Fine Songs FOR Sunday Schools

EDITED BY

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD D.D.

AND R. M. McINTOSH.



MACON, GA.
J. W. BURKE & CO.
1890.

CANDLER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
EMORY UNIVERSITY, GA.

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1914

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PURE SONGS

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY

REV. ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D.,

AND

R. M. McINTOSH.

MACON, GA.:

PUBLISHED BY J. W. BURKE & CO.

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Pure

PREFACE.

PURE SONGS differs from all other books of its class, with which we are acquainted, in two essential particulars:

1. It abounds with songs founded on the parables, miracles, and leading texts and incidents of the Holy Scriptures, making it easy to illustrate and emphasize Bible instruction with song. This feature, so far as we know, is new, and we expect the best results to follow from its introduction. The mere statement of such a plan is sufficient, we think, to impress all intelligent people with its importance, argument being unnecessary.

2. PURE SONGS contains an unusual number of the better forms of Church tunes, adapted to hymns in general use. If this department of the book is utilized by those who have charge of music in the Sunday-School, the effect will soon be perceptible in the improvement of congregational singing among our Churches.

Believing that our people need such a book, we send them "PURE SONGS," hoping that, under God's blessing, it may aid them in their work, and be productive of much good.

THE EDITORS.

Emory College, Oxford, Ga.,
June, 1889.

EMORY UNIVERSITY
THEOLOGY LIBRARY

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Music Typographers and Printers, 710 Sansom St.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PURE SONGS.

No. 1. JESUS IS MINE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



20588

No. 2. THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Her sad vi - gil keep - ing, Ma - ry sat weep - ing, Mourning for
2 Then swift at His call - ing, at His feet fall - ing Ma - ry so
3 When loss is be - fore us, grief gath - ers o'er us, Shad-ows of

Laz - a - rus dead, Her glad tid-ings learn-ing, Mar-tha re-turn- ing,
sor - row- ful goes; And trustful be- liev- ing, meek-ly re-ceiv - ing
sor - row sur - round; What-e'er may be- fall us, if he will call us

CHORUS.

Un - to the weep-ing one said,
Hope that the Mas- ter be - stows.
Glad - ly we'll fol- low the sound.
} Je - sus is com - ing,

Him have I met, Glad are his tid - ings to me;

Joy-ful a - rise, the Mas-ter is com-ing, Je-sus is calling for thee.

No. 3. HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME!

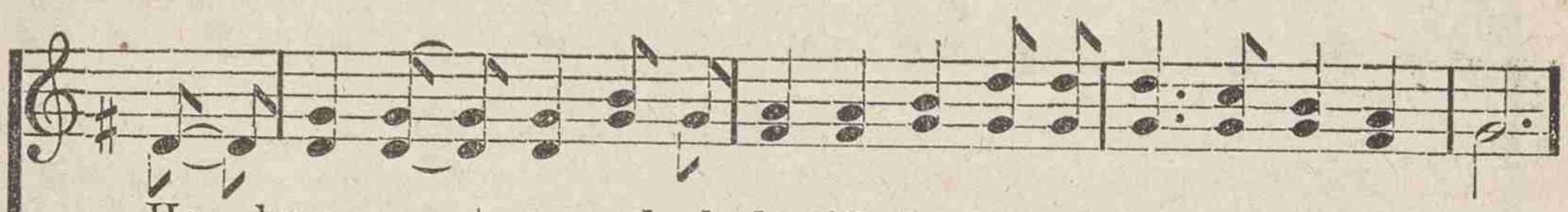
J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1 A sin-ner, I came, for my Lord to see, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!
2 I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!
3 Oh, the rapture I felt I can nev - er tell, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!
4 I'll watch, for to-day yet the Lord may come, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!





He knew me at once and a-bode with me, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!
He knows ev-'ry heart, and he heard my cry, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!
For the great relief when my burden fell, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!
To grant me the joy of his happy home, Hal-le - lu - jah, bless his name!



CHORUS.



Hal-le - lu - jah, oh, the glo - ry! Je-sus loves me, this I know;



Hal-le-lu-jah!

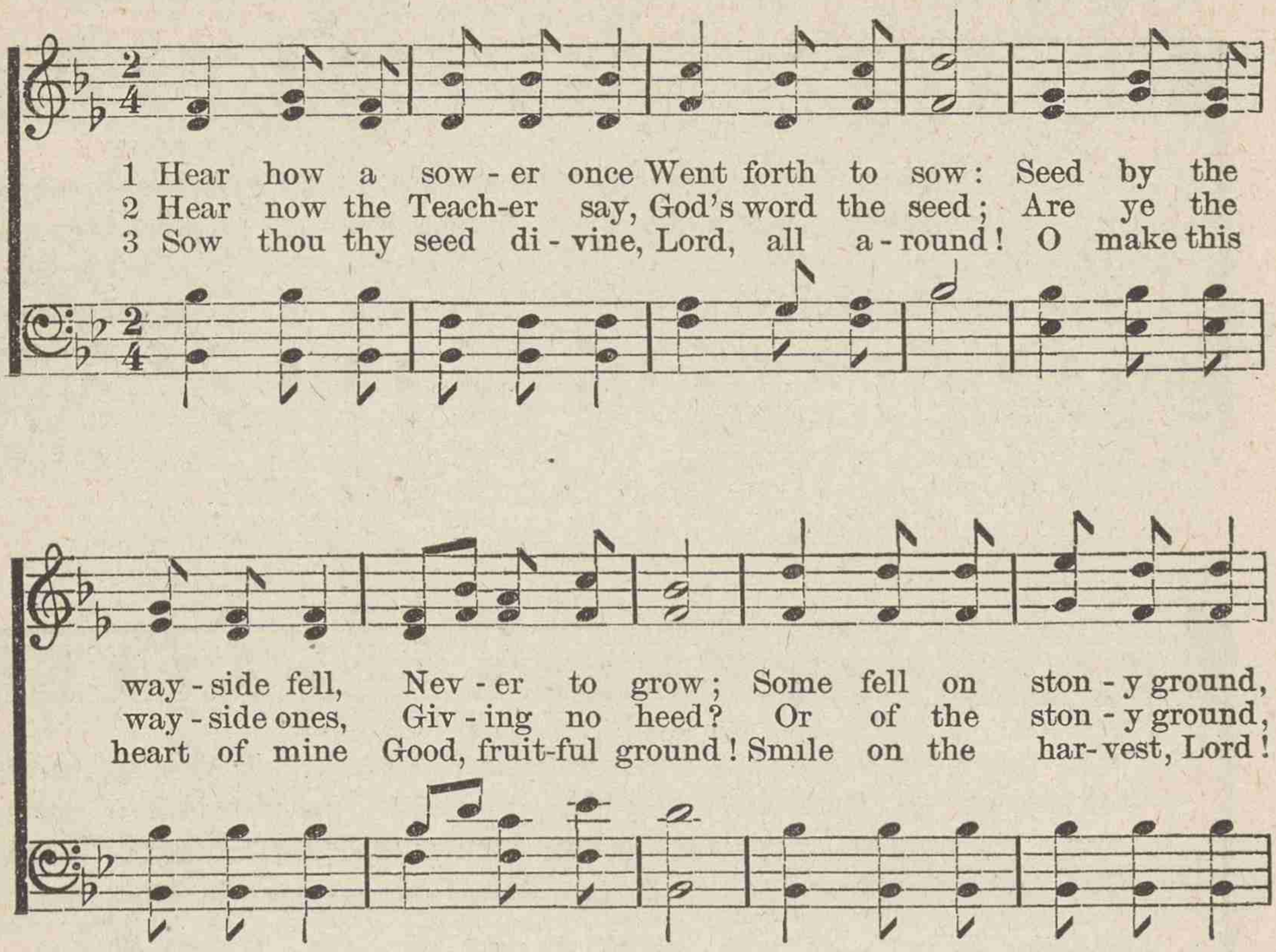


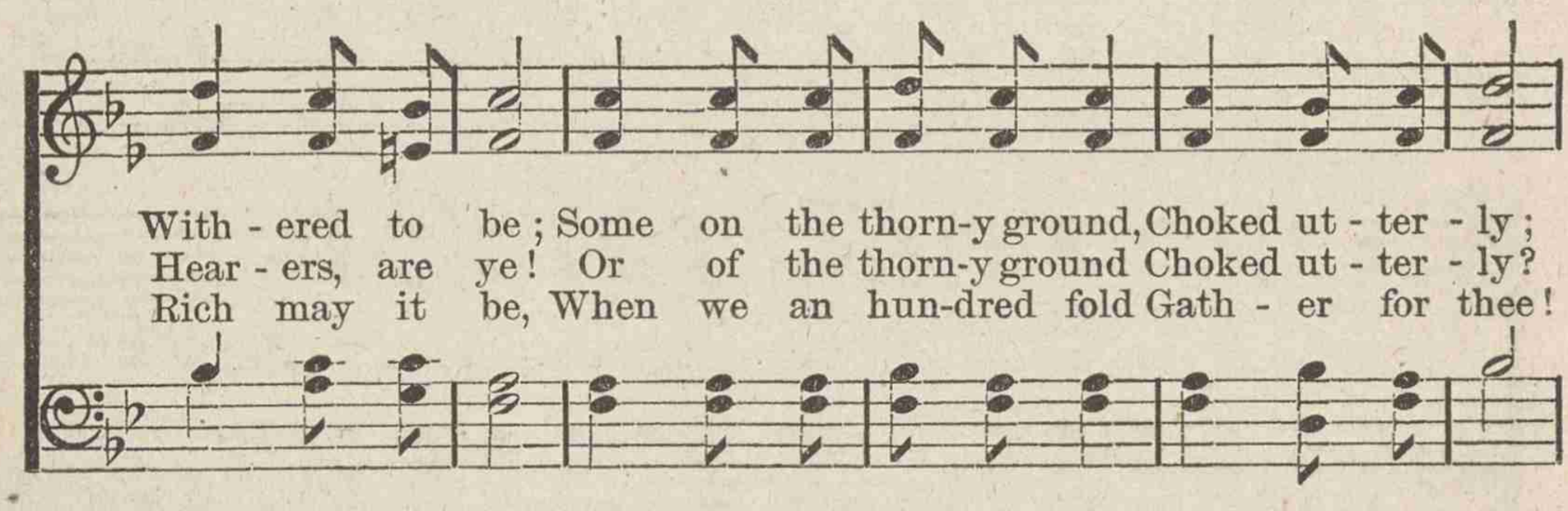
For I feel the bless - ed par - don That our Sav - iour did be - stow.

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No. 4. THE SOWER.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.







No. 5. "ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED?"

Rev. W. P. RIVERS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 Say, "Are few to be sav'd of men? Five of thousands, or five of ten?"
2 Christ's dis-ci-ples had cheer di-vine; All par-took of the bread and wine;
3 Lo, the vir-gins were fa-vor'd all, All were waiting the mar-riage call;
4 All like Ma-ry who wisdom seek, All like John who was kind and meek,
5 All be-liev-ing the Master's word, All who love and o-bey their Lord,
6 Oh, how many from th' East and West, At the feast of the Lord shall rest!

God is Love, and he call-eth all; All may come and o-bey the call.
One "went out" in the darksome night—Ne'er came back to the Lord of light!
Five were ready, their lamps were bright; Five were left in the dis-mal night!
All who faith-ful to Christ shall be, These the glo-ry of heav'n shall see.
They who sit at the Saviour's feet, These for heav'n shall be counted meet.
"Tens of thousands" their number be! Say, O sin-ner, shall he save thee?

REFRAIN.

Oh, some shall be crown'd With cor-o-nals fair, But some shall be found In dark de-spair; Oh, some shall be crown'd With cor-o-nals fair, But some shall be found In dark de-spair!

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No. 6. THE LAMB OF CALVARY.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.



REFRAIN.

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THE LAMB OF CALVARY. Concluded.



No. 7. TARRY AND REST.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Je - sus, wearied with his jour-ney, Tar - ried at the well to rest,
2 Tar - ry at the bless - ed well-side, Where the liv - ing wa - ters flow,
3 Tar - ry ev - er at the well-side, Where there's life and rest for all;

Where he taught the wait - ing peo - ple Of the liv - ing wa - ter, blest.
Drink-ing at the heal - ing fountain, Balm for ev - 'ry sor - row, woe.
Come, ye wea - ry heav - y la - den, Come, 'tis Je - sus, makes the call.

CHORUS.

Tar - ry at the well - side with Je - sus and rest,

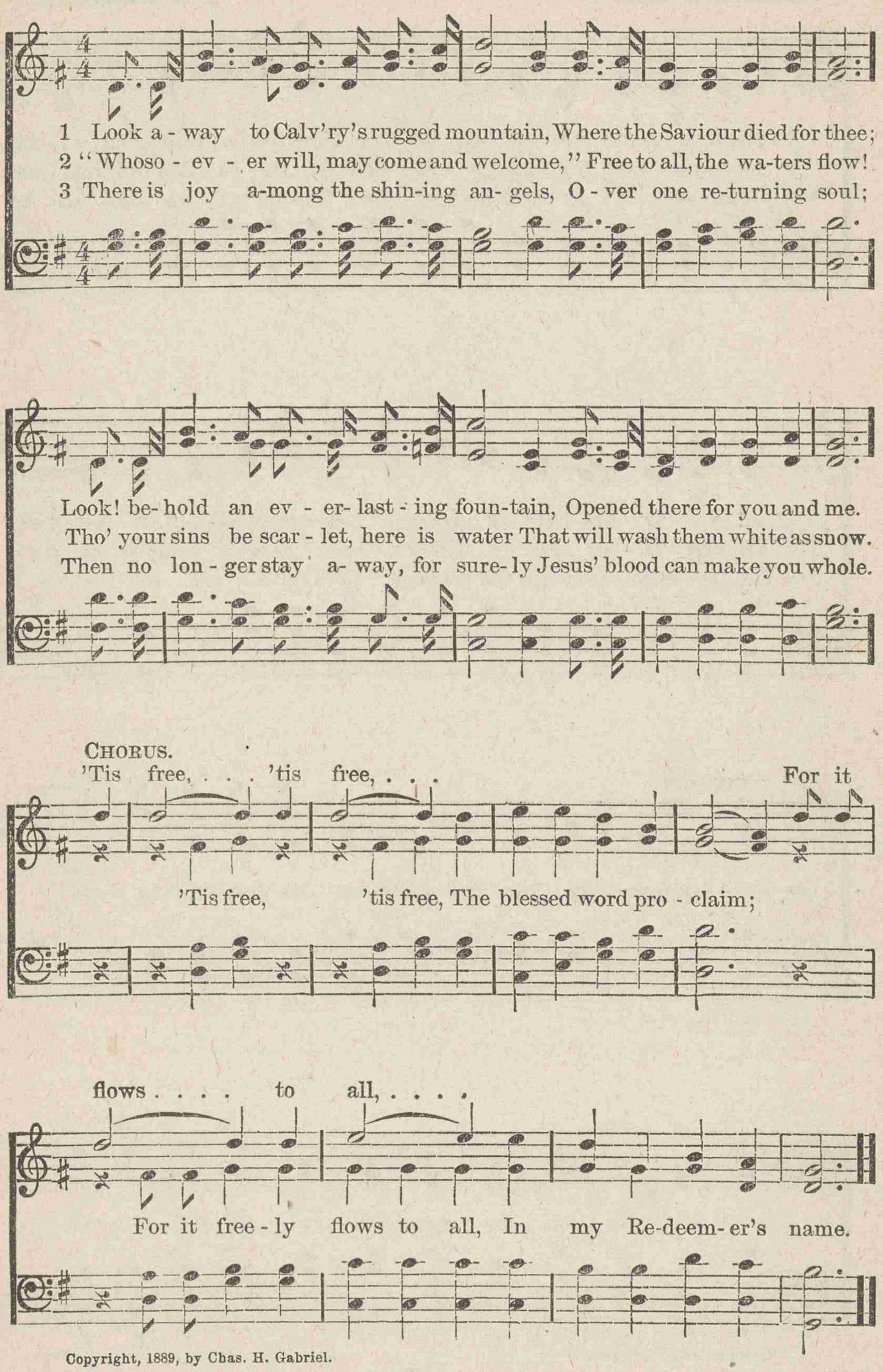
Tar - ry and rest, tar - ry and rest; Tar - ry at the well - side with

Je - sus and rest, Tar - ry, tar - ry and rest.

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No. 8. THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

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



Copyright, 1889, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 9 THE OLDEN STORY.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS.



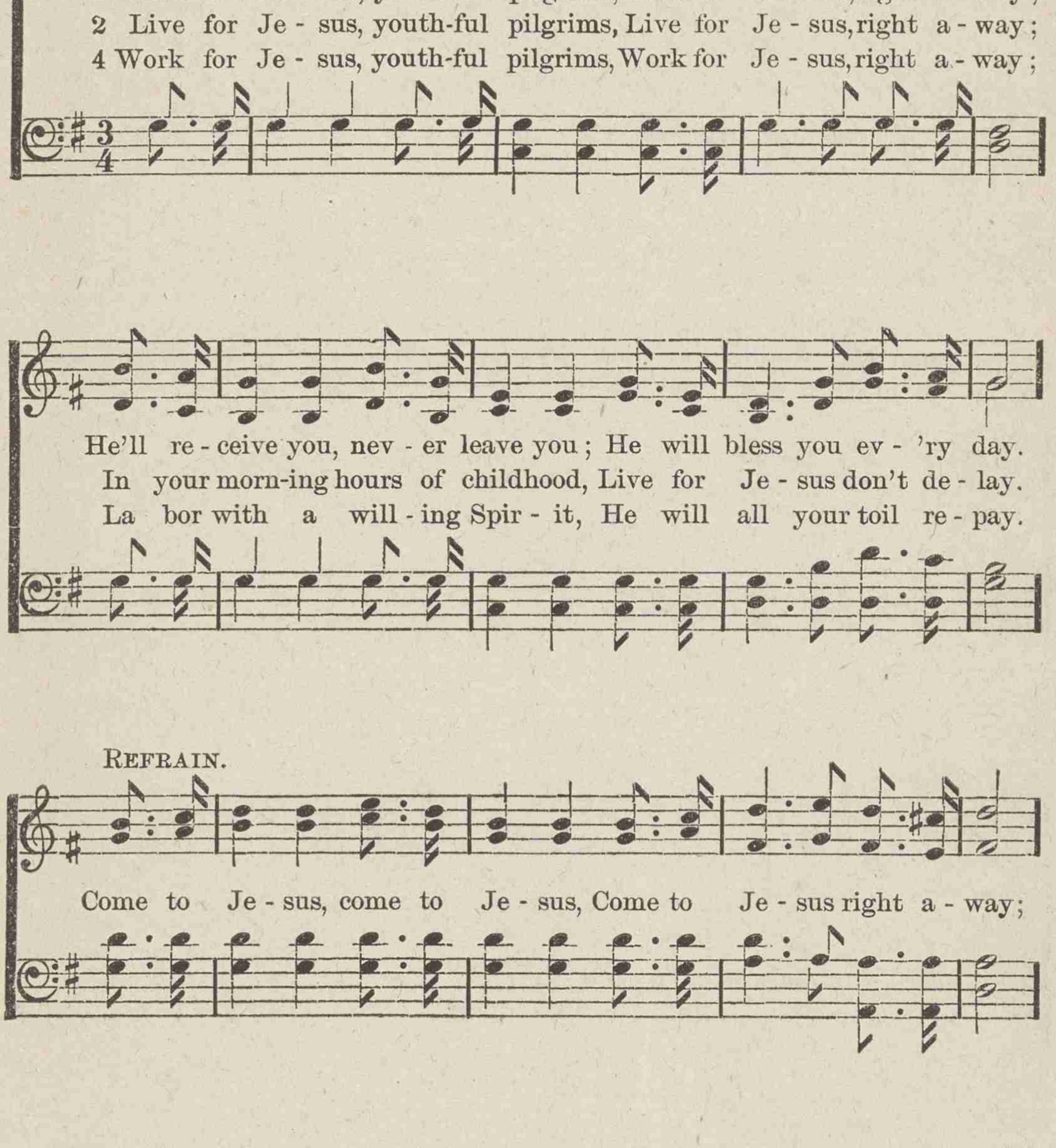
Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

No. 10. COME TO JESUS RIGHT AWAY.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



1 Come to Je - sus, youth-ful pilgrims, Come to Je - sus, right a - way;
2 Live for Je - sus, youth-ful pilgrims, Live for Je - sus, right a - way;
4 Work for Je - sus, youth-ful pilgrims, Work for Je - sus, right a - way;



He'll re - ceive you, nev - er leave you; He will bless you ev - 'ry day.
In your morn-ing hours of childhood, Live for Je - sus don't de - lay.
La bor with a will - ing Spir - it, He will all your toil re - pay.

REFRAIN.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus right a - way;



He'll re - ceive you, nev - er leave you; He will bless you ev - 'ry day.

Copyright, 1889, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 11 TOILING FOR JESUS.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1 Bright-ly, sweet-ly, toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Go we forth with
2 Glad - ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto - ry, Of his love to
3 Meek - ly, meek-ly toil - ing for the Mas - ter, Walk-ing faith - ful-

will - ing hands to do What - so - e'er to us he hath ap-point - ed,
mor - tals here be-low; Christ, the brightness of the Father's glo - ry,
- ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wand'rers to the dear Re-deem - er;

CHORUS.

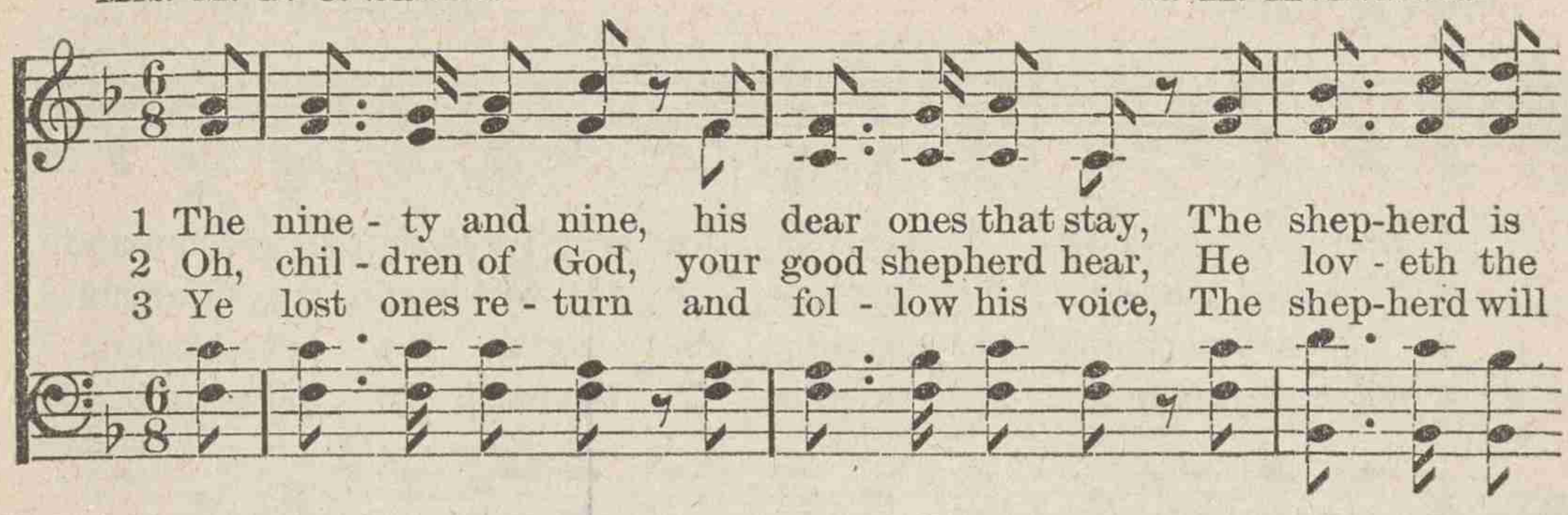
Faith - ful - ly our mis - sion we'll pur - sue. } Toil - ing for
Free - ly here his bless - ing will be-stow.
Point - ing sin - ners to the Lamb of God. } Toil - ing, toil - ing,

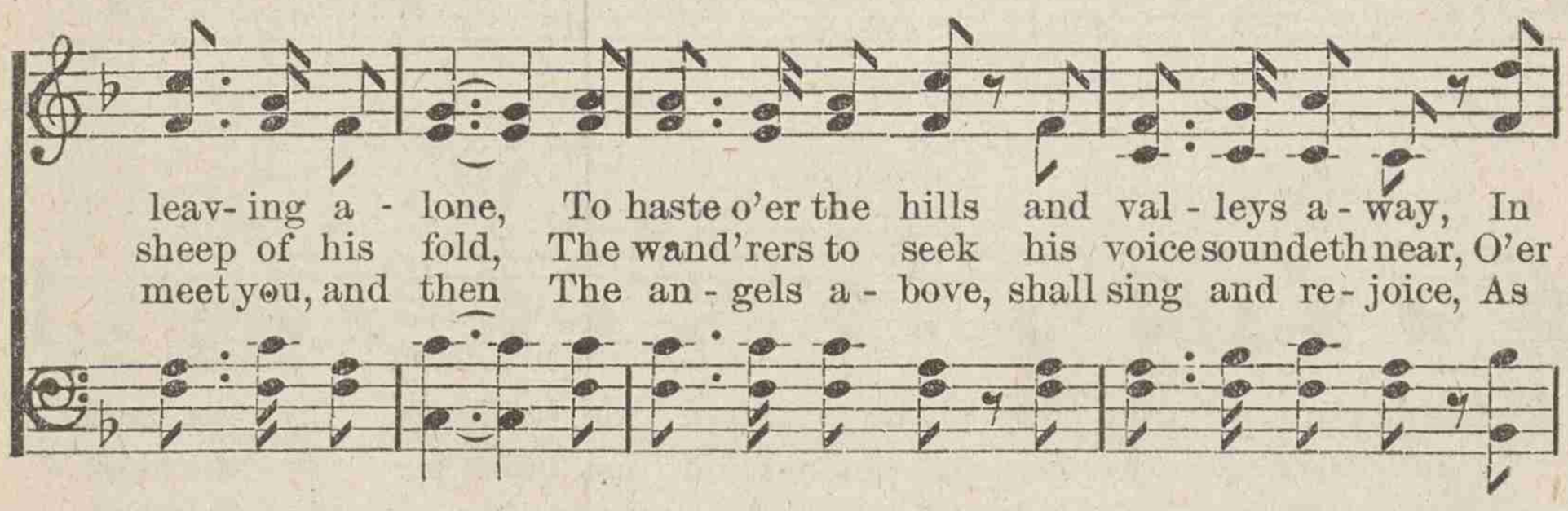
Je - - sus, Joy - ful - ly we go; yes, joy-ful - ly we go;
for the Mas - ter,

Toil - ing for Je - - sus, In his vineyard here be - low.
Toil-ing, toil - ing for the Mas - ter.

No. 12 THE LOST SHEEP.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.





Chorus.

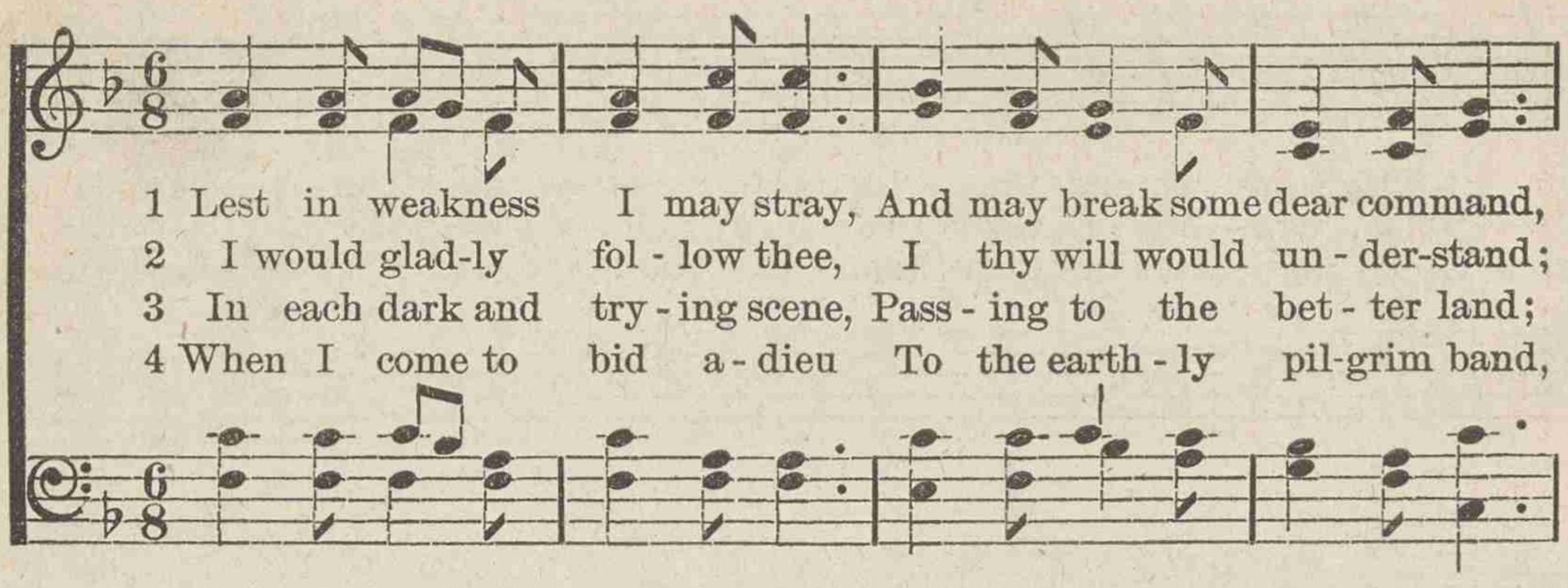


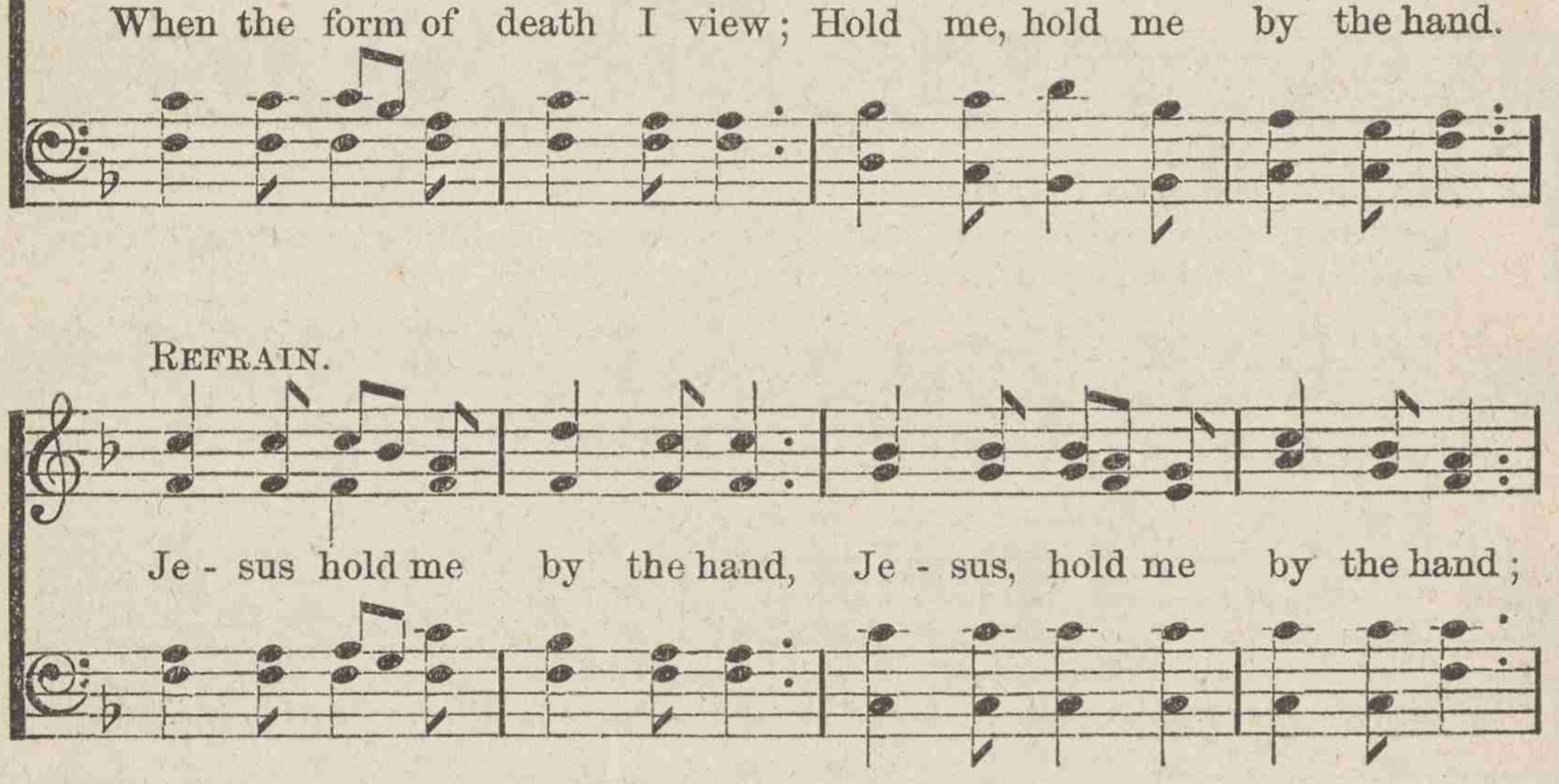


By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 13. HOLD MY HAND.

EDEN R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS.





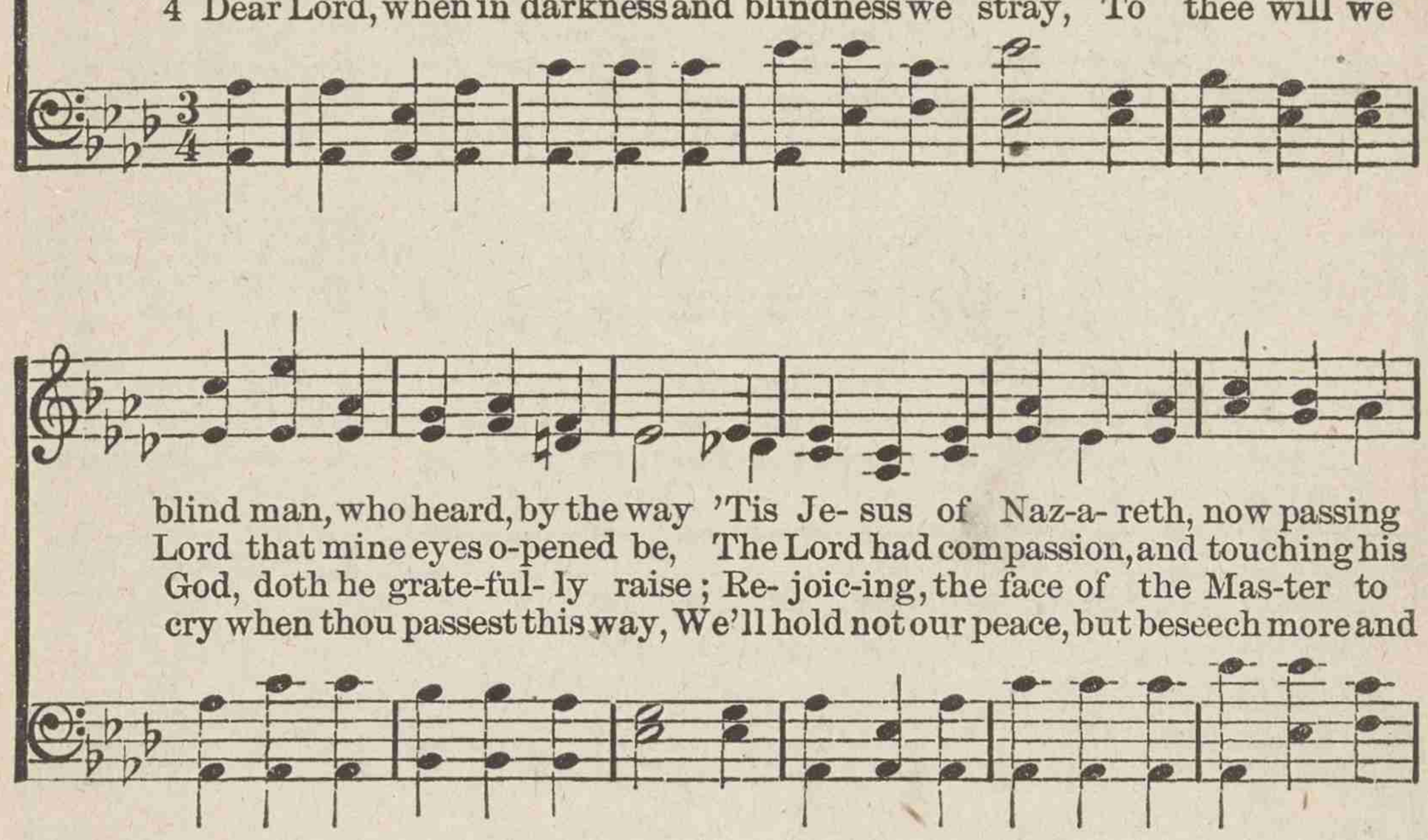
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No. 14 BLIND BARTIMEUS.

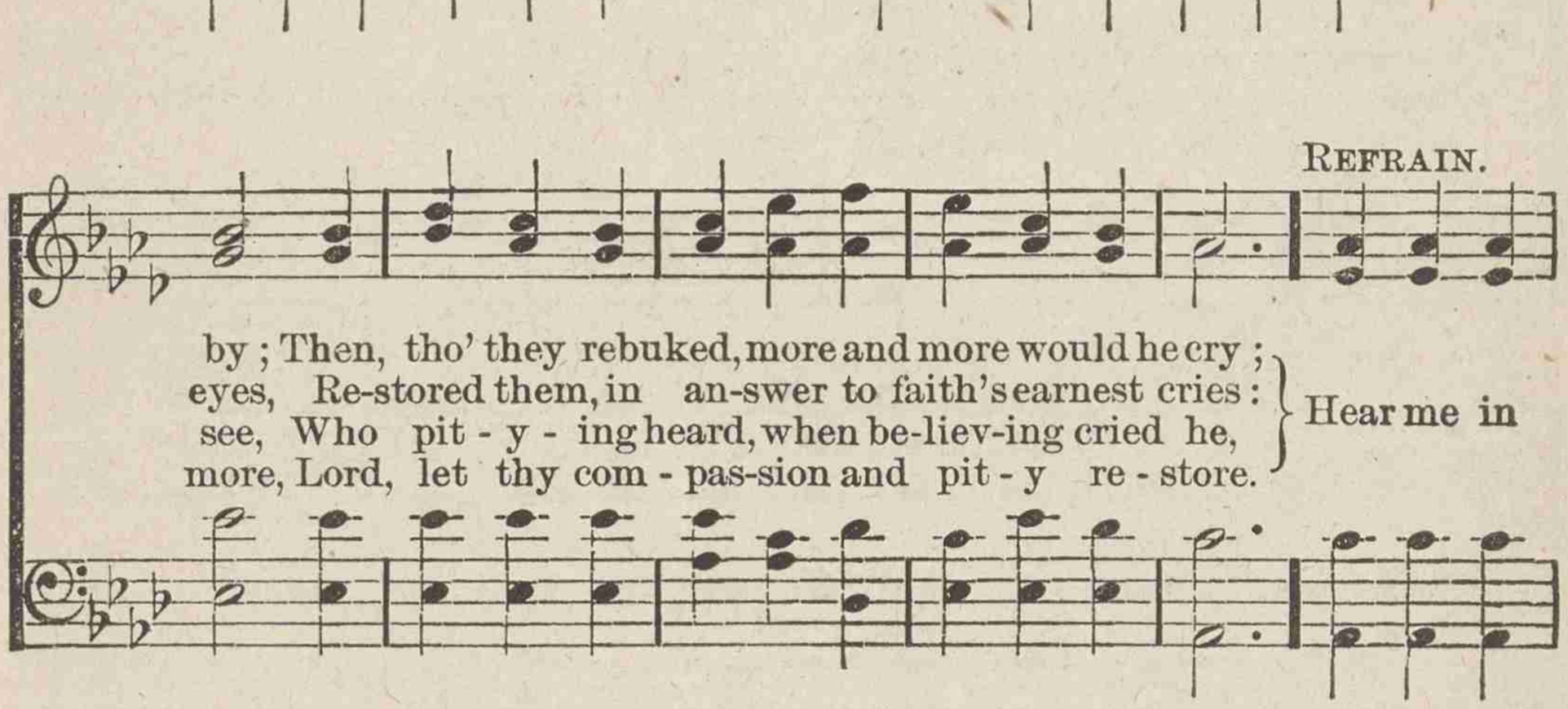
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.



1 As forth from the cit - y, went Je- sus one day, They came to a
2 What wilt thou, said Je-sus, shall I do to thee? He answered him,
3 Then all when they saw it, to God gave the praise; And glo - ry to
4 Dear Lord, when in darkness and blindness we stray, To thee will we



blind man, who heard, by the way 'Tis Je- sus of Naz-a- reth, now passing
Lord that mine eyes o-pened be, The Lord had compassion, and touching his
God, doth he grate-ful- ly raise; Re- joic-ing, the face of the Mas-ter to
cry when thou passest this way, We'll hold not our peace, but beseech more and



Refrain.

by; Then, tho' they rebuked, more and more would he cry;
eyes, Re-stored them, in an-swer to faith's earnest cries:
see, Who pit - y - ing heard, when be-liev-ing cried he,
more, Lord, let thy com - pas-sion and pit - y re - store.
} Hear me in



kindness, pit- y my blindness, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 15. SAVIOUR, WASH ME.

F. M. D. F. M. DAVIS.

1 Just as I am, O Lord, I come to thee; So wretched, blind and
2 As help-less as I am, I come to thee, Thy full sal-va-tion
3 Then as I am, O Lord, I come to thee, Be-liev-ing in thy

full of sin; I claim thy prom-ise now to make me whole, To
I would prove, O let me feel thy might-y cleans-ing pow'r, And
pow'r to save,—Thy pre-cious blood for such as me was shed, O,

CHORUS.

cleanse my soul with-out, with-in.
know the won-ders of thy love.
plunge me in its cleans-ing wave.
} O wash me, Sav-iour

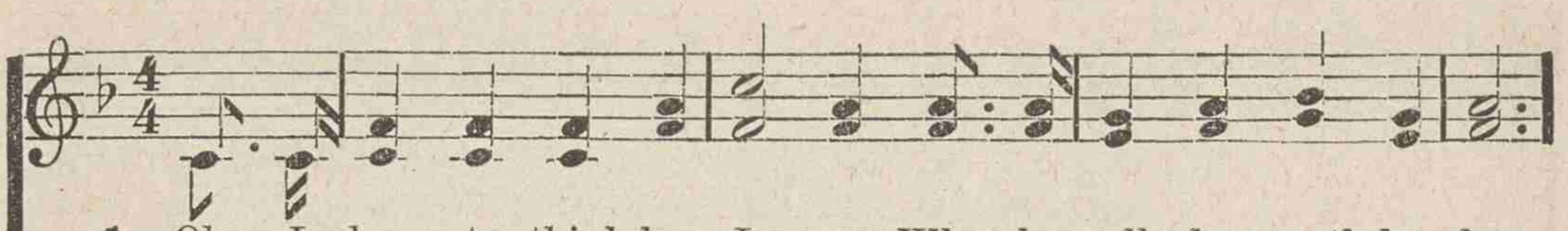
wash me, And I shall be whit-er than the snow; O

wash me, Sav-iour wash me, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.

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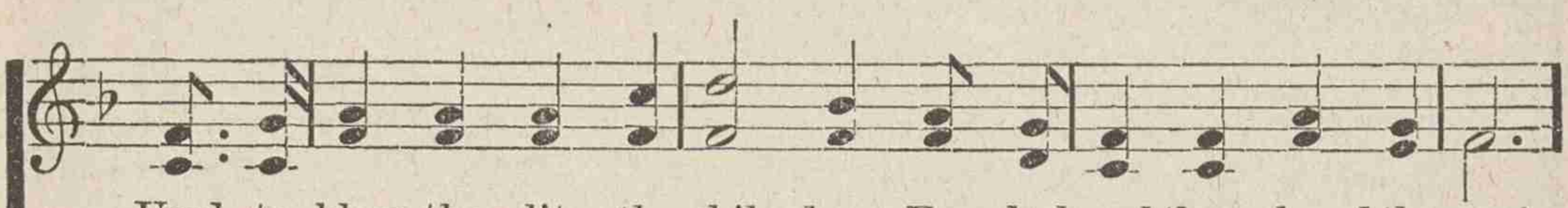
No. 16 LET THEM COME.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. W. O. PERKINS.



1 Oh, I love to think how Je - sus, When he walked on earth be - low,
2 When the moth-ers came and brought him, Ten-der in-fants, young and small,
3 Though dis - ci - ples would re - buke them, Turn the lit - tle ones a - way,
4 Lit - tle chil-dren, now from Je - sus, Will you his dear bless - ing seek?
5 Just as close his arms will hold you; Just as kind his bless-ings fall;





Used to bless the lit - tle chil - dren, For he loved them, loved them so!
And so earn - est - ly be-sought him For his bless - ing on them all.
In his gen - tle arms he took them, And they heard him sweet-ly say—
From his home on high he sees us, Hear him kind - ly to us speak.
Just as warm his love en - fold you, Just as sweet-ly doth he call.



CHORUS.



Un - to me, un - to me, Of the lit - tle ones saith he:
let them come! let them come! Of the lit-tle ones saith he:



For the bless - ed heavenly king-dom Of such as they shall be.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 17. THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH. J. C. BUSHEY.

1 I am long-ing for the com-ing of the snow white an- gel band,
2 I am wait-ing for the sig- nal that shall speak my full re- lease.
3 I am long-ing to be go- ing, yet my father's kind command,

That shall bear my wea- ry spir - it, To the sin-less sum-mer-land,
And pre - sent my welcome passport, To the realms of per- fect peace,
Bid's me tar - ry 'mid the shadows Of the mist- y low - er - land,

As I tread the nar-row pathway, Thro' this thorn-y vale I dream
Yes, and when the wea- ry san- dals All the dust - y way have trod,
When my pil- grim-age is end - ed, I shall stem the tur - bid flood,

Of the joys that ev - er brighten, Where the pear- ly wa- ters gleam.
I shall sing a-mong the an- gels By the gold- en throne of God.
And re - cline up - on the bos-om, Of the spot-less Son of God.

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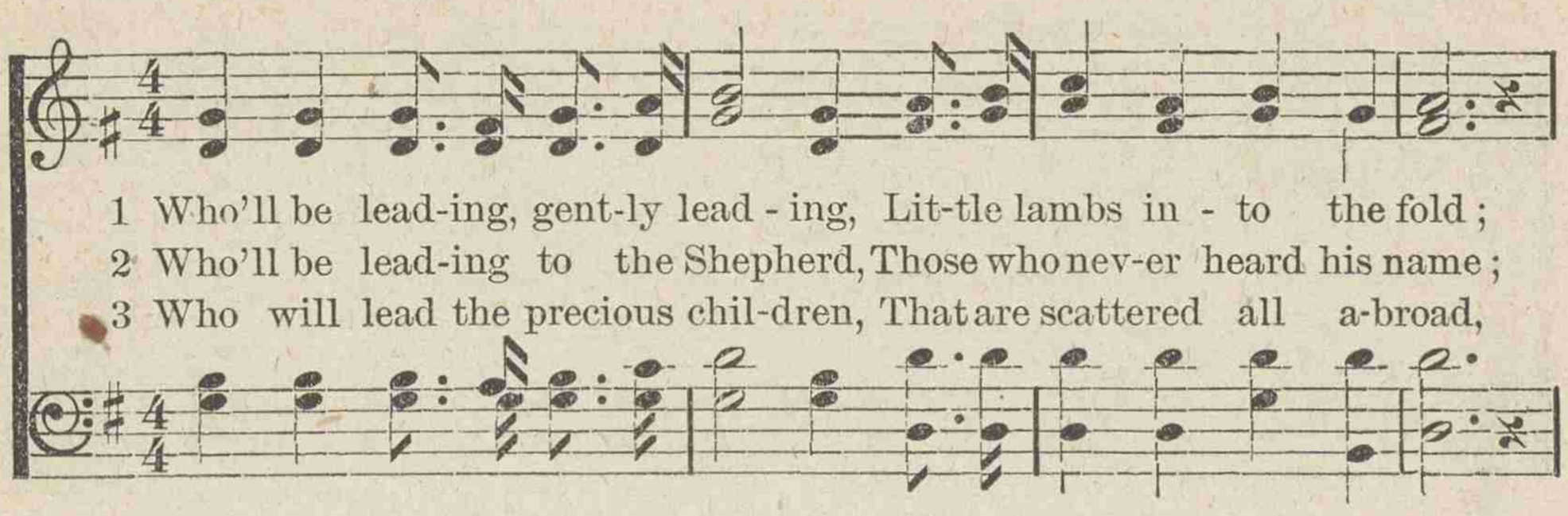
THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND. Concluded.

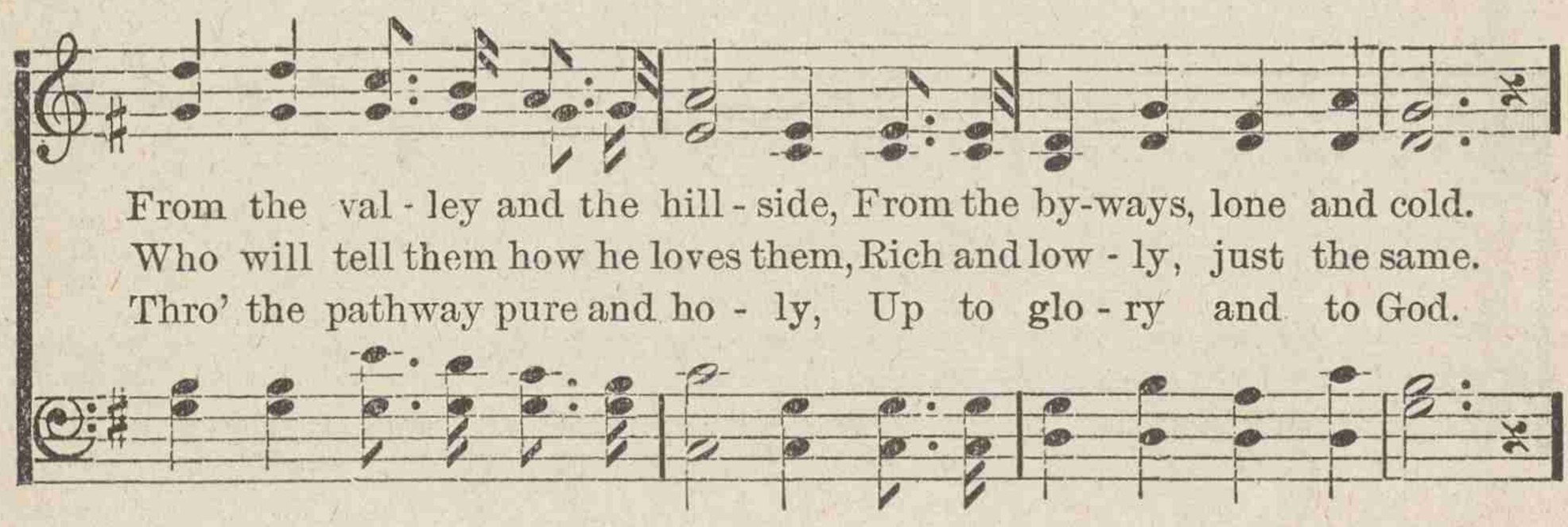
CHORUS.

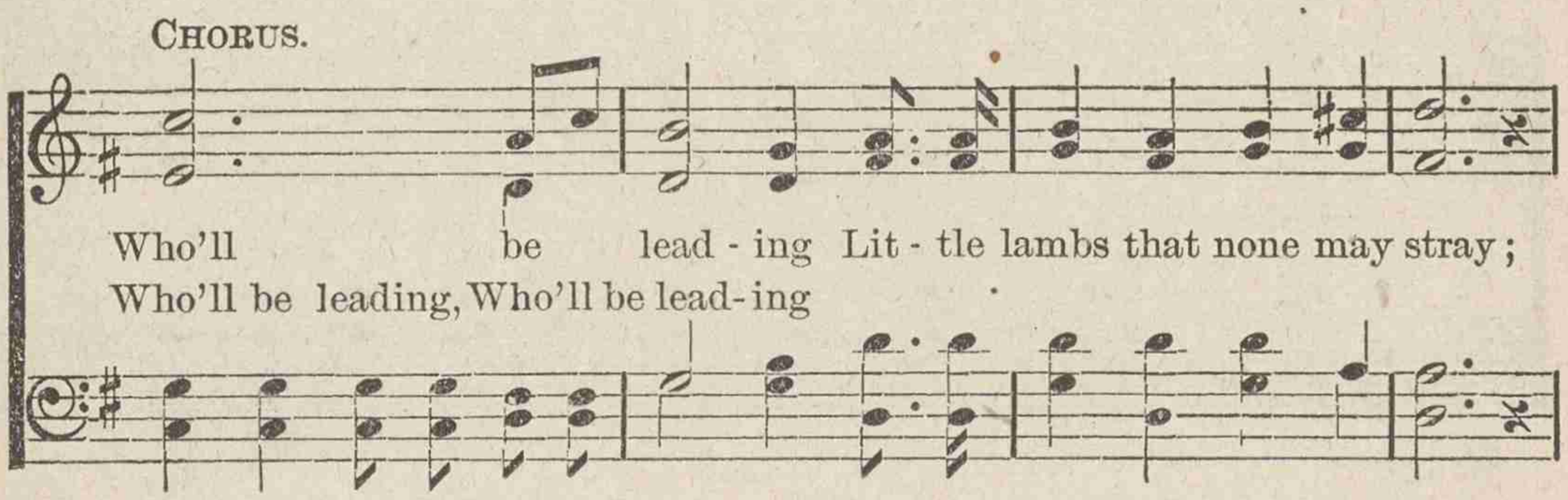


No. 18. WHO'LL BE LEADING?

Mrs. H. E. Jones. Frank M. Davis.







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No. 19 THE MUSTARD SEED.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.



1 Lik - en the kingdom to the springing, Springing of smallest seeds we know:
2 Say not, too humble seems thy planting, Trust in the sto - ry Je - sus told,
3 O! the re-joic-ing, when at e - ven, Thy la- bor end - ed, safe at home,





Soon in the branches birds are singing, So shall the heav'nly kingdom grow.
Dews of his grace our Lord is grant-ing, Soon shall it yield an hundred fold.
High in the branches, up in heaven, Singing, "O! Lord thy kingdom's come!"



Chorus.



Wide o'er the mead, Fling thou the seed! Sun - shine of heav - en



shall be giv - en: Seed of the king - dom free - ly sow.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 20. Would you go Home with the Angels.

MRS. ESTELLE OLTROGGE. MRS. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.

SOLO.

1 Where are you go-ing, oh, sin - ner, So heedless of what is to come? Are you tread-ing the path way to glo - ry, Or the road that will lead you to doom?
2 Christian, oh, say, is your treas-ure Laid up in the kingdom of God? Do you live for the glo- ry of Je - sus? Are your feet with his righteousness shod?

Pause ere 'tis too late, oh, sin - ner; Think of your dreadful end,
Do you e'er pray with the err - ing, And aid the help-less poor?

Should you die to - night, With-out the sin- ner's Friend.
Gen - tly lead the chil - dren To seek a heav - 'ly shore.

CHORUS.

Would you go home with the an - gels? Would you go home with the an - gels?

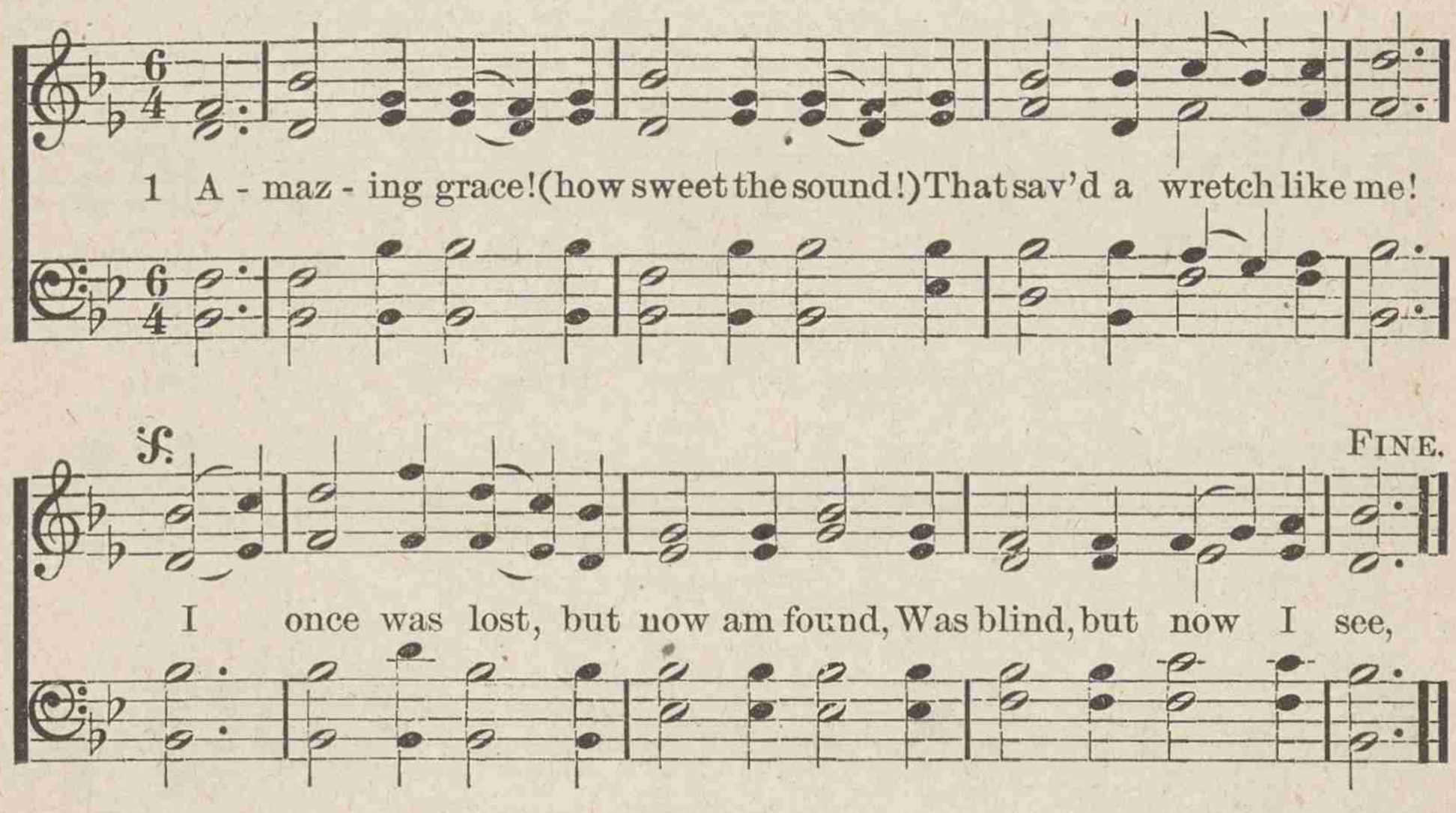
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Would you go Home with the Angels. Concluded.



No. 21. HARP. C. M.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



Close with second strain D. S.



2

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4

The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

No. 22. WORKING WITH THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



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No. 23 REJOICE IN THE LORD.

E. A. BARNES. H. J. KURZENKNABE.

1 Shar- ing so free - ly the gifts of the Lord, Lov- ing the gos - pel that
2 Trust-ing the prom-ise that He will pro-vide, Need-ing and hav- ing a
3 Keep-ing the pre-cepts of wis- dom and love, Liv - ing that our light re-

naught can de- stroy, Walk-ing as brothers in the light of the word, Oh,
lamp to our feet, Knowing the refuge where we ev - er can hide, Oh,
- splen-dent may shine, Com-ing as brothers to the king-dom a - bove, Oh,

CHORUS.

join in our cho - rus of joy!
join in our cho - rus so sweet!
join in our cho - rus di - vine!
} Re - joice in the Lord al- re-

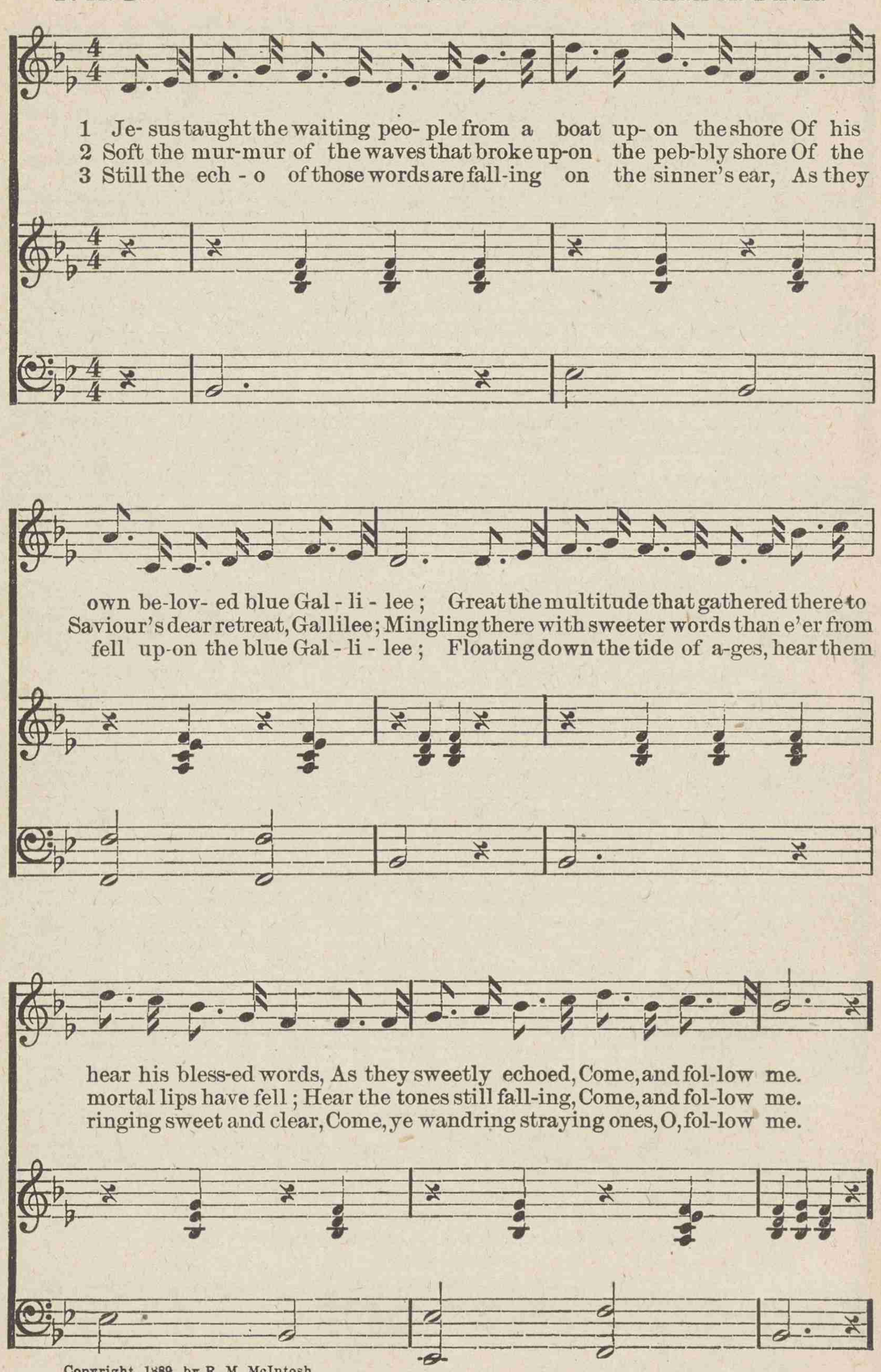
- ways, And a - gain I say, re - joice! Re-
- joice al - ways, re - joice!

- joice in the Lord al - ways, And a - gain I say, re- joice!
re - joice al-ways,

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No. 24. FOLLOW ME.

F. M. D. SOLO AND CHORUS. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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FOLLOW ME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Fol - low, fol - low me,

Fol- low, fol - low, fol - low me, Fall in ac- cents of the

sweet-est mel - o - dy; Hear the Sav- iour say - ing, as he

mel - o - dy;

stands be - side sweet Gal - li - lee, O, come, and fol - low me.

No. 25. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great; Whose
2 God will not al - ways chide; And when his strokes are felt, His
3 High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So
4 His pow'r sub-dues our sins; And his for - giv - ing love, Far

an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light - er than our guilt.
far the rich - es of his grace Our high - est thoughts ex-ceed.
as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re - move.

No. 26 We Are Marching To The Kingdom.

MRS. MATILDA C. EDWARDS. R. M. MCINTOSH.



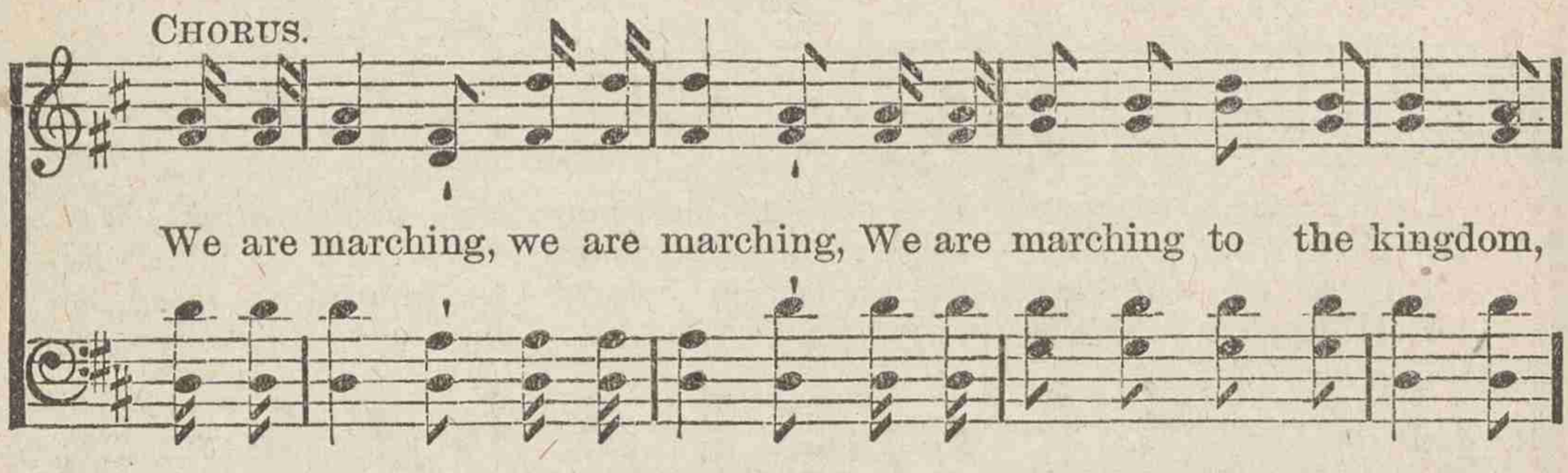
1 We are marching to the king-dom, A lit-tle pil-grim band;
2 Through a land of clouds and dark-ness, To bright-est joys a-bove;
3 We have just be-gun the bat-tle, We are fighting for the crown;





And our Cap-tain walks be-fore us, To guide us through the land.
And we have a ban-ner o'er us—The name of it is love.
And we mean to gain the vic-tory Ere we lay our armor down.

