

# SWEET HARMONIES



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# SWEET HARMONIES

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# GOSPEL \* SONGS

— FOR USE IN —

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SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, ETC.

COMPOSED AND SELECTED

— BY —

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1896:

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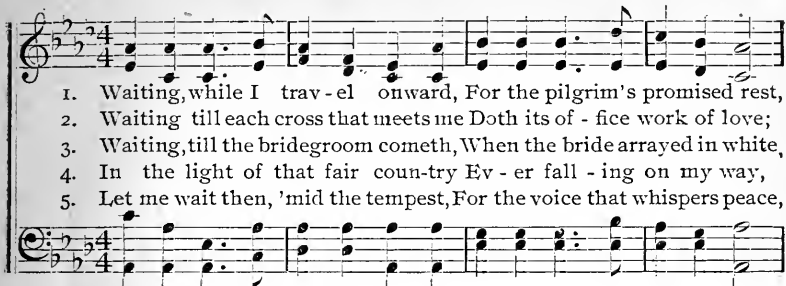


# No. 1. Not Far from Heaven's Gate.

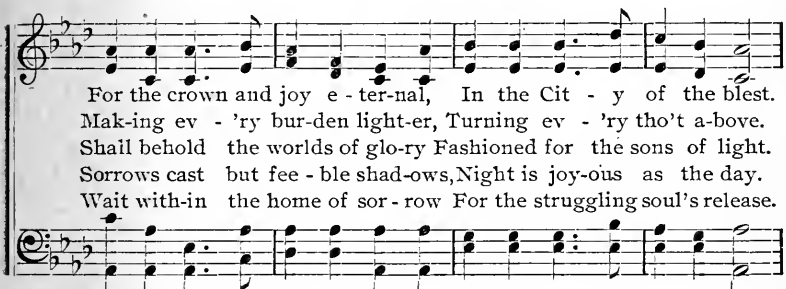
REV. J. H. LUTHER.

(In Memory of My Father.)

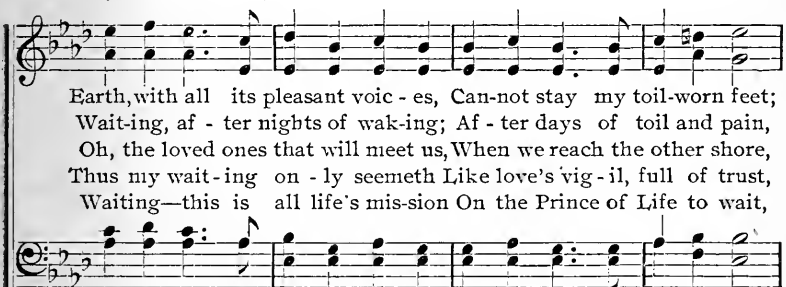
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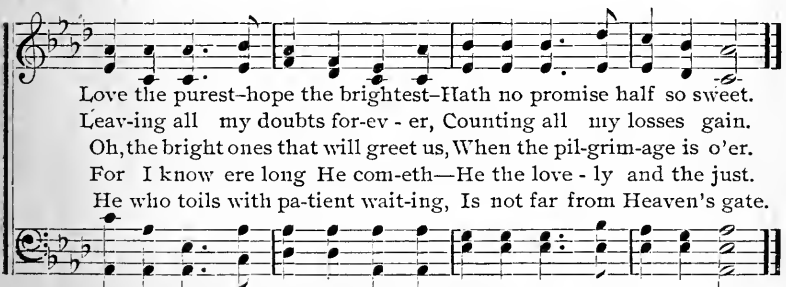
1. Waiting, while I trav - el onward, For the pilgrim's promised rest,  
2. Waiting till each cross that meets me Doth its of - fice work of love;  
3. Waiting, till the bridegroom cometh, When the bride arrayed in white,  
4. In the light of that fair coun - try Ev - er fall - ing on my way,  
5. Let me wait then, 'mid the tempest, For the voice that whispers peace,



For the crown and joy e - ter - nal, In the Cit - y of the blest.  
Mak - ing ev - 'ry bur - den light - er, Turning ev - 'ry tho't a - bove,  
Shall behold the worlds of glo - ry Fashioned for the sons of light.  
Sorrows cast but fee - ble shad - ows, Night is joy - ous as the day.  
Wait with - in the home of sor - row For the struggling soul's release.



Earth, with all its pleasant voic - es, Can - not stay my toil - worn feet;  
Wait - ing, af - ter nights of wak - ing; Af - ter days of toil and pain,  
Oh, the loved ones that will meet us, When we reach the other shore,  
Thus my wait - ing on - ly seemeth Like love's vig - il, full of trust,  
Waiting—this is all life's mis - sion On the Prince of Life to wait,



Love the purest—hope the brightest—Hath no promise half so sweet.  
Leav - ing all my doubts for - ev - er, Counting all my losses gain.  
Oh, the bright ones that will greet us, When the pil - grim - age is o'er.  
For I know ere long He com - eth—He the love - ly and the just.  
He who toils with pa - tient wait - ing, Is not far from Heaven's gate.

No. 4.

Tell It Out, (Missionary.)

"The Lord is King forever and ever." Psa. 10:15.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

*With Vigor.*

1. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions That the Lord is King; Tell it  
 2. Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple That the Sav-ior reigns, Tell it  
 3. Tell it out a-mong the peo-ple, Je - sus reigns a - bove; Tell it

out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations,  
 out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the heathen,  
 out! Tell it out! Tell it out among the nations,  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!

bid them shout and sing; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it  
 bid them break their chains; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it  
 That His reign is love; Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

out! with ad-o - ra-tion that He shall increase, Tell it out! Tell it  
 out! among the weeping ones that Je-sus lives, Tell it out! Tell it  
 out! among the highways and the lanes at home, Tell it out! Tell it  
 Tell it out!

out! That the mighty King of glo - ry is the King of peace,  
 out! Tell it out a-mong the weary ones what rest He gives,  
 out! Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,  
 Tell it out!



## Tell It Out—Concluded.

Tell it out!      Tell it out!      Tell it out! with ju - bi -  
 Tell it out!      Tell it out!      Tell it out! among the  
 Tell it out!      Tell it out!      That the wea - ry, heav-y-

Tell it out!      Tell it out!

la-tion, let the song ne'er cease; Tell it out!      Tell it out!  
 sin - ners that He came to save; Tell it out!      Tell it out!  
 lad-en need no long-er roam; Tell it out!      Tell it out!

Tell it out!

No. 5.

Martyn, 7s, D.

S. B. MARSH. 1798-1834.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus. lov - er of my soul,      Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
 { While the nearer wa-ters roll,      While the tempest still is high; }  
 D. C.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide,      O re-ceive my soul at last.  
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none;      Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; }  
 { Leave, ah! leave me not a-lone,      Still support and comfort me! }  
 D. C.—Cov - er my defenseless head      With the shad-ow of Thy wing.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide,      Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,      All my help from Thee I bring;

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

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

# No. 8. Hear Our Fervent Prayer.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Lin - ger near us, bless - ed Spir - it, Lin - ger near us as we pray;  
 2. Lin - ger near us, cleansing Spir - it, Hear Thy children as they cry;  
 3. Lin - ger near, re - fin - ing Spir - it, Take a - way the dross of sin;  
 4. Lin - ger near, O Ho - ly Spir - it! Fill with pow'r this sa - cred place,

Come with Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, And re - new our hearts to - day.  
 Come with sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er, And our spir - its pu - ri - fy.  
 Drive the i - dols from Thy tem - ple, And e - rect Thy throne with - in.  
 And our wait - ing spir - its quick - en With Thy sweet, re - fresh - ing grace.

CHORUS. Hear..... our fervent pray'r, Hear..... our fervent

Hear, oh, hear our fer - vent pray'r, Hear, oh, hear our

pray'r,

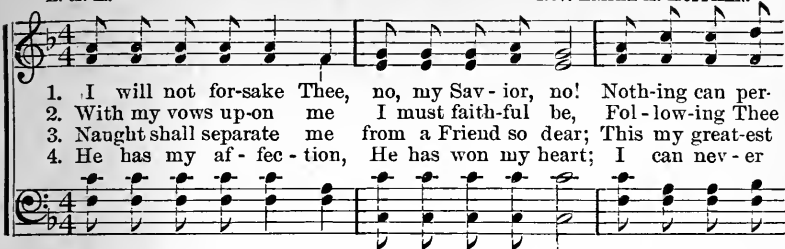
fer - vent pray'r, Hear us, hear us, Hear us, hear us,

Hear us as we pray: Hear and bless to - day.  
 Oh, hear us, Hear and bless, oh, hear and bless to - day!

# No. 9. The Vows that I have Taken.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. I will not for-sake Thee, no, my Sav-ior, no! Noth-ing can per-  
2. With my vows up-on me I must faith-ful be, Fol-low-ing Thee  
3. Naught shall separate me from a Friend so dear; This my great-est  
4. He has my af-fec-tion, He has won my heart; I can nev-er

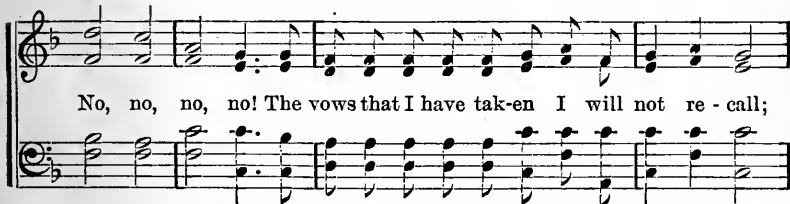


suade me from my Lord to go; Thou a-lone art wor- thy,  
ev-er where Thou lead-est me, With un- yield- ing pur- pose  
joy to have my Sav-ior near; I have pledged my heart to  
leave Him, we can nev-er part; Tho' the world al- lure me.



wor- thy to re-ceive Love the best and pur- est that my heart can give.  
to be Thine al- way, And to fol- low ev- er in the nar- row way.  
Him be- yond re- call; Earth sna' not di- vide it, He shall have it all.  
I will answer "nay;" From my pre- cious Je- sus I will nev- er stray.

## CHORUS.



No, no, no, no! The vows that I have tak- en I will not re- call;



No, no, no, no! My love is pledged to Jesus, He shall have it all.

"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."—Josh. 1:11.

REV. W. T. DALE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

1. O - ver Jordan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that
2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by, We shall
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall
4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting

hap - py land so sweet, By and by, We shall gath - er on the  
 reach our home at last, By and by, With the ransom'd we shall  
 strike the gold - en lyre, By and by, In our home so bright and  
 love's re - deem - ing song, By and by, There we'll meet be - fore the

shore, With our kindred gone be - fore, And the Savior's name a - dore,  
 stand, There a ho - ly, bap - py band, Crown'd with glo - ry in that land,  
 fair, Where the hap - py an - gels are, We shall praise for - ev - er there,  
 throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down, And re - ceive a shining crown,

CHORUS.

By and by. By and by, By and by, by and by, O - ver

Jordan we shall gather, by and by; By and by, by and

## By and By--Concluded.

by, Then we'll shout and sing together by and by.  
by and by, by and by.

## No. 13. How Firm a Foundation.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
3. E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-
4. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to  
vare or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the  
ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoary hairs shall their  
will not de-sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?  
land, on the sea, As your days may demand shall your strength ever be.  
tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.  
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!

# No. 14. Turned Away From the Beautiful Gate.

"Lord, Lord, open to us, But He shall say, I know you not, depart from me."

D. E. DORTCH.

Luke 13:25, 27.

D. E. DORTCH.

*Not too fast.*

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You  
 2. Some one will hear the angel's song, And wish he could join with the  
 3. Some one will stand with an aching heart, While Je-sus pronounces the  
 4. Some one will lin - ger with tearful eyes, While Christ and His people as-  
 5. Some one will go in - to darkness drear, Far off from the Sav-ior and  
 6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wailings no

can-not come;" With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;  
 hap - py throng, With sigh-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;  
 word, "depart;" With groan-ings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;  
 cend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;  
 all that's dear; With anguish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;  
 tongue can tell; With hor-ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row-ful state;

## REFRAIN.

Turned a-way from the beautiful gate. Turned away from the beau-ti-ful

gate, Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate; With sadness he'll

mourn o'er his sorrowful state, Turned away from the beau-ti-ful gate.

"Go work in my vineyard."—Matt. 21 : 28.

KATE SUMNER BURE,  
in "International Lesson Hymnal."

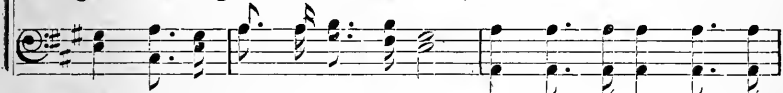
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. Up, friends of Je - sus, the har - vest now is white, Work will soon be
2. Up, friends of Je - sus, for time will soon be o'er, Har - vest days are
3. Shout, friends of Je - sus, for when our work is done, Joy - ful we will



o - ver, fast falls the shades of night; Strong in His strength let us  
pass - ing to come a - gain no more; Wake from re - pose, hear the  
gath - er to greet the har - vest home; Then let us has - ten the



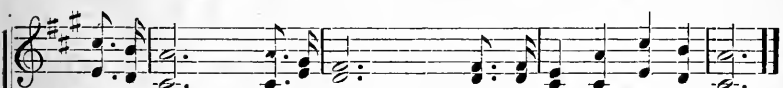
find the golden sheaves; Could we meet the Master with naught but leaves?  
Mas - ter call - ing still, Rise to ear - nest ef - fort with right good will.  
gold - en sheaves to bind, Rest and life e - ter - nal we all shall find.



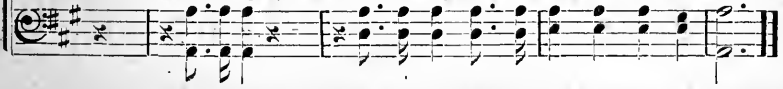
## CHORUS.



Work and pray, yes, work and pray, Let the watchword pass along,  
Work and pray, work and pray,



Work and pray, while 'tis day, Come and join our happy throng.  
Work and pray, while 'tis day,



# No. 16. The Perishing Millions.

REV. P. M. JOHNSON.

C. M. BARNES.



1. In the lands of pagan darkness, Millions per-ishing to-day;
2. Millions there in heathen blindness, Going down to endless woe,
3. Millions there in darkness pleading, Calling now to you and me;
4. Millions there in darkness dy-ing, Christ unknown, without a hope;
5. Millions there, great temples thronging, Seeking help of wood and stone;



Knowing nought of Jesus' goodness, Nought of Christ, the living way.  
Knowing nought of Jesus' kindness, How He died, He loved them so.  
Broth-er, are you e-ven heeding? Call-ing now they are to thee.  
Broth-er, they to you are cry-ing, As they thro' their darkness grope.  
Broth-er, they for help are longing, Help that can for sin a-tone.



## CHORUS.



Millions call-ing; brother, list-en,—Rushing, sweeping on to hell;—



O'er the o-cean let us has-ten, Christ's redeeming love to tell.





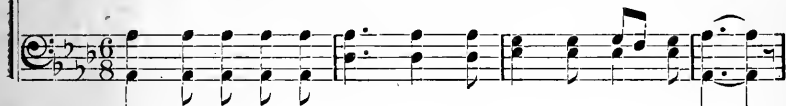
# No. 17, Tell Me All About Jesus,

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Who came from heav'n a - bove;
2. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
3. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Who dai - ly cares for me;
4. Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Re - peat the sto - ry o'er;



Tell me more of His good-ness, More of His pre-cious love.  
Tell me more of His mer - cy, More of His grace to me.  
Tell me why He should love me, Why He should die for me.  
Nev - er shall I grow wea - ry, Hear-ing it more and more.



## CHORUS.



Tell me all a-bout Je - sus, Tell me that I may know



The sto - ry of the Sav - ior, Who loves, who loves me so.



# No. 18. Sailing O'er Life's Ocean.

Selected.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, Boston.

1. { We're a faith-ful pilgrim band, Sail-ing to the heav'nly land; With our  
Tho' the tempest ra-ges long, There is one a-mid the throng Who will

2. { Tho' the roar-ing billows swell, Yet se-cure-ly we may dwell, Tho' the  
Mid the storm, by day or night, Trust our Captain by His might, He will

3. { Tho' for ma-n-y a-ges past She has long withstood the blast, And in  
Yet, a-mid the rocks and shoals, She has landed many souls On fair

1  
2

spread-ing sail we on-ward sweep, guide the sail - or o'er the deep.  
break - ers roar up-on the lea; guide us safe - ly o'er the sea.  
safe - ty crossed the billows o'er, Canaan's bright and peaceful shore.

## CHORUS.

We are sail - - - ing o'er the o - - - cean, We are  
We are sail - ing o'er the o - cean, We are drift - ing with the tide, We are

drift - - - ing with the tide; Soon the storm . . . . will  
sail - ing o'er the ocean, We are drifting with the tide: Soon the storm will all be o - ver,

*Repeat pp.*

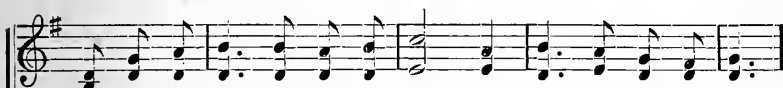
all be o - ver, And we'll reach the oth-er side.  
Soon the storm will all be o - ver, And we'll safely reach the other side, the other side.

"And behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."—Rev. 4:2.

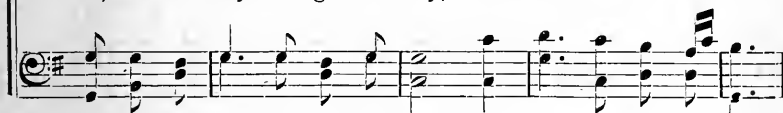
J. M. HUNT. By per.



1. Around the great white throne some day, Dear friends shall gathered be,
2. Around the great white throne, sweet tho't, I may be kneel-ing there,
3. Teach me the way, O Sav-ior, dear; I am so weak in pray'r;



Around the great white throne, O God, Will I be there with Thee?  
 For Christ has said there is a way— It may be found by pray'r.  
 Oh, that I may not go a-stray, I want to meet Thee there.



