

# THE SUNDAY

NO.

3

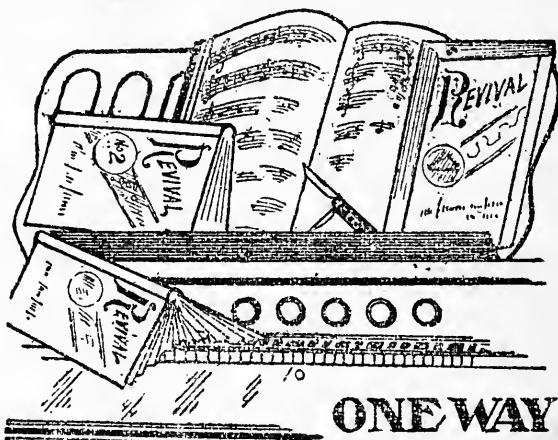
CHURCH  
SUNDAY  
ALL KINDS  
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M. ...

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# THE REVIVAL No. 3.

## No. 1. Get Acquainted With Jesus.

A. R. CAREY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Get acquainted with Jesus, my friend, He is seeking a place in your heart,  
2. Get acquainted with Jesus, I pray, 'Tis a banquet His smile to behold,  
3. Get acquainted with Jesus, I pray, Do not wait till distress brings you low,

Let Him come all its wand'rings to end, And to bid pride and error depart.  
Those who trust Him, He'll never betray, And His love is far better than gold.  
Lest a stranger you find Him in need, And your soul know not whither to go.

**CHORUS.**

Call Him in and know Him, This friend who is waiting to-day;  
Call Him in and know thy friend, to-day;

Call Him in and know Him, Get acquainted with Jesus, I pray.  
thy friend,

T. O. CHRISTOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, to be like Thee! blessed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant  
 2. Oh, to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Loving, for - giv - ing,  
 3. Oh, to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho - ly and harm-less,  
 4. Oh, to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re - ceive th'a-  
 5. Oh, to be like Thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out Thy Spir - it

longing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treasures,  
 ten-der and kind, Helping the help - less, cheering the faint-ing,  
 pa-tient and brave; Meekly en - dur - ing cru - el re-proach-es,  
 nointing di - vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing,  
 fill with Thy love, Make me a tem - ple meet for Thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.  
 Seek-ing the wand'ring sin-ner to find.  
 Will-ing to suf - fer, 'oth-ers to save. Oh, to be like Thee!  
 Lord, from this moment all shall be Thine.  
 Fit me for life and heaven a - bove.

Oh, to be like Thee, Blessed Redeem-er pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

*Rit.*

sweetness, come in Thy fullness; Stamp Thine own image deep on my heart.

# Count Your Blessings

Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

## No. 5.

## John iii : 16.

J. MANTON SMITH.

W. H. HARPER.

1. { I love to tell the sto - ry, How Christ, the King of  
For sin - ners he re - ceives them, His blood was shed to

D. C. You say, "How do I know it?"—John iii: six - teen 'will

Glo - ry, Left heav'n a - bove to come and res - cue me; }  
save them—So Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me. }

show it; That big word "who - so - ev - er" just means me.

**CHORUS.** Yes, yes, yes, O yes! Je - sus died to set poor sinners free;

2 So now I'll try to please him,  
My life I'll give to serve him;  
His true and faithful servant I will be:  
And when called home to glory,  
I'll sing the good old story,  
That Jesus died for sinners just like me.

3 Then, brother, won't you love him?  
And, sister, won't you trust him?  
I know he died for you as well as me:  
We need our sins forgiven,  
That we may go to heaven,  
To live with Christ, who died for you and me

NELLIE EDWARDS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Be-hold the pleading Saviour stands With outstretched hands to-day;  
 2. He long has sought in love for thee, Why wilt thou longer roam?  
 3. The blessing you can now pos-sess, By faith ye may re - ceive;

And bids thee seek for par-don now, Oh, come without de - lay.  
 He calls to thee in ten-der tones, Oh, wand'ring child come home.  
 Sal - va - tion free He of - fers all, Who on His name be - lieve.

## CHORUS.

Come, come now, Be-fore Him bow,  
 Come, oh, come, to Him now, Be-fore the dear Saviour and bow,

Je-sus will save, will save just now. Come, come, now, Be-  
 Come, oh, come to Him now, Be-

fore Him bow, Je-sus will save, will save just now.  
 fore the dear Saviour and bow,

# No. 7.

# The Sunshine Train.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. We're a pil-grim band, and for glo - ry bound, To our home by the  
 2. We're the roy - al guests of the King of kings, On His highway we  
 3. We have left our woes and our cares be - hind, On this train they are  
 4. See, our Fa-ther stands with His outstretched hands, And our loved ones are

crystal sea; On the gos - pel road, we are now on board Of the  
 homeward glide; Up sal - vation's grade, with our fare all paid, We will  
 not al - lowed; But our hearts are light and our way is bright, For God's  
 waiting there; To each faithful one God will say, "Well done; En-ter

**CHORUS.**

heav'n-bound, sunshine train. Come aboard of the sunshine train,  
 safe - ly all storms out-ride.  
 love shines away each cloud.  
 in, and my glo-ry share." heav'n-bound, sunshine train,

Come a-board of the sunshine train; For a wel-come  
 Come a-board,

waits, at the pear - ly gates, Come aboard of the sun-shine train.

## No. 8.

## In His Keeping.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. When the ear - ly morn - ing break - ing, Slumber from my eye - lids  
 2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be -  
 3. Gen - tle ev - en - tide is near - ing, Light from heaven dis - ap -

shak - ing, Come the bless - ed tho't with wak - ing, I am in His  
 fore me; Still my Sav - iour, I a - dore Thee, I am in His  
 pear - ing, Still the bless - ed tho't so cheer - ing, I am in His

keeping. Day advanc - es, la - bor bring - ing, Care, her mantle round me  
 keeping. I can trust His hand to guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely  
 keeping. Now night's curtains gather round me, Yet its dangers have not

fling - ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps sing - ing, I am in His care.  
 hide me, And no harm can e'er be - tide me, I am in His care.  
 found me, For His angel guards surround me, I am in His care.

## CHORUS.

I am in my Father's keep - ing, I am in His tender care.



## In His Keeping.

Whether wak - ing, whether sleep - ing, I am in His care.

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

## No. 9. Beautiful Isle.

JESSIE B. POUNDS.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song - birds dwell;  
2. Somewhere the day is long - er, Somewhere the task is done;  
3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

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

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.  
Somewhere the heart is strong - er, Somewhere the guerdon won.  
Somewhere the clouds are rift - ed, Somewhere the an - gels wait!

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

### CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beauti - ful Isle of Somewhere!  
Somewhere beautiful, beauti - ful Isle.

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

Land of the true where we live anew, — Beauti - ful Isle of Somewhere!

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

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.  
SOLO.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;  
 2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Humbly at His feet I bow;  
 3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;  
 4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;  
 5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live.  
 Worldly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.  
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Truly know that Thou art mine.  
 Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy blessing fall on me.  
 Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

**CHORUS.**

I sur-ren-der all, I surrender all;  
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,

All to Thee my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

# No. 11. WHO IS HE THAT OVERCOMETH?

L. E. J

I JOHN 5: 5.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you overcome in the bat - tle hour? Would you safely walk when the  
 2. Would you be redeemed from the curse of sin? In the fight 'gainst self, would you  
 3. Would you find a work for your hands to do? Would you taste a joy that is

shadows lower? Would you find release from the tempter's power? Be-  
 vic - t'ry win? To a per - fect rest would you en - ter in? Be-  
 ev - er new? Would you find a friend that is kind and true? Be-

## CHORUS.

lieve on the Son of God. Who is he . . . that o - ver-  
 Who is he that o - ver-

com - eth, who is he . . . that o - ver-com - eth, but  
 cometh the world, who is he that o - ver-cometh the world,

he that believeth, he that be-liev-eth that Jesus is the Son of God?

TRIO.

1. Soft - ly the twi - light shadows are falling, Swift comes the darkness,  
 2. "Long since we parted, yet I am waiting, Watching and hoping  
 3. "Could some sweet angel bring to his mem'ry Visions of childhood,  
 4. "Hope whispers softly, some glad to-mor-row, I yet shall see him

now the day is done. In a chamber lonely, kneels a mother, praying,  
 still my child to see. Could I only tell him how for him I'm long-ing,  
 days that knew no care; They would turn his footsteps back to home and mother,  
 saved by mother's love, Faith and prayer must win him; if not here, O Father,

CHORUS.

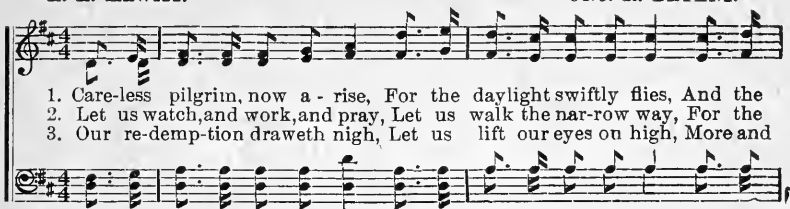
Pleading with God for her wayward son. "O God of love! enthroned a-  
 Surely my boy would come back to me."  
 Drawn by my love from the world's dread snare."  
 Grant that we meet in Thy heav'n above." "O God of love! en-

bove, Watch, guard, and daily guide my wayward boy; Where'er he may roam,  
 throned above,

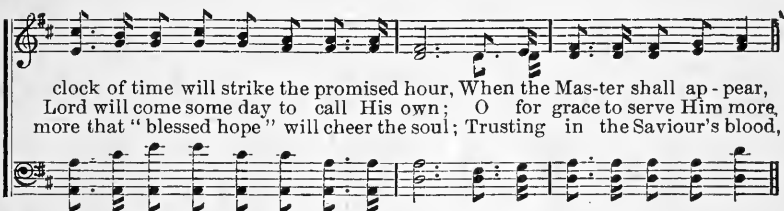
O lead him safely home; Father, in mercy, O save my boy."

E. E. HEWITT.

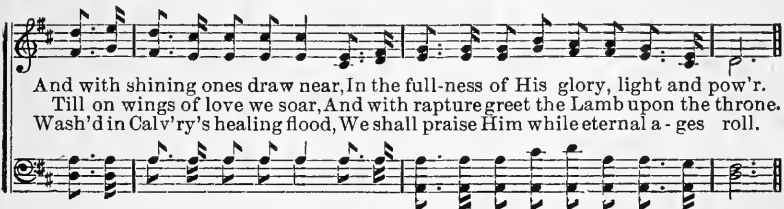
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Care-less pilgrim, now a - rise, For the daylight swiftly flies, And the  
 2. Let us watch, and work, and pray, Let us walk the nar-row way, For the  
 3. Our re-demp-tion draweth nigh, Let us lift our eyes on high, More and

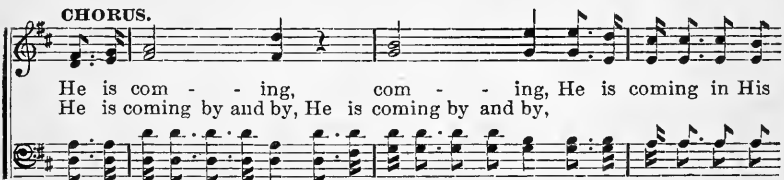


clock of time will strike the promised hour, When the Mas-ter shall ap-pear,  
 Lord will come some day to call His own; O for grace to serve Him more,  
 more that "blessed hope" will cheer the soul; Trusting in the Saviour's blood,

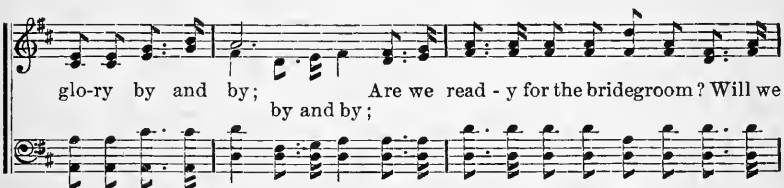


And with shining ones draw near, In the full-ness of His glory, light and pow'r.  
 Till on wings of love we soar, And with rapture greet the Lamb upon the throne.  
 Wash'd in Calv'ry's healing flood, We shall praise Him while eternal a - ges roll.

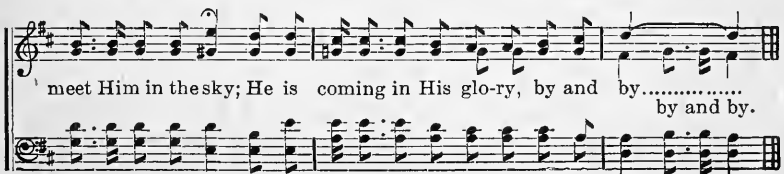
## CHORUS.



He is com - - ing, com - - ing, He is coming in His  
 He is coming by and by, He is coming by and by,



glo-ry by and by; Are we read - y for the bridegroom? Will we  
 by and by;



meet Him in the sky; He is coming in His glo-ry, by and by.....  
 by and by.

## He Knows.

*"God is greater than your heart, and knoweth all things."*

1 JOHN 3: 20.

H. F. PIPER.  
Moderato.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

1. What precious truth, . . di-vine-ly sweet, . . We humbly  
 2. He knows our needs: . . we are His care; . . He knows the  
 3. He knows our love; . . oh, what a thrill! . . Rich joys di-

learn . . low at His feet, . . While reading from . . His  
 load . . we dai-ly bear, . . And from His throne . . in  
 vine . . our spirits fill, . . When thus we gain . . our

word of love . . The truths He sent . . from heav'n a-  
 heav-en high, . . Our Sav-iour guides . . with watchful  
 por-tion blest, . . With-in His arms . . of love to

bovel . . But of these truths . . some brighter shine, . . Il-lu-min-  
 eye, . . A-mid the toil, . . a-mid the strife, . . Amid the  
 rest, . . There is a rest . . . for weary hearts, . . A shelter

ing . . this heart of mine, . . And one, a star, . . the  
 cares . . and griefs of life, . . This precious thought brings  
 where . . sins fie-ry darts . . Can-not as-sail- . . a

## He Knows.

brightest glows, . . . It is this truth; . . . "My Saviour knows."  
 sweet re- pose, . . . "He sanctifies . . . and always knows."  
 place most sweet— 'Tis sitting low . . . at Je-sus' feet.

## No. 15. You Have a Friend.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

RAN. C. STOREY.

1. You have a Friend would bless your soul to-day, You have a Friend who loveth you alway,
2. He was a King, of crown and sceptre shorn, He was a Lamb, for sinners bruised and torn,
3. You have a Friend who freely will receive All who will come and on His name believe,
4. You have a Friend who knoweth all your care, One who has said He will your burdens bear,

One who for you hath suffered nameless sorrow, How can you turn that Friend away?  
 Meek - ly for you He bled up-on the al-tar, Gladly by Him your grief was borne.  
 Now will you come of all your sin repenting, Come, nevmore His love to grieve?  
 You have a Friend would guide you home to glory, Come, sinner, come, His love to share.

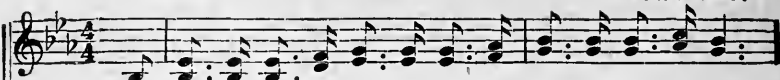
### CHORUS.

You have a Friend, tho' sinful you have been, You have a Friend who pardons all your sin.

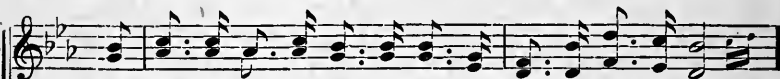
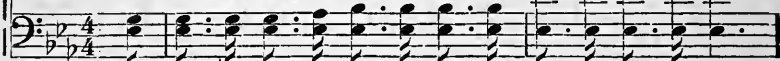
You have a Friend to make you pure with-in, Come, come to Jesus, come to-day.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

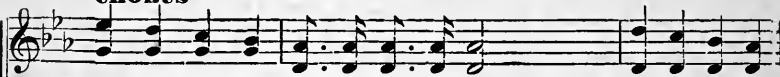
W. S. WEEDEN.



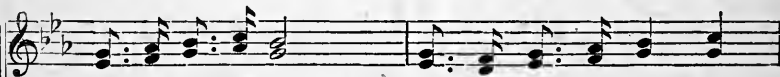
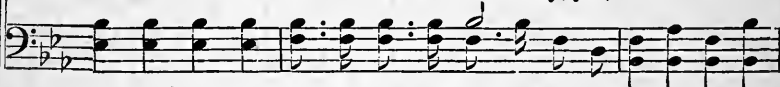
1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Though clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I, sweet communion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tended fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,



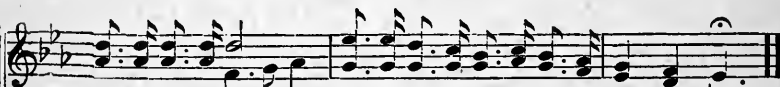
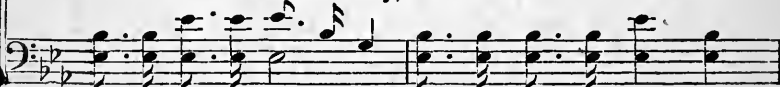
And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world behind.  
 And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.  
 Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

**CHORUS**

Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight,  
 to-day, yes,



all a-long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,  
 nar - row way,



took away my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.  
 load of sin,





## No. 17.

## Love Found the Way.

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."—I. JOHN 4: 11.

W. F. MCCAULEY.

A. F. MYERS.

Slow.

1. "Oh, how can I reach the wanderer?" My spirit was heard to say,  
 2. I cried to the Lord re- pent - ant, "Then give me Thy love, I pray;"  
 3. And now as His love constrains me, I cry to the souls a - stray;  
 4. My brother would you be use - ful, In saving the lost each day?

Rit.

When Je - sus made answer, "love Him—'Tis love that finds the way?"  
 He answered the pray'r for blessing, And love illumed my way;  
 They turn to the love of Je - sus, That finds thro' me a way;  
 Then be like the blessed Mas - ter, In love that finds the way;

## CHORUS.

Has - ten to - day; . . . Love shows the way,  
 Hasten! has-ten! hasten to-day! Love now shows, yes, love shows the way,

Make no de - lay! . . . Love shows the way, . . .  
 Has-ten! has-ten! make no delay! Love now shows, yes, love shows the way,

Rit.

Love found the way, Love found the way.  
 Love has found the way, Love has found the way.

# No. 18.

# Victorious Conflict.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

H. GABRIEL.

1. We fling our banner to the breeze      And go to battle with a song,  
 2. Our Captain leads His armies on,      To vic-to - ry against the foe,  
 3. We lift our voices to the sky,      In heart-felt, gladsome jubilee;

Our Cap-tain all the conflict sees And fills each heart with courage strong. With  
 Tho' tri - als must be undergone, We shall the wick-ed over-throw. Our  
 For in the heavens we de-cry Our Captain's sign of vic-to-ry. Ah!

*faith* we en-ter in the fight,      And *hope*, be-cause the cause is  
 shield of *faith* is burnished bright,      And *hope*, be-cause the cause is  
*faith* gives hearts a record right,      And *hope* sees dawning day at

With *faith* we en - ter      in the fight,

right,      In *love* His soldiers all unite To bat-tle 'gainst . . . the wrong.  
 right,      E'en *love* impells us when we smite The adver-sa - - ry low.  
 night,      And *love* to meekness adds the might, Which gives supre - ma-cy.

**CHORUS.**  
 On, on, on,      On, on, on,      Firm in faith, and courage strong,  
 forward marching,      forward marching,

# Victorious Conflict.

On, on, on, On, on, on, On to bat-tle 'gainst the wrong.  
forward marching, forward marching,

## No. 19. Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—I. JOHN 1: 5.

A. F. M

**Not too fast.**

A. F. MYERS.

1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be, Let the blessed sunlight in;  
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the blessed sunlight in;  
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the blessed sunlight in;  
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the blessed sunlight in;

Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the blessed sunlight in.  
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the blessed sunlight in.  
Would you joy and strength impart, Let the blessed sunlight in.  
Would you bring the world to God, Let the blessed sunlight in.

**CHO US.**  
Let the blessed sunlight in, Let the blessed sunlight in!  
sunlight in! sunlight in

**Rit.** **Repeat Chorus softly.**  
Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!  
sunlight in!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In from the high ways, In from the by ways, Gather souls in Je-sus'  
 2. Go to the err - ing, Kindly and cheering, Point them to the Cruci-  
 3. Go, then, believ-ing, Blessing re-ceive-ing, You shall reap reward a-

name; Publish the sto - ry, Herald His glo - ry, Un - to the world His  
 fled; Rescue the pray'rless, Plead with the careless, Till they in Je-sus  
 bove; Je-sus is call-ing,—Darkness is falling, On with the blessed

**CHORUS.**

message pro-claim. I am the Way, the Truth, I am the  
 safe - ly a - bide. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the  
 la - bor of love. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

Life, Come without mon - ey, free - ly I will  
 Way, the Truth, the Life, Come without money, free - ly,

give; I am the Way, the Truth, I am the  
 free - ly I will give; I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

# I Am the Way.

Life, . . . Come unto me, Oh, come and ye shall live.  
Way, the Truth, the Life, Come unto me, Oh, come to me, and ye shall live.

## No. 21. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. This is the sea-son of hope and grace, Je-sus is pass-ing by;  
2. This is the hour for the soul's release, Je-sus is pass-ing by;  
3. This is the moment to seek the Lord, While He is passing by;  
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is passing by;

'This, for sal-va-tion the time and place, Je-sus is pass-ing by.  
Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je-sus is pass-ing by.  
'This is the time to be-lieve His word, While He is passing by.  
And you will find Him a friend indeed, Je-sus is pass-ing by.

### CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass - ing by, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He depart; Je-sus is pass-ing by.

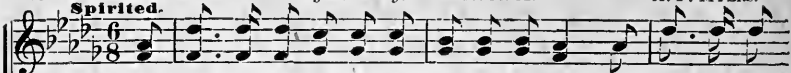
"Doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which

MARY IRENE MCLEAN.

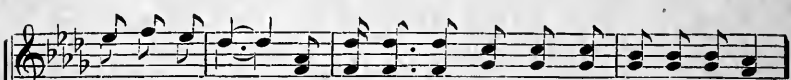
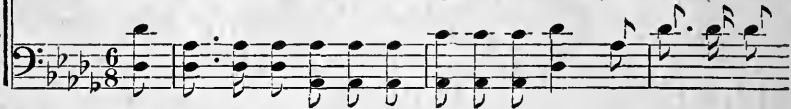
is gone astray."—MATT. 18: 12.

A. F. MYERS.

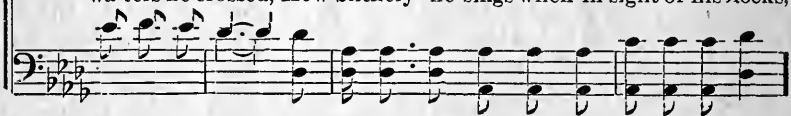
**Spirited.**



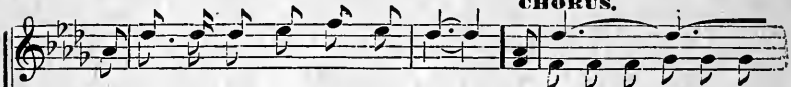
1. The shepherd who misses a sheep from the fold, Re-gard-less of  
 2. And when he has found it his joy is so deep, Tho' wea-ry and  
 3. Tho' wet with the dews of the night are his locks, And dark are the



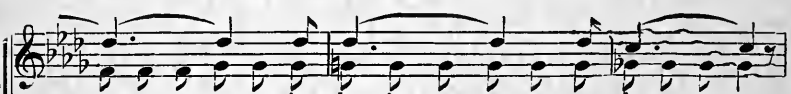
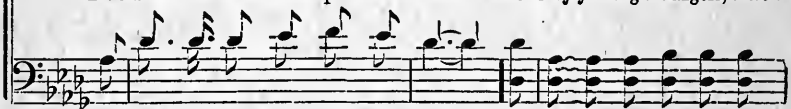
dan-ger or cost, Will search on the mountains all night in the cold,  
 hun-gry and cold, He ten-der-ly lifts in his arms the poor sheep,  
 wa-ters he crossed, How blithely he sings when in sight of his flocks,



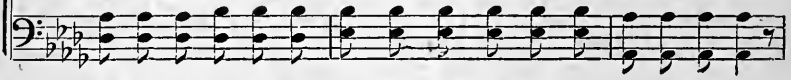
**CHORUS.**



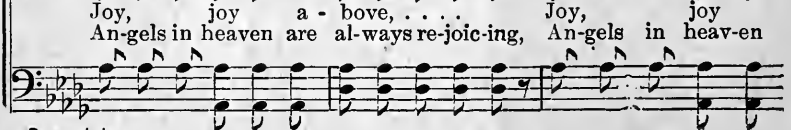
To res-cue the sheep that is lost. There's joy . . . . .  
 And car-ries it back to the fold.  
 "I've bro't back the sheep that was lost." There's joy 'mong the angels, there's



. . . . . in heav'n . . . . . a - bove, . . . .  
 joy 'mong the angels, there's joy 'mong the angels in heav-en a-bove,



Joy, joy a - bove, . . . . Joy, joy  
 An-gels in heaven are al-ways re-joic-ing, An-gels in heav-en



## The Lost Found.

a - bove, . . . . . When a sin - - ner re - pents . .  
are always re-joic-ing When a sin-ner re-pents, there is joy 'mong

. . . . . There's joy, joy a - bove. . . . .  
the an-gels, There's joy 'mong the an-gels in heav-en a - bove.

## No. 23. Light After Darkness.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

**DUET.**

1. Light af - ter dark-ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter  
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter  
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

weak-ness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,  
mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,  
loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,

Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wan-der-ing, Praise after tears.  
Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea - ri-ness, Sweet rest at last.  
Rap-ture of bliss, Right was the path - way Leading to this.

# No. 24.

# "Give Me Thy Heart."

E. E. HEWITT.

A. F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to  
 2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Calling in mer - cy a -  
 3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di - vine, All that thou hast, to My

Him as our love; Soft - ly He whispers, wher - er thou art,  
 gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,  
 keep - ing re - sign; Grace more abound - ing is Mine to im - part,

**CHORUS.**  
 "Grateful - ly trust Me, and give Me thy heart."  
 Have I not died for thee? give Me thy heart." "Give Me thy heart,  
 Make full surren - der, and give Me thy heart.

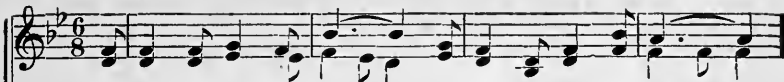
*p*  
 give Me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher - ev - er thou art; From this dark

**Rit.**  
 world, He would draw thee apart, Speaking so ten - der - ly, "give Me thy heart."

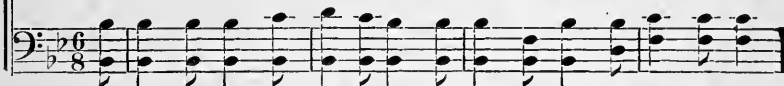


A. M. TOPLADY.

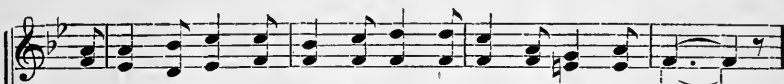
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



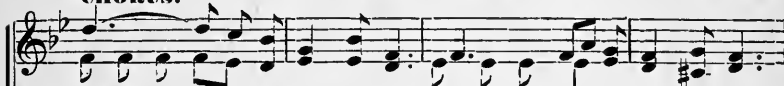
1. If on a qui - et sea, . . T'ward heav'n we calmly sail; . .
2. But should the surges rise, . . And rest de-lay to come; . .
3. Soon shall our quaking fears . All yield to Thy con-trol; . .
4. Teach us, in ev - 'ry state . . Thy will to make our own . . .



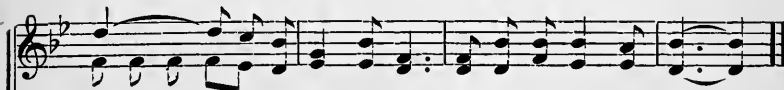
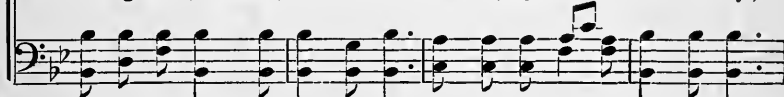
qui - et sea, calmly sail,



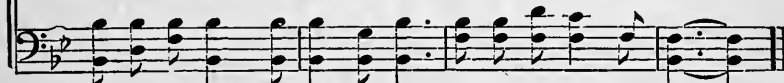
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.  
 Blest be the tempest, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.  
 Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul.  
 And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a - lone.

**CHORUS.**

Trust - - ing Thee here below, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;  
 Trusting Thee, Je - sus, here be-low, Dear, dying Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



Walk - ing in faith, we'll go On till Thy face we see.  
 Walking in faith,



MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

RAN C. STOREY.

1. Go seek for the wand'ers from God and the right, A - way on the  
 2. Go in - to the highways and hedges so drear, Go seeking the  
 3. Go out to the hearts that are weeping to-night, Are weeping o'er

mountains so cold; Go gath-er the lambs from the darkness of  
 lost ones to find; They're grieving in sorrow, they're shrinking in  
 death and the grave; Go bear them a message of love and of

**CHORUS.**

night, Go gather them in - to the fold.  
 fear, Go speaking a word that is kind. Go gath-er them  
 light, Go tell of the might-y to save.

Go gather them in from highways and hedges,  
 in from highways and hedges.

Go gather them in from where thy roam, where they roam,  
 Go gather them in from where they roam,

## Go Gather Them In.

Go gath-er them in from sin and sorrow,  
Go gath-er them in from sin and sor - row,

Go gather the wand'ers to their home, to their home,  
Go gather the wan - d'ers to their home.

## No. 27. This World For Jesus.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. We'll win this world for Jesus, From whitning fields to-day, We hear the call for
2. We'll win this world for Jesus, And hasten on the day When ev'ry is-land
3. We'll win this world for Jesus Whose right it is to reign O'er ev'-ry land, in
4. We'll win this world for Jesus, The conquest has begun, The kingdoms of this

**CHORUS.**

reapers now To bear the sheaves away. We'll win this world, We'll  
of the sea Shall own His gentle sway.  
ev - 'ry clime, On ev'ry hill and plain.  
world shall be The Kingdom of His Son. We'll win this world, we'll win this world, we'll

win this world for Je - sus, To win this world for Jesus.  
We'll sing and pray and work to-day,

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

DR. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je - sus is call - ing! Oh, hear Him to - day, Call - ing for you,  
 2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your serv - ice He needs, Call - ing for you,  
 3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call - ing for you,

call - ing for you; Will you not quick - ly the summons o - bey?  
 call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you He pleads,  
 call - ing for you; O - pen your heart, and His mer - cy im - plore,

**CHORUS.**

Je - sus is call - ing for you! Call - - - ing for  
 for you. Je - sus is call - ing, is

you, call - - - ing for you, Hear Him to -  
 call - ing for you, Je - sus is call - ing, is call - ing for you,

day—do not turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you. . .  
 for you.

*pp*

1. "Come and rest, come and rest," Je - sus now calls to thee;  
 2. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Comes His dear voice to thee;  
 3. Come to - day, come to - day, Rest in the Sav - iour's love;

"Rest, rest on my breast," Calleth He ten - der - ly.  
 Now, now, hear Him now, Calling so lov - ing - ly.  
 Al - ways with Him stay— Dwelling with Him in love.

*mf*

*pp*

"Come, take my yoke, 'tis bond-age blest; Come, heavy la - dened  
 Fear not the storms of life that blow, Nor 'the wild waves that  
 Wea - ry ones, come with - out de - lay, Nev - er a - gain from

and distressed, And I will make you free; Come, ye  
 break and flow; In - to His arms now flee, He, His  
 Him to stray; Here His great mer - cy prove, Here so

*Rall e dim.*

*pp*

wea - ry ones, come, ye ladened ones, rest. . . .  
 lov - ing ones, He, His trusting ones, keep. . . .  
 peace - ful - ly, here, so sweetly to rest. . . .

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Hap-py in the Saviour we are marching on to glory, Singing hal-le-  
 2. Clouds and darkness, sin and error—see them disappearing, As the hosts of  
 3. Faith will bring the victory! rejoice, the day is breaking! Floods of golden

lu-jah to the Lamb of Calva - ry! All along the way to oth-ers  
 Is - ra-el advance in proud array; Hark! the bugle notes of the mil-  
 glory now il-lum-inate the sky; Mighty songs of triumph from the

telling out the story—"Jesus lives, He lives! behold the year of ju-bi - lee."  
 len - ni-um is nearing, Glo - ry hal-le-lu-jah! let us watch, and fight, and pray!  
 Ba - bel din awaking, Herald now the glory that is coming by and by.

**CHORUS.**

Praise Him! Praise Him! Beau-ti-ful strains of music bring, Praise Him!  
 Praise Him in the highest glory! Praise Him! tell the

Praise Him! Love and a-dore the King! Praise Him! Praise Him!  
 wondrous story! Praise Him! wave His banner o'er thee,

# Victory!

Let the redeemed of Zion sing Until all the world shall know and love the Lord.

## No. 31. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. 1843.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je-sus is mine; Break ev'ry ten-der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je-sus is mine; Here would I ev-er stay,
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine; Lost in this dawning light.
4. Fare-well, mor-tal - i - ty, Je-sus is mine; Welcome, e-ter-ni - ty,

Je - sus is mine; (is mine;) Dark is the wil - derness, Earth has no  
 Je - sus is mine; (is mine;) Per-ish - ing things of clay, Born but for  
 Je - sus is mine; (is mine;) All that my soul has tried, Left but a  
 Je - sus is mine; (is mine;) Welcome, oh, loved and blest, Welcome, sweet

rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!  
 dis - mal void, Je - sus hath sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(Better as a Solo.)

JNO. B. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the  
 2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face, And the  
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our  
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I  
 lustre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the  
 parting at the riv-er I recall; To the sweet vales of Eden they will  
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of ages I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.  
 mer-cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.  
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.  
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

## CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;  
 I shall know Him,

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, By the print of the nails in His hand.



