

THE LITTLE LADIES

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS

Edited by R. S. THAIN.

PROPERTY OF *Anna Robinson* S.S.

CLASS No. *100* TEACHER *W. H. Keenan*

Sing forth the honor of His name ;
Make His praise glorious. Psalm 66-2.



CHICAGO
FLEMING H. SEVELL, Publisher
100 WEST MADISON STREET
1878.

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No 1.

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WELCOME SONGS

SINGING ALL THE TIME.

From "Heart Hymns."

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way; For
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of - mine, Fast
3. When fierce temptations try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine, And
4. The wondrous sto - ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine, Till

CHORUS.
Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll serve him ev - 'ry day. I'm singing, singing,
fell the burning tears, but now, I'm singing all the time. I'm singing, etc.
tho' the tears at times may start, I'm singing all the time. I'm singing, etc.
oth-ers, with the glad new song, Go singing all the time. I'm singing, etc.

Sing-ing all the time; Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing-ing all the time.

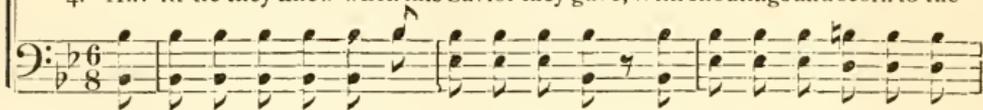
THE WONDERFUL STORY.

REV. G. W. LLOYD,

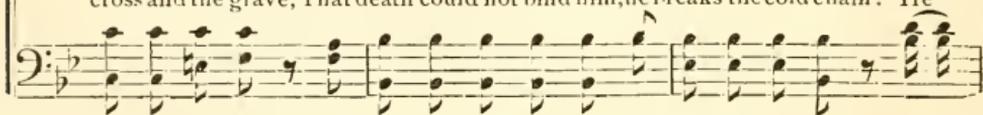
J. W. BISCHOFF.



1. The won-der-ful sto-ry I read in his word, How Christ my Cre-a - tor, Re-
2. All thro' the life that he lived on this earth, Few treated him kind-ly, or
3. Thro' vil-lage and cit-y he went do-ing good, A - like to the thank-ful, the
4. Ah! lit-tle they knew when this Savior they gave, With shoutings and scorn to the



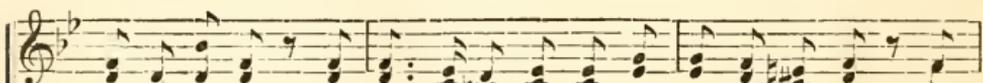
deemer, and Lord, Came down to this world and an in-fant was made. In a
 knew of his worth, The e - vit re-ved him, the careless passed by, Nor
 thankless and rude, In ac-cents so gen-tle the chil-dren he blessed, As
 cross and the grave, That death could not bind him, he breaks the cold chain! He



CHORUS.



sta - ble was born, in a man-ger was laid,	O won-der-ful sto-ry! O
tho't that the dear lov-ing Christ was so nigh.	O won-der-ful sto-ry! etc.
they in his arms to his bosom were pressed,	O won-der-ful sto-ry! etc.
ris-es! he lives! lo he com-eth a-gain!	O won-der-ful sto-ry! etc.



won-der-ful Word! O won-der-ful mer-cy of Je-sus my Lord! How





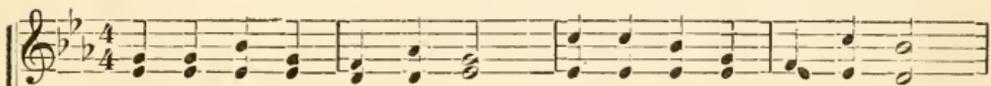
ought I to love him, how could I e'er be Ungrateful to him who has done this for me ?



GOD CARES FOR ME.

Matt. x. 30.

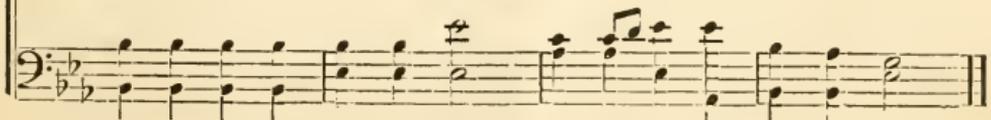
EMMA L. MORTON.



- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Poor and need - y though I be, | God, my Fa-ther, cares for me, |
| 2. He will hear me when I pray, | He is with me night and day, |
| 3. He who reigns a - bove the sky, | Once became as poor as I; |
| 4. Then to him I'll tune my song, | Hap - py as the day is long; |



Gives me cloth - ing, shel - ter, food,	Gives me all I have of good.
When I sleep and when I wake,	For the Lord my Sav-ior's sake.
He whose blood for me was shed,	Had not where to lay his head.
This my joy for - ev - er be,	God, my Fa-ther, cares for me.



ABLE TO DELIVER.

"Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."—Dan. iii. 17.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

EMMA L. MORTON.

1. A - ble to de - liv - er! sound it far and near, A - ble to de - liv - er
 2. A - ble to de - liv - er! can it real - ly be? Is there an - y pow - er
 3. A - ble to de - liv - er! cour - age trembling one! Are you serv - ing Je - sus?

who - so - e'er will hear; From the fi - ery fur - nace, from the sinner's doom,
 can de - liv - er me? Tell me, tell me tru - ly, is the Christ once slain,
 He will save his own! Fear not Sa - tan's pow - er, cling to Je - sus' hand,

CHORUS.

Je - sus will de - liv - er who - so - e'er will come. A - ble to de - liv - er,
 A - ble to de - liv - er me from Sa - tan's chain? A - ble, etc.
 Cease your fear and doubting, bold - ly for him stand. A - ble, etc.

A - ble now to save, When you are my broth - er, A - ble to be - lieve. *rit.*

GOD SO LOVED SINNERS.

H. G. S.

JOHN iii. 16.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Now may the Lord whose lov-ing arms Once fold - ed lit - tle children's forms,
 2. It is the old, old Christmas hymn The an - gels sung o'er Bethle-hem,
 3. But, Lord, we would not have the song, A - lone up-on our lips and tongue,
 4. Now un - to him whose precious blood Hath made us kings and priests to God,

Help us with ten-der hearts to sing This verse, which from his word we bring.
 And when the saints be-fore the throne, Sing a new song, 'twill be this one.
 Thro' it thy gen - tle grace im-part, And write the word up - on our heart.
 To Christ, the Lord, thro' endless days, Be songs of bless-ing, love and praise.

CHORUS.

God so loved sinners that he gave His on - ly Son their souls to save,

That who - so - ev - er would believe, Should ev - er - last - ing life receive.

I KNOW.

—To Gracie Murray.—

1. I know it was me the dear Sav-ior called, When he asked for the children to
 2. I know that the love he once felt has not changed, For it warms all my heart while I'm
 3. I know that he lived, I re-joice that he died, I know that for me he has

greet him, I know he will lov-ing - ly o - pen his arms, When he
 sing - ing, I know there is noth-ing can please him so well As the
 ris - en. I know that his pres-ence will bright-en my life, I

CHORUS.

sees my feet run-ning to meet him. Suf - fer the chil-dren to
 praise in our glad voi - ces ring - ing. Suf - fer the chil-dren, etc.
 know he'll re-ceive me in heav-en. Suf - fer the chil-dren, etc.

come un - to me, Do not for - bid them my face to see.

A GOOD NAME.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."—Proverbs xxii. 1.

MARY A. DENISON.

EDWARD A. PERKINS.

With animation.

1. There is something that's better than ru - bies, And nobler than riches and fame;
 2. It will give you a seat be-side princ-es, Will save you from harm and from shame,
 3. Then work with a will strong and manful, All brothers astray to re - claim;

rit.
 It will strew all the fu-ture with ros - es, If you work to keep bright a good name.
 No man can e'er meet you with scorning, If yours be the crown, a good name.
 But be sure no mis-for-tune can rob you, Of that gift of all gifts, a good name.

CHORUS.

p
 There is something that's better than ru - bies, And nobler than riches or fame,

f
 It will strew all the future with ros - es, If you work to keep bright a good name.

COME UNTO ME.

J. S.

MAT. xi. 28.

