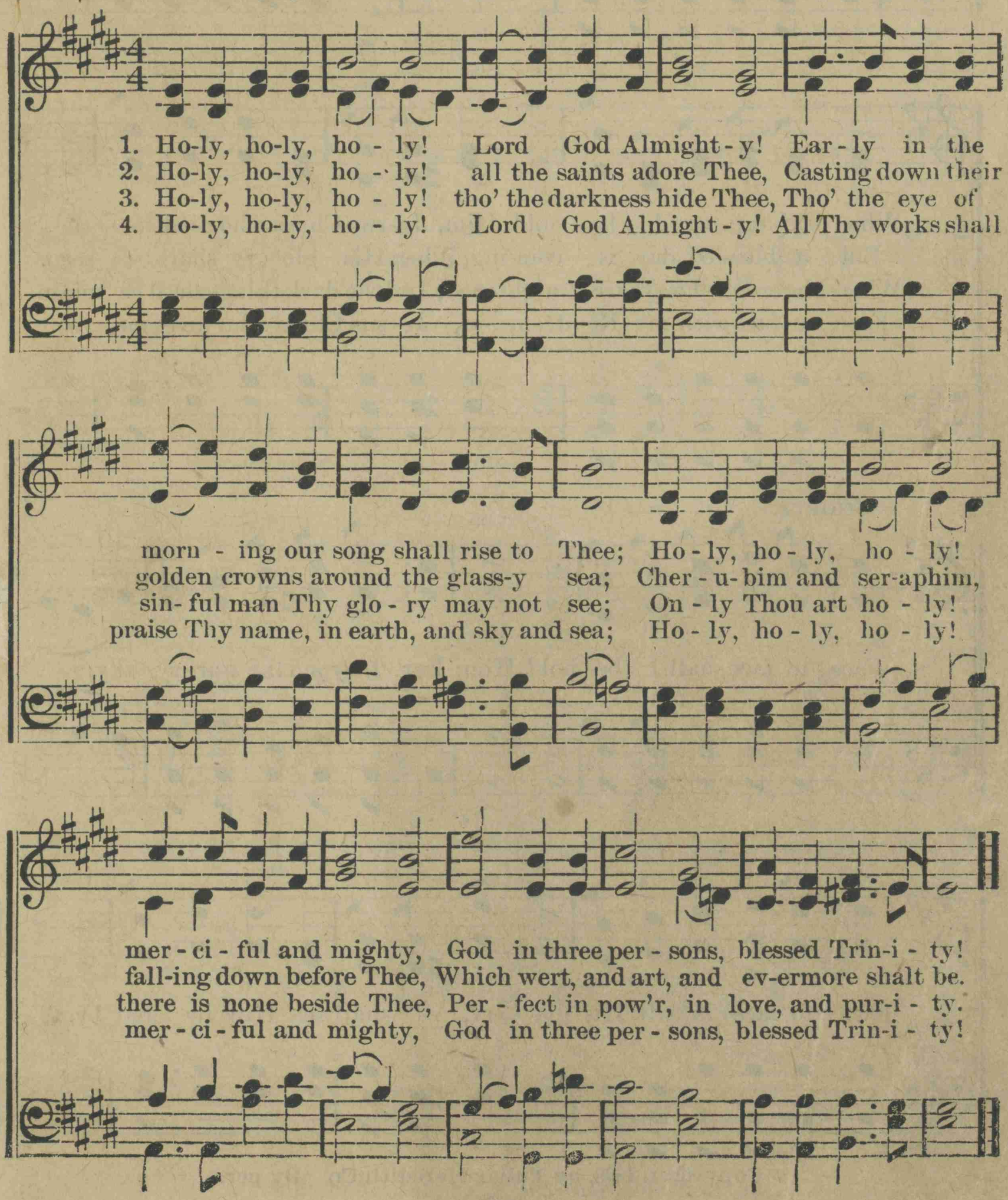
Revival Echoes

Revised and Enlarged

No. 1. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 2. FACE TO FACE.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Moderato.



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav-iour, Face to face--what will it be?
2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the darkling veil be-tween,
3. What re- joic-ing in His pres- ence, When are banished grief and pain,
4. Face to face! O! bliss-ful mo- ment! Face to face—to see and know:

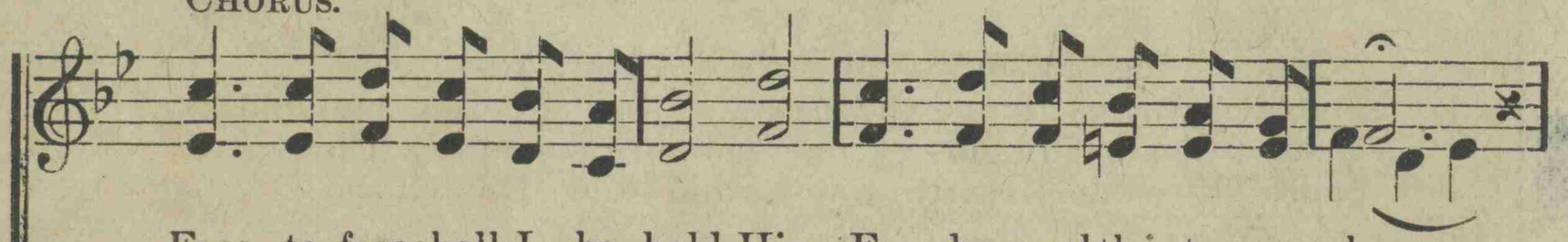




When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je- sus Christ who died for me.
But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re- deem - er, Je- sus Christ who loves me so.



Chorus.



Face to face shall I be- hold Him, Far be-yond the star- ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by.



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No. 3. AT THE ALTAR KNEELING.

"Then will I go unto the altar of God."—Ps. 43: 4.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. O my Sav-iour, humbly I am com-ing, com-ing, Wea-ry as a
2. O my Sav-iour, to the cross I'm clinging, clinging, There by faith I
3. In - to rap-ture now my soul is breaking, breaking, Love has kindled
4. O! there's joy where angel harps are ringing, ringing, Joy among their

heart can be; Where Thy pre-cious blood for me is flow-ing, flow-ing,
hear Thee say, Who-so - ev - er trust-eth in Thy promise, prom- ise,
to a flame; Thou hast saved me, bless-ed Lord, I know it, know it,
hap- py throng; At the al - tar, Jesus, Thou hast saved me, saved me,

CHORUS.

I sur- ren-der all to Thee.
Thou wilt nev- er turn a - way.
Glo- ry, glo- ry to Thy name.
Thou hast fill'd my heart with song.

At the al - tar, humbly I am kneeling, kneeling, Pleading Thy re- deemption free, Where Thy pre-cious blood for me is flow-ing, flow-ing I sur- ren-der all to Thee.

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No. 4. HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. G. H. Cook.

1. Walking in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O- ver the mountains,
2. Shad-ows a - round me, shad-ows a - bove me, Nev-er con- ceal my
3. In the bright sun- light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Pressing my way to

through the deep vale; Je- sus has said I'll nev- er for - sake thee,
Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light; in Him is no dark-ness,
mansions a - bove Sing- ing His praise - es, glad- ly I'm walk- ing,

Chorus.

Prom-ise di - vine that nev- er can fail.
Ev- er I'm walk- ing close to His side.
Walk-ing in sun-light, sunlight of love.

} Heav-en - ly sun- light,

heav-en- ly sun-light; Flooding my soul with glo- ry di - vine: Hal - le -

lu - jah, I am re - joic- ing, Singing His prais- es, Je- sus is mine.

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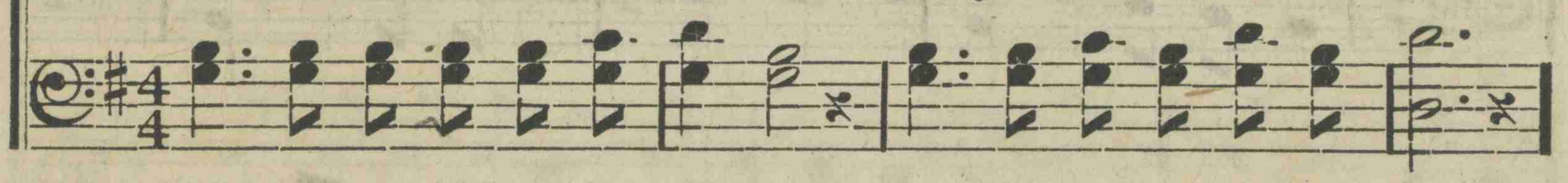
No. 5. SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15.

Unknown. . B. BRADBURY.



1. Shout the ti-ding of sal - va - tion To the a - ged and the young,
2. Shout the ti-ding of sal - va - tion O'er the prairies of the west,
3. Shout the ti-ding of sal - va - tion, Ming-ling with the ocean's roar,
4. Shout the ti-ding of sal - va - tion O'er the is-lands of the sea,





Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wak- en ev - ery heart and tongue.
Till each gathering congre - ga - tion With the gos-pel sound is blest.
Till the ships of ev- ery na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till, in hum-ble a - do - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knees.



CHORUS.



Send the sound the earth around, From the ris-ing to the set-ting of the sun,





Till each gathering crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.



No. 6. THE RIFTED ROCK.

R. G. STAPLES. W. F. HEATH.



1. No oth- er ref - uge, Lord, have I; Who can I trust but Thee?
2. Tho' clouds obscure and dark the way, Storms in wild fu - ry rage,
3. Come, stormy wind; come, tempest shock; Roll, bil- lows of the sea;





Oh, fix my hope up - on the Rock That has been cleft for me.
Safe from a- larm, I rest se - cure Till Thou the storms as - suage.
I am se- cure with- in the Rock That has been cleft for me.



CHORUS.



The rift- ed Rock, the rift- ed Rock, Oh, may it shel- ter
The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ted Rock, Oh, may it shel- ter





me (shelter me); My hope is on the rifted Rock, That has been cleft for me.



No. 7. WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Arranged.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to- night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un - ceas- ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
2. What a treas - sure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur- ied deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
3. I am rest - ing to- night in this won - der - ful peace, Resting sweet- ly in Je- sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the Au- thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king-dom shall be:—
5. Ah! soul are you here with- out com - fort or rest, Marching down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the shad-ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.

Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep o - ver my spirit for- ev-er, I pray, In fath-omless billows of love.

No. 8. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau- ti- ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there
winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

Chorus.

be any stars in my crown?
praise like the sea billow rolls.
be any stars in my crown?

Will there be any stars, an- y stars in my crown?

When at evening the sun go- eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
goeth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?.....
an- y stars in my crown?

By per. Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

No. 9. HELPERS ARE NEEDED.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. HALL.

1. Ma - ny the ways that we ought to set right, Ma - ny dark corners that wait for the light; Ma - ny good ac-tions that ought to be done;
2. Ma - ny the bat- tles His soldiers must fight, Strengthened and led by His Spir - it of might; Up and be do - ing! the hours swift - ly run;
3. Ma - ny the hearts that are bro-ken with grief; Whose gentle kindness will bring them re - lief? Till in the west sinks the bright set - ting sun;
4. Hap- py the serv- ice when tendered our King; Happy our song when some jew - el we bring; Bless - ed the serv - ant who hears His "well done;"

CHORUS.

Help - ers are need- ed; will you be one? Will you be one? will you be one? To hast - en the Kingdom of God's dear Son; Will you be one? will you be one? Help-ers are need-ed; will you be one?

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No. 10. KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

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

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



1. Who at my door is stand - ing, Pa - tient- ly draw- ing near,
2. Lone- ly without He's stay - ing, Lone - ly within am I
3. All thro' the dark hours drear - y, Knock- ing a-gain is He,
4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide,





Entrance within de - mand- ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait- ing so long for me?
Tho' He rebuke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.



REFRAIN.



Sweet- ly the tones are fall - ing,— "O - pen the door for me!"





If Thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a- bide with Thee.

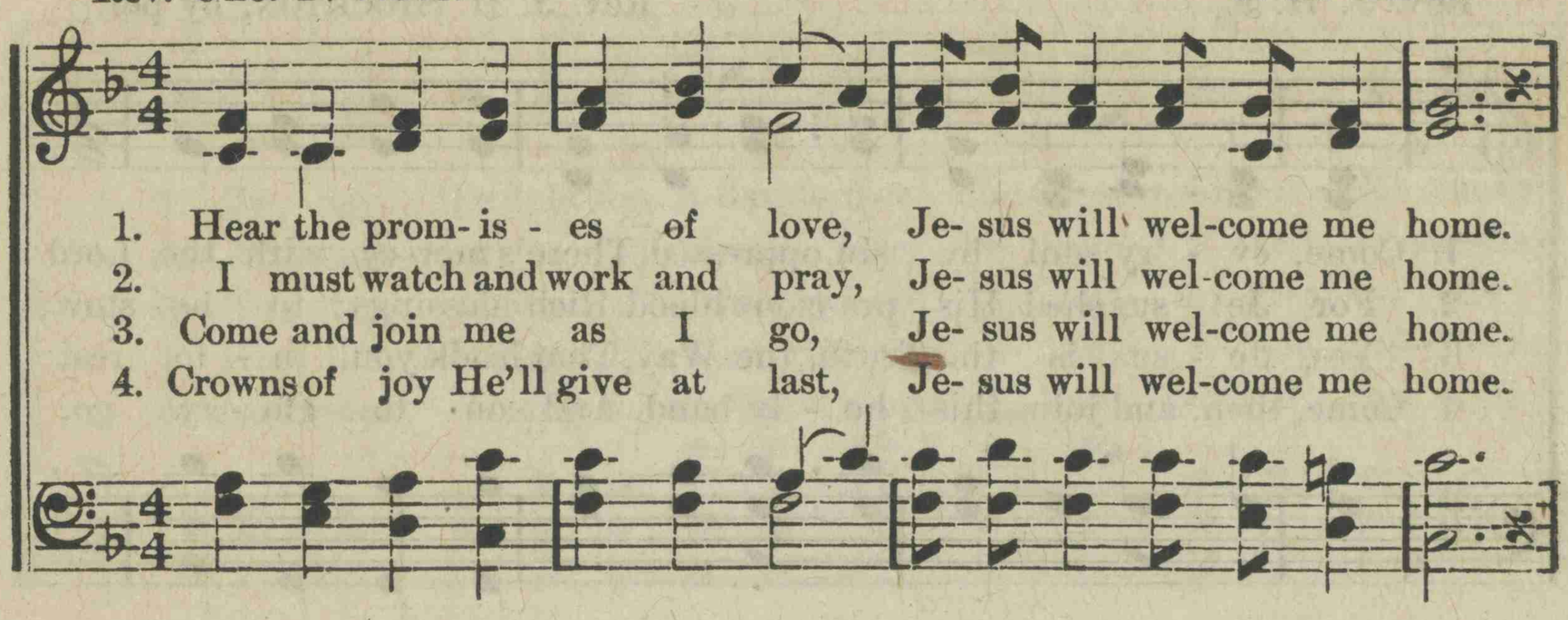


By per. R. M. McIntosh.

No. 11. JESUS WILL WELCOME ME HOME.

"That our joy might be full."—John 16: 24.

Rev. GEO. P. HOTT. J. H. HALL.



1. Hear the prom- is - es of love, Je- sus will wel-come me home.
2. I must watch and work and pray, Je- sus will wel-come me home.
3. Come and join me as I go, Je- sus will wel-come me home.
4. Crowns of joy He'll give at last, Je- sus will wel-come me home.



End- less joy in heav'n a - bove, Je- sus will welcome me home.
Ev - 'ry mo- ment, day by day, Je- sus will welcome me home.
Trav'ling from this world of woe, Je- sus will welcome me home.
When life's sor - rows all are past, Je- sus will welcome me home.

CHORUS.



Jesus will welcome me home, Jesus will welcome me home,
welcome me home, welcome me home.



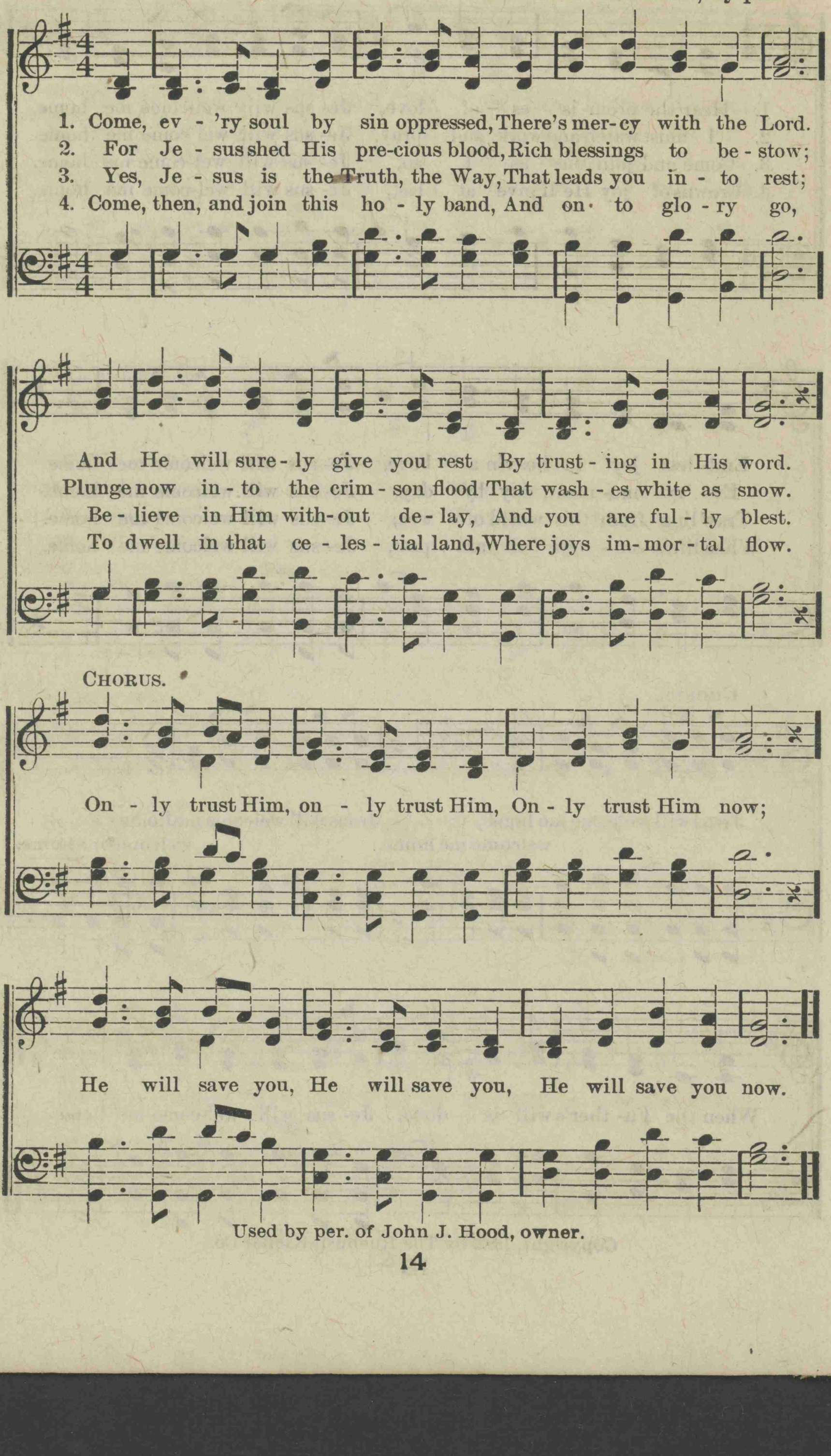
When the Fa- ther's will is done, Je- sus will wel-come me home.

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No. 12. ONLY TRUST HIM.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your soul."—Matt. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



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No. 13. I'M GLAD I BEAR HIS NAME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. To pay the debt for A-dam's race The bless - ed Sav- iour came;
2. Although up - on the rug-ged tree, He bore a death of shame,
3. To try to hon- or Christ my Lord Is now my great-est aim;
4. His life, His death, His tears, His cross, I em - u - late and claim;
5. And when I sing the new, new song, I know 'twill be the same;

And since I've tast- ed of His grace, I'm glad I bear His name.
Yet since He died to ran- som me, I'm glad I bear His name.
For since His mer- cy I im-plored I'm glad I bear His name.
Thro' good or ill, thro' gain or loss, I'm glad I bear His name.
For I shall tell that heav'nly throng, How once I bore His name.

CHORUS.

I'm glad..... I'm call'd a Christian, My soul is all a- flame;
I'm glad is all a-flame;

For since..... I found my Sav-iour, I'm glad I bear His name.
for since His name.

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No. 14. WHO'LL SEND THE NEWS?

O. R. B. O. R. Barrows.

1. An- gels are waiting to bear the news Up to the courts a- bove,
2. Je - sus is read- y, oh, heed His call, "Come, wea- ry ones, and rest,"
3. Oh, what an an-them will an- gels sing! How throb their hearts with love!

Of some poor wand'rer now coming home, Seek- ing a Father's love.
Noth-ing is wanting, there's room for all, Now be for - ev - er blest.
E'en now they're waiting, and on the wing, Who'll send the news a - bove?

Chorus.

There will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove,
will be joy in heav'n, will be joy a-bove,

O - ver the wand'rer re- turn- ing home, Seek-ing a Father's love.

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No. 15. GLORY OVER THERE.

Words arr. by I. N. McHose. C. L. Moore.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where we shall be gathered by and by;
2. Its skies are not like earthly skies, Where we shall be gathered by and by;
3. There rests no shadows, falls no stain, Where we shall be gathered by and by;
4. O - ver in that se-rene a-bode, Where we shall be gathered by and by;

In - fin - ite day ex-cludes the night, Where we shall be gath- ered
It hath no need of sun to rise, Where we shall be gath- ered
And those long part - ed meet a - gain, Where we shall be gath- ered
There we will meet and live with God, Where we shall be gath- ered

CHORUS.

by and by, O - ver there, O - ver there,
O - ver there. by and by, by and by,

O won't that be glo - ry by and by, O - ver there,
O - ver there; by and by,

O - ver there, O won't that be glo - ry by and by.
by and by, o - ver there.

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No. 16. DAWNING LIGHT.

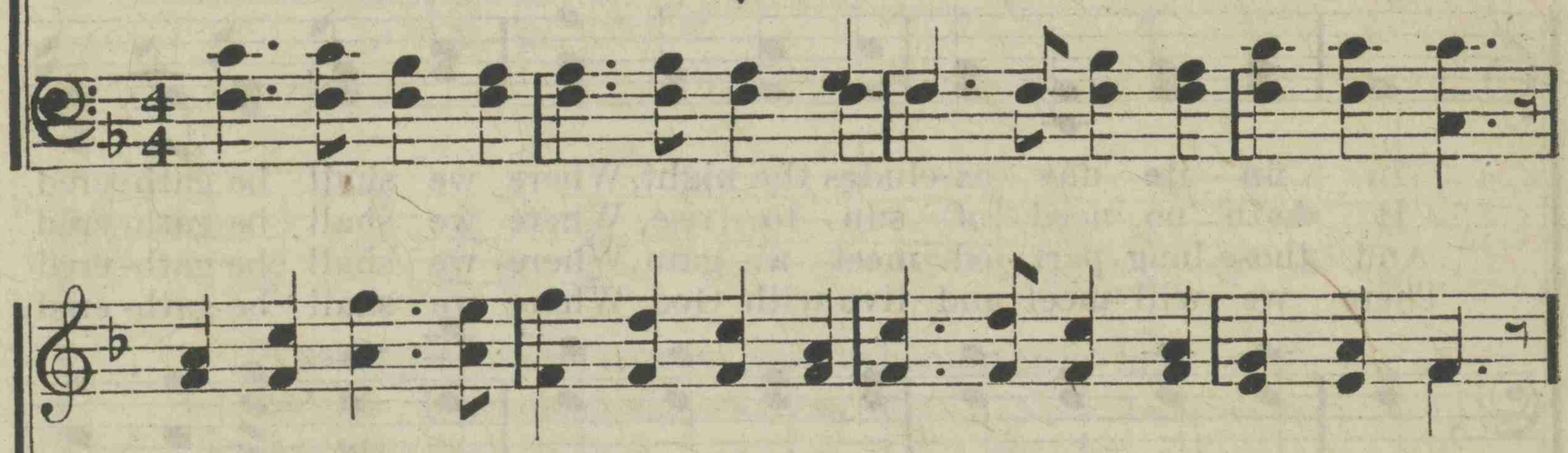
"The night is far spent."

W. M. W. W. M. Weekly.

Spirited.



1. Look up, broth-er, trust in Je - sus, Tho' thy path be dark as night,
2. Patience, broth-er, do not fal - ter, Al- ways keep the cross in sight,
3. Soon the dark-ness will be o - ver, Soon the shad-ows take their flight,
4. Saint- ed lov'd ones gone before thee, Watch thee from their lof - ty height,
5. O'er the hill-tops breaks the dawning, See the dark-ness flee a - way;



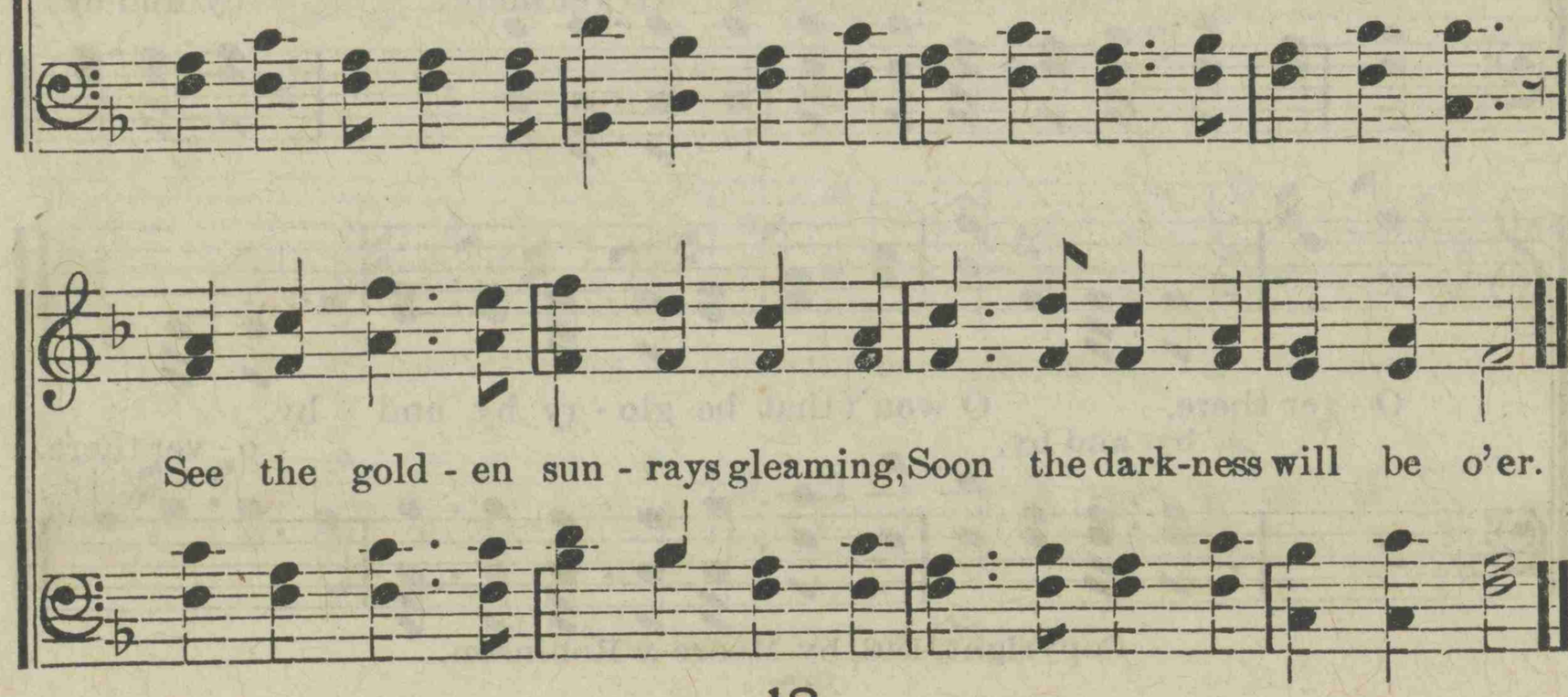
Let thy faith di- rect thee on-ward To a world of end - less light.
God will keep and guide the humble Thro' the dark- est hours of night.
Look thou to the bright for- ev - er, Trust in God—He'll give the light.
Soon you'll meet and min- gle with them, In a world of end - less light.
Hal - le - lu - jah gold- en morning Of a bright e - ter - nal day.



Chorus.



Look up, brother, the day is dawning, Light breaks in from yon-der shore;



See the gold - en sun - rays gleaming, Soon the dark-ness will be o'er.

No. 17. TELL IT TO JESUS.

"Tell it to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 12.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.

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

Tell it to Je - sus, Are you griev- ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus, Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus, Are you anx- ious what shall be to - mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus, For Christ's com- ing king- dom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

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

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth - er

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

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No. 18. GATES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

A. W. FRENCH. W. M. WEEKLEY.

1. Gates of the beau- ti - ful, gold- en and bright, Guarding that cit - y of splen-dor and light; Oft I be - hold thee, in dis- tance and dream,
2. Gates of the beau- ti - ful, loft - y and grand, Swung by the touch of some bright an - gel hand; Down from the por - tals there floats a sweet song,
3. Gates of the beau- ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I pic- ture your glo - ries un- told? Ea - ger - ly yearn- ing my spir - it doth wait

CHORUS.

Flash in the sunlight of heav- en - ly gleam. Waked by the lips of the pur - i- fied throng. 'Till I shall come to the beau- ti - ful gate.

Gates a - jar for Beau - ti - ful gates a me, . . . Beau - ti - ful gates a - jar for me: Cit - y of jar for me,

rit.

gold with joys un - told, Beau - ti - ful gates a - jar for me.

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No. 19. OH! WHY NOT TO-NIGHT.

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

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D. J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

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

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to
Oh, why not to-night! why not to-night? why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to- night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not to-night?

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No. 20. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I!

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how heav-y my feet!
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, Tho' bless-ings or sor- rows pre-vail;

And sor-rows, how oft - en they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul!
But toil- ing in life's dus-ty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
When climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walk - ing the shad- ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I! O, then to the Rock let me
is high - er than I!
fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I!

No. 21. NO SHADOWS YONDER.

W. H. Ruebush. Arr. by J. H. Hall.

1. No shadows yonder, Far beyond the sunset's bars; No shadows
2. No shadows yonder, Land of peace, of hope and joy; No shadows
3. No shadows yonder, Christ Himself the light shall be; No shadows

yon- der, Far be - yond the stars; Gates of pearl there gleaming,
yon- der, Sin can- not an - noy; There no hearts are sigh- ing,
yon- der, O'er the crys- tal sea; There no cross - es bear- ing,

Fade- less sun - light streaming, Eyes of God are beam- ing,
There no thought of cry - ing, There no pain or dy - ing,
In a great love shar - ing. Crowns of glo - ry wear - ing,

Chorus.

On the loved ones there.
There no dark de - spair.
In that home so fair.
} No shad- ows yon- der, All the tears are

wiped a - way, No shad - ows yon- der, Land of end - less day.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 22. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war; With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thorns may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con- stant will re- main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char- i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can- not fail.
Unto Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an- gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to

war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
With the cross of Je - sus

No. 23. I MUST TELL JESUS.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." 1 Peter 5: 7.

E. A. H. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear those burdens a - lone. In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub- les; He is a kind, com - passion-ate Friend. If I but ask Him, He will de- liv - er, Make of my burdens to bear. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
3. Tempt-ed and tried, I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the
4. Oh, how the world to e - vil al-lures me! Oh, how my heart is

CHORUS.

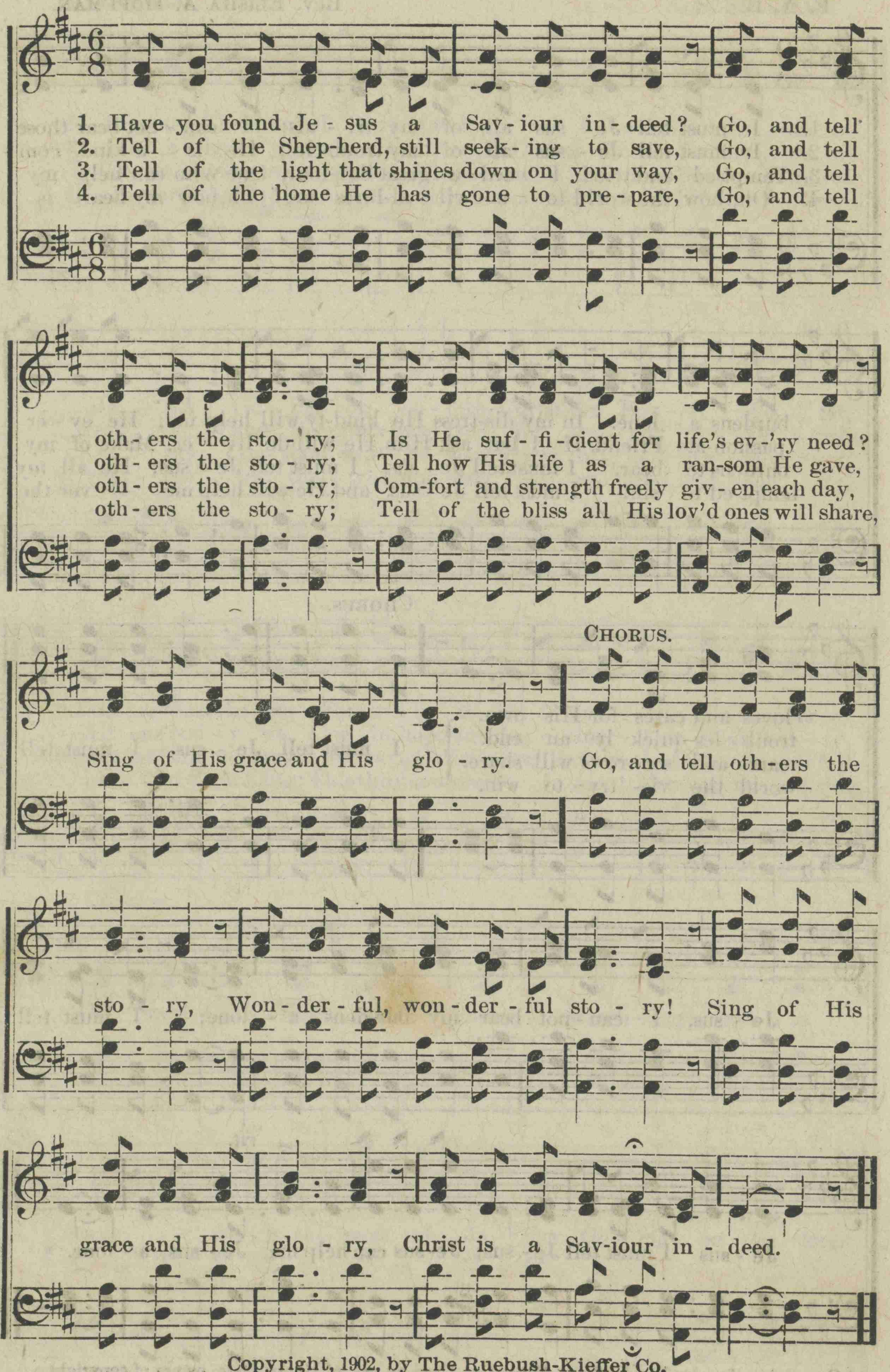
loves and cares for His own.
troub - les quick- ly an end.
.cares and sor- rows will share.
world the vic- 'try to win.

I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, I can - not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus I must tell Je - sus; Je-sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

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No. 24. GO AND TELL OTHERS THE STORY.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. HALL.



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No. 25. AS WE GO TRAVELING HOME.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.



1. Oh, blest as - sur-ance ev - er dear, As we go trav - el- ing home;
2. Our path-way may be o - ver- cast, As we go trav - el- ing home;
3. Led by the pil - lar, by the cloud, As we go trav - el- ing home;





It comes our drooping hearts to cheer, As we go trav- el - ing home.
But joy and peace will come at last, As we go trav- el - ing home.
Redeemed by Je - sus' pre-cious blood, As we go trav- el - ing home.



CHORUS.



As we go trav-el-ing home, As we go traveling home,
trav-el- ing home, traveling home



All sor-rows past, sweet peace at last, As we go trav - el - ing home.



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No. 26. 'TIS OVER IN THE GLORY LAND.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. There's a time and place where the faith- ful rest. 'Tis o - ver in the
2. We shall some day be where no sorrow's known, 'Tis o - ver in the
3. Here we part with friends, but some day we'll meet, 'Tis o - ver in the

glo - ry land; Where the pure and good shall be ev - er blest, 'Tis
glo - ry land; Where the winds of woe nev - er yet have blown, 'Tis
glo - ry land; Where we'll walk and talk on the gold paved streets, 'Tis

CHORUS.

o - ver in the glo - ry land. 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry

land, 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry land, That we
glo - ry land, The glo - ry land,

long to go when we're thro' be - low, 'Tis o - ver in the glo - ry land.

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No. 27. ARMS OF LOVE.

W. H. R. W. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Arms of love will ev - er hide us, Tho' we storm - y o- ceans ride,
2. Arms of love will ev - er hold us, Lest our feet may dash the ground,
3. Arms of love will ev - er lead us, When the err- ing feet would stray,

And a gen - tle hand will guide us, Safe- ly o'er each swelling tide.
And their gen - tle- ness en- fold us When dark shad - ows hov- er round.
Ho- ly Man - na He will feed us, Lest we faint up- on the way.

CHORUS.

Tho' sur-round - ed by temp-ta- tion, Tho' op- prest the heart may be,

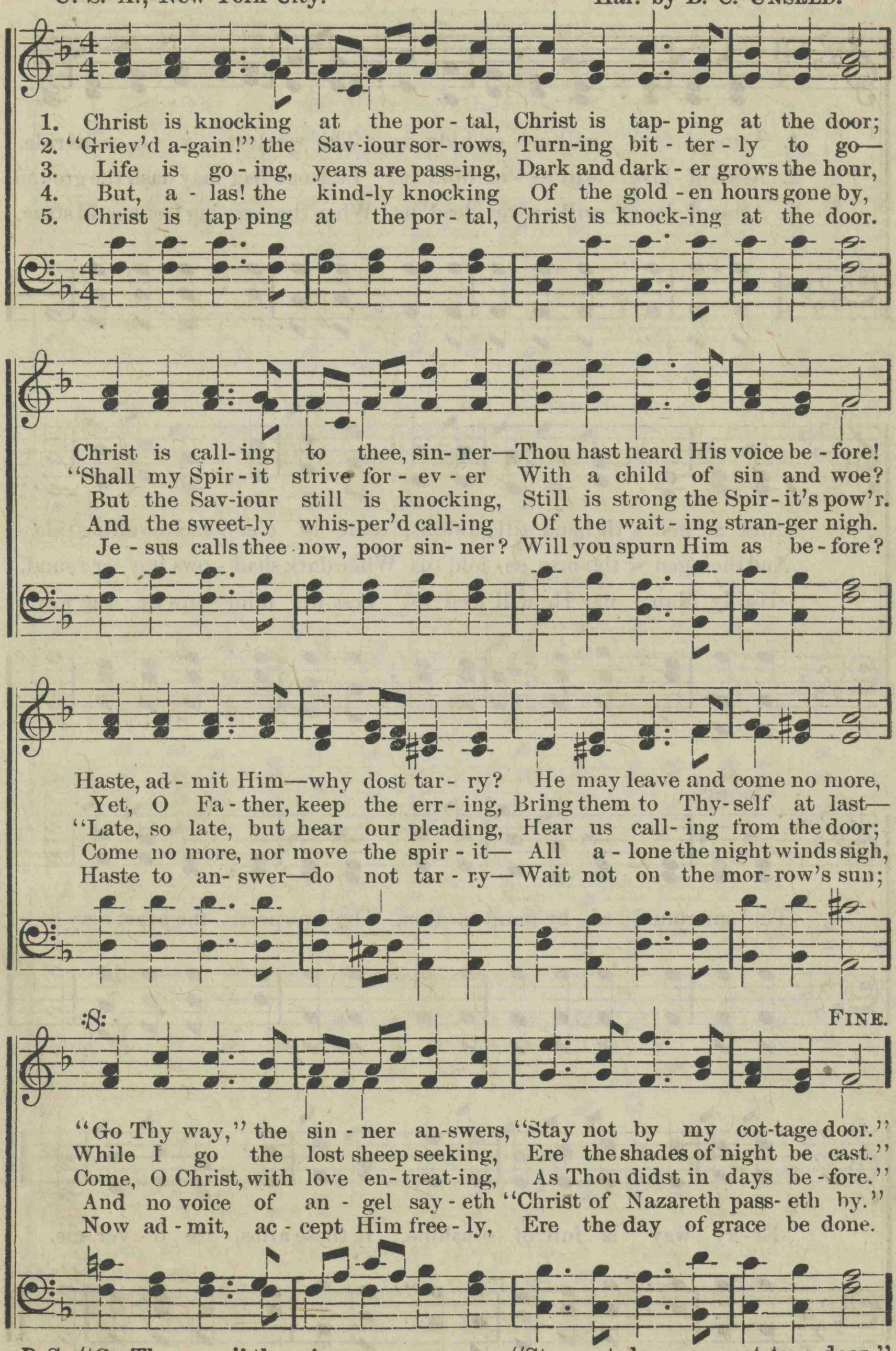
Ev-'ry way is full of sunshine, If those arms are o - ver me.

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No. 28. CHRIST IS CALLING.

Maj. JNO. B KETCHUM.
U. S. A., New York City.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.
Har. by B. C. UNSELD.



1. Christ is knocking at the por - tal, Christ is tap- ping at the door;
2. "Griev'd a-gain!" the Sav-iour sor- rows, Turn-ing bit - ter - ly to go—
3. Life is go - ing, years are pass-ing, Dark and dark - er grows the hour,
4. But, a - las! the kind-ly knocking Of the gold - en hours gone by,
5. Christ is tap ping at the por - tal, Christ is knock-ing at the door.

Christ is call- ing to thee, sin- ner—Thou hast heard His voice be - fore!
"Shall my Spir - it strive for - ev - er With a child of sin and woe?
But the Sav-iour still is knocking, Still is strong the Spir - it's pow'r.
And the sweet-ly whis-per'd call-ing Of the wait - ing stran-ger nigh.
Je - sus calls thee now, poor sin- ner? Will you spurn Him as be - fore?

Haste, ad - mit Him—why dost tar - ry? He may leave and come no more,
Yet, O Fa - ther, keep the err - ing, Bring them to Thy- self at last—
"Late, so late, but hear our pleading, Hear us call - ing from the door;
Come no more, nor move the spir - it— All a - lone the night winds sigh,
Haste to an- swer—do not tar - ry—Wait not on the mor- row's sun;

FINE.

