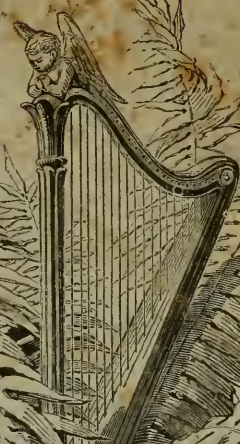


Royal Songs.



by J. W. SUFFERN & W. W. BENTLEY.

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m. Tract Society.

150 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK.

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Royal Songs:



FOR

Sunday-Schools and Families.

BY

J. W. SUFFERN AND W. W. BENTLEY,

ASSISTED BY S. J. VAIL AND D. S. WYMER.

"KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

PREFACE.

IN presenting ROYAL SONGS to the public, it is proper to say that we do it not for the sake of sending out a *new* book, but to meet the wishes of our friends, and because we believe that the hymns and tunes we offer will do good wherever sung, and lay new tributes at His feet to whom all royal glory belongs. The book has been prepared by men who have had long and successful experience in writing and singing Sunday-School music, and has been carefully revised and edited.

The compilers wish to express their hearty thanks to various contributors who have kindly enriched the volume with some of their best compositions.

The hymns and tunes in this book are protected by copyright, and no one can reprint them without leave first procured; for which apply to the Publishers.

We send it out to our friends and the public with the wish that it may be the means of leading many to the Saviour, and fitting them at last to sing "the new song" in the presence of THE KING.

ARRANGEMENT.

I. PRAISE, NOS. 1-24.

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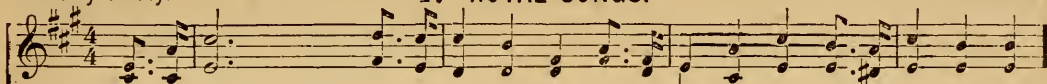
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ROYAL SONGS.

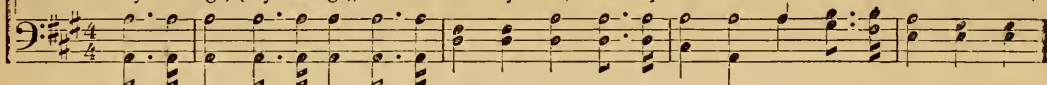
Fanny Crosby.

1. ROYAL SONGS.

S. J. Vail.



1. Roy-al songs, (royal songs,) for the young and old, Of the King of Grace and his pre-cious fold,
2. Roy-al songs, (royal songs,) for the wea-ry one, Of a peace-ful rest when the work is done,



3. Roy-al songs, (royal songs,) of a glorious land, Where the pure in heart with the an-gels stand,



Where the soul may turn and with joy come in, At the door of grace, from the paths of sin.
Songs of love and praise to our migh-ty King, From the hearts of all may they sweet-ly ring.

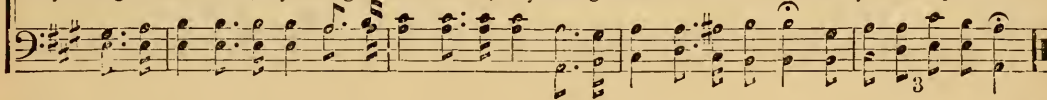


And the Sa-viour's voice of e-ter-nal love Shall the wel-come be to that home a-bove.

REFRAIN.



Royal songs (of the cross,) royal songs (of the crown,) Royal songs when the ransomed shall lay their trophies down.



COME, ALL YE NATIONS.

Dr. J. D. Vinton.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

1. } Come, all ye na-tions, let us sing The hon-ors of our heavenly King, } Come, sound his name on
 } Be-fore whose throne archan-gels bow In ad-o-ra-tion e-ven now. }

2. } Cor-sid-er all his mer-cies past, His matchless good-ness still so vast! } No days re-tur-n, no
 } Life, health, and com-fort—all he gives; Without his aid no crea-ture lives, }

3 } Let all a-rise with one ac-cord, And wor-thy trib-ute bring the Lord, } Yes, all ye na-tions
 } Whose goodness is for ev-er sure, To high and low, to rich and poor; }

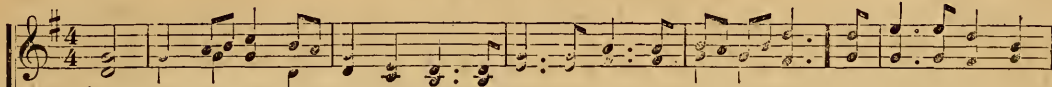
CHORUS.

ev-ery hand Whose blessings flow thro' every land. Come, sound his name on every hand, Come, sound his
 nights ap-pear, No chang-ing seasons crown the year. Come, sound, etc.

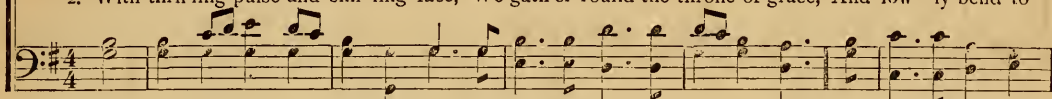
raise the cry, "O praise the Lord who rules on high." Come, sound, etc.

name on every hand, Whose blessings flow thro' every land, Whose blessings flow thro' every land, Thro' every land.

HOSANNA TO OUR KING.



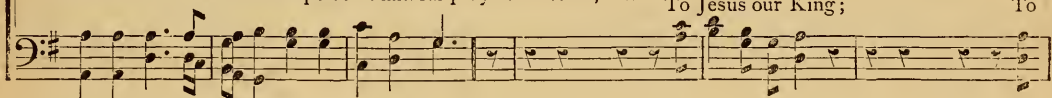
1. We come, we come with loud ac-claim, To sing the praise of Je-sus' name, And make the vaulted
2. With thrill-ing pulse and smi-ling face, We gath-er round the throne of grace, And low - ly bend to



3. We praise the great and glorious Name That hears our griefs, that bore our shame. Let all their cheerful



temple ring With loud hosannas to our King. Let all sing hosannas Let all sing hosannas . .
offer there From humble lips our thankful prayer. Let all, etc. To Jesus our King; To



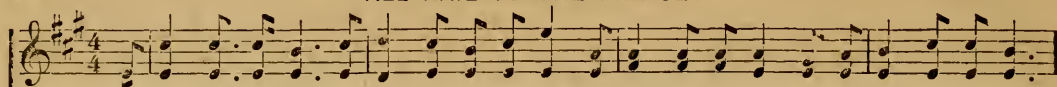
homage pay On this our ho-ly Sabbath day. Let all, etc.



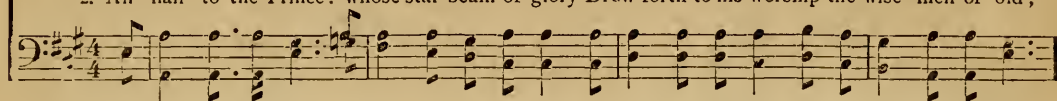
. . . . Let all sing hosannas to Jesus our King, And make the vaulted temple with loud hosannas ring.
Jesus our King;



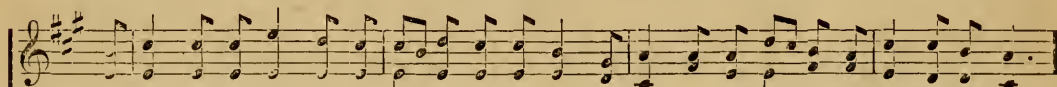
ALL HAIL TO THE PRINCE!



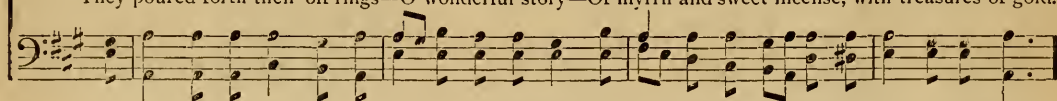
1. All hail to the Prince! his kingdom is spreading; O'er empires of sin we now her-ald his sway;
 2. All hail to the Prince! whose star beam of glory Drew forth to his worship the wise men of old;



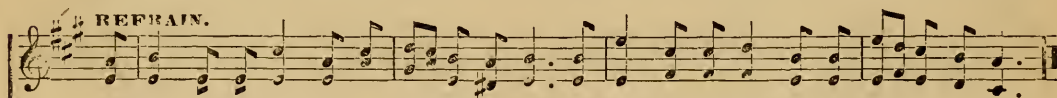
3. All hail to the Prince! hear children re-ci-ting Most wel-come re-sponse to the chil-dren of old;
 4. Reign, reign, mighty Prince! thy kingdom so glorious Shall compass all kingdoms by land and by sea;



His glo-ri-fied cross in its beau-ty is shed-ding The sa- vor of truth and the bright-ness of day.
 They poured forth their off-rings—O won-der-ful story—Of myrrh and sweet in-cense, with treas-ures of gold.



The an-gels are drawn by their songs so in-vi-ting, And lis-ten to hear his great name so ex-tolled.
 Earth's mil-lions shall laud thee—thy sce-p-tre vic-tor-ious—And swell the loud an-thems of tri-umph to thee.



Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! a-gain and a-gain; Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! for Je-sus shall reign.



HOSANNA!

T. J. Kerr. 5, 6

1. "Hosanna!" be the children's song To Christ, the children's King; His praise to whom our souls belong Let
2. Hosannas sound from every hill, And spread from plain to plain, While louder, sweeter, clearer still, Woods

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/8.

all the children sing; "Ho - san - - - na! ho - san - - - na!" Let all the children sing, "Hosan - na!"
echo to the strain, "Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna! hosanna!" Let all the children sing, "Hosanna! hosanna!"

The second system of music continues the vocal melody and accompaniment. It includes the lyrics for the chorus and an echo. The musical notation is consistent with the first system.

6. GENTLE SHEPHERD.

G. W. Snyder.

1. See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands With all-engaging charms. Hark! how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in his arms.
"Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name, For 'twas to bless such souls as these The Lord of angels came."

3. Ye little flock, with pleasure hear; Ye children, seek his face, And fly with transport to receive The blessings of his grace.

The third system of music begins with the title "6. GENTLE SHEPHERD." and the composer's name "G. W. Snyder." It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has the vocal melody with lyrics. The bass staff has the accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4.

WONDROUS LOVE.

J. R. Murray.

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us!"

1. Sing, my soul, His wond - rous love, Who from yon bright throne a - bove, Ev - er watch - ful
2. Heaven and earth by Him were made, All is by His scap - tre swayed; What are we that

3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Sa - viour's blood; And to make our
4. Sing, my soul, a - dore his name; Let his glo - ry be thy theme; Praise him till he

REFRAIN.

o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends his grace. Won - drous love, won - drous love,
he should show So much love to us be - low? Won - drous love, won - drous love,

safe - ty sure, Guides us by his Spir - it pure. Won - drous love, .. won - drous love,
calls thee home, Trust his love for all to come. Won - drous love, .. won - drous love,

Sing, my soul, his wondrous love; Wondrous love, O wondrous love, Sing, my soul, his wondrous love!

THE GRATEFUL SONG.

J. H. Plowe.

8, 9

CHORUS.

1. { Shall hymns of grateful love Thro' heaven's high arch-es ring, }
 { And shall the hosts a - bove Their songs of triumph sing? } And shall not we take up the strain, And

2. { Shall they a - dore the Lord Who bought them with his blood, }
 { And all the love re - cord That led them home to God? } And shall not we take

3. { Oh, spread the joy-ful sound, The Saviour's love pro - claim, }
 { And pub - lish all a - round Sal - va - tion in this name. } Till all the world take, etc.

send the ech - o back again, And send the ech - o back a - gain, back a - gain?
 up the strain,

9. GOD IS LOVE.

Rit.

1. 'Tis murmur'd by the streamlet bright, 'Tis borne upon the breeze, In ev'ry laughing zephyr sweet That whispers thro' the trees.
 2. In golden letters shining bright We read night's azure page, And find with joy the glad'n'g truth On heaven's starry page.
 3. The gentle birds are warbling it From tree-top high above; And nature, sweet in all her ways, Soft whispers—"God is love."

1*

1. Shout a-loud, Ho-san-na! Fling a-broad our ban-ner, While we march, so glad-ly sing-ing,
2. Dark the way be-fore us, But the heav-ens o'er us Seem to lend their myr-iad lights to

3. Then with faith un-sha-ken, Ev-ery power a-wa-king, From the path of life our feet shall

to Immanuel's land; Ne'er a foe shall harm us, No at-tack a-larm us, Till we pitch our tent up-on the
guide us to the land; And his word shall cheer us, Tho' the foe be near us, For we know if faithful great is

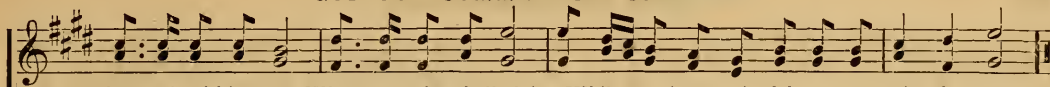
never, never stray; With his hand to guide us, With his love beside us, God is our Commander, and he

heavenly strand. Tho' the conflict rages, we will still be strong, Trusting in our Saviour as we march along:
our reward. Tread we then with hearts of joy the heav'nly way, Thro' the sultry noon and evening's shadows gray:

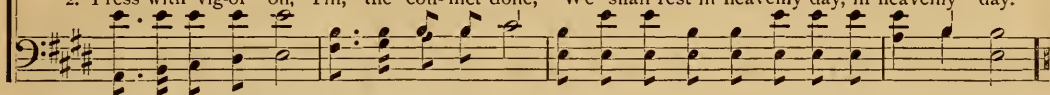
leads the way. Gladly then the path he leads we'll follow on, Trusting in his guidance till the warfare's done:

GOD OUR COMMANDER—Concluded.

11



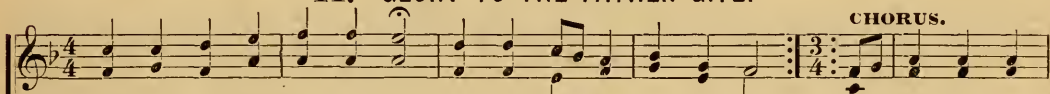
1. Shout a-loud his name Who our praise shall claim, While we sing our joyful songs, our joy-ful songs.
 2. Press with vig-or on, Till, the con-flict done, We shall rest in heavenly day, in heavenly day.



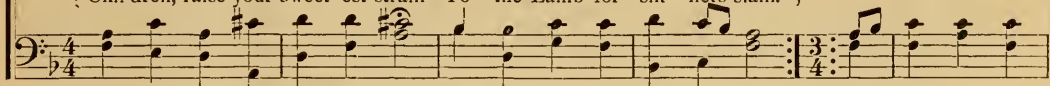
3. Then at his right hand We in joy shall stand, With the crowns of vic-t'ry won, of vic - t'ry won.

11. GLORY TO THE FATHER GIVE.

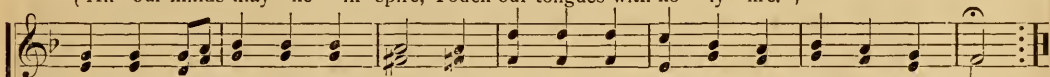
CHORUS.



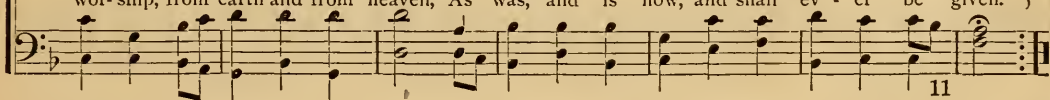
- | | | | | |
|------|--|---|---|------------------|
| 1. { | Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give—God in whom we move and live. | } | { | O Fa - ther al - |
| | Children's prayers he deigns to hear, Children's songs de - light his ear. | } | | All glo - ry and |
| 2. { | Glo - ry to the Son we bring— Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King. | } | | O Father, etc. |
| | Chil-dren, raise your sweet-est strain To the Lamb for sin - ners slain. | } | | |



3. { Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Ghost; Be this day a Pen - te - cost; } O Father, etc.
 { All our minds may he in - spire, Touch our tongues with ho - ly fire. }

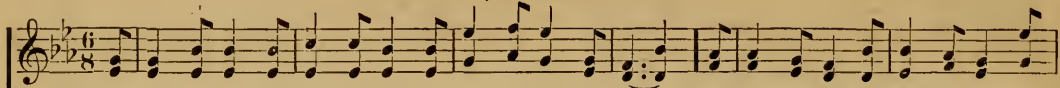


migh-ty, to thee be ad-dressed, With Christ and the Spir - it, one God ev - er blessed, }
 wor-ship, from earth and from heaven, As was, and is now, and shall ev - er be given. }

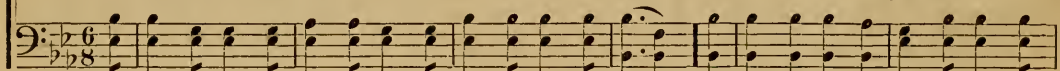


SING ON, SWEET VOICE.

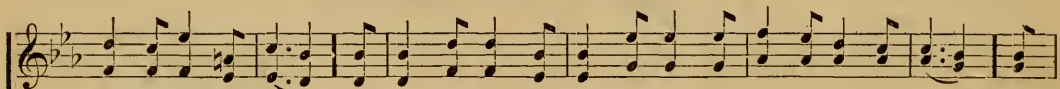
John R. Sweney.



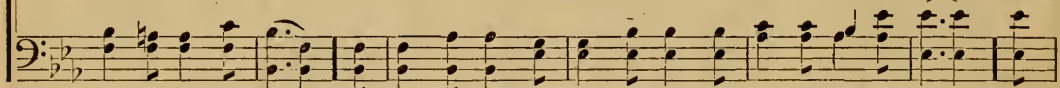
1. Sing on, sweet voice, the Master hears, And owns the service given, Tho' throned amid seraphic choirs That
 2. Sing on, sweet voice, while angel bands On shining wings draw near; Unheard, unseen, they hover round The



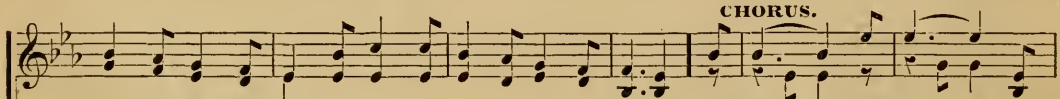
3. Sing on, sweet voice, in storm and calm, In grief and gladness sing; Lead wanderers to the Saviour's cross, And



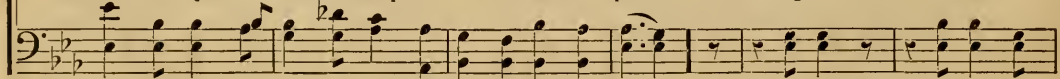
throng the courts of heaven. Sing on, sing on! what blessed work, What joy-ful task is thine, When
 hu-man song to hear. Sing on, earth's wea-ry ones re-joice The gladsome hymns to raise, And



reb-els to their King. Sing on, the joy-ful hour will come, When from hope's latest psalm Thy



voice and soul and praiseful heart Are tuned by love di-vine. Sing on, . . . sing on, . . . Sing
 ran-somed spir-its touch their harps In u-ni-son of praise. Sing on, etc.



tones shall pass in-to the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb. Sing on, etc.

SING ON, SWEET VOICE—Concluded.

13

Sing on,

on, sweet voice, sing on, sing on, 'Tis Je - sus hears and will re - ply; Sing on, sweet voice, sing on.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord.

13. GOD IS GOOD.

G. W. Reaser.

1. Our God is good! the little brook That tunes its merry lay, Seems, as it passes each lone nook, These words of love to say:
2. Our God is good! the mother-bird That carols on the tree, Sings ev - er to her infant brood The same soft harmony;

3. Yes, God is good! Creation sings; Let man, with reverent grace, See in these tokens of his love The smiles of his dear face.

The musical score is in 2/4 time and one flat. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piece is divided into three numbered sections, each with its own lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass clef.

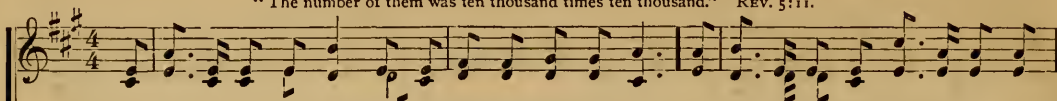
REFRAIN.

Our God is good, Our God is good to all; Our God is good, Our God is ev - er good.
Our God is good; Our God is good,

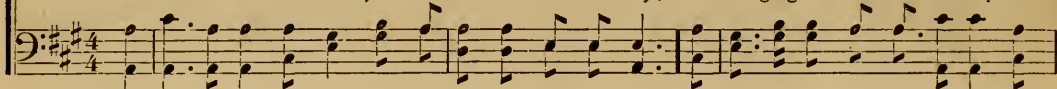
The musical score for the refrain is in 2/4 time and one flat. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the bass clef.

SONG OF THE RANSOMED.

"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand." REV. 5:11.



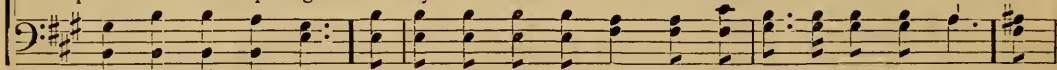
1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints Throng
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky; What ringing of a thousand harps Be -



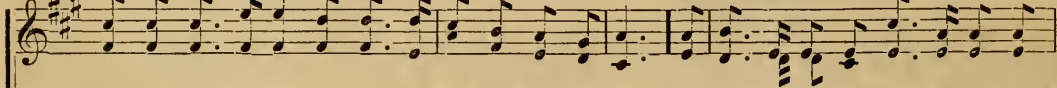
3. Oh then what rapture'd greet'ng On Canaan's happy shore, What knitting severed friendships up Where



up the steeps of light; 'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin; Fling
speaks the tri - umph nigh! Oh day for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made! Oh



part - ings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle That brimmed with tears of late, Or -

REFRAIN.

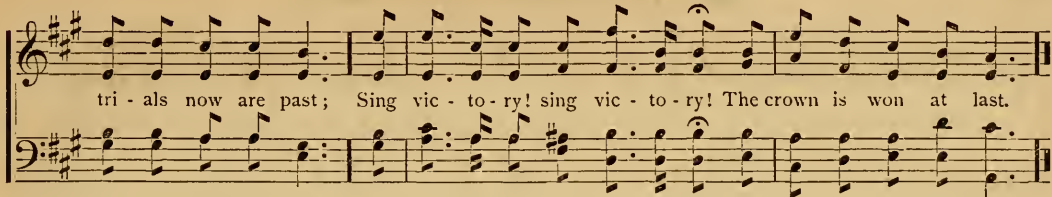
o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. There's vic - to - ry, great vic - to - ry, Earth's
joy for all its for - mer woes A thousand-fold re - paid! There's victory, etc.



phans no lon - ger fa - therless, Nor wid - ows des - o - late. There's victory, etc.

SONG OF THE RANSOMED—Concluded.

15



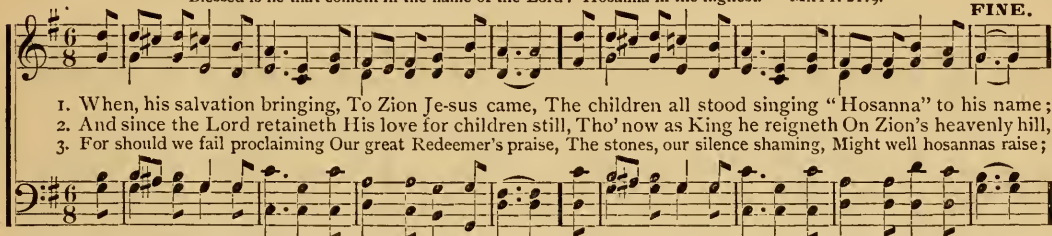
tri - als now are past; Sing vic - to - ry! sing vic - to - ry! The crown is won at last.

15. HOSANNA TO HIS NAME!

J. R. Murray.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!" MATT. 21:9.

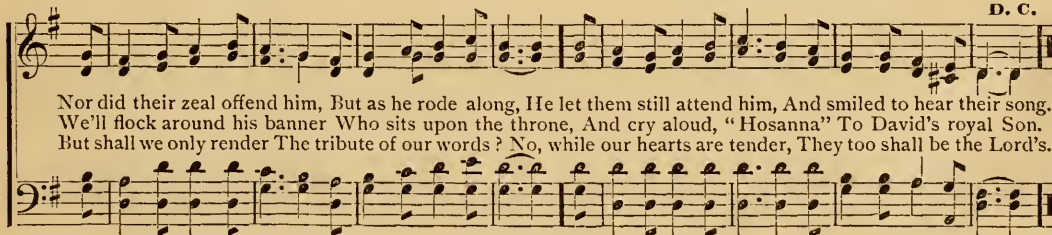
FINE.



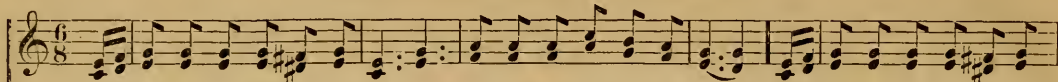
1. When, his salvation bringing, To Zion Je-sus came, The children all stood singing "Hosanna" to his name;
2. And since the Lord retaineth His love for children still, Tho' now as King he reigneth On Zion's heavenly hill,
3. For should we fail proclaiming Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our silence shaming, Might well hosannas raise;

D. C. When, his salvation bringing, To Zion Jesus came, The children all stood singing "Hosanna" to his name.

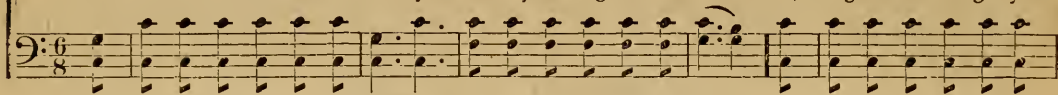
D. C.



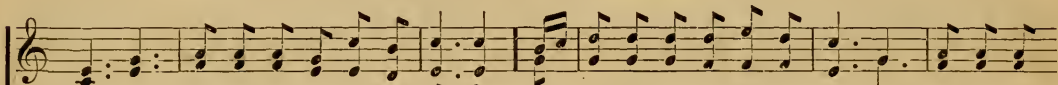
Nor did their zeal offend him, But as he rode along, He let them still attend him, And smiled to hear their song.
We'll flock around his banner Who sits upon the throne, And cry aloud, "Hosanna" To David's royal Son.
But shall we only render The tribute of our words? No, while our hearts are tender, They too shall be the Lord's.



1. Ye angels who stand round the throne, And view my Immanuel's face, In rapturous songs make him
 2. Ye saints who stand nearer than they, And cast your bright crowns at his feet, His grace and his glory dis-



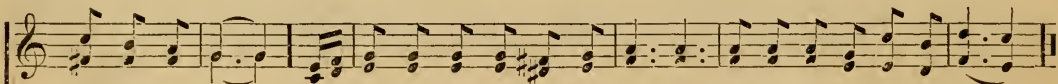
3. I want to put on my at-tire, Washed white in the blood of the Lamb; I want to be one of your



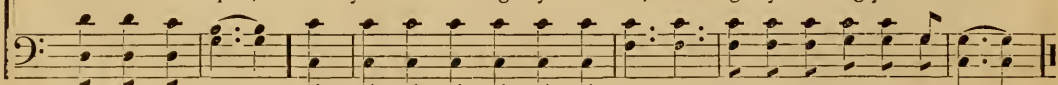
known, Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise; He formed you the spirits you are, So hap-py, so
 play, And all his rich mer-cy re - peat. He snatched you from hell and the grave, He ransomed from



choir, And tune my sweet harp to his name; I want, oh I want to be there, Where sorrow and



no-ble, so good; While oth-ers sunk down in de-spair, Confirmed by his pow-er ye stood.
 death and de - spair, For you he was migh-ty to save, Al - migh-ty to bring you safe there.



sin bid a - - dieu, Your joy and your friendship to share, To won-der and worship with you.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

J. W. Suffern. 17

DUET.

1. Hark! how the gospel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the world the ech - o bounds, And Je - sus, by re -
 2. Hail, Je - sus! all - vic - torious Lord! Be thou by all man - kind a - dored! For us didst thou the

3. And when, thro' grace, our course is run, The battle fought, the vic - t'ry won, Then crowns unfading

deeming blood, Is bringing sin - ners home to God, And guides them safely by his word To end - less day.
 fight maintain, And o'er our foes the vic - t'ry gain, That we with thee might ever reign In end - less day.

we shall wear, The glory of thy king - dom share With thee, our glorious Leader, there In end - less day.

CHORUS.

Then glo - ry and honor, praise and power, Be un - to the Lamb for ev - er and ev - er. Praise ye the Lord.

LET THE CHILDREN SING.

John Lloyd, Jr.

"Sing and rejoice." ZECH. 2: 10.

1. Let the children sing of Je- sus; Angels sing in heaven a-bove ; Let their voices sweetly mingle In the
2. Let the children sing of Jesus ; Teacher, join your voice with theirs ; It will bring the early sunshine, It will

DUET.

happy songs of love. Jesus bought them; Let them praise him; He will hear the songs they sing. Oh, there's
bright - en all your cares. Loud-ly sing the hymns of praising, Gladly sing the songs of love, And your

Let them sing, Let them sing, Let them

CHORUS.

happiness in heaven When of Christ the children sing. Let them sing, Let them sing,
hearts will catch an echo From the holy choir above.

LET THE CHILDREN SING—Concluded.

19

sing of Je - - sus in a hap - - py, hap - - py, hap - - py song of love.

Let them sing of Je-sus; Let them sing, Let them sing, In a hap - py song of love.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

19. "THE LORD IS KING."

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

Fanny Crosby.

"Praise ye the Lord." Psa. 150:6.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

1. Praise the Lord, all ye people, O lift up your voice; Let the floods clap their hands and the mountains rejoice.
2. See the man-sions of glo-ry their por-tals un-fold; Our Redeemer as-cend-ing, the an-gels behold.

3. Tho' the kingdoms of earth and their splendors shall fall, Yet the Lord is triumphant, he rules over all.
4. To the Lord, our Cre - a - tor, sal - va-tion be-longs; Let his name be ex-alt - ed with rapture and songs.

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody is characterized by a steady, rhythmic pattern.

CHORUS.

We will praise him, we will praise him, we will join the mighty, mighty chorus, For the Lord is our God, for the Lord is our King.