CHORUS.



Will I be there, will you be there, When friends shall gathered be

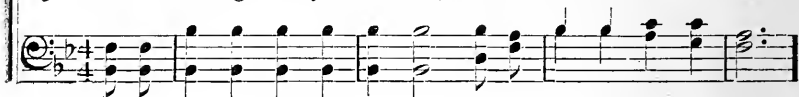


Around the great white throne a-bove, Will I be there with Thee?





1. Hear the preacher on the mountain; Catch the blessed words that fall—
2. He is preaching to the hum - ble, How ex - alt - ed they shall be;
3. Those who suf - fer per - se - cu - tion, He doth bid you e'er re - joice,
4. Let your light shine in the morning, Ere the day has scarce be - gun;
5. Hear His mes - sage all ye mourners, Who from sin would be set free;



He is preaching to the na - tions, Come and hear Him, one and all.  
 To the pure in heart he's say - ing, "God Al - migh - ty you shall see."  
 Your re - ward is for you wait - ing:—Follow Je - sus' sa - cred voice.  
 And a - mid the shades of evening, When your day of toil is done.  
 He has promised, do not doubt Him, He will sure - ly com - fort thee.



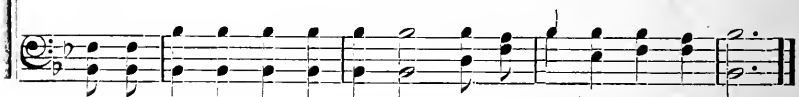
## CHORUS.



Hear the mes - sage he is bear - ing, To the islands and the seas;



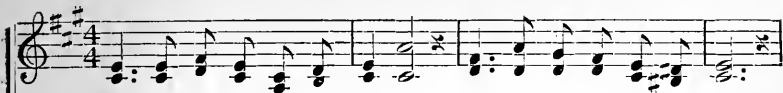
Catch the words of peace and pardon, As they float up - on the breeze.



# No. 21. I Would Be of Use to Thee.

H. N. LINCOLN.

F. A. BLACKMER.



1. In the vineyard of the Mas-ter, Is there a - ny work for me?
2. I would serve Thee blessed Je-sus, At Thy feet I fain would be,
3. Winning souls for Thy dear Kingdom, Un - de - serving tho' I be,
4. O the joy of such a serv-ice, Soon my Master's face I'll see,



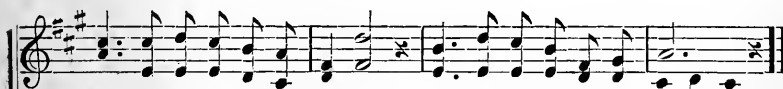
Lord, ac-cept my grate-ful serv-ice, I would be of use to Thee.  
 Hum-bly learning wisdom's les-son, I would be of use to Thee.  
 Let me ev - er be found faithful, I would be of use to Thee.  
 Till Thou call'st me blessed Je-sus I would be of use to Thee.



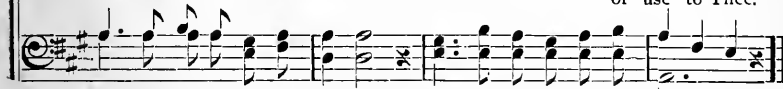
## CHORUS.



I would be of use to Thee, I would be of use to Thee,  
 I would be of use, would be of use to Thee, I would be of use, would be of use to Thee,



Lord, accept my grateful service, I would be of use to Thee.  
 of use to Thee.



## No. 22.

## All Alike May Come.

God is no respecter of persons.—Acts 10:34.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.



1. Re-demp-tion's won-drous plan Pro-vides for all our race;
2. Im-par-tial is our God; The rich-est and the poor
3. No col-or, class, or clime Can keep a soul from God;
4. Who-ev-er will may come! O sin-ner, hear the call;
5. God no re-spect-er is Of per-sons, bond or free;



The vil-est soul that asks Shares free-ly in His grace.  
 A-like ad-mit-tance have With-in the gos-pel door.  
 And all the world may find Sal-va-tion in His blood.  
 Un-wor-thy as thou art, Christ is thine all in all.  
 Be-lieve, and thou shalt live Through all e-ter-ni-ty.



## CHORUS.



For who-so-ev-er will be-lieve, For who-so-ev-er will be-  
 For who-so-ev-er will be-lieve, For who-so-ev-er



lieve, Shall ev-er-last-ing, ev-er-last-ing life re-ceive!  
 will be-lieve,



# No. 23. There's a Great Day Coming.

Words and Music by W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day  
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day  
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed,  
 com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall or-ly come to them that  
 com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I

## CHORUS.

right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?  
 love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?  
 know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?

Are you read-y? Are you read-y For the Judg-ment day?

# No. 24.

# Lost!

E. A. H.

Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN. By per.



1. Out up - on the surg - ing sea of life, Where the wa - ters
2. Hark! a cry comes o'er the wa - ters wild, O Lord God! 'tis
3. 'Mid the waves that dash, with an - gry roar, On the surf of



foam in rage and strife, On the waves a soul is tempest-toss'd,  
Thy cre - at - ed child, On the rag - ing bil - low tempest-toss'd,  
the e - ter - nal shore, Drifts a soul, un-sav'd and tempest-toss'd,



## CHORUS.



A poor soul is lost, lost, lost! Lost! Lost! Lost!  
A poor soul is lost, lost, lost!  
A poor soul is lost, lost, lost!



## UNISON.



On life's o - cean wide, Lord! send help From the oth - er side!





1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - bles; He is a kind, com -  
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev - er  
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will d - liv - er, Make of my  
 burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tel! Jesus; He all my  
 tempted to sin! I must tell Jesu -, and He will help me Over the

## CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.  
 trou - bles quickly an end. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell  
 cares and sorrows will share.  
 world the vict'ry to win.

Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

*Rit.*  
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death."

F. A. B.

Rev. 21:4.

F. A. Blackmer. By per.

*Slow and soft.*

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ev - er be  
 2. There friends shall meet a-gain, In hap - pi - ness to reign  
 3. There sor - row can-not stay; There tears are wiped a - way,  
 4. O land of beau-ty rare, Free from earth-blight and care,  
 5. For such a price-less boon, Who would not seek that home?  
 6. For thee, sweet home, I wait, Come, and my soul e - late;

Free from mor - tal - i - ty, No dy - ing there.  
 While through that blest do - main, No dy - ing there.  
 One bright, e - ter - nal day, No dy - ing there.  
 Thy bliss I long to share, No dy - ing there.  
 Safe from the dread - ed tomb, No dy - ing there.  
 Wel - come, O death - less state, No dy - ing there.

CHORUS.

No dy - ing there, . . . . . No dy - ing there; . . . . .  
 No dy - ing there, No dy - ing there;

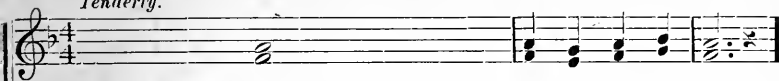
In that fair, heav'nly land, No dy - ing there. . . . .  
 No dy - ing there.

"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."—Luke 15:18-19.

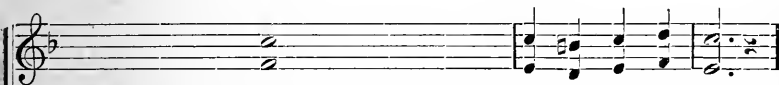
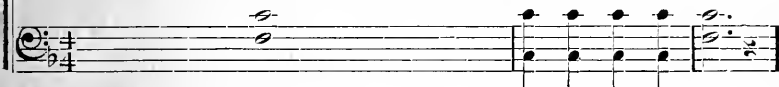
REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

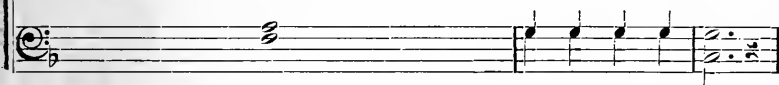
*Tenderly.*



1. Father, I have sinned against heaven, Yea, sinned in thy sight;
2. "Cast me not away from thy presence," Far off in - to woe;
3. Here lies a broken contrite mourner, Weeping o - ver sin;



All unworthy, pray, now forgive me; Lead me in - to light.  
 Wash me clean from all my defilement, Wash whiter than snow.  
 Jesus, open the door of mercy; Mas - ter, let me in.



CHORUS.



Pit - y me, Lord Je - sus, pit - y me, Pit - y and for - give;



Pit - y me, Lord Je - sus, pit - y me, Pit - y and for-give.



(To My Brother and Co-worker, Rev. W. Arnold Lindsey.)

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

C. M. BARNES.



1. { Gath - er the lit - tle ones in - to the Fold, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior; }  
 { Teach them to read the "sweet sto - ry of old," Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior; }
2. { Speak to the homeless, oh, lead them a - right, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior; }  
 { Point them a - bove to the Man - sions of Light, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior; }
3. { Search for the lost ones, oh, gath - er them in, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior; }  
 { Turn them from e - vil, temp - ta - tion and sin, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior; }



Shew them the won - ders of Heav - en so fair, Tell them the blessed Re -  
 Teach them to hon - or the sweet Sabbath bell, Show that with Je - sus shall  
 Read them the Bi - ble with prom - is - es sweet, Showing a love that is



deem - er is there, O - ver and o - ver His glo - ry de - clare -  
 all things be well, O - ver and o - ver His ten - der - ness tell -  
 full and com - plete - O - ver and o - ver the Sto - ry re - peat,



CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior. O - ver and o - ver and  
 Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior.  
 Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior.



## Over and Over—Concluded,

o-ver a - gain, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior of men— Plead - ing - ly,

earnest - ly, lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly, Tell them of Je - sus the Sav - ior.

### No. 29.

### What a Friend.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. 1855.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!  
D. S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we often for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

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

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

# No. 30. Winning Precious Souls to Thee.

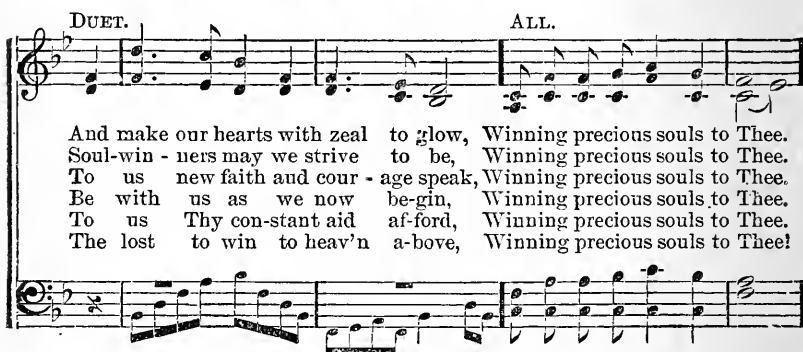
E. A. H.  
DUET.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.  
ALL.



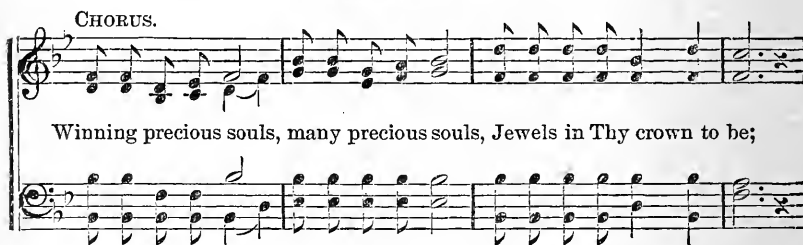
1. Be with us, Lord, as forth we go, Winning precious souls to Thee,  
2. Help us to la - bor zeal - ous - ly, Winning precious souls to Thee;  
3. Our hearts and hands are ver - y weak, Winning precious souls to Thee;  
4. We know not how these friends to win, Winning precious souls to Thee;  
5. We need Thy help, O gra - cious Lord! Winning precious souls to Thee;  
6. How blest the min - is - try of love, Winning precious souls to Thee,

DUET. ALL.

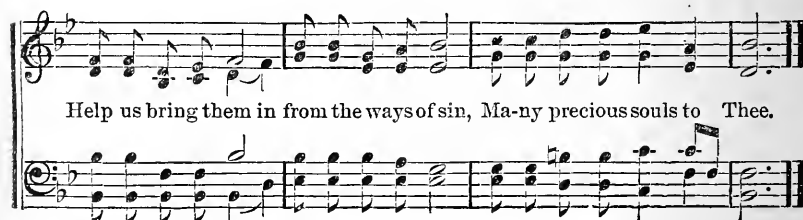


And make our hearts with zeal to glow, Winning precious souls to Thee.  
Soul-win - ners may we strive to be, Winning precious souls to Thee.  
To us new faith and cour - age speak, Winning precious souls to Thee.  
Be with us as we now be - gin, Winning precious souls to Thee.  
To us Thy con - stant aid af - ford, Winning precious souls to Thee.  
The lost to win to heav'n a - bove, Winning precious souls to Thee!

CHORUS.



Winning precious souls, many precious souls, Jewels in Thy crown to be;

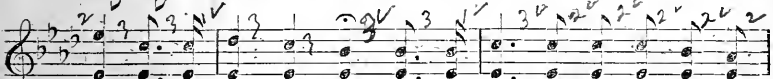


Help us bring them in from the ways of sin, Ma - ny precious souls to Thee.

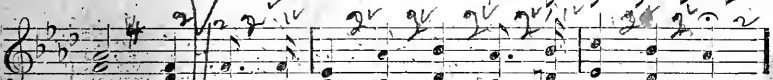
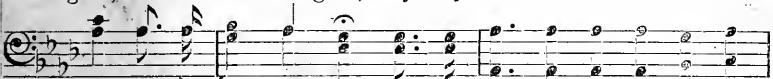
F. M. D.



1. Christ, Thou ref - uge of our souls, be with us Till we meet a -
2. O Thou Rock of A - ges safe-ly hide us Till we meet a -
3. In the hol - low of Thy hand still hold us Till we meet a -
4. With the chords of love still clos-er bind us Till we meet a -



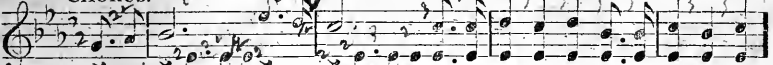
gain, till we meet a - gain, From all dan - ger and temp-ta - tions  
 gain, till we meet a - gain, Gra-cious-ly with heav'n-ly man-na  
 gain, till we meet a - gain, In our weak-ness with Thy pow'r sus-  
 gain, till we meet a - gain, May Thy ten - der mer cies still sur



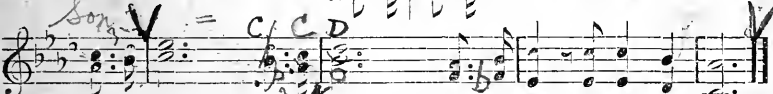
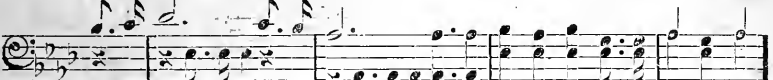
keep us Till we meet a - gain, till we meet a - gain.  
 feed us Till we meet a - gain, till we meet a - gain.  
 tain us Till we meet a - gain, till we meet a - gain.  
 round us Till we meet a - gain, till we meet a - gain.



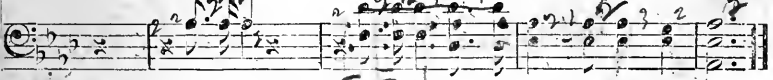
CHORUS.



Till we meet. meet a - gain, Till we meet again at our Master's feet;  
 Till we meet, meet again,



Till we meet, meet a - gain, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet.  
 Till we meet, Till we meet,



alto = = 5 9 J.

VESTER SMITH.

C. M. BARNES.

1. There's a land far a - way where the long sum-mer day, Ev - er  
 2. In that land of the blest, with its glo - ries confessed We shall  
 3. Oh! that land fair and bright, 'tis a home of de-light, 'Tis a

clothed with a splen-dor so fair, 'Tis a man-sion of rest for the  
 rest with our Sav - ior a - bove; In that bright sunny clime as the  
 home where we'll rest ev - er - more; With a robe and a crown in that

good and the blest—And we'll meet all the loved o - ver there.  
 stars we shall shine, Crown'd with glo - ry like - an - gels of love.  
 home of re-nown We shall sing with the loved gone be - fore.

## CHORUS.

O - ver there, o - ver there, We shall  
 O - ver there, o - ver there, We shall meet by and by, We shall,

meet with the pure and the fair, O - ver there, O - ver there,  
 meet with the pure and the fair, O - ver there, o - ver there, We shall meet



## That Fair Land—Concluded.

o - ver there,                      We shall meet    in that home o - ver there.  
 We shall meet by and by,

## No. 33.                      Youthful Consecration.

Anon.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

*With expression.*

1. Sav-ior, while my heart is ten-der,    I would yield that heart to Thee;
2. Lead me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On-ly do Thou lead the way;
3. Let me do Thy will, or bear it,    I would know no will but Thine;
4. May this sol-emn ded-i - cation Nev - er once for-got-ten be,
5. Thine I am, O Lord, for-ev - er,    To Thy serv-ice set a - part,

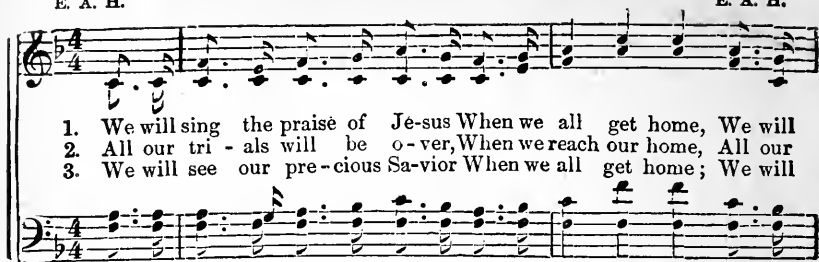
FINE.

All my pow'rs to Thee sur-ren-der, Thine and on - ly Thine to be.  
 May Thy grace thro' life attend me, Glad-ly then shall I o - bey.  
 Should Thou take my life or spare it,    I that life to Thee re-sign.  
 Let it know no re - vo - cation, Published and confirm'd by Thee.  
 Suf - fer me    to leave Thee never, Seal Thy im - age on my heart.

