



THE
ROYAL FOUNTAIN,

No. 4.

SAGRED SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR USE IN

Sabbath-School or Prayer Meeting,

BY

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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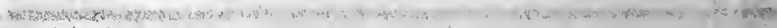
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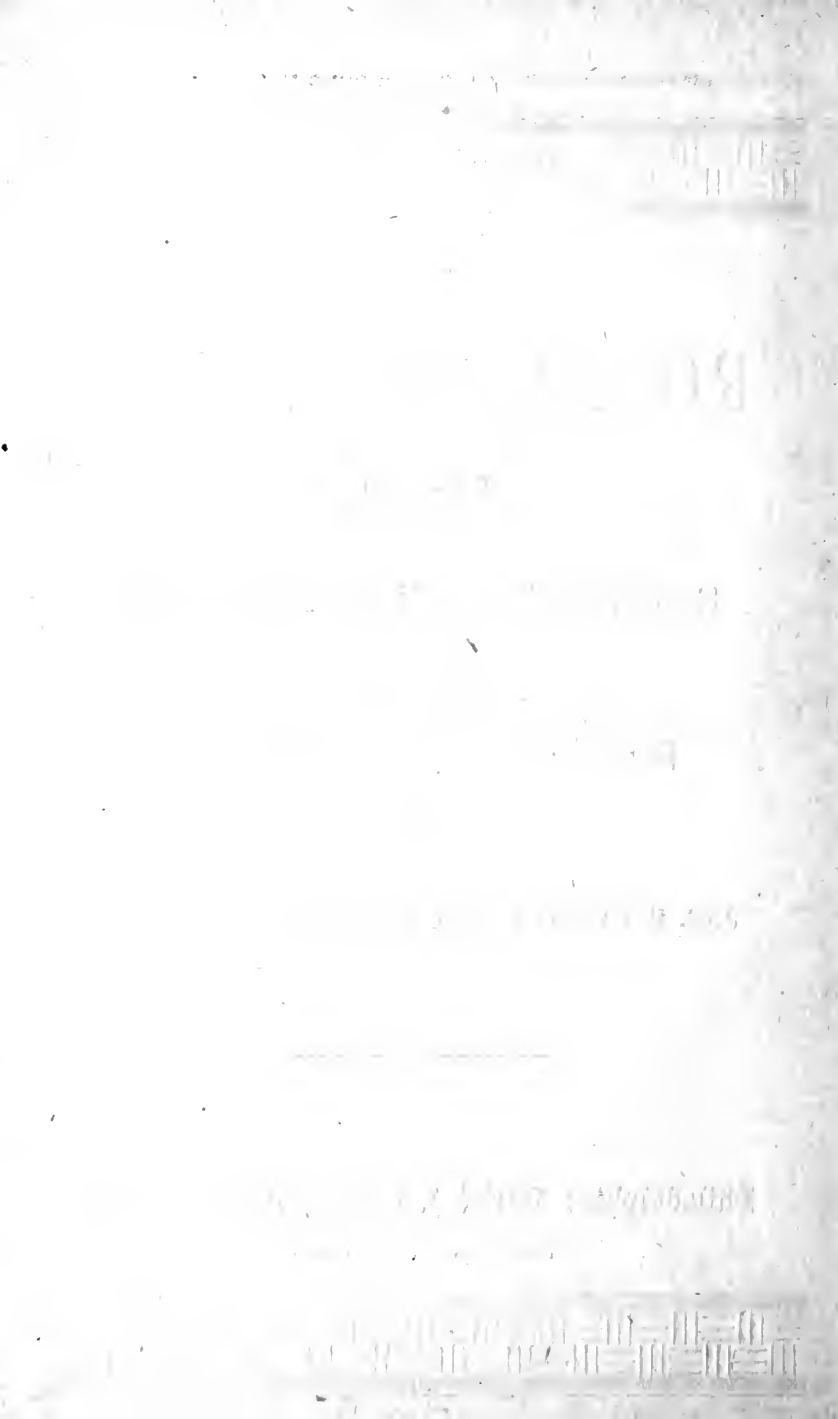
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THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN.

The New Jerusalem.

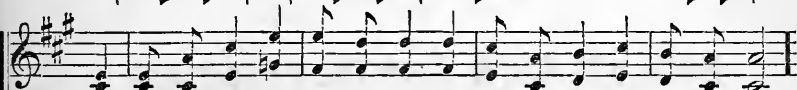
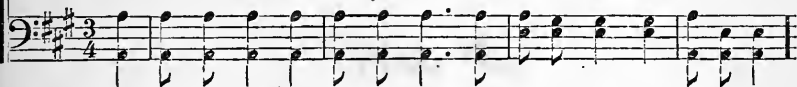
"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

REV. WM. H. HUNTER, D. D.

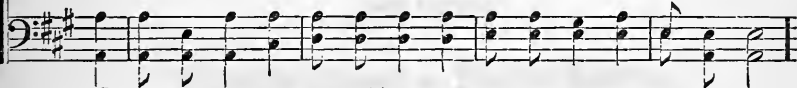
JNO. R. SWENEY.



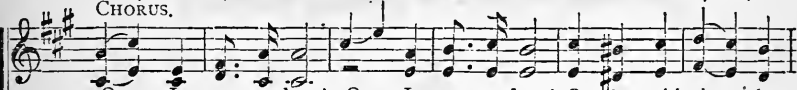
1. Je - ru - sa - lem! thy mansions fair Ig - noble souls may never share;
2. Who - so from earth would thither go, Must wash his robes as white as snow; -



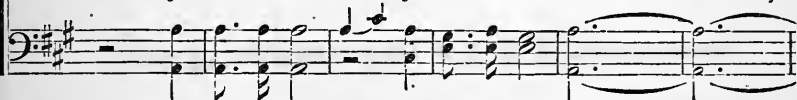
For all who walk thy streets of gold Are in the book of life en - roll'd.
In Je - sus' blood, the fount of grace, Find pure, unspotted righteousness.



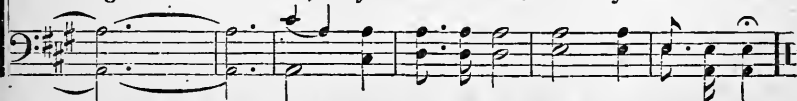
CHORUS.



O, Je - ru - sa - lem! O, Je - ru - sa - lem! Our feet with - in thy



gates shall stand! O, Je - ru - sa - lem! New Je - ru - sa - lem!



2 O Lamb of God, my heart prepare,
To enter with the holy there;
Within thy book my name enroll,
And write thine own upon my soul.

3 To him that loves and trusts the Lord,
And keeps with patient hope his word,
The Spirit with his spirit bears
Sweet witness to his answered prayers.

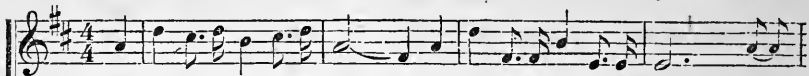
5 Whoever has this seal of love
His title reads to seats above;
And looking upward as he runs,
The taint of sinful pleasure shuns.

6 Jesus, fulfil my long desire
To stand with thee in pure attire,
And find at last a place and name
Within the New Jerusalem.

Don't Sell my Father Rum.

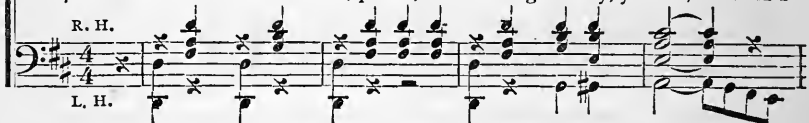
JAMES B. COOPER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

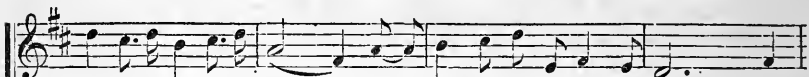


1. Don't sell him another drop, please, He's reeling already, you see, And I
 2. I heard mother praying last night, She thought I was quite sound asleep, She
 3. Why don't you have something to sell That will not make people so sad,— That
 4. Don't sell him another drink, please, He's reeling already, you see, And I

R. H.



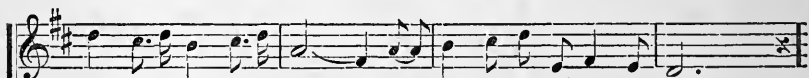
L. H.



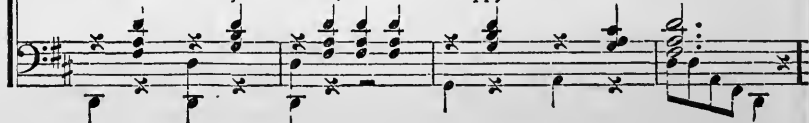
fear when he comes home to-night, He'll beat my poor mother and me; She's
 pray'd God her husband to save,— His soul from temptation to keep; She
 will not make dear mother grieve, And kind fathers cruel and bad? Ah
 fear, when he comes home to-night, He'll beat my poor mother and me; Please



waiting in darkness and cold, And dreading to hear him come; He
 cried like her poor heart would break, So, try - ing to comfort her some, I
 me! it is hard, I can see You are angry because I have come,— For-
 sir, will you not be so kind, And take this advice now from me,—Don't



treats us so bad when he's drunk, 'Oh, don't sell him an-y more rum.
 told her I'd beg you to-day Not to sell Father an-y more rum.
 give a poor, sad little girl, And don't sell him an-y more rum.
 sell Father an - y more rum, Make him happy with mother and me.



CHORUS.

Please sir, please sir, Don't sell my fa - ther rum, He

treats us so bad when he's drunk, Oh, don't sell him an y more rum.

Pledge Hymn.

R. G. MASON.

JNO. J. HOOD.

1. Now, by the help of God, I'll cru - ci - fy my lust; And tread the path my
2. My self-ish-ness I see, And by suf - fi - cient grace, I'll live to him who

3 Shall God to earth come down
To raise the fallen up,
Shall Christ for man resign his
And I retain my cup? [crown,
4 'Tis done! I've snapp'd the spell,
And left the slave behind:
To demonizing drink farewell,—
The covenant is signed.

I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.—Key E♭.

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

CHORUS.

*I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.*

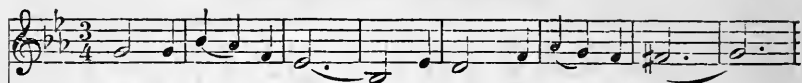
2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

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

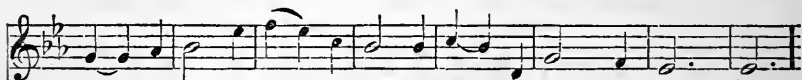
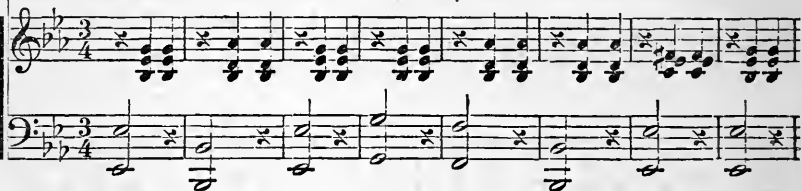
Come and Sign.

J. H. JACKSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



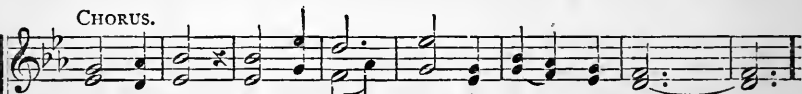
1. Come and sign the pledge,— 'Tis no - ble to ab - stain;
2. Fall - en and de - spised, Is this your true e - state?
3. Heaven will grace af - ford To conquer ev' - ry sin;



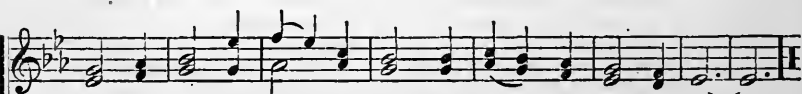
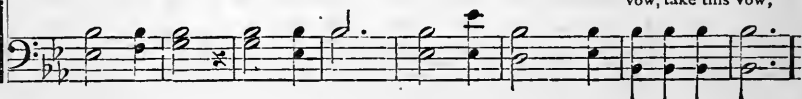
For - ev - er crush the de - mon lust, That wrecks the heart and brain.
 God willeth not that an - y soul Should meet a drunkard's fate.
 Now ac - cept, and from this hour, A pur - er life be - gin.



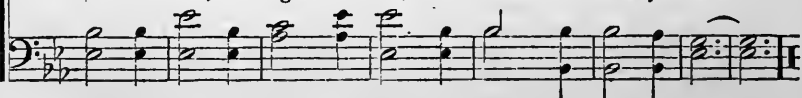
CHORUS.



Come and sign, Come and sign, Take this no - ble vow,
 vow, take this vow,



Trust in God, He'll grace af - ford, He waits to bless you now.



Follow the Lamb.

REV. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

The last melody by the late lamented REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. O Je - sus, im - mac - u - late Lamb! Thy faultless ex - ample I see,
2. Thy word would I firmly - be - lieve, Thy footsteps unswerving pur - sue,

And, conscious how feeble I am, For help look alone un - to thee.
Thy spir - it of meekness re - ceive, Thy will with all dil - i - gence do.

CHORUS.

Oh, follow the Lamb! Follow the ho - ly Lamb! To the
spotless Lamb, spotless Lamb,

liv - ing foun - tains he leads, Follow, oh, follow the Lamb!

3 Thy love in my heart shed abroad,
A flame of pure loyalty there;
A zeal for the glory of God,
Kept burning by watching and prayer.
Oh, follow the Lamb!

4 Thyself in my bosom enshrine,
The Lord of my passions and will;
And all my new nature incline
Thy law with delight to fulfil.
Oh, follow the Lamb!

5 No virtue of mine can I claim,
No power to perform what I would;
The virtue is all in thy name, [blood.
The power comes alone through thy
Oh, follow the Lamb!

6 Oh, save me completely from sin,
Oh, wash me, and I shall be pure;
A thorough renewal within,
A perfect and permanent cure.
Oh, follow the Lamb!

On the Shoals.

MARY B. REESE.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. A cry comes o - ver the deep, Wailing of dy - ing souls, 'Tis
 2. Sweet hope went out with the day, Rudder and compass lost; De-
 3. Quick I point to the sav - ing Rock Looming from out the deep, Whose

echoed in ev' - ry heart, "Brothers are on the shoals!" The
 spair more dark than night, Crowneth the tem - pest - tossed; No
 beacon the per - il'd souls Ev - er will safe - ly keep, No

breakers are dash - ing high, And death is in ev' - ry wave, And
 help may come from the sea, No suc - cor from the land, Say,
 matter how fierce the storm—How madly the bil - low rolls, The

wild - ly ringeth the cry, "We per - ish, with none to save."
 must they perish, and we Reach nev - er to them a hand?
 light of the Guid - ing Star, Will bring them off the shoals.

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

Ring out the tide of song, While prayer its bur - den rolls, That
 of song,

he who rules the storm . . . Will bring them off the shoals.

In the Silent Midnight Watches.

REV. A. C. COXE, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. In the silent midnight watches, List thy bosom's door, How there knocketh,
2. Death comes down with reckless footsteps to the hall and hut; Think you death will

knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh evermore! Say not 'tis thy puls-es beat-ing,
tarry knocking When the door is shut? Je - sus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth;

'Tis thy heart of sin;—'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth; 'Rise and let me in!'
But the door is fast; Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth, Death breaks in at last.

