowed
 3. No shel-ter be-side it will God ev-er rear, From storms that are

shad-ow for wea-ri-ness throws, And all on life's des-ert with
 from it that nev-er can fail; They cleanse and they cheer ev'-ry
 com-ing and storms that are here; Se-secure it will stand in that

bur-dens oppress'd, May come to the Rock for re-fresh-ment and rest.
 sin-ful sad breast That turns to the Rock, in its shad-ow to rest.
 ter-ri-ble day, When rolled as a scroll, heaven pass-es a-way.

CHORUS.

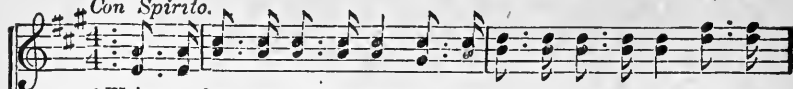
Rock of a-ges, let the blessing Of thy shad-ows o'er us fall; To thy
 Rock of a-ges, let the blessing Of thy shadows o'er us fall;

shel-ter we are pressing Rock of a-ges, cleft for all.
 To thy shel-ter we are pressing, Rock of a-ges, cleft for all.

SAILING O'ER THE SEA.

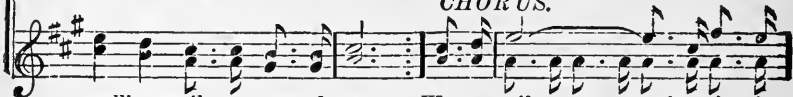
DUET.
Con Spirito.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL, by per.



1. { We're a hap-py pilgrim band, Sailing to the goodly land; With a
Though the tempest rages long, There is One among the throng Who will
2. { When the mighty billows swell, With the saved it shall be well, Tho' the
Rolling waves shall not o'erwhelm, For we've Jesus at the helm, And he'll
3. { Tho' for man-y ages past She has braved the stormy blast, She's the
Safe amid the rocks and shoals, She has landed many souls, Safe at
4. { Hol-ye sin-ners, hear to-day, There is danger in your way By the
There is dan-ger under-neath, And above a storm of wrath, And the

CHORUS.



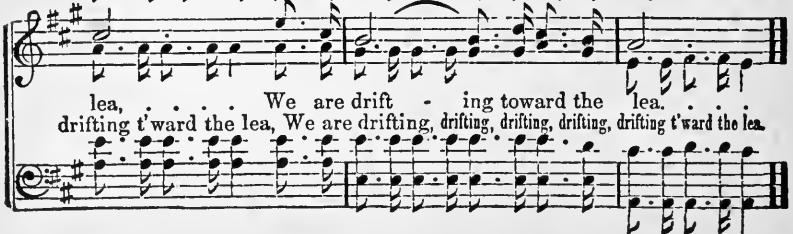
swelling sail we onward sweep; } We are sail - - - ing o'er the
guide the sail-or o'er the deep. }
breakers roar up-on the lea; } We are sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing,
guide us safe-ly o'er the sea. }
old ship of Zion as of yore; }
home on Caanan's happy shore. }
chart of fol-ly you are led; }
rocks of destruction just ahead. }



sea, We are sail - - - ing o'er the
sail - ing o'er the sea, We are sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing



sea, We are drift - - - ing toward the
sail - ing o'er the sea, We are drift - ing, drift - ing, drift - ing, drift - ing



lea, We are drift - ing toward the lea.
drifting t'ward the lea, We are drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting t'ward the lea.

SAFETY.

Music by R. E. H.

325

1. Rock of a - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide..... my-self in

Let the wa - - ter and the blood, From thy thee;

wound - - ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the

dou - ble cure, - Save from wrath and make me pure. Be of

sin..... the double cure, - Save from wrath and make me pure.

2. Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to the cross I cling.

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

ROSE OF SHARON.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The sweet-est flow'r that ev-er grew, Was on Mount Cal-va-ry, Where
 2. Its rich-est hue and sweet-est smell No mor-tal sense can bear, Nor
 3. But not to Jord-an's banks con-fined This flow'r of won-der grows, Takes
 4. It yet, like Leb-a-nor, shall wave In beau-ty o'er the earth; Its

Je-sus' blood like riv-ers flowed, In love to worth-less me.
 can the tongue of an-gels tell, How bright those col-ors are.
 root with-in the car-nal mind, And scents the church be low.
 heal-ing balm shall ful-ly save From sor-row, sin and death.

CHORUS.

There's glo-ry, glo-ry in my soul, There's glo-ry all a-round, There's

glo-ry in the Son of Man, That nev-er shall go down.

PEACE AT LAST.

327.

EDEN R. LATTA.

FRANK M. DAVIS, *by per*

1. Blest as - sur - ance ev - er dear, As our troubles come so fast, 'How it
 2. Though by sor - row's dismal cloud, Be our pathway overcast, Thro' the
 3. We can stand the driving rains, We can bide the cutting blast, While the
 4. To the kingdom of the skies, When our pilgrimage is past, We on

does the spir - it cheer To be promised peace at last.
 Sav - iour's pre - cious blood, We are promised peace at last.
 prom - ise still re - mains, Of un - brok - en peace at last.
 spir - it wings shall rise, And a - bide in peace at last.

CHORUS.

Peace at last, Peace at last, peace at last, peace at last, When our

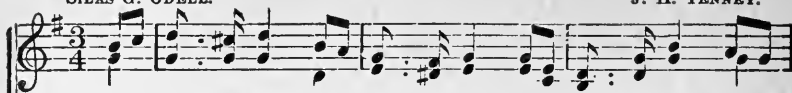
sor - rows are all past, And 'tis coming, oh, how fast! Peace at

last, peace at last, 'Tis coming, coming, Peace at last!
 Peace at last, peace at last,

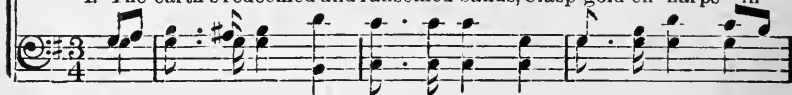
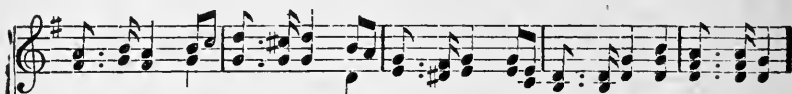
SILAS G. ODELL.

Col. 3: 11.

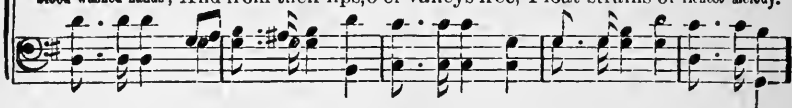
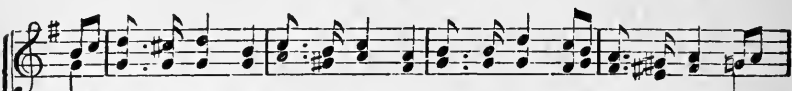
J. H. TENNEY.



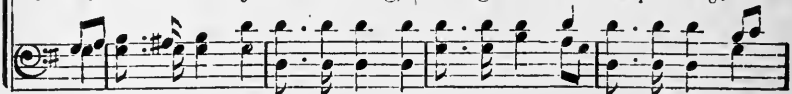

1. As El - im's wells in des - ert land, And palms and spreading
2. His voice is like some rippling wave, Or man - y gush - ing
3. And now my soul is heavenward bent; With speed of an - gel's
4. The earth's redeemed and ransomed bands, Clasp gold-en harps in

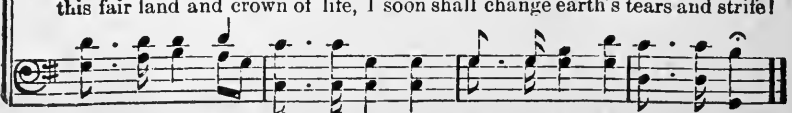
clusters stand, So standeth Jesus now to me, A shelter and a fountain free;
streams which lave The banks of some ecstatic land, Where trees of richest fruitage stand;
wing 'tis sent; This heaven's border-land may be, Yet there's a fairer o'er the sea—
blood-washed hands; And from their lips, o'er valleys free, Float strains of richest melody.

A shel - ter, for in him I dwell—He do - eth for me all things well; A
And oh! his arms en - cir - cle me; His voice proclaims my soul is free; His
A fair - er, for its glorious light Is never dimmed by cloud or night, And
And oh! I soon shall join that throng, And sing with them redemption's song; For

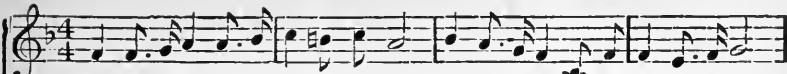
foun - tain, for in him I find A liv - ing well of heavenly kind.
beam - ing eyes and smil - ing face! Shed o - ver all the rich - est grace.
all our souls, blood-washed and free, The King in glorious beauty see.
this fair land and crown of life, I soon shall change earth's tears and strife!



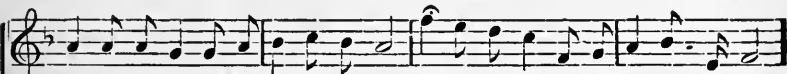
TOUCH IT NOT.

329.

Music by R. E. HUDSON.



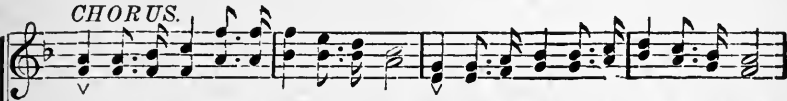
1. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright, Tho', like the ruby, it shines in the light;
2. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul, Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl;
3. Touch not the cup, O young man in thy pride; Hark to the warning of thousands who've died



Deeply the poison will en-ter thy soul, Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control.
Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare, Then of the death-dealing bowl, oh, beware.
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom, Think that, perhaps, thou must share
[in their doom.]



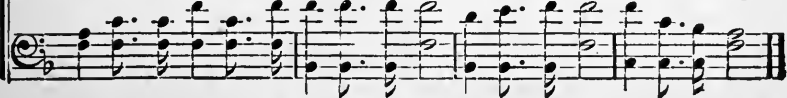
CHORUS.



Stop, for the home that to thee is so dear ; stop, for the friends that to thee are so near ;



Stop, for the country, the God that you fear ; Touch not the cup! Touch not the cup!



1. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus! Nothing more we need; He doth now in
 2. Je - sus, blessed Je - sus, Came from heaven above, To a - tone for
 3. Onward, up to Je - sus, May our progress be, Till from sin and
 4. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, Nothing more we need; In his love ex-

heav - en For us in - ter - cede. Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus! He is all in
 sin - ners, And to prove his love. More and more like Jesus May we ever
 sorrow We are ever free; Raised with him to heaven, Life shall still ex -
 ceed - ing, Find we heaven indeed; Loving and adoring, At his feet we

all; In a - dor - ing wor - ship, At his feet we fall.
 grow; And by blest o - bed - ience Our de - vo - tion show
 pand, While we share the glo - ry Of Im - man - nel's land.
 fall; Hail him our Redeem - er, Crown him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus! Thou art all in all; /

Lost in love and won - der, At thy feet we fall.

IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH 331.

1 Chr. 4:40.

ARRANGED.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the golden sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered weary years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the fountain, Where I ev - er would abide;
 4. Tell me not of heav-y cross-es, Nor the bar-dens hard to bear,
 5. Oh! the Cross has wondrous glory! Oft I've proved this to be true;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
 Oft - en hin - dered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er. And my soul is sat - is - fied;
 For I've found this great salva - tion Makes each burden light ap - pear;
 When I'm in the way so narrow I can see a pathway through;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, Laden with the breath of flowers
 Brok - en vows and dis - appointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor adorn - ing, rich and gay,
 And I love to fol - low Je - sus, Gladly count - ing all but dress,
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers: Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,

Cho. *Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Blessed, blessed land of light,*

D.S. for Chorus.

.That are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bowers.
 But the Spir - it led un - er - ring To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas - ure, One that fad - eth not a - way
 World - ly hon - ors all for - sak - ing For the glo - ry of the Cross.
 For I've tried this way before thee, And the glo - ry lin - gers near.

Where the flowers bloom forev - er, And the sun - light fad - eth not!

332. WE WILL PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

Adapted.

Col. 1:3.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. We will pray for one an - oth - er; we will pray; You are
 2. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray, Though we
 3. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray, And by
 4. Then we'll pray for one an - oth - er, then we'll pray, And we'll

not alone, my brother, in the way; For the Saviour's by your side, And the
 meet with many trials on our way; If we sit at Jesus' feet, When he
faith and pray'r we'll surely gain the day; Then we'll lay our armor down, And re-
 live and work for Jesus every day; When the storms of life are o'er, We will

Bi - ble is your guide, If you live by faith and prayer every day.
 comes our souls to greet, We will find his promise sure ev - ery day.
 ceive a fadeless crown, We'll receive a crown that fades not a-way.
 meet to part no more, In that hap - py, hap - py home, far a-way.

CHORUS.

We will pray, We will pray, We will
 We will pray for one another, We will pray for one another,

pray for one an - oth - er Till we all get home.

TO-MORROW IT MAY BE TOO LATE. 333.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

ALBERT HOOK, by per.

DUET. Earnestly.

1. Now is the time to seek the Lord! Before this Sabbath's setting sun Has
 2. Now is the time to seek the Lord! Before night's sable curtains drop Thy
 3. Now is the time to seek the Lord! While yet th Saviour strives within, Oh,
 4. Now is the time to seek the Lord! Beyond the dark and narrow grave No

sunk behind the west-ern hills, Thine earth-ly jour-ney may be run.
 soul may leave the frame of clay, The beat-ings of thy heart may stop.
 yield thy heart to His free grace, And let Him cleanse thee from thy sin.
 mer-cy lights the dis-mal gloom, No Sav-iour there thy soul to save!

CHORUS.

Come now to Christ, Come now, why will you long-er

Come now to Christ, Come now, why will you long-er

wait? Come now to Christ, *rit.* To-morrow it may be too late!

wait? Come now to Christ, To-morrow it may be too late!

THY WILL BE DONE!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per-

1. My God and Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
 2. What tho' in lone-ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved, no
 3. Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir-it
 4. Re-new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and
 5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The pray'r oft mixed with

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
 long-er nigh, Sub-mis-sive still would I re-ply, "Thy will be done!"
 for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
 take a-way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
 tears be-fore, I'll sing up-on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

REFRAIN.

Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

Thy will—Thy will be done! Thy will—Thy will be done!

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
 Sub-mis-sive still would I re-ply, "Thy will be done!"
 My God, to Thee I leave the rest: "Thy will be done!"
 All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
 I'll sing up-on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

COME AND HELP US.

335.

H. B. HARTZLER.

ALBERT HOOK, by per.

Allegro.

1. Come and help us, friends of Je - sus, Come and share the faithful toil,
 2. Come and help us, we are fee - ble, And the reap - er - band is small—
 3. Come and help us work for Je - sus, For the love He Lore to you;
 4. Come and help us, if you love Him; Ho - ly work will make you strong,
 5. Come and help us, we are wea - ry; Give us words of hope and cheer;

From the wrecks of sin and sor - row, Help us gath - er precious spoil.
 Oh, the fields of wav - ing har - vest. How they ech - o Je - sus' call!
 Give Him back in true de - vo - tion What He bought with blood a - new.
 Bring you near - er to the Mas - ter, Tune your soul to sweeter song.
 Help to bear the heat and bur - den, Till the great reward ap - pear.

Obligato Duet.—1st & 2d. SOPRANO.

Come and help us, Come and help us, Come and help us, friends of
 Je - sus, Come and help us, Come and help, Friends of Jesus, Come and help.

CHORUS.

Come, come, come, Come and help us, Come, come, come, Friends of Jesus,

Come, come, come, Come and help us, Friends of Je - sus, Come and help.

336. BLESSED JESUS, THOU ART MINE.

1 John 2:10.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Blessed Je - sus, thou art mine, All I have is wholly
Blessed Je - sus, thou art mine, All I have is

thine; Thou dost dwell within my heart, Thou dost
whol - ly thine; Thou dost dwell with - in my heart,

reign in ev - ery part; Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me
Thou dost reign in ev - ery part; Blessed Je - sus,

white, Keep me walk - ing in the light, Bless - ed
keep me white, Keep me walk - ing in the light,

Je - sus, keep me white, Keep me walk - ing in the light.
Blessed Je - sus, keep me white, Keep me walking in the light.

BLESSED JESUS, THOU ART MINE.—Concluded.

I am safe within the fold,
All my cares on thee are rolled,
I enjoy the sweetest rest,
For I'm leaning on thy breast;
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

3. Precious Jesus, day by day
Keep me in the holy way;
Keep my mind in perfect peace;
Every day my faith increase;
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

SATISFIED.

337.

MISS CLARA TEARE,

Psalms 36 : 8.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool
2. Feed-ing on the husks around me, Till my strength was almost
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would satis-
4. Well of wa-ter, ev-er springing, Bread of life so rich and

spring, That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
gone. Longed my soul for something better, Only still to hun-ger on.
fy. But the dust I gathered round me Only mocked my soul's sad cry.
free, Untold wealth that never faileth, My Redeem-er is to me.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found him—Whom my soul so long has

craved! Je-sus sat-ifies my longings; Thro' his blood I now am saved.

338. WONDERFUL FOUNTAIN OF CLEANING.

Zech. 13:1.

Words and Music by

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. There's a won - der - ful foun - tain of cleans - ing; All its
 2. This foun - tain was o - pened for sin - ners, To re -
 3. Oh! come to this foun - tain of cleans - ing! Whith - er
 4. Flow on, O ye streams of sal - va - tion! Till the

ful - ness and pow'r we may know; 'Tis the blood, and it cleans - es the
 deem them from sin and its woe; It will cleanse them from all their de -
 else to be saved can you go? Jesus says: "Though your sins be as
 earth and its peo - ple shall know In the blood there is pow - er to

vil - est, And it makes them as white as the snow; 'Tis the
 file - ment, And will make them as white as the snow; It will
 scar - let, I will make them as white as the snow;" Je - sus
 cleanse us, And to make us as white as the snow; In the

blood, and it cleanses the vilest, And it makes them as white as the snow.
 cleanse them from all their defilement, And will make them as white as the snow.
 says: "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them as whit as the snow."
 blood there is power to cleanse us, And to make us as white as the snow.

CHORUS.

White as snow! can it be so He will make me? make me?
 make me white as snow? make me white as snow?

LIFE OF TRUST, HOW SWEET. 339.

Respectfully dedicated to my esteemed friend, Rev. S. A. Keene, Lancaster, Ohio

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. I am trusting ev'-ry moment, Oh, this life of trust so sweet,
 2. Oh, the joy of knowing Je-sus, He who died my soul to save,
 3. I will trust him, ever trust him, Live for him who died for me.

Rest-ing on his pre-cious promise, Sit-ting at the Saviour's feet.
 Sweetest name to mor-tals giv-en, Oh, for me his life he gave.
 All my tal-ents, ransomed powers, Now, dear Lord, I give to thee.

CHO. I am trust - - ing,

I am trusting, trusting, trust-ing, sweet-ly trust-ing, Oh, this

Trusting in . . . the blood that
 life of trust so sweet, Trusting in the blood that cleanseth, Halle-

cleans-eth,

lu - jah! Oh, the full - ness of his love com - plete.

340. SIMPLY TRUSTING EVERY DAY.

EDGAR PAGE.

