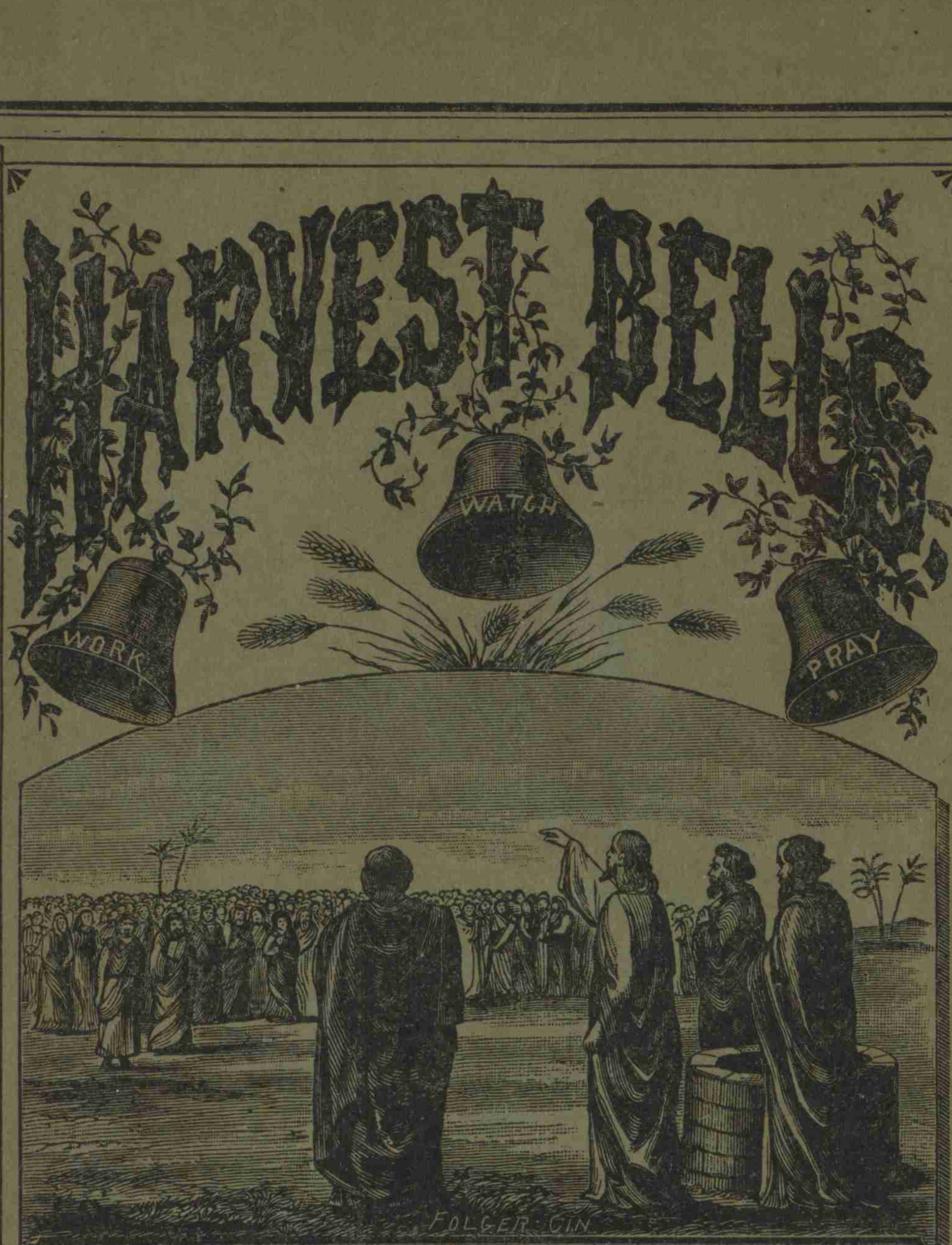
HARVEST BELLS



"Lift up your eyes and look on the fields for they are white already to harvest." JOHN 4. 35.

No. 3.

HARVEST BELLS

No. 3.

A RARE COLLECTION OF NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS

BY

Over One Hundred Different Authors

OF WORDS AND MUSIC

FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS, REVIVAL AND OTHER RELIGIOUS MEETINGS

COMPOSED AND SELECTED BY

W. E. PENN AND H. N. LINCOLN

PALESTINE, TEXAS. DALLAS, TEXAS.

PUBLISHED BY

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

CINCINNATI, O.

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PREFACE.

THE wonderful popularity of HARVEST BELLS, NO. 2, in the SABBATH SCHOOLS, REVIVAL and other religious meetings, and also among the best teachers of vocal music, together with a modest desire to add our mite in the effort to fill the world with GOSPEL SONGS, are the reasons for offering HARVEST BELLS, NO. 3, to the public.

We send it forth to stand or fall upon its own merits, hoping and praying that the Songs may be blessed of God in doing much good wherever they may be sung.

W. E. PENN.
H. N. LINCOLN.
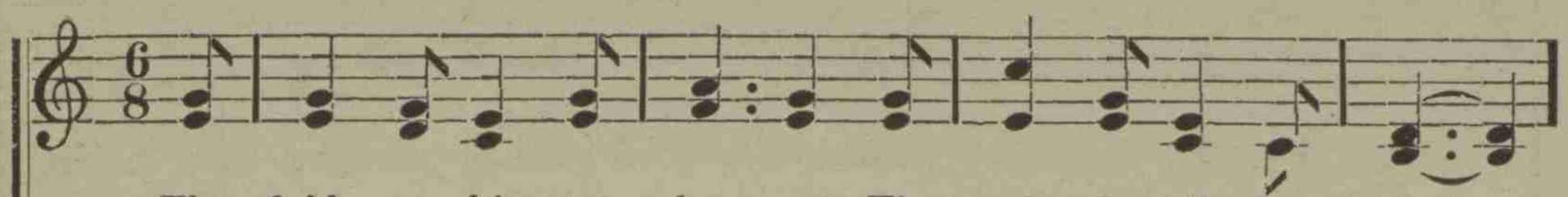
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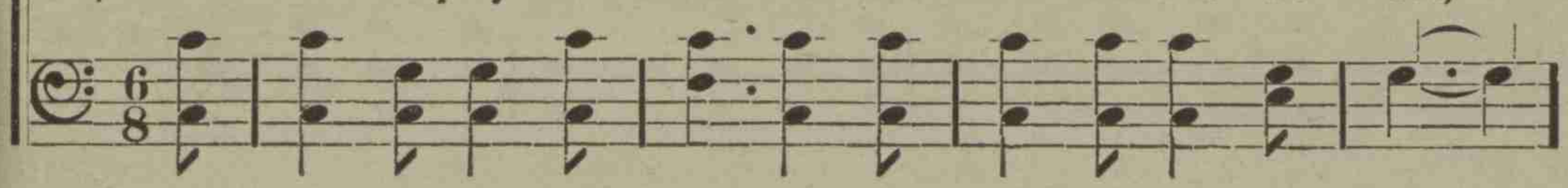
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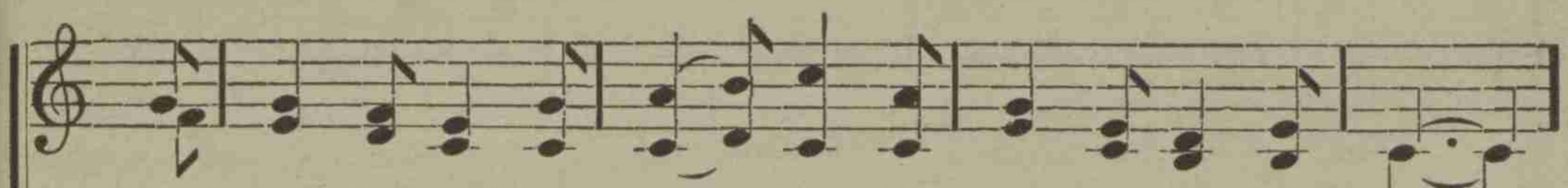
John 4-35.

W. E. PENN. H. N. LINCOLN.
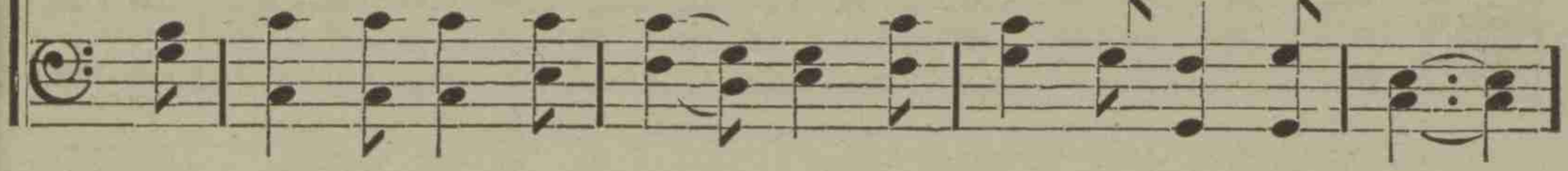


1. The fields are white to har - vest, The grain is fall - ing fast,
2. "Come o - ver then and help us," The HARVEST BELLS do say,
3. Then do not tar - ry lon - ger, "Make haste" the BELLS do say,
4. Then let us pray and la - bor Un - til the end we see,
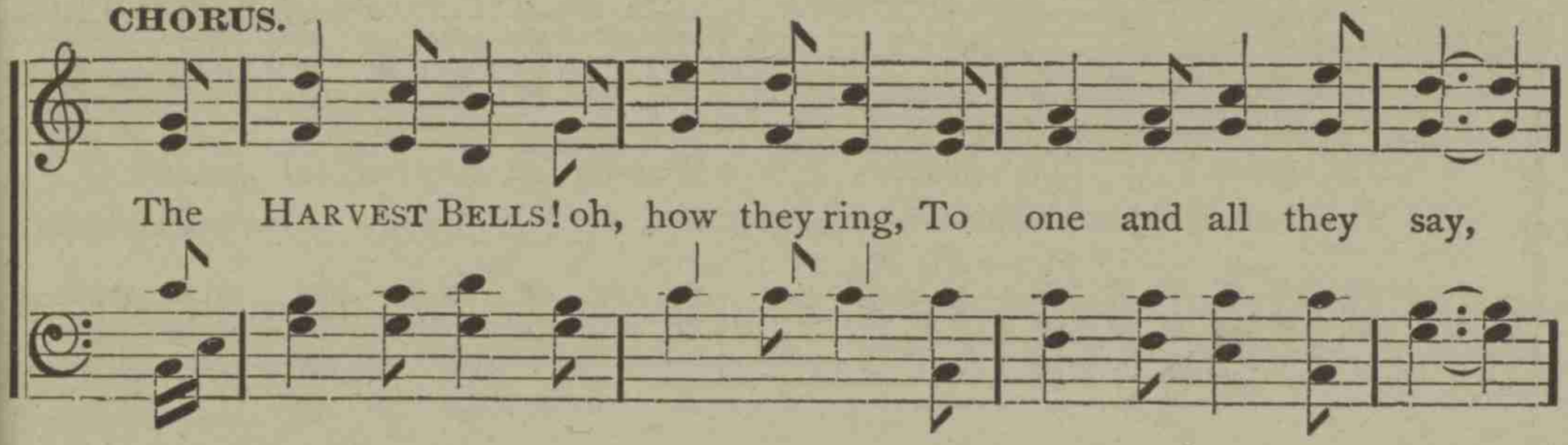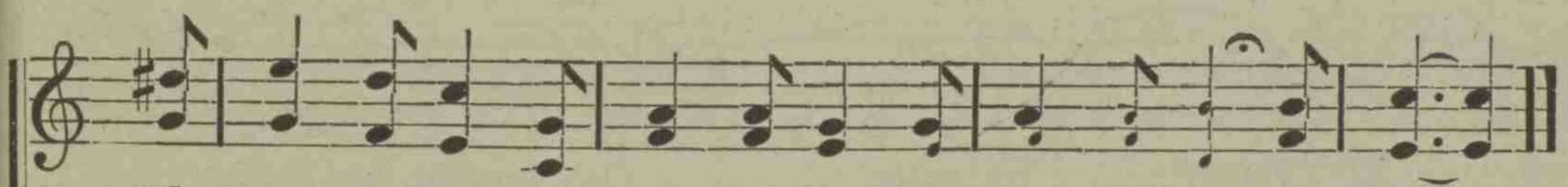




And soon the time of reap - ing For - ev - er will be past.
"Come quick - ly to the res - cue," This call we must o - bey.
As ev - 'ry-where they're ring - ing, "WORK *while 'tis called to - day.*"
'Till ev - 'ry friend and neigh - bor, From Sa - tan shall be free.
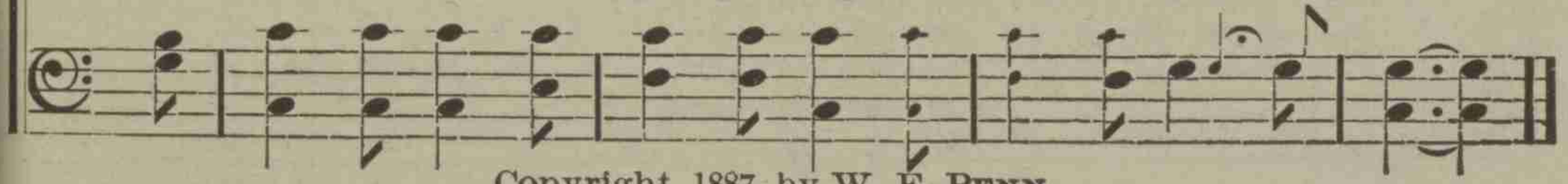


CHORUS.