3 Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let *thee* in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin!
Nay: alas! thou guilty creature,
Hast thou, then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now he knows thee not.

4 Think, then, while thy pulse is beating,
And thy heart of sin,
How thy Saviour stands and crieth,
'Rise and let me in,'
How he knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore,
In the silent midnight watches,
At thy bosom's door.

Remember Jesus Leads.

Words arranged.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

I. { Ye sol - diers, to the charge go forth, Your Leader's call o - bey ; }
 { Stay not till all the tribes of earth Shall own his sov'reign sway : }

Go, seek the souls that erring stray, For them a Sav - iour pleads, And

CHORUS.
 while you keep the narrow way, Re - member Je - sus leads. Remember, re -
 Remember Jesus leads, re -

member, remember Je - sus leads; Who trust in him are blest, He
 member Jesus leads, Remember, oh, remember Jesus leads, Jesus leads;

leads to per - fect rest; Oh, re - member Je - sus leads!
 oh, re - member Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads!

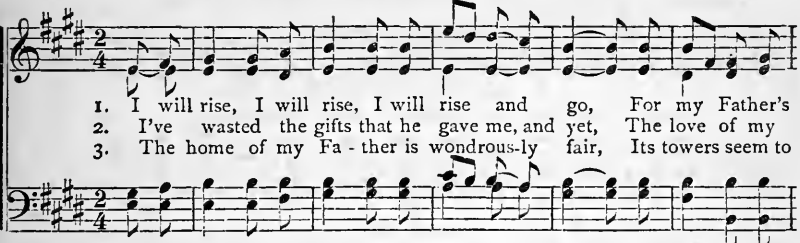
2 His faithful ones, who ever strive
 His righteous cause to win,
 Shall see their Master's work revive,
 His vict'ry over sin.
 A fallen world in darkness lies,
 Each to the rescue speeds;
 Though foes on every side arise,
 Remember Jesus leads.


3 Go up against sin's fortress walls,
 Go in the strength of grace;
 And if a standard-bearer falls,
 Then you must take his place.
 Oh, tell his love, that cannot fail,
 Make known his glorious deeds,
 And tho' you walk thro' death's dark
 Remember Jesus leads. [vale,

I Will Rise.

FLORA B. HARRIS.

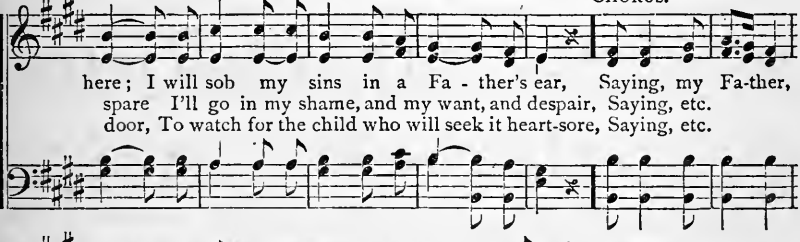
JNO. R. SWENEY.

- 
1. I will rise, I will rise, I will rise and go, For my Father's
 2. I've wasted the gifts that he gave me, and yet, The love of my
 3. The home of my Fa - ther is wondrous-ly fair, Its towers seem to



house hath a welcome, I know, There is light and love,—all is sha - dow
 Fa - ther will sure-ly for - get; I have fed on husks, he hath bread and to
 shine on my vi - sions of care, I fan - cy he stands at the wide open


CHORUS.



here; I will sob my sins in a Fa - ther's ear, Saying, my Fa - ther,
 spare I'll go in my shame, and my want, and despair, Saying, etc.
 door, To watch for the child who will seek it heart-sore, Saying, etc.



saying, my Fa - ther, saying, my Father, I have sinned 'gainst thee; O



heart of my Father, have mer - cy, on me, E - ven on me, e - ven on me.

4.

5.

Oh, wide as the heavens, and deep as the sea,
 Is the grace of my Father to sinners like me;
 And yet, in these rags, that a beggar would shun,
 I dare not entreat to be called his son, etc.

Unworthy, unworthy the least of his grace,
 I'll plead as a servant to look on his face:
 His love will enfold me, his heart is my home;
 Tho' I die at thy feet, O my Father, I come.

Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood

From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my - self in thee,

Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my - self in thee.

2 Could my tears forever flow,—
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee,

Believing.

C. WESLEY.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1st time. || 2d time.

I. { Jesus, thine all victorious love Shed in my heart a - broad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove, Root - - - ed and fixed in God.

CHORUS.

I'm be - liev - ing, I'm be - liev - ing, Be - liev - ing now in the Lord;

I'm be - liev - ing, and re - ceiv - ing Sal - vation through his blood.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart:
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life in every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED? C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

*Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.*

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

The Rifted Rock.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the Rift - ed Rock I'm resting, Safe - ly shelter'd I a - bide,
2. Long pur - sued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea - ry, sad, I long'd for rest,

There no foes nor storms mo - lest me, While within the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heavenly shelter, O - pen'd in my Sa - viour's breast.

CHORUS.

Now I'm resting, sweet - ly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;

Je - sus, bles - sed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in thee.

3 Peace which passeth understanding,
Joy the world can never give
Now in Jesus I am finding,
In his smiles of love I live.
Now I'm resting, etc.

4 In the Rifted Rock I'll hide me
Till the storms of life are past,
All secure in this blest refuge,
Heeding not the fiercest blast.
Now I'm resting, etc.

The Great Physician.

REV WM. H. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The Great Phy- si - cian now is here, The sym- pa- thiz- ing Je - sus : }
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus. }

CHORUS.

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, *pp* Je - sus, bles- sed Je - sus.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Your many sins are all forgiven, Oh, hear the voice of Jesus ; Go on your way in peace to heaven, And wear a crown with Jesus.</p> <p>3 All glory to the dying Lamb ! I now believe in Jesus ; I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus.</p> <p>4 The children too, both great and small, Who love the name of Jesus, May now accept his gracious call To work and live for Jesus.</p> | <p>5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise, Oh, praise the name of Jesus ; Come, sisters, all your voices raise, Oh, bless the name of Jesus.</p> <p>6 His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus ; Oh, how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus.</p> <p>7 And when to that bright world above, We rise to see our Jesus, We'll sing around the throne of love His name, the name of Jesus.</p> |
|---|--|

MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.—Laban, key D.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise ; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.</p> <p>2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray ; The battle ne'er give o'er ; Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.</p> | <p>3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down ; The work of faith will not be done Till thou obtain the crown.</p> <p>4 Then persevere till death Shall bring thee to thy God ; He'll take thee, at thy parting breath, To his divine abode.</p> |
|---|---|

Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help you
 2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
 3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown, Thro' faith we will conquer,

some oth - er to win; Fight manfully onward, Dark passions sub - due,
 nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,
 though often cast down; He who is our Saviour, Our strength will renew,

CHORUS.

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,

Comfort, strengthen, and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Webb, key B flat.

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army he shall lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,—
 Ye dare not trust your own;

- Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song;
 To him that overcometh
 A crown of life shall be,
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

Waiting for the Light.

15

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am waiting, O my Fa-ther, For the coming of the light,—
 2. I am waiting, bless- ed Saviour, Let thy presence light my way,
 3. I am waiting, Lord, why tarry? En - ter quick the open door,
 4. I am waiting, O my Fa-ther, Yet I see the coming light,

For the sun-shine of thy presence, That shall lift the clouds of night.
 Let thy loving hand e'er lead me, Let me nev-er from thee stray.
 Let me feel that thou art with me, And I ask for nothing more.
 Yet I feel thy ten- der presence, Nev - er more shall it be night.

CHORUS.

I am waiting for thy foot - step, As it comes toward my door;—
 I am waiting, I am waiting for thy footstep, As it comes, yes, as it comes toward my door;

O, my Fa-ther, en - ter quickly, Leave me never, never more.

ONLY TRUST HIM.—Key G.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
 There's mercy with the Lord,
 And he will surely give you rest,
 By trusting in his word.

CHORUS.

*Only trust him, only trust him,
 Only trust him now;
 He will save you, he will save you,
 He will save you now.*

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
 Rich blessings to bestow;
 Plunge now into the crimson tide
 That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
 That leads you into rest;
 Believe in him without delay,
 And you are fully blest.

I've been Redeemed.

Plantation Melody.

Arr. by DR. T. H. PEACOCK. By per.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood - - - Lose all their guilty stains.
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day,
And there have I, tho' vile as he, - - - Washed all my sins away.

CHORUS.

I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,

2d. Fine.

Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,

1st. 2d. D.S. to F . *pp*

Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.—Key E \flat .

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.</p> <p>CHO.—<i>Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.</i></p> <p>2 Lord, now indeed I find Thy power, and thine alone, Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.</p> | <p>3 For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim,— I'll wash my garment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.</p> <p>4 When from my dying bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Jesus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.</p> <p>5 And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.</p> |
|--|---|

It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



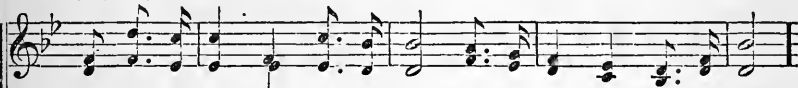
1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a foun - tain full and free,
 2. How a - maz - ing God's com - pas - sion, That so vile a worm should prove
 3. Je - sus, Sav - iour, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will pro - claim,



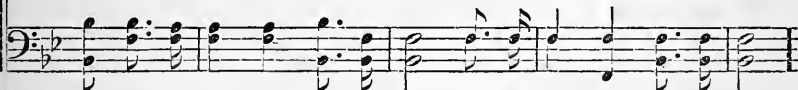
- Pure, ex - haustless, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
 This stupend - ous bliss of Heav - en, This un - meas - ured wealth of love!
 I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!



CHORUS.



- It reaches me! it reaches me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!



- Pure, ex - haustless, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!



AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS. C. M.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Am I a soldier of the cross,— A foll'wer of the Lamb,— And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?</p> <p>2 Must I be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease; While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?</p> | <p>3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?</p> <p>4 Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by thy Word.</p> |
|---|--|

Come to the Royal Fountain.

Wm. H. CLARK.

Wm J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. See where the liv - ing waters glide, From David's house they sweetly flow ;

Who wash - es in the cleansing tide Is whit - er than the driven snow.

CHORUS.

Then, come to the roy - al foun - tain! Ev - er in its stream a - bid;

Come to the roy - al foun - tain, O - pen'd in the Sav - iour's side.

- 2 It flows, an ever-running stream,—
Free as the fountain of his grace
Who died, that he might thus redeem
The fallen sons of Adam's race.
- 3 Down through the ages flowing wide,—
Its virtue is to-day the same
As when from out his pierced side
The mingled tide of blessing came.
- 4 Whoever will, may drink and live;
New life the healing draught inspires:
From those who nothing have to give,
The royal bounty naught requires.
- 5 All over Canaan's goodly land,
Where saints enjoy a sweet repose,
'Mid pastures green, on every hand
King David's royal fountain flows.

From "Leaflet Gems, No. 1," by per.

Bless Me, O Thou Bleeding Lamb.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

REV. W. H. LUCKENBACH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thee, O Lamb of God, to thee I come, with all my fears;
2. Thy o - pen wounds supply the balm That heals the suff'ring heart;

With all the sins that bur - den me, In pen - i - tence and tears.
'Tis on - ly this, thou pre - cious Lamb, Can life and health im - part.

CHORUS.

Oh, re - ceive me, Lord, I pray, Weak and sin - ful though I am;

Take, oh, take my sins a - way; Bless me, O thou bleeding Lamb!

- 3 Be merciful, O Lamb of God,
Hear this, my only plea,—
That thou canst cleanse me by thy blood,—
Have mercy then on me.
- 4 Thy saving blood, of greater worth
Than aught the world hath given,
Shall be my last blest song on earth,
And first glad theme in heaven.

From " Godly Pearls," by per.

Going Home.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. J. HOOD.

1. There's a land of peerless brightness, Far be - yond the a - zure sky,
 2. In that land of light and glo - ry, Where no sin and death are known,
 3. Tho' our path be fill'd with rudeness, When we're home, no more to stray,
 4. Soon our jour - ney will be end - ed, Soon we'll roam the plains of light,

Where the saints are robed in whiteness, 'Tis my Fa - ther's home on high!
 We will chant re - demption's sto - ry By the dazzling gold - en throne.
 We will praise his love and goodness, Who hath led us all the way.
 With the ransom'd hosts as - cended, We will praise him day and night!

CHORUS.

I am go - ing home, Je - sus waits me there;
 I am go - ing home, Je - sus waits me there;

I am go - ing, I am going home, To a man - sion, oh, how fair!

HE LEADETH ME.—Key D.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
 Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
 By his own hand he leadeth me;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine,—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When by thy grace the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Deliverance will Come.

Words arr.

Melody by REV. W. M'DONALD. By per.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav'ler, In tat-ter'd garments clad,
His back was la-den heavy, His strength was al-most gone,

And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad; }
Yet he shout-ed as he jour-ney'd, De-liv-er-ance will come. }

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-tory, crowns of glory, Palms of vic-tory I shall wear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow:
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come!

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below:

He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

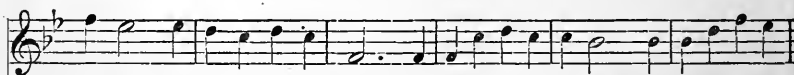
A Brighter Day is Breaking.

REV. THOS. L. BAILY.

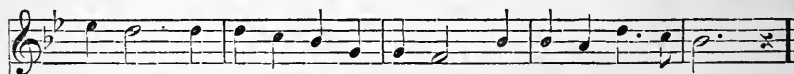
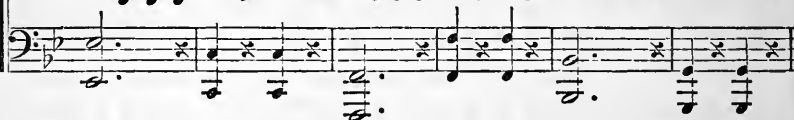
JNO. R. SWENEY.



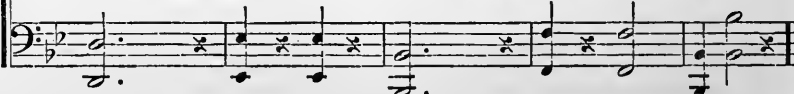
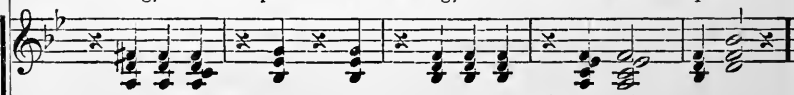
1. A brighter day is breaking, The hosts of sin are shaking, The fiery fiend is
2. Cold water is our banner; But in no vaunting manner, We shout our loud ho-
3. We make no idle pledges, No room for entering wedges, We leave no ragged
4. Our Leader goes before us, We trust the power that's o'er us, And sing to God our



quaking, As on our army goes; No quarter will be granted, We're with our work en-
sanna, And glory in the right. We've stak'd our name and station, And hope to see our
ed- es, 'Tis to- tal abstin- ence From whiskey, wine, and cider, As seller or pro-
cho- rus, And battle to the end. The signs around are cheering, For sure the end is



chanted, Our courage is un- daunted, We want to meet our foes.
na- tion Rise from her deg- ra- dation, The better for the fight.
vid- er, We make our path thus wid- er To keep us off the fence.
near- ing, No tempter now we're fearing, On God we will de- pend.



CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, No foe we leave behind us,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, This pledge shall ever bind us,

Tramp, tramp, tramp, And ev'ry step shall find us Still victorious in the fray,
Tramp, tramp, tramp,

tramp, tramp, tramp, *p* O'er the hill and o'er the dale Floats the zephyr, blows the gale ;
f

cres.
We will never, never fail, We will never, never, never fail, We're bound to win the day.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.—Webb, Key B flat.

- 1 Unfurl the temp'rance banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas :
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold,—
Oh, let the cheering story
In ev'ry ear be told.
- 2 Come, join the noble army,
Enlist now for the fight ;
Maintain our nation's honor,
Firm stand ye for the right ;

- Promote the cause of temp'rance,
T' assist poor, fallen man ;
Put on the glorious armor ;
Be foremost in the van.
- 3 Then rally round the standard,
And let the work go on,
Until the last dim vestage
Of intemperance is gone.
Be earnest in the battle,
Your weapons boldly wield ;
You'll surely gain the vict'ry,
And make the monster yield.

1 SICILY.—E.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

2 —o— KEY D.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
:||: And oft' escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||:
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
:||: Ill cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :||:

3 FOUNTAIN.—C.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains,
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 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.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

4 KEY F.

- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

5 —o— KEY C.

- 1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross, afar
The Saviour's love revealing.
- CHO.—*Oh, depth of mercy, can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me!
For me, for me,
Was left ajar for me!*
- 2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation,—
The rich and poor, the great and small
Of every tribe and nation.
- 3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
- 6 WOODWORTH.—E 2.
- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
- 3 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome; pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we
 2. O these ten-der broken ties, how they dim our aching eyes, But like
 3. When our fettered souls are free, far beyond the narrow sea, And we
 4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

know 'twill all be well in the morn-ing; When our anchor firmly cast, ev'ry
 jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear and our
 hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring to the
 watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise for the

Fine.
 storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
 robes immortal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
 feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
 love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.

D. S.—sun - ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn - ing.

CHORUS.

When we all meet a - gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming

D. S.
 hills in the morn - ing; Nev - er - more to say good night in that

Beautiful Home.

MERLE MURRIE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Beau-ti-ful home that lies a - far, Beau-ti-ful gates that stand a - jar,
2. Beau-ti-ful home I love so well, Mansions of light where loved ones dwell,

Fine.
Beau-ti-ful home that waits for me, Close by the foaming Jas-per sea.
Beau-ti-ful home prepared for me, Where I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.

Key Eb.

Beau-ti-ful home where friends await, Gladly within the pearly gate,
Patiently bear, O struggling soul, Tempests of woe that o'er thee roll,

D. C.

Waiting with harps and crowns of gold, Singing the song that ne'er grows old.
Beau-ti-ful is thy heavenly home, Waiting when Jesus calls thee, Come!

My Hope and my Glory.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. I am walking with the Lord, and be - lieving in his word, I am
 2. Now my way is growing bright, and my soul is full of light, My Re-
 3. I was once a burdened soul, but my Saviour made me whole, his re-

hap - py as a heart can be; I am sing - ing all the day how he
 deem - er's guid - ing hand I see; If a thousand words were mine, I would
 demp - tion all my theme shall be; I will sing it till I die, and pro -

D. S.—I am sing - ing all the day how he

Fine. CHORUS.
 washed my sins away Thro' the precious blood he shed for me. O the
 glad - ly all resign For the rapture of his love to me.
 claim beyond the sky What the grace of God has done for me.

washed my sins away Thro' the precious blood he shed for me.

D. S.
 cross where my Saviour hath bless'd me My hope and my glo - ry shall be;

Can you do without Him?

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

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

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Slowly.

1. Can you do without the Saviour, Tend'rer far than human friend?
 2. Can you do without the Saviour When the last loud trump shall sound?
 3. Can you do without the Saviour With the el - e - ments a - flame?

When this poor weak frame with anguish Direst pain and sorrows rend?
 When th'entomb-ed millions gath - er, And the judgment seat surround?
 When the voice of God like thunder Shall in wrath pronounce your name?

CHORUS.

Can you, can you do without him? Shall you not his pi - ty need?

Trembling sin - ner, can you, can you Do without this Friend indeed?

In the King's Highway.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of sin, There are foes without, there are
 2. We are trav'ling on thro' a world of care, 'And for each and all there's a
 3. We are trav'ling on to a hap - py rest, By the King prepared for the

fears with - in ; But our hearts grow strong as we march a - long, And our
 cross to bear ; But a crown more bright then the stars of night, We can
 pure and blest, And we soon shall stand at his own right hand, And his

D. S.—King's highway, in the King's highway, Oh,

Fine. CHORUS.
 steps keep time to the joy - ful song. We are going, going home to the
 see by faith at the gates of life.
 wel - come hear in the soul's fair land.
 glo - ry be to God! in the King's highway.

D. S.
 realms of day, We are going, going home in the King's highway ; In the

Clinging to the Cross.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



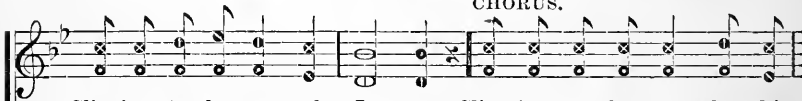
1. O, my heart is full of joy, for my sins are wash'd away, Clinging to the
2. I have laid my burden down, I have cast it on the Lord, Clinging to the
3. I have found the hallow'd peace which the world can never give, Clinging to the
4. I am happy in his love, I am safe beneath his care, Clinging to the



cross of Je - sus; I am trusting more and more in his mercy ev'ry day,
 cross of Je - sus; I can now believe and claim ev'ry promise in his word,
 cross of Jesus; I have promised by his grace while he spares me I will live
 cross of Jesus; Tho' temptations I shall meet they shall never harm me there,



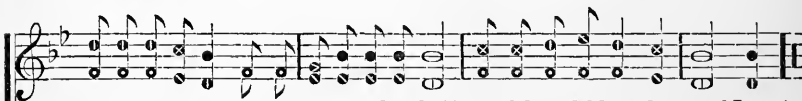
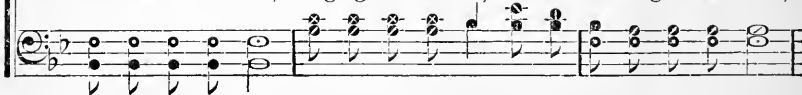
CHORUS.



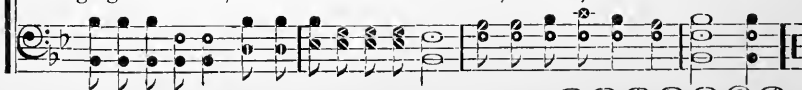
Clinging to the cross of Je - sus. Cling-ing to the cross, where his



blood was shed for me, Clinging to the cross, where the flowing stream I see,



Clinging to the cross, where I come on bended knee; Blessed, blessed cross of Jesus!



Andante.

1. Is that a cry from a storm-tossed bark, A voice from the an - gry
2. Some mother's once - be - lov - ed child Now is pleading with ear - nest
3. See care-less souls on the dreadful brink Of that gulf' of unnumbered
4. Our pitying Sav - iour walks the sea, Where no life-boat could dare the

waves? 'Tis a voice from the floods of ru - in dark, Where in-
 breath, A - drift in the tem - pest of er - ror wild, Sweeping
 graves: Oh, hold them back, Lest they reel and sink 'Neath the
 tide, And back at his voice will the bil - lows flee, — To the

temperance fierce-ly raves, Where intemperance fierce-ly raves.
 out on that sea of death, Sweeping out on that sea of death.
 mer - ciless, yawn-ing waves, 'Neath the mer-ciless, yawn-ing waves.
 res - cue he will guide, To the res - cue he will guide.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

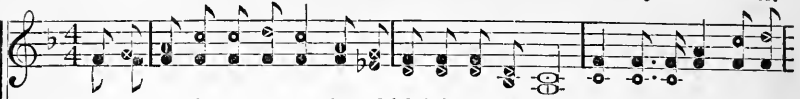
Bear a hand, bear a hand, With courage ev'ry man, Where the breakers wildly roll;

ad lib.
 By the grace of God we'll do all we can To res-cue that perishing soul.

Glory to Jesus forever.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O, my song is ever new and my faith is bright and clear, Glory to Jesus! I'm
2. O, the story of his grace, I can tell it o'er and o'er, Glo-ry to Jesus! I'm
3. I have left my all to him and I know he cares for me, Glo-ry to Jesus! I'm
4. I am on my journey home,—hallelujah to his name,—Glory to Jesus! I'm



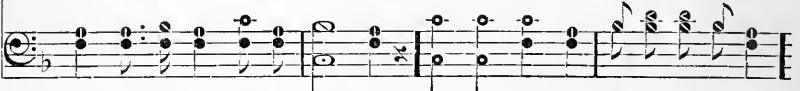
happy in his love; To a mansion in the sky I can read my ti-tle clear,
 happy in his love; For it brings to me a joy that I never knew before,
 happy in his love; In his mercy I can trust, for his guiding hand I see,
 happy in his love; With the ransom'd of the Lord, soon to join the loud acclaim,



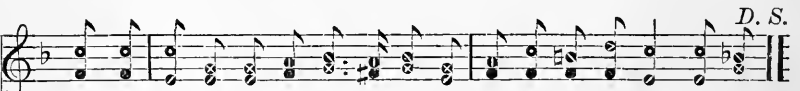
D. S.—sing redeeming love, while e-ternal a-ges roll,



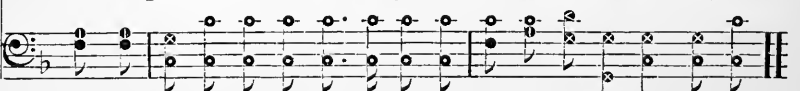
Glo-ry to Je-sus for-ev-er! Praise him, praise him, praise him, O my soul!



Glo-ry to Je-sus for-ev-er!



In the precious blood of Cal-vary he cleans'd and made me whole; I will



The Countersign.

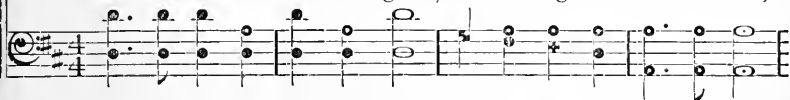
NOTE.—George H. Stuart, Pres. U. S. Christian Commission, coming from a battle-field, was halted by a picket-guard and ordered to give the countersign. Giving the wrong word he was compelled to return to headquarters. Coming back, and giving the correct word, the guard shouted, "All right, pass on!" Mr. Stuart then asked, "Sentinel, have you *the* countersign?" "Yes." "What is it?" "The blood of Jesus."

Rev. JNO. O. FOSTER, A. M.

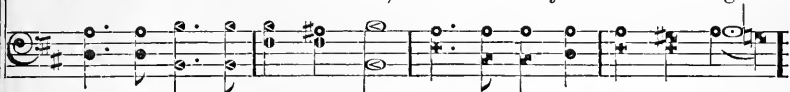
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. In the darkness, as I trod On a wayward, lost de-sign,
2. Trav-ler, halt! where now you stand There is drawn a dead - ly line;
3. Back to where the words were given, There I sought the love di-vine;



Sud-den-ly a man of God Shout-ed for the coun-ter - sign.
Ere you pass to yon-der land You must give the coun-ter - sign.
When the order came from heaven, "Christ shall be your coun-ter - sign."



CHORUS.



Pass the word from soul to soul, Let it ring a - long the line:



"Je-sus Christ has made me whole!" This shall be my coun-ter - sign.



4 Sentinel, have you the word
Given from thy God to thee?
Yes, I know the blessed Lord,
"Th'-blood of Jesus" cleanseth me.

5 Guards will not arrest me now,
Nothing's wrong within the line;
Heaven's light is on my brow,—
Christ withing the countersign.

Come to the Rock.

MISS ALEXCENAH THOMAS. "That Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x. 4.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come to the Rock, the Smitten Rock, Pierc'd by the rod of love;
 2. Come from the desert dark and drear, Come from the path of sin;
 3. Come to the fountain free to all, Drink, "whosoever will!"

See what a precious fountain flows Forth from its source above.
 Drink of these waters pure and clear, Drink and be clean within.
 Jesus invites: obey the call! Mercy is flowing still.

CHORUS.

Flow - ing for - ev - - - er, Bound - less and free; . . .
 Flowing for - ev - er, 'tis flowing for - ev - er, Boundless and free, it is boundless and free.

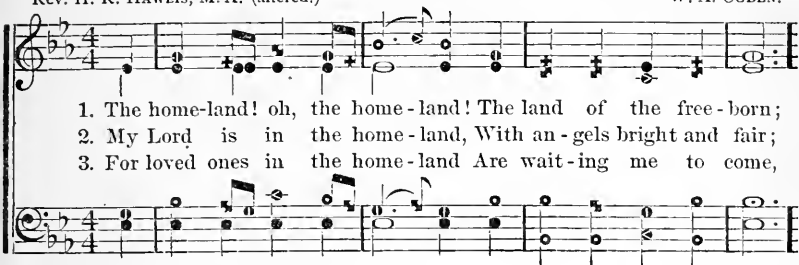
Flow - - ing for - ev - - er! 'Tis flowing for you and for me.
 Flow - ing for - ev - er, 'tis flowing for - ev - er.

The Home-Land.

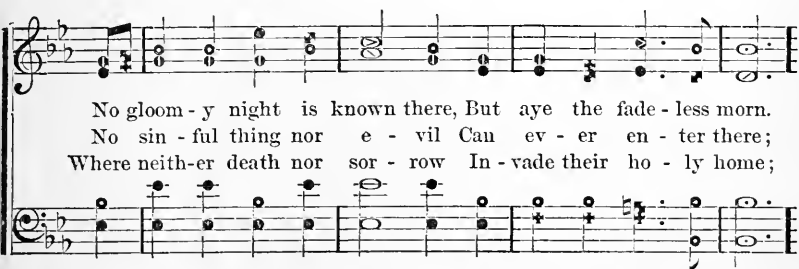
"To bring them unto a goodly land."—Ex. iii. 8.

Rev. H. R. HAWES, M. A. (altered.)

W. A. OGDEN.



1. The home-land! oh, the home-land! The land of the free-born;
2. My Lord is in the home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the home-land Are wait-ing me to come,



No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn.
No sin-ful thing nor e-vil Can ev-er en-ter there;
Where neith-er death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home;



p
I'm sigh-ing for the home-land, My heart is ach-ing here;
The mu-sic of the home-land Is ring-ing in my ears,
O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!



No pain is in the home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of home-land, My eyes grow dim with tears.
Lord, bring me to the home-land Of thy e-ter-nal love!

The Lamp of Faith.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, take the lamp of faith! Let grace the oil sup- ply; Its
2. Yes, take the lamp of faith! Ne'er dark thy path shall be; For
3. Then take the lamp of faith; Per-chance its gold-en light May

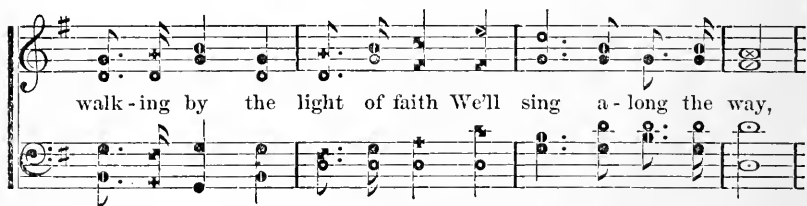


beams shall glow with hope and love, Thy God to glo - ri - fy.
light shall chase a - way the gloom, And sha - dows quick-ly flee.
fall a - round an - oth - er's feet And make his pathway bright.