# No. 33.

# The Master's Call.

Mrs. IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why i - dle rest the hands to - day, That should the sharpened  
 2. Waste not the hours in vain re - gret; Go forth with wil - ling  
 3. Stay not to choose your place or task, Take that which nearest  
 4. And when the "harvest home" shall ring Thro' all the heav'n's its

sick - le wield? The Mas - ter calls! a - rise, a - way To  
 heart and true; Sheaves wait the reap - ers' sick - le yet, And  
 lies to you: The bless - ing waits for those who ask, - "What  
 glad re - frain, They at the feet of Christ, their King, Shall

## CHORUS.

la - bor in the rip - ened field.  
 much may still be done by you. The Mas - ter calls, the har - vest  
 will Thou have me, Lord, to do?"  
 lay their sheaves of gold - en grain.

tru - ly is great, But the la - borers, a - las, are few. Go

forth, go forth to the field to - day, There is work for all to do.

## No. 34.

## Source of Every Blessing.

RALPH WARDLOW.

A. HENRY.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy;  
2. Firm - ly trust - ing in Thy blood, Nothing shall my heart confound;

Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ.  
Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

Fountain of o'er-flow - ing grace, Free - ly from Thy fullness give;  
When I touch the bless - ed shore, Back the closing waves shall roll,

Till I close my earthly race, May I prove it "Christ to live!  
Death's dark stream shall nevermore Part from Thee my ravished soul.

**CHORUS.**

Thou art the source of ev - 'ry bless - ing,  
Thou art the source of ev - 'ry bless - ing,

## Source of Every Blessing.

Thou art the light of life to me;  
Thou art the light of life to me;

All my sins ; to Thee confessing,  
yea, all my sins to Thee confessing,

Yea, Thou wilt cleanse and pardon me.  
Thou wilt cleanse and pardon me, and pardon me.

*Rit.*

No. 35.

## The Golden Key.

*"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."*

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Pray'r is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts a-way,
4. When the shadows fall, And the vesper call Is sobbing its low refrain,
5. Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more: Life's tears shall be wiped away,

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like the perfume from the flow'rs.  
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.  
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.  
'Tis a garland sweet To the toil dent feet, And an an-ti -dote for pain,  
As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring, And the sun unsheathes for aye.

# No. 36.

# A Hundred Years to Come.

\* \* \* Third Stanza by LOUISE MITCHELL.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Who'll press for gold yon crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who'll tread this  
 2. We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come, No liv - ing  
 3. Oh, wand'rer, say, where will you be A hundred years to come? When in that

church with willing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age, and fiery  
 soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come. But other men our streets will  
 vast e - ter - ni - ty, A hundred years to come? The faithful ones shall then be-

youth, And childhood with his brow of truth, The rich, the poor, on land, on sea, Where  
 fill, And others then our lands will till, And other birds will sing as gay, And  
 hold The beauties of that land untold, Singing glad praises round the throne, And

## REFRAIN.

will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come? A hundred years to come, A  
 bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come. A hundred years to come, A  
 heaven be only just begun, A hundred years to come. A hundred years to come, A

hundred years to come, Where will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come?  
 hundred years to come, Where will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come?  
 hundred years to come, In heaven the faithful ones shall be, A hundred years to come.

ANON.

RAN. C. STOREY.

1. Be-yond this life of hope and fears, Beyond this world of grief and  
 2. Its glo-rious gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en-ter  
 3. No droop-ing form, no tear-ful eye, No heav-y head, no weary  
 4. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and angels

tears, There is a re-gion fair; It knows no change and no decay—No  
 in To mar its beau-ty rare; Up-on that bright eternal shore Earth's  
 sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mortals may not know, Like  
 stand, And all its glo-ries share; And there with Christ I'll ever stay—In

night obscures its end-less day; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 bit-ter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 peace-ful riv-ers ev-er flow; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 that e-ter-nal, hap-py day; Oh, say, will you be there?

**CHORUS.**

Will you be there? will you? Will you be there? will, you?  
 Will you be there? Will you be there?

In that bright land of end-less day, Oh, say, will you be there?

# No. 38.

# Seeking to Save.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Soul, have you heard the won-der-ful sto - ry?— I have a  
 2. Soul, do you know this Saviour so pre-cious Lov-ing - ly  
 3. Soul, He is wait - ing for thy de - cis - ion; Haste with thine

Sav-iour seeking for me! Seeking to save from sin and from  
 waits and calls un-to thee?—Pleads but to par-don, pleads but to  
 an - swer, do not de - lay. "Will you ac - cept me? Will you re-

D.S. *Seeking to save from sin and from*  
 Fine.

sor - row!—From ev-'ry bur - den to set me free.  
 res - cue;—Will you ac - cept this mer - cy so free?  
 ject me?" Soul, it is Je - sus speak - ing to - day.

sor - row!—From ev-'ry bur - den to set me free.

**CHORUS.**

Seeking to save, . . . . yes, seeking to save,  
 Seeking to save, . . . . yes, seeking to save, . . . .

Je - sus the Sav - iour is seeking to save;  
 Je - sus the Sav - iour is seeking to save;

# No. 39. The Knock of the Nail-Pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Dost thou know at thy bolt-ed heart's-door to-night, The Sav-iour in  
 2. Out-side He has stood thro' the length of the years, Since Mother the  
 3. You turn not away when a friend's at your door, Here's one there's none  
 4. All the pain and the shame of His death on the tree A welcome from

mee-kness doth stand, And longs for ad-mis-sion? pray, lis-ten now To the  
 love-flame first fanned; You have spurned and rejected, oh, give head to-night To the  
 like in the land, Who asks to come in to for-ev-er abide; Heed the  
 you should command, Since the weight of your sins in His body He bore; Heed the

## CHORUS.

knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,

Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand; . . . Swing the door o-pen wide,  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;

Bid Him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

# No. 40. TENDERLY CALLING TO THEE.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

ZOLLIE STUART.

1. A sweet voice is calling— is call-ing to thee—Those sweet, tender  
 2. A sweet voice is calling, oh, hear it just now, It bids thee to  
 3. A sweet voice is calling—but soon it may cease, And mer - cy will

tones is the voice of thy God; He's call - ing to thee from thy  
 turn from your sins and be saved; Then list to its plead-ings, oh,  
 close ev-'ry door of her love; Then haste to the blood and ob-

sins to be free Oh, heed now His call, come and trust in His blood.  
 come now and bow, Give Je - sus the heart He has ear-nest-ly craved.  
 tain the sweet peace, This grace he will give thee in show'rs from above.

CHORUS.

The Sav - iour is calling, Is ten - der - ly calling, The Sav - iour is  
 Re - sist not His pleading, His sweet, tender pleading, [Omit. . . . .]

calling, He's calling now for thee;  
 . . . . . ] He's loving - ly calling for thee. (for thee.)



1. Send me forth, oh, blessed Master! where are souls in sorrow bowed, Send me
2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer, There are
3. There is work within the vineyard, there is service to be done, There's a
4. Oh, I would not be an idler in the vineyard of the Lord; With the

forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o-  
 souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be  
 mes - sage of sal - va - tion to de - clare; Send me forth to tell the  
 Christ the vineyard - la - bor I would share; Into hearts that know not

*D. S.* read - y to re

by the call, and in Thy blessed name I will take the blessed  
 lightened of the burdens which they bear; Let me take the blessed  
 sto - ry to the homes of sin - ful men; Let me take the blessed  
 Je - sus I would speak the saying Word; Let me take the blessed

port for or - ders, Master, summon me, And I'll go on a - ny

**Fine. CHORUS.**

light of the gos - pel there. Call me forth . . . to ac - tive  
 hope of the gos - pel there.  
 Christ of the gos - pel there.  
 joy of the gos - pel there. call me forth,

er - rand of love for Thee.

serv - ice, And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me," I am  
 service call me forth,

"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a prince and a Saviour."—ACTS 5: 31.

H. P. PIPER.

A. F. MYERS. By per.

Spirited.

1. Joy bells are ring - ing in heav - en a - bove, For sin - ners re -  
 2. Joy bells are ring - ing in hearts here be - low, And tell - ing of  
 3. Joy bells of heav - en ring out the glad song, And earth's weary  
 4. Sing out His prais - es in mansions of light, And sing midst earth's

deemed by the Father's great love, Angels in glo - ry repeat the glad strain,  
 peace which the world can - not know, Telling of vict'ry o'er sin and the grave,  
 wand'ers are joining the throng; Sin - sick and weary with earth's cares oppressed,  
 sorrows its darkness and night, Sing till all nations the Saviour shall own,

## CHORUS.

Chanting it sweetly a - gain and a - gain. Ring! ring! ring! ring  
 Tell - ing of Je - sus the mighty to save.  
 Com - ing to Je - sus for pardon and rest.  
 We shall then sing in our beautiful home. Ring, ring out the praises a -

out, . . . And sing it a - gain! . . . Ring!  
 gain and again, And sing it a - gain and again, and a - gain! Ring,

ring! ring! ring out.  
 ring out His praises, again and again, To Je - sus the Saviour of men.

## No. 43.

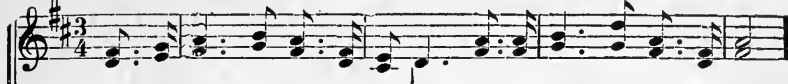
## Not One Forgotten.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12:6.

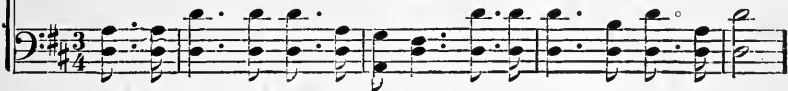
E. E. HEWITT.

(May be sung as a solo and chorus.)

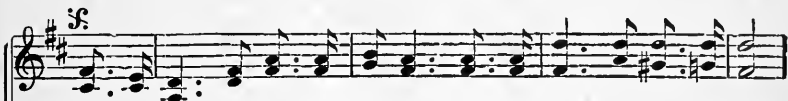
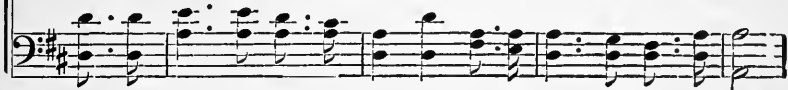
H. L. GILMOUR.



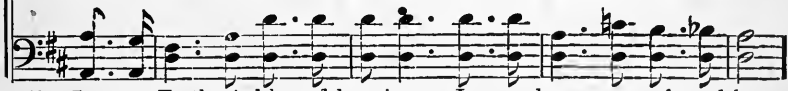
1. There's a word of ten-der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all His children, So un - worthy of His love,
3. Oh, the wounded hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol,



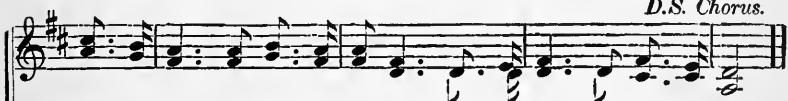
How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Waking gratitude's sweet chord;  
 Yet, for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;  
 Is there a - ny ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?



For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,  
 He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way;  
 Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can-not see,



*Cho.*—In my Fa-ther's blessed keeping I am hap - py, safe and free;



*D.S. Chorus.*

Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow, For 'tis precious in His sight.  
 For my Sav - iour gen-tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they"  
 In the sunshine and the shadow, Singing, "He will care for me."



While His eye is on the sparrow I will not for-got - ten be.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A-drift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the  
 2. Oh, I was a sin-ner a-lone on the sea, But love's blessed  
 3. I stepped in the life-boat pro-vi - ded for me, And Je - sus, my  
 4. Life's tur-bu-lent sur-ges are kissed in - to peace, The beacons are

beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold, A ves-sel is sinking, for  
 sig-nals were floating for me; Tho' thunders were roll-ing, and  
 Pi - lot, my Captain will be; His bos-om my ref-uge, my  
 shin-ing, and songs nev-er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, il-

heavy the gale, The ca-ble is broken, and tattered each sail.  
 bil-lows at strife, Lo, Je - sus was calling, "escape for thy life."  
 "ha-ven of rest," I'm rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.  
 lumine the tide, While onward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful - ly glide.

**Fine.**

*D.S.*—Je-sus, King Je-sus, "the mighty to save."

**CHORUS.**

Poor child of the wreck, see the life-boat is near; A sweet voice is heard, for the

Master is here; He walksev'ry billow, controls ev-ry wave, 'Tis

**D.S.**

# No. 45. Are You Coming to the Feast?

I. N. M.

I. N. McHose.

1. There's a feast now a-wait-ing, prepared by loving hands In the  
 2. Come, for all things are ready, why will you stay a-way? Hear the  
 3. 'Tis a feast ev - er-last-ing, abundant, rich and free, Thro' the

midst of the banquet, the gen-tle Saviour stands; Then no longer go  
 kind in - vi - tation, oh, come without de-lay; 'Tis the day of sal-  
 blood of the Saviour, an o-pen door we see; Come and wear the white

roving o'er deserts bare and wild, See! the Father now is waiting to  
 vation why will you longer roam? There's a mansion now preparing, for  
 raiment, the wedding garment fair, And the Lord and all His angels will

**CHORUS**

great His weary child. You're in-vi-ted, are you com-ing?  
 you in yonder home.  
 bid you welcome there. to the feast, to the feast?

Oh, accept the in - vi - tation, all things are ready, come;  
 See, the Father now is waiting to [Omit. . .] welcome wand'ers, home.

*"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."—GAL. 5: 22.*

REV. A. D. KENNEDY

D. W. CRIST.

1. Sing those beau-ti - ful themes a - gain, "Love, joy and peace,"  
 2. Sing those beau-ti - ful words to me, "Love, joy and peace,"  
 3. Sing those words to me o'er and o'er, "Love, joy and peace,"  
 4. Oh, the fruit of the Spir - it, this "Love, joy and peace,"

How the Fa-ther did love me then, Me to re - lease  
 Which, in heav-en re-served for me, Nev - er shall cease;  
 In my heart I would more and more Have them in - crease.  
 All the rich - es 'of grace are His, Nev - er to cease.

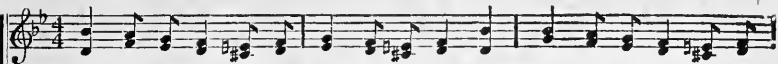
From do-minion of Satan's claim, Thro' the power of Jesus' name—  
 Where the pure shall inec-sta - sy Praise their God thro' e-ter - ni - ty—  
 Love and joy; oh, im - mor-tal theme, Flowing on like a gen-tle stream!  
 In the realms of e - ter - ni - ty, Coming from the blest One in Three,

Sing those beau-ti - ful themes a - gain, "Love, joy and peace."  
 Sing those beau-ti - ful words to me, "Love, joy and peace."  
 Sing those words to me o'er and o'er, "Love, joy and peace."  
 Sing those beau-ti - ful words to me, "Love, joy and peace."

# No. 47. THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE.

E. L. JONES.

RAN. C. STOREY.



1. Soldiers of Christ, be ye steadfast and loy - al, True to His col - ors, no
2. Soldiers of Christ, in the Word it is promised That there shall be an a -
3. Sôldiers of Christ, soon the war will be o - ver, Then when the weapons are



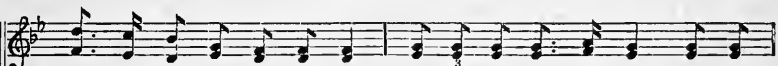
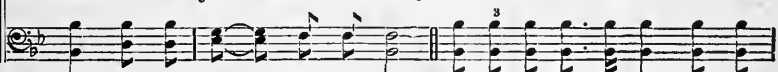
du - ty undone; This is the sea - son of earn - est endeav - or, There shall be  
 bundant reward; Un - to the faithful, who firm in the conflict, Conquer o'er  
 ever laid down, Jesus your Captain will call you before Him, Decking your



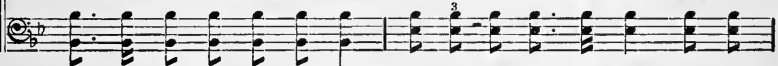
## CHORUS, DAN. 12: 3.



rest when the vic - to - ry is won. }  
 sin in the name of the Lord. } They that be wise shall shine with the  
 brow with a jew - el starred crown. }



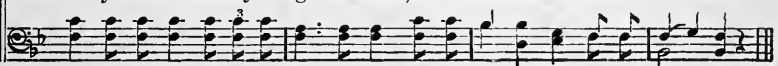
brightness of the firm - a - ment; They that be wise shall shine with the



brightness of the firm - a - ment, And they that turn many to righteousness,



And they that turn many to righteousness, As the stars fore - ver and ev - er.



PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Questions in Italics, responses in Roman type.*

1. *Steers-man, steers-man, the channel's rough and dark, The waves roll high, the*  
 2. *Steers-man, steers-man, the stars are wrapped in mist. The Po-lar star still*  
 3. *Steers-man, steers-man, how wild the tem-pest raves! The flood may swell, but*

*winds sweep by, Now whither speeds thy bark? Now whither speeds thy bark?*  
 beams a - far On hills of am - e - thyst, On hills of am - e - thyst.  
 all is well, While Jesus walks the waves, While Jesus walks the waves.

Sail - ing, sail - ing, to reach a glorious home, Tho' storms assail we  
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a bet - ter land, No wind that blows our  
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a happier shore, A pathway bright shines

**CHORUS.**  
 dare the gale, For Je - sus bids us come. Sail - - ing o'er the  
 hope o'erthrows, While Christ waits on the strand.  
 through the night, Where friends have gone before. Sailing, sailing,

rest - less tide, Sail - - ing thro' the gale we glide,  
 Sail - ing, sail - ing,



# The Lights of Home.

There, . . . beyond the billows foam, We see the lights of home.  
There, beyond, beyond

## No. 49. BLESSED QUIETNESS.

Mrs. MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

Arr. by J. H. FULLMORE.

1. Joys are flowing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come ;
2. Springing in - to joy and glad - ness All around this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow - ing, Blessed fruits of righteousness;
5. What a won-der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al-ways see His face ;

He abides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart His home  
Banished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and rest.  
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Coming to us from on high.  
And the streams of life are flow - ing In the lone - ly wil-der-ness.  
What a peaceful hab-i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest-ing place.

### CHORUS.

Blessed qui-et-ness, ho - ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul ;

On the stormy sea, Je-sus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Je - sus pa - tient - ly knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart,  
 2. O - pen the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and a - bide,  
 3. Je - sus stands waiting and pleads with thee still, O - pen to - day!  
 4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to - day,

knocks at thy heart, O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more,  
 come and a - bide;" He will re - deem thee and cleanse from all sin,  
 o - pen to - day! How canst thou treat the dear Saviour so ill?  
 find it to - day; Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest;

**REFRAIN.**

Lest He for - ev - er de - part. Knock - ing to - day, . .  
 He will be with thee to guide.  
 How canst thou turn Him away?  
 Why wilt thy long - er de - lay? Knocking, knocking to - day, to - day,

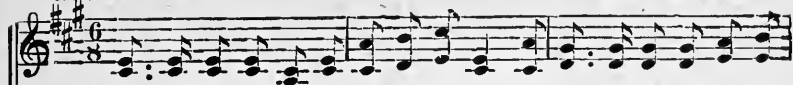
Knock - ing to - day, . . Je - sus is  
 Knocking, knocking to - day, to - day, Je - sus is earn - est - ly

knock - ing,  
 knocking to - day, Is knock - ing for en - trance to - day.

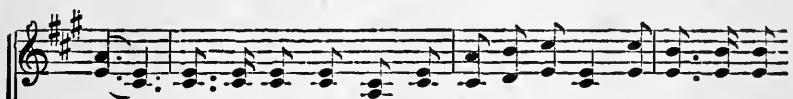
# No. 51. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in-to your
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in-to your
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come in-to your
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come in-to your
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in-to your



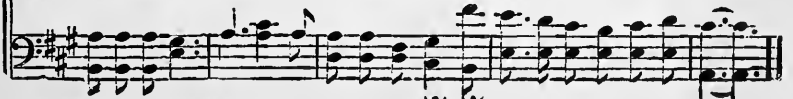
heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin, Let Je - sus come  
heart; Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come  
heart; If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je - sus come  
heart; Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Je - sus come  
heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come



in - to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re -  
in - to your heart. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re -



ject Him no more; Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.  
ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door; And Jesus comes in-to my heart.



IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the sun is shining bright in the clear blue sky, And the  
 2. When the tear-like rain-drops fall with a patt'ring sound, To re-  
 3. So, in sunshine or in rain, cloud-y skies or fair, We will

clouds, so soft and white, are slow-ly drift - ing by; Where the  
 fresh the drooping flow'rs, and cheer the thirst - y ground, With the  
 praise Him for His love, and for His ten - der care; And we'll

gai - ly tint-ed flow'rs their sweet perfume give, What a pleasant, happy  
 flow'rs our hearts rejoice, as they seem to say: "What a lov-ing hand it  
 live and work for Him ev-'ry pass - ing day, Trusting His dear hand to

CHORUS.  
 world this is in which to live. We are glad, so glad all the  
 is that sends this rain to - day."  
 lead us all a - long the way. We are glad, so glad and happy all the

joy - ous day, For we nev - er can be sad while all a -  
 joy-ous, joy-ous day,

# GLAD ALL THE DAY. Concluded.

round our way We can see His love shining ev - 'ry - where,  
We can see the Father's love so brightly shining ev'rywhere,

And we praise Him that He makes the world so bright and fair.

## No. 53. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*With feeling.*

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;  
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;  
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;  
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;  
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home;  
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home;

*F.* FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.  
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.  
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.  
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.  
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.  
Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.

*D.S.*—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

# No. 54. King Over Death and the Grave.

CARY.

SOLO. Bass.

Rit.

C. S. COLBURN.

1. I will sing of the wonderful love, Of the Saviour who died on the tree,
2. Oh, that wonderful, wonderful love, Fills my soul as the water the spring,
3. Will you come and be saved by the blood, Of this Saviour who died on the tree?

Rit.

That all who believe shall a pardon receive, From the curse of the law be set free.  
 And day after day as I go on my way, Of that wonderful love I will sing.  
 Oh, why yet delay, why from Him turn away? He is pleading, oh, sinner for thee.

Tempo.

He has conquered the grave and death has no sting, For those who believe He will save;  
 Oh, the peace I received when that love I received, That peace by His presence He gave;  
 What more could He do, oh, lost one, for you, For life, pow'r and glory He gave,

# King Over Death and the Grave.

Cres. Ad lib.

In triumph He rose, overcoming His foes, He is King over death and the grave.  
 In faith I will stand and obey His command, For He's King over death and the grave.  
 Your soul to redeem from its bondage of sin, And give vict'ry o'er death and the grave.

*pp*

## No. 55. NO, NOT ONE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

**Slow and with feeling.**

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He's not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

**Fine.**

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

*D.S.*—There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!

**CHORUS.**

**D.S.**

Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is the Lord, to the glory of God the father."—PHIL. 2: 11. W. S. WEEDEN.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { The dear lov - ing Saviour has found me, And shattered the fetters that  
The bless - ed Re - deemer that bought me, In ten - derness constantly

2. { He sought me so long e'er I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly gathered me  
Although a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro' faith I was led to im -

3. { I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow weary of service and  
A - bid - ing in love ev - er - flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ever

bound me; Tho' all was con - fu - sion around me, He came and spoke  
sought me: The way of Sal - va - tion He taught me, [Omit. . . . .  
to Him: I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be  
plore Him, And now I re - joice and a - dore Him, [Omit. . . . .  
grieve Him, I'll con - stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Remain in His  
grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly, know - ing, [Omit. . . . .

peace to my soul. And made my heart per - fect - ly whole.  
filled with His grace. Re - stored to His lov - ing em - brace.  
presence di - vine. That Je - sus the Sav - iour is mine.

CHORUS.

He saves me, He saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah!

Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, His Spir - it a - bideth 'with - in;



## HE SAVES ME.

He saves me, He saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le-lu - jah!

Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

## No. 57. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My happy soul re - joic-es, The sky is bright a-bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the blessed sto-ry Of Him who died to save; The love of
3. His gracious words of pardon Were mu-sic to my heart; He took a-
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. Oh, crown Him King forever! My Saviour and my friend; By Zi - on's

CHORUS.

heav'nly voices, And sing redeeming love.  
 Christ swept o'er me, My all to Him I gave.  
 way my burden, And bade my fears depart. For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood  
 Calv'ry's mountain, With blessings in its flow.  
 crys-tal riv-er His praise shall never end.

Pow'r in Jesus' blood, There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

# No. 58.

# JESUS INVITES.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Jesus invites you to come un-to Him, To come unto Him and be saved,  
 2. Jesus has power to save you from sin, If you will but come and be-lieve,  
 3. Jesus has peace and salvation for you, If you will but trust in His grace,

Come tho' your eyes with your tears are dim, And bring Him your heart so depraved.  
 In-to your heart He will en - ter in, And all your transgressions forgive.  
 Then with His love, friend, oh, what will you do? Oh, come and His mercy em-brace.

CHORUS.

Will you not come and be-lieve—Will you not trust in His grace;

Come and His mercy re - ceive, Come aud His mercy em-brace.

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# No. 59.

# FLY AWAY MY SOUL.

NELLIE EDWARDS.

RAN. C. STOREY.

1. { To the Rock in a dry and thirsty land. My soul would fly away;  
 For the heat of the desert's burning sand Bids me no [Omit. .] longer stay  
 2. { There where many a pilgrim rests his feet, And cooling breezes blow;  
 'Tis from weary and strife a sure retreat, The faithful [Omit. .] only know.  
 3. { In this shade of the Rock I rest secure, No foe can harm me here;  
 For this refuge is Christ, my rest is sure, Tho' storms may [Omit.] seem severe.

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# FLY AWAY MY SOUL. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

Fly a - way . . . to Jesus, oh, my soul, Fly away to Jesus now for rest,  
Fly away to Jesus, oh, my soul,

He thy rock while endless ages roll, He will hide thee on his loving breast.  
He thy rock while endless ages roll,

# No 60. THAT'S WHY I LOVE HIM.

J. P.

JARRON PRESCOTT, by per.

1. { A fount there is that's opened wide To cleanse from ev'ry sin;  
The vil - est sin - ner here may come And safe - ly en - ter in. }

2. { 'Twas Jesus said "Come un - to me And I will give your rest,"  
Come find this great salvation free, Ye burdened and oppressed. }

## CHORUS.

That's why I love my Je - sus, He's died for me on Cal - va - ry,

That's why I love my Je - sus, He's done so much for me.

3 This cleansing stream is flowing still,  
'Tis flowing full and free;  
For Jesus said "Whoever will"  
May wash and cleansed be.

4 Now come, this fountain seek; my friend,  
Seek cleansing in its flow;  
Tho' sins as scarlet yours may be,  
He'll wash you white as snow.

1. Tenderly, soft and clear, Music and Love we hear, In our Sabbath dwelling,  
 2. Over the morning land, over its golden strand, Oft they roam delighted,  
 3. Tell us, ye sisters fair, wearing your garlands rare, Rose and lily twining,

songs of rapture swelling, Gently their wings they bend, sweetly their voices blend,  
 hand in hand united, Over the land of flowers, over its vernal bowers,  
 all their charms combining, Tell us of Him whose eye watcheth beyond the sky,

Songs of ho-ly rapture swelling; List to their carol, joyful now they say  
 Love and Music roam u-nit-ed, Now, on their pinions, fair and snowy white  
 O'er our path, in beauty shining; Still they are singing, hear their awful lay.

Come to the Sav-iour, glad-ly haste a-way, Come to the ban-quet  
 Laved in a fountain, sparkling, pure and bright, Quick as an ar-row  
 Come to the Sav-iour, trust Him while you may, Come to the ban-quet

*Rit. Ad lib.* CHORUS.

wait-ing you to-day, Wait-ing for one and all.  
 from the vales of light, Com-fort they bring to all. Tender-ly  
 wait-ing you to-day, Wait-ing for one and all.

## MUSIC AND LOVE.

soft and clear, Music and Love we hear, In our Sabbath dwelling, songs of rapture swelling,

Gently their wings they bend, sweetly their voices blend, Songs of holy rapture swelling.

### No. 62. ABUNDANTLY ABLE.

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."—EPH. 3: 20.

A. F. MYERS.

W. O. CARROLL. *Byrd*

*Medium.*

1. Why do you linger, my brother, Wait-ing in e-vil's dark night?
2. Brother, the Master in-vites you; Come, and no longer de-lay;
3. Think of the Saviour's compassion; Think of His wonder-ful love,
4. Come to the Saviour, my brother, Come, and His kind voice o-bey,

*F.* FINE.

Mer-cy's wide por-tal is o-pen: Will you not en-ter the light?  
 Free-ly to Him bring your burdens, He will not turn you a-way.  
 How He is longing to lead you Safe to His kingdom a-bove.  
 Trust in His pow-er to save you, Trust Him to save you to-day.

D. S. Come to Him ful-ly be-liev-ing, Faith shall the vic-to-ry win.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Christ is a-bundant-ly a-ble, Brother, to cleanse you from sin;

Words and Melody furnished by  
 MISSES DAISY GRIFFITHS and LOIS RUSSEL.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. There's a grand old cas-tle that stands by the sea, And the waves beat un-  
 2. Our lives are like castles that stand by the sea, And e - ter - ni - t'ys  
 3. Then keep thy lamp burning, let thy light radiant shine, Tho' the years of e-

ceas - ing - ly on. A pic - ture of ru - in, its walls are decayed,  
 o - cean rolls on. Our bod - ies in ru - in some - time will de - cay,  
 ter - ni - ty come, That the mariner's barque may ride safe thro' the storm,

And its form - er beauty is gone. But the hearts in this castle have  
 And their beauty for - ev - er be gone. But the hearts in these castles may  
 Guided thus to the heavenly home. For of - ten in Christians tho'

baf - fled the blast, No longer they heed the wild waves, But they keep a light  
 baf - fle life's waves, Undisturbed by the enemy's blast, Our light ever  
 fee - ble is found, A light for this dark night of sin, Our God sees the

burning to guide sailors home, And ma - ny a barque that light saves.  
 shining to guide sailors home, Till they anchor in heaven at last.  
 hearts, not these bodies of clay, Then Lord make us pure with - in.

EMMA PITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Rich-es un - told we may find at the throne, Pardon and peace we can  
 2. Rich-es un - told—they are priceless, divine, Purer than gold from the  
 3. Rich-es un - told now a-wait us a-bove, Kept for us there in the

claim as our own; Ref-uge and rest we ob - tain there a - lone  
 world's greatest mine: Brighter than sunlight our spirits shall shine,  
 store-house of love, Endless, in - fi - nite, the measure will prove,

**CHORUS.**  
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. Sit-ting at the feet of at the

Je - sus, Sitting at the feet of Je - sus,  
 blessed feet of Jesus, at the blessed feet of Je-sus,

Riches un - told, exhaustless are mine, Sitting at the feet of Je-sus,

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

HEBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are building in sorrow, and building in joy, A temple the world cannot  
 2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the  
 3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no tempest can

INST.

see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the  
 Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has  
 shock; For the Master has said and He taught us in His word, We must

CHORUS.

a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty. We are building day by day as the  
 promised us a bright reward. build upon the sol - id rock.

moments glide away, Our temple which the world may not see;  
 which the world may not see;

Ev -'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place,



# BUILDING DAY BY DAY.

*ad lib.*

In our building for e - ter - ni - ty, (e - ter - ni - ty.)  
for e - ter - ni - ty.

## No. 66. Over In the Sun-Bright Clime.

S. J. O.

"The Lord God giveth them light." REV. 22: 5.

S. J. OSLIN. By per.

1. There is a land, a land of beau-ty, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;  
2. 'Tis always light, the land of sto-ry, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;  
3. There happy we shall be for - ev-er, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;  
4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sighing, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;

*f*

FINE.

Life by His grace, re-ward for du - ty, Over in the sun-bright clime.  
'Tis al - ways fair, 'tis al - ways glo - ry, Over in the sun-bright clime.  
And sor - row we shall feel, no nev - er, Over in the sun-bright clime.  
There'll be no sickness there nor dy - ing, Over in the sun-bright clime

*D. S.* We'll sweetly rest from all our la-bors, O-ver in the sun-bright clime.

REFRAIN.

*D. S.*

Just over in the sun-bright clime! Just over in the sun-bright clime!  
Just over in the sinless, sun-bright clime! Just over in the sinless, sun-bright clime!

# No. 67. THE LATCH OF FATHER'S DOOR.

MRS. W. G. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On-ly a fond old fa-ther, Facing the window-pane; Peering with  
 2. On-ly a fa-ther weep-ing, Weeping as o'er the dead, Seeing no  
 3. On-ly a rest-ful homestead Waits the returning one; On-ly a

anxious long-ing In-to the dark and rain; On-ly the weary wand'rer,  
 form approach-ing, Hearing no manly tread; On-ly a trembling wand'rer,  
 heav'nly Father Welcomes a long lost son; On-ly a weary sin-ner,

Home from a foreign shore, Waiting outside and fears to lift The latch of his  
 Longing for home once more; Weary and worn, too faint to lift The latch of his  
 Broken in heart, and sore, Almost persuaded now to lift The latch of his

## CHORUS.

Father's door. Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy, And wait outside no

more; There's love and rest for thee, my boy, Within thy Father's door.

ORIGINAL.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. My soul is like a garden fair, With weeds and briars destroyed, And  
 2. He bought the garden with His blood, Then won it by His love, Then  
 3. Now heav'nly sunshine fills the air, And balmy breezes blow, And

Jesus' presence in its midst Is daily now enjoyed; Oh, what a change has  
 planted in its broken soil Sweet graces from above; Tho' flowers bloomed ye  
 thro' it from their source divine The living waters flow, The Spirit's flow'rs ul-

here been wrought Since first the gard'ner came, So great the trans-for-ma-tion seems, It  
 weeds remained And troubled day by day Until he wrought the double cure, And  
 hindered bloom, His luscious fruits abound, And songs of sweetest melody Thro'

## CHORUS.

is no more the same.  
 took them all a-way. All praise, dear Lord, we give to Thee, For such a work di-  
 all its bow'rs resound.

vine, All praise, dear Lord, we give to Thee, It ev-er shall be Thine.  
 hal-le-lu-jah!

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by H. L. G.