CHORUS.



We are marching, we are marching, We are marching to the kingdom,



We are march-ing to the king-dom, A lit-tle pil-grim band.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 27 IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL.

1 In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
2 In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under
3 In the shadow of his wings There is joy glad joy, There is joy to tell the

la- bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of his wings,
standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of his wings,
sto - ry Joy ex- ceed-ing, full of glo - ry, In the shadow of his wings,

There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of his wings There is rest, *sweet rest.*
There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of his wings There is peace, *sweet peace.*
There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of his wings There is joy, *glad joy.*

CHORUS.

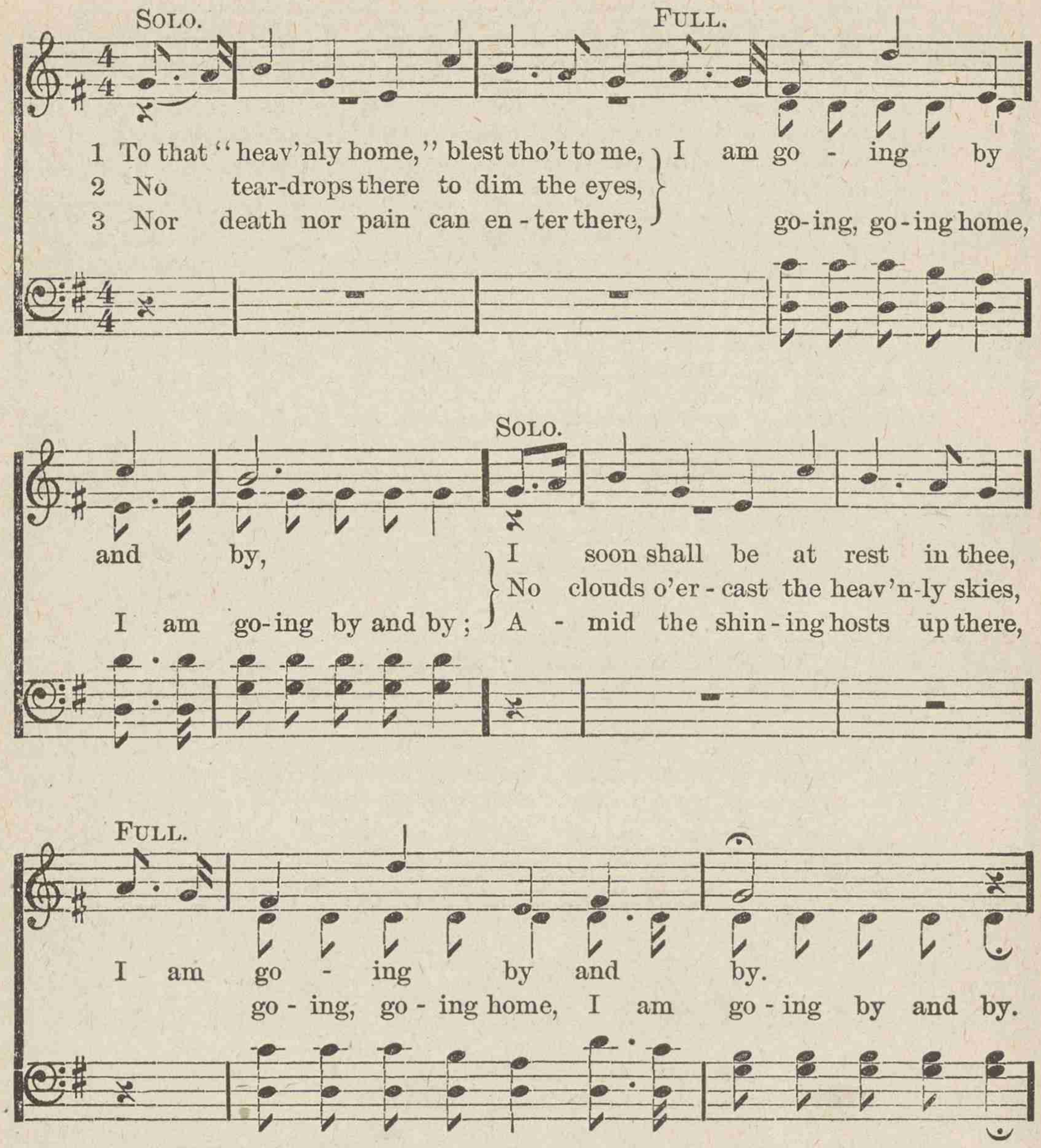
There is rest, There is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings;
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

There is rest, There is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of his wings.
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

"From Sacred Echoes and Songs of My Redeemer," by per.

No. 28 GOING HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



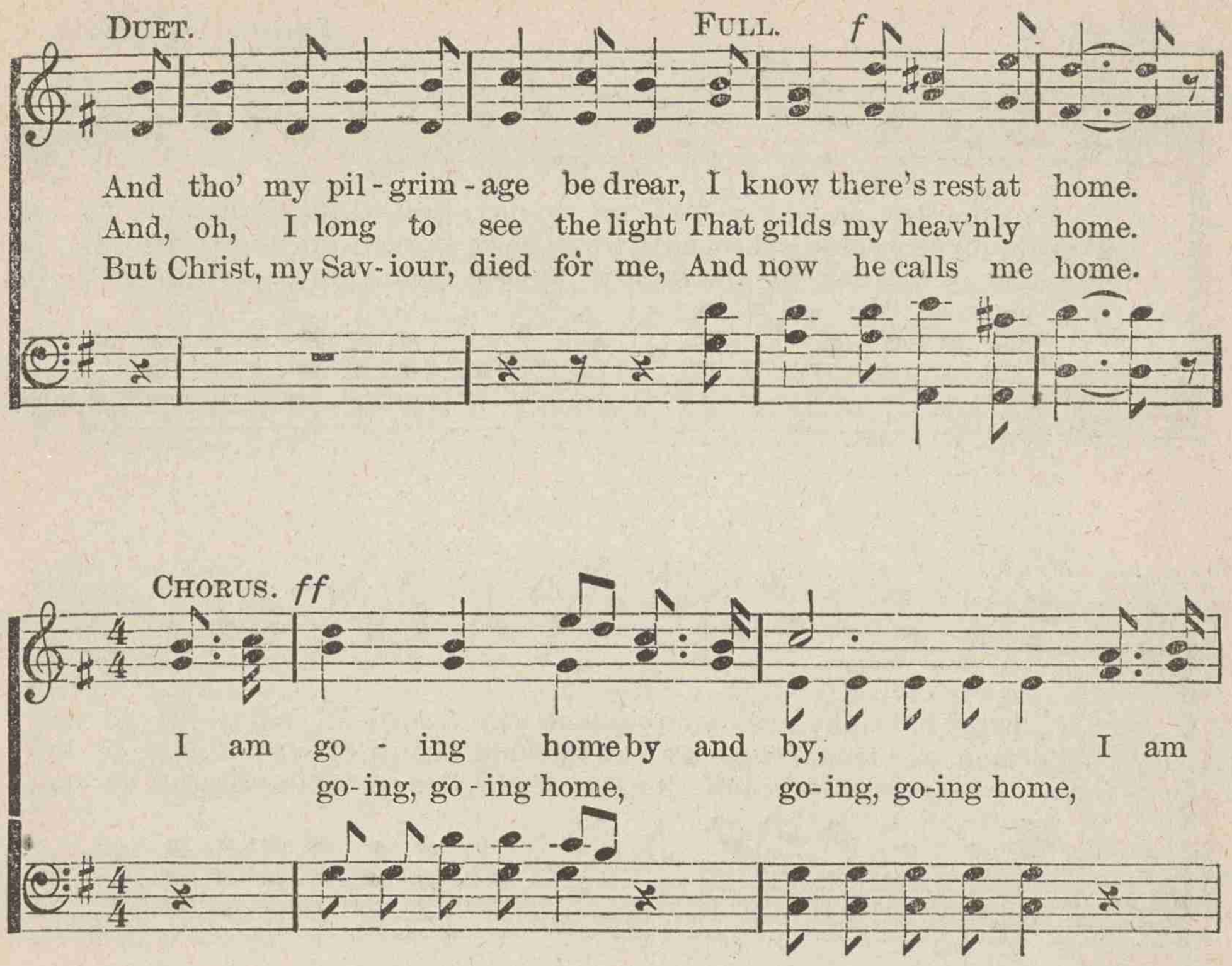
SOLO.

Slow, and with strong accent.



Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

GOING HOME. Concluded.



No. 29. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

F. M. D. THOMAS F. SIMMS.









Copyright, 1889, by R. M. McIntosh.

No. 30 THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. P. W. E. PENN, by per.

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

1 There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad-ow falls on the
2 There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa- ters call with en-
3 A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a- stray on the
4 There is a cross where the Sav- iour died, His blood flow'd out in a

burn-ing sand, In - vit-ing pilgrims as they pass To seek a shade in the
- treating strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirsting sin-sick soul, Come freely drink, and thou
mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for his
crim-son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.

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

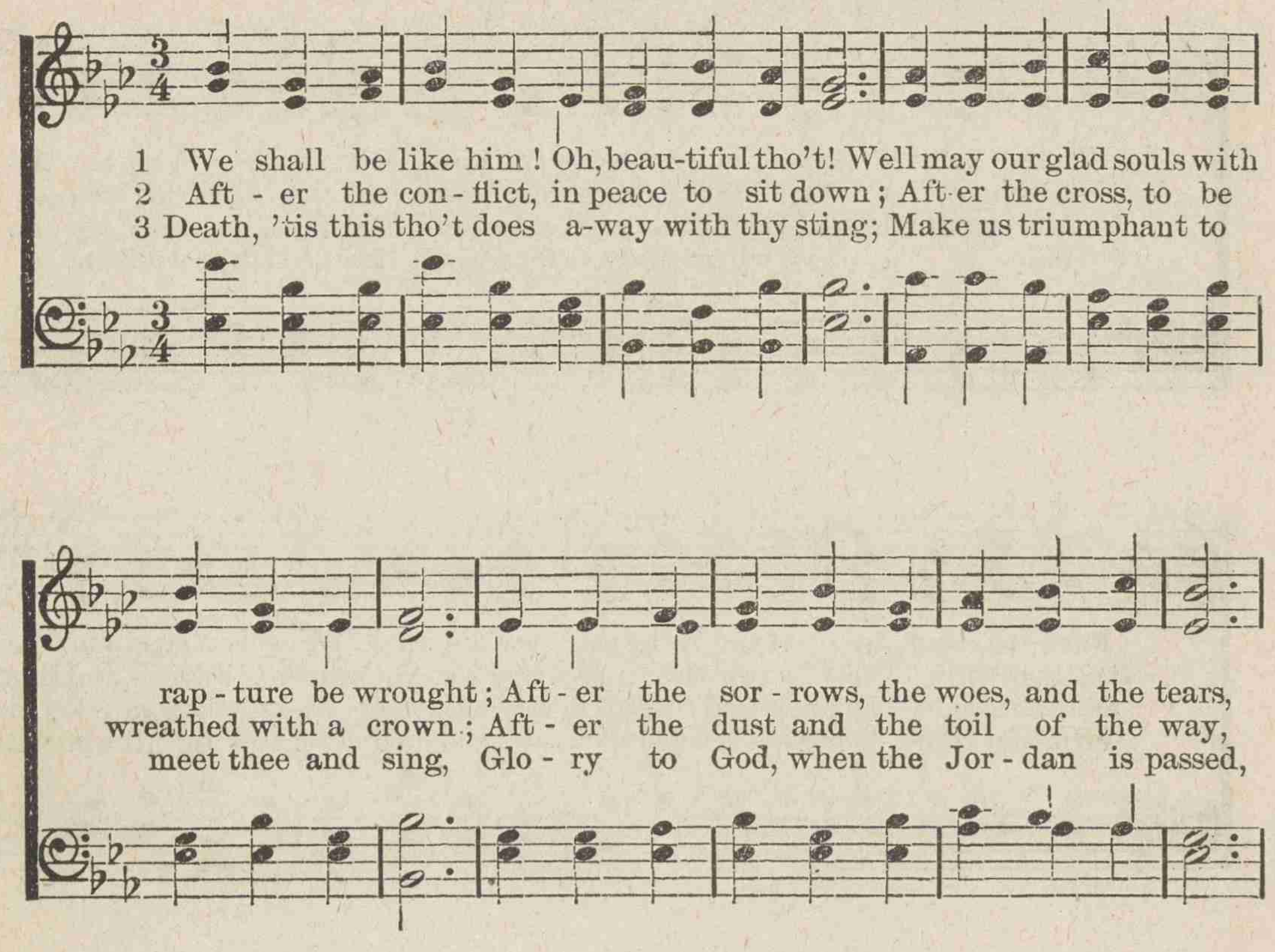
Slower.

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the liv - ing Well is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the crim- son cross is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?

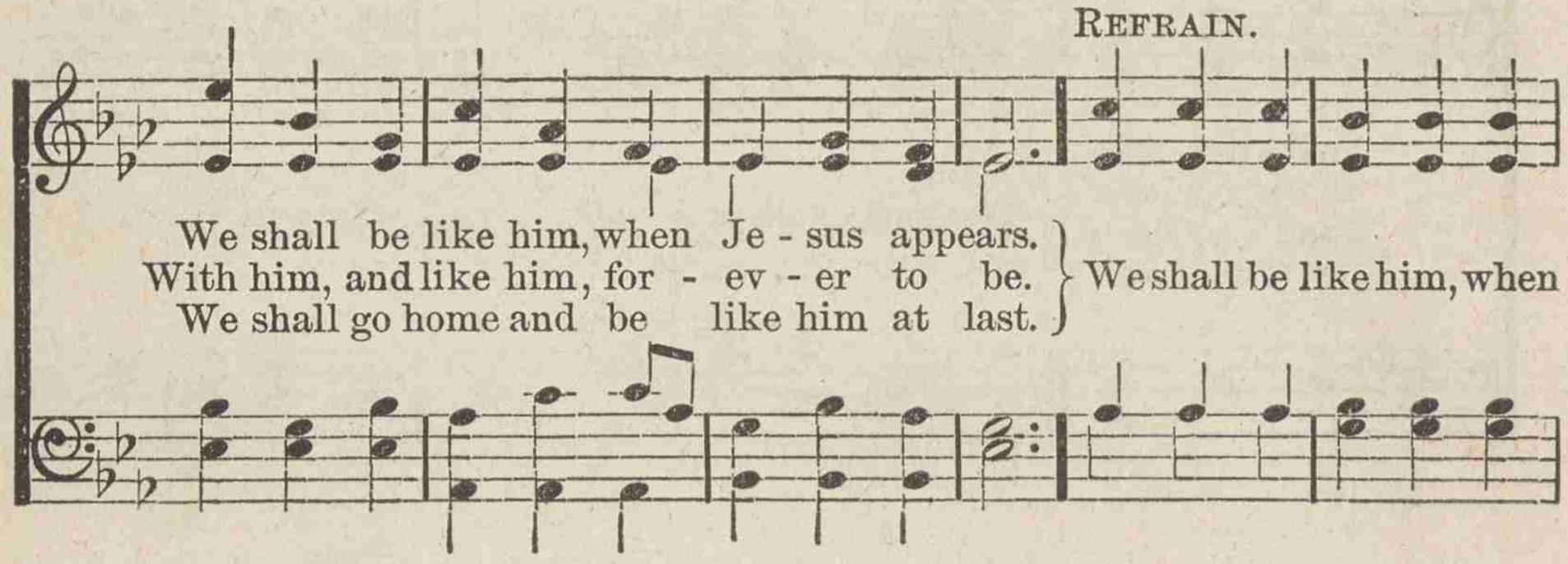
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No. 31. WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



REFRAIN.



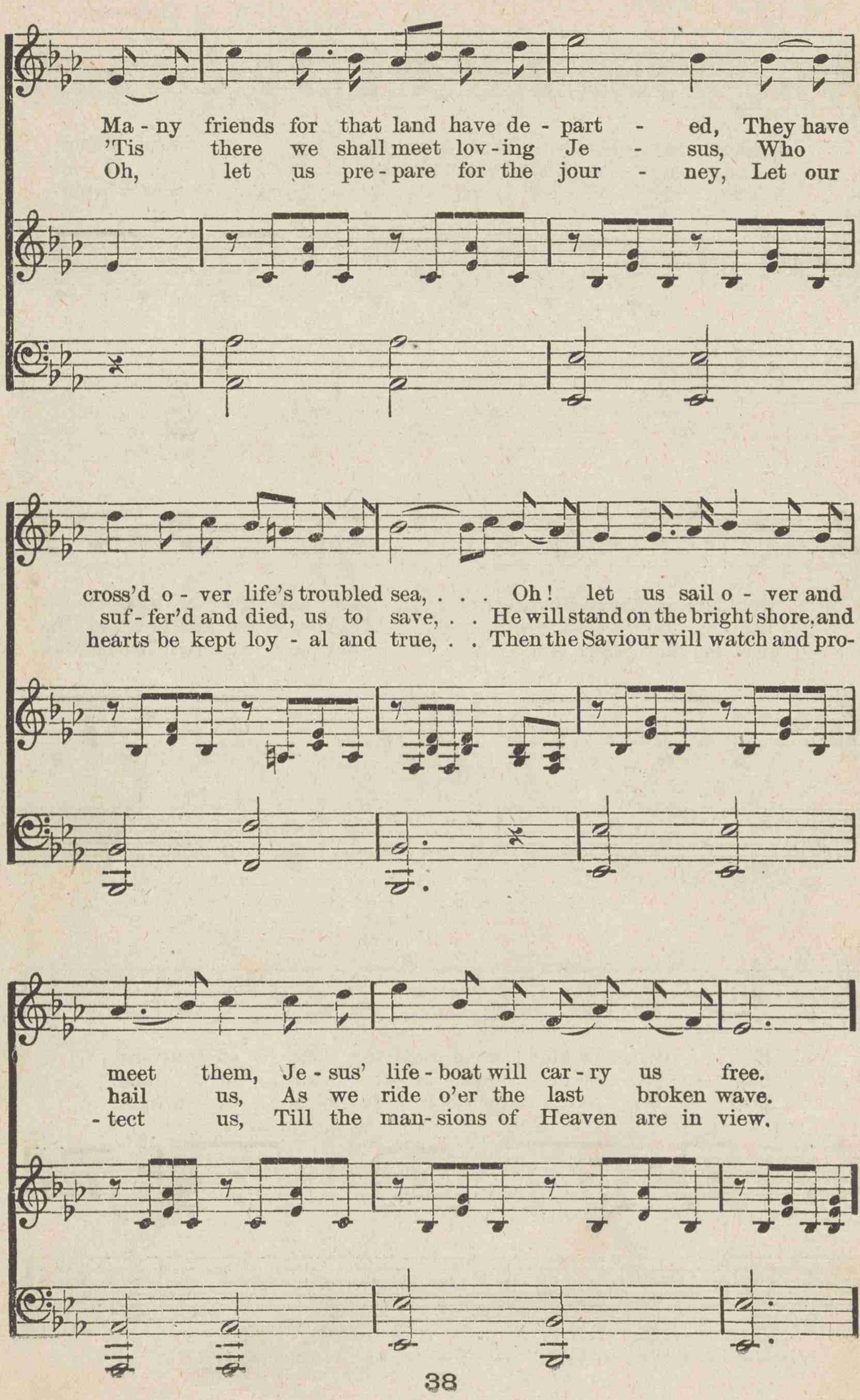
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No. 32 They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean.

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

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They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean. Continued.



They say there's a Land o'er the Ocean. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

Then sail, sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

Where we'll join with the bright an - gel band,

Then sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

Then sail, sail a - way o'er the o - - cean,

To our home in that hap - py, hap - py land.

No. 33 WILL SING WITH JOY.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D.D. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 I will lift my voice in a song of praise, To my
2 I will bless the Lord and ex - tol his name, I will
3 In the house of God on the day of rest, With a

God and King I'll an an-them raise; By the morn-ing light, in the
laud his deeds and re-sound his fame; I will sing his pow'r on his
grate - ful heart, with a joy - ful breast, I will sit and sing with the

eve - ning dim, I will sing with joy, I will wor - ship him.
throne a - bove, I will glad - ly tell of his grace and love.
hap - py throng, I will swell the notes of the chor - al song.

REFRAIN.

With the sun by day, and the stars by night, In a
glad-some cho - rus at dawn - ing light, I will join with saints and with

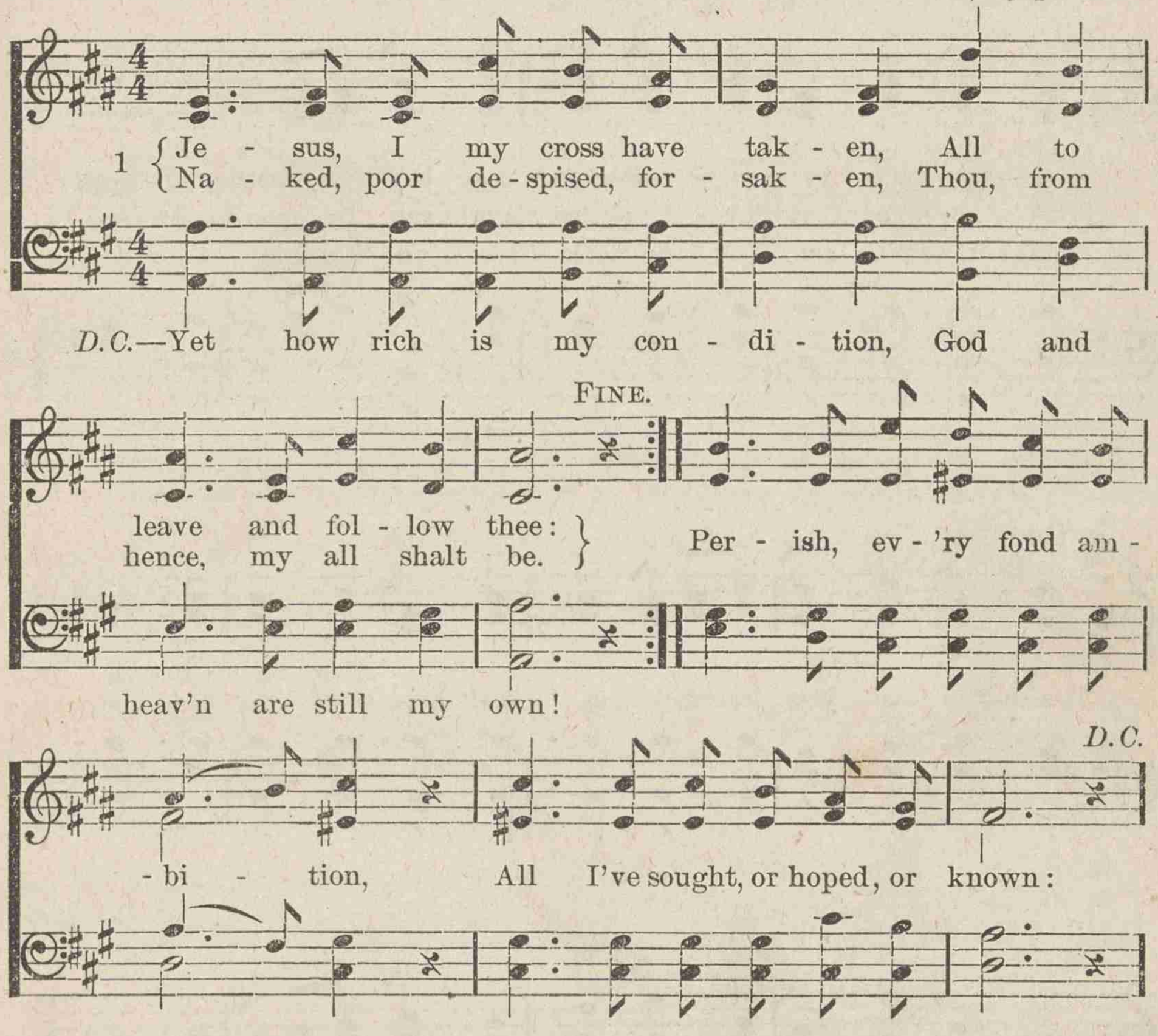
Copyright, 1885, by R. M. McIntosh.

I WILL SING WITH JOY. Concluded.



No. 34. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

GRANT. Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.

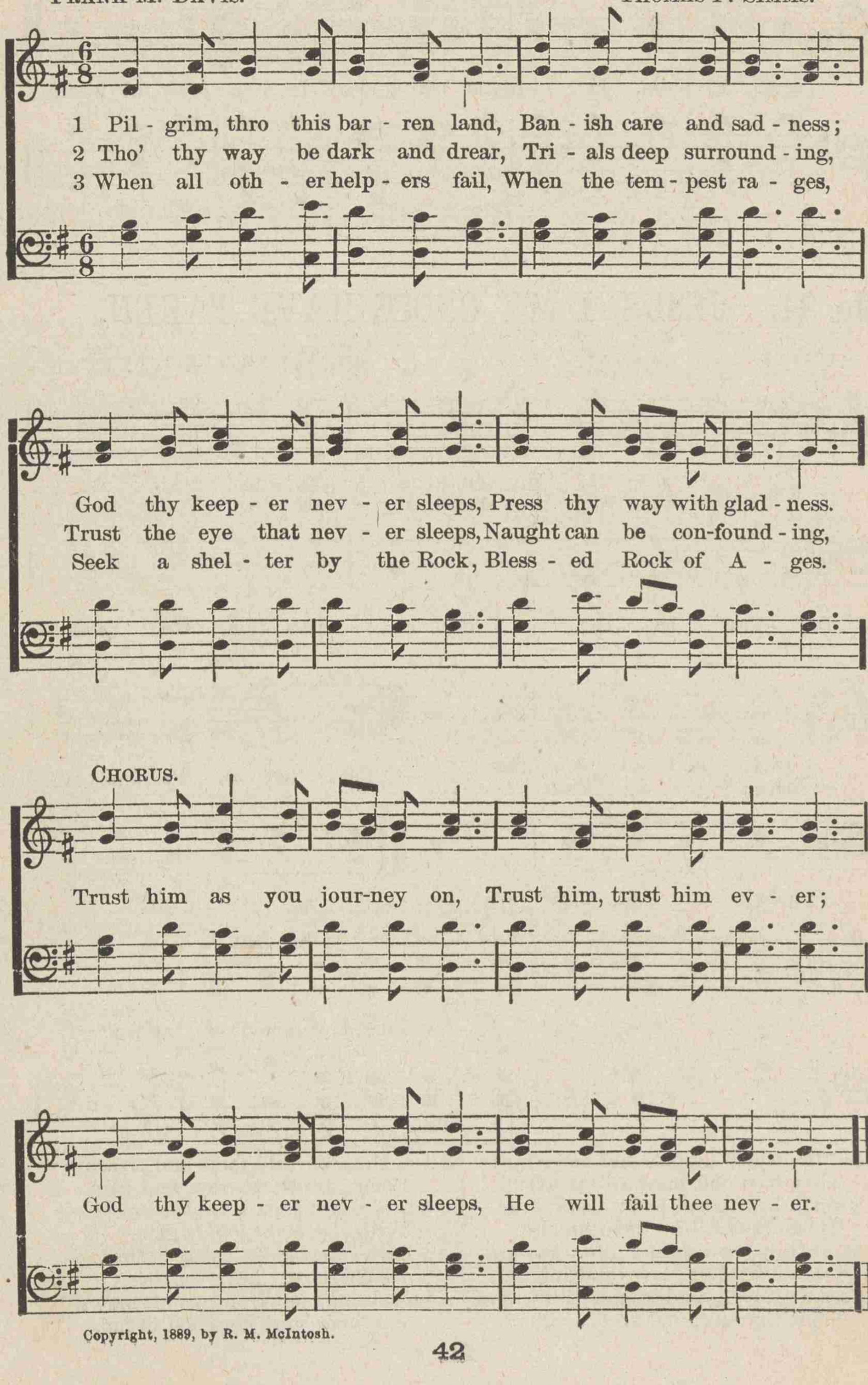


2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure:
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure—
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,—
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath-[er
All must work for good to me.

No. 35. TRUST HIM.

FRANK M. DAVIS. THOMAS F. SIMMS.



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No. 36 LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.

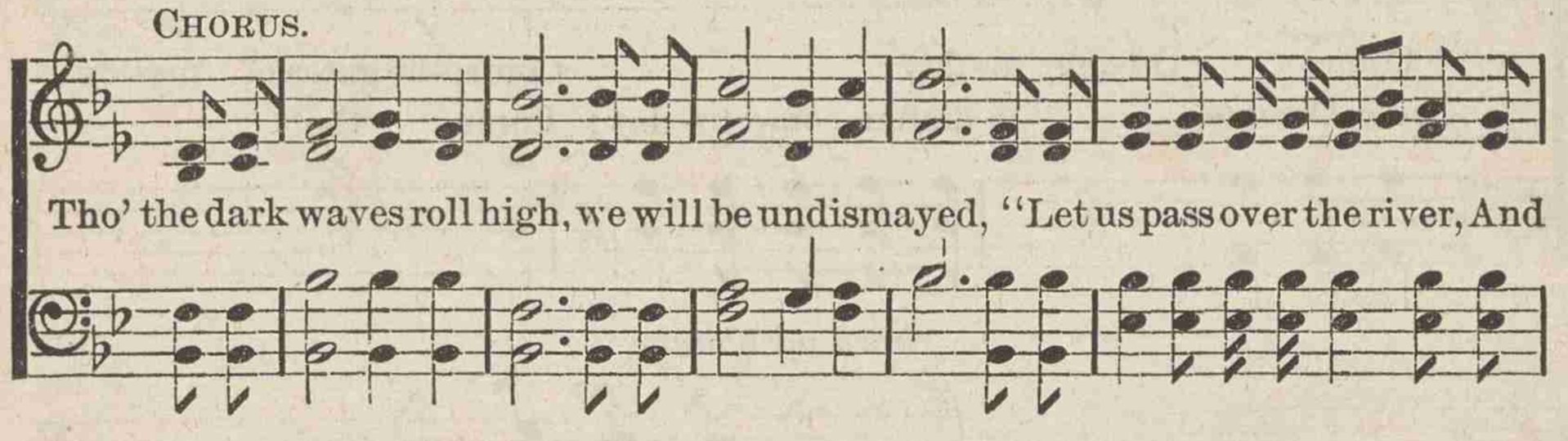
KATE CAMERON. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

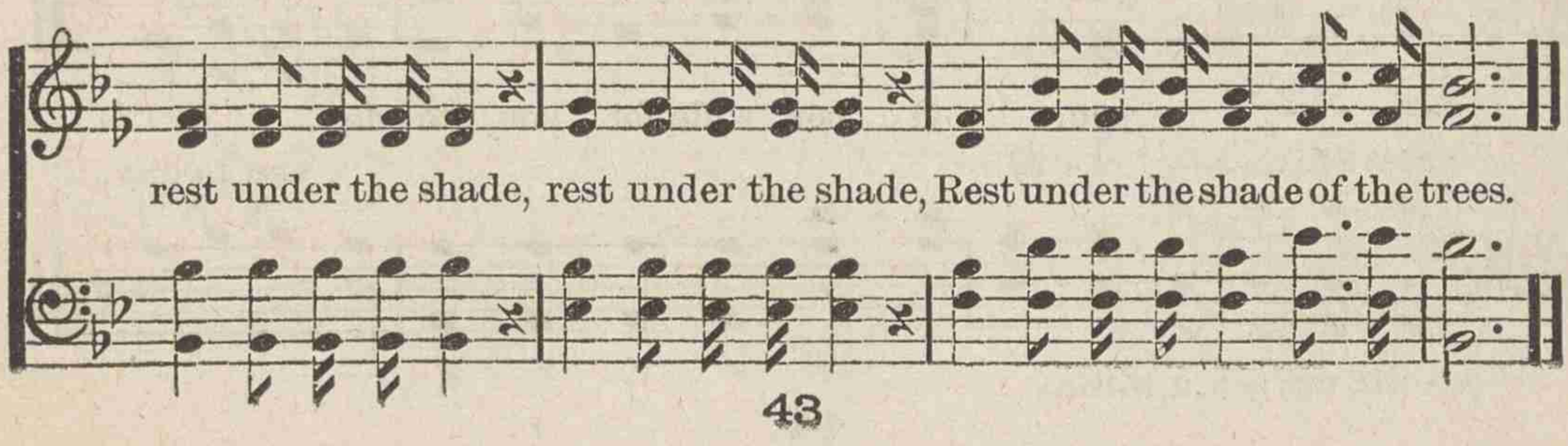






CHORUS.





No. 37. THE GATES OF MERCY.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 You, who long in sin have wandered From the Saviour's fold a - way,
2 Far a - way in realms of glo - ry, An - gel voic - es chant the strain,
3 On the ear the tones are fall - ing Like sweet mu - sic from a - bove,

Come, the gates of mer - cy o - pen, O - pen wide for you to - day.
Come, the gates of mer - cy o - pen; Earth re - peats its glad re - frain.
Come, the gates of mer - cy o - pen, And ac - cept a Father's love.

CHORUS.

Come,..... O come, to - day;
Come, O come, sin - ner, come to - day;
Come, O come, to - day; Come, the gates of mer-cy
Come, O come, sinner, come to - day; Come, the

ritard ad libitum.

o - - - - - pen, O - pen wide for you to - day.
gates of mer-cy o - pen, you to-day.

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No. 38 FLITTING AWAY

W. C. BRYANT. C. C. CLINE, by per.

1 As shad - ows, cast by cloud and sun, Flit o'er the sum-mer grass,
2 And while the years, an end - less host, Come pressing swift-ly on,
3 Yet doth the star of Beth-l'em shed A lus - ter pure and sweet;
4 O Fa - ther! may thy ho - ly star Grow ev - 'ry year more bright,

Rit.

So, in thy sight, Almight - y One, Earth's gen - e - ra - tions pass.
The brightest names that earth can boast, Just glist-en, and are gone.
And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes - si - ah's feet.
And send its glo-rious beams a - far, To fill the world with light.

CHORUS.

1–2 Flit-ting, . . . flit - ting, . . Flitting like shadows a - way;
3–4 Brighter, . . . bright-er, . . . Brighter the ho - ly star shines;

1–2 Flitting a - way, flit-ting a - way,
3–4 Brighter it shines, Brighter it shines,

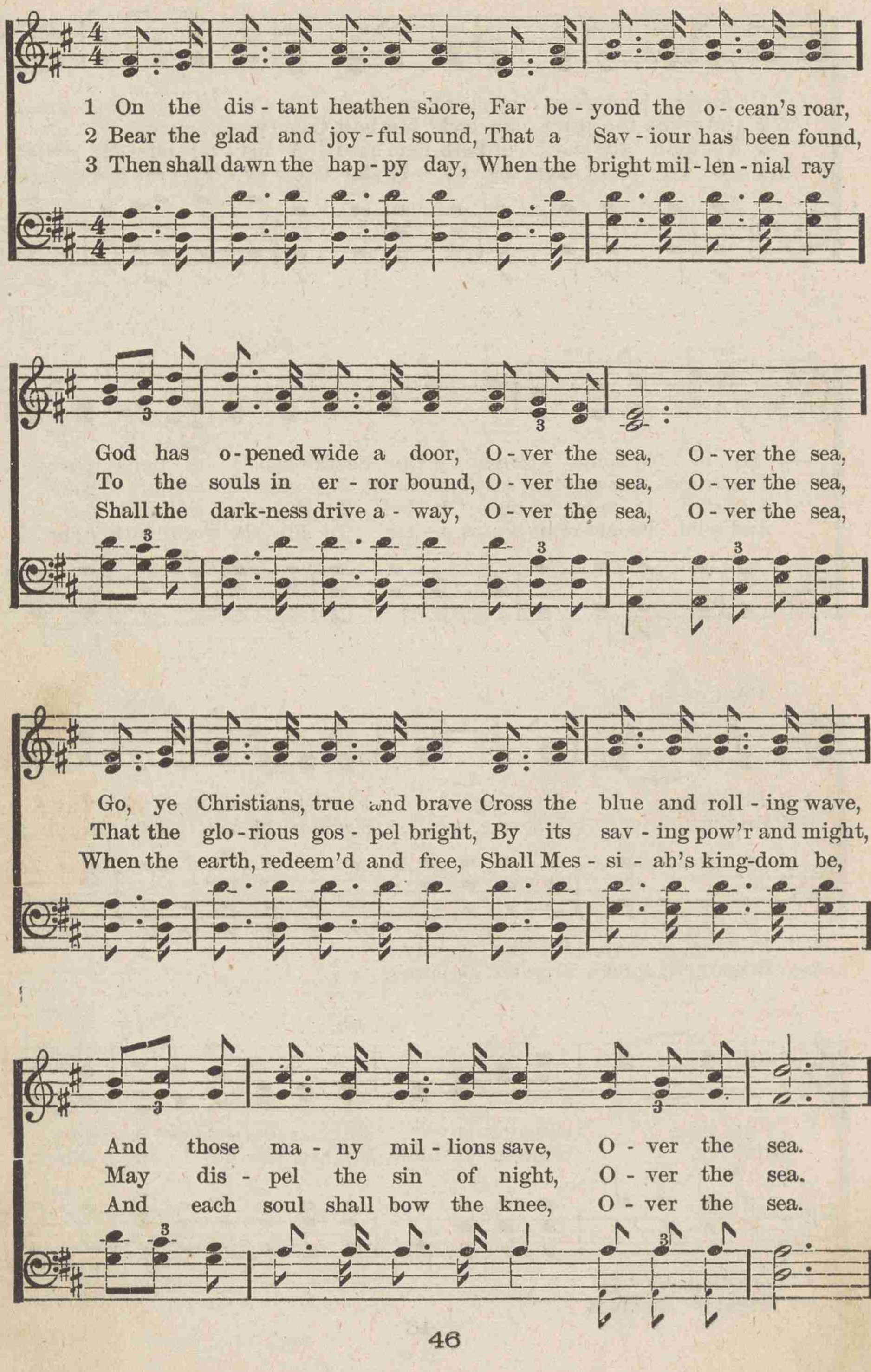
Rit.

Flit - ting, . . flit-ting a-way, Flitting like shadows a - way.
Bright-er, . . . brighter it shines, Brighter the ho - ly star shines.

Flit-ting a - way,
Brighter it shines,

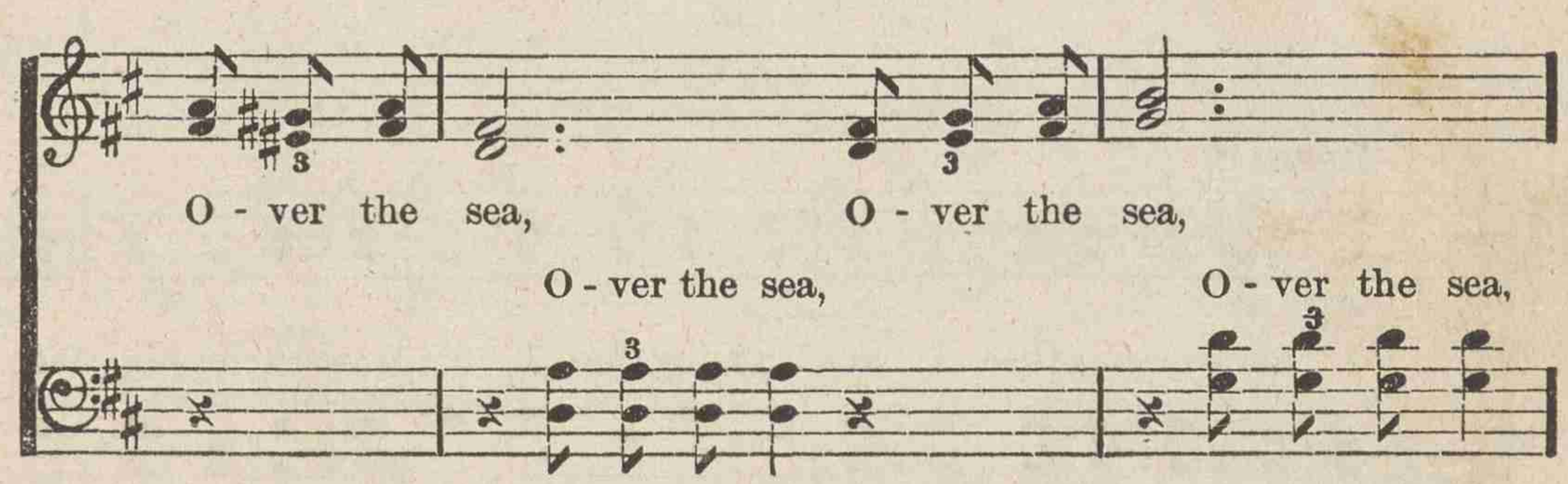
No. 39 OVER THE SEA.

E. ALBRIGHT. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



OVER THE SEA. Concluded.





No. 40. I AM TRUSTING THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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No. 41 THE SWEET STORY.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. PEARL J. SPRAGUE, by per.



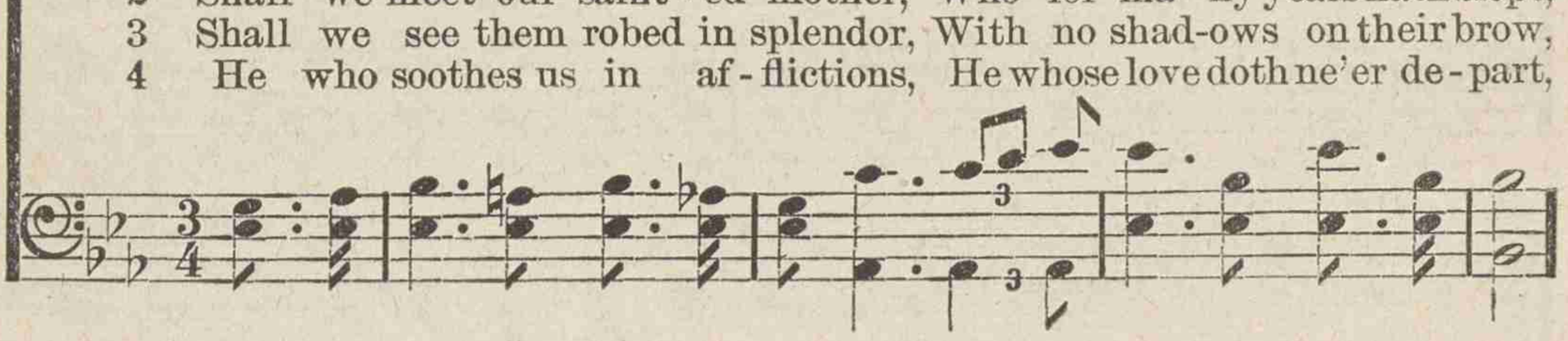
1 How he died on the tree for sinners like me, Oh, tell me the story of Jesus once more.
2 How his wonderful love bro't him from above.
3 Where I with the blest shall evermore rest.

No. 42. Shall We Know Each Other There.

MRS. ANNIE E. THOMSON. FRANK M. DAVIS.



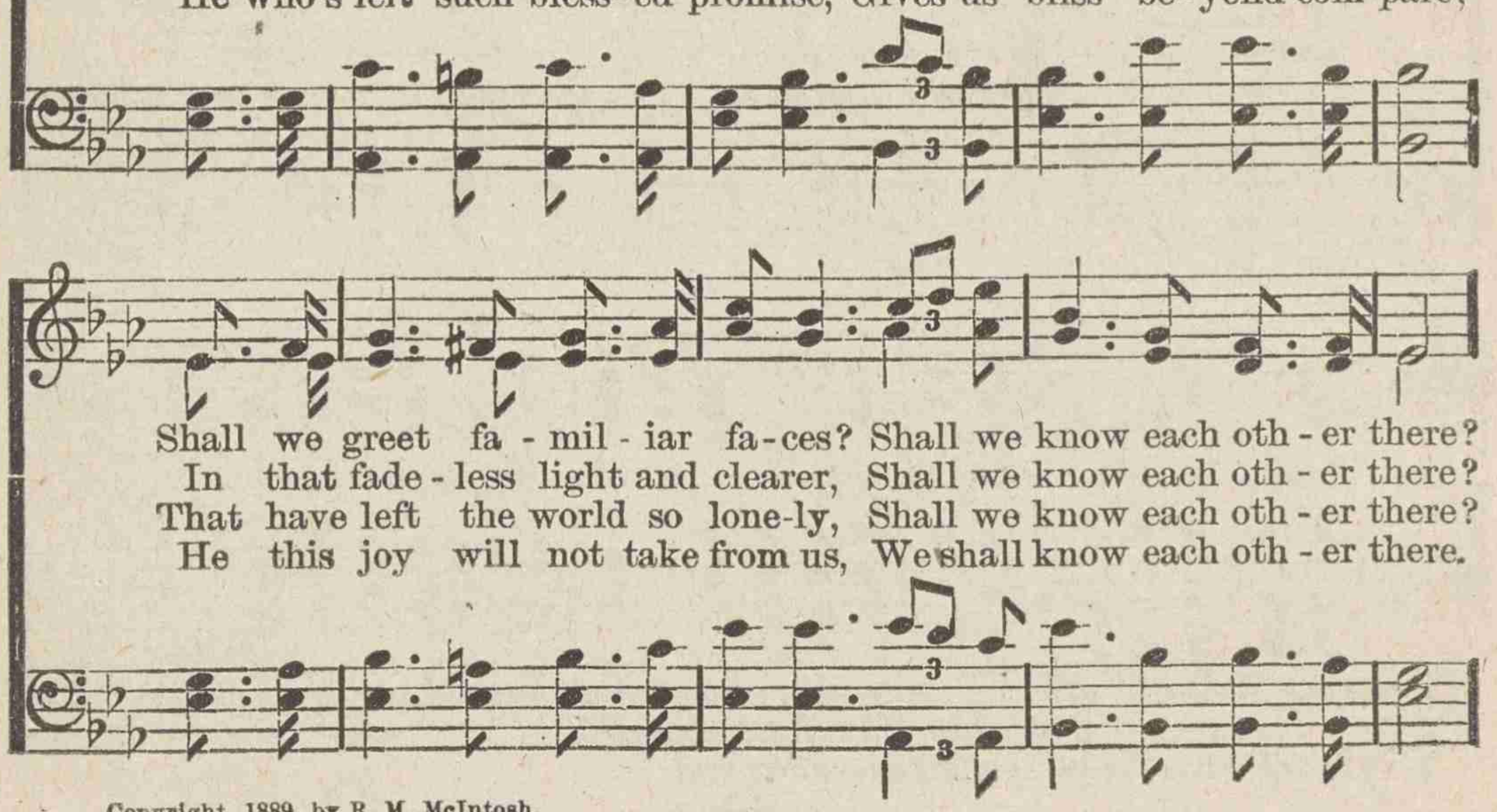
1 When we've cross'd death's solemn river, When this troubled life is o'er,
2 Shall we meet our saint - ed mother, Who for ma - ny years hath slept,
3 Shall we see them robed in splendor, With no shad-ows on their brow,
4 He who soothes us in af - flictions, He whose love doth ne'er de - part,



And we go to dwell for - ev - er, Where the wea - ry weep no more;
Fa - ther, sis - ter dear, and brother, Whom we oft have mourn'd and wept?
Meet their lov - ing smiles so ten-der; Which our hearts are crav - ing now,
Breath his heavenly ben - e - dictions, O'er each griev'd and wounded heart;



In those bright and heavenly pla-ces, Where the skies are al - ways fair,
Those un - to our hearts yet dear-er, Who our griefs were wont to share;
List to tones whose mu - sic on - ly Chased a - way each shade of care;
He who's left such bless - ed promise, Gives us bliss be - yond com-pare;



Shall we greet fa - mil - iar fa - ces? Shall we know each oth - er there?
In that fade - less light and clearer, Shall we know each oth - er there?
That have left the world so lone-ly, Shall we know each oth - er there?
He this joy will not take from us, We shall know each oth - er there.

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Shall We Know Each Other There. Concluded.

CHORUS.



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No. 43 HE'S WATCHING O'ER ME.

J. C. B. (CHILD'S SONG.) J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1 The Saviour is watching by night and by day Wher-e'er we roam,
2 While here up- on earth lit-tle children could come And share his love;
3 My song shall for- ev - er and ev - er-more be To him a - bove,

And ten- der- ly fol-lows wher-ev - er we stray, And brings us home.
And now he has gone to pre- pare them a home In heav'n a - bove.
Who came down to save a poor sin - ner like me, Oh, won- drous love!

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus my Sav - iour, is watch - ing o'er me, Is

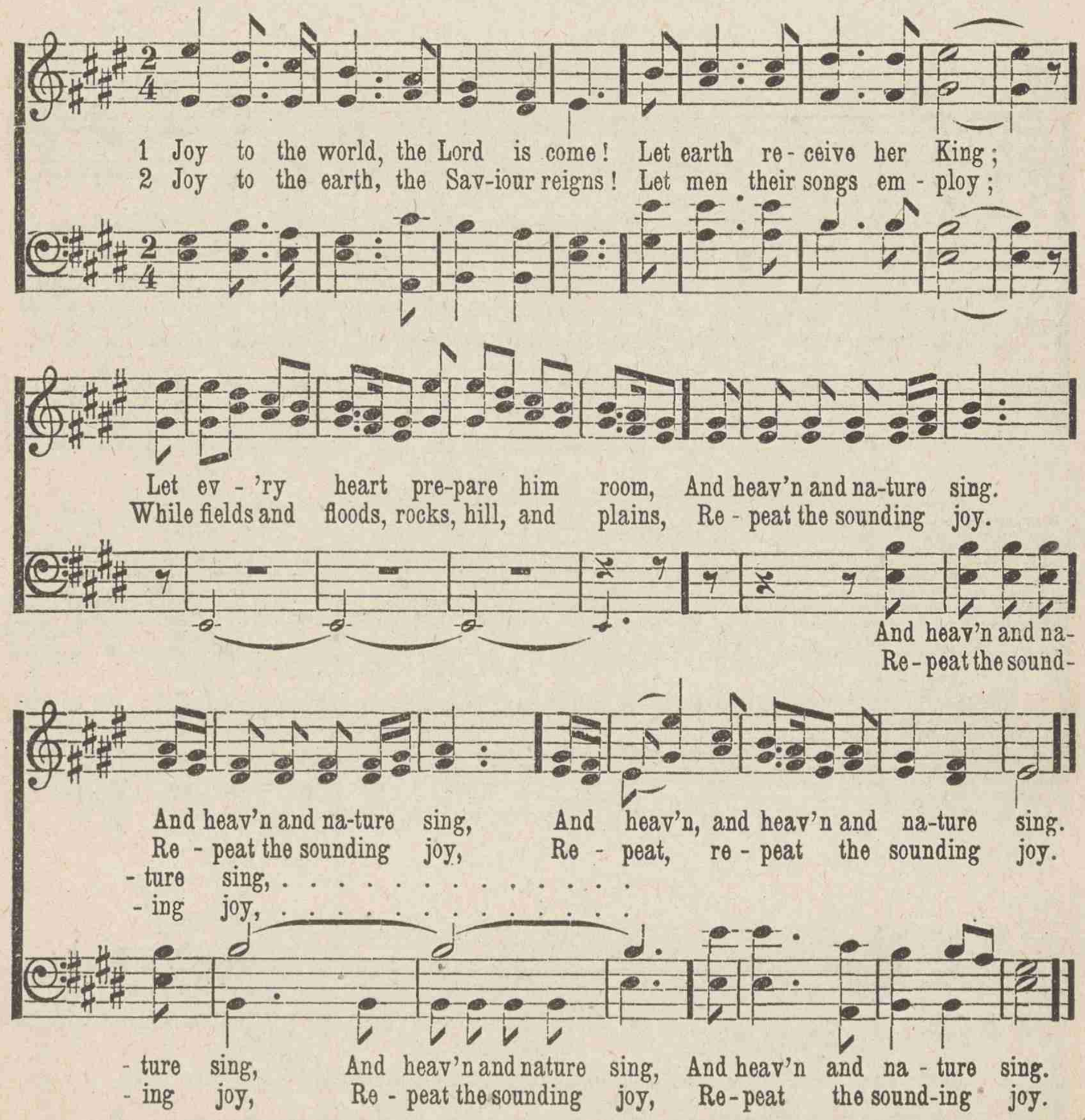
watching o'er me wher - ev - er I roam; Yes, Je- sus my Sav-iour, is

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HE'S WATCHING O'ER ME. Concluded.



No. 44. ANTIOCH. C. M.

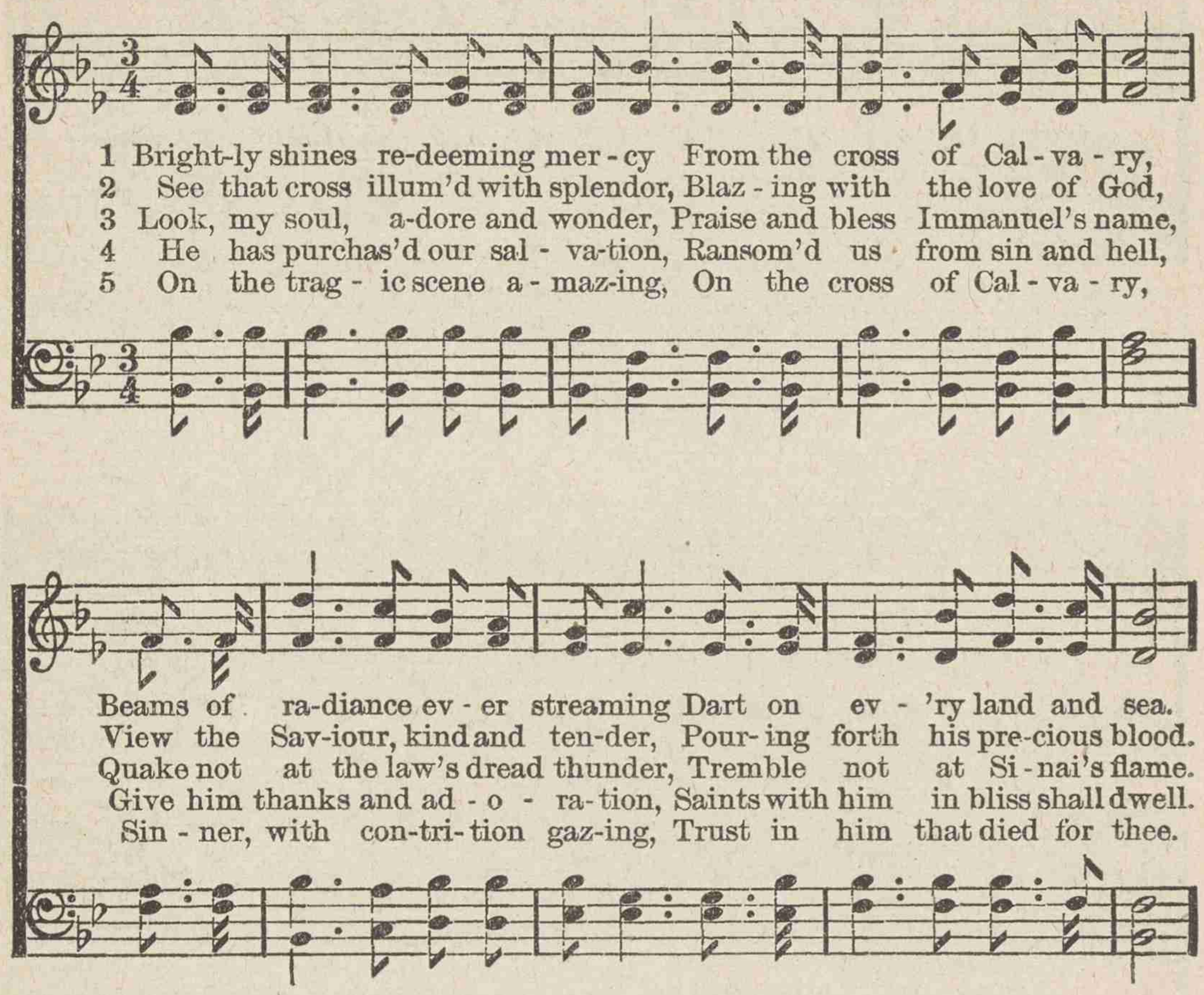


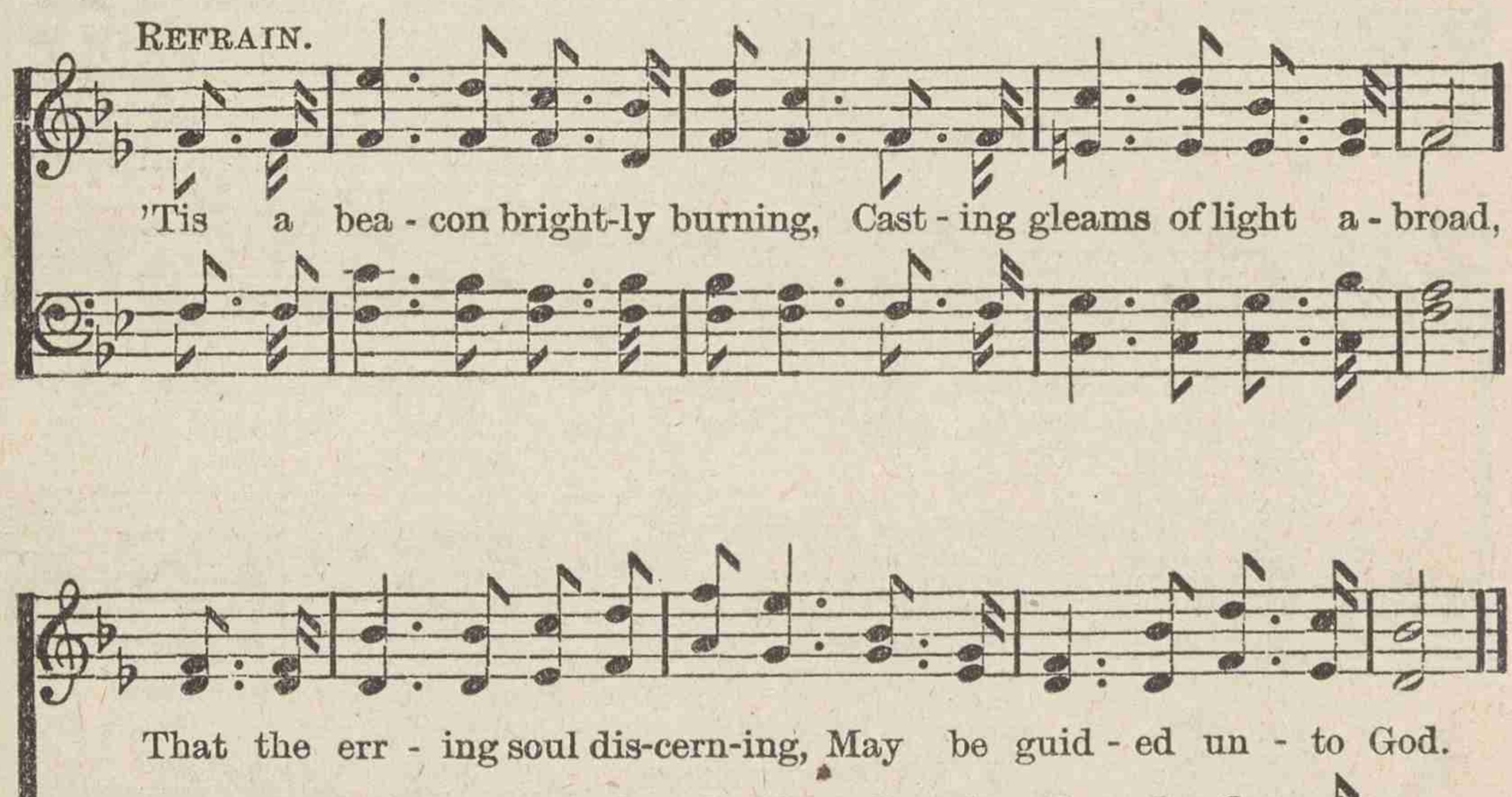
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

No. 45. REDEEMING MERCY.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D. R. M. McINTOSH.

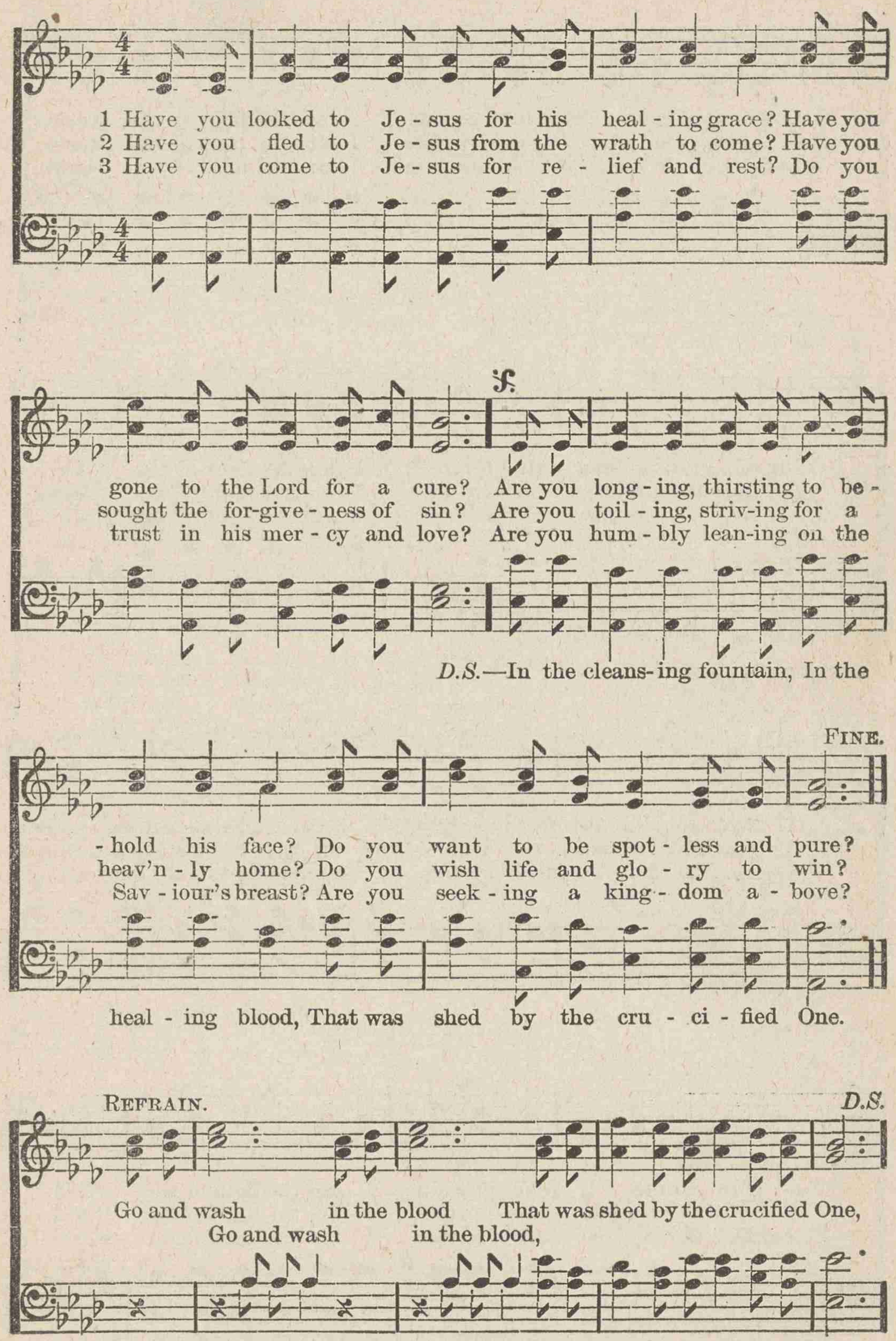




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No. 46. GO WASH IN THE BLOOD.

J. H. MARTIN, D.D. R. M. McINTOSH.



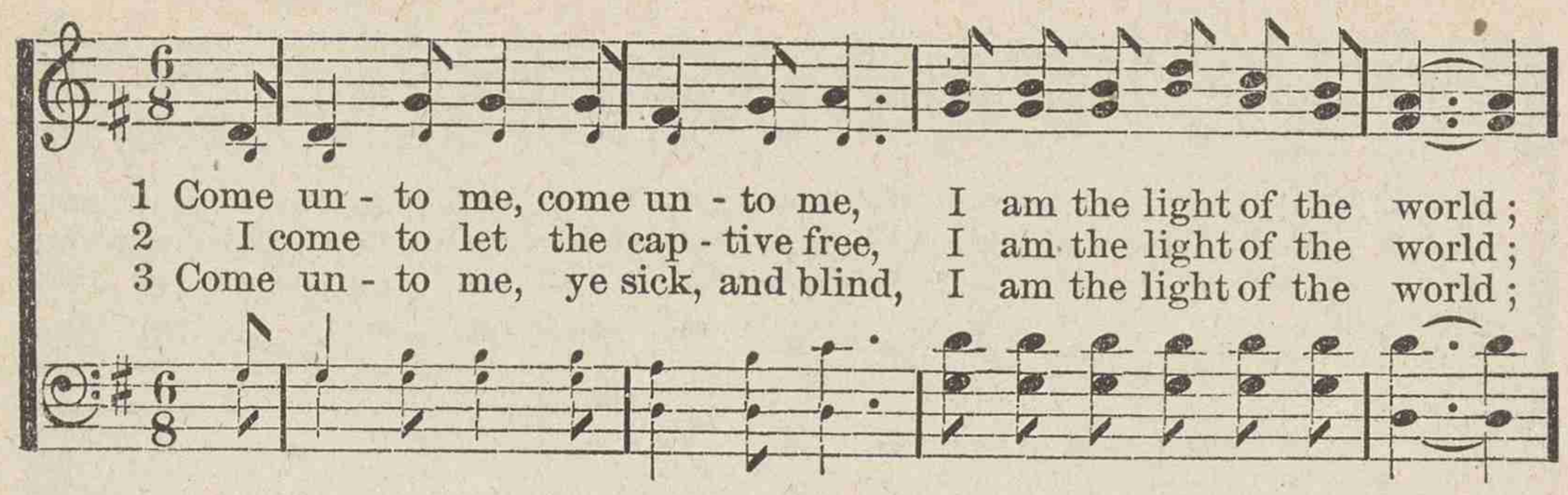
REFRAIN. D.S.