The HARVEST BELLS! oh, how they ring, To one and all they say,



"O come the bless- ed gos - pel sing, Come WORK and WATCH and PRAY."



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WONDERFUL GRACE.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL. Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! This great sal- va - tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Its streams are full and free,
4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! Which bears the soul a - bove;

The soul de - liv-ered of its load In sweet-est rapt - ure sings.
The pow'r of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns su-preme with - in.
Are flow- ing now for all the race, They e - ven flow for me.
The light which gleams from Je - sus' face Is rapt- ure, peace and love.
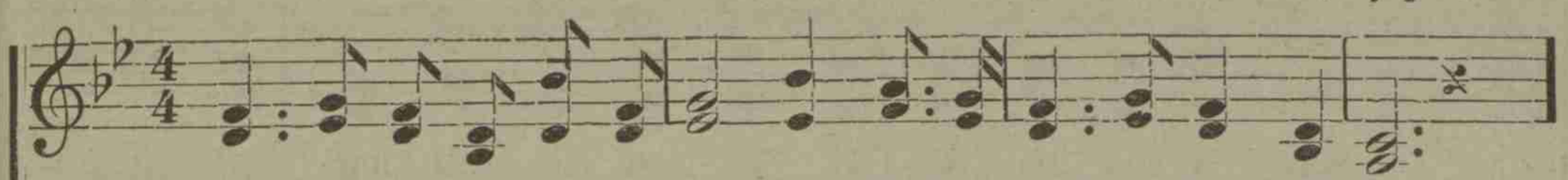
CHORUS.

'Tis grace!..... 'Tis grace!..... Wonder-ful, won-der- ful grace!
'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace! wonderful grace!
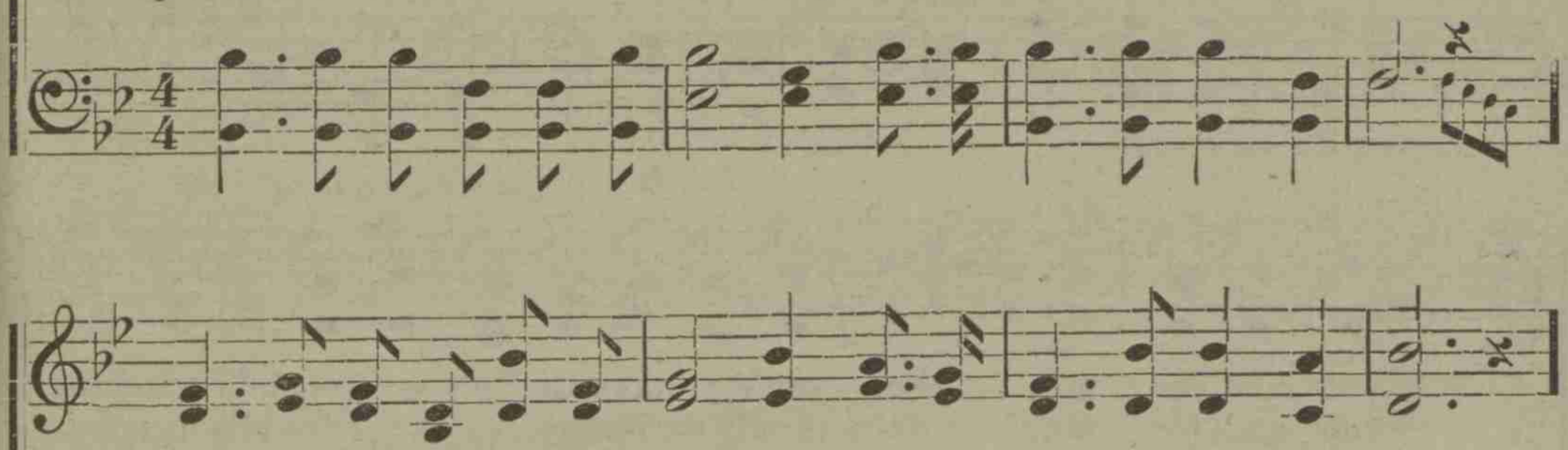
'Tis grace! ..... 'tis grace! Flow-ing still, free-ly for me.
'Tis wonder-ful grace! 'tis wonder-ful grace,

"Justified by his grace through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ."—Rom. 3 : 24.
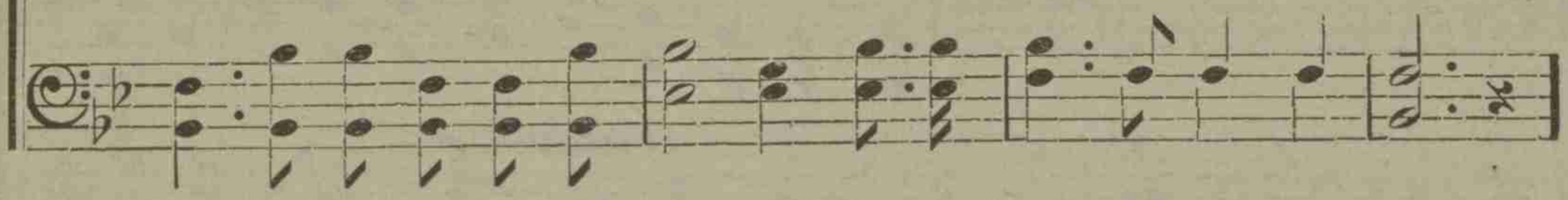
FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.



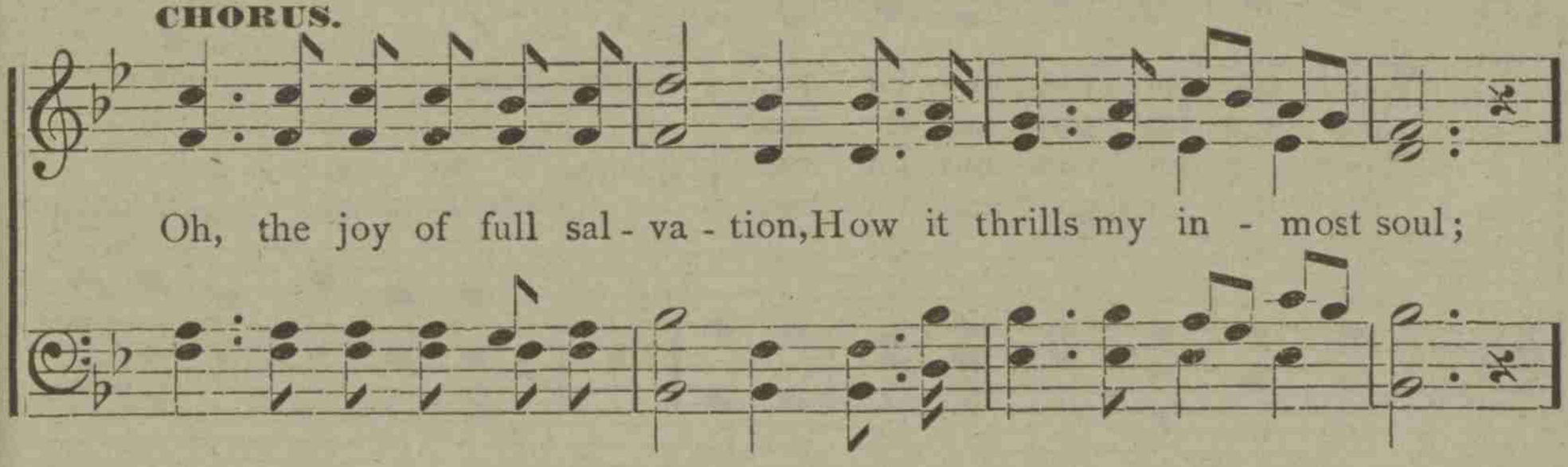
1. Je - sus now is my sal - va - tion, He has saved me from all sin;
2. By His roy - al proc- la - ma - tion Sin's do- min - ion now is o'er;
3. Oh, the love of my Re-deem - er; Oh! the won- ders of His grace;



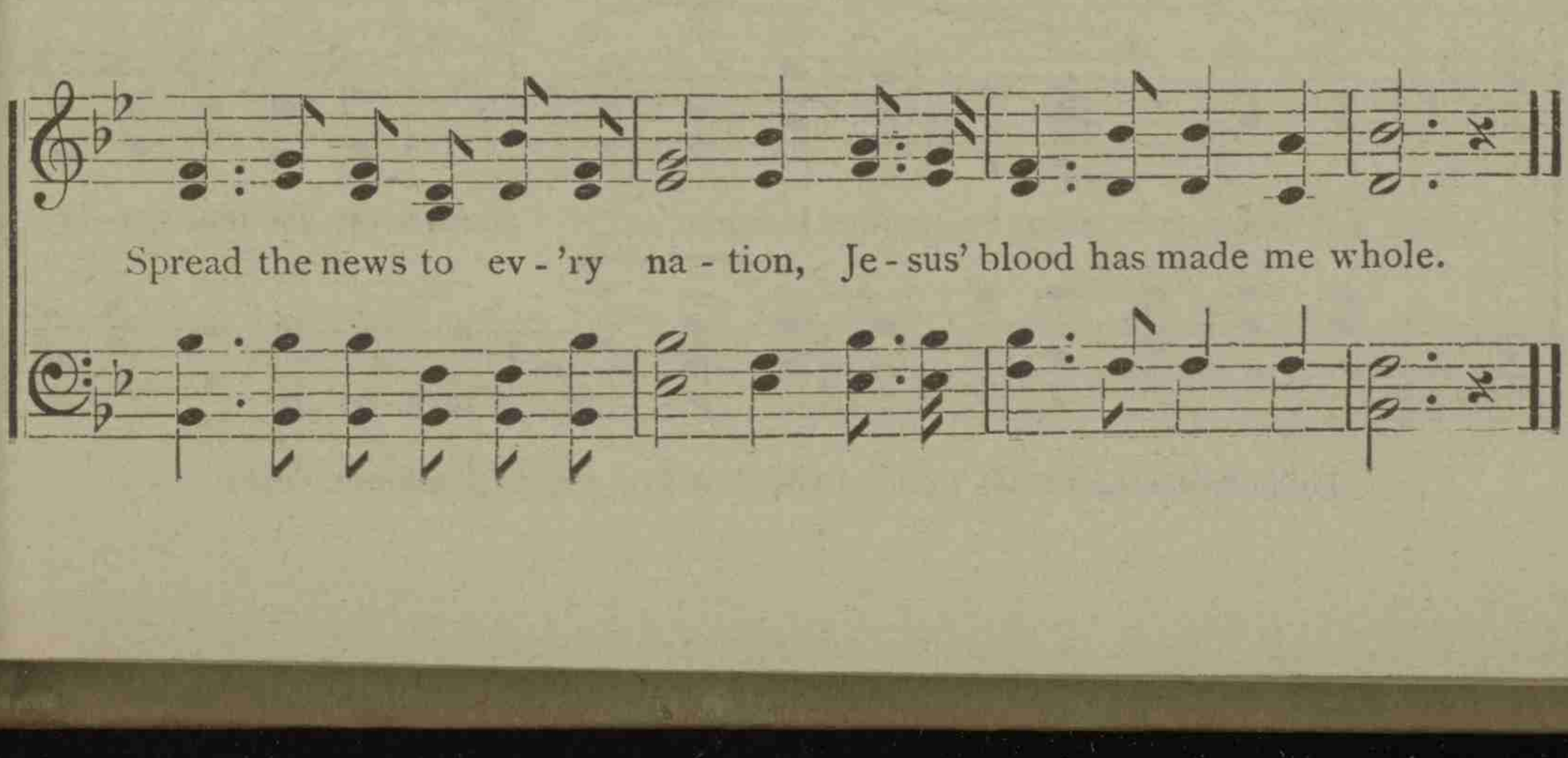
Thro' His blood I have re - demp- tion, And I rest complete in Him.
And in conscious, full sal - va - tion, I may sing for - ev - er - more.
I will praise His name for - ev - er, And re - joice be- fore His face.