Psalms 125 : 1.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev-ery day, Trusting thro' a storm-y
 2. Bright-ly doth his Spir-it shine In - to this poor heart of
 3. Sing-ing, if my way is clear, Pray-ing, if the path is

way; Ev - en when my faith is small, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 mine; While he leads I can - not fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.
 drear; If in dan - ger, for him call; Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

Till within the jas-per wall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Trusting him while life shall last, Trusting him till earth is past;

341. WE WILL HAVE A HAPPY TIME?

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Parents, won't you come along? Parents, won't you come along?
 2. There we'll sit at Je - sus' feet, There we'll sit at Je - sus feet,

CHO. *There we'll have a hap-py time, There we'll have a happy time, &c.*

Parents, won't you come a-long To the New Je - ru - sa - lem?
 There we'll sit at Je - sus' feet, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

3. Children, won't you go along? &c.

4. There we shall our loved ones meet. &c.

GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

342.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { There is a foun-tain filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sin - ners plunged beneath that blood, beneath that blood, be-
see, rejoiced to see, The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, re-
2. { And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho'

filled with blood, There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn
neath that flood, And sin - ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose
joiced to see, The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, That
vile as he, And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins, }
all their guilt-y stains, } Oh come to this fountain, Come, come to-
foun-tain in his day, }
all my sins a - way. }

day And trust-ing Je - sus, Wash your sins a - way.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood. | 4. E'er since by faith : I saw the stream. |
| Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood | E'er since by faith I saw the stream |
| Shall never lose its power, | Thy flowing wounds supply, |
| Till all the ransomed : Church of | Redeeming love : has been my |
| God. | thème. |
| Till all the ransomed Church of God | Redeeming love has been my thème, |
| Are saved, to sin no more. | And shall be till I die. |

343.

RING, RING THE BELLS.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Christmas bells are ring-ing, Mer-ry bells, joy-ful bells,
 2. Christmas bells are ring-ing, Peace on earth, good news bring,
 3. Christmas bells are ring-ing, Heav'n-ly bells, earth-ly bells,

Hap-py news are bring-ing, Je-sus is our King!
 Chil-dren now are sing-ing, Je-sus is our King!
 Love and peace are bring-ing, Je-sus is our King!

CHORUS.

Ring, ring the bells,
 Ring, ring, Ring, ring the bells, Glad good news to earth they bring;

Ring, ring the bells,
 Ring, ring, Ring, ring the bells, Je-sus is our King!

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344.

TUNE—THE CROSS.

E.

- 1 The cross! the cross! the blood-stained
 The hallowed cross I see! [cross!
 Reminding me of precious blood
 That once was shed for me.
- 2 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross!
 My Saviour bore for me,
 Which bowed Him to the earth with
 On sad Mount Calvary. [grief
- 3 How light! how light! this precious
 Presented to my view; [cross,
 And while, with care, I take it up,
 Behold the crown my due.
- Cuo.—Oh, the blood! the precious blood!
 That Jesus shed for me,
 Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
 Just now by faith I see.

THIS LOVE SO FREE.

345.

M. M. J.

MARK M. JONES.

1. How ten-der-ly Je - sus loves us, With love so pure and free,
 2. His love so free - ly giv - en, Was purchas'd with the blood,
 3. Be - neath that pur - ple foun - tain, That flows from Jesus' side,
 4. And now the Sa - vior begs us, This precious blood re-ceive,

Down from his throne a-bove us, It comes to you and me.
 That from his dear side riv - en, Pours forth a sav - ing flood.
 Down o - ver Calvary's mountain, We safe - ly may a - bide.
 And all that it will cost us, Is sim - ply to be - lieve.

CHORUS.

Oh, who can con-ceive it, Oh, who can be-lieve it,

Oh, who will re-ceive it, This love so free?...

TUNE—HE LEADETH ME. D.

346.

- 1 He leadeth me! Oh! blessed thought,
 Oh, words with heav'nly comfort
 fraught;
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
 gloom,
 Sometimes where Eded's bowers
 bloom;
 By waters still o'er troubled sea—
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

CHORUS.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
 By His own hand He leadeth me;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in
 mine,
 Nor ever murmur or repine,—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

347. JESUS SAVES ME ALL THE TIME.

JAS. NICHOLSON.

J. A. DUNCAN.

1. Je - sus saves me eve - ry day, Je - sus saves me eve - ry night;
2. Je - sus saves when I re - pine, Je - sus saves when I re - joice;

Je - sus saves me all the way—Thro' the dark - ness, thro' the light;
Je - sus saves when hopes de - cline—Faith can al - ways hear His voice;

Je - sus saves, O bliss sub - lime— Je - sus saves me all the time.
Je - sus saves, O bliss sub - lime— Je - sus saves me all the time.

3 Jesus saves me, He is mine;
Jesus saves me, I am His;
Jesus saves while I recline—
On His precious promises.

4 Jesus saves, He saves from sin,
Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh;
Jesus saves, He dwells within,
Gladly do I testify.

348. I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Je - sus bids the chil - dren come, Lov - ing Him, trust - ing Him;
2. We are safe in Je - sus' arms, Lov - ing Him, trust - ing Him;
3. If we love Him here be - low, Fol - low Him! fol - low Him!
CHO.— I am Je - sus' lit - tle Lamb, Lov - ing Him, trust - ing Him;

Je - sus bids the chil - dren come, Come with - out de - lay.
He will keep us from all harm, If we do not stray.
Home to heav - en we shall go, Hap - py with the Lord.
I am Je - sus' lit - tle Lamb, Hap - py all the day.

HE KNOWS.

349.

Slow with Expression.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. He knows, He knows, He knows, He knows my frame, that I am
 2. He knows, He knows, He knows, He knows I long to love Him
 3. He knows, He knows, He knows, He knows I long to do His

dust, He knows my heart in Him I trust, He knows what sore
 more To tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er: Of cleans - ing blood,
 will, He knows His love my heart doth fill, He knows 'His joy

temp - ta - tions are: He knows I love Him, trust His care,
 of sav - ing power, Of vict - ry in each con - flict hour.
 His peace is mine, He knows I all to Him re - sign.

350. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. F.

- 1 How firm a foundation,
 Ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith
 In His excellent Word!
 What more can He say
 Than to you he hath said,
 You who unto Jesus
 For refuge have fled!
- 2 Fear not, I am with thee;
 Oh, be not dismayed;
 I, I am thy God, and
 Will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee,
 And cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous,
 Omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters
 I call thee to go,
 The rivers of wo shall
 Not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee,
 Thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee
 Thy deepest distress.

MUSIC NO. 21.

351.

- 1 O mourner in Zion,
 How blessed art thou,
 For Jesus is waiting
 To comfort thee now.
 Fear not to rely on
 The word of thy God,
 Step out on the promise,
 And trust in the blood.
- 2 O ye who are hungry
 And thirsty, rejoice,
 For ye shall be filled,
 Oh, hear His sweet voice!
 Inviting you now
 To the banquet of God,
 Step out on the promise,
 And trust in the blood.
- 3 The promise don't save,
 Though each promise be true -
 'Tis the blood when applied
 That cleanseth us through,
 It cleanseth me now,
 Oh, glory to God!
 I am out on the promise,
 I trust in the blood.

352.

I WILL TRUST.

C. WESLEY.

By per. T. C. O'KARR.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side;
 2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
 3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own : Wash me, and mine thou art;

This all my hope and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.
 Sprin - kle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.

CHORUS.

I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb; I will

trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

353.

I WILL GUIDE THEE.

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

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

When temptations almost win thee,
 And thy trusted watchers fly;
 Let this promise ring within thee,
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
 When the shades of life are falling,
 And the hour has come to die;
 Hear thy trusty pilot calling,
 "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

354.

FROM "REVIVALIST."

1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I could for - ev - er think and sing, My soul is sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

Glory to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, My soul is satisfied.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.</p> | <p>3. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.</p> |
|---|--|

ENOUGH FOR ME.

355.

E. A. H.

E. A. H. By Per

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me, And
know that Je - sus saves me, And

Fine. REFRAIN.

D. S.

that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! I

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. O wonderful salvation!
From sin he makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!</p> | <p>3. O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!</p> |
|---|---|

1.

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;.....
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, *Omit*

2. { Now, ye need-y, come and wel - come, God's free bonnty glo - ri - fy;.....
True be-lief and true re-pen - tance, *Omit*

2.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him!

Full of pit - y, love and power.
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

4 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;

CHORUS. *p* *m* *f*

Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait - ing to receive you, Why

1. 2.

don't you come to Je - sus and be saved?... saved?

- 1 Have you been to Jesus
For the cleansing power?
Are you washed
In the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting
In His grace this hour?
Are you washed
In the blood of the Lamb?

Сно.—Are you washed in the blood?
In the soul-cleansing blood
Of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed
In the blood of the Lamb?

- 2 Are you walking daily
By the Saviour's side?
Are you washed
In the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment
In the Crucified?
Are you washed
In the blood of the Lamb?

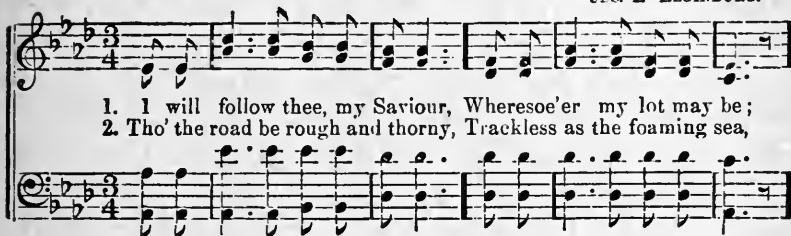
- 3 When the Bridegroom cometh
Will your robes be white?
Pure and white,
In the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready,
For the mansions bright,
And be washed
In the blood of the Lamb?

GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

358.

JAS. L. ELGINBURG.

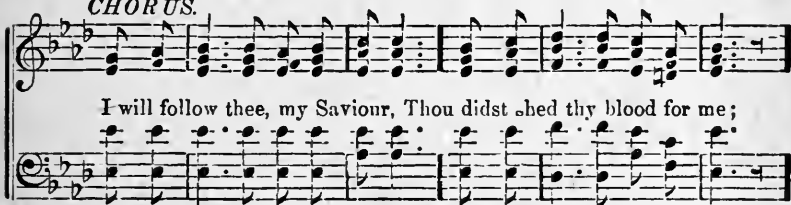


1. I will follow thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea,

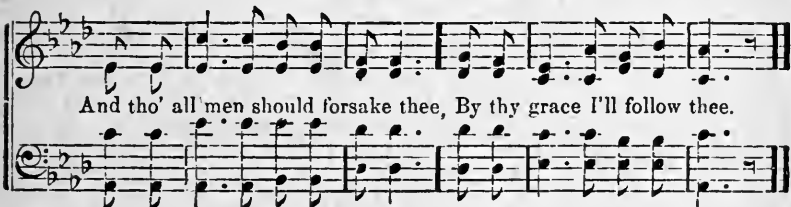


Where thou go-est I will fol-low, Yes, my Lord, I'll follow thee.
Thou hast trod this way before me, And I glad-ly follow thee.

CHORUS.



I will follow thee, my Saviour, Thou didst shed thy blood for me;



And tho' all men should forsake thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Though 'tis lone, and dark, and dreary,
Cheerless though my path may be,
If thy voice I hear before me,
Fearlessly I'll follow thee.</p> | <p>5 Tho' thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
Poor, forsaken, though I be,
Thou wast destitute, afflicted,
And I only follow thee.</p> |
|---|--|

MY SAVIOUR KNOWS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Ps. 31: 15.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. The hour of my de-part-ure I may not know, But
 2. The hour of my de-part-ure I'll keep in view, And
 3. The hour of my de-part-ure May soon be here; To

Christ in love hath taught me To watch while here below, My
 strive, while here I lin-ger, Some precious work to do, Some
 me the thought is joy-ful, And yon-der light is clear; I

lamp to keep bright burning With oil divine, That at the Lord's ap-
 sery-ice for the Master, Or cross to bear, That I a crown un-
 see the sunlit mountains Where I shall stand, I hear the songs en-

REFRAIN.

pearing My soul with grace may shine. }
 fading. And robe of white may wear. } The hour of my departure My
 chant-ing Of you ce-les-tial band. }

Saviour knows, And, in his love confiding. I dwell in sweet repose.

OH! WORSHIP THE LORD!

360.

From "ROYAL DIADEM," by per.

1 Chron. 16 : 29.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Earnestly

Oh! worship the Lord in the beauty of ho-li-ness, in the beauty of ho-li-ness, in the

beauty of ho-li-ness! 1. Glo-ry to the Fath-er, a-bounding in
2. Glo-ry be to Je-sus, our gracious Re-
3. Glo-ry to the Spir-it, the Ho-ly Re-

mer-cy! Be joy-ful, all ye people, and magni-fy Je-ho-vah.
deemer! We praise him, for he loved us, and bro't a great salva-tion.
vealer! We praise him with the Father and with the Son, our Saviour.

CHORUS.

O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

lu-jah! Oh! come before his presence and glo-ri-fy his name!

H. B. H.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found re- pose for my wea- ry soul, Trusting in the promise of the
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the
 3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the

Savior; And a harbor safe when the billows roll, Trusting in the promise of the
 Savior; And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, Trusting in the promise of the
 Savior; Oh, the strength and grace only God can give, Trusting in the promise of the

Sav - ior. I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the
 I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the
 Sav - ior. I can smile at grief, and abide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the
 And the loss of all shall be highest gain, Trusting in the promise of the
 Sav - ior. Who-so-ever will may be saved to-day, Trusting in the promise of the
 And begin to walk in the holy way, Trusting in the promise of the

1. | 2. *Refrain.*

Sav - ior, Savior. Resting on His mighty arm forever, Never from his loving heart to

sev - er. I will rest by grace In his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.

PEACE, BE STILL!

362.

A. T. WORDEN.

Mark 4:39.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. High o'er the waves of Gal - i - lee The winds are rising wild and free,
 2. In kingly tones the Master saith, "How long, O ye of lit - tle faith!
 3. O Saviour! on the sea of life We tremble in the long-drawn strife,

No star above, and darkness round The trembling men doth close profound;
 How long can I your doubting bear, Your troubled hearts so full of care?
 And through the shrouding darkness peer To see if thou dost linger near;

But in their midst, in restful sleep, Unconscious of the stormy deep,
 Then, as they neared the rocky strand, The Saviour raised his mighty hand;
 Oh! rise within each troubled breast, And calm our stormy cares to rest;

The Sav - iour lies un - til they cry, "Oh! help us,
 The wind and waves bowed to his will, And heard the
 With king - ly tones com - mand our will, We wait thy

Mas - ter, or we die!" } Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
 man - date, "Peace, be still!" }
 man - date, "Peace, be still!" } Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

By permission of D. S. HAKES.

READY THIS MOMENT.

THOMAS MOORE.

2 Cor. 6: 2.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat,
 2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the straying, Hope of the pen-i-tent,
 3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing Forth from the throne of God,

ferently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
 fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, ten-der-ly say-ing,
 pure from a-bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er knowing

CHORUS.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove. } Come with your bur-dens to

Je-sus your Saviour; For your redemp-tion his life-blood he gave;

Come, he is waiting to help and to bless you; Jesus is ready this moment to save.

THE NEW SONG.

364.

W. B. BLAKE.

Rev. 14: 3.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. In the courts of heav'n we'll sing a nobler song 'Than our lips can raise be-
 2. Sure the sweetest song e'er heard on earth by man, Floated o'er Judea's
 3. In that song of triumph we shall have a part Who are faithful to the

low, Un - to Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother's praise, Who has
 plain; But a grander an-them will be ours a-bove When we
 last, And who stand with him upon the shining strand When the

CHORUS.

washed us white as snow. } 'Twill be "glory to Christ, our King," while the
 go with him to reign. } Safe in heavenly mansions fair, Its rich
 Jor-dan we have passed. }

heav-en-ly arches ring With the mel-o-dy of redeeming love com-
 glor-ies e-ternal share, And with [Omit.]

plete, full and sweet.
 prais-es we'll cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet.

COME UNTO HIM.

Math. 11: 28.

P. P. BLISS.

Tenderly.

1. Come un - to me when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er,
 2. Ye who have mourned when flowerets sweet were ta - ken,
 3. Large are the man - sions in thy Fa - ther's dwell - ing,
 4. There, like an E - den, blos - som - ing in glad - ness,

When the sad heart is wea - ry and distressed,
 When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,
 And the glad homes that sor - rows nev - er dim;
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rude - ly pressed;

Seek - ing for com - fort from your heaven - ly Fa - ther,
 When loved ones slept in bright - er homes to wa - ken,
 Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing;
 Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
 Where now their brows with spir - it wreaths are crowned.
 Soft are the tones which raise the heaven - ly hymn.
 Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

I REST UPON HIS PROMISE.

366.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Heb. 4: 9.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all thy peo-ple known, A
 2. A rest where all our soul's de - sire, Is fix'd on things a-bove; Where
 3. Oh! that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en - ter in; Now,
 4. Re-move this hardness from my heart, This un - be - lief, remove, To

rest where pure en - joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a - lone,
 fear, and sin and grief ex - pire, Cast out by per - fect love.
 Sa-viour, now the power be - stow, And let me cease from sin-
 me the rest of faith im - part— The Sab-bath of Thy love.

CHORUS.

I rest up - on his promise, sure; I come, I wait to prove The

cleansing of my heart from sin, The full - ness of His love.

JESUS NOW IS PASSING BY.

Luke 18:37.

Words and music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, wea-ry sin-ner, to the Cross; The Saviour bids you come; Come,
 2. Oh! why de-lay your long re-turn? The Spir-it gently pleads; Come
 3. He waits to fill your soul with joy, And all your sins forgive; His

trust-ing in his pre-cious blood; Wait not—there still is room,
 to the Cross whereon for you The dy-ing Saviour bleeds.
 love for you no tongue can tell; Oh! trust his grace and live!

CHORUS.

{ Je-sus now is pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by,
 While he is so ver-y nigh, ver-y nigh, ver-y nigh,

Je-sus now is pass-ing by, I'll go out to meet him. }
 While he is so ver-y nigh, I'll go out and greet him. }

JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST. 368.

FANNY CROSBY.

Matt. 11 : 28.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your aching

pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-iour and Lord,
 breast; On-ly come as you are, and be-lieve on his name,

CHORUS.

Je - sus will give you rest. } O happy rest, sweet, happy rest!
 Je - sus will give you rest. }

Je - sus will give you rest. Oh! why won't you come in
 hap-py rest,

sim-ple, trust-ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

3. Will you come, will you come, you have
 nothing to pay;
 Jesus, who loves you best.
 By his death on the Cross purchased life
 for your soul,
 Jesus will give you rest.

4. Will you come, will you come? how he
 pleads with you now!
 Fly to his loving breast;
 And whatever your sin or your sorrow
 may be,
 Jesus will give you rest.

PRECIOUS SPIRIT!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Eph. 3:14-19.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Lo! the zeph-yr, soft-ly breathing, Wakes the earth a-
 2. Lo! the show-ers, gent-ly fall-ing Buds and flow-ers
 3. Lo! the sun-light, soft-ly beam-ing, Gives a hun-dred

gain; But the Spir-it, soft-ly pleading, Stirs the heart of men.
 bring; Thro' the gen-tle Spir-it's call-ing Hearts are made to sing.
 fold; But the grac-es of the Spir-it Yield the fruit un-told.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious Spir-it! Pre-cious Spir-it! Breathe on us to-
 Pre-cious Spir-it! Pre-cious Spir-it! Fall on us to-
 Pre-cious Spir-it! Pre-cious Spir-it! Beam on us to-

day; Ten-der Spir-it! Ten-der Spir-it! Leave us not, we pray.
 day; Ten-der Spir-it! Ten-der Spir-it! Leave us not, we pray.
 day; Ten-der Spir-it! Ten-der Spir-it! Leave us not, we pray.

