Gospel Melodies

(Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged.)

Designed for the Use of Christians in their Public and Private Devotions

BY

J. H. D. TOMSON, W. C. HAFLEY

and W. T. TOMSON

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J. H. D. TOMSON, Rogers, Ark.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

In offering this, the REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION of GOSPEL MELODIES to the public, we confidently believe that the many excellent features of the work will recommend it to all who love good, pure words, and music adapted to their expression.

We call attention to the excellent typography—the large, clear print, with the words printed between the music staves, so that both words and music may be seen at the same time.

An *index of subjects* is an important feature of the book, as by reference to it the leader may promptly find appropriate words for the different parts of the public worship—songs for *opening* service, *closing* service, invitation songs, etc. It must not be inferred, however, that the songs under the heads, ''Invitation,'' ''Opening,'' etc., cannot be used on *other* occasions. These subject headings in the index simply show that the songs under the heads, ''Invitation,'' ''Opening,'' etc., are certainly appropriate for these occasions, while *some* of them may be used in *other* parts of the worship, as *well*.

Another important feature of the book is the very brief, practical treatise on the subject of *learning to sing by note*, as found in the thirteen pages of *rudiments*. This is prepared by a teacher of experience, and will recommend GOSPEL MELODIES to the wide-awake teacher and leader in singing as a good class book.

The ''Supplement'' contains a large number of the very best old, standard songs, without which any book designed for use in public worship must seem incomplete.

We acknowledge our gratitude to all our contributors, and would especially thank Dr. H. R. Palmer, A. S. Kieffer and Chas. Edward Pollock for courtesies shown us.

All compositions by the authors are copyrighted, and must not be used by publishers without permission.

The authors have earnestly endeavored to make this book worthy the patronage of the public, and we send it forth with the sincere prayer that it may be the means of *edifying* and *cheering* thousands of men, women and children, who may sing the psalms, hymns and spiritual songs it contains.

THE AUTHORS.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

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CHAPTER I.

The subject of music is naturally divided into the three departments called RHYTHMICS, MELODICS, and DYNAMICS.

RHYTHMICS treats of the *length* of tones.

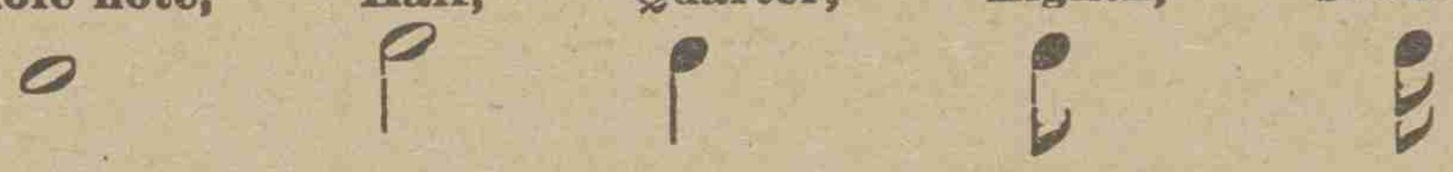
MELODICS treats of the *pitch* (highness and lowness) of tones.

DYNAMICS treats of the *power* (loudness and softness) of tones.

RHYTHMICS.

The relative length of tones is represented by NOTES:

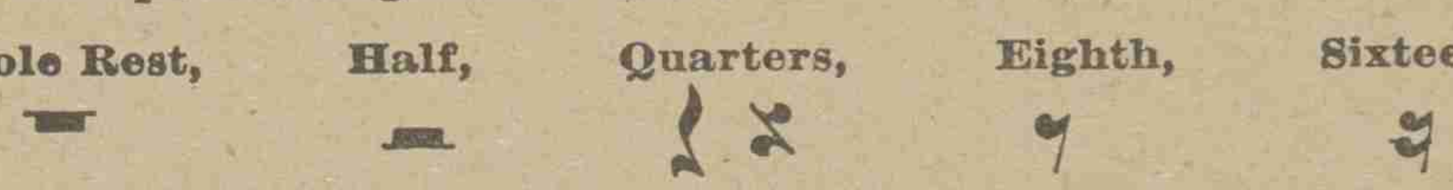
Whole note, Half, Quarter, Eighth, Sixteenth.



Their relative value is implied by the *names* of the different kinds of notes. (A half note requires half as much time as a whole note, a quarter *one-fourth*, etc.)

Characters representing *silence* are called RESTS:

Whole Rest, Half, Quarters, Eighth, Sixteenth.



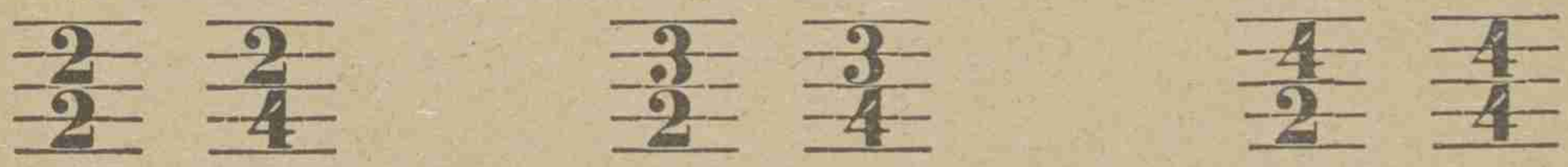
Rests have a corresponding value in time with notes, except that the whole rest is used to fill an entire measure.

The dot after a note or rest increases its value one-half. Examples:

The stress which occurs regularly in music is called ACCENT, and divides the music into MEASURES.

The different kinds of measures are designated by figures, of which the following are in common use, for vocal music:

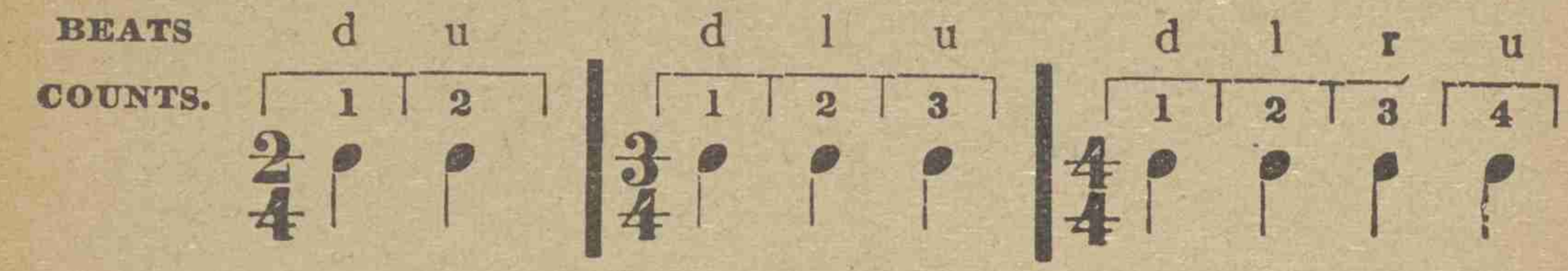
Two-part Measure, Three-part Measure, Four-part Measure.



The *upper* figure shows the number of counts (parts) in a measure, and the *lower* figure shows the kind of note that makes the time of a count. In each of the above kinds of measures, *one* count note is sung to each beat.

In the following examples the beats, (down, left, right, and up,) are abbreviated, d, l, r, u.

EXAMPLES.

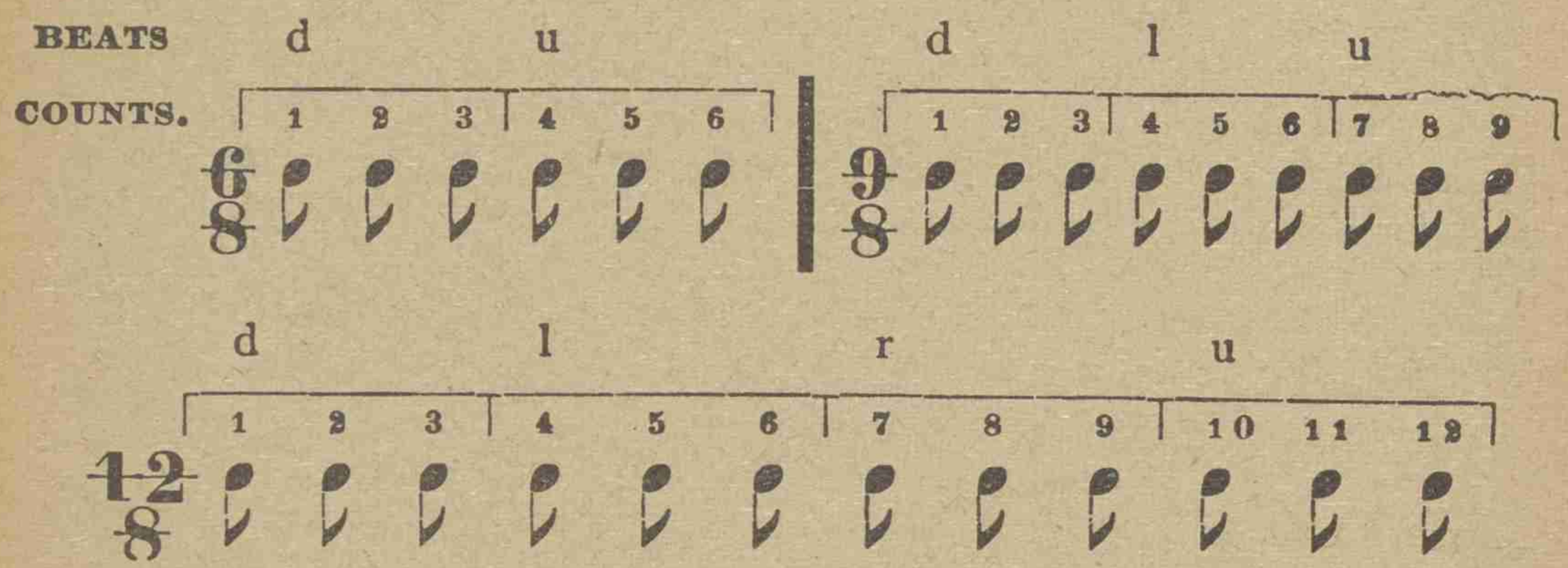


Other kinds of measures in common use:

Six-part, **Nine-part,** **Twelve-part.**

In each of the above kinds of measures *three* of the count notes are sung to each beat.

EXAMPLES.

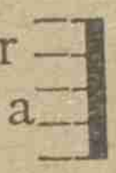


Two, three, and four-part measures have each a strong accent on the first beat, and *four-part* has a *slight* accent on the *third* beat.

In six, nine, and twelve-part measure, the *first note* of each beat is accented.

Staff.

Vertical lines across the staff called BARS, indicate the boundaries of measures

A heavy bar  shows the end of a strain or the end of a line of words, and is called a DOUBLE BAR.

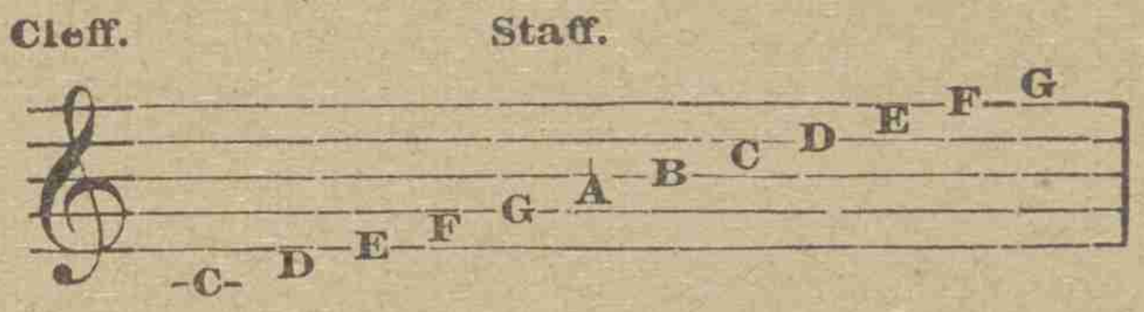
Two double bars together, show the end of a composition, and are called a CLOSE.

CHAPTER II.

MELODICS.

The names of ABSOLUTE PITCH of tones are A, B, C, D, E, F, G, (as primary,) and A♯, (read A sharp,) A♭, (A flat,) B♭, C♯, D , &c.

The seven primary tones are represented on a STAFF by a CLEFF as follows:



Each line and each space of the staff is called a DEGREE, and represents a pitch—first line represents the pitch E, first space F, &c.

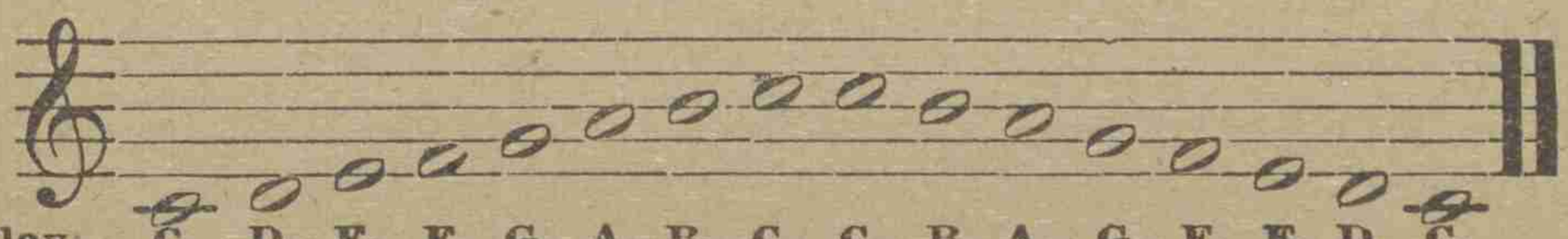
Pitches also have the following RELATIVE names: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight; sharp one, sharp two, flat three, &c. These relative pitches have also SYLLABLE names: Dō, Re̱, Mï, Fä, Sōl, Lä, Sï, and *these are the names used for practice in learning to sing.*

The seven relative pitches indicated by the syllable names (Do, Re, Mi, &c.,) constitute a KEY-SCALE, or *key-family*. The first one (Do,) is called the KEY-TONE. The names of the other syllables (Re, Mi, Fa, &c.,) are known by the relation they sustain (upon the staff,) to the Key-tone. Thus, when Do (1) is on a line, *Re* (2) is on the next *space* above, and *Mi* (3) is on the next *line* above; but when Do (1) is on a *space*, Re (2) is on the next *line* above, &c.

EXAMPLES.

Since the syllable names of notes suggest their *relative pitch*, it is necessary to be perfectly familiar with these syllable names, and with the relative pitch of the tones of the Key-scale.

The first thing to do is to *learn to sing the scale, as a whole.* This can only be done by *hearing it sung*, or by playing the absolute pitches on a piano or organ in the following order:



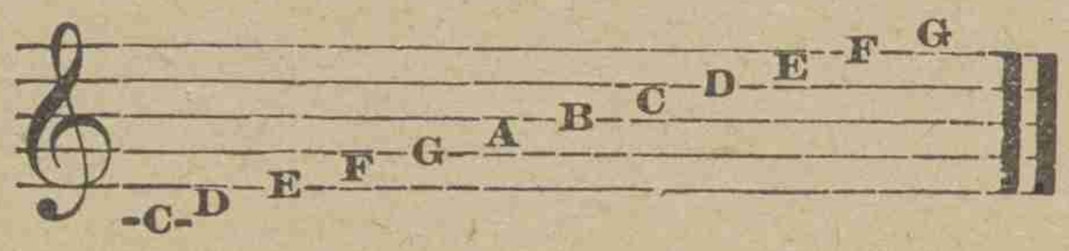
As soon as the pupil can sing the foregoing key-scale correctly, he should practice the exercises in Melodics commencing on page 11.

CHAPTER III.

Since only the LETTER NAMES (C, D, E, &c.) represent *absolute pitch*, it follows that any absolute pitch (any letter—any degree of the staff) may have the *relative* name, Do. It is therefore necessary to know when the pitch *C* is Do, and when the pitch *D* is Do, &c. Hence the following

RULES.

1. Learn the pitch names of the degrees (lines and spaces) of the staff.



2. When no sharps (♯) or flats (♭) are used as a SIGNATURE (sign) of the key, *the key letter is always C*, and Do (1) is *always* on the key letter. (In key of C, it is added line below, and third space; in the key of D, it is space below, and fourth line, &c.)

When *sharps* are used as a signature, determine the key letter by the following sentence, taking the *first* letter of each word as the key letter, for the corresponding number of sharps:

Good	Deeds	Are	Excellent	But	Few.
♯	♯♯	♯♯♯	♯♯♯♯	♯♯♯♯♯	♯♯♯♯♯♯

(One sharp, G; two, D; three, A, &c. All keys having sharps for a signature are "letter keys," except F♯—six sharps.

For keys having flats for a signature, use the following sentence:

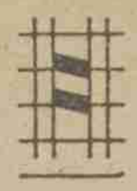
Frank	Brown	Eats	Apple	Dumplings	Greedily.
♭	♭♭	♭♭♭	♭♭♭♭	♭♭♭♭♭	♭♭♭♭♭♭

(One flat, F; two, B♭; three, E♭, &c. All keys having *flats* for signature are "flat keys," except F, one flat.)

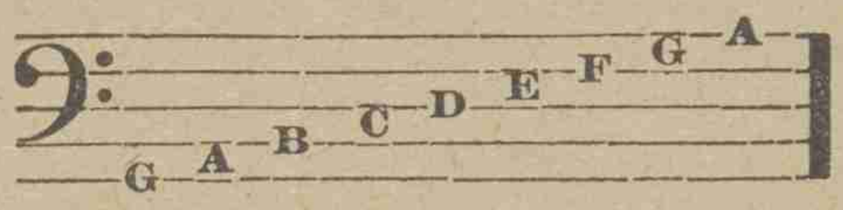
CHAPTER IV.

Three kinds of cleffs are used to locate the pitch names (letters) on the staff, and to show the kind of voices which sing each part.

The G or Treble Clef locates G on the second line (C on added line below) and is used for the Soprano and Alto parts.

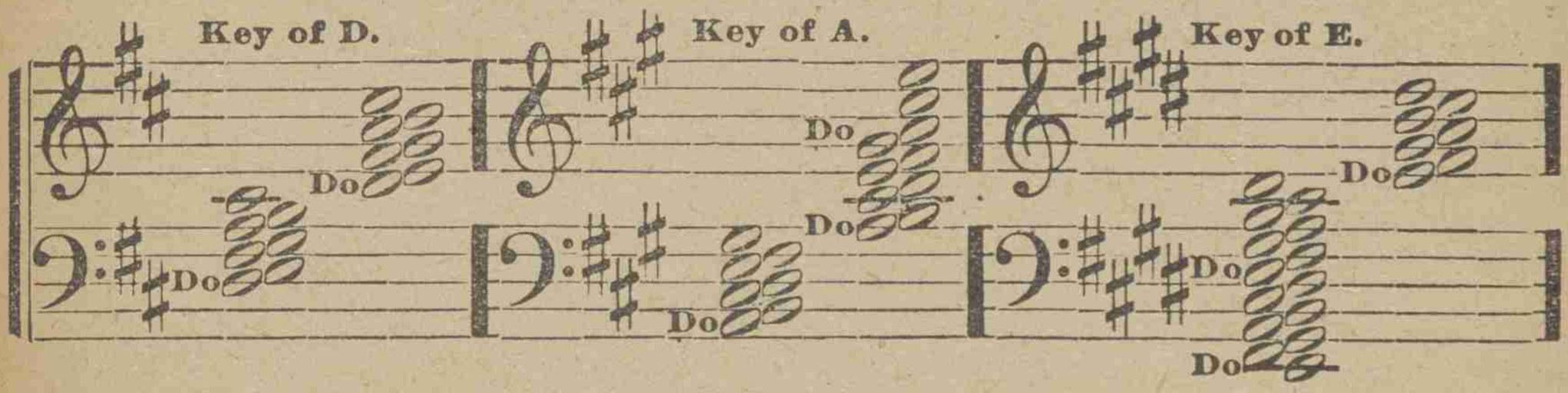
The C, or Tenor Cleff  locates C on the third space, and is used for the Tenor part.

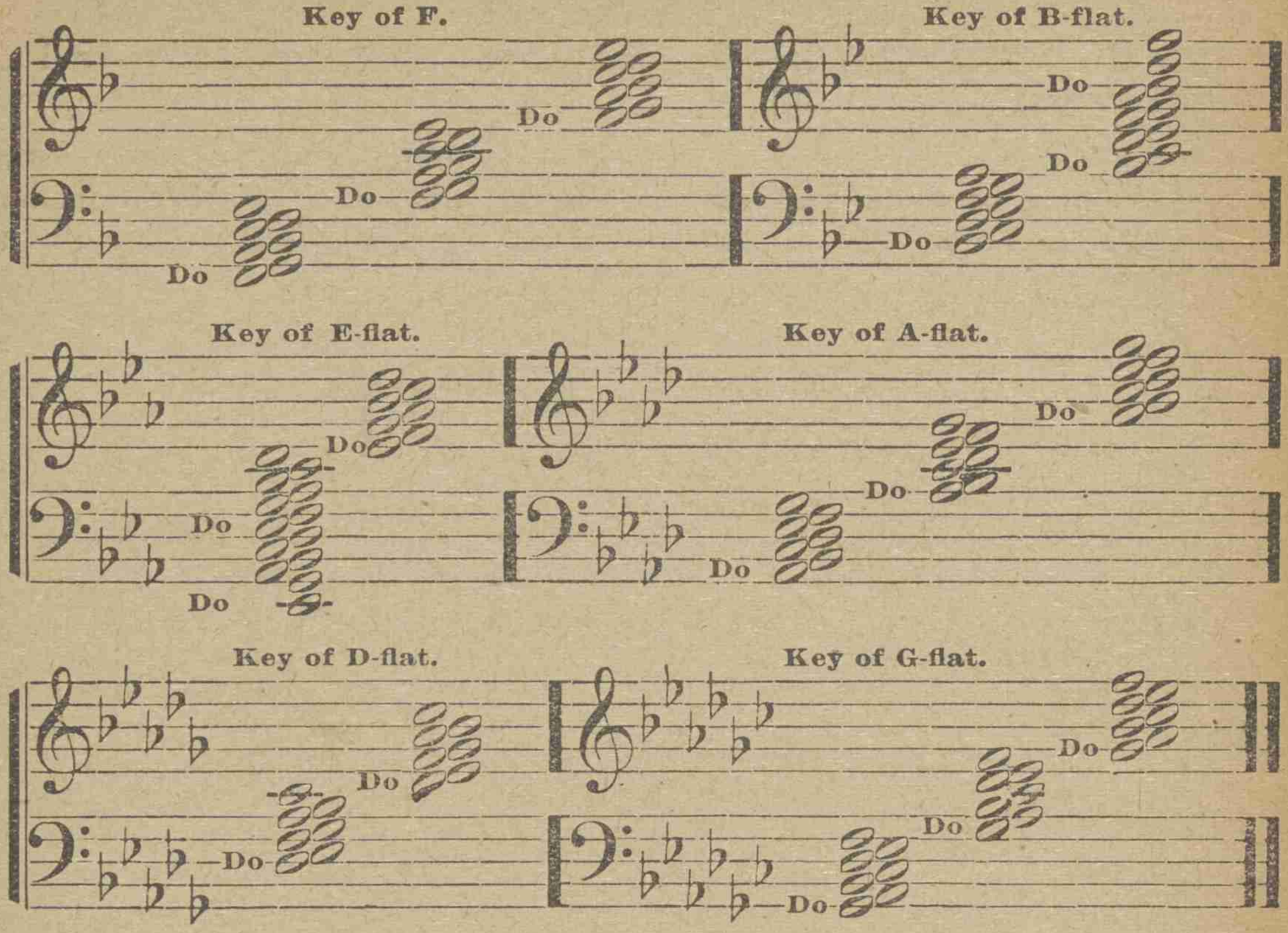
The F, or Bass Cleff locates F on the fourth line, (C on the second space,) and is used for the Bass part. It is also used for the Tenor, when two parts are written on the staff. The pitch names of the Bass staff are



In learning to read notes it is best to group them into *line* notes and *space* notes. When Do (1) is on a line, Mi (3), Sol (5), and Si (7) are on lines above, and Re (2), Fa (4), and La (6) on *spaces*. When Do (1) is on a *space*, Mi (3), Sol (5), and Si (7) are on *spaces* above, and Re (2), Fa (4), and La (6) on *lines* above. Following are examples in all the Major Keys.

EXAMPLES.





CHAPTER V.

HOW TO GET THE PITCH OF THE KEY NOTE.

The pitch of the key note (Do) in the key of *C*, is about the pitch of the low tones of the voice, in common conversation. The pupil should have a C-tuning fork, however, and establish the exact pitch. Since the pitches C, D, E, F, &c. are *absolute*, they are the same *in all keys*. Therefore, the syllable *Re* (pitch *D*,) in the key of *C*, is the same pitch as the syllable *Do* in the key of *D*. The syllable *Mi* (pitch *E*,) in the key of C, is the same as *Do* in the key of *E*, &c. Therefore, to get the pitch of Do (1) in the key of *D*, sing to *Re* (2) in the key of *C*, dwell upon the tone a moment, then change its *name* to *Do*, *without changing its pitch*. For the key of *E*, sing to *Mi* and change name to Do. Proceed in like manner for the keys of F, G, A, and B, as shown by the following:

DIAGRAM.

To get the pitch of Do (1) in "*flat keys*," (B♭, E♭, &c.,) change the name of the syllable *next below* the desired key letter to Si, (7), and then "sing up" to Do, (8), above. For the key of D♭, change Do (1) in the key of *C*, to the syllable Si (7), and then sing Do (8). For the key of E♭, change Re (2) in the key of C, to the syllable *Si* (7), &c., according to the following:

DIAGRAM FOR "FLAT KEYS."

Do (1) in key of C, equals Si (7), in key of D♭. Re (2) equals Si (7), in key of E♭, &c. (The pitch of the key note in the keys of F♯ and G♭ is the same—midway between F and G.)

A shorter method of finding the pitch of the key note in "flat keys," is to change the name of the pitch C, (given by a C tuning-fork,) to its proper *relative name* (syllable name,) in the desired key. Do (1) in the key of C, equals *Sol* (5) in the key of *F*, &c., as shown by the following:

DIAGRAM.

CHAPTER VI.

DYNAMICS.

The POWER (loudness and softness,) with which a passage is to be sung, depends *mainly* upon the *character* of the words. Good judgment, and an *entering into the spirit of the words*, will direct the singer in this department. There are, however, some *words* and abbreviations used, which are given in the following table, among *other* words and abbreviations. Those which pertain to *loudness* and *softness*, are dynamic words and signs.

DEFINITIONS OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A, or *a*,—And, by, for.
Accelerando—Faster and faster.
Adagio—Very slow.
Ad Libitum, or *Ad Lib*—At pleasure.
Allegro—A quick movement.
Allegretto—Less quick than allegro.
Andante—Slow and sedate.
A tempo—In the regular time.
Calando—Diminish and retard.
Con—With.
Con Espressione—With expression.
Con Spirito—With spirit.
Crescendo, or *cres.* or —Gradually increasing the power.
Dolce—Soft and sweet.
Da Capo, or *D. C.*—Go to the beginning.
Dal Segno, or *D. S.*—Go to the sign (𝄋).
Diminuendo or *dim.* or —Gradually diminishing the power.
Fine—End.
Finale—Final movement.
Forte, or *f*—Loud.
Fortissimo, or *ff*—Very loud.
Largo—A slow movement.
Larghetto—Not so slow as largo.
Legato—Smooth and connected.
Molto—Much, or very.
Mezzo—Medium power.
Marcato—Short and marked.
Moderato—Moderate movement.
Presto—Quick.
Prestissimo—Very quick.
Primo—First.
Piano or *p*—Soft.
Pianissimo, or *pp*—Very soft.
Ralentando, or *Rall.*—Gradually slower and softer.
Ritardando, or *rit*—Slower and slower.
Sforzando or *sf* or > —Explosive.
Staccato or ' —Very short.
Swell or —Increase and diminish.
Trio—Three parts.
Triplet—Three notes in the time of two of the same kind.
Velace—Rapidly.
Vivace—Quick and lively.
Vigoroso—Boldly.
𝄐 *Hold* or *Prolong*—Shows that the note above or below it is to be sustained beyond its rhythmical value.

EXERCISES IN RHYTHMICS.

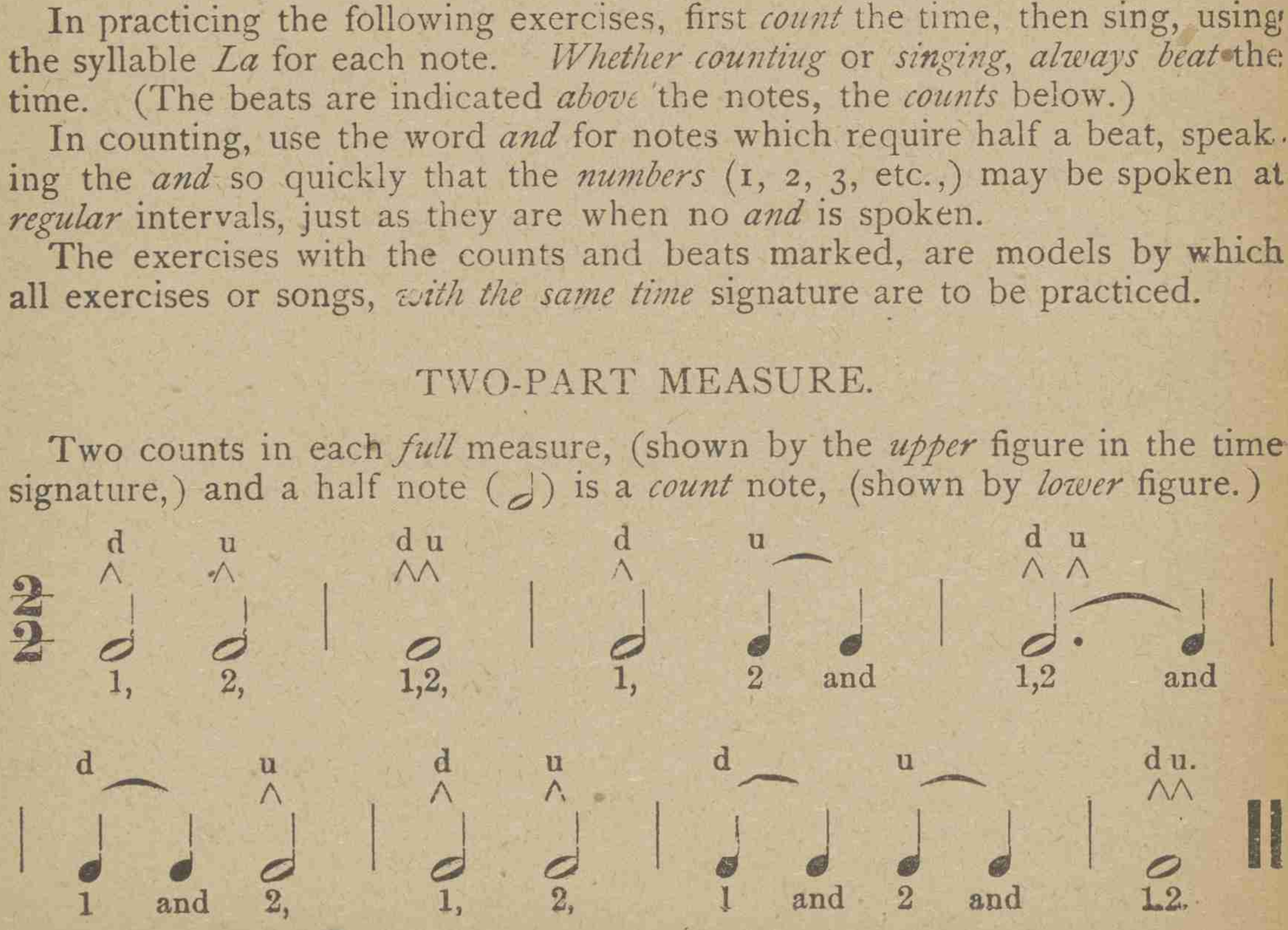
In practicing the following exercises, first *count* the time, then sing, using the syllable *La* for each note. *Whether counting* or *singing*, *always beat* the time. (The beats are indicated *above* the notes, the *counts* below.)

In counting, use the word *and* for notes which require half a beat, speaking the *and* so quickly that the *numbers* (1, 2, 3, etc.,) may be spoken at *regular* intervals, just as they are when no *and* is spoken.

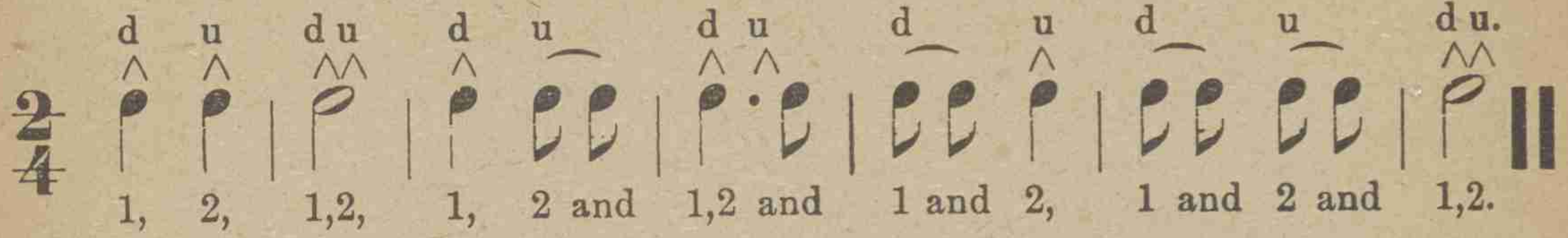
The exercises with the counts and beats marked, are models by which all exercises or songs, *with the same time* signature are to be practiced.

TWO-PART MEASURE.

Two counts in each *full* measure, (shown by the *upper* figure in the time signature,) and a half note (𝅗𝅥) is a *count* note, (shown by *lower* figure.)

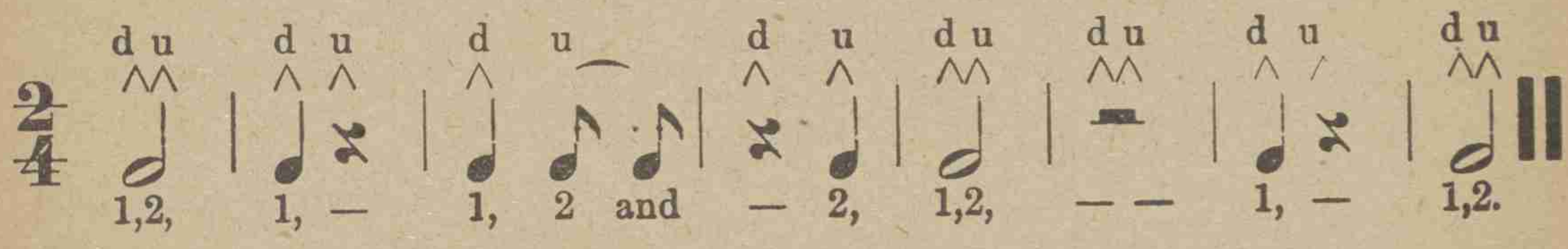


Two beats to a measure. A quarter note (♩) is a count note.



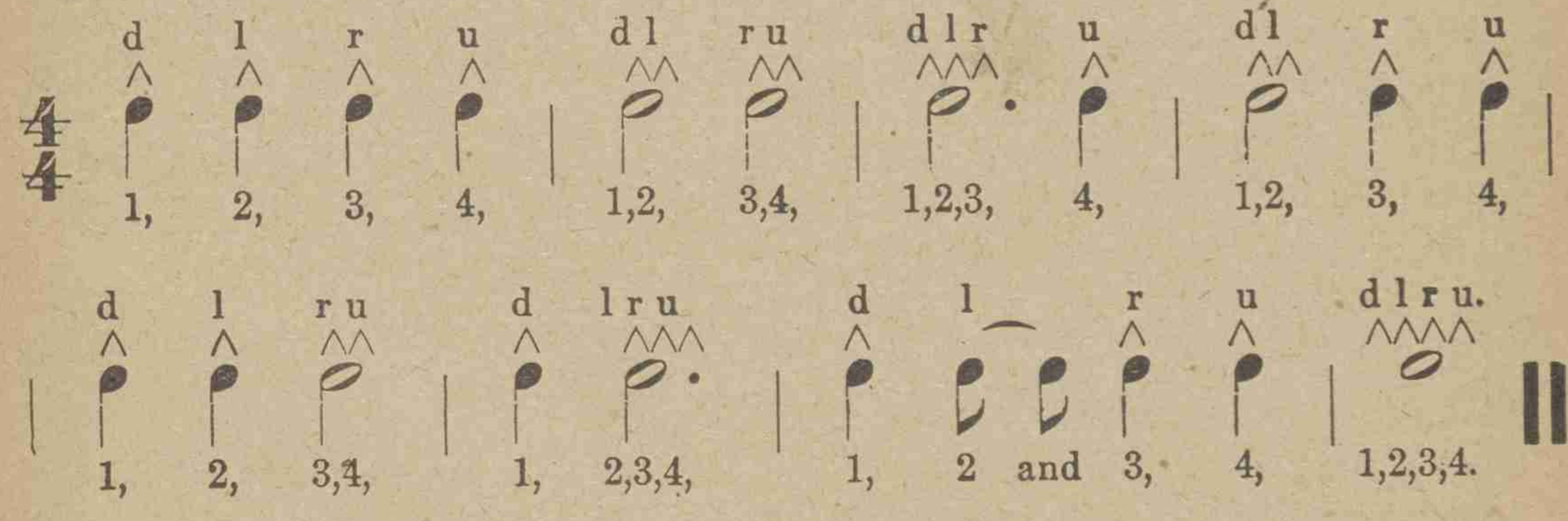
The first beat in each *full* measure *is always downward.* If a song begins with an incomplete measure, beat so that the hand shall fall for the first beat of the *next* measure. *Always accent the downward beat.*

Do not *speak* the count for a rest. *Think*, only.

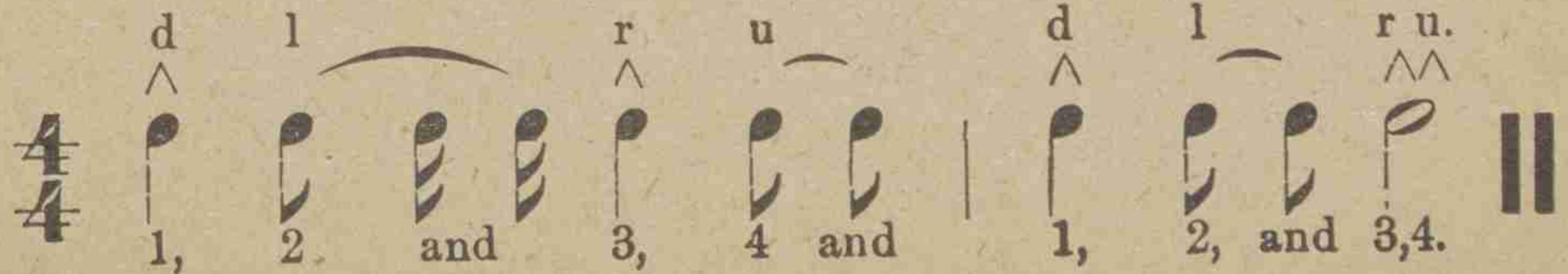


FOUR-PART MEASURE.

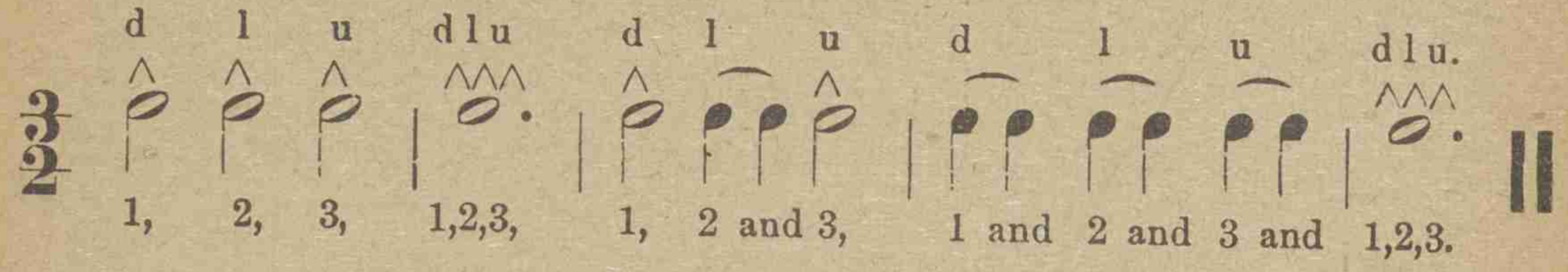
Give the *first* beat of each measure a *strong* accent and the *third* beat a *slight* accent.

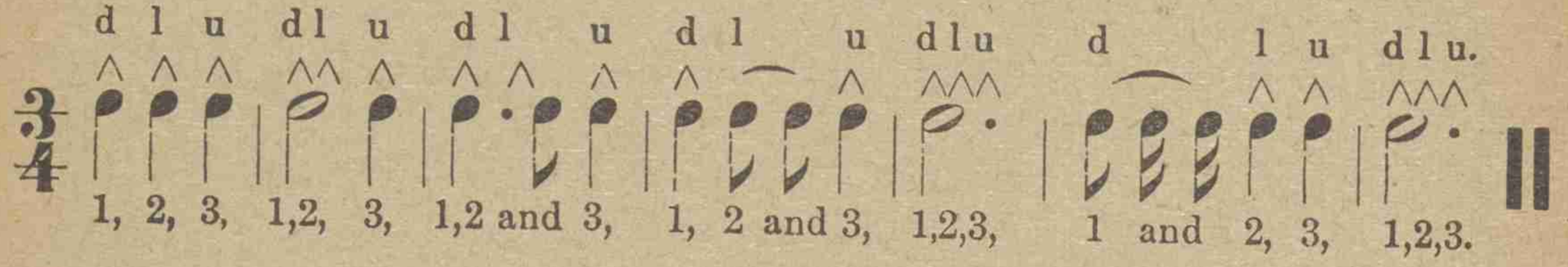


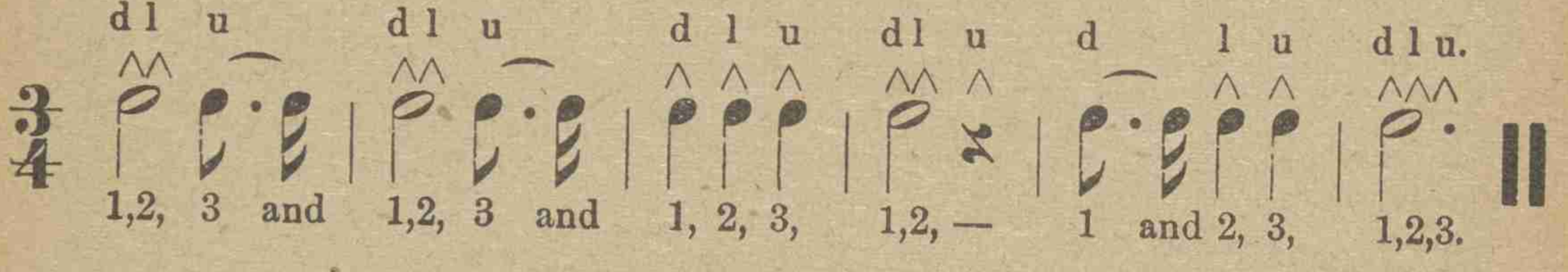
Notes of less value than half a beat are often used. Two sixteenths are sung in the time of *one eighth.*



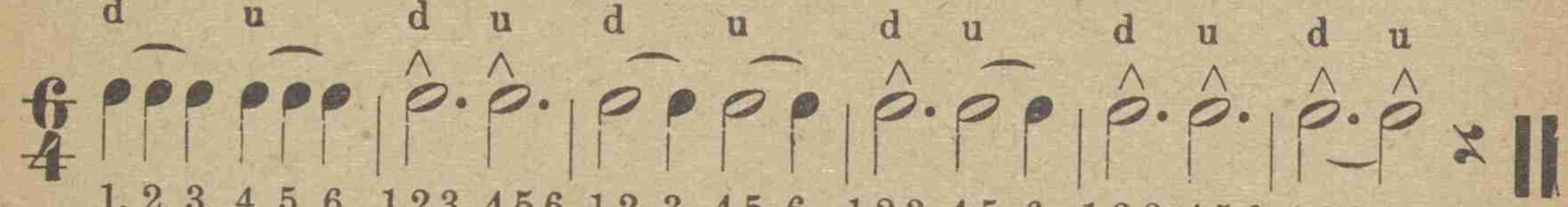
THREE-PART MEASURE.

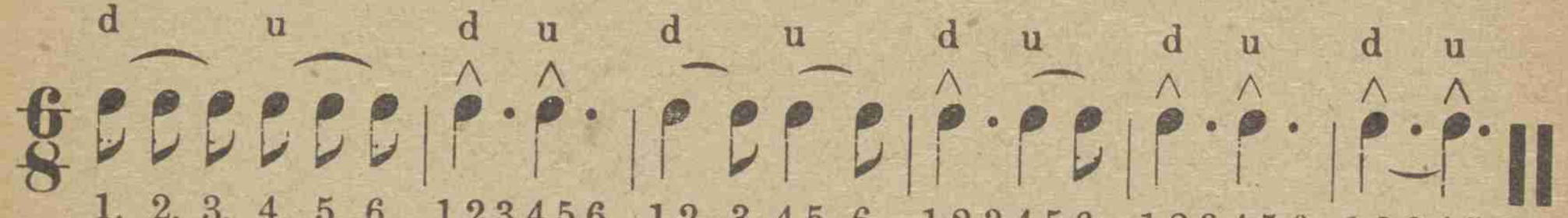


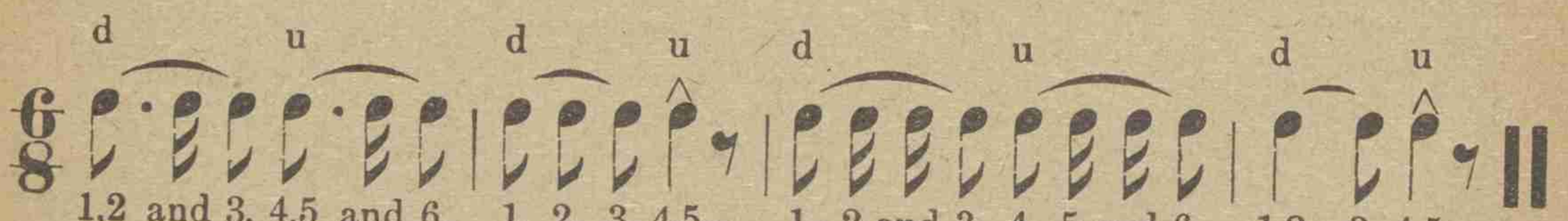




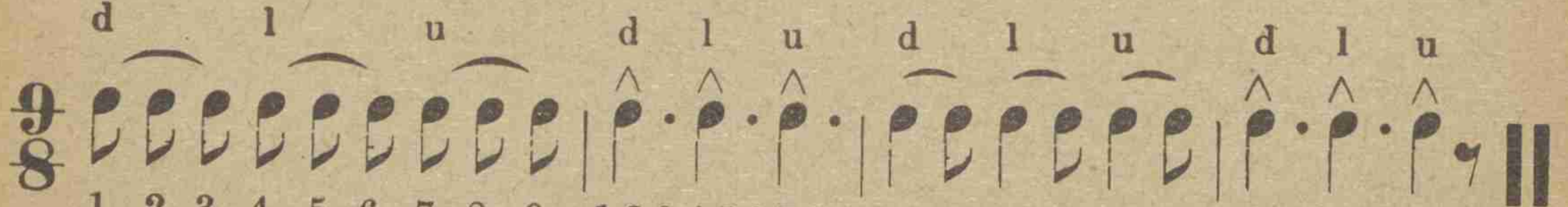
SIX-PART MEASURE.





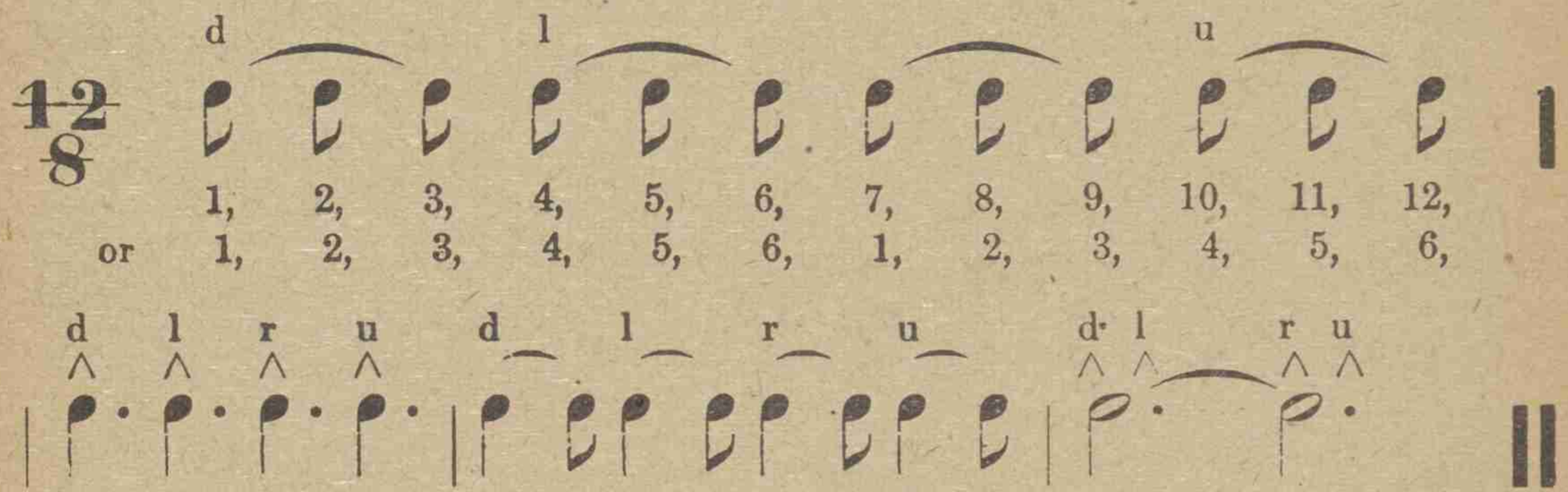


NINE-PART MEASURE.



TWELVE-PART MEASURE.

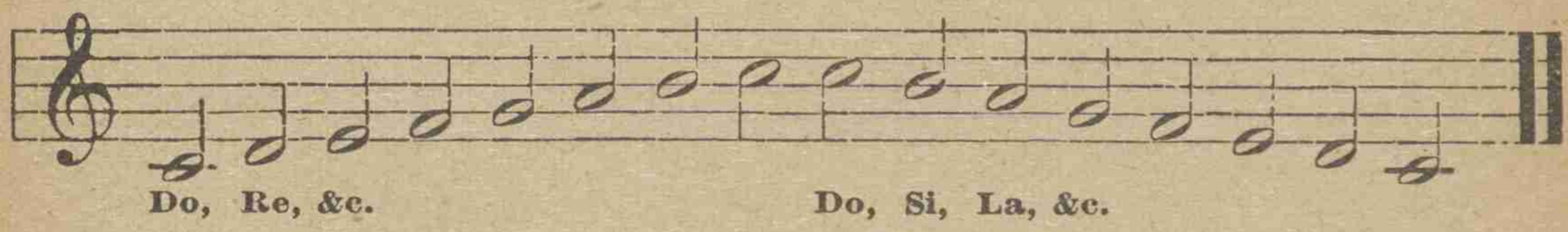
Twelve part measure is "*two times*" six part. Count 12, or 6, *twice.*



EXERCISES IN MELODICS.

The pupil should practice the following exercises in regular order, until he can readily sing the correct pitch, as soon as the pitch name of a note is determined. These exercises are not designed to teach note reading, particularly. He who can sing these correctly, can as readily sing similar exercises in *any* and *all* keys, since the pitch names (Do, Re, Mi, &c.,) suggest relative pitches *alike in all* keys. For practice in *note* reading, use any of the songs in this book.

Always begin the practice of these exercises by singing the C scale, at least three or four times in succession.



Do, Re, &c. **Do, Si, La, &c.**

Give special notice to notes marked ✻, as they are on pitches to which you return after the regular scale order, (ascending or descending) has been broken. In No. 1 sing slowly from 1 (Do) to 3 (Mi), then return to 1, (Do), being very careful to give 2 (Re) the *same pitch* each time. In the third measure sing to 3, (Mi), *think of* the pitch 2, (Re), but *do not sing it*, then sing 1, (Do). The quarter rest is inserted where skips in the notation occur, and shows where the pitches are to be *thought* of, but not sung.

No. 1.

Sing slowly.

Do, Re, Mi, Re, Do. Mi, Do,

No. 2.

Do, Fa.

No. 3.

Re, Mi, Fa, Mi.

No. 4.

Do, Re, Re.

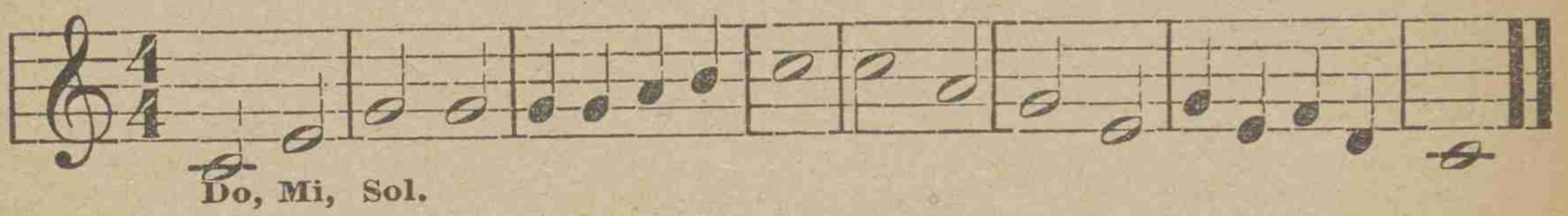
No. 5.

In No. 6, the pupil may find it difficult to return to the pitch 6, (La), after having sung 7 (Si). Sing very slow, fixing the pitch 6 (La) well in the mind, so that it may be repeated after 7 (Si).

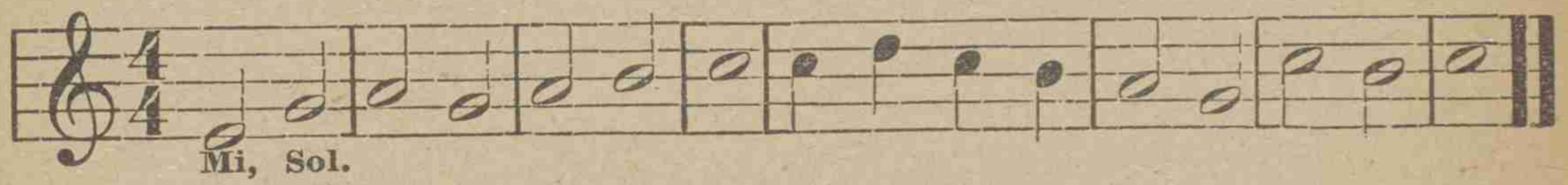
No. 6.

In the following exercises the rest is not used to show the places where intermediate pitches are omitted. The pupil should now be able to omit a *pitch* whenever the *pitch name* is omitted.

No. 7.



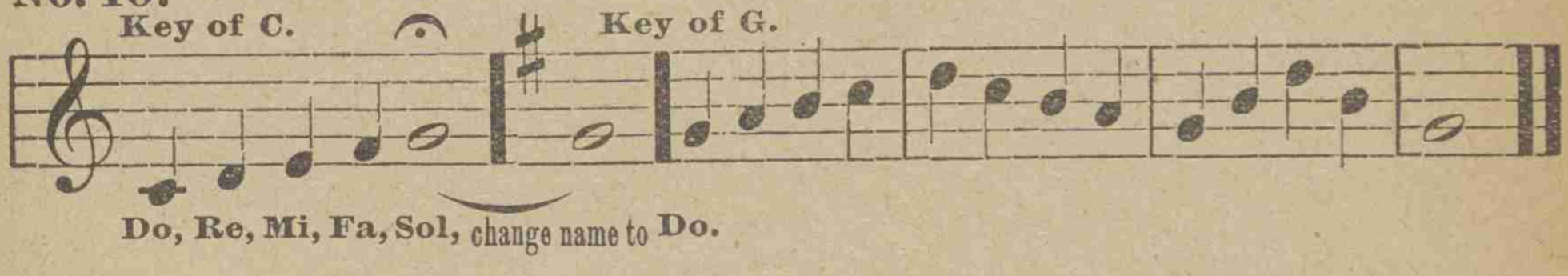
No. 8.



No. 9.

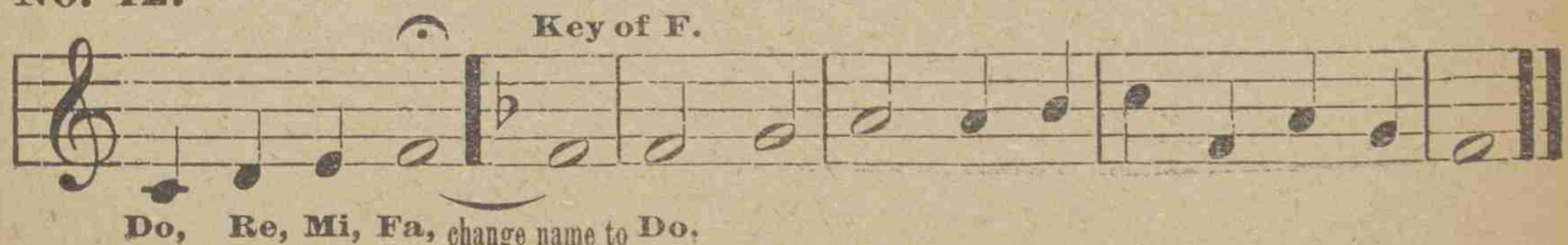
The following two exercises are written in the key of G. Remember that the *pitch G* (second line) has the syllable name *Do*. The method of getting the pitch of the key note is illustrated in Nos. 10 and 12.

No. 10.



No. 11.

No. 12.



GOSPEL MELODIES.

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

W. T. T. W. T. TOMSON

Con Energico.

1. Praise him! praise him! praise to the Lord! I will join with the
2. Praise the Lord who rose from the grave, He hath robbed e - ven
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry and praise To the God whom the

an - gels a - bove, And sing with a heart full of glad-ness, Glo-ry
death of its gloom, And o-pened the pathway which leadeth Un - to
an - gels a - dore! Tho' hum-ble my heart's a-dor - a - tions, Let me

After 3d Stanza only.

Ritardando.

to the God of love!
my e - ter - nal home!
praise him ev - er - - more! Oh, praise to the Lord most high!

I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

J. H. D. Tomson.

1. I love to steal a while a - way, From ev - 'ry cumb'ring
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im-
4. I love by faith, to take a view Of bright - er scenes in
5. Thus when life's toil - some day is o'er, May its de - part - ing

care, And spend the hours of clos - ing day, In
tear; And all his prom - is - es to plead, Where
plore, And all my cares and sor - rows cast On
heav n; The pros - pect doth my strength re - new, While
ray Be calm as this im - press - ive hour, And

hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r, In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
none but God can hear, Where none but God can hear.
him whom I a - dore, On him whom I a - dore.
here by tem - pests driv'n, While here by tem - pests driv'n.
lead to end - less day, And lead to end - less day.

Melody by D. F. Tomson. Harmony by W. T. T.

1. Cling to the Might-y One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the
2. Cling to the Liv-ing One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the
3. Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to his side; Cling to the

Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief; Cling to the Gra-cious One,
Lov-ing One, Thro' all be - low; Cling to the Pard'ning One,
Ris - en One, In Him a - bide; Cling to the Com - ing One,

Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faith-ful One, He will sustain.
He speak-eth peace, Cling to the Heal-ing One, Anguish shall cease.
Hope shall a - rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

Delay Not, Delay Not.

Music and Chorus by W. T. Tomson.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin-ner, draw near, The wa - ters of
2. De - lay not, de - lay not! why longer a - buse The love and com -
3. De - lay not, de - lay not! O sin-ner, to come; For mer - cy still
4. De - lay not, de - lay not! the Spir-it of grace, Long griev'd and re -
5. De - lay not, de - lay not! the hour is at hand, The earth shall dis -

life are now flow - ing for thee; No price is de - mand-ed, the
pas - sion of Je - sus our Lord! A fount - ain is o-pen'd; how
lin - gers and calls thee to - day; Her voice is not heard in the
sist - ed, en-treats thee to come; Be - ware, lest in dark - ness thou
solve and the heav-ens shall fade; The dead, small and great, in the

Sav-ior is here, Re-demp-tion is purchased—sal-vation is free.
canst thou re-fuse To wash and be cleans'd in his pardon-ing blood?
vale of the tomb; Her mes-sage, un-heed-ed, will soon pass a - way.
fin - ish thy race, And sink to the vale of e - ter-ni - ty's gloom.
judgment shall stand; What pow'r then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

CHORUS.

Come, hum-ble sin - ner, Je - sus is plead - ing,
Come then, humble sin - ner, Come to Je - sus who is plead - ing,

How canst thou tar - ry while he calls to thee?

Look un - to Cal - va - ry, and view him there, bleed - ing,

To pur - chase sal - va - tion for you and for me.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing,
4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised,

Call - ing for you and for me, See on the
Plead - ing for you and for me? Why should we
Pass - ing from you and from me; Shad - ows are
Prom - ised for you and for me, Tho' we have

por - tals he's wait - ing and watch-ing, Watch - ing for
lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies, Mer - cies for
gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, Com - ing for
sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for

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CHORUS.

you and for me. Come home, come home,
you and for me?
you and for me.
you and for me. Come home, come home,

Ye who are wea - ry, come home, . . .

Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is

call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home.

With Hearts of Sorrow and Thoughts of Care.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

1. With hearts of sor - row and tho'ts of care, Thro'
2. In pit - y look thou up - on us now, In

thee, dear Sav - ior, we come in pray'r; For thou knew-est
meek - ness and pen - i - tence, Lord, we bow; O grant us, we

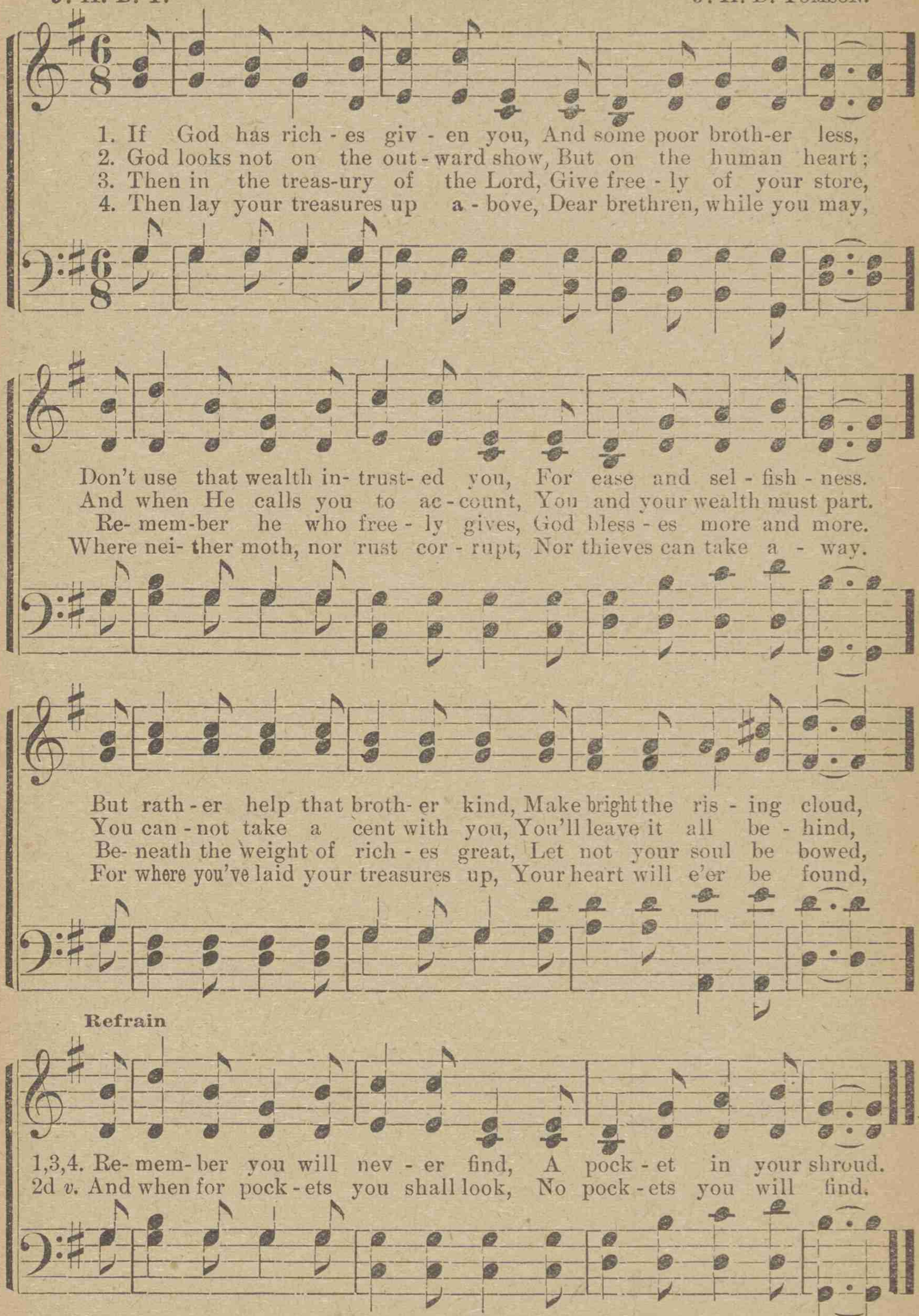
sor - row on earth be - low, Thou know - est our weak - ness and
pray thee, thy pard - 'ning love, And guide us and save us in

all our woe, Thou know - est our weak-ness and all our woe.
heav'n a - bove, O guide thou and save us in heav'n a - bove.

A Pocket in Your Shroud.

"For we brought nothing into *this* world *and it is* certain we can carry nothing out."—I *Tim.* 6: 7.

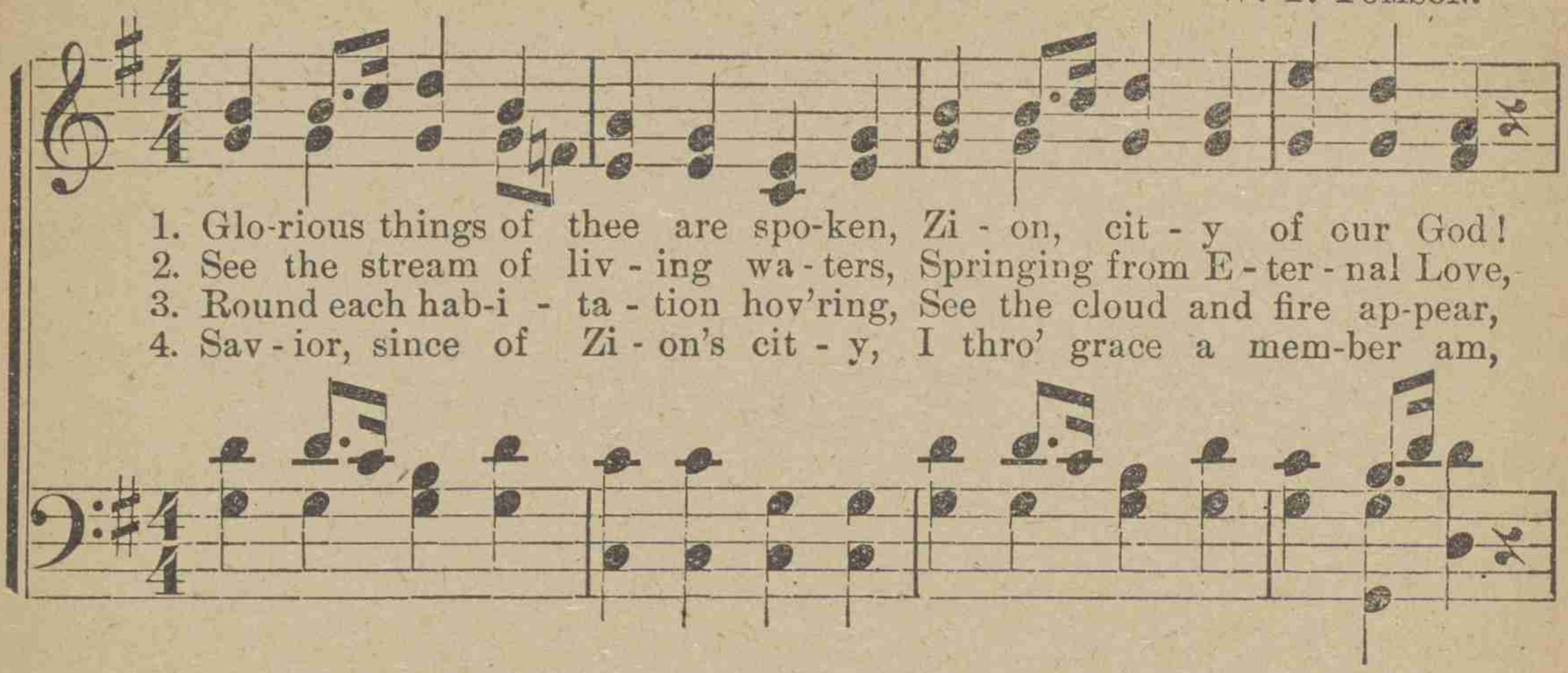
J. H. D. T. J. H. D. TOMSON.



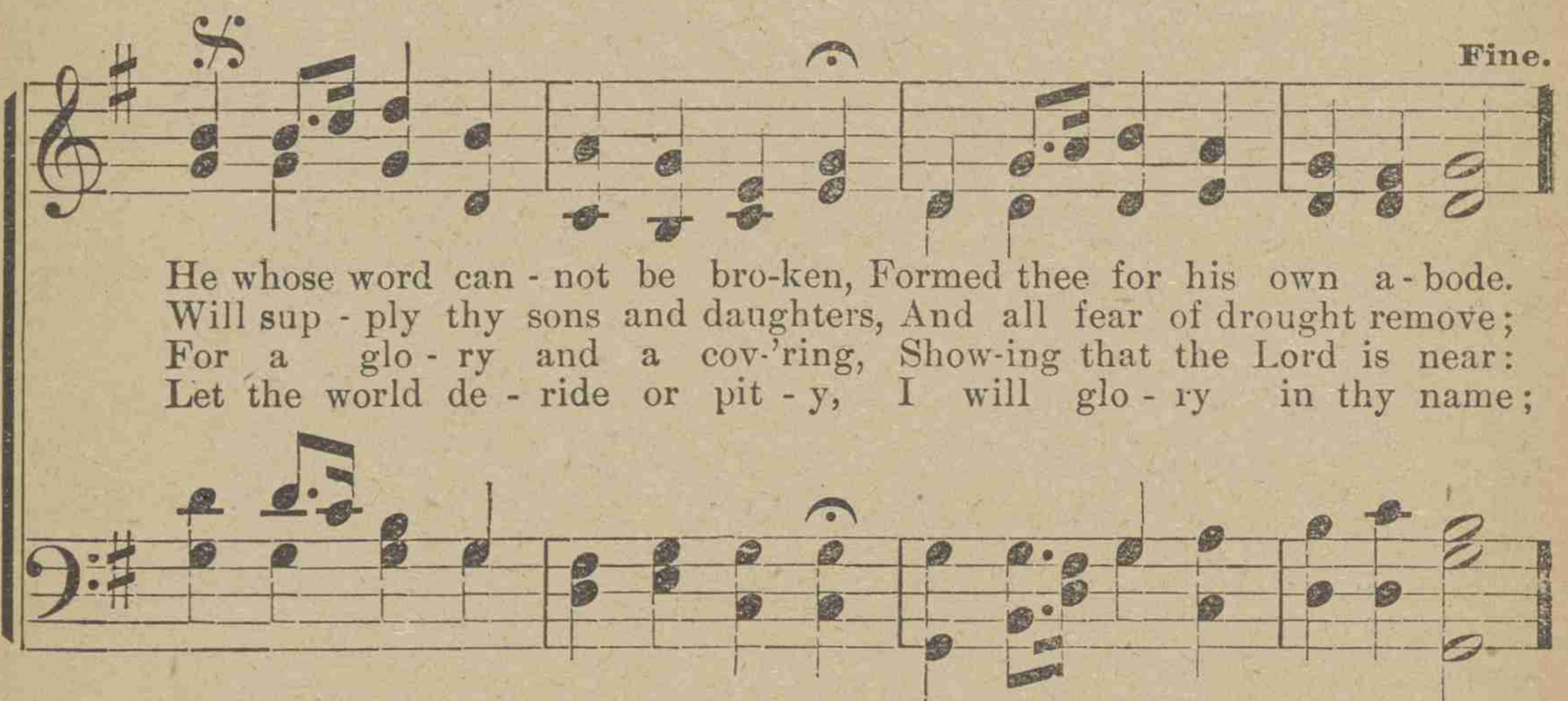
NOTE.—This song was suggested by a poem of Anna A. Roberts, copied in the P. C., Nov. 10, 1896. It may be sung as a SOLO with good effect. J. H. D. TOMSON.

Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

W. T. Tomson.

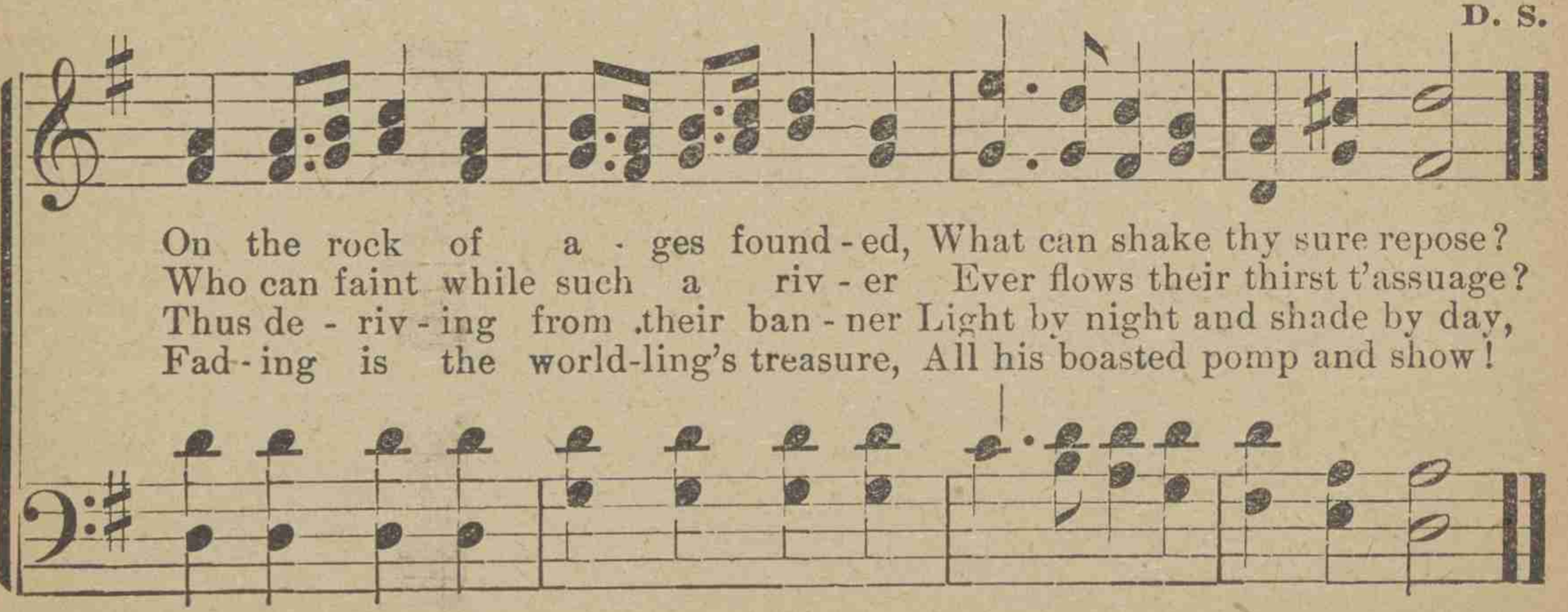


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
2. See the stream of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from E - ter - nal Love,
3. Round each hab-i - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,
4. Sav - ior, since of Zi - on's cit - y, I thro' grace a mem-ber am,



He whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode.
Will sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of drought remove;
For a glo - ry and a cov-'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near:
Let the world de - ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in thy name;

D. S. *With sal - va-tion's wall sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.*
Grace, which like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Safe they feed up - on the man-na, Which he gives them when they pray.
Sol - id joys and last - ing pleasure None but Zi - on's chil-dren know.

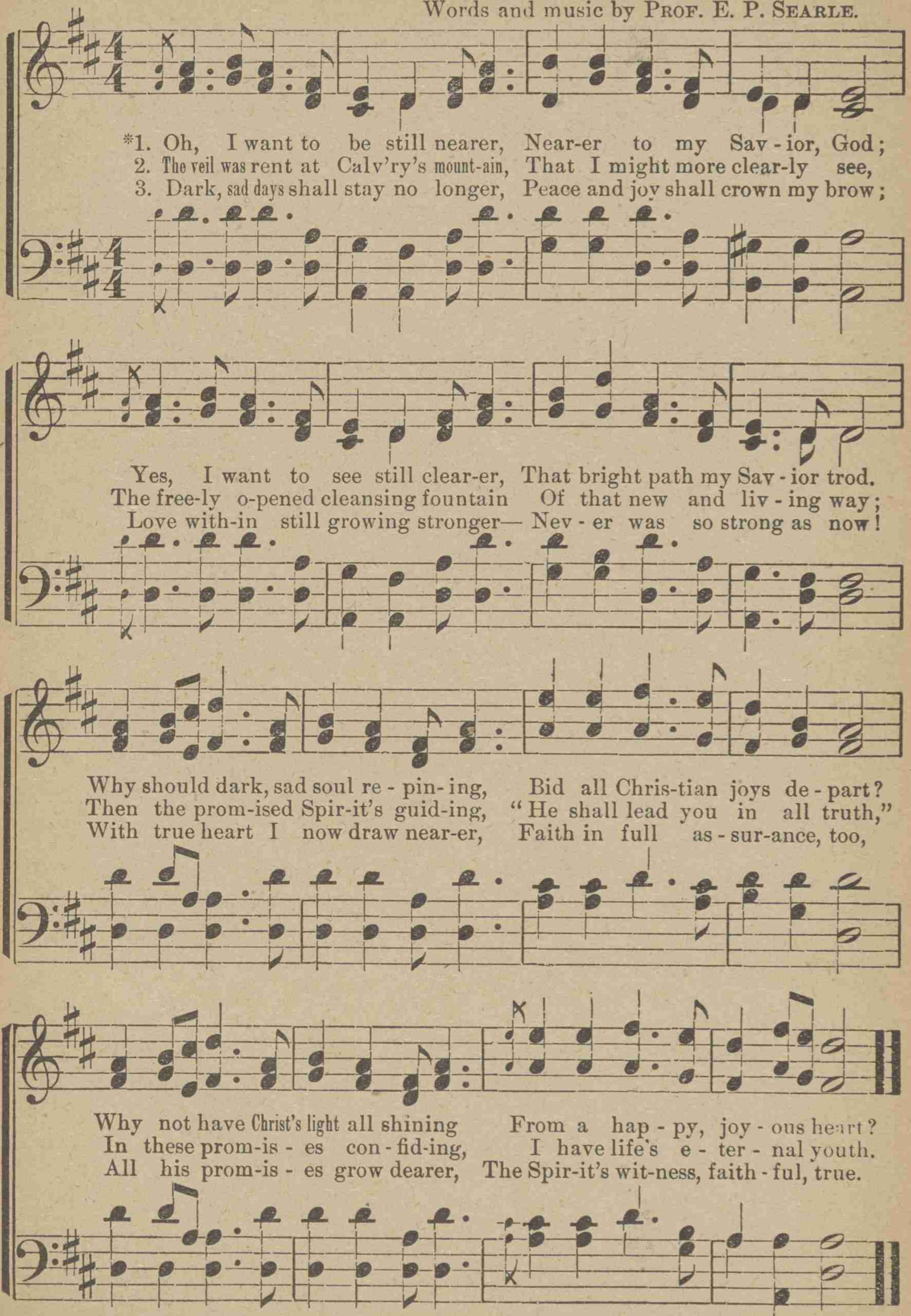


On the rock of a - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure repose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night and shade by day,
Fad - ing is the world-ling's treasure, All his boasted pomp and show!

Still Nearer.

(HEB. 10: 20-23.)

Words and music by PROF. E. P. SEARLE.



* The small notes are to be used only in second stanza, and last line of the third, and should borrow their time from the last note of preceding measure.

When the Clouds Begin to Lower.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. When the bil-lows roll the high-est, When they rock the might-y deep,
2. When life's trials all are ov - ver, And our earth-ly course is run,
3. When the clouds have rolled their curtains, From the far and distant shore,

Trust to Je - sus for he tells you That he will you safe-ly keep.
We'll be-hold a gold-en ha - lo, In the set - ting of the sun.
When we've crossed the stormy riv - er, We will nev - er sor - row more.

When the clouds be - gin to low - er, And ob-scure the pleasant sky,
Yea, when death has op'd its portals Of the grave, and we must die,
We will rest with God for - ev - er, In the land so bright and fair,

Don't despond, for Je - sus tells you To be cheer-ful, "it is I."
Then be look-ing for the Sav-ior, For His com-ing bye and bye.
All our friends will know each other, Yes, we'll know each oth-er there.

CHORUS.

"It is I," It is I, Don't de

It is I, It is I,

spond, for Je - sus tells you, it is I, (it is I,)

It is I, (It is I,) It is I, (It is I,)

Don't de-spond, for Je - sus tells you, it is I, (It is I.)

Rit.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

W. T. Tomson.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, It has left my Sav - ior too;
3. Go then,—earth - ly fame and treas-ure, Come dis- as - ter, scorn and pain;
4. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
5. Soul, — then know thy full sal - va - ion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r,

Rit. *p* Cres.

I am poor, de- spised, for - sak - en,—Thou hence - forth my all shalt be;
Hu - man hearts and looks de-ceive me, Thou art not like them un-true;
In thy serv - ice pain is pleas - ure, With thy fav - or, loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion, Some - thing still to do or bear;
Heav - 'n's e - ter- nal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

mf

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or
Whilst thy grac - es shall a - dorn me God of wis - dom,
I have called thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther! I have set my
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me While thy love is
Think what spir - it dwells with - in thee, Think what Fa - ther's
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy

Rit. *p* **Cres.**

hoped, or known; Yet how rich is my con-
love and might, Foes may hate, and friends may
heart on thee: Storms may howl, and clouds may
left to me; Oh, 'twere not in joy to
smiles are thine; Think that Je - sus died to
pil - grim's days; Hope shall change to glad fru-

Dim.

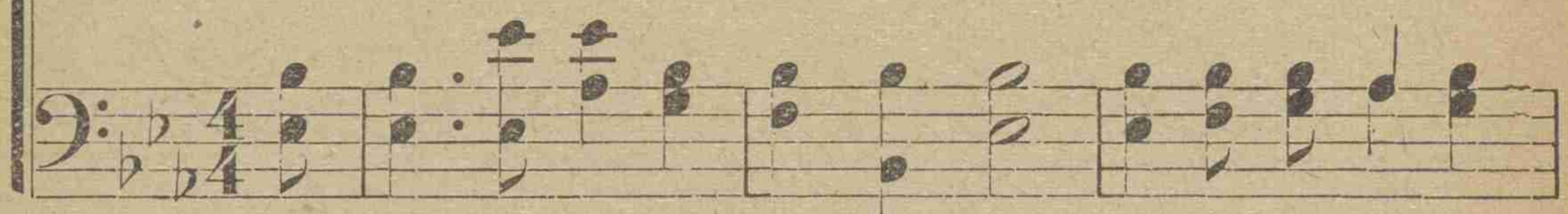
di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
scorn me, Show thy face and all is bright.
gath - er, All will work for good to me.
charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with thee.
save thee; Child of heav'n, can'st thou re - pine.
i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Rejoice, O Earth! the Lord is King.

W. T. Tomson.

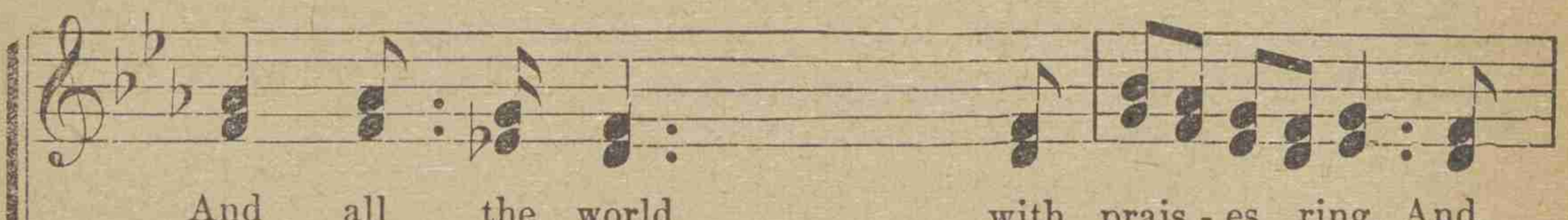
Spirited.

1. Re - joice, O, earth! the Lord is King! To him your humble
2. Oh, may the saints of ev - 'ry name U - nite to serve the
3. We long to see the Chris-tians join In un - ion sweet and
4. Oh, may the distant lands re - joice, And sin-ners hear the
5. Then tears shall all be wiped a - way, And Christians never



tri - bute bring; Let Jac-ob rise and Zi - on sing,
bleed - ing lamb! May jars and dis - - cords cease to flame,
love di - vine, And glo - ry through the church - es shine,
bridegroom's voice, Whilst praise their hap - py tongues em-ploys,
go a - stray, When we are freed from cumb'rous clay,

Let Jac - ob rise and



And all the world with prais - es ring, And
And all the Sav - - - - - - - ior's love pro-claim, And
And Gen - tiles crowd - - - - - - - ing to the sign, To
And all ob - tain im - mor - tal joys, And
We'll praise the Lord in end - less day, And

And all the world will

give to Je - sus glo - ry, And give to Je - sus glo - ry.

There is a Land Beyond Somewhere.

J. B. VAUGHAN. JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. There is a land be-yond somewhere, I long to be there,
2. And there I'll see those gone be - fore, I long to be there,
3. Oh, blessed tho't, how sweet 'twill be! I long to be there,

There's palms of vic'try there to wear, *D. S. I long to be there.*
Dear broth-er, we shall sin no more, I long to be there.
There's peace thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty, I long to be there.

Fine.

CHORUS. **D. S.**

I long to be there, Yes, I long to be there, For there'll be no more trouble,

From Gospel Voice, by per. J. B. Vaughan.

Sinner, Seek the Priceless Treasure.

Melody by D. F. Tomson. Harmony by J. H. D. T.

1. Sin - ner, seek the priceless treasure, Offered with-out price from God;
2. Come, be - gin the race for heav - en, Start to - day, O do not wait;

Here is mer - cy with-out meas-ure Flow-ing in the Savior's blood.
Now's the time that God has giv - en, Sin - ner, do not be too late:

Come, then, to the fount of healing, Come and prove its vir - tues true;
When the door of mer - cy clos - es, You will stand and knock in vain;

Turn not from love's sweet appealing, Je - sus shed his blood for you!
For, when jus - tice in - ter - pos - es, Mer-cy will not call a - gain!

ELLA LEA. K. SHAW, in "Hours of Song." By per.

Not too fast.

1. Oh, would to me were on - ly giv'n, A tongue inspired to tell The
2. There hope's sweet flow'rs eternal bloom, While seasons come and go, Un-
3. There limpid waters, bright and clear, Flow o'er the golden sands, While

beau-ties of yon peaceful heav'n, Where saints im-mor-tal dwell.
touched by sor - row's chill-ing winds, That blight them here be - low.
thrill-ing mu - sic strikes the ear—Harps swept by an - gel hands.

CHORUS.

Bright, beau-ti-ful heaven, Bright, beau-ti - ful heaven,
Bright, bright, beautiful heaven, Bright, bright, beau-ti - ful heav'n,

Rit. Repeat. *pp*

Home where the pilgrims for-ev - er shall rest, Bright, beau-ti-ful heaven.

My Jesus Died For Me.

J. E. Rankin. Z. M. Parvin. By per.

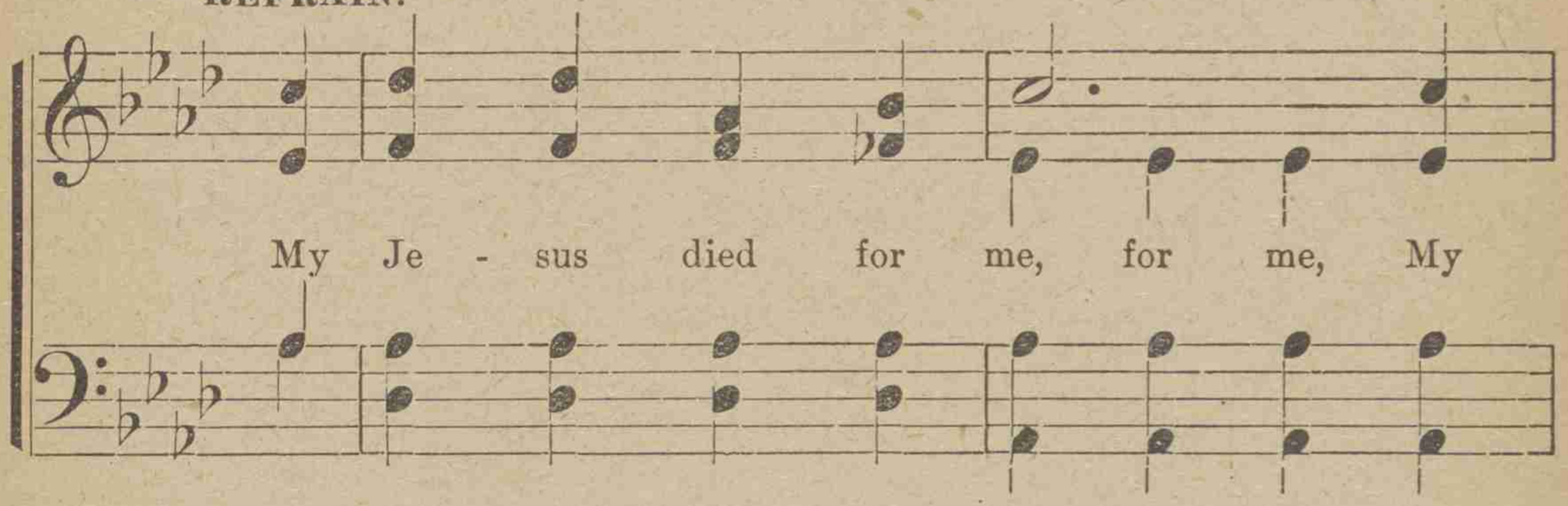
1. My Je - sus died for me! Such love can I for - get?
2. My Je - sus died for me! That was a sin-ner's doom;
3. My Je - sus died for me! The debt can I re - pay?
4. My Je - sus died for me! And can my love grow dim?

Or e'er un-mind - ful be, To whom I owe the debt?
He bowed in ag - o - ny, And lay with - in the tomb;
Lord, make me quick to see What most lies in life's way.
Can I the tri - als flee I might en - dure for him?

On him my stripes were laid, He hung up - on the tree,
So great my in-ward guilt, My sins reached such de - gree,
'Tis not e-nough to sing, Or pray on bend - ed knee;
Such love I 'll ne'er for - get, Nor e'er un - mind - ful be

And thus my ran - som paid; My Je - sus died for me.
For me his blood was spilt; My Je - sus died for me.
Life is love's of - fer - ing; My Je - sus died for me.
To whom I owe the debt; My Je - sus died for me.

REFRAIN.


My Je - sus died for me, for me, My
Je - sus died for me, for me, And thus my ran - som
paid, My Je - sus died for me.

The Bible Reveals a Glorious Land.

A. D. F. A. D. Fillmore. By per.

1. The Bi - ble re - veals a glo - rious land, Where
2. Out - gush - ing be - neath the throne of God, And
3. In th' midst of the street on ei - ther side, The
4. Twelve man - ner of fruits hang pen - dant there, And
5. Th' af - flic - tions of life are brief and light, While
6. Then come, my dear breth - ren, let us haste To

an - gels and pur - i - fied spir - its dwell,
of the blest lamb at his right hand,
tree of life, arch - ing the way, o'er - shades,
they who par - take shall nev - er die;
faith looks be - yond the dark Jor - dan's strand,
fin - ish our work with un - fal - 'tring hand,

Where pleas - ures ne'er end, at God's right hand, And
Thence run - neth the cry - stal stream of life, A
With health - giv - ing fo - liage far and wide,— No
With Je - sus they dwell, and ev - er share The
Where gold - en - ly shine the man - sions bright, Which
And soon the sweet joys of heav'n we'll taste, With

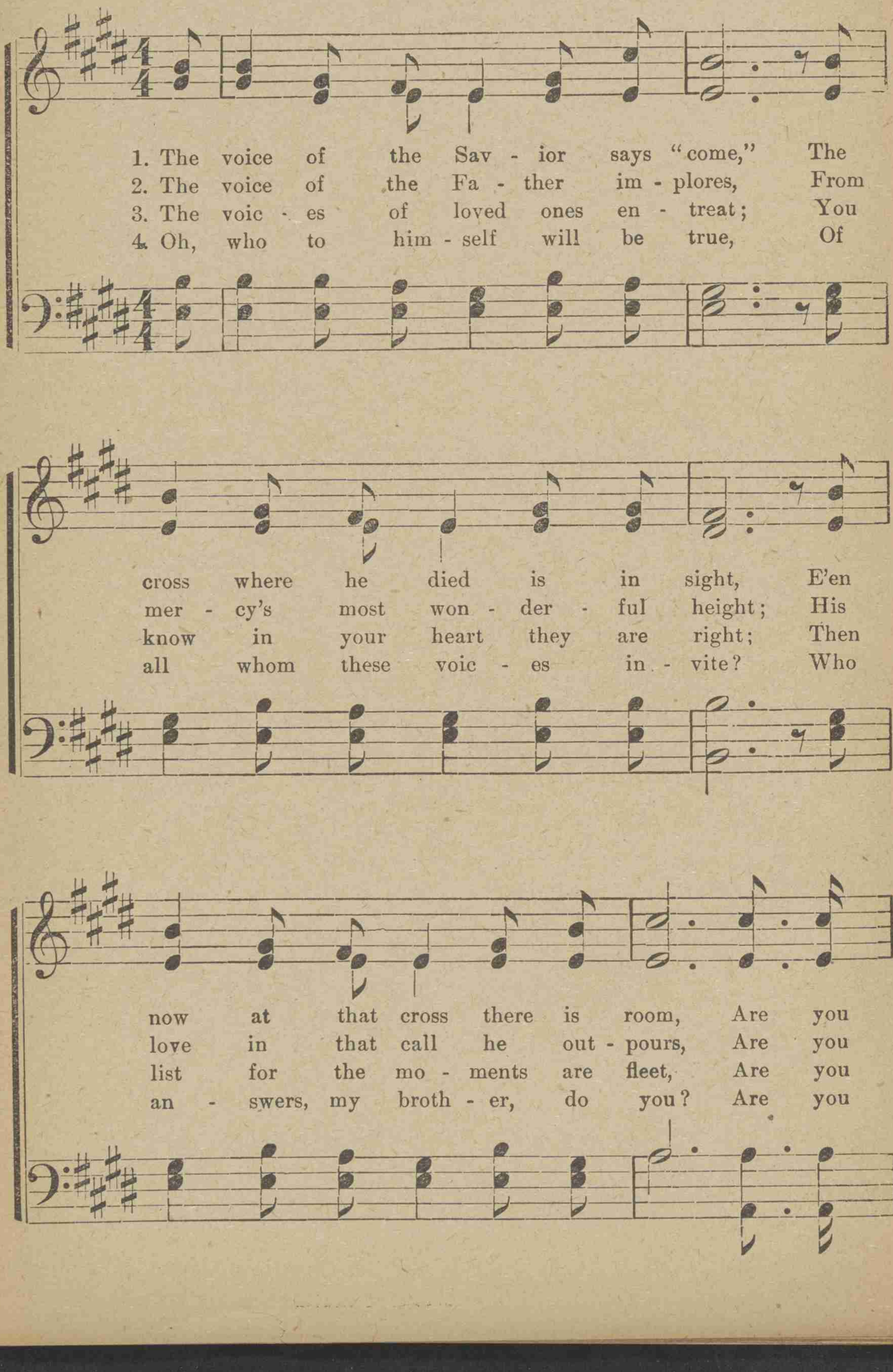
an - thems of prais - es for - ev - er swell.
fount - ain of joy in that glo - rious land.
sick - ness this glo - ri - ous land in - vades.
joys of that glo - ri - ous land on high.
Je - sus pre - pares in that glo - rious land.
all the re - deemed in that glo - rious land.

CHORUS.

In that glo - rious land, what a hap - py
band; Ere long we shall stand, And sing with them
In the cit - y of God, Je - ru - sa - lem.

Are You Coming to Jesus?

Words by JESSE H. BROWN. Music by J. E. HAWES. By per.



CHORUS.

com - ing to Je - sus to - night? Are you com - ing to

Je - sus to-night? Are you com - ing to Je - sus to-
to - night?

night? The bride and the Spir - it in - vite,
to - night?

Are you com - ing to Je - sus to - night?

He Will Guide Thee Safely Home.

W. C. H. Phil. 2: 12. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. The path is set with many a thorn, The cross in
2. Tho' oft thy heart is filled with care, Tho' tears of
3. O Chris - tian, as you jour - ney on, Stand firm for
4. This world can nev - er be thy home,—'Tis far be -

sor - row must be borne, But Je - sus rides a - bove the storm, And
sor - row oft - en flow, Yet Je - sus helps each bur-den bear, His
God, for truth and right; Brave sol - dier, with your arm - or on, Be
yond the bright, blue sky, Where Je - sus reigns, and he will come And

D. S. For Je - sus rides a - bove the storm, And

Fine.

CHORUS.

he will guide thee safe - ly home.
blood it heal-eth ev - 'ry woe.
ev - er read - y for the fight.
take you to it bye and bye.

Oh, work, Christian, work, and murmur

he will guide thee safe - ly home.

D. S.

not, mur-mur not, Oh, work, Christian, work, and murmur not;

By per. W. C. H.

Thou Art the Way.

GEORGE W. DOANE. John 14: 6. F. A. WAGNER.

1. Thou art the Way, to thee a-lone From sin and death we flee;
2. Thou art the Truth—thy word a-lone True wis-dom can im - part;
3. Thou art the Life—the rend-ing tomb Proclaims thy conq'ring arm;
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know,

And he who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee!
Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death, nor grave shall harm.
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow!

CHORUS.

Thou art the Way, ... Thou art the Way, ...
the Truth, the Life! the Truth, the Life!

Oh, help us, Lord, that life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow!

Oh, the Love of God.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

1. Oh, the love of God to me! Je - sus died to set me free!
2. Let me fol - low where he leads, Let me an - swer when he pleads,
3. He can fit me, by his grace—Fit me for his dwell-ing place;

On the cross he suffered shame, That he might my soul re-claim!
Let me walk, from day to day—Walk where Je-sus shows the way.
All his prom - is - es are sure, Ev - er shall his love en-dure.

CHORUS.

Boundless love, oh, what boundless love! Je - sus died to set me free!

Boundless love, oh, what boundless love! Je - sus died for you and me!

Song of the Reapers.

Dedicated to my friend and brother, Ashley S. Johnson, Kimberlin Heights, Tenn.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY. By per.

1. List to the song of the reap - ers, Gath'ring the ripe, gold-en grain—
2. Millions and millions are dy - ing, Sink-ing beneath the dark wave,
3. See ye the sun is de - clin - ing, Soon cometh night, dark and drear;

Thrust in the sick - le, my broth - er, And reap 'mid the shine and rain.
No one to tell them of Je - sus, Who died on the cross to save!
Work from the morn un - til eve - ning, The end of our work is near.

See all the fields of In - dia? Hear ye the isles of the sea?
Why stand ye here so i - dle? Say you there's noth-ing to do?
How can you stand here i - dle? How can you meet with the King?

List! they are call - ing for reap - ers—Are call - ing for you and me!
List! they are call - ing for reap - ers—Are call - ing for you and me!
Work, then, to send out the gos - pel, And gath-er the lost ones in.

I Know the Story's True.

W. C. HAFLEY. Acts 4: 12. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Oh, the blessed name of Je - sus, Let me sing it o'er a - gain!
2. Sav - ior, let me come be-fore thee, Humbly bowing at thy throne;
3. Oh, help me to love my broth - er With that love thou hast for me;—
4. Oh, the blessed name of Je - sus, How it thrills my soul a - new!

How he gave his life to save me— How up - on the cross was slain!
Let me there, in deep con-tri - tion, Ev-'ry sin-ful ac - tion own!
When there was no one to save me, Thou did'st die up-on the tree!
When I read his wond'rous suff - 'ring, And I know the sto - ry's true.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed name, bless - ed name, Let me sing it o'er a - gain!

Bless - ed name, bless - ed name, Let me sing it o'er a - gain!

By per. W. C. HAFLEY.

L. H. Jameson. J. P. Powell. By per.

1. Night with eb - on pin - ion, Brood - ed o'er the vale;
2. Smit - ten for of - fens - es Which were not his own,
3. Ab - ba, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, If in-deed it may,

All a - round was si - lent, Save the night-wind's wail, When
He for our trans - gres - sions, Had to weep a - lone; No
Let this cup of an - guish Pass from me, I pray; Yet,

Christ, the man of sor - rows, In tears and sweat and blood,
friend with words to com - fort, Nor hand to help was there,
if it must be suf - fered By me, thine on . ly Son,

Pros - trate in the gard - en, Raised his voice to God.
When the Meek and Low - ly, Hum - bly bowed in prayer.
Ab - ba, Fa - ther, Fa - ther, Let thy will be done.

34 In the Presence of Our God We Meet Again.

G. T. W. Acts x: 33. G. T. Wilson.

1. In the pres-ence of our God we meet a-gain, His bless-ed word, the
2. Let the Mas-ter speak thro' his own chosen ones, The truth confirmed by
3. To these liv-ing words of wis-dom and of love, Let wea-ry souls that

word of life, to hear; When Je-sus speaks let ev-'ry tongue be still,
signs and won-ders wrought, To him is giv'n all pow'r in heav'n and earth,
pant for life give heed, And yield o-be-dience to the will di-vine

CHORUS.

And ev-'ry mor-tal lend a listening ear.
And he sal-va-tion to our race has brought. Oh, ten-der, pre-cious
And trust in God for all things else they need.

words are they, That tell us of a Sav-ior's love, That

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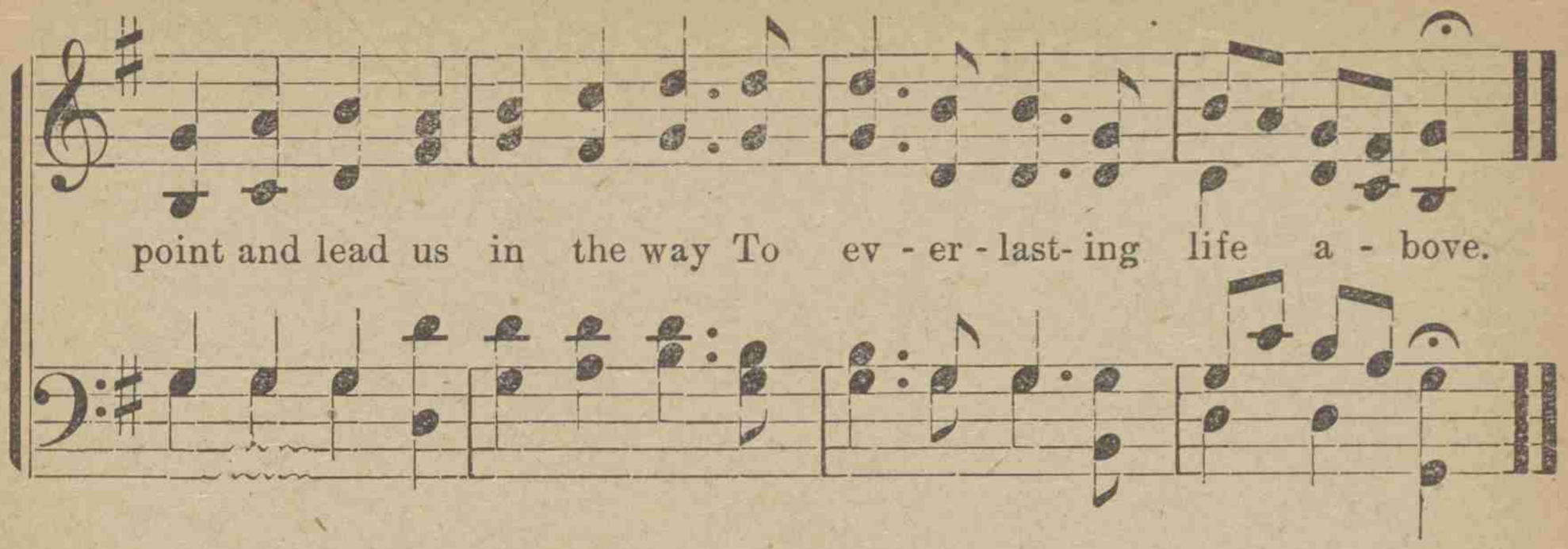
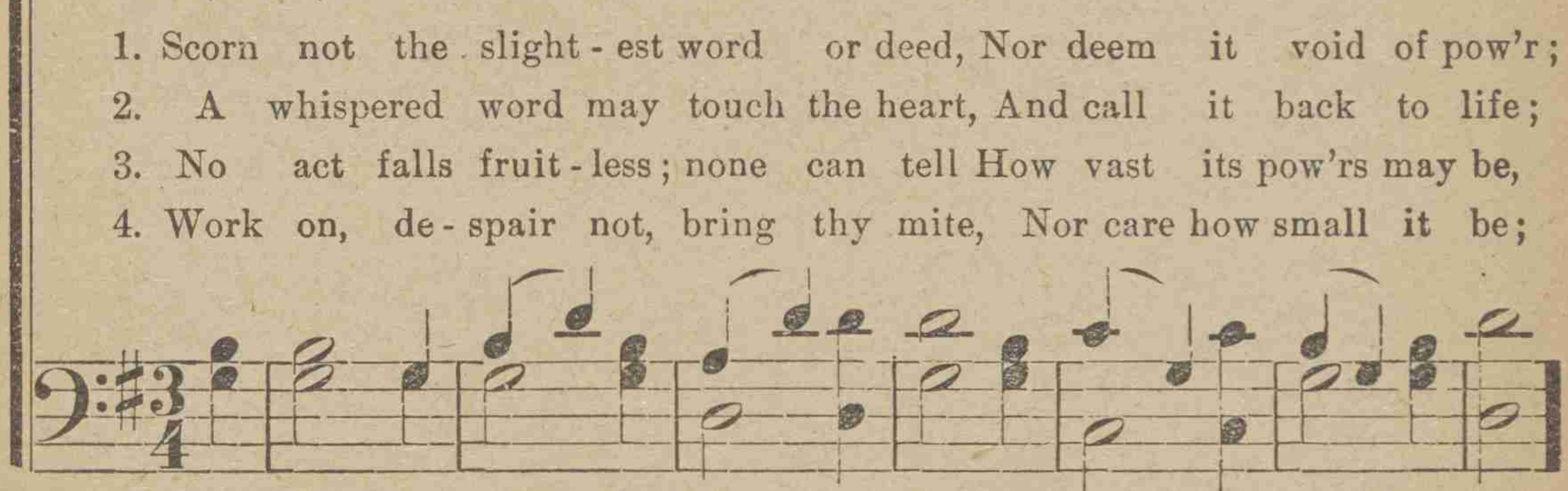
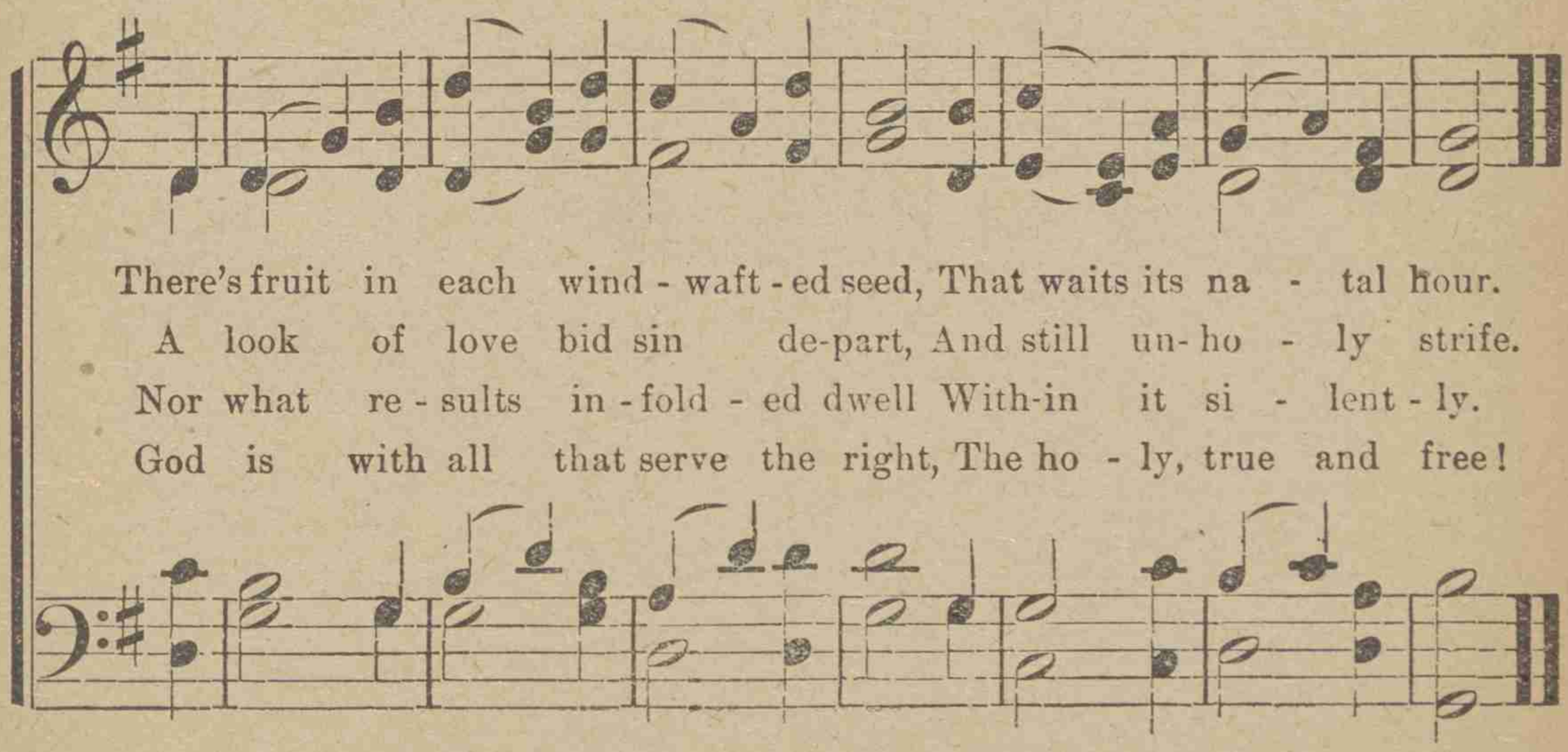


Scorn not the Slightest Word or Deed.

ANON.

1. Scorn not the slight - est word or deed, Nor deem it void of pow'r;
2. A whispered word may touch the heart, And call it back to life;
3. No act falls fruit - less; none can tell How vast its pow'rs may be,
4. Work on, de - spair not, bring thy mite, Nor care how small it be;





There's fruit in each wind - waft - ed seed, That waits its na - tal hour.
A look of love bid sin de-part, And still un- ho - ly strife.
Nor what re - sults in - fold - ed dwell With-in it si - lent - ly.
God is with all that serve the right, The ho - ly, true and free!

Preaching Jesus.

D. R. LUCAS. Z. M. PARVIN.

1. Preach - ing Je - sus on the way, Sav - ior prom - ised long a - go, Preach - ing Je - sus, day by day,
2. Preach - ing Je - sus, ne'er for - get, All that he has done for you, Preach - ing Je - sus, nev - er yet
3. Preach - ing Je - sus, yes I may All his pow'r and love de - clare, Preach - ing Je - sus, day by day,

That the sin - ful heart may know, Know the light from
Has his prom - ise proved un - true; By the cross on
Preach his mer - cy ev - 'ry - where; Till the na - tions

God has come, Lamb, of God, the types un - fold,
which he died, By the sor - row he en-dured,
hear the word, Bow to Je - sus' right - ful sway,

Ju - dah's Shi - loh, Dav - id's son, That the prophets
By the blood, the crim - son tide, Ev - 'ry prom - ise
Learn to know and love the Lord, And his high com-

CHORUS.

long fore - told. Preach - ing Je - - sus,
is as - sured.
mands o - bey. Preach - ing Je - sus one and all,

Preach - ing Je - sus,
Bid the world re - ceive the call, By your words and

ac - tions show That the Sav - ior's love you know.

I Ask Not Earthly Treasure.

EBEN E. REXFORD. Z. M. PARVIN.

1. I ask not earth - ly treas - ure, All full of earth - ly dross, Not fame or world - ly pleas - ure, Not
2. Whene'er I read the sto - ry, Of Christ and Cal - va- ry, My heart with love runs o - ver, For
3. Oh, Sav - ior make me worthy, To see thy bless - ed face, And have with thee in glo - ry, Some

life with - out a cross, But this is the pe-
him who died for me, And as it o - ver-
day a hap - py place, Not with the grand - est

ti - tion, That dai - ly I re - peat,
flow - eth, In tears my lips re - peat,
an - gels, That reach thy cit - y's street,

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Oh, may I sit in heav - en Low down at Je - sus'
The wish I've told so of - ten, To sit at Je - sus'
But give me for my por - tion, A place be - side thy

CHORUS.

feet. Oh, if with God's dear chil - dren, I
reach the gold - en street, Let me, tho' most un-
wor - thy, Sit down at Je - sus' feet.

Oh, Bless the Lord, Oh, My Soul.

From Psalm 103. P. H. DAYHOFF. By per.

J. B. V. JOHN B. VAUGHAN.

1. There'll be room enough in heaven, There'll be room enough for me,
2. There'll be room enough in heaven, In those mansions bright and fair,
3. There'll be room enough in heaven, With the ransom'd gone be-fore,

If I bear the cross of Je - sus, And a faith-ful fol-l'wer be.
Which the might - y king of glo - ry, Has gone thith-er to pre - pare.
If we keep the nar - row pathway, Ent'ring in thro' Christ, the door.

CHORUS.

There'll be room e-nough in heav-en, There'll be room enough for me,

If I bear the cross of Je - sus, And a faith-ful fol-l'wer be.

From "Gospel Voice," by permission J. B. Vaughan.

I Am Going To Jesus.

JUNIUS WILKINS. By per.

Earnestness.

1. I am go - ing to Je - sus, I am go - ing to Je - sus,
2. I know I am sin - ful, I know I am sin - ful,
3. I be-lieve in the Sav - ior, I be-lieve in the Sav - ior,
4. I am tru - ly re - pent-ant, I am tru - ly re - pen-tant,
5. Oh, Lord, I confess thee, Oh, Lord, I con-fess thee,
6. I'll be bur - ied with Je - sus, I'll be bur - ied with Je - sus,

I am go - ing to Je - sus, To dwell with him on high.
I know I am sin - ful, Oh, Lord, to thee I cry.
I be - lieve in the Sav - ior, I can-not him de - ny.
I am tru - ly re - pent - ant, Oh, Lord, to thee I fly.
Oh, Lord, I con - fess thee, To serve thee I will try.
I'll be bur - ied with Je - sus, To rise with him on high.

CHORUS.

Will the wa - ters be chill - y, Will the wa - ters be

chill - y, Will the wa - ters be chill - y, When I am called to die?

The Road That Leads To Death.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there;
2. "De- ny thy - self and take the cross," Is the Redeemer's great command;
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let my hopes be not in vain; Cre-ate my heart en - tire-ly new;

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
Nature must count her gold but dross If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
This, hypocrites could ne'er attain, This, false a-pos-tates nev - er knew.

Over The Way.

J. E. COWDERY. John 14: 2, 3. Rev. 22: 1, 2. J. H. D. TOMSON.

1. There is a home, a beau- ti - ful home, A mansion that's brighter than
2. There is a place, a glorious place, Where spir-its in spot-less ar-
3. There is a stream, a clear liv- ing stream, Whose wa- ters are flow- ing al-
4. There is a song, a heav- en - ly song, We'll sing with the an- gels some

day, 'Tis near at hand, that beau-ti-ful land, That home is just o - ver the
ray, And an- gels sing of Je- sus our King, That place is just o - ver the
way—Out from the throne of God and the Lamb, That stream is just o - ver the
day; While a - ges roll 'twill gladden the soul, That song is just o - ver the

just

Alto and Tenor last stanza.

Fine.

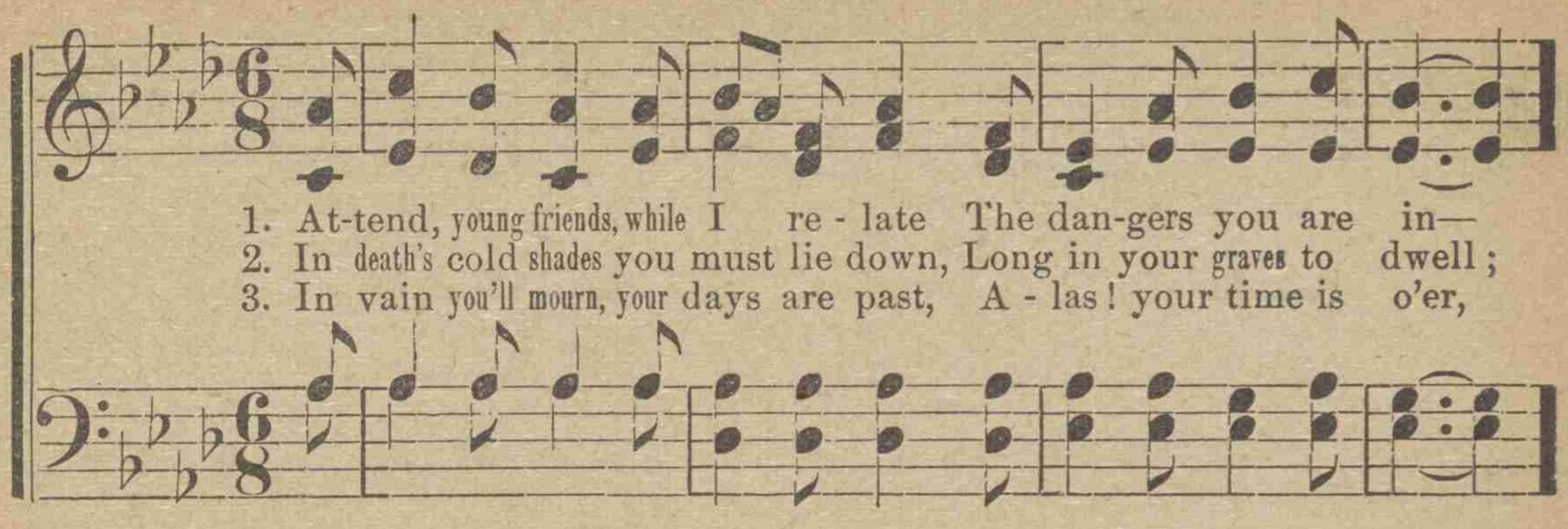
way. . . . . That home is just o - ver the
way. . . . . That place is just o - ver the
way. . . . . That stream is just o - ver the
way. . . . . That song is just o - ver the
o - ver the way. just

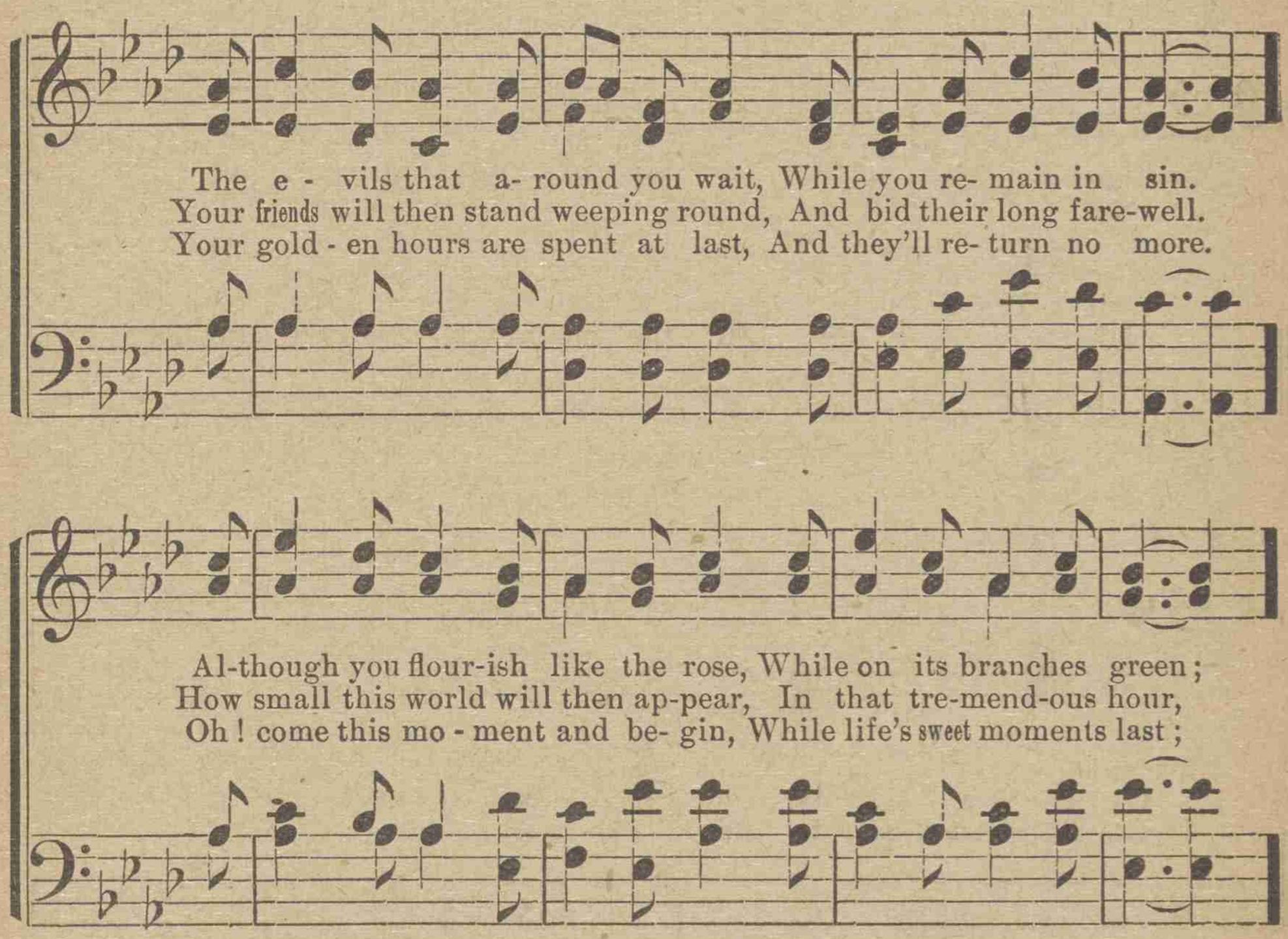
D. S.

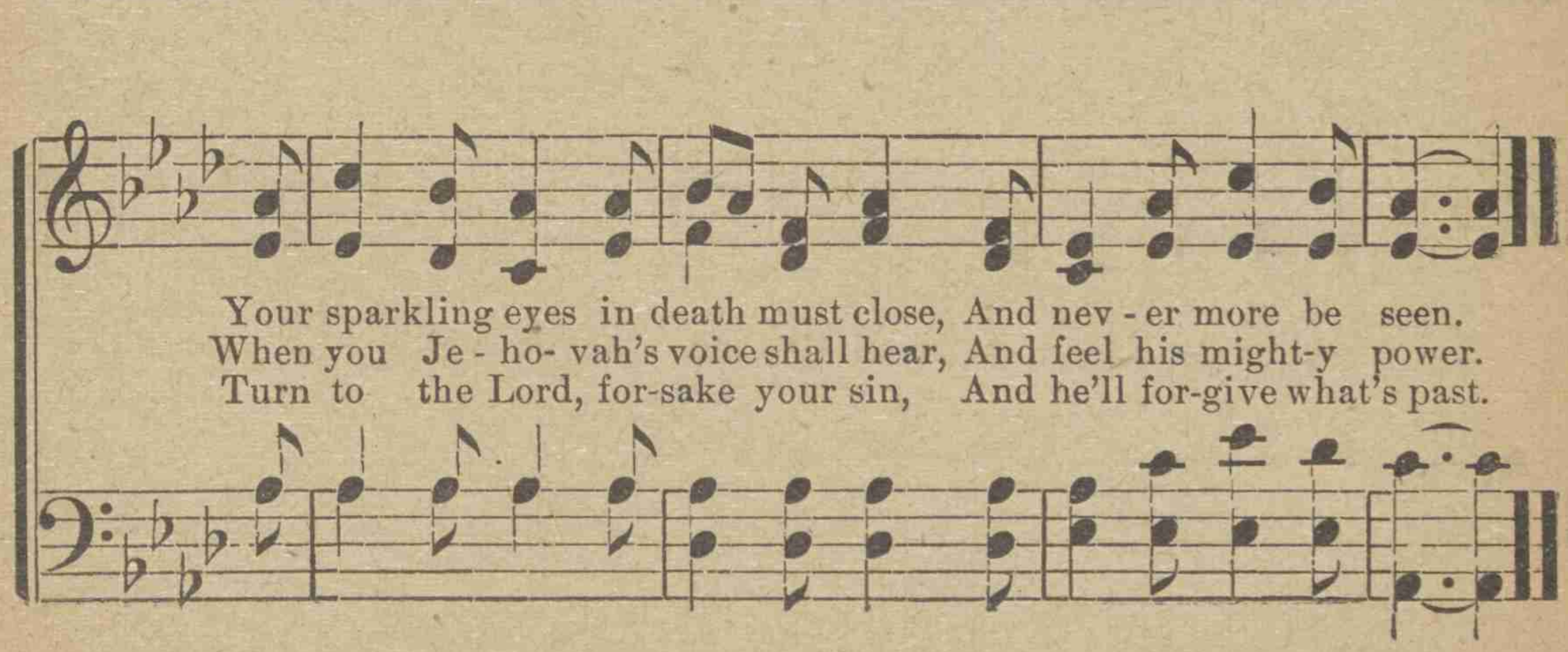
way, ... That home is just o - ver the way, . . .
way, ... That place is just o - ver the way, . . .
way, ... That stream is just o - ver the way, . . .
way, ... That song is just o - ver the way, . . .
o - ver the way, just o - ver the way,

Attend, Young Friends.

Ecc. 12: 1. J. H. D. Tomson.







Peacefully Sleep.

Her, him or his, according to sex.

Arr. by J. H. D. Tomson.

1. Peaceful - ly lay her down to rest, Place the turf gent - ly
2. Close to her lone and nar - row house, Grace-ful - ly wave ye
3. Qui - et - ly sleep, be - lov - ed one; Rest from thy toil—thy

o'er her breast; Sweet is thy slum - ber be - neath the sod,
wil - low boughs, Flow'rs of the wild - wood your o - dors shed
labor is done; Rest till the trump from the open - ing skies

CHORUS.

While the pure soul is rest - ing with God.
Ov - er the ho - ly beau-ti - ful dead. Peace-ful - ly sleep,
Bid thee from dust to glo - ry a - rise.

Rit.

Peace-ful - ly sleep, Sleep till that morn-ing, Peace - ful - ly sleep.

In the Name of Jesus.

THOMAS KELLY. L. NICHOLSON.

1. In thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, thy peo- ple, now draw near;
2. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to thee;
3. There in wor-ship, pur - er, sweet-er, All thy peo - ple shall a - dore,

Teach us to re-joice with trembling; Oh, that we this day may hear,
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened, We would run, nor wea-ry be,
Tast-ing of en - joy-ment great-er Than they could conceive before;

Hear with meekness, hear with meekness, Hear thy word with godly fear,
Till thy glo - ry, till thy glo - ry, Without clouds, in heav'n we see,
Full en - joy- ment, full en - joyment, Ho - ly bliss for ev - er- more.

Hear with meekness, hear with meekness, Hear thy word with god-ly fear.
Till thy glo - ry, till thy glo - ry, Without clouds, in heav'n we see.
Full en - joy-ment, full en - joy-ment, Ho - ly bliss for ev - er - more.

We Will Go And Try.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

1. Toil - ing for Je - sus day by day, Fol - low-ing in the
2. Yes, there is work for you and me, How-ev - er hum - ble
3. Giv - ing a cup of wa - ter pure, Point-ing to Christ in

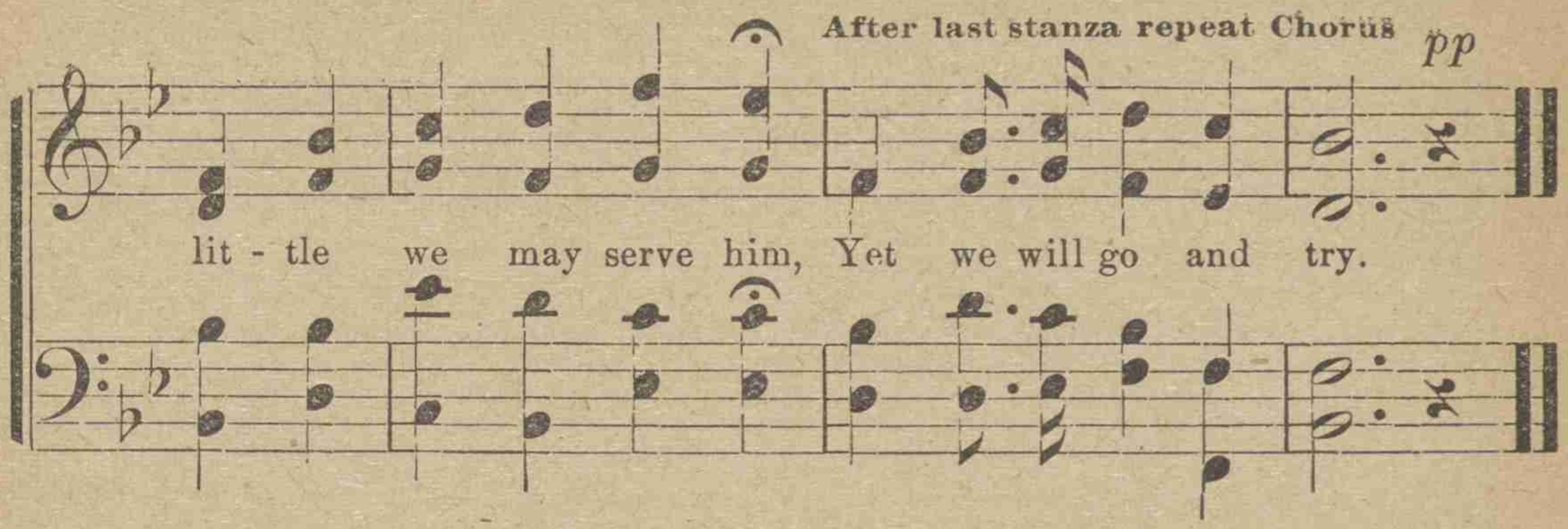
per - fect way, Lit - tle that we may do or say,
we may be, Je - sus will sure - ly bless, if we
faith se - cure, Prom - ised re-ward in heav'n is sure,

CHORUS.

Still Je - sus bids us try.
On - ly will go and try.
Then let us go and try.

Toil-ing, toil-ing, for Je - sus,
for the Mas-ter,

He will re - ward us by and by,
He'll re - - ward us by and by,
Tho' 'tis but



Dear Savior, I Love Thee.

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb 9: 28.

W. C. H. W. C. Hafley.

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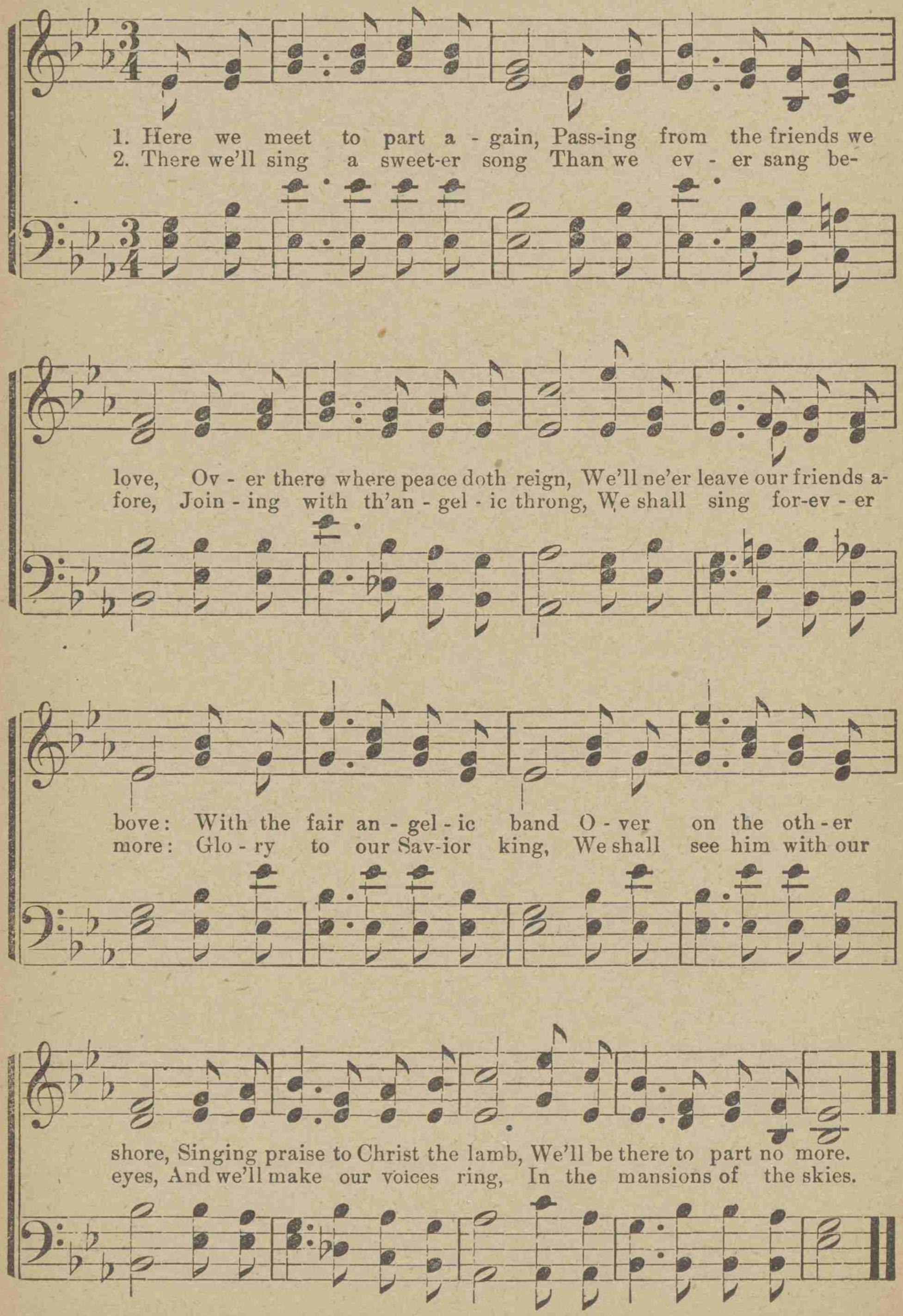
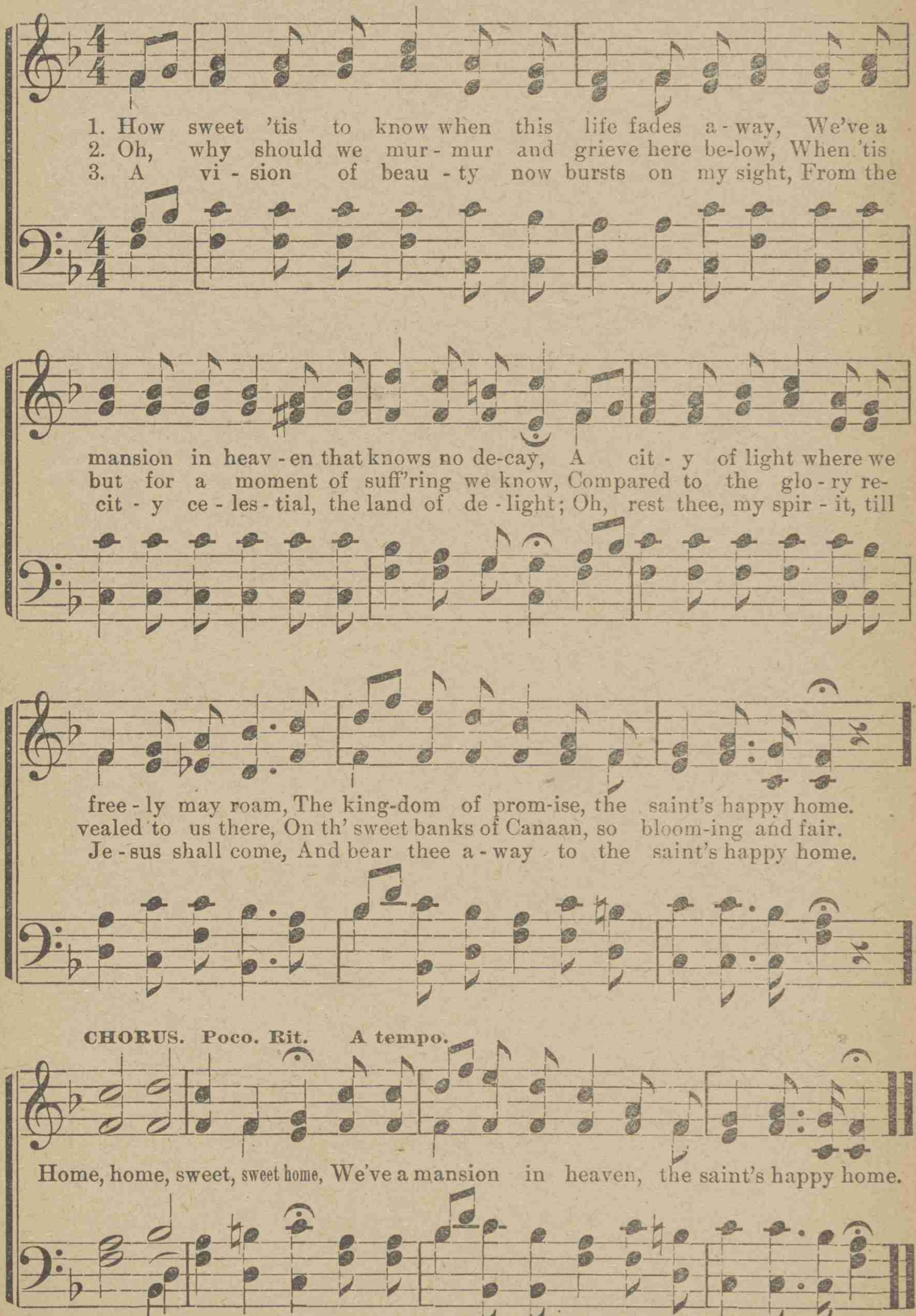
Here We Meet To Part Again.

Words and Melody by A. A. F. Tomson.



Harmony by W. T. T. Melody by D. F. Tomson.



Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

W. T. Moore.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, Boundless love in thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found. Grace to par-don all my sin;

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com-fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with-in.

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,
Just and ho - ly is thy name, Prince of Peace and Righteous-ness;
Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly let me take of thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shadow of thy wing.
Most un-worth-y, Lord, I am, Thou art full of love and grace.
Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

From "Chris. Hymnal," by per. W. T. Moore.

O Light of Light.

H. BONAR. "I am the light of the world."—John 8: 12 W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Oh, light of light, shine in! Cast out this night of sin,
2. Oh, joy of joys, come in! End thou this grief of sin,
3. Oh, life of life, pour in! Ex - pel this death of sin,

Cre - ate true day with - in; Oh, light of light, shine in!
Cre - ate calm peace with - in; Oh, joy of joys, come in!
A - wake true life with - in; Oh, light of life, pour in!

CHORUS.

Shine in, shine in, Oh, light of light, shine in!
Shine in, shine in, shine in, shine in,

Shine in, shine in, Oh, light of light, shine in.
Shine in, shine in, shine in, shine in,

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We Shall Know Each Other There.

D. F. TOMSON.

1. When this mor - tal life is end - ed, And our earth-ly mis-sion done,
2. Yes, we'll meet them in the cit - y That is just a - cross the strand,
3. Do not tell us that our loved ones Lose their earth-ly mem'ries quite,

We shall go a - cross the riv - er, At the set - ting of the sun;
And our hearts shall leap with rap-ture When we take them by the hand;
When they sing a-mong the an - gels In the heav'nly mansions bright;

And in God's ce - les-tial mansions, Clothed in garments strangely fair,
Oh, how sweet shall be the meet-ing, Earth-ly words can ne'er de - clare,
Oh, I know that we shall know them, Tho' they an - gel robes may wear,

Rit.

We shall meet those gone be - fore us, We shall know each oth - er there.
We shall know the bliss of heav -en, We shall meet each oth - er there.
When they bid us wel-come o - ver, We shall know our loved ones there.

Far Beyond the Rolling Jordan. (Page 62.)

1 Come, you sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you,
'Tis the Saviour's rising beam.

3 Come, you weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the rising Lord, ascending,
Pleads the virtue of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

6 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo to His name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners now His love proclaim.

HART.

Far Beyond the Rolling Jordan. (Page 62.)

1 O Thou fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me ever to adore Thee,
May I still Thy goodness prove,
While the hope of endless glory
Fills my heart with joy and love.

3 Here I'll 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,
Wandering from Thy fold, O 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 me closer still to Thee.

6 Never let me wander from Thee,
Never leave Thee whom I love;
By Thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach Thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

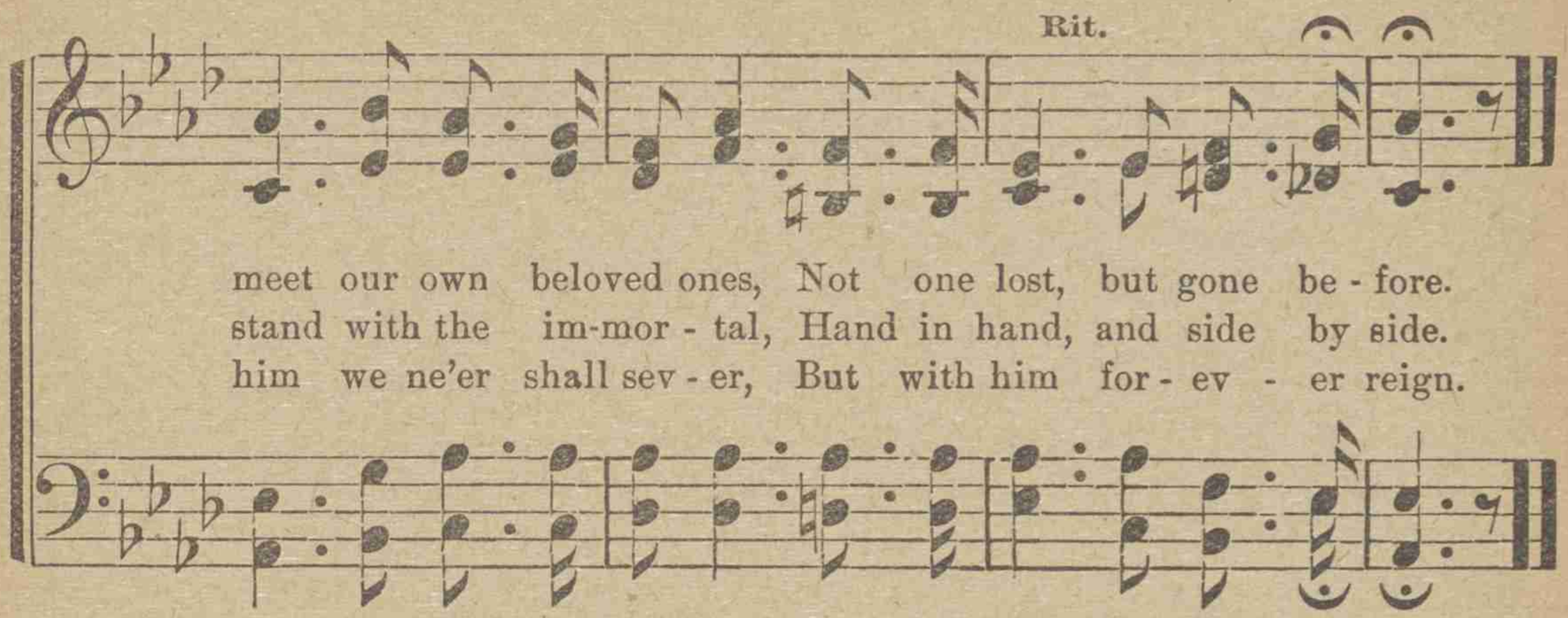
Just Beyond the Shadowy Valley.