CHORUS.
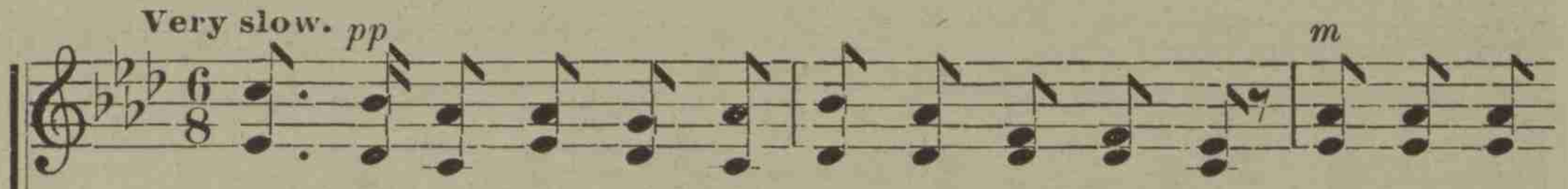


Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion, How it thrills my in - most soul;
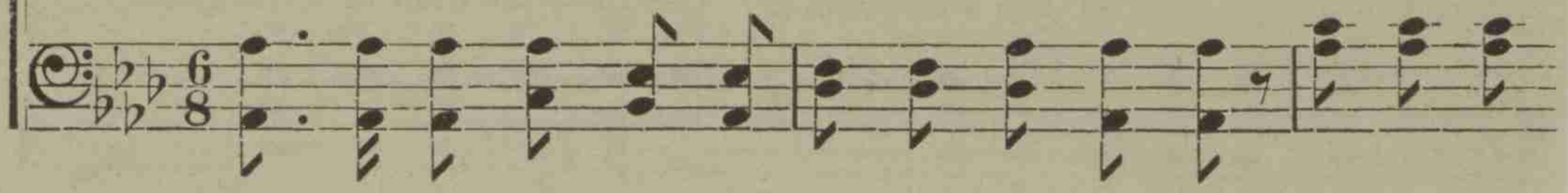


Spread the news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Je - sus' blood has made me whole.

6 SOFTLY AND TENDERLY JESUS IS CALLING.
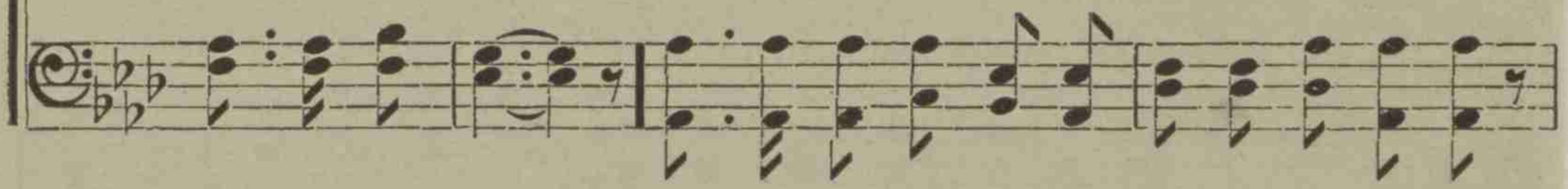
W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.
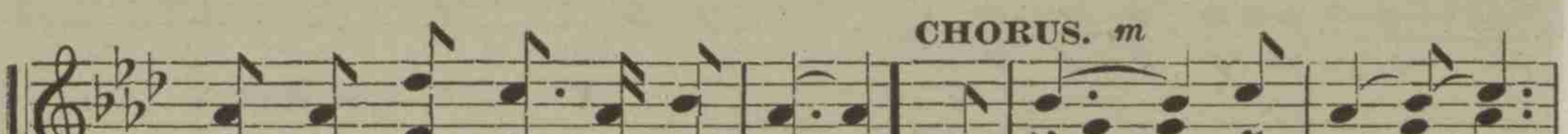


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call- ing for
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for
3. Time is now fleet- ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
4. Oh, for the won- der - ful love He has prom-is'd, Prom- is'd for
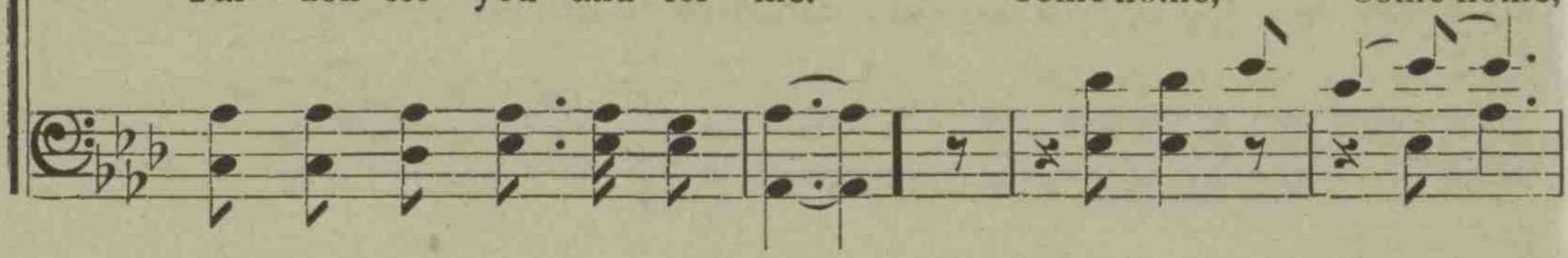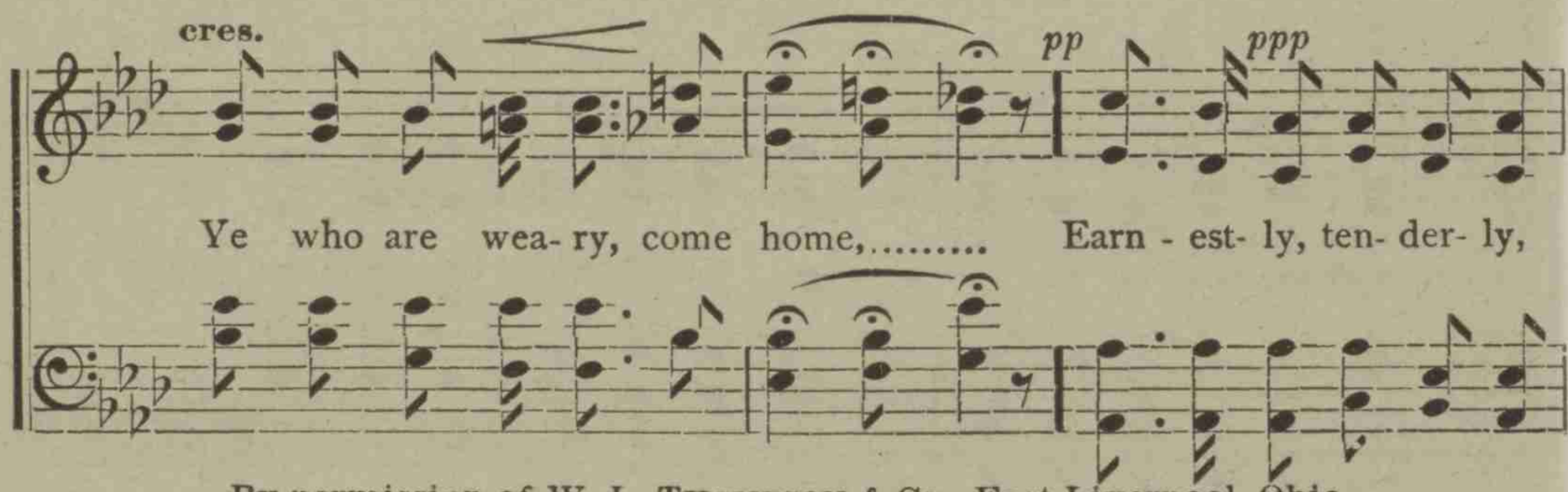


you and for me; See on the port-als He's wait ing and watching,
you and for me? Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies,
you and from me; Shad-ows are gath- er- ing, death beds are coming,
you and for me; Though we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and par- don,
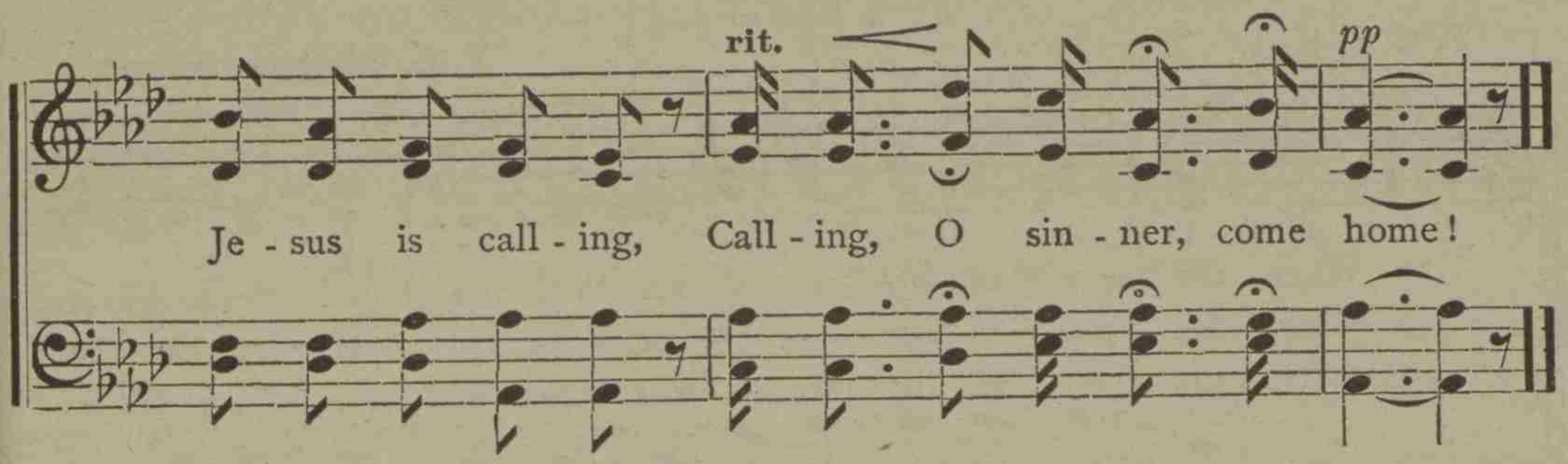




Watch- ing for you and for me. Come home, Come home;
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me. Come home, Come home,