The chorus is written in the same 3/4 time and key signature as the previous section. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment, with the piano part featuring a more active, rhythmic accompaniment.

GIVE TO GOD THE GLORY.

D. Hayden Lloyde.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward man."

1. Once I was a wand-'rer, lost and full of sin; Now I know how Christ a soul can win!
2. Give, oh give to Je - sus prais-es, while we sing; On-ward send the ti-dings, Christ is King!

3. We will tell the sto - ry, off-'ring life to all, All who take the cross and hear his call;
4. Come and join the ar - my, bat - tle for the right; Life is pass-ing; on - ward! work with might!

Come, oh, come to Je - sus, seek his grace to - day; None that seek him will he turn a - way.
See the world a - wa - king, prais-ing God a - bove—God who sends sal - va - tion, rich in love.

Thus we'll pray and la - bor for the lost by sin, Till the wand'ers all are gath - ered in.
Work! the time is pre - cious, la - bor - ers are few, And the Lord and Mas - ter call - eth you.

CHORUS.

"Glo - ry in the high - est!" an - gels sing, "Praise him! praise him!" echoes ring, Give to God the glory

GIVE TO GOD THE GLORY—Concluded.

21

for his Son, our Lord! Shout aloud his praise with full accord; Shout aloud, Ho-san-na! praise the Lord!

Leva Pierce.

21. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Wm. W. Bentley.

"Who loved me, and gave himself for me." GAL. 2:20.

1. Be our joy-ful song to-day, Je-sus, on - ly Je-sus; He who takes our sins away, Jesus, on - ly Je - sus.
2. Once we wandered far from God, Knowing not of Jesus, Treading still the downward road, Leading far from Jesus;

3. Be our trust thro' years to come, Jesus, only Jesus; Password to our heavenly home, Jesus, only Jesus.

Name with ev'ry blessing rife, Be our joy and hope thro' life, Be our strength in ev'ry strife, Jesus, only Jesus.
Till the Spirit taught us how 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow, And we fain would follow now Jesus, only Jesus.

When from sin and sorrow free, On thro' all e-ter-ni - ty, This our theme and song shall be, Jesus, only Jesus.

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

1. My life flows on, an end-less song; A-bove earth's lam-en-ta-tions, I catch the sweet
 2. What tho' my joys and com-forts die, The Lord my Sa-viour liv-eth; What tho' the dark-

3. I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a-bove it; And day by day

though far-off hymn That hails a new cre-a-tion. Thro' all the tu-mult and the strife I
 ness gath-er round, Songs in the night he giv-eth! No storm can shake my in-most calm While

the pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

hear the mu-sic ring-ing: It finds an ech-o in my soul; How can I keep from singing!
 to that ref-uge cling-ing; Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from singing!

fount-ain ev-er spring-ing: All things are mine, since I am his; How can I keep from singing!

"Rejoice in the Lord alway!" PHIL. 4:4.

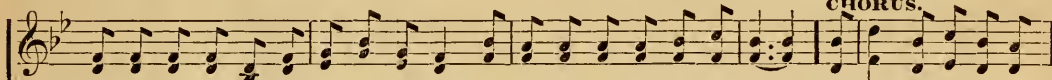


1. Who shall ev - er be joy - ful and glad prais-es sing? Who but the chil-dren of God? For their
2. Who are al-ways so hap - py, so peace-ful, and calm? Who but the chil-dren of God? And if

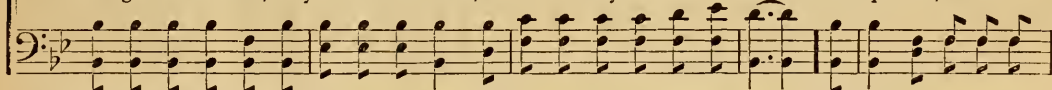


3. All the ills that be - set us in this wea - ry life Fear not the chil - dren of God, For they
4. Then, dear children, oh wont you u - nite with this band? Wont you be chil - dren of God, And at

CHORUS.



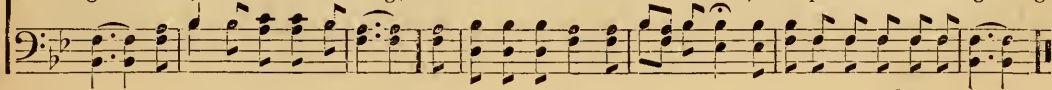
sins have been pardoned, and Christ is their King, And ever they trust in his word. Glad praises joyful-ly
dan-ger do threaten, they nev-er fear harm, For ev-er they trust in the Lord. Glad praises, etc.



know that soon over will be this world's strife, For ever they'll rest with the Lord. Glad praises joyful-ly
last sing his praises in that happy land, With all who have loved the dear Lord? Glad praises, etc.



sing To Christ, our Saviour and King; He loves us and saves us by his word; Glad praises and offerings bring.



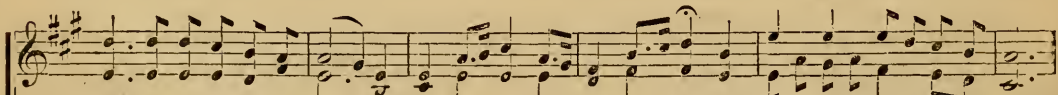
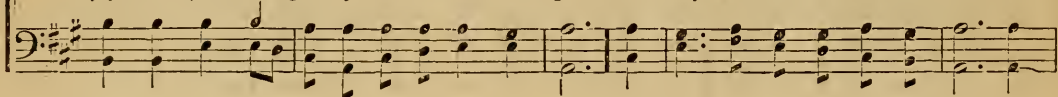
GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH.



1. Su-preme Cre-a-tor, King of Kings, Whose mighty arm sal-va-tion brings, To thee our joy-ful
 2. Let ev-ery crea-ture, ev-ery clime A-dore thy maj-es-ty sub-lime, And earth to heaven with



hearts we raise, And thy vic-torious name we praise. Thy saints redeemed, a glorious throng, Pro-
 joy re-ply, "All glo-ry be to God on high!" Soon may we reach that bliss-ful shore Where



claim thy triumphs in their song, And with the an-gel host they cry, "All glo-ry be to God on high!"
 sin and sorrow come no more, And with the ransomed join to sing, "All praise to our Al-migh-ty King!"



GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH—Concluded.

25

REFRAIN.

All crowns and kingdoms are thine own, For thou art God, and thou a-lone. Ho -

For thou art God, and thou alone. Ho -

san - - na in the high - est be, Hence - forth and ev - er - more to thee.

san - na in the highest, in the

25. LOVING HIM WHO FIRST LOVED ME.

From "The Echo."

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to obey; Sweeter lesson cannot be, Loving Him who first loved me.

2. With a childlike heart of love, At thy bidding may I move; Prompt to serve and follow thee, Loving Him who first loved me.

3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to follow in thy grace; Learning how to love from thee. Loving Him who first, etc.

4. Thus may I re-joice to show That I feel the love I owe; Singing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

2 25

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

W. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en

3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;

tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have never heard
thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell, etc.

The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That I have loved so long. I love to tell, etc.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY—Concluded.

27

be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

Fanny Crosby.

27. CLOSE TO THEE.

Wm. W. Bentley.

"It is good for me to draw near to God." *PSA.* 73:28.

1. Close to thee, O Lamb of God, May thy Spirit hold me; 'Neath thy all-protecting wings Let thy mercy fold me.
2. Close to thee, when weak and faint, Duty's path pursuing, Let me feel thy circling arm All my strength renewing.

3. Close to thee, O Saviour mine, Near thy cross abiding; I can brave the tempest's power, In thy love confiding.
4. Close to thee, when earthly ties One by one are breaking, When my soul to life anew Glad and pure is waking.

REFRAIN.

Close to thee, close to thee, Keep thy child for ever. Anchored firmly on the rock, Sin can harm me never.

OH, HOW HE LOVES!*

Rev. A. A. Graley.

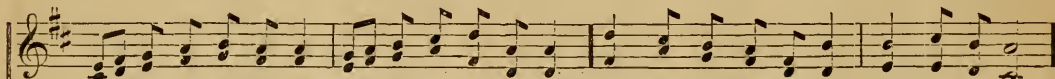
"Greater love hath no man than this." JOHN 15:13.



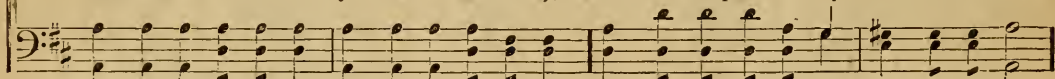
1. Je - sus my song shall be ; Oh, how he loves ! Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Oh, how he loves !
 2. He came to seek and save ; Oh, how he loves ! Set free the captive slave ; Oh, how he loves ;



3. Je - sus has ransomed me ; Oh, how he loves ! His shall the glo - ry be ; Oh, how he loves !

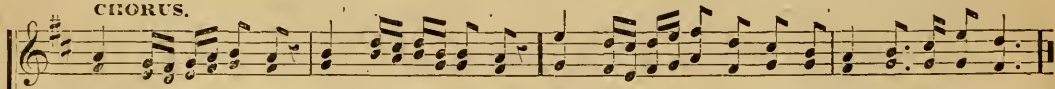


Moved by our mis - e - ry, He left his throne on high, Laid all his glo - ry by ; Oh, how he loves !
 Came down to toil and die, Jus - tice to sat - is - fy, Par - don and peace to buy ; Oh, how he loves !



He is my Saviour King ; Fondly to him I'll cling, Till safe at home I sing, Oh, how he loves !

CHORUS.



Oh, how he loves me ! Oh, how he loves me ! Oh, how he loves me, And will love me for ev - er !



Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Is an - y - where with Je - sus.

1. On the plains where Jacob lay,
2. On the land or on the sea,
3. On the couch where pain and gloom

In the des - ert's lone - ly way, On a sto - ny pil - low sleep - ing, Or 'mid wake - ful
If my Sa - viour watch o'er me, Tem - pest - tossed or sweet - ly rest - ing, Ev - er - more in
Shad - ow forth the near - ing tomb, If he loves, no foe can harm us; Death it - self shall

grief and weep - ing; An - y - where, an - y - where, An - y - where with Je - sus.
him I'm trust - ing. an - y - where, an - y - where,
not a - larm us!

* May be sung on D₇ or C.

MY REFUGE.

J. W. Suffern.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none,
 3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,

Let me to thy bo - som fly;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Grace to par - don all my sin;

While the billows near me
 Leave, ah, leave me not a -
 Let the healing streams a -

of my soul,
 have I none;
 let me fly,
 hangs on thee;

roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 bound, . . . Make and keep me pure with - in:

Hide me, O my Sa - vour, hide,
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art,

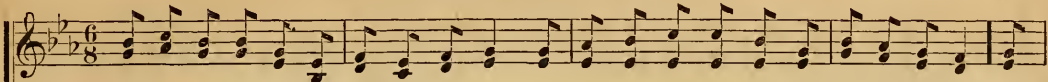
near me roll;
 not a - lone,
 still is high;
 com - fort me:

Till the storm of life is past; - - - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last.
 All my help from thee I bring, - - - Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.
 Free - ly let me take of thee; - - - Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter ni - ty.

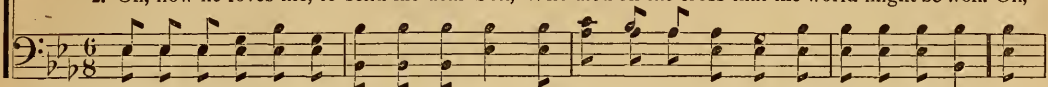
Rit.

THE DEAREST FRIEND IS JESUS.

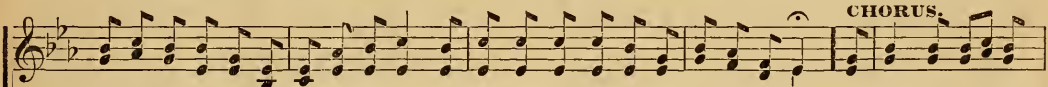
"I love them that love me." PROV. 8:17.



1. I am so thankful our Fa-ther has giv'n The plan of sal - vation thro' Jesus from heav'n. This
2. Oh, how he loves me, to send his dear Son, Who died on the cross that the world might be won. Oh,



3. Praises and love to this Je - sus we bring, De - vating our hearts and our lives while we sing. We
4. Lest we for-get this dear Friend and his ways, With kindness he fol-lows, and near us he stays ; For

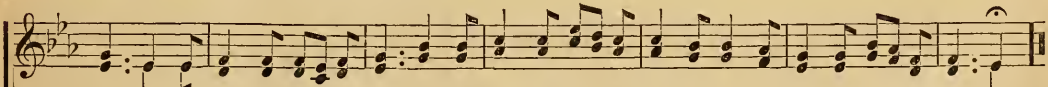


CHORUS.

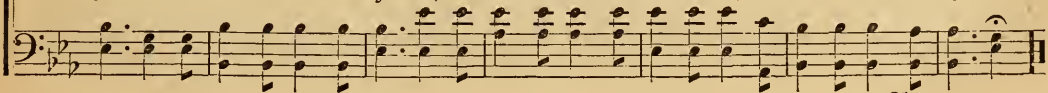
Jesus can save, for he came from above, And found us all ruined without his great love. The dearest Friend is
do not neglect what his love has thus bought: To save the lost world the dear Saviour has sought. The dearest, etc.



ask for thy grace; precious souls help us win; Oh, give us salvation, and keep us from sin. The dearest, etc.
by his great love he looks down on us all, Assisting and guiding us lest we should fall. The dearest, etc.



Je - sus, The dearest Friend is Je - sus ; No other name is half so sweet, The dearest Friend is Je - sus.



LOVE FOR JESUS.

J. W. Suffern.

"I am thine, and all that I have." 1 KINGS 20:4.

1. Sweet to sit at Je-sus' feet, Here the heart is lightest; When my Saviour's smile I greet, Joys are pure and brightest;
2. Hard and wea-ry is the way, When from him we wan-der; Are we go-ing thus a-stray? Let us pause and ponder;

3. Hasten to the Lamb who died, Sin-ners lost, be - night-ed. Lo! his hands, his feet, his side! What a Friend you've slighted.

Sorrow's tears yield many sweets, Wiped away at Jesus' feet; Sorrow's tears yield many sweets, Wiped away at Jesus' feet.
Why in darkness take delight? Why not walk in paths of light? Why in darkness take delight? Why not walk in paths of light?

On the cross the Saviour bled; Jesus suffered in your stead; On the cross the Saviour bled; Jesus suffered in your stead.

33. JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

INFANT CLASS HYMN.

R—aff.

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us, Bless thy little lambs to-night; Thro' the darkness be thou near us, Keep us safe till morning's light.
2. All this day thy hand hath led us, And we thank thee for thy care; Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us, Listen to our evening prayer.

3. May our sins be all forgiven, Bless the friends we love so well; Take us, when we die, to heaven, Happy there with thee to dwell.

JESUS' LOVE.

J. J. Hood, by per. 34

"Greater love hath no man than this." JOHN 15:13.

1. Jesus long his love has offered, Fain would dwell within thy heart ; Earnestly he craves an entrance, Can you
2. Never friend loved more sincerely ; Could he more than shed his blood, Richest streams of mercy pouring In that

3. Naught on earth is half so pre-cious As the gift he offers thee ; Human merit ne'er can buy it—Wondrous
4. Why then, sin-ner, do you lin-ger? Now is the accepted time ; God is wait-ing to be gracious, Now o-

REFRAIN.

bid him thence depart? Now your waiting Lord receive, Now his gracious word believe; Trust your soul unto his
all - a - ton-ing flood? Now your waiting Lord, etc.

love! 'tis offered free. Now your waiting Lord receive, Now his gracious word believe; Trust your soul unto his
by the call di - vine. Now your waiting Lord, etc.

keeping Who can cleanse from every sin ; From all dangers he will shield you, Till in heaven you dwell with him.

EVER WILL I PRAY.

J. H. Tenney.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray." *PSA. 55:17.*

1. Fa-ther, in the morning Un-to thee I'll pray; Let thy loving kindness Keep me thro' this day.
2. At the bu-sy noontide, Pressed with work and care, Then I'll wait with Jesus Till he hear my prayer.

3. When the evening shadows Chase a-way the light, Father, then I'll pray thee Bless thy child to-night.
4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In its shadowy eve-ning, Ev-er will I pray.

CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev-er will I pray; Morning, noon, and evening Unto thee I'll pray.
I will pray, I will pray, Ev-er will I pray;

36. PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU.

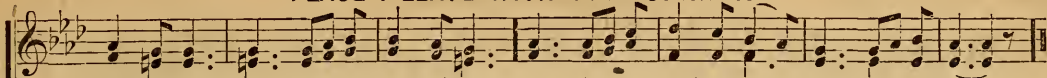
Rev. H. Kingsbury.
From "The Echo."

1. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you; Trust to my care. Thus the Re-
2. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you, Per - fect and pure; Not as the

3. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you, Though foes in - vade. All power is

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU—Concluded.

37



deem-er said, And bowed his sa-cred head Low in the garden shade, Wrest-ling in prayer.
world doth give, Words that the soul de-ceive : Ye that in me be-lieve Shall rest se-cure.

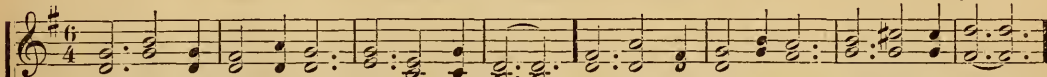


given to me ; I will your ref-uge be Now and e-ter-nal-ly ; Be not dis-mayed.

Mrs. E. Prentiss.

37. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

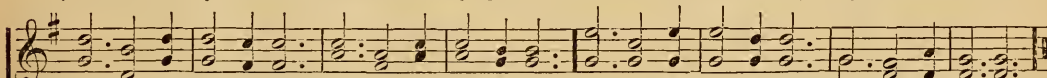
S. J. Vail.



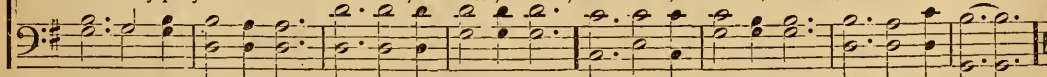
1. More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make On bend-ed knee ;
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest ; Now thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best :



3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain ; Sweet are thy mes-sengers, Sweet their re-frain,
4. Then shall my latest breath Whis-per thy praise ; This be the part-ing cry My heart shall raise,



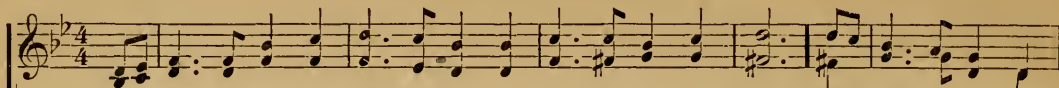
This is my earnest plea—More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee.
This all my prayer shall be—More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee.



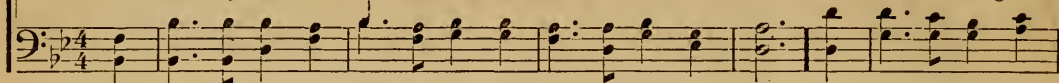
When they can sing with me—More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee.
This still its prayer shall be—More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee.

BEHOLD THE CROSS!

Wm. W. Bentley.

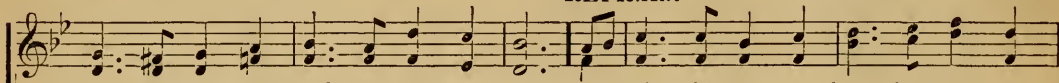


1. Be-hold the cross, the blood-stained cross! Thy dear Re-deem-er see; He turns with sad and
 2. To save thy soul from end-less woe, He left the courts a-bove. Oh, let his an-guish

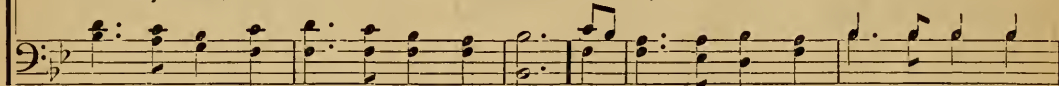


3. The ar-rows from the shaft of death Are fall-ing thick and fast; God's Spir-it will not
 4. His precious arms would fold thee now With-in their dear em-brace; Throw off to-day the

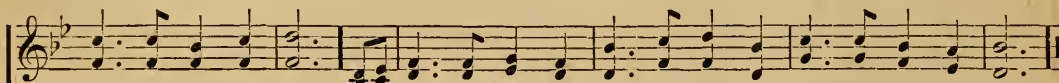
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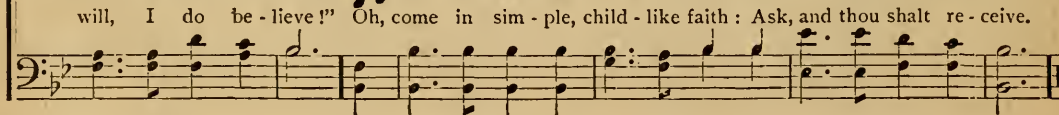
pity-ing glance, His plead-ing eyes to thee. He waits, he longs to hear thee say, "I
 break thy heart, And melt its chords to love. He waits, etc.



al-ways strive, This hour may be thy last. He waits, he longs to hear thee say, "I
 yoke of sin, Ac-cept his of-fered grace. He waits, etc.



will, I do be-lieve!" Oh, come in sim-ple, child-like faith: Ask, and thou shalt re-ceive.



1. We are waiting, blessed Lord, In thy courts with one accord; At thine al-tars bending low, Kin-dred
 2. In the closet, all alone, Help us, Christ, to touch the throne! As we walk and talk and sigh, Hear, oh,

3. Come to-day—yes, come to-day, While we wait and weep and pray, Holding fast in Jesus' name All the

souls together flow; Yearning love and strong desire To thy throne of grace aspire, And with kindling faith we
 hear thy people's cry; Bring us nearer to thy heart—We would dwell no more apart; Sweep the barriers all a-

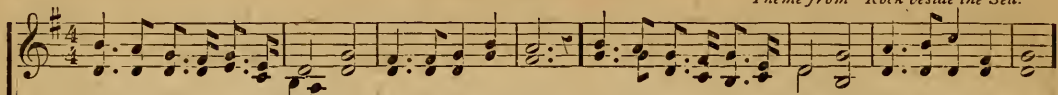
promise we may claim; Come, in one grand, glorious hour, With the burning fire and power, And the wonders long fore-

pray, Ho-ly Spir-it, come to-day, Come to-day, come to-day, Ho-ly Spirit, come, I pray.
 way, Ho-ly Spir-it, come to-day. Come to-day, come to-day, Ho-ly Spirit, come, I pray.

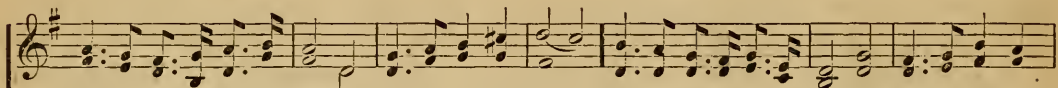
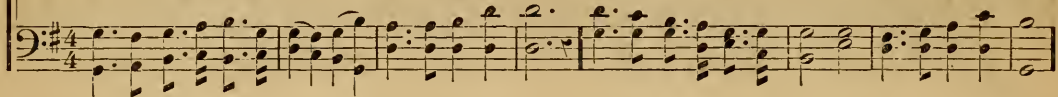
told, Of the Pen - te - cost of old. Come, come to-day, come, come to-day, Holy Spirit, come, I pray.

PASS ME NOT.

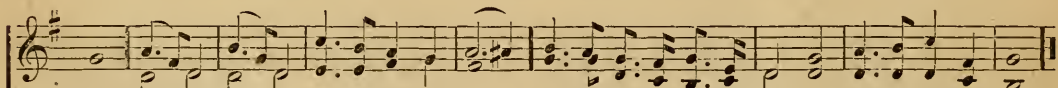
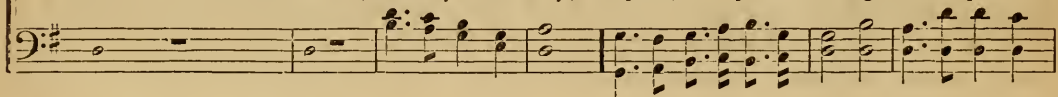
J. W. S.

Theme from "Rock beside the Sea."

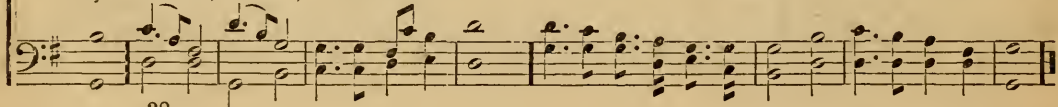
1. Pass me not, O loving Saviour, When I call to thee; As for mer-cy I am plead-ing, Mercy grant to me.
2. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour; Low I bend to thee! And for mercy now am calling, Saviour, pardon me.



Pass me not, O gen-tle Sa-viour, Thou of all most kind; Save me from the great temptations That allure the
 Pass me not, O tender Sa-viour; Hear my earnest cry; Help me, or I per-ish striving; Do not pass me



mind. Hear me, hear me, Je-sus, Sa-viour dear; Hear me as I plead for mer-cy; Oh, be ev-er near.
 by. Hear me, hear me, etc.



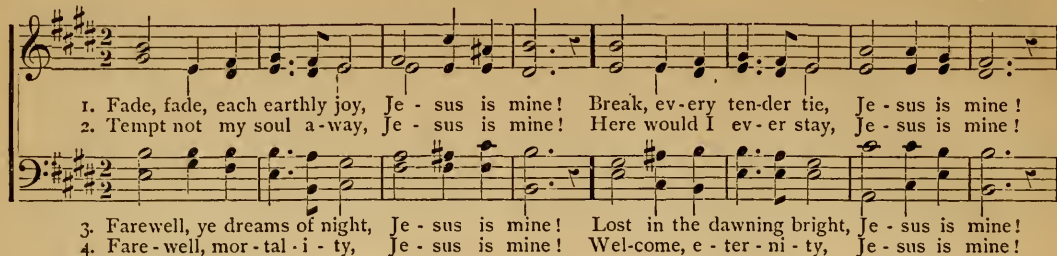
1. Come to my heart, thou cas - ket of the Lord, Full of the ra - dant jew - els of his word ;
 2. Thou light in darkness, hope for hearts oppressed, Quick, let me take thee to my troub - led breast,

3. Sal - vation's King, here show thy radiance bright ; With faith, love, hope, my yearning spir - it fill ;
 4. A wea - ry pil - grim, here I seek re - pose ; A - thirst for life, for me this foun - tain flows :

Blest eyes that see and fin - gers that un - fold These words of ru - bies and these leaves of gold !
 My health, my life ; oh, power of words di - vine To heal the wounded spir - it, speak to mine !

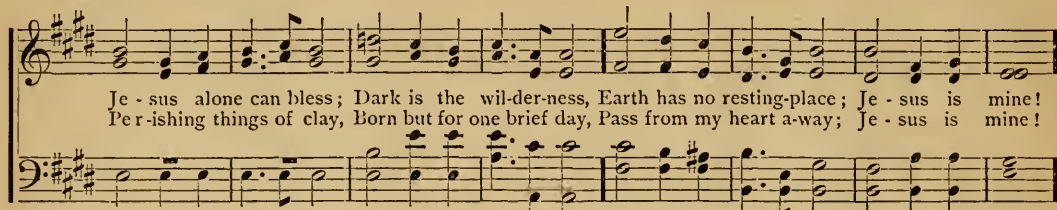
Say to my wayward thoughts, "I am the Light!" Say to my rest-less passions, "Peace, be still."
 All oth - er springs, all oth - er streams are dry ; Here, at life's riv - er, I must drink or die.

1st time. } The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! The gift is for you and for me,
 } The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! God's [OMIT. - - - - -] treas - ure so rich and so free.
2d time.



1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - ery ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in the dawning bright, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!



Je - sus alone can bless; Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no resting - place; Je - sus is mine!
Per - ishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine!

All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, Lord, ever blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast; Jesus, etc.

CHORUS. Rest Rest



Sweetly rest, Sweetly rest; Je - sus is my rest - ing - place, Je - sus is mine!

Sweet - ly rest, Sweet - ly rest.

"Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." PSA. 51:7.

1. There is a foun-tain, deep and wide, Where flows the crim-son flood, Once o-pened in my
2. How can I rest, my gracious Lord, Till I am pure with-in? Oh, pu-ri-fy me

3. With wel-come kind thou dost re-ceive My con-se-cra-ted soul; While I in thee my
4. Oh, how shall I the Sa-viour praise Who shed his blood for me! In loudest strains my

CHORUS.

Sa-viour's side, And filled with hal-lowed blood. Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
through thy blood, From all my in-bred sin. Washed in the blood, etc.

Lord be-lieve, Thy blood doth make me whole. Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
voice I'll raise, And shout the vic-to-ry. Washed in the blood, etc.

Whi-ter than snow I shall be; Washed in the blood of the Lamb, Who died on Cal-va-ry.

44, 45 John F. Wood.

ABIDING LOVE.

Silas J. Vail.

1. O Thou in power and maj-es-ty trans-cend-ing, Ru-ling for ev-er from thy throne a - bove,
2. At ear - ly morn, when roseate tints are streaming A-thwart the broad im-men-si - ty of sky,

3. The bea-con light, on some bold headland shi - ning, Its warn - ing gives, to shun the treacherous shore,

May thy blest Spir - it, on our souls de - scend-ing, Fill ev - ery heart with firm, a - bi - ding love.
May we a - rise with glad-ness to a - dore thee, Great God our Father, Friend, and King on high.

So may thy word, our pathway clear de - fi - ning, Guide us thro' dan-ger safe - ly ev - er - more.

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

45. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

J. T. Grape, by per.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
2. For noth-ing good have I, where-by thy grace to claim; I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

3. Then down be-fore his cross I'll lay my sin - sick soul, For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole.

JESUS PAID IT ALL—Concluded.

46

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, — all to him I owe: Sin had left a crimson stain, He wash'd me white as snow.

Fanny J. Crosby.

46. MORE LIKE JESUS.

W. H. Doane.

From "Silver Spray," by per.

