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BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

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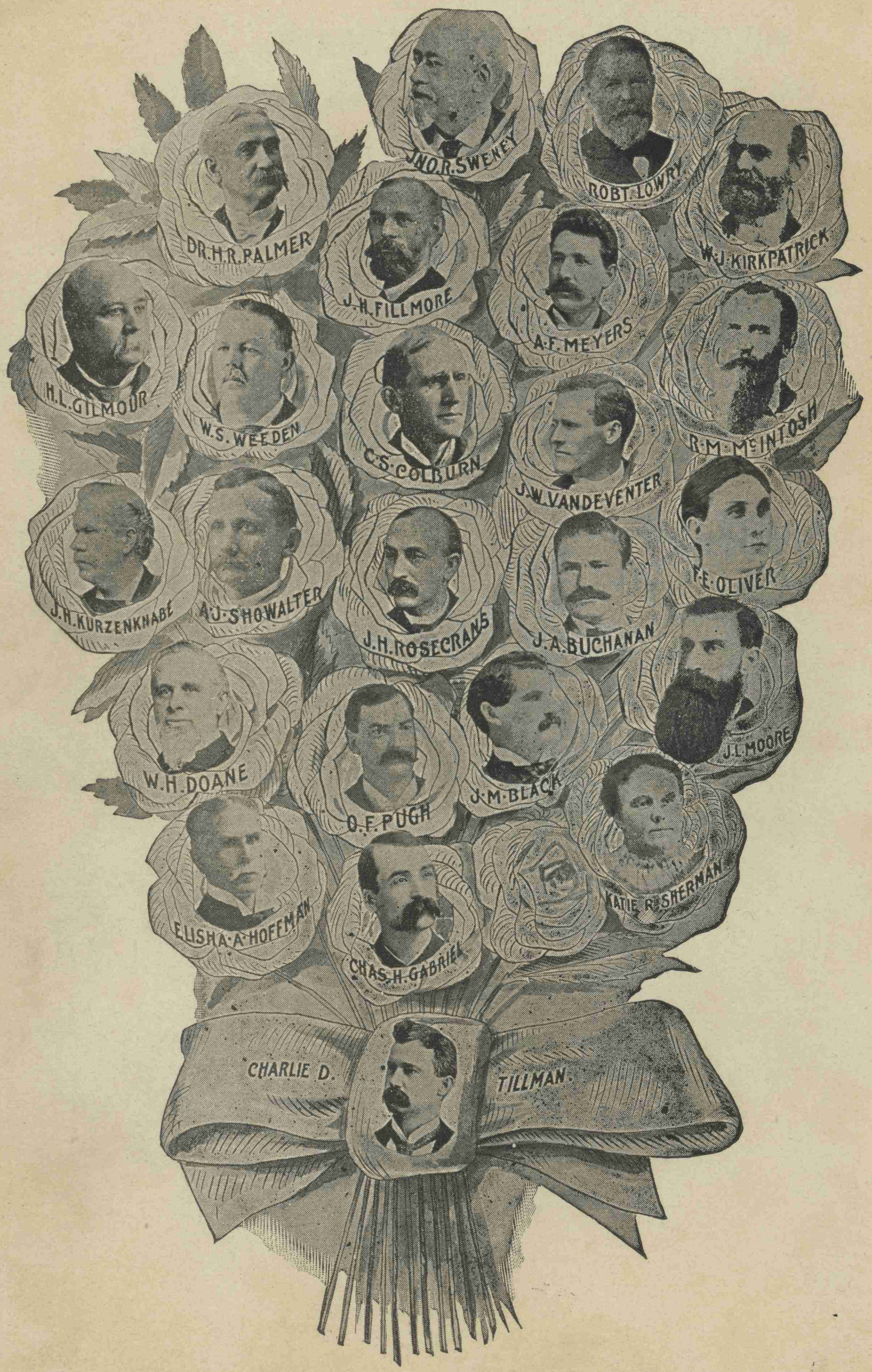
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THE BOUQUET

Of our leading Composers on the following page, whose choicest productions we herein present, is a guarantee that the contents of Revival No. 3 is better than could be described in a formal **PREFACE.**

Yours,

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

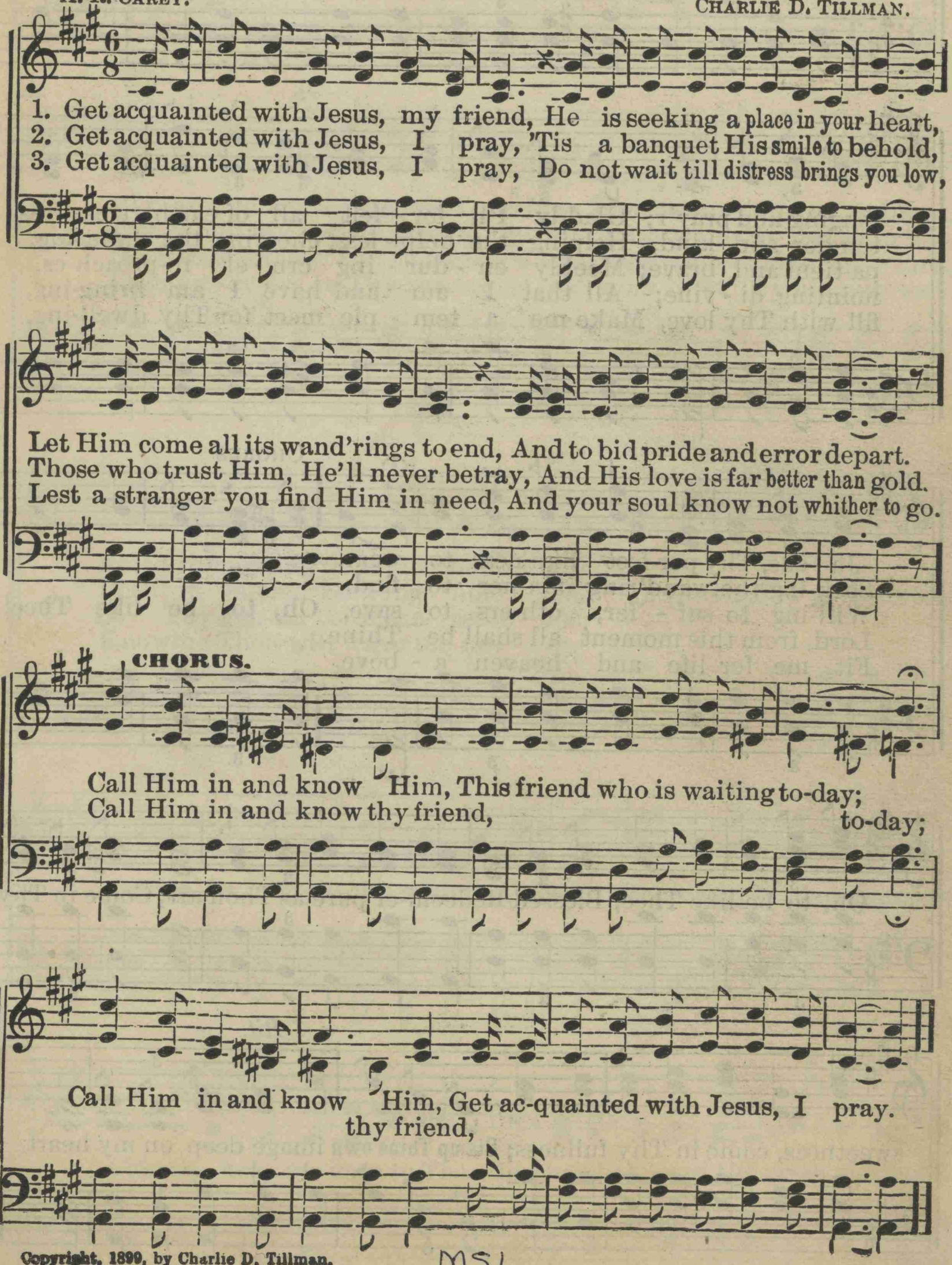

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ROBT. LOWRY
W.J. KIRKPATRICK
J.H. FILLMORE
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H.L. GILMOUR
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THE REVIVAL No. 3.

No. 1. Get Acquainted With Jesus.

A. R. CAREY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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No. 2. OH, TO BE LIKE THEE.

T. O. CHRISTHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, to be like Thee! blessed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
2. Oh, to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Loving, for - giv - ing,
3. Oh, to be like Thee! low-ly in spir - it, Ho - ly and harm-less,
4. Oh, to be like Thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re - ceive th' a-
5. Oh, to be like Thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out Thy Spir - it

longing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for - feit all of earth's treasures,
ten-der and kind, Helping the help - less, cheering the faint-ing,
pa-tient and brave; Meekly en - dur - ing cru - el re-proach-es,
nointing di - vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing,
fill with Thy love, Make me a tem - ple meet for Thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wand'ring sin-ner to find.
Will-ing to suf - fer, oth-ers to save. Oh, to be like Thee!
Lord, from this moment all shall be Thine.
Fit me for life and heaven a - bove.

Oh, to be like Thee, Blessed Redeem-er pure as Thou art; Come in Thy

Rit.

sweetness, come in Thy fullness; Stamp Thine own image deep on my heart.

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No. 3. SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

JENNIE WILSON. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. To the shadow of the cross, O Saviour, now I flee, From the dangers
2. In the shadow of the cross, O let the peace divine Earth can never
3. In the shadow of the cross, O let me humbly learn All the lessons
4. In the shadow of the cross, O help me con-secrate All I am to

all around me; Let me find a refuge here secure from ev'ry harm,
give enfold me; Sweetly resting here in faith while Thy constraining love
Thou wouldst teach me; From the world's alluring sounds enable me to turn,
Thee for-ev-er; In Thy service let me work or at Thy bidding wait,

CHORUS.

Freed from sinful chains that bound me.
Doth in sa-cred keep-ing hold me. In the shadow of the cross,
So Thy gen-tle voice can reach me.
Knowing Thou wilt leave me nev - er.

Savior, let me dwell, In a-toning blood confid - ing; O Thou Lamb of

Calvary, keep me near to Thee, In the shadow of the cross abiding.

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No. 4. Count Your Blessings.

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. E. O. EXCELL.

1. When up-on life's billows you are tempest tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev-er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So a-mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them
heav-y you are called to bear, Count your many blessings, ev-'ry
promised you his wealth un-told, Count your many blessings, money
couraged, God is o - ver all, Count your many blessings, an-gels

one by one, And it will surprise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be singing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.
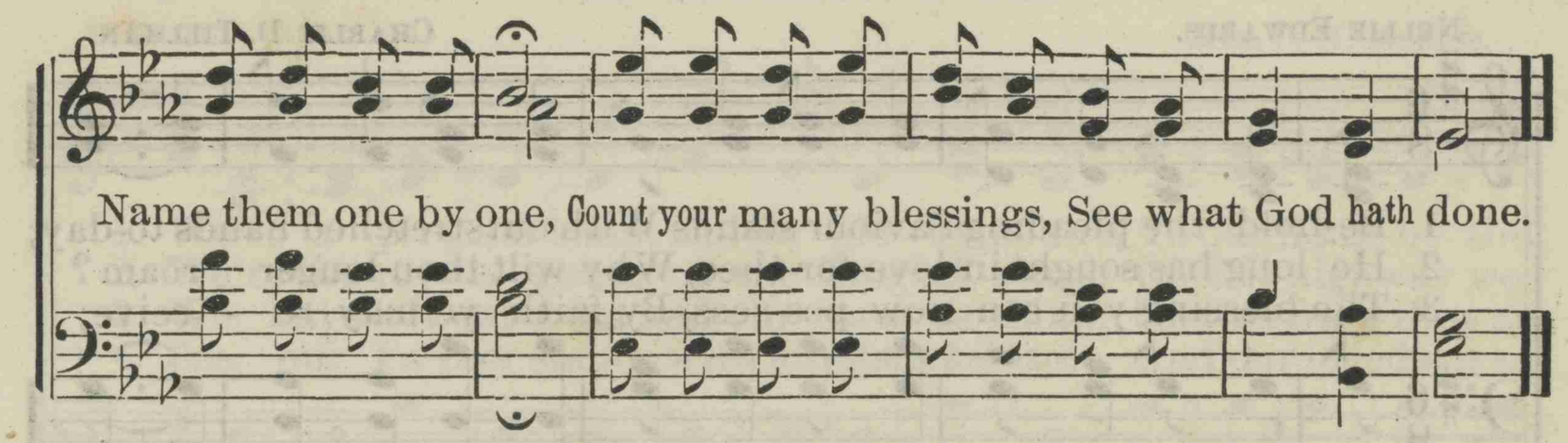
CHORUS.

Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your many blessings, Name them one by one, Count your many

blessings, See what God hath done, Count your blessings,
blessings, See what God hath done, Count your many blessings,

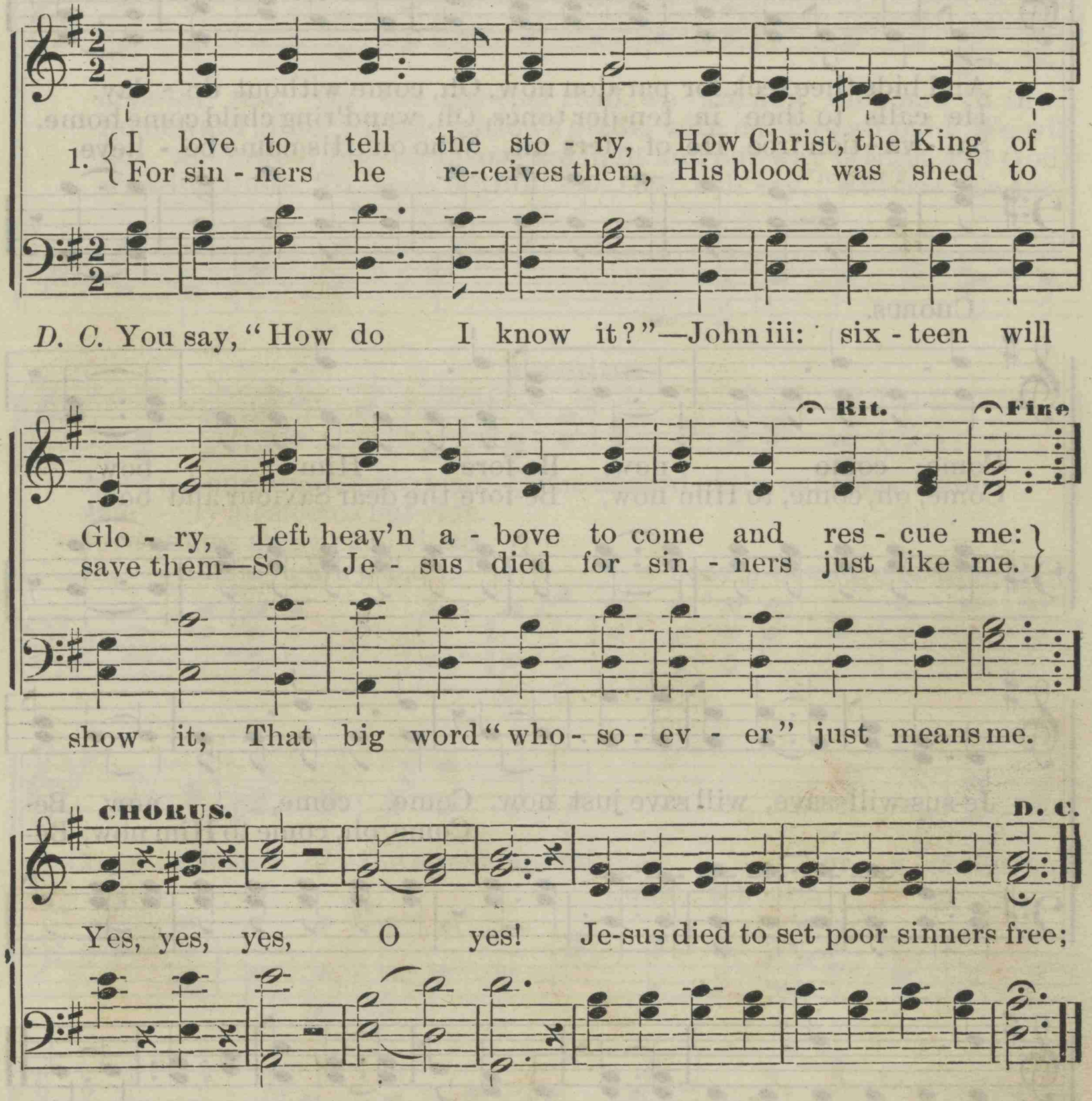
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Count Your Blessings



No. 5. John iii: 16.

J. MANTON SMITH. W. H. HARPER.



2 So now I'll try to please him,
My life I'll give to serve him;
His true and faithful servant I will be:
And when called home to glory,
I'll sing the good old story,
That Jesus died for sinners just like me.

3 Then, brother, won't you love him?
And, sister, won't you trust him?
I know he died for you as well as me:
We need our sins forgiven,
That we may go to heaven,
To live with Christ, who died for you and me.

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No. 6. BE SAVED JUST NOW.

NELLIE EDWARDS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Be-hold the pleading Saviour stands With outstretched hands to-day;
2. He long has sought in love for thee, Why wilt thou longer roam?
3. The blessing you can now pos-sess, By faith ye may re - ceive;

And bids thee seek for par-don now, Oh, come without de - lay.
He calls to thee in ten-der tones, Oh, wand'ring child come home.
Sal - va - tion free He of - fers all, Who on His name be - lieve.

CHORUS.

Come, come now, Be-fore Him bow,
Come, oh, come, to Him now, Be-fore the dear Saviour and bow,

Je-sus will save, will save just now. Come, come, now, Be-
Come, oh, come to Him now, Be-

fore Him bow, Je-sus will save, will save just now.
fore the dear Saviour and bow,

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No. 7. The Sunshine Train.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. We're a pil-grim band, and for glo - ry bound, To our home by the
2. We're the roy- al guests of the King of kings, On His highway we
3. We have left our woes and our cares be - hind, On this train they are
4. See, our Fa-ther stands with His outstretched hands, And our loved ones are

crys-tal sea; On the gos - pel road, we are now on board Of the
homeward glide; Up sal - vation's grade, with our fare all paid, We will
not al - lowed; But our hearts are light and our way is bright, For God's
wait-ing there; To each faithful one God will say, "Well done; En-ter

CHORUS.

heav'n-bound, sunshine train. Come aboard of the sunshine train,
safe - ly all storms out-ride.
love shines away each cloud.
in, and my glo-ry share." heav'n-bound, sunshine train,

Come a-board of the sunshine train; For a wel-come
Come a-board,

waits, at the pear - ly gates, Come aboard of the sun-shine train.

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No. 8. In His Keeping.

C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

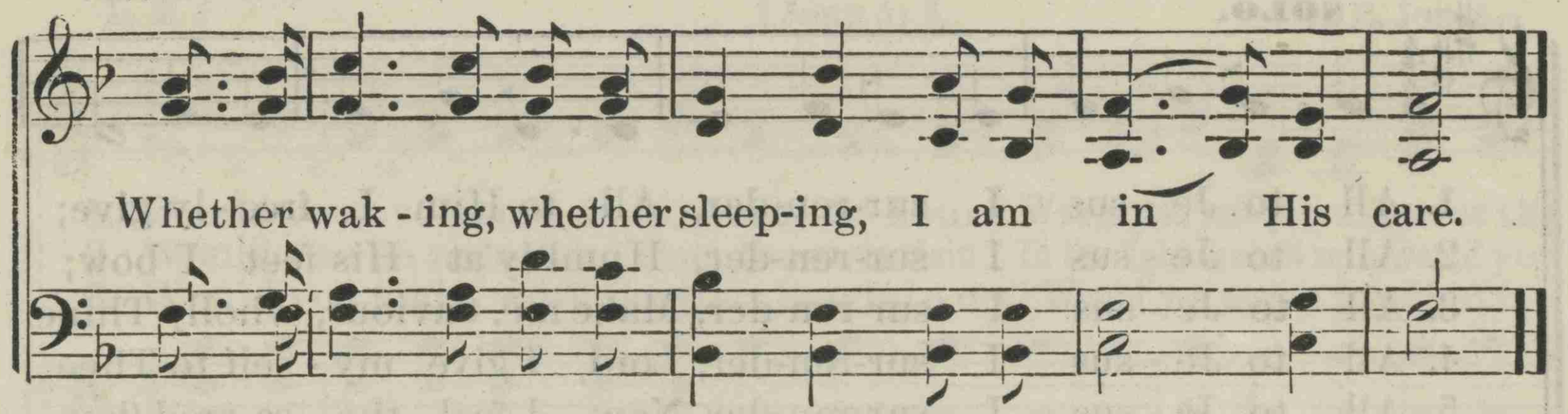
1. When the ear - ly morn-ing break-ing, Slumber from my eye - lids shak-ing, Come the bless - ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keeping. Day advanc - es, la-bor bringing, Care, her mantle round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing, I am in His care.
2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me Not one step I see be- fore me; Still my Sav - iour, I a - dore Thee, I am in His keeping. I can trust His hand to guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me, I am in His care.
3. Gen - tle ev - en - tide is near - ing, Light from heaven dis - ap- pear-ing, Still the bless - ed tho't so cheer-ing, I am in His keeping. Now night's curtains gather round me, Yet its dangers have not found me, For His angel guards surround me, I am in His care.

CHORUS.

I am in my Father's keep - ing, I am in His tender care.

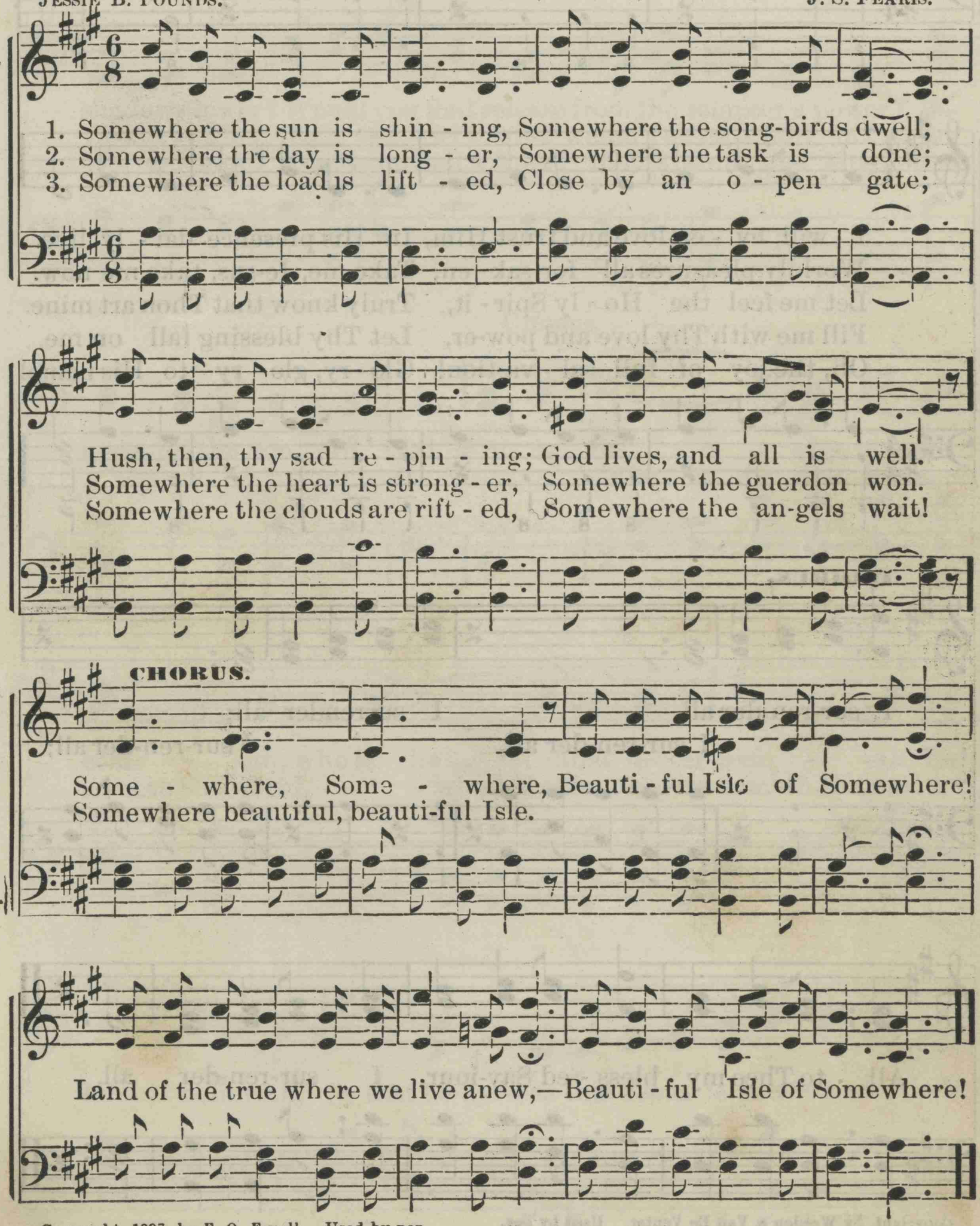
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In His Keeping.



No. 9. Beautiful Isle.

JESSIE B. POUNDS. J. S. FEARIS.



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No. 10. I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

SOLO.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Humbly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Saviour, wholly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His presence dai - ly live.
Worldly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Truly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow-er, Let Thy blessing fall on me.
Oh, the joy of full sal - va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I surrender all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee my bless - ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

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No. 11. WHO IS HE THAT OVERCOMETH?

L. E. J. I JOHN 5: 5. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you overcome in the bat - tle hour? Would you safely walk when the
2. Would you be redeemed from the curse of sin? In the fight 'gainst self, would you
3. Would you find a work for your hands to do? Would you taste a joy that is

shadows lower? Would you find release from the tempter's power? Be-
vic - t'ry win? To a per - fect rest would you en - ter in? Be-
ev - er new? Would you find a friend that is kind and true? Be-

CHORUS.

lieve on the Son of God. Who is he . . that o - ver-
Who is he that o - ver-
com - eth, who is he . . that o - ver-com - eth, but
cometh the world, who is he that o - ver-cometh the world,
he that believeth, he that be-liev-eth that Jesus is the Son of God?

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No. 12. A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

T. S. Alt. THOS. SULLIVAN.

TRIO.

1. Soft - ly the twi - light shadows are falling, Swift comes the darkness,
2. "Long since we parted, yet I am waiting, Watching and hoping
3. "Could some sweet angel bring to his mem'ry Visions of childhood,
4. "Hope whispers softly, some glad to-mor-row, I yet shall see him

now the day is done. In a chamber lonely, kneels a mother, praying,
still my child to see. Could I only tell him how for him I'm long-ing,
days that knew no care; They would turn his footsteps back to home and mother,
saved by mother's love, Faith and prayer must win him; if not here, O Father,

CHORUS.

Pleading with God for her wayward son. "O God of love! enthroned a-
Surely my boy would come back to me."
Drawn by my love from the world's dread snare."
Grant that we meet in Thy heav'n above." "O God of love! en-

bove, Watch, guard, and daily guide my wayward boy; Where'er he may roam,
throned above,

O lead him safely home; Father, in mercy, O save my boy."

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No. 13. HE IS COMING, BY AND BY.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Care-less pilgrim, now a - rise, For the daylight swiftly flies, And the clock of time will strike the promised hour, When the Mas-ter shall ap - pear,
2. Let us watch, and work, and pray, Let us walk the nar-row way, For the Lord will come some day to call His own; O for grace to serve Him more,
3. Our re-demp-tion draweth nigh, Let us lift our eyes on high, More and more that "blessed hope" will cheer the soul; Trusting in the Saviour's blood,

And with shining ones draw near, In the full-ness of His glory, light and pow'r.
Till on wings of love we soar, And with rapture greet the Lamb upon the throne.
Wash'd in Calv'ry's healing flood, We shall praise Him while eternal a - ges roll.

CHORUS.

He is com - - ing, com - - ing, He is coming in His glo-ry by and by;
He is coming by and by, He is coming by and by,

Are we read - y for the bridegroom? Will we meet Him in the sky; He is coming in His glo-ry, by and by.....
by and by;
by and by.

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No. 14. He Knows.

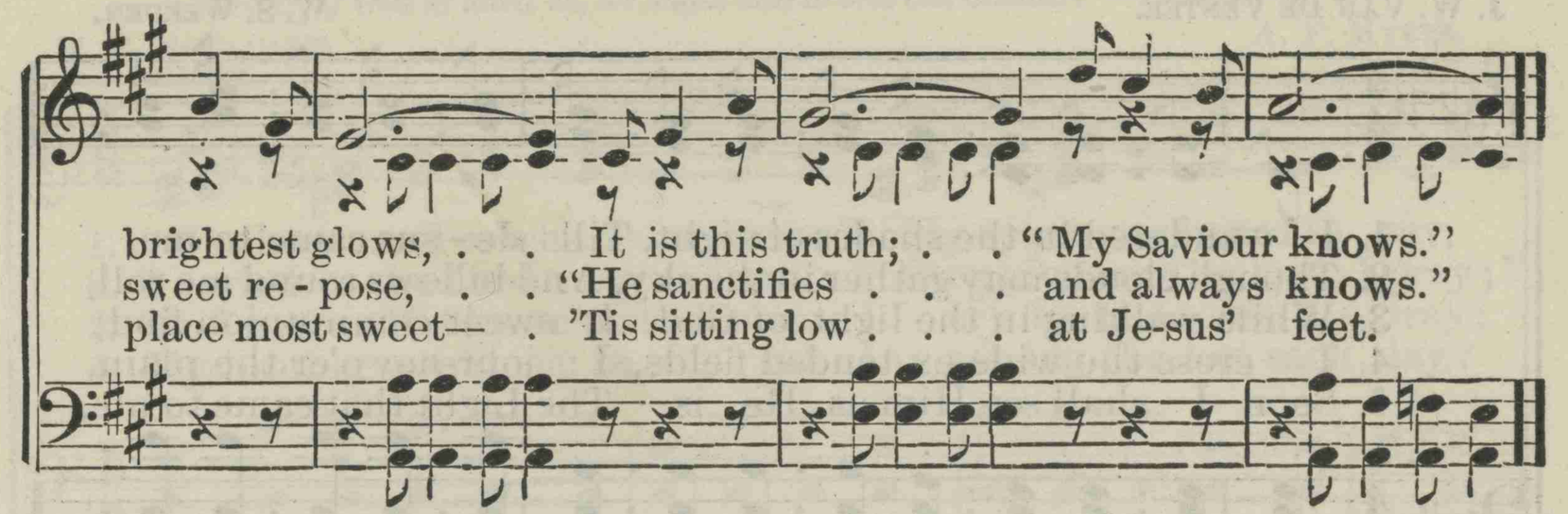
"God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." I JOHN 3: 20.

H. P. PIPER. A. F. MYERS. By per.

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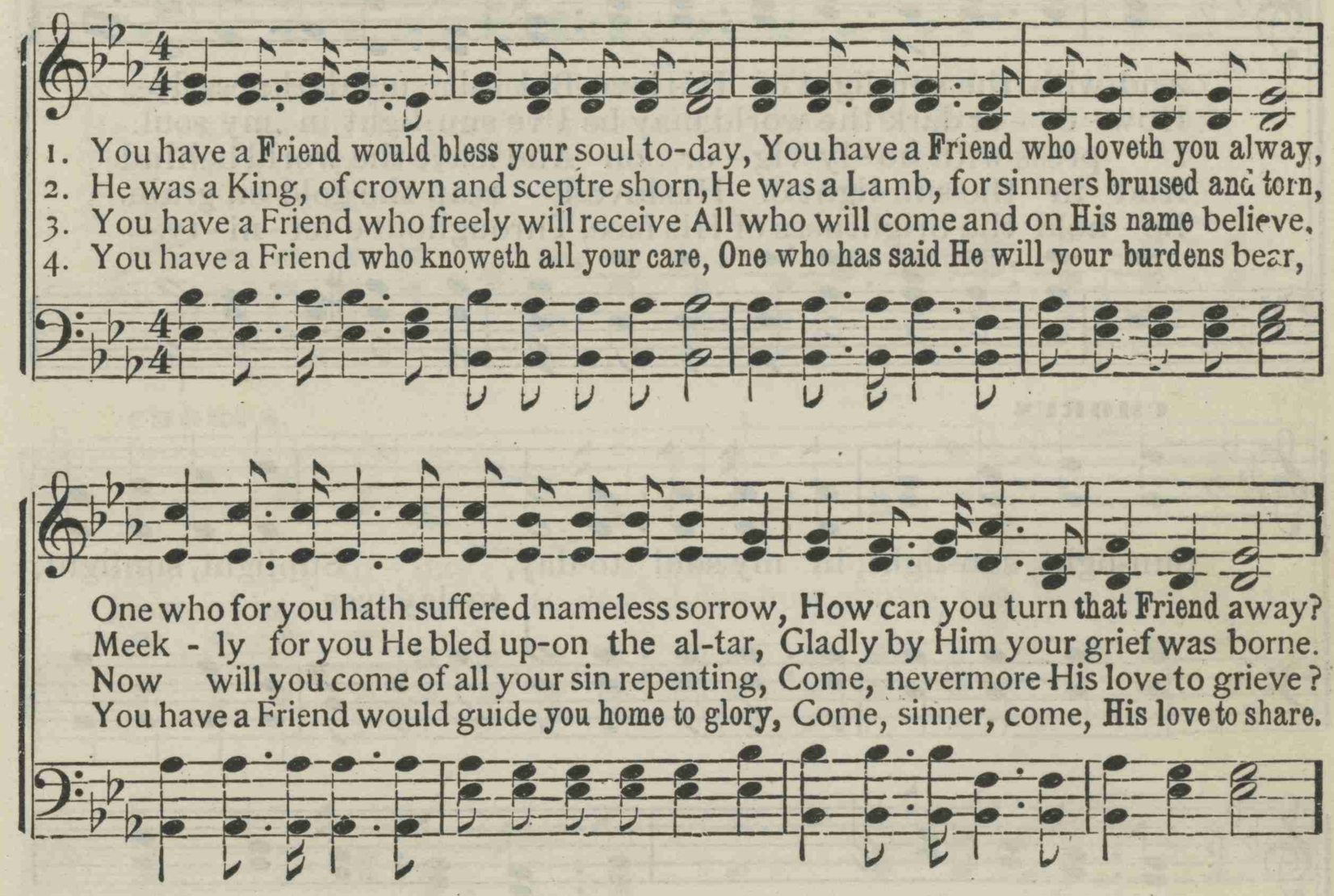
1. What precious truth, . . di-vine-ly sweet, . . We humbly learn . . low at His feet, . . While reading from . . His word of love . . The truths He sent . . from heav'n a-bove! . . But of these truths . . some brighter shine, . . Il-lu-min-ing . . this heart of mine, . . And one, a star, . . the
2. He knows our needs: . . we are His care; . . He knows the load . . we dai-ly bear, . . And from His throne . . in heav-en high, . . Our Sav-iour guides . . with watchful eye, . . A-mid the toil, . . . a-mid the strife, . . . Amid the cares . . and griefs of life, . . This precious thought brings
3. He knows our love; . . oh, what a thrill! . . Rich joys di- vine . . our spirits fill, . . When thus we gain . . our por - tion blest, . . With-in His arms . . of love to rest, . . There is a rest . . . for weary hearts, . . A shelter where . . sins fie - ry darts . . Can-not as - sail— . . a

He Knows.



No. 15. You Have a Friend.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. RAN. C. STOREY.



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No. 16. Sunlight.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.

1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Though clouds may gather in the sky, And billows round me roll,
3. While walking in the light of God, I, sweet communion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tended fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me,

And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my darkness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world behind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold-en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face, Throughout e-ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS

Sun-light, sun-light, in my soul to-day, Sunlight, sunlight,
to-day, yes,
all a-long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,
nar - row way,
took away my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,

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No. 17. Love Found the Way.

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."—I. JOHN 4: 11.

W. F. McCAULEY. A. F. MYERS.

Slow.

1. "Oh, how can I reach the wanderer?" My spirit was heard to say,
2. I cried to the Lord re-pent - ant, "Then give me Thy love, I pray;"
3. And now as His love constrains me, I cry to the souls a - stray;
4. My brother would you be use - ful, In sav ing the lost each day?

Rit.

When Je-sus made answer, "love Him—'Tis love that finds the way?"
He answered the pray'r for blessing, And love illumed my way;
They turn to the love of Je - sus, That finds thro' me a way;
Then be like the blessed Mas - ter, In love that finds the way;

CHORUS.

Has - ten to - day; . . . Love shows the way, . . .
Hasten! has-ten! hasten to-day! Love now shows, yes, love shows the way,

Make no de - lay! . . Love shows the way, . . .
Has-ten! has-ten! make no delay! Love now shows, yes, love shows the way,

Rit.

Love found the way, Love found the way.
Love has found the way, Love has found the way.

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No. 18. Victorious Conflict.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. H. GABRIEL

1. We fling our banner to the breeze And go to battle with a song,
2. Our Captain leads His armies on, To vic-to - ry against the foe,
3. We lift our voices to the sky, In heart-felt, gladsome jubilee;

Our Cap-tain all the conflict sees And fills each heart with courage strong. With
Tho' tri - als must be undergone, We shall the wick-ed over-throw. Our
For in the heavens we de-cry Our Captain's sign of vic - to - ry. Ah!

faith we en-ter in the fight, And *hope*, be-cause the cause is
shield of *faith* is burnished bright, And *hope*, be-cause the cause is
faith gives hearts a record right, And *hope* sees dawning day at

With *faith* we en - ter in the fight,

right, In *love* His soldiers all unite To bat-tle 'gainst . . the wrong.
right, E'en love impells us when we smite The adver-sa - - ry low.
night, And love to meekness adds the might, Which gives supre - ma-cy.
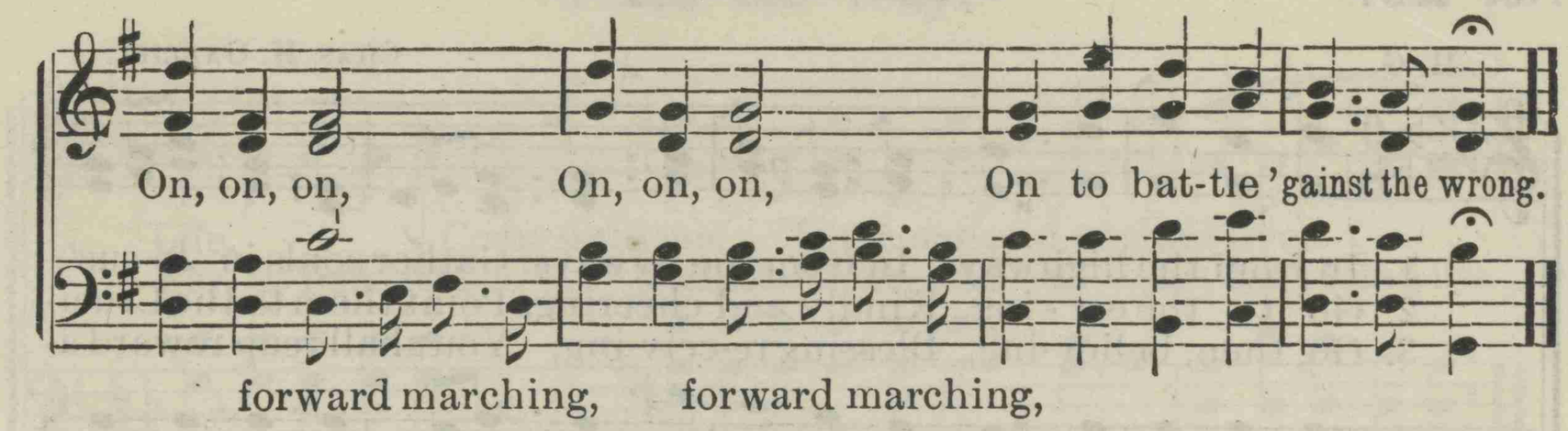
CHORUS.

On, on, on, On, on, on, Firm in faith, and courage strong,

forward marching, forward marching,

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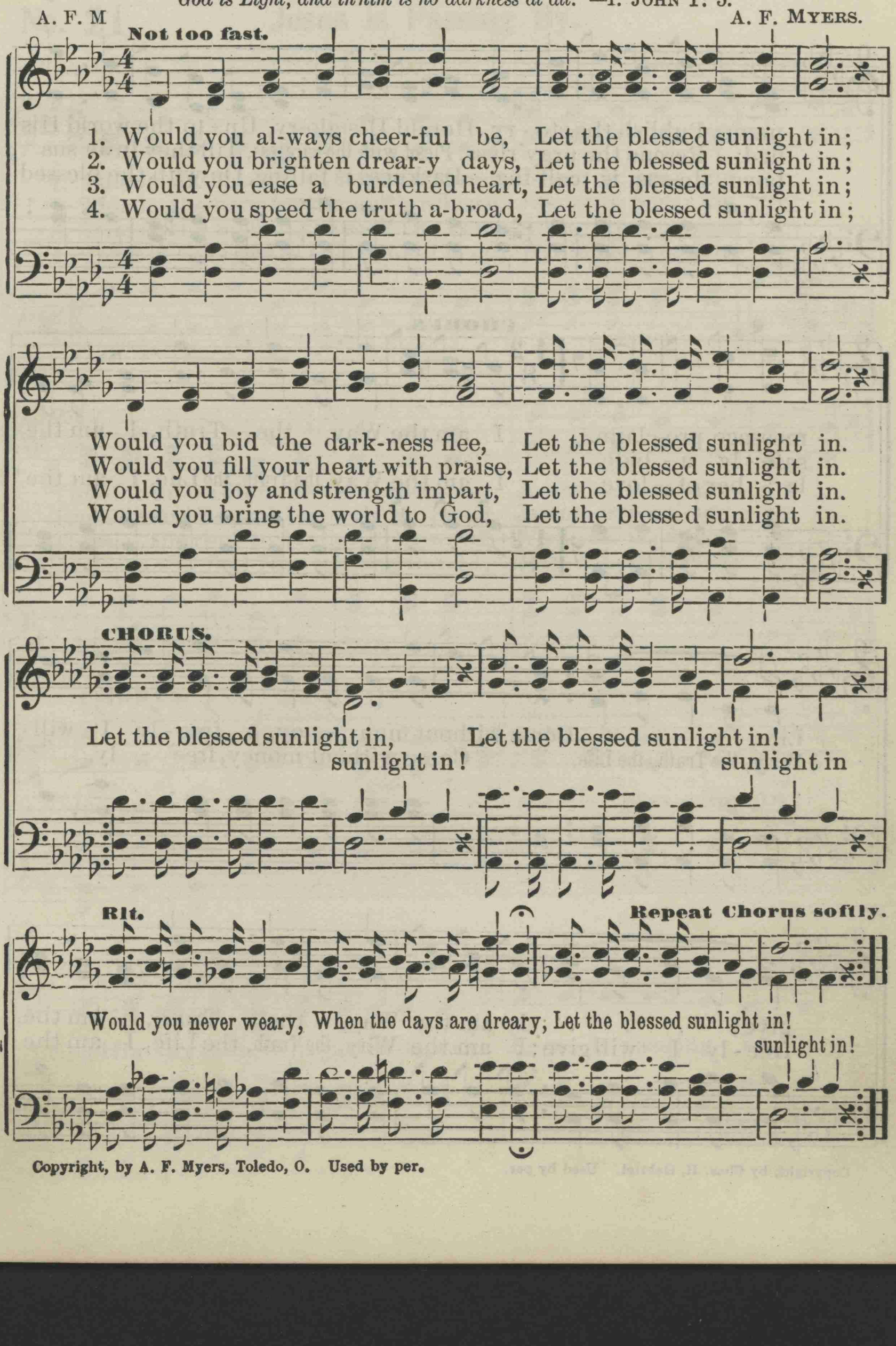
Victorious Conflict.



No. 19. Let the Blessed Sunlight In.

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—I. JOHN 1: 5.

A. F. M A. F. MYERS.



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No. 20. I Am the Way.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In from the high ways, In from the by ways, Gather souls in Je-sus'
2. Go to the err - ing, Kindly and cheering, Point them to the Cruci-
3. Go, then, believ-ing, Blessing re-ceiv-ing, You shall reap reward a-

name; Publish the sto - ry, Herald His glo-ry, Un - to the world His
fied; Rescue the pray'rless, Plead with the careless, Till they in Je-sus
bove; Je-sus is call-ing,—Darkness is falling, On with the blessed

CHORUS.
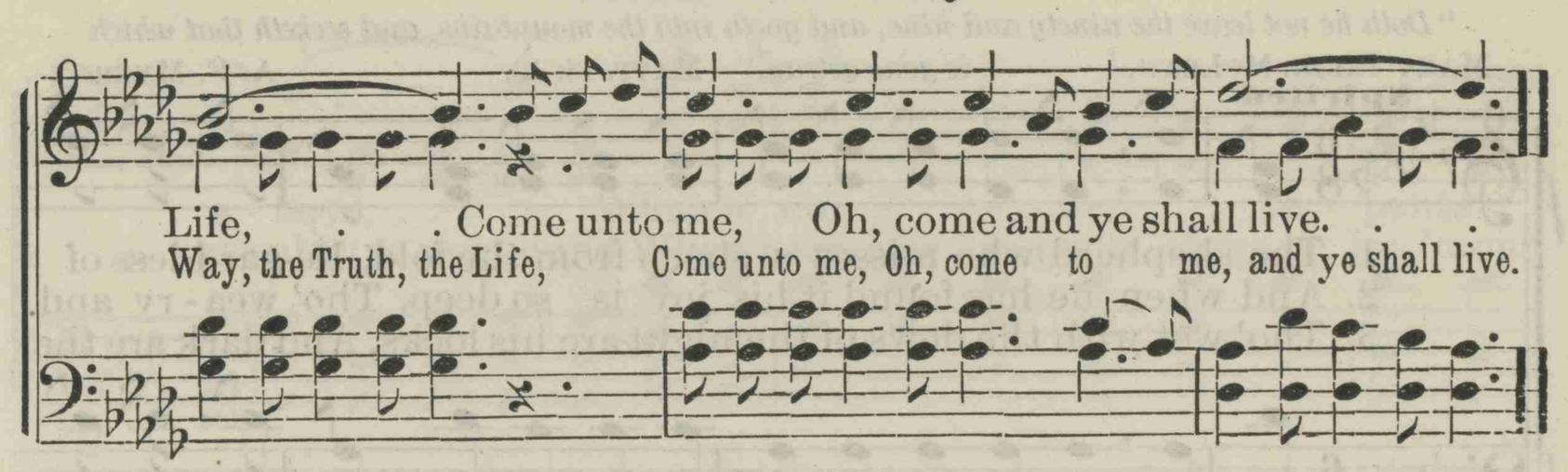
message pro-claim. I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
safe - ly a - bide.
la - bor of love. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

Life, . . . Come without mon - ey, free - ly I will
Way, the Truth, the Life, Come without money, free - ly,

give; . . . I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
free - ly I will give; I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

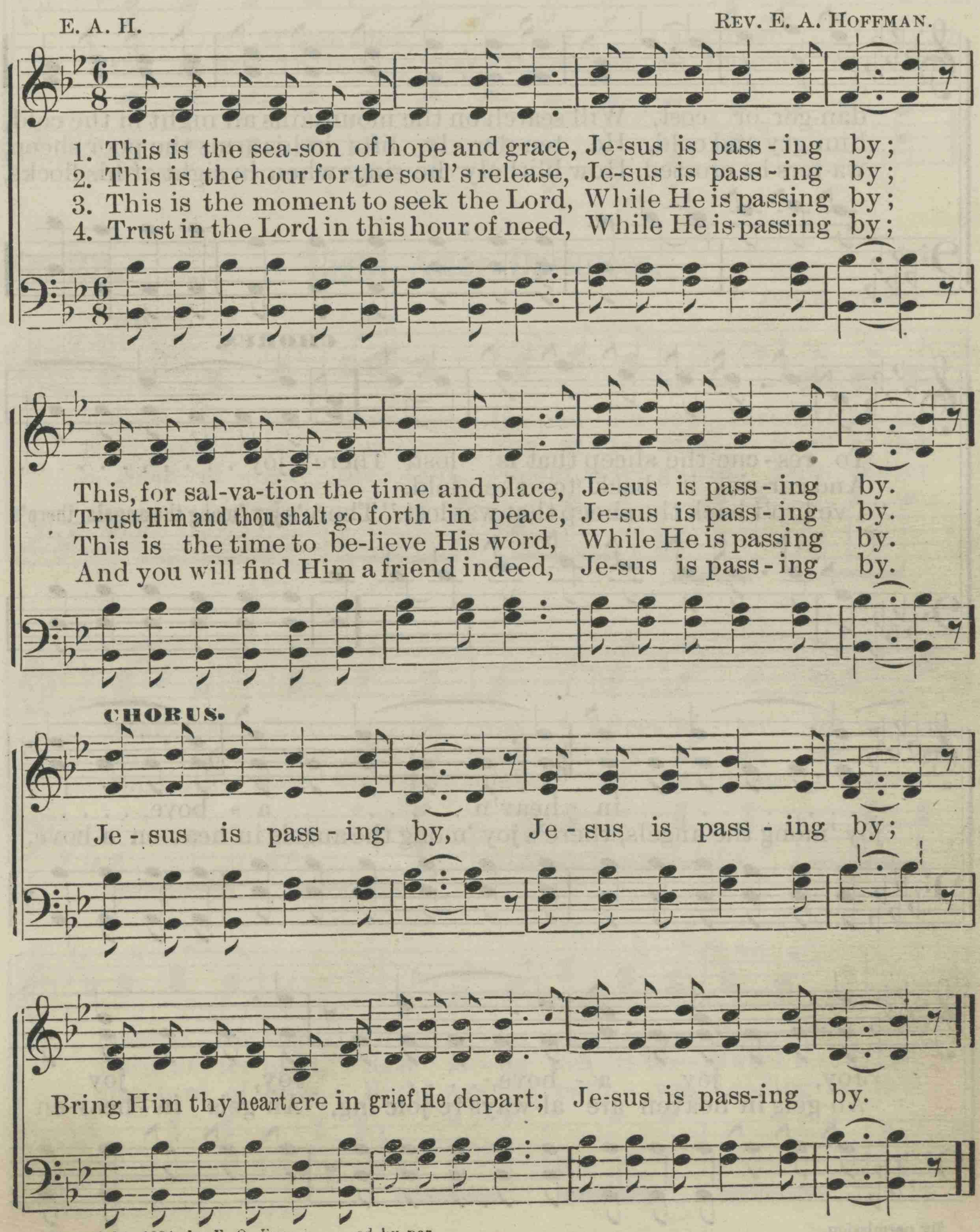
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I Am the Way.



No. 21. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



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No. 22. The Lost Found.

"Doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray."—MATT. 18: 12.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN. A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.
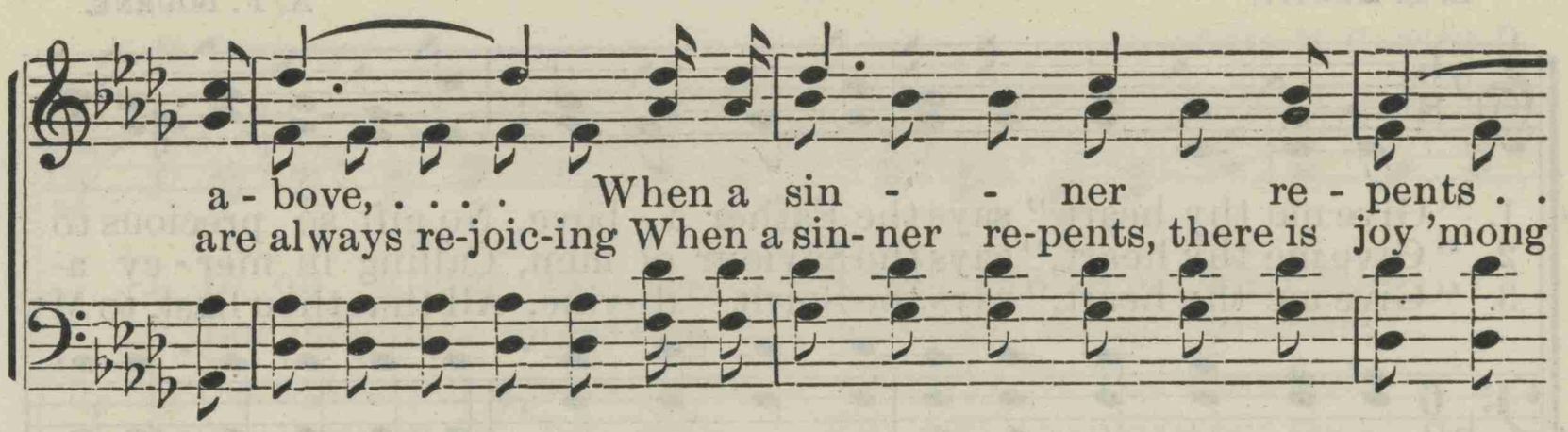
1. The shepherd who misses a sheep from the fold, Re-gard-less of dan-ger or cost, Will search on the mountains all night in the cold,
2. And when he has found it his joy is so deep, Tho' wea-ry and hun-gry and cold, He ten-der-ly lifts in his arms the poor sheep,
3. Tho' wet with the dews of the night are his locks, And dark are the wa-ters he crossed, How blithely he sings when in sight of his flocks,
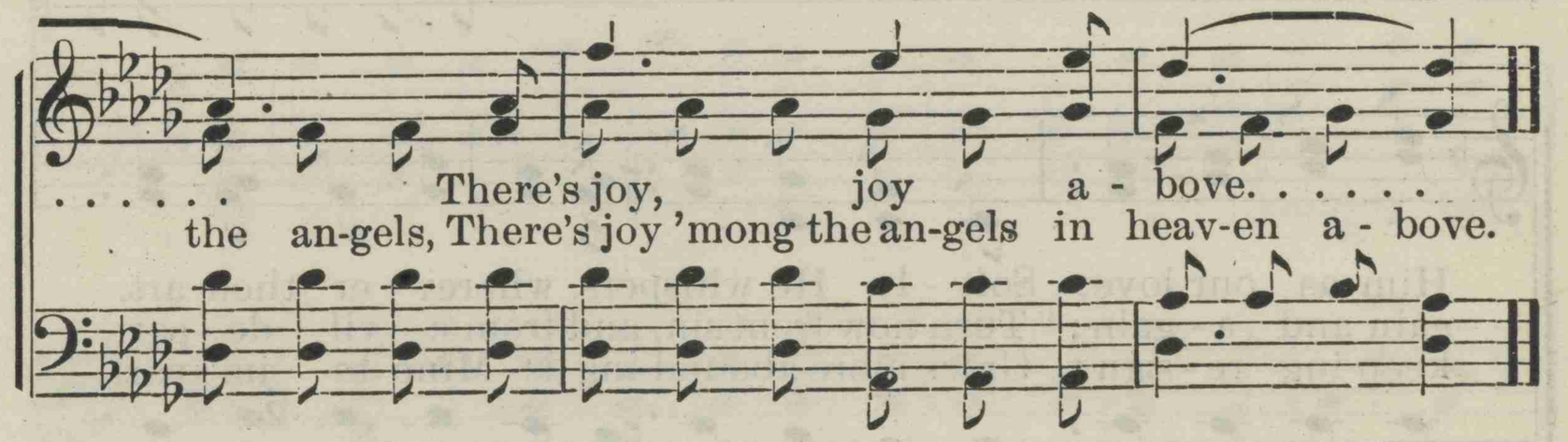
CHORUS.

To res-cue the sheep that is lost. There's joy . . . . . in heav'n . . . . . a-bove, ...
And car-ries it back to the fold.
"I've bro't back the sheep that was lost." There's joy 'mong the angels, there's joy 'mong the angels, there's joy 'mong the angels in heav-en a-bove,
Joy, joy a-bove, ... Joy, joy
An-gels in heaven are al-ways re-joic-ing, An-gels in heav-en

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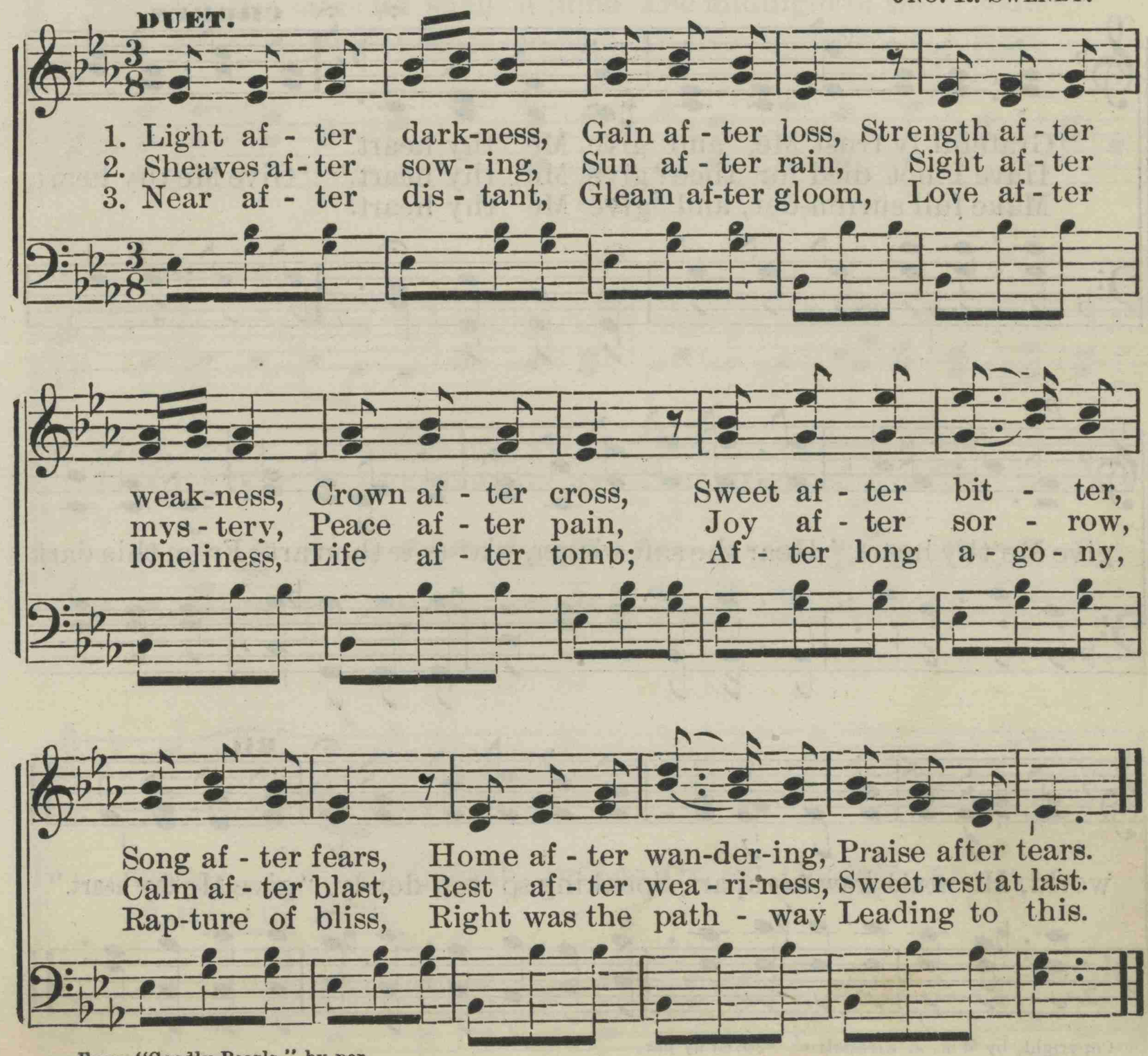
The Lost Found.





No. 23. Light After Darkness.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

No. 24. "Give Me Thy Heart."

E. E. HEWITT. A. F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a - bove, No gift so precious to Him as our love; Soft - ly He whispers, wherev`- er thou art,
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Calling in mer - cy a- gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di-vine, All that thou hast, to My keep-ing re - sign; Grace more abound-ing is Mine to im - part,

CHORUS.

"Grateful-ly trust Me, and give Me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give Me thy heart." "Give Me thy heart,
Make full surren-der, and give Me thy heart.

give Me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher-ev-er thou art; From this dark

world, He would draw thee apart, Speaking so ten-der-ly, "give Me thy heart."

Rit.

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No. 25. Walking by Faith.

A. M. TOPLADY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If on a qui - et sea, . . T'ward heav'n we calmly sail; . .
2. But should the surges rise, . . And rest de-lay to come; . .
3. Soon shall our quaking fears . All yield to Thy con-trol; . .
4. Teach us, in ev - 'ry state . . Thy will to make our own . . .

qui - et sea, calm-ly sail,

With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale.
Blest be the tempest, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The midnight of the soul.
And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a - lone.

CHORUS.

Trust - - ing Thee here below, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
Trusting Thee, Je - sus, here be-low, Dear, dying Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

Walk - ing in faith, we'll go On till Thy face we see.
Walking in faith,

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No. 26. Go Gather Them In.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. RAN C. STOREY.

1. Go seek for the wand'rers from God and the right, A - way on the
2. Go in - to the high ways and hedges so drear, Go seeking the
3. Go out to the hearts that are weeping to-night, Are weeping o'er

mountains so cold; Go gath-er the lambs from the darkness of
lost ones to find; They're grieving in sorrow, they're shrinking in
death and the grave; Go bear them a message of love and of

night, Go gather them in - to the fold.
fear, Go speaking a word that is kind. Go gath-er them
light, Go tell of the might-y to save.

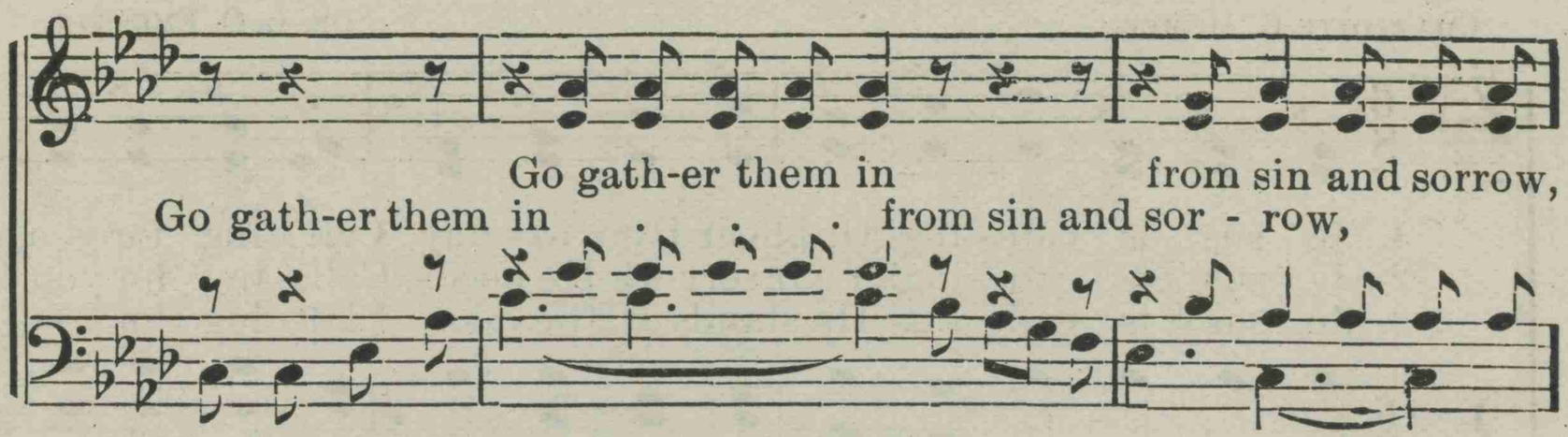
CHORUS.

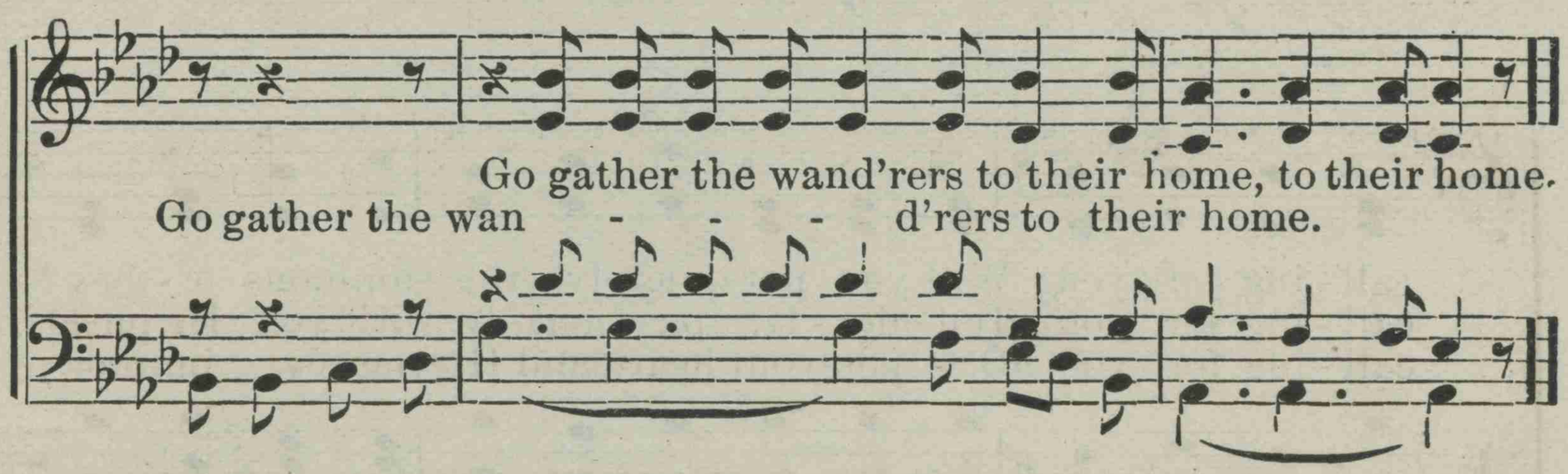
Go gather them in from highways and hedges,
in from highways and hedges.

Go gather them in from where thy roam, where they roam,
Go gather them in from where they roam,

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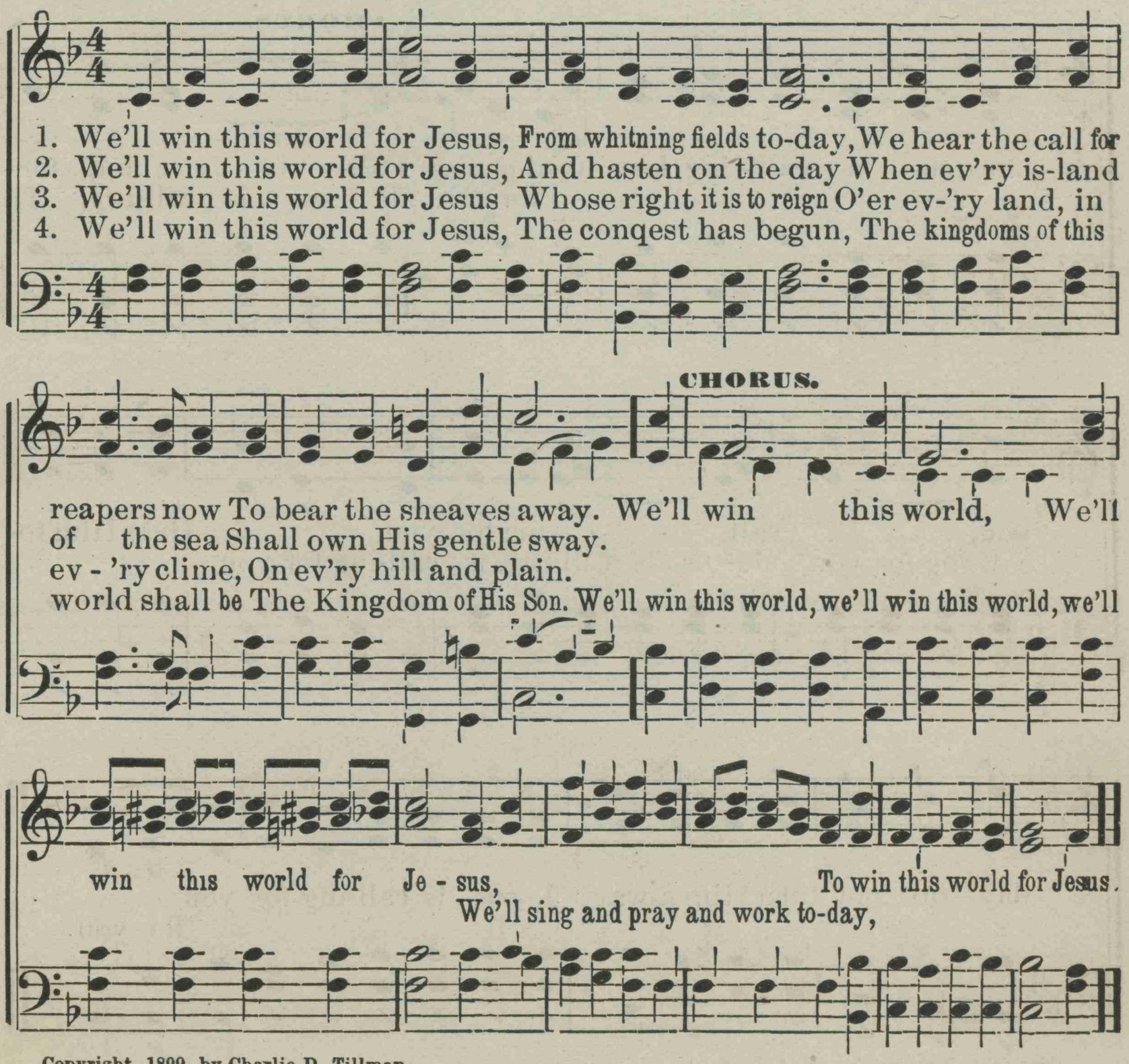
Go Gather Them In.





No. 27. This World For Jesus.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 28. Jesus Is Calling To-day.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. DR. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je - sus is call - ing! Oh, hear Him to - day, Call - ing for you,
2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your serv-ice He needs, Call - ing for you,
3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call - ing for you,

call - ing for you; Will you not quick-ly the summons o - bey?
call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you He pleads,
call - ing for you; O - pen your heart, and His mer-cy im-plore,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is call - ing for you! Call - - - ing for
for you. Je - sus is call-ing, is
you, . . call - - ing for you, . . Hear Him to-
call-ing for you, Je-sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,

day—do not turn Him a-way, Je-sus is call-ing for you. . .
for you.

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No. 29. Come and Rest.

J. BARNBY. By per.

pp

1. "Come and rest, come and rest," Je - sus now calls to thee;
2. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Comes His dear voice to thee;
3. Come to - day, come to - day, Rest in the Sav-iour's love;

"Rest, rest on my breast," Calleth He ten - der - ly.
Now, now, hear Him now, Calling so lov - ing - ly.
Al - ways with Him stay— Dwelling with Him in love.

mf *pp*

"Come, take my yoke, 'tis bond-age blest; Come, heavy la - dened
Fear not the storms of life that blow, Nor the wild waves that
Wea - ry ones, come with - out de - lay, Nev - er a - gain from

and distressed, And I will make you free; Come, ye
break and flow; In - to His arms now flee, He, His
Him to stray; Here His great mer - cy prove, Here so

p

Rall e dim. *pp*

wea - ry ones, come, ve ladened ones, rest. . . . .
lov - ing ones, He, His trusting ones, keep. . . . .
peace-ful - ly, here, so sweetly to rest. . . . .

No. 30. Victory!

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hap-py in the Saviour we are marching on to glory, Singing hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb of Calva - ry! All along the way to oth-ers
2. Clouds and darkness, sin and error—see them disappearing, As the hosts of Is - ra-el advance in proud array; Hark! the bugle notes of the mil-
3. Faith will bring the victory! rejoice, the day is breaking! Floods of golden glory now il-lum-inate the sky; Mighty songs of triumph from the

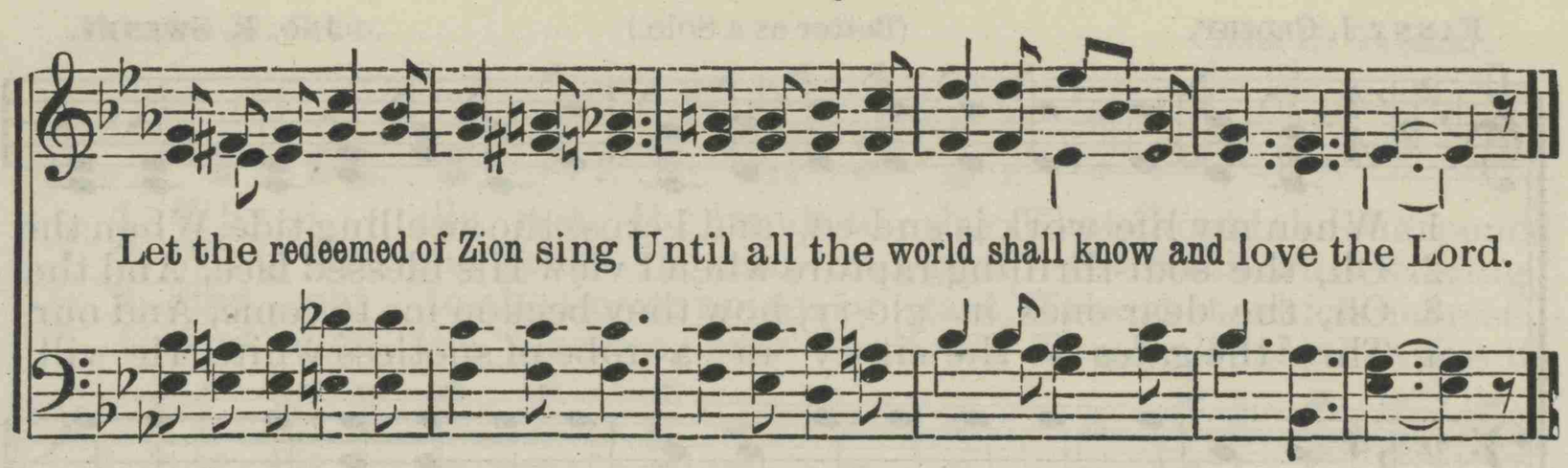
telling out the story—"Jesus lives, He lives! behold the year of ju-bi - lee."
len - ni-um is nearing, Glo - ry hal-le-lu-jah! let us watch, and fight, and pray!
Ba - bel din awaking, Herald now the glory that is coming by and by.

CHORUS.

Praise Him! Praise Him! Beau-ti-ful strains of music bring, Praise Him!
Praise Him in the highest glory! Praise Him! tell the wondrous story!
Praise Him! Love and a-dore the King! Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! wave His banner o'er thee, for-ev - er,

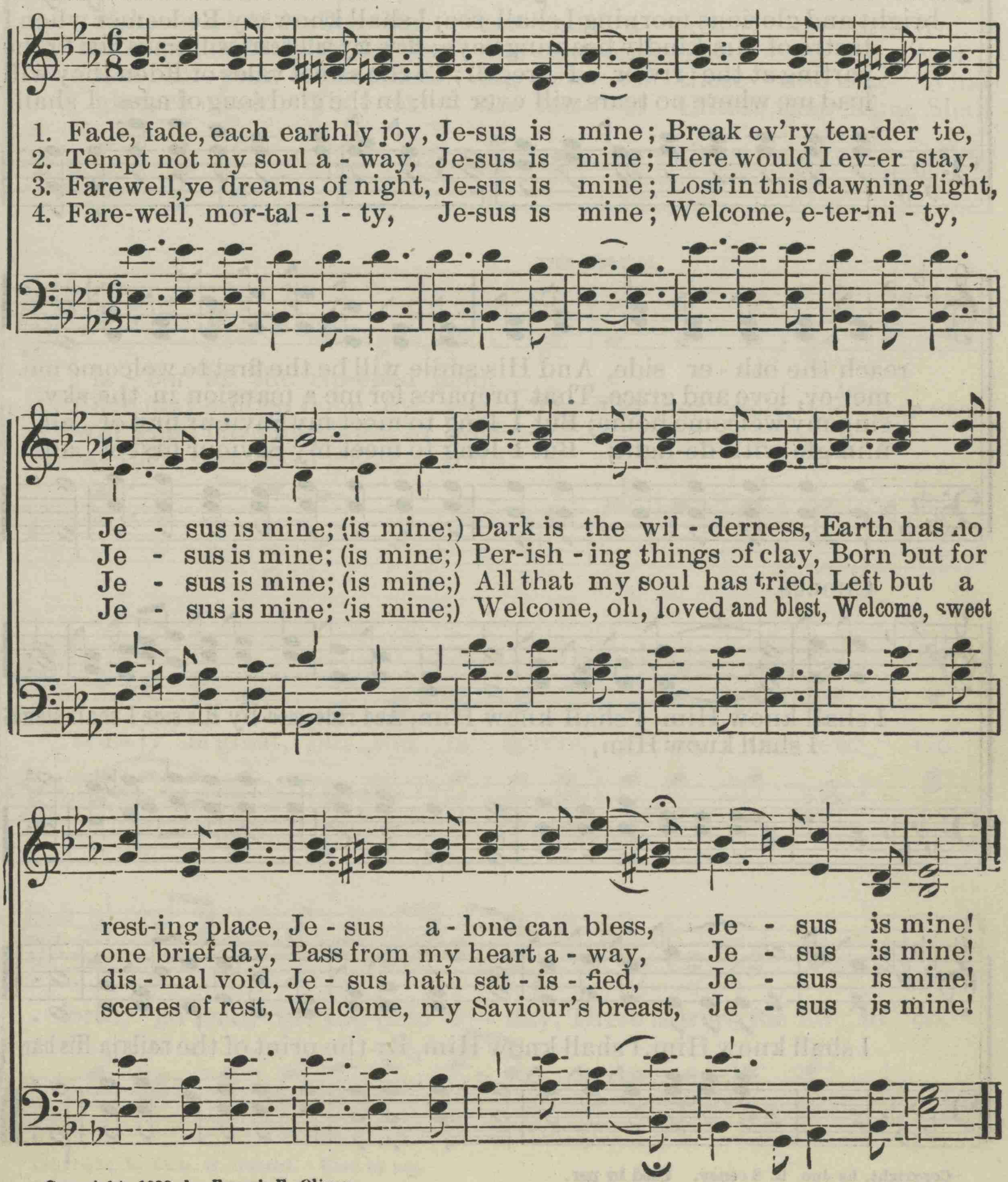
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Victory!



No. 31. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. 1843. FRENCH E. OLIVER.



Copyright, 1898, by French E. Oliver.

No. 32. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Better as a Solo.) JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view His blessed face, And the lustre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our parting at the riv-er I recall; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.

mer-cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him, By the print of the nails in His han

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No. 33. The Master's Call.

Mrs. Ida M. Budd. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why i - dle rest the hands to - day, That should the sharpened
2. Waste not the hours in vain re - gret: Go forth with wil-ling
3. Stay not to choose your place or task, Take that which nearest
4. And when the "harvest home" shall ring Thro' all the heav'ns its

sick - le wield? The Mas - ter calls! a - rise, a - way To
heart and true; Sheaves wait the reap-ers' sick - le yet, And
lies to you: The bless - ing waits for those who ask,—"What
glad re - frain, They at the feet of Christ, their King, Shall

CHORUS.

la - bor in the rip-ened field.
much may still be done by you.
will Thou have me, Lord, to do?"
lay their sheaves of gold-en grain.

The Mas - ter calls, the har-vest

tru - ly is great, But the la - borers, a - las, are few. Go

forth, go forth to the field to - day, There is work for all to do.

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No. 34. Source of Every Blessing.

RALPH WARDLOW. A. HENRY.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy;
2. Firm - ly trust - ing in Thy blood, Nothing shall my heart confound;

Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ.
Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

Fountain of o'er-flow - ing grace, Free - ly from Thy fullness give;
When I touch the bless - ed shore, Back the closing waves shall roll,

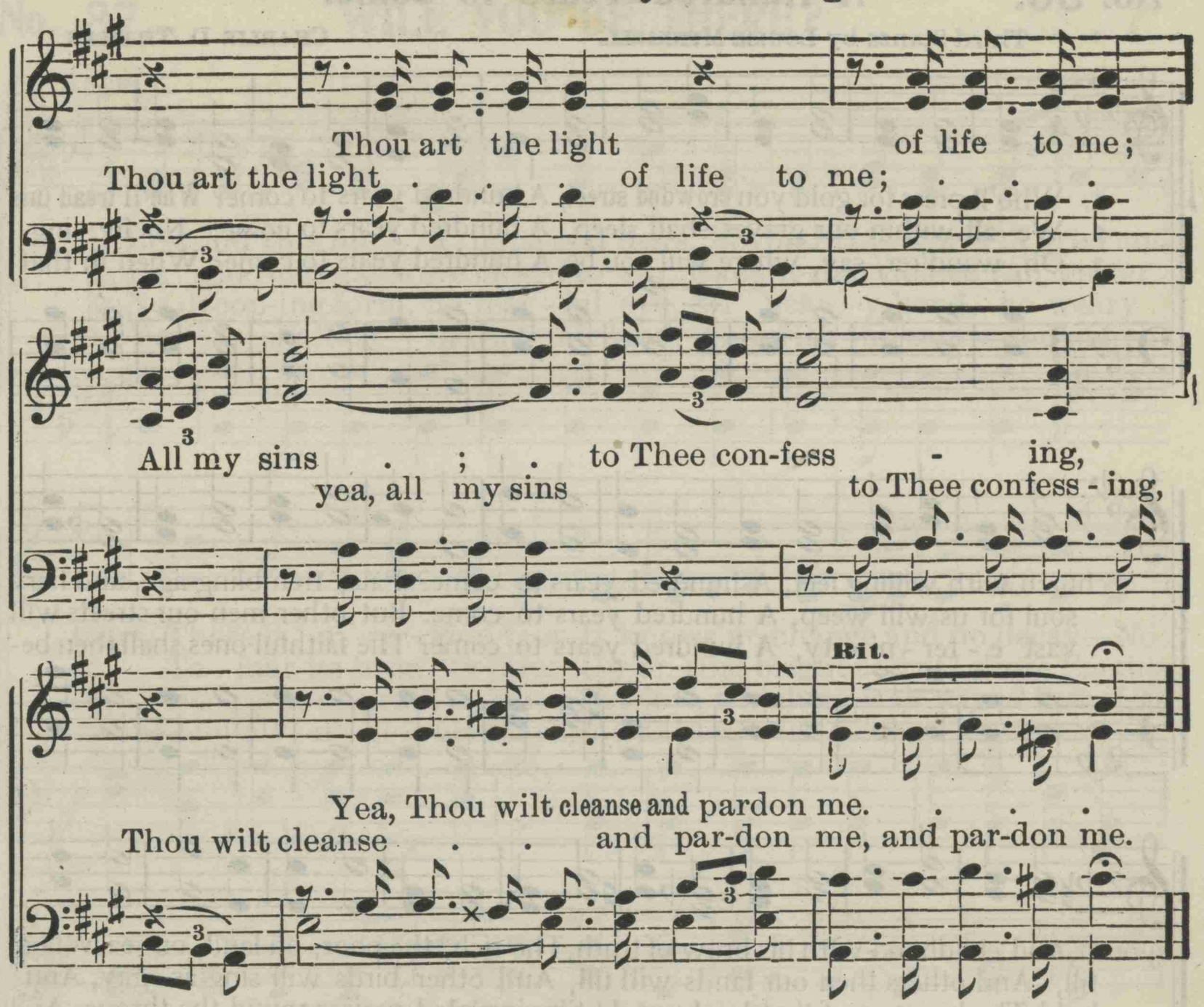
Till I close my earthly race, May I prove it "Christ to live!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore Part from Thee my ravished soul.

CHORUS.

Thou art the source of ev - 'ry bless-ing,
Thou art the source . . of ev-'ry bless - ing,

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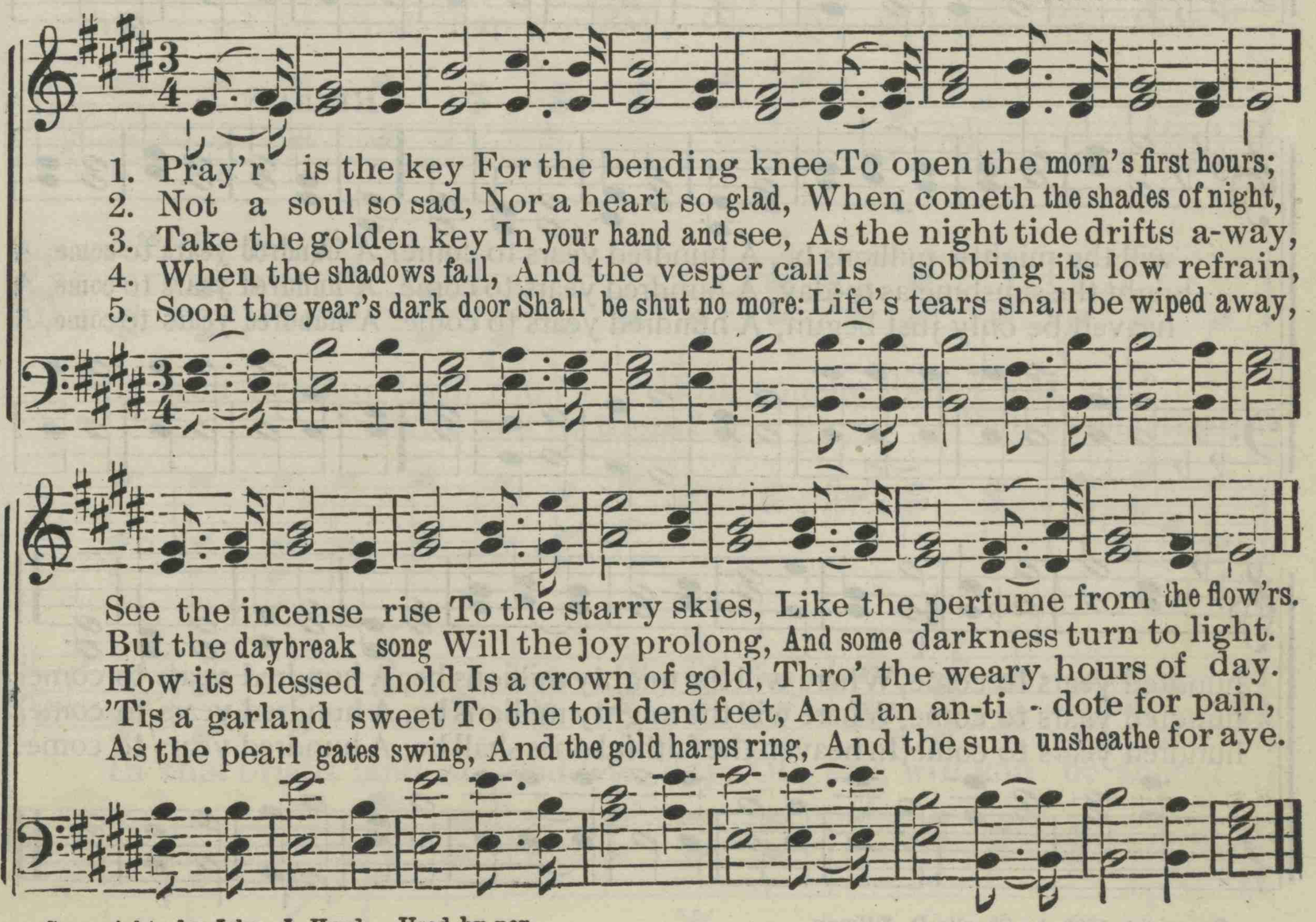
Source of Every Blessing.