CHORUS.



O prec - ious, precious light! We'll bless thy heav'nly ray; While



walk - ing by the light of faith We'll sing a - long the way,



We'll sing, we'll sing, We'll sing a - long the way.

The Waiting Guest.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER

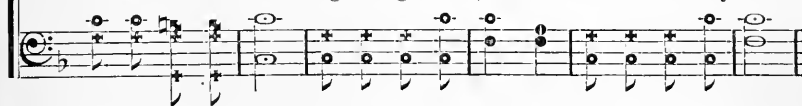
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Who is this that waiteth, Waiteth for my call, While the dews of morning
2. Who is this that waiteth In the storm outside, Sad and worn and weary,
3. O, it is my Saviour! Saw I not be - fore All that bleeding sorrow,
4. Thou shalt wait no longer In the gloom outside! Enter, O sweet Stranger,



Gently round him fall? Hark! I hear him knocking, Knocking at my door,
Still his wish de - nied? O, such gentle patience Must an entrance win;
All that anguish sore? Saw I not the nail-prints, When his blood was shed?
And with me a - bid! Long I sought thee, Saviour, Thou wast at my door!



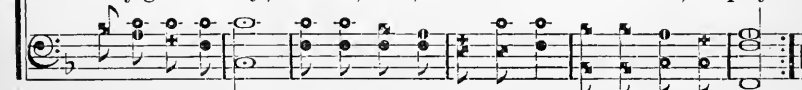
CHORUS.



Asking me for entrance,—Pleading o'er and o'er! } Let me in, let me in,
Still I hear him pleading, "Let me enter in." }
Saw I not the thorn-crown On his king-ly head? }
Now I bid thee welcome, Welcome ev - er - more! O come in, O come in,



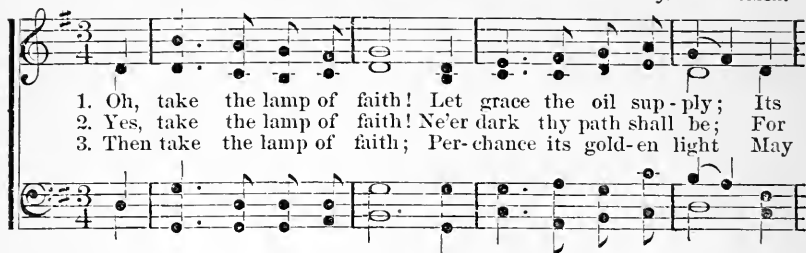
Patience I wait? Wilt thou not unbar the door Ere it be too late?
Be my guest to-day; Saviour, come, abide with me Ev - ermore, I pray.



The Lamp of Faith.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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beams shall glow with hope and love, Thy God to glo - ri - fy.
light shall chase a - way the gloom, And sha - dows quick-ly flee.
fall a - round an - oth - er's feet And make his pathway bright.

CHORUS.



O prec - ious, precious light! We'll bless thy heav'nly ray; While



walk - ing by the light of faith We'll sing a - long the way,



We'll sing, we'll sing, We'll sing a - long the way.

Cake hold, hold on.

Advice of an aged colored man to young converts, "Take hold, hold on, hold fast and never let go!"

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, turn not back in the Christian race Till the prize is won we know ;
 2. O, turn not back on life's battle-field, Tho' the world's a mighty foe,
 3. Truth's anchor firm - ly, sure - ly clasp, As the billows near thee flow,
 4. Though danger threatens or death alarms, In each ris - ing flood of woe,

Reach up to Christ for abounding grace, Take hold and nev - er let go!
 God's arms are round thee as a shield, Take hold and nev - er let go!
 God's hand will close o'er thy feeble grasp, Take hold and nev - er let go!
 Still cling to God's ev - er - last - ing arms, Take hold and nev - er let go!

CHORUS.

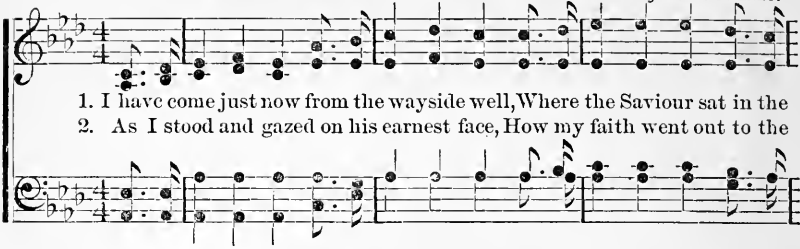
Take hold, hold on, Hold fast and nev - er let go! No
 Take hold, hold on, hold on!

matter how the wind in the tempest may blow, Take hold and never let go!

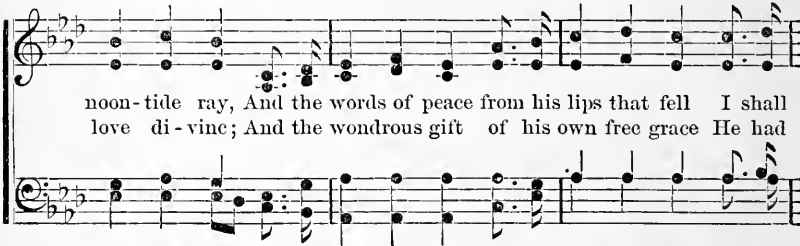
The Fountain of Life.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

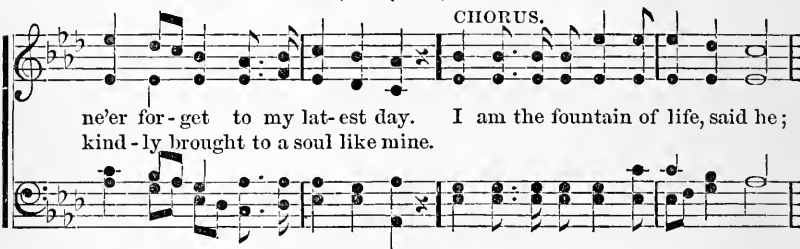
JNO. R. SWENEY.



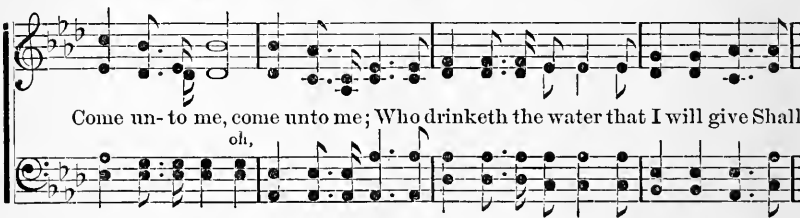
1. I have come just now from the wayside well, Where the Saviour sat in the
2. As I stood and gazed on his earnest face, How my faith went out to the



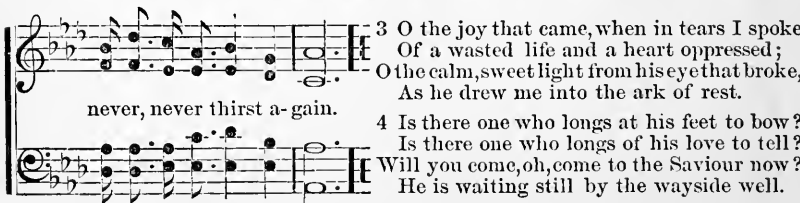
noon-tide ray, And the words of peace from his lips that fell I shall
love di-vine; And the wondrous gift of his own free grace He had



CHORUS.
ne'er for-get to my lat-est day. I am the fountain of life, said he;
kind-ly brought to a soul like mine.



Come un-to me, come unto me; Who drinketh the water that I will give Shall
oh,



never, never thirst a-gain.
3 O the joy that came, when in tears I spoke
Of a wasted life and a heart oppressed;
O the calm, sweet light from his eye that broke,
As he drew me into the ark of rest.
4 Is there one who longs at his feet to bow?
Is there one who longs of his love to tell?
Will you come, oh, come to the Saviour now?
He is waiting still by the wayside well.

Singing, Glory.

REV. JOS. H. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'm on my way to Glo - ry! The land of light a - bove, There
 2. I'm on my way to heav - en, The place of joy and rest, Where
 3. I'm on my way to Zi - on, The ci - ty built on high, Je -

I'll re - peat the sto - ry Of Christ's redeeming love; I'll join with saints and
 per - fect peace is giv - en To ev - ry troubled breast; The cross no longer
 ru - salem the joyous, Beyond the loft - y sky; I'll pass its shining

an - gels To cel - e - brate his fame, And thro' e - ter - nal ag - es His
 bearing, I'll lay my burden down, With bliss and honor wearing A
 por - tal, Its splendor I'll be - hold, Partake of life immor - tal, And

REFRAIN.

prais - es I'll pro - claim,
 bright, un - fad - ing crown, } Sing - ing, Glo - - ry! sing - ing,
 walk its streets of gold, }

Glo - ry! singing, Glo - ry!

Glo - - ry! I am on my way to Zi - on, singing, Glo - ry!
 Glory! singing, Glo - ry!

We are Going.

Rev. JNO. O. FOSTER, A. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are go - ing, we are go - ing, Far beyond the set - ting sun: To a
 2. We are going where the fountains Of the healing wa - ters flow, Where the
 3. We are go - ing where the ho - ly En - ter joys they cannot tell, Where the

kingdom that is growing From the nations it has won; For the honor-covered
 valleys and the mountains Bathed in sunlight ever glow; Where the crystal streams are
 meek and blessed lowly With the pure in spirit dwell; Where no hungry hearts are

sages, Who have passed the vale of tears, Have been gathering for ages Where the
 flowing In their bright and silv'ry sheen, And the tree of life is growing On the
 ach - ing For the bread of life to share, But for - ev - er are partak - ing Of the

CHORUS.

throne of God appears. We are going, we are going Where the weary work is
 banks of liv - ing green.
 fulness o - ver there. going, going,

o'er, Where the morning light is glowing On the blessed, sun - ny shore.

I am Happy in the Lord.

MARY E. HAMLIN.

J. NO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am hap-py in the Lord, hal-le - lu - jah! Of his goodness I am
 2. He is leading me a-long, hal-le - lu - jah! I am walking in his
 3. I will praise him o'er and o'er, halle - lu - jah! I will praise him for the
 4. Then with all the saints above, halle - lu - jah! When I stand arrayed in

telling all the day; I am trusting in his word, halle - lu - jah! And my shadow all the while; Oh, he fills my heart with song, hallelu-jah! And my mercy shown to me Till I reach the other shore, halle - lu - jah! And my righteousness complete; I will shout redeeming love, hallelu - jah! While I

Fine. CHORUS.

joy the world can never take a-way. I am happy in the Lord, sweetly
 faith can see his tender, lov-ing smile.
 bark shall drop its anchor o'er the sea.
 cast my crown of glo-ry at his feet.

D. S.—dwelling will be read-y by and by.

resting on his word, Looking upward to his temple in the sky;
 in the sky;

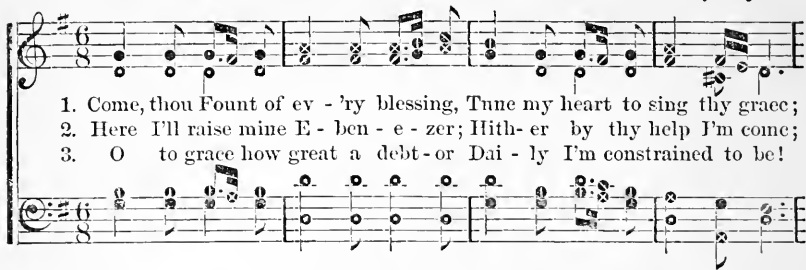
D. S.

Where his servants day and night swell their anthems of delight, And my

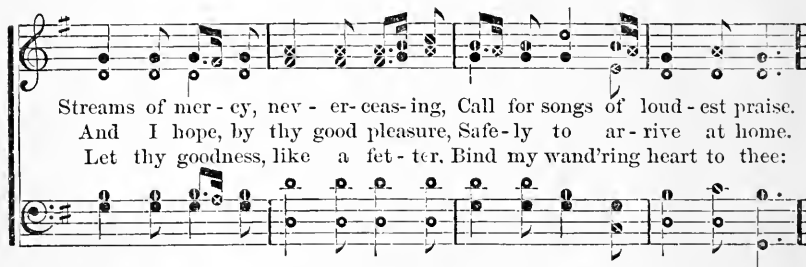
Come, thou Fount.—(WITH CHORUS.)

ROBERT ROBINSON.

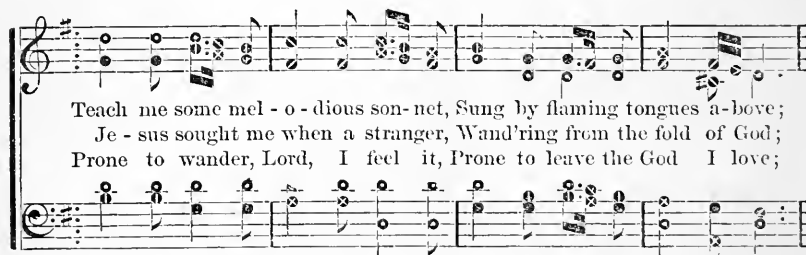
Arr. by W. J. K.



1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise mine E - ben - e - zer; Hith - er by thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

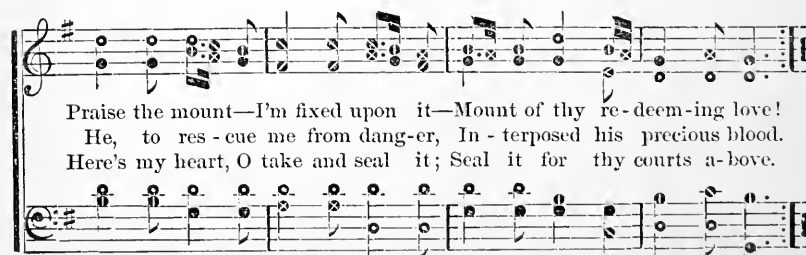


Streams of mer - cy, nev - er - ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let thy goodness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

CHO.—Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! God is love!



Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—Mount of thy re - deem - ing love!
He, to res - cue me from dang - er, In - terposed his precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Glo - ry to my blest Redeem - er! Hal - le - lu - jah! God is love!

At Home with Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Our heav'nly habi - tation Above the tempest stands, Where breezes of sal -
2. Tho' here the storms are swelling And floods of sorrow foam, We know we have a

va - tion Flow o'er Immanuel's lands; And there, when toil is done, And
dwell - ing, A sure a - bid - ing home; The Saviour's loving breast Was

peace with vict'ry won, The dawn shall meet life's setting sun, At home, at
pierced to make that rest; O seek this ref - uge, ye distressed, And be at

D. S.— joy and peace for - ev - ermore, At home, at

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

home with Je - sus. At home with Je - sus, At home with Jesus, There's

3 His arms of strength shall hold thee
Above the tempter's snare,
His shadow sweet enfold thee
Amid the furnace glare.
Pass joyful on thy way,
And in each trial say,
"His presence is my hope and stay,
At home, at home with Jesus."

4 Across death's rolling river
True friends have gone before;
We miss them here forever,
We'll find them on life's shore.
And glad each voice shall blend,
When friend shall welcome friend,
And ceaseless songs of praise ascend,
At home, at home with Jesus.