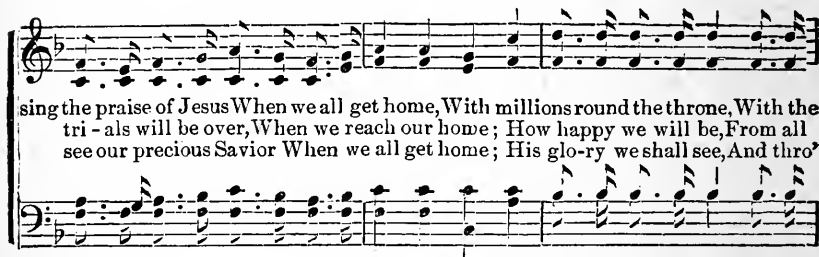
D. S.—Thy de - vot - ed servant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.

CHORUS. D. S.

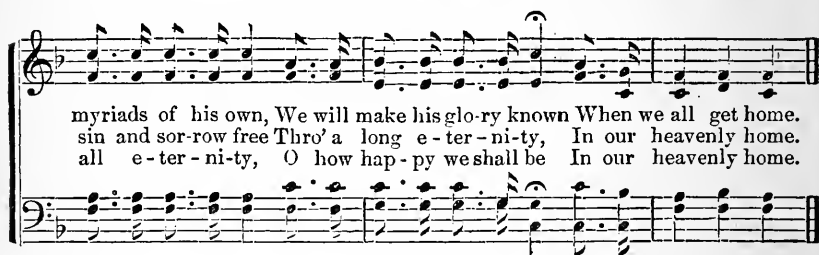
Take me now, Lord Je-sus, take me, Let my youth-ful heart be Thine;



1. We will sing the praise of Je-sus When we all get home, We will  
 2. All our tri - als will be o - ver, When we reach our home, All our  
 3. We will see our pre - cious Sa - vior When we all get home; We will

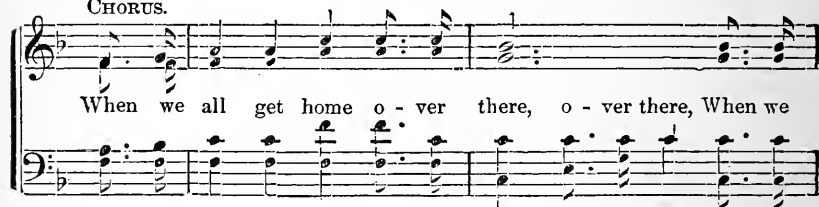


sing the praise of Jesus When we all get home, With millions round the throne, With the  
 tri - als will be over, When we reach our home; How happy we will be, From all  
 see our precious Savior When we all get home; His glo - ry we shall see, And thro'

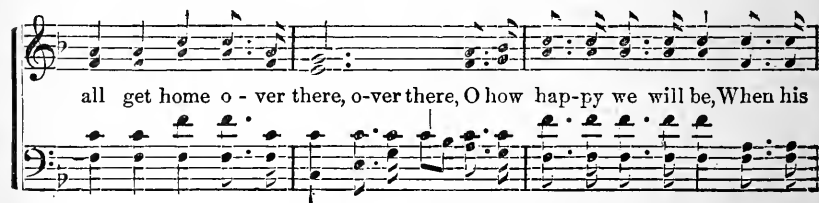


myriads of his own, We will make his glo - ry known When we all get home.  
 sin and sor - row free Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty, In our heavenly home.  
 all e - ter - ni - ty, O how hap - py we shall be In our heavenly home.

## CHORUS.



When we all get home o - ver there, o - ver there, When we



all get home o - ver there, o - ver there, O how hap - py we will be, When his

# When We All Get Home.—Concluded.

glo - ry we shall see, When we all get home, o - ver there, o - ver there.

## No. 35. There is a Fountain.

WM. COOPER.

Western Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;  
 3. O Lamb of God, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,

*8* And sinners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains,  
 And there have I, as vile as He, Wash'd all my sins a - way.  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved to sin no more,

*D.S.*  
 Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
 Wash'd all my sins a - way,..... Wash'd all my sins a - way.  
 Be saved, to sin no more,..... Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been me theme, And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping, stammering Lies silent in the grave, [tongue  
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save.

"He only is my rock and my salvation."—Psa. 62:2.

Selected.

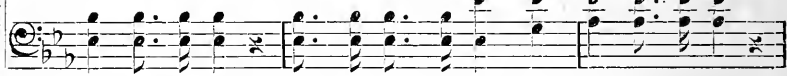
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



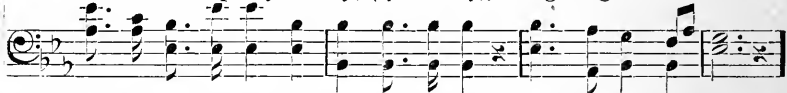
1. When the tempest ra - ges high, (rag - es high,) Sailing o'er life's stormy
2. When 'mid drifting wrecks I'm cast, (wrecks I'm cast,) Dark ness setting thick a-
3. When the conqu'ring waves shall close, (waves shall close,) Proudly o'er me as I



sea, (storm-y sea,) Storm - y bil - lows I de - fy, (I de - fy,)  
 round, (thick around,) Hope shall lift her light at last, (light at last.)  
 die, (as I die,) O - ver these brief vic - tor foes, (vic - tor foes,)



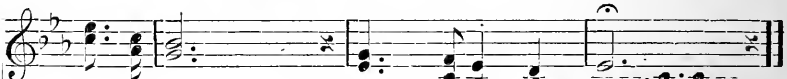
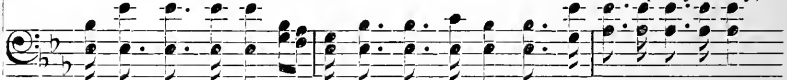
If I then may on - ly be, (cu - ly be,) Cling - ing to the Rock.  
 If I then be on - ly found, (on - ly found.) Cling - ing to the Rock.  
 I shall triumph by and by, (by and by,) Cling - ing to the Rock.



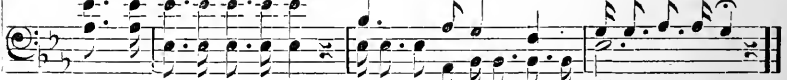
## CHORUS.



Clinging to the Rock, Clinging to the Rock, I shall tri - umph  
 still I shall triumph by and by,



by and by, Cling - ing to the Rock.  
 I shall triumph by and by, Cling - ing, firm - ly cling - ing to the Rock.



Clinging, firmly clinging to the Rock.

# No. 39. Take a Stand for Jesus.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come, take a stand for Je - sus, Re-nouncing all thy sin; Come, take a  
 2. Now take a stand for Je - sus, While God so loudly calls; Now, take a  
 3. Oh! take a stand for Je - sus, Thou wea-ry tempest-toss'd; Oh! take a

stand for Je - sus, The Christian life be - gin. The world is now thy  
 stand for Je - sus, Be - fore his an - ger falls. To-night this life of  
 stand for Je - sus, Be - fore thy soul is lost. God gives thee faith-ful

treas-ure, But can-not give thee rest, Come, find se-ren-est pleas-ure On  
 sor-row May take its earth-ly end, And ere an-oth-er mor-row, With  
 warn-ing, To flee the wrath to come, De - lay not thy re - turn-ing; Oh!

CHORUS.

thy Re-deem-er's breast. Come, take a stand for Je-sus, Renouncing  
 the E-ter-nal blend.  
 make sweet heav'n thy home,

Then come, take a stand,

all thy sin; Come, take a stand for Je-sus, The Christian life begin.

Then come, take a stand,

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, make his praises glorious. Psa. 66 1:2.

Rev. P. M. JOHNSON.

(Dedicated to Lebanon Choir.)

C. M. BARNES.

1. Let ev - 'ry mor - tal tune his heart to sing, Let prais - es of our  
 2. Sing sweet - ly of his wondrous lovè and grace, Drink in the sunlight  
 3. Let 'an - gels waft our songs to par - a - dise, Prolong the strain, let

blessed Sav - ior ring; Ex - alt and mag - ni - fy His glorious name, Thro'  
 of His beaming face, Sing out His glorious triumph o'er the grave, O  
 heav'ly anthems rise, Till ev - 'ry vale and highest mountain ring With

CHORUS. *With vigor.*

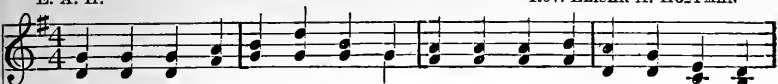
ev - 'ry nation spread His worthy fame. Let all the people make the chorus  
 sing of His Al - might - y pow'r to save.  
 joyous praises to our Lord and King.

ring, Let wells of gladness from our spirits spring, Odwell upon His  
 chorus ring, spirits spring,

praises loud and long, Till all the earth is filled with rapturous song.  
 loud and long, rapturous song.

E. A. H.

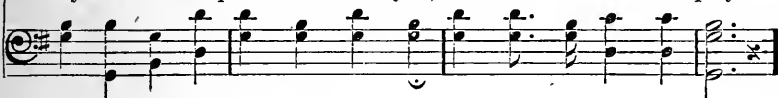
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN



1. When you want the Sav - ior near you, With His ten - der love to cheer you,
2. When you strug - gle with tempta - tion, Need - ing heav'nly con - so - la - tion,
3. When the Lord to you is send - ing Tri - als past your com - pre - hend - ing,
4. When the mists of doubt hang o'er you, And the way seems closed before you,



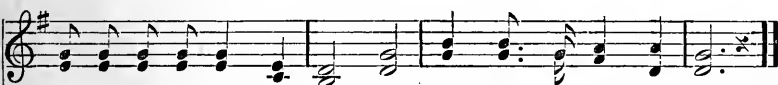
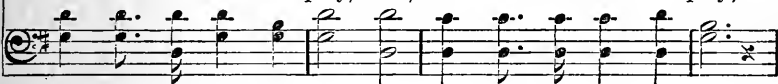
Pray in faith, and He will hear you; Then is the time to pray.  
 Lest you come to con - dem - na - tion, Then is the time to pray.  
 And be - neath the load you're bend - ing, Then is the time to pray.  
 Pray'r can then to peace re - store you; Then is the time to pray.



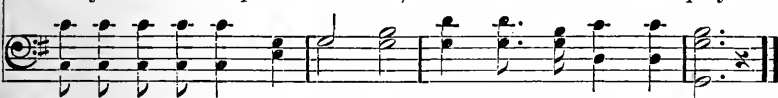
## CHORUS.



Then is the time to pray, soul, Then is the time to pray;



When you need the help of Je - sus, Then is the time to pray.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>5 When the clouds of sorrow lower,<br/>And you need sustaining power,<br/>Then is faith's propitious hour;<br/>Then is the time to pray.</li> <li>6 When the tempter is assailing,<br/>And your faith and hope are failing,<br/>Go to God with faith prevailing;<br/>Then is the time to pray.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>7 When you feel your incompleteness,<br/>And the lack of heavenly meekness,<br/>You may find in Christ completeness;<br/>Then is the time to pray.</li> <li>8 When you feel that death is nearing,<br/>Earth receding, disappearing,<br/>'Mid your trembling and your fearing,<br/>Then is the time to pray.</li> </ol> |
|--|--|

# No. 44. The Gracious Invitation.

REV. J. P. KESTER, M. D.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Ho, thirst-y souls, draw near, The waters pure and free; Drink from life's
2. Yea, come, buy wine and milk, 'Twill life and strength impart; No long-er
3. My soul is full of bliss, This precious stream hath giv'n; Press on my



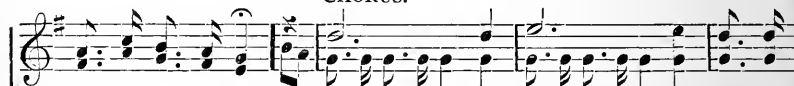
sparkling fountain full, And ev - er hap - py be. The poor and rich may  
in thy weakness live, But strengthen now thine heart: "Whoso-ev-er will" may  
soul to high-er joys, And gain the port of heav'n: Then round th'eternal



come And take the healing flood; Come, thirsty souls, no longer wait, There's  
come And of this stream partake; Come hungry souls (oh, praise the Lord!) And  
throne, The song of triumph sing, While all the host of heav'n may join, To



## CHORUS.



life in Jesus' blood. Come, oh, come, Drink from life's  
eat for Jesus' sake.  
praise the Lord our King. Ho, thirsty souls, draw near, The fountain full and free;





ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.

1. I have a home a - bove the starry skies, Which my Savior has  
 2. My Sav-ior dwells in yon-der happy home, And His presence and  
 3. The ho - ly saints, a countless, happy throng, In that bright happy  
 4. I long to reach my hap-py, happy home, Where the robe and the

gone to prepare; It is free from sin and ev - 'ry earthly ill,  
 love make it fair; He will walk with me a - long its golden streets,  
 home have a share; I will meet them there to talk of Je-sus' love,  
 crown I shall wear; And to live with Christ and all His ho-ly ones,

## CHORUS.

Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my home, hap-py home,  
 Oh, my happy, happy home, Oh, my happy, happy home,

far a-way; To reach Thee safe I daily pray, That my Sav - ior's  
 far a - way, far away; That my Savior's hand will

hand will lead me on, To my happy, happy home far a-way.  
 lead me on, That my Savior's hand will lead me on,

# No. 48. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H.

E. A. E.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans-ing pow'r? Are you  
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - ior's side? Are you  
 3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and  
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the  
 white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the  
 washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a foun-tain flowing for the

*Chorus.*

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you  
 Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 man - sions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?  
 soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your  
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

gar-ments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

"ASK— and it shall be given you;      SEEK— and ye shall find;      KNOCK— and it shall be opened unto you."

MARY PACKARD BOLLINS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Ask— and the ten - der heart of God, Re-  
 2. Seek— with an ear - nest soul, and know The  
 3. Knock— and the Lord of Life for thee Will  
 4. Oh, roy - al prom - ise, full and free! The

spon - sive to thy plead - ing, Will send a prince - ly  
 bless - ed - ness of find - ing A light to guide thy  
 o - pen wide the por - tal; And rest, and peace, and  
 King's own sig - net wear - ing, To wea - ry, heav - y-

gift of grace, Thy high - est faith ex - ceed - ing.  
 stumb - ling steps Through dark - ness thick and blind - ing.  
 heaven are thine, An her - i - tage im - mor - tal.  
 la - den souls, A glad e - van - gel bear - ing.

## CHORUS.

Oh, golden promise! grand and sweet, As joy-bells softly ring - ing A-

down the a - ges, peace and hope To burdened spir - its bring - ing.

# No. 50. When the Kingdom Is Come.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. We hail the dawn-ing of the day, When the kingdom of Christ is come; }  
 When sin shall all be put away, When the kingdom of Christ is come; }  
 2. God's word of truth shall fill the earth, When the kingdom of Christ is come }  
 All men shall know its priceless worth, When the kingdom of Christ is come. }  
 3. The reign of peace will be complete, When the kingdom of Christ is come, }  
 The earth will bow at Jesus' feet, When the kingdom of Christ is come, }  
 4. We all shall see with clearer light, When the kingdom of Christ is come, }  
 In that on-com-ing day so bright, When the kingdom of Christ is come; }  
 5. The world will not be ruled by might, When the kingdom of Christ is come, }  
 All men will live and do the right, When the kingdom of Christ is come; }

When to the earth's re-mot-est bound the gos-pel mes-sage shall resound,  
 No more the Mac-e-do-nian cry, "Come o'er and help us ere we die."  
 No more will cries of pain re-sound, No more will sin and want abound,  
 The earth restored to happiness, There then shall dawn upon the race,  
 In-jus-tice will be ov-er-thrown, Un-right-eous-ness no more be known,

And peace and sweet good-will abound, When the kingdom of Christ is come.  
 Will mount with piteous wail on high, When the kingdom of Christ is come.  
 But broth-er-hood and love pro-found, When the kingdom of Christ is come.  
 The un-i-ver-sal reign of grace, When the kingdom of Christ is come.  
 And Je-sus will be King a-lone. When the kingdom of Christ is come.

## CHORUS.

When the King - dom is come,.... When the King - dom is come,....  
 When the kingdom of Christ is fully come, When the kingdom of Christ is fully  
 come,

# When the Kingdom Is Come. — Concluded.

O that will be a hap - py time, When the Kingdom of Christ is come.

## No. 51. Crown Him Lord of All.

REV. E. PERRONET.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. { All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2. { Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall.  
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

### CHORUS.

And crown,                      And crown,                      And crown him Lord of  
And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of

all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
all; Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

*copy 1/11/20*

# No. 52. That Beautiful Home.

W. E. PENN.

C. M. BARNES.

1. I love to think of that beau-ti-ful home, My  
 2. How sweet 'twill be from sin to be free, In that  
 3. Come, let us go from these sor-rows be-low, Where  
 4. 'Tis here we'll meet, and our loved ones shall greet As we

Sav-ior has gone to pre-pare; For all who will love and  
 beau-ti-ful home a-bove, Where Je-sus we'll see and with  
 loud hal-le-lu-jah's we'll sing, To Him that was slain, but  
 land on the gold-en shore, How hap-py we'll be these

serve Him on earth, That they in His glo-ries may share.  
 Him e'er be, In that home of our dear Fa-ther's love.  
 liv-eth a-gain, Our bless-ed Re-deem-er and King.  
 loved ones to see, And know that we'll part nev-er more.

## CHORUS.

O home, that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home a-bove,  
 Beau-ti-ful home,  
 3

That home of the blest, Where saints shall rest, That beautiful home of love.

# No. 53. Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

E. A. H.

Arranged.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! do not keep him waiting! Has he not called thee  
 2. Ling - er no long - er, don't keep Je - sus waiting, Come, at his foot - stool  
 3. Why dost thou ling - er? why keep Je - sus waiting? Why still re - fuse his  
 4. Ling - er - ing still, and he in patience waiting, Wait - ing to cleanse thy

o'er and o'er? Ling - er no long - er, come in faith be - liev - ing,  
 hum - bly bow; Did he not die to pur - chase thy re - demp - tion?  
 of - fered peace? Why hold to sin and turn a - way thy Sa - vior?  
 heart from sin; O what com - pas - sion! O what wondrous mer - cy!