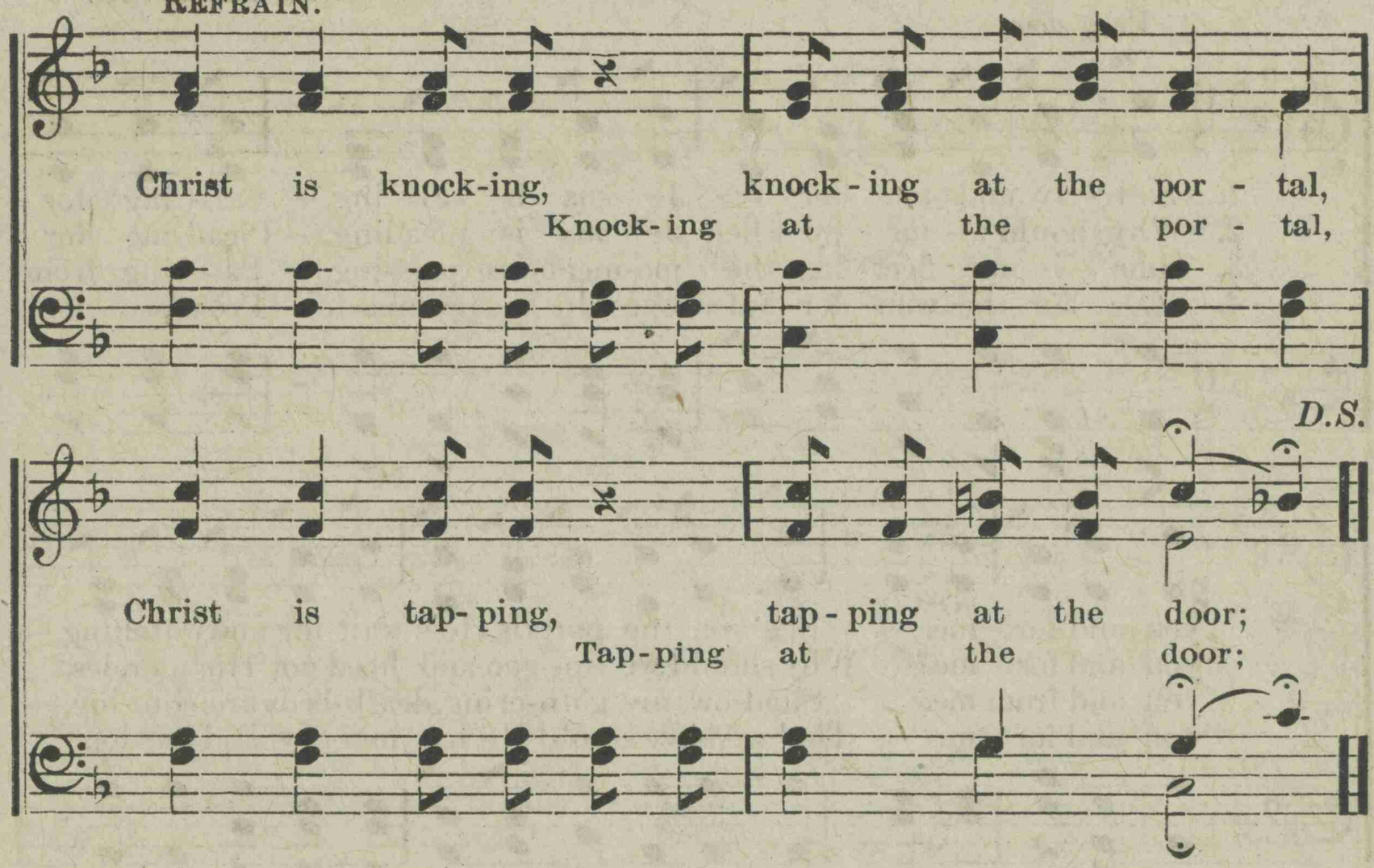
"Go Thy way," the sin - ner an-swers, "Stay not by my cot-tage door."
While I go the lost sheep seeking, Ere the shades of night be cast."
Come, O Christ, with love en- treat-ing, As Thou didst in days be - fore."
And no voice of an - gel say - eth "Christ of Nazareth pass- eth by."
Now ad - mit, ac - cept Him free - ly, Ere the day of grace be done.

D.S.–"Go Thy way," the sin - ner an-swers, "Stay not by my cot-tage door."

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. B. Ketchum.

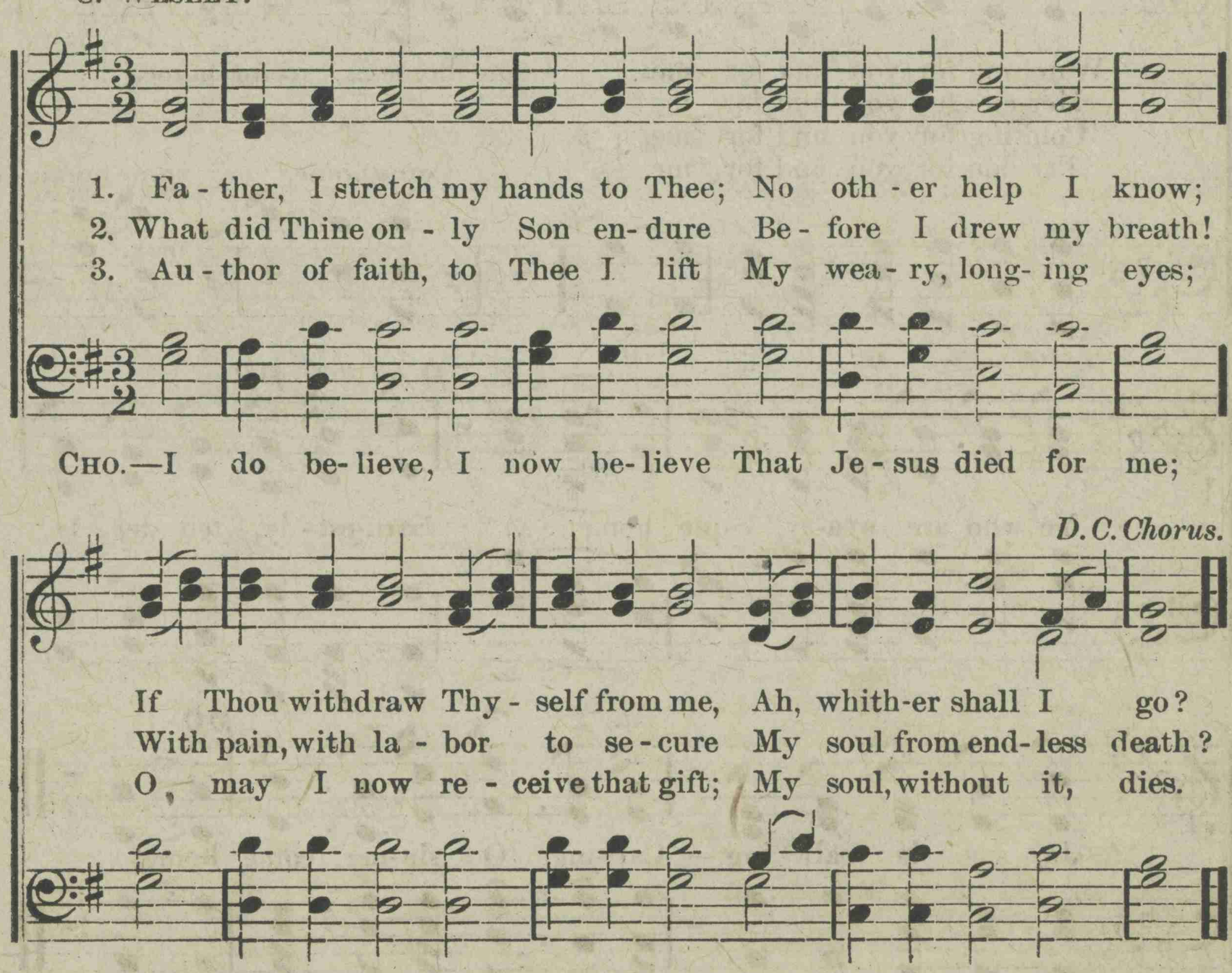
CHRIST IS CALLING.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 29. I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

C. WESLEY.



No. 32. HARVESTERS, GO FORTH.

W. M. W. W. M. WEEKLEY.

1. The har - vest is great and the fields are all white, And few that will en - ter there - in; How sad is the thought of the
2. The Mas - ter com-mands, you should quick- ly o - bey, To halt in your du - ty is sin; The mill-ions are dy - ing, O
3. How few are the mo-ments we're giv - en be - low, How great is the work for us all; O Lord of the har-vest, Thy
4. Soon reap - ers of God with their sick - les in hand, De - scend- ing the skies we shall see; They'll gath - er the wheat and the

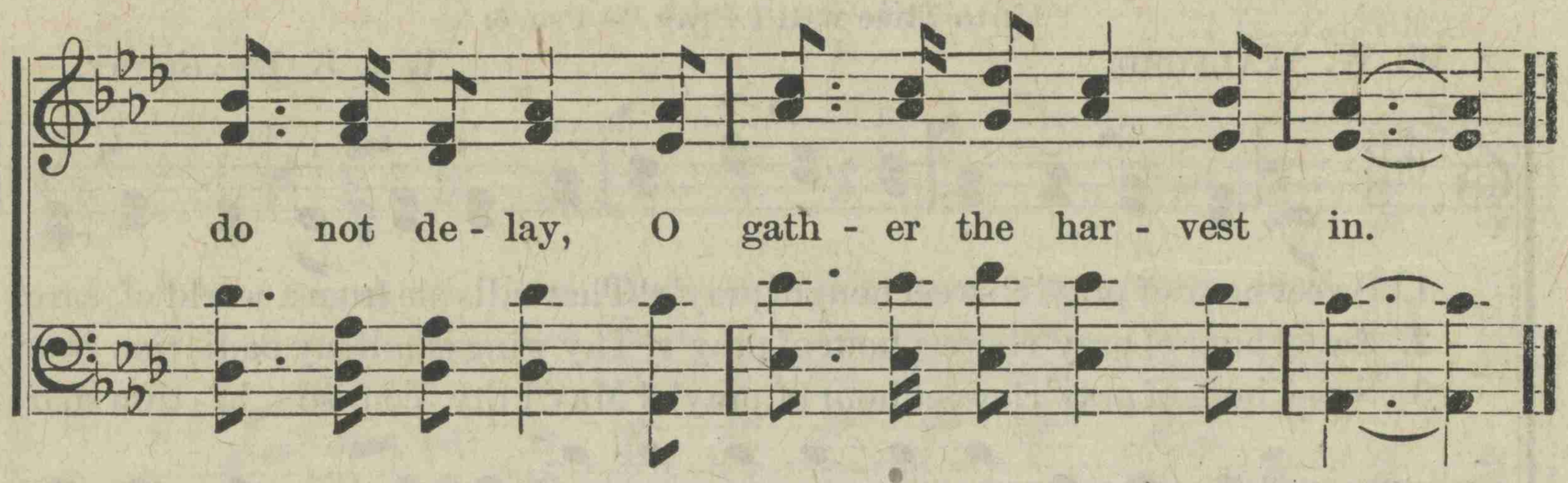
on - com-ing night, When no one can save from sin.
haste you a - way, To gath - er the har - vest in.
spir - it be - stow, And help ere the shad - ows fall.
tares from all lands, O what will that har - vest be?

CHORUS.

Ye har - vest - ers go forth to - day, See whit - 'ning fields be fore you in sin, Im - mor - tals are per - ish - ing,

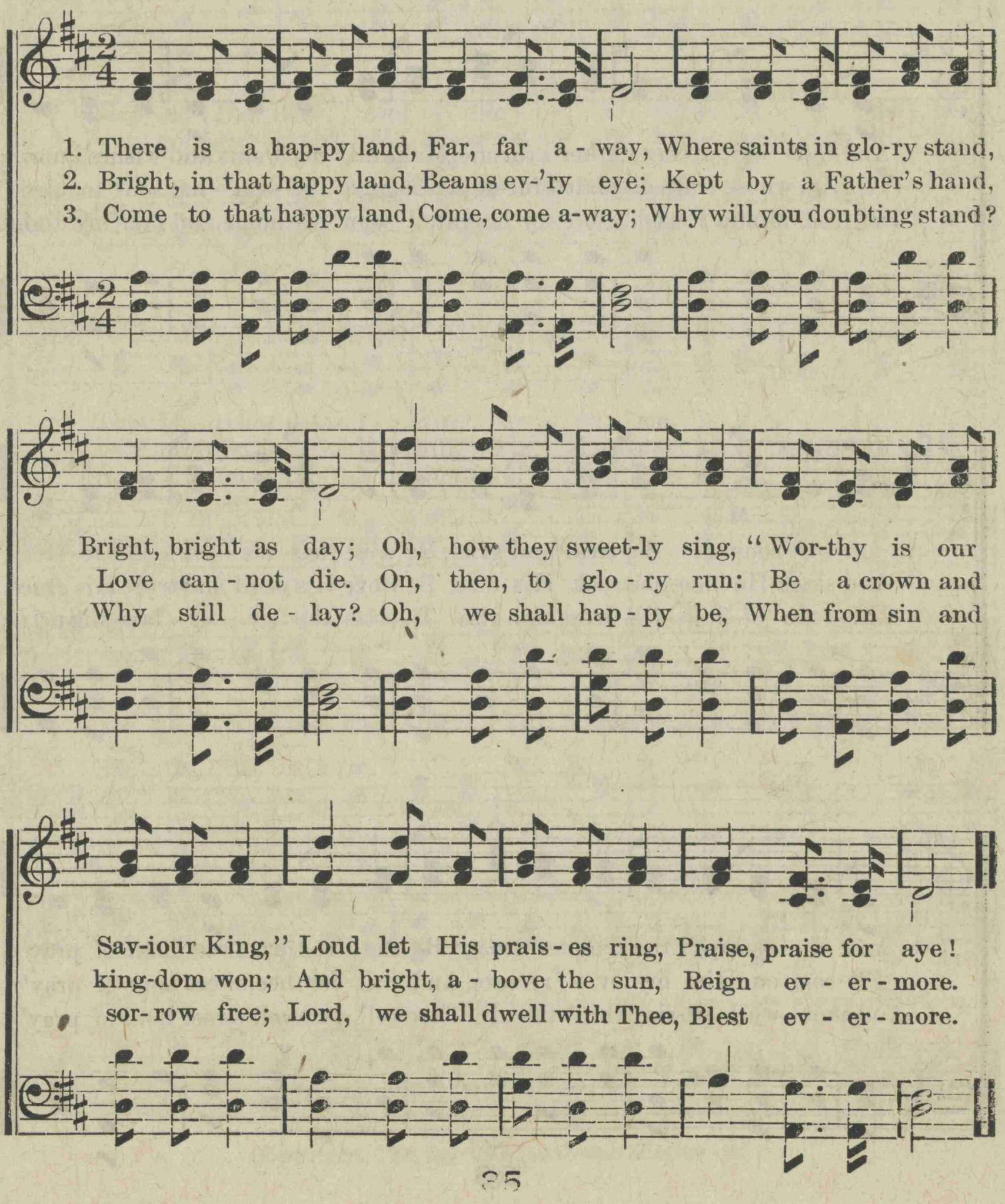
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HARVESTERS, GO FORTH.—Concluded.



No. 33. HAPPY LAND.

Old Melody.



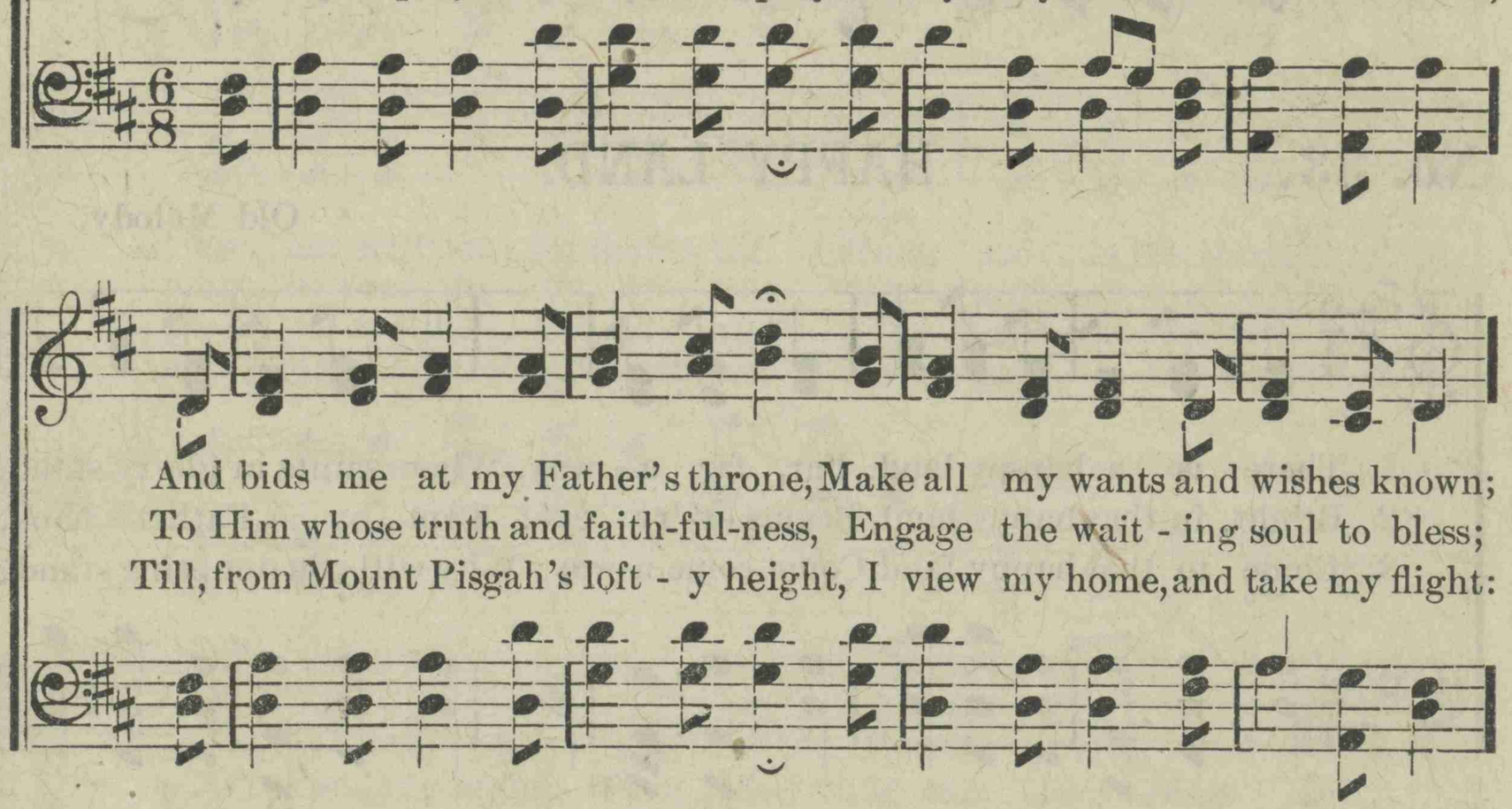
No. 34. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

"Unto Thee will I Pray."—Psa. 5: 2.

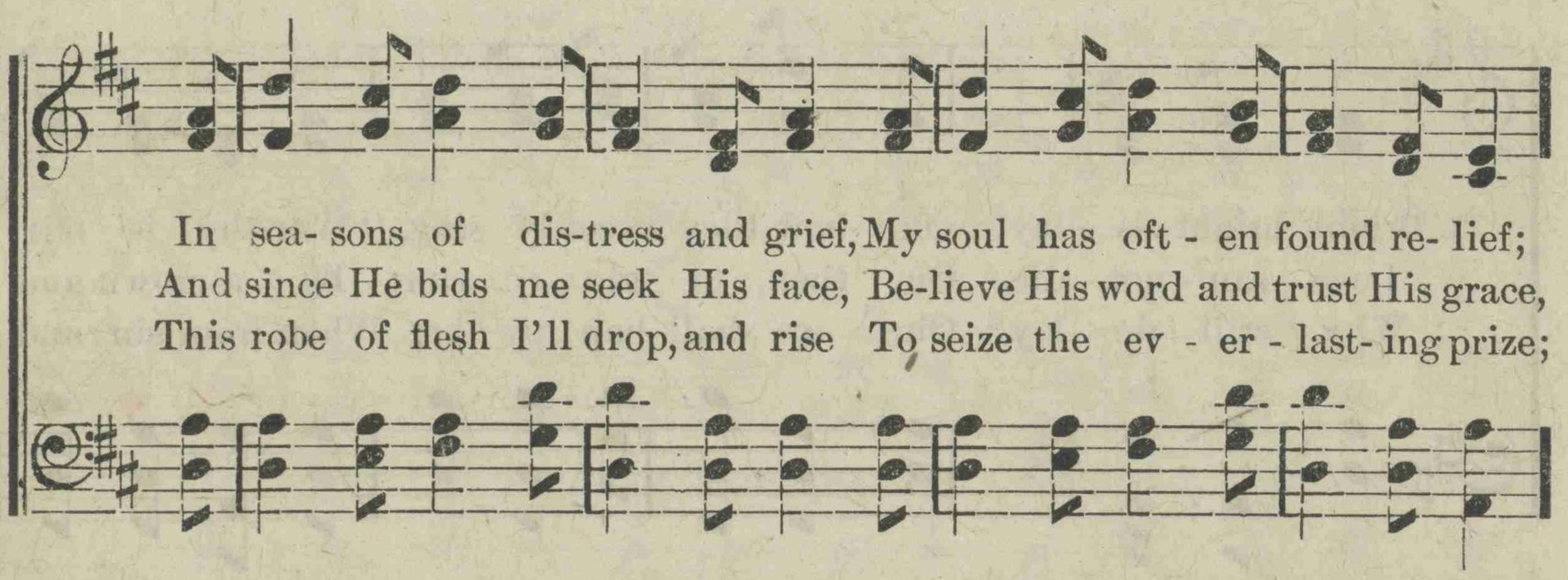
W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



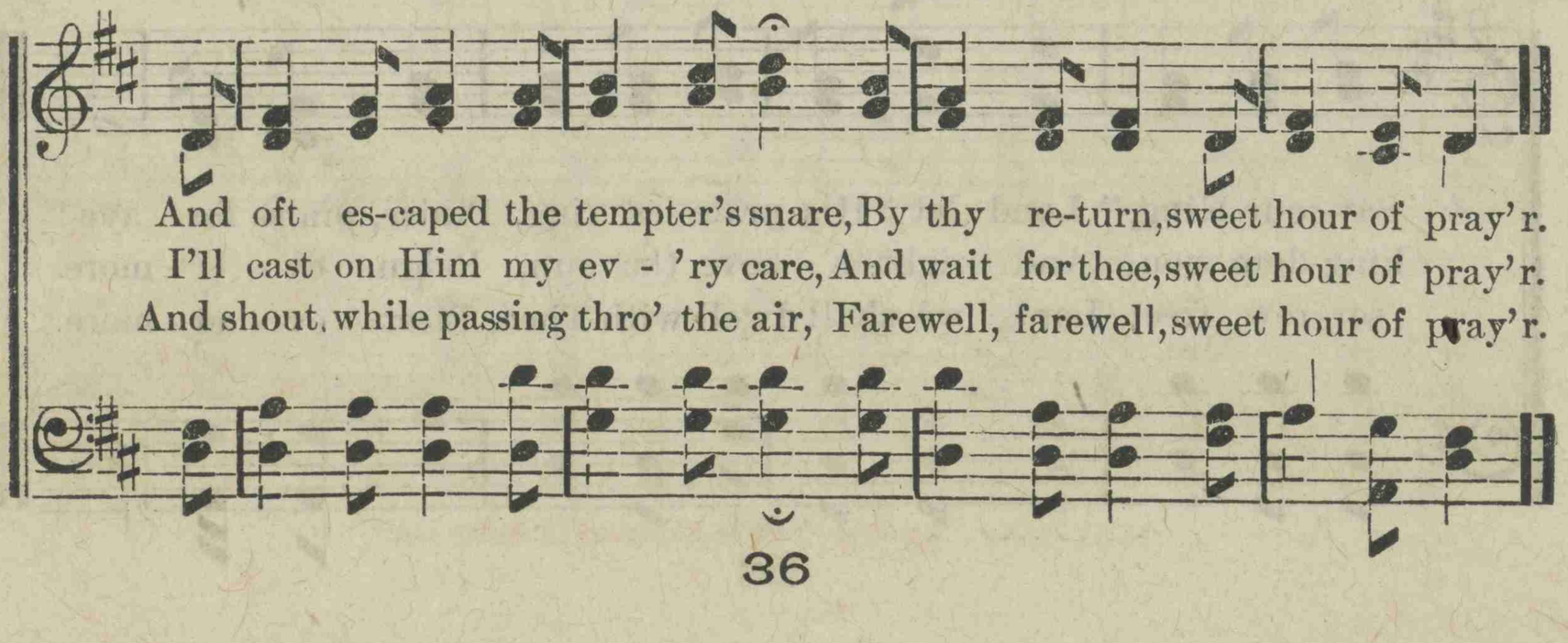
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti- tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con- so - la - tion share;



And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness, Engage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:



In sea- sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re- lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last- ing prize;



And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

No. 35. I'M DYING TO SEE HIS FACE.

G. P. H. "I die daily."—Paul. G. P. Hott.

With expression.

1. I think of the Christ in His glo - ry, And then of His
2. I think of the Christ as the pure one, And then how He
3. I think of the Christ as my Sav - iour, And how by His

deep pov - er - ty; And I rea - son, tho' strange seems the sto - ry,
died on the tree; And I fan - cy no words fit - ly spo - ken,
won- der - ful grace, He has saved me and keeps me from fall - ing;

Chorus.

That He ten - der - ly loves ev - en me.
Could more ten - der - ly tell He loves me.
And I long for a glimpse of His face.
} I know that He

ten - der - ly loves me, And it's all thro' won - der - ful grace; For He

died on the cross to save me, And I'm dy - ing to see His face.

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No. 36. THE HALLELUJAH ANTHEM.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. When the pilgrims all are gathered, Thro' the gates have en-tered in,
2. When the pilgrims all are gathered, To that hap - py, heav'nly home,
3. When the pilgrims all are gathered, That have crossed the crys-tal sea,

And shall all be crowned with glo-ry, As the vic - tors o - ver sin.
And the harp- ers sound the new song, That is sung be-fore the throne.
Un - to Him who hath redeemed them, Shall e - ter - nal prais- es be.

There will be a sound of mu - sic, That shall ech - o thro' the skies,
From that might - y con - gre - ga - tion, Shall a glo-rious song a - rise,
Gath-ered there, the saved of a - ges, What a glo - ry greets the eyes.

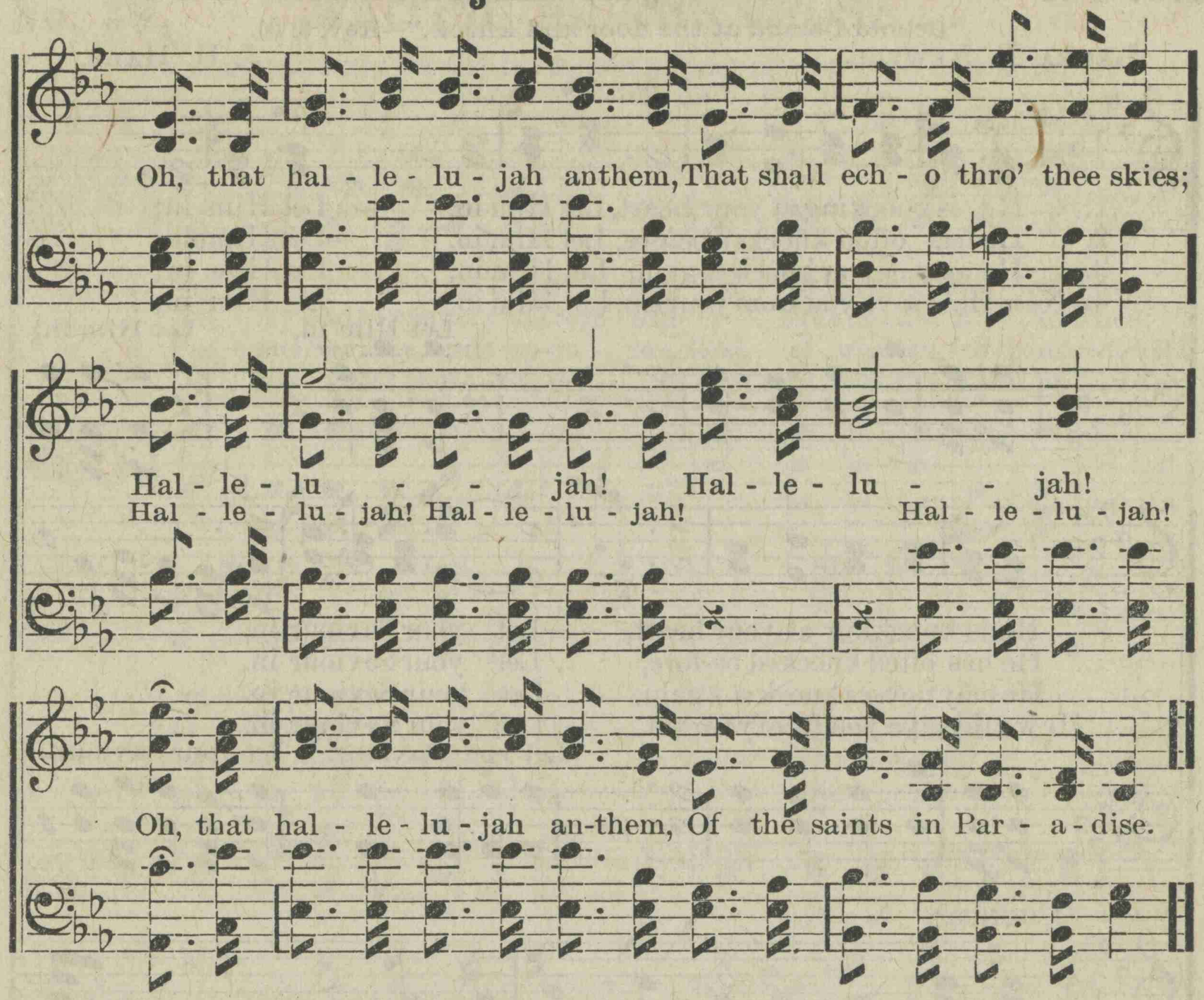
'Tis the hal - le - lu - jah an-them, Of the saints in Par - a- dise.
'Tis the hal - le - lu - jah an-them, Of the saints in Par - a- dise.
And that hal - le - lu - jah an-them, Sung by saints in Par - a- dise.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! Hal - le - lu - - - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

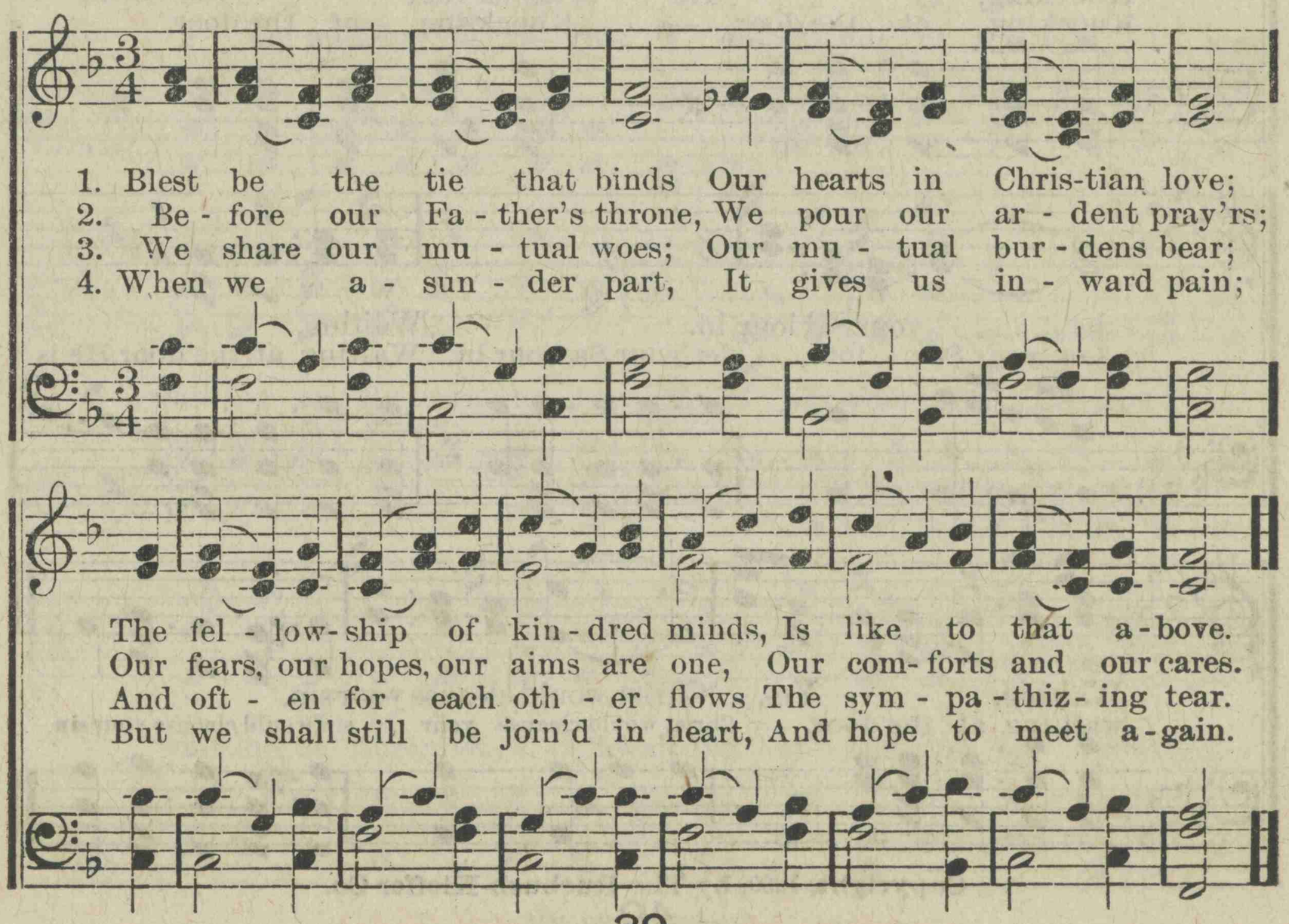
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THE HALLELUJAH ANTHEM.—Concluded.



No. 37. DENNIS. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.



No. 38. LET JESUS IN.

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

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. HALL.

1. He is knocking at your heart, Let Him in, Let Him in;
2. He has often knocked before, Let Him in, Let Him in;
3. He may nev-er knock a-gain, Let Him in, Let Him in;
4. Now He'd save you from your sin, Let Him in, Let Him in;

Let Him in, Let Him in;

He is knocking at your heart, Let your Saviour in.
He has often knocked be-fore, Let your Saviour in.
He may nev-er knock a - gain, Let your Saviour in.
He would save you from your sin, Let your Saviour in.

Let your Saviour, let your Saviour in.

CHORUS.

Knocking, He is knock-ing, Oh,
Knocking at the door, Knock-ing at the door,

let your Saviour in. Waiting,
Let your Sav - iour, let your Saviour in. Waiting at the door, He is

Waiting, Yes, Christ would cleanse your sin.
wait-ing at the door, Christ would cleanse your sin, would cleanse your sin.

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No. 39. WAITING AT THE CROSS.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry."—Psa. 40: 4.

I. B. Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Sav - iour, at the cross I'm wait - ing, All to leave and fol -low Thee;
2. All my earthly fame and treas- ure I sur-ren- der now to Thee;
3. Pre -cious Saviour, smile up-on me, God of wisdom, love, and might;
4. Je - sus comes! O glo - ry, glo - ry! Now I feel the blood ap-plied;

Wretched, poor, despised, for- sak - en, Wait - ing, Lord, Thy sym-pa- thy.
Let Thy mer-cy, let Thy pleas - ure Speak the word, and I am free.
Take my heart, in pit - y own me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Tell to all the old, old sto - ry, He who trusts is sanc - ti-fied.

CHORUS.

I am wait-ing at the cross, I am wait-ing at the cross, I am

wait-ing at the cross to be saved; I am wait-ing at the cross, I am

wait-ing at the cross, I am wait-ing at the cross to be saved.

By permission.

No. 40. CROWN HIM.

"Thou crownedst him with glory and honor."—Heb. 2: 7.

EDWARD PERRONET. R. C. WARD.



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

2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
   To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, Aud crown Him Lord of all.

3. Oh! that with yon - der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall,
   We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



CHORUS.





By per. R. C. Ward.

No. 41. KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev - er mind the storms and tri - als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to

Je-sus all the way; For He is the guide, and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa - vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic - to-ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-bye,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

day or by night, never turn from the right, Keep close to Je- sus all the way.

Used by per. of John J. Hood, owner of the Copyright.

No. 42. VICTORY.

W. H. R.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

Unison.

1. Will you join the ranks to-day, And march with us along the King's highway,
2. Shout a - loud the bat - tle cry, The fight is on, then stand not i - dly by,
3. Now for God and native land, Come let us bravely march and take our stand,

Lend your aid, with all your might, 'Gainst the foes of truth and right, Gird your
To the breeze your banner fling, Crown your Captain Christ as King, Let the
On-ward, up-ward, no de - lay, Let us watch and fight and pray, And be

CHORUS.

ar- mor for the fight, Don't de - lay.
song of vic-t'ry ring Thro' the sky,
victors crown'd for aye, By God's hand.

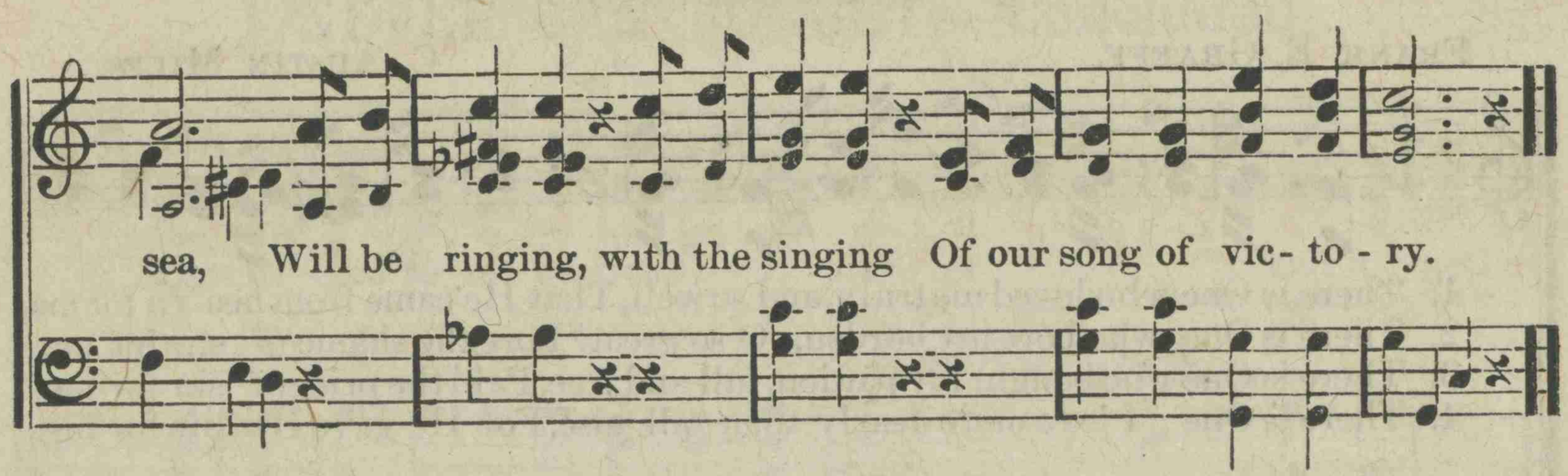
Vic-to - ry shall be our watchword,

Vic- to - ry the song we sing, And the vault-ed skies a - bove us Shall with

hal-le- lu-jahs ring, Onward soldiers, then to battle, Till our land from sea to

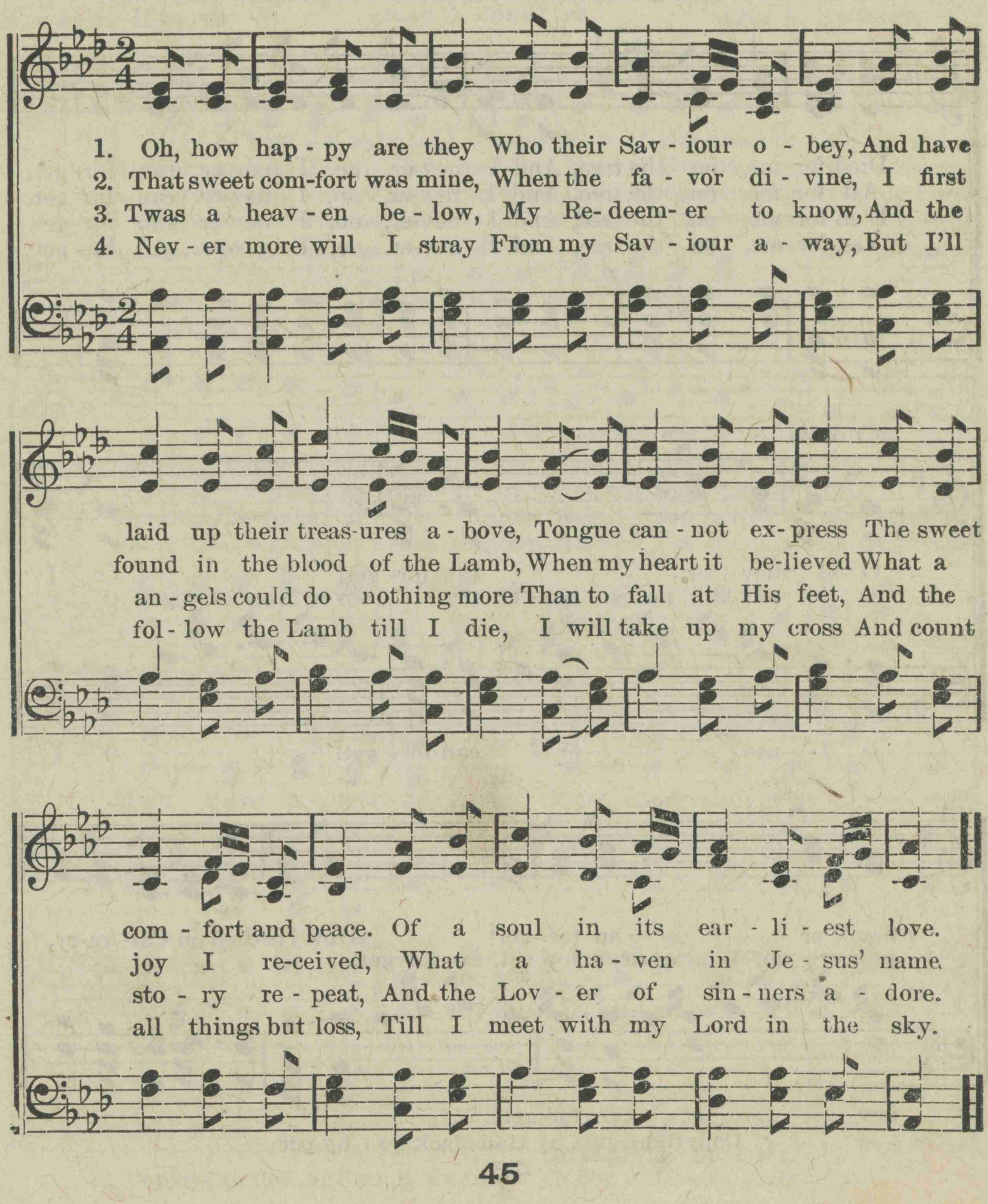
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VICTORY.—Concluded.



No. 43. CONVERT.

CHAS. WESLEY. Arr.



No. 44. I NEVER CAN FORGET.

FRANK E. GRAEFF. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is One who loved me truly, and so well, That He came from hea'vn for me,
2. There is One who bore my burden, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dearly than all else, For He gave His life for me,

Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for- get.
All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for- get.
E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for- get.
Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for- get.

CHORUS.

O I nev - er can for- get! O I
O I nev-er, no I nev-er O I nev-er can for- get! O I
O I nev - - er can for - get! O I

nev - er can for- get! How He died on Cal- va-ry,
nev- er no, I nev-er can for- get, can for- get!
nev - er can for- get!

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How he died to set me free, O I nev - er can for- get!
O I nev-er, no I nev-er can for - get!
O I nev - - er can for - get!

No. 45. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."—Luke 2: 52.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a- bout Je- sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show,
2. More a- bout Je- sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern,
3. More a- bout Je- sus; in His word, Holding commun-ion with my Lord,
4. More a- bout Je- sus; on His throne, Riches in glo - ry all His own;

More of His sav - ing full- ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir- it of God, my teach- er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase, More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

CHORUS.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus,
More of His sav- ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

No. 46. GATHERING HOME.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Up to the boun- ti - tul Giv - er of life, Gath - er- ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where fall- eth no night, Gath - er- ing home!
3. Up to the beau- ti - ful mansions a - bove, Gath - er- ing home!

gath- er - ing home! Up to the dwelling where com-eth no strife, The
gath- er - ing home! Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The
gath- er - ing home! Safe in the arms of His in - fi - nite love, The

REFRAIN.

dear ones are gath-er- ing home. Gather- ing home!..... gather- ing
Gath-er- ing home!

home!..... Nev- er to sor-row more, never to roam; Gathering
gath- er-ing home!

Repeat pp ad lib.

home!..... gathering home! gathering home!..... God's children are gathering home.
gathering home! gathering home!

No. 47. THE BLESSING OF SONG.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Ps. 55: 22.