Go and wash in the blood That was shed by the crucified One,
Go and wash in the blood,

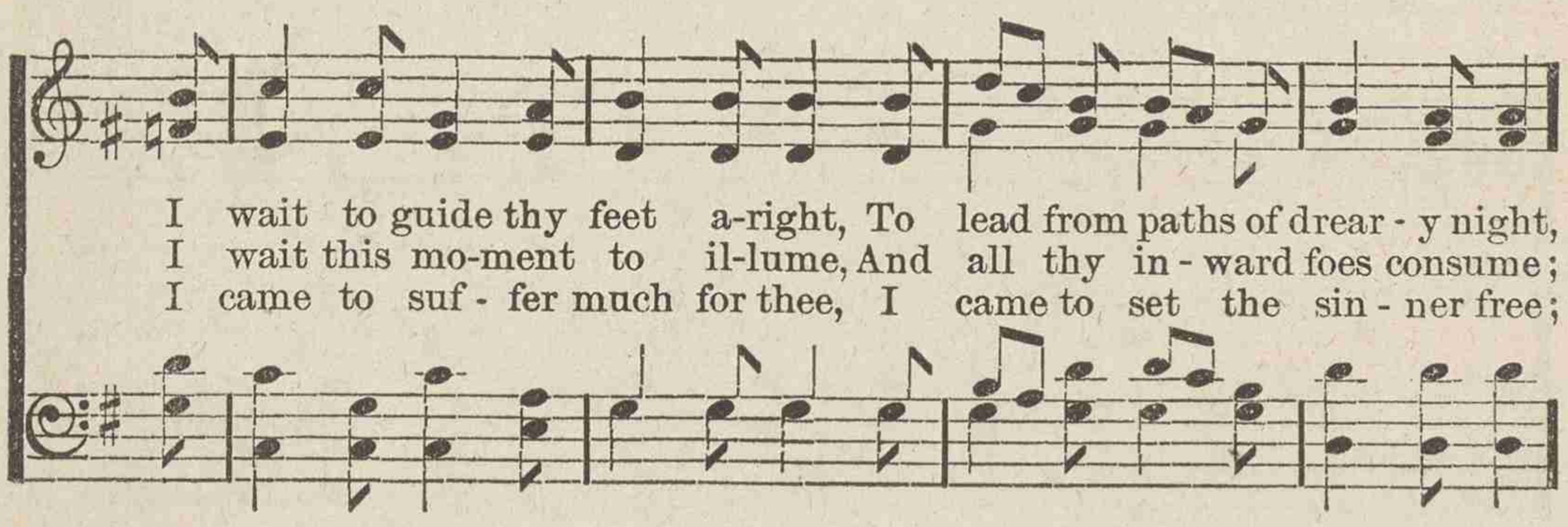
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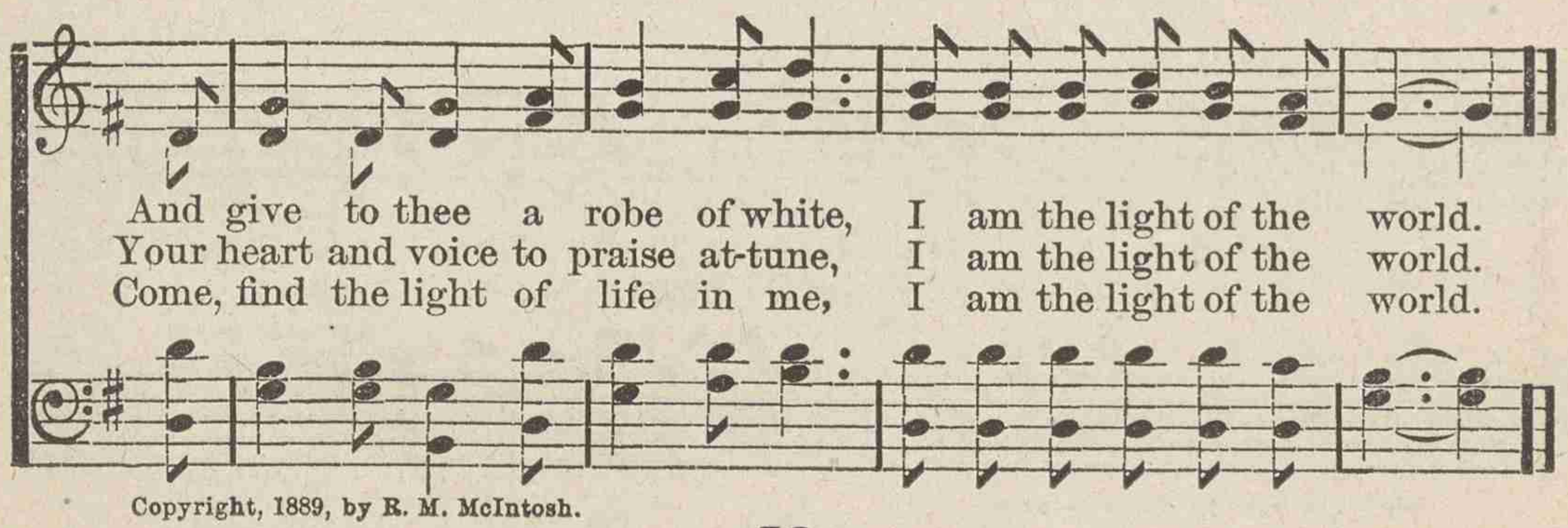
No. 47. I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.









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No. 48 WILL YOU BE THERE?

Words furnished by T. C. HORTON. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1 Beyond this life of hope and fears, Beyond this world of grief and tears,
2 Its gold - en gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en - ter in
3 No drooping form, no tear-ful eye, No hoar - y head, no wea - ry sigh,
4 Who shall be there? The lowly here, All those who serve the Lord with fear.
5 Will you be there? You can, you may, For He who is the truth, the way.

There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and no de - cay,
To mar its beau - ty rare; Up - on that bright e - ter - nal shore,
No pain, no grief, no care, But joys which mor-tals may not know,
So that his love they share; Who, gaz - ing on the cru - ci - fied,
Your sins did ful - ly bear. O hear his voice sound sweetly "Come,

No night, but one un - end - ing day: Oh, say, will you be there?
Earth's bit - ter curse is known no more: Oh, say, will you be there?
Like riv - ers ev - er on-ward flow: Oh, say, will you be there?
By faith can say, "For me he died:" These, these shall *all* be there.
I am the way," I'll lead you home; With me you shall be there.

CHORUS. Will you Will you?

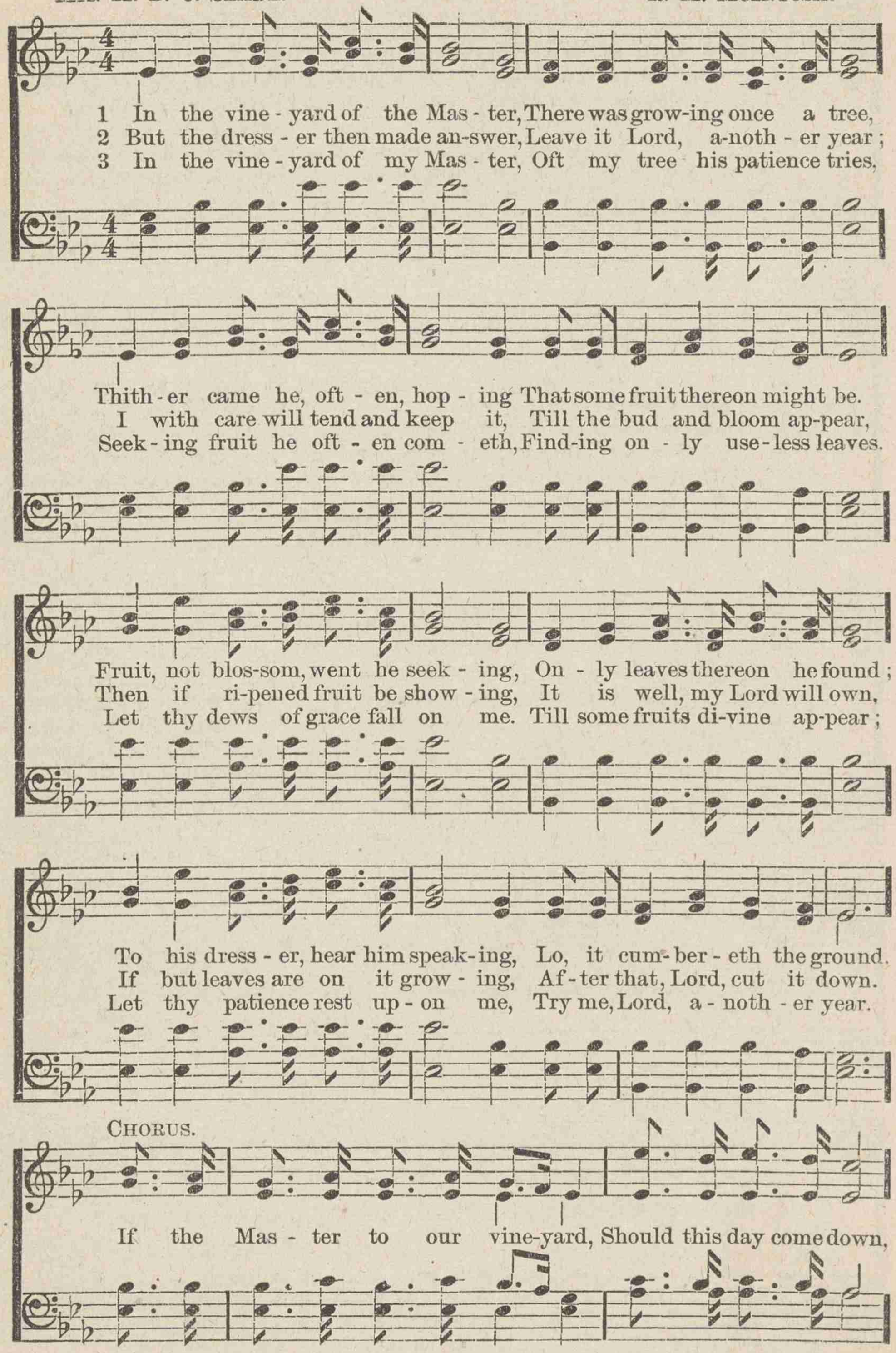
Will you be there, will you be there, Will you be there, will you be there?

In that e - ter - nal home so fair: Oh say, will you be there!
will you, will you be there?

Copyright, 1886, by D. B. Towner.

No. 49 THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

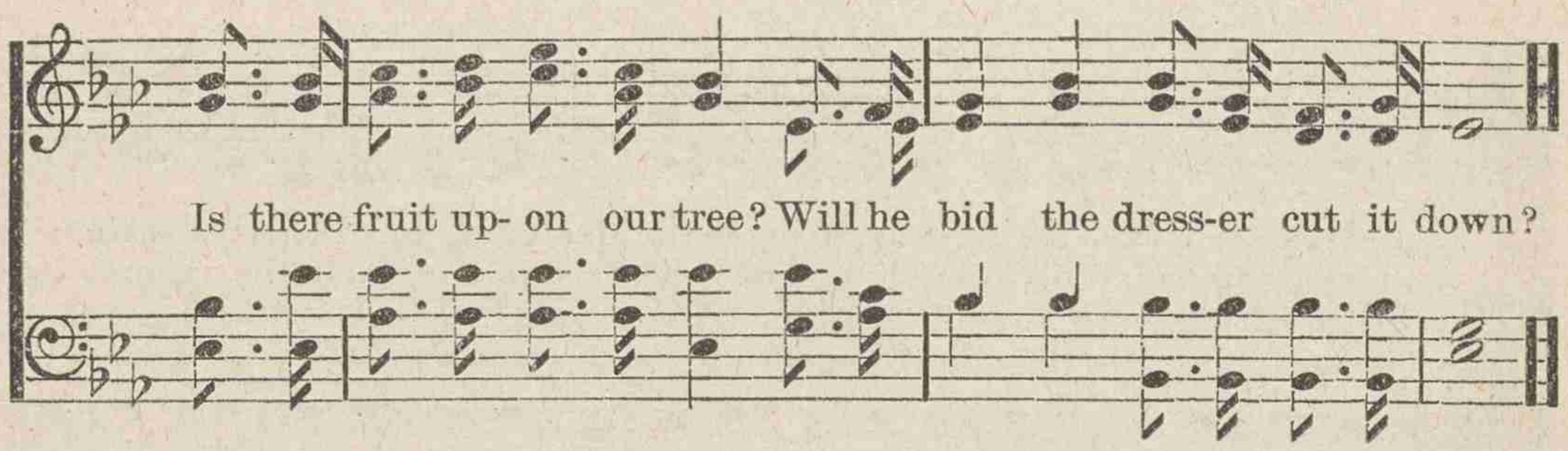
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.



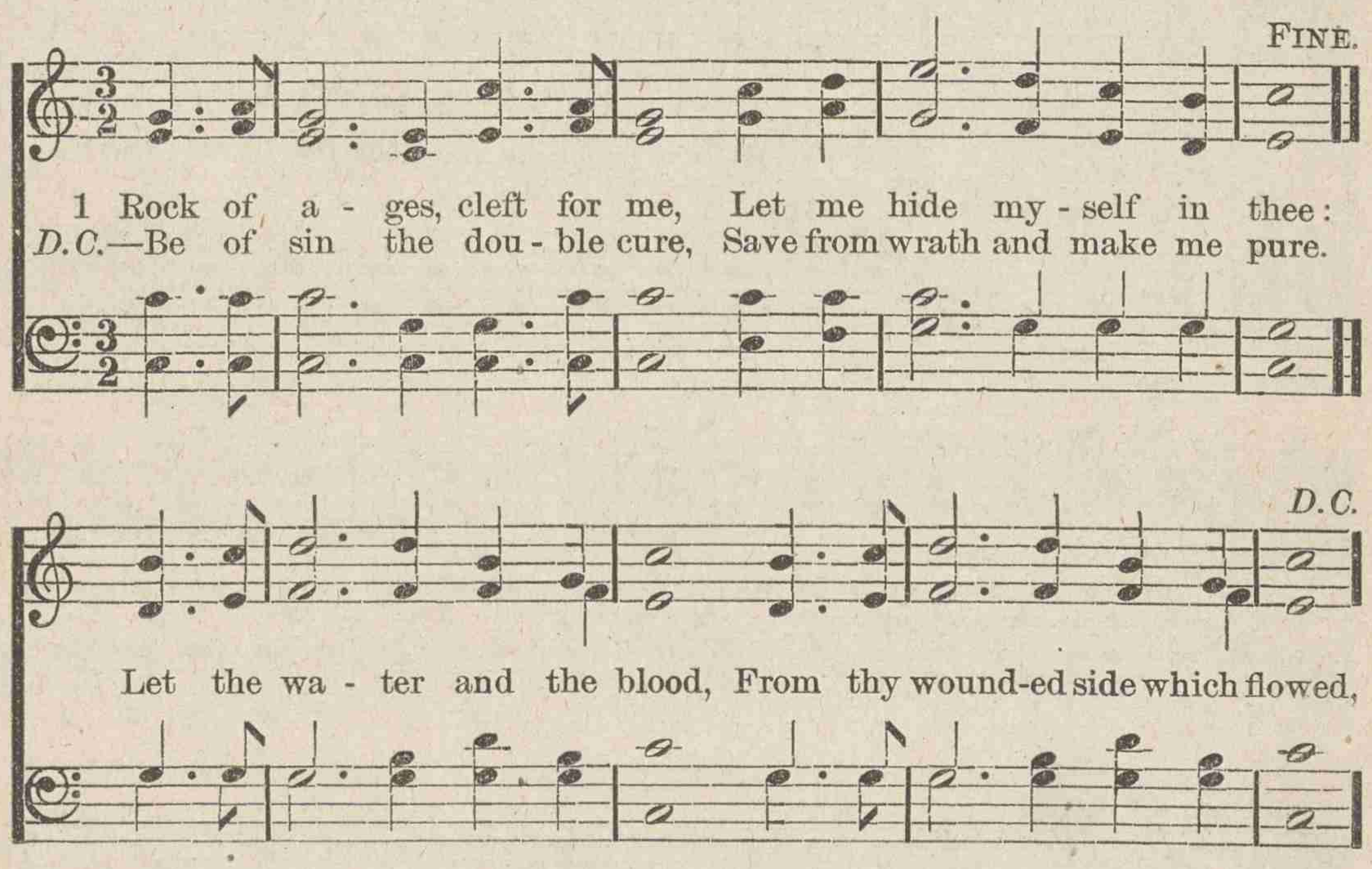
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE. Concluded.





No. 50. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.



2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 51 WE'LL GATHER THEM IN.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1 We'll gath - er the chil- dren of want and sin Out of dark- ness and
2 We'll gath - er them in to the roy - al feast, Where the bounties of
3 We'll gath - er the halt, and the sick and blind, From the wear - i - some
4 We'll gath - er the sad and the wear - y ones To the feet of the

out of gloom; We'll bring them in joy to the Master's home; In his house there is
grace are spread, Where perishing souls with the bread of life In the ten-der- est
paths of sin, To Jesus, their Saviour and loving Friend, We will gather these
bless-ed Lord; He'll pardon their sin and renew their hearts; 'Tis the hope of his

REFRAIN.

am - ple room.
love are fed.
lost ones in.
pre- cious Word.
} We will gath-er them in to the feast of the King,

From the highways and by-ways of sin, From the hedg-es and the lanes,

From the mountains and the plains, We will gather wear-y trav'lers in.

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No. 52 MY HOUSE ON A ROCK.

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

1 Oh, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will
2 For he whose truth is last- ing as the hills, Whose word is un-
3 Then I will build my house up - on a rock, And there it will

stand for ev - er; The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock,
- chang-ing ev - er, Hath said my house on the sol- id rock shall stand;
stand for ev - er; The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock,

May beat up - on my house that is built up - on a rock,
He'll hold it by his might in the hol - low of his hand,
May beat up - on my house that is built up - on a rock,

CHORUS.

And 'twill nev - er fall, Nev - er fall, Nev- er, nev-er, nev- er; Its foun-
- dation is sure, And will stand for ever more, Yes, it will stand for ev - er.

No. 53 IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,
1 Hark! a voice from E - den steal - ing,

Such as but to an - gels known,
Such as but to an - gels known,

Hope its song of cheer is sing - ing,
Hope its song of cheer is sing - ing,

"It is bet - ter fur - ther on."
"It is bet - ter fur - ther on."

CHORUS.

It is bet - - - - - ter fur - ther on,
It is bet - ter fur - ther on,

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IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON. Concluded.







2 Hope is singing, still is singing,
Softly in an under tone;
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better further on."

3 Night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it when I sit alone;
Sings it so the heart may hear it,
"It is better further on."

4 On the grave it sits and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan;
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better further on."

5 Further on! Oh! how much further?
Count the mile-stones one by one;
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better further on."

No. 54 Walk in the Marvelous Light.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1 Walk in the light! and thou shalt know . . . . . The
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own . . . . . Thy
3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb . . . . . No
4 Walk in the light! thy path shall be . . . . . Peace -

fel - low-ship of love; His Spir - it on - ly can be -
dark - ness passed a - way, Be - cause that light hath on thee
fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase a - way the
- ful, se-rene, and bright, For God, by grace, shall dwell in

stow, ... Who reigns in light a - bove.
shone . . . . . In which is per - fect day.
gloom, ... For Christ hath con-quer'd there.
thee, ... And God him - self is light.

CHORUS.

Walk . . . in the light, . . . Walk . . . in the light,
Walk in the light, the marvelous light, Walk in the light, the marvelous light,

Walk in the mar - vel - ous light, the light of God;

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Walk in the Marvelous Light. Concluded.





No. 55. ARLINGTON. C. M.



No. 56 HEAR THE MASTER CALLING.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

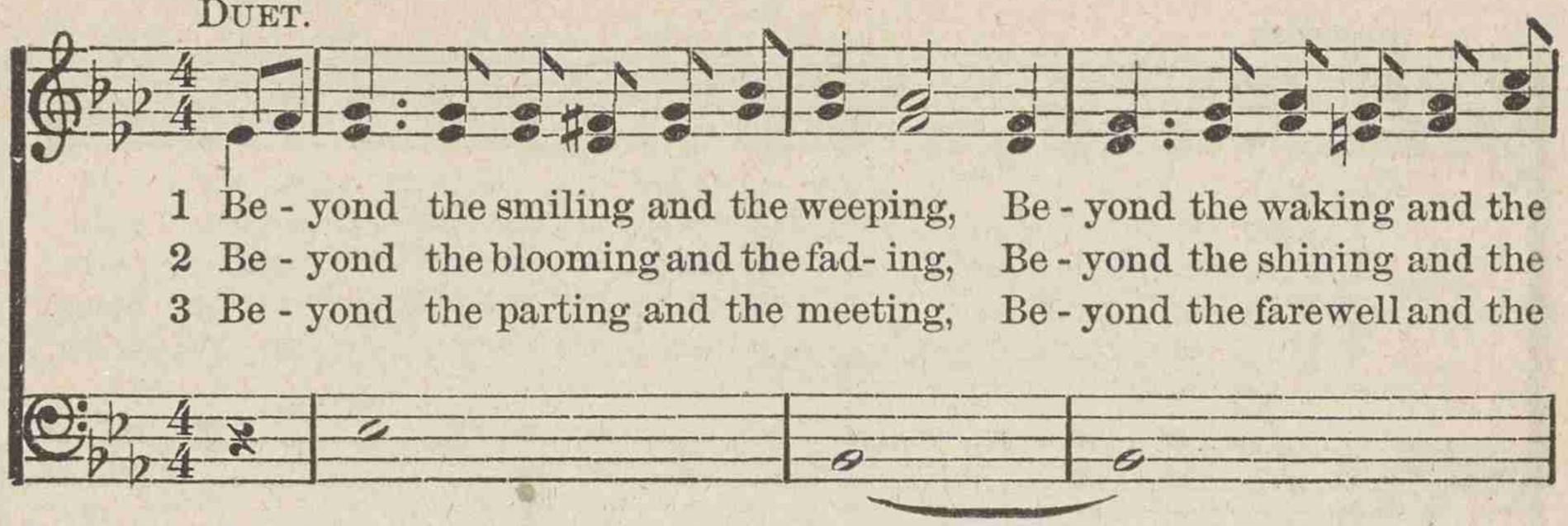


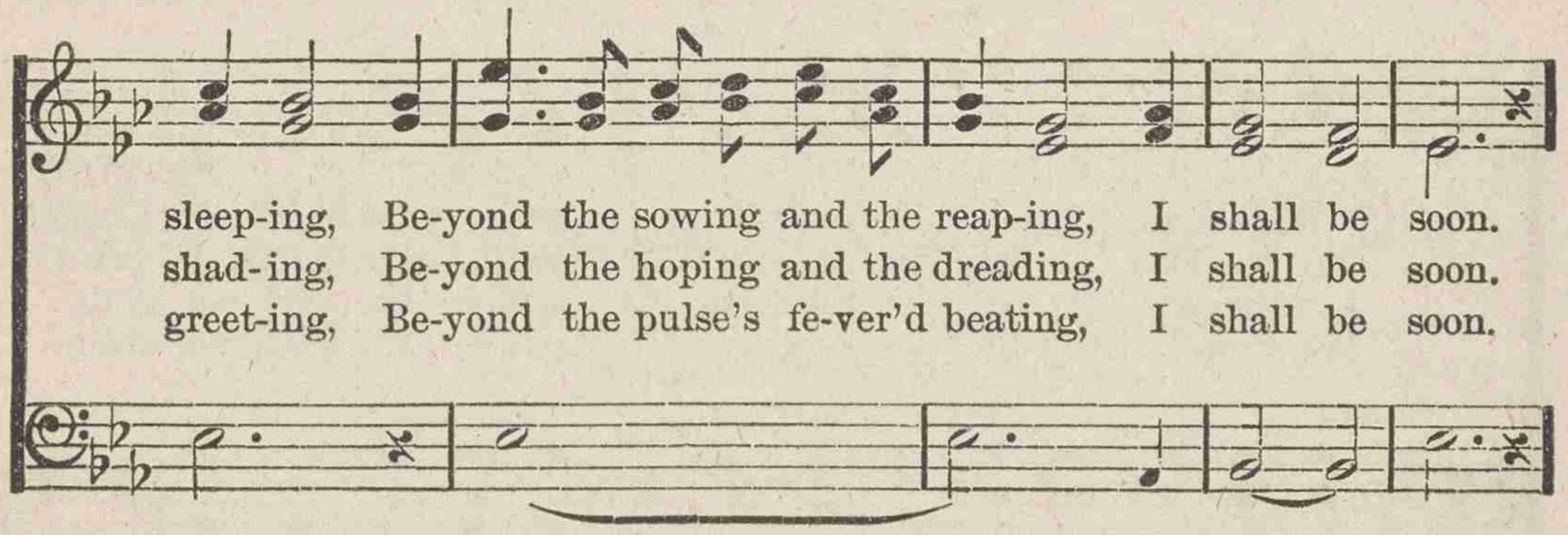
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No. 57 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

H. Bonar, D. D. Arr. from Bushey, by R. M. McIntosh.

Duet.









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No. 58 GO GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

Vigoroso.

1 The fields are ripe with the har-vest, And the Mas-ter calls a - gain:
2 In youth's bright gold - en morning, Hear the Saviour's voice so plain:
3 While suff'ring is a - round us, Shall the Mas-ter call in vain?
4 If we would dwell in heav-en With the ho - ly an - gel train,

"Why stand here i - dly wait - ing? Go gath-er the gold - en grain!"
"If you love not one an - oth - er, Who'll gath-er the gold - en grain?"
Lending aid for fall - en broth-ers, Is gath-er - ing gold - en grain.
We must la - bor in the vineyard, Must gath-er the gold - en grain.

CHORUS.

Go work, ... It
Go work, go work in my vine - - - - - yard, It
Go work, work, work in my vine - yard,

will . . . . . .
will not be, will not be vain, ... The fields are
will not will not be vain,

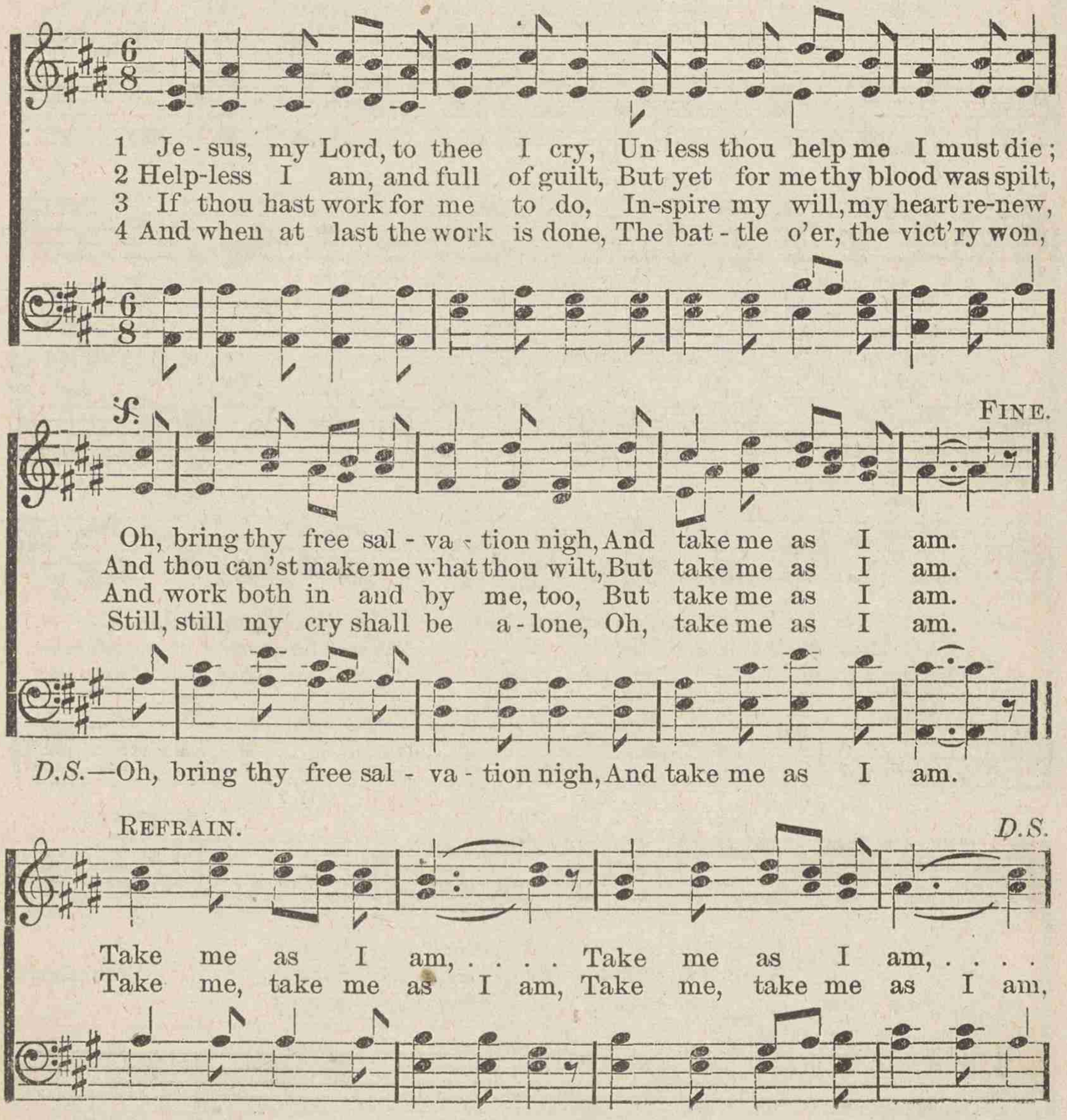
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GO GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN. Concluded.



No. 59. TAKE ME AS I AM.

R. M. McINTOSH.



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No. 60 When the Mists have Cleared away.

ANNIE HERBERT. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the sum - mit of the hills, And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in beau - ty on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain- bow of the spray; We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have clear'd a - way.

2 If we err in hu-man blindness, And for - get that we are dust; If we miss the law of kind - ness, When we strug - gle to be just, Snowy wings of love shall cov - er All the faults that cloud our day, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.

3 When the mists shall rise a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Lo! be-yond the o-ri-ent meadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shad - ows Till the mists have clear'd a - way.

REFRAIN.

We shall

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

When the Mists have Cleared away. Concluded.



No. 61. I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 I dare not i - dle stand, While here, on ev - 'ry hand,
2 I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land
3 I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command,

The whiten-ing fields de - clare the har - vest near; (har - vest near;)
Poor wand'r-ing souls need hum - ble help like mine; (help like mine;)
For him I'll la - bor on through life's short day; (life's short day;)

A glean - er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for thee, Lest
Far bright - er than the gem In monarch's di - a - dem, Each
The eve will come at last, When la - bor all is passed, And

CHORUS.

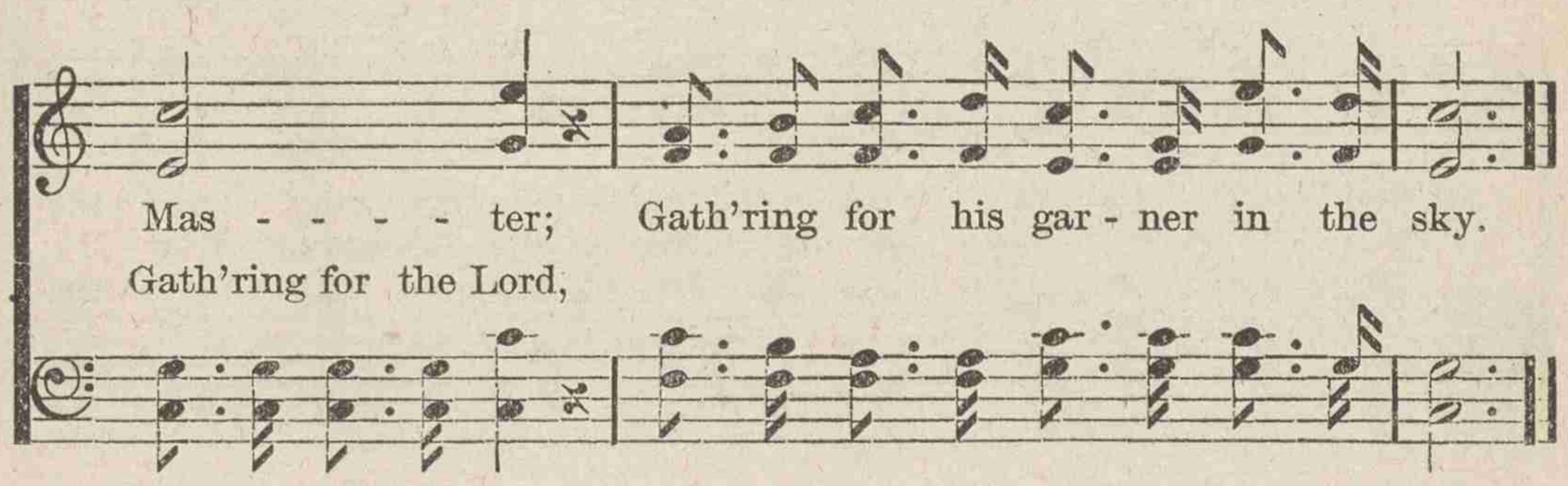
I with empt-y hands ap - pear, } Gath - - - - - 'ring for the
soul in Je - sus' crown may shine. }
rest will then my toil re - pay. } Gath'ring for the Lord,

Mas - - - - - ter, For . . . . . the home on
Gath - 'ring for the Lord, For the home on high, yes,

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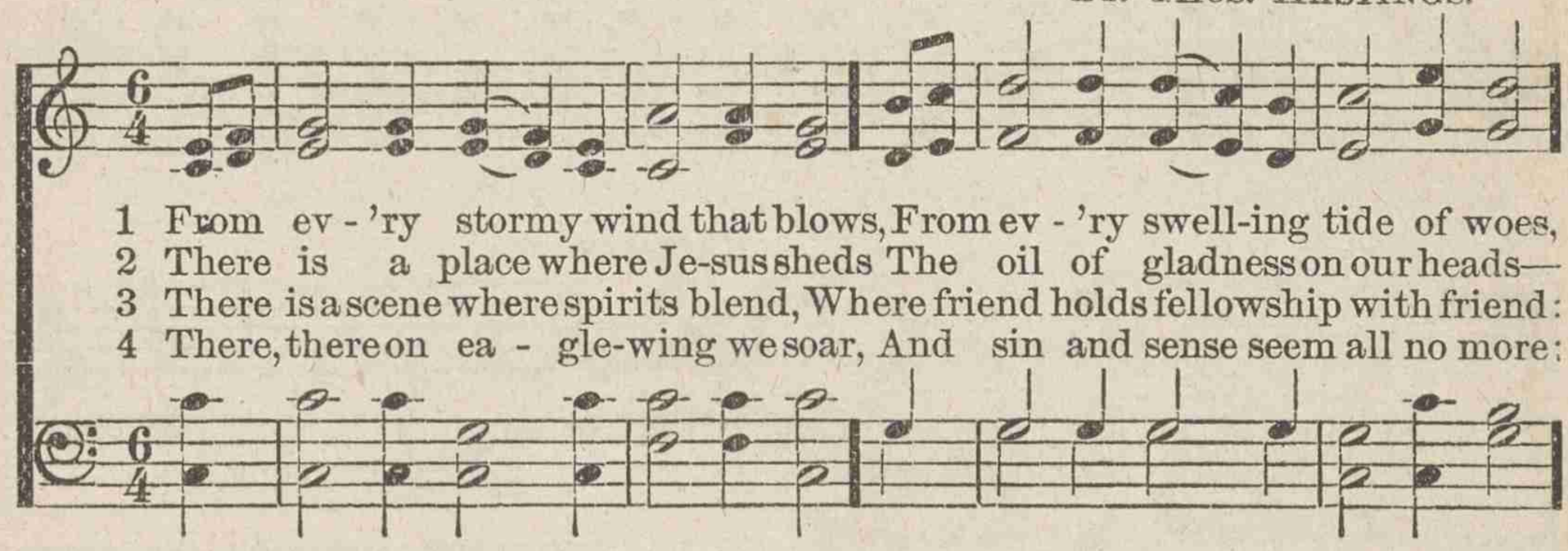
I DARE NOT IDLE STAND. Concluded.

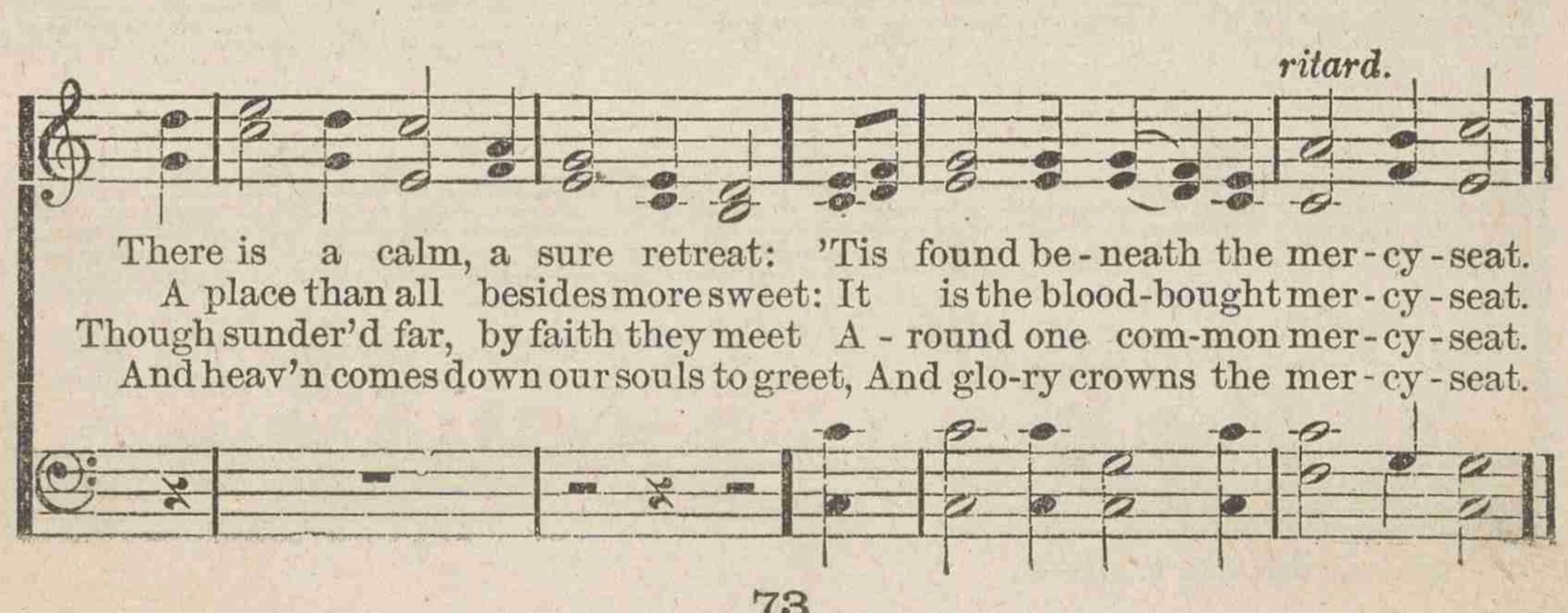




No. 62. RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.





No. 63 THE WELCOME REFRAIN.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Hear the ju - bi - lant song that the ser - a- phim sang, When at
2 'Twas a hymn of sal - va - tion that ech - oed a- round, And the
mid - night the air with sweet mel - o - dy rang, As the
shep - herds first heard the sweet, won - der - ful sound; But it
her- alds of heav - en glad tid - ings they bring, For they pub- lish the
rolls thro' the earth and the a - ges of time, As a cho - rus of

REFRAIN.

birth of a Sav - iour and King. } Hear the song, hear the
glad - ness, an an - them sub-lime. } Hear the song,
song, Hear the song . . . . . by an - gels
hear the song, Hear the song by an - gels

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THE WELCOME REFRAIN. Concluded.

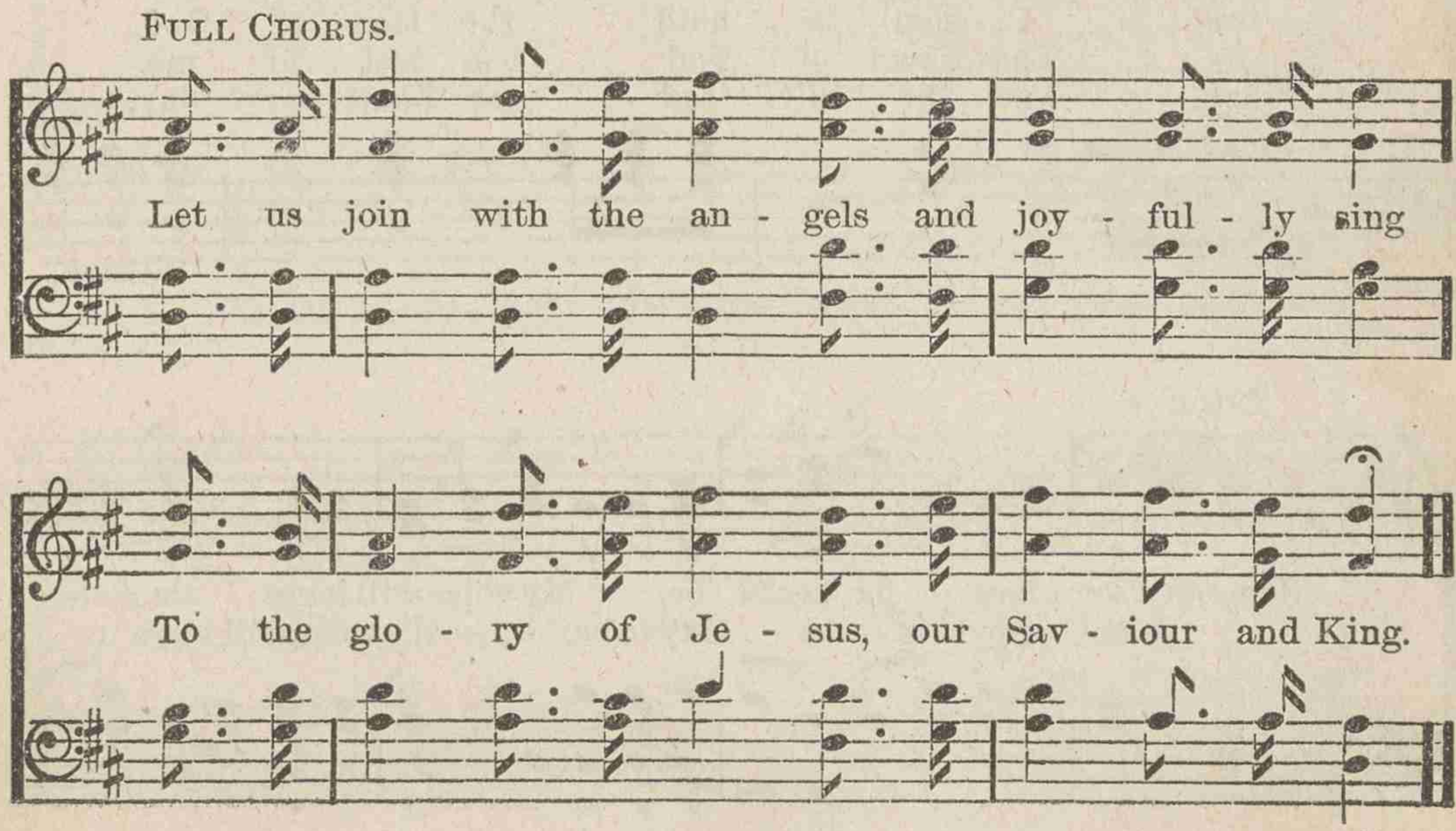




DUET, SOPRANO & ALTO.



FULL CHORUS.



No. 64 SOME DAY.

EBEN E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

DUET.

1 I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all
2 Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be
3 Some day I say, con- tent to wait The op'- ning
4 When comes the time for me to go, The home-ward

cres.

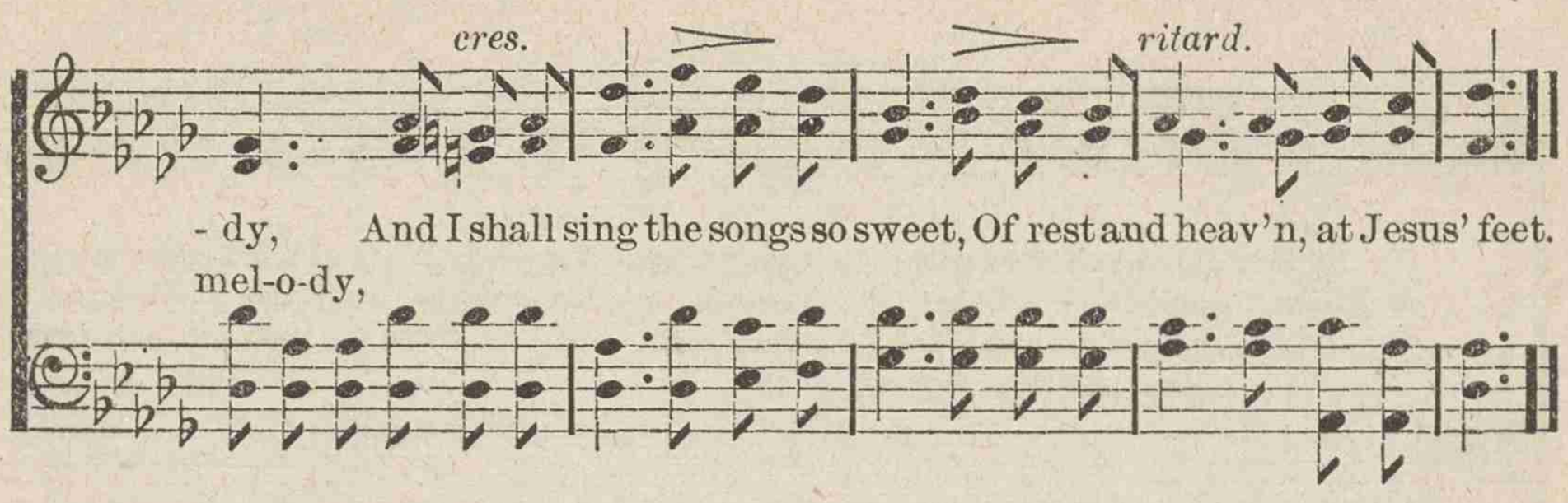
vain - ly to re - peat; Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing
lost and heav- en won; And when the long rough way is
of the jas - per gate; Come soon or late, that day will
path I may not know, But in God's hand my own I'll

say, I'll sing it if God wills some day.
trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.
be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
lay, And he will lead me home some day.

CHORUS.

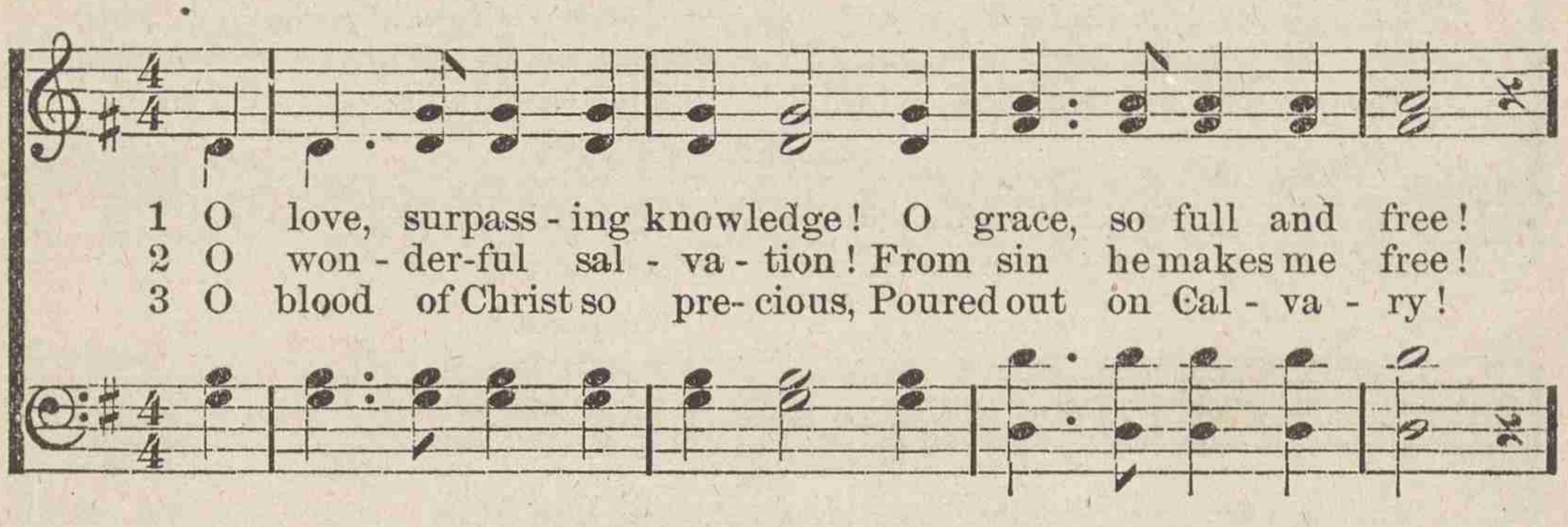
Some day, some hap - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel-o-
Some happy day, a day to be, My voice will learn its

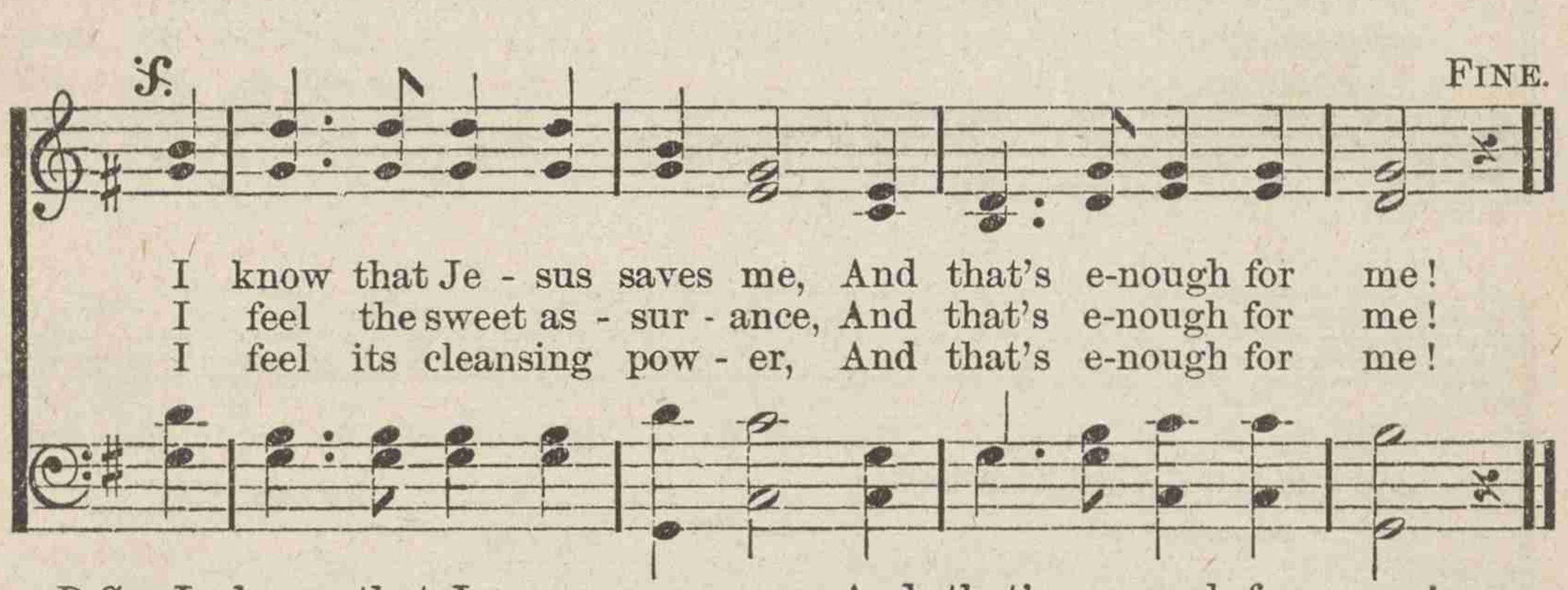
SOME DAY. Concluded.



No. 65. ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.







No. 66. BY THEIR FRUITS.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 By their fruits ye shall know them, was the Saviour's words When he taught the waiting peo - ple on the mount; On - ly they who the Father's will shall glad-ly do, Shall find

2 Neith - er shall ev - 'ry one that cri - eth to the Lord, Be found mete for heav-en, in the judgment day; O, be warned, then, dear brother, let your robes be clean, Lest in

3 By their fruits God shall judge the peo - ple by and by, When the trum-pet call from heav- en shall be heard, And the tree that is bring-ing forth the e - vil fruit To de -

CHORUS.

life e - ter - nal at the Liv - ing Fount. } By their fruits we shall know them,
out - er dark-ness you be cast a - way. } we shall know them, Say - eth the Sav - iour in his word; By their fruits
- struc-tion, shall be hurled, so saith the word. } By their fruits we shall know them, we shall know them,

God shall judge them, At the com-ing of the Lord.
By their fruits God shall judge them, God shall judge them,

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No. 67 BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1 Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert
2 Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help him the lit - tle
3 Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain

dark and drear, Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,

CHORUS.

Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way,
Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
"Go find my lambs wher - e'er they be.
} Bring them in,

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

Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

No. 68 SWEET REST.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.

1 Come un - to me, all ye wea - ry and worn; All ye that la - bor and
2 Ea - sy my yoke, and my bur - den is light; I am the Way in the
3 List-en! oh! list - en! 'tis Je - sus to - day Calls you from sorrows of

all that mourn, All who have laid their sweet treasures a - way,
dark - some night: Fol - low me, trust - ing wher - ev - er I lead,
earth a - way, All, all are bid - den to seek the bright goal,—

Far from the light of day; Bring me your bur - den, ye
Giv - ing you all ye need; And if thy path-way seem
Rest for the wea - ry soul! Come, and drink now of the

faint - ing and weak; I a - lone prom-ise the rest ye seek;
rug - ged and drear, Fol - low, still fol - low the voice you hear,
Riv - er of Life; Cast off the bur - dens of sin and strife;

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

SWEET REST. Concluded.

Come, all ye strick - en, by sor - row oppress'd, And I will
Lead - ing you safe - ly, with all who are blest, To the sweet
Fol - low wher - ev - er his foot - step hath prest, Find - ing sweet

REFRAIN.

give you sweet rest!
hav - en of rest!
com - fort and rest!

Sow - ing or reap .- ing,
Sow - ing

Smil - ing or weep - ing, What - e'er the la - bor as-
Smil - ing

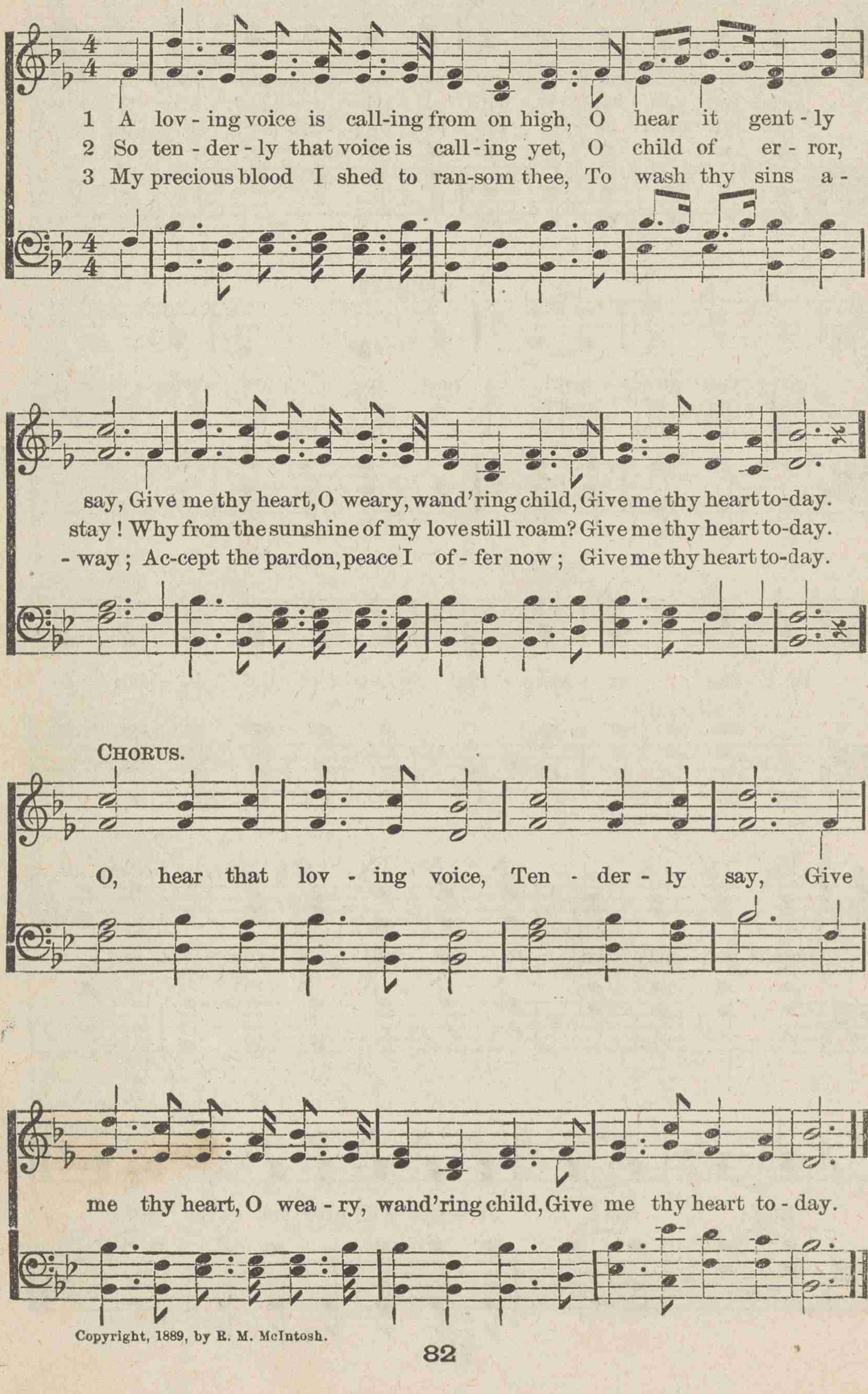
- sign'd you may be, Je - sus will give you sweet rest!

p *pp*

Rest! rest! Je - sus will give you sweet rest!

No. 69. GIVE ME THY HEART.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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No. 70 DAY-BREAK.

ANNIE HERBERT. F. A. BLACKMER.

May be used as a SOLO.

1 When the clouds have left the hill - tops, And the
2 When the dark - - ness rolls from o - cean, And the
3 When the pain and wast - ing fe - ver, And the
4 When the graves of earth are o - pened, And the
5 When the Cit - - y, grand, e - ter - nal, Shall de-

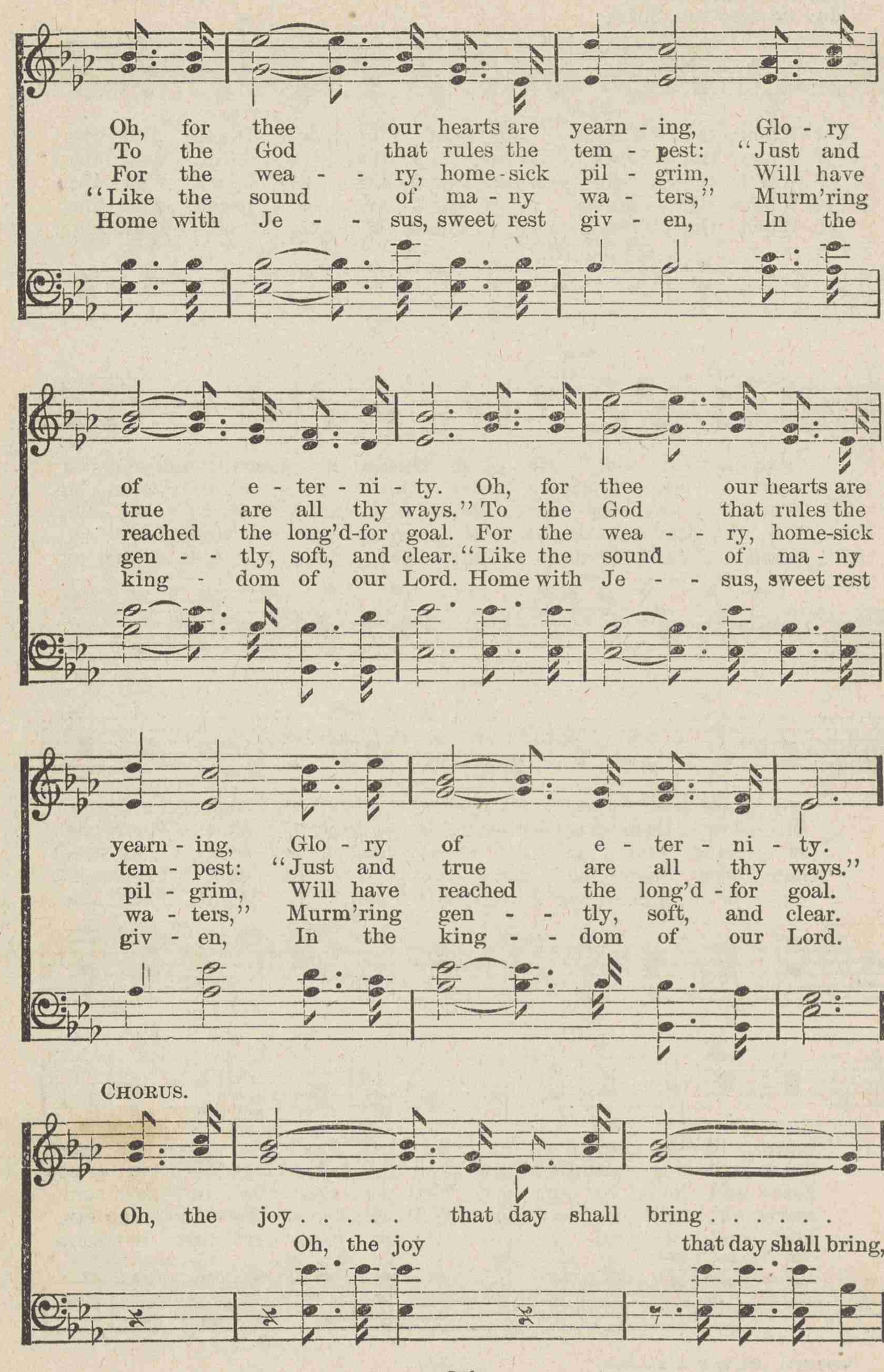
beau - - ty of the day Gleams a - long through gold - en
light beams bright-ly o'er Ev - 'ry wave and foam - ing
thou - sand ills of life, All are healed by one Phy-
fair, lov'd forms a - rise, Spring - ing up from dust - y
scend 'mid clouds of light, And the King bids saints to

por - tals, Melt - ing all the mists a - way, Then no
bil - low, Dash - ing 'gainst this mor - tal shore, Then the
si - cian, And for - ev - er hushed the strife, Then sweet
cham - bers, Soar - ing up - ward to the skies, Then sweet
en - ter Man - sions filled with ho - ly light, Then the

more will shad - ows dark - en, Till the way we can - not see—
heart will sing with rapt - ure, And the voice break forth in praise
peace and ho - ly com - fort Will pos - sess the in - most soul,
waves of thrill - ing mu - sic Will en - trance the list - 'ning ear,
life - work of all a - ges Will re - ceive a just re - ward,

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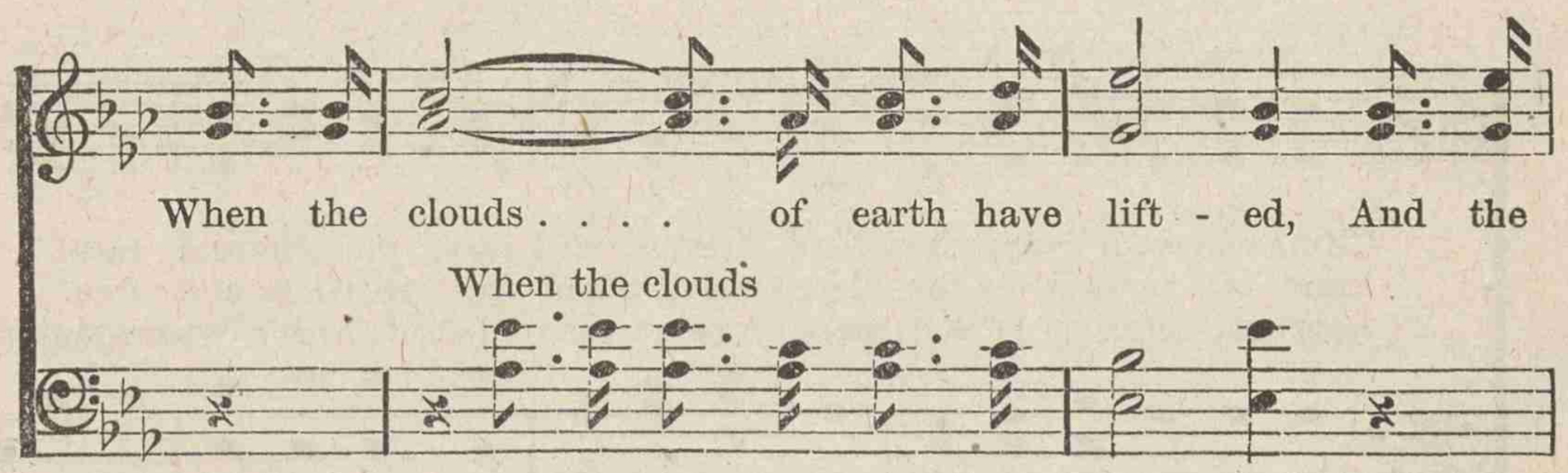
DAY-BREAK. Continued.