1. More like Je - sus would I be: Let my Saviour dwell with me, Fill my soul with peace and love—
D. S. Poor in spir - it would I be,
 2. If he hears the ra - ven's cry, If his ev - er watch - ful eye, Marks the sparrows when they fall,
D. S. Pure in heart I still would be—

3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day, May I rest me by his side,
D. S. Rich in faith I still would be—

FINE.

Make me gen - tle as a dove; More like Je - sus while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;
 Let my Sa - viour dwell in me.
 Sure - ly he will hear my call. He will teach me how to live, All my sinful thoughts forgive;
 Let my Sa - viour dwell in me. *D. S.*

Where the tranquil wa - ters glide. Born a - gain, thro' grace renewed, By his love my will subdued,
 Let my Sa - viour dwell in me. 43

RESTING BY-AND-BY.

C. E. Davis.

1. When faint and wea-ry toil-ing, the sweat-drops on my brow, I long to rest from la - bor, to
 2. This life to toil is giv-en, and he improves it best Who seeks by pa-tient la - bor to

3. Nor ask, when o-ver-burdened you long for friendly aid, Why i-dly stands my brother, no
 4. Then, reap-er in the har-vest, let this thy strength sustain: Each sheaf that fills the garner brings
 drop the bur-den now; There comes a gen-tle chi-ding to quell each murmuring sigh: Work
 en-ter in - to rest; Then, worn and wea-ry pil-grim, press on, the goal is nigh; The

yoke up-on him laid? The Mas-ter bids him tar-ry, and dare you ask him why? "Go
 you e-ter-nal gain. Then bear the cross with pa-tience, to fields of du-ty hie; 'Tis

REFRAIN.

while the day is shining, there is rest-ing by-and-by. There is rest-ing, there is rest-ing, there is
 prize is straight before thee, there is resting by-and-by. Resting by-and-by, Resting by-and-by;
 la - bor in my vineyard, there is rest-ing by-and-by."
 sweet to work for Je-sus, there is rest-ing by-and-by.

RESTING BY-AND-BY—Concluded.

48

rest - - ing by - and - by: We shall not al - ways la - bor, there is rest - ing by - and - by.
There is rest - ing by - and - by.

48. LEAD THOU ME.

D. S. W.

1. When the day of life is bright - est, Love the fondest, hope most free, And the steps of time beat
2. When the night of life is dark - est, And my soul shall tempted be; When to sor - row's voice I
3. Be life's pathway smooth or sto - ny, Let my faith still cling to thee; Be life's fu - ture bright or

Rit.
light - est, O my Father, lead thou me; Lead thou me, lead thou me, O Father, lead thou me.
list - en, O my Father, lead thou me; Lead thou me, etc.
storm - y, O my Father, lead thou me; Lead thou me, etc.

LIFT THE HEART.

Wm. T. Rogers.

1. Child, a-mid the flow'rs at play, While the red light fades a - way ;
 2. Trav-ler, in the stranger's land, Far from thine own household band ; Mourner, haunted by the tone

3. Warrior, that from battle won Breath-est now at set of sun ; Wom - an, o'er the low-ly slain
 Ev - er foll'wing si-lent - ly ; Fa-ther, by the breeze at eve Called thy harvest work to leave, ..
 Of a voice from this world gone ; Captive, in whose narrow cell Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ; ..
 Weeping on his burial plain ; Ye that triumph, ye that sigh, Kin-dred by one ho - ly tie ; . . .

Pray ere yet the dark hours be, Lift the heart, lift the heart, Lift the heart and bend the knee.
 Sail - or, on the dark - ning sea, Lift the heart, lift the heart, Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Heaven's first star a - like ye see ; Lift the heart, lift the heart, Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

L. H. Dowling.
CHORUS.

I AM GLAD.

J. W. Suffern. 50

I am glad that I love Je - sus, Blessed Sa-viour, kind and true; I am glad that he has

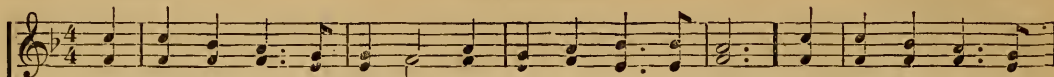
FINE. SOLO.

giv - en Work for lit - tle hands to do.

1. I am glad my bless - ed Je - sus Once was but a
2. I am glad my bless - ed Je - sus Is my Broth - er
3. I am glad my bless - ed Je - sus Keeps the promise

Rit. D. C.

lit - tle child; Glad he showed me how to love him, My Re-deem - er, meek and mild.
and my Friend; I am glad his lov - ing kind - ness Nev - er, nev - er has an end.
he has given, That the lit - tle ones who love him Shall a - bide with him in heaven.



1. My foot is on the thres-hold, My hand is on the latch, My heart is rent with
 2. My hands hang weak and nerve-less My bur - den to re - move; My fee - ble knees are



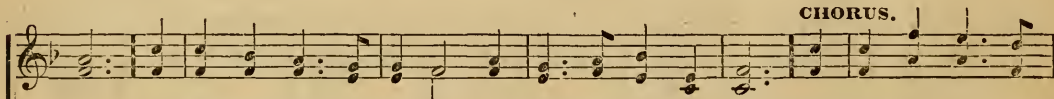
3. Oh, haste! un - latch, I pray thee! I trust thy gra - cious word, "To him that knocks I'll



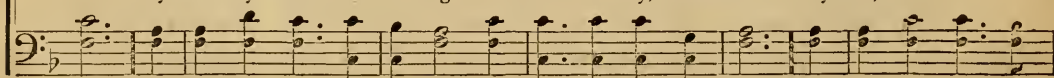
sor - row, Oh, do not turn me back! I've come a wea - ry distance, Long miles of grief and
 sha - king; O - pen and show thy love; My eyes are dim with watching To catch a glimpse with-



o - pen!" Thou true and faith - ful Lord. The latch turns on the prom - ise, The door on hinge of



sin; I'm sore - ly pressed and la - den; Oh, wilt thou let me in? My foot is on the
 in: My hea - vy ear is ach - ing To hear thee say, "Come in." My foot, etc.



gold; Oh, wondrous grace and glo - ry, The half had not been told! My foot, etc.

KNOCKING—Concluded.

52

threshold, I'm wea-ry of my sin, My heart is rent with sor-row, Oh, wilt thou let me in?

J. H. S.

52. I NEED THEE.

Rev. J. H. Stockton, by per.

“Without me ye can do nothing.” JOHN 15:5.

1. I need thee, blessed Jesus, To lead me to thy cross; I need thee, precious Jesus, To cleanse my heart from dross.
2. I need thee, blessed Jesus, To wash away my sin; I need thee, precious Jesus, To keep me pure within.

3. I need thee, blessed Jesus, When I am called to die; I need thee, precious Jesus, To waft my soul on high.

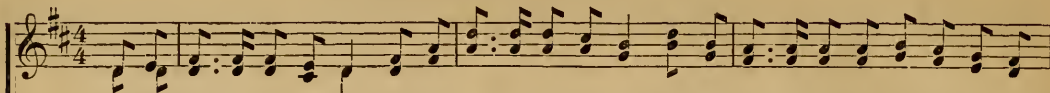
REFRAIN.

I need thee, blessed Jesus, I know I need thee now; I need thee, I need thee, My Lord, I need thee now.

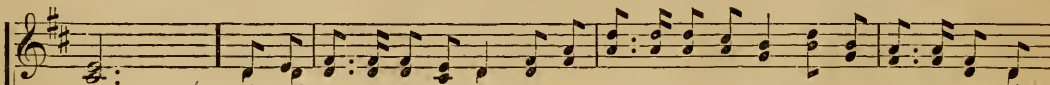
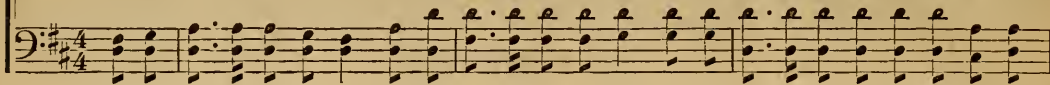
COME, LOVING SAVIOUR.

Wm. W. Bentley.

"Those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. 8:17.

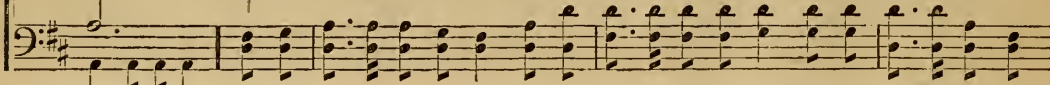


1. We are weak and sinful, Lord, Yet we trust thy ho-ly word, Where thy promises as-sure us thou wilt
 2. Thou alone canst sinners heal, And thy wondrous love reveal, Cleansing with the fountain flowing from thy



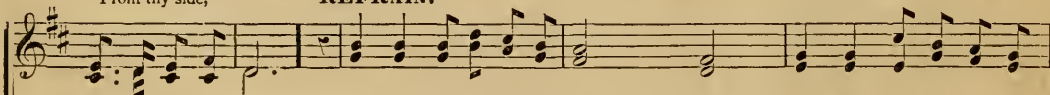
own
 side ;

All thy children when they pray, And wilt nev-er turn a - way An - y who will raise pe-
 All may pure and stain-less be, Ev - er finding rest with thee, And beneath the shadow



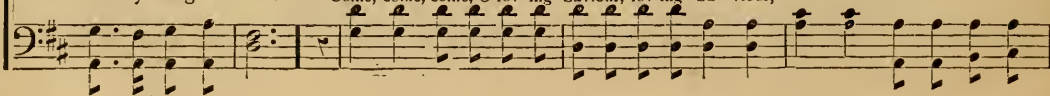
Thou wilt own,
 From thy side,

REFRAIN.



ti-tions to thy throne.
 of thy wing a - bide.

Come, come, come, O loving Sa - - - - viour, Cleanse us from the stain of
 Come, come, come, O lov-ing Saviour, lov-ing Sa - viour,



COME, LOVING SAVIOUR—Concluded.

54

sin ; With thy Holy Spirit move, Fill our hearts with perfect love, Let us never rest till pure within.
Stain of sin;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

54. SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS.

From "The Echo," Am Tr. Soc.

1. Children, 'tis a little thing, Speak a word for Jesus ; If no richer gift you bring, Speak a word for Jesus.
2. When his image man assails, Speak a word for Jesus ; He the shame and anguish feels, Speak a word, etc.

3. When you hear his name profaned, Speak a word, etc. By his wondrous love constrained, Speak a word, etc.
4. Oh, then, never be ashamed, Speak a word for Jesus ; Let your tongue, by love inflamed, Speak a word, etc.

The musical score is in 2/4 time and one sharp key signature. It features a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

CHORUS.

Gentle words, loving words, How they melt and please us ; Oh, there's wondrous power in words, Speak a word, etc.

The chorus is written in the same 2/4 time and one sharp key signature as the previous section. It consists of a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff.

55, 56

ALL FOR JESUS.

C. H. Carroll.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus! Once more before we part, Ring out the joyful watchword From every grateful heart;
2. The whole wide world for Jesus! From out the Golden Gate, Thro' all Pacific's islands, And China's princely state;

3. The whole wide world for Jesus! Thro' all its fragrant groves Ring out again the watchword, In loftiest, gladdest tones.

The whole wide world for Jesus! Be this our bat-tle cry, . . . The lift-ed cross our or-i-flame, A sign to conquer by.
From India's vales and mountains, Thro' Persia's land of bloom, The holy fields of Palestine, And Afric's des-ert gloom.

The whole wide world for Jesus! We'll wing the song and prayer, And link them both with labor, 'Till Christ his crown shall wear.

Faber.

56. COME NEARER JESUS.

Arr. by S. J. Vail.

1. There's a fulness in God's mercy, Like the ful-ness of the sea; There's a kindness in his jus-tice
2. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n; There's no place where earthly failings

3. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind, And the heart of the E-ter-nal
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word, And our lives would be all sunshine

COME NEARER JESUS—Concluded.

57

Which is more than lib - er - ty. He is calling, "Come to me." Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.
 Have such kind-ly judgment given. He is calling, etc.

Is most won - der - ful - ly kind. He is calling, "Come to me." Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.
 In the sweet-ness of our Lord. He is calling, etc.

57. I LEAVE IT ALL WITH JESUS.

Edwin F. Johnson.

1. I leave it all with Jesus; Then wherefore should I fear? I leave it all with Jesus, And he is ev-er near.
 2. I bring it all to Je-sus In calm, believing prayer; I bring it all to Jesus, And love to leave it there.

3. Then why should drooping spirits Or sinking fears be known? Why should I bear a burden Which Jesus calls his own?

I leave it all with Jesus, Trust him for what must be; I leave it all with Jesus, Who ever thinks for me.
 Each tear, each sigh, each trouble, Each disappointment—all I love to give to Jesus, Who loves to take them all.

Ah, no! though dark and heavy Oftimes my way appears, One look, one word from Jesus My weary spirit cheers.

1. "He leadeth me!" oh, blessed thought! Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where-
 2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom; By waters still, o'er

3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine; Content, what - ev - er
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

REFRAIN.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me; By
 troub-led sea—Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me. He leadeth me, etc.

lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, By
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me. He leadeth me, etc.

his own hand he lead-eth me; He lead-eth me, he lead-eth me, By his own hand he lead-eth me.

1. Brother, have thy feet been taken From the pit of mi - ry clay? Do they press the rock unshaken
2. Is thine armor polished brightly? Is the shield of faith thine own? Tho' the hosts of sin press tightly,

3. Tho' ten thousand foes assail thee, Still the righteous cause defend; Je - sus Christ can never fail thee,
4. What hath earth or hell to move thee! To the rock thou still mayst hold; See, yon glit'ring tower's above thee,

CHORUS.

While the storms beat day by day? Then stand, stand fast in the faith; Then stand, stand fast in the faith.
Thou may'st stand for Christ alone. Then stand fast, etc.

He will help thee to the end.
And the streets of shining gold.

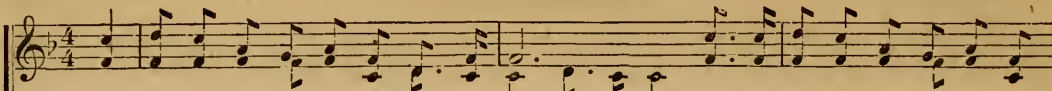
Stand fast in the faith,
Stand fast, etc.

Stand fast in the faith.

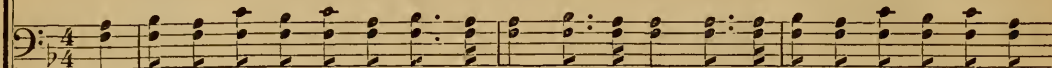
If thy feet are on the rock, Heed not the tem-pest shock, But stand and be strong till death.

I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

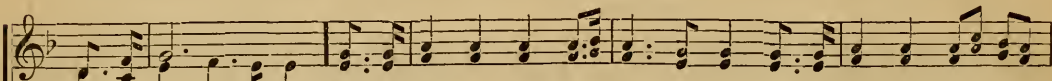
J. E. Gould, by per.



1. I left it all with Je - sus, Long a - go, *Long a - go*, All my guilt and sins I brought him
 2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For he knows, *For he knows*, How to take the sad, the bit - ter



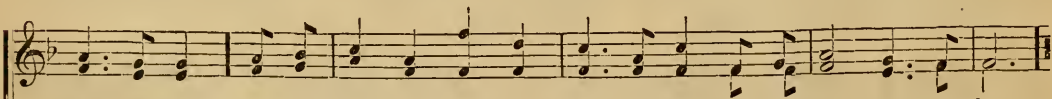
3. Oh, leave it all with Je - sus, Drooping soul, *Drooping soul*; Tell not half, but all the sto - ry,



And my woe, *And my woe*; When by faith I saw him on the tree, Heard his still small whis - per,
 From life's woes, *From life's woes*; How to gild the tear - drop with his smile, Make the des - ert - gar - den



Yes, the whole, *Yes, the whole*. Worlds on worlds are hanging on his hand; Life and death are wait - ing



"'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way! Hap - py day, Hap - py day!
 Bloom a - while. When my weak - ness lean - eth On his might, It seems light, It seems light.



His com - mand; Yet his ten - der bo - som Makes thee room. Oh, come home! Oh, come home!

Miss Carey.

I'M NEARER HOME.

*** 61

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er: I'm near-er home to -
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be; Near - - er the great white

3. Near - er the bound where we Must lay our bur - dens down; Near - - er to leave the

REFRAIN.

day Than e'er I've been be - fore. I'm near-er my home, nearer my home, near-er my home to -
throne, Near-er the crys - tal sea. I'm nearer my home, etc.

cross, Near-er to wear the crown. I'm near-er my home, nearer my home, near-er my home to -

day: Yes, near - er my home in heaven to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - - fore.

62, 63 Fanny Crosby.

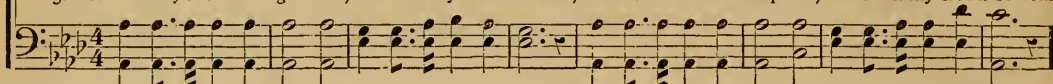
RESTING IN JESUS.

Wm. W. Bentley.

FINE.

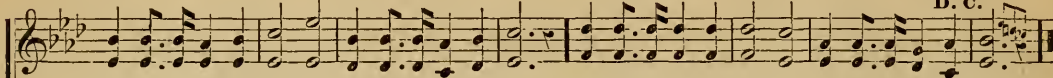


1. Soon shall I rest in Je-sus, Rest in his dear em-brace, E'en to a life e - ter-nal, Saved by redeeming grace.
2. Trust-ing my all with Je-sus, Why should my faith decline? What if I toil and la - bor, Waiting the harvest time?
3. Soon will my sheaves be gathered, Soon will my work be done; Then I shall rise triumphant, Then will my crown be won.

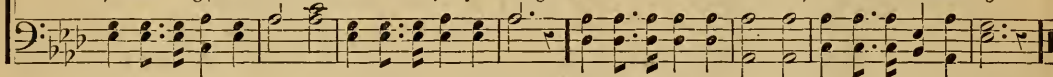


D. C. Soon shall I rest in Je-sus, Rest in his dear em-brace, E'en to a life e - ter-nal, Saved by redeeming grace.

D. C.

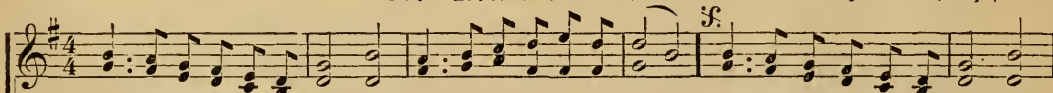


Soon shall I hear their greeting, Friends that in days of yore Sung of the ho - ly cit - y, Longed for the golden shore.
What if my path be rug-ged? Jesus that path hath trod, Leaving a lamp to guide me Up to the throne of God.
Oh, what a glo-rious vis - ion Comes to my raptured sight—Fields of immortal verdure, Skies of unclouded light.

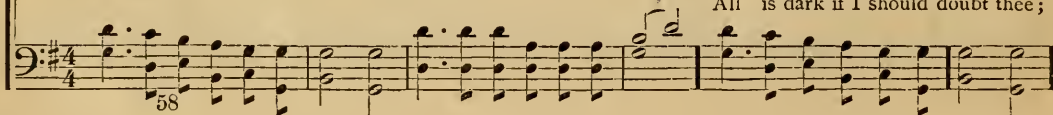


63. LIVING FOUNTAIN.

Harvey C. Camp, by per.



1. Liv-ing Fountain, ever flow-ing, Source of every joy to me, Full and free thy grace bestow-ing,
D. S. All on earth are passing, dy-ing.
2. Living Fountain, source of blessing, All my pleasures are in thee! While thy love I am pos-sess-ing,
All is dark if I should doubt thee;



LIVING FOUNTAIN—Concluded.

64

FINE.

D.S.

Musical score for 'Living Fountain' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a 'FINE.' marking and a 'D.S.' (Da Capo) instruction.

Fill my soul with love to thee ; Nothing else is sat - is - fy - ing, Nothing else can give me peace ;
 All its pleasures soon shall cease.
 Earth-ly joys are dross to me ! Nothing, Lord, can cheer without thee, For my bliss is in thy smile ;
 With thee all is bright the while.

J. C. Morgan.

64. TRUSTING IN THE WORD.

W. J. Kirkpatrick.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." JOHN 6:37.

Musical score for 'Trusting in the Word' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment.

1. All my doubts I give to Jesus, I've his gracious promise heard ; I shall never be confounded, I am trusting in that word.
 2. All my sin I lay on Jesus, He doth wash me in his blood ; He will keep me pure and holy, He will bring me home to God.

3. All my fears I give to Jesus—Rests my weary soul on him ; Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Never can his light grow dim.
 4. All I am I give to Je - sus—All my bod - y, all my soul, All I have, and all I hope for, While e - ter - nal - a - ges roll !

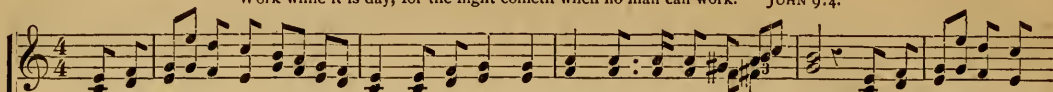
CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of 'Trusting in the Word' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment.

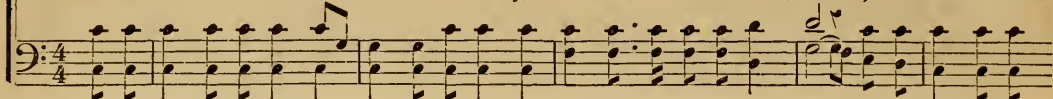
Trusting, trusting, fully trusting, Calmly trusting in his word ; I am trusting, simply trusting, Casting all upon my Lord.

WE'LL WORK WHILE 'T IS DAY.

"Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." JOHN 9:4.

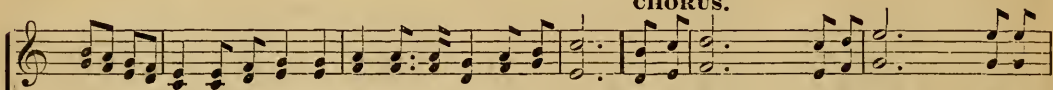


1. We will work, we will work while yet it is day, Ere life with its harvest is past, Tho' the sheaves may be
2. We will work ere the dew is brush'd from the way, Ere noon with its heat shall draw near; If the clouds shall a-

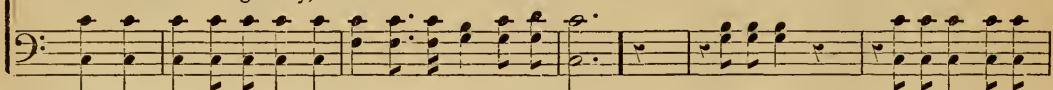


3. We will work till the shades of evening shall come, Till life's earnest labor is o'er; Then at last we will

CHORUS.



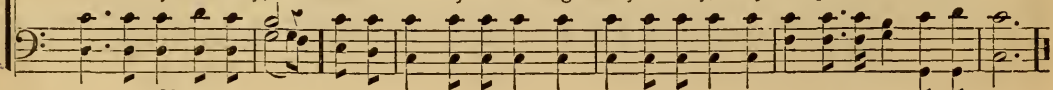
few we glean by the way, They'll help fill the storehouse at last. We will work, we will work, We will
rise and hide the bright day, E'en then we'll not fall to the rear.

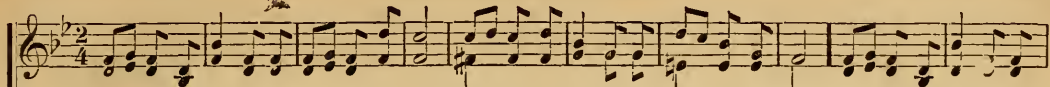


sing the dear "Harvest Home" With those who have gone on before. Yes, we'll work, yes, we'll work, We will



work while yet it is day; Tho' the sheaves may be few we glean by the way, They'll help fill the storehouse at last.





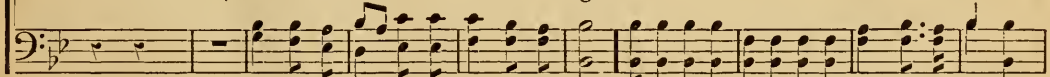
1. Singing for Je-sus where-er we are, Chanting his praises while wand'ring along, Lovingly trusting his
2. Singing for Jesus, our bountiful Friend, He who is willing and able to save; Whose love and mercy free



3. Singing for Jesus, the Lord of the skies, Singing for Jesus where-er we roam, Knowing that after a



heav-en-ly care, Praising him ev-er with beau-ti-ful song. Sing-ing ev-er, sing-ing for Je-sus
nev-er will end, Victorious Master o'er death and the grave.

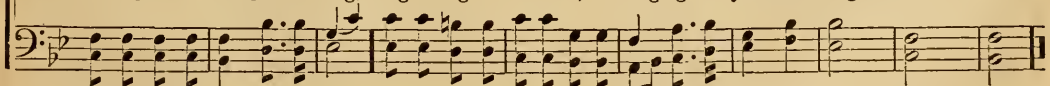


while we shall rise, Singing sweet songs in the beautiful skies. Singing ever, singing ever, singing for Jesus,

our glad song,



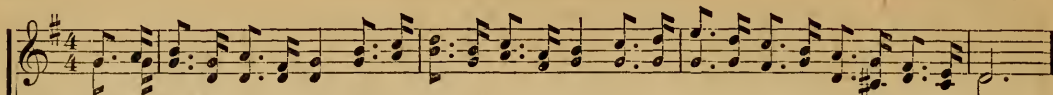
our glad, our glad song, Sing-ing ev-er, Singing for Je-sus our glad, our glad song.



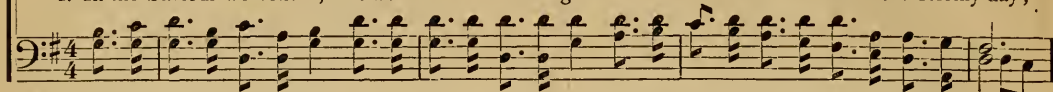
Singing ev-er, sing-ing our song; Singing ever, singing ever, Singing for Je-sus our glad song.

LET US GROW BETTER.

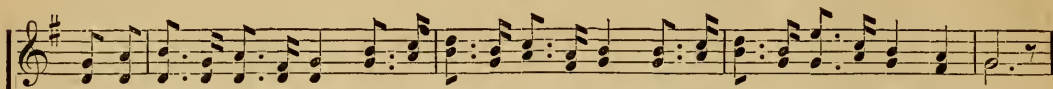
Rev. A. A. Graley.



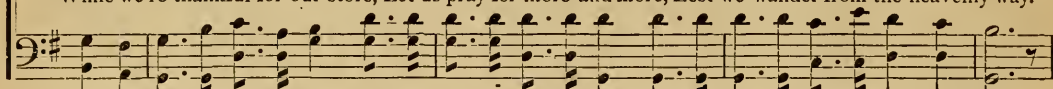
1. Let us dai - ly bet - ter grow, As we ev - er onward go To the hallowed ground beyond the rolling flood;
 2. In the Saviour we believe, But we've often cause to grieve That our faith so fails us in the stormy day;



3. We should love with perfect love; But our warm affections rove From the Friend who bled and died our love to
 4. There is much for us to do, And the workers are but few, For how many in the vineyard idle stand! [win.



Where no stain shall e'er appear On the robes the ransomed wear, For they've washed them in the Saviour's blood.
 While we're thankful for our store, Let us pray for more and more, Lest we wander from the heavenly way.

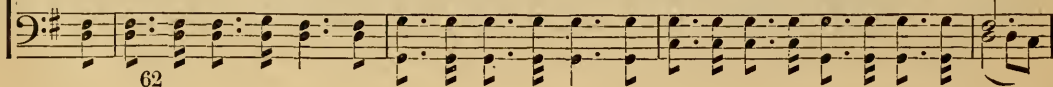


Tho' our fol - ly we deplore, We have need to sorrow more, That we ev - er feel the power of sin.
 But we will not yield to sloth, Nor to la - bor will be loath, Tho' too oft-en droops the wea - ry hand.

REFRAIN.



Then let us watch and pray, And la - bor ev - ery day To walk the path the blessed Je - sus trod;



LET US GROW BETTER—Concluded.

68

Let us cast off ev-ery weight As we press to Glo-ry's gate, And the Gold-en Cit - y of our God.

Rev. J. Parker.

68. TRUST MY LOVE.

S. J. Vail.

1. Art thou wea - ry? trust my love. Art thou halt - ing? Look a - bove. I have robes to give thy
2. Art thou stained? come wash thee white. Art thou fearful? walk in light. I have mansions read - y

3. Art thou bur - dened with thy care? Let me all thy bur - den bear—More and more thy path-way
4. Art thou lone - ly, poor, and sad? Let my pres - ence make thee glad. Mine is an ex - haust - less

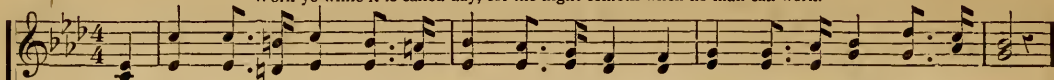
spir - it, I have bought them with my merit, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt reign with me.
for thee, I am waiting, watching o'er thee, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt reign with me.

shi - ning, More and more on me reclining—And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt reign with me.
treasure, All I have is thine for ev - er, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt reign with me.

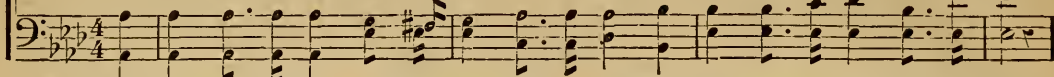
WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN.

T. C. O'Kane, by per.

"Work ye while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work."



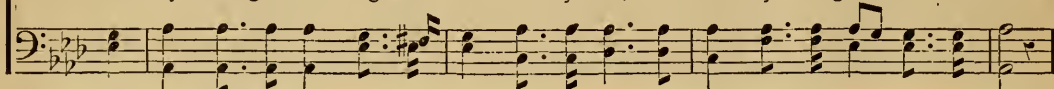
1. We nev - er will think there is naught we can do, Be - cause we can't work like a man;
 2. And if we have on - ly a pen - ny to give, We'll give it, tho' scan - ty our store;



3. But if an a - bun - dance we have at command, O Fa - ther, the spir - it be - stow
 4. Tho' God may not call us in re - gions a - far To scat - ter the gos - pel a - broad,

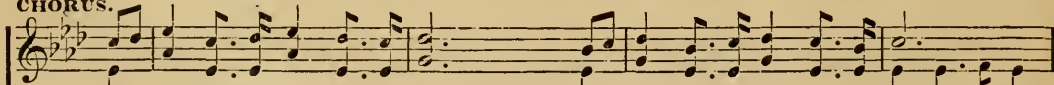


The har - vest is great, and the la - b'ers are few, So we must do all, all we can.
 For they who give noth - ing when lit - tle they have, When wealth - y will give lit - tle more.