*D.S.*—Ling - er no long - er, come in faith be - liev - ing,

## CHORUS.

*Fine.*

Give him thy heart, and sin no more.  
 Will he not free - ly par - don now? Don't keep him wait - ing,  
 Why thus re - quite such love as his?  
 O - pen thy heart, and let him in.

And share his love e - ter - nal - ly.

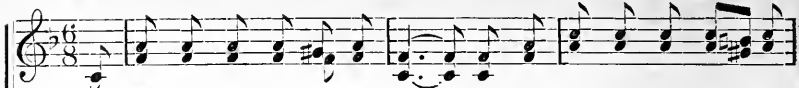
*D.S.*  
 Don't keep Je - sus wait - ing, Give him the heart he claims from thee;

# No. 54. The Lost Soul's Lament.

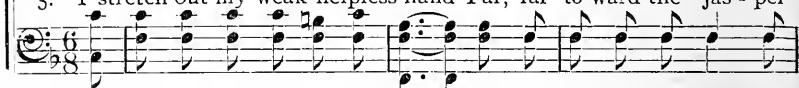
Mrs. LOU. S. BEDFORD.

Jeremiah 8:20.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. The summer is end-ed, oh, God! And the har-vest for - ev - er
2. The dews of God's grace have come 'down, Thro' the spring and the summer
3. Full oft - en His "still" gentle voice, Has en-cour-aged my wayward
4. I tho't "there is time e-nough yet!" And the way was so strangely
5. I stretch out my weak helpless hand Far, far to-ward the jas - per



past, While heedless life's ear - nest path I have trod, And  
 eyes The beau-ti - ful rays of Au - tun's bright sun Have  
 heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like  
 bright; I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set, I  
 sea, And pray one glimpse of that ra - di - ant land—Where



now I'm un - done at last; With the best of "in - ten-tions" my  
 rip-ened full ma - ny sheaves; All the while with vain dreamings my  
 Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev - 'ry warn-ing my  
 woke and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a -  
 lov - ing friends wait for me; Whose kind, faithful warnings, I



path I have paved, But the harvest is passed and my soul is not saved.  
 way I have paved, Till the summer is end - ed and I am not saved.  
 proud heart has braved, The sum-mer is end - ed and I am not saved.  
 las! I had waived Till the sheaves were all garnered and I am not saved.  
 oft-en have brav'd, But the harvest is end - ed and I am not saved.





# The Lost Soul's Lament—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I . . . . . am not saved, . . . I . . . . . am not saved, . . .  
 I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved.

The har - - vest is end - - ed, And I am not saved.  
 The harvest is end-ed, the harvest is end-ed,

## No. 55. Gain After Loss.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

C. M. BARNES.

1. Light aft - er dark - ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er  
 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er  
 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er  
 weak - ness, Crown aft - er cross, Sweet aft - er Bit - ter,  
 mys - t'ry, Peace aft - er pain, Joy aft - er Sor - row,  
 loneli - ness, Life aft - er tomb; Af - ter long ago - ny

Hope aft - er fears, Home aft - er wand'ring, Praise after tears.  
 Calm - aft - er blast, Rest aft - er weariness, Sweet rest at last.  
 Rapt - ure and bliss; Right was the path-way Lead-ing to this.

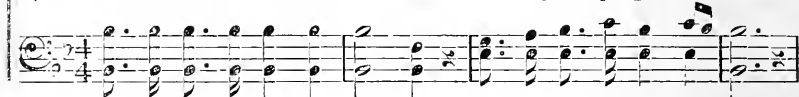
# No. 56. Church of God, Awake!

Mrs. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.



1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring banners Float along the glorious years,
2. In your cost-ly tem-ples praying, "Let Thy kingdom come, we pray,"
3. Grace and glo-ry He hath sent you, Cast your line in plac-es fair;
4. Shake the earth and rend the heaven, Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,



Gath'ring harvest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov - er - ty and tears,  
 Are but words of i - dle meaning, If with these we turn a - way.  
 Scatter blessings *now*, He bids you, O'er His green earth ev'ry-where,  
 Till the measure full and e - ven Has been render'd at Thy word.



On-ward press the cross is bending Far to-ward the morning skies,  
 Boundless wealth to you is giv - en From His hand who owns it all,  
 Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far off O-rient land,  
 Then from out her chrim of sor-row Shall the earth redeem'd a-rise,

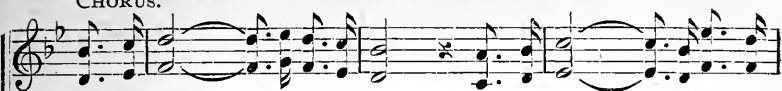


Speed-y dawn of light por - tend-ing: Church of God, a-wake! a - rise!  
 And His eye be-holds in heav-en What ye render back for all.  
 In the gracious morning splendor, Of the gospel light shall stand.  
 And the fair mil-len-nial mor-row Dawn with o - pal-tint-ed skies.



# Church of God, Awake!—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Church of God, . . . awake! a-rise! Christ, your Head . . . and Master,  
Church of God, a - wake! a - rise! Christ, your Head and



cries, Send the Gos-pel's joyful sound Unto earth's remotest bound.  
Mas-ter, cries, Oh, send the Gos - pel's joy-ful sound



## No. 57. Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.

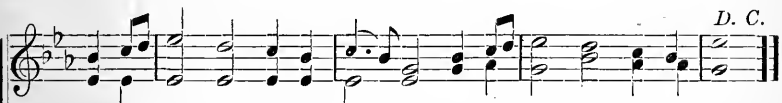
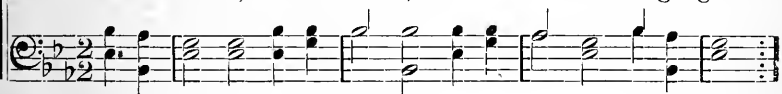
ROBERT ROBINSON. 1757.

J. WYETH'S COLL. 1812.  
FINE.



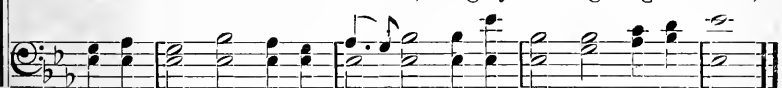
I. { Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
{ Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise: }

D. C.—Praise the mount,—O fix me on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.



D. C.

Teach me some me - lo-dious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues above;



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

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

# No. 58. Working for the Crown.

Mrs. H. A. MABRY.

H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright  
 2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to  
 3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite  
 4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till

por - tals I see! The answer comes back—strive a cluster to win,  
 wide harvest fields, Where work is so great and the labor's so few,  
 plain I can see, And now hav - ing found it I'll la - bor and wait,  
 heav - en I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Mas - ter's renown,

## CHORUS.

And the way will be bright - er for thee. Work - - ing  
 And the prom - ise a boun - ti - ful yield?  
 For whol - ly Thine, Lord, would I be.  
 Day by day for the Lamb that was slain. Work - ing for the crown,

for the crown, Work - - ing for the  
 for the beau - ti - ful gold - en crown, Work - ing for the crown, for the

crown, . . . . . Work - - ing for the  
 beau - ti - ful gold - en crown, Work - ing for the crown, for the

# Working for the Crown—Concluded.

CROWN,  
beau - ti - ful gold - en crown, We shall wear by and by.

## No. 59. Coronation. C. M.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;
4. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
5. Oh! that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,  
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,  
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,  
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

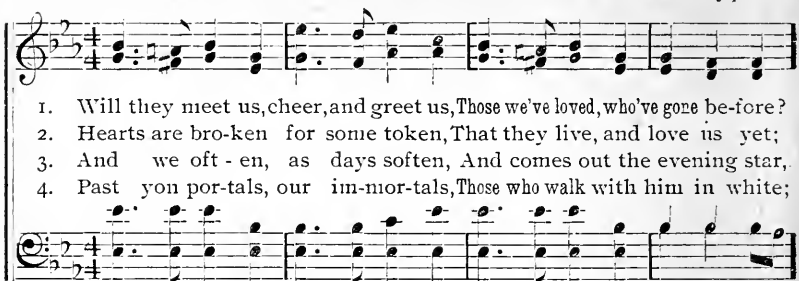
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.  
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

# No. 60. Shall We Find Them at the Portals?

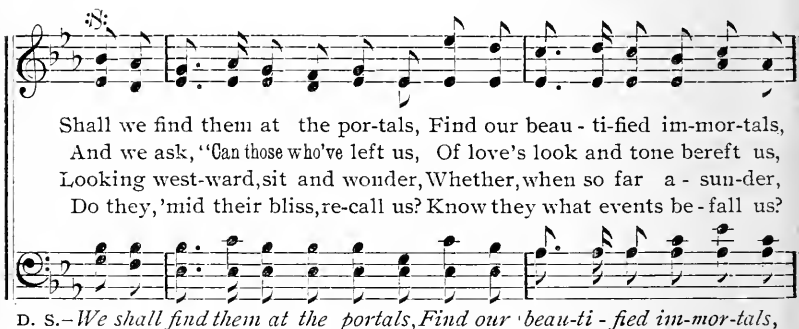
In Memory of Waller N. Rankin.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

E. S. LORENZ, By per.



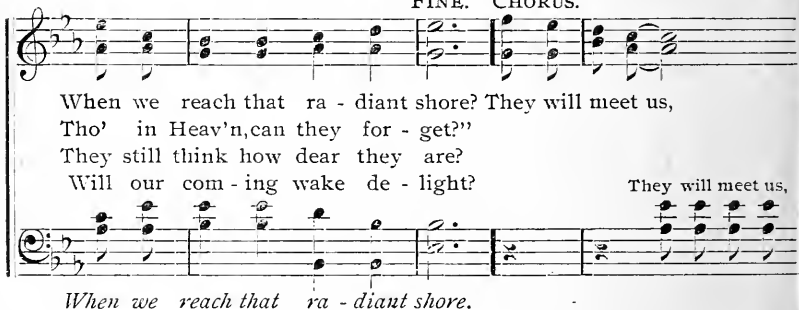
1. Will they meet us, cheer, and greet us, Those we've loved, who've gone be-fore?  
2. Hearts are bro-ken for some token, That they live, and love us yet;  
3. And we oft - en, as days soften, And comes out the evening star,  
4. Past yon por-tals, our im-mor-tals, Those who walk with him in white;



Shall we find them at the por-tals, Find our beau - ti-fied im-mor-tals,  
And we ask, "Can those who've left us, Of love's look and tone bereft us,  
Looking west-ward, sit and wonder, Whether, when so far a - sun-der,  
Do they, 'mid their bliss, re-call us? Know they what events be - fall us?"

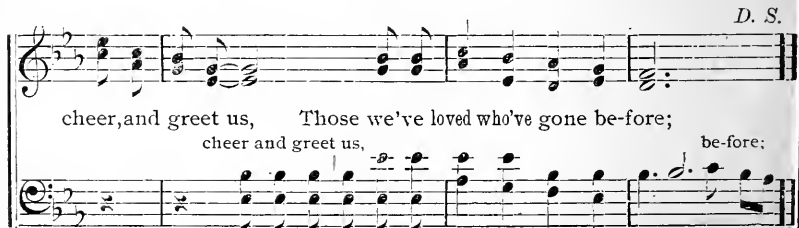
D. S. - We shall find them at the portals, Find our beau-ti - fied im-mor-tals,

## FINE. CHORUS.



When we reach that ra - diant shore? They will meet us,  
Tho' in Heav'n, can they for - get?"  
They still think how dear they are?  
Will our com - ing wake de - light? They will meet us,

When we reach that ra - diant shore.



cheer, and greet us, Those we've loved who've gone be-fore;  
cheer and greet us, be-fore;

D. S.

## No. 61.

## Beautiful Stream.

Anon.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. Oh, have you not heard of the beau-ti-ful stream, That flows thro' our
2. This beau-ti-ful stream is the riv-er of Life, It flows for all
3. Oh, will you not drink of the beau-ti-ful stream, And dwell on its



Father's land, It's wa-ters gleam bright in a heav-en-ly light,  
na-tions free, A balm for each wound in its wa-ters are found,  
peaceful shore? The Spir-it says "Come, all ye wea-ry ones home,



## CHORUS.

And rip-ple o'er gold-en sand. O beau-ti-ful  
O sin-ner, it flows for thee.  
And wan-der in sin no more. O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful,



stream, . . . Riv-er of pleasures di-vine, . . . Its waters gleam  
beau-ti-ful stream, Riv-er of pleasures, of pleasures divine,



bright with its heav-en-ly light, O beau-ti-ful stream.  
O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful stream.



1. Work for Je-sus, work for Je-sus, The bless - ed Re - deem - er, Who a -  
 2. Work for Je-sus, work for Je-sus, The bless - ed Re - deem - er, Who is  
 3. Work for Je-sus, work for Je-sus, The bless - ed Re - deem - er. There is  
 4. Work for Je-sus, work for Je-sus. The bless - ed Re - deem - er, Who has

toned for our sins on the tree; (the tree;) For the life - sav -  
 rea - dy to save and for - give; (for-give;) For our help how  
 something for Christians to do; (to do;) There are sad hearts  
 shown us such won - der - ful love; (such love;) When our life-work

D.S.—Bear the news to

ing fount-ain On Cal-va - ry's mountain, Flows for all men a -  
 He plead - eth The while His heart bleedeth, O'er a world that in -  
 to bright-en, And bur-dens to light - en, Work a - bun-dant but  
 is end - ed, To heav-en as - cend - ed, We shall reign with Him

ev - 'ry na-tion, The glad proc - la - ma-tion That He liv - eth to

FINE. CHORUS.

bun-dant and free.... Work for Christ and for His glo - ry; Un - to  
 dark-ness doth live....  
 la - bor - ers few...  
 ev - er a - bove....

save us. A - men!...

all men tell the sto - ry That Je-sus for sin-ners was slain; (was slain;)

D.S.



# No. 63. I Am the Lord's Forever.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. My glad-some heart these words re - peat; "I am the Lord's for-  
 2. Too long and far from Christ I strayed, But he for - sook me  
 3. 'Twas Christ, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, That loved and sought me  
 4. I am the Lord's! O bless-ed thought! And he will leave me  
 5. This is the bur - den of my song; "I am the Lord's for-

ev - er!" And eve - ry time they seem more sweet; Oh,  
 nev - er; Now walk - ing in the nar - row way, I  
 ev - er, That broke my chains and set me free; Oh,  
 nev - er; By Je - sus' blood my soul was bought, And  
 ev - er!" And naught that earth can of - fer me My

## Chorus.

praise his name for-ev - er!  
 am the Lord's for-ev - er! { Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! }  
 praise his name for-ev - er! { Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! }  
 I am his for-ev - er!  
 heart from Christ can sever.

{ Light breaks in up - on my soul; } ..... }  
 { Omit..... } Je-sus blood has made me whole! }

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. ~~Composer.~~

1. I am wea - ry as I jour - ney Thro' this life of toil, and care;
2. Blessed Sav - ior, be Thou near me, Be my Guardian and my Guide;
3. When my path is dark and lone - ly, And I wan - der as in night.



And the bur - dens that I car - ry, Are too great for me to bear.  
 "Tho' all earth - ly friends for - sake me," Be Thou ev - er near my side.  
 Put your hand in mine dear Sav - ior, Lead me gent - ly in - to light.



## CHORUS.



Bless - ed Je - sus, Rock of A - ges, Let me on Thy bosom rest;  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Rock of A - ges,

*Rit.*

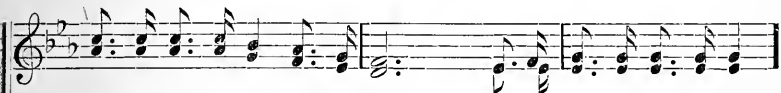
Draw me near - er, draw me near - er, Near - er to Thy breast.  
 Draw me nearer, draw me near - er,



*Handwritten signature: C. E. P.*



1. They have reached the sunny shore, And will never hunger more, And their
2. Now they feel no chilling blast, For their winter time is past, And their
3. They have fought the weary fight, Je-sus saved them by His might, Now they



grief and pains are o'er, o - ver there; They will need no lamp by night,  
 sum-mers al-ways last, o - ver there; They can nev-er know a fear,  
 dwell with Him in light, o - ver there; Soon we'll reach the shining strand,



FINE.

For their day is always bright, And the Savior is their light, o - ver there.  
 For their Savior's always near, And with them is endless cheer, o - ver there.  
 Soon we'll wait our Lord's command, Till we see His beck'ning hand, o - ver there.

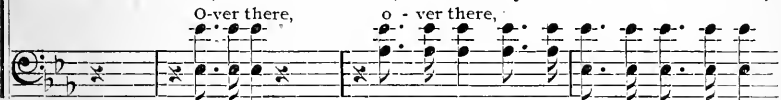


D. S. — day is always bright, And the Savior is their light, o - ver there.

CHORUS.



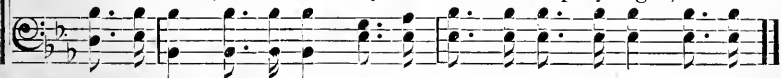
O - ver there, o - ver there, They can nev-er know a fear,



D. S.



o - ver there; They will need no lamp by night, For their



# No. 66. Lay Hold on the Life-line.

E. A. H.  
UNISON.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. O ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the  
 2. See! there is a sig-nal gleam-ing bright from the shore; Hark! voices are  
 3. Soul, you are in reach of safe-ty, help-ers are near; This, this should your

INST.

life-boat! Will ye not en-ter in? Wild storms are around you raging,  
 call-ing 'mid the loud tempest's roar; Look! there is a life-line float-ing  
 courage strength-en-lo! God is here; While now there is hope of res-cue,

why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for res-cue to-day?  
 close by your side, This, this is your only hope, there's no help be-side.  
 reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.

CHORUS.