*Slow, with expression.*

1. God so loved the world that He gave His own Son, In the fulness of  
 2. He came to re-lease ev'ry pris-on-er bound, Ev'ry fet - ter of  
 3. When the multitude thronged Him, all eager to hear, Ev'ry need His com-  
 4. On Gennesaret's bosom He crossed the dark wave, While the billows for  
 5. This sweet story, so wonderful, never was sung From the ramparts of

time, thus to prove That He came to redeem, and to herald the theme,  
 sin to re - move; To make the lame leap, and the sealed lips to speak,  
 passion would move; And tho' ages have rolled, this same story is told,  
 mastery strove; To His friends He drew near, quickly banished their fear,  
 glo - ry a - bove Till the angels of light thrilled the listening night,

*D.S.*—Blessed be His dear name, for lost sinners He came,

FINE. CHORUS.

The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love.  
 The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love.  
 The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love. Oh, won - der - ful  
 This same Je - sus of won - der - ful love.  
 With the sto - ry of won - der - ful love.

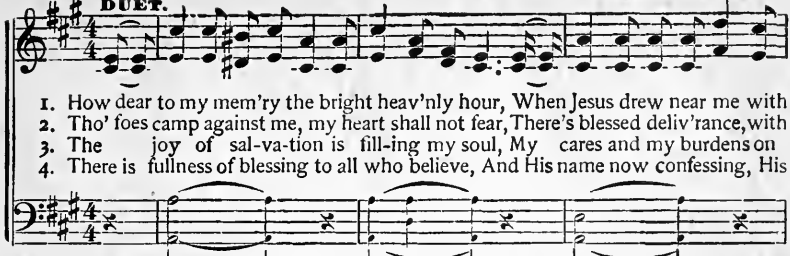
With the sto - ry of won - der - ful love.

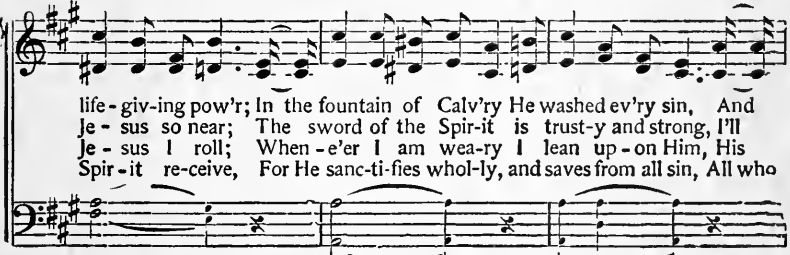
*D. S.*

love! such wonderful love! Far surpassing our tho'ts to conceive;

D. F. W.  
DUET.

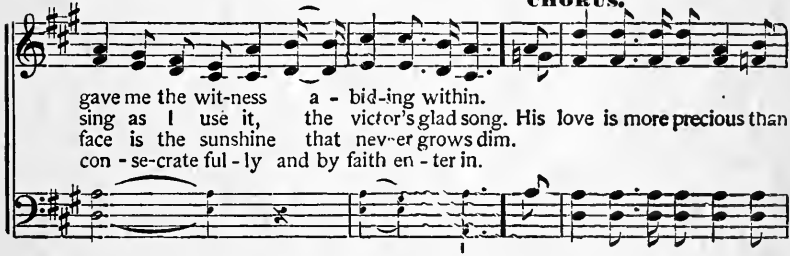
MRS. AURA SMITH.

- 
1. How dear to my mem'ry the bright heav'nly hour, When Jesus drew near me with
  2. Tho' foes camp against me, my heart shall not fear, There's blessed deliv'rance, with
  3. The joy of sal-va-tion is fill-ing my soul, My cares and my burdens on
  4. There is fullness of blessing to all who believe, And His name now confessing, His



life-giv-ing pow'r; In the fountain of Calv'ry He washed ev'ry sin, And  
 Je-sus so near; The sword of the Spir-it is trust-y and strong, I'll  
 Je-sus I roll; When-e'er I am wea-ry I lean up-on Him, His  
 Spir-it re-ceive, For He sanc-ti-fies whol-ly, and saves from all sin, All who

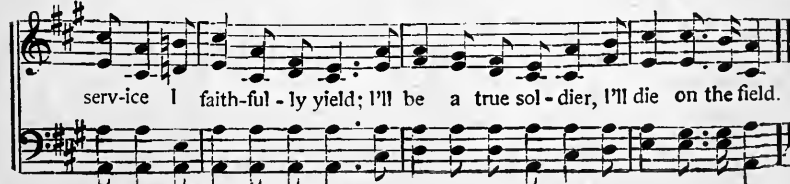
CHORUS.



gave me the wit-ness a - bid-ing within.  
 sing as I use it, the victor's glad song. His love is more precious than  
 face is the sunshine that nev-er grows dim.  
 con - se-crate ful - ly and by faith en - ter in.



ev - er to me, Since grace He hath given, a-bundant and free; My life to His



serv-ice I faith-ful - ly yield; I'll be a true sol-dier, I'll die on the field.

# No. 71. Would You Shine for Jesus?

G. M. BILLS.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Would you shine for Jesus? Let His love im-part Ar-dor to your  
 2. Would you shine for Jesus 'Mid the careless throng? Im - i - tate His  
 3. Would you shine for Jesus As a mirror true? Image forth His

ac - tions, Com-fort to your heart; With your soul il - lumined  
 grac - es As you pass a - long; Make no weak sur-ren - der  
 goodness As revealed in you. If you thus re - flect Him

By the Spirit's glow, You will be a beacon In this world of woe.  
 To the coarse and vile; Keep your tongue from evil, And your lips from guile.  
 Till this life is o'er, You will in His kingdom Shine for evermore.

## CHORUS.

Shin - ing for Je - sus, Bringing light divine To the sad and  
 Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Jesus,

err-ing, Thus for Jesus shine; Shin - ing for Je - sus,  
 Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Jesus,

## Would You Shine for Jesus? Concluded.

Bringing light divine To the sad and erring, Thus for Jesus shine.

## No. 72. WHERE WILL YOU STAND?

NELLIE EDWARDS.

W. G. ALESHINE.

SEMI-CHORUS.

FINE.

1. When the last great trump shall blow, Brother, where will you stand?
2. When the graves shall opened be, Brother, where will you stand?
3. When your record shall ap - pear, Brother, where will you stand?

D.C.—And His wrath of fire shall mock, Brother, where will you stand?

D.C.—Hear those awful groans and cries, Brother, where will you stand?

D.C.—At His left hand are the lost, Brother, where will you stand?

When we all to judgment go, Brother, where will you stand?  
 When the dead rise from the sea, Brother, where will you stand?  
 When your sentence you shall hear, Brother, where will you stand?

D.C.

When the earth shall reel and rock, When the judgment thunders shock,  
 When the great and small shall rise, And behold the melt-ing skies,  
 At God's right hand are the blest, They'll enjoy the heavenly rest,

H. L. G.

JOHN 21: 4.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Jesus stood on the shore, when the morning came, Appearing to His  
 2. Jesus stood by the way, when the beggar blind, For mercy cried thro'  
 3. Jesus stood by the grave of the friend He loved, And showed His resur-  
 4. Je - sus standeth to-day at the mercy-seat; Our Ad - vocate with

friends once more, The be - lov - ed dis - ci - ple knew the Lord, Who  
 na - ture's night, As he cast down his garments at His feet, By  
 rec - tion pow'r; Quickly gave the command "come forth, come forth," Un-  
 God a - bove; Shows His nail-pierced hands, and pleading stands, Un-

## CHORUS.

loved Him as in days of yore.  
 faith he there received his sight. Je - sus stands on the shore to-  
 loose, and let him go this hour.  
 chang-ing in His won - drous love.

day, Help-ing struggling souls by the way, On the  
 to-day, by the way,

land, or wave, Je-sus waits to save, He never turns a soul a - way.



K. R. S.

KATIE ROOP SHERMAN.

1. Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home of the blest, Where all God's  
 2. Beau-ti - ful home by the riv - er of life, Free from earth's  
 3. Beau-ti - ful home, 'tis the hav - en of rest; No harm can

chil-dren will sure-ly find rest—Home where the beau-ti - ful  
 sor-rows, its cares and its strife, Home where the beau-ti - ful  
 reach us there, no storms molest, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful

an - gels dwell, Beau-ti - ful home where all is well.  
 man - sions are, Beau-ti - ful gate it stands a - jar.  
 cit - y of gold, There our dear Sav - iour we'll be - hold.

## CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home, Beautiful home where an-gels dwell;

Beautiful home, beautiful home, Beautiful home where all is well.

# No. 78. TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO MY MOTHER.

Words from "War Cry."

O. F. PUGH.

SOLO.

1. Take this mes - sage to my mother, It wil fill her heart with joy,  
2. How she wept when last we part-ed, How her heart did ache with pain,  
3. In this world of sin are ma - ny Who have wandered far from God;

Tell her that her pray'r is answered, Christ has saved her wand'ring boy;  
When she said, good-bye, God bless you, We may nev - er meet a - gain;  
Will your mother's pray'r be answered, Lis - ten, sin - ner, you, her boy;

Tho' thro' sin from home I've wandered, And I al - most broke her heart;  
Oh, my boy, just look to Je - sus, What a Friend He is to all,  
You have offtime heard this warning In your heart conviction's deep;

Tell her to be glad and cheerful, Never from the Lord I'll part.  
On - ly trust Him, He will save you, Can't you hear His sweet voice call?  
God is call - ing to the wand'rer, Ask for mer - cy at His feet.

CHORUS.

Take this mes - sage to my mother, It will fill her heart with joy;

TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO MY MOTHER. Concluded.

Musical notation for the first piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: Tell her that her pray'r is answered, Christ has saved her wand'ring boy.

No. 79. LET THE REDEEMED SAY SO.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

Musical notation for the second piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 1. Do you glo-ry in the Saviour? Then say so; Do you know His loving  
2. Are you in His strength confiding? Then say so; And His word in you a-  
3. Are you now His love commanding? Then say so; Are you on His promise  
4. Are you now His will e'er doing? Then say so; Is His grace your soul re-

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the chorus, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: fav - or? Then say so.  
bid-ing? Then say so. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, say so,  
standing? Then say so.  
newing? Then say so.

Musical notation for the chorus, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: If from sin He sets you free, Then no longer si-lent be, Let the re-

Musical notation for the chorus, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: deemed of the Lord say so, say so, Let the redeemed of the Lord say so. (say so.)

IDA L. REED. *Ad lib.*

M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

1. On - ly a lit - tle word tenderly spoken, On - ly a smile for the  
 2. Give thy sweet sympathy where it is needed, Tenderly deal with the  
 3. Give thou thyself to the sick and the weary, There is no gift that so  
 4. Give thou thy life for the dear Master's glory, Thro' these thy loving deeds

dear Master's sake, Sunny and sweet with His love-light re-flec-tion,  
 sad wounded heart, —Bring with thy presence the glad balm of heal-ing,  
 pre - cious can be, Sharing their gifts like our kind Elder Broth-er,  
 day af-ter day, Praise Him, confess Him, and honor Him truly,

**CHORUS.**

Out of its darkness some soul may awake.  
 Je - sus will help thee wherever thou art. Give it with gladness the  
 Fullness of blessing will bring back to thee.  
 Love will il - lum-ine thy whole happy way.

smile and the handclasp, Touch the still chords with the fingers of love, Out of the

*Rit.*

darkness once more will life's music, Rise full and clear all its discords above.

ROBT. H. WALTON.

G. W. LYON.

1. Walking in the sunshine of the Saviour's love, Walking in the sunshine  
 2. Walking in the sunshine, blessed is the light, I will fear no foe, while  
 3. Walking in the sunshine, 'tis a joy divine, I will praise my Saviour,

to a home a-bove; Je - sus has redeemed me, at His will I  
 working for the right; Trusting in my Sav - iour, at His will I  
 praise Him all the time; All my sins forgiv'n, no care is on my

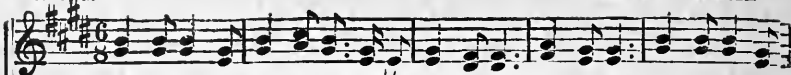
**CHORUS.**  
 bow, I'm walk-ing in the sunshine now.  
 bow, I'm walk-ing in the sunshine now. I'm walking in the sunshine  
 brow, I'm walking in the sunshine now.

now, I'm walking in the sunshine now, Keeping close to  
 just now, just now,

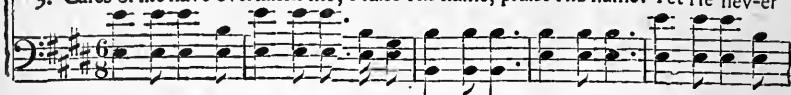
Je - sus, at His will I bow, I'm walking in the sunshine now.  
 just now.

C. H. G.

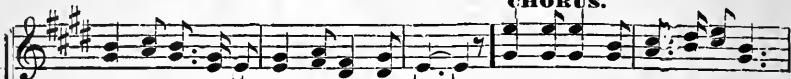
CHAS. A. GABRIEL.



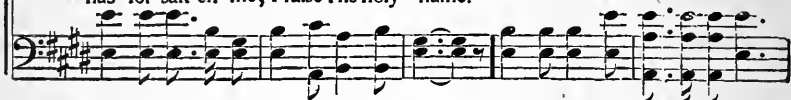
1. All the way my Lord is leading me; Praise His name, praise His name! With His heav'nly
2. When I faint, His grace upholdeth me; Praise His name, praise His name, When I fear, His
3. Cares of life have overtaken me; Praise His name, praise His name! Yet He nev-er



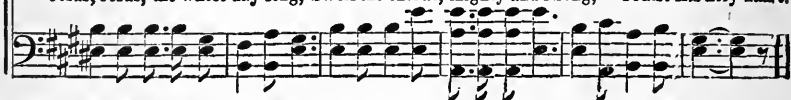
## CHORUS.



man-na feeding me; Praise His holy name.  
 arms en-foldeth me; Praise His holy name. Hal-le-lu-jah! this is my song,  
 has for-sak-en me; Praise His holy name.



Jesus, Jesus, the whole day long, Swell the chorus, mighty and strong,— Praise His holy name.



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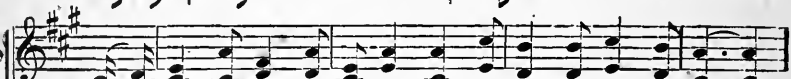
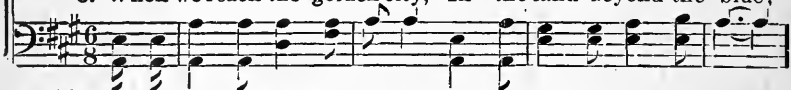
## No. 83. It Is Safe to Follow Jesus.

F. S. S.

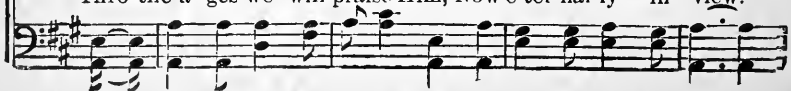
F. S. SHEPARD.



1. It is al-ways safe to fol-low Where the Saviour shows the way;
2. It is al-ways safe to fol-low Where the blessed Master leads,
3. It is al-ways safe to fol-low In the footsteps of the Lord;
4. It is al-ways safe to fol-low In the path the Sav-iour trod,
5. When we reach the golden city, In the land beyond the blue;



While walk-ing by His guid-ance, We can nev-er go a-stray.  
 For He, know-ing all our tri-als, Will sup-ply our dai-ly needs.  
 For He leadeth on to vic-t'ry As is prom-ised in His Word.  
 For al-though 'tis some-times rug-ged, Yet it al-ways leads to God.  
 Thro' the a-ges we will praise Him, Now e-ter-nal-ly in view.



# It Is Safe to Follow Jesus. Concluded.

**CHORUS.**

Then fol - low Je - sus, In the nar - row way,  
Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus, In the narrow, narrow way,

Then fol - low Je - sus, On to vic - to - ry.  
fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,

## No. 84. Going Away Without Jesus.

NELLIE EDWARDS.

W. G. ALESHINE.

1. Go - ing a - way to - night without Jesus, Go - ing a - way in sin,  
2. Go - ing a - way to - night without Jesus, Soul hardened by de - lay,  
3. Go - ing a - way to - night without Jesus, While others have His care ;

Others have found Him precious unto them, And from their sins are clean.  
Yield - ing to Sa - tan's fa - tal enticements, Hopeless must turn a way.  
Nev - er a prom - ise more of His mercy Perhaps to dark de - spair.

*D. S.* Go - ing a - way to - night from His presence, Out from the precious light.

**CHORUS.**

Go - ing a - way to - night without Jesus, Others in Him de - light ;

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty now and  
 2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; letting Him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is His  
 3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; looking to Him a-lone, Turning a-way from

ev-er, cheer-i-ly let us sing; Wholly at His commandment,  
 ban-ner, fol-low it ev-'ry day; In-to the 'midst of bat-tle,  
 e-vil, Je-sus will keep His own; Onward, still on-ward pressing,

let ev-'ry soldier be, Joy-ful-ly serving Je-sus, serving with loy-al-ty.  
 conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry He has promised o-ver the deadly foe.  
 seeing the starry prize Waiting for all the faithful, meeting beyond the skies.

**CHORUS.**

Loy-al sol-diers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long, For - - ward,  
 Joyful-ly march,

for - - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a  
 steadily march, Joyfully march, steadily march,

Happy and loyal throng, Loy-al to our Saviour and our King. . . .  
 to our Saviour and our King.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Whether it be  
 2. :: at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us  
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,  
 do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

## CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?  
 Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we a  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

# No 87. DANGER IN THE BORDER LAND.

Mrs. FRANK E. BRECK.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, The  
 2. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, "No  
 3. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, No  
 4. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, By

wild waste coun-try of sin; But a blessed hap-py kingdom is be-  
 far from the kingdom of God," And a Saviour longs to bless you, will you  
 lon - ger, long-er de-lay, For the darkness will be coming swift up-  
 sin and sor-row oppressed; Come repenting and thy Father will re-

CHORUS.

fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger  
 en - ter, Where all the saved have trod.  
 on you, A - rise! oh, haste a-way.  
 ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan - ger, dan - ger

in the bor - der land, Oh, leave the wea-ry life of sin,  
 in the bor - der land, Oh, leave the wea-ry land of sin, come to Je-sus.

For there's dan - ger in the border land, Come, a bet-ter life be-gin.  
 For there's danger, danger

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. F. FILLMORE.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the  
 2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my  
 3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith - ful and  
 4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the  
 5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,  
 sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,  
 true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,  
 paths of sin; Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,  
 out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

## CHORUS.

These have al-lured my sight. I will hast-en to Him  
 He hath the words of life.  
 He is the liv - ing way.  
 Still will I en - ter in.  
 We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,

Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),

Je - sus, great - est, high - est. I will come to Thee.  
 [Je - sus, Je - sus,

# No. 89.

## "In His Steps."

F. E. O.

"Ye should follow in His steps." 1 PETER 2: 21. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. "In His steps," how sweet to follow, "In His steps," In joy or sor-row,  
 2. "In His steps," my sin con-fess-ing, "In His steps," Oh, how refreshing,  
 3. "In His steps," myself de - ny-ing, "In His steps," on Him re-ly - ing,  
 4. "In His steps," His word believing, "In His steps," more grace receiving,

"In His steps," to-day, to-mor-row, Fol-low Je-sus all the way.  
 "In His steps," I find a bless-ing, Following Je-sus day by day.  
 "In His steps," more grace I'm sighing, Oh, to fol-low on - ly Him.  
 "In His steps," with Christ I'm living, Precious Saviour, Thou art mine.

### CHORUS.

For here - un - to were you call - ed, Christ hath suffered for you,

Thus leav - ing you an ex - am - ple To fol - low in His steps.

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# No. 90. It Was Spoken For the Master.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

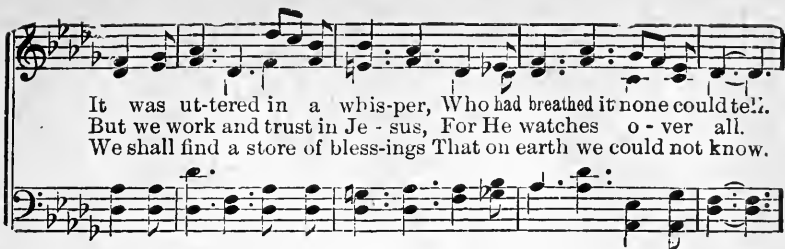
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

May be sung as Solo and Chorus.

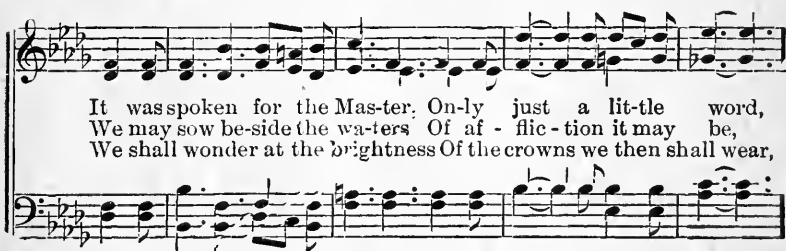
1. It was spoken for the Mas-ter, Oh, how loving-ly it fell!  
 2. Oh, we know not when we scatter, Where the precious seed will fall,  
 3. When our busy toil is o-ver, From the vineyard when we go,

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

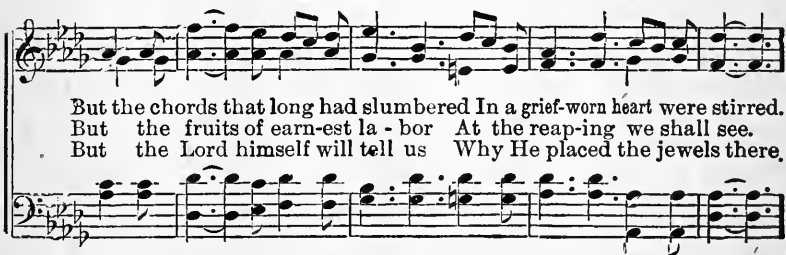
# It Was Spoken for the Master.



It was ut-tered in a whis-per, Who had breathed it none could tel.  
But we work and trust in Je - sus, For He watches o - ver all.  
We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.

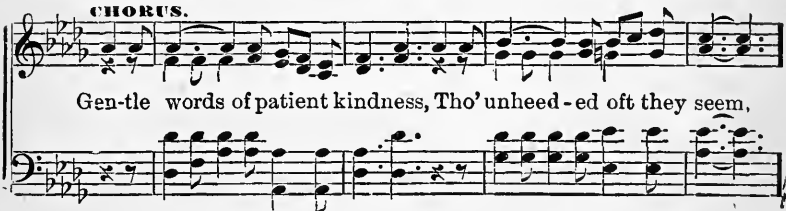


It was spoken for the Mas-ter. On-ly just a lit-tle word,  
We may sow be-side the wa-ters Of af - flic-tion it may be,  
We shall wonder at the bright-ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,

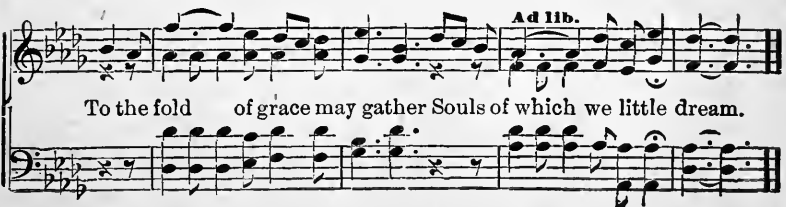


But the chords that long had slumbered In a grief-worn heart were stirred.  
But the fruits of earn-est la - bor At the reap-ing we shall see.  
But the Lord himself will tell us Why He placed the jewels there.

## CHORUS.



Gen-tle words of patient kindness, Tho' unheed-ed oft they seem,



To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we little dream.

*Ad lib.*

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.  
DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I see the days glide down the West, The seasons come and go; The  
 2. I leave this sad and lonely place, But leave it all in vain, For  
 3. I see the fair-est flow-ers fade, The ros - y cheek grow pale; The

dear ones laid a - way to rest Be - neath the win - ter snow. I  
 when I see the furrowed face I hear the voice a - gain Re -  
 aw - ful wreck dis - ease has made, The strongest mortals fail. They

hear, while standing near their bed So lone - ly, cold and drear, A voice re -  
 ech - o from beneath the sod, "Why waste your moments here? Prepare, pre -  
 al - so speak to me of death In language strong and clear; Thy life is

## QUARTET.

sounding from the dead, "E - ter - ni - ty is near, e - ter - ni - ty is near."  
 pare to meet thy God! "E - ter - ni - ty is near, e - ter - ni - ty is near."  
 going with each breath, "E - ter - ni - ty is near, e - ter - ni - ty is near."

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

F. J. CROBBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, perfect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now  
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of His  
 burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech - oes of  
 hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

**CHORUS.**

Spir - it, washed in His blood.  
 mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my  
 goodness, lost in His love.

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

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

1. I had wandered off from heaven, On the mountains cold and gray, When I  
 2. I was work-ing in the tem-pie With the Saviour by my side, Where the  
 3. Ma-ny ear-ly friends had left me, While the vacant room and chair, Were re-  
 4. Then I saw at once that Je-sus Could be bet-ter far than all, He could  
 5. So I heard the Say-iour calling, Come thou wea-ry one a-way, And my

heard my Saviour call-ing To His lost sheep far a-way; How I list-ened as the  
 mul-ti-tude as-ssembled, In its mis-er-y and pride; Glancing upward from my  
 mind-ers of the pri-ces I had paid down to be there, I was brooding o'er my  
 light-en up the pathway, Could surround me like a wall; He could take the place of  
 an-swer quickly followed, Lord, I'm coming home to-day; Now His lov-ing arms are

D. S No mat-ter who the

teardrops Coursed adown like falling rain, While His tender words of promise, Made my  
 labor I just caught His distant smile, "You have placed your work between us, Come and  
 loss-es, When the Sav-iour spoke to me, "You have let your sorrows set-tle, Like a  
 loved ones, Wipe the falling tears a-way, Turn my sor-row in-to laughter, Change the  
 round me, And my head is on His breast, While I catch His faintest whisper, And my

wand'rer, Nor how far he's gone a-stray, Be-hold, who-so-ev-er cometh, I will

**Fine. CHORUS.**

spir-it glad a-gain.  
 talk with me a-while."  
 cloud tween me and thee. "Come, oh, come to me, said Jesus, Come and I will give you  
 night-tide in-to day.  
 spir-it is at rest.

com-fort him to-day.

rest, I will take a-way the bur-den From the heav-y la-den breast.

D. S.



# No. 94.

# There is Glory in My Soul.

MRS. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Saviour, There is  
 2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is  
 3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is  
 4. Since I en-tered Canaan on my way to heav-en, There is

glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I sought and obtained God's favor,  
 glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and healed me in loving kindness,  
 glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly union,  
 glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was given,

## CHORUS.

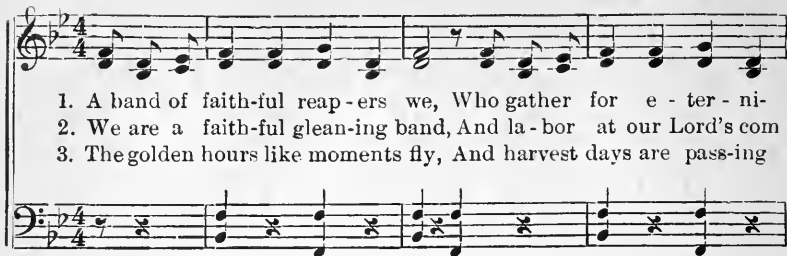
There is glory in my soul. Yes, there's glory, glory, there is glory in my soul!  
 glory, glo-ry,

Ev'-ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is

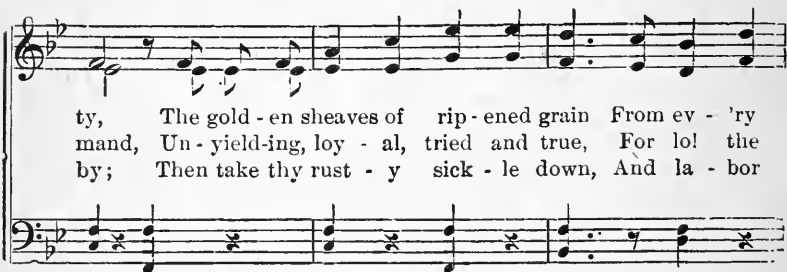
glory, glory, yes, there's glory in my soul, There is glory in my soul!  
 glory, glo-ry, glory in my soul!

C. H. G.

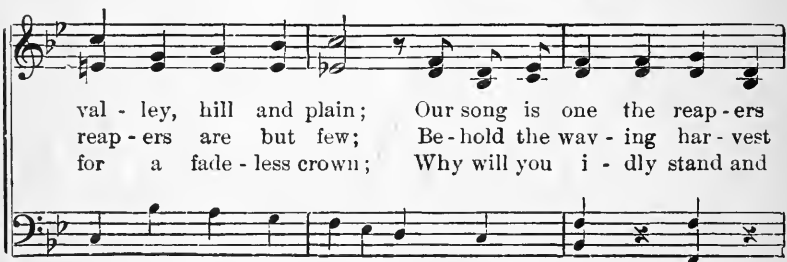
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



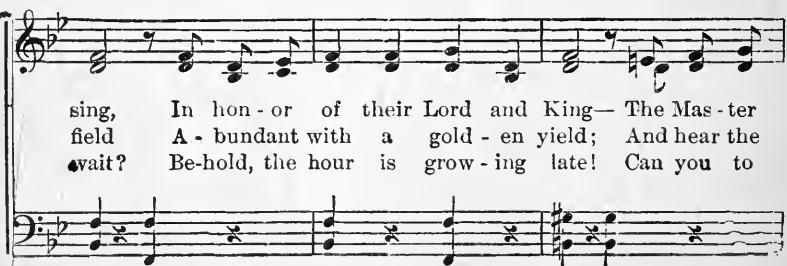
1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gather for e - ter - ni -  
 2. We are a faith-ful glean-ing band, And la - bor at our Lord's com -  
 3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are pass-ing



ty, The gold - en sheaves of rip - ened grain From ev - 'ry  
 mand, Un - yield-ing, loy - al, tried and true, For lo! the  
 by; Then take thy rust - y sick - le down, And la - bor

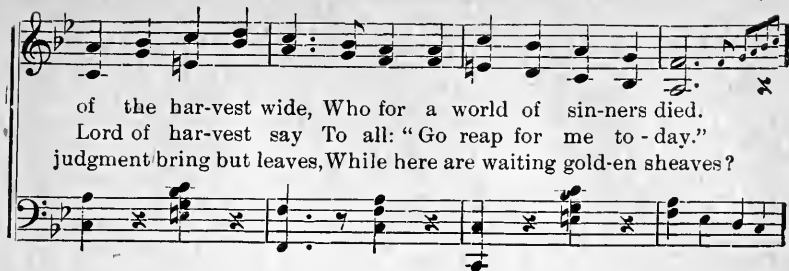


val - ley, hill and plain; Our song is one the reap - ers  
 reap - ers are but few; Be - hold the wav - ing har - vest  
 for a fade - less crown; Why will you i - dly stand and



sing, In hon - or of their Lord and King— The Mas - ter  
 field A - bundant with a gold - en yield; And hear the  
 await? Be - hold, the hour is grow - ing late! Can you to

## To the Harvest Field. Concluded.

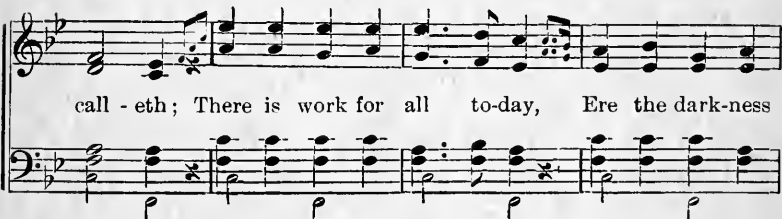


of the har-vest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.  
Lord of har-vest say To all: "Go reap for me to-day."  
judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting gold-en sheaves?

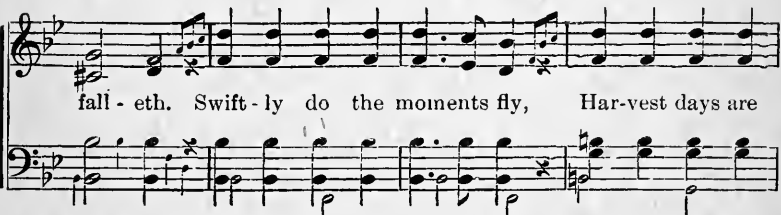
### CHORUS.



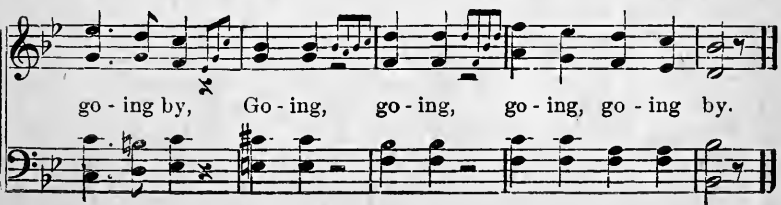
To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter



call-eth; There is work for all to-day, Ere the dark-ness



fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly, Har-vest days are



go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;  
 2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Helping the fallen to rise;  
 3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci - ful, lov - ing and kind;

His love;  
 to rise;  
 and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill - ing my soul, From the great heart above.  
 Giv - ing a hand, Bidding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.  
 Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Helping the lame and blind.

Jesus came lov - ing and cheer - ing, Giv - ing the hungry food,  
 Cheer - ing the broken heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears,  
 Jesus came sav - ing the fall - en, Help - ing them sin o'er - come,

the hun - gry  
 a - way their  
 them sin o'er -

Helping the poor and the needy, Je - sus was kind and good.  
 Com - fort - ing many in sor - row, Ban - ish - ing doubts and fears.  
 Res - cu - ing per - ish - ing sin - ners, Bring - ing the way - ward home.

food,  
 tears,  
 come,  
 Helping the need - y,  
 Com - fort - ing sor - row,  
 Res - cu - ing sinners.

# Oh, To Be More Like Jesus.

## CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid-ing the sin-ner a - bove;

Nev-er cease trying, Living or dy-ing, Working for God and love.

No. 97.

## BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross  
 2. Though like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me,  
 3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that Thou sendest me,  
 4. Then, with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs

D. S. Nearer, my God, to Thee,

*Fine.* D. S.  
 That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 In mer-cy given; Angels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,  
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee!