No. 35. The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWEENEY.



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No. 36. A Hundred Years to Come.

* * * Third Stanza by LOUISE MITCHELL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Who'll press for gold yon crowded street, A hundred years to come? Who'll tread this
2. We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come, No liv - ing
3. Oh, wand'rer, say, where will you be A hundred years to come? When in that

church with willing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale, trembling age, and fiery
soul for us will weep, A hundred years to come. But other men our streets will
vast e - ter - ni - ty, A hundred years to come? The faithful ones shall then be-

youth, And childhood with his brow of truth, The rich, the poor, on land, on sea, Where
fill, And others then our lands will till, And other birds will sing as gay, And
hold The beauties of that land untold, Singing glad praises round the throne, And

REFRAIN.

will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come? A hundred years to come, A
bright the sunshine as to-day, A hundred years to come. A hundred years to come, A
heaven be only just begun, A hundred years to come. A hundred years to come, A

hundred years to come, Where will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come?
hundred years to come, Where will the mighty millions be, A hundred years to come?
hundred years to come, In heaven the faithful ones shall be, A hundred years to come.

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No. 37. WILL YOU BE THERE?

ANON. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. Be-yond this life of hope and fears, Beyond this world of grief and
2. Its glo-rious gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en-ter
3. No droop-ing form, no tear - ful eye, No heav - y head, no weary
4. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and angels

tears, There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and no decay—No
in To mar its beau - ty rare; Up-on that bright eternal shore Earth's
sigh, No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mortals may not know, Like
stand, And all its glo-ries share; And there with Christ I'll ever stay—In

night obscures its end-less day; Oh, say, will you be there?
bit - ter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?
peace - ful riv - ers ev - er flow; Oh, say, will you be there?
that e - ter - nal, hap - py day; Oh, say, will you be there?

CHORUS.

Will you be there? will you? Will you be there? will, you?
Will you be there? Will you be there?

In that bright land of end-less day, Oh, say, will you be there?

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No. 38. Seeking to Save.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Soul, have you heard the won-der-ful sto - ry?— I have a Sav-iour seeking for me! Seeking to save from sin and from
2. Soul, do you know this Saviour so pre-cious Lov-ing - ly waits and calls un-to thee?—Pleads but to par-don, pleads but to
3. Soul, He is wait - ing for thy de - cis - ion; Haste with thine an - swer, do not de - lay. "Will you ac - cept me? Will you re-

D.S. *Seeking to save from sin and from*

sor - row!—From ev-'ry bur - den to set me free.
res - cue;—Will you ac - cept this mer - cy so free?
ject me?" Soul, it is Je - sus speaking to - day.

sor - row!—From ev -'ry bur - den to set me free.

CHORUS.

Seeking to save, Yes, seeking to save,
Seeking to save, ... yes, seeking to save, . . .

D. S.

Je-sus the Saviour is seeking to save;
Je - sus the Sav - - iour is seeking to save;

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No. 39. The Knock of the Nail-Pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door to-night, The Sav-iour in
2. Out-side He has stood thro' the length of the years, Since Mother the
3. You turn not away when a friend's at your door, Here's one there's none
4. All the pain and the shame of His death on the tree A welcome from

meekness doth stand, And longs for ad-mission? pray, lis-ten now To the
love-flame first fanned; You have spurned and rejected, oh, give heed to-night To the
like in the land, Who asks to come in to for-ev - er abide; Heed the
you should command, Since the weight of your sins in His body He bore; Heed the

CHORUS.

knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,

Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand; . . Swing the door o-pen wide,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;

Bid Him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.

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No. 40. TENDERLY CALLING TO THEE.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. ZOLLIE STUART.

1. A sweet voice is calling— is call-ing to thee—Those sweet, tender
2. A sweet voice is calling, oh, hear it just now, It bids thee to
3. A sweet voice is calling—but soon it may cease, And mer - cy will

tones is the voice of thy God; He's call - ing to thee from thy
turn from your sins and be saved; Then list to its plead-ings, oh,
close ev-'ry door of her love; Then haste to the blood and ob-

sins to be free Oh, heed now His call, come and trust in His blood.
come now and bow, Give Je - sus the heart He has ear-nest-ly craved.
tain the sweet peace, This grace he will give thee in show'rs from above.

CHORUS.

The Sav - iour is calling, Is ten - der - ly calling, The Sav - iour is
Re - sist not His pleading, His sweet, tender pleading, [*Omit.* . . . .

calling, He's calling now for thee;
. . . . . .] He's loving - ly calling for thee. (for thee.)

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No. 41. Master, Use Me.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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

forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o-
souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be
mes - sage of sal - va - tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the
Christ the vineyard-la - bor I would share; Into hearts that know not

D. S. read - y to re-

bey the call, and in Thy blessed name I will take the blessed
lightened of the burdens which they bear; Let me take the blessed
sto - ry to the homes of sin - ful men; Let me take the blessed
Je - sus I would speak the saving Word; Let me take the blessed

port for or - ders, Master, summon me, And I'll go on a - ny

Fine. **CHORUS.**

light of the gos - pel there. Call me forth . . to ac - tive
hope of the gos - pel there.
Christ of the gos - pel there.
joy of the gos - pel there. call me forth,

er-rand of love for Thee.

D. S.

serv - ice, And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me," I am
service call me forth,

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No. 42. Jesus the Saviour of Men.

"Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a prince and a Saviour."—ACTS 5: 31.

H. P. PIPER. A. F. MYERS. By per.

Spirited.

1. Joy bells are ring-ing in heav-en a-bove, For sin-ners re-
2. Joy bells are ring-ing in hearts here be-low, And tell-ing of
3. Joy bells of heav-en ring out the glad song, And earth's weary
4. Sing out His prais-es in mansions of light, And sing midst earth's

deemed by the Father's great love, Angels in glo-ry repeat the glad strain,
peace which the world can-not know, Telling of vict'ry o'er sin and the grave,
wand'rers are joining the throng; Sin-sick and weary with earth's cares oppressed,
sorrows its darkness and night, Sing till all nations the Saviour shall own,

CHORUS.

Chanting it sweetly a-gain and a-gain. Ring! ring! ring! ring
Tell-ing of Je-sus the mighty to save.
Com-ing to Je-sus for pardon and rest.
We shall then sing in our beautiful home. Ring, ring out the praises a-

out, . . And sing it a-gain! . . Ring!
gain and again, And sing it a-gain and again, and a-gain! Ring,

ring! ring! ring out. . .
ring out His praises, again and again, To Je-sus the Saviour of men.

No. 43. Not One Forgotten.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE 12 : 6.

E. E. HEWITT. (May be sung as a solo and chorus.) H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten-der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all His children, So un - worthy of His love,
3. Oh, the wounded hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Waking gratitude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;
Is there a - ny ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

f.

For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way;
Let me, like the lit - tle sparrow, Trust Him where I can-not see,

Cho.–In my Fa-ther's blessed keeping I am hap - py, safe and free;

D.S. Chorus.

Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow, For 'tis precious in His sight.
For my Sav - iour gen-tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sunshine and the shadow, Singing, "He will care for me."

While His eye is on the sparrow I will not for-got - ten be.

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No. 44. Saved From the Wreck.

E. E. HEWITT. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A-drift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sinking, for heav- y the gale, The ca - ble is broken, and tattered each sail.
2. Oh, I was a sin-ner a-lone on the sea, But love's blessed sig-nals were floating for me; Tho' thunders were roll-ing, and bil-lows at strife, Lo, Je - sus was calling, "escape for thy life."
3. I stepped in the life-boat pro-vi - ded for me, And Je - sus, my Pi - lot, my Captain will be; His bos-om my ref-uge, my "ha-ven of rest," I'm rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.
4. Life's tur-bu-lent sur-ges are kissed in - to peace, The beacons are shin-ing, and songs nev-er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, il- lumine the tide, While onward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful - ly glide.

D.S.—Je-sus, King Je-sus, "the mighty to save."

CHORUS.

Poor child of the wreck, see the life-boat is near; A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry billow, controls ev-'ry wave, 'Tis

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No. 45. Are You Coming to the Feast?

I. N. M. I. N. McHOSE.

1. There's a feast now a-wait-ing, prepared by loving hands In the midst of the banquet, the gen-tle Saviour stands; Then no longer go
2. Come, for all things are ready, why will you stay a-way? Hear the kind in - vi - tation, oh, come without de-lay; 'Tis the day of sal-
3. 'Tis a feast ev - er-last-ing, abundant, rich and free, Thro' the blood of the Saviour, an o-pen door we see; Come and wear the white

roving o'er deserts bare and wild, See! the Father now is waiting to great His weary child. You're in-vi-ted, are you com-ing?
vation why will you longer roam? There's a mansion now preparing, for you in yonder home.
raiment, the wedding garment fair, And the Lord and all His angels will bid you welcome there.

CHORUS

Oh, accept the in - vi-tation, all things are ready, come; to the feast, to the feast?
See, the Father now is waiting to [*Omit.* . . .] welcome wand'rers, home.

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No. 46. Love, Joy and Peace.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."—GAL. 5: 22.

REV. A. D. KENNEDY. D. W. CRIST.

1. Sing those beau-ti - ful themes a - gain, "Love, joy and peace,"
2. Sing those beau-ti - ful words to me, "Love, joy and peace,"
3. Sing those words to me o'er and o'er, "Love, joy and peace,"
4. Oh, the fruit of the Spir - it, this "Love, joy and peace,"

How the Fa-ther did love me then, Me to re - lease
Which, in heav-en re-served for me, Nev - er shall cease;
In my heart I would more and more Have them in - crease.
All the rich - es of grace are His, Nev - er to cease.

From do-minion of Satan's claim, Thro' the power of Jesus' name—
Where the pure shall in ec-sta - sy Praise their God thro' e-ter - ni - ty—
Love and joy; oh, im -mor-tal theme, Flowing on like a gen-tle stream!
In the realms of e - ter - ni - ty, Coming from the blest One in Three,

Sing those beau-ti - ful themes a - gain, "Love, joy and peace."
Sing those beau-ti - ful words to me, "Love, joy and peace."
Sing those words to me o'er and o'er, "Love, joy and peace."
Sing those beau-ti - ful words to me, "Love, joy and peace."

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No. 47. THEY THAT BE WISE SHALL SHINE.

E. L. JONES. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. Soldiers of Christ, be ye steadfast and loy- al, True to His col- ors, no
2. Soldiers of Christ, in the Word it is promised That there shall be an a -
3. Soldiers of Christ, soon the war will be o- ver, Then when the weapons are

du - ty undone; This is the sea- son of earn- est endeav - or, There shall be
bundant reward; Un- to the faithful, who firm in the conflict, Conquer o'er
ever laid down, Jesus your Captain will call you before Him, Decking your

CHORUS. DAN. 12: 3.

rest when the vic - to - ry is won.
sin in the name of the Lord.
brow with a jew - el starred crown.
} They that be wise shall shine with the

brightness of the firm - a - ment; They that be wise shall shine with the

brightness of the firm-a- ment, And they that turn many to righteousness,

And they that turn many to righteousness, As the stars forev- er and ev - er.

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No. 48. The Lights of Home.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Questions in Italics, responses in Roman type.

1. *Steers-man, steers-man, the channel's rough and dark, The waves roll high, the winds sweep by, Now whither speeds thy bark? Now whither speeds thy bark?*
2. *Steers-man, steers-man, the stars are wrapped in mist.* The Po-lar star still beams a - far On hills of am - e-thyst, On hills of am-e - thyst.
3. *Steers-man, steers-man, how wild the tem-pest raves!* The flood may swell, but all is well, While Jesus walks the waves, While Jesus walks the waves.
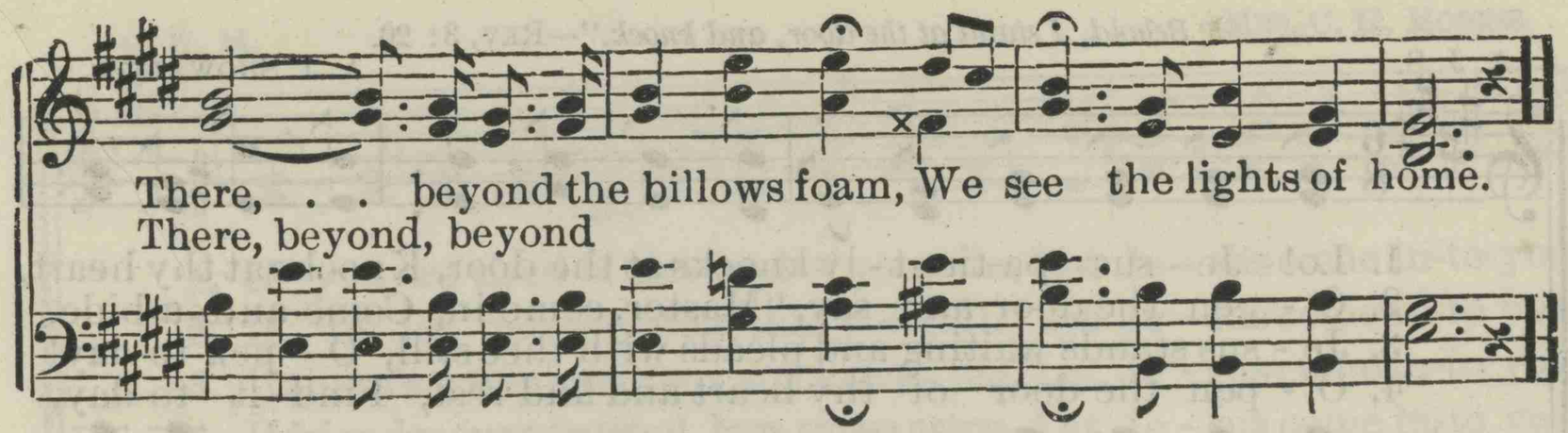
Sail - ing, sail-ing, to reach a glorious home, Tho' storms assail we dare the gale, For Je - sus bids us come. Sail - - ing o'er the
Sail - ing, sail-ing, to find a bet-ter land, No wind that blows our hope o'erthrows, While Christ waits on the strand.
Sail - ing, sail-ing, to find a happier shore, A path way bright shines through the night, Where friends have gone before. Sailing, sailing,

CHORUS.

rest - less tide, Sail - - ing thro' the gale we glide,
Sail - ing, sail - ing,

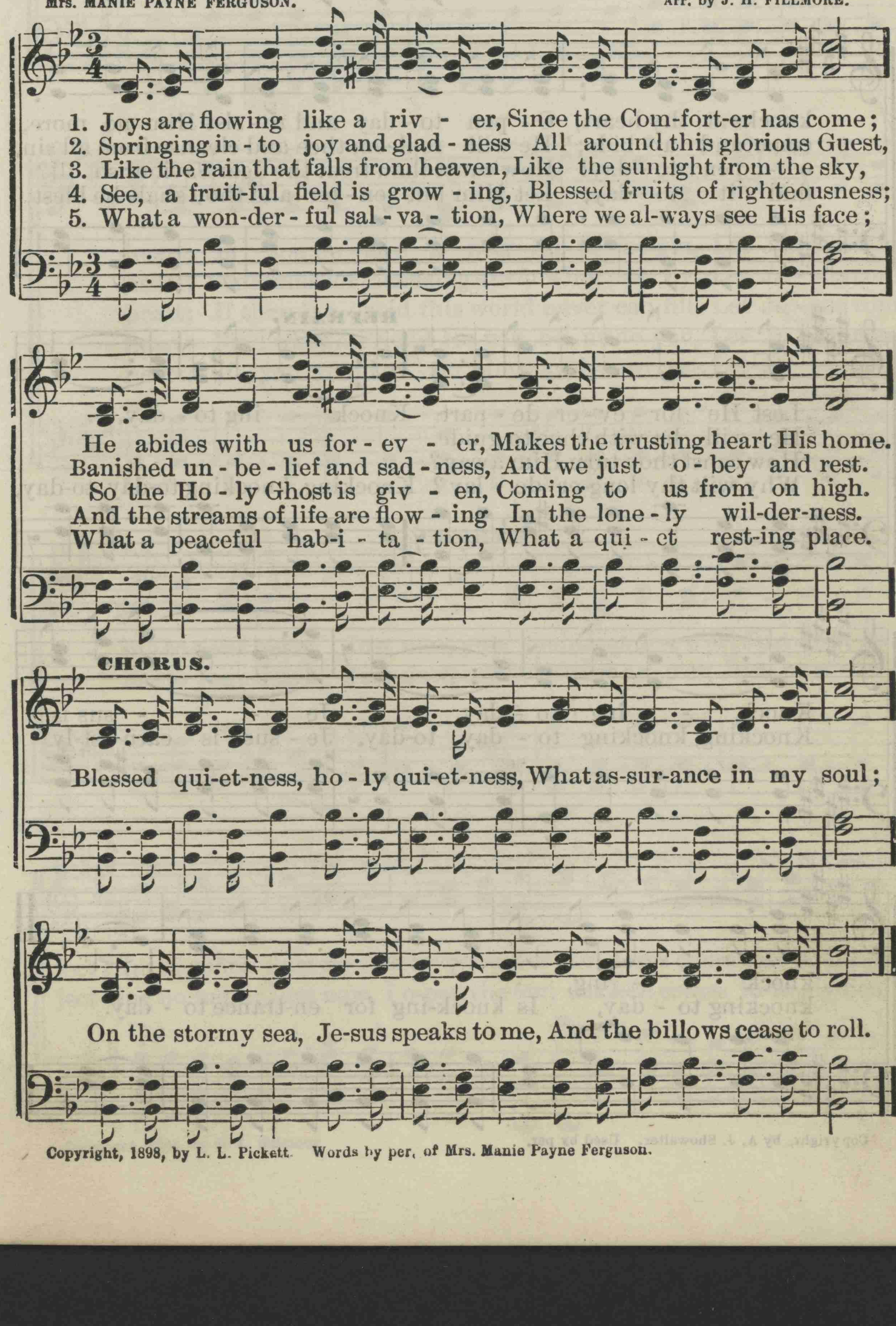
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The Lights of Home.



No. 49. BLESSED QUIETNESS.

Mrs. MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.



Copyright, 1898, by L. L. Pickett. Words by per. of Mrs. Manie Payne Ferguson.

No. 50. Jesus Knocks at thy Heart.

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

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lo! Je - sus pa-tient - ly knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart,
2. O - pen the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and a-bide,
3. Je - sus stands waiting and pleads with thee still, O - pen to-day!
4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to-day,

knocks at thy heart, O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more,
come and a - bide;" He will re-deem thee and cleanse from all sin,
o - pen to - day! How canst thou treat the dear Saviour so ill?
find it to - day; Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest;

REFRAIN.

Lest He for - ev - er de - part. Knock - ing to - day, . .
He will be with thee to guide.
How canst thou turn Him away?
Why wilt thy long-er de - lay? Knocking, knocking to-day, to-day,

Knock - ing to - day, . . Je - - - - sus is
Knocking, knocking to - day, to-day, Je - sus is earn-est-ly

knock - - ing,
knocking to - day, Is knock-ing for en-trance to - day.

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No. 51. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be-gin, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un-to you, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come in-to your heart;

CHORUS.

in - to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject Him no more; Just now, throw open the door; Let Jesus come into your heart.
in - to your heart. Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject - ing no more; Just now, I o-pen the door; And Jesus comes in-to my heart.

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No. 52. GLAD ALL THE DAY.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the sun is shining bright in the clear blue sky, And the clouds, so soft and white, are slow-ly drift - ing by; Where the
2. When the tear-like rain-drops fall with a patt'ring sound, To re- fresh the drooping flow'rs, and cheer the thirst - y ground, With the
3. So, in sunshine or in rain, cloud-y skies or fair, We will praise Him for His love, and for His ten - der care; And we'll

gai - ly tint-ed flow'rs their sweet perfume give, What a pleasant, happy
flow'rs our hearts rejoice, as they seem to say: "What a lov-ing hand it
live and work for Him ev-'ry pass - ing day, Trusting His dear hand to

CHORUS.

world this is in which to live. We are glad, so glad all the joy - ous day, For we nev - er can be sad while all a-
is that sends this rain to - day."
lead us all a - long the way. We are glad, so glad and happy all the joy-ous, joy - ous day,

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GLAD ALL THE DAY. Concluded.

round our way We can see His love shining ev - 'ry - where,
We can see the Father's love so brighty shining ev'rywhere,

And we praise Him that He makes the world so bright and fair.

No. 53. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With feeling.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home;
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home;

FINE.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

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No. 54. King Over Death and the Grave.

CARY. C. S. COLBURN.

SOLO. Bass. Rit.

1. I will sing of the wonderful love, Of the Saviour who died on the tree,
2. Oh, that wonderful, wonderful love, Fills my soul as the water the spring,
3. Will you come and be saved by the blood, Of this Saviour who died on the tree?

Rit.
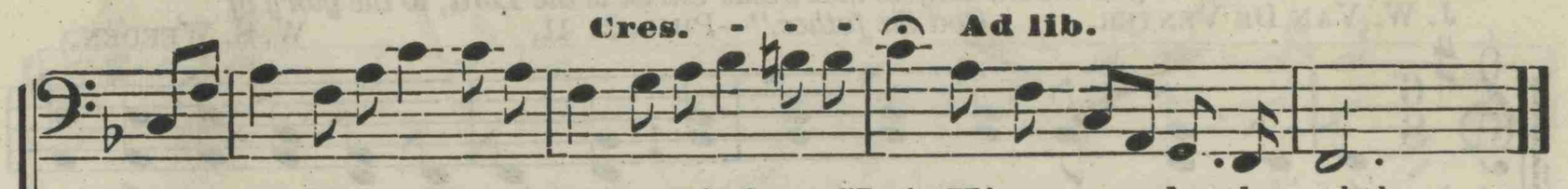
That all who believe shall a pardon receive, From the curse of the law be set free.
And day after day as I go on my way, Of that wonderful love I will sing.
Oh, why yet delay, why from Him turn away? He is pleading, oh, sinner for thee.

Tempo.
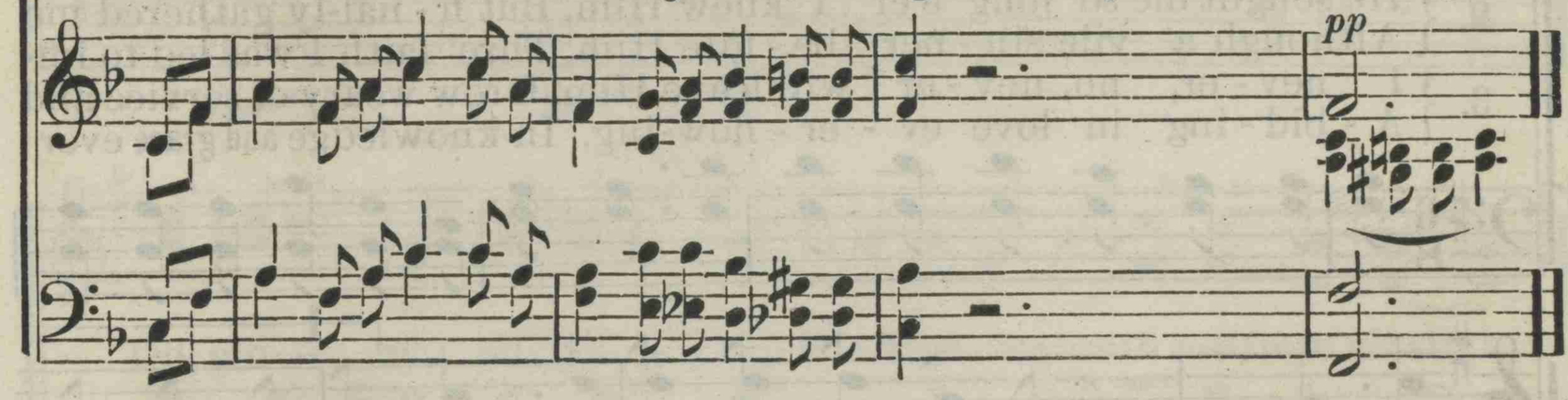
He has conquered the grave and death has no sting, For those who believe He will save;
Oh, the peace I received when that love I received, That peace by His presence He gave;
What more could He do, oh, lost one, for you, For life, pow'r and glory He gave,

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King Over Death and the Grave.



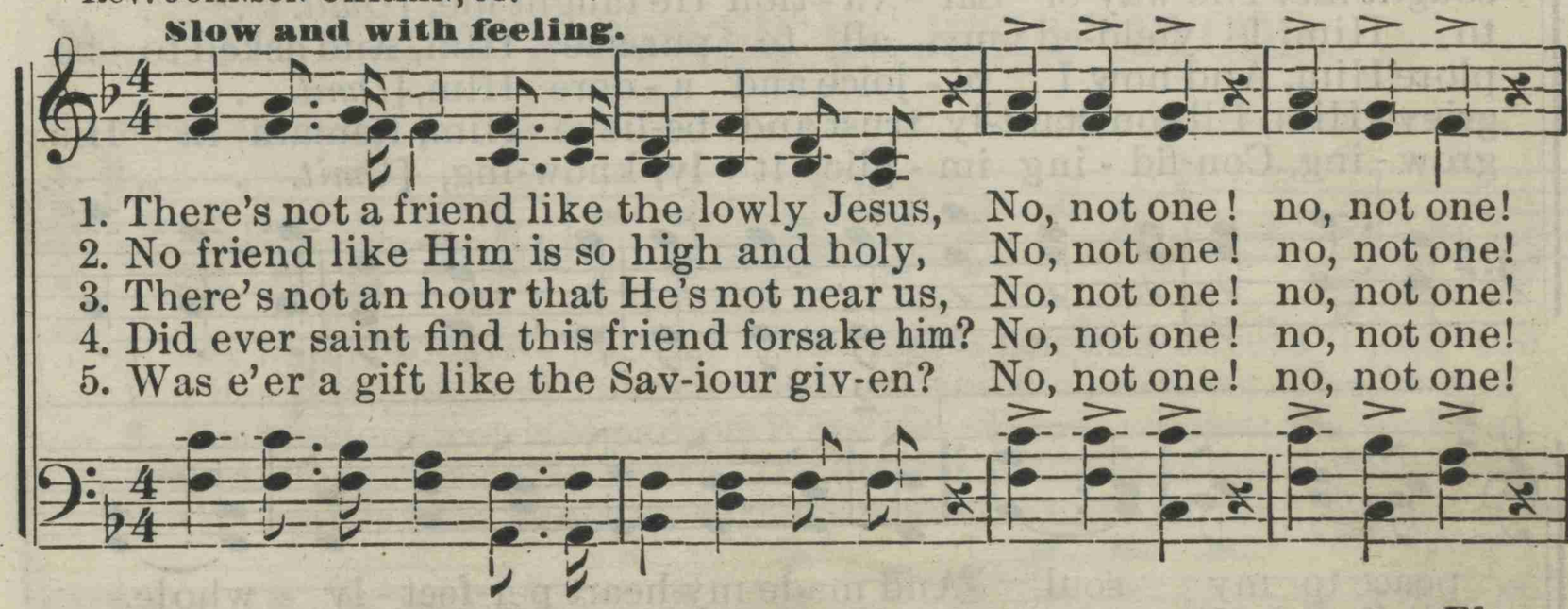
In triumph He rose, overcoming His foes, He is King over death and the grave.
In faith I will stand and obey His command, For He's King over death and the grave.
Your soul to redeem from its bondage of sin, And give vict'ry o'er death and the grave.



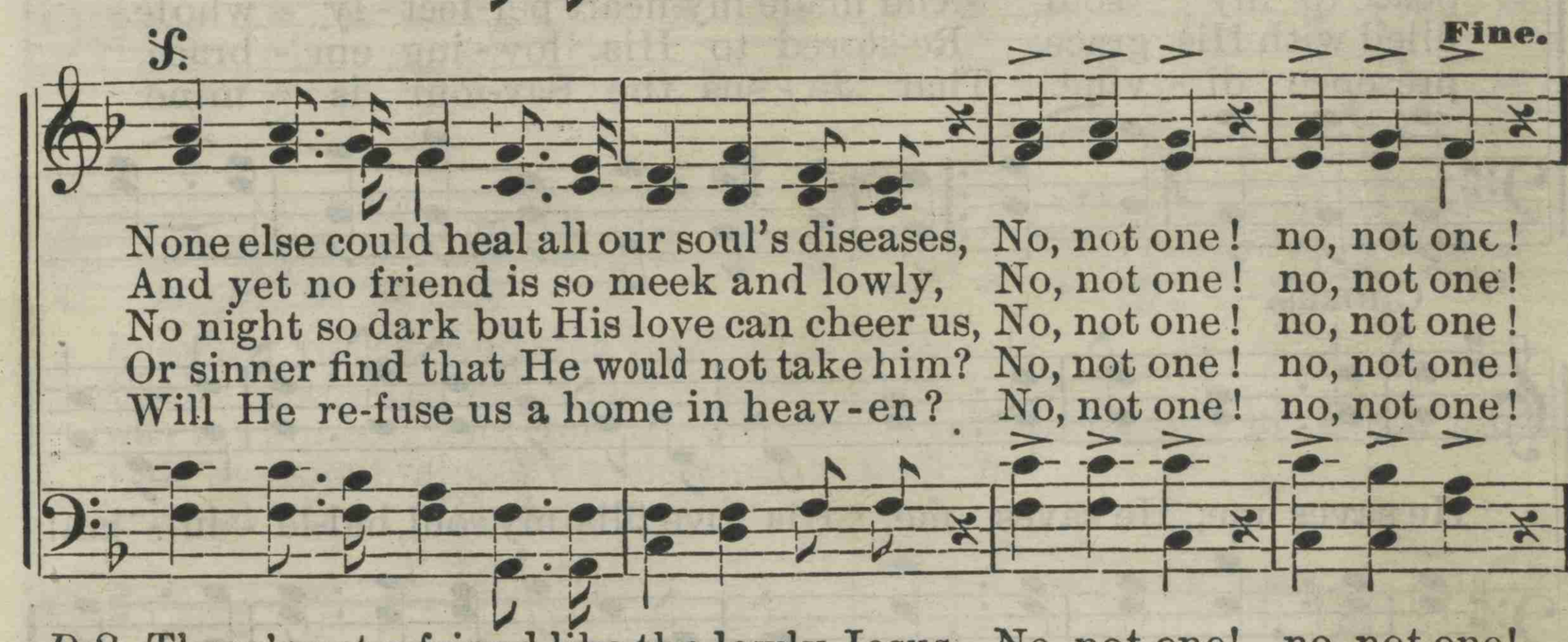
No. 55. NO, NOT ONE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow and with feeling.
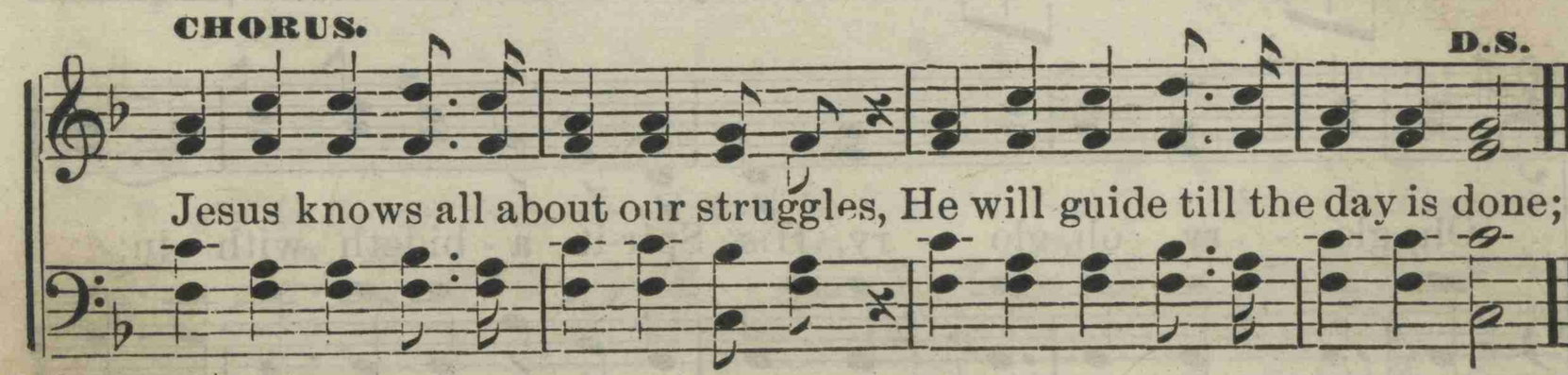


1. There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He's not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!



None else could heal all our soul's diseases, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.–There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.



Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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No 56. HE SAVES ME.

"*Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is the Lord, to the glory of God the father.*"—PHIL. 2: 11.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov - ing Saviour has found me, And shattered the fetters that bound me; Tho' all was con - fu - sion around me, He came and spoke
The bless-ed Re-deemer that bought me, In ten-derness constantly sought me: The way of Sal - va - tion He taught me, [*Omit.*

2. He sought me so long e'er I knew Him, But fi - nal-ly gathered me to Him: I yield-ed my all to pur-sue Him, And asked to be
Although a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro' faith I was led to im- plore Him, And now I re - joice and a - dore Him, [*Omit.*

3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow weary of service and grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Remain in His
A - bid - ing in love ev - er - flow-ing, In knowledge and grace ever grow - ing, Con-fid - ing im - plic - it - ly, know-ing, [*Omit.*

1

2

peace to my soul. And made my heart per-fect - ly whole.
filled with His grace. Re-stored to His lov - ing em - brace.
presence di - vine. That Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.
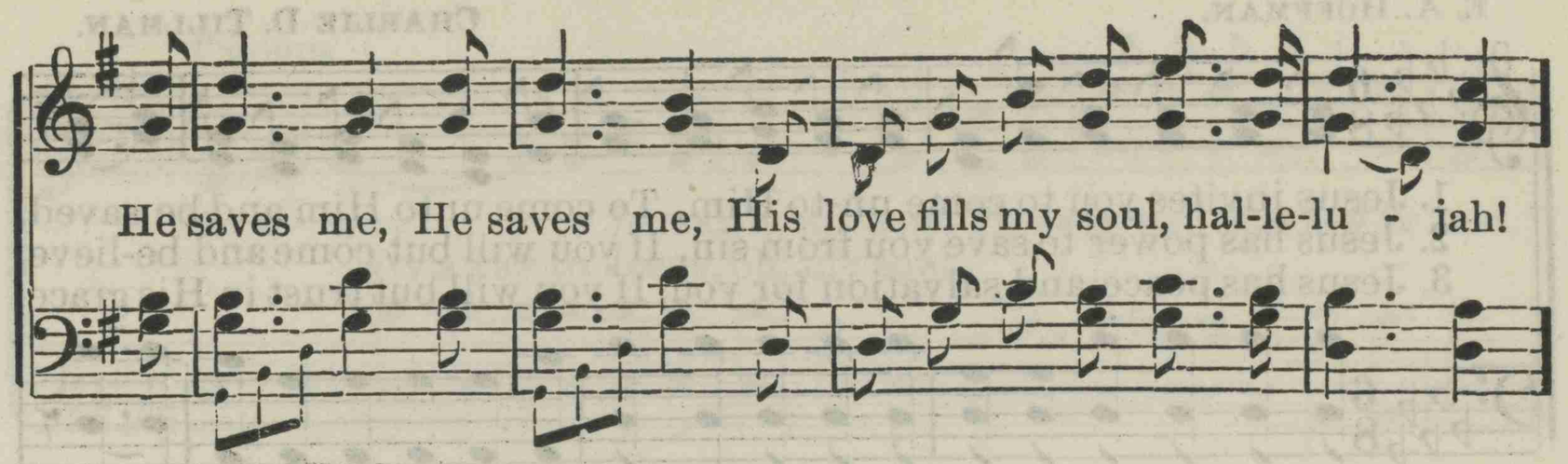
CHORUS.

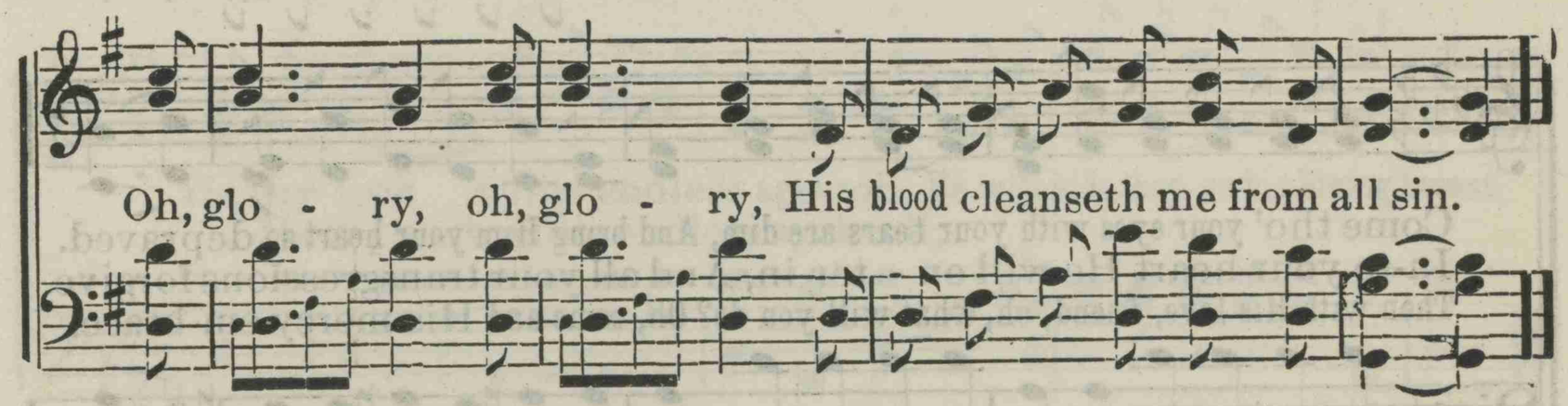
He saves me, He saves me, His love fills my soul, hal-le - lu - jah!

Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, His Spir-it a - bideth with - in;

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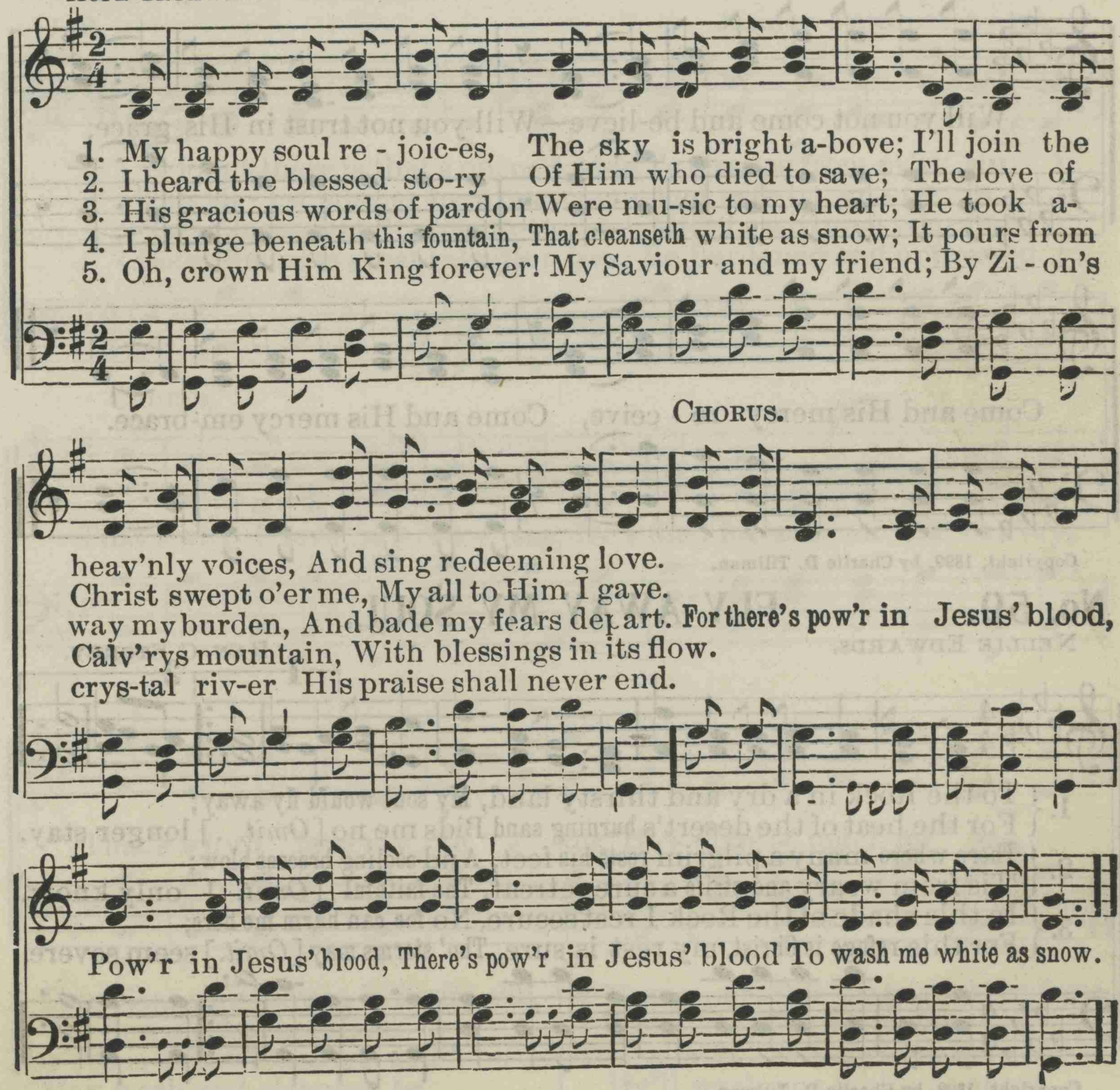
HE SAVES ME.





No. 57. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.
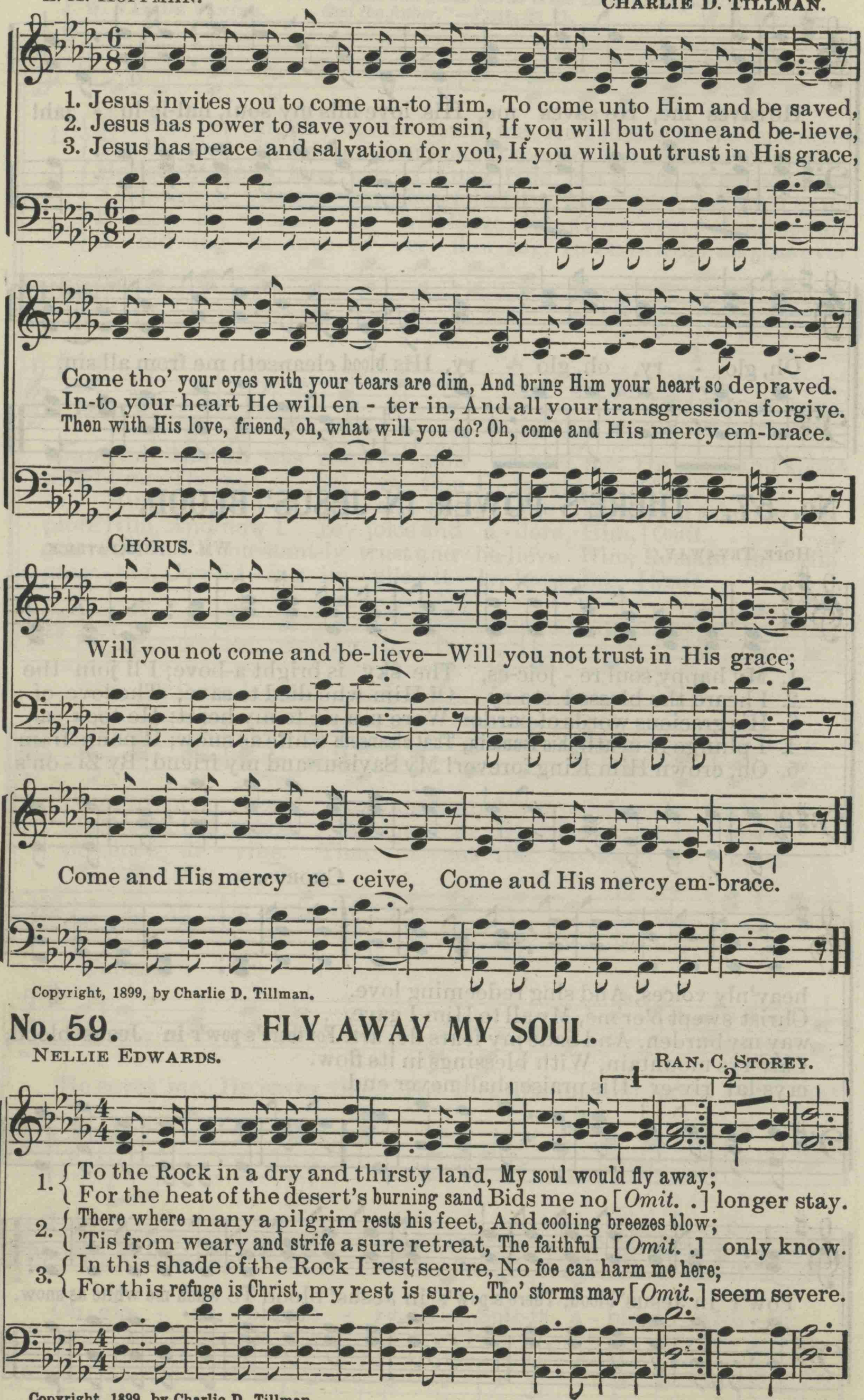
HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 58. JESUS INVITES.

E. A. HOFFMAN. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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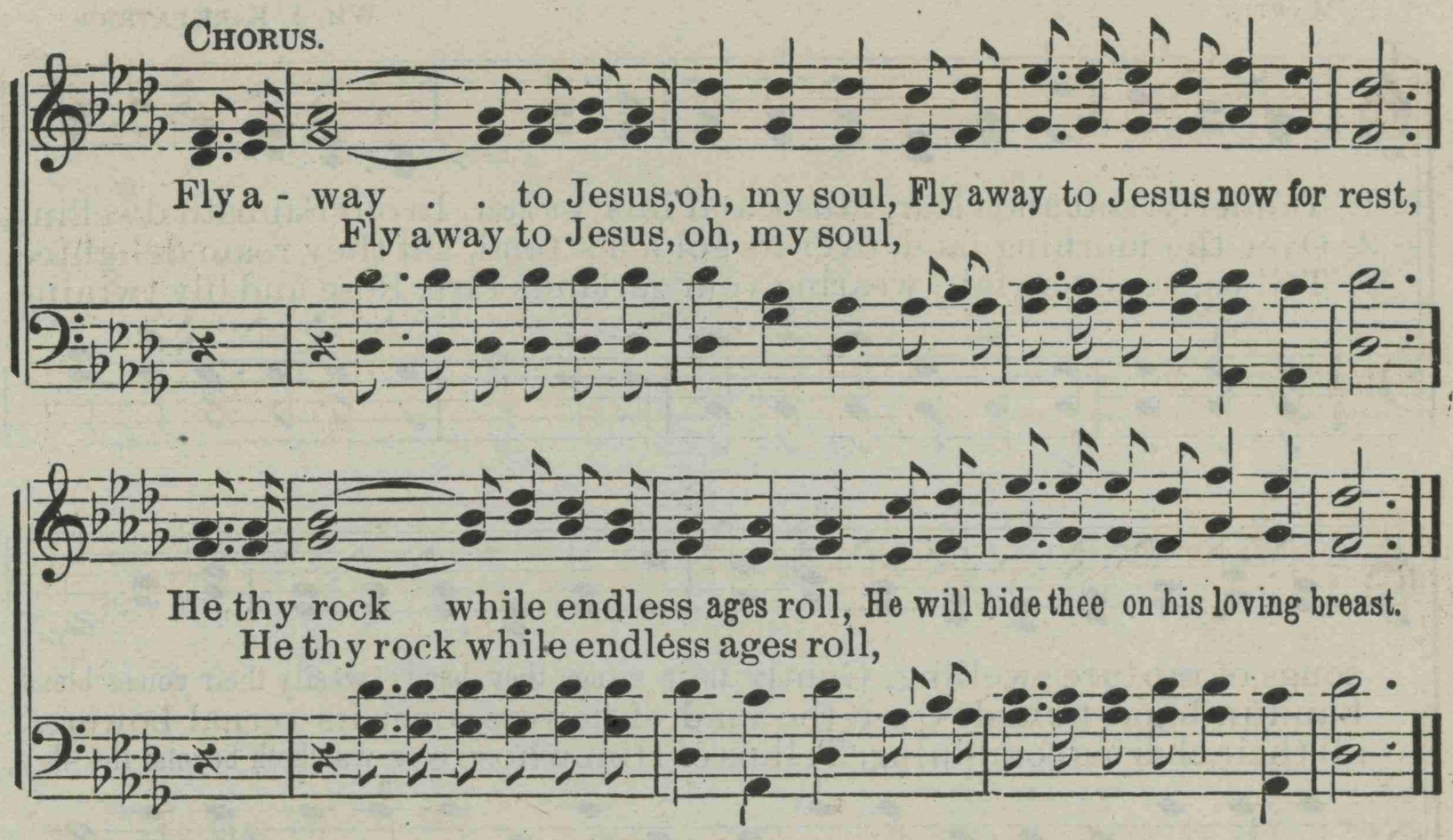
No. 59. FLY AWAY MY SOUL.

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN. C. STOREY.

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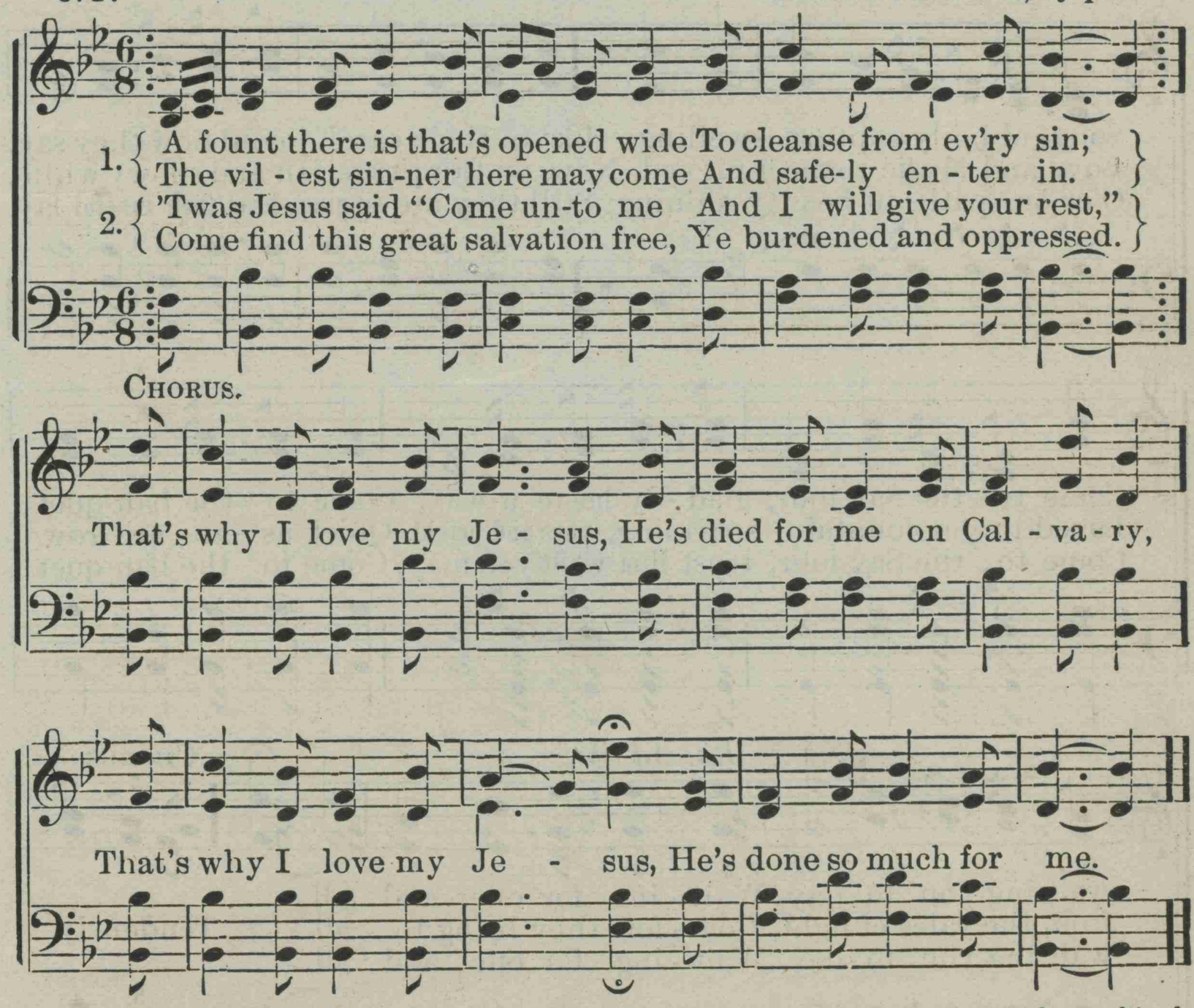
FLY AWAY MY SOUL. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 60. THAT'S WHY I LOVE HIM.

J. P. JARRON PRESCOTT, by per.



3 This cleansing stream is flowing still,
'Tis flowing full and free;
For Jesus said "Whoever will"
May wash and cleansed be.

4 Now come, this fountain seek; my friend,
Seek cleansing in its flow;
Tho' sins as scarlet yours may be,
He'll wash you white as snow.

No. 61. MUSIC AND LOVE.

S. MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tenderly, soft and clear, Music and Love we hear, In our Sabbath dwelling,
2. Over the morning land, over its golden strand, Oft they roam delighted,
3. Tell us, ye sisters fair, wearing your garlands rare, Rose and lily twining,

songs of rapture swelling, Gently their wings they bend, sweetly their voices blend,
hand in hand united, Over the land of flowers, over its vernal bowers,
all their charms combining, Tell us of Him whose eye watcheth beyond the sky,

Songs of ho-ly rapture swelling; List to their carol, joyful now they say,
Love and Music roam u-nit-ed, Now, on their pinions, fair and snowy white,
O'er our path, in beauty shining; Still they are singing, hear their tuneful lay,

Come to the Sav-iour, glad-ly haste a-way, Come to the ban-quet
Laved in a fountain, sparkling, pure and bright, Quick as an ar-row
Come to the Sav-iour, trust Him while you may, Come to the ban-quet

Rit. Ad lib.

CHORUS.

wait-ing you to-day, Wait-ing for one and all.
from the vales of light, Com-fort they bring to all. Tender-ly
wait-ing you to-day, Wait-ing for one and all.

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MUSIC AND LOVE.

soft and clear, Music and Love we hear, In our Sabbath dwelling, songs of rapture swelling,

Gently their wings they bend, sweetly their voices blend, Songs of holy rapture swelling.

No. 62. ABUNDANTLY ABLE.

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."—EPH. 3: 20.

A. F. MYERS. W. O. CARROLL. By per

Medium.

1. Why do you linger, my broth-er, Wait-ing in e-vil's dark night?
2. Brother, the Master in-vites you; Come, and no longer de - lay;
3. Think of the Saviour's compassion; Think of His wonder-ful love,
4. Come to the Saviour, my brother, Come, and His kind voice o-bey,

Mer-cy's wide por-tal is o - pen: Will you not en-ter the light?
Free - ly to Him bring your burdens, He will not turn you a - way.
How He is longing to lead you Safe to His kingdom a - bove.
Trust in His pow-er to save you, Trust Him to save you to - day.

FINE.

D. S. *Come to Him ful - ly be - liev - ing, Faith shall the vic - to - ry win.*

CHORUS. D. S

Christ is a-bundant-ly a - ble, Brother, to cleanse you from sin;

No. 63. CASTLES.

Words and Melody furnished by
MISSES DAISY GRIFFITHS and LOIS RUSSEL.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. There's a grand old cas-tle that stands by the sea, And the waves beat un-
2. Our lives are like castles that stand by the sea, And e - ter-ni - t'ys
3. Then keep thy lamp burning, let thy light radiant shine, Tho' the years of e-

ceas-ing-ly on. A picture of ru - in, its walls are decayed,
o - cean rolls on. Our bod-ies in ru - in some-time will de-cay,
ter - ni-ty come, That the mariner's barque may ride safe thro' the storm,

And its form - er beauty is gone. But the hearts in this castle have
And their beauty for - ev - er be gone. But the hearts in these castles may
Guided thus to the heavenly home. For of - ten in Christians tho'

baf-fled the blast, No longer they heed the wild waves, But they keep a light
baf-fle life's waves, Undisturbed by the enemy's blast, Our light ever
fee - ble is found, A light for this dark night of sin, Our God sees the

burning to guide sailors home, And ma-ny a barque that light saves.
shining to guide sailors home, Till they anchor in heaven at last.
hearts, not these bodies of clay, Then Lord make us pure with-in.

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No. 64. Riches Untold.

EMMA PITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Rich-es un - told we may find at the throne, Pardon and peace we can
2. Rich-es un - told—they are priceless, divine, Purer than gold from the
3. Rich-es un - told now a-wait us a-bove, Kept for us there in the

claim as our own; Ref-uge and rest we ob - tain there a - lone
world's greatest mine: Brighter than sunlight our spirits shall shine,
store-house of love, Endless, in - fi - nite, the measure will prove,

CHORUS.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. Sit-ting at the feet of
at the
Je - sus, Sitting at the feet of Je - sus,
blessed feet of Jesus, at the blessed feet of Je-sus,

Riches un - told, exhaustless are mine, Sitting at the feet of Je-sus,

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No. 65. BUILDING DAY BY DAY.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are building in sorrow, and building in joy, A temple the world cannot
2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the
3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no tempest can

INST.

see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the
Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has
shock; For the Master has said and He taught us in His word, We must

CHORUS.

a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty.
promised us a bright reward. We are building day by day as the
build upon the sol - id rock.

moments glide away, Our temple which the world may not see;
which the world may not see;

Ev -'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place,

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BUILDING DAY BY DAY.

ad lib.

In our building for e - ter - ni - ty, (e - ter - ni - ty.)
for e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 66. Over In the Sun-Bright Clime.

"The Lord God giveth them light," REV. 22: 5.

S. J. O. S. J. OSLIN. By per.

1. There is a land, a land of beau-ty, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
2. 'Tis always light, the land of sto-ry, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
3. There happy we shall be for - ev-er, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;
4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sighing, O-ver in the sun-bright clime;

f. FINE.

Life by His grace, re-ward for du - ty, Over in the sun-bright clime.
'Tis al - ways fair, 'tis al - ways glo - ry, Over in the sun-bright clime.
And sor - row we shall feel, no nev - er, Over in the sun-bright clime.
There'll be no sickness there nor dy-ing, Over in the sun-bright clime.

D. S. We'll sweetly rest from all our la-bors, O-ver in the sun-bright clime.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Just over in the sun-bright clime! Just over in the sun-bright clime!
Just over in the sinless, sun-bright clime! Just over in the sinless, sun-bright clime!

No. 67. THE LATCH OF FATHER'S DOOR.

MRS. W. G. MOYER. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. On-ly a fond old fa - ther, Facing the window-pane; Peering with anxious longing In-to the dark and rain; On-ly the weary wand'rer,
2. On-ly a fa-ther weep-ing, Weeping as o'er the dead, Seeing no form approaching, Hearing no manly tread; On-ly a trembling wand'rer,
3. On-ly a rest-ful homestead Waits the returning one; On - ly a heav'nly Father Welcomes a long lost son; On-ly a weary sin-ner,

Home from a foreign shore, Waiting outside and fears to lift The latch of his
Longing for home once more; Weary and worn, too faint to lift The latch of his
Broken in heart, and sore, Almost persuaded now to lift The latch of his

CHORUS.

Father's door. Lift now the latch, my boy, my boy, And wait outside no more; There's love and rest for thee, my boy, Within thy Father's door.

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No. 68. THE SOUL'S GARDEN.

ORI GINAL. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. My soul is like a gar-den fair, With weeds and briars destroyed, And
2. He bought the garden with His blood, Then won it by His love, Then
3. Now heav'nly sunshine fills the air, And balmy breezes blow, And

Jesus' presence in its midst Is daily now enjoyed; Oh, what a change has
planted in its broken soil Sweet graces from above; Tho' flowers bloomed yet
thro' it from their source divine The living waters flow, The Spirit's flow'rs un-

here been wrought Since first the gard'ner came, So great the trans-for-ma-tion seems, It
weeds remained And troubled day by day Until he wrought the double cure, And
hindered bloom, His luscious fruits abound, And songs of sweetest melody Thro'

CHORUS.

is no more the same.
took them all a-way. All praise, dear Lord, we give to Thee, For such a work di-
all its bow'rs resound.

vine' All praise, dear Lord, we give to Thee, It ev-er shall be Thine.
hal-le-lu-jah!

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No. 69. The Story of Wonderful Love.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arr. by H. L. G.

Slow, with expression.

1. God so loved the world that He gave His own Son, In the fulness of
2. He came to re-lease ev'ry pris-on-er bound, Ev'ry fet - ter of
3. When the multitude thronged Him, all eager to hear, Ev'ry need His com-
4. On Gennesaret's bosom He crossed the dark wave, While the billows for
5. This sweet story, so wonderful, never was sung From the ramparts of

time, thus to prove That He came to redeem, and to herald the theme,
sin to re - move; To make the lame leap, and the sealed lips to speak,
passion would move; And tho' ages have rolled, this same story is told,
mastery strove; To His friends He drew near, quickly banished their fear,
glo - ry a - bove Till the angels of light thrilled the listening night,

D.S.—Blessed be His dear name, for lost sinners He came,

FINE. CHORUS.

The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love.
The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love.
The sweet sto - ry of won - der - ful love. Oh, won - der - ful
This same Je - sus of won - der - ful love.
With the sto - ry of won - der - ful love.

With the sto - ry of won - der - ful love.

D. S.

love! such wonderful love! Far surpassing our tho'ts to conceive;

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No. 70. I'll Die On the Field.

D. F. W.

DUET.

MRS. AURA SMITH.

1. How dear to my mem'ry the bright heav'nly hour, When Jesus drew near me with
2. Tho' foes camp against me, my heart shall not fear, There's blessed deliv'rance, with
3. The joy of sal-va-tion is fill-ing my soul, My cares and my burdens on
4. There is fullness of blessing to all who believe, And His name now confessing, His

life - giv-ing pow'r; In the fountain of Calv'ry He washed ev'ry sin, And
Je - sus so near; The sword of the Spir-it is trust-y and strong, I'll
Je - sus I roll; When - e'er I am wea-ry I lean up - on Him, His
Spir - it re-ceive, For He sanc-ti-fies whol-ly, and saves from all sin, All who

CHORUS.

gave me the wit-ness a - bid-ing within.
sing as I use it, the victor's glad song. His love is more precious than
face is the sunshine that nev-er grows dim.
con - se-crate ful - ly and by faith en - ter in.

ev - er to me, Since grace He hath given, a-bundant and free; My life to His

serv-ice I faith-ful - ly yield; I'll be a true sol - dier, I'll die on the field.

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No. 71. Would You Shine for Jesus?

G. M. BILLS. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Would you shine for Jesus? Let His love im-part Ar-dor to your
2. Would you shine for Jesus 'Mid the careless throng? Im - i-tate His
3. Would you shine for Jesus As a mirror true? Image forth His

ac - tions, Com-fort to your heart; With your soul il - lumined
grac - es As you pass a - long; Make no weak sur-ren - der
goodness As revealed in you. If you thus re - flect Him

By the Spirit's glow, You will be a beacon In this world of woe.
To the coarse and vile; Keep your tongue from evil, And your lips from guile.
Till this life is o'er, You will in His kingdom Shine for evermore.

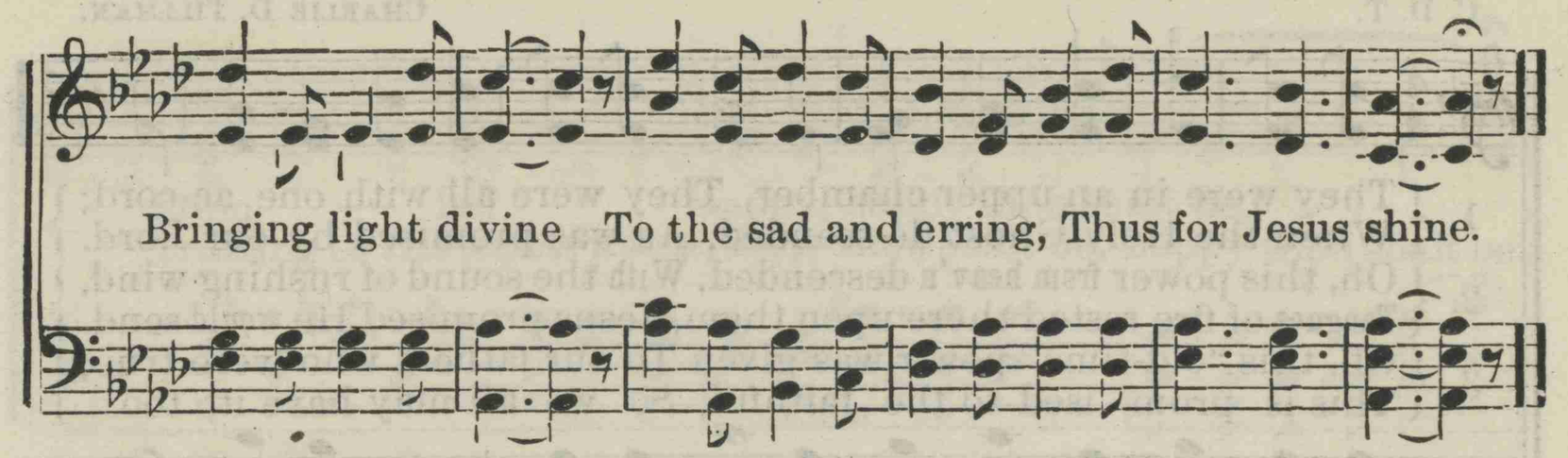
CHORUS.

Shin - ing for Je - sus, Bringing light divine To the sad and
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Jesus,

err-ing, Thus for Jesus shine; Shin - ing for Je - sus,
Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Jesus,

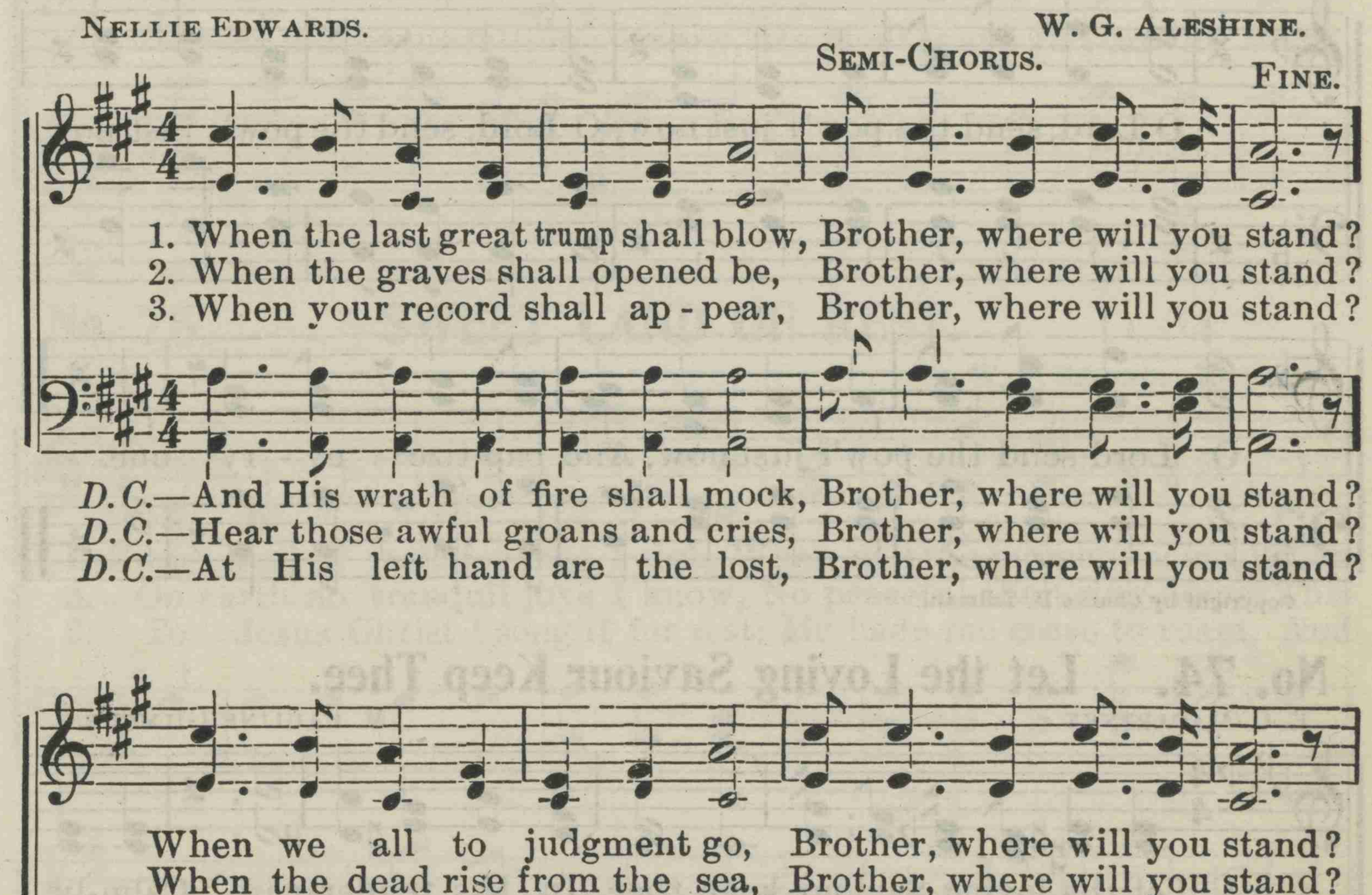
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Would You Shine for Jesus? Concluded.



No. 72. WHERE WILL YOU STAND?

NELLIE EDWARDS. W. G. ALESHINE.



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No. 73. "OLD-TIME POWER."

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. They were in an upper chamber, They were all with one ac-cord;
   When the Holy Ghost de-scended, As was promised by our Lord.
2. Oh, this power from heav'n descended, With the sound of rushing wind,
   Tongues of fire rested there upon them, Jesus promised He would send.
3. Oh, this "old-time" pow'r was given To our fathers who were true;
   This is prom - ised to the faithful, So we all may have it, too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now,

O Lord send the pow'r just now, And bap-tize ev - 'ry one.

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No. 74. Let the Loving Saviour Keep Thee.

E. C. MACARTNEY. M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

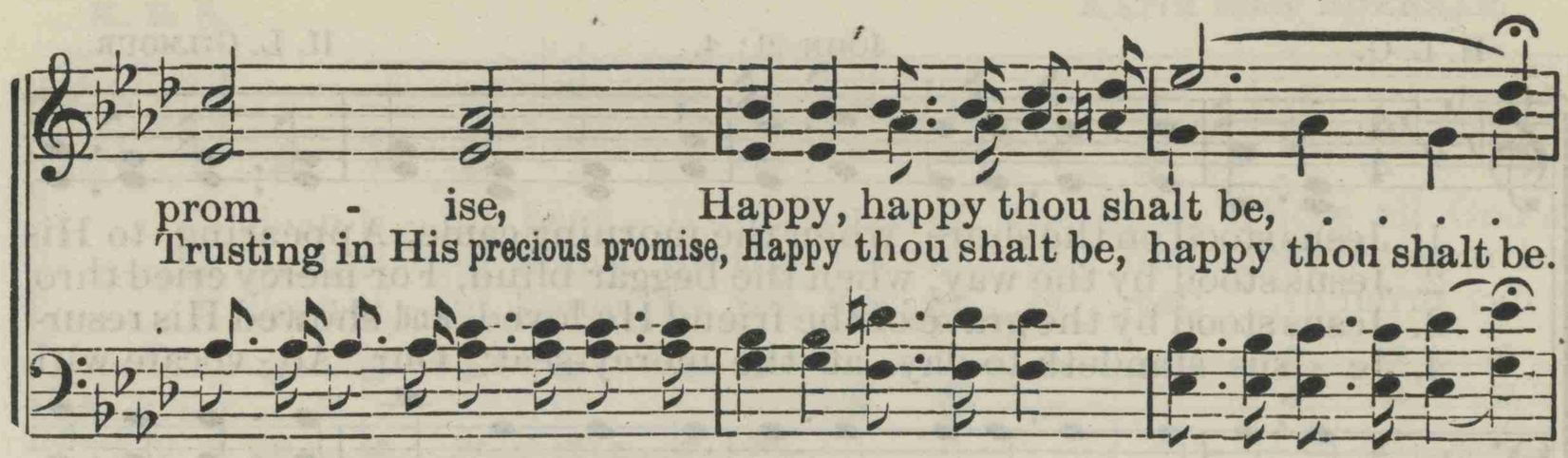
1. Let the loving Saviour keep thee, In His tender care, Calm-ly
2. Let the loving Saviour keep thee, Free from all a-larms, Where no
3. Let the loving Saviour keep thee, When life's ills betide, Where the
4. Let the loving Saviour keep thee, Till this life is o'er, He shall

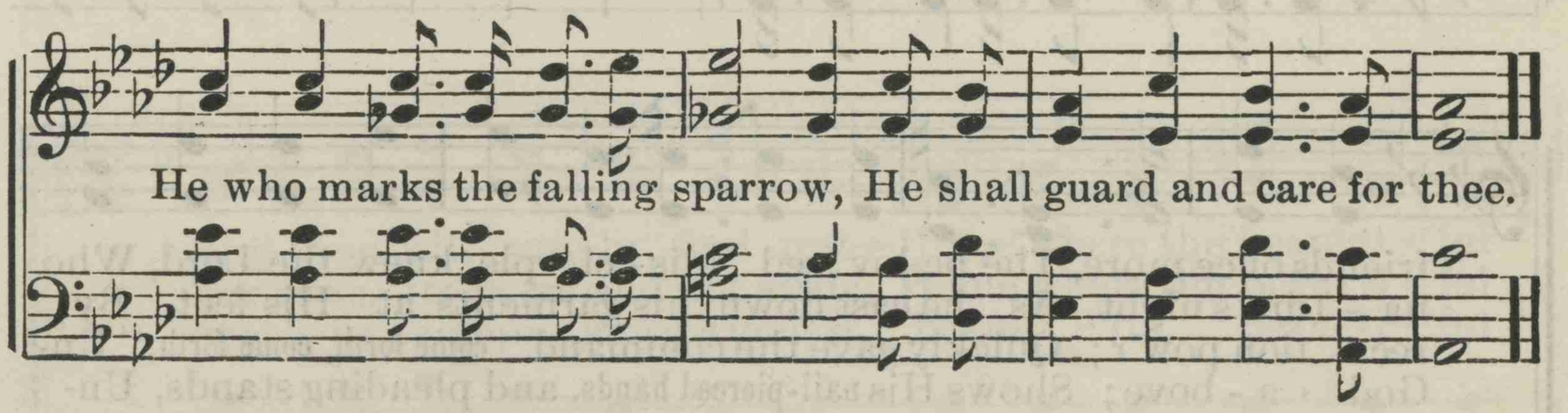
CHORUS.

in His love abiding, Naught can harm thee there. Trust-ing in His precious
danger can o'ertake thee, Safe within His arms.
precious stream is flowing, From His wounded side.
be the first to greet thee, On the other shore. Trusting in His precious promise,

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Let the Loving Saviour Keep Thee. Concluded.

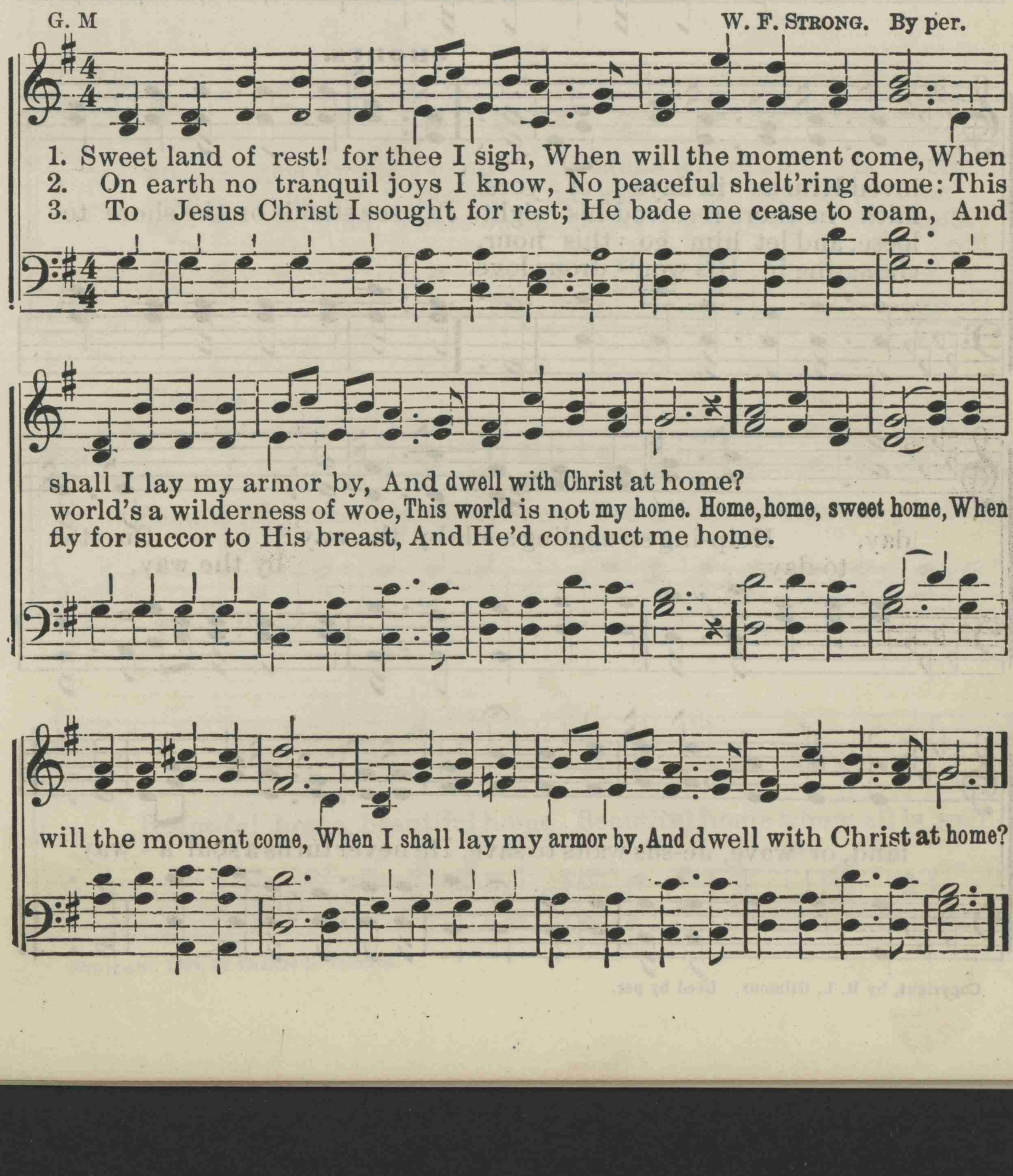




No. 75. SWEET LAND OF REST.

G. M

W. F. STRONG. By per.



No. 76. Jesus Stood On the Shore.

H. L. G. JOHN 21: 4. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Jesus stood on the shore, when the morning came, Appearing to His
2. Jesus stood by the way, when the beggar blind, For mercy cried thro'
3. Jesus stood by the grave of the friend He loved, And showed His resur-
4. Je - sus standeth to-day at the mercy-seat; Our Ad - vocate with

friends once more, The be-lov - ed dis - ci - ple knew the Lord, Who
na - ture's night, As he cast down his garments at His feet, By
rec - tion pow'r; Quickly gave the command "come forth, come forth," Un-
God a - bove; Shows His nail-pierced hands, and pleading stands, Un-

CHORUS.

loved Him as in days of yore.
faith he there received his sight. Je - sus stands on the shore to-
loose, and let him go this honr.
chang-ing in His won - drous love.

day, Help-ing struggling souls by the way, On the
to-day, by the way,

land, or wave, Je-sus waits to save, He never turns a soul a - way.

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No. 77. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

K. R. S. KATIE ROOP SHERMAN.

1. Beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home of the blest, Where all God's
2. Beau-ti - ful home by the riv - er of life, Free from earth's
3. Beau-ti - ful home, 'tis the hav- en of rest; No harm can

chil-dren will sure-ly find rest—Home where the beau- ti - ful
sor-rows, its cares and its strife, Home where the beau- ti - ful
reach us there, no storms molest, Beau-ti - ful, beau- ti - ful

an - gels dwell, Beau-ti - ful home where all is well.
man - sions are, Beau-ti - ful gate it stands a - jar.
cit - y of gold, There our dear Sav - iour we'll be - hold.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful home, beauti-ful home, Beautiful home where an-gels dwell;

Beautiful home, beautiful home, Beautiful home where all is well.

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No. 78. TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO MY MOTHER.

Words from "War Cry." O. F. PUGH.

SOLO.

1. Take this mes - sage to my mother, It wil fill her heart with joy,
2. How she wept when last we part-ed, How her heart did ache with pain,
3. In this world of sin are ma - ny Who have wandered far from God;

Tell her that her pray'r is answered, Christ has saved her wand'ring boy;
When she said, good-bye, God bless you, We may nev - er meet a - gain;
Will your mother's pray'r be answered, Lis-ten, sin - ner, you, her boy;

Tho' thro' sin from home I've wandered, And I al - most broke her heart;
Oh, my boy, just look to Je - sus, What a Friend He is to all,
You have offtime heard this warning In your heart conviction's deep;

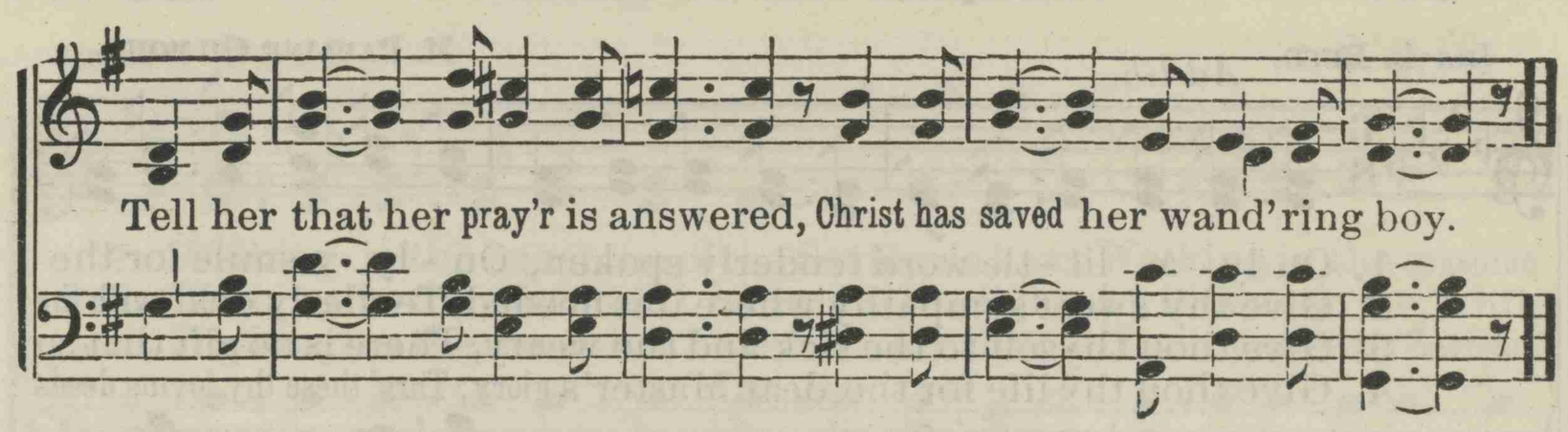
Tell her to be glad and cheerful, Never from the Lord I'll part.
On - ly trust Him, He will save you, Can't you hear His sweet voice call?
God is call - ing to the wand'rer, Ask for mer - cy at His feet.

CHORUS.

Take this mes-sage to my mother, It will fill her heart with joy;

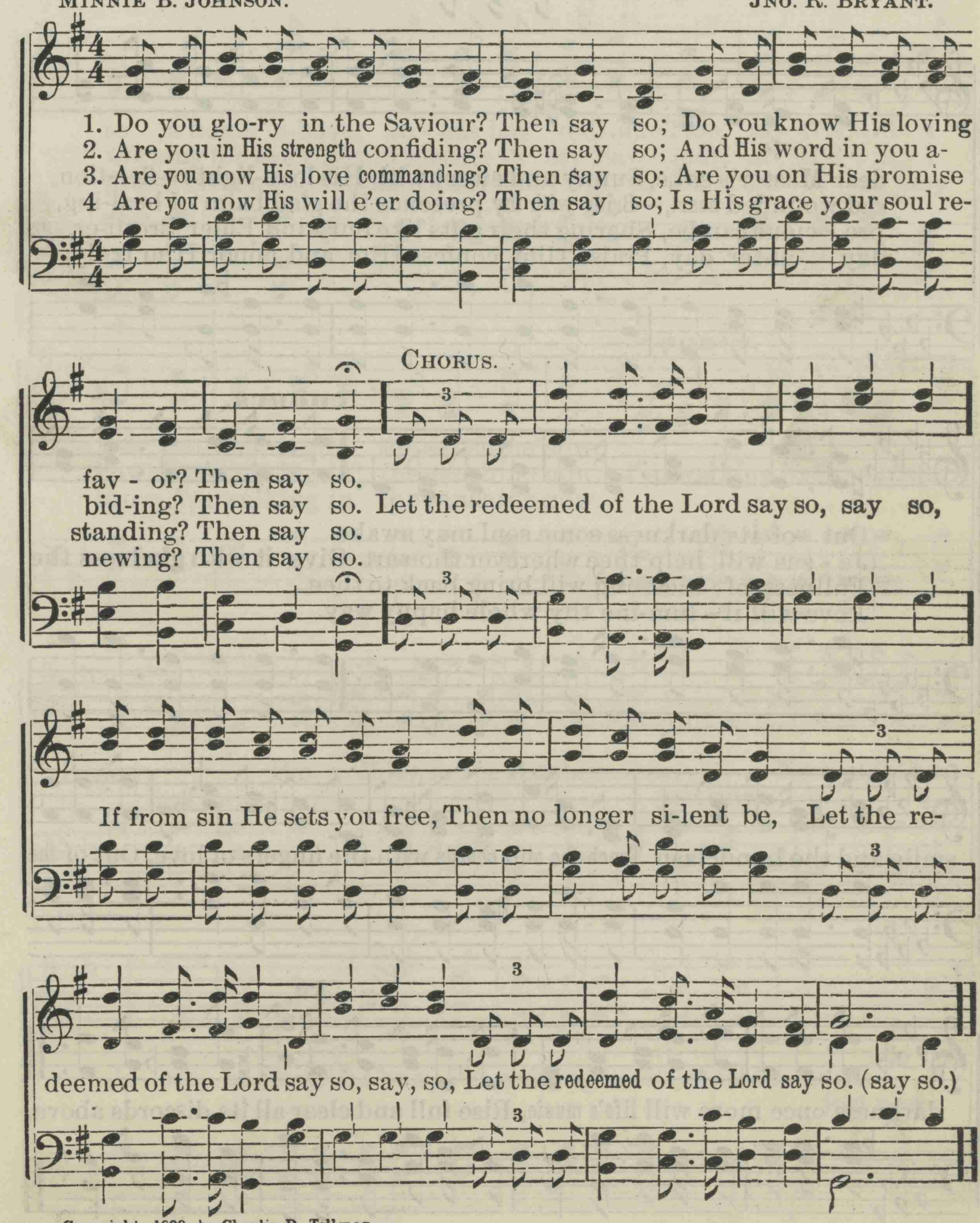
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TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO MY MOTHER. Concluded.