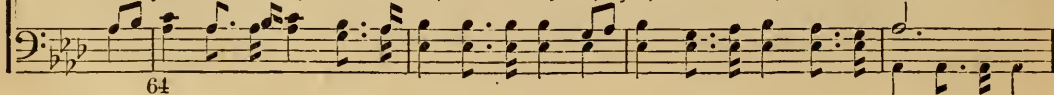


To scat - ter our wealth with a lib - er - al hand, To cheer those in sor - row and woe.
 We'll point those a - round us to Beth - le - hem's star, To heav - en, to home, and to God.

CHORUS.



Oh, yes, we'll do all, all we can, *all we can*; Oh, yes, we'll do all, all we can, *all we can*;



WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN—Concluded.

70

The har - vest is great and the la - b'ers are few, So we must do all, all we can.

70. SAVE, SAVE ONE.

W. A. Ogden.

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

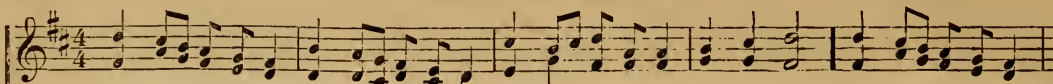
1. Souls are per - ish - ing be - fore thee. Save, save one! It may be thy crown of glo - ry; Save, save one!
 2. Not in thine own strength confiding, Save, save one! Faith and prayer thy ef - forts guiding, Save, save one!

3. Who the worth of souls can measure? Save, save one! Who can count the priceless treasure? Save, save one!

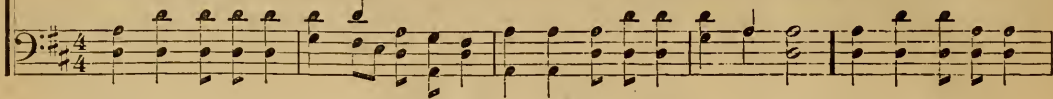
Cres. Ad lib.

From the waves that would devour, From the ra - ging li - on's power, From destruction's fiery shower, Save, save one!
 None can e'er, unless possessing Heavenly aid and heavenly blessing, To the work of mercy pressing, Save, save one!

Like the stars shall shine for ever Those who faithfully endeavor Dying sin - ners to de - liv - er. Save, save one!

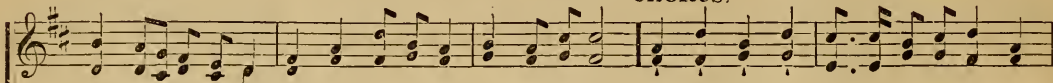


1. Youthful volunteers, Truth her standard rears; Down with coward fears, You shall win. Take faith's shield of might,
2. Strong are youthful hands, Keeping God's commands; Onward, joyous bands, At his word! Youthful hearts are bold,

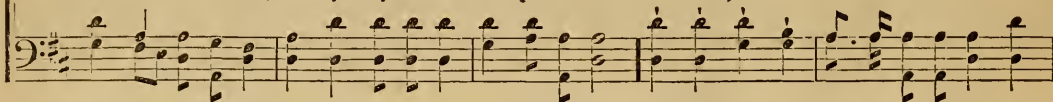


3. Safe at home at last, When the war is past, We ourselves will cast At his feet. God's be - lov - ed Son

CHORUS.



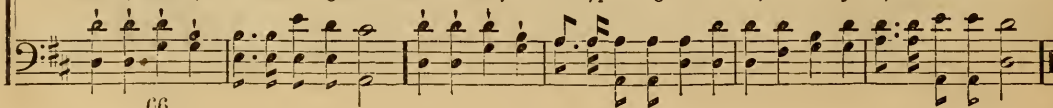
Take Hope's helmet bright, Choose the true and right, And conquer sin. Stand fast, comrades, Trust in Ju-dah's Li - on.
When his love is told; Firm-ly may we hold The Spir-it's sword. Stand fast, etc.



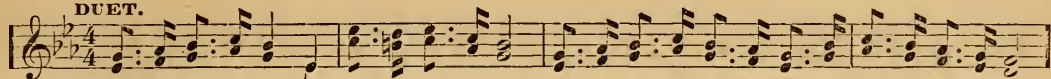
Has the glo-ry won; All our pain is done, Our joy com-plete. Stand fast, etc.



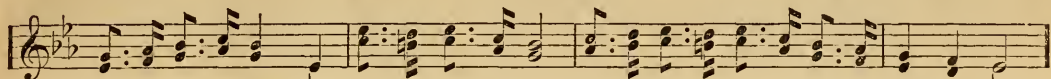
Fear not, fail not, Christ will bring us home. Love him, serve him, pressing on to Zion; Trust in Jesus, we shall overcome.



DUET.

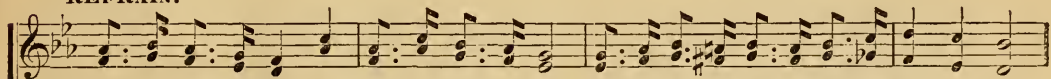


1. Let us help each oth-er o'er life's rugged way, Gent-ly lift the fallen ones, reclaiming those who stray,
2. Let us help each oth-er in the Christian way; Taught by our Redeemer's life, we need not ever stray;
3. Let us help each other, weary is the way, Dark the days and cheerless, when from his dear path we stray;
4. Let us help each other, Jesus makes the way Straight and very pleasant when we do not choose to stray;

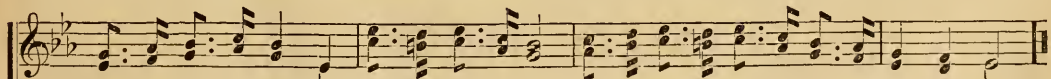
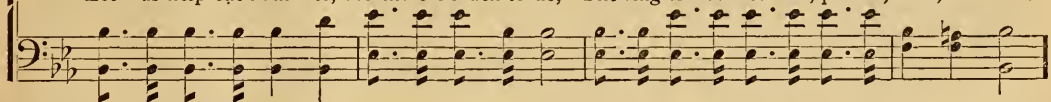


Cheer the sad and lone - ly with our hap - py light, Point the way of sure escape from death's dark night.
 Guid - ed by his coun-sel, looking t'ward the light, Which alone can save the lost from death's dark night.
 Joy - ous-ly we has - ten toward the bless-ed light, Glad - ly turn our face away from death's dark night.
 He will make the shad-ows dis - ap - pear in light, He will take a-way the gloom of death's dark night.

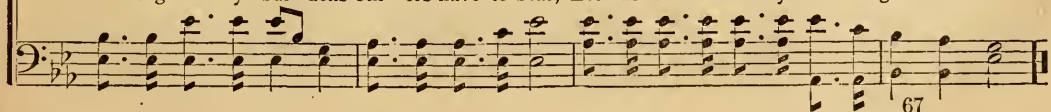
REFRAIN.



Let us help each oth - er, for there's much to do, Striv-ing to be use - ful, patient, kind, and true!

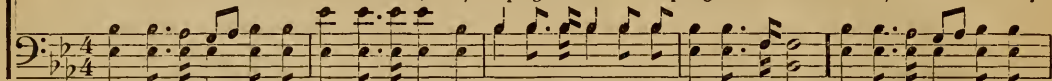


Eas - ing heav - y bur - dens oth - ers have to bear, Let us ev - er read - y be their griefs to share.

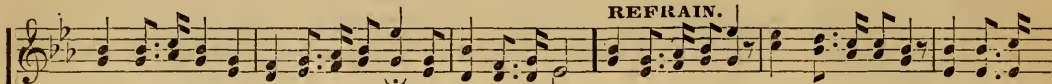




1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morn-ing, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the
 2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown? No, for the sower may

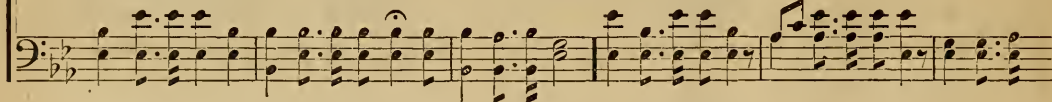


3. On - ly the truth that in life I have spoken, Only the seed that on earth I have sown, These shall pass onward when
 4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won, Then will his faithful and

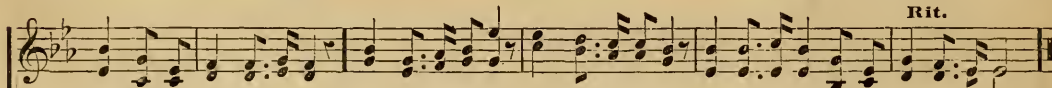


REFRAIN.

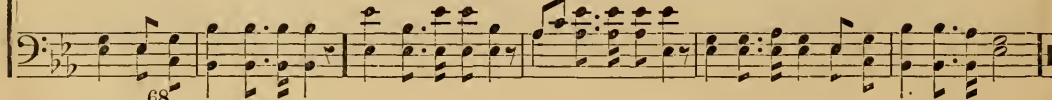
earth and its toil-ing, On - ly remembered by what I have done. On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly re -
 pass from his la-bors, On - ly remembered by what he has done. Only remembered, etc.



I am for-gotten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done. On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly re -
 wea - ry dis - ciples, All be remembered for what they have done, Only remembered, etc.



mem-bered by what I have done, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done.



DREAMING AND WAKING.

1. I have done at length with dreaming, From this day, O soul of mine, Thou must take up sword and buckler, Waging
 2. Yet, my soul, look not behind thee, Thou hast work to do at last; Let the brave toil of the pres-ent O-ver-

warfare most di-vine. Life is strug-gle, com-bat, vic-tory. Wherefore have I slumbered on, With my forces all un-arch the crumbling past. Build thy great acts high and higher, Build them on the conquered sod Where thy weakness first fell

Had I worked instead of

D. S.

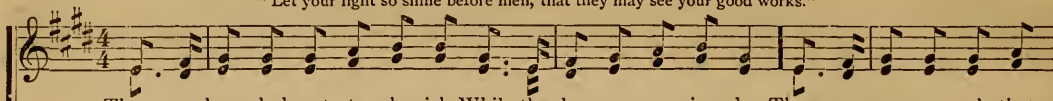
FINE. CHORUS.

marshalled, With my weapons all un-drawn? Oh, how many a glo-rious rec-ord Had the an-gels of me kept, bleed-ing, And thy first prayer rose to God. Oh, how many, etc.

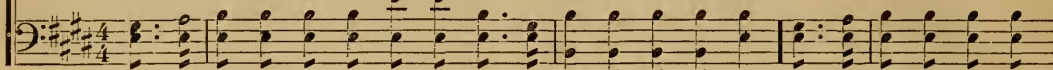
doubt-ed, Had I warred in-stead of wept.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

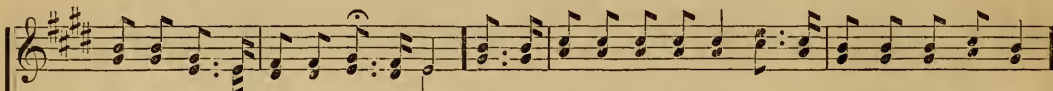
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works."



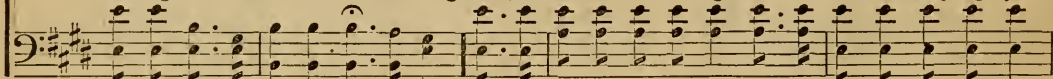
1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish While the days are go-ing by, There are wea-ry souls that
2. There's no time for i-dle fawning While the days are go-ing by; Let our face be like the



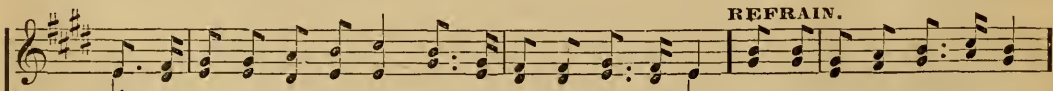
3. All the lov-ing ties that bind us, While the days are go-ing by, One by one we leave be-



per-ish, And the night is drawing nigh. If we're helpful, kind, and true, As our journey we pur-sue,
morning, Lit with radiance from on high. Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes;

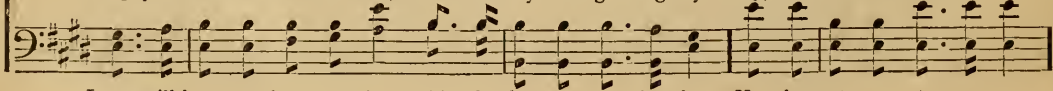


hind us, All is transient 'neath the skies; But the seeds of good we sow, In God's loving care will grow;



REFRAIN.

Oh, the good we all may do While the days are go-ing by. Up, then, trusty hearts and true,
Help your fall-en broth-er rise, While the days are go-ing by. Up, then, etc.



Love will keep our hearts a-glow While the days are go-ing by. Up, then, etc.

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY—Concluded.

76

Musical score for 'While the Days are Going By'. The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody in the voice part and accompaniment in the piano part. The lyrics are: 'Live for Him who died for you. Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.' The word 'Rit.' is written above the final measure of the voice part.

Live for Him who died for you. Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by. *Rit.*

Fanny J. Crosby.

76. MARCH ONWARD.

Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp, by per.

Musical score for 'March Onward'. The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody in the voice part and accompaniment in the piano part. The lyrics are: '1. March onward, march onward, our ban-ner of light Is wa-ving be-fore us ma - jes-tic and bright. 2. March onward un - daunt-ed, what-e'er may op-pose, The sword of the Spir-it will vanquish our foes.'

1. March onward, march onward, our ban-ner of light Is wa-ving be-fore us ma - jes-tic and bright.
2. March onward un - daunt-ed, what-e'er may op-pose, The sword of the Spir-it will vanquish our foes.

3. The shaft of the tempt-er will strike, but in vain, Our buck-ler of faith in Im-man-u-el's name;
4. March onward! O vis-ion of rap-ture un-told! The vic-tors for Je-sus ere long shall be-hold

Musical score for 'March Onward'. The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody in the voice part and accompaniment in the piano part. The lyrics are: 'March onward thro' tri - al, temp - ta-tion, and strife, Nor rest from the conflict—the bat - tle of life. Though legions of dark-ness our path-way as - sail, If prayer be our watchword they cannot pre-vail.'

March onward thro' tri - al, temp - ta-tion, and strife, Nor rest from the conflict—the bat - tle of life.
Though legions of dark-ness our path-way as - sail, If prayer be our watchword they cannot pre-vail.

The storm-cloud may gather, the thun-der may roll, Yet God is the Ref-uge and Rock of the soul.
The land of our prom-ise, the home of our rest, And dwell with our Lord thro' eter - ni - ty blest.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard." MATT. 21:28.

Earnestly.

1. Wait - ing is the gold - en har - vest, Wait - ing is the gold - en grain, While the Mas - ter
2. Tru - ly is the har - vest plenteous, But the la - bor - ers are few. Pray ye that the

3. Will the Mas - ter hold us guilt - less, If the work be left un - done? If for lack of
4. Haste, oh, has - ten, will - ing work - ers, Swift - ly speed the hours a - way; Hark - en to the

REFRAIN.

calls for reap - ers From the hill - side and the plain? Who is will - ing? who is read - y?
Lord of har - vest Send forth work - men tried and true. Who is will - ing? who is read - y?

la - bor per - ish Pre - cious souls we might have won. Who is will - ing? who is read - y?
Mas - ter's warn - ing, "Work ye while 't is called to - day." Who is will - ing? who is read - y?

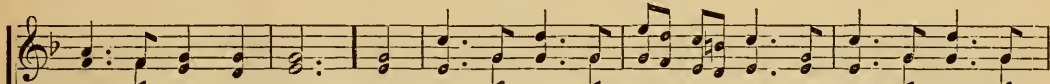
Who will go and work to - day? See the gold - en har - vest waiting. Who will bear the sheaves away?



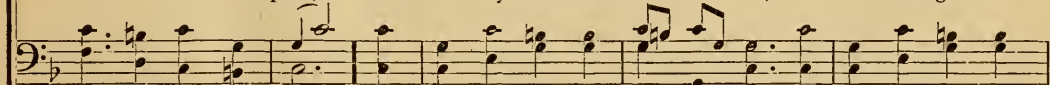
1. Why should I cov-et rich - es, Why sigh for golden gain, To hoard it as the mi-ser doth, With
 2. Then will I toil and la - bor With earnest hands and heart, And if my God my cof - fers fill, I'll



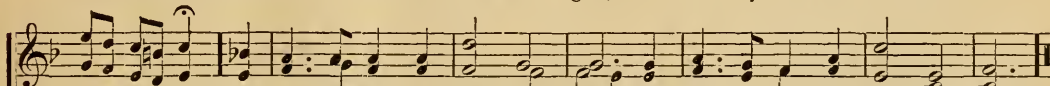
3. God's mes-sen-gers of mer - cy Are fly-ing here and there, To wipe the tears from weeping eyes, And



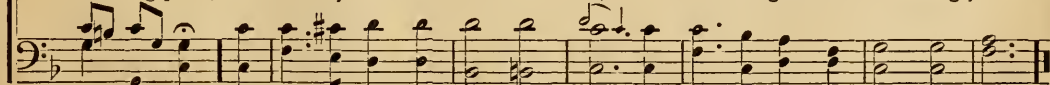
cease - less toil and pain? For gold and sil - ver can - not buy The small - est man - sion
 act the bet - ter part; And with my bread and wa - ter sure, I'll not for - get his



soothe the hearts of care. Like those sweet an - gels, let me try To do God's will un -



in the sky; For gold and sil - ver can - not buy The small - est man - sion in the sky.
 suffering poor; And with my bread and wa - ter sure, I'll not for - get his suf - fer - ing poor.



til I die; Like those sweet angels, let me try To do God's will un - til I die.

79 Hattie A. Warner.
Earnestly.

ARM THE CHILDREN.

Daniel S. Wymer.

1. Sound the bugle-note of bat - tle, Gath - er all the children in, For the war that's fiercely wa - ging
2. See on high our banner waving, Blazoned with the Saviour's cross; All who fight beneath that standard

'Gainst the gi - ant hosts of sin. From the ranks of death are flying Missiles for the heart of youth;
Count all oth - er gain but dross. There is safety, there is bless - ing Un - derneath its folds so wide,

CHORUS.
Un - defended, see them falling; Arm the children with the truth. { Gath - - er, gath - - er,
For the Saviour leads the ar-my, And no ill's his host be-tide. { Gath - er, gather; yes, we'll gath - er,

ARM THE CHILDREN.—Concluded.

80

Gather all the little children in; Gath - er, gath - er, Gather them and arm them with the truth,
gather in; Gather, gather, yes, we'll gather, Gather them, etc. the truth.

Rev. S. G. Appleget.

80. "PEACE! IT IS I!"

S. J. Vail.

1. Fierce was the billow, Dark was the night, Oars labored heavily, Foam glimmered white; Mariners trembled,
2. Ridge of the wild wave, Lower thy crest; Tempest and angry cloud, Be ye at rest; Per - il a-vert - ed,

3. Je - sus, De-liv-'rer, Come thou to me; O'er life's dark sea;
Guide thou my voy-a-ging And, when death's storm comes,

Peril was nigh; Then spake the Son of God, "Peace! it is I!" Then spake the Son of God, "Peace! it is I!"
Sorrow must fly, When saith the Son of God, "Peace! it is I!" When saith the Son of God, "Peace! it is I!"

Dark'ning the sky, Speak to my dying soul, "Peace! it is I!" Speak to my dying soul, "Peace! it is I!"

1. Go, work, for the har-vest is near, Go, work, for the la-b'rrers are few; Soon
 2. Our Fa-ther in-vites us to go To the land of per-pet-u-al day, And the

3. The poor and the need-y may come, The lame, and the halt, and the blind, And
 4. Bright, glit-ter-ing palms we shall bear, With loved ones who've passed on be-fore, And

Je-sus, our Mas-ter, in joy will ap-pear, With his fol-low-ers faith-ful and true.
 tears that we shed in this val-ley be-low, He will then wipe for ev-er a-way.

all who are seek-ing a heav-en-ly home, The pearl of sal-va-tion may find.
 crowns of re-jo-icing we ev-er shall wear On the beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful shore.

CHORUS.

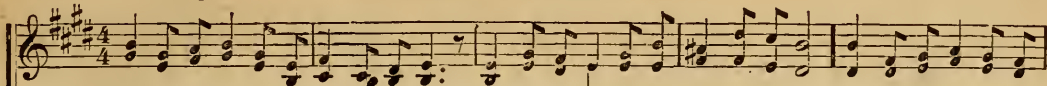
1st time.

2d time.

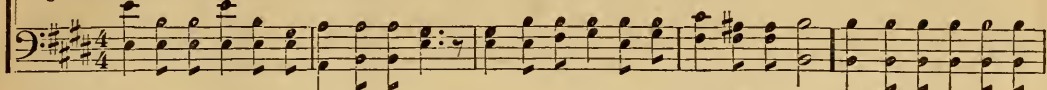
We shall rest, . . We shall rest, . . We shall rest on the beautiful shore, rest on the beauti-ful shore.

shall rest, shall rest,

SOWING THE SEED.

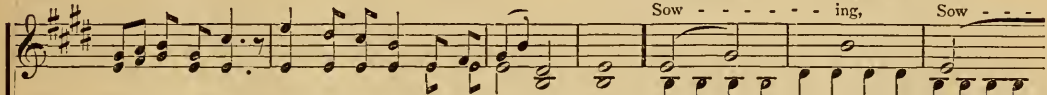


1. Out in the beautiful spring-time of youth, Sowing the glorious seed of the truth, Cov'ring the mountain and
2. Sow - ing the seed in the dry dusty way, Sowing the seed in the damp miry clay, Sowing the seed 'mong the
3. Sowing the seed—ah! sowing it where? Each heart's a field of the kind Sower's care. Oh, is t' - ed in our



CHORUS.

Sow - - - - ing, Sow - - - -



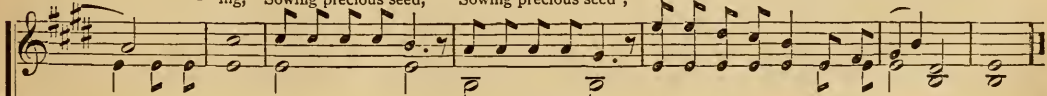
cov'ring the plain, Sowing the seed of the golden grain. Sowing, sowing, sowing, sowing, Sowing precious thorns and the weeds, Sprinkling the rocks with the precious seed. Sowing, etc. hearts sown to-day, Like that was sown in the dusty way? Sowing, etc.

Sow - - - - ing, Sow - - - -



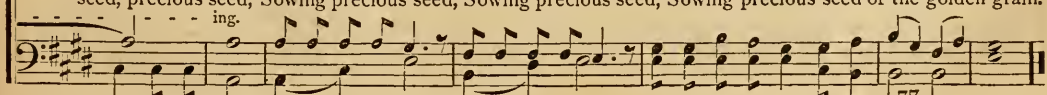
Sowing, sow-ing, sow-ing, sow-ing, sowing precious

- - - - ing, Sowing precious seed, Sowing precious seed ;



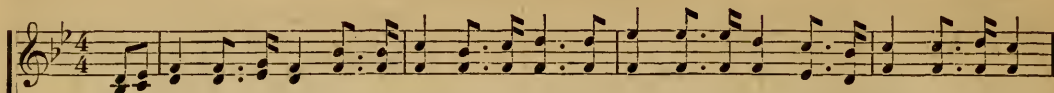
Sow - - - - ing, sow - - - - ing.

seed, precious seed, Sowing precious seed, Sowing precious seed, Sowing precious seed of the golden grain.

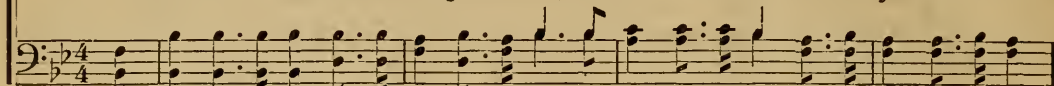


seed, precious seed, Sow - - - - ing, sow - - - - ing:

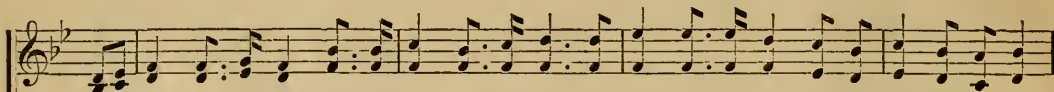
THE GOOD AND THE TRUE.



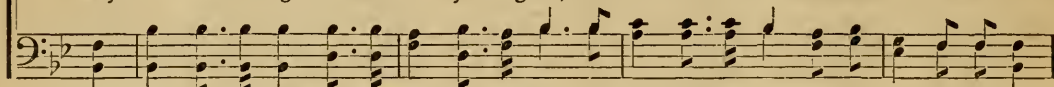
1. What - ev - er our sta - tion, in all that we do, We'll take for our watchword, "Be good and be true."
2. We'll ev - er be true to all blessings conferred, And true to the les - sons from Jesus we've heard.



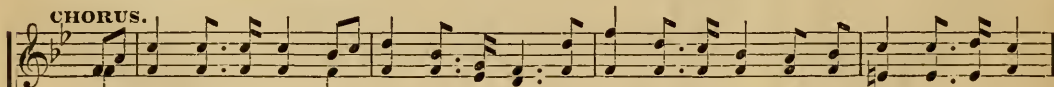
3. Our day may be drear-y, our sun dim - ly shine, Our way may be wea - ry, our cour - age de - cline;



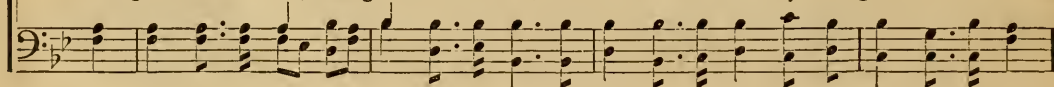
With this on our ban - ners we'll ev - er pre - vail, For good - ness and truth - ful - ness nev - er can fail,
May all our de - signs fol - low on - ly the good, And e - vil in ac - tion be ev - er withstood.



But seek - ing the path - way of wis - dom and peace, Our darkness will brighten, our cour - age in - crease.



CHORUS.
The good and the true, the good and the true, For ev - er we'll stand by the good and the true;



THE GOOD AND THE TRUE—Concluded.

84

For this is our watchword in all that we do, For ev - er to "stand by the good and the true."

84. ABIDE WITH ME.

S. J. Vail.

1. A - bide with me ; fast falls the e - ven-tide ; The dark-ness deep-ens ; Lord, with me a - bide.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day ; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way ;

3. I need thy pres-ence ev - ery pass-ing hour ; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power !
4. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my clo-sing eyes, Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies:

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me.
Change and de-cay in all a-round I see ; O thou who chan-gest not, a - bide with me.

Who like thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' clouds and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me.
Heav-en's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee, In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

HARVEST HOME.

Rev. R. Lowry.

From "The Echo," Am. Tr. Soc.

1. When shall the shout a - rise, Har-vest home! har-vest home! When shall the work have ceased,
 2. Would you in tri - umph sing, Har-vest home! har-vest home! Thrust, then, the sic - kle bright
 3. 'Twill be a joy - ous song, Har-vest home! har-vest home! Join, then, the reap - ing train,

4. Ere long we all shall sing, Har-vest home! har-vest home! They who with tears have sown,
 5. Then shall the shout a - rise, Har-vest home! har-vest home! Then shall the work have ceased,

When shall the wea - ry rest, When shall we reach the skies, Shout - ing, Har - vest home!
 In - - - to the fields so white, And then we soon shall be Shout - ing, Har - vest home!
 Bind up the gold - en grain, Come with your sheaves a - long, Shout - ing, Har - vest home!

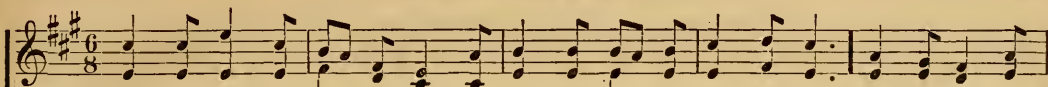
With joy shall has - ten home, And make the mead - ows ring, Shout - ing, Har - vest home!
 Then shall the wea - ry rest; Oh, we shall mount the skies, Shout - ing, Har - vest home!

CHORUS.

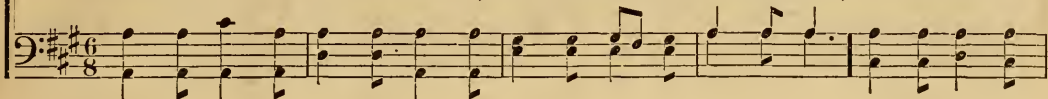
Har - vest home! har - vest home! Glad - ly the reapers come, Shouting, Harvest home!

80 Harvest home!

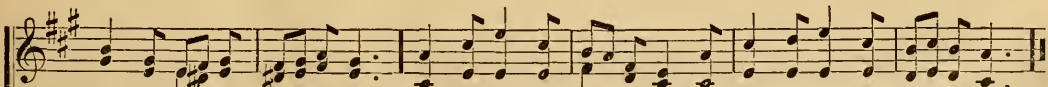
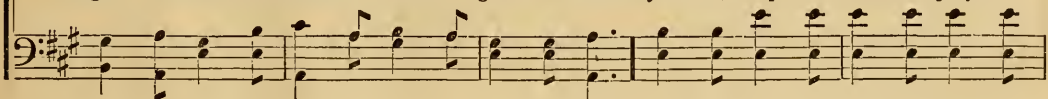
Harvest home!