C. H. FRED. A. WORDEN.

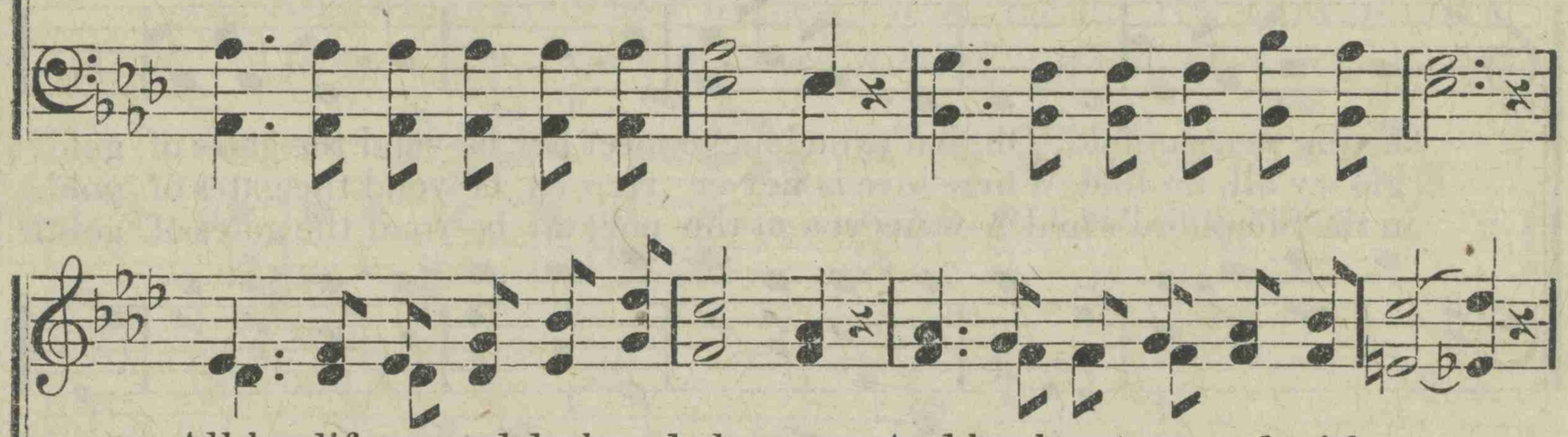
With expression.



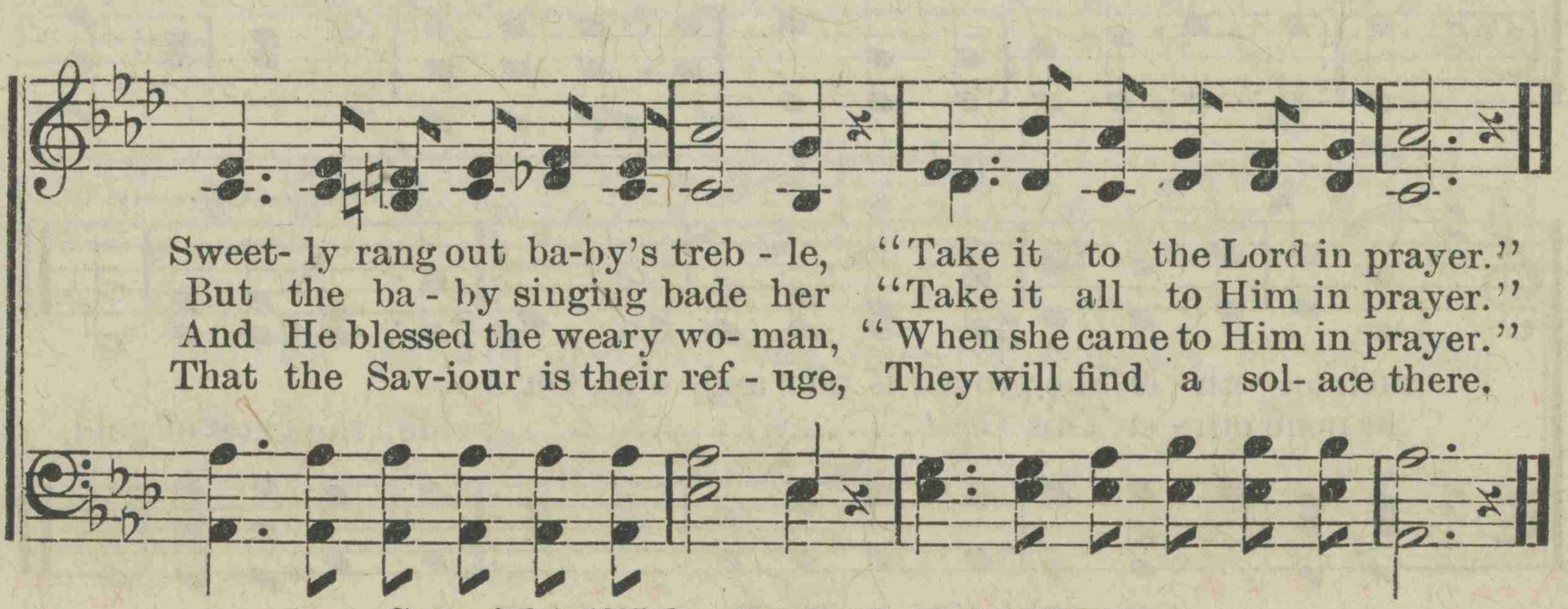
1. "What a Friend we have in Je - sus," Sang a lit- tle child one day;
2. "Are we weak and heav-y la - den," He will car - ry ev - 'ry woe,
3. "Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness," Weak and worn she turned to God,
4. And the hap- py child still sing-ing, Lit - tle knew she had a part,



And a wea- ry wom-an list- ened To the darlings hap-py lay;
And the one who sad- ly list- ened, Need - ed that dear helper so;
Ask-ing Christ to take her bur - den, As He is the sinner's Lord;
In God's wondrous work in bringing, Peace un- to the troubled heart;



All her life seemed dark and gloomy, And her heart was sad with care,
Sin and grief are heav-y bur- dens, For a faint-ing soul to bear,
Je - sus was the on - ly ref - uge, He could take her sin and care,
So may we who love the Sav- iour, Say to those bowed down with care,



Sweet- ly rang out ba-by's treb - le, "Take it to the Lord in prayer."
But the ba - by singing bade her "Take it all to Him in prayer."
And He blessed the weary wo- man, "When she came to Him in prayer."
That the Sav-iour is their ref - uge, They will find a sol- ace there.

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No. 48. CAN YOU FORGET YOUR MOTHER.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Can you forget your mother, your truest earthly friend, Her pray'rs shall linger
2. Can you forget your mother, whose love knew no decay, Who prayed that all your
3. Can you forget your mother? oh, love her more and more, Such loving brings you

with you, wher'ere your footsteps wend; Do thoughts of her grow sweet-er, as
footsteps, might press the narrow-way; She's wait - ing up in Heav- en, in
near-er un - to the shining shore; Where she a bright immor - tal, safe

fleeting years unfold, Oh, don't you long to meet her, be-yond the gates of gold?
glo -ry all un-told, Where love is nev-er riv - en, be-yond the gates of gold.
in the Shepherd's fold, A-waits you at the por- tal be-yond the gates of gold?

CHORUS.

{ Oh, don't for- get your mother, But love her more and more, There ne'er was
{ don't for- get your mother, Let not your love grow cold, She loved you

such an- oth - er, She proved it o'er and o'er, Oh, }
as none oth - er, This *Omit*..... } side the gates of gold.

1 2 *rit*.....

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No. 49. HOSANNA.

CENNICK. Arr.



1. { Je - sus my all, to heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up- on; / His track I see, and I'll pur- sue "The nar-row way till Him I view. }

2. { The way the ho-ly prophets went, The road that leads from banishment, / The King's highway of ho - li- ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace. }

3. { Then will I tell, to sinners round, What a dear Sav-iour I have found, / I'll point to Thy re-deeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!" }



His track I see, and I'll pur- sue The nar-row way till Him I view.
The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood, And say, "Behold the way to God!"





𝄋: CHORUS. FINE.

Ho - san- na, Ho - san- na, Ho - san- na to the Lamb of God,



D.S.

Glo - ry, glo - ry Let us sing, Grate- ful hon - ors to our King.



No. 50. A MESSAGE FROM THE KING.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. HALL.

1. In the midst of care and trib - u - la- tion, Comes a song that's
2. Who will be a her- ald of the Sav-iour, Go - ing where His
3. Who will tell to those who stray in sad-ness, Of the hap- py

sweeter than the Spring; Who will spread the ti - dings of sal - va- tion?
Spir-it leads the way? Who will wit- ness of His grace and fa - vor?
rest at Je-sus' feet? Who will lead them to the fount of glad-ness,

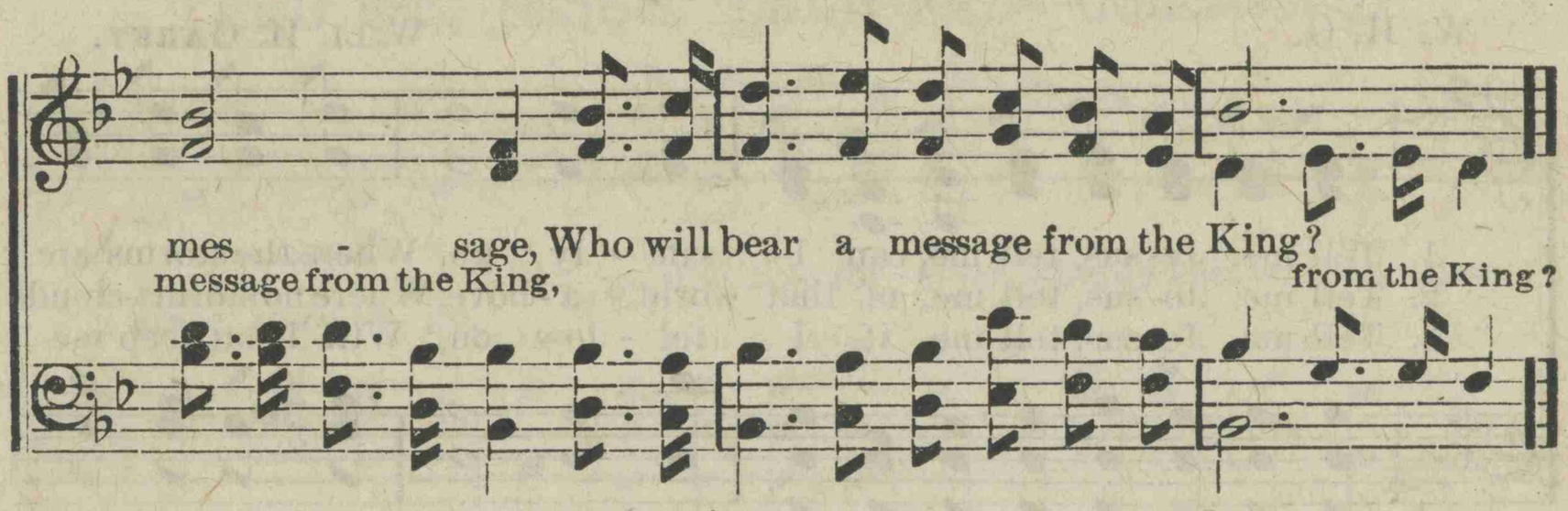
CHORUS.

Who will bear a message from the King?
Who will speak a word for Him to-day?
And the sto- ry of the cross re-peat?
} Happy mes - sage, bless-ed
Happy message from the King, blessed

mes - - sage! Joy to the heart it will
mes - sage from the King! O the

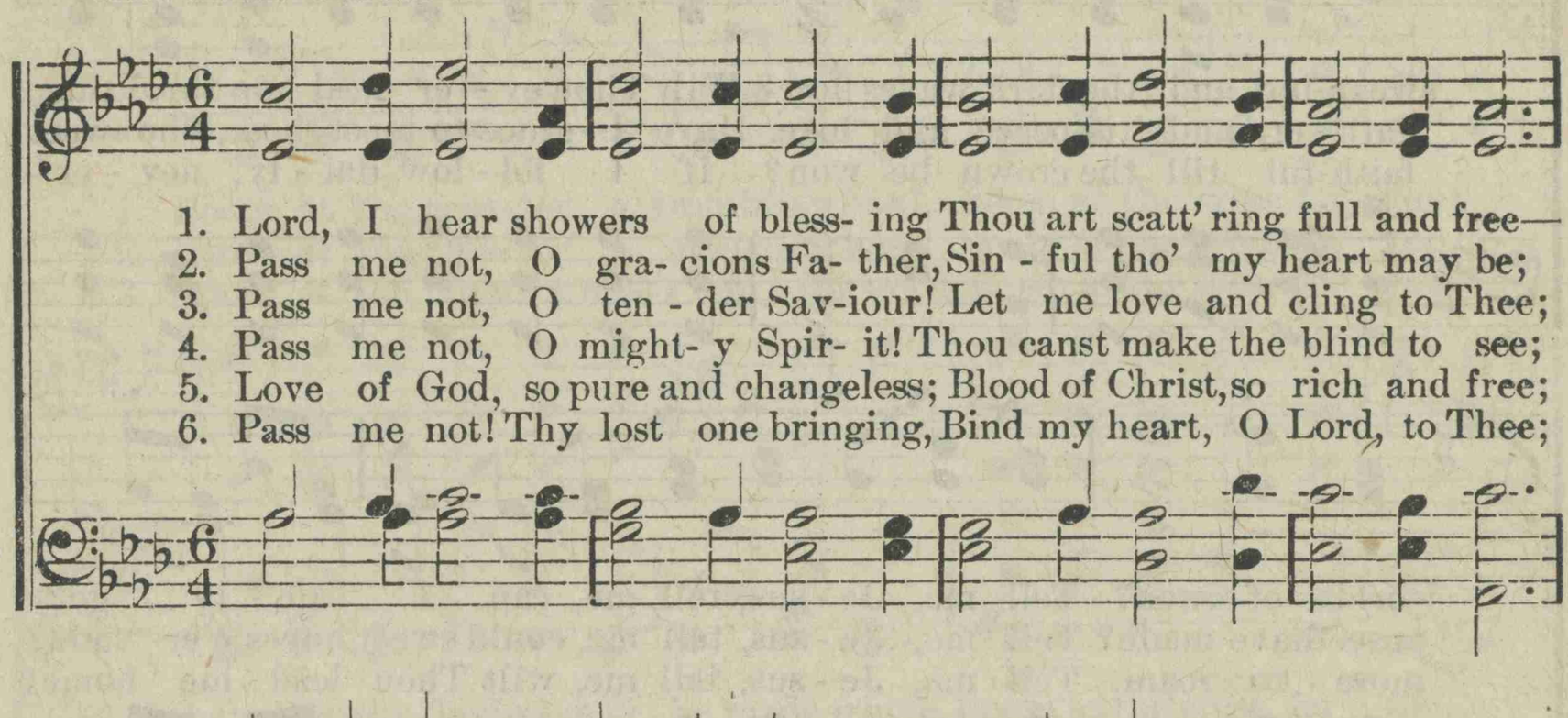
bring; Hap - py mes - - sage, bless - ed
Hal - le - lu - jah; Hap - py mes-sage from the King, bless - ed

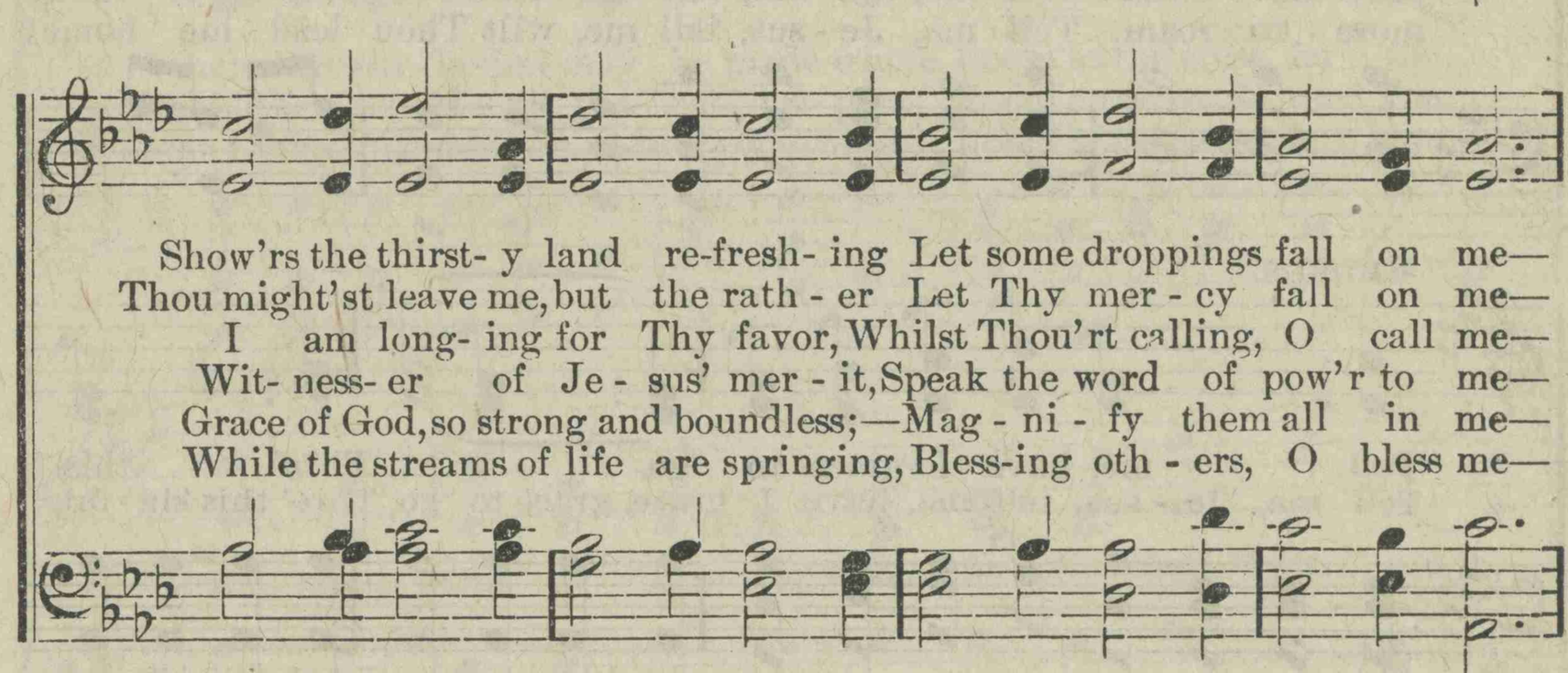
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No. 51. EVEN ME.

Mrs. Eliz. Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.







No. 52. TELL ME, JESUS, TELL ME.

W. H. G. WILL H. GAREY.

1. Tell me, Je-sus, tell me, can I safe-ly go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark waves flow? Wilt Thou ev-er lead me thro' this
2. Tell me, Je-sus, tell me, of that world a-bove, Where no storms-clouds gath-er, and 'tis peace and love. Have I grace to meet those, who sweet
3. Tell me, Je-sus, tell me, if I fol-low on, Wilt Thou keep me faith-ful till the crown be won? If I fol-low dai-ly, nev-er-

world of woe? Tell me, Je-sus, tell me, can I safe-ly go?
peace have made? Tell me, Je-sus, tell me, could sweet hopes e'er fade?
more to roam, Tell me, Je-sus, tell me, wilt Thou lead me home?

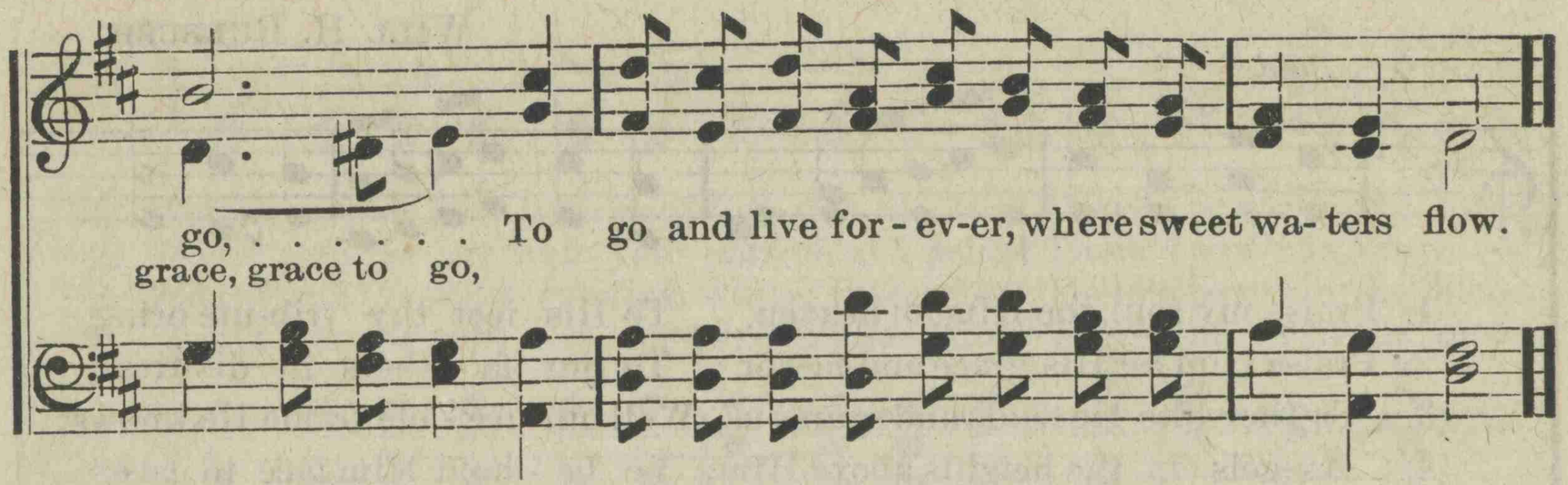
CHORUS.

Tell me, have I grace to go, ... Thro' this
Tell me, Je-sus, tell me, have I grace, grace to go, Thro' this sin-ful,

sin-ful world of woe? . . . . . Tell me, have I grace to
sin-ful world of woe, world of woe? Tell me, Je-sus, tell me, have I

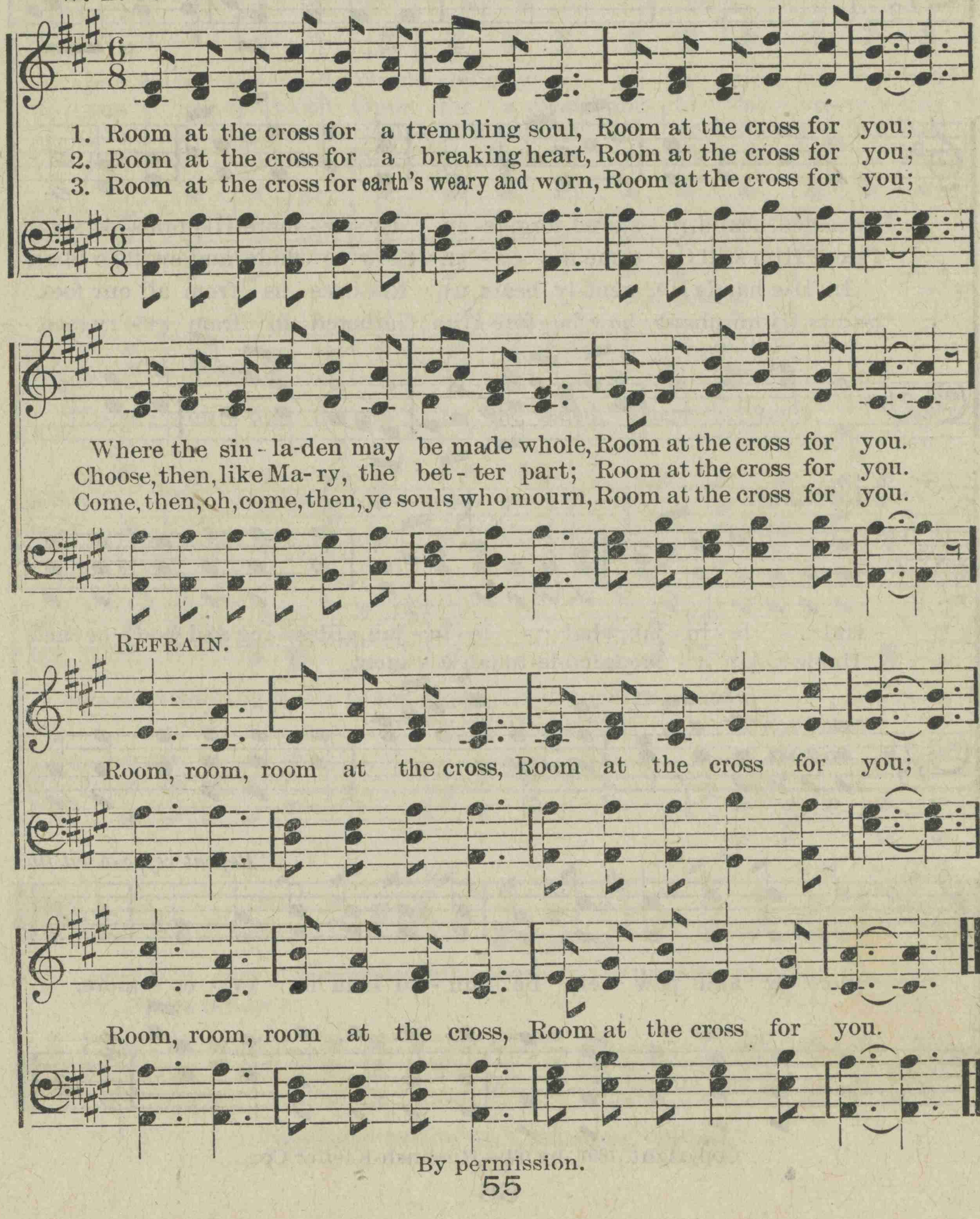
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TELL ME, JESUS, TELL ME.—Concluded.



No. 53. ROOM AT THE CROSS.

W. B. B. WM. B. BLAKE.



By permission.

No. 54. PRAISE, MY SOUL.

WILL H. RUEBUSH.

Bold.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, To His feet thy trib-ute bring
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa - thers in dis-tress;
3. Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
4. An-gels in the heights above Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face:

Ransomed, heal'd, re - stored, forgive- en, Ev - er - more His prais- es sing.
Praise Him still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
In His hands He gent-ly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes.
Saints tri-umphant bow be - fore Him: Gathered in from ev - 'ry race.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Bless- ing and hon - or and
Hal-le-lu-jah a - men, hal-le-lu-jah a - men,

Repeat refrain ad lib.

glo - ry and pow - er, Be un - to Him for - ev - er - more.

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No. 55. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur- den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit- er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans- ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv- ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,
wonder-working pow'r In the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

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No. 56. TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

Not too fast.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rec - ol-lect, How
2. Tho' I was oft - en wayward, she was always kind and good, So
3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a mes-sage came to me, it bade me quick-ly come, If

I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect, And now that she has
patient, gentle, loving, when I acted rough and rude, My childhood griefs and
almost broke her loving heart in mourning after me, And day and night she
I would see my mother, ere the Saviour took her home; I promised her be-

gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care, O an-gels, tell my
tri - als, she would glad - ly with me share, O an-gels, tell my
prayed to God to keep me in His care, O an-gels, tell my
fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare, O an-gels, tell my

CHORUS.

mother I'll be there. Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her pray'r,

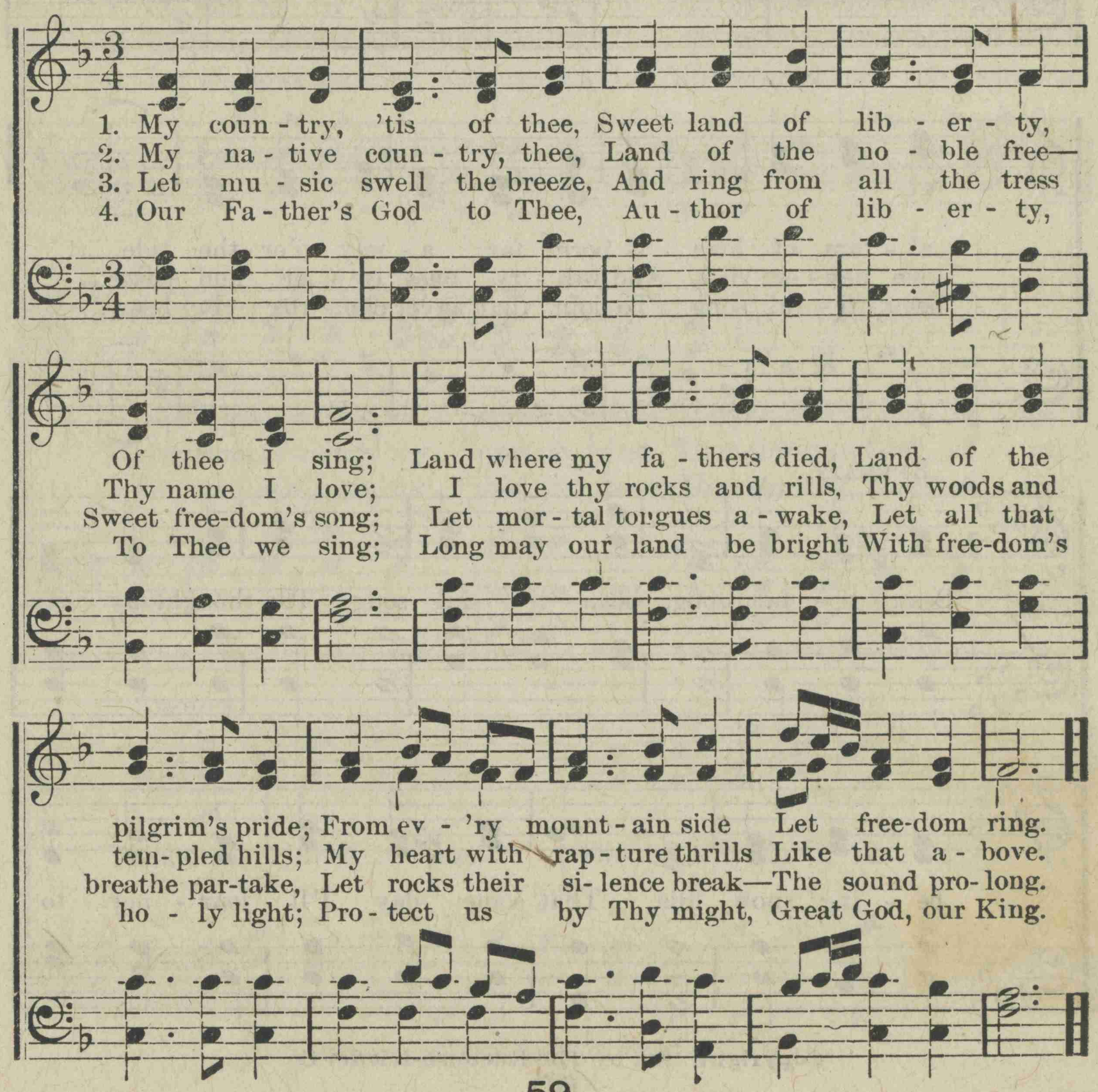
Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE.—Concluded.



No. 57. MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



No. 58. BEAUTIFUL SONG.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. How oft when sweet mu - sic comes float - ing to me, From
2. Its soft swell - ing ca - dence floats out through the gate, From
3. I know some glad morn- ing, I'll an - swer the call, That

realms where my loved ones a - bide,..... My spir - it like in - cense from
regions where troub-les all cease,.....And beck-ons me yon - der, where
falls on my list - en - ing ear,.....And float on the pin- ions of

al - tars of love Is borne far a - way o'er the tide.....
love nev - er dies, And wea - ry ones ev - er find peace...
beau - ti - ful song, To join that sweet cho - rus I hear....

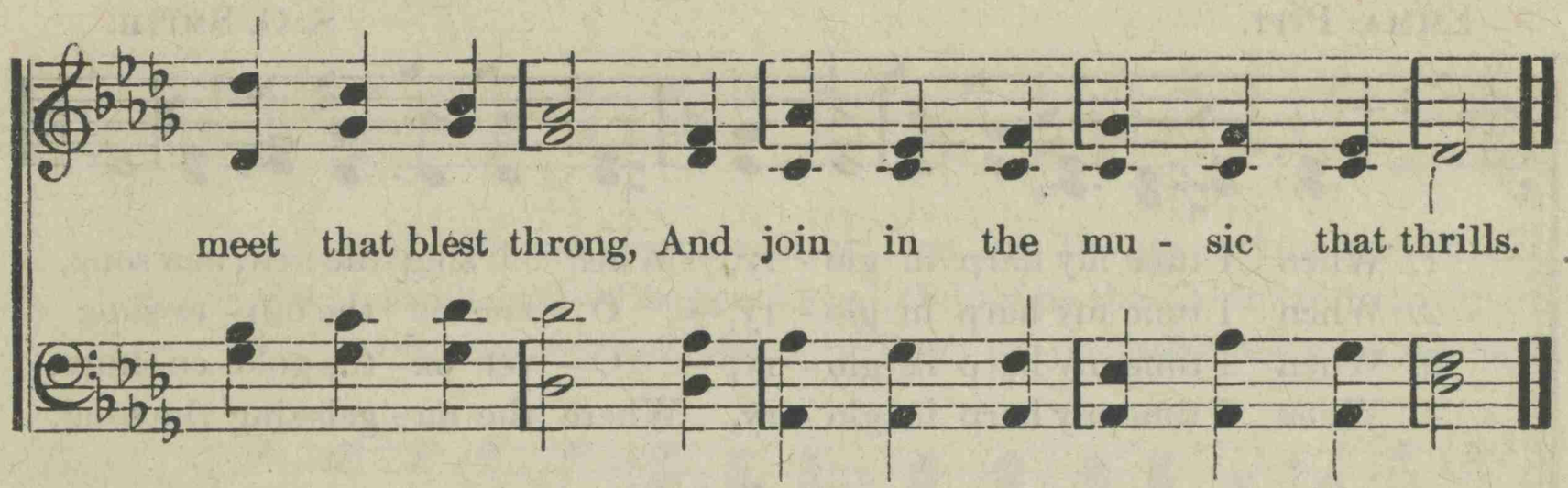
REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful song, beau - ti - ful song, The thought my rapt

be - ing now fills, That some day I'll jour - ney to

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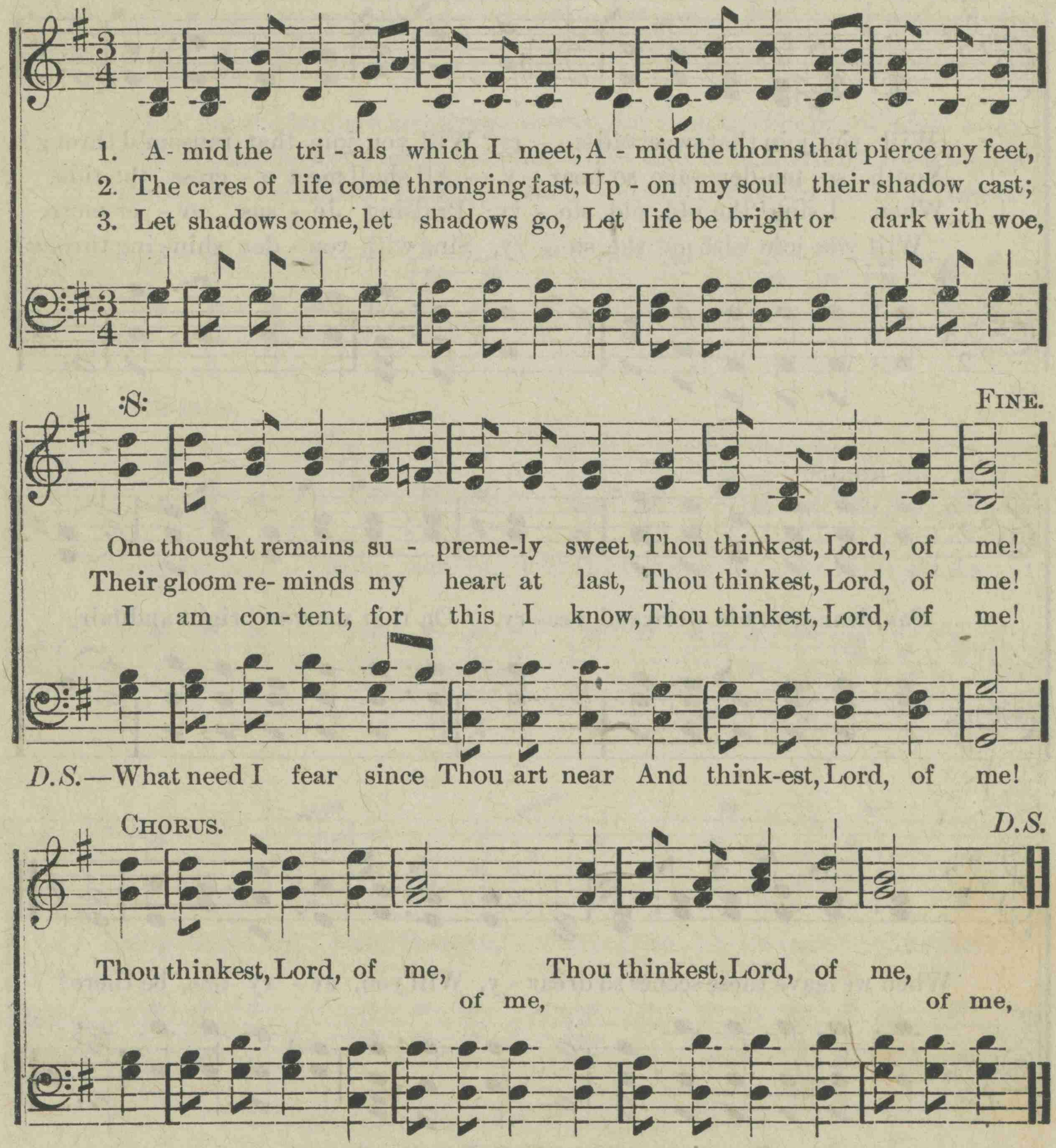
BEAUTIFUL SONG.—Concluded.



No. 59. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. 40: 17.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1885, by E. S. Lorenz, by per.

No. 60. WHEN I TUNE MY HARP IN GLORY.

EMMA PITT. S. G. SMITH.



1. When I tune my harp in glo - ry, When I sing the new, new song,
2. When I tune my harp in glo - ry,— O - ver on the oth - er side;
3. When I tune my harp in glo - ry,— O - ver on the gold- en shore;
4. When I tune my harp in glo - ry, Where the an - gels sing the song,





Will you join that sweet old sto - ry? Will you join that ransom'd throng?
Youth so ten-der—age so hoar - y,— All shall meet a - cross the tide.
When I sing "the old, old sto - ry," Praising Je - sus ev - er-more.
Will you join with me the sto - ry, Sing with yon - der shin- ing throng?



CHORUS.



Say, dear comrade, worn and wea- ry, On that morrow bright and fair,



When we leave these scenes so drear - y, Will you, ev - 'ry one, be there?



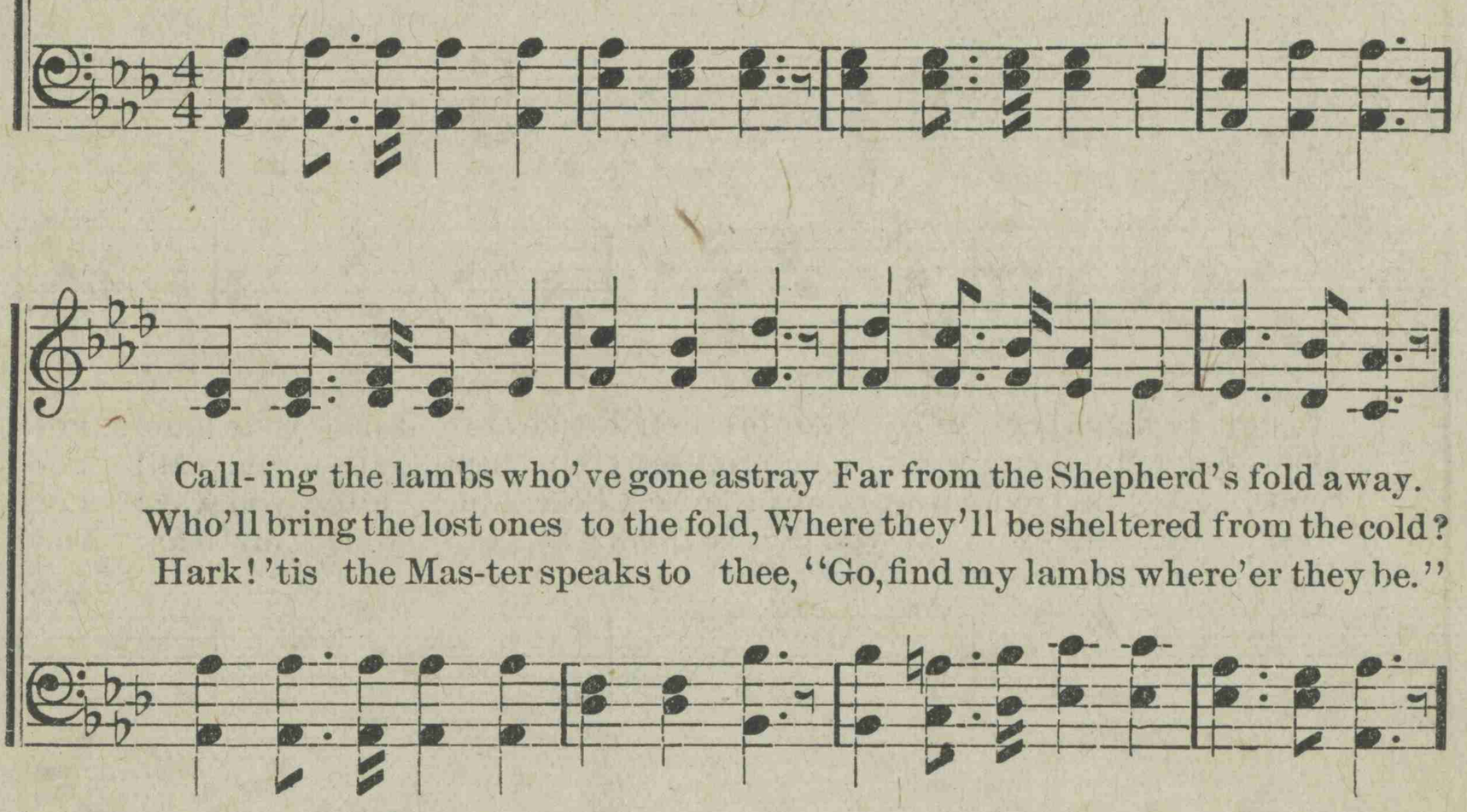
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No. 61. BRING THEM IN.

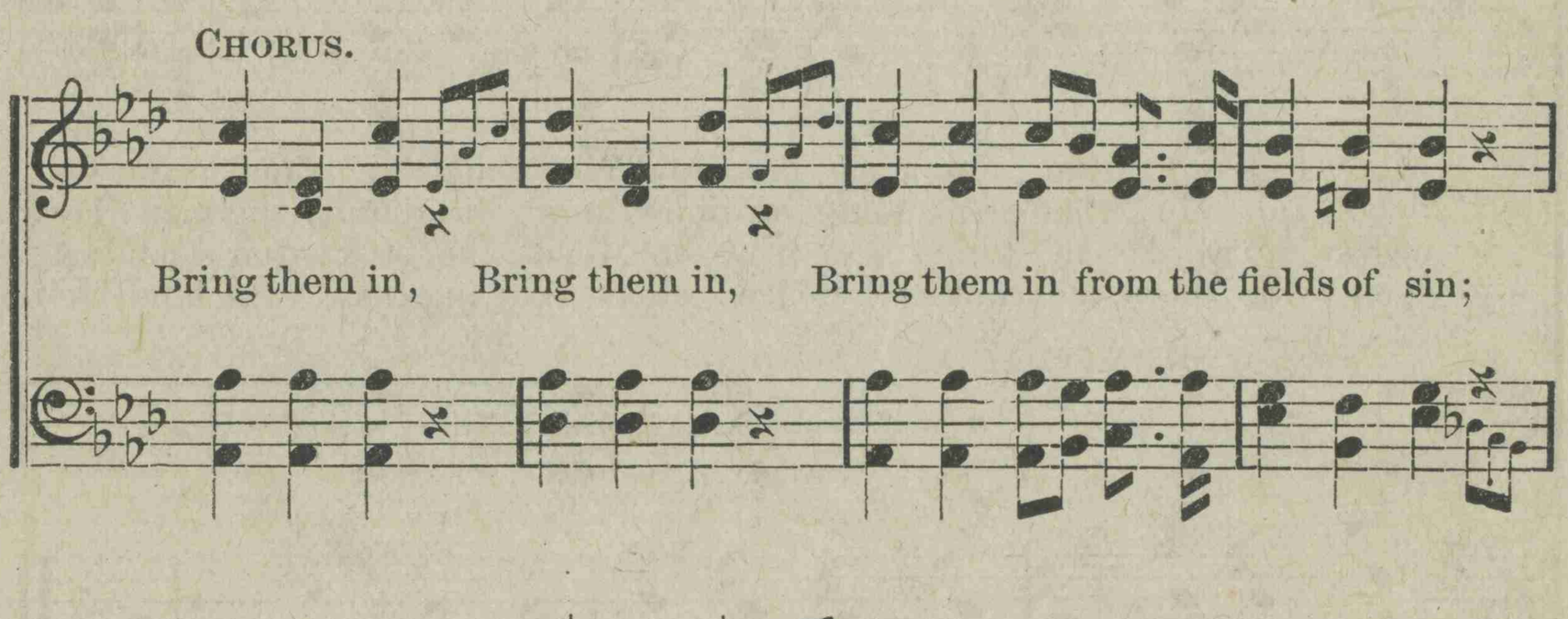
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.