No. 79. LET THE REDEEMED SAY SO.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

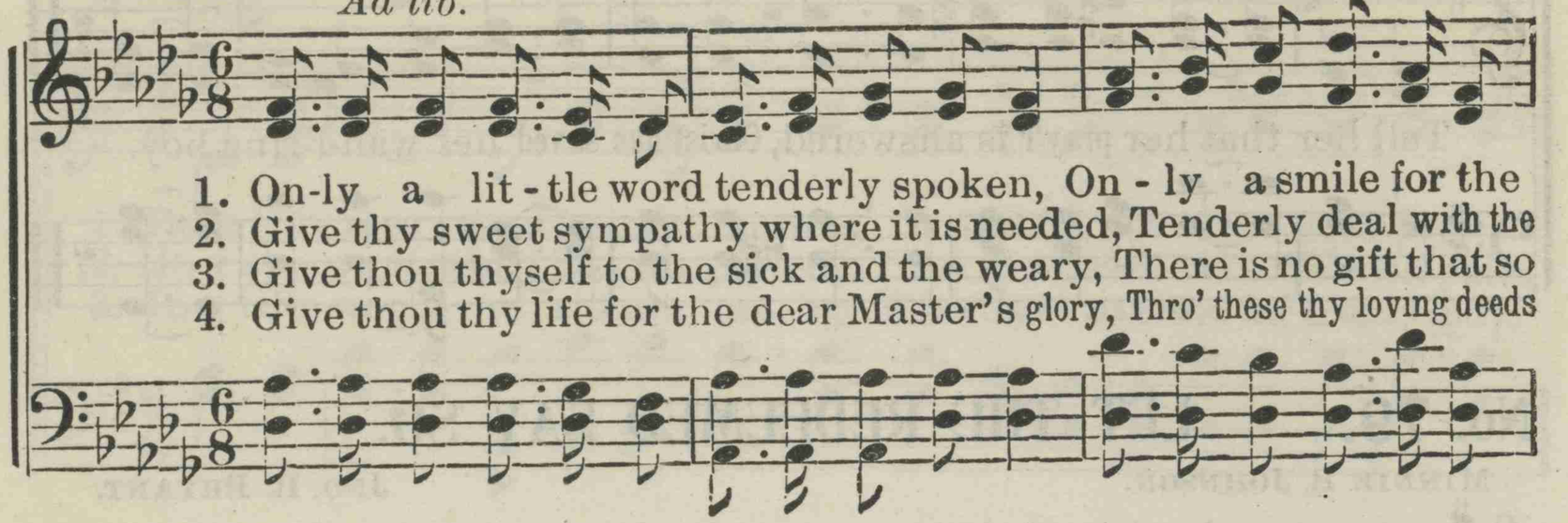


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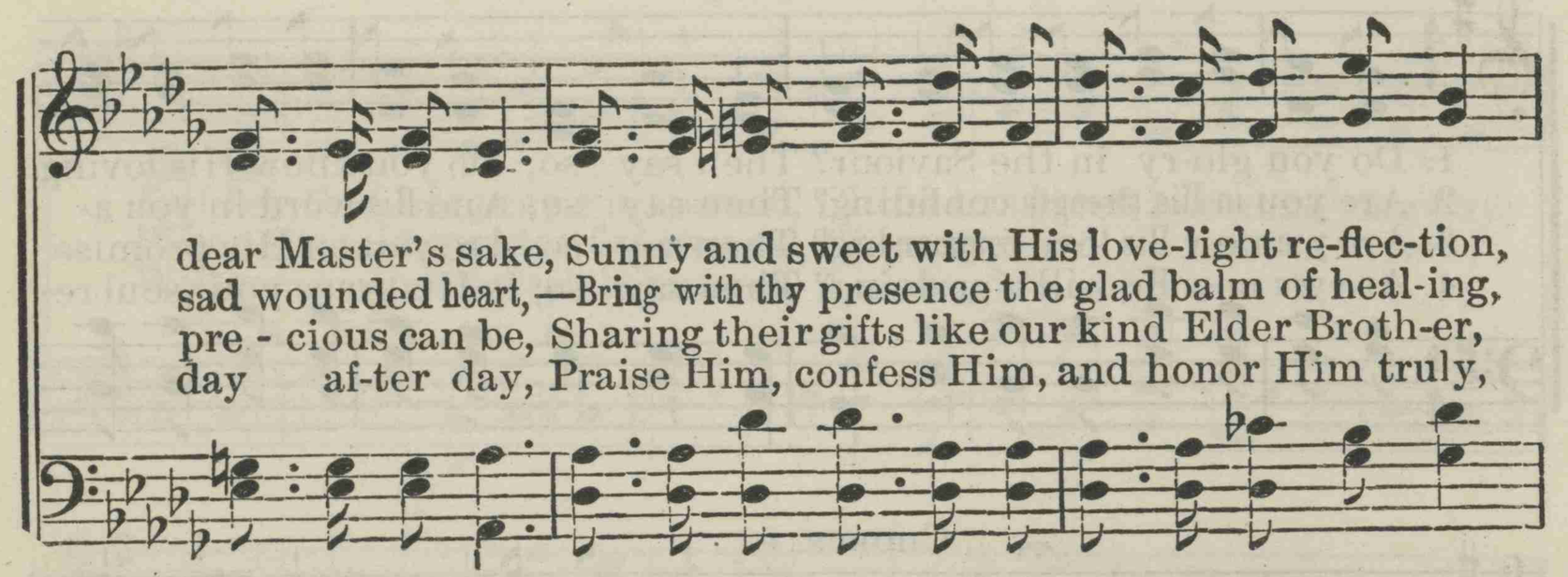
No 80. Only a Little Word.

IDA L. REED. *Ad lib.* M. PAULINE GILMOUR.

1. On-ly a lit - tle word tenderly spoken, On - ly a smile for the
2. Give thy sweet sympathy where it is needed, Tenderly deal with the
3. Give thou thyself to the sick and the weary, There is no gift that so
4. Give thou thy life for the dear Master's glory, Thro' these thy loving deeds

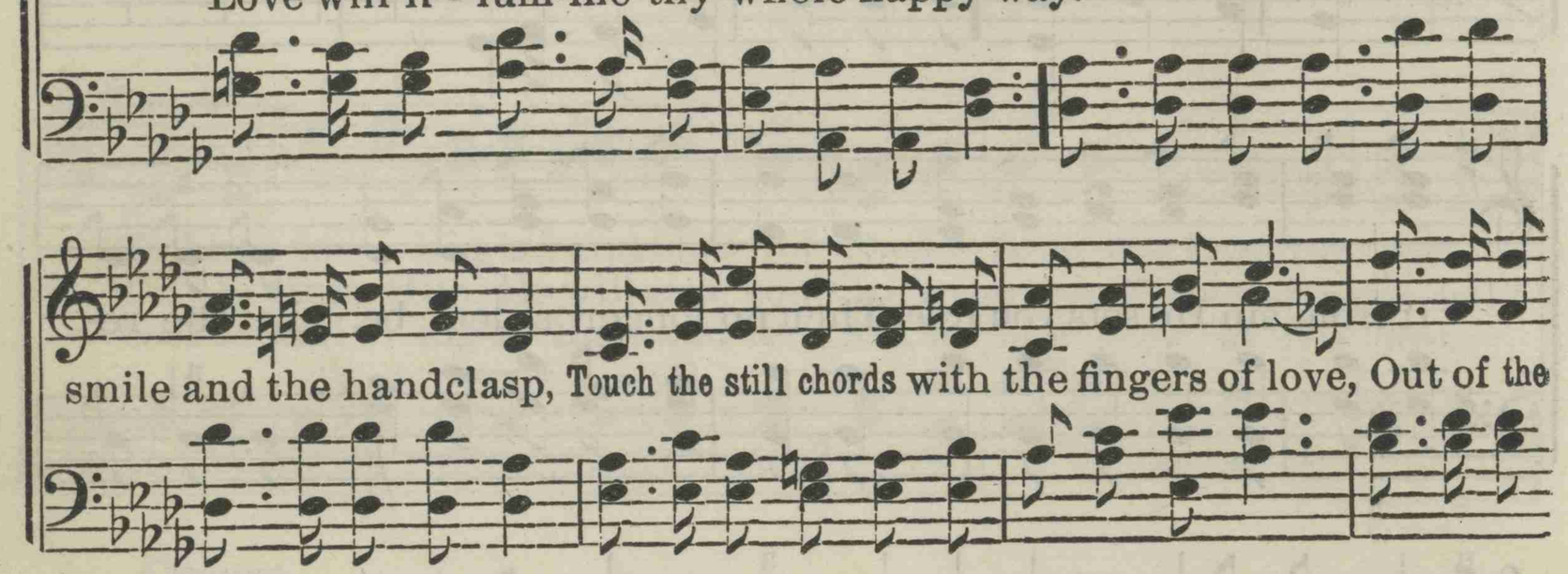


dear Master's sake, Sunny and sweet with His love-light re-flec-tion,
sad wounded heart,—Bring with thy presence the glad balm of heal-ing,
pre - cious can be, Sharing their gifts like our kind Elder Broth-er,
day af-ter day, Praise Him, confess Him, and honor Him truly,

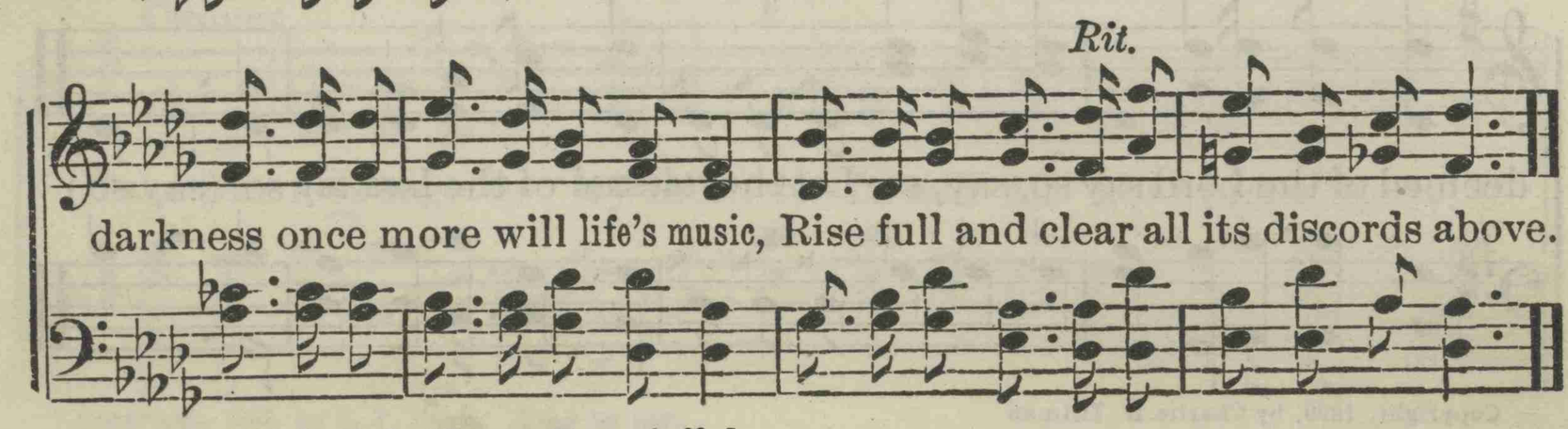


CHORUS.

Out of its darkness some soul may awake.
Je - sus will help thee wherever thou art. Give it with gladness the
Fullness of bless-ing will bring back to thee.
Love will il - lum-ine thy whole happy way.



smile and the handclasp, Touch the still chords with the fingers of love, Out of the



Rit.

darkness once more will life's music, Rise full and clear all its discords above.

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No. 81. Walking In the Sunshine.

ROBT. H. WALTON. G. W. LYON.

1. Walking in the sunshine of the Saviour's love, Walking in the sunshine
2. Walking in the sunshine, blessed is the light, I will fear no foe, while
3. Walking in the sunshine, 'tis a joy divine, I will praise my Saviour,

to a home a-bove; Je - sus has redeemed me, at His will I
working for the right; Trusting in my Sav - iour, at His will I
praise Him all the time; All my sins forgiv'n, no care is on my

CHORUS.

bow, I'm walk-ing in the sunshine now.
bow, I'm walk-ing in the sunshine now. I'm walking in the sunshine
brow, I'm walking in the sunshine now.

now, I'm walking in the sunshine now, Keeping close to
just now, just now,

Je - sus, at His will I bow, I'm walking in the sunshine now.
just now.

By per. G. W. Lyon, from "Song Waves."

No. 82. Praise His Name.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All the way my Lord is leading me; Praise His name, praise His name! With His heav'nly man-na feeding me; Praise His holy name.
2. When I faint, His grace upholdeth me; Praise His name, praise His name, When I fear, His arms en-foldeth me; Praise His holy name. Hal-le - lu-jah! this is my song,
3. Cares of life have overtaken me; Praise His name, praise His name! Yet He nev-er has for-sak-en me; Praise His holy name.

CHORUS.

Jesus, Jesus, the whole day long, Swell the chorus, mighty and strong,— Praise His holy name.

Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 83. It Is Safe to Follow Jesus.

F. S. S. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. It is al - ways safe to fol-low Where the Saviour shows the way;
2. It is al - ways safe to fol-low Where the blessed Master leads,
3. It is al - ways safe to fol-low In the footsteps of the Lord;
4. It is al - ways safe to fol-low In the path the Sav-iour trod,
5. When we reach the golden city, In the land beyond the blue;

While walk-ing by His guidance, We can nev-er go a - stray.
For He, knowing all our tri - als, Will sup-ply our dai - ly needs.
For He leadeth on to vic-t'ry As is promised in His Word.
For although 'tis sometimes rugged, Yet it al - ways leads to God.
Thro' the a - ges we will praise Him, Now e-ter-nal-ly in view.

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It Is Safe to Follow Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then fol - low Je - sus, In the nar-row way,
Fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus, In the narrow, narrow way,

Then fol - low Je - sus, On to vic - to - ry.
fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,

No. 84. Going Away Without Jesus.

NELLIE EDWARDS. W. G. ALESHINE.

1. Go-ing a-way to-night without Jesus, Go-ing a-way in sin,
2. Go-ing a-way to-night without Jesus, Soul hardened by de-lay,
3. Go-lng a-way to-night without Jesus, While others have His care;

Others have found Him precious unto them, And from their sins are clean.
Yield-ing to Sa - tan's fa-tal enticements, Hopeless must turn away.
Nev - er a prom-ise more of His mercy Perhaps to dark de - spair.

D. S. Going a - way to-night from His presence, Out from the precious light.

CHORUS.

Go-ing a-way to-night without Jesus, Others in Him de - light;

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No. 85. LOYALTY TO THE MASTER.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Loy-al - ty to the Mas-ter, loy - al - ty to the King; Loy- al - ty now and ev - er, cheer - i - ly let us sing; Wholly at His commandment, let ev- 'ry soldier be, Joy-ful- ly serving Je - sus, serving with loyal- ty.
2. Loy-al - ty to the Mas-ter; letting Him lead the way; Glo- ri- ous is His ban - ner, fol - low it ev - 'ry day; In - to the 'midst of bat - tle, conquering as we go, Vic- to- ry He has promised o- ver the deadly foe.
3. Loy-al - ty to the Mas-ter; looking to Him a- lone, Turning a- way from e - vil, Je - sus will keep His own; Onward, still on- ward pressing, seeing the starry prize Waiting for all the faithful, meeting beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

Loy - al sol - diers, let us joy-ful - ly march a - long, For - - - ward, for - - - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a steadily march,
Joyful-ly march,
Joyfully march, steadily march,
happy and loyal throng, Loy- al to our Saviour and our King. . . . .
to our Saviour and our King.

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No. 86. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser-vants, Whether it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best! If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo-ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an-swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we ar
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch-ing there?

read - y, brother? Read-y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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No 87. DANGER IN THE BORDER LAND.

MRS. FRANK E. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, The
2. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, "Not
3. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, No
4. You are stand-ing, you are stand-ing in the bor - der land, By

wild waste coun-try of sin; But a blessed hap-py kingdom is be-
far from the kingdom of God," And a Saviour longs to bless you, will you
lon - ger, long-er de-lay, For the darkness will be coming swift up-
sin and sor-row oppressed; Come repenting and thy Father will re-

CHORUS.

fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger
en - ter, Where all the saved have trod.
on you, A - rise! oh, haste a-way.
ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan - ger, dan - ger

in the bor-der land, Oh, leave the wea-ry life of sin,
in the bor-der land, Oh, leave the wea-ry land of sin, come to Je-sus,

For there's dan - ger in the border land, Come, a bet-ter life be-gin.
For there's danger, danger

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No. 88. I AM RESOLVED.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav-iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav-iour, Faith -ful and true each day,
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with- out de - lay,

Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
He is the true one, He is the just one,
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
Friends may oppose me, foes may be - set me,
Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

These have al-lured my sight.
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'nly way.

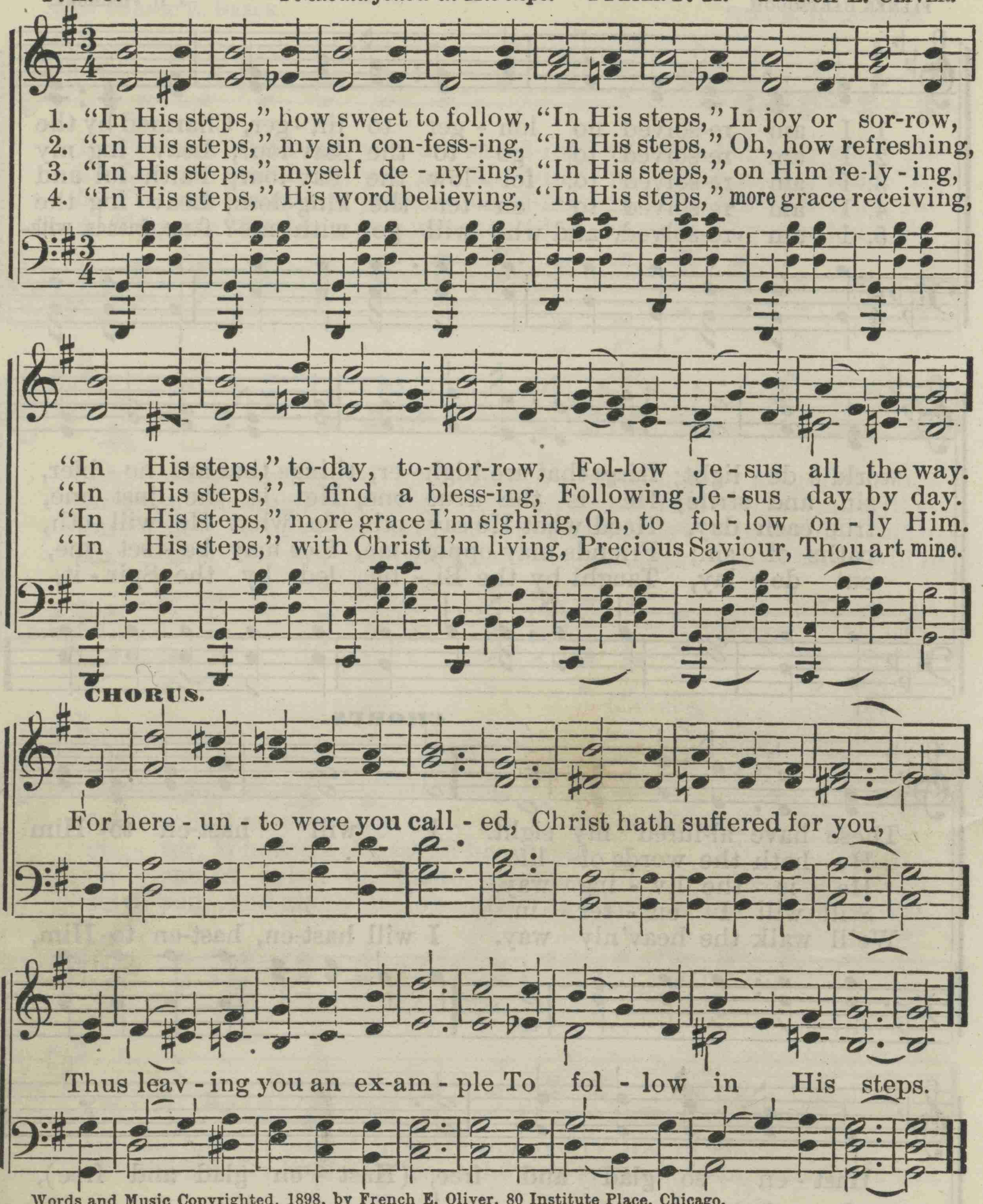
CHORUS.

I will hast-en to Him
I will hast-en, hast-en to Him,
Hast - en so glad and free, (Hast - en glad and free),
Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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No. 89. "In His Steps."

F. E. O. "*Ye should follow in His steps.*" I PETER 2: 21. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

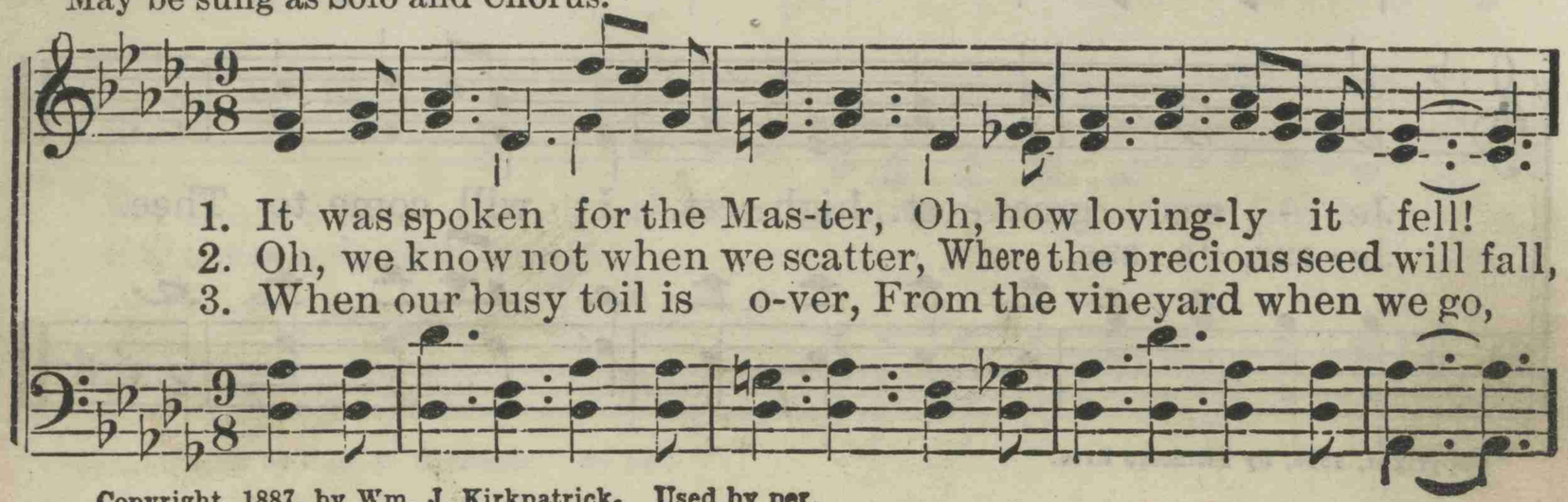


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No. 90. It Was Spoken For the Master.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

May be sung as Solo and Chorus.



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It Was Spoken for the Master. Concluded.

It was ut-tered in a whis-per, Who had breathed it none could tell.
But we work and trust in Je - sus, For He watches o - ver all.
We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.

It was spoken for the Mas-ter. On-ly just a lit-tle word,
We may sow be-side the wa-ters Of af - flic - tion it may be,
We shall wonder at the brightness Of the crowns we then shall wear,

But the chords that long had slumbered In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
But the fruits of earn-est la - bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
But the Lord himself will tell us Why He placed the jewels there.

CHORUS.

Gen-tle words of patient kindness, Tho' unheed - ed oft they seem,

Ad lib.

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we little dream.

No. 91. ETERNITY IS NEAR.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

DUET.

1. I see the days glide down the West, The seasons come and go; The
2. I leave this sad and lonely place, But leave it all in vain, For
3. I see the fair-est flow-ers fade, The ros - y cheek grow pale; The

dear ones laid a - way to rest Be-neath the win-ter snow. I
when I see the furrowed face I hear the voice a - gain Re-
aw - ful wreck dis-ease has made, The strongest mortals fail. They

hear, while standing near their bed So lone - ly, cold and drear, A voice re-
ech - o from beneath the sod, "Why waste your moments here? Prepare, pre-
al - so speak to me of death In language strong and clear; Thy life is

QUARTET.

sounding from the dead, "E - ter-ni-ty is near, e - ter-ni-ty is near."
pare to meet thy God! "E - ter-ni-ty is near, e - ter-ni-ty is near."
go-ing with each breath, "E - ter-ni-ty is near, e - ter-ni-ty is near."

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No. 92. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—HEB. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, Angels descending, bring from above, Ech-oes of
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking above, Filled with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whispers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
goodness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

No. 93. The Wanderer.

REV. B. C. REV. B. CARRADINE.

1. I had wandered off from heaven, On the mountains cold and gray, When I
2. I was work-ing in the tem-ple With the Saviour by my side, Where the
3. Ma - ny ear - ly friends had left me, While the vacant room and chair, Were re-
4. Then I saw at once that Je - sus Could be bet - ter far than all, He could
5. So I heard the Sav - iour call-ing, Come thou wea-ry one a - way, And my

heard my Saviour call-ing To His lost sheep far a - way; How I list-ened as the
mul - ti - tude as-sembled, In its mis - er - y and pride; Glancing upward from my
mind-ers of the pri - ces I had paid down to be there, I was brooding o'er my
light - en up the pathway, Could surround me like a wall; He could take the place of
an - swer quickly followed, Lord, I'm coming home to-day; Now His lov-ing arms are

D. .S No mat-ter who the

teardrops Coursed adown like falling rain, While His tender words of promise, Made my
labor I just caught His distant smile, "You have placed your work between us, Come and
loss-es, When the Sav-iour spoke to me, "You have let your sorrows set-tle, Like a
loved ones, Wipe the falling tears a - way, Turn my sor-row in - to laughter, Change the
round me, And my head is on His breast, While I catch His faintest whisper, And my

wand'rer, Nor how far he's gone a - stray, Be-hold, who-so - ev - er cometh, I will

Fine. **CHORUS.**

spir - it glad a-gain.
talk with me a-while."
cloud tween me and thee. "Come, oh, come to me, said Jesus, Come and I will give you
night-tide in-to day.
spir-it is at rest.

com-fort him to-day.

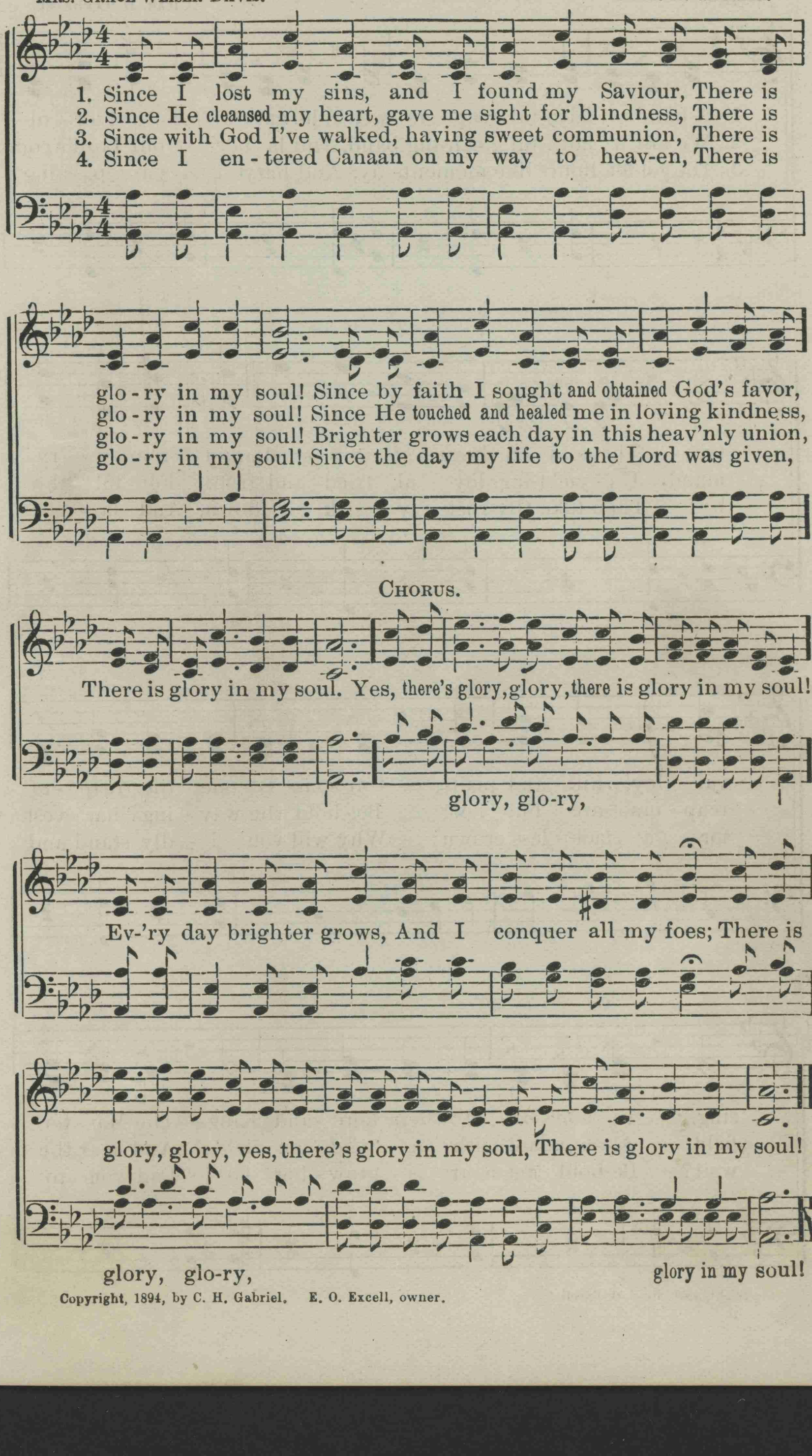
D. S.

rest, I will take a - way the bur - den From the heav-y la - den breast.

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No. 94. There is Glory in My Soul.

MRS. GRACE WEISER DAVIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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No. 95. To the Harvest Field.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gather for e - ter - ni-
2. We are a faith-ful glean-ing band, And la-bor at our Lord's com-
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are pass-ing

ty, The gold-en sheaves of rip-ened grain From ev - 'ry
mand, Un-yield-ing, loy - al, tried and true, For lo! the
by; Then take thy rust - y sick - le down, And la - bor

val - ley, hill and plain; Our song is one the reap-ers
reap-ers are but few; Be-hold the wav - ing har-vest
for a fade-less crown; Why will you i - dly stand and

sing, In hon-or of their Lord and King— The Mas-ter
field A - bundant with a gold - en yield; And hear the
wait? Be-hold, the hour is grow-ing late! Can you to

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To the Harvest Field. Concluded.

of the har-vest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
Lord of har-vest say To all: "Go reap for me to-day."
judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting gold-en sheaves?

CHORUS.

To the har-vest field a-way, For the Mas-ter

call-eth; There is work for all to-day, Ere the dark-ness

fall-eth. Swift-ly do the moments fly, Har-vest days are

go-ing by, Go-ing, go-ing, go-ing, go-ing by.

No. 96. Oh, To Be More Like Jesus.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON

1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;
2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Helping the fallen to rise;
3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer - ci-ful, lov-ing and kind;

His love;
to rise;
and kind;

Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart above.
Giv - ing a hand, Bidding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Helping the lame and blind.

Jesus came lov-ing and cheering, Giv-ing the hungry food,
Cheering the broken heart - ed, Wiping a-way their tears,
Jesus came saving the fall - en, Helping them sin o'er-come,

the hun-gry
a - way their
them sin o'er-

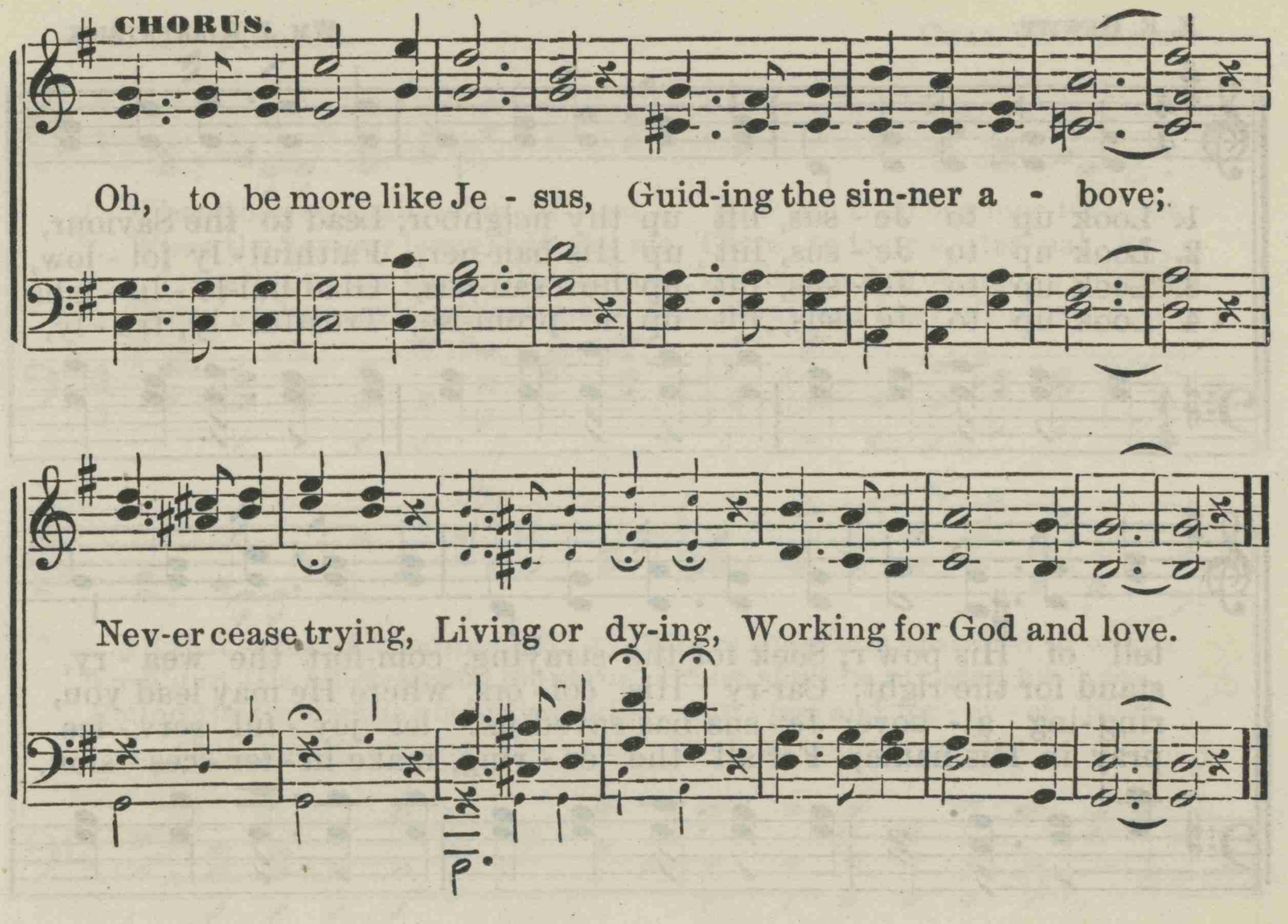
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Helping the poor and the needy, Je - sus was kind and good.
Comforting many in sor - row, Ban-ish-ing doubts and fears.
Res-cu - ing per-ishing sin - ners, Bringing the way - ward home.

food, Helping the need-y,
tears, Comfort-ing sor-row,
come, Res-cu - ing sinners.

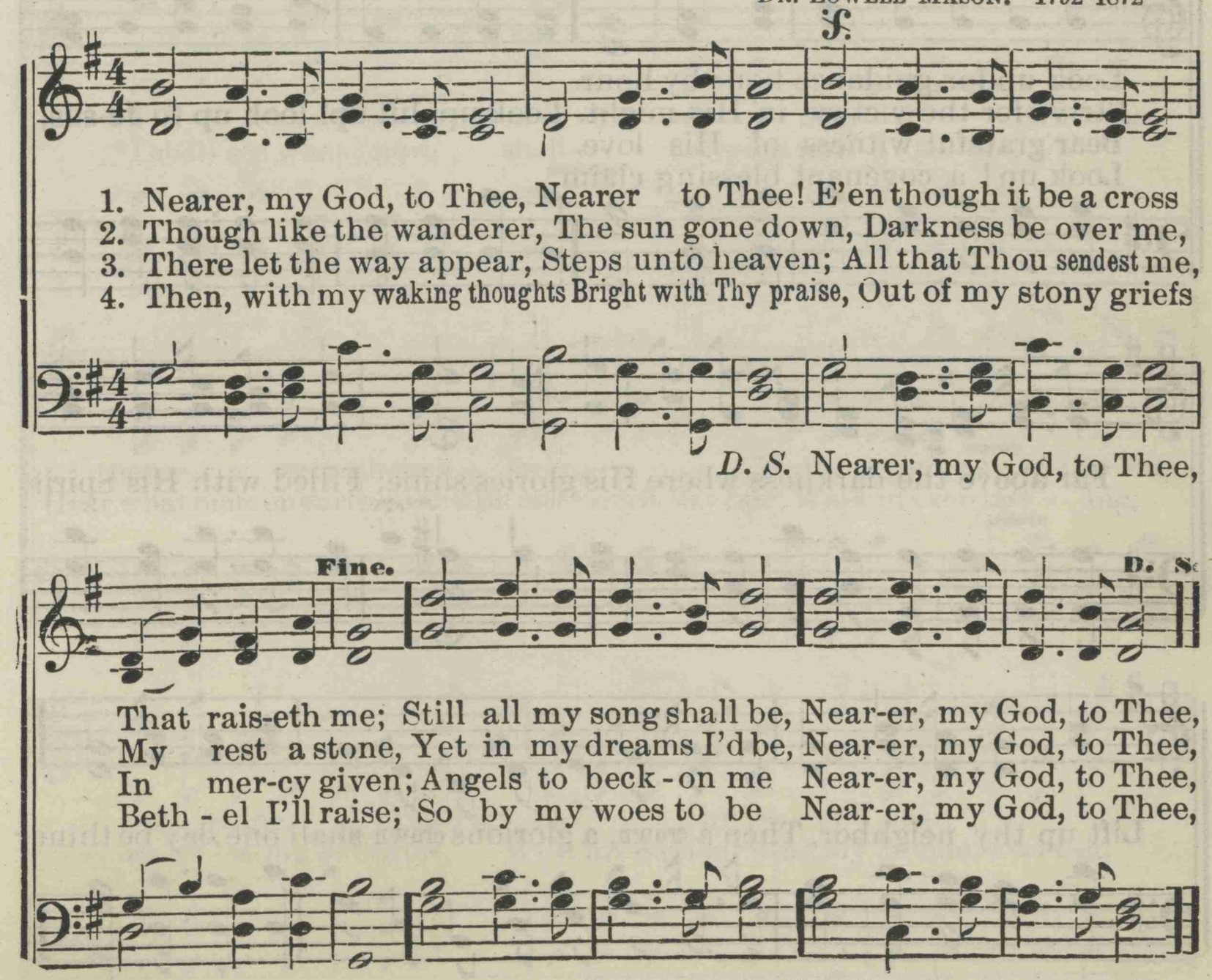
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Oh, To Be More Like Jesus.



No. 97. BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872



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No. 98. Look Up, Lift Up.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look up to Je - sus, lift up thy neighbor, Lead to the Saviour,
2. Look up to Je - sus, lift up His ban-ner, Faithful - ly fol - low,
3. Look up to Je - sus, lift up ho - san-nas, Glad hal-le - lu - jahs
4. Look up to Je - sus, lift up a prom-ise, Trustful - ly, tru - ly,

tell of His pow'r; Seek for the straying, com-fort the wea - ry,
stand for the right; Car-ry His col - ors, where He may lead you,
ring-ing a - bove; Je - sus has saved us: let joy - ful serv - ice
pray in His name; For all the er - ring, make in - ter - ces - sion,

CHORUS.

Look up for guidance hour by hour.
Strive for the vict'ry in His might. Look up, lift up! look up to Je-sus,
Bear grateful witness of His love.
Look up! a covenant blessing claim.

Far above the darkness where His glories shine; Filled with His Spirit,

Lift up thy neighbor, Then a crown, a glorious crown shall one day be thine.

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No. 99. THE VEIL UPLIFTED.

WM. KITCHING, alt. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the veil shall be up - lift - ed, Hid- ing from our mor-tal sight,
2. When the Saviour home shall call me, There to taste e - ter- nal joy,
3. I shall tune my harp with gladness, While in robes of glo - ry dressed,
4. There 'midst angels gatherd round Him, Strains of heav'nly music flow ;

All that scene of wondrous glo - ry, Where the saints are robed in white.
Wash'd in His all-cleansing fountain, Praise shall be my glad em- ploy.
Round the throne the angels worship, Sin - less and for - ev - er blest.
I shall join th'angelic cho - rus, Such as none on earth may know.

CHORUS.

I shall see what now I see not, Hear what
I shall see what now, shall see what now I see not,
none on earth may hear; . . Walk in ev - er-last-ing
Hear what none on earth, hear what none on earth may hear; Walk in ever-last - ing,
sun - shine, With my Sav - iour ev - er near. . . .
ev-er-lasting sunshine, With my Saviour near, my Saviour ever near.

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No. 100. BY FAITH, AND NOT BY SIGHT.

Solo, Quartet or Chorus.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I do not ask to walk by sight, I on - ly need to grasp
2. I do not ask for constant joy In raptures strong and deep;
3. I do not ask to see the path O'er which my feet must go,
4. I do not ask what glories bright, Wait up in heav'n for me;

The wound-ed hand of Christ my Lord, And feel His lov - ing clasp.
I on - ly ask to re - al - ize, His pow'r to save and keep.
My Guide has pass'd this way be - fore, And well the way doth know.
But this I'm told, my King in all His beau - ty I shall see.

Although my eyes may darken'd be, Although my eyes may darken'd be,
To rest up - on His bless-ed pow'r, To rest up - on His pow'r and might,
I ful - ly trust His love to lead, I trust His love to lead me right,
For in that home a - bove so pure, That home a-bove so pure and bright,

I'll walk by faith, I'll walk by faith, I will not ask to see,
And then I'll walk, I'll walk by faith, By faith and not by sight,
I'll fol - low Him, I'll fol - low Him By faith and not by sight,
Love shall be crown'd, love shall be crown'd, And faith be chang'd to sight,

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BY FAITH, AND NOT BY SIGHT.—Concluded.

And then, al-though my eyes may dark - ened be, I'll
To rest up - on His bless - ed pow'r and might, And
I ful - ly trust His love to lead me right, I'll
For in that home a - bove so pure and bright, Love

rit.

walk by faith, I will not ask to see. (I will not ask to see.)
thus I'll walk by faith and not by sight. (by faith and not by sight.)
fol - low Him by faith and not by sight. (by faith and not by sight.)
shall be crown'd, and faith be chang'd to sight. (and faith be chang'd to sight.)

No. 101. LORD, IS IT I?

F. G. BURROUGHS. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Someone to-day will seek Thy face, Someone be-gin the heav'nly race,
2. Someone will pour the ointment sweet O - ver Thy sa-cred head and feet,
3. Someone to-day the cross will bear, Some for Thy glo - ry do and dare,

Some-one will tri - umph thro' Thy grace,—Lord, is it I?
Ma - ry's sweet act of love re - peat,—Lord, is it I?
Some-one Thy good - ness will de - clare,—Lord, is it I?

Some-one will tri - umph thro' Thy grace,—Lord, is it I?
Ma - ry's sweet act of love re - peat,—Lord, is it I?
Some-one Thy good - ness will de - clare,—Lord, is it I?

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No. 102. WONDERFUL LOVE OF MY SAVIOUR.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth, alt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wonder- ful love, that touch'd my eyes With healing, sav-ing pow'r,
2. Wonder- ful love, that touch'd my ears, With kind and heav'nly skill;
3. Wonder- ful love, that touch'd my lips With ho- ly, liv - ing fire;
4. Wonder- ful love, that touch'd my heart To know my Saviour King;

Wonder-ful sight, my Lord I saw That bless- ed, hap - py hour.
Wonder-ful strains of mu - sic sweet, My in - most be - ing thrill.
Wonder-ful truths my tongue shall speak, And never, nev - er tire.
Wonder-ful songs in heav'n a- bove, To Him I'll ev - er sing.

CHORUS.

Won - - - der - ful, won - - - der - ful,
Won- der - ful love, won - der - ful love,

Won - - der - ful love, ... Won - der - ful
Oh, it is won- der - ful, won - der - ful love,

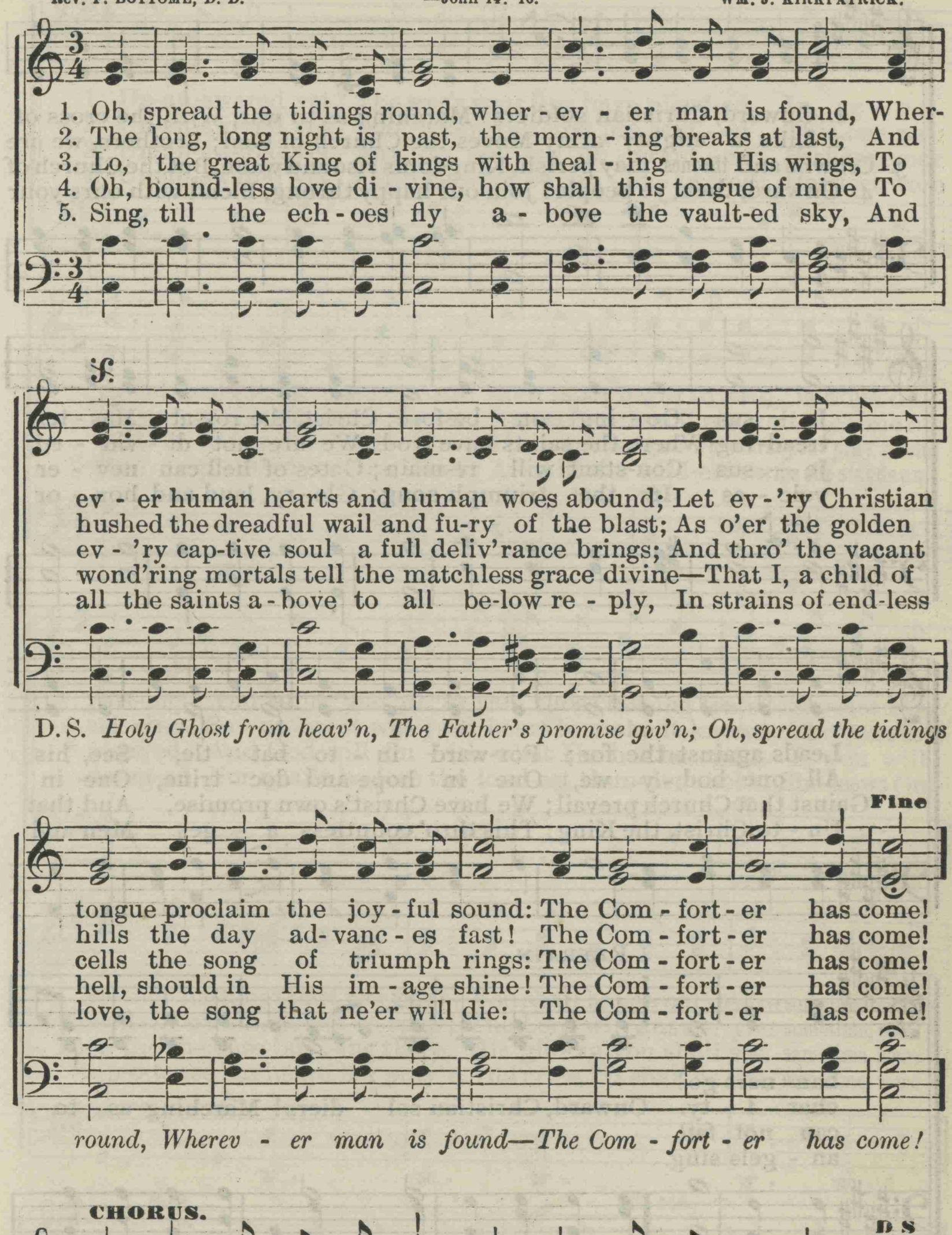
love of my Sav - iour, Won - - der - ful love.
Won-der- ful, won- der - ful love.

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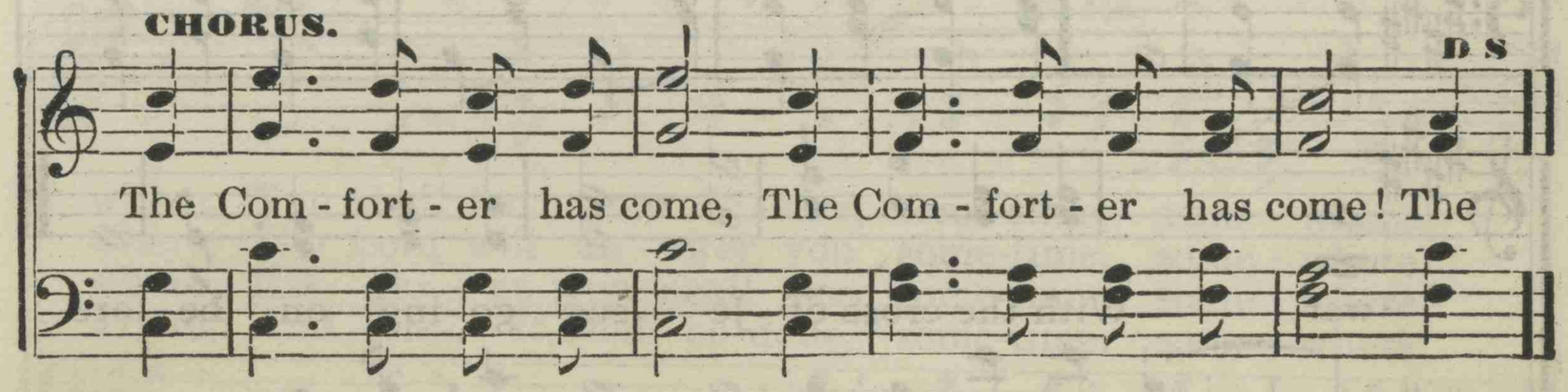
No. 103. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D. —John 14: 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.



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No. 104. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Words by S. B. GOULD. Music by A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter,
2. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er
4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and

REFRAIN.

ban - ners go!
char - i - ty.
can not fail.
an - gels sing.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

No. 105. SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead-ed In ag - o -
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe-
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Perhaps your
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an - swered; Her feet were

ny of heart these ma-ny years? Does faith begin to fail, is hope de -
ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of
part is not yet whol-ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
firm - ly plant-ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild-est storms she stands un -

part-ing, And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the
ask - ing, So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have
ut-tered, And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun. If you will
daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the loud-est thun-der shock. She knows Om-

Fa-ther hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire sometime, some -
passed since then, do not de-spair; The Lord will answer you sometime, some -
keep the in-cense burn-ing there, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, some -
nip-o-tence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some -

Rit - - - - - - - - - - ad lib.

where, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some - where.
where, The Lord will an - swer you some-time, some - where.
where, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some - where.
where, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some - where.

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No. 106. I WANT TO GO THERE.

Words and Melody by D. SULLINS. Harmony by Prof. RIGGS. C. F. College.

1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go
3. When the old ship of Zion shall make her last trip, I want to be
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be

there, I do; 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by,"
there, I do; The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told,
there, I do; With heads all un-cov - ered to greet the old ship,
there, I do; With shouting and clapping till all heaven rings,

I want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre-
I want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there
I want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's com-pany
I want to be there, don't you? Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll shout a-

pare us all homes, I want to go there, I do; Where sickness nor
none ev - er die, I want to go there, I do; There loved ones will
meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do; With songs on their
gain and a - gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the

sor - row nor death ev-er comes, I want to go there, don't you?
nev - er a-gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?
lips and harps in their hands, I want to be there, don't you?
cho - rus, *A-men and A - men*, I want to be there, don't you?

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I WANT TO GO THERE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

1. 2. I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, I do;
3. 4. I want to be there, I mean to be there, I ex-pect to be there, I do;

I want to go there, I want to go there, I want to go there, don't you?
I want to be there, I mean to be there, I expect to be there, don't you?

No. 107. RIGHT-ABOUT, FACE.

E. R. LATTA, alt. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Broth - er, O broth - er, in sin or disgrace, Turn, turn to
2. En - ter the king-dom of mer - cy and grace! Je - sus in-
3. Come to the Sav - iour, sal-va - tion embrace, Turn from all
4. He with the ransomed will grant you a place, If from your
5. Might - y re-demp-tion! It cov - ers your case, Turn - ing to

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Oh, right-a - bout, face.
vites you, Oh, right-a - bout, face.
e - vil, Now right-a - bout, face.
wand'rings You right-a-bout, face.
Je - sus, Oh, right-a - bout, face.

Right-a-bout, face,

Right-a - bout, face; Turn, turn to Je-sus, Oh, right - a-bout, face.

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No. 108. MY LORD AND I.

Words arranged by W. E. B. Music by W. E. BURNETT.

SOPRANO. *Moderato.*

1. I have a Friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And as He bids me
3. I tell Him all my sorrows, I tell Him all my joys, I tell Him all that
4. He knows how I am longing Some weary soul to win, And so He bids me
5. I have His yoke upon me, And eas-y 'tis to bear; In the burden which

TENOR.

tender love, He loves so faithful - ly, I could not live a-part from Him, I
lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek, He leads me in the paths of light, Be -
pleases me, I tell Him what annoys, He tells me what I ought to do, He
go and speak The loving words for Him, He bids me tell His wondrous love, And
He car-ries, I glad-ly take a share. For then it is my hap - pi-ness, To

love to feel Him nigh, And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.
neath a sun-ny sky— And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.
tells me what to try— And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.
why He came to die— And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.
have Him always nigh— And so we dwell to-geth-er My Lord and I.

CHORUS. *

Dwell - - ing to - geth - - er— Hap-py we will be through-
Dwell-ing to-geth-er for - ev - er and for-ev-er, Hap-py we will be through-

out e-ter - ni-ty, Dwell - ing to-geth - - er My Lord and I.
out e-ter - ni-ty, Dwelling together for-ev-er and for-ev-er My Lord and I.

* Chorus may be omitted.

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No. 109. NEVER LOOK BEHIND.

GEO. W. LYON. J. L. MOORE.

1. There are fields to be bro-ken and sown, If a har-vest of good we would find,
2. Fer-tile lands lie before us to - day, Golden sheaves on each spot we may bind,
3. Precious seeds of the kingdom let's sow, Teaching others to be true and kind;
4. Rest will come after toil, by and by, Oh, how joyous will be that sweet time,

Then a - rise and take hold of the plow, And nev-er, nev-er look be-hind.
If we earn-est- ly hold to the plow, And nev-er, nev-er look be-hind.
Plenteous harvest will fol-low our plow, Then nev-er, nev-er look be-hind.
When no lon-ger we need hold the plow, Or ev - er, ev-er look be-hind.

CHORUS.

Nev-er look be-hind, nev - er look be-hind, No - ble deeds will win the world for Je - sus and the right, Nev - er look be-hind, nev-er look behind, God will be our helper, and we'll conquer by His might.

rit.

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No. 110. GO AFTER THE LOST.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

1. Out in the world there are ma- ny Who wander in pathways of sin;
2. Out from the fold they are straying, A - far from the joy and the light;
3. Je- sus has died to redeem them, For this His own life-blood He shed;
4. Are we all do- ing our du - ty, To those who are fol-low-ing sin;

The Master says: "Go ye and seek them, And tenderly bring them in."
O let us no more be delaying, But search for them in the dark night.
Then why in their sins shall they perish? To Je-sus they must be led.
And bear-ing the message from Je- sus, And bringing them kindly in?

CHORUS.

Go aft - er the lost and the fall - en; In sin they have gone a- stray;

ritard. . . . . . .

Go bring them to Je-sus, the Sav-iour, And they shall be saved to-day.

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No. 111. THE BROKEN PINION.

Tenor and Soprano Duet, Tenor sing small notes. C. S. COLBURN.

1. I walked thro' the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing,
2. I found a young life stricken By sin's se-duc-tive art,
3. But the bird with a broken pin - ion Kept an-oth-er from the snare,

And found on a bed of moss - es, A bird with a broken wing;
And touched with a Christ-like pit - y I took him to my heart;
And the life that sin had strick-en Raised an-oth-er from de - spair;

I healed its wound and each morning It sang its old sweet strain.
He lived with a no - ble pur - pose And struggled not in vain.
For Christ the might-y heal - er Has a balm for ev -'ry pain.

But the bird with a broken pin - ion, Never soared as high a - gain,
But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain,
And the soul that He has heal - ed, Higher still shall soar a - gain.

Rit

But the bird with a broken pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain.
But the life that sin had strick-en Never soared as high a - gain.
And the soul that He has heal - ed Higher still shall soar a - gain.

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No. 112. I CAN'T TELL IT ALL.

"Remember, you can't tell it all, the best you can do is to tell at it."

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Oh, I can't tell it all, of the won - der - ful love, How, when lost in my sins Je - sus found me; With a heart full of love, how He
2. Oh, I can't tell it all, how He free - ly for - gave; How the blood flow'd with wonderful heal - ing; O'er my lost, guilt - y soul, how it
3. Oh, I can't tell it all, what a friend He has been; How He's borne all my sor - rows, and sad - ness; How He saves me to - day, bids the
4. Oh, I can't tell it all, but His love you may know, You may have Him, this won - der - ful Sav - iour; You may taste of His bliss, you may
5. Oh, I can't tell it all, but as long as I've breath, I will still tell the won - der - ful sto - ry; When my life work is done, and a

came from a - bove, Threw His strong arms of mer - cy a - round me.
cleans'd and made whole; While low at the cross I was kneel - ing.
clouds chase a - way, How He turns all my mourn - ing to glad - ness.
say I am His, And He is my por - tion for - ev - er.
crown I have won, I will tell it for - ev - er in glo - ry.

CHORUS.

Oh, I can't tell it all, no, I can't tell it all, But my heart is so full of His glo - ry, That wherev - er I go in this

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I CAN'T TELL IT ALL.—Concluded.

wide world be - low, I am tell - ing the won - der- ful sto - ry.

No. 113. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Res- cue the per-ish- ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the pen - i- tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy labor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err- ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re-ceive, Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gen-tly;
grace can re-store: Touch'd by a lov- ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Lord will provide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient- ly win them;

CHORUS.
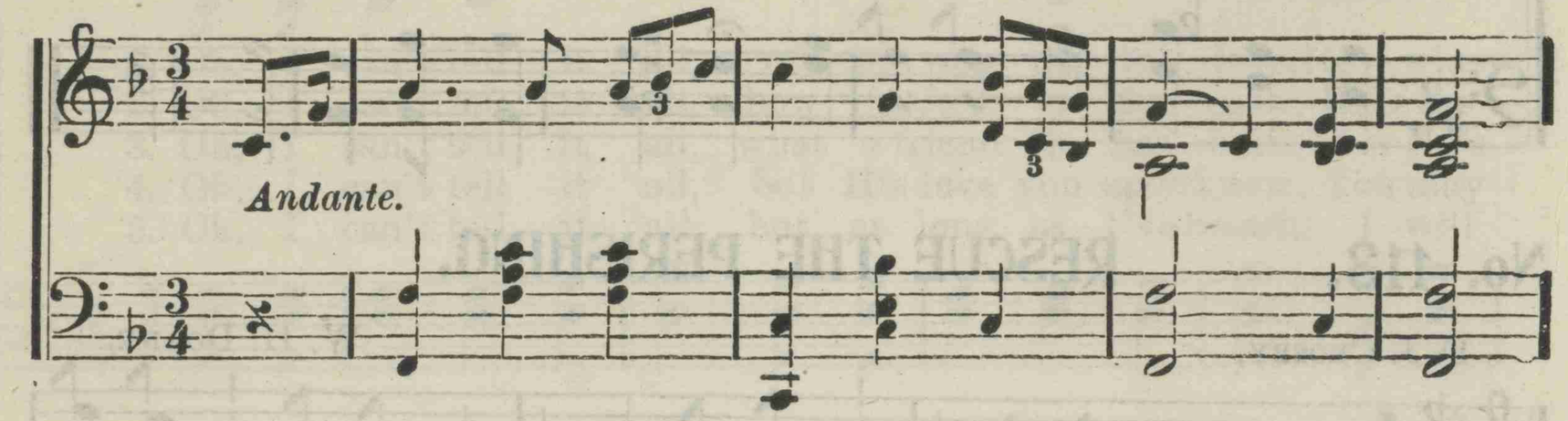
Tell them of Je - sus the might- y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has come.
} Res - cue the per- ish-ing,

Care for the dy - ing: Je - sus is mer- ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

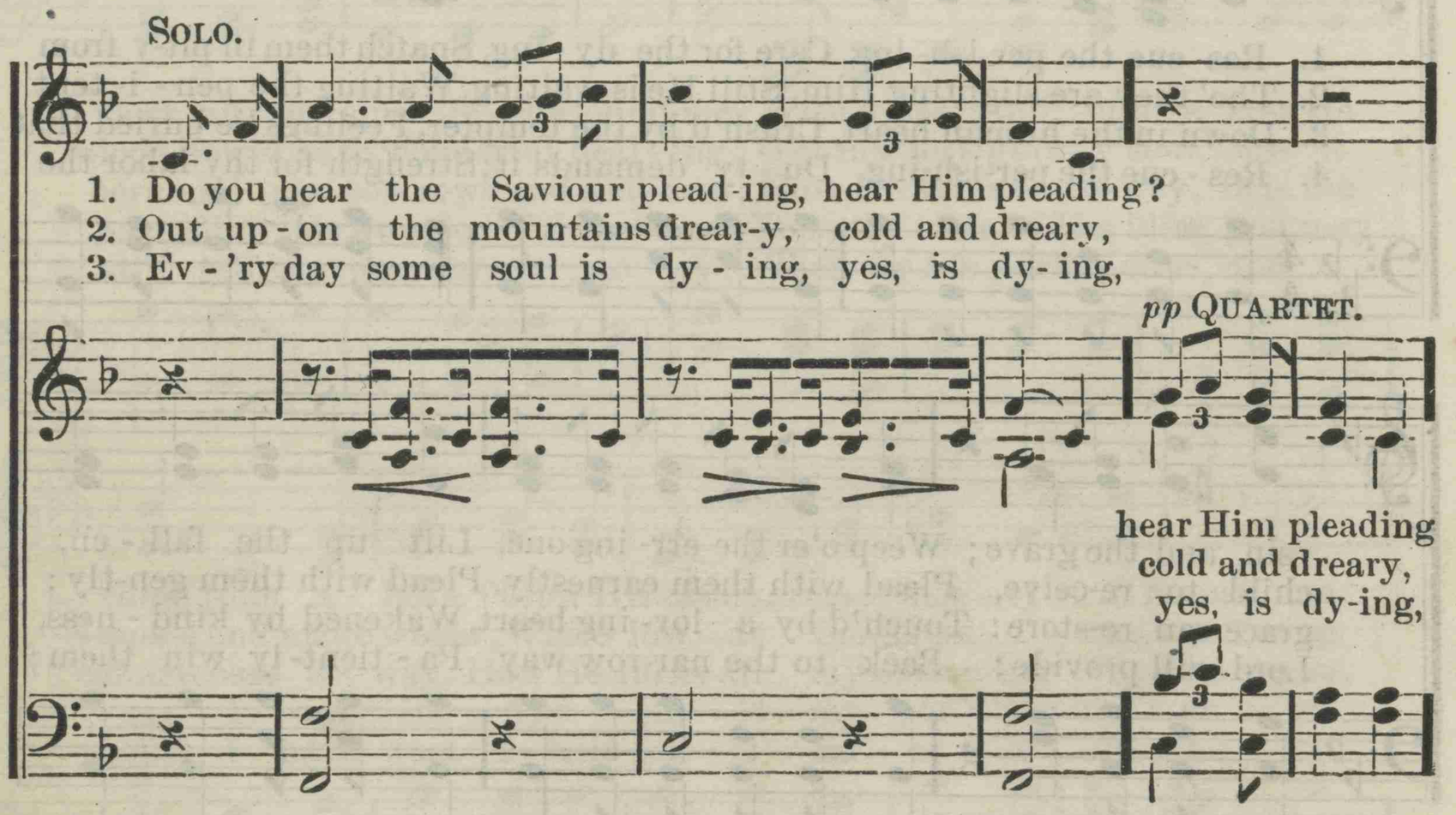
No. 114. AGAIN WE'LL NEVER PASS THIS WAY.

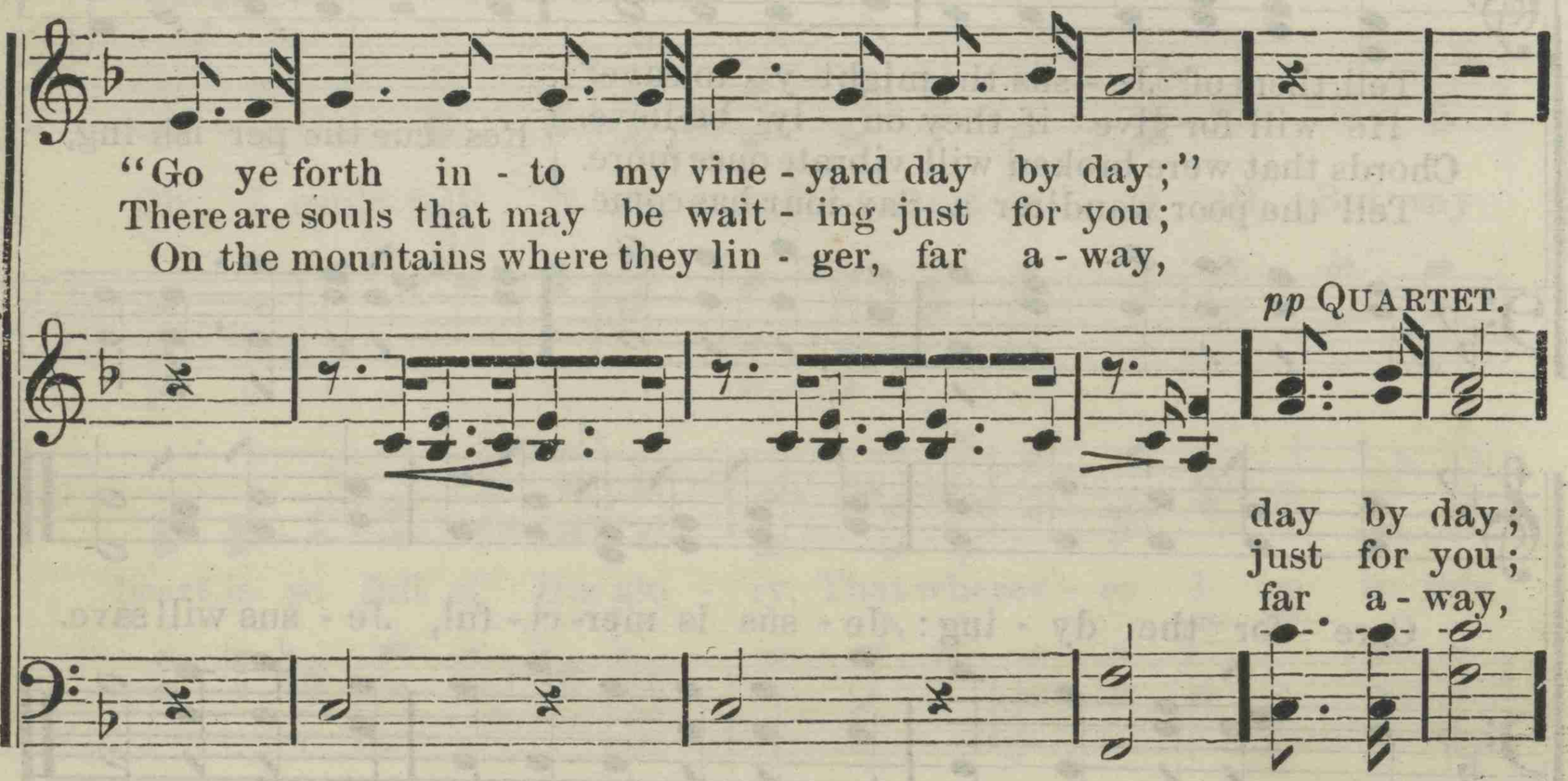
"I expect to pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do my fellow human beings, let me do it now; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

P. H. BRISTOW. W. A. OGDEN.



SOLO.





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Go ye forth, I will be with you in - ter - ceding, (in - ter ced-ing,)
May be wait-ing near your path way, O, so wea-ry; (O, so wea - ry;)
While the Master on yourself may be re - ly - ing, (be re - ly - ing,)

pp QUARTET.

That some soul may from the darkness turn a - way." (turn a-way.")
Will you not go out and tell them God is true? (God is true?)
That He gets the in - vi - ta - tion while 'tis day. (while 'tis day.)

pp QUARTET.

f CHORUS. *Response. Allegro.*

We will go, and God be with us, with us ev - er; We will

Cres.

take the words of Jesus as our stay; And to lift a fallen brother

Rit.

we'll en-deav - or, For we know we ne'er again may pass this way, (this way.)

No. 115. THE INNER CIRCLE.

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the Union Meetings at Mount Vernon in November 1898.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you?
2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol-lowed, As they went where'er He sent;
3. Or, if He shall choose to send us On some errand in His name,
4. Mas - ter, at Thy foot-stool kneeling, We, Thy children, humbly wait;

Does He tell you in com-mun-ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in-tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

Rit.

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is He now your All in all?
Have you giv'n your

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No. 116. OUR PILOT.

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

1. Sail-or, out up- pon life's o-cean, See the storm is dark and wild!
2. See the breakers! hear the thunders, Lightning leap from pole to pole!
3. We are on the old ship Zi - on, She has braved the storm before,
4. Sin-ner tossed up-on life's o-cean, Sinking 'neath its mighty wave;

But the pi-lot—Christ will guide us, He can save each faithful child.
Yes, the Sav-iour is our pi - lot, And our anchor 'll safe-ly hold.
Thousands she has safely land - ed, And can land her thousands more.
List! the Captain He is call-ing! Look to Je - sus! He can save.

CHORUS.

He will save you, He will save you, Tho' the storm is dark and
He will save you, He will save you,
wild; Je-sus rides up-on the tempest, And will save each faithful child.

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Does He tell you in com-mun-ion What He wish - es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On His lead - ing still in-tent.
We can serve Him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

Rit.

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wild; Je-sus rides up-on the tempest, And will save each faithful child.

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No. 117. What is That in Thine Hand?

F. A. B. Ex. 4: 2, 3, 4. F. A. BLACKMER.

1. What is that in thine hand, child, discouraged and sad? Surely God hath one tal-ent at least to thee giv'n; There is work thou canst do, that shall
2. It may not be to preach, that He calls thee to-day, Or to publicly la-bor with tongue or with pen; But it may be to work in a
3. If a cup of cold water to some suff'ring one, A dis-ciple shall give in the name of his Lord, E'en so humble a ser-vice, if
4. What is that in thine hand? brother, say not again, "I've no talent and nothing for God can I do?" Bring it forth from the "napkin" where
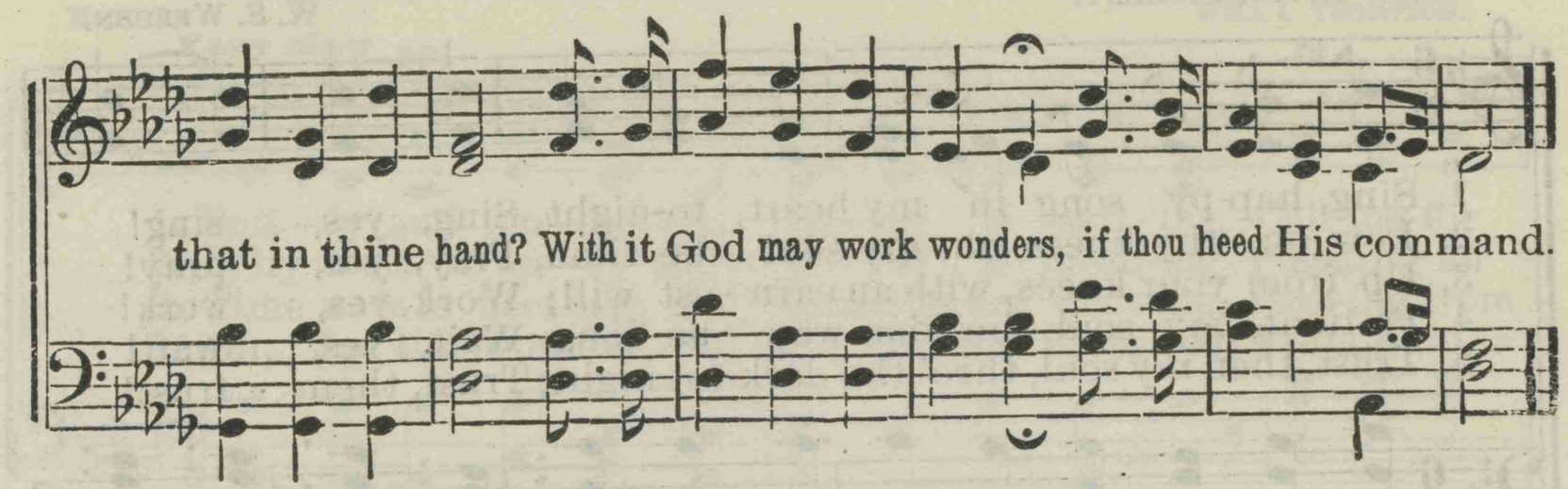
some soul make glad, That shall help in advancing the kingdom of heav'n.
meek, qui-et way, Just as pleasing to God and ef - fective to men.
trust-ing-ly done, Shall be blest of the Master and have its re- ward.
long it hath lain, Ask the Lord how to use it, and prove to Him true.

CHORUS.

What is that in thine hand? What is that in thine hand? Hidden talent, it may be thou dost not understand; What is that in thine hand? What is

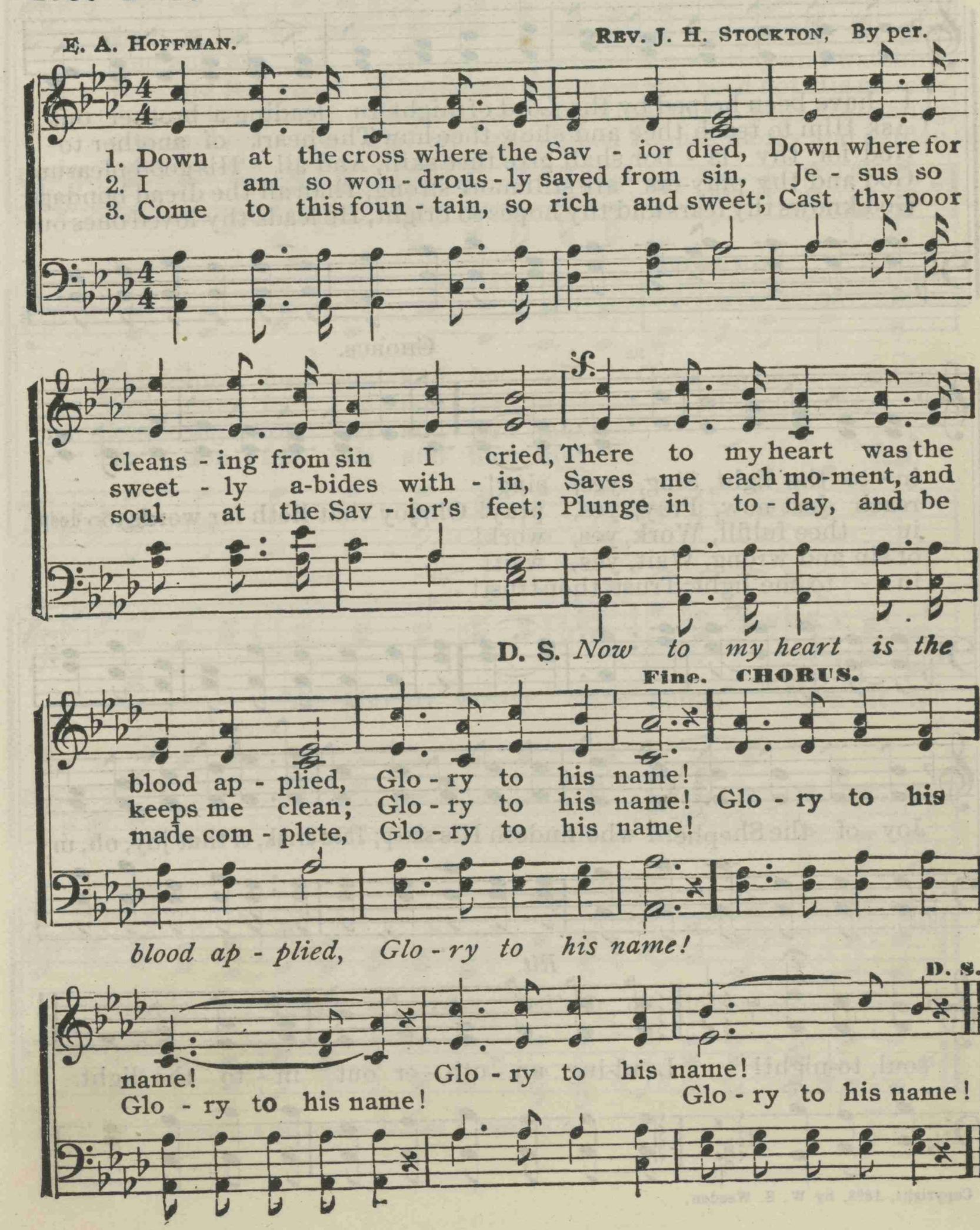
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What is That in Thine Hand? Concluded.



No. 118. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON, By per.



No. 119. OUT INTO THE LIGHT.

HELEN B. MONTGOMERY. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Sing, hap-py song in my heart, to-night, Sing, yes, sing!
2. Low on thy knees, oh, my soul be thou, Pray, yes, pray!
3. Up from your knees, with an earn - est will; Work, yes, work!
4. Pa-tient, my soul, tho' the way be long: Wait, yes, wait!
5. Trust, then my soul, thro' the dark-est night; Trust, then trust!

I have been helped by the Lord of might In leading a brother out
Ask Him to teach thee and show thee how The heart of another to
God for thy la - bor shall give thee skill, And all His good pleasure
God and thy pray-ers are still more strong, Than all the dread bondage
God knows thy fears and thy hopes so bright, He leads thy loved ones out

CHORUS.

in - to the light, Sing, yes, sing!
reach just now, Pray, yes, pray! Oh, joy that lieth for words too deep,
in thee fulfill, Work, yes, work!
of sin and wrong, Wait, yes, wait!
in - to the light, Trust, then trust!

Joy of the Shepherd who findeth His sheep; Then drink, of that joy, oh, my

Rit.

soul, to-night! Lead-ing an - oth - er out in - to the light.

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No. 120. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow *pp* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me, See on the portals He's waiting and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time now is fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming,
4. Oh, for the won-der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

m

Watch-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home, Earn-est - ly come home,
Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

cres *pp*

ppp Rit *pp*

ten-der - ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, oh, sinner, come home.

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., and E. Liverpool, O.

No. 121. THE HAPPY HEART.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JAS. A. BUCHANAN.

With expression.

1. Oh, how can I thank Thee, my Father, For Thy wonderful love to me,
2. This life, which so sweetly I'm living, Is the pathway to fu-ture bliss;
3. I'm sure of a kind loving welcome Where my Saviour is waiting for me;
4. I thank Thee again, my dear Father, For the comforts given to me,

For the days that grow brighter and brighter, For the joys that are yet to be?
And the love Thou art constantly giving, Has the fulness of perfect peace;
I am sure of the dear, smiling faces, Of the friends who have died in Thee;
For the hopes that are shining more brightly While the nearer I draw to Thee;

My sweet home is full of sunshine, And of friends who are tender and true;
I've a home in mansions of glory, I've a Saviour then, tender and true;
I am sure of my home up in heaven, If my faith holds but tender and true;
I will praise Thee, and love and serve Thee, It is all that my poor heart can do,

Oh, to find a hap-pi - er heart than mine One may search the wide world thro'.

CHORUS.

No heart is more happy, no heart is more glad,
Than mine since I learned to know Jesus;

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THE HAPPY HEART. Concluded.

I'm happy by night, and I'm happy by day, Since I have been following Jesus.

No. 122. MOTHER'S BOY.

One day a man came to our door to sell brooms. He said he had been a drinking man, and had got away down. One Sunday morning he strolled into the Sunday Breakfast Service, some one sang something about "Mother" and he said it broke his heart. He got into the Rescue Home and is now trying to lead a Christian life. I wrote this as I thought over his story.—E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. Like the sheep that's gone astray, You have wandered from the way,
2. Think of all her lov-ing care; Of the hallowed eve-ning prayer,
3. Think how Je-sus lin-gers still, Say-ing, "who-so - ev - er will,"
4. Love is shining, clear and bright; At the cross, find peace and light,

But there's hope for you to-day, Moth-er's way-ward boy.
How she knelt be-side you there, Moth-er's way-ward boy.
He your hun-gry soul will fill, Moth-er's way-ward boy.
Streams to make you pure and white, Moth-er's way-ward boy.

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus, Moth-er's boy, He will give you life and joy,

Come, come, come, come To Je-sus Mother's boy.

Come, oh, come, come, oh, come

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No. 123. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when

saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath-er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll is
roll is called up yon-der, we'll be there.

called up yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up
called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

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WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.

yon - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

No. 124. HE CAME TO SAVE.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Jesus laid His crown aside, He came to save me; / When on the cross He bled and died, (*Omit . . . .*) } He came to save me.
2. { In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; / Oh, praise His name, I know it well, (*Omit . . . .*) } He came to save me.
3. { With gentle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; / And trusting Him I fear no ill, (*Omit . . . .*) } He came to save me.
4. { To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; / To Him my heart looks up and sings, (*Omit . . . .*) } He came to save me.

REFRAIN.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

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No. 125. I Am Resting in the Saviour's Love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. E. DORTCH.

1. Oh, my heart is thrilled with wondrous joy to-day, I am resting in the
2. At the fountain opened for the soul unclean, I am resting in the
3. All my doubts are vanished, all my fears are gone, I am resting in the
4. Oh, the peace and rapture! Oh, the wondrous bliss, I am resting in the
5. So I live rejoicing in His love each day, I am resting in the

Saviour's love; Christ, the Lord, has taken all my sins a-way, I am
Saviour's love; Trusting in His grace I ventured free-ly in, I am
Saviour's love; When I trust-ed Jesus, lo, the work was done! I am
Saviour's love; I have nev-er known so pure a joy as this; I am
Saviour's love; I am walking with Him in the narrow way, I am

REFRAIN.

resting in the Saviour's love. I am resting, sweet - ly resting,
I am resting, resting, sweetly resting,

I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love; I am rest-ing,

sweet - ly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing,

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No. 126. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. As a pil-grim now I wan-der, 'Mid the toils of life I walk;
2. There are cares and toils unceas-ing, Where a burning desert mock;
3. Here with wants and woes assailing, And the angry tempest's shock;
4. When I cross the dreary val-ley, And will join the chosen flock;

But my rest will be up yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.
But a heav'nly rests waits yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.
Not a grief or care up yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.
I will rest for-ev - er yon-der In the shad-ow of the Rock.

CHORUS.

In the shadow of the Rock, In the shad-ow of the Rock;

I'll soon be rest-ing yon-der, In the shad-ow of the Rock.

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No. 127. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' its worn and faded now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past andgone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls those happy days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jos-eph and of Daniel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da-vid bold,
suffered, bled and died upon the tree; Of His heav-y load of care,
dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand upon my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with His many wicked wiles.
Then she dried my flowing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me then, And ever in my heart His words abide.

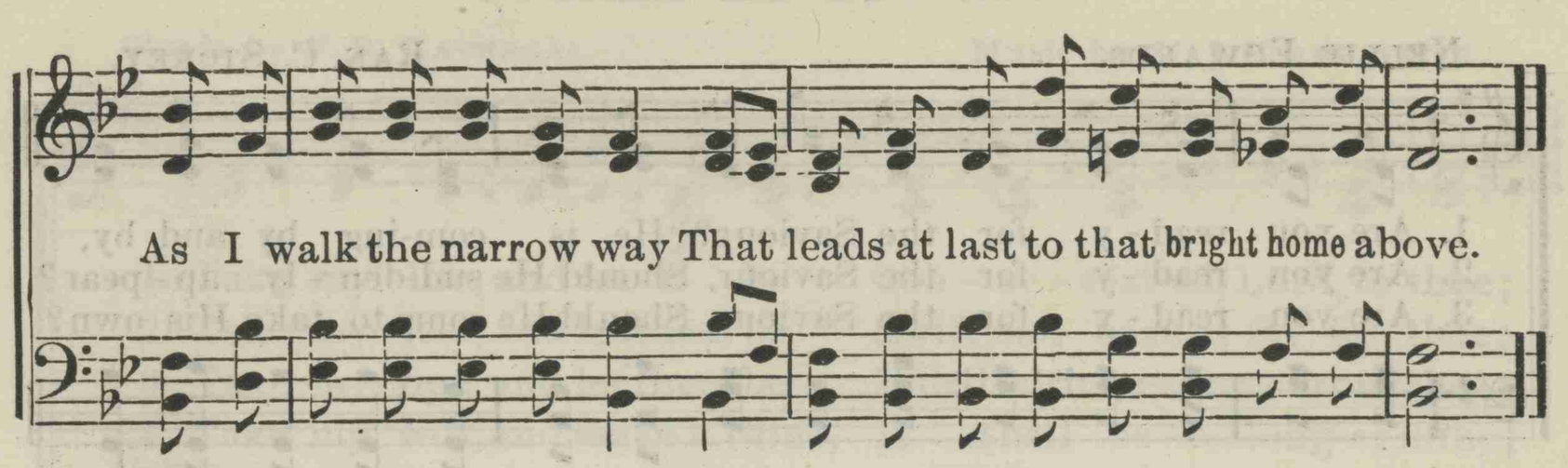
CHORUS.