One more Day.

H. FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. One more day its twilight brings, One more day its shadow
 2. One more day of conflict passed, One more vic - t'ry gained at
 3. One more day of reaping o'er, One more sheaf to crown our
 4. Saviour, when as now we rest, Leaning, trust - ing on thy

flings; One sweet hour of grate-ful prayer, Calling to
 last; One sweet hour in praise to spend, While at a
 store; One sweet hour to bathe the soul Here in the
 breast, We shall cross the nar-row sea Still may we

CHORUS.

rest . . . from toil and care. One day near - - er the land of
 throne . . . of grace we bend.
 streams . . . of joy that roll.
 sing, . . . inspired by thee:—

song, One day near - - er the white-robbed throng; There at the

gate they watch and wait For a meeting that shall last forever.

they watch and wait,

A Better Day.

Miss JENNIE STOUT.

A. A. ARMEN.



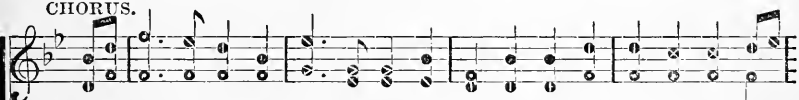
1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, When truth and right shall reign,
2. A bet - ter day is com - ing,—Oh, see the gold - en beams!—
3. A bet - ter day is com - ing, A day of per - fect rest,—
4. Oh, send the tid - ings o - ver The world from shore to shore;



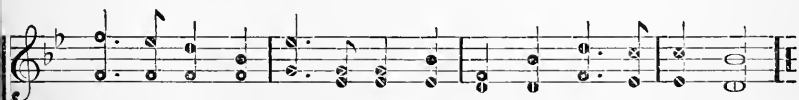
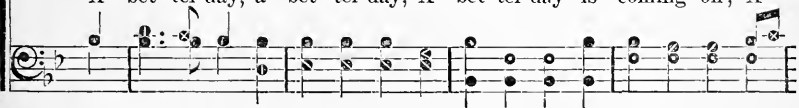
When hearts shall know no sor - row, But sing in glad re - frain:
A day of light and glo - ry; Let each heart catch the gleams.
The long - ex - pect - ed plea - sure Of reign - ing with the blest.
The glo - rious day is dawn - ing, When sin shall reign no more.



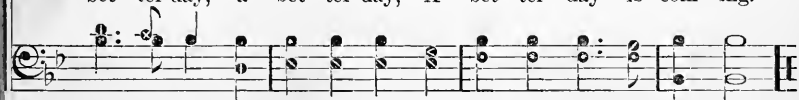
CHORUS.



A bet - ter day, a bet - ter day, A bet - ter day is com - ing on; A



bet - ter day, a bet - ter day, A bet - ter day is com - ing.




Looking away to Jesus.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.


JNO. R. SWENEY.




1. There is joy within when faith is bright, Looking away to Je - sus,
2. Tho' our seed is sown in weakness here, Looking away to Je - sus,
3. There is joy within when love is warm, Looking away to Je - sus;
4. There's a bright reward for us in store, Looking away to Je - sus;





When the heart toils on from morn till night, Looking away to Je - sus.
We can sing our song of hap - py cheer, Looking away to Je - sus.
We can meet the wave and brave the storm, Looking away to Je - sus.
We shall rest with him and part no more, Looking away to Je - sus.



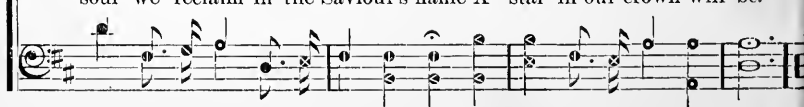
CHORUS.



Looking a-way, looking away,—Oh, work till the end we see; Ev-'ry



soul we reclaim in the Saviour's name A star in our crown will be.



Infinite Mercy.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My sins far out-numbered the sands of the sea, And filled me with anguish, and
2. I cried from the depth of a soul in despair, With peni - tent tears and im-
3. He made me an heir to a crown and a throne, To kingdoms e - ter - nal and

ter - ri - fied me, Un - til I remembered on Je - sus to call, — That
por - tun - ate prayer; He saved me from sin and the curse of the fall, For
rich - es unknown, With songs of thanksgiving his gifts I re - call, For

CHORUS.

In - finite mercy could cancel them all. For In - - fi - nite mer - cy,
In - finite mercy had compassed it all.
Infinite mercy had purchased them all. For In - fi - nite mercy has pardon for all!

won - - der - ful mer - cy! Yes, In - - - fi - nite mer - cy has
won - der - ful, won - der - ful mer - cy! Yes, In - fi - nite mer - cy has pardon for all, has

par - - don for all.
pardon, yes, pardon, has pardon for all.

- 4 I'll tell of his love while he giveth me breath,
I'll sing of his love in the valley of death;
In heaven adoring before him I'll fall,
Where Infinite mercy will glorify all.
- 5 Oh, come to the Saviour, no longer delay,
There's pardon and peace for each seeker
to-day; [thrill,
He'll save you from sin and its sorrow and
For Infinite mercy has pardon for all.

Natal Day.

JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

p *With promptness.*

1. O love - ly star, whose radiant light Proclaimed amid the arch of night,
 2. O love - ly babe, of low - ly birth, Yet Prince and King of all the earth,
 3. A - gain we hear the sil - ver bells, Of peace, good-will, their music tells;

cres. *p*

Be - hold, a Sav - iour born! Be - hold, a Sav - iour born! While
 We own thy might - y sway! We own thy might - y sway! We
 We catch the tune - ful lay, We catch the tune - ful lay; And

"Glor - y be to God on high!" A - woke the world, the sea, the
 come with songs of joy un - told, We bring our gifts, but not of
 shout a - loud with heart and voice, A Sav - iour born! let all re -

ff *rit.*

sky, To hail, to hail his na - tal morn, To hail his na - tal morn.
 gold, To hail, to hail thy na - tal day, To hail thy na - tal day.
 joice, And hail, and hail his na - tal day, And hail his na - tal day.

Soldiers of the Cross.

I. WATTS.

T. C. O'KANE.

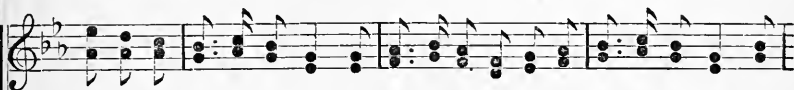
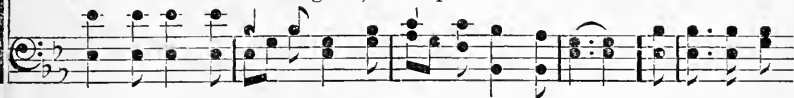


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross,— A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,— And
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease; While
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is



CHORUS.

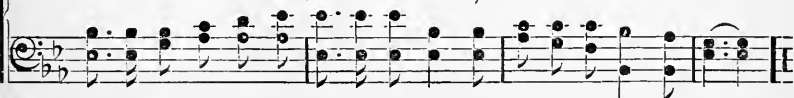
shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? The conflict's be-
others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God.



fore us and we must a-rise, To battle for Jesus, his hon-or defend; As-



sured of a mansion and crown in the skies, If faithful unto the end.



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

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

Why art thou Waiting?

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante, con espress.

1. Why art thou waiting till an-oth-er day, Greiving the Saviour
 2. Why art thou waiting and the door so near? Why art thou turning
 3. Why art thou waiting till an-oth-er hour? Break from the fet-ters
 4. Why art thou waiting when he bids thee come? Why art thou staying

from thy heart a-way? There is no ref-uge for thy soul but he;
 from a friend so dear? Think of the mer-cy he has bought for thee;
 of the tempter's power; Fly from the pleasures that are light as air,
 from a fath-er's home? Oh, there's a welcome in that home for thee,

CHORUS.

Wilt thou re-ject him, and a wanderer be? One more mes-sage
 Wilt thou re-fuse it, and a wanderer be?
 Come to the shel-ter of the Saviour's care.
 Wilt thou re-fuse it, and a wanderer be?

hast thou heard in vain?—One more warning o'er thy life-time pass'd!

What shall it profit, though the world thou gain, If thou shalt lose thy soul at last?

Chariot of Love.

REV. JOSEPH WARDLE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The King, as he stood by his char-iot one day, In pi-ty re-
 2. How oft we had met in the jour-ney of life, How oft he had
 3. The char-iot of love, on its way to the sky, Is bear-ing me
 4. And when to the riv-er of Jor-dan we come, And cross to the

gard-ed my sin; Then, tak-ing my hand with a kind, gentle smile. He
 knocked at my door; Though much I have lost by re-ject-ing his call, From
 swift-ly a - long, While joy-ful I sing of my Lord and my King, Be-
 green, sunny shore; Oh, still will I sing of my Lord and my King, Till

CHORUS.

said, wouldst thou like to step in? May I en-ter? I cried, may I
 him I will wan-der no more.
 guil-ing each moment with song.
 safe at his own pal-ace door.

sit by thy side? Is it mine such an honor to know? Then he opened mine

eyes and I gazed with surprise, For my garments were white as the snow.

I Know that He Liveth.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How blest was the life once lived up-on earth, The life of the
 2. The Friend of our need, the hope of the world, A-bides with us
 3. O Lord of the sea, who once walked a-broad On treach-er-ous
 4. Thou art not a - far,— in reg - ions unknown,—Our faith reacheth

Sav-iour of men; What joy was their part who learn'd at his feet, Who
 still as of old; When wander-ing far in sor-row and sin He
 waves of the tide, We know that thy strong and pi-tying arms Our
 up un-to thee; And still, thro' the mists of ag - es long past, The

CHORUS.

loved and who worshipped him then. I know that he liv-eth, Re-
 lead-eth us home to the fold.
 way - er-ing footsteps still guide.
 Sav-iour of sin-ners doth see.

deem-er and Friend, To bless and to comfort our way; I know the glad

song of the heav-en-ly throng,—He liveth, he liveth to - day!

The Anchor Holds.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."—Heb. vi. 19.

MARY D. JAMES.

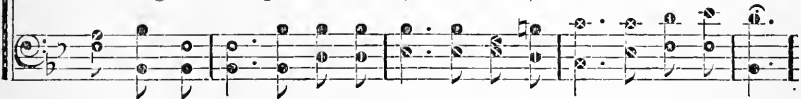
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



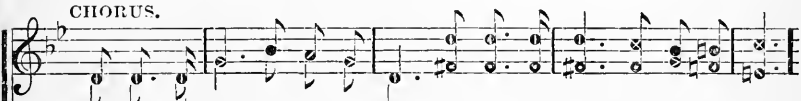
1. Christ Je-sus is my anch'rage ground, No firmer ev - er can be found;
2. The storms may rage, the billows roll, The watery deep surround my soul;
3. The clouds are pierced by faith's strong eye, It sees the sun above the sky,
4. And when we've gained the heav'nly shore, Our voyage ended, storms all o'er,



And, anchored here, I cannot fail To ride in triumph ev-'ry gale.
 Their surging billows, mountain high, But lift me near-er to the sky!
 And tells the tem-pest-beaten soul Of rest, where billows nev-er roll.
 We'll sing our triumph in his name,—The Lamb,—thro' whom we overcame.



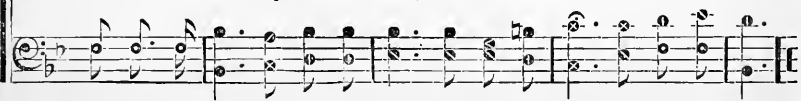
CHORUS.



With-in the vail my anchor's cast, It holds! it holds a-mid the blast!



With-in the vail my anchor's cast, It holds! it holds a-mid the blast!



The Open Arms.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, why are you slighting the Saviour, So patient, forgiv-ing, and true?
 2. Once led as a lamb to the slaughter, He suffered, and languished, and died;
 3. A - gain the dear Saviour is call-ing, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
 4. A - gain the dear Saviour is pleading; Oh, look to his mer-cy and live;

The arms of his mer-cy are o - pen; He of-fers a welcome to you.
 And now, in his ten-der compas-sion, He shows you his hands and his side.
 Your sun may go down in a moment, The ar-row of death may be nigh.
 The pleasures of time are but fleeting, Then trust not the promise they give.

CHORUS

O come to the arms that are wait - ing, They long have been
 Come, come, come to the arms that are wait-ing, wait-ing, Come, they long have been

wait-ing for you; Oh, come to your loving Re-
 wait - ing for you, wait-ing for you; Come, come, come to your lov - ing Re-

deem - - - er, So gen - tle, forgiv-ing, and true.
 deemer, your loving Redeem-er, Gen - tle, gen - tle, for-giv-ing, and true, forgiv-ing and true.

Witnessing Spirit.—CONCLUDED.

rall.

Light of my heart, Joy of the low-ly, Glo - ry impart!
 Light of my heart, of my heart, Joy of the low-ly, the low - ly, Glory, oh, glory impart!

15-197

Flow In. *fine*

"He that hath the Son hath life."—1 John v. 12.

Miss ABBIE MILLS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O life e - ter - nal, life - divine, Help me to grasp the glorious prize;
2. A - bundant life on me bestow, Earth's vapors I would breath no more;
3. Here at thy feet I lay my heart: Make broad the channels for thy grace;
4. O - pen the windows from a - bove And pour thy richest gifts on me;

Flow in re-peat *Flow in re-peat Fine.*

O life, flow through this heart of mine, From life's pure river in the skies.
 Oh, let ce - les - tial breez - es blow, With fragrance laden ev - er - more.
 Then fill, and o - ver - flow each part, Enlarge and fill the added space.
 More life be - stow, and more of love, — Let me a chosen ves - sel be.

D.S.—My Saviour, life it - self thou art, Thyself possess my waiting heart.

CHORUS. D. S.

Flow in, flow in, O life di - vine, flow in;
 Flow in, flow in,

Witnessing Spirit.

Rev. Jno. O. FOSTER, A. M.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. O come, Ho-ly Spir - it, and help us to sing The
 2. From De - i - ty's bo - som de-scend, gentle dove. We
 3. Now wait - ing, believ - ing, we have the glad sign,— Thy
 4. O Spir - it e - ter - nal, for-ev - er a - bide, Our
 I. O come, Holy Spirit, and help us to sing, O come, Holy Spirit, and help us to sing The

prais - es e - ter - nal of Je - sus our King; Our
 ask for thy ful - ness, we cov - et thy love; We
 whis - pering pres - ence is know - ledge di - vine; Per -
 Lead - er, Defend - er, Pro - tect - or, and Guide; Through
 praises e - ter - nal of Je - sus our King; The praises e - ter - nal of Je - sus our King; our

hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; With -
 grope in the dark - ness, if trust - ing our might, We
 famed by thy breath - ings we're load - ed with balm, And
 all of life's jour - ney, what-ev - er is given, Di -
 hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; Our hope is in thee, and on thee we re - ly; With

CHORUS.

out thee we suf - fer, and languish, and die. Spir - it most ho - ly,
 shout in our gladness, when walking in light.
 E - den is gained thro' the blood of the Lamb.
 rect us in safe - ty to mansions in heav -
 out thee we suffer, and languish, and die, And languish, and die.

Witnessing Spirit.—CONCLUDED.

rall.

Light of my heart, Joy of the low-ly, Glo - ry impart!
 Light of my heart, of my heart, Joy of the low-ly, the low - ly, Glory, oh, glory impart!