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K. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look up to Je - sus, lift up thy neighbor, Lead to the Saviour,  
 2. Look up to Je - sus, lift up His ban-ner, Faithful - ly fol - low,  
 3. Look up to Je - sus, lift up ho - san-nas, Glad hal-le - lu - jahs  
 4. Look up to Je - sus, lift up a prom-ise, Trustful - ly, tru - ly,

tell of His pow'r; Seek for the straying, com-fort the wea - ry,  
 stand for the right; Car - ry His col - ors, where He may lead you,  
 ring - ing a - bove; Je - sus has saved us: let joy - ful serv - ice  
 pray in His name; For all the er - ring, make in - ter - ces - sion,

## CHORUS.

Look up for guidance hour by hour.  
 Strive for the vict'ry in His might. Look up, lift up! look up to Je - sus,  
 Bear grateful witness of His love.  
 Look up! a covenant blessing claim.

Far above the darkness where His glories shine; Filled with His Spirit,

Lift up thy neighbor, Then a crown, a glorious crown shall one day be thine.

WM. KITCHING, alt.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the veil shall be up-lift-ed, Hid-ing from our mor-tal sight,  
 2. When the Saviour home shall call me, There to taste e-ter-nal joy,  
 3. I shall tune my harp with gladness, While in robes of glo-ry dressed,  
 4. There 'midst angels gather'd round Him, Strains of heav'nly music flow ;

All that scene of wondrous glo-ry, Where the saints are robed in white.  
 Wash'd in His all-cleansing fountain, Praise shall be my glad em-ploy.  
 Round the throne the angels worship, Sin-less and for-ev-er blest.  
 I shall join th'angelic cho-rus, Such as none on earth may know.

## CHORUS.

I shall see what now I see not, Hear what  
 I shall see what now, shall see what now I see not,

none on earth may hear; . . . Walk in ev-er-last-ing  
 Hear what none on earth, hear what none on earth may hear; Walk in ever-last-ing,

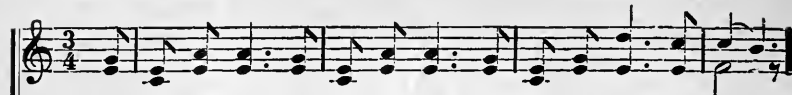
sun-shine, With my Sav-iour ev-er near. . . .  
 ev-er-lasting sunshine, With my Saviour near, my Saviour ever near.

# No. 100. BY FAITH, AND NOT BY SIGHT.

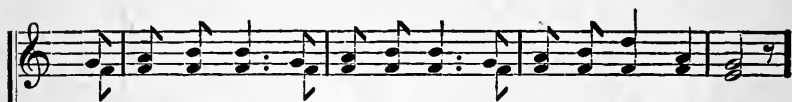
Solo, Quartet or Chorus.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

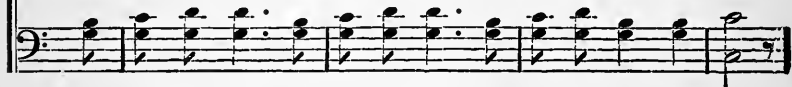
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



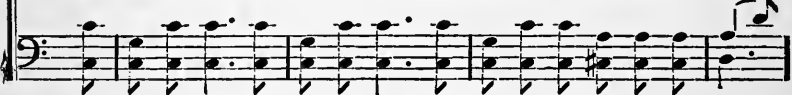
1. I do not ask to walk by sight, I on - ly need to grasp
2. I do not ask for constant joy In raptures strong and deep;
3. I do not ask to see the path O'er which my feet must go,
4. I do not ask what glories bright, Wait up in heav'n for me;



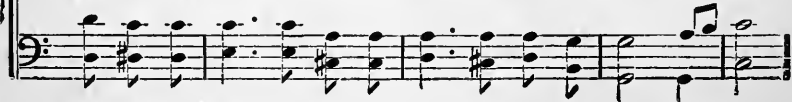
The wound-ed hand of Christ my Lord, And feel His lov - ing clasp.  
I on - ly ask to re - al - ize, His pow'r to save and keep.  
My Guide has pass'd this way be - fore, And well the way doth know.  
But this I'm told, my King in all His beau - ty I shall see.



Although my eyes may darken'd be, Although my eyes may darken'd be,  
To rest up - on His bless - ed pow'r, To rest up - on His pow'r and might,  
I ful - ly trust His love to lead, I trust His love to lead me right,  
For in that home a - bove so pure, That home a - bove so pure and bright,



I'll walk by faith, I'll walk by faith, I will not ask to see,  
And then I'll walk, I'll walk by faith, By faith and not by sight,  
I'll fol - low Him, I'll fol - low Him By faith and not by sight,  
Love shall be crown'd, love shall be crown'd, And faith be chang'd to sight,





# BY FAITH, AND NOT BY SIGHT.—Concluded.

And then, al-though my eyes may dark - ened be, I'll  
 To rest up - on His bless - ed pow'r and might, And  
 I ful - ly trust His love to lead me right, I'll  
 For in that home a - bove so pure and bright, Love

walk by faith, I will not ask to see. (I will not ask to see.)  
 thus I'll walk by faith and not by sight. (by faith and not by sight.)  
 fol - low Him by faith and not by sight. (by faith and not by sight.)  
 shall be crown'd, and faith be chang'd to sight. (and faith be chang'd to sight.)

## No. 101.

## LORD, IS IT I?

F. G. BURROUGHS.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Someone to-day will seek Thy face, Someone be-gin the heav'nly race,  
 2. Someone will pour the ointment sweet O - ver Thy sa-cred head and feet,  
 3. Someone to-day the cross will bear, Some for Thy glo - ry do and dare,

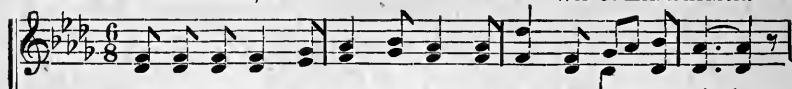
Some-one will tri - umph thro' Thy grace,—Lord, is it I?  
 Ma - ry's sweet act of love re - peat,—Lord, is it I?  
 Some-one Thy good - ness will de - clare,—Lord, is it I?

Some-one will tri - umph thro' Thy grace,—Lord, is it I?  
 Ma - ry's sweet act of love re - peat,—Lord, is it I?  
 Some-one Thy good - ness will de - clare,—Lord, is it I?

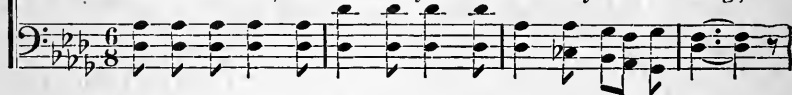
# No. 102. WONDERFUL LOVE OF MY SAVIOUR.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH, alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



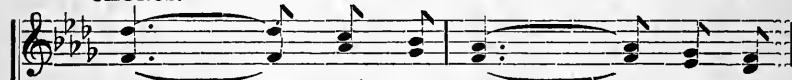
1. Wonder-ful love, that touch'd my eyes With healing, sav-ing pow'r,
2. Wonder-ful love, that touch'd my ears, With kind and heav'nly skill;
3. Wonder-ful love, that touch'd my lips With ho-ly, liv-ing fire;
4. Wou-der-ful love, that touch'd my heart To know my Saviour King;



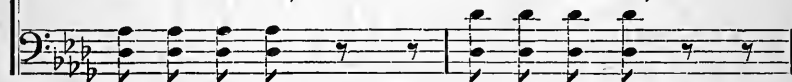
Wonder-ful sight, my Lord I saw That bless-ed, hap-py hour.  
 Wonder-ful strains of mu-sic sweet, My in-most be-ing thrill.  
 Wonder-ful truths my tongue shall speak, And never, nev-er tire.  
 Wonder-ful songs in heav'n a-bove, To Him I'll ev-er sing.



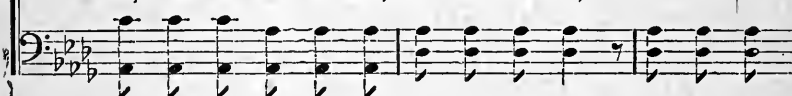
## CHORUS.



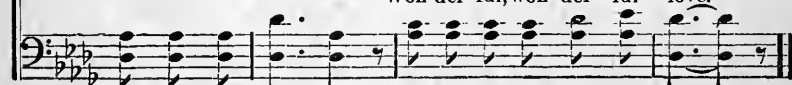
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful,  
 Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love,



Won-der-ful love, . . . . . Won-der-ful  
 Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful love,



love of my Sav-iour, Won-der-ful love.  
 Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



# No. 103. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

—John 14: 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

ev - er human hearts and human woes abound; Let ev-'ry Christian  
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu-ry of the blast; As o'er the golden  
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant  
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of  
 all the saints a-bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D. S. *Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings*

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

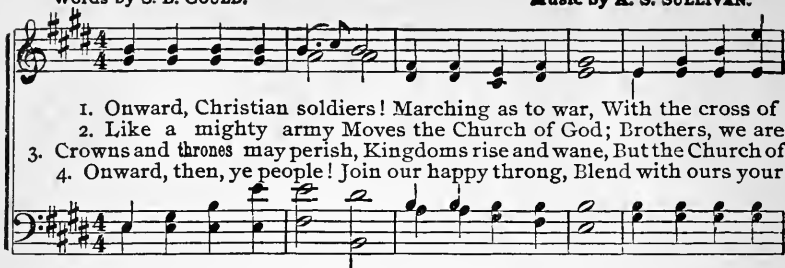
*round, Wherev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!*

**CHORUS.**  
 The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

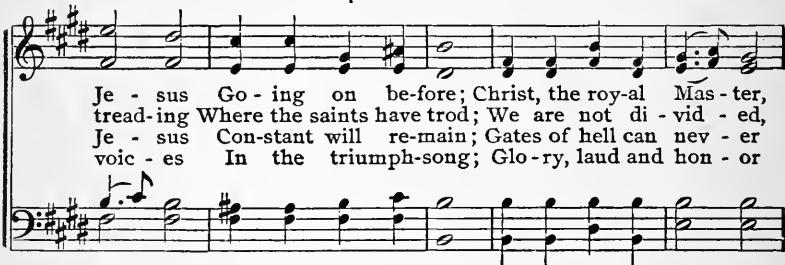
# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by S. B. GOULD.

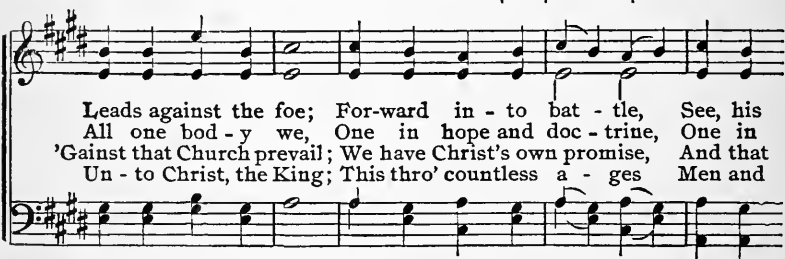
Music by A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of  
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are  
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of  
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

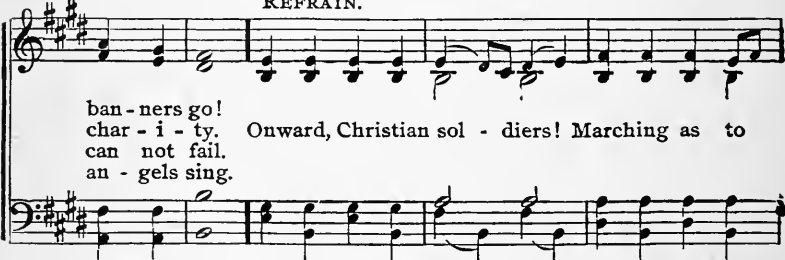


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,  
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er  
voic - es In the triumph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

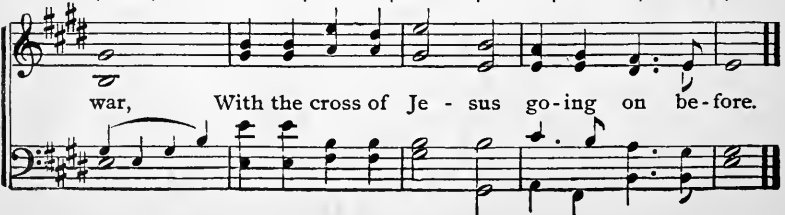


Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his  
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in  
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that  
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

## REFRAIN.



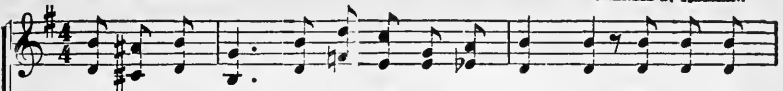
ban - ners go!  
char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to  
can not fail.  
an - gels sing.



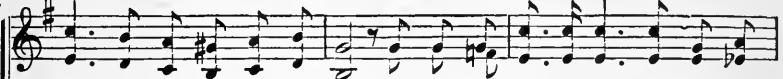
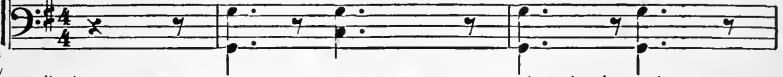
war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

MRS. THOS. BURROUGHS.

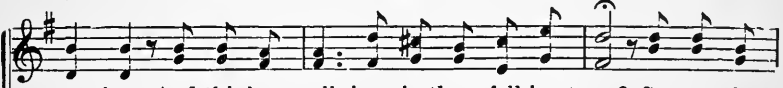
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



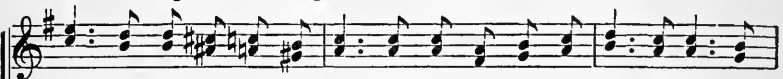
1. Un-an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead-ed In ag - o -
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe-
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Perhaps your
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an - swered; Her feet were



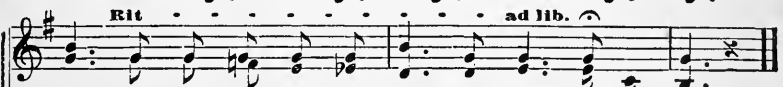
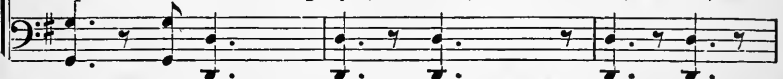
ny of heart these ma - ny years? Does faith begin to fail, is hope de -  
ti - tion at the Fa - ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of  
part is not yet whol - ly done; The work be - gan when first your pray'r was  
firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild - est storms she stands un -



part - ing, And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the  
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have  
ut - tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will  
daunt - ed, Nor quails be - fore the loud - est thun - der shock. She knows Om -



Fa - ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire some - time, some -  
passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will answer you some - time, some -  
keep the in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some -  
nip - o - tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," some - time, some -



where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some - where.  
where, The Lord will an - swer you some - time, some - where.  
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some - where.  
where, And cries, "It shall be done," some - time, some - where.



Words and Melody by D. SULLINS.

Harmony by Prof. RIGGS, C. F. College.

1. They tell of a cit-y far up in the sky, I want to go  
 2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go  
 3. When the old ship of Zion shall make her last trip, I want to be  
 4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be

there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by,"  
 there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told,  
 there, I do; With heads all un-cov - ered to greet the old ship,  
 there, I do; With shouting and clapping till all heaven rings,

I want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre-  
 I want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there  
 I want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's com-pany  
 I want to be there, don't you? Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll shout a-

pare us all homes, I want to go there, I do; Where sickness nor  
 none ev - er die, I want to go there, I do; There loved ones will  
 meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do; With songs on their  
 gain and a - gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the

sor - row nor death ev-er comes, I want to go there, don't you?  
 nev - er a-gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?  
 lips and harps in their hands, I want to be there, don't you?  
 cho - rus, A-men and A - men, I want to be there, don't you?

# I WANT TO GO THERE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

1. 2. I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, I do;  
 3. 4. I want to be there, I mean to be there, I expect to be there, I do;

I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, don't you?  
 I want to be there, I mean to be there, I expect to be there, don't you?

## No. 107. RIGHT-ABOUT, FACE.

E. R. LATTA, alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Broth-er, O broth-er, in sin or disgrace, Turn, turn to  
 2. En-ter the king-dom of mer-cy and grace! Je-sus in-  
 3. Come to, the Sav-iour, sal-va-tion embrace, Turn from all  
 4. He with the ransomed will grant you a place, If from your  
 5. Might-y re-demp-tion! It cov-ers your case, Turn-ing to

CHORUS.

Je-sus, Oh, right-a-bout, face.  
 vites you, Oh, right-a-bout, face.  
 e-vil, Now right-a-bout, face.  
 wand'rings You right-a-bout, face.  
 Je-sus, Oh, right-a-bout, face.

Right-a-bout, face,  
 Right-a-bout, face; Turn, turn to Je-sus, Oh, right-a-bout, face.

Words arranged by W. E. B.

Music by W. E. BURNETT.

SOPRANO. *Moderato.*

1. I have a Friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such  
 2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And as He bids me  
 3. I tell Him all my sorrows, I tell Him all my joys, I tell Him all that  
 4. He knows how I am longing Some weary soul to win, And so He bids me  
 5. I have His yoke upon me, And eas-y 'tis to bear; In the burden which

TENOR.

tender love, He loves so faithful - ly, I could not live a-part from Him, I  
 lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek, He leads me in the paths of light, Be-  
 pleases me, I tell Him what annoys, He tells me what I ought to do, He  
 go and speak The loving words for Him, He bids me tell His wondrous love, And  
 He car-ries, I glad-ly take a share. For then it is my hap-pi-ness, To

love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.  
 neath a sun-ny sky— And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.  
 tells me what to try— And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.  
 why He came to die— And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.  
 have Him always nigh— And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.

## CHORUS. \*

Dwell - - ing to - geth - - er— Hap-py we will be through-  
 Dwell-ing to-geth-er for - ev - er and for-ev-er, Hap-py we will be through-

out - e-ter-ni-ty, Dwell - ing to-geth - - er My Lord and I.  
 out - e-ter-ni-ty, Dwelling together for-ev-er and for-ev-er My Lord and I.

\* Chorus may be omitted.

Copyright, 1898, by W. E. Burnett.



GEO. W. LYON.

J. I. MOORE.

1. There are fields to be broken and sown, If a harvest of good we would find,  
 2. Fertile lands lie before us to-day, Golden sheaves on each spot we may bind,  
 3. Precious seeds of the kingdom let's sow, Teaching others to be true and kind;  
 4. Rest will come after toil, by and by, Oh, how joyous will be that sweet time,

Then a rise and take hold of the plow, And never, never look behind.  
 If we earnestly hold to the plow, And never, never look behind.  
 Plenteous harvest will follow our plow, Then never, never look behind.  
 When no longer we need hold the plow, Or ever, ever look behind.

## CHORUS.

Nev-er look be-hind, nev-er look be-hind, No-ble deeds will

win the world for Je-sus and the right, Nev-er look be-hind,

nev-er look behind, God will be our helper, and we'll conquer by His might.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

1. Out in the world there are ma-ny Who wander in pathways of sin;  
 2. Out from the fold they are straying, A - far from the joy and the light;  
 3. Je-sus has died to redeem them, For this His own life-blood Heshed;  
 4. Are we all do-ing our du - ty, To those who are fol-low-ing sin;

The Master says: "Go ye and seek them, And tenderly bring them in."  
 O let us no more be delaying, But search for them in the dark night.  
 Then why in their sins shall they perish? To Je-sus they must be led.  
 And bear-ing the message from Je-sus, And bringing them kindly in?

## CHORUS.

Go aft - er the lost and the fall - en; In sin they have gone a - stray;

*ritard.* . . . . .

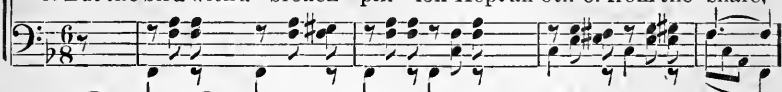
Go bring them to Je-sus, the Sav-iour, And they shall be saved to-day.

## THE BROKEN PINION.

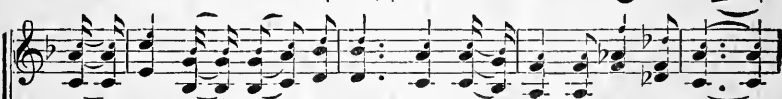
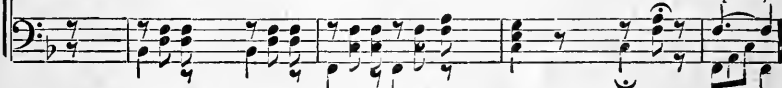
Tenor and Soprano Duet, Tenor sing small notes. C. S. COLBURN.



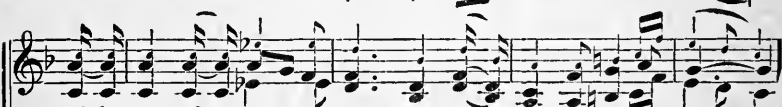
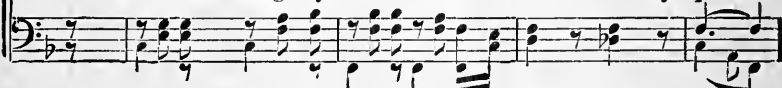
1. I walked thro' the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life stricken By sin's se-duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a broken pin - ion Kept an-oth-er from the snare,



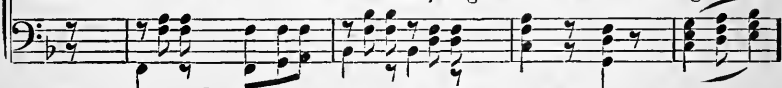
And found on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a broken wing;  
 And touched with a Christ-like pit - y I took him to my heart;  
 And the life that sin had strick-en Raised an-oth-er from de - spair;



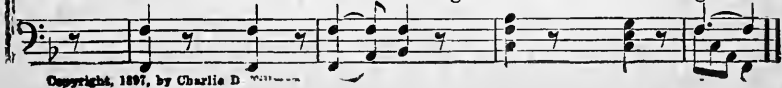
I healed its wound and each morning It sang its old sweet strain.  
 He lived with a no - ble pur - pose And struggled not in vain.  
 For Christ the might-y heal - er Has a balm for ev - 'ry pain.



But the bird with a broken pin - ion, Never soared as high a - gain,  
 But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain,  
 And the soul that He has heal - ed, Higher still shall soar a - gain.



But the bird with a broken pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain.  
 But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain.  
 And the soul that He has heal - ed Higher still shall soar a - gain.



"Remember, you can't tell it all, the best you can do is to tell at it."

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Oh, I can't tell it all, of the won - der - ful love, How, when  
 2. Oh, I can't tell it all, how He free - ly for - gave; How the  
 3. Oh, I can't tell it all, what a friend He has been; How He's  
 4. Oh, I can't tell it all, but His love you may know, You may  
 5. Oh, I can't tell it all, but as long as I've breath, I will

lost in my sins Je - sus found me; With a heart full of love, how He  
 blood flow'd with wonderful heal - ing; O'er my lost, guilt - y soul, how it  
 borne all my sor - rows, and sad - ness; How He saves me to - day, bids the  
 have Him, this won - der - ful Sav - iour; You may taste of His bliss, you may  
 still tell the won - der - ful sto - ry; When my life work is done, and a

came from a - bove, Threw His strong arms of mer - cy a - round me.  
 cleans'd and made whole; While low at the cross I was kneel - ing.  
 clouds chase a - way, How He turns all my mourn - ing to glad - ness.  
 say I am His, And He is my por - tion for - ev - er.  
 crown I have won, I will tell it for - ev - er in glo - ry.

## CHORUS.

Oh, I can't tell it all, no, I can't tell it all, But my

heart is so full of His glo - ry, That wherev - er I go in this

# I CAN'T TELL IT ALL.—Concluded.

wide world be - low, I am tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry.

## No. 113. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the pen - i - tent  
 3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,  
 child to re - ceive, Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gen - tly;  
 grace can re - store: Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,  
 Lord will provide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

### CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.  
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has come.

Care for the dy - ing: Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

# No. 114. AGAIN WE'LL NEVER PASS THIS WAY.

"I expect to pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do my fellow human beings, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

P. H. BRISTOW.

W. A. OGDEN.

*Andante.*

SOLO.

1. Do you hear the Saviour plead-ing, hear Him plead-ing?
2. Out up-on the mountains drear-y, cold and dreary,
3. Ev-'ry day some soul is dy-ing, yes, is dy-ing,

*pp* QUARTET.

hear Him pleading  
cold and dreary,  
yes, is dy-ing,

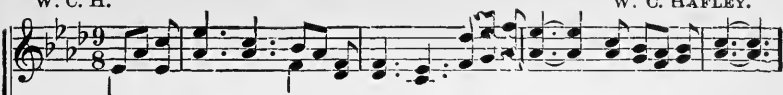
"Go ye forth in - to my vine - yard day by day ;"  
There are souls that may be wait - ing just for you ;  
On the mountains where they lin - ger, far a - way,

*pp* QUARTET.

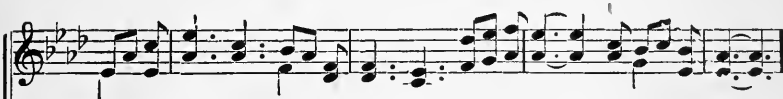
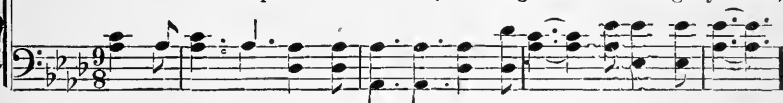
day by day ;  
just for you ;  
far a - way,

W. C. H.

W. C. HAFLEY.



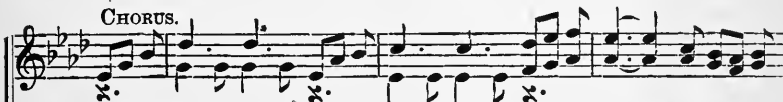
1. Sail-or, out up-pon life's o-ccean, See the storm is dark and wild!
2. See the breakers! hear the thunders, Lightning leap from pole to pole!
3. We are on the old ship Zi - on, She has braved the storm before,
4. Sin-ner tossed up-on life's o-ccean, Sinking 'neath its mighty wave;



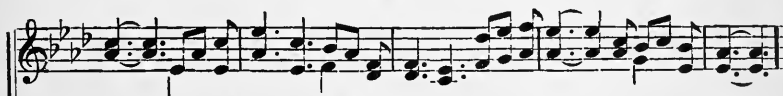
But the pi-lot—Christ will guide us, He can save each faithful child.  
 Yes, the Sav-iour is our pi - lot, And our anchor'll safe-ly hold.  
 Thousands she has safely land - ed, And can land her thousands more.  
 List! the Captain He is call-ing! Look to Je - sus! He can save.



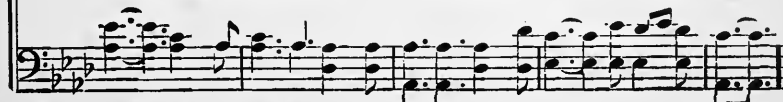
## CHORUS.



He will save you, He will save you, Tho' the storm is dark and  
 He will save you, He will save you,



wild; Je-sus rides up-on the tempest, And will save each faithful child.



# No. 117.

# What is That in Thine Hand?

F. A. B.

EX. 4: 2, 3, 4.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. What is that in thine hand, child, discouraged and sad? Surely God hath one  
 2. It may not be to preach, that He calls thee to-day, Or to publicly  
 3. If a cup of cold water to some suffering one, A dis-ciple shall  
 4. What is that in thine hand? brother, say not again, "I've no talent and

tal-ent at least to thee giv'n; There is work thou canst do, that shall  
 la - bor with tongue or with pen; But it may be to work in a  
 give in the name of his Lord, E'en so humble a ser-vice, if  
 nothing for God can I do?" Bring it forth from the "napkin" where

some soul make glad, That shall help in advancing the kingdom of heav'n.  
 meek, qui-et way, Just as pleasing to God and ef - fective to men.  
 trust-ing-ly done, Shall be blest of the Master and have its re-ward.  
 long it hath lain, Ask the Lord how to use it, and prove to Him true.

## CHORUS.

What is that in thine hand? What is that in thine hand? Hidden talent, it

may be thou dost not understand; What is that in thine hand? What is



# What is That in Thine Hand? Concluded.

that in thine hand? With it God may work wonders, if thou heed His command.

## No. 118. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON, By per.

1. Down at the cross where the Sav - ior died, Down where for  
 2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so  
 3. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor

cleans - ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the  
 sweet - ly a - bides with - in, Saves me each mo - ment, and  
 soul at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be

*D. S.* Now to my heart is the

*Fine.* CHORUS.

blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name!  
 keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his  
 made com - plete, Glo - ry to his name!

blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to his name!

name! Glo - ry to his name!  
 Glo - ry to his name! Glo - ry to his name!

HELEN B. MONTGOMERY.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Sing, hap-py song in my heart, to-night, Sing, yes, sing!  
 2. Low on thy knees, my soul be thou, Pray, yes, pray!  
 3. Up from your knees, with an earn-est will; Work, yes, work!  
 4. Pa-tient, my soul, tho' the way be long: Wait, yes, wait!  
 5. Trust, then my soul, thro the dark-est night; Trust, then trust!

I have been helped by the Lord of might In leading a brother out  
 Ask Him to teach thee and show thee how The heart of another to  
 God for thy la - bor shall give thee skill, And all His good pleasure  
 God and thy pray-ers are still more strong, Than all the dread bondage  
 God knows thy fears and thy hopes so bright, He leads thy loved ones out

## CHORUS.

in - to the light, Sing, yes, sing!  
 reach just now, Pray, yes, pray! Oh, joy that lieth for words too deep,  
 in thee fulfill, Work, yes, work!  
 of sin and wrong, Wait, yes, wait!  
 in - to the light, Trust, then trust!

Joy of the Shepherd who findeth His sheep; Then drunk, of that joy, oh, my

soul, to-night! *Rit.* Lead-ing an - oth - er out in - to the light.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

*Very slow pp**m*

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. Time now is fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from  
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for

you and for me, See on the portals He's waiting and watching,  
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,  
 you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,  
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,

**CHORUS.**

Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home, come  
 Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home,  
 Com - ing for you and for me.  
 Par - don for you and for me.

*crec* home, Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly  
 come home,

*ppp* ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, oh, sinner, come home.  
*Rit* *pp*

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

*With expression.*

JAS. A. BUCHANAN.

1. Oh, how can I thank Thee, my Father, For Thy wonderful love to me,  
 2. This life, which so sweetly I'm living, Is the pathway to fu-ture bliss;  
 3. I'm sure of a kind loving welcome Where my Saviour is waiting for me;  
 4. I thank Thee again, my dear Father, For the comforts given to me,

For the days that grow brighter and brighter, For the joys that are yet to be?  
 And the love Thou art constantly giving, Has the fulness of perfect peace;  
 I am sure of the dear, smiling faces, Of the friends who have died in Thee;  
 For the hopes that are shining more brightly While the nearer I draw to Thee;

My sweet home is full of sunshine, And of friends who are tender and true;  
 I've a home in mansions of glory, I've a Saviour then, tender and true;  
 I am sure of my home up in heaven, If my faith holds but tender and true;  
 I will praise Thee, and love and serve Thee, It is all that my poor heart can do,

Oh, to find a hap-pi-er heart than mine One may search the wide world thro'.

## CHORUS.

No heart is more happy, no heart is more glad,  
 Than mine since I learned to know Jesus;

## THE HAPPY HEART. Concluded.

I'm happy by night, and I'm happy by day, Since I have been following Jesus.

No. 122.

### MOTHER'S BOY.

One day a man came to our door to sell brooms. He said he had been a drinking man, and had got away down. One Sunday morning he strolled into the Sunday Breakfast Service, some one sang something about "Mother" and he said it broke his heart. He got into the Rescue Home and is now trying to lead a Christian life. I wrote this as I thought over his story.—E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.  
DUET.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like the sheep that's gone astray, You have wandered from the way,
2. Think of all her lov-ing care; Of the hallowed eve-ning prayer,
3. Think how Je-sus lin-gers still, Say-ing, "who-so-ev-er will,"
4. Love is shining, clear and bright; At the cross, find peace and light,

But there's hope for you to-day, Moth-er's way-ward boy.  
How she knelt be-side you there, Moth-er's way-ward boy.  
He your hun-gry soul will fill, Moth-er's way-ward boy.  
Streams to make you pure and white, Moth-er's way-ward boy.

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus, Moth-er's boy, He will give you life and joy,

Come, come, come, come To Je-sus Mother's boy.  
Come, oh, come, come, oh, come

# No. 123. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

# WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.

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

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

## No. 124. HE CAME TO SAVE.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Jesus laid His crown aside, He came to save me; }  
 { When on the cross He bled and died, (*Omit* . . . . ) } 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, (*Omit* . . . . ) } He came to save me.  
 3. { With gentle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; }  
 { And trusting Him I fear no ill, (*Omit* . . . . ) } He came to save me.  
 4. { To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; }  
 { To Him my heart looks up and sings, (*Omit* . . . . ) } 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,

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

# No. 125. I Am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the  
 2. At the fountain opened for the soul unclean, I am resting in the  
 3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the  
 4. Oh, the peace and rapture! Oh, the wondrous bliss, I am resting in the  
 5. So I live rejoicing in His love each day, I am resting in the

Saviour's love; Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins a-way, I am  
 Saviour's love; Trusting in His grace I ventured free-ly in, I am  
 Saviour's love; When I trust-ed Jesus, lo, the work was done! I am  
 Saviour's love; I have never known so pure a joy as this; I am  
 Saviour's love; I am walking with Him in the narrow way, I am

REFRAIN.

resting in the Saviour's love. I am resting, sweet - ly resting,  
 I am resting, resting, sweetly resting,

I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I am rest-ing,

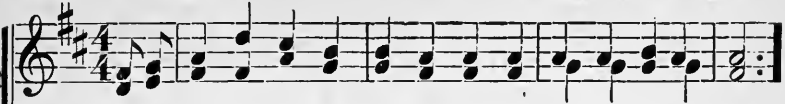
sweet - ly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.  
 rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing,



# No. 126. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

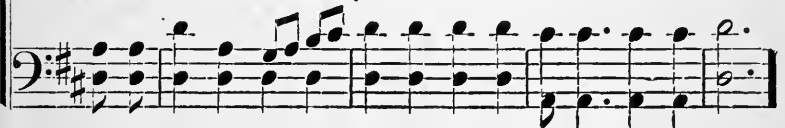
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



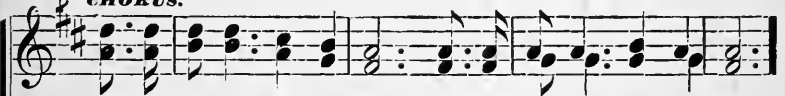
1. As a pil-grim now I wan-der, 'Mid the toils of life I walk;
2. There are cares and toils unceas-ing, Where a burning desert mock;
3. Here with wants and woes assailing, And the angry tempest's shock;
4. When I cross the dreary val-ley, And will join the chosen flock;



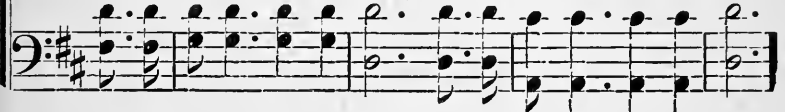
But my rest will be up yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.  
But a heav'nly rests waits yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.  
Not a grief or care up yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.  
I will rest for-ev - er yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.