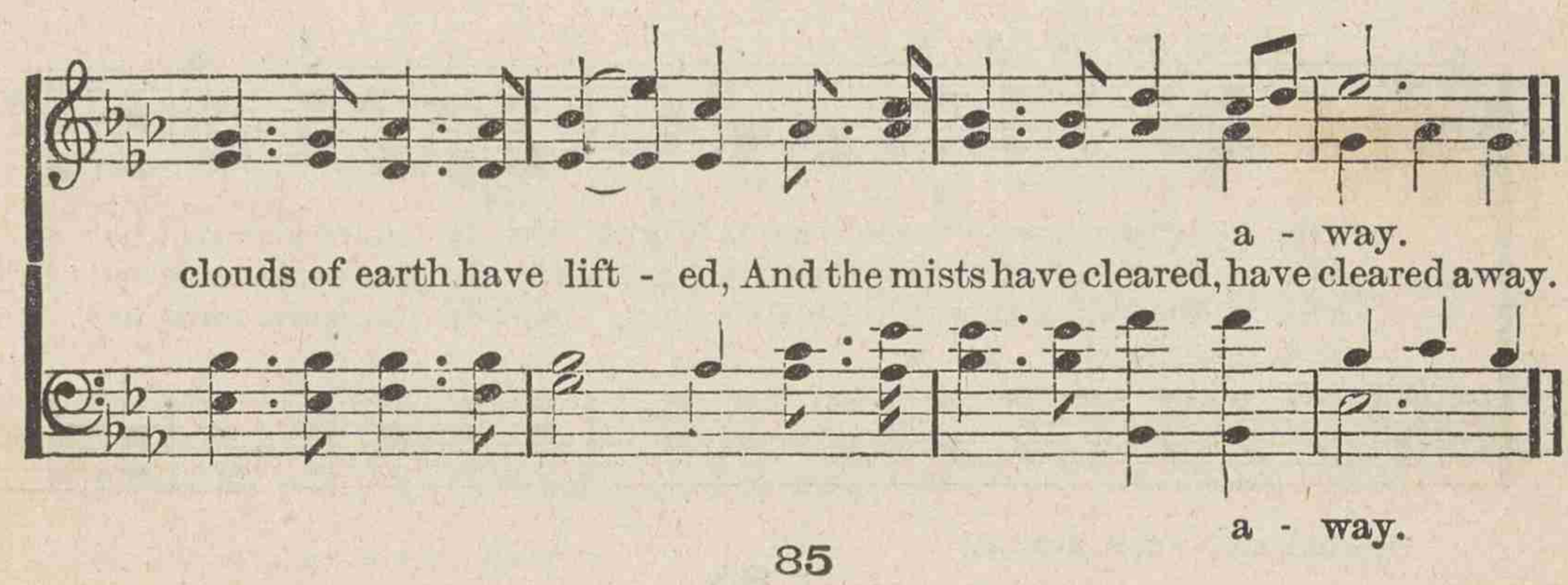
CHORUS.

DAY-BREAK. Concluded.









No. 71. OH, TO BE THERE.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Ra - di- ant clime of the pure, Changeless and fair, changeless and fair!
2 Ha-ven of heav-en- ly rest, O - ver life's sea, o - ver life's sea!
3 Blessed in - her - i-tance fair, Life ev - er - more, life ev - er - more!

Clime where all treasures endure, Precious and rare, precious and rare!
Land of re- pose for the blest, Guiltless and free, guiltless and free!
Rich - es of glo - ry are there, Hope's treasured store, hope's treasured store!

Land that hath never the gloom of night, Never hath need of the sun's sweet light;
Realm where the King of all kings doth reign! Home where the spirit shall ne'er know pain!
Joys that are purest and ne'er shall cloy! Raptures and pleasures no foes destroy!

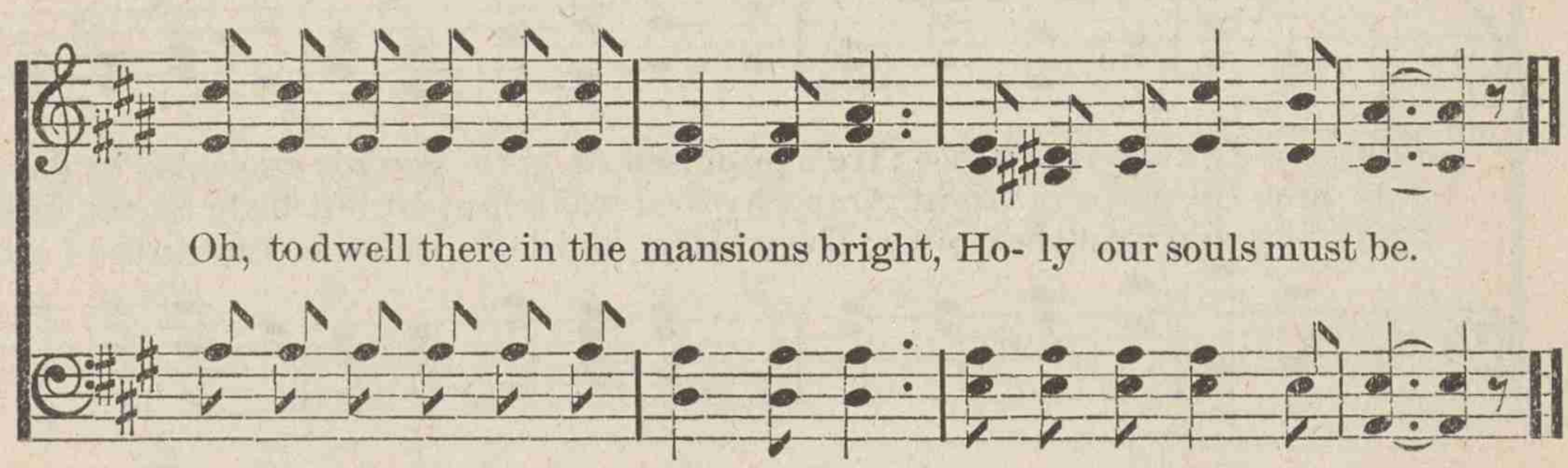
Oh, to dwell there in the mansions bright; Ho - ly our souls must be!
Oh, if that part of sweet peace we'd gain, Ho - ly our souls must be!
Oh, if that bliss we would hope t' enjoy, Ho - ly our souls must be!

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OH, TO BE THERE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.





No. 72. DAVIES. 7s.

R. M. McINTOSH.



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No. 73. PRESS ONWARD!

Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge. Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge.

1 Press on- ward, oh, Christian, and leave not the race, You must val - ient - ly
2 The tempt-er may smile as an an - gel of light, While he tempts you a-
3 Your sor- rows and tri - als may now weigh you down; But you must bear the

fight ere you see God's face; He's promised to give you his grace, day by day;
- way from the paths of right; Our Sav-iour was tempt-ed, but bade Sa-tan flee,
Cross if you'd wear the Crown; The wear-y and lad - en who come to the Lord,

Refrain.

So ask him for help, and go on your way.
And brought free sal - va - tion for you and me.
Find rest, this we know from his Ho - ly Word.
} Sing then, sing then,

sing as on you go, Joy-ful, joy-ful journey here be-low; The way may be

toilsome while here you a-bide,—But, oh, there is rest on the oth- er side.

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No. 74. GOD IS CALLING YOU.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 God is call-ing you, in tones of love; God is call - ing you!
2 God is call-ing you, O sin - ner, hear; God is call - ing you!
3 God is call-ing you, O come to - day, God is call - ing you!

He in-vites you to his home a - bove, God is call - ing you!
List - en to him, while he is so near, God is call - ing you!
Time is pass-ing, pass-ing fast a - way, God is call - ing you!

CHORUS.

Call-ing you, ... call-ing you, ... Sinner, God is calling you!
God is calling you, God is calling you!

Calling you, ... call-ing you, ... God is call-ing you!
God is calling you, God is calling you!

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No. 75 The Marriage of the King's Son.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1 Once a feast was made and the board was laid, And the
2 Forth a - gain he sent and his serv - ants went To the
3 Once a - gain he cried, for my feast sup - plied, From the
4 When our King shall call, may we one and all, In his

king ar - ray'd in his gar-ments fair; For my son, said he, shall the
bid - den guests, but they turned a - way; Then the king was wroth, and he
high- way side, gath-er one and all. Lo, they quick-ly haste to the
pal - ace hall haste to take our seat; Wedding gar-ments fair love and

glad feast be; Bear my mes - sage free, bid the guests be there.
hast- ened forth, And the sounds of wrath filled the fes - tal day.
mar- riage feast, To each low - ly guest 'tis a wel - come call.
grace pre - pare, We'll re - joic - ing wear, when the King we meet.

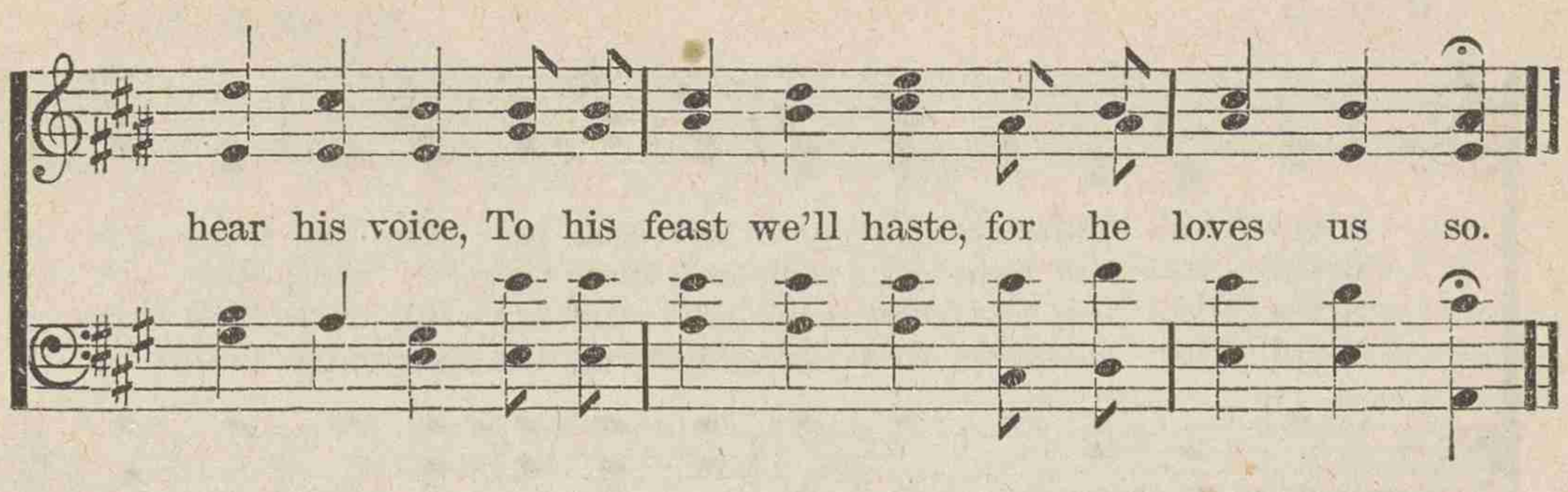
Chorus.

When for you and me such a call shall be, When the King cries

come, shall we joy - ful rise and go? Oh re - joice, re - joice, for I

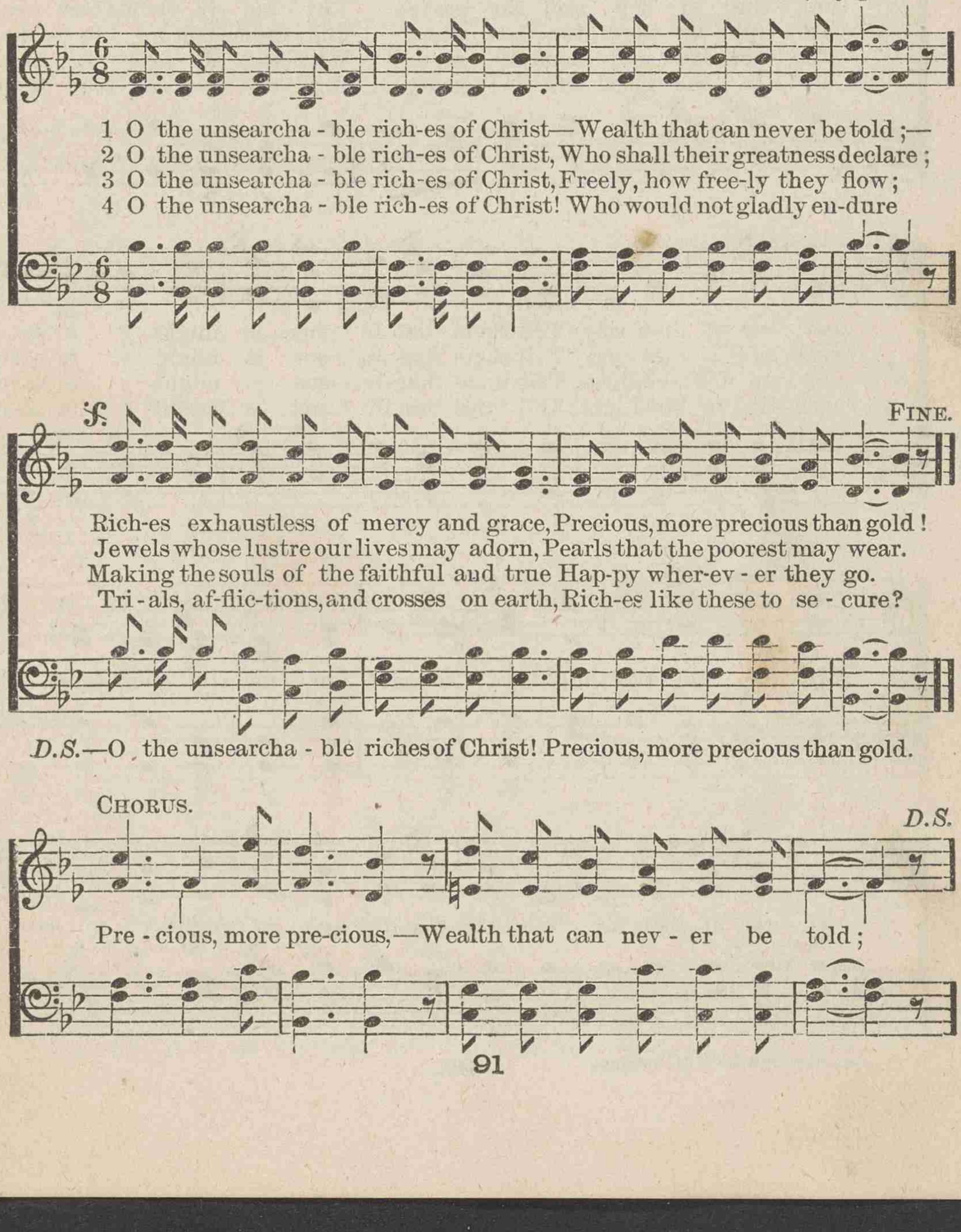
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

The Marriage of the King's Son. Concluded.



No. 76. UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

F. J. C. J. R. SWENEY, by per.



No. 77. JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Go to the souls that are lost and per - ish - ing, Hope - less - ly sink - ing in sin and the grave; Lov - ing - ly show them the
2 Go to the wea - ry, and tell them there is rest; Rest for the faith - ful be - yond the dark wave; Bid them look up to the
3 Go to the sor - row - ing and the err - ing ones; Tell them of him who his pre - cious life gave, Who will for - give if they
4 Go to the souls that are slight-ing his dear name, Count-ing un- ho - ly the blood that he gave; Blind tho' they are, lead them

er - ror of their way; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.
cross of Cal - va - ry; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.
on - ly will be-lieve; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.
gen - tly to the Light; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.

CHORUS.

Might - y to save, might - y to save; Lov - ing - ly show them the er - ror of their way; Tell them that Je - sus is might - y to save.

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No. 78 GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER, by per.

1 God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide uphold you,
2 God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
3 God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
4 God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, . . . till we
meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

Copyright, J. E. Rankin, D.D. Orange Valley, N. J.

No. 79. CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1 Chil-dren of Je - ru - sa - lem, Sang the praise of Je-sus' name:
2 We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalm-ist said:
3 We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read his word,
4 Par-ents, teach-ers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song:

Chil- dren, too, of lat - er days, Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Babes and sucklings' art-less lays Shall pro - claim the Saviour's praise.
We are taught the way to heav'n, Praise to God for all be given.
High - er and yet high - er rise, Till ho - san - nas reach the skies.

REFRAIN.

Hark! Hark! Hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing, Hark! Hark!

Hark! while in - fant voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas,

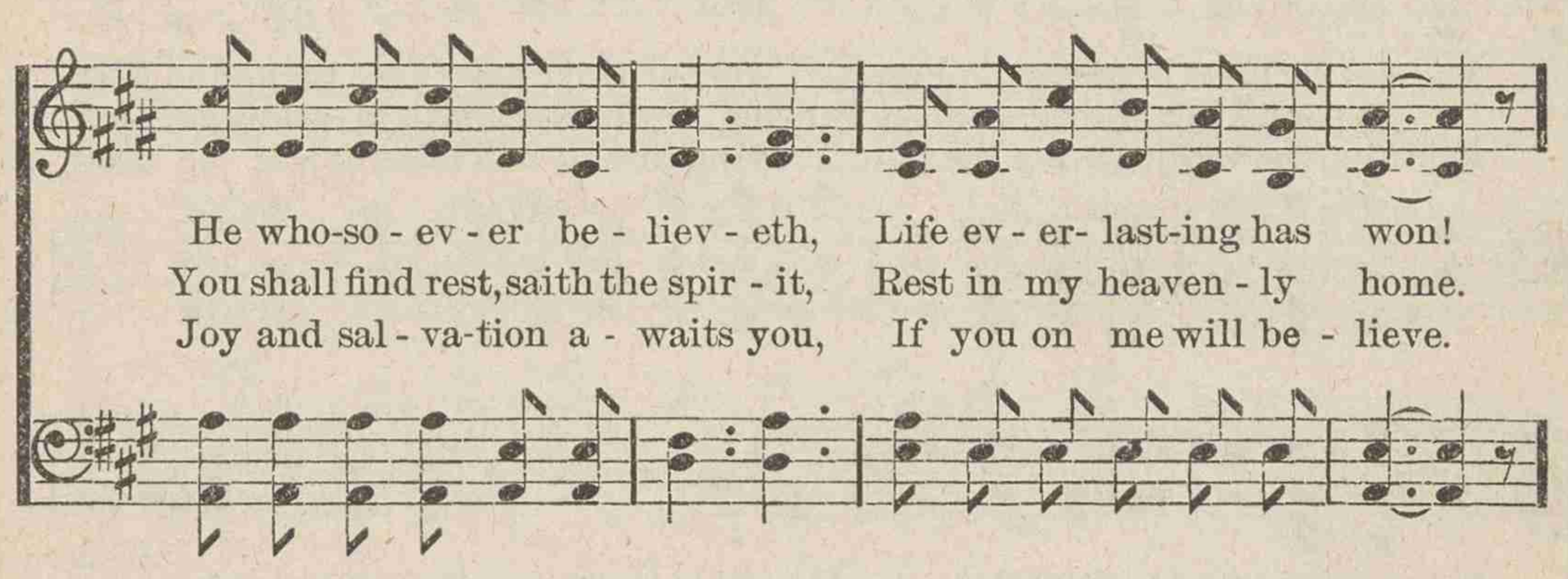
Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.

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No. 80. WONDERFUL WORDS FOR ALL.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.





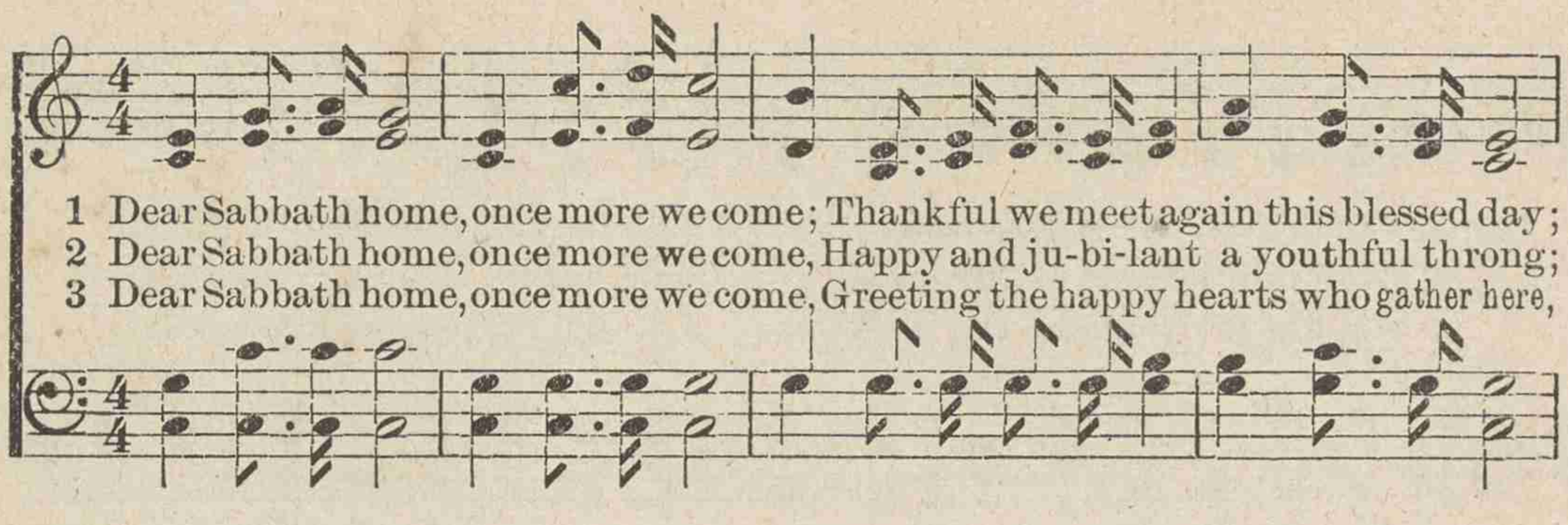
CHORUS.

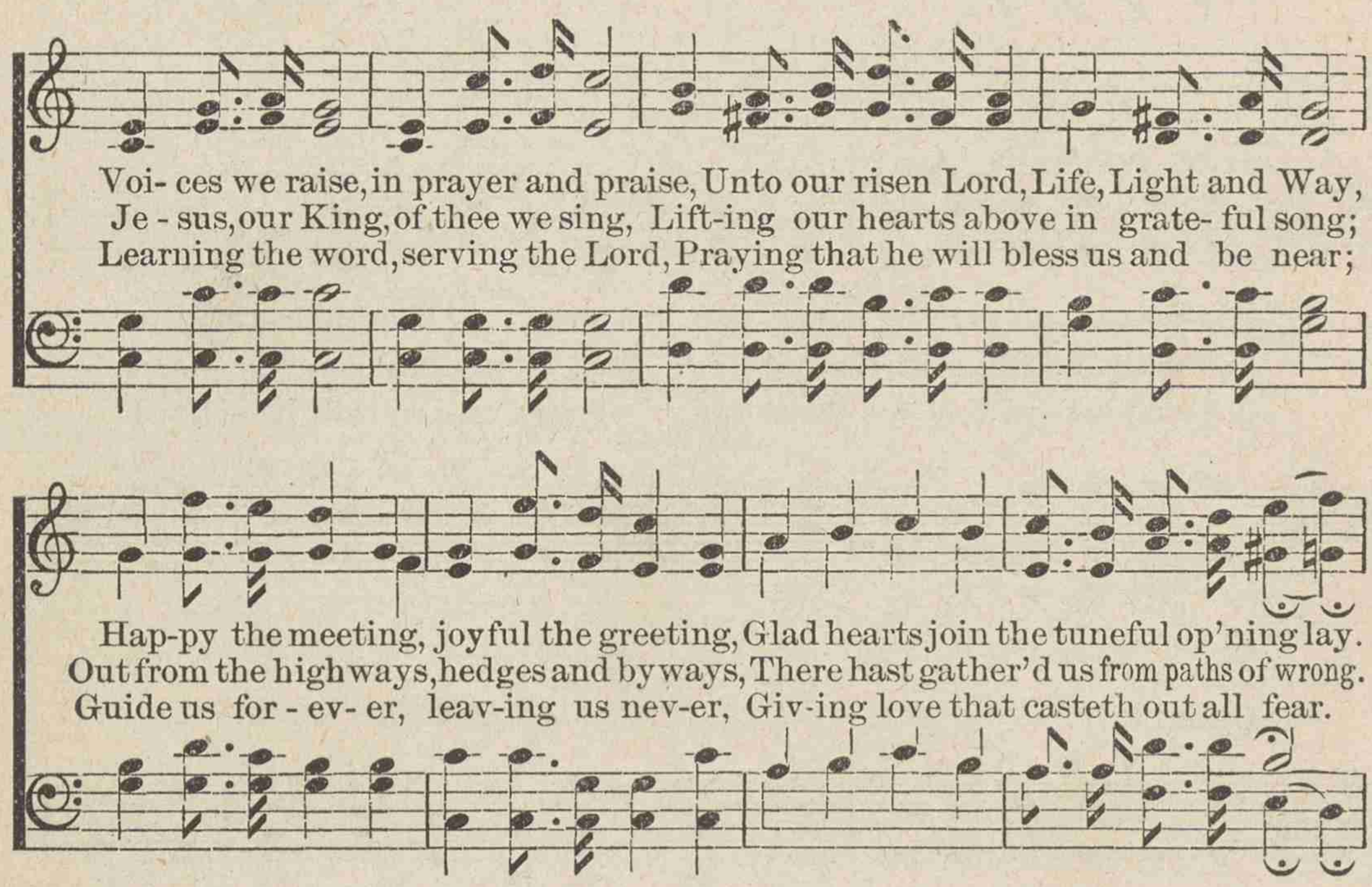


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No. 81. DEAR SABBATH HOME.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.





CHORUS.



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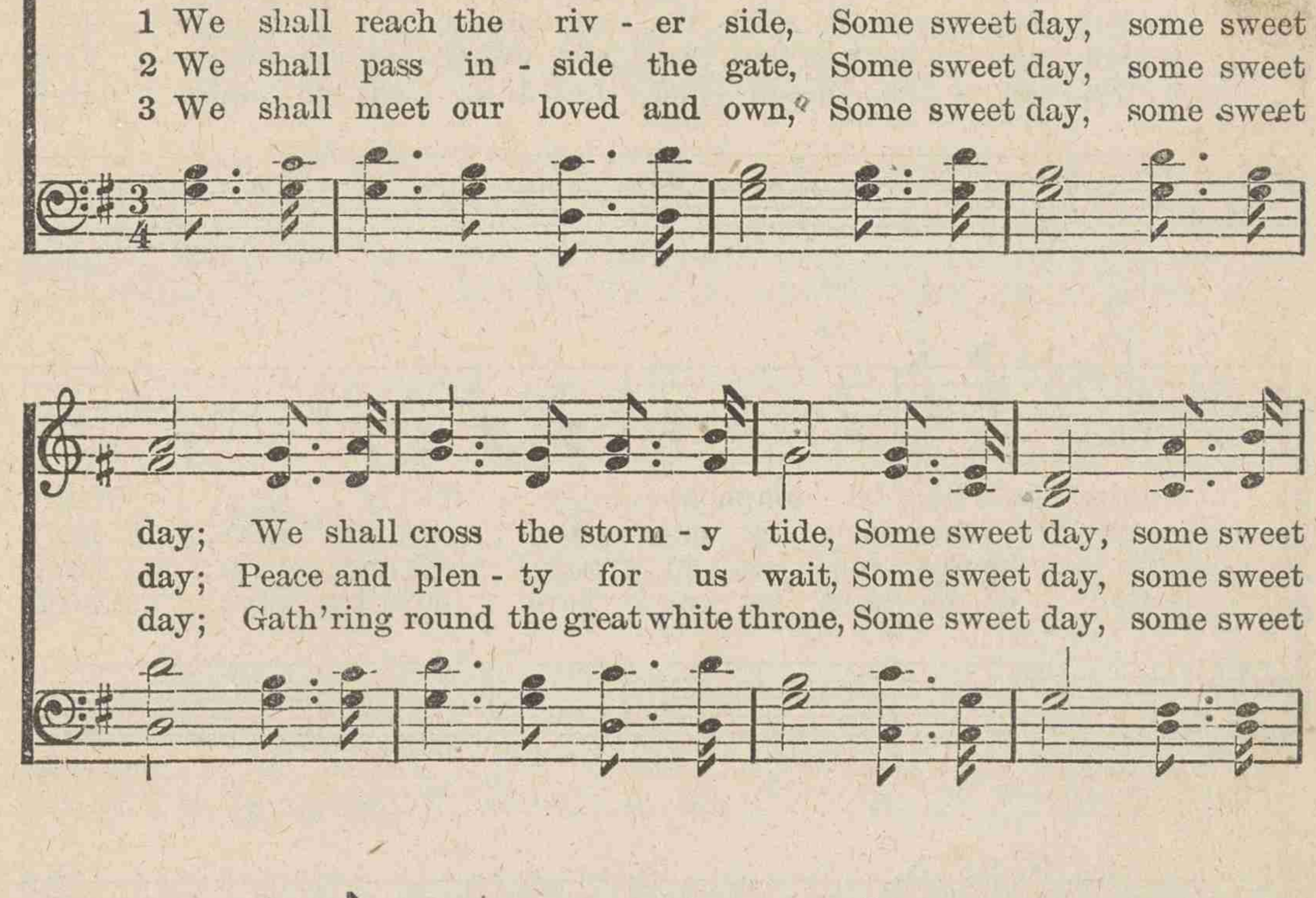
No. 82 SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

Moderato.



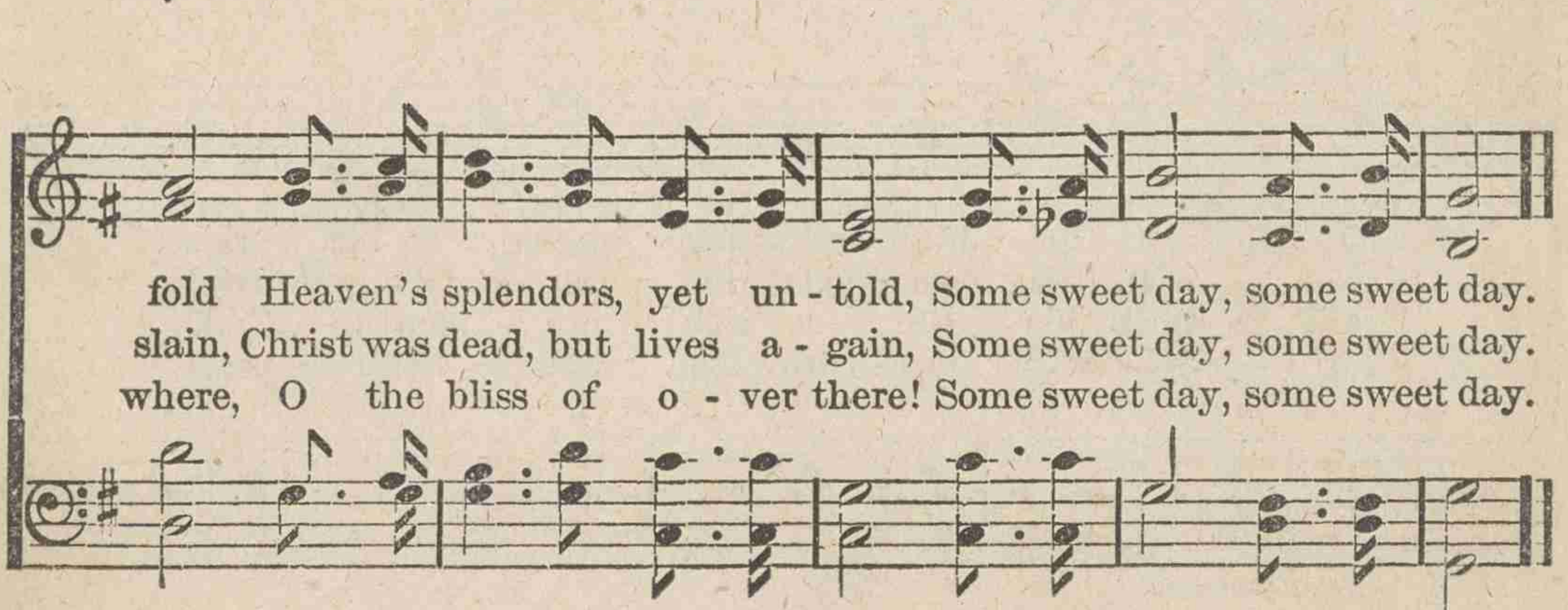
1 We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet
2 We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet
3 We shall meet our loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet



day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet



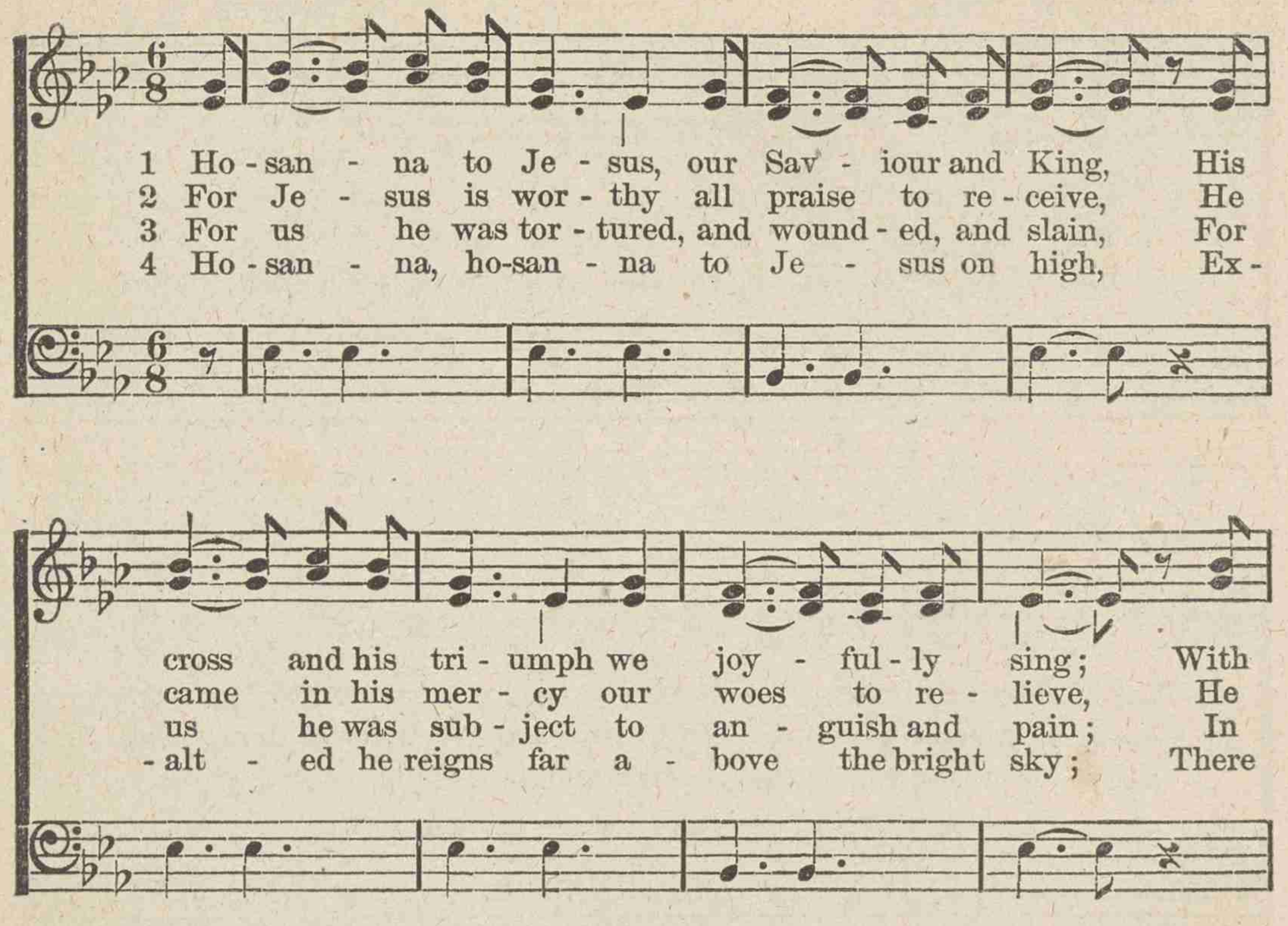
day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un-
day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's
day; Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry-

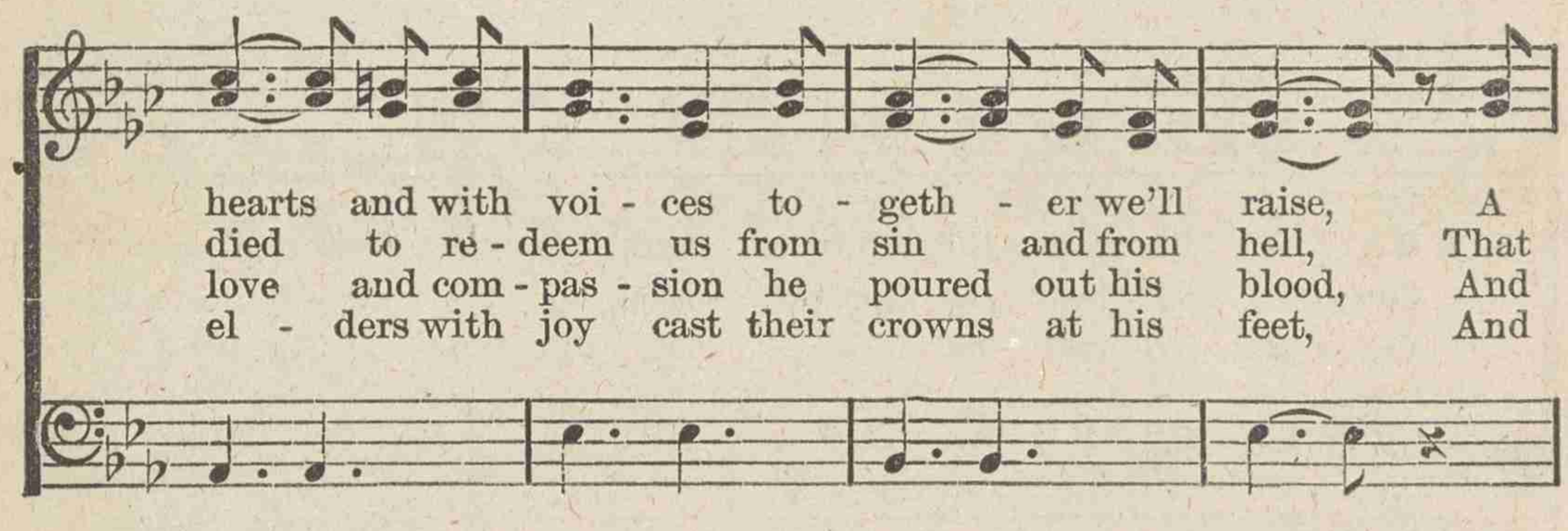


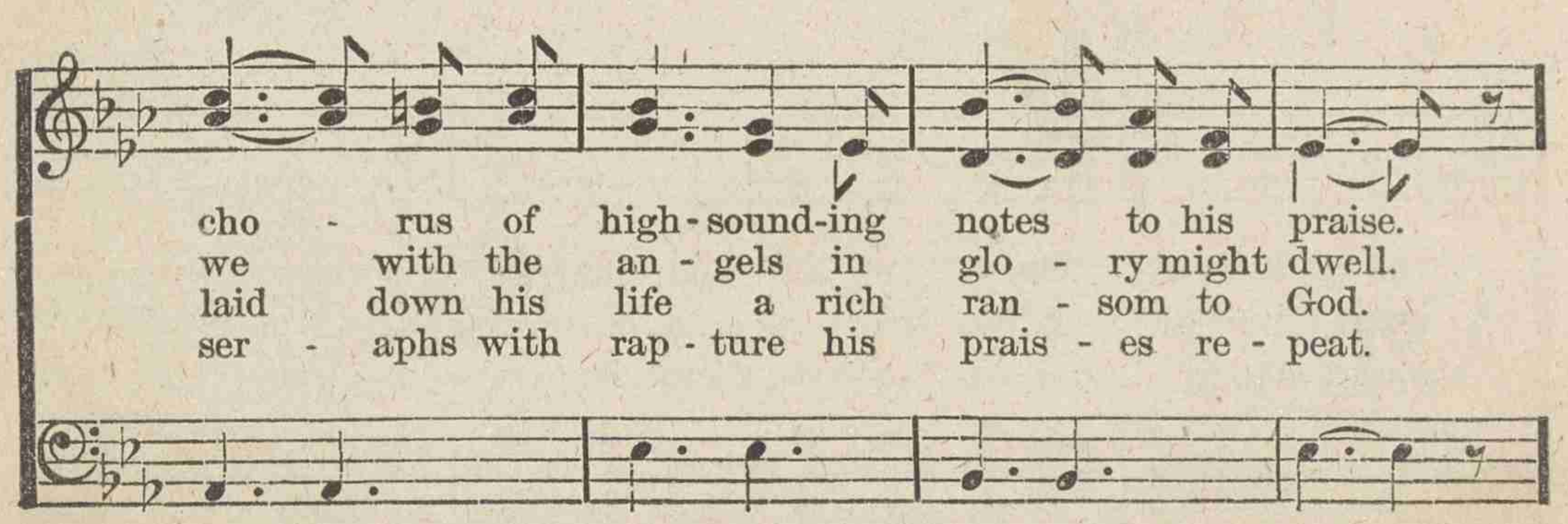
fold Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

No. 83 HOSANNA.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. C. C. PRATT.







By per. R. M. McIntosh.

HOSANNA. Continued.

SOPRANO. *Obligato.*



Yes, mu - - - sic, sweet mu - - - - sic with

CHORUS.



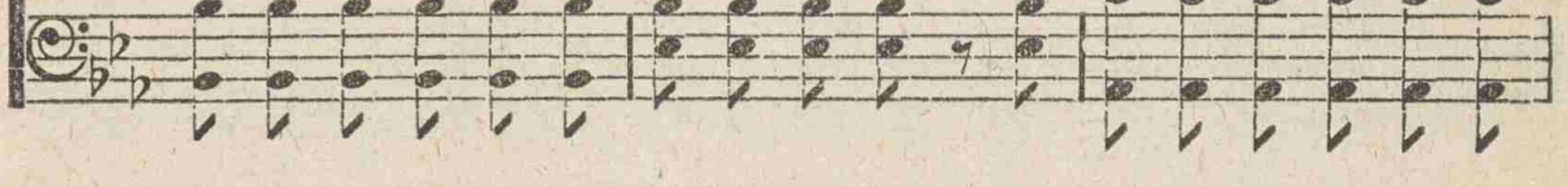
Yes, mu - sic, sweet mu - sic with glad - ness we'll bring, Yes,



glad - - ness we'll bring, . . . And lay . . . . . on the

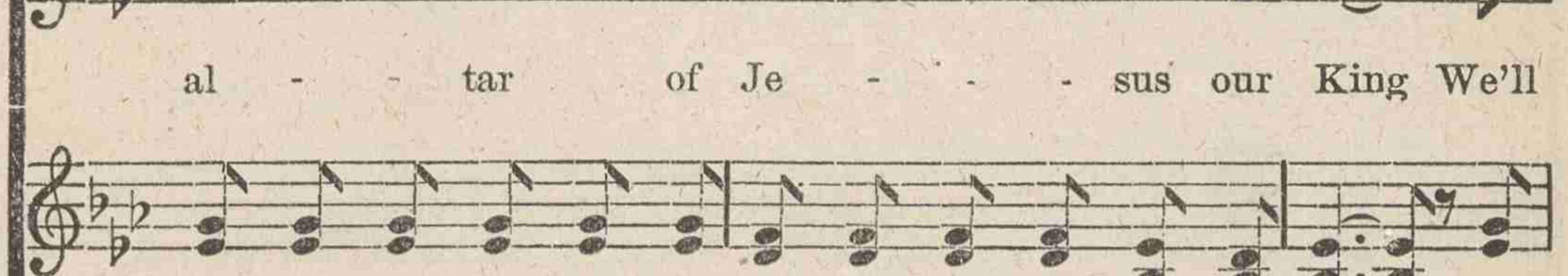


music, sweet music with gladness we'll bring, And lay on the al - tar, and





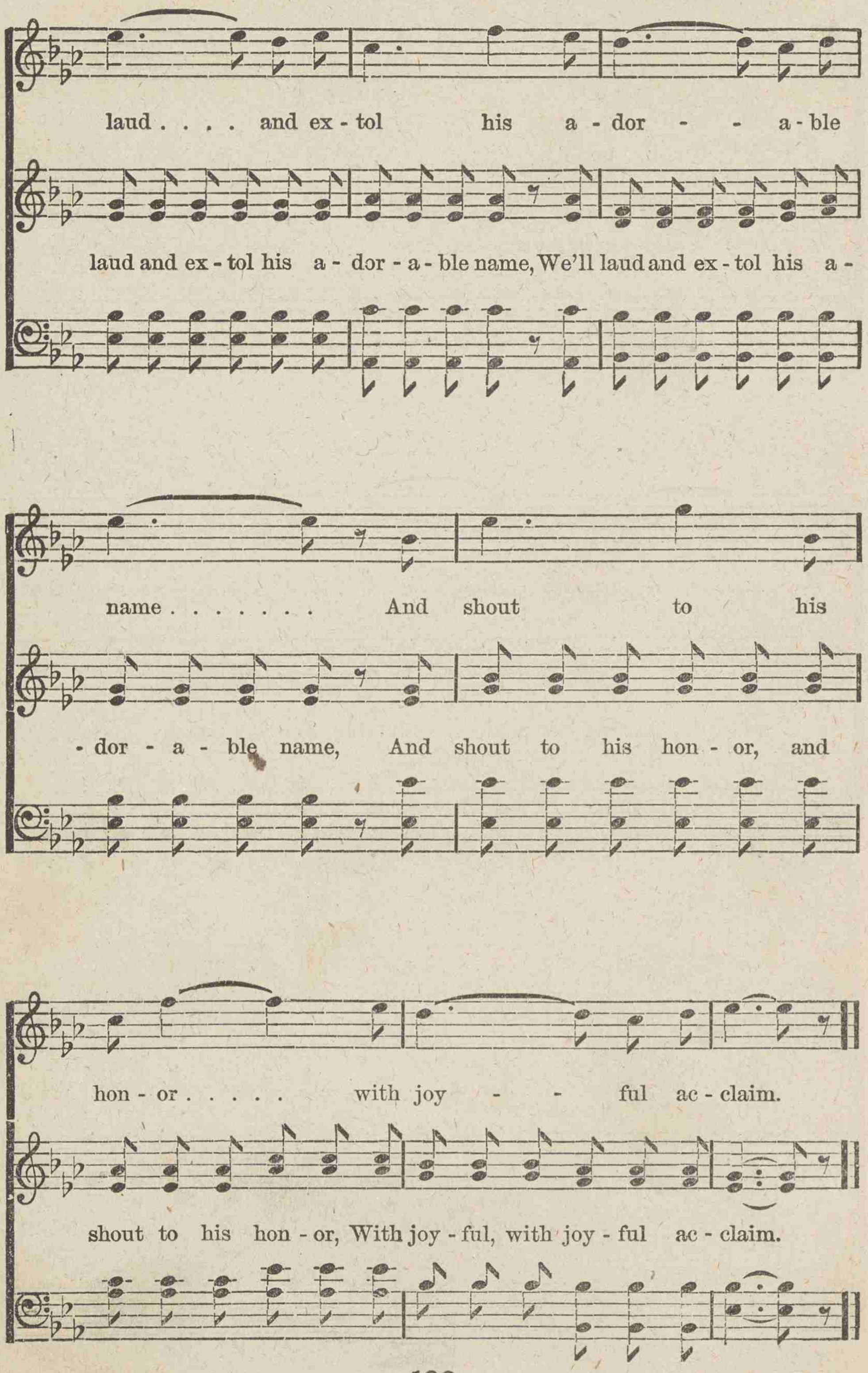
al - - - tar of Je - - - - sus our King We'll



lay on the al - tar of Je - sus, of Je - sus our King We'll



HOSANNA. Concluded.

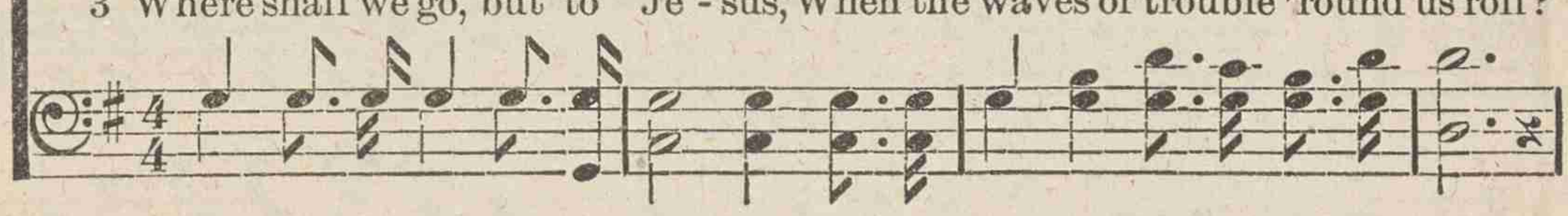


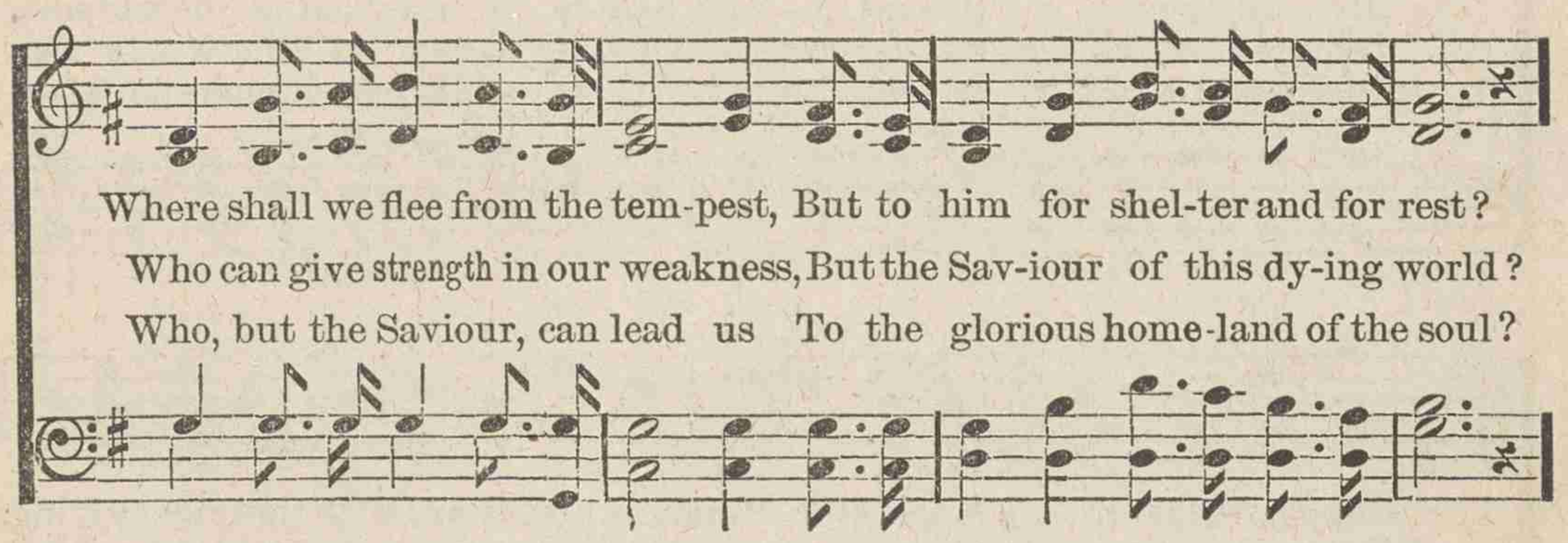
No. 84. WHERE SHALL WE GO?

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



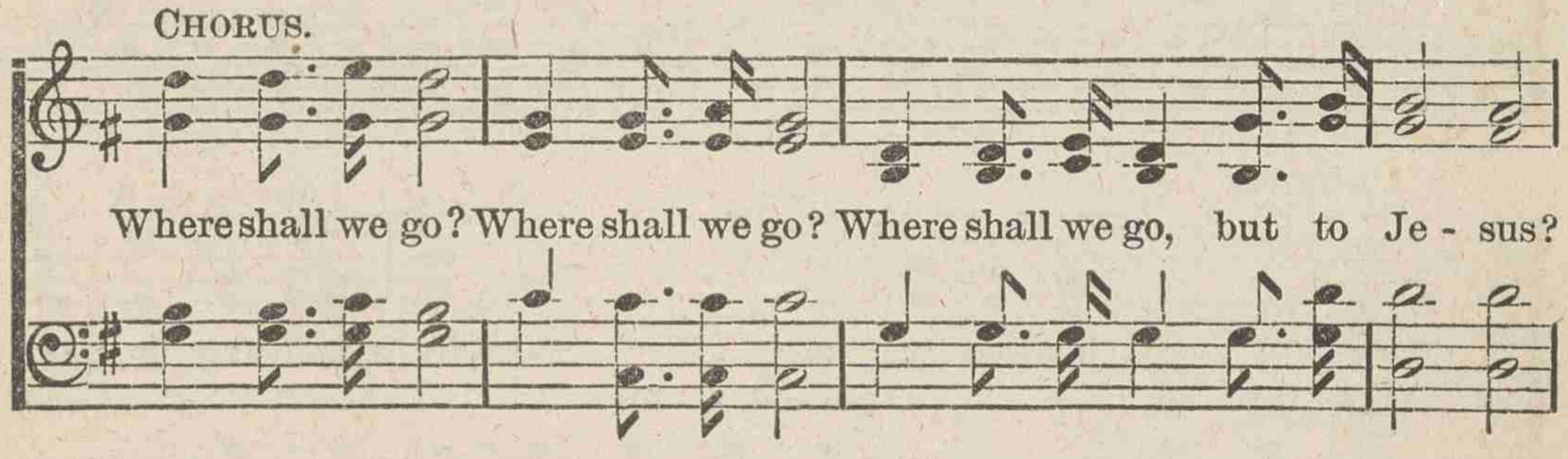
1 Where shall we go, but to Je - sus, When the heart by sor-row is oppressed?
2 Where shall we go, but to Je - sus, When the tempter's firey darts are hurled?
3 Where shall we go, but to Je - sus, When the waves of trouble 'round us roll?



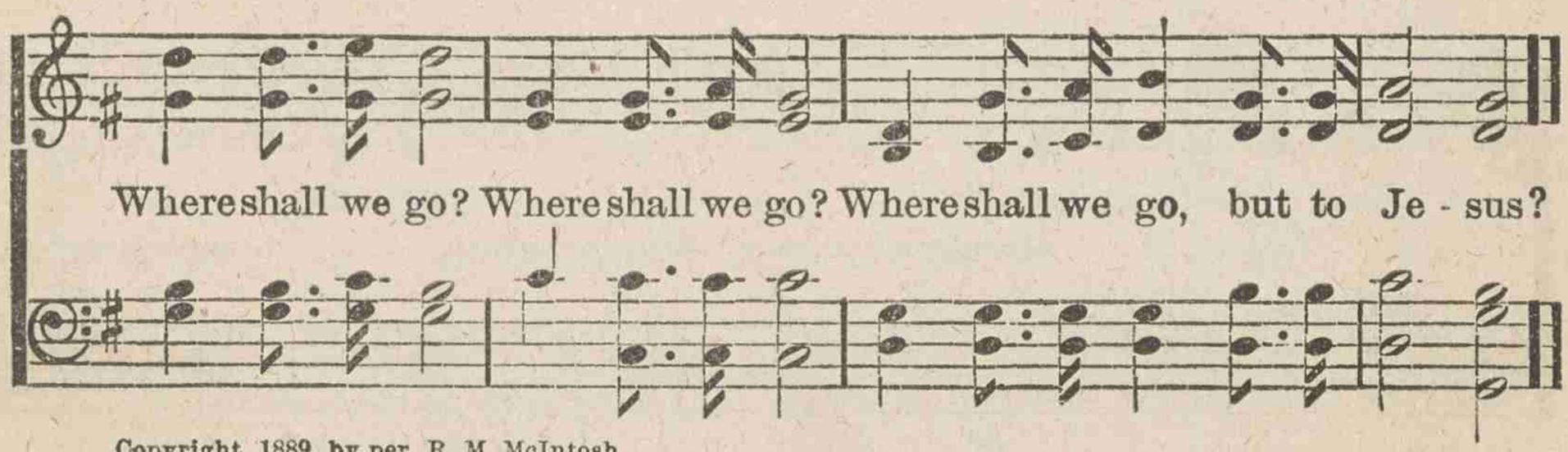


Where shall we flee from the tem-pest, But to him for shel-ter and for rest?
Who can give strength in our weakness, But the Sav-iour of this dy-ing world?
Who, but the Saviour, can lead us To the glorious home-land of the soul?

CHORUS.



Where shall we go? Where shall we go? Where shall we go, but to Je - sus?



Where shall we go? Where shall we go? Where shall we go, but to Je - sus?

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No. 85. JOYOUSLY ON.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Marching on, an army, strong and grand, Marching on, to Canaan's happy land;
2 Marching on, thro' sun-ny days of youth, Loyal ev-er to the Gospel truth;
3 Marching on, thro' dust and burning heat, Marching often-times with weary feet;

By Je-ho-vah we are led a-long, Safe-ly to the land of joy and song,
Tempted oft-en as we onward go, Yielding nev-er to the wi-ly foe,
Strife and tri-als oft be-set our way, Yet we boldly march, make no delay,

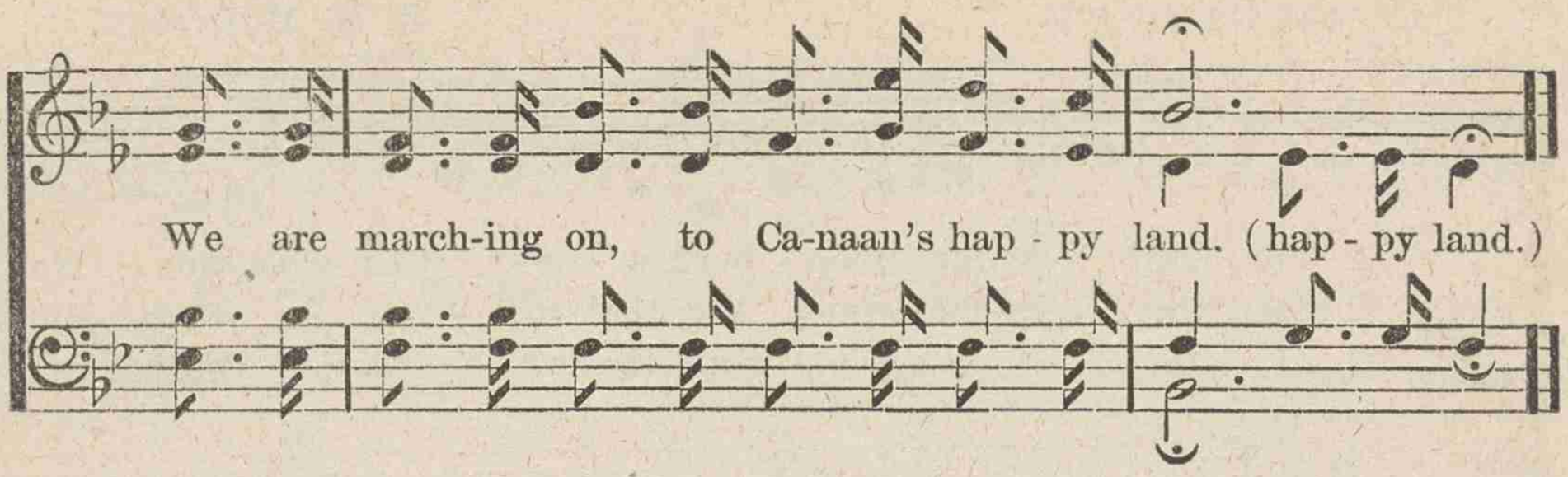
Happy, free as birds upon the wing, Marching homeward with the mighty King.
With our banners flashing 'gainst the sky, Marching to the promised land on high.
Cheer-ful-ly our tri-als we will bear, For we know that joy a-waits us there.

CHORUS.

On, joy-ous-ly on! We are march-ing on, an
Marching on, marching on,
arm-y strong and grand; On, joy-ous-ly on!
Strong and grand; Marching on! marching on,

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JOYOUSLY ON. Concluded.



No. 86. RICHMOND. S. M. Double.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.







No. 87 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

FANNIE CHADWICK. R. M. McINTOSH.

SOLO.



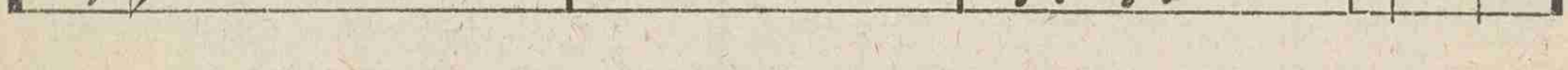
1 The Lord is my Shep - herd, a - way then with care, No
2 He nev - er for - sakes me, tho' oft - en I stray, But
3 I know I must pass thro' the val - ley of death, But

ACCOMP.

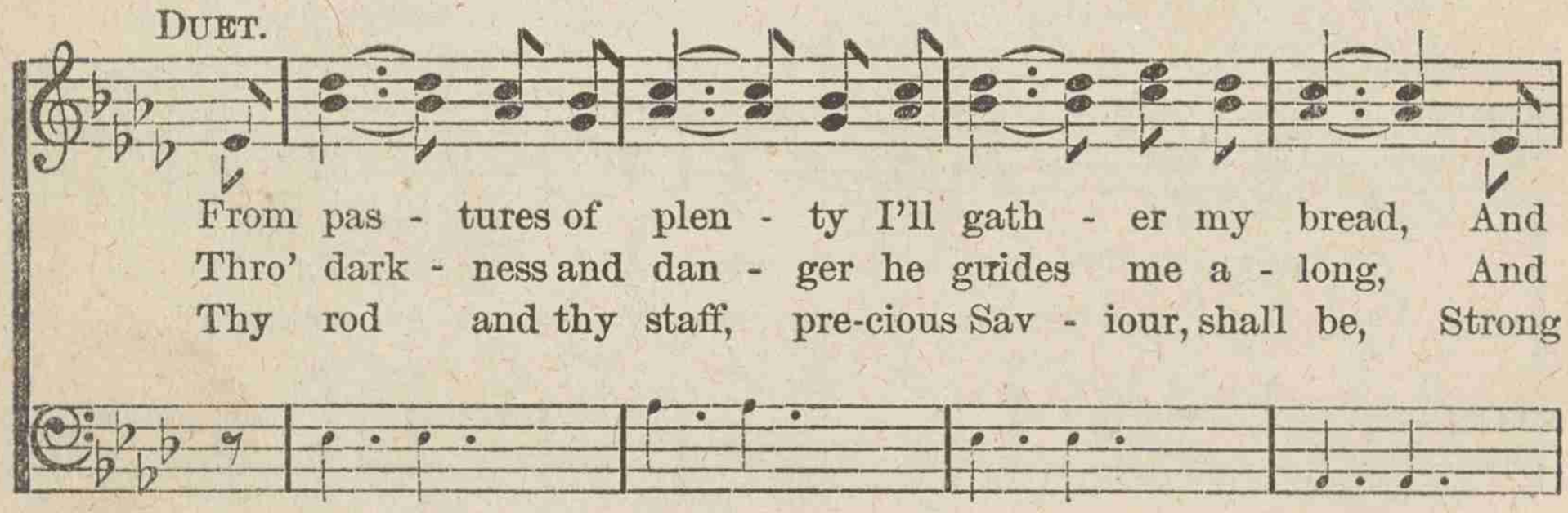




want shall I know while his mer - cy I share;
gent - ly re - claims me when tempt - ed a - way;
he will go with me, "Fear noth - ing," he saith;



DUET.



From pas - tures of plen - ty I'll gath - er my bread, And
Thro' dark - ness and dan - ger he gurides me a - long, And
Thy rod and thy staff, pre-cious Sav - iour, shall be, Strong



by the still wa - - ters, my feet shall be led.
though I am fee - - ble, my Shep - herd is strong
help, and swift com - - fort, for - ev - - er, for me.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 88. WHO, AMONG THE MIGHTY?

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Mes- si - ah comes, the mighty Sav-iour! Of all the kings he's King!
2 Then hail with joy the great De- liv- 'rer, The might-y Prince of Peace!
3 Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, tribe and na-tion, That's ransomed from the fall.