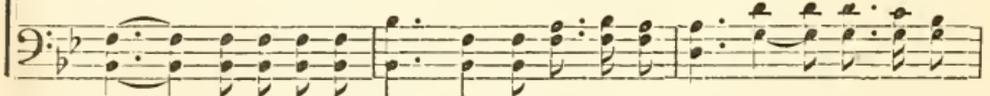
EMMA L. MORTON.



1. Come un-to me! Who is it that calls me? Im-man-u-el, Je - sus, who died on the
2. Come un-to me! Why is it he calls me? The voice of the law and of conscience with-
3. Come unto me! To what does he call me? To peace thro' his blood and acceptance with
4. Come un-to me! But how, when he calls me, Can Jesus give rest to a sinner like
5. Come un-to me! Oh, when does he call me, E'en now ere the season of grace pass a-



tree, The Son of the High - est, the Son of the Vir - gin, The chosen of
 in Declare I am fall - en, un-ho - ly and guilt - y, A ha - ter of
 God; To ho - li-ness now, and to heaven here - af - ter; To rest from my
 me? Because *he* hath la - bored, because *he* was la - den, Because *he* hath
 way. Time is but short, and e - ter - ni - ty near - ing, Je - sus, I



God and the Surety for me.	Come un-to me— Oh, why should I
God, and a lov-er of sin.	Come un-to me, etc.
la - bor, relief from my load.	Come un-to me, etc.
suf - fered and died on the tree.	Come un-to me, etc.
come as thou callest to - day.	Come un-to me, etc.



tar - ry? Come un - to me— He of - fers me rest. Come un - to

me— The wea - ry, the la - den. Come un - to me— Lie down on my breast.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM BAND.

A. S. KIEFFER.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. We're a lit - tle pil - grim band, Roam - ing thro' a strang - er land,
 2. We're a lit - tle pil - grim band, Guid - ed by a Sav - ior's hand,
 3. Soon that bet - ter land to gain, Free from sor - row, grief and pain,
 4. There with Christ we'll live to reign, Nev - er - more to part a - gain;

Soon on Ca - naan's shore to stand, No more to roam.
 Soon we'll reach our Fa - ther - land, No more to roam.
 Sing the an - gel's hap - py strain, No more to roam.
 Sing the Lamb that once was slain, No more to roam.

IT'S ALL TAKEN AWAY.

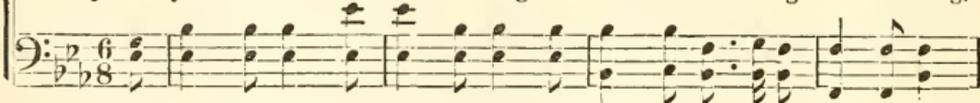
E. E. H.

E. E. HASTY.

It is related that a little girl, on being asked if she was a sinner, sturdily said, No. "But hav'nt you done wrong a great many times?" inquired her questioner. "Yes, indeed," said she, "but it's all *taken away*."



1. A-mong the chil-dren glad and fair, Who crowns of light in glo - ry wear,
2. May I be one? I sinned and stray'd. Parents and teach-ers dis - o-beyed,
3. I left my soul in Sa-tan's power, I made God an - gry ev - 'ry hour,
4. The debt was paid when Je - sus died, And when his pard - 'ning grace I tried,
5. Of Jes - us while I live I'll sing, To him a lov - ing heart I'll bring,



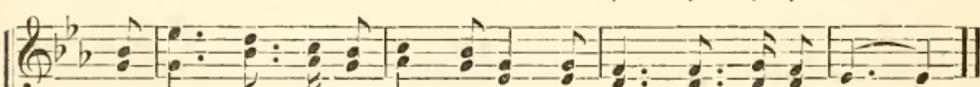
There'll not be one whose soul shall bear One trace of sin's dark sway,
 And broke commands which Je - sus made? O yes, in - deed I may.
 E - ter - nal woe did o'er me lower, And yet I'm saved to day.
 In Calv'ry's deep and crim-son tide My sin was washed a - way.
 For me he bore death's cru - el sting, He gives me faith to say,



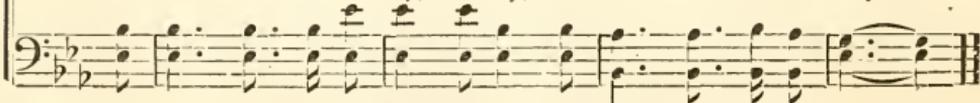
CHORUS.