Ye who are wea- ry, come home,..... Earn - est- ly, ten- der- ly,

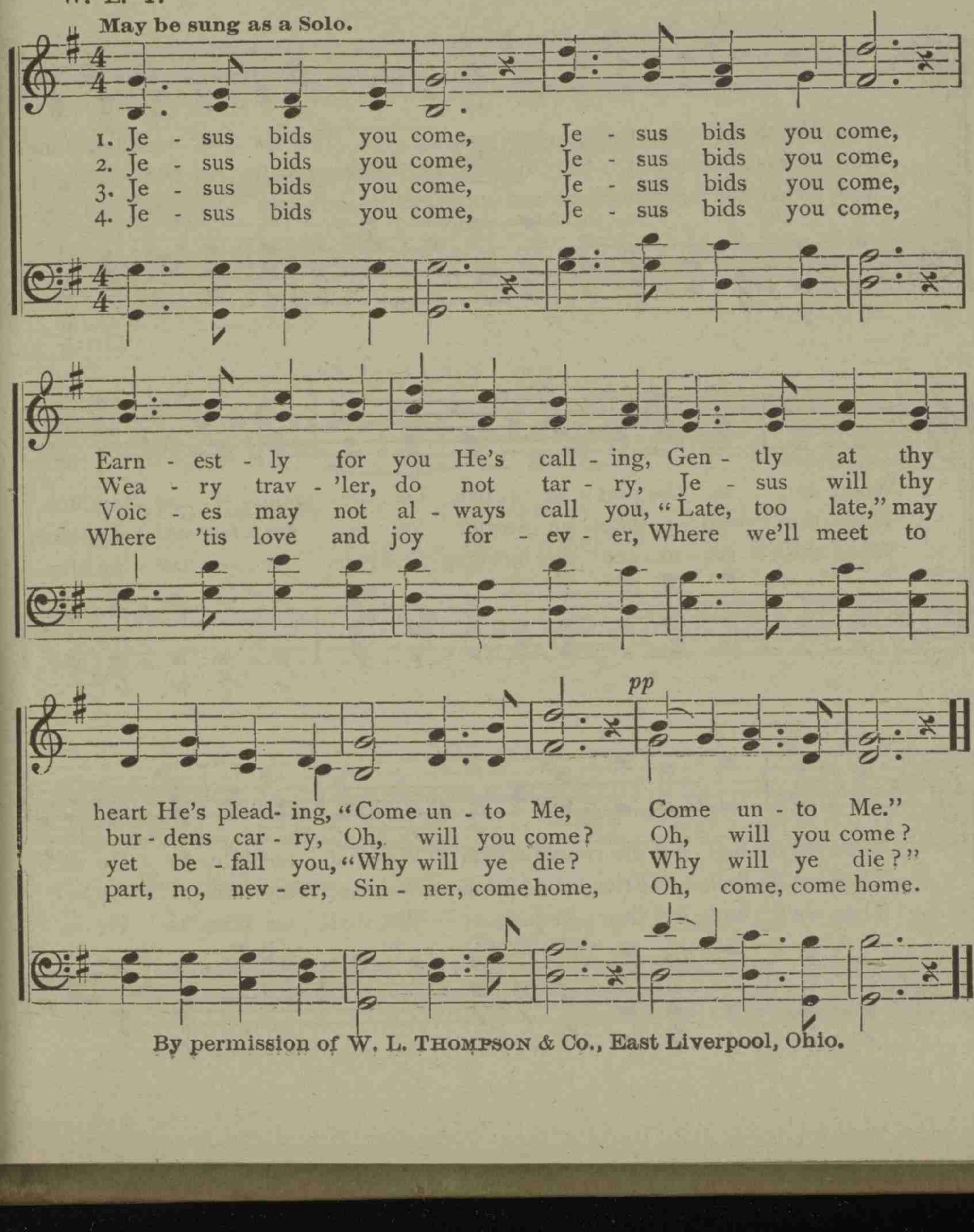
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JESUS BIDS YOU COME.

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

May be sung as a Solo.



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"WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

1 John 3: 2.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'KANE, by per.

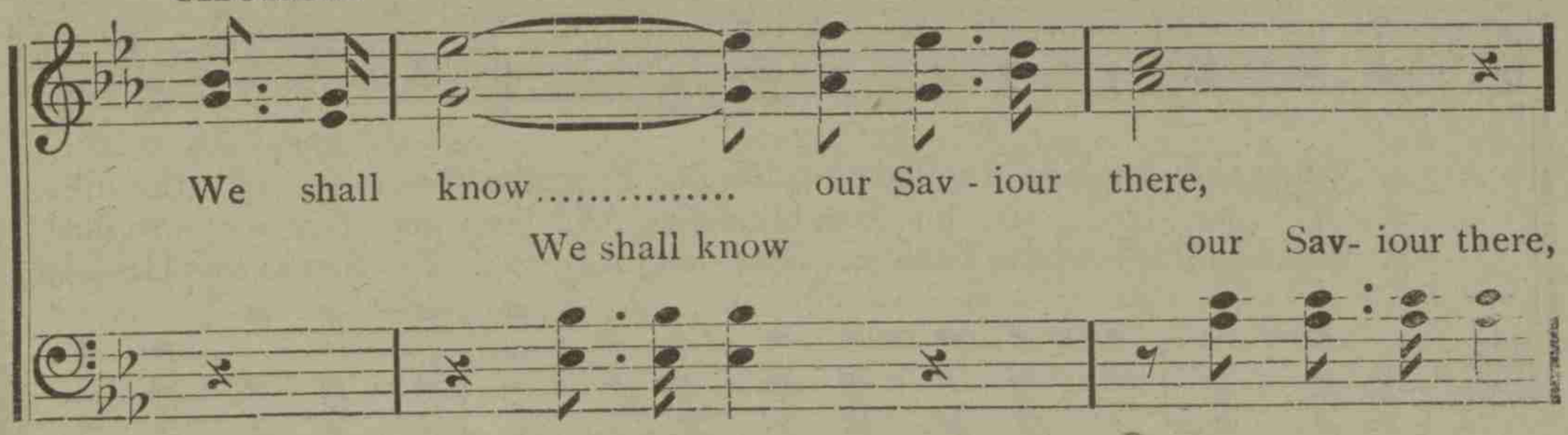
1. When the *march* of life is o - ver, With its bat - tles fought and
2. When the *work* of life is o - ver, With its wea - ry care and
3. When the *joys* of life are o - ver, Which so quick- ly pass a -

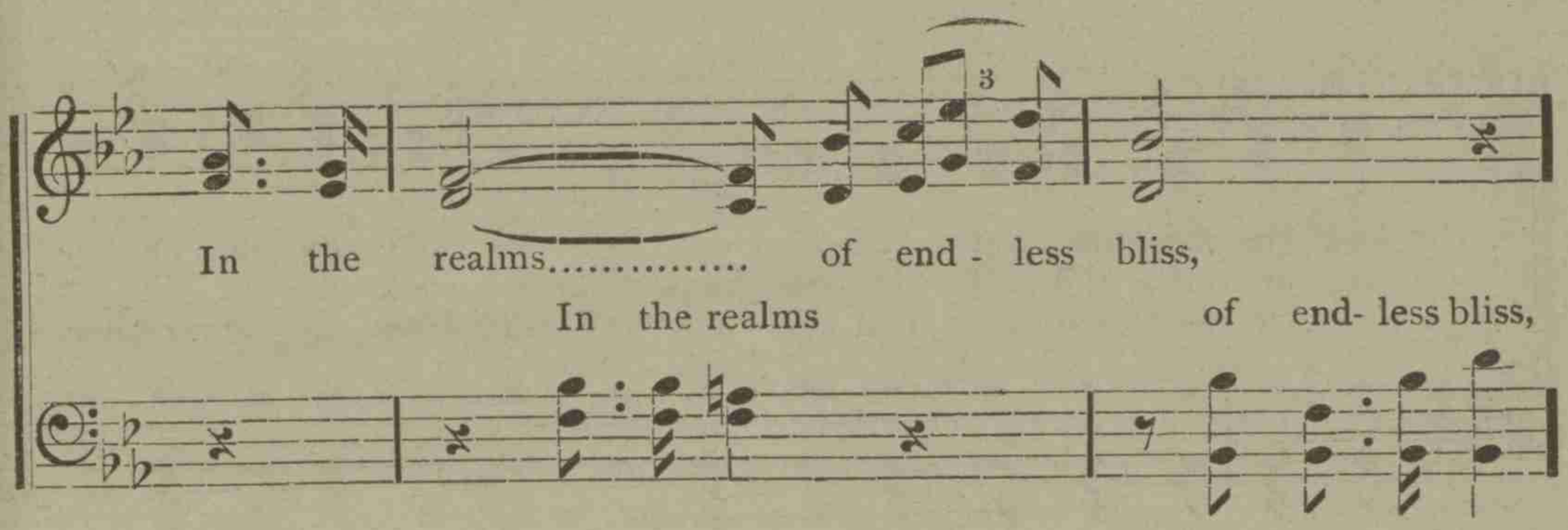
won; When in vic - to - ry re- joic-ing To the Cit - y we shall come;
pain, We shall leave it all be-hind us, Nev- er more to feel a - gain;
- way; When the mingled cloud and sunshine Break in - to the per - fect day;
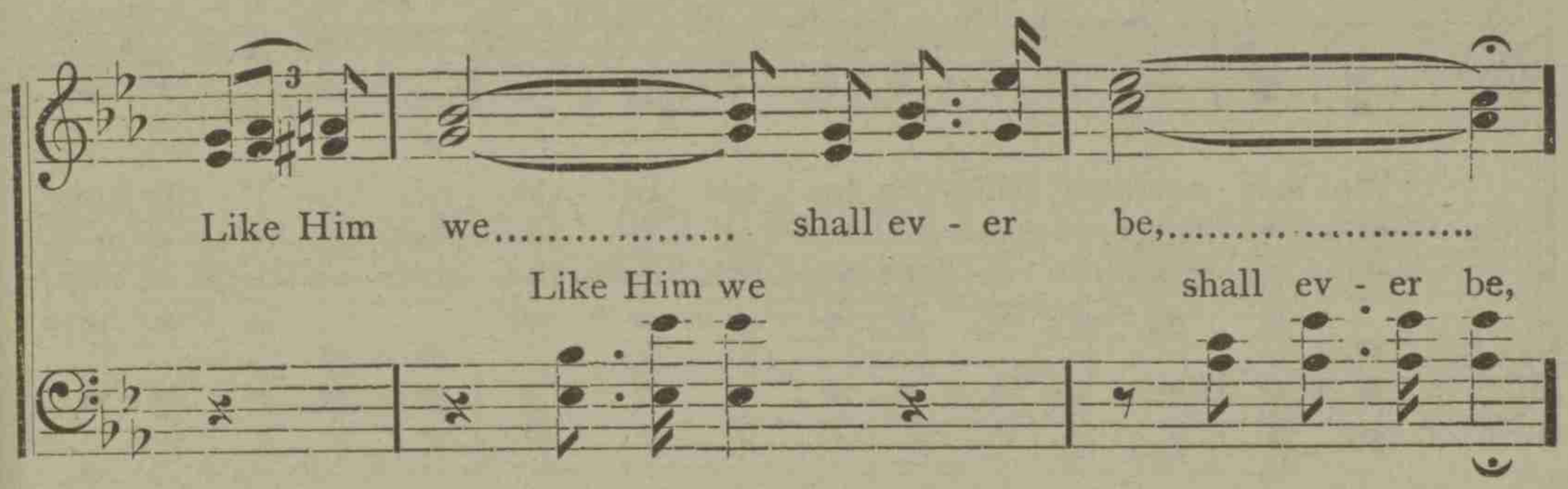
When to us the port - als o- pen To the realms of end - less bliss,
When the pearl - y gates we en- ter, In - to per - fect rest and peace,
When the res - ur - rec - tion morning Brings us ev - er- last - ing bliss,
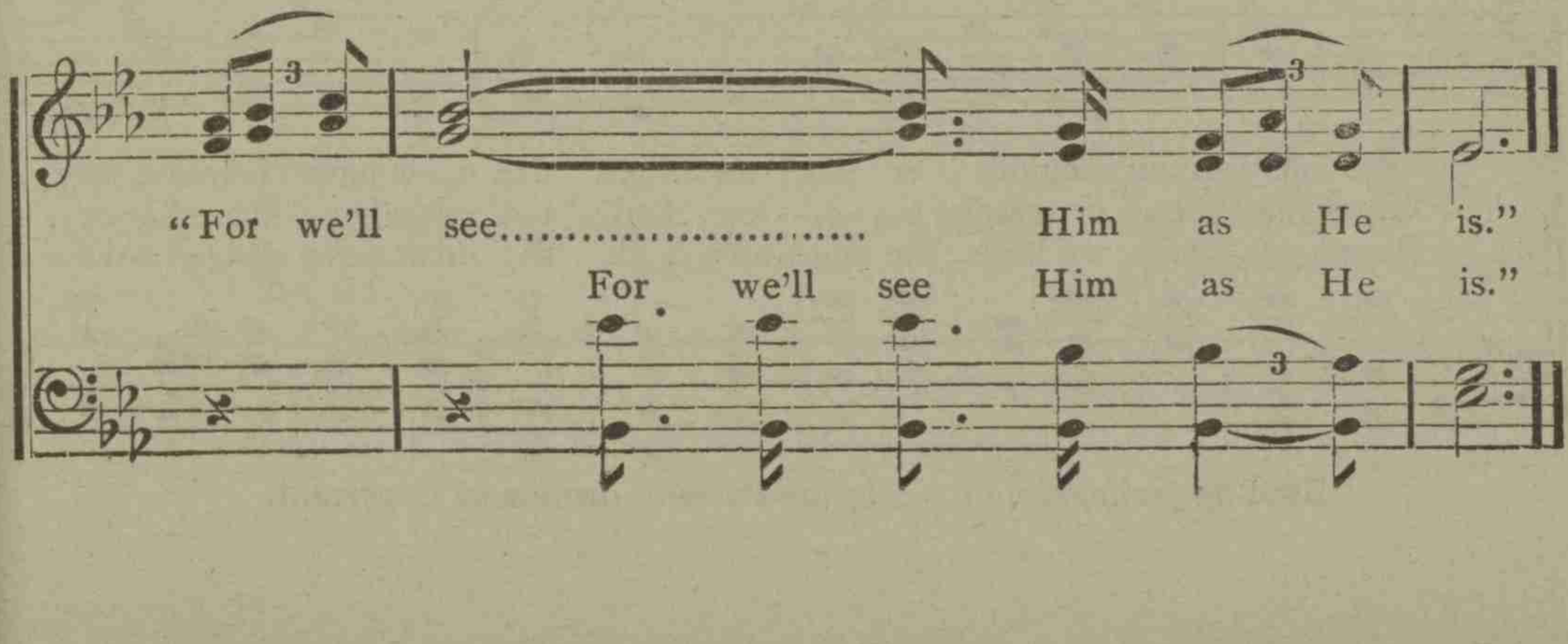
Tnen we'll hail our glo-rious Captain: "We shall see Him as He is."
Then we'll hail our Friend and Helper: "We shall see Him as He is."
Then we'll hail our dear Redeem-er: "We shall see Him as He is."