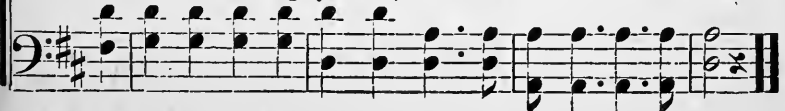
## CHORUS.



In the shadow of the Rock, In the shad-ow of the Rock;



I'll soon be rest-ing yon-der, In the shad-ow of the Rock.



EVANGELIST M. B. WILLIAMS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

## DUET.



1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' its worn and faded now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the



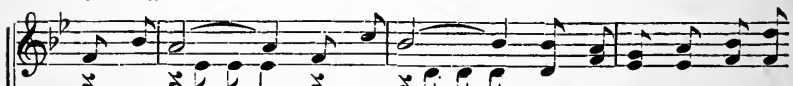
calls those happy days of long a - go;      When I stood at mother's knee,  
 Jos-e-ph and of Daniel and their trials;      Of lit - tle Da-vid bold,  
 suffered, bled and died upon the tree;      Of His heav-y load of care,  
 dear old Book each day has been my guide;      And I seek to do His will,



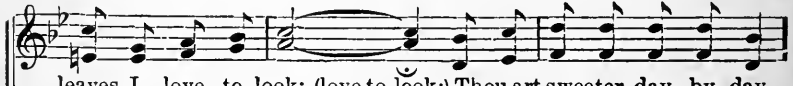
With her hand upon my brow,      And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.  
 Who be-came a king at last;      Of Sa-tan with His many wicked wiles.  
 Then she dried my flowing tears      With her kisses as she said it was for me.  
 As my mother taught me then,      And ever in my heart His words abide.



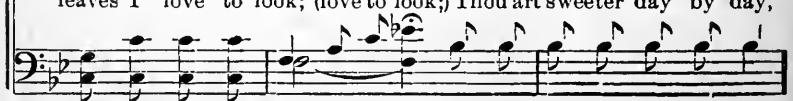
## CHORUS.



Bless-ed book, . . . pre-cious book, . . .      On thy dear old tear-stained  
 . Blessed book,      precious book,



leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweeter day by day,



# MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

As I walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above.

## No. 128. BREATHE THY BLESSING.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER.

JNO. R. BRYANT

1. Breath Thy bless - ing heavenly Father, On Thy people here to-day;
2. Let re - fin - ing fire be kindled, Purge the dross of sin away;
3. Source of life for all the living, Breath of God upon us blow;
4. Quenchless flame of life descending Loves eternal matchless sign,

Shed Thy Ho - ly Spir - it on us, We Thy people humbly pray.  
 Pur - i - fy our fall - en nature, Come Thou bless - ed One and stay.  
 Bless - ed fount of our sal - vation In - to ev - 'ry spir - it flow.  
 Draw us by Thy deep com - passion In - to all the life di - vine.

### REFRAIN.

Ho - ly Spir - it breathe Thy blessing, We Thy people hum - bly pray.

NELLIE EDWARDS.

RAN. C. STOREY.

1. Are you read - y for the Saviour? He is com - ing by and by,  
 2. Are you read - y for the Saviour, Should He sud - den - ly ap - pear?  
 3. Are you read - y for the Saviour, Should He come to take His own?

Are you read - y for the meet - ing in the air? He is  
 Are you read - y for His u - ni - vers - al reign? All the  
 Would you be a - mong the saved at His right hand? When the  
 He is com - ing,

com - ing with the an - gels, From His Father's home on high, Will you be  
 proph - e - cies and sea - sons, Tell His advent's ver - y near, Will you be  
 judgment fires are burning, And the might - y trump has blown, Will you be

**CHORUS.**

read - y then to meet Him there? }  
 read - y when He comes a - gain? } Ever be read - y then to meet Him when He  
 read - y with the blest to stand? }

comes, Ev - er be read - y for the meeting in the air; Have your  
 by and by,

lamps then burning bright, Trimm'd at morning, noon or night, Ever be ready then to meet Him there.

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.

Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, 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 messages from thee;  
 4. Take my will, and make it thine, It shall be no long-er mine;  
 5. 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 Al - ways, on - ly for my King.  
 Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.  
 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,  
 { Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood; } Lord, I give to thee my

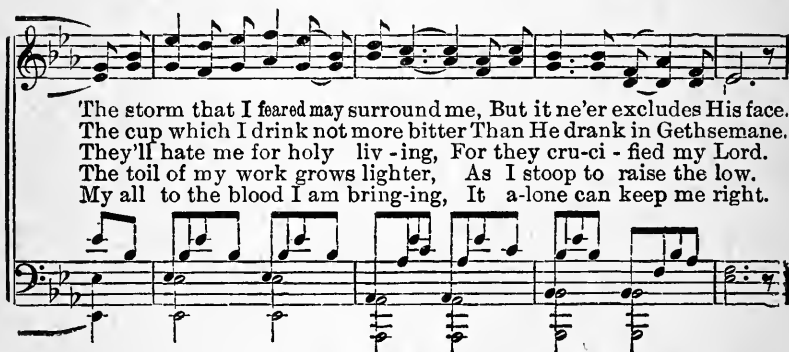
life and all, to be Thine, henceforth c - ter - nal - ly.

COM. B. B.  
DUET.

COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

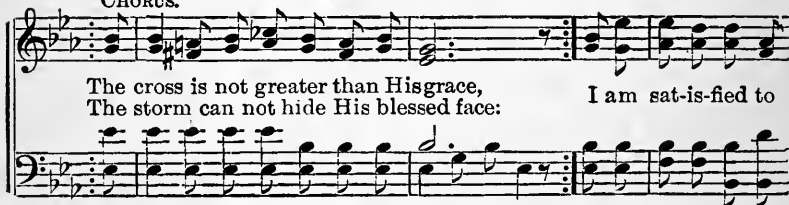


1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;  
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;  
 3. The scorn of my foes may be daring, For they bowed and mocked my God;  
 4. The light of His love shines the brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;  
 5. His will I have joy in ful-fill - ing As I'm walking in His sight,



The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.  
 The cup which I drink not more bitter Than He drank in Gethsemane.  
 They'll hate me for holy liv - ing, For they cru-ci - fied my Lord.  
 The toil of my work grows lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

## CHORUS.



The cross is not greater than His grace,  
 The storm can not hide His blessed face: I am sat-is-fied to

than His grace,  
 blessed face:



know that with Jesus here below, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.  
 conquer ev'ry foe, ev'ry foe.

MISS CARRIE BUTCHER.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. I'm the child of a King, And with rap-ture I sing, Not a  
(Gal. 4: 5-7.) (Is. 12: 5.)  
2. True there once was a time, When no an-swer-ing chime, Sweetly

care can my com-fort de-destroy— O, I'm glad all the day,  
(1 Peter 5: 7.) (Ps. 16: 8, 9.)  
trilled to the dis-cord with-out, But since Je-sus came in,  
(Rev. 3: 20.)

And I shout on my way, While my heart's brimming o-ver with joy.  
(Is. 12: 6.) (Ps. 16: 11.)  
Now He qui-ets the din, He a-lone brought these wonders about.  
(John 16: 33.)

## CHORUS.

When He reigns in the heart, Ev'ry grief must depart, Where He dwells, not a shadow is found;

If for Him, you make room, He will banish the gloom, Spreading gladness and sunshine around;

3 If we let Him abide, (Ps. 32: 8.)  
O how smoothly we glide; (Is. 32: 17.)  
Now, safe anchored, no tempest can move,  
What though riches take wing,  
He extracts every sting,  
And His banner around us is love. (Cant. 2: 4.)

4 Thus we speed on our ways,  
Clad in garments of praise. (Is. 61: 3.)  
With our Lord's gospel sandals we're shod—  
(Eph. 6: 15.)  
In His might, O, how strong, (Prov. 18: 10.)  
We can never go wrong,  
While abiding, and hiding in God. (John 15: 10.)

D. C. CANON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Have you on Christ, God's Son believed? Are yoursins all un-der the blood?  
 2. "I will re-mem-ber them no more," Are yoursins all un-der the blood?  
 3. I trust-ed, and the work was done, All my sins are un-der the blood!

His spir- it have you yet received, Are your sins all un-der the blood?  
 'Twas God who spake—His word is sure, Are your sins all un-der the blood?  
 By faith I live in God's own Son, All my sins are un-der the blood!

He died on Calv'ry's rug - ged tree, That "who-so-ev-er"—that means  
 Those nail-pierced hands, that riven side A cleansing fount has o - pened  
 Sweet joy and peace now fill my soul, The pre-cious blood does o'er it

me!—Might from the curse of sin go free By getting under the blood.  
 wide And all our sins we now may hide By getting under the blood.  
 roll For I in Him have been made whole By getting under the blood.

## CHORUS.

Are your sins all un-der the pre-cious blood? Has your soul been washed in the



## UNDER THE BLOOD.

cleansing flood? By faith step in and lose your sin, By getting under the blood,  
precious blood.

No. 134.

## COME TO-DAY.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Sin - ner far from God a-stray, O come home and come consenting,  
2. Sin - ner far from Christ a-way, To your Sav- iour come *be- liev- ing*,  
3. Come to Christ the sin-ner's friend, Lo! His charms are all en- dear- ing,  
4. "Come" ten thousand voices cry, Come while Christ is in- ter- ced- ing

To sal- va- tion's plan to-day; Come, for all your sins re- lent- ing.  
Foes are they who bid you stay, All their voic- es are de- ceiv- ing.  
O'er you all His mer- cies bend, Trust His word and come un- fear- ing.  
While His Spir - it from on high, With your soul is sweet- ly plead- ing.

### CHORUS.

Hark! He calls you where you roam Prod - i - gal a - stray,

An - gels wait to lead you home, Come, O come to - day.

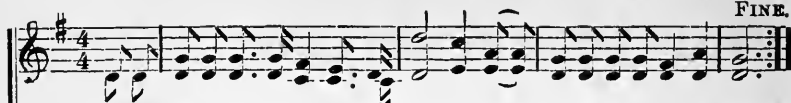
# No. 135.

# LOOK AND LIVE.

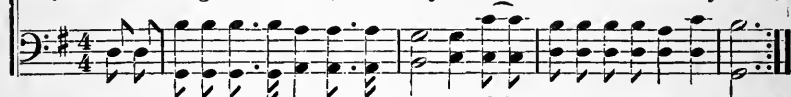
W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

FINE.



1. { I've a message from the Lord, Halle - lu - jah! The message unto you I'll give, }  
 { 'Tis recorded in His word, Halle-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live." }
2. { I've a message full of love, Halle-lu - jah! A message, oh! my friend for you, }  
 { 'Tis a message from above, Halle-lu-jah! Jesus said it; and I know 'tis true. }
3. { Life is offered unto thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! Eternal life thy soul shall have, }  
 { If you'll only look to Him, Hal - le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus, who alone can save. }
4. { I will tell you how I came; Hallelujah! To Jesus, when He made me whole; }  
 { 'Twas believing on His name, Halle-lu-jah! I trusted and He saved my soul. }



*D. C.*—'Tis recorded in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live."

## CHORUS.

*D. C.*



"Look and live," . . . my brother, live,                      Look to Jesus now and live,  
 "Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"



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# No. 136.

# HEAR HIM CALLING.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

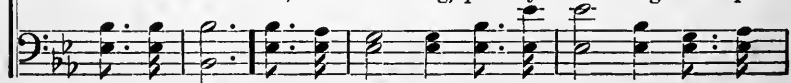
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How He bids His fold - ed
3. Are you roam - ing, lon - ger roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of



peace - ful 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



*D. S.*—Hear Him call - ing, sweet - ly call - ing, As He

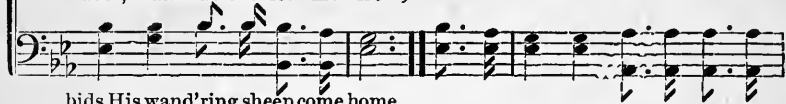
By per. R. M. McIntosh Co.

# HEAR HIM CALLING.

FINE. REFRAIN.

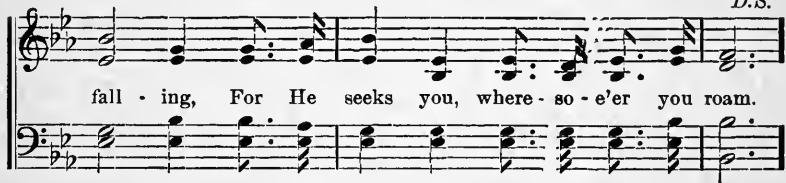


lone-ly mountains, dark and cold. }  
 fol-lowed far the stranger's voice. } On your ear His lov-ing tones are  
 door, make haste to let me in. }

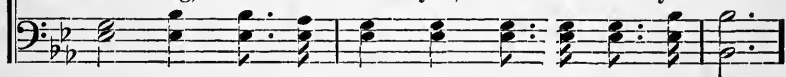


bids His wand'ring sheep come home.

*D.S.*



fall - ing, For He seeks you, where - so - e'er you roam.



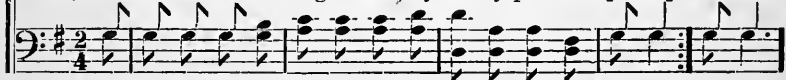
## No. 137.

## JESUS SAVES ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



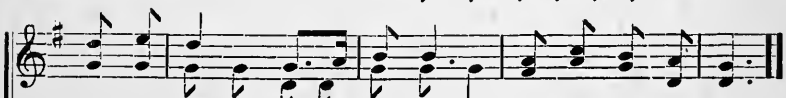
1. { I have no mer - it of my own, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!  
 I'm saved by Him and Him a - lone, My on - ly plea is [Omit.] Je - sus!
2. { He is the Truth, the Life, the Way, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!  
 It fills my soul with joy to say, My on - ly plea is [Omit.] Je - sus!
3. { When in the judgment I shall stand, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!  
 I shall be safe at God's right hand, My on - ly plea is [Omit.] Je - sus!



### CHORUS.



Je - sus saves me, I am hap - py on my home - ward  
 Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day,



way! Yes, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry to His name!  
 Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day,



Solo, or Duet and Chorus.

4 verses Anon.

5th verse Rev. J. F. JERNIGAN.

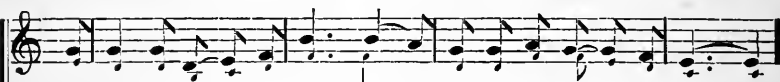
*Moderato con express.*

Arr. by W. A. HEMPHILL.

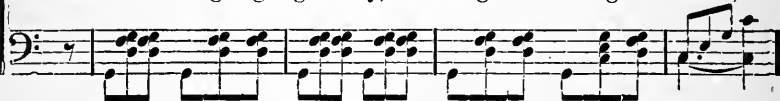
Accomp. by Mrs. BULLOCK,



1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll ;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Temp-tations sharp and keen ;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mount - ain, For me they pierced His side ;
5. He's giv - en me the prom - ise That He will come a - gain.



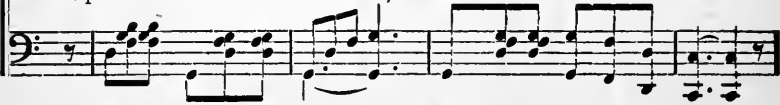
I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing,	Try - ing to con - quer my soul ;
I feel a peace in know - ing	My Sav - iour stands be - tween ;
My Saviour helps me to car - ry	My cross when heavy to bear ;
For me He opened that fount - ain,	The crimson, cleans - ing tide ;
And when He's reigning in glo - ry,	I'll go there through His name ;



I've heard the voice of my Sav - iour	Tell - ing me still to fight on ;
He stands to shield me from dan - ger	When earthly friends are gone ;
My feet, entangled with bri - ars	Read - y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry,	Seat - ed up - on His throne ;
And when in that land of beau - ty,	I find a "home, sweet home."



He promised nev - er to leave me,	Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me,	Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Saviour whispers His prom - ise :	"I nev - er will leave thee a - lone."
He promised nev - er to leave me,	Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised to re - ceive me ;	Then never will leave me a - lone.



# NEVER ALONE.

## CHORUS.

*f* *p*  
 No, nev - er a - lone, . . . no, nev - er a - lone, He

*rit.* *Repeat pp after last verse.*  
 prom-ised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

## No. 139.

# I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;  
 2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time, and earthly store;  
 3. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in love I am;

*D.C.*—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

*D.C. for Chorus*  
 I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, —Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.  
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

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

## No. 140.

## I FEEL LIKE GOING ON.

In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly downcast. Following him, an old grey-haired father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones, cried: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I am a Christian pil - grim, And journey to a land,  
 2. Why should I be dis - couraged, Tho' oft the sky ap - pears  
 3. I meet with ma - ny troub - les, And tri - als on the way,

Where, robed in roy - al garments, The Lord's a - noint - ed stand;  
 All veiled in clouds and darkness, And I have doubts and fears?  
 But when I look to Je - sus, And in the spir - it pray,

In Je - sus' blood, these saved ones Have wash'd their garments white,  
 My Lord and my Re - deem - er, While He my Lead - er is,  
 He gives me grace and cour - age And helps my soul a - long;

And soon I hope to join them, In yon - der land of light.  
 Will guide my steps in safe - ty, What want I more than this?  
 And so I go re - joic - ing, And sing my pil - grim song.

## CHORUS.

I feel like go - ing on, broth - er, I feel like go - ing on,

# I FEEL LIKE GOING ON.

I'm on my way to Zi - on, And I feel like go - ing on.

## No. 141. COME, WALK THE PILGRIM WAY.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Be-side the cross, "an open door!" O come and walk the pilgrim way;
2. From Calv'ry's blessed starting-place, O come and walk the pilgrim way;
3. In fellowship with Christ the King, O come and walk the pilgrim way;
4. Oh, turn a-way from ev-'ry sin, O come and walk the pilgrim way;

Tho' millions come, there's room for more, O come and walk the pilgrim way.  
 And ask the Lord for dai - ly grace, O come and walk the pilgrim way.  
 And all who His sal - va - tion sing, O come and walk the pilgrim way.  
 A crown of glo - ry 'you shall win, O come and walk the pilgrim way.

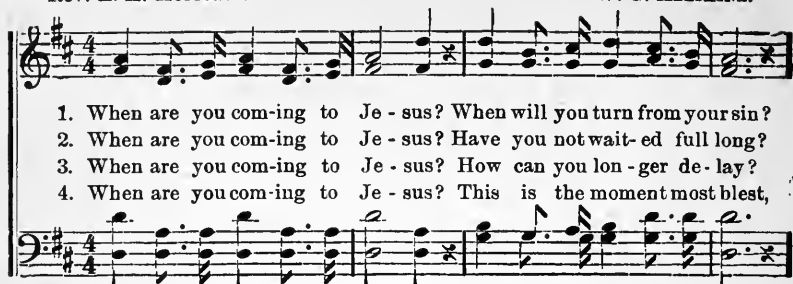
**CHORUS.**  
 O come and walk the pilgrim way, O come and walk the pilgrim way;

'Tis Christ who calls you, calls to-day, "O come and walk the pilgrim way."

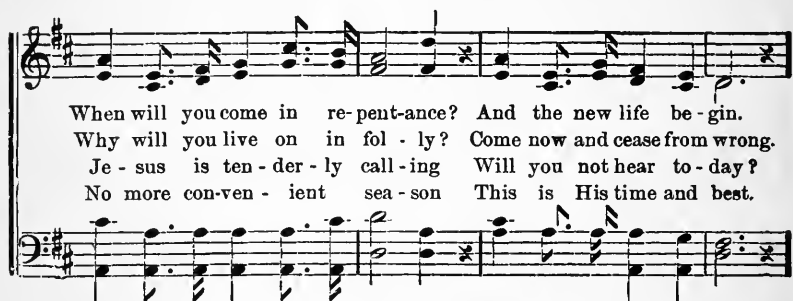
# No. 142. WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO JESUS?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. G. ALESHINE.

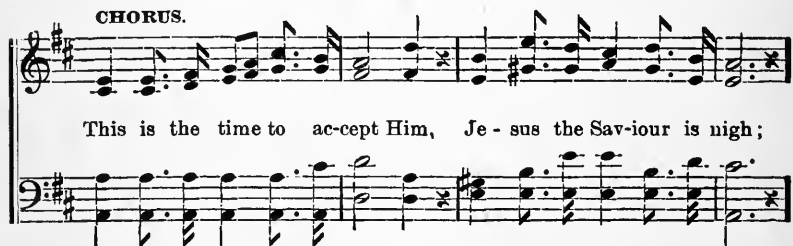


1. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? When will you turn from your sin?  
2. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? Have you not wait-ed full long?  
3. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? How can you lon-ger de-lay?  
4. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? This is the moment most blest,

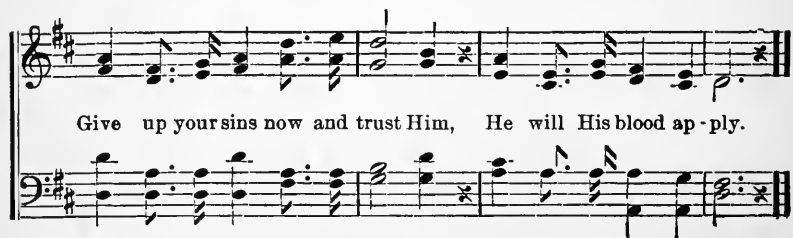


When will you come in re-pent-ance? And the new life be-gin.  
Why will you live on in fol - ly? Come now and cease from wrong.  
Je - sus is ten-der-ly call-ing Will you not hear to-day?  
No more con-ven - ient sea-son This is His time and best.

## CHORUS.



This is the time to ac-cept Him, Je - sus the Sav-iour is nigh;



Give up your sins now and trust Him, He will His blood ap-ply.



R. L.

ROBERT LOWRY, D.D., by per.

1. We are pil-grims of a day, Homeward bound, homeward bound ;  
 2. We are hap-py in the Lord, Trav-'ling on, trav-'ling on ;  
 3. Sin and sor-row here be-low, Soon will end, soon will end ;  
 4. Work-ing all the way a-long, Rest will come, rest will come ;

Sing-ing on our cheer-ful way, We are home-ward bound.  
 Trust-ing in His ho-ly word, We are trav-'ling on.  
 In the land to which we go, Toil and care will end.  
 Light-en work with pray'rand song, Bless-ed rest will come.

## CHORUS.

On-ward, upward still, O ye hope-ful pil-grims ; Forward, fear no ill,

Yon-der is our home ; We jour-ney, hand in hand, To Ca-naan's

hap-py land ; O come, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a - way;  
 2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,  
 3. Thro' changing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,

He holds the storm-y winds that blow, And moulds the golden day.  
 And lights a-long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face:  
 And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bo - som hides.

The dark - est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,  
 But sweet - ly whis - pers while His hands Up - on His own are laid, —  
 On nois - y street, in still re - treat, Thro' vales of deep - est shade,

He speaks in tones of ten - der night, "My child, be not a - afraid."  
 "Lo! at thy side thy Fa - ther stands My child, be not a - afraid."  
 That voice is heard with ac - cents sweet, "My child, be not a - afraid."

## CHORUS.

Be not a - afraid, be not a - afraid, The dark - est night to  
 Child, be not, be not afraid, Child, be not, be not afraid,

# BE NOT AFRAID.

Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade, Be not a - fraid,  
Child, be not, be not a-fraid,

*p*  
be not a - fraid, He speaks in tones of tender might, " My child, be not a-fraid."  
Child, be not, be not a-fraid,

## No. 145. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps."—1 Peter 2 : 21.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, follow me! And we see where Thy
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountainis, Seeking His sheep; Or along by Si-
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preaching the Word; Or in homes of the
4. By and by, thro' the shining portals, Turning our feet, We shall walk, with the
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the

*D.S.*—We will follow the

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.  
loam's fountains, Helping the weak.  
poor and lowly, Serving the Lord. } Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;  
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden streets. }  
steps of Jesus End at His throne.)

steps of Jesus, Where'er they go.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife?  
 2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quick - ly pass a - way;  
 3. Look be - yond the pres - ent hour; Nev - er yield to Sa - tan's pow'r;

Hold your place thro' troub - les rife? With the right keep step!  
 Use a - right each gold - en day; With the good keep step!  
 Tho' a - bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step!

Know the world is watch - ing you; Be sin - cere in all you do;  
 There are earn - est press - ing needs, Filled a - lone by pur - est deeds;  
 On - ward press! nor, on the way, Loi - ter once or waste the day:

With the good, the pure, the true, Ev - er firm keep step!  
 Hap - py he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!  
 God and truth and right all say: Strong in faith, keep step!

## CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev - er, Keep step, keep step ev - er,

# KEEP STEP EVER.

Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev-er.

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

## No. 147. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L.

R. LOWRY, by per.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;  
 2. For my par-don this I see—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;  
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a-tone, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;  
 4. This is all my hope and peace,—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus;

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

What can make me whole a-gain? Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.  
 For my cleans-ing, this my plea,—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.  
 Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.  
 This is all my righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

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

### CHORUS.

Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

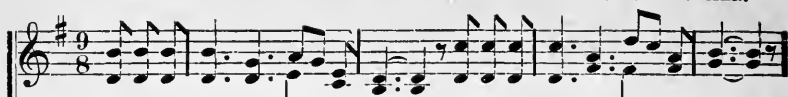
Musical notation for the first part of the chorus, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

No oth-er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je-sus.

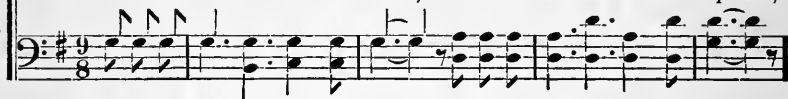
Musical notation for the second part of the chorus, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

I. I. LESLIE.

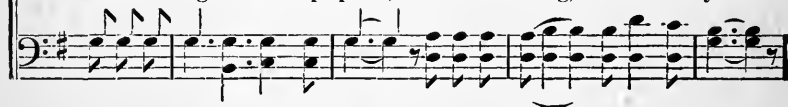
F. A. BLACKMER.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. After the storm that sweeps the sea ; | After the drifting to the lea ;         |
| 2. After the win - ter long and drear ;  | After the snow-clouds disappear ;       |
| 3. After the long and toilsome day ;     | After the sun's fierce, burning ray ;   |
| 4. After the course of life is run ;     | After its work has all been done ;      |
| 5. After the march of time shall cease ; | After earth-strife shall end in peace ; |



After the rocks and sands are passed,	Cometh the joy of home at last.
After the winds sweet o - dors bring,	Cometh the ev - er-welcome spring.
After the toil - er homeward goes,	Cometh the night and sweet re - pose.
After the hands are on the breast,	Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
After the changeful dis - ap - pears,	Cometh the long, e - ter - nal years.



## REFRAIN.



Aft - er all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be?



Aft - er all that here we see, Aft - er all, e - ter - ni - ty.



# No. 149. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. From Egypt's cru - el bondage fled, O - be-dient to our  
 2. Thro' wil-der-ness - es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our  
 3. His pow'r the smit-ten rock con-trols, A crys-tal stream our  
 4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on-ward  
 5. Ere long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ransomed host at

Lord's command, And by His word and Spir - it led, We're  
 steps a-right; Be - hold, to prove His pre-sence here, The  
 need supplies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint-ing souls With  
 march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose  
 His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel-come sweet From

**CHORUS**

on the way to Canaan's land!  
 cloud by day, the fire by night!  
 dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, a  
 presence cheers us on the way.  
 our dear Lord to Canaan's land!

pil-grim band, We're on the way to Canaan's land, Di-

vine-ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

1. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not de-lay, But turn, quickly turn from the  
 2. The Spir-it is call-ing, in ten-der-est voice, Oh, hasten to-day and your  
 3. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not say no, Escape from a service that's

danger-fraught way; There's safety nowhere but in Je-sus the Lord, So  
 heart shall rejoice, For with the Redeemer, the tried and oppressed, Shall  
 freighted with woe; Just come as you are to the foot of the throne And

**CHORUS.**

come to Him now and be-lieve in His word. The Spir - - is  
 find a blest ha - ven of comfort and rest.  
 Christ will accept you and make you His own. The Spir-it is call-ing, is

call-ing, Is ten - - der-ly call - ing; . . . The  
 call-ing for thee, Is ten-der-ly call-ing, "Oh, come unto me;" The

Spir - - it is call-ing, . . . Is call - - ing for  
 Spir-it is call-ing, is call-ing for thee, Is call-ing, is call-ing for



# THE SPIRIT IS CALLING. Concluded.

thee. . . Re - sist . . . not His pleading, . . . His  
 thee, for thee, Re - sist not His pleading, His pleading for thee, His

sweet . . . tender pleading, . . . He's love - - ing - ly  
 sweet tender pleading, His pleading for thee, He's lovingly pleading, "Oh,

plead - ing, . . . "Oh, come . . . un - to me." . . .  
 come un - to me, Oh, come un - to me, Oh, come un - to me."

## No. 151. JESUS WILL SAVE.

C. D. T.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. FINE.

1. { Brother hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Je - sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,  
 { Come receive this great salvation, Je - sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,

D. C. Brother hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Je - sus will save, yes, Jesus will save,

Sent in mer - cy from a - bove, Purchased by re - deem - ing love;

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

2 Jesus calls in sweet compassion;  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;  
 Don't reject the invitation;  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;  
 He will set your spirit free,  
 Rise forthwith, He calleth thee;  
 Brother hear the invitation,  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

3 Hear that dying intercession,  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;  
 He will pardon your transgression,  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;  
 Come, ye weary souls, to me,  
 Rise forthwith, He calleth thee,  
 Brother hear the invitation,  
 Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

# No. 152. OH, I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

L. H. PARTHMORE.

Bass Solo—Bass taking Soprano.

1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, Name most precious tongue can tell ;  
 2. Je - sus Christ, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Chos - en from e - ter - ni - ty,  
 3. Help us here to love and serve Thee, And to prove our love, we pray ;

He who came from realms of glo - ry, With us mor - tals here to dwell ;  
 Laid a - side His heav'nly glo - ry, For to ran - som you and me ;  
 Make us faith - ful in our du - ties, Kind and trustful day by day ;

Alto and Tenor—Tenor taking Soprano.

And He saw us in our miser - y, In our sins He heard us groan ;  
 'Twas for us He suf - ered an - guish, Bore our sor - rows and our shame,  
 And, as Thine own chil - dren lead us, In the path of truth and right ;

Quartet.

He came from the heav'n - ly Fa - ther For us sin - ners to a - tone.  
 Died that we might live, He rose a - gain, Lord of life and death He came.  
 If we walk in Thy blest foot - steps, We shall reach the realms of light.

CHORUS.

Je - sus died . . . up - on the tree, . . . Je - sus died . . . for you and  
 Je - sus died up - on the tree, Je - sus died

# OH, I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

me, . . . . That whoso - ev - - er believeth in Him . . . .  
for you and me; That whoso-ev-er believeth in Him

Shall have e - ter - nal life; . . . . That whoso - ev - - er be -  
e - ter - nal life; That whoso-ev-er

lieveth in Him . . . . Shall have e - ter - nal life.  
believeth in Him e - ter - nal life.

No. 153.

## ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:  
All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my [Omit. ] hours.

2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—  
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly. Let my lips speak forth His [Omit. ] praise.

All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.  
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,  
I've lost sight of all beside;  
So enchained my spirit's vision,  
Looking at the crucified.  
! All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
Looking at the Crucified. :|

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!  
Jesus, glorious King of kings—  
Deigns to call me His beloved,  
Let's me rest beneath His wings.  
! All for Jesus! all for Jesus!  
Resting now beneath His wings. :|

F. E. BELDEN.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. O, Chris-tian, tri-umph-ant - ly sing-ing "Hal-le-, lu - jah! I'm  
 2. The path-way of sanc - ti - fi - ca - tion Is, "Sail - or, come,  
 3. Say not 'tis the call of stern du - ty, Say "Je - sus my  
 4. The joy and the peace of the Sav - iour Shall com-fort your

anchored at last!" Look yon-der, lo! mill-ions are cling-ing,  
 fol-low thou me;" Sleep not in the port of sal - va - tion,  
 pat-tern shall be," Who left His bright kingdom of beau-ty,  
 heart in the storm; Love's ho - ly de - light is in la - bor,

*p* CHORUS.  
 O'erwhelm'd by the fear - ful blast.  
 The per - ish - ing call for thee. } Hear the lost call-ing!  
 With in - fi - nite love for me.  
 And not in the i - dle calm.

*cres.* . . . . . *f*  
 Tempest ap-pall-ing Ra - ges on life's midnight sea: Quick to the

*rit.*  
 res-cue! O, Christian be true! Christ brav'd the dark billow for you.