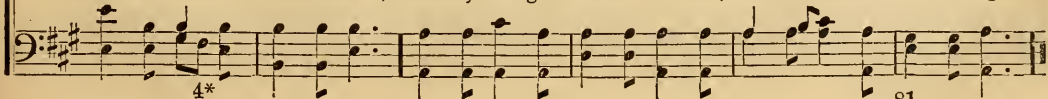
1. Lit - tle chil - dren all may la - bor, Gath - 'ring in the ripened sheaves, Toil - ing till the
 2. Soon the cares of earth will van - ish, Soon the clouds will be with - drawn, Soon the shades of

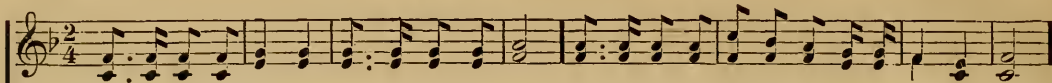


dews of eve - ning Fall up - on the trembling leaves. While the teem - ing har - vest whi - tens,
 night will scat - ter, Soon will break a glo - rious morn. Je - sus, help us all, we pray thee,

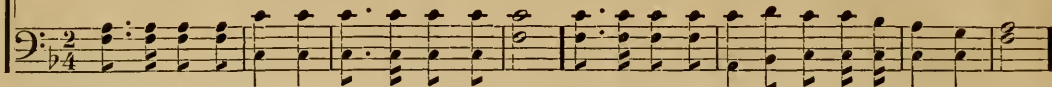


Je - sus' gen - tle voice we hear, "En - ter now my wait - ing vineyard; I will help thee; nev - er fear."
 That we la - bor not in vain, But by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, Work till thou shalt come again.

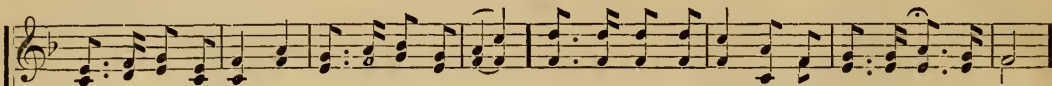




1. "As ye would that others Un - to you should do, Do ye e - ven so to them," Is the teach - ing true
 2. He is ev - er will - ing Love and grace to give; All who love him he will help Unto him to live;



3. As we would that others Un - to us should do, E - ven so we'll do by them, Is the watchword true;



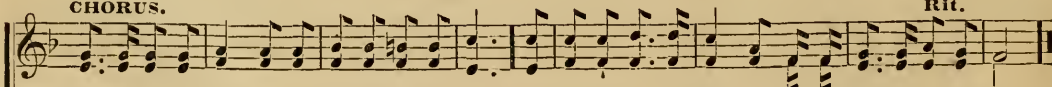
Of earth's greatest Teacher, Of earth's truest Friend, Of earth's blest Redeemer, Whose love will never end.
 Live as he hath taught them By his life so pure, By his bless-ed pre-cepts And promis-es so sure.



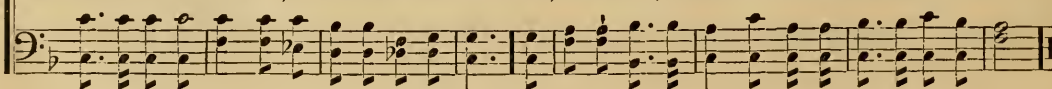
Is the watchword mighty, Po - tent as a spell, And its wondrous vir - tue His fol - lowers can tell.

CHORUS.

Rit.



Love shall be our watchword, Our watchword tried and true; Our motto, "Do to others As for us we'd have them do."



1. There is nev-er a way, so narrow or short, But the Mas-ter's work is there; There is something to
 2. There are tri-als to meet with Chris-tian faith, And duties with Christian grace; And there's Christian

3. Their work-ing days are nev - - er so hard Who find in Christ a stay; And days of dark-
 4. There are flow - ers down in the val - ley low, And o - ver the mountain side, Which nev-er were

CHORUS.

do for his dear sake, Or something to calm-ly bear, There is nev-er a day, There is nev-er a
 sweetness to ev - ery one, To be given in ev - ery place. There is never, etc.

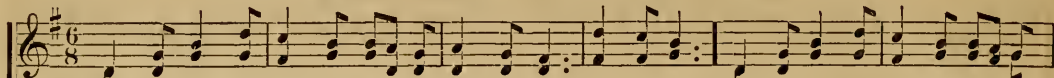
ness are days of light When Je - sus leads the way. There is nev-er a day, There is nev-er a
 praised by a hu-man voice, Nor by hu - man eyes des-cried. There is never, etc.

way, But the Master's work is there; There is something to do for his dear sake, Or something to calmly bear.

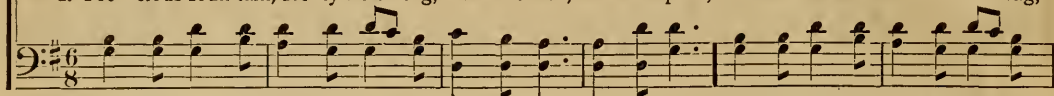
THE LIFE-GIVING FOUNTAIN.

Chester G. Allen, by per.

"A well of water springing up into everlasting life." JOHN 4:14.

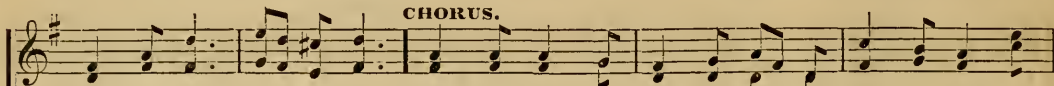


1. Down from Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Pure and free, pure and free, Runs an ev - er - liv - ing fountain;
2. Pre - cious foun - tain, ful - ly flow - ing, For the rich, for the poor, Life and health on all be - stow - ing,

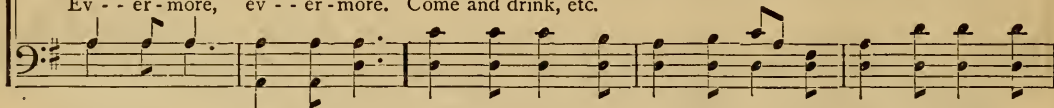


3. O poor sin - ner, come and try it; 'Tis for thee, 'tis for thee; Price ye need not bring to buy it;

CHORUS.



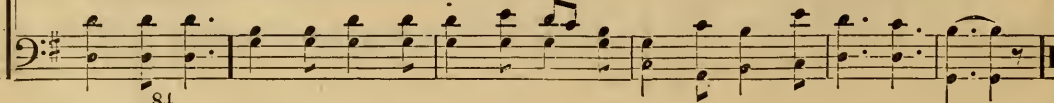
'Tis for you, 'tis for me. Come and drink the liv - ing wa - ter, Ev - ery thirst - y,
Ev - er - more, ev - er - more. Come and drink, etc.



Grace is free, grace is free. Come and drink the liv - ing wa - ter, Ev - ery thirst - y,

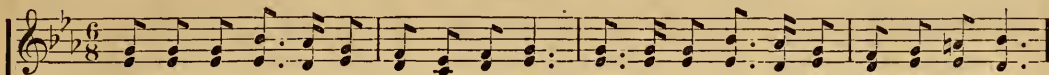


faint - ing soul; All who drink shall live for ev - er, Ev - ery wound of sin made whole.

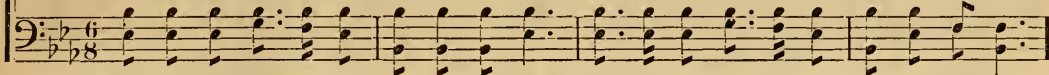


JESUS IS CALLING THEE.

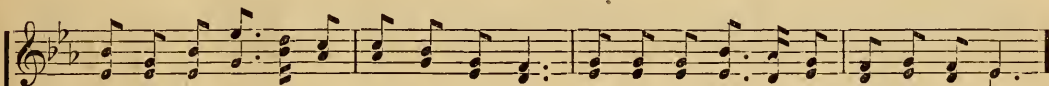
"Ho! every one that thirsteth."



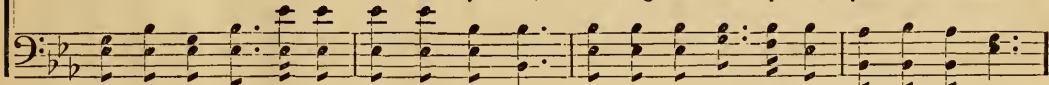
1. Je - sus is call - ing thee, "Come unto me!" Mer - cy is of - fered thee, boundless and free.
2. Ho! ev - ery thirst - y one, come at the call; Streams of sal - va - tion flow free - ly for all.



3. Take my yoke cheerful - ly, learn - ing of me, Meek - ly and will - ing - ly trust and be free.



Come, all who la - bor here, come and be blest; All heav - y - la - den ones, come and find rest.
This is his call to thee, "Give me thy heert;" "All things are read - y now—just as thou art."

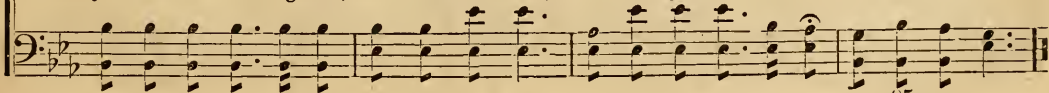


Ea - sy my yoke shall be, come and be blest; Light shall my bur - den be, come and find rest.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus is call - ing thee, come and be blest; Come, all ye wea - ry ones, come and find rest.



1. Dare to do right, dare to be true, You have a work that no oth-er can do;
2. Dare to do right, dare to be true, Oth-er men's fail-ures can nev-er save you:

3. Dare to do right, dare to be true, God, who cre-a-a-ated you, cares for you too;
4. Dare to do right, dare to be true, Keep the great judg-ment-seat al-ways in view;

Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well, An-gels will has-ten the sto-ry to tell.
Stand by your conscience, your hon-or, your faith; Stand like a he-ro, and bat-tle till death.

Treas-ures the tears that his stri-ving ones shed, Counts and pro-jects ev-ery hair of their head.
Look at your work as you'll look at it then, Scanned by Je-ho-vah, and an-gels, and men.

REFRAIN.

Then dare to do right, dare to be true, You have a work that no oth-er can do.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which
2. Stand then in his great might, With all his strength endued ; And take to arm you

3. Stand then against your foes, In close and firm ar - ray ; Le-gions of wi - ly

God sup-plies, Thro' his e - ter - nal Son ; Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And
for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God ; That hav - ing all things done, And

fiends op - pose, Throughout the e - vil day ; From strength to strength go on, Wres -

in his might - y power ;
all your con - flicts past,

Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than conqueror.
You may o'ercome, thro' Christ alone, And stand entire at last.

tle and fight and pray,

Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day.

"HASTE TO THE CROSS."

James McGranahan, by per.

1. Come, hasten, poor weary one, haste to the cross, For Je - sus is call - ing to - day; Wait not to be bet - ter, nor
2. No mat - ter how heav - y the bur - den may be, Nor how you are press'd by the load, 'Twill van - ish a - way when you

3. Tho' Sa - tan may tell you that you are too base For Je - sus to give you his care, 'Tis false; and where - ver you
4. "Ye burdened and weary ones, come unto me," He's calling you now to his rest; He came to save sinners, yes,

CHORUS.

suf - fer a loss, By tar - ry - ing yet by the way. Oh, haste to the cross! Oh, haste to the cross! Thy
come to the tree, As you en - ter the path - way to God. Oh, haste, etc.

- seek his dear face, He sure ly will meet with you there. Oh, haste to the cross! Oh, haste to the cross! Thy
came to save thee—Oh, come un - to him and be blest. Oh, haste, etc.

Sa - viour is wait - ing for thee, . . . He's waiting to bless, he's waiting to save; Oh, come while he's waiting for thee.
Sa - viour is wait - ing, is waiting for thee.

1. Welcome a Guest that is nigh at hand; Rich are the treasures he brings to thee, Treasures of life in his outstretched hand,
 2. Welcome a Guest that will heal thy wounds, Welcome a Guest that will ne'er depart, Welcome a Guest in whose name is found

3. Je-sus is waiting to make thee whole; Leave at the fountain thy guilt and sin; O - pen the door of thy long-ing soul,

CHORUS.

Mer - cy and par-don and love so free. Make haste! come down to the foot of the cross, Cast the robe of thy pride a -
 Balm for the weary and grief-worn heart. Make haste! etc.

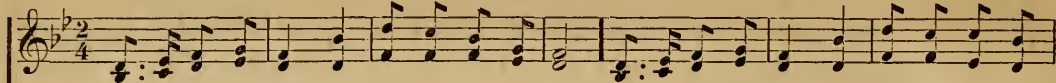
Let thy Re-deem-er, thy Lord, come in. Make haste! come down to the foot of the cross, Cast the robe of thy pride a -

way, a - way. Make haste! make haste! for the Master saith, "I must a - - bide in thy house to - day."

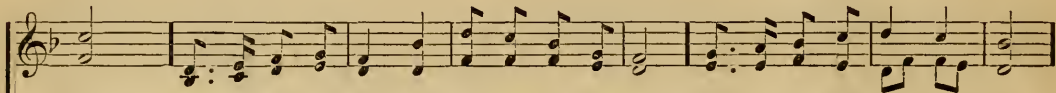
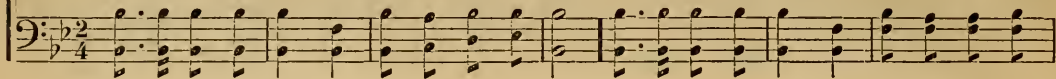
SEEK THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Wm. W. Bentley.

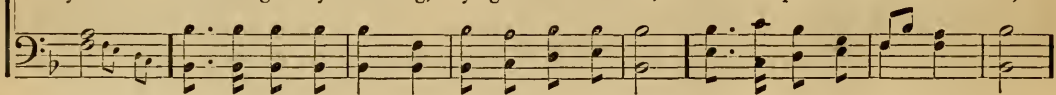
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek." PSA. 27:8.



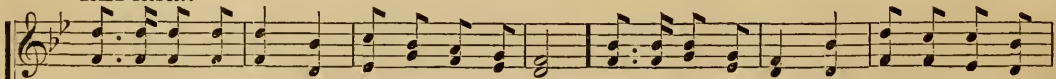
1. Seek the gen-tle Shep-herd, En-ter by the door; All the fold is peace-ful, Shel-tered ev-er-
 2. Seek the gen-tle Shep-herd, Ev-er kind and true, Who is dai-ly watch-ing O-ver me and



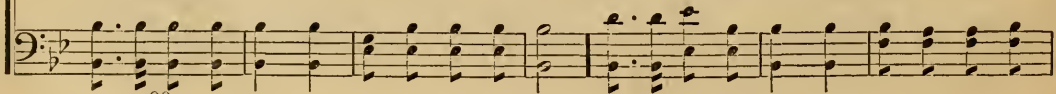
more; You shall dwell in safe-ty 'Neath his lov-ing care, E-vil can-not harm you there.
 you. Hear him gent-ly call-ing, Saying, "Come to me; Come for par-don full and free;"



REFRAIN.



Seek the gen-tle Shepherd; Come, oh, why de-lay? Seek the blessed Sa-viour; Come to him to -



SEEK THE GENTLE SHEPHERD—Concluded.

96

day; Seek the gen-tle Shep-herd, From him nev-er stray; Come, oh, come to him to - day.

Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

96. DON'T KEEP JESUS WAITING.

D. H. Lloyde.

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

1. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing At your door; Hark! he knocketh soft - ly, O'er and o'er :
 2. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing; Rise and run, Throw your heart wide open To the Son ;
 3. Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing At your door; He will be your Sa - viour Ev - er - more.

Hear him, soul, and o - pen, I im - plore; Hear him, soul, and o - pen, I im - plore.
 He must reign with-in you, He a - - lone; He must reign with-in you, He a - - lone.
 Hear him, soul, and love him, I im - plore; Hear him, soul, and love him, I im - plore.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

1. 'Tis Jesus calls you, "Come;" 'Tis Jesus says "There's room." No call, no call so
 2. 'Tis Jesus calls you, "Come;" 'Tis Jesus says "There's room; Come, learn, come, learn of
 3. 'Tis Jesus calls you, "Come;" 'Tis Jesus says "There's room For all, for all who
 1. No call, no call so sweet, No call so
 2. Come learn, come learn of me, Come learn of
 3. For all, for all who will, For all who

sweet; No mor-tal e'er has heard A dear-er call, more blessed words: "Come, sit at my feet."
 me." No les-son e'er was taught By mortal with such sweetness fraught: "I've pardon for thee."
 will." No mon-ey need you bring, No price, but to his prom-ise cling; He all will ful-fil.

CHORUS.

Then, come, come, come! Come to the Saviour, oh, come! Yes, early come! Come, for he says there is room.

1. There is life in a look at the cru-ci-fied One, And joy to the spirit with - in; There is par-don for
2. There is peace in a look at the cru-ci-fied One, He bore all my burden and shame; I have nothing to

3. There is rest in a look at the cru-ci-fied One, When weary I fly to his care; He in-vites me to
4. There is hope in a look at the cru-ci-fied One, A hope that a mansion is mine, Where the saints robed in

REFRAIN.

thee, Sinner, come and be free, For his blood giveth cleansing from sin. Oh, trust in his own precious blood Who
bring, To his mer-cy I cling, I am trusting alone in his name. Oh, trust, etc.

come, In his love there is room, And I'm welcome his mercy to share. Oh, trust in his own precious blood, Who
white, In the Cit - y of Light, Thro' faith in the Cru-ci-fied shine. Oh, trust, etc.

gives us acceptance with God; He has pardoned my sin, He renews me within, I love him and trust in his word.

THE LOST SHEEP.*

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But
 2. "Lord, thou hast here thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e-nough for thee?" But the

3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed, Nor how
 one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold. A - - way on the mountains
 Shepherd answered, "A sheep of mine Has wandered a-way from me; And al-though the road be

dark was the night the Lord passed thro', Ere he found his sheep that was lost: Far out in the desert he
 wild and bare, A-way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A-way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
 rough and steep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep, I go to the des-ert to find my sheep.

heard its cry—"Twas helpless and sick and ready to die, 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.

THE LOST SHEEP—Concluded.

100

4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

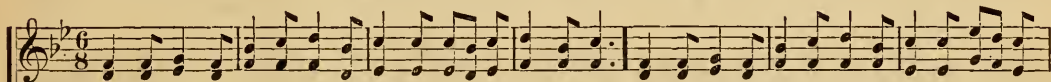
5. And all through the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

A. Cummings.

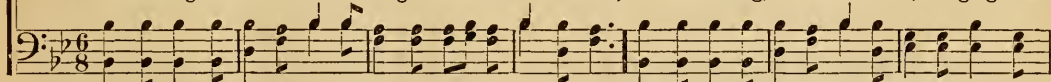
100. COMING TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Wm. W. Bentley.

"With Thee is the fountain of life." *PSA. 36:9.*



1. We are coming to the fountain, We are kneeling at its brink; From its pure and living waters Jesus says we
2. We are coming to the fountain Flowing fresh and clear and free; We are coming, blessed Saviour, bringing all we

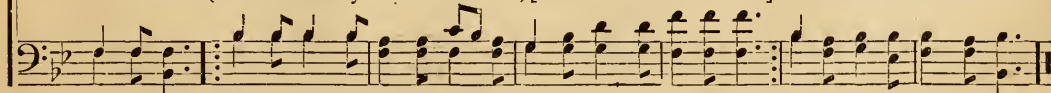


3. We are coming now to Jesus, We have no where else to go, And we know he will receive us, For his word has

REFRAIN.



too drink. { We are coming to the fountain, For we know there yet is room,
have to thee. { Room for every one that thirsteth, [OMIT - - - - -] And the Saviour bids us come.



told us so. We are coming to the fountain, etc.

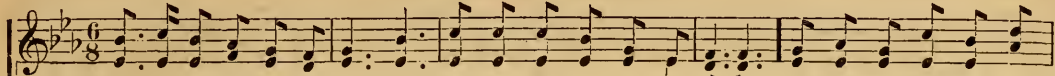
"Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." NUMB. 10:29.

1. Children, lis - ten to the call Of the Saviour's friendly voice, Now in - vi - ting one and all. Come, and in his love re - joice.
2. Jesus is the dearest Friend That a child on earth can find; One who from his throne can send Comfort for the troubled mind.

Come while youth and beauty glow, While with health your cheeks are fair; Say not time is moving slow, Life will load you soon with
Children, lis - ten to his call, 'Tis the Saviour's voice we hear; On his mercy trust your all, He can save from ev - ery fear. [care.]

CHORUS.

Come and join us in our journey Upward to the better land. Home to glory we are marching; Come and join our happy band.



1. Lord, that mine eyes may be o-pened ; Lord, that thy light I may see! Je - sus, thou Son of the
 2. Oth - ers have tas - ted thy good-ness, Oth - ers are saved by thy grace ; O - pen the eyes of my

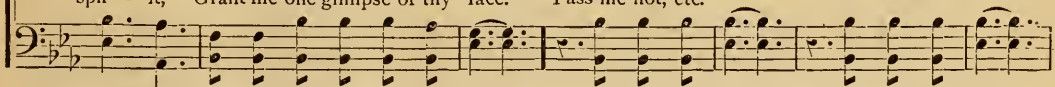


3. Is it the voice of an an - gel Whisp'ring so gent-ly to me, "Je - sus of Naz'reth is
 4. Je - sus, my Sa-viour, I thank thee. Thou my pe - ti - tion hast heard, Now are the eyes of my

REFRAIN.



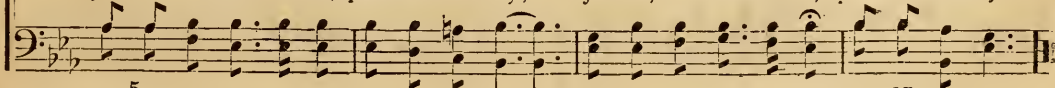
High - est, Sa-viour, have mer - cy on me. Pass me not by, Pass me not by ;
 spir - it, Grant me one glimpse of thy face. Pass me not, etc.



call - ing ; Rise ! he is call - ing for thee." Pass me not by, Pass me not by ;
 spir - it O-pened thro' faith in thy word. Pass me not, etc.



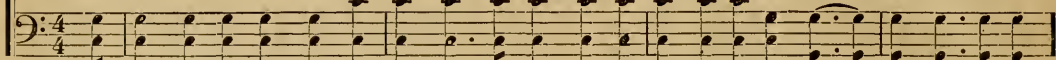
Je - sus, all - mer - ci - ful, pass me not by ; Je - sus, all - mer - ci - ful, pass me not by.



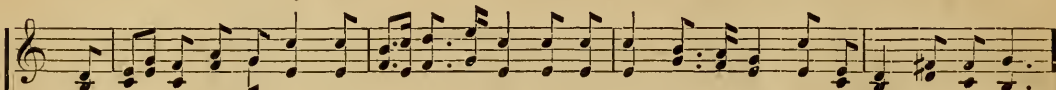
CALVARY'S FOUNTAIN.



1. From Cal - va - ry's hill - top a foun - tain is flow - ing, Its life - giv - ing wa - ter in beau - ty doth gleam ;
 2. This heav - en - ly foun - tain, so full in its flow - ing, Is opened of love in Jesus' pierced side,



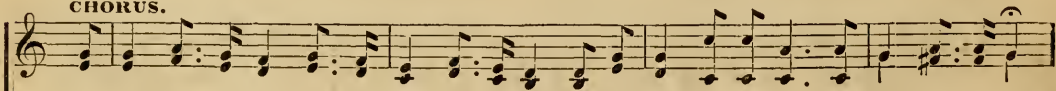
3. This foun - tain hath pow - er no mor - tal can measure, To cleanse from its guilt the heart's deep - est stain.



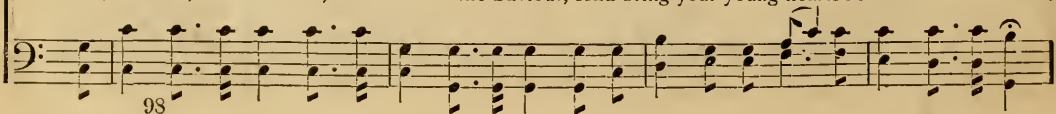
No lost son of Ad - am can per - ish, if knowing The blessing and joy of this won - der - ful stream.
 No sun - heat or frost - chain has power for its staying, And all who will drink, in its life shall a - bide.



The soul by it washed, shall find for its treas - ure A life in yon heaven un - min - gled with pain.

CHORUS.

Then, children, dear children, come now to the Saviour, And bring your young hearts in freshness and love ;



And seek for the smiles of his lov - ing fa - vor, To rest on you here and for ev - er a - bove.

Mrs. A. H. Adams.

104. LET THEM COME TO ME.

Wm. W. Bentley.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not!"

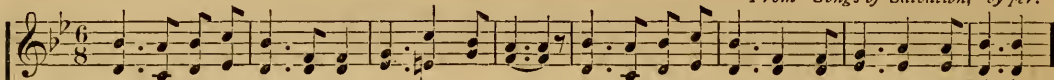
1. Hear the gen - tle Shepherd Calling lambs like me, In his sweetest accents, "Let them come to me."
2. He will bid us en - ter, When our weary feet Reach the golden cit - y, Has - ting to his feet.

3. Thanks, dear, blessed Saviour, For thy words of love, Bidding children en - ter Thy bright courts above.

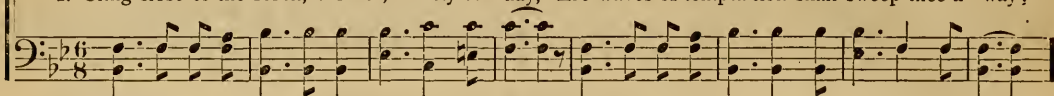
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Rit.

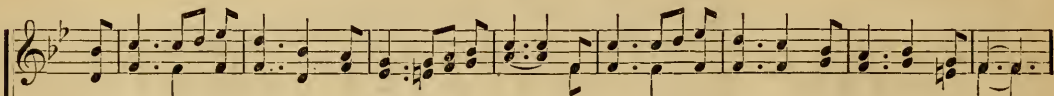
"Let them come to me, Let them come to me;" Hear him sweetly saying, "Let them come to me."



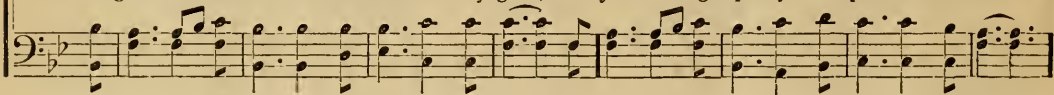
1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, danger is near ; Cling close to thy Saviour, and doubt not, nor fear ;
2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to - day, Ere waves of tempta-tion shall sweep thee a - way ;



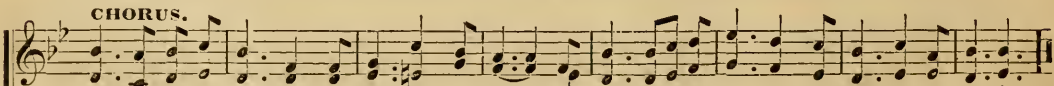
3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may rage and tho' billows may shock ;



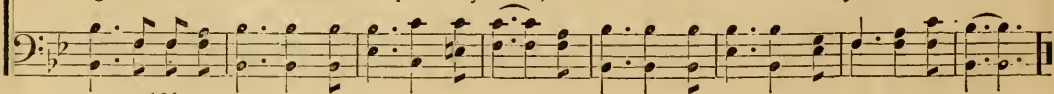
For Je - sus will hold thee, al-migh-ty to save, Thy Jesus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave.
Cling close to the Rock in the time of thy grief, For Je-sus brings speedy and pre-cious re-lief.



For Je - sus the Sa-viour, thy Refuge, thy Friend, In mer-cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.

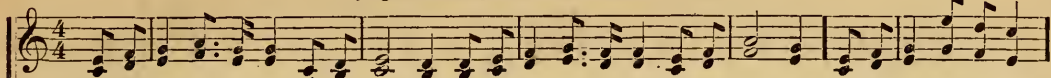
CHORUS.

Cling close to the Rock, tho' the tempest may shock, As-sured of sal - va - tion in Je - sus the Rock.

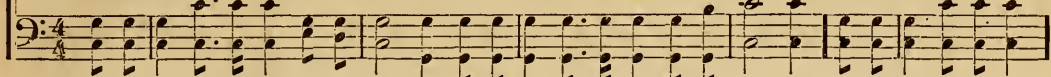


HAPPY FOR EVER.

"At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." Psa. 16: 11.

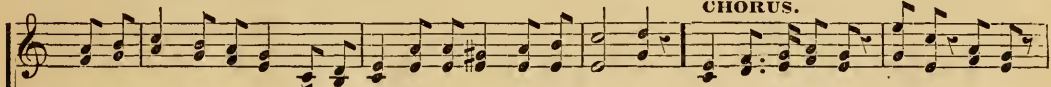


1. They are gone to the land o'er the river, Where no heart in its anguish shall quiver, Where no danger appals,
2. They have ended the weary watch-keeping, They are resting from toiling and weeping, And no longer below



3. They are gone to the land ever ver-nal, Ev-er shining with glo-ry su-per-nal, And the ju-bilant song
4. O ye angels, your wings could I borrow, I would fly from this region of sor-row To the land far a-way,

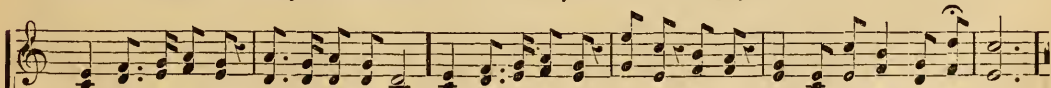
CHORUS.



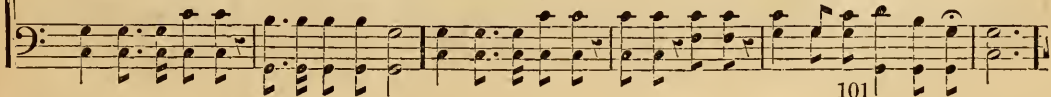
Where no tempter enthalls, And the conflict is ended for ev-er. Hap-py for ev-er, ev-er, ev-er,
To the Spir-it they sow, For the life everlasting they're reaping. Happy, etc.



Of the glo-rified throng Is the song ever new and e-ter-nal. Hap-py for ev-er, ev-er, ev-er,
Where the flowers of to-day Are not shorn of their beauty to-morrow. Happy, etc.