{ Lay hold on the life - line! Lay hold on the life - line! Christ can save the  
 { Lay hold on the life - line! Lay hold on the life - line! Je - sus Christ can

per-ish-ing from sink-ing 'neath the wave;  
 res-cue you, [Omit. . . . .] yes, Je - sus Christ can save.



1. Should the death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to-night,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of despair;
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are ascending In - to the mansions of light;



Say, will your spirit pass in - to torment, Or to the land of de - light?  
 Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sinner, be - ware!  
 Je - sus is pleading high up in glo - ry, Seek - ing to save you to - night.



CHORUS.



Say, are you ready, oh! are you ready, If the death angel should call?  
should call?



Say, are you read - y? oh! are you read - y? Mercy stands waiting for all.



# No. 68. Whiter than the Snow.

REV. ANDREW REED.

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to live with me;  
 2. Why should the world pre-sume, To oc-cu-py thy throne?  
 3. Ex-ert thy might-y pow'r, And ban-ish all my sin;  
 4. Rule thou in ev-'ry thought And pas-sion of my soul,  
 5. Then shall my days be thine, And all my heart be love,

Come, make my heart thy home, And bid thy ri-vals flee;  
 Come, all thy right as-sume; I would be thine a-lone;  
 In this au-spi-cious hour Bring all thy grac-es in;  
 Till all my pow'rs are brought Be-neath thy full con-trol;  
 And joy and peace be mine Such as are known a-bove.

Come, my Redeemer, quick-ly come, And make my heart thy lasting home;

Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.  
 D.S.—Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - - er than snow,

Whit - - er than snow,

*D. S.*

Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the beau-ti-ful snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, the snow.

# No. 69. Are You Shining For Jesus?

Theme from FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, by E. A. H. IRA O. HOFFMAN.



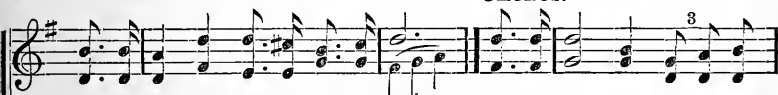
1. Are you shining, Christians, for the bless-ed Christ? You have giv'n your
2. Are you shining, Christians, proving day by day That the Christ is
3. Are you shining, Christians, so the gos-pel ray, With its won-drous
4. Are you shining, Christians, shining ev-ry where, Showing forth the



trusting hearts to Him; Does the light gleam brightly from your daily life, all in all to you, That your love is burn-ing ev-er pure and bright, pow'r and ho-ly light Hallows other hearts where darkness reign'd before, Savior's grace and love, Winning souls for Je-sus as you go your way



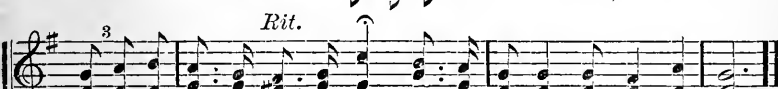
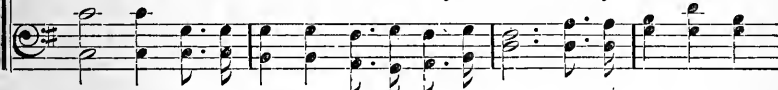
## CHORUS.



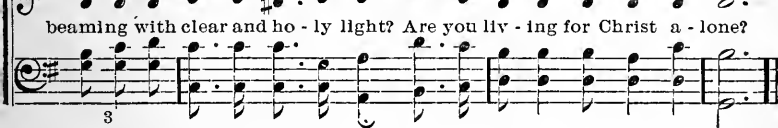
Is it bright or, Christian, is it dim?  
Glowing warm and beautiful and true? Are you shin-ing, shin-ing for  
Bringing hope, and cheer and sunshine bright?  
To the man-sions beau-ti-ful a-bove?



Je-sus? As his friend and foll'wer are you known? Are your heart and life



beaming with clear and ho-ly light? Are you liv-ing for Christ a-lone?



# No. 70. Can the Lord Depend on You?

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. May the dear Lord Jesus count on you, my friend, In the hour when some are failing?  
2. Oh, we dare not falter when the war is on, And the bat-tle fiercely rag-ing!  
3. Oh, the Lord needs soldiers who are brave and true To the standard float-ing o'er them

Some may faithless prove; will you be true, my friend, Trusting in the All-pre-vail-ing?  
Ev-'ry man to du-ty, then, for God and right In the earnest fight en-gag-ing.  
He will give to such the strength for vic-to-ry, And himself will go before them.

## CHORUS.

Can the dear Lord, Je-sus, well de-pend on you, On your help to push the

bat-tle thro' ? In the con-flict, the mighty conflict, He will need brave souls and

true; In the conflict, the mighty conflict, Can the Lord depend on you?  
depend on you?



# No. 71. Crown, Harp and Song.

Words and music written at Kansas City, Mo., April, 1888.

F. A. BLACKMER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

*Moderato.*

1. { I would do each du - ty here I would fight and nev - er fear,  
And when past these scenes of strife, I shall then a *crown* of life,  
2. { I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would humbly bow,  
And with Him I soon shall stand, With a *harp* with-in my hand,  
3. { To the Father and the Son, Who such wondrous things have done,  
I would sing thro' endless days, *Songs* of ev - er - last - ing praise,

And the cross would meekly bear; With the ransomed ev - er wear.  
Nev - er seek - ing earthly fame; Harp-ing prais - es to His name.  
For a lost and ru - ined race; For the gift of sav - ing grace.

## CHORUS.

Oh, a star - ry crown to wear, Oh, a gold - en harp to bear,

When be - fore the great I Am, All the might - y ransom'd throng,

Swell the glad tri - umph - ant song, Song of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2:3.

Uniting with the Church, to be used when inviting the Candidates to come forward.

Rev. I. WATTS, D. D.



1. Am I a Sol - dier of the cross, A fol - 'wer of the Lamb,
2. Are there no foes for me . to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Thy Saints in all this glo - rious war Shall conquer, tho' they die;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
They see the tri - umph from a - far, With faith's discerning eye,



Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - 'ry beds of ease,  
Sure I must fight if I would reign: In - crease my courage Lord!  
When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thine ar - mies shine



While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas?  
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.  
In robes of vic - tory thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.



"I know there are many who seek for happiness in the pleasures of the world. I go to Jesus. He assures me that he loves and saves me, and that's enough for me." The testimony of an earnest, devoted Christian.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. O, love sur - pass - ing knowledge! O, grace so full and free!  
 2. O, won - der - ful sal - va - tion, That I should ransomed be!  
 3. O, blood of Christ so pre - cious, That flows from Cal - va - ry!  
 4. O, won - drous love of Je - sus! What love could sweeter be?  
 5. We live in sweet com - mun - ion, In bless - ed har - mo - ny;

I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e - nough for me.  
 'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me.  
 It cleans - es me com - plete - ly, And that's e - nough for me.  
 He keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's e - nough for me.  
 This, this is full sal - va - tion, And that's e - nough for me.

**REFRAIN.**

And that's e - nough for me, E - nough of joy for me;

I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e - nough for me.  
 'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e - nough for me.  
 It cleans - es me com - plete - ly, And that's e - nough for me.  
 He keeps me saved and hap - py, And that's e - nough for me.  
 God's free and full sal - va - tion, Oh, that's e - nough for me.

6 The worldling seeks for pleasure,  
 In earthly vanity;  
 My treasures are in heaven,  
 And that's enough for me.

7 When ends our toil and sorrow,  
 A better home I'll see,  
 And be with Christ forever,  
 And that's enough for me.

CHO. And that's enough for me,  
 Enough of joy for me;  
 My treasures are in heaven,  
 And that's enough for me.

CHO. And that's enough for me,  
 Enough of joy for me;  
 To be with Christ forever,  
 Oh, that's enough for me!

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Hear the mes-sage from a-bove, Won-der-ful the news!  
 2. Je - sus took the sin-ner's place, Oh, the pre-cious news!  
 3. Have you heard of Je - sus' pow'r, Oh, the gra-cious news!

God bestows on us His love, Won-der-ful the news!  
 Of - fers now to all His grace, Oh, the pre-cious news!  
 Man - i - fest each pass - ing hour? Oh, the gra-cious news!

All earth's wea-ry ones are blest Who have Je - sus Christ confessed;  
 He atoned on Cal - va-ry, From my sins to ran - som me,  
 He has come to my poor soul, My af - fec-tions to control,

Je - sus gives them peace and rest, Won - der-ful the news!  
 To for - ev - er set me free; Oh, the pre-cious news!  
 And His blood has made me whole; Oh, the gra-cious news!

FINE.

*D. S.* - On the tree Christ died for me, Oh, the glad, good news!

CHORUS.

*D. S. al fine.*

Oh, the bless - ed mes - sage! Oh, the gra-cious news!

DORA GREENWELL.

W. A. OGDEN.

Rather Slow.

1. I am not skilled to understand What God hath willed, what God hath planned;  
 2. I take God at His word and deed; Christ died to save me, this I read;  
 3. And oh! that He fulfilled may see, The trav-ail of His soul in me,

I on - ly know at God's right hand Is One who is my Sav - iour.  
 And in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav - iour.  
 And with His work con - tent - ed be As I with my dear Sav - iour.

REFRAIN.

Rit.

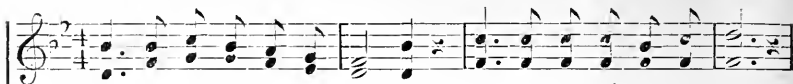
My pre - - cious Sav - iour, My pre - - cious Sav - iour, I  
 My pre - - cious Sav - iour, My pre - - cious Sav - iour, And  
 My pre - - cious Sav - iour, My pre - - cious Sav - iour, And  
 My pre - cious Sav - iour, My pre - cious Sav - iour;

A tempo.

on - ly know at God's right hand Is One who is my Sav - iour.  
 in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav - iour.  
 with His work con - tent - ed be As I with my dear Sav - iour.

# No. 78. Hail, Thou Ever Rolling Ocean.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. Hail, thou ev - er roll ing a - cean, Hail, thou ev - er heaving sea,
2. See the glo - ry friends of Je - sus, On this o - cean deep and wide,
3. Gaze not sim - ply on this o - cean, Walk not on - ly on the shore,



Sunlight on thy bo - som gleameth, Light and shade al - ter - nate - ly .  
But a glo - ry, clear - er, bright - er, Lies be - yond this swelling tide.  
Launch ye bold - ly on its bo - som, Trust your Pi - lot ev - er - more.



## CHORUS.



Far beyond the roll - ing bil - lows, Lies a cit - y, bright and fair,



Glo - ry to our skill - ful Pi - lot, Soon He'll bring our spirits there.

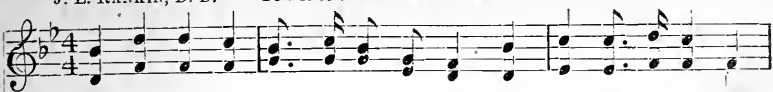


# No. 79. Tell It to Jesus Alone.

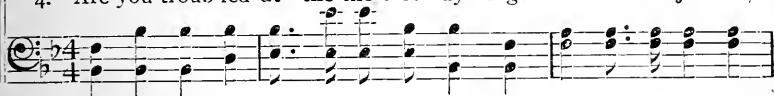
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 14:12.

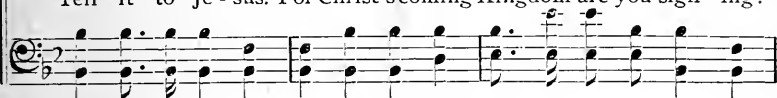
Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,



Tell it to Je - sus. Are you grieving o - ver joys de-part - ed?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor - row?  
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?



## CHORUS.



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to



Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known; You have no other



such a friend or broth-er; Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.



# No. 80. Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. CHILDS.

Rev. vii, 9-14.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yes, we shall meet be - yond the flood, In robes made white thro'  
 2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sus - tains this  
 3. That meet - ing, O how sweet - ly dear! What sounds shall greet the  
 4. Dear Sav - ior, guide my will - ing feet, That I may have that

Je - sus' blood, And hold sweet con - verse, free from pain, Nor  
 thought of home, And spir - it voic - es soft - ly say, "Thy  
 list - 'ning ear! What thrills of rap - ture wake the soul As  
 joy com - plete; And live to praise thro' end - less day The -

ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be - yond the swelling flood!  
 God shall wipe all tears a - way, Be - yond the swelling flood!"  
 back those gold - en gates shall roll, Be - yond the swelling flood!  
 love that dries all tears a - way, Be - yond the swelling flood!

## CHORUS.

Be - yond . . the swelling flood, Be - yond . . the swell - ing flood,  
 Be - yond the swell - ing flood, . . . Be - yond the swell - ing flood. . .

Be - yond . . the swell - ing flood, We'll meet to part no more.  
 Be - yond the swell - ing flood,



# Beyond the Swelling Flood—Concluded,

We'll meet . . . to part no more, We'll meet . . . to part no more,  
We'll meet to part no more . . . We'll meet to part no more . . .

We'll meet . . . to part no more, Be-yond the swelling flood.  
We'll meet to part no more . . . Be - yond the swell - ing flood.

## No. 81. Greenville. 8s and 7s.

REV. R. ROBINSON. 1758,

J. J. ROUSSEAU.  
FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
{ Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceasing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }  
2. { Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues above; }  
{ Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up-on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love. }

D. C.—Lord re-vive us, Lord re-vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Lord re-vive us, Lord re - vive us, Send Thy blessings full and free;

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I've come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

*Good as a solo. Not too fast.*

1. A - way from home and lov'd ones dear, be-hold a wan-d'r'er strays,  
 2. The downward course the heedless youth, is go-ing day by day,  
 3. A - las dis-ease its cru - el hand up - on the wand'r'er lays;  
 4. Oh, moth - er, now that long lost boy, must cross the chil-ly wave;

He does not see the fall - ing tear, of her who for him prays,  
 And dan-gers thick his path be - set, oh, moth - ers, for him pray,  
 She can - not soothe his ach-ing head, yet still she for him prays,  
 And God has heard thy fervent pray'r, and He will sure - ly save.

He does not hear the wea - ry sigh, that heaves a moth-er's breast,  
 And He who hears the raven's cry, will lead your wand'r'er home,  
 Oh, moth - er, now that hum - ble pray'r, as - cends the throne of God;  
 Tho' here on earth thy dar - ling boy, can come to you no more,

He does not see her face grow pale, by sor - row and un - rest.  
 And tho' you see him here no more, you'll meet in heav'n's bright dome.  
 Tho' you must suf - fer here be - low, and feel the chastening rod.  
 But thro' thy pray'rs, he found a home, on Ca - naan's peaceful shore.

## CHORUS.

Oh! where is my boy to - night, Oh! where is my boy to - night,  
 to-night, to-night,

# Where is My Boy—Concluded.

*Rit. - e - dim.*

Away from home and loved ones dear, Oh! where is my boy to - night?

## No. 84.

## Sabbath.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; }  
 1. { Let us now a blessing seek, (*Omit.*) }  
 2. { While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, }  
 2. { Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, — (*Omit.*) }  
 3. { Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; }  
 3. { May Thy glo - ry reach our eyes, (*Omit.*) }

2. Wait - ing in His courts to - day; } Day of all the week the best,  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Take a - way our sin and shame; } From our world - ly cares set free,  
 From our world - ly cares set free,  
 While we in Thy house ap - pear; } Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste

1. Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; } Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.  
 (*Omit.*) }  
 2. May we rest this day in Thee; } May we rest this day in Thee.  
 (*Omit.*) }  
 Of our ev - er - last - ing feast; } Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 (*Omit.*) }

LOUISA E.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



1. I love to think of my home above, In the glorious realms of light,
2. I love to think of my home above, Of that pure and ho-ly clime,
3. I love to think of my home above, Of the angel forms so bright,
4. Sweet-est of all is the tho't of Him, Who did leave His throne on high,
5. That in that beau-ti-ful home above I may have a man-sion fair;



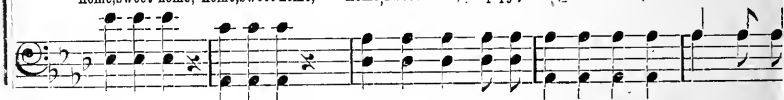
Of the pear-ly gates and the golden streets, In the land where there is no night.  
 Where the sorrows of earth can never come, But eternal joys will be mine.  
 Of the blessed ones there around the throne, In the land of pure delight.  
 And did come to this sinful world of ours To suffer, and bleed, and die.  
 And my heart is full of joy and praise, For I know that my treasure is there.



## CHORUS.



Home, sweet home! Happy home, sweet home! Oh, say, will you  
 Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, hap-py, home, sweet home,



meet me there, In that home above, where all is love And joys beyond compare



# No. 86. Tell What the Lord has Done.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



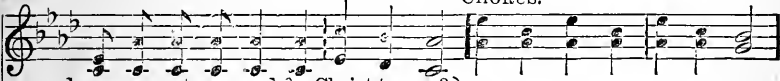
1. Tell us what the Lord has done for you; Be for Him a wit-ness
2. Did He not re-deem you by His blood, And His love with-in you
3. Think of all His wondrous love and grace, How He took the guilt-y
4. Can your lips re-fuse to speak His name? Will you not His faith-ful
5. Tell us of His mer-cies man-i-fold, Something of His love and



faith-ful, true; Pil-grim, as you go your heav'n-ward way, Oh,  
 shed a-broad? Does He not each day His grace re-new? Then  
 sin-ner's place; Less for this dear friend you can-not do Than  
 ness pro-claim? Bet-ter has He loved you than you knew; Oh,  
 peace un-told, How He has been with you all the way, Oh,

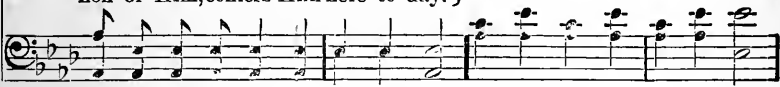


## CHORUS.



have you not a word for Christ to say?  
 tell us what the Lord has done for you.  
 tell us what His love has done for you.  
 tell us what the Lord has done for you.  
 hon-or Him, confess Him here to-day.

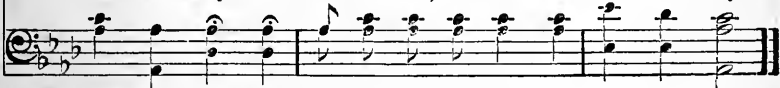
Has the Lord been good to you?