# No. 155. HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN,

1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the ages rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a  
 2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a  
 3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll; To the guilty heart, to the

mor-tal tongue, 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is  
 mortal strain, 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain, "Our God is  
 sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is

**CHORUS**

a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de -  
 a - ble, He is a - ble,

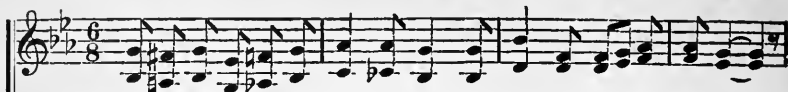
liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by  
 a - ble, He is a - ble

sin opprest, Go to Him for rest; Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.

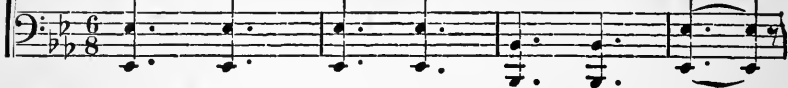
Anon.

Solo or Duet.

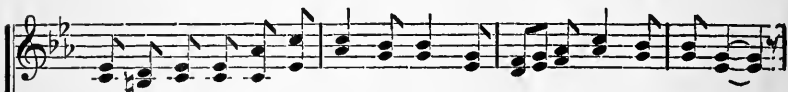
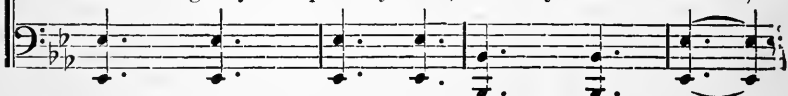
FLORA HAMILTON CASSEL.



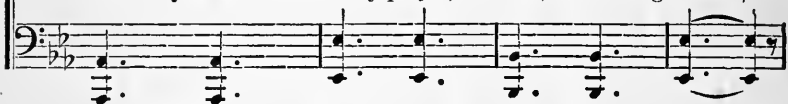
1. Nobody knows of the work it makes To keep the home to - geth - er,
2. Nobody knows of the sleepless care Bestowed on ba - by broth - er,
3. Nobody knows of the anxious fears, Lest darlings may not weather
4. Nobody clings to the wayward child, Tho' scorn'd by ev'ry oth - er,



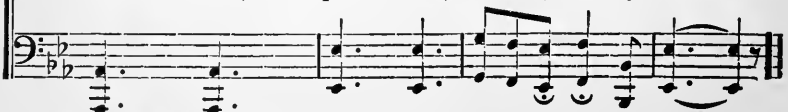
No - bod - y knows of the steps it takes, Nobod - y knows but mother;  
 No - bod - y knows of the tender prayer, Nobod - y knows but mother;  
 Storms of this life in the coming years, Nobod - y knows but mother;  
 Leads it so gently from pathways wild, Nobod - y can but mother;



Nobod - y list - ens to childish woes, Which kiss - es on - ly smother,  
 Nobod - y knows of the lessons taught, Of lov - ing one an - oth - er;  
 Nobod - y knows of the tears that start, The grief she'd gladly smother,  
 Nobod - y knows of the hourly prayer, For him, our err - ing brother,



Nobody's pain'd by the mighty blow, Nobod - y, — on - ly mother.  
 Nobod - y knows of the patience sought, Nobod - y, — on - ly mother.  
 Nobod - y knows of the breaking heart, Nobod - y, — on - ly mother.  
 Pride of her heart, once so pure and fair, Nobod - y, — on - ly mother.



# No. 157. SAVIOUR, WASH ME IN THE BLOOD.

COWPER.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }  
 { And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. }  
 2. { The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, }  
 { And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, wash . . . me in the blood, . . . Savior,  
 Savi-or, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior,

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

blood, the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed Church of God  
 Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

No. 158.

SO SWEETLY SAVED.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. So sweet-ly saved,— . . . . with joy I'll sing; . . . .  
 So sweetly saved,— With joy I'll sing;  
 2. So sweet-ly saved, . . . . with bless-ings filled, . . . .  
 3. So sweet-ly saved, . . . . by grace di-vine, . . . .

And all my heart . . . . shall trib-ute bring, . . . .  
 And all my heart shall tribute bring,  
 With-in my life . . . . His love in-stilled, . . . .  
 What wondrous joy . . . . and peace is mine! . . . .

To laud my Lord, . . . . my Sav-iour, King, . . . .  
 To laud my Lord, my Saviour, King,  
 My heart is fixed, my soul is thrilled, . . . .  
 His lov-ing arms, . . . . a-round me twine, . . . .

And waft His praise . . . . up to the sky: . . . .  
 And waft His praise up to the sky:  
 And heav'n, my home, . . . . seems ver-y nigh: . . . .  
 And cause all harm . . . . to pass me by: . . . .

The Lord has cleansed . . . . my guilt-y soul, . . . .  
 The Lord has cleansed my guilt-y soul,  
 My hours of dread . . . . He turned to joy, . . . .  
 His pre-cious blood . . . . hath made me clean, . . . .



# SO SWEETLY SAVED.

And with His blood . . . hath made me whole; . . . And now, by  
 And with His blood hath made me whole;  
 I've Je - sus' love . . . with-out al - loy, . . . And naught of  
 And washed my soul . . . from guilt and sin; . . . The Spir - it

love, . . . He keeps con - trol; . . . So sweet - ly  
 And now, by love, He keeps control;  
 doubt . . . can me an - noy, . . . So sweet - ly  
 reigus . . . su - preme with - in; . . . So sweet - ly

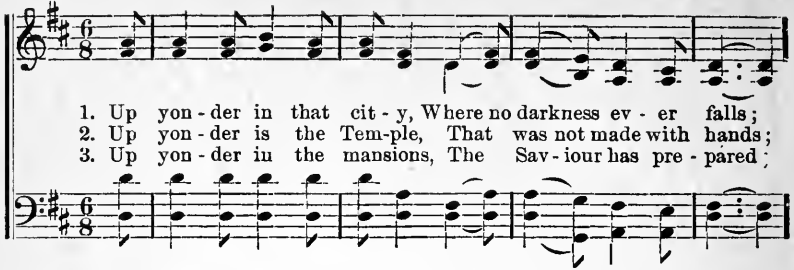
*rit.* **CHORUS.**  
 saved, . . . by grace, am I. . . . So sweetly saved,— and all is  
 So sweetly saved, by grace, am I.  
 saved, . . . by grace, am I. . . . }  
 saved, . . . by grace, am I. *rit.* . . . So sweet - ly saved,—and

well; . . . my Saviour in . . . my heart doth dwell: . . . His precious  
 all is well; My Sav - iour in my heart doth dwell: His

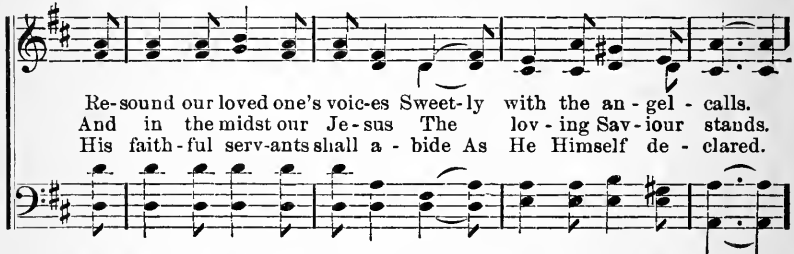
love. I gladly tell, . . . So sweetly saved, by grace, am I. . . .  
 precious love I gladly tell, So sweetly saved, by grace, am I, am I.

E. R. LATTA.

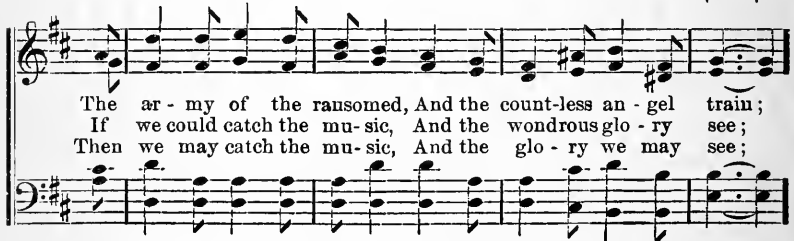
JNO. R. BRYANT.



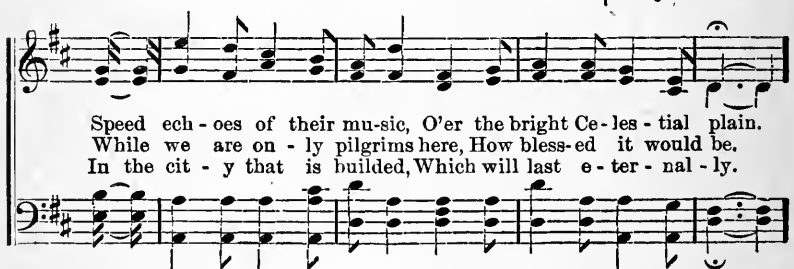
1. Up yon - der in that cit - y, Where no darkness ev - er falls;  
 2. Up yon - der is the Tem - ple, That was not made with hands;  
 3. Up yon - der in the mansions, The Sav - iour has pre - pared;



Re-sound our loved one's voic-es Sweet-ly with the an - gel - calls.  
 And in the midst our Je - sus The lov - ing Sav - iour stands.  
 His faith - ful serv - ants shall a - bide As He Himself de - clared.

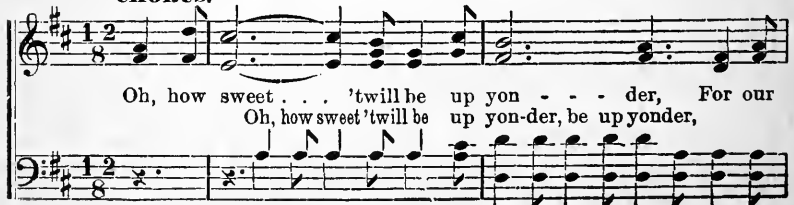


The ar - my of the ransomed, And the count - less an - gel train;  
 If we could catch the mu - sic, And the wondrous glo - ry see;  
 Then we may catch the mu - sic, And the glo - ry we may see;



Speed ech - oes of their mu - sic, O'er the bright Ce - les - tial plain.  
 While we are on - ly pilgrims here, How bless - ed it would be.  
 In the cit - y that is builded, Which will last e - ter - nal - ly.

## CHORUS.



Oh, how sweet . . . 'twill be up yon - - - der, For our  
 Oh, how sweet 'twill be up yon - der, be up yonder,

# UP YONDER.

joys shall be replete, As we walk the golden street, We shall meet with one an-  
We shall meet with one an-

oth - - er, And our Saviour crown'd in glory we shall greet. . .  
other, one au-oth-er, we shall greet.

## No. 160. THE HUSH OF NIGHT.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

*Andante.*

1. The twilight is fading a - way, The lamps of the sky are a - light;
2. So rest-ful the spirit should be, So peace-ful-ly calm and se - cure,
3. All na-ture is qui-et and still, The birds are a-sleep on the spray;
4. So white-pinioned angels a - bove, Watch o - ver the household below,

FINE.

How gen - tle the zephyr's soft breeze, And sweet is the hush of the night.  
While trusting, O Saviour, in Thee, Whose promises ev - er en - dure.  
The moon her bright vigils doth keep O'er val-ley and hill far a - way.  
And breathe the sweet message of love, As on their blest mission they go.

*D.S.*—And thro' the bright twilight of gold, Yon portals, by faith, we be - hold.

**CHORUS.**

*D.S.*

Fad - ing a - way! fad - ing a - way! The daylight is fad - ing a - way!

# No. 161. Leaning On The Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er  
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in the pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev-er  
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear,, Leaning on the ev-er

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,  
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

## REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,  
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,

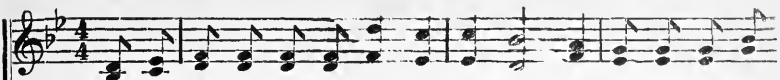
lean - ing, Save and se - cure from all a - larms;  
 lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean - ing on the everlast - ing arms.  
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

# No. 162. WHERE ARE YOU BUILDING?

G. W. L.

G. W. LYON.



1. Are you building on the sure foun da tion, Or on - ly on the  
 2. Tho' the tempest 'round you fierce - ly rag - es, And billows 'round you  
 3. Je - sus is the on - ly sure foun - da tion, The soul's se - cure a -



sink - ing sand? Are you building on the Rock Sal - va - tion, Are you  
 mad - ly roar; Firm - ly anchored to the Rock of A - ges, You are  
 bid - ing place; Cling to Him till freed from earth's temptation, Sweetly



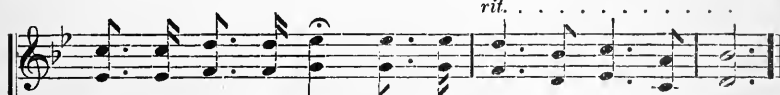
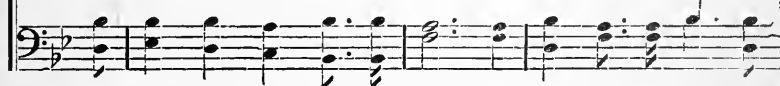
**CHORUS.**



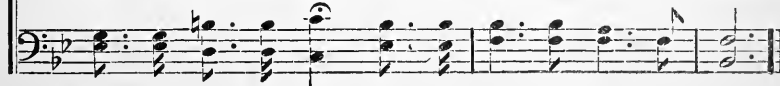
sure your work will stand? }  
 safe for - ev - er - more. } O, build on the Rock, the ev - er - lasting Rock,  
 rest in His embrace. }



The Rock Christ Je - sus a - lone; Our hope is se - cure on



this foun - da - tion sure, Je - sus Christ the cor - ner - stone.



Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Up - on the great high ways thou standest wea - - ry,  
 2. The hopes of earth-life oft - en fade and fail thee,  
 3. In Him is strength, in Him di-vine com - pas - sion,

wea - ry, standest wea - ry,  
 fail thee, fade and fail thee,  
 com - pas-sion, great com-pas-sion,

Thou cri - est ev - er - more "A - lone and drear - y,"  
 Thou hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail thee,  
 He chang - es not, tho' things of earth - ly fash - ion

drear - y, lone and dreary,  
 sail thee, foes as - sail thee,  
 fash-ion, earthly fash-ion

And wilt not un - der - stand that there so near thee,  
 And when the night shall come, oh, who will guide thee,  
 Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea - ry,

near thee, there so near thee,  
 guide thee, who will guide thee,  
 wea-ry, heart so wea-ry,

The Sav - iour waits to love, and bless, and cheer thee.  
 If thou dost still re - fuse thy Friend be - side thee?  
 And thou shalt nev - er more be lone and drear - y,

cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.  
 side thee, Friend beside thee?  
 drear - y, lone and drear - y.

**CHORUS.**

He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vis - ion Is turned a - way from

# HE STANDS SO NEAR.

hope and light e - lys - ian, Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee He car-eth,

For thee, for thee the heav - y cross He bear - - eth.  
the heav-y cross He bear-eth.

No. 164.

# MY HAPPY HOME.

Anon.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hay - py home, O how I long for thee!  
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold;  
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleas - ant streams, My stud-y long have been—  
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?  
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are pav'd with gold.  
Such spark-ling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.  
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais-es nev - er end.

## CHORUS.

I will meet you in the City of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb,..... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.  
in the blood of the Lamb,

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the  
2. To-morrow's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed  
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-  
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-ed none Who would to Him their souls u-

light; Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.  
sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.  
quite? Renounce at once, thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.  
nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-  
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?  
why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

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GEO. W. LYON.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10 : 49.

J. L. MOORE.

1. "A-rise, He call-eth thee," Oh, do not turn a-way;  
2. Cast all thy doubts a-side, No more in dark-ness stay,  
3. Why lon-ger slight His love? There's dan-ger in de-lay;

Be-lieve on Him and live— Be saved, be saved to-day.  
Re-demption's hour is here— Be saved, be saved to-day.  
Come now, while He is near, Be saved, be saved to-day.

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# BE SAVED TO-DAY.

## CHORUS.

Be saved, be saved, The Spir-it is pleading with thee;  
 Be saved to - day, be saved to - day,

Come now, just now, Ac - cept His sal - va - tion free.  
 Come now, just now, come now, just now,

## No. 167. AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. { I think I should mourn o'er my sorrow - ful fate, If sor - row in  
 If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, There waiting and  
 2. { How sad - ly I'd feel in the heav - en - ly state, If sadness in  
 If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con - duct - ed to  
 3. { O Lord, I be - seech Thee for wis - dom and grace, In winning lost  
 That ma - ny may be in that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re -

## CHORUS.

heav - en can be. } Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me,  
 watching for me. }  
 heav - en can be. }  
 glo - ry by me. } Yes, waiting and watching for me. for me,  
 souls un - to Thee. }  
 joic - ing to me. }

Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me; May ma - ny of  
 Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me;

those at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watching for me.

JOHN NEWTON.

W. C. HAFLEY.

1. A-mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;  
 3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures;

I once was lost, but now I'm found; Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first believed!  
 He will my shield and por-tion be, As long as life endures.

**CHORUS.**

I've been washed in the fountain of His blood, . . . . In the  
 precious blood,

fountain of the precious Saviour's blood; . . . Yes, when I was  
 precious blood;

sinking 'neath sin's dark flood, I was wash'd in the fountain of His blood.  
 precious blood.

# No. 169. JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

ANON.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Je-sus loves a lit-tle child, Smiling in its cheerful glee, Says of such in  
 2. In the blessed *Sunday-School* They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find His  
 3. When life's toilsome work is done, When the stormy strife is o'er; Then around His

accents mild, Let them come to me; Let them come for bid them not, They will  
 ho-ly way, Learn to love His word. Armed with this they may go forth, Triumph  
 shining throne On the blissful shore, There His happy children meet, Sing and

sing around the throne, Millions now are singing there, Millions more may come.  
 o - ver ev'ry foe, Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing human woe.  
 shout their suff'ring o'er, Cast their crowns at Jesus' feet, Praise Him ever more.

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# No. 170. TENDER SHEPHERD.

ANON.

EVENING PRAYER.

CHARLIE I. TILLMAN.

1. Je-sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;  
 2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
 3. May my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe 'till morning light.  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Lis - ten to my evening pray'r.  
 Take me when I die, to heaven, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

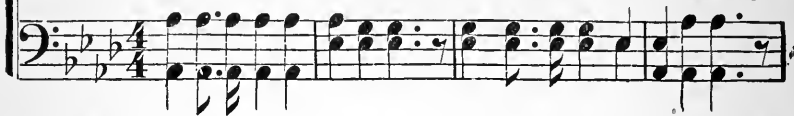
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ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,



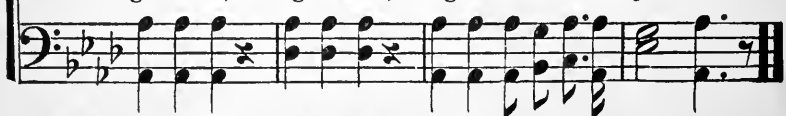
Calling the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold away.  
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?  
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

**CHORUS.**

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;



Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je - sus.



# No. 172. SINGING FROM THE HEART.

R. MORRIS, L. L. D.

H. R. PALMER.

*ff* *mf*

1. If you have a pleasant tho't, Sing it, sing it; As the birds sing  
 2. Ev-'ry gracious deed of His, Sing it, sing it; Nothing sounds so  
 3. Are you wea-ry, are you sad—Sing it, sing it; Make yourselves and

in their sport, Sing it from the heart; Does the Ho - ly Spir - it move,  
 well as this, Sing it from the heart; How the Lord walked on the wave,  
 oth - ers glad, Sing it from the heart; Bless - ed ones be - fore His face,

For the chil - dren of His love—Sing, and point the home a - bove,  
 Res - cued Laz - rus from the grave, Died our guilt - y souls to save,  
 Sing of Christ's a - ton - ing grace, Give the Sav - iour end - less praise,

**CHORUS.**

Sing it from the heart. Sing - ing, sing - ing from the heart, Oh, the joy our

songs im - part! Je - sus, bless the tune - ful art, Sing - ing from the heart.

No. 173.

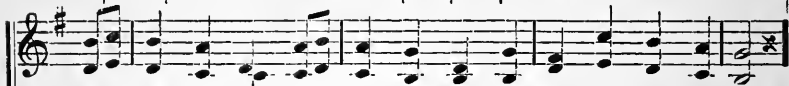
GOD IS LOVE.

Selected.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



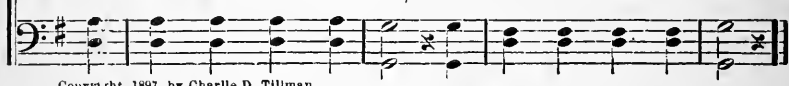
1. When light-ly o'er the mountain rill The twi-light zephyrs move,
2. The bird that trills its eve-ning song So sweet-ly thro' the grove,
3. The rain-bow in the sum-mer sky, Al-might-y pow'r doth prove,



How sweet-ly to the dew-y flow'rs, They whisper God is love,  
 In gen-tle ca-dence seems to say, I'll sing, for God is love,  
 Man looks up-on its va-ried hue, And owns that God is love,



They whis-per God is love, They whis-per God is love.  
 I'll sing, for God is love, I'll sing, for God is love.  
 And owns that God is love, And owns that God is love.



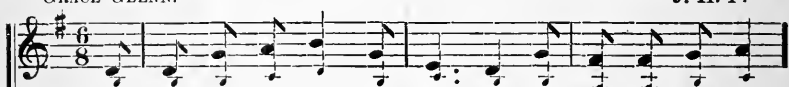
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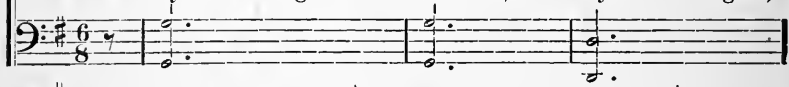
FOR JESUS.

GRACE GLENN.

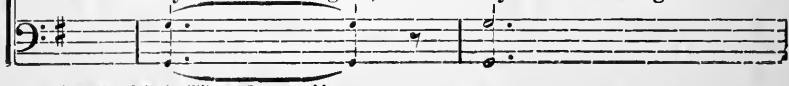
J. H. F.



1. I know what I'll do for Je-sus, I know what I'll do,
2. I'll sing a sweet song for Je-sus, I'll sing a sweet song,
3. I'll speak a kind word for Je-sus, I'll speak a kind word,
4. I'll try to be good for Je-sus, I'll try to be good,



I know what I'll do, I know what I'll do for  
 I'll sing a sweet song, I'll sing a sweet song for  
 I'll speak a kind word, I'll speak a kind word for  
 I'll try to be good, I'll try to be good for



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# FOR JESUS.

Je - sus, I'll praise Him, yes, this will I do.  
 Je - sus, Sing sweet - ly, yes, this will I do.  
 Je - sus, Speak kind - ly, yes, this will I do.  
 Je - sus, Be good, yes, and this will I do.

No. 175.

## OVER AND OVER.

(To My Brother and Co-worker, Rev. W. Arnold Lindsey.)

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

C. M. BARNES.

FINE.

1. { Gath-er the lit-tle ones in- to the Fold, Tell them of Jesus the Saviour; }  
 { Teach them to read the "sweet story of old," Tell them of Jesus the Saviour; }
2. { Speak to the homeless, oh, lead them aright, Tell them of Jesus the Saviour; }  
 { Point them above to the Mansions of Light, Tell them of Jesus the Saviour; }
3. { Search for the lost ones, oh, gather them in, Tell them of Jesus the Saviour; }  
 { Turn them from evil, temptation and sin, Tell them of Jesus the Saviour; }

D. C.—O-ver and o-ver His glo-ry declare—Tell them of Jesus the Saviour.  
 D. C.—O-ver and o-ver His ten-der-ness tell—Tell them of Jesus the Saviour.  
 D. C.—O-ver and o-ver the Sto-ry re-peat, Tell them of Jesus the Saviour.

Show them the won - ders of Heav - en so fair,  
 Teach them to hon - or the sweet Sab - bath bell,  
 Read them the Bi - ble with prom - is - es sweet,

Tell them the bless - ed Re - deem - er is there,  
 Show that with Je - sus shall all things be well,  
 Show - ing a love that is full and com - plete—

D. C.

## No. 176.

## KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Who at my door is stand - ing, — Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,  
 2. Lone - ly with - out He's stay - ing: Lone - ly with - in am I.  
 3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y, Knocking a - gain is He.  
 4. Door of my heart, I hast - en! Thee will I o - pen wide.

*f* FINE.

Entrance with - in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?  
 While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?  
 Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?  
 Tho' He re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

D.S.—If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."

## REFRAIN.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:—"O - pen the door for me!"

D.S.

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## No. 177.

## FOR MANY, MANY YEARS.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D.

R. M. McINTOSH.

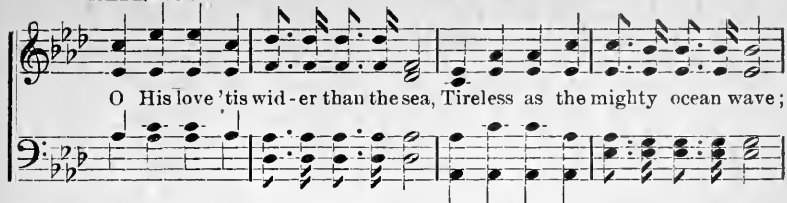
1. Night and day for ma - ny, many years, Je - sus called me in His tender love;  
 2. Night and day for ma - ny, many years, Je - sus sought me thro' the désert wild;  
 3. Night and day for ma - ny, many years, I have heard that tender voice divine;

And His voice seemed burdened with His tears, As He sought me from His home above.  
 And His voice yet lin - gers in my ears, Like a mother's with her way ward child.  
 Whisp'ring thro' my haunting doubts and fears, Weary, helpless, wanderer be mine.

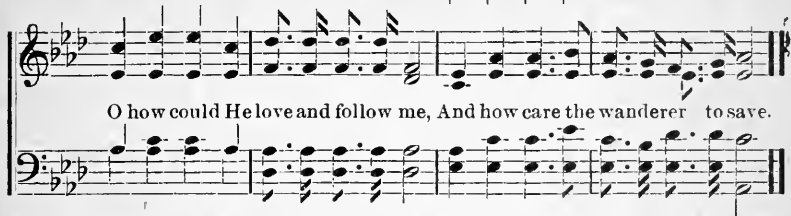


# FOR MANY, MANY YEARS.

## REFRAIN.



O His love 'tis wid-er than the sea, Tireless as the mighty ocean wave;



O how could He love and follow me, And how care the wanderer to save.

## No. 178. JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

G. D. E., arr.

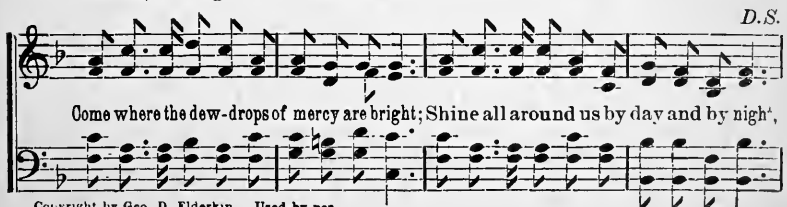
GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.



1. { Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }  
 { Glo-ry to the new-born King, (Omit. . . . .) }  
 2. { Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }  
 { Join the triumphs of the skies, (Omit. . . . .) }  
 3. { Christ by high-est heav'n a-dored, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }  
 { Christ, the ev-er-last-ing Lord, (Omit. . . . .) }  
 4. { Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Je-sus, the Light of the world; }  
 { Hail the Sun of right-eousness, (Omit. . . . .) }



**CHORUS.**  
 Je-sus, the Light of the world. We'll walk in the light, beau-ti-ful light,  
 D.S.—Je-sus, the Light of the world.



Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright; Shine all around us by day and by night,  
 D.S.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

DUET. SOP. AND TENOR.

1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of  
 2. Back on the night-shrouded sea to die? Back, where the breakers of  
 3. Back to the boon friends of former days, Still walking on in their

pain and of woe, Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a  
 sin toss on high? Back, 'mid the billows of doubt? not I! I've had a  
 old sinful ways? Back with a message of love and grace; I've had a

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO. *Ad lib.*

glimpse of Je - sus. I've found a life that is sweeter to me,

Sweeter with peace, from unhappiness free, Fuller of joy than the

CHORUS.

old life could be; I've had a glimpse of Je-sus. { Back to the cold world I  
 { Back to the old life of

# I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus. Concluded.

will not go, Back to the old paths of pain and of woe, }  
 sin, O no! I've had a (*Omit . . . . .*) } glimpse of Jesus.

## No. 180.

## HOLY NIGHT.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! All is dark, save the light  
 2. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! On - ly for shep - herd's sight  
 3. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Child of heav'n! oh, how bright

*mf* *pp* *mf* *pp*

Yon - der where they sweet vig - il keep O'er the Babe who, in  
 Came blest vis - ions of an - gel throngs, With their loud hal - le -  
 Thou didst smile on us when Thou wast born! Blest in - deed was that

si - lent sleep, Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace.  
 lu - jah songs, Say - ing, Je - sus is come, Say - ing, Je - sus is come.  
 hap - py morn : Full of heav-en-ly joy, Full of heav-en-ly joy.

*pp rit. . . . ad . . . lib.*

H. K. WHITE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be -  
 2. Once on the rag - ing seas I rode; The storm was loud, the  
 3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore-

stud the sky, One star a - lone of all the train  
 night was dark; The o - cean yawned; and rude - ly blowed  
 bod - ing cease; And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall,

Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye. Hark! hark! to God the  
 The wind that tossed my found'ring bark: Deep hor - ror then my  
 It led me to the port of peace. Now, safe - ly moored, my

cho - rus breaks, From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem; But one a -  
 vi - tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sudden -  
 per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem, For - ev - er

lone the Sav - iour speaks: It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.  
 ly a star, a - rose— It was the Star of Beth - le - hem.  
 and for - ev - er - more, The Star,—the Star of Beth - le - hem.

# No. 182. Some Heart has Gone this Way Before.

R. HORATIO HARDIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' rough may be thy path, and long, Re-member! that, with grief as sore,  
 2. Tho' dark may be the gath'ring night; Tho' loud and long the storm may roar,  
 3. Some heart has gone this way be-fore, Some feet have scaled this dizzy height;  
 4. So thou, dear pilgrim, too, canst go; Some day thy tri-als will be o'er;

And bur-dens larger far than thine, Some heart has gone this way before.  
 Take courage! thou art not the first, Some heart has gone this way before.  
 Some yearning eyes have pierced the gloom, And seen the dawn of heaven's light.  
 For un-to rest and peace beyond, Some heart has gone this way before.

## CHORUS.

Trust then in Christ! . . . His arm will guide . . . Each faithful  
 Trust then in Christ! His arm will guide

one . . . thro' Jordan's tide; . . Hope on! the race . . . will soon be  
 Each faithful one thro' Jordan's tide; Hope on! the race

past, . . . And vic-to-ry . . . will come at last. . . .  
 will soon be past, And vic-to-ry will come at last.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

## DUET.



1. Over the riv - er faces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me ;
2. Father and mothersafe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sister gone to that clime, Wait for the others coming sometime ;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come ;
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying afar ;



Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.  
 Bearing the loved ones over the tide Into the harbor, near to their side.  
 Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.  
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother, for you.  
 Hear the glad message, why will you roam? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."



## CHORUS.



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



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glory looking this way.



C. C. L.

C. C. LUTHER.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate - way to - night, Fa - ces all  
 2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed  
 3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice  
 4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watching and  
 5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of

shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look - ing down from yon  
 life her de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to  
 call - ing oh, moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy - cheek'd darling, the  
 wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a  
 all and the theme of their song, Je - sus, our Sav - ior, the

heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck - on - ing "come."  
 mem - o - ry dear, Beck - on up high - er the wait - ing ones here.  
 light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on - ing "come."  
 sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate - way to - night they ex - tend.  
 pierced one stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with a beck - on - ing hands.

## REFRAIN.

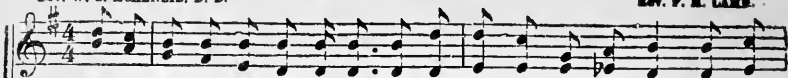
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;

Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

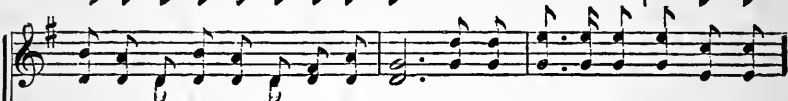
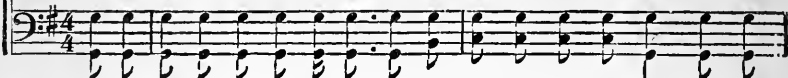
(OR THE DYING CHRISTIAN.)

REV. W. S. MCKENZIE, D. D.

REV. F. M. LAMB.



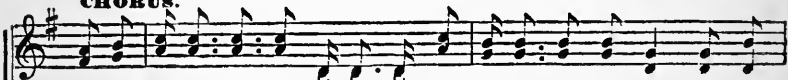
1. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where my Lord has gone be-fore, And a
2. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where my faith will change to sight, Out of
3. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where the streets are paved with gold, Where the



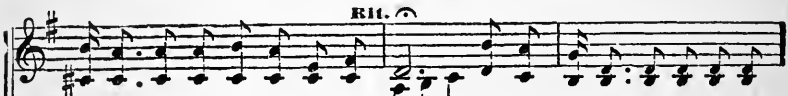
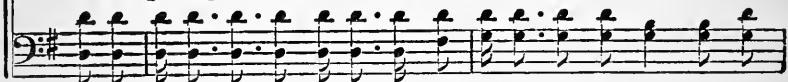
mansion is pre-par-ing there for me: I will serve Him and a-dore Him,  
 dark-ness I am pass-ing in - to day; Thro' the val-ley I am tread-ing,  
 beau-ties are so brilliant and so rare! Oh, the gleaming walls of jasper!



I will love Him more and more, When the rich-es of His glo-ry I shall see.  
 But my Saviour is my light, And no e-vil shall be-fall me on the way.  
 Oh, the splendors manifold! I am long-ing, I am sigh-ing to be there.

**CHORUS.**

I am go-ing to a cit-y Where the liv-ing nev-er die, Where no

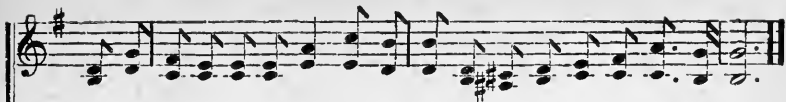


sick-ness and no sor-row can mo-lest, From this bod-y to re-lease me





# I AM GOING TO A CITY.



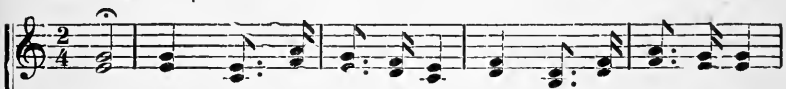
He is speeding from on high; He will greet me and es-cort me to my rest.