CHORUS.


We shall know..... our Sav - iour there,
We shall know our Sav- iour there,


In the realms..... of end - less bliss,
In the realms of end- less bliss,


Like Him we..... shall ev - er be,.....
Like Him we shall ev - er be,


"For we'll see..... Him as He is."
For we'll see Him as He is."

WE SHALL KNOW.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. If we are in hu- man blindness, And for - get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fa- ther knows His own,

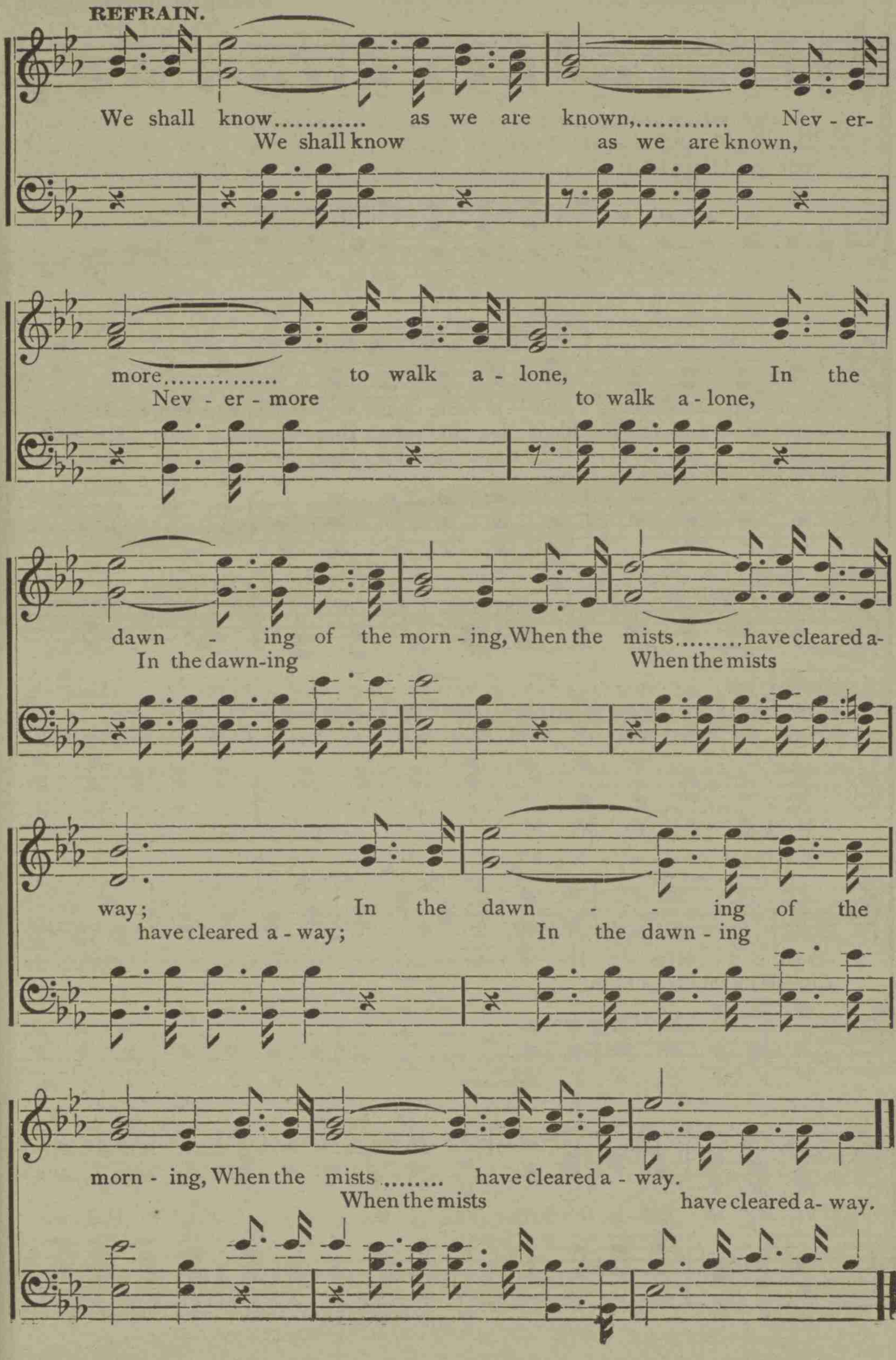
And the sun-shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills;
If we miss the law of kind- ness, When we strug- gle to be just;
Face to face with those that love us *We shall know as we are known*,

We may read love's shin- ing let - ter In the rain- bow of the spray,
Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way,
Love, be - yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the gold - en fringe of day;

We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a-way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a-way.
Heart to heart, we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have cleared a-way.

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REFRAIN.


We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev - er-
We shall know as we are known,
more..... to walk a - lone, In the
Nev - er - more to walk a - lone,
dawn - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists.....have cleared a-
In the dawn-ing When the mists
way; In the dawn - - ing of the
have cleared a - way; In the dawn - ing
morn - ing, When the mists ..... have cleared a - way.
When the mists have cleared a- way.

ONE OF THE PROMISES.

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

1. Onward toward heaven our footsteps shall press, Know-ing our Fa - ther will
2. Trusting the promise which nev - er has failed, Ma - ny o'er sor - row and
3. Safe on His promise I'm lean- ing to - day, Trust- ing Him whol - ly for-

com - fort and bless; And if the path- way seem lone-some and long,
earth have pre-vailed; Kept by the Fa - ther who lov - eth His own,
ev - er and aye; Oh, lov - ing Fa - ther, the prom - ise is sweet;

CHORUS.

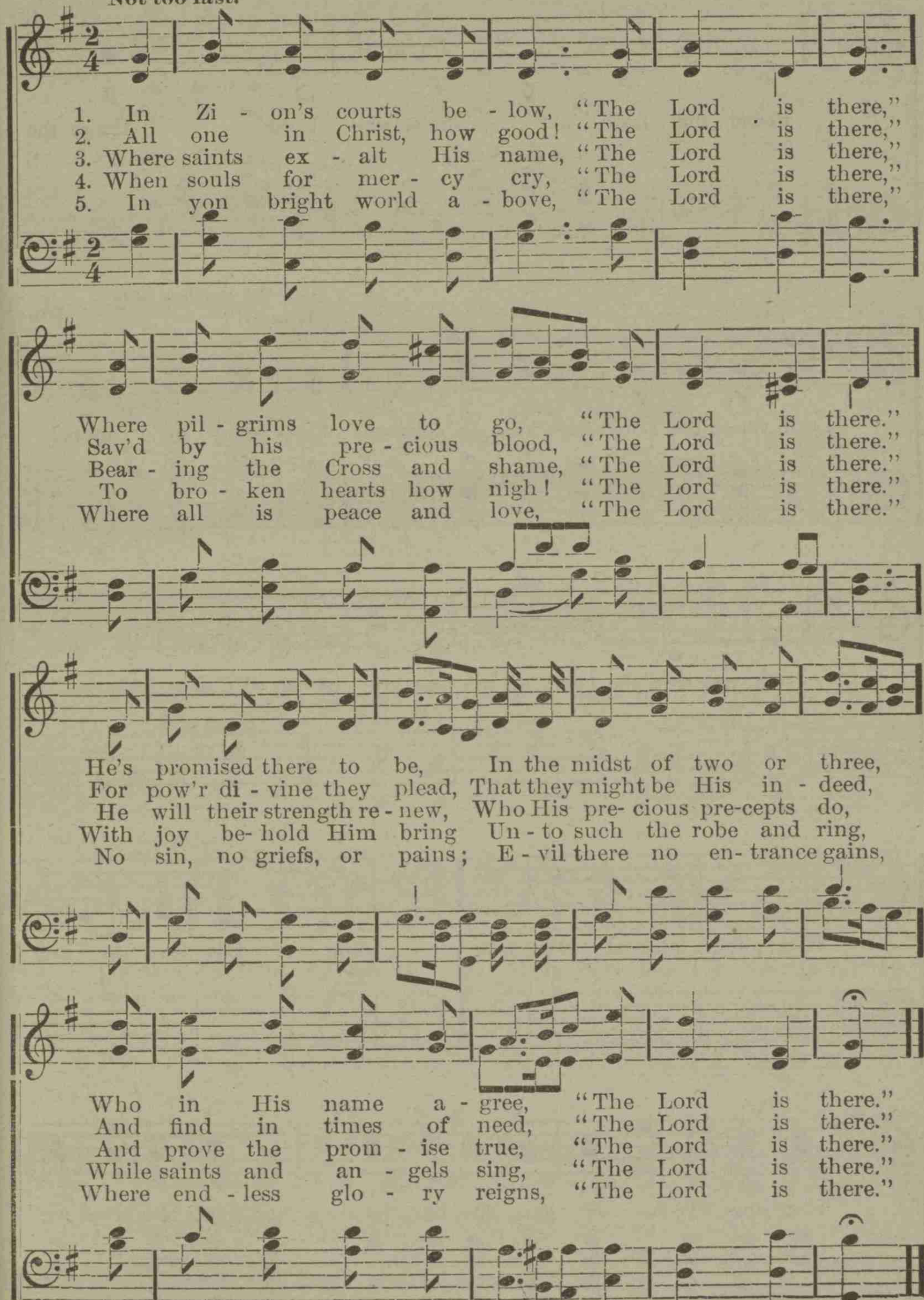
Bright- en it sing - ing a lit - tle trust song. } Love Him,
We shall be with Him at last by the throne. }
Staff for the wea - ry, and stay for the feet. } Love Him and trust Him,

trust Him, He is near ev - er our foot-steps to guide; Safe thro' the
Love Him and trust Him,

val- ley at last to the throne, This is the promise of God to His own.

SAMUEL PEACH. Ezekiel 48: 35. F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

Not too fast.



1. In Zi - on's courts be - low, "The Lord is there,"
2. All one in Christ, how good! "The Lord is there,"
3. Where saints ex - alt His name, "The Lord is there,"
4. When souls for mer - cy cry, "The Lord is there,"
5. In yon bright world a - bove, "The Lord is there,"

Where pil - grims love to go, "The Lord is there."
Sav'd by his pre - cious blood, "The Lord is there."
Bear - ing the Cross and shame, "The Lord is there."
To bro - ken hearts how nigh! "The Lord is there."
Where all is peace and love, "The Lord is there."