Let earth re-joice and give him hon - or, And loud his prais- es ring.
The night of sin a - way is pass-ing, And strife on earth must cease.
Raise high the song of a - dor - a - tion, And crown him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Who, ... a- mong the might - y, Who, ... a-
Who, among the mighty, Shall be likened unto him? Who, among the mighty,

- mong the might - - y, Who . . . . . a - mong the
Shall be lik-ened un- to him? Who, among the might-y, Shall be

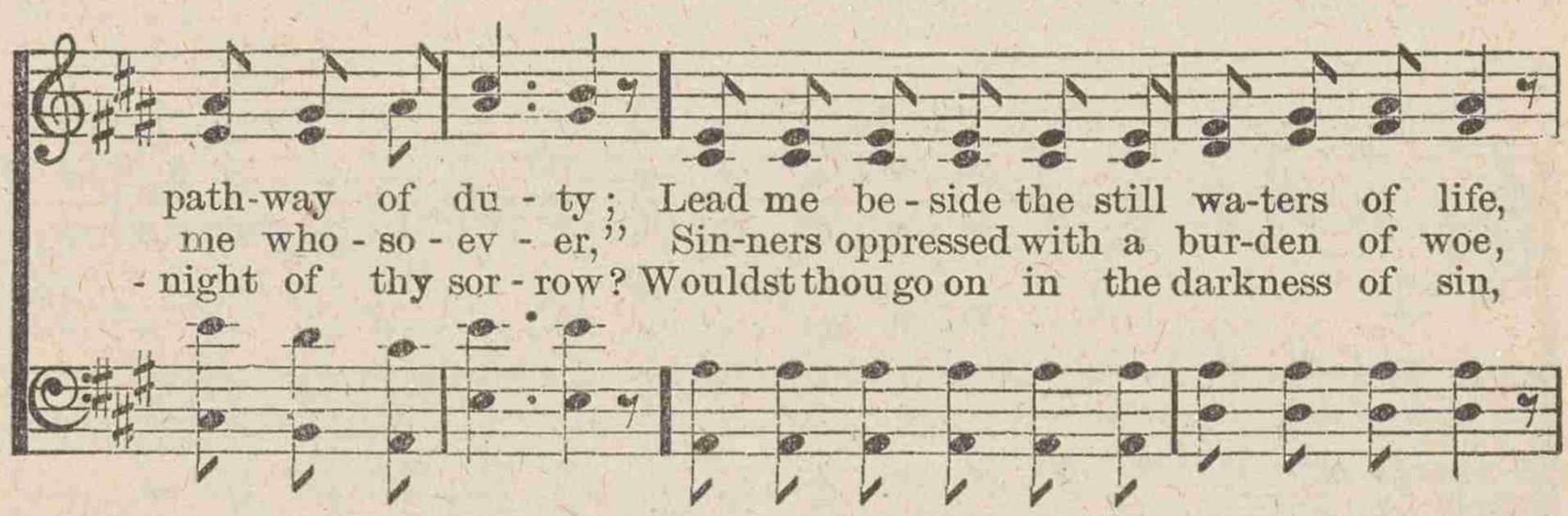
might - - y, Shall be likened, shall be likened un - to him?
likened un-to him? un- to him?

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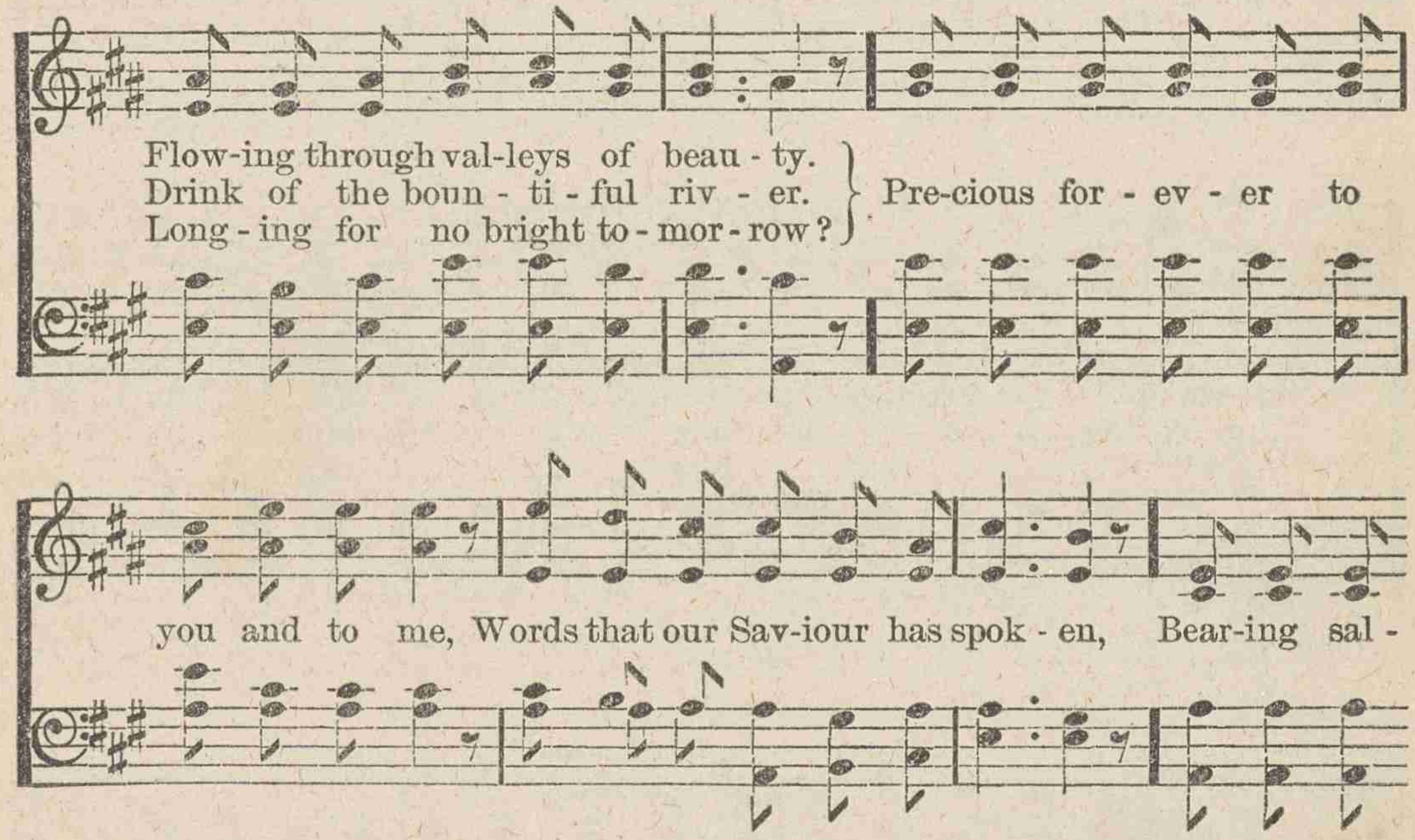
No. 89 PRECIOUS WORDS.

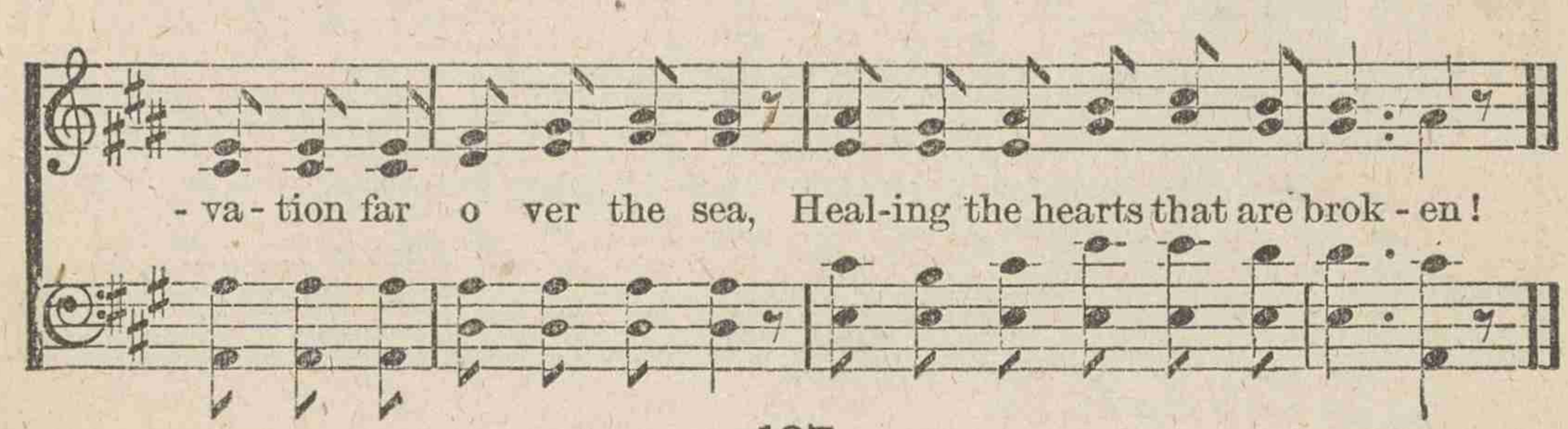
Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.





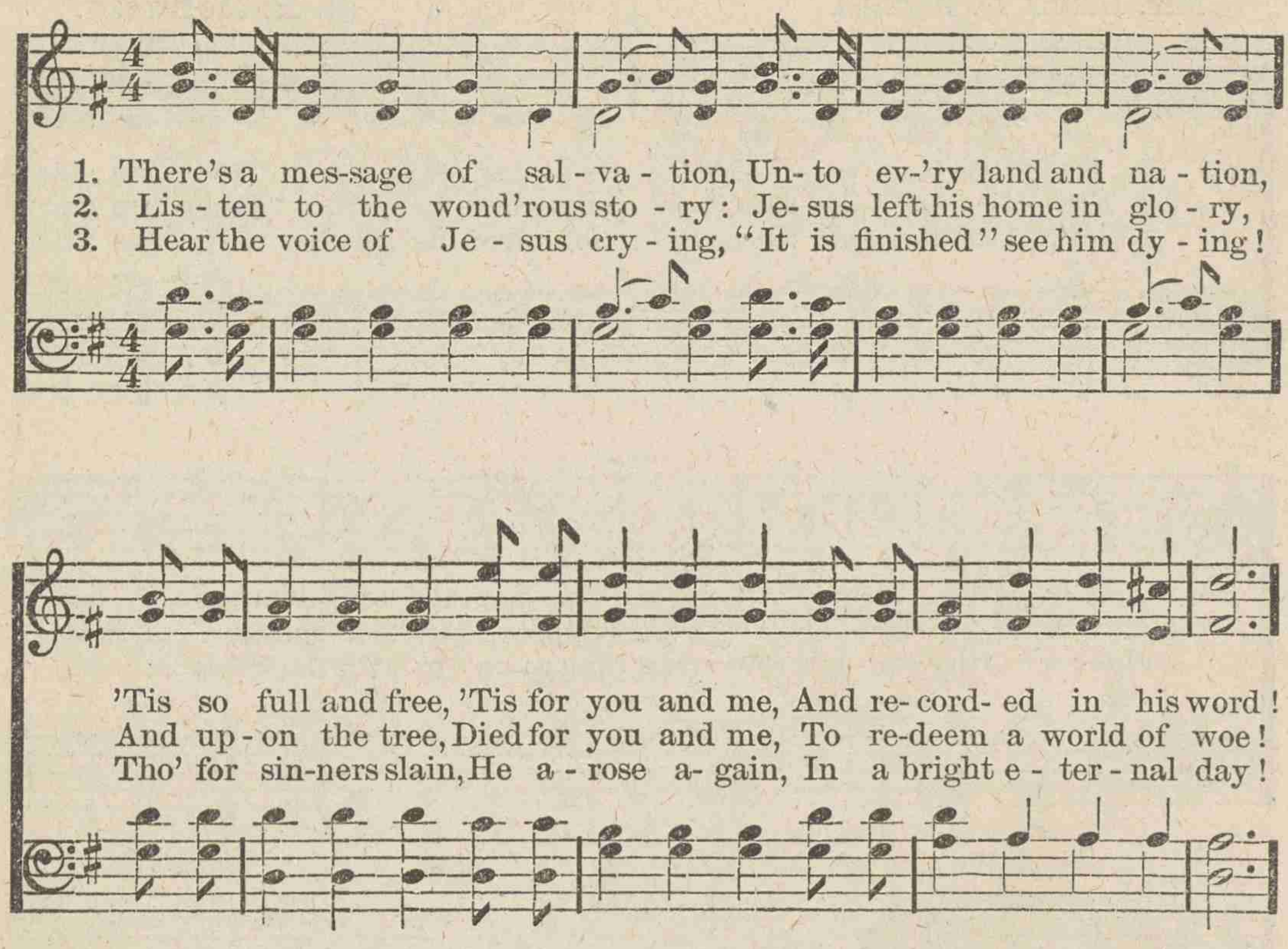
Refrain.





No. 90. THE MESSAGE OF SALVATION.

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

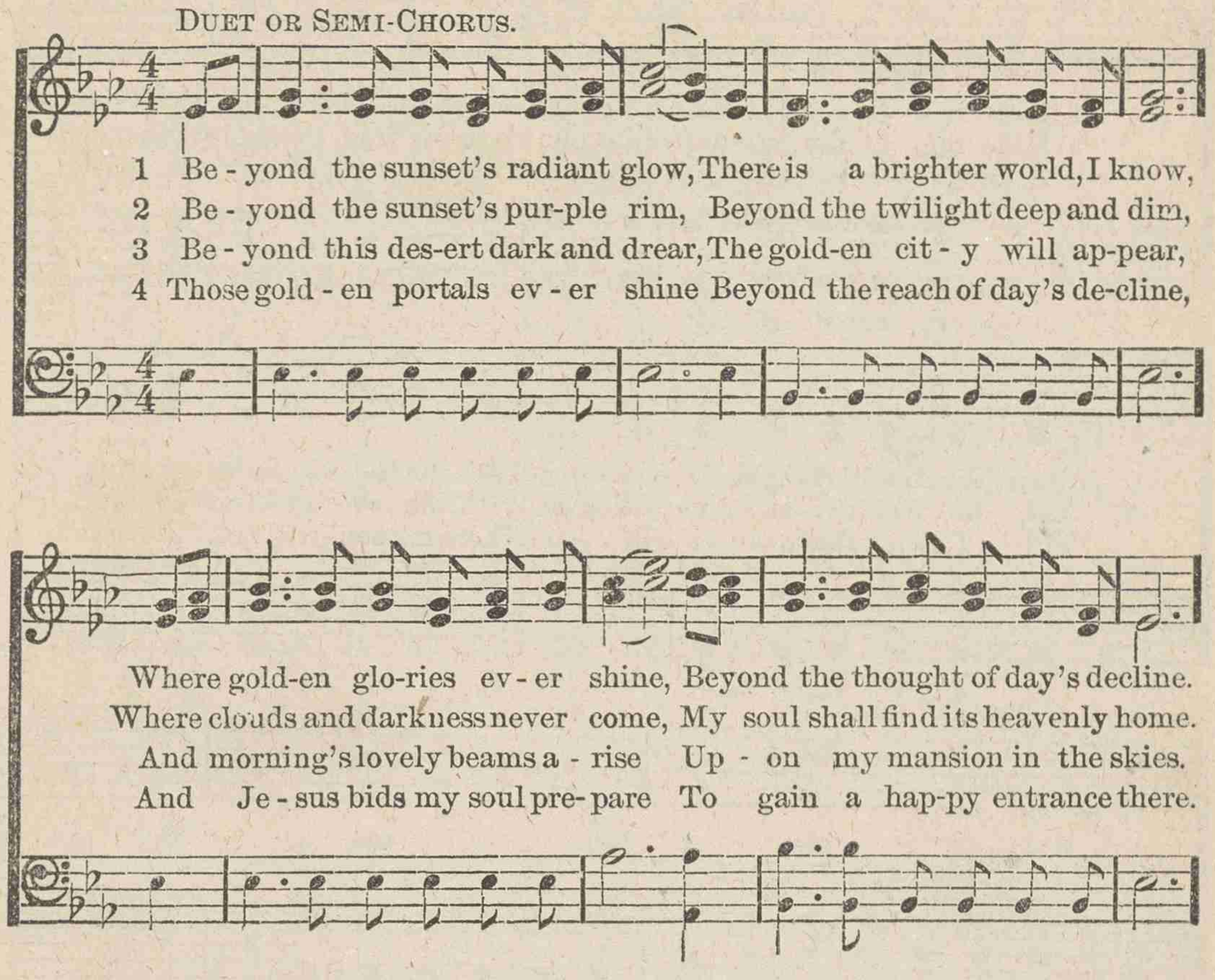


Copyright, 1889, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 91 BEYOND THE SUNSET.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS, by per.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



FULL CHORUS.



No. 92. HIDE ME SAVIOUR.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me, 'Neath the shadow of thy wing;
2 Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me, Save me from the tempter's pow'r,
3 Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide me, Till the night of earth is past,

When the tempest high is rag - ing, Let me there in safe - ty cling.
Let me feel thy se - cret pres-ence, With me ev - 'ry bless - ed hour.
Till I reach that qui - et Ha - ven, Where my soul will rest at last.

CHORUS.

Hide me, hide me, O my
Hide me, O my Saviour, Hide me, O my Saviour; O
bless-ed Sav - iour, hide me, Hide me,
my bless-ed Saviour, hide me, Hide me, O my Saviour,
hide me, 'Neath the shadow of thy wing, (of thy wing.)
Hide me O my Saviour,

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No. 93 THE NARROW WAY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1 The way to Heav'n is nar - row, And its bless - ed entrance strait,
2 The sun-beams of the morning Make the nar - row path so fair,
3 They do not great - ly trem-ble, When the shad - ows, night fore - tell;
4 They know it leads to heav - en, With its bright and o - pen gates,

But how safe the lit - tle pil-grims, Who get with - in the gate.
And these ear - ly lit - tle pil-grims Find dew - y blessings there.
For these ear - ly lit - tle pil-grims Have tried the path so well.
Where for hap - py lit - tle pil-grims A Sav-iour's wel-come waits.

CHORUS.

We will take the nar-row way, We will take the narrow way, We will

take the nar - row way, We will take the nar-row way,
the nar-row way.

We will take the nar - row way, We will take the nar - row way.

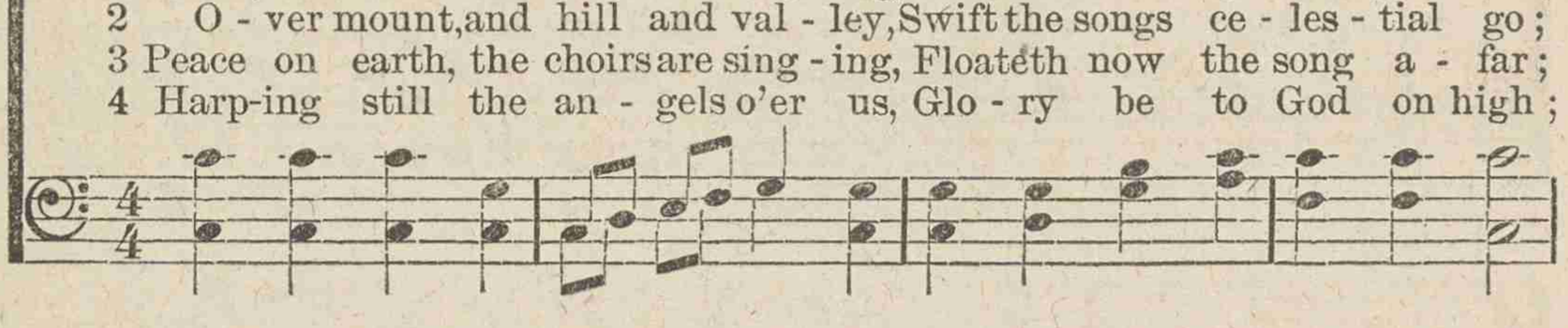
By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 94. CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Frank M. Davis.



1 Hark, the Christmas bells are ring - ing, On the star - ry midnight calm;
2 O - ver mount, and hill and val - ley, Swift the songs ce - les - tial go;
3 Peace on earth, the choirs are sing - ing, Floateth now the song a - far;
4 Harp-ing still the an - gels o'er us, Glo - ry be to God on high;



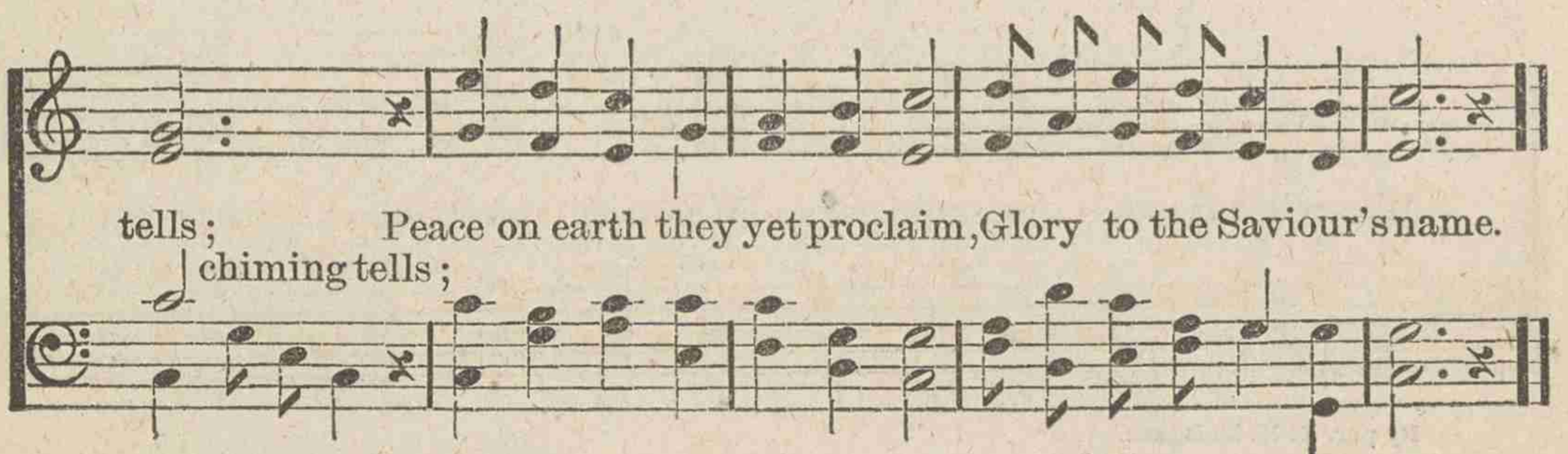
And the an - gels choirs are sing - ing Hear the glad tri-umph-ant psalm.
Now with quick ex - ult - ant measure, Now a - gain they whis-per low.
And the air with joy is ring- ing, While with brightness shines the star.
Sweet-ly now we join the cho - rus, Ring - ing thro' the a - zure sky.



Chorus.



Christ - mas bells, glad Christ - mas bells, Birth of Christ their chiming
Hark, the Christmas bells are ringing, Christmas, Christmas bells;



tells; Peace on earth they yet proclaim, Glory to the Saviour's name.
chiming tells;

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No. 95 RALLYING SONG.

KATE CAMERON. R. M. MCINTOSH.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 96. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

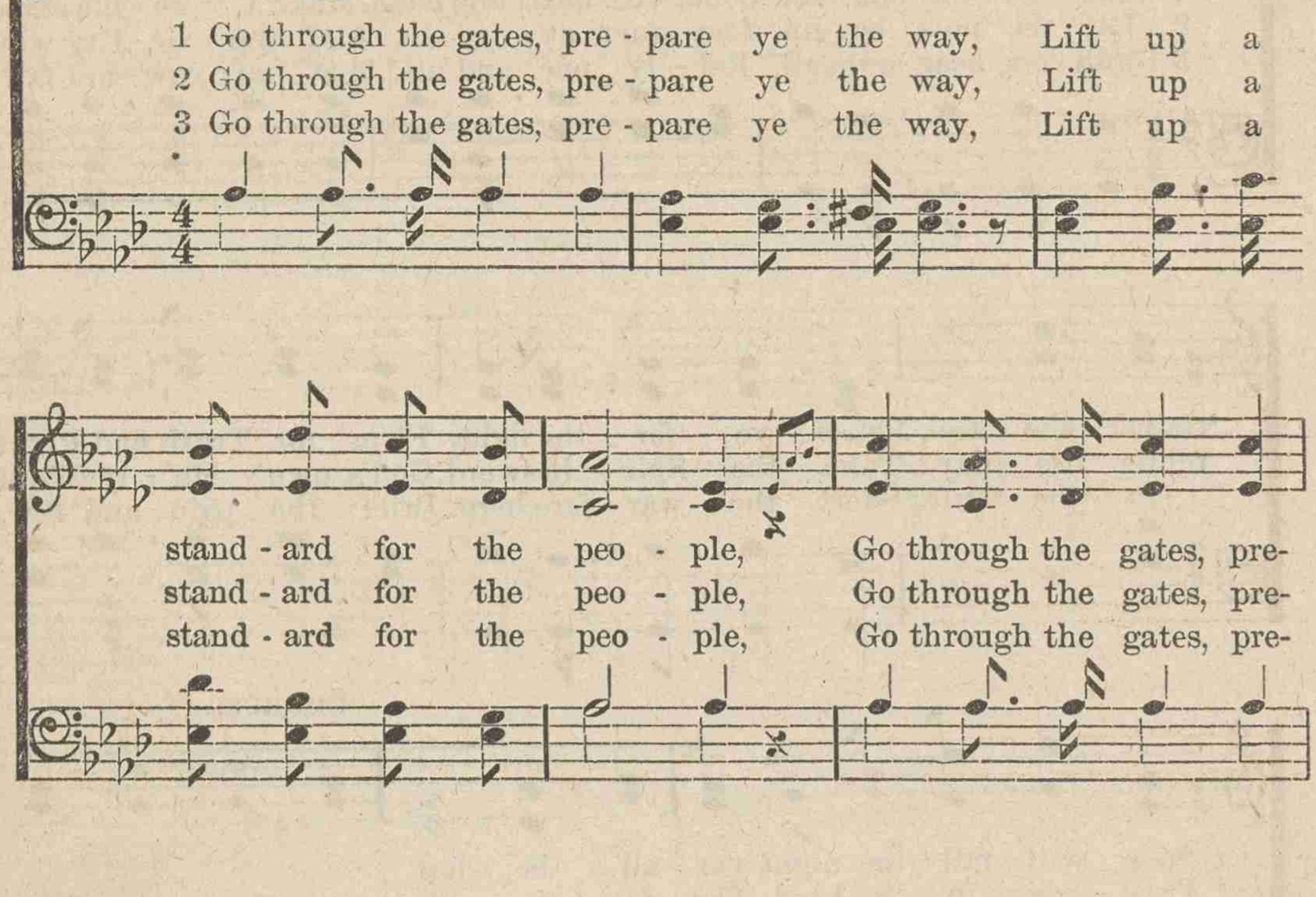
W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

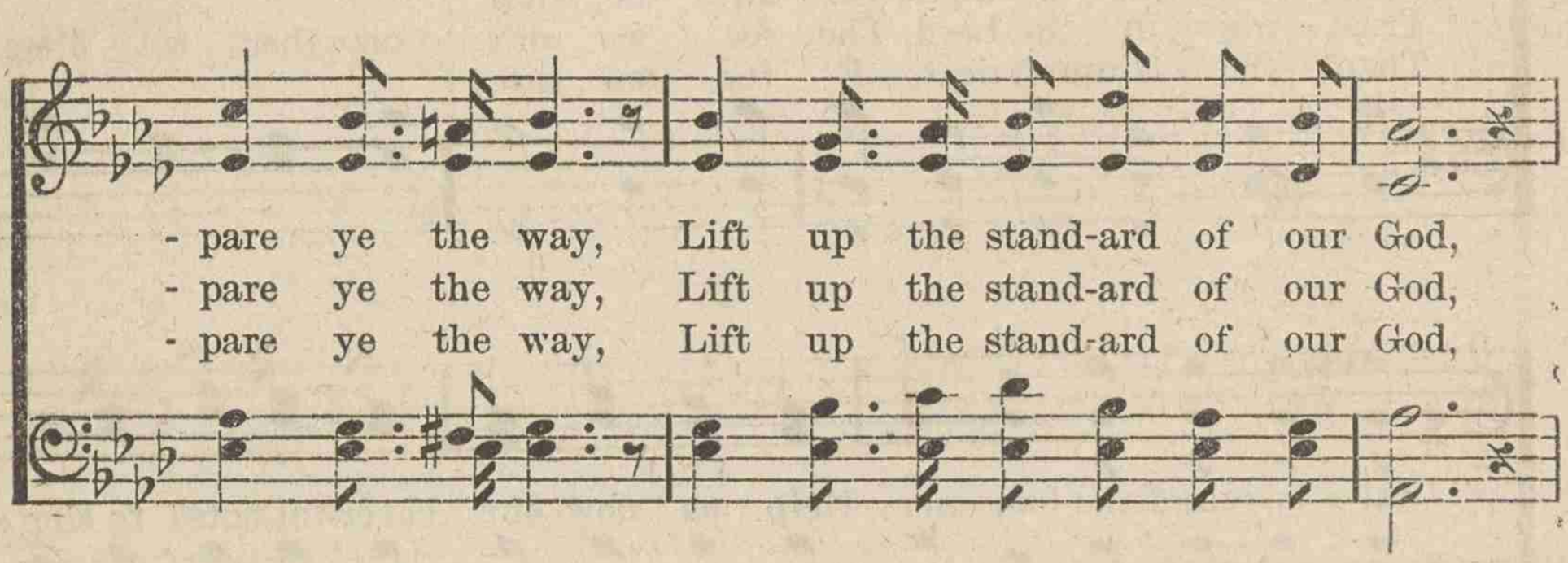
Spirited.



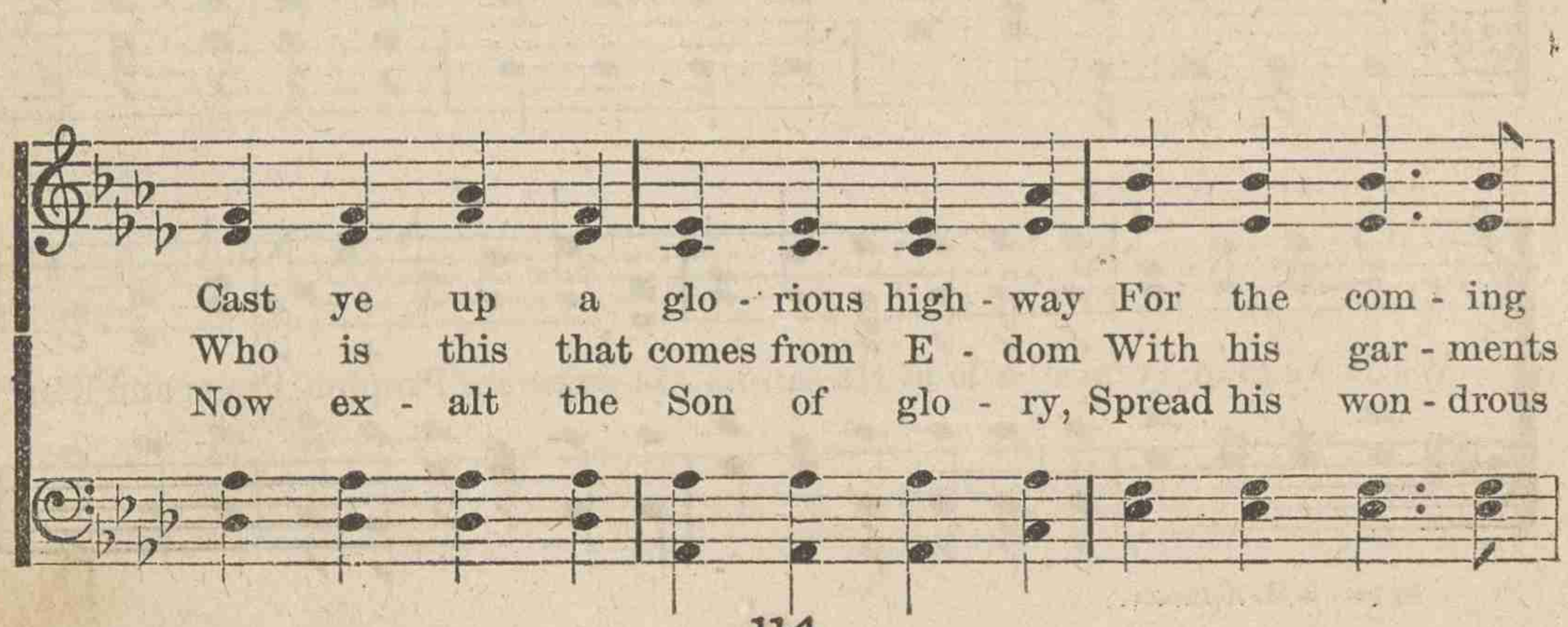
1 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a
2 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a
3 Go through the gates, pre - pare ye the way, Lift up a



stand - ard for the peo - ple, Go through the gates, pre-
stand - ard for the peo - ple, Go through the gates, pre-
stand - ard for the peo - ple, Go through the gates, pre-



- pare ye the way, Lift up the stand-ard of our God,
- pare ye the way, Lift up the stand-ard of our God,
- pare ye the way, Lift up the stand-ard of our God,



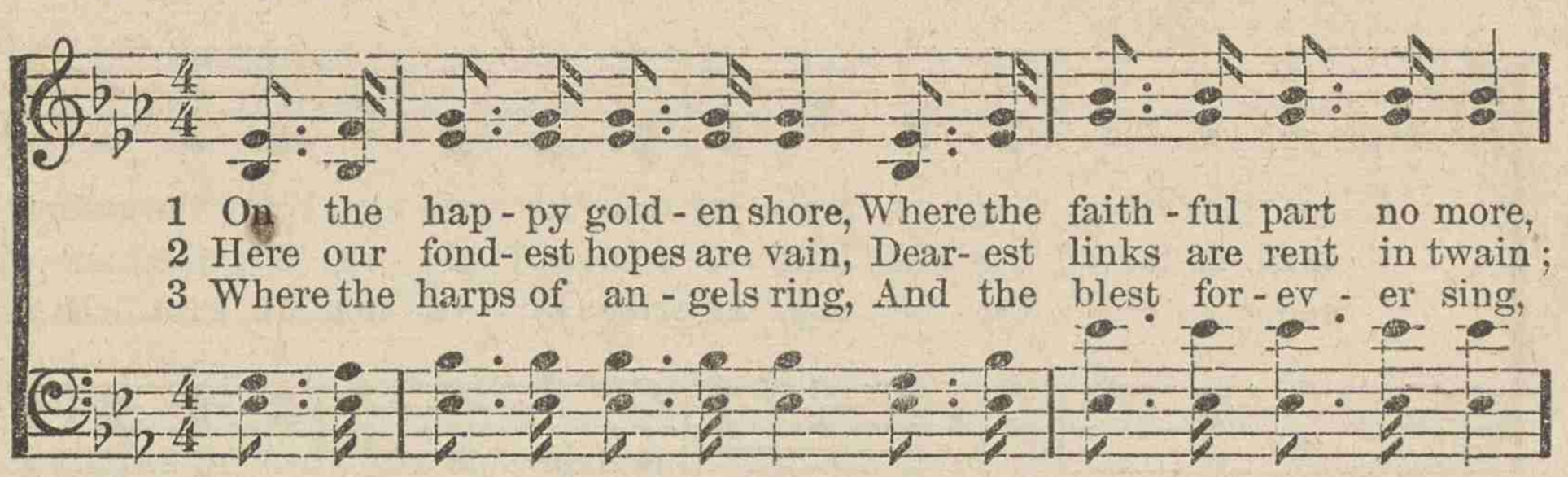
Cast ye up a glo - rious high - way For the com - ing
Who is this that comes from E - dom With his gar - ments
Now ex - alt the Son of glo - ry, Spread his won - drous

MIGHTY TO SAVE. Concluded.



No. 97 MEET ME THERE.

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







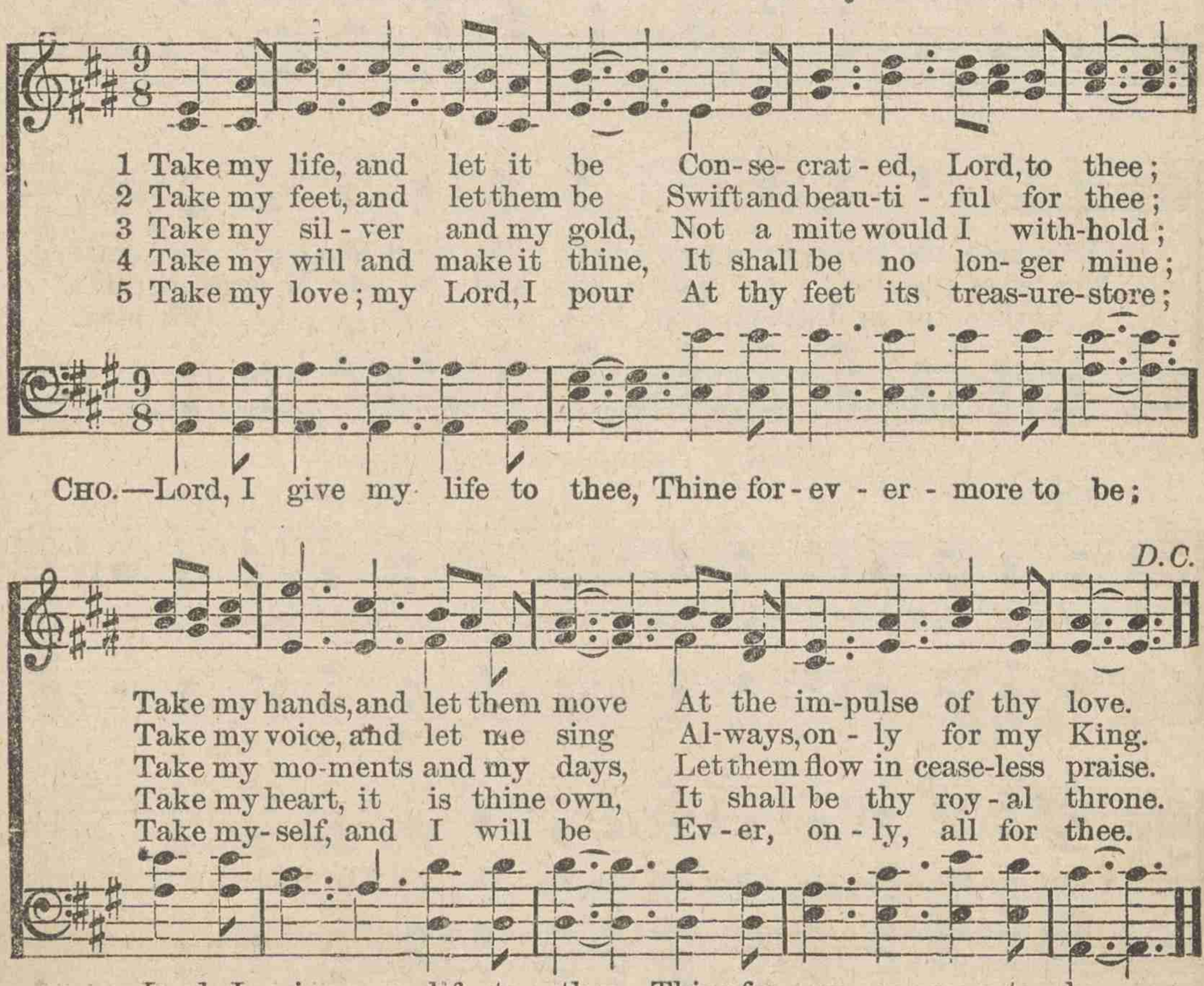
From "Songs of Joy and Gladness," by per. Copyright, 1885, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

MEET ME THERE. Concluded.



No. 98 YARBROUGH.

Miss FRANCES E. HAVERGAL. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 99. THE TEN VIRGINS.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Once, forth to meet the bride-groom, At night ten vir - gins went;
2 Then all the fool - ish vir - gins Their need be - gan to tell;
3 Lord, Lord, un - to us o - pen, The fool - ish vir - gins cried,

Five lamps were trimm'd for burn - ing, In five the oil was spent,
And all the wise ones an - swered, Go ye to them that sell,
I know ye not, un - to them, The bridegroom's voice re - plied,

And while they slept and slum- bered, At mid-night rose the shout,
The fool - ish vir - gins has - tened, In dark-ness, fear, and shame,
O Chris-tians, learn the les - son, Your lamps be wise and trim,

Be - hold the bridegroom com - eth, To meet him go ye out.
The wise ones read - y wait - ed, And lo! the bridegroom came!
And when the bridegroom com - eth, Go glad - ly in with him.

CHORUS.

Watch ye, therefore, watch I say, Watch ye, therefore watch and pray; Ye

know not the hour, ye know not the day The Son of man may come.

By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 100. THE JOYFUL PROCLAMATION.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Send the joy - ful proc - la - ma - tion O'er the mountains, o'er the waves;
2 Send the mes - sage to the dy - ing, He who life e - ter - nal craves,
3 Send the mes - sage o'er the wa - ters, Let it ech - o thro' the caves,

Shout it to the dis - tant na - tions, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.
Bid him look in faith to Je - sus, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.
Joy - ful news to those in dark-ness, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings, Bless - ed
Bless - ed tid - ings, bless - ed tid - ings,

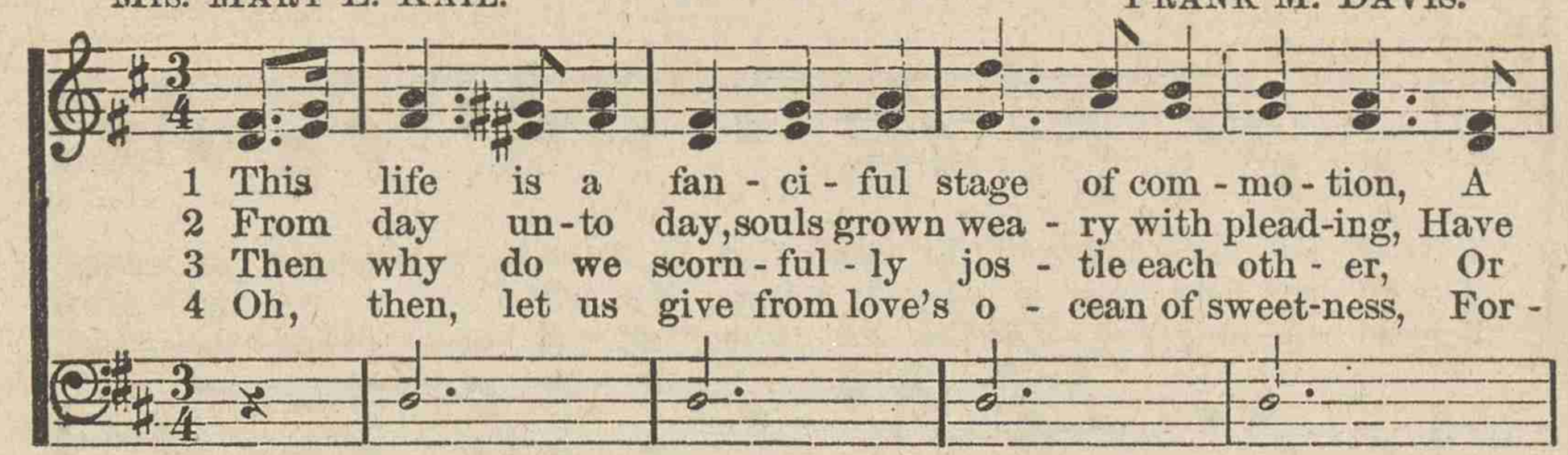
tid - - ings Je - sus saves; Bless-ed tid - ings, bless-ed
Bless - ed tid - ings Bless-ed tidings,

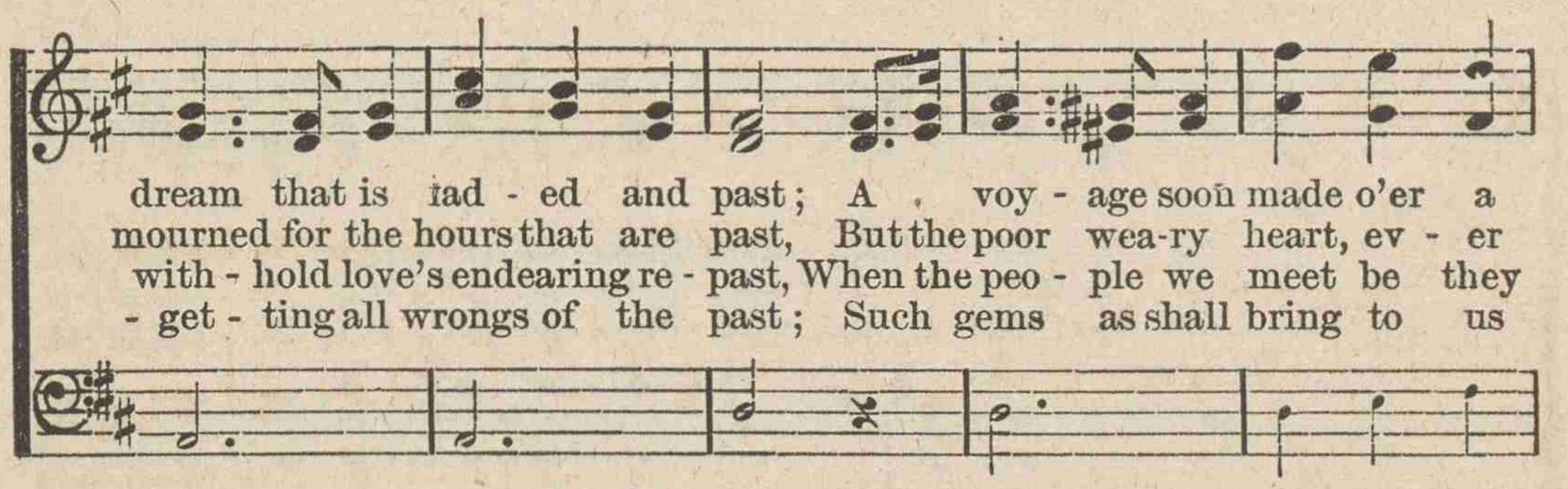
tid - ings, Bless-ed tid - - ings Je - sus saves.
bless - ed tid - ings, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.

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No. 101. We Silently Slumber at Last.

MRS. MARY E. KAIL. DUET AND CHORUS. FRANK M. DAVIS.











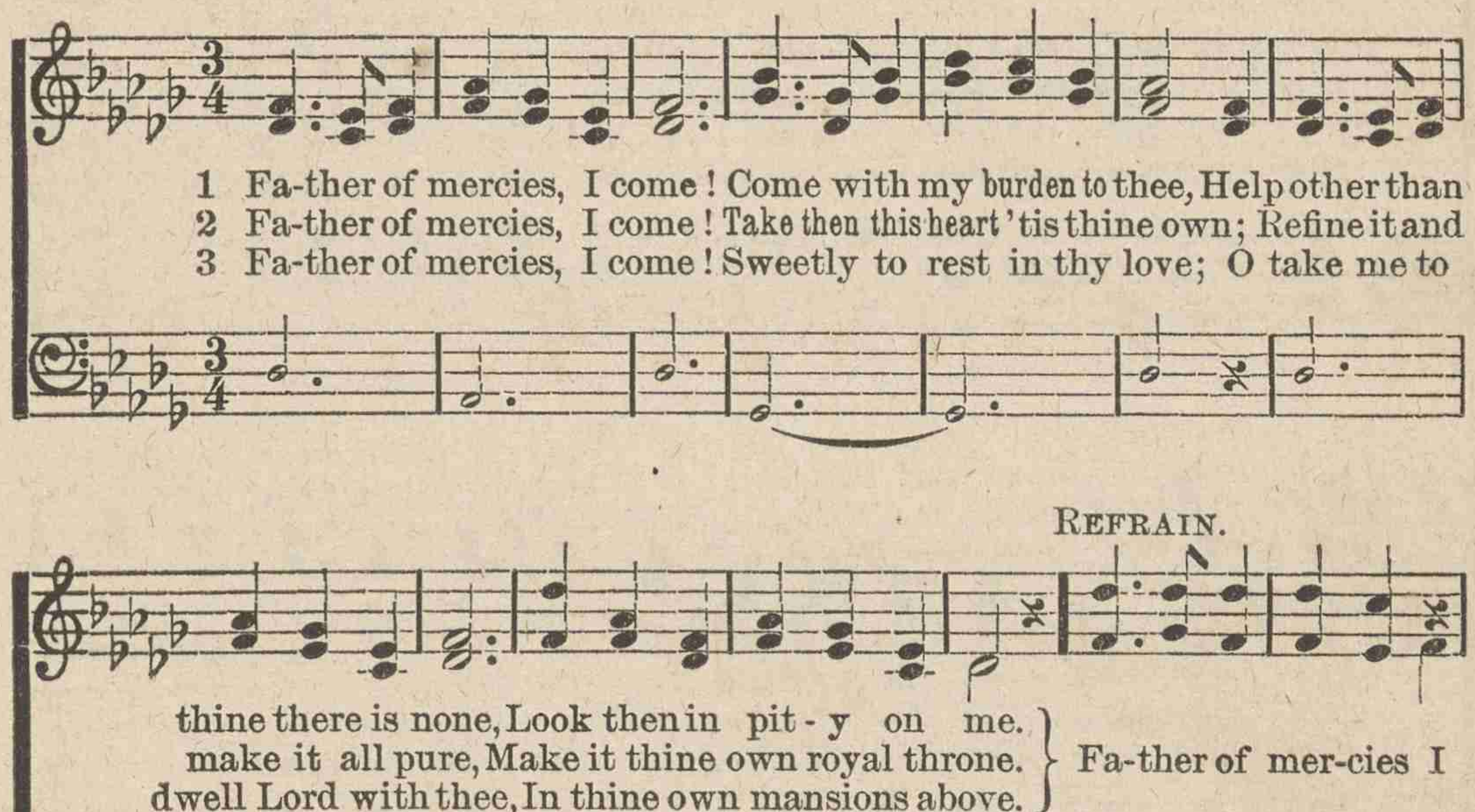
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We Silently Slumber at Last. Concluded.



No. 102. FATHER OF MERCIES.

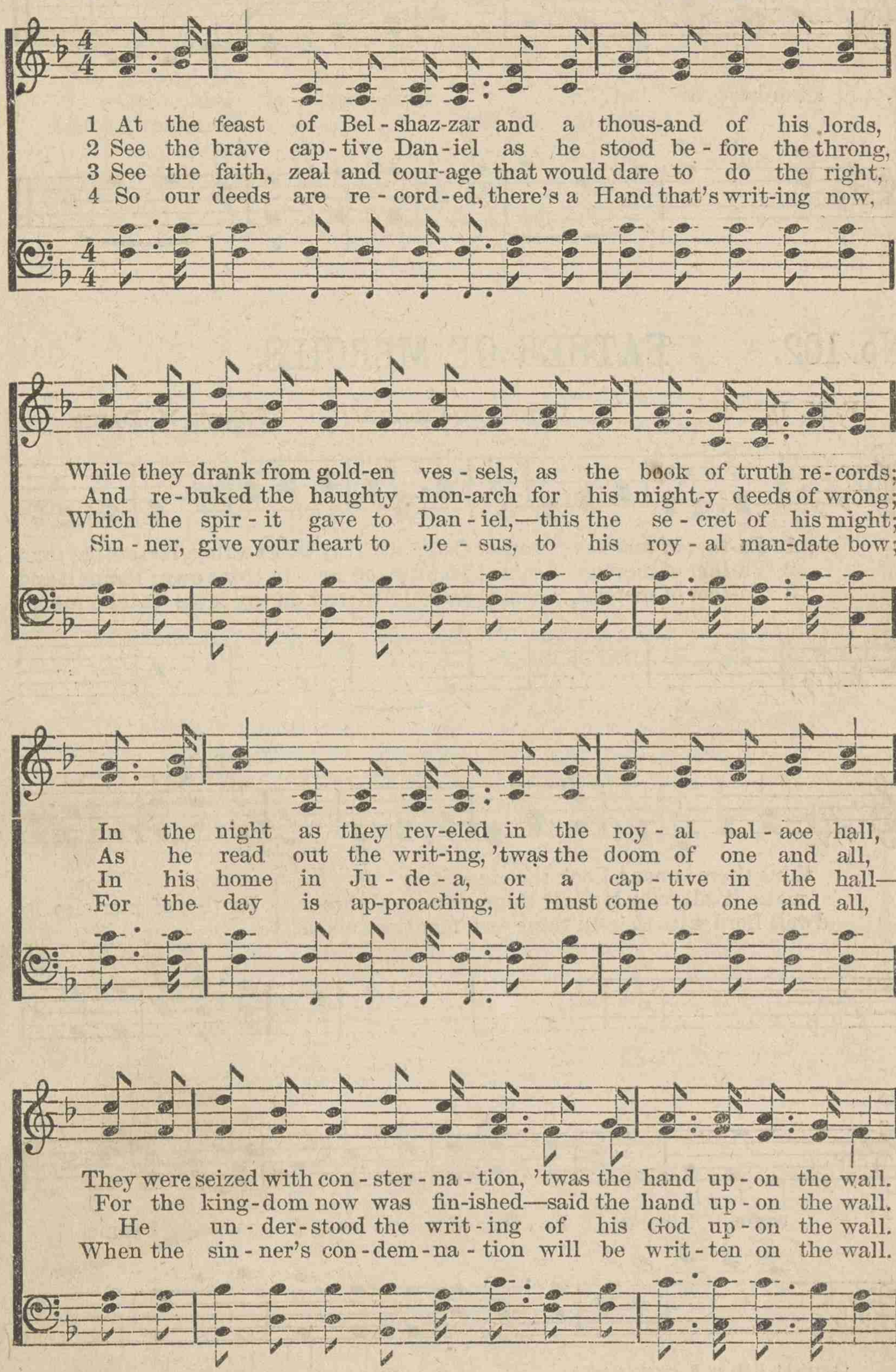
F. M. D. DUET AND CHORUS. FRANK M. DAVIS.



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No. 103 HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

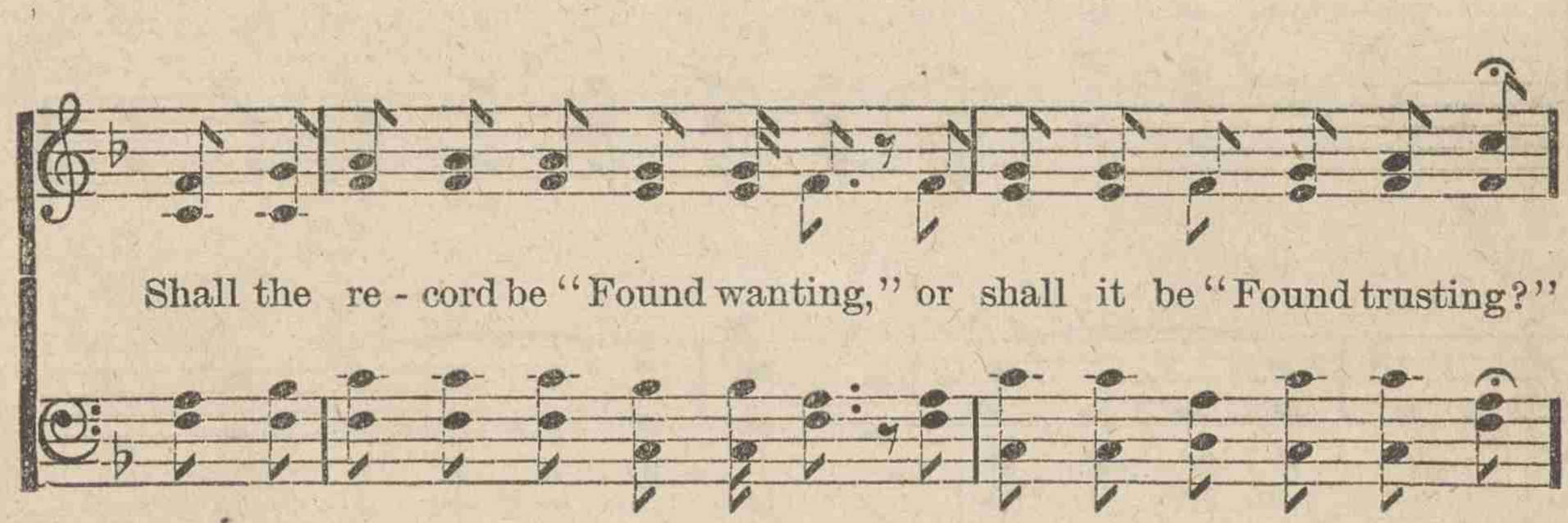
K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.



By permission of Mrs. Knowles Shaw, Hannibal, Mo.

HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.







No. 104. O, LEAD ME TO JESUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 O, lead me to Je - sus, I'm tired of my sin, I'm wea - ry of fight- ing po - lu - tion with - in; In mer - cy, now lead me where I may find peace, And where all my sor - rows shall cease.
2 O, lead me to Je - sus, I know he is love; To save err - ing chil- dren, he came from a - bove; He sure - ly will heal me and par - don my sin, Will com - fort my long - ing with - in.
3 O, lead me to Je - sus, O, show me the way, My soul in its blind-ness has wan-dered a - stray; Then take me to Je - sus, so pre - cious as he, The Sav - iour who suf - fered for me.

CHORUS.

O, lead . . . . . me to Je - - - - sus, my Sav - - - - iour and King; O, lead . . . . . me to Sav-iour, my Sav- iour and King; O, lead me, yes, lead me to O, lead me, yes, lead me to Je - sus, to Je - sus my Sav-iour, my Sav- iour and King; O, lead me, yes, lead me to

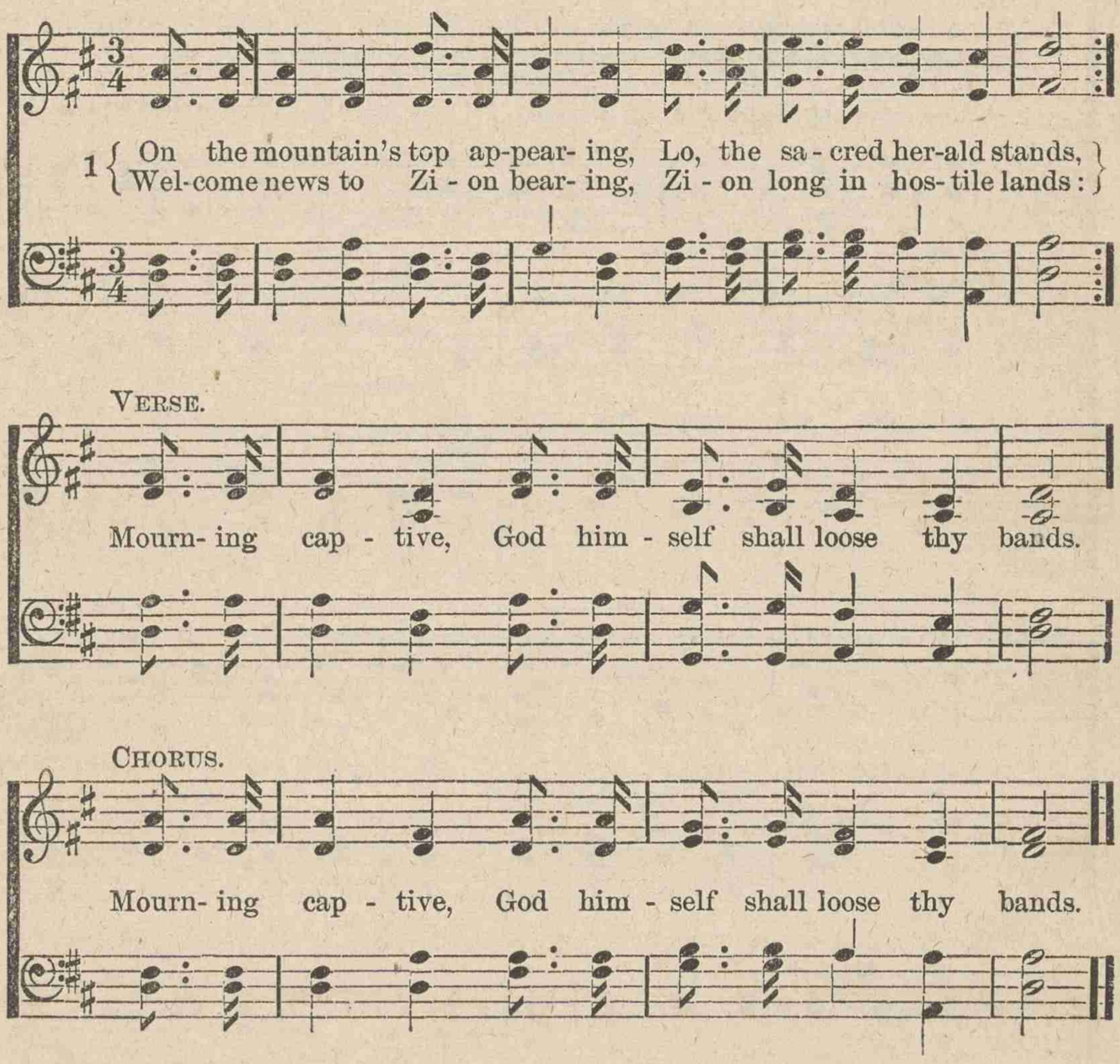
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O, LEAD ME TO JESUS. Concluded.



No. 105. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

No. 106. JESUS IS PASSING TO-DAY.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 In days of old, near Jer - i - cho, As Je - sus passed one day,
2 He hears the tramp of wea - ry feet, As mul - ti-tudes draw nigh,
3 The throng rebukes him as he cries, O, Lord, that I might see,
4 The Lord in mer - cy hears his cry, Tho' waves of tu - mult roll,

A blind man sat to gath - er alms Be - side the great high-way.
What means this great com-mo-tion friends? Tis Je - sus pass - ing by.
But loud - er still his voice rings out O, Lord, re-mem - ber me!
"Re - ceive thy sight and go in peace," "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

CHORUS.

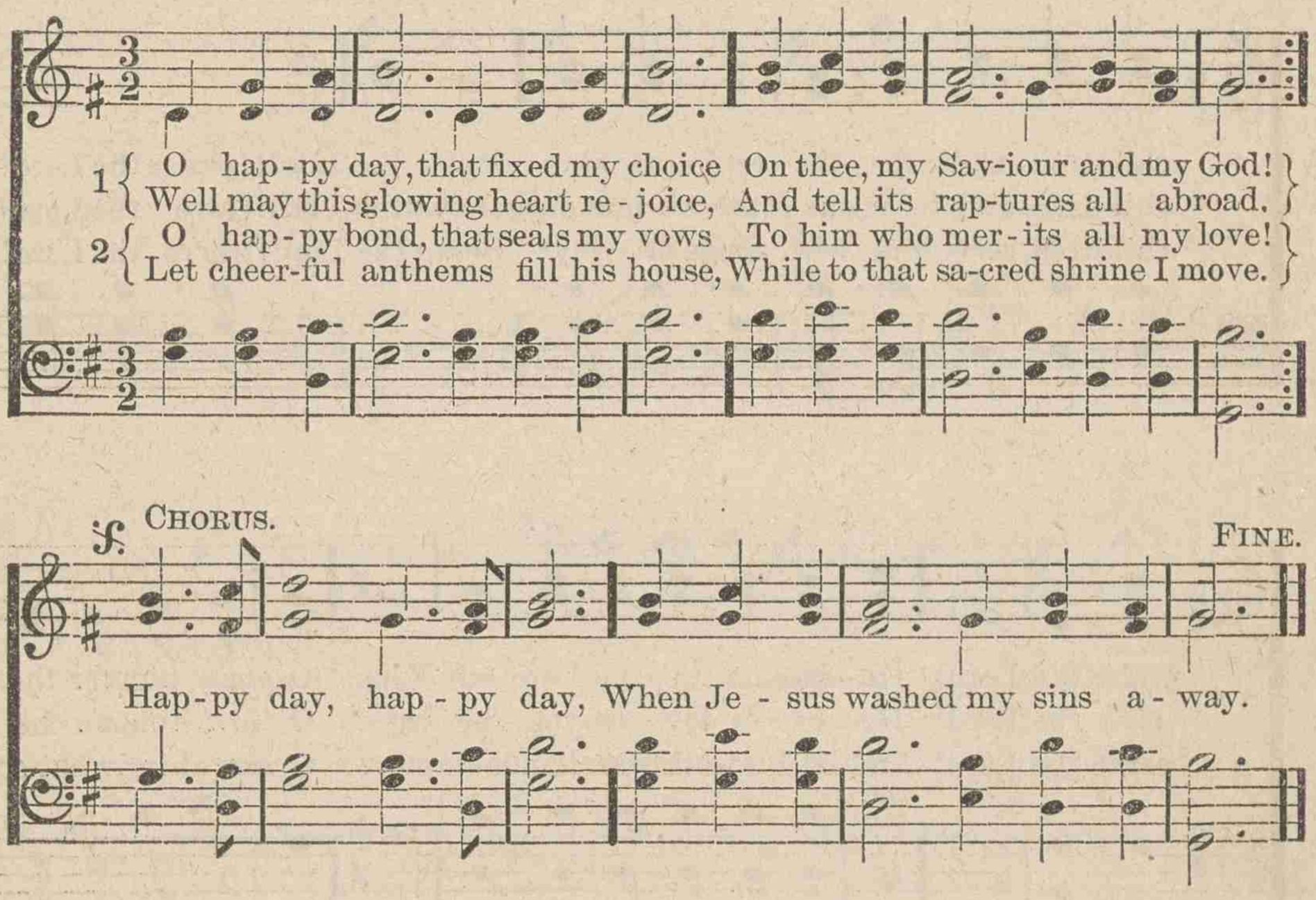
Je - sus was pass - ing that way, ... Je - sus was
Pass - ing that way,
pass - ing that way; . . . . . He's pass - ing this way, O
Pass - ing that way,
sin - ner be - lieve him, be - lieve him; He's pass - ing to - day, O

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JESUS IS PASSING TO-DAY. Concluded.



No. 107. HAPPY DAY. L. M.



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

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

No. 108 PRAISE THE LORD.