Has He been a Sav-icr faith-ful, true? Has He blessed you



in-the way? Then hon-or Him, con-fess Him here to-day.



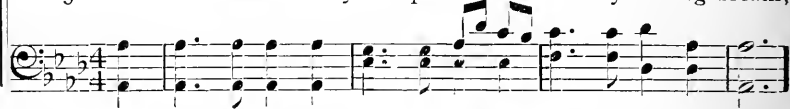
"Lord, I believe."—Mark 9:24.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, ~~Author~~



1. How sweet the name of Je sus sounds, In a be-liev-ers ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Till then I would Thy love proclaim With ev-'ry fleeting breath;



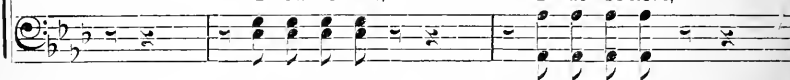
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.  
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.  
And may the mu - sic of Thy name, Refresh my soul in death.



CHORUS.



I now be - lieve, . . . . I do be - lieve . . . . That Je - sus  
I now be-lieve, I do be-lieve,



died for me . . . . That on the cross . . . .  
That Je - sus died for me, died for me; That on the cross



*Rit.*



He shed his blood, From sin to set me free.  
He shed His blood, to set me free.



*Handwritten:* 2061 11113

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 12:13.

"Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7.

JOHN.

J. G. F.



1. Christ our Redeemer, died on the cross, Died for the sinner, paid all His due;
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has promised so will He do;
3. Judgment is coming, all will be there, Who have rejected? who have refused?
4. Oh, what compassion, oh, boundless love, Jesus hath power, Je-sus is true;



All who receive Him, need never fear, For He will pass, will pass over you.  
 Oh, sinner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass over you.  
 Oh, sin-ner, hasten, let Je-sus in, Then He will pass, will pass over you.  
 All who believe, are safe from the storm, Oh, He will pass, will pass over you.



CHORUS.



When I see the blood, When I see the blood,  
 When I see the blood, When I see the blood.



When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass over you.  
 When I see the blood, over you,



# No. 89. One More Witness for Christ.

"For thou shalt be His witness unto all men."—Acts 22:15.

J. M. HUNT.

J. M. HUNT. By per.



1. One more witness for Christ to-night, Holding His banner un-furled;
2. One more soul is redeemed from sin, Wash'd by the blood of the Lamb;
3. Help us, Savior, the vic - t'ry gain, Un - der Thy ban - ner of love;



One more sol-dier ar-rayed to fight, Bat-tling a-against the world.  
 One more heart that was toss'd within, Now has per - pet - ual calm.  
 Ev - er, then, shall we praise Thy name, And dwell with Thee above.



## CHORUS.



Bless - ed Re-deem - er, Bless - ed Re-deem - er.  
 Blessed Redeemer, by Thee we will stand, Marching, if onward shall be the command,



Bless - - ed Re - deem - er, We'll give the praise to Thee.  
 Ev - er un-furled shall Thy ban - ner be;



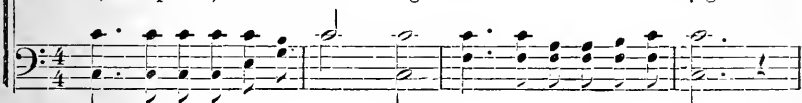


# No. 90. Jesus Said It Would Be So.

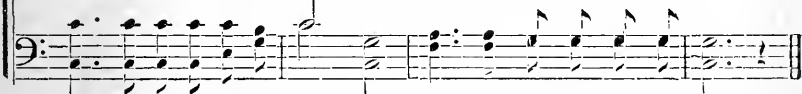
E. A. HOFFMAN.



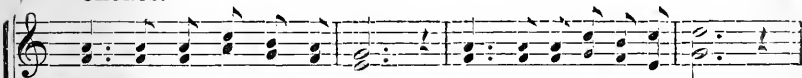
1. When the faithful were as-sem-bled On the day of Pen-te-cost,
2. Gold-en shower of con-se-cra - tion, Tongues of fire were on them shed,
3. So when we to-geth-er gath - er In the prayer-room humbled low,
4. Lo, the power, on us 'tis fall - ing! And our hearts with fire they glow!



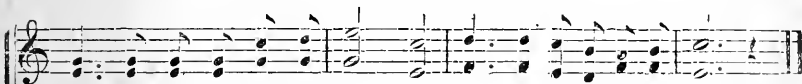
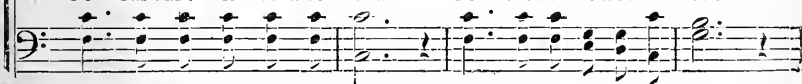
Rushed the wind, the place it trembled, Came from heaven the Ho-ly Ghost.  
And that ho-ly ded - i - ca - tion, Made an al - tar of each head.  
Comes the Pen-te-cost-al pow - er; Je - sus said it would be so!  
God is coming-hal-le-lu - jah! Je - sus said it would be so!



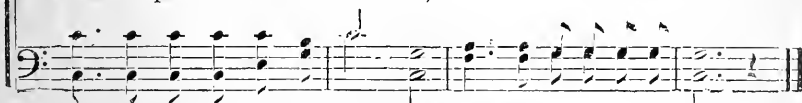
## CHORUS.



Je - sus said it would be so! Je - sus said it would be so!



Wondrous prom-ise and ful - fil - ment, Je - sus said it would be so!



# No. 91. In the Shadow of the Rock.

Dr. H. BONAR.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. In the shad-ow of the rock let me rest, (let me rest,) When I
2. On the parch'd and desert way where I tread, (where I tread,) With the
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, (till I see,) That the



feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, (thrill my breast,) All in vain the storm shall sweep  
scorching noontide ray o'er my head, (o'er my head,) Let me find a welcome shade,  
skies a-gain are fair o-ver me, (o-ver me,) That the burning heats are past



while I hide, (while I hide,) And my tranquil vigil keep, by Thy side. (by Thy side.)  
cool and still, (cool and still,) And my weary steps be stay'd by Thy will. (by Thy will.)  
and the day. (and the day,) Bids the trav-el-er at last go his way. (go his way.)



## CHORUS.



In the shadow of the rock let me rest, In the shadow of the rock let me rest,



When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.



1. Have you a bur - den on your soul, More than your weak heart  
 2. Comes there a time of grief and woe, Cloud - ing the path - way  
 3. When by the temp - ter sore - ly tried, Be not the Sav - iour  
 4. When sin, with strong, al - lur - ing charm, Fills you with trem - or  
 5. Ev - er be faith - ful to the Lord; Walk in the coun - sels

can con - trol? Quick - ly on Christ that bur - den roll; He waits to  
 here be - low? In your dis - tress to Je - sus go, And He will  
 then de - nied; Safe in His faith - ful ness a - bide, And He will  
 and a - larm, Flee to the Saviour's out - stretched arm; He will de -  
 of His Word; Look to the promised blest re - ward; In heav'n He'll

CHORUS.

help you, this Je - sus. Car - ry your bur - dens to Je - sus,  
 com - fort, this Je - sus.  
 keep you, this Je - sus.  
 liv - er, this Je - sus.  
 crown you, this Je - sus. Je - sus in your prayer;

Car - ry your bur - dens to Je - sus, All of your tri - als  
 Je - sus and your care;

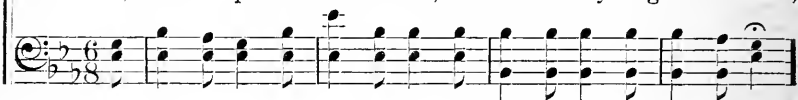
He will share; He'll be your help - er, this Je - sus.

Copyright, 1894, by the HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

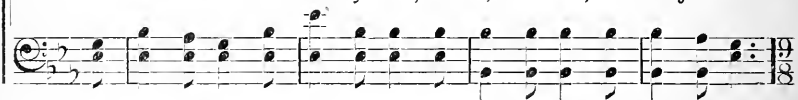
Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, ~~Re-vised~~.*With animation.*

1. Come, wand'rer, come! thy Savior calls, His voice of love like mu-sic falls,
2. Come, wea - ry one, thy burden rest Upon the heart that loves thee best;
3. Come to the fountain of His love, Drink freely, 'twill thy guilt remove;
4. O love divine! From heav'n's high throne, The un-cre-at - ed, mighty One,
5. And now before the throne He pleads, For thee, for thee He intercedes;
6. Come, bathed in pen - i - ten - tial tears, Confess to Him your guilt and fears;



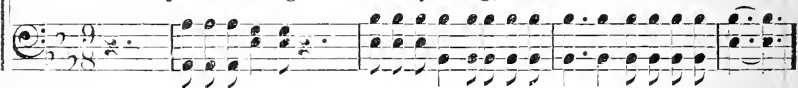
In er - ror's path no longer stray; Seek, ere too late, the narrow way.  
 He feels the pangs that rend thy soul, The broken heart He maketh whole.  
 O did He die for thee in vain! Wilt cru-ci-fy the Lord a - gain?  
 To earth descended, died, that we Might live to all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 To Him, thy Refuge, sin-ner, flee! Je-sus, thy Sav-ior, died for thee.  
 O bow before the mer-cy seat; Kneel, wand'rer, kneel at Jesus' feet!



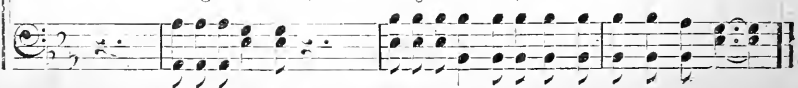
## CHORUS.



Je-sus is call - ing, ten-der-ly call - ing, Softly in tones of compassion and love;  
 Je-sus is calling, tenderly calling,

*Rit.*

Calling His loved ones, calling the lost ones, Home to the mansions a - bove.  
 Calling His loved ones, Calling the lost ones,



*And the end*

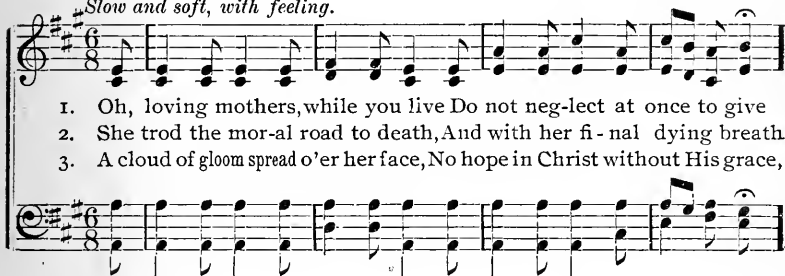
To My Esteemed Brother and Friend, Rev. H. Beauchamp.

A dying mother, living in Polk Co., Mo., who had been for a great many years building her hopes on her strictly upright and moral character, called her children to her bedside and spoke to them in these her last words: "Dear children, I am dying now and soon must leave you all forever. I am lost, and when I leave you now I must leave you forever. You know I have always thought doing right would save me; but I know now it can not. I have made a fatal blunder and it is too late for me now, I am lost. Children, don't delay, take Christ as your Savior; lean on Him and be ready to meet your father in heaven. He is a Christian; but I am lost; and when you and your father meet in that bright world, I'll not be there. Good-bye forever."

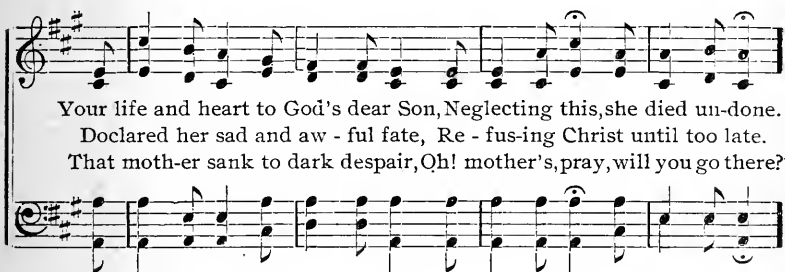
P. M. JOHNSON.

C. M. BARNES.

*Slow and soft, with feeling.*

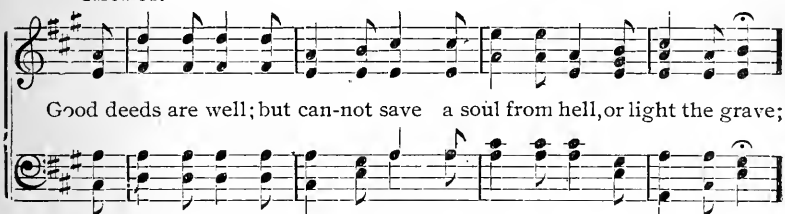


1. Oh, loving mothers, while you live Do not neglect at once to give
2. She trod the moral road to death, And with her final dying breath
3. A cloud of gloom spread o'er her face, No hope in Christ without His grace,

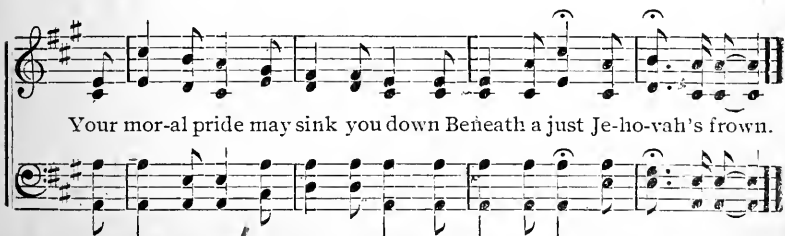


Your life and heart to God's dear Son, Neglecting this, she died undone.  
Declared her sad and awful fate, Refusing Christ until too late.  
That mother sank to dark despair, Oh! mother's, pray, will you go there?

CHORUS.



Good deeds are well; but cannot save a soul from hell, or light the grave;



Your moral pride may sink you down Beneath a just Je-ho-vah's frown.

*Copy CMB*

CLIO HARPER.

D. W. MOORE.



1. There is a light that's ev - er bright, That shines thro' mists a - far;
2. Un - wav - ring when the works of men In darkness fade a - way;
3. The err - ing child by sin beguiled, In darkness wand'ring far,
4. A bea - con bright in des - ert night, That nev - er wax - eth dim,
5. The sun on high may leave the sky, The plan - ets cease to roll,
6. Then hear me, Lord, to me ac - cord, The faith to fol - low Thee,



Its lus - tre true now gleams for you, The Christian's guiding star.

It guid - eth on un - til the dawn Of bright ce - les - tial day.

With joy returns where constant burns Our brilliant guid - ing star.

But ev - er guides thro' waves and tides The ones who fol - low Him.

And yet that star, to gates a - jar, Still guides the wear - y soul.

That I may know where'er you go, There suff'ring can - not be.



## CHORUS.



The guid - ing, the guid - ing star, the star that guid - eth me;

The guid - ing star,



The guid - ing star now shines a - far, Where all the world can see.



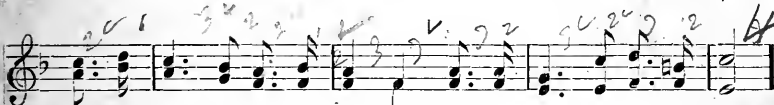
*Copy 12113*

P. B. SAEIN.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



1. In the lanes and in the by-ways Walks a form with garments worn,
2. Tho' the crowds up-on the highway Rings the cry so strong and sweet,
3. By thy side, O houseless lost one, Still the Sav-ior stands to - day,



Weak and wea - ry are His foot-steps For His feet are pierc'd and torn,  
 Thro' the bus - y hum of traf - fic Ev - ry ear this call doth greet,  
 Hear you not His ear - nest pleading, Why do you so long de - lay?



But no rest nor place He knoweth For He calls both night and day:  
 For the Sav - ior yearneth ev - er Souls of men to seek and save;  
 List, His voice so sweet and ten - der, Will you not His call o - bey?



"Come, O come to love and pardon, Homeless ones that are a - stray."  
 'Twas for this on Calvary's mountain That His precious life He gave.  
 Turn to Him for love and par - don, Homeless one so far a - stray.



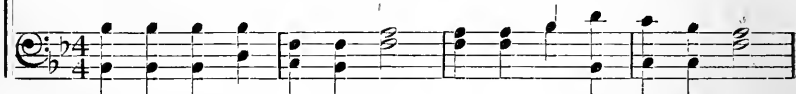
# No. 97. Let Us Walk in the Light.

Devotional.

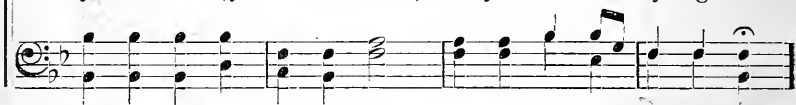
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. ~~By post,~~



1. Children of the heav'nly King, As we jour-ney, sweet-ly sing,
2. Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod,
3. Shout, ye lit-tle flock and blest, You on Je-sus' throne shall rest,
4. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand, On the bor-ders of your land



Sing your Savior's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.  
They are hap-py now and ye, Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.  
There your seat is now pre-pared, There your kingdom and re-ward.  
Je-sus Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you un-dis-mayed go on.



## CHORUS.

*mf*



Let us walk in the light, in the light, in the light,  
Let us walk in the light, in the light, in the light,



Repeat *pp.*



Let us walk in the light, Let us walk in the beautiful light of God.  
Let us walk in the light,

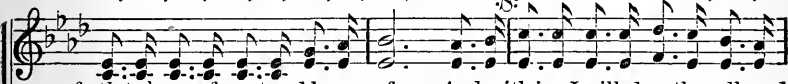


*Handwritten:* 7-21-11-3





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



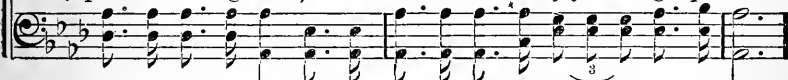
forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will obey the call, and  
 souls with whom life's blessings I sh'uld share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the  
 mes-sage of sal-va-tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the story to the  
 Christ the vineyard-labor I would share; Into hearts that know not Jesus I would



*D. S.*—ready to re-port for or-ders, FINE.



in Thy blessed name I will take the bless-ed light of the gos-pel there.  
 burdens which they bear; Let me take the blessed hope of the gos-pel there.  
 homes of sin - ful men; Let me take the blessed Christ of the gos-pel there.  
 speak the sav-ing Word; Let me take the bless-ed joy of the gos-pel there.