Bless-ed book, . . pre-cious book, . . On thy dear old tear-stained
Blessed book, precious book,

leaves I love to look; (love to look;) Thou art sweeter day by day,

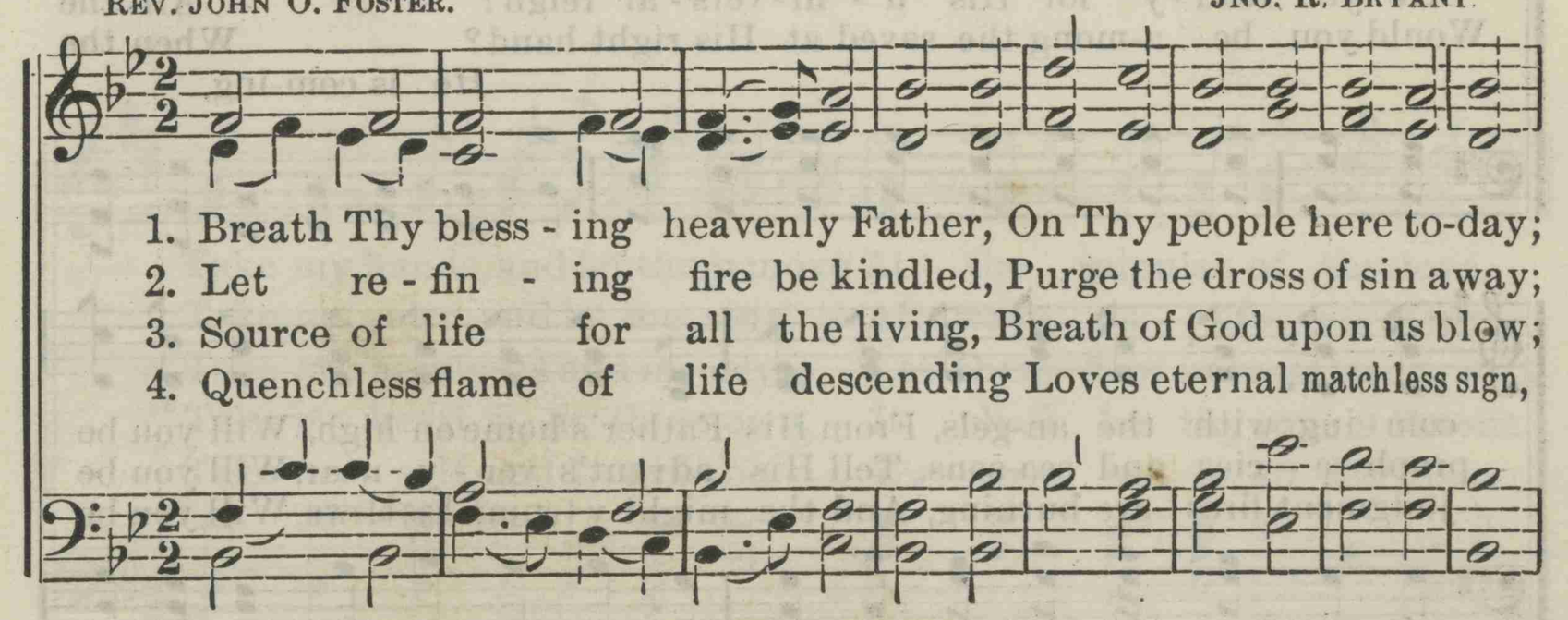
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MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

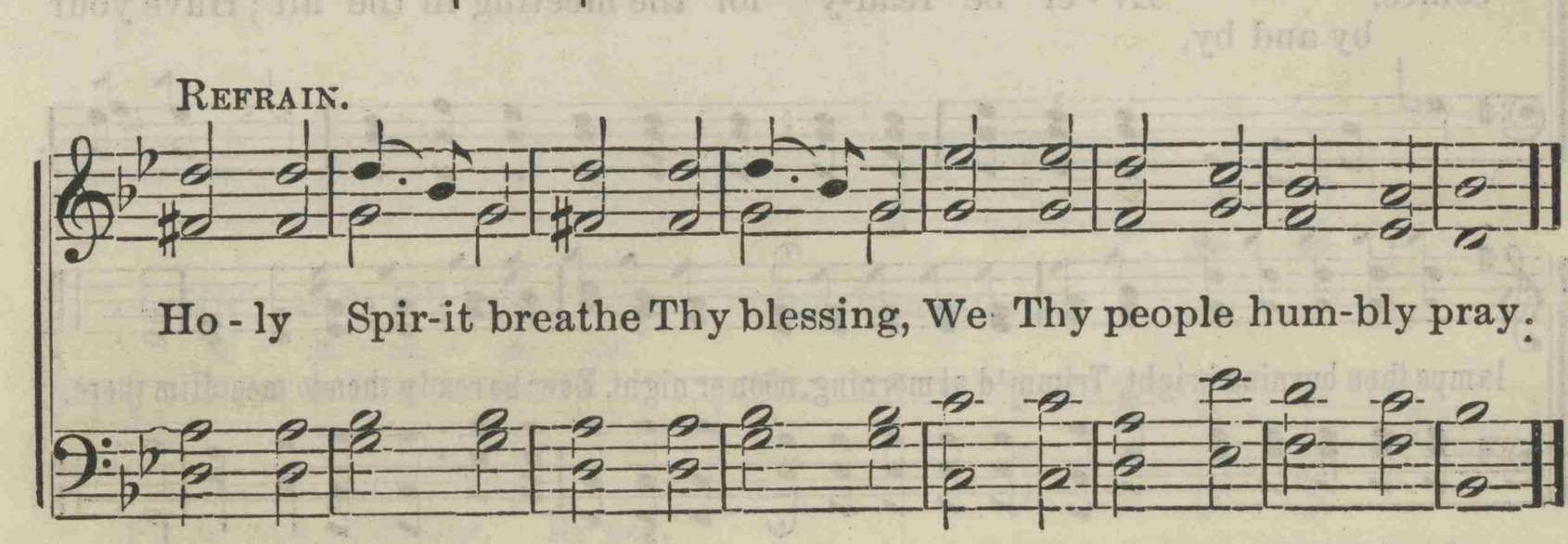


No. 128. BREATHE THY BLESSING.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER. JNO. R. BRYANT.



REFRAIN.



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No. 129. WILL YOU BE READY?

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN. C. STOREY.

1. Are you read - y for the Saviour? He is com-ing by and by,
2. Are you read - y for the Saviour, Should He sud-den - ly ap - pear?
3. Are you read - y for the Saviour, Should He come to take His own?

Are you read - y for the meet-ing in the air? He is
Are you read - y for His u - ni - vers - al reign? All the
Would you be a-mong the saved at His right hand? When the
He is com-ing,

com - ing with the an-gels, From His Father's home on high, Will you be
proph - e - cies and sea-sons, Tell His advent's ver - y near, Will you be
judgment fires are burning, And the might-y trump has blown, Will you be

CHORUS.

read-y then to meet Him there?
read-y when He comes a - gain?
read-y with the blest to stand?
} Ever be read-y then to meet Him when He comes, Ev - er be read-y for the meeting in the air; Have your lamps then burning bright, Trimm'd at morning, noon or night, Ever be ready then to meet Him there.
by and by,

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No. 130. ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL. Music by W. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messages from thee;
4. Take my will, and make it thine, It shall be no long-er mine;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treasure store;

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy - al throne.
Take my self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

CHORUS.

{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, Cleanse me in its pur - i - fy - ing flood; } Lord, I give to thee my life and all, to be Thine, henceforth e - ter - nal - ly.

From "Ark of Praise." By per.

No. 131. THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

COM. B. B. COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH.

DUET.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me;
3. The scorn of my foes may be daring, For they bowed and mocked my God;
4. The light of His love shines the brighter, As it falls on paths of woe;
5. His will I have joy in ful-fill - ing As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup which I drink not more bitter Than He drank in Gethsemane.
They'll hate me for holy liv - ing, For they cru-ci - fied my Lord.
The toil of my work grows lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm can not hide His blessed face:
I am sat-is-fied to know that with Jesus here below, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

than His grace,
blessed face:
conquer ev'ry foe, ev'ry foe.

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No. 132. HEART ECHOES.

Miss Carrie Butcher. Charlie D. Tillman.

1. I'm the child of a King, And with rap - ture I sing, Not a
(Gal. 4 : 5–7.) (Is. 12 : 5.)
2. True there once was a time, When no an - swer - ing chime, Sweetly

care can my com - fort de - stroy— O, I'm glad all the day,
(1 Peter 5 : 7.) (Ps. 16 : 8, 9.)
trilled to the dis - cord with - out, But since Je - sus came in,
(Rev. 3 : 20.)

And I shout on my way, While my heart's brimming o-ver with joy.
(Is. 12 : 6.) (Ps. 16 : 11.)
Now He qui - ets the din, He a - lone brought these wonders about.
(John 16 : 33.)

CHORUS.

When He reigns in the heart, Ev'ry grief must depart, Where He dwells, not a shadow is found;

If for Him, you make room, He will banish the gloom, Spreading gladness and sunshine arou..

3 If we let Him abide, (Ps. 32 : 8.)
O how smoothly we glide; (Is. 32 : 17.)
Now, safe anchored, no tempest can move,
What though riches take wing,
He extracts every sting,
And His banner around us is love. (Cant. 2 : 4.)

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4 Thus we speed on our ways,
Clad in garments of praise. (Is. 61 : 3.)
With our Lord's gospel sandals we're shod—
(Eph. 6 : 15.)
In His might, O, how strong, (Prov. 18:10.)
We can never go wrong,
While abiding, and hiding in God. (John 15:10.)

No. 133. UNDER THE BLOOD.

D. C. CANON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Have you on Christ, God's Son believed? Are your sins all un-der the blood?
2. "I will re-mem-ber them no more," Are your sins all un-der the blood?
3. I trust-ed, and the work was done, All my sins are un-der the blood!

His spir-it have you yet received, Are your sins all un-der the blood?
'Twas God who spake—His word is sure, Are your sins all un-der the blood?
By faith I live in God's own Son, All my sins are un-der the blood!

He died on Calv'ry's rug-ged tree, That "who-so-ev-er"—that means
Those nail-pierced hands, that riven side A cleansing fount has o-pened
Sweet joy and peace now fill my soul, The pre-cious blood does o'er it
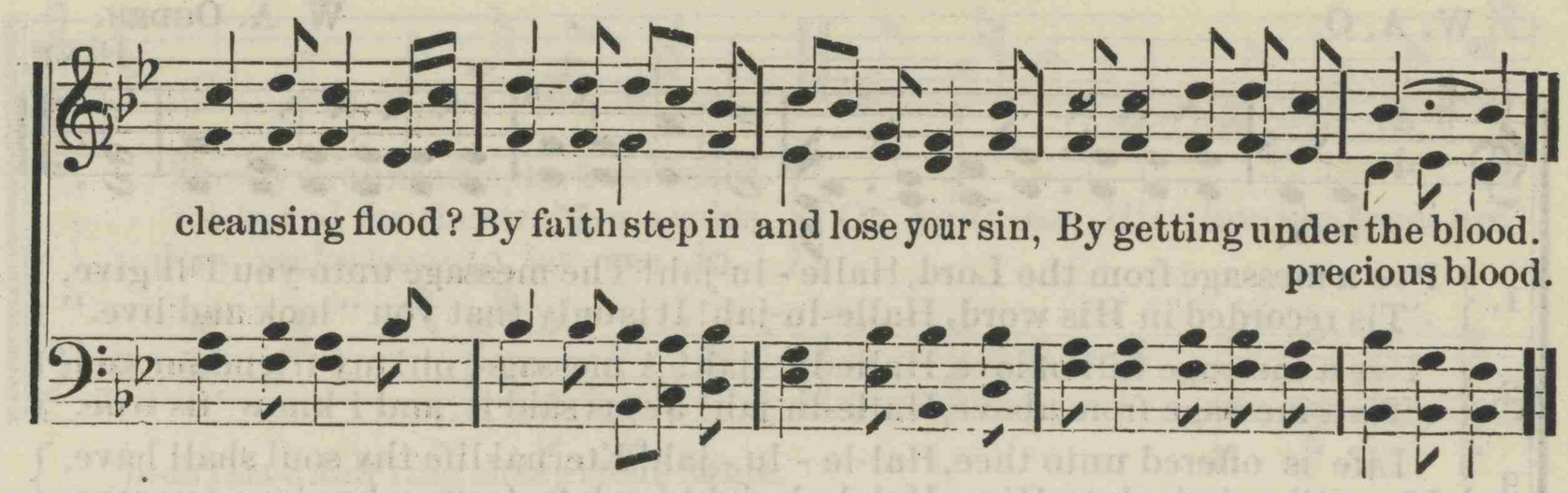
me!—Might from the curse of sin go free By getting under the blood.
wide And all our sins we now may hide By getting under the blood.
roll For I in Him have been made whole By getting under the blood.

CHORUS.

Are your sins all un-der the pre-cious blood? Has your soul been washed in the

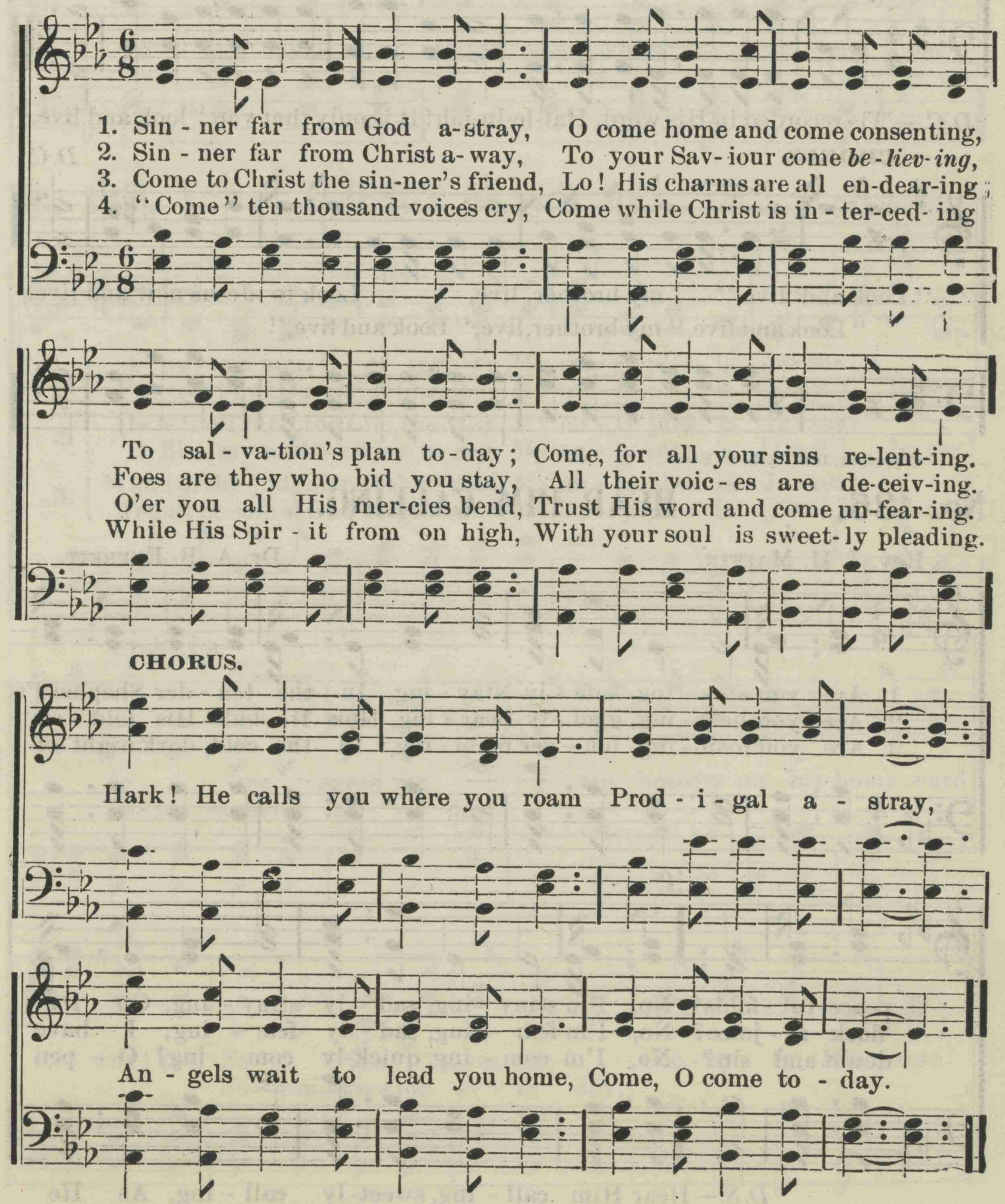
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UNDER THE BLOOD.



No. 134. COME TO-DAY.

Rev. W. P. Rivers. Jno. R. Bryant.
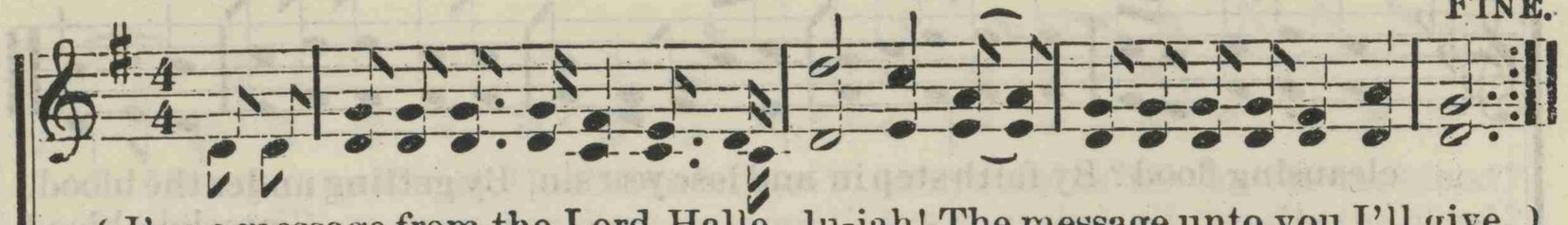


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No. 135. LOOK AND LIVE.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

FINE.
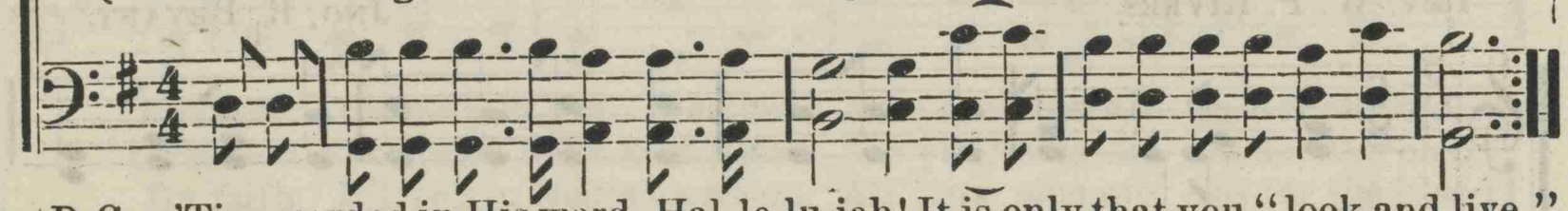


1. I've a message from the Lord, Halle - lu-jah! The message unto you I'll give,
   'Tis recorded in His word, Halle-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live."

2. I've a message full of love, Halle-lu - jah! A message, oh! my friend for you,
   'Tis a message from above, Halle-lu jah! Jesus said it; and I know 'tis true.

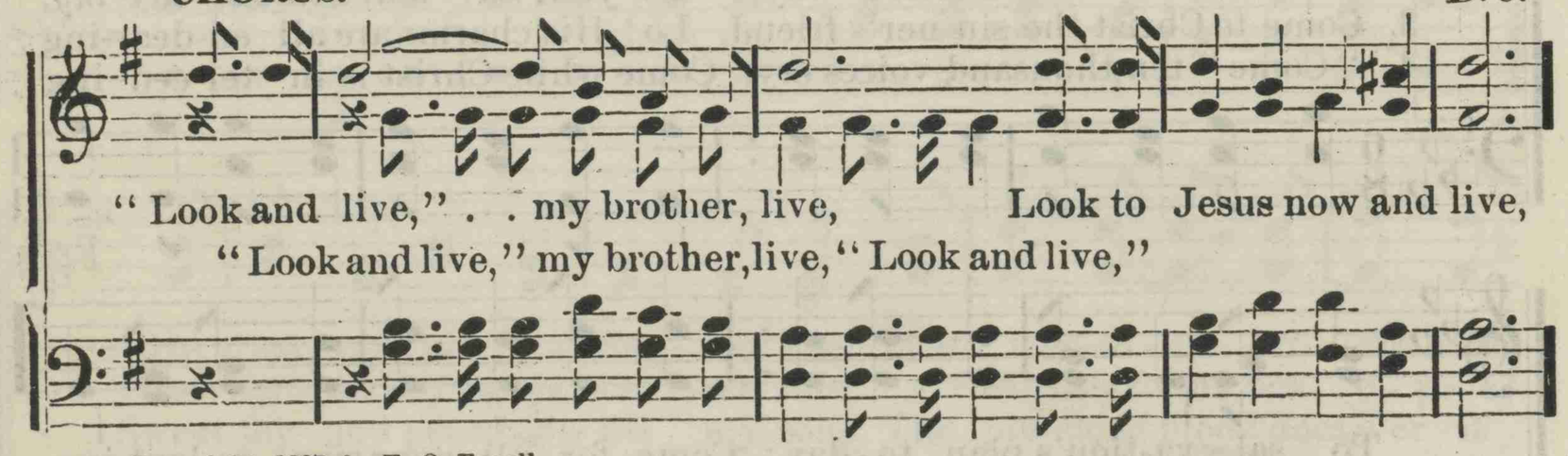
3. Life is offered unto thee, Hal-le - lu - jah! Eternal life thy soul shall have,
   If you'll only look to Him, Hal- le-lu-jah! Look to Jesus, who alone can save.

4. I will tell you how I came; Hallelujah! To Jesus, when He made me whole;
   'Twas believing on His name, Halle-lu- jah! I trusted and He saved my soul.



D.C.—'Tis recorded in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live."

CHORUS. *D.C.*



"Look and live," . . my brother, live, Look to Jesus now and live,
"Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live,"

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No. 136. HEAR HIM CALLING.

Rev. J. H. Martin. Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing, In the ten - der Shepherd's
2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing, How He bids His fold - ed
3. Are you roam - ing, lon - ger roam - ing, In the cold, dark night of
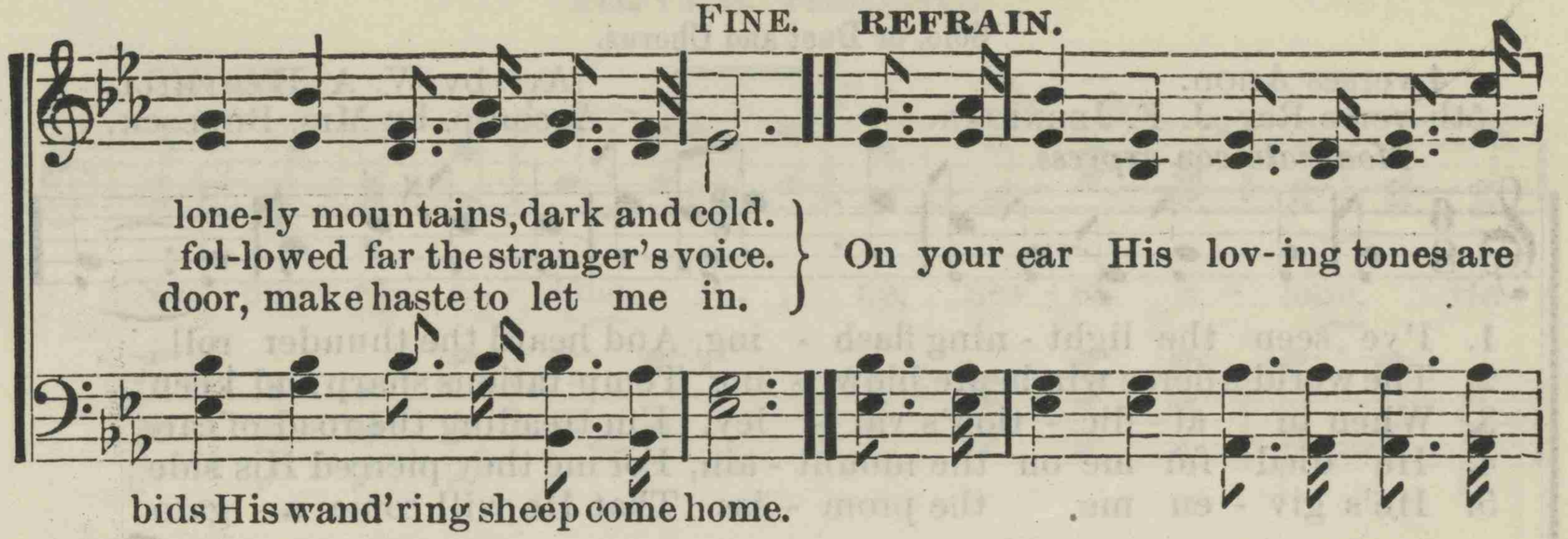
peace-ful folds? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing, On the
flock re - joice? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing, I have
doubt and sin? No, I'm com - ing, quick-ly com - ing! O - pen

D.S.—Hear Him call - ing, sweet-ly call - ing, As He

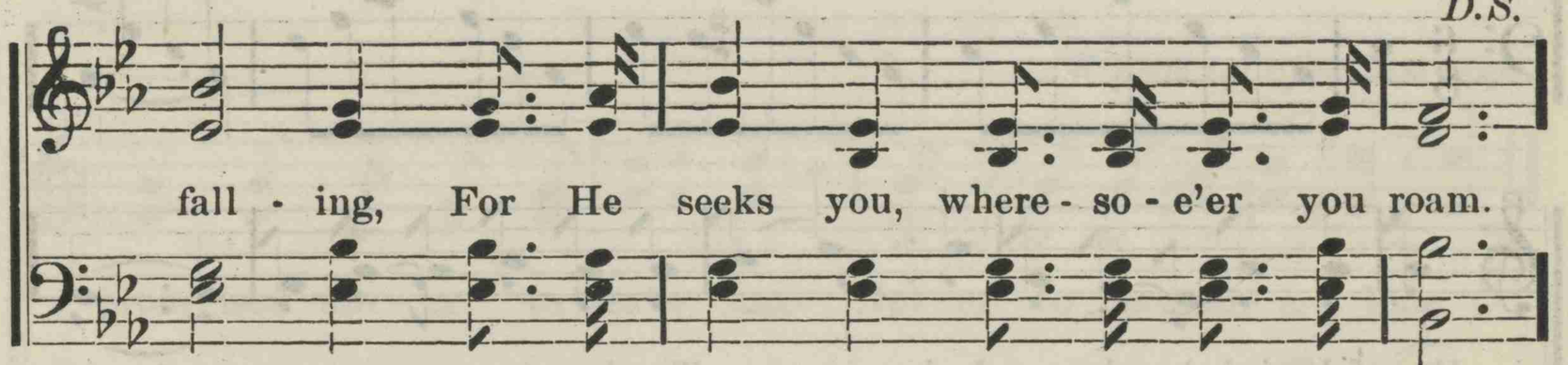
By per. R. M. McIntosh Co.

HEAR HIM CALLING.

FINE. REFRAIN.
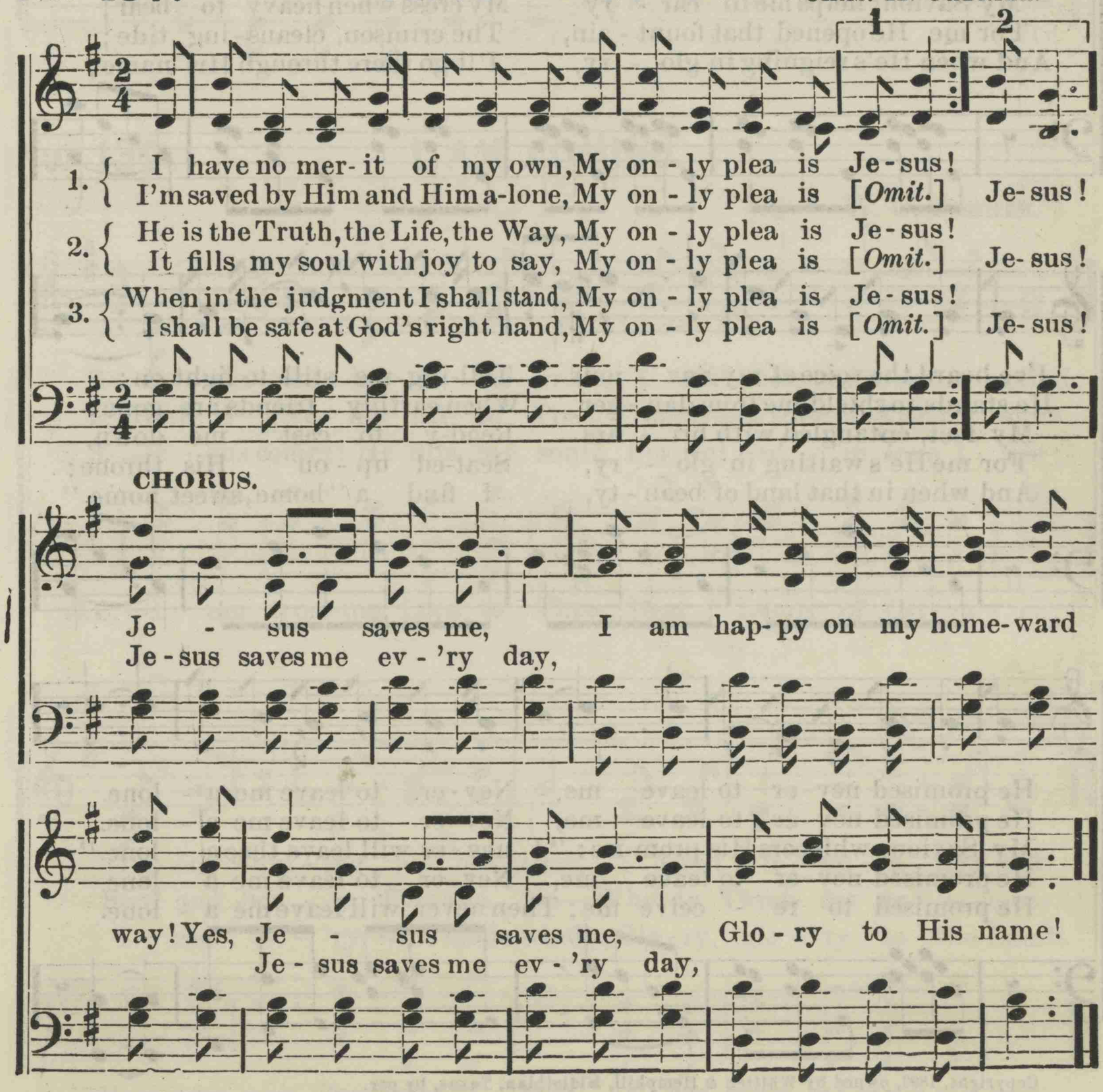


D.S.



No. 137. JESUS SAVES ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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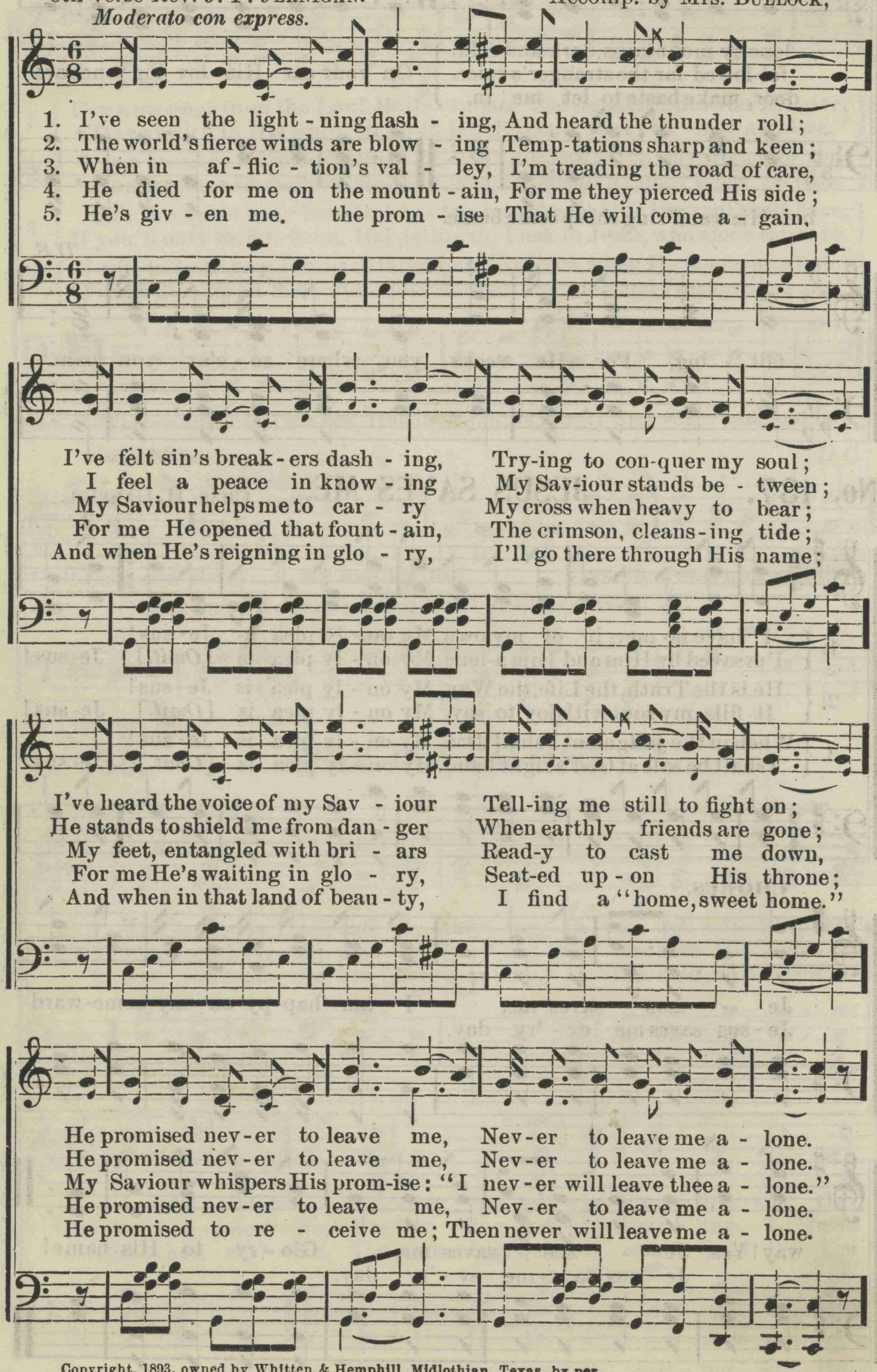
No. 138. NEVER ALONE.

Solo, or Duet and Chorus.

4 verses Anon.
5th verse Rev. J. F. JERNIGAN.

Arr. by W. A. HEMPHILL.
Accomp. by Mrs. BULLOCK,

Moderato con express.



1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thunder roll;
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Temp-tations sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm treading the road of care,
4. He died for me on the mount - ain, For me they pierced His side;
5. He's giv - en me. the prom - ise That He will come a - gain.
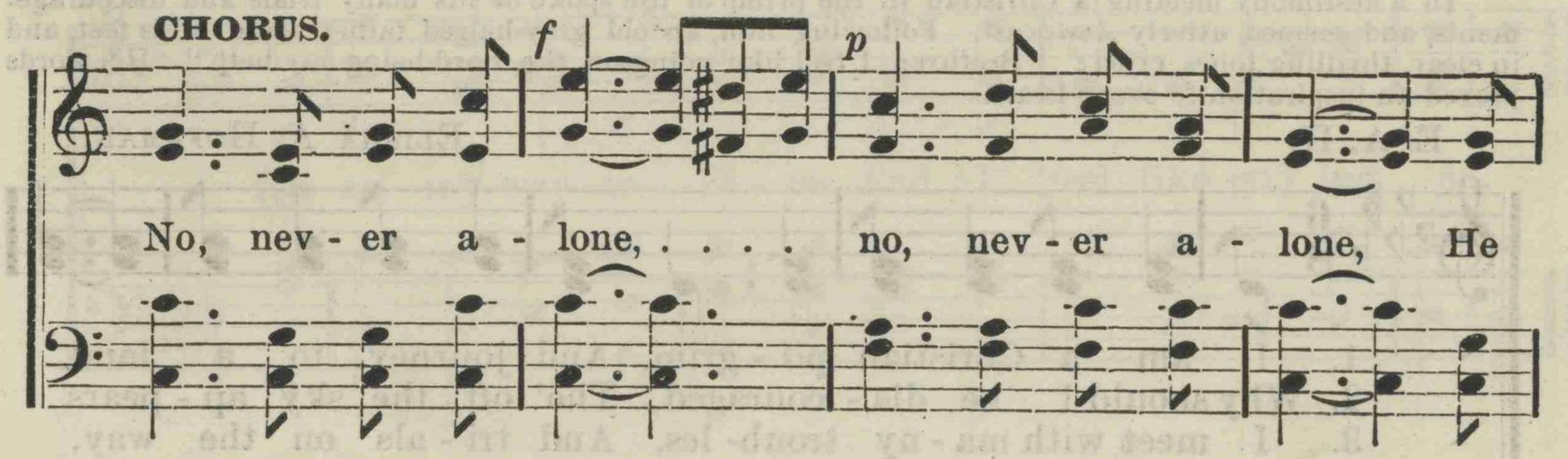
I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try-ing to con-quer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav-iour stands be - tween;
My Saviour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;
For me He opened that fount - ain, The crimson, cleans-ing tide;
And when He's reigning in glo - ry, I'll go there through His name;
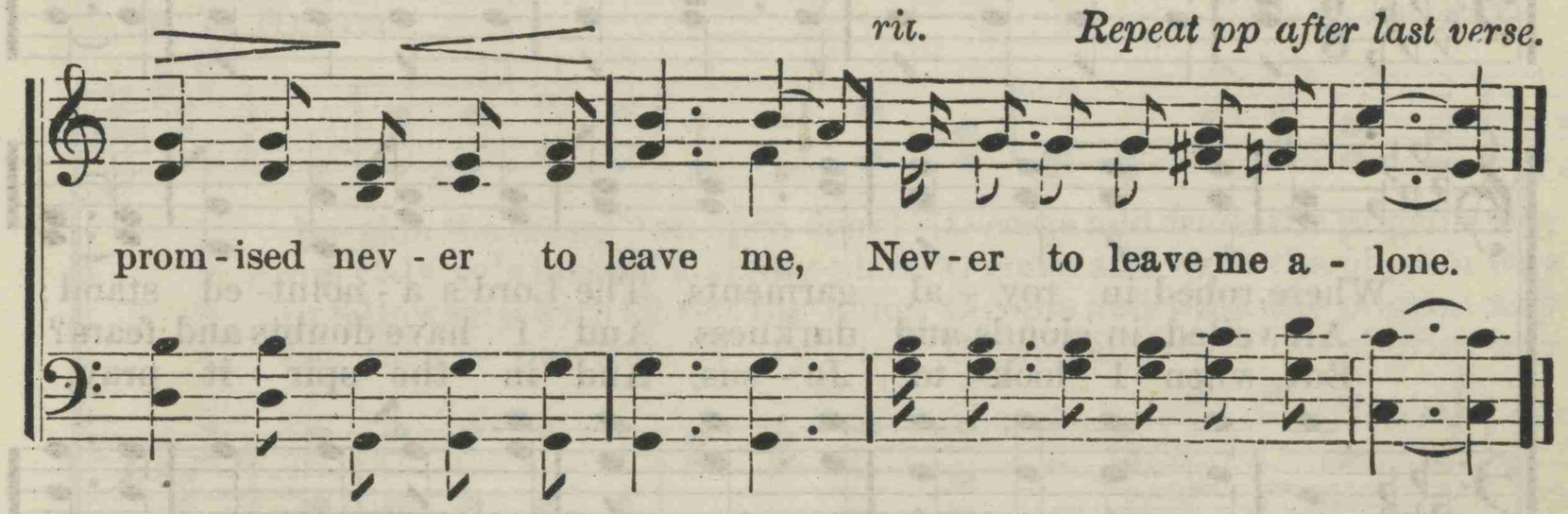
I've heard the voice of my Sav - iour Tell-ing me still to fight on;
He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earthly friends are gone;
My feet, entangled with bri - ars Read-y to cast me down,
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne;
And when in that land of beau - ty, I find a "home, sweet home."

He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
My Saviour whispers His prom-ise: "I nev - er will leave thee a - lone."
He promised nev - er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.
He promised to re - ceive me; Then never will leave me a - lone.

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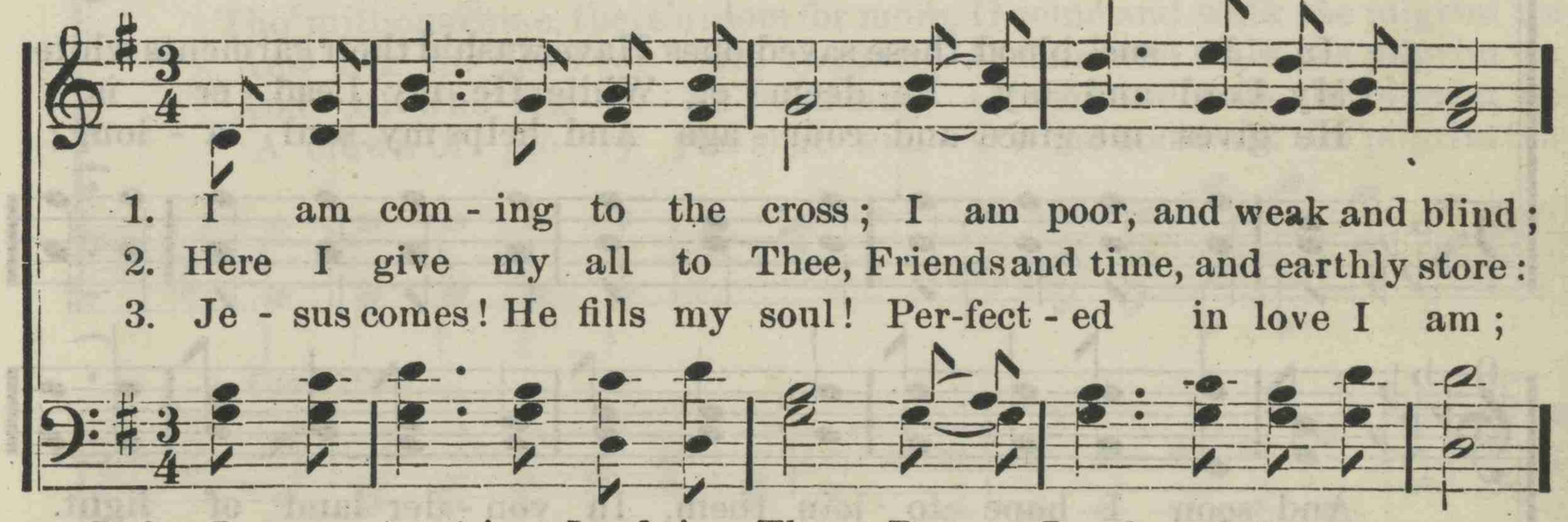
NEVER ALONE.

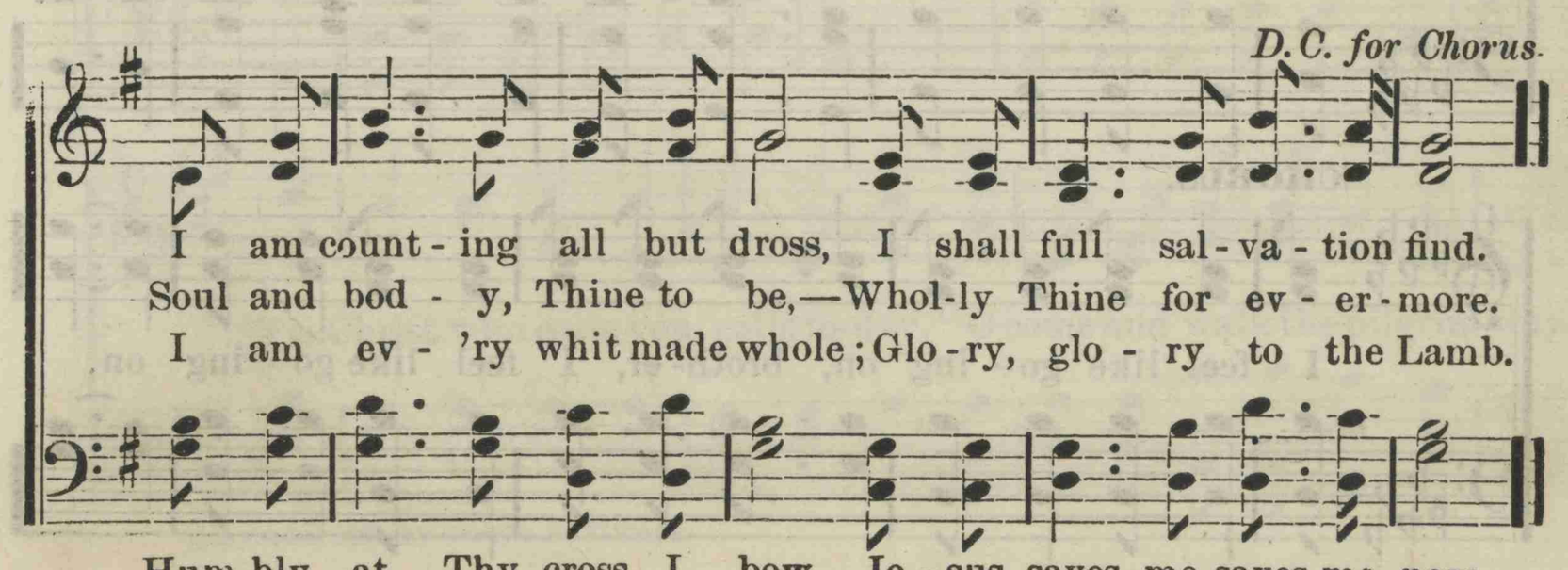




No. 139. I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.
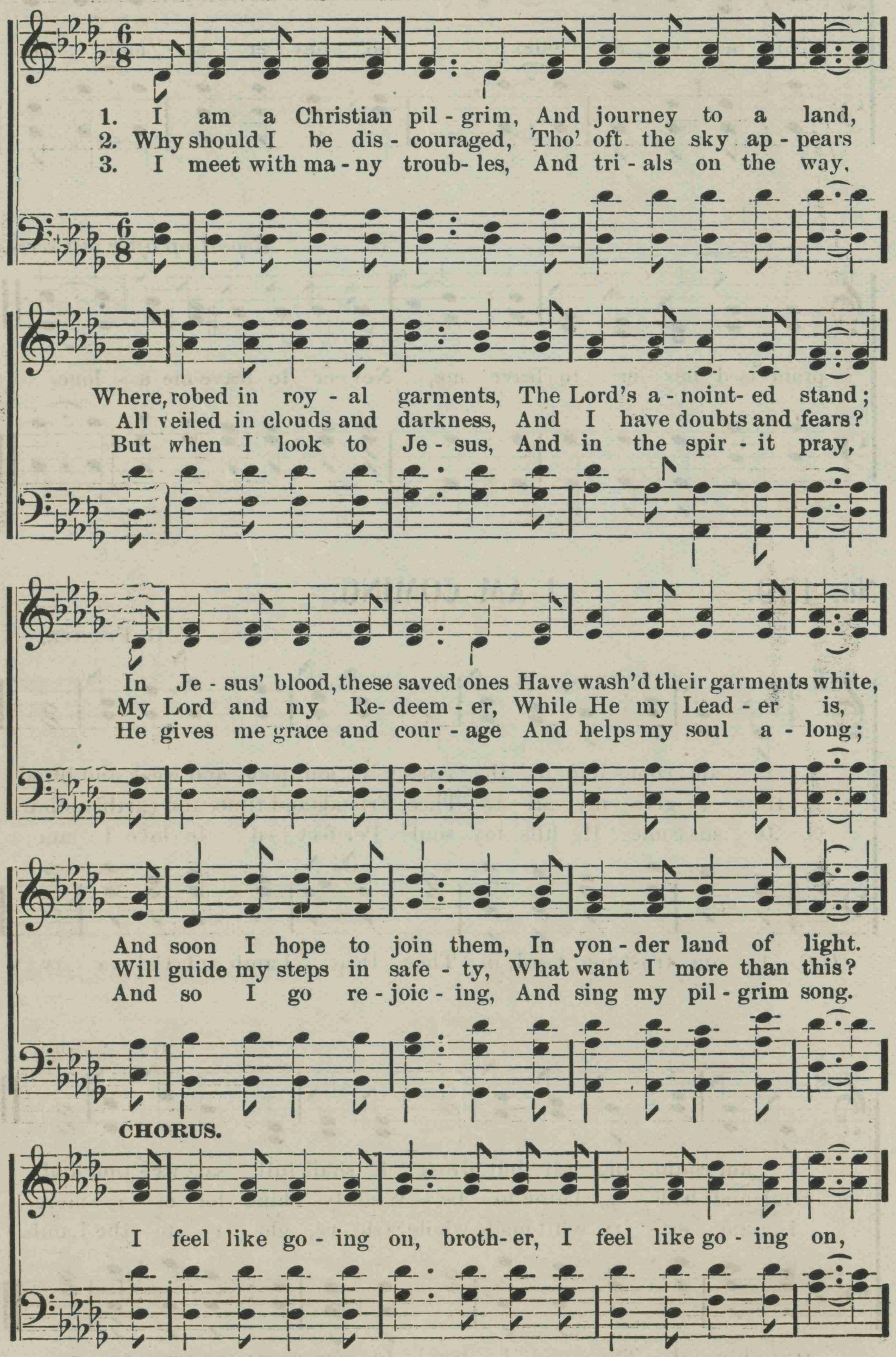




No. 140. I FEEL LIKE GOING ON.

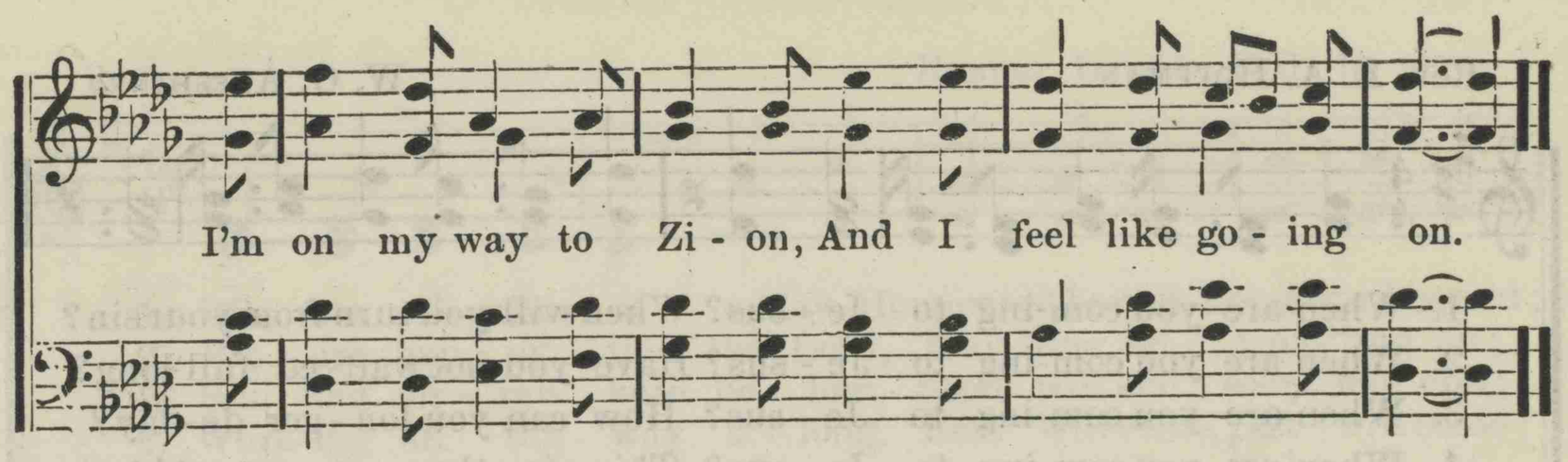
In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly downcast. Following him, an old grey-haired father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones, cried: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



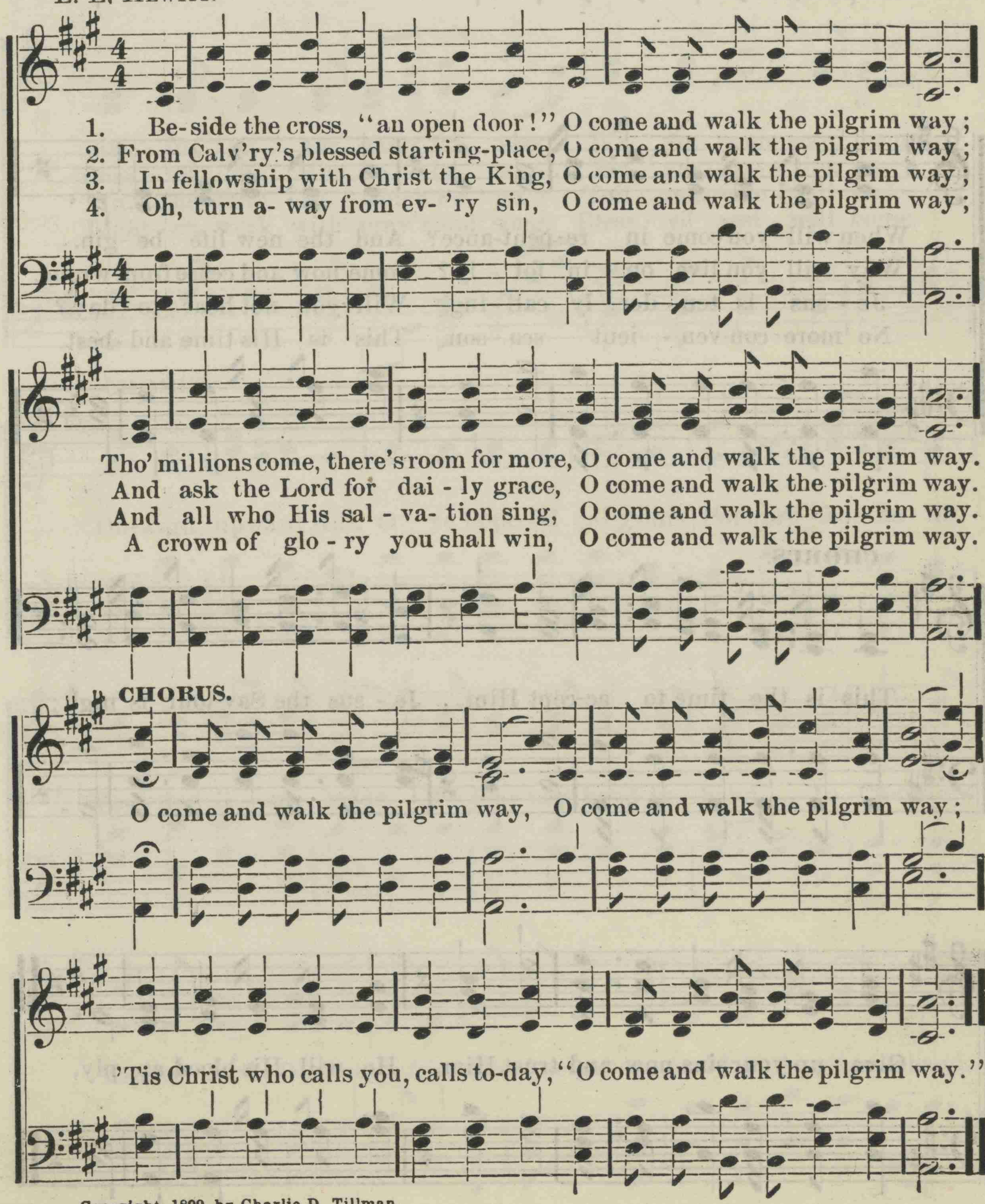
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I FEEL LIKE GOING ON.



No. 141. COME, WALK THE PILGRIM WAY.
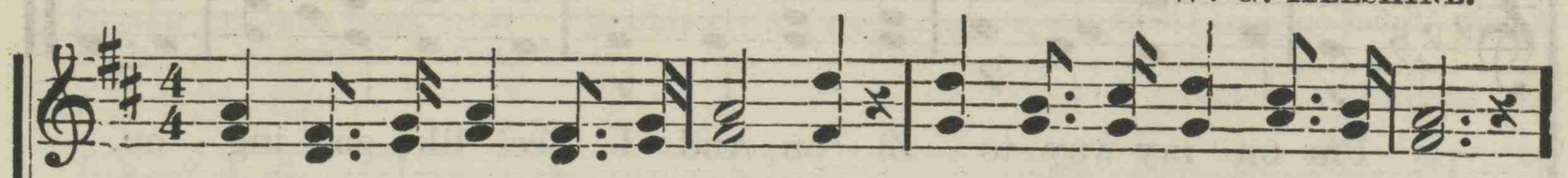
E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. BRYANT.
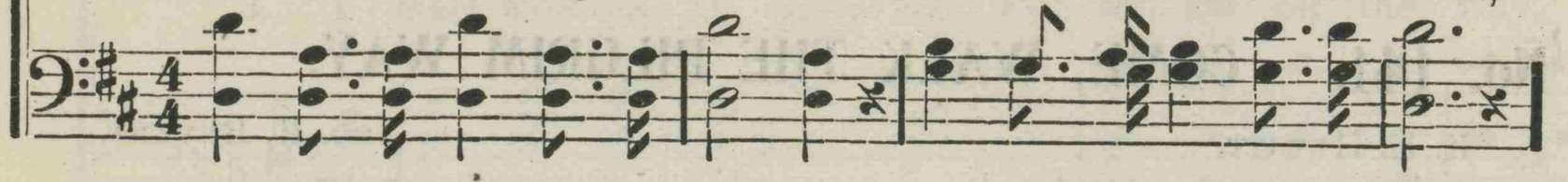


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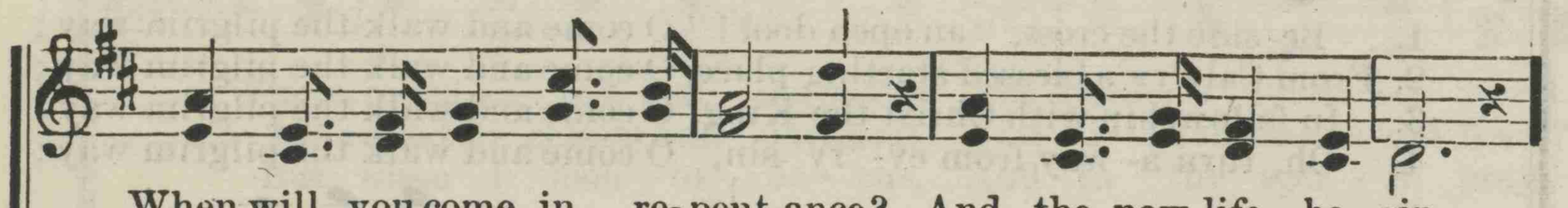
No. 142. WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO JESUS?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. G. ALESHINE.
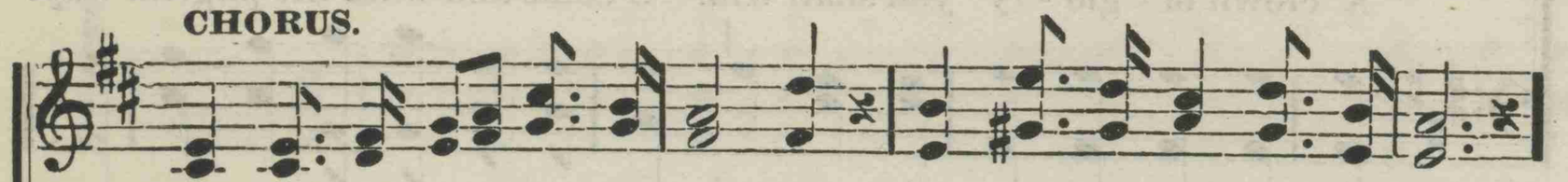


1. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? When will you turn from your sin?
2. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? Have you not wait- ed full long?
3. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? How can you lon - ger de - lay?
4. When are you com-ing to Je - sus? This is the moment most blest,
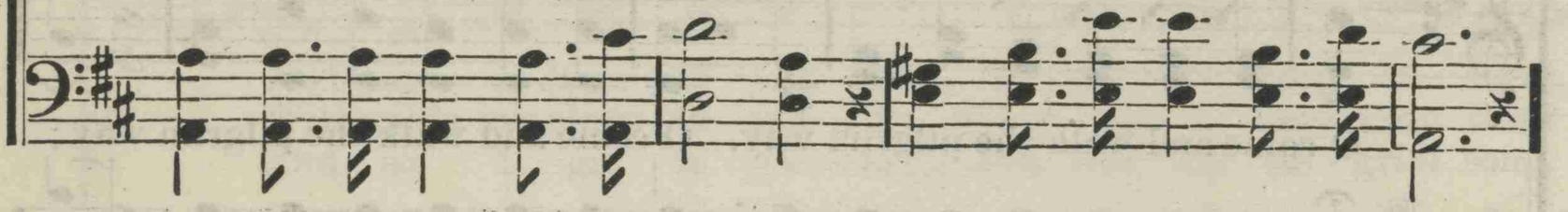




When will you come in re-pent-ance? And the new life be - gin.
Why will you live on in fol - ly? Come now and cease from wrong.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing Will you not hear to - day?
No more con-ven - ient sea - son This is His time and best.
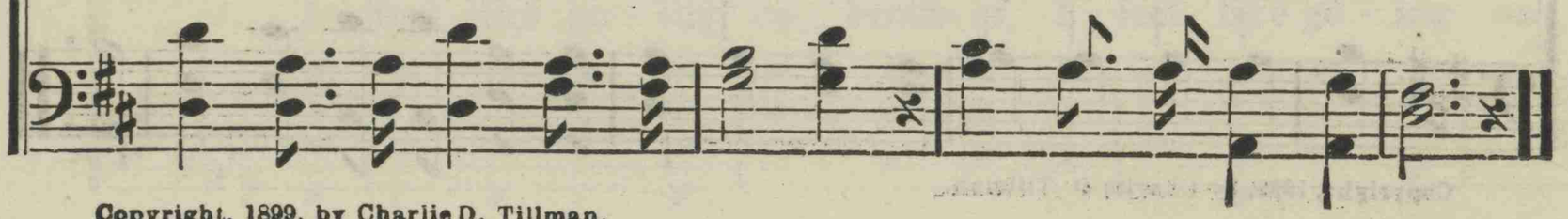
CHORUS.



This is the time to ac-cept Him, Je - sus the Sav-iour is nigh;



Give up your sins now and trust Him, He will His blood ap - ply.



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No. 143. WE ARE PILGRIMS OF A DAY.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY, D.D., by per.

1. We are pil- grims of a day, Homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. We are hap - py in the Lord, Trav-'ling on, trav-'ling on;
3. Sin and sor - row here be - low, Soon will end, soon will end;
4. Work-ing all the way a - long, Rest will come, rest will come;

Sing - ing on our cheer-ful way, We are home-ward bound.
Trust - ing in His ho - ly word, We are trav - 'ling on.
In the land to which we go, Toil and care will end.
Light - en work with pray'r and song, Bless - ed rest will come.

CHORUS.

On-ward, upward still, O ye hope-ful pil-grims; Forward, fear no ill,
Yon - der is our home; We jour-ney, hand in hand, To Ca-naan's
hap-py land; O come, ye friends and neighbors, And join the pilgrim band.

Copyright, 1889, by Robert Lowry.

No. 144. BE NOT AFRAID.

Rev. Alfred J. Hough. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a - way;
2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
3. Thro' changing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,

He holds the storm-y winds that blow, And moulds the golden day.
And lights a-long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face:
And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bo - som hides.

The dark-est night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,
But sweet-ly whis-pers while His hands Up - on His own are laid,—
On nois - y street, in still re-treat, Thro' vales of deep-est shade,

He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - fraid."
"Lo! at thy side thy Fa-ther stands My child, be not a - fraid."
That voice is heard with ac-cents sweet, "My child, be not a - fraid."

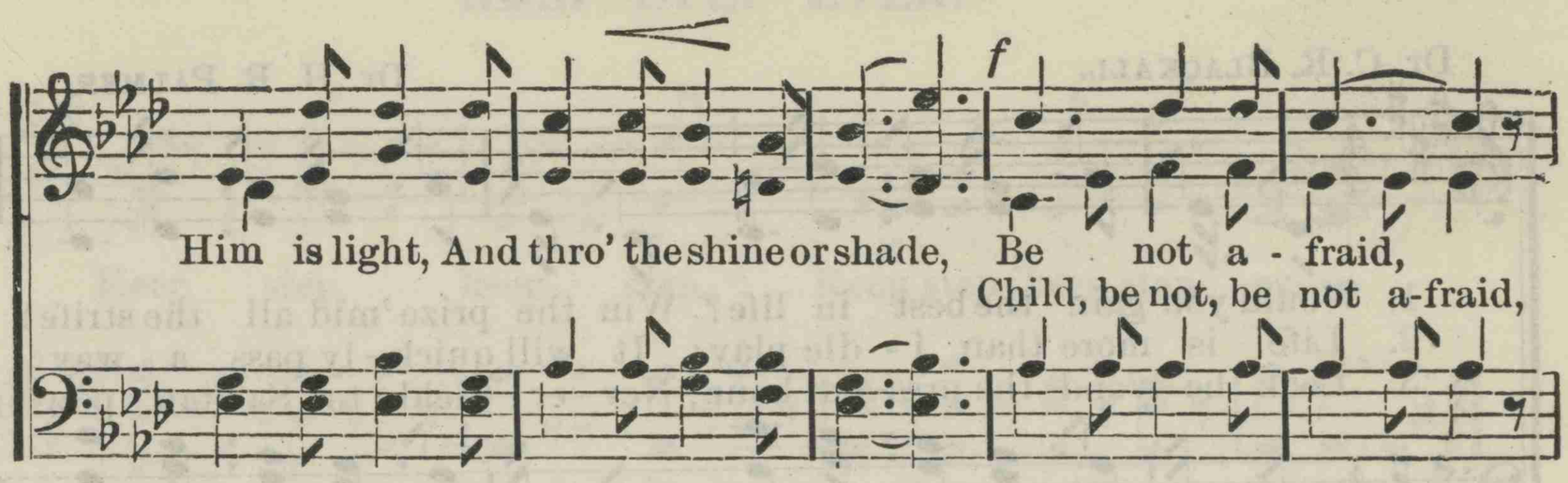
CHORUS.
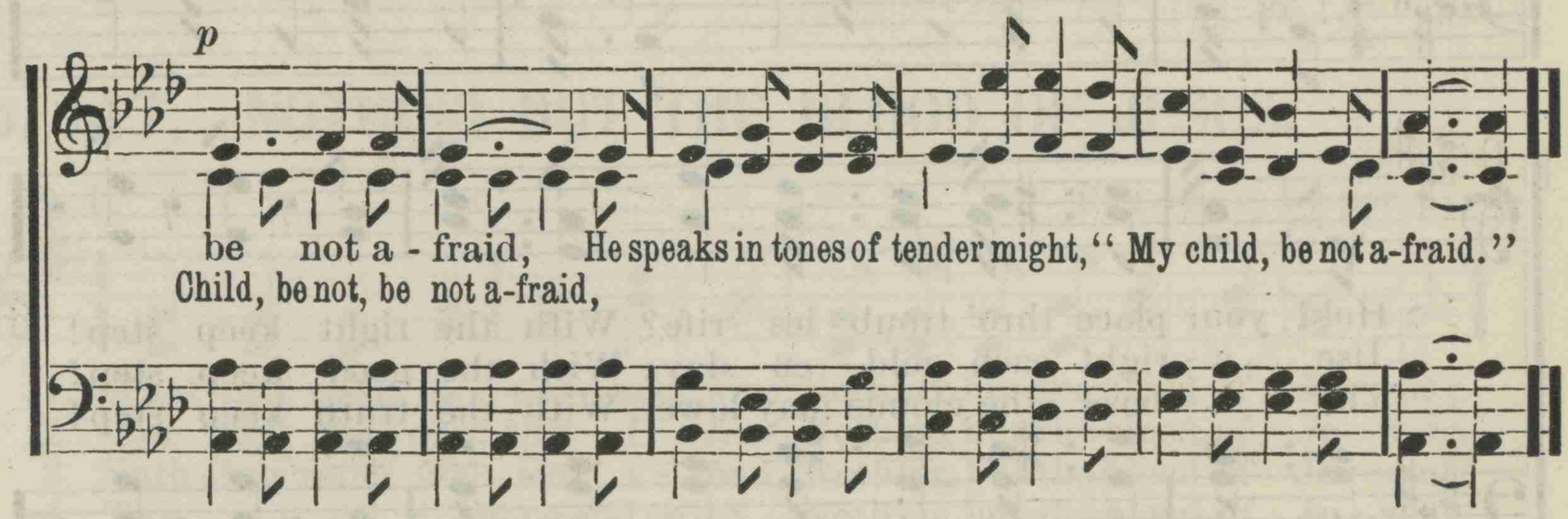
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Be not a - fraid, be not a - fraid, The dark-est night to
Child, be not, be not afraid, Child, be not, be not afraid,

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BE NOT AFRAID.

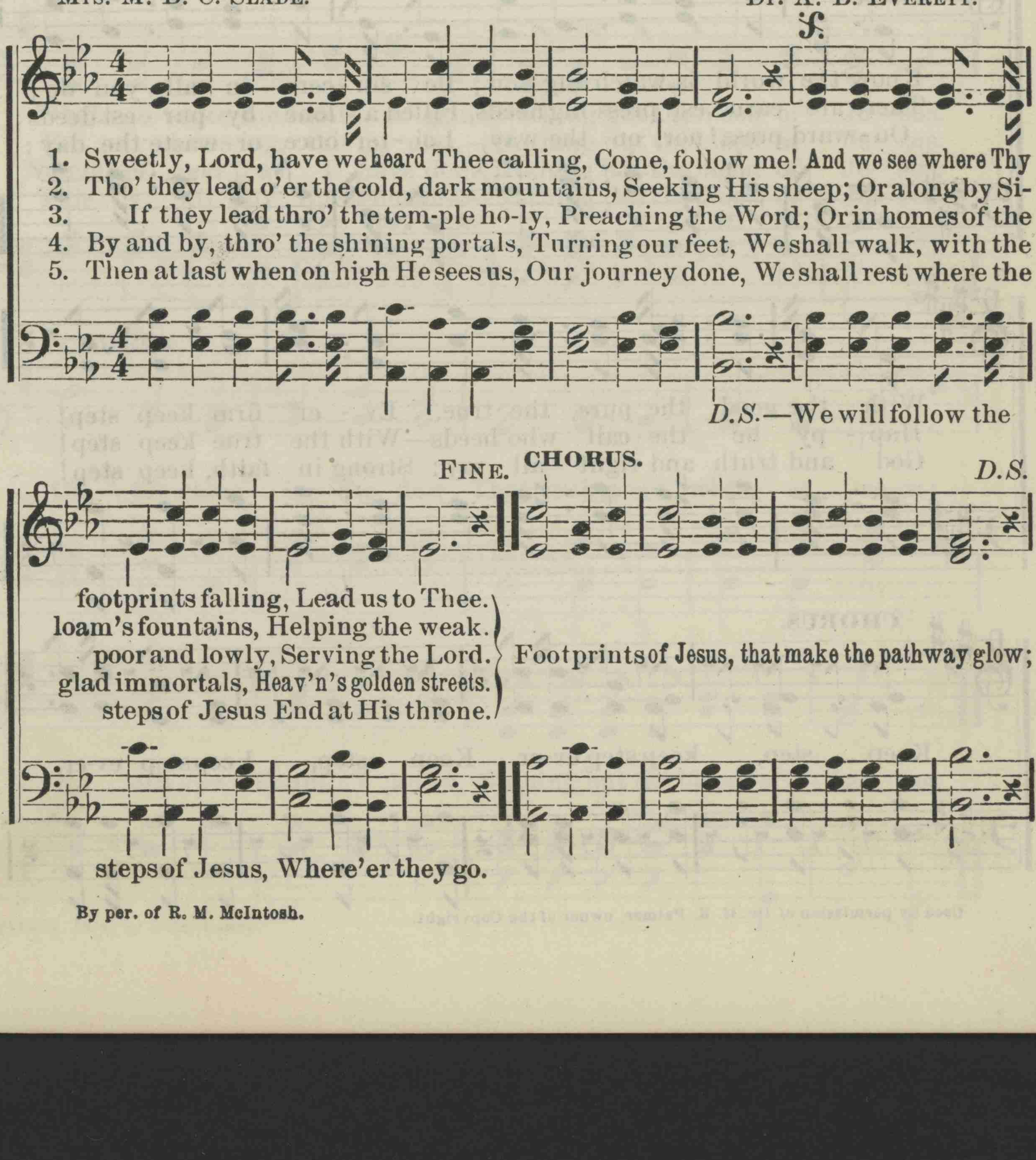




No. 145. FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps."—1 Peter 2 : 21.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. Dr. A. B. Everett.



By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

No. 146. KEEP STEP EVER.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quick - ly pass a - way;
3. Look be - yond the pres- ent hour; Nev - er yield to Sa - tan's pow'r;

Hold your place thro' troub - les rife? With the right keep step!
Use a - right each gold - en day; With the good keep step!
Tho' a - bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step!

Know the world is watch-ing you; Be sin - cere in all you do;
There are earn - est press-ing needs, Filled a - lone by pur - est deeds;
On - ward press! nor, on the way, Loi - ter once or waste the day:

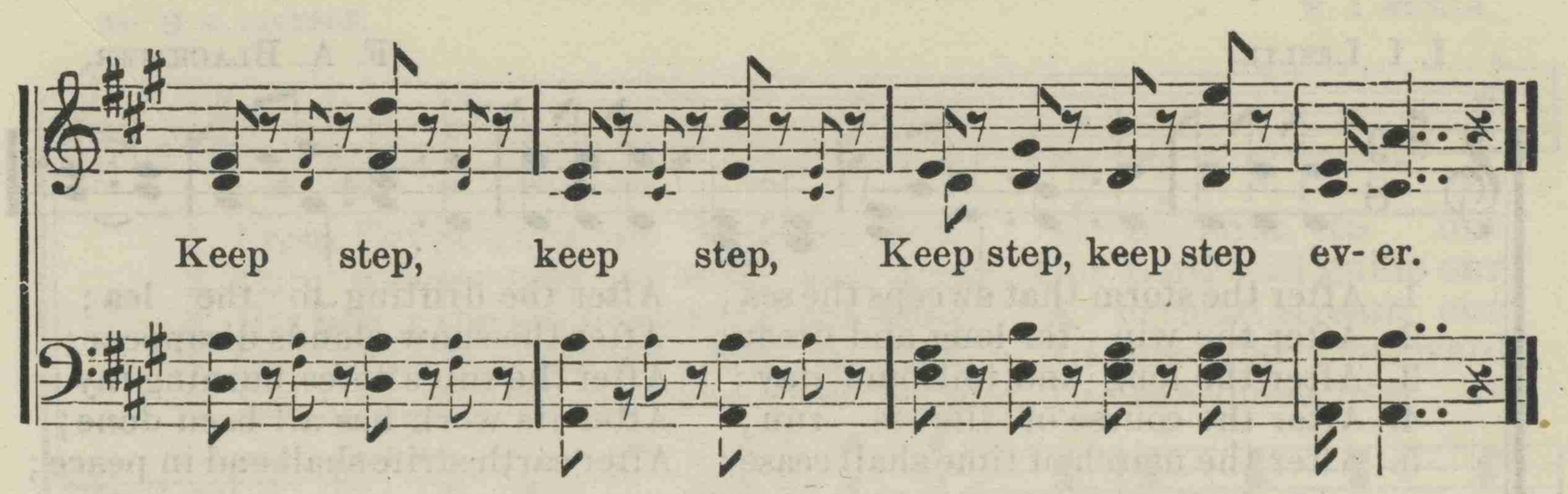
With the good, the pure, the true, Ev - er firm keep step!
Hap - py he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!
God and truth and right all say: Strong in faith, keep step!

CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev-er, Keep step, keep step ev-er,

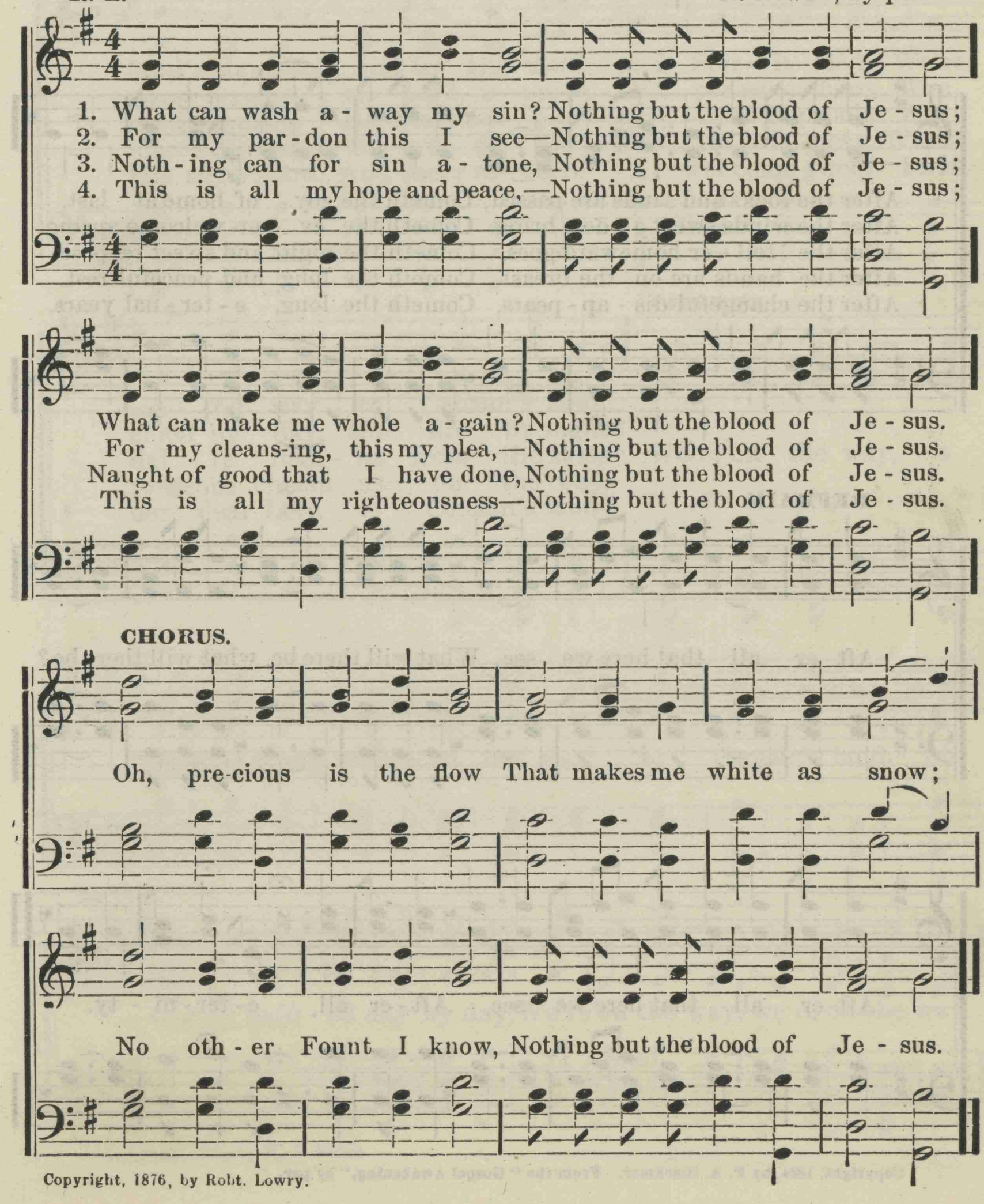
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KEEP STEP EVER.



No. 147. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L. R. LOWRY, by per.



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No. 146. KEEP STEP EVER.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quick - ly pass a - way;
3. Look be - yond the pres- ent hour; Nev - er yield to Sa - tan's pow'r;

Hold your place thro' troub - les rife? With the right keep step!
Use a - right each gold - en day; With the good keep step!
Tho' a - bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step!

Know the world is watch-ing you; Be sin - cere in all you do;
There are earn - est press-ing needs, Filled a - lone by pur - est deeds;
On - ward press! nor, on the way, Loi - ter once or waste the day:
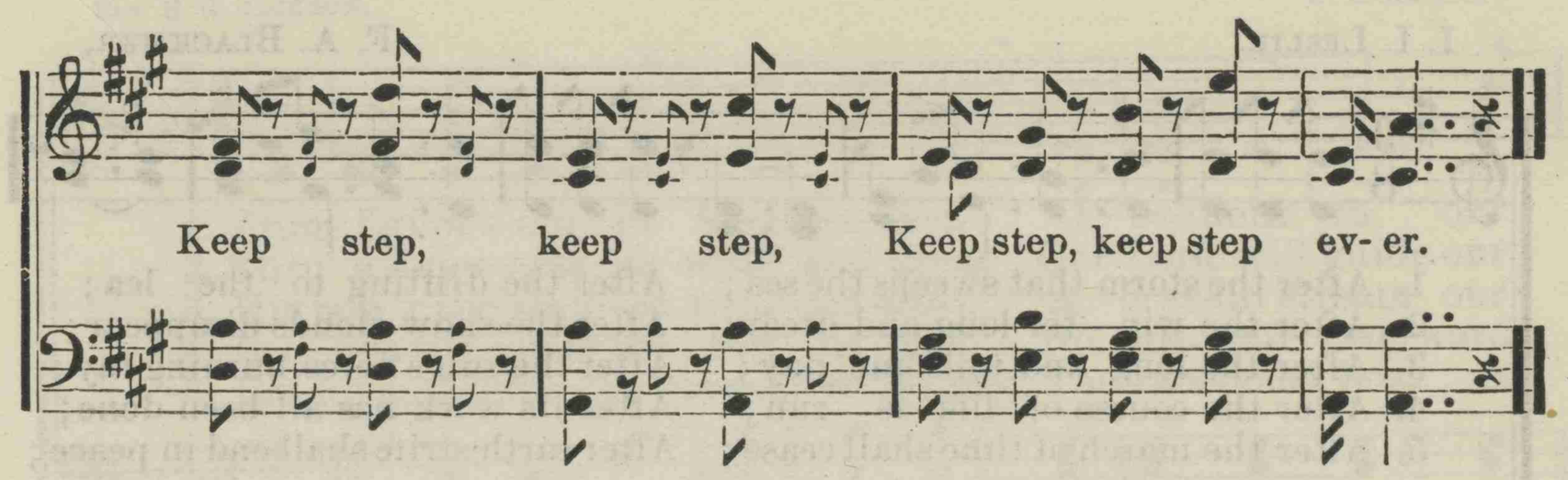
With the good, the pure, the true, Ev - er firm keep step!
Hap - py he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!
God and truth and right all say: Strong in faith, keep step!

CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev-er, Keep step, keep step ev-er,

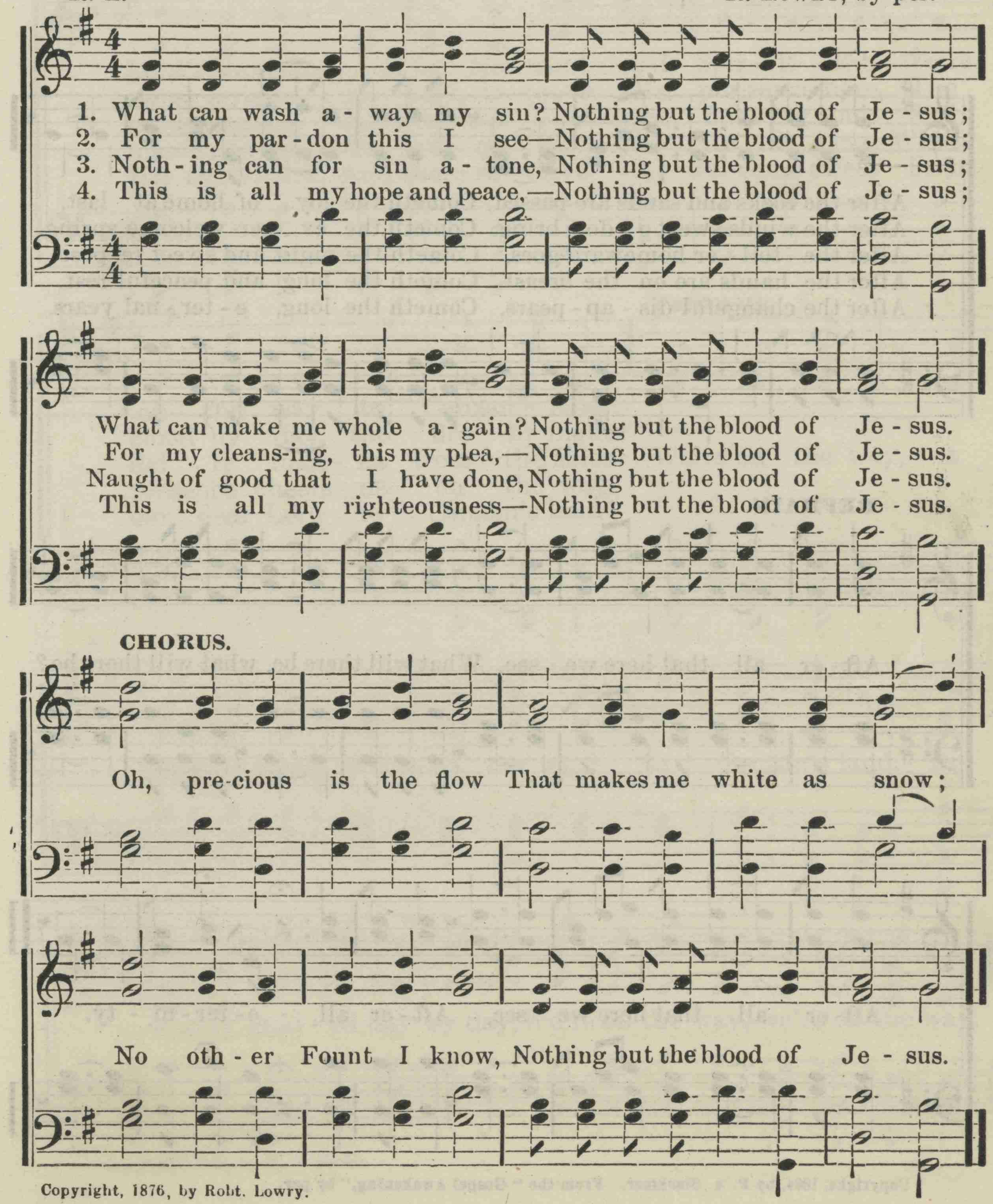
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KEEP STEP EVER.