15-197

Flow In.

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 Then fill, and o - ver - flow each part, Enlarge and fill the added space.
 More life be - stow, and more of love,—Let me a chosen ves - sel be.

D.S.—My Saviour, life it - self thou art, Thyself possess my waiting heart.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Flow in, flow in, O life di - vine, flow in;
 Flow in, flow in, flow in, flow in;

The Fountain Full and Free.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

THOS. ERVIN.

1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsteth! The fountain full and free,— The fountain
 2. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsteth! With ready heart and hand Ac-cept the
 3. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsteth! The Spir it say-eth, Come, The Bride u-

Key D.

of sal - va - tion,—Is flow-ing now for thee. Come, taste the liv-ing
 bless-ing of - fered, Its val - ue un - der - stand. Lift up the voice in
 nites her gentle voice, And bids thee welcome home. The spring of life e-

wa - ter; Come, take the cup I give: The gift is life e - ter - nal,—
 ear - nest, And cry, for - ev - er - more: Give me the liv - ing wa - ter,
 ter - nal Is opened here for thee, The fountain of sal - va - tion

Key G. CHORUS.

Canst thou refuse to live? Ho! ev-'ry one that thirsteth! The fountain
 That I may thirst no more.
 Is flow-ing full and free.

full and free,— The fountain of sal - va - tion,—Is flowing now for thee.

Awake, my Soul.

MRS. A. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A-wake, my soul, thy sacred song, A-wake thy praise and prayer;
2. So great are all his gifts of love Thou canst not com-pre-hend;
3. No worth-y gift hast thou to lay Up-on that heavenly shrine;
4. Thou art the off'ring he would have, His grace will make it meet;

The King is on his ho-ly throne, O, kneel be-fore him there.
 Un-ceas-ing as e-ter-nal years, His good-ness shall not end.
 But take thy heart of love and say, O Fa-ther, it is thine.
 Though poor and worthless, bring thy gift And lay it at his feet.

CHORUS.

Oh, let thy songs a-dor-ing rise, On wings of
 Oh, let thy songs a - dor - ing rise,

love and rap-ture soar; Come kneel be-
 On wings of love and rap-ture soar;

fore the heavenly King, And worship and a-dore.
 Come keel before the heavenly King,

Follow Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
DUET. *Allegretto.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hap - py pilgrims, as you journey To the Fa - ther's house on high
2. Thro' the shadows to the glo - ry He is go - ing on be - fore,
3. Thro' the des - ert and the darkness, Thro' this world of changing strife,

O'er the des - ert, take the promise, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
To his praise we chant the story, How our hu - man griefs he bore.
Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low ful - ly, Keep the nar - row way of life.

SOLO.

Pilgrims, tell us, is it shin - ing? Is the fie - ry pil - lar nigh?
Pilgrims, tell us, does the man - na Still afford its bounteous store?
Pilgrims, tell us, does the riv - er Fail amid the desert's strife?

DUET.

Je - sus is our Star of glo - ry, He is watching from on high.
Je - sus lead - eth, Jesus feed - eth, Bread of life for - ev - er - more.
Je - sus is our Rock forev - er, Still he pours the stream of life.

CHORUS. *faster.*

Follow Je - sus on to Zi - on, Follow closely at his side;
Zi - on, fol - low Je - sus,

Follow Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

Follow Je-sus on to Zi - on: Je-sus is a faithful guide.
 on to Zi-on, on to Zi-on,

50-232

Lean on Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Troubled heart, thy fear dis - pel; He who loves and loves thee well,
2. Troubled heart, oh, why dismayed? Let thy hope on God be stayed;
3. Troubled heart, despond no more, He who once thy sor - row bore,
4. Troubled heart, be still, be still, Learn to know thy Saviour's will;

Fine.

Though thy star of faith is dim, Kind - ly bids thee lean on him.
 Go to him whose name is love; Prayer will ev - 'ry cloud re - move.
 He who wept on earth for thee, Ev - 'ry tear of thine can see.
 He thy dear - est friend will be, Lean on him who died for thee.

D. S.—What - so - e'er thy tri - al be, Lean on him who cares for thee.

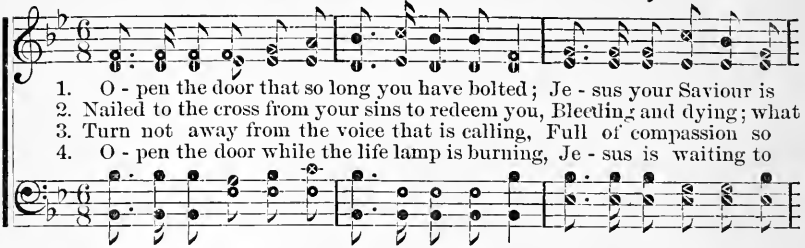
CHORUS.

Lean on him, lean on him, Though the light of faith is dim;

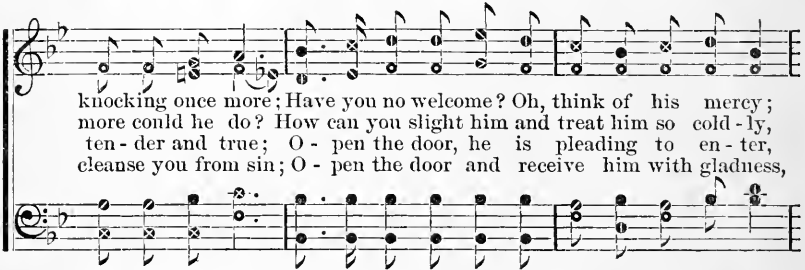
Jesus Knocking.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

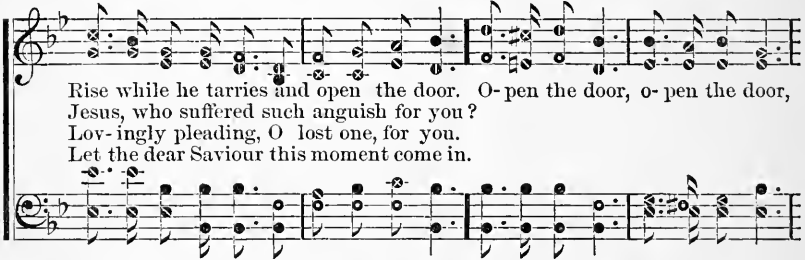


1. O - pen the door that so long you have bolted; Je - sus your Saviour is
2. Nailed to the cross from your sins to redeem you, Bleeding and dying; what
3. Turn not away from the voice that is calling, Full of compassion so
4. O - pen the door while the life lamp is burning, Je - sus is waiting to

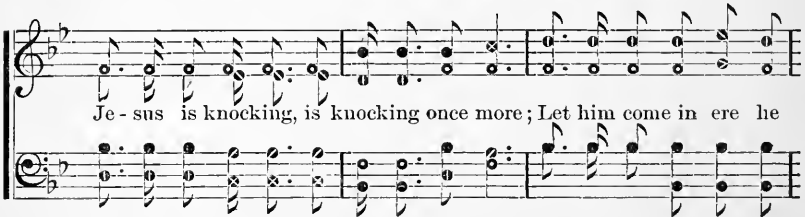


knocking once more; Have you no welcome? Oh, think of his mercy;
more could he do? How can you slight him and treat him so cold - ly,
ten - der and true; O - pen the door, he is pleading to en - ter,
cleans you from sin; O - pen the door and receive him with gladness,

CHORUS.



Rise while he tarries and open the door. O - pen the door, o - pen the door,
Jesus, who suffered such anguish for you?
Lov - ingly pleading, O lost one, for you.
Let the dear Saviour this moment come in.



Je - sus is knocking, is knocking once more; Let him come in ere he

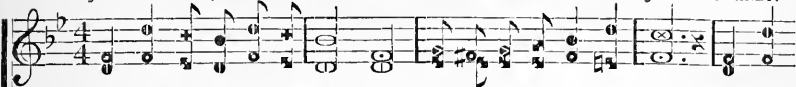


leave you for - ev - er, Haste while he lingers and o - pen the door.

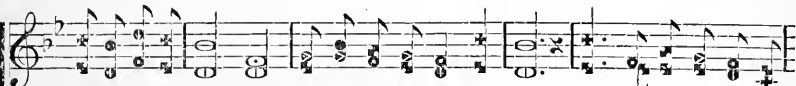
All-atoning Blood.

Rev. JNO. O. FOSTER, A M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O my Saviour, thou hast washed me In the all-a-ton-ing blood, Thou hast
 2. Yes, the Spirit's in-ter-ces-sion Has availed for ev-en me; He has
 3. Blessed be the cleansing fountain Opened for each guilty soul, Thro' the



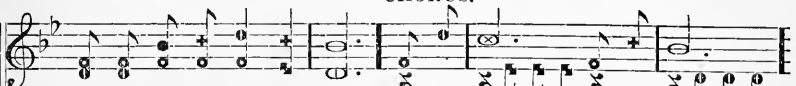
purchased my redemption For the herit-age of God; And the whisper of thy
 burst the bars asunder, And has set my spirit free. Christ my Lord shall reign for-
 royal house of David, That the sinner may be whole! Tho' your sins may be as



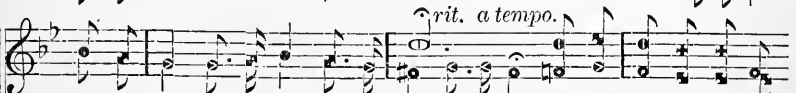
Spirit Thrills my soul with love divine, While the blessed, sweet communion
 ev - er In this willing heart of mine; While the light of blessed tokens
 scar-let They shall be as white as snow; Praise his holy name forev - er,



CHORUS.



Gives as-surance I am thine. I am washed in the blood,
 All a-long my journey shine. I am washed in the blood,
 Jesus' cleansing power I know! I am washed in the blood,



I am washed in the blood of the Lamb; When his precious love was



My Hope and my Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. I am walking with the Lord, and be- lieving in his word, I am
 2. Now my way is growing bright, and my soul is full of light, My Re-
 3. I was once a burdened soul, but my Saviour made me whole, his re-

hap- py as a heart can be; I am sing- ing all the day how he
 deem-er's guiding hand I see; If a thousand words were mine, I would
 demp- tion all my theme shall be; I will sing it till I die, and pro-

D. S.—I am sing- ing all the day how he

Fine. CHORUS.
 washed my sins away Thro' the pre- cious blood he shed for me. O the
 glad- ly all resign For the rapture of his love to me.
 claim beyond the sky What the grace of God has done for me.

washed my sins away Thro' the pre- cious blood he shed for me.

D. S.
 cross where my Saviour hath bless'd me My hope and my glo- ry shall be;

All-atoning Blood.—CONCLUDED.

given I was made an heir of heav'n: I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

34-216

Will You Come?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear our ear-nest in - vi - ta - tion, Wand'rer from the path of right,
2. Christian souls are fervent pray - ing, Ho - ly Spir - it, send thy light,
3. Angels near us, eag - er bending, Friends beloved from homes of light,
4. Hear the Saviour in - ter - ced - ing, Nor his gracious mes - sage slight;

Je - sus of - fers his sal - va - tion; Will you come to Christ to - night?
 Why a - far in darkness stray - ing? Why not come to Christ to - night?
 With our hearts their question blending, Will you come to Christ to - night?
 Will you pass his cross un - heed - ing? Oh, re - turn to Christ to - night.

CHORUS.

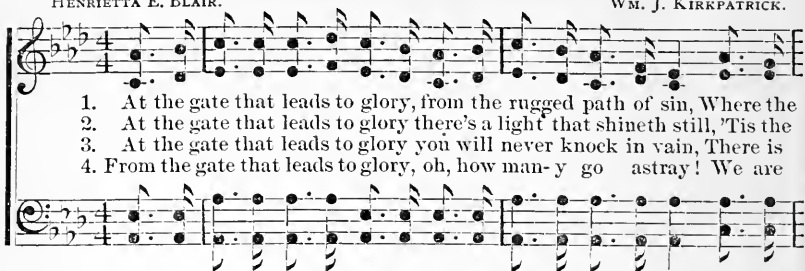
Will you come? will you come? Come and at his al - tar bow;

Will you come? will you come? Jesus waits to save you now.

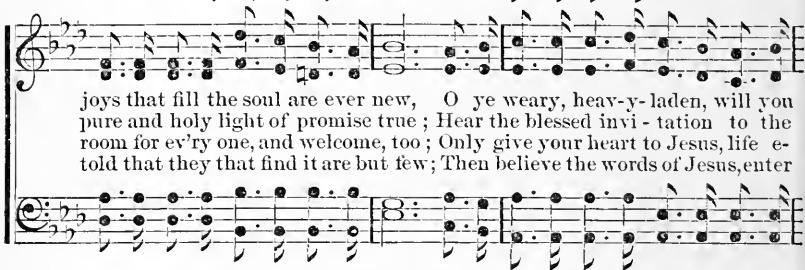
Strive to Enter in.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

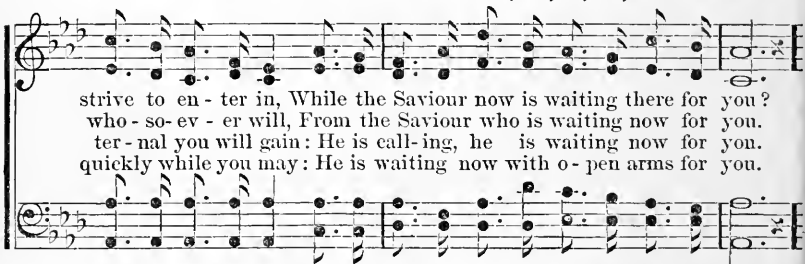
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. At the gate that leads to glory, from the rugged path of sin, Where the
2. At the gate that leads to glory there's a light that shineth still, 'Tis the
3. At the gate that leads to glory you will never knock in vain, There is
4. From the gate that leads to glory, oh, how man-y go astray! We are

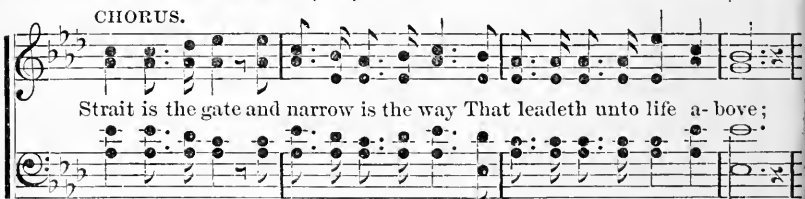


joys that fill the soul are ever new, O ye weary, heavy-y-laden, will you
pure and holy light of promise true; Hear the blessed invi-tation to the
room for ev'ry one, and welcome, too; Only give your heart to Jesus, life e-
told that they that find it are but few; Then believe the words of Jesus, enter

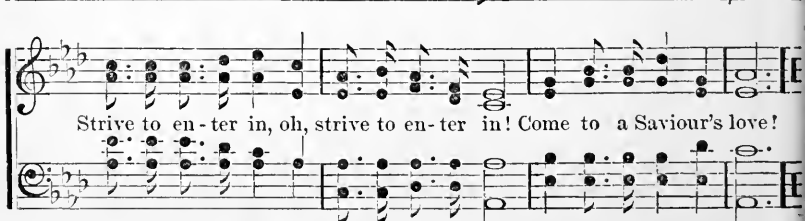


strive to en-ter in, While the Saviour now is waiting there for you?
who-so-ev-er will, From the Saviour who is waiting now for you.
ter-nal you will gain: He is call-ing, he is waiting now for you.
quickly while you may: He is waiting now with o-pen arms for you.