Melody by D. F. Tomson.
Harmony by W. T. T.

1. Just be - yond the shad - 'wy val - ley Where the dread-ed bil - lows roll, There re-mains a glo - rious fut - ure
2. There the flow - ers sweet and ver - nal, Crown the nev - er fad - ing years, And our joys will bloom e - ter - nal,
3. There we'll see our bless - ed Sav - ior, He who died for you and me, And en - joy his bless - ed fa - vor,

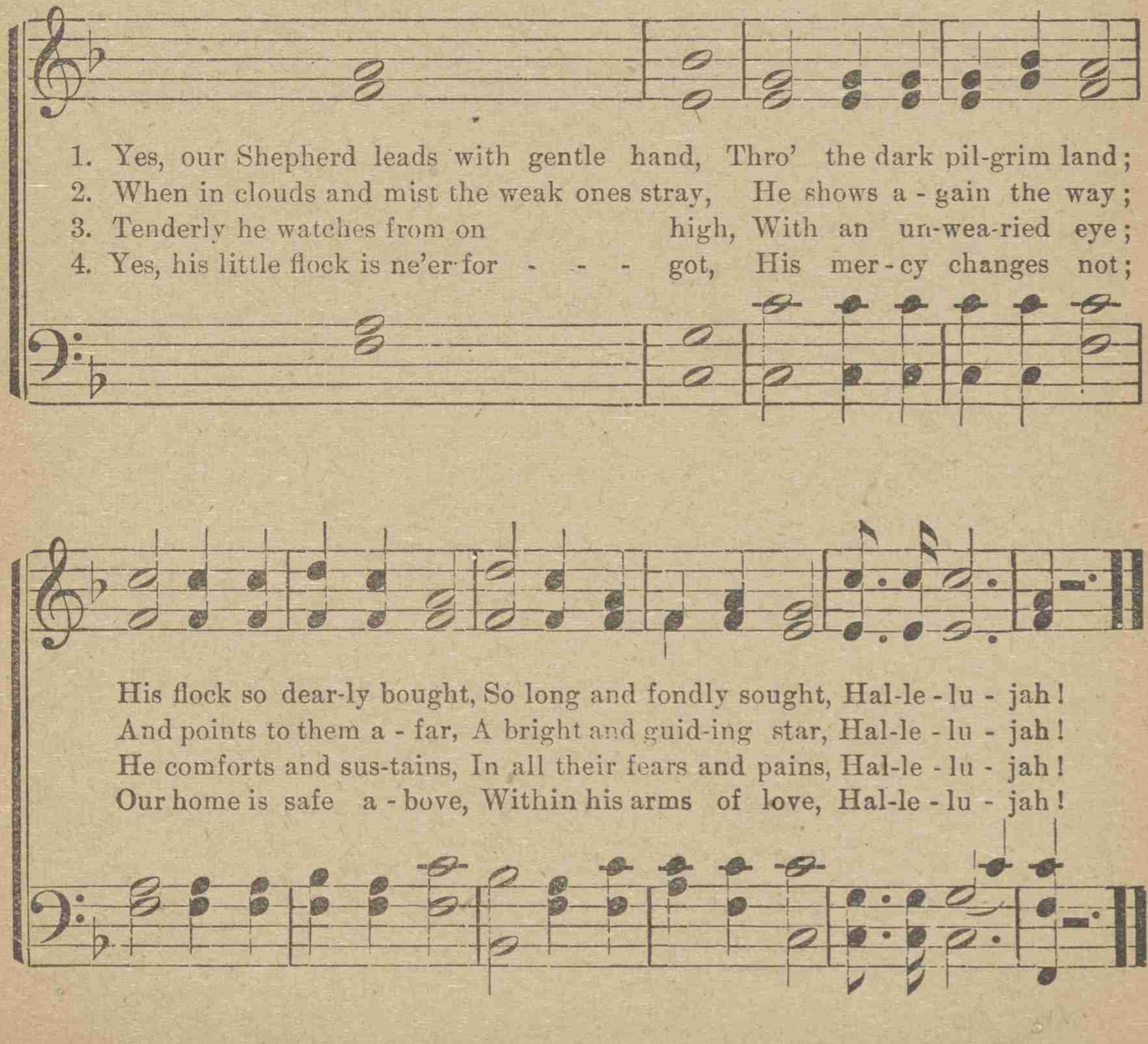
For the wear - y earth - worn soul. Just with-in the shin - ing
Nev - er dimmed by doubts and fears. Glor - y, glor - y, God will
And for - ev - er with him be. There we'll shout his praise for-

por - tals, Of the oth - er bet - ter shore, We shall
guide us, Safe - ly through the i - cy tide, Till we
ev - er, In a sweet and joy - ful strain, And from



Yes, Our Shepherd Leads with Gentle Hand.

A. D. Fillmore. By per.



Our Prayer.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

Slow.

1. Our heav'nly Fa - ther, hear while we pray;
2. Lead us, we pray thee, in paths of peace;

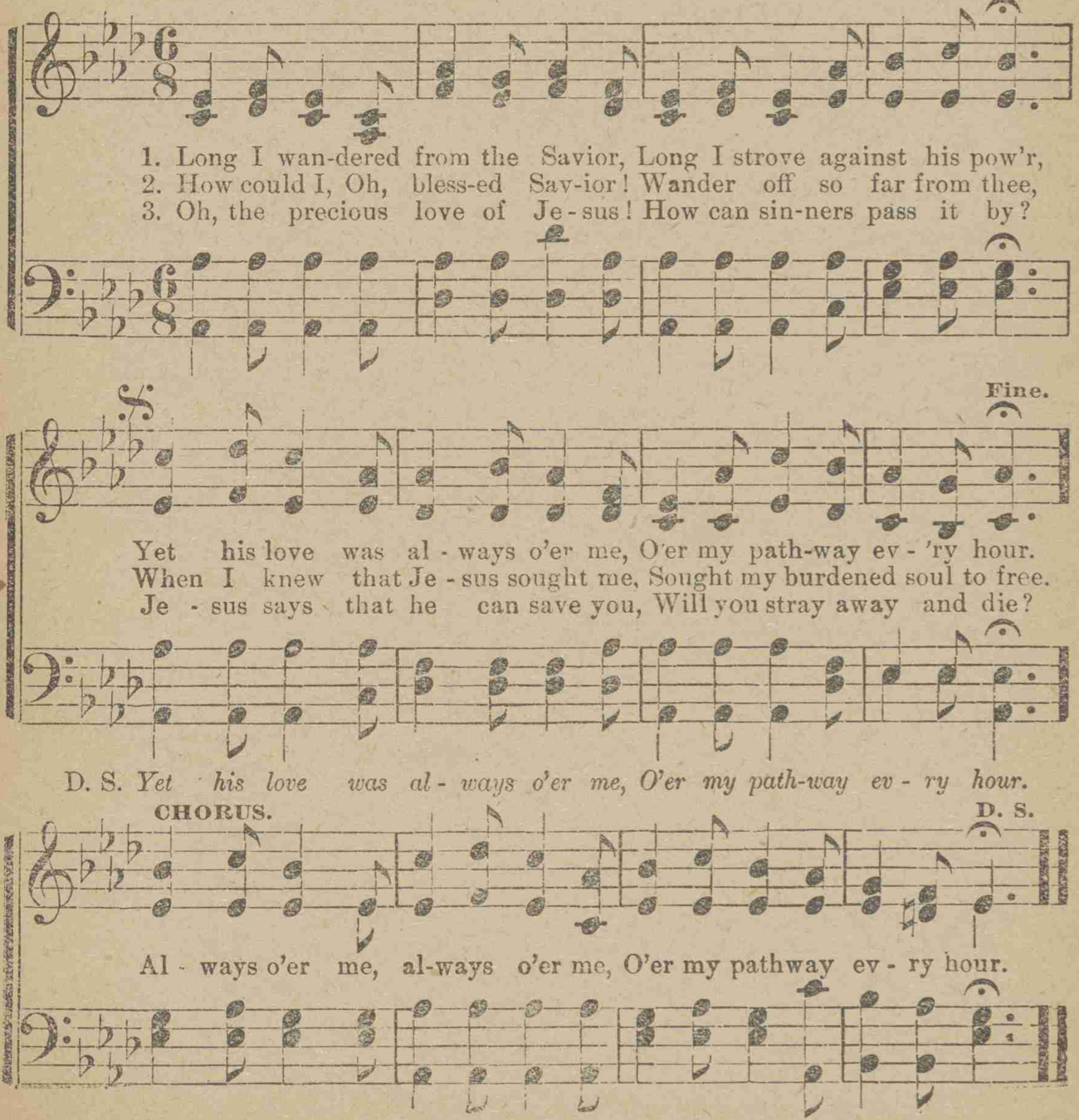
Help us to love thee and o - bey,
Grant us, oh, Lord, thy pard - 'ning grace,

For - give our debts, as we al - so for - give,
Hear our pe - ti - tion, and cleanse us from sin,

Help us near - er to the cross of Christ to live,
Guide un - to thy love, that we may walk there-in,

Long I Wandered from the Savior.

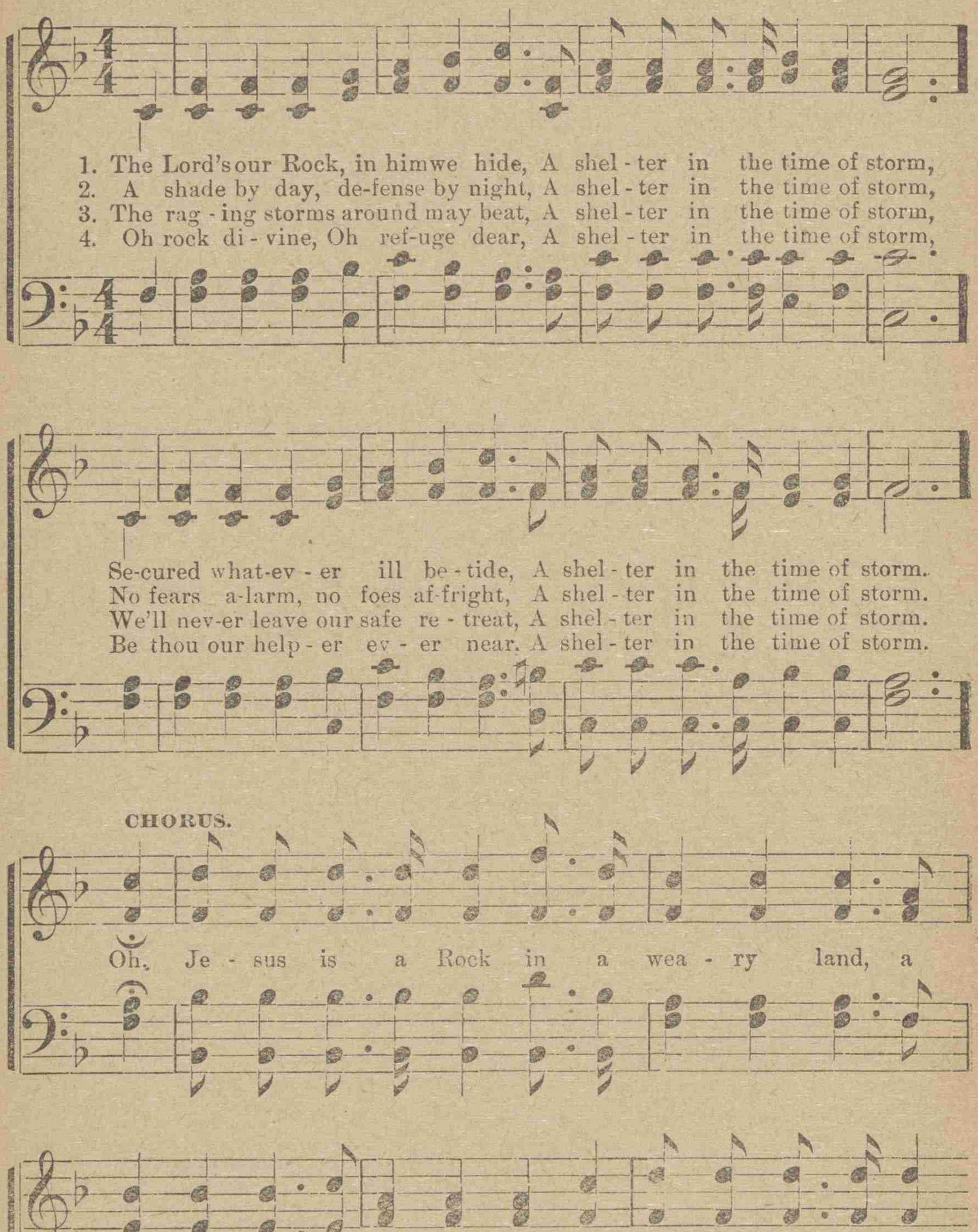
W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.



By permission of E. T. Pound, Barnesville, Ga.

The Lord's our Rock, in Him we Hide.

Arr. by J. B. V.



1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, A shel - ter in the time of storm,
2. A shade by day, de-fense by night, A shel - ter in the time of storm,
3. The rag - ing storms around may beat, A shel - ter in the time of storm,
4. Oh rock di - vine, Oh ref-uge dear, A shel - ter in the time of storm,

Se-cured what-ev - er ill be - tide, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
No fears a-larm, no foes af-fright, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
We'll nev-er leave our safe re - treat, A shel - ter in the time of storm.
Be thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel - ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

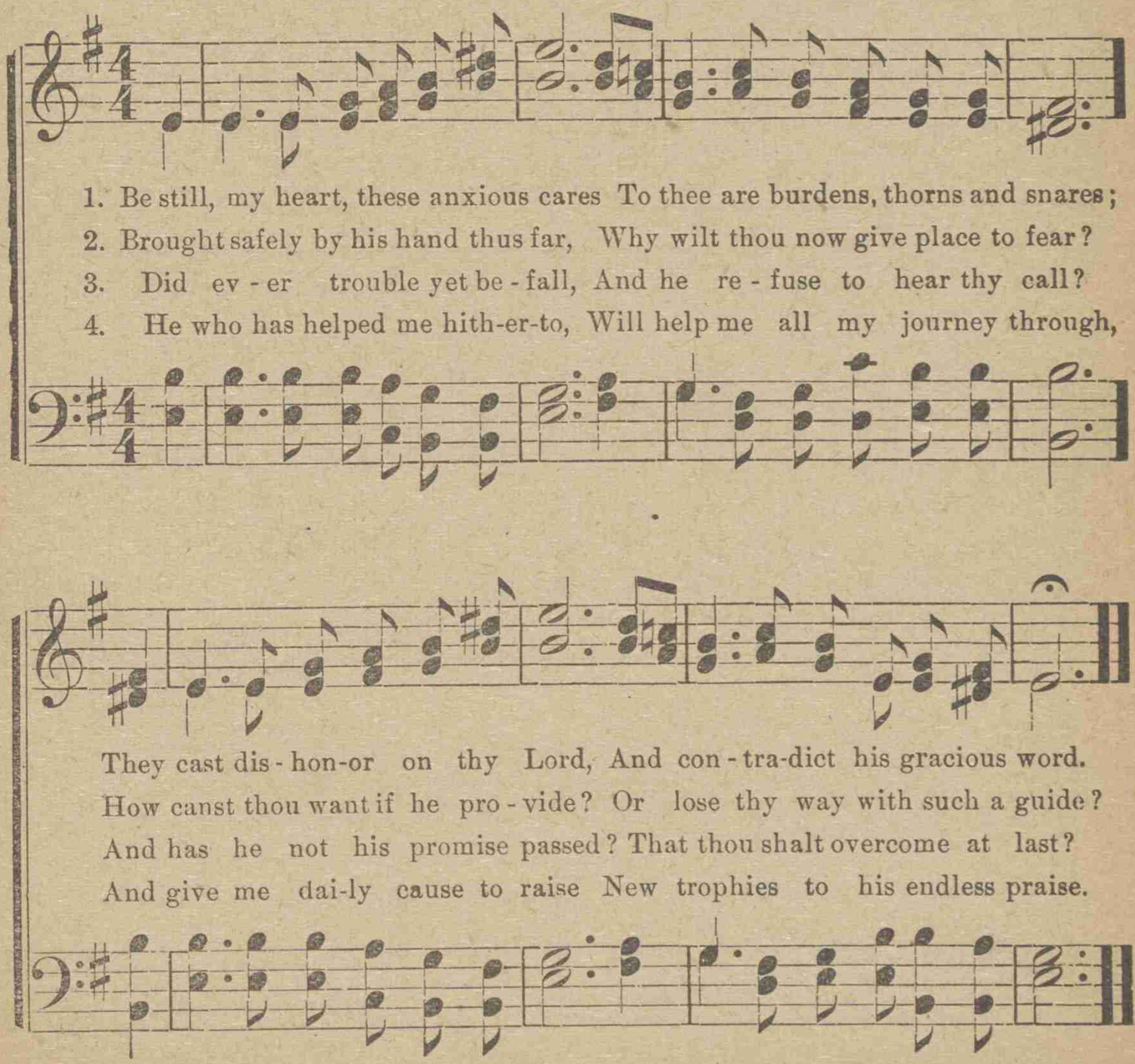
Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, a

wea - ry land, a wea - ry land, Oh, Je - sus is a Rock

From "Gospel Voice," by permission J. B. Vaughan.

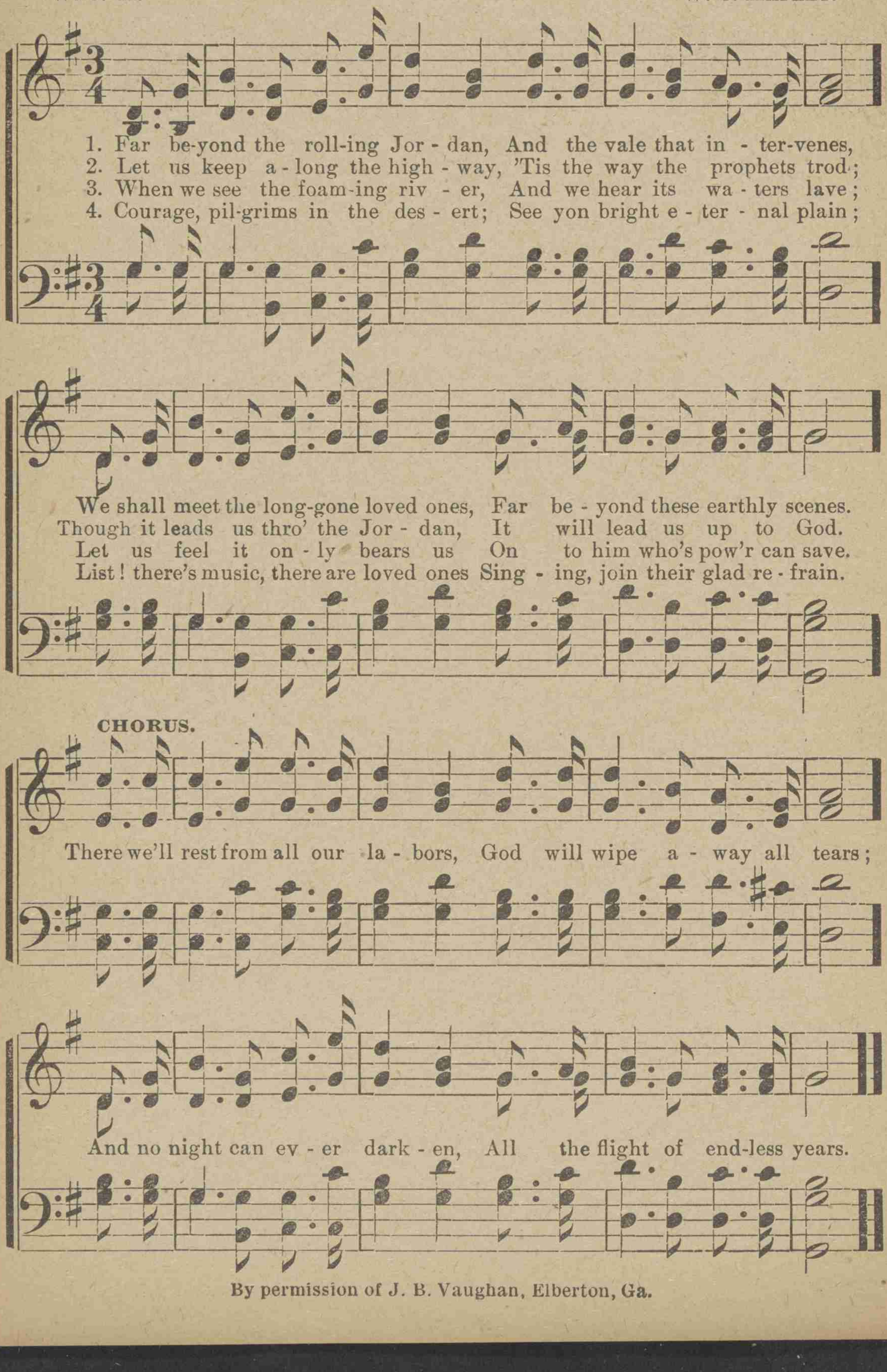
Be Still, My Heart! These Anxious Cares.

P. H. DAYHOFF, and J. H. D. T.



Far beyond the Rolling Jordan.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.



By permission of J. B. Vaughan, Elberton, Ga.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

DUET.

1. Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gent-ly home,
2. Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gent-ly home,

When life's toils are end - ed, and part - ing days have come;
In life's dark-est hours, Fa - ther, when life's troubles come,

Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from thee I'll roam,
Keep my feet from wan - d'ring, Lest from thee I roam,

Rit. *p*

If thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me gent-ly home.
Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gent-ly home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gent - ly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gent-ly
Lead me gent-ly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gent-ly home, Father,

Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gent-ly home.
Lead me gent-ly, gent - ly home.

By permission Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

How Firm a Foundation.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, you saints of the Lord,
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health,
3. Fear not— I am with you; oh, be not dis - mayed!
4. When thro' the deep wa - ters I cause you to go,

Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word!
In pov - er - ty's vail, or a - bound - ing in wealth;
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
The riv - ers of sor - row shall not you o'er - flow;

What more can he say than to you he has said,
At home and a - broad, on the land, on the sea,
I'll strength-en you, help you, and cause you to stand,
For I will be with you, your trou - bles to bless,

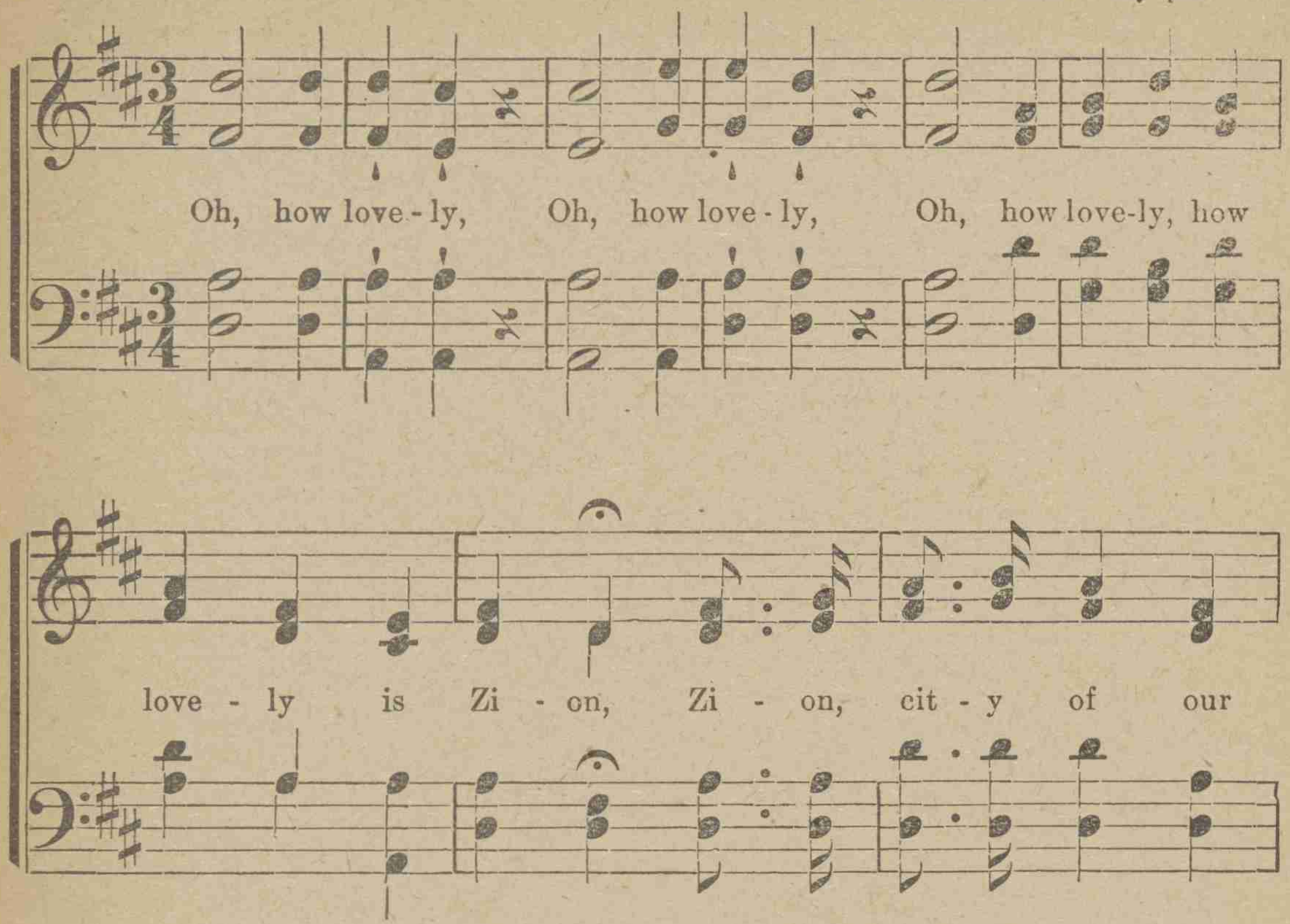
You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
As your days may de - mand, so your suc - cor shall be.
Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
And sanc - ti - fy to you your deep - est dis - tress.

Go On, You Pilgrims.

"To him that overcometh." ANON.

Oh, how Lovely is Zion.

A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee,

Slow.

Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee.

'Tis the Silent Hour of Midnight.

A. A. F. T.

Air by A. A. F. Tomson.

Fine.

1. 'Tis the si - lent hour of midnight, Soft-ly brood-ing o'er the scene,
   Many forms are now re - pos - ing, Dreaming of the land se - rene,
D. C. Sweetest strains of an - gel mu - sic, Fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

2. Deep and awful is the stillness, Now these pensive midnight hours,
   Oh, their weird and unseen specters, Link our souls with mystic powers,
D. C. Ah, we're standing on the bor - der, Let us join the heavenly train.

D. C.

And in sweetest hap-py vi-sions, 'Mid the gleaming stars a - bove,
And in dreams we see the an-gels, Hear them sing a heav'n-ly strain;

68

Cloudless Day.

Rev. 22: 5.

Words Arr. Arr. by J. H. D. Tomson.

1. Oh, they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, Oh, they
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends I'll meet, Oh, they
3. Oh, they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they
4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a-way; Oh, they tell me of a home
tell me of that home far a-way; Where the bear-ing tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold, Where He's sit-ting on the throne
smil-ing drives their sor-rows a-way; And they tell me that no tears

where no storm-clouds rise, Oh, they tell me of an-un-cloud-ed day.
in e-ter-nal bloom, Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of pure gold.
ev-er fall a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.

Rit. *Fine.*

Oh, the land of cloudless day, Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;
Oh, the land of cloudless day, Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;
Oh, that land mine eyes shall see, Oh, the land of an un-cloud-ed sky;
Oh, that land of love-ly smiles, Oh, the smiles of His love-beaming eye;

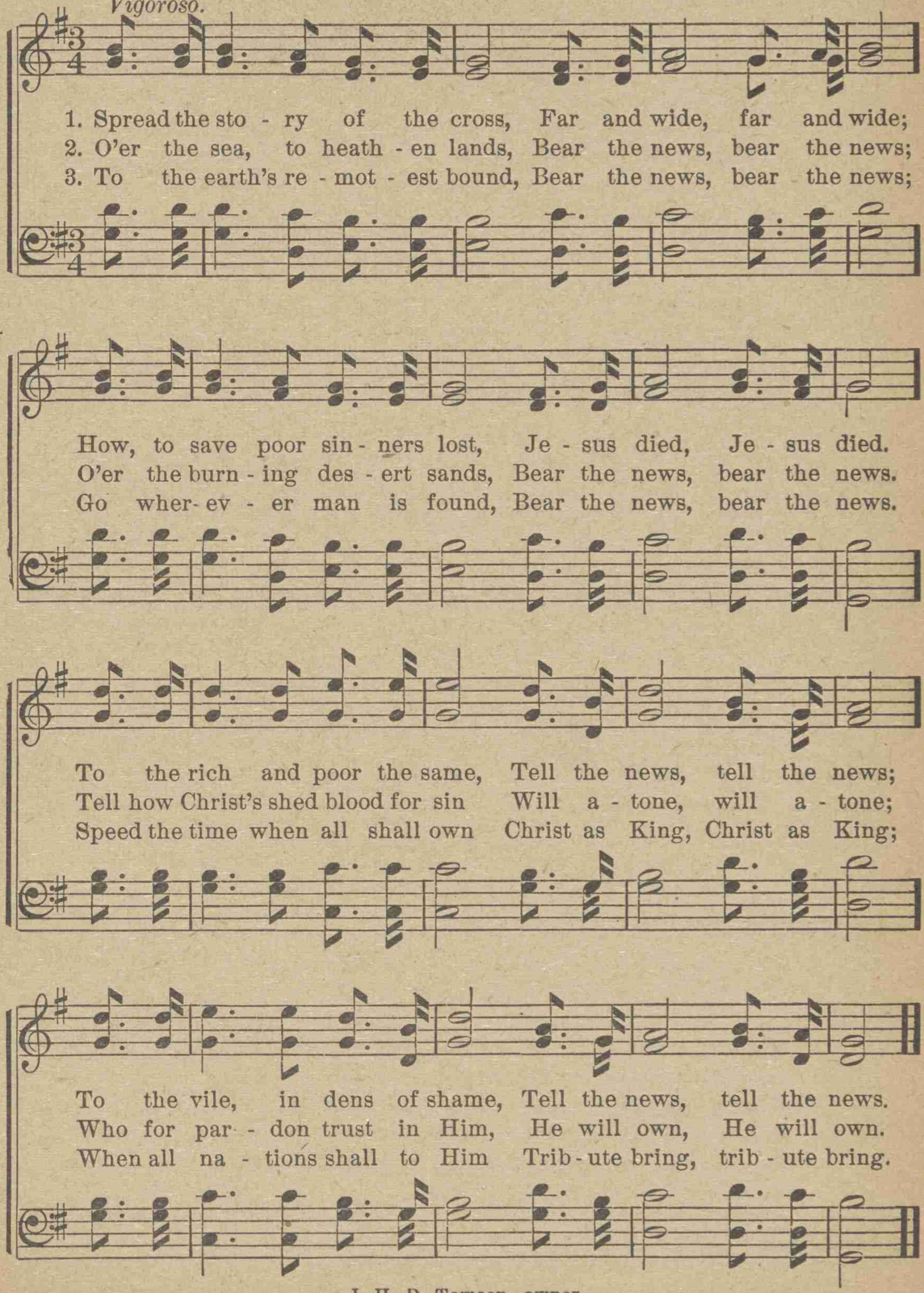
D. S.

Spread the Story.

"Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

C. E. P. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Vigoroso.



J. H. D. Tomson, owner.

Jesus is Calling for You.

"Whosoever will, let him come"

W. C. H. W. C. Hafley. By per.

1. List to the voice of the Sav - ior to - day,
2. Haste to the sound of the gos - pel to - night,
3. Th'bride in her beau - ty in - vites you to come,
4. Why are you starv - ing and stay - ing a - way,
5. List to the Spir - it, it's striv - ing with you,

Call-ing the wea - ry ones home, Call - ing the faint - ing and
Je - sus is wait - ing for you, Wait-ing for sin-ners to
Je - sus is pleading for you, Plead-ing for sin-ners that
All is now read - y for you, Je - sus in - vites you to
Sin - ner, oh, sin-ner, don't wait, Je - sus is com-ing to

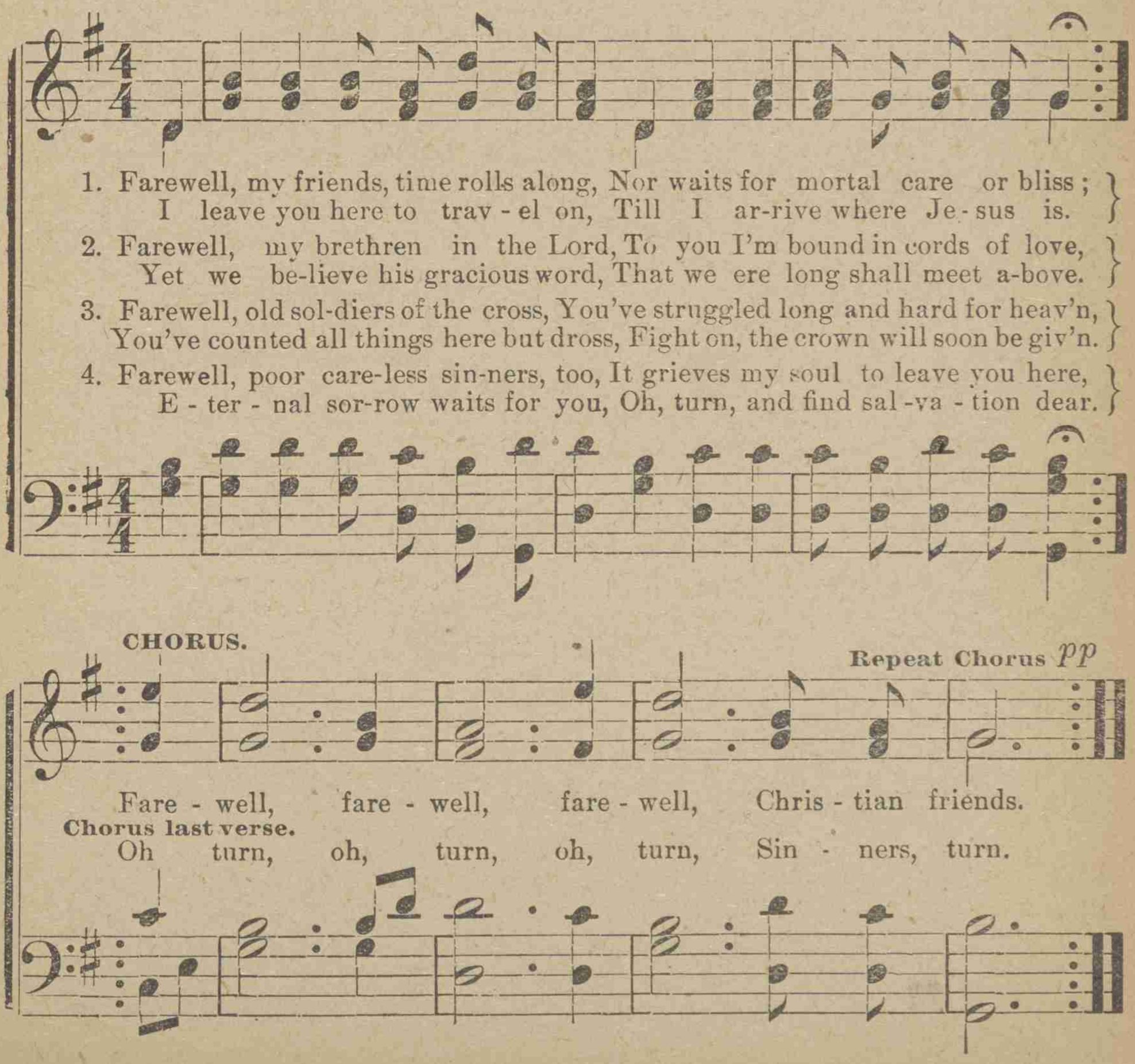
downcast to come, Je - sus is call-ing them home. Calling, yes
come un - to him, Je - sus is waiting for you. Waiting, yes
they may be saved, Je - sus is pleading for you. Pleading, yes
sit at his board, All is now read-y for you. Je - sus in-
judgment a - gain, Sin-ner, oh, sin-ner, don't wait. Coming to

Fine.

By permission of W. C. Hafley.

Farewell, my Friends, Time Rolls Along.

J. H. D. Tomson.



In Our Father's Home Above.

W. E. Penn. A. S. Kieffer. By per.

1. In our Fa - ther's home a - bove, There is room for ev - 'ry one;
2. Can you pray to be ex - cused? Can you wait an-oth - er day?
3. Will you say "I will not go?" Dare you an - y long - er wait,
4. Mer-cy's door still stands a - jar, And the Spir - it whispers come,

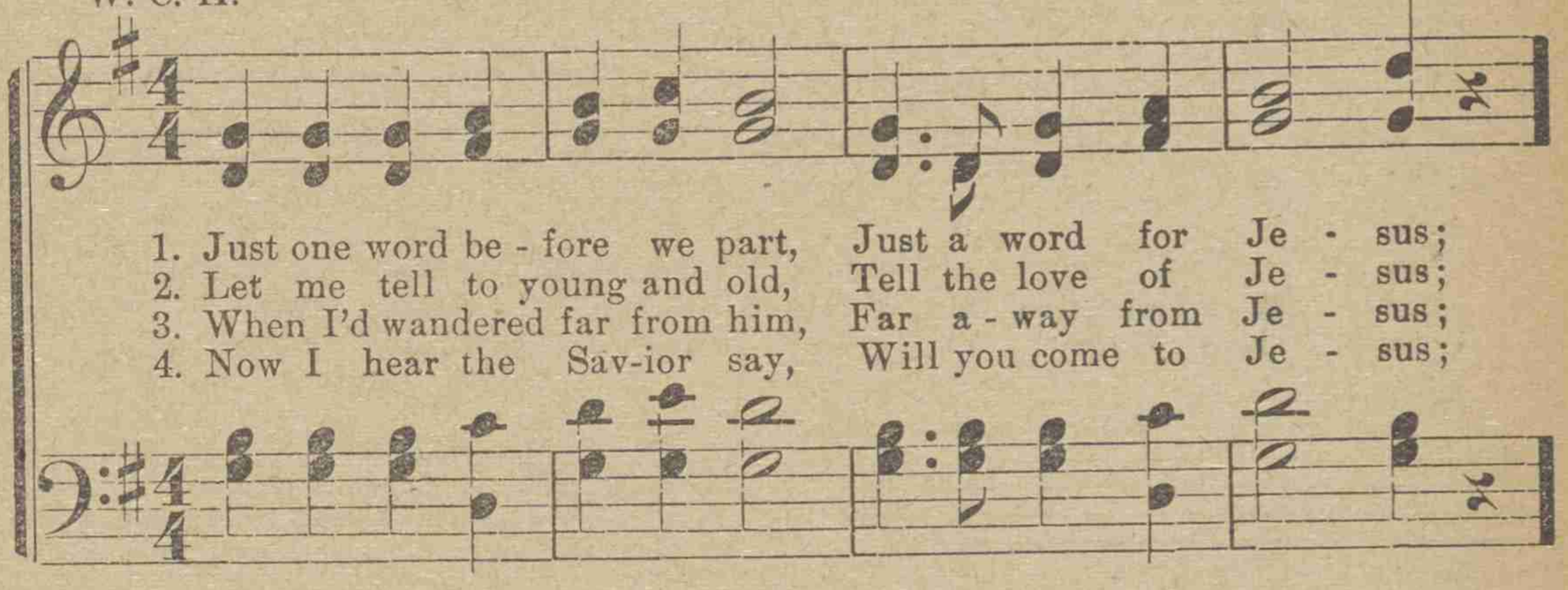
Bound - less room in his great love For the sin - ner who will come,
While the fier - y bil - lows roll, That may sweep your soul a - way.
While the cry is "yet there's room," And one hour may be too late?
Cries to rich and poor the same, Say - ing "yet there's bound-less room."

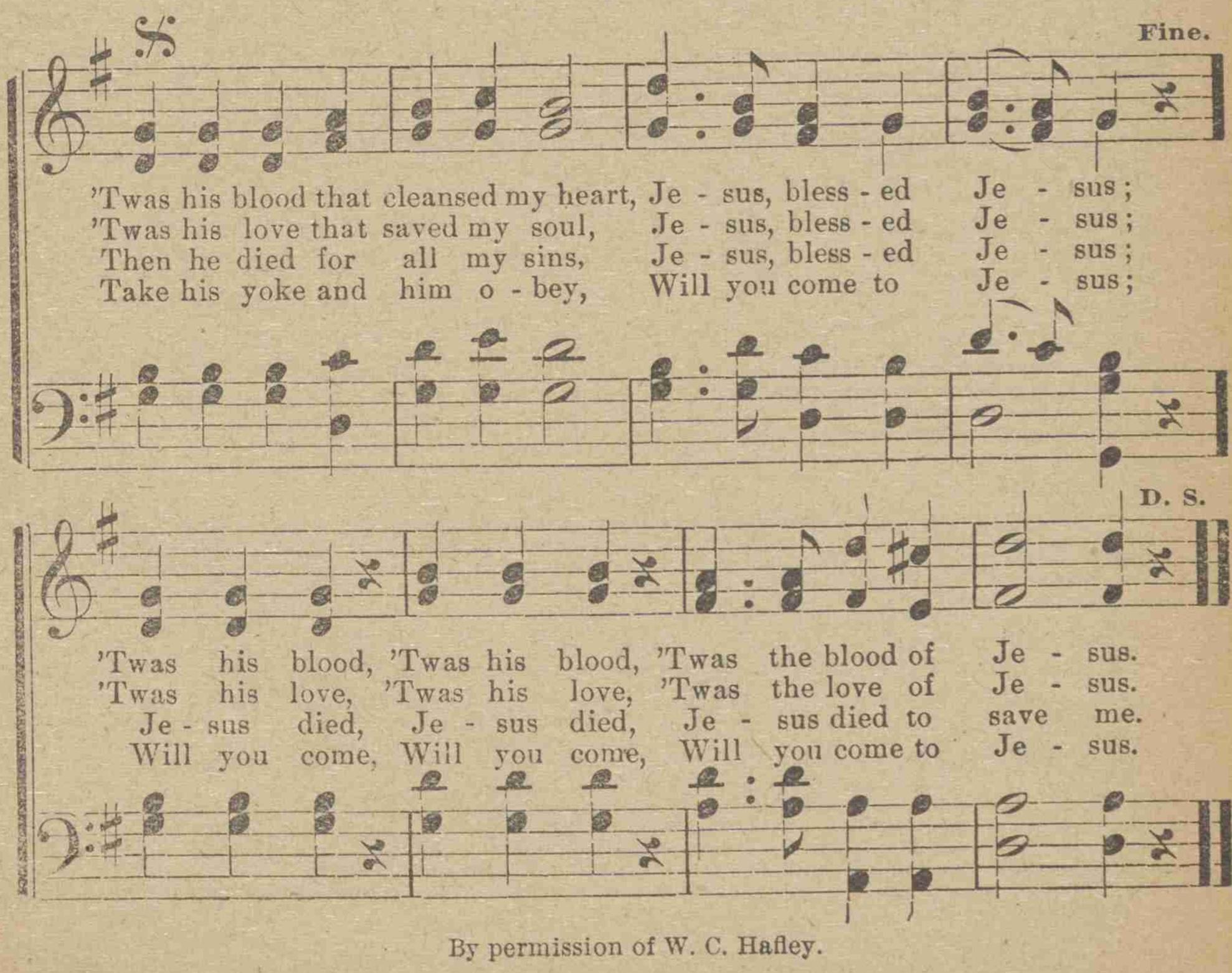
CHORUS.

Yes, there's room, bound-less room, For the sin - ner who will come;
Yes, there's room, bound-less room, For the sin - ner who will come;

Just a Word Before We Part.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.





By permission of W. C. Hafley.

74 # There is One Thought That Cheers My Way.

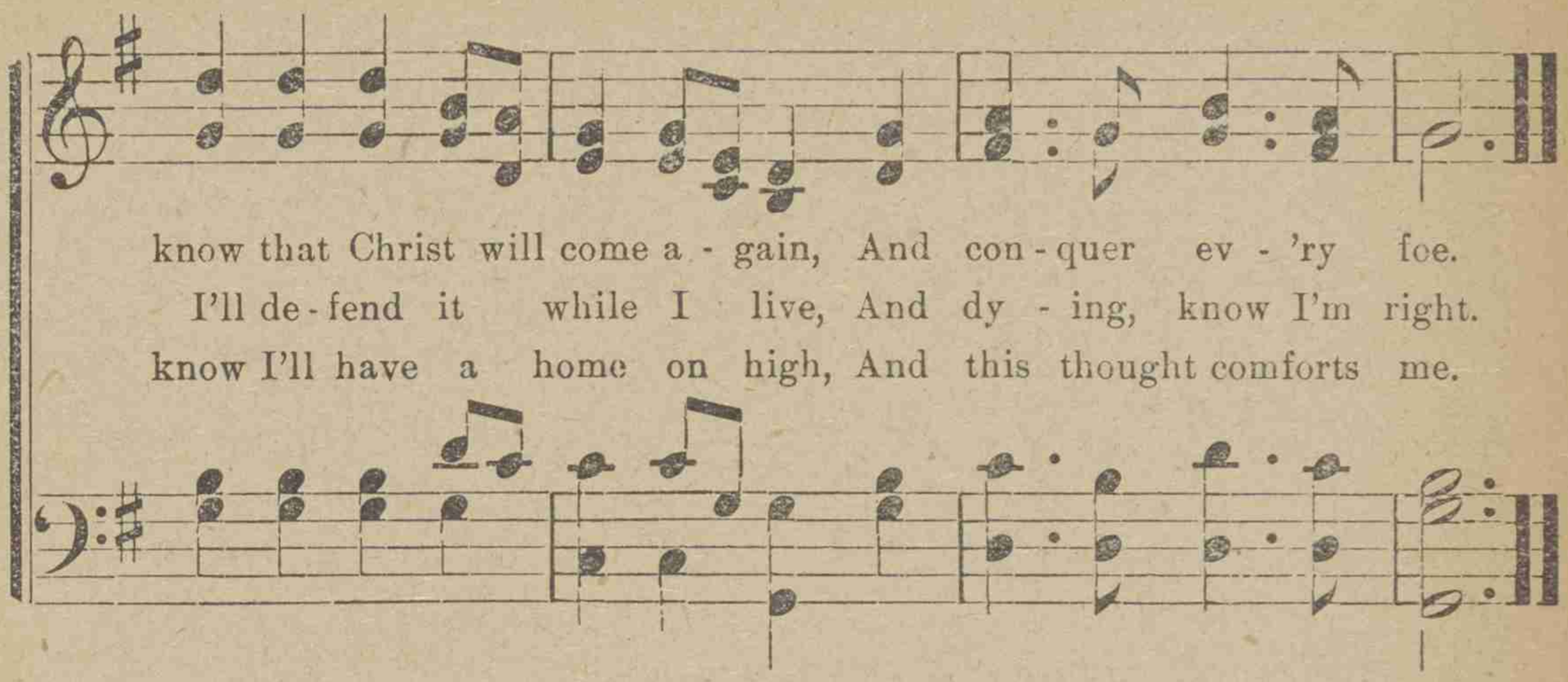
W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. There is one thought that cheers my way, Though dark - ness hangs a - round, 'Tis Je - sus makes my
2. Ah, what is all this world to me, Its fame and wealth's but dross, If I am thine, a
3. Then I will trust the Sav - ior's love, I'll trust him for his grace, And when we meet the

dark - ness day—He'll give to me a crown; Yes, as I
child of thee, And cling - ing to the cross; Thy word it
saints a - bove, I then shall see his face, Yes, when be-

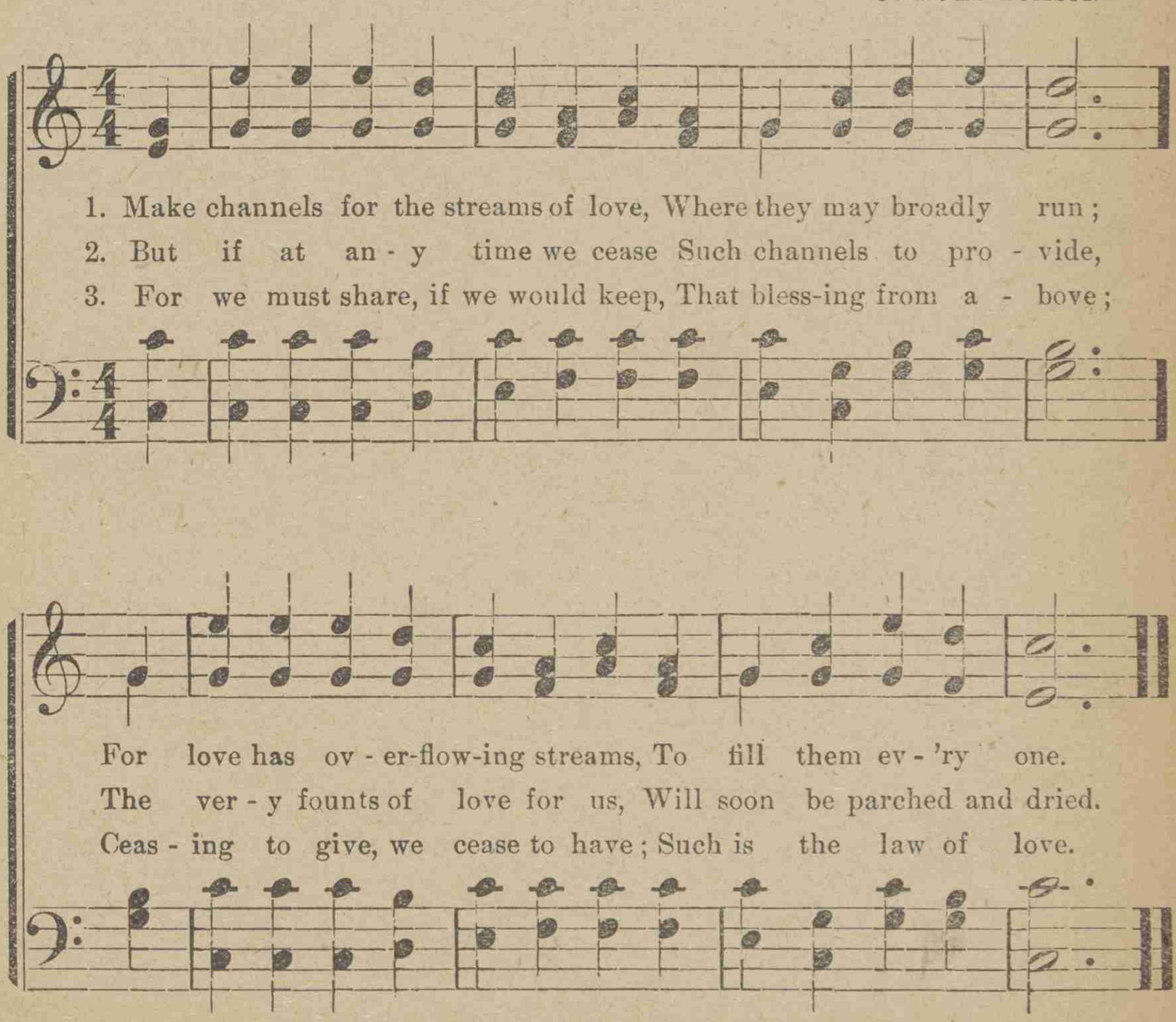
tread this vale in pain, And tears of sor - row flow, I
doth me com - fort give, Sus - tains me in its might, And
neath the sod I lie, And none my form shall see, I

By permission of J. B. Vaughan, Elberton, Ga.



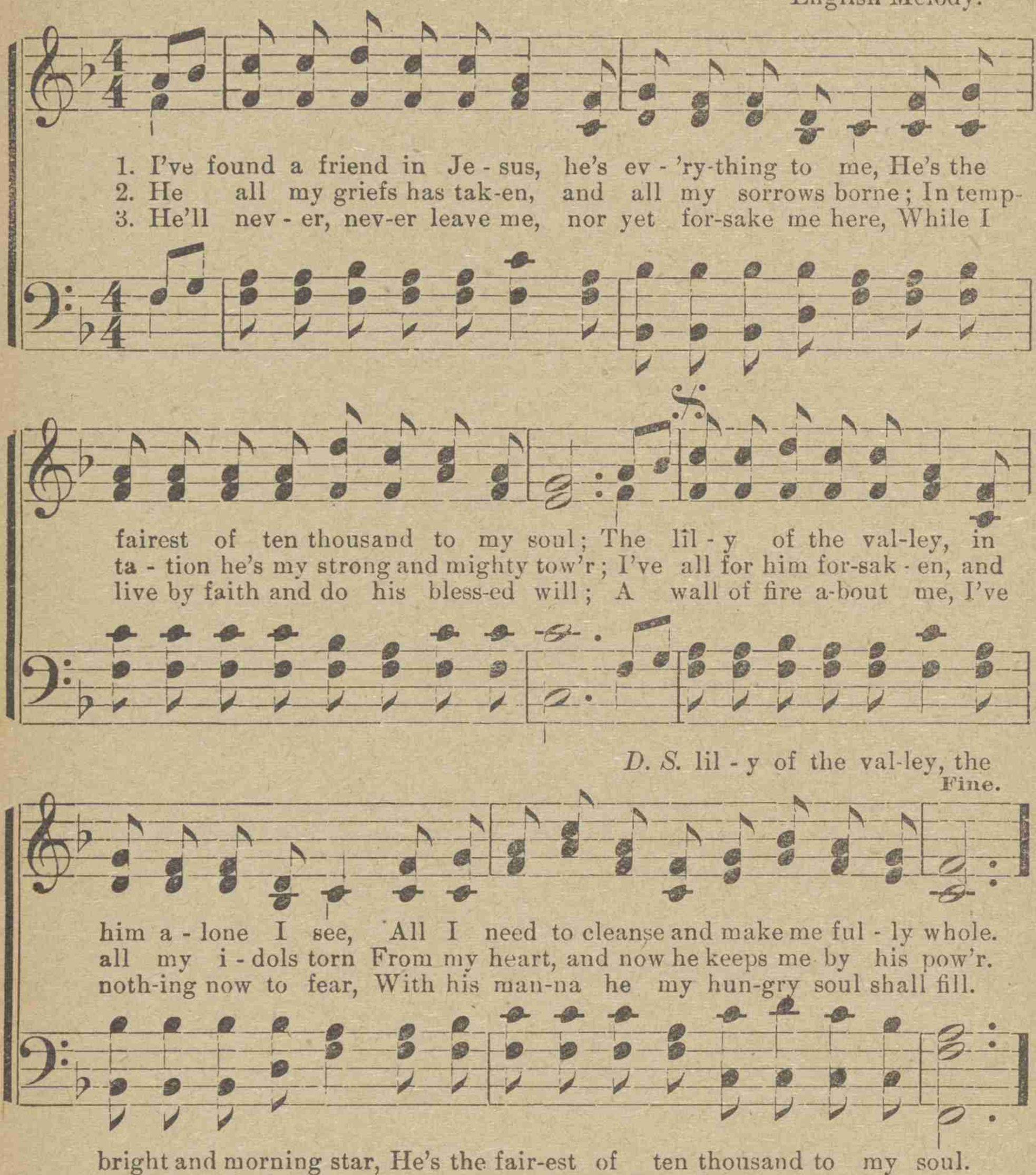
Make Channels for the Streams of Love.

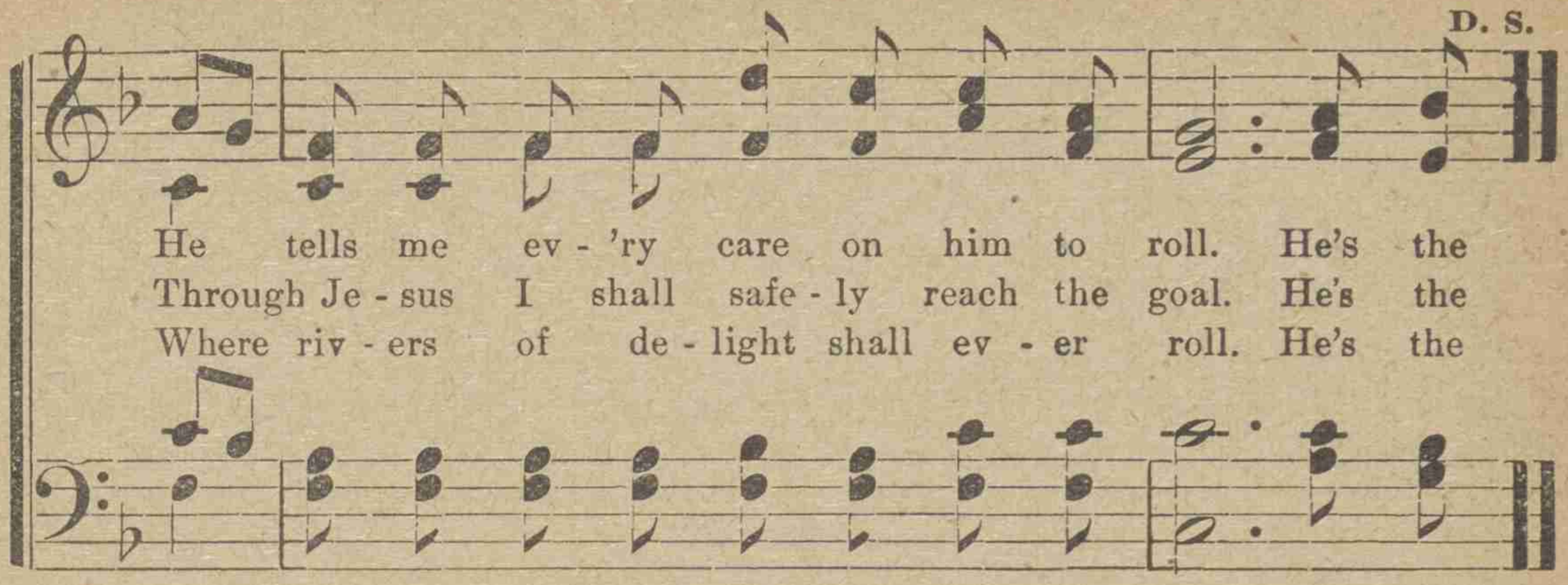
J. H. D. Tomson.



I've Found a Friend in Jesus.

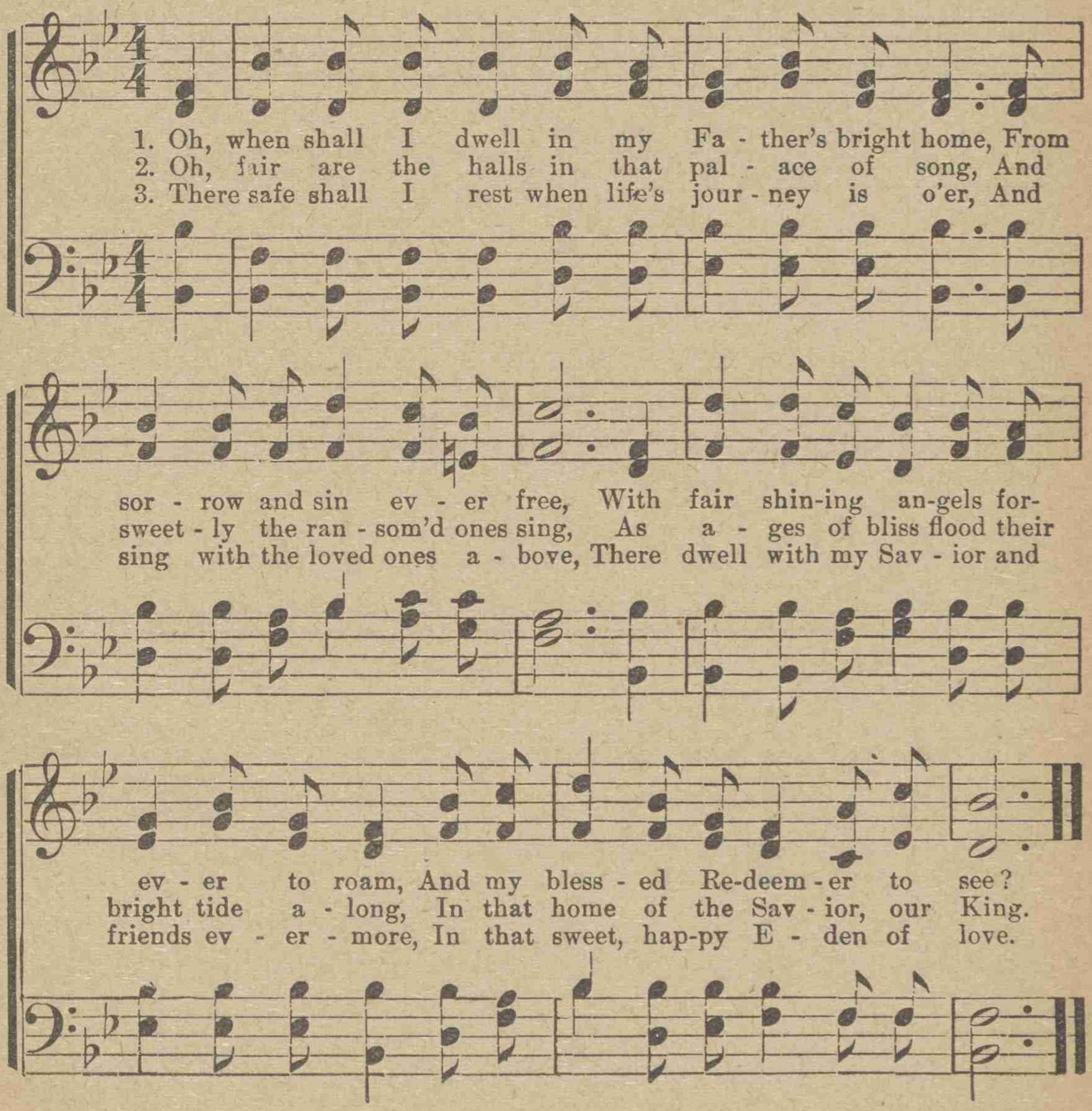
English Melody.





Oh, When Shall I Dwell in my Father's Bright Home.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



It is the Hour of Prayer.

Acts 3: 1. P. H. DAYHOFF. By per.

1. It is the hour of pray'r; Draw near and bend the knee, And
2. Oh, bless - ed is the hour That lifts our hearts on high! Like

fill the calm and ho - ly air With voice of mel - o - dy! O'er-
sun - light when the tem - pests low'r Pray'r to the soul is nigh; Though

wea - ried with the heat And bur - den of the day, Now
dark may be our lot, Our eyes be dim with care, These

let us rest our wand'ring feet, And gath - er here to pray.
sad-'ning thoughts shall trouble not This ho - ly hour of pray'r.

I Love thy Kingdom, Lord.

Dan. 2: 44; 7: 13, 14.

ANON.

1. I love thy king-dom Lord—The house of thine a - bode,
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;
2. Je - sus, thou friend di - vine, Our Sav - ior and our King,

The church our blest Re-deem - er saved With his own pre-cious blood.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great deliv'rance bring.

I love thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.
Her sweet com-mu-nion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The brightest glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

Fading, Still Fading.

SELINA HUNTINGTON. F. V. WEISENTHAL.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing, the last beam is shining, Fa-ther in
2. Fa - ther in heav - en! oh hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's

heav-en! the day is de-clin-ing, Safety and in-no-cence flee with the
sake, who is Sav - ior of all; Fee - ble and faint-ing, we trust in thy

light, Temp-ta-tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the
might, In doubt - ing and dark-ness thy love be our light; Let us

fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield us from dan-ger,
sleep on thy breast while the night tap - er burns, Wake in thy arms when

keep us from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer-cy,
morn - ing re-turns. Fa - ther, etc.

For 2d verse.

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. A - men.

Serene I Laid Me Down.

J. H. D. Tomson.

1. Se - rene I laid me down, Be - neath his guard-ian care; I
2. Thus does thine arm sup - port This weak de - fense - less frame; But
3. Oh, how shall I re - pay The boun-ties of my God! This
4. My life I would a - new De - vote, O Lord, to thee; And

slept, and I a - woke and found My kind Pre - serv - er near.
whence these fa - vors, Lord, to me, All worth-less as I am?
fee - ble spir - it pants be - neath The pleas-ing pain - ful load.
in thy serv - ice I would spend A vast e - ter - ni - ty.

On Zion's Glorious Summit Stood.

ANON.

1. On Zi - on's glo - rious sum - mit stood A num-'rous host, re-
2. Here all who suf - fered sword or flame For truth, or Je - sus'
3. While ev - er - last - ing a - ges roll, E - ter - nal love shall

deem'd by blood; They hymn'd their King in strains di - vine; I
love - ly name, Shout vic-t'ry now, and hail the Lamb, And
feast their soul, And scenes of bliss, for - ev - er new, Rise

heard the song, and strove to join, I heard the song and strove to join.
bow be - fore the great I AM, And bow before the great I AM.
in suc-ces-sion to their view, Rise in succession to their view.

(To be sung at the close of the preceding hymn.)

"Manhattan Coll."—*Abridged.*

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of hosts, on

high a - dored; Who like me thy praise should sing, O Al-might - y

King! Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord

God of hosts, on high a-dored; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly.

Dim.

We love thy Name, we love thy Laws.

Rom. 6 : 3, 4. J. H. D. Tomson.

1. We love thy name, we love thy laws, And
2. We sink be - neath the mys - tic flood, Oh,
3. And as we rise with thee to live, Oh,

joy - ful - ly em - brace thy cause; We love thy
bathe us in thy cleans - ing blood; We die to
let thy Ho - ly Spir - it give The seal - ing

cross, the shame, the pain, O, Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain.
sin, and seek a grave With thee, be - neath the yield-ing wave.
unc - tion from a - bove, The breath of life, the fire of love.

Our Anchor is Sure.

W. C. H. W. C. Hafley.

1. When storm-clouds a - rise in the sky, And heaving and roar-
2. Yes, our ship now will weather the gale, Our an-chor is sure
3. The Bi - ble, our compass at night, The dan-gers at sea
4. Then sail - or, O be not dis-mayed, Tho' waves and the storm

ing the wave, Then to Je - sus for suc-cor I cry, To the
and will hold, For it reach - es be - yond the dark veil, Bless-ed
doth un - fold, And it points us to Je - sus, the light,—Bless-ed
o'er thee roll, For on Je - sus, our hopes all are stayed, Bless-ed

D. S. *For it reach - es be-yond the dark veil, Bless - ed*

Fine. **CHORUS.**

cap-tain who's a - ble to save.
an-chor, the hope of the soul.
an-chor, the hope of the soul. Oh, the an - chor is sure and will
an-chor, the hope of the soul.

an-chor, the hope of the soul.

hold, ... Our an-chor is sure and will hold, ...
It will hold, It will hold,

D. S.

By permission of W. C. Hafley.

Remembered by What I've Done.

DR. H. BONAR. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

Soprano and Alto Duet ad lib.

1. Up and a - way like the dew of the morn - ing,
2. Shall I be miss'd if an - oth - er suc - ceed me?
3. On - ly the truths that in life I have spok - en,
4. Yes! when the Sav - ior shall make up his jew - els,

Soar - ing from earth to its home in the sun;
Reap - ing the fields I in spring - time have sown;
On - ly the songs that on earth I have sung,
When gold - en crowns of re - joic - ing are won,

So let me pass from the earth and its toil - ing,
No! for the sow - er may pass from his la - bors,
These shall pass on - ward when I am for - got - ten,
Then shall his faith - ful and wea - ry dis - ci - ples.

Copyright 1891, by H. N. LINCOLN, in "Song Land Messenger."

On - ly re - mem - ber'd by what I have done.
On - ly re - mem - ber'd by what he has done.
Fruits of my la - bors and work I have done.
All be re - mem - ber'd by what they have done.

CHORUS.

On - ly re - mem-ber'd by what I've done, By what I've

done; On - ly re-mem-ber'd, for - ev - er re-member'd,

Slow. Rit.

On - ly re - mem - ber'd by what I have done.

3

Knocking at the Beautiful Gate.

W. C. H. W. C. Hafley.

1. I won - der if an - y poor sis ter will come, And knock at the beau - ti - ful gate, And hear from the Mas-ter her
2. I won - der if an - y poor broth - er to - night, Will fol - low the pathway of sin, Till wearied the Spir - it will
3. I won - der if an - y poor fa - ther will say: "Oh, mis-'ra - ble, ter - ri - ble fate; My chil-dren are hap - py in
4. I won - der if an - y dear moth - er will say, While pleading with Je-sus, too late, "Oh, save my dear children, I
5. Then fa - ther and moth - er and chil - dren, I pray, For pleadings and warnings don't wait; List! Je - sus is call-ing, he's

mis - 'ra - ble doom, "Too late now to en - ter the gate!"
say in its flight, Too late, oh, ye can - not come in."
heav - en to - day, But I can - not en - ter the gate."
led them a - stray! Oh, Mas - ter, please o - pen the gate!"
wait - ing to - day, To o - pen the beau - ti - ful gate.

By permission of W. C. Hafley.

CHORUS.