*Mas-ter, sum-mon me, And I'll go on an - y er-rand of love for Thee.*

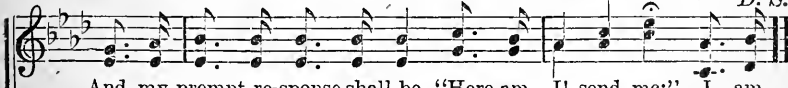
CHORUS.—Call me forth..... to act - ive serv - - - ice,



Call me forth, call me forth, to act - ive serv-ice call me forth,



*D. S.*



And my prompt re-sponse shall be, "Here am I! send me;" I am

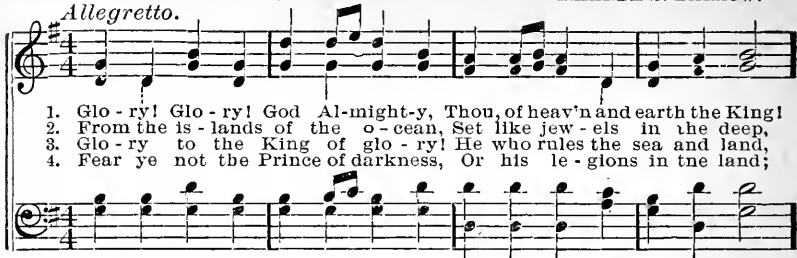


# No. 99. A Call to Praise.

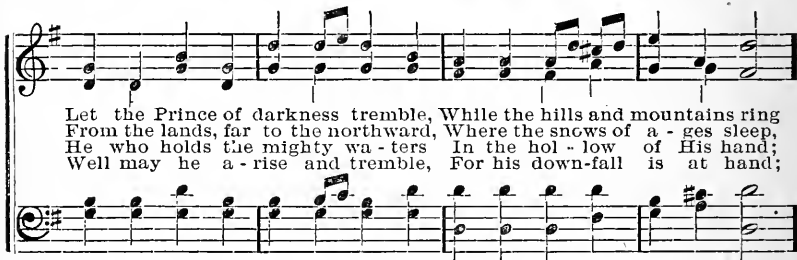
ELIZA CARROLL SNELL.

AMANDA S. BARLOW.

*Allegretto.*

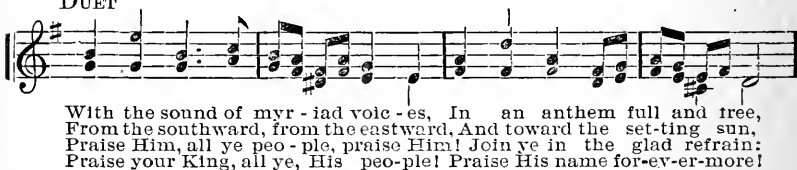


1. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! God Al-might-y, Thou, of heav'n and earth the King!  
2. From the is - lands of the o - cean, Set like jew - els in the deep,  
3. Glo - ry to the King of glo - ry! He who rules the sea and land,  
4. Fear ye not the Prince of darkness, Or his le - gions in the land;



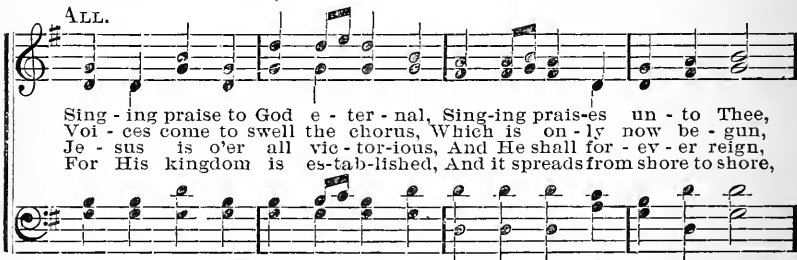
Let the Prince of darkness tremble, While the hills and mountains ring  
From the lands, far to the northward, Where the snows of a - ges sleep,  
He who holds the mighty wa - ters, In the hol - low of His hand;  
Well may he a - rise and tremble, For his down-fall is at hand;

## DUET



With the sound of myr - iad voi - ces, In an anthem full and free,  
From the southward, from the eastward, And toward the set-ting sun,  
Praise Him, all ye peo - ple, praise Him! Join ye in the glad refrain:  
Praise your King, all ye, His peo - ple! Praise His name for-ev-er-more!

## ALL.



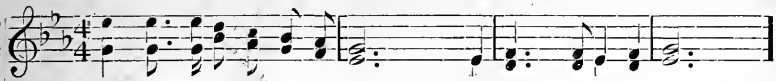
Sing - ing praise to God e - ter - nal, Sing-ing prais-es un - to Thee,  
Voi - ces come to swell the chorus, Which is on - ly now be - gun,  
Je - sus is o'er all vic - tor - ious, And He shall for - ev - er reign,  
For His kingdom is es - tab - lished, And it spreads from shore to shore,



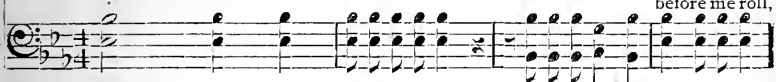
Sing - ing praise to God e - ter - nal, Singing prais-es un - to Thee.  
Voi - ces come to swell the chor-us, Which is on - ly now be - gun.  
Je - sus is o'er all vic - tor - ious, And He shall for - ev - er reign.  
For His kingdom is es - tab - lished, And it spreads from shore to shore.

CLIO HARPER.

T. M. CORY. Arr. C. M. B.



1. Almost hast Thou persuaded me      To seek Thy shelt'ring care, (shelt'ring care)  
 2. Almost persuaded to be-lieve      Thy blood was shed for me, (shed for me,)  
 3. I trembling stand on Ruin's verge,      Life's seas before me roll,



From Satan's wiles to turn and flee,      The Christian's cross to bear, (cross to bear.)  
 And thus believing, to re-ceive      Sal - va - tion full and free, (full and free.)  
 While strange emotions wildly surge      Up - on my burden'd soul, (burden'd soul.)



CHORUS.



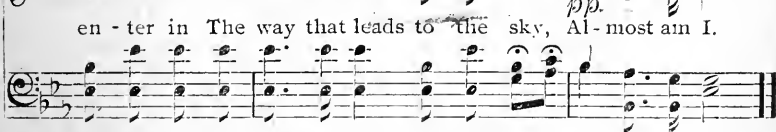
Al - most per-suad-ed, list ye the cry,      Al - most per-suad-ed,



Sav - ior, am I,      Now to leave the paths of sin,      And to bold-ly



en - ter in The way that leads to the sky, *pp.*      Al - most am I.



4 The pray'rs of friends each day ascend  
 That I no more may roam,  
 But now the Savior's steps attend  
 To that eternal home.

5 Thy love undying let me learn,  
 Nor from that love depart—  
 To meekness and obed'ence turn  
 This alien, stony heart.

Copy 0211.13



BERNARD BARTON.

Rev. J. H. WELCH.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love  
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a - way,  
 3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear;  
 4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorn-y, bright;

His Spir-it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.  
 Be - cause that light on thee hath shone In which is per - fect day.  
 Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there.  
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Himself is light.

**CHORUS.**

We'll walk..... in the light,..... In the  
 We'll walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light, In the

beau - - - ti - ful light,..... We'll walk..... in the  
 wonderful light, in the light of our God; We'll walk in the light, in the

light,..... In the light,..... of our God,.....  
 beau - ti - ful light, In the wonderful light, in the light of our God.

# No. 103. Bringing in the Sheaves.

*With Vigor.*

(For C. M. Barnes.)

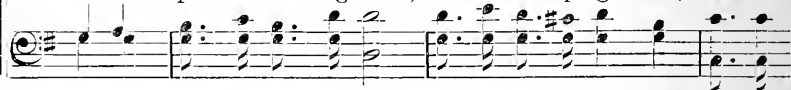
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



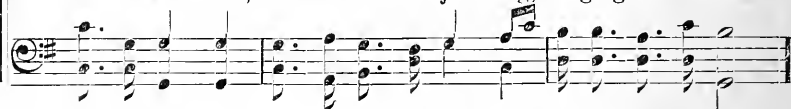
1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness; Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sun shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows; Fearing nei-ther
3. Go, then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-



noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's over, He will



time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.  
 la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.  
 bid us wel-come; We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.



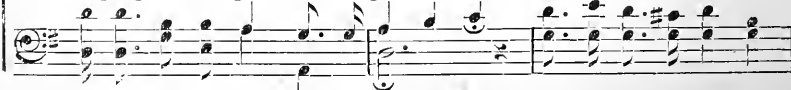
## CHORUS.



Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves;  
 Bring-ing in the gold-en, the gold-en sheaves,



Bring-ing in the gold-en sheaves; By and by the har-vest  
 Bring-ing in the gold-en, the gold-en sheaves;



*copy 1911/13*

## Bringing in the Sheaves--Concluded.

and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

## No. 104. Sailing on the Gospel Ship.

D. E. DORTCH.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. On the gos - pel ship we are sail - ing, Bound for the cit - y a - bove;
2. On the gos - pel ship we are sail - ing, Soon we will en - ter that land;
3. Soon we'll hear the song of redemption, Sung by the glo - ri - fied throng;
3. Sin - ner, get a - board of our ves - sel, Je - sus is call - ing you now;

It will land us safe o - ver Jor - dan, In that land where all is love.  
 Where our loved ones wait for our coming, Standing on the sil - ver strand.  
 Soon we'll reach that shore, hal - le - lu - jah, Then we'll join them in their song.  
 He will free - ly grant you a passport, If be - fore Him you will bow.

### CHORUS.

We are sail - ing, sail - - ing, Sailing on the gospel ship;  
 Sailing on the ship, sailing on the ship, Sailing on the gospel ship, gospel ship;

It will land us safe o - ver Jordan, In that land where all is love.

REV. T. J. BALLARD.

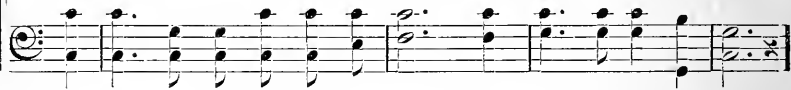
C. M. BARNES, Cho. arr.



1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas-tures ev - er green,
2. Far up the ev - er - last-ing hills, A-round God's throne it lies,
3. One nar - row vale, one chil - ly wave Di-vides that land from this,
4. Far from this world of guilt to be, Ex-empt from sin and pain,
5. Soon at His feet my soul shall lie In life's last struggling breath,



Where burn-ing sun nor störm-y days, Nor night is ev - er seen.  
 His love its vast di-mien-sions fills, And love that nev-er dies.  
 But our dear Sav-ior pledged to save And bear us home to bliss.  
 With God to spend e - ter - ni - ty, And with my Sav-ior reign.  
 But I shall on - ly seem to die, I shall not taste of death.



## CHORUS.



Home sweet home, Prepared by Christ, my Lord and Sav-ior,  
 Home, sweet home, oh, home, sweet home,

*Rit.*

Where burning sun nor stormy days, Nor night is ev - er seen. ev - er seen,





# No. 106. We Shall Meet Over There.

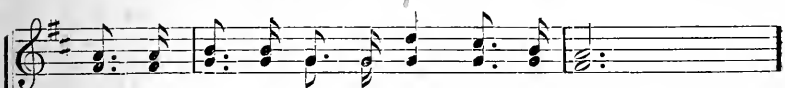
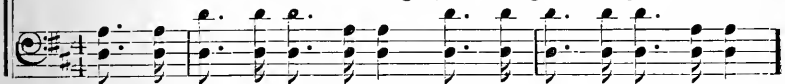
C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. ~~By~~

*With Vigor.*



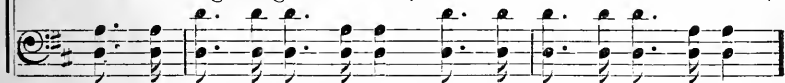
1. We shall meet up-on the shore, Of the bright for-ev - er-more,
2. We shall dwell in mansions bright, Dress in garments pure and white,



And our sor - rows will be o'er o - ver there: (o - ver there.) \*  
 In that glo - rious world of light, o - ver there: (o - ver there.)



Free from sor - row, grief and pain, With the Sav - ior we shall reign,  
 We shall sing the glad re - frain, Of the Lamb that once was slain,



*D. S.*—And our joy will be complete, When our loved ones there we meet,

## FINE. CHORUS.



Ne - ver - more to part a - gain, o - ver there. O - ver there,  
 But who liv - eth now a - gain, o - ver there. O - ver there,



*And our blessed Savior greet, o - ver there.*



o - ver there, We shall dwell in mansions bright, o - ver there,  
 o - ver there, o - ver there,



*D. S.*

*any 09113*

# No. 107. The World is Growing Better.

F. M. D.

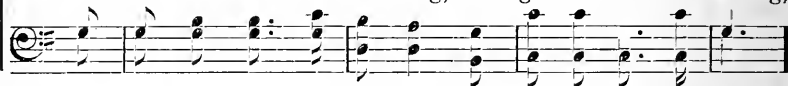
FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



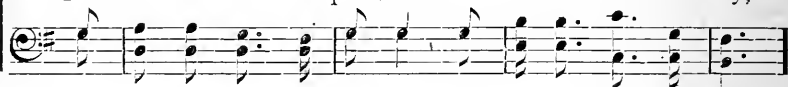
1. Lift up your eyes O watch-man, Be - hold the bright'ning sky;
2. The day fore - told by proph-ets And seers in times of old,
3. Swell,swell the notes tri-umph-ant,Raise high the joy - ful song,



The gold - en morn is dawn-ing, Re-demp-tion draw-eth nigh,  
When man shall live for oth - ers And not a - lone for gold.  
Old er - ror's walls are crumbling,The Right beats down the Wrong,



The mist that shrouds the val - lies Is roll-ing fast a - way,  
'Tis com - ing, sure - ly com - ing, O hail each glad-'ning ray,  
The truth in its re-splendence Il - lu-mines the dark way,



The world is grow - ing bet - ter, yes, bet - ter ev - 'ry day.  
The world is grow - ing bet - ter, yes, bet - ter ev - 'ry day.  
The world is grow - ing bet - ter, yes, bet - ter ev - 'ry day.



## CHORUS.



Bet - ter ev - 'ry day, Bet - ter ev - 'ry day, The world is growing



# The World is Growing Better.—Concluded.

bet-ter ev-'ry day, Bet-ter ev-'ry day, Bet-ter ev-'ry  
 day, The world is grow-ing bet-ter, yes, bet-ter ev-'ry day.

## No. 108. Webb, 7s, 6s.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR. 1858.

G. J. WEBB

I. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross;  
 Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:  
 D. s.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my shall He lead,

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
 Stand in His strength alone;  
 The arm of flesh will fail you;—  
 Ye dare not trust your own:  
 Put on the gospel armor,  
 And, watching unto prayer,  
 Where duty calls or danger,  
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
 The strife will not be long;  
 This day the noise of battle,  
 The next the victor's song:  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be;  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

# No. 109. *Kneeling, Pleading, Waiting.*

TATE & BRADY. Arranged.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have mer - cy, Lord on me, As Thou wert ev - er kind;  
 2. Blot out, O Lord, my sins, And me in pit - y view;  
 3. Withdraw not then Thy help, Nor cast me from Thy sight;  
 4. The joy Thy fa - vor gives, Let me just now ob - tain,

Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt, Thy wont-ed mer-cy find.  
 Cre - ate in me a heart that's clean, An up-right mind re-new.  
 Nor let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it take His ev - er - last-ing flight.  
 And Thy free Spir-it's firm support My faint-ing soul main-tain.

CHORUS.

I am kneeling, I am plead-ing, I am  
 at the cross, at the cross,

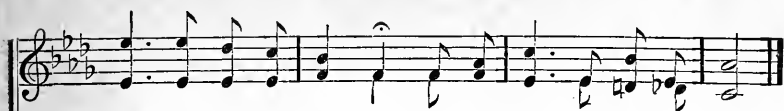
kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved; I am kneeling, I am  
 a the cross,

*Rit.*

pleading, There I'm kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved.  
 at the cross, \*

Copyright, 1891, by the HOFFMAN Music Co.

# Every Hour I Need Thy Blessing. - Concluded.



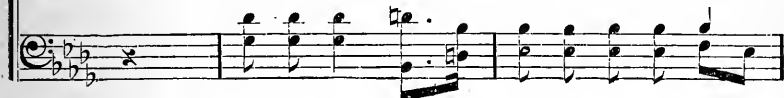
Him, our great a - tone - ment, Beau - ti - ful beyond com - pare.  
 walk and dai - ly liv - ing, Praising Christ, the liv - ing way.  
 sing the old, old sto - ry, Christ! my Lord and sac - ri - fice.



## CHORUS.



Come, oh, come, Thou lov - ing Sav - ior, Take me  
 Come, oh, come, Thou lov - ing Sav - ior, Come,



in Thy tender care, Watch and guide me ev - 'ry  
 take me in Thy tender care, Watch and guide me,



mo - ment, And my soul for Thee pre - pare.  
 ev - 'ry moment, Come, and my soul for Thee pre - pare.



S. J. OSLIN.

A. A. RUTLEDGE.



1. If sore af-flic-tion be our lot, And troub-les press us here,
2. Should disappointments oft-en come, And earth-ly friends deceive,
3. If maddened storms and tempests roar, And threat'ning clouds a-larm,
4. Con-tent to live and suf-fer here, What-ev-er may be-tide;



We'll bear the cross and murmur not, Tho' oft they seem se-vere.  
 In per-fect res-ig-na-tion, Lord, We'll trust and still be-lieve.  
 On God we'll lean and fear no more, He'll shel-ter from all harm.  
 We'll cling to Thee when clouds are drear, And ev-'ry storm out-ride:



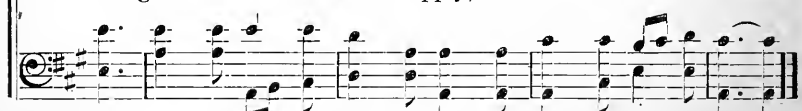
## CHORUS.