ABLE TO SAVE.

370.

Ileb. 7 : 25.

Joyfully.

By per. of WHITE, SMITH & Co.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

A - ble to save! yes, a - ble to save; Save to the ut - termost,

Cho.—Able to save, etc.

Save to the ut - termost, A - ble to save, yes, a - ble to save,

Fine.

Save to the ut - termost all who will come. 1. Come to the Might - y One,
2. Sinking in sin as in

trust in his power, He is a refuge, a Fortress, a Tower, Deep though your guilt may be,
waves of the sea, Bound in the toils of it tho' we may be, There is a Helper nigh,

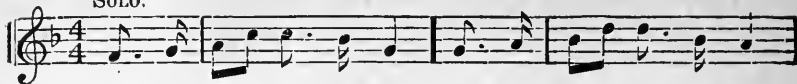
D. C.

Deep - er his love for thee, Stronger than sin is the arm of the Lord.
Oh! to that Help - er fly, All ye who call up - on him shall be saved.

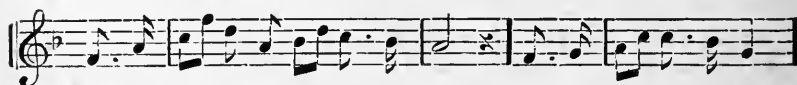
371. THE OLD MOUNTAIN PINES.

ANDREW SHERWOOD.
SOLO.

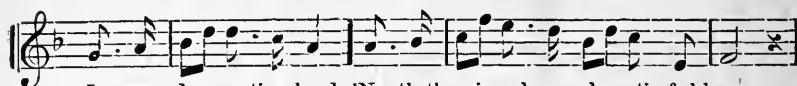
C. F. DART.



1. When the night gath-ers cold, On the moor and the wold,
2. And I list to the brook, In the green, sla - dy nook,
3. But there's one sim - ple song, Which has lived all a - long,
4. Oh, my mem - o - ry twines Round the beau - ti - ful pines,
5. And long, long may it stand, An em - blem so grand,



Then my thoughts thro' the twilight will roam, Till in fan-cy I stand,
Mak-ing mu-sic so soft-ly and low; And the song of the bird,
For it fell in such smooth, flowing lines; 'Tis the song of the breeze
Wav - ing green in the glory of Spring; Standing high and a-lone,
Of the home to life's wanderer given, Which the weary soul finds,



In my dear native land, 'Neath the pines by my beau-ti - ful home.
Which my in - fan - cy heard, In that beau-ti - ful time, long a - go.
Com-ing up from the seas, In the boughs of the old mountain pines.
On the mountain's high thro'æ, Where the winds in the long Summer sing.
'Mid the beau-ti - ful pines, On the gold - en sa - vanna's of heaven.

CHORUS.

Oh, the old moun - tain pines, oh, the old mountain pines.
Oh, the old, oh, the old mountain pines, mount'n pines, Oh, the old, oh, the old mountain pines,
[mountain pines.]

Till in fancy I stand In my dear native land, On the hills, 'neath the old mountain pines.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

372.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Heb. 11 : 7.

Arranged.

1. Wake, sinner, wake! there's no time now for sleep; Rouse from your slumber, there's
 2. Sin - ner, repent, and a new life be - gin; Come to the life-boat, and
 3. Praise the Redeemer! the work now is done; Sin has been vanquish'd, the

danger on the deep! Look to the Lord, for his grace to save and keep; There is
 quickly enter in; Come, and be rescued from all your woe and sin, There is
 victory is won; Go tell to others what Christ for you has done, For he

CHORUS.

peace and safety only in the Life - Boat. } Come into the Life-Boat!
 peace and safety only in the Life - Boat. }
 saved a dy - ing sinner in the Life - Boat. }

Come into the Life-Boat! Safely ride the angry foam; Come into the Life-Boat!

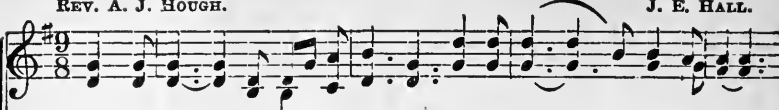
Come in - to the Life-Boat! She will bring you safe - ly home.

JESUS COMES TO SAVE.

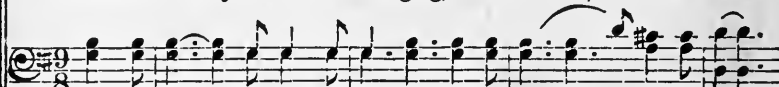

Acts 2: 2.

REV. A. J. HOUGH.

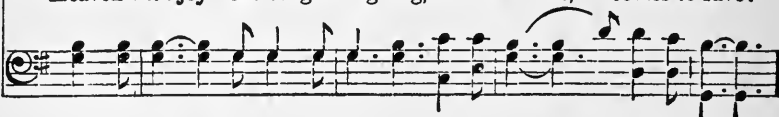
J. E. HALL.



1. Floods of mer - cy break around us, Je - sus comes, comes to save!
 2. While like rain our tears are falling, Je - sus comes, comes to save!
 3. Glo - rious light is dawning o'er us, Je - sus comes, comes to save!
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah! saints are singing, Je - sus comes, comes to save!

Fet - ters fall that long have bound us, Je - sus comes, comes to save!
 While these souls for help are calling, Je - sus comes, comes to save!
 And the way grows bright before us, Je - sus comes, comes to save!
 Heaven with joy - ous song is ring - ing, Je - sus comes, comes to save!



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! joy - ful sto - ry, Je - sus comes, the King of glo - ry!




Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus comes, comes to save.



THE GOLDEN LIGHT.

374.

Isa. 2 : 5.

GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Chil-dren of the heav-en-ly King, As we journey let us sing;
 2. We are trav-'ling home to God, In the way our fath-ers trod;
 3. O ye banished seed, be glad, Christ our Ad-vo-cate is made;
 4. Fear not, breth-ren, joy-ful stand On the borders of our land;
 5. Lord! o-bed-ient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leaving all be-low;

Sing our Sav-iour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
 They are hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
 Us to save our flesh assumes, Brother to our souls becomes.
 Je-sus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un-dismayed go on.
 On-ly thou our Leader be, And we still will fol-low thee!

CHORUS.

Walk, walk in the light, Walk walk in the light,
 Walking in the golden light, We're walking in the golden light. We're

Walk, walk in the light, The gold-en light of God.
 walking in the gold-en light, The gold-en light of God.

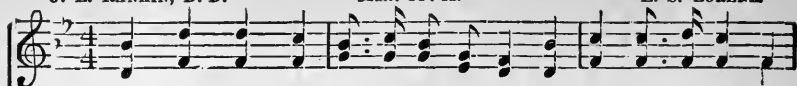
Repeat pp.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

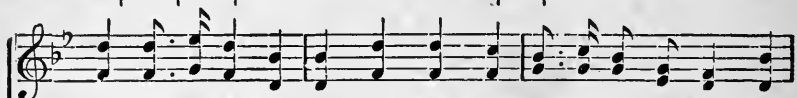
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. 14: 12.

E. S. LORENZ.



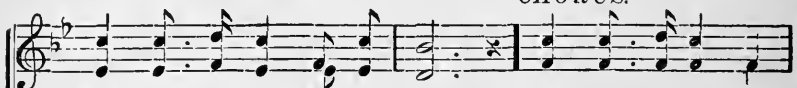
1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y - heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-er-ing clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou- bled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Je - sus,



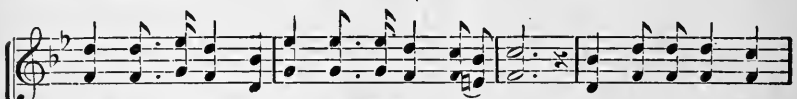
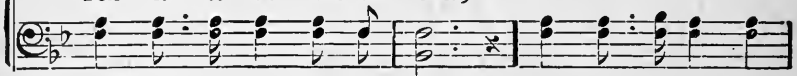
Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com - ing Kingdom are you sigh - ing?



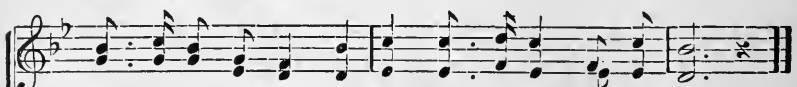
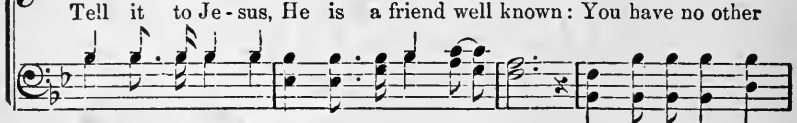
CHORUS.



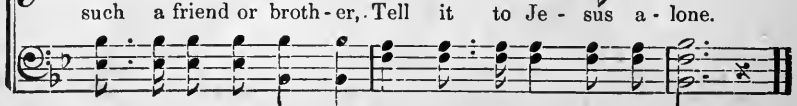
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. } Tell it to Je - sus,
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. }
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. }
 Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. }



Tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend well known: You have no other



such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



INCREASE OUR FAITH.

376.

Luke 17 : 5.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. Increase our faith, be - lov - ed Lord! For thou a - lone canst
 2. Increase our faith! for there is yet Much land to be pos -
 3. Increase our faith, that we may claim Each holy prom - ise
 4. Increase our faith, that un - to thee More fruit may still a -

give The faith that takes thee at thy word, The faith by which we live.
 sessed, And by no other strength we get Our her - i - tage of rest.
 sure, And al - ways triumph in thy name, And to the end endure.
 bound, That it may grow exceed - ing - ly, And to thy praise be found.

REFRAIN.

Increase our faith, O Lord! In - crease it hour by hour. And

in us glor - ious - ly 'ful - fill The work of faith with power.'

AT THE CROSS I'LL ABIDE.

I. B.

I. BALTZELL.

1. O Je-sus, Sav-iour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;
 2. My dy-ing Je-sus, my Sav-iour, God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
 3. O Je-sus, Sav-iour, now make me thine, Nev-er let me stray from Thee;
 4. The cleans-ing pow'r of thy blood ap-ply, All my guilt and sin re-move;

For there is hope for the ach-ing breast, At the cross I will a - bide.
 Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ev-er keep me pure and clean.
 Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for Thou art mine, And Thy love is full and free.
 Oh, help me, while at Thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.

CHORUS.

At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide,
 At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide, At the cross I'll a - bide,

I'll a - bide; At the cross I'll a - bide, There His
 I'll a - bide;

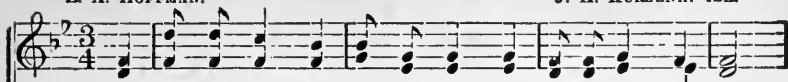
blood is ap-plied, At the cross I am sat - is - fied.

MY OFFERING.

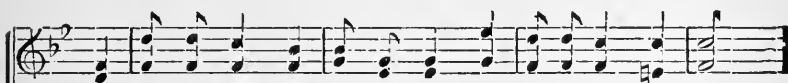
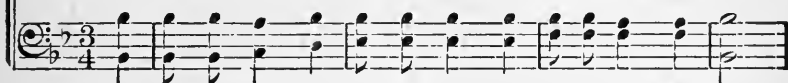
378.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. KURZENKI (ARR.)



1. Here, Lord, I bring my of - fer - ing, And lay it at thy feet;
2. Although the gift is ver - y small, A poor and worthless thing,
3. 'Tis but a poor, poor sac - ri - fice, Dear Savior, that I bring,
4. I would not give thee less than this; I could not give thee more;



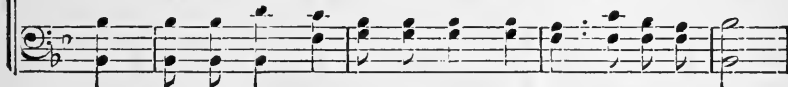
Re - veal to me if aught there be That makes it in - com - plete.
 Yet, at thy call, my heart, my all, In humbleness I bring.
 Yet thou wilt not the gift despise, For it is ev - ery - thing.
 Oh! give to me thy per - fect peace, And love me ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



Ac - cept the gift I of - fer now; Refine my soul from dross;



Oh! seal me thine, for - ev - er thine, And keep me near the Cross!



GATES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Rev. 21: 12.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gold - en and bright, Guarding that
 2. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, lof - ty and grand, Swung by the
 3. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I

ci - ty of spien - dor and light! Oft I be - hold thee, in
 touch of some an - ge - lic hand! Down from thy por - tals there
 pic - ture thy glo - ries un - told! Ea - ger - ly yearn - ing, my

distance and dream, Flash in the sun - light of heav - en - ly gleam.
 floats a sweet song, Waked by the lips of the pu - ri - tied throng.
 spi - rit doth wait, Till I shall come to the Beau - ti - ful gate.

Chorus.

Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful,

Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, O - pen to me!

THE SHINING ONES.

380.

KNOWLES SHAW.

By permission of S. Brainard's Sons.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Far a-way in the land of the pure and bright, Is the Cit-y of God, with its
 2. That beau-ti-ful land we are near-ing now, Where crowns of bright glory en-
 3. With palms and bright crowns, and our robes of white, We may roam the fair fields with

gold-en light; Oh! there is our home, and we ev-er shall stand, 'Mid the cir-cle the brow, Where the Tree of Life grows, on that beau-ti-ful shore, Where the ter-nal de-light, We may join in 'the songs of the pu-ri-fied band, 'Mid the

CHORUS.

O, beau-ti-ful
 shi-ning ones of the bet-ter land.
 flow'rs shall fresh-en to fade no more. O, beau-ti-ful home! O,
 shi-ning ones of the bet-ter land.

home..... O beau-ti-ful home How I

beau-ti-ful home! Where beau-ti-ful saints sur-round the throne; How I

long to be there, How I long to be there.

long to be there, and forever stand, 'Mid the shining ones of the better, better Land.
 ev-er stand.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Heb. 11 : 16.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I sit and think, when the evening shade is deep o'er for - est
 2. I think each night when the day is o'er, I am near - er home than the
 3. We haste away from the lovely earth, With its ho - ly friendships of

hill and glade, Of that beau - ti - ful land by the gates of light, Our
 day be - fore; And soft - ly I say in my evening prayer, I am
 priceless worth; From its joy and its sor - row, its hope and fear, Its

Father's house, where there is no night; And my glad heart thrills to the
 near the land where the ransomed are, And up - on my heart comes a
 beaming smile, or its gath - ring tear; For the pearl - y gates now are

joy - ous sound, To the land of rest— we are homeward bound.
 ho - ly spell; We are homeward bound, where the dear ones dwell.
 ope - ning wide— We are homeward bound, on the ebb - ing tide.

CHORUS.

We are homeward bound! We are homeward bound! To the land of rest— we are homeward bound!

HOMEWARD BOUND.—Concluded.

{ The pearl-y gates are opening wide; } We are homeward bound! We are homeward bound.
 { We are homeward bound on the eb-bing tide! }

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4. We float away from the care and strife,
 From the din and bustle and toil of life,
 Where temptation and sin shall be known no
 And woe and pain are forever o'er— [more,
 To the Eden-land, to the heavenly ground,
 To the land of love we are homeward bound.</p> | <p>5. It soothes my heart like a blessed Psalm,
 And bids its troubled waves be calm,
 And its echo a far sweeter music tells
 Than vesper chimes, or the Sabbath bells;
 Floating thro' my life with a joy profound,
 <i>Is the blessed truth, we are homeward bound.</i></p> |
|--|--|

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME THEN? 382

R. E. H.

Mark 8 : 36.

R. E. HUDSON. *Fine.*

1. What shall it pro- fit me by and by? What shall it profit me then,
 2. What shall it pro- fit me by and by? What shall it profit me then,
 3. Naught will it pro- fit me by and by! Naught will it profit me then!
 4. What shall it pro- fit me by and by? What shall it profit me then,

*D. C. Trusting not him who for sinners was slain, What shall it profit me then?
 Cur - ing not, seeking not Jesus to know, What shall it profit me then?
 Ev - er and ever its torment to know, Naught will it profit me then!
 Love him, and serve him, and trust him alway, What shall it profit me then?*

D. C.

If, by my toil, the whole world I should gain, Spending my strength on its treasures so vain,
 If in a world of enjoyment and show On the path of its pleasures I go,
 After a life of much sorrow and woe. Down to the place of despair I must go,
 If I renounce all my idols to-day, Walk with my Lord in the heavenly way,

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5. Much will it profit me by and by!
 Much will it profit me then!
 I shall be robed in a garment of white,
 Dwell in the mansions of glory and light,
 Gaze on the face of my Saviour so bright,
 Much will it profit me then!</p> | <p>6. Yes, it will profit me by and by!
 Yes, it will profit me then,
 If from the right path my feet shall not stray,
 It I but follow the Saviour alway,
 Then when we meet in the great judgment
 Oh, it will profit me then! [day,</p> |
|--|---|

LOVE'S OFFERING.

ANNA SHIPTON.

1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with thy
 2. I give the love, the sweet-est Thy good - ness
 3. Thou know'st my soul's am - bi - tion, For thou hast

prec - ious blood, I give thee but thine own, Lord, That
 grants to me; Take it, and make it meet, Lord, An
 changed its aim; The world's re - proach I fear not, To

long thy love withstood. I give the life thou
 of - fer - ing for thee. Smile! and the ver - y
 share a Sav - iour's shame; Out - side the camp to

gav - est - My pres - ent, fu - ture, past, My joys, my
 shad - ows In thy blest light shall shine; Take thou my
 suf - fer, With - in the veil to meet, And hear thy

fears, my sor - rows, My first hope and my last.
 heart, Lord Je - sus, For thou hast made it thine.
 soft - est whis - per From out the mer - cy - seat.

THIS IS WHY I LOVE MY JESUS. 384.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1st time.

1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me?
 'Tis because my bless-ed Je - sus

2d time. Chorus.

From my sins has ransomed me. This is why I love my
 This is why I love my Je-sus, This is

Je - - sus, This is why I love him so, He a -
 why I love him so, This is why I love my Je-sus, This is why I love him so, He has

toned for my transgres - sions, He has washed me white as snow, white as snow.
 pardoned my transgressions, He has pardoned my transgressions, He has washed me, He has made
 [me white as snow.]

2. Would you know why I love Jesus?
 Why he is so dear to me?
 'Tis because the blood of Jesus
 Fully saves and cleanses me.

4. Would you know why I love Jesus?
 Why he is so dear to me?
 'Tis because in every conflict
 Jesus gives me victory.

3. Would you know why I love Jesus?
 Why he is so dear to me?
 'Tis because, amid temptation,
 He supports and strengthens me.

5. Would you know why I love Jesus?
 Why he is so dear to me?
 'Tis because, my friend and Savior
 He will ever, ever be.

COMING HOME AGAIN.

A. T. WORDEN.
By per. D. S. HAKES.

Luke 15 : 18.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where the turrets of the mansions Rise toward the golden sky;
2. I will tell him I have wandered, And, low-bending at his knee,
3. I behold him in the distance; Tears are gushing from his eyes;

Where the shining palms are waving, There my wearied soul would fly,—
Wounded, sore, and sadly plead-ing, Just a servant I would be;
And his hands reach out in pleading, As the golden daylight flies;

To the outstretched arms of mercy, To the garments cleansed from stain,
Sad - ly soiled, my regal garments, Lost, the treasures of my heart,
It is late, and now the evening Com - eth down upon us fast;

From the sordid husks of earth -life, From my sol - itude and pain.
To his o - pen arms I'll take me, - Nev - er, never more to part.
Soon I'll rest upon his bos - om, And be safe at home at last.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Father, coming, Weary, worn, and full of pain, To the

COMING HOME AGAIN.—Concluded.

wait - ing, lov - ing Fath - er, I am coming home a - gain,

Com - ing, Com - ing, I am com - ing home a - gain.