No. 147. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.
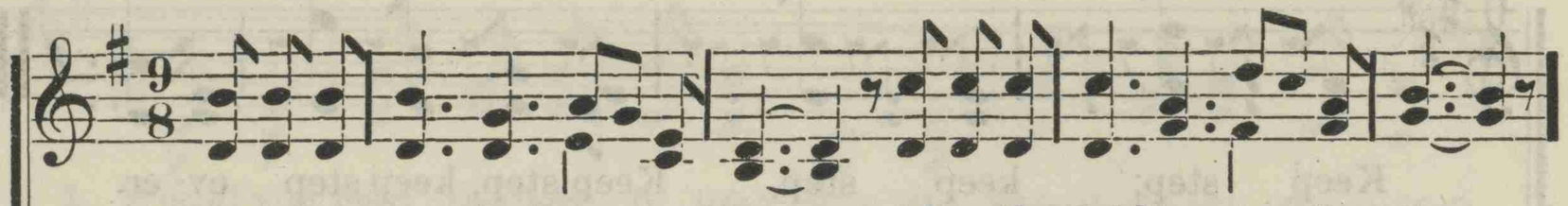
R. L. R. LOWRY, by per.
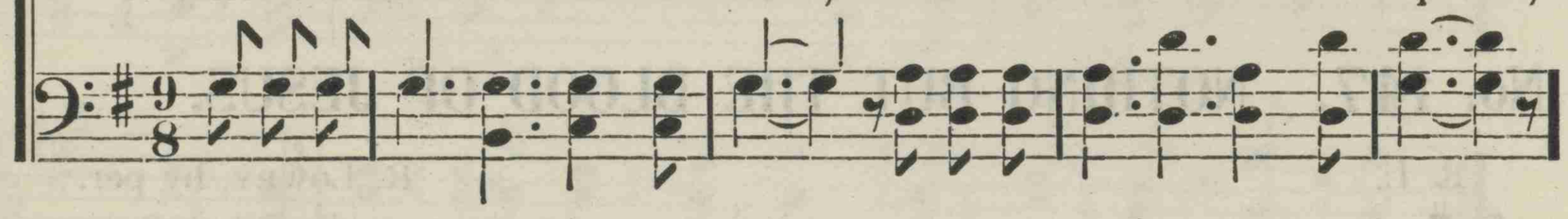


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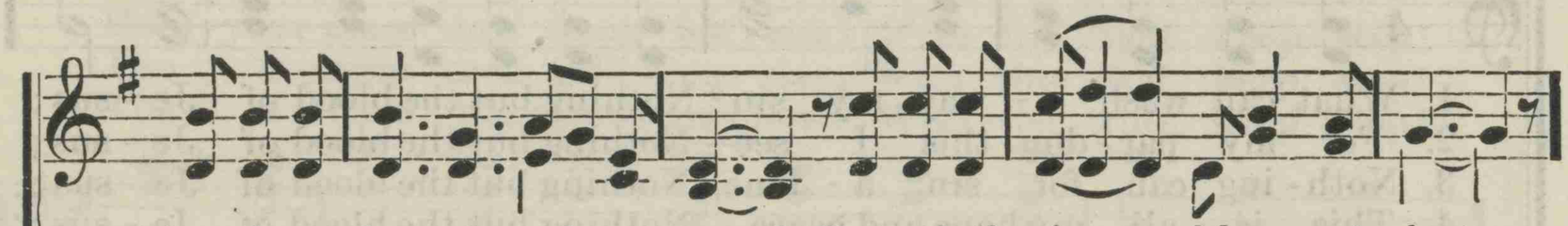
No. 148. AFTER.

I. I. LESLIE. F. A. BLACKMER.

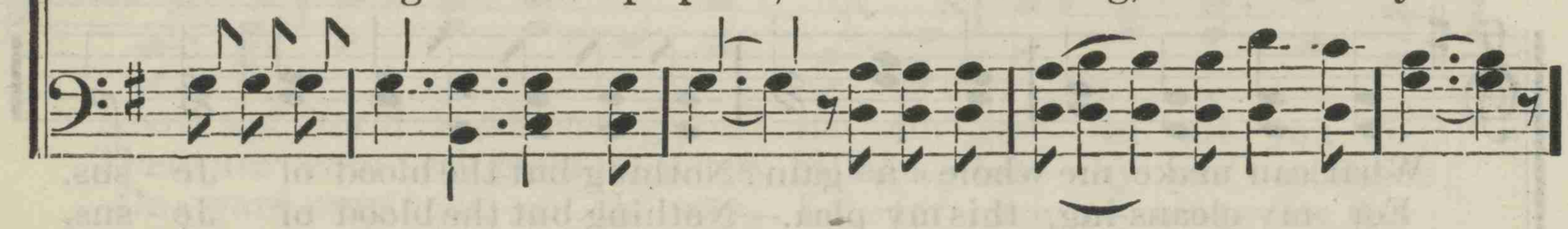


1. After the storm that sweeps the sea; After the drifting to the lea;
2. After the win - ter long and drear; After the snow-clouds disappear;
3. After the long and toilsome day; After the sun's fierce, burning ray;
4. After the course of life is run; After its work has all been done;
5. After the march of time shall cease; After earth-strife shall end in peace;
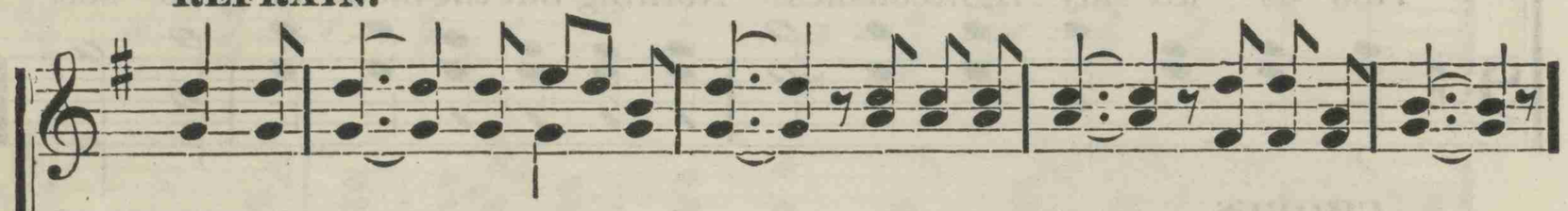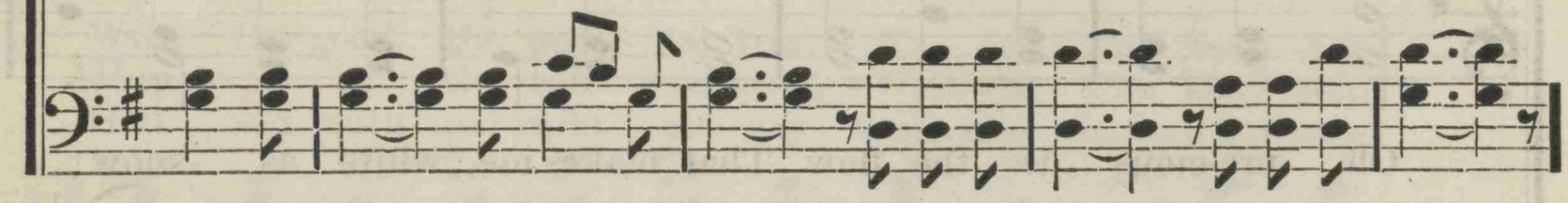




After the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
After the winds sweet o - dors bring, Cometh the ev - er- welcome spring.
After the toil - er homeward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re- pose.
After the hands are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
After the changeful dis - ap - pears, Cometh the long, e - ter - nal years.



REFRAIN.



Aft - er all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be?



Aft- er all that here we see, Aft - er all, e - ter - ni - ty.

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. Blackmer. From the "Gospel Awakening," by per.

No. 149. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.

1. From Egypt's cru - el bondage fled, O - be-dient to our
2. Thro' wil-der-ness - es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit-ten rock con-trols, A crys-tal stream our
4. In hos-tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on-ward
5. Ere long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ransomed host at

Lord's command, And by His word and Spir - it led, We're
steps a-right; Be - hold, to prove His pre-sence here, The
need supplies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint-ing souls With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose
His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel-come sweet From

CHORUS

on the way to Canaan's land!
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies! We're on the way, a
presence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Canaan's land!

pil-grim band, We're on the way to Canaan's land, Di-

vine-ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

Copyright, 1889, by W. S. Nickle.

No. 150. THE SPIRIT IS CALLING.

L. E. JONES. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN,

1. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not de-lay, But turn, quickly turn from the
2. The Spir-it is call-ing, in ten-der - est voice, Oh, hasten to-day and your
3. The Spir-it is call-ing, oh, do not say no, Escape from a service that's

danger-fraught way; There's safety nowhere but in Je - sus the Lord, So
heart shall rejoice, For with the Redeemer, the tried and oppressed, Shall
freighted with woe; Just come as you are to the foot of the throne And

CHORUS.
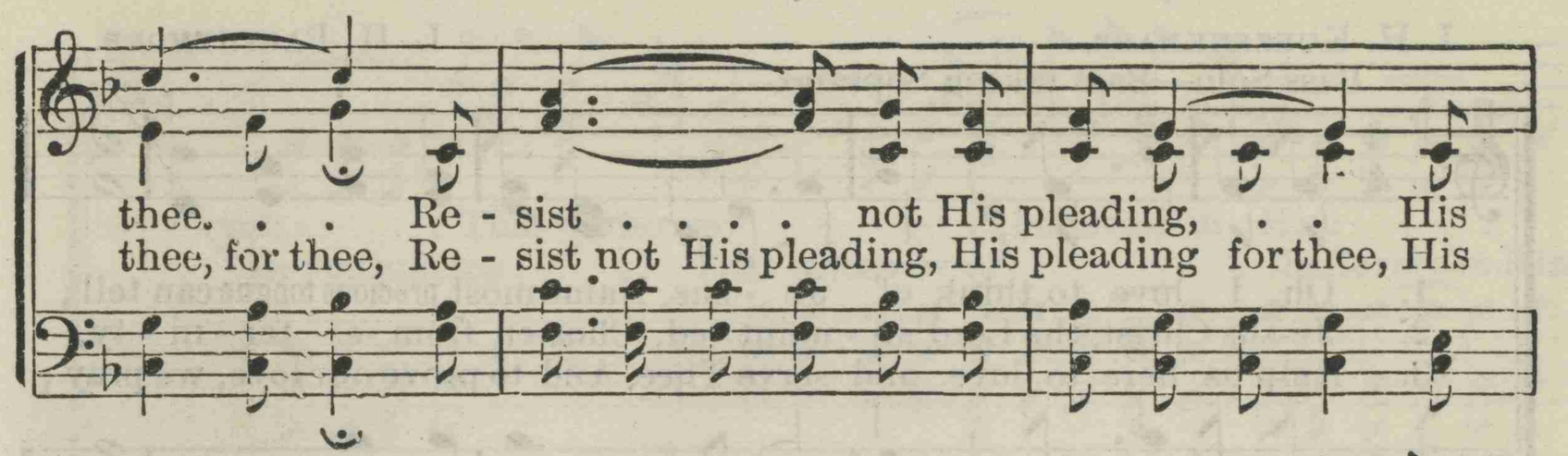
come to Him now and be-lieve in His word. The Spir - - - is
find a blest ha - ven of comfort and rest.
Christ will accept you and make you His own. The Spir-it is call-ing, is

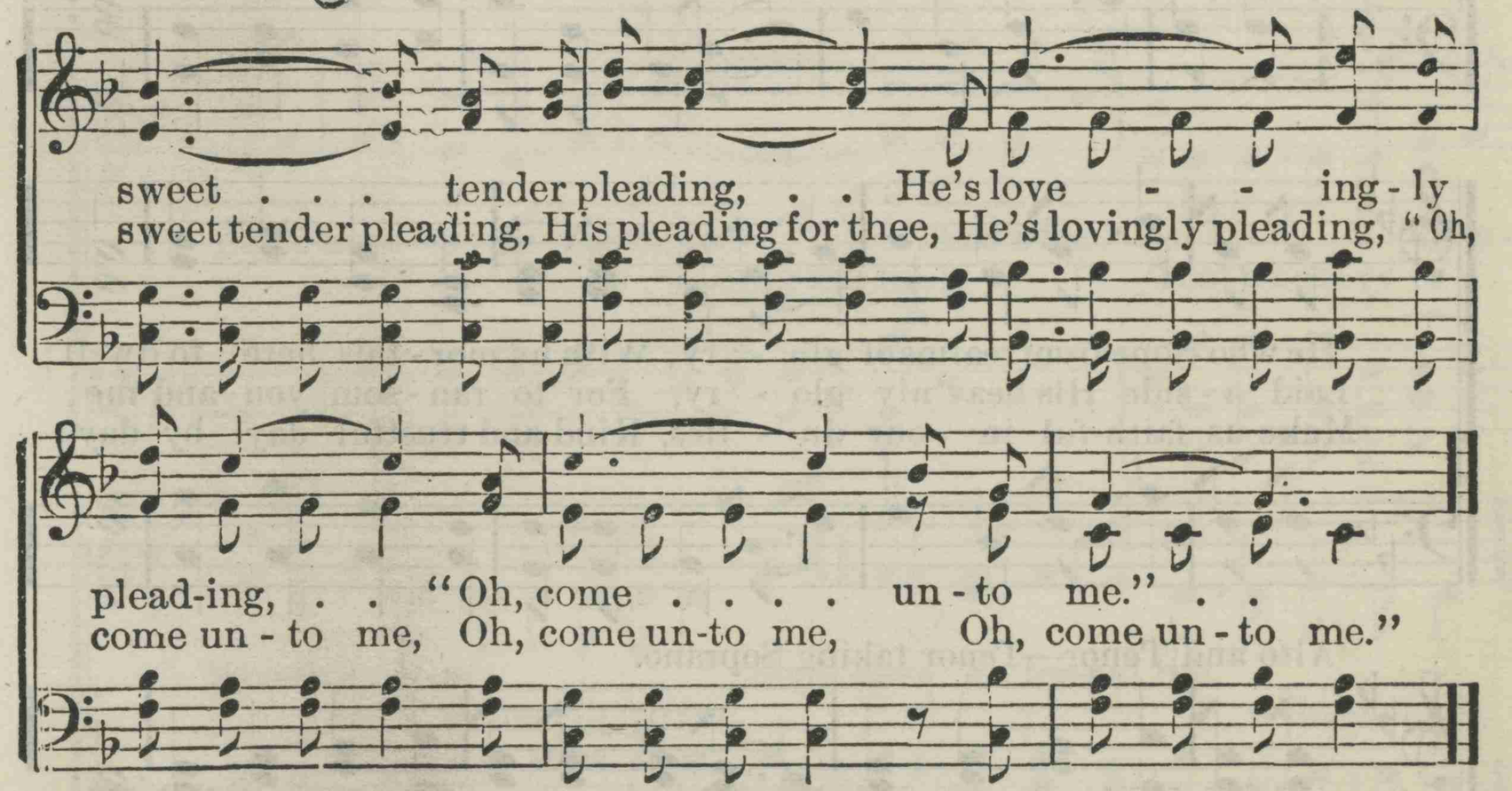
call-ing, Is ten - - der - ly call - ing; . . The
call-ing for thee, Is ten - der - ly call-ing, "Oh, come unto me;" The

Spir - - - it is call - ing, . . Is call - - ing for
Spir-it is call - ing, is call - ing for thee, Is call-ing, is call-ing for

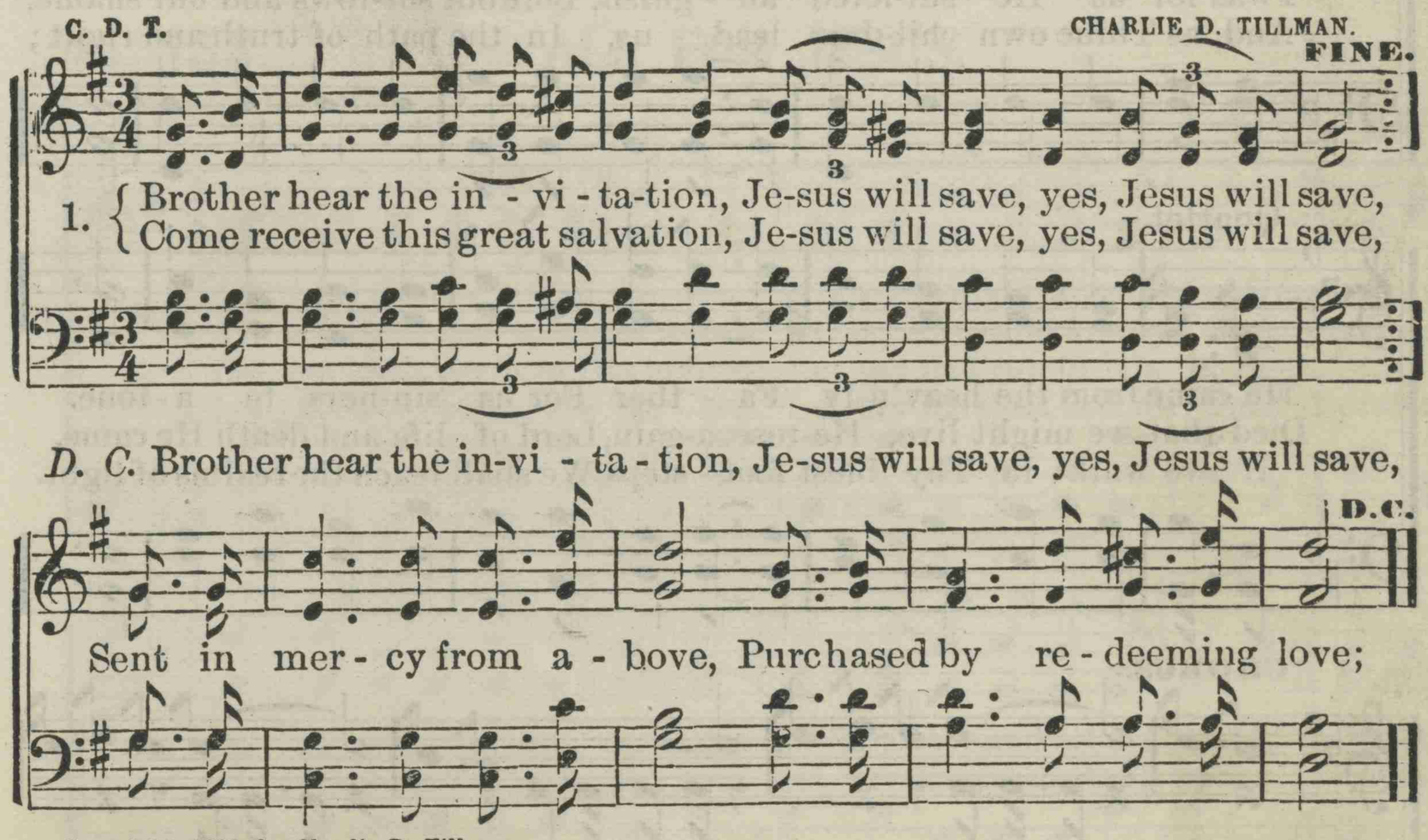
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THE SPIRIT IS CALLING. Concluded.





No. 151. JESUS WILL SAVE.



Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

2 Jesus calls in sweet compassion;
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
Don't reject the invitation;
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
He will set your spirit free,
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee;
Brother hear the invitation,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

3 Hear that dying intercession,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
He will pardon your transgression,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
Come, ye weary souls, to me,
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee,
Brother hear the invitation,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

No. 152. OH, I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. L. H. PARTHEMORE.

Bass Solo—Bass taking Soprano.

1. Oh, I love to think of Je - sus, Name most precious tongue can tell;
2. Je-sus Christ, the Lord's a - noint - ed, Chos-en from e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Help us here to love and serve Thee, And to prove our love, we pray;

He who came from realms of glo - ry, With us mor - tals here to dwell;
Laid a - side His heav'nly glo - ry, For to ran - som you and me;
Make us faith-ful in our du - ties, Kind and trustful day by day;

Alto and Tenor—Tenor taking Soprano.

And He saw us in our miser - y, In our sins He heard us groan;
'Twas for us He suf-fered an - guish, Bore our sor-rows and our shame,
And, as Thine own chil-dren lead us, In the path of truth and right;

Quartet.

He came from the heav'n-ly Fa - ther For us sin-ners to a - tone.
Died that we might live, He rose a-gain, Lord of life and death He came.
If we walk in Thy blest foot - steps, We shall reach the realms of light.

CHORUS.

Je-sus died . . . up-on the tree, ... Je-sus died . . for you and
Je-sus died up-on the tree, Je-sus died

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OH, I LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.

me, ... That whoso - ev - - er believeth in Him . . . . .
for you and me; That whoso-ev-er believeth in Him

Shall have e - ter - nal life; . . . . . That whoso - ev - - er be -
e-ter-nal life; That whoso-ev-er

lieveth in Him . . . . . Shall have e - ter-nal life.
believeth in Him e - ter-nal life.

No. 153. ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.

1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
   { All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my [*Omit.*] hours.
2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—
   { Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth His [*Omit.*] praise.

All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings. :‖

No. 154. QUICK TO THE RESCUE!

F. E. BELDEN. F. E. BELDEN.

1. O, Chris-tian, tri-umph-ant - ly sing - ing "Hal-le - lu - jah! I'm
2. The path-way of sanc - ti - fi - ca - tion Is, "Sail - or, come,
3. Say not 'tis the call of stern du - ty, Say "Je - sus my
4. The joy and the peace of the Sav - iour Shall com-fort your

anchored at last!" Look yon - der, lo! mill-ions are cling-ing,
fol - low thou me;" Sleep not in the port of sal - va - tion,
pat - tern shall be," Who left His bright kingdom of beau-ty,
heart in the storm; Love's ho - ly de - light is in la - bor,

p CHORUS.

O'erwhelm'd by the fear - ful blast.
The per - ish - ing call for thee.
With in - fi - nite love for me.
And not in the i - dle calm.

} Hear the lost call-ing!

cres. *f*

Tempest ap-pall-ing Ra - ges on life's midnight sea: Quick to the

rit.

res-cue! O, Christian be true! Christ brav'd the dark billow for you.

Copyright, 1893, by F. E. Belden.

No. 155. HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the ages rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tidings roll; To the guilty heart, to the

mor-tal tongue, 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is-
mortal strain, 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is

CHORUS

a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de-
a - ble, He is a - ble,
liv - er thee, He is a - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by
a-ble, He is a - ble
sin opprest, Go to Him for rest; Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.

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No. 156. MOTHER KNOWS.

Solo or Duet.

Anon. FLORA HAMILTON CASSEL.

1. Nobody knows of the work it makes To keep the home to - geth - er,
2. Nobody knows of the sleepless care Bestowed on ba - by broth - er,
3. Nobody knows of the anxious fears, Lest darlings may not weather
4. Nobody clings to the wayward child, Tho' scorn'd by ev'ry oth - er,

No- bod- y knows of the steps it takes, Nobod- y knows but mother;
No- bod- y knows of the tender prayer, Nobod- y knows but mother;
Storms of this life in the coming years, Nobod- y knows but mother;
Leads it so gently from pathways wild, Nobod- y can but mother;
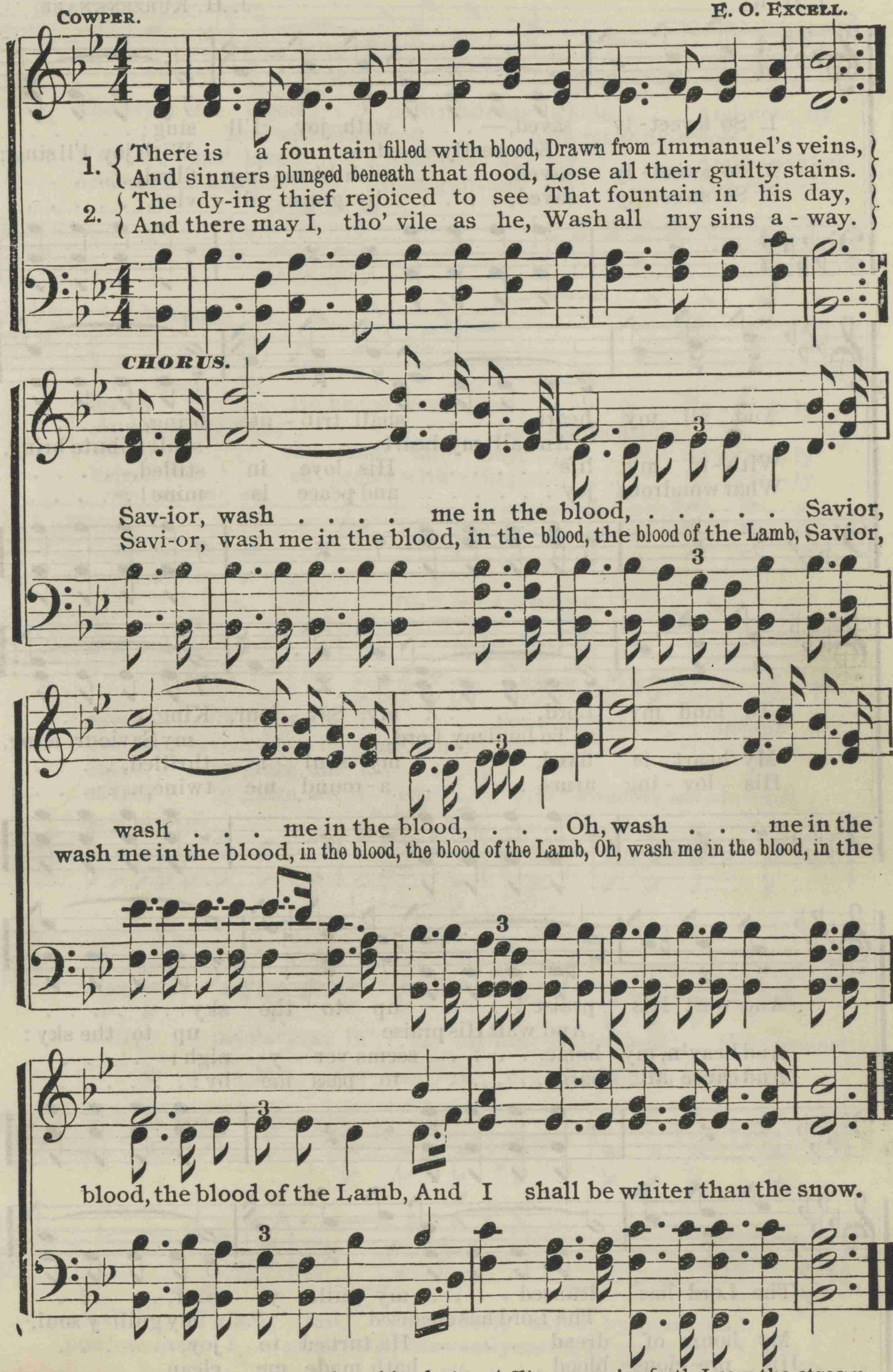
Nobod - y list- ens to childish woes, Which kiss-es on - ly smother,
Nobod - y knows of the lessons taught, Of lov- ing one an- oth - er;
Nobod - y knows of the tears that start, The grief she'd gladly smother,
Nobod - y knows of the hourly prayer, For him, our err- ing brother,

Nobody's pain'd by the mighty blow, Nobod- y,—on- ly mother.
Nobod- y knows of the patience sought, Nobod- y,—on- ly mother.
Nobod- y knows of the breaking heart, Nobod- y,—on- ly mother.
Pride of her heart, once so pure and fair, Nobod- y,—on- ly mother.

Copyright, 1890, by Flora H. Cassel.

No. 157. SAVIOUR, WASH ME IN THE BLOOD.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.



3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

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

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No. 158. SO SWEETLY SAVED.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. So sweet-ly saved,— . . . with joy I'll sing; . . . . .
So sweetly saved,— With joy I'll sing;
2. So sweet-ly saved, ... with bless-ings filled, ...
3. So sweet-ly saved, ... by grace di-vine, ...

And all my heart . . . . . shall trib-ute bring, ...
And all my heart shall tribute bring,
With-in my life . . . . . His love in-stilled, ...
What wondrous joy . . . . . and peace is mine! . . . . .

To laud my Lord, ... my Sav-iour, King, ...
To laud my Lord, my Saviour, King,
My heart is fixed, my soul is thrilled, ...
His lov-ing arms, ... a-round me twine, ...

And waft His praise . . . . . up to the sky: . . . . . .
And waft His praise up to the sky:
And heav'n, my home, ... seems ver-y nigh: . . . .
And cause all harm . . . . . to pass me by: . . . . . .

The Lord has cleansed . . . . my guilt-y soul, ...
The Lord has cleansed my guilt-y soul,
My hours of dread . . . . . He turned to joy, ...
His pre-cious blood . . . . . hath made me clean, ...

Copyright, 1896, by J. H. Kurzenknabe.

SO SWEETLY SAVED.

And with His blood . . . hath made me whole; . . . And now, by
And with His blood hath made me whole;
I've Je - sus' love . . . . with-out al - loy, ... And naught of
And washed my soul . . . . from guilt and sin; . . . . The Spir - it

love, ... He keeps con - trol; . . . . . So sweet - ly
And now, by love, He keeps control;
doubt . . . . can me an - noy, ... So sweet - ly
reigns . . . . su - preme with - in; . . . . . So sweet - ly

rit. **CHORUS.**

saved, . . by grace, am I. . . . . So sweetly saved,— and all is
So sweetly saved, by grace, am I.
saved, . . by grace, am I. . . . .
saved, . . by grace, am I. . . *rit.* . .
So sweet-ly saved,—and

well; . . . my Saviour in . . . my heart doth dwell: . . His precious
all is well; My Sav- iour in my heart doth dwell: His

rit.

love . . I gladly tell, . . So sweetly saved, by grace, am I. . . .
precious love I gladly tell, So sweetly saved, by grace, am I, am I.

rit.

No. 159. UP YONDER.

E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Up yon - der in that cit - y, Where no darkness ev - er falls;
2. Up yon - der is the Tem-ple, That was not made with hands;
3. Up yon - der in the mansions, The Sav - iour has pre - pared;

Re-sound our loved one's voic-es Sweet-ly with the an - gel - calls.
And in the midst our Je - sus The lov - ing Sav - iour stands.
His faith - ful serv-ants shall a - bide As He Himself de - clared.

The ar - my of the ransomed, And the count-less an - gel train;
If we could catch the mu - sic, And the wondrous glo - ry see;
Then we may catch the mu - sic, And the glo - ry we may see;

Speed ech - oes of their mu-sic, O'er the bright Ce - les - tial plain.
While we are on - ly pilgrims here, How bless-ed it would be.
In the cit - y that is builded, Which will last e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

Oh, how sweet . . . 'twill be up yon - - - der, For our
Oh, how sweet 'twill be up yon-der, be up yonder,

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UP YONDER.

joys shall be replete, As we walk the golden street, We shall meet with one an-
We shall meet with one an-

oth - - er, And our Saviour crown'd in glory we shall greet. . .
other, one an-oth-er, we shall greet.

No. 160. THE HUSH OF NIGHT.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

Andante.

1. The twilight is fading a - way, The lamps of the sky are a - light;
2. So rest-ful the spirit should be, So peace-ful-ly calm and se - cure,
3. All na-ture is qui-et and still, The birds are a-sleep on the spray;
4. So white-pinioned angels a - bove, Watch o - ver the household below,

FINE.

How gen - tle the zephyr's soft breeze, And sweet is the hush of the night.
While trusting, O Saviour, in Thee, Whose promises ev - er en - dure.
The moon her bright vigils doth keep O'er val-ley and hill far a - way.
And breathe the sweet message of love, As on their blest mission they go.

D.S.—And thro' the bright twilight of gold, Yon portals, by faith, we be- hold.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Fad - ing a - way! fad - ing a - way! The daylight is fad - ing a - way!

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No. 161. Leaning On The Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

Lean-ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the everlast-ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

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No. 162. WHERE ARE YOU BUILDING?

G. W. L. G. W. Lyon.

1. Are you building on the sure foun- da - tion, Or on - ly on the sink- ing sand? Are you building on the Rock Sal - va - tion, Are you
2. Tho' the tempest 'round you fierce- ly rag - es, And billows 'round you mad - ly roar; Firm- ly anchored to the Rock of A - ges, You are
3. Je - sus is the on - ly sure foun- da - tion, The soul's se- cure a- bid- ing place; Cling to Him till freed from earth's temptation, Sweetly

CHORUS.

sure your work will stand?
safe for - ev - er - more.
rest in His embrace.

O, build on the Rock, the ev- er- lasting Rock, The Rock Christ Je - sus a - lone; Our hope is se- cure on this foun - da - tion sure, Je - sus Christ the cor - ner - stone.

rit.

By per. G. W. Lyon, from "Song Waves."

No. 163. HE STANDS SO NEAR.

Mrs. A. L. Davison. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Up - on the great high ways thou standest wea - - ry,
2. The hopes of earth-life oft - en fade and fail thee,
3. In Him is strength, in Him di-vine com - pas - - sion,

wea - ry, standest wea - ry,
fail thee, fade and fail thee,
com - pas-sion, great com-pas-sion,

Thou cri - est ev - er - more "A - lone and drear - - y,"
Thou hast no ref - uge when thy foes as - sail thee,
He chang - es not, tho' things of earth - ly fash - - ion

drear- y, lone and dreary,
sail thee, foes as- sail thee,
fash-ion, earthly fash-ion

And wilt not un - der - stand that there so near thee,
And when the night shall come, oh, who will guide thee,
Grow old and die, ah! turn thee, heart so wea - - ry,

near thee, there so near thee,
guide thee, who will guide thee,
wea-ry, heart so wea - ry,

The Sav - iour waits to love, and bless, and cheer thee.
If thou dost still re - fuse thy Friend be - side thee?
And thou shalt nev - er more be lone and drear - - y,

cheer thee, bless and cheer thee.
side thee, Friend beside thee?
drear- y, lone and drear-y.

CHORUS.

He stands so near, and yet thy blind-ed vis - ion Is turned a - way from

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HE STANDS SO NEAR.

hope and light e - lys - ian, Thou wilt not see that 'tis for thee He car-eth,

For thee, for thee the heav - y cross He bear - - eth.

the heav-y cross He bear-eth.

No. 164. MY HAPPY HOME.

Anon. E. O. Excell.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hay - py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleas - ant streams, My stud - y long have been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
Such spark-ling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais-es nev - er end.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the City of the New Je - ru - sa-lem, I am wash'd in the

blood of the Lamb,..... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb,

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No. 165. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Oh, do not let the word de- part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sin - ner, hard- en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
2. To - morrow's sun may nev- er rise, To bless thy long de- lud - ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin- gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite? Renounce at once, thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - ed none Who would to Him their souls u - nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

Re-entered and Copyright, 1895, by J. H. Hall.

No. 166. BE SAVED TO-DAY.

GEO. W. LYON. "Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark 10 : 49. J. L. MOORE.

1. "A - rise, He call - eth thee," Oh, do not turn a - way;
2. Cast all thy doubts a - side, No more in dark- ness stay,
3. Why lon - ger slight His love? There's dan - ger in de - lay;

Be - lieve on Him and live— Be saved, be saved to - day.
Re - demption's hour is here— Be saved, be saved to - day.
Come now, while He is near, Be saved, be saved to - day.

Copyright, 1899, by Charlie D. Tillman.

BE SAVED TO-DAY.

CHORUS.

Be saved, be saved, The Spir - it is pleading with thee;
Be saved to - day, be saved to - day,

Come now, just now, Ac - cept His sal - va - tion free.
Come now, just now, come now, just now,

No. 167. AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sorrow - ful fate, If sor- row in
   If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, There waiting and
2. How sad - ly I'd feel in the heav- en - ly state, If sadness in
   If no one should be at the beau - ti - ful gate, Con - duct- ed to
3. O Lord, I be-seech Thee for wis-dom and grace, In winning lost
   That ma - ny may be in that beau - ti - ful place, A crown of re -

CHORUS.

heav- en can be.
watching for me.
heav- en can be.
glo - ry by me.
souls un - to Thee.
joic- ing to me.

Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me,

Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me,

Yes, wait - - ing and watching for me; May ma - ny of
Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me;

those at the beau- ti - ful gate Be wait- ing and watching for me.

No. 168. IN THE FOUNTAIN.

JOHN NEWTON. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. A- mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures;

I once was lost, but now I'm found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre- cious did that grace ap- pear, The hour I first believed!
He will my shield and por- tion be, As long as life endures.

CHORUS.

I've been washed in the fountain of His blood, ... In the precious blood,

fountain of the precious Saviour's blood; . . . Yes, when I was precious blood;

sinking 'neath sin's dark flood, I was wash'd in the fountain of His blood. precious blood.

Copyright, 1899, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 169. JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD.

ANON. J. L. MOORE.

1. Je-sus loves a lit-tle child, Smiling in its cheerful glee, Says of such in
2. In the blessed *Sunday-School* They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find His
3. When life's toilsome work is done, When the stormy strife is o'er; Then around His

accents mild, Let them come to me; Let them come for bid them not, They will
ho-ly way, Learn to love His word. Armed with this they may go forth, Triumph
shining throne On the blissful shore, There His happy children meet, Sing and

sing around the throne, Millions now are singing there, Millions more may come.
o - ver ev'ry foe, Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing human woe.
shout their suff'ring o'er, Cast their crowns at Jesus' feet, Praise Him ever more.

Copyright, 1897, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 170. TENDER SHEPHERD.

ANON. EVENING PRAYER. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Je-sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. May my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe 'till morning light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Lis - ten to my evening pray'r.
Take me when I die, to heaven, Hap-py there with Thee to dwell.

Copyright, 1897, by Charlie D Tillman.

No. 171. BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the desert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the little ones to Je - sus.

From "Notes of Victory," by per. of Mrs. W. A Ogden.

No. 172. SINGING FROM THE HEART.

R. MORRIS, L. L. D. H. R. PALMER.

ff *mf*

1. If you have a pleasant tho't, Sing it, sing it; As the birds sing in their sport, Sing it from the heart; Does the Ho - ly Spir - it move,
2. Ev - 'ry gracious deed of His, Sing it, sing it; Nothing sounds so well as this, Sing it from the heart; How the Lord walked on the wave,
3. Are you wea-ry, are you sad—Sing it, sing it; Make yourselves and oth - ers glad, Sing it from the heart; Bless - ed ones be - fore His face,

For the chil - dren of His love—Sing, and point the home a - bove,
Res-cued Laz-'rus from the grave, Died our guilt - y souls to save,
Sing of Christ's a - ton - ing grace, Give the Sav - iour end - less praise,

CHORUS.

Sing it from the heart. Sing - ing, sing-ing from the heart, Oh, the joy our songs im-part! Je - sus, bless the tune-ful art, Sing-ing from the heart.

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No. 173. GOD IS LOVE.

Selected. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. When light-ly o'er the mountain rill The twi-light zephyrs move,
2. The bird that trills its eve - ning song So sweet-ly thro' the grove,
3. The rain-bow in the sum - mer sky, Al - might-y pow'r doth prove,

How sweet-ly to the dew - y flow'rs, They whisper God is love,
In gen - tle ca - dence seems to say, I'll sing, for God is love,
Man looks up - on its va - ried hue, And owns that God is love,

They whis - per God is love, They whis - per God is love.
I'll sing, for God is love, I'll sing, for God is love.
And owns that God is love, And owns that God is love.

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No. 174. FOR JESUS.

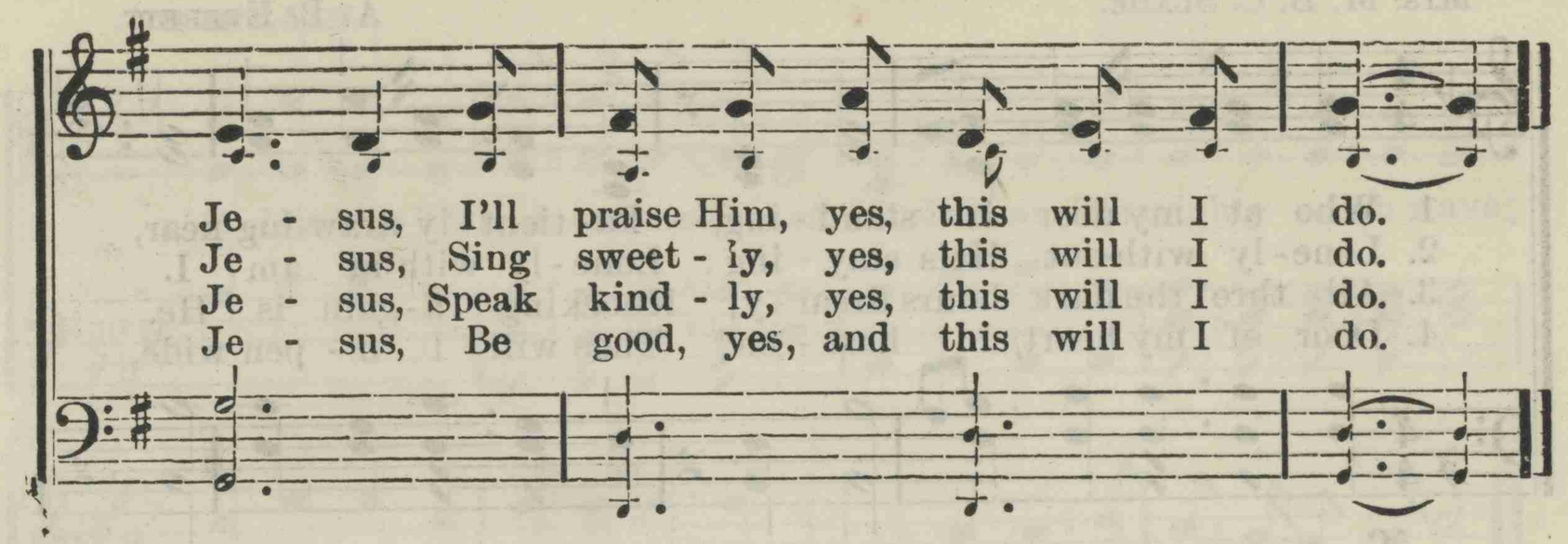
GRACE GLENN. J. H. F.

1. I know what I'll do for Je - sus, I know what I'll do,
2. I'll sing a sweet song for Je - sus, I'll sing a sweet song,
3. I'll speak a kind word for Je - sus, I'll speak a kind word,
4. I'll try to be good for Je - sus, I'll try to be good,

I know what I'll do, I know what I'll do for
I'll sing a sweet song, I'll sing a sweet song for
I'll speak a kind word, I'll speak a kind word for
I'll try to be good, I'll try to be good for

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FOR JESUS.

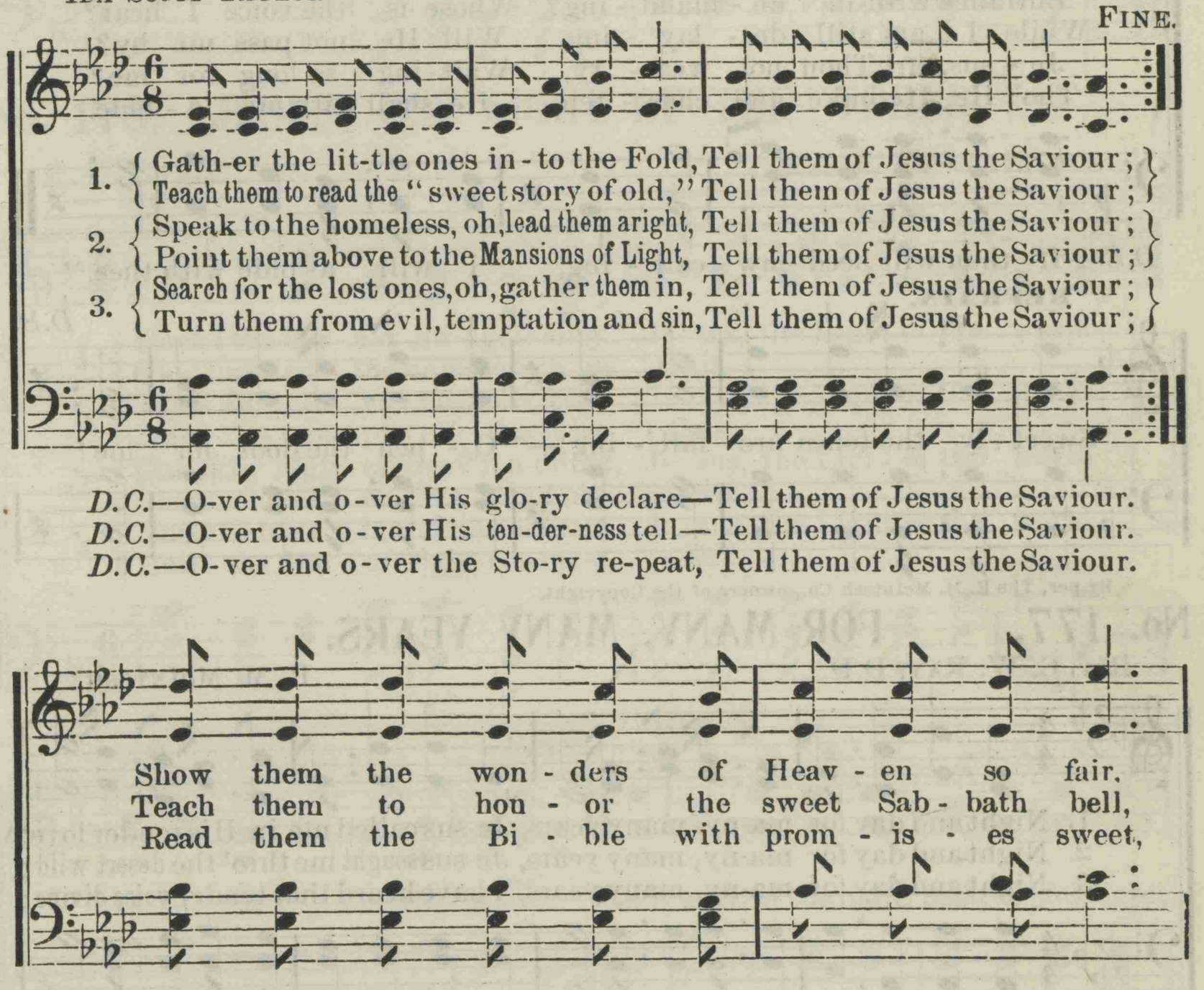


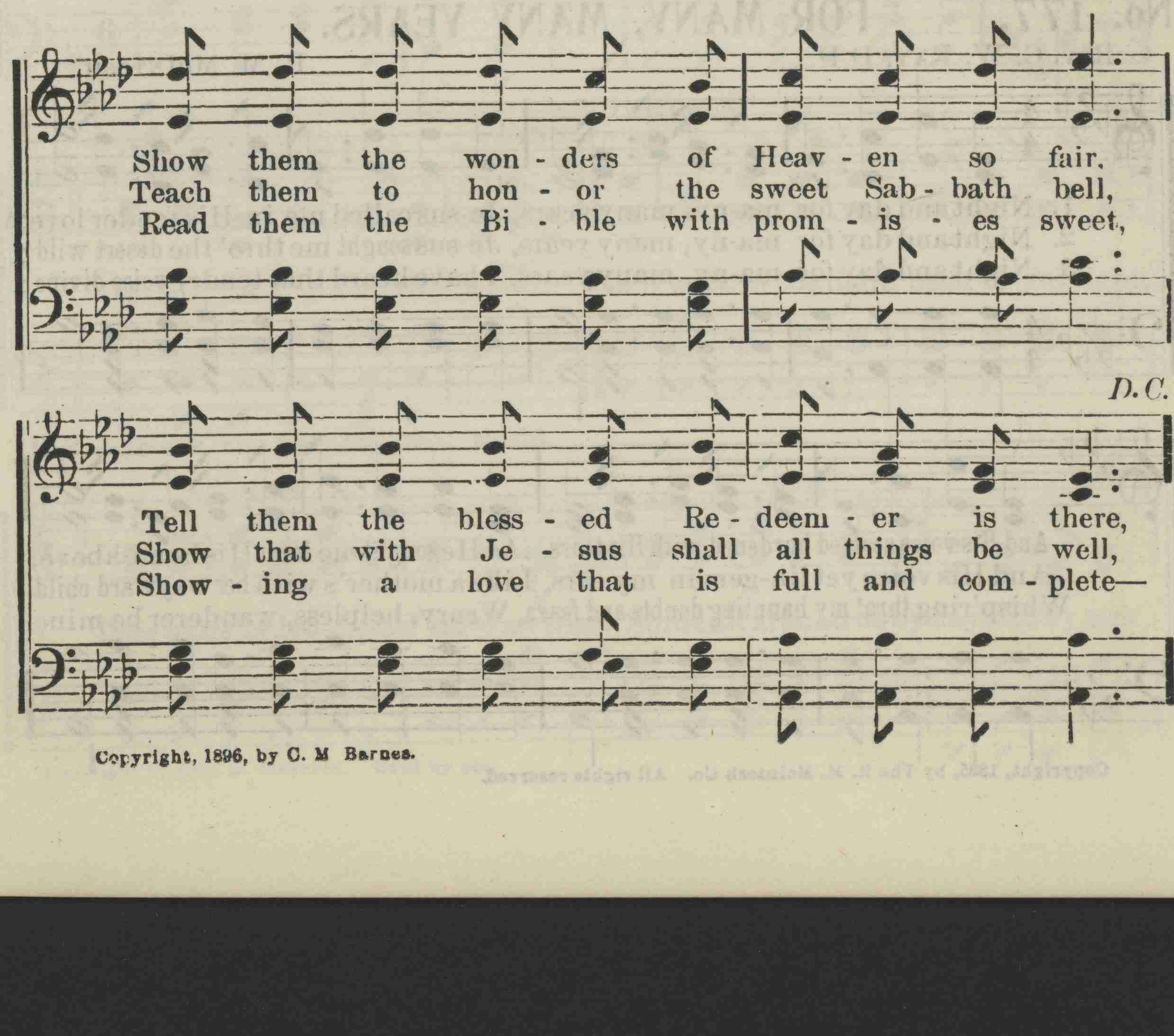
No. 175. OVER AND OVER.

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

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. C. M. BARNES.

FINE.

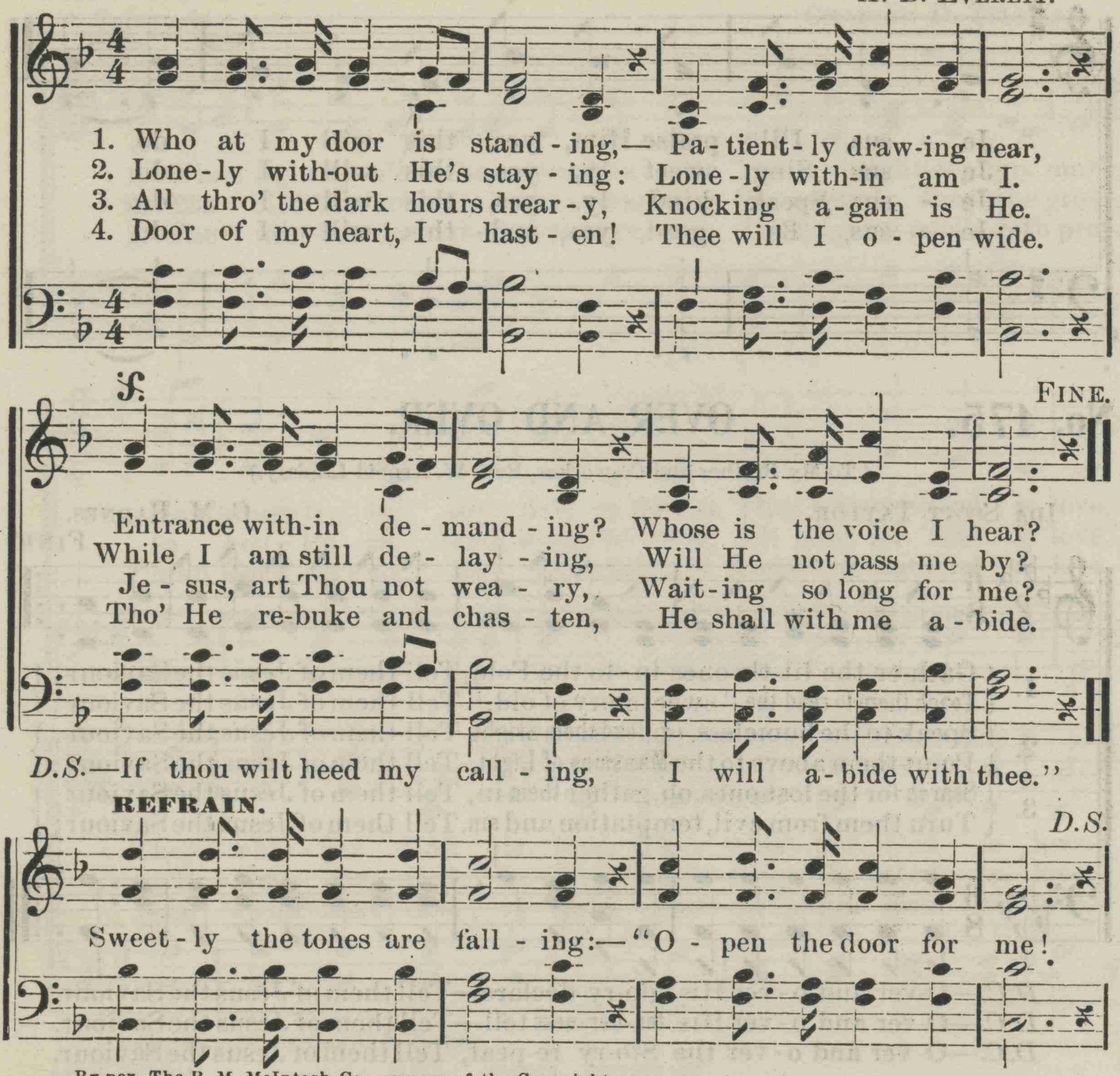




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No. 176. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

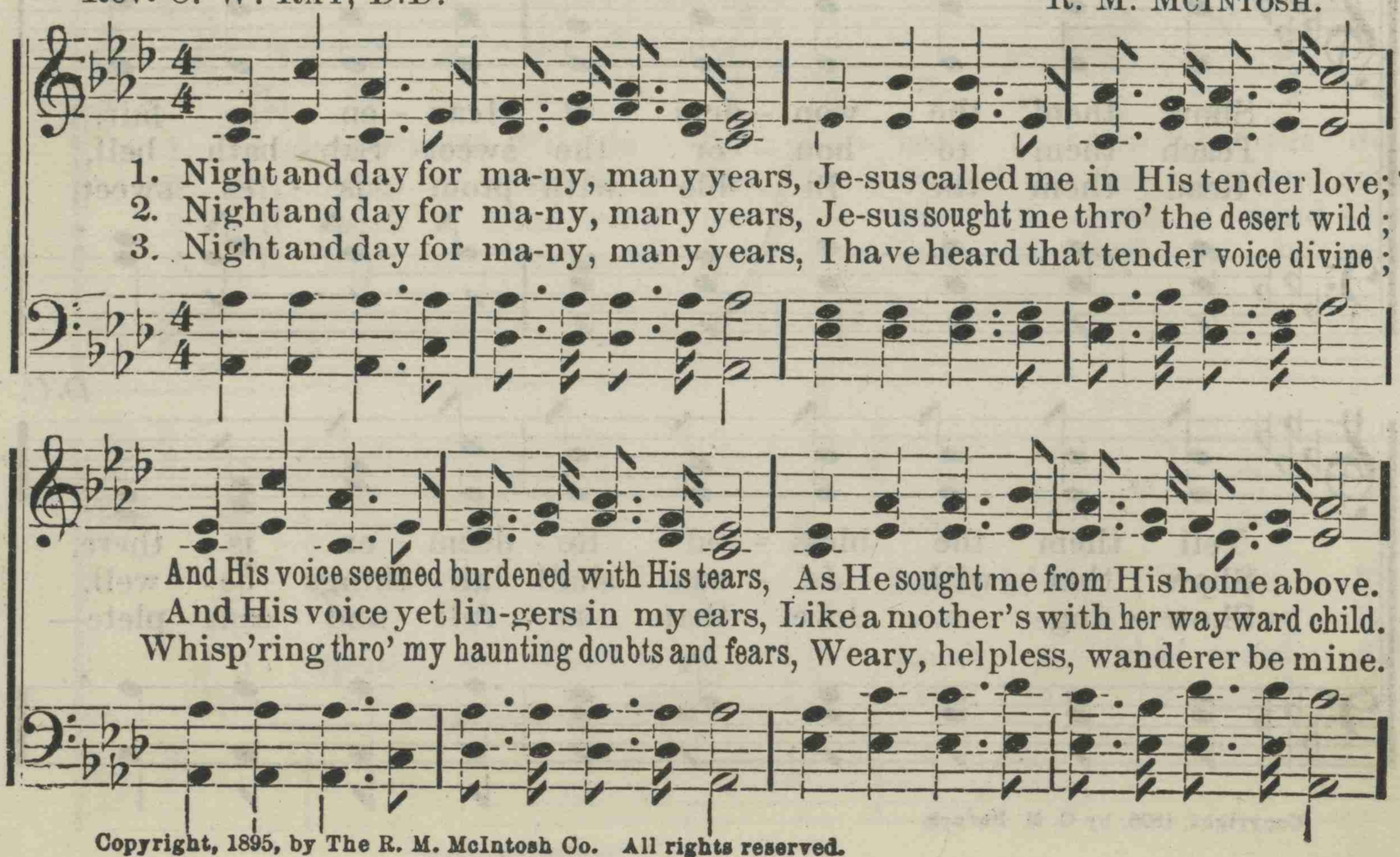
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.



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No. 177. FOR MANY, MANY YEARS.
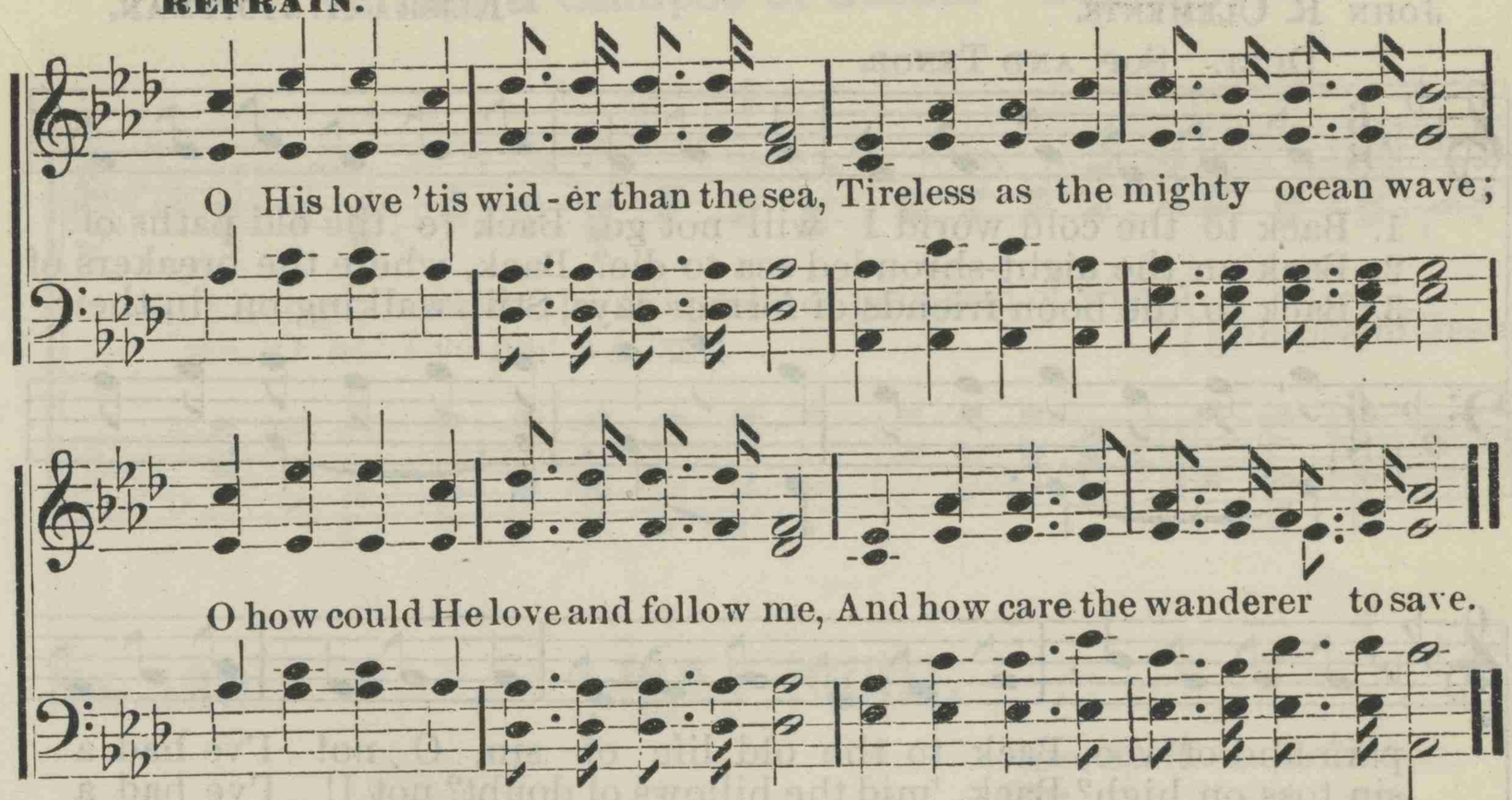
Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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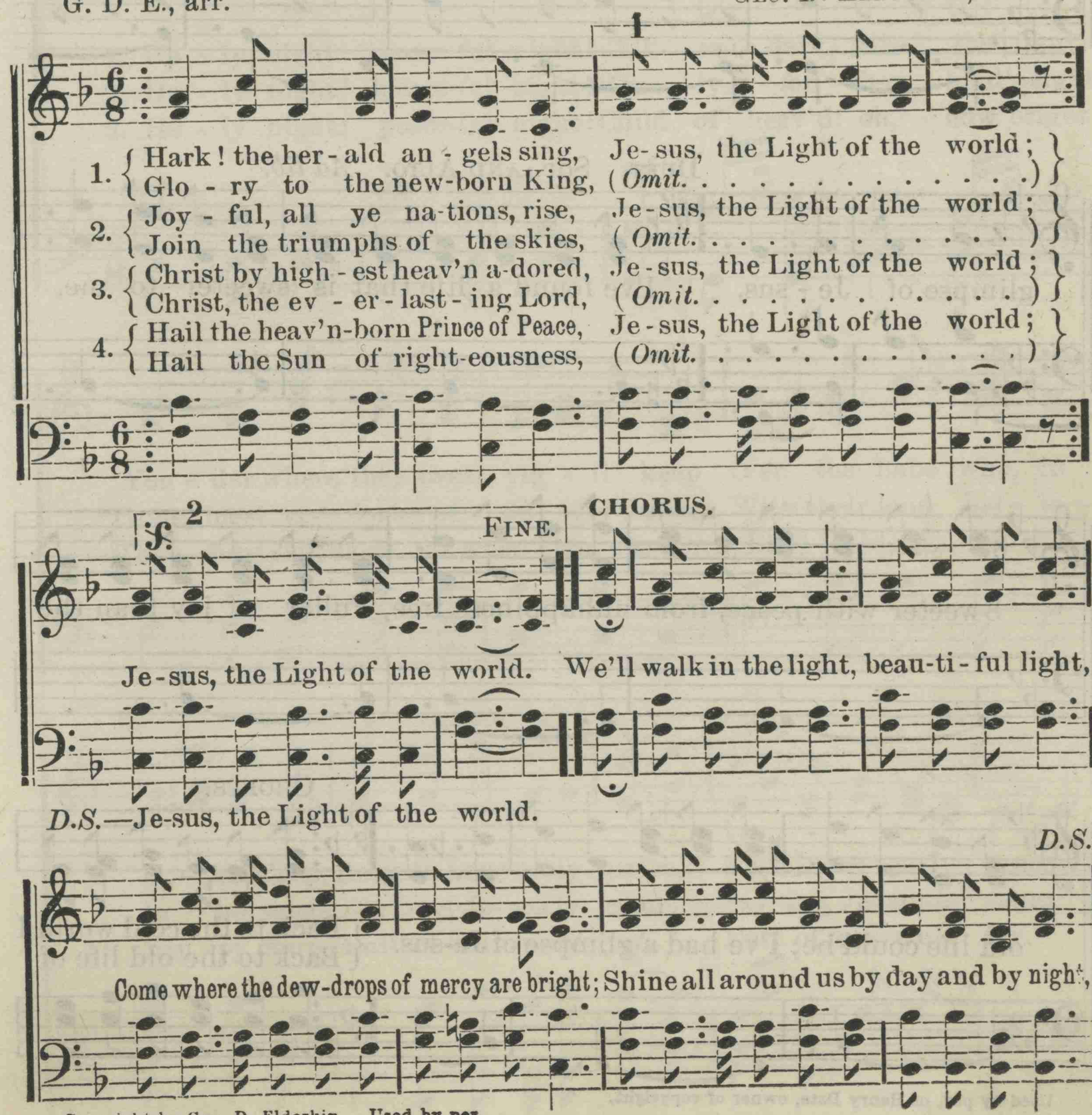
FOR MANY, MANY YEARS.

REFRAIN.



No. 178. JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

G. D. E., arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.



Copyright by Geo. D. Elderkin. Used by per.

No. 179. I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

DUET. SOP. AND TENOR.

1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of pain and of woe, Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a
2. Back on the night-shrouded sea to die? Back, where the breakers of sin toss on high? Back, 'mid the billows of doubt? not I! I've had a
3. Back to the boon friends of former days, Still walking on in their old sinful ways? Back with a message of love and grace; I've had a

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO. *Ad lib.*

glimpse of Je - sus. I've found a life that is sweeter to me,

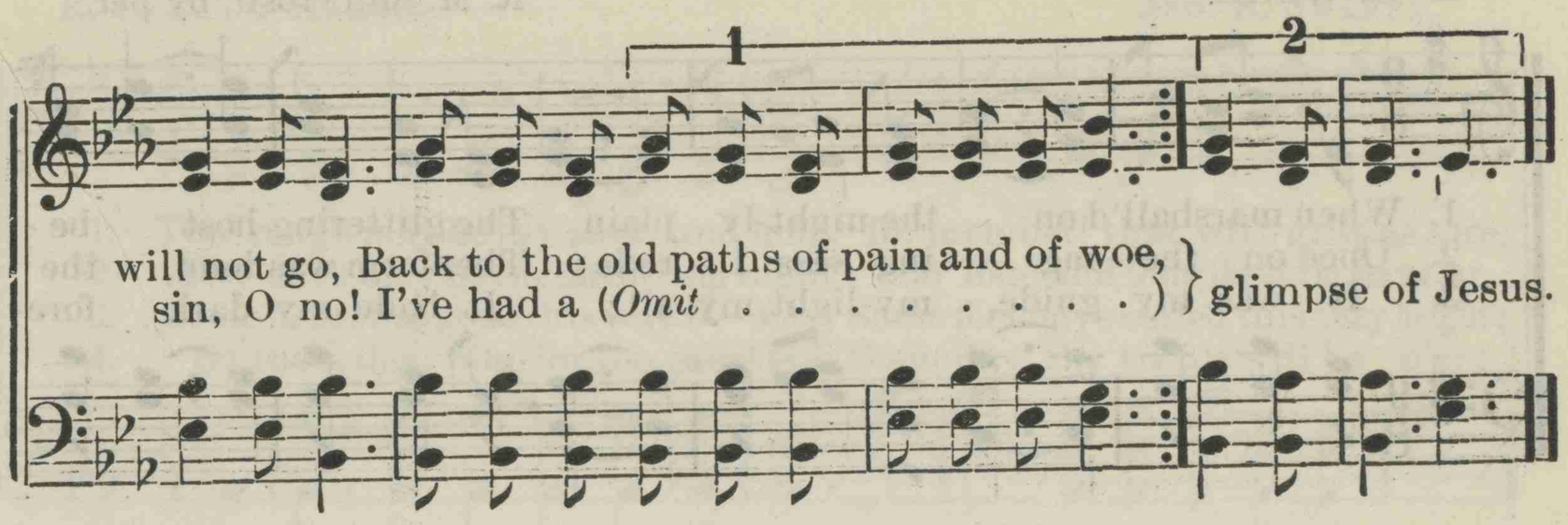
Sweeter with peace, from unhappiness free, Fuller of joy than the

CHORUS.

old life could be; I've had a glimpse of Je-sus. { Back to the cold world I / Back to the old life of

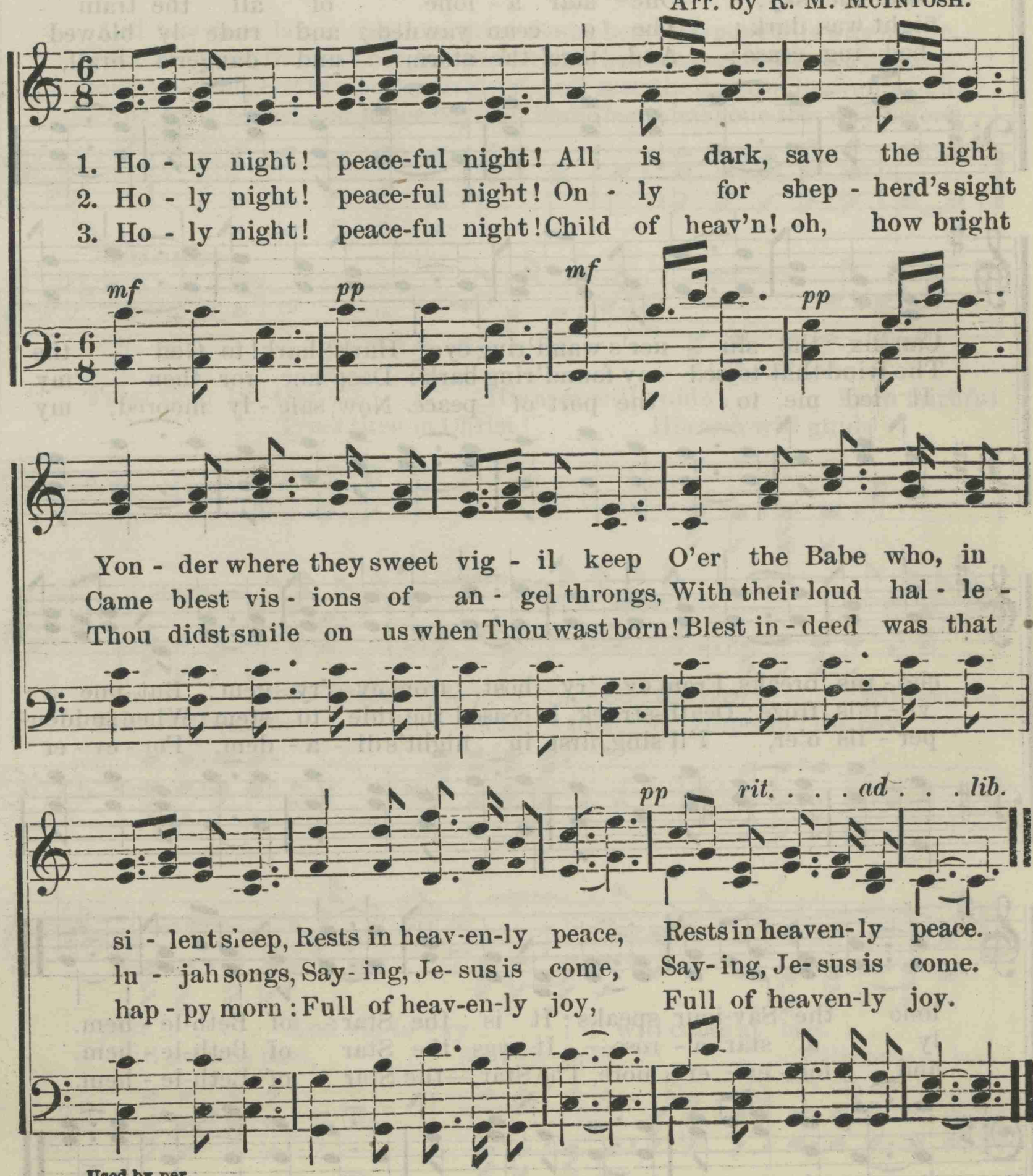
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I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus. Concluded.



No. 180. HOLY NIGHT.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



Used by per.

No. 181. STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

H. K. WHITE. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be -
2. Once on the rag - ing seas I rode; The storm was loud, the
3. It was my guide, my light, my all; It bade my dark fore-

stud the sky, One star a - lone of all the train
night was dark; The o - cean yawned; and rude - ly blowed
bod - ing cease; And, thro' the storm and danger's thrall,

Can fix the sin - ner's wand'ring eye. Hark! hark! to God the
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark: Deep hor - ror then my
It led me to the port of peace. Now, safe - ly moored, my

cho - rus breaks, From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem; But one a -
vi - tals froze; Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sudden-
per - ils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's di - a - dem, For - ev - er

lone the Sav-iour speaks: It is the Star of Beth-le - hem.
ly a star a - rose— It was the Star of Beth-le - hem.
and for - ev - er - more, The Star,—the Star of Beth-le - hem.

No. 182. Some Heart has Gone this Way Before.

R. Horatio Hardin. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Tho' rough may be thy path, and long, Re-member! that, with grief as sore,
2. Tho' dark may be the gath'ring night ; Tho' loud and long the storm may roar,
3. Some heart has gone this way be - fore, Some feet have scaled this dizzy height ;
4. So thou, dear pilgrim, too, canst go ; Some day thy tri-als will be o'er ;

And bur-dens larger far than thine, Some heart has gone this way before.
Take courage ! thou art not the first, Some heart has gone this way before.
Some yearning eyes have pierced the gloom, And seen the dawn of heaven's light.
For un - to rest and peace beyond, Some heart has gone this way before.

CHORUS.

Trust then in Christ ! . . . . His arm will guide . . . . Each faithful one . . . . thro' Jordan's tide ; . . Hope on ! the race . . . . will soon be past, ... And vic-to - ry . . . . . will come at last. . . . . .
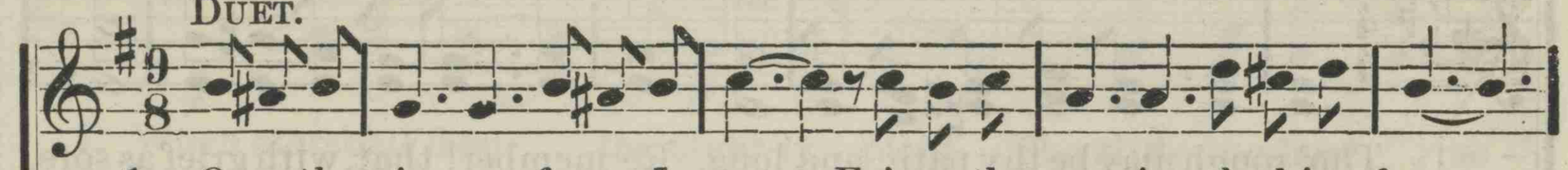
Trust then in Christ ! His arm will guide Each faithful one thro' Jordan's tide ; Hope on ! the race will soon be past, And vic-to-ry will come at last.

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.

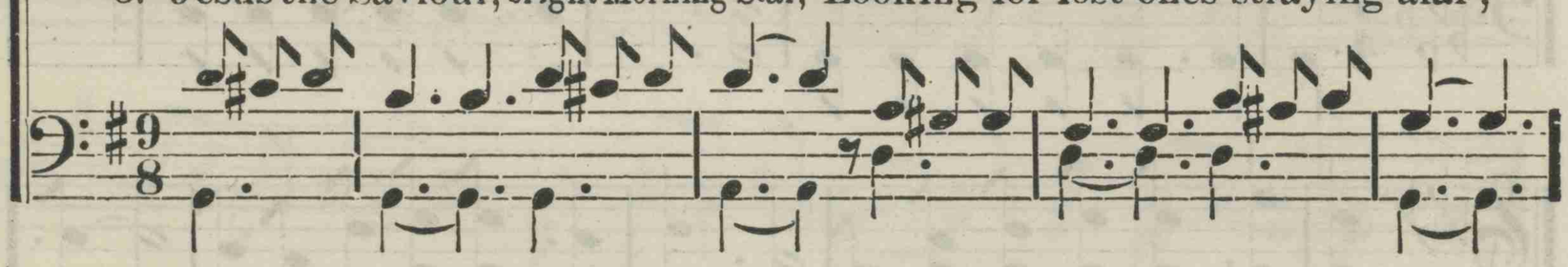
No. 183. LOOKING THIS WAY.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

DUET.
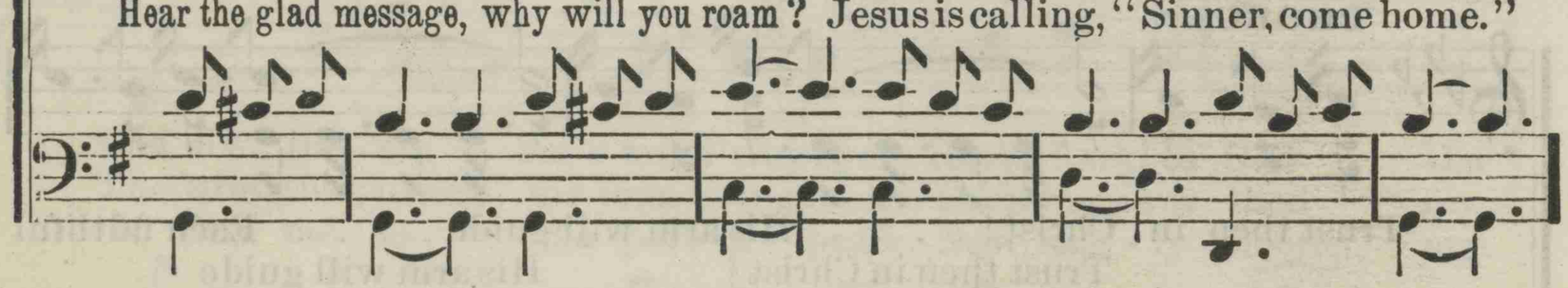


1. Over the riv - er faces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Father and mother safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sister gone to that clime, Wait for the others coming sometime;
4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come;
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying afar;
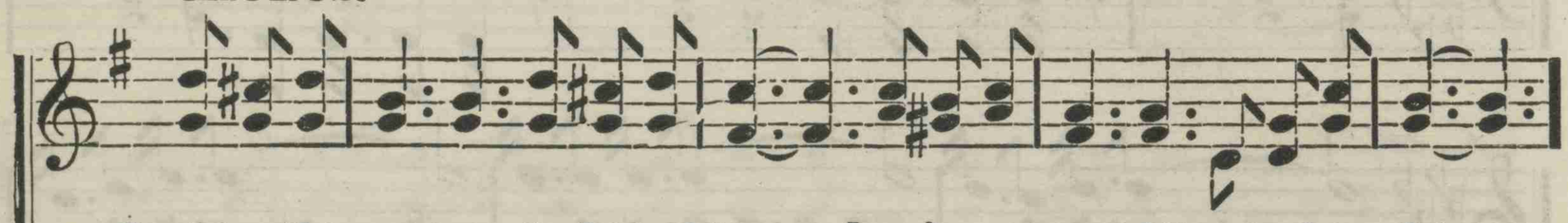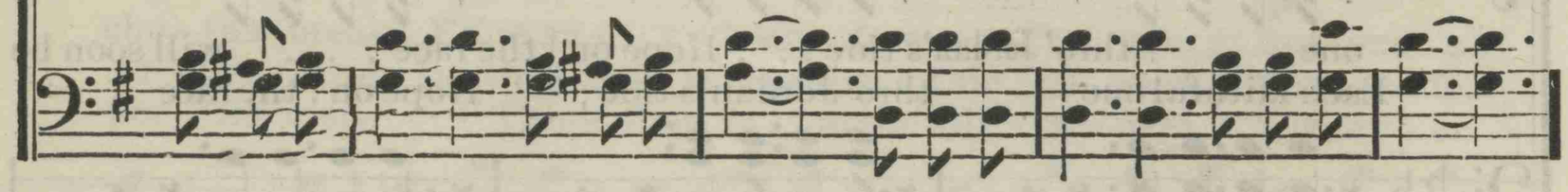




Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
Bearing the loved ones over the tide Into the harbor, near to their side.
Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously looking, mother, for you.
Hear the glad message, why will you roam? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."



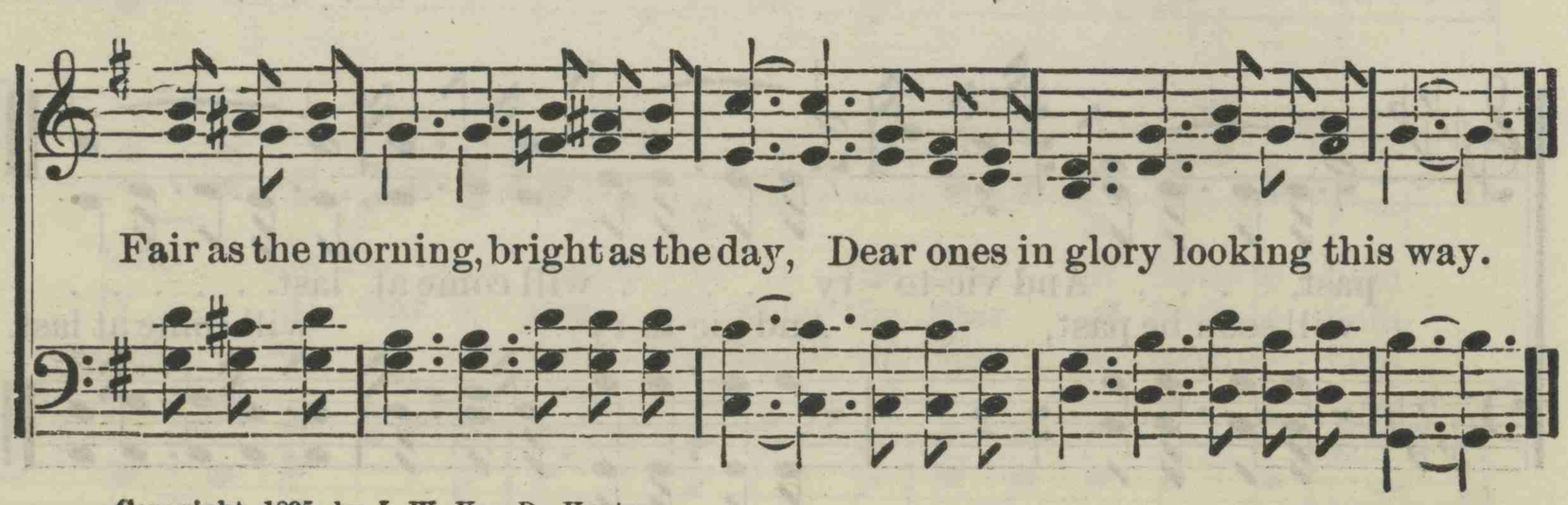
CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glory looking this way.



Copyright, 1895, by J. W. Van De Venter.

No. 184. BEAUTIFUL BECKONING HANDS.

C. C. L. C. C. LUTHER.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate - way to - night, Fa - ces all shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon
2. Beck - on - ing hands of a moth - er whose love Sac - ri - ficed life her de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice call - ing oh, moth - er, for thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd darling, the
4. Beck - on - ing hands of a hus - band, a wife, Watching and wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth - er, a
5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of all and the theme of their song, Je - sus, our Sav - ior, the

heav-en - ly home, Beau-ti - ful hands they are beck - on-ing "come."
mem - o - ry dear, Beck-on up high - er the wait - ing ones here.
light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on-ing "come."
sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gate - way to - night they ex-tend.
pierced one stands, Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck - on - ing hands.

REFRAIN.

Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands;
Beautiful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beautiful, beckoning hands.

Copyright, 1893, by C. C. Luther.

No. 185. I AM GOING TO A CITY.

(OR THE DYING CHRISTIAN.)

Rev. W. S. McKENZIE, D. D. Rev. F. M. LAMB.

1. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where my Lord has gone be-fore, And a mansion is pre-par-ing there for me: I will serve Him and a-dore Him,
2. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where my faith will change to sight, Out of dark-ness I am pass-ing in-to day; Thro' the val-ley I am tread-ing,
3. I am go-ing to a cit-y, Where the streets are paved with gold, Where the beau-ties are so brilliant and so rare! Oh, the gleaming walls of jasper!

I will love Him more and more, When the rich-es of His glo-ry I shall see.
But my Saviour is my light, And no e-vil shall be-fall me on the way.
Oh, the splendors manifold! I am longing, I am sigh-ing to be there.

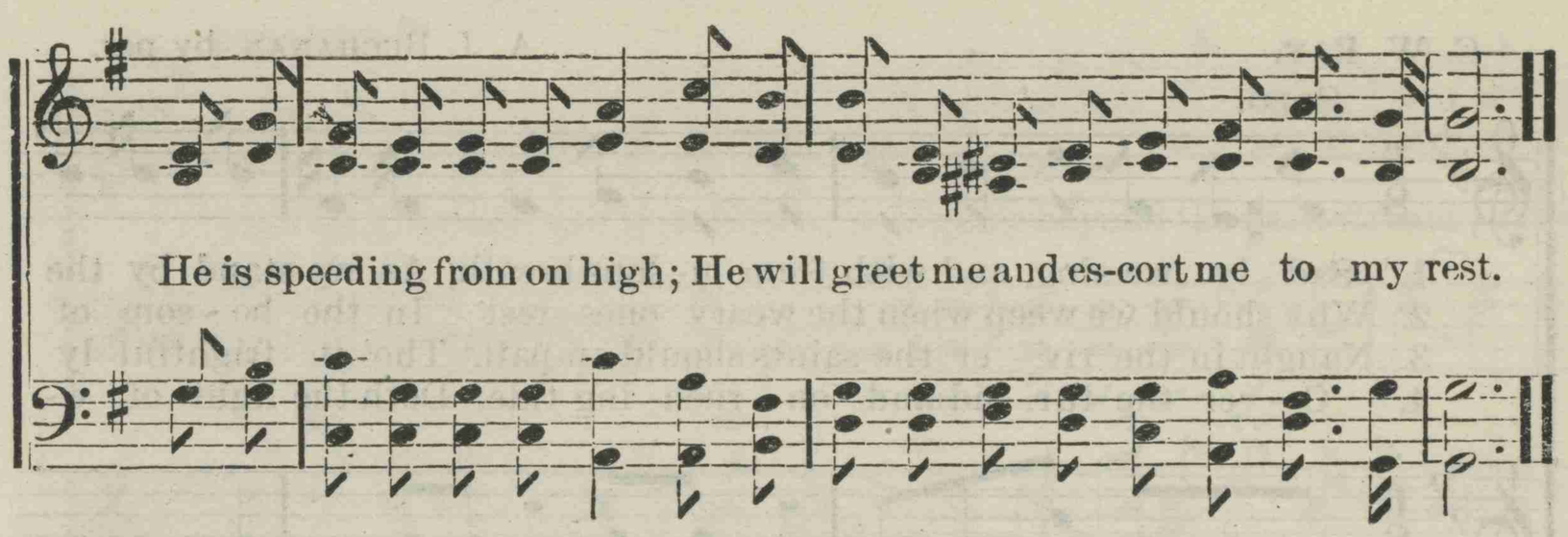
CHORUS.