It's all tak - en a - way, a - way, It's all ta - ken a - way;



It's all ta - ken a - way, a - way, It's all ta - ken a - way.



WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

13

H. G. S.

HEB. xi. 8-10.

H. G. S.



1. God bids his peo - ple on the earth, Ere yet he comes and calls them hence,
2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, separate and a - side,
3. He'd have us rear no state - ly towers, Sink no foun - da - tion walls of stone,
4. O broth - er, what - so - ev - er chain Binds us to flesh - ly lust and strife,



To live un - knit to home and hearth, Like far - bound trav - el - ers—in tents.
 From all the world - en - am - ored mass That crowd the Bab - y - lons of pride.
 But camp each night a few short hours, And ere the mor - row's dawn move on.
 Here let us rend it in God's name, And live, henceforth, the pil - grim life.



CHORUS.



We'll live in tents un - til our feet Shall reach the land by sin un - trod,



We'll live in tents, un - til our feet shall reach the land



The gate of pearl, the gold - en street, Whose builder and whose maker, God.



JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Look to Je - sus, wea - ry one, Full of an - guish, full of grief;
 2. See the lov - ing Sav - ior stands, Plead - ing for thy fond embrace;
 3. Look to Je - sus, not in vain, Do the wea - ry seek for rest;

He will com - fort, he a - lone, Has the balm for thy re - lief,
 Trust thy - self to Je - sus' hands, In his bo - som hide thy face;
 Weep a - way thy tears and pain, Like a child up - on his breast;

Look to him in thy despair, Rest and ref - uge he will give,
 All thy sick - ness he can cure, All thy sins he will for - give,
 Breathe thy sor - row in his ear, Strength for ev - 'ry day re - ceive;

rit.
 All thy bur - dens he will bear, Look to Je - sus, look and live.
 He will make his prom - ise sure, Look to Je - sus, look and live.
 Light in dark - ness will ap - pear, If thou wilt but look and live.

THERE'S NO SUCH GOD AS OURS.

15

V. J. K.

V. J. K.

1. There's no such God as ours, So full of grace and love,
 2. There's no such God as ours, So faith - ful and so true,
 3. In sun - shine or in sor-row, His prom - ise He'll ful - fill,

The sun-shine and the show-er, He sends us from a - bove,
 With all our ransomed pow-ers, We'll ren - der hom - age due,
 If we will on - ly trust Him, And do His bless - ed will;

And with these al - ways com-eth The shin - ing of His face,
 We'll trust in Him for - ev - er, As time moves on a - pace,
 For in the world a - bout us, And in the heaven a - bove,

There's no such God as ours, So full of love and grace.
 There's no such God as ours, So full of love and grace.
 There's no such God as ours, So full of grace and love.

JUST BECAUSE HE LOVES ME.

EVA M. TAPPAN.

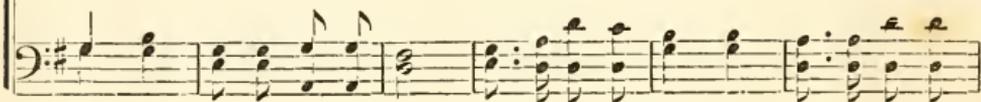
E. B. STORY.



1. Je - sus lives in heav - en, 'Tis not far a - way, And I know he
 2. Tho' I can - not see him, He is al - ways near. If I love and
 3. To the hap - py coun - try, Far be - yond the sky, Je - sus waits to
 4. I shall not be lone - ly, In that hap - py land, Je - sus will be
 5. When I hear his foot - steps, When his voice says "Come," I shall say, "I'm



loves me, Listens when I pray, Just because he loves me, Just because he
 trust him, He will always hear, Just because he loves me, Just because he
 take me, With him when I die, Just because he loves me, Just because he
 with me, He will take my hand, Just because he loves me, Just because he
 read - y, Je - sus, take me home;" Just because he loves me, Just because he



loves me, Just because he loves me, He lis - tens when I pray.
 loves me, Just because he loves me, Yes, he will al - ways hear.
 loves me, Just because he loves me. He'll take me when I die.
 loves me, Just because he loves me, He there will take my hand.
 loves me, Just because he loves me, He then will take me home.



OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN TO ME.

17

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. In - to thy store-house, O Lord, I come, Bringing my tithes to thee,
 2. Now I will prove thee, herewith, O Lord, Emp - ty I come to thee,
 3. Glo - ry to Je - sus! he hears my prayer; Je - sus himself has come!

O - pen the windows of heaven, O Lord, And pour out a blessing on me.
 All that I have I now con - se - crate, Thine evermore, Lord, I would be.
 Show - ers of blessing now fall on me; Lord, o - pen my heart to make room.

CHORUS.

O - pen the windows of heaven, O Lord, O - pen the windows to me,

Pour out rich blessings of peace and love, And let me catch glimpses of thee.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

HEMANS.

G. KINGSLEY. Arranged.

Moderato.

1. Child, a-midst the flowers at play, While the red light fades a-way;
 2. Trav-'ler, in the stranger's land, Far from thine own household band;
 3. War-rior, that from bat-tle won, Breath-est now at set of sun;

Mother, with thine earnest eye, Ev-er following si-lent-ly; Fa-ther,
 Mourner, haunted by the tone Of a voice from this world gone; Cap-tive,
 Wo-man, o'er the lowly slain, Weep-ing on his burial plain; Ye that

by the breeze of eve, Called thy harvest work to leave; Pray! ere yet the dark hours
 in whose narrow cell, Sun-shine hath not leave to dwell; Sail-or, on the darkening
 triumph, ye that sigh, Kind-red by one ho-ly tie; Heav'n's first star a-like ye

be, Lift the heart and bend the knee, Lift the heart and bend the knee.
 sea, Lift the heart and bend the knee, Lift the heart and bend the knee.
 see— Lift the heart and bend the knee, Lift the heart and bend the knee.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

19

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Romans v. 8.

JESSIE R. McINTYRE.

EDWARD A. PERKINS.

1. How sweet to know that Je - sus Loves sin - ners such as I,
 2. He left his Fa-ther's bo - som, He left the saint-ed throng,
 3. Ho loves us, oh, he loves us! He pleads for us a - bove,

To know he came from glo - ry, To suf - fer and to die!
 He left the ho - ly harp - ers, He left the an - gel's song,
 With more than broth - er's kind - ness, With all a Sav - ior's love,

He left his throne in heav - en, To wan - der here be - low,
 He left them all for sin - ners, He bore their guilt and pains,
 Then come dear friends to Je - sus, The hall is fill - ing fast.

An ex - ile and a strang - er, Thro' count-less paths of woe.
 And in his blood so prec - ious, Washed all their crim-son stains.
 The even-ing shad-ows deep - en, The day will soon be past.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

Harmony by JAS. McGRANAHAN.

Lev. xxv. 8—33.

Melody by R. S. THAIN.

1. The gos-pel trum-pet's sound - ing The year of ju - bi - lee,
 2. For-sake your wretched ser - vice, Your mas-ter's claims are o'er;
 3. A bet-ter Mas-ter's call - ing, In ac-cents true and kind;
 4. He of-fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;
 5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept him, Give up all else be - side;

And grace is all a - bound - ing, To set the bond - men free.
 A - vail your-selves of free - dom, Be Sa - tan's slaves no more.
 He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.
 And long - ing, waits to make you The ob - jects of his love.
 While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, return, ye captives, Return unto your home, The gospel trumpet's sounding

The ju - bi - lee is come! The gospel trumpet's sounding, The ju - bi - lee is come!

JESUS LOVES US.

21

EBEN E. REXFORD.

EMMA L. MORTON.

1. Je - sus loves us, Sing it glad-ly, Let each lit - tle heart o'erflow,
 2. Long a-go, the Bi - ble tells us, Chil-dren sought the Sav-ior's side,
 3. We to-day can claim a bless-ing, Like the chil-dren long a - go,
 4. Oh! this debt we owe to Je - sus! Sav - ior dear, with God a - bove,

With the hap - pi - ness of knowing Je - sus loves the children so.
 And he gave them all his blessing, Not a child the Lord de-nied.
 For we know the love of Je - sus, Is for each and all be-low.
 'Tis a debt of love, and let us Pay it all to thee in love.