Rall.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first two lines of the song. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second line includes a 'Rall.' (Ritardando) marking.

WHITE AS SNOW.

386.

By author of "TELL ME THE OLD OLD STORY.

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

1. "White as snow!" Oh, what a promise, For the hea - vy - ly - den breast,
 2. "Red, like crim - son," deep as scarlet, Scar - let of the deep - est dye,
 3. God a - lone can count the number, God, a - lone can look with - in,
 4. Hea - vy - la - den, worn and weary, To the promise let me go,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first system of 'White as Snow'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

When by faith the soul re - ceives it, Wea - ri - ness is changed to rest.
 Are the ma - ni - fold transgressions, Which upon my conscience lie.
 O the sin - ful - ness of sinning, O the guilt of ev - ery sin.
 "Though your sins may be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow."

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second system of 'White as Snow'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

CHORUS.

Je - sus wash me, Je - sus wash me, Je - sus wash me white as snow.

Repet pp.

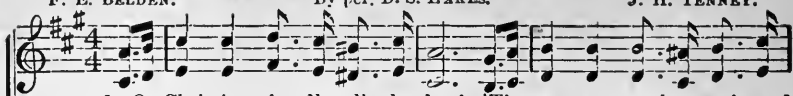
Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of 'White as Snow'. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The word 'Repet' is written above the notes, and 'pp.' (pianissimo) is written below the notes.

WORK AND WAIT.

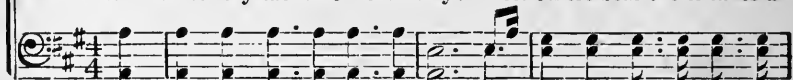
F. E. BELDEN.

By per. D. S. HAKES.

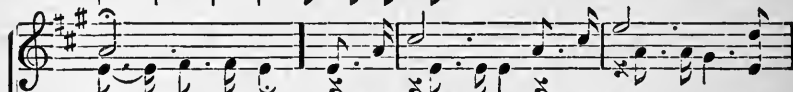
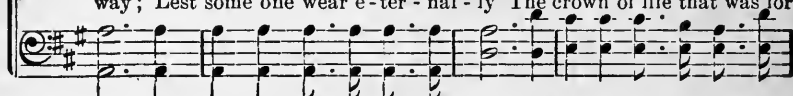
J. H. TENNEY.



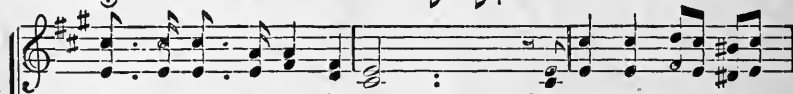
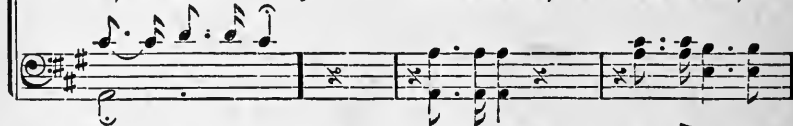
1. O Christian, i - dle all the day! 'Tis not e - nough to wait and
2. Oh! stand not id - ly waiting by When sounds abroad the harvest
3. Oh! work in earnest for the Lord, And trust him for the great re -
4. Then to thy task! no more delay! Lest others bear the sheaves a -



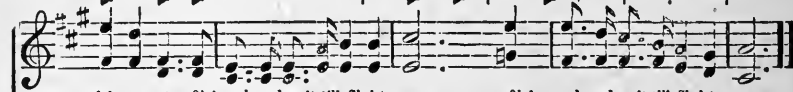
pray; The time is short, the la - bor great, Oh! work for Jesus while you
cry! Go forth in - to the ripened field, And there for God the sickle
ward; 'Tis he who la - bors wins the prize—No idler ever gained the
way; Lest some one wear e - ter - nal - ly The crown of life that was for



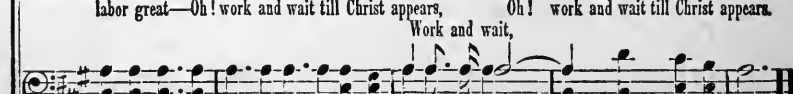
wait, while you wait. Work and wait, work and wait, E -
wield, the sickle wield. }
skies, gained the skies. }
thee, that was for thee. } Work and wait, Work and wait, E -



ter - ni - ty of rest is near; The time is short, the
Work and wait.



labor great—Oh! work and wait till Christ appears, Oh! work and wait till Christ appears.



Work and wait, work and wait till

I AM THE LIGHT.

388.

THEO. HYATT.
Moderato.

John 8 : 12.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. { My path is dark, Lord, very dark, No ray of light illumes my way ; }
 { A sweet voice whispers, Sad one, hark ! [OMIT 2d time.....] }

CHORUS.
 Oh, hear the blest Redeemer say: I am the light,
 I am the light, yes, I am the light,

I am the light, Oh, walk in the light, oh, walk in the light, oh,
 I am the light, yes, I am the light,

walk in the light, Then visions of bliss will break on thy sight, Break, break break on thy
 Break, will break, will

sight ; And the path I shall lead will ever be bright, Ever, yes, ever be bright !

2. I'm burdened, Lord, and sore oppress,
 I faint beneath the heavy load ;
 But Jesus says, In Me find rest ;
 For all along the weary road,
 I am the light, etc.
3. I'm vile, Lord, very very vile,
 And sin assails with mighty power ;
 A whisper comes, a heavenly smile,
 I'll cleanse thy heart this very hour.

4. I come, dear Lord, with every cloud,—
 My burdens all to thee I bring,
 And cast my sins, with praises loud,
 On him whose wondrous grace I sing.

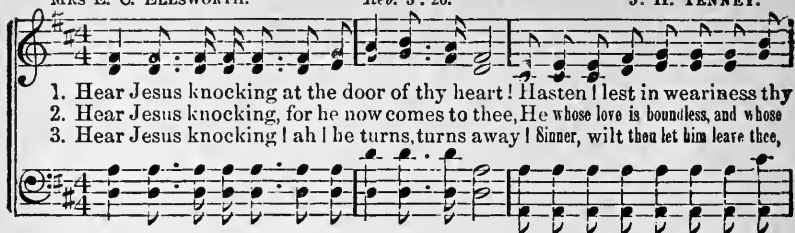
*Thou art the light ! thou art the light !
 Forever, dear Jesus, I'll walk in this light :
 Lo, visions of bliss now break on my sight,—
 It is glory, all glory, my pathway is bright,
 Ever, yes, ever is bright !*

HEAR JESUS KNOCKING.

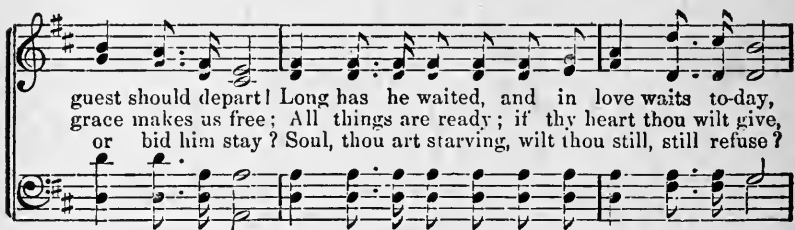
Mrs E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Rev. 3 : 20.

J. H. TENNEY.

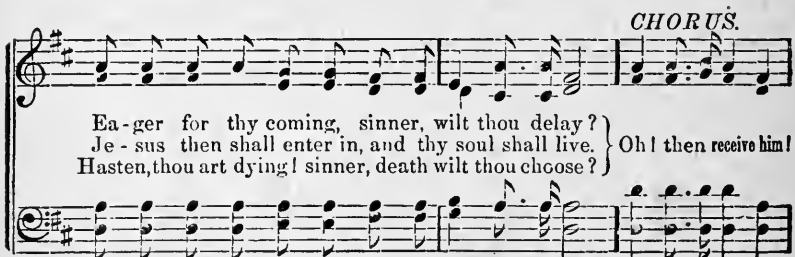


1. Hear Jesus knocking at the door of thy heart! Hasten! lest in weariness thy
2. Hear Jesus knocking, for he now comes to thee, He whose love is boundless, and whose
3. Hear Jesus knocking! ah! he turns, turns away! Sinner, wilt thou let him leave thee,



guest should depart! Long has he waited, and in love waits to-day,
 grace makes us free; All things are ready; if thy heart thou wilt give,
 or bid him stay? Soul, thou art starving, wilt thou still, still refuse?

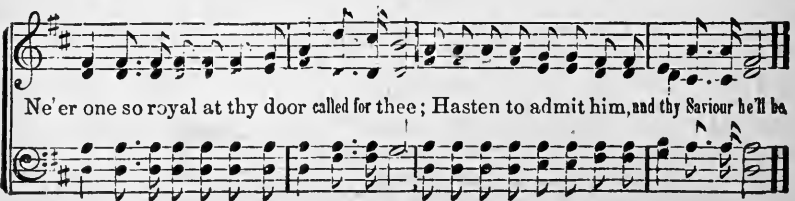
CHORUS.



Ea-ger for thy coming, sinner, wilt thou delay? }
 Je - sus then shall enter in, and thy soul shall live. } Oh! then receive him!
 Hasten, thou art dying! sinner, death wilt thou choose? }



Christ shall be thine! Never didst thou en - ter - tain a-guest so divine



Ne'er one so royal at thy door called for thee; Hasten to admit him, and thy Saviour he'll be

SALVATION ECHOES.

EXHORTATION.

390.

ARRANGED.

1. O! for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for
 A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, thy
 A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me;.....
 me; A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.
 blood; A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me.
 free-ly spilt for me,..... So free-ly spilt for me.
 A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free ly spilt for me.

- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean;
 Which neither life nor death can part,
 From Him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

391.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim—
 To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.

- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinners ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

DELAY NOT TO COME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. De - lay not to come to Christ! The moments are fleet - ing
 2. De - lay not to come to Christ! Thy heart will grow hard as
 3. De - lay not to come to Christ! For soon it may be . too

on, And ere thou art scarce a - ware, The
 steel, Un - til, though the Sav - iour calls, Thy
 late, And thou may'st be left in sin, Un -

CHORUS.

day of thy life may be gone. } De - lay not to
 spir - it no long - er can feel. }
 pardoned at sweet mercy's gate. } De - lay not, de - lay not, O

come, . . . De - lay not to come, . . . While
 sin - ner, to come, De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come, For

Je - sus in - vites. . . . Delay not, delay not to come.
 Jesus hath power to save thee this hour, Oh, delay not, delay not to come!

THE THRONE IN MY HEART. 393.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Within the tem-ple of my heart The Saviour has a blest retreat;
 2. He keeps the kingdom of my soul In constant and in perfect peace;
 3. No foes can drive him from the throne, While he wields love-controlling sway;

In - to that sa - cred, hallowed shrine There come no sin-polluted feet.
 I give my - self to his con - trol, The Lord is mine, and I am his.
 He cares for and de - fends his own, And keeps them to the perfect day.

CHORUS.

O Je - sus! reign thou in my heart, Up-on the mys-tic in - ner

throne, in - ner throne, And all thy wealth of love im-

part, And seal and keep me all thine own.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Gos-pel train is com-ing, hark! I hear it just at hand; I
 2. No sleep-ers on this highway, for all must watch and pray, For
 3. She's near-ing now the sta-tion! O, ye sin-ners, don't be vain, But

hear the car-wheels rolling on, and rumbling thro' the land; The
 soon we'll reach the ci - ty of ev - er - last - ing day; The
 come and get your tick-ets, and be read - y for the train; The

'whistle blows—I hear the bell—she's coming round the curve; She's plying all her
 angels there will meet us, the blood-wash'd throng will sing, 'To him be all the
 way is free, and all may go—the rich and poor are there; No sec - ond-class on

CHORUS.

steam and pow'r; yes, straining ev'ry nerve. Then come on board, come on board,
 glory, we'll crown him, crown him King. [There's
 board the cars, no difference in the fare.

room enough for all; Oh, come on board, come on board, 'tis mercy's gracious call.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS. 395.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Oh, ble-sed fel-low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je-sus' side,--So close that I can hear The

pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here, Makes life with bliss re-plete. In
soft-est whispers of his love, In fel-lowship so dear. And

u-nion with the pur-est one I find my heav'n on earth begun.
feel his great al-migh-ty hand Pro-jects me in this hos-tile land.

CHORUS.

Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime, I've Jesus with me all the time, Oh,

wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime, I've Je-sus with me all the time.

3 I'm leaning on his loving breast
Along life's weary way;
My path, illumined by his smiles,
Grows brighter every day
No foes, no woes my heart can fear,
With my almighty friend so near

4 I know his sheltering wings of love
Are always o'er me spread,
And tho' the storms may fiercely rage,
All calm and free from dread,
My peaceful spirit ever sings
"I'll trust the covert of thy wings."

NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. O. CUSHING.

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou dost call, All hopeless and unfor-
 2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all
 3. Oh! haste thee and fly, while mercy is near; Remember the love that he

giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate, Should
 o - ver, To know that the reapers had gathered the grain, And
 gave you; The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee still, And

REFRAIN.

answer: No room in heaven! }
 left thee alone for-ev - er! } Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in
 Jesus now waits to save you. }

Cho. for last verse—Room, room, still there is room, Oh! come while

heav-en for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for
 yet there is room; Still room, still room, Oh! come while yet there is

Slow and soft.

thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!
 room; Still room, still room, Oh! come while yet there is room.

LOST BUT FOUND.

397.

F. J. C.

From "SACRED ECHOES," by per.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Oh, the joy that fits my heart! Oh, the grate-ful tears that start, When I
 2. List but found, oh, wondrous thought! To his fold in nier-ey brought; Saved by

think of Je - sus' love! How he came that he might bear All my
 When I think Jesus' love!
 grace, his grace di-vine; Heir with him of bliss untold, Soon his
 Saved by grace. grace divine;

weight of sin and care, How he came from heav'n a-bove.
 glo-ry I'll be-hold, What a bless How he came from heav'n above.
 ed hope is mine!
 What a ble-sed hope is mine, What a blessed hope is mine.

CHORUS.
 Endless praise, endless praise To the Lord my soul shall raise;
 Endless praise, endless pra-se, To the Lord, my soul shall raise!

Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now I live a-gain.
 Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now I live, but now I live again, live again.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. Lost but found! I now can sing
 Vict'ry through my Savior King,
 : Vict'ry ev'ry day and hour :
 Vict'ry still will be my song
 When I join the ransom'd throng,
 : Vict'ry o'er the tempter's power. : </p> | <p>4. O that all the world would prove
 How a pard'ning God can love.
 : How he waits for all who come! :
 O that all the world might see
 What his grace hath done for me!
 : How he welcomes wand'ers home. : </p> |
|---|---|

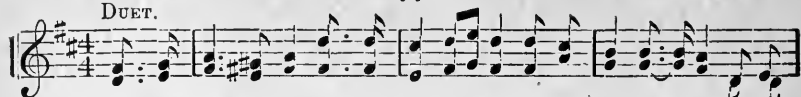
THE NEW SONG.

FLORA L. BEST.

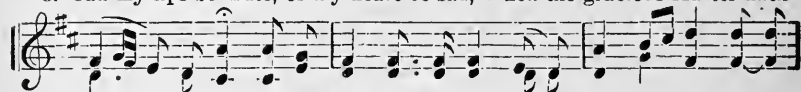
By per.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

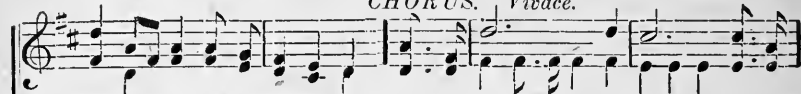
DUET.



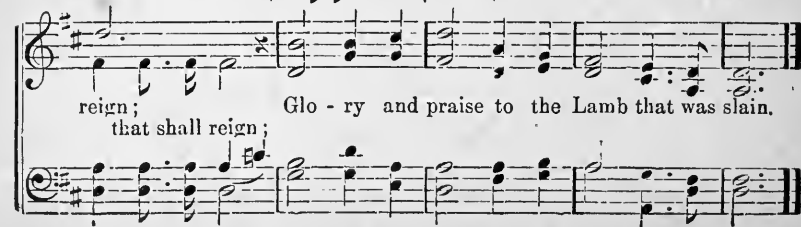
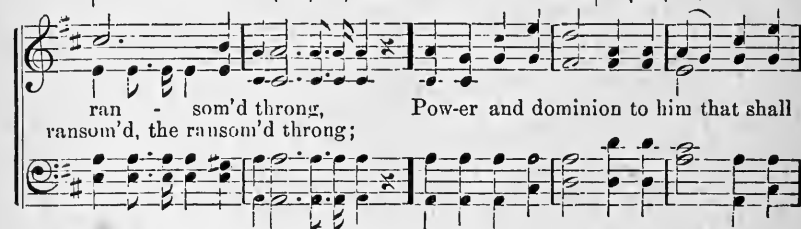
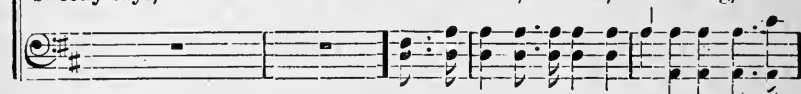
1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gracious Master hath



bird in Spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I
made me glad? When he points where the many mansions be, And

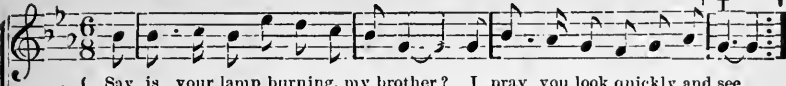
CHORUS. *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. Oh, the new, new song! Oh, the
sing the psalm they are singing there.
sweetly says, "There is one for thee?" Oh, the new, new song,

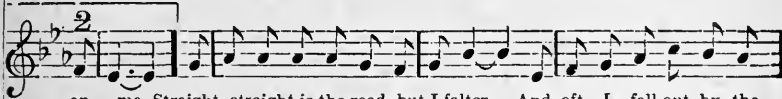


IS YOUR LAMP BURNING, BROTHER? 399.

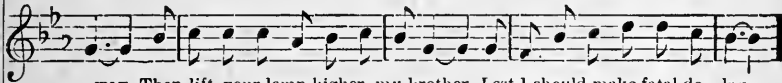
WM. W. BENTLEY, *by per.*



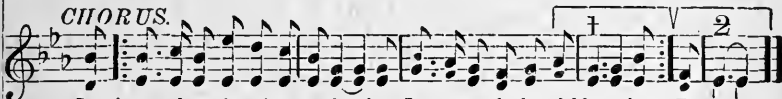
1. { Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see,
For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly up-
2. { There are ma - ny and many around you, Who fol - low wherev - er you go;
If you thought they would walk in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter,
3. { If once all the lamps that are lighted, Should steadi - ly blaze in a line;
Wide o - ver the laud and the o - cean, What a girdle of glo - ry.....