I am go-ing to a cit-y Where the liv-ing nev-er die, Where no sick-ness and no sor-row can mo-lest, From this bod-y to re-lease me

Rit.

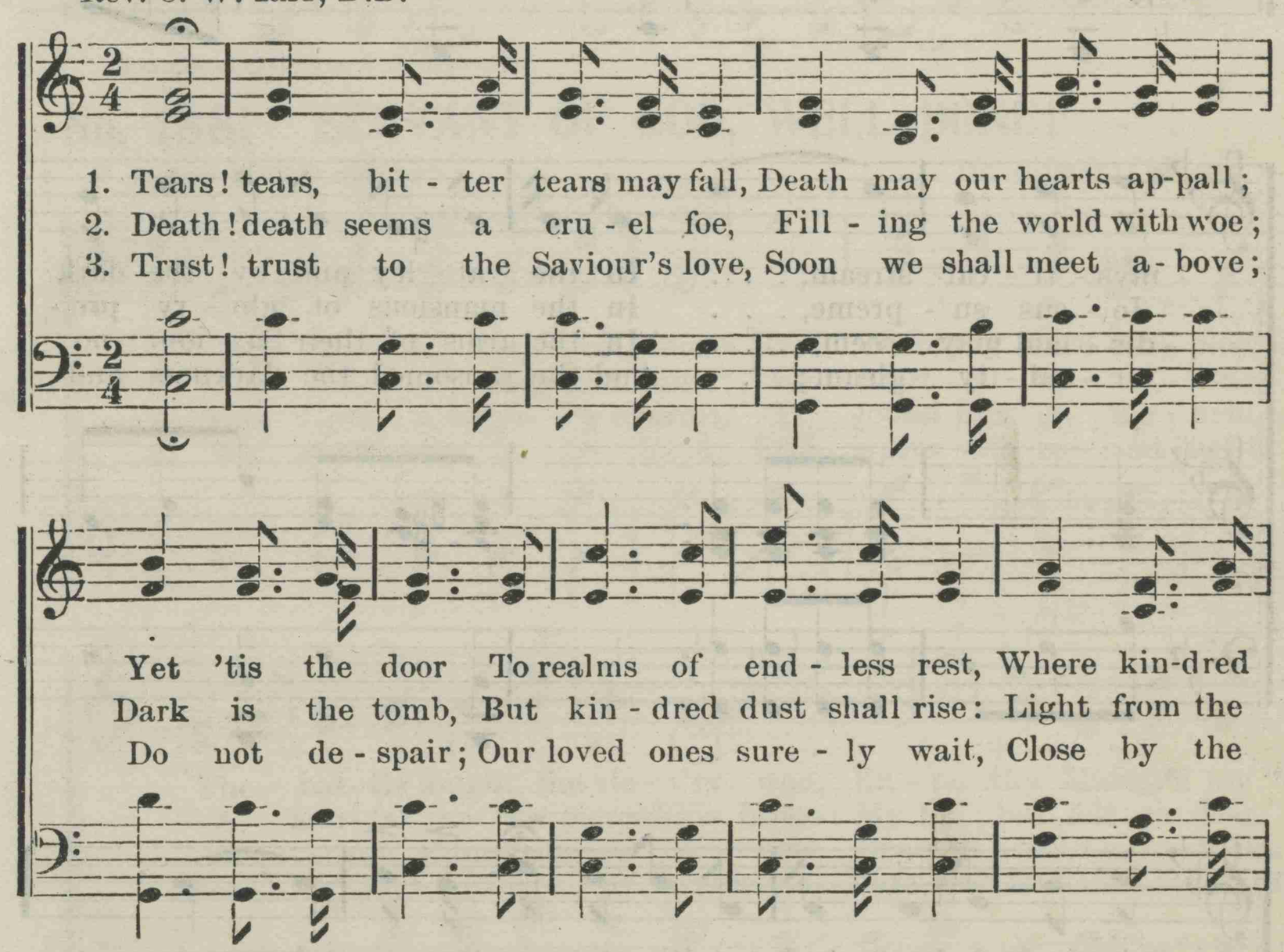
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I AM GOING TO A CITY.



No. 186. THEY WAIT FOR US THERE.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D. FRANZ VOLK.
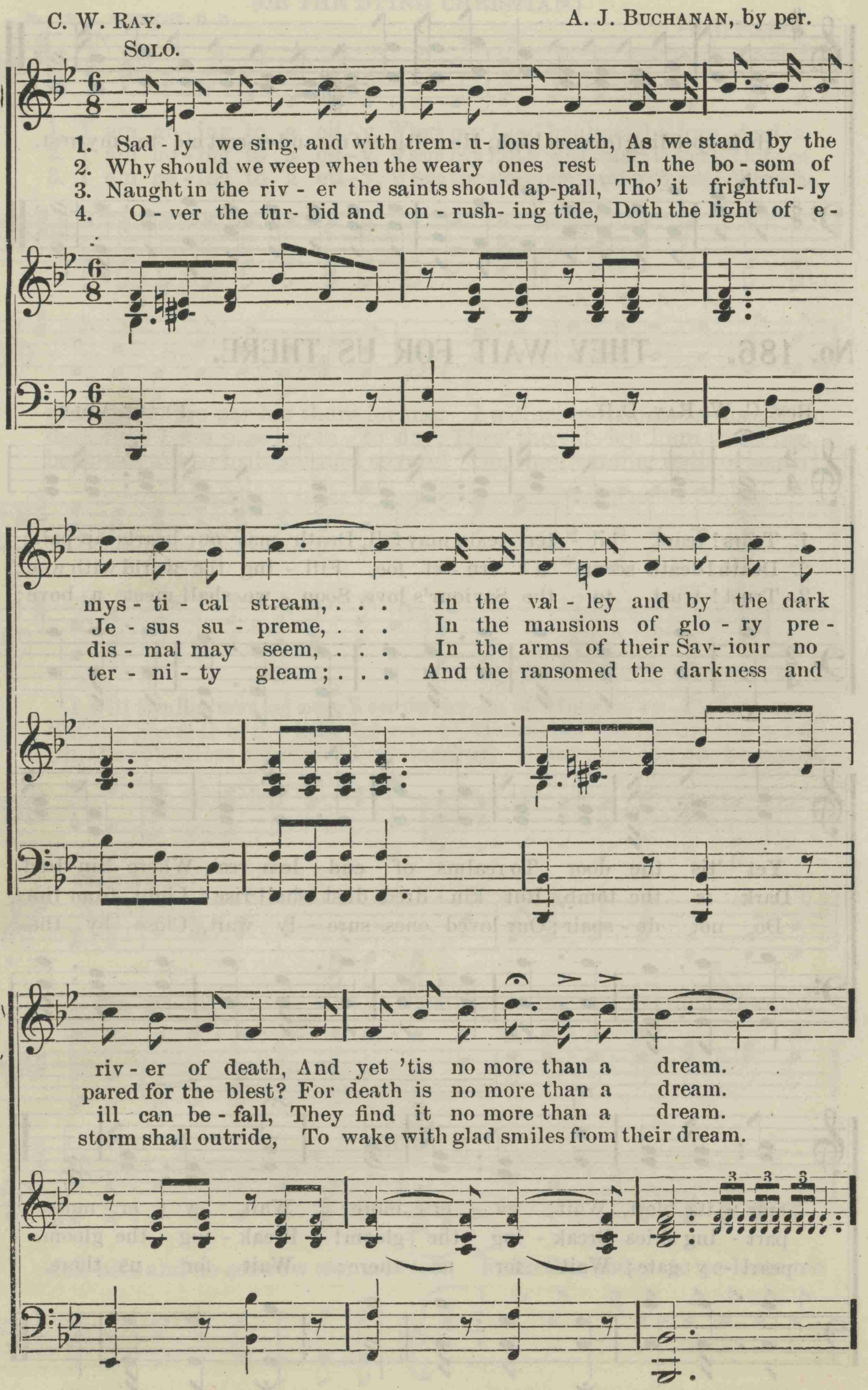


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No. 187. DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

C. W. RAY. A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.

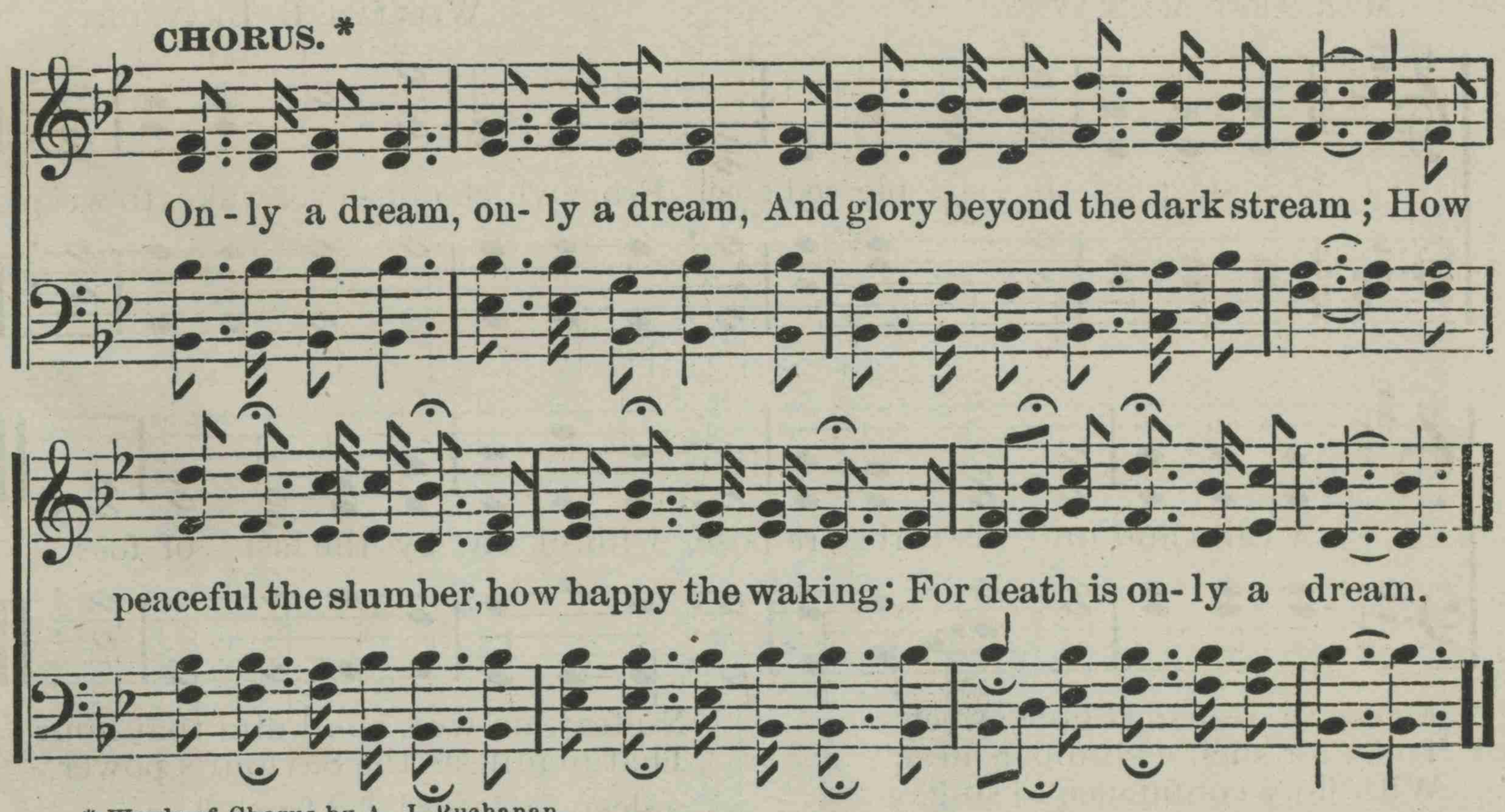
SOLO.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem- u- lous breath, As we stand by the mys - ti - cal stream, . . . In the val - ley and by the dark riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
2. Why should we weep when the weary ones rest In the bo - som of Je - sus su - preme, . . . In the mansions of glo - ry pre - pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap-pall, Tho' it frightful- ly dis - mal may seem, . . . In the arms of their Sav- iour no ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
4. O - ver the tur- bid and on - rush- ing tide, Doth the light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam; . . . And the ransomed the darkness and storm shall outride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.



Hymn used by per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

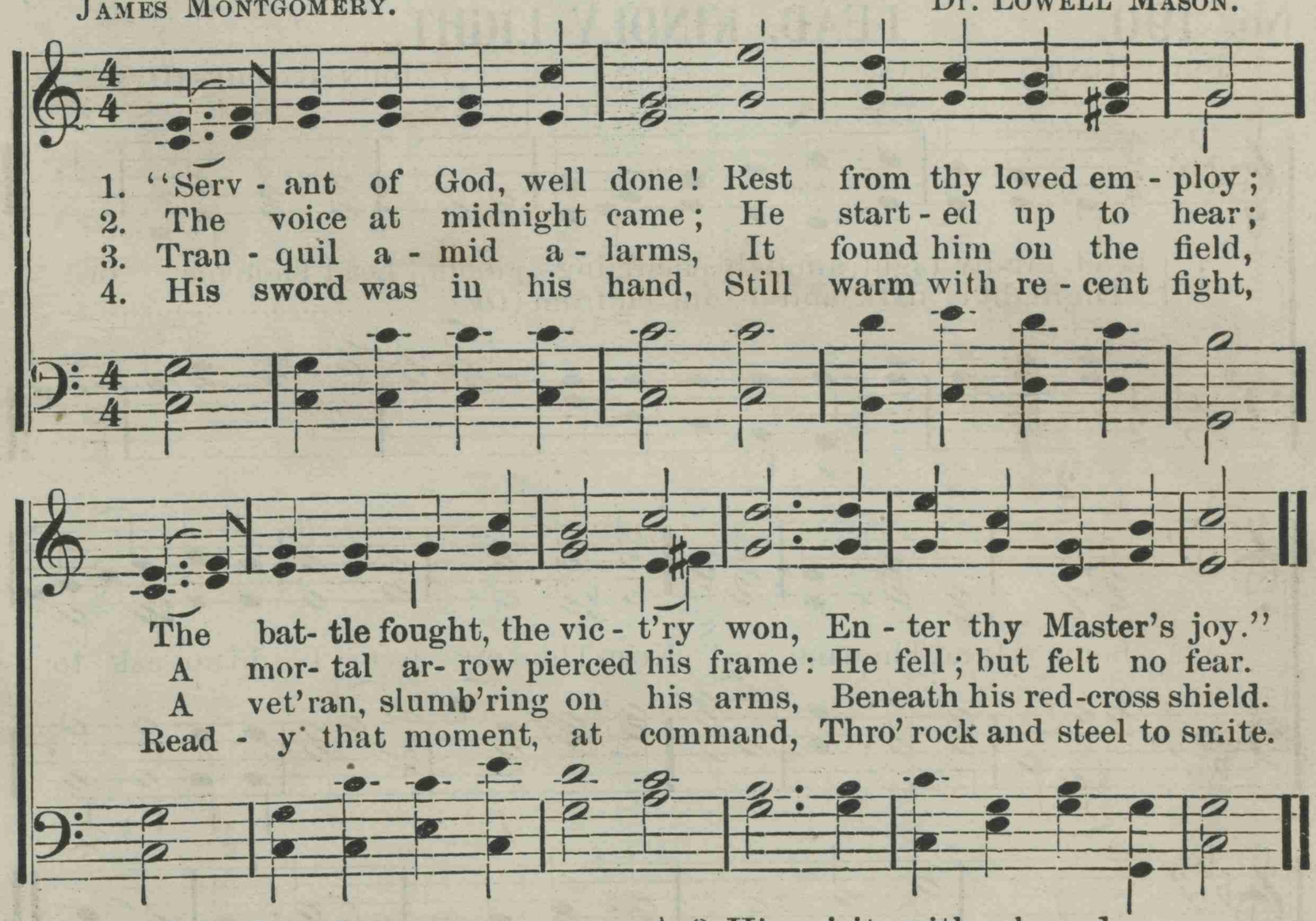
DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.



* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

No. 188. SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



5 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.

6 Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

7 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

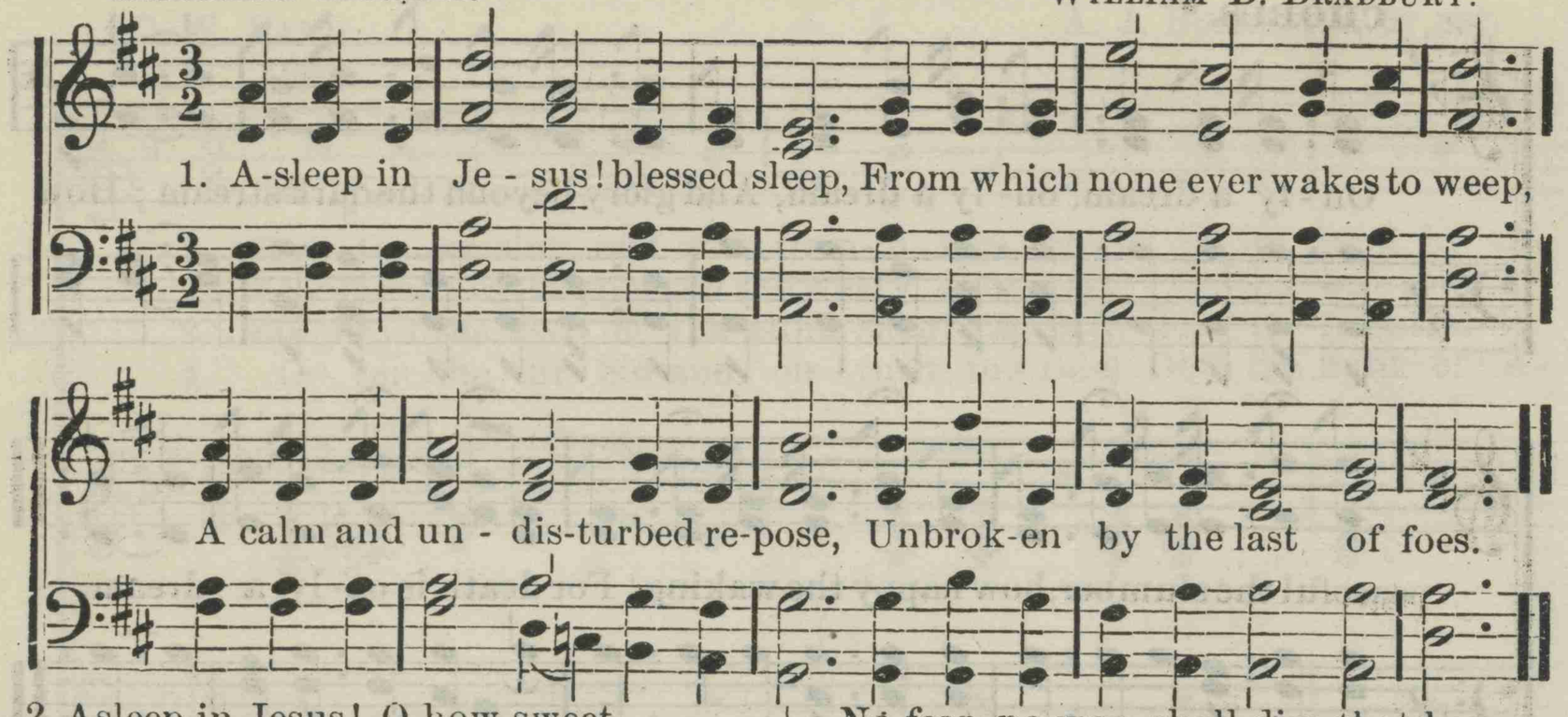
8 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay :
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

9 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease ;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

10 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

No. 189. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MARGARET MACKAY. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



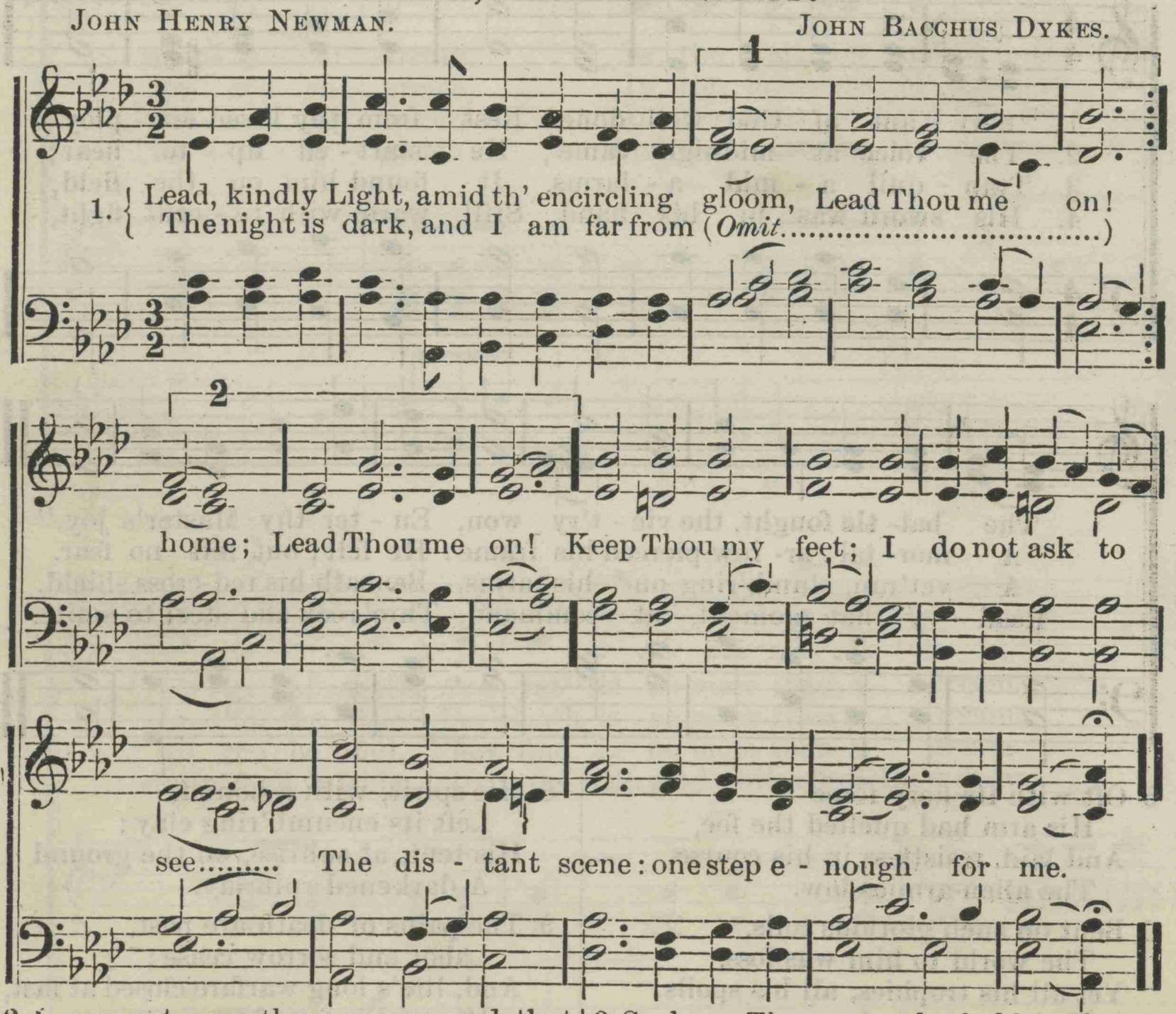
2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 190. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou
I loved to choose and see my path; but
Lead Thou me on! [now
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Prider uled my will. Remember not
past years!

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me,
Will lead me on [sure it still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone, [till
And with the morn those angel faces
smile [awhile!
Which I have loved long since and lost

No. 191. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

MECHLENBERG.

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay,
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the (*Omit.*) way;
2. I would not live al - way: no, wel - come the tomb;
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its (*Omit.*) gloom;

The few lu - rid morn- ings that dawn on us here,
Are e - nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its (*Omit.*) cheer.
There sweet be my rest, till He bids me a - rise
To hail Him in tri - umph de - scend - ing the (*Omit.*) skies.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me dear Sav-iour for heav - en my home.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, [reigns.
And the noontide of glory eternally

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, [of the soul.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast

No. 192. FREDERICK.

MECHLENBERG. GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:

The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

No. 193. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL, by per.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are lov-ing words, Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat-tle's front, My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek,
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day, For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still small voice He calls, To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech-o Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.
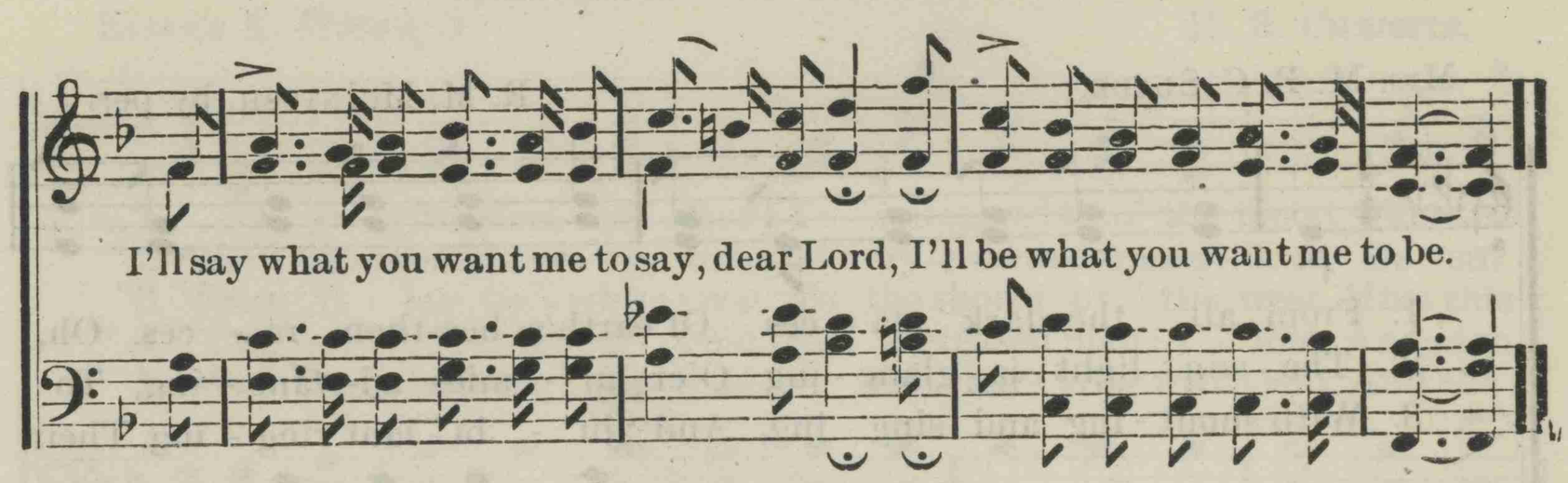
REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell.

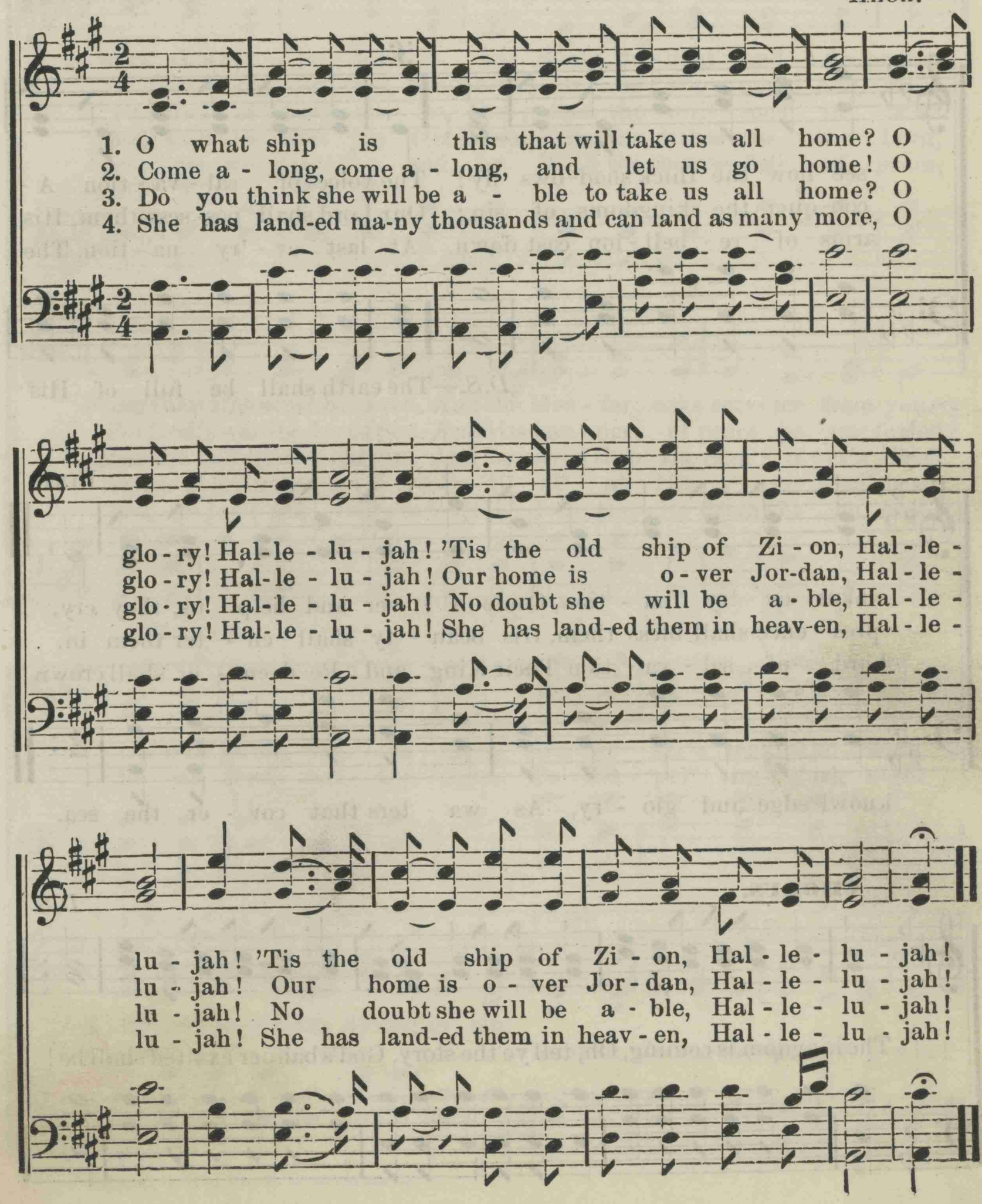
Published in sheet form by W. E. Rounsefell, 18 Blodgett St., Manchester, N. H. Price 5 cents
May also be ordered through the publisher of this book.

I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.



No. 194. THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

Anon.



No. 195. THE KINGDOM COMING.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, Oh,
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad- vanc - ing, To
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shad- ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
con- quer the kingdoms of sin; Our Lord shall pos- sess them, His
arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

D.S.—The earth shall be full of His

wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re- deem - er shall crown!

knowl- edge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.

CHORUS.

The kingdom is coming, Oh, tell ye the story, God's banner exalted shall be!

No. 196. IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. O ye chil-dren of God, Ye redeemed thro' the blood, There is work, there is la-bor to do! Souls, de-filed and de-praved,
2. Shall the broad land we love, Glo-ry-crowned from a-bove, Be sur-ren-dered to sin and the world? Or be con-quered and won
3. From At-lan-tic's white crest To the shores of the west, Must this na-tion be-long un-to God; And the mill-ions in sin
4. Let our off-'rings of gold Be increased man-i-fold, And each Chris-tian to God pay His vow; Bring the tithes to the Lord,
5. With God's blessing the field A rich har-vest will yield, And the reap-ers will come by and by, With the sheaves full of grain,

From their sins must be saved, And the Mas-ter asks serv-ice from you.
For God's well-be-loved Son, And His ban-ner of peace be un-furled?
Must be all gath-ered in, And be saved thro' Im-man-u-el's blood.
And send forth the glad Word Un-til all at His al-tar shall bow.
And in joy-ful re-frain Will a-dore the Re-deem-er on high.

CHORUS.

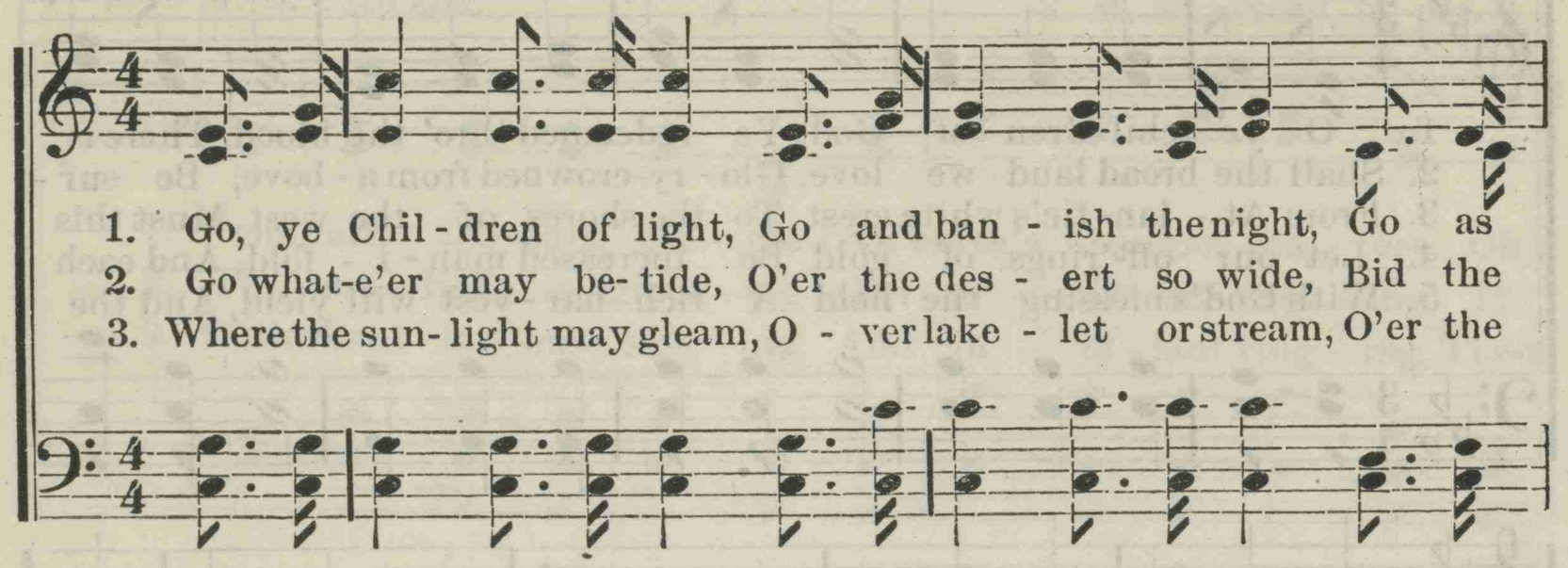
O, our guilt will be great If we fal-ter and wait,
If we send not the light To dis-pel the dark night,

While the peo-ple are dy-ing in sin,
(*Omit.* . . . . .)And for Je-sus the perishing win!

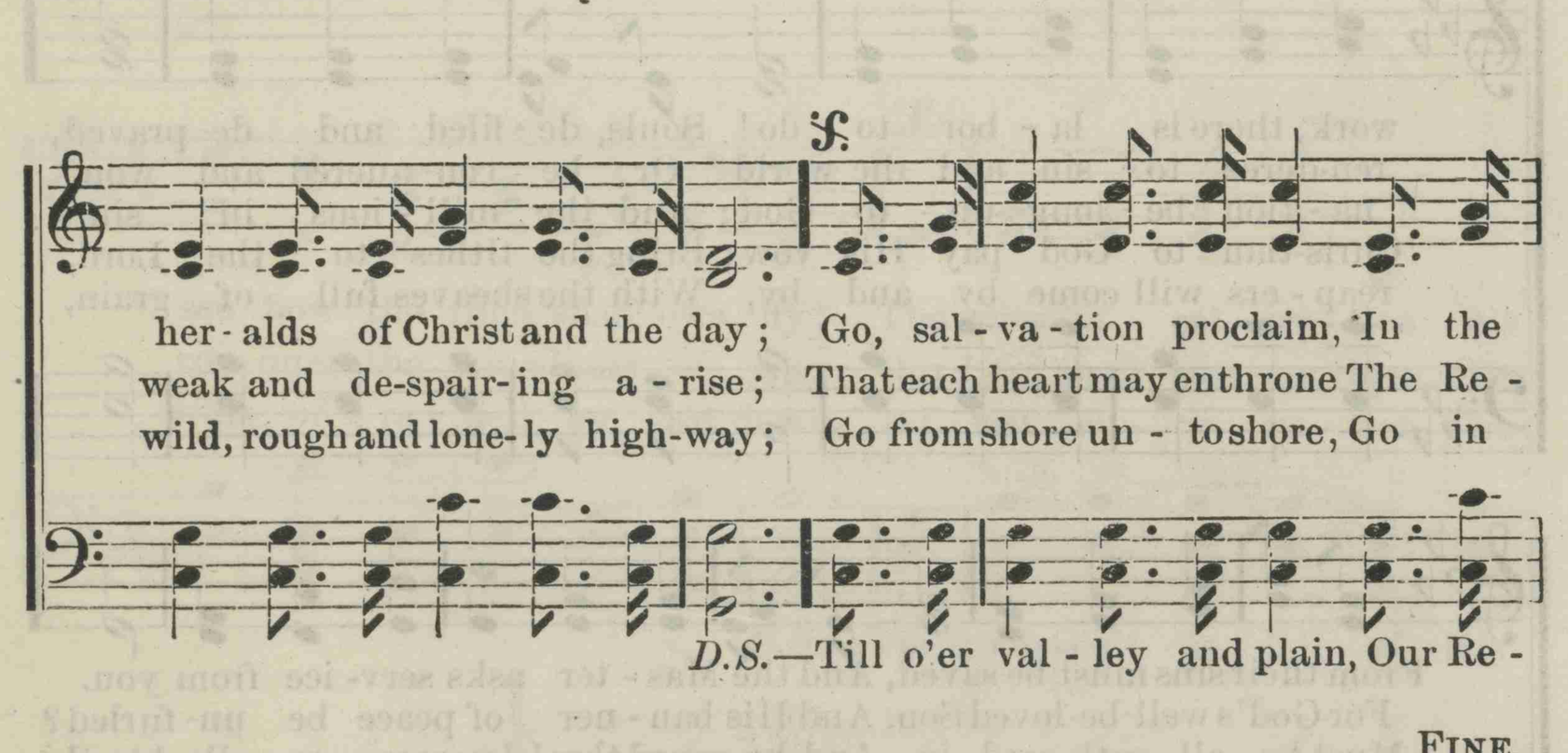
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No. 197. GO BANISH THE NIGHT.
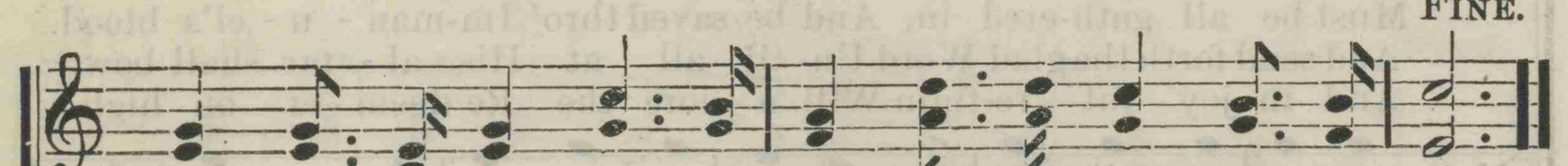
C. W. RAY. R. M. McINTOSH.



1. Go, ye Chil - dren of light, Go and ban - ish the night, Go as
2. Go what-e'er may be- tide, O'er the des - ert so wide, Bid the
3. Where the sun- light may gleam, O - ver lake - let or stream, O'er the

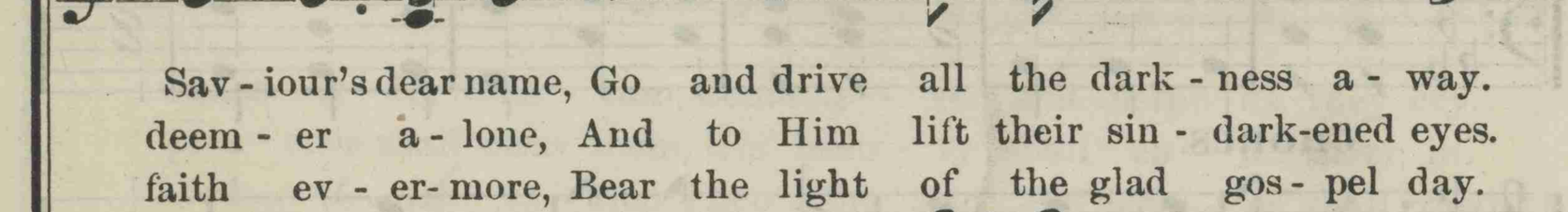


her - alds of Christ and the day; Go, sal - va - tion proclaim, In the
weak and de-spair- ing a - rise; That each heart may enthrone The Re -
wild, rough and lone- ly high-way; Go from shore un - to shore, Go in

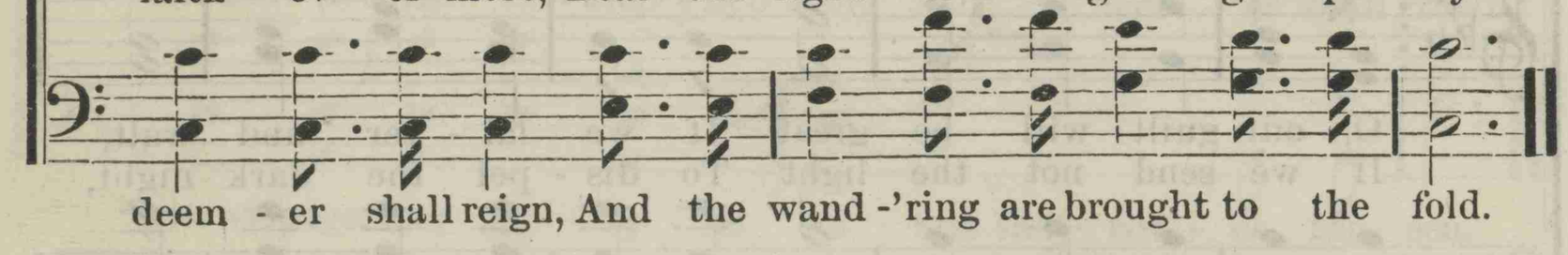


D.S.—Till o'er val - ley and plain, Our Re -

FINE.
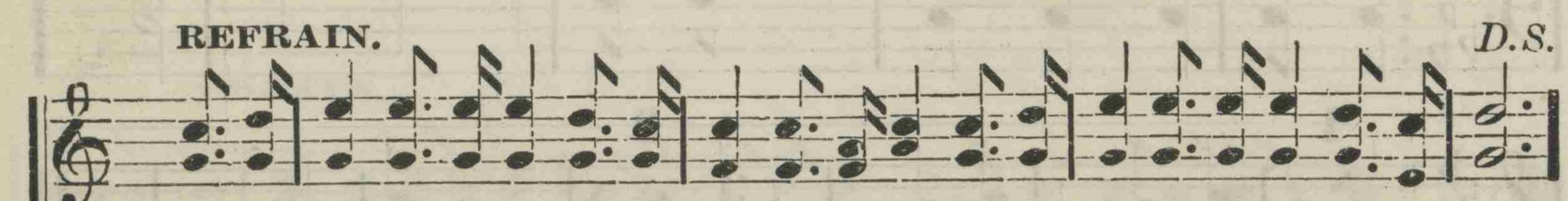


Sav - iour's dear name, Go and drive all the dark - ness a - way.
deem - er a - lone, And to Him lift their sin - dark-ened eyes.
faith ev - er- more, Bear the light of the glad gos - pel day.

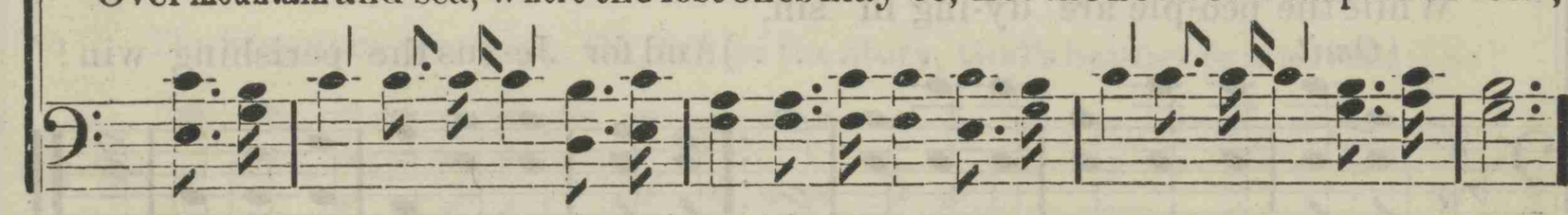


deem - er shall reign, And the wand -'ring are brought to the fold.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*
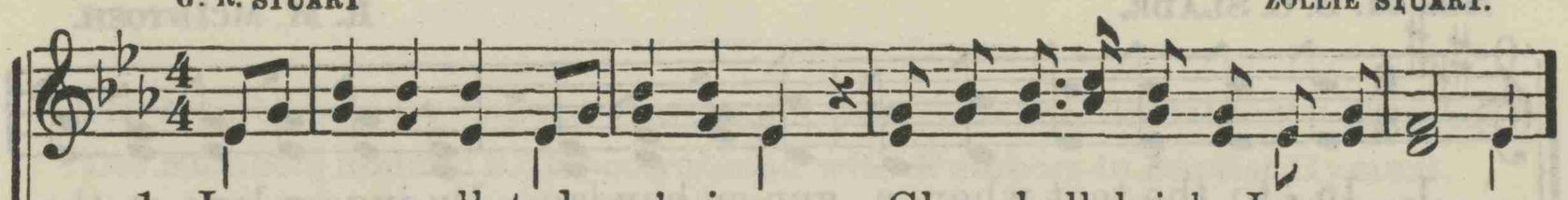


Over mountain and sea, Where the lost ones may be, Let the news of redemption be told;



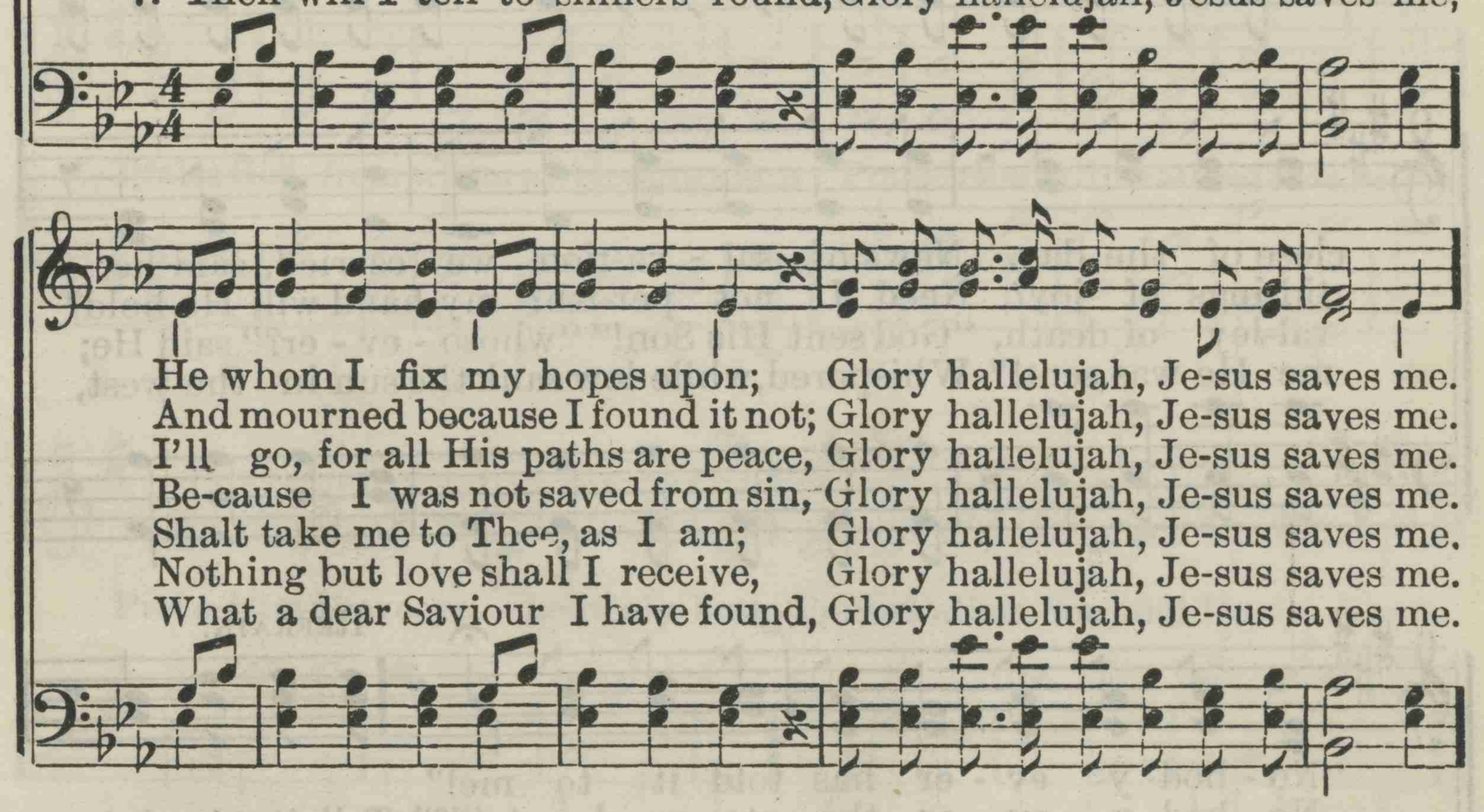
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No. 198. JESUS SAVES ME.

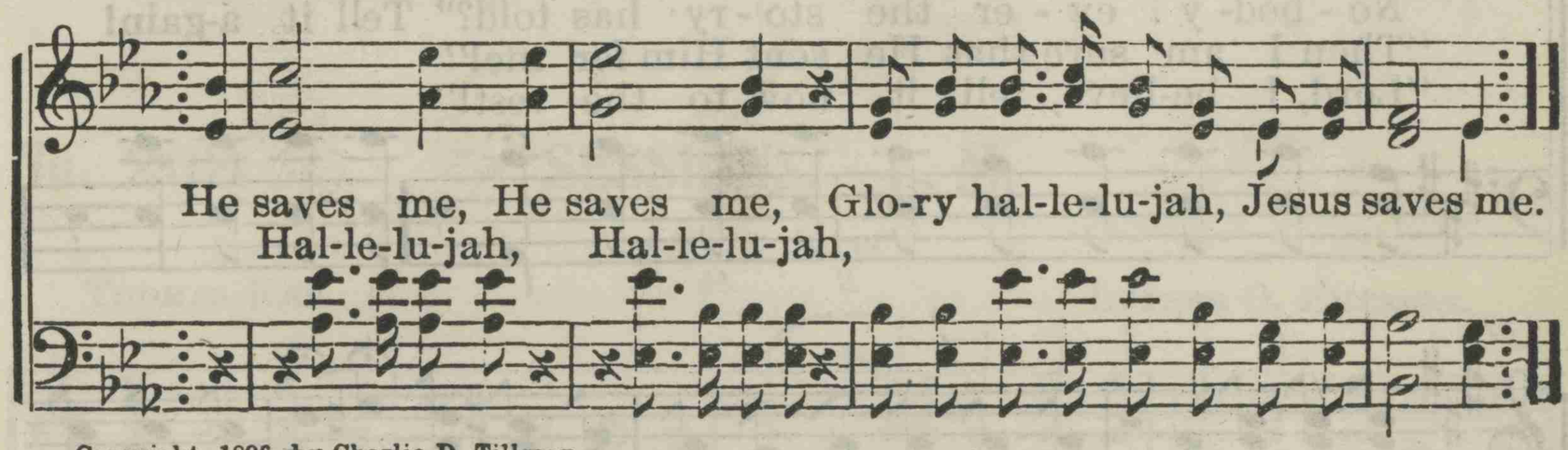
G. R. STUART ZOLLIE STUART.



1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
2. This is the way I long have sought, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
3. The King's highway of holiness, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
4. My grief a burden long has been, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
5. Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
6. Nothing but sin have I to give; Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;
7. Then will I tell to sinners 'round, Glory hallelujah, Jesus saves me;



He whom I fix my hopes upon; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
And mourned because I found it not; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Be-cause I was not saved from sin, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am; Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
Nothing but love shall I receive, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.
What a dear Saviour I have found, Glory hallelujah, Je-sus saves me.



He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus saves me.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 199. I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Tune "Sweet Bye and Bye."

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO. I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my soul I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

No. 200. TELL IT AGAIN.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a gyp-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone at the close of the day. News of sal - va-tion we carried, said he,
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un- to me the good tid-ings of joy? Need I not per-ish? my hand will He hold?
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the val-ley of death, "God sent His Son!" "whoso - ev - er?" said He;
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent, "I am so glad that for me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

"No - bod- y ev - er has told it to me!"
No - bod- y ev - er the sto - ry has told?" Tell it a-gain!
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
"Lord, I be-lieve, tell it now to the rest!"

Tell it again! Salvation's sto-ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the children of men, "No-bod-y ev - er has told me before."

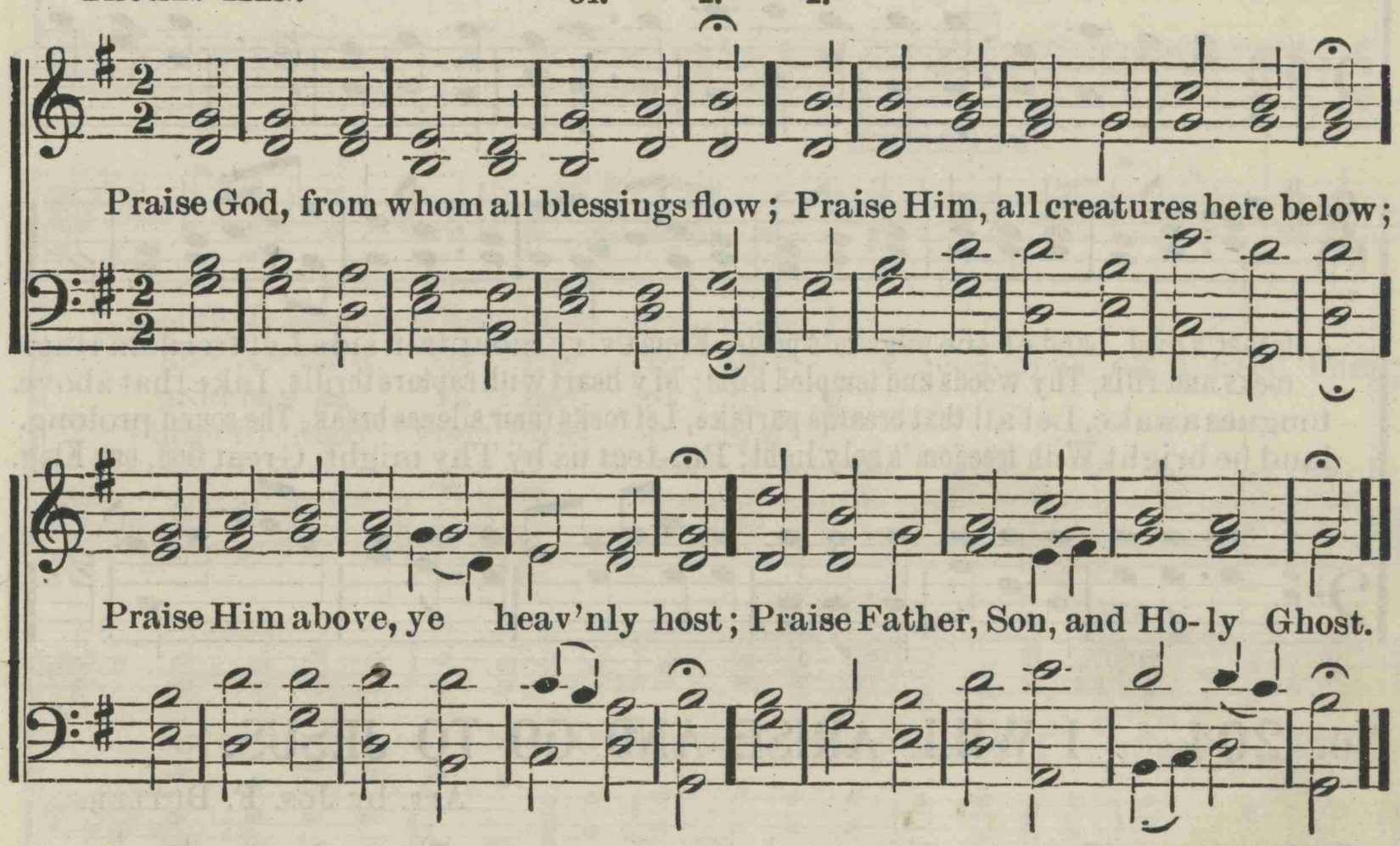
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BEST OLD HYMNS.

The Numbers under "M. H." correspond with Numbers in Methodist Hymnal.
The Numbers under "B. H." correspond with Numbers in Baptist Hymnal.
The Numbers under "P. H." correspond with Numbers in Presbyterian Hymnal.

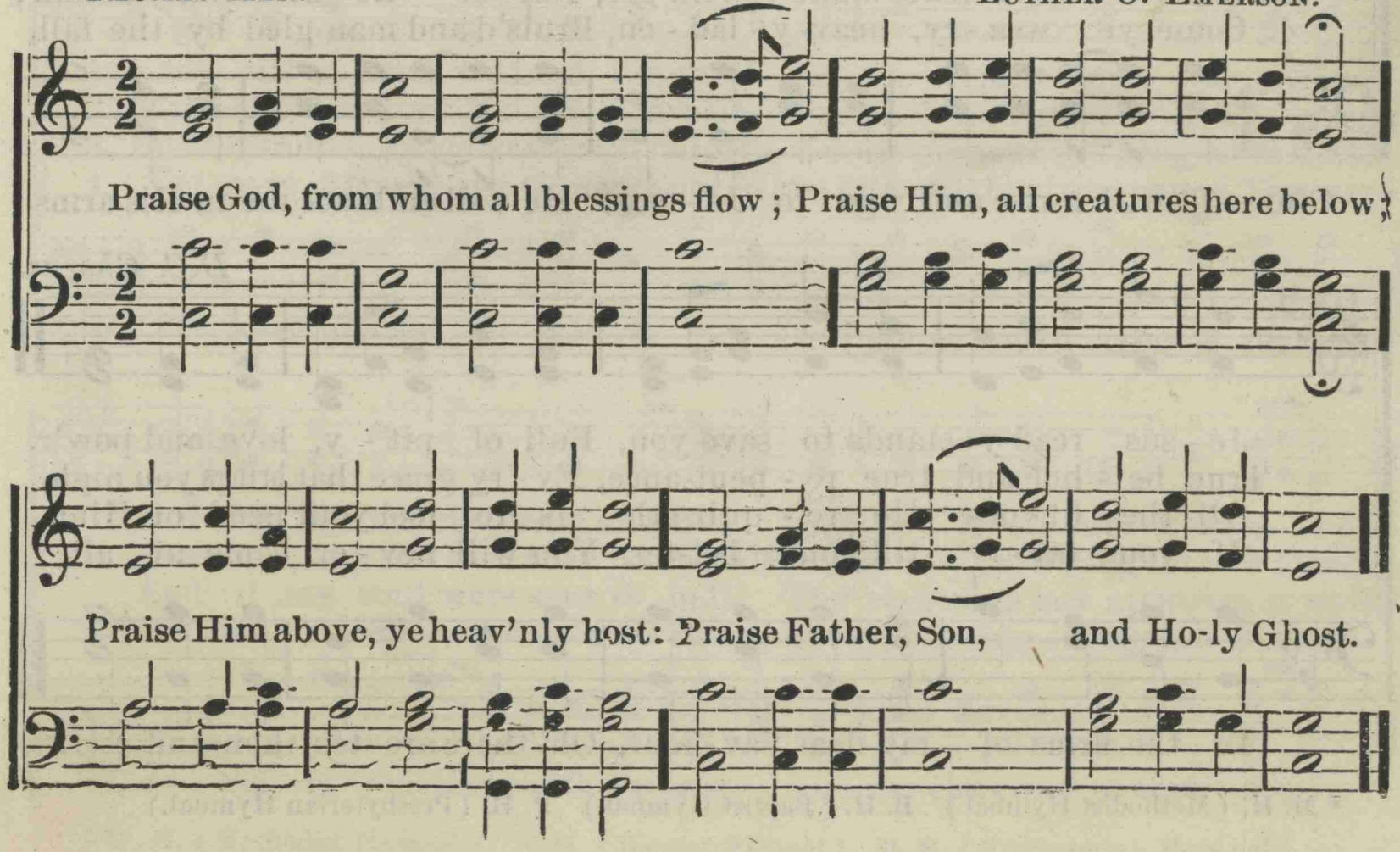
No. 201. OLD HUNDRED.

	* M. H.	B. H.	P. H.
THOMAS KEN.	34.	2.	2.



No. 202. SESSIONS. L. M.
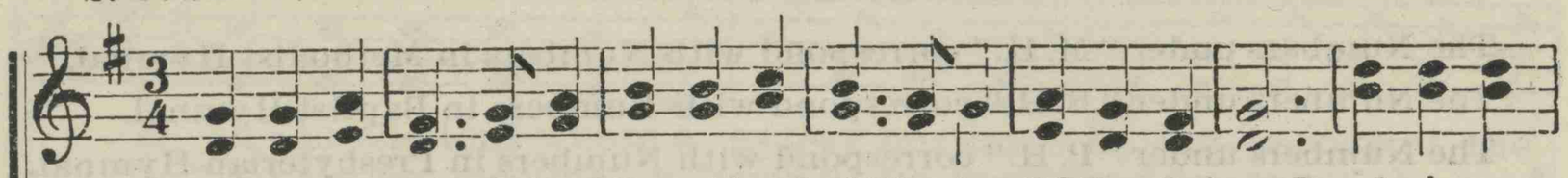
	* M. H.	B. H.	
THOMAS KEN.	44.	2.	LUTHER O. EMERSON.



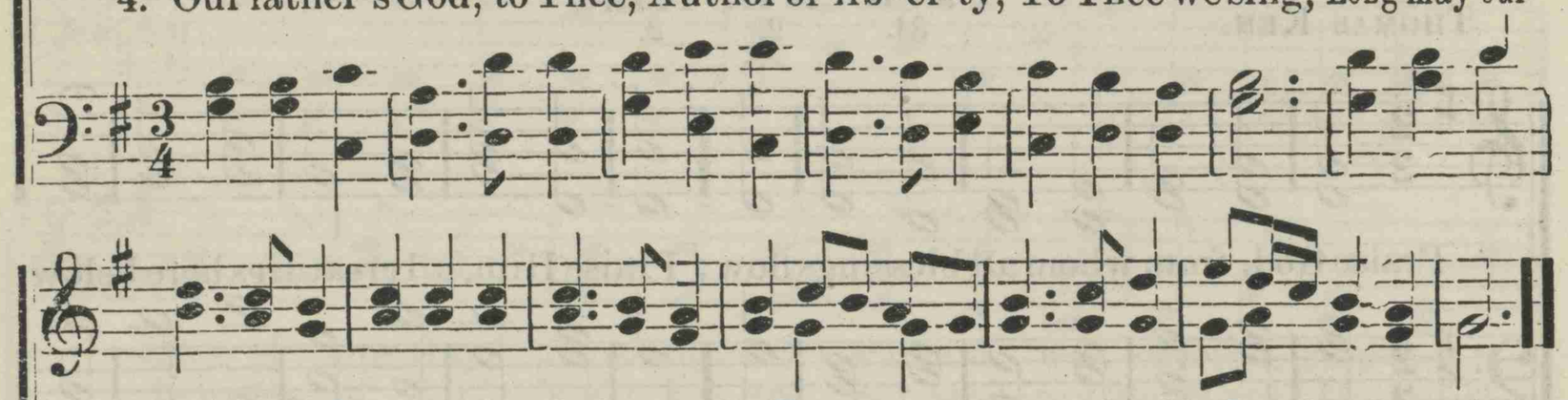
No. 203. AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.
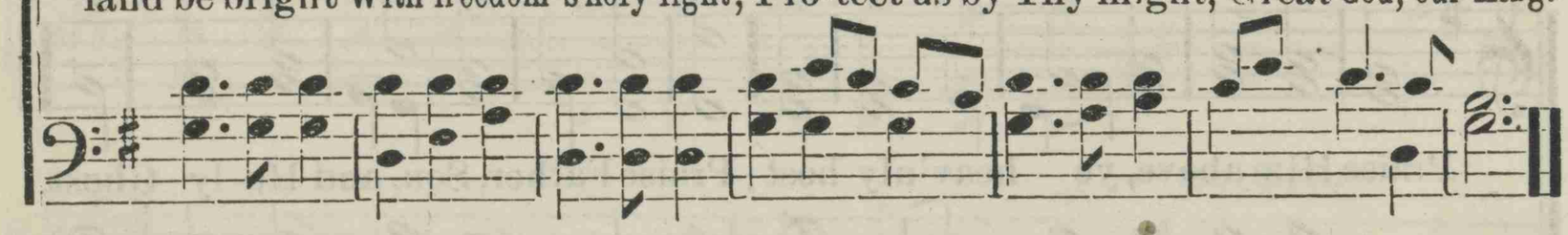
* M. H. 728. B. H. 696.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Author of lib- er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
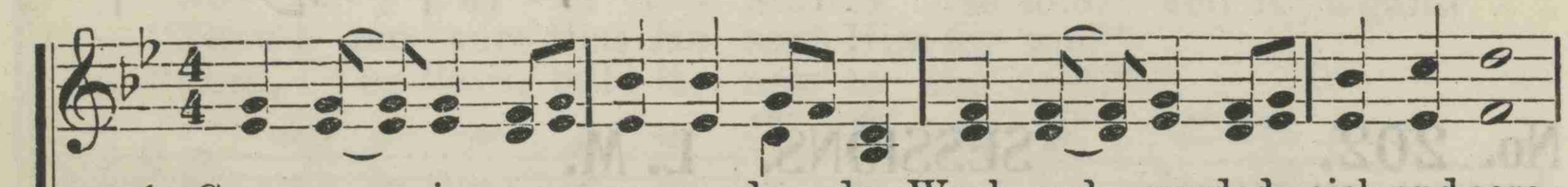


father's died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.
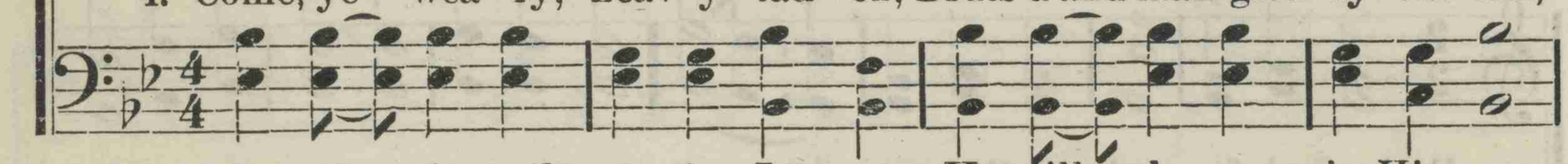


No. 204. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.
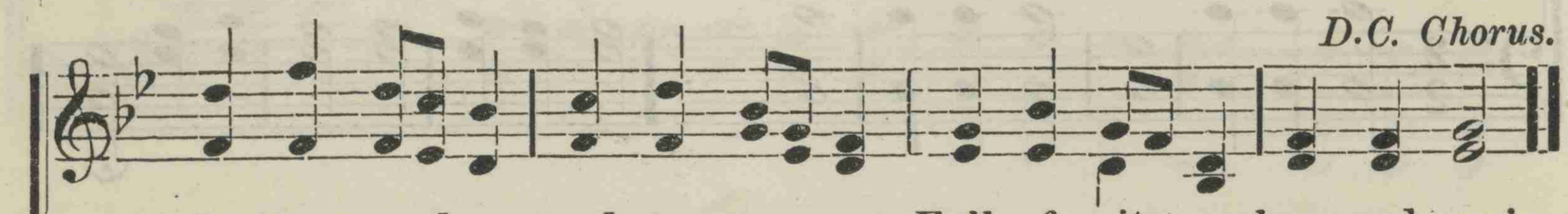


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need- y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav- y - lad - en, Bruis'd and man-gled by the fall,
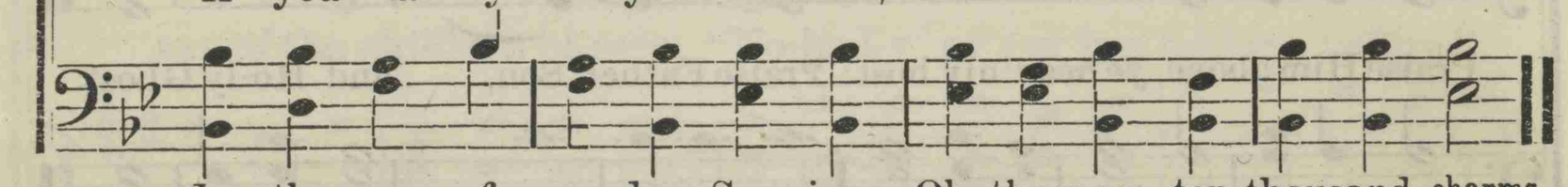


CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D.C. Chorus.



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev -'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.



In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 205. I NEED THEE.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. * M. H. 851. B. H. 364. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick- ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis - es In me ful - fill.
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in- deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee;
Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robt. Lowry.

No. 206. SHOW PITY, LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

1. Show pit- y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repent- ing reb- el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

CHO.—O depth of mer- cy! can it be That mercy's still reserved for me?

Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin- ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na- ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sinners spare?

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 207. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEO. KEITH. *M. H. 546. B. H. 502. P. H. 325. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. How firm a founda - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un- to Je - sus for ref- uge have fled?
2. In ev - 'ry con- di - tion—in sickness, in health, In pov - er- ty's vale or a - bounding in wealth, At home and a- broad, on the land, on the sea— As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.
3. Fear not: I am with you: O be not dismayed: I, I am your God, and will still give you aid; I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om- nip - o- tent hand.
4. E'en down to old age all my peo- ple shall prove My sov'reign, e - ter - nal, unchange - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their tem- ples a - dore, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
5. The soul that on Je- sus still leans for re- pose, I will not, I can - not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for- sake.

No. 208. PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

GEO. KEITH. (Second Tune.) * B. H. 502. P. H. 111. J. READING.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word; What more can He say than to you He hath said,—You who unto Je- sus for ref- uge have fled? You who un-to Je-sus for refuge have fled?

* M. H (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 209. ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. Toplady. *M. H. 106. B. H. 496. P. H. 304. Dr. Thos. Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,

D. C.—1. Be of sin the doub-le cure Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.—2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D. C.—3. Vile, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
D. C.—4. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd.
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

No. 210. WHEN I SURVEY.

Isaac Watts. *M. H. 102. B. H. 442. P. H. 147. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far to small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri- fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 211. HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER. | * M. H. 4. B. H. 209. P. H. 527. | Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - aphim
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer-ci - ful and might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - ermore shalt be.
Lord God Al-might - y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 212. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. | * M. H. 354. B. H. 499. P. H. 305. | S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
   { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high; }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha-ven gnide, O re-ceive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

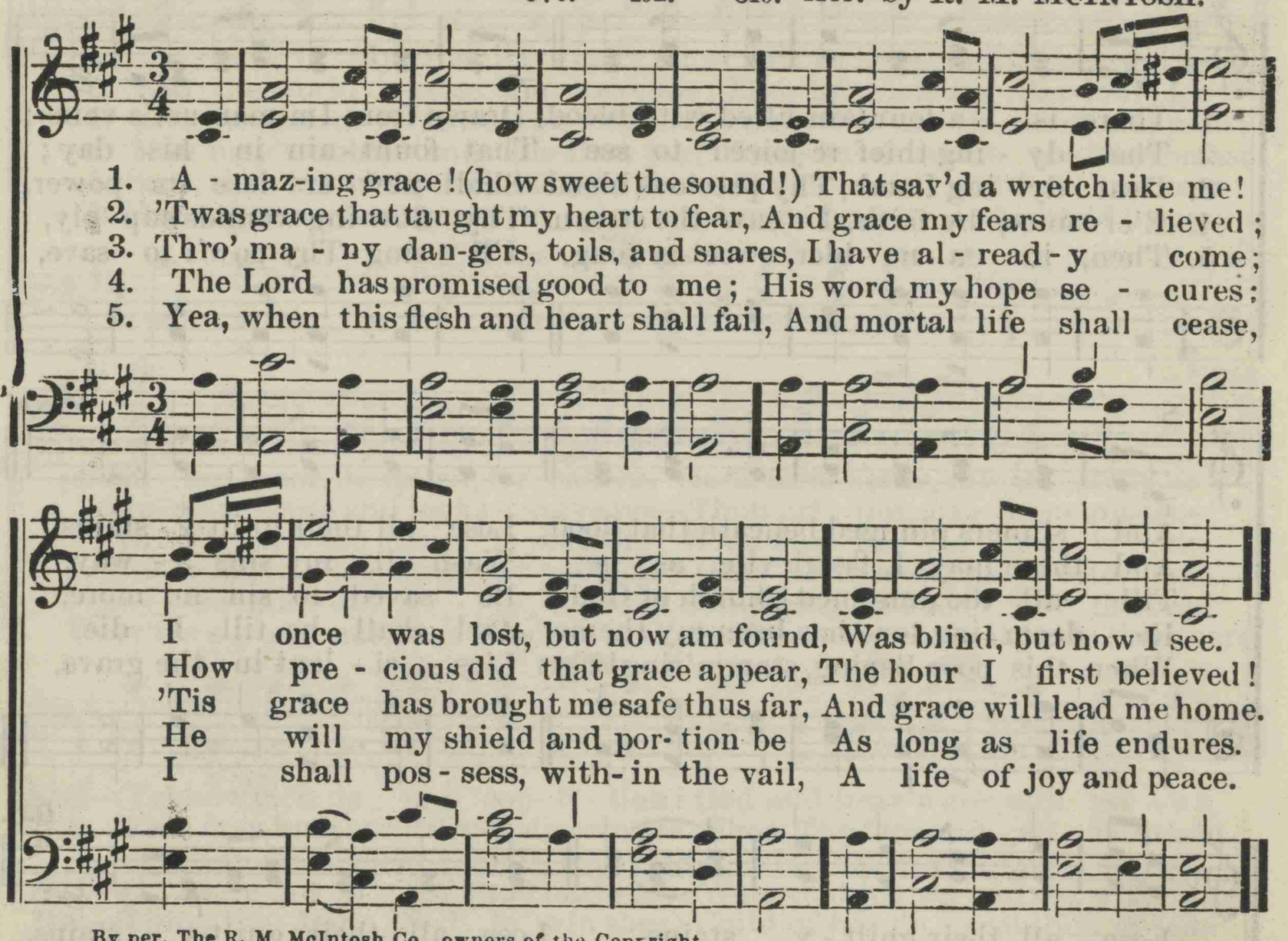
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 213. AMAZING GRACE.

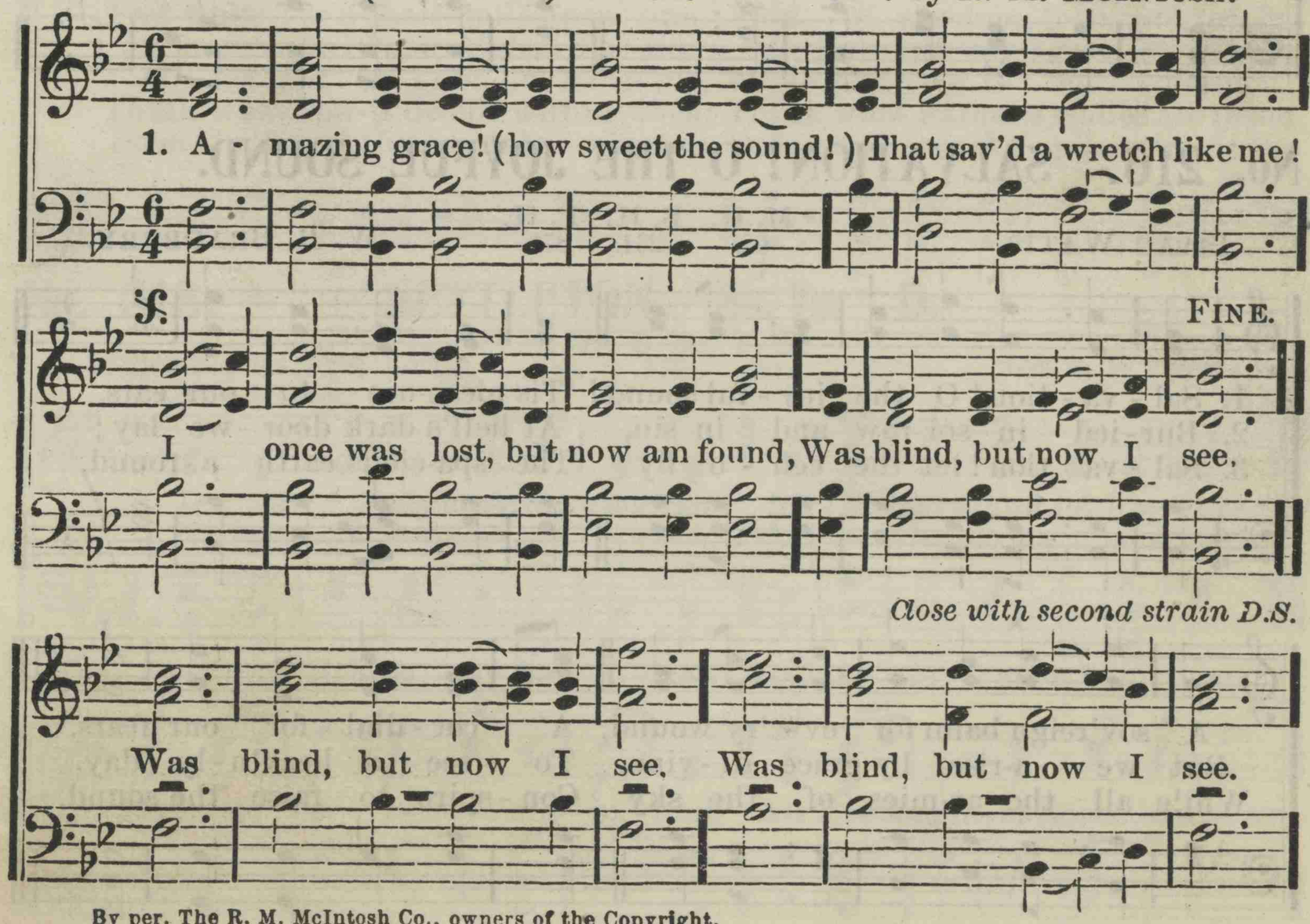
JOHN NEWTON. * M. H. 570. B. H. 492. P. H. 519. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



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No. 214. HARP. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. (Second Tune.) * M. H. 570. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

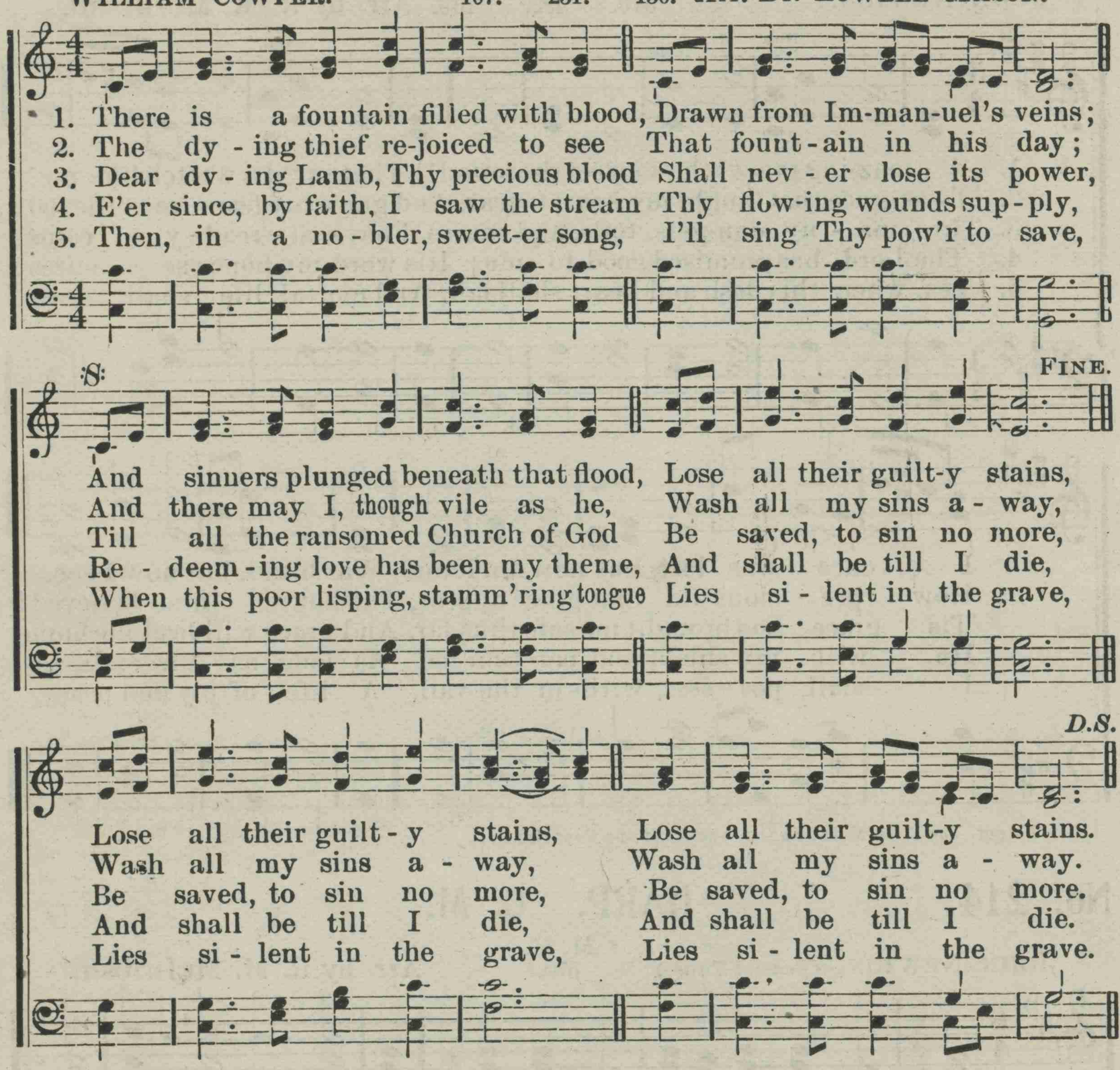


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* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)
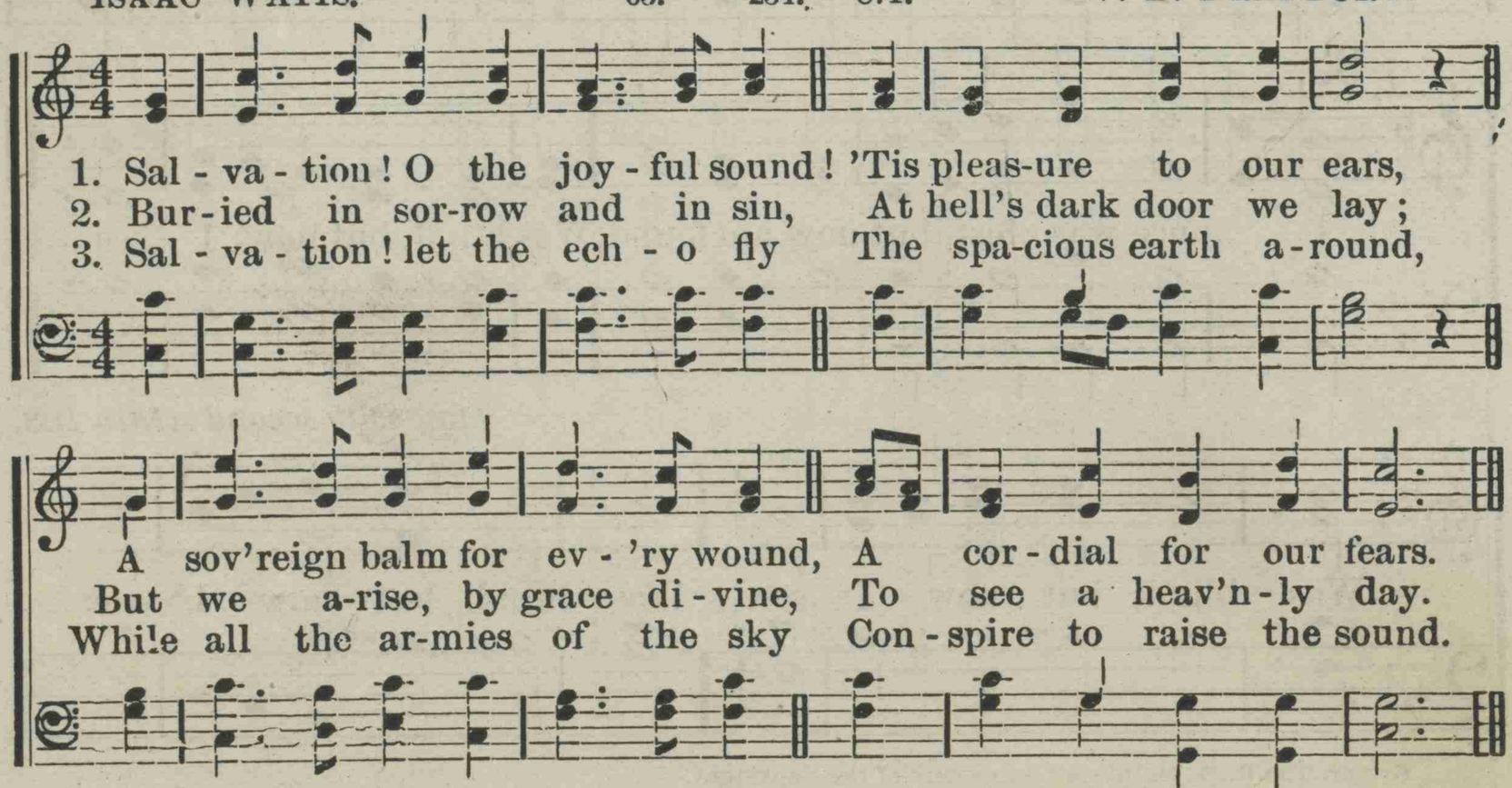
No. 215. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. * M. H. 107. B. H. 231. P. H. 136. Arr. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 216. SALVATION! O THE JOYFUL SOUND.