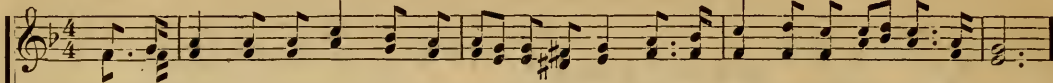
Death's hand shall sever Loving hearts no more; Happy for ever, ever, ev-er; Sorrow and sighing are o'er.



THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Wm. W. Bentley, 1868.

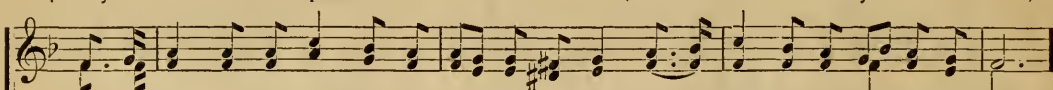
"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying." REV. 21:4.



1. There's a home for the blest on the beau-ti-ful shore, Where our trials and cares all shall cease ;
 2. On the streets of the cit - y are pavements of gold, And its blossoms are fra-grant and fair ;



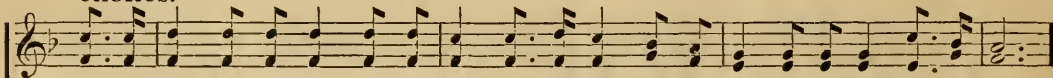
3. There will be no more part-ing from those that we love, No more sigh-ing or shed-ding of tears,
 4. May we all find a place in that beau - ti - ful land, There to dwell with the just ev - er - more,



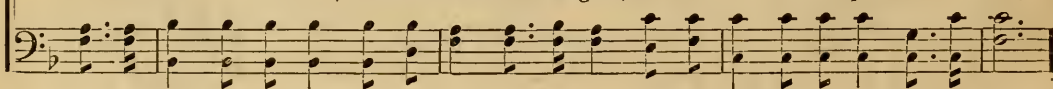
Sor-row nev - er shall en - ter that bliss-ful a - bode, 'Tis the king-dom of love and of peace.
 Its in - hab - it - ants nev - er grow wea - ry or old, For the Lord reigns e - ter - nal - ly there.



For no dis - cord shall ruf - fle that peace-ful re - pose, Which flows thro' e - ter - ni - ty's years.
 There to join in sweet songs with the friends that we love, Safe at home on the beau - ti - ful shore.

CHORUS.

On that beau - ti - ful shore, Where our Sa-vi-our has gone, All our sor - row and pain will be o'er ;



THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE—Concluded.

108

Oh, we long to go home to those mansions a-bove, There to rest and to praise ev - er - more.

Fanny J. Crosby.

108. THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

Wm. F. Sherwin, by per.

1. Life has many a pleas-ant hour, Many a bright and cloudless day; Sing-ing bird and smiling flower
2. Earth has many a cool re-treat, Many a spot to mem-'ry dear; Oft we find our wea-ry feet

3. 'Tis the Christian's promised land; There is ev - er - last-ing day; There a Saviour's lov-ing hand

Scat - ter sunbeams on our way; But the sweetest blossoms grow In the land to which we go.
Ling'ring by some fountain clear; Yet the pu-rest wa-ters flow In the land to which we go.

Wipes the mourner's tears a - way: Oh, the rap-ture we shall know In the land to which we go.

PASSING THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

1. We are pass-ing thro' the shad-ows, Si- lent- ly we speed our way, Yes, the shi- ning port of
 2. We are pass-ing thro' the shad-ows, Thro' the earth's beclouded vale, To the realm of life e -

3. We are pass-ing thro' the shadows, Where our loved have gone before, From the sor-row and the

Glo- ry We are near-ing day by day. Now by faith we see the land-ing, With the fleets at an-chor
 ter- nal, Where our joys shall never fail. Now by faith we see the tem- ple And the riv-er's gold-en

dy- ing, To the bless-ed Ev-er- more. Now by faith we see the an- gels, And the Lamb for sinners .

REFRAIN.

laid, And the glad, triumphant pilgrims Who the voyage have safely made. Tho' the clouds may darken
 sands, And we see the glo-ri-ous cit- y That up- on the mar- gin stands. Tho' the clouds, etc.

slain, And we catch the far- off ech- oes of the ev- er- last- ing strain. Tho' the clouds may darken

o'er us, And the tempest loudly roar, We will trust our bark to Je-sus, He will guide us to the shore.

E. M. Bike.

110. CITY OF GOD.

D. S. Wymer.

1. Oh, Cit - y of God, Oh, land of bloom, Beyond the shadows of the tomb, Where la-den and wea-ry
2. Bright City of God, Be-yond com-pare Thy wonders and thy glories are; Heart cannot conceive what

3. Oh, Cit - y of God, I fain would see Thy River of Life, thy Crystal sea, The wide-spreading tree of
4. Oh, Cit - y of God, I long to gaze In thee on my Redeemer's face, And long as the ceaseless

hearts find rest, And joy and love thrill ev - ery breast. Oh, home . . . of the soul, . . . There
joy a-waits The ran-somed soul with - in thy gates. Oh, home! yes, home of the blest, the blest, There

life be-hold, And walk thy glit-t'ring street of gold. Oh, home! yes, home of the blest, the blest, There
a - - ges roll Up - on thy glo - ries feast my soul. Oh, home, etc.

CITY OF GOD—Concluded.

sweet - - - - ly I'll rest ; Oh, beau - - - - ti - ful home ; Nev - er I'll roam ;
safe - ly and sweetly I'll rest, I'll rest. Oh, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home ; Nev - er I'll roam ;

O Sa - viour, hear my ear - nest plea ; O - pen the pearl - y gates, O - pen the gates to me.

111. WHAT CAN I GIVE TO JESUS?

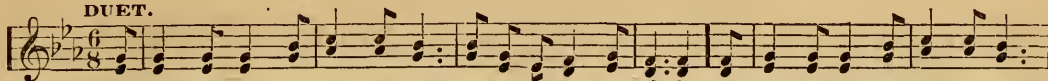
J. W. S.

1. What can I give to Je - sus, Who gave himself for me? How can I show my love to him Who died on Calva - ry?
2. I'll give my heart to Jesus, In childhood's tender spring ; I know that he will not despise The worthless gift I bring.

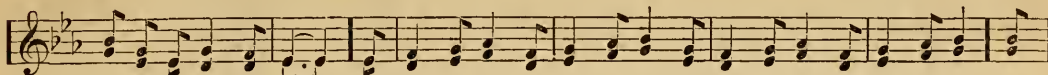
3. I'll give my strength to Jesus, Of heart and hand and will ; Go where he sends, and ever strive His pleasure to fulfil.
4. I'll give my time to Jesus : Oh, that each hour might be Filled up with holy work for him Who gave himself for me.

"Having a desire to depart." PHIL. 1:23.

DUET.

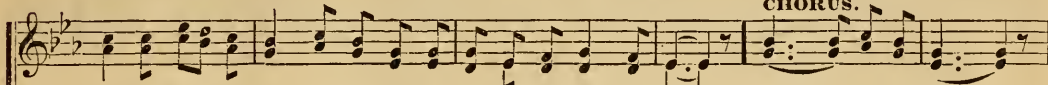


1. With joy-ful hearts we look to thee, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; The land of bliss be-yond the sea,
 2. Our friends have gone, thy joy to seek, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; To join the an-them of the meek,
 3. We soon shall reach that ho-ly place, Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; And see our blessed Saviour's face,

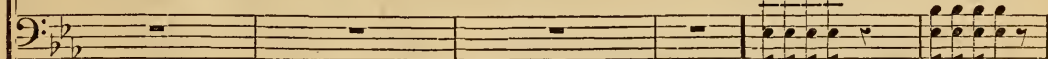


Beau-ti-ful vale of rest. No tempest fierce shall ever roar, No storms shall beat upon thy shore, But
 Beau-ti-ful vale of rest. They sing around our Father's throne, In concord of the sweetest tone, With
 Beau-ti-ful vale of rest. We'll wear a crown of glory then, And join the sweetest heav'nly strain, With

CHORUS.



peace shall reign for ev - er-more, In the beau-ti - ful vale of rest. Beau - - ti - ful vale,
 hearts of love, and love a-lone, In the beau-ti - ful vale of rest. Beau - - ti - ful vale,
 hal - - le - lu - jah and a-men, In the beau-ti - ful vale of rest. Beau - - ti - ful vale,

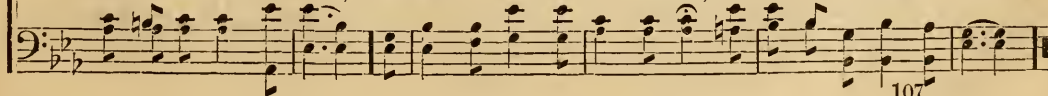


Beautiful vale, beautiful vale,



Repeat Chorus ff.

Home of the Sa-viour's flock, In thee we'll dwell for ev - er-more, Thou beau-ti-ful vale of rest.



THE TREASURES OF HEAVEN.

T. C. O'Kane.
From "Dew Drops," by per.

1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus himself will place On the head of each who shall
2. There's a rest in heaven for the weary soul—'Tis for all by care and by sin oppressed; To the sons of God it re-

3. There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul; Tho' the tears may fall all the earthly night, Yet the clouds of sadness will
4. There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul, In the many mansions prepared a-bove, Where the glo-ri-fied shall for -

REFRAIN.

faithful prove, E-ven unto death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that crown . . . in heaven bemeine, And I a -
maineth sure, And the prophet says 'tis a glorious rest. Oh, may that rest, etc.

break away, And rejoicing come with the morning light. Oh, may that crown in heaven be mine,
ev - er sing Of a Saviour's free and unbound-ed love.

mong the an - gels shine; Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide, Let me ever in thy love a-bide.

108 And I among the angels shine; Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,

"In thy presence is fulness of joy." PSA. 16:11.

1. We are trav-ling on in the light of God To a bet-ter home a-bove; We are
 2. We are ho-ping on for the com-ing joy And the gold-en dawn of day; We are

3. We shall see our King on the great white throne, With the glo-ry shi-ning bright; We shall
 4. Let us live in hope of the bless-ed time When the King shall bid us come; Let us

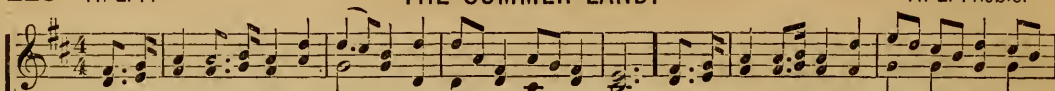
CHORUS.

gui-ded safe on our pil-grim way By our Fa-ther's hand of love. Sing, sing, sing, As we
 look-ing up to the brighter world Where our Lord hath led the way. Sing, sing, etc.

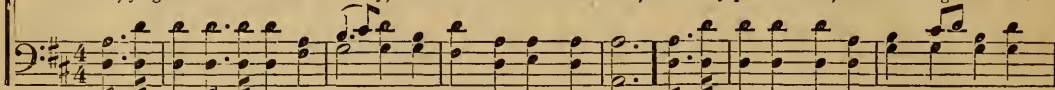
dwell in the house not made with hands, Where there is no sin nor night. Sing, sing, sing, As we
 serve our Lord with a glad-some heart, Till we reign with him at home. Sing, sing, etc,

journey tow'rd our home; We're trav'ling on in the light of God, And we soon shall reach our home.

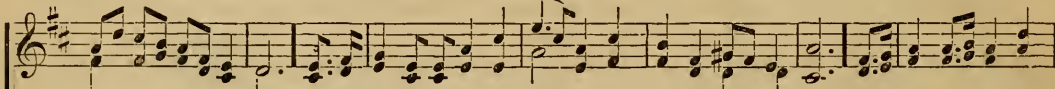
THE SUMMER LAND.



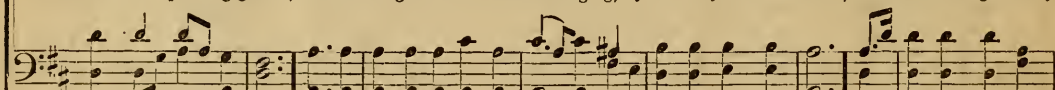
1. Oh, ye gates of the Golden Cit - y, How bright your jew - els shine, With a light a - bove earth's noon - day sun, A
2. Oh, ye gates of the Golden Cit - y, A - cross death's narrow stream, Thro' thy portals wide, from shi - ning robes We



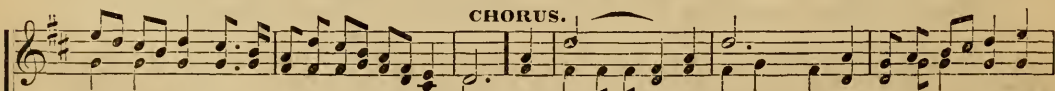
3. Oh, ye gates of the Golden Cit - y, Your glo - ries none can tell, But our long - ing shall be sat - is - fied When



bril - lian - cy di - vine. At the entrance of heavenly glory E - ter - nal - ly ye stand, And bright beyond you
catch a pass - ing gleam; And the songs the redeemed are singing, By heavenly breezes fanned, Faith's listening ear may

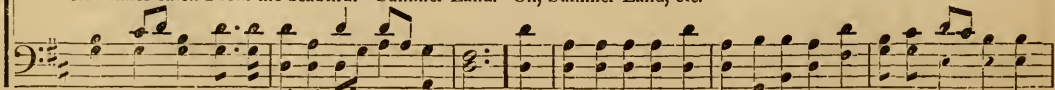


safe with - in we dwell; And our tears shall be stayed for ever, When with our harps we stand Be - fore the throne of



CHORUS.

rise the hills Of the beau - ti - ful Summer Land. Oh, Sum - - - - mer Land, Oh, beau - ti - ful Summer
oft - times catch From the beautiful Summer Land. Oh, Summer Land, etc.



Christ our King, In the beau - ti - ful Sum - mer Land. Oh, beautiful Summer Land, Summer Land, Oh, beautiful Summer

THE SUMMER LAND—Concluded.

116

Land, *Summer Land*; Had I wings like a dove I would fly a-way to thee, Oh, beau-ti-ful-Sum-mer Land.

116. THE LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

Blumenthal.

1. Lit-tle travellers Zion-ward, Each one entering in-to rest, In the kingdom of your Lord, In the mansions of the blest.
 2. Who are those whose little feet, Pacing life's dark journey thro', Now have reached that heav'nly seat They had ever kept in view?

"All our earthly journey past, Every tear and pain gone by, Here togeth-er met at last, At the por-tal of the sky."

There to welcome Jesus waits, Gives the crowns his followers win: Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the little travellers in.
 "I from Greenland's frozen land;" "I from India's sultry plain;" "I from Afric's barren sand;" "I from islands of the main."

Each the welcome "COME" awaits, Conquerors over death and sin: Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the little travellers in.

1. Who, who are these be-side the chil-ly wave, Just on the bor-ders of the si-lent grave, Shouting Je-sus'
 2. These, these are they who in af-flic-tion's woes Ev-er have found in Je-sus calm re-pose, Such as from a
 3. These, these are they who in the con-flict dire, Bold-ly have stood a-mid the hot-test fire; Je-sus now says,

4. Safe, safe up-on the ev-er-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow now are all o'er, Hap-py now and
 5. May we, O Lord, be now en-tire-ly thine, Dai-ly from sin be kept by power di-vine; Then in heaven the

CHORUS.

power to save, Washed in the blood of the Lamb? "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem, "Washed in the pure heart flows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates," etc.
 "Come up higher," Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates," etc.

ev-er-more, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem, "Washed in the saints we'll join, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, "Sweeping thro' the gates," etc.

blood of the Lamb. . . . "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jerusalem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."
 in the blood of the Lamb.

1. There is a crown in heaven for me, A gold - en crown of love; But I must bear the
 2. The pains, the tri - als, and the cares, That meet me in my way, Are cross - es I must

3. O Je - sus, help me bear the cross, In - spire me by thy love, That I may gain the

cross be - low To wear that crown a - bove. Yes, a glo - - - - - rious crown, A
 meek - ly bear, If I would gain the day. Yes, a glorious crown, yes, a glo - rious crown, A

vic - to - ry, And wear the crown a - bove. Yes, a glo - rious crown, etc.

crown of love I'll wear, And songs of love for ev - er sing, If I my crosses meekly bear.

OH, LAND OF THE BLESSED.

Philip Phillips, by per
From "Song Life."*Recitative.*

1. Oh, land of the bless-ed, thy shad-ow-less skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see ; I
2. Oh, land of the bless-ed, thy hills of de-light Sometimes on my vi-sion un-fold ; Thy

3. Dear home of my Fa-ther, fair cit-y whose peace No shad-ow of chang-ing can mar, How

hear the glad songs that the glo-ri-fied sing Steal o-ver e-ter-ni-ty's sea. Tho' dark are the
man-sions ce-les-tial, thy pal-aces bright, Thy bulwarks of jas-per and gold. Dear voi-ces are
glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy, How blest thine inhab-it-ants are! When we-ry with

shad-ows that gath-er be-tween, I know that thy morning is fair ; I catch but a glimpse of thy
chant-ing Em-man-u-el's praise, Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair ; I look from the val-ley of
toil-ing, I think of the day Whose dawn I with rapture shall see, When he who has loved me shall

OH, LAND OF THE BLESSED—Concluded.

120

glo - ry and light, And whisper, "Would God I were there!" And whisper, "Would God I were there!"
 shad - ow be - low, And whisper, "Would God I were there!" And whisper, "Would God I were there!"

call me a - way, And whisper, "My child, come to me!" And whisper, "My child, come to me!"

120. IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON.

Wm. W. Bentley, 1875.

1. Hope is sing - ing, sweetly sing - ing, Soft - ly, in an un - der - tone, Sing - ing as if God had
 2. Night and day it sing - eth sweet - ly, Sing - eth while I sit a - lone; Sing - eth so the heart may

3. Far - ther on; oh, how much farther? Count the mile - stones one by one? No, no counting, on - ly
 taught it, "It is bet - ter far - ther on;" Singing as if God had taught it, "It is bet - ter far - ther on."
 hear it, "It is bet - ter far - ther on;" Singeth so the heart may hear it, "It is bet - ter far - ther on."

trust - ing, "It is bet - ter far - ther on;" No, no counting, on - ly trusting, "It is bet - ter far - ther on."

1. Just o - ver on the oth - er side, Golden harps with praise are ring - ing; Just o - ver on the
 2. Just o - ver on the oth - er side Are the loved ones gone be - - fore; Just o - ver on the

3. Just o - ver on the oth - er side, Far be - yond this life of pain, Where we will nev - er
 4. And when we reach the other side, Where the star - ry crowns are giv - en, We'll fear no sor - row,

REFRAIN.

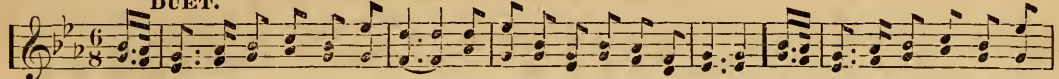
oth - er side, An - gel bands their songs are sing - ing. O - - - - - ver on the oth - er side,
 oth - er side We shall meet to part no more, Over, etc.

sor - row more, We will nev - er sin a - - gain. O - ver on the oth - er side.
 fear no storm, When we're landed safe in heav - en. Over, etc.

O - - - - - ver on the oth - er side, O - - - - - ver on the oth - er side We will meet and there abide.

O - ver on the oth - er side, O - ver on the oth - er side, We will meet and there abide.

HOME OF MY KINDRED.

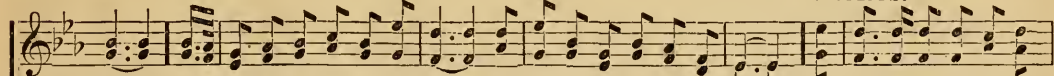


1. I read of a love-li - er clime Than earth with its summer array, Beyond the dark mountains of
2. A pil-grim and stranger I roam In search of that country a - far; I read of a mansion, my
3. And shall I the cit - y be - hold, Whose builder and maker is God; Whose walls are of jasper and
4. A pilgrim and stranger confessed, I look to the mountain of light, From whence the dear land of the



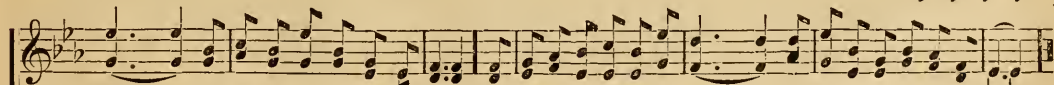
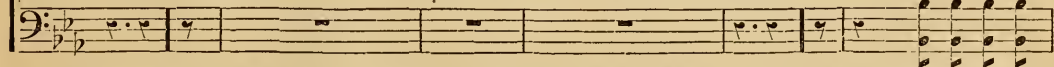
time It stretches in beauty a - way; The smile of our God is the light That giv-eth the hue of its home, For beauty as bright as a star. Oh, shall I, some bright sunny morn, Look down from the summit of gold, Whose streets by the angels are trod? Shall I, thro' the emerald gate, From earth and its desert of blest, The Canaan I seek, is in sight. O Je - sus, my Saviour and Guide, I follow thy rough, thorny

CHORUS.



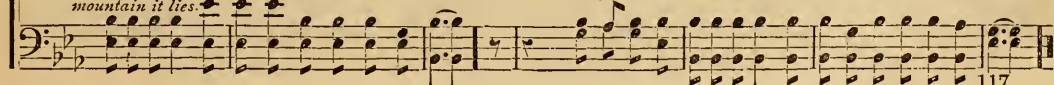
flowers, And mantles each beauty-crowned height With sunlight more tranquil than ours. Just over the mountain it bliss, A pil-grim to angelhood born, Escaped to that country from this? Just over, etc. sin, Pass on to my angel es - tate, With Jesus for ev - er shut in? Just over, etc. road, Till with thee I safely a - bide, At home in the land of our God.

Just o-ver the



lies, . . . And oft-en in vis-ion I see The house of my Father arise, . . . The home of my kindred and me.

mountain it lies.



ABOVE IN THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

A. J. Abbey, by per.

1. Oh, yes we'll go to our Father's home A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land, And with the an - gels we shall roam A -
2. A - round the throne life's riv - ers flow, A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land; And heavenly fruits for ev - er grow A -

3. Our tri als will - for ev - er cease, A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land; For ev - ery-thing is perfect peace, A -
bove in that beau-ti - ful land. Of our bright home we'll nev - er tire, A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land; We'll
bove in that beau-ti - ful land. The an - gels fair are robed in white, A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land; The

bove in that beau-ti - ful land; The cit-y's streets are paved with gold, A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land; The
B.au - ti - ful
CHORUS.
join the sweet, an - gel - ic choir, A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land. Beau - ti - ful land, . . . Beau - ti - ful,
Sa - viour is the cit - y's light, A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land. Beautiful, etc.

love of God will ne'er grow cold, A - bove in that beau-ti - ful land.

Beautiful land!

ABOVE IN THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND—Concluded.

124

land.

Beautiful land, Bright home of the angelic band, May we around our Saviour stand, A - bove in that beauti - ful land.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a melodic line for the voice, followed by a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature, providing a harmonic foundation for the piano accompaniment.

Fanny J. Crosby.

124. IN THY FOLD.

Wm. W. Bentley.

"Those that seek me early shall find me." PROV. 8:17.

The musical score is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (Bb). It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Saviour, lead us, day by day, In the strait and narrow way; In thy fold we long to be, Owned and loved and saved by thee.
2. We are young and weak and frail, But thy grace will never fail; In thy blessed word we see, "Let the children come to me."
3. Keep us all from doing wrong, Help us in our grateful song; Teach us, when we kneel to thee, What our simple prayer should be.
4. Help us all the cross to bear, Guard us by thy watchful care, When we sleep and when we wake: This we ask for Jesus' sake.

REFRAIN.

The refrain is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (Bb). It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:

Only thro' thy precious name We thy tender mercies claim; Thou for us thy life didst give, Thou hast died that we might live.

CHILDREN SHOULD BE GENTLE.

Dr. J. B. Herbert.

1. How sad the din and strife that rise, When angry tho'ts breed an-gry cries! But cheerful song and
2. We know when Christ our Lord was young, No angry word e'er crossed his tongue; And when he grew, no

3. But we have oth-er du-ties too: We must not on-ly speak, but do; And help-ful hands and
4. Our Saviour's ways thus best we keep, For lov-ing-ly he led his sheep; And when his foes were

friend-ly word Should on-ly from our lips be heard. We'll re-mem-ber, all the week,
more a child, His voice was lov-ing, soft, and mild. So should we be mild and meek,

will-ing feet For lit-tle children's ways are meet. We should prac-tise what we know,
ra-ving by, He meek-ly gave him-self to die. We should here his like-ness show,

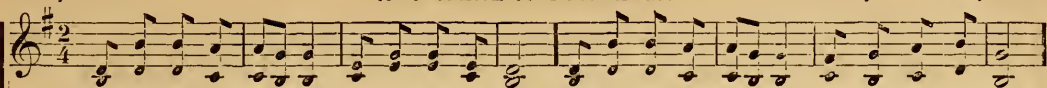
Soft-ly sing and kind-ly speak; We'll remem-ber all the week, Soft-ly sing and kind-ly speak.
Soft-ly sing and kind-ly speak; So should we be mild and meek, Soft-ly sing and kind-ly speak.

Ever prompt good works to do; We should practise what we know, Ever prompt good works to do.
Bless-ing all where'er we go; We should here his likeness show, Blessing all where'er we go.

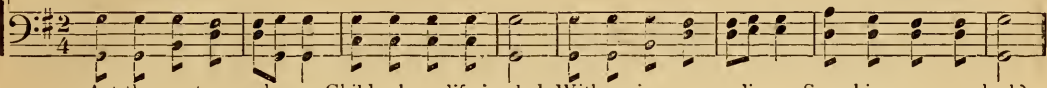
Lucy Larcom.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

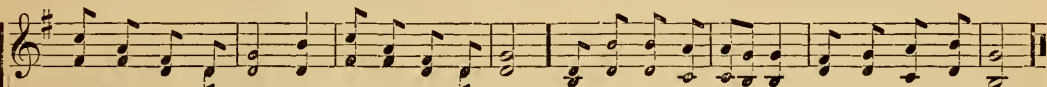
D. E. Bryer. 126, 127



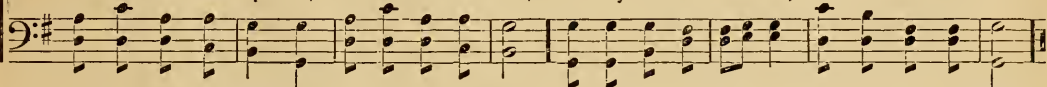
1. If I were a sunbeam, I know what I'd do, I would seek white lilies All the woodlands thro'.
2. If I were a sunbeam, I know where I'd go, In - to low-liest hov-els, Dark with want and woe.



3. Art thou not a sunbeam, Child whose life is glad, With an in - ner radiance Sun-shine nev - er had?



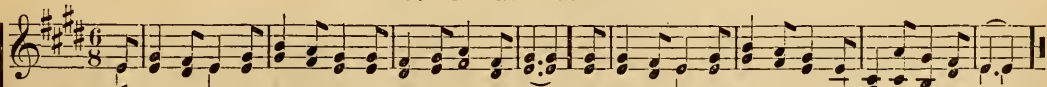
- I would steal a - mong them, Softest light I'd shed, Un - til ev - ery li - ly Raised its drooping head.
Till sad hearts look upward, I would shine and shine, Then they'd think of heaven, Their sweet home and mine.



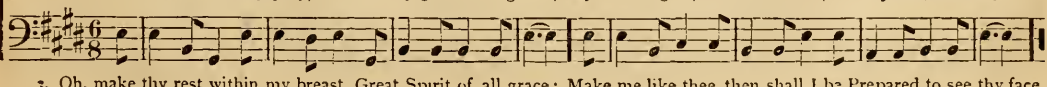
- Then, as God has blessed thee, Scatter rays divine, For there is no sunbeam, But must die or shine.

127. BRIGHT MORNING.

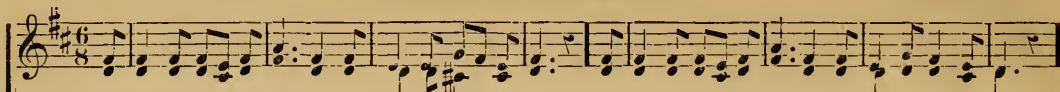
D. S. W.



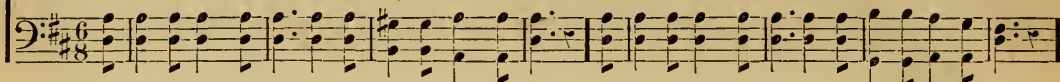
1. The morning bright, with rosy light, Has waked me from my sleep; Father, I own, thy love alone, Thy little one doth keep.
2. All thro' the day I humbly pray, Be thou my guard and guide; My sins forgive, and let me live, Blest Jesus, near thy side.



3. Oh, make thy rest within my breast, Great Spirit of all grace; Make me like thee, then shall I be Prepared to see thy face.



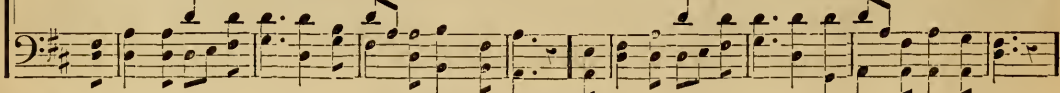
1. Good Shepherd, grant thy blessing Upon thy lambs to-day; Thy ten-der hand caressing, On each head softly lay.
2. They call us "Lambs of Jesus," And such we wish to be; Oh, how that name would please us If heard pronounced by thee.



3. With heavenly pasture feed us, In meadows green and fair; By the still wa-ters lead us, And make us all thy care.

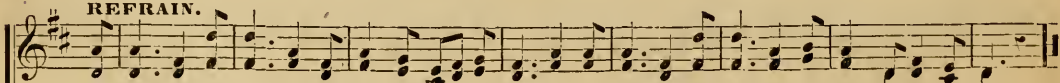


With praise we come before thee, Our hearts all full of love; On earth we would a-dore thee, As an-gels do a-bove.
"Lambs of the flock!" dear Saviour, We follow in thy way; Look on us each with fa-vor, And never let us stray.