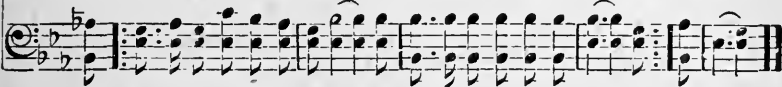
on me. Straight, straight is the road, but I falter, And oft I fall out by the
I know. Upon the dark mountain they stumble, They're buried on rocks where they
would shine. How all the dark places would brighten! How the mist would roll up and a-



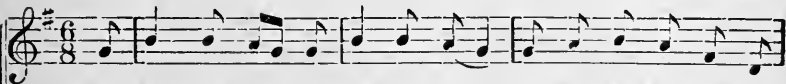
way, Then lift your lamp higher, my brother, Lest I should make fatal de - lay.
lie, With their white, pleading faces turned upward To the clouds and the pitiful sky.
way, How earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the millenni - al day!



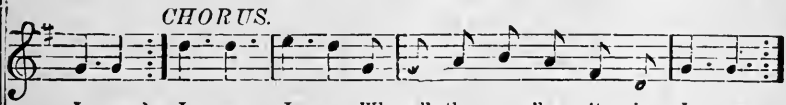
Say, is your lamp burning, my brother, I pray you look quickly and see, For ...
it were burning, then surely some beams would fall bright up - on me.



ALL THE WAY 'LONG IT IS JESUS. 400.



1. { Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, All the way 'long it is
May none of us from thee de - part, All the way 'long it is



Je - sus. } Je - sus, Je - sus, Why, all the way 'long it is Je - sus.
Je - sus. }

2 But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

3 This note above the rest shall swell,
That Jesus doeth all things well.

THE SWING OF CONQUEST.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

From "QUIVER," by per.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK*

1. They come, the war - - - scarr'd vet'rauns come,..... With bu - gle
 war - scarr'd vet' - rauns come, they come.
 2. They come, the war - scarr'd Christian host,..... From mountain,
 war - scarr'd Chris - tian host, they come. they come,

blst, and beat of drum, With hearts of flame,.....
 With bu - gle blast, and beat of drum, With heart of flame,
 vale, and stormy coast, With hearts of flame.
 From mountain, vale, and stormy coast, With hearts of dame,

and flash - ing eye Their measured steps... .. go firm - ly by,.....
 and flash - ing eye, go firm - ly by, go firmly by,
 and flash - ing eye..... They through the pati. - ways to the sky, ...
 and flash - ing eye, -ways to the sky, to the sky.

CHORUS.
 While banners float a - bove their heads, And swing of
 While banners float a - bove their heads,

con - quest marks their tread, While banners float a - bove their
 And swing of conquest marks their tread, marks their tread; While banners float

THE SWING OF CONQUEST—Concluded.

heads,..... The swing of con - quest marks their tread.....
a - bove their heads, The swing of conquest marks their tread, marks their tread,

3 They come, the children see they come,
With happy hearts their banners fly,
Hosanna sing! Hosanna shout!
We'll meet and greet him by and by.

HOSANNA TO OUR KING.

402.

DUETT.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. When Je - sus left the throne of God, He chose a hum ble birth; A
2. Like him may we be found be - low, In wisdom's paths of peace; Like
3. When Je - sus in - to Sa - lem rode, The children sang a - round; For
4. Oh, may we learn to love his name, That name di - vine - ly sweet; May

man of griefs, like us he trod, A lone - ly path on earth.
him in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength in - crease.
joy they plucked the palms and strewed Their garments on the ground.
ev' - ry pulse thro' life pro - claim, And our last breath re - peat!

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na our glad voices raise, Ho - sau - na to our Savior
Ho - san - na our glad voices raise, Ho -

King; Could we forget our Savior's praise, The stones themselves would sing.
sanna to our King;

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

ROBERT MORRIS. LL. D.

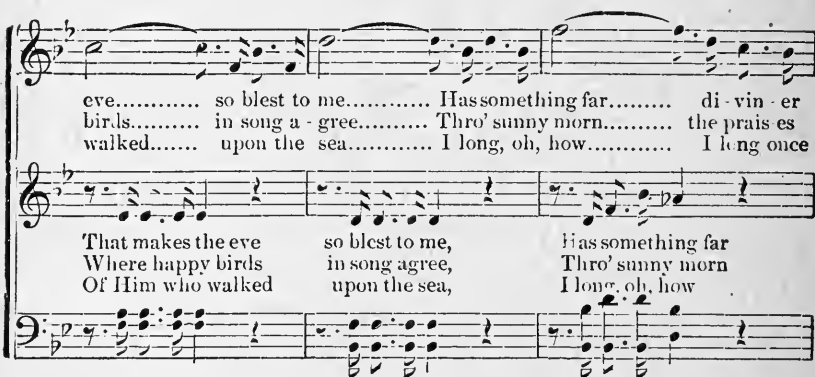
H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Each cooing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow'ry glen..... and moss-y dell..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of Him who

1. Each cooing dove, and sighing bough,
 2. Each flow'ry glen, and moss y dell,
 3. And when I read the thrilling lore

Bass,



eve..... so blest to me..... Has something far..... di-vin-er
 birds..... in song a-gree..... Thro' sunny morn..... the prais es
 walked..... upon the sea..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

That makes the eye so blest to me, Has something far
 Where happy birds in song agree, Thro' sunny morn
 Of Him who walked upon the sea, I long, oh, how



now..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
 more..... To follow Him..... in Gal-i-lee.....

di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.
 the praises tell Of sights and sound in Gal-i-lee.
 I long once more To fol-low Him in Gal-i-lee.

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so much to be Oh,
Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

PURER IN HEART.

404.

Mrs A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de-
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I thy

vote my life Whol - ly to thee. Watch thou my wayward feet,
do thy will Most lov - ing - ly, Be thou my friend and guide,
ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

Guide me with counsel sweet, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with thee a - bide, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Reign thou my soul within, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

ANNIE HERBERT.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills,
 2. If we err in human blindness, And forget that we are dust;
 3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Fa - ther knows his own,

And the sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the hills,
 If we miss the law of kind - ness When we struggle to be just,
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rainbow of the spray, —
 Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides away, —
 Love, be - yond the orient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day,

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
 When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known, Nev - er - more to walk a -
 We shall know as we are known, Nevermore

WE SHALL KNOW.—Concluded.

lone, In the dawn - ing of the morning, When the
to walk alone, In the dawning of the morning,

mists have cleared a - way; In the dawn - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away, In the dawning

morn-ing, When the mists have cleared away.
When the mists have cleared away.

BLESS THE LORD.

406.

A SERVICE OF PRAISE.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Bless the Lord,	Bless the Lord,	Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.
2. For His peace,	For His peace,	Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.
3. For His love,	For His love,	Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.
4. For His joy,	For His joy,	Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.

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CLING CLOSER TO JESUS.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

John 16 : 33.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Cling closer to Jesus, Ye weary ones, cling, And rest 'neath the shadow
2. Cling closer to Je - sus, Ye penitents, cling, His mercy shall sweeten
3. Cling closer to Jesus, Come, Christian, and cling; Un - to him your troubles

Of his mighty wing; Nor from that blest shelter Go ev - er as - tray;
The bitterest sting; His patience, his kindness Come feel while you may;
And suffering bring; He'll bear every bur - den, And lighten your way;

CHORUS.

Cling closer to Je - sus, Cling closer to - day! }
Cling closer to Je - sus, Cling closer to - day! } Oh I cling to the Saviour,
Cling closer to Je - sus, Cling closer to - day! }

rit.

Your refuge and stay! Cling closer to Je - sus, Still closer to - day!

I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

1. Oh, I left it all with Jesus, long ago, long ago, My sinfulness I brought him, and my woe,
2. Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, for he knows, for he knows, Just how to take the bitter fr. m life's woes,
3. Oh, I leave it all with Jesus, day by day, day by day, My faith can firmly trust I in, come what may

And when by faith I saw him on the tree, And heard his still, small whisper, "Tis for thee,"
And how to gild the tear-drop with his smile, To make the desert garden bloom awhile,
For hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest, Within the calm sure haven of his breast,

From my weary heart the burden rolled away, rolled away, And now I'm singing glory, happy day.
Then, with all my weakness leaning on his might, on his might, My soul sings hallelujah, all is light.
And, oh! 'tis joy of heaven to abide, to abide, Close to my dear Redeemer, at his side.

REPENT AND BELIEVE.

409.

FANNIE J. CROSBY,

G. P. BENJAMIN, by per.

1 Stay not till to-morrow, oh, sin-ner, a-rise, To seek thy sal-va-tion, Be
2 Stay not till to-morrow, this mo-ment, improve, The Sa-vior invites thee Re-

ac-tive, be wise; The Fa-ther is wait-ing his child to re-ceive, He
ject not his love; The Sa- vior, who languished thy soul to re-trieve, This

CHORUS.

longs to embrace thee, re-pent and be-lieve. Re-pent and be-lieve, re-
on-ly he asks thee, re-pent and be-lieve.

-pent and be-lieve, Oh, would'st thou be happy, re-pent and be-lieve.

3 Stay not till to-morrow, its light may
behold,
Thy form and thy features all lifeless
and cold;
The Spirit entreating, oh, why wilt thou
grieve?
Be warned of thy danger, repent and
believe.

4 Come, kneel at the cross where the Sa-
vior has died,
Come wash in the fountain that flows
from his side;
Now trust him by faith, and a bless-
ing receive,
He only can save thee, repent and be-
lieve.

410.

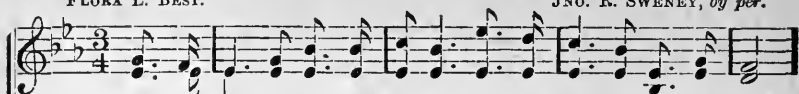
1 O for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
4 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine.
And melt and change this heart of mine.

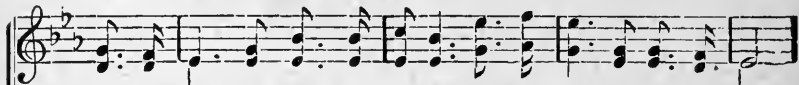
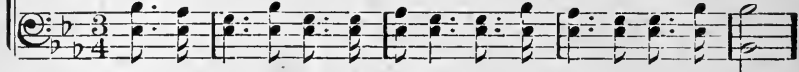
411. OH! 'TIS GLORY IN MY SOUL.

FLORA L. BEST.

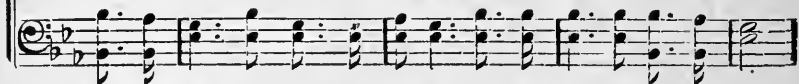
JNO. R. SWENEY, *by per.*



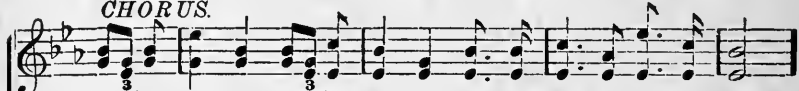
1. To thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, All my ref-uge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a-side thy grace;
3. Love e-ter-nal, light e-ter-nal, Close me safely, sweet-ly in;



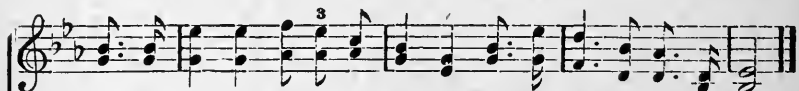
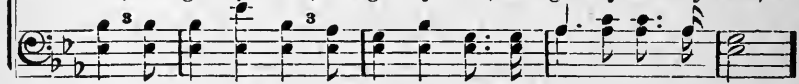
Matchless is thy lov-ing-kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
 Yet, oh, boundless con-de-scension, Love is shining from thy face.
 Sav-iour, let thy balm of healing Ev-er keep me free from sin.



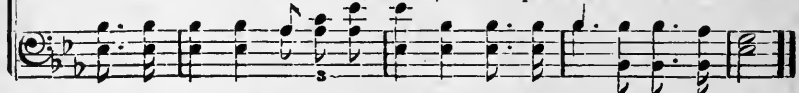
CHORUS.



Oh, 'tis glo-ry! Oh, 'tis glo-ry! Oh, 'tis glo-ry in my soul,



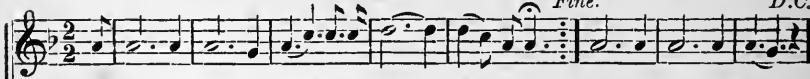
For I've touched the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.



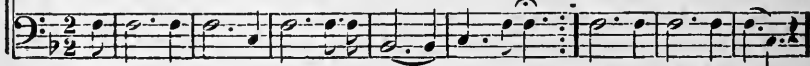
412. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

By Rev. B. W. GORHAM.

Fine. D.C.



1. { The world is o-ver-come By the blood of the Lamb, } Glo-ry to the Lamb.
 { The world is o-ver-come By the blood of the Lamb, } Glo-ry to the Lamb.
 Glo-ry to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb.



- 2 My sins are washed away
 In the blood of the Lamb.
- 3 I've washed my garments white
 In the blood of the Lamb.

- 4 The martyrs overcame
 By the blood of the Lamb.
- 5 I soon shall mount the skies
 Through the blood of the Lamb.

SINKING OUT OF SELF.

413.

REV W F. CRAFTS. From "WELCOME TIDINGS," by per

R LOWRY.

1. Now cru - ci - fied with Christ I am, The self with-in is slain; But
 2. Dead to the world with sin I am, A - live to God a - lone; The
 3 The throne of self with - in my heart The King of saints does fill; My
 4 Here - af - ter, "it is no more I," Nor "sin" that rul - eth me; Reign,

still I live, and yet not I— Christ lives in me a - gain.
 life I have, I live by faith In Gods be - lov - ed Son.
 spir - it crowns Him Lord of all, And waits to do His will.
 reign for - ev - er, - bles - sed Christ, My all I give to Thee.

CHORUS.

I am sinking out of self, out of self, in-to Christ, Sinking out of self in-to Christ, I am

sinking sinking, sinking out of self, Sinking out of self in - to Christ.

414.

1 I love thy church, O God!
 Her walls before thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of thine eye,
 And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

415.

STILL THERE IS ROOM.

MRS. VANALSTYNE,

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Thank God for the feast of the gos - pel, Where all are in - vit - ed to come;

Tho' millions have tast - ed its full - ness, O praise Him that still there is room:

CHORUS.

Still there is room, Still there is room, O praise Him that still there is room; there is room.

Still there is room, still there is room; O praise Him that still there is room, is room.

- 2 Come, ye that are hungry and thirsty,
The feast is provided for you;
O come without money and purchase
The bread that your souls will renew.
- 3 The pleasures of earth are but fleeting,
Like blossoms they soon will decay;
O come to the feast of the gospel,
Thro' Jesus, the Life and the Way.

416.

- 1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
CHORUS.
Oh, let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse the heart from sin!
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands,
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 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.

NO COMPROMISE WITH WRONG.

417.

Mrs. M. A. COLLINS

From "TIDAL WAVES."

W. H. DOANE.

With vigor.

1. Lo! a mighty host is rising now, See! their banner is unfurled!
 2. See the mighty host advancing now! Look! the proud oppressors flee!
 3. Weary watchers, cease your vigils now, For the morning surely comes;
 4. Sing, O Zi-on! no more desolate, Lift thine eyes, the brightness see!

Its fair legend, Truth and Righteousness; Spread the tidings thro' the world.
 So our country breaks its fetters off, And her captive sons are free.
 Night is fleeing, joy is dawning now On your hearts and on your homes.
 Thy Redeemer makes thee glo ri-ous, Thine oppressors bend to thee.

CHORUS.

No com-prom-ise! no compromise! No more yielding to the

foe; No compromise! no compromise! No, no, no, no, no, no, NO!

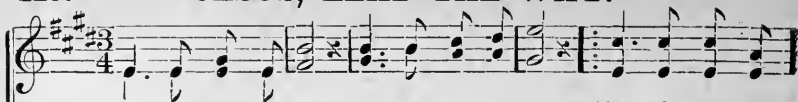
418.

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

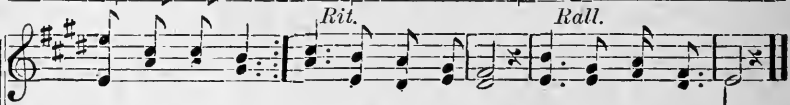
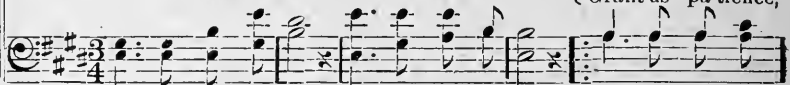
2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus
 Stand in his strength alone:
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or drnger,
 Be never wanting there.

419.

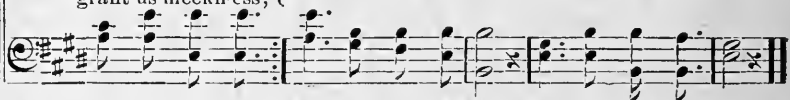
JESUS, LEAD THE WAY.



1. Je - sus, lead the way, So we shall not stray { From the path while
But shall fol - low
2. Should our fare be hard, Be thou our re - ward; { Should our days be
And our bur - dens
3. Should the tempter's darts Vex and wound our hearts, { Then in all our
Grant us pa - tience,

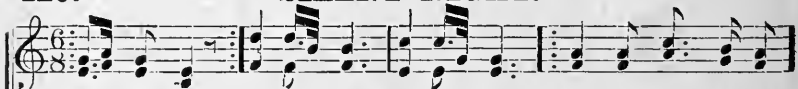


- here a - bid - ing, { Lead us by the hand, To that bet - ter land.
thy safe guid - ing;
ve - ry drea - ry, { Lead us by the hand, To that bet - ter land.
ve - ry wea - ry,
woe and weak - ness, { Lead us by the hand, To that bet - ter land.
grant us meek - ness;

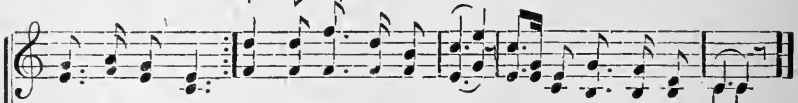
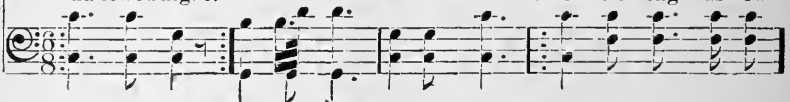


420.

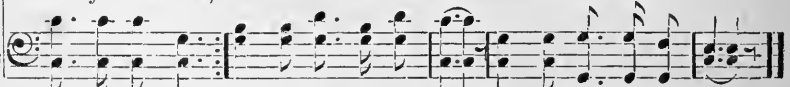
SILENT NIGHT.



1. Si - lent night! Land and deep si - lent sleep, Soft - ly glit - ters bright
hal - lowed night! Beck - on - ing Is - ra -



Beth - le - hem's star, Where the Saviour is born, Where the Saviour is born.
el's eye from afar,



- 2 Silent night! hal - lowed night!
On the plain wakes the strain,
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,
Filled with tidings of boundless delight,
: Jesus, the Saviour, has come: ||
- 3 Silent night! hal - lowed night!
Earth, awake! silence break!
High your chorus of melody raise,
Sing to heaven in anthems of praise,
: Peace forever shall reign.: ||

FALLING LEAVES.

421.

By per. of C. E. Lestlie.
Andante.