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

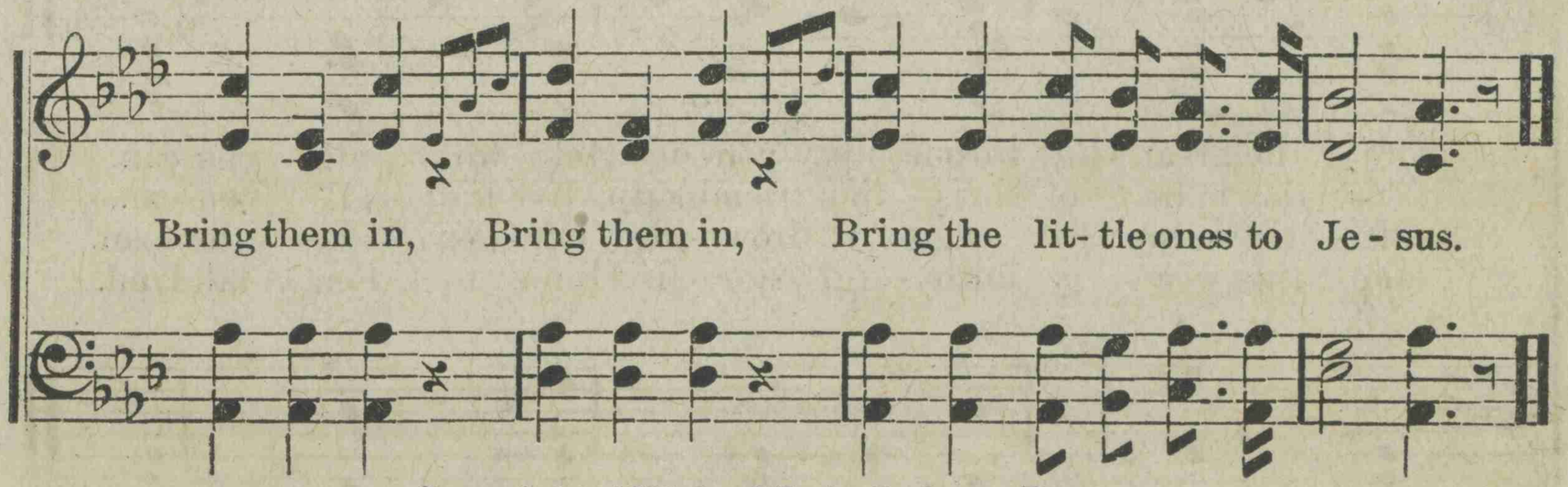


Call- ing the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."



CHORUS.

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



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

Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. By per.

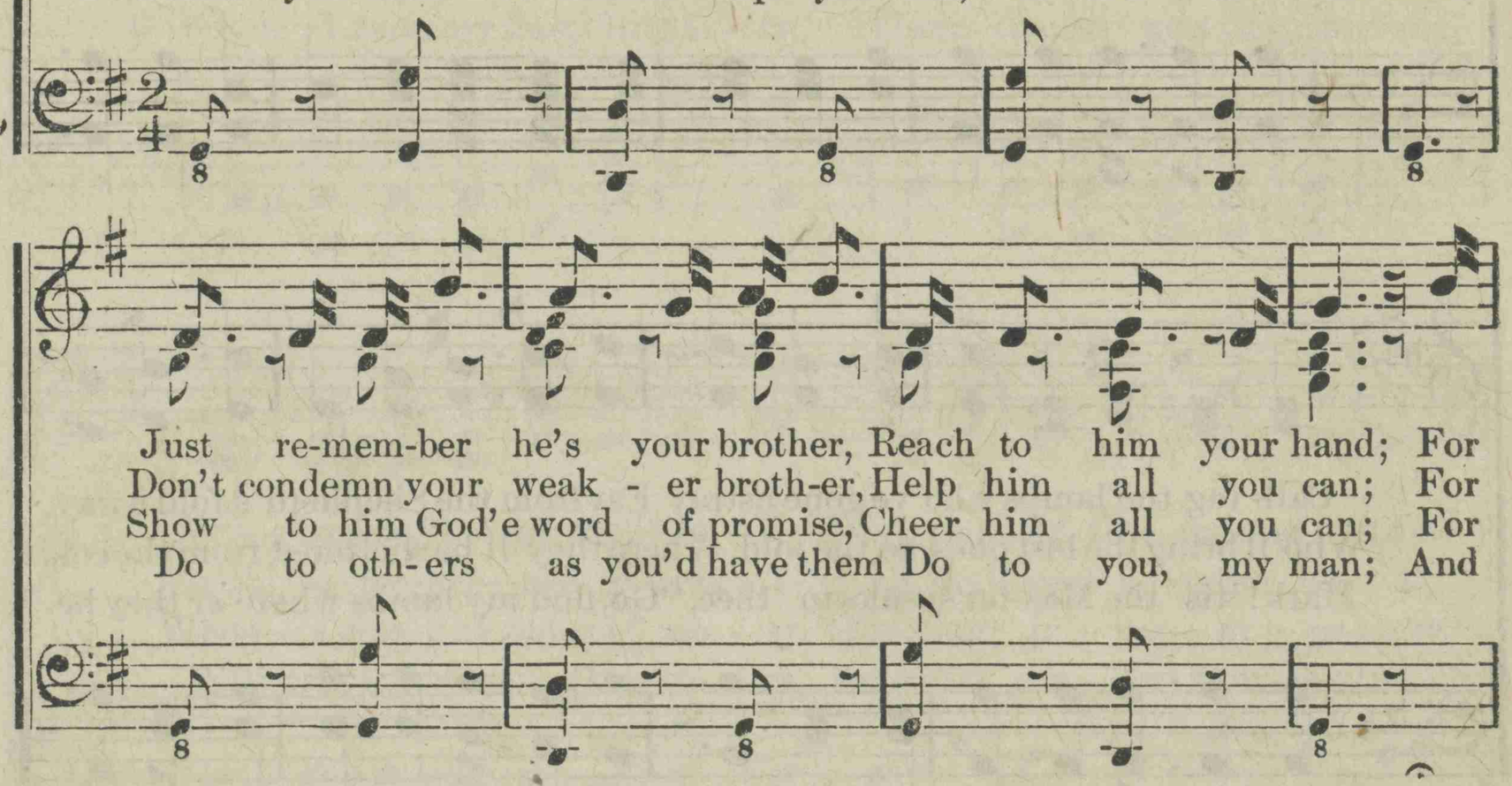
No. 62. GOING THROUGH THE LAND.

W. D. CORNELL, by per. Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

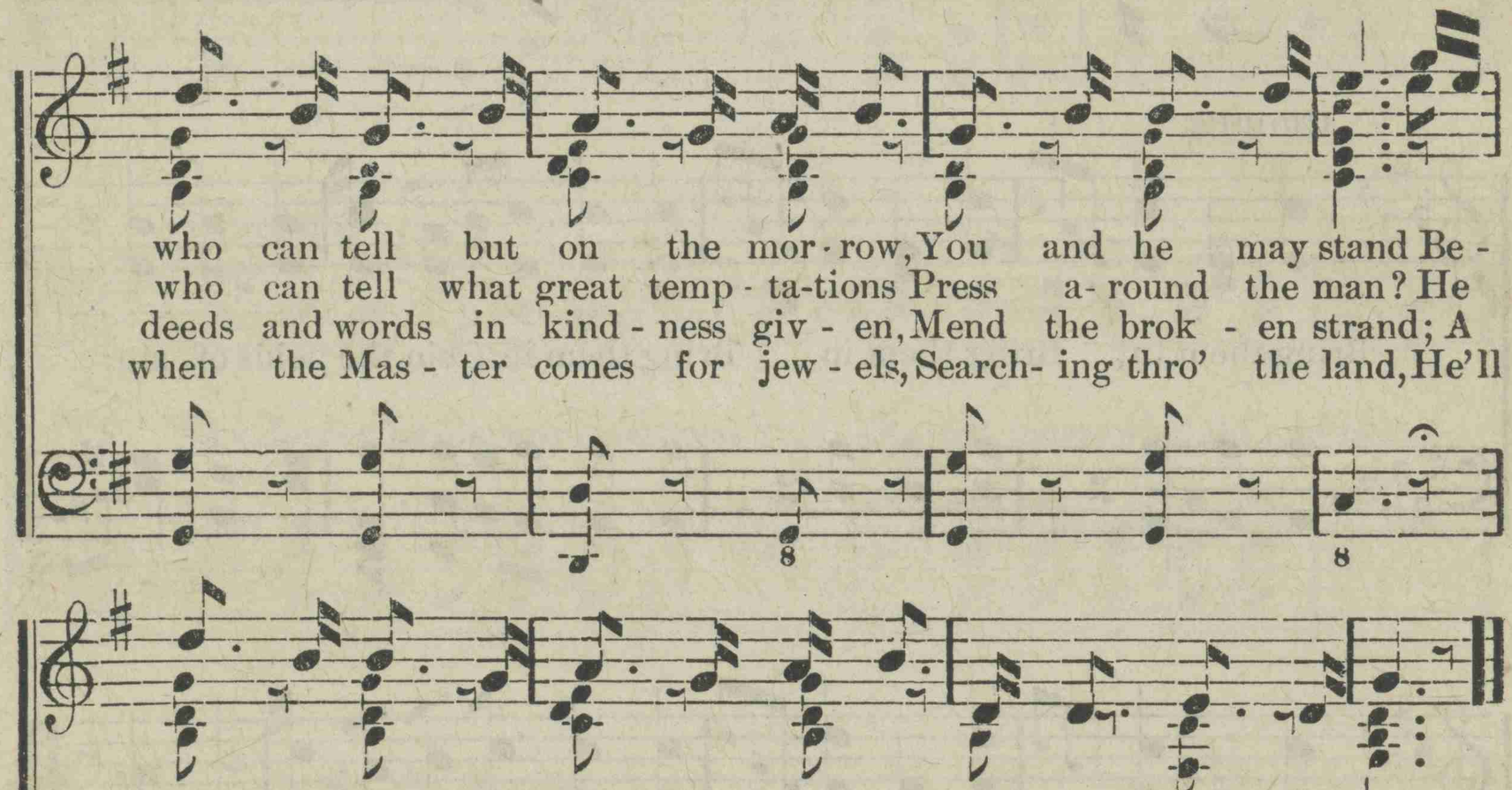
SOLO. *Slowly, with expression.*



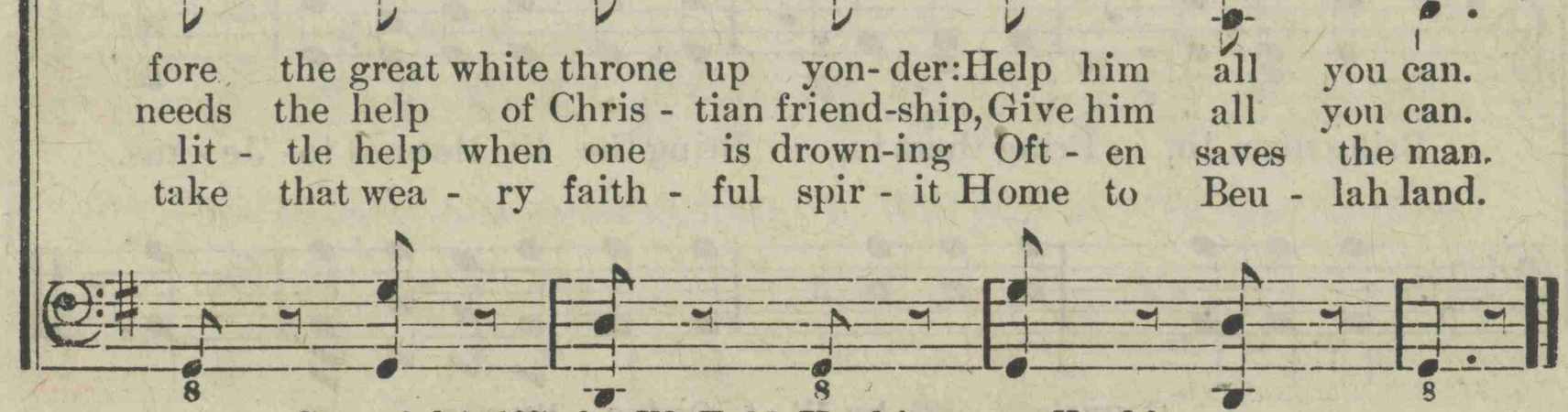
1. If a Chris- tian meet a Chris- tian, Go - ing thro' the land,
2. If a Chris- tian gets in troub-le, Go - ing thro' the land,
3. If you meet a soul dis - cour-aged, Go - ing thro' the land.
4. Would you have a home up yon- der, In the bet - ter land?



Just re-mem-ber he's your brother, Reach to him your hand; For
Don't condemn your weak - er broth-er, Help him all you can; For
Show to him God'e word of promise, Cheer him all you can; For
Do to oth-ers as you'd have them Do to you, my man; And



who can tell but on the mor - row, You and he may stand Be -
who can tell what great temp - ta-tions Press a- round the man? He
deeds and words in kind - ness giv - en, Mend the brok - en strand; A
when the Mas - ter comes for jew - els, Search- ing thro' the land, He'll



fore the great white throne up yon- der: Help him all you can.
needs the help of Chris - tian friend-ship, Give him all you can.
lit - tle help when one is drown-ing Oft - en saves the man.
take that wea - ry faith - ful spir - it Home to Beu - lah land.

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No. 63. COME UNTO ME.

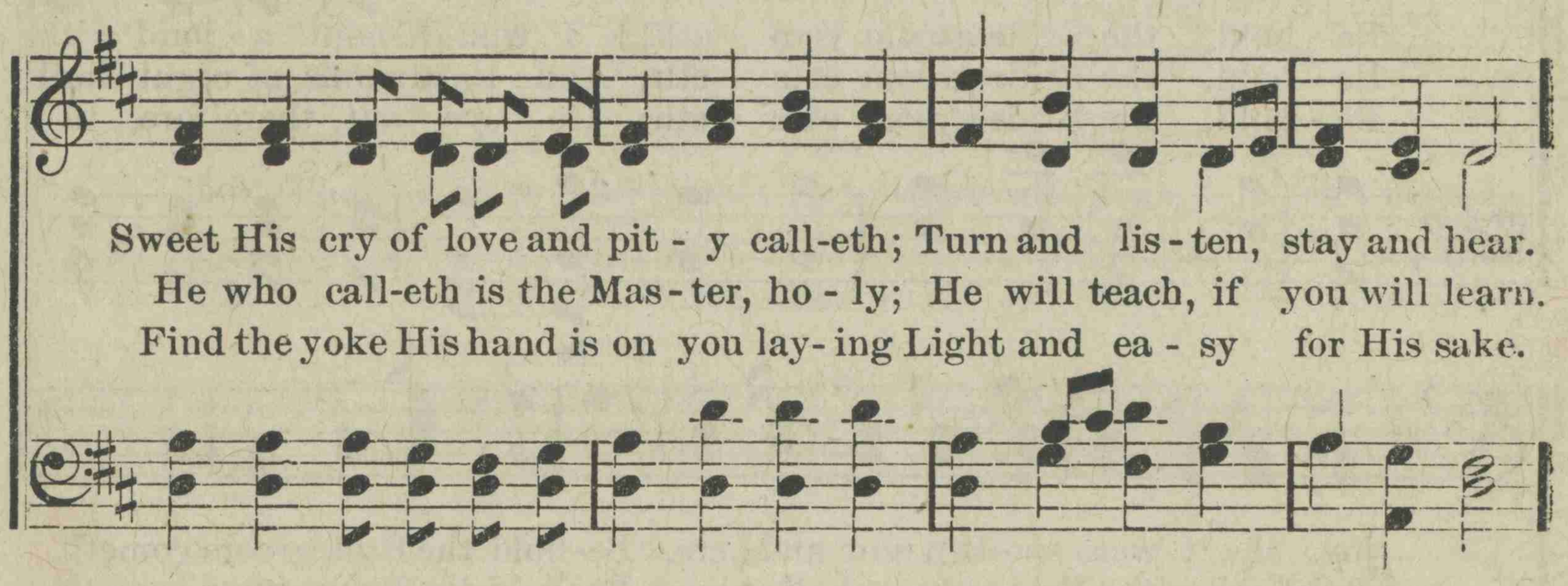
"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 22.

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



1. Hark! the gen-tle voice of Je - sus fall - eth Ten-der - ly up - on your ear;
2. Take His yoke; for He is meek and low - ly, Bear His bur-den, of Him learn.
3. Then His lov-ing, tender voice o - bey- ing, Bear His yoke, His burden take.





Sweet His cry of love and pit - y call-eth; Turn and lis - ten, stay and hear.
He who call-eth is the Mas - ter, ho - ly; He will teach, if you will learn.
Find the yoke His hand is on you lay- ing Light and ea - sy for His sake.

CHORUS.



Ye that la - bor and are heav-y - la-den, Lean up-on your dear Lord's breast.



Ye that la-bor and are heav-y - la-den, Come, and I will give you rest.



By per. R. M. McIntosh, owner of copyright.

No. 64. THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O my soul would fill with rap- ture if this mo- ment I might hear:
2. Soon my ea - ger wait- ing spir - it shall the glad announcement hear:
3. Hark! the long, ex- pect - ed cry rings out a - mid the stil - ly night:

Be - hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; I would shout a - loud with
Be - hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; And the dreams of night shall
Be - hold, the Bride-groom com - eth; Go ye out, there-fore, to

joy if it were spo-ken now and here, Be- hold, the Bridegroom cometh.
vanish when the Bridegroom shall appear; Be- hold, the Bridegroom cometh.
meet Him with a bright and shining light; Be- hold, the Bridegroom cometh.

CHORUS.

Al - most now I see His match-less glo - ry in the sky, It

may be that the dawning of His day is drawing nigh, And, O my eag - er

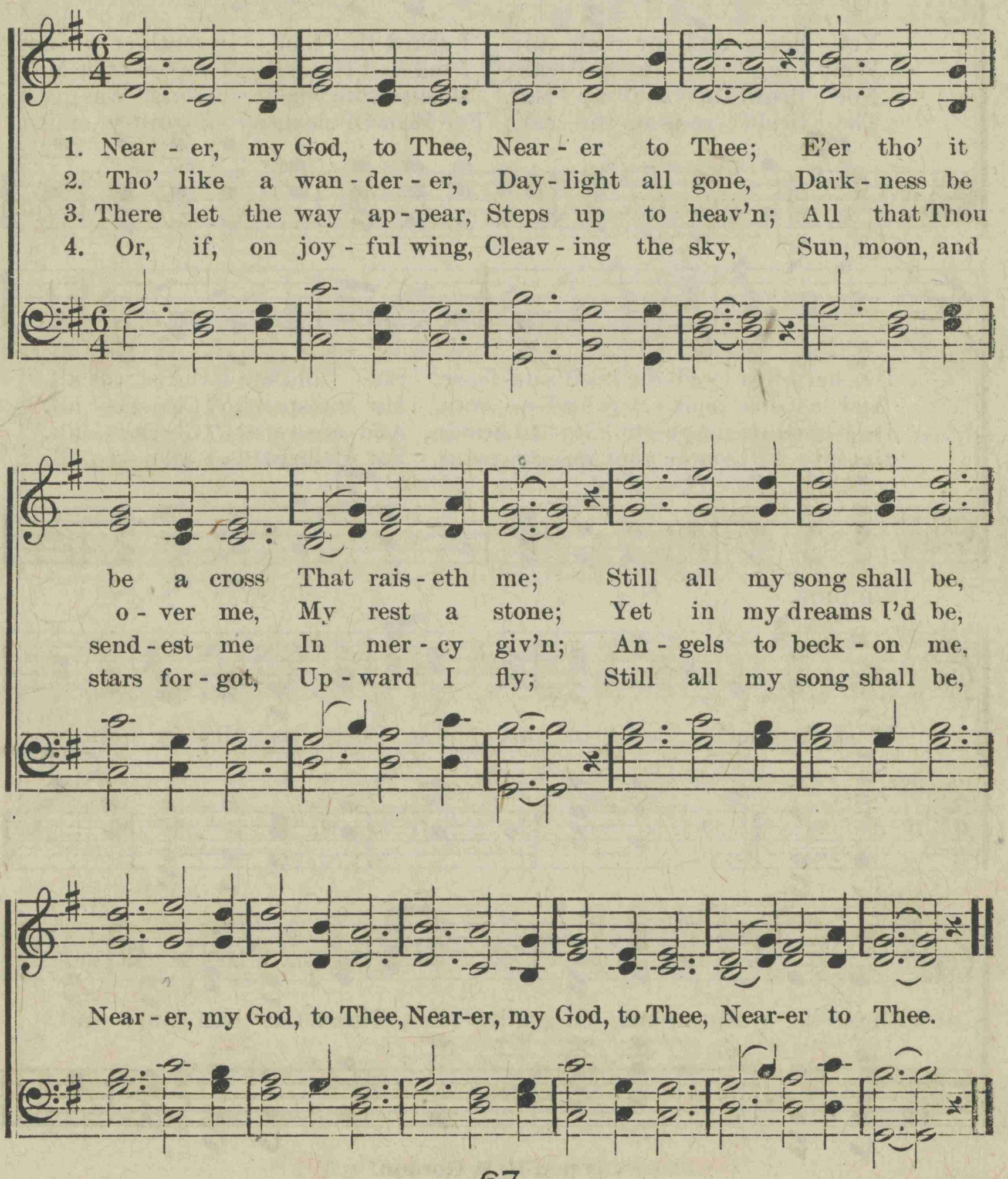
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THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.—Concluded.



No. 65. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 66. CHRIST IS ALL.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there.
2. I stood be-side a dy-ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it say;

Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth-er whence
Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked His smile, 'twas sweet as May,
Nor death his soul ap - pall, I asked him whence his strength was giv'n,
The Bride re-peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt-y stains,

Her help-less wid-ow-hood's de-fense, She told me "Christ was all."
And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
He looked tri-umph-ant - ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
His love will soothe your wea-ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."

CHORUS.

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all;

Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all.

By per. H. S. Gordon.

No. 67. LET US MARCH.

WILL H. RUEBUSH. McD. WEAMS.

1. Let us march a - long with a strong en - deav - or, With a will - ing
2. When the morn - ing sun is the path a - dorn - ing, At the dawn of
3. Come and join the ranks of the host ad - vanc - ing, Full of faith and

heart and u - nit - ed ev - er, We shall win at last, if we fal - ter
life, in its glo-rious morning; To the foes of truth this shall be our
hope and with song en-trancing; This our mot - to see in the sun - light

CHORUS.

nev - er, In His name we o - ver-come.
warning, In His name we o - ver-come.
glancing, In His name we o - ver-come.
} This our song shall be, when the

day is breaking, This our song shall be as our way we're taking; This our

song shall be, all for Christ for-sak-ing, In His name we o - ver-come.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 68. BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

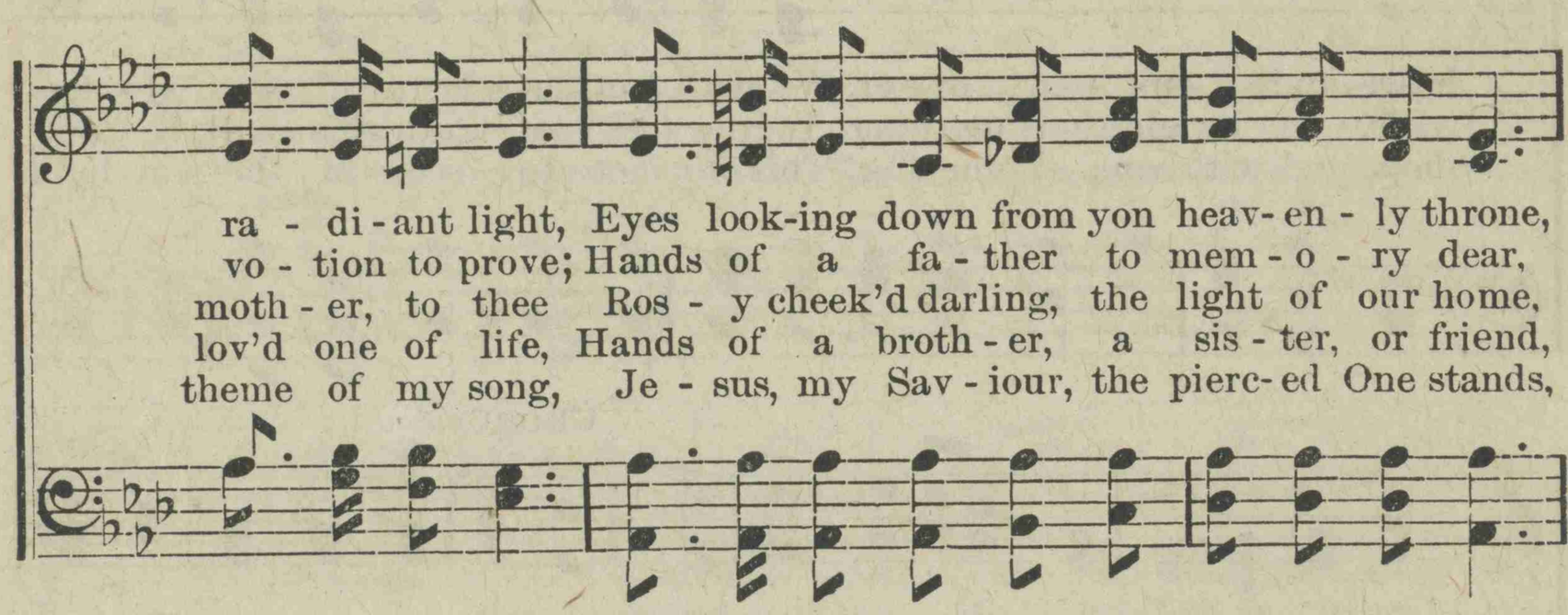
Slow, and with expression. Arr. by J. H. HALL.



1. Beau - ti- ful hands at the gate-way to-night, Fac- es all shin-ing with
2. Beau - ti- ful hands of a moth-er whose love Sac - ri-ficed life, its de -
3. Beau - ti- ful hands of a lit- tle one see, Ba - by voice calling, oh,
4. Beau - ti- ful hands of a husband or wife, Wait-ing and watching the
5. Brightest and best of that glo - ri-ous throng, Cen- ter of all and the



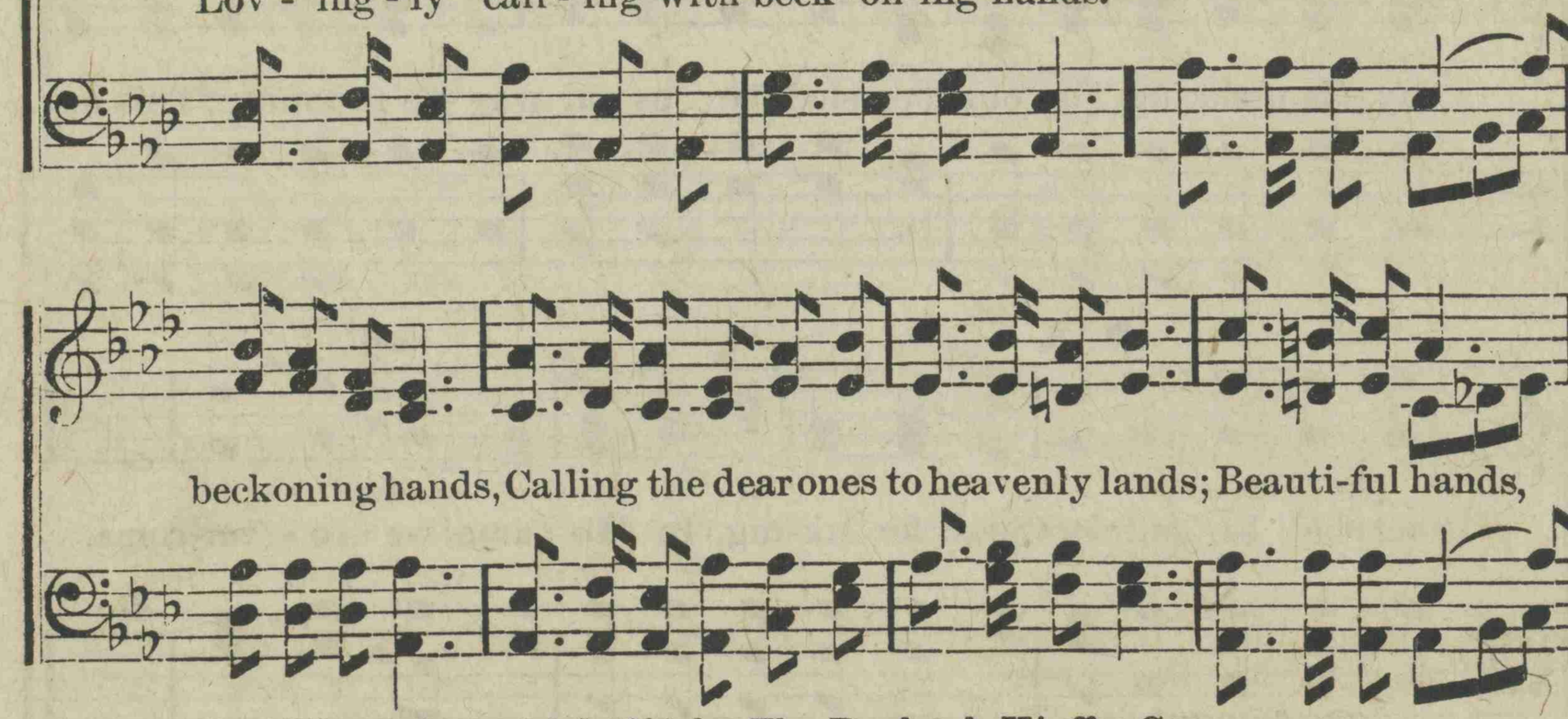
ra - di-ant light, Eyes look-ing down from yon heav- en - ly throne,
vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to mem - o - ry dear,
moth - er, to thee Ros - y cheek'd darling, the light of our home,
lov'd one of life, Hands of a broth - er, a sis - ter, or friend,
theme of my song, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the pierc- ed One stands,



CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful hands, they are beck- oning "come."
Beck'n-ing up high - er the wait - ing ones here.
Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck- oning "come."
Out from the gate- way to-night they ex - tend.
Lov - ing - ly call - ing with beck- on-ing hands.
} Beau- ti- ful hands,



beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heavenly lands; Beauti-ful hands,

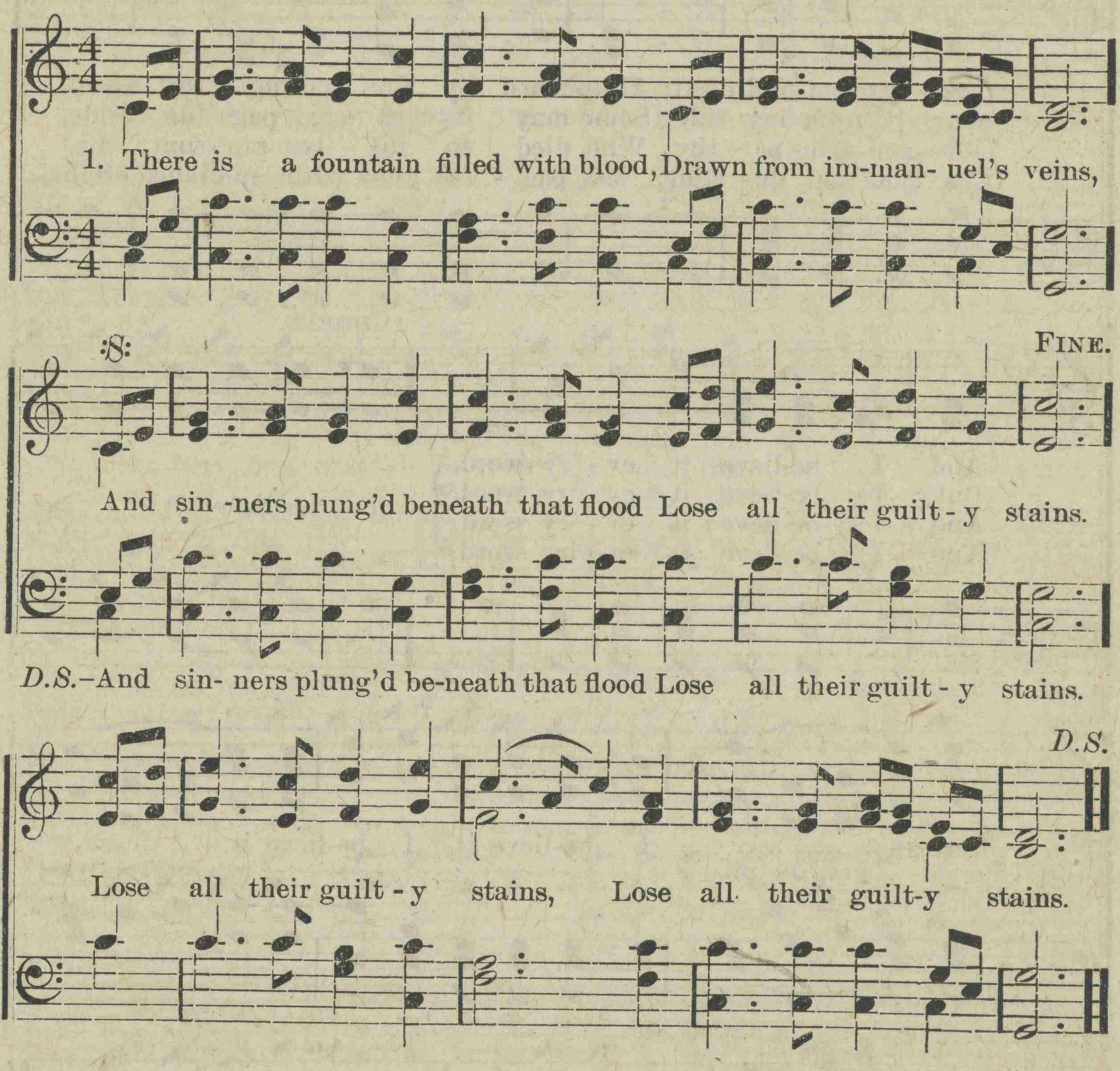
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BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.—Concluded.



No. 69. CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

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

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

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 70. I BELIEVE IT.

W. H. R. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. The bless - ed Bi - ble long hath stood, Through fam - ine,
2. The bless - ed Bi - ble is my guide, No pow'r can
3. The bless - ed Bi - ble speaks to me, Of Christ's great
4. The bless - ed Bi - ble is my light, My truth, sal -

pes - ti-lence and flood; Untouched by fire, undimmed by sword,
tear it from my side; Some may its sa - cred page de - ride,
love and sym- pa - thy, Who died to ful - ly ran - som me,
va - tion and de - light; Its pag - es glow with ra-diance bright,

CHORUS.

And I be-lieve it ev - 'ry word.
But I be-lieve it ev - 'ry word.
And I be-lieve it ev - 'ry word.
And I be-lieve it ev - 'ry word.

I be-lieve it, I be -

lieve it,..... I be-lieve it, I be-lieve it,.....
yes, I do, for 'tis true,

Friend for - ev - er, fail - ing nev- er, I be-lieve it all, do you?

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No. 71. OVER THE STARS.

H. F. P. H. F. Page.

With expression.

1. Soft - ly the mu - sic floats earth-ward to - night Down from the
2. Ac - cents fa - mil - iar drift o - ver the skies Down from the
3. Gen - tly a whis - per steals down thro' the gloom, "Fear not I'm

re - gions of end - less de - light— Mu - sic whose con- cord no
bor - ders of Par - a - dise Bid - ding us come where no
with thee in death and the tomb, Night shades will van - ish with

dis - son- ance jars— An - gels are call - ing us o - ver the stars.
grief ev - er mars— Loved ones are call - ing us o - ver the stars.
morn-ings first bars"— Je - sus is call - ing us o - ver the stars.

Chorus.

O- ver the stars, o- ver the stars, Angels are calling us o - ver the stars;
O- ver the stars, o- ver the stars, Loved ones are calling us o- ver the stars;
O- ver the stars, o- ver the stars, Je-sus is calling us o - ver the stars;

O- ver the stars, o- ver the stars, Angels are calling us o-ver the stars.
O- ver the stars, o- ver the stars, Loved ones are calling us o-ver the stars.
O- ver the stars, o- ver the stars, Je-sus is calling us o-ver the stars.

No. 72. I'M A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

G. P. HOTT. JULIUS S. RUSHING.

1. When I con - - trast all the years, Spent in
2. When I meas - - ure sin's con - trol, And the
3. When I think..... how Christ re- lieved, All my
4. Ev - 'ry day..... and hour I'm blest, Peace - ful

1. When I con-trast all the years,

sin - ful doubts and fears, And the flood..... of bit- ter
bur - dens of my soul That like bil - lows o'er me
fears,..... my soul reprieved, And His way - ward child re -
now..... my soul doth rest On my Sav - iour's lov-ing

Spent in sin-ful doubts and fears, And the flood of

tears, I'm a mir - - a - cle of grace.
roll, I'm a mir - - a - cle of grace.
ceived, I'm a mir - - a - cle of grace.
breast, I'm a mis - - a - cle of grace.

bit - ter tears, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

CHORUS.

Yes, a mir - a - cle of grace, Looking up..... to Je- sus' face;

Yes, a mir-a - cle of grace, Looking up

For His lov - ing, long embrace,..... I'm a mir - a-cle of grace.

For His lov-ing, long embrace, I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.

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No. 73. BY AND BY.

W. S. MASON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O what joy it will be, When from sor- row set free, We meet with our lov'd and our own Who have gone on be-fore To that bright golden shore, Where
2. In that realm of the best, With the Sav-iour they rest, For - ev - er to look on His face; In their rai-ment of white With the angels of light, They
3. Oft-en- times as we kneel, A sweet presence we feel And fan - cy they hov - er a- near! And our longing heart sighs For the cloud to a- rise, That
4. Help us, Lord, to be pure; Make us strong to endure, Our souls from temp- ta - tion de-fend; With Thy spir-it to guide, Let us walk by Thy side; O

CHORUS.

heart-aches and tears are unknown. By and by we shall meet,
sing of His in - fin - ite grace.
fac - es we love may ap-pear! By and by by and by,
keep, love, and lead to the end.

And for - ev - er in glo - ry re- main; In that cit - y of gold, with its beau-ties untold, We shall meet one an - oth - er a - gain!
by and by,

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No. 74. I WOULD SERVE THEE.

FLORA KIRKLAND. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. I would serve Thee, blessed Je - sus, I would serve Thee day by day,
2. If the storms should gather round me, Help me fix mine eyes on Thee;
3. Let no bur-dens seem too heav - y, Since Thou dost sus-tain by grace;

Let me ev - er heed Thy guidance, Keep me in the nar- row way.
Let no darkness make me fal - ter, Where Thy leading hand I see.
Help me fol - low in Thy footsteps, Till I see Thee face to face.

CHORUS.

I would serve Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, I would
I would serve Thee, bless-ed Je - sus,

serve Thee day by day; Keep me hum- ble, keep me
serve Thee day by day; Keep me humble,

faith - ful, Let me in Thy serv - ice stay.
keep me faith-ful, in Thy serv-ice stay.

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No. 75. SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

NEWTON, arr. WILL H. RUEBUSH.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Since I have been re - deemed;
2. It makes my wounded spir-it whole, Since I have been re - deemed;
3. Je-sus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, Since I have been re - deemed;

It soothes my sor-rows, heals my wounds, Since I have been re-deemed.
'Tis man-na to my hun-gry soul, Since I have been re-deemed.
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Since I have been re-deemed.

CHORUS.

I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed,
Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm re-deemed, Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm redeemed,

Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed,
I'm re-deemed,

How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Since I have been redeemed.

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No. 76. WE COME TO THEE.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O Thou who art..... the Way, the Truth,..... We come the
2. No mer - it have..... we of our own,..... We're trusting
3. Tho' we are weak..... with tal-ents few,..... Thou hast some
4. Be Thou our Guide..... a - long our way, ... Then from Thy

1. O Thou who art the Way, the Truth,

Thee..... now in our youth, ... 'Tis written in..... Thy
Lord, ... in Thine a - lone;.....Thou art the Rock..... we'll
work ..... that we can do;..... Thy servants true ..... we
side..... we will not stray;.....From woe and sin ..... O

We come to Thee now in our youth, 'Tis written in

ho - ly word, ... Who ear - ly seek..... shall find the Lord.
build up - on,..... Still trusting in..... what Thou hast done.
fain would be,..... O teach us how ..... to fol- low Thee.
set us free, ... Help us to live..... a- lone for Thee.

Thy ho- ly word, Who ear-ly seek

CHORUS.

We come to Thee,..... dear Lord, to - day,..... Thou art the

We come to Thee, dear Lord, to- day,

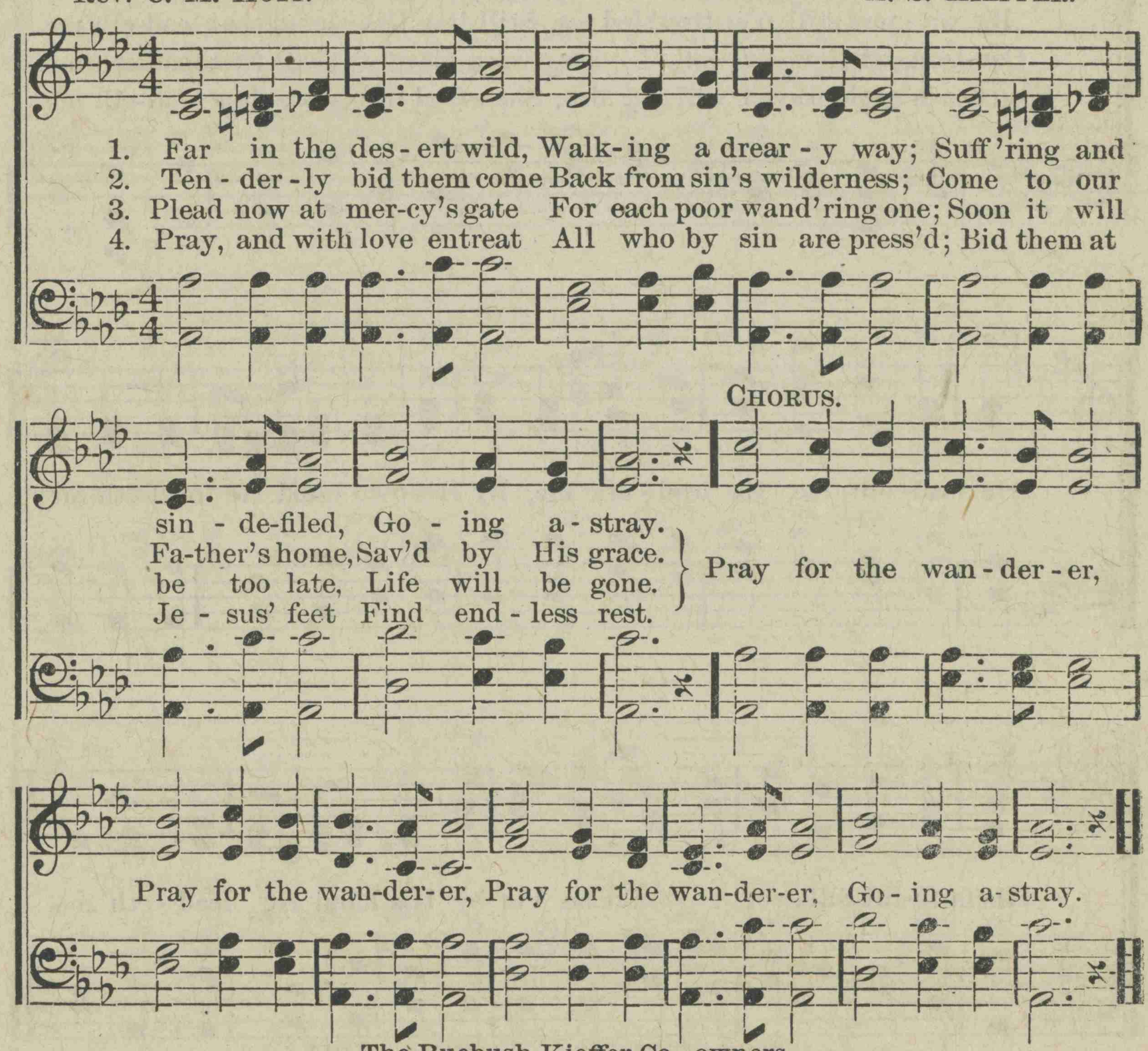
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WE COME TO THEE.—Concluded.



No. 77. PRAY FOR THE WANDERER.

Rev. C. M. HOTT. A. S. KIEFFER.



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No. 78. HE LEADETH ME.