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

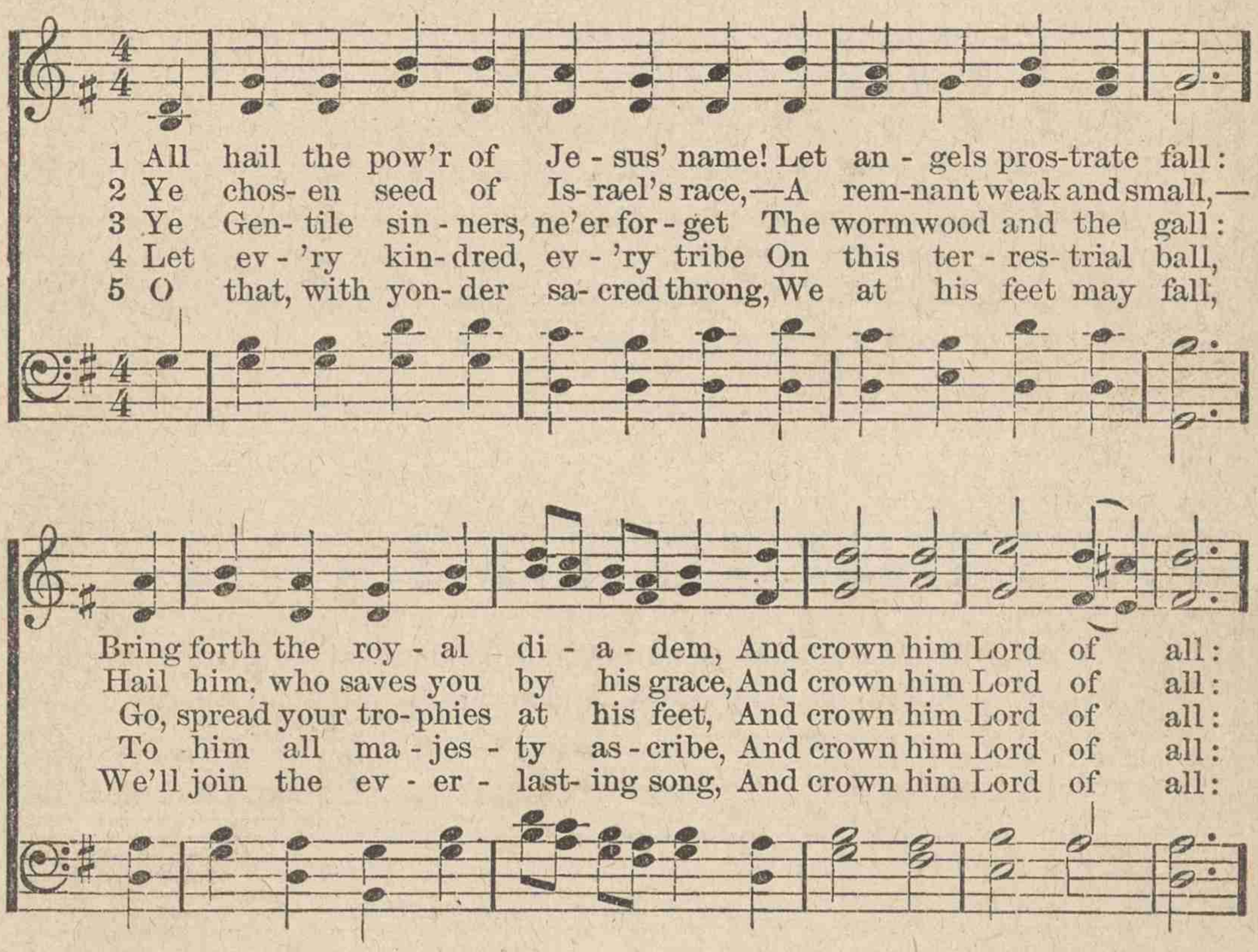


By per. R. M. McIntosh.

PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.



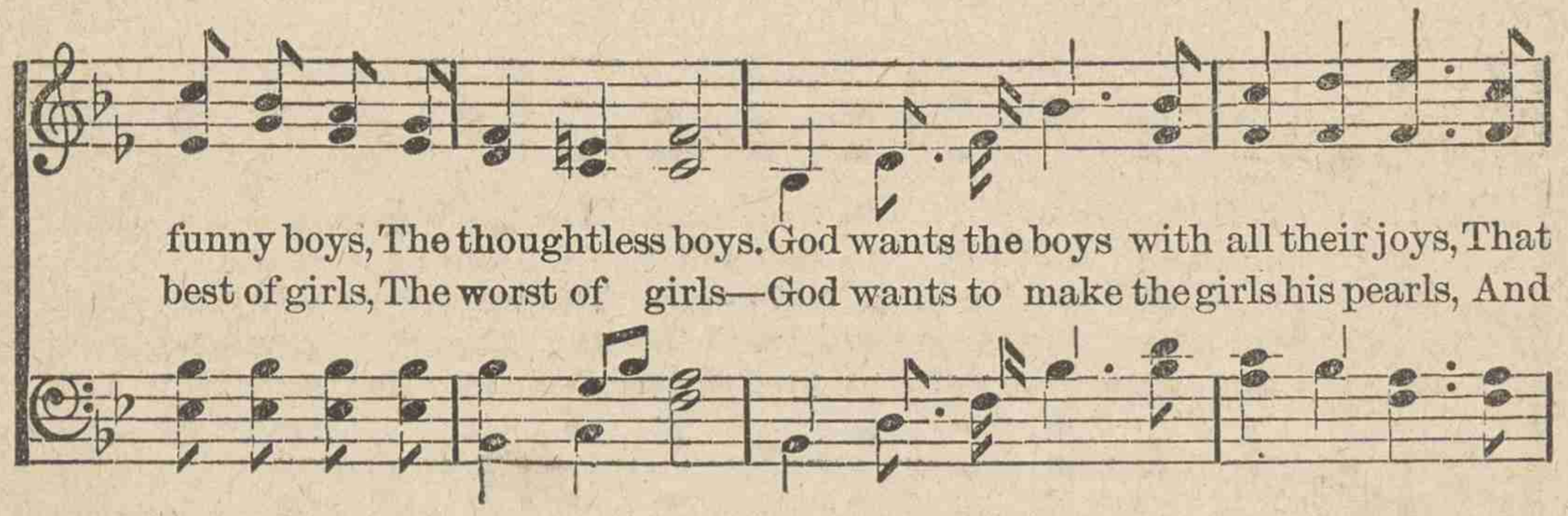
No. 109. CORONATION. C. M.

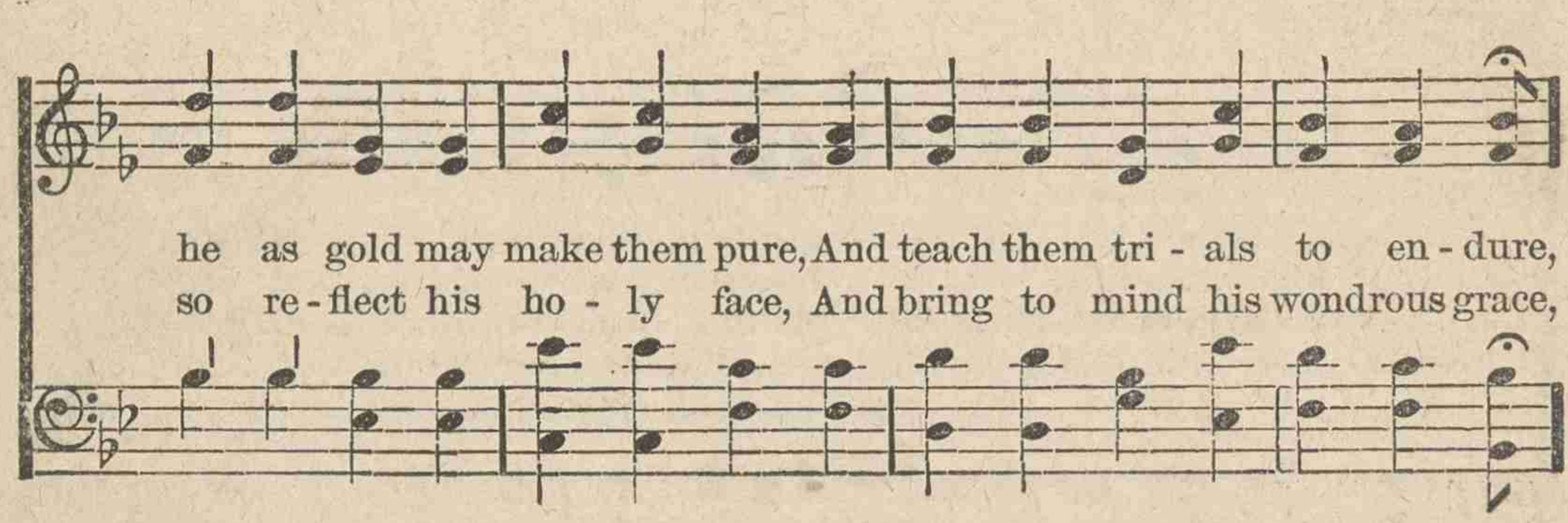


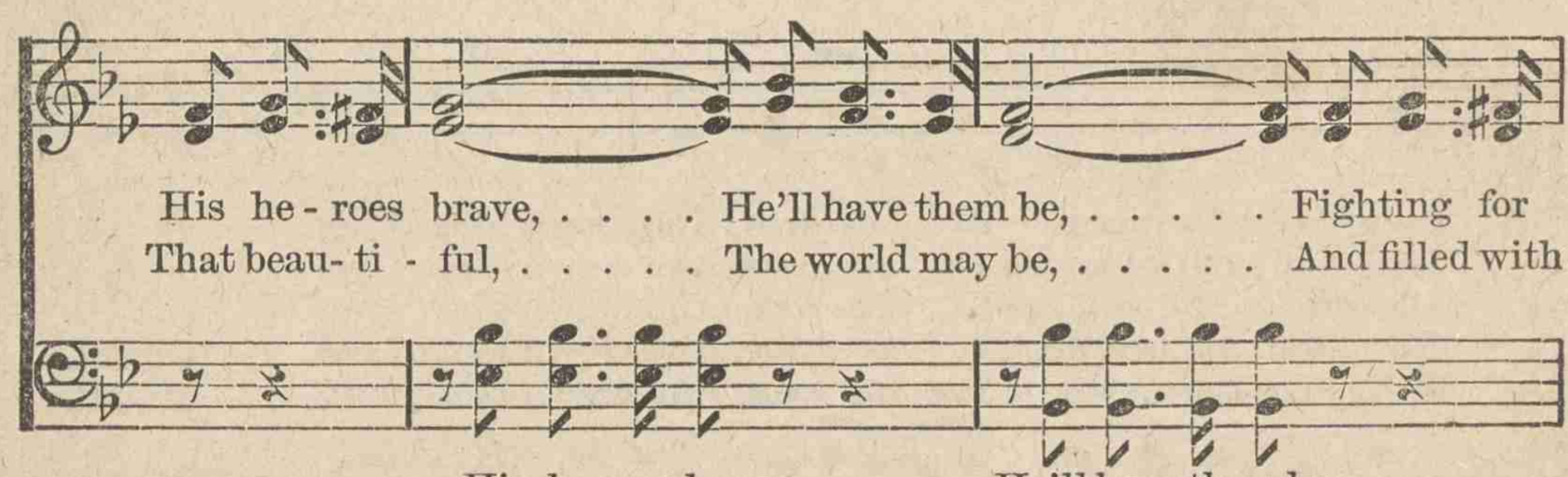
No. 110 God Wants the Boys and Girls.

Rev. J. E. KITTREDGE, Genesee, N. Y. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



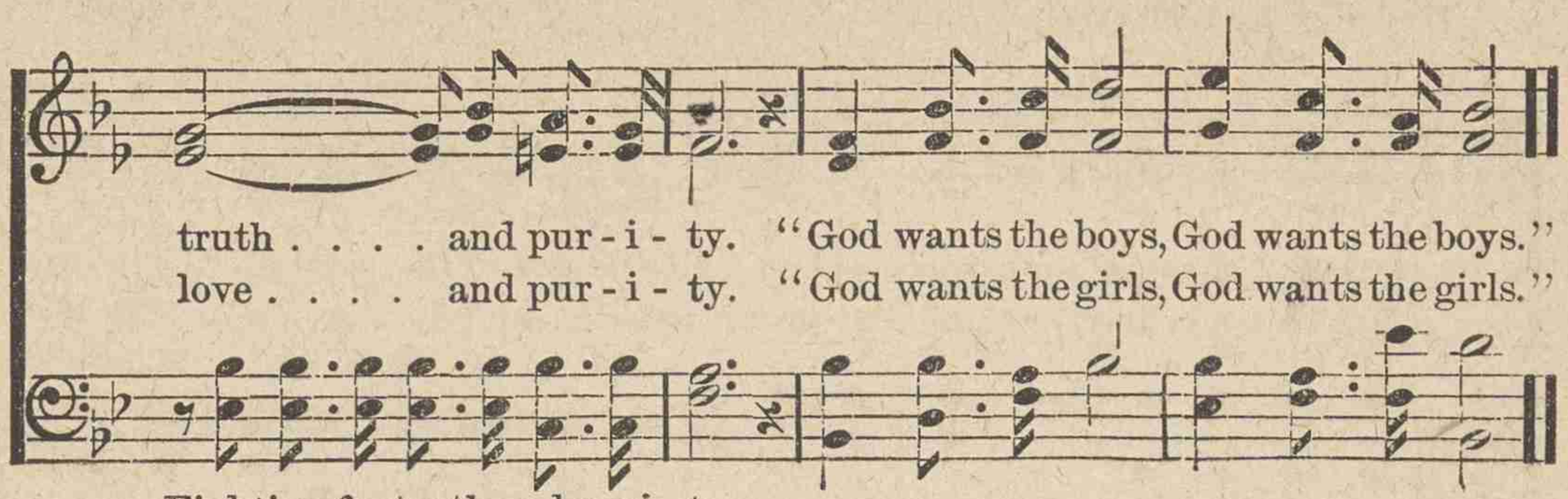






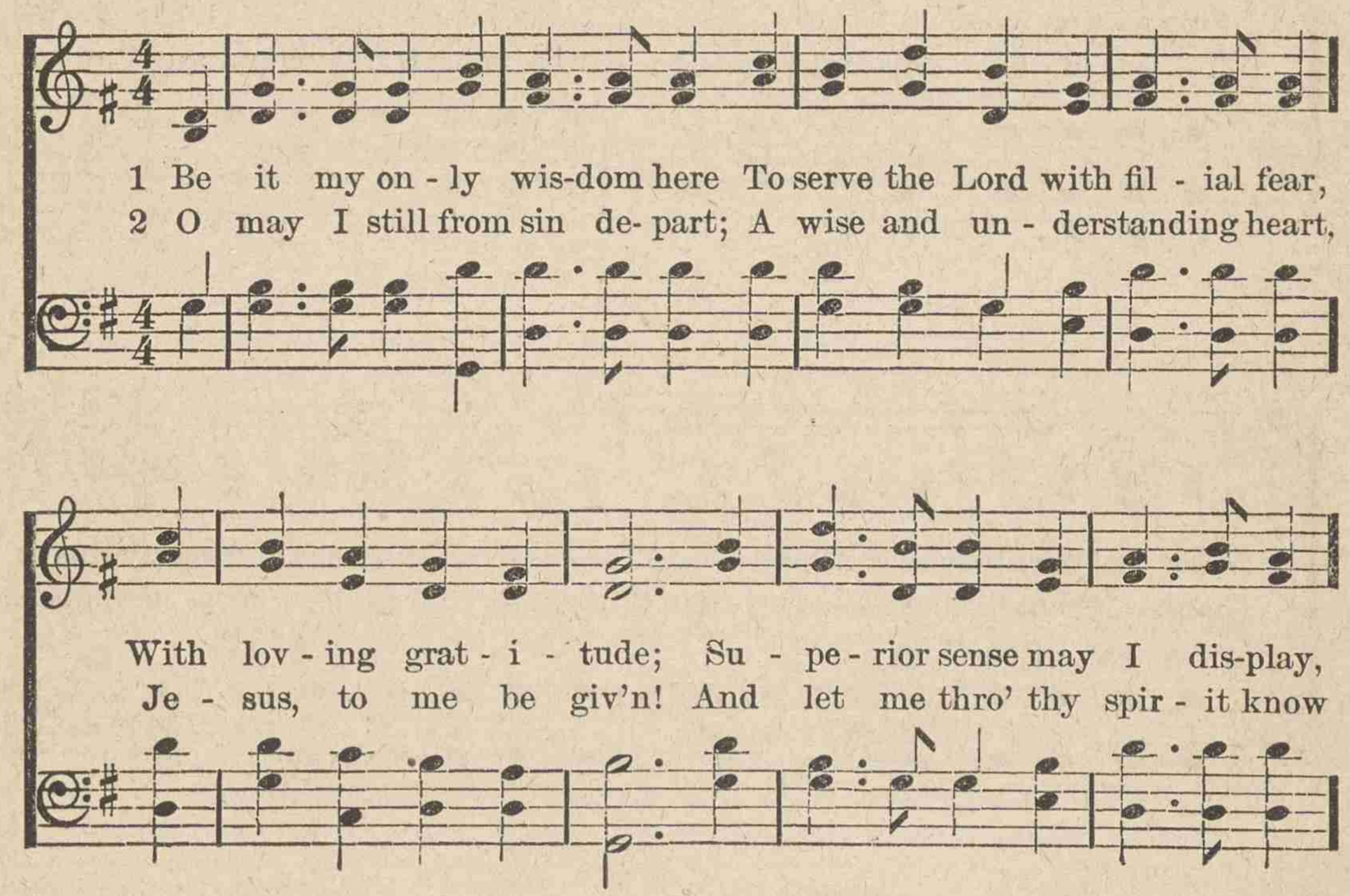
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God Wants the Boys and Girls. Concluded.



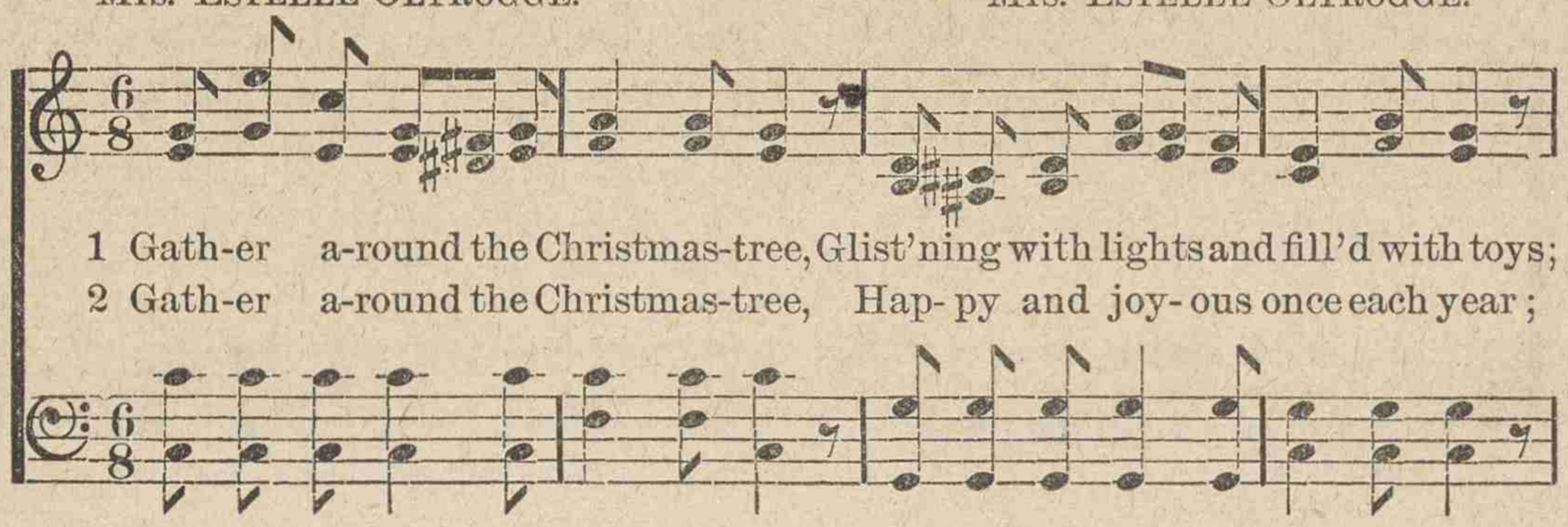
No. 111. GREGORY.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.

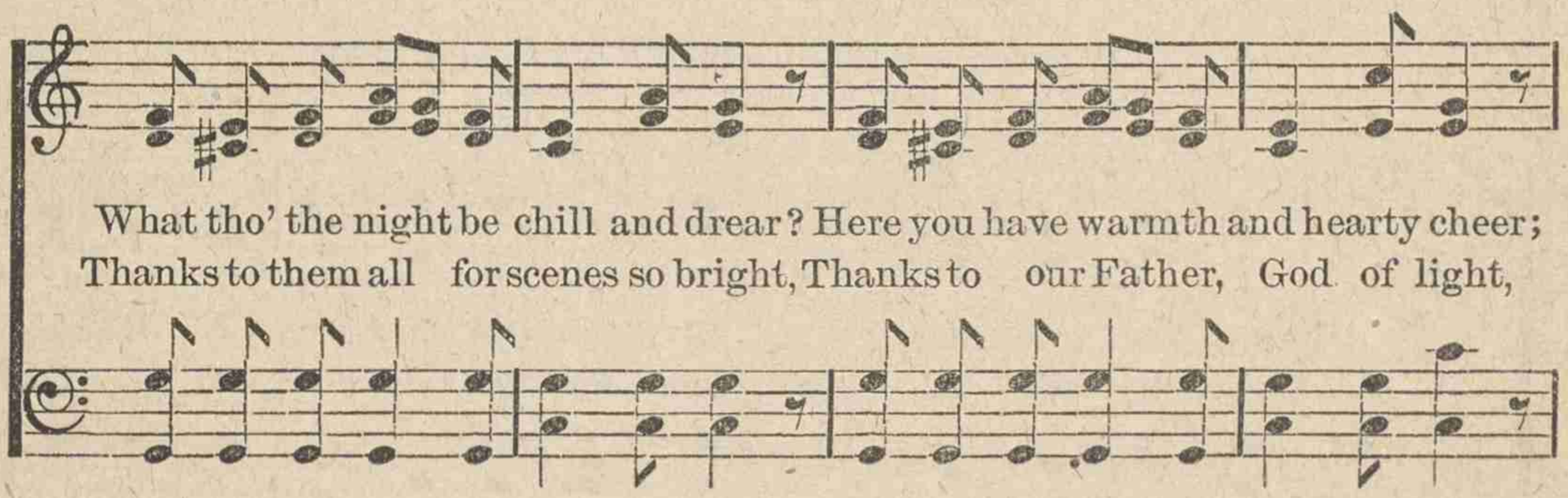


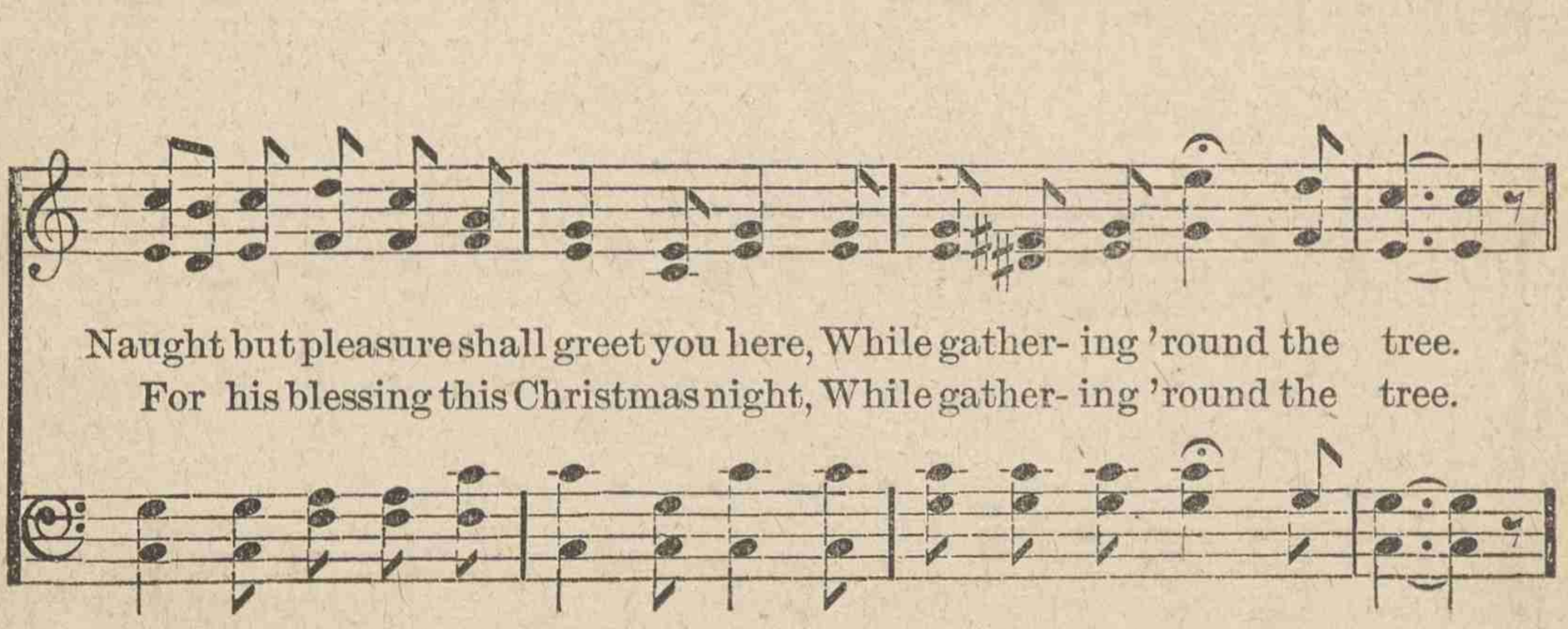
No. 112. Gather Around the Christmas Tree.

Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge. Mrs. Estelle Oltrogge.









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Gather Around the Christmas Tree. Concluded.

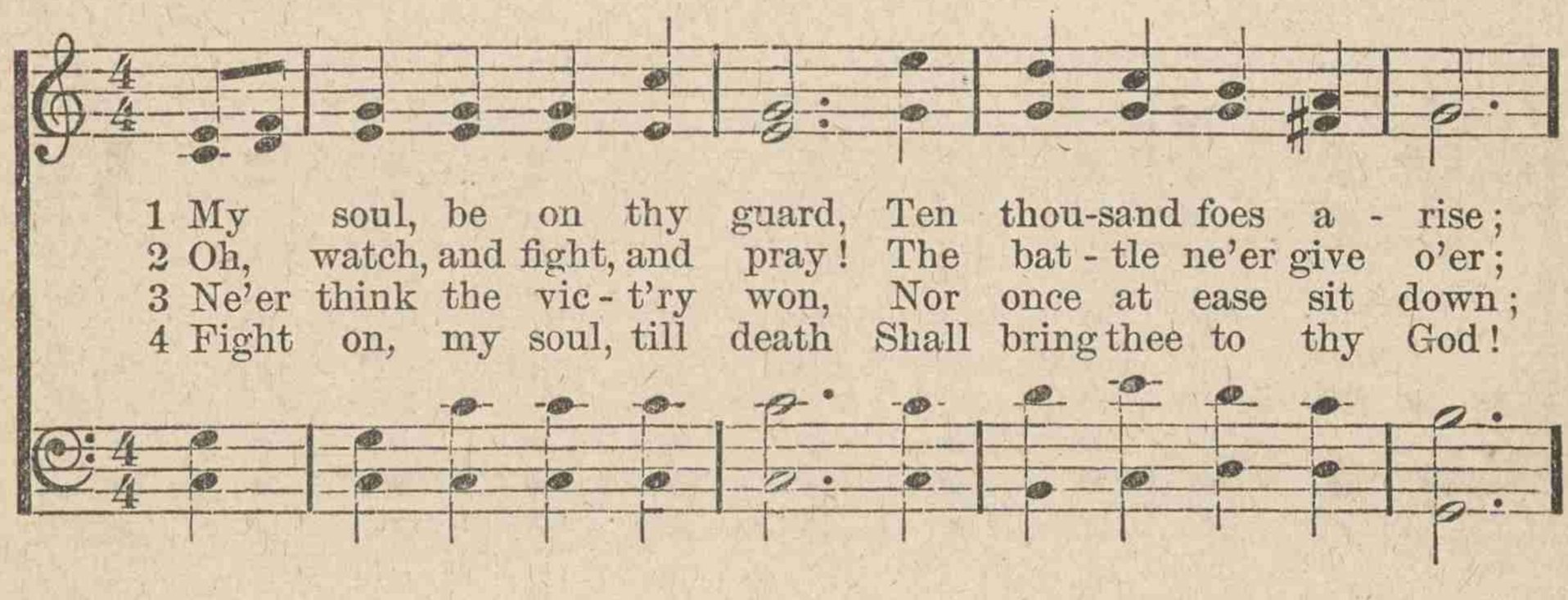
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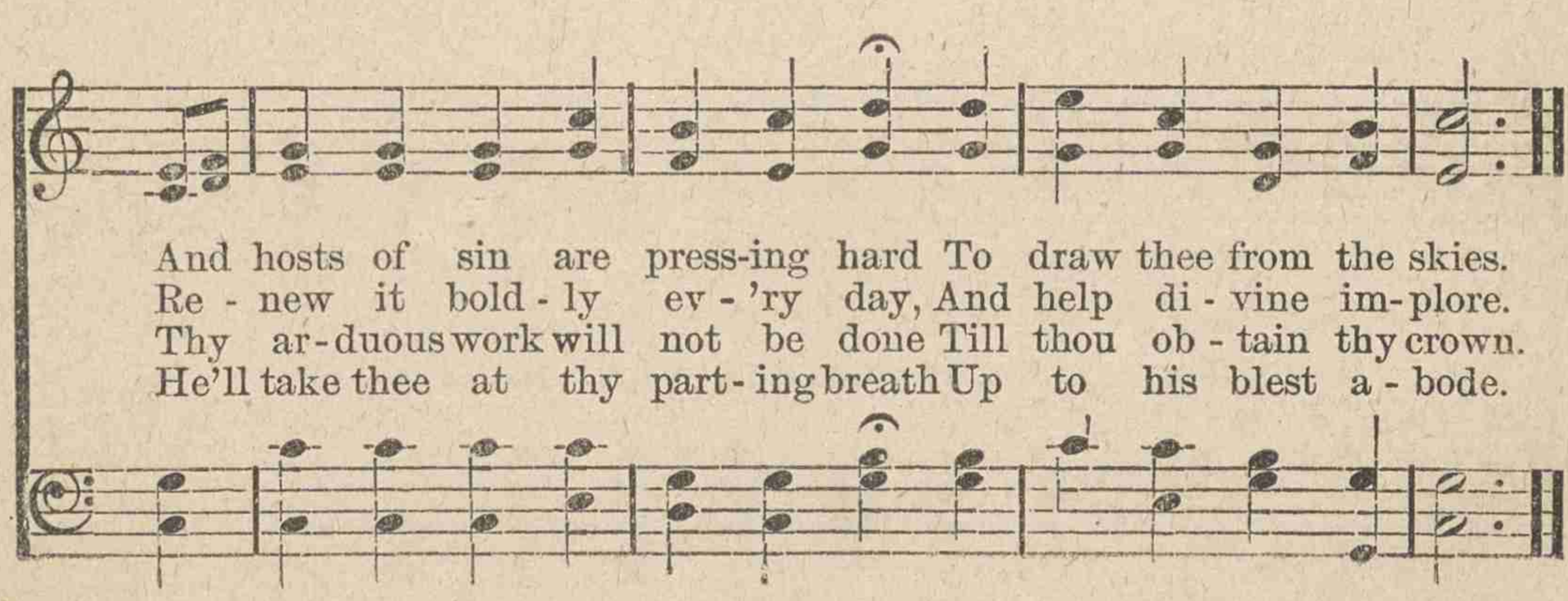




No. 113. LABAN. S. M.

GEO. HEATH. Dr. L. MASON.





No. 114 WE ARE COMING.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON, by per.

Lively.

1 We have heard thy gen - tle voice, O bless- ed Sav - iour,
2 We will fol - low in thy foot-steps pre-cious Mas - ter,
3 We will fol - low tho' the temp-est burst a - round us,

We are com - ing, we are com - ing at thy call,
From the path of love and du - ty nev - er stray,
Though the waves of earth - ly sor - row o'er us roll,

Take us in thy might - y arms and keep us
And thy lov - ing voice shall cheer us as we
For we know thy might - y hand will part the

ev - er Safe - ly shel-ter'd in thy bliss - ful fold.
jour - ney To the land of beau - ty far a - way.
wa - ters And thy "peace be still" the storm con - trol.

WE ARE COMING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

We are com - - ing, we are com - - ing,
We are com-ing, we are com-ing,

We are com-ing bless-ed Sav-iour at thy call,
at thy call,

We are com - - ing, we are com - - ing,
We are com-ing, we are com-ing,

We are safe when shel-ter'd in thy bliss-ful fold.

No. 115. ONWARD, UPWARD.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 On - ward, up-ward, ev - er, is our mot - to, Press - ing for - ward
2 On - ward, up-ward, in the roy - al high-way, Following foot - steps
3 On - ward, up-ward, press-ing on with vig - or, Keep - ing in the

to ob-tain the prize; Sing - ing prais - es to the king of glo - ry,
Je - sus' feet have trod; Ev - 'ry heart with joy is o - ver-flow - ing,
straight and nar-row way; Nev - er yield - ing to the wi - ly temp - ter,

CHORUS.

While we march to mansions in the skies.
While we jour - ney to the land of rest.
Ev - er onward t'ward the land of day.
} On - ward and up - ward,
Onward, upward, onward, upward,

Press - ing for the prize, press - ing for the prize;
yes,

On - ward and up - ward, To the mansions in the skies.
Onward, upward, onward, upward,

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No. 116 BRIGHT JEWELS.

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

1 When Je - sus shall make up his jew - els, His jew - els of
2 The prom - ise of heav - en is giv - en To all who are
3 Oh! let us be watch-ful and earn - est, And wait - ing to

right-eous re - nown, I won - der how ma - ny now sing - ing Will
faith - ful and true, To all who o - bey his commandments: Can
wel-come our Lord; 'Tis on - ly to such at his com - ing, He

CHORUS.

shine as bright stars in his crown? } Bright jew - - els, bright
this be said tru - ly of you?
giv - eth the fi - nal re - ward. } Bright jew - els of worth, bright

jew - - els, Tho' claim - ing no earth - ly re - nown; Bright
jew - els of worth,

jew - - els, bright jew - - els, To shine in the Sav - iour's crown.
jew - els of worth, bright jewels of worth,

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No. 117 WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1 The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor - row, toil nor care;
2 Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot;
3 If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow:
4 Toil on nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sight unheard, one pray'r for-got;

Yes! 'tis a bright and bless-ed home; Who would not fain be rest - ing there?
Thou yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and mur-mur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait and mur-mur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
meek - ly wait,

wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O, wait,
meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait,

O, wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O mur-mur not.
meek-ly wait,

No. 118. SCATTER BRIGHT SMILES.

G. W. L. G. W. LYON, by per.

1 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, They cheer like the
2 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, More pre-cious than
3 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, Re - mem - ber the
4 Scat - ter bright smiles all a - round you, We nev - er know

beau - ti - ful rain, That falls on the with - er - ing flow - ers, And
treas-ures of gold, They light-en the bur-dens of oth - ers, They
weak and op - press'd, O, smile on the poor and the need - y, And
where they may fall, Then ev - er be read - y and will - ing, To

CHORUS.

makes them bloom sweetly a - gain.
cheer up the young and the old.
com - fort the sad and dis - tress'd.
scat - ter bright smiles o - ver all.

} Then scatter bright smiles, they will

nev - er be lost, Re-mem-ber your mission be - low; Scatter bright smiles,

scatter bright smiles, Wher - ev - er, wher - ev - er you go.

No. 119. BLESSED IS HE.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Bless-ed is he that en-dur-eth temp-ta - tion, Bless-ed is he,
2 Bless-ed is he that shall o - vercome e - vil, Bless-ed is he,
3 Bless-ed is he then that knoweth sal-va - tion, Bless-ed is he,

bless-ed is he; He shall re - ceive a crown of re - joic - ing,
bless-ed is he; Bless-ed is he that gain-eth the vic - t'ry,
bless-ed is he; And he that doth the will of the Fa - ther,

Bless - ed is he, . . Bless - ed is he; . . Rich is the
Bless - ed is he, . . Bless - ed is he; . . Vic - t'ry thro'
Bless - ed is he, . . Bless - ed is he; . . In the Lamb's

prom - ise to you and to me, ... Giv - en by
Je - sus the once cru - ci - fied; . . . . Cleansed in the
book his name is writ - ten down, . . . He shall in -

Je - sus so full and so free;
fount - ain that flows from his side;
- her - it a robe and a crown;
} Bless-ed is he that en -

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BLESSED IS HE. Concluded.



No. 120. FOR THEE, OH, SINLESS EDEN!

Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE. Mrs. ESTELLE OLTROGGE.



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No. 121. CALLING FOR YOU.

MARY SPARKS WHEELER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1 Brother, look out o'er the fields white and wav- ing, The har - vest is
2 "Work in my vineyard!" the Mas-ter is cry - ing; The har - vest is
3 Hearken the voice of the hun - gry and weep-ing; The har - vest is
4 Bold-ly, my broth-er, pro-claim the glad sto - ry— The har - vest is

great and the laborers are few, Come, thrust in your sick - le, the
great and the laborers are few; Go strengthen the fee - ble and
great and the laborers are few; No long - er stand i - dle, but
great and the laborers are few— Till Christ shall il - lu - mine the

ripened grain saving, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you!
comfort the dy-ing, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.
en- ter the reaping, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.
earth with his glo- ry, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.

CHORUS.

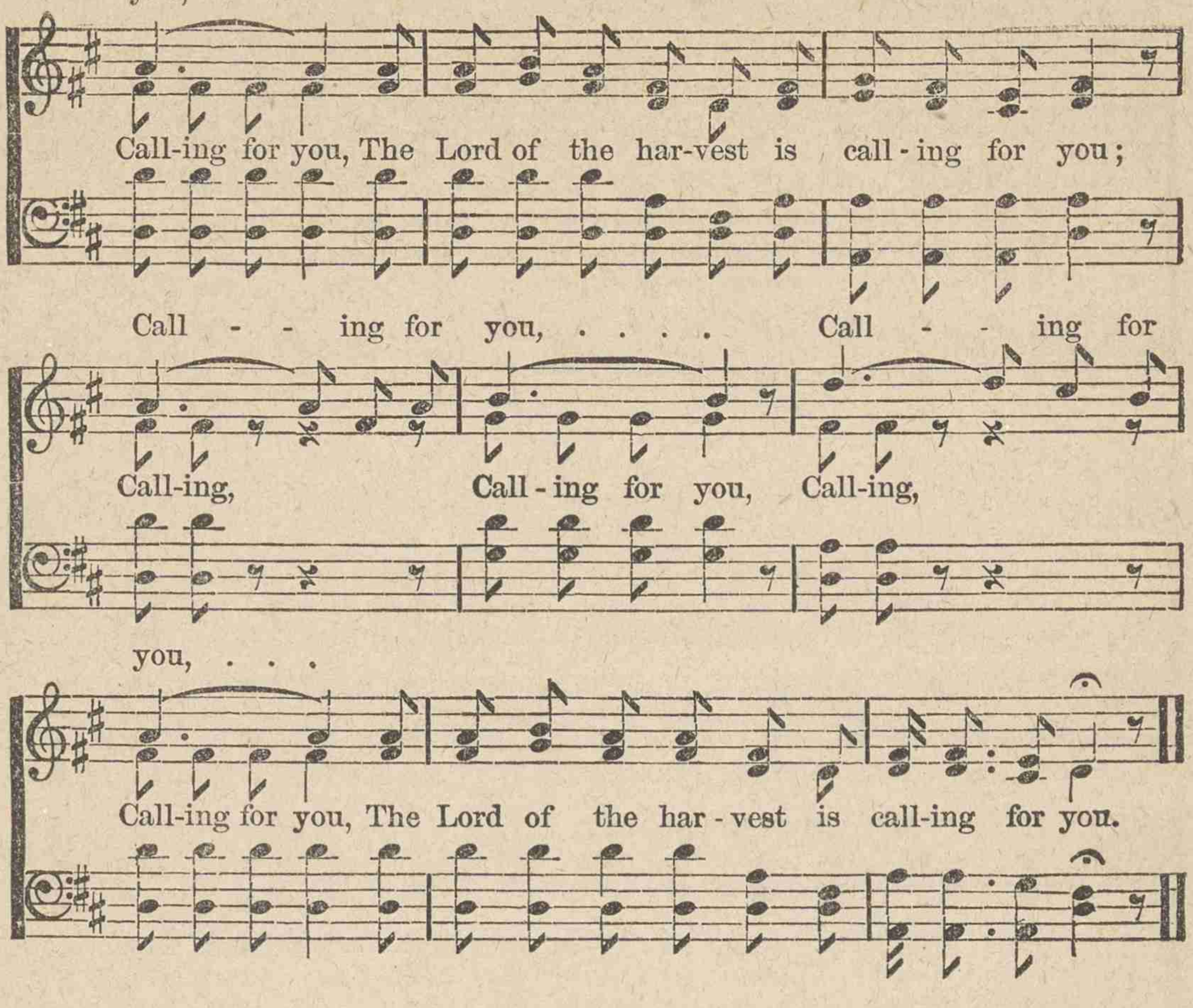
Call - - ing for you, ... Call - - - ing for

Call-ing, Call- ing for you, Calling,

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CALLING FOR YOU. Concluded.

you, . . .



No. 122. ROSS. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT, by per.



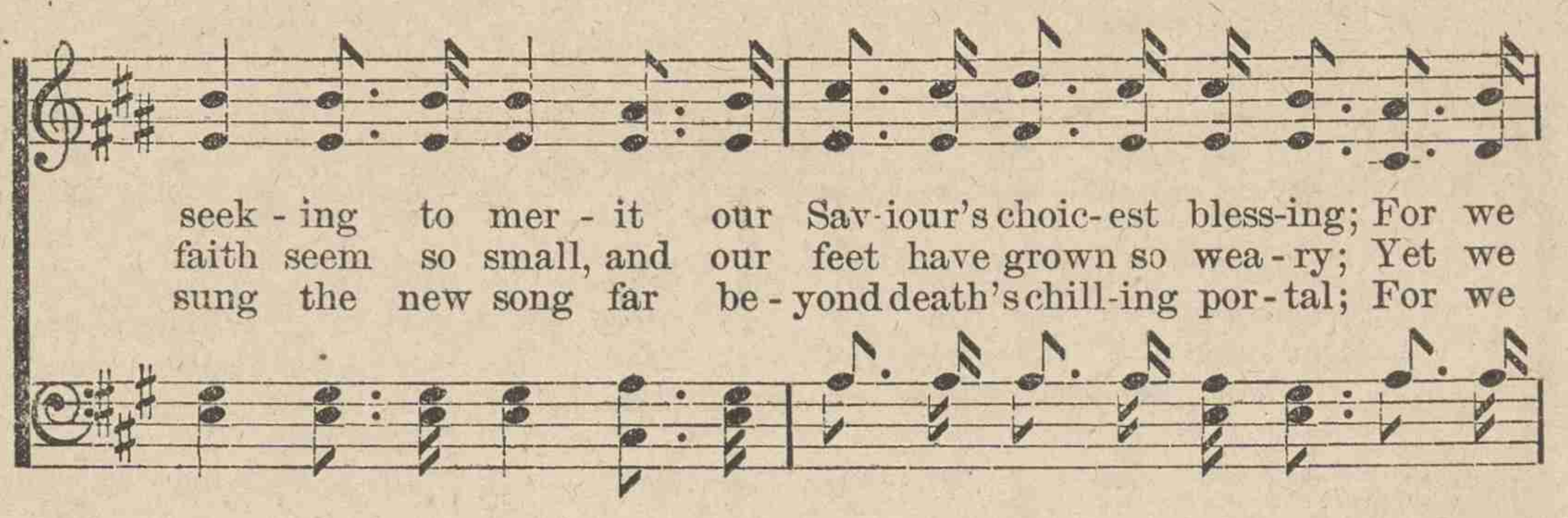
No. 123 NEARER HOME.

F. M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.



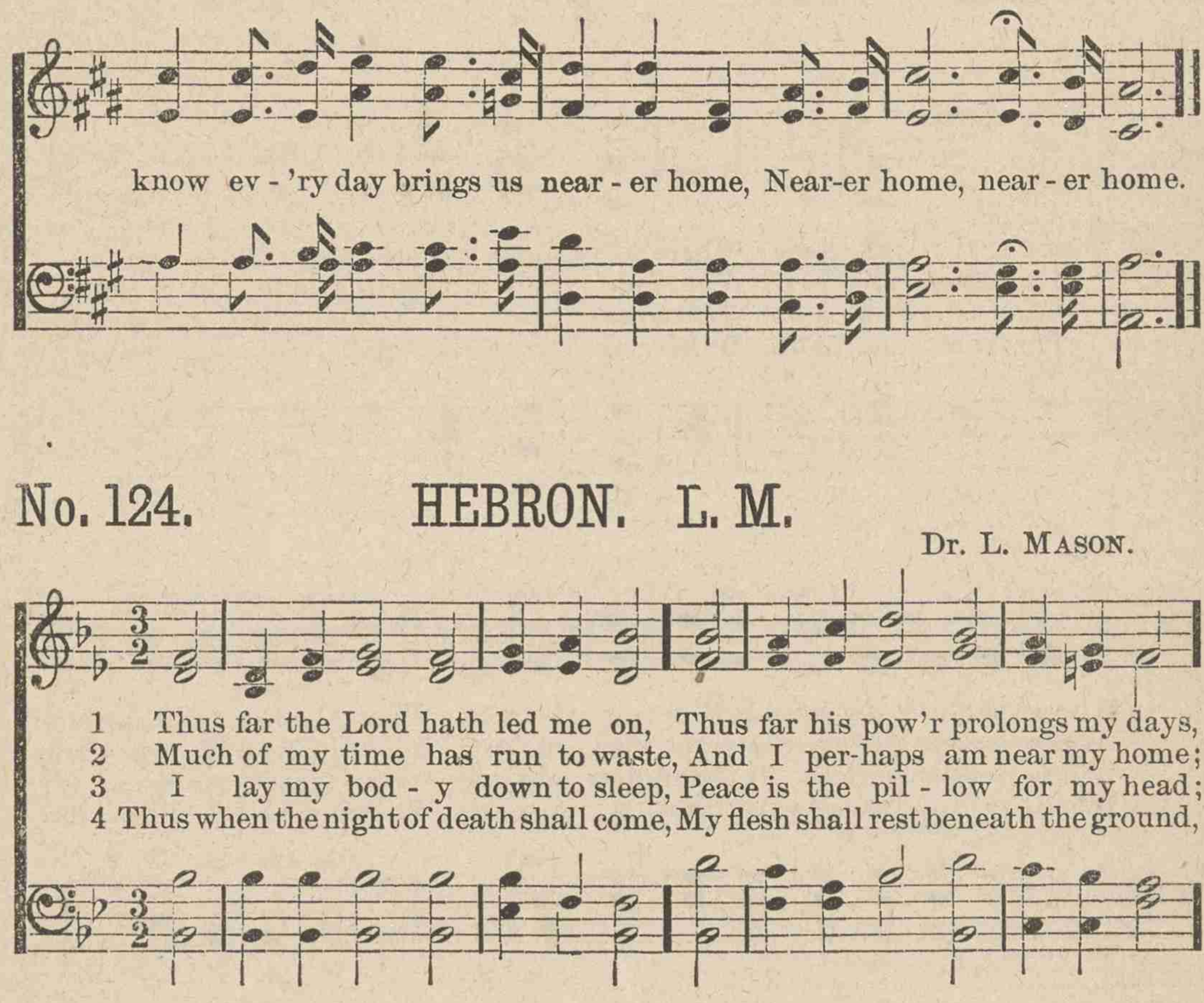
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NEARER HOME. Concluded.



No. 124. HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



No. 125 THE HOPE OF THE SOUL.

Rev. W. P. RIVERS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1 The soul hath a hope ev - er dear Of life in a clime of
2 Sweet hope of the life ev - er blest With God in his home, with,
3 Dear hope of the soul's bet - ter life— An o-cean of Peace—sweet
4 Oh, soul, keep thy hope ev - er pure, Of life in the clime of

beau - ti - ful sheen; Where ne'er come the storm-clouds of fear,
Je - sus a - bove; Where an - gels and saints are at rest,
Pu - ri - ty's sea! Where nev - er is tem - pest or strife,
vir - tue and truth, Where vis - ions of glo - ry en - dure,

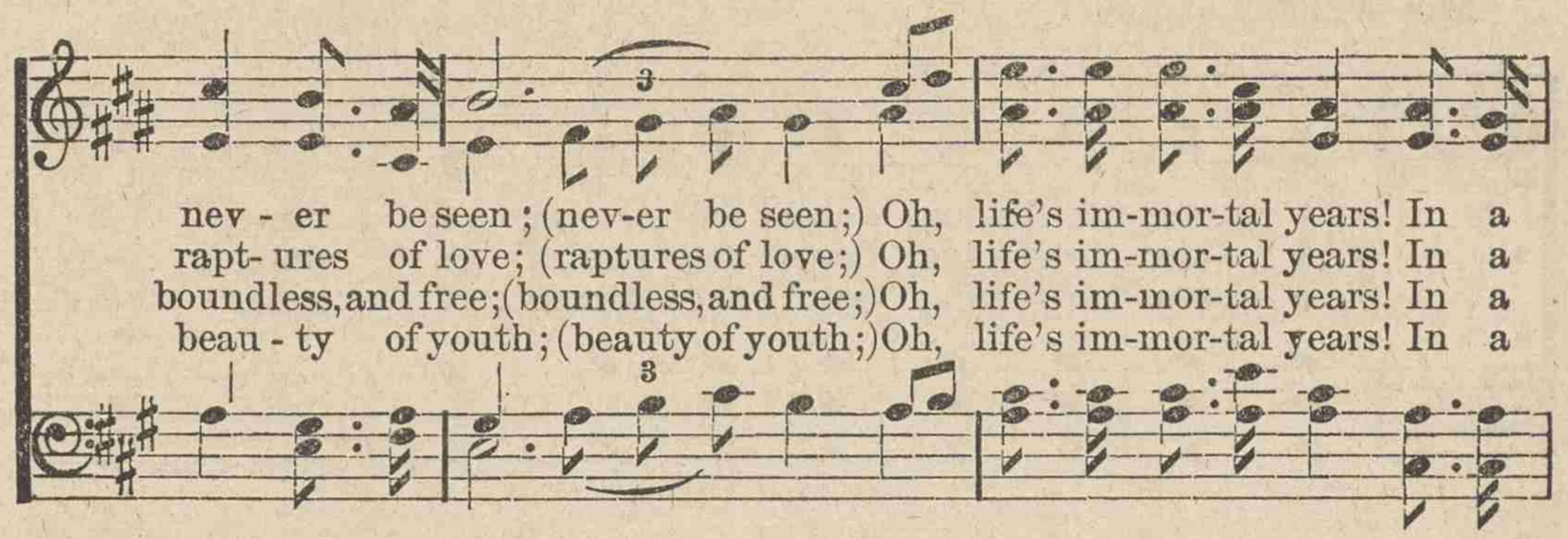
CHORUS.

Where shadows of gloom shall nev-er be seen; Where shadows of gloom shall
Where heaven - ly joys are rapt-ures of love; Where heaven-ly joys are
Where pleasures are ho - ly, boundless, and free; Where pleasures are ho - ly,
Where ev - er a-bides the beau - ty of youth; Where ev - er a-bides the

nev - er be seen, (nev - er be seen,) Where shadows of gloom shall
rapt - ures of love, (rapt-ures of love,) Where heav-en - ly joys are
bound - less, and free, (boundless, and free,) Where pleasures are ho - ly,
beau - ty of youth, (beau - ty of youth,) Where ev - er a-bides the

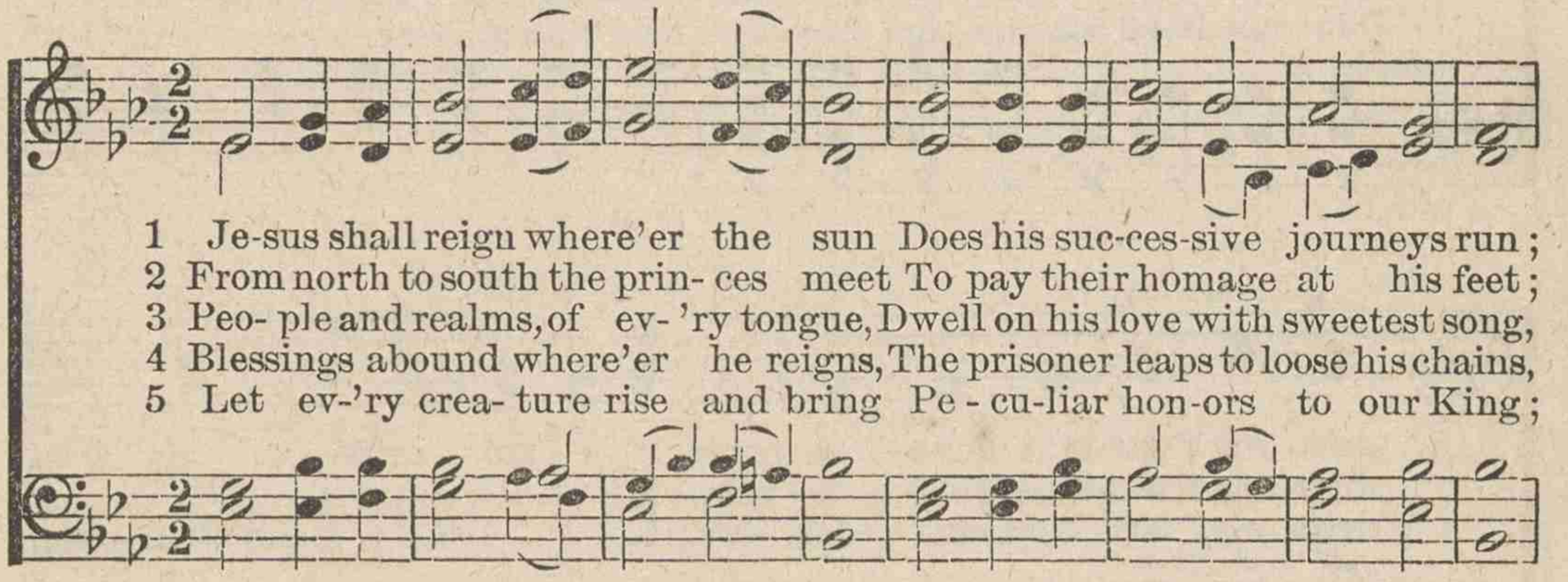
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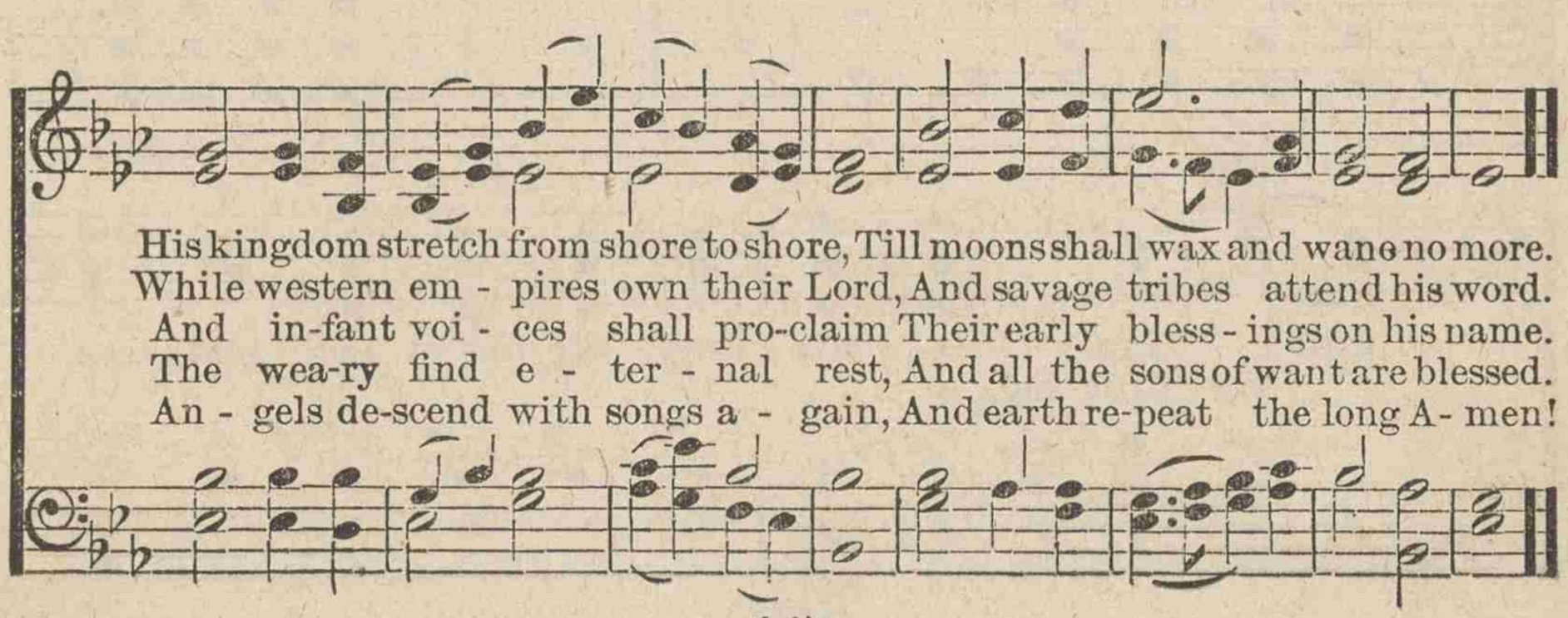
THE HOPE OF THE SOUL. Concluded.





No. 126. DUKE STREET. L. M.





No. 127 Drifting Toward the Golden Shore.

Mrs. Allie L. Criss. C. E. Leslie, by per.

1 I am drift - ing down the stream of time, Yes,
2 I am drift - ing down the stream of time, Yes,
3 I am drift - ing down the stream of time, Yes,

drift - ing t'ward the gold - en shore, But I
near - ing now the gold - en gate, I am
drift - ing far - ther out each day, But I

do not heed the bil-lows, For the Sav- iour guides my oar, As I'm
near- er to that life e - ter - nal Where my lov'd ones wait, As I'm
do not dread the voy- age, For my Sav- iour guides my way, As I'm

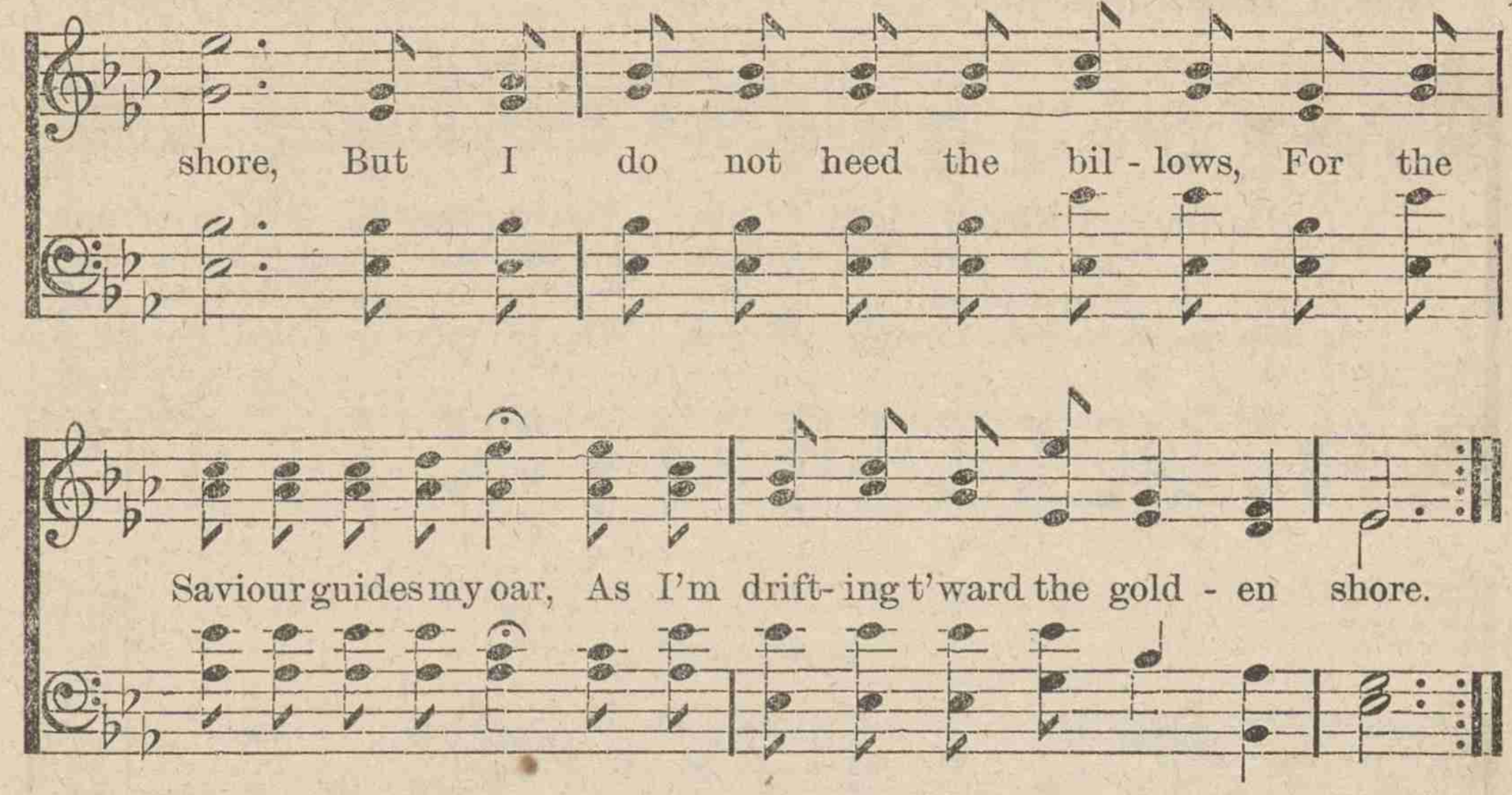
Chorus.

drift- ing t'ward the gold - en shore.
drift- ing t'ward the gold - en gate.
drift- ing far - ther out each day.

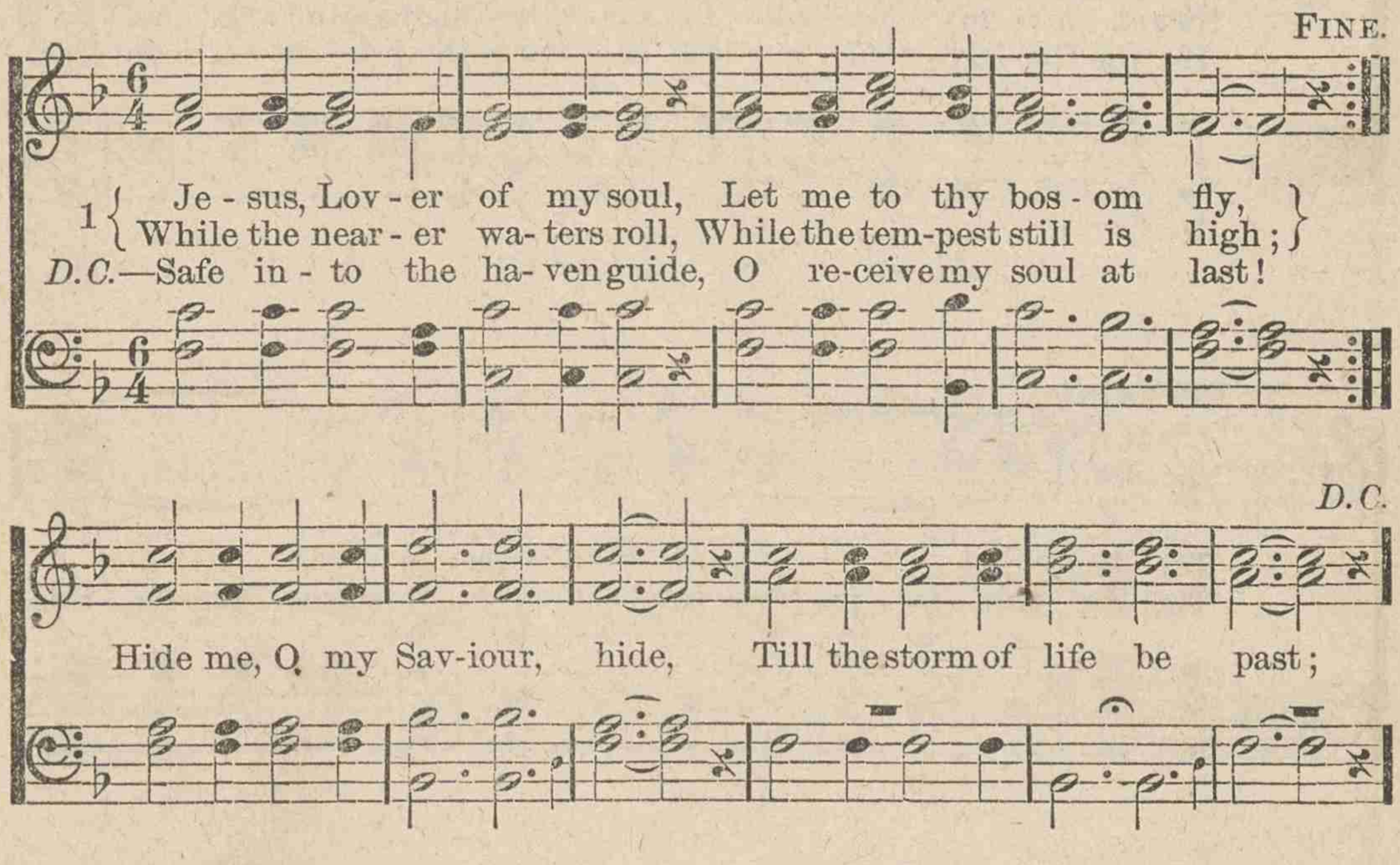
I am drift - ing, Yes,
I am drift - ing,

drift - ing, I am drift - ing tow'rd the gold - en
Yes drift- ing,

Drifting Toward the Golden Shore. Concluded.



No. 128. MARTYN. 7s. Double.