R. H. RANDALL.

1. They are fall-ing, slow-ly falling, Thick up - on the for - est side,
2. They are fall-ing, sad - ly falling, Close be - side our cottage door,
3. They are fall-ing on the streamlet, Where the silv'ry waters flow,

Severed from the noble branches, Where they waved in beauteous pride;
Pale and faded, like the loved ones, They have gone for-ev - er more;
And up - on the pla-cid bo - som Onward with the wa - ters go;

They are fall-ing in the valleys, Where the ear-ly violets spring,
They are fall-ing, and the sunbeams Shine in beauty soft a-round;
They are falling in the churchyard, Where our kindred sweetly sleep,

Where the birds in sunny Spring-time For us dul - cet mu - sic sing.
Yet the faded leaves are fall-ing, Fall-ing on the mos - sy ground.
Where the i - dle winds of Summer Soft - ly o'er their ash-es sweep.

422.

- 1 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day,
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Thro' the twilight, soft and gray.
- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the Summer-time is faded,
And the Autumn winds have come.

- Quickly, reapers, quickly gather
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

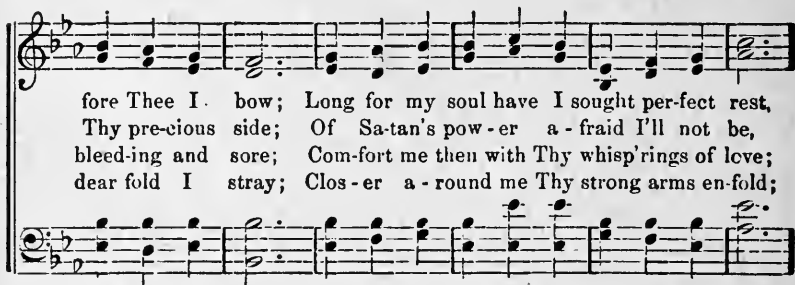
CLOSER TO THEE.

MRS. ANNA WILLIS.

H. M. WILLIS.

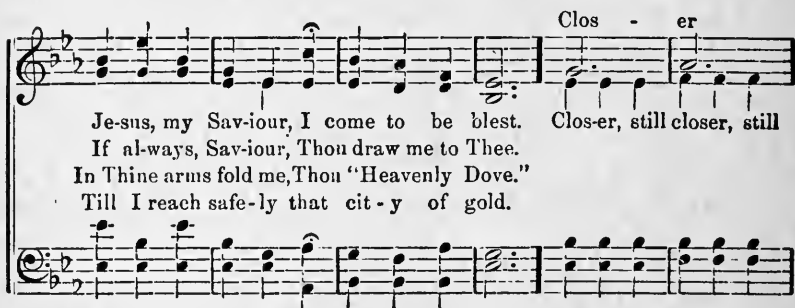


1. Draw me, dear Sav-iour, still clos-er to Thee, Hum-bly be-
 2. Clos-er when sore-ly I'm tempt-ed and tried, Draw me to
 3. Clos-er when loved fac-es I see no more, And my heart's
 4. Clos-er to Thee, Sav-iour, draw me each day, Lest from Thy



fore Thee I bow; Long for my soul have I sought per-fect rest,
 Thy pre-cious side; Of Sa-tan's pow-er a-fraid I'll not be,
 bleed-ing and sore; Com-fort me then with Thy whisp'rings of love;
 dear fold I stray; Clos-er a-round me Thy strong arms en-fold;

CHORUS.



Clos - er
 Je-sus, my Sav-iour, I come to be blest. Clos-er, still closer, still
 If al-ways, Sav-iour, Thou draw me to Thee.
 In Thine arms fold me, Thou "Heavenly Dove."
 Till I reach safe-ly that cit-y of gold.



Clos-
 clos-er to Thee, Draw me with sweet cords of love Clos-er, still
 sweet cords of love;

CLOSER TO THEE.—Concluded.

er
 closer, still closer to Thee, Draw me, dear Saviour, still closer to Thee, to Thee.

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A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS. 424.

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A lit-tle talk with Je-sus, When tempt-ed by the way, I know He al-
2. A lit-tle talk with Je-sus, When troubled, tempted, tried, He keeps in per-
3. I love to talk with Je-sus, I know 'twill not be long Till I shall join

Cho.—The blood of Jesus cleanseth, Oh, precious is the flow! The blood of Je-

ways waits to hear When I be-gin to pray; He's promised to be with me Where-
 perfect peace each day While walking by His side: His wondrous peace and joy gives Me
 the white-robed choir, And sing the new, new song: But while I sing of Jesus, A
 sus cleanseth now, It cleanseth white as snow; Oh, happy, happy day, when He

ev-er I may go,—His precious blood now cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.
 love without alloy, His precious blood now cleanseth white as snow.
 pilgrim here below, I'll sing His blood now cleanseth white as snow.
 washed my sins away,—The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow.

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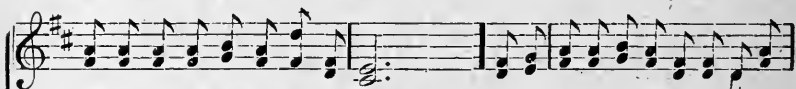
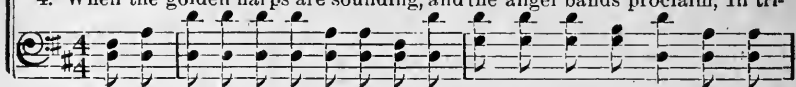
425. WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE!

J. H. K.

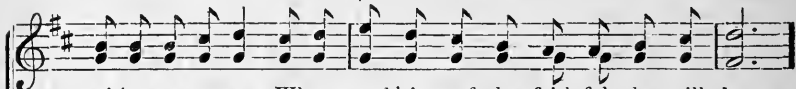
J. H. KURZENKNABK. *By per.*



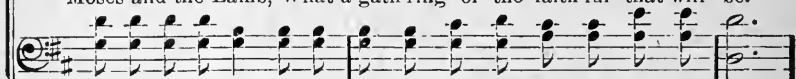
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, When the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden come to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-



greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and the lov'd ones there a-gather, and the saved and ransomed see, Then to meet again together, on the "Lord in all his glory we shall see, At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye umphant strains the glorious jubilee. Then to meet and join the song of
crystal sea.



waiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.
bright celestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.
blessed to my right," What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.
Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be.



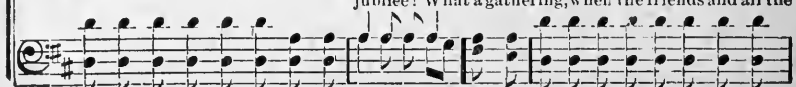
REFRAIN.



What a gath'ring, gath'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we'll meet with one an-oth-er,



sounding of the glorious jubilee! What a gath'ring,
jubilee! What a gathering, when the friends and all the



WHAT A GATHERING, &c.—Concluded.

gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful that will be.
dear ones meet each other,

JESUS COMES.

426.

MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, *by per.*

1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo! the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking,
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark! his chariot wheels are rumbling,
4. Nations wane, though proud and stately, Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly,

Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning, Ready for your Lord's returning.
Blood-washed robes and crowns of glory: Haste to tell Redemption's story.
Tell, oh, tell of grace abounding, While the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her latest pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.

REFRAIN. Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious, Jesus comes to reign victorious.

Repeat Refrain.

Lo! he comes, Lo! Je - sus comes.

Lo! he comes, (Omit.) Yes, Je - sus comes.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Lamb of God! thou meek and lowly,
Judah's Lion! high and holy, [thee,
Lo! thy "Bride comes forth to meet
All in blood-washed robes to greet thee.</p> | <p>6 Sinners come, while Christ is pleading,
Now for you he's interceding;
Haste, ere grace and time diminished,
Shall proclaim the mystery finished.</p> |
|--|---|

ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Sal - va - tion! Oh, the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears!
 2. Sal - va - tion! let the e - cho fly The spacious earth a - round,
 3. Sal - va - tion! Oh, thou bleeding Lamb, To thee the praise belongs!

A sovereign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
 While all the ar - mies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.
 Sal - va - tion shall inspire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongue.

He is the on - ly ref - uge— fly! There's danger in de - lay.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Sin - ners, the hid - ing - place is nigh; The Sa - viour calls— a - way!

428.

TUNE—ZION.

D.

- 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine.
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine;
 Happy Zion—
 What a favored lot is thine!
- 2 Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more
 bright
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight;
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

429.

TUNE—ZION.

D.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land:
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and
 shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Lead me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

VICTORY.

430

THOS. K. DOTT.
Con spirito.

2 Cor. 2:14.

C. E. ROWLEY.
Arr. by H. L. R.

1. Oh! praise God! exalt him in rap - turous lays; The Mighty One
2. My whole heart I give him, for cleansing from sin, The lone way and
3. He pur - i - fies me, and my soul is a - glow, With conscious sal-

rich - ly de - serveth our praise; He leadeth his children from morning till
narrow, by faith en - ter in; Now Je - sus receives me—his glo - ry re -
vation from each inward foe: My heart shall give honor and glory to

CHORUS.
night; He clotheth them ever in garments of light. }
veals; The witness he gives me—with perfect love fills. } The Lord gives the vict'ry—the
him Who ut - ter - ly saveth, and dwelleth within. }

glory be his; My soul the blest triumph from Jesus receives; Oh, praise him for

ever! the glad notes prolong; Exalt the Redeemer, and crown him in song!

MIGHTY TO SAVE

Words and Music by L. H. BAKER.

1. Trust in the Gracious One, make Him your choice, Trust in the
 2. Trust in the Pleading One, His pray'r as-cends, Trust in the
 3. Trust in the Sav-ing One, His grace re-ceive, Trust in the

Teaching One, and hear His voice; Trust in the Lov-ing One,
 Ho - ly One. He right de-fends; Trust in the Ten-der One,
 Faitu-ful One. His word be-lieve; Trust in the Ris-in One,

His life He gave, Trust in the Mighty One, might-y to save.
 His mer-cy crave, Trust in the Mighty One, might-y to save.
 fear not the grave, Trust in the Mighty One, might-y to save.

CHORUS.

Might-y to save (us free-ly), Might-y to save (us ful-ly),

Je-sus, the Might-y One, Might-y to save. 1st. might-y to save. 2d.

HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

432

Words and Music by WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. The Lord of love my Shepherd is, He lead-eth me,
 2. My trust-ing soul He safe-ly guides For His name's sake,
 3. He crowns my head, gives dai-ly bread, My heart to cheer,

He lead-eth me Where pastures grow, and streamlets flow,
 For His name's sake; And ev'-ry day a heavenward way
 My heart to cheer! No cru-el foe, nor want nor woe,


CHORUS.

He feed-eth me, He feed-eth me. Dear Shepherd, keep thy trusting
 My path doth make, My path doth make.
 Have I to fear, Have I to fear.

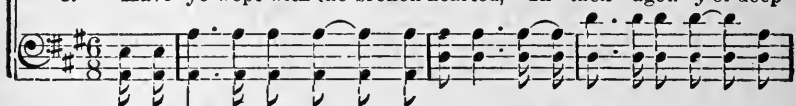
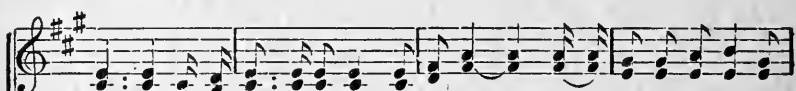
Dear Shepherd, keep thy
 child; Be Thou my guard, be Thou my guide, Till safe with-in
 trusting child; Be Thou my guard, be Thou my guide, Till safe within

Thy heavenly fold, For-ev-er-more I shall a-bide.

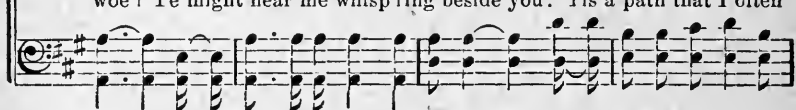
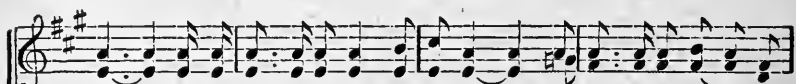
Thy heavenly fold, For-ev-er-more I shall a-bide.



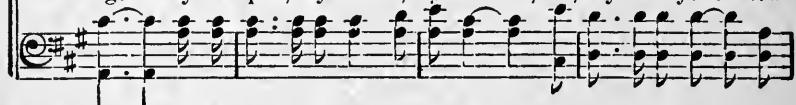
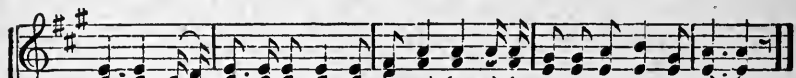
1. Have ye looked for my sheep in the desert, For those who have missed their
2. Have you folded close to your bosom The trembling, neglect-ed
3. Have ye carried the liv-ing wa-ter To the parched and thirsty
4. Have ye stood by the sad and weary, To smooth the dark pillow of
5. Have ye wept with the broken-hearted, In their agon-y of deep

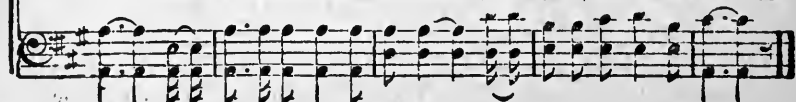
way? Have ye been in the wild, waste places Where the lost and the wand'ring
lamb, And taught to the little lost one The sound of the Shepherd's
soul? Have ye said to the sick and wounded, Christ Jesus can make thee
death, To comfort the sorrow-stricken, And strengthen the feeble
woe? Ye might hear me whisp'ring beside you: 'Tis a path that I often

stray? Have ye trodden the lonely highway, The foul and the darksome
name? Have ye searched for the poor and needy Unclothed, with no home, no
whole?" Have ye proffered my fainting children The strength of the Father's
faith? Have ye felt when the golden glory Has streamed thro' the open
go. My disciples, my friends, my brethren, Oh, say! can ye fol - low

street? It may be ye'd see in the gloaming, The print of Christ's wounded feet.
bread? The Son of Man was among them, He had nowhere to lay his head.
hand? Have ye guided the tott'ring footsteps To the shores of the "golden land"
door, And flitted across the shadows, That I had been there before?
me? Then wherever the Master dwelleth, There, too, shall the servant be.



REPENTANCE.

434

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been
 2. I am low-est of those who love him, I am weakest of those who

more, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But I'll
 pray; But I come as he has bid-den, And

CHORUS.
 knock at the o - pen door..... I know I am weak and
 he will not say me nay.

sin-ful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear

Sa - vior shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.....

3 My mistakes his free grace will cover,
 My sins he will wash away,
 And the feet that shrink and falter
 Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
 And my spirit is sick with sin,
 And I scarce can see for weeping,
 But the Savior will let me in.

THE GRACE OF GOD.

"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

Viola.

J. G. DAILEY.

1. Thy grace, O my Saviour, has wrought us release, When sin and temptation were
2. We know we are weak, and we're thoughtless at times, We murmur and grieve Thee, our
3. O send us Thy Spirit, Lord, keep us from sin, And lead us in pathways of

nigh; And weakness soon vanished when Thee we besought, Thy strength in [its stead
Friend; But Father, we love Thee! Thou knowest we do, Yet loving, how can
peace; Our Father, O graciously grant us thy strength, 'Twill always afford

CHORUS.

to sup-ply. In my weakness I am strengthened
we of-fend! I am strengthened In my weakness,
us re-lease. I am strengthened In my weakness,

In my weakness I am strengthened, In my weakness
I am strengthened In my weakness,

Repeat pp.
I am strengthened, Made stronger by the grace of God.
I am strengthened In my weakness,

I'M GLAD I ENTERED IN.

436

(Written on the seventeenth anniversary in Beulah Land.)

Words and Music by

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I wan-dered in the wil-der-ness, I knew I was a child.
 2. An-oth-er year of peace and joy While walk-ing in the light,—
 3. I'll tell His pow'r to save and keep 'Mid earth-ly cares and strife,—
 4. I'm press-ing on-ward tow'rd the goal To hear Him say, "well done,"

His love, His peace, His joy was mine,—My God was rec-on-ciled—
 An-oth-er year of sweet-est toil To keep the arm-or bright—
 To cleanse the heart from ev'-ry stain,—To give e-ter-nal life.
 To say with Paul, "I've fought the fight, Thro' grace the vic'try won."

But still I longed for Beau-lah Land, To rest from in-bred sin,
 An-oth-er year of per-fect love, Of sav-ing from all sin,—
 To fill with love,—give per-fect peace,—Each moment keep from sin;
 He came to seek and save the lost,—I would His help-er be,—

And when I ful-ly trust-ed Him, I'm glad I en-tered in.
 An-oth-er year of per-fect trust—I'm glad I en-tered in.
 Oh, won-drous ful-ness, joy com-plete,—I'm glad I en-tered in.
 I'd bring the world to Je-sus' feet,—I'm sure He'd set them free.

DON'T BE TOO LATE.

Words and Music arranged by R. E. HUDSON.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er - with'ring flowers:
 3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green;

In - fi - nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
 Death, like a nar - row sea di-vides This heavenly land from ours.
 So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jordan rolled be - tween.

CHORUS.

Then be pre - pared, to pass through the gol-den gate.
 Then be pre-pared to pass through the gold-en gate.

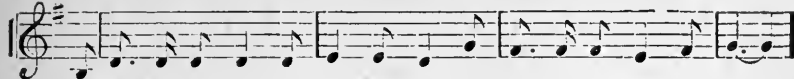
He now in - vites, O come ere it be too late.
 He now in-vites, O come ere it be too late.

SOLO ALTO.

Is there an-y-one here who is not prepared to en-ter that golden gate?

DON'T BE TOO LATE.—Concluded.

SOLO ALTO.



How sad it would be to hear him say, too late to en-ter the gate.

DUET.—Tenor and Alto.

Musical notation for the Duet part, consisting of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The two parts are written in a simple, rhythmic style.

Don't let it be said, too late, too late, to en-ter that gold-en gate;

Musical notation for the Duet part, consisting of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The two parts are written in a simple, rhythmic style.

Be read-y, for soon the time will come, How sad it would be if too late.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the Chorus part, consisting of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The two parts are written in a simple, rhythmic style.

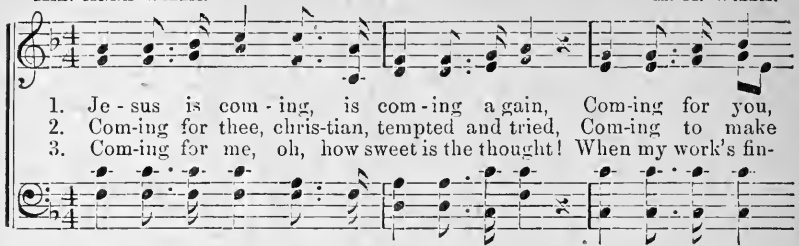
That beau-ti-ful gold-en gate, That beau-ti-ful gold-en gate,

Musical notation for the Chorus part, consisting of two staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The two parts are written in a simple, rhythmic style.

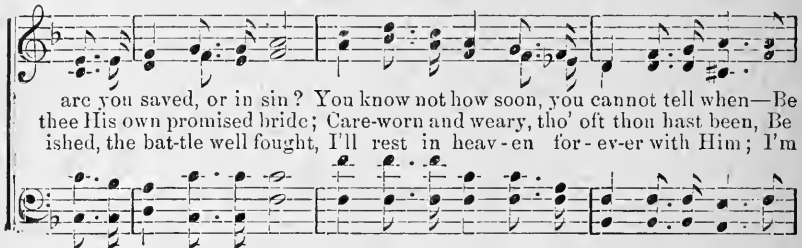
Be ready for soon the time will come, How sad it would be if too late.

MRS. ANNA WILLIS.