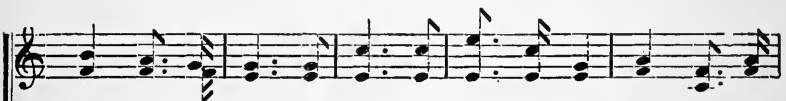
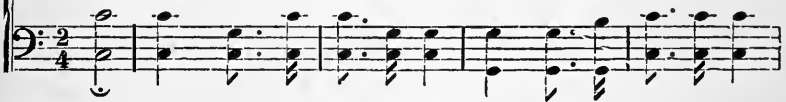
## No. 186. THEY WAIT FOR US THERE.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D.

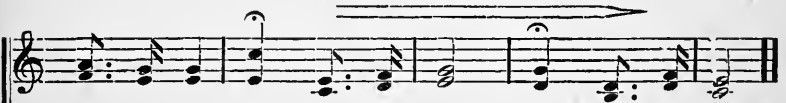
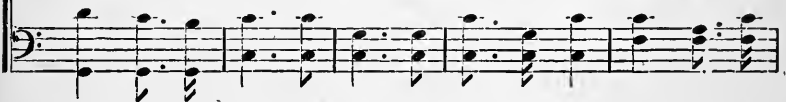
FRANZ VOLK.



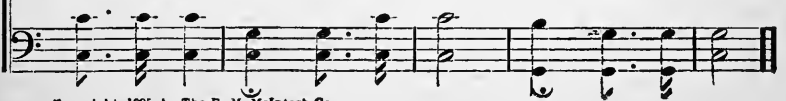
1. Tears! tears, bit - ter tears may fall, Death may our hearts ap pall;
2. Death! death seems a cru - el foe, Fill - ing the world with woe;
3. Trust! trust to the Saviour's love, Soon we shall meet a - bove;



Yet 'tis the door To realms of end - less rest, Where kin - dred  
Dark is the tomb, But kin - dred dust shall rise: Light from the  
Do not de - spair; Our loved ones sure - ly wait, Close by the



spir - its blest, Wait ev - er - more; Wait ev - er - more.  
part - ing skies Break - ing the gloom! Break - ing the gloom.  
pearl - y gate; Wait for us there; Wait for us there.



C. W. RAY.

A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.

SOLO.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we stand by the  
 2. Why should we weep when the weary ones rest In the bo - som of  
 3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Tho' it frightful - ly  
 4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide. Doth the light of e -

mys - ti - cal stream, . . . In the val - ley and by the dark  
 Je - sus su - preme, . . . In the mausions of glo - ry pre -  
 dis - mal may seem, . . . In the arms of their Sav - iour no  
 ter - ni - ty gleam; . . . And the ransomed the darkness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.  
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.  
 ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.  
 storm shall outride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

# DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

## CHORUS. \*

On-ly a dream, on-ly a dream, And glory beyond the dark stream; How peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on-ly a dream.

\* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

## No. 188. SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. "Serv - ant of God, well done! Rest from thy loved em - ploy ;  
 2. The voice at midnight came; He start - ed up to hear;  
 3. Tran - quil a - mid a - larms, It found him on the field,  
 4. His sword was in his hand, Still warm with re - cent fight,

The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, En - ter thy Master's joy."  
 A mor - tal ar - row pierced his frame: He fell; but felt no fear.  
 A vet'ran, slumb'ring on his arms, Beneath his red-cross shield.  
 Read - y that moment, at command, Thro' rock and steel to smite.

- 5 Oft with its fiery force  
 His arm had quelled the foe,  
 And laid, resistless in his course,  
 The alien-armies low.
- 6 Bent on such glorious toils,  
 The world to him was loss,  
 Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,  
 He hung upon the cross.
- 7 At midnight came the cry,  
 "To meet thy God prepare!"  
 He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,  
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,

- 8 His spirit, with a bound,  
 Left its encumb'ring clay:  
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground  
 A darkened ruin lay.
- 9 The pains of death are past,  
 Labor and sorrow cease;  
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
 His soul is found in peace.
- 10 Soldier of Christ, well done!  
 Praise be thy new employ;  
 And while eternal ages run,  
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

MARGARET MACKAY.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep,

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Unbrok-en by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest!

No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be:  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 190. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. { Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from (Omit.....)

home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to

see..... The dis - tant scene: one step e - nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou  
I loved to choose and see my path; but  
Lead Thou me on! [now  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Prider uled my will. Remember not  
past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me,  
Will lead me on [sure it still  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,  
The night is gone, [till  
And with the morn those angel faces  
smile [awhile!  
Which I have loved long since and lost

# No. 191. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

MECHLENBERG.

1. { I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay,  
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the (Omit.) way;  
2. { I would not live al - way: no, wel - come the tomb;  
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its (Omit.) gloom;

{ The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here,  
Are e - nough for life's woes, full e - nough for its (Omit.) cheer.  
{ There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a - rise  
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the (Omit.) skies.

## CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me dear Sav - iour for heav - en my home.

3 Who, who would live away, away 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmo -  
from his God, ny meet,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful Their Saviour and brethren transported  
abode, to greet,  
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the While the anthems of rapture unceas -  
bright plains, [reigns. ingly roll, [of the soul.  
And the noontide of glory eternally And the smile of the Lord is the feast

# No. 192.

# FREDERICK.

MECHLENBERG.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live away; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:

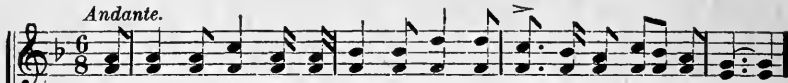
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

# No. 193. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL, by per.

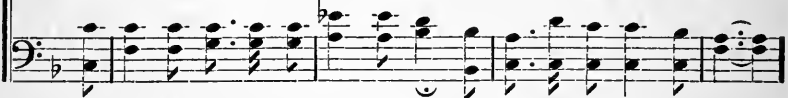
*Andante.*



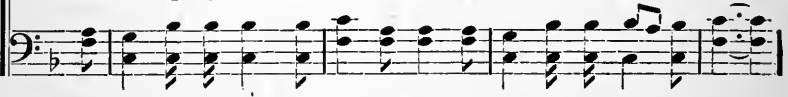
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words, Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



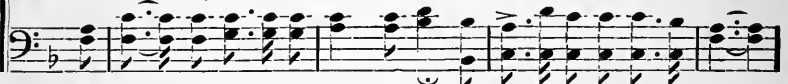
It may not be at the bat-tle's front, My Lord will have need of me;  
There may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek,  
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day, For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—



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



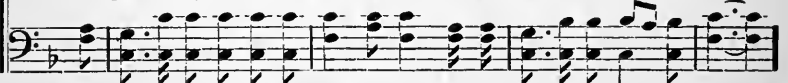
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
My voice shall ech-o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.



## REFRAIN.



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



Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell.

# I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

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

## No. 194. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Anon.

1. O what ship is this that will take us all home? O
2. Come a - long, come a - long, and let us go home! O
3. Do you think she will be a - ble to take us all home? O
4. She has land-ed ma - ny thousands and can land as many more, O

glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le -  
 glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor - dan, Hal - le -  
 glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le -  
 glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! She has land-ed them in heav - en, Hal - le -

lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 lu - jah! She has land-ed them in heav - en, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea - then ra - ces, Oh,  
 2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies advanc - ing, To  
 3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shad - ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -  
 con - quer the kingdoms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His  
 arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

*D.S.*—The earth shall be full of His

wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.  
 pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.  
 Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!

knowl - edge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

**CHORUS.***D.S.*

The kingdom is coming, Oh, tell ye the story, God's banner exalted shall be!



# No. 196. IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. I. CHRISTIE.

1. O ye chil-dren of God, Ye redeemed thro' the blood, There is  
 2. Shall the broad land we love, Glo-ry-crowned from a-b-ove, Be sur-  
 3. From At-lan-tic's white crest To the shores of the west, Must this  
 4. Let our off-rings of gold Be increased man-i-fold, And each  
 5. With God's blessing the field A rich har-vest will yield, And the

work, there is la-bor to do! Souls, de-filed and de-praved,  
 ren-dered to sin and the world? Or be con-quer-ed and won-  
 na-tion be-long un-to God; And the mill-ions in sin  
 Chris-tian to God pay His vow; Bring the tithes to the Lord,  
 reap-ers will come by and by, With the sheaves full of grain,

From their sins must be saved, And the Mas-ter asks serv-ice from you.  
 For God's well-be-loved Son, And His ban-ner of peace be un-furled?  
 Must be all gath-ered in, And be saved thro' Im-man-u-el's blood.  
 And send forth the glad Word Un-til all at His al-tar shall bow.  
 And in joy-ful re-frain Will a-dore the Re-deem-er on high.

## CHORUS.

O, our guilt will be great If we fal-ter and wait,  
 If we send not the light To dis-pel the dark night,

While the peo-ple are dy-ing in sin,  
 (Omit. . . . .) And for Je-sus the perishing win!

C. W. RAY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Go, ye Chil - dren of light, Go and ban - ish the night, Go as  
 2. Go what-e'er may be-tide, O'er the des - ert so wide, Bid the  
 3. Where the sun-light may gleam, O - ver lake - let or stream, O'er the

her - alds of Christ and the day ; Go, sal - va - tion proclaim, In the  
 weak and de - spair - ing a - rise ; That each heart may enthrone The Re -  
 wild, rough and lone - ly high - way ; Go from shore un - to shore, Go in

*D.S.*—Till o'er val - ley and plain, Our Re -

FINE.

Sav - iour's dear name, Go and drive all the dark - ness a - way.  
 deem - er a - lone, And to Him lift their sin - dark - ened eyes.  
 faith ev - er - more, Bear the light of the glad gos - pel day.

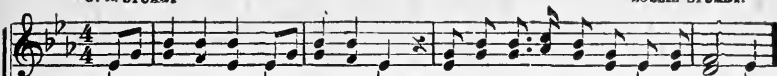
deem - er shall reign, And the wand - 'ring are brought to the fold.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Over mountain and sea, Where the lost ones may be, Let the news of redemption be told ;

G. R. STUART

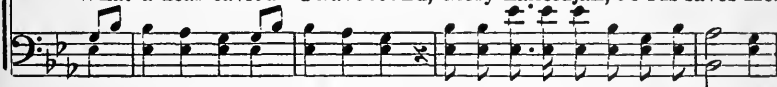
ROLLIE STUART.



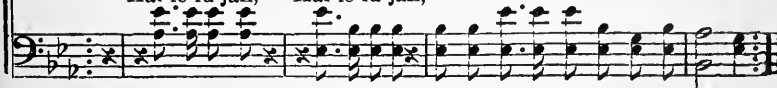
1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
2. This is the way I long have sought, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
3. The King's highway of holiness, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
4. My grief a burden long has been, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
6. Nothing but sin have I to give; Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
7. Then will I tell to sinners' round, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;



He whom I fix my hopes upon; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 And mourned because I found it not; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 Be-cause I was not saved from sin, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 Shalt take me to Thee, as I am; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 Nothing but love shall I receive, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.  
 What a dear Saviour I have found, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.



He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus saves me.  
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,



Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

Tune "Sweet Bye and Bye."

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,<br/>                 Rest, such as the purified know;<br/>                 My soul is athirst to be blest,<br/>                 To be washed and made whiter than snow.</p> <p>CHO. I believe Jesus saves,<br/>                 And His blood washes whiter than snow,<br/>                 I believe Jesus saves,<br/>                 And His blood washes whiter than snow.</p> <p>2 In coming, my soul I deplore,<br/>                 My weakness and poverty show;<br/>                 I long to be saved evermore,<br/>                 To be washed and made whiter than snow.</p> | <p>3 To Jesus I give up my all,<br/>                 Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;<br/>                 For His fullness of blessing I call,<br/>                 Till His blood washes whiter than snow.</p> <p>4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,<br/>                 Trusting now His salvation to know;<br/>                 And His blood doth so fully atone,<br/>                 I am washed and made whiter than snow.</p> <p>5 My heart is in raptures of love,<br/>                 Love, such as the ransomed ones know,<br/>                 I am strengthened with might from above,<br/>                 I am washed and made whiter than snow.</p> |
|---|--|

Rev. WM. McDONALD

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McFARLANE.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone at the  
 2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un-to me the good  
 3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the  
 4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day. News of sal - va-tion we carried, said he,  
 tid-ings of joy? Need I not per-ish? my hand will He hold?  
 val-ley of death, "God sent His Son!" "whoso - ev - er?" said He;  
 me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"  
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told?" Tell it a - gain!  
 "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"  
 "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it again! Salvation's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can

say of the children of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me before."

# BEST OLD HYMNS.

The Numbers under "M. H." correspond with Numbers in Methodist Hymnal.  
The Numbers under "B. H." correspond with Numbers in Baptist Hymnal.  
The Numbers under "P. H." correspond with Numbers in Presbyterian Hymnal.

## No. 201.

## OLD HUNDRED.

THOMAS KEN.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
34. 2. 2.

Musical notation for the first system of "Old Hundred". It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here below ;" are written below the treble staff.

Musical notation for the second system of "Old Hundred". It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost." are written below the treble staff.

## No. 202.

## SESSIONS. L. M.

THOMAS KEN.

\* M. H. B. H.  
44. 2.

LUTHER O. EMERSON.

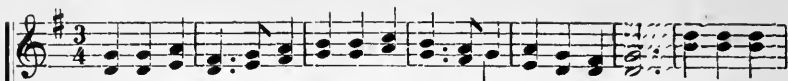
Musical notation for the first system of "Sessions". It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here below ;" are written below the treble staff.

Musical notation for the second system of "Sessions". It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host: Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost." are written below the treble staff.

## No. 203.

## AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

\* M. H. B. H.  
728. 696.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



father's died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.  
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

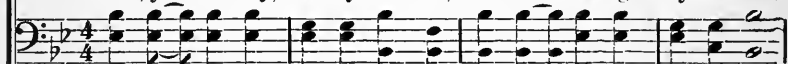


## No. 204. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.



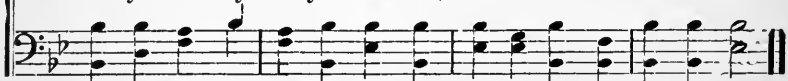
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - lad - en, Bruis'd and man - gled by the fall,



CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

*D. C. Chorus.*

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.  
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh  
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him  
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all



In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. \* M. H. B. H.  
851. 364.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der  
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions  
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly  
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich  
5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me

## REFRAIN.

voice like Thine Can peace af-ford.  
lose their power When Thou art nigh.  
and a-bide, Or life is vain. } I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;  
promis-es In me fnl-fill.  
Thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robt. Lowry.

ISAAC WATTS.

Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit-y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repent-ing reb-el live;  
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;  
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;  
4. Yet save a trembling sinner. Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

CHO.—O depth of mer-cy! can it be That mercy's still reserved for me?

Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?  
Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.  
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.  
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sinners spare?

# No. 207. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. Hs.

GEO. KEITH.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
546. 502. 325.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. How firm a founda - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your  
 2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sickness, in health, In pov - er - ty's  
 3. Fear not: I am with you: O be not dismayed: I, I am your  
 4. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov'reign, e -  
 5. The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to  
 vale or a - bounding in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the  
 God, and will still give you aid; I'll strengthen you, help you, and  
 ter - nal, unchange - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their  
 can - not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?  
 land, on the sea— As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.  
 cause you to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.  
 tem - ples a - dore, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.  
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake.

# No. 208. PORTUGUESE HYMN. Hs.

GEO. KEITH. (Second Tune.)

\* B. H. P. H.  
502. 111.

J. READING.

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

Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for refuge have fled?



# No. 209.

# ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
106. 496. 304.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee ;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands ;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling ;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,

- D.C.—1. Be of sin the doub-le cure Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 D.C.—2. All for sin could not a - tone ; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 D.C.—3. Vile, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.  
 D.C.—4. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd.  
 Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,  
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress ; Help-less, look to Thee for grace ;  
 When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, —

# No. 210.

# WHEN I SURVEY.

ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
102. 442. 147.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far to small ;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

# No. 211.

# HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
4. 209. 527.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the  
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their  
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,  
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-aphim,  
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,

mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!  
 falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.  
 Lord God Al-might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

# No. 212. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
354. 499. 305.

S. B. MARSH.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,  
 While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }

*D.C.*—Safe in-to the ha-ven gnide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
*D.C.*

2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, ah! 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.

3 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.

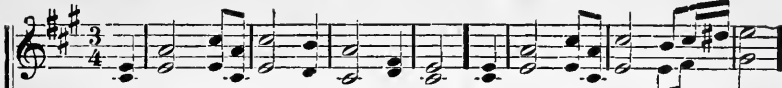
Just and holy is Thy Name;  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False and full of sin I am,  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of Lif the Fountain art;  
 Freely let me take of Thee;  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 213.

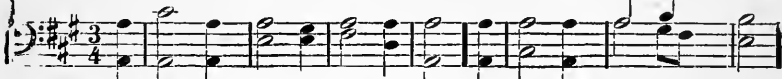
AMAZING GRACE.

JOHN NEWTON.

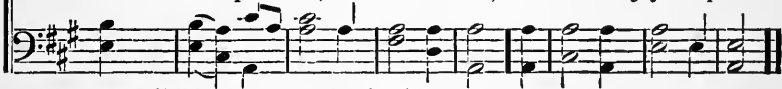
\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
570. 492. 519. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



1. A - maz-ing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read-y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me; His word my hope se - cures:
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.  
How pre - cious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed!  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.  
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life endures.  
I shall pos - sess, with-in the veil, A life of joy and peace.



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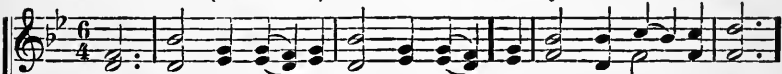
No. 214.

HARP. C. M.

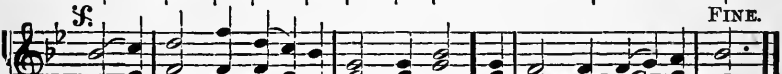
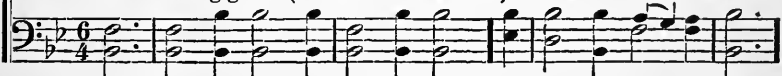
JOHN NEWTON. (Second Tune.)

\* M. H.  
570.

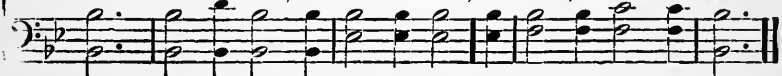
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



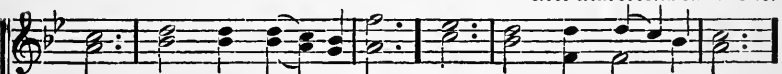
1. A - mazing grace! (how sweet the sound!) That sav'd a wretch like me!



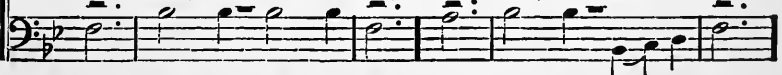
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.



*Close with second strain D.S.*



Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

## No. 215.

## THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
107. 231. 136.

Art. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;  
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;  
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,  
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,  
5. Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more,  
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.  
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more.  
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die.  
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave.

## No. 216. SALVATION! O THE JOYFUL SOUND.

ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
65. 234. 871.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears,  
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;  
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round,

A sov'reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.  
But we a-rise, by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.  
While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound.

# No. 217. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. \* M. H. B. H. P. H. 540. 455. 317. From W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;  
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me; They have left my Sav - iour too;  
 3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treasure; Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain;  
 4. Man may trouble and dis - tress me; 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:  
 5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
 Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un - true;  
 In Thy serv - ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.  
 Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.  
 Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Something still to do or bear.  
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

*D.S.*—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.  
*D.S.*—Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.  
*D.S.*—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.  
*D.S.*—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.  
*D.S.*—Think that Jesus died to win thee; Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?  
*D.S.*—Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
 And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,  
 I have called Thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee:  
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!  
 Think what Spir - it dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;  
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

# No. 218. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. \* M. H. B. H. P. H. 148. 177. 554. JOHN WYETH  
 (Second Tune.)

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee; }  
 { Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be. }

*D.C.*—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.

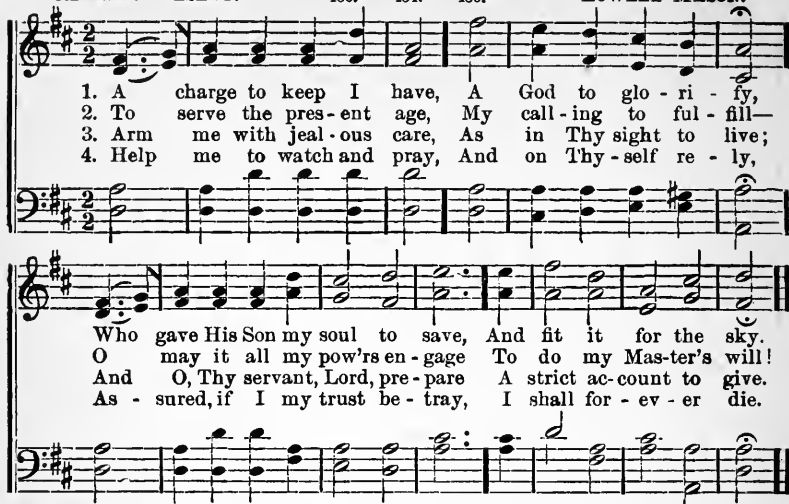
Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

# No. 219. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

\* M. H. 486. B. H. 454. P. H. 456.

LOWELL MASON.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy,  
 2. To serve the pres-ent age, My call-ing to ful-fill—  
 3. Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in Thy sight to live;  
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re-ly,  
 Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.  
 O may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas-ter's will!  
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.  
 As-sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for-ev-er die.

# No. 220. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.  
 (Second Tune.)

\* M. H. 738. B. H. 40. P. H. 15.

G. F. HANDEL.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy,  
 Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

# No. 221. GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND!

\* M. H. 161. B. H. 93. P. H. 544.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!<br/>             Harmonious to my ear!<br/>             Heaven with the echo shall resound,<br/>             And all the earth shall hear.</p> <p>2 Grace first contrived the way<br/>             To save rebellious man;<br/>             And all the steps that grace display<br/>             Which drew the wondrous plan.</p> | <p>3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet<br/>             To tread the heavenly road;<br/>             And new supplies each hour I meet<br/>             While pressing on to God.</p> <p>4 Grace all the work shall crown,<br/>             Through everlasting days:<br/>             It lays in heaven the topmost stone,<br/>             And well deserves the praise.</p> |
|--|---|

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

# No. 222. ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

EDWARD PERRONET.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
132. 161. 32.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall!  
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
Ex - tol the stem of Je - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 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.

- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 223. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-  
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our  
2. Makes me love ev'-ry-bod - y, Makes me love ev'-ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev'-ry -  
3. It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our

ligion, It's good enough for me.  
mothers, It's good enough for me.  
bod-y. It's good enough for me.  
fathers, It's good enough for me.

4 |: It was good for the Prophet Daniel. :|  
It's good enough for me.  
5 |: It was good for the Hebrew Children. :|  
It's good enough for me.  
6 |: It was tried in the fiery furnace. :|  
It's good enough for me.  
7 |: It was good for Paul and Silas. :|  
It's good enough for me.  
8 |: It will do when I am dying. :|  
It's good enough for me.  
9 |: It will take us all to heaven. :|  
It's good enough for me.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

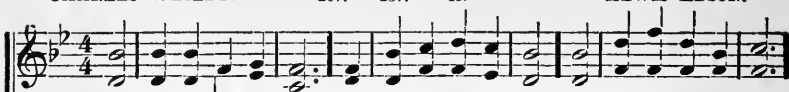
\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

# No. 224. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW.

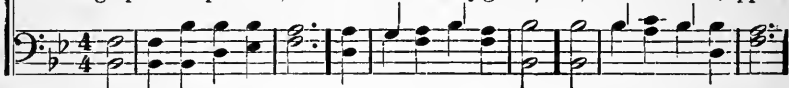
CHARLES WESLEY.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
267. 237. 40.

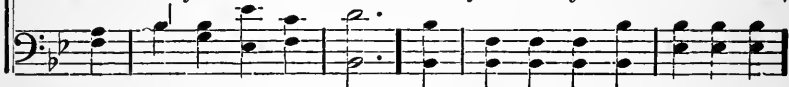
LEWIS EDSON.



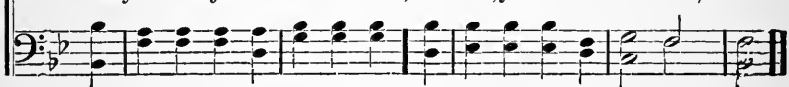
1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know,
2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made; Ye weary spirits, rest;
3. Extol the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption through His blood
4. Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your lib-er-ty re-ceive, And safe in Jesus dwell,
5. Ye who have sold for naught Your heritage above, Receive it back unbought,
6. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And, save from earth, appear.



To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come ;  
 Ye mourn-ful souls, be glad : The year of ju-bi-lee is come ;  
 Through-out the world pro-claim : The year of ju-bi-lee is come ;  
 And blest in Je-sus live : The year of ju-bi-lee is come ;  
 The gift of Je-sus' love : The year of ju-bi-lee is come ;  
 Be-fore your Saviour's face : The year of ju-bi-lee is come ;



The year of ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sin-ners, home.



# No. 225. ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

(See Music above.)

\* M. H. B. H.  
386. 323.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Arise, my soul, arise ;<br/>                 Shake off thy guilty fears ;<br/>                 The bleeding sacrifice<br/>                 In my behalf appears :<br/>                 ¶: Before the throne my surety stands, :  <br/>                 My name is written on His hands.</p> <p>2 He ever lives above<br/>                 For me to intercede,<br/>                 His all-redeeming love.<br/>                 His precious blood to plead ;<br/>                 ¶: His blood atoned for all our race ; :  <br/>                 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.</p> | <p>3 The Father hears Him pray,<br/>                 His dear annointed one ;<br/>                 He cannot turn away<br/>                 The presence of His Son :<br/>                 ¶: His spirit answers to the blood, :  <br/>                 And tells me I am born of God.</p> <p>4 My God is reconciled ;<br/>                 His pardoning voice I hear :<br/>                 He owns me for His child ;<br/>                 I can no longer fear :<br/>                 ¶: With confidence I now draw nigh, :  <br/>                 And " Father, Abba, Father." cry.</p> |
|---|--|

CHARLES WESLEY.



No. 226.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
178. 196. 76.

Adapted by R. SIMPSON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavn'ly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys ;  
3. In vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise ;  
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate.

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
Ho - san - nahs lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

No. 227.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
318. 283. 192.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am ! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
2. Just as I am ! and wait - ing not To rid myself of one dark blot,  
3. Just as I am ! tho' toss'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God ! I come ! I come !  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God ! I come ! I come !  
Fighting and fears with - in, without, O Lamb of God ! I come ! I come !

4 Just as I am ! poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind  
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God ! I come ! I come !

5 Just as I am ! Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve  
Because Thy promise I believe :  
O Lamb of God ! I come ! I come !

# No. 228. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. \* M. H. B. H. P. H. G. J. WEBB.  
580. 425. 951.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;  
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;  
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;  
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:  
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

*D.S.*—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
*D.S.*—Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.  
*D.S.*—He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,  
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,  
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

# No. 229. BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT. \* M. H. B. H. P. H. GEO. NAEGELA.  
751. 463. 597.

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

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

# No. 230. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

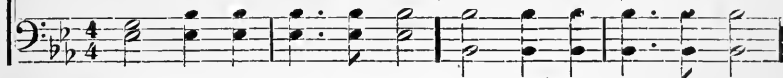
RAY PALMER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
398. 384. 335.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



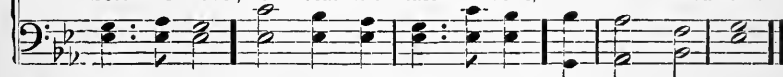
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



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



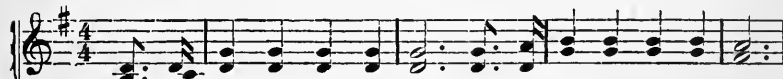
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.  
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire.  
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.  
tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.



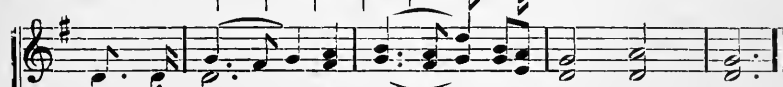
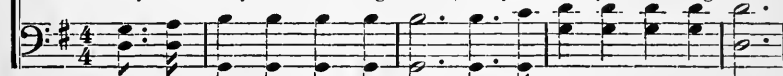
# No. 231. ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.

Anon.

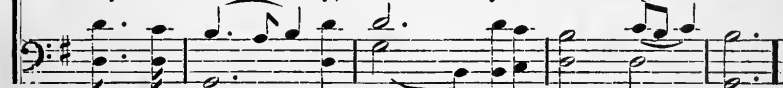
Unknown.



1. There are an - gels hov - ring 'round, There are an - gels hov - ring 'round,
2. They will carry the ti - dings home; They will carry the ti - dings home;



There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - ring 'round.  
They will car - - ry, car - - ry the ti - dings home.



- |                                      |                                  |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.         | 5 And Jesus bids them come, etc. |
| 4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc. | 6 There's glory all around, etc. |

SAMUEL STENNET.

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye  
 2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;  
 3. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;  
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca-nann's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.  
 There God, the Sun, for - ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.  
 Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.  
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?

## REFRAIN.

I am bound for the promised land, . . . . I am bound for the promised land;  
 promised land,

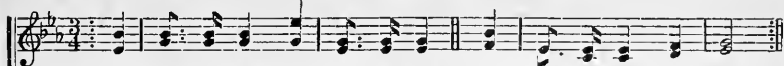
O. who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

# No. 233. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

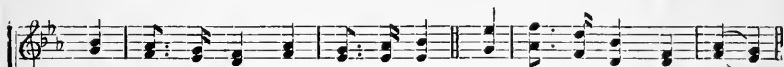
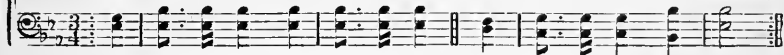
ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
654. 684. 781.

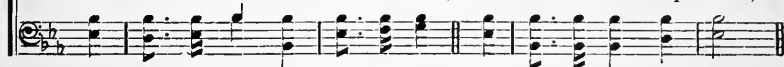
JOHANN C. H. RINK.



1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor-tal reign ; }  
 E - ter - nal day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. }  
 3. { Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green ; }  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween. }



2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a-bides, And nev - er fad - ing flow'rs,  
 4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, —



Death, like a nar - row sea, di-vides That heav'nly land from ours,  
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

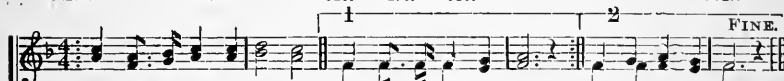


# No. 234. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

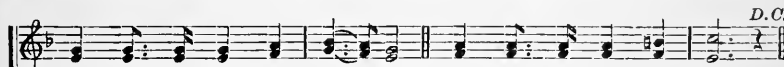
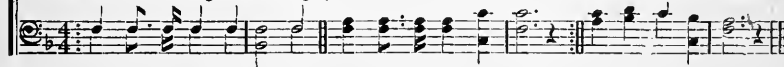
ANNIE L. WALKER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
910. 476. 950.

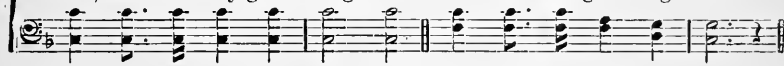
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours ; }  
 Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit. . . . .) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs ;  
 D. C. — Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit. . . . .) When man's work is done.



Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun :



- 2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work in the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store :  
 Work, for the night is coming.  
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies ;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more ;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

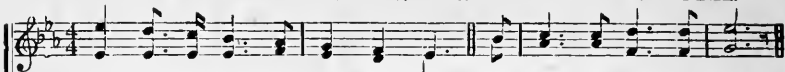
No. 235.

JOY TO THE WORLD.

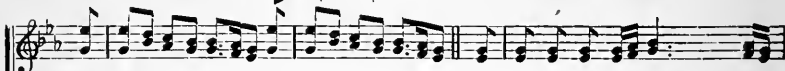
ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
59. 105. 98.

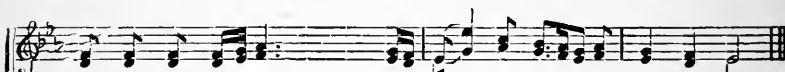
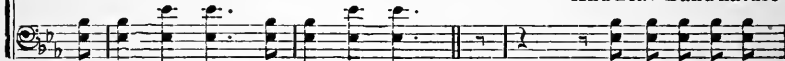
Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King;
2. Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove



Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-  
He comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far  
The glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And  
And heav'n and nature



heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.  
peat the sounding joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sounding joy.  
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.  
wonders of His love, And wonders, wonders of His love.  
sing, And heav'n and nature sing.



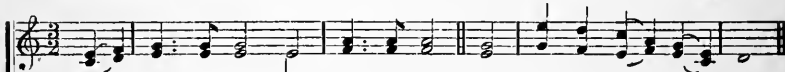
No. 236.

THOU ART THE WAY.

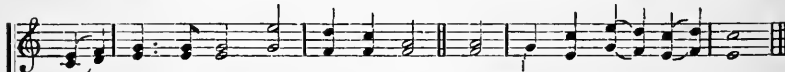
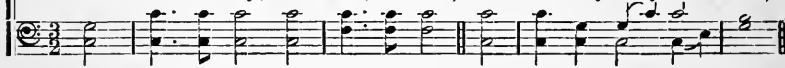
GEORGE W. DOANE.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
81. 115. 239.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Thou art the Way,—to Thee alone From sin and death we flee;
2. Thou art the Truth,—Thy word alone True wisdom can impart;
3. Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us Thy way to know,



And he who would the Father seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.  
Thou only canst instruct the mind, And purify the heart.  
And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm  
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys eternal flow.