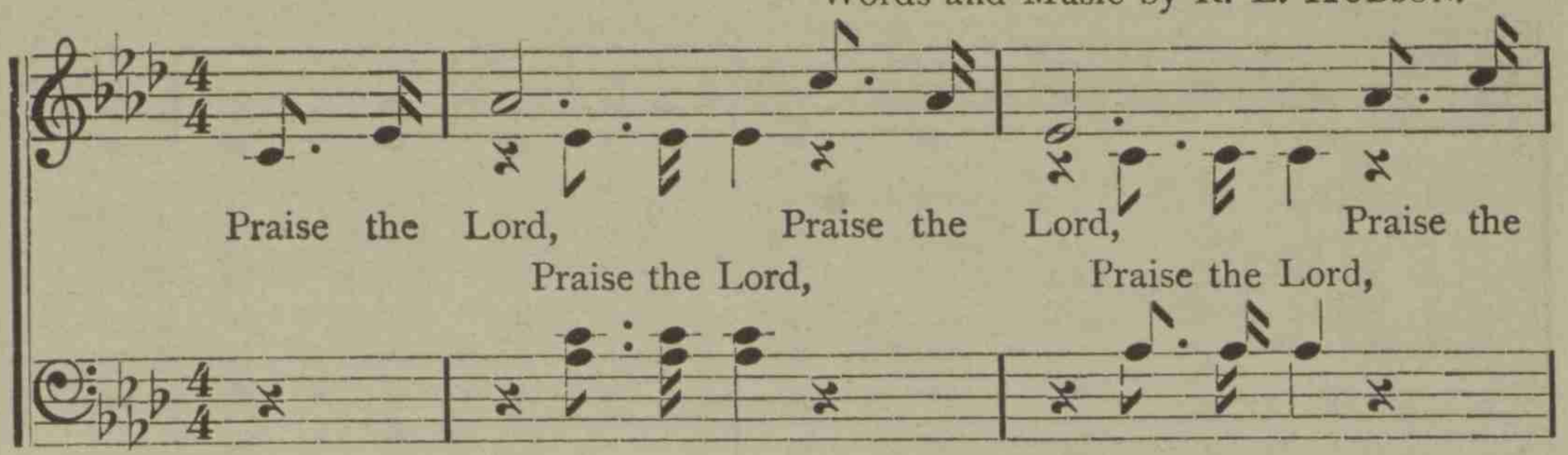
He's promised there to be, In the midst of two or three,
For pow'r di - vine they plead, That they might be His in - deed,
He will their strength re - new, Who His pre- cious pre-cepts do,
With joy be- hold Him bring Un - to such the robe and ring,
No sin, no griefs, or pains; E - vil there no en- trance gains,

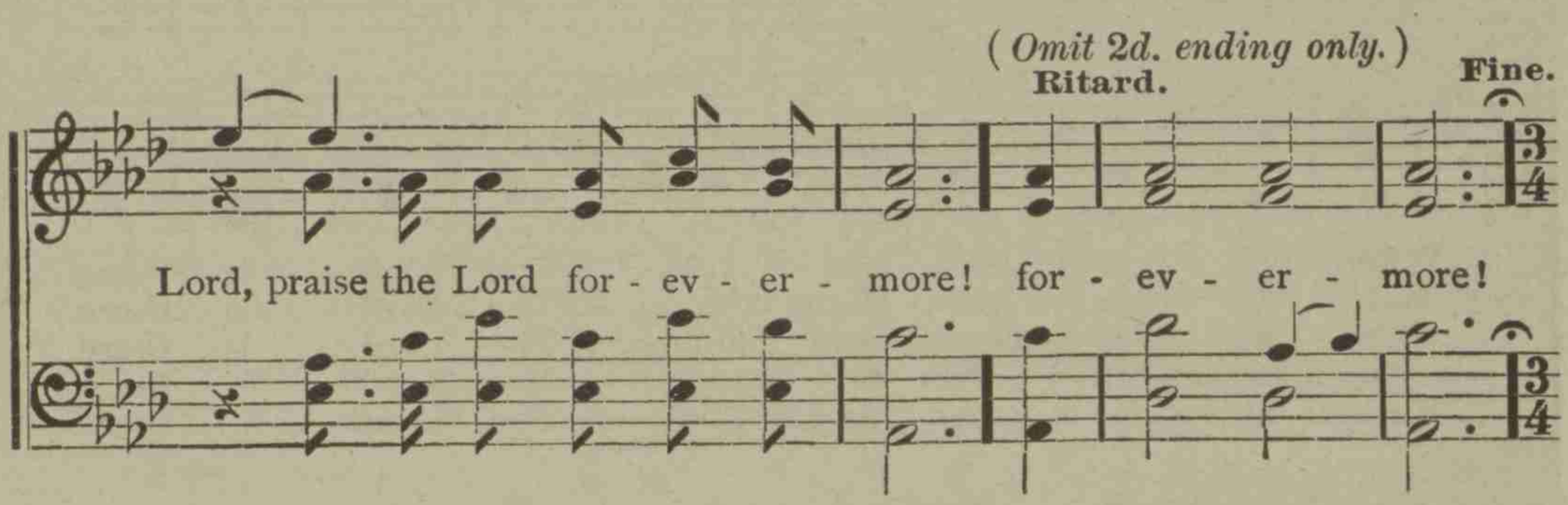
Who in His name a - gree, "The Lord is there."
And find in times of need, "The Lord is there."
And prove the prom - ise true, "The Lord is there."
While saints and an - gels sing, "The Lord is there."
Where end - less glo - ry reigns, "The Lord is there."

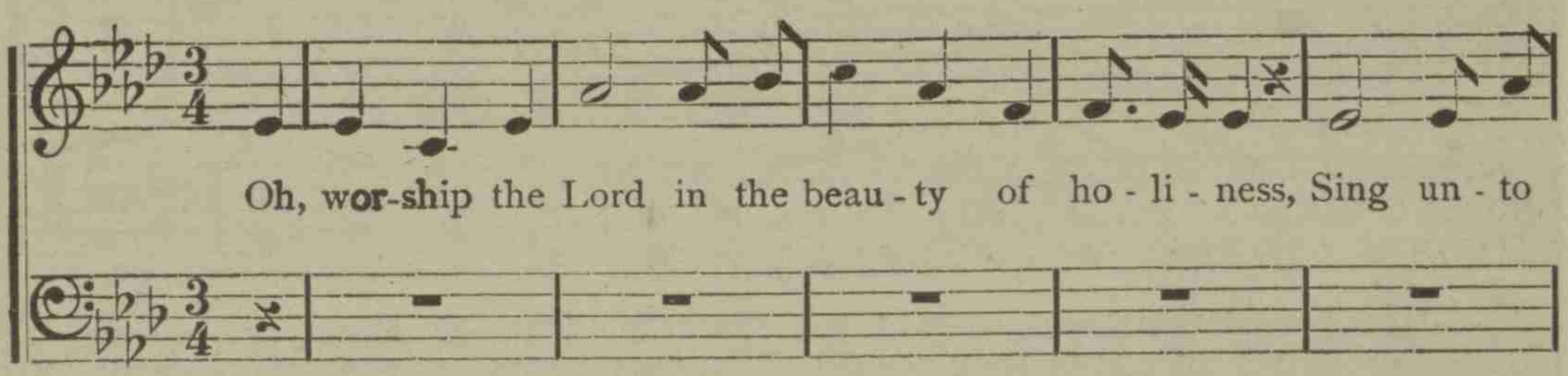
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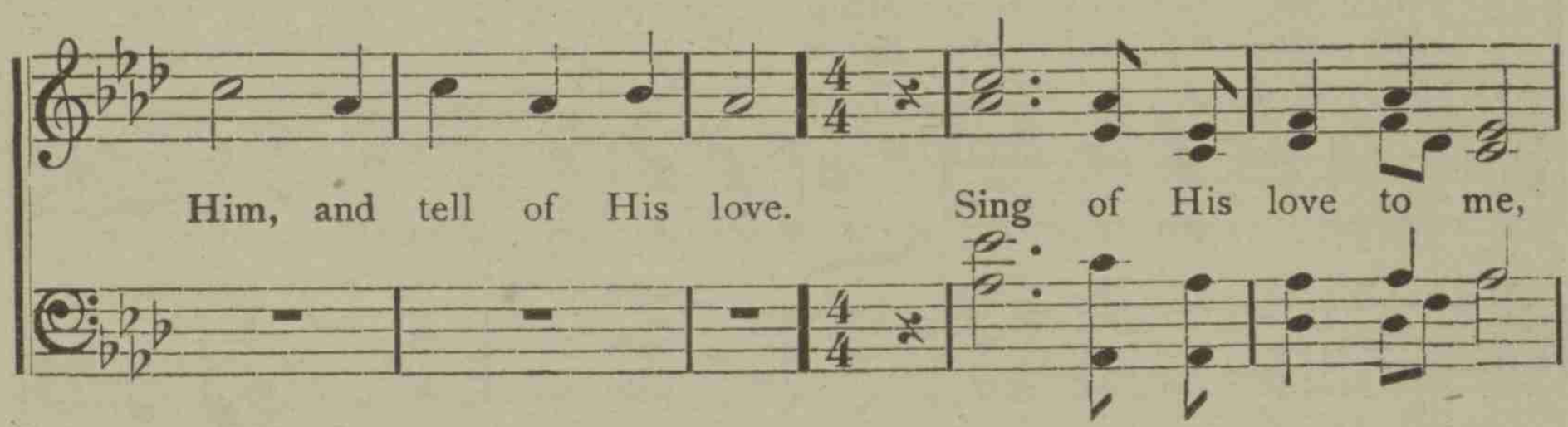
SING OF HIS LOVE.

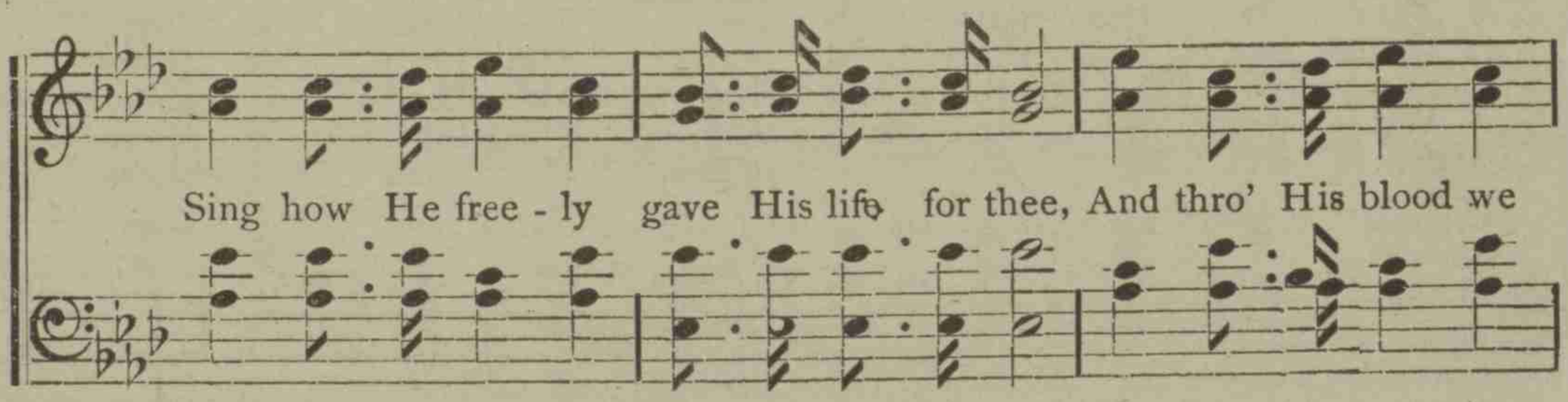
Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.











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Solo first time.

may from sin be free, Sing of His love. For God so

For God

loved the world that He gave His

so loved the world that He gave,

on - - - ly Son, His on - ly be - got - ten Son,

He gave His Son,

Slow.

That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, That who - so - ev - er be-

D. C.

- liev - eth in Him, Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.

FAR AWAY.