H. M. WILLIS.



1. Je - sus is com - ing, is com - ing a gain, Com - ing for you,
 2. Com - ing for thee, chris - tian, tempted and tried, Com - ing to make
 3. Com - ing for me, oh, how sweet is the thought! When my work's fin -

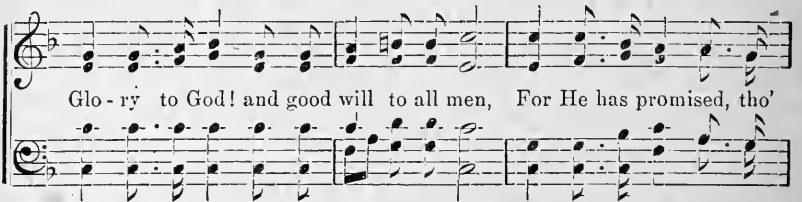


are you saved, or in sin? You know not how soon, you cannot tell when—Be
 thee His own promised bride; Care-worn and weary, tho' oft thou hast been, Be
 ished, the bat-tle well fought, I'll rest in heav - en for - ev - er with Him; I'm

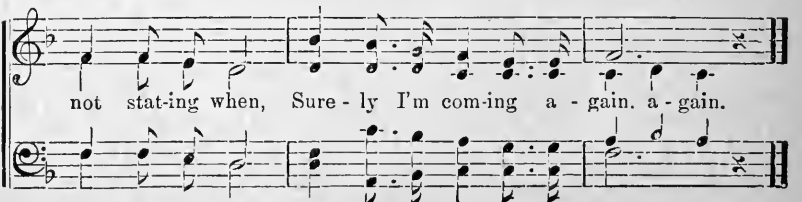
CHORUS.



read - y, He's com - ing a - gain. Je - sus is com - ing, com - ing a - gain,
 joy - ful, He's com - ing a - gain.
 glad He is com - ing a - gain.



Glo - ry to God! and good will to all men, For He has promised, tho'



not stat - ing when, Sure - ly I'm com - ing a - gain. a - gain.

SHOUT FOR JOY.

439

CHEERFUL.

Music and words arranged by R. E. HUDSON.

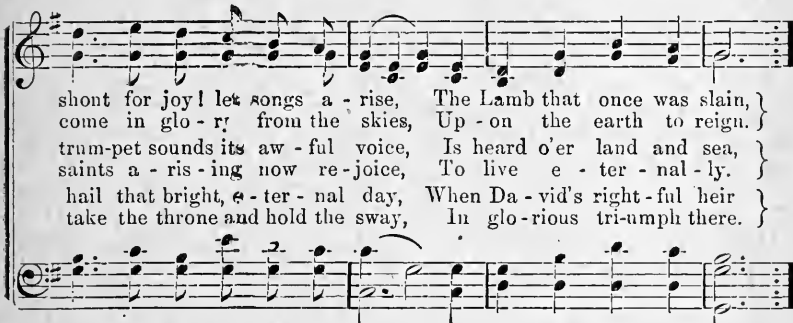


1. { O shout for joy! let songs arise, O shout for joy! let songs arise, O
Will come in glory from the skies, Will come in glory from the skies, Will

2. { The trumpet sounds its awful voice, The trumpet sounds its awful voice, The
And saints arising now rejoice, And saints arising now rejoice, And

3. { All hail that bright, eternal day, All hail that bright, eternal day, All
Shall take the throne and hold the sway, Shall take the throne and hold the sway, Shall

songs arise, songs arise,
awful voice, awful voice,



shout for joy! let songs a - rise, The Lamb that once was slain, }
come in glo - ry from the skies, Up - on the earth to reign. }
trum - pet sounds its aw - ful voice, Is heard o'er land and sea, }
saints a - ris - ing now re - joice, To live e - ter - nal - ly. }
hail that bright, e - ter - nal day, When Da - vid's right - ful heir }
take the throne and hold the sway, In glo - rious tri - umph there. }

CHORUS.



Shout for joy! shout for joy! Je - sus said I'll come a - gain (by and by), Shout for

We will shout, shout for joy, For He soon will come again, Then He'll gather all His children, And He'll claim this world His own
[We shall



joy! shout for joy! We shall reign with Him on high, by and by.

meet Him in the sky, We shall see Him by and by, We shall see Him by and by.

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GO FORTH, MEN OF GOD.

Respectfully dedicated to the North Indiana Conference, M. E. Church.

FIRM.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Go forth, men of God, and stand for the right, Gird on the whole armor, and
 2. Go forth, men of God, your captain leads on, Stand forth in the conflict till
 3. Go forth, men of God, sal-va-tion pro-claim, Sal-va-tion from sin, its pol-

stand in his might, The world may op-pose, and sin may de-fy, Let
 vic-t'ry is won, The joy of the Lord yours ev-er may be, Till
 lu-tion and shame, His life as ran-som for sin-ners he gave, That

CHORUS. Go preach, Go
 this be your watch-word: "We'll win though we die.
 serv-ice is end-ed and you are set free. } Go preach the word,
 he through his blood might abundantly save. }

tell
 Go tell the world sal-va-tion full and free, Fear not, the Gos-

pel's pow'r pro-claim, And shout the vic-to-ry.

HE IS MINE.

441

Words and Music by E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Glo - ry to the ris - en Sa - vior, He is mine, he is mine! }
 Oh! 'tis heav'n to have his fa - vor, Joy di - vine, joy di - vine! }
 2. Come re - proach or self - de - ni - al, Why should I then re - pine? }
 What care I for pain or tri - al? I am his, he is mine! }
 3. Once my ma - ny sins enslaved me, Grief was mine, grief was mine! }
 By his wondrous grace he saved me, Oh, what love, love di - vine! }

{ Ve - ry pre - cious was the hour, When he first re - vealed his pow'r; }
 { Glad and hap - py was the day, When he took my sins a - way. }
 { On his ten - der, lov - ing breast, I can sweet - ly, safe - ly rest, }
 { Rest till all life's storms are o'er, Rest in peace for - ev - er - er - more. }
 { Washed and in his blood made white, I am walk - ing in the light; }
 { Of his per - fect love possessed, I have per - fect peace and rest. }

Refrain.

Naught from him my soul can se - ver, I am kept by pow'r di - vine; Rest - ing

in his love for - ev - er, I am his,..... he is mine!

EXCEPT YE REPENT.

[From HARVEST BELLS No. 1.]

MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN.

REV. W. E. PENN, by per.

1. Have you ev - er closed your heart To the Sav-iour's ten-der claim?
 2. Have you heard how Je - sus died On the cross that you might live?
 3. Why in blind-ness do you wait, Wand'ring farther from the light?
 4. Soon the Sum-mer days will go, And the harvest time be past;

Have you ev - er tak-en part With the world a-against His name?
 Have you scorned the crimson tide, Which e - ter - nal life can give?
 Lov-ing things which you should hate, Sink-ing deep - er in - to night?
 Then will cease His plead-ing low, And your doom be sealed at last.

CHORUS.

Lo! He calls for your re - pen-tance, *Now*, O wand'rer, temp-est tossed;

Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la - den, "Come to Christ, or you are lost."

I CAN, I DO BELIEVE IN THEE! 443.

Words by F. W. F.

Arranged.

1. Oh, Lord, I come just now to Thee, Bound down by fear,
 2. My i - dols now I cast a - side, All doubtful things
 3. I give my - self to Thee to save And cleanse out all

and doubt, and sin; Thou on - ly canst my spir - it free,
 I put a - way; My life I place at Thy com - mand,
 that's wrong in me, That I no oth - er aim may have

CHORUS.

And make me clean and pure with - in. I can, I do believe in
 Thy voice in all things to o - bey.
 But live to serve and hon - or Thee.

Thee, For Thou hast shed Thy blood for me; The
 believe in Thee, Thy blood for me,

rall. *a tempo.*
 cleans - ing stream now sets me free! The blood that flows from Cal - va - ry.

BEAUTIFUL HOME.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. They're gathering homeward from every land, One by one, one by one; As
 2. Before they may rest they must pass thro' strife, One by one, one by one; Thro'
 3. Dear Je - sus, Re-deem-er, our on-ly plea! One by one, one by one; We

wea - ry their feet touch the shin-ing strand, Yes, one by one.
 death's chill-ing wa - ters they en - ter life, Yes, one by one.
 lift up our voic - es in love to Thee, Yes, one by one.

CHORUS.

Gath - er - ing home, beau - ti - ful home,

Gath - er - ing home, beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful

Beau - ti - ful home beyond the sky; Gath - er - ing home,

home..... beyond the sky; Gathering home, beautiful

beau - ti - ful home, We shall meet Him by and by, by and by.

home.

TRUST A LITTLE LONGER.

445

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Matt. 10 : 22.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Up the nar - row heavenly road Climb a lit - tle long - er;
 2. With a fierce and bit - ter foe Press the strug - gle long - er;
 3. 'Mid the dark - ness of earth's night, Walk a lit - tle long - er;

As you onward bear your load, Christ will make you stronger. Tho' your courage
 To the conflict you must go By his grace made stronger; Vic - to - ry was
 In the absence of the light, Let your faith grow stronger; When the day dawns

wane and fail When the skies look dreary, Though the flesh be weak and frail,
 won by Christ When on Calv'ry dy - ing; Go and conquer ev - ery sin,
 shall appear, Through the shadows peering, You shall find that he is near,

CHORUS.

Work, and never wea - ry. }
 On his pow'r rely - ing. } In the love of Christ abide; Let your faith grow
 Comforting and cheering. }

strong - er; Cast away all doubt and fear; Trust a lit - tle long - er.

How tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds and
 sweet flowers,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

His Name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,—
 My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

OLD, OLD STORY.

G

I love to tell the story
 Of Unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and his love;
 I love to tell the story,
 Because I know its true
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story;
 More wonderful it seems
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all the golden dreams,
 I love to tell the story;
 It did so much for me!
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.

I love to tell the story
 For those who know it best,
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it like the rest.
 And when in Scenes of glory,
 I sing the new, new song,
 'Twill be the old, old story,
 That I have loved so long.

There were ninety and nine
 that safely lay
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold—
 Away on the mountains wild and bare
 Away from the tender shepherds care||

“Lord thou hast here
 Thy ninety and nine:
 Are they not enough for Thee?”
 But the shepherd made answer:
 this of mine
 Has wandered away from me;
 ||And although the road be rough and
 steep,
 I go to the desert to find my sheep||

But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters crossed,
 Nor how dark was the night
 That the Lord passed through
 Ere he found His sheep that was lost.
 ||Out in the desert he heard its cry—
 Sick and helpless, and ready to die.||

MUSIC No. 157.

With panting heart that dares to seek
 The fullness of Thy love Divine,
 I lay me at Thy bleeding feet,
 And claim Thy promises as mine.

CHO.—I believe, I believe,
 The priceless gifts I now receive:
 Thy blood doth cleanse,
 And make me whole,
 Thy perfect love fill all my soul,
 I believe, I believe,
 The priceless gift I now receive.

My groans and tears
 No change have wrought
 They fail my nature to refine,
 The power and love
 Thy groans have bought,
 By simple faith henceforth are mine.

Oh, let my heart forever be
 The home in which
 Thou lov'st to dwell;
 Renewed and filled with love to Thee
 Endued with power that love to tell.

MORE THAN I ASKED OR THOUGHT. 446

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1 Cor. 2:9.

J. B. FERGUSON.

1. How shall I praise thee, Sav - iour dear, For this new life so
2. Oh! thou hast done far more for me Than I had asked or

sweet, For tak - ing the poor gift I laid At
thought! I stand and mar - vel to be - hold What

thy be - lov - ed feet, Keep - ing thy hand up -
thou, my Lord, hast wrought, And won - der what glad

on my heart, To still each anx - ious beat!
les - sons yet I shall be dai - ly taught!

How shall I praise thee, Sav - iour dear, For this new life so sweet!
Oh! thou hast done far more for me Than I had asked or thought!

3. I never thought it could be thus—
Month after month to know
The river of thy peace without
One ripple in its flow.
3 Without one quiver in the trust,
One flicker in its glow.
I never thought it could be thus—
That I such peace should know.

4. Dear Lord! I find thy promise true,
Of perfect peace and rest;
I cannot sigh—I can but sing,
While leaning on thy breast,
And leaving everything to thee
Whose ways are always best.
Oh! matchless is the sovereign grace
That brings such peace and rest!

Harmonized and arranged R. E. H.

Rev. W. O. PIERCE.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer-cy is
 2. And now Christ is read-y your souls to receive, O how can you question, if
 3. Why will you be starving, and feed-ing on air? There's mer-cy in Je-sus, e-

com-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says, "Come," And
 you will be-lieve? If sin is your bur-den, why will you not come? 'Tis
 nough and to spare; If still you are doubting, make tri-nal and see, And

CHORUS.
 an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.
 you he bids wel-come; he bids you come home. Oh come, come to Je-sus, oh
 prove that his mer-cy is boundless and free.

come to-day; The Spir-it in-vites you now, oh come without de-lay, A

home and a man-sion is pre-pared for thee, Halle-lu-jah to Je-sus, for the vic-to-ry.

WE SHALL WIN.

448

R. E. HUDSON.

Firm.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb? And shall I
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While oth-ers
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vain
 4. Since I must fight if I would win, In-crease my courage, Lord! I'll bear the

CHORUS.

Oh, we'll fight for the

fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 fought to win the prize, Or sailed thro' bloody seas?
 world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy Word.

Yes, we will,

right, Bring the lost to the cross, We shall win,

Yes, we will, Yes, we will, Yes, we will, Yes, we will,

Con-quer sin.

Yes, we will, For the Lord Je-hov-ah is our King.

J. C. REED, D. D.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Je - sus found me at the Jordan, Thrilled me with his saving love,
 2. Je - sus found me weary, lone-ly, Seeking rest from earthly strife;
 3. High - er still the great atonement Pleads my ransomed soul to bring;
 4. High - er, high - er, high - er, higher! Je - sus, Je - sus - is there more?

S. With the Spir - it sealed my par - don, In the sym - bol of a dove.
 Then he spake and said, "I on - ly Am the Way, the Truth, the Life."
 Glo - ry, glo - ry! 'tis enthronment With my Prophet, Priest, and King.
 "Yes, the liv - ing tongues of fire; Yes, the Pen - te - cost - al power.

D.S. Now my soul he is bap - tiz - ing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! I am saved!
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Now with Je - sus I am ris - ing, On his palms my name's engraved;

WILL. L. THOMPSON, by per.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, I long to be there, No
 2. Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine, I long to be there; That
 3. My fath - er's house is built on high, I long to be there, Far,
 4. When from this earth - ly pris - on free, I long to be there, That

CHORUS.
 pain nor death can enter there, I long to be there. } Oh! an - gels,
 heavenly mansion shall be mine, I long to be there. }
 far a - bove the star - ry sky, I long to be there. }
 heavenly mansion shall be mine, I long to be there. } angels, angels,

Repeat Cho. pp.
 guide me home, Angels guide me home, Angels guide me home, I long to be there.
 angels, angels, angels, angels,

PARDONED.

451

Matt. 9: 2.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sorrowing sinner, weep no more; Christ is stand - ing at the door;
 Haste, and on his pierc - ed feet Pour thy heart's ob - lation sweet;
 He will love thee. He will love thee, And will leave thee nev - ermore.

2. He hath seen the bended knee;
 He hath heard thy contrite plea;
 Not in vain thy soul hath wept;
 Not in vain its vigil kept.
 While yet praying, hear him saying:
 "All thy sins I bear for thee."

3. Saved from wrath and sanctified
 Thro' the blood of his dear side,
 Never from thy bappy heart
 Let the heavenly guest depart;
 He is with thee; Bid him with thee
 Ever, evermore abide.

HIS PROMISE I RECEIVE.

452

John 3: 16.

R. E. HUBSON.

1. Come, O my God, the promise seal, This mountain, sin, remove.
 2. Let an - ger, sloth, desire and pride, This moment be subdued;

Now in my wait - ing soul re - veal The vir - tue of thy love.
 Be cast in - to the crimson tide Of my Redeemer's blood.

D.S. come to him, I trust in him, I will—I do be - lieve.

CHORUS.

D.S.

By faith, by faith in Je - sus' blood, His promise I re - ceive; I

3. Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
 My present Saviour thou!
 In all the confidence of hope
 I claim the blessing now.

4. 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
 With full salvation bless;
 Redemption through thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace.

BROKEN IN SPIRIT.

Words arranged by W. J.

Wm. JOHNSON.

1. Bro-ken in spir - it, And lad - en with care, Sweet is thy
 2. Art thou af - flict - ed And sigh - ing to know, Why the dear
 3. Art thou re - call - ing The years that have fled? Weep - ing in
 4. Bear thy af - flic - tion, Whatev - er it be; Je - sus, thy

CHORUS.

re - fuge—Find it in prayer. Tell it to Je - sus Tell it to
 Fath - er Should chasten thee so?
 sor - row, Mourning the dead?
 Sa - vior, Bore it for thee.

Rit.

Je - sus; Tell it to Je - sus; He will give peace.

I'M A PILGRIM.

*Rather fast.**Fine.*

1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger! I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night!
 2. There the sun - beams are ev - er shln - ing: I am long - ing, I am long - ing for the sight!
 3. O'er the coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Redeemer, my Re - deem - er is the light.

D.C.

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ey - er flow - ing.
 Within a coun - try unknown and drea - ry, I have been wan - dering, forlorn and wea - ry.
 There is no sor - row, nor a - ny sigh - ing, Nor a - ny sin - ning, nor a - ny dy - ing.

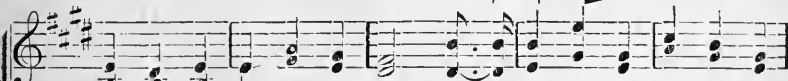
TOUCH NOT! TASTE NOT! HANDLE NOT! 455

J. B. TAYLOR.

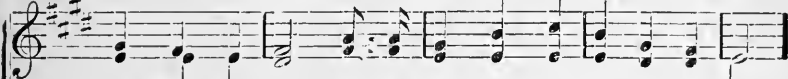
TOM C. NEAL.



1. The gob-let is sparkling and tempting to view, Yet
2. The tempt-er exclaims 'there's a balm in its ware That will
3. Let not friendship too press-ing-ly urge thee to dare, With the



why should I per-il my soul? The juice of the grape may be free thee from sor-row and care; But a ser-pent sits coil-ing him-temp-ter to tri-ble and toy, Lest the de-mon Intem-prance bring



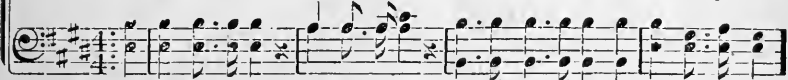
lus-cious when new, Yet a de-mon still lurks in the bowl! self on the brim; Of his sting I would warn ye, be-ware! sor-row and care, And too dear-ly you pay for your joy!



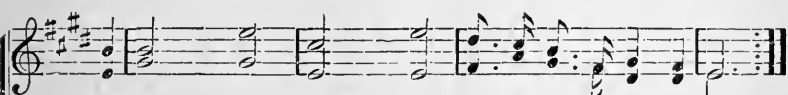
CHORUS.



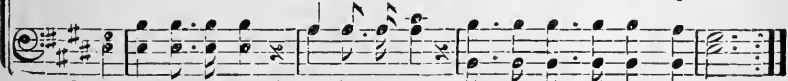
Oh, touch not! taste not! Handle not the ruby wine, ruby wine!



Oh, touch not the cup, Taste not the cup!