CHORUS.



Straight is the gate and narrow is the way That leadeth unto life a-bove;

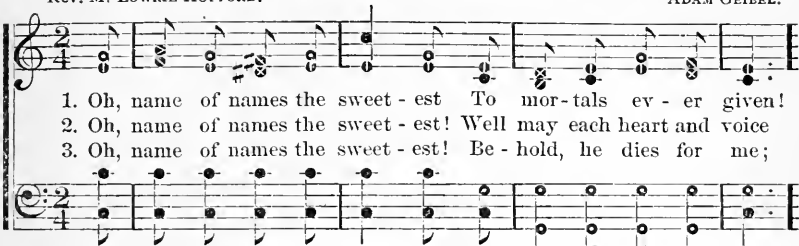


Strive to en-ter in, oh, strive to en-ter in! Come to a Saviour's love!

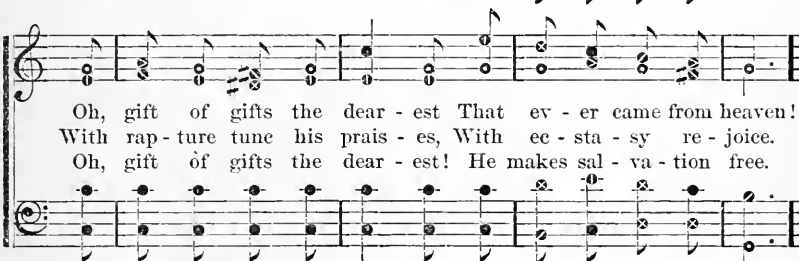
Oh, Name of Names.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

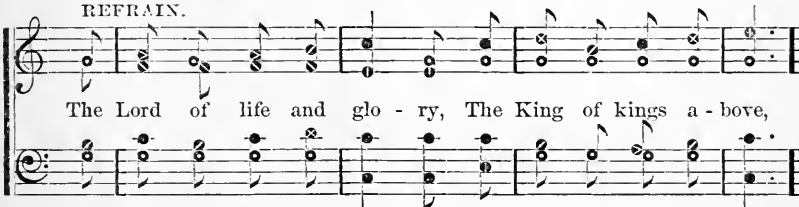


1. Oh, name of names the sweet - est To mor - tals ev - er given!
2. Oh, name of names the sweet - est! Well may each heart and voice
3. Oh, name of names the sweet - est! Be - hold, he dies for me;

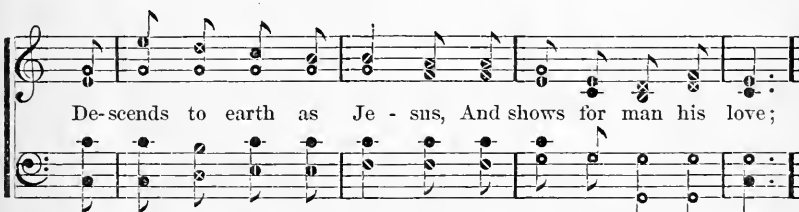


Oh, gift of gifts the dear - est That ev - er came from heaven!
With rap - ture tune his prais - es, With ec - sta - sy re - joice.
Oh, gift of gifts the dear - est! He makes sal - va - tion free.

REFRAIN.



The Lord of life and glo - ry, The King of kings a - bove,



De - scends to earth as Je - sus, And shows for man his love;



De - scends to earth as Je - sus, And shows for man his love. *ad lib.*

Living for Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
 2. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
 3. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
 Living for Je - sus, liv-ing for Je-sus, Living for Je - sus, for Je - sus,

Trac - - ing his steps . . . by the way,
 All . . . of my will . . . to re-sign,
 Led . . . by his Spir - - it each day,
 Tracing his steps, trac-ing his steps, Tracing his steps by the way,
 All of my will, all of my will, All of my will to re - sign,
 Led by his Spir-it, led by his Spir-it, Led by his Spir-it each day,

Fol - - low-ing ful - - ly, serv - - ing him tru - ly,
 Rear - - ing his ban - ner, bear - - ing his bur - den,
 Kept . . . by his power, watch - ful each hour,
 Following ful - ly, follow-ing ful-ly, serving him tru-ly, serving him tru-ly,
 Rearing his ban-ner, rearing his banner, bearing his burden, bearing his burden,
 Kept by his power, kept by his power, watchful each day, watchful each day,

Near - - er to heav - - en each day.
 On - - - ly to fol - - low be mine.
 Prompt . . . to ob-serve . . . and o - bey.
 Near-er to heaven, near-er to heaven, Near-er to heav-en each day.
 On-ly to fol-low, on-ly to fol-low, On-ly to fol-low be mine.
 Prompt to ob-serve, prompt to ob-serve, Prompt to observe and o - bey.

Fine.

Living for Jesus. CONCLUDED.

Je-sus has freed me, Jesus shall lead me, Gladly I fol-low his voice;
 Hap-py and grateful, tender and faithful, Ready to work or to wait;
 Love's lowly mission, highest am-bition, Crowning each cross with delight;

Use first four lines as Chorus, D. C.

Living for Je-sus, living for Je-sus, Glo-ri-ous portion and choice!
 Living for Je-sus, living for Je-sus, Serving him ear-ly and late.
 Duty is gladness, shining thro' sadness, Faith will soon grow into sight.

38-220

Brightest and Best.

REGINALD HEBER.

Arranged by J. J. H.

I. { Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and
 Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon adorn-ing, Guide where our infant Re-
 D. C.—An-gels a-dore him, in slum-ber re-clin-ing,—Maker, and Monarch, and

Fine.

lend us thine aid:
 deem-er is laid. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his
 Saviour of all.

D. C.

bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Sav, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation; [mine?
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Marching On.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our col-ors waving bright in the blaze of gos-pel light We are
 2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de-feat, Though his
 3. We have gird-ed on the sword and the ar-mor of the Lord, We have
 4. Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait, Soon their

marshall'd on the world's great field; great field; We are ready for the strife and the
 arrows at our ranks may fly; may fly; Thro'a Saviour's mighty love more than
 ta-ken up the cross he bore; he bore; Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the
 welcome, welcome song may ring; may ring; When we lay our armor down and re-

bat-tle work of life, Ev-er trusting in the Lord our shield.
 conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God on high.
 vic-tory o-ver sin, When the bat-tle and the strife are o'er!
 ceive a star-rv crown, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God our King.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home above;

Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

Victory Through Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Vic-tory thro' Jesus! Oh, catch the word divine, Pass it quickly onward A-
 2. Vic-tory thro' Je-sus! Our Victor o-ver sin, He himself has promised The
 3. Forward then, ye soldiers, Behold our Leader near! Sound again the watch-cry, That

long the bat-tle line; Write it on our ban-ner, Proclaim it as we go:
 faithful soul shall win; Long may be the contest, And hard the work to do:
 all the world may hear: Vic-to-ry thro' Je-sus! To those who faithful prove;

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry thro' Jesus! Our watch-cry here below. Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!
 On-ly look to Jesus, His grace will bring us through.
 Vic-to-ry thro' Jesus! And crowns of life above.

shout it o'er and o'er! Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! praise forevermore; Praise to God the

Father, in ev'ry land adored, Who giveth us the victory thro' Christ our Lord.

Only a Beam of Sunshine.—CONCLUDED.

O - ver some grief-worn spir - it May rest like a sun-beam fair.

48-230 Hail to the Brightness.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

J. J. Hood.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning! Long by the
3. Lo, in the des-ert rich flow-ers are springing; Streams ev-er
4. See, from all lands, from the isles of the o-ocean, Praise to Je-

lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of
 prophets of Is-rael fore - told; Hail to the mil-lions from
 co-pious are glid-ing a - long; Loud from the mountain tops
 ho-vah as - cend-ing on high; Fallen are the en-gines of

sor-row and mourning; Zi - on in triumph be-gins her mild reign.
 bond-age return-ing; Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vision be-hold.
 ech - oes are ring-ing; Wastes rise in verdure, and min-gle in song.
 war and commotion; Shouts of salva-tion are rend-ing the sky.

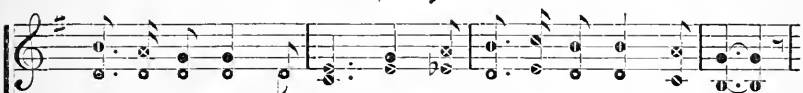
Only a Beam of Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

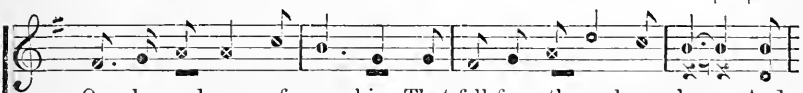
JNO. R. SWENEY.



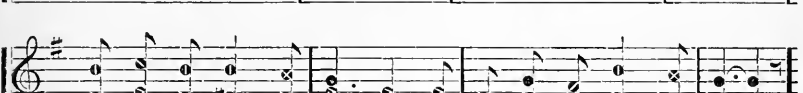
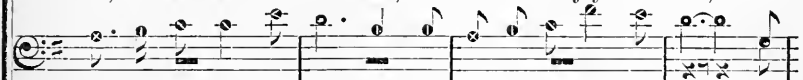
1. On - ly a beam of sun - shine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
2. On - ly a beam of sun - shine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name; To



heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its wel - come sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.
per - ish - ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.



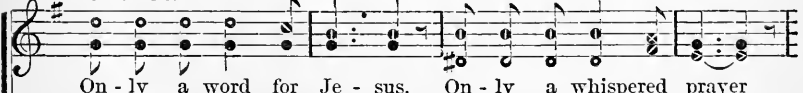
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sun - shine That smiled thro' her fall - ing tears, And
Go, like the faith - ful sun - beam, Your mis - sion of joy - ful - fil; Re -



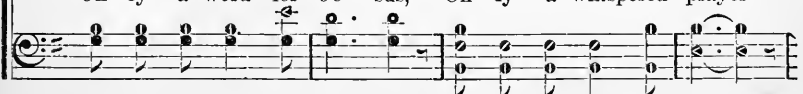
ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - pered A mes - sage of peace and love.
showed her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten per - haps for years.
mem - ber the Sav - iour's prom - ise, That he will be with you still.



CHORUS.



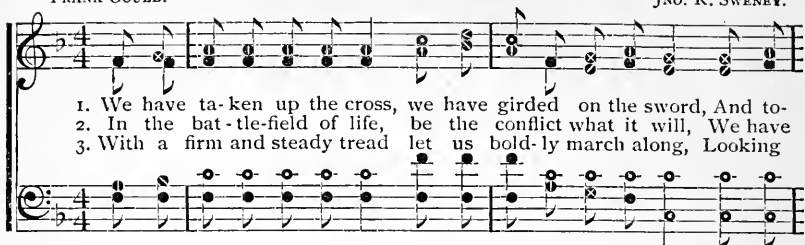
On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whis - pered prayer



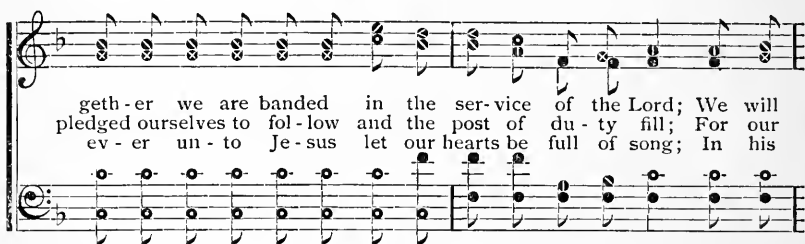
Conquer by and by.

FRANK GOULD.

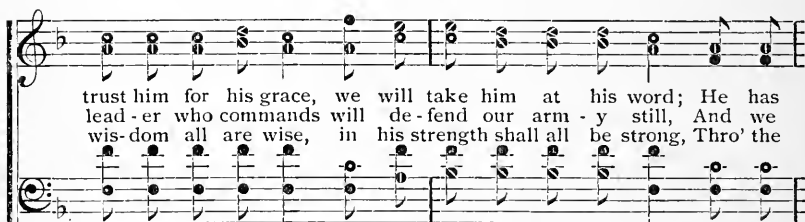
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. We have ta-ken up the cross, we have girded on the sword, And to-
2. In the bat-tle-field of life, be the conflict what it will, We have
3. With a firm and steady tread let us bold-ly march along, Looking



geth-er we are banded in the ser-vice of the Lord; We will
pledged ourselves to fol-low and the post of du-ty fill; For our
ev-er un-to Je-sus let our hearts be full of song; In his

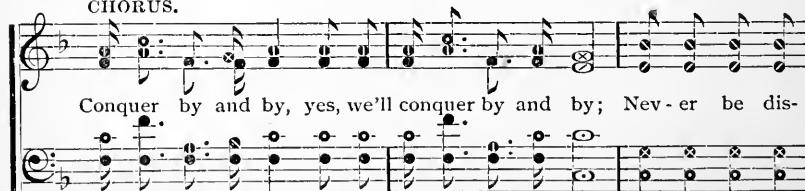


trust him for his grace, we will take him at his word; He has
lead-er who commands will de-fend our arm-y still, And we
wis-dom all are wise, in his strength shall all be strong, Thro' the



told us if we love him we shall con-quer by and by.
know, for he has promised, we shall con-quer by and by.
might of him who loved us we shall con-quer by and by.

CHORUS.



Conquer by and by, yes, we'll conquer by and by; Nev-er be dis-

Conquer by and by—CONCLUDED.

couraged when the tempter's arrows fly, For the Lord who bids us onward with a

helping hand is nigh, Like the fearless and the faithful we shall conquer by and by.

24-206 Until His Kingdom Come.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Un-til his kingdom come,—The kingdom of our Lord,—Until the
2. Un-til his kingdom come, And all the des-ert wild Rejoice and
3. Un-til his kingdom come, And earth's remot-est bound, O'er all the
4. Un-til his kingdom come, The u - ni - ver - sal reign Of righteous-

REFRAIN.

earth shall own his name, In ev'ry land adored: We'll work, and watch, and wait,
blossom as the rose, With sinners recon-ciled: [At
wide expanse shall hear And know the joyful sound:
ness and peace on earth The nations shall proclaim:

noonday, night, and morn, And never lay our armor by Till Christ obtain his crown.

Press Onward.

JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. We are looking a-way from the vale of time, Beyond the sea, the
 2. We are passing away like the spring-time flowers And birds that sing on
 3. We are floating a-way like the clouds of gold That soft-ly rest on
 4. We are gliding away where the morning light Shall break and rise o'er

roll - ing sea, Where the beau - ti - ful hills of a pur - er clime Are
 air - y wing, But we dream of the splendor of radiant bowers Where
 evening's breast; But the portals of joy we shall soon be-hold, And
 cloudless skies, While its glo-ries shall banish the shades of night, And

CHORUS.

blooming for you and for me. Press on - ward, press on - ward To
 mu - sic for - ev - er shall ring.
 dwell with the hap - py and blest.
 fill us with joy - ful sur - prise.

Repeat Chorus.

meet our Saviour there; Press onward, press onward, A robe and crown to wear.