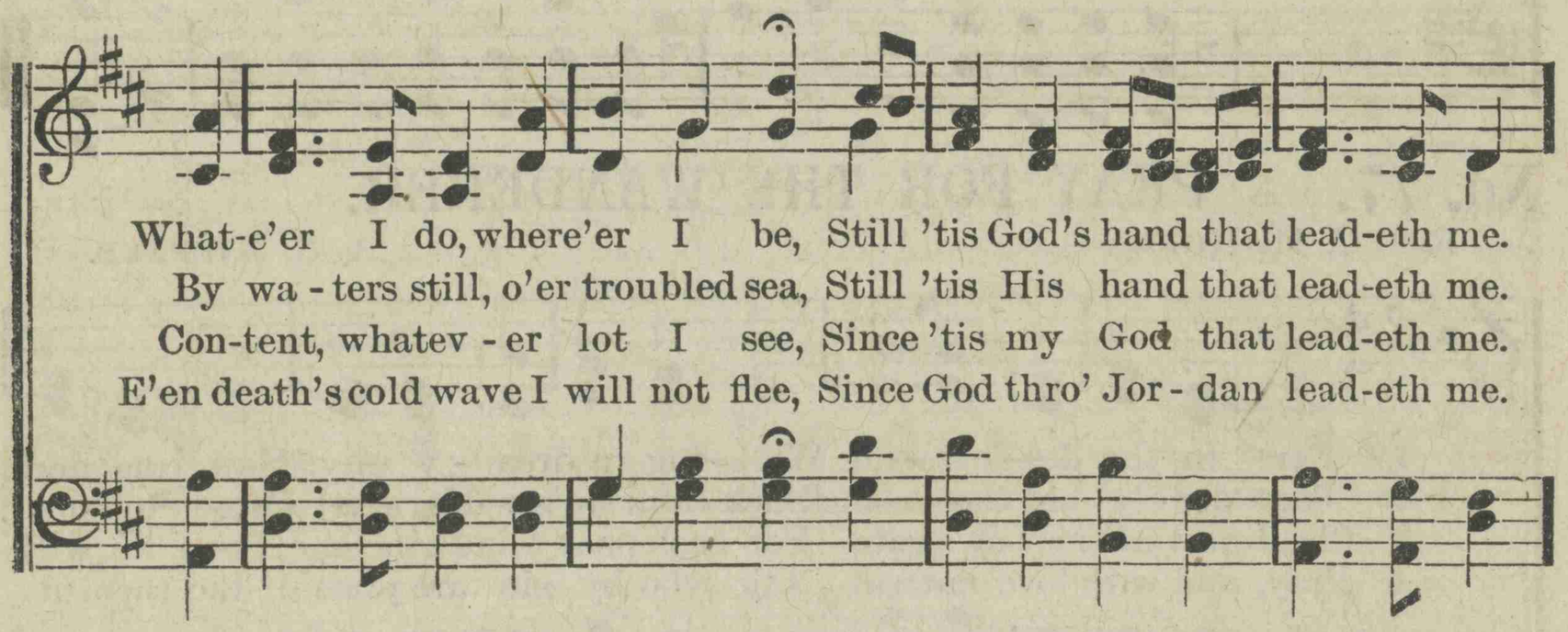
"He leadeth me,"—Ps. 23: 3.

Rev. J. H. GILMORE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



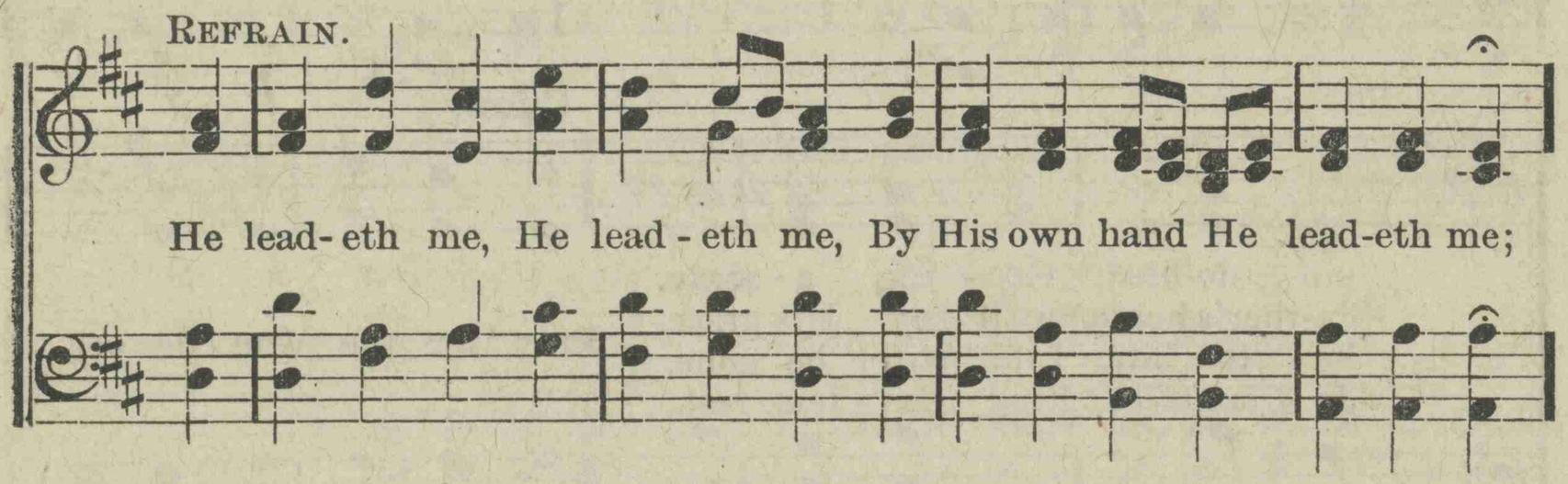
1. He lead - eth me! O bless- ed tho't, O words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur, nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,



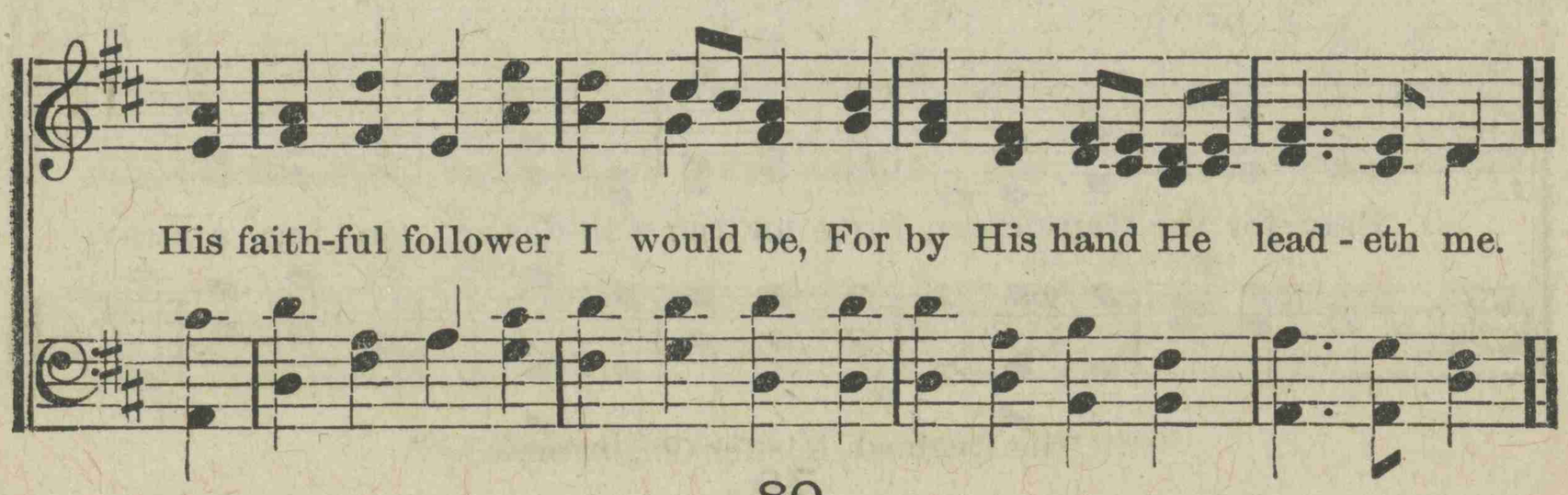


What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
Con-tent, whatev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.



He lead- eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;



His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

No. 79. TRUSTING, NOT AFRAID.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Christ the Sav - iour died for me, His rich grace has set me free;
2. Hosts of sin my soul a - larm, Lean - ing on my Sav-iour's arm,
3. When up - on my sun - ny skies, Heav - y clouds of grief a - rise,
4. When my work is end - ed here, When to Jor - dan I draw near,

Since His blood a - tone-ment made, I will trust, and not be a - fraid.
I need nev - er be dismayed, I will trust, and not be a - fraid.
He will lead me thro' the shade, I will trust, and not be a - fraid.
He will com - fort, He will aid, I will trust, and not be a - fraid.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing, not a - fraid, All my hope on Je - sus staid,
Trust - ing, trust - ing,
Trust - ing, till I see That bright Home pre-pared for me.
Trust - ing ev - er,

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No. 80. BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING.

F. L. EILAND. J. W. ACUFF.

1. Go, in earl - y morn-ing, in - to the har-vest white, Sing a song of
2. For the faint and wea- ry, car- ry a smile of cheer, With the sad and
3. In the name of Je - sus, gath-er the sheaves to-day, Read the pre- cious

glad - ness, la- bor with all your might; Let the words of Je - sus
drear - y, weeping an anx-ious tear; To the heart that's ach - ing
prom - ise, wag- es, He you will pay; Go with great re- joic - ing

o - ver the na - tion ring, With the com - ing eve - ning,
un - der a load of care, Lend a hand of com - fort,
glean- ing from fields of sin, Thrust thy glow - ing sick - le,

CHORUS.

beau- ti- ful gleanings bring.
cov- er its ail - ing there.
bringing the har - vest in.

See the beau- ti - ful har-vest white!
See you there,

Go, and la - bor with all your might; Let your
Go, ye there, Let them there your

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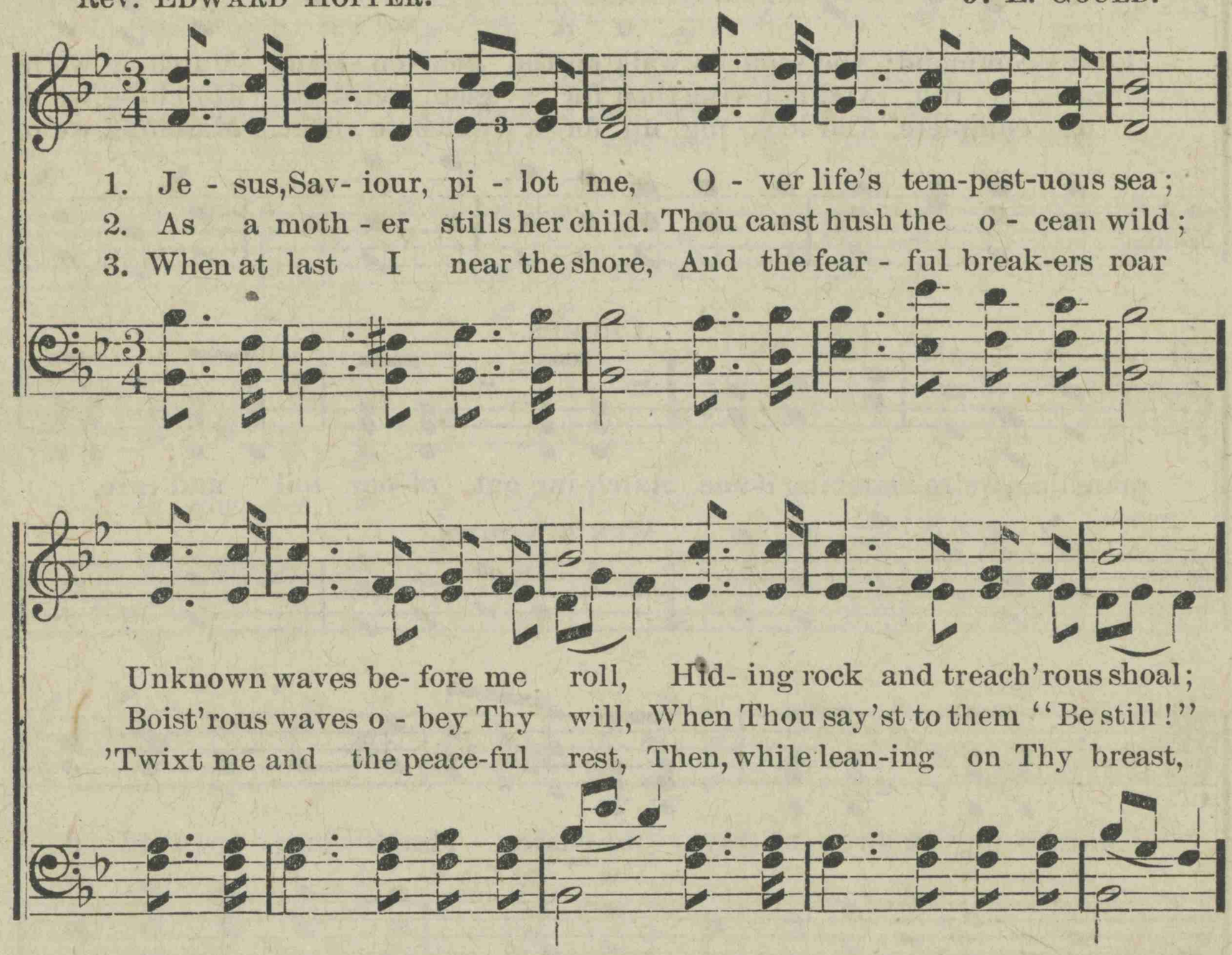
BEAUTIFUL GLEANINGS BRING.—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus softly.



No. 81. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



No. 82. MARCHING HOME.

W. H. RUEBUSH. McD. BAKER.

1. March - ing home with the pil - grim band, March-ing home at the
2. March - ing on till the vic - t'ry's won, March-ing on till the
3. March - ing on tho' with wea - ry feet, March-ing on to a

Lord's command; And soon to walk on the gold- en strand, Marching, we're
race is run, And hop - ing then for a glad, well done, Marching, we're
rest complete, And look- ing up for a welcome sweet, Marching, we're

CHORUS.

marching, we're marching home. March-ing out of our toil and care,

MEN'S VOICES.

March - ing on sweetest joys to share; March - ing up- ward a

crown to wear, March-ing, we're march-ing, we're march-ing home.

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No. 83. TO WHOM DO YOU GO?

WILL H. RUEBUSH. G. E. LEONARD.

1. To whom do you go when sea billows roll, To whom do you go when
2. To whom do you go when thorns press the way, To whom do you go , for
3. To whom do you go in darkness of night, To whom do you go, Christ

storms try the soul? The tempests grow calm, there's healing and balm, In
peace ev-'ry day? There's joy so complete, a bless-ed re-treat, In
on-ly is light, No night is so drear, but you can find cheer, In

CHORUS.

Je-sus, yes, on-ly in Je-sus. A ha-ven of rest in
Je-sus is found, A mel-o-dy sweet, no dis-cord of sound; But
songs of pure joy all tongues shall employ, In Je-sus, yes on-ly in Je-sus.

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No. 84. HE'S JUST THE SAME TO ME.

G. P. HOTT. Rev. C. B. WIDMYER.

1. I've read that in the days of old The Sav-iour came, to be
2. They tell me how He com - fort-ed The sick of Beth - a - ny,
3. I've heard that when the sin - ful came Tho' vile as vile could be,
4. His prom-ise cheered the wea - ry ones, He bade their heartaches flee;

"The way, the truth, the life" to all, He's just the same to me.
How broken hearts were there made glad, He's just the same to me.
He par-doned all and made them whole, He's just the same to me.
To them He was their "All in All," He's just the same to me.

CHORUS.

He's just the same,..... He's just the same,.....
He's just the same to me, to me, He's just the same to me, to me,

I'm glad to tell to ev - 'ry one, He's just the same to me.....
to me.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 85. SINCE JESUS CAME TO STAY.

T. C. HARPER. LOGAN OSKIN.



1. I know I am a child of God, Since Je - sus came to stay;
2. I know His peace with- in my heart, Since Je - sus came to stay;
3. I know His grace so rich and and free, Since Je - sus came to stay;
4. I love Him more and more each hour, Since Je - sus came to stay;





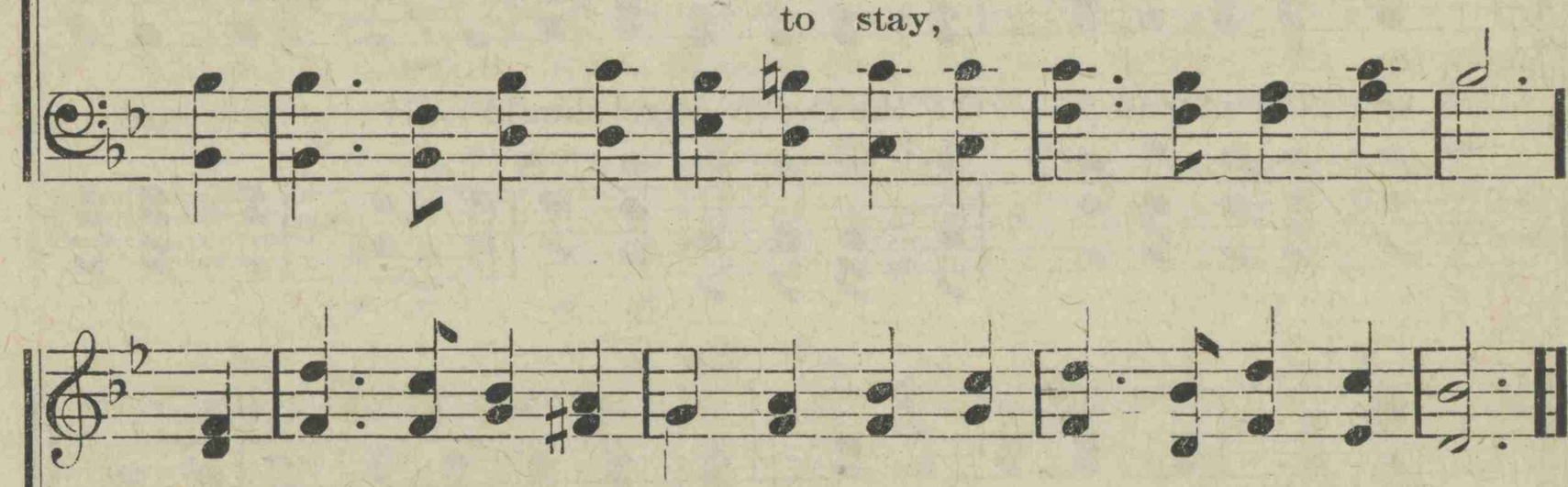
I'm walk - ing in the path he trod, Since Je - sus came to stay.
A joy that nev - er will de - part, Since Je - sus came to stay.
I know the love that res- cued me, Since Je - sus came to stay.
I trust His cleansing keep- ing pow'r, Since Je - sus came to stay.



CHORUS.



Since Je - sus came to stay, Since Je - sus came to stay;
to stay,



I know I am a child of God, Since Je - sus came to stay.



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No. 86. SAY, ARE YOU READY?

A. S. KIEFFER. Rev. W. H. SAMSELL.

1. Should the Death-An - gel knock at thy cham-ber In the still
watch of to - night, Say, will your spir- it pass in- to torment,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part-ing In - to the
world of de - spair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer,
3. Ma - ny redeem'n ones now are as - cend-ing In - to the
mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading high up in glo-ry,

REFRAIN.

Or to the land of de - light?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
Seek - ing to save you to - night.
} Say, are you read - y,

O are you read-y, If the Death-Angel should call? Say, are you

rit.

read- y, O are you read-y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

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No. 87. A SINNER, SAVED BY GRACE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Weak and un-wor-thy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;
2. Wea - ry of sin, to Him I came, And asked for par-don in His name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Sav-iour nev-er-more;

And I shall see His bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
He heard, and now in His em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
In heav'n He has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.

CHORUS.

In glo - - ry I shall see His face, His
In glo - ry I shall see His face, His bless-ed face, I shall

bless-ed faee, His bless-ed face; In glo - ry I shall
see His blessed face, I shall see His blessed face; In glo-ry I shall see His

see His face,..... For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace!
face, His bless - ed face,

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No. 88. AT THE BATTLE'S FRONT.

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

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal -
3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you

fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar-mor of God
va - tion proclaim to a sin-ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now

and the Spirit's trust-y sword, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
and the cov - e-nant re-new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.

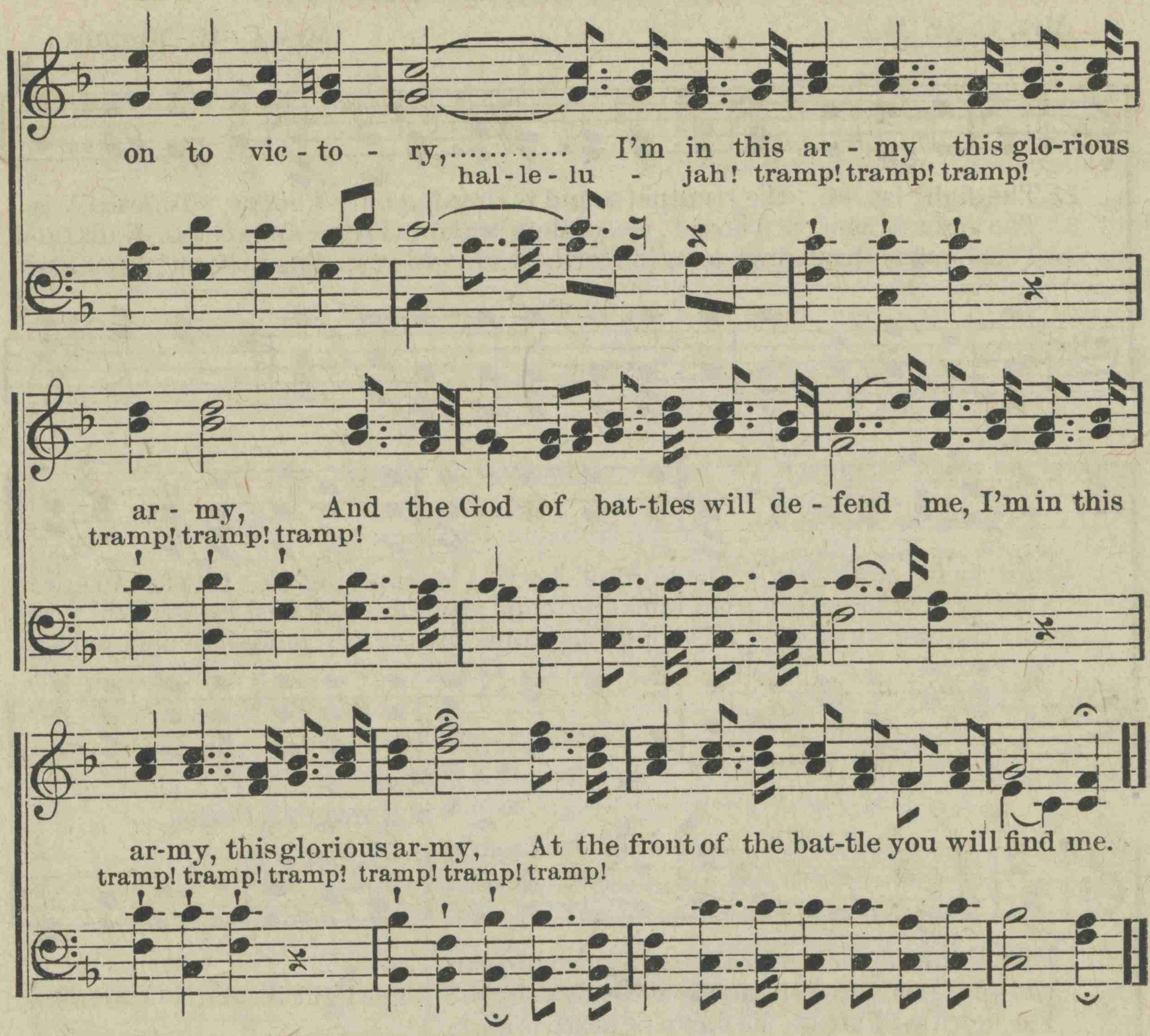
Chorus.

Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, Marching
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

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AT THE BATTLE'S FRONT.—Concluded.



No. 89. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

Arr.



2 He will save you.
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 He is waiting.
6 O believe Him.
7 O receive Him.
8 Only trust Him.
9 Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 90. THE FIGHT IS ON.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho - vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer-tain vic - to - ry, The bow of prom - ise

heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic - to - ry,
vic-t'ry will assure; Go buck - le on the ar - mor God has giv - en you,
spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry land shall honored be,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The tri-umph of the right will soon appear.
And in His strength un - to the end endure.
The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
} The fight is on, O Christain

sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray,..... With ar - mor

gleaming, and col - ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to - day;

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THE FIGHT IS ON.—Concluded.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.
vict'ry! vict'ry!

No. 91. TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal- va- tion I would prove;
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new,

FINE.

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

D. S.—bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

CHORUS. *D. S.*

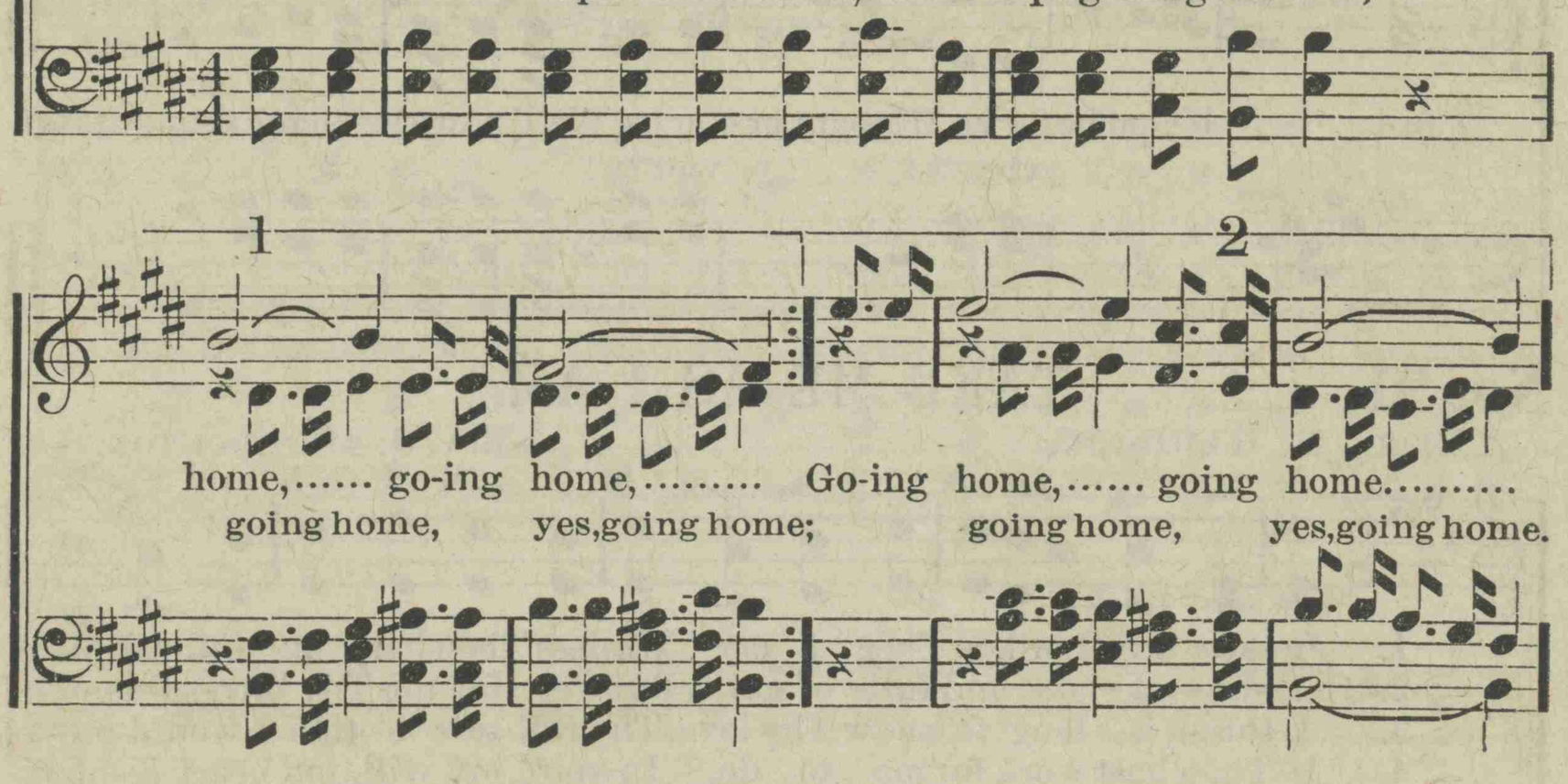
Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;..... O
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

No. 92. GOING HOME.

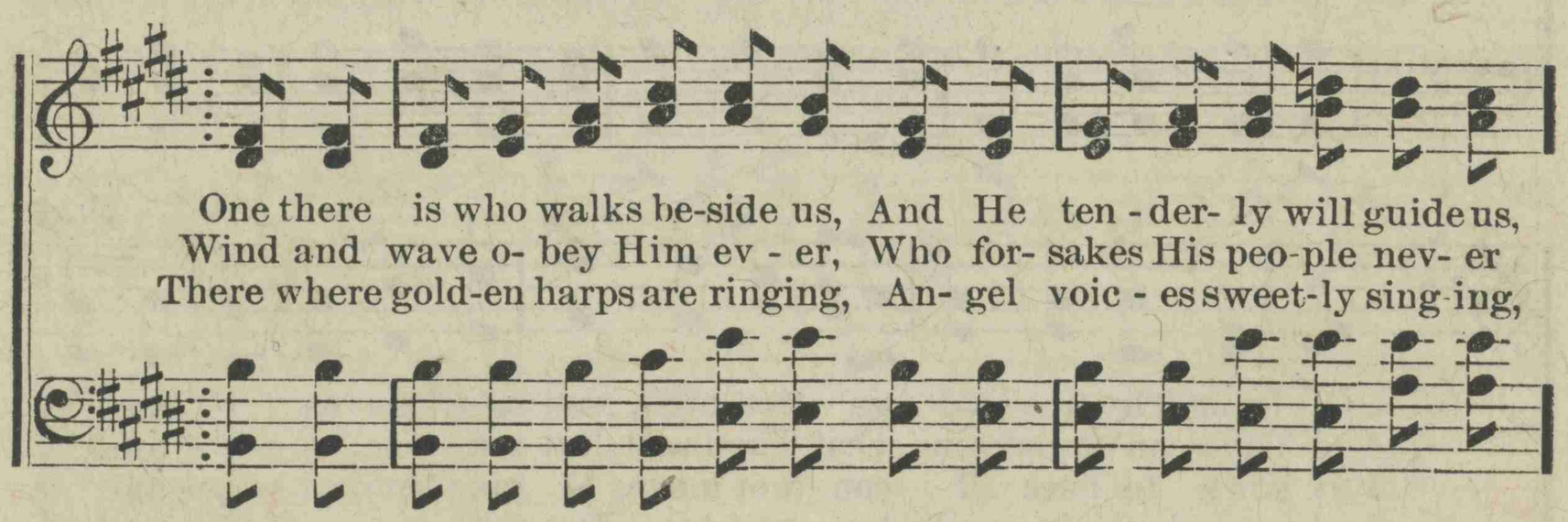
LAURA E. NEWELL. GEO. W. BACON.



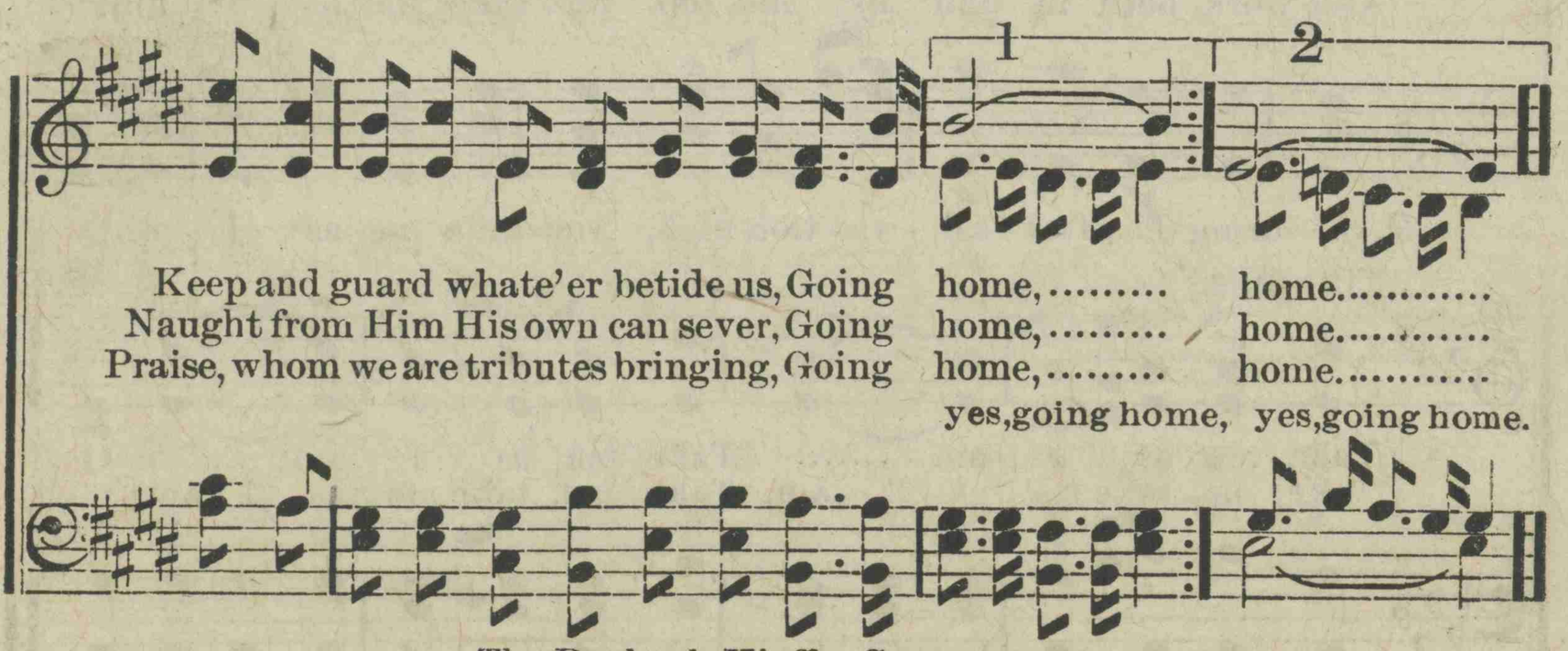
1. Let us la-bor for the Mas- ter As life's devious ways we try, Go-ing
   Fear no dang-er or dis - as - ter, As the time is glid- ing by, ...
2. We are out up- on life's o- cean, But our pilot guides our barque, Go-ing
   And we fear no storm's commotion, Dread no angry sea, nor dark, ...
3. We are pilgrims bound for Canaan, Bound for Canaan's happy shore, Going
   Soon we'll reach its peaceful harbor, And our pilgrimage be o'er, ...



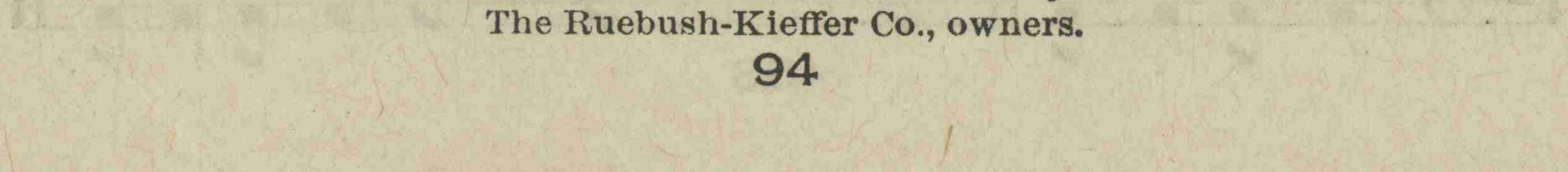
home,..... go-ing home,..... Go-ing home,..... going home.....
going home, yes, going home; going home, yes, going home.



One there is who walks be-side us, And He ten - der- ly will guide us,
Wind and wave o- bey Him ev - er, Who for- sakes His peo-ple nev- er
There where gold-en harps are ringing, An- gel voic - es sweet-ly sing-ing,



Keep and guard whate'er betide us, Going home,..... home.....
Naught from Him His own can sever, Going home,..... home.....
Praise, whom we are tributes bringing, Going home,..... home.....
yes, going home, yes, going home.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 93. "COME, YE BLESSED."

W. H. RUEBUSH. J. M. GOOD.



1. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther," Pre-cious promise of great gain;
2. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther," Bless - ed mansions wait for thee;
3. "Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther," Joys no mor-tal tongue can tell:





And the soul that goes be - liev - ing, Will the precious gift ob - tain.
Hope thro' Christ is free- ly of - fered, Trust the promise and be free.
Wait for those who read His pur- pose, And who trust His promise well.



CHORUS.



"Come, ye blessed of my Fa - ther," Prom-ise of e - ter - nal joy;





He who promis - es is faith - ful, And your hope will not de-stroy.

The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

No. 94. ALMOST PERSUADED.

"Almost Thou Persuadest Me to be a Christian."—Acts 26: 28.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

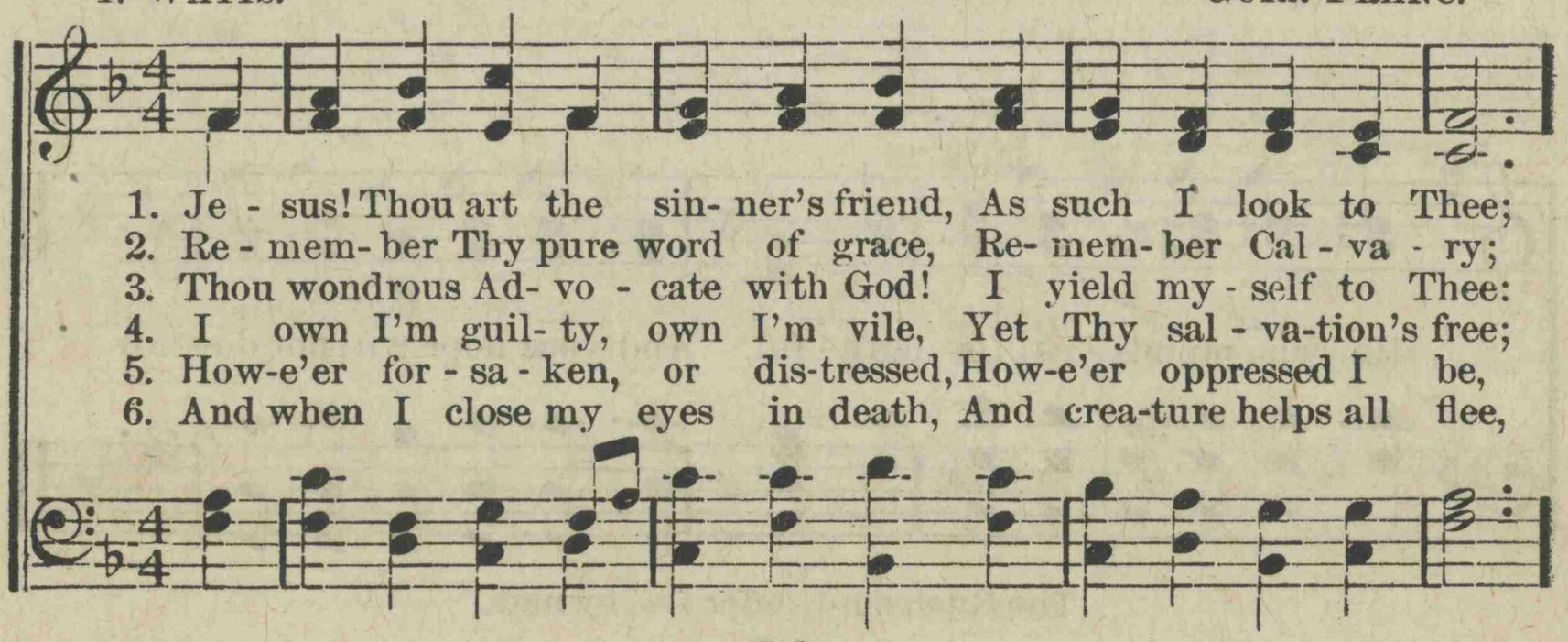


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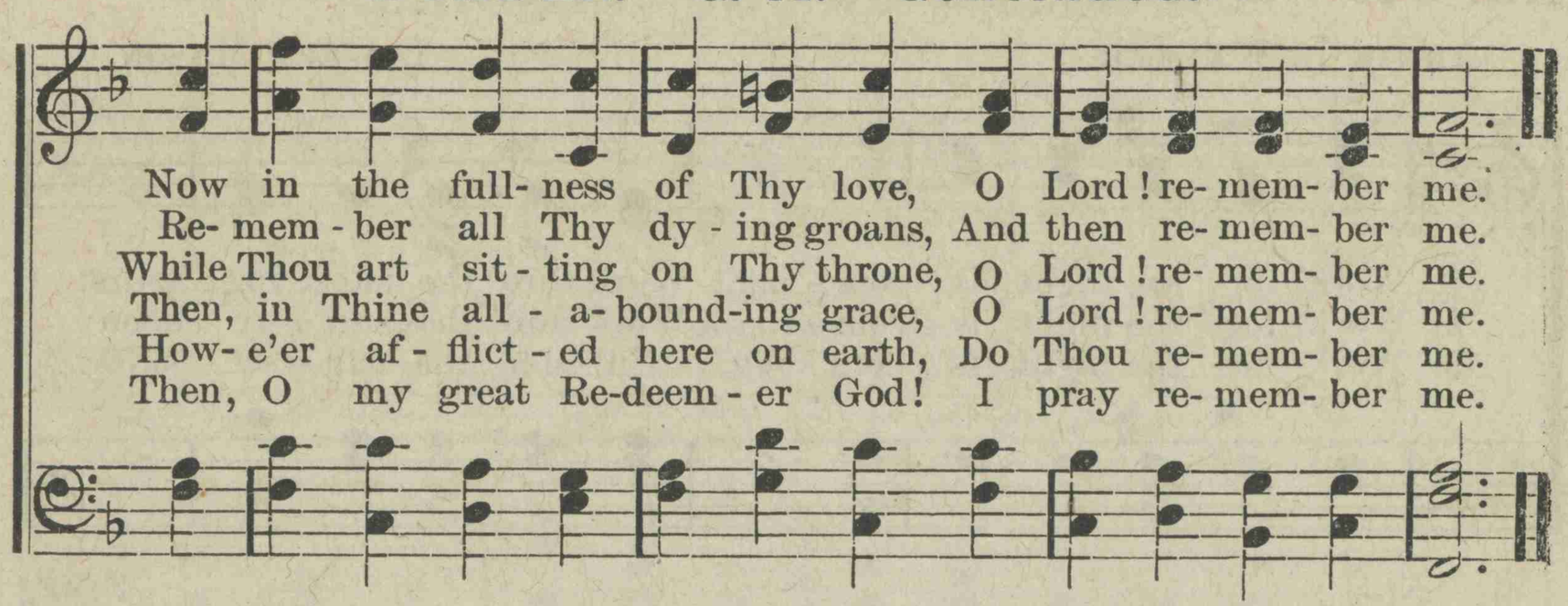
No. 95. DUNDEE C. M.

"The Deceitfulness of Sin."—Heb. 3: 13.

I. WATTS. GUIL. FRANC.



DUNDEE. C. M.—Concluded.