# No. 237. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
542. 449. 228.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;  
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,  
4. O pre - cious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

# No. 238. FATHER, I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

\* M. H. B. H.  
345. 219.

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;  
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;  
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow' r;  
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

*D. C. Chorus.*

If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?  
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!  
And all my wants Thou would' st re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.  
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood I shall from sin be free!

## No. 239.

## COME, THOU FOUNT.

GEO. ROBINSON.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
525. 177. 94.

Unknown.

FINE.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace }  
 { Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }
2. { Here I'll raise my Eb-e-ne-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; }  
 { And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. }
3. { Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be! }  
 { Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee; }



D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.  
 D. C.—He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-terposed His precious blood.  
 D. C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove,  
 Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,  
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—



## No. 240.

## LORD, REVIVE US.

Arr. by W. A. W.



1. Brethren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sin-ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe!
3. Brethren, here are poor back-slid-ers, Who were once near heaven's door;
4. Let us love our God su-preme-ly; Let us love each oth-er, too;



Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?  
 Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?  
 But they have betrayed their Sav-iour, And are worse than e'er be-fore;  
 Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new;





# LORD, REVIVE US.

5:

All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Sav-iour doth a - bound ;  
 See our fa-thers, mothers, children, For e - ter - nal dark-ness bound ;  
 Yet the Sav-iour of - fers par-don, If they will lament their wound ;  
 Then He'll call us home to heav-en, At His ta - ble we'll be found :

CHO.—Lord, re - vive us, Oh, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee :

*D.S. Chorus.*

Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man - na Will be showered all a-round.  
 Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man - na Will be showered all a-round.  
 Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man - na Will be showered all a-round.  
 Christ will gird Him-self and serve us, With sweet manna all a-round.

Lord, re - vive us, now re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

## No. 241. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FIN.

6/8

- { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus, }  
 { He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
- { Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }  
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }
- { All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus; }  
 { I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus. }
- { His name dis-pels my guilt and fear No oth - er name but Je - sus; }  
 { Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus. }

D.C.—Sweet-est car - ol ev - ersung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

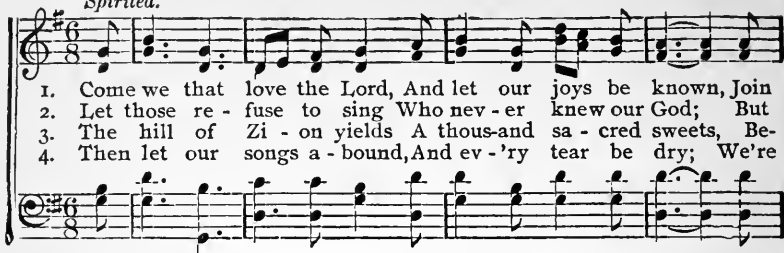
REFRAIN.

D.C.

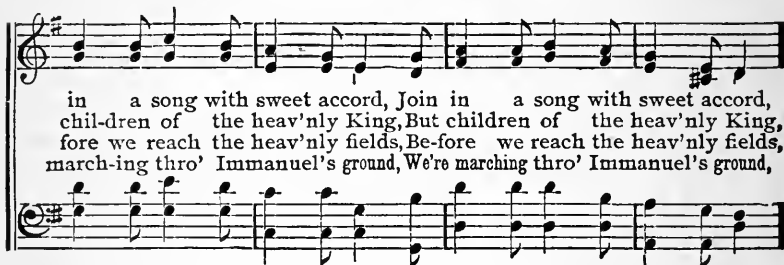
Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue.

I. WATTS.  
*Spirited.*

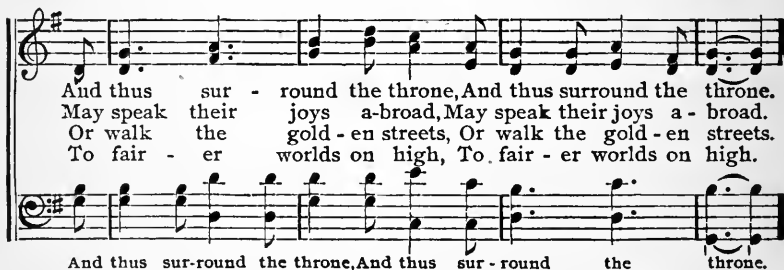
R. LOWRY.



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



in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord,  
chil - dren of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King,  
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,  
march - ing thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



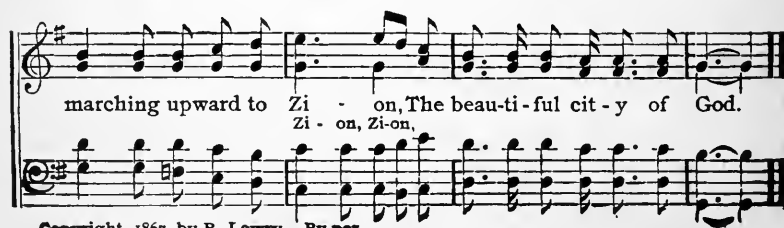
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.  
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

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

CHORUS.



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



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

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,  
 2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,  
 3. Go, then, e - ven weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow - ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eves; Wait - ing for the har - vest,  
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest,  
 Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's over,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,  
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,  
 He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

**CHORUS.**  
 bring - ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,  
 Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

We shall come rejoic - ing, bringing in the sheaves,  
 We shall come rejoic - (*Omit. . . .*) ing, bringing in the sheaves.

## No. 244.

## SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

W. W. WALFORD.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
789. 405. 49.

W. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.

1. { Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and (Omit. . . .) wishes known :

D. C. — And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re- turn, sweet (Omit. . . .) hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear,  
To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting souls to bless;  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share;  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight:  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing thro' the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

## No. 245.

## ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

\* B. H. P. H.  
362. 923.

WM. H. MONK.

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

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

## ABIDE WITH ME.—Concluded.

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

## No. 246. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

\* M. H. B. H.  
874. 406.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 2. Have we tri - als and tempta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where?  
 3. Are we weak and heavy lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?

FINE.

What a priv-i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!  
 We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Precious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

*D.S.*—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!  
*D.S.*—Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!  
*D.S.*—In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

*D.S.*

Oh, what peace we often for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,  
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

# No. 247. GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
463. 363. 315.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Spanish Melody from Marecho.

1. Gen- tly, Lord, O gen- tly lead us, Thro' this gloomy vale of tears ;  
2. When temptation's darts assail us, When in devious paths we stray,  
3. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,  
4. When this mortal life is end- ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

And, O Lord, in mer- cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.  
Let Thy goodness nev- er fail us, Lead us in Thy per- fect way.  
Suf- fer not our hearts to languish, Suf- fer not our souls to fear.  
Till, by an- gel bands at- tend- ed, We a- wake a- mong the blest.

*D.S.*—O re- fresh us, O re- fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil- derness.

O re- fresh us, O re- fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wilder- ness ;

# No. 248. GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s.

THOMAS HASTINGS.  
(Second Tune.)

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
463. 20. 84.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Gen- tly, Lord, O gen- tly lead us, Thro' this gloomy vale of tears ;

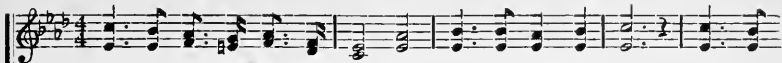
*D.C.*—O re- fresh us, O re- fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil- der- ness.

And, O Lord, in mer- cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.

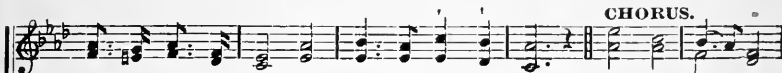
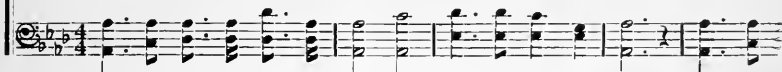
FANNY J. CROSBY.

\* M. H. B. H.  
852. 361.

W. H. DOANE.

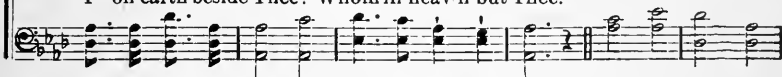


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

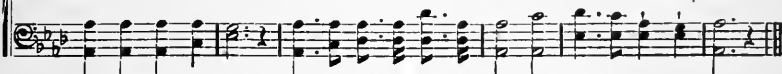


## CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.  
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,  
 wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. }  
 I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.



Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.



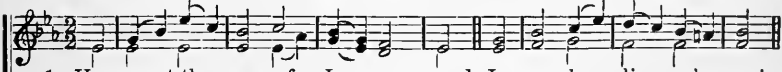
Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane, used by permission.

## No. 250. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

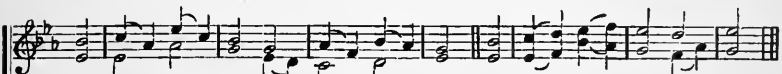
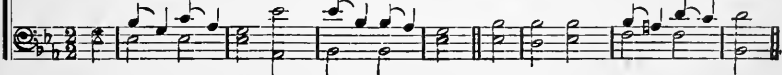
JOHN NEWTON.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
153. 170. 229.

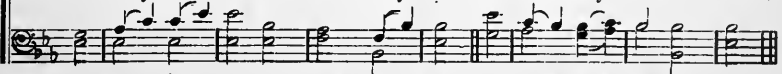
SAMUEL STANLEY.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't;
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro-claim With ev-'ry fleet-ing breath;



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



\* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

# No. 251. HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS THE HOURS.

JOHN NEWTON.

\* M. H. B. H.  
505. 390.

LEWIS EDSON.

FINE.

1. { How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see! }  
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me,— }  
 2. { His name yields the rich-est perfume, And sweeter than music His voice; }  
 { His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all within re-joyce: }

D.C.—But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cember's as pleasant as May.  
 D.C.—No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year.

The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;

- 3 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 blessed with a sense of His love.  
 A palace a toy would appear;  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am true,  
 If Thou art my sun and my song,  
 Say why do I languish and pine?  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or take me to Thee up on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

# No. 252. THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

\* M. H.  
27.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

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

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

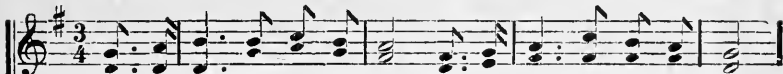


# No. 253. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

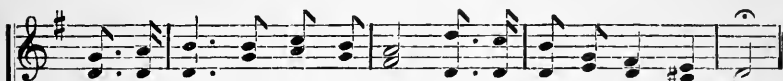
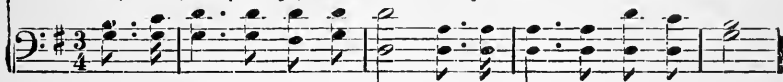
JOHN NEWTON.

\*M. H. B. H. P. H.  
259. 36. 83.

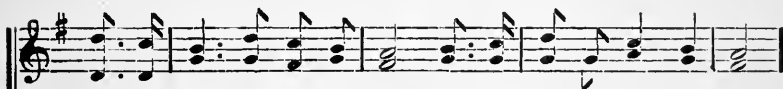
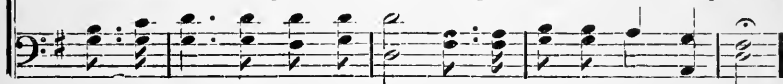
Arr. by L. MASON.



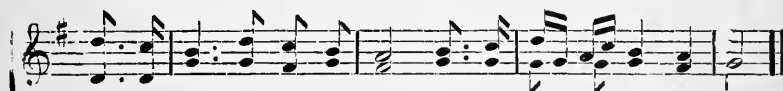
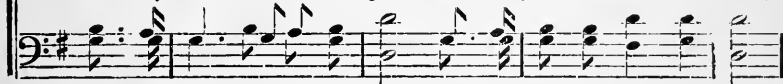
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week. God has brought us on our way ;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace. Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise ; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near.
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints :



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day ;  
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame ;  
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear ;  
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com - plaints :



Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest.  
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,  
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,  
Thus may all our Sab - bath - s prove, Till we join the Church a - bove,



Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest.  
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.  
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,  
Thus may all our Sab - bath - s prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.



# No. 254.

# I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

\* M. H. 194. B. H. 520. P. H. 575.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode.  
 2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand,  
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;  
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,  
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

The church our blest Re - deem - er saved With His own precious blood.  
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.  
 Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.  
 The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

# No. 255. ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.

THOMAS KELLY.

\* M. H. 195. B. H. 521. P. H. 649.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. { Zi - on stands with hills surrounded—Zi - on, kept by pow'r divine; } Happy  
 { All her foes shall be con - founded, Tho' the world in arms combine; }

Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine! 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.

# No. 256. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
571. 491. 789.

Anon.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,  
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fier - y darts be hurled,  
3. Let cares, like a wild dei - uge, come, Let storms of sor - row fall;  
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,

FIN E.

I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frowning world.  
So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my re - st.  
And not a wave of trou - ble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

D.S.

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes;  
And face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world;  
My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all;  
A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peace - ful breast;

# No. 257.

# MARLOW. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.  
(Second Tune.)

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
511. 704. 570.

REV. JOHN CHETHAM.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,

I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

# No. 258.

# LORD JESUS, WE ARE ONE.

(See music above.) \* B. H. P. H.  
485. 245.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?<br/>O height! O depth of love!<br/>With Thee we died upon the tree,<br/>In thee we live above.</p> <p>2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake<br/>Thou didst from heaven come down,<br/>Our mortal flesh and blood partake,<br/>In all our misery one.</p> | <p>3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,<br/>Confessed and borne by Thee,<br/>The gall, the curse, the wrath, were<br/>To set Thy members free. [Thine,</p> <p>4 Ascended now, in glory bright,<br/>Still one with us Thou art; [height,<br/>Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor<br/>Thy saints and Thee can part.</p> |
|---|---|

JAMES G. DECK.

# No. 259. O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

WILLIAM COWPER.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
364. 375. 426.

Dr. T. A. ARNE.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God. A calm and heav'nly frame,  
2 Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?  
3. What peace - ful hours I then enjoyed How sweet their mem'ry still!  
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!  
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?  
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

# No. 260.

# NAOMI. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. (Second Tune.)

\* B. H. P. H.  
85. 423.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!

# No. 261.

# O FOR A FAITH.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
454. 379. 739.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 O for a faith that will not shrink,<br/>Though pressed by every foe,<br/>That will not tremble on the brink<br/>Of any earthly woe;—</p> <p>2 That will not murmur nor complain<br/>Beneath the chastening rod,<br/>But, in the hour of grief or pain,<br/>W'll lean upon its God;—</p> | <p>3 A faith that shines more bright and clear<br/>When tempests rage without;<br/>That, when in danger, knows no fear,<br/>In darkness feels no doubt.</p> <p>4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,<br/>And then, what'e'r may come,<br/>We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss<br/>Of an eternal home.</p> |
|--|--|

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

No. 262.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

From the "Garner." By per. J. J. Hood.

J. H. STOCKTON.

Har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me, I must die;  
 2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;  
 3. No prep-a-ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I on-ly break;  
 4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove.  
 5. If Thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew.  
 6. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vict'ry won;

Oh, bring Thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!  
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!  
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!  
 But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!  
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!  
 Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Lord, take me as I am!

*D. S.*—bring Thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!

**REFRAIN.**

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

No. 263. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.

1. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy seat,  
 2. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart,  
 3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,

CHO.—I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe,

I'm kneeling at the mer-cy seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.  
 Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - min - ate my heart.  
 O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume.

I can, I will, I do believe, That Je - sus saves me now.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole ;  
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies ;  
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat ;  
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait :

I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul ;  
 And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice ;  
 I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fi - ed feet,  
 Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate ;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe ; Now  
 I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know : O  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow : O  
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No ;" O

## CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow ; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

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 upon 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 beyond 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 away— It was there by faith  
 rolled a - way,

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

EDWARD MOTE.

• M. H. B. H.  
849. 309.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteous-ness ; }  
 { I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Jesus' name ; }  
 2. { When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace ; }  
 { In ev-'ry high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil : }  
 3. { His oath, His cov-e-nant and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood : }  
 { When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay : }

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is

sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

• M. H.  
895.

WM. MILLER.

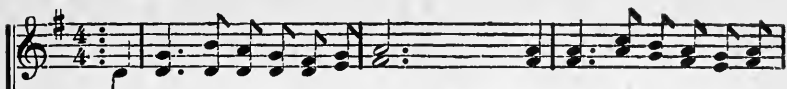
1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair ; Nor pain nor death can enter there ; }  
 { It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine ; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }  
 2. { My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the starry sky ; }  
 { When from this earthly prison free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be. }  
 3. { Let oth - ers seek a home be-low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ; }  
 { Be mine a hap-pier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne. }

CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more ! }  
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more ! }



# No. 268. WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

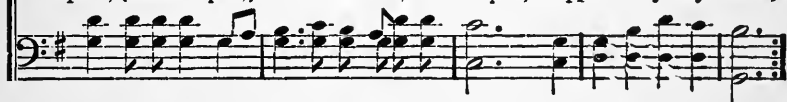
ISAAC WATTS.



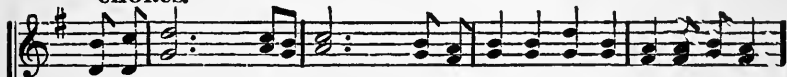
1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the  
And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His
2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the



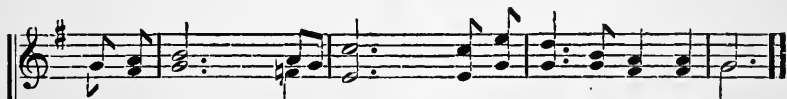
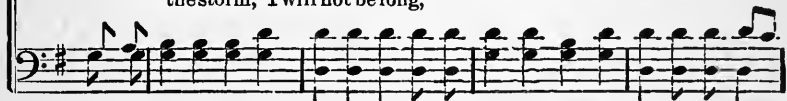
cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb, }  
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }  
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood? }  
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? }  
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord! }  
pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word. }



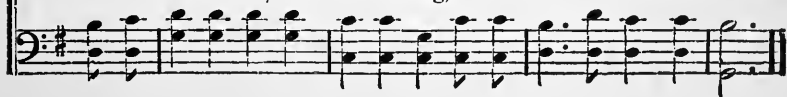
## CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;  
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.  
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



# No. 269. O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD.

CHAS. WESLEY.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
440. 378. 410.

THOMAS ARNE.

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

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

# No. 270. EVAN. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. (Second Tune.)

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
342. 163. 410.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!

# No. 271. HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

(See Music above.)

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
735. 465. 595.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,<br/>When those who love the Lord<br/>In one another's peace delight,<br/>And thus fulfill His word;—</p> <p>2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,<br/>And with him hear a part;<br/>When sorrow flows from eye to eye,<br/>And joy from heart to heart;—</p> | <p>3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride<br/>Our wishes all above,<br/>Each can his brother's failings hide,<br/>And show a brother's love.</p> <p>4 Love is the golden chain that binds<br/>The happy souls above;<br/>And he's an heir of heaven that finds<br/>His bosom glow with love.</p> |
|--|--|

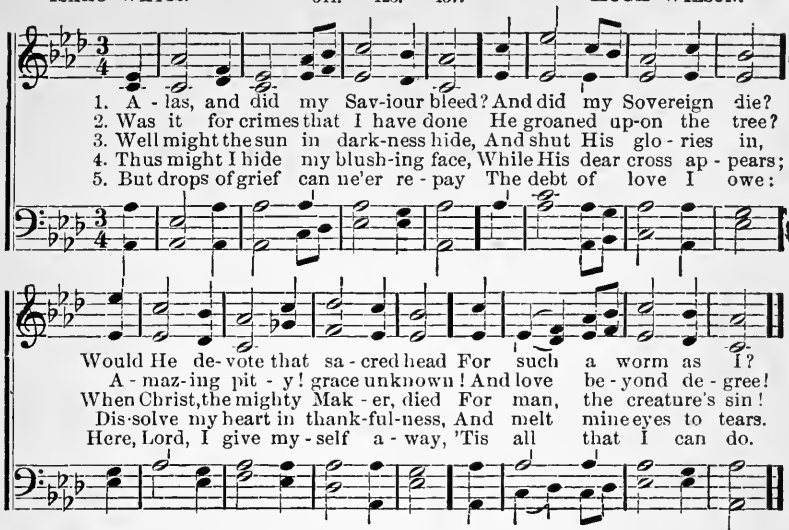
JOSEPH SWANN.

# No. 272. ALAS, AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS.

\* M. H. B. H. P. H.  
344. 125. 137.

HUGH WILSON.



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. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,  
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While His dear cross ap-pears;  
5. 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!  
When Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin!  
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.  
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.


# No. 273. ON THE TREE.

RICHARD JUKES.

\* M. H.  
877.

D. F. AUBER.

FINE.



1. { By faith I view my Saviour dy-ing On the tree, on the tree; }  
{ To ev-'ry nation He is cry-ing, Look to me, look to me. }  
D.C.—Hark, hark, what precious words I hear: Mer-cy's free, mercy's free.  
He bids the guilty now draw near, Re-pent, believe, dismiss their fear;

2 Jesus, the Lord of life, hath spoken  
Peace to me, peace to me;  
Now all my chains of sin are broken,  
I am free, I am free:  
Soon as I in His name believed,  
His pard'ning grace my soul received,  
And was from sin and death retrieved:  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
Ye ministers of God declare it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free:

Visit the heathen's dark abode,  
Proclaim to all the love of God,  
And spread the glorious news abroad,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And this shall be my theme when dying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.  
And when the vale of death I've passed  
When lodged above the stormy blast  
I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Let us ask the pre-cious Sav-iour To go with us while we part,  
 2. Know we not what changes wait us, But we know our Mighty guide,  
 3. In His ten-der hands en-trust-ing Ev-'ry link in love's bright chain;  
 4. Meet a-gain, no more to sev-er, In the "beau-ti-ful be-yond,"

For His presence in life's jour-ney Peace and com-fort will im-part.  
 Safe-ly rest-ing in His keep-ing, Hap-py when He walks be-side.  
 'Tis a blessed hope that whis-pers, "Sure-ly we shall meet a-gain."  
 Where the love of our Re-deem-er Is the strongest, sweetest bond.

## CHORUS.

Long our hallowed pray'r will lin-ger, Ming-ling with sweet mel-o-dy,

*poco rit.*  
 Be our wish at parting, Mizpah, May the Lord keep watch o-ver you and me.

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J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing; Bid us now de-part in peace;  
 D.C.—When we reach our blissful sta-tion, Then we'll give Thee no-bler praise.

*D.C.*  
 Still on heav'nly man-na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again ; By his counsels guide, uphold you,  
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you ;  
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,  
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you ;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Put his arms un- failing round you, God be with you till we meet again.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

**CHORUS.**

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, 'Till we meet at Je-sus' feet ;  
 Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet ;

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

# FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

## No. 277. ROLL ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

NELLIE EDWARDS.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Roll on the temp'rance movement, For rights now take a stand, Help drive the liquo'  
 2. Roll on the temp'rance movement, The way is open wide For God shall be our  
 3. Roll on the temp'rance movement, And march against the wrong, For thousands daily

traf- fic For- ev - er from our land. Ten-thousand voices call-ing, To  
 help-er No one can turn a-side. The an-gels watch from glory— All  
 dy-ing, Compels us haste a-long, The conflict ev - er wag - es, Then

help them we have come, The wives and children of the ones Whose master is vile rum.  
 heaven bids us speed, For none can then our cause defeat, While God supplies our need.  
 raise our banner high, And follow where our Saviour leads, For victo - ry is nigh.

### CHORUS.

Roll on the temp'rance movement, Our Sav- iour leads the way,

Mu- sic ring- ing, voic- es sing- ing, O what a glo- rious sight, O roll

## ROLL ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—Concluded.

on the temp'rance movement, Our ban - ner perch on high, For

God and right we make this fight, And vic - to - ry is nigh.

## No. 278. I'LL BE THERE TO VOTE.

1. { For God and home and na - tive laud, Our watchword still shall be; }  
 { From rum, foul rum, from ruined homes, We'll vote for lib - er - ty. }
2. { We've tried to stop this curse of rum, We've tried both pray'rs and tears; }  
 { We ask for home pro - tec - tion laws, They an - swer us with sneers. }
3. { We've tried high license, but it failed To stop the curse of rum; }  
 { We ask for Pro - hi - bi - tion now, Pro - tec - tion to our homes. }
4. { To those who comprom - ise with rum We now must say good - bye; }  
 { To stop the traf - fic, not to tax, We'll fight un - til we die. }

### CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the time comes to vote, I'll be there.  
 I'll be there, I'll be there,

1. There's a time that is com-ing at last, Oh, has-ten the long-looked for day,  
 2. And the pris-on shall close ev'ry door, And the poor-houses tenant-less stand,  
 3. When the church and the state shall arise In strength of their virtue and might,

When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast, For all Christians will vote as they pray.  
 When the dram-shop shall darken no more 'The dear homes of our beautiful land.  
 And improve ev'-ry moment that flies, In the dar-ing to vote for the right.

*f* CHORUS.

Oh, the hap-py time is com-ing, yes, it's com-ing,  
 com-ing, coming,

It was long, long, long on the way ; Oh, the hap-py time is  
 it is coming,

*Repeat Chorus p.*

coming, yes, it's coming, When Christians will vote as they pray.  
 coming, coming,



Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS.

W. G. ALESHINE.

1. Save the fall - en, save the fall - en, Canst thou careless pass them by ;  
 2. Raise the fall - en, raise the fall - en, Snatch them quickly from the grave,  
 3. Save the fall - en, save the fall - en, Clouds are gath'ring o'er the sky ;  
 4. Lift the fall - en, lift the fall - en, In their hearts lie bur-ied deep ;

Wilt thou leave thine erring neighbor, Leave him all a-lone to die?  
 Tell them Je - sus will for-give them, That He died their souls to save.  
 He will per - ish in the darkness, Leave, oh, leave him not to die!  
 Feelings that the touch of kindness, May a - wake from deathly sleep.

Then, oh, Christian speak the mes-sage, Speak it, speak it while you may ;  
 Gen - tly breathe His name so pre - cious, Humbly call - ing ere too late ;  
 Let Thy mer - cy beam dear Sav - iour, O'er the poor be-night-ed soul ;  
 Of His love, oh, Christians tell them, — Christ hast promised un - to all —

Love thy neighbor as thy - self, Pass him not an - oth - er day.  
 It hath pow'r to sweep a - way, All the tempt - er's cru - el hate.  
 Draw the wand'r'er close to Thee, Keep him ev - er in the fold.  
 And the par-don full and free, Of-fered un - to those who fall.

**CHORUS.**

Save, O Chris-tian, save the fallen, Je - sus bids you bring them in ;  
 Save, O Christian, Jesus bids you

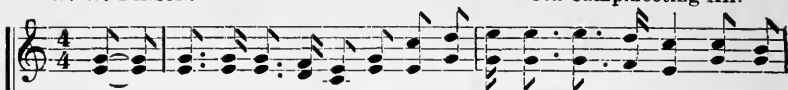
From the hedg - es and the highways, Save their souls from death and sin.  
 From the hedges Save their souls

# No. 281. THE WHISKEY SHOPS MUST GO.

(CAMPAIGN SONG.)

W. W. PINSON.

Old Campmeeting Air.



1. Oh, comrades in this conflict of the right a - gainst the wrong, To the
2. Je - ho - vah's wrath is kindled, and His arm is lift - ed high, For from
3. From the silence and the shadows, where our mothers weep and pray, With their
4. Hear the children cry for pit - y from the cru - el heart of greed; See them
5. We are com - ing! we are coming! for the light has dawned at last; Hark, the



bat - tle of the bal - lots come with shout - ing and with song; And  
out the dust of a - ges He has heard the mar - tyrs cry; The  
pa - tient hands uplift - ed 'gainst the woe they can - not stay, We have  
trampled in - to si - lence by the mon - ster while they plead! Be  
bat - tle - cry is ring - ing, and our lines are length'ning fast, For



this shall be our slogan as the legions march along—“The whiskey shops must go.”  
cup of wrath is brimming, and His vengeance draweth nigh—“The whiskey shops must go.”  
heard a voice entreating us to sweep the curse away—“The whiskey shops must go.”  
quick, my patriot brothers, to the rescue let us speed—“The whiskey shops must go.”  
God, and Home, and Native Land, our ballots shall be cast—“The whiskey shops must go.”



## CHORUS.



Ral - ly! Ral - ly! O, ye free - men! Ral - ly! Ral - ly! O, ye free - men!



Ral - ly! Ral - ly! O, ye free - men! The whis - key shops must go.



# No. 282. ON THE STREETS AT MIDNIGHT.

CAREW.

\* \* \*

1. I stood on the streets at midnight, Where the crowds surge to and fro ;  
 2. I look on a drunken Fa-ther, Who goes reel-ing to his home,  
 3. I see a heart-bro-ken moth-er, With her white face wet with tears,

Tossed high on life's storm-swept o - cean, As the bil-l-ows come and go.  
 Where suf - fer-ing wife and chil-dren, Sad - ly wait for him to come.  
 She seeks for the boy she cherished, So proud-ly in by-gone years.

There many soul-freighted ves - sels, On the wa - ters deep and swift ;  
 Their plead-ing is una-vail - ing, As they sink the waves be - low,  
 Her hopes, once so bright, are withered, By the rum-pow'r's curse and blight ;

Are wreck'd, and o'er city pavements, To the gulfs of death they drift.  
 For men in their boast-ed pow'r, Cast their votes to make it so.  
 For fast her loved boy is drifting, To the coast of end - less night.

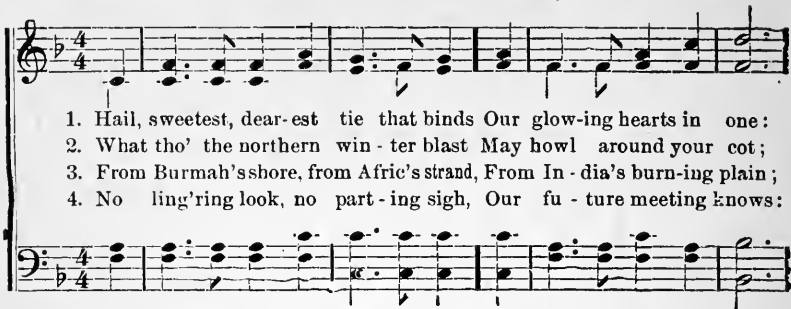
## CHORUS.

Oh, ma - ny a soul has per-ished, As the life-tides ebb and flow ;

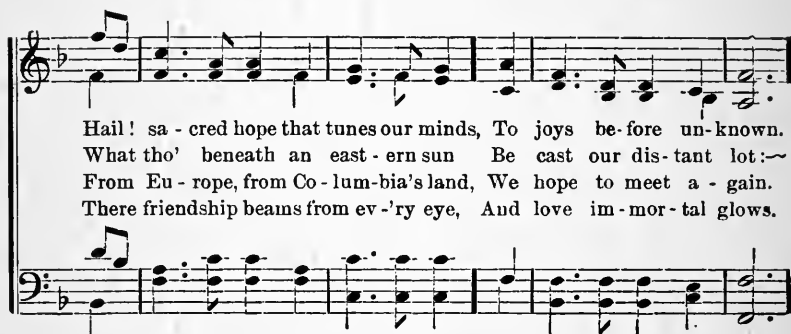
For ma - ny a bark is shattered, On the reefs of sin and woe.

TUNE—Auld Ang Zyne.

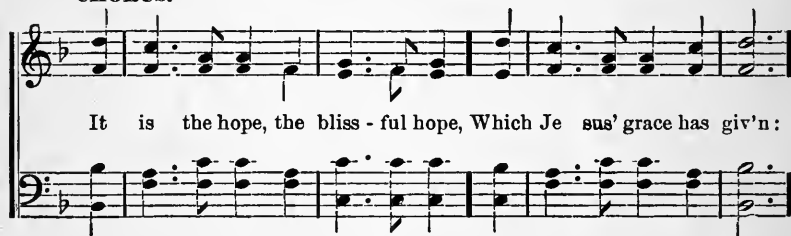
Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



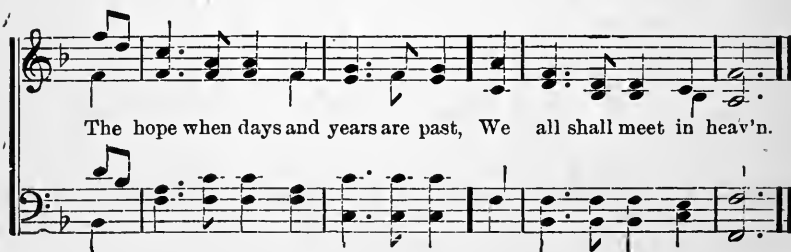
1. Hail, sweetest, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one:  
 2. What tho' the northern win-ter blast May howl around your cot;  
 3. From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand, From In-dia's burn-ing plain;  
 4. No ling'ring look, no part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meeting knows:



Hail! sa-cred hope that tunes our minds, To joys be-fore un-known.  
 What tho' beneath an east-ern sun Be cast our dis-tant lot:~  
 From Eu- rope, from Co-lum-bia's land, We hope to meet a-gain.  
 There friendship beams from ev-'ry eye, And love im-mor-tal glows.

**CHORUS.**


It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Je sus' grace has giv'n:



The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.

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Songs.



Sweet  
Songs.

Bright  
Songs.

Beautiful  
Songs.

DATE DUE

Easy  
Songs.

Engaging  
Songs.

"Catchy"  
Songs.

Engaging  
Songs.

SEAN EDWARDS



1. When the  
2. When the  
3. When the

CHARLES & WILLIAMS



on, tolling on;  
on, tolling on;  
now, we'll go home



He meant  
He meant  
He meant



toll-ing on,  
toll-ing on,  
that's what the bell



Heve that He  
Heve that He  
Heve He w



Heve tall; We must

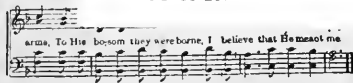


I believe

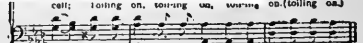


by the Master's

DEMCO 38-297



arms, To His bosom they were borne, I believe that He meant me



cell; tolling on, tolling on, tolling on (tolling on)

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