ISAAC WATTS. * M. H. 65. B. H. 234. P. H. 871. W. B. BRADBURY.



* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 217. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. * M. H. 540. B. H. 455. P. H. 317. From W. A. MOZART.

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; They have left my Sav-iour too:
3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure; Come dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain;
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;

Na - ked, poor, de-spised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me—Thou art not, like them, un-true;
In Thy serv-ice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta-tion Something still to do or bear.
Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be-fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
D.S.—Foes may hate, and friends disown me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
D.S.—Storms may howl, and clouds may gather; All must work for good to me.
D.S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee!
D.S.—Think that Jesus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re-pine?
D.S.—Hope shall change to glad fru-i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, Ab-ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
Think what Spir-it dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis-sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

No. 218. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. * M. H. 148. B. H. 177. P. H. 554. JOHN WYETH.
(Second Tune.)

1. { Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol-low Thee;
   { Na-ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

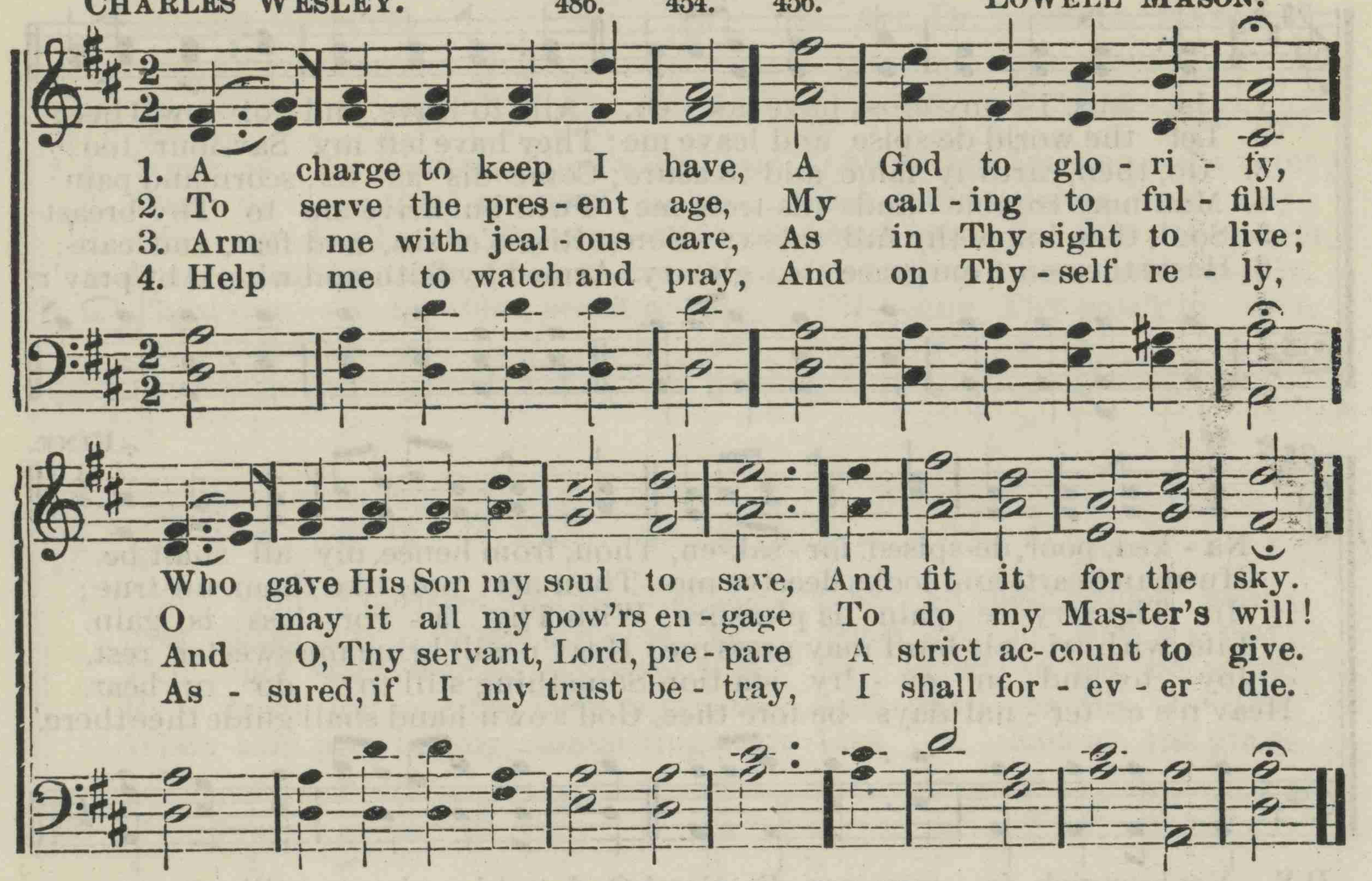
D.C.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

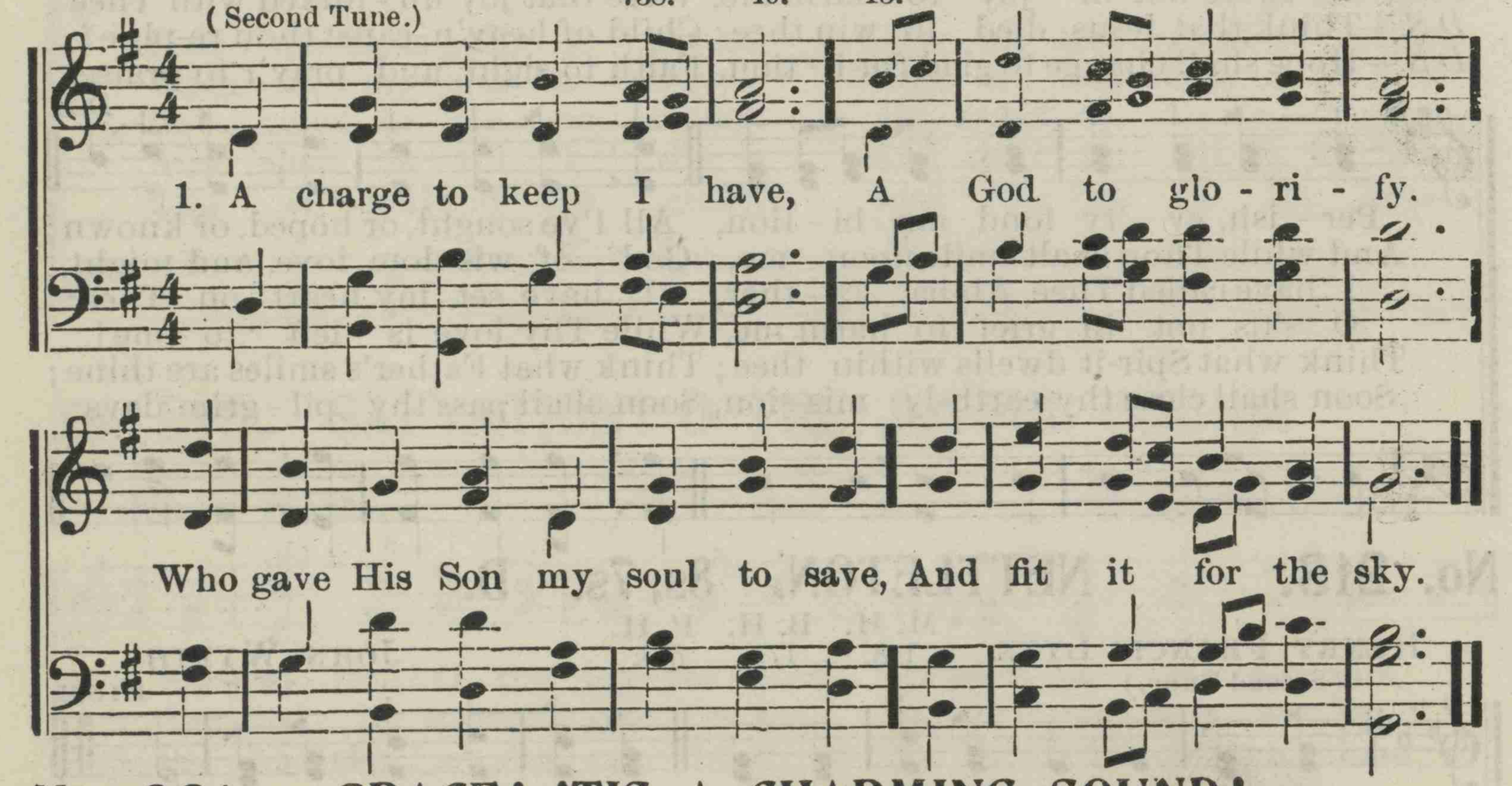
No. 219. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

CHARLES WESLEY. *M. H. 486. B. H. 454. P. H. 456. LOWELL MASON.



No. 220. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Second Tune.) *M. H. 738. B. H. 40. P. H. 15. G. F. HANDEL.



No. 221. GRACE! 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND!

*M. H. 161. B. H. 93. P. H. 544.

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

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

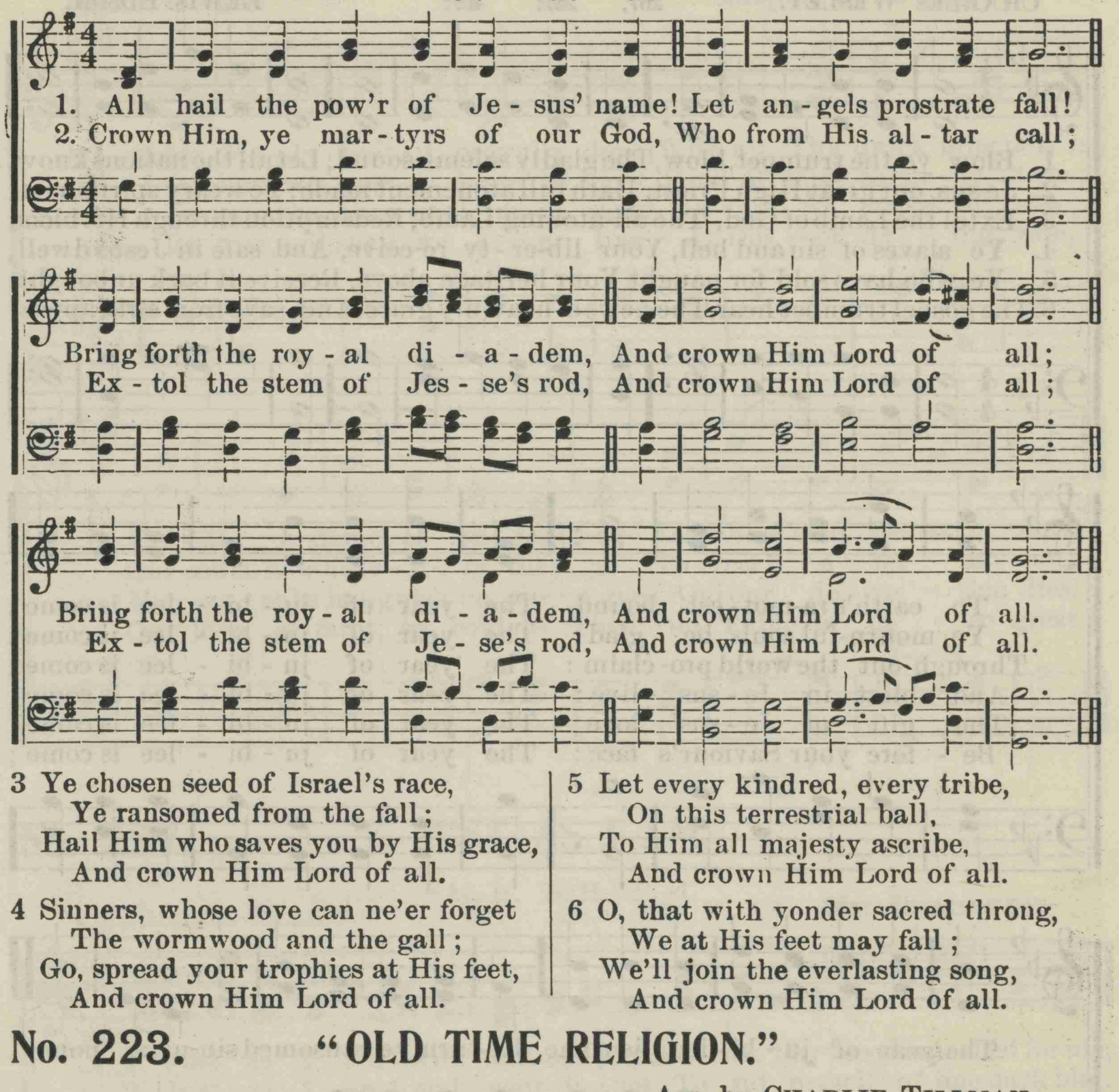
4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 222. ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

EDWARD PERRONET. * M. H. 132. B. H. 161. P. H. 32. OLIVER HOLDEN.



3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

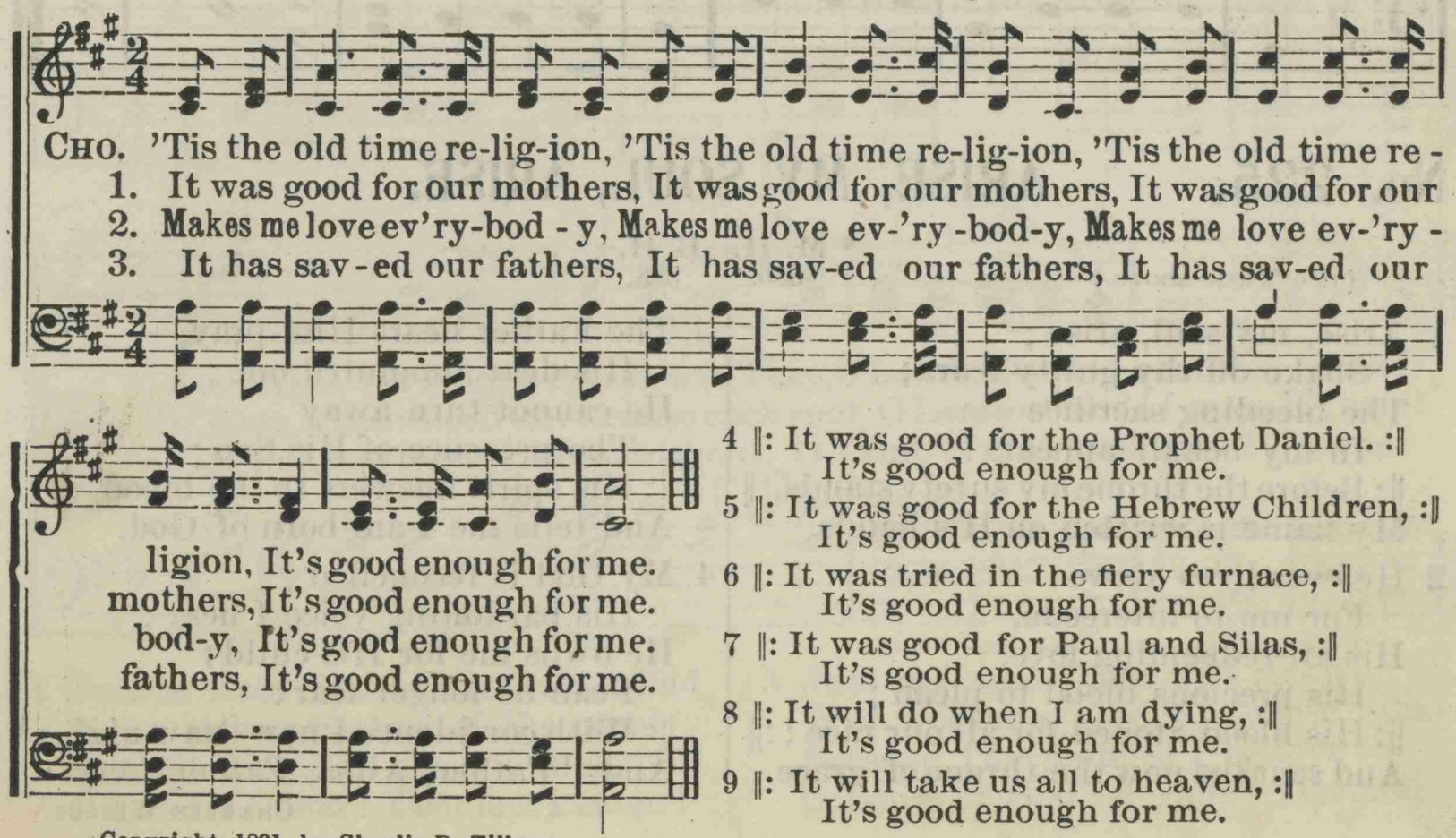
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 223. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

Arr. by CHARLIE TILLMAN.



4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel. :‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It's good enough for me.

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It's good enough for me.

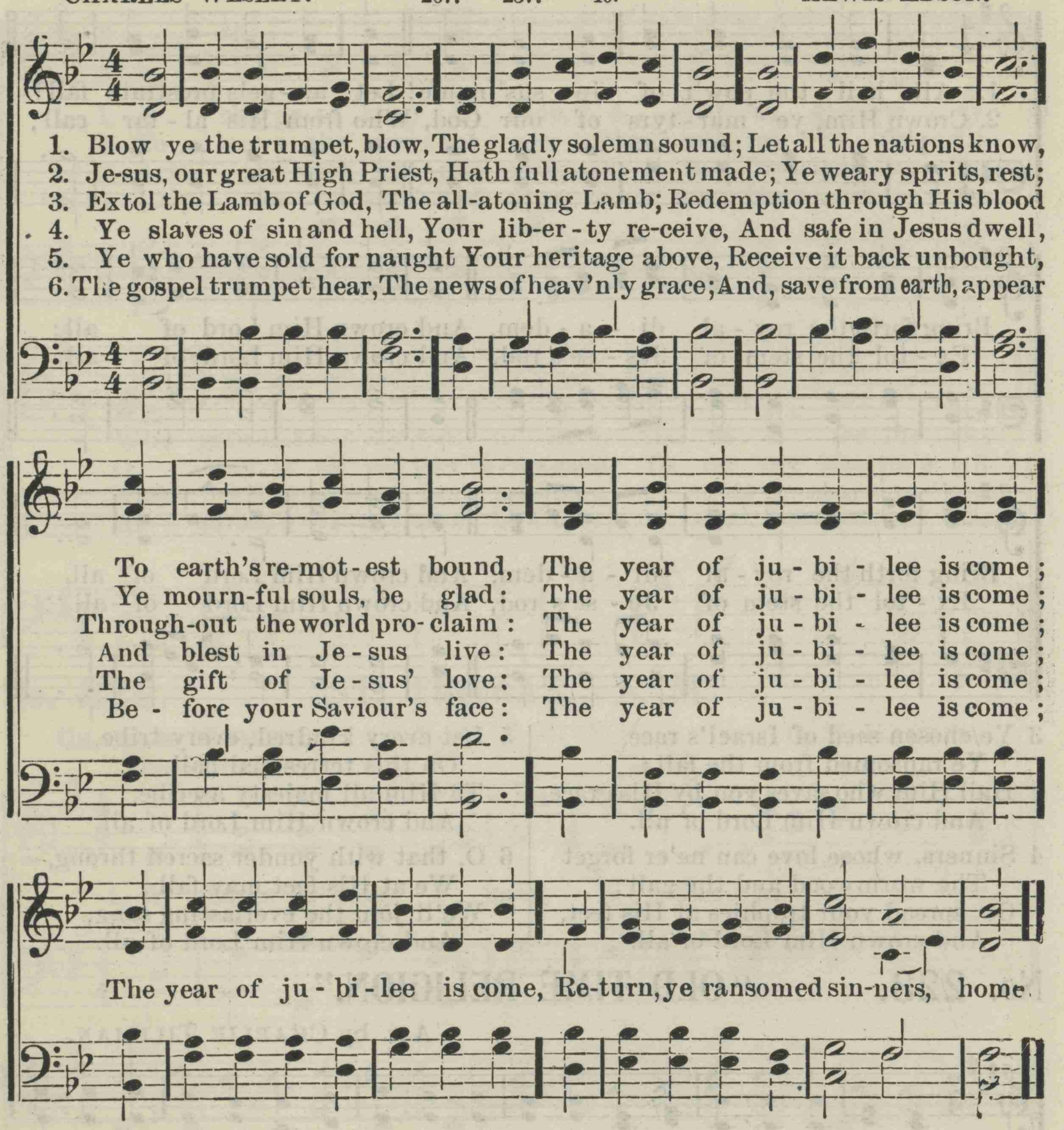
9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It's good enough for me.

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* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 224. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET, BLOW.

CHARLES WESLEY. *M. H. 267. B. H. 237. P. H. 40. LEWIS EDSON.



No. 225. ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

(See Music above.) * M. H. 386. B. H. 323.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
‖: Before the throne my surety stands,:‖
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
‖: His blood atoned for all our race;:‖
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear annointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
‖: His spirit answers to the blood, :‖
And tells me I am born of God.

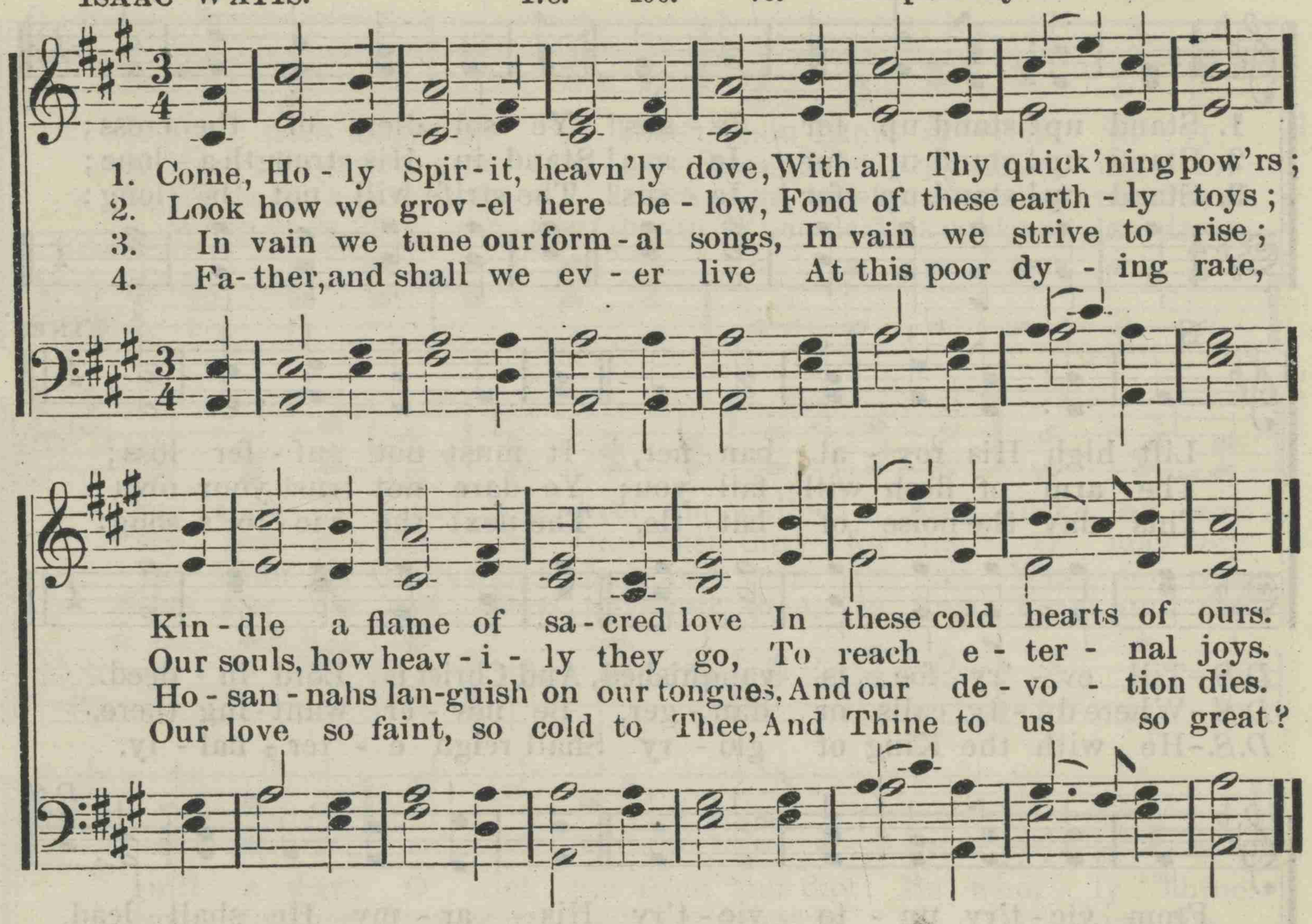
4 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
‖: With confidence I now draw nigh,:‖
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

CHARLES WESLEY.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

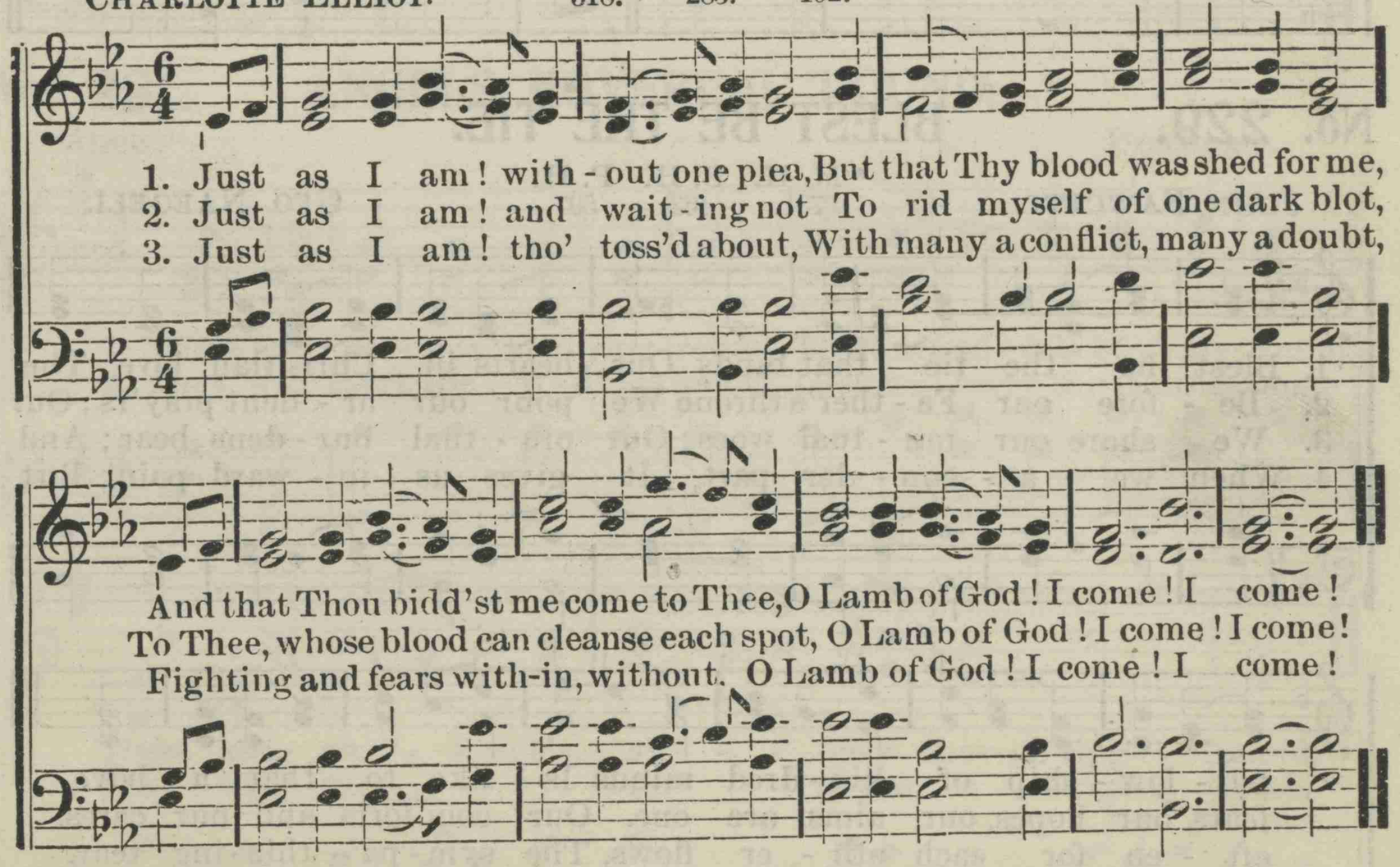
No. 226. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

ISAAC WATTS. | * M. H. 178. B. H. 196. P. H. 76. | Adapted by R. SIMPSON.



No. 227. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. | * M. H. 318. B. H. 283. P. H. 192. | WM. BRADBURY.



4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 228. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. | * M. H. 580. B. H. 425. P. H. 951. | G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;

:S: FINE.

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

D.S.-Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
D.S.-Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
D.S.-He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

D.S.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

No. 229. BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT. | * M. H. 751. B. H. 463. P. H. 597. | GEO. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 230. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. * M. H. 398. B. H. 384. P. H. 335. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire.
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a- way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis - tress re-move; O bear me safe a- bove, A ran - somed soul.

No. 231. ANGELS HOVERING 'ROUND.

Anon. Unknown.

1. There are an - gels hov-'ring 'round, There are an - gels hov'ring 'round,
2. They will carry the ti - dings home; They will carry the ti-dings home;

There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - 'ring 'round.
They will car - - ry, car - - ry the ti - dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 There's glory all around, etc.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 232. THE PROMISED LAND.

SAMUEL STENNET. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. On Jor- dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

To Ca-nann's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos- ses-sions lie.
There God, the Sun, for - ev - er reigns, And scat- ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor- row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?

REFRAIN.

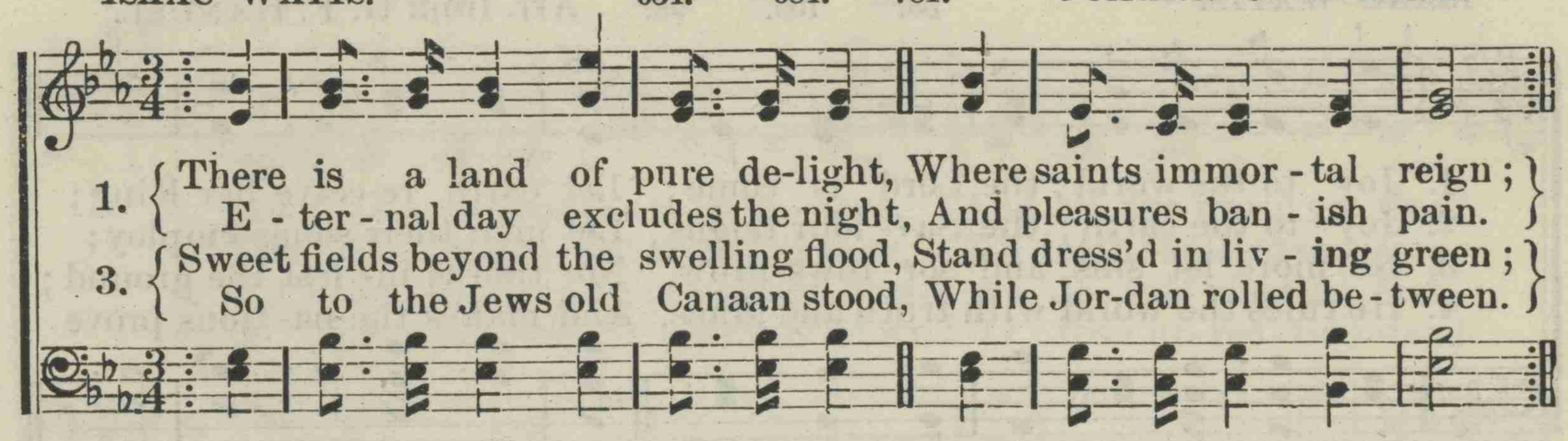
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

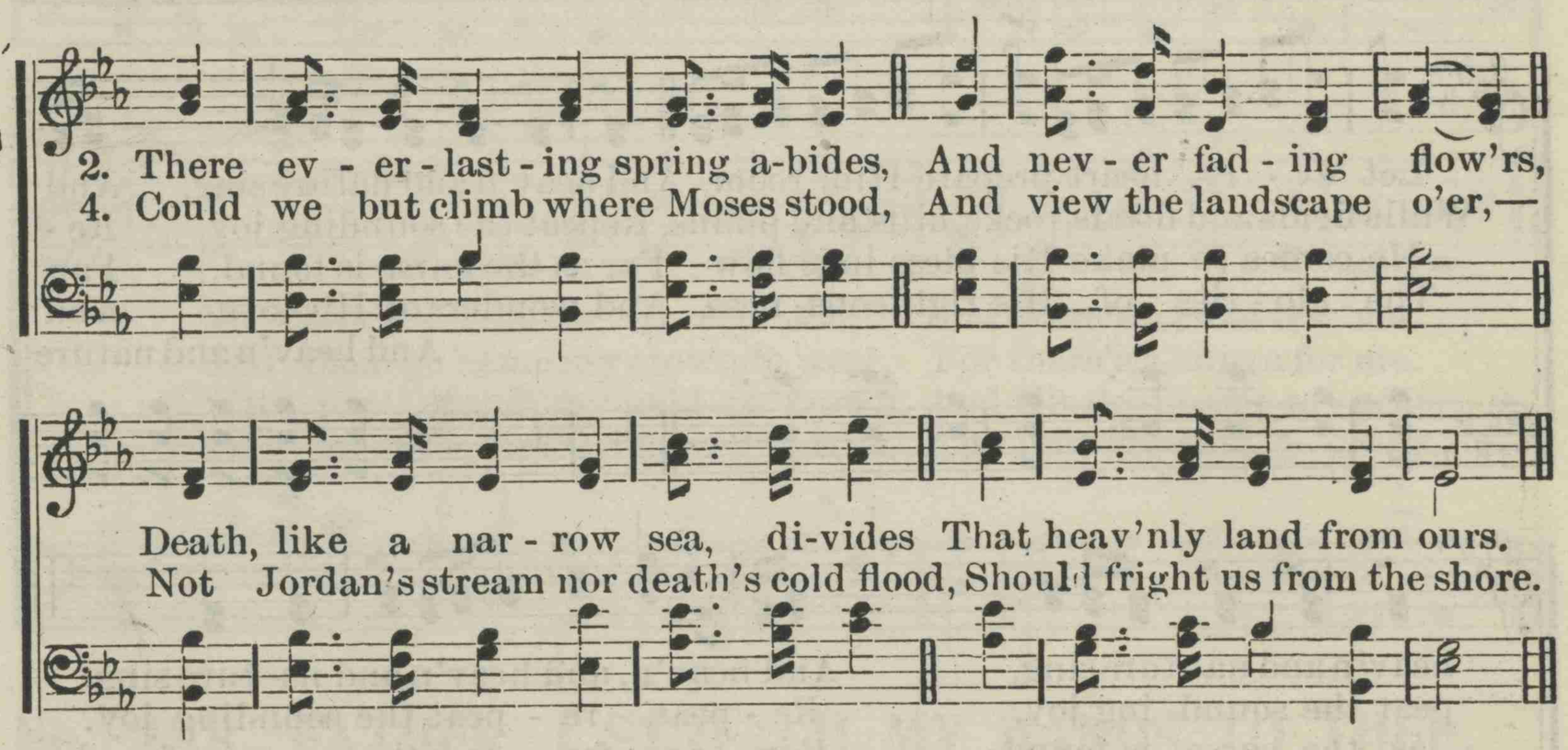
O, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

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No. 233. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

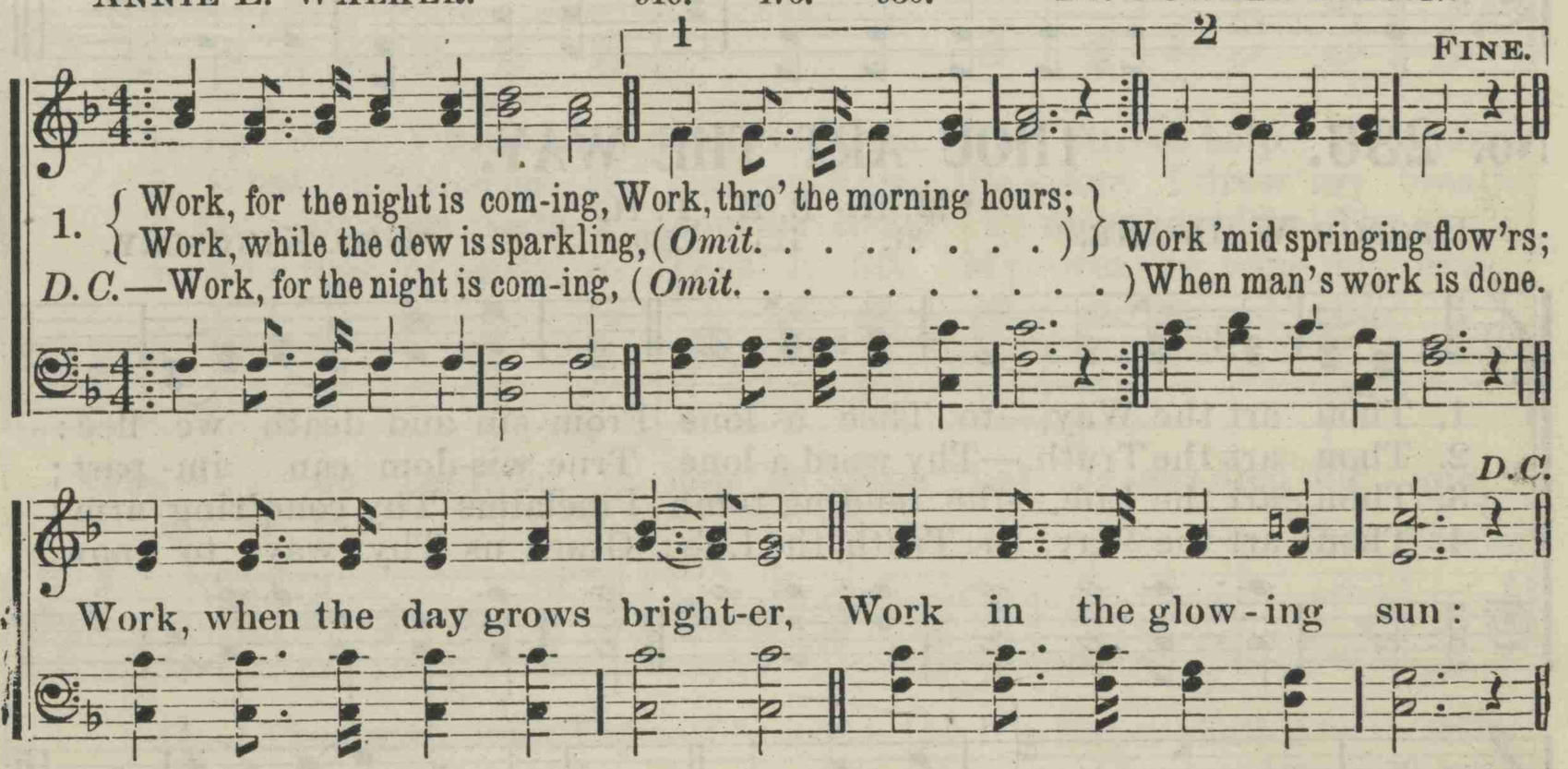
ISAAC WATTS. * M. H. 654. B. H. 684. P. H. 781. JOHANN C. H. RINK.





No. 234. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. * M. H. 910. B. H. 476. P. H. 950. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

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No. 235. JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS. *M. H. 59. B. H. 105. P. H. 98. Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth; the Sav- iour reigns; Let men their songs employ;
3. No more let sins and sor- rows grow, Nor thorns in- fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na- tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re -
He comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
The glo - ries of His righteous- ness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n and nature

heav'n and na- ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na- ture sing.
peat the sound- ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
wonders of His love, And won- ders, won-ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

No. 236. THOU ART THE WAY.

GEORGE W. DOANE. *M. H. 81. B. H. 115. P. H. 239. GEO. KINGSLEY.

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 rending tomb Proclaims Thy conq'ring arm;
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us Thy way to know,

And he who would the Fa- ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
Thou on - ly canst in-struct the mind, And pur - i - fy the heart.
And those who put their trust in Thee, Nor death nor hell shall harm.
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 237. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE?

THOS. SHEPHERD. * M. H. 542. B. H. 449. P. H. 223. GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O precious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur-rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 238. FATHER, I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

CHARLES WESLEY. * M. H. 345. B. H. 219. Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en-dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long-ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

D.C. Chorus.

If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what la-bor to se - cure My soul from end-less death!
And all my wants Thou would'st re-lieve, In this ac - cept-ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

And thro' His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free!
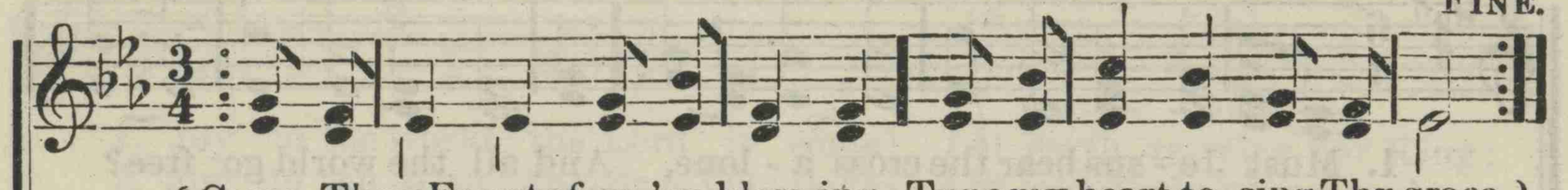
* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 239. COME, THOU FOUNT.
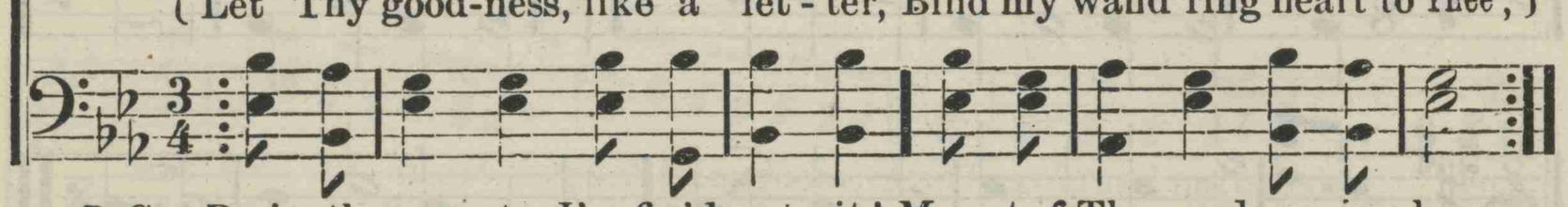
*M. H. 525. B. H. 177. P. H. 94.

GEO. ROBINSON. Unknown.

FINE.
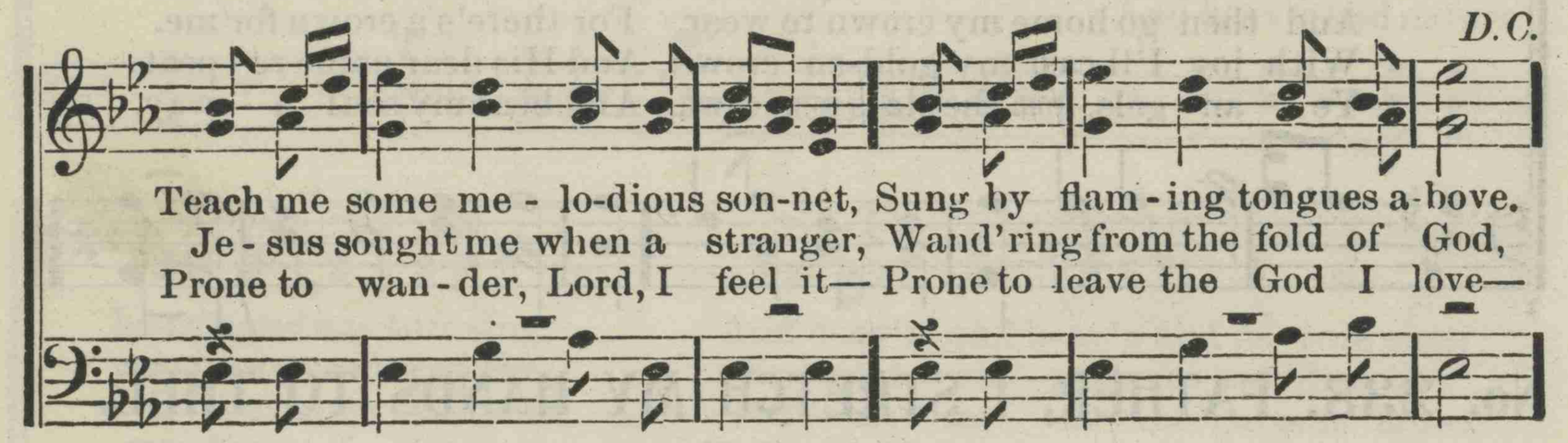


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'-ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace
   Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise;
2. Here I'll raise my Eb-e-ne-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
   Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;



D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
D. C.—He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-terposed His precious blood.
D. C.—Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

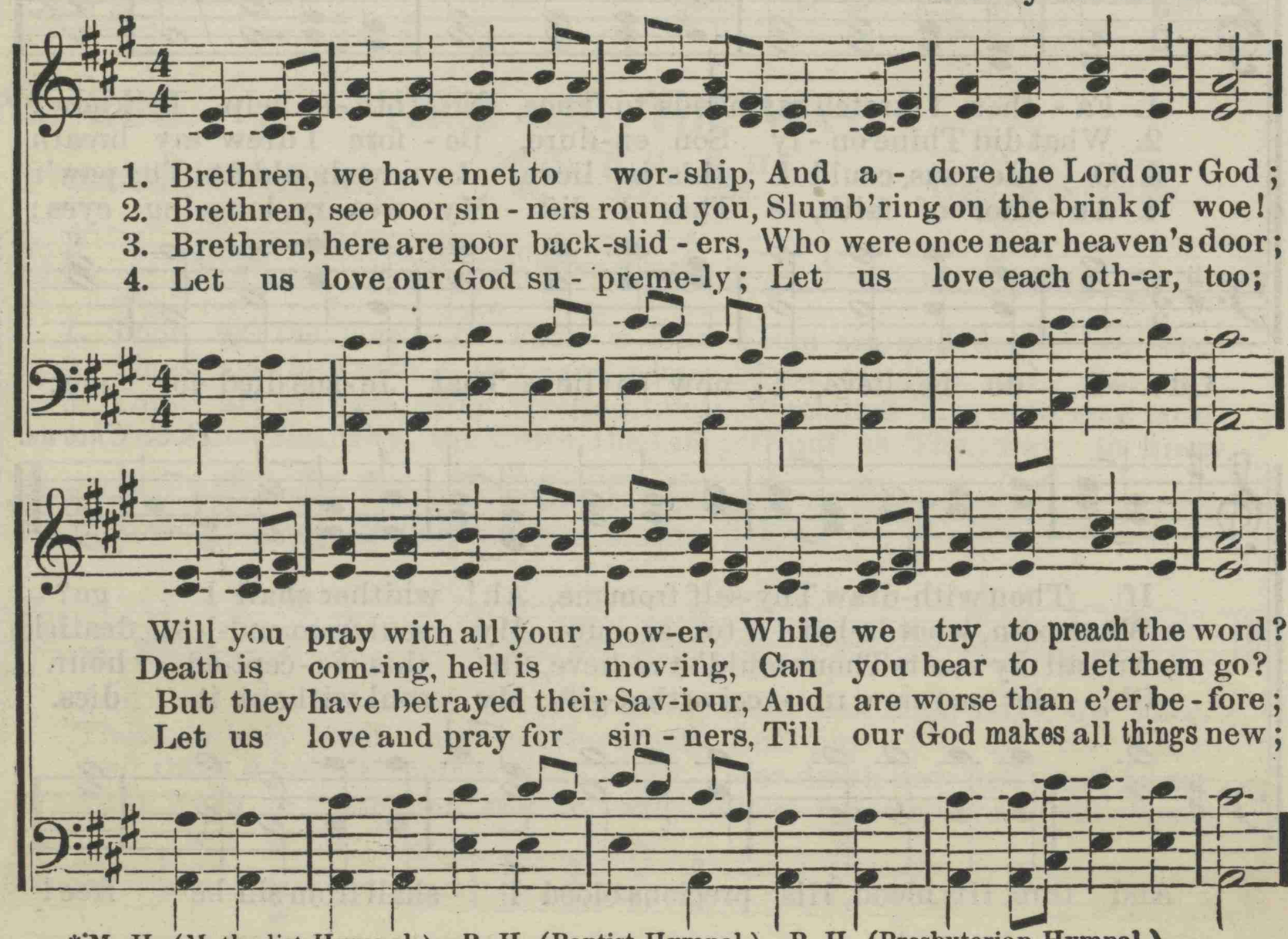
D. C.



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God,
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love—

No. 240. LORD, REVIVE US.

Arr. by W. A. W.

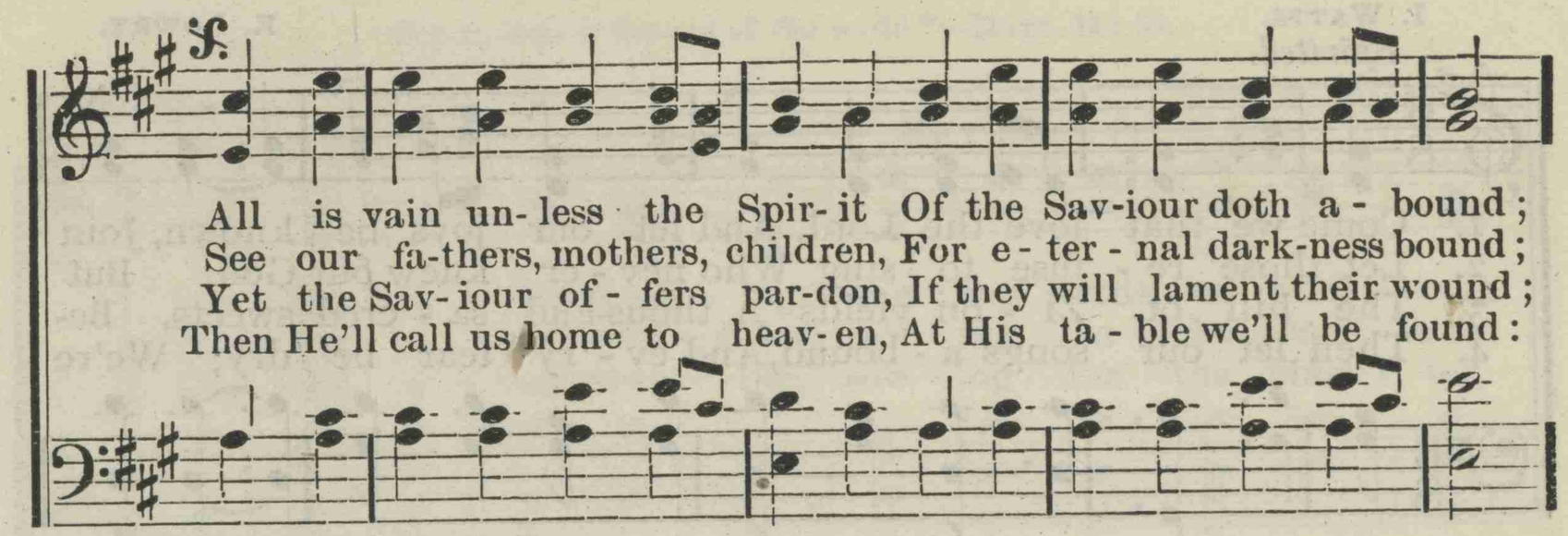


1. Brethren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
2. Brethren, see poor sin-ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe!
3. Brethren, here are poor back-slid-ers, Who were once near heaven's door;
4. Let us love our God su-preme-ly; Let us love each oth-er, too;

Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
But they have betrayed their Sav-iour, And are worse than e'er be-fore;
Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new;

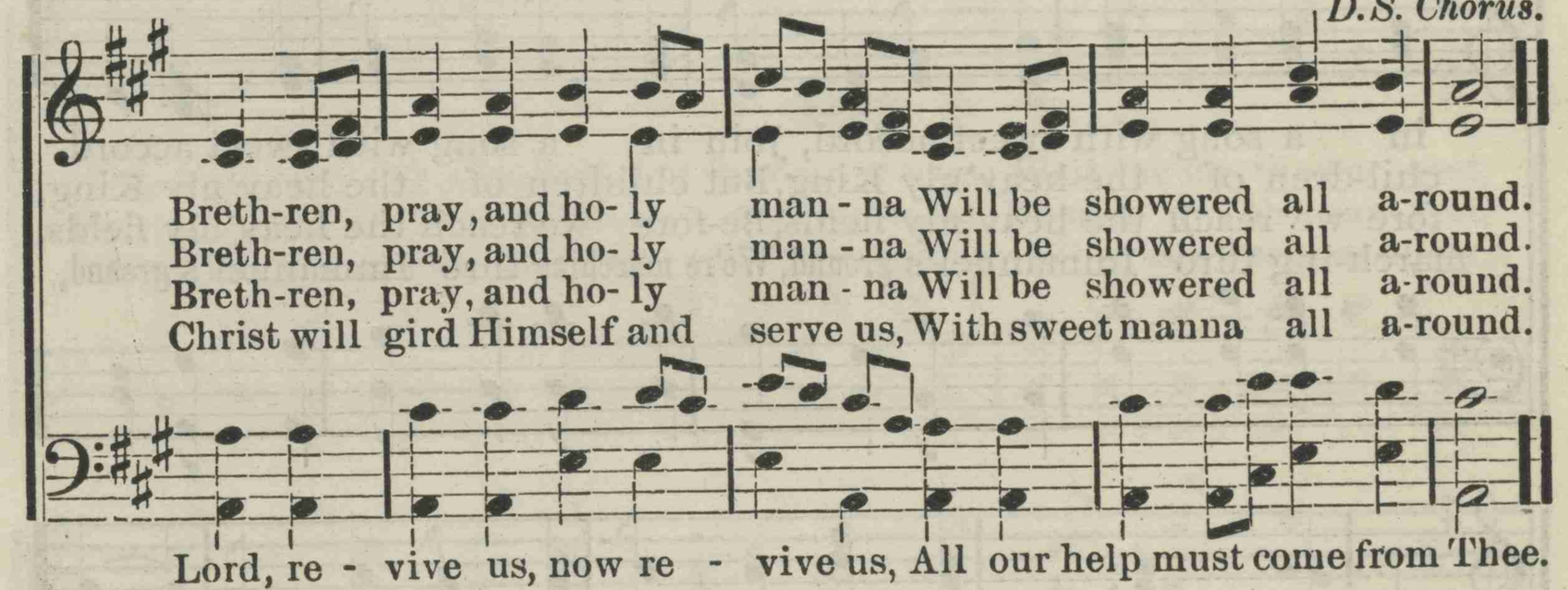
*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

LORD, REVIVE US.



CHO.—Lord, re- vive us, Oh, re - vive us, All our help must come from Thee:

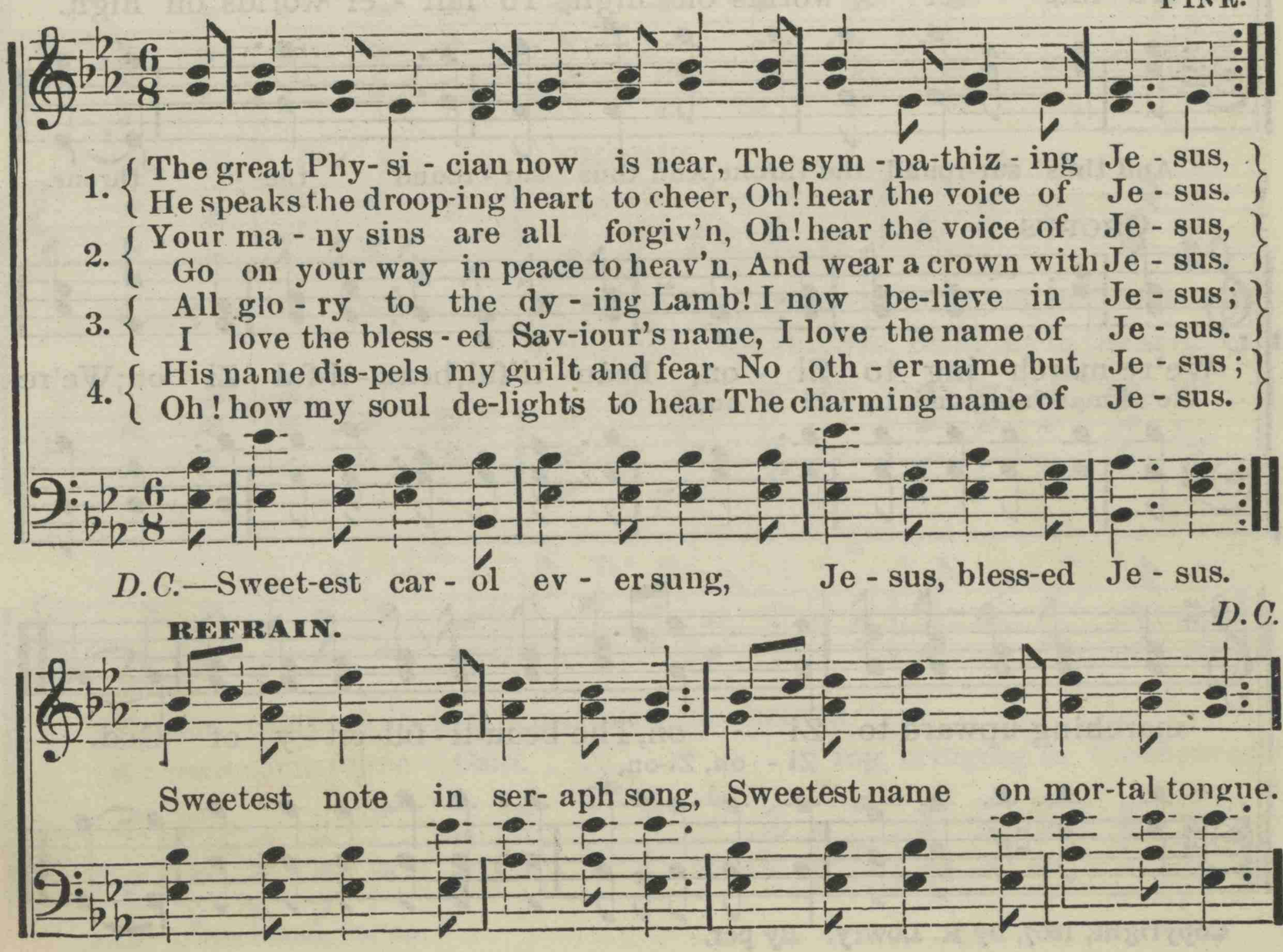
D.S. Chorus.



No. 241. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.



D.C.

REFRAIN.

No. 242. WE ARE MARCHING TO ZION.

I. WATTS. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous-and sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord,
chil-dren of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King,
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
march-ing thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti-ful, beau - ti-ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi-on,

Copyright, 1867, by R. Lowry. By per.

No. 243. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—MATT. 13: 39.

Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go, then, e - ven weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew- y eves; Wait-ing for the har- vest,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har- vest,
Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it often grieves; When our weeping's over,

and the time of reap - ing, We shall come re - joic - ing,
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re - joic - ing,
He will bid us wel - come, We shall come re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bring-ing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

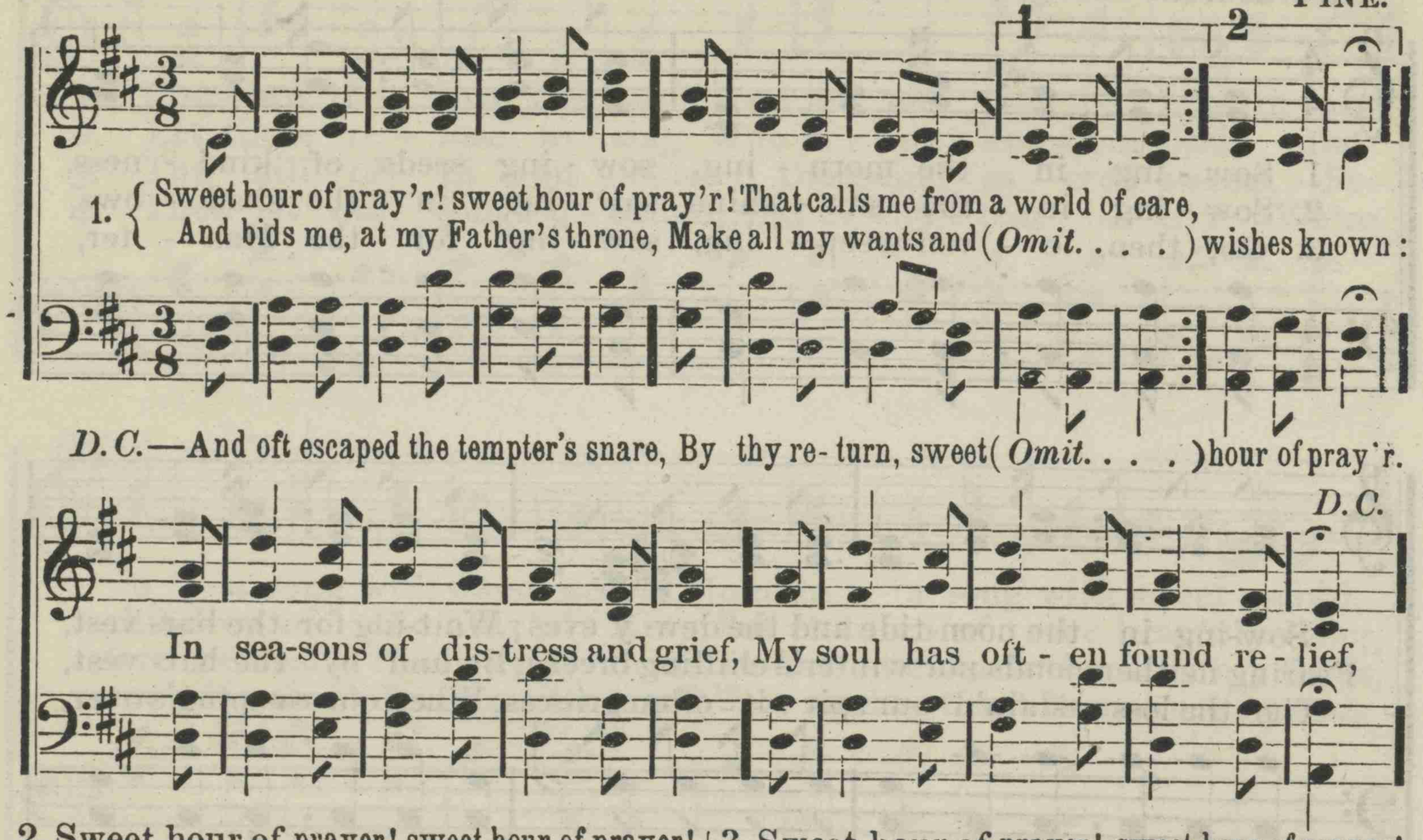
We shall come rejoic- ing, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoic - (*Omit.* . . . . .) ing, bringing in the sheaves.

From "Gospel Echoes," by per,

No. 244. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER!

W. W. WALFORD. * M. H. 789. B. H. 405. P. H. 49. W. B. BRADBURY.

FINE.
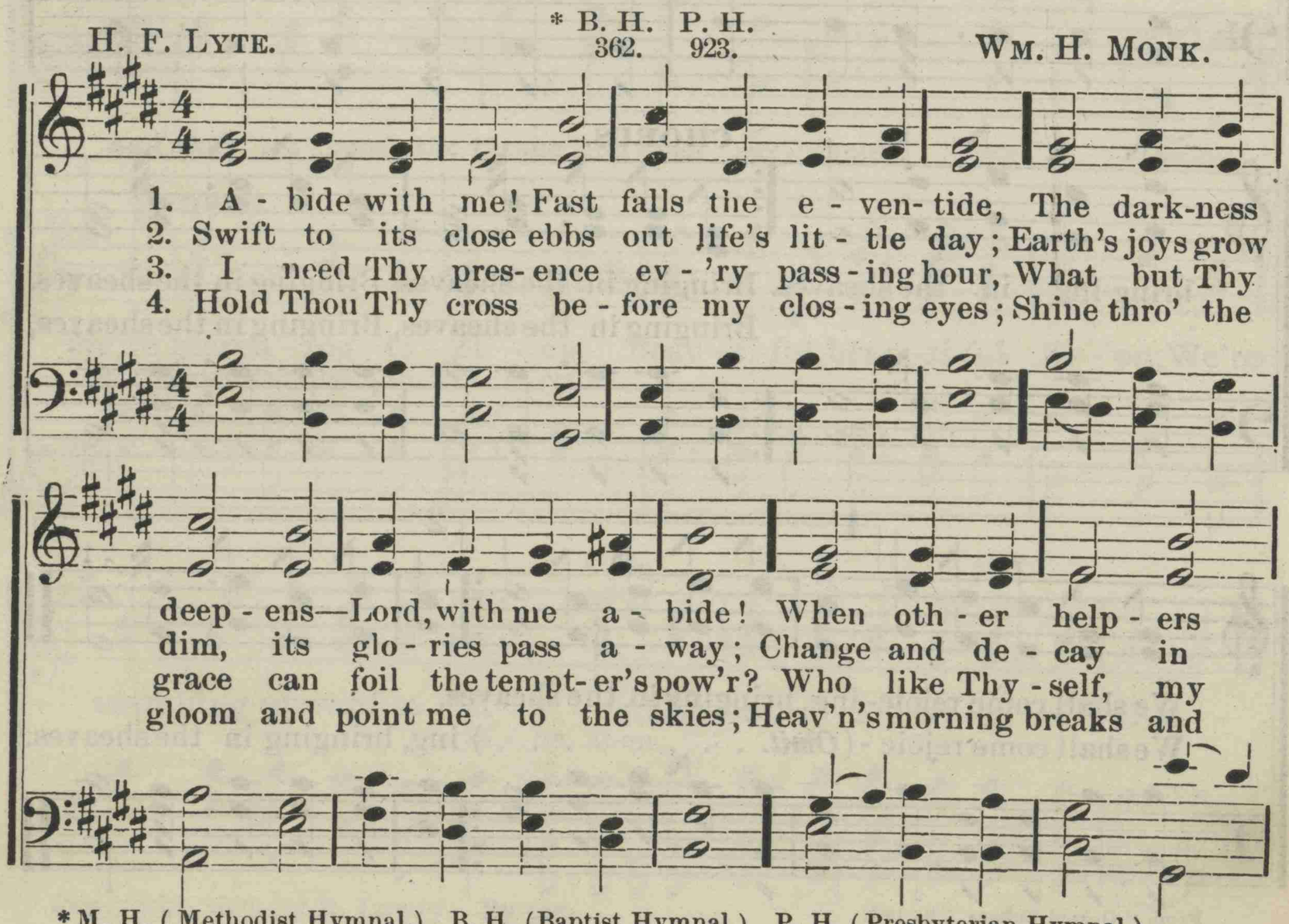


2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

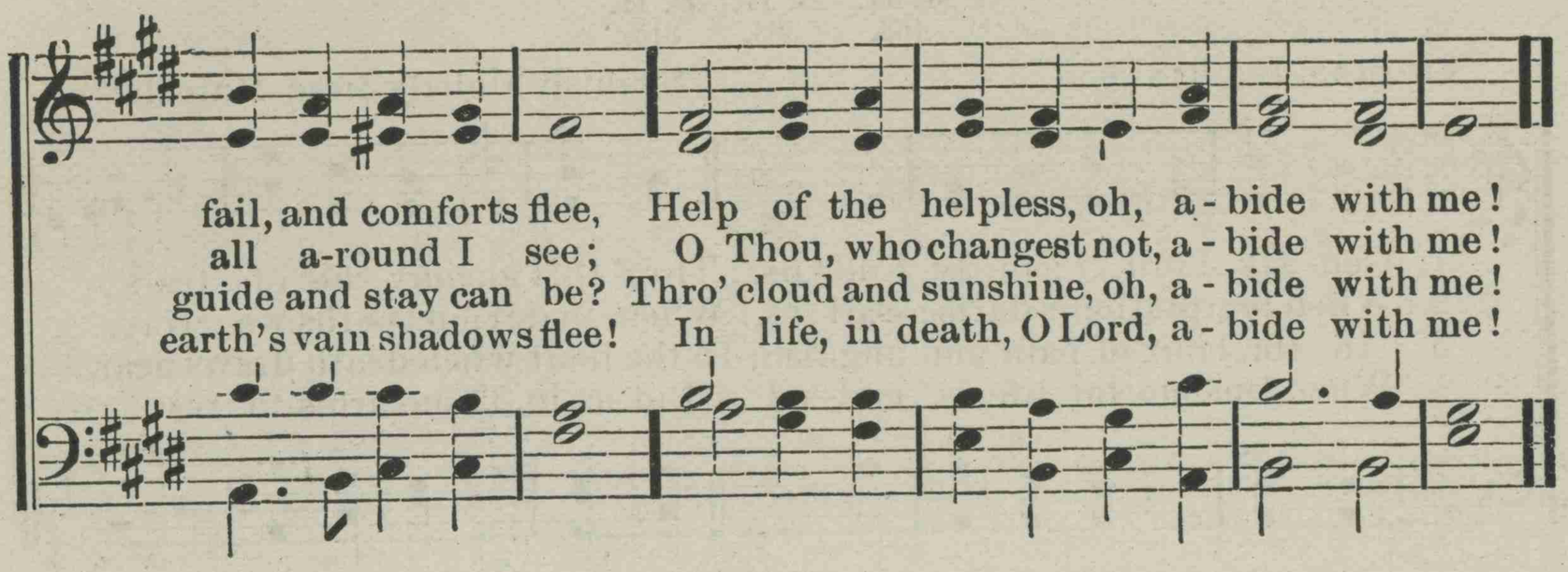
No. 245. ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE. * B. H. 362. P. H. 923. WM. H. MONK.

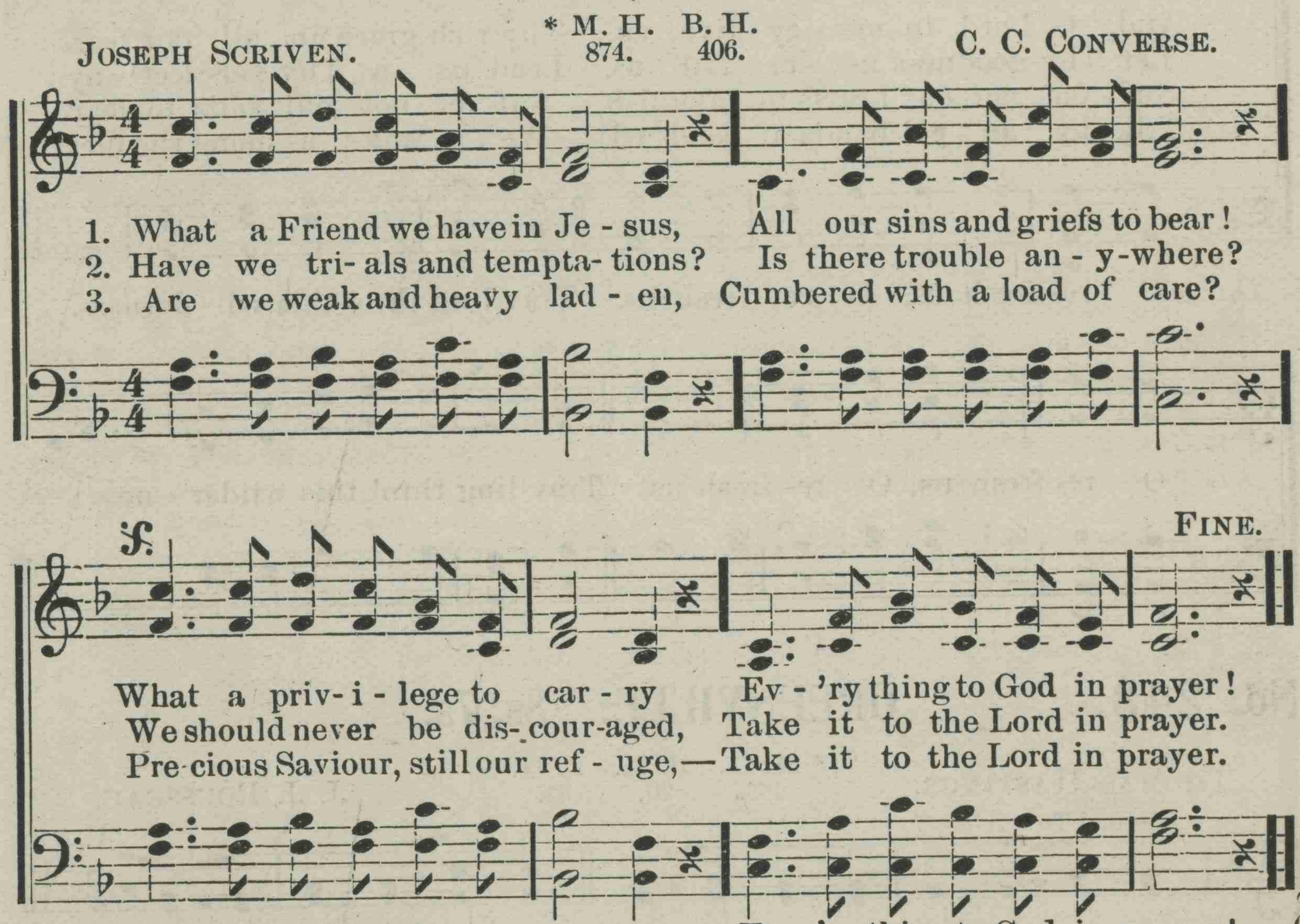


* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

ABIDE WITH ME.—Concluded.



No. 246. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

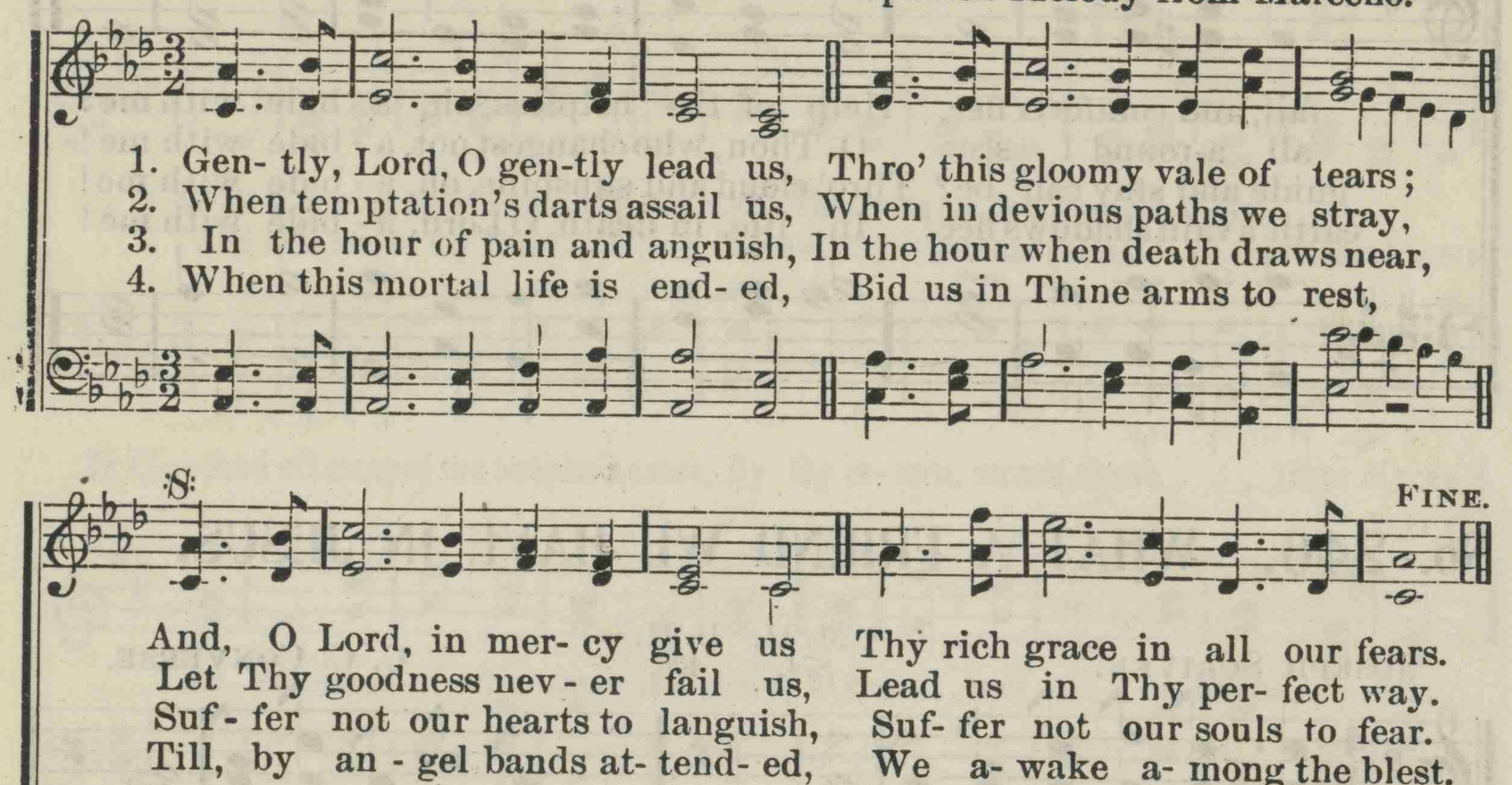


*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 247. GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

*M. H. 463. B. H. 363. P. H. 315.

THOMAS HASTINGS. Spanish Melody from Marecho.



No. 248. GREENVILLE. 8s. 7s.

* M. H. 463. B. H. 20. P. H. 84.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (Second Tune.) J. J. ROUSSEAU.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 249. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. * M. H. 852. B. H. 361. W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri-tion, Help my un - be - lief.
wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour,

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

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No. 250. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON. * M. H. 153. B. H. 170. P. H. 229. SAMUEL STANLEY.

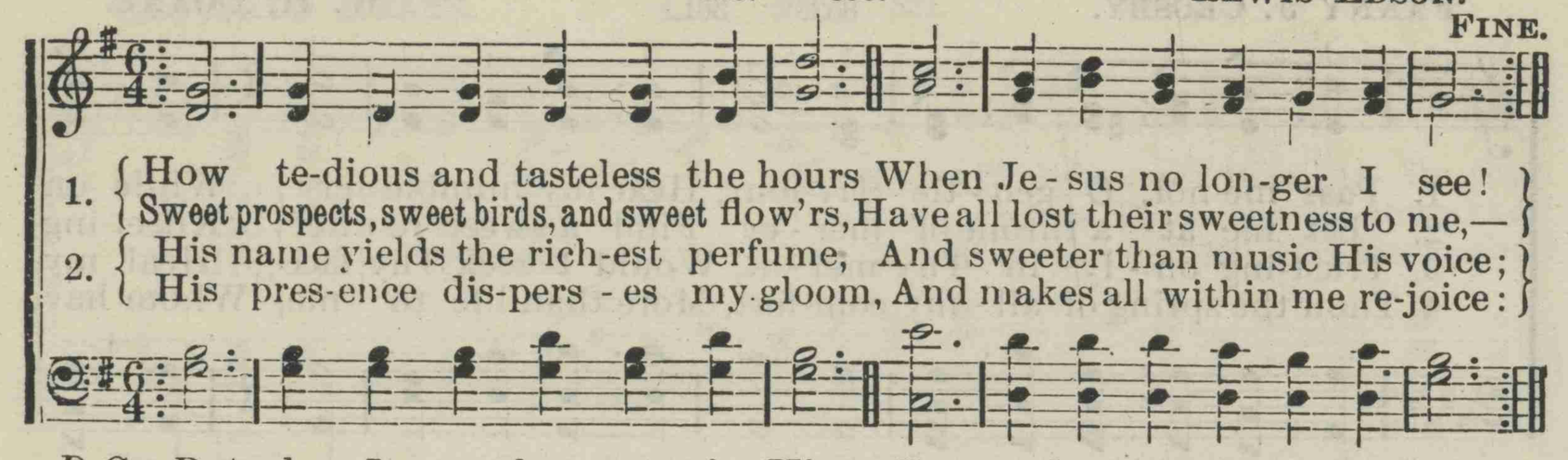
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't;
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 251. HOW TEDIOUS AND TASTELESS THE HOURS.

JOHN NEWTON. * M. H. 505. B. H. 390. LEWIS EDSON.

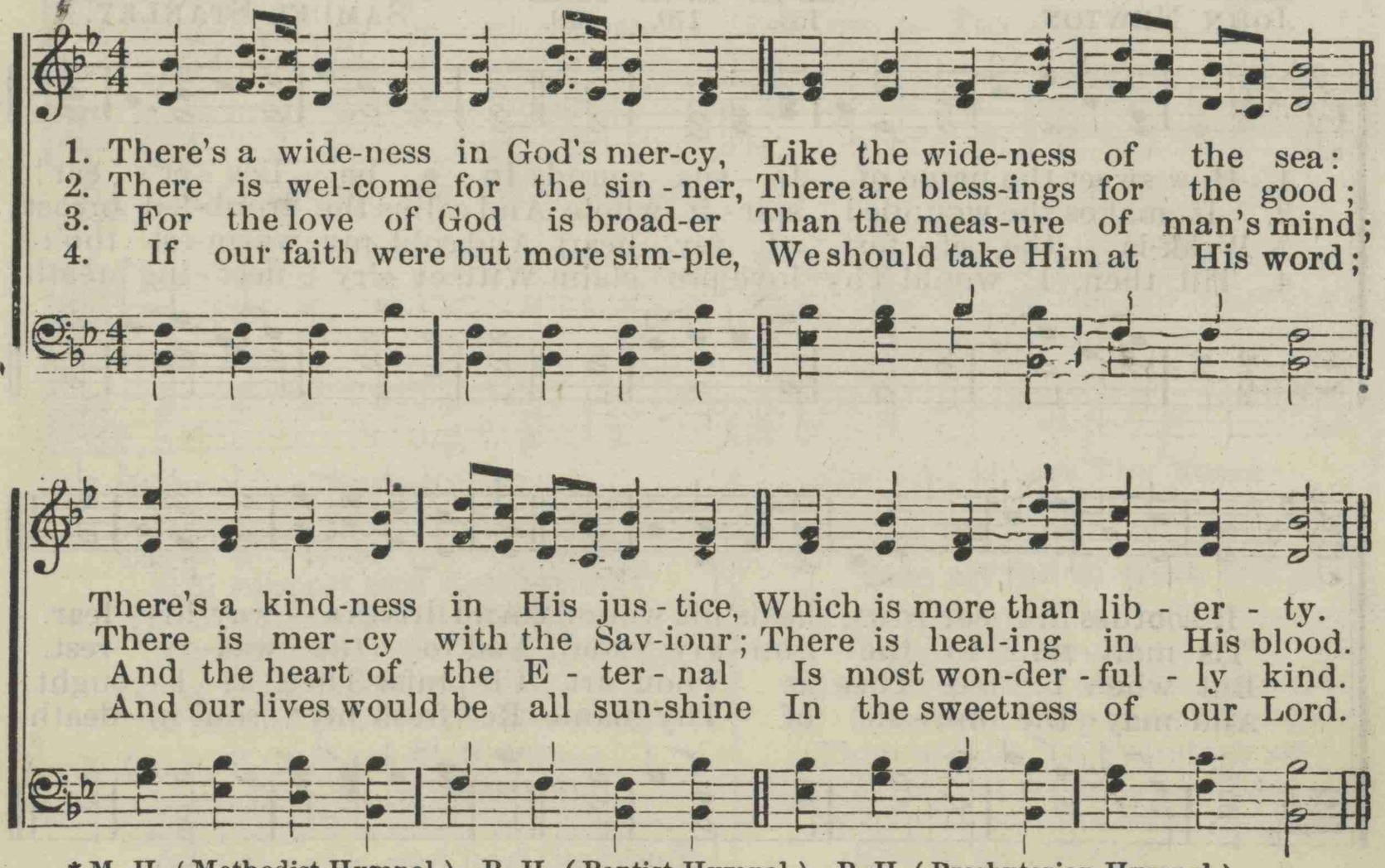


3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blessed with a sense of His love.
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 252. THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. * M. H. 27. CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 253. SAFELY THROUGH ANOTHER WEEK.