Too late . . . . . , . too late . . . .
Too late now to en - ter the beau - ti - ful gate, Too

late now to en - ter the gate, ... Will
beau - ti - ful gate,

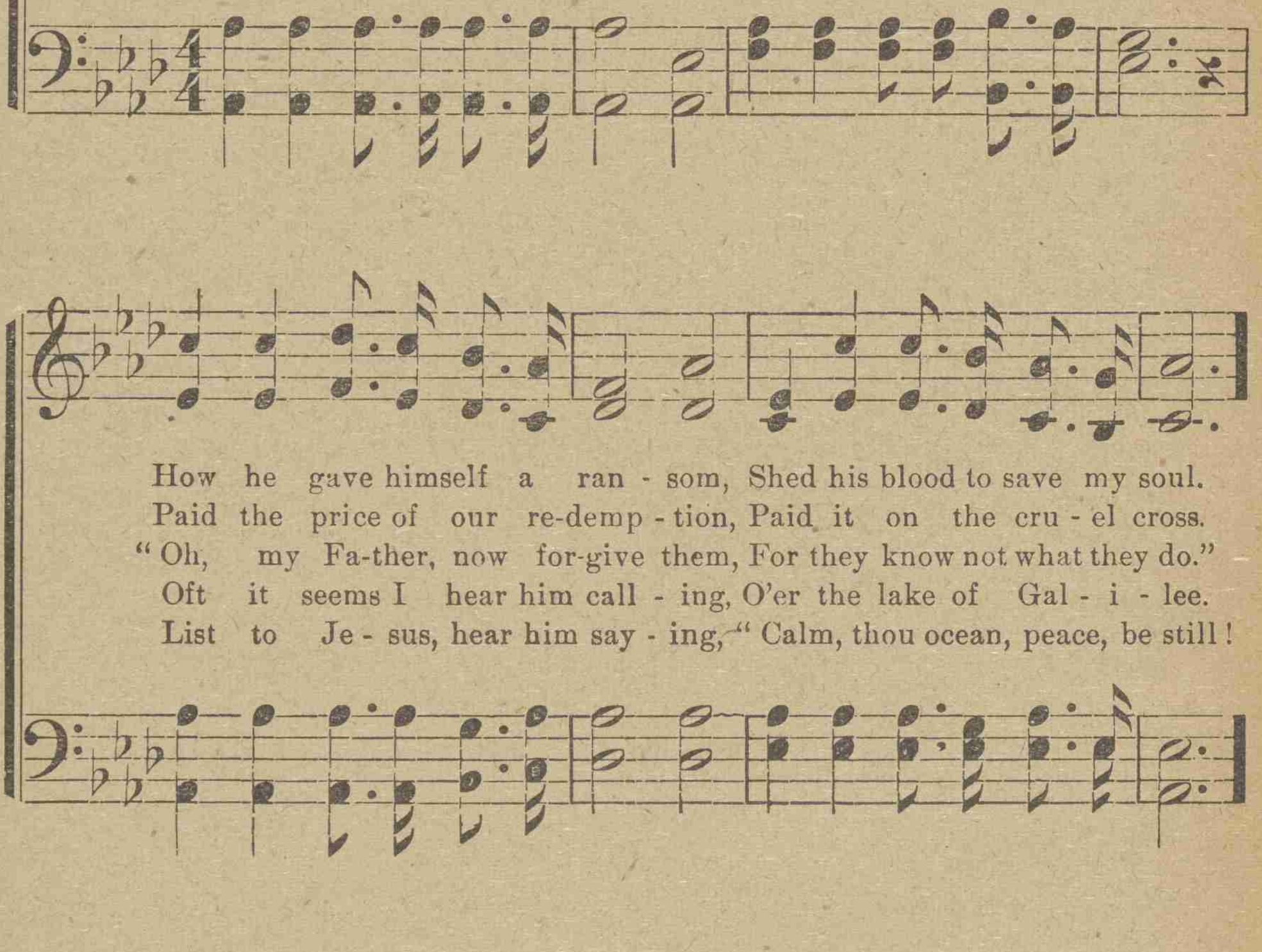
hear from the Mas - ter her mis - 'ra - ble

doom, "Too late now to en - ter the gate."

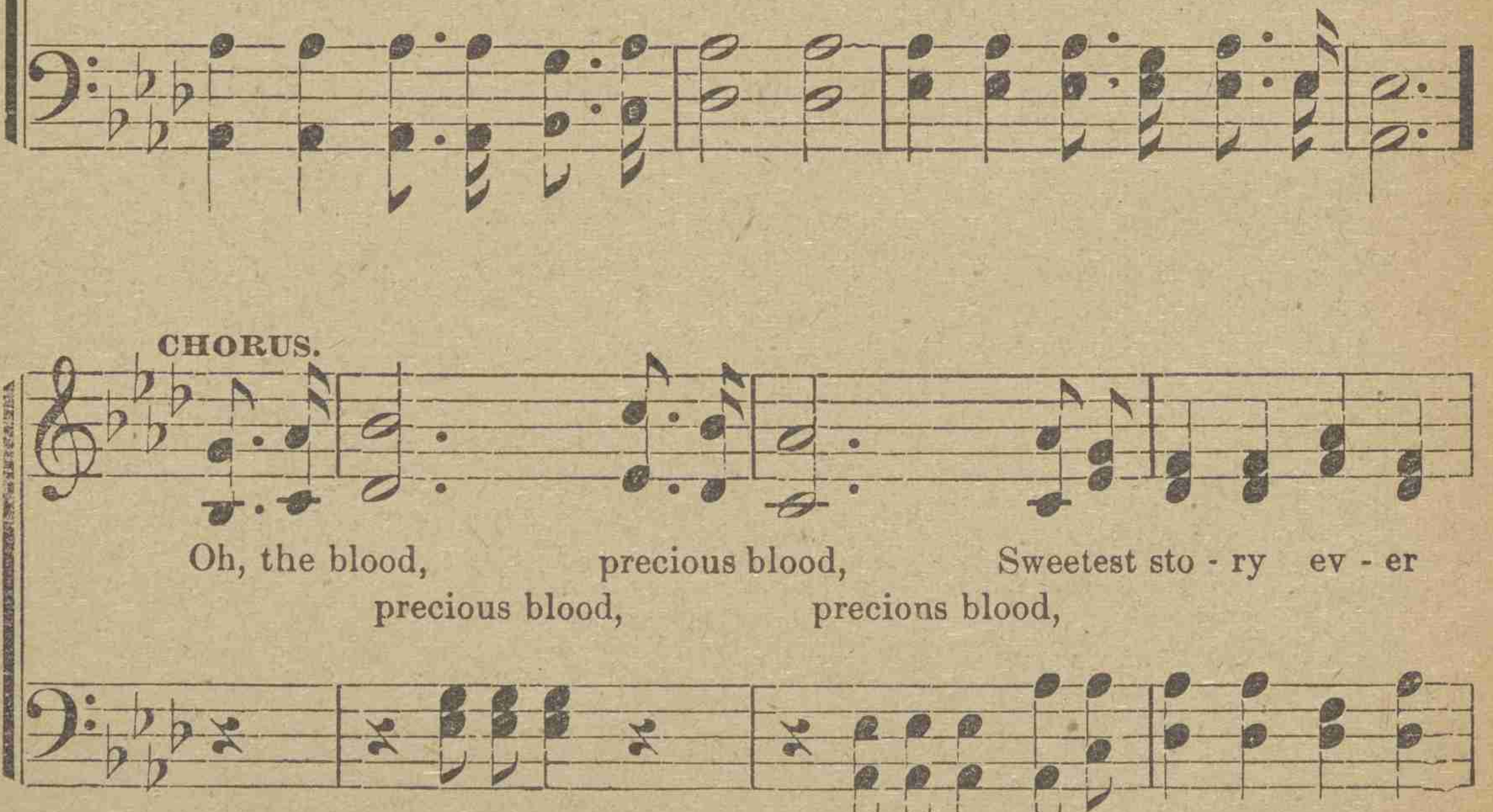
Sweetest Story ever Told.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1 Oh, the wond'rous love of Je - sus, Sweetest sto - ry ev - er told,
2. See, he left the courts of heav - en, Came to earth to seek the lost,
3. See him bleeding, hear him pleading, As he dies for me and you!
4. Thro' my tears I see him hang-ing, Oft this sad tho't comes to me;
5. See, a-gain the storms are rag-ing, And our souls with terror fill!



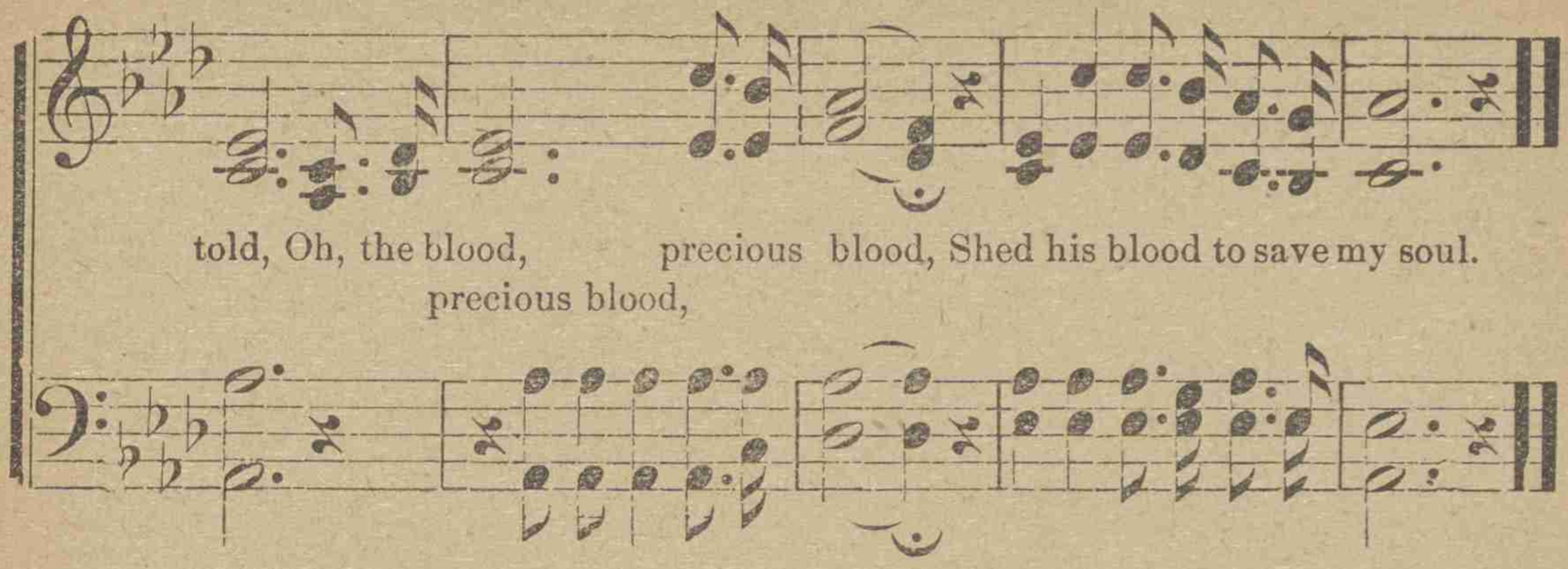
How he gave himself a ran - som, Shed his blood to save my soul.
Paid the price of our re-demp - tion, Paid it on the cru - el cross.
"Oh, my Fa-ther, now for-give them, For they know not what they do."
Oft it seems I hear him call - ing, O'er the lake of Gal - i - lee.
List to Je - sus, hear him say - ing, "Calm, thou ocean, peace, be still!



CHORUS.

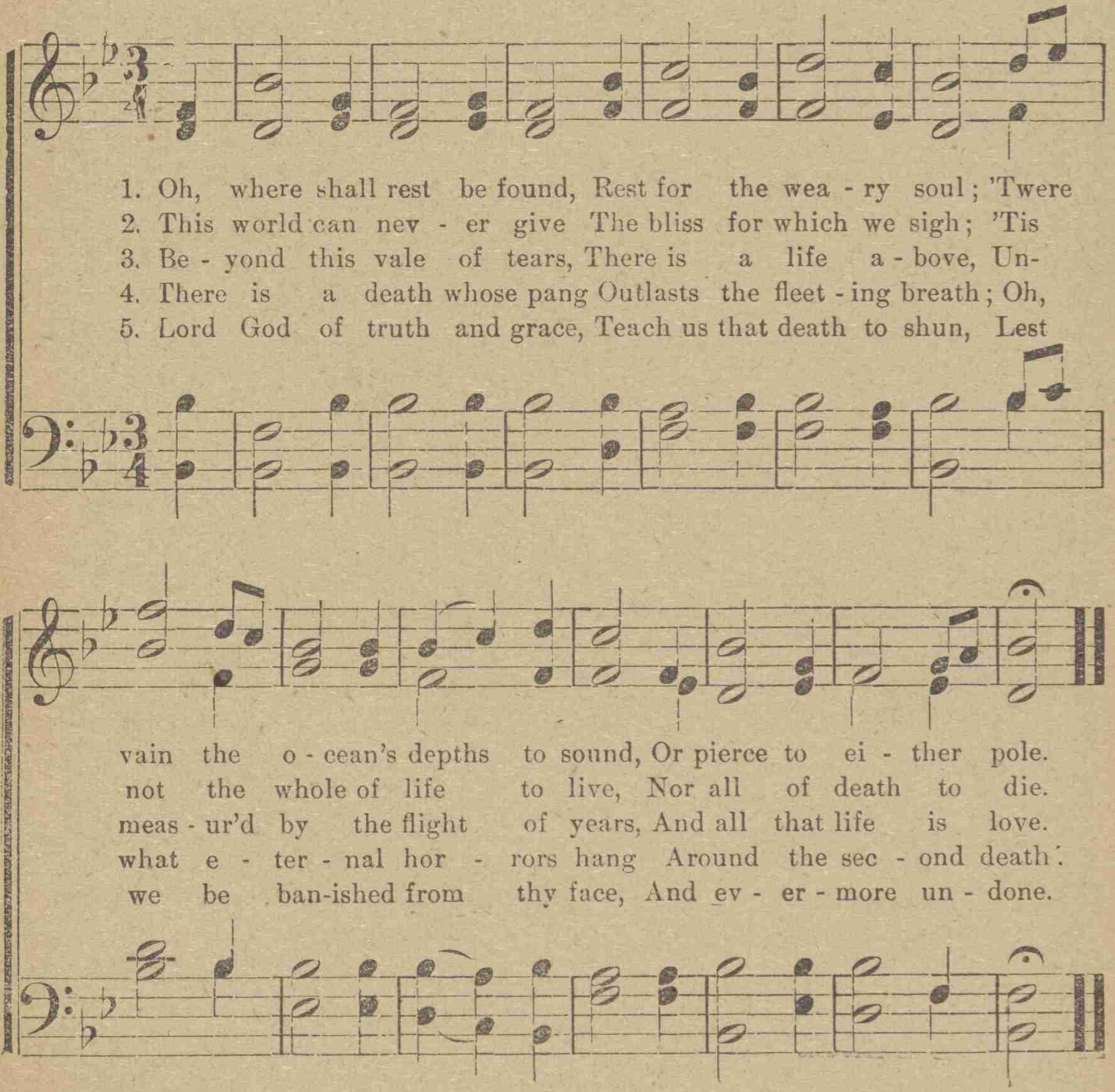
Oh, the blood, precious blood, Sweetest sto - ry ev - er
precious blood, precious blood,

By permissiou of W. C. Hafley.



Oh, where shall Rest be Found.

J. H. D. Tomson.



Shepherdless Wander my Sheep.

W. C. H. W. C. Hafley.

1. Faint - ing and fam - ish - ing out in the des - ert,
2. Starv - ing they wan - der, and help - less they're cry - ing,
3. Out in the mount-ains of sin they have wan-dered,
4. Here are the nine - ty and nine in the sheep - fold,

Shep-herd-less wander my sheep, Sa - tan de-vour-ing them,
Fur-ther they're go-ing a - stray, List - en, the shepherd is
Wander'd far out in the cold, Oh, heed the voice of the
Still there's a loved one a - way, Faint-ing and fam - ish - ing

D. S. *List - en, the shepherd is*

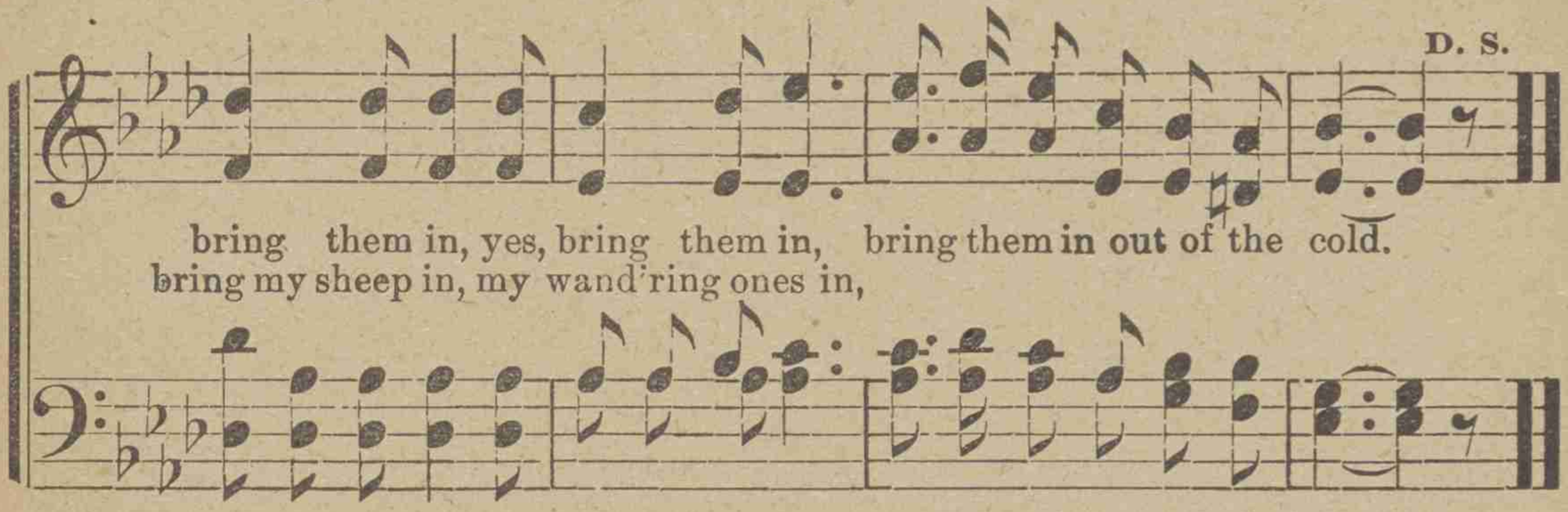
CHORUS.

Fine.

Je - sus is call-ing, "Oh, who will my wand'ring ones seek?" "Oh,
ten - der - ly call-ing, "Oh, gath-er my lambs in to - day."
Sav-ior, who's calling, "Oh, gath-er them in - to the fold."
out in the des-ert, "Oh, bring the lost lamb in to - day." "Oh,

ten - der - ly call-ing, "Oh, gath - er them in - to the fold."

By permission of W. C. Hafley.



bring them in, yes, bring them in, bring them in out of the cold.
bring my sheep in, my wand'ring ones in,

Reverence.

(Psalm 89.) W. T. Tomson.

1. With rev'rence let the saints ap - pear, And bow be-
2. How ter - ri - ble thy glo - ries rise, How bright thine
3. Thy words the rag - ing winds con - trol, And rule the

fore the Lord; His high commands de - vout - ly hear, And
ar - mies shine! Where is the pow'r with thee that vies, Or
boist'rous deep; Thou mak'st the sleep-ing bil - lows roll, Thou

trem - ble trem - ble at his word.
where the truth com - pared with thine.
mak'st the roll - ing bil - lows sleep.

Are You Ready.

W. C. H.

W. C. HAFLEY.

Lively.

1. See the ranks of sin ap - proach - ing, Hear their fear - ful bat - tle cry;
2. I am read - y for the war - fare, I am ea - ger for the fray;
3. I am trust-ing to our lead - er, I am wait - ing for his word,
4. Je - sus, Sav - ior, the vic - to - rious, Might - y, brav-est of the brave,

Are you will - ing, sol - dier, are you
Tho' the con - flict soon may deep - en,
To ad - vance up - on the foe - men,
Thou art will - ing, thou art a - ble,

Read - y for the cause to die?
Yet our ar - my'll gain the day.
With the hel . met, shield and sword.
Ev - 'ry sol - dier here to save.

By permission of W. C. Hafley.

CHORUS.

Are you read - - - - y, Are you read - - - - - -
I am read-y, yes, I'm read - y, I am read - y, yes, I'm

y, For I hear the foe - men's fear - ful bat - tle
read - y,

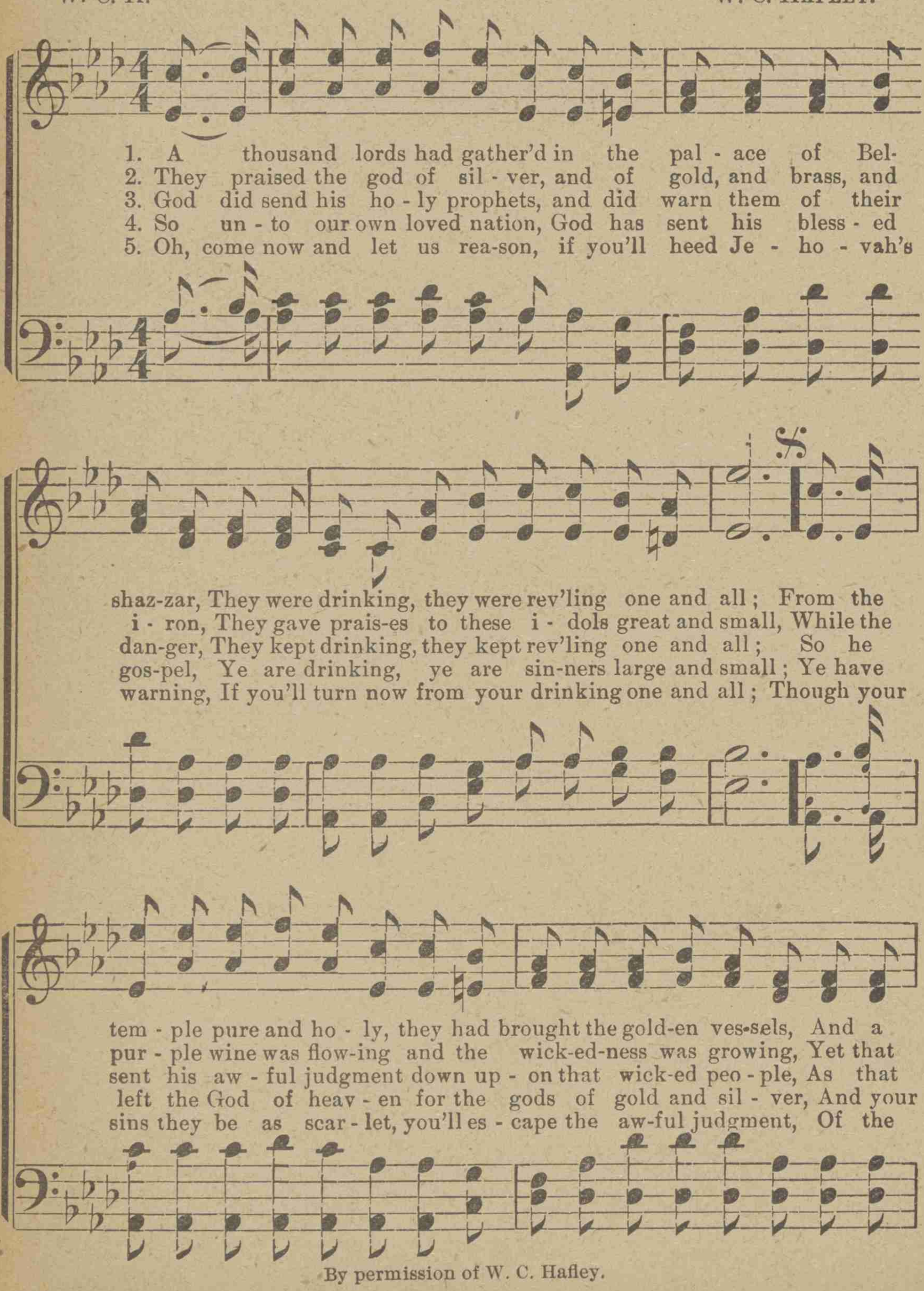
cry, ... Are you read - - - - - - y, Are you
bat - tle cry, I am read - y, yes, I'm read - y, yes, I'm

read - - - y Are you willing, for our leader's cause, to die?
read-y, yes I'm ready, I am

The Feast of Belshazzar.

"They drank wine and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone."—DANIEL 5 : 4. Belshazzar and his lords were destroyed on account of their idolatry and drunkenness, and we may look for nothing better, if we, as a nation, do as they did.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.



By permission of W. C. Hafley.

Fine.

hand there was writ - ing on the wall. 'Twas the
hand still kept writ - ing on the wall.
hand then had writ - ten on the wall. *v.* 4 *and* 5.
doom he is writ - ing on the wall. 'Tis the
doom that is writ - ten on the wall.

hand of God on the wall, . . 'Twas the
'Twas the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the
'Tis

D. S.

hand of God on the wall. . . . . .
'Twas the hand of God on the wall.
'Tis

Glory to His Holy Name.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

1. Glo - ry and praise to the Lord who died for me;
2. Hope-less - ly wan - der - ing in the paths of sin—
3. Prais - es and hon - or to Je - sus I will give,

Glo - ry to his name, glo - ry to his name;
Glo - ry to his name, glo - ry to his name;
Glo - ry to his name, glo - ry to his name;

Meek - ly he suf - fered, from sin to set me free,
His mer - cy called me, and bade me en - ter in
For through his mer - cy I hope to ev - er live,

Glo - ry to his ho - ly name.
To the rest in his blest name.
Glo - ry to his ho - ly name.

CHORUS.

Let the earth and all cre . a - tion

sing his praise, For his bound - less mer - cy that hath

For his bound-less

brought sal - va - tion; Loud hal - le - lu - jahs from my

heart I'll raise, Glo - ry to his ho - ly name.

Thy Will be Done.

F. A. WAGNER.

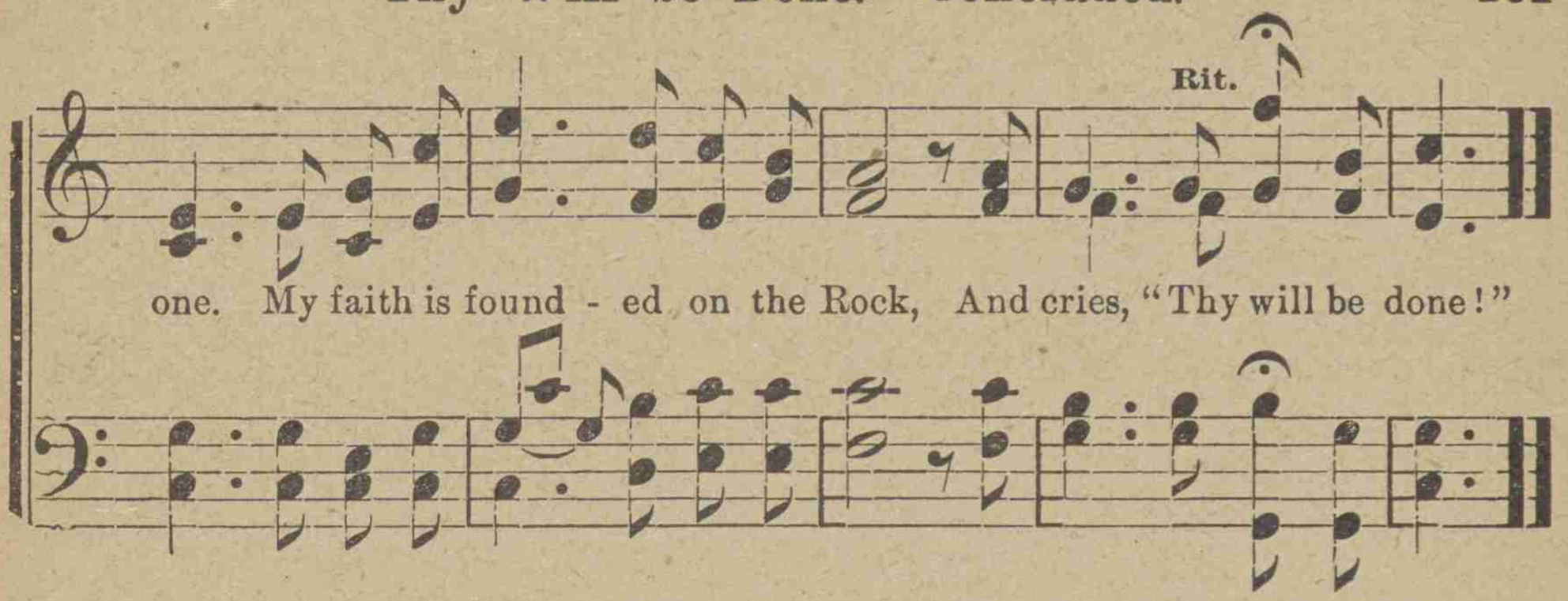
BASS SOLO. **Largo.**

1. Fa-ther, I know thy ways are just, Al - tho' to me un -
2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path, Should wealth and friends be
3. Al - tho' thy steps I can not trace, Thy sov'reign right I'll

known; Oh, grant me grace thy love to trust, And cry "Thy will be done!"
gone, Still, with a firm and live - ly faith, I'll cry "Thy will be done"
own; And, as in-struct - ed by thy grace, I'll cry "Thy will be done!"

pp **CHORUS.**

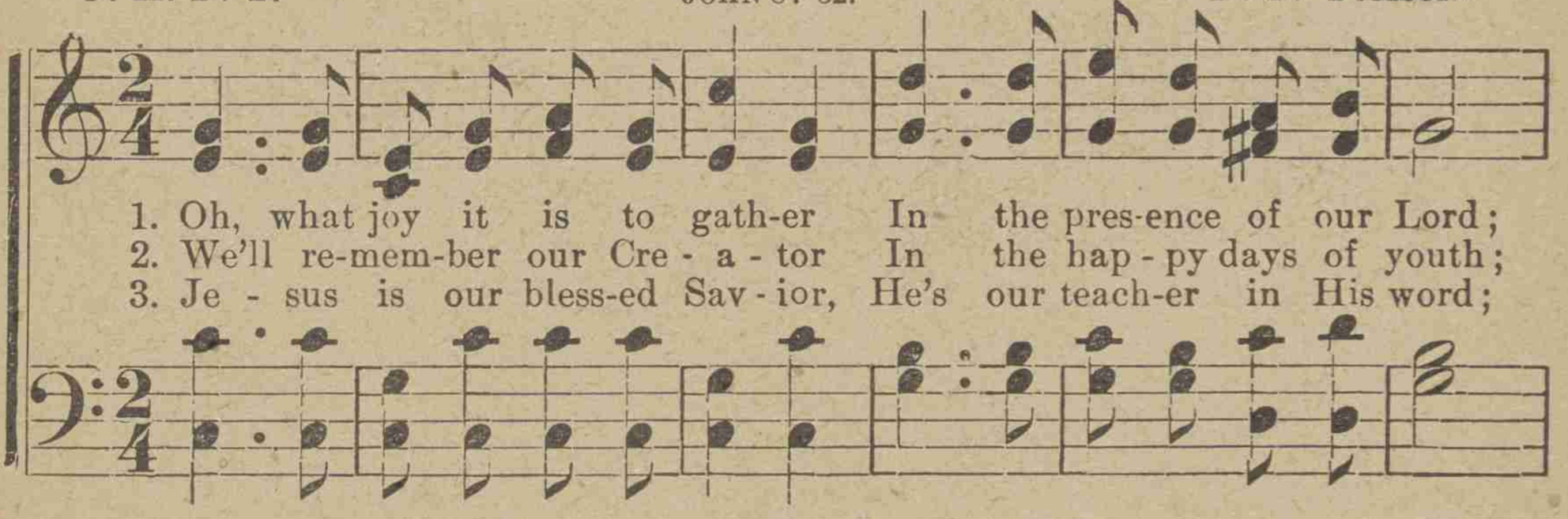
Thy will be done, my Lord, my God! Thy will and mine be



one. My faith is found - ed on the Rock, And cries, "Thy will be done!"

Oh, What Joy it is to Gather.

J. H. D. T. JOHN 8: 32. D. F. TOMSON.



1. Oh, what joy it is to gath-er In the pres-ence of our Lord;
2. We'll re-mem-ber our Cre - a - tor In the hap - py days of youth;
3. Je - sus is our bless-ed Sav - ior, He's our teach-er in His word;

Learn-ing of our heav'nly Fa - ther, From the stud - y of his word.
For of work there is no great - er Than the stud - y of his truth.
Thro' his boundless love and fa - vor, We may love and serve the Lord.

D. S. Learning of our bless-ed Sav - ior, In the hap - py days of youth.

Let us love the bless - ed Bi - ble, Let us prize the Book of Truth,

I will Never Leave Thee.

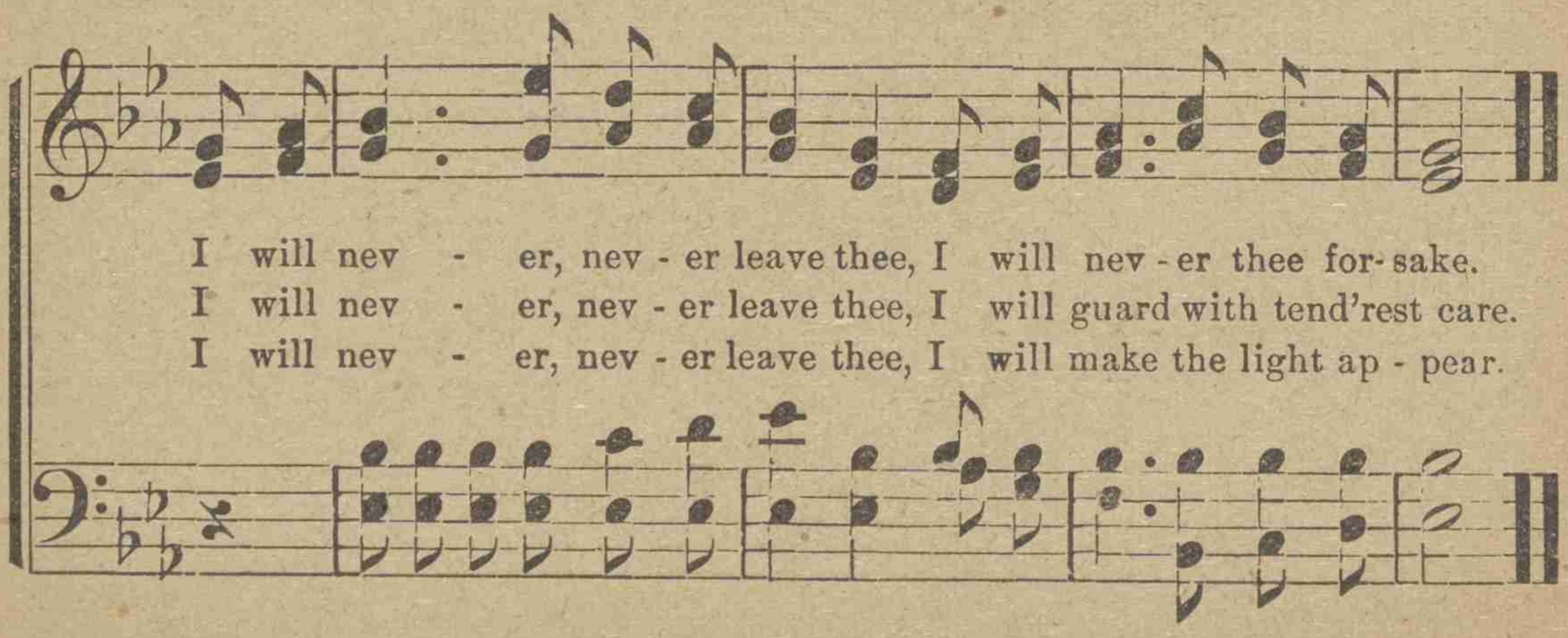
"If a man love me, he will keep my word; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him."—JOHN 14: 23.

Arranged.

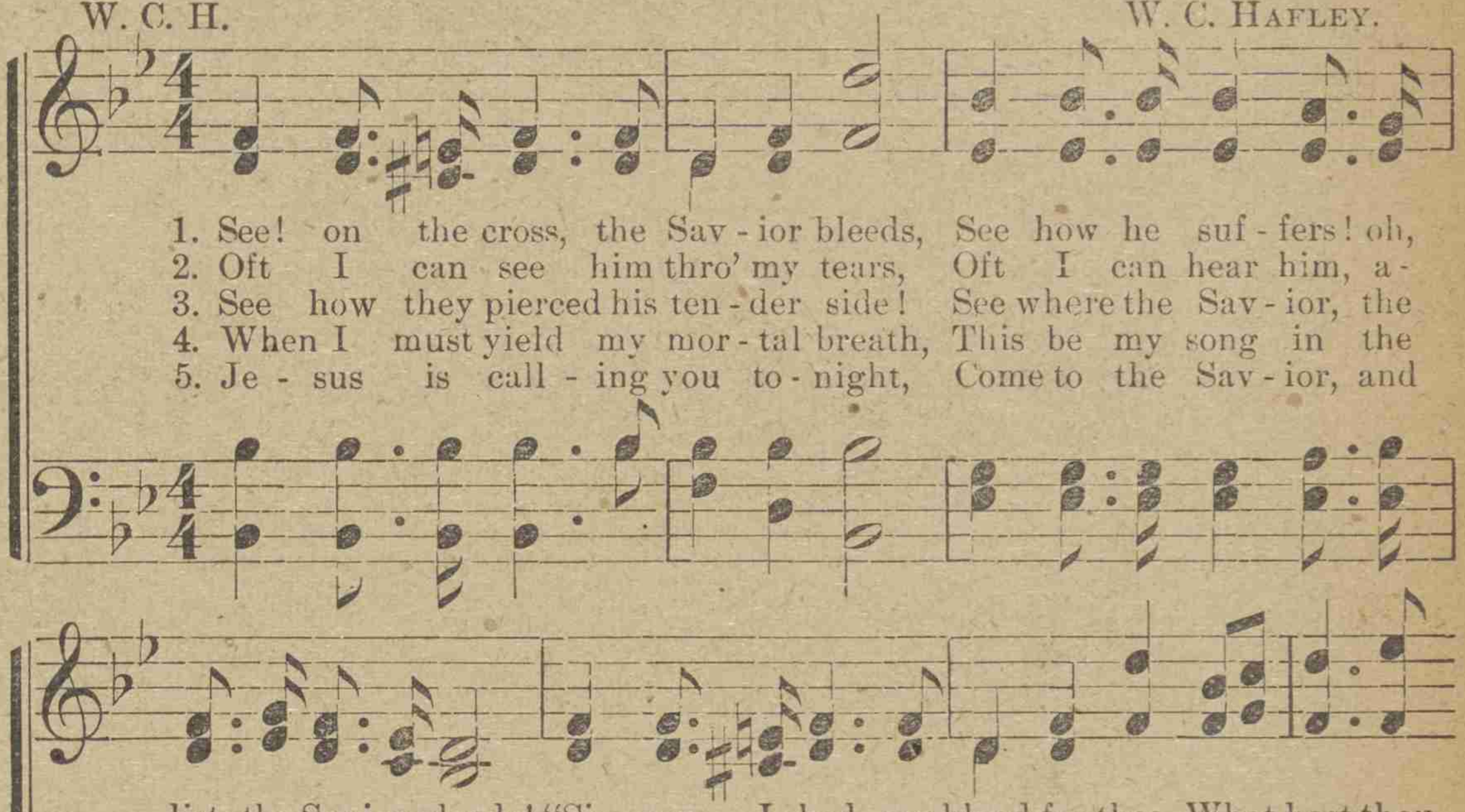
1. { I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for-sake;
   I will guard, and save, and keep thee For my name and mer-cy's sake. }

2. { When the storm is rag-ing round thee, Call on me in hum-ble pray'r;
   I will fold my arms a - bout thee—Guard thee with the tend'rest care. }

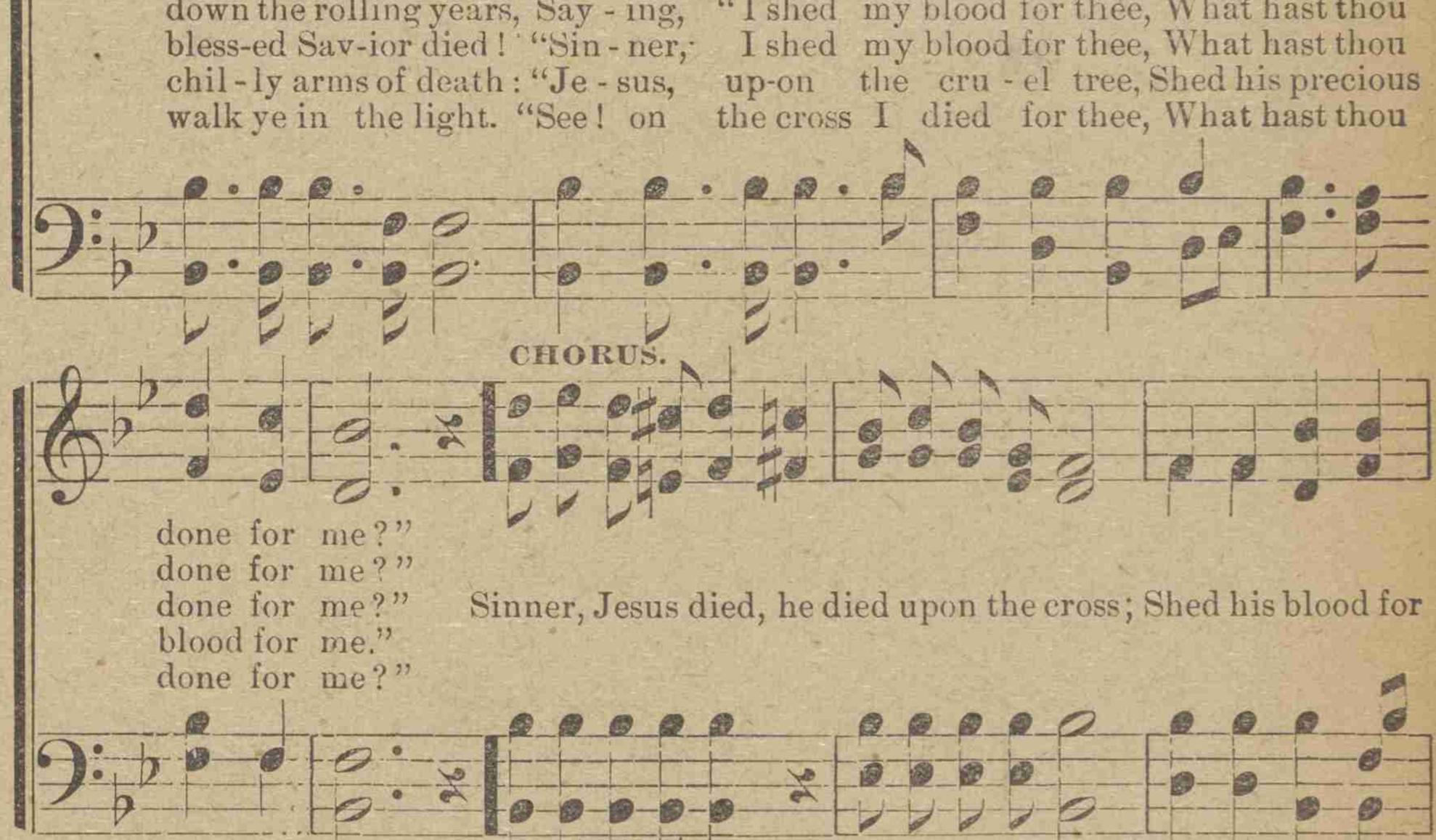
3. { When thy soul is dark and clouded, Filled with doubt, and grief, and fear,
   Thro' the mist by which 'tis shrouded, I will make the light ap - pear. }



W. C. H. W. C. Hafley.



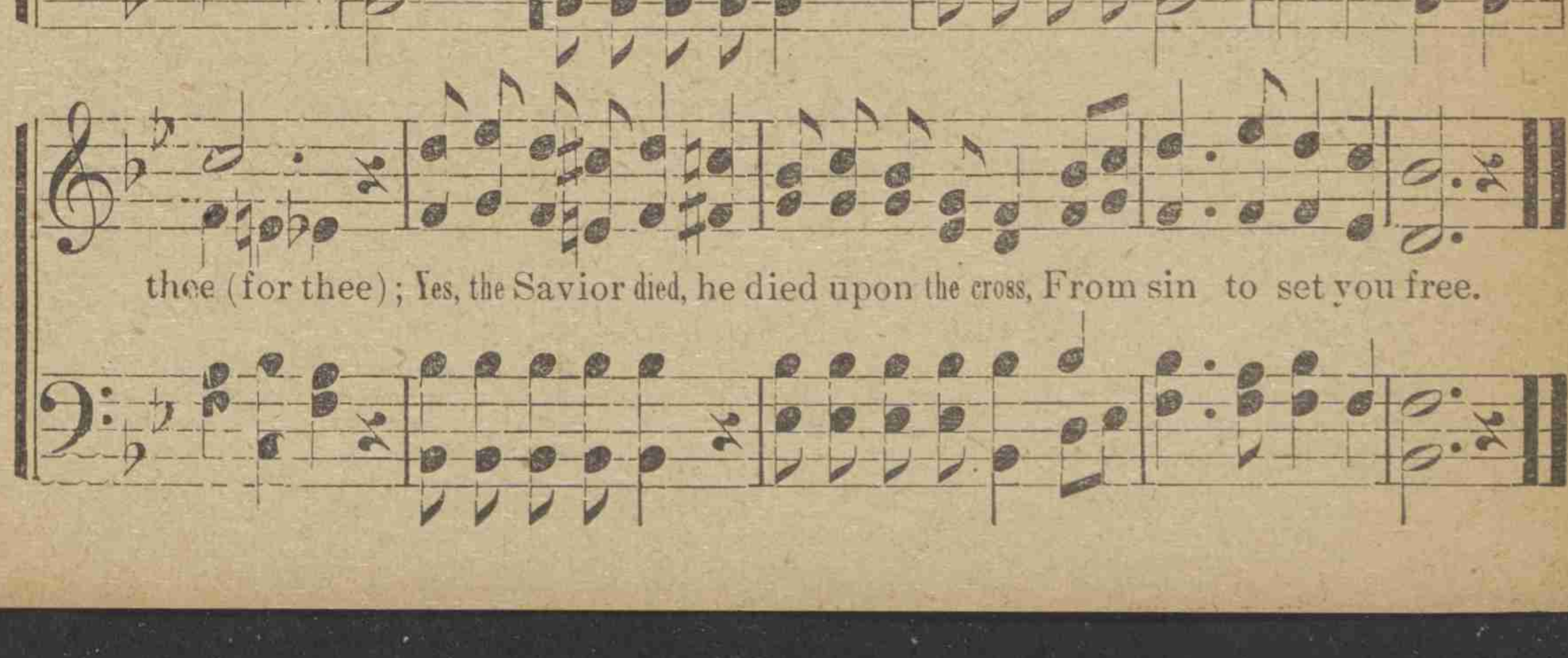
1. See! on the cross, the Sav - ior bleeds, See how he suf - fers! oh,
2. Oft I can see him thro' my tears, Oft I can hear him, a -
3. See how they pierced his ten - der side! See where the Sav - ior, the
4. When I must yield my mor - tal breath, This be my song in the
5. Je - sus is call - ing you to - night, Come to the Sav - ior, and



list, the Savior pleads! "Sin - ner, I shed my blood for thee, What hast thou
down the rolling years, Say - ing, "I shed my blood for thee, What hast thou
bless-ed Sav-ior died! "Sin - ner, I shed my blood for thee, What hast thou
chil - ly arms of death: "Je - sus, up-on the cru - el tree, Shed his precious
walk ye in the light. "See! on the cross I died for thee, What hast thou

CHORUS.

done for me?"
done for me?"
done for me?" Sinner, Jesus died, he died upon the cross; Shed his blood for
blood for me."
done for me?"



thee (for thee); Yes, the Savior died, he died upon the cross, From sin to set you free.

City of Light.

A. S. KIEFER. Rev. 21 : 10–27. T. W. DENNINGTON.

1. There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars we are
told, Where they know not a sor - row or care; Where the
2. Broth - er dear, nev - er fear, we shall tri - umph at
last, If we trust in the word he has giv'n; When our
3. Sis - ter dear, nev - er fear, for the Sav - ior is
near, With his hand he will lead us a - long; And the
4. Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di-
vine, Let us ev - er keep near to the cross; Let us
gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the
tri - als and toils and our weep - ings are past, We shall
way that was dark Christ will gra - cious - ly clear, And your
love, watch and pray in our pil - grim - age here, Let us

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CHORUS.

buildings ex - ceed-ing-ly fair.
meet in that home up in heav'n.
mourning be turned to a song. Let us pray for each oth - er, nor
count all things else but as dross.

faint by the way, In this sad world of sor - row and

care; For that home is so bright, and is al - most in

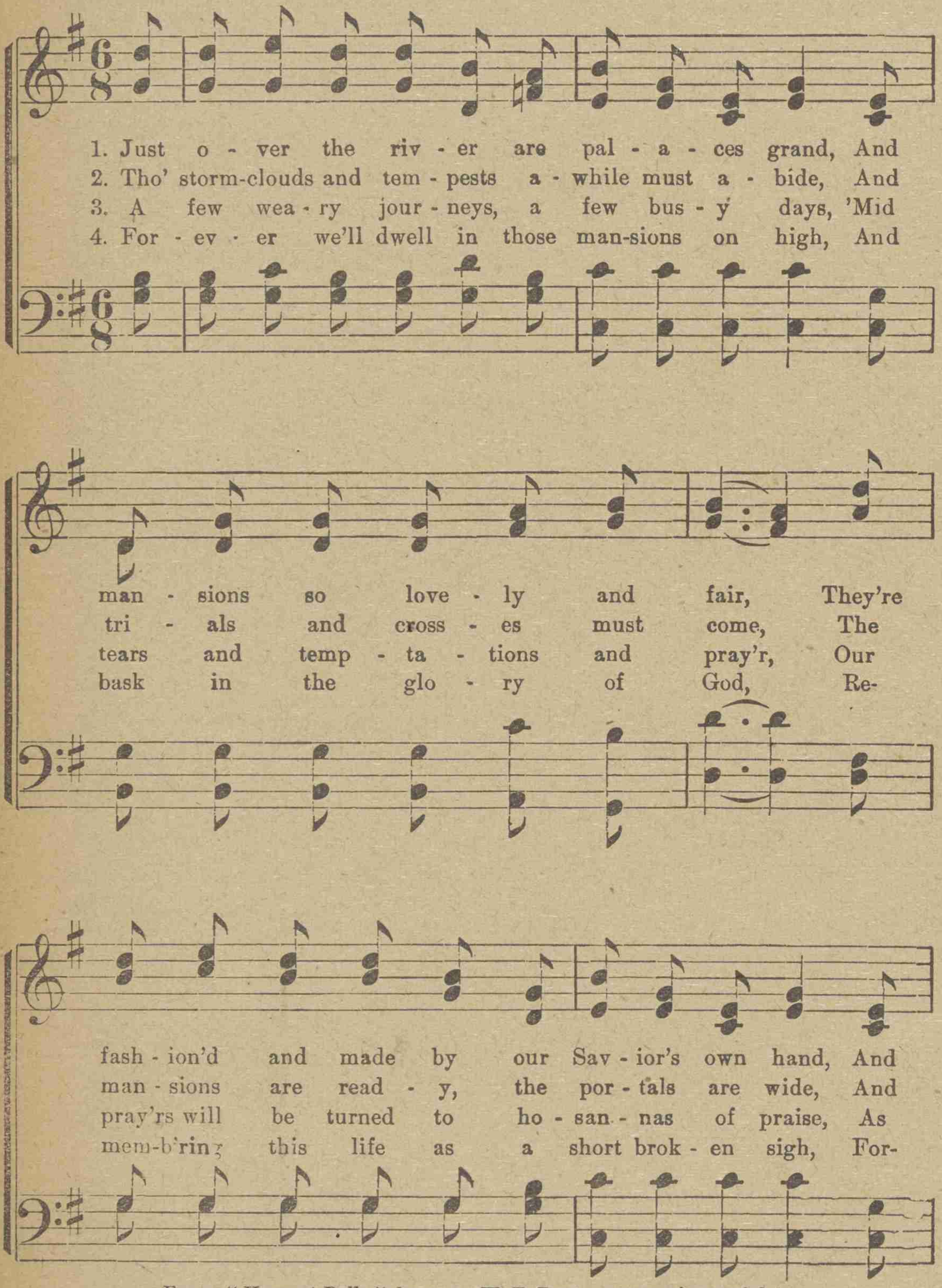
sight, And I trust in my heart you'll be there.

Home.

Affectionately dedicated to my wife, Mrs. C. F. Penn.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN. W. E. PENN.



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CHORUS.

He is a - wait - ing us there.
Je - sus is beck - 'ning us home. Home, home,
Je - sus shall wel - come us there.
get - ting the thorns we have trod. Home, sweet home,

beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home a-

bove; Home, home, won - der - ful
Home, sweet home,

home, Home of our Fath - er's love.

108

Far from Mortal Cares.

ANON. W. T. TOMSON.

1. Far from mor - tal cares re - treat - ing, Sor - did hopes and
2. Blessings all a - round be - stow - ing, God with-holds his

vain de - sires, Hear our will - ing foot - steps meet - ing,
D. S. Mer - cy from a - bove pro - claim - ing,

care from none; Grace and mer - cy ev - er flow - ing,
D. S. Thou our sun, our shield, de - fend us;

Fine.

Ev - 'ry heart to heav'n as - pires. From the fount of
Peace and par - don from the skies.
From the fount - ain of his throne. Lord, with fa - vor
All our hope is from a - bove.

D. S.

glo - ry beam-ing, Light ce - les - tial cheers our eyes.
still at - tend us, Bless us with thy won - d'rous love.

Resting By and By.

"Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest."—HEB. 4: 11.

W. E. PENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Christians, are you growing wea - ry? There'll be resting by and by;
2. Have you ma - ny hours of an-guish? There'll be resting by and by;
3. Cheer up, then, no long - er fear-ing, There'll be resting by and by;
4. Let us work and keep on praying, There'll be resting by and by;

Is your pathway dark and drear - y? There'll be resting by and by.
Where your souls will no more languish, There'll be resting by and by.
When you see our Lord's ap - pear - ing, There'll be resting by and by.
If we come his word o - bey - ing, There'll be resting by and by.

CHORUS.

There'll be rest - ing by and by, There'll be rest - ing by and by;

When the toils of life are o - ver, There'll be resting by and by.

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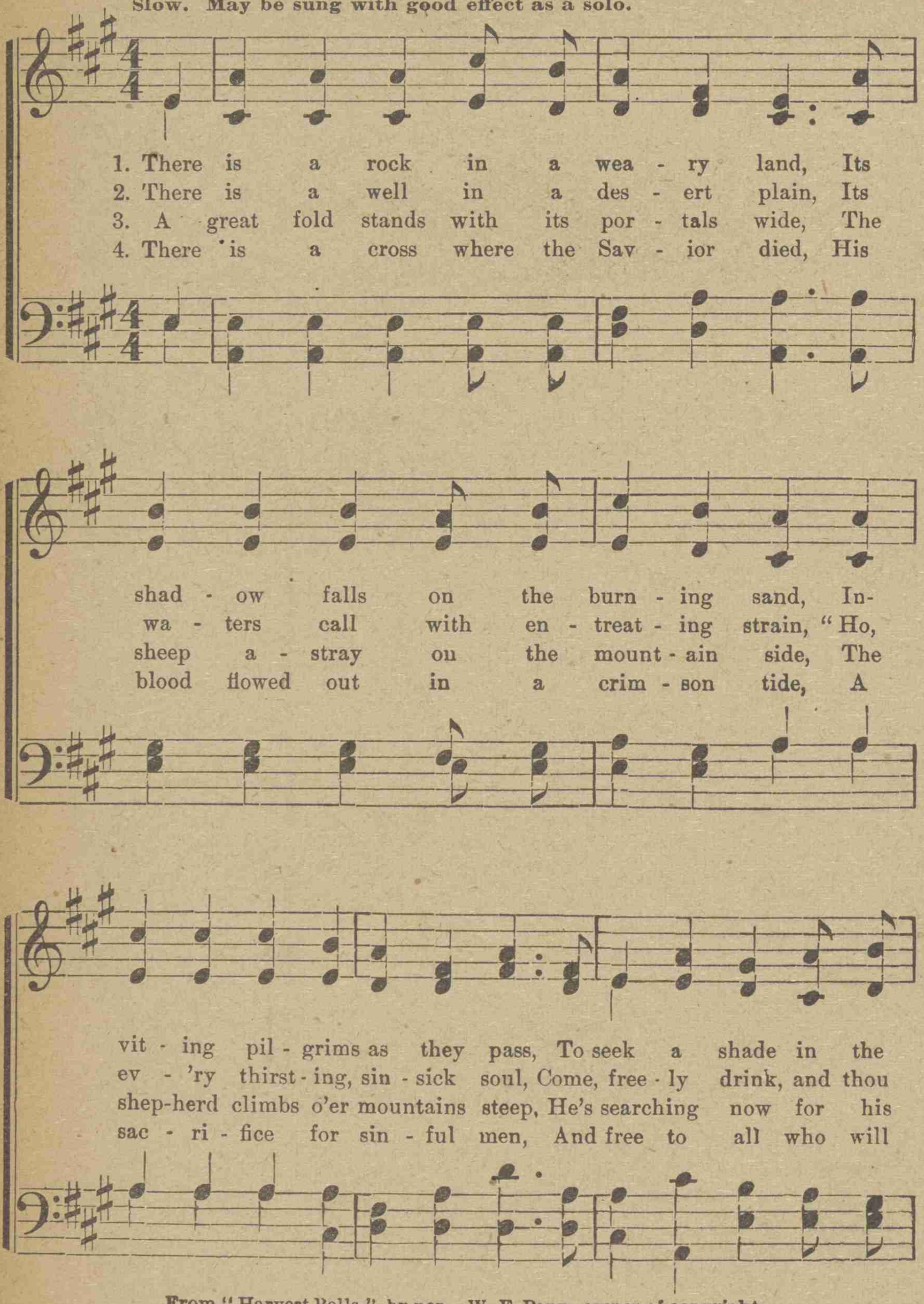
The Sheltering Rock.

ISAIAH 32: 2. 12: 3. 65: 10. COL. 1: 20.

W. E. P. W. E. PENN.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a solo.



1. There is a rock in a wea - ry land, Its
2. There is a well in a des - ert plain, Its
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The
4. There is a cross where the Sav - ior died, His

shad - ow falls on the burn - ing sand, In-
wa - ters call with en - treat - ing strain, "Ho,
sheep a - stray on the mount - ain side, The
blood flowed out in a crim - son tide, A

vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a shade in the
ev - 'ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come, free - ly drink, and thou
shep-herd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for his
sac - ri - fice for sin - ful men, And free to all who will

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REFRAIN.

wil - der - ness.
shalt be whole."
wan - d'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? Oh!
en - ter in.

When the shelt'ring rock is
When the liv - ing well is
why will ye die? When the shep-herd's fold is
When the crim - son cross is

Slower.

so near by?
so near by?
so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
so near by?

All will be Well Again.

REV. J. STRAUB. S. W. STRAUB. By per.

Cheerfully.

1. O pilgrim, look forward to glo - ry, Tho' sorrow and weeping are here;
2. On earth we have anguish and sad - ness, And pain is the lot of this life;
3. Have faith then a lit-tle while long-er, By watch-ings and pray'rs to pre - vail;

The Mas-ter has left the glad sto - ry, How an-gels in heav-en ap - pear.
We're told that above there is gladness, Where are ended the toil and the strife.
The light from above will grow stronger, Al - low not thy courage to fail.

CHORUS.

On - ly a lit - tle more sigh - ing, On - ly a little more pain, . .

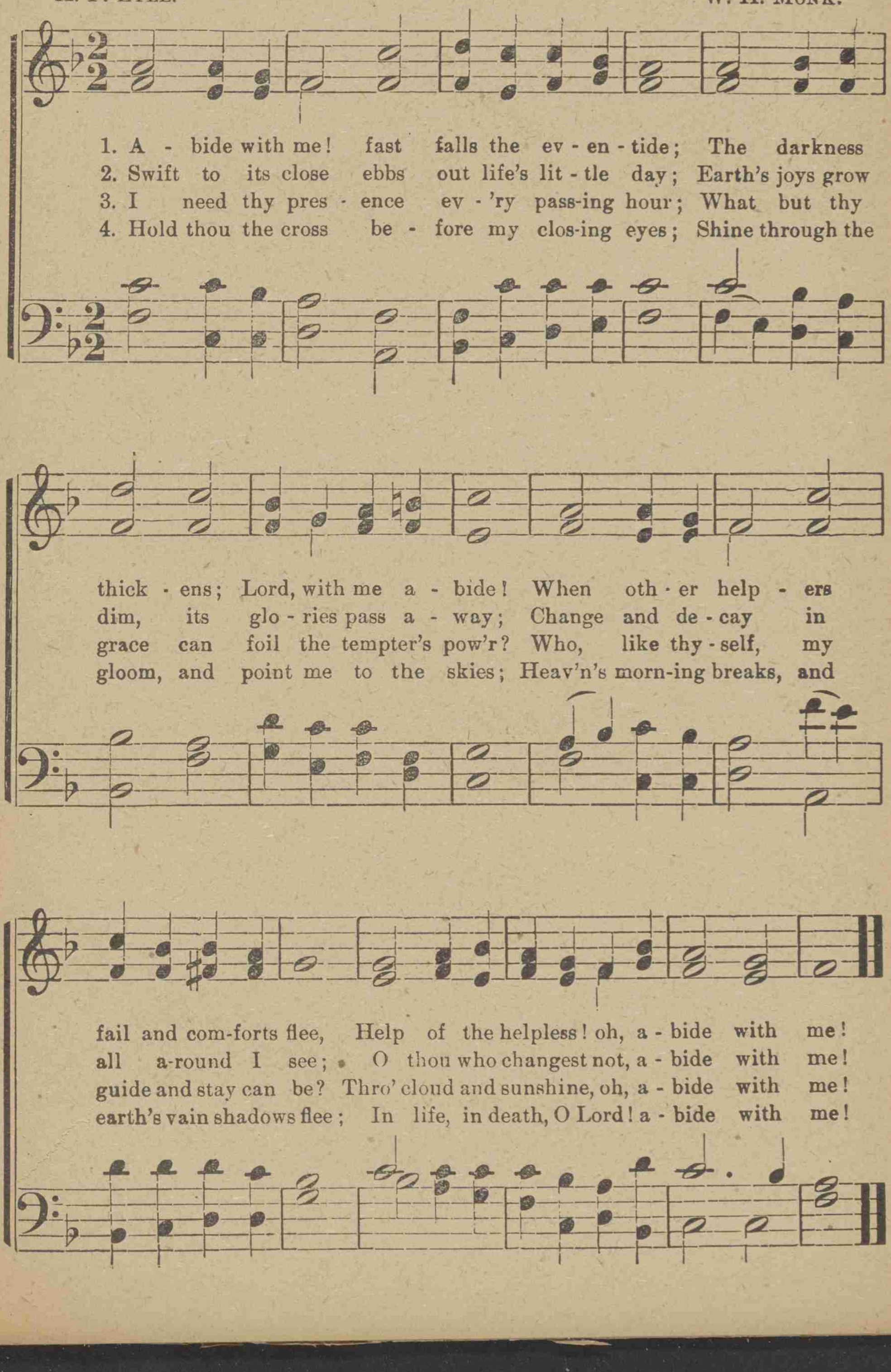
On - ly a lit - tle more weep - ing, And all will be well a - gain!

Abide With Me.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—LUKE 24: 29.

H. F. LYLE. W. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy
4. Hold thou the cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine through the



thick - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and

fail and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless! oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord! a - bide with me!

114 **When the Day is Full of Gladness.**

W. T. T. W. T. TOMSON.

Slowly.

1. When the day is full of glad - ness, When the
2. You have heard the old, old sto - ry, How the
3. He has prov - en how he loves you, Won't you

sun shines bright and clear,
Sav - ior died for you,
love him in re - turn,

When the heart is free from
And I'm sure you must be-
And o - bey his just com-

sad - ness And the cares that vex us here, Don't for-
lieve it, For the dear, old sto - ry's true; He as-
mandments? Can you still his mer - cy spurn? He has

get a - mid earth's pleas - ures, There is
cend - ed in - to glo - ry, To pre-
prom - ised peace and par - don, All your

one who died to save, And you'll need his ten - der
pare for you a home, And he calls you, "Come un-
sins he will for - give, If you'll love him and o-

Rit.

guid - ance, When you cross death's cold, dark wave.
to me," O, my bro - ther, won't you come?
bey him; Won't you come to him and live?

When the Day is Full of Gladness. Concluded.

A little animated.

CHORUS.

Won't you come . . . . . un - to the
Come un - to the Sav - ior, won't you

Sav - ior? He a - lone . . . . . hath pow'r to
come un - to the Sav-ior? lone hath pow'r to save, He a-

save; . . . You can trust and lean up - on
lone hath pow'r to save,

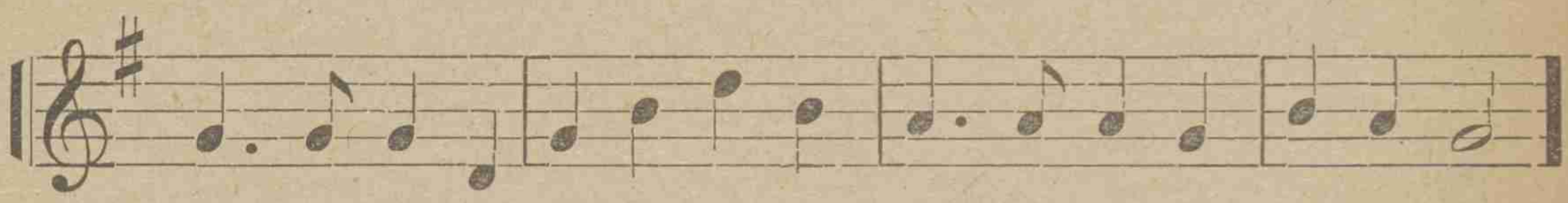
Rit.

him, dear broth - er, When you cross death's cold, dark wave.

W. O. PERKINS. By per.

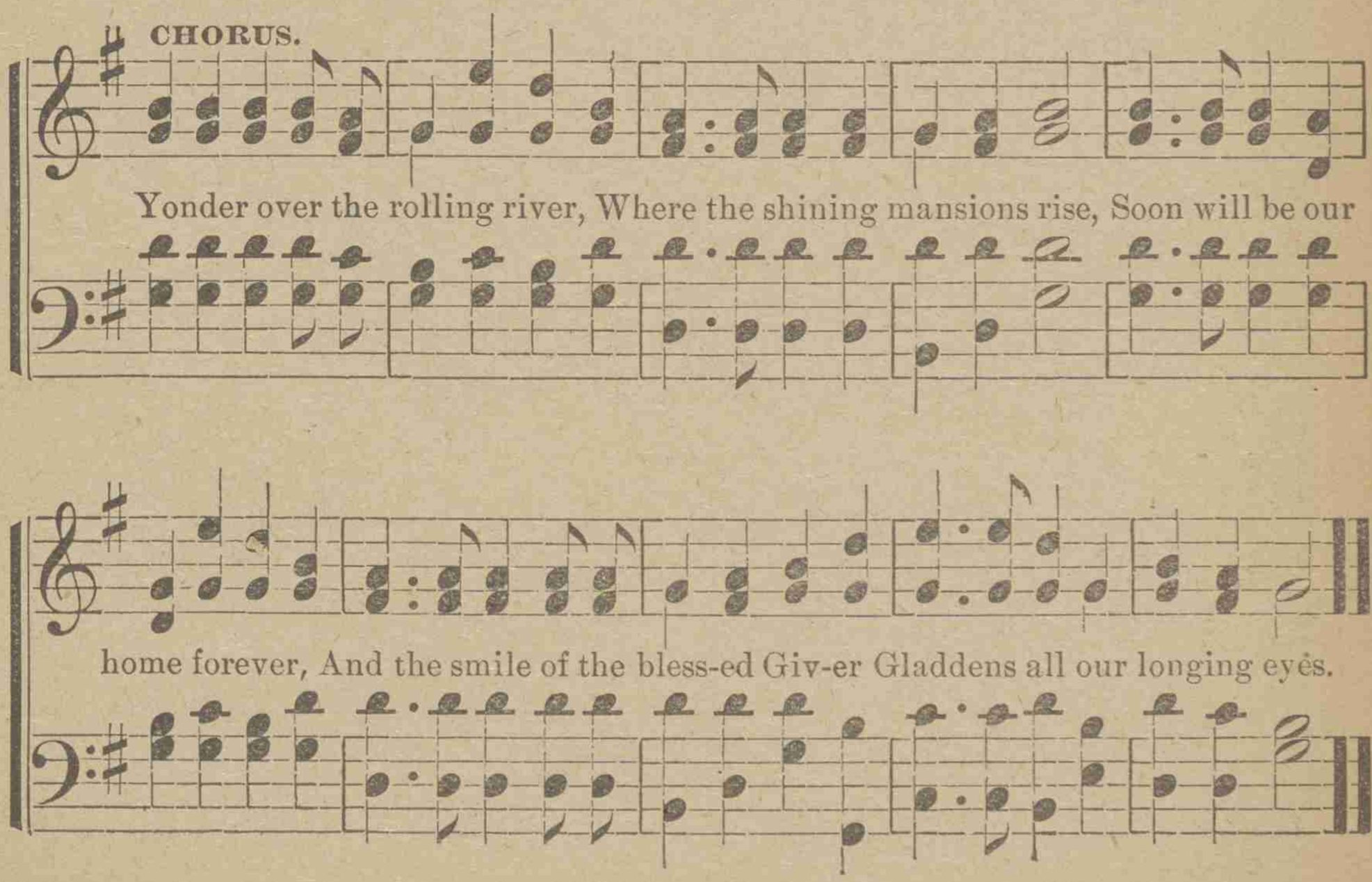
1. Here we are but straying pilgrims, Here our path is of - ten dim;
2. Here our feet are of - ten wea - ry, On the hills that throng our way;
3. Here our souls are of - ten fear- ful Of the pil-grim's lurk - ing foe;
4. Here our shadowed homes are transient, And we meet the stranger's frown;

1. In that world of an - cient sto - ry, Where no storms can ev - er come,
2. There with-in the heav'nly mansions, Where life's riv-er flows so clear,
3. There with ho - ly an - gels dwell-ing, Where the ransomed wan - der free,
4. There a - mid the shin-ing numbers, All our toils and la - bors o'er,



But to cheer us on our jour-ney, Still we sing this way-side hymn:
Here the tem-pest dark-ly gath-ers, But our hearts with-in us say:
But the Lord is our de - fend - er, And he tells us we may know.
So we'll sing with joy while go-ing, E'en to death's dark bil - low down—

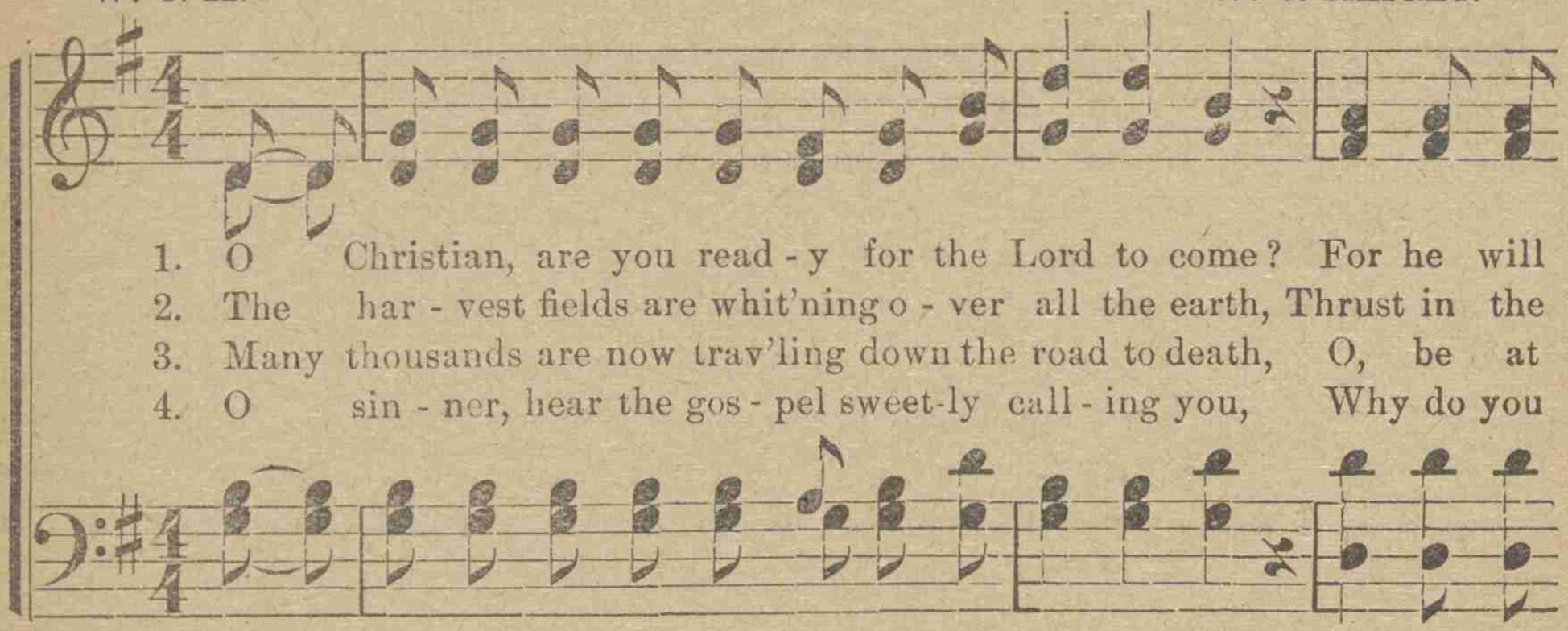
Where the Sav - ior dwells in glo - ry, There remains for us a home.
We shall see our bless-ed Sav - ior, If we love and serve him here.
Je - sus' prais-es ev - er tell - ing, Sing we through e - ter - ni - ty.
Where the Guardian nev-er slumbers, We shall dwell for ev - er - more.