Con-tent to live, con-tent to die, Con-tent to suf-fer loss!



God's grace will all our wants supply, If we but bear the cross.



## No. 121.

## Lead Me On.

Words Arr.

H. A. R. HORTON.

*With animation.*

1. Traveling to the bet - ter land O'er the desert's scorch - ing sand,  
 2. When at Ma - rah, parch'd with heat, I the sparkling foun - tain greet,  
 3. When the vic - to - ry is won, And e - ter - nal life be - gun,

Fa - ther, let me grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, Oh, lead me on!  
 Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet; Lead me on, Oh, lead me on!  
 Take my hand and lead me on: Lead me on, Oh, lead me on!

## CHORUS.

Take my hand, . . . and lead me on; . . . Lead me  
 Take my hand and lead me on, lead me on.

on to that bet - ter land, . . . Lead me on; . . . Oh, lead me  
 bet - ter land, . . . Lead me on,

on, . . . Lead me on, . . . Lead me on to that bet - ter land. . . .  
 Lead me on, . . . Lead me on.

# No. 122. Made Perfectly Whole.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

*Spirited.*

1. { In the full-ness of love, Je-sus came from a-b-ove, To re-  
 And He died on the tree, as a ran-som for me, And His  
 2. { Heav-y la-den with sin, and de-file-ment with-in, I bowed  
 And He poured forth the flood of the soul-cleansing blood, And my  
 3. { It was when I be-lieved that His peace I re-ceived, And my  
 For He scat-tered the night and my soul saw the light, And the

deem me from guilt and from sin; } What a full-ness of peace, what a  
 blood makes me per-fect-ly clean; }  
 low at His mer-ci-ful feet, } Now my heart is a tem-ple of  
 heal-ing from sin was com-plete; }  
 dark-ness was turned in-to day; } And now all the day long His sweet  
 bur-den of sin rolled a-way; }

rap-ture of bliss, What re-joic-ing when Christ made me whole;  
 glad-ness and song, O-ver-flow-ing with love and with praise;  
 love is my song, And I tell of His grace o'er and o'er,

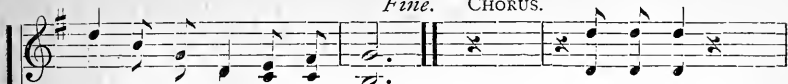
When He showed forth His pow'r in that won-der-ful hour, And so  
 Ev-er-last-ing thanks-giv-ings to Je-sus be-long, And to  
 When I bow at His feet, and His prais-es re-peat, And my

*D.S.—By His won-der-ful grace, and His won-der-ful pow'r, I was a*



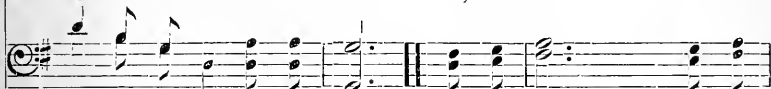
# Made Perfectly Whole.—Concluded.

*Fine.* CHORUS.



sweet-ly spoke peace to my soul!  
Him glad thanksgivings I raise.  
won-der-ful Sav-iour a - dore.

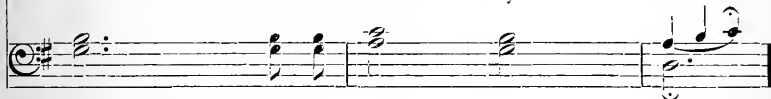
Oh, how sweet  
Oh, how sweet was the



*cleansed and made per-fect-ly whole.*



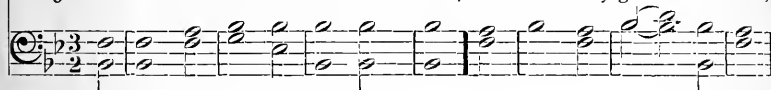
was the hour When the Sav-iour spoke peace to my soul!  
hour When He saved my soul!



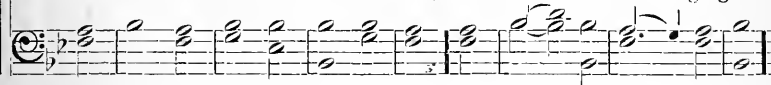
## No. 123. Come Humble Sinner.



1. Come, humble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand thoughts re-volve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sin Hath like a moun - tain rose;
3. Prostrate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;



Come, with your guilt and fear oppresse'd And make this last resolve:  
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may oppose:  
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone, With- out His sover - eign grace:



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>4 I'll to the gracious King approach,<br/>Whose sceptre pardon gives;<br/>Perhaps He may command my touch,<br/>And then the suppliant lives.</p> <p>5 Perhaps He may admit my plea,<br/>Perhaps will hear my prayer;<br/>But if I perish, I will pray,<br/>And perish only there.</p> | <p>6 I can but perish if I go,<br/>I am resolved to try;<br/>For if I stay away, I know<br/>I must forever die.</p> <p>7 But if I die with mercy sought,<br/>When I the King have tried,<br/>This were to die (delightful thought!)<br/>As sinner never died.</p> |
|--|---|

# No. 124. Death is only a Dream.

The last words of a Minister's daughter.

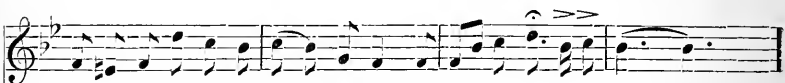
REV. H. B. PENDAR.

Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.

SOLO.



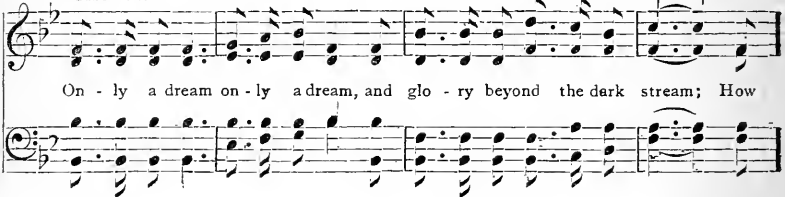
1. Mother 'twas dark but the light came at last, And flooded my soul with its gleam, 'Tis
2. Mother, I've often-times tho't during life, Oh, how shall I cross the dark stream, But
3. Mother I saw thro' the veil clear across To the banks of the beautiful stream, Where the
4. Mother tell father I've seen the bright host That God gave His Son to redeem, I
5. Tell him that trusting will make all bright, When he comes to the much dreaded stream, For



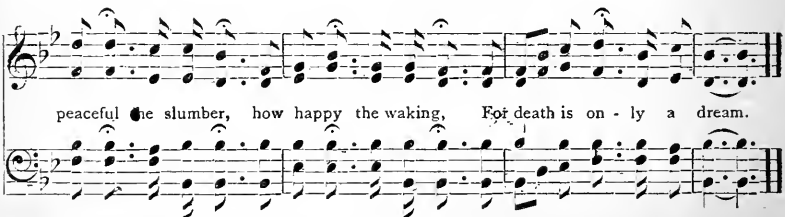
true that this life is by clouds o'er-cast, And death is on - ly a dream.  
 Je - sus hath giv - en me gracious re - lief For death is on - ly a dream.  
 Saints are re - paid for all earth - ly loss For death is on - ly a dream.  
 know He will faithfully stand at His post For death is on - ly a dream.  
 tru - ly 'tis on - ly the soul taking flight, And death is on - ly a dream.



CHORUS.



On - ly a dream on - ly a dream, and glo - ry beyond the dark stream; How



peaceful the slumber, how happy the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.

# No. 125. We Shall Be Satisfied.

"For now we see through a glass darkly.—1 Cor. 13: 12.

F. M. D.

*add* FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Here we see through the glass dark - ly, Un - cer - tain oft -  
 2. There we shall gath - er the har - vest, Which oft - en in  
 3. We shall be sat - is - fied yon - der, When Je - sus our

times seems the way, Yet we'll be sat - is - fied  
 tears we have sown, En - ter the joys of the  
 Sav - iour we see, Clasp'd in His arms safe - ly

yon - der, When reach - ing the por - tals of day.  
 faithful, Received by the Lord as His own.  
 rest - ing, Where foun - tains of grace flow - eth free.

CHORUS.

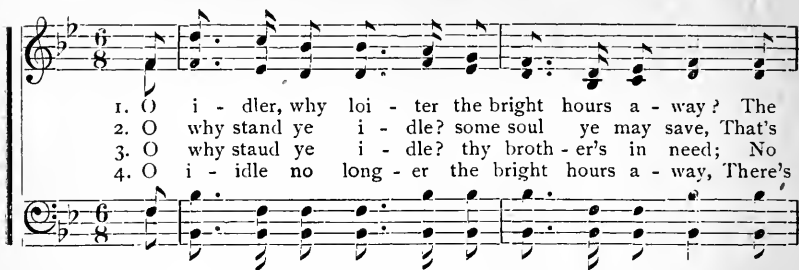
Sat - is - fied by and by . Sat - is - fied by and by;  
 Sat - is - fied by and by, Sat - is - fied by and by;

We shall be sat - is - fied yon - der, by and by, (and by)

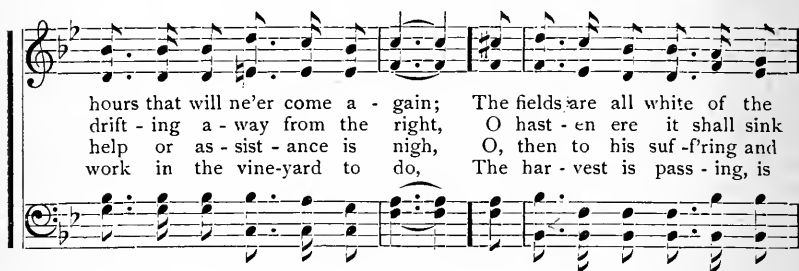
*Copyright 1896 by F. M. D.*

*Handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom right of the page.*

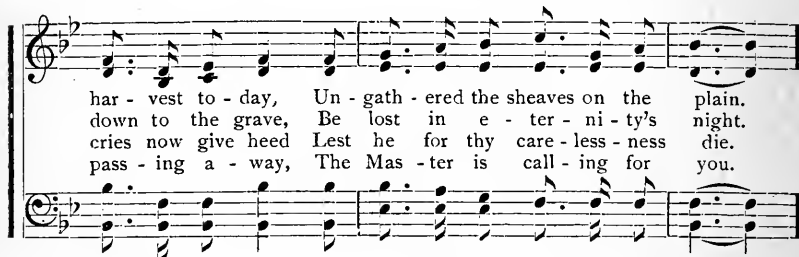
F. M. D. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Matt. 20: 6. F. M. DAVIS.



1. O i - dler, why loi - ter the bright hours a - way? The  
 2. O why stand ye i - dle? some soul ye may save, That's  
 3. O why staud ye i - dle? thy broth - er's in need; No  
 4. O i - idle no long - er the bright hours a - way, There's



hours that will ne'er come a - gain; The fields are all white of the  
 drift - ing a - way from the right, O hast - en ere it shall sink  
 help or as - sist - ance is nigh, O, then to his suf - fring and  
 work in the vine-yard to do, The har - vest is pass - ing, is



har - vest to - day, Un - gath - ered the sheaves on the plain.  
 down to the grave, Be lost in e - ter - ni - ty's night.  
 cries now give heed Lest he for thy care - less - ness die.  
 pass - ing a - way, The Mas - ter is call - ing for you.

## CHORUS.



O why . . . stand ye i - dle? . . . O  
 O why stand ye i - dle? O why stand ye i - dle?



why stand ye i - dle to - day? O can you not see that the

# Why Stand Ye Idle?—Concluded.

night's coming on, And the har - vest is pass - ing a - way?

*Coda after last verse.*  
*Slowly.*

The har - vest is pass - ing a - way, Pass - ing a - way.

## No. 127. Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge."—PSA, 94 : 22.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, I let me hide my - self in Thee;  
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy laws demands;

D.C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.  
D.C.—All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd.  
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

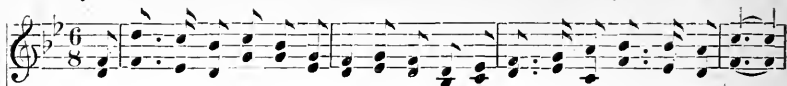
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

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

# No. 128. Wonderful Love.

A. J. B.

A. J. BUCHANAN.



1. Oh, sing of the wonderful love of Jesus, Who left the bright mansions above.
2. Oh, sing of the wonderful love of Jesus, Who died up-on Cal - va-ry's tree,
3. Oh, sing of the wonderful love of Jesus, Who now is prepar - ing a home
4. Oh, sing of the wonderful love of Jesus, Who's coming again in the sky,



And came to this earth as a ransom for sinners, Oh, won-der-ful, wonderful, love!  
 To purchase a pardon and per-fect redemption, To save a poor sinner like me.  
 For all who receive Him by faith and obey Him, Then poor weary prodigal come.  
 And all who are watching and waiting to meet Him, Shall share in His glory on high.



## REFRAIN.



Oh, wonderful, wonderful love. That brought Him from heaven a-bove!  
 wonderful love!



I'll tell the glad story, I'll sing of His glory, Oh, won-der-ful, wonderful love!



# No. 129. Jesus Knocks at Thy Heart.

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

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Je - sus pa - tient - ly knocks at the door, Knocks at  
 2. O - pen the door and say, "Mas - ter come in, Come and  
 3. Je - sus stands wait - ing and pleads with the still; O - pen  
 4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it

thy heart, Knocks at thy heart, O - pen to - day and re -  
 a - bide, Come and a - bide;" He will re - deem thee and  
 to - day, O - pen to - day; How cans't thou treat the dear  
 to - day, Find it to - day; Let him but en - ter and

sist Him no more, Lest he for - ev - er de - part.  
 cleanse from all sin, He will be with thee to guide.  
 Sa - viour so ill? How cans't thou turn Him a - way?  
 thou shalt be blest; Why wilt thou long - er de - lay?

## REFRAIN.

Knock - ing to - day, . . . Knock - ing to - day . . .  
 Knocking, knocking to-day, to - day, Knocking, knocking to-day, to day,

Je - - sus is knock - - ing, is knocking for entrance to-day.  
 Je-sus is earn-est-ly knocking to-day.

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, . . . . Gen - tly lead me all the  
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, . . . . When life's stormy billows  
 3. Sav-iour, lead me, then at last, . . . . When the storm of life is  
 Sav - iour, . . . . lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly . . . .

way; . . . . . I am safe when by Thy side, . . . . .  
 roll; . . . . . I am safe when Thou art nigh, . . . . .  
 past, . . . . . To the land of end - less day, . . . . .  
 lead me all the way; I . . am . . . . . safe when by Thy side,

I would in Thy love a - bide. . . . .  
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly. . . . . Lead me, lead me,  
 Where all tears are wiped a - way. . . . .  
 I would . . . . in Thy love abide.

Sav - iour, lead me lest I stray Gen - tly down the stream of  
 lest I stray,



## Lead Me Saviour.—Concluded.

*rit - e - dim.*

time (the stream of time) Lead me Sav-lour, all the way (all the way.)

This block contains the musical score for the first part of the hymn. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## No. 131. Deliverance Will Come.

“We are journeying unto a place, of which the Lord said, I will give it unto you.”

J. B. M.

NUMBERS 10: 29.

Rev JNO. B. MATHIAS.

1. I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tat-tered garments clad;  
 His back was la-den hea-vy, His strength was al-most gone;  
 2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,  
 But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wending home.  
 3. The song-sters in the ar-bor, That grew be-side the way,  
 His watch-word be-ing “On-ward,” He stopped his ears and ran,

This block contains the musical score for the first part of the hymn. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

And, strug-gling up the moun-tain. It seemed that he was sad: }  
 Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. }  
 His gar-ments worn and dust-y. His steps seemed ve-ry slow }  
 Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. }  
 At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay: }  
 Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. }

This block contains the musical score for the second part of the hymn. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp*

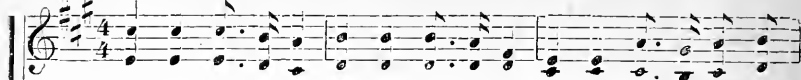
Then palms of vic-to-ry, Crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall bear.

This block contains the musical score for the chorus of the hymn. It features a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

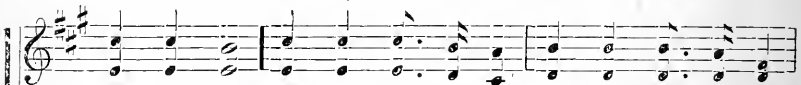
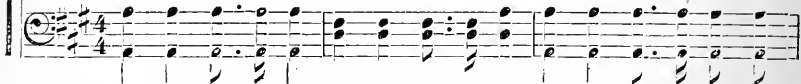
# No. 132. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel - lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way. Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -



last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, What a peace is mine,  
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,  
 last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



## REFRAIN.



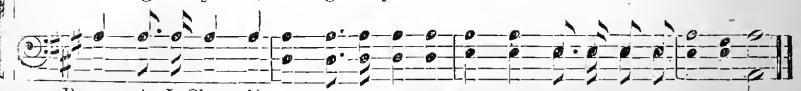
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,  
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus.



lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;  
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus.



By per. A. J. Showalter.

(TEMPERANCE.)

D. DAVIS.

C. M. BARNES.

1. In the glorious temp'rance army we will bat-tle for the right, And the  
 2. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, in a firm u - ni - ted band Let us  
 3. For the voi-ces of rum's victims reach our ears on ev' - ry gale, Widow's

demon of intem'prance we will vanquish in the fight, Till no more our glo-  
 grapple with the monster that is blighting our fair land. Let us keep our watch  
 orphan's cries entreat us from the city hamlet vale, Ne'er to fal - ter in

rious country shall be darkened with its blight. Marching on to vic - to - ry.  
 fires burning as we peal the anthem grand. Marching on to vic - to - ry.  
 our labors ne'er to let our courage fail. Marching on to vic - to - ry.

## CHORUS.

We are marching onward, we are marching onward, marching on to vic - to

ry. We are marching onward, we are marching onward, marching on to victory.

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