Oh, touch not! taste not! Handle not the ru-by wine!



Oh, touch not the cup! Taste not the cup!

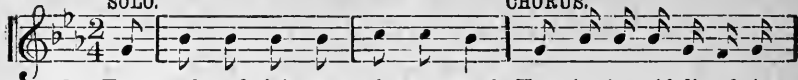
KEEP IN THE ROAD.

C. H. MEAD.
SOLO.

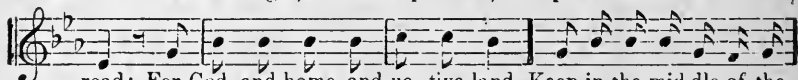
By permission.

WILL S. HAYS.

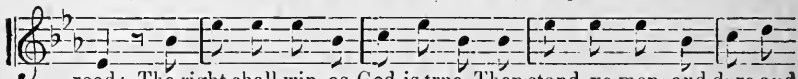
CHORUS.



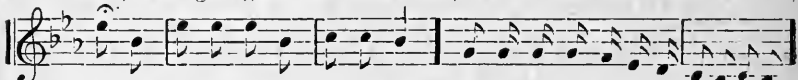
1. For truth and right we take our stand, Keep in the mid-dle of the
2. Come, all ye men who love the right, Keep in the mid-dle of the
3. Our cause is right, and shall pre-vail, Keep in the mid-dle of the



road; For God, and home, and na-tive land, Keep in the mid-dle of the
road; Come, aid us in this glo-rious fight, Keep in the mid-dle of the
road; With God there's no such word as fail, Keep in the mid-dle of the

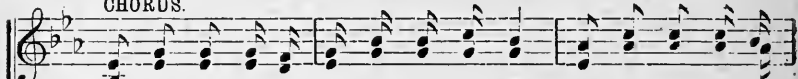


road; The right shall win, as God is true, Then stand, ye men, and dare and
road; We'll hurl the rum-king from the throne, Then God, the Lord, shall have his
road; We fight against the hosts of sin, 'Gainst foes without and foes with-

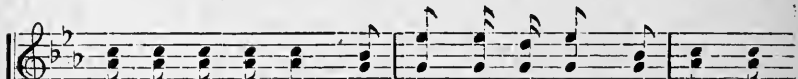
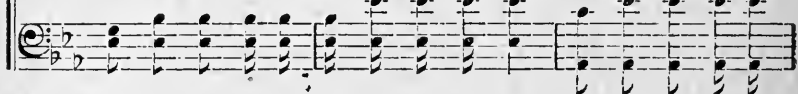


do, Your vows to Him a-gain re-new, Keep in the mid-dle of the road.
own, And lib-er-ty to all make known, Keep in the mid-dle of the road.
in, But in the end we're bound to win, Keep in the mid-dle of the road.

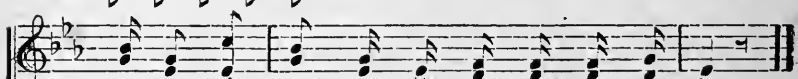
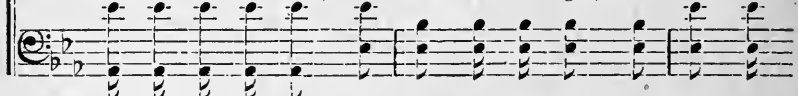
CHORUS.



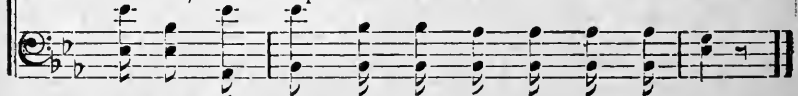
Broth-ers, keep in the mid-dle of the road, Broth-ers, keep in the



mid-dle of the road, Don't turn to the right, don't turn to



the left, But keep in the mid-dle of the road.



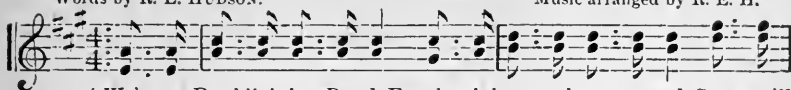
PROHIBITION BAND.

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Respectfully dedicated to Miss Mollie Hay.

Words by R. E. HUDSON.

Music arranged by R. E. H.

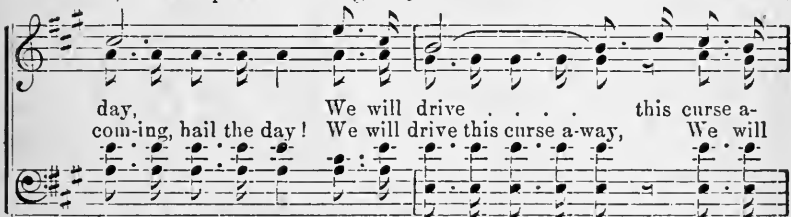


1. { We're a Pro-hib-i-tion Band, For the right we take our stand, Soon we'll
We will raise our banner high, And will conquer rum, or die, We will
2. { We have no-ble men and true, Who will lead us safe-ly thro' On the
We have wait-ed, wait-ed long, Tried to reg-u-late this wrong, But good-
3. { See the boys of Blue and Gray, They are ready for the fray, They're u-
See the young men of our land, What a Pro-hib-i-tion Band, Stead-y,
4. { Soon the women of our land, What a no-ble Christian band, They shall
Then with God upon our side, True to Him, our steps He'll guide, Christian



march a mill-ion vo-ters strong; }
stop this curse, it won't be long. }
line of Pro-hib-i-tion strait; }
bye, we can no long-er wait. }
ni-ted now to con-quer rum; }
for-ward, vic-tory's sure to come. }
have re-stored, to them, their right; }
men, come help us in this fight. }

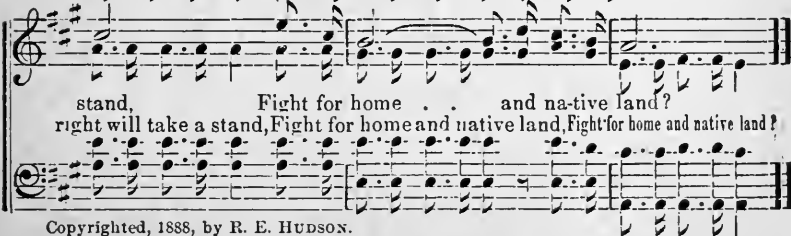
We are com - ing, hail the
We are coming, we are coming, We are



day, We will drive . . . this curse a-
com-ing, hail the day! We will drive this curse a-way, We will



way. Who for right will take a
drive this curse a-way. Who for right will take a stand, Who for



stand, Fight for home . . . and na-tive land?
right will take a stand, Fight for home and native land, Fight for home and native land?

THE TALE OF WOE.

Copyrighted by R. E. Hudson, 1882.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. There's a tale of woe in the sparkling glass That makes me tremble and
 2. There's a sense of death in the flowing bowl That crowns the fiery
 3. There's a marshaled host of de-luded youths, Five hundred thousand

start: 'Tis the year-ly wreck and the blast-ed hopes Of a
 waves, 'Tis the nine-ty thou-sand that ev-'ry year Go
 strong, That are year-ly duped by the si-ren strains Of the

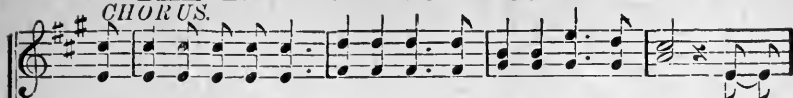
mil-lion bleed-ing hearts; And the dread-ful fate of a
 down to drunkards graves. And in the wake of that
 Bac-chan-al-ian's song: They are march-ing down to the

migh-ty host, Too ter-ri-ble to tell, 'Tis a hundred thou-sand
 vanished throug Hunger and misery tread; And from ninety thou-sand
 drunkard's doom, O God, stretch forth thy hand; No power but thine can

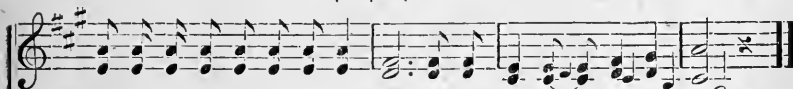
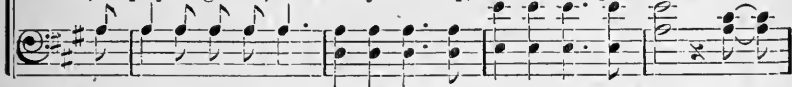
crim-in-als Doomed to a loath-some pris-on cell.
 des-o-late hearths A cry as-cends for bread.
 e'er save them now, For Sa-tan is in com-mand.

THE TALE OF WOE.—Concluded.

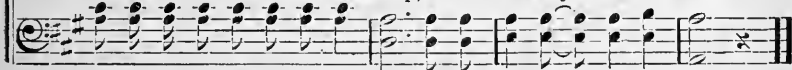
CHORUS.



Then dash down the fatal wine-cup, boys, And let the poison flow ; Crime
Then dash down the fatal wine-cup, boys, Death lurks in the wine so red ; There's a
Oh, stop ! young man, dash away that cup, And let the poison flow, 'Tis



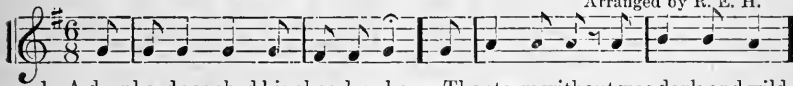
lurks in the sparkling foam at the top, And beneath lies a deadly foe.
wail of woe from the widow's heart, And the orphan's cry for bread.
better that earth should drink it up, Than to sink your soul in woe.



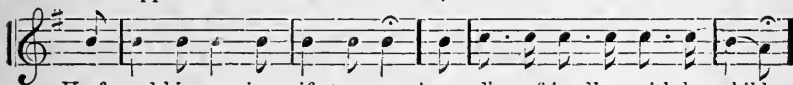
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DRIVEN FROM HOME.

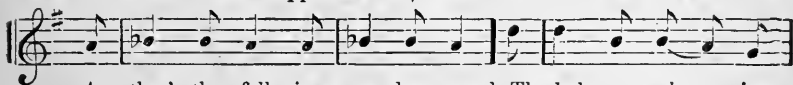
Arranged by R. E. H.



1. A drunkard reached his cheerless home, The storm without was dark and wild.
2. And colder still the winds did blow, And dark hours of night came on.
3. She stripped the mantle from her breast, And bared her bosom to the storm.



He forced his weeping wife to roam A wand'rer, friendless with her child.
And deeper grew the drifted snow— Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
As round the child she wrapped the vest, She smiled to think that it was warm.



As thro' the fall - ing snow she pressed, The babe was sleep - ing
O God! she cried, in ac - cents wild, If I must per - ish,
With one cold kiss, a tear of grief, The bro - ken - heart - ed



on her breast, The babe was sleep - ing on her breast.
save my child, If I must per - ish, save my child.
found re - lief. The bro - ken - heart - ed found re - lief.

4 At morn her cruel husband passed, | 5 Shall this sad warning plead in vain ?
And saw her on her snowy bed. | Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you.
Her tearful eyes were closed at last, | Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled. | No more your dreadful way pursue.
He raised the mantle from the child, | Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled. | Immortal soul, why will you die ?

STEADILY ONWARD.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, Hark, I hear the children call-ing, Help, help, help, Sixty
 2. Come, come, come, Ev'ry father, ev'ry brother, Come, come, come, Hear the
 3. Hark, hark, hark, Like the sound of many waters, Hark, hark, hark, Hear the

thousand fath-ers fall-ing:—Rum, foul rum, our na-tive land de-stroy-ing;
 cry of sis-ters, moth-ers, Save, oh save from rum, the foul de-stroy-er;
 shout of moth-ers, daugh-ters, We are free, the rule of rum is end-ed,

CHORUS.

ff
 Rise, freemen, rise! protect our homes so dear. Stead-i-ly march-ing on,
 Vote, brothers, vote to take this curse a-way.
 Shout, brothers, shout for home and native land.

See the foe a-round us fall-ing; Stead-i-ly march-ing on, Hear the

million moth-ers call-ing: Stead-i-ly march-ing on, Save our homes from

STEADILY ONWARD.—Concluded.

rum's foul thraldom, Steadily onward boys, we're sure to win the day.

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GIVE US PROHIBITION.

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Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, friends, and listen to my song, A-bout our glorious nation;
2. Both Church and State, sad to re-late, Are in this wreck and ruin;
3. Now lis-ten, friends, for we propose To make one prop-o - si-tion,

On ev-'ry hand, where'er you go, 'Tis wreck and dis - si - pa - tion.
 But in the West the brew-ers see A storm of wrath is brewing.
 And that is, "stop this curse of rum By vot - ing Pro - hi - bi - tion."

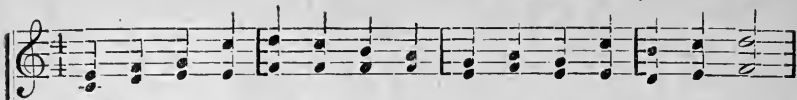
CHORUS.

Oh, give us Pro - hi - bi - tion, And bet-ter our con-di - tion, For

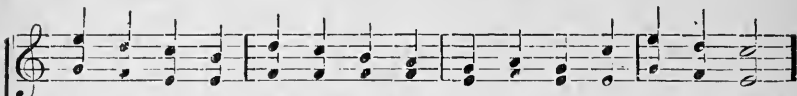
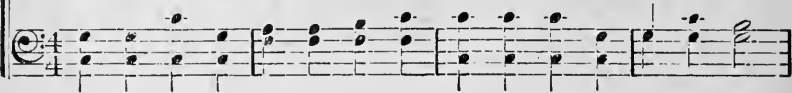
rum and crime sweep o'er our land, -- Oh, give us Pro - hi - bi - tion.

I WILL.

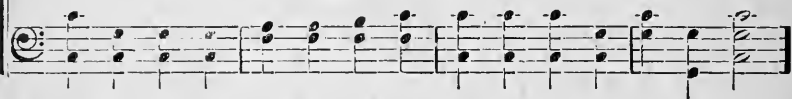
Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.



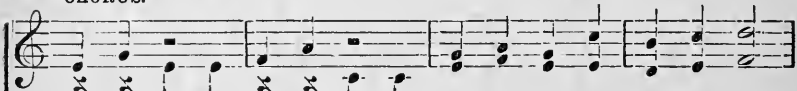
1. Pro-hib - i - tion is our watchword, Stop the sale of poisoned rum;
2. Fa-thers, moth-ers, broth-ers, sis-ters, Come, and help us in this fight,
3. Men of God, and ho - ly wo-men, You who see the curse of rum,



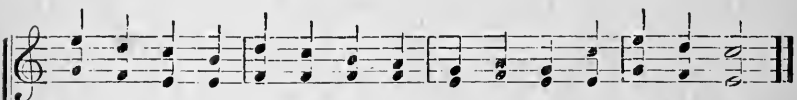
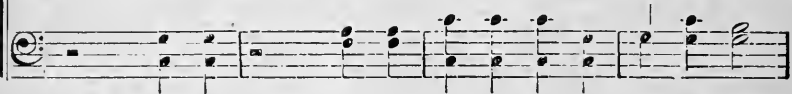
Who will help us in this con-flict? Who will fight for God and home?
 Help us save our boys, we pray you, Take a stand for God and right.
 Stop the sale by Pro-hib - i - tion, Save our chil-dren, save our homes.



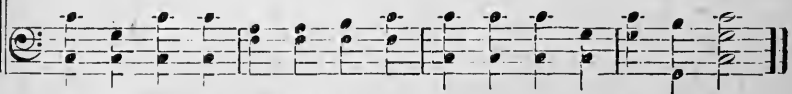
CHORUS.



I will, I will, I will, I will, I will fight, and vote, and pray,



Help to stop the curse of drink-ing, Shout for joy to see that day!



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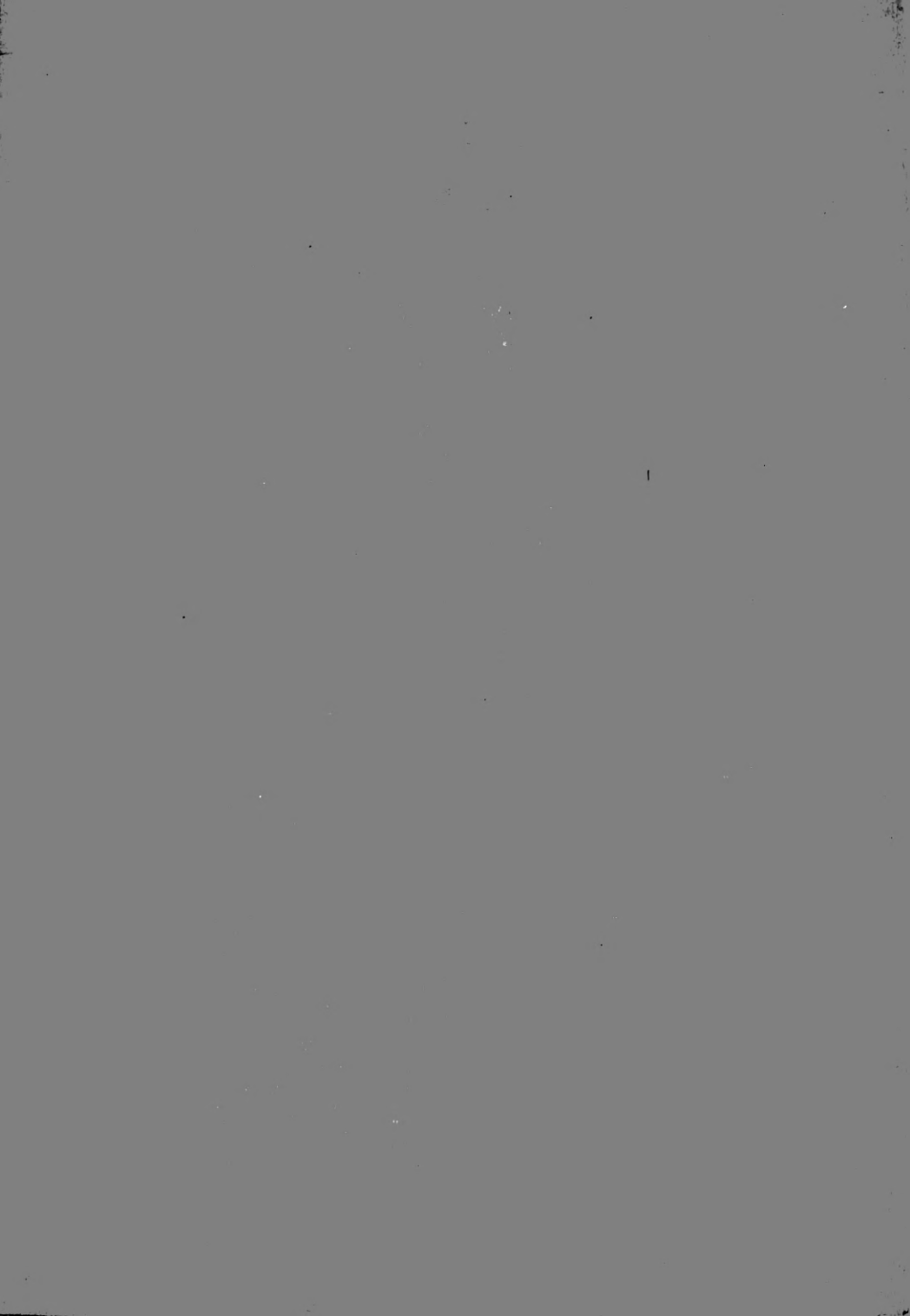
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