JOHN MCPHERSON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Far a - way in the bright land of bliss, Where the spir - its are freed from all care, In a land that is fair - er than this, We a
2. Far a - way in a sun - ni - er clime, We will bask in the sun - shine of love, And we'll join in those an - thems sub - lime They are
3. Far a - way, yet how near it may be When we'll sing on that sum - mer - like shore, In a home that is wait - ing for me, Where we'll

CHORUS.

home with the an - gels will share.
sing - ing for - ev - er a - bove.
sor - row and sin nev - er - more.

Far a - way, far a - way, Far a - way, Whether far, or near it may be; We shall rest..... a-
far a - way We shall rest

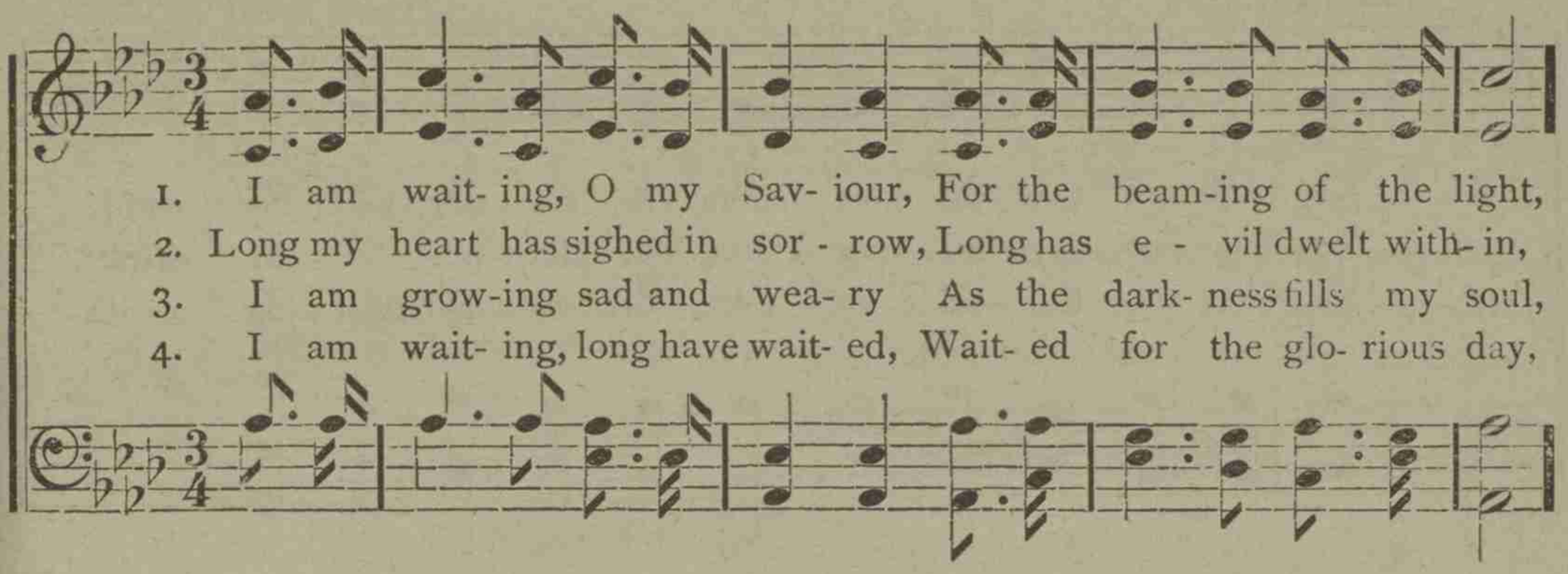
mong the blest, In that land where no sor - row we'll see.
among the blest,

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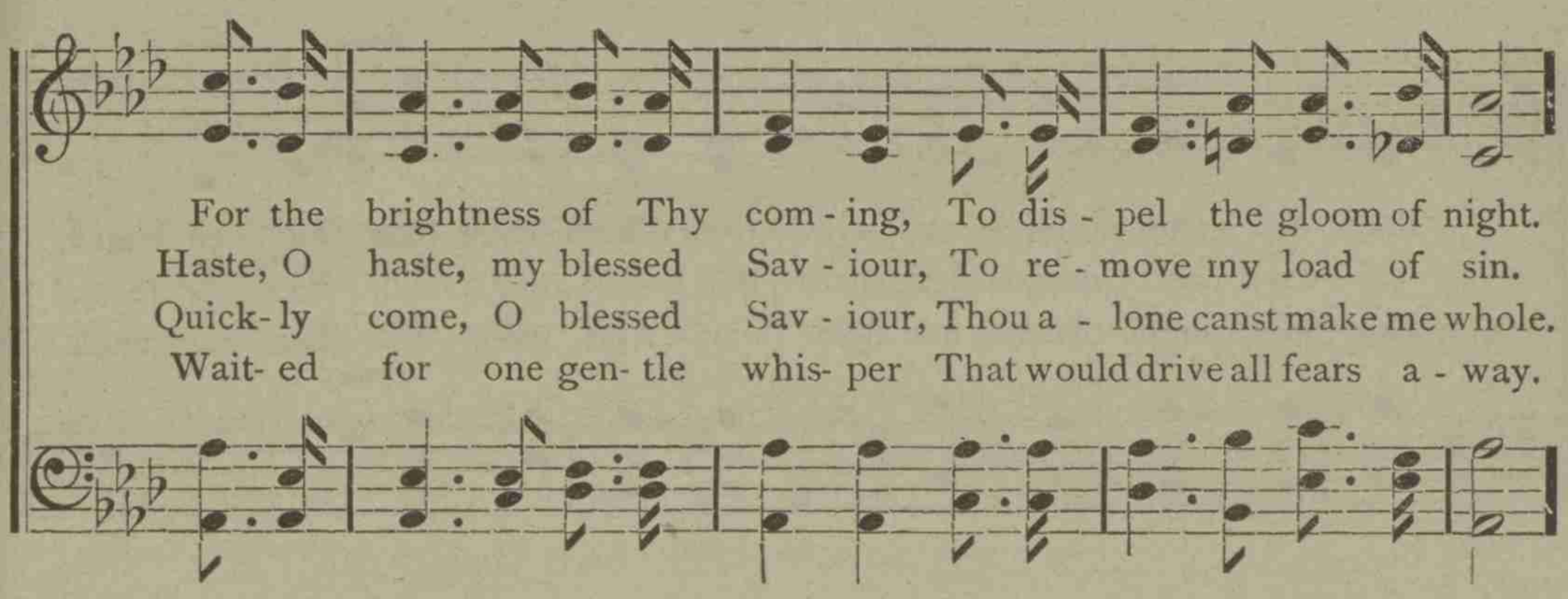
WAITING.

Song of the returning backslider.

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

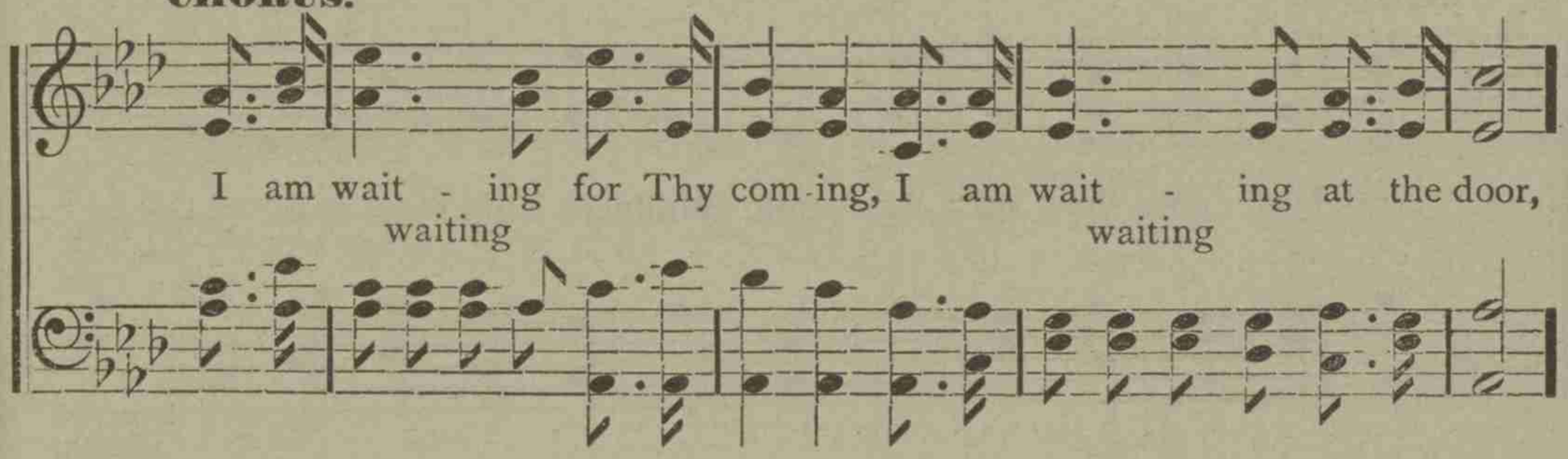


1. I am wait- ing, O my Sav- iour, For the beam-ing of the light,
2. Long my heart has sighed in sor - row, Long has e - vil dwelt with- in,
3. I am grow-ing sad and wea- ry As the dark- ness fills my soul,
4. I am wait- ing, long have wait- ed, Wait- ed for the glo- rious day,

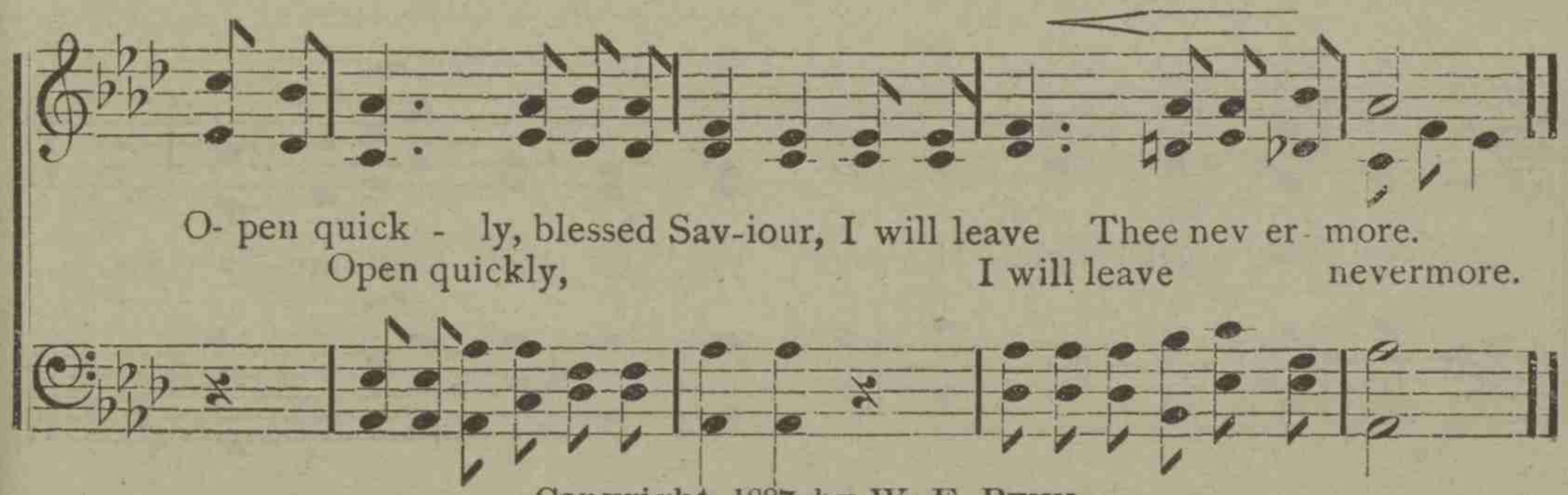


For the brightness of Thy com - ing, To dis - pel the gloom of night.
Haste, O haste, my blessed Sav - iour, To re - move my load of sin.
Quick- ly come, O blessed Sav - iour, Thou a - lone canst make me whole.
Wait- ed for one gen- tle whis- per That would drive all fears a - way.

CHORUS.