True and Faithful.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ev-'ry day my soul is hap-py, For I feel my Saviour near;
 2. Ev-'ry day, tho' storm and sorrow Dark-ly round my pathway rise,
 3. Ev-'ry day my home is hap-py, For with Je-sus I a-bide;
 4. Ev-'ry day my hopes grow brighter, Tho' the hopes of earth are gone;

'Tis his presence makes my sunshine, And his love destroys my fear.
 I am look-ing up for com-fort, Far beyond earth's changing skies.
 Drinking from the liv-ing fountain, With his good-ness sat-is-fied.
 Ev-'ry day my rest draws nearer, As my Sav-iour leads me on.

CHORUS.

I am con-tent . . . with thee, O my Sav-iour, I have re-

solved . . . thy will shall be mine; Keep me faith-ful,
 I have resolved

true and faith-ful; Fill my soul . . . with love di-vine.
 Fill my soul

Calling for Thee.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. Quick-ly as Beth-a-ny's daughter Hast-ed the Master to see,
2. Think of the cloud that so lightly Floats on the bo-som of day,
3. Words that in weakness are spoken Fall like the dew and the rain;

Rise, for he comes and is call - ing,—Hark! he is calling for thee.
Shedding a ha - lo of beau - ty O - ver its bright, golden way;
Cast thou thy bread on the wa - ters, Soon thou shalt find it a - gain.

Thou hast a life-work, O Chris-tian, Humble perhaps it may be,
So may thy deeds be remem-bered, So may thy in - fluence be,—
On to the field of thy la - bor, Promise more faithful to be;

Yet, 'tis enough that the Mas-ter Comes and is calling for thee.
Shining in love for the Mas-ter, Ten-der-ly calling for thee.
Go to the side of the Mas-ter; Lo! he is calling for thee.

CHORUS.

Yes, he is calling for thee, Ten-der-ly calling for thee;
is calling for thee, yes, calling for thee;

Calling for Thee.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Rise, and, like Bethany's daughter, Haste! he is calling for thee.
is calling for thee.

72-254

Jesus our Redeemer.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Jus - ti - fied by faith in thee, Peace with God henceforth have we;
2. Thou thyself our debt hast paid, Full a - tonement thou hast made;
3. Once condemned but now reprieved, In - to life through grace received;
4. While from grace to grace we go, More and more thy love bestow,

Fine.

From the law we now are free, Je - sus our Re - deem - er.
On thy head our guilt was laid, Je - sus our Re - deem - er.
Oh, what joy since we believed, Je - sus our Re - deem - er.
Till thy per - fect bliss we know, Je - sus our Re - deem - er.

D.S.—From the law we now are free, Je - sus our Re - deem - er.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Not un - to us, not un - to us, On - ly thine the praise shall be.

Victory Through Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Vic-tory thro' Jesus! Oh, catch the word divine, Pass it quickly onward A-
2. Vic-tory thro' Je-sus! Our Victor o-ver sin, He himself has promised The
3. Forward then, yesoldiers, Beholdour Leader near! Sound again the watch-cry, That

long the bat-tle line; Write it on our ban-ner, Proclaim it as we go:
 faithful soul shall win; Long may be the contest, And hard the work to do:
 all the world may hear: Vic-to-ry thro' Je-sus! To those who faithful prove;

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry thro' Jesus! Our watch-cry here below. Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!
 On-ly look to Jesus, His grace will bring us through.
 Vic-to-ry thro' Jesus! And crowns of life above.



shout it o'er and o'er! Victo-ry! victo-ry! praise forevermore; Praise to God the

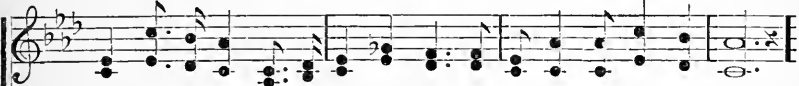
Father, in ev'ry land adored, Who giveth us the victory thro' Christ our Lord.

On to the Work.


JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


- 
1. On to the work! for the fields are white, And waiting for you and me;
 2. On to the work! tho' the seed may fall In silence, perhaps in tears;
 3. On to the work with a firm resolve To labor with all our might!
 4. On to the work! and the strength we need Shall never be sought in vain;
- 




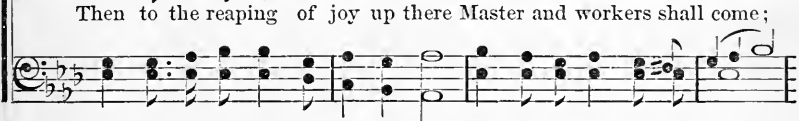
On - ly the toil of a few more days, And ended our work will be.
God will remember, and we shall see The fruitage of endless years.
Looking beyond, where the daystar shines O'er regions of endless light.
Glad-ly we toil, and the cross endure, With Jesus to live and reign.



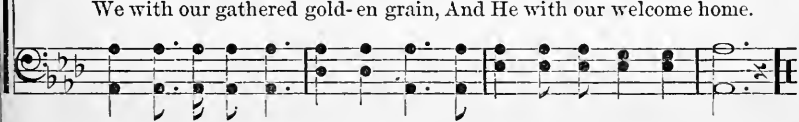
CHORUS.



Then to the reaping of joy up there Master and workers shall come;



We with our gathered gold-en grain, And He with our welcome home.



A Precious Balm.

JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a balm, precious balm in the blood of the Lamb, A
 2. There's a balm, precious balm in the blood of the Lamb, That
 3. There's a balm, precious balm in the blood of the Lamb, A
 4. There's a balm. precious balm in the blood of the Lamb, A

balm for the spir - it that nothing else can give; Who will believe it? oh,
 heals our transgressions as nothing else can do; Haste to believe it! oh,
 hope for the hopeless, a joy for those that weep; Je - sus is call - ing; his
 rest for the wea - ry that nothing else can give; They who believe it, and

who will receive it? Who un - to Je - sus will look and live?
 haste to receive it! Grieve not the Spir - it who pleads with you!
 sweet words are fall - ing; 'Rouse, ye that slumber, a - wake from sleep!
 haste to receive it, Now and for - ev - er with Christ shall live.

CHORUS.

Come and be cleansed in the precious, crimson tide Flowing from his

side, that was pierced when he died; Come and be cleansed in the

A Precious Balm.—CONCLUDED.

precious, crimson tide Flowing, free-ly flowing from the Saviour's side.

68-250

Holy and Infinite.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ho - ly and In - fi-nite! viewless, e - ter - nal! Veiled in the
 2. Ho - ly and In - fi-nite! lim - it-less, boundless, All thy per-
 3. King of e - ter - ni - ty! what rev - e - la - tion Could the cre-

glo - ry that none can sus - tain, None com-prehend - eth this
 fec - tions, and pow - er, and praise; O - cean of mys - ter - y,
 at - ed and fi - nite sus - tain, But for thy mar - vel - ous

be - ing su - per - nal, Nor can the heav - en of heav - ens con - tain.
 aw - ful and soundless, All thine unsearch - a - ble judgments and ways.
 man - i - fes - ta - tion, Godhead in - car - nate in weakness and pain.

4 Therefore archangels and angels a -
 dore thee,
 Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire;
 Therefore we praise thee, rejoicing be -
 fore thee,
 Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

5 Glorious in holiness, fearful in
 praises,
 Who shall not fear thee and who shall
 not laud;
 Anthems of glory thy universe raises,
 Holy and Infinite! Father and God.

In Him Confiding.

R. G. STAPLES. By per.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The clouds hang heavy round my way, I cannot see, I cannot see; But
 2. Thro' many-a thorny path he leads My tired feet, My tired feet Thro'

through the darkness I be-lieve God leadeth me, God leadeth me; 'Tis
 man-y-a path of tears I go, But it is sweet, But it is sweet, To

sweet to keep my hand in his While all is dim, While all is dim, To
 know that he is close to me, My God, my guide, My God, my guide; He

close my wea-ry, ach-ing eyes, And fol-low him, And fol-low him.
 lead-eth me and so I walk Quite sat-is-fied, Quite sat-is-fied.

add 5 more lines

add

Stay with him

Have I told you

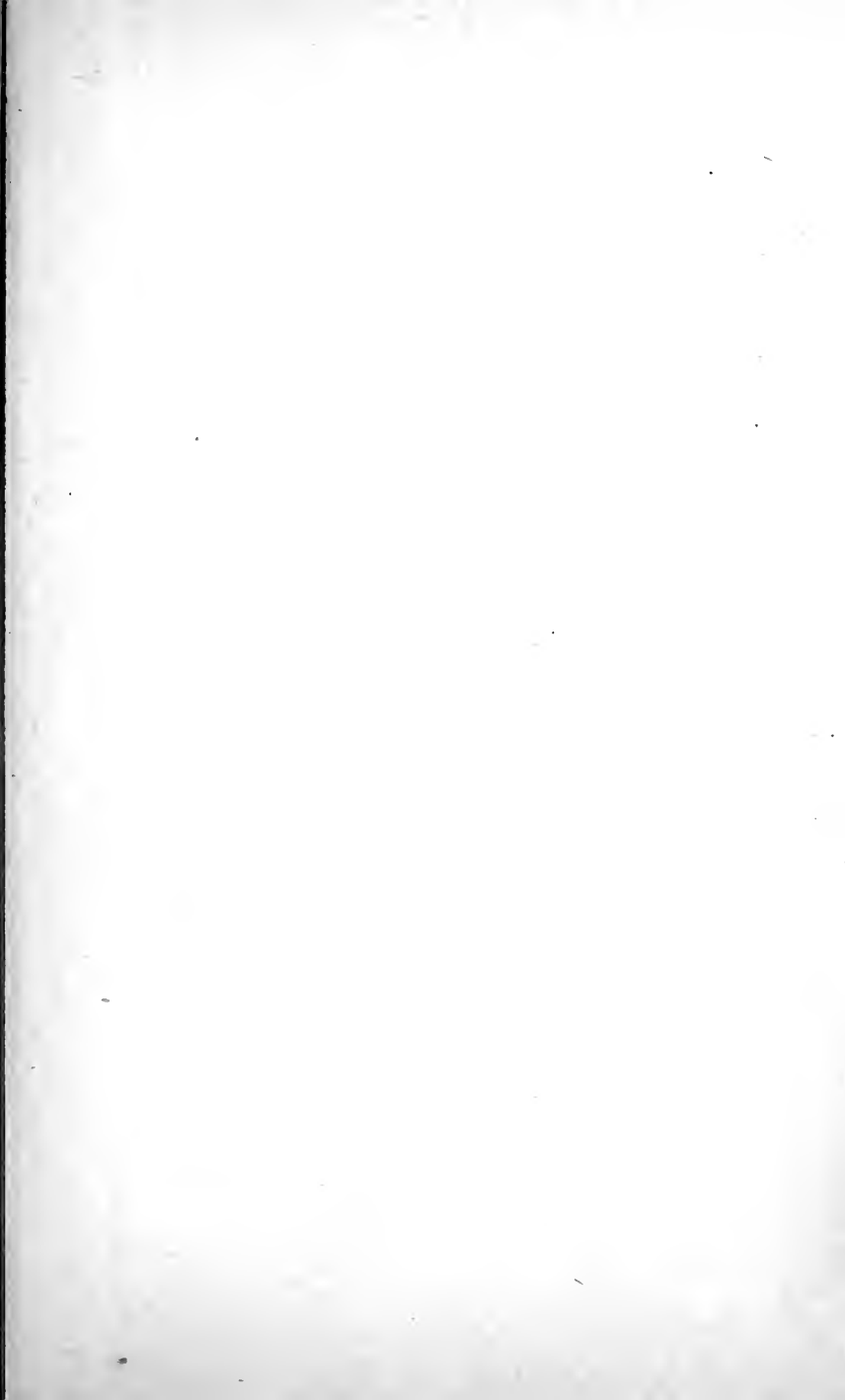
and I wish to know

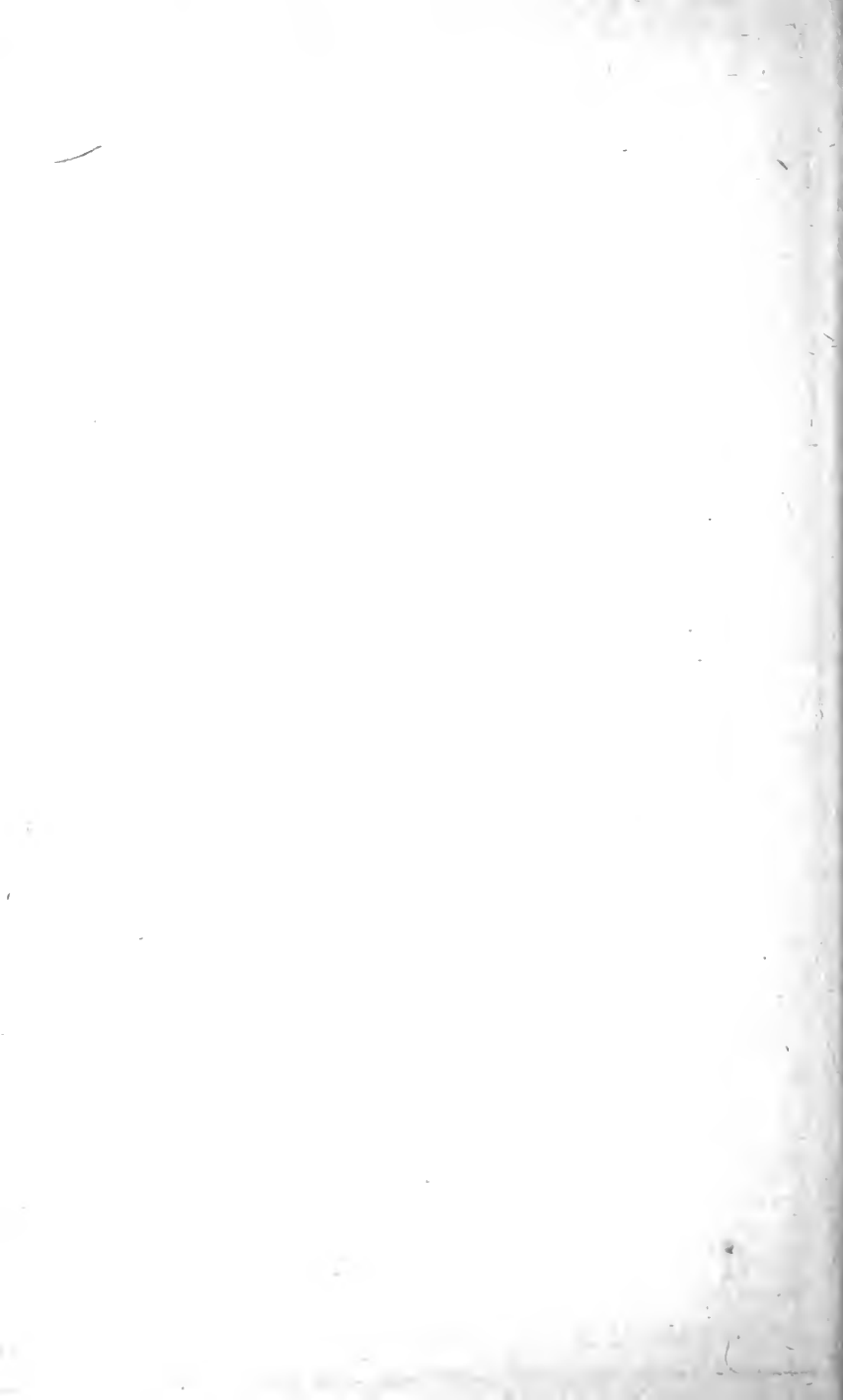
from you

Private message - in wife

How are you now







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