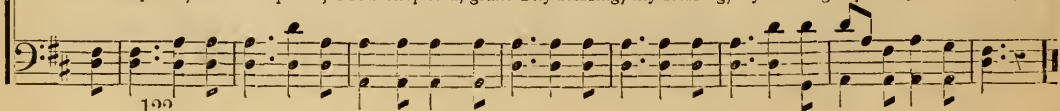


Safe thro' each vale of sor-row Lead thou the homeward way, Un-til we see the mor-row Of an e-ter-nal day.

REFRAIN.



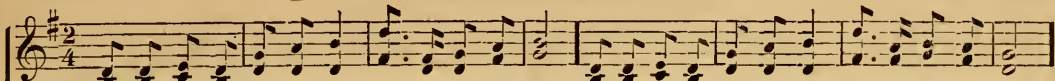
Good Shepherd, Good Shepherd, Good Shepherd, grant Thy blessing, thy blessing, thy blessing Upon thy lambs to-day.



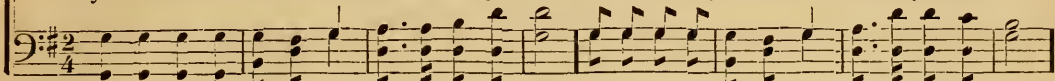
D. H. Lloyd.

I COME TO THEE.

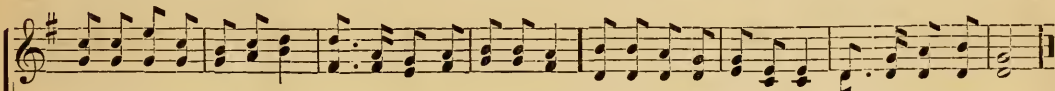
Wm. W. Bentley. 129, 130



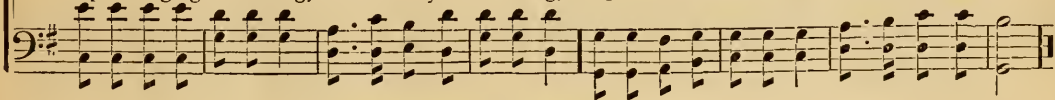
1. Sa-viour, I would happy be In thy love to-day; Bless me now I come to thee, Wash my sins away.
2. Jesus I would trust in thee; Make me wholly thine; Give me light my sins to see From thy book divine.



3. Loving Je-sus, I would cling To thy promise dear; Joy and comfort wilt thou bring While I serve thee here,
4. And when I am called above To the home for me, Let me, strong in hope and love, Trust my soul to thee.

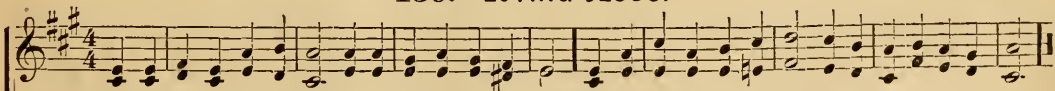


Help me sing a grateful song; Praises to thy name belong; Keep me, for thine arm is strong, Help me trust in thee.

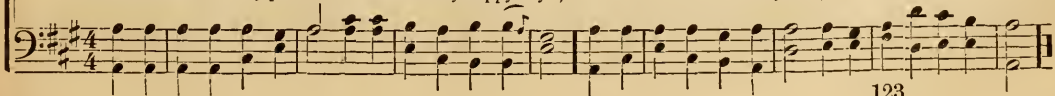


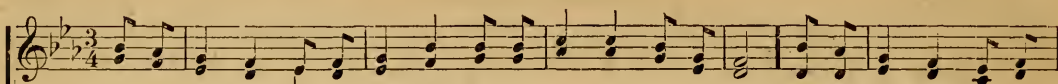
130. LOVING JESUS.

D. S. W.

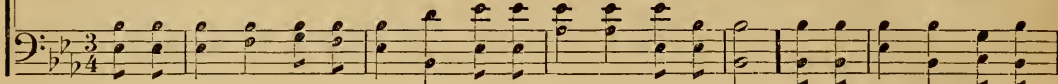


1. Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb, In thy gracious hands I am; Make me, Saviour, what thou art, Live thyself within my heart.
2. I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my happy days; Then the world shall always see, Christ, the holy child, in me.

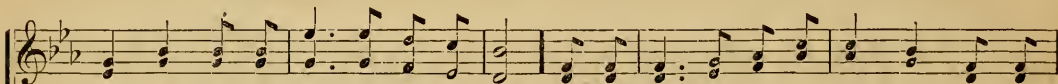




1. Lit-tle chil-dren, come to Je-sus; I hear him say-ing, "Come to me!" Blessed Je - sus, who to
 2. Lit-tle eyes to read the Bi-ble Giv - en from the throne a - bove; Lit-tle ears to hear the



3. There are lit - tle crowns in heav-en, There are lit - tle harps of gold, There are lit - tle shi - ning



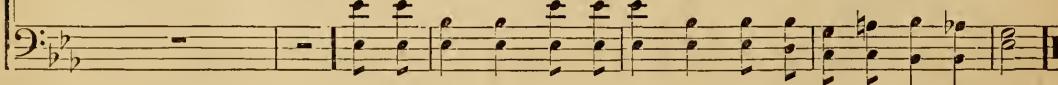
save us Shed his blood on Cal - va - ry! Lit - tle souls were made to serve him, All his
 sto - - ry Of the Sa - viour's wondrous love; Lit - tle tongues to sing his prais - es, Lit - tle



gar-ments, Light and love and joys un - told. Je - sus gave his blood to buy them, He has



ho - - ly law ful - fil; Lit - tle hearts were made to love him, Lit - tle hands to do his will.
 feet to walk his ways; Lit - tle bod - ies to be tem - ples Where the Ho - ly Spir - it stays.



grace e - nough for all. Lit - tle chil - dren, come to Je - sus, He has love for great and small.

JESUS INVITES YOU TO COME.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wea-ry of sin, Long-ing and sigh-ing for rest, Je-sus in-
2. Come un-to Je-sus, the Lamb that was slain, Dy-ing for us on the tree; All that he

3. Come, then, dear sin-ner, no lon-ger a-buse Je-sus, thy Sa-viour and God; Come, he'll re-

CHORUS.

vites you to come un-to him, He can re-lieve the dis-tressed. { Come to the Sa-viour and
suf-fered of sor-row and pain, Sin-ner, he suf-fered for thee. { Come to the Saviour, he'll

ceive thee, no lon-ger re-fuse; Wash, and be cleansed in his blood. Come, etc.

par-don re-ceive; } Come to the Sa-viour, re-pent and be-lieve, Je-sus invites you to come.
free-ly for-give; }

133, 134

I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

J. W. S.

The first system of music consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 2/4 time. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. I am Je-sus' lit-tle lamb, Hap-py all day long I am, In my ten-der Shepherd's guiding,
 2. By his staff still led a-bout, I may wan-der in and out, Still in sweet-est pas-tures feed-ing,

3. Ah, then, should I dare repine? I am his and he is mine; Yet a few bright days I tar-ry,

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic support.

Liv-ing by his sweet pro-viding; He who loves me knows my name, Tends me all my life the same.
 Nev-er food or com-fort needing; Should I thirst or faintness know, See the cool-ing wa-ters flow.

Then at last he'll come to car-ry Me up-on his bosom home; E-ven so, dear Shepherd, come!

134. THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

J. W. S.

The first system of music for 'THE SAVIOUR CALLS.' is in 6/8 time, indicated by the '6' over the '8' in the time signature. It features a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment.

1. Our Saviour kindly calls Dear children to his breast; He folds us in his gracious arms, Himself declares us blest.
 2. With joy we come, dear Lord, And offer thanks to thee, And praying that, as we are thine, Thine may all children be.

E. A. Hoffman.

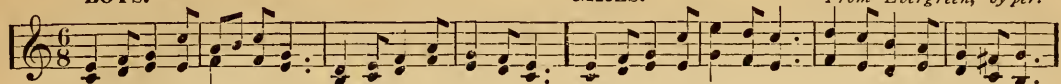
WHO SHALL WALK IN WHITE?

R. A. Kinzie. 135, 136

BOYS.

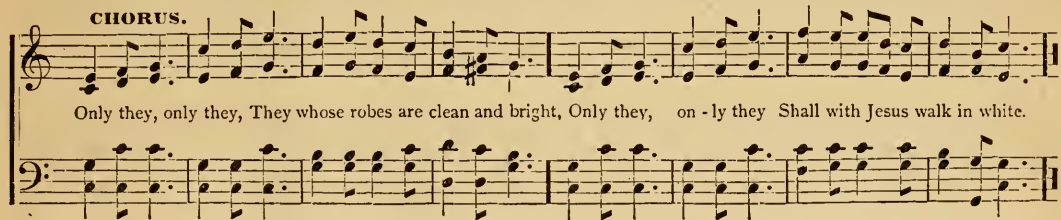
GIRLS.

From "Evergreen," by per.



1. Who shall walk in heav'n above, In yon home of peace and love? Only they shall walk in heav'n Who on earth have been forgiv'n.
2. Who shall live in bliss above, In yon home of peace and love? Only they who do God's will, And his ho - ly law ful-ful.
3. Who shall reign with Christ above, In yon home of peace and love? Only they whose hearts are pure, And who to the end endure.

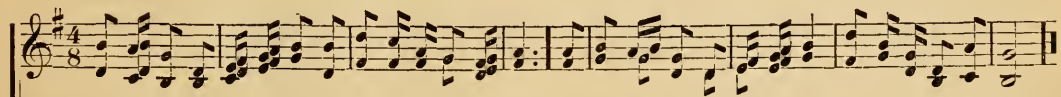
CHORUS.



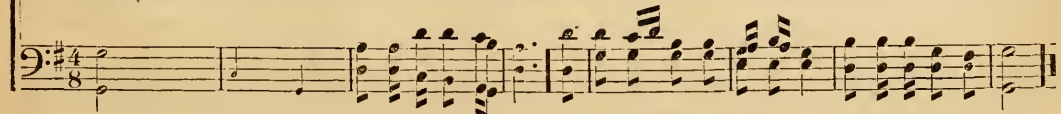
Only they, only they, They whose robes are clean and bright, Only they, on - ly they Shall with Jesus walk in white.

136. JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

J. W. S.



1. We are on - ly lit - tle children, But Jesus loves us too, And for our childish hearts and hands He has a work to do.
2. We are on - ly lit - tle children; But 'round the shining throne Stand thousand others such as we, Thro' Jesus' love alone.



3. And if here we serve him truly, Faithful until we die, He'll send an angel bright and pure To guide us home on high.

1. I know that Jesus loves me! How pleasant is the thought: Tho' clouds are dark above me, His love forsakes me not;
2. I know that Jesus loves me! Tho' other friends may flee, O thou true Friend above me, I still cling un-to thee.

3. I know that Jesus loves me! What can I ask be-side? For me he trod life's desert, For me he bled and died.

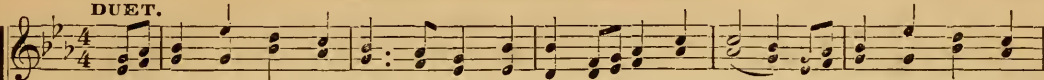
But like a gleam of sunshine His sweet and cheerful smile Steals thro' the mists of darkness, To bless his wayward child.
Thy friendship never fail-eth Thro' good re-port and ill; Thy ten-der care pre-vail-eth, And keeps my spir-it still.

And since he's earned this kingdom, He offers me a place Where I shall go to praise him For all his lov-ing grace.

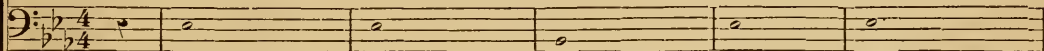
REFRAIN.

I know that Je-sus loves me, And pleasant is the tho't, Tho' clouds are dark a -bove me, His love forsakes me not.

DUET.

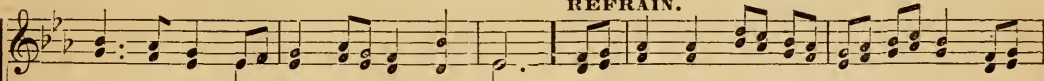


1. Dear Sa-viour, from thy throne a-bove, Where countless children bow, Oh let thy lov - ing
 2. Thy mer - cy led us thro' the year That sweetly passed a - way, And thro' thy grace we

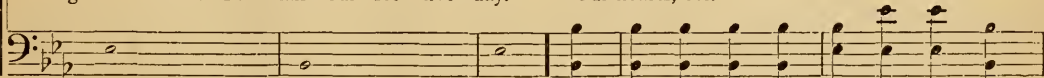


3. Oh, may we learn in ear - ly youth Thy ho - ly word to prize, The lamp that guides our
 4. Oh, hap - py thought, if faith - ful here We work and watch and pray, We'll spend with thee in

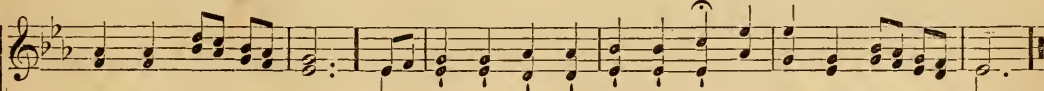
REFRAIN.



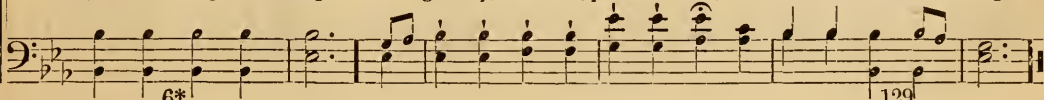
eye be-hold And bless us chil-dren now. Our hearts in tune-ful numbers wake, Our
 gath - er now To hail our fes - tive day. Our hearts, etc.

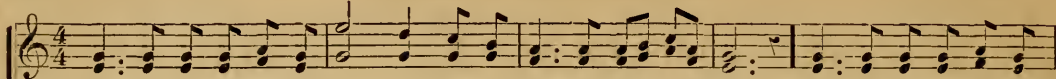


feet to heaven, Our home be - yond the skies. Our hearts in tune-ful numbers wake, Our
 heaven at last An end - less hap - py day. Our hearts, etc.

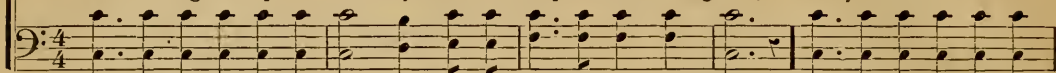


tongues with rap-ture sing, All glo - ry, hon - or, praise to thee, Re-deem-er, Lord, and King !

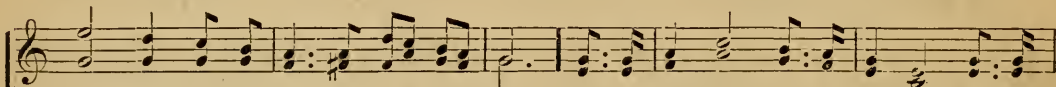




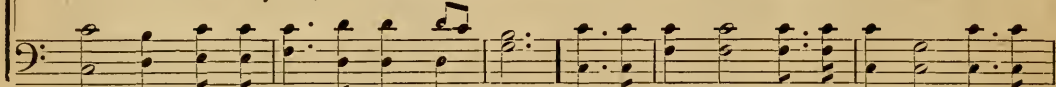
1. Blessed Sun-day-school, I love thee! Oh how sweet to gath-er here, Where the songs of joy as -
 2. We are taught the precious sto - ry Of re-demp-tion thro' his grace; Here by Christian friends di -



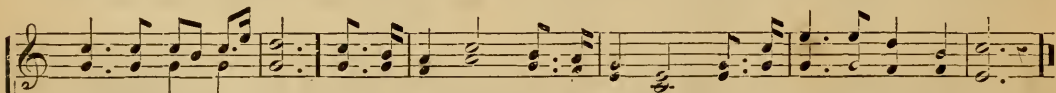
3. Oh how many thoughtless chil-dren Wander, on this ho - ly day, Heeding not the voice that



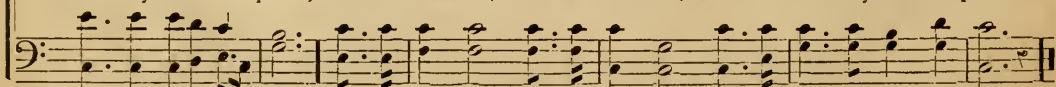
call - ing, Reach our Fa - ther's gra - cious ear; And the Sa - viour, And the Sa - viour Kind - ly
 rect - ed How, in youth, to seek his face, At the foun - tain, At the foun - tain, Where we



calls them From the paths of sin a - - way; Sweet - ly calls them, Sweet - ly calls them, Here to



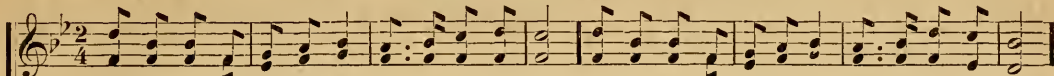
meets the chil - dren here; And the Sa - viour, And the Sa - viour, Kind - ly meets the chil - dren here.
 all may find a place; At the foun - tain, At the foun - tain, Where we all may find a place.



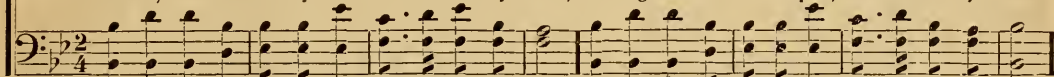
walk in wis - dom's way, Sweet - ly calls them, Sweet - ly calls them, Here to walk in wis - dom's way.

From "Golden Sheaf," by per.

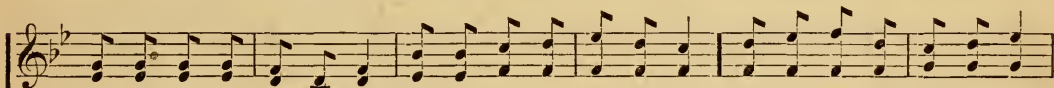
"Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you." JOHN 20:21.



1. Hap-py here a-gain we meet In our Sun-day-school; Pas-tor, teachers, scholars greet, In our Sunday-school:
 2. Saviour, dwell in ev-'ry heart In our Sun-day-school; Blessings to us all im-part, In our Sunday-school:



3. In our ev-'ry meet-ing here, In our Sun-day-school, Sov'reign God, do thou appear, Bless our Sunday-school:



Here his mer-cy we en-treat, Bow-ing hum-bly at his feet; Grace sur-rounds his mer-cy-seat,
 Grant us, Lord, thy gra-cious smile, Cleanse our hearts from ev-'ry guile, God and sin-ners rec-on-cile,

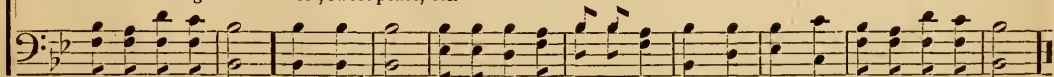


Schol-ars, teach-ers, bless us all, Might-y Ru-ler, Lord of all; Let the dew of mer-cy fall

CHORUS.



Thro' our Saviour's death. Sweet, sweet peace dwells within our Sabbath home; Praise the Saviour for our Sabbath home.
 Thro' a-toning blood. Sweet, sweet peace, etc.



On our Sunday-school. Sweet, sweet peace dwells within our Sabbath home; Praise the Saviour for our Sabbath home.

1. With joy again, kind friends, we meet you, And once a-gain our song we sing; This hap - py day
 2. Yes, time has sped since last you hearkened To fer-vent tones of youthful praise, And youth-ful joys

3. A - gain we raise our song of greet - ing, And wel-come those we fondly love, While ho - ping for

CHORUS.

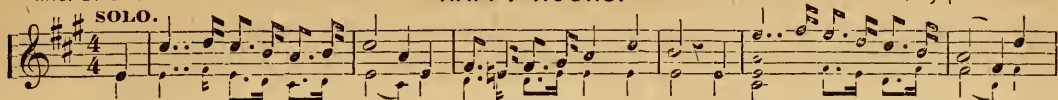
we glad - ly greet you; Grate-ful hearts their trib - ute bring. We come, we come, we
 have not been dark - ened By the noise-less flight of days. We come, etc,

a hap-pier meet - ing In our Father's house a - bove. We come, we come, we

come with songs to greet you; We come, we come, we come, we come a - gain—come, we come again.

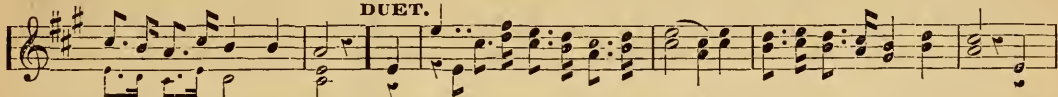
1st time. 2d time.

SOLO.



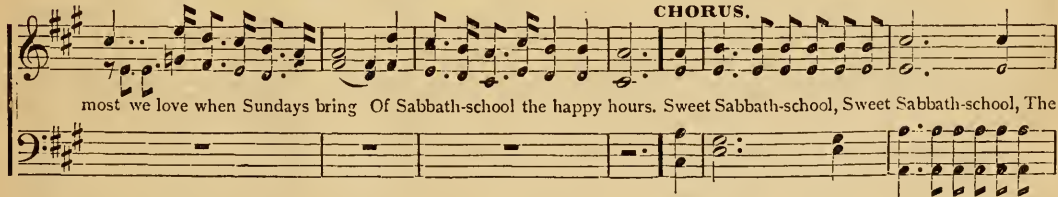
1. We love the sunny days of spring, With early blossoms, birds and flowers; But most we love, when Sundays bring Of
2. We love to learn, all thro' the week, The things that make us good and wise; But most we love the truths to seek That
3. We love the sto-ries of the brave, The noble men who earth have trod; But more to hear of Him who gave His
4. We may not roam o'er Ol-i - vet, Nor view the pleasant Jor - dan near; But He who there his children met Will

DUET.

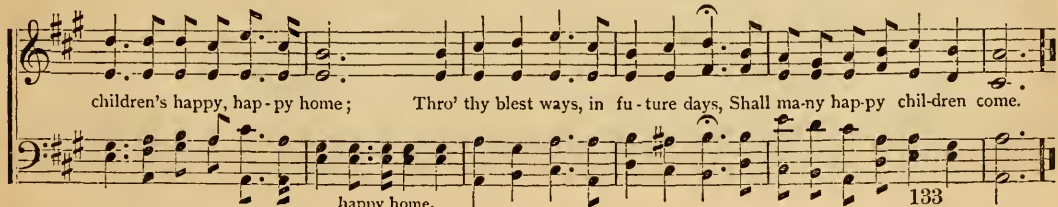


Sabbath-school the happy hours. We love the ear-ly days of spring, With early buds and birds and flowers; But
 light our pathway to the skies. We love, etc. We love, etc.
 life to bring us up to God. We love, etc. We love, etc.
 sure-ly come to meet us here. We love, etc. We love, etc.

CHORUS.

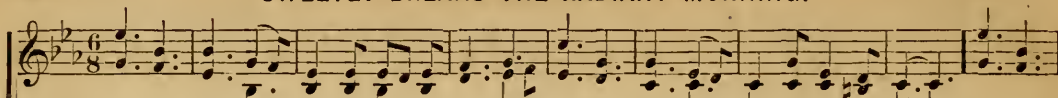


most we love when Sundays bring Of Sabbath-school the happy hours. Sweet Sabbath-school, Sweet Sabbath-school, The



children's happy, hap-py home; Thro' thy blest ways, in fu-ture days, Shall ma-n-y hap-py chil-dren come.

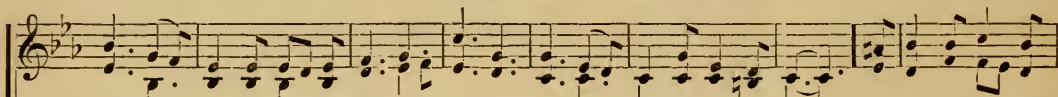
happy home.



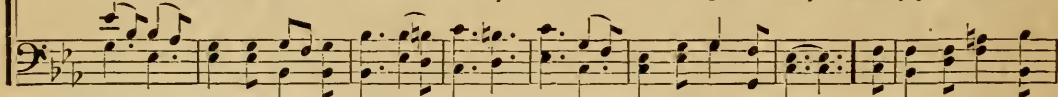
1. Sweetly, sweet-ly breaks the radiant morning, Breaks the morning of the ho - ly day, Cha - sing,
 2. Far more sweetly shall break the glorious morning, Glorious morning of the eternal day, When be -



D. C. Glo - ry, hon - or, be to Him for ev - er Who has kind - ly led our feet a - long; Sweet the

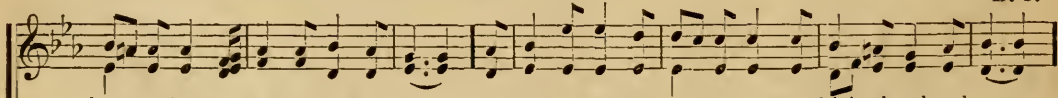


cha - sing with the daylight's glo - ry All the shadows of the night a - way. We wa - ken from our
 fore the smile of our Cre - a - tor Earthly care and woe shall pass a - way, With joy we'll soar to

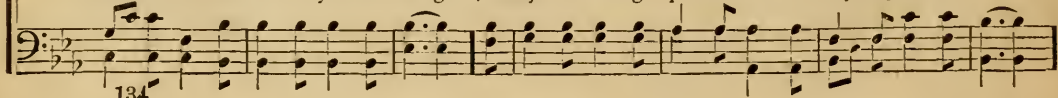


work to praise the glorious Giv - er [OMIT *Al Segno.*]

D. C.



pleasant sleep, And gladly haste a-long, To min - gle with the happy group, And join the choral song :
 worlds above. Where many friends are gone, And join the song of praise and love They sing before the throne:



SWEETLY BREAKS THE RADIANT MORNING—Concluded.

144

Of the joys that round our pathway throng, That round our pathway throng, That round our path - way throng.

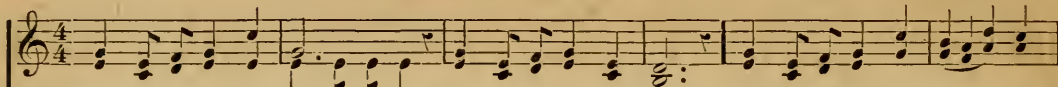
Bp. Reg. Heber.

144. HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

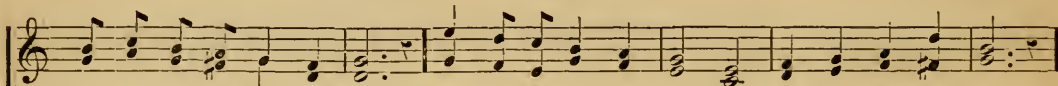
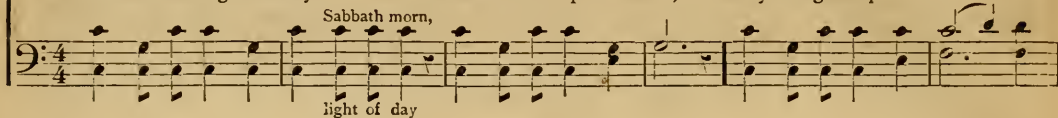
Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-migh - ty! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of sinful man thy glo - ry may not see;

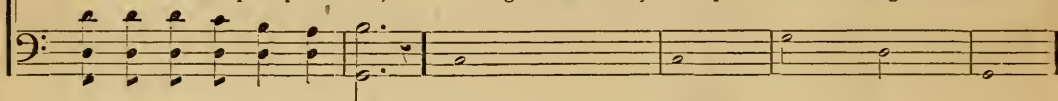
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly; Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
Cher - u - bim and Seraphim fall - ing down be - fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er more shalt be.
On - ly thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty! A - men.



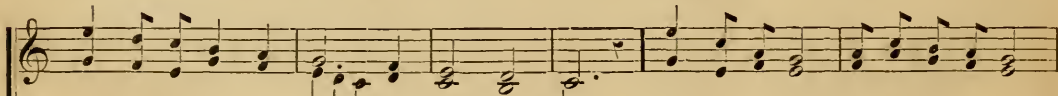
1. Welcome, sweet Sabbath morn, Welcome our hearts to cheer; Joy beams in ev-ery eye, . . . As -
 2. And when the light of day Sinks in life's qui-et West, May our glad spirits hear God's



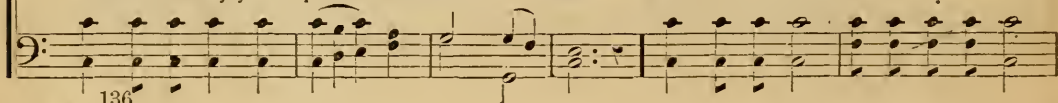
sem-bled in our school-room dear; While from our blending voi - ces Hap - py songs a - rise,
 summons to his peo - ple's rest; And through the heavenly tem - ple Glad our songs shall blend,



CHORUS.



Tell - ing of joys to come Be - yond the skies. Come to the school! Happy, happy school,
 Where Sabbath joy and praise Shall nev - er end. Come to the school! etc.



SWEET SABBATH MORN—Concluded.

146

Here in thy courts we meet; Here, at thy call, Come we, one and all, Glad thy joys to greet.

L. Miller.

146. SABBATH BELLS.

D. S. Wymer.

1. Peal on, peal on, peal on, Sweet sa-cred Sabbath bells, Ring out your chimes anew, For as your tones
 2. Peal on, peal on, peal on, For while your tones ring out, The ho-ly Sabbath morn Comes down as if
 3. Ring on, ring on, ring on! For all the wor-ship-pers On hill and val-ley fair List-en with joy

mount up on high, My soul mounts upward too. Peal on, peal on, peal on, Ye sa-cred Sabbath bells.
 up - on its wings Per - pet-u-al rest were borne. Peal on, etc.
 to hear your call Borne on the stil - ly air. Peal on, peal on, peal on, Ye sa-cred Sabbath bells.

LET IT PASS.

J. Wm. Suffern.

1. Be not swift to take of-fence; Let it pass, let it pass! An-ger is a foe to sense;
2. Ech-o not an an-gry word; Let it pass, let it pass! Think how oft-en you have erred;

3. If for good you've met with ill, Let it pass, let it pass! Oh, be kind and gen-tle still;

Let it pass, let it pass! Brood not dark-ly o'er a wrong, Which will dis-ap-pear ere long;
Let it pass, let it pass! Since our joys must pass a-way Like the dewdrops on the spray,

Let it pass, let it pass! Time at last makes all things straight; Let us not re-sent, but wait,

CHORUS.