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves us! Je - sus loves us! Sweet - er thought there cannot be,

Tho' I am by sin un - worth-y, This dear Je - sus lov - eth me!

SOWING AND REAPING.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.—Ps. cxxvi. 5.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

EDWARD A. PERKINS.

Thoughtfully.

1. Out on the highways, wherever we go, Seed we must gather and seed we must sow ;
2. Out of those gardens so gorgeous with flow'rs, Seed we may gather to beautify ours,

rit......

E-ven the tin-i-est seed has a power, Be it of this-tle or be it a flower,
While from our own little plot we may share, Something to render our neighbor's more fair;

a tempo.

Here, where it seems but a wilderness place, Wanting in beauty and wanting in grace,
Out of each moment some good we obtain, Something to winnow and scatter a-gain,

rit.

Some little creature in tenderness goes, Plucking the nettle and planting the rose.
All that we lis-ten to, all that we read, All that we think of is gathering seed.

SOWING AND REAPING---Concluded.

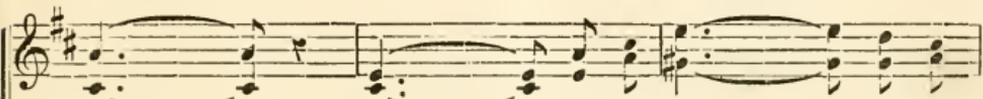
CHORUS.



Gath - er - ing seed..... we must scat - ter as
That..... which we gath - er is that which we



Gath-er-ing seed we must scat - ter as well, Gath-er-ing seed we must
That which we gath-er is that which we sow, That which we gath-er is



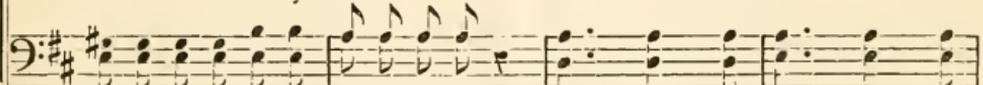
well..... God..... will watch ov - er the
sow..... Seed - time and har - vest al -



scat-ter as well; God will watch o-ver the place where it fell,
that which we sow, Seed-time and har-vest al - ter - nate - ly flow,



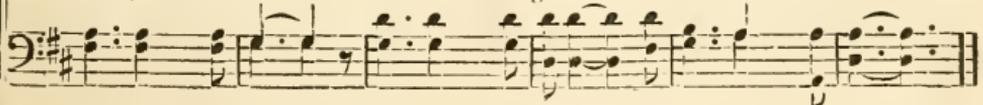
place..... where it fell..... On - ly the gain..... of the
ter - nate-ly flow..... When..... we have fin - ished with



God will watch over the place where it fell,
Seed-time and harvest al-ter - nate - ly flow,



har - vest is ours, Shall we plant nettles, or shall we plant flowers.
time, 'twill be known How we have gathered, and how we have sown.



REST AT EVENTIDE.

V. J. K.

V. J. K.



1. Come to the harvest, children, come, Come from your ease in your quiet home,
2. Hast-en, the mo-ments fly a - pace, Each one must find his ap-point-ed place,
3. La - bor and wait for rest so sweet, Lay down your sheaves at the Master's feet,



Close by the reap-er still a - bide, And take your rest at ev - en - tide.
 Faith-ful-ly la - bor side by side, Reward is sure at ev - en - tide.
 We shall be more than sat - is - fied, With promised rest at ev - en - tide.



CHORUS.



Work for the Master while the daylight lasts, Work for the day-light fad - eth



fast, And none can return when the day is past, To do his work a-gain.



Tune—SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

8s, 7s & 4. Key E \flat .

- 1 Savior, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rst care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. : ||
- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. : ||
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free;
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. : ||
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. : ||

Tune.—G. H. & S. Songs, page 104.

- 1 Come Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I'll 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 rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness as 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, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Tune.—G. H. & S. Songs, page 102.