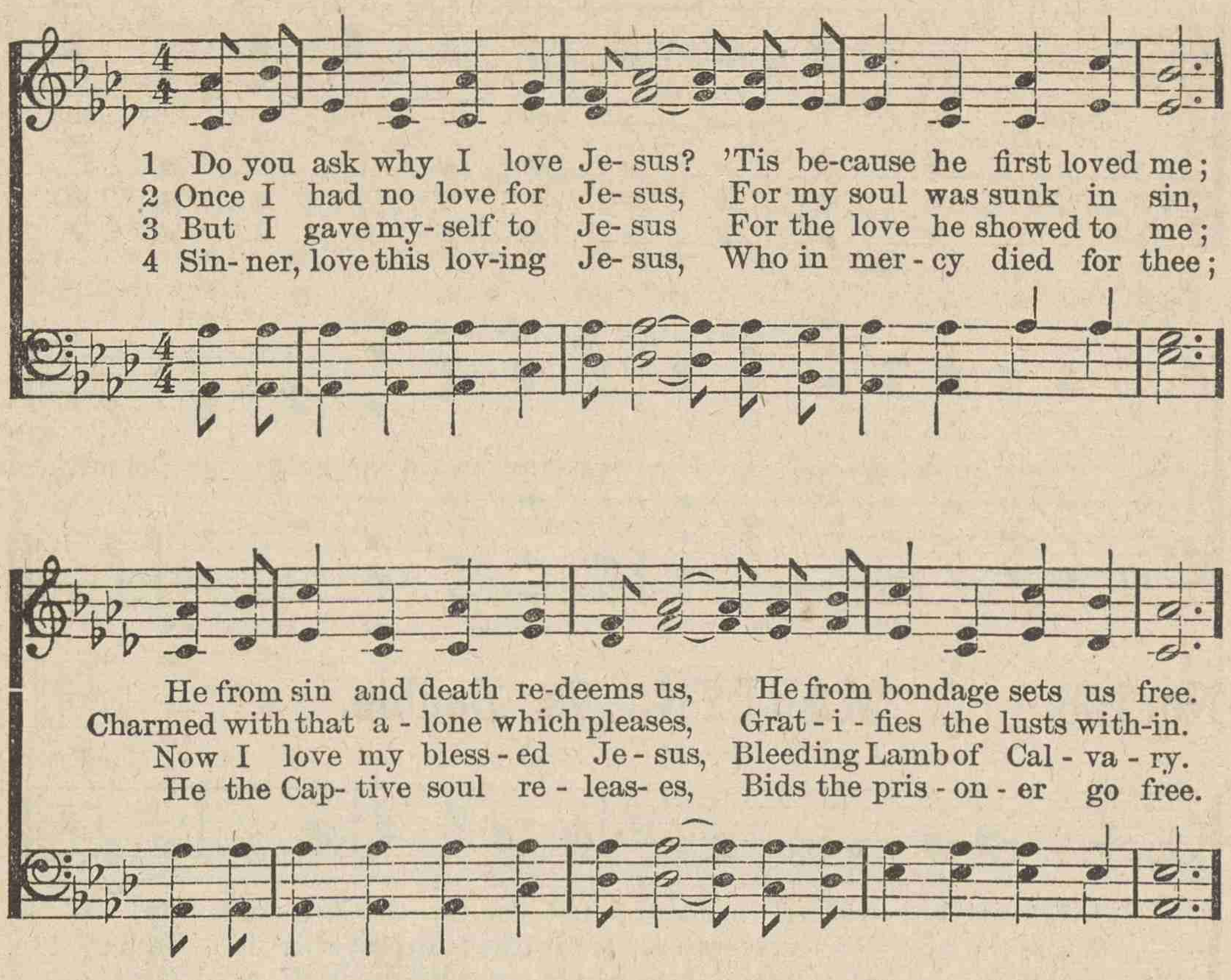
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

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!

No. 129 BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. MCINTOSH.





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BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME. Concluded.

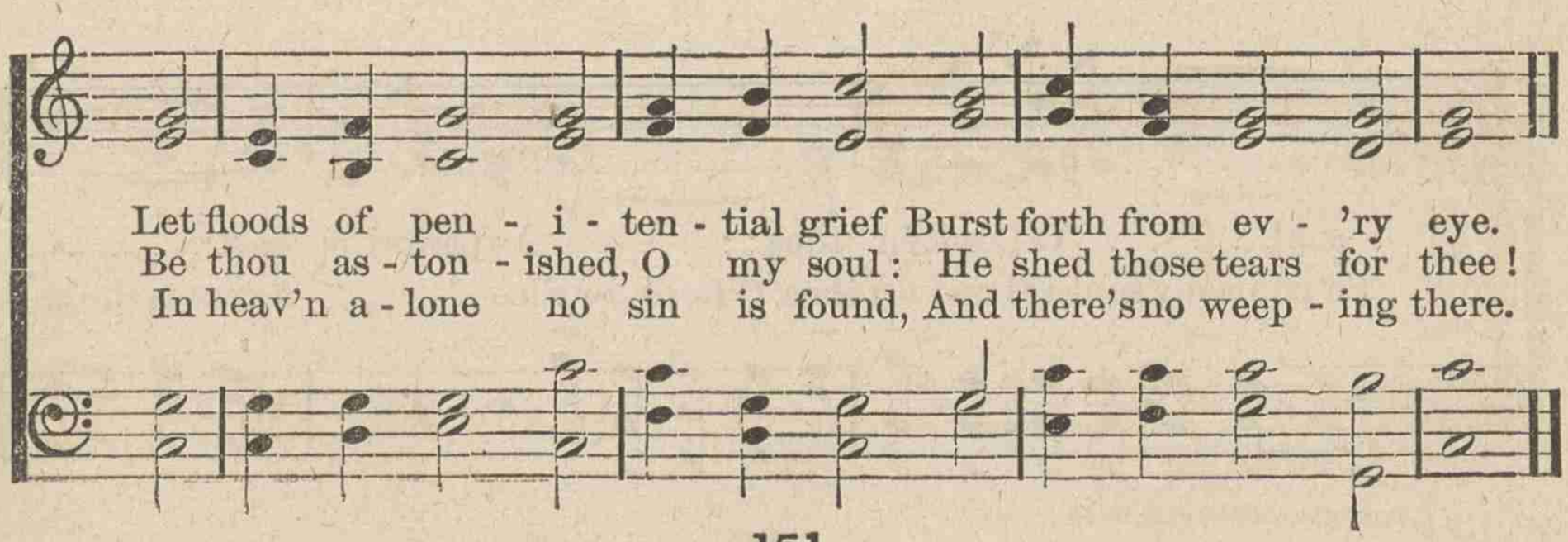




No. 130. BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. Mason.





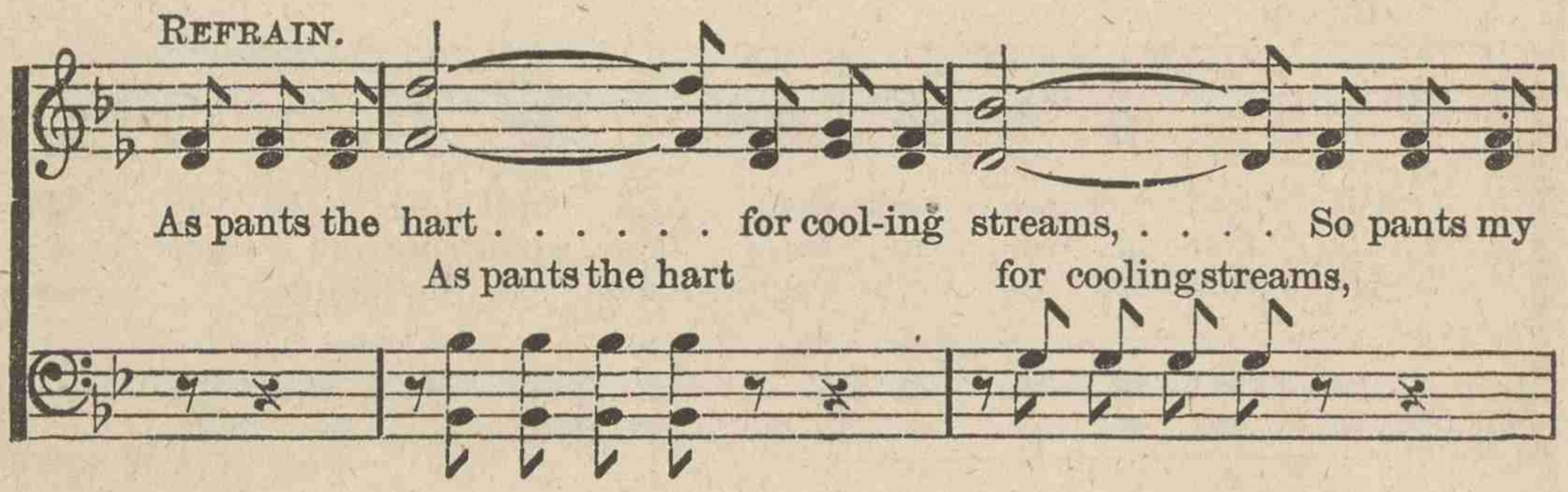
No. 131 AS PANTS THE HART.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.
Altered by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

R. M. McINTOSH.



REFRAIN.



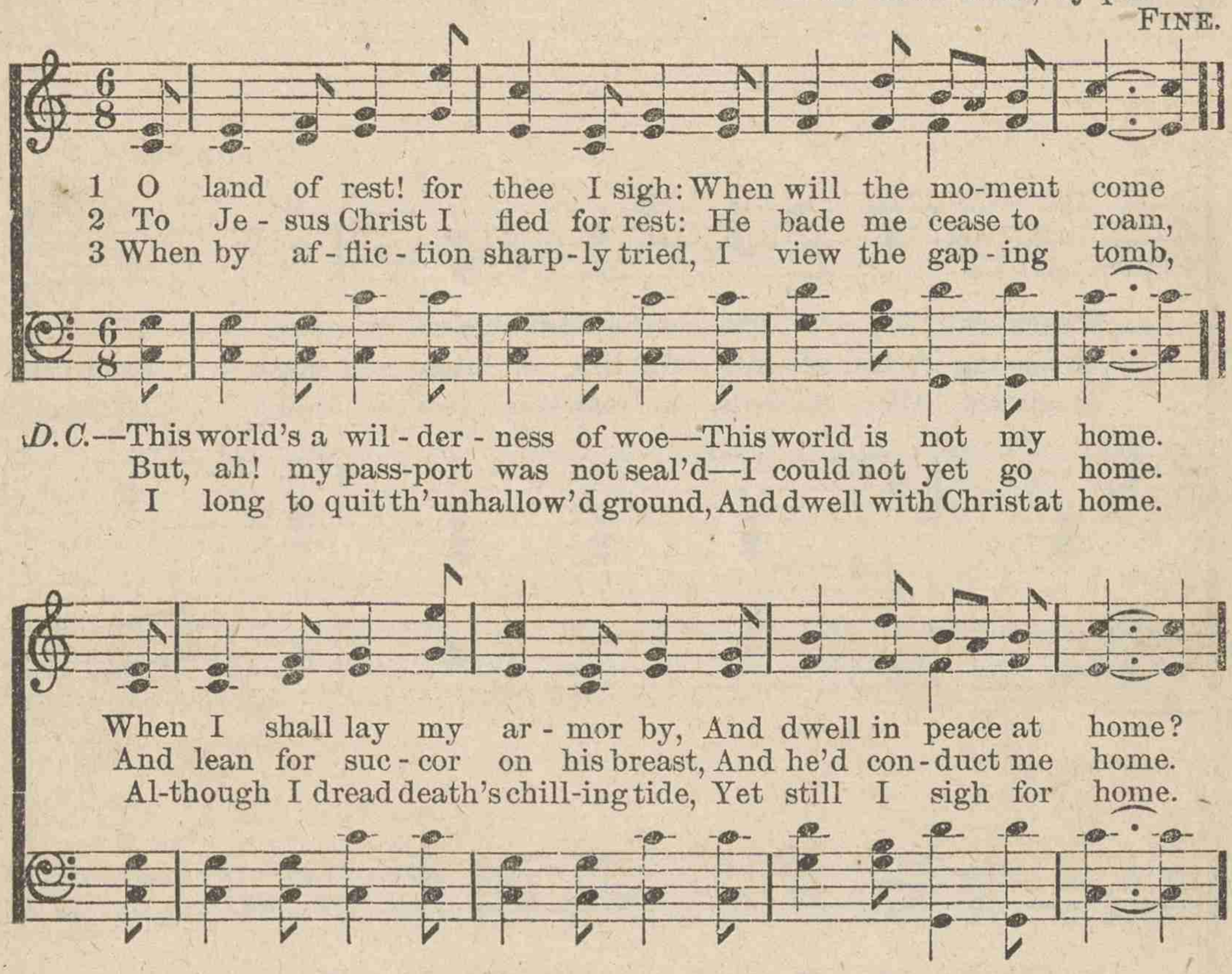
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AS PANTS THE HEART. Concluded.



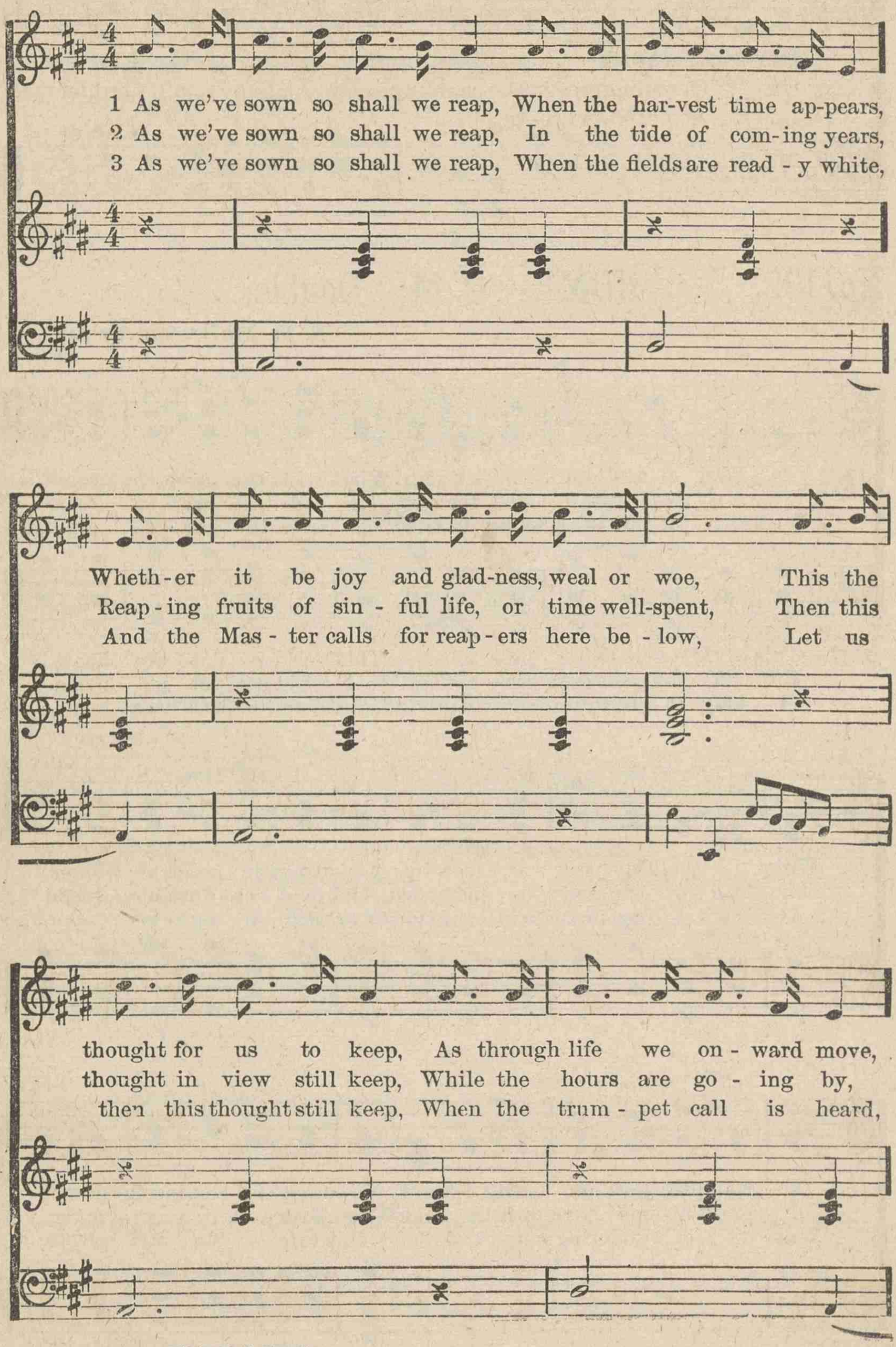
No. 132. HOME. C. M. Double.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



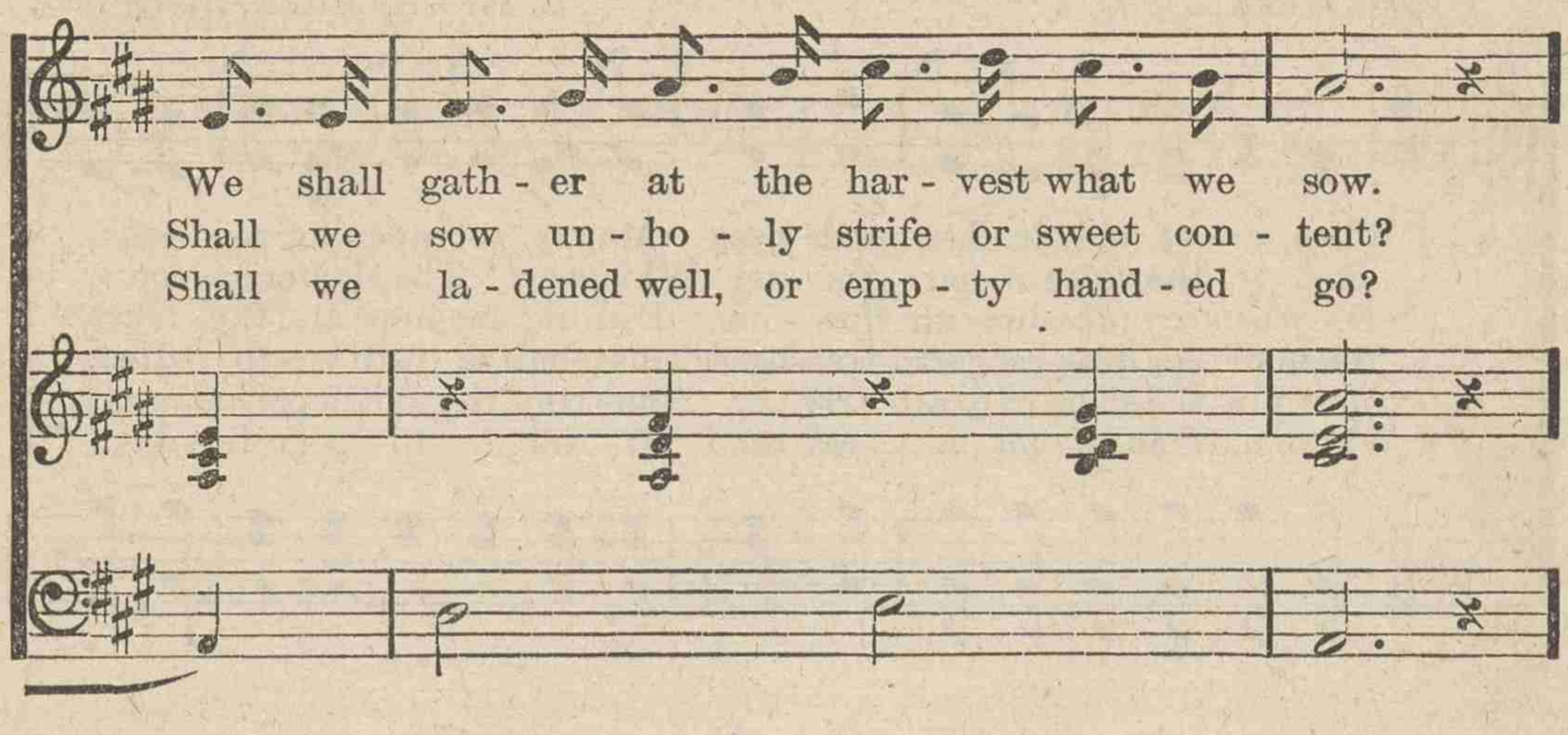
No. 133 As We've Sown So Shall We Reap.

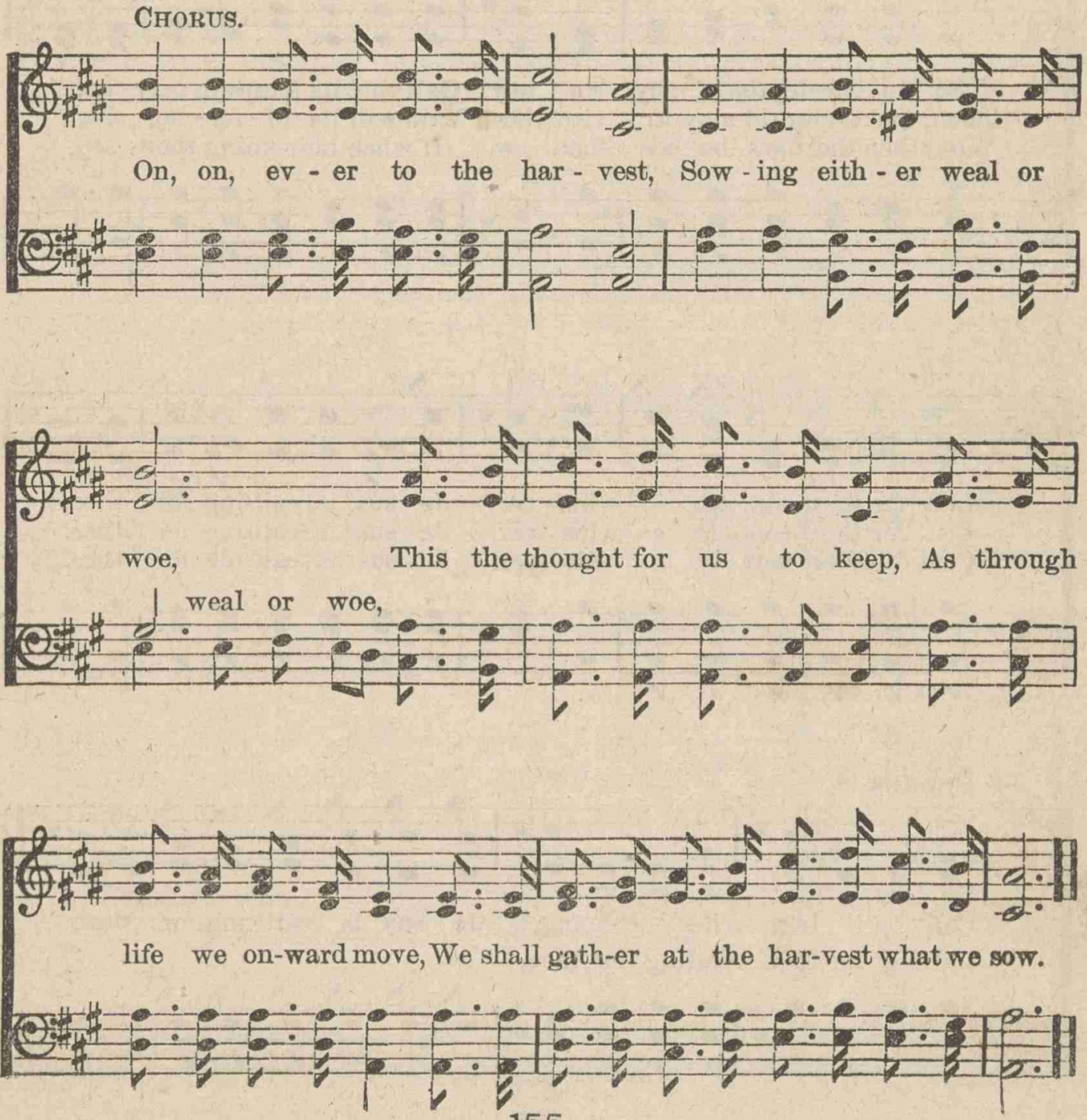
F. M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.



Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

As We've Sown So Shall We Reap. Concluded.





No. 134 JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1 When, as of old, in her sad-ness, Ma-ry sat weeping a-lone,
Soft-ly the voice of her sis-ter Whisper'd, "The Master has come."

2 Oh, when thy pleasures are flow-ing, Fad-ing thy hope and thy trust,
When of the dear-est earth-treasures Dust shall re-turn un-to dust.

3 Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Some time thy footsteps shall stray,
Where waits an an-gel to bear thee O-ver to in-fi-nite day.

So, in the depths of thy sor-row, Gall tho' its fountain may be,
Then, tho' the world may in-vite thee, Vain will its of-fer-ing be,
What then tho' dark be his shad-ow, If when his coming thou see,

List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
List, for there com-eth a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
Com-eth there soft-ly a whis-per, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.

f CHORUS.

Call - - ing, call - - ing, Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
Calling for thee, calling for thee,

No. 135 NEARER TO THEE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

SOLO.

1 Back from the Long A - go, Dis - tant and dim, Breath-ing a
2 Oft in an hour of bliss Comes the re - frain, Bid - ding me
3 Thus let me dai - ly rise Near - er thy throne, Near - er the

warn - ing low, Comes a sweet hymn; Fraught with my childhood dreams,
find in this, Heav - en - ly gain; E'en in my griefs I say:
last - ing prize Kept for thine own; E'en when Death's her - alds come,

Slower.

It is for me; Sa - cred and ten-der seems, "Near - er to thee;"—
Fa - ther I flee Out of this cloud-ed way, "Near - er to thee;"—
Lord, may they be An - gels to lead me home, "Near - er to thee;"—

CHORUS. *Tempo.*

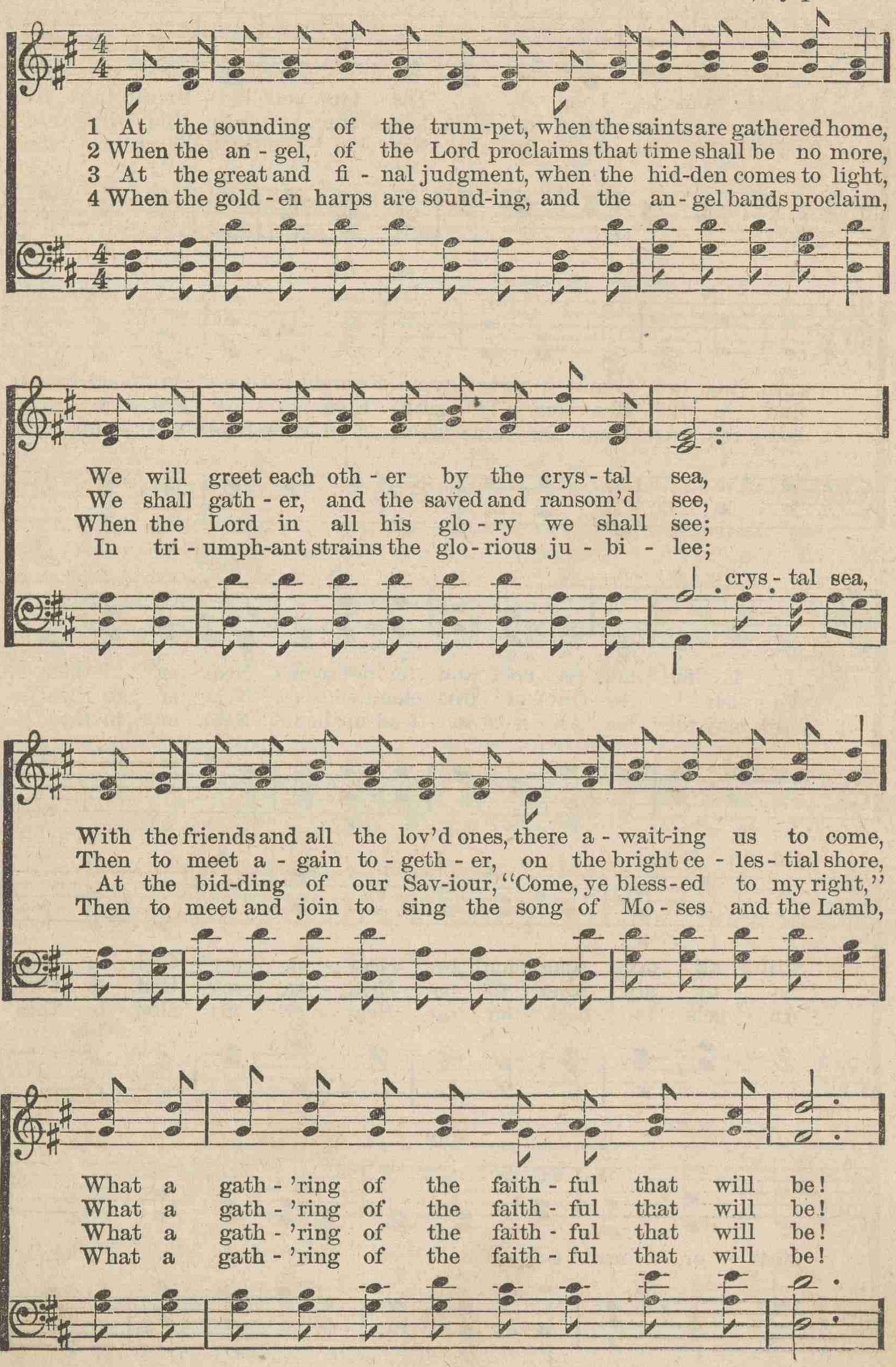
"Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
"So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,
"An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to thee,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee."

Copyright, 1887, by Fillmore Bros.

No. 136 What a Gathering That will be.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.



What a Gathering That will be. Concluded.

CHORUS.

What a gath - - - - 'ring, gath - - - - 'ring

What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

At the sound-ing of the glo - rious ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!

What a gath - - - - - 'ring, gath - - - - -

What a gath-'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each

oth - er,

- 'ring, What a gath-'ring of the faith - ful that will be!

No. 137 CLEAVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN, D. D. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Would you please and hon- or Je- sus? Follow him in all you do;
2 Would you have a friend in Je- sus, To sup-port you in your way?
3 Do you long to be with Je- sus, And a crown of life se - cure?

Would you win his love and fa- vor? Be his serv-ant, faithful, true.
Own him as your Lord and Master, Him re-ceive, and love, o - bey.
Be thou pa-tient in his service, Meekly to the end en - dure.

REFRAIN.

Cleave to the Sav - iour day by day, Tempted by

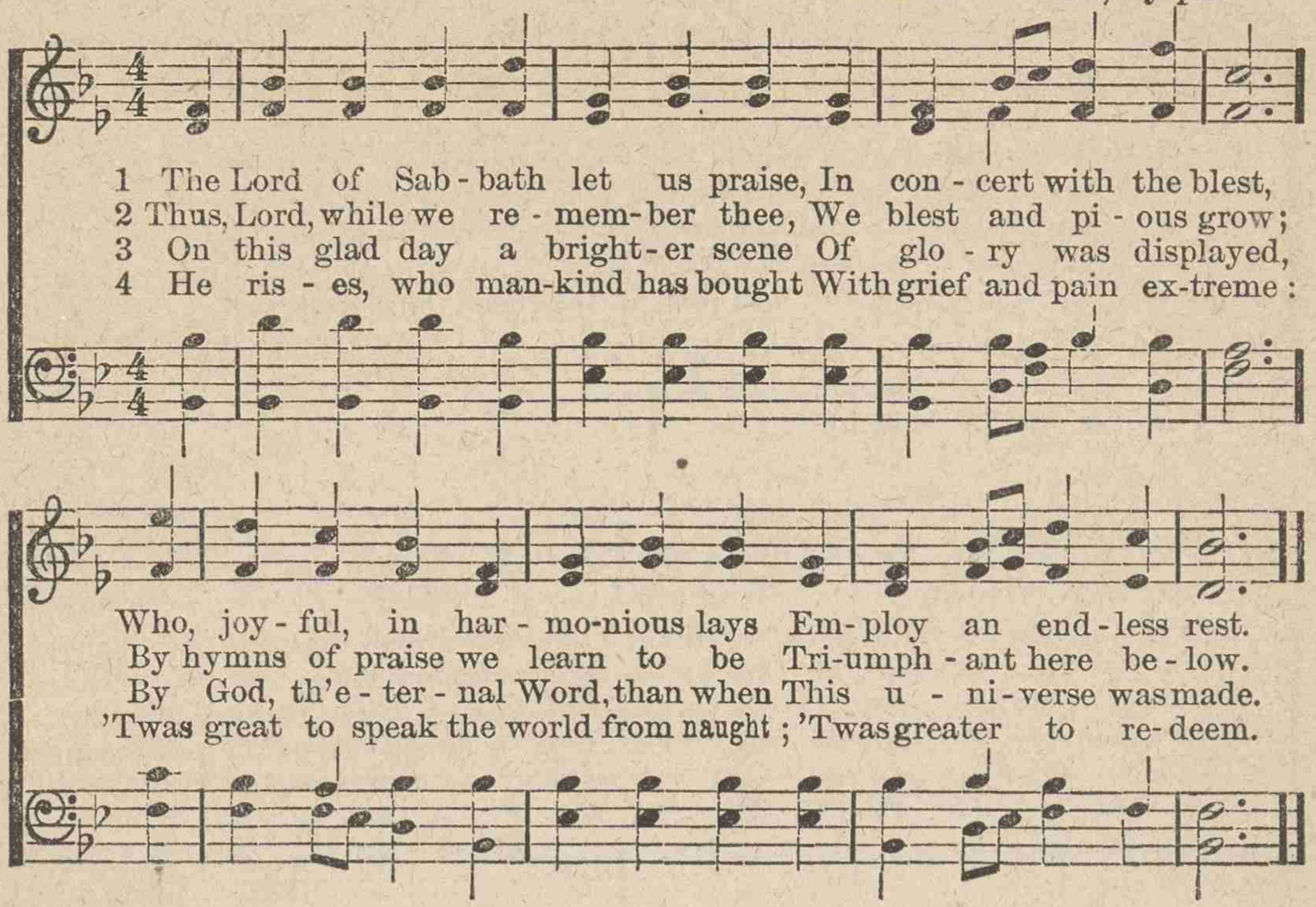
sin, go seek him in pray'r; Du - ty per - form, and

courage dis - play, Cleave to the Sav - iour ev - 'ry - where.

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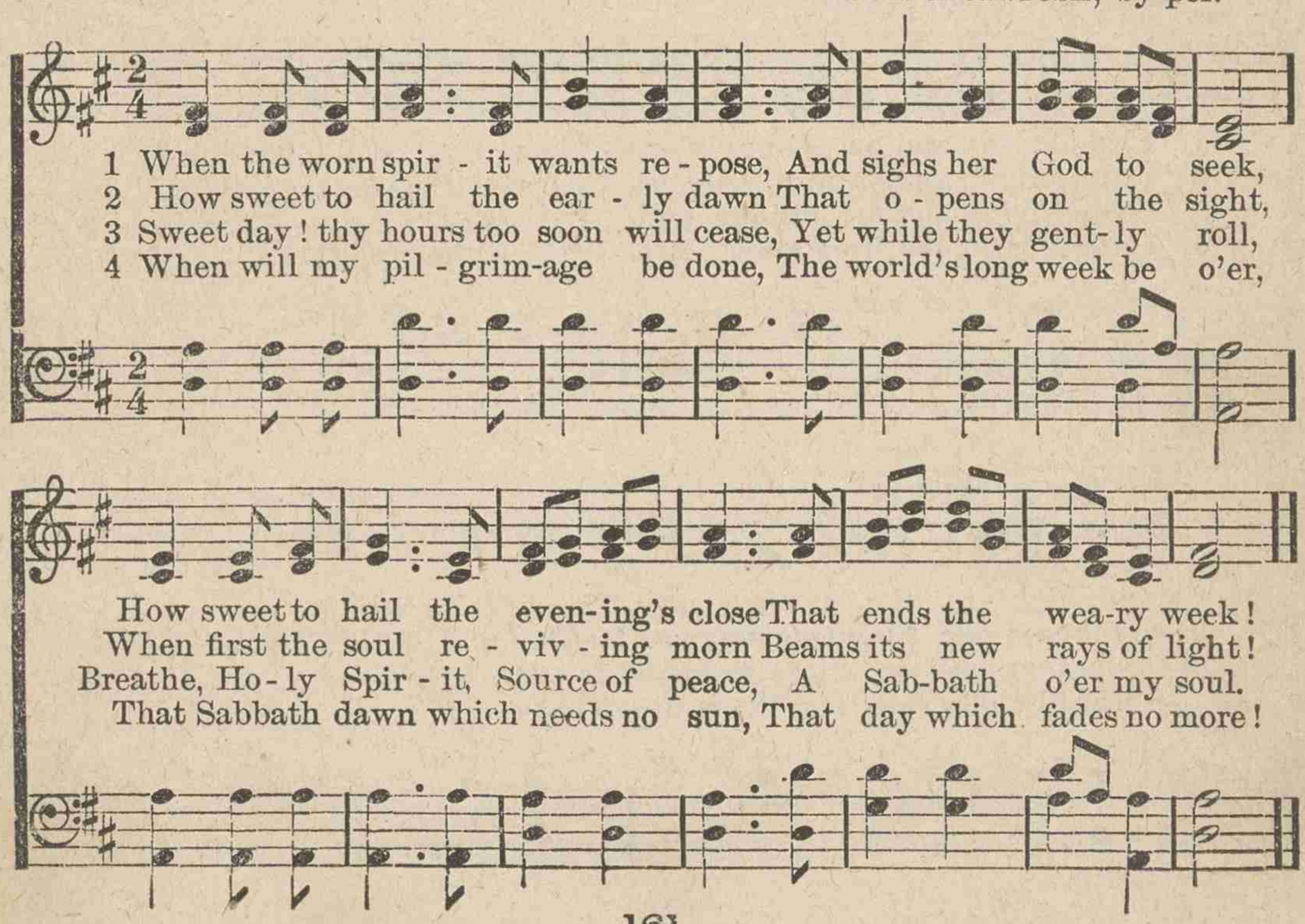
No. 138. DOGGETT. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



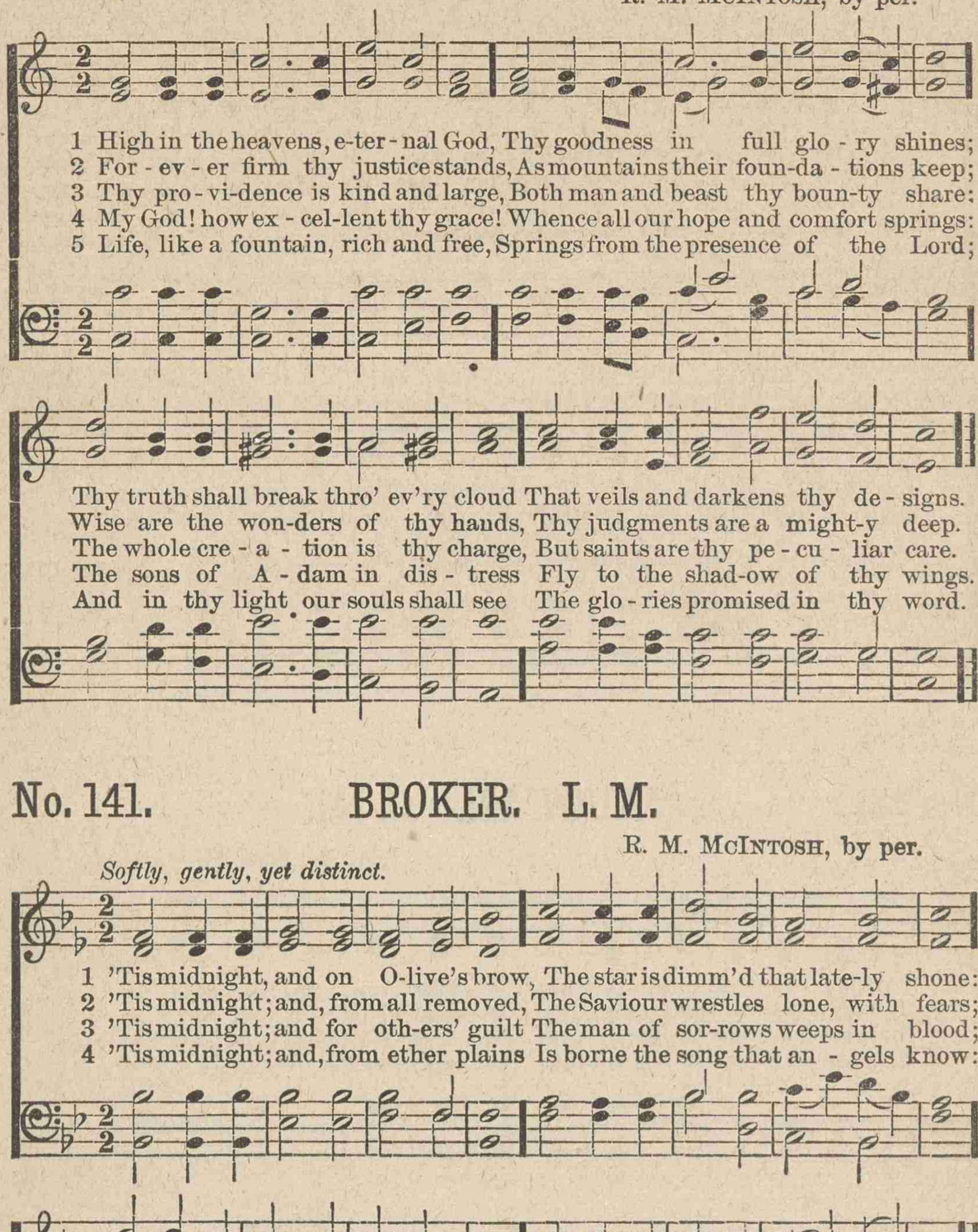
No. 139. VAUGHAN. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



No. 140. SUMMERS. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh, by per.



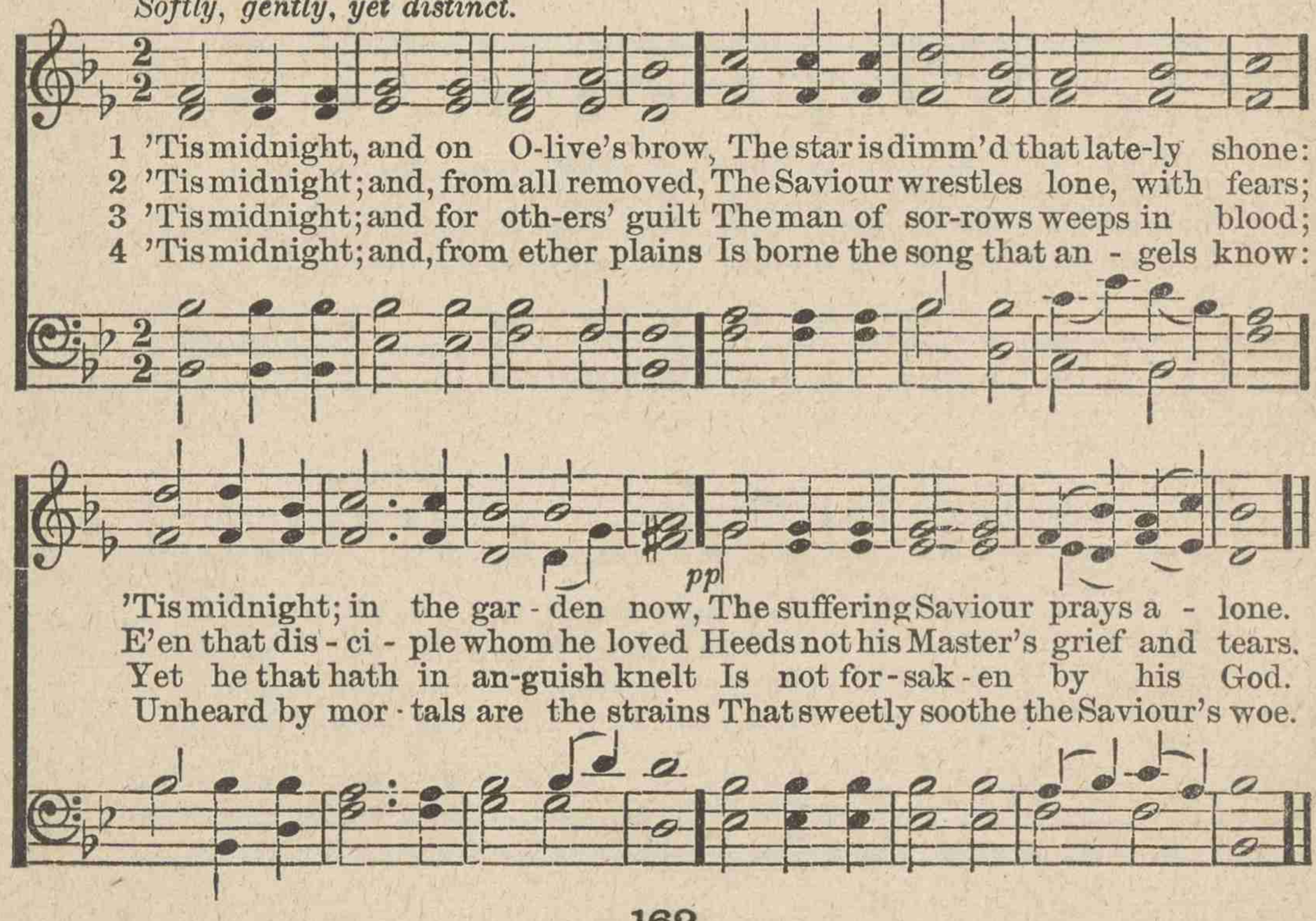
1 High in the heavens, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines;
2 For-ev-er firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foun-da-tions keep;
3 Thy pro-vi-dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy boun-ty share:
4 My God! how ex-cel-lent thy grace! Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free, Springs from the presence of the Lord;

Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils and darkens thy de-signs.
Wise are the won-ders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a might-y deep.
The whole cre-a-tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe-cu-liar care.
The sons of A-dam in dis-tress Fly to the shad-ow of thy wings.
And in thy light our souls shall see The glo-ries promised in thy word.

No. 141. BROKER. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh, by per.

Softly, gently, yet distinct.

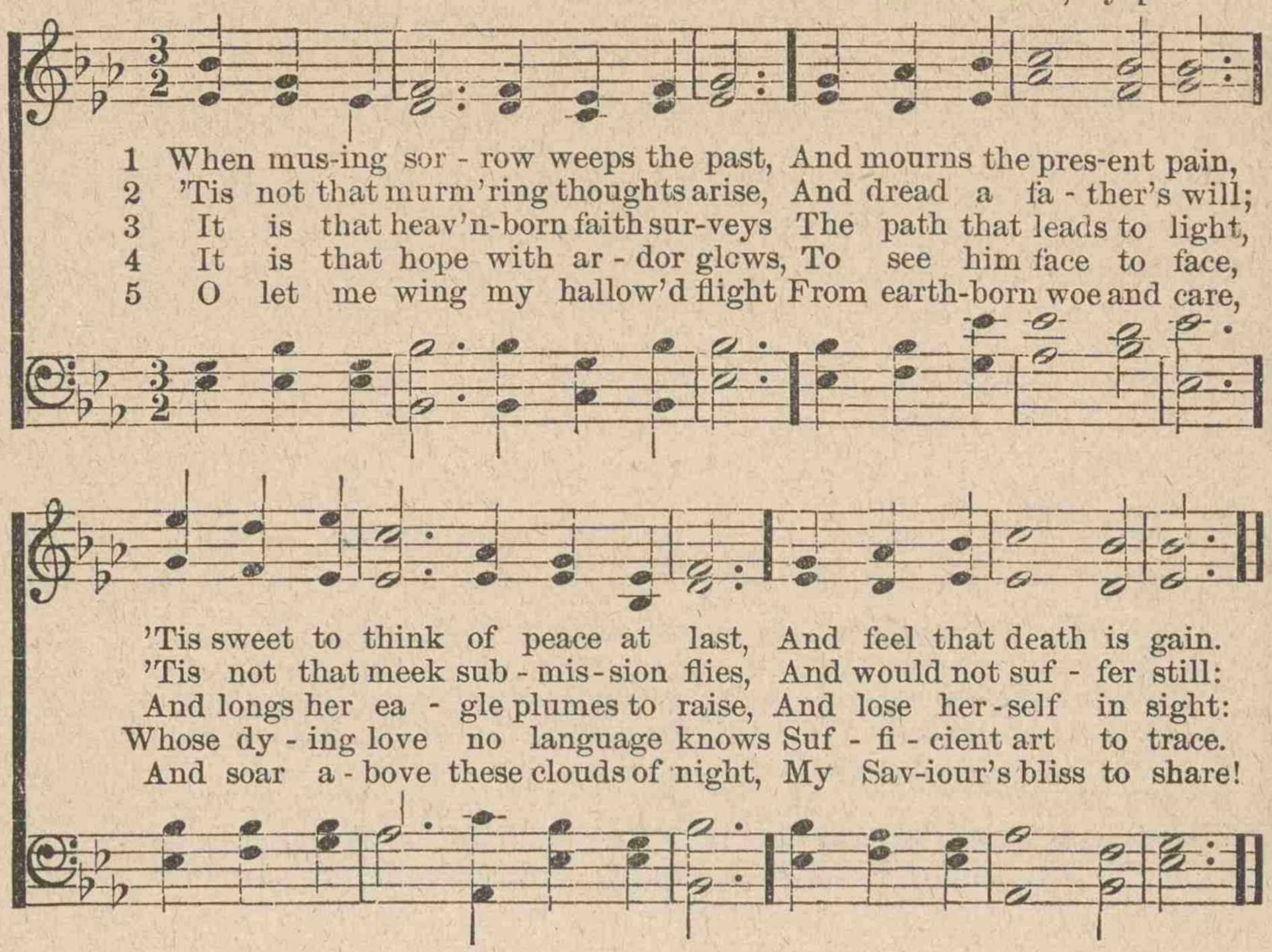


1 'Tis midnight, and on O-live's brow, The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone:
2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears;
3 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The man of sor-rows weeps in blood;
4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether plains Is borne the song that an-gels know:

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den now, The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.
E'en that dis-ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Unheard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

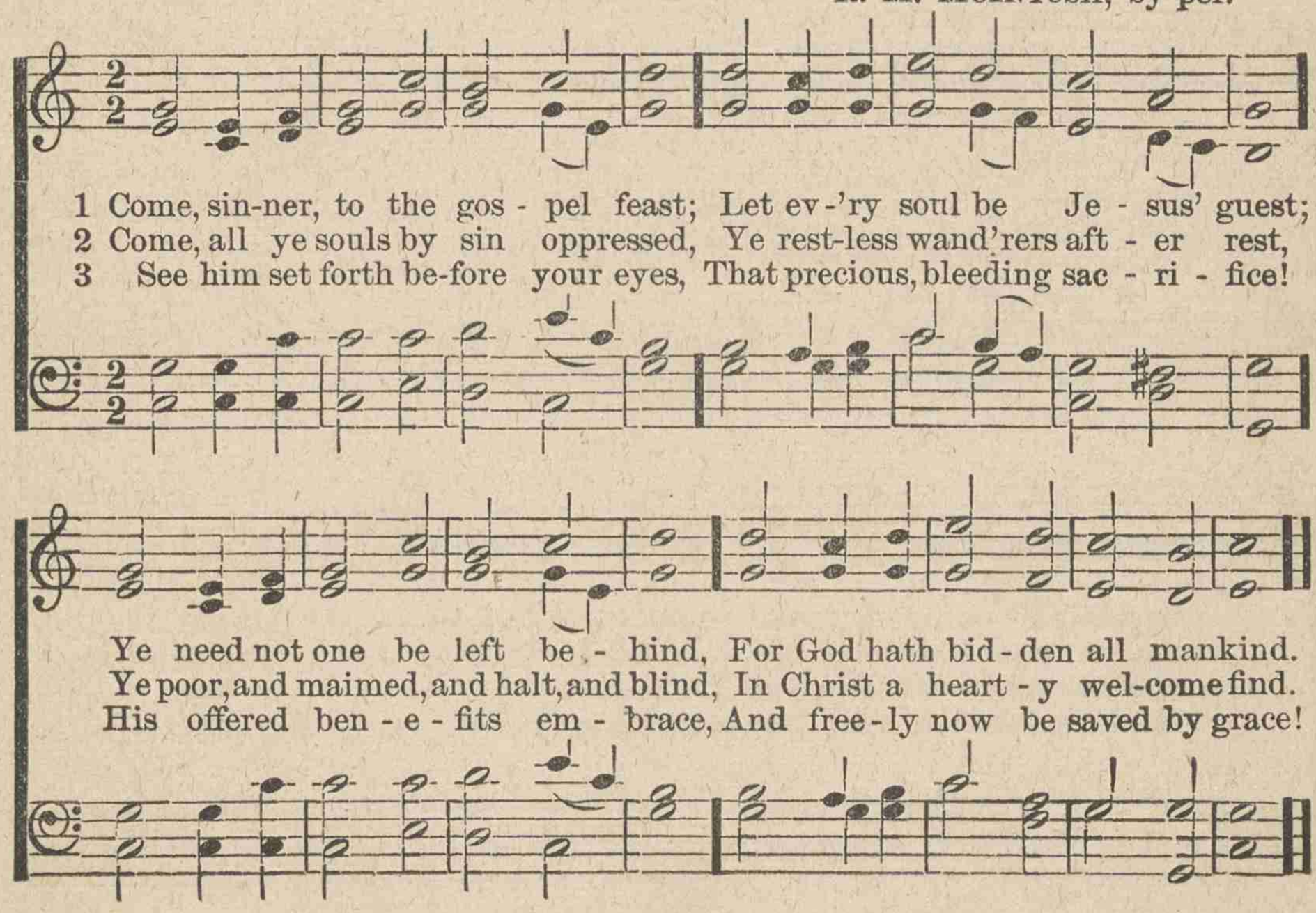
No. 142. VIRGINIA. C. M.

N. E. EVERETT, by per.



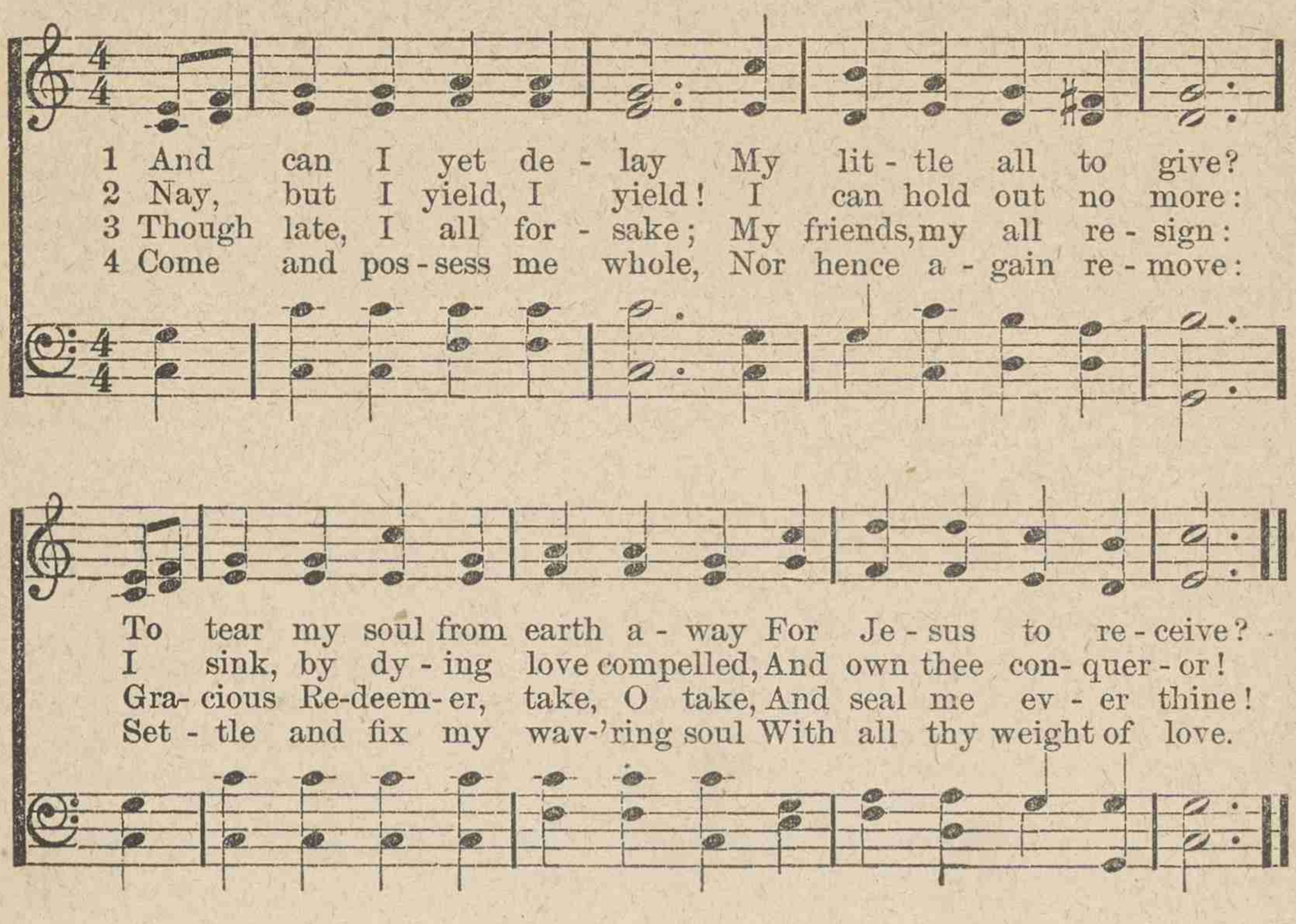
No. 143. KAVANAUGH. L. M.

R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



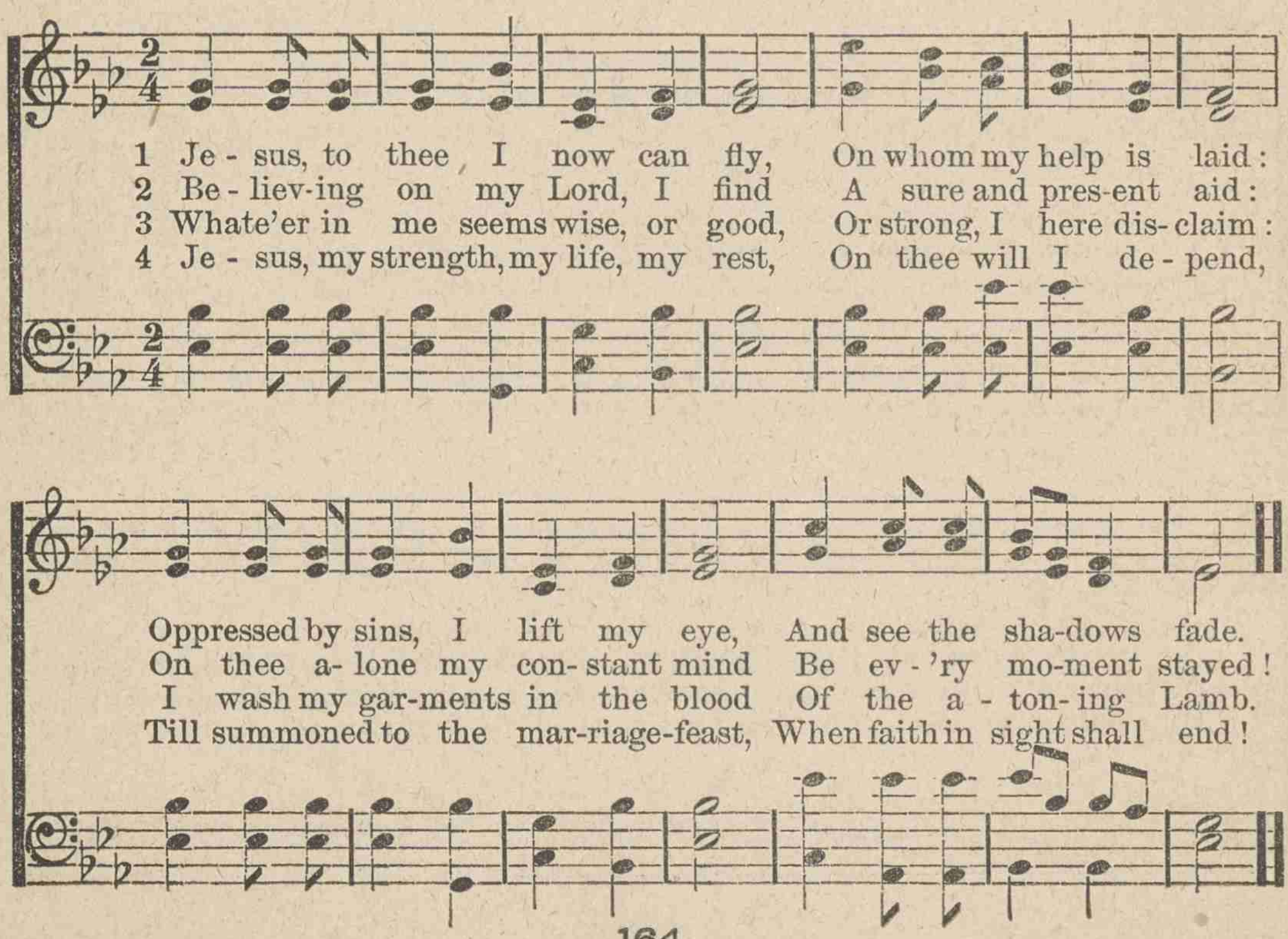
No. 144. MOULTON. S. M.

L. C. CHISHOLM, by per.



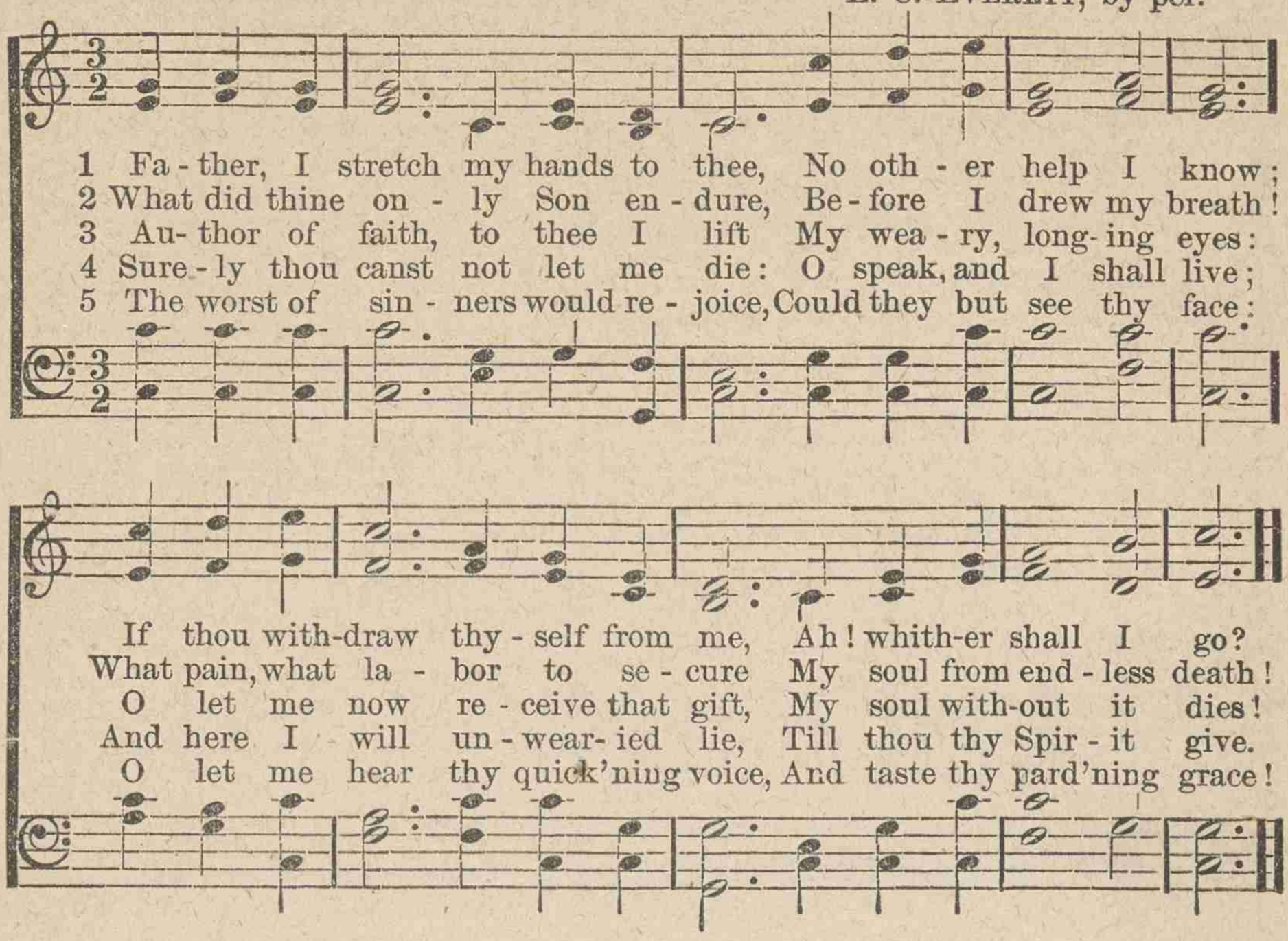
No. 145. SOLITUDE. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.



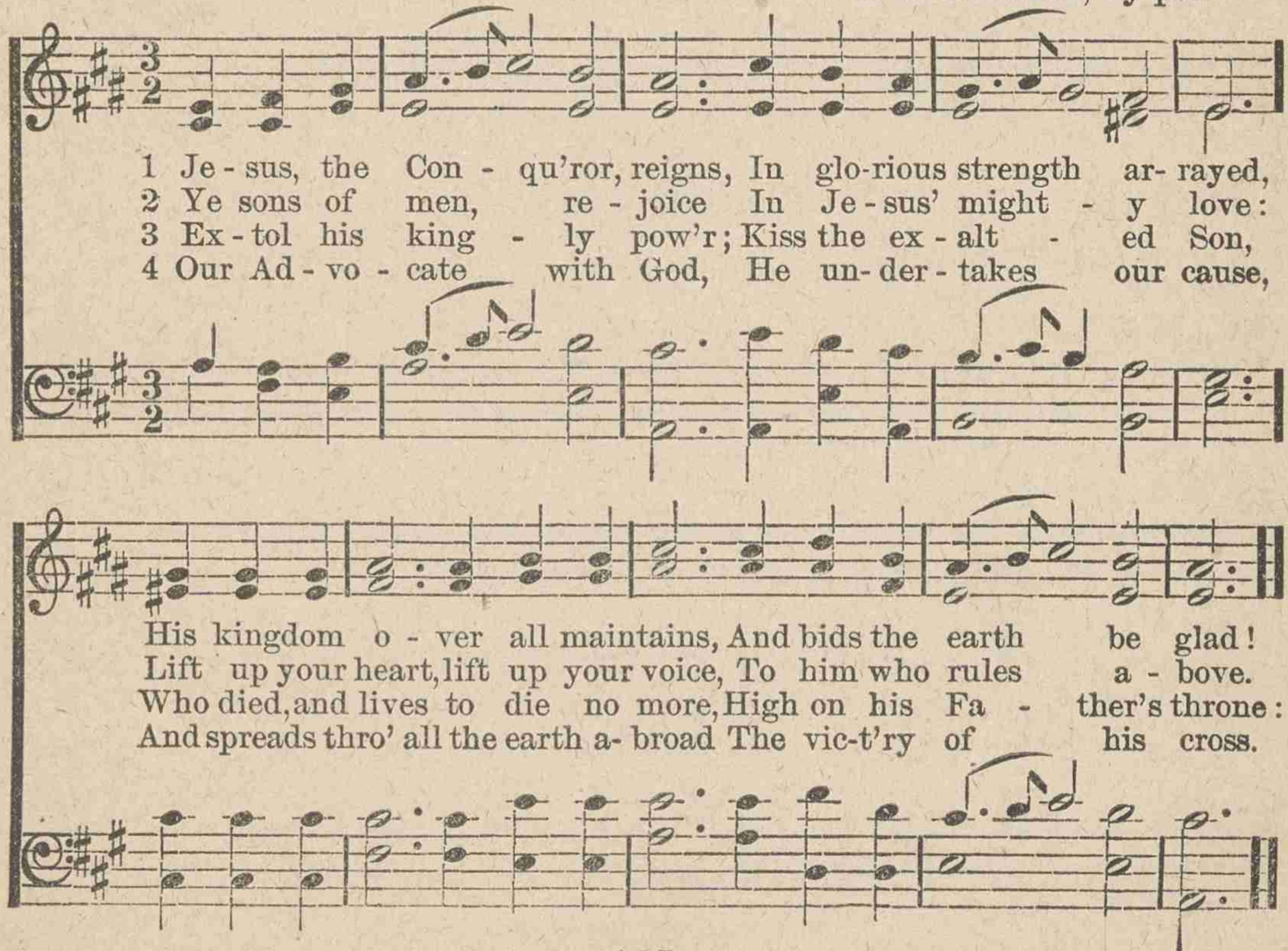
No. 146. SPRING. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.