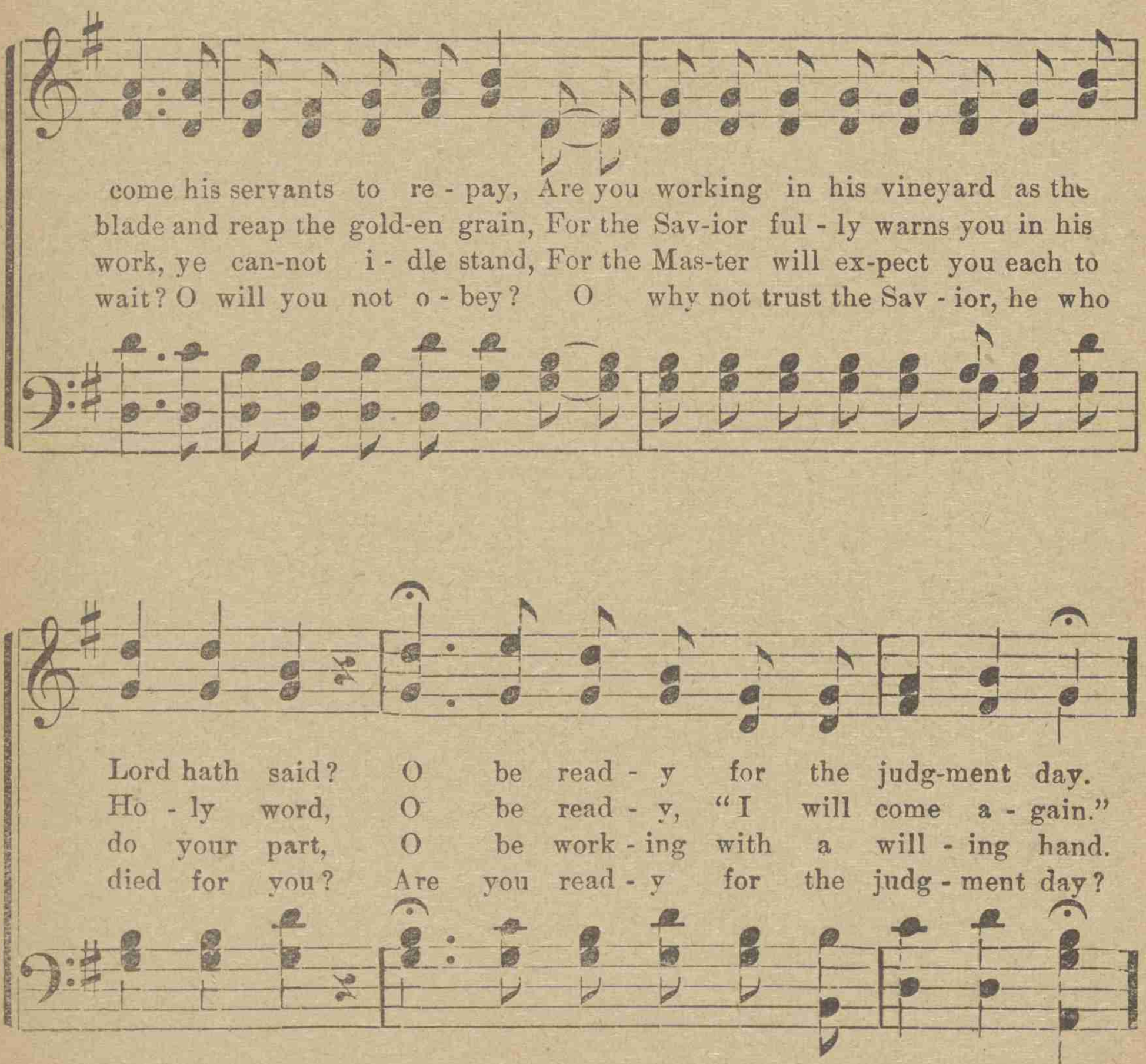
O Christian, are You Ready?

"Because he hath appointed a day," etc. Acts 17: 31.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.



1. O Christian, are you read - y for the Lord to come? For he will come his servants to re - pay, Are you working in his vineyard as the
2. The har - vest fields are whit'ning o - ver all the earth, Thrust in the blade and reap the gold-en grain, For the Sav-ior ful - ly warns you in his work, ye can-not i - dle stand, For the Mas-ter will ex-pect you each to
3. Many thousands are now trav'ling down the road to death, O, be at wait? O will you not o - bey? O why not trust the Sav - ior, he who
4. O sin - ner, hear the gos - pel sweet-ly call - ing you, Why do you



Lord hath said? O be read - y for the judg-ment day.
Ho - ly word, O be read - y, "I will come a - gain."
do your part, O be work - ing with a will - ing hand.
died for you? Are you read - y for the judg - ment day?

By permission of W. C. Hafley.

CHORUS.

There's a great day com - ing, There's a great day

com - ing, O be read - y for the judg - ment

day. There's a great day com - ing, There's a great day

com - ing, O be read - y for the judg - ment day.

Blessed Be the Name.

Acts 4: 12.

W. H. Clark. Arr. by A. T.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem-er, Sav - iour, Friend of man, Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel - or, The might-y Prince of peace;
5. The ransomed host to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an- gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de-vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms, Con-quer-or, Whose kingdom shall not cease.
With rapt'rous awe a - dore their King, And wor-ship at His feet.

REFRAIN.

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

By permission of Austin Taylor, Sherman, Texas.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

Tenderly.

1. There is a precious fountain, 'Tis flow-ing full and free; 'Twas
   And I, tho' vile, un - wor-thy, May wash with-in that flood, And
2. When I was sink-ing downward, Be - neath God's righteous frown, Christ
   When there was none to pit - y, No tongue to plead for me, He
3. There is no oth - er sto - ry So won - der-ful to me, There
   Then let me sing it o - ver, This sto - ry once a - gain, A-

1st. 2d.

shed on Calv'ry's mountain, 'Twas shed for you and me;
cleanse my soul, tho' sinful, May wash in Je - sus' blood.
left the courts of heaven, He laid a-side his crown.
bro't to me sal- va-tion—This fountain full and free!
is no other treasure So boundless, full and free!
bout that precious fountain, Christ shed for sin - ful man.

REFRAIN.

Oh, that pre-cious fountain! 'Tis flow - ing full and free! 'Twas

Rit.

shed on Cal - v'ry's mount-ain, 'Twas shed for you and me!

By per. W. C. Hafley.

With Tearful Eyes.

(From Songs Without Words.)

F. MENDELSSOHN.

Adagio con espressione.

p Arr. W. T. T.

mf

1 With tear - ful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a
2. Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no

f

dark and storm - y sea; Yet 'mid the gloom I hear a
rest - ing place for thee: To heav'n di - rect thy weep - ing

Dim. *p* **poco**

sound, A heav'n-ly whis - per come to me! It tells me
eye, I am thy por - tion, come to me! O voice of

cres - - - - - cendo a ac - - cel - - - - -

of a place of rest, Where my wea - ry
mer - cy, voice of love; In my grief and

- - - - - - e - - - - - ran - - - - - - do

soul may flee; It tells me where my soul may
ag - o - ny, In con - flict, grief, and ag - o-

rit. a tempo.

flee; Oh, to the wea - ry, faint, op - pressed, How sweet the
ny; Com-fort and cheer me from a - bove, And gent-ly

p p

bid - ding, Come to me! Come un - to me! Come un - to
whis - per, Come to me! Come un - to me! Come un - to

Rall.

mp

me! How sweet the bid - ding, Come to me.
me! And gent - ly whis - per, Come to me.

124

Beycnd the Vale.

"And God shall wipe away all tears, and there shall be no more death."—Rev. 21 : 14.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Be - yond the gold - en sun - set sky, Be - yond the
2. Be - yond the pangs that tri - als bring, Be - yond the
3. Be - yond the mo - ments pass - ing fleet, Be - yond earth's

roll - ing wave, Be - yond each mor - tal care and
cru - el vale, We'll meet where joys e - ter - nal
gloom - y night, Our loved and lost we soon shall

sigh, We'll meet be - yond the grave.
spring, And love can nev - er fail. We shall
meet, In glo - rious realms of light.

meet, we shall meet,
yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet

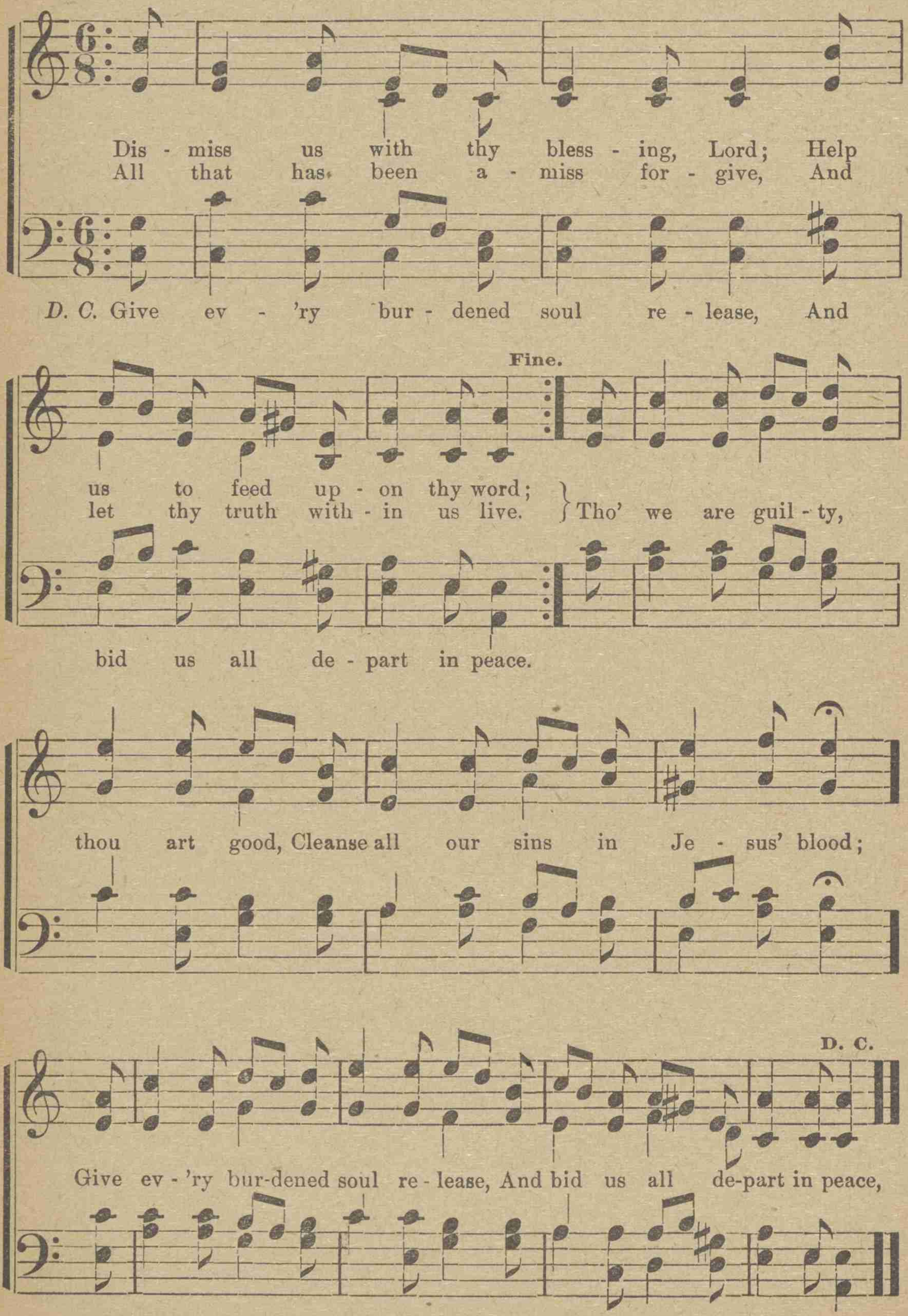
By permission of A. J. Showalter Co., Dalton, Ga.

God is the Fountain.

DR. L. MASON.

Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing, Lord.

Harmonized by W. T. Tomson.



PROF. F. A. WAGNER.

1. An-gels! roll the rock a - way; Death! yield up thy might-y prey;
2. Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes, See him high in glo - ry rise!

See! the Sav - ior leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom.
Ranks of an - gels, on the road, Hail the Lord, the Son of God!

Hark! the wond'ring an - gels raise Loud - er notes of joy - ful praise;
Heav'n unfolds its por - tals wide, See the Conqueror thro' them ride!

Let the earth's re - mot - est bound Ech - o with the bliss - ful sound.
King of glo - ry! mount thy throne—Heav'n and earth are all thine own.

Rit.

Benediction.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

1. Now un - to the Lord, most high, Our spir - its
2. Lead us in the per - fect light, And guide our

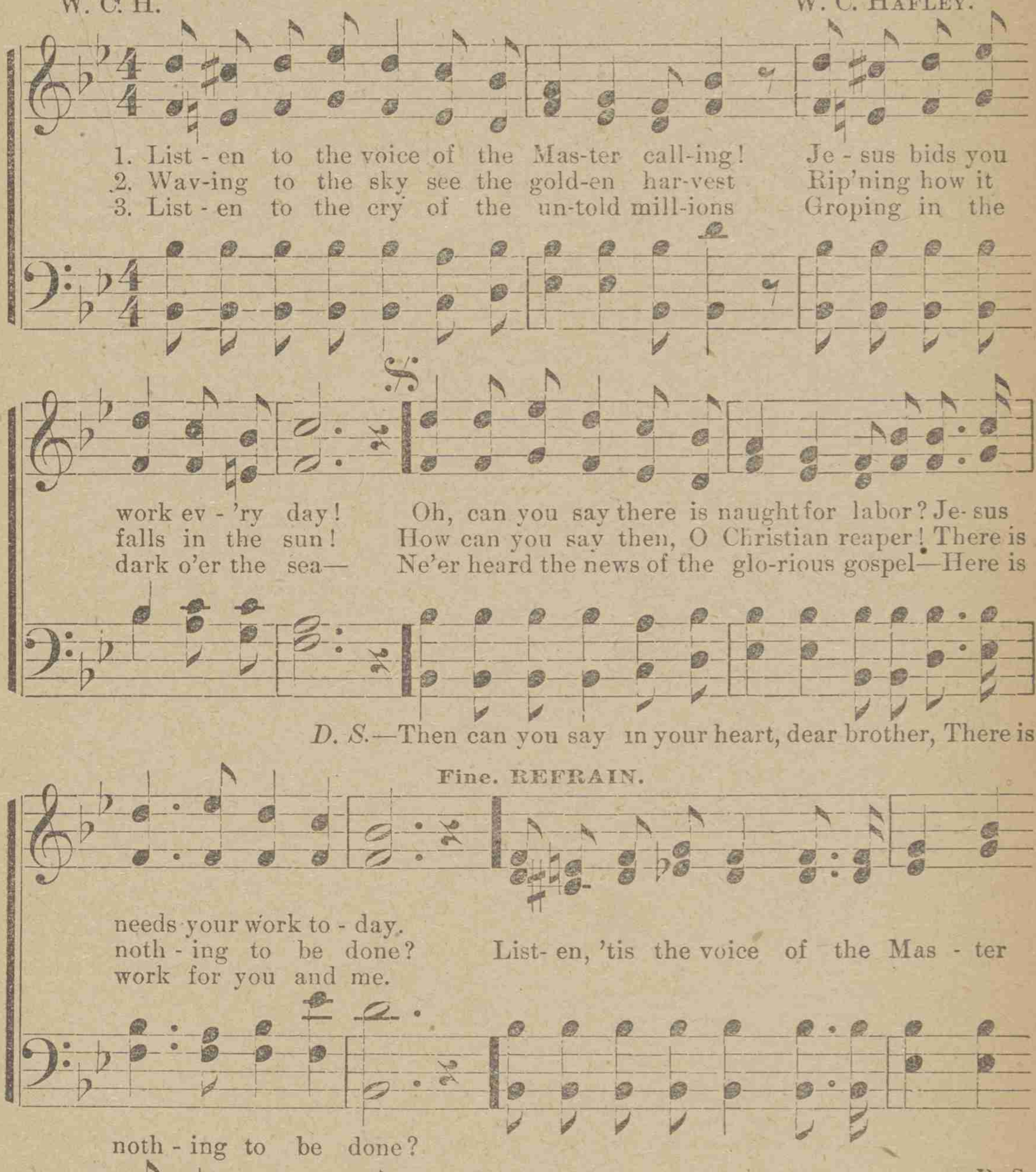
we com-mend, For we are safe if thou
For we are safe

way - ward feet, Up - hold us with thy bound-
Up - hold us with

art nigh, And we are bold if thou de - fend.
less might, And keep us till a - gain we meet.

"And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle and saith, Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—MATT. 20: 6.

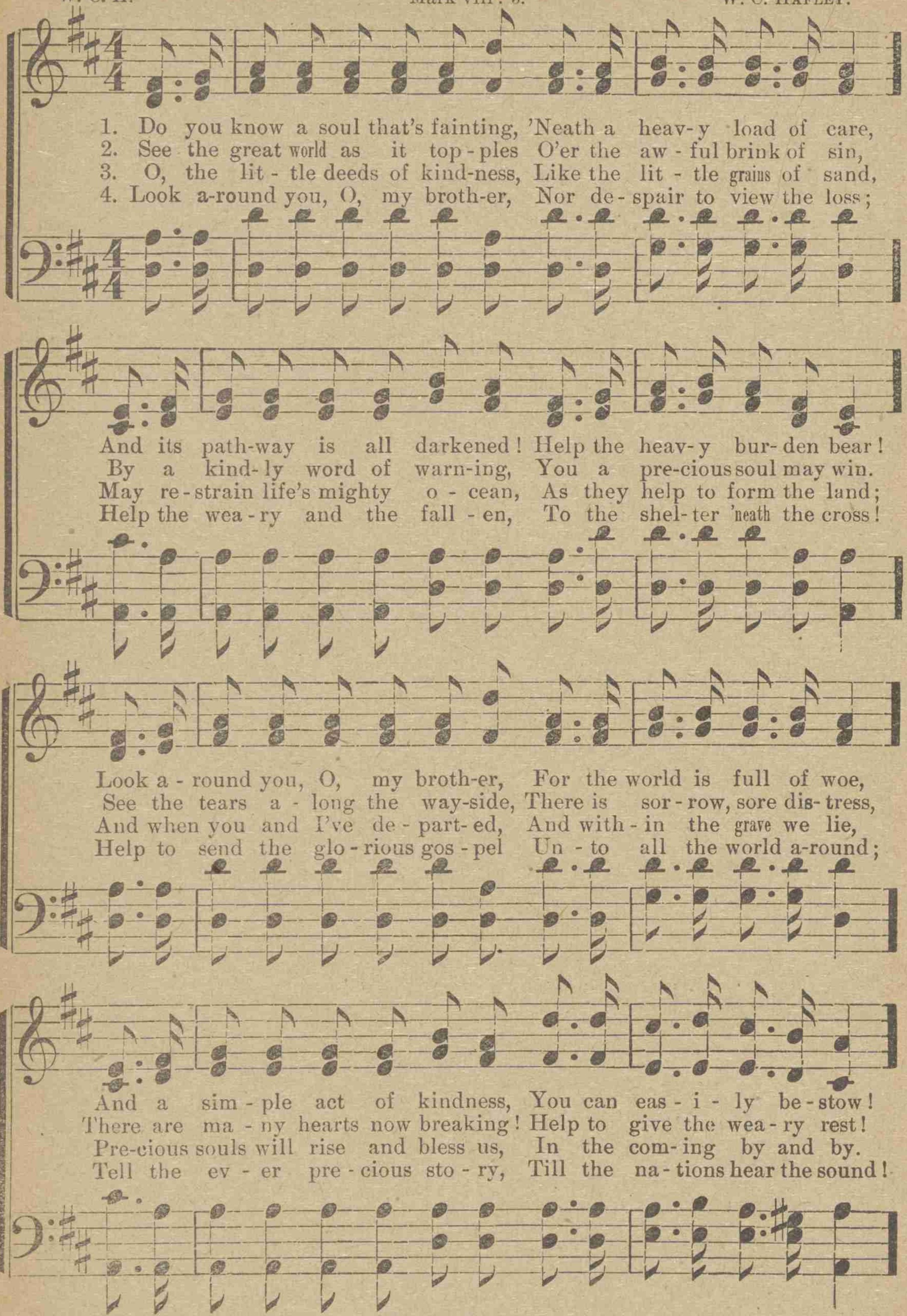
W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.



By per. W. C. Hafley.

130 Do You Know a Soul that's Fainting?

W. C. H. Mark viii : 3. W. C. HAFLEY.



1. Do you know a soul that's fainting, 'Neath a heav-y load of care,
2. See the great world as it top-ples O'er the aw-ful brink of sin,
3. O, the lit-tle deeds of kind-ness, Like the lit-tle grains of sand,
4. Look a-round you, O, my broth-er, Nor de-spair to view the loss;

And its path-way is all darkened! Help the heav-y bur-den bear!
By a kind-ly word of warn-ing, You a pre-cious soul may win.
May re-strain life's mighty o-cean, As they help to form the land;
Help the wea-ry and the fall-en, To the shel-ter 'neath the cross!

Look a-round you, O, my broth-er, For the world is full of woe,
See the tears a-long the way-side, There is sor-row, sore dis-tress,
And when you and I've de-part-ed, And with-in the grave we lie,
Help to send the glo-rious gos-pel Un-to all the world a-round;

And a sim-ple act of kindness, You can eas-i-ly be-stow!
There are ma-ny hearts now breaking! Help to give the wea-ry rest!
Pre-cious souls will rise and bless us, In the com-ing by and by.
Tell the ev-er pre-cious sto-ry, Till the na-tions hear the sound!

By per. W. C. Hafley, Atlanta, Ga.

CHORUS.

Look a - round you, Look a - round you,
Look a - round you, O my broth-er, Look a - round you, O my broth-er,

For the world . . . . . is full of woe, ...
For the world is full of woe, is full of woe, (is full of woe,)

Look a - round you, a - round you,
Look a - round you, O my brother, Look a - round you, O my brother,

And your deeds . . . . . of love be - stow. . . . . .
And your deeds of love be - stow, And your deeds of love be - stow.

be - stow. . . . . .

132 Ah! There is no Friend Like Jesus.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY. By per.

1. Yes, we have a friend in Je - sus, As a-long life's path we go,
2. Why, O, why do we for - get him? Why so oft from him we stray,
3. Ah! what heart-aches here we suf - fer— Suf - fer on from day to day,

One who can and will sus - tain us, In our tri - als here be - low;
When we know that he can save us, If we love him and o - bey?
All be-cause we do not trust him, All be-cause we want our way!

Tho' we fal - ter, worn and wea - ry— Of - ten fall out by the way,
Ah! there is no friend like Je - sus, When life's tri - als press us sore,
Yes, we have a friend in Je - sus, One who nev - er will for - sake,

It's be-cause we do not trust him, It's be-cause we do not pray.
If we on - ly would be lieve him, If we'd on - ly trust him more!
Who is will-ing and is a - ble, Our sal - va - tion sure to make.

WM. COWPER. J. H. D. TOMSON.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. O Lamb of God! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
3. E're since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
4. And when this lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue, Is ransomed from the grave,

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

CHORUS.

Come, wash ye in the fountain pure, Come, wash ye in the fountain pure,

stream, And trust the word of God so sure, And then you shall be clean.
in the stream,

White as Snow.

W. E. PENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. "Come now and let us rea - son To - geth-er," saith the Lord;
2. "Tho' they be red like crim-son, They shall be made as wool;
3. Did ev - er words so ten - der, E'er fall on mor - tal ear?
4. Then do not tar - ry long - er, If Je - sus you would know;

Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Re - ly up - on my word.
Come now while time is giv - en, Oh, wait not at the pool.
Such words of love and mer - cy, A sin-ner's heart to cheer?
Although your sins be crim - son, He'll make them white as snow.

CHORUS.

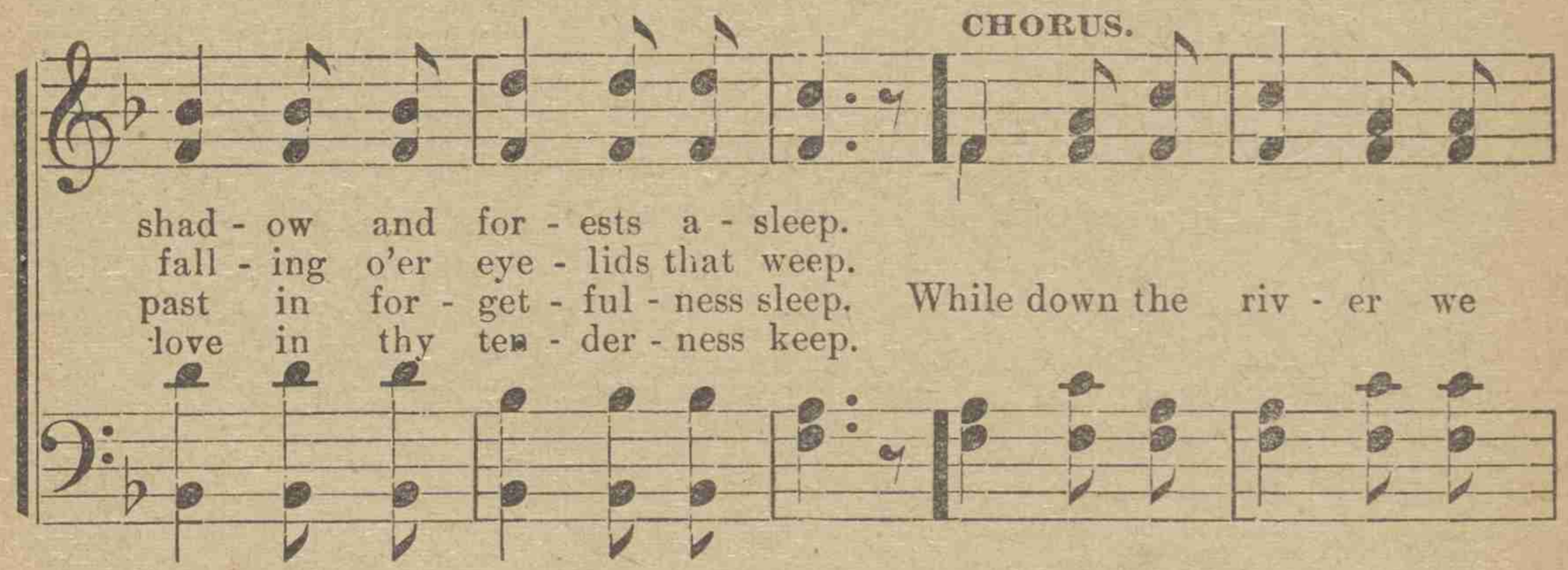
They shall be as white as snow, They shall
They shall be as white, as white as the snow, They shall

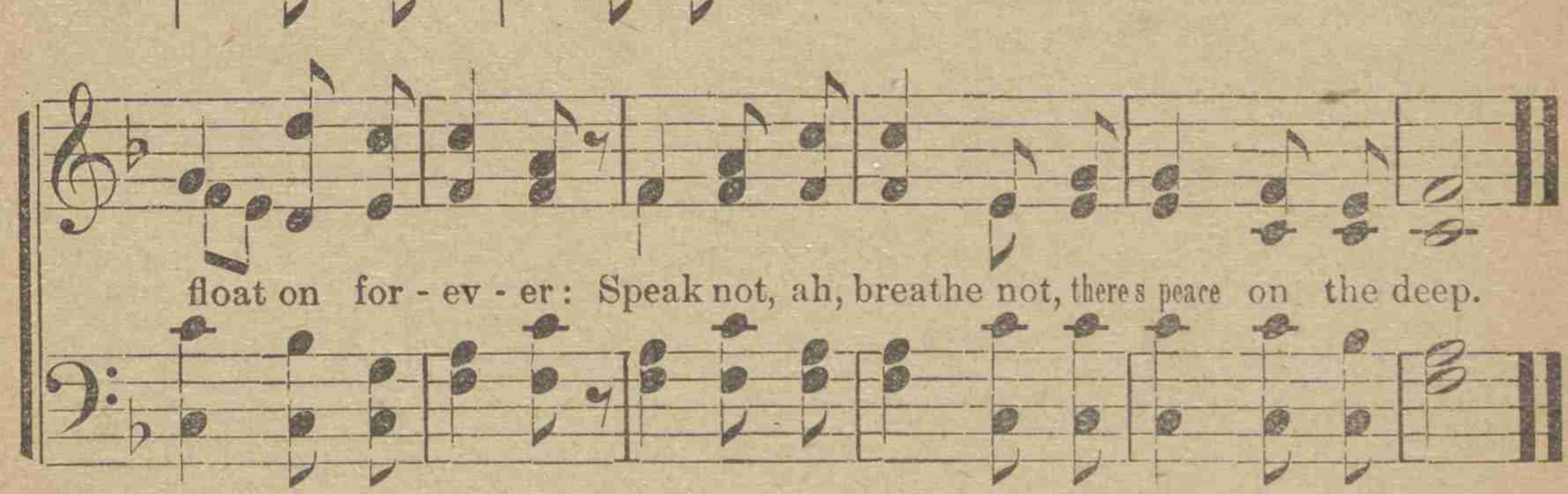
be as white as snow,
be as white, as white as the snow. Though your

From "Harvest Bells," by per. of W. E. Penn, owner of Copyright.

Stars Trembling O'er Us.

MISS MULOCH. D. F. TOMSON.





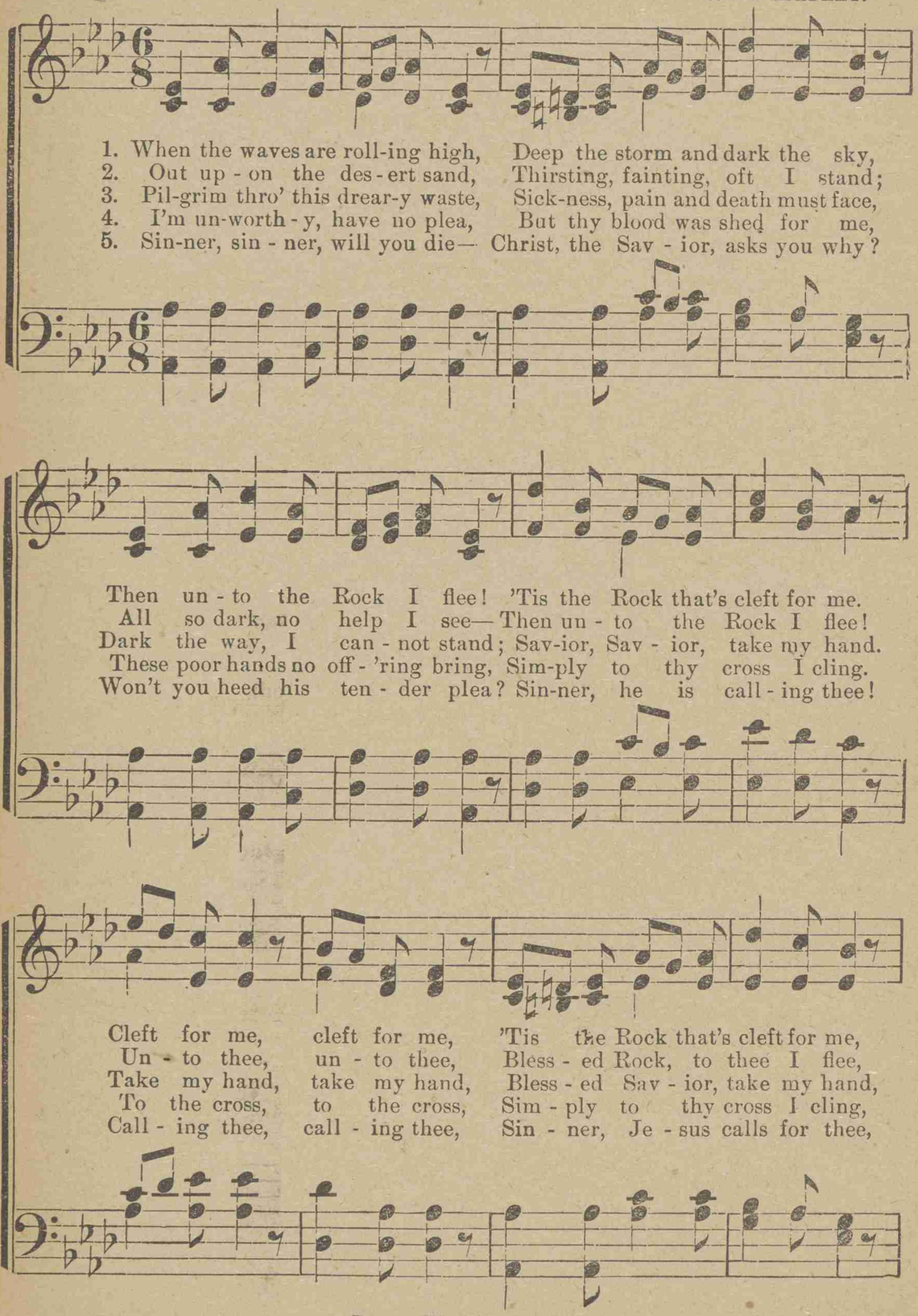
NOTE.—Melody composed at the instance of my mother, Mrs Kerenhappuch Tomson, to whom it is most affectionately dedicated. D. F. T.

136

Savior, Take My Hand.

W. C. H.

W. C. HAFLEY.



1. When the waves are roll-ing high, Deep the storm and dark the sky,
2. Out up - on the des - ert sand, Thirsting, fainting, oft I stand;
3. Pil-grim thro' this drear-y waste, Sick-ness, pain and death must face,
4. I'm un-worth - y, have no plea, But thy blood was shed for me,
5. Sin-ner, sin - ner, will you die— Christ, the Sav - ior, asks you why?

Then un - to the Rock I flee! 'Tis the Rock that's cleft for me.
All so dark, no help I see— Then un - to the Rock I flee!
Dark the way, I can - not stand; Sav-ior, Sav - ior, take my hand.
These poor hands no off - 'ring bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
Won't you heed his ten - der plea? Sin-ner, he is call - ing thee!

Cleft for me, cleft for me, 'Tis the Rock that's cleft for me,
Un - to thee, un - to thee, Bless - ed Rock, to thee I flee,
Take my hand, take my hand, Bless - ed Sav - ior, take my hand,
To the cross, to the cross, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling,
Call - ing thee, call - ing thee, Sin - ner, Je - sus calls for thee,

By per. W. C. HAFLEY.

Cleft for me, cleft for me, 'Tis the Rock that's cleft for me.
Un - to thee, un - to thee, Then un - to the Rock I flee.
Take my hand, take my hand, Sav - ior, Sav-ior, take my hand.
To the cross, to the cross, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Call - ing thee, Call - ing thee, Sin - ner, he is call-ing thee.

How Oft, Alas, This Wretched Heart.

Miss Ann Steele. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. How oft, a - las, this wretched heart Has wander'd from the Lord!
2. Yet sovereign mer-cy calls, "Return!" Dear Lord, and may I come?
3. And can'st thou, 'wilt thou, yet for-give, And bid my sins re - move?
4. Thy pard'ning love so free, so sweet, Blest Sav-ior, I a - dore;

How oft my rov - ing tho'ts de-part, For - get - ful of his word.
My vile in - grat - i - tude I mourn; Oh, take the wand'rer home.
And shall a pardon'd reb - el live To speak thy wond'rous love?
Oh, keep me at thy sa - cred feet, And let me rove no more.

By per. J. H. D. Tomson.

Happy Home in Heaven.

ISAAC MILLER.

1. There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high,
2. Short - ly this pris - on of my clay Must be dissolved, and fall:
3. 'Tis he, by his al - might-y grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n,
4. We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives up - on her word:

And here my wait - ing spir - it stands Till God shall bid it fly.
Then, oh, my soul! with joy o - bey Thy heav'nly Fath - er's call.
And, as an earn - est of the place, Has his own Spir - it giv'n.
But while the bod - y is our home, We're ab-sent from the Lord.

CHORUS.

That bright hap - py home, To
That bright hap - py home, bright hap - py home, To

me will be giv'n; Oh, when
me will be giv'n, To me will be giv'n; When shall I see,

From Temple Star, by per. A. S. KIEFFER.

shall I see That hap - py home in heav'n?
when shall I see That hap - py home in heav'n?

Requiem.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Gone, gone, gone from our home, God hath re-
2. Gone, gone, gone to thy tomb; But 'tis not
3. Gone, gone, gone to the blest; Earth had its

called thee { In thy youth - ful bloom, / In thy man - hood's bloom, / In thy life's bright noon, } Death's i - cy fin - gers
cheer - less, Hope dis-pels its gloom, While we are weep - ing
pleas - ures, But 'twas not thy rest; Sin and temp - ta - tion

Rit. *pp*

Rest up-on thee now; Our fond gaze lin - gers On thy pal - lid brow.
O'er the hallow'd ground, Thou art but sleep-ing Till the trump shall sound.
Were thy sor - row *here*, Then full sal - va - tion Is thy por - tion *there*.

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140 I am on my Journey to Canaan's Happy Land.

(Dedicated to my friend and brother, N. G. Jacks, Augustà, Ga.)

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY. By per.

1. I am on my jour - ney to Ca - naan's hap - py land,
2. In this wea - ry world, full of sor - row and of woe,
3. O, the bless - ed Sav - ior, up - on the cru - el cross,
4. O, my eyes are dim and my feet are halt and sore,

For my cap - tain, he has gone on be - fore; 'Tis a
There is sick - ness, there is death ev - 'ry - where! In that
Died to give to us that land bright and fair; List! I
But they tell me, in that land bright and fair, That the

land of rest to the pil - grim's troub-led breast, O,
land of light where they nev - er know a night, O,
hear glad songs from the hap - py heav'n - ly throngs! O,
blind shall see, and the halt and lame are free! O,

CHORUS.

Christian, will you meet me o - ver there? O - ver there, . . .
Christian, will you meet me o - ver there?
Christian, will you meet me o - ver there?
sin - ner, will you meet me o - ver there? o - ver there,

o - ver there, On Ca - naan's shore, so bright and
o - ver there,

fair, O - ver there, . . . O - ver there,
o - ver there, o - ver there,

O, Chris - tian, will you meet me o - ver there?

Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS. J. H. D. TOMSON.

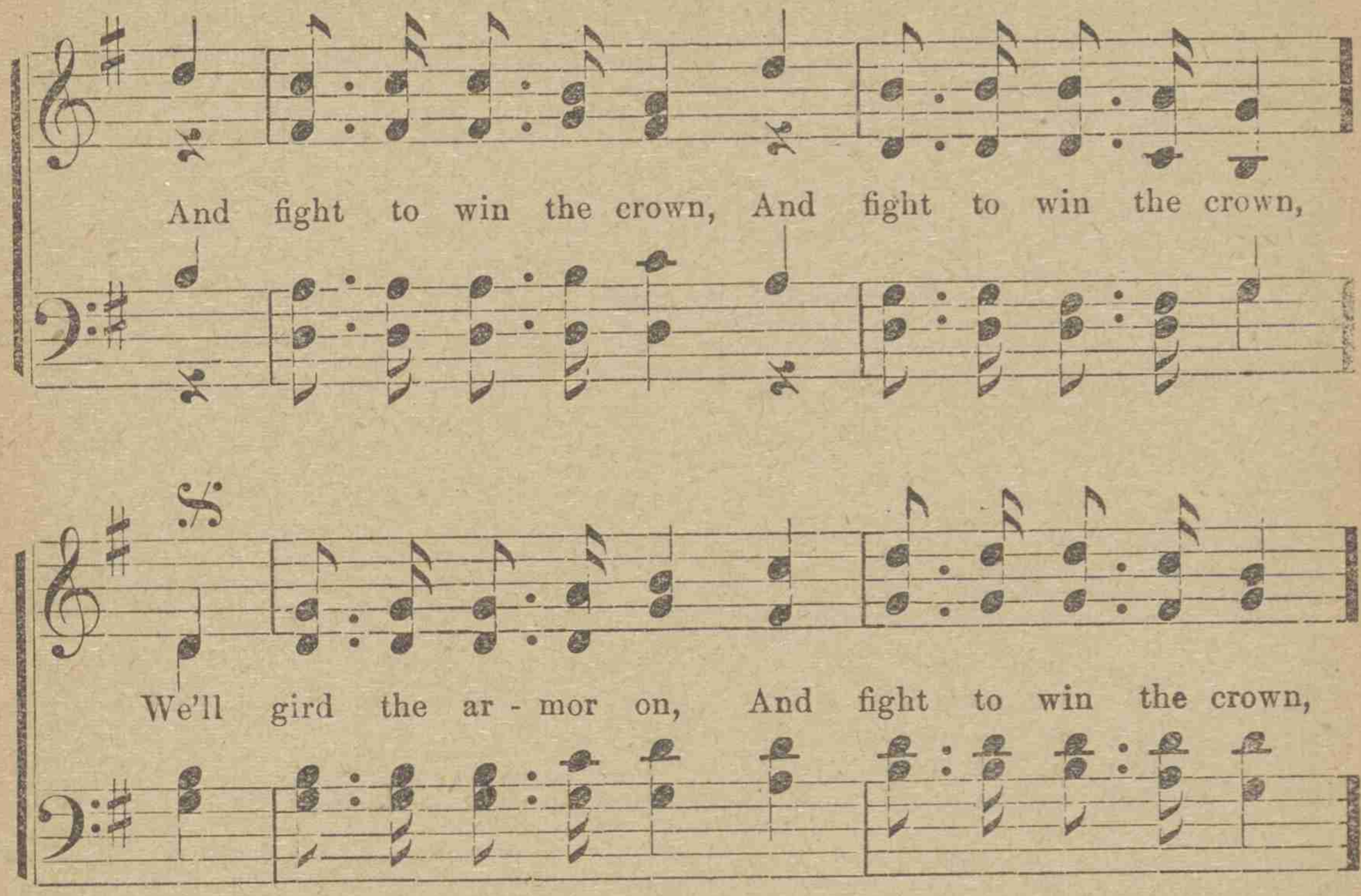
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign: In - crease my cour-age, Lord!
5. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by thy word.
They see the tri-umph from a - far, With Hope's ex-ul - ting eye.

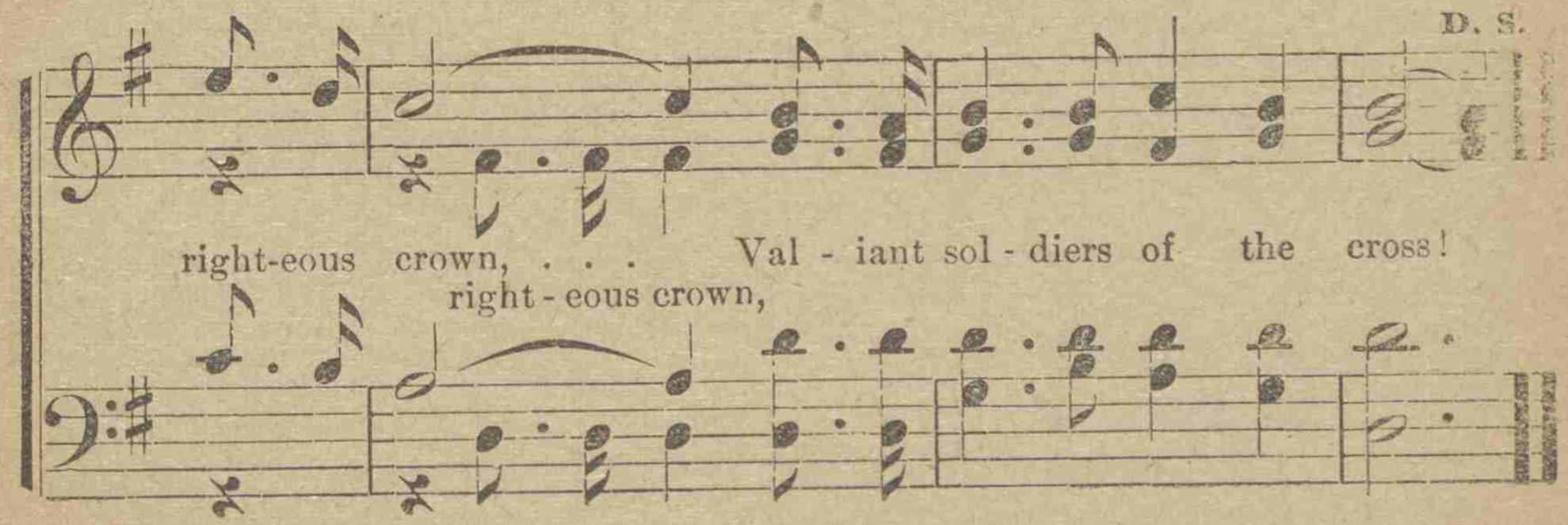
CHORUS.*

We'll gird the ar - mor on, And fight to win the crown,

*NOTE.—The CHORUS of this piece is arranged from an arrangement of Wm. B. Blake in "Zion Songster." J. H. D. T.


And fight to win the crown, And fight to win the crown,
We'll gird the ar - mor on, And fight to win the crown,

Fine.
Prom - ised to the faith - ful ones. Win the crown, ...
Win the crown,


D. S.
right-eous crown, . . . Val - iant sol - diers of the cross!
right - eous crown,

Within the Veil.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. E. T. POUND.

1. In thy tem-ple, Lord, we gath- er, Pleading at thy mer - cy seat;
2. Lift us high - er in the path-way That the saints of old have trod;
3. Oh, may Christ, our great Ex - am- ple, Dwell with-in us ev - er - more;
4. Not up - on the kingdom's bor-der, With a hope that soon may fail;

Here we gain Faith's full as - sur-ance, Here we hold com-mun-ion sweet.
We are chil-dren of the king-dom, We are heirs and sons of God.
Make our hearts a fit - ting tem- ple For the Sav- ior we a - dore.
But se - cure in Faith's as - sur-ance, Keep us, Lord, with-in the veil.

CHORUS.

Sons of God and heirs of glo - ry, Life di - vine be - gun be - low,
For a blest foretaste of heav-en, E - ven here we all may know.

By per. E. T. Pound, Barnesville, Ga.

FRANK M. DAVIS. W. C. HAFLEY. By per.

With Spirit.

1. A - wake, ye sol - diers of the cross, The cry comes
2. The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, They come in
3. Press on, ye sol - diers of the cross, Thro' Christ o'er-

from a - far; Gird on the Gos - pel sword and shield, Pre-
might's ar - ray; Close up your ranks for vic - to - ry, The
come the foe; And when the might - y con - flict's past, Then

D. S. *Close up your ranks for vic - to - ry, The*

Fine. CHORUS.

pare for Zi - on's war.
truth shall win the day. A - wake, a - wake, the
home in tri - umph go.

truth shall win the day.

D. S.

call o - bey, A - wake, a - wake, and march a - way;

Galilee.

W. C. H.

W. C. Hafley.

1. Once up - on old Gal - i - lee, Storms were rag - ing, rock - ing,
2. See him when the waves are high, When they mad - ly dark - en
3. Sin - ner toss'd up - on life's sea, Christ, the bless - ed Sav - ior

lashed the sea. Je - sus spake with won - d'rous will,
all the sky, Je - sus calm - ly speaks his will,
calls to thee, Yes, he's call - ing o'er the flood,

D. S. *E'en the sea o - beys his will,*

CHORUS.

Calm, thou bois-t'rous wa - ters, "Peace, be still."
Calm, thou bois-t'rous wa - ters, "Peace, be still." Gal - i-
'Twas for thee I shed my pre - cious blood.

Calm, thou bois - t'rous wa - ters, "Peace, be still."

D. S.

lee, Gal - i - lee, Je - sus calms thy waves for me;

By per. W. C. Hafley.

I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord. 147

ISAAC WATTS. 1 Pet. 4: 16. J. H. D. TOMSON.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Nor to de - fend his cause,
2. Je - sus, my Lord, I know his name, His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well se - cure
4. Then will he own my worthless name Be - fore his fa - ther's face,

Maintain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com-mit - ted to his hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the new Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point for me a place.

CHORUS.

I'm not ashamed, I'm not ashamed, To own my bless - ed Lord,

Main - tain the hon - or of his word, The glo - ry of his cross.

Joy in Believing.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. E. T. POUND.

1. Oh, when the morn-ing in splendor O-pens the por-tals of day,
2. Precious and sweet is the knowledge That we've a Fa- ther a - bove,
3. E'en when the shadows of sor - row Dark-en a mo-ment our way,
4. So to the home of our Fa - ther Glad-ly we jour-ney a - long,

New the com-pas-sion and ten-der That has so guard-ed our way.
Fill-ing our souls with re-joic- ing, Grat - i - tude, won-der and love.
Gleams of the glo - ri - ous mor-row Come from the kingdom of day.
Filled with the peace that he giv - eth All who to Je - sus be - long.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is joy in be - liev-ing, Peace in the in - fi - nite love;
Blest are our souls in re - ceiv-ing Light from the kingdom a - bove.

By per. E. T. POUND, Barnesville, Ga.

FRANK M. DAVIS. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Ye who are seeking e - ter - nal life, Its peace and its joy to ob - tain,
2. This is the message from heav'n to earth, To those who its portals would gain,
3. Soon will e - ter -ni - ty dawn for you, All pleading will then be in vain,

List what the Sav - ior says in his word, Ye must be born a - gain.
If ye would en - ter that glorious rest, Ye must be born a - gain.
Heed, then, the message, be wise to - day, Ye must be born a - gain.

REFRAIN.

Ye must be born, ye must be born, yè must be born a - gain,

Ye must be born, ye must be born, ye must be born a - gain.

By per. E. T. POUND.

I Saw the Cross of Jesus.

SOLO AND CHORUS. F. A. WAGNER.

1. I saw the cross of Je-sus, When burdened with my sin; I
2. I love the cross of Je-sus, It tells me what I am; A
3. I clasp the cross of Je-sus In ev - 'ry try - ing hour, My
4. Sweet is the cross of Je-sus! There let my wea - ry heart Still

sought the cross of Je-sus, To give me peace with-in: I
vile and guilt - y creature, Saved on - ly thro' the Lamb. No
sure and cer - tain ref-uge, My nev - er - fail - ing tow'r. In
rest in peace and comfort, Till life it - self de - part. And

brought my soul to Je-sus; He cleansed it in his blood; And
righteousness, no mer-it, No beau - ty can I plead; Yet
ev - 'ry fear and conflict, I more than conqueror am; I'm
then, in strains of glo-ry, I'll sing thy wondrous pow'r, Where

in the cross of Je - sus I found my peace with God!
in the cross I glo - ry, My ti - tle there I read.
saved from death and judg - ment, Thro' Christ the ris - en Lamb!
sin can nev - er en - ter, And death is known no more!

CHORUS. Pianissimo.

There is peace in the cross of the Sav - ior, There's

peace in his pre - cious blood! In the cross of

Rit.

my dear Sav - ior I found my peace with God!

Shall I Let Him In?

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let him in?
2. Shall I send him the lov - ing word, Shall I let him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let him in?

Pa- tient-ly plead-ing with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let him in?
Meek-ly ac - cept- ing my gra-cious Lord; Oh! shall I let him in?
Glad-ly I'll welcome him ev - er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let him in!

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with - in;
He can in - fi - nite love im- part; He can par- don this reb - el heart;
Bless- ed Sav- ior, a - bide with me; Cares and tri - als will light- er be;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un- to him, Oh! shall I let him in?
Shall I bid him for - ev - er de- part, Or shall I let him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with thee, Oh! bless-ed Lord, come in.

Copyright, 1879, by H. R. Palmer.

Let Me Sing the Old Song Again.

W. C. HAFLEY. W. S. HOBACK.

1. Let me sing the old song o'er a - gain, Sweetest song that has ever been sung;
2. I was sinking beneath death's dark wave, There was no one to save my poor soul,
3. He's prepared me a mansion so bright, All the streets have been paved with pure gold—
4. O, I long for that home of the soul! For the mansions so bright and so fair,

How the Savior on Cal-v'ry was slain, Sweetest song that has ev-er been sung.
Je-sus died, and he rose from the grave, Shed his blood on the cross for my soul.
And there never shall come any night, In that far a - way home of the soul.
He who died on the cross for my soul, Yes, the Sav-ior of men will be there.

Sweet - est song, ... prec - ious song, ... Sweet - est
Sweet - est song, prec - ious song,

sto - ry that ev - er was told, Sweet-est song, ...
That ev - er was told, Sweet-est song,

Precious song, . . . Shed his blood on the cross for my soul.
precious song, for my soul.

154 Hear my Prayer, O Blessed Savior.

W. C. H. Ps. CII: 1-2. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Hear my pray'r, O bless-ed Sav - ior, As I bow the knee;
2. Tho' the road be dark and drear - y— Dan-ger ev - 'ry - where—
3. Oh, there is no love like Je - sus' To the faint-ing soul;
4. Hop - ing, trust-ing, bless-ed Sav - ior, Trusting in thy word;

Who but thou canst give me com - fort, Lord, I come to thee!
Sav - ior, thou a-lone canst shield me, Thou wilt hear my prav'r.
It a - lone can check the bil - lows, Ere they o'er me roll.
Bow - ing at the seat of mer - cy, I would bless the Lord.

CHORUS.

Hop - ing, trust - ing, As I bow the knee.

Who but thou canst give me com - fort? Lord, I come to thee.

By permission of W. C. Hafley.

Jesus Wept.

EDWARD DENNY. F. A. WAGNER.

Andante.

p *m*

1. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his
2. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He can
3. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row Is the

heart is still the same. Son of God, my el - der
mark each mourner's tear— Liv - ing to re - trace the
gift of ten - der love. Yes - ter - day, to - day, to-

broth - er, Is his ev - er - last - ing name. Sav - ior, who can
sto - ry Of the hearts he sol - aced here. When I die, I
mor - row, He the same shall ev - er prove. Thou art all in

pp

Poco. Cres.

love like thee? Weep - ing one of Beth - a - ny.
trust in thee, Weep - ing one of Beth - a - ny.
all to me, Weep - ing one of Beth - a - ny.

156 When the Light of Day is Fading.

W. C. H. W. C. Hafley.

1. When the light of day is fad - ing, And the ev'ning shad-ows fall,
2. When the tem-pest 'mid the dark - ness, Rag-es in the for - est deep,
3. Oh, then cast thy troubles from thee, Bow with-in thy cot - tage wall,
4. When the waves of death's dark riv - er Dash up - on thee like a pall,

And they cov - er earth with dark - ness. Then I hear the Mas - ter's call.
And it howls a - long the mount - ain, Then I'll guard thee in thy sleep.
Humbly ask the Sav-ior's bless - ing, For he hears the pil-grim's call.
Lis - ten, e'en a-bove its tor - rents Thou can'st hear the Savior's call.

CHORUS.

I will guard thee, I will guard thee, Yes, I hear the Mas - ter call,

Rit.

I will guard thee, I will guard thee, When the evening shad-ows fall.

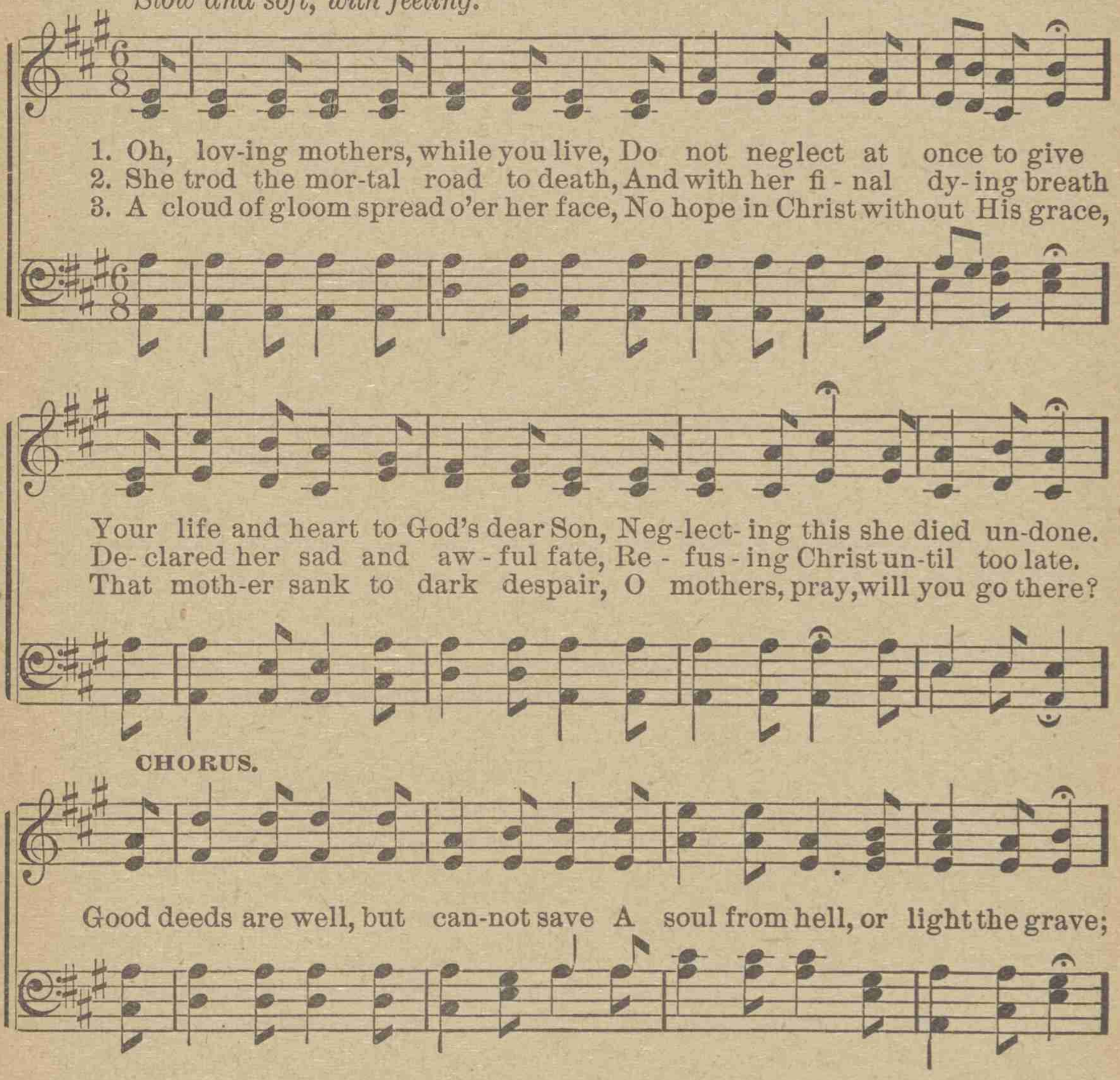
By per. W. C. Hafley.

I Am Lost.

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 bed-side and spoke to them in these her last words: "Dear children, I am dying now, and soon must leave you all 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 Saviour; 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, lov-ing mothers, while you live, Do not neglect at once to give
2. She trod the mor-tal road to death, And with her fi - nal dy- ing 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, Neg-lect- ing this she died un-done.
De- clared her sad and aw - ful fate, Re - fus - ing Christ un-til too late.
That moth-er sank to dark despair, O mothers, pray, will you go there?

CHORUS.

Good deeds are well, but can-not save A soul from hell, or light the grave;
Your mor -al pride may sink you down Beneath a just Je- ho-vah's frown.

By per. of C. M. Barnes.

158 # I Will Tell You an Old. Simple Story.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. I will tell you an old, sim - ple sto - ry Of a
2. 'Tis a home where we'll rest from our la - bors, Far a -
3. Oh, me-thinks I can hear hap - py voi - ces, As they
4. Oft that cit - y I see in my vis - ions, With its

cit - y far be - yond the roll - ing sea, Where the
bove the storms and chang - ing of the years, In that
sing a - down that cit - y's gold - en streets, They are
spires be - yond the ev - er roll - ing wave, Where my

King com - eth forth in his glo - ry, And that cit - y now a -
land we shall know no more sor - row, For the Saviour's hand will
tell - ing the old, sim - ple sto - ry, And my soul that dear old
Sav - iour prepared me a man - sion, When he tri-umphed o - ver

By per. W. C. Hafley, Chattanooga, Tenn.

CHORUS.

waits you and me!
dry all our tears! Oh, how hap-py we will be in that
sto - ry re - peats!
death and the grave!

day! . . . . Oh, how hap - py we will be in that
in that day!

day! . . . . When we meet a - round the throne, And shall
in that day!

know as we are known, Oh, how hap - py we will be in that day!

I'll Rejoice in the Love of Jesus.

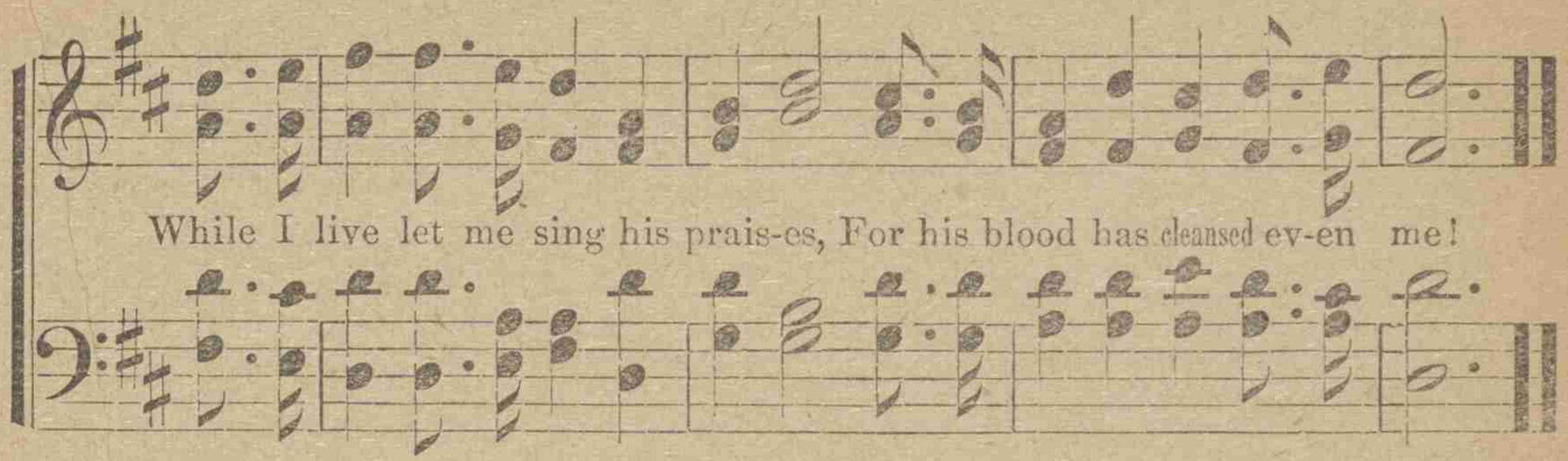
W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

1. I'll re - joice in the love of Je - sus, I've a heart from sin set free! While I live let me sing his prais - es, For his
2. When the trou-bles of life as - sail me, When by care and pain op-pressed, He has prom-ised to guard and keep me,— I can
3. May the light of his glo - rious pres - ence, Ev - er shine up - on my way, Till in hap - pi - er songs I'll praise him, In the

CHORUS.

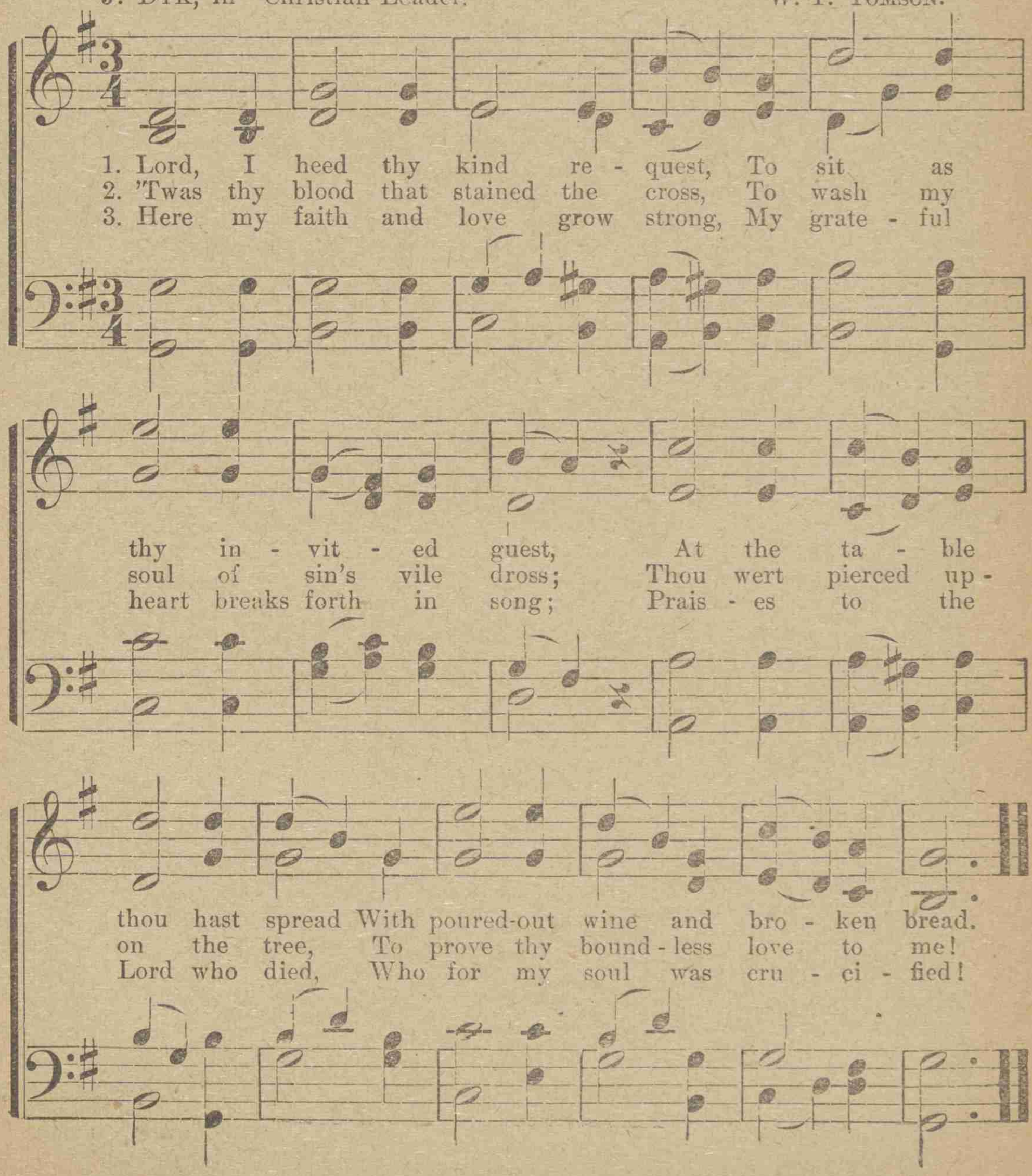
blood has cleansed e - ven me! I'll re - joice . . . . ev - er
lean my head on his breast!
land of e - ter - nal day. I'll re - joice ev - er-more, I'll re -

more, ... I've a heart from sin set free,
joice ev - er - more, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Communion.

J. Dyk, in "Christian Leader." W. T. Tomson.



The Beautiful Land.

H. E. Engle.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far be-yond the sky, And Je - sus, my
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all
3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the

Sav - ior, is there; He has gone to pre - pare me a home on high—
sor - row and care; And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky—
bright and the fair, Where the wa - ters of life sweet - ly mur-mur by—

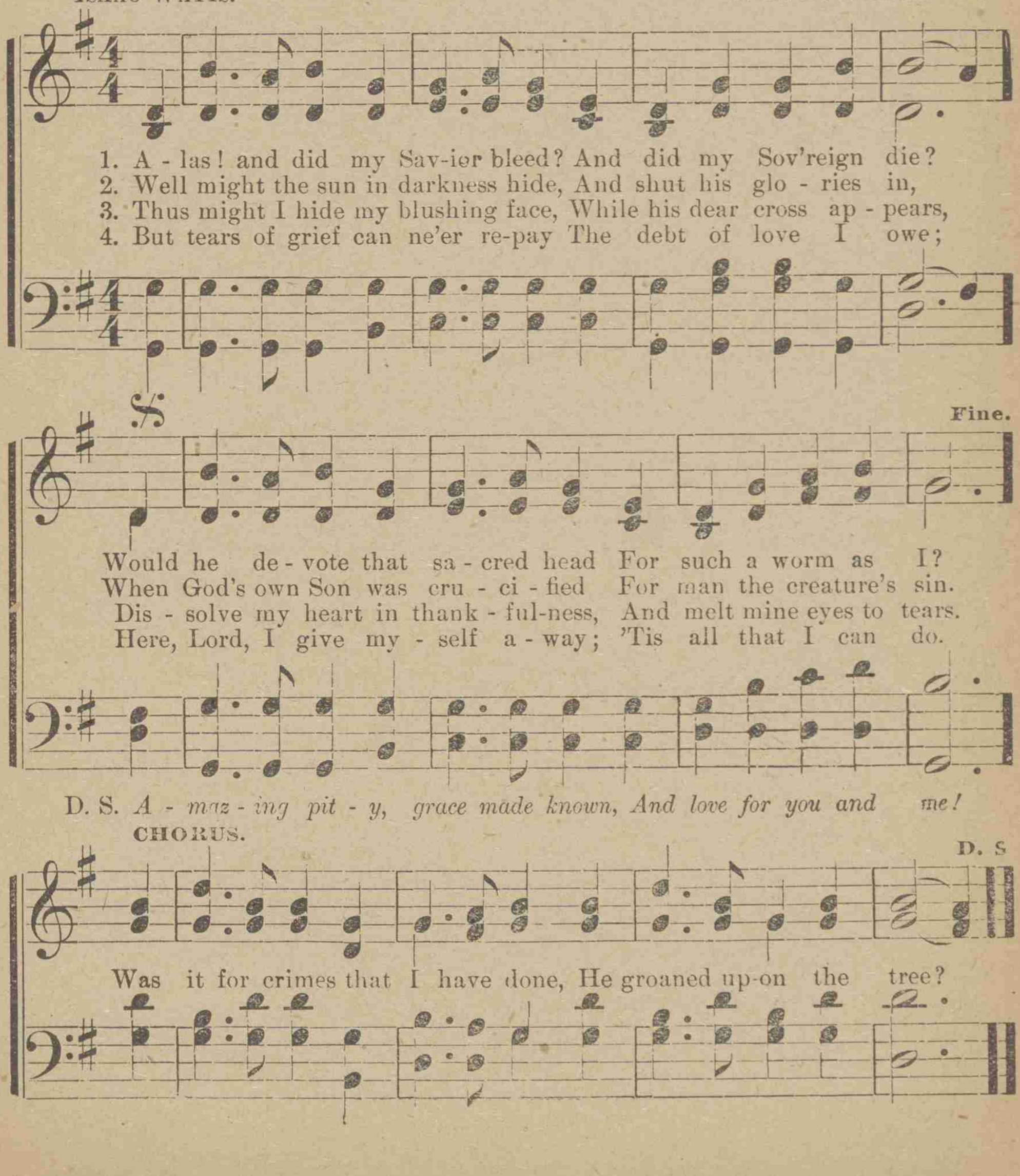
CHORUS.

Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there! In that beau - - ti - ful
In that beau-ti-ful land, In that
land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall meet, We shall
beau-ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, shall met,

From "Temple Star," by per. A. S. Kieffer.