JOHN NEWTON. *M. H. 259. B. H. 36. P. H. 83. Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deemer's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres-ence near.
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com-plaints:

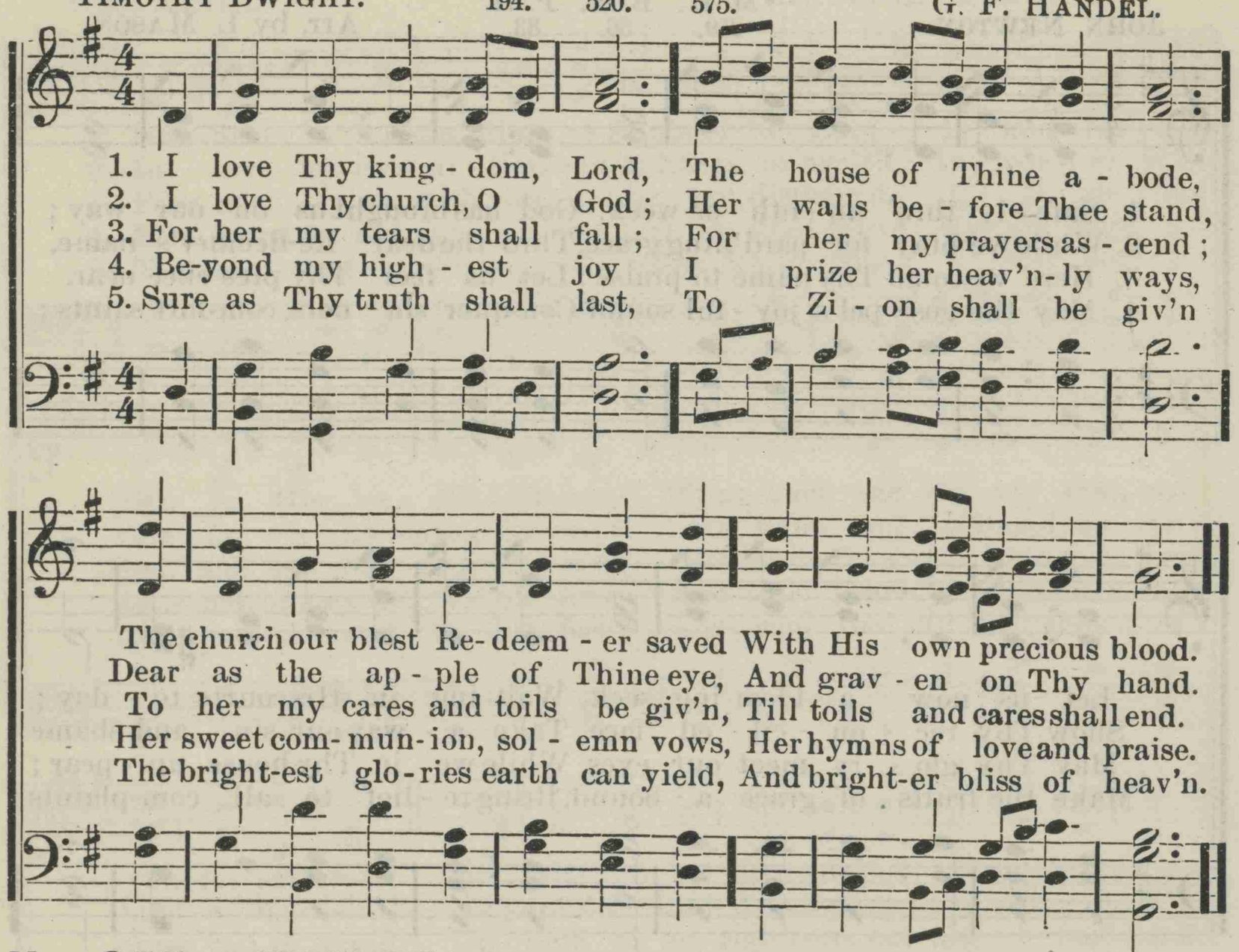
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest,
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove,

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

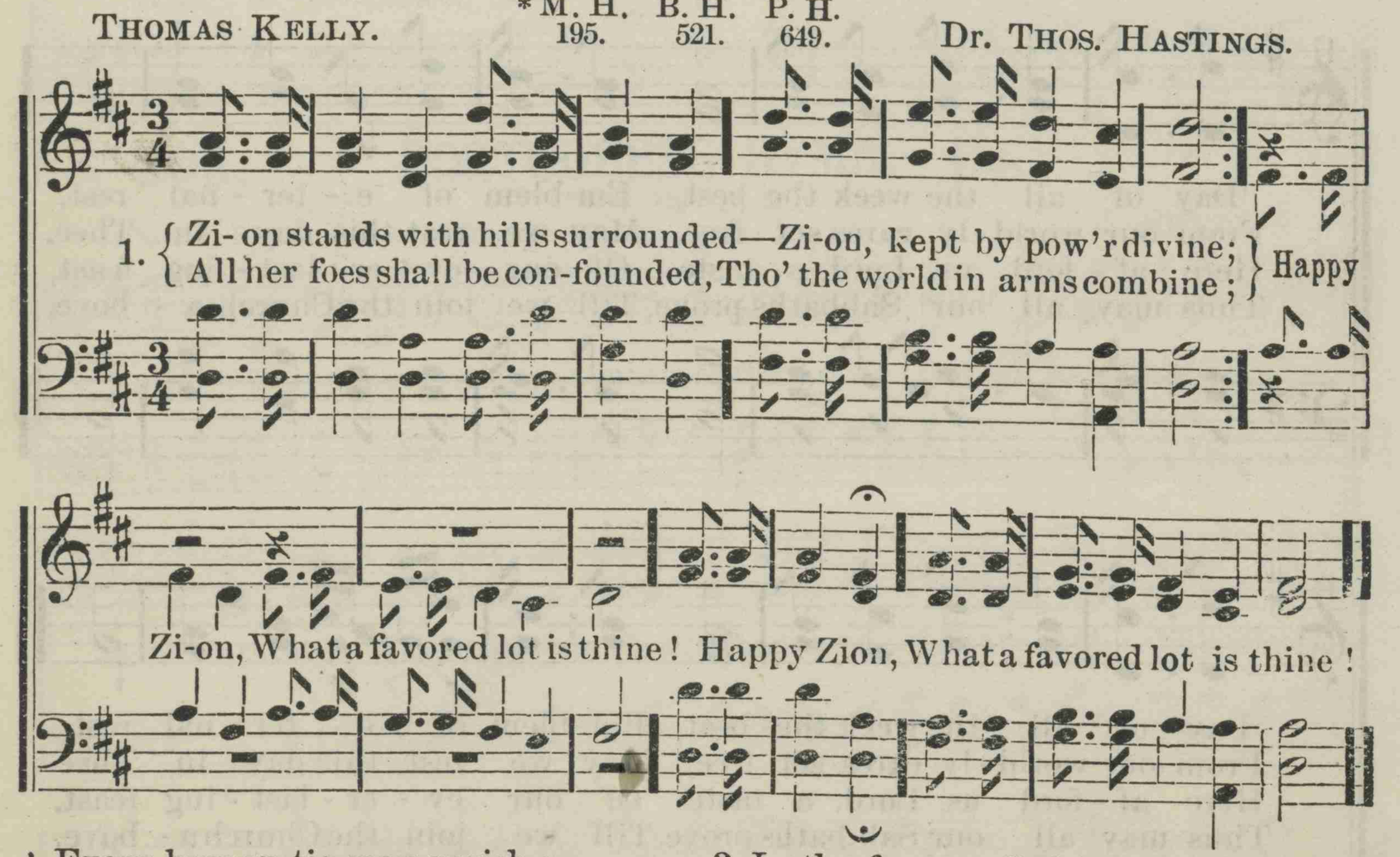
No. 254. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. * M. H. 194. B. H. 520. P. H. 575. G. F. HANDEL.



No. 255. ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.

THOMAS KELLY. * M. H. 195. B. H. 521. P. H. 649. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



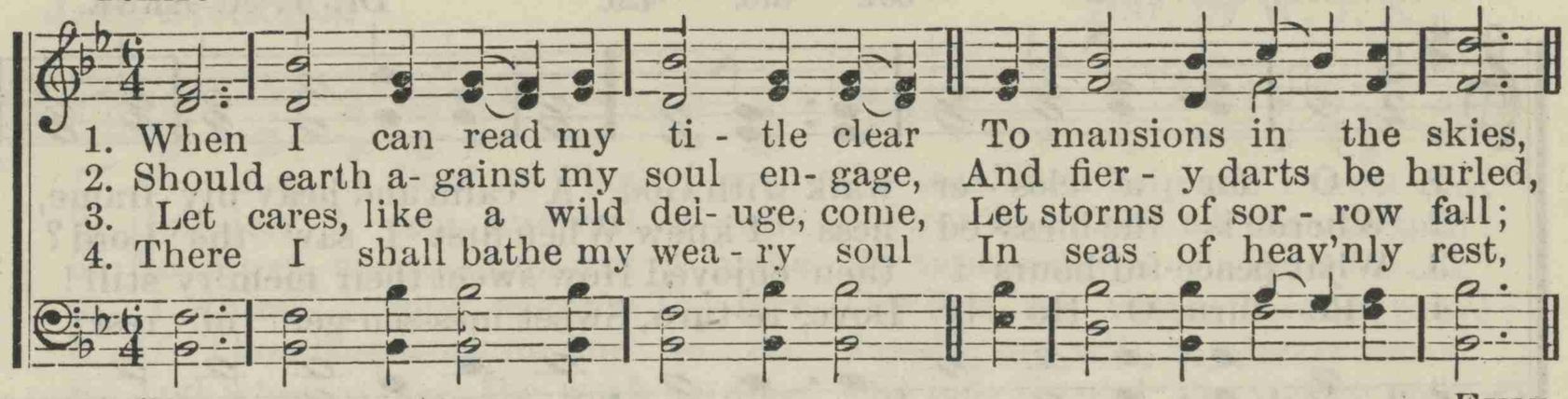
2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last remove ;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee :
Thou art precious in His sight :
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

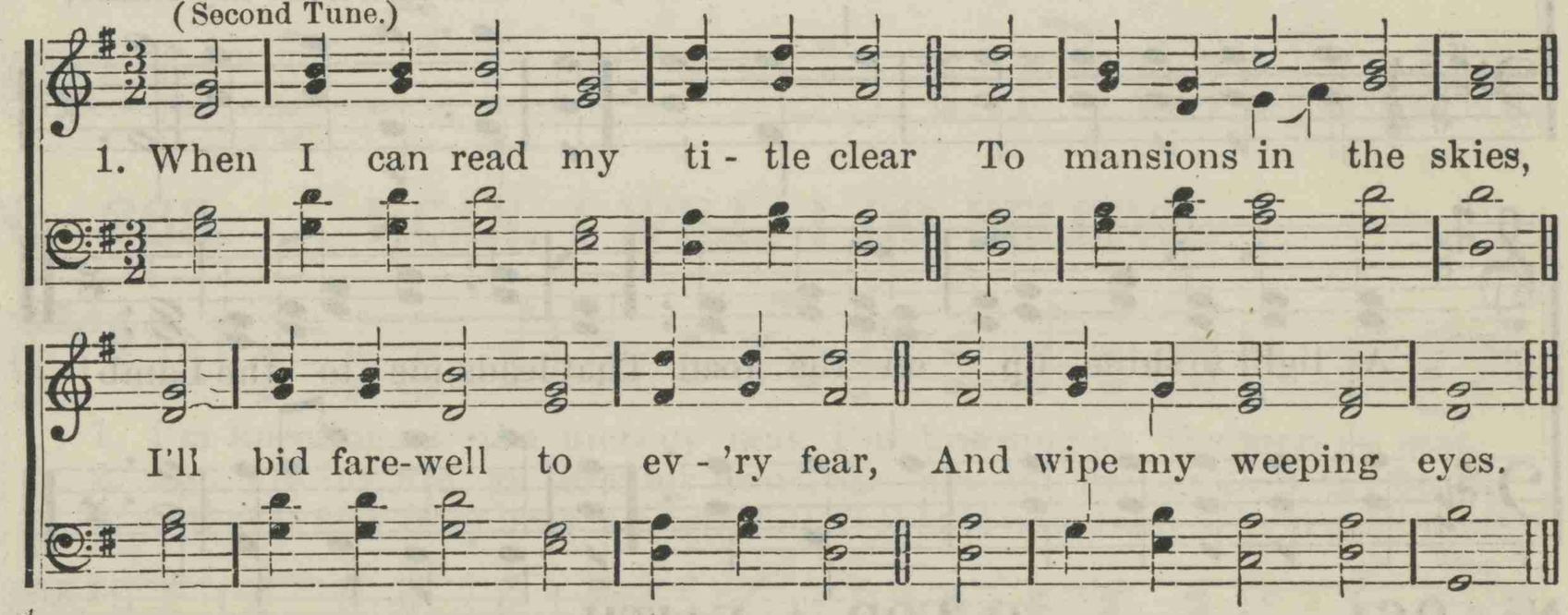
No. 256. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

ISAAC WATTS. * M. H. 571. B. H. 491. P. H. 789. Anon.



No. 257. MARLOW. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. (Second Tune.) * M. H. 511. B. H. 704. P. H. 570. Rev. JOHN CHETHAM.



No. 258. LORD JESUS, WE ARE ONE.

(See music above.) * B. H. 485. P. H. 245.

1 Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height! O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were
To set Thy members free. [Thine,
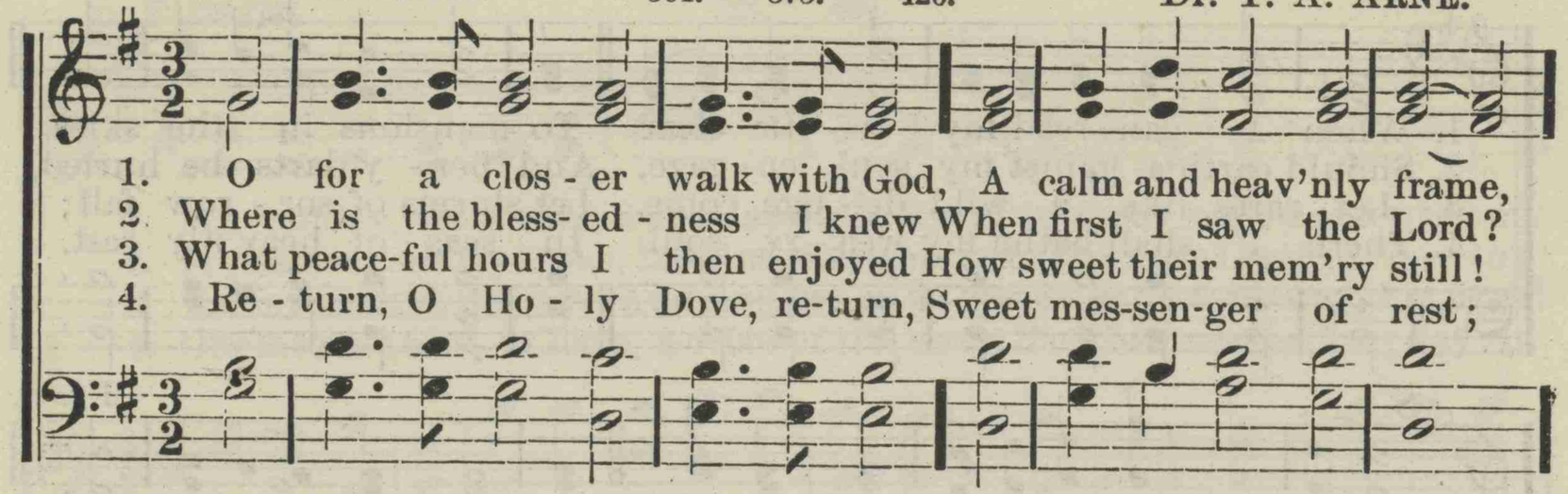
4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art; [height,
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor
Thy saints and Thee can part.

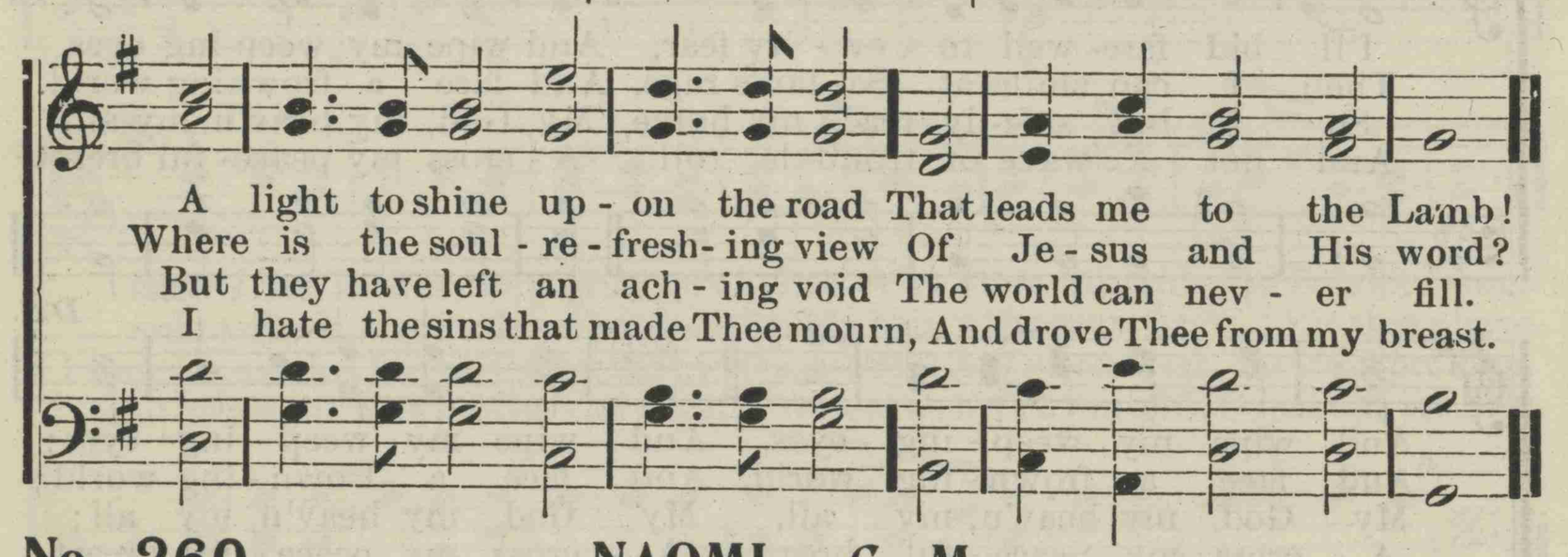
JAMES G DECK.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 259. O FOR A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD.

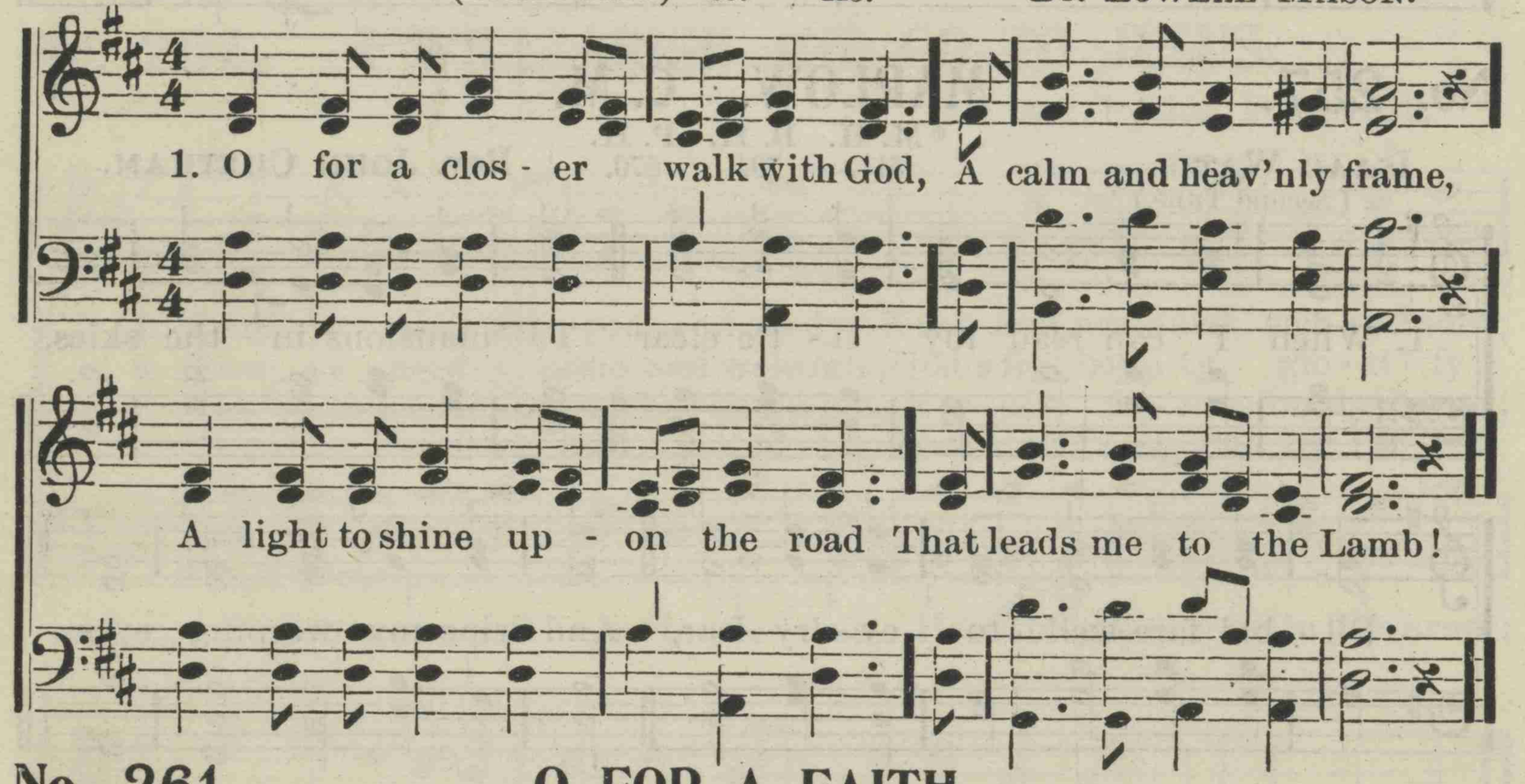
WILLIAM COWPER. * M. H. 364. B. H. 375. P. H. 426. Dr. T. A. ARNE.





No. 260. NAOMI. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. (Second Tune.) * B. H. 85. P. H. 423. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 261. O FOR A FAITH.

* M. H. 454. B. H. 379. P. H. 739.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 262. TAKE ME AS I AM.

From the "Garner." By per. J. J. Hood.

J. H. STOCKTON. Har. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un- less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt;
3. No prep - a - ra.- tion can I make, My best resolves I on- ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - vation I would prove;
5. If Thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
6. And when at last the work is done, The bat- tle o'er, the vict'ry won;

FINE.

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va- tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.

D.S.

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

No. 263. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.

1. I'm kneeling at the mer- cy seat, I'm kneeling at the mer- cy seat,
2. Re - fin- ing fire, go thro' my heart, Re - fin- ing fire, go thro' my heart,
3. O that it now from heav'n might fall, O that it now from heav'n might fall,

CHO.—I can, I will, I do believe, I can, I will, I do believe,

I'm kneeling at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an- swers prayer.
Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart, Il - lu - min- ate my heart.
O that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con- sume.

I can, I will, I do believe, That Je - sus saves me now.

No. 264. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait:

I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know: O
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: O
To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No;" O

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whiter than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

Copyright, 1871, by Wm. G. Fischer. Used by per.

No. 265. AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
Here Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

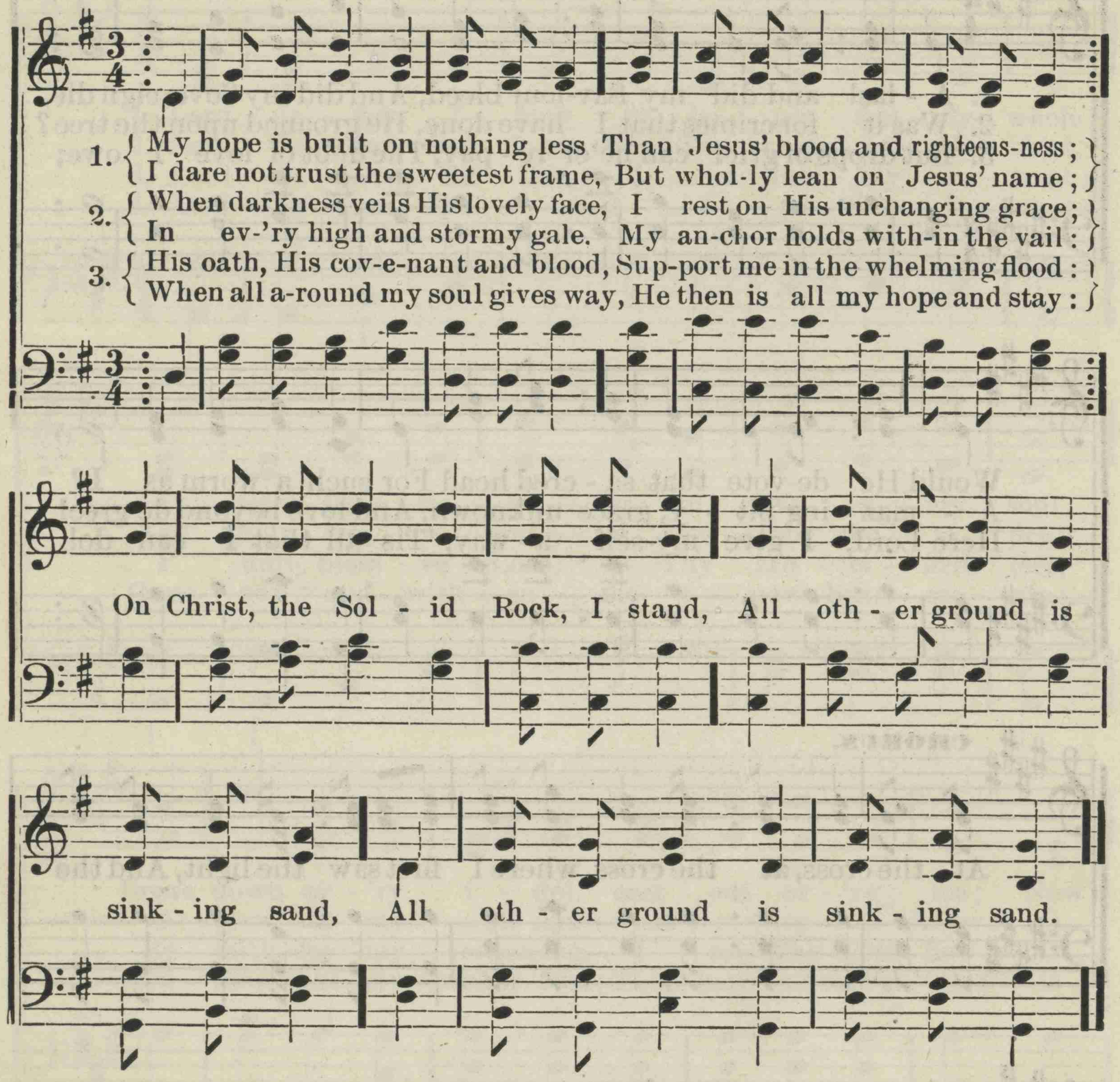
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled away— It was there by faith rolled a - way,

I received my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson. Used by per

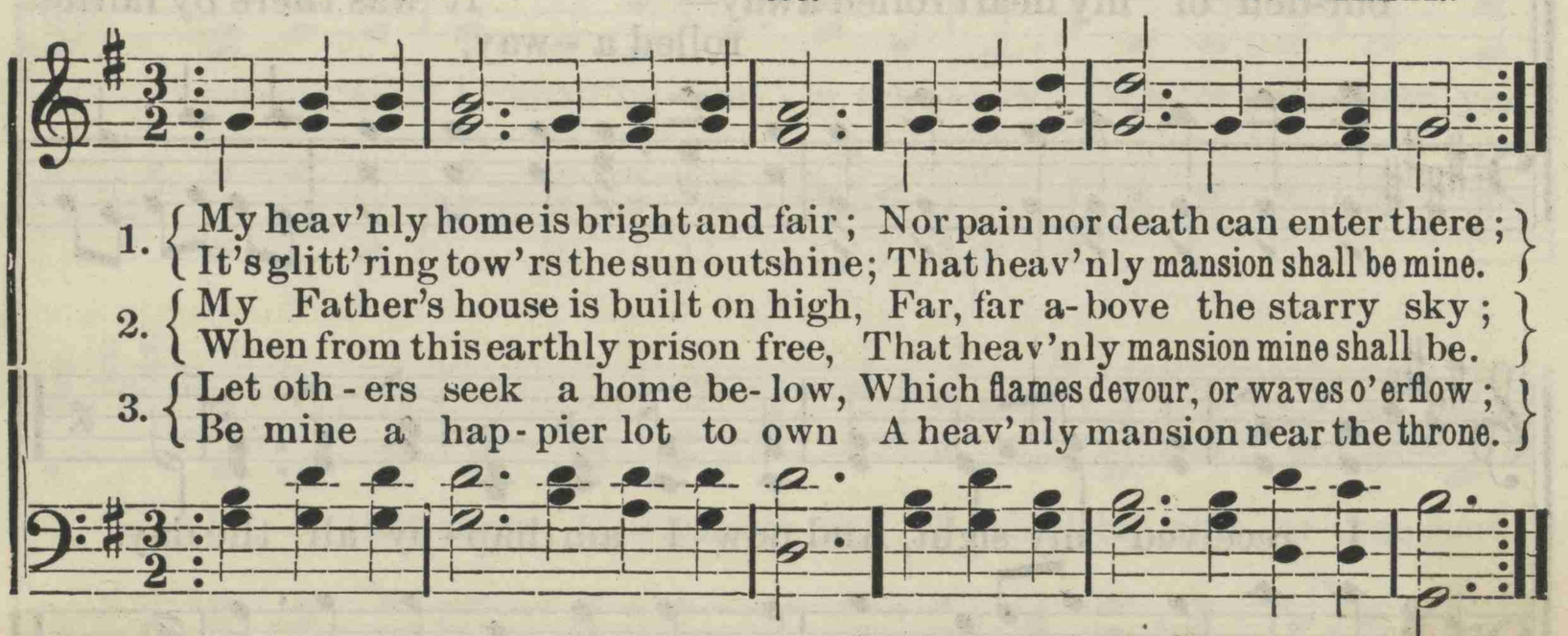
No. 266. SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. * M. H. 849. B. H. 309. W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 267. I'M GOING HOME.
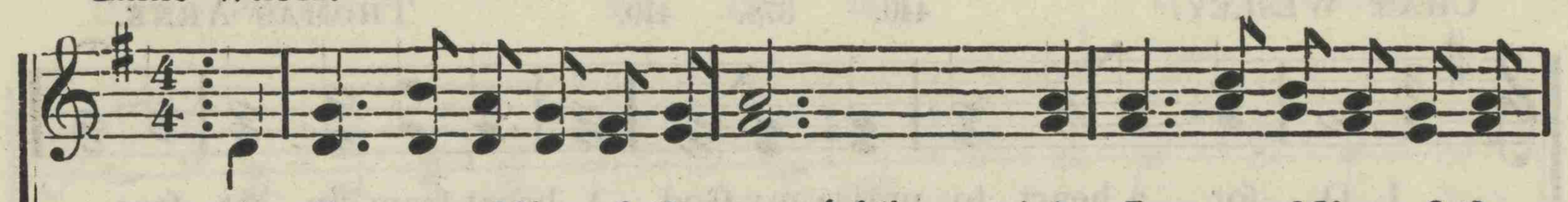
Rev. WM. HUNTER. * M. H. 895. WM. MILLER.



* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 268. WE WILL STAND THE STORM.

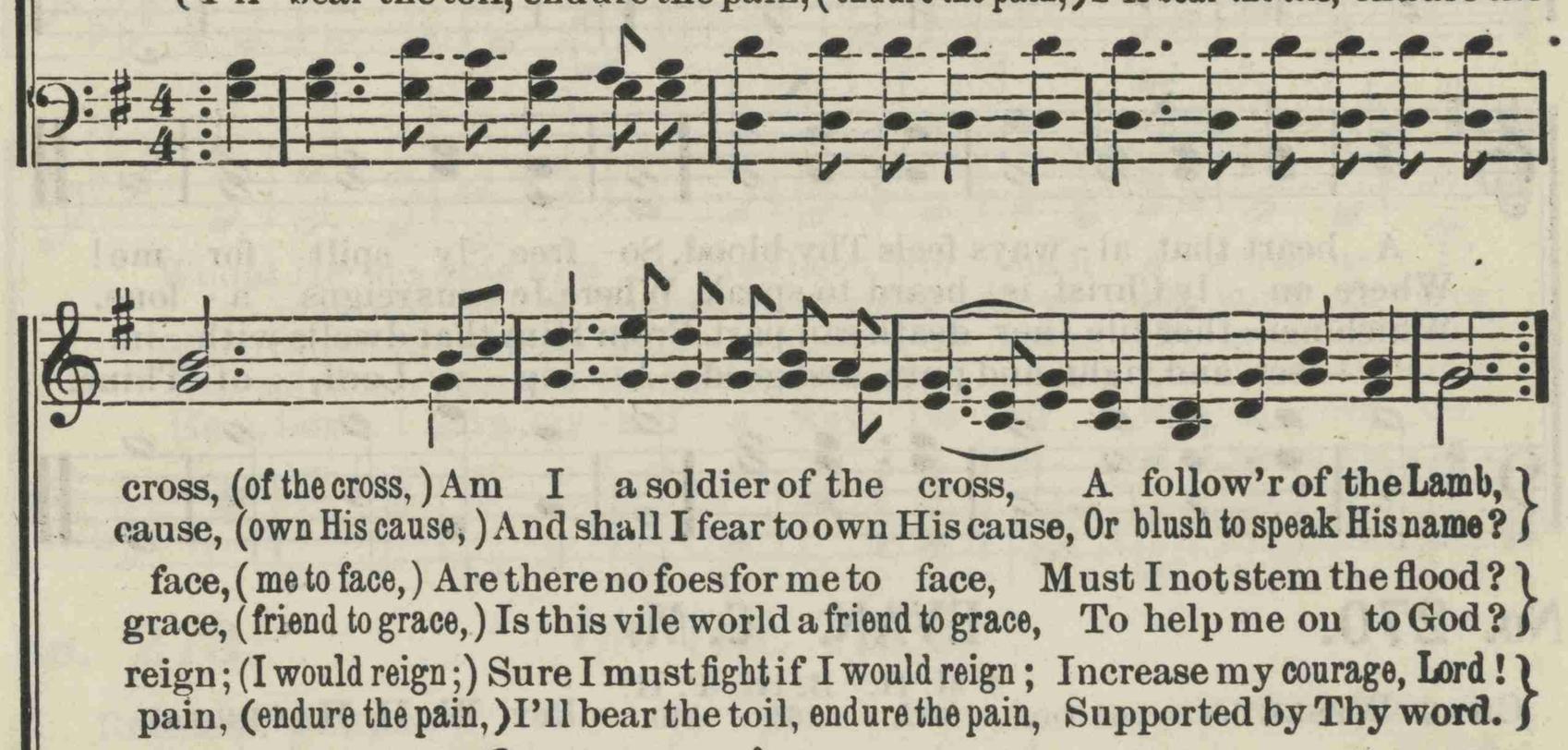
ISAAC WATTS.



1. { Am I a soldier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the
   { And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His

2. { Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
   { Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to

3. { Sure I must fight if I would reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would
   { I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, endure the

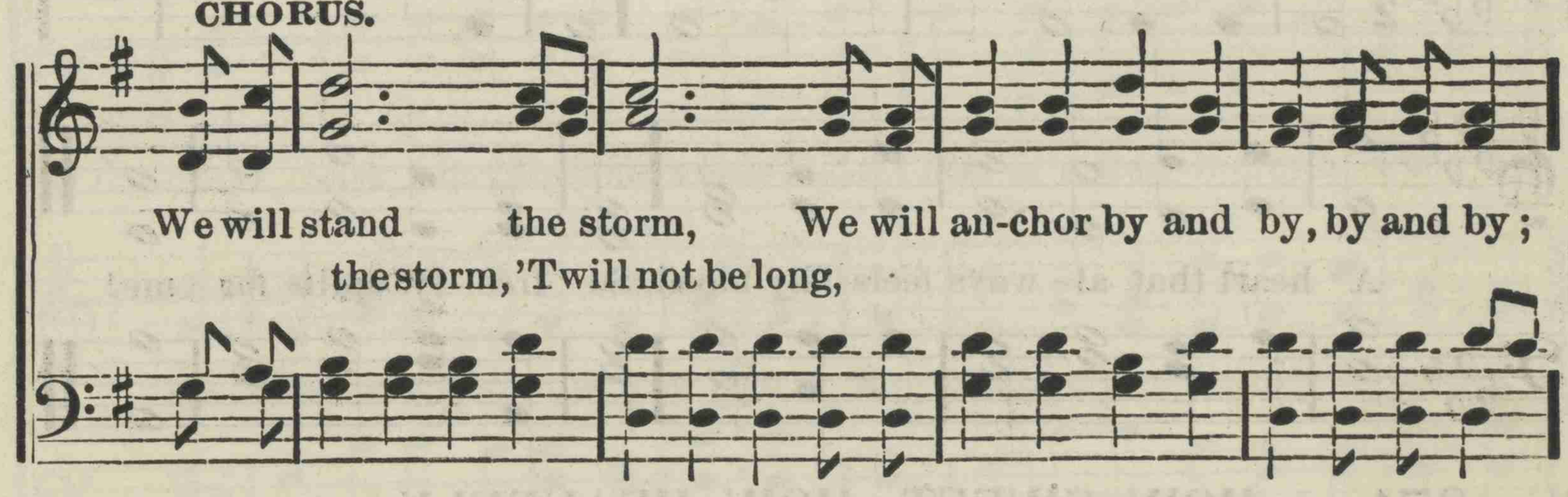


cross, (of the cross,) Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb,
cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

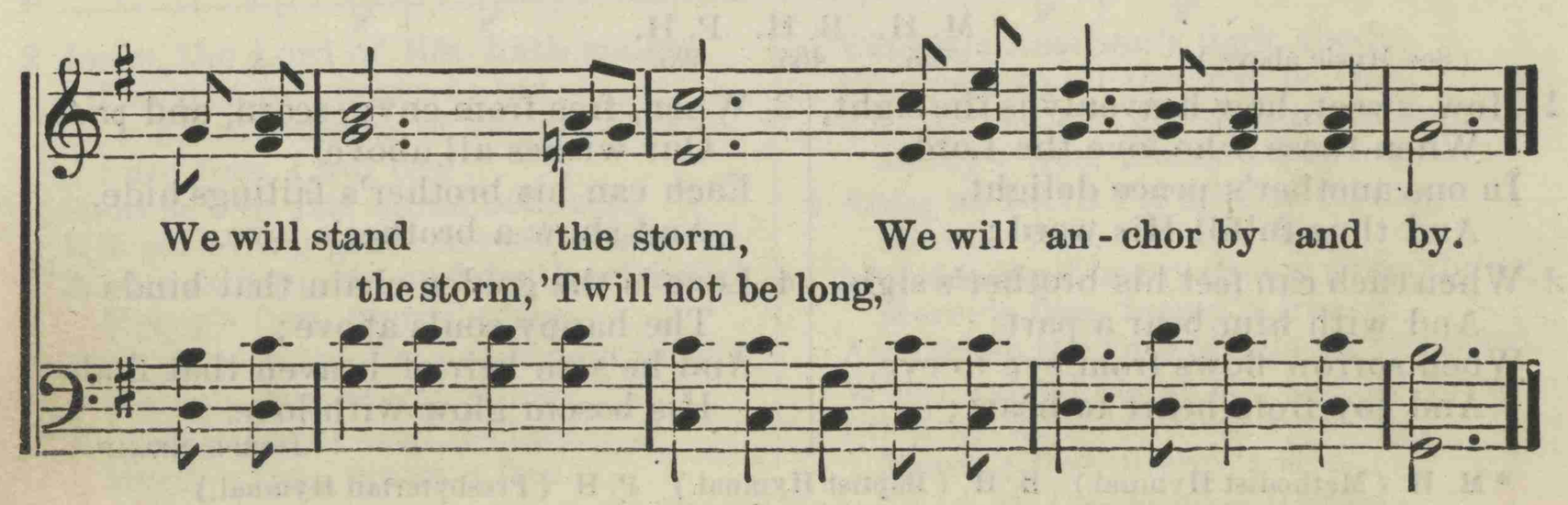
face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?

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

CHORUS.
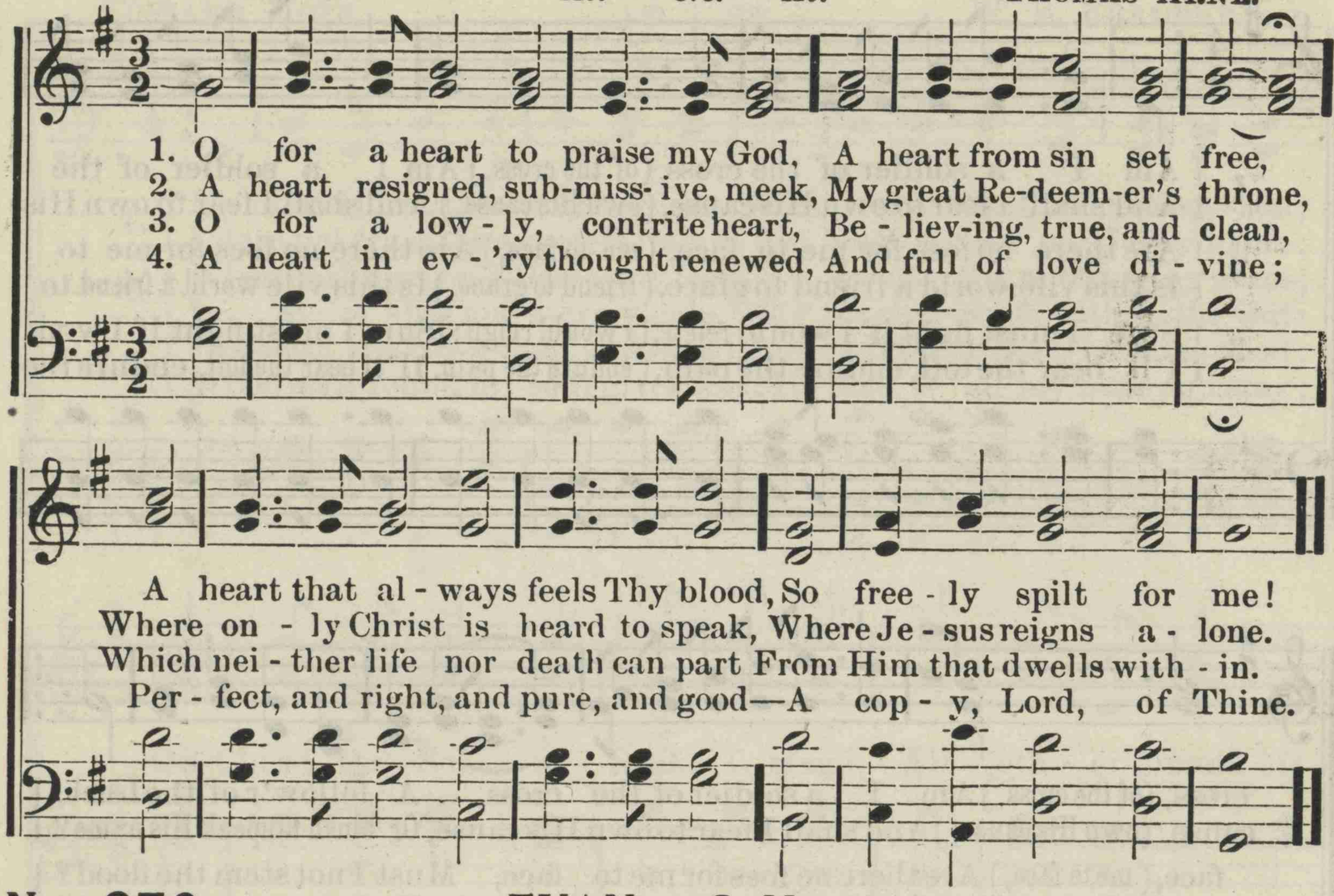


We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by;
the storm, 'Twill not be long,



We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

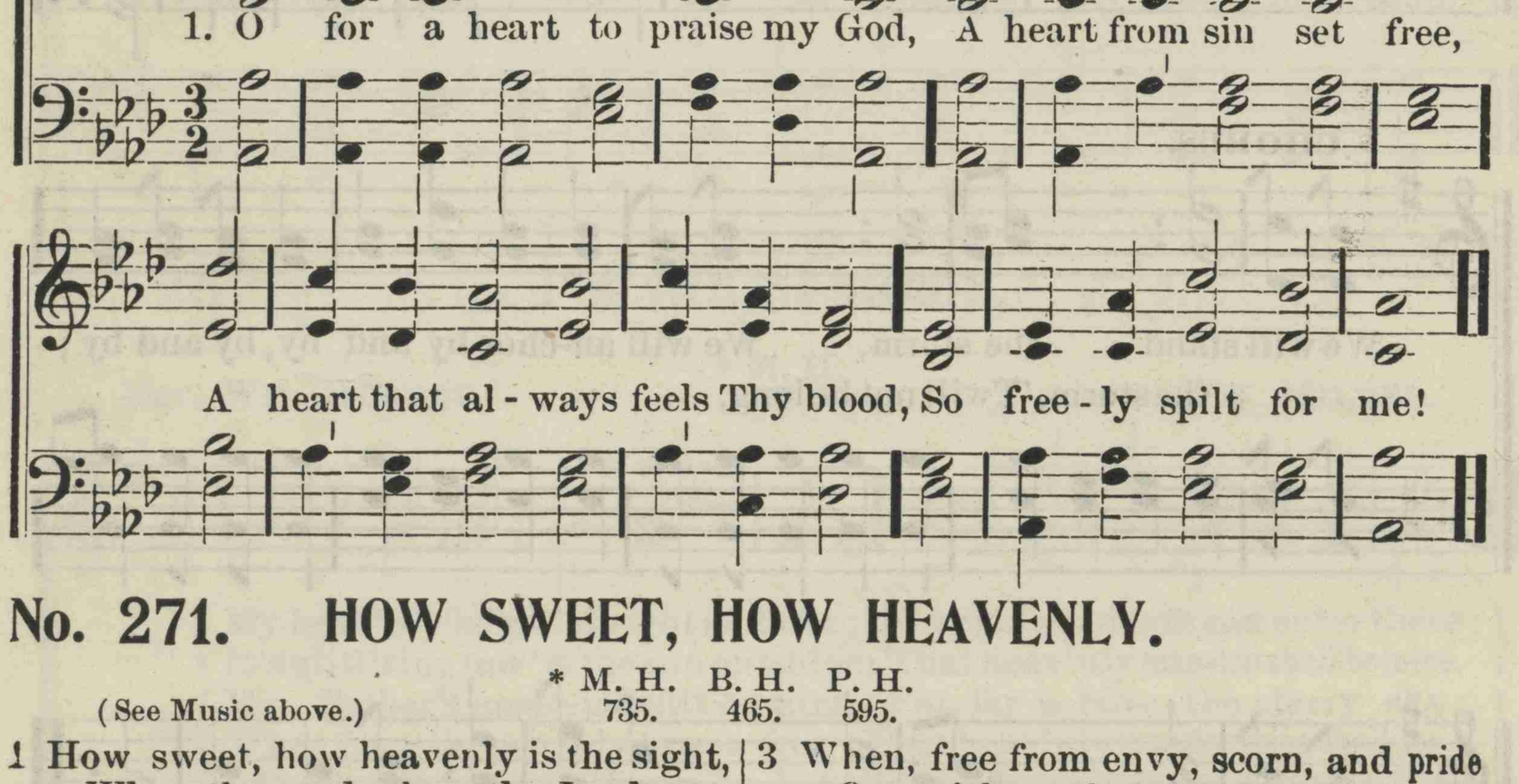
No. 269. O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE MY GOD.

CHAS. WESLEY. * M. H. 440. B. H. 378. P. H. 410. THOMAS ARNE.



No. 270. EVAN. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. (Second Tune.) * M. H. 342. B. H. 163. P. H. 410. Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



No. 271. HOW SWEET, HOW HEAVENLY.

(See Music above.) * M. H. 735. B. H. 465. P. H. 595.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill His word;—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

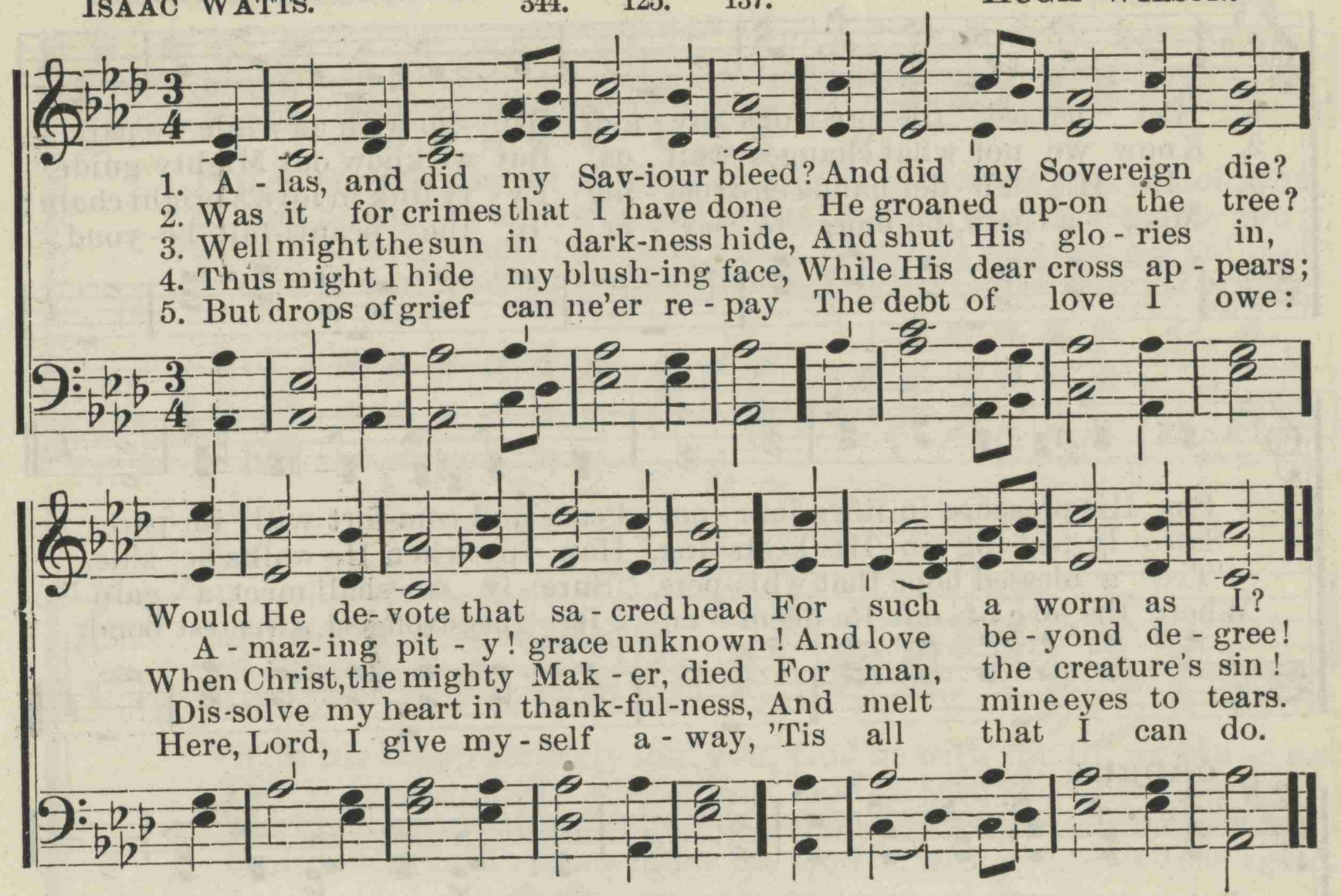
4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

* M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 272. ALAS, AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

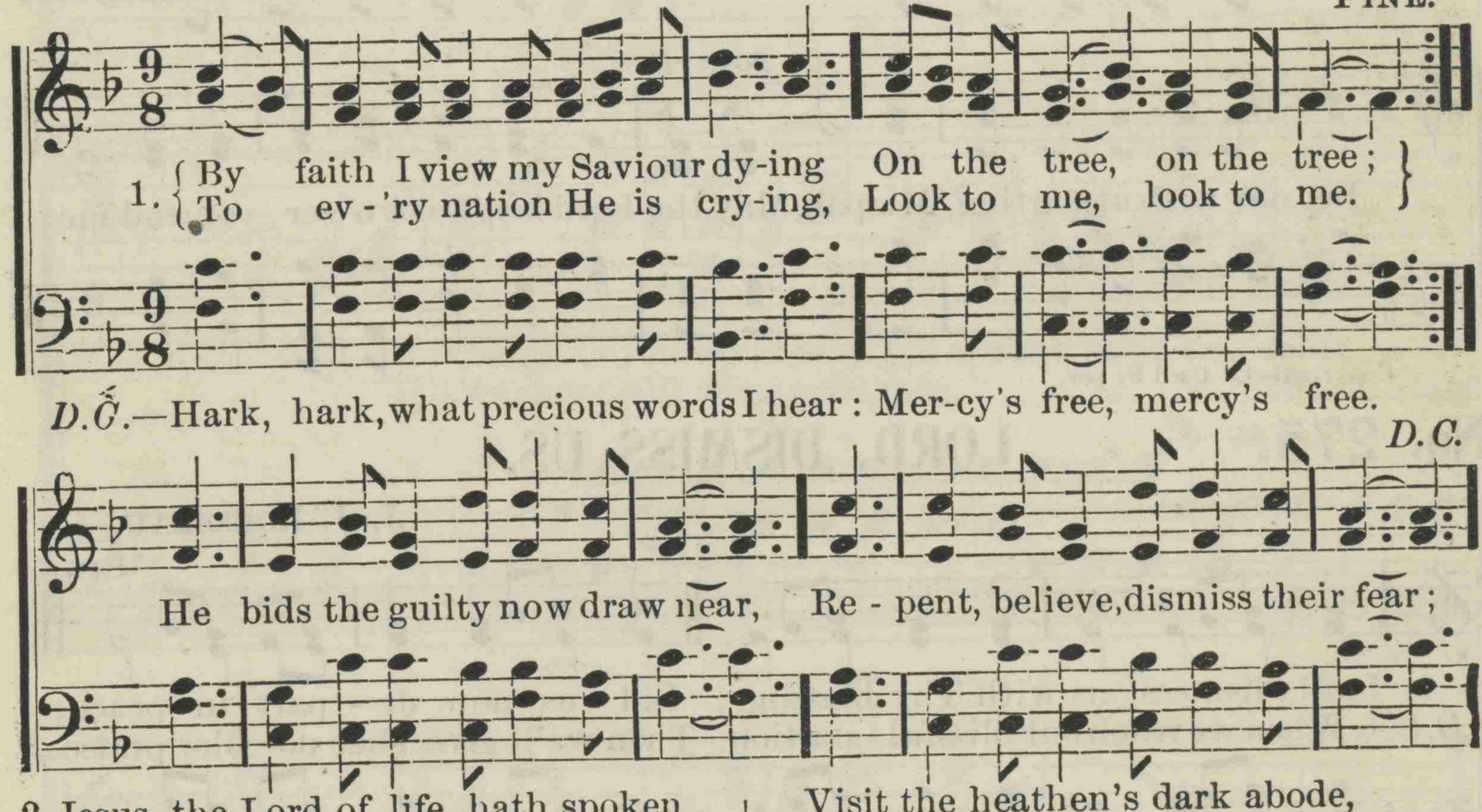
ISAAC WATTS. | *M. H. 344. B. H. 125. P. H. 137. | HUGH WILSON.



No. 273. ON THE TREE.

RICHARD JUKES. | *M. H. 877. | D. F. AUBER.

FINE.



2 Jesus, the Lord of life, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free:
Soon as I in His name believed,
His pard'ning grace my soul received,
And was from sin and death retrieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed.
When lodged above the stormy blast
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

*M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 274. MIZPAH.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Let us ask the pre-cious Sav - iour To go with us while we part,
2. Know we not what changes wait us, But we know our Mighty guide,
3. In His ten - der hands en-trust - ing Ev - 'ry link in love's bright chain;
4. Meet a - gain, no more to sev - er, In the "beauti-ful be- yond,"

For His presence in life's jour - ney Peace and com-fort will im-part.
Safe - ly rest-ing in His keep - ing, Hap - py when He walks be - side.
'Tis a blessed hope that whis-pers, "Sure - ly we shall meet a - gain."
Where the love of our Re-deem - er Is the strongest, sweetest bond.

CHORUS.

Long our hallowed pray'r will lin - ger, Ming-ling with sweet mel-o - dy,

poco rit.

Be our wish at parting, Mizpah, May the Lord keep watch o-ver you and me.

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No. 275. LORD, DISMISS US.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. Lord, dismess us with Thy blessing; Bid us now de - part in peace;
D.C.—When we reach our blissful sta-tion, Then we'll give Thee no - bler praise.

D.C.

Still on heav'nly man - na feed-ing, Let our faith and love in-crease.

No. 276. GOD BE WITH YOU.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet again,

By permission.

FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

No. 277. ROLL ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

NELLIE EDWARDS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

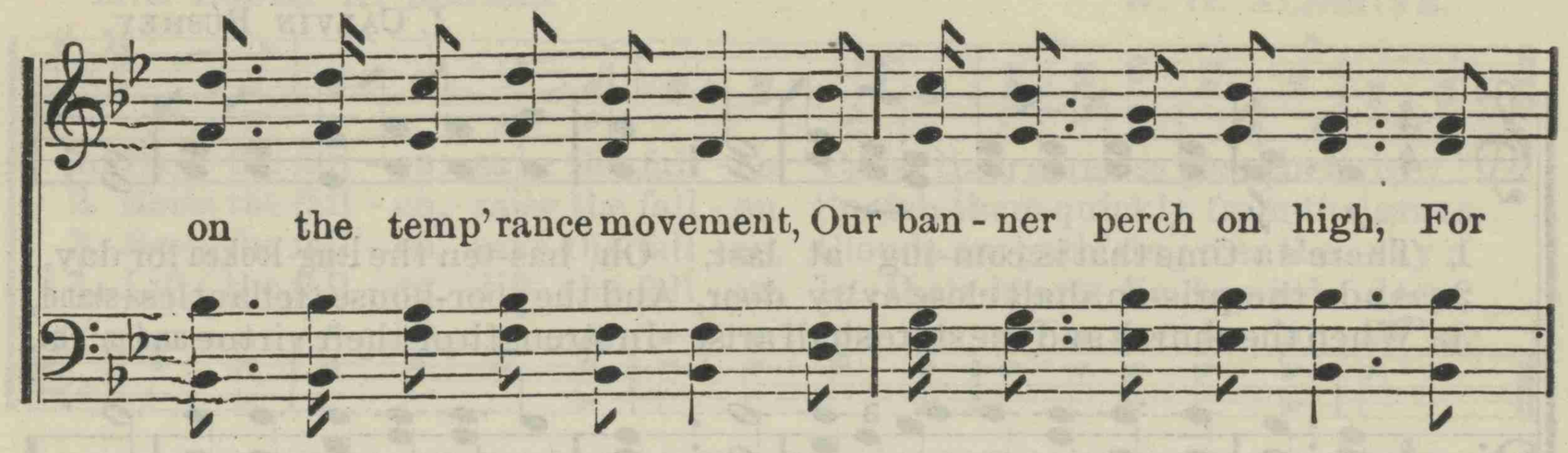
1. Roll on the temp'rance movement, For rights now take a stand, Help drive the liquor traf- fic For- ev - er from our land. Ten-thousand voices call-ing, To help them we have come, The wives and children of the ones Whose master is vile rum.
2. Roll on the temp'rance movement, The way is open wide For God shall be our help-er No one can turn a- side. The an-gels watch from glory— All heaven bids us speed, For none can then our cause defeat, While God supplies our need.
3. Roll on the temp'rance movement, And march against the wrong, For thousands daily dy - ing, Compels us haste a- long, The conflict ev - er wag - es, Then raise our banner high, And follow where our Saviour leads, For victo - ry is nigh.

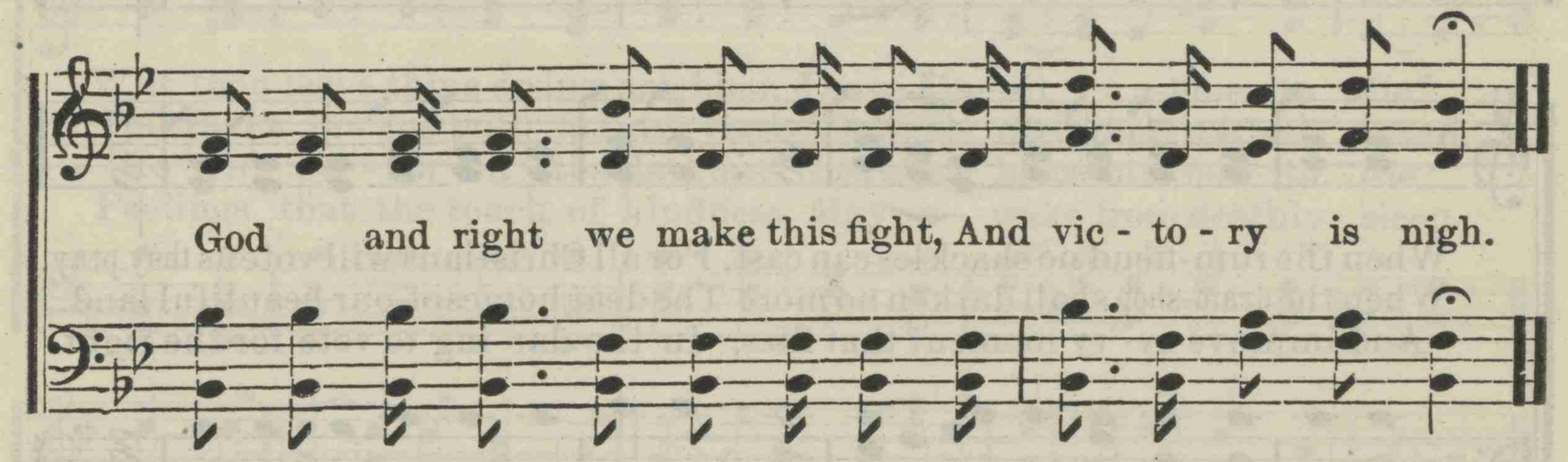
CHORUS.

Roll on the temp'rance movement, Our Sav- iour leads the way, Mu-sic ring-ing, voic- es sing-ing, O what a glo- rious sight, O roll

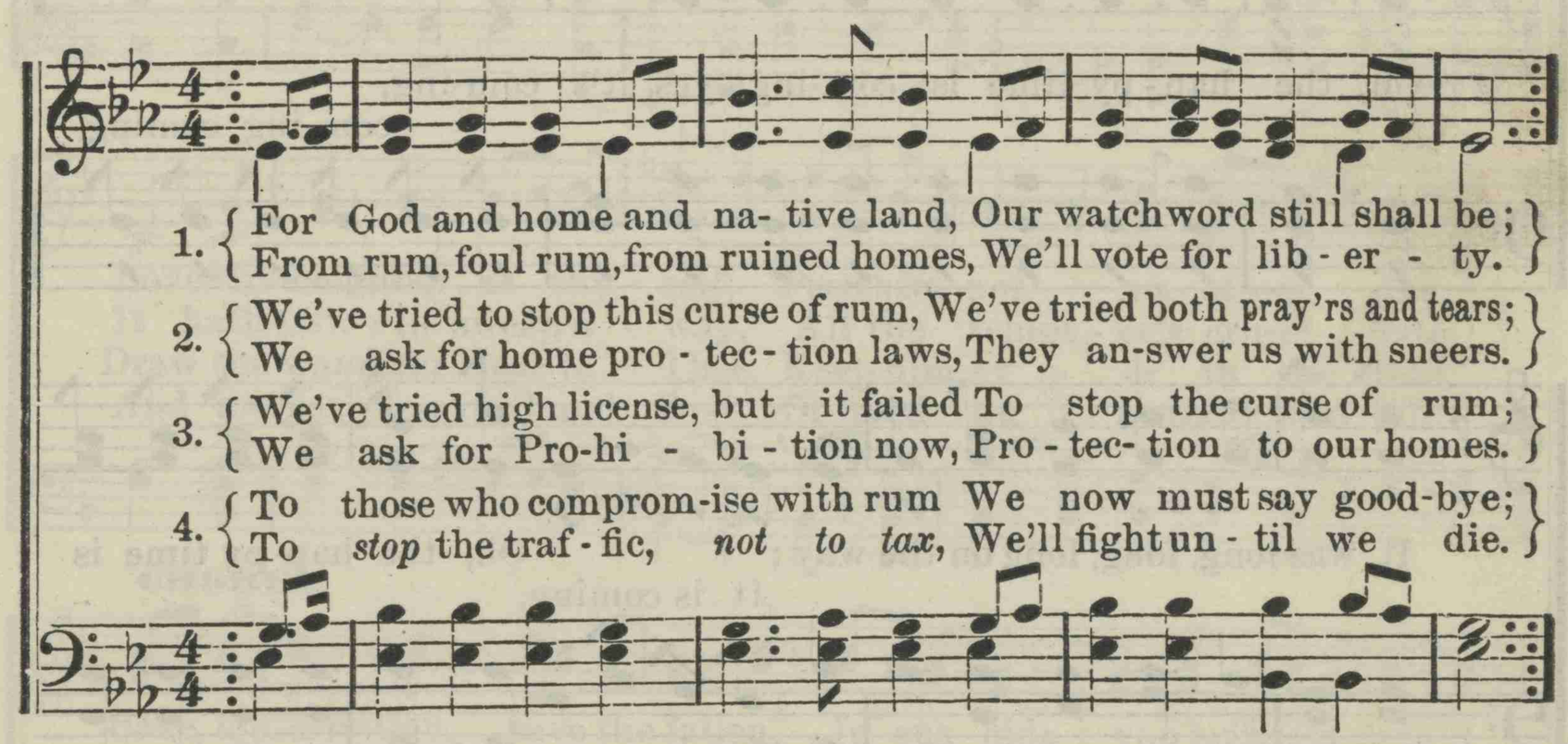
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ROLL ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—Concluded.

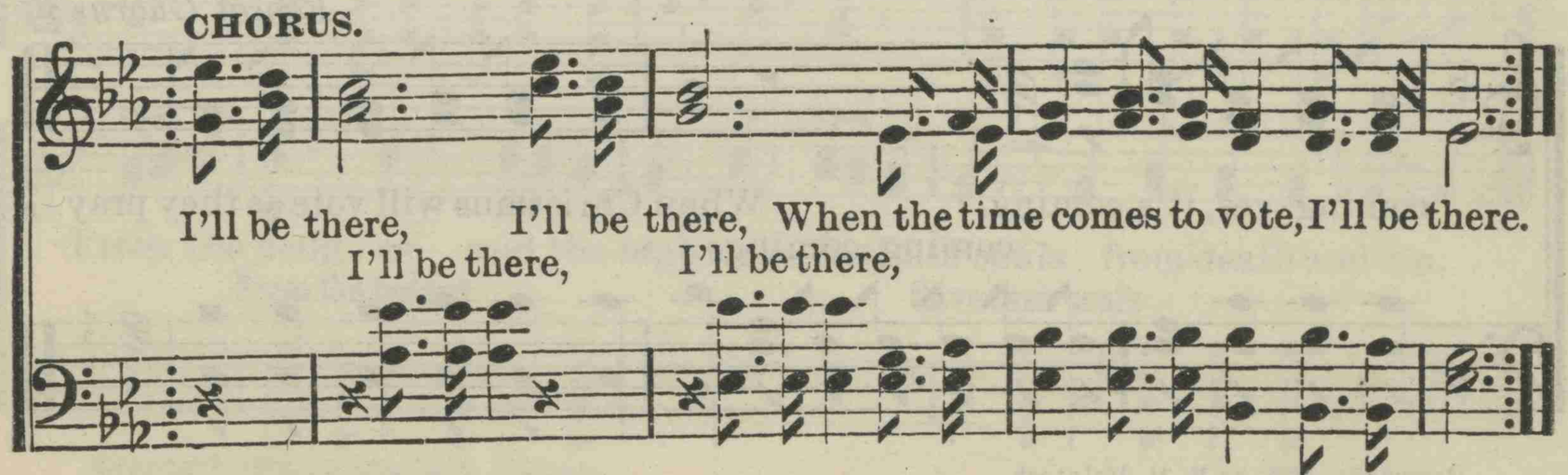




No. 278. I'LL BE THERE TO VOTE.



CHORUS.



No. 279. VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. There's a time that is com-ing at last, Oh, has-ten the long-looked for day,
2. And the pris-on shall close ev'ry door, And the poor-houses tenantless stand,
3. When the church and the state shall arise In strength of their virtue and might,

When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast, For all Christians will vote as they pray.
When the dram-shop shall darken no more The dear homes of our beautiful land.
And improve ev-'ry moment that flies, In the dar-ing to vote for the right.

f **CHORUS.**

Oh, the hap-py time is com-ing, yes, it's com-ing,
com-ing, coming,

It was long, long, long on the way ; Oh, the hap-py time is
it is coming,

Repeat Chorus p.

coming, yes, it's coming, When Christians will vote as they pray.
coming, coming,

Copyright, 1886, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 280. SAVE THE FALLEN.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. W. G. ALESHINE.

1. Save the fall - en, save the fall - en, Canst thou careless pass them by;
2. Raise the fall - en, raise the fall - en, Snatch them quickly from the grave,
3. Save the fall - en, save the fall - en, Clouds are gath'ring o'er the sky;
4. Lift the fall - en, lift the fall - en, In their hearts lie bur-ied deep;

Wilt thou leave thine erring neighbor, Leave him all a-lone to die?
Tell them Je - sus will for-give them, That He died their souls to save.
He will per - ish in the darkness, Leave, oh, leave him not to die!
Feelings that the touch of kindness, May a - wake from deathly sleep.

Then, oh, Christian speak the mes-sage, Speak it, speak it while you may;
Gen - tly breathe His name so pre - cious, Humbly call - ing ere too late;
Let Thy mer - cy beam dear Sav - iour, O'er the poor be-night-ed soul;
Of His love, oh, Christians tell them,—Christ hast promised un - to all—

Love thy neighbor as thy - self, Pass him not an - oth-er day.
It hath pow'r to sweep a - way, All the tempt - er's cru-el hate.
Draw the wand'rer close to Thee, Keep him ev - er in the fold.
And the par - don full and free, Of-fered un - to those who fall.

CHORUS.

Save, O Chris-tian, save the fallen, Je - sus bids you bring them in;
Save, O Christian, Jesus bids you

From the hedg - es and the highways, Save their souls from death and sin.
From the hedges Save their souls

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No. 281. THE WHISKEY SHOPS MUST GO.

(CAMPAIGN SONG.)

W. W. PINSON. Old Campmeeting Air.

1. Oh, comrades in this conflict of the right a-gainst the wrong, To the bat-tle of the bal-lots come with shout-ing and with song; And this shall be our slogan as the legions march along—"The whiskey shops must go."
2. Je-ho-vah's wrath is kindled, and His arm is lift-ed high, For from out the dust of a-ges He has heard the mar-tyrs cry; The cup of wrath is brimming, and His vengeance draweth nigh—"The whiskey shops must go."
3. From the silence and the shadows, where our mothers weep and pray, With their pa-tient hands uplift-ed 'gainst the woe they can-not stay, We have heard a voice entreating us to sweep the curse away—"The whiskey shops must go."
4. Hear the children cry for pit-y from the cru-el heart of greed; See them trampled in-to si-lence by the mon-ster while they plead! Be quick, my patriot brothers, to the rescue let us speed—"The whiskey shops must go."
5. We are com-ing! we are coming! for the light has dawned at last; Hark, the bat-tle-cry is ring-ing, and our lines are length'ning fast, For God, and Home, and Native Land, our ballots shall be cast—"The whiskey shops must go."

CHORUS.

Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men! Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men!
Ral-ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free-men! The whis-key shops must go.

No. 282. ON THE STREETS AT MIDNIGHT.

* * *

CAREW.

1. I stood on the streets at midnight, Where the crowds surge to and fro;
2. I look on a drunken Fa-ther, Who goes reel-ing to his home,
3. I see a heart-bro-ken moth-er, With her white face wet with tears,

Tossed high on life's storm-swept o-cean, As the bil-lows come and go.
Where suf-fer-ing wife and chil-dren, Sad-ly wait for him to come.
She seeks for the boy she cherished, So proud-ly in by-gone years.

There many soul-freighted ves-sels, On the wa-ters deep and swift;
Their plead-ing is una-vail-ing, As they sink the waves be-low,
Her hopes, once so bright, are withered, By the rum-pow'r's curse and blight;

Are wreck'd, and o'er city pavements, To the gulfs of death they drift.
For men in their boast-ed pow'r, Cast their votes to make it so.
For fast her loved boy is drifting, To the coast of end-less night.

CHORUS.
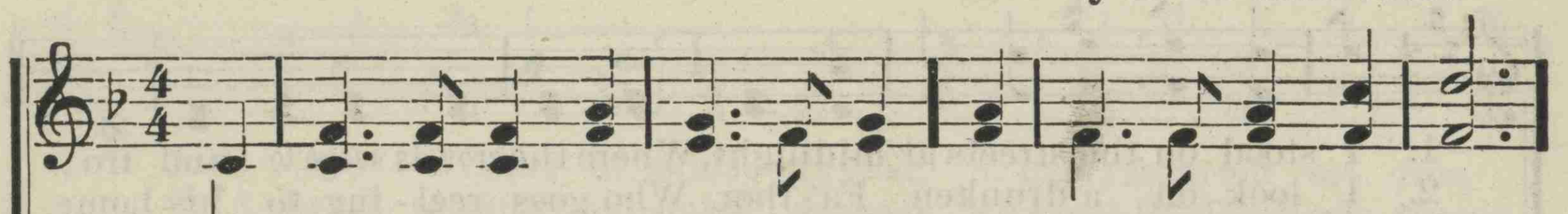
Oh, ma-ny a soul has per-ished, As the life-tides ebb and flow;

For ma-ny a bark is shattered, On the reefs of sin and woe.

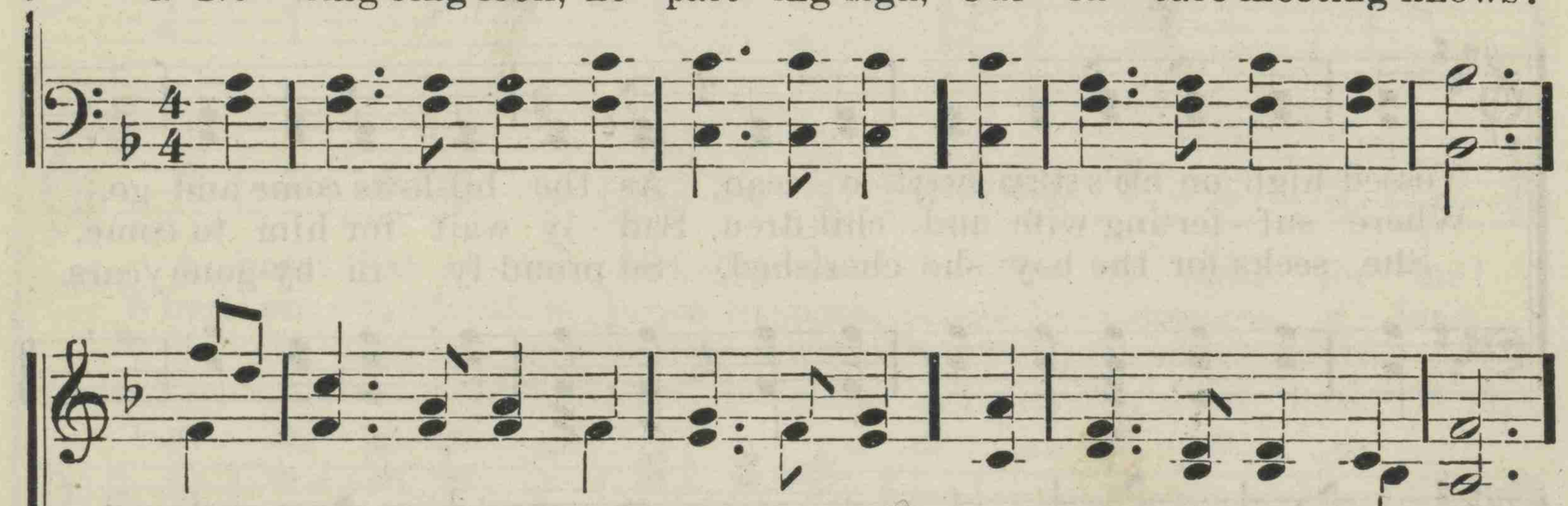
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No. 283. REMEMBRANCE. C. M.
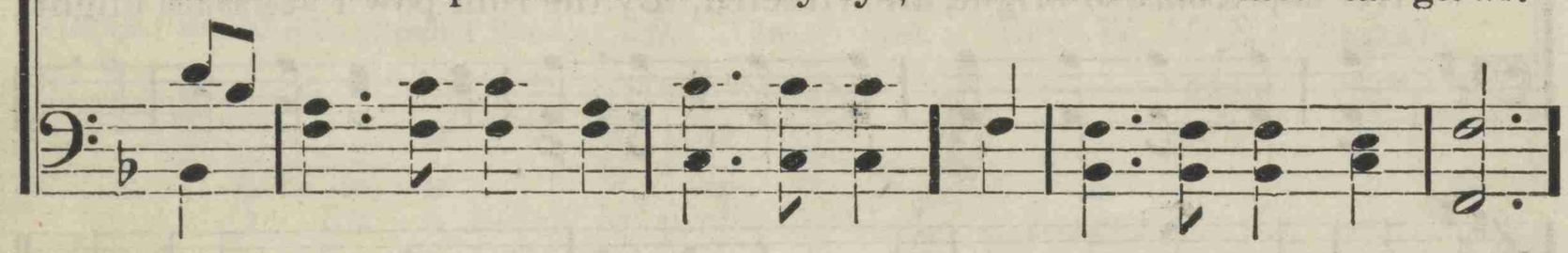
TUNE—Auld Ang Zyne. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.
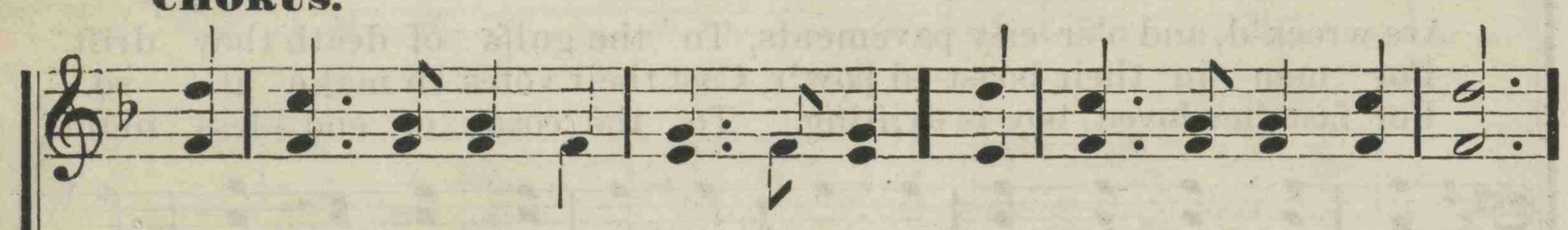


1. Hail, sweetest, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one:
2. What tho' the northern win-ter blast May howl around your cot;
3. From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand, From In-dia's burn-ing plain;
4. No ling'ring look, no part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meeting knows:
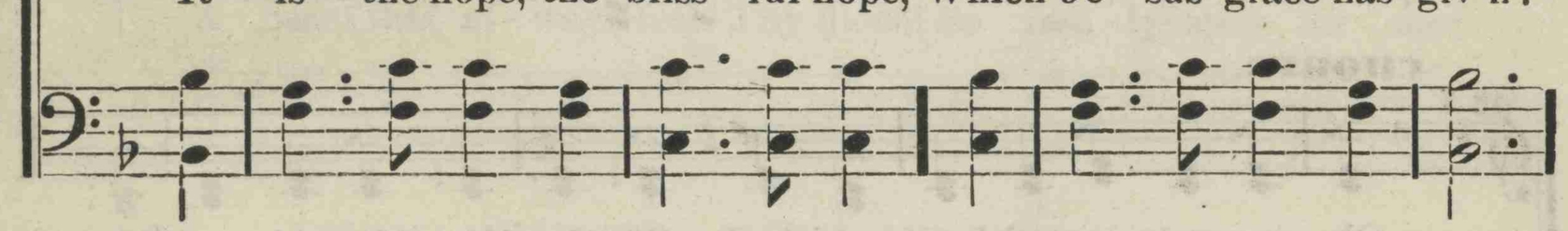


Hail! sa-cred hope that tunes our minds, To joys be-fore un-known.
What tho' beneath an east-ern sun Be cast our dis-tant lot:—
From Eu-rope, from Co-lum-bia's land, We hope to meet a-gain.
There friendship beams from ev-'ry eye, And love im-mor-tal glows.
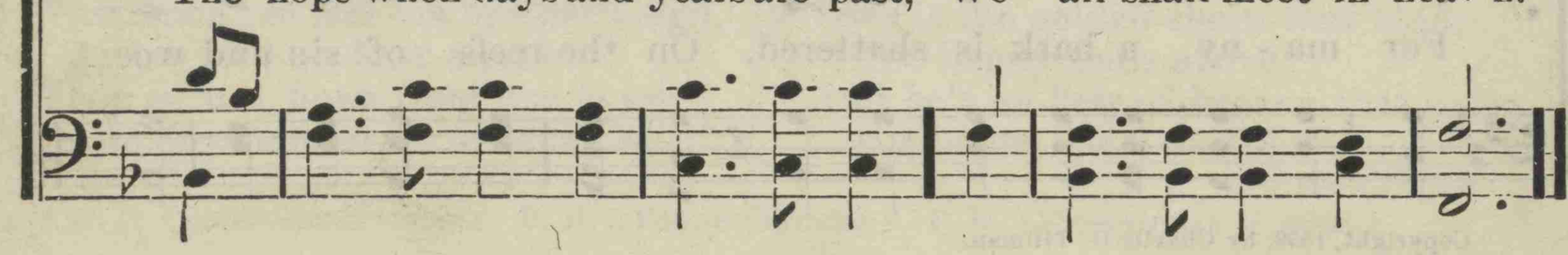


CHORUS.



It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n:



The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.



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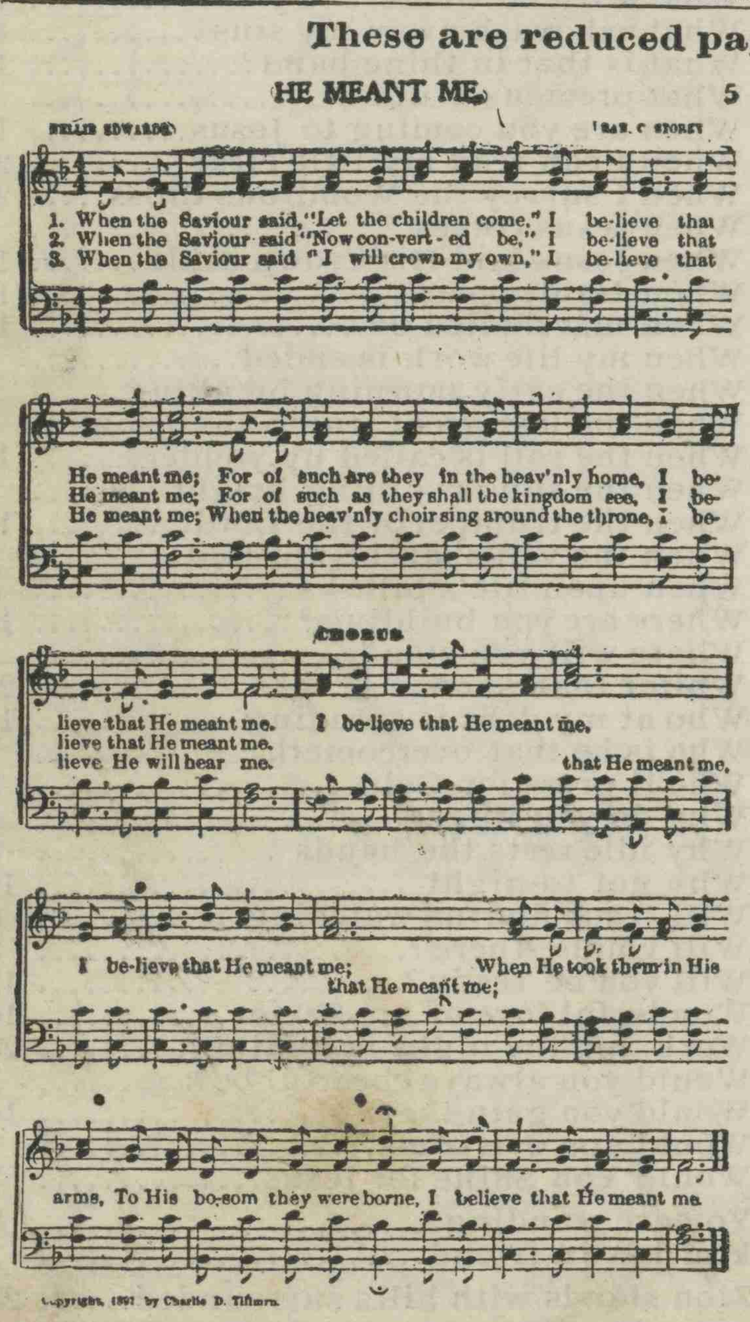
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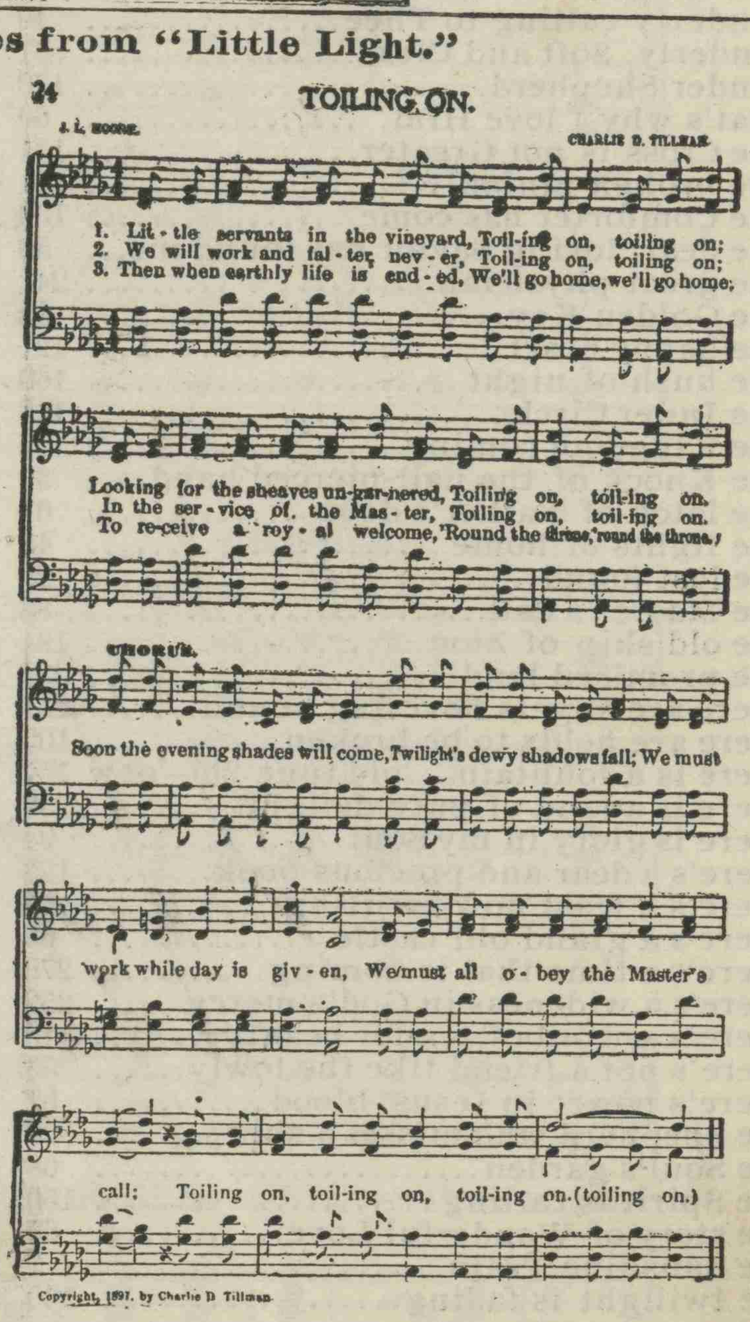
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