No. 147. PAUL. S. M.

L. C. EVERETT, by per.



No. 148. ALBION.

1 Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
2 Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword,
3 Come, ho - ly Com - for - ter, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4 To the great One and Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and thy peo - ple bless, And give thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence—ev - er - more! His sov - ereign ma - jes - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 149. FARMVILLE.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

1 Just as I am— with - out one plea, But that thy blood was

shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee—

FARMVILLE. Concluded.



2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot;
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

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!

5 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

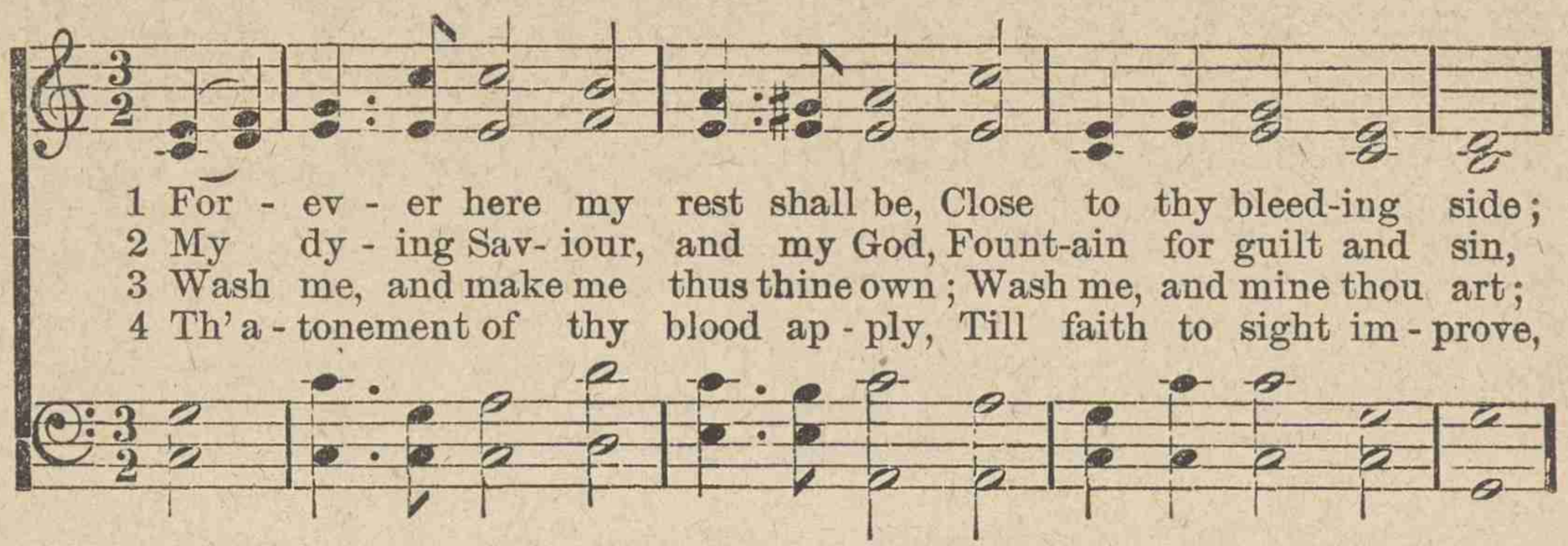
No. 150. SCHUMANN. S. M.

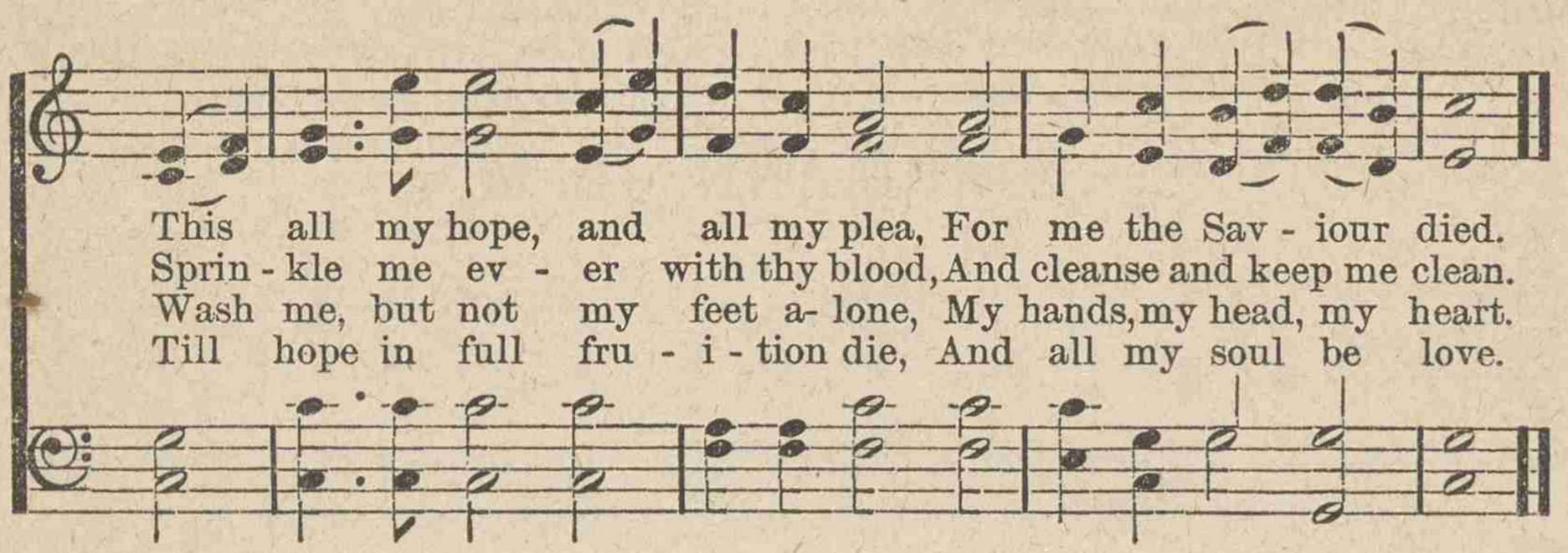
L. C. EVERETT, by per.



No. 151. CAPERS. C. M.

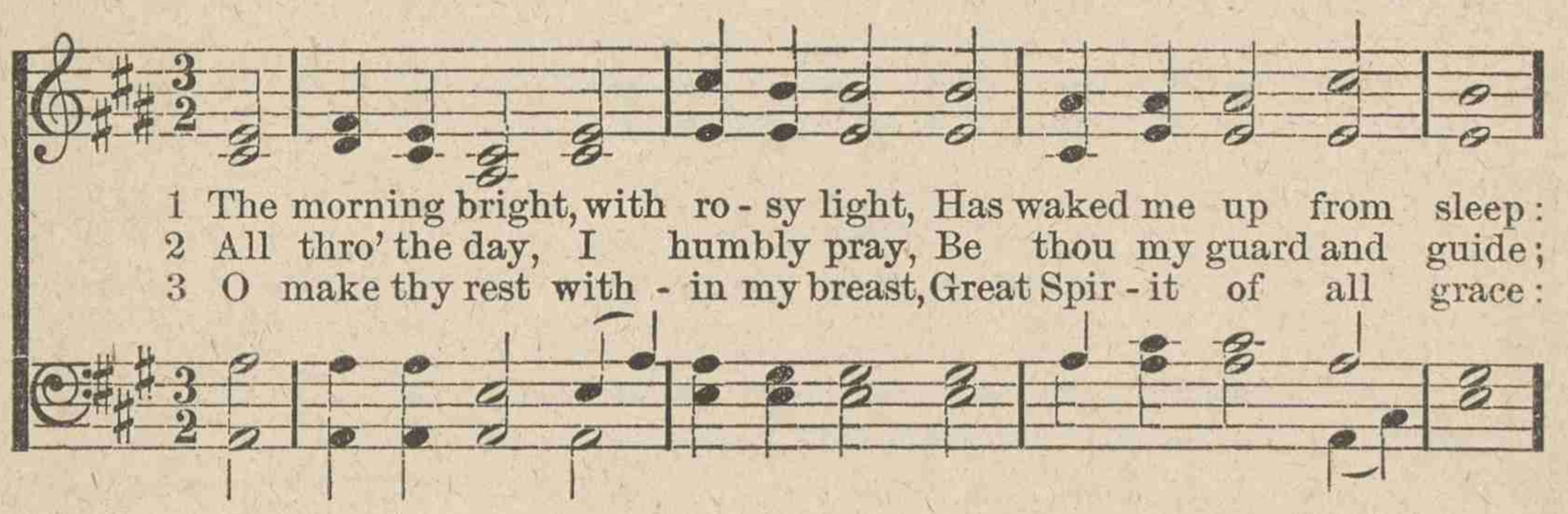
R. M. McIntosh, by per.





No. 152. KERLIN. C. M.

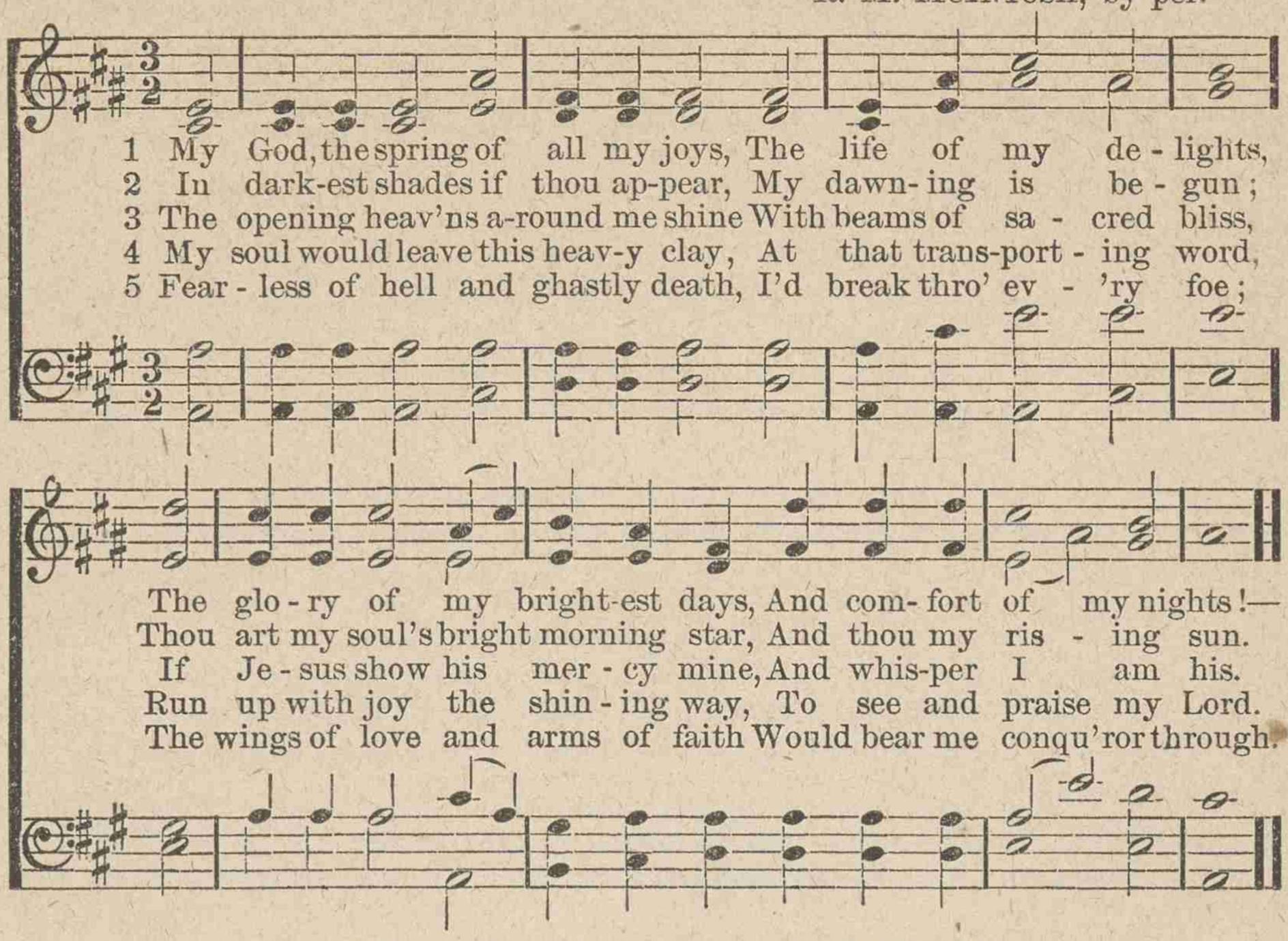
R. M. McIntosh, by per.





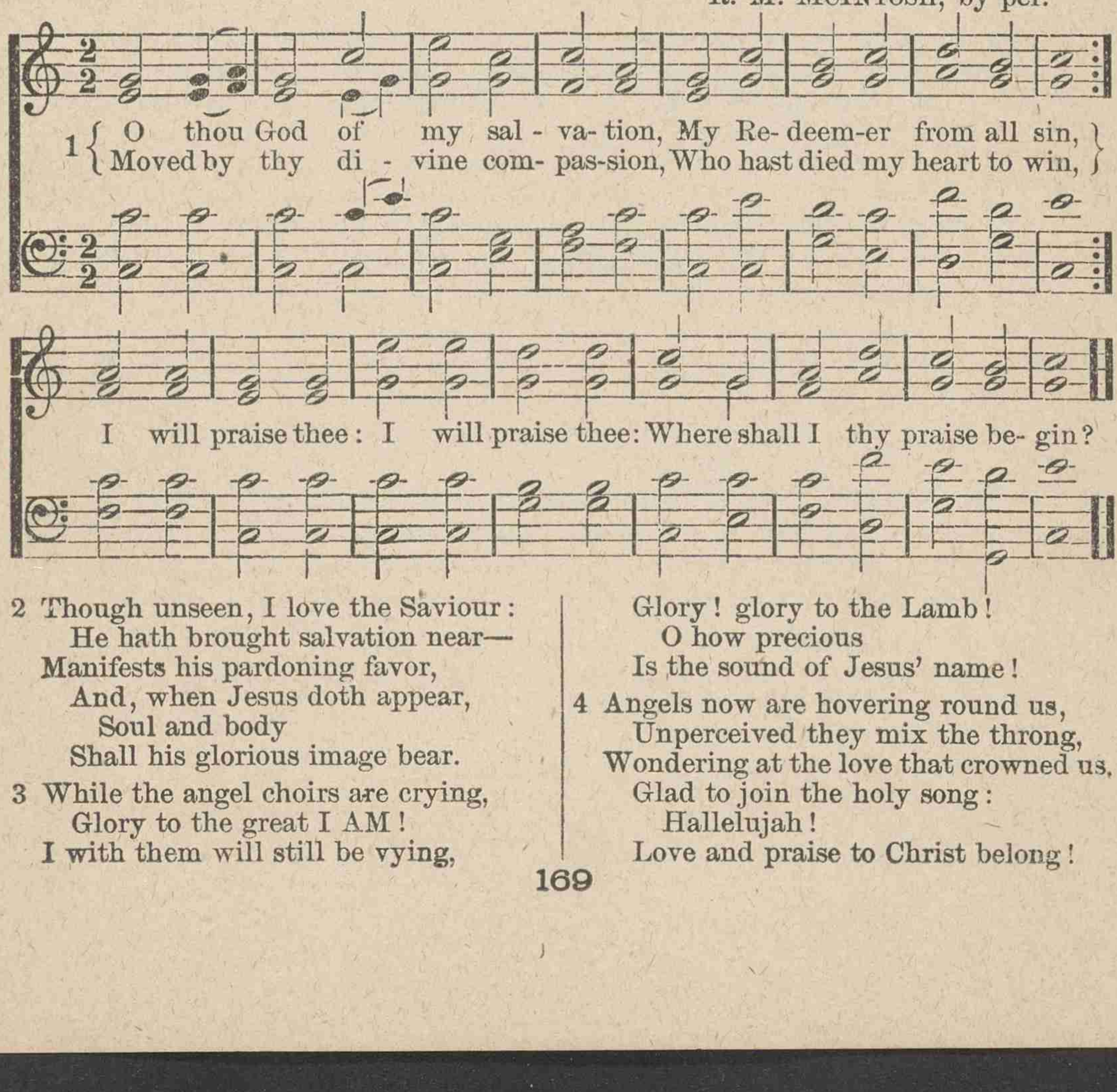
No. 153. HELEN. C. M.

R. M. McIntosh, by per.



No. 154. GILL. 8s, 7s & 4s. (8th P. M.)

R. M. McIntosh, by per.



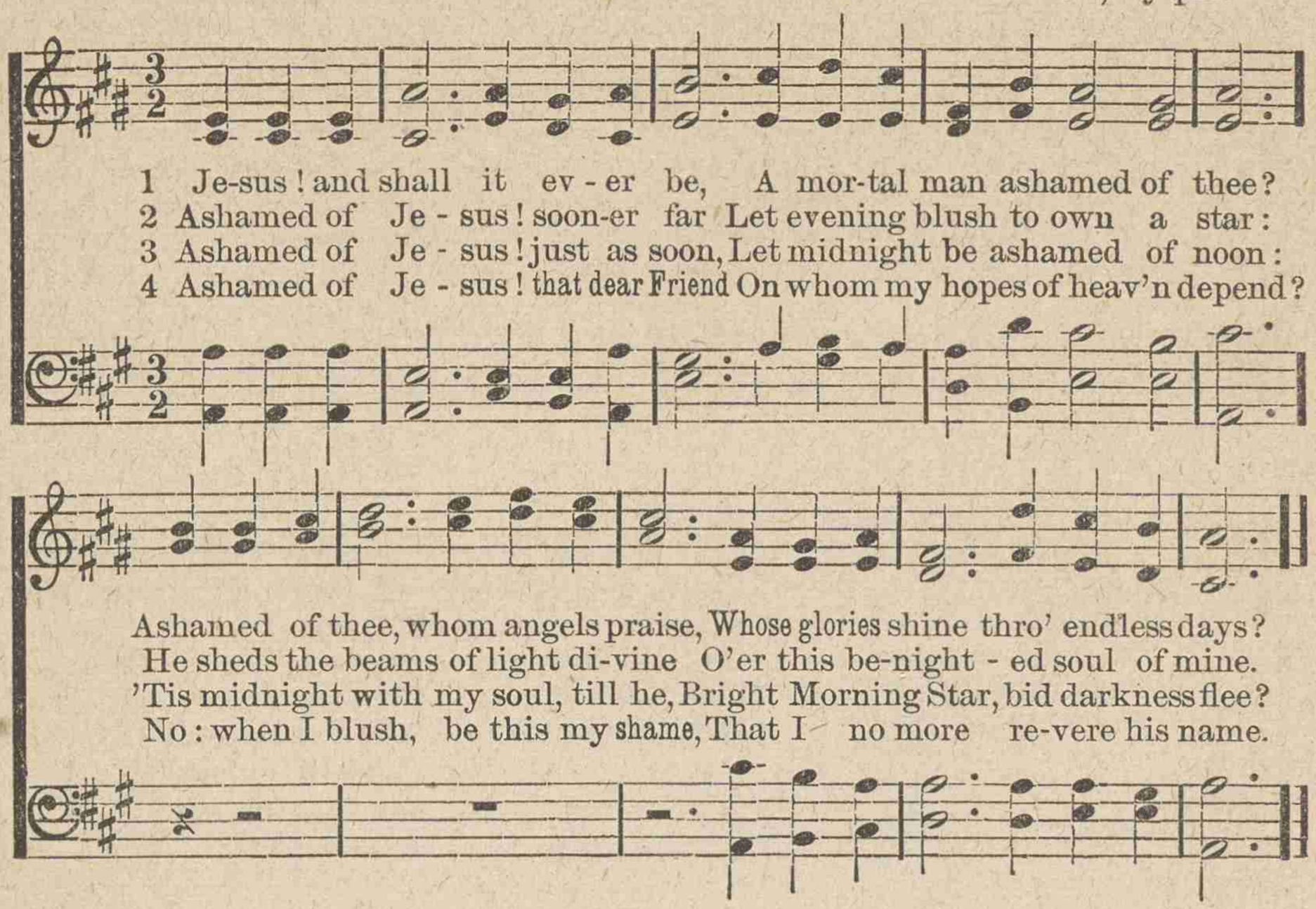
2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
He hath brought salvation near—
Manifests his pardoning favor,
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them will still be vying,
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

No. 155. CRICHLOW. L. M.

R. M. McIntosh, by per.

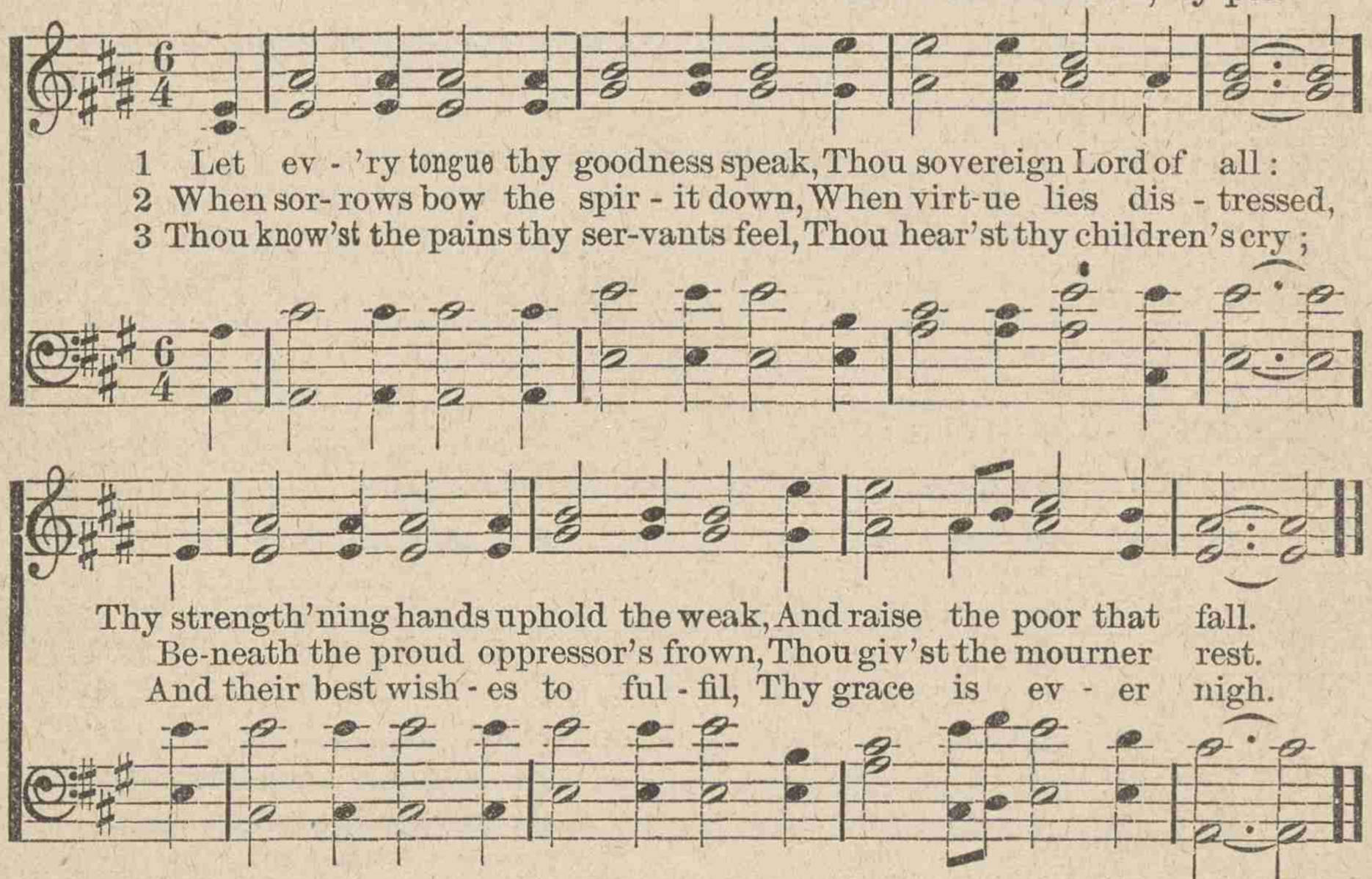


1 Je-sus! and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of thee?
2 Ashamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star:
3 Ashamed of Je-sus! just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
4 Ashamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee?
No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere his name.

No. 156. HEAD. C. M.

M. J. McGlasson, by per.



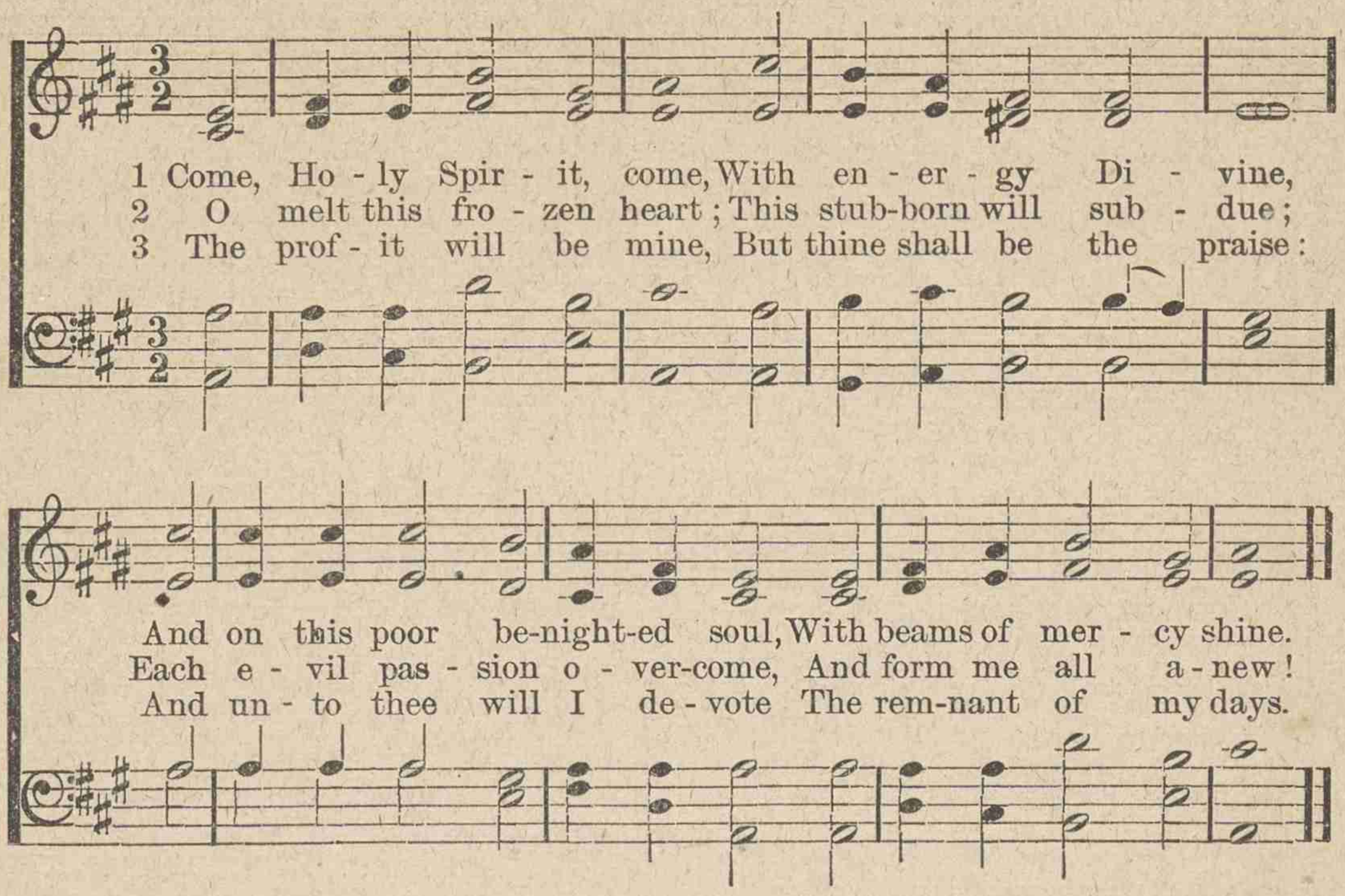
1 Let ev-'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all:
2 When sor-rows bow the spir-it down, When virt-ue lies dis-tressed,
3 Thou know'st the pains thy ser-vants feel, Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
Be-neath the proud oppressor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
And their best wish-es to ful-fil, Thy grace is ev-er nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble [love,
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the Sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

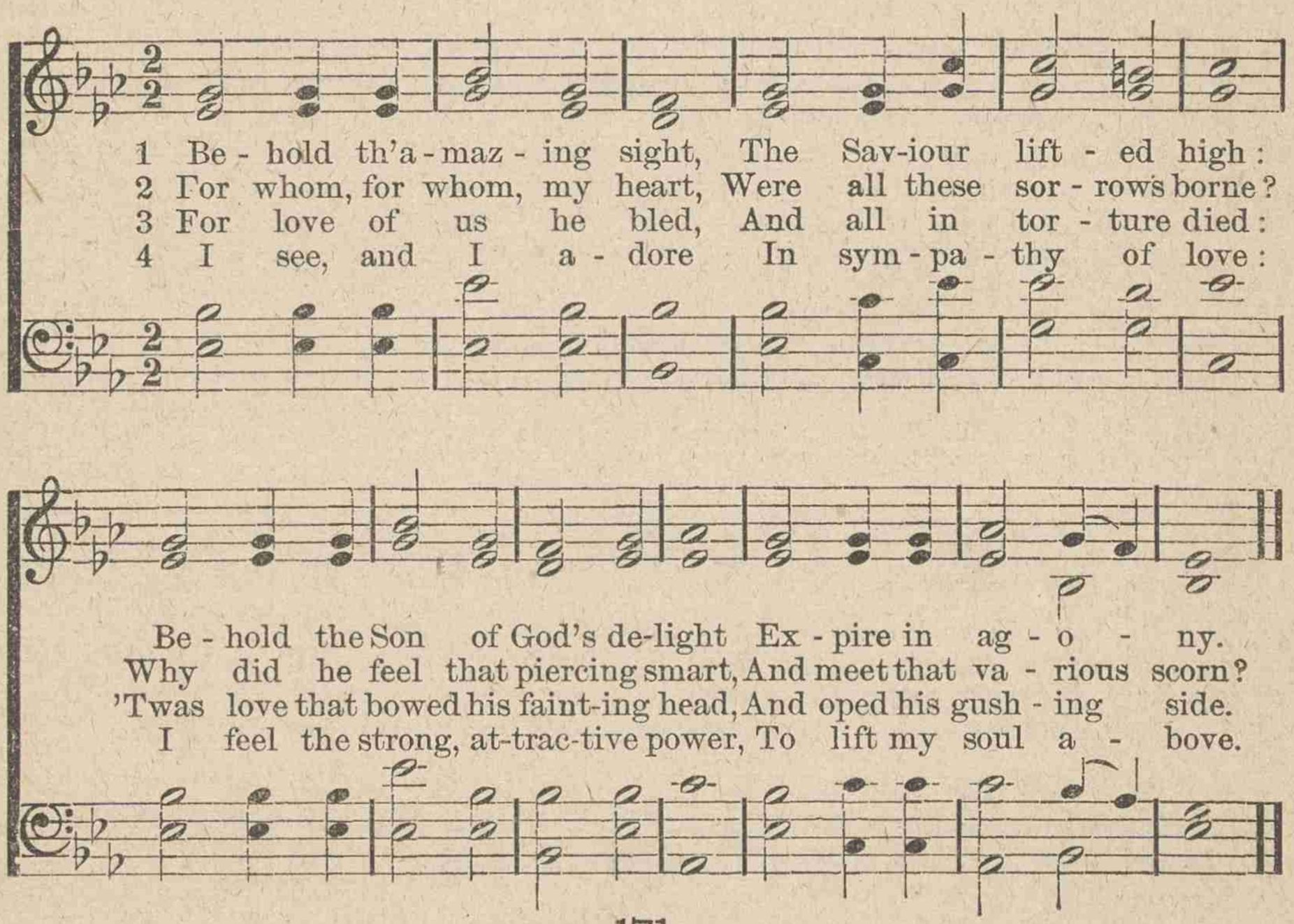
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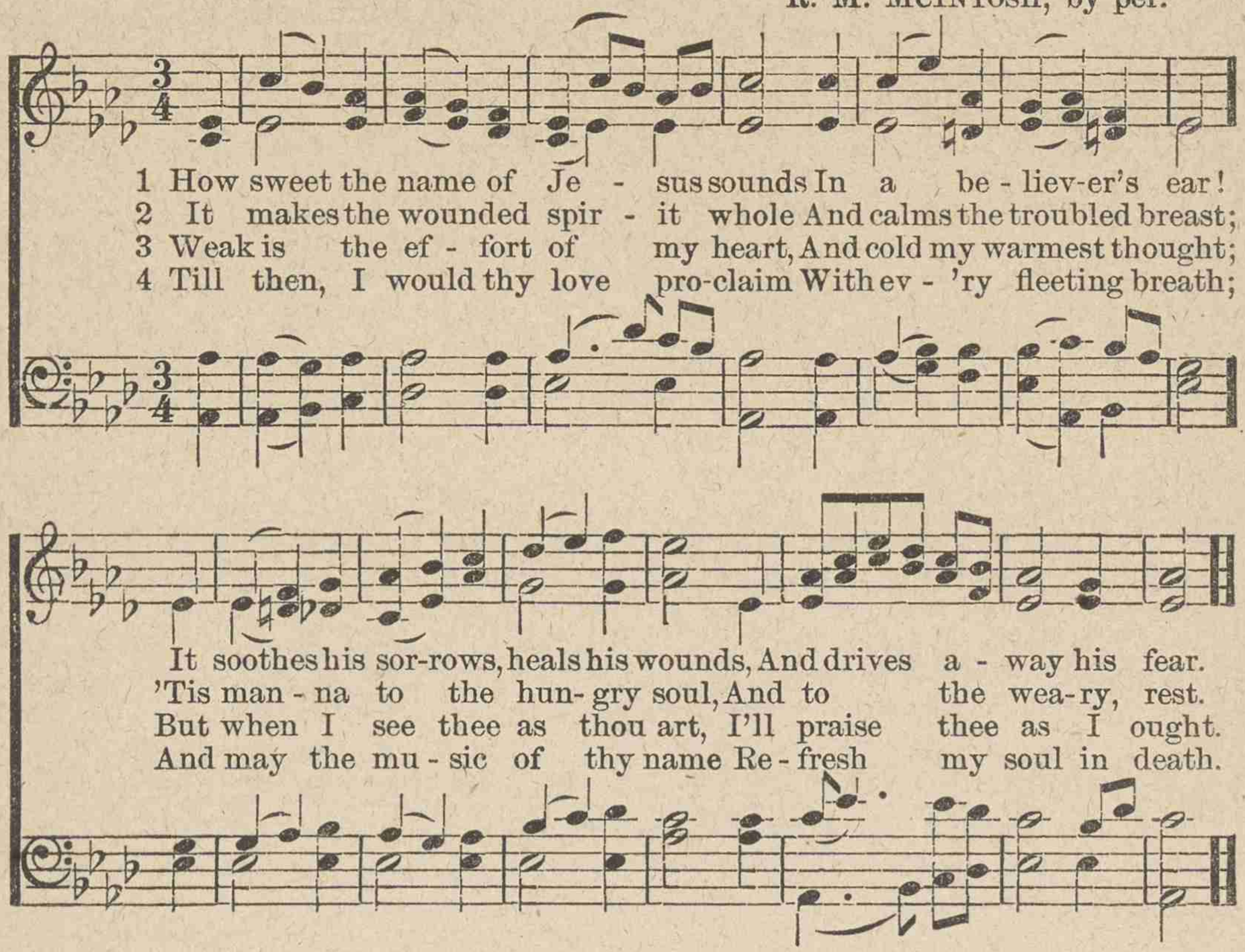
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R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



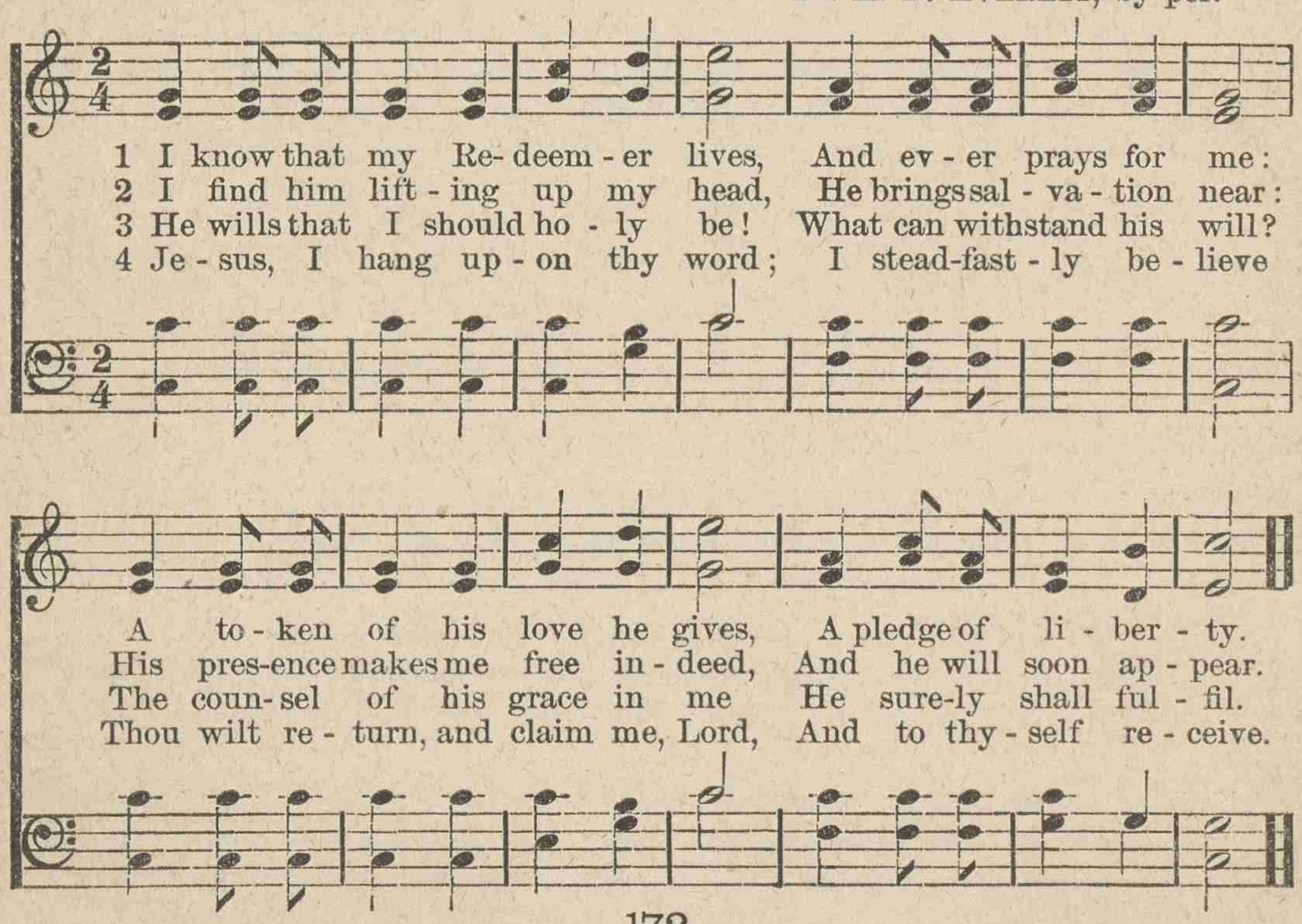
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R. M. McIntosh, by per.



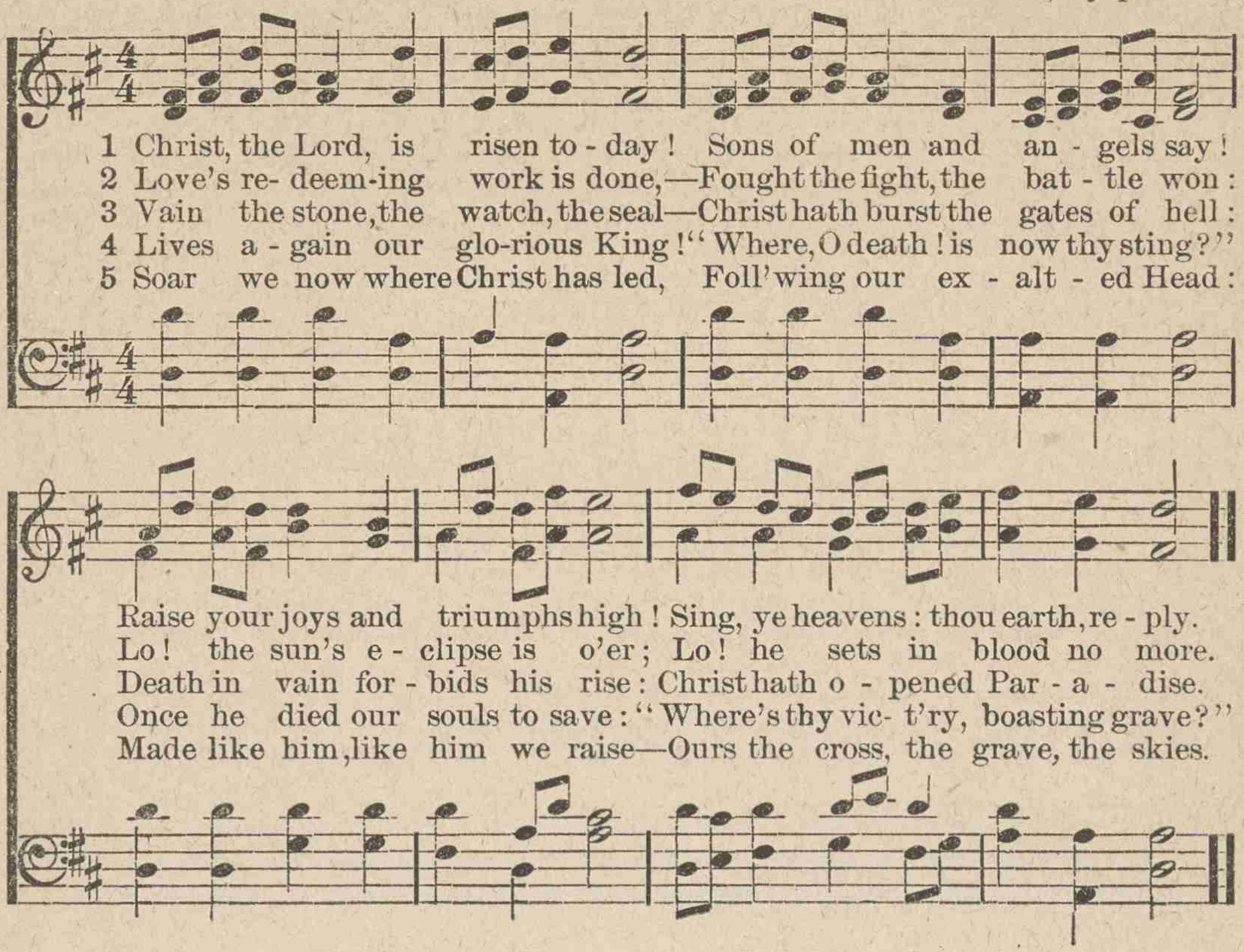
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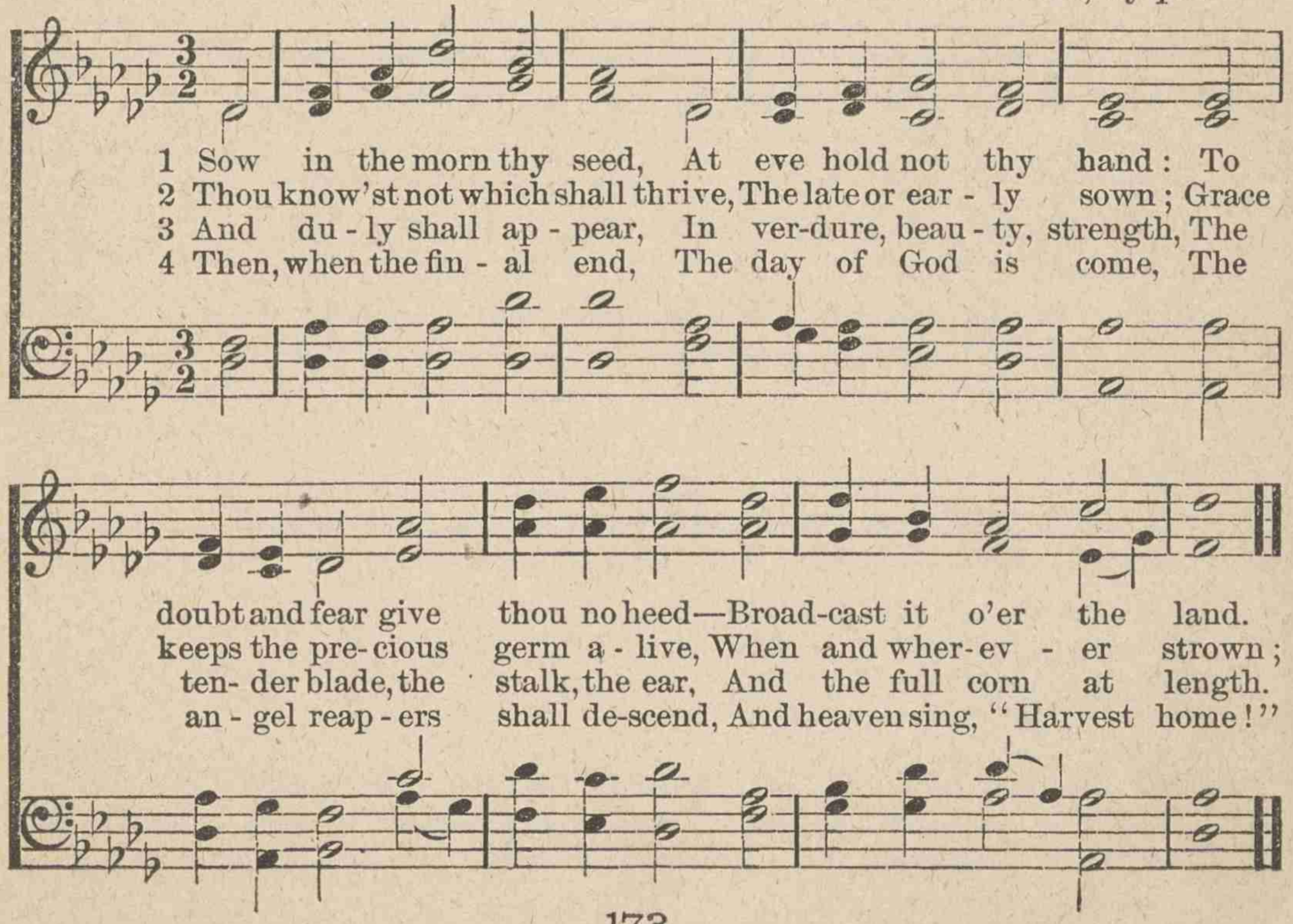
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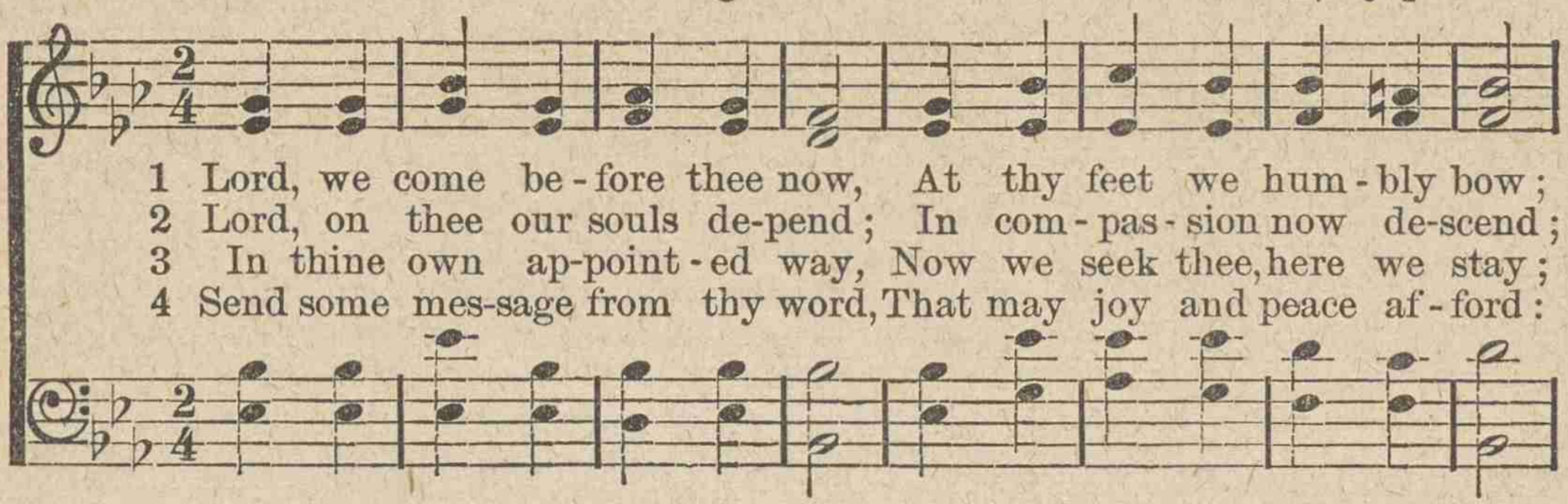
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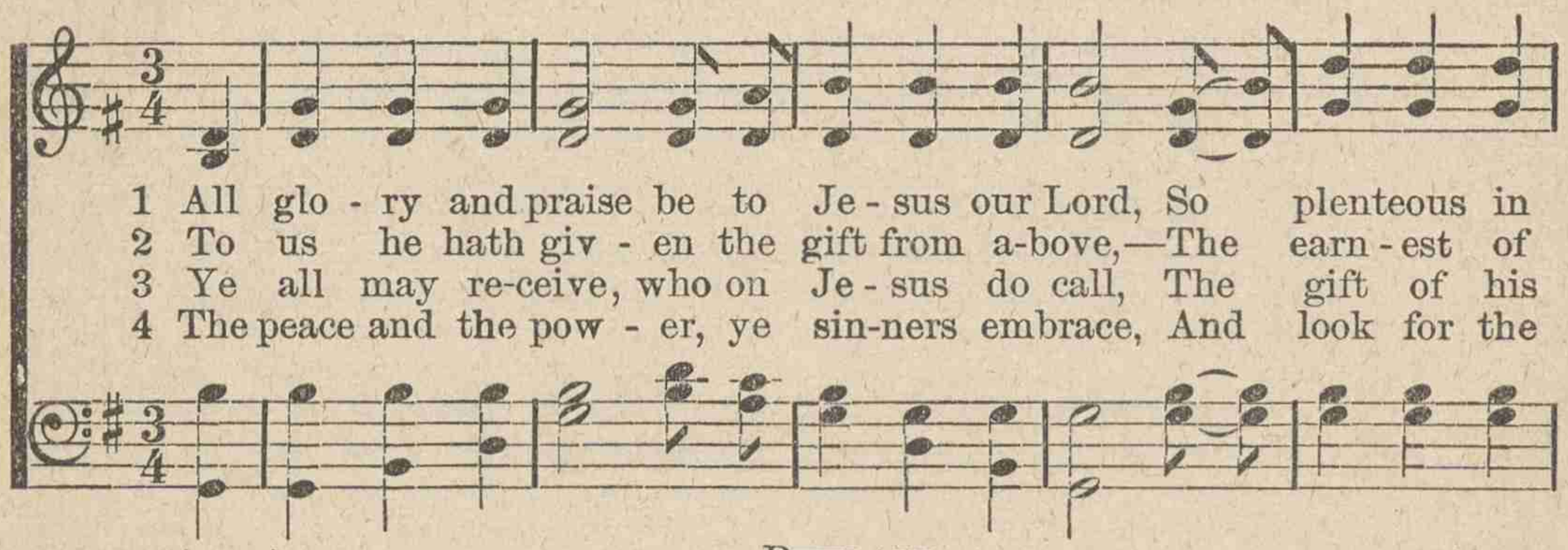




5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

No. 164. REVIVE US.

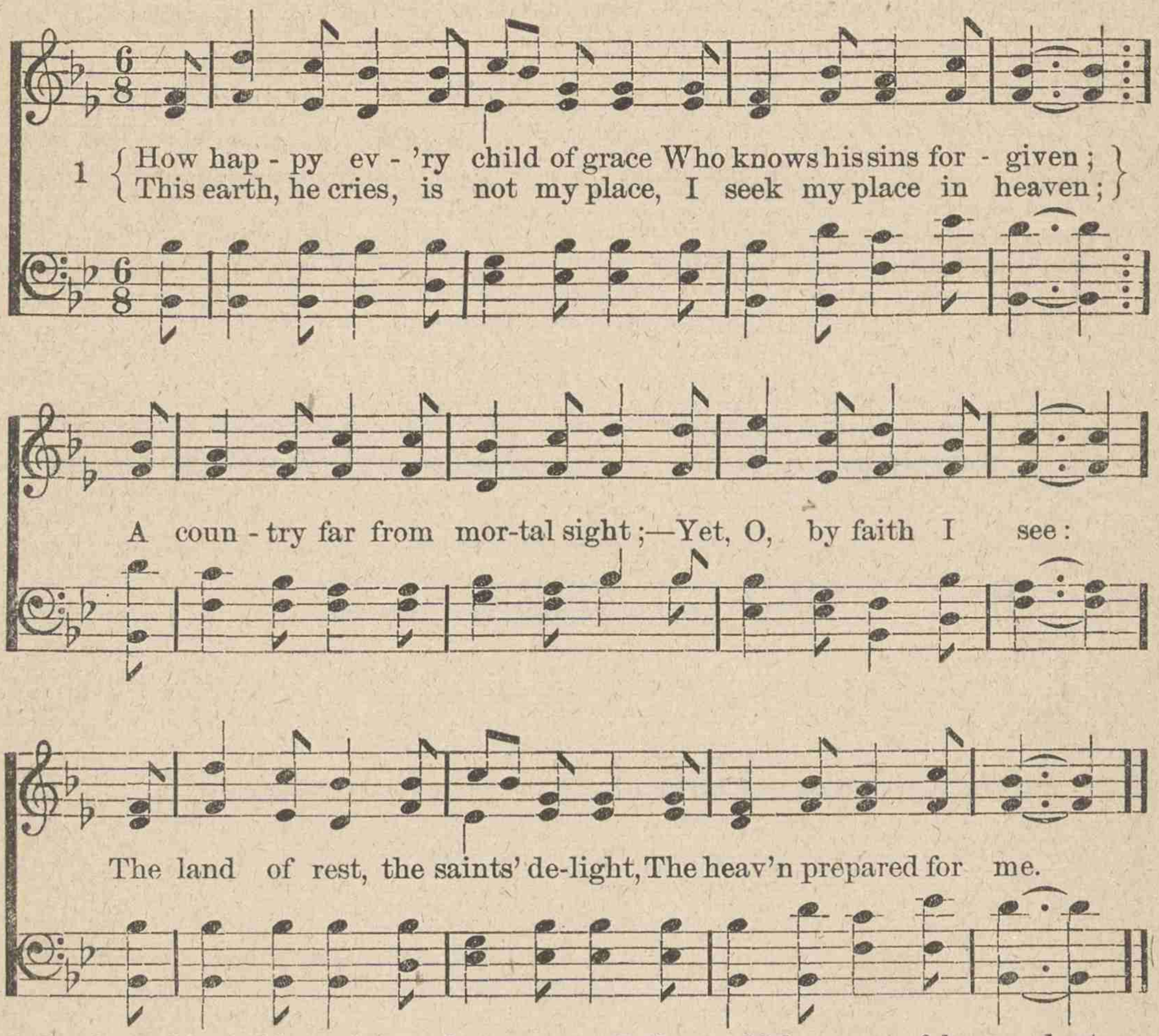


REVIVE US. Concluded.



No. 165. HERMON. C. M.

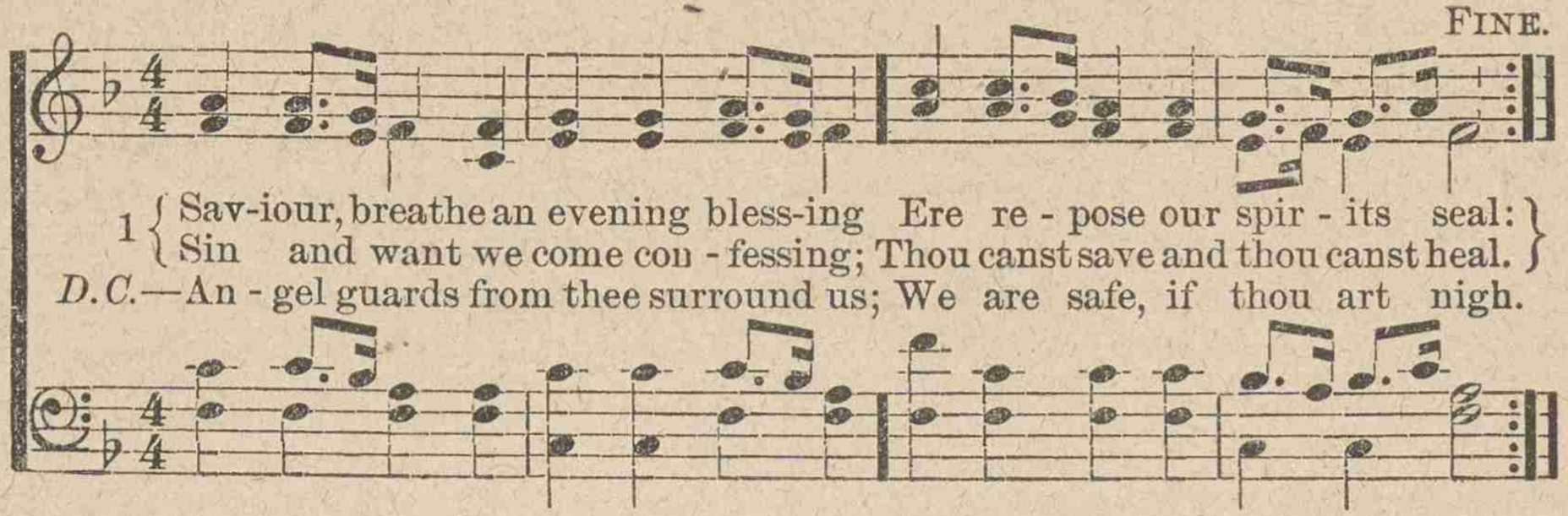
Rev. JOHN P. MCFERRIN.

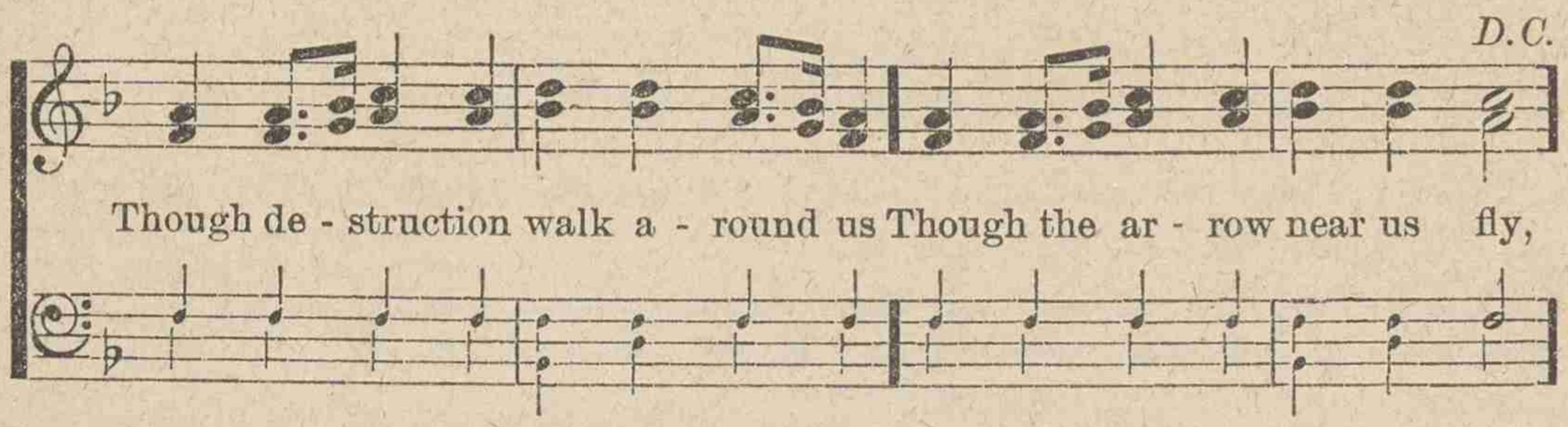


2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day :
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek ;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout, and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity !

No. 166. GREENVILLE. 8, 7. Double.





2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

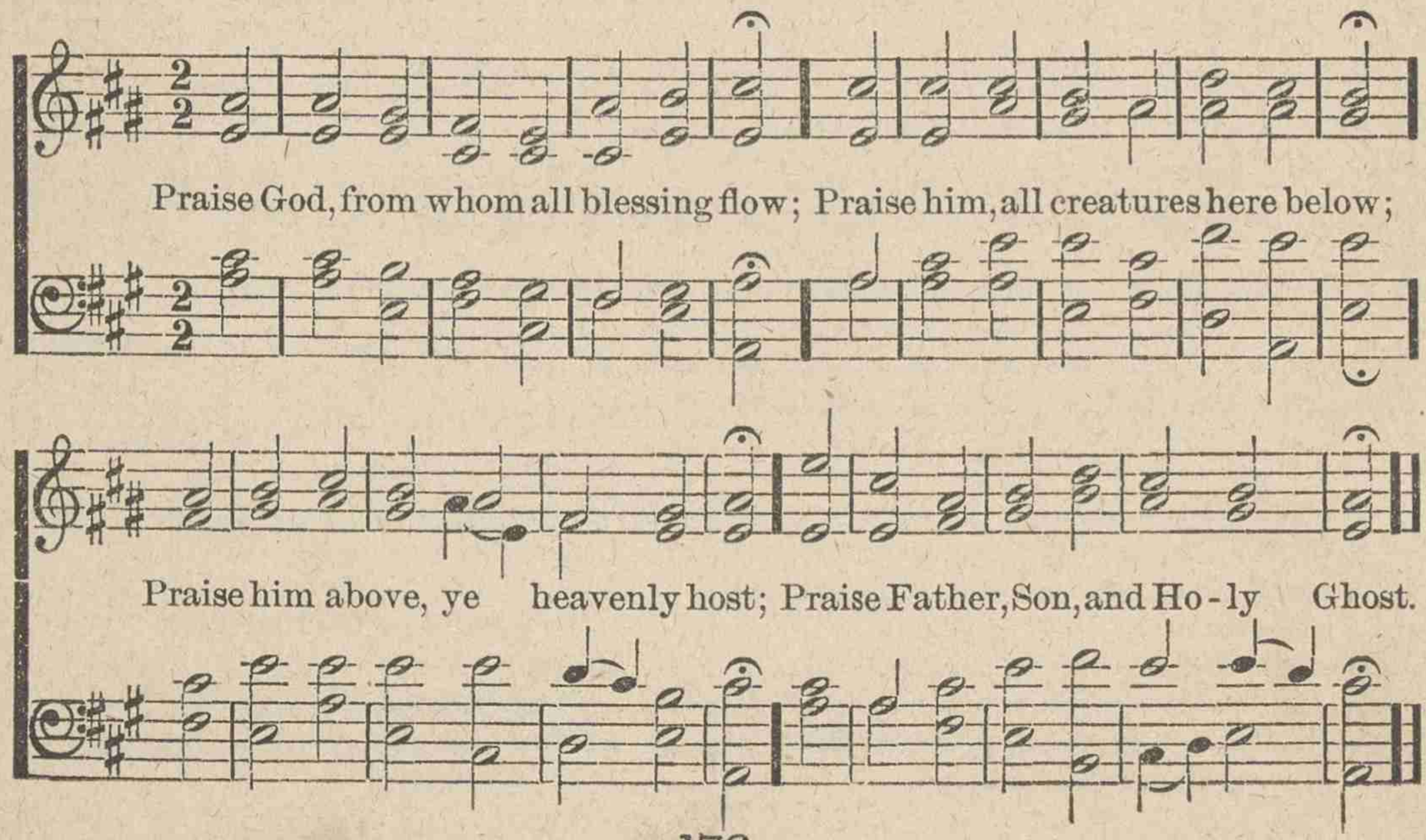
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

No. 167. 8, 7.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:

Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
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No. 168. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



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