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

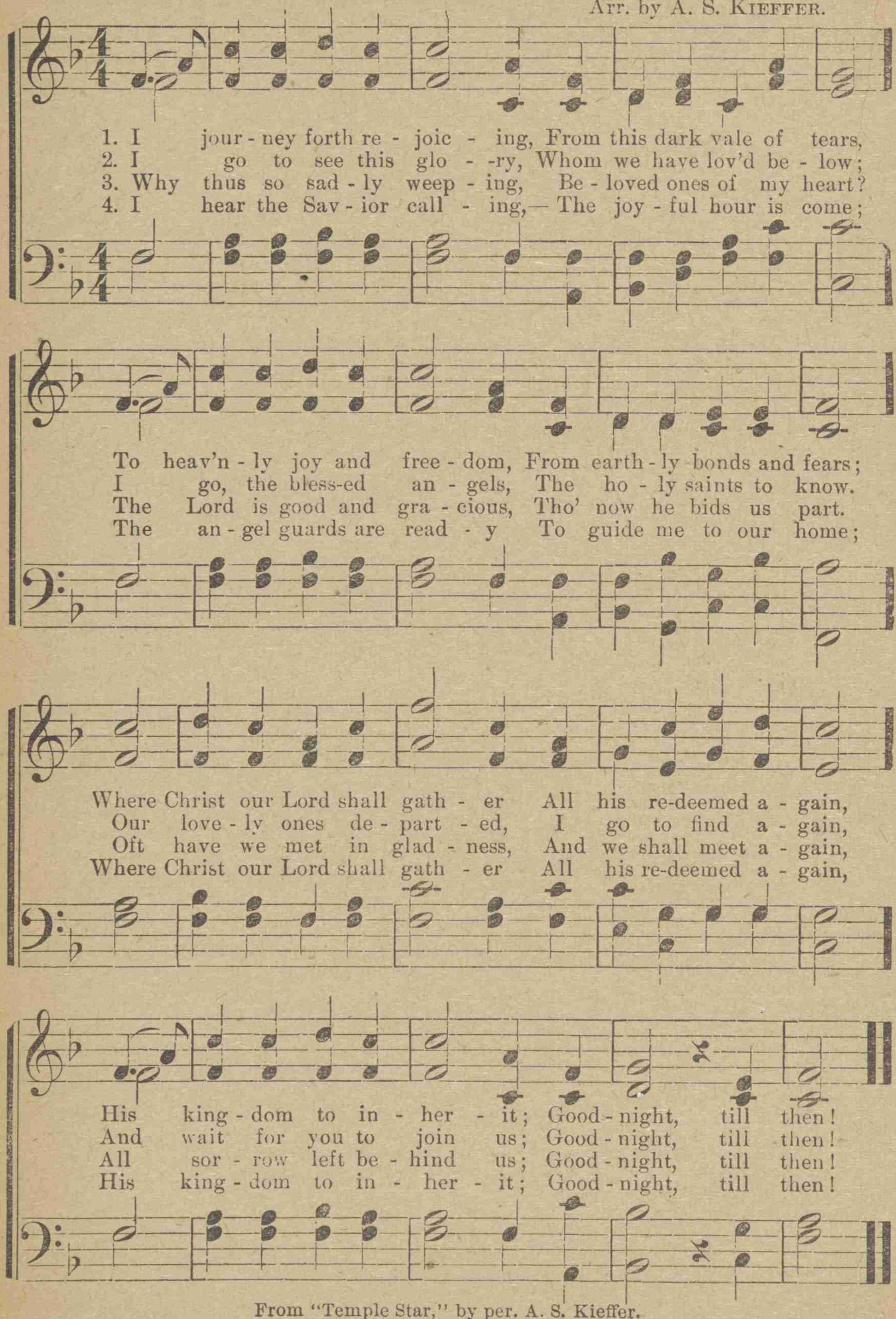
ISAAC WATTS. J. H. D. TOMSON.



CHORUS.

The Long Good-Night.

Arr. by A. S. KIEFFER.



From "Temple Star," by per. A. S. Kieffer.

Lord, Help My Unbelief.

Melody by F. A. WAGNER. Harmonized by W. T. TOMSON.

1. O God, when o'er our trembling hearts Doubt's shadows gath'ring brood;
2. When sorrow comes, and joys are flown, And fond-est hopes be dead,
3. And when the pow'rs of na-ture fail, Up - on the couch of pain,

When faith in thee almost de - parts, And gloom-iest fears in - trude,
And blessings, long esteemed our own, Are now for - ev - er fled—
Nor love, nor friendship can a - vail The Spir - it to de - tain;

Forsake us not, O God of grace, But send those fears re -
When the bright prom - ise of our spring Is but a with'ring
Then, Father, be our clos - ing eyes Un - dimmed by tears of
Forsake us not, O God of grace, But send those fears re -

lief; Grant us a - gain to see thy face, And help our un - be - lief!
leaf— Lord, to thy truth still let us cling; And help our un - be - lief!
grief, And, if a trembling doubt a - rise, Help thou our un - be - lief!

There's a Hand Ever Ready.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

1. There's a hand ev - er read - y to lift up all the fall - en, There's a heart ev - er anx-ious to for - give, 'Tis the Sav-ior who's willing, 'tis the Sav - ior who's a - ble, He is call - ing, "come to me and live."
2. There's a straight, narrow pathway leading onward and up-ward, From this path-way our feet should never roam, Tho' 'tis dark at the start-ing, yet it grows ev - er brighter, For it leads us un - to God and home.
3. There's a crown for the faith - ful now a - wait - ing in glo - ry, 'Tis a crown decked with jewels rich and rare, Oh, what joy to re-ceive it from the hands of our Sav - ior, In that cit - y ev - er bright and fair!

D. S. *He has prom - ised his faith-ful ones a man - sion in glo - ry, Where we'll meet him in the realms a - bove.*

Fine.

CHORUS.

Oh, what joy 'tis to fol-low such a Sav - ior, Can I e'er for-get his love?

D. S.

All for Jesus. 167

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my be-ing's ransomed pow'rs; All my tho'ts and words and do - ings,
2. Let my hands per - form his bid - ding, Let my feet run in his ways, Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of all be - side; So en-chain'd my spir - it's vis - ion,
4. Oh, what won - der! how a - maz - ing! Je - sus, glo-rious King of kings, Deigns to call me his be - lov - ed,

REFRAIN.

All my days and all my hours.
Let my lips speak forth his praise.
Look-ing at the Cru-ci - fied.
Lets me rest be-neath his wings.

All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours.
(*Omit.*) all my hours.

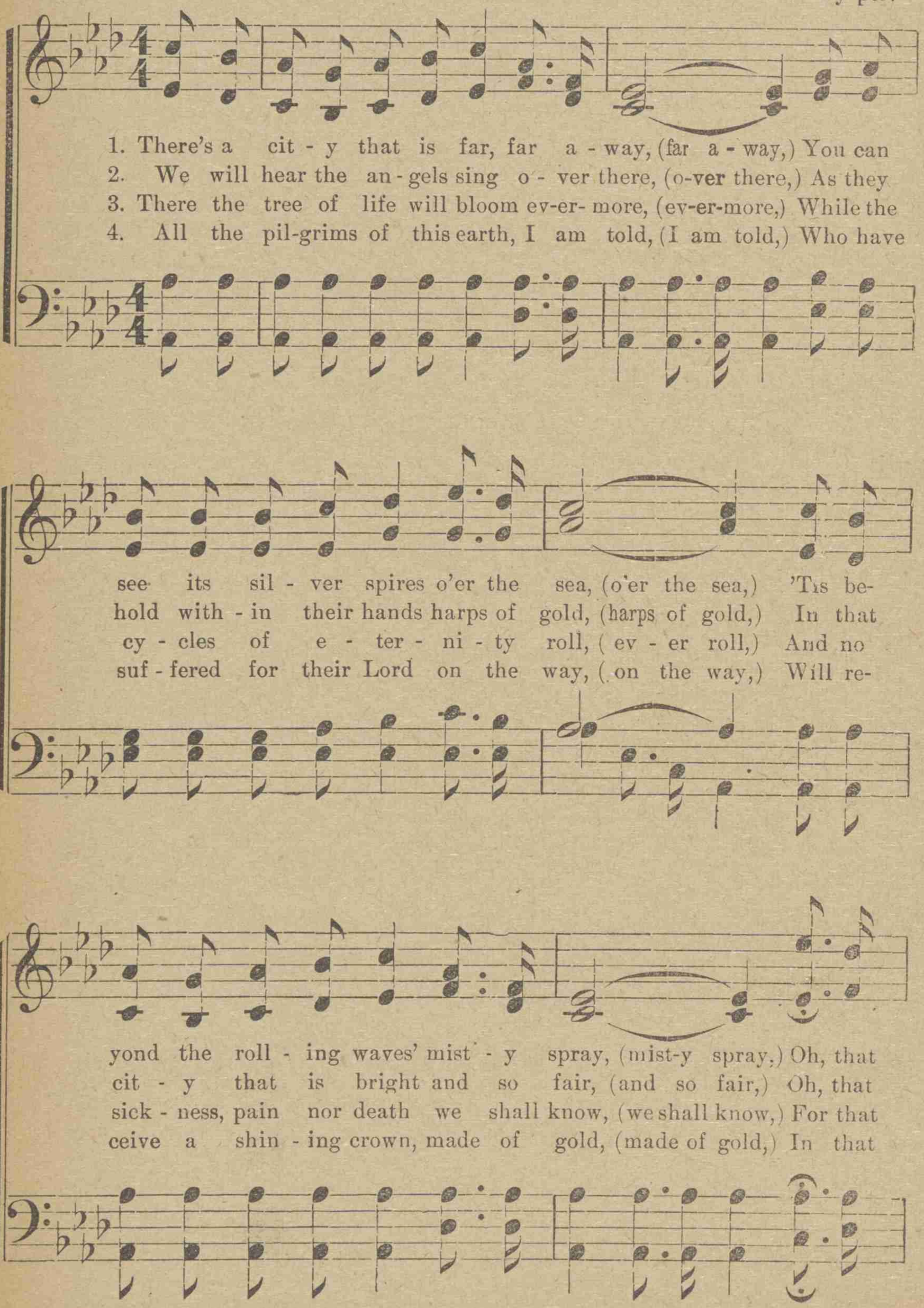
1st. 2d.

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

There's a City that is Far, Far Away.

(Respectfully dedicated to my friend, J. H. D. Tomson, Richmond, Mo.)

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY. By per.

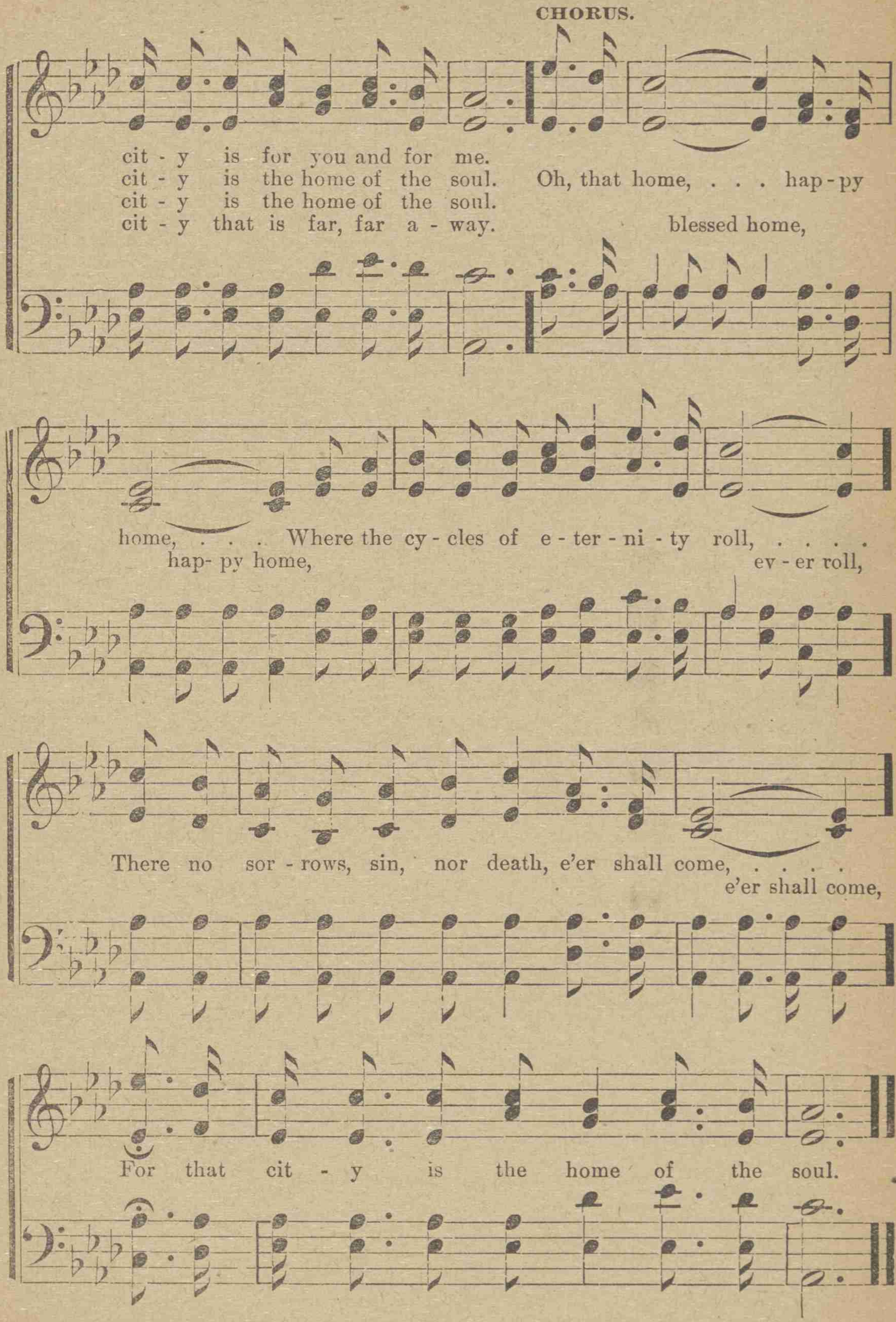


1. There's a cit - y that is far, far a - way, (far a - way,) You can
2. We will hear the an - gels sing o - ver there, (o-ver there,) As they
3. There the tree of life will bloom ev-er- more, (ev-er-more,) While the
4. All the pil-grims of this earth, I am told, (I am told,) Who have

see its sil - ver spires o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,) 'Tis be-
hold with - in their hands harps of gold, (harps of gold,) In that
cy - cles of e - ter - ni - ty roll, (ev - er roll,) And no
suf - fered for their Lord on the way, (on the way,) Will re-

yond the roll - ing waves' mist - y spray, (mist-y spray,) Oh, that
cit - y that is bright and so fair, (and so fair,) Oh, that
sick - ness, pain nor death we shall know, (we shall know,) For that
ceive a shin - ing crown, made of gold, (made of gold,) In that

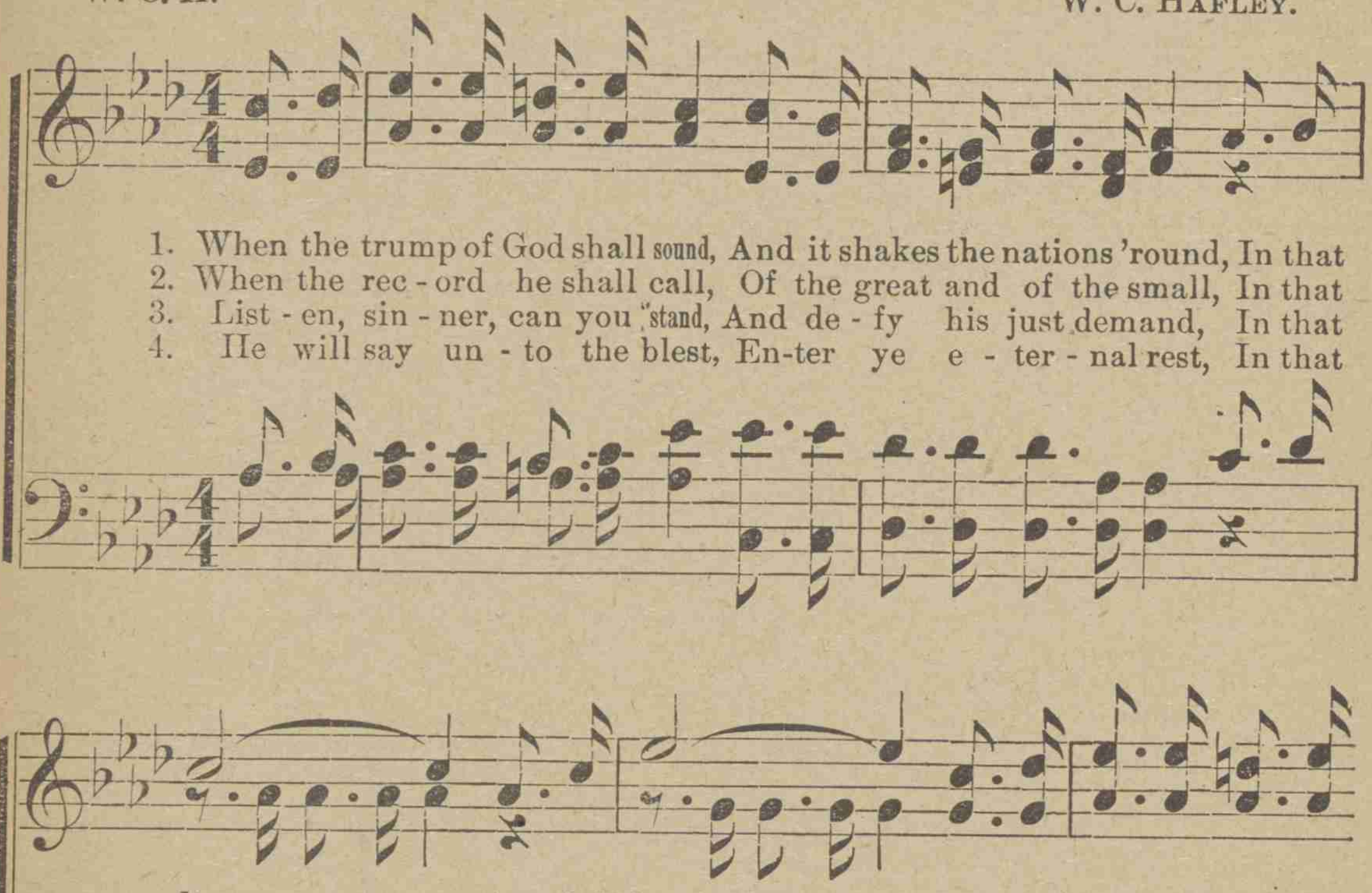
CHORUS.


cit - y is for you and for me.
cit - y is the home of the soul.
Oh, that home, . . . hap - py
cit - y is the home of the soul.
cit - y that is far, far a - way.
blessed home,
home, . . . Where the cy - cles of e - ter - ni - ty roll, ...
hap- py home,
ev - er roll,
There no sor - rows, sin, nor death, e'er shall come, ...
e'er shall come,
For that cit - y is the home of the soul.

When the Trump of God Shall Sound.

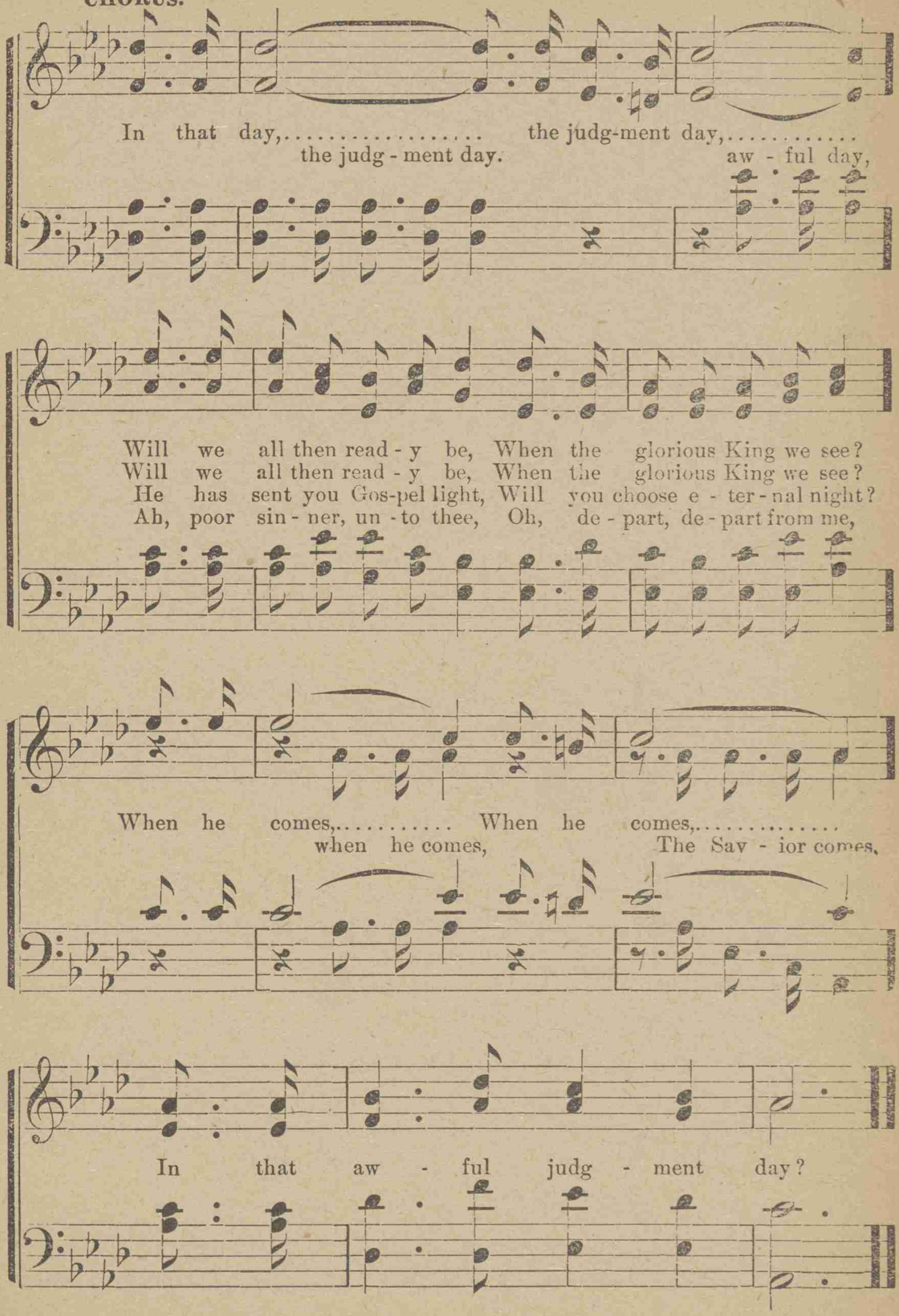
"Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."—REV. xxii: 12.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.



By per. W. C. Hafiey.

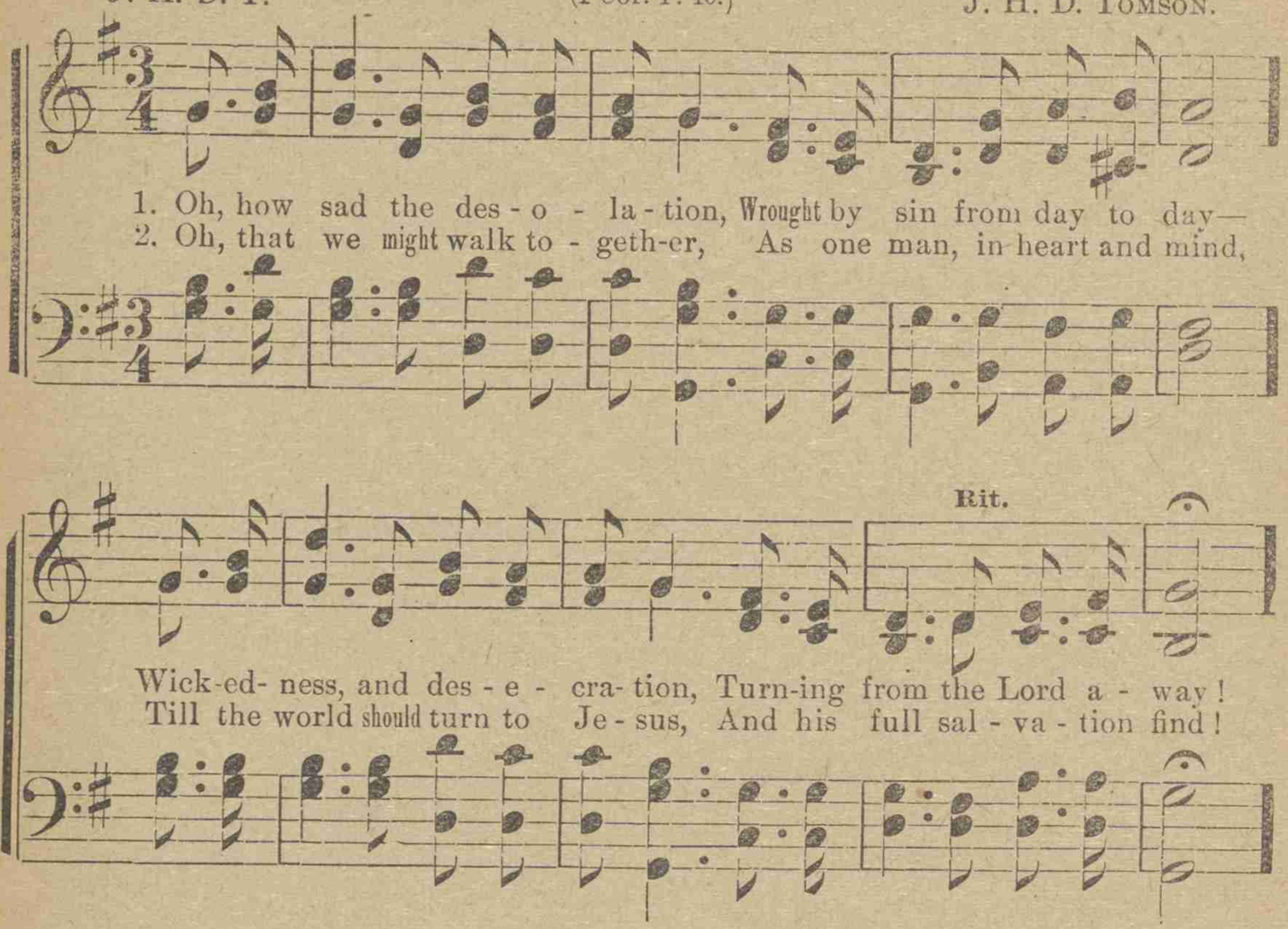
CHORUS.


In that day,..... the judg-ment day,.....
the judg - ment day.
aw - ful day,
Will we all then read - y be, When the glorious King we see?
Will we all then read - y be, When the glorious King we see?
He has sent you Gos-pel light, Will you choose e - ter - nal night?
Ah, poor sin - ner, un - to thee, Oh, de - part, de - part from me,
When he comes,..... When he comes,.....
when he comes,
The Sav - ior comes,
In that aw - ful judg - ment day?

172

Oh, How Sad the Desolation!

J. H. D. T. (1 Cor. 1: 10.) J. H. D. Tomson.



Where?

(FOR FUNERALS.)

"And there shall be no night."—Rev.

Emma Pitt. Chas. Edw. Pollock. By per.

Slow and soft, with expression.

1. Where are the ones we love fond - ly? Where are the friends of our youth?
2. There is the Sav - ior who bought us! There is the cru - ci - fied One!

Where are the lips that so oft - en Taught us the pre-cepts of truth?
There is the ris - en Re-deem - er! There, where they need not the sun!

Rit. - - -

Gone! gone! gone! Gone to the cit - y of splendor! Gone to the world ever
There! there! there! There where the light ev- er shin-eth! There in the blessed a -

Rit. - - - -

light! Gone where the shadows are end - ed! Gone where there never is night!
bode! There, where no heart ev-er pin - eth! Safe in the bosom of God.

174

Unity.

CHARLES WESLEY. Cor. 1: 10; Eph. 4: 1-6. W. T. TOMSON.

1. Je - sus, Lord, we look to thee; Let us
2. Make of us one heart and mind— Cour - teous,

in thy name a - gree; Show thy - self the
pit - i - ful and kind; Low - ly, meek, in

D. S. Each to each u -
D. S. To thy Church the

Prince of peace; Bid our jars for - ev - er cease.
thought and word— Al - to - geth - er like our Lord.

nite, en - dear; Come, and spread thy ban - ner here.
pat - tern give; Show how true be - liev - ers live.

By thy re - con - cil - ing love, Ev - 'ry stumbling block re-move;
Let us for each oth - er care; Each the oth - er's bur - den bear;

Teach Me Thy Way.

MRS. A. W. BESLEY. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Teach me thy way, O Lord, make me to know My du - ty thro' this
2. Teach me thy way, O Lord, since thou hast given Life and its blessings,
3. Teach me thy way, O Lord, my steps at-tend, And walk with me, an

pil-grimage be - low; O - pen my eyes and lead me in the way That
fit my soul for heav'n; Oh, leave me not to seek for earthly good, But
ev - er present friend; In joy or grief may I e'er feel thee near, To

REFRAIN.

leads from earth to realms of endless day. Teach me thy way, teach me thy
for a liv-ing in-t'rest in thy blood.
guide my footsteps, to protect and cheer.

way, O Lord, Teach me thy way, That leads to endless day, leads to endless day.

By per. W. C. Hafley.

God of Our Salvation.

From A. Henselt's "SPRING SONG." Op. 15.

Arr. W. T. TOMSON.

1. God of our sal - va - tion! Un- to thee we pray;
2. He that dwell - eth near thee, Safe-ly shall a - bide;
3. God of our sal - va - tion! Sav-ior, Prince of Peace!

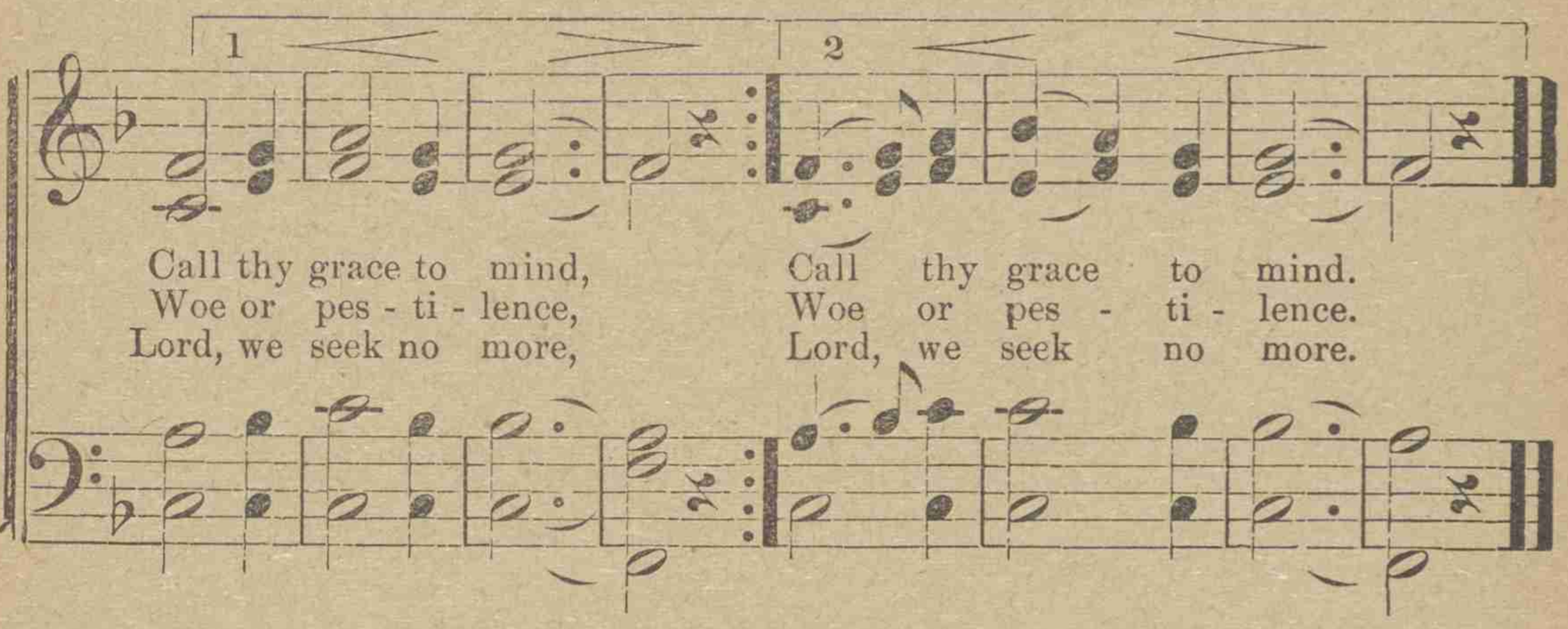
Hear our sup - pli-ca - tion, Be our strength and stay.
Ev - er love and fear thee, In thy strength con - fide.
Boundless thy compas - sion, In - fi - nite thy grace.

O Lord.

f Cres. Rit.

Wretch-ed and un - wor - thy, Lord, We are poor, and
Sure is thy pro - tec - tion, Lord, Safe and sure is
While with love un - ceas - ing, Lord, We, thy peo - ple,

Arr. Copyrighted 1895, by W. T. Tomson.



Beautiful Home.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER.

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Beautiful Home. Concluded.

White rob'd an-gels are sing - ing Ev - er a - round the bright
How they swell the glad an - thems Ev - er a - round the bright
Soon my eyes will be - hold him Seat - ed up - on the bright

throne. When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful,
throne. When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful,
throne. Then, oh, then shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful,

REFRAIN.

beau-ti - ful home? Home, beau - ti - ful home, ...
beau-ti - ful home?
beau-ti - ful home. beau - ti - ful home,

Bright, beau - ti - ful home, ... Home, home of our
Beau - ti - ful home,

Sav - ior, Bright, beau - ti - ful home,
Beau - ti - ful,

Repeat Chorus pp.

Oh, There Is Joy in Believing.

W. T. T. W. T. Tomson.

1. Oh, there is joy in be - liev - ing! Faith is a com-fort most dear;
2. Oh, there is peace in o - bey - ing—Peace that the world can not give—
3. Yes, there is joy in be - liev - ing—Put-ting my trust in his word!

Lean-ing on Je - sus, its au-thor, Now I have nothing to fear!
Heeding the kind in - vi - ta- tion, "Turn to the Sav- ior and live!"
Je - sus, my blessed Re - deem- er, He is my Sav- ior and Lord!

Tho' I may stumble and fal - ter, Meeting tempta- tions most sore,
Walking by faith in his footsteps, Trusting his promise, so dear,
Soon shall I meet him in hea-ven, Soon his bright glo-ry I'll see,

Je - sus will guard and pro - tect me, How can I ask for more?
"I will be with you and bless you," Nothing have I to fear!
Then I shall praise him for - ev - er, Je - sus, so dear to me!

Triumph By and By.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. H. R. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win, his words implore us,
2. We'll fol - low where he lead-eth, We'll pasture where he feed - eth,
3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us,

The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high;
We'll yield to him who plead-eth, From on high, from on high;
But Je - sus dear to love us, There on high, there on high;

His lov-ing tones are call - ing While sin is dark, ap - pall-ing,
Then naught from him shall sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev - er,
We'll give him best en - deav-or, And praise his name for - ev - er,

'Tis Je - sus gen - tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.
And faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
His pre-cious words can nev - er, Nev-er die, Nev - er die.

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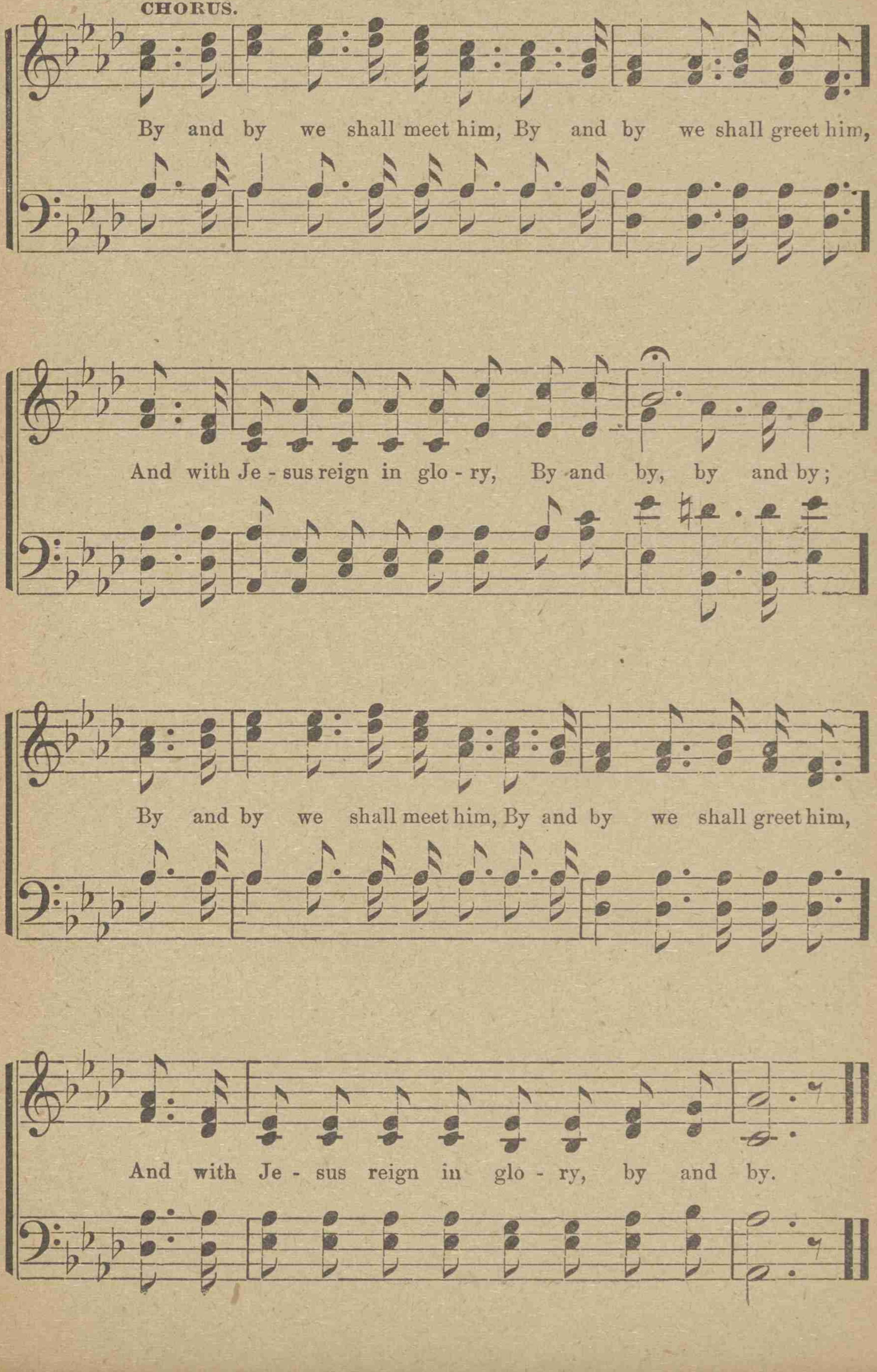
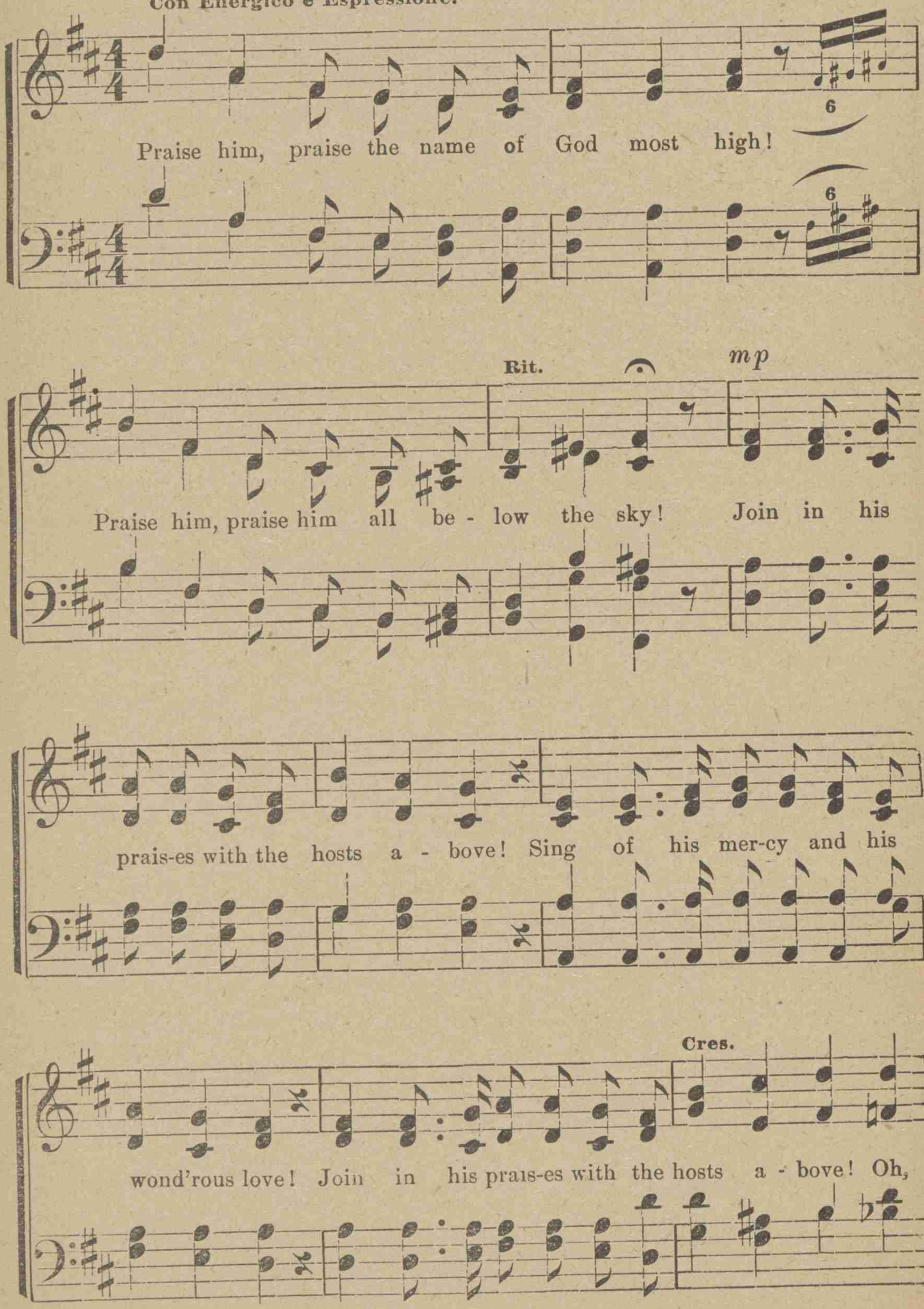
CHORUS.


By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him,
And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by;
By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him,
And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, by and by.

Praise the Name of God Most High.

ANTHEM. W. T. TOMSON.



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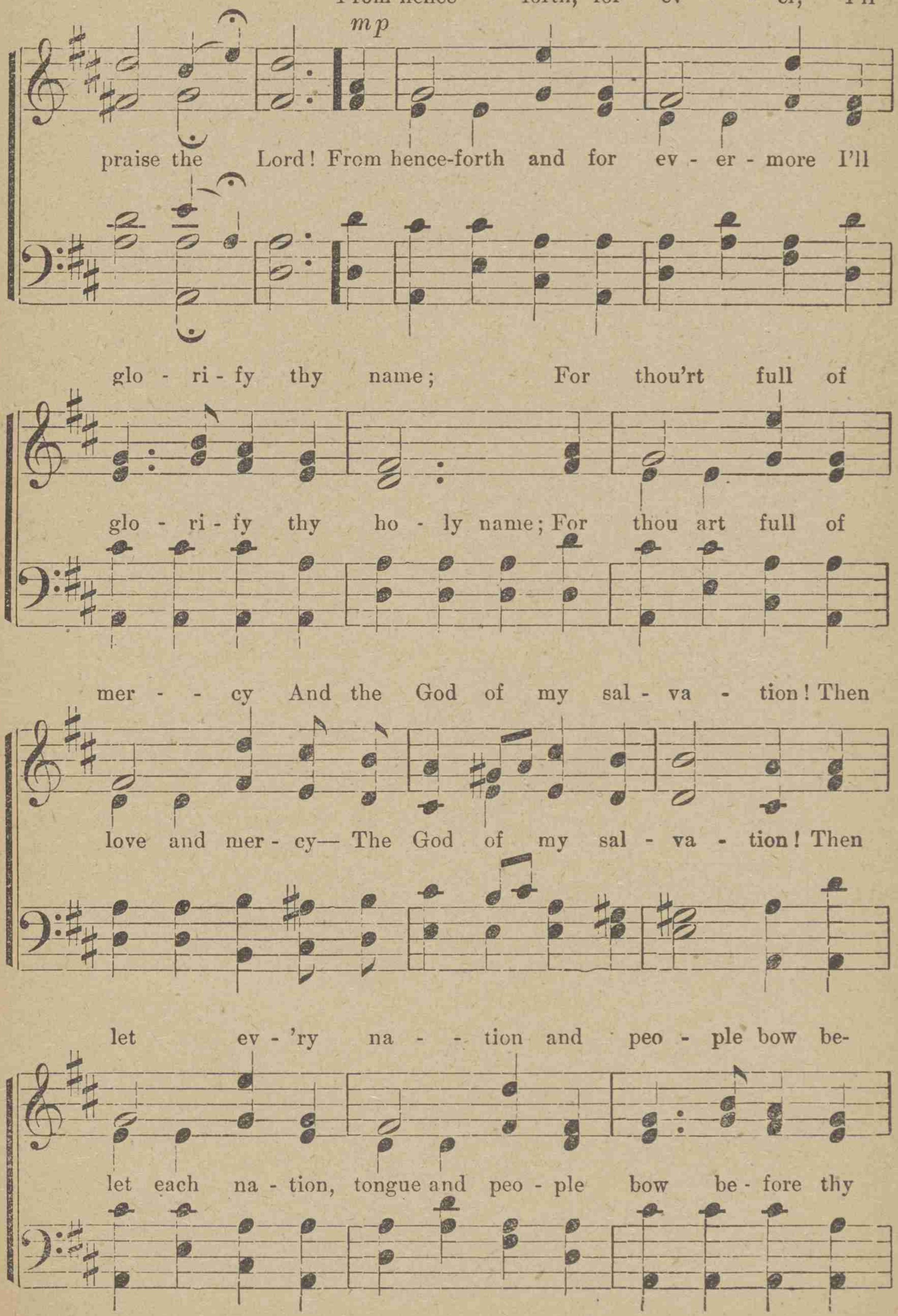

From hence - forth, for - ev - - er, I'll
mp
praise the Lord! From hence-forth and for ev - er - more I'll
glo - ri - fy thy name; For thou'rt full of
glo - ri - fy thy ho - ly name; For thou art full of
mer - - cy And the God of my sal - va - tion! Then
love and mer - cy— The God of my sal - va - tion! Then
let ev - 'ry na - - tion and peo - ple bow be-
let each na - tion, tongue and peo - ple bow be - fore thy

* Words adapted from Isaac Watts.

sov - 'reign God, The u - - - ni-ver- sal King. Come,

sov - 'reign God, The on - ly u - ni - ver - sal King.

wor - - - ship at his throne, . . . Come bow . . . . be-

Come and wor - ship at his throne, Come and bow

fore the Lord. . . . We are . . . . . his work, and

be - fore the Lord, We're his work, and

D. C. al Fine.

not our own, He formed us by his word.

Great Is the Lord.

PSALMS 96 and 145. ANTHEM. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais-ed, Great is the

Lord, and great-ly to be prais-ed. He is to be fear - ed a-

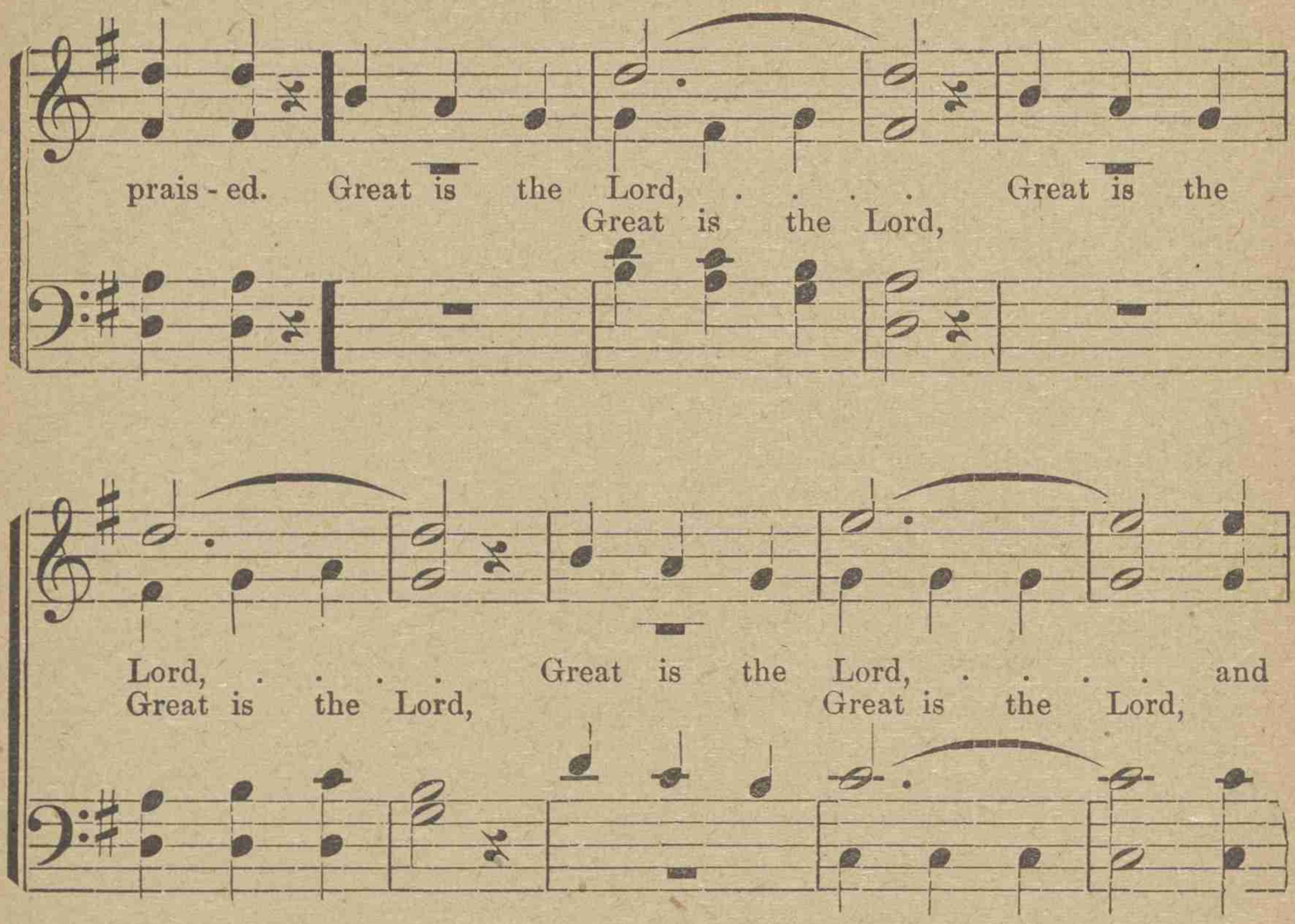
bove all gods, He is to be fear - ed a - bove all

Gods. Oh, wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of

By per. J. H. D. Tomson.

ho - li - ness, in the beau - ty of ho - li - ness; Oh,
wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho - li - ness, in the
beau - ty of ho - li - ness. Great is the Lord, and great- ly
to be prais - ed, Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be

Great Is the Lord. Continued.



maj- es- ty are be - fore him, Strength and beau-ty are

in his courts. Great is the Lord, and great-ly to be

prais - ed, Great is the Lord, and great - ly to be prais - ed,

Rit. e Dim.

Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, Great is the Lord.

My Heavenly Home.

PHOEBE CARY. H. R. PALMER.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me..... | o'er and | o'er;
2. Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our..... | bur - dens | down;
3. Father, perfect my trust! Strengthen the..... | might of my | faith;

I'm nearer my home to-day Than I..... | ever have | been be- | fore;
Nearer leaving the cross,..... ..... | Near - er | gaining the | crown.
Let me feel as I would When I stand on the | rock of the | shore of | death,

Nearer my Father's house, Where the.... | ma - ny | man - sions | be;
But lying darkly between, Winding..... | down .... | thro' the | night,
Feel as I would when my feet Are..... | slip - ping | o'er the | brink,

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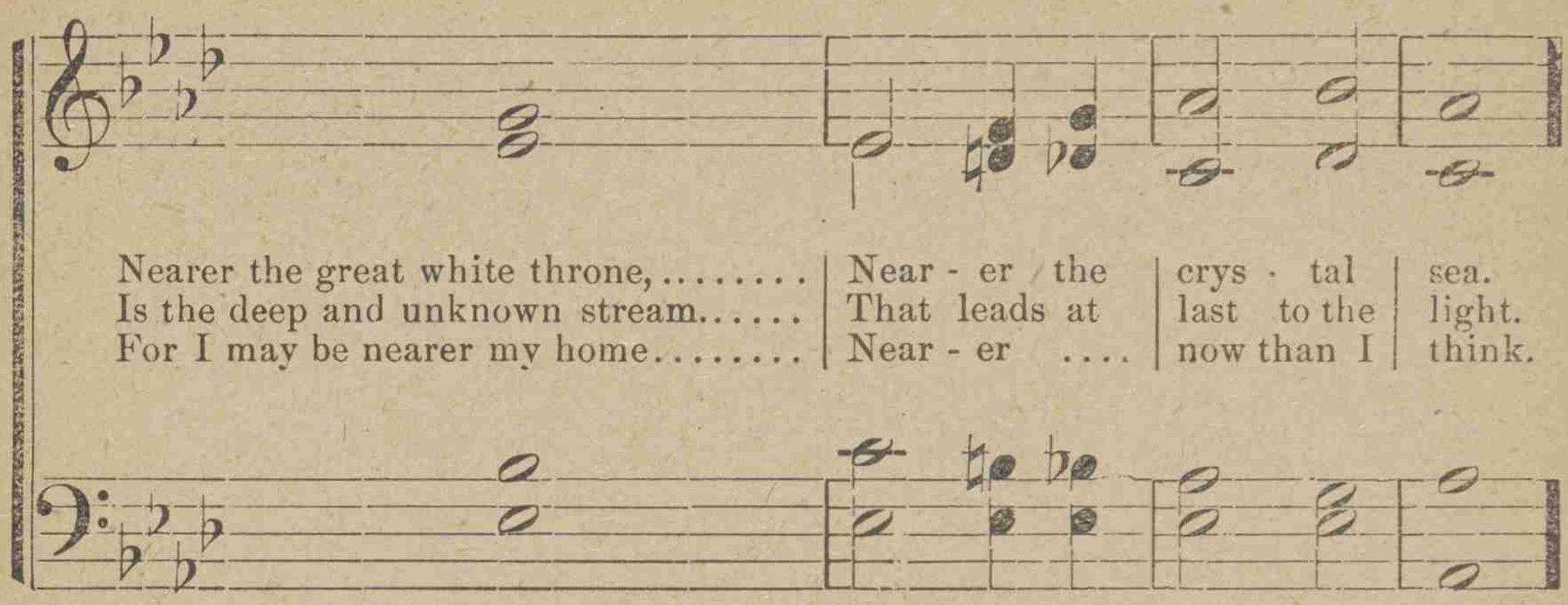
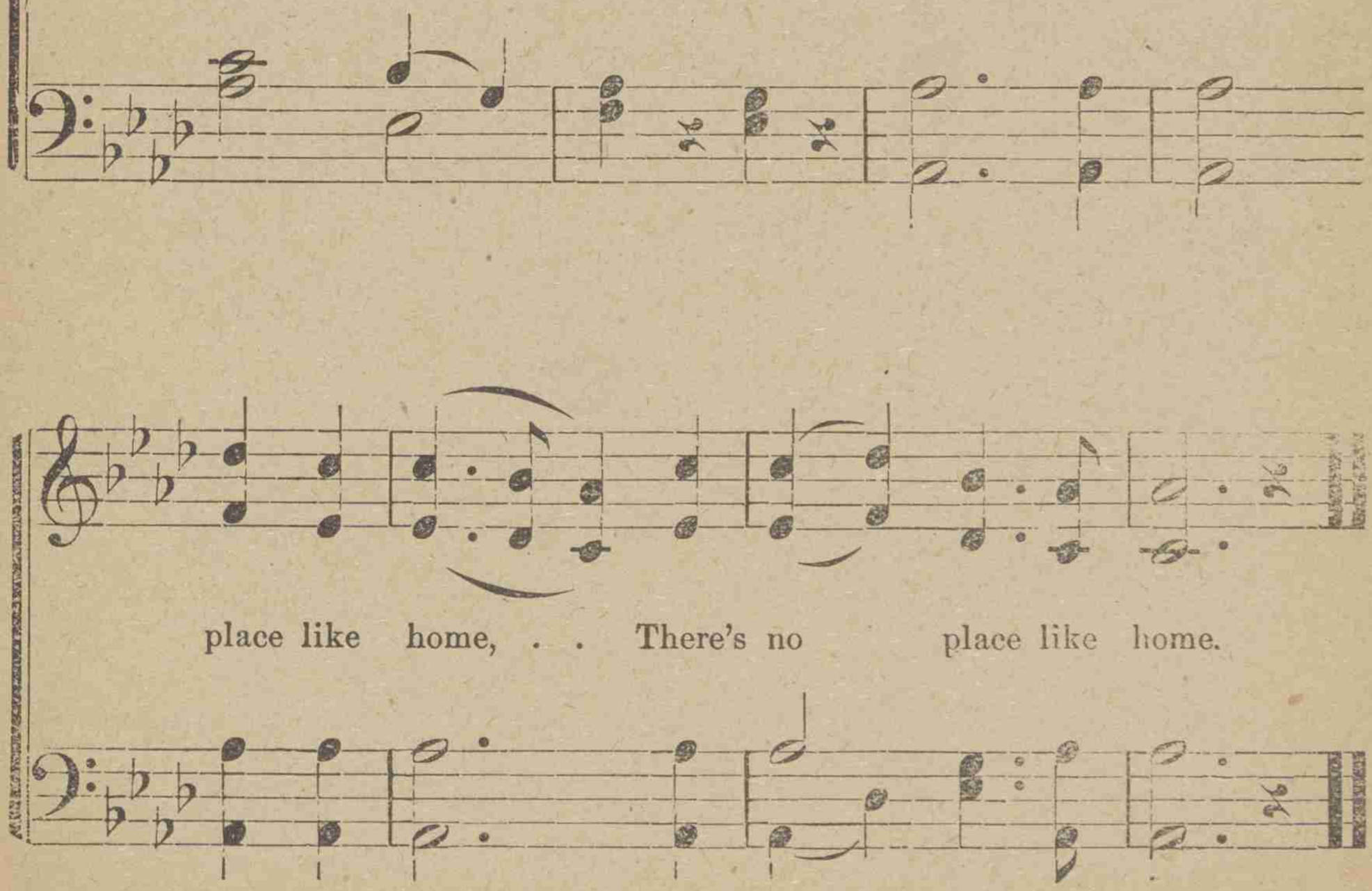


Nearer the great white throne,..... | Near - er the | crys · tal | sea.
Is the deep and unknown stream..... | That leads at | last to the | light.
For I may be nearer my home..... | Near - er .... | now than I | think.

CODA. *To be sung only after the last stanza. In the last four measures Soprano should be light and Alto strong.*

Home. home, sweet, sweet home, There's no



place like home, . . There's no place like home.

Make a Joyful Noise.

ANTHEM.—(Psalm C.)

W. T. TOMSON.

m

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, Make a

f *ff*

joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, Make a joy - ful

noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands, all ye lands.

Alto and Tenor Duet.

Serve the Lord with glad - ness, Serve the Lord with

gladness, Come be - fore his pres - ence, his pres - ence with

sing-ing; Serve the Lord with glad - ness, Serve the Lord with

glad-ness, Come be-fore his pres-ence with sing - ing.

ff Dim.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: It is

Make a Joyful Noise. Continued.

Rit.

He that hath made us and not we our - selves,

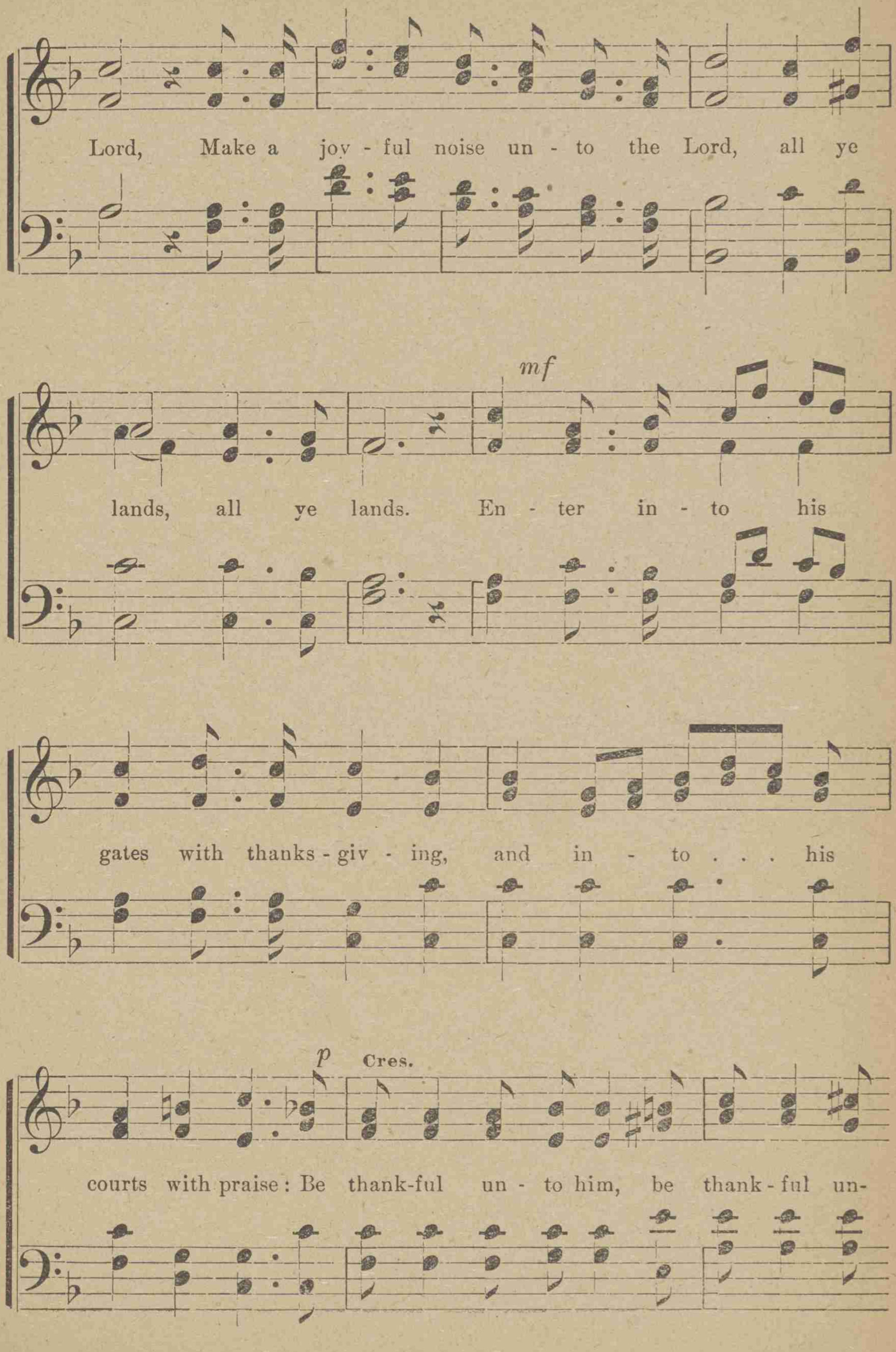
A tempo.

We are his peo - ple and the sheep of his past - ure, the

1st. 2d.

sheep of his pas - ture. pas-ture. Make a joy - ful noise un-

to the Lord, Make a joy - ful noise un - to the


Lord, Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye
mf
lands, all ye lands. En - ter in - to his
gates with thanks - giv - ing, and in - to . . . his
p Cres.
courts with praise: Be thank-ful un - to him, be thank - ful un-

Make a Joyful Noise. Concluded.

to him, Be thank - ful un - to him and bless his name, Be

thankful un - to him and bless his name. For the Lord is

pp **CODA, Adagio.**

good, His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing, And his

Poco.

truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions. A - - - men.

Cres. molto. Rit.

Hear the Call to Labor.

Words and Music by W. T. Tomson.

1. Hear the call to la - bor for the Lord, Come to-day, come to - day;
2. Let us la-bor while the day is bright, Come to-day, come to - day;
3. Lit-tle ones there's much that you can do, Come to-day, come to - day;

Come to-day, come to-day;

Je - sus tells us in his Ho-ly Word We must work and watch and pray.
Leaving noth-ing to be done at night, Let us work while yet we may.
Blessings rich are free- ly promised you, If you'll love him and o - bey.

CHORUS.

Work, watch and pray, 'Tis the bless-ed Sav-ior's call.
Work and watch, yes, watch and pray,

In the vineyard of our blessed Lord There is work for one and all.

198

From the Cross to the Crown.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. Look a - way from the cross to the glit- ter - ing crown, From your cares, wea- ry one, look a - way; There's a home for the soul, where no sor - row can come, And where pleasures will nev - er de - cay.
2. Tho' the bur - dens of life may be heav- y to bear, And your cross - es and tri - als se - vere, There's a beau - ti - ful hand that is beck- on - ing come, And no heart-aches and sigh - ings are there.
3. Mid the con - flicts, the bat - tles, the struggles and strife, Brave-ly on - ward your jour-ney pur- sue; Look a - way from the cross to the glit - ter - ing crown That's a - wait - ing in heav - en for you.

CHORUS.

Look a - way,..... look a - way,.....
Wea - ry one, look a - way from the cross to the crown,

1. 2.

From the cross to the glittering crown;..... From the cross to the glittering crown.
glittering crown;

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A Home in Heaven. 199

UNKNOWN.

Music and Chorus by
J. H. D. TOMSON, owner.

1. A home in heav'n! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man
2. A home in heav'n! as the suf - f'rer lies On his bed of
3. A home in heav'n! when our pleas-ures fade, And our wealth and
4. A home in heav'n! when the sin - ner mourns, And with con - trite

toils in his wea - ry lot; His heart oppressed, and with anguish riv'n,
pain, and up - lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n,
fame in the dust are laid; When strength decays, and our health is riv'n,
heart to the Sav - ior turns; O then what bliss in that heart for-giv'n,

CHORUS.

From his home be - low to his home in heav'n.
With the bless-ed thought of a home in heav'n.
We are hap - py still with our home in heav'n.
Does the hope in - spire of a home in heav'n.

Happy home..... in
Beau-ti-ful home in

heav'n! What a joy-ful thought! When the Sav-ior comes, He'll take us

home to the place prepared In the Father's house, to our home in heav'n!

200 Many Mansions.

LAURA E. NEWELL. John 14: 1-3.—*Christ.* AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. There's a house of man-y man-sions, In the cit - y
2. Man - y dear ones wait our com - ing, In that coun - try
3. Then with joy we'll on-ward jour - ney, Tho' the path is
4. To the house of man-y man-sions, We with joy and

bright and fair; And our Sav - iour waits with wel-comes, For the
far a - way; And its shores are drawing near - er, Draw-ing
dim we tread; Soon the dark - ness will be end - ed; By His
trust may go, For our Sav - iour hath re-deemed us One and

CHORUS.

ones who en - ter there.
near - er ev - 'ry day.
coun - sel we are led.
all, God loved us so.

} In that home prepared that's waiting

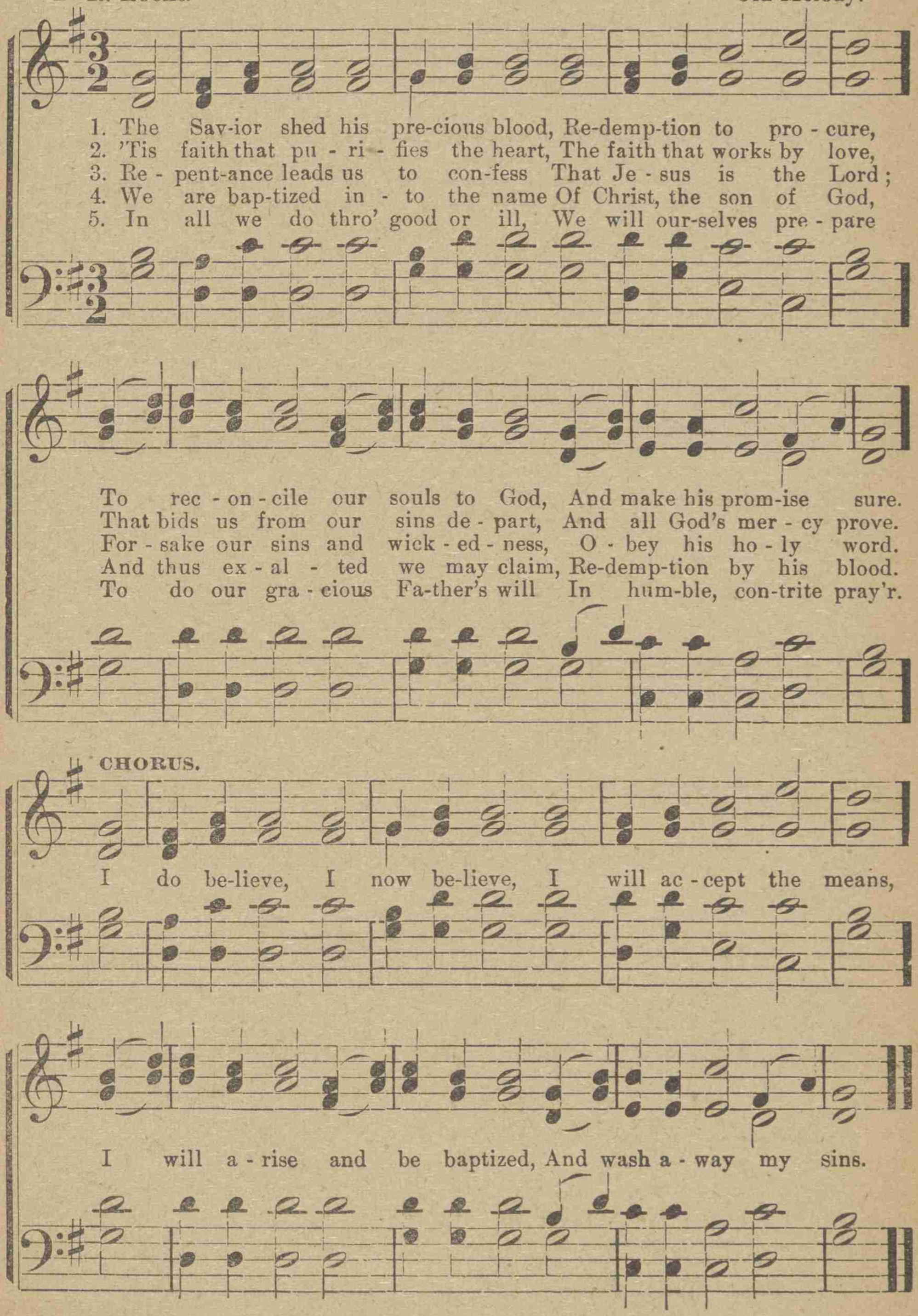
For the faith - ful and the true, In the bless - ed
"man - y man - sions," Is a place pre - pared for you.

By permission of Austin Taylor, Sherman, Texas.

I do Believe.

"And now why tarriest thou? arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord."—Acts xxii: 16.

D. R. Lucas. Old Melody.



Youthful Consecration.

ANON. ECC. 12: 1. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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 - ca - tion, Nev-er once for - got - ten be,
5. Thine I am, oh Lord, for - ev - er, To thy serv - ice set a - part,

All my pow'rs to thee sur-ren - der, Thine, and on - ly thine to be.
May thy grace thro' life at-tend 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 rev - o - ca-tion, Published and confirmed by thee.
Suf - fer me to leave thee nev - er, Seal thy im - age on my heart.

CHORUS.