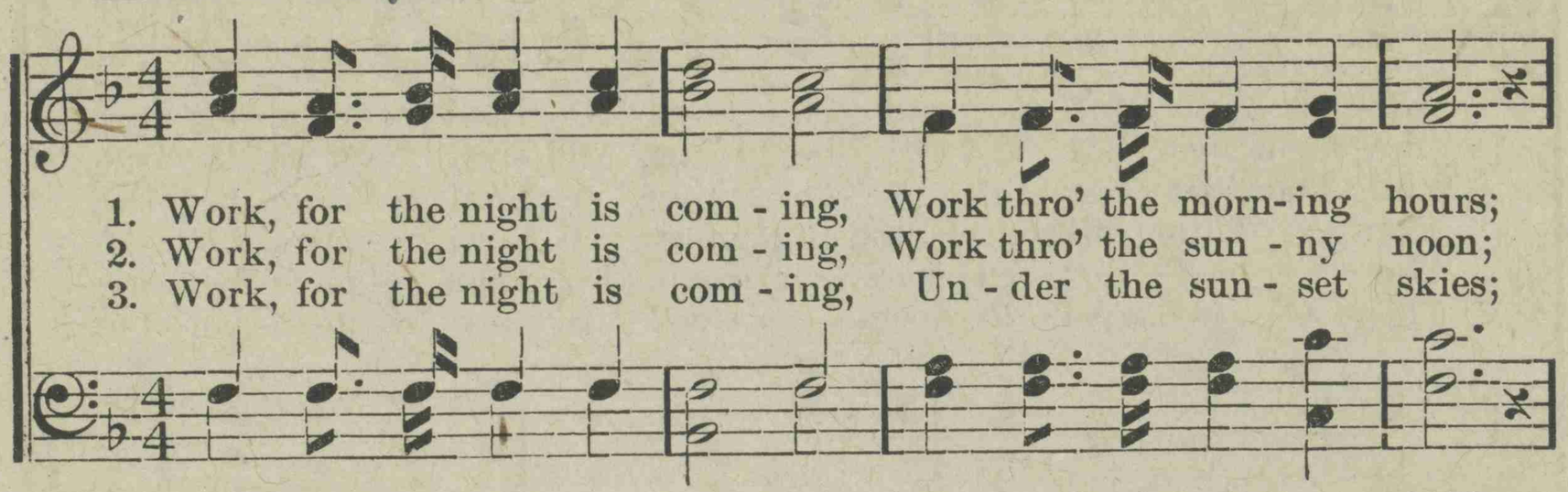
No. 96. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

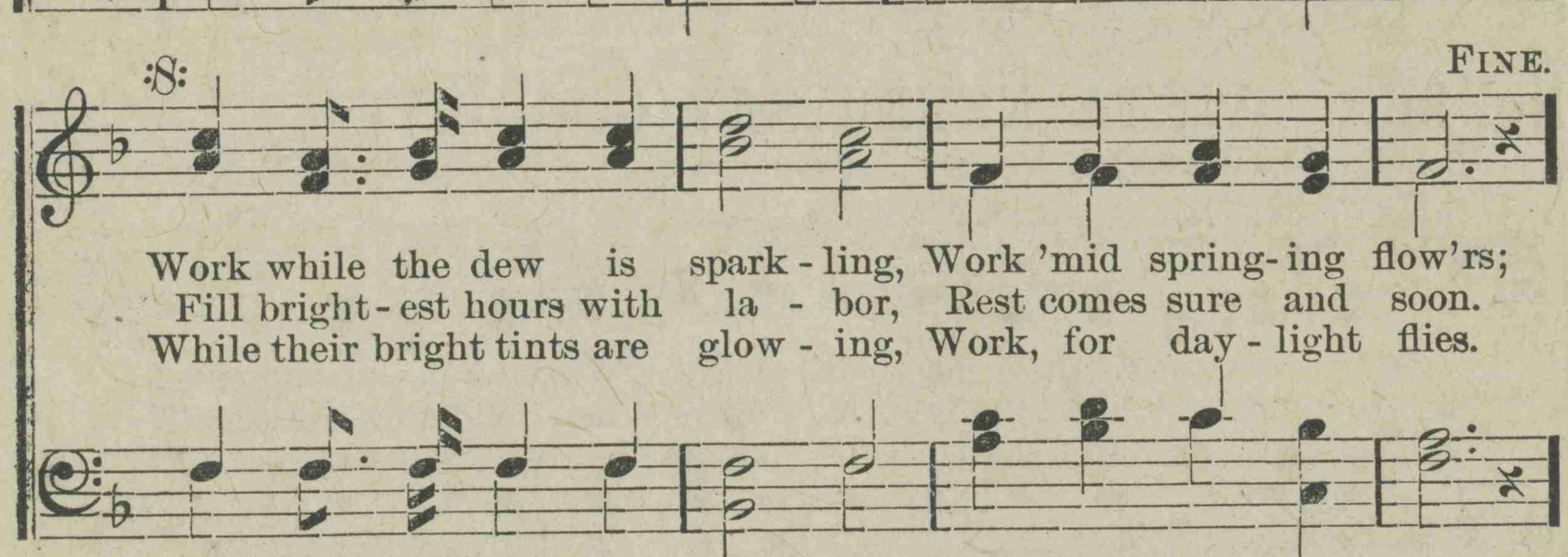
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

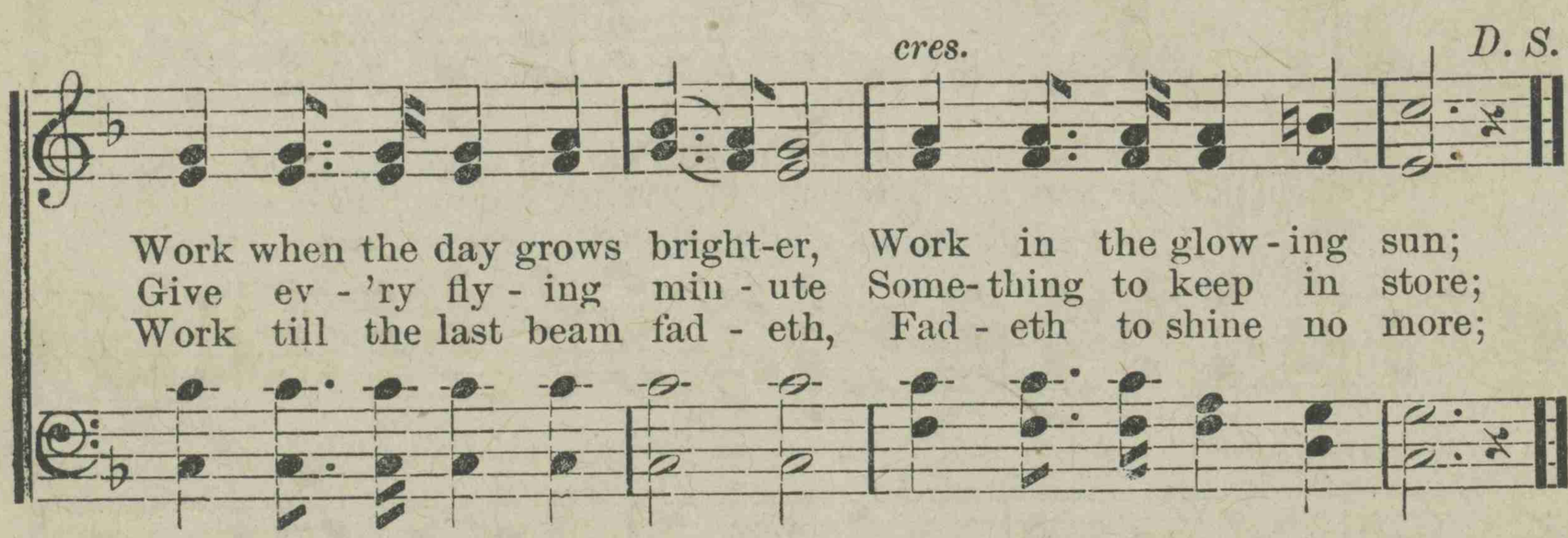
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No. 97. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.







No. 98. NEAR THE CROSS.

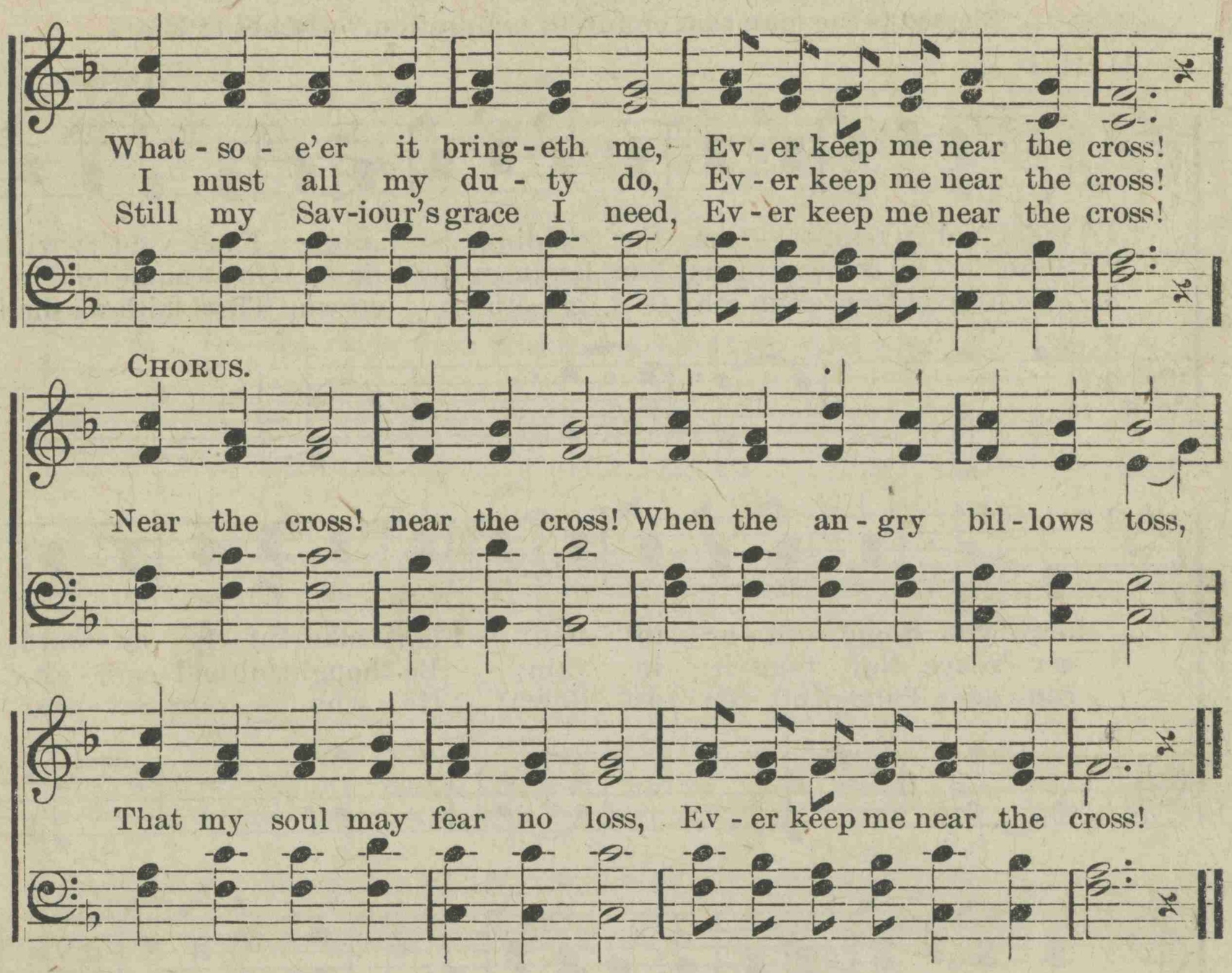
"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."
—Gal. 6: 14.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. RUEBUSH.



The Ruebush-Kieffer Co., owners.

NEAR THE CROSS.—Concluded.

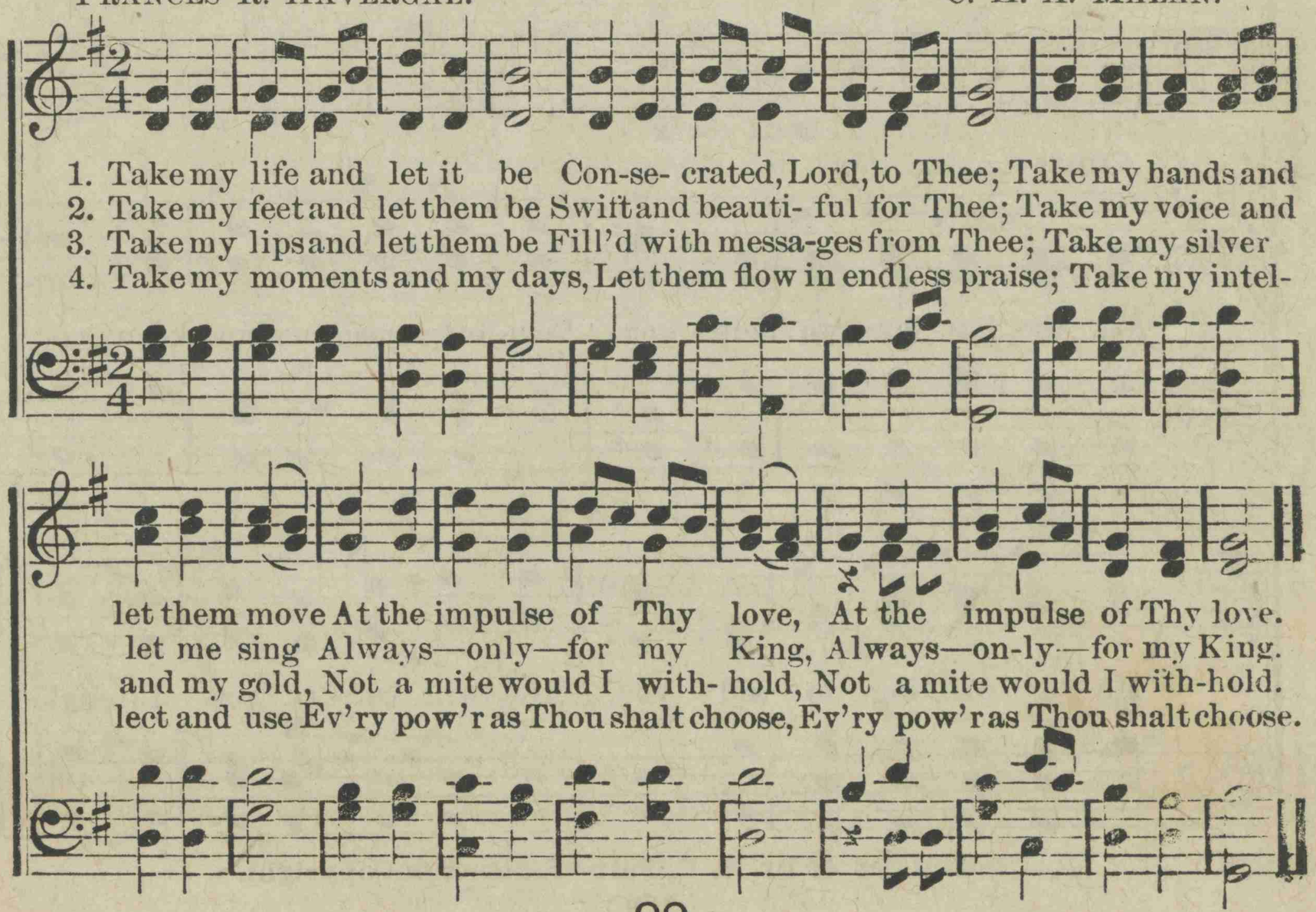


No. 99. TAKE MY LIFE AND LET IT BE.

(HENDON. 7s.)

"Who then offereth willingly to consecrate himself unto the Lord."—1, Chr. 29: 5.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. C. H. A. MALAN.



No. 100. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation."—James 1: 12.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil compan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev -'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
3. To him that o'er-com- eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.
Our strength will renew, Look ev- er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.

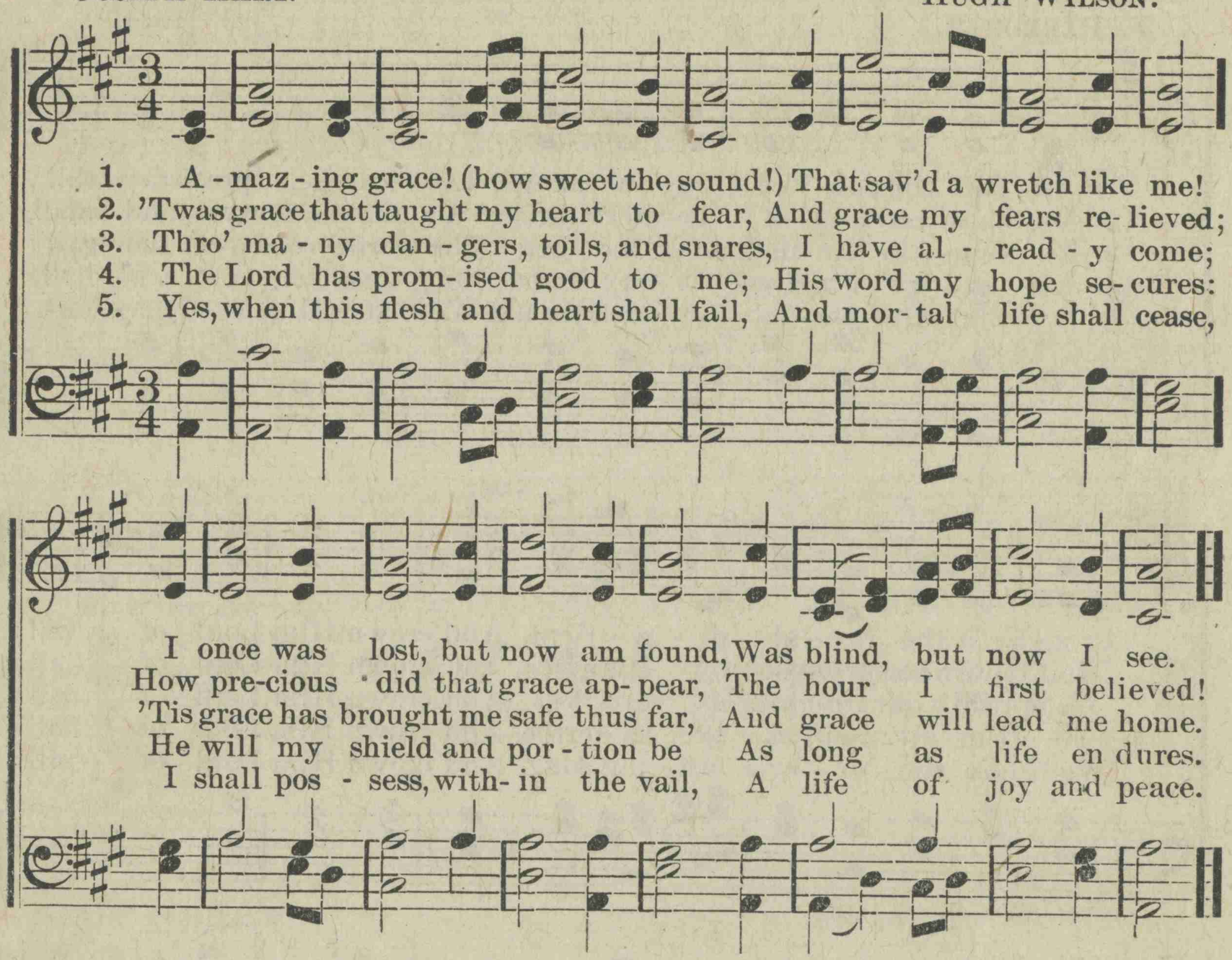
CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, aud keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

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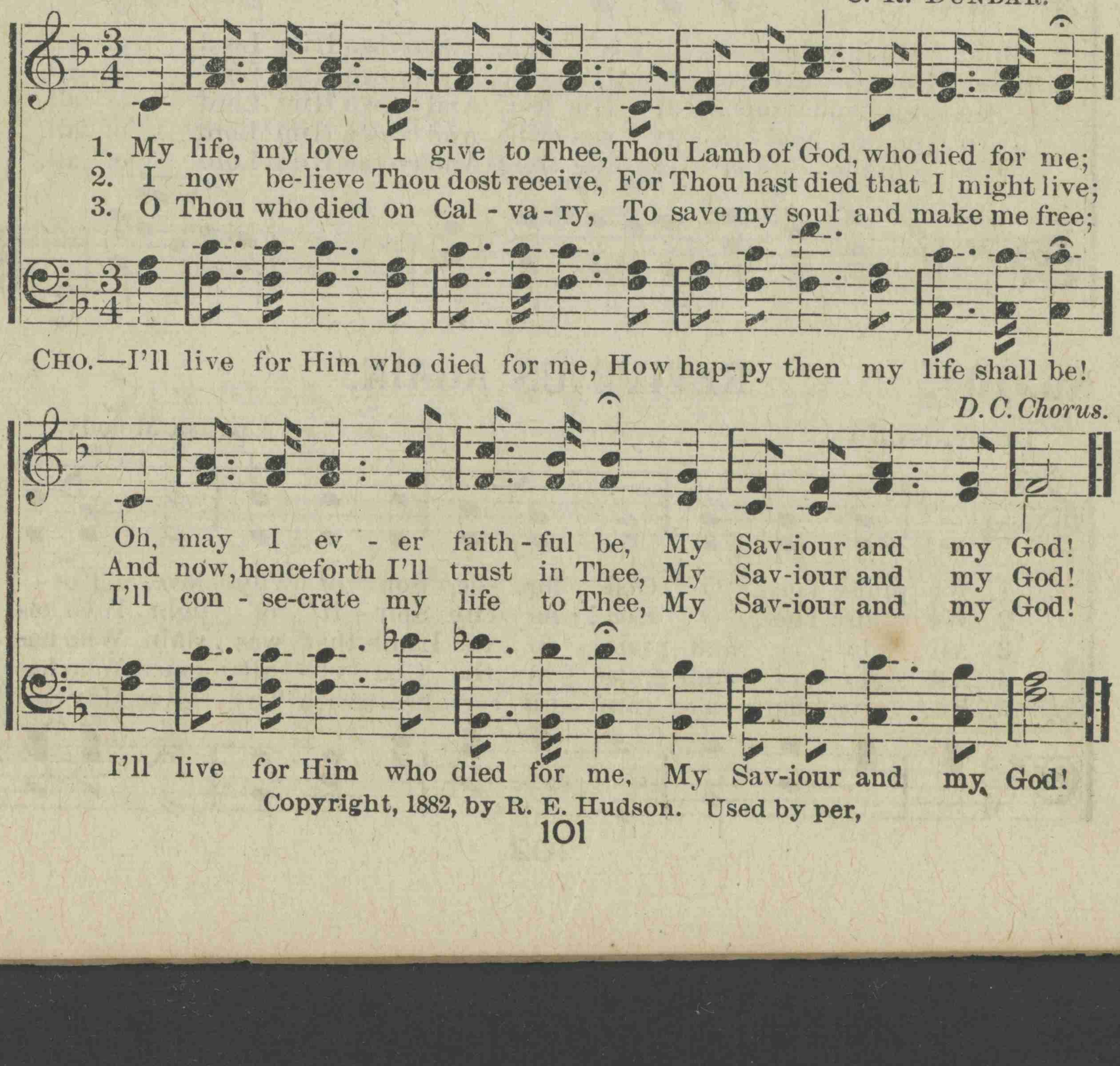
No. 101. AVON. C. M.

JOSEPH HART. HUGH WILSON.



No. 102. I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

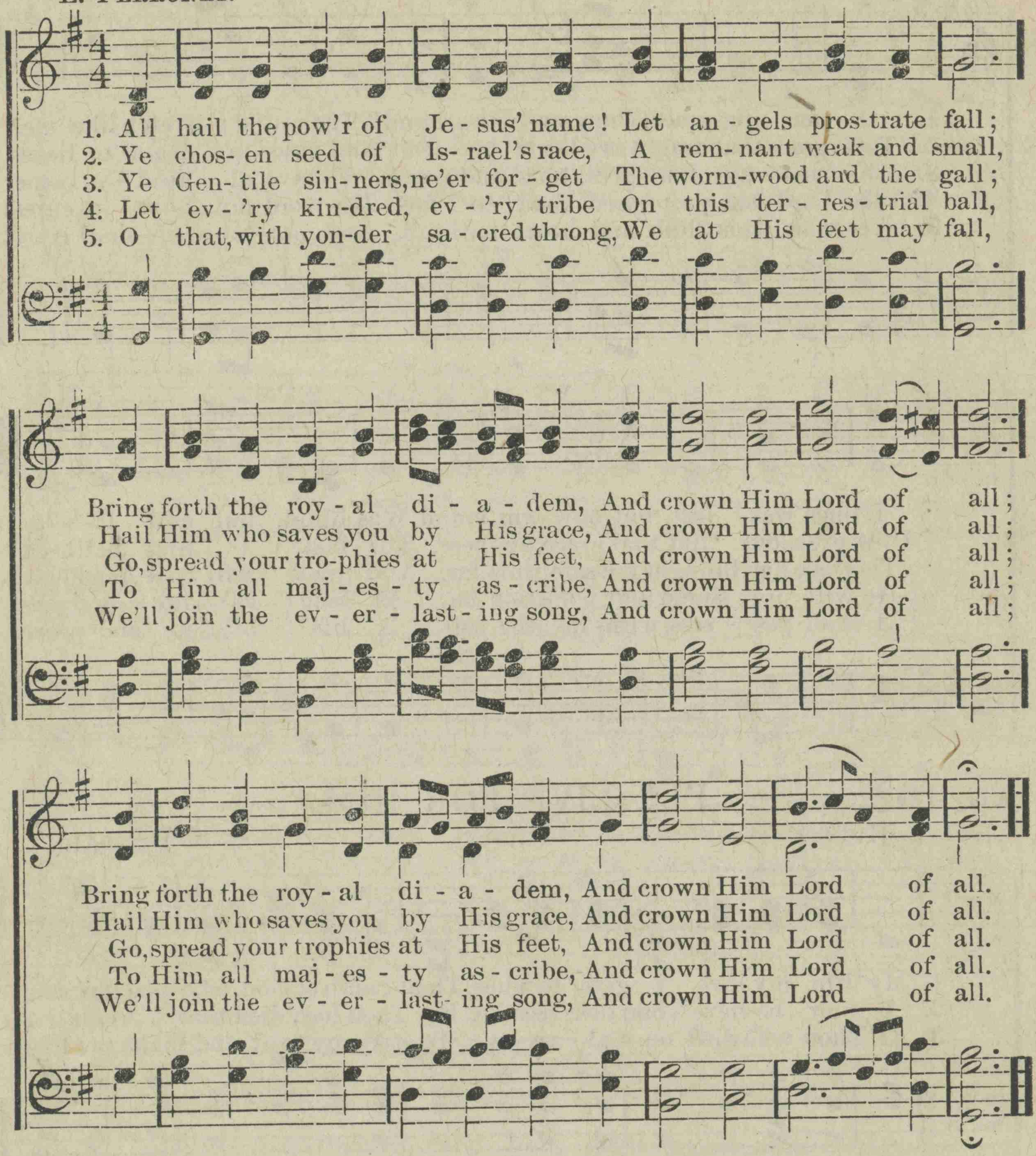
R. E. HUDSON. C. R. DUNBAR.



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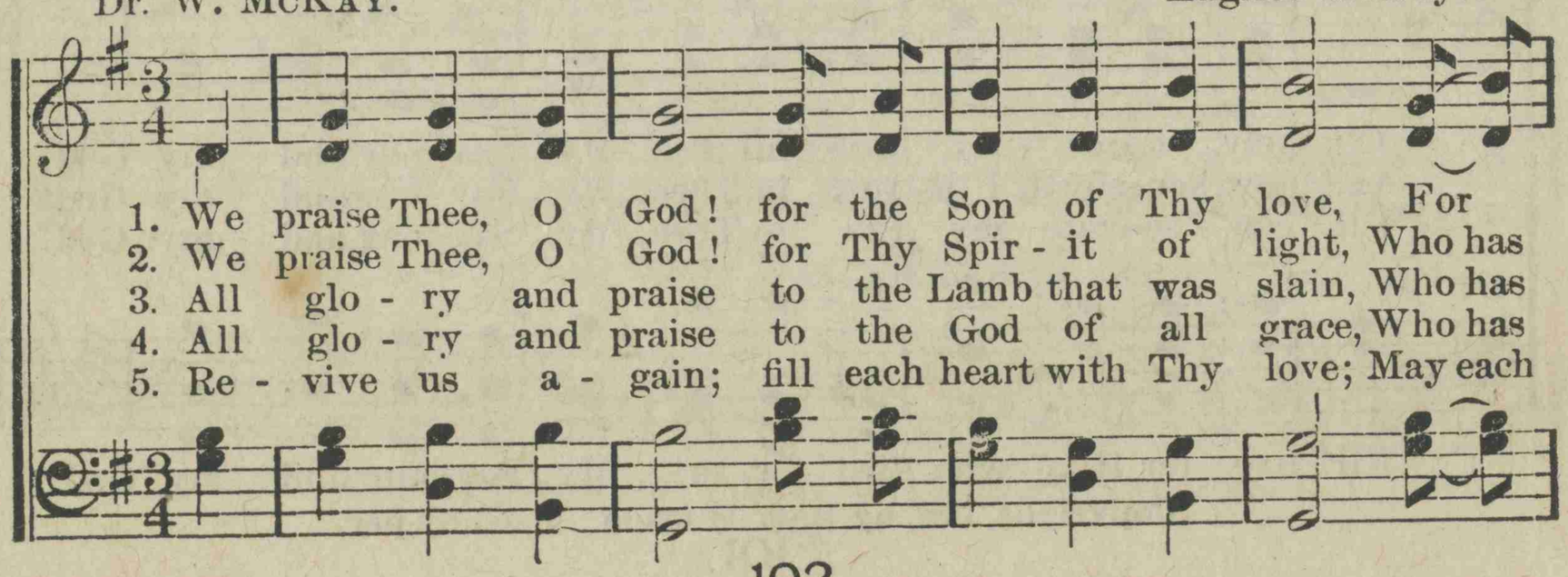
No. 103. CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



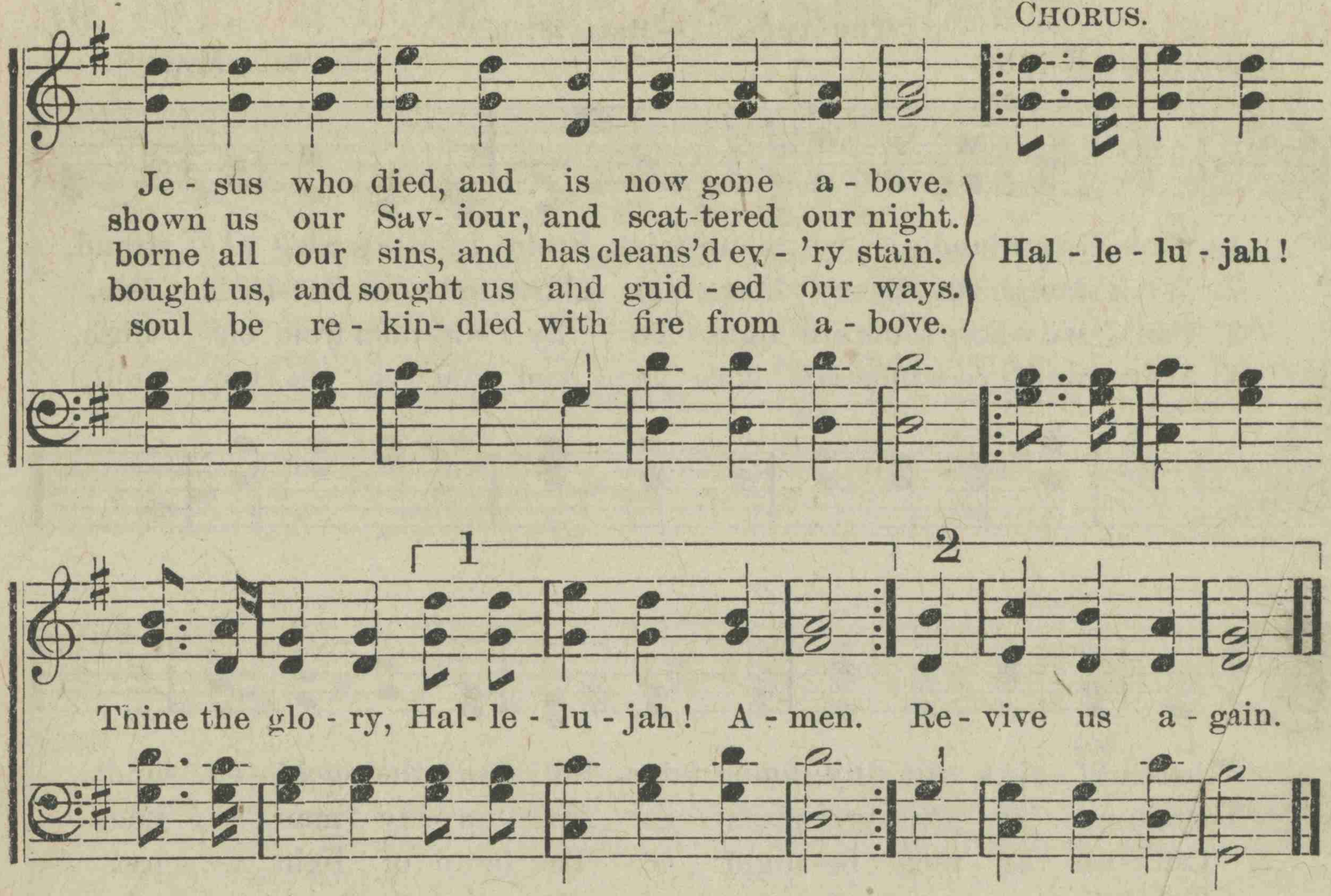
No. 104. REVIVE US AGAIN.

Dr. W. MCKAY. English Melody.



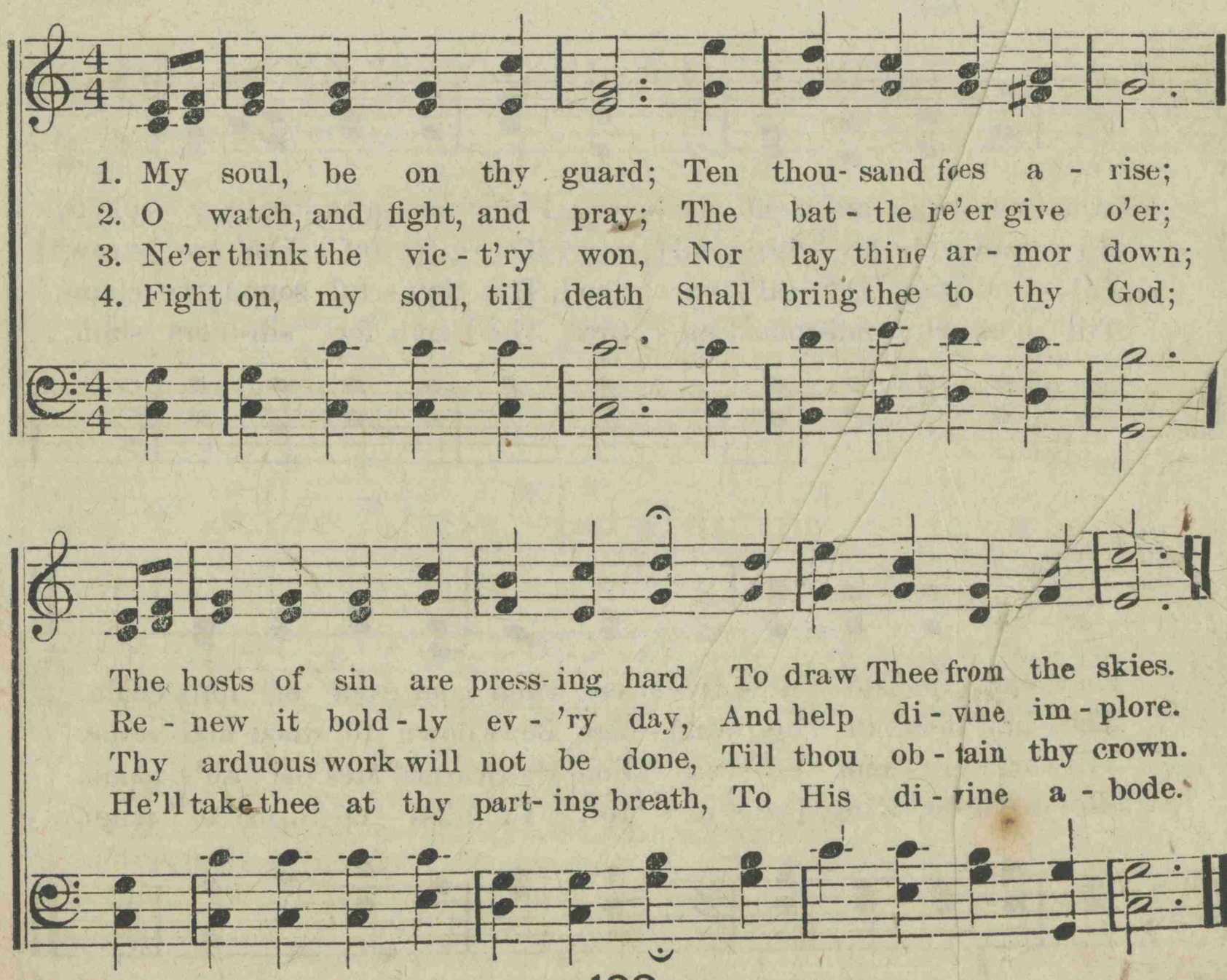
REVIVE US AGAIN.—Concluded

CHORUS.



No. 105. LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 106. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

"The Appeal."—Matt. 28: 19.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In- dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - er Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's Isle,
3. Can we whose souls are light - ed By wis- dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry; And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

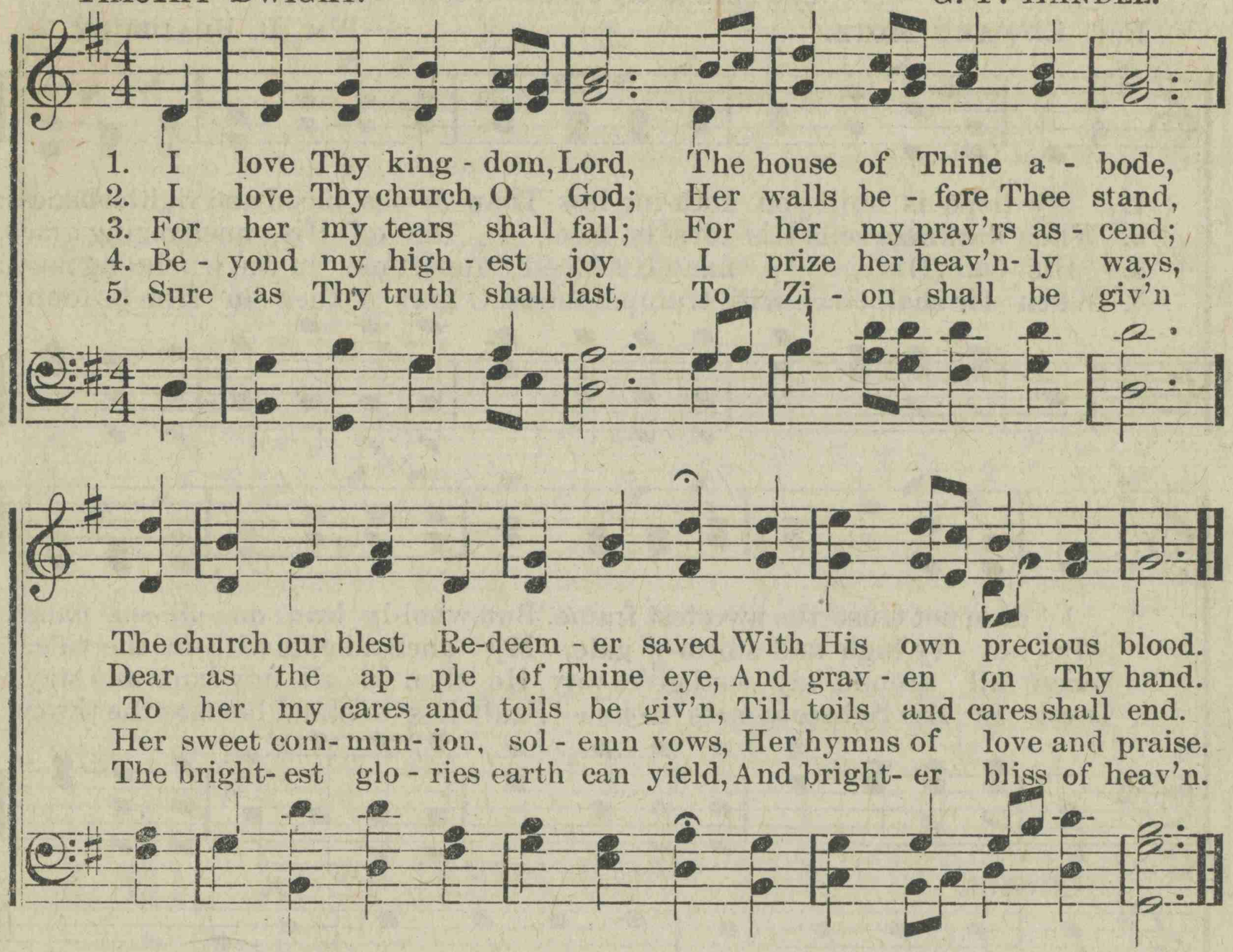
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros- pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Can we to men be- night - ed The lamp of light de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:

From ma- ny an an- cient riv - er, From ma- ny a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro- claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin- ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea- then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re- deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re- turns to reign.

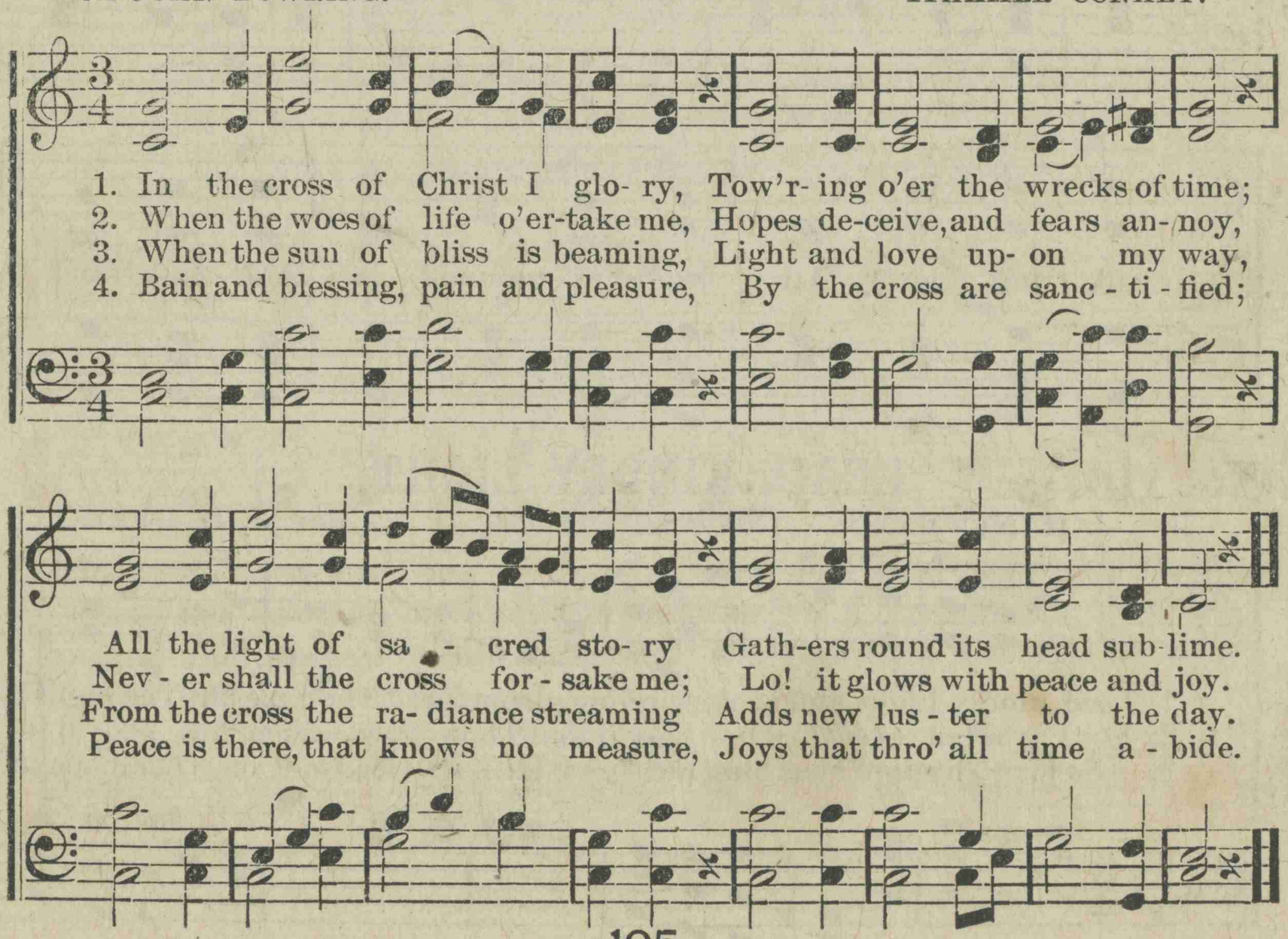
No. 107. I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. G. F. HANDEL.