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

Tune.—G. H. & S. Songs, page 86.

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

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

W. T. SLEEPER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word, So
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At

ask him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made answer in
 sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus the Lord, And let not this message to
 sing with the ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev - er last - ing if
 beau - ti - ful gate, may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the note of this

a - gain
 words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 you would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."
 sol - emn re - frain. "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain."

CHORUS. a - gain a - gain
 "Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Ye Must Be Born Again'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The word 'again' is written above the final note of the first line of the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain.'

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 27

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above!
CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 30.

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

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

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious 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.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 99.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That lids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

SINGING AS WE JOURNEY.

L. J. R.

LUCY J. RIDER,

Not too fast.

1. We are chil-dren of a King, Heavenly King, Heavenly King,
 2. We are traveling to our home, Bless-ed home, Bless-ed home,
 3. Full of joy we on-ward go, Heavenward go, Home-ward go,

We are chil-dren of a King, Sing - ing as we jour - ney,
 We are traveling to our home, Sing - ing as we jour - ney,
 Full of joy we on-ward go, Sing - ing as we jour - ney,

Je - sus Christ, our Guard and Guide, Bids us, noth - ing ter - ri - fied,
 Toward a cit - y out of sight, Where will fall no shade of night,
 Sing - ing all the jour - ney thro'— Sing - ing hearts are brave and true—

Fol - low close - ly at his side, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.
 For our Sav - ior is its light, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.
 Sing - ing till our home we view, Sing - ing as we jour - ney.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 78.

1 There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be
saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
REF.—Look! look! look and live!
There is life for a look at the Crucified
One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh, why from his side flowed the sin-
cleansing blood,
If his dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the *Blood* that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, **thou** mayest at
once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God
has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world he ap-
peared,
And completed the work he begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting he gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst
die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 56.

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

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 23.

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell:
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.

PAULINA.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the blessed home a - bove,
 2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ, Of the land of song and love,
 3. Then fol - low him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark - freed dove,

From whence are its rays of wondrous noon? Oh! "the LAMB is the light there-of."
 "The glo - ry of God did light-en it, And the LAMB is the light there-of."
 Shall speed a way to realms of day, Where the LAMB is the light there-of."

CHORUS.

They shall walk in white, there shall be no night in the fade-less home a - bove;

And the shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light thereof."

Tune—HAPPY DAY. L. M. Key G.

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 3 Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

- 4 High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death, a bond so dear.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 50.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

REF.—Saved by grace alone,
This is all my plea;
Jesus died for all mankind,
And Jesus died for me.

- 2 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 3 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 89.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
REF.—Lose all their guilty stains,
Lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.—Wash all, etc.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.—And shall, etc.
- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—Lies silent, etc.

Tune—G. H. & S. Songs, page 102.

- 1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

PROV. xxiii. 29.

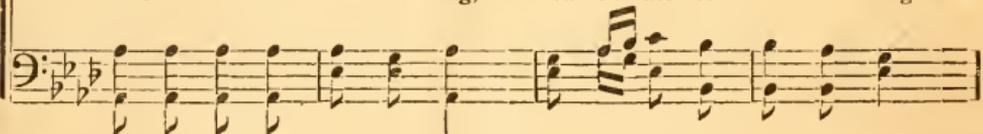
W. S. MARSHALL.



1. Who hath sorrow, who hath woe? They who dare not an-swer, No!
2. Who hath babblings, who hath strife? He who leads a drunkard's life,
3. Who hath wounds without a cause? He who breaks God's ho-ly laws:
4. Who hath redness of the eyes, Who bring pov-er-ty and sighs,
5. Touch not, taste not, han-dle not, Wine will make a dark, dark blot;



They whose feet to sin in-cline,	They who tar-ry long at wine.
He who scorns the Lord di-vine,	He who goes to seek mixed wine.
He whose lov'd ones weep and pine,	While he tar-ries at the wine.
In-to homes al-most di-vine,	They who tar-ry at the wine.
Like an ad-der it will sting,	And at last to ru-in bring.



CHORUS.



They who tar-ry at the wine-cup, They who tar-ry at the wine cup,



They who tar-ry at the wine-cup, They have sorrow, they have woe.



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