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

Thy de - vot - ed serv-ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.

From "Harvest Bells," by per. W. E. Penn, owner of copyright.

A. D. KENNEDY. # Watching the Foe. D. W. CRIST.

1. Go, set a watchman at ev - 'ry post, Foemen recruit now their mighty host;
2. Watch for the en-e-my of your soul, Who o'er your life seeks to gain con - trol;
3. Stand in the watch-tower night and day, Till all our foes shall be vanquish'd away;

Now they are marching with measur'd time Under the banner of Sin and Crime.
Loy - al to God, then, let each one be Watching by pray'r for the en-e - my.
Watch till the day of our triumph shines Bright over all our vic-to- rious lines.

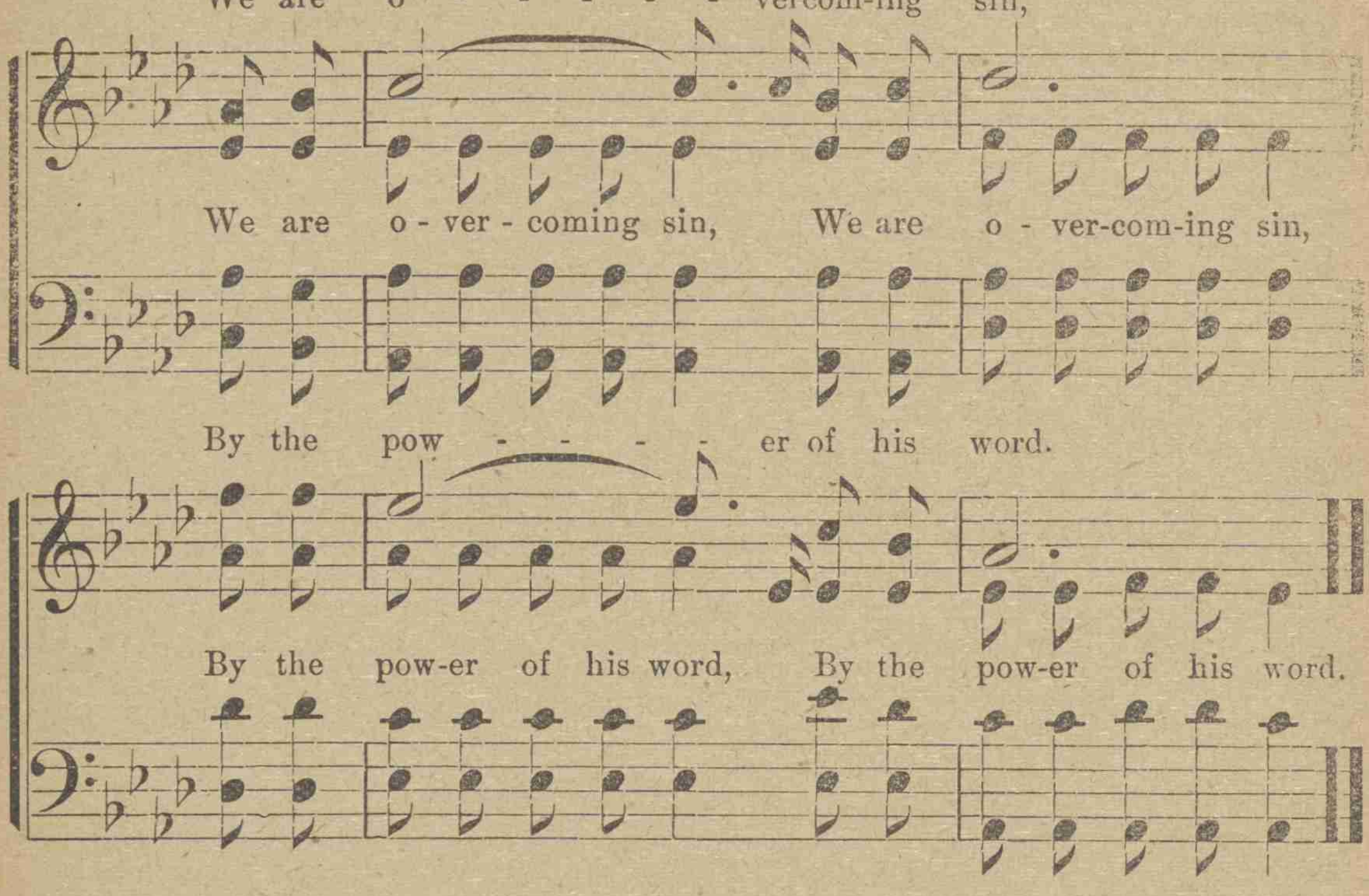
CHORUS.

We are watch - - - - ing for the foe,
We are watching for the foe, We are watching for the foe,
We are trust - - - - ing in the Lord,
We are trusting in the Lord, We are trusting in the Lord.

From "Banner of Love," by per. D. W. Crist.

Watching the Foe. Concluded.

We are o - - - - - - vercom-ing sin,

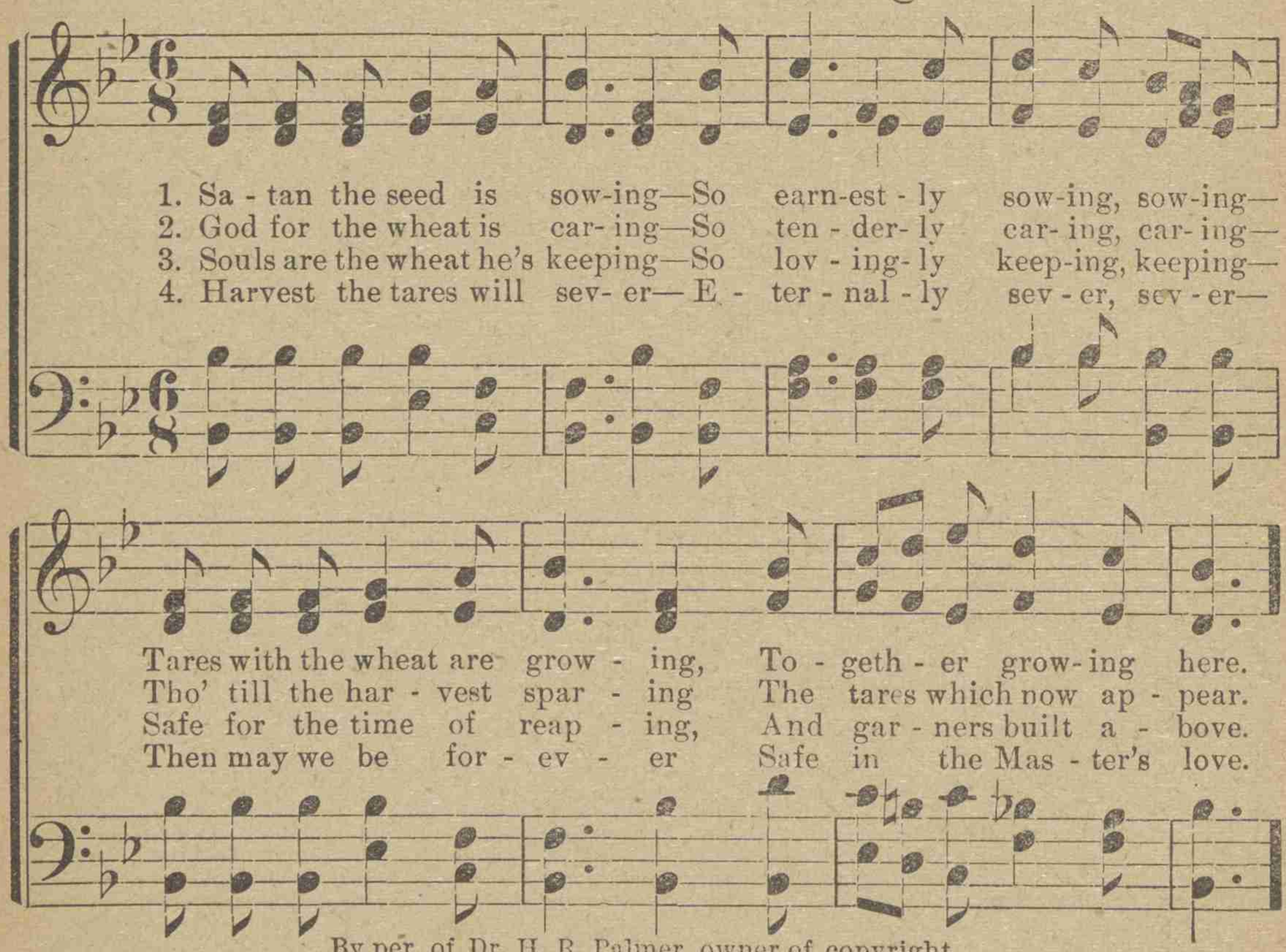


We are o - ver - coming sin, We are o - ver-com-ing sin,

By the pow - - - - er of his word.

By the pow-er of his word, By the pow-er of his word.

M. A. BAKER. ## Satan the Seed Is Sowing. H. R. PALMER.



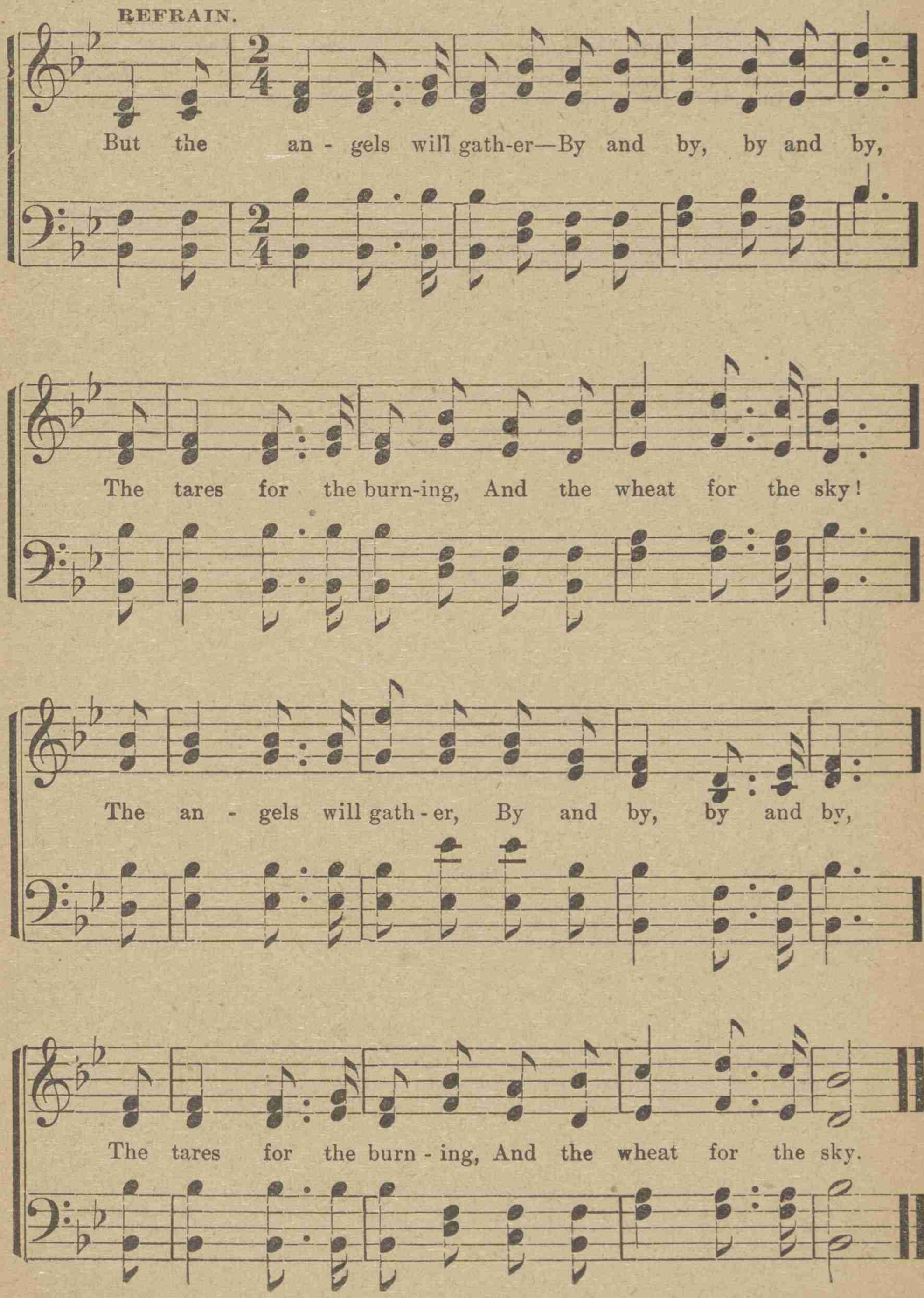
1. Sa - tan the seed is sow-ing—So earn-est - ly sow-ing, sow-ing—
2. God for the wheat is car- ing—So ten - der- ly car- ing, car- ing—
3. Souls are the wheat he's keeping—So lov - ing- ly keep-ing, keeping—
4. Harvest the tares will sev- er— E - ter - nal - ly sev - er, sev - er—

Tares with the wheat are grow - ing, To - geth - er grow-ing here.
Tho' till the har - vest spar - ing The tares which now ap - pear.
Safe for the time of reap - ing, And gar - ners built a - bove.
Then may we be for - ev - er Safe in the Mas - ter's love.

By per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

Satan the Seed Is Sowing. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



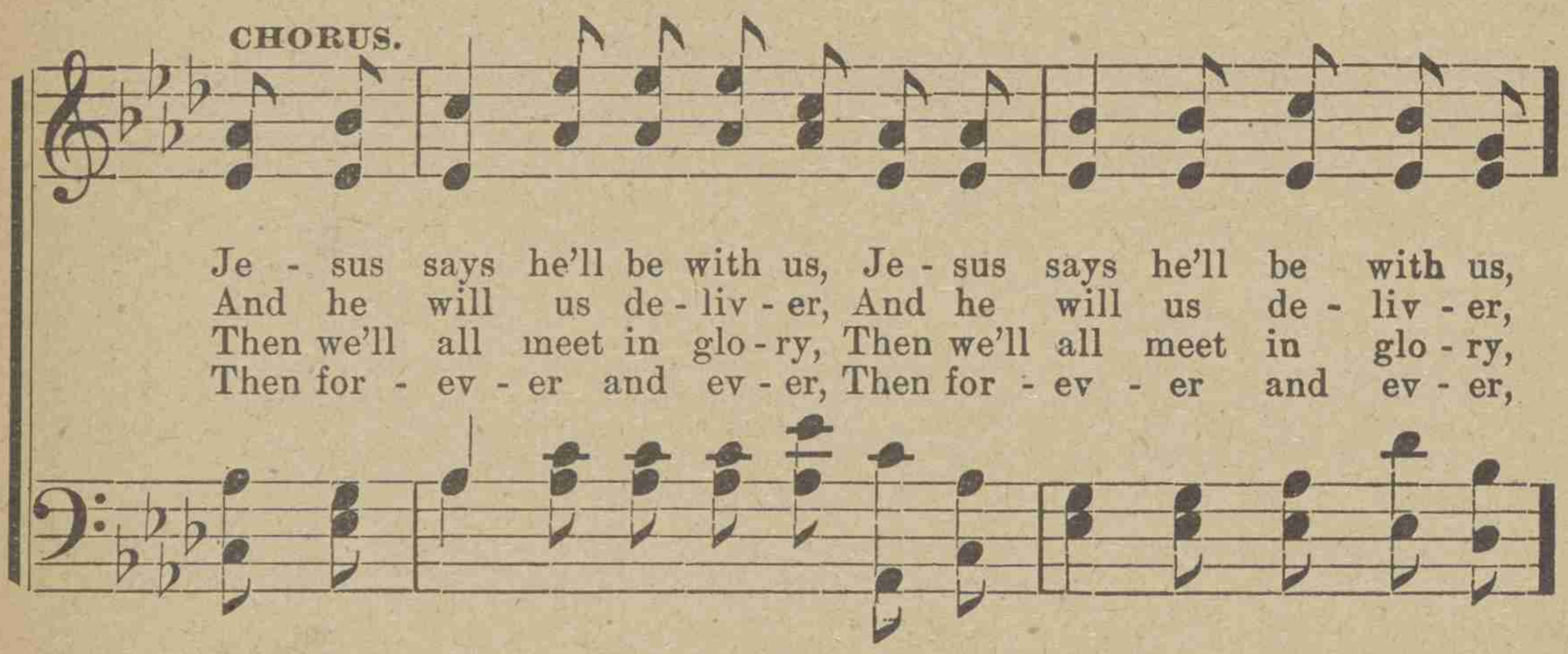
Come Along Ye Pilgrims Weary.

J. C. T. Arr. by J. H. D. Tomson.

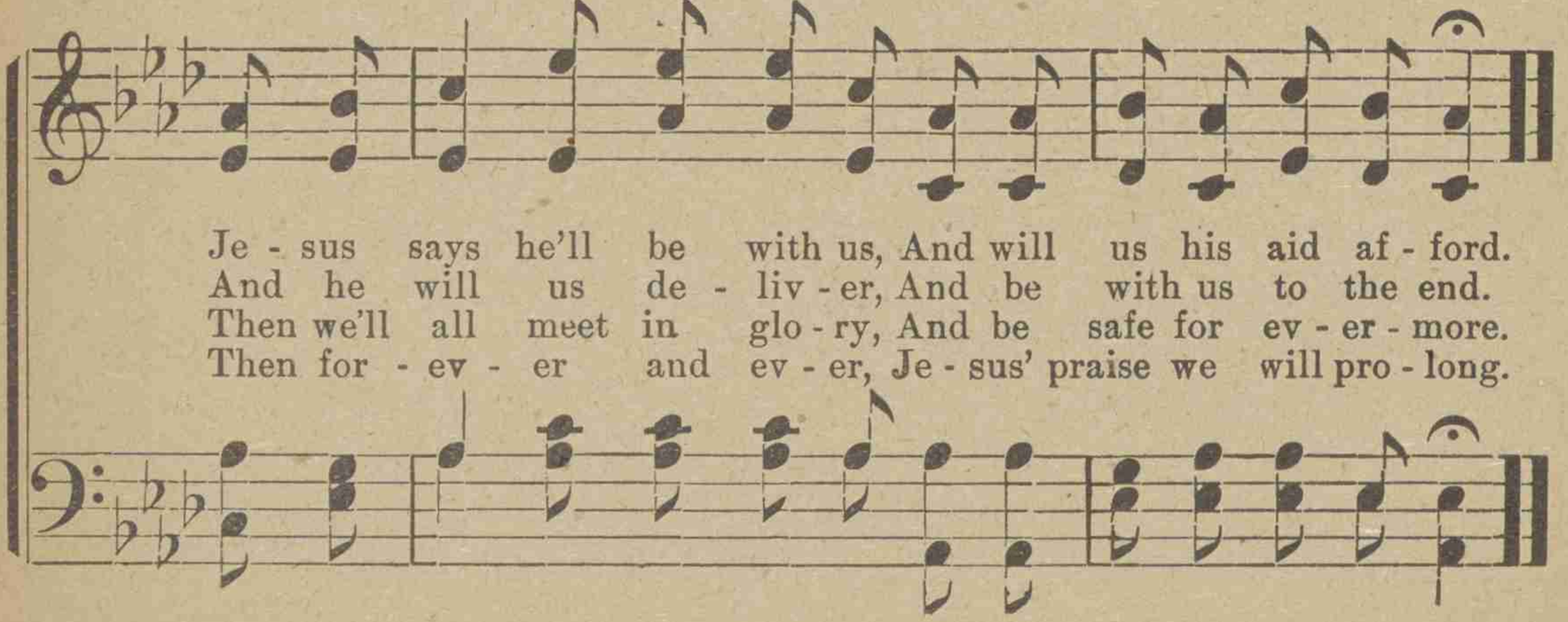
DUET.

1. Come a - long, ye pilgrims wea-ry, While be-low we have to tar - ry, In a world so dark and dreary, Let us love and serve the Lord
2. In the day of trib - u - la - tion, When surrounded by temp- ta - tion, We will find in him sal - va - tion, For he is the sinner's friend:
3. And when come to Jordan's riv - er, A - ble still to save as ev - er, He will car - ry us all o - ver, Safe - ly to the other shore:
4. And when home he is us bringing, Saints in glo - ry will be singing, While the angel harps are ringing, We shall join the heav'nly throng;

CHORUS.



Je - sus says he'll be with us, Je - sus says he'll be with us,
And he will us de - liv - er, And he will us de - liv - er,
Then we'll all meet in glo - ry, Then we'll all meet in glo - ry,
Then for - ev - er and ev - er, Then for - ev - er and ev - er,

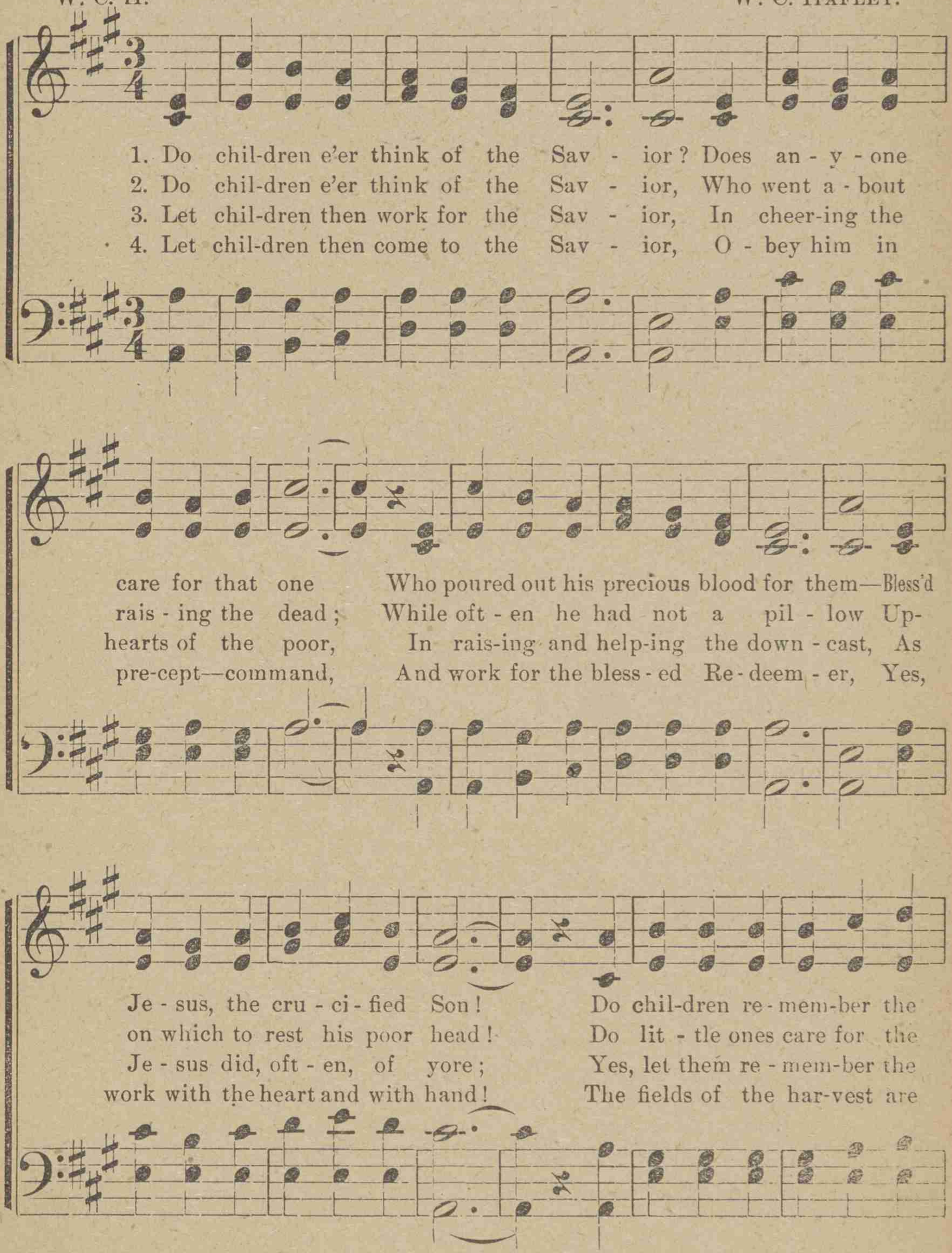


Je - sus says he'll be with us, And will us his aid af - ford.
And he will us de - liv - er, And be with us to the end.
Then we'll all meet in glo - ry, And be safe for ev - er - more.
Then for - ev - er and ev - er, Je - sus' praise we will pro - long.

Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

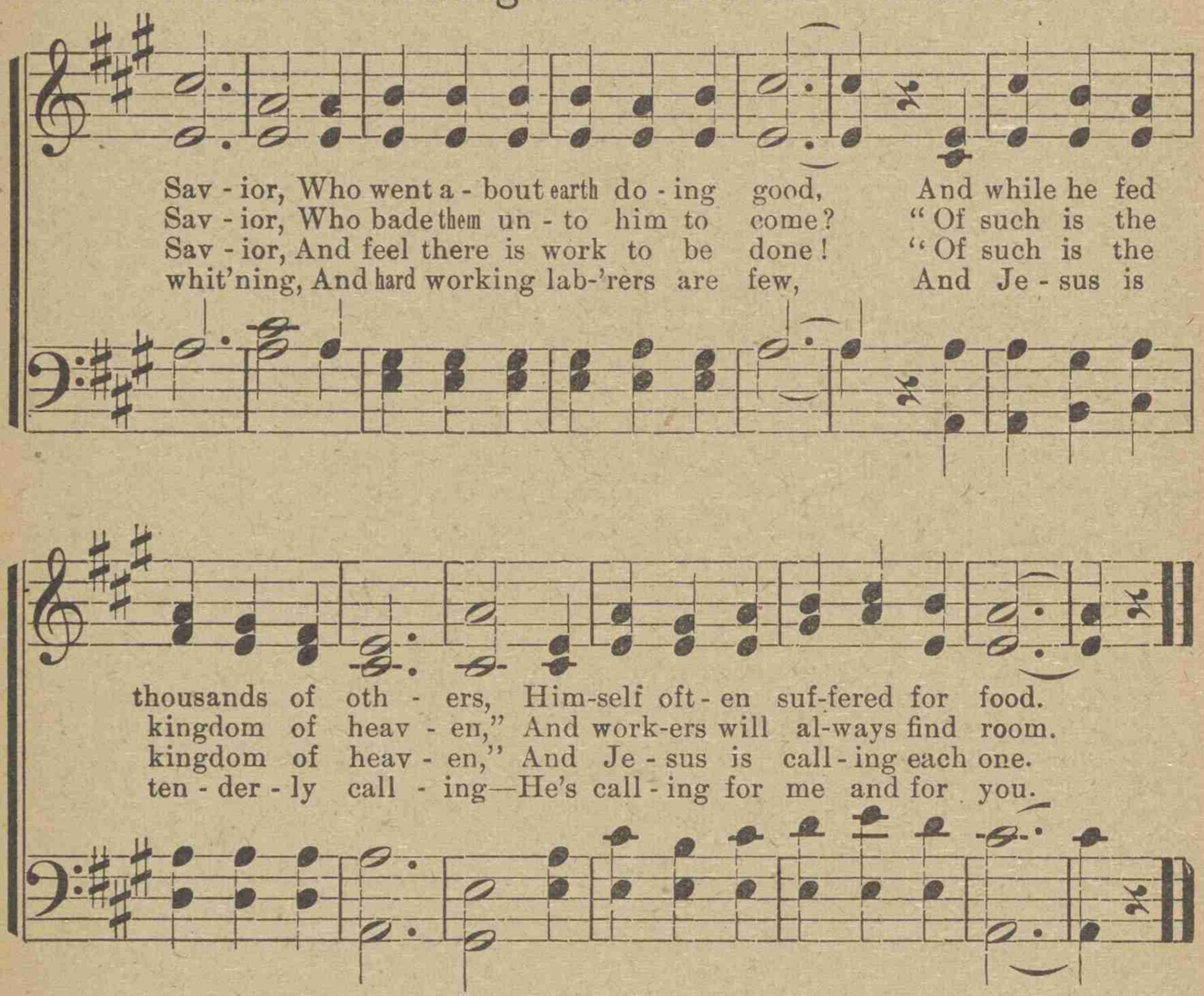
"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—LUKE 18: 16.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.



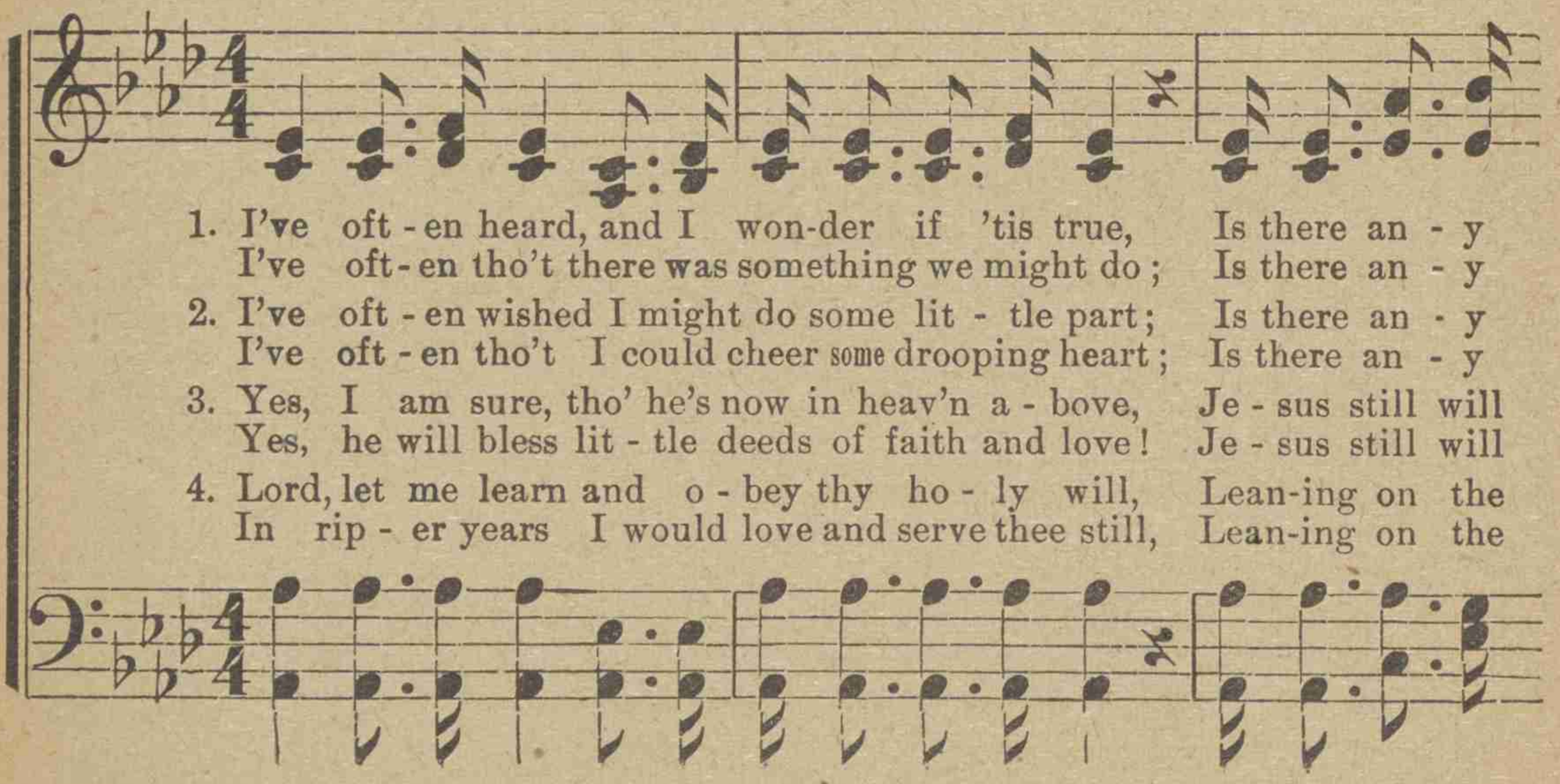
By per. W. C. Hafley.

Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Concluded.



Is There Work for Little Children?

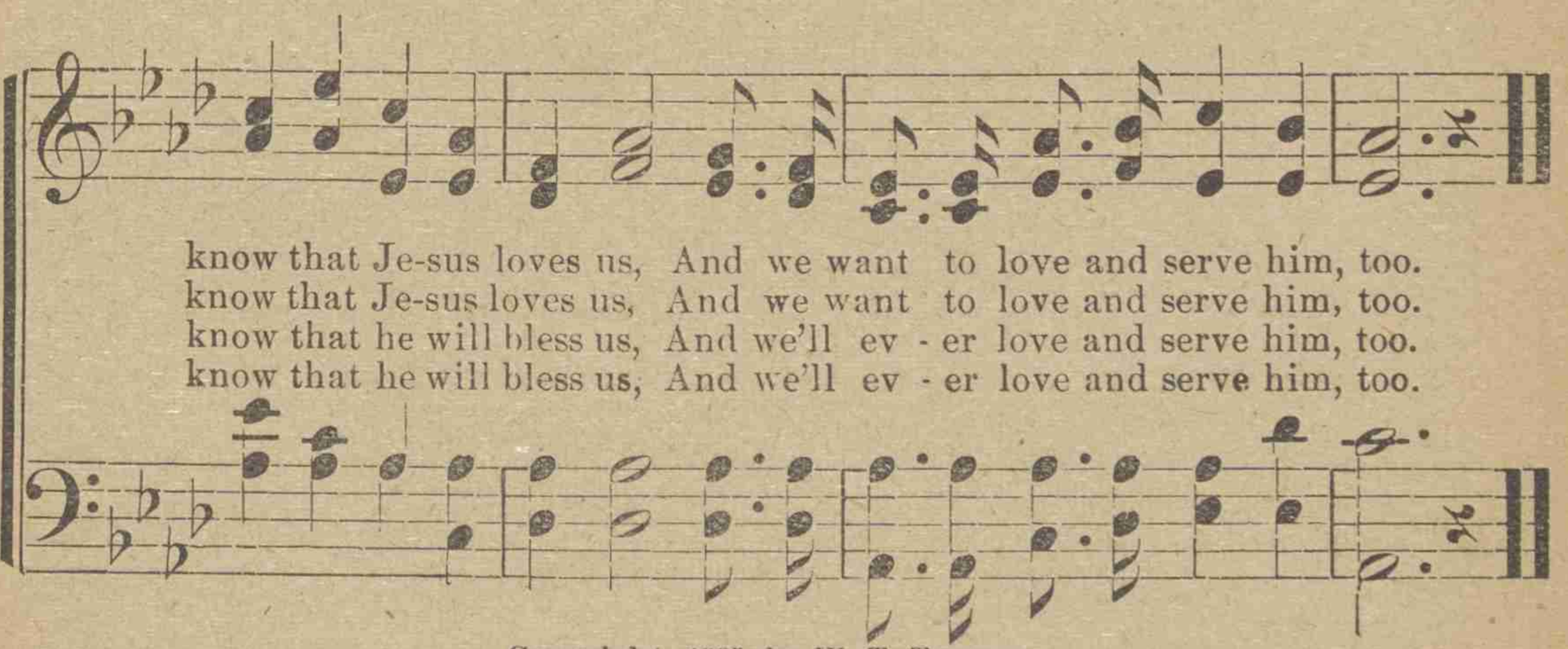
Words and Music by W. T. Tomson.



Is There Work for Little Children. Concluded.

work for chil - dren?
work for (*Omit.*) children? Is there work for lit - tle
work for chil - dren?
work for (*Omit.*) children? Is there work for lit - tle
bless the chil - dren:
bless the (*Omit.*) children: Yes, there's work for lit - tle
cross of Je - sus;
cross of (*Omit.*) Je - sus; Yes, there's work for lit - tle

chil - dren? Is there an - y that our hands can do? For we
chil - dren? Is there an - y that our hands can do? For we
chil - dren, There is plen-ty that our hands can do; And we
chil - dren, There is plen-ty that our hands can do; And we



know that Je-sus loves us, And we want to love and serve him, too.
know that Je-sus loves us, And we want to love and serve him, too.
know that he will bless us, And we'll ev - er love and serve him, too.
know that he will bless us, And we'll ev - er love and serve him, too.

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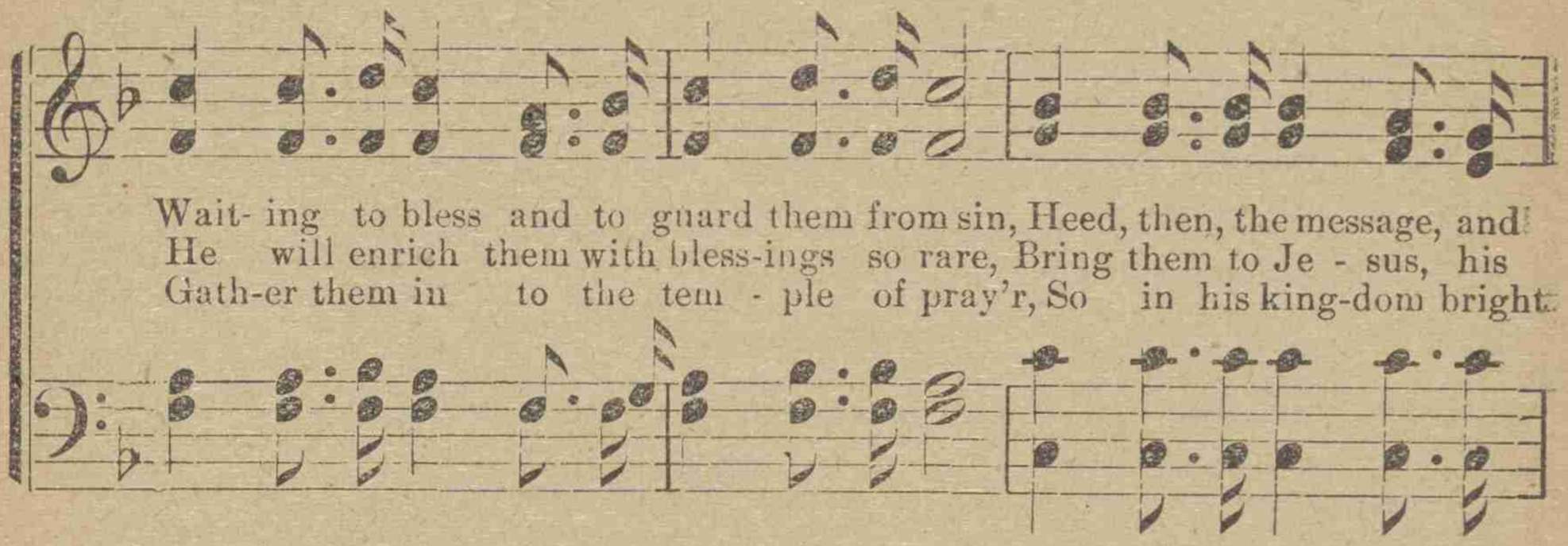
Gather In the Children.

Words arranged by D. W. C. D. W. Crist.

From "Banner of Love." By per. D. W. Crist.

Gather in the Children. Concluded.



The Choice.

MISS M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

1. At Je - sus' dear feet! Oh, at - ti - tude sweet! Was ev - er a heart so blest? As in tak - ing that place, To a-
2. Close, close by his feet, Scarce dar-ing to meet The look of his lov - ing eyes; Yet, so long - ing to hear His low
3. At Je - sus' dear side! With him to a - bide, When we shall go home a - bove His bright glo - ry to see, And his

dore and em - brace, And in his pure pres - ence rest.
ac - cents of cheer And won - der - ful words so wise.
chil - dren to be, And know all his bound - less love.

CHORUS.

Let us choose the one thing needful; Let us choose the bet - ter part;

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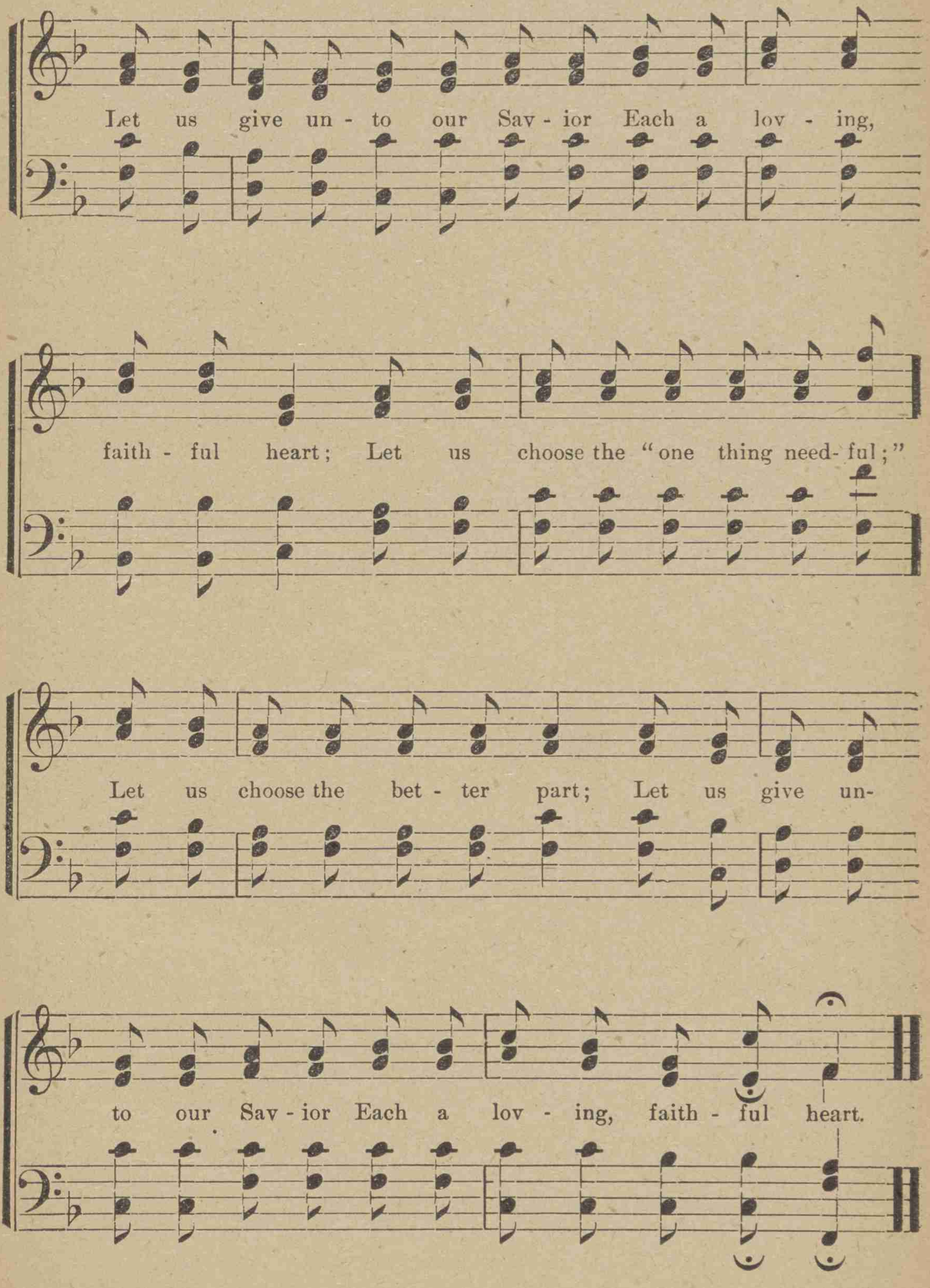
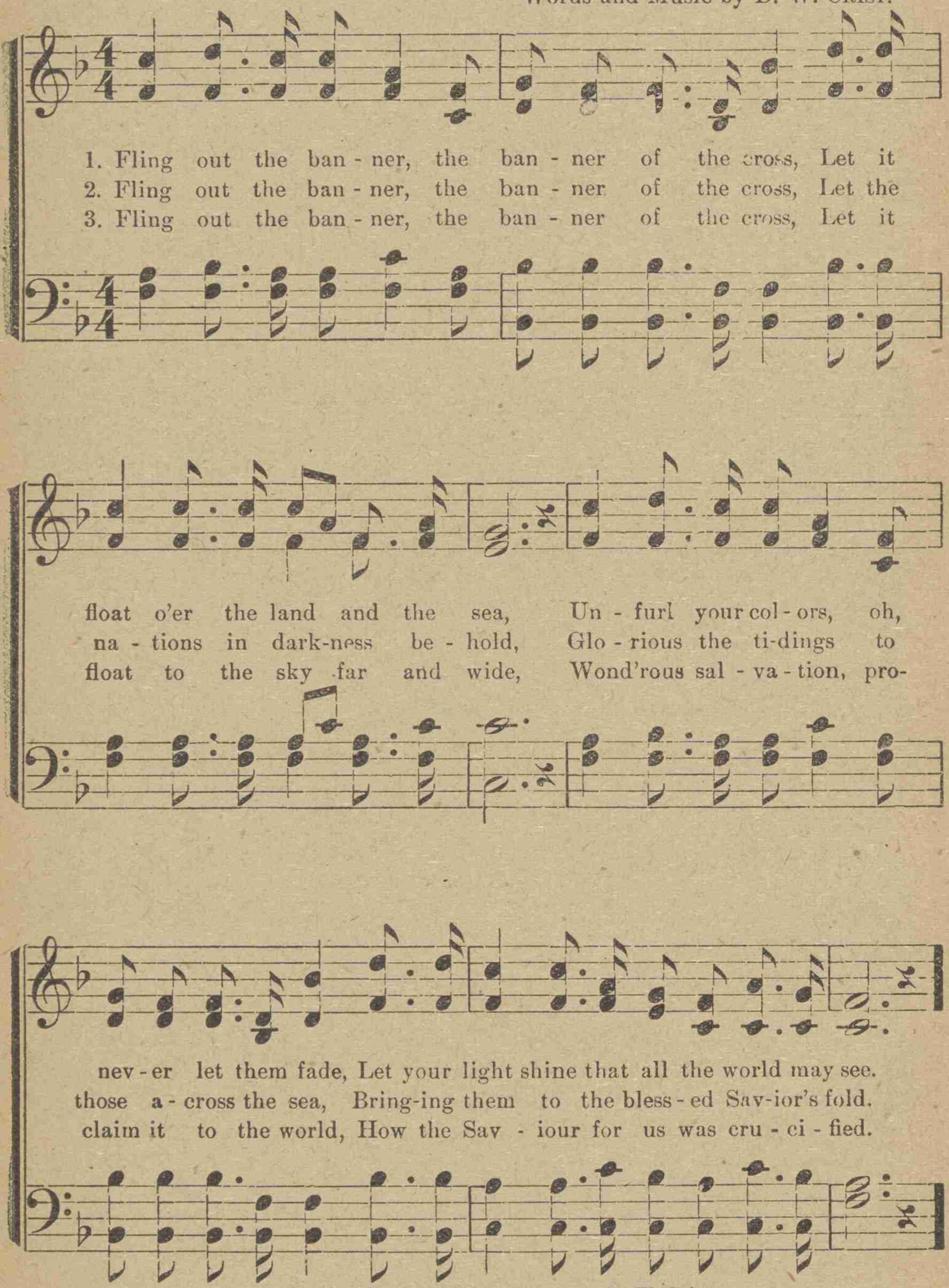
The Choice. Concluded.



Fling Out The Banner.

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.



From "Banner of Love," by per. D. W. Crist.

Fling Out The Banner. Concluded.

Hew to the Line.

When the writer, some ten years ago, moved to the historic battle-field of Sherman Heights, Tenn., the whole surroundings were, comparatively, in woods. We began "clearing" away the underwood and "hewing" some logs for framing in our new house. This work brought back to my mind the scenes of forty years ago, and I could see father standing and hear him calling to the workmen, "Boys, hew to the line." He is sleeping in the grave, but I can never forget the lessons he taught.

W. C. H.

W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Of the old time I'm think - ing, Of the
2. I can see the keen broad - ax, I can
3. How I longed to be - hold it, Our new
4. Ah, my heart, it is dream - ing Of the
5. List! the old roof is creak - ing, And the
6. When the dark mists are gath - 'ring All a-

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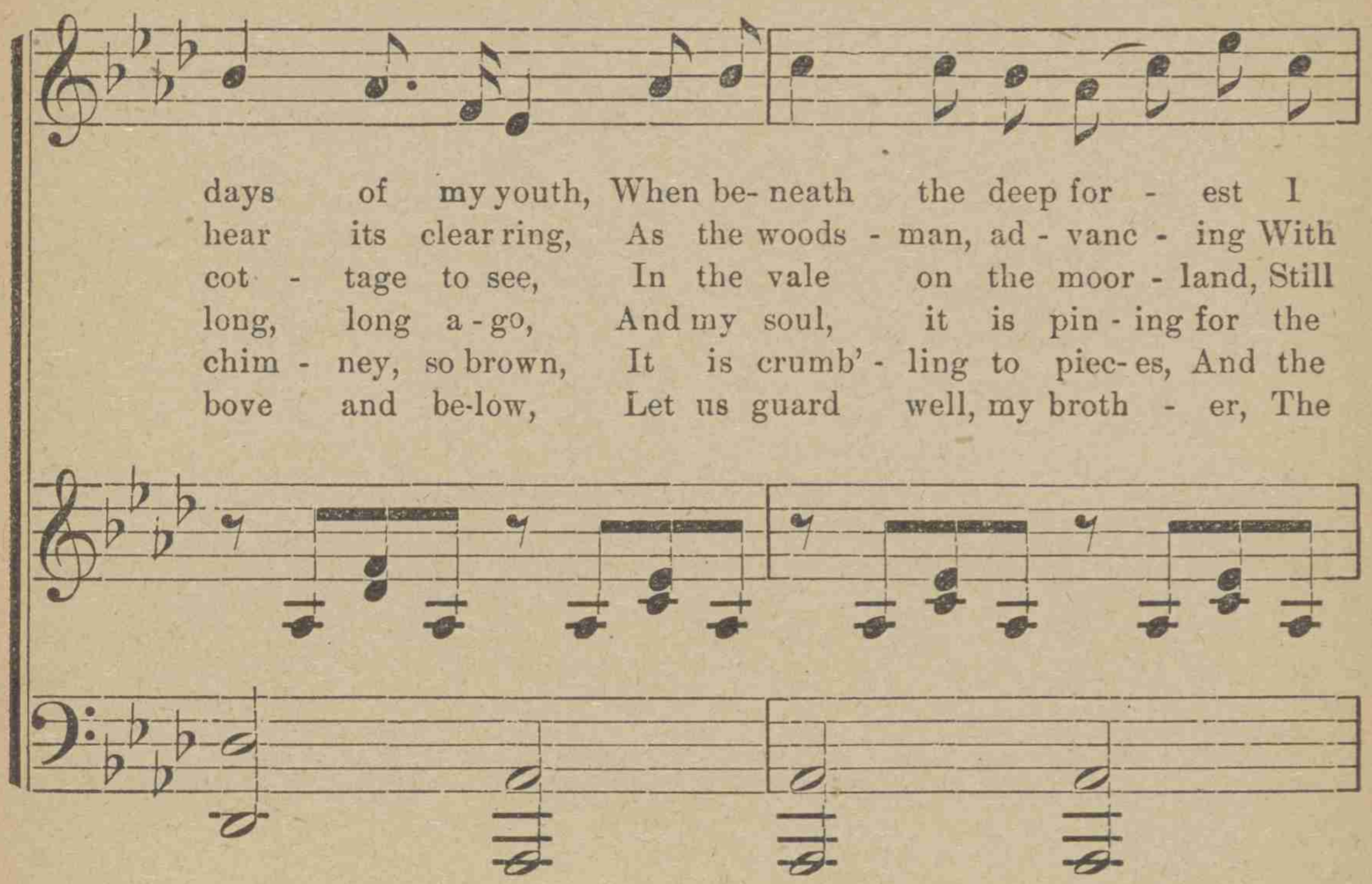
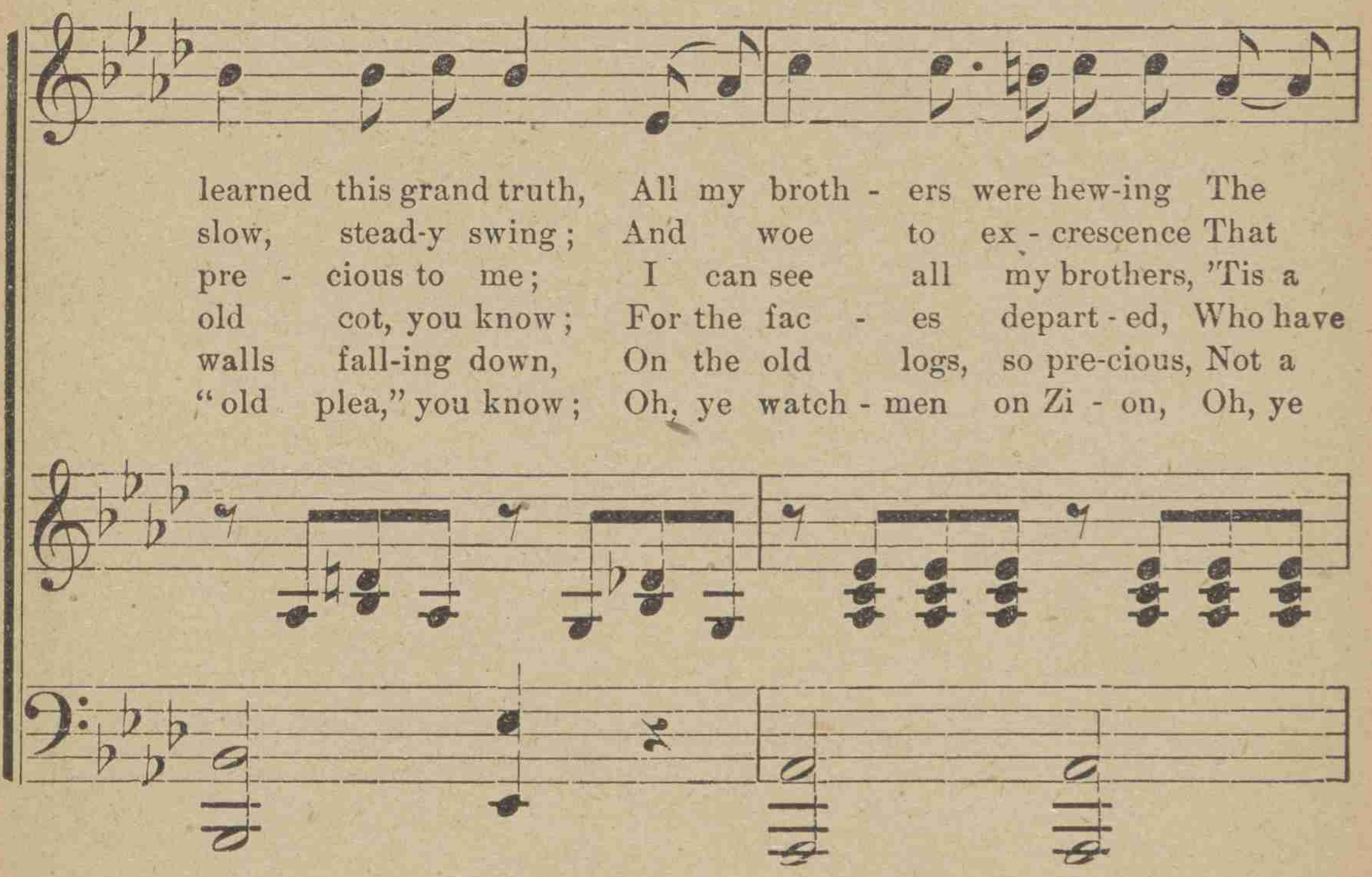
Hew to the Line. Continued.





Hew to the Line. Continued.

broad logs of pine, Quoth my fa - ther, "Be careful, Boys,
come in their line. For they know not, I tell you, But to
sight half di - vine, And I hear fa - ther calling, "Boys,
left me be - hind, And who taught me this les-son, To
scar can we find, For the boys had, I tell you, To
work - men di - vine, List the Mas - ter, he saith, "Ye must

hew to the line!"
hew to the line!
hew to the line!"
hew to the line!
hew to the line!
hew to the line!"

CHORUS.

Then hew to the line, Oh,

Hew to the Line. Concluded.

hew to the line, In your work ye must hew to the

line, to the line. I can see all my broth - ers,
(To be sung in the last verse.) *Oh, ye watch - men on Zi - on,*

'Tis a sight half di - vine, And I hear
Oh, ye work - men di - vine! List! the Mas-

fa - ther call - ing, "Boys, hew to the line!"
ter! he saith, "Ye must hew to the line!"

Mother, Childhood, Friends, and Home.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Twined with ev-'ry earth-ly tie, Mem'ries sweet that can not die,
2. Oth-er climes may charm a-while, Oth-er eyes in beau-ty smile,

Breathing still wher-e'er we roam, Moth-er, childhood, friends, and home.
Yet we mur-mur as we roam, Moth-er, childhood, friends, and home.

Green the gar-den where we played, Dear the old fa-mil-iar shade,
All of joy we fond-ly prize, Twined with all our fond-est ties,

In our dreams how oft they come, Moth-er, childhood, friends, and home.
Sa-cred still wher-e'er we roam, Moth-er, childhood, friends, and home.

From "The Temple Star." By per A S. Kieffer.

Twilight is Falling.

A. S. KIEFFER. B. C. UNSELD.

1. Twilight is stealing O - ver the sea, Shadows are fall-ing Dark on the lea;
2. Voic-es of loved ones! Songs of the past: Still lin-ger, round me, While life shall last:
3. Come in the twilight, Come, come to me! Bringing some message O - ver the sea,

Borne on the night winds, Voices of yore, Come from the far - off shore.
Lone - ly I wan - der, Sad - ly I roam, Seek-ing that far - off home.
Cheering my pathway While here I roam, Seek-ing that far - off home.

CHORUS.

Far a - way beyond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev- er dies,

Gleameth a mansion filled with de-light, Sweet hap-py home, so bright!

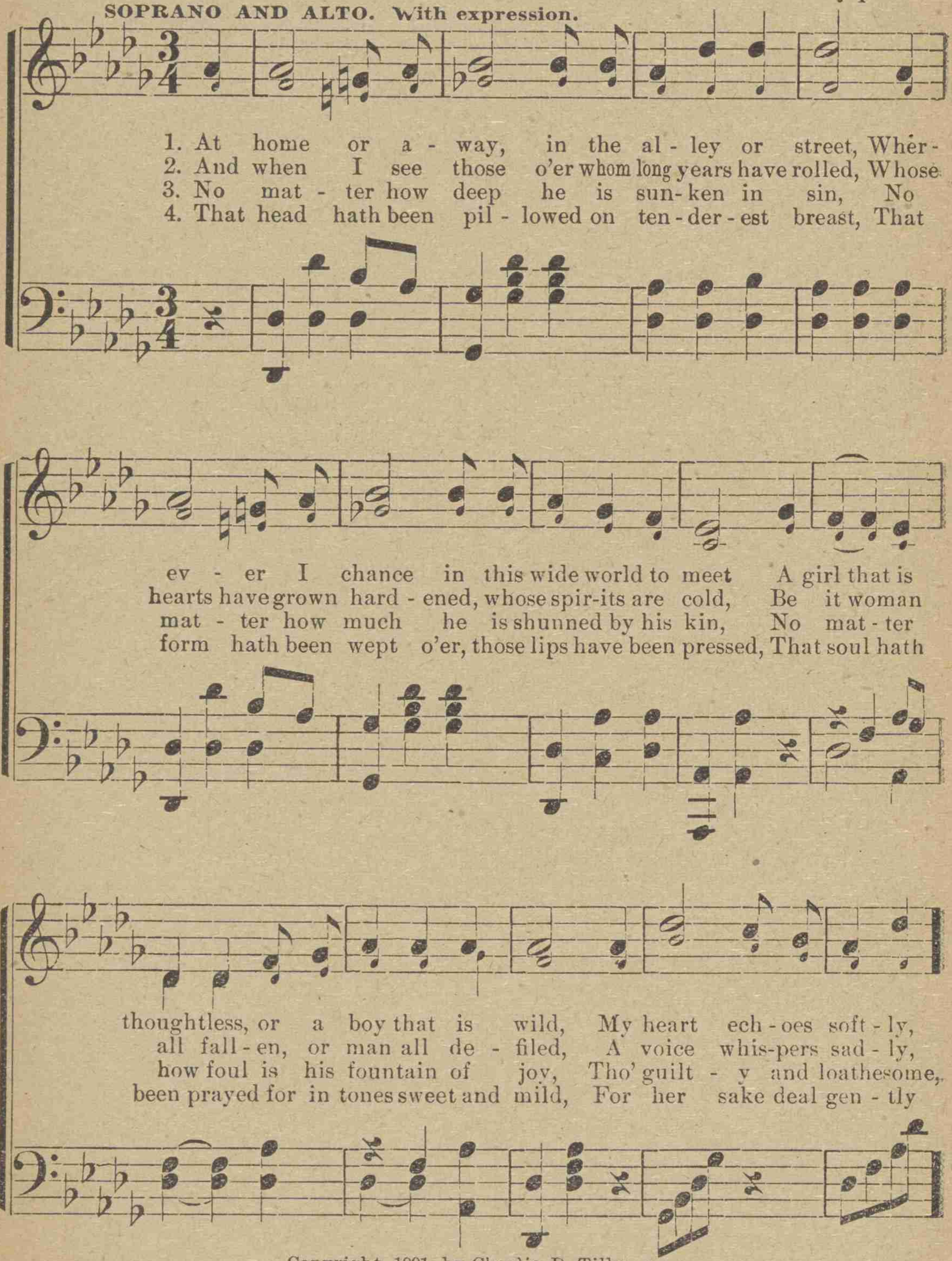
From "The Temple Star." By per. A. S. Kieffer.

Some Mother's Child.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

SOPRANO AND ALTO. With expression.

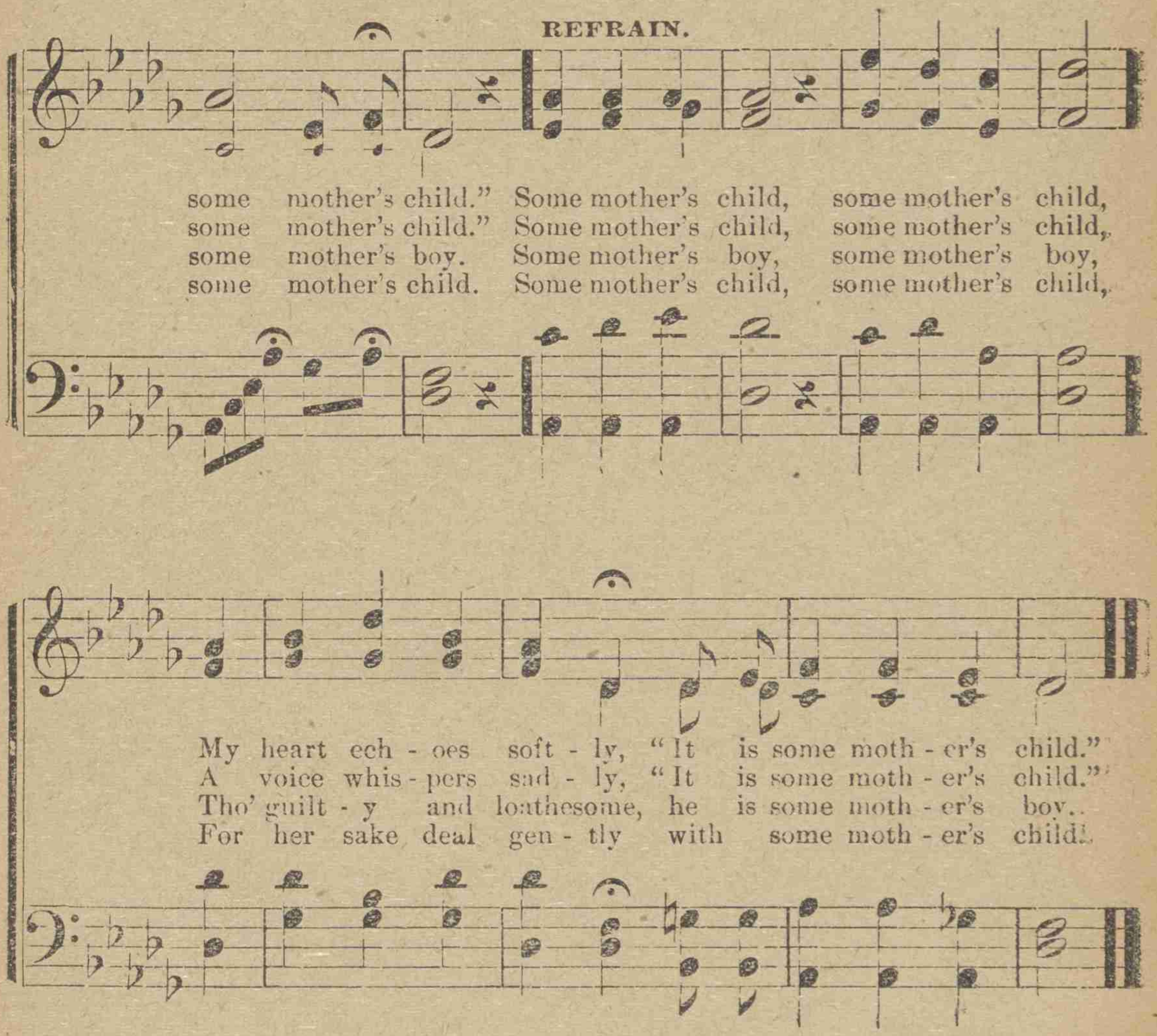


Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

Some Mother's Child. Concluded.

"It is some mother's child," My heart ech-oes soft - ly, "It is
"It is some mother's child," A voice whispers sad - ly, "It is
he is some mother's boy, Tho' guilt - y and loathesome, he is
with some mother's child, For her sake deal gen - tly with

REFRAIN.



some mother's child." Some mother's child, some mother's child,
some mother's child." Some mother's child, some mother's child,
some mother's boy. Some mother's boy, some mother's boy,
some mother's child. Some mother's child, some mother's child,

My heart ech - oes soft - ly, "It is some moth - er's child."
A voice whis - pers sad - ly, "It is some moth - er's child."
Tho' guilt - y and loathesome, he is some moth - er's boy.
For her sake deal gen - tly with some moth - er's child.

Now the Day is Over.

(AN EVENING PRAYER.)

S. B. GOULD. Melody by D. F. TOMSON. Harmony by W. T. T.

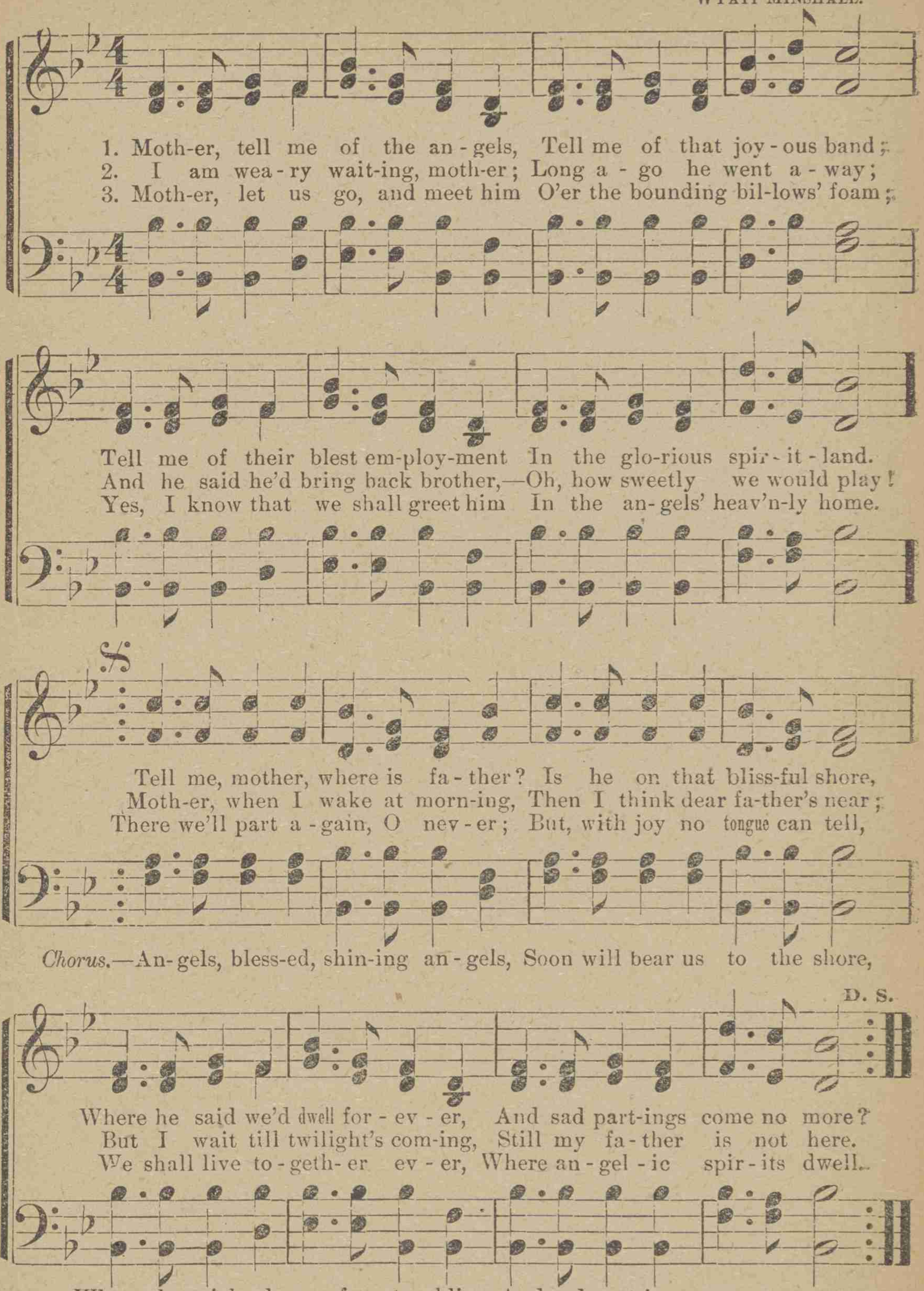
Slowly and Softly.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows from the
2. Je - sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose, With thy tenderest
3. Com - fort ev - 'ry suff-'rer Watching late in pain; Those who plan some
4. When the morning wakens, Then may I a - rise, Pure and fresh and

even-ing Steal a - cross the sky. Now the dark-ness gath-ers,
bless-ing, May our eye - lids close. Grant to wea - ry pil-grims
e - vil From their sin re - strain. Thro' the long night-watch-es
sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther,

Stars begin to peep, Birds and beasts and flowers Soon will be a-sleep.
Visions bright of thee, Guard the sailors toss-ing On the deep blue sea.
May thine angels spread Their white wings above me, Watching 'round my bed.
Glo - ry to the Son, And to thee, blest Spir-it, Whilst all ages run.

WYATT MINSHALL.



From "Temple Star" by per. A. S. Kieffer.

Come Unto Me.

E. F. S. Matt. 11: 28-30. E. F. Stanton.

1. The Sav - iour sweet - ly calls to - day, "O come un - to
2. The Sav - iour whis - pers ten - der - ly, "O come un - to
3. The ris - en Sav - iour calls in love, "O come un - to
4. The Sav - iour calls from man-sions bright, "O come un - to

Me and rest; I am the Life, the Truth, the Way, O
Me and rest; I died for thee on Cal - va - ry, O
Me and rest; With joy and glad - ness look a - bove, O
Me and rest; My yoke is eas - y, bur - den light, O

REFRAIN.

come un - to Me and rest." Come un - to Me,
Come un - to Me, come un - to Me, O
Come un - to Me,
Come un - to Me, O come
come un - to Me, come un - to Me, come un - to Me,
Rit.
un - to Me, And I will give you rest.
come un - to Me, sweet rest.

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Be Strong In the Faith. 227

D. L. B. Heb. 11: 6; James 2: 14-26. D. L. BEDSOE.

1. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the faith of God;
2. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the pow'r of God;
3. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the love of God;

He will keep you day by day In the straight and narrow way, Be
Tho' the way be dark and steep, He your soul will safe-ly keep, Be
On the cross the Sav-iour died, And the law is sat-is-fied, Be

REFRAIN.

strong in the faith of God. } Be strong in the faith,
strong in the pow'r of God. }
strong in the love of God. } in the faith, be strong,

Be strong in the faith of God; He will keep you day by day,
Be strong in the pow'r of God; Tho' the way be dark and steep,
Be strong in the love of God; On the cross the Sav-iour died,

In the straight and narrow way, Be strong in the faith of God.
He your soul will safe-ly keep, Be strong in the pow'r of God.
And the law is sat-is-fied, Be strong in the love of God.