No. 108. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

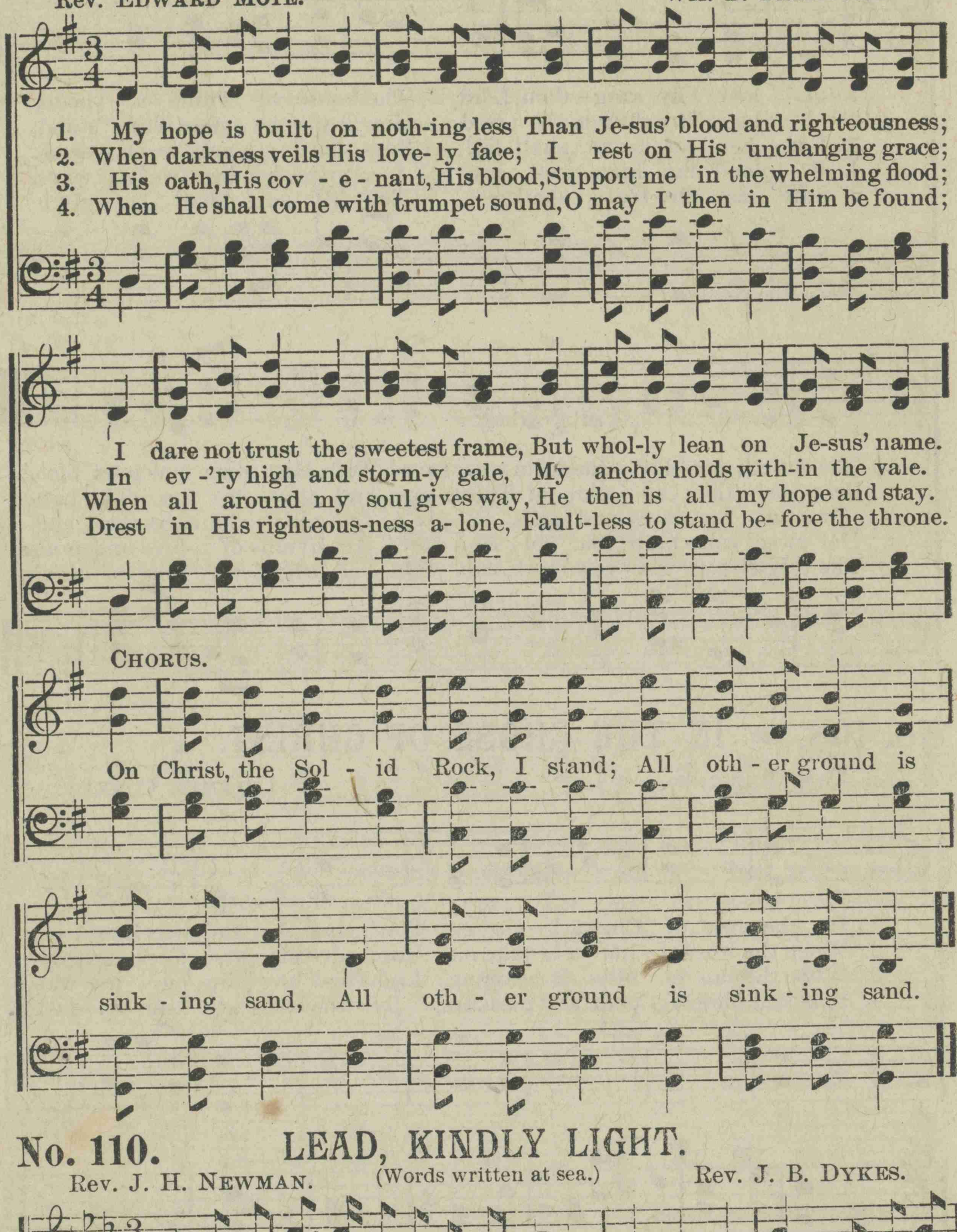
Sir JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMER CONKEY.



No. 109. THE SOLID ROCK.

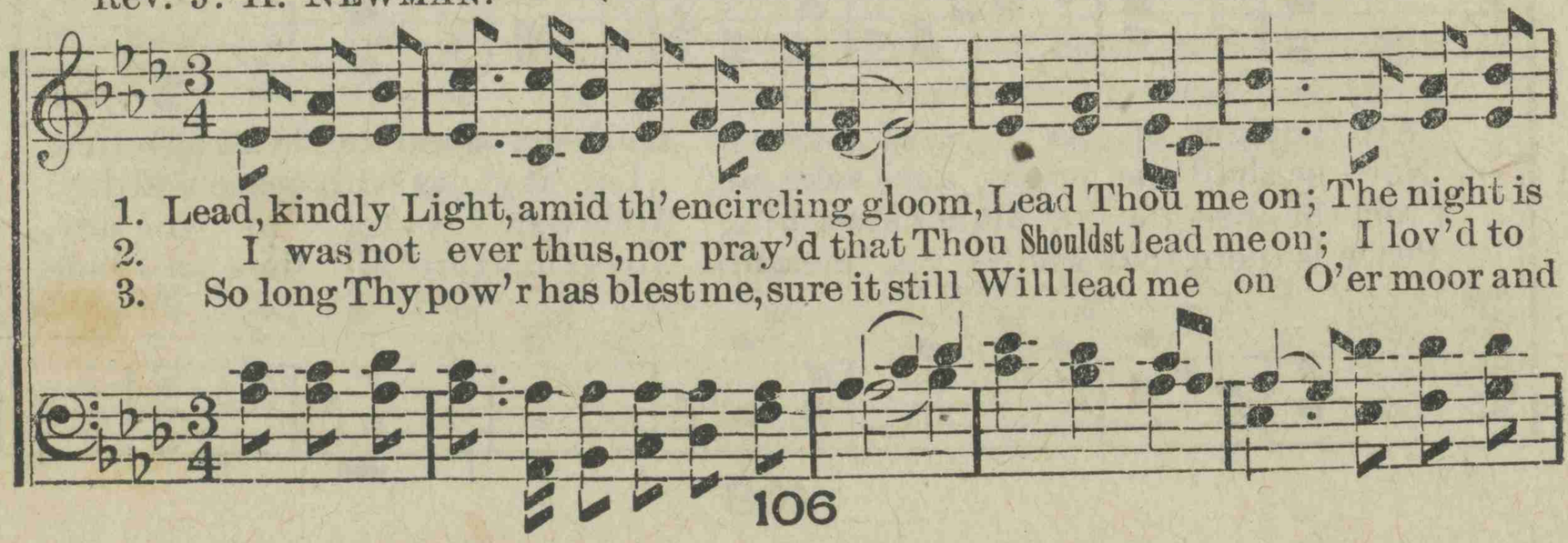
"The Lord is my rock."—Ps. 92: 15.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

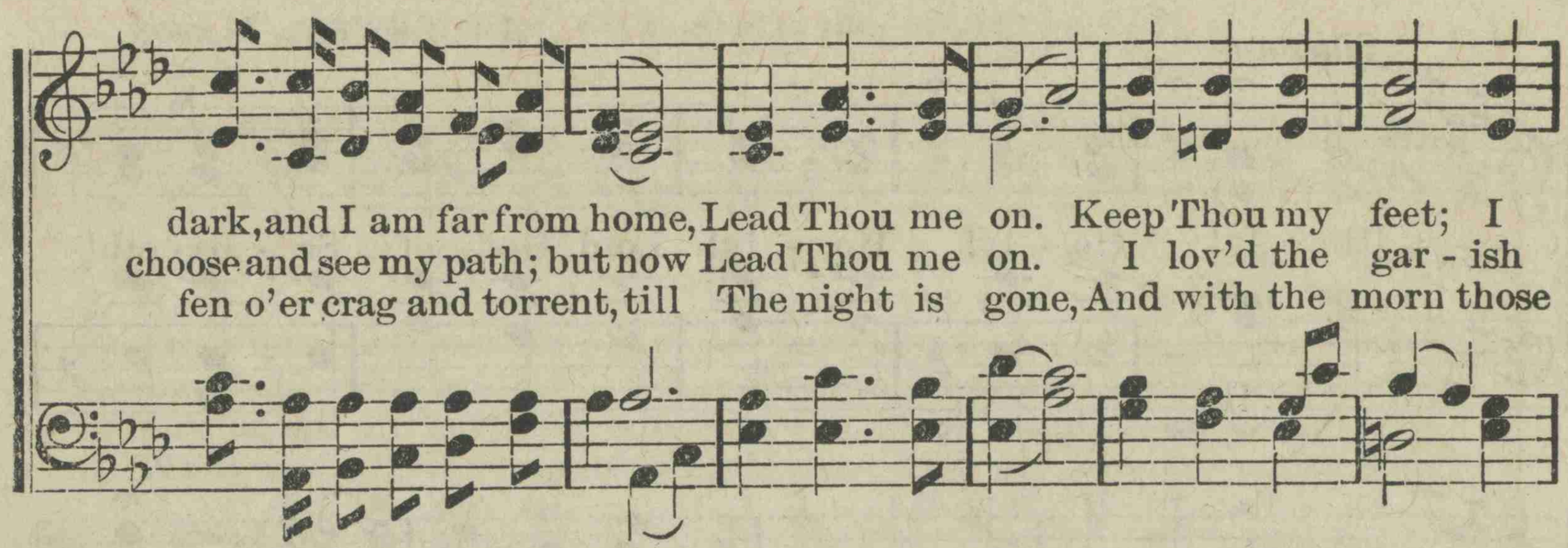


No. 110. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Rev. J. H. NEWMAN. (Words written at sea.) Rev. J. B. DYKES.

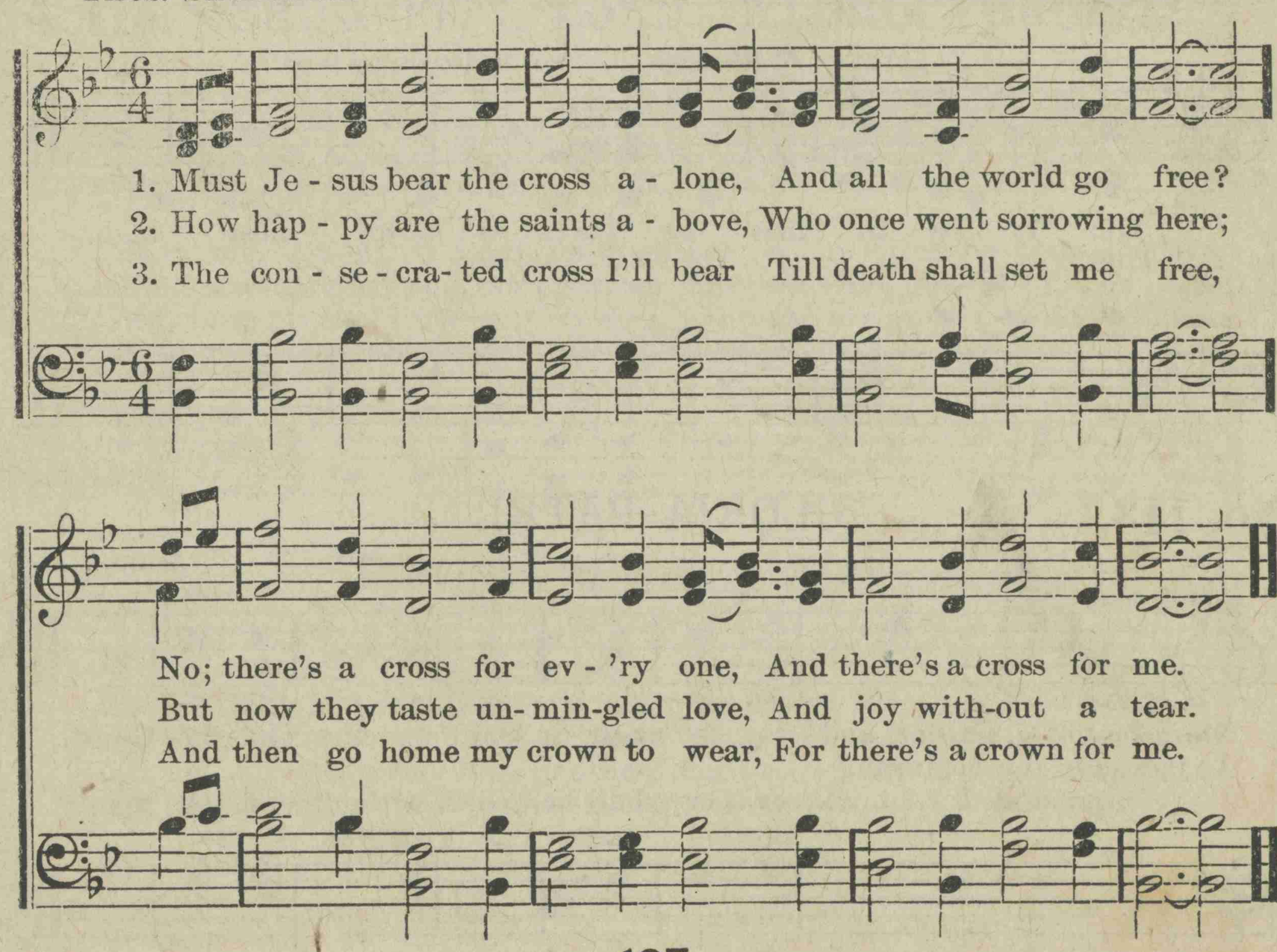


LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.—Concluded.



No. 111. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEORGE N. ALLEN.



No. 112. HOLY! LORD GOD OF SABAOTH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Maestoso.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth!

Heav'n and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of Thy glo - ry!

f

Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee,
Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to

Slow.

Glo - ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord most high.
Thee,

No. 113. GLORIA PATRI.

Anon.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning
is now, and..... ev - er shall be, World without end, A - men.

No. 114. ARLINGTON. C. M.

"If We Suffer, We shall also Reign."—2 Tim. 2: 12.

I. WATTS. Dr. T. A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol- dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car- ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In- crease my cour-age, Lord;
5. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious war, Shall conquer, tho' they die;
6. When that il- lus-trious day shall rise, And all thy ar - mies shine,





And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Whilst oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup- port- ed by Thy Word.
They view the tri- umph from a - far, And seize it with their eye.
In robes of vic - t'ry, thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.



No. 115. SHOW PITY, LORD, O LORD, FORGIVE.

"God be merciful to me, a sinner."—LUKE. 18: 13.



1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, for-give! Let a re - penting reb- el live;
2. My crimes are great, but can't surpass The pow'r and glo-ry of Thy grace;
3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean,
4. Yes, save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope still hov'ring round Thy word,





Are not Thy mer- cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na - ture hath no bond, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
Here on my heart the bur- den lies, And past of- fenc - es pain my eyes.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a- gainst de-spair



No. 116. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight. An - gels de-scend - ing bring from a - bove,
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love.
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

This is my sto - ry,

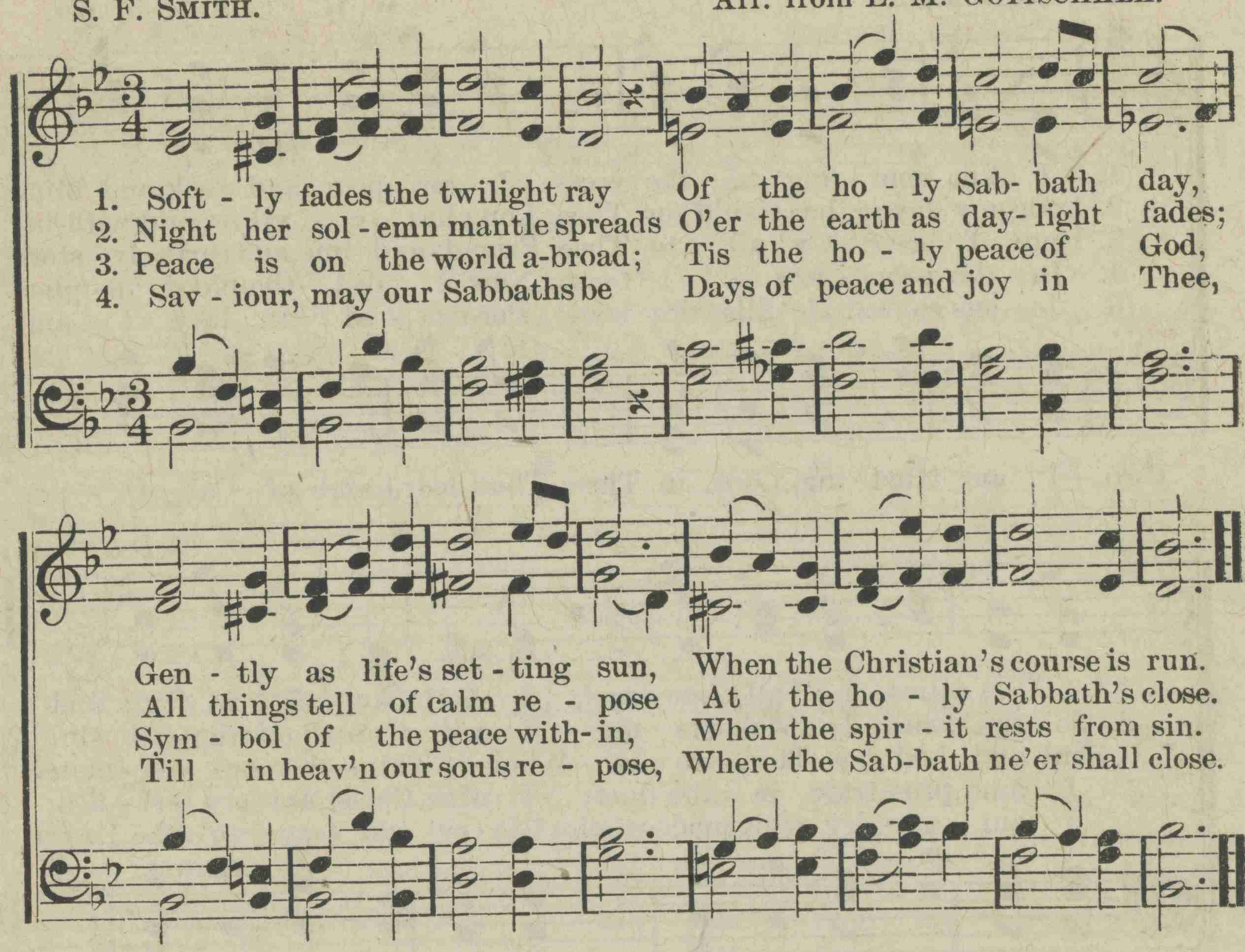
this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

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

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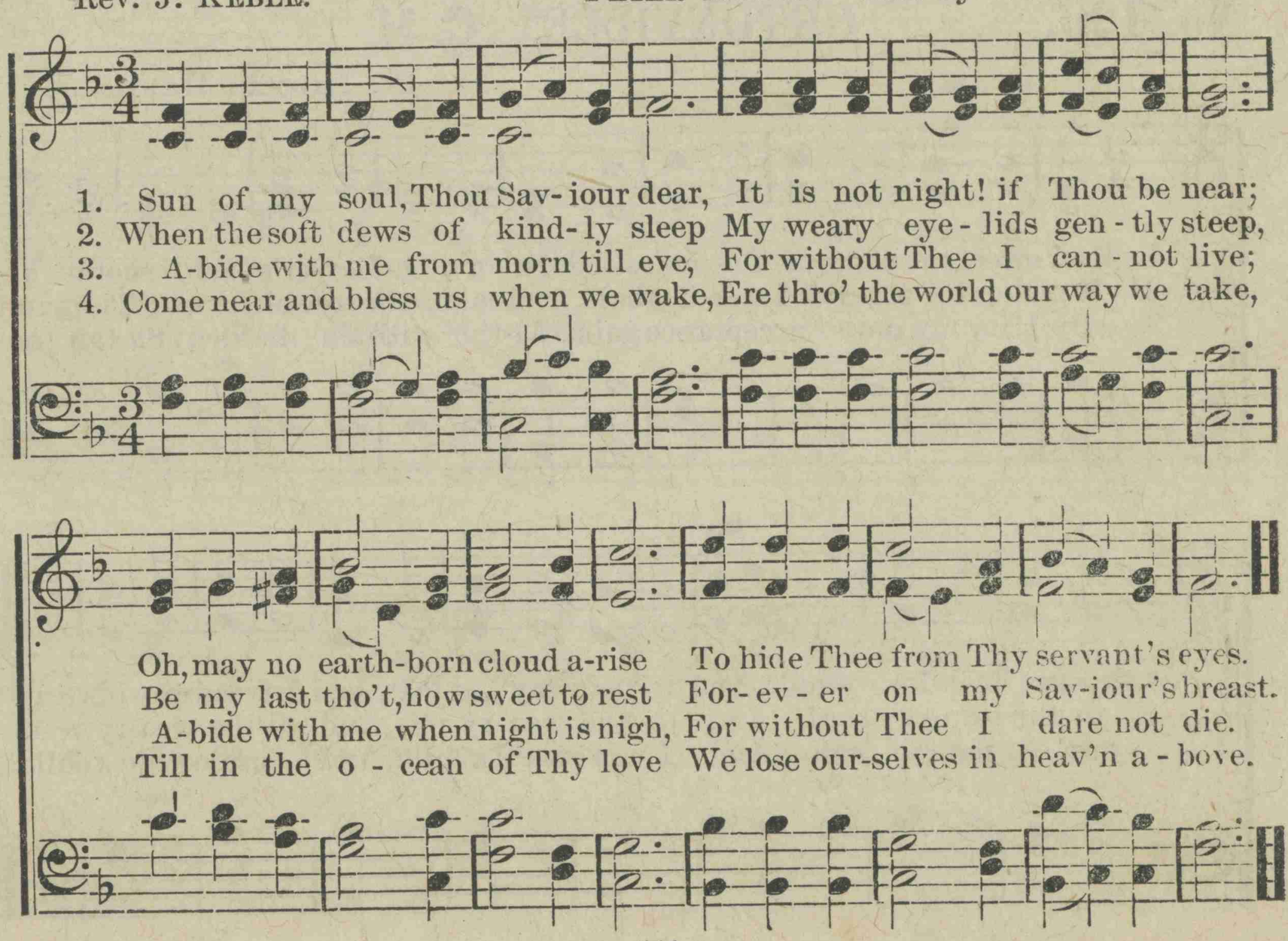
No. 117. LAST HOPE. 7s.

S. F. SMITH. Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



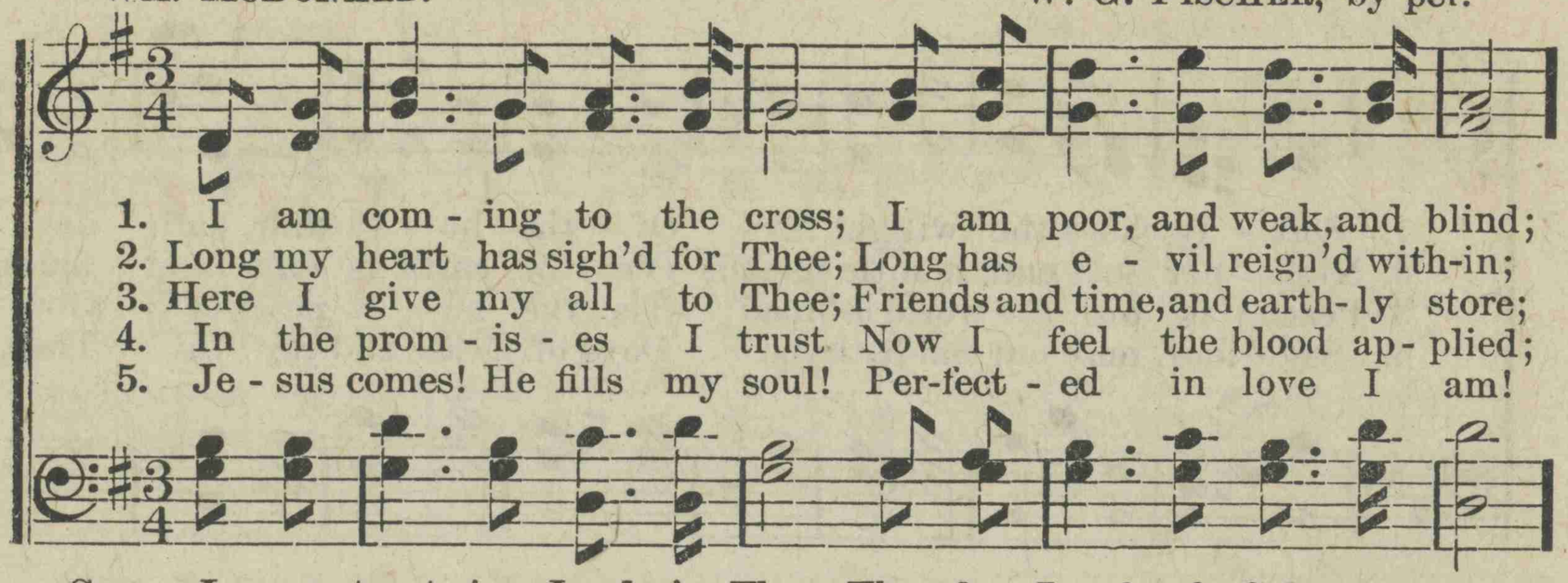
No. 118. HURSLEY. L. M.

Rev. J. KEBLE. PETER RITTER. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



No. 119. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

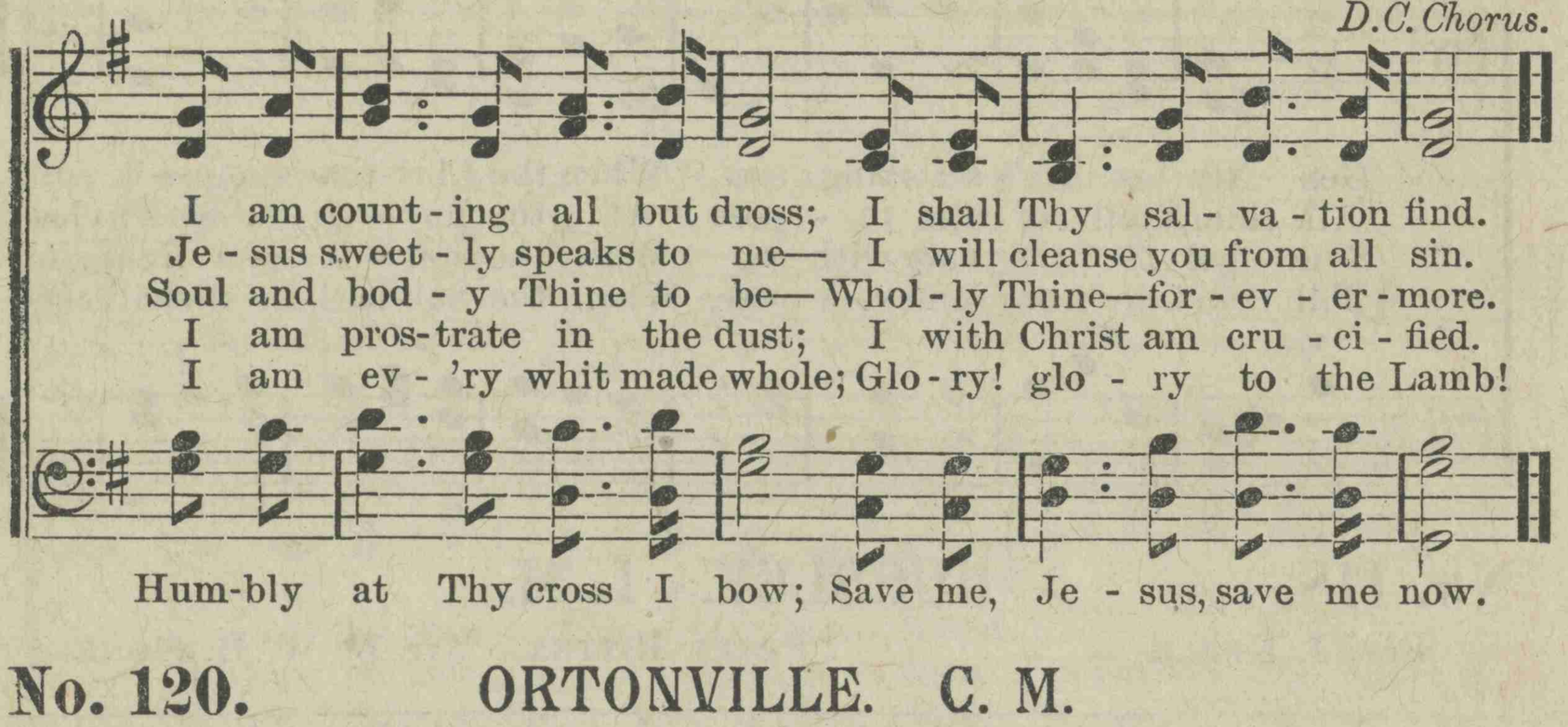
WM. MCDONALD. W. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil reign'd with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee; Friends and time, and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect - ed in love I am!

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Thou dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D.C. Chorus.

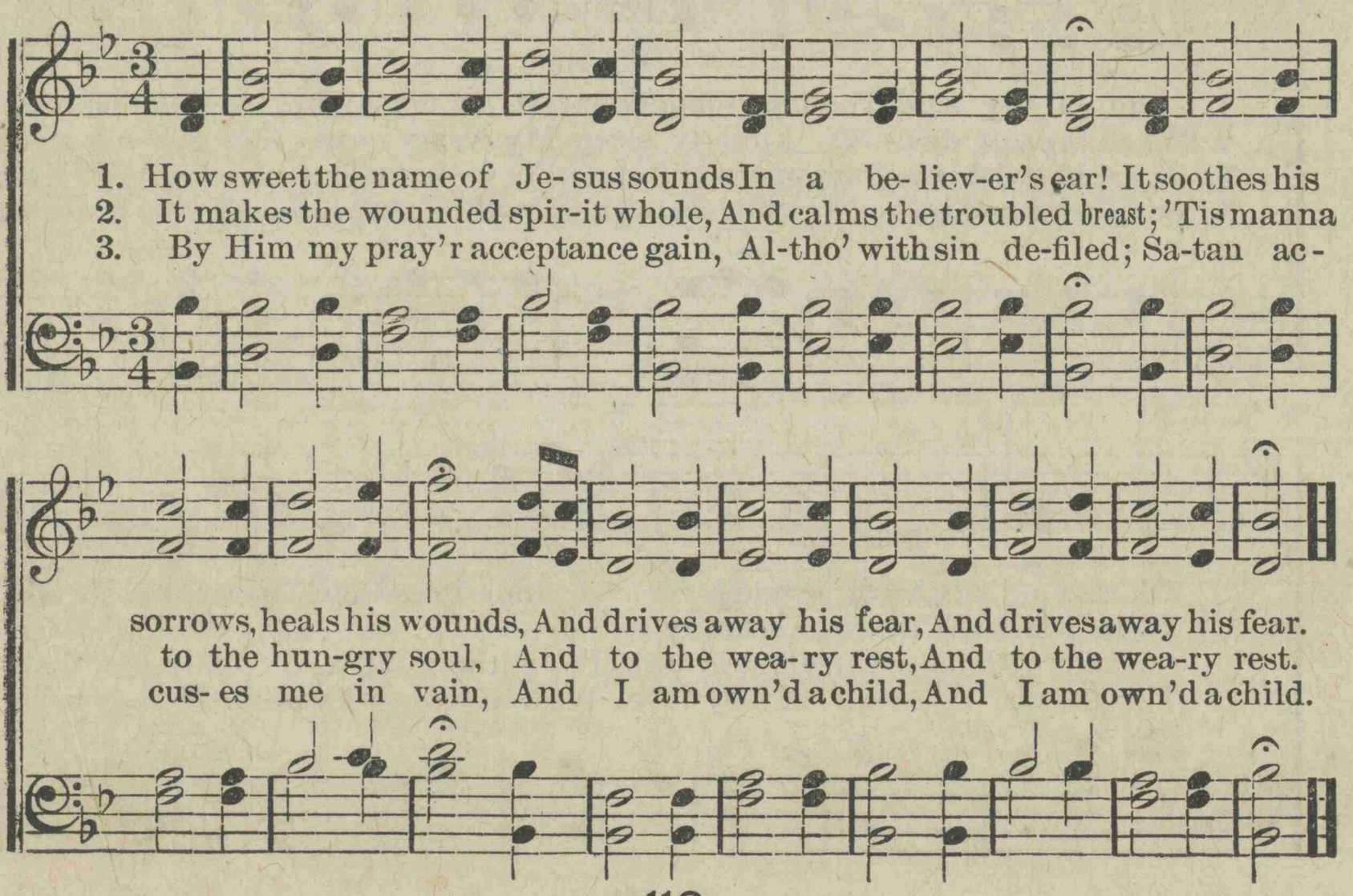


I am count - ing all but dross; I shall Thy sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me— I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine—for - ev - er - more.
I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry! glo - ry to the Lamb!

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 120. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. How sweet the name of Je- sus sounds In a be- liev-er's ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
3. By Him my pray'r acceptance gain, Al-tho' with sin de-filed; Sa-tan ac- cus- es me in vain, And I am own'd a child, And I am own'd a child.

No. 121. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small;
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r; and Thine a - lone,
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim;
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ran - som'd soul shall rise,
5. And when be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com - plete.

Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my gar-ment white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
Then "Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all; All to Him I owe.
Sin hath left a crim - son stain; He washed it white as snow.

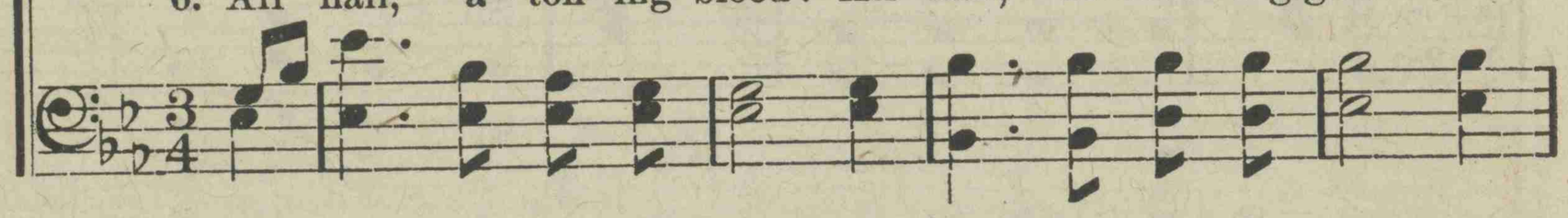
No. 122. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

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

Rev. L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con- firms The bless - ed work with - in, By
5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That
6. All hail, a - ton- ing blood! All hail, re- deem-ing grace! All





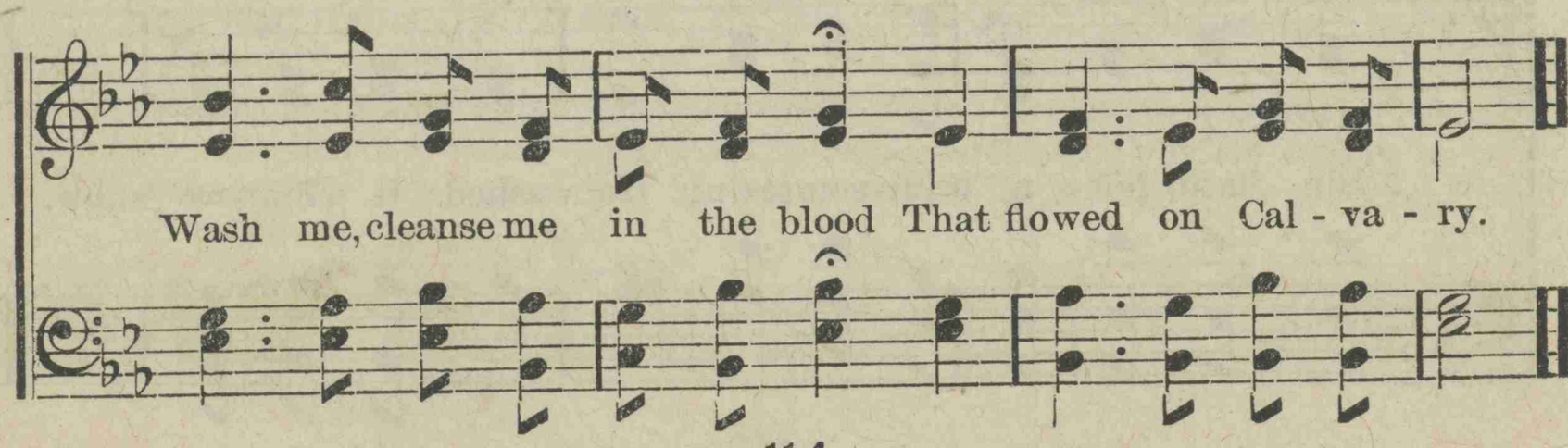
cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile- ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
add - ing grace to welcome'd grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.
ev - 'ry prom- ise is ful- filled, If faith but brings the plea.
hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteous-ness!



CHORUS.



I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee!



Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

No. 123. RETREAT. L. M.

H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. From ev - 'ry storm- y wind that blows, From ev- 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je- sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mol-est no more;
5. O let my hand for- get her skill, My tongue be sil - ent, cold, and still,





There is a calm, a sure re- treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer- cy-seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bo't mer- cy-seat.
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A- round one com- mon mer- cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer- cy-seat.
This bounding heart for- get to beat, Ere I for - get the mer- cy-seat.



No. 124. SILOAM. C. M.

REGINALD HEBER. I. B. WOODBURY.

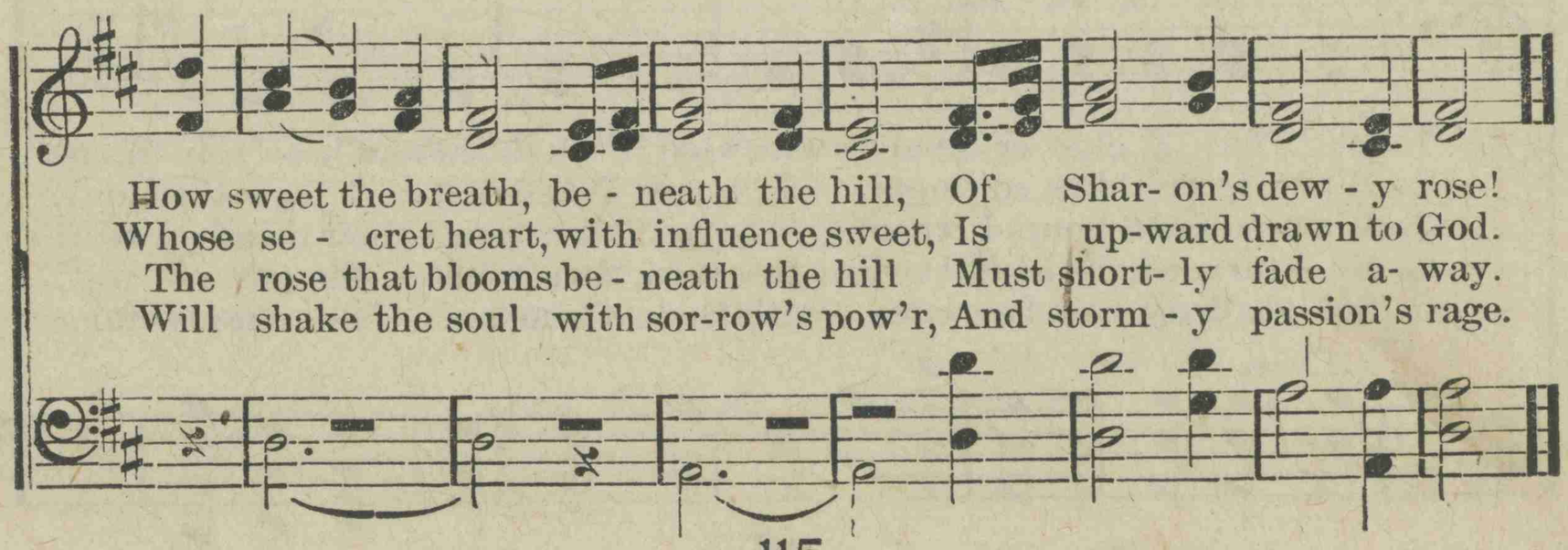
With gentleness.



1. By cool Si - lo- am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear- ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. By cool Si - lo- am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de- cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma- tur - er age

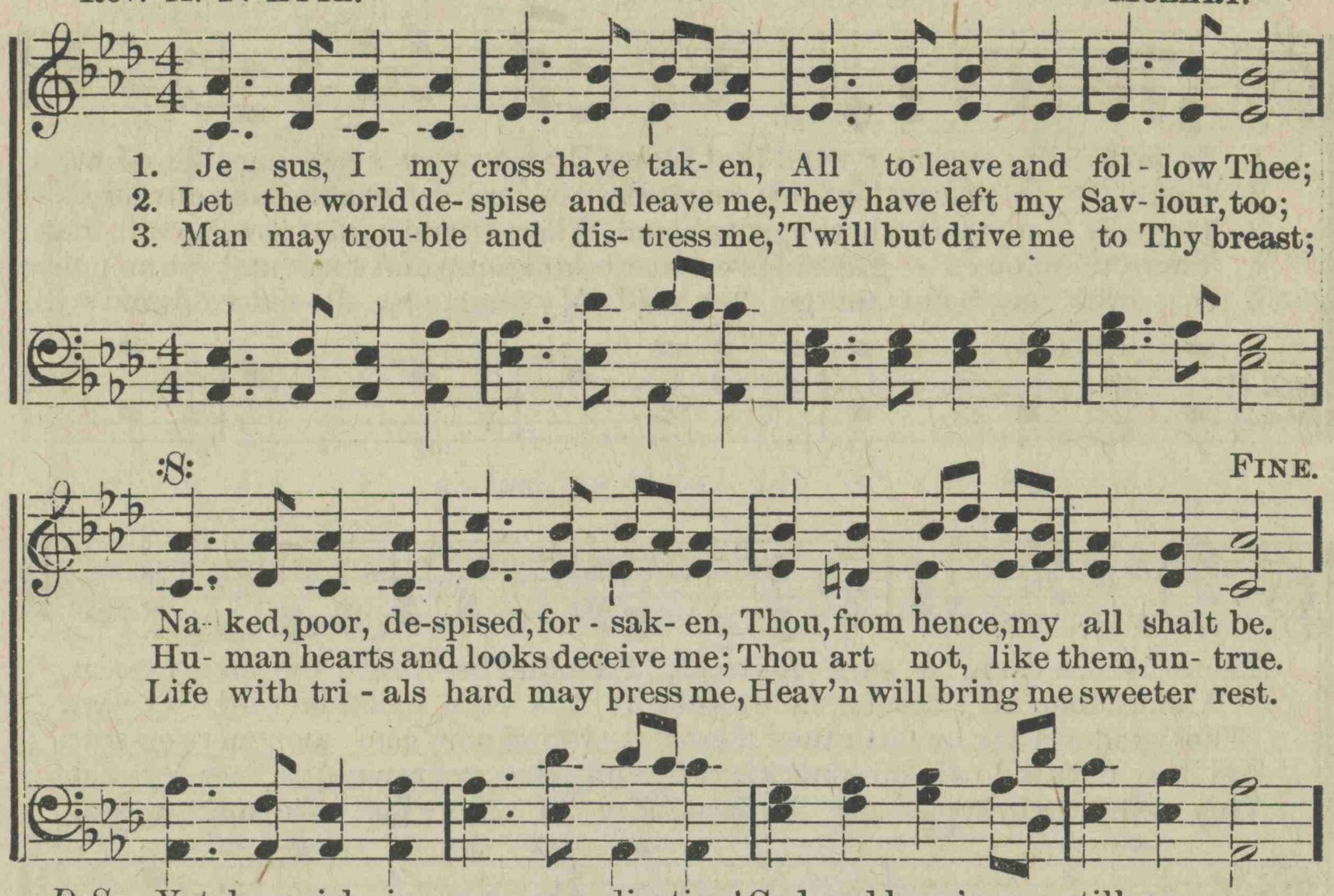


How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar- on's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short- ly fade a- way.
Will shake the soul with sor-row's pow'r, And storm - y passion's rage.