Ra-ther sing this cheer-y song, Let it pass, let it pass! Yes, we'll sing this cheery, cheery song
Wherefore should our sorrows stay? Let them pass, let them pass! Yes, we'll sing, etc.

And our triumph shall be great; Let it pass, let it pass! Yes, we'll sing this cheery, cheery song,

LET IT PASS—Concluded.

148

When our hearts are prompted to do wrong; Yes, we'll sing this cheery, cheery song, Let it pass, let it pass!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill on the final note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

**

148. HAPPY GREETING.

S. J. Vail, 1875.

1. Now an - oth - er year is ending, Meet we here to sing and pray, Heart and voice in gladness blending,
2. Thanks for teachers kind and gentle, Pointing us the heavenly way, Clad in Char - i - ty's sweet man - tle

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The melody includes a trill on the final note of the first line.

On this an - ni - ver - sary day. Thanks we give for gifts from heaven As our school year sped a - way,
On each ho - ly Sabbath day. While the lamp of life is burn - ing, Let us, where - so - e'er we stray,

This section continues the melody and accompaniment from the previous block, maintaining the 4/4 time signature and one flat key signature.

HAPPY GREETING—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Life prolonged and blessings giv-en, Crowning each succeeding day. Hap-py greeting, joy-ful meeting,
Still be thinking, ev - er learn-ing Bi - ble les-sons ev - ery day. Happy greeting, joyful meeting,

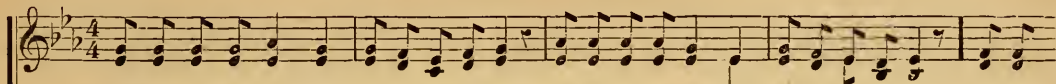
Bless-ed an - ni - ver - sary day! Hap-py greeting, joy-ful meeting, Here to join our fes-tal lay.

149. DAY BY DAY.

Arr. from Gottschalk.

1. Day by day the manna fell: Oh, to learn this lesson well! Still by constant mercy fed, Give us, Lord, our daily bread.
2. "Day by day," the promise reads, Daily strength for daily needs; Cast foreboding fears away, Take the manna of to-day.

3. Lord, our times are in thy hand; All our sanguine hopes have plann'd To thy wisdom we resign, And would mould our wills to thine.
4. Thou our daily task shalt give; Day by day to thee we live; So shall added years fulfil, Not our own, Our Father's will.

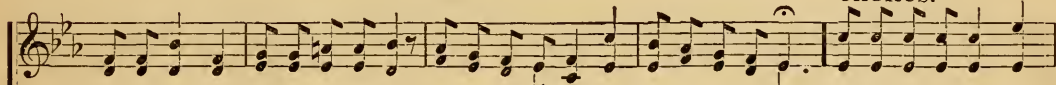


1. Growing up for Je - sus, we are tru - ly blest, In his smile our welcome, in his arms our rest, In his
 2. Not too young to love him—lit - tle hearts beat true; Not too young to serve him, as his children do; Not too

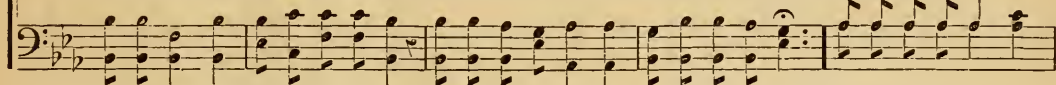


3. Grow - ing up for Je . sus, learning day by day How to fol - low glad - ly in the nar - row way, Seek - ing

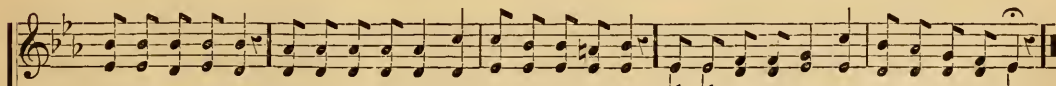
CHORUS.



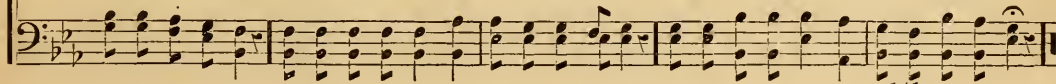
love our treasure, in his word our rule, Growing up for Je - sus in our Sunday-school. Growing up for Je - sus,
 young to praise him, singing as we come; Not too young to answer when he calls us home. Growing up, etc.



precious treas - ure, finding pearls of truth, Growing up for Je - sus in our hap - py youth. Growing up for Je - sus



Till in him complete, Heart and soul devoting To his service sweet; Heart and soul devoting to his service sweet.



LAND AHEAD!

S. J. Vail, by per.

1. Land a - head! a light is gleaming O'er the dark and sul-len waves, While the world at large is
 2. Land a-head! sweet words, so cheering To the tem - pest-tost and tried; For the heavenly port we're

3. Land a - head! the night of weeping Yields to dawn of end - less day; Je - sus comes to wake from
 4. Land a - head! our home of glory! When our feet its shores shall throng, Then we'll sing "the old, old

CHORUS.

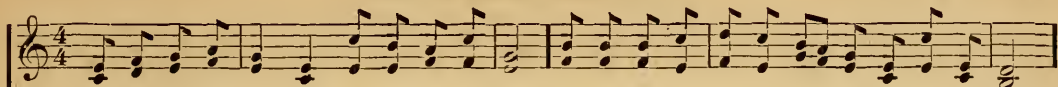
dream-ing, Think-ing not of Him who saves. Yes, a - - mid the tem-pest's roar, Zi - on's
 near - ing, Home for which we oft have sighed. Yes, amid, etc.

sleep - ing Saints, his jew - els laid a - way. Yes, a - - mid the tem-pest's roar, Zi - on's
 sto - ry," And we'll shout re-demption's song. Yes, amid, etc.

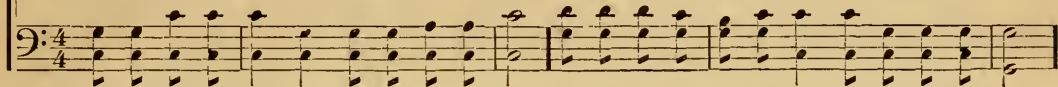
ship is near-ing shore; Get the an - chor o'er the rail, Soon we'll rest with-in the veil.

EVERYWHERE WITH JESUS.

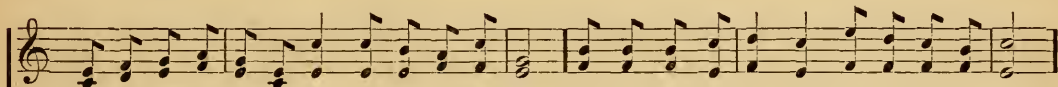
S. J. Vail. 152



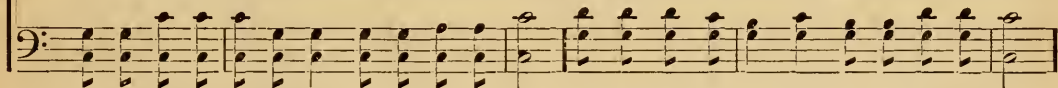
1. Everywhere with Jesus! Oh, how sweet the tho't, Filling all my soul with joy, Deep with comfort fraught.
2. Everywhere with Je - sus! For no place can be Where I may not find him near, Very near to me,



3. Everywhere with Je - sus! Do whate'er I may, Work, or play, or walk abroad, Study, talk, or pray ;

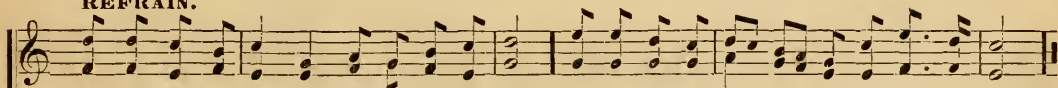


Nev - er absent far from him, Al-ways at his side ; Every-where with Je - sus, Trusting him to guide.
Clo-ser than the flesh I wear—In my in-most heart : Every-where with Je - sus, We shall nev-er part.

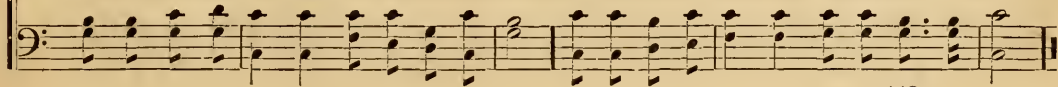


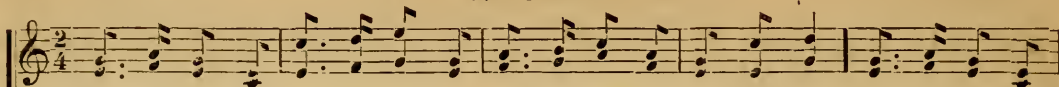
Still I find him, full of love, Ready ere I call. Every-where with Je - sus, He's my all in all!

REFRAIN.

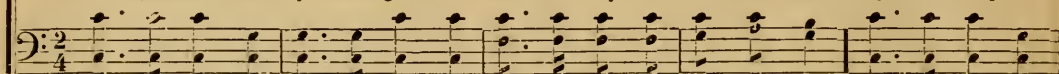


Everywhere with Je - sus, Al-ways at his side ; Everywhere with Je - sus, Trusting him to guide.





1. In their pla - ces, lov - ing fa - ces, Sweet and sun - ny as the sky, Beam up - on me,
2. Ea - ger hearts, and eyes that glis - ten, Hands that try to do God's will, Tongues that lisp and

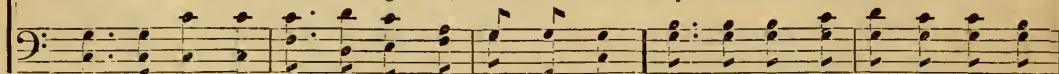


3. Curls of gold and gold - en sunbeams Blend and gleam in sweet ac - cord: May these gen - tle
4. Grouped like blossoms in a gar - den, Clothed like lil - ies, pure and white: In thine arms, dear

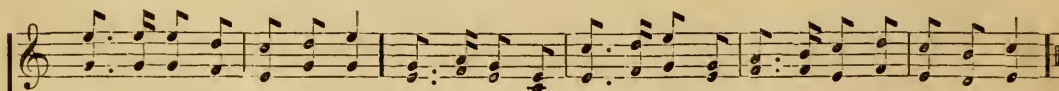
CHORUS.



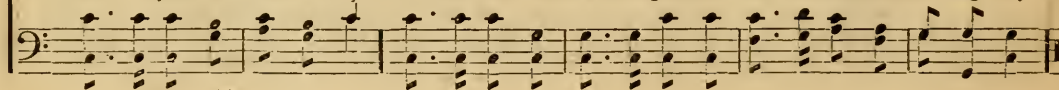
bright and cheer - ful As the day - light from on high. May the Sa - viour, whose sweet sto - ry
ears that list - en, Wait the sig - nal, hush'd and still. May the Saviour, etc.



souls be light - ed With the Spir - it of the Lord. May the Saviour, whose sweet sto - ry
Sa - viour, clasp them, Shield them all from sin's sad blight. May the Saviour, etc.

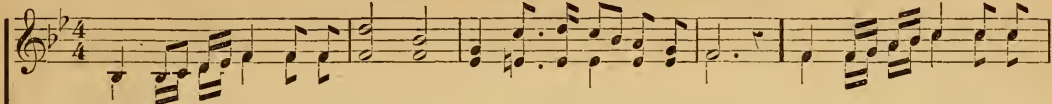


We re - peat a - new to - day, Teach and lead and love and guide us In the true and liv - ing way.

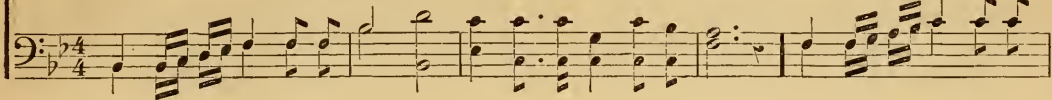


GLORY IN THE HIGHEST.

J. W. Suffern. 154

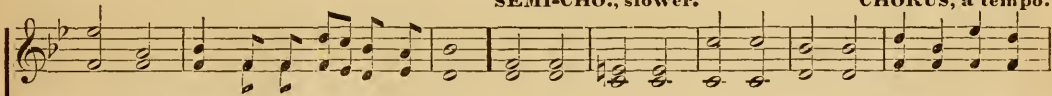


1. "Glo - ry to God in the high - est!" Le-gions of an-gels do cry; Christ for his peo-ple has
 2. Faint-ly are heard the sweet voi-ces Fill-ing the dome of the sky, "Glo - ry to God in the

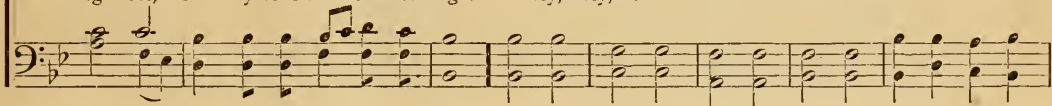


SEMI-CHO., slower.

CHORUS, a tempo.

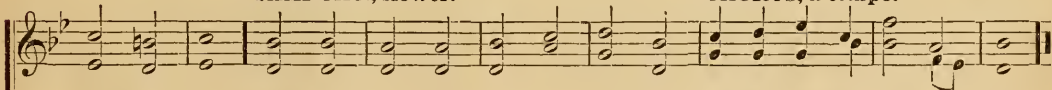


ris - en; With him they'll triumph on high. "Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly!" Hear the heav'nly
 high-est, Glo - ry to God the Most High." "Holy, holy," etc.

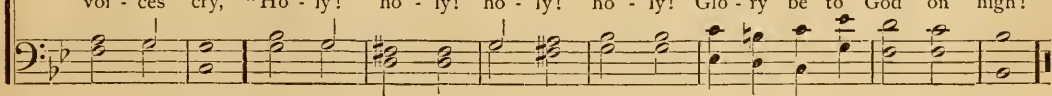


SEMI-CHO., slower.

CHORUS, a tempo.



voi - ces cry, "Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! Glo - ry be to God on high!"



HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Mendelssohn.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the ey - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -

3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous-ness! Light and life to

mer cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled." Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise,
 hold him come, Off - spring of a vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see,

all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel host pro-claim, "Christ is born in
 Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - - ty; Pleased as man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -

Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING—Concluded.

156

Beth - le - hem! Hark! the her - - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"
 man - u - - el. Hark! the her - - ald an - gels sing, etc.

sec - ond birth. Hark! the her - - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!"

Dr. H. Bonar.

156. YET THERE IS ROOM.*

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.
 With its fair glory beckons thee along:

2. Day is declining, and the sun is low; The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, etc.

3. The bridal hall is filling for the feast; Pass in, pass in and be the Bridegroom's guest: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, etc.
 4. It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee: Room, room, still room! oh, enter, etc.

5. Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,
 The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.
6. Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee;
 That cup of everlasting love is free!
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.

7. All heaven is there, all joy! go in, go in;
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.
8. Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
 Come, linger, come; enter that festal hall:
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.

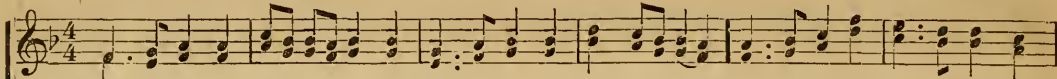
* This hymn has been greatly blessed in Moody and Sankey's meetings.

157 *

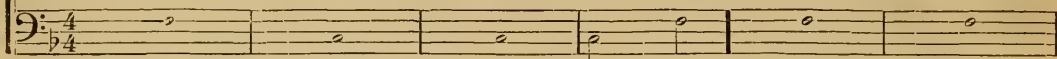
WHO ARE THESE LIKE STARS APPEARING?

W. W. Bentley, 1875.

DUET.

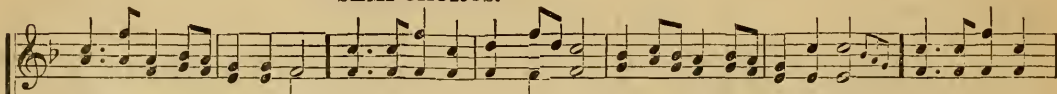


1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing, These before God's throne who stand? Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing.
2. Who are these in dazzling brightness, Clothed in God's own righteous-ness; These in robes of pu-rest whiteness,



3. These are they who have con-tend-ed For their Saviour's hon - or long, Wrestling on till life was end - ed,

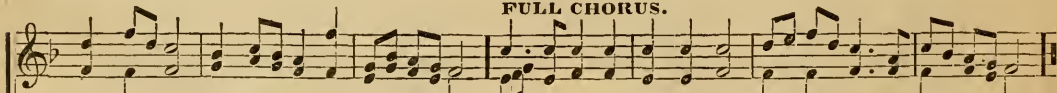
SEMI-CHORUS.



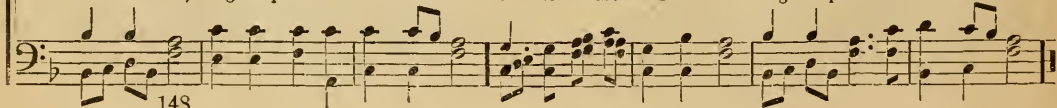
Who compose this happy band? "Al - le - lu - ia!" Hark! they sing Praises to their God and King. "Al - le - lu - ia!
Lustrous in their Saviour's grace? "Alleluia!" etc.
Fol-lowing not the sinful throng. "Alleluia!" etc.



FULL CHORUS.

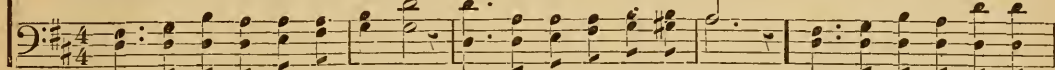


Christ is Lord; Sing his praise with sweet accord." "Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is Lord! Sing his praise with sweet accord."





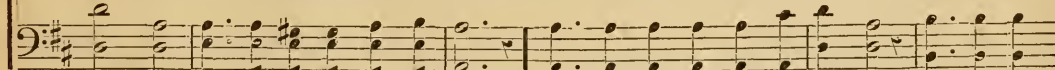
1. Hark! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' an - gel - ic host re -
 2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven," Reaching far as man is found: "Souls redeemed and sins for -



3. Haste, ye mor - tals, to a - dore him, Learn his name, and taste his joy, Till in heav'n ye sing be -



joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant
 giv - en;" Loud our golden harps shall sound. Christ is born, the great An - oint - ed; Heaven and earth



fore him, "Glo - ry be to God Most High!" Tell to all the wondrous sto - ry Of our great



in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God Most High!"
 his prais - es sing! Oh, re - ceive whom God appoint - ed For your Prophet, Priest and King.



Re - deem - er's birth; Spread the brightness of his glo - ry Till it cov - ers all the earth.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

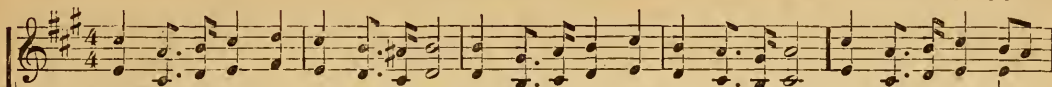
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - - on my way. From the cross the

sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sublime. 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Friends de -
radiance streaming, Adds new lustre to the day. 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the

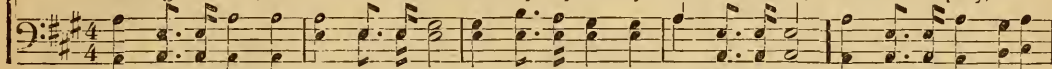
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring

ceive and foes an - noy, Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me : Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
cross are sanc - ti - fied. Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

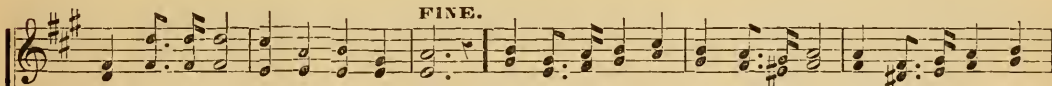
o'er the wrecks of time ! All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.



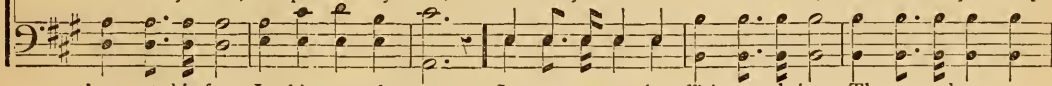
1. Wake, wake the song! our glad jubilee Once more we hail with sweet melody, Bringing our hymns of
 2. March-ing to Zion, dear blessed home! Lord, by thy mer-cy hither we come; Guide us, we pray, where-



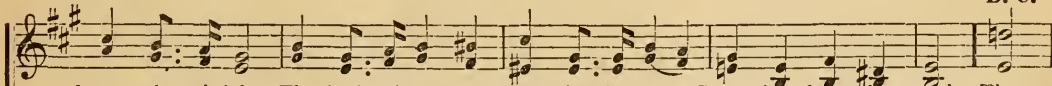
3. Yet once a-gain the an-them repeat, Join, every voice, the Master to greet; Love's sacri-fice we
 D. C. Wake, wake the song! our glad jubilee Once more we hail with sweet melody, Bringing our hymns of



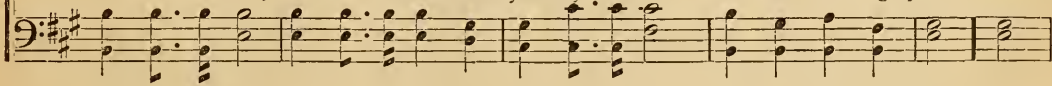
praise un-to thee, O most ho-ly Lord! Praise for thy care by day and by night, Praise for the homes by
 e'er we may roam, Keep us in thy fear; Fill every soul with love all divine; Now cause thy face up-



lay at his feet In his tem-ple now. Je-sus, accept the off'ring we bring; Thee we adore, our
 praise un-to thee, O most ho-ly Lord!



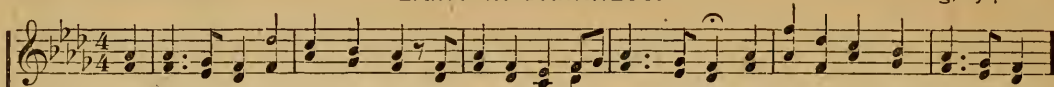
love made so bright; Thanks for the pure and soul-cheering light Beam-ing from thy word. Then
 on us to shine; Grant that our hearts may tru-ly be thine All the com-ing year. Then



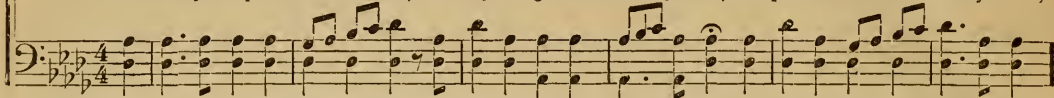
Sa-viour and King; Still of thy wondrous love we will sing, Till in heaven we bow. Then

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

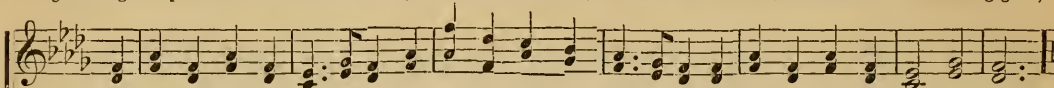
Horatio C. King, by per.



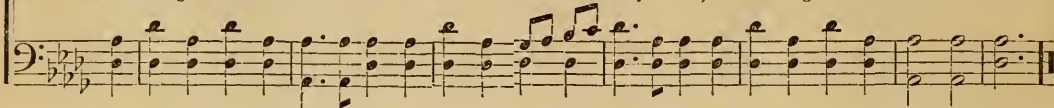
1. Tho' Love may weep with breaking heart, There comes, O Christ, a day of thine: There is a morning star must shine,
 2. Tho' Faith may droop and trem-ble here, That day of light shall sure-ly come, His path hath led *him* safely home;



3. Though Hope seem now to hope in vain, And Death seem king of all below, There yet shall come the morning glow,



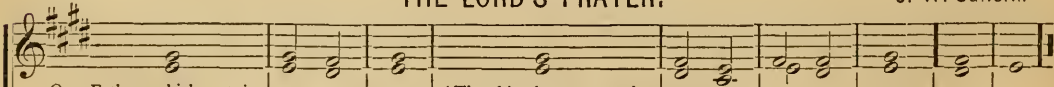
And all these shadows shall depart; There is a morning star must shine, And all these shadows shall de-part.
 When twilight breaks the dawn is near; His path hath led him safely home; When twilight breaks the dawn is near.



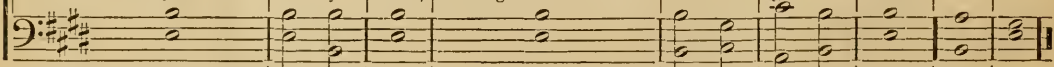
And wake our slumb'ers once again; There yet shall come the morning glow, And wake our slumb'ers once again.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

J. W. Suffern.



- | | | | | | | |
|---|--------|--------|-------------------------|--------------|----------|----------|
| 1. Our Father, which art in
heaven, hallowed . . . | be thy | name: | { Thy kingdom come, thy | earth, as it | is in | heaven: |
| 2. Give us this day our . . . | dayly | bread; | will be done in . . . | we for- | give our | debtors: |



- | | | | | | | |
|--|---------|-------|-----------------------------|------------|--------|----------------|
| 3. And lead us not into temp-
tation, but deliver . . . | us from | evil; | { For thine is the kingdom, | glory, for | ev - - | - er. A - men. |
| | | | and the power, and the . | | | |

FAVORITE HYMNS.

162. WARE. Key, A.

1. Behold a Stranger at the door :
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.
2. Oh lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands !
Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes !
3. But will he prove a Friend indeed ?
He will : the very Friend you need :
The Friend of sinners ; yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

163. ITALIAN HYMN. Key, G.

1. COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing ;
Help us to praise :
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.
2. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

164. WEBB. Key, B.

1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears ;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears ;

7*

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

165. BOYLSTON. Key, C.

1. A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

166. HAPPY DAY. Key, G.

1. OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away ;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day ;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
Cho.—Happy day, etc.

167. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. Key, B.

1. WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

168. PLEYEL'S HYMN. Key, A.

1. DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

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2. I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face,
Would not hear his gracious calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3. Though I lumber still the ground,
Lo, an Advocate is found :
There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands.

169. ZION. Key, D.

1. SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above ?
Every sentence, oh, how tender,
Every line is full of love !
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2. Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, " Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name."
How important—
Free forgiveness in his name !

3. Oh, ye angels hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way ;
Hasten to the courts of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay :
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

170. LABAN. Key, C.

1. My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh ! watch, and fight, and pray—
The battle he'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

171. ANTIOCH. Key, D.

1. OH, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
2. Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music to our ravished ears ;
'Tis life and health and peace.
3. He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me.

172. MARLOW. Key, C.

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 ?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
3. 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.

173. WOODSTOCK. Key, G.

1. FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee ;
No other help I know :
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?
2. What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death !

3. O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4. Author of faith ! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes ;
Oh let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

174. AUTUMN. Key, C.

1. ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood ?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
2. When he lived on earth abas'd,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above, all glory rais'd,
He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

175. OLIVET. Key, G.

1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart ;
My zeal inspire :
As thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide :
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

176. BOYLSTON. Key, C.

1. Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
2. Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay ?
3. Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

177. ANTIOCH. Key, bE.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

178. COME, THOU FOUNT.
Key, E.

1. COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2. Teach me some me'odious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.
3. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God :
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

179. TOPLADY. Key, bB.

1. Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

180. ST. THOMAS. Key, G.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
2. I love thy church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
3. For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

181. CORONATION. Key, G.

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
3. Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate ! Man divine !
And crown him Lord of all.
4. Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
6. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

182. AMERICA. Key, G.

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing ;
Land where my fathers died ;
Land of the pilgrims' pride ;
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.
2. My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
Like that above.

- Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

183. NEARER TO THEE. Key, G.

- NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee :
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
- There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven ;
A l that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

184. FOUNTAIN. Key, D.

- THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day :
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

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- E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy towing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

185. WILL YOU GO? Key, G.

- WE'RE travelling home to heaven above ;
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love ;
Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests of God ;
And millions more are on the road :
Will you go? Will you go?
- We're going to walk the plains of light ;
Will you go? Will you go?
Far, far from curse and death and night?
Will you go? Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share ;
Will you go? Will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and plain ;
Will you go? Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again ;
Will you go? Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see."
Will you go? Will you go?

186. ARIEL. Key, ♭E.

- OH could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine !
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

- I'd sing, the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine ;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne ;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

187. EVEN ME. Key, ♭A.

- LORD, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.
- Pass me not, O God, our Father !
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy reach to me—
Even me.
- Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !
Let me live and cling to Thee ;
See, I'm longing for thy favor ;
While thou'rt calling, oh ! call me—
Even me.

188. WOODWORTH. Key, ♭E.

- JUST as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

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

189. DENNIS. Key, F.

1. BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
3. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

190. SWEET HOME. Key, F.

1. MID scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints,
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my
home.
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children
of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can
not cease;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness
I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory at home.

191. LOVING KINDNESS. Key, G.

1. AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2. He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
3. Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
4. I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

192. BEAUTIFUL RIVER. Key, B \flat .

1. SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

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

193. I DO BELIEVE. Key, F.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHORUS.

- I do believe, I now believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And through his blood, his precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
I do believe, etc.
3. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
I do believe, etc.
4. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every meeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.
I do believe, etc.

194. NETTLETON. Key, B \flat .

1. JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

195. SHINING SHORE. Key, G.

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

CHORUS.

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

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, etc.

3. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says "Come," and there's
our home,
For ever, oh, for ever!
For now we stand, etc.

196. HEBRON. Key, bB.

1. THUS far the Lord hath led me on—
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

197. MARTYN. Key, F.

1. JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

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

198. HENDON. Key, G.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2. We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4. Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

199. ATHENS. Key, bE.

1. I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

200. CROSS AND CROWN.

Key, bB.

1. MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2. This consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall make me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3. O precious cross ! O glorious crown !
O resurrection day !
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

201. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

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,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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