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228 Gathered Home By and By.

ADALYN. John 14: 1-4. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There's a home for - ev - er blest, where the wea - ry rest, Just be-
2. In that bless - ed home on high all our treas-ures lie, And the
3. Hap - py home of light and love in the realms a - bove, For thy

yond the gold-en stars of the sky; And when life for us is o'er on this
Fa - ther ev - 'ry want doth supply; Aft - er all our doubts and fears and our
bliss our long-ing souls oft - en sigh; But if faith-ful here each day as we

REFRAIN.

changing shore, We'll be gathered to that home by and by.
bit - ter tears, We'll be gathered to that home by and by.
work and pray, We'll be gathered to that home by and by.

O that glorious

home on high! Home where loved ones never die! As we journey here be-

low it is sweet to know We'll be gathered to that home by and by.

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Invitation.

"If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink."—CHRIST.

GABRIEL AND TOMSON. J. H. D. TOMSON.

1. Come un - to me, who - ev - er is thirst - y, Drink of the foun-tain
2. Hark to the in - vi - ta-tion Christ gives you, Drink, and ye shall be
3. Come, who-so - ev - er will, to the foun- tain, Come without mon - ey,
4. All is now read - y, why do you tar - ry? Har-vest is pass- ing,

flow-ing for thee, Fountain of glad-ness, life ev - er - last - ing,
thirst-y no more; Come, lest ye per - ish, why are ye wait - ing?
come ye and drink; Je - sus in - vites you, why do you tar - ry?
summer will end; Je - sus is call - ing un - to the wea - ry,

CHORUS.

Forth from the throne 'tis flow-ing so free.
Come, O ye wea - ry, thirst-y, and poor.
'Tis but a step from you to the brink.
He is your Sav - ior, He is your Friend.

Come, all ye thirst - y,

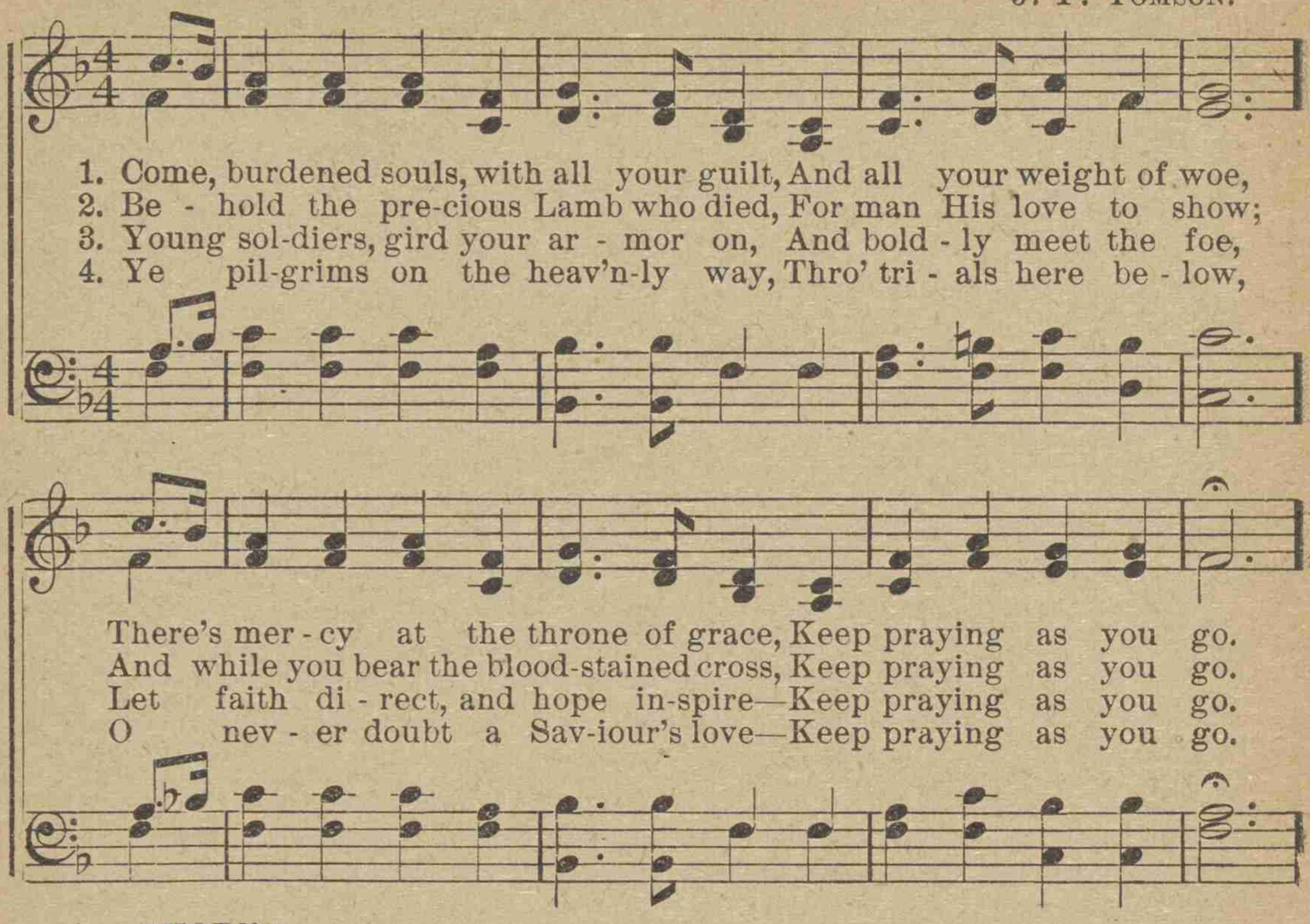
drink ye and live, Je - sus the wa - ter free-ly will give; Life ev - er-

last - ing, drink to your soul, Drink of the wa- ter, drink and be whole.

230 Keep Praying as You Go.

Pray without ceasing. I Thess. 5: 17.

J. F. TOMSON.



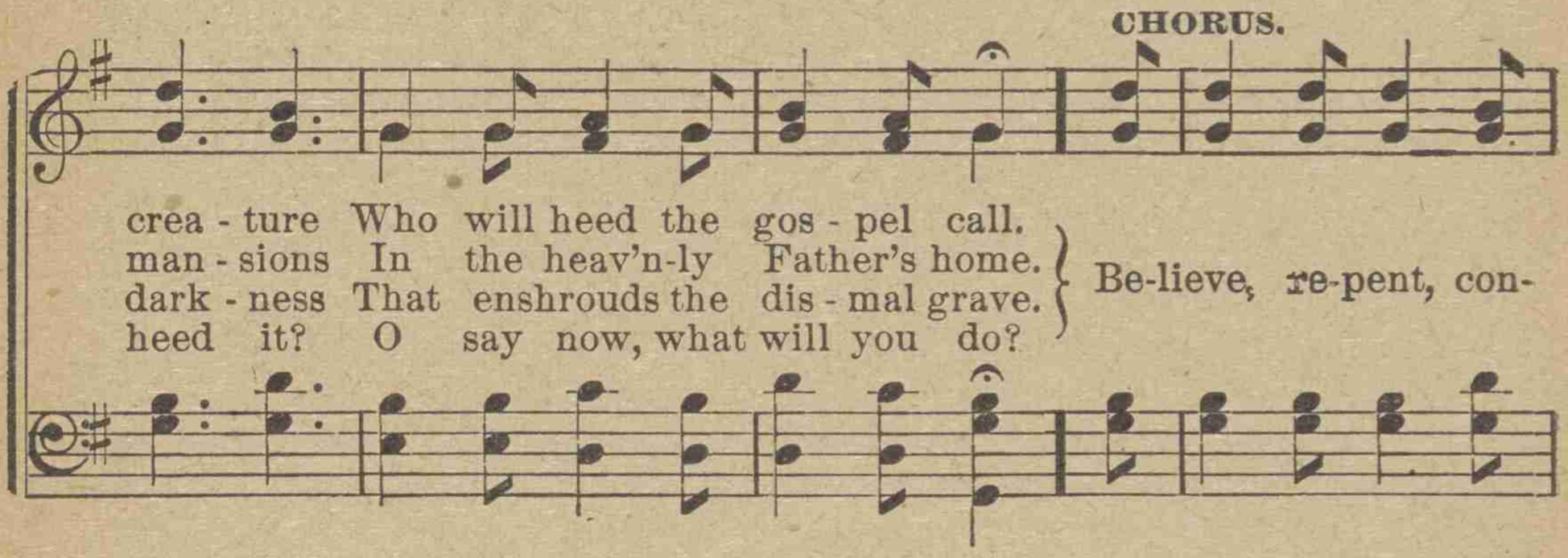
Jesus, Lover of My Soul. (Page 52.)

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity.
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Just a Word from Jesus.

J. F. T. Mark 16: 15, 16. J. F. TOMSON.



Boylston. (Page 238.)

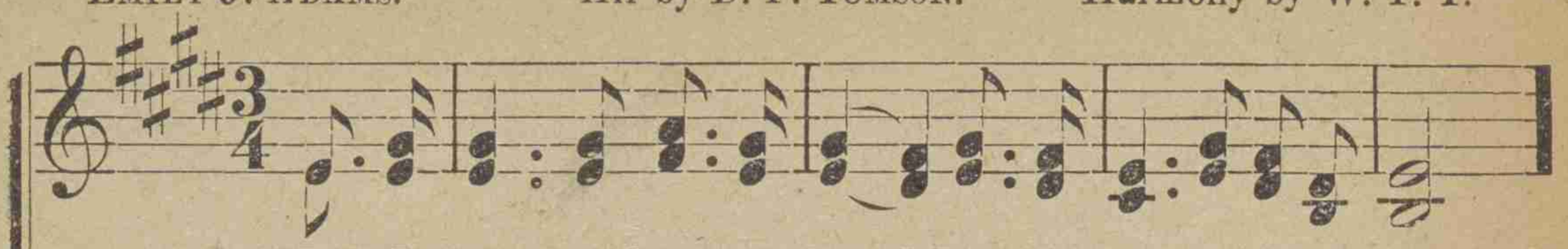
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Now I Lay me Down to Sleep.

EMILY J. ADAMS. Air by D. F. TOMSON. Harmony by W. T. T.



1. "Now I lay me down to sleep;" Day with all its toils is done;
2. "Pray the Lord my soul to keep;" Watching o'er my slumbering here,
3. "If I die be - fore I wake"—Death for us doth waiting stand—
4. "Pray the Lord my soul to take;" White-robed, with the harp and crown,

Fine.

Slumbrous spells be - gin to steep All my sens - es, one by one;
Thro' the night-time, still and deep, Safe from ev - 'ry doubt and fear,
May no fears or trembling shake, Tho' to lead me from the land,
Sweet - est mel - o - dies to wake, Ev - 'ry earth - ly sense to drown,

D. S. Down to sleep, yes, sweet-ly sleep, Till the ris - ing of the sun.
Still to keep, yes, safe - ly keep Me from ev - 'ry dan-ger near.
Gen - tly, for his gen - tle sake, May he, may he hold my hand.
Up-ward flight with me to make May he send his an-gels down.

D. S.

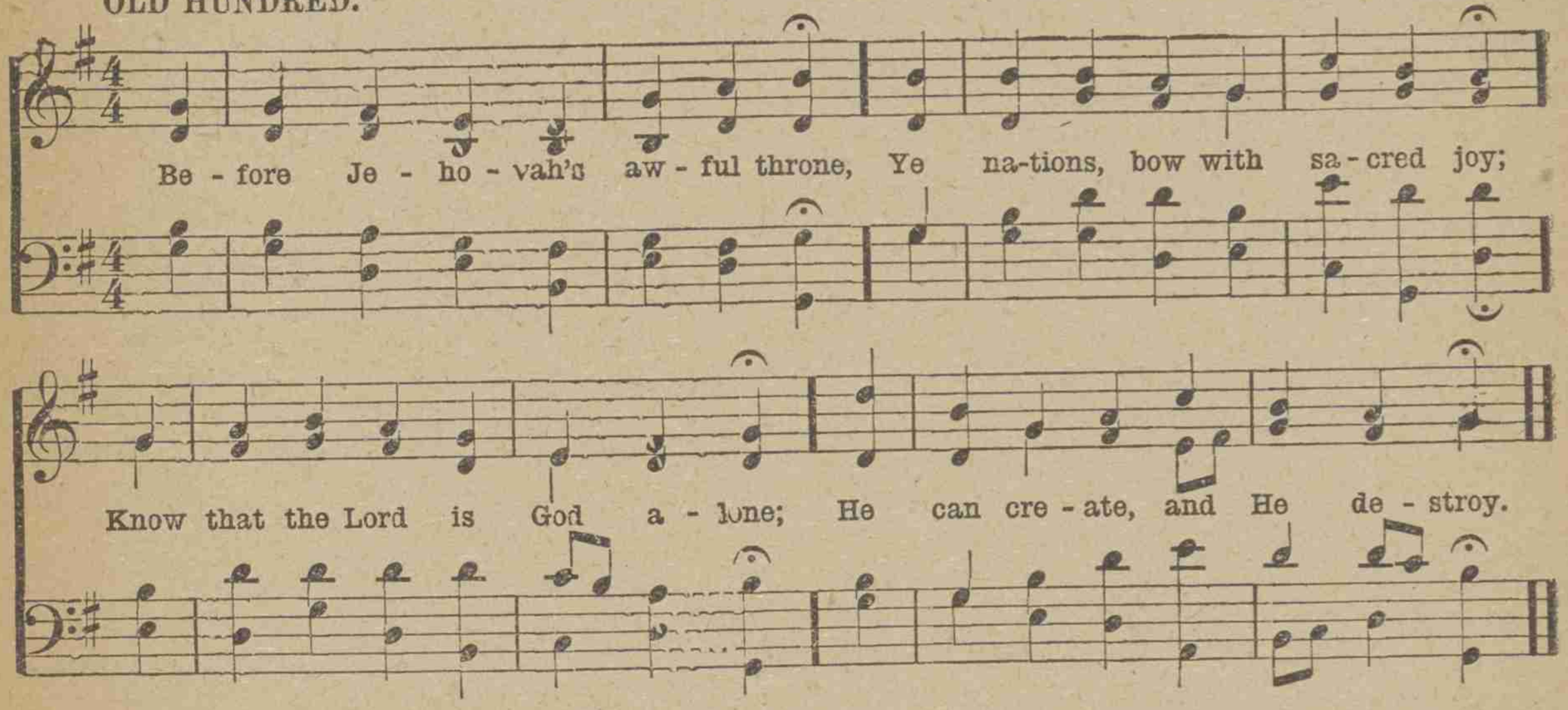
And, un - til the ris-ing sun, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
From each danger lurking near, "Pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
He, perchance, may take my hand; And, for our sweet Jesus' sake,
May he send his angels down; "If I die be - fore I wake,"

SUPPLEMENT.

SELECTIONS FROM THE OLD STANDARD SONGS.

OLD HUNDRED.

GUILLAUME FRANC.



ISAAC WATTS.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

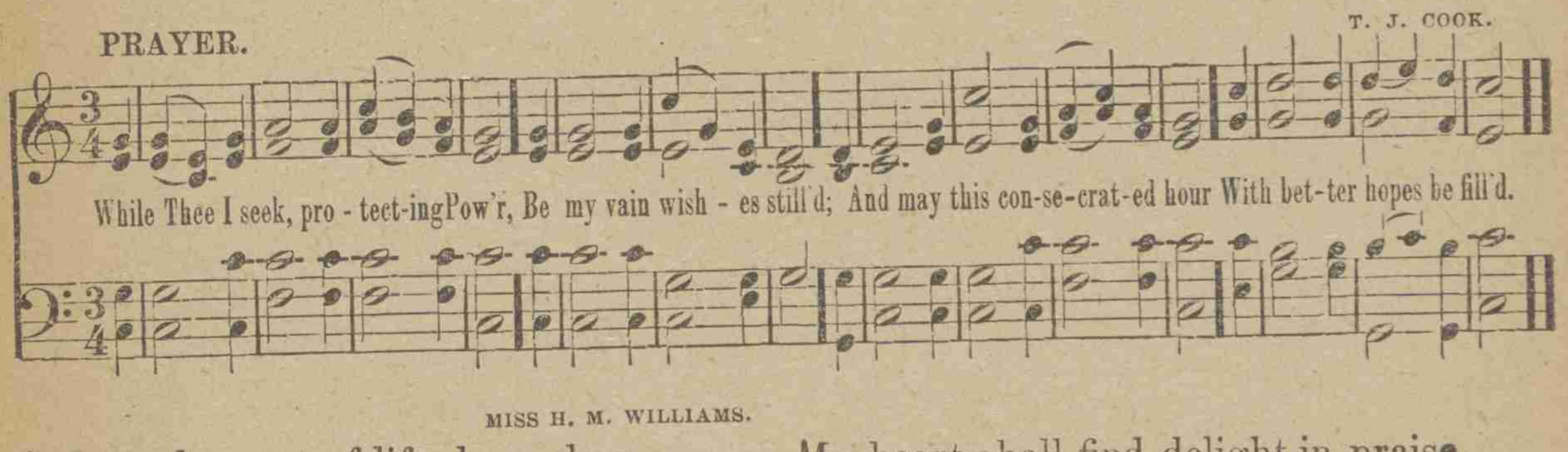
3 We are His people, we His care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command!
Vast as eternity Thy love!
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

PRAYER.

T. J. COOK.



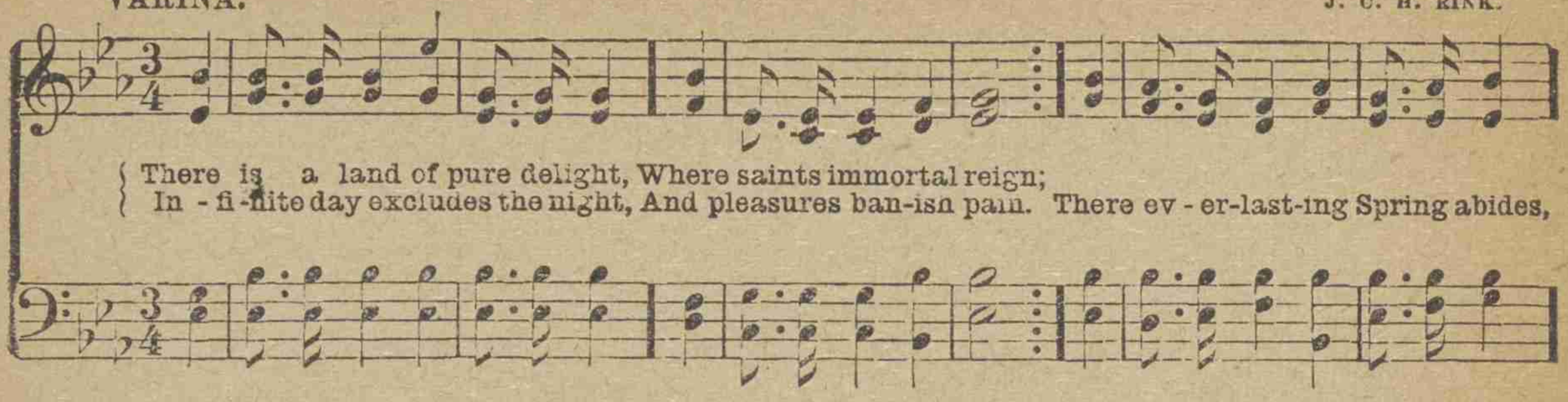
MISS H. M. WILLIAMS.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by Thee.

3 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

4 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall banish fear;
My heart shall rest on Thee.

VARINA. J. C. H. RINK.

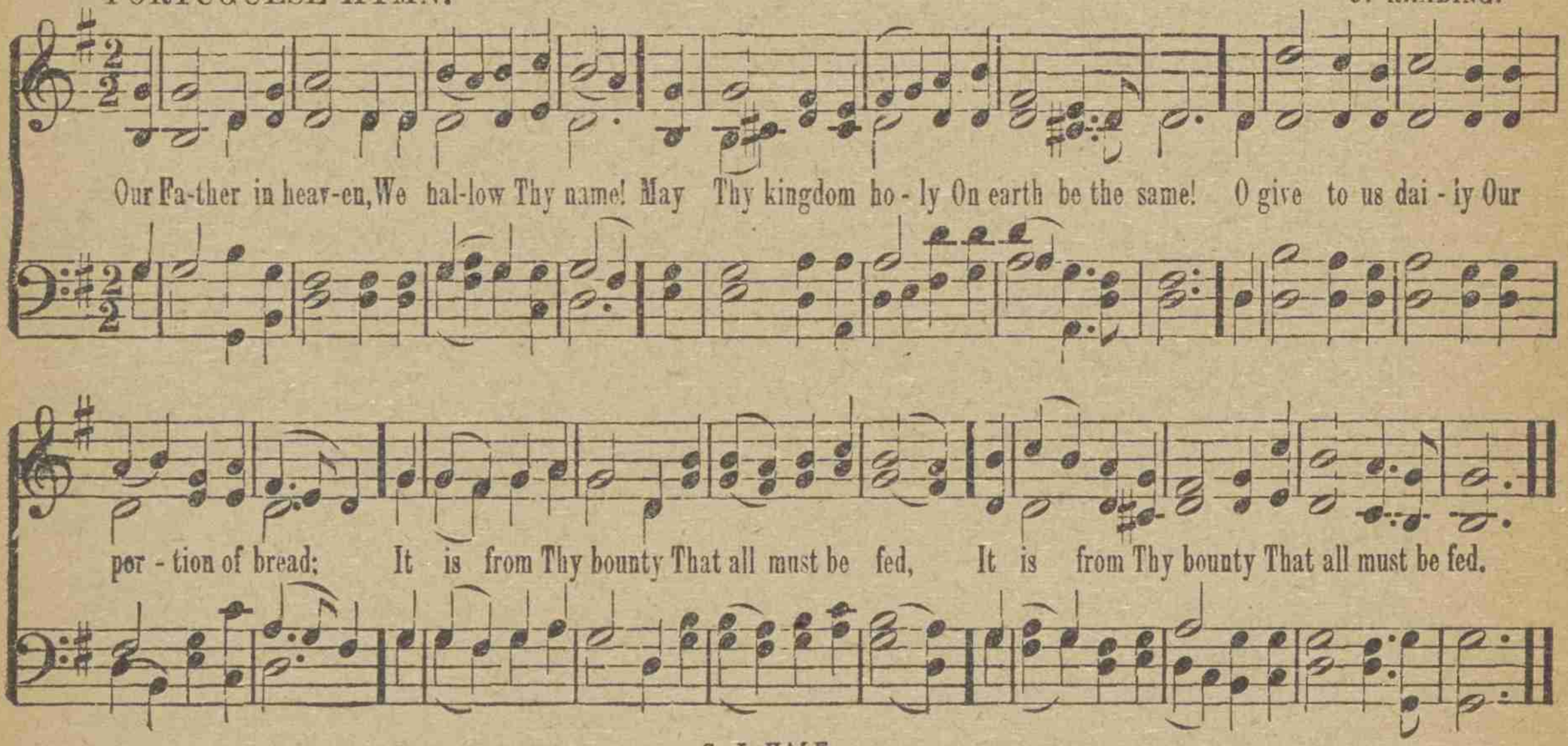


ISAAC WATTS.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. J. READING.

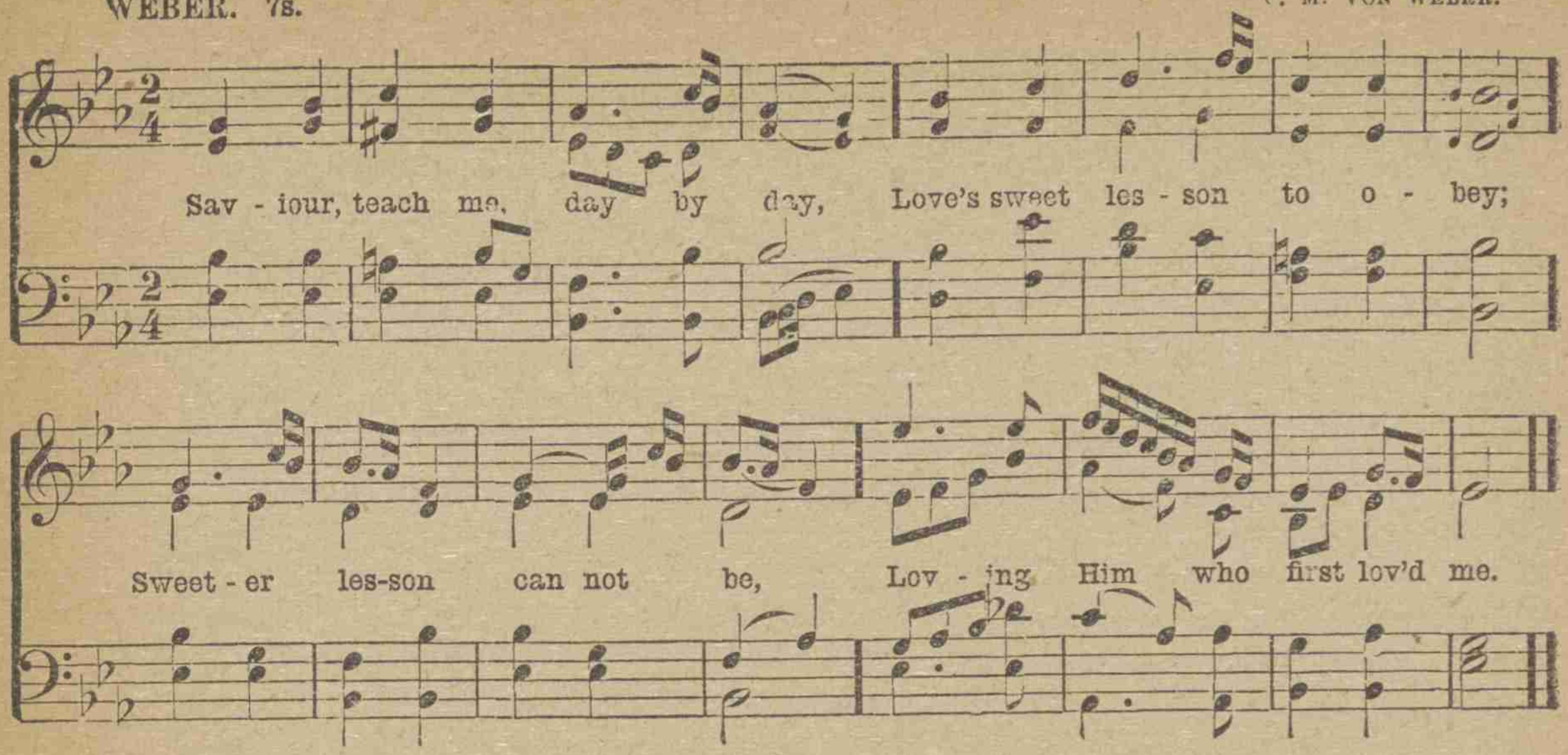


S. J. HALE.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And Thine be the glory
Forever. Amen.

WEBER. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



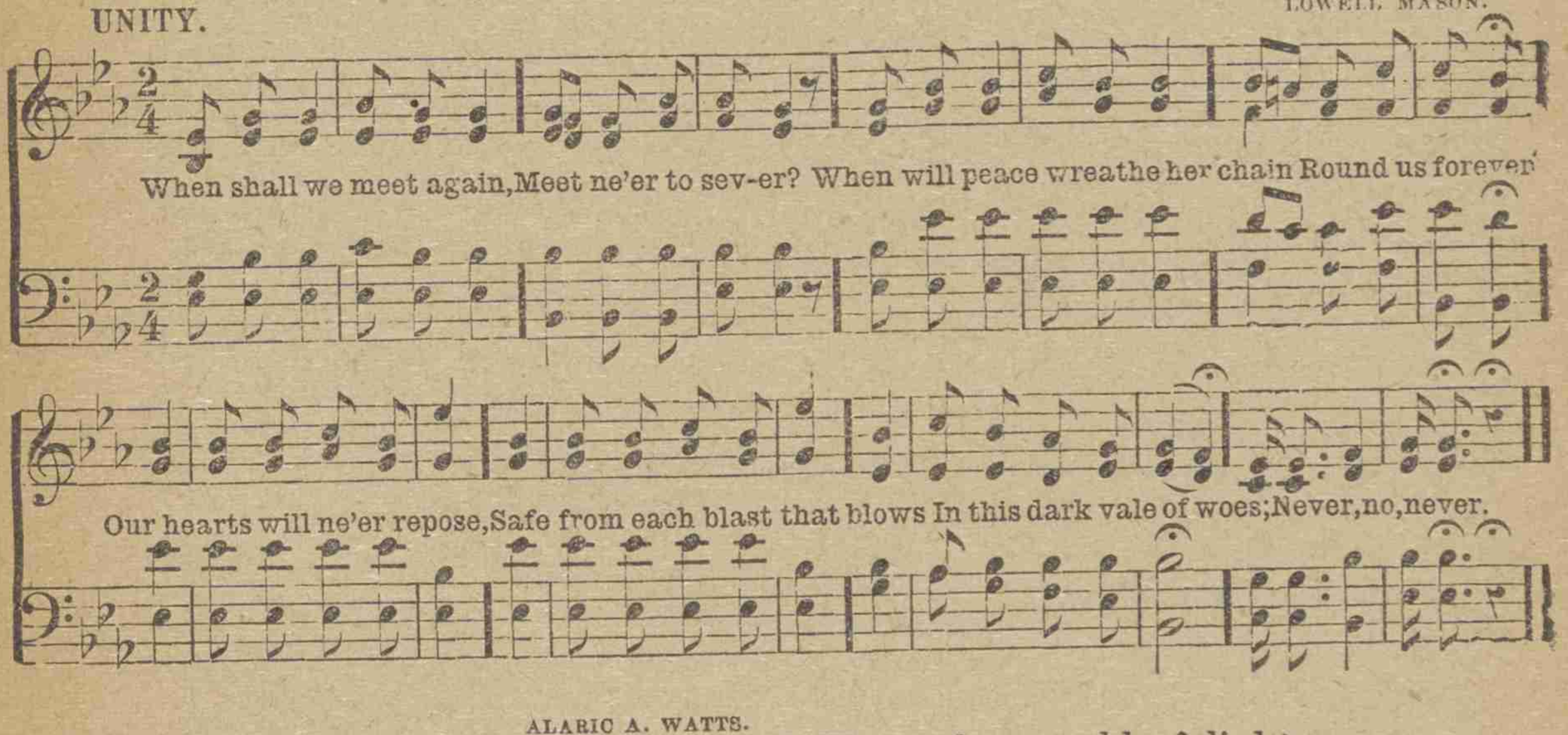
2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first lov'd me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first lov'd me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first lov'd me.

UNITY.

LOWELL MASON.



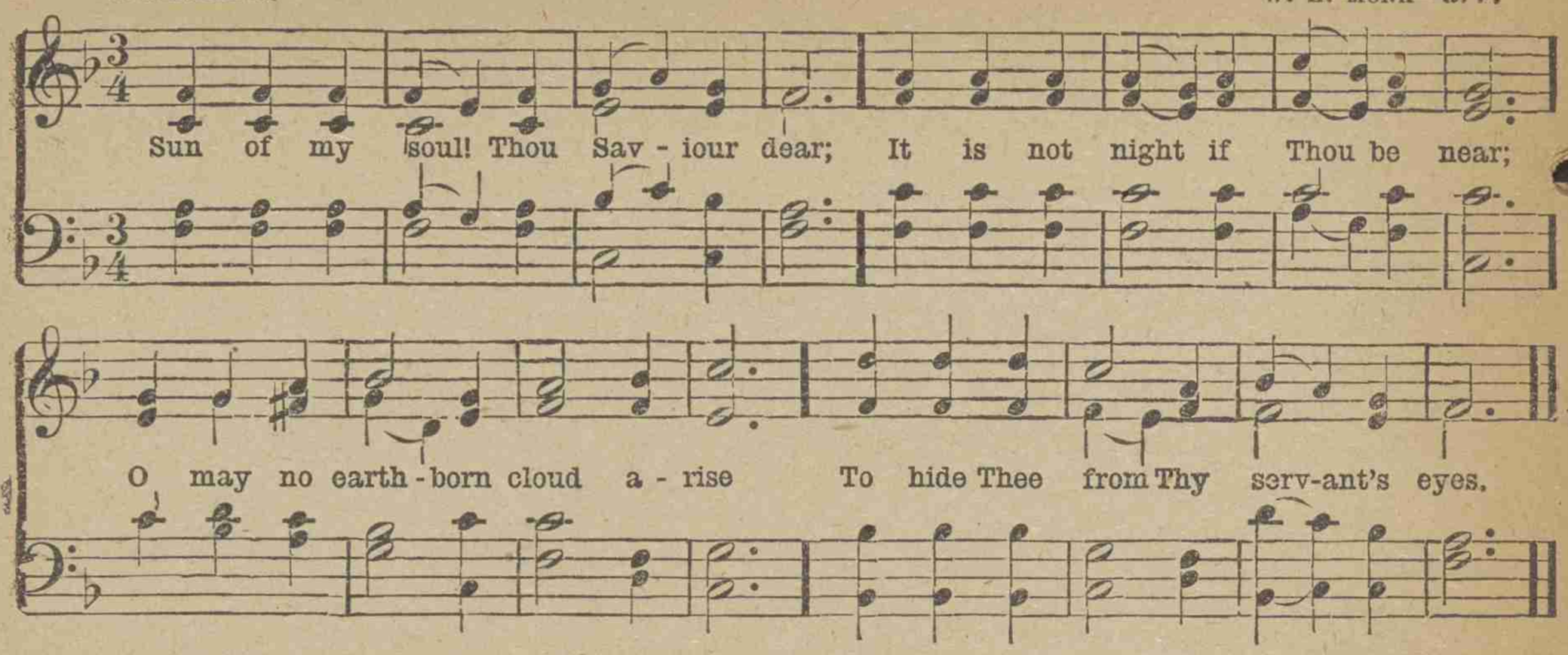
ALARIC A. WATTS.

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never!

HURSLEY.

W. H. MONK—*arr.*



J. KEBLE.

1 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

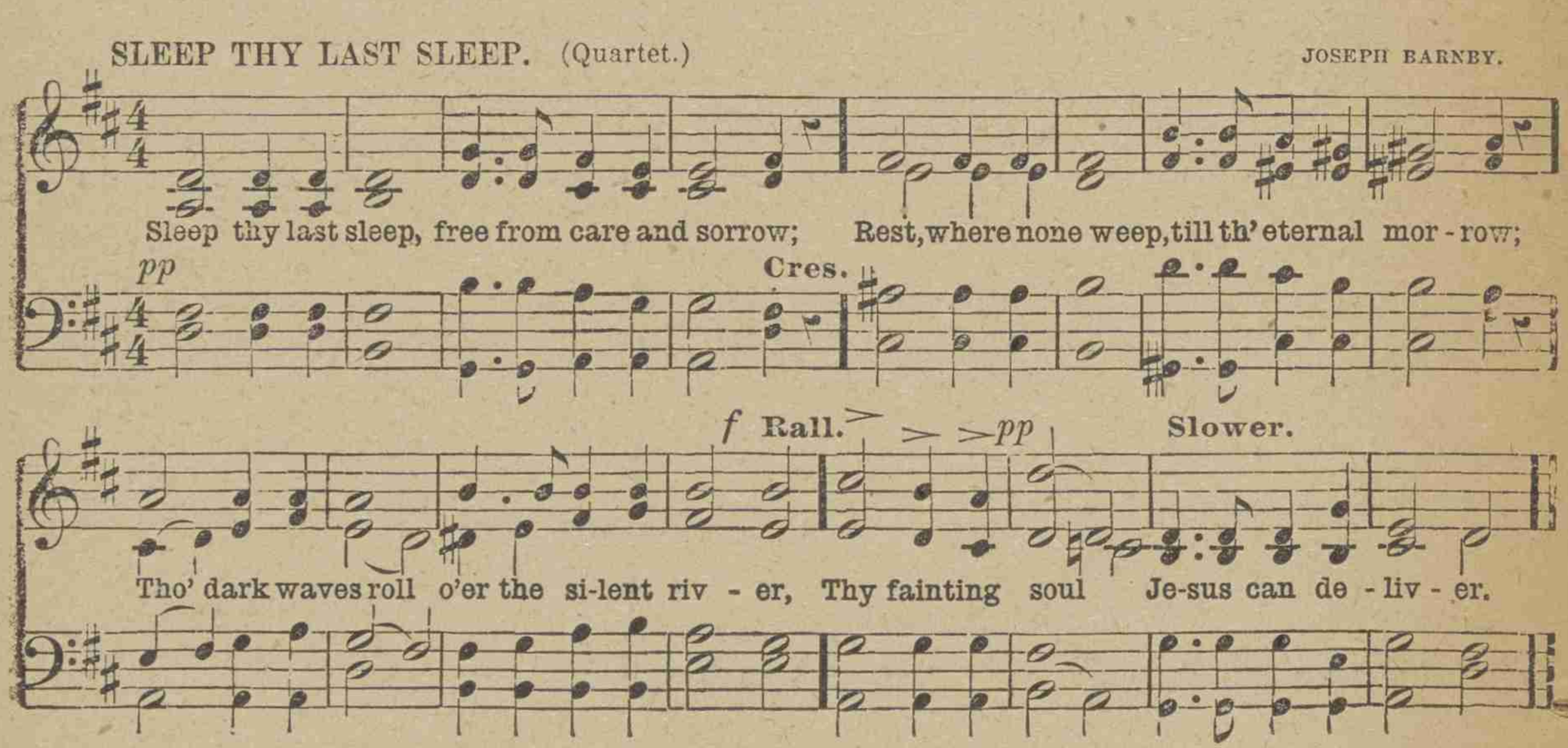
THOS. KEN.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till, in Thy love,
I lose myself in heav'n above.

SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP. (Quartet.)

JOSEPH BARNBY.



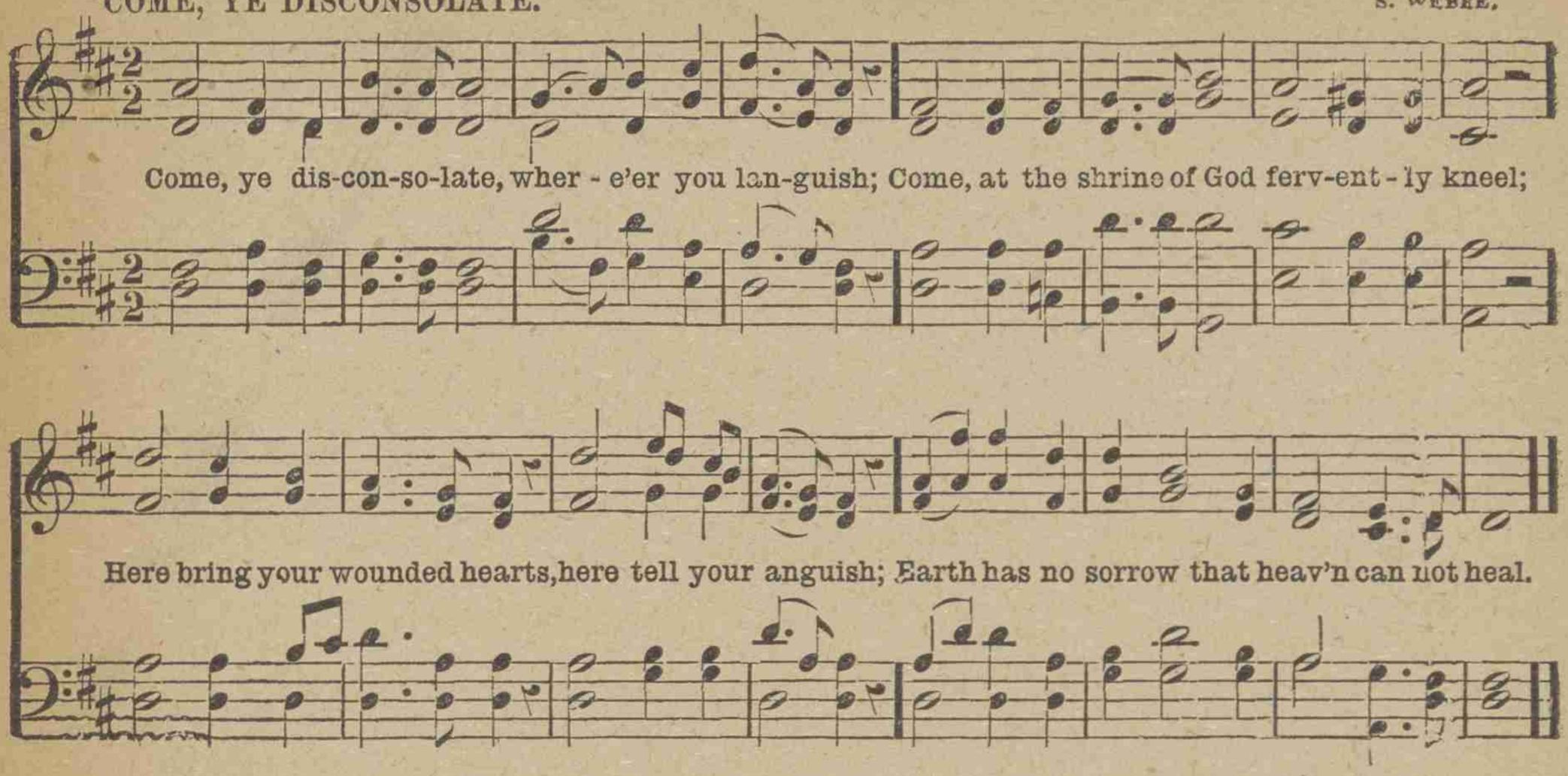
E. A. DAYMAN.

2 Life's dream is past, all its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last dawns a day of gladness;
Under the sod, earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God, waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn those in life the dearest,
They shall return, Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice all in Jesus sleeping.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

S. WEBBE.



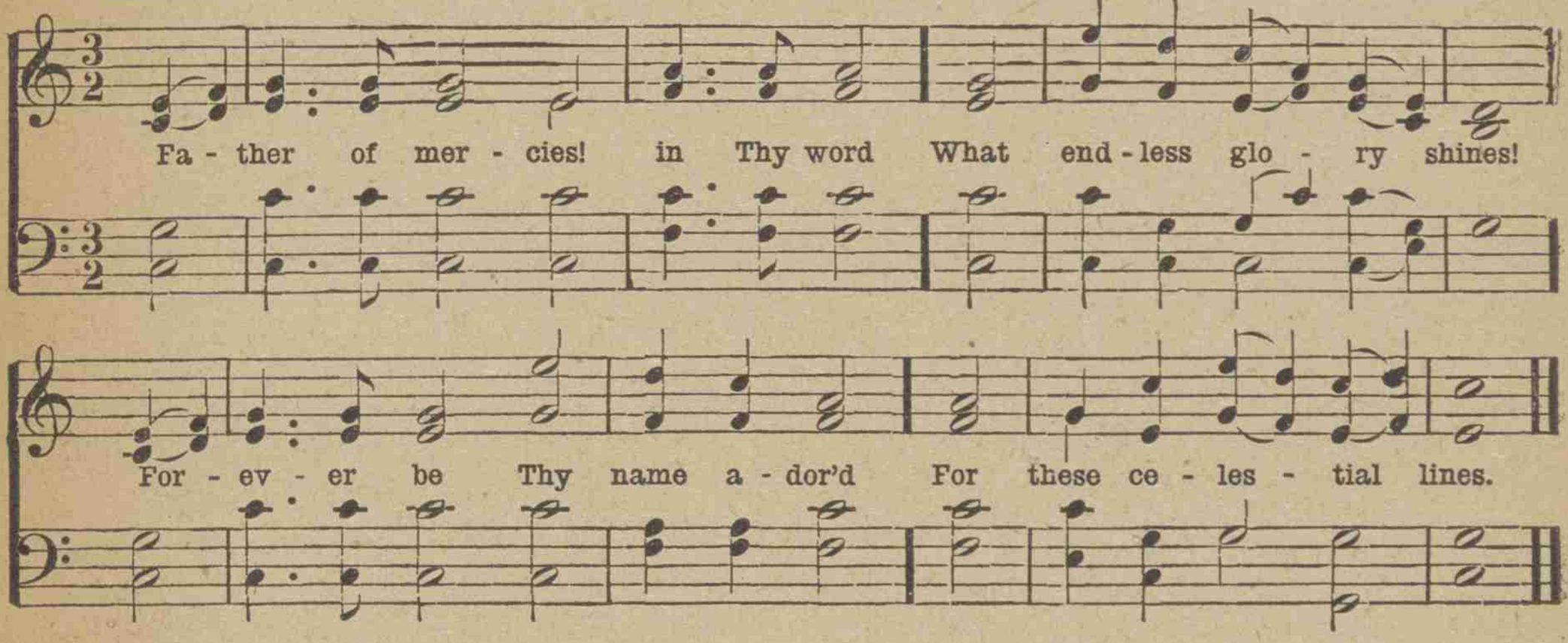
THOS. MOORE.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

HEBER.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



ANNE STEELE.

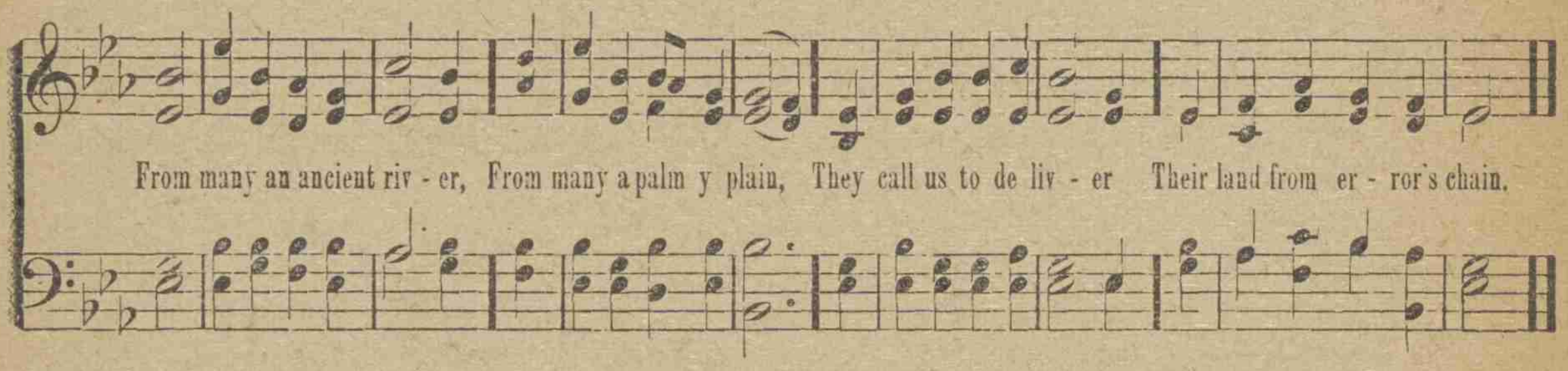
2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

LOWELL MASON.



R. HEBER.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle—
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

BOYLSTON.

LOWELL MASON.

UNKNOWN.

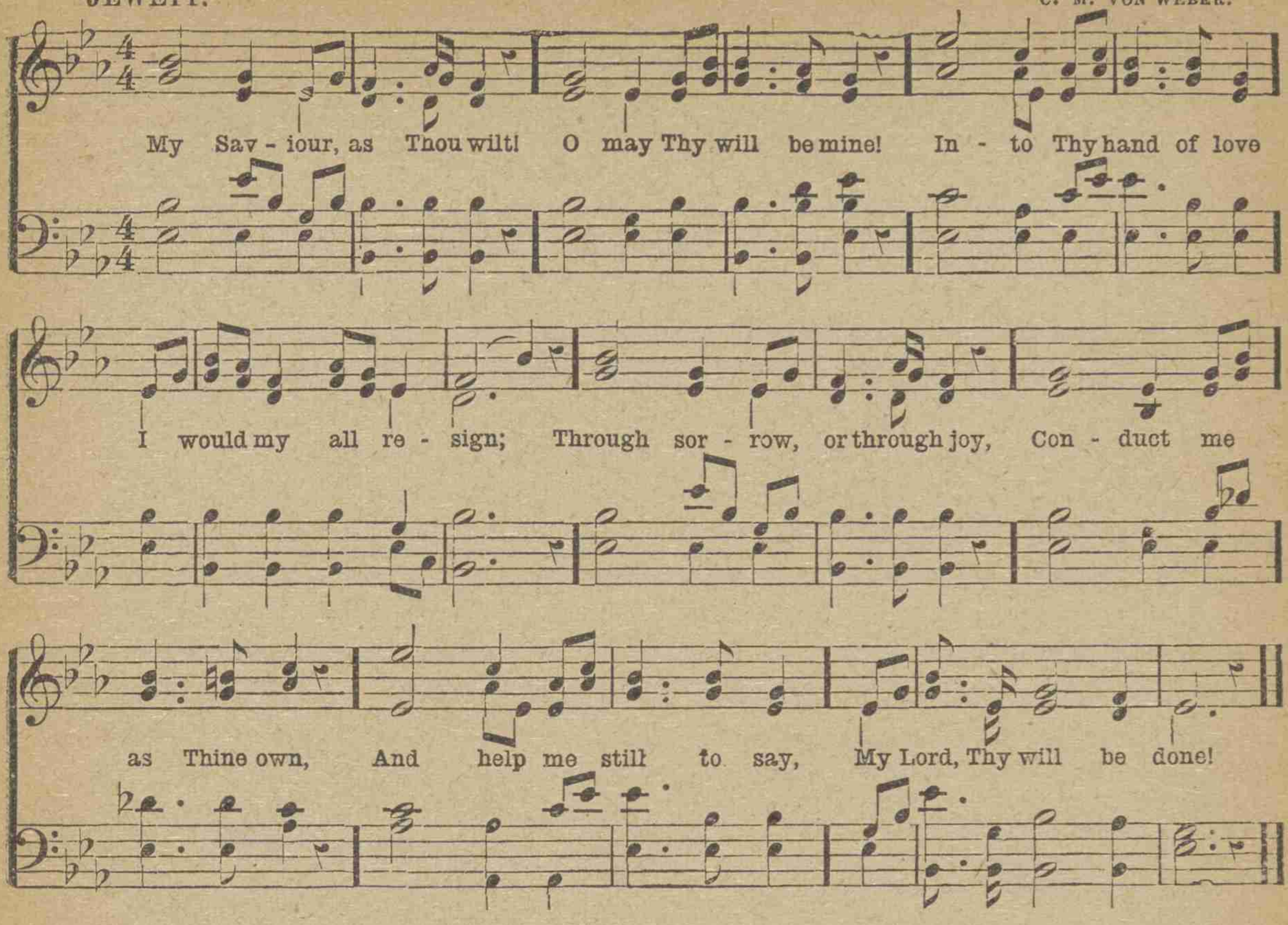
1 Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at Thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve in deed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
O hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

JEWETT.

C. M. VON WEBER.



JANE BORTHWICK—*tr.*

2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure
The manna of Thy word,
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But Thou, on earth, along
The thorny path hast gone;
Then lead me after Thee;
My Lord, Thy will be done!

MOUNT VERNON.

LOWELL MASON.

S. F. SMITH.

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

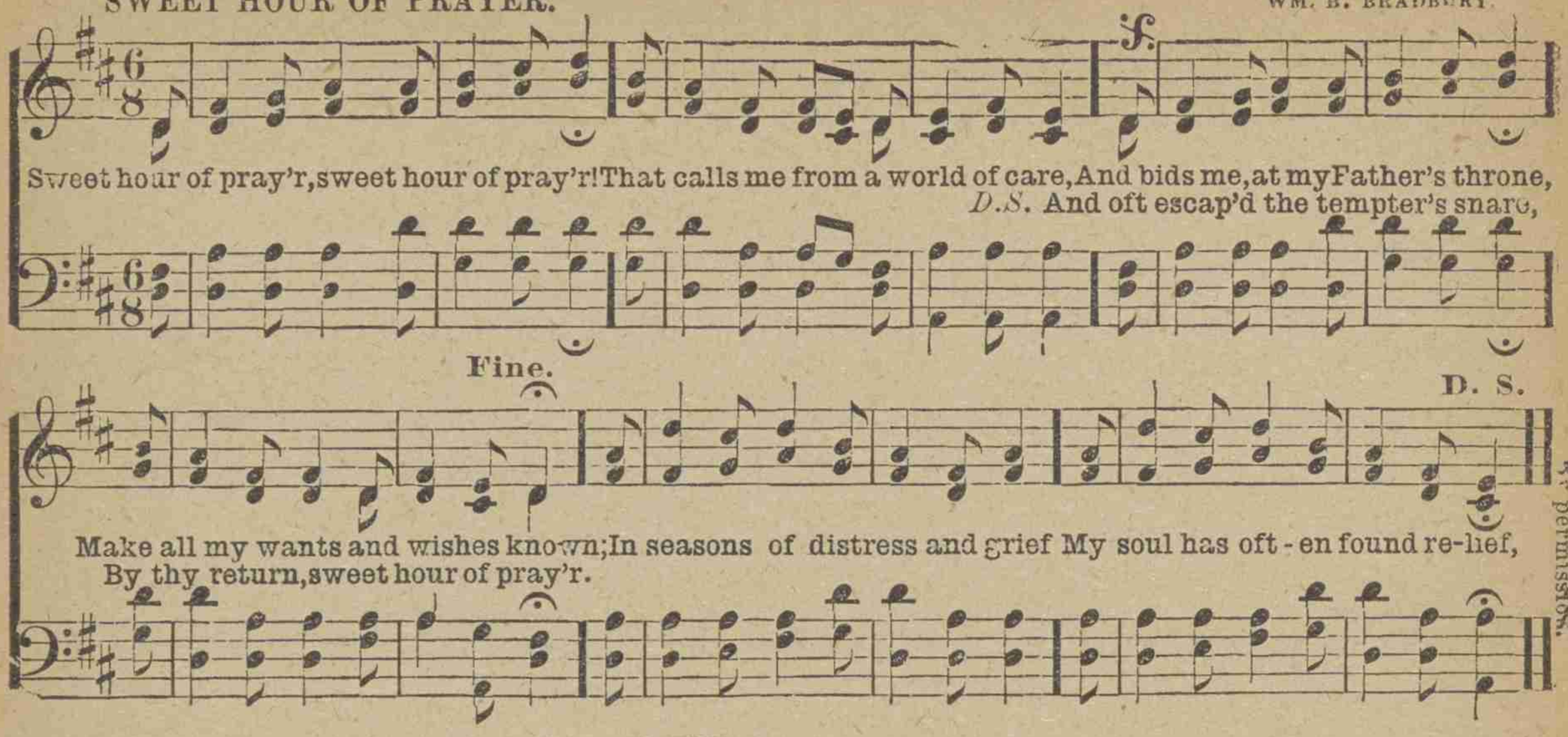
2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low.
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



By permission.

W. W. WALFORD.

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

WEBB.

G. J. WEBB.

JOHN LELAND.

2 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid them both adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And still your way pursue.

3 O do not be discourag'd
For Jesus is your Friend;
And if you long for knowledge,
On Him you may depend;
Neither will He upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

DENNIS.

H. G. NAGELI.

J. FAWCETT.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 Though often call'd to part,
Amid these scenes of pain,
Yet we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

RATHBUN.

I. CONKEY.

J. BOWRING.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

CORONATION.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

EDWARD PERRONET.

2 Crown Him, you martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

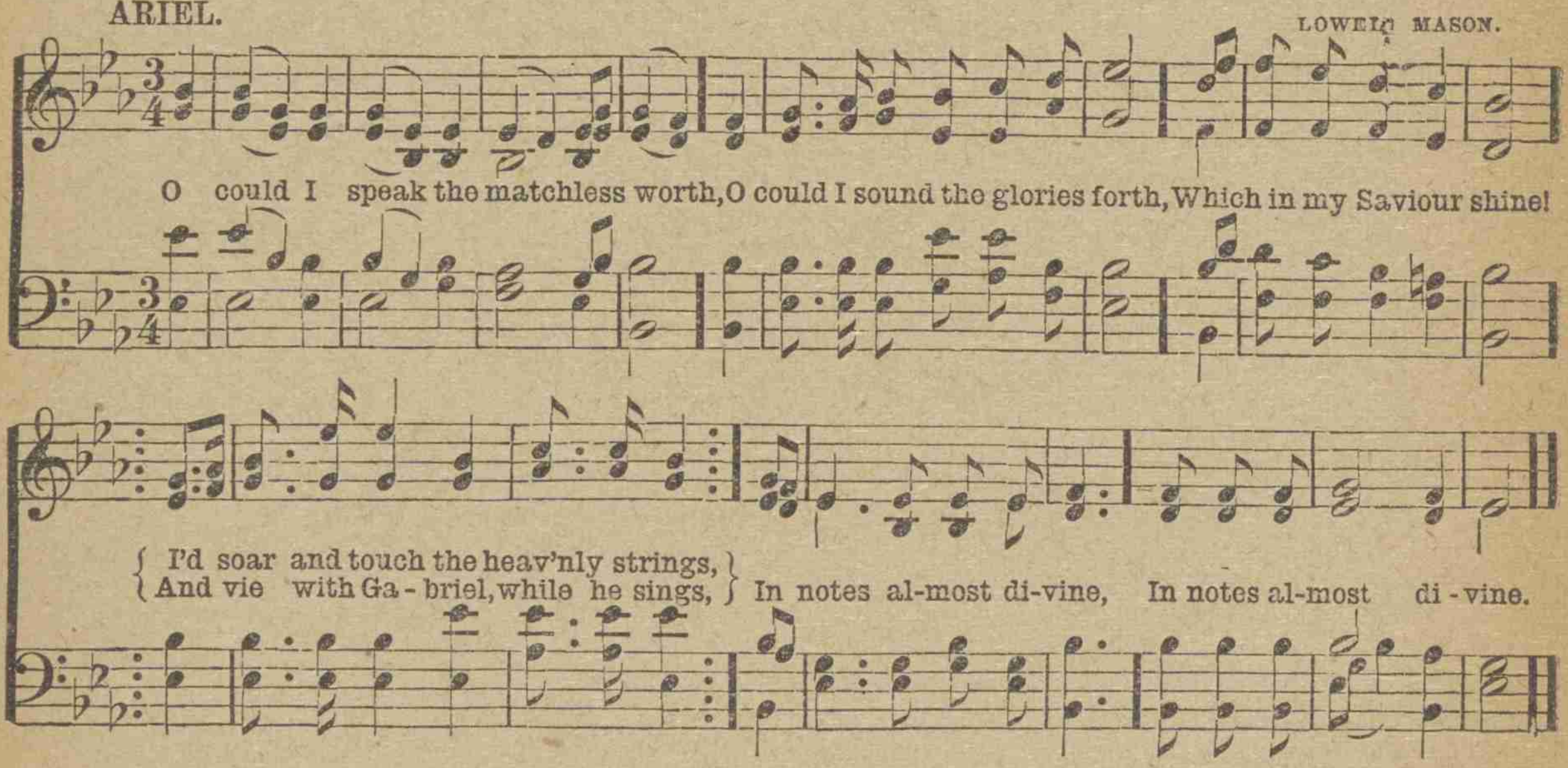
3 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

ARIEL.

LOWELL MASON.



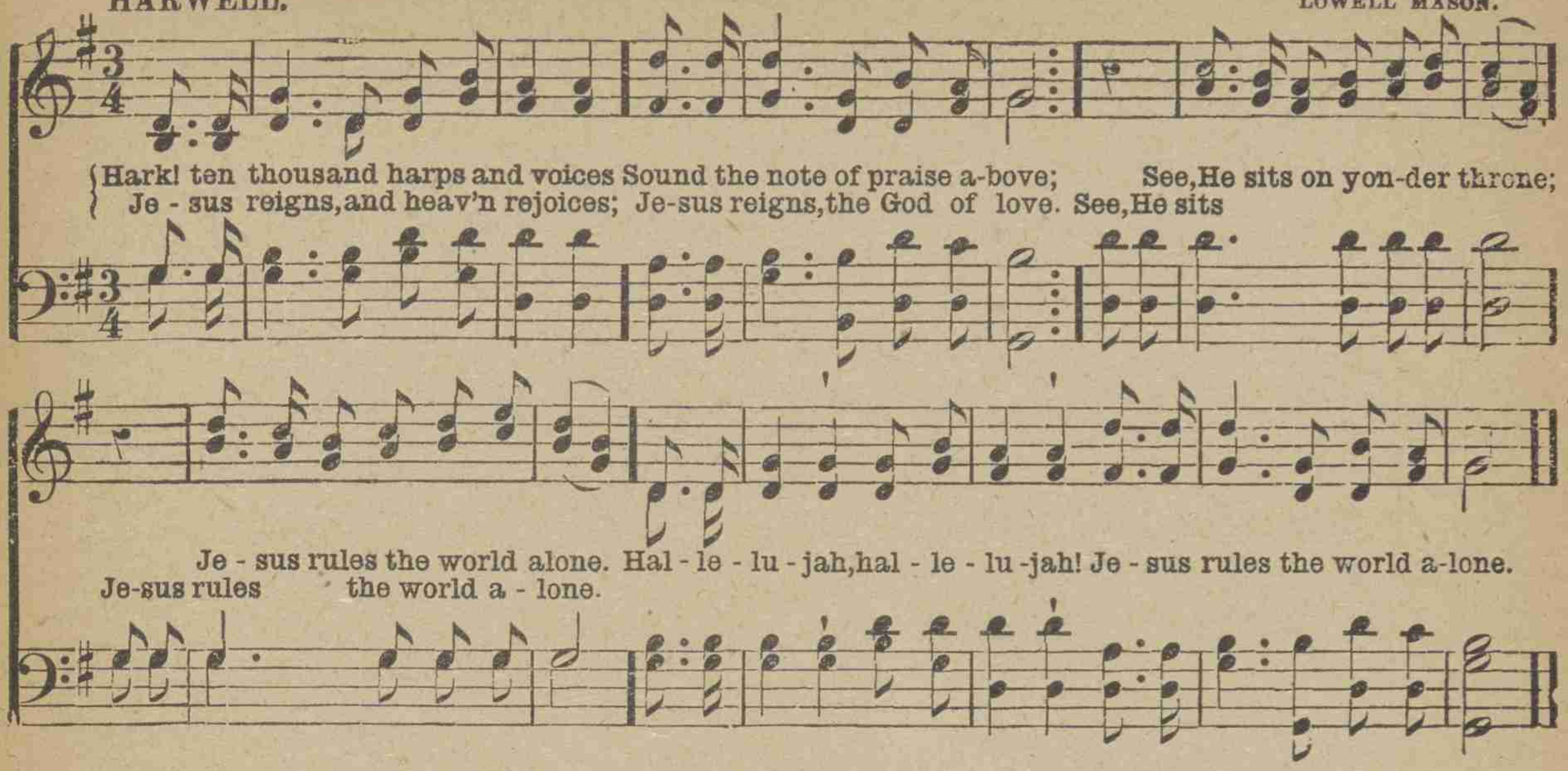
S. MEDLEY.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

HARWELL.

LOWELL MASON.



T. KELLY.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destin'd to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Destin'd to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Glory, glory to our King!

HORTON.

WARTENSEE.

S. LONGFELLOW.

1 Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who stray'd so long ago;
Stray'd so far, and fell so low!

2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild;
I, who left my Father's home,
I, forbidden ways to roam!

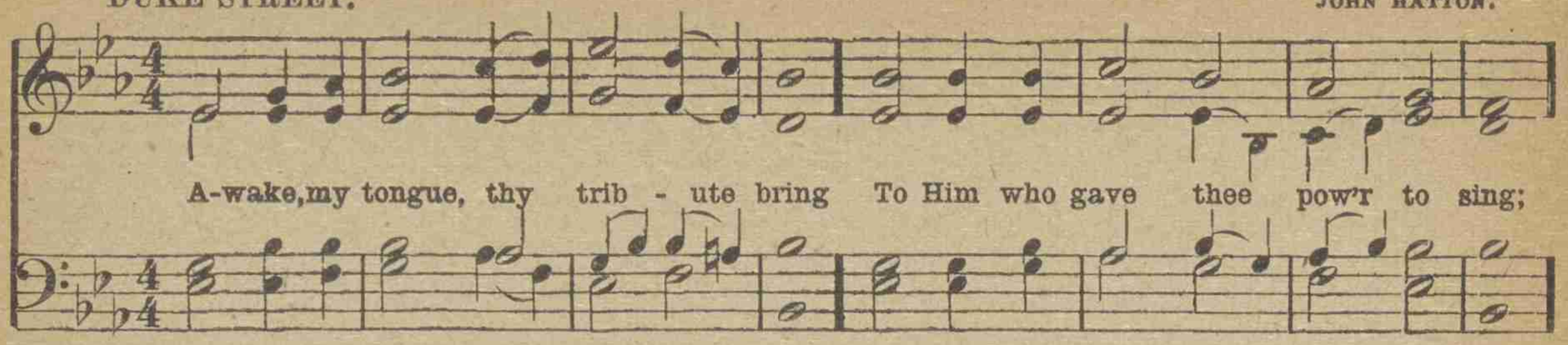
3 I, who spurn'd His loving hold;
I, who would not be controll'd;
I, who would not hear His call;
I, the willful prodigal!

4 To my Father can I go?
At His feet myself I'll throw;
In His house there yet may be
Place—a servant's place—for me.

5 See! my Father waiting stands;
See! He reaches out His hands;
God is love! I know, I see,
Love for me; yes, even me.

DUKE STREET.

JOHN HATTON.



JOHN NEEDHAM.

2 How vast His knowledge! how profound!
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd;
The stars He numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heav'nly flames.

3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak His wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight.

EASTON.

MOZART.

ISAAC WATTS.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are His work, and not our own:
The sheep that on His pastures live.

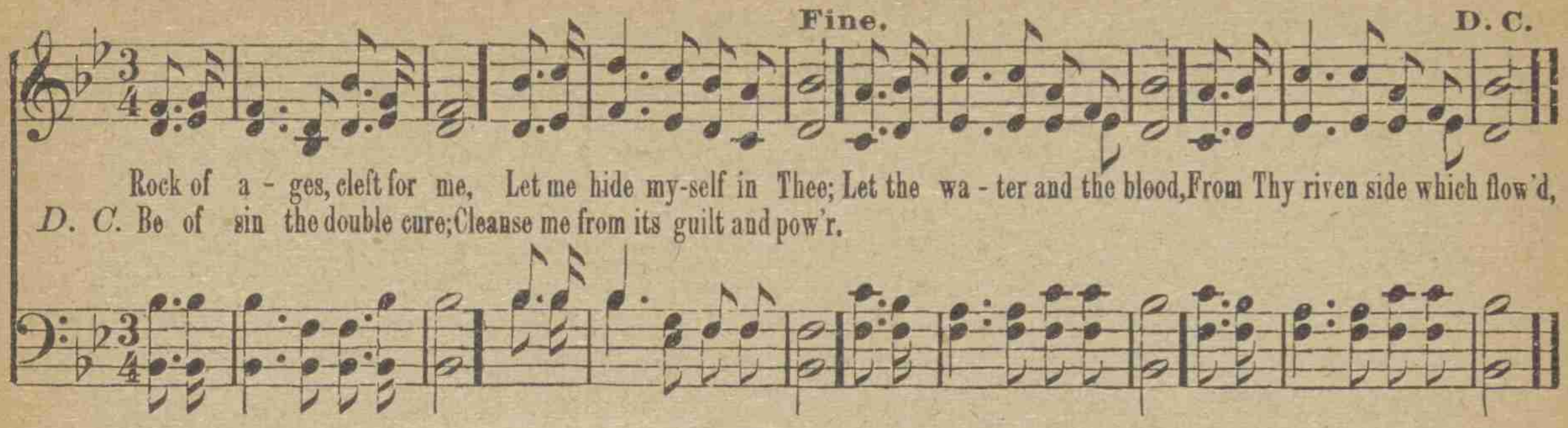
3 Enter His gates with songs of joy;
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

UNKNOWN.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure
And the whole race of men shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

ROCK OF AGES.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



A. M. TOPLADY.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break 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.

MERCY.

ARR. FROM L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

WM. COWPER.

1 'Tis my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

ANTIOCH.

HANDEL.

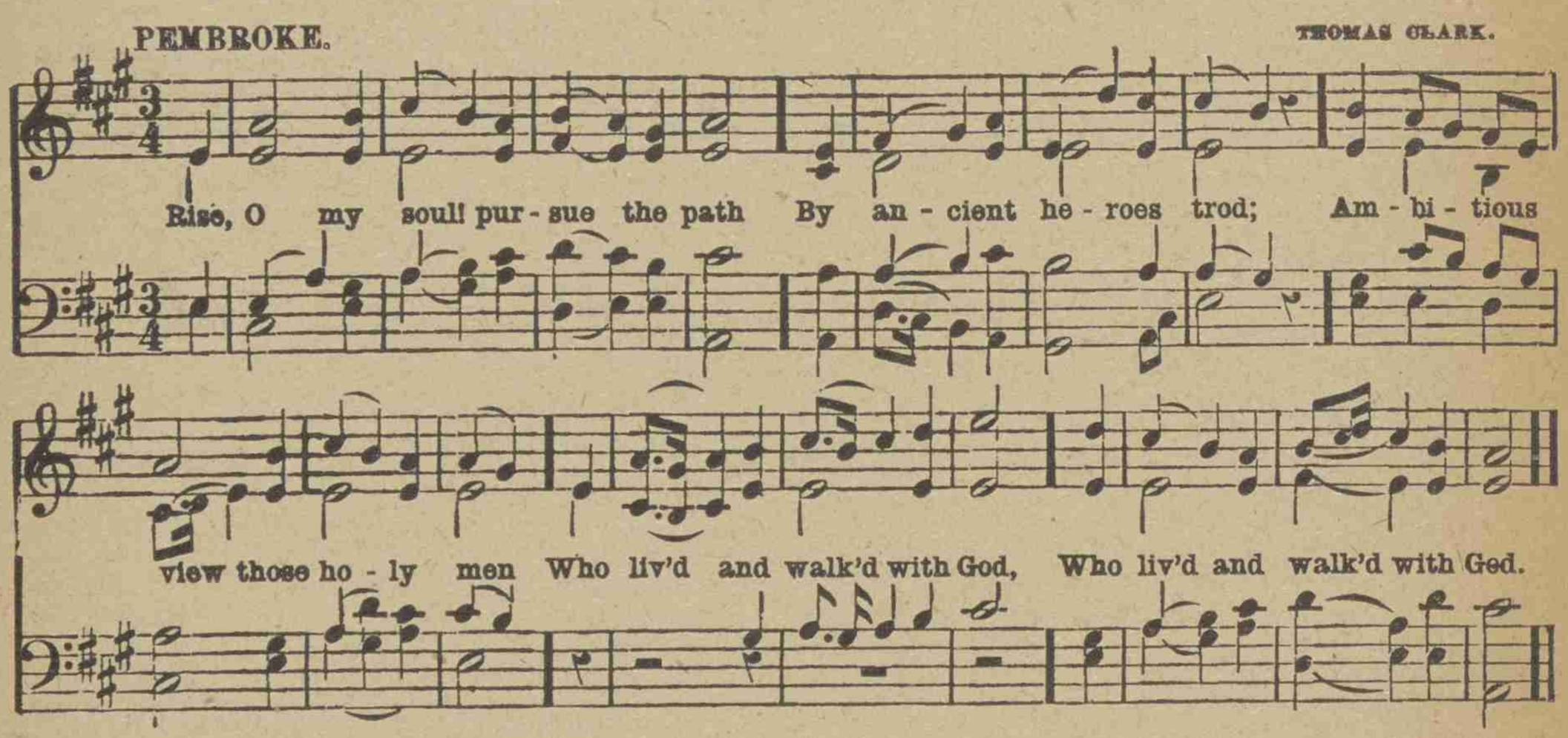
2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

PEMBROKE.

THOMAS CLARK.



JOHN NEEDHAM.

1 Rise, O my soul! pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men
Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquer'd every foe:
And to His power, and matchless grace,
Their crowns and honors owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns Thou hast giv'n,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
Which led them safe to heav'n.

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