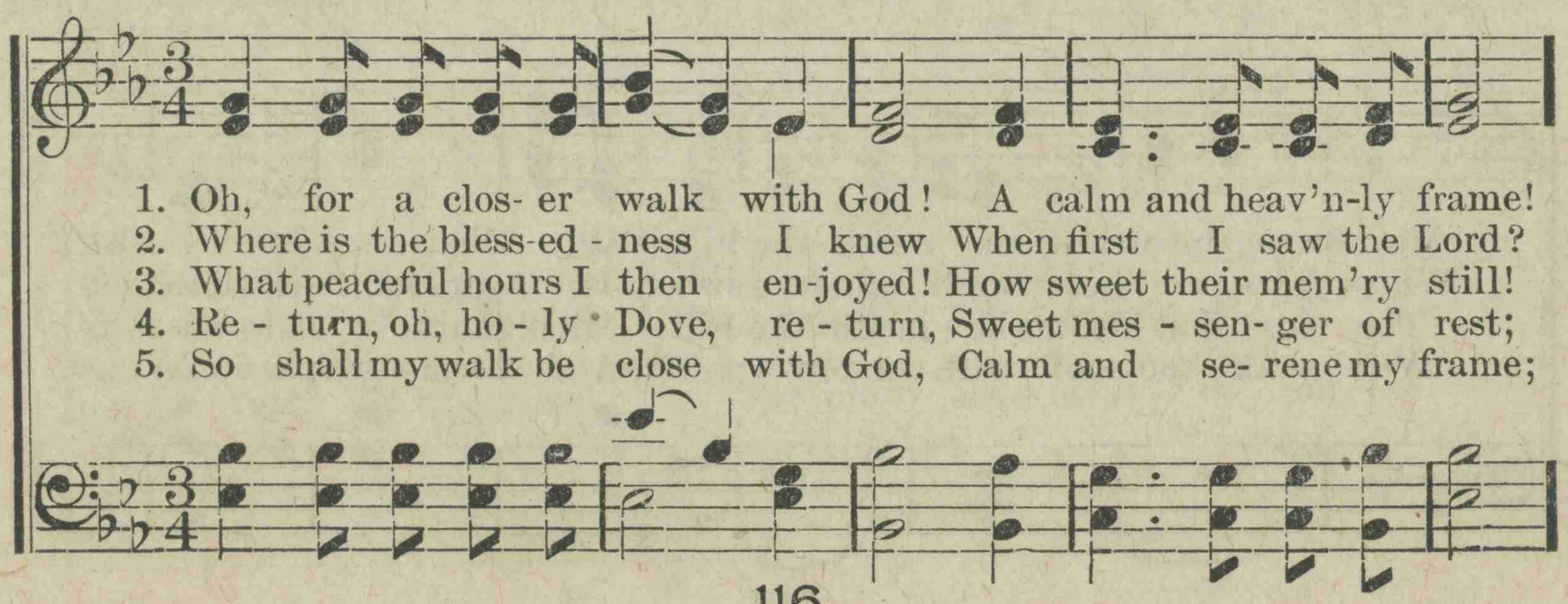
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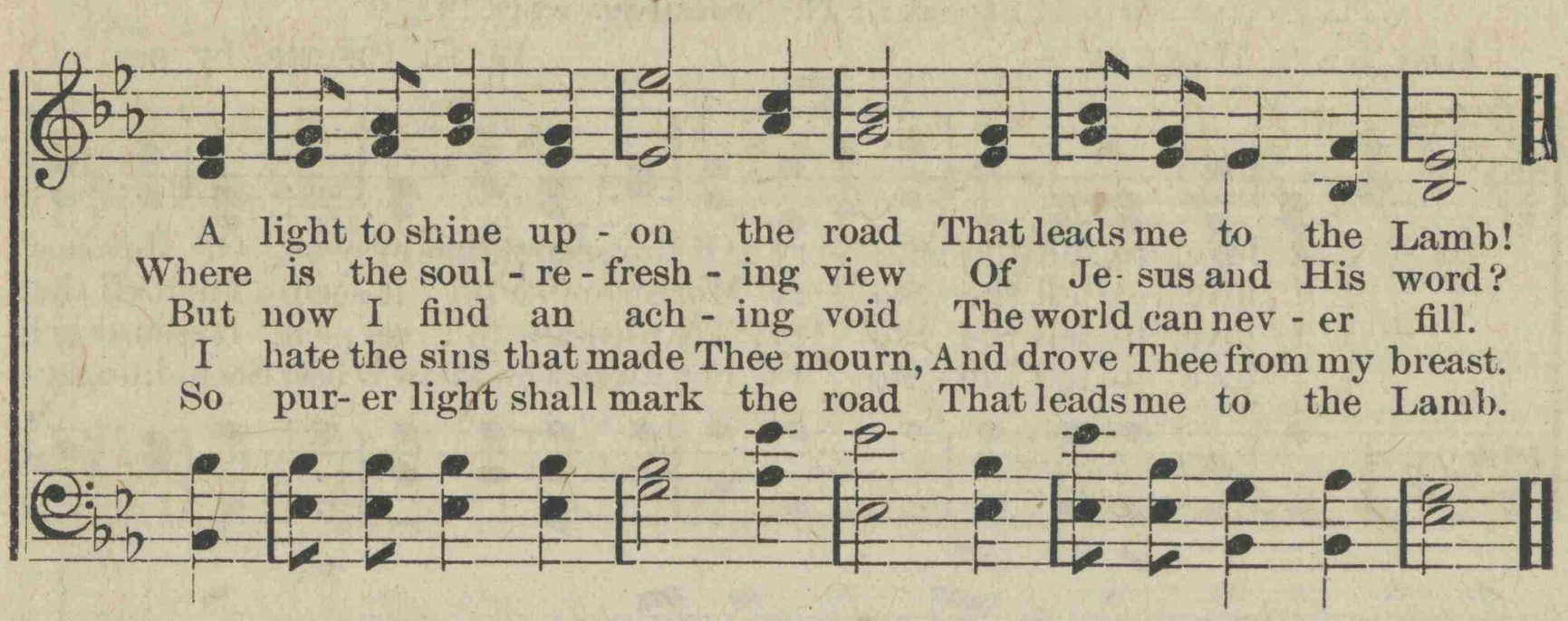


No. 126. ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

W. COWPER. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.—Concluded.



No. 127. STAND UP! STAND UP FOR JESUS!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr. G. J. WEBB.



No. 128. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things a- bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonder-ful it seems, Than all the
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry!' 'Tis pleasant to re- peat. It seems each
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hunger-

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
gold- en fan- cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won- der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of

Sto- ry, Be-cause I know its true; It sat - is- fies my longings, As
Sto- ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea- son I
Sto- ry! For some have never heard The mess-age of sal- va- tion From
glo- ry, I sing the New, New Song, T' will be the Old, Old Sto- ry That

CHORUS.

nothing else would do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho- ly word.
I have loved so long.
} I love to tell the Sto- ry! 'Twill be my theme in

glo - ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 129. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31 : 17.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo- ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav- iour's side, No more my steps shall roam,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der- ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc- cor on His breast, Till He con- duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
We'll work We'll work

work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
We'll work

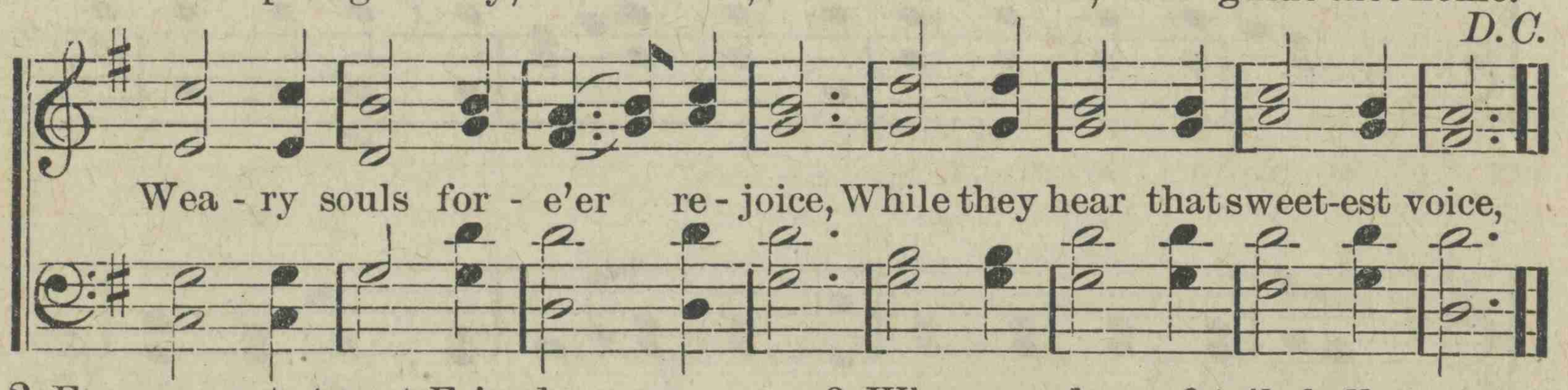
No. 130. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W. "Lead Me into Thy Truth."—Psa. 25: 5. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.



D.C.



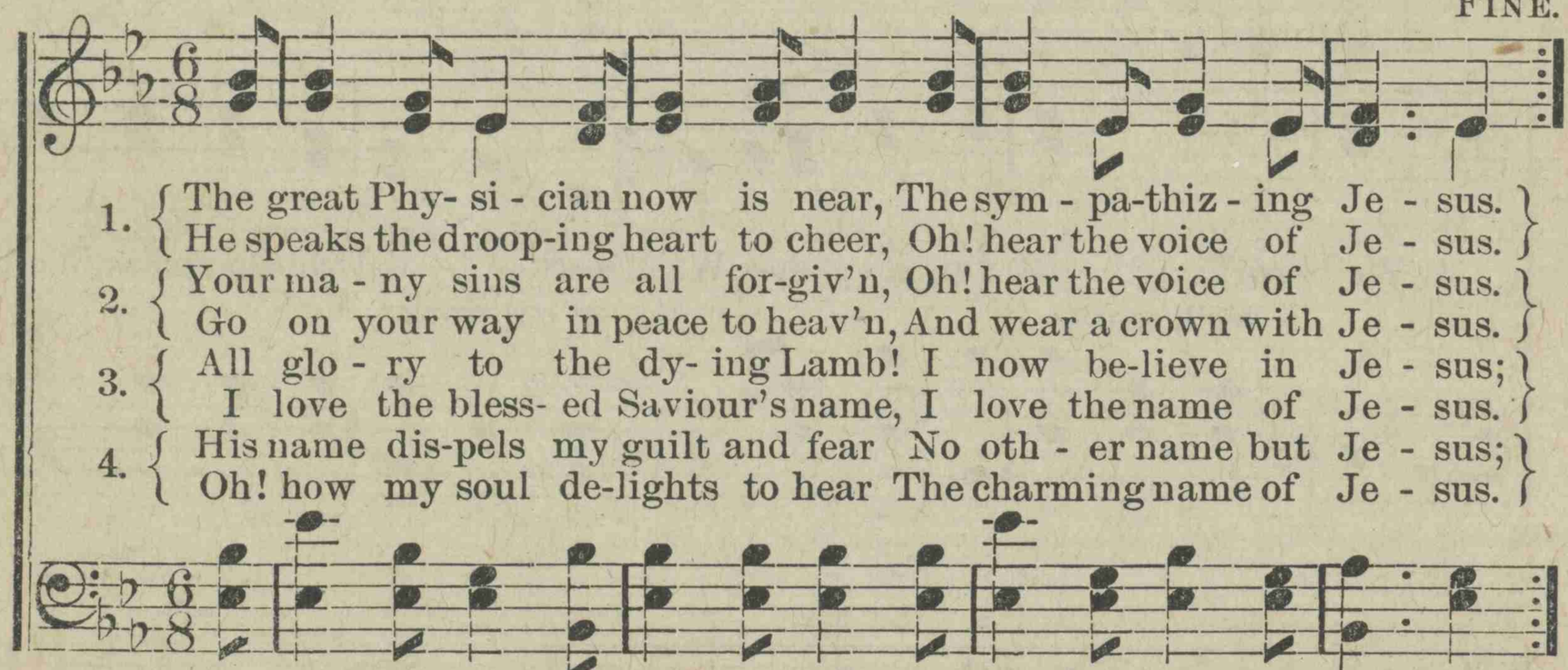
2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 131. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

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REFRAIN. D.C.



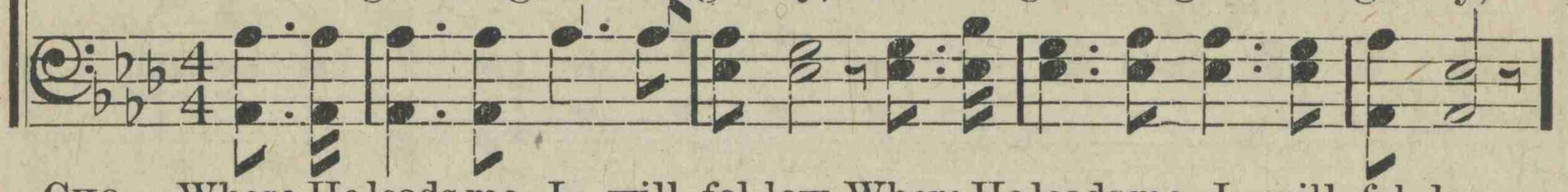
No. 132. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

"The meek will He guide in judgment."—Psa. 25: 9.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arr.

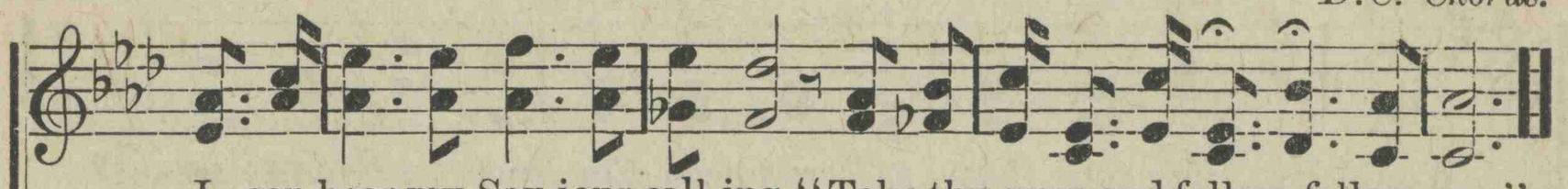


1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo- ry, He will give me grace and glo- ry,

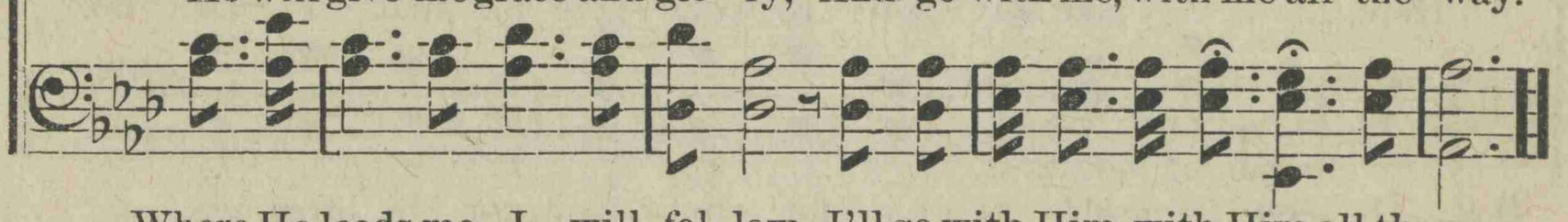


CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol- low,

D.C. Chorus.



I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo- ry, And go with me, with me all the way.



Where He leads me I will fol- low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 133. ROCK OF AGES.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

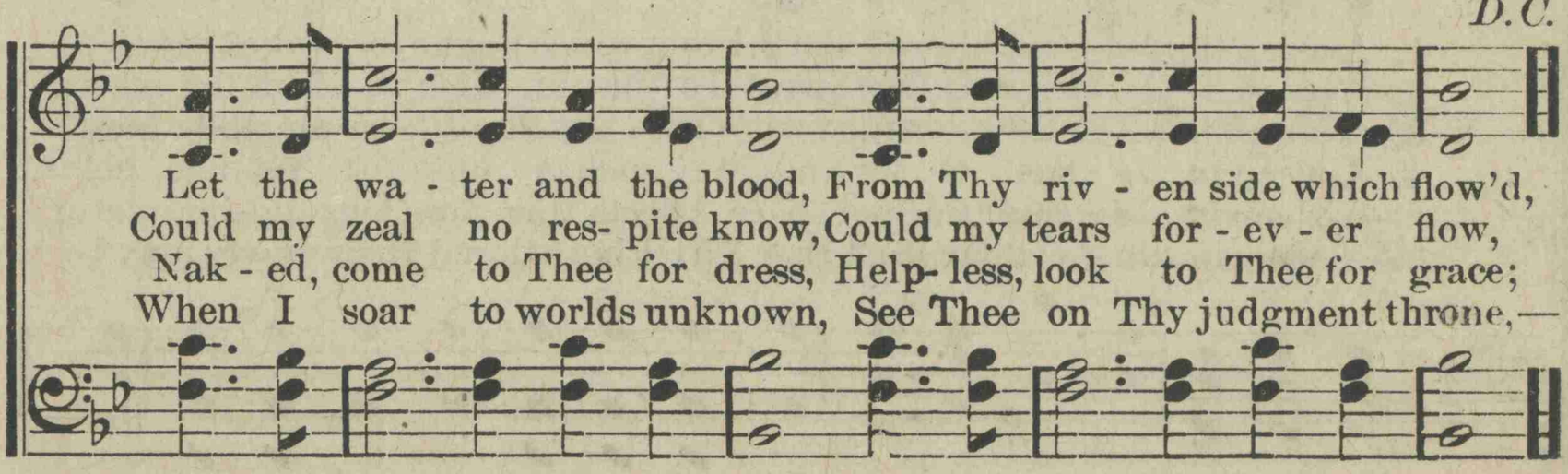


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful- fil Thy laws' de- mands;
3. Noth- ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C.—All for sin could not a- tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D.C.—Foul, I to the foun- tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
D.C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in Thee.

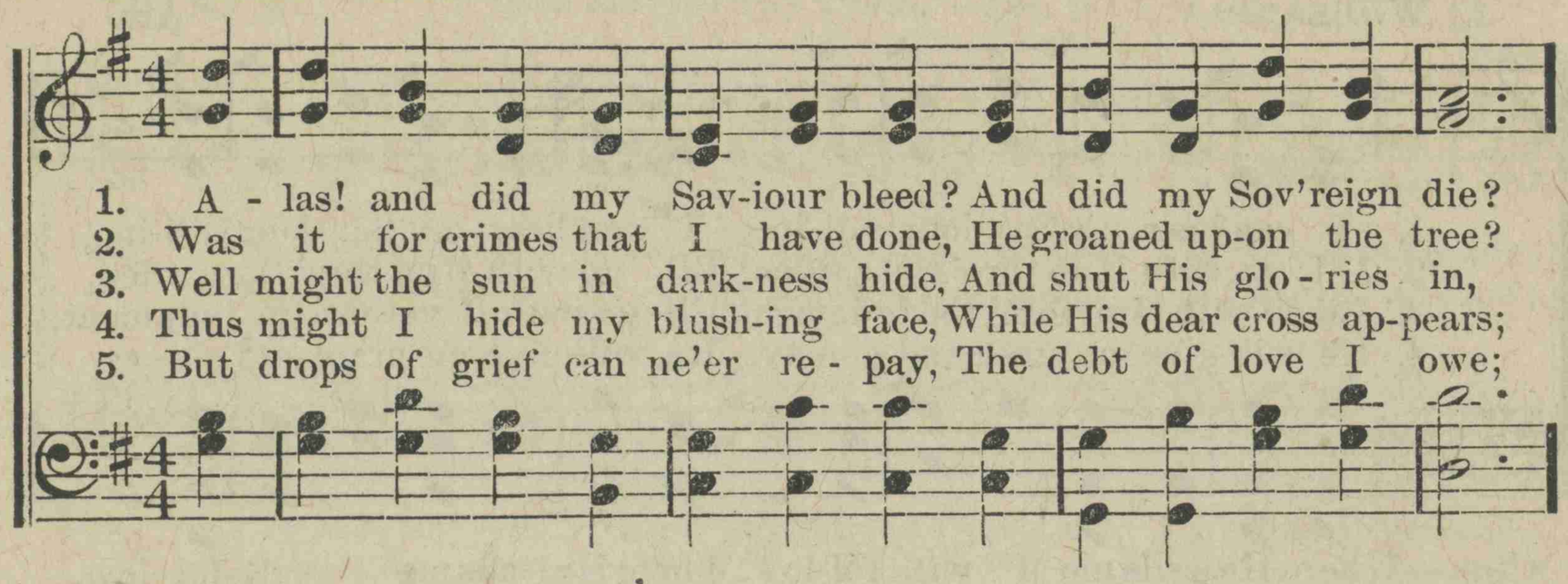
D.C.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res- pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help- less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

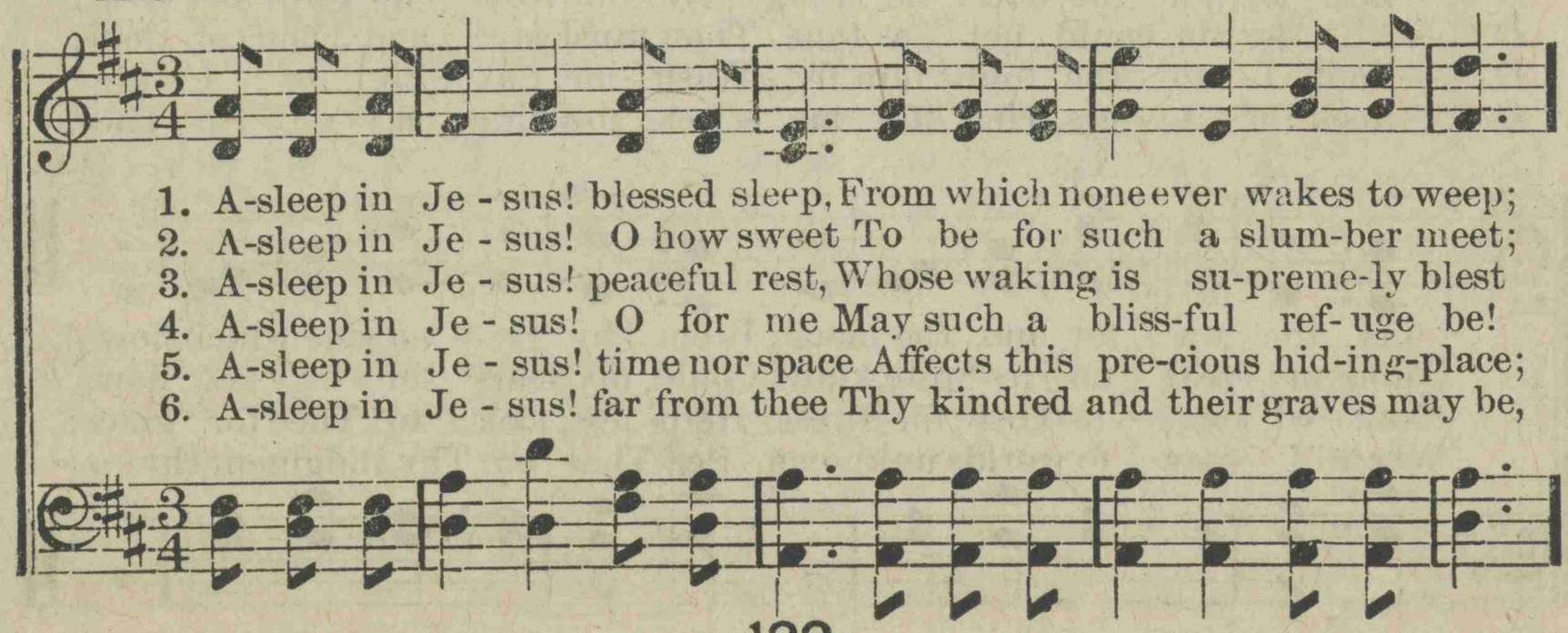
No. 134. HE LOVES ME.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. Arr.

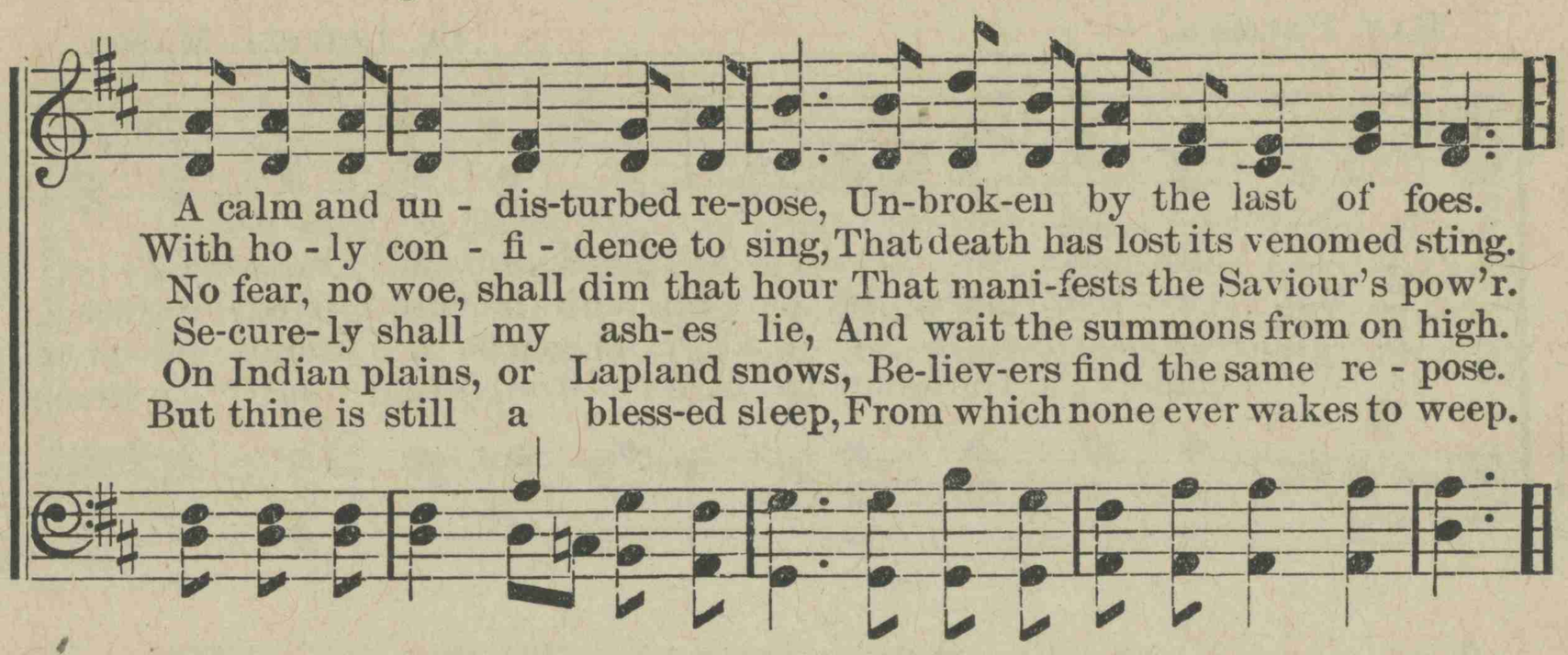


No. 135. ASLEEP IN JESUS! BLESSED SLEEP.

Mrs. M. MACKAY. (REST. L. M.) WM. B. BRADBURY.



ASLEEP IN JESUS! BLESSED SLEEP.—Concluded.



No. 136. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

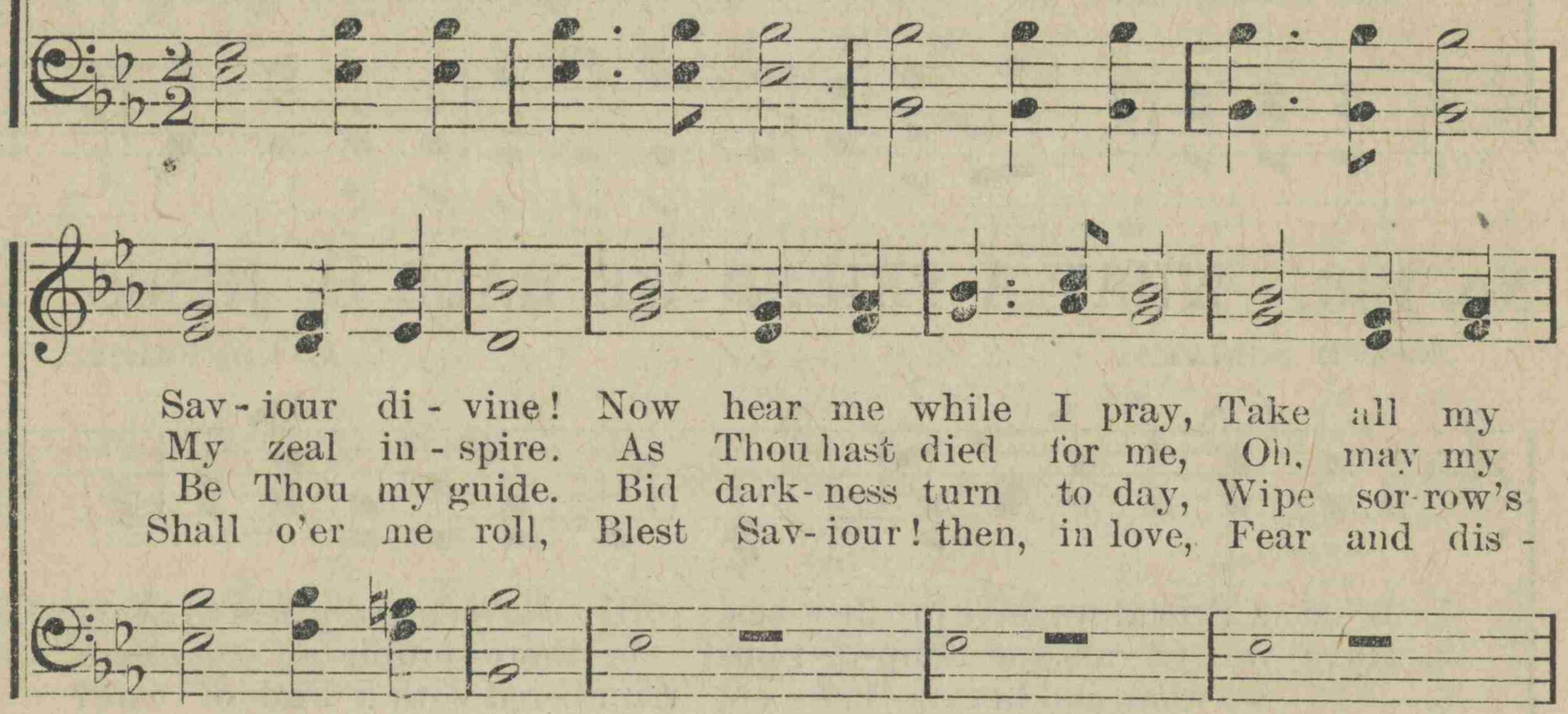


No. 137. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be Thou my guide. Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour! then, in love, Fear and dis -



guilt a - way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
tress re-move; Oh, bear me safe a- bove, A ran- somed soul.

No. 138. BALERMA. C. M.

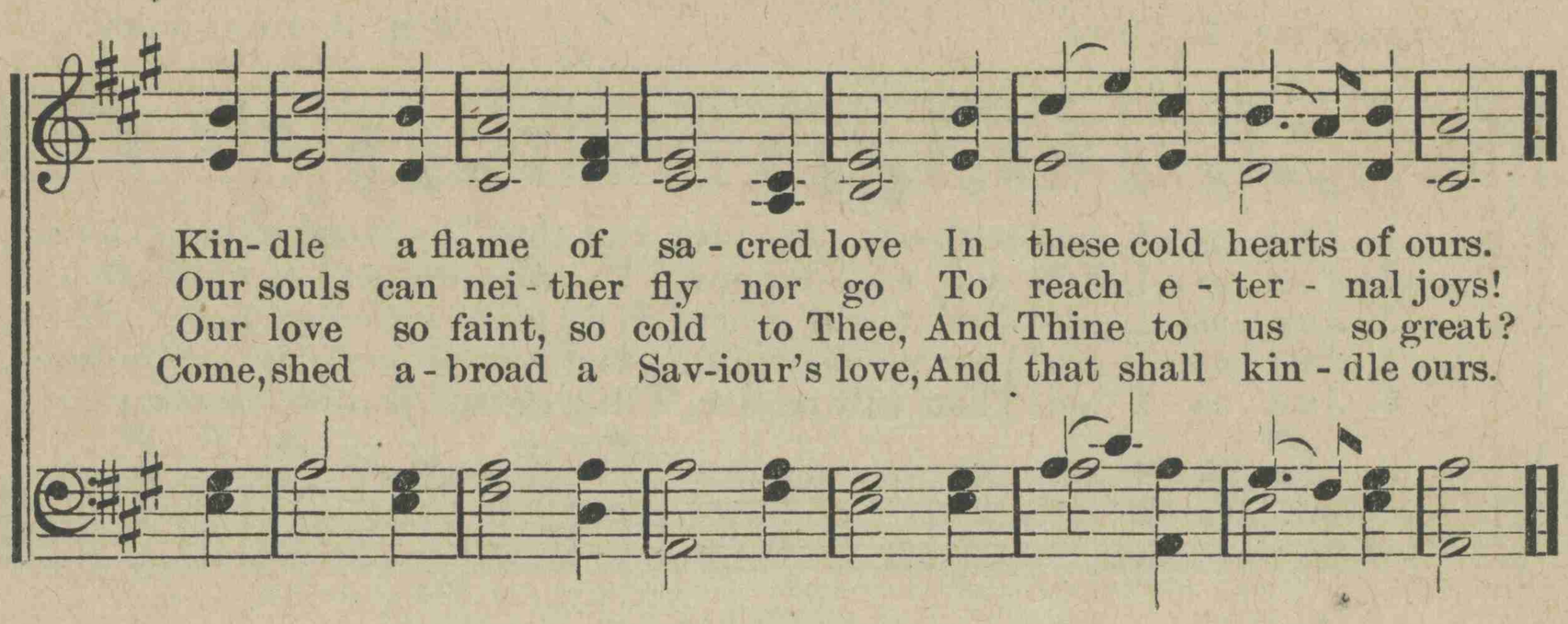
W. H. BATHURST. R. SIMPSON.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,
2. Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er live, At this poor dy - ing rate?
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs,

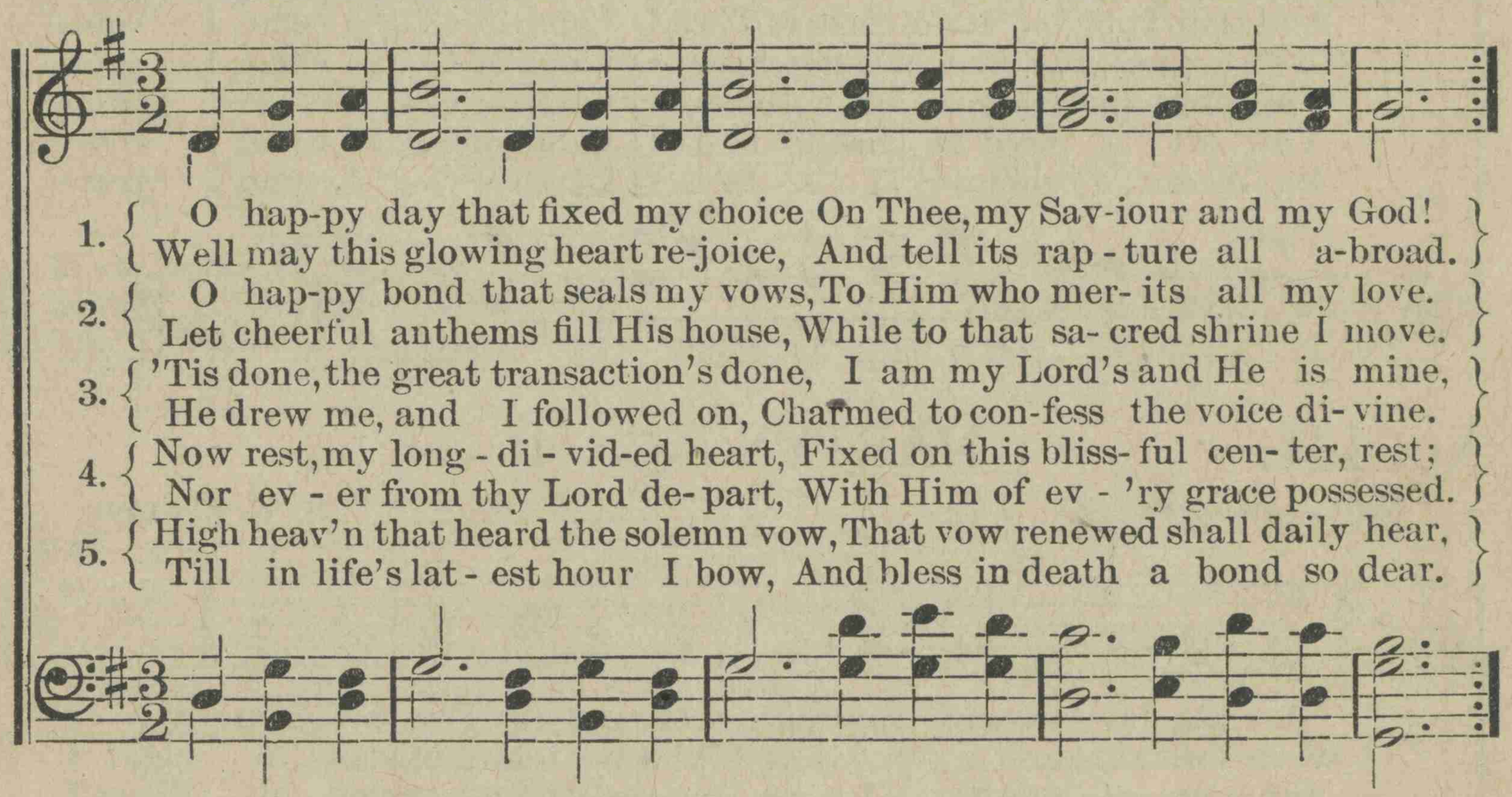


BALERMA.—Concluded.



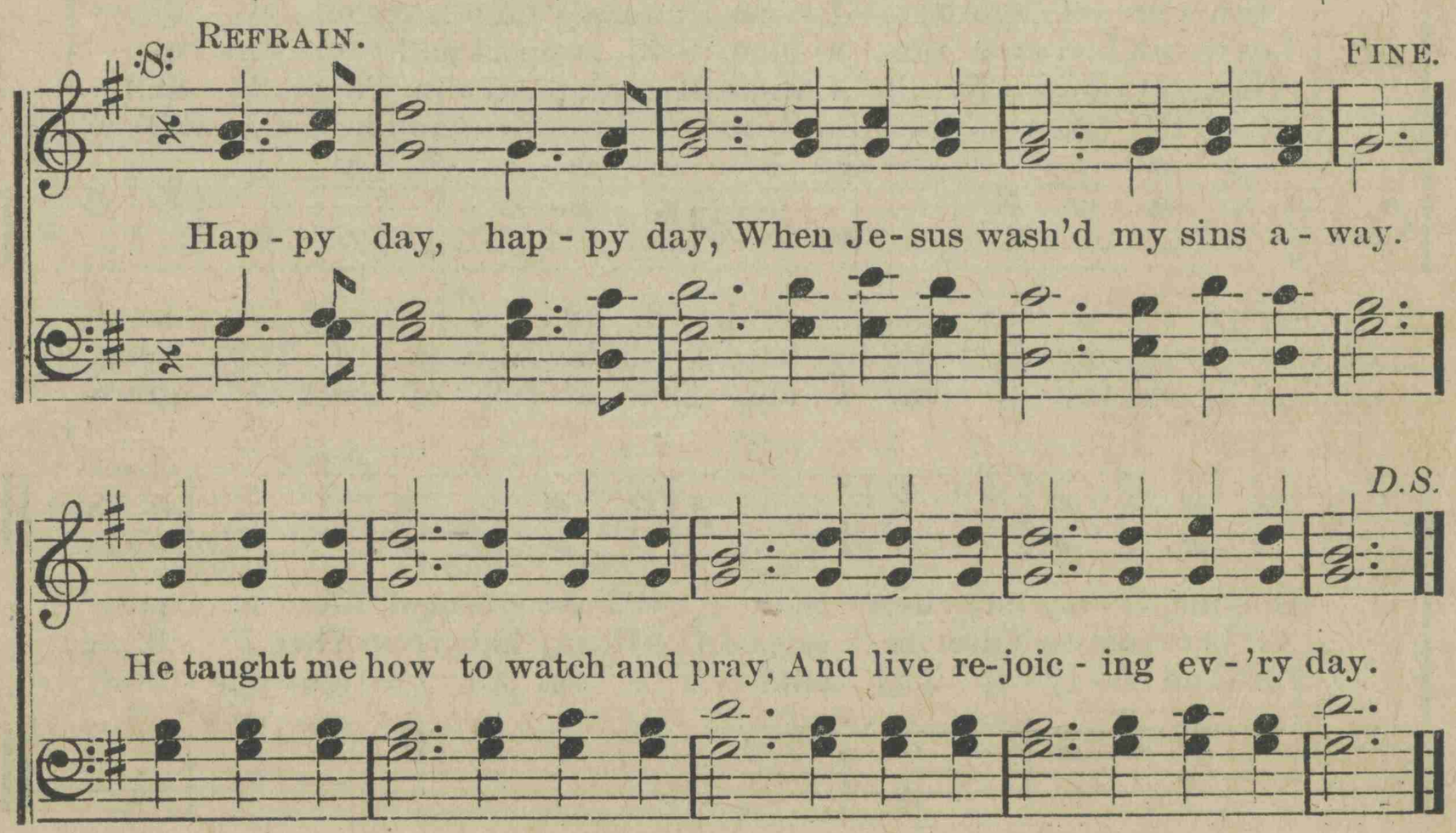
No. 139. THE HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Rev. PHILIP DODDRIDGE. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.



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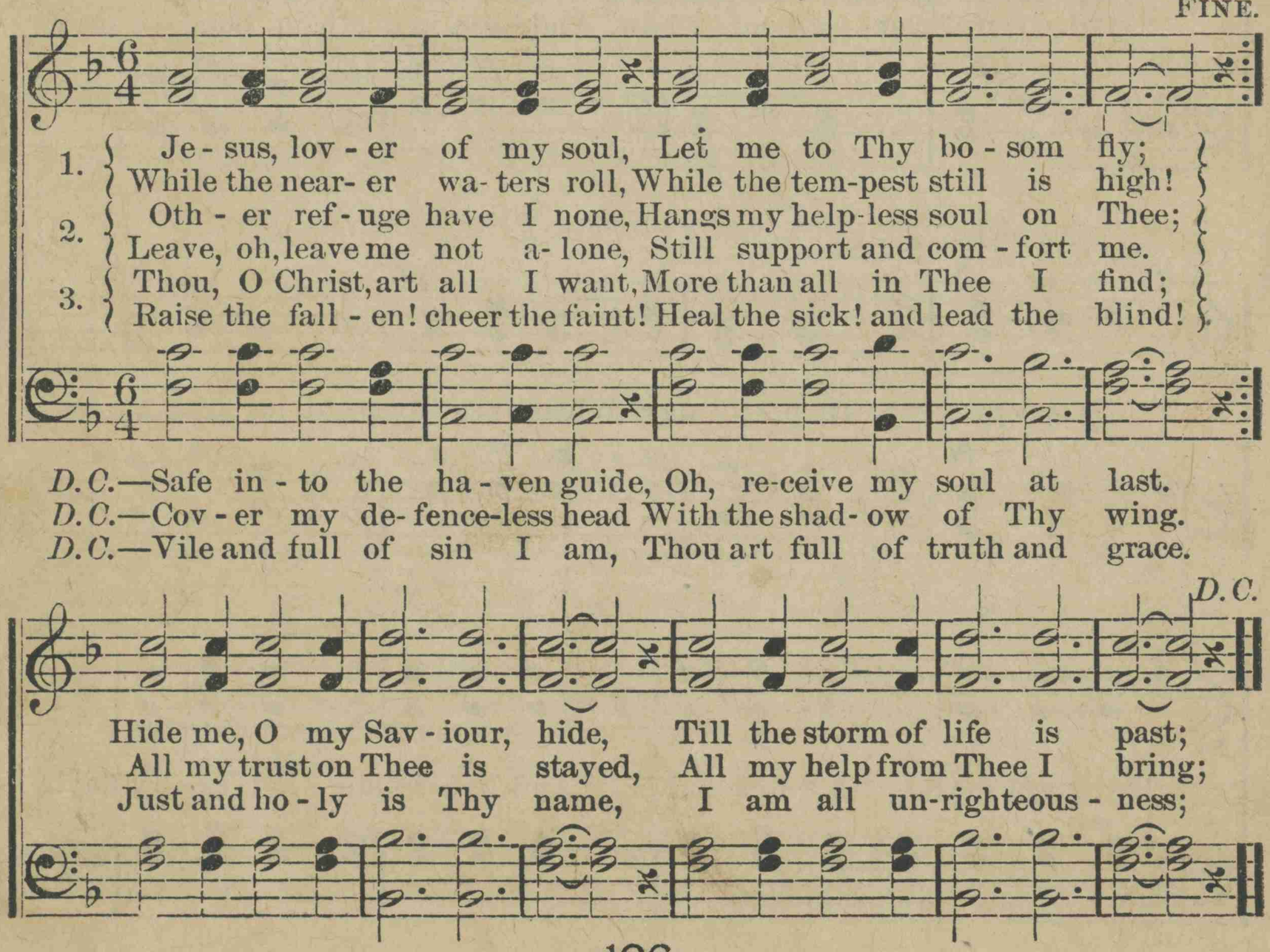
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2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis - mayed!
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid.
The riv - ers of sor - rows shall not o - ver - flow;
I will not, I will not de - sert to His foes.

What more can He say than to you He hath said,
I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
For I will be with thee thy troub - les to bless,
That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake,

You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake.

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