I am wait - ing for Thy com-ing, I am wait - ing at the door,
waiting waiting
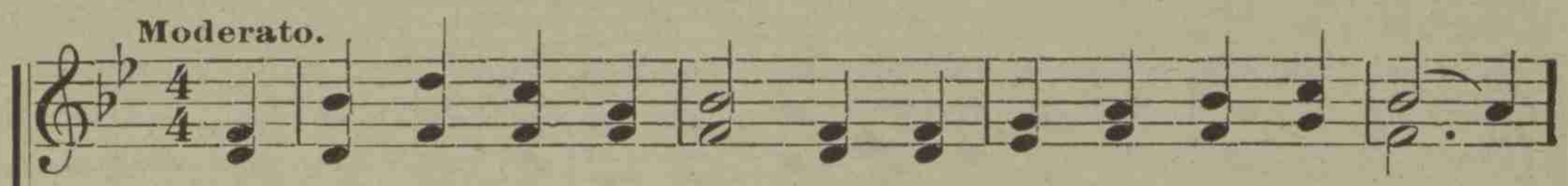


O- pen quick - ly, blessed Sav-iour, I will leave Thee nev er- more.
Open quickly, I will leave nevermore.
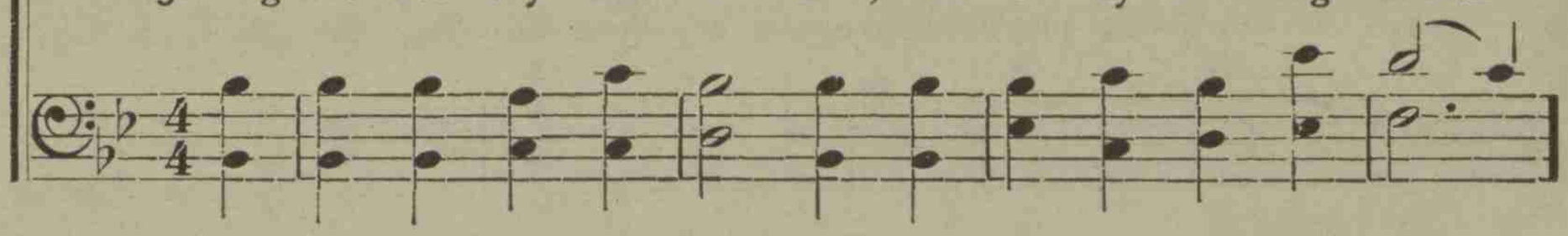
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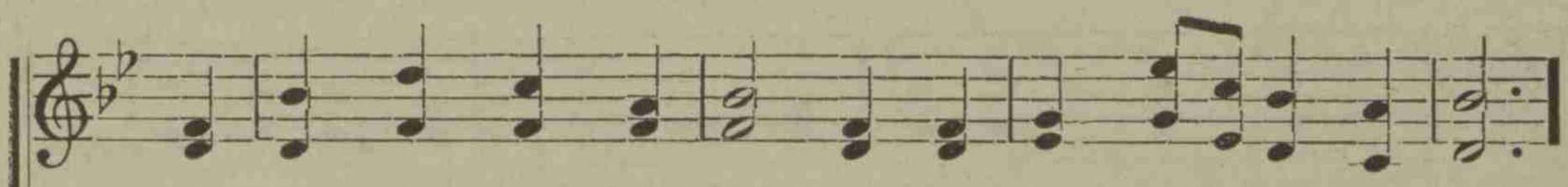
18 NEGLECT NOT THY SALVATION.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
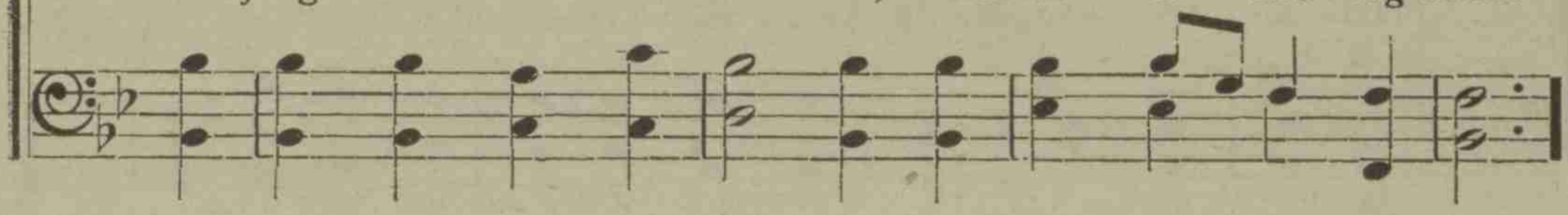


1. Neg lect not thy sal - va - tion, Oh, sin - ner, heed the word,
2. Neg lect not thy sal - va - tion, Why slum- ber on the brink
3. Neg lect not thy sal - va - tion; With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath

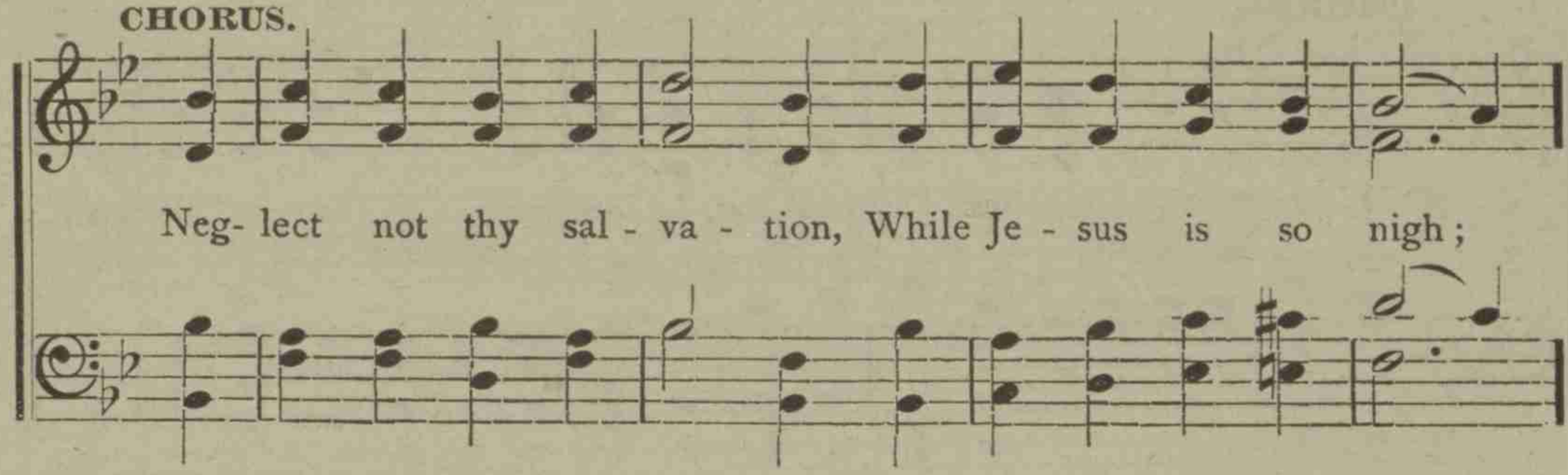




The sol - emn ad - mo- ni - tion, Which thou hast oft - en heard.
Of dark and dread per - di - tion? Oh, mor - tal, stop and think!
The judge- ment draw - eth near - er, And ev - er - last - ing death.



CHORUS.



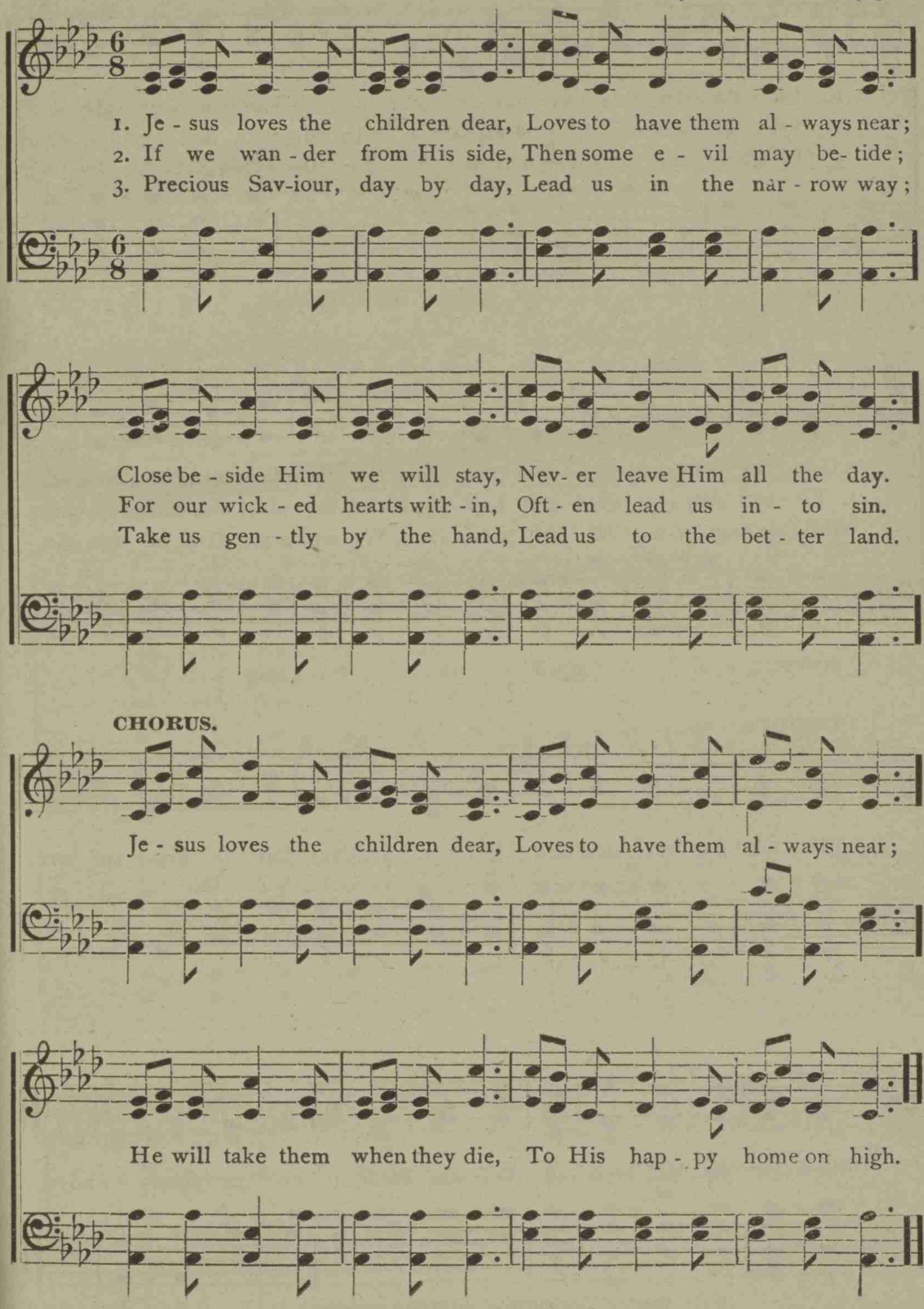
Neg- lect not thy sal - va - tion, While Je - sus is so nigh;

No lon - ger slight His mer - cy, Or thou shalt sure - ly die.

From "Gospel Light," by permission.

[INFANT CLASS.]

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. J. H. TENNEY, by per.



SOMETHING FOR ALL TO DO.

[INFANT CLASS.]

C. H. B. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. Lit - tle hearts may love the Sav - iour, Lit - tle hands may do His will;
2. Lit - tle voic - es sing His prais - es, In the sun - day-school so dear;
3. Though we now are young and fee - ble, Let the years go swift - ly by;

Lit - tle feet may tread His path - way, Lit - tle minds with wis- dom fill.
Ev - er sing - ing glad and hap - py, Sweet the mu - sic, cheer on cheer.
While we're grow-ing we will praise Him, We will praise Him till we die.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Je - sus full of grace and love;

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Look up - on us from a - bove.

S. R. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Cling to Je - sus, wea - ry mor - tal, Tho' thy heart be crushed with grief;
2. Cling to Je - sus, He'll be - friend thee, When all earth - ly sourc - es fail;
3. Cling to Je - sus, He hath pow - er, Peace and com - fort to im - part;

Cling to Je - sus all the clos - er, He a-
He will guide thee, gen - tly guide thee, Through the
Look to Him, O wea - ry mor - tal! He can

CHORUS.

- lone can send re - lief.
dark and gloom - y vale.
ease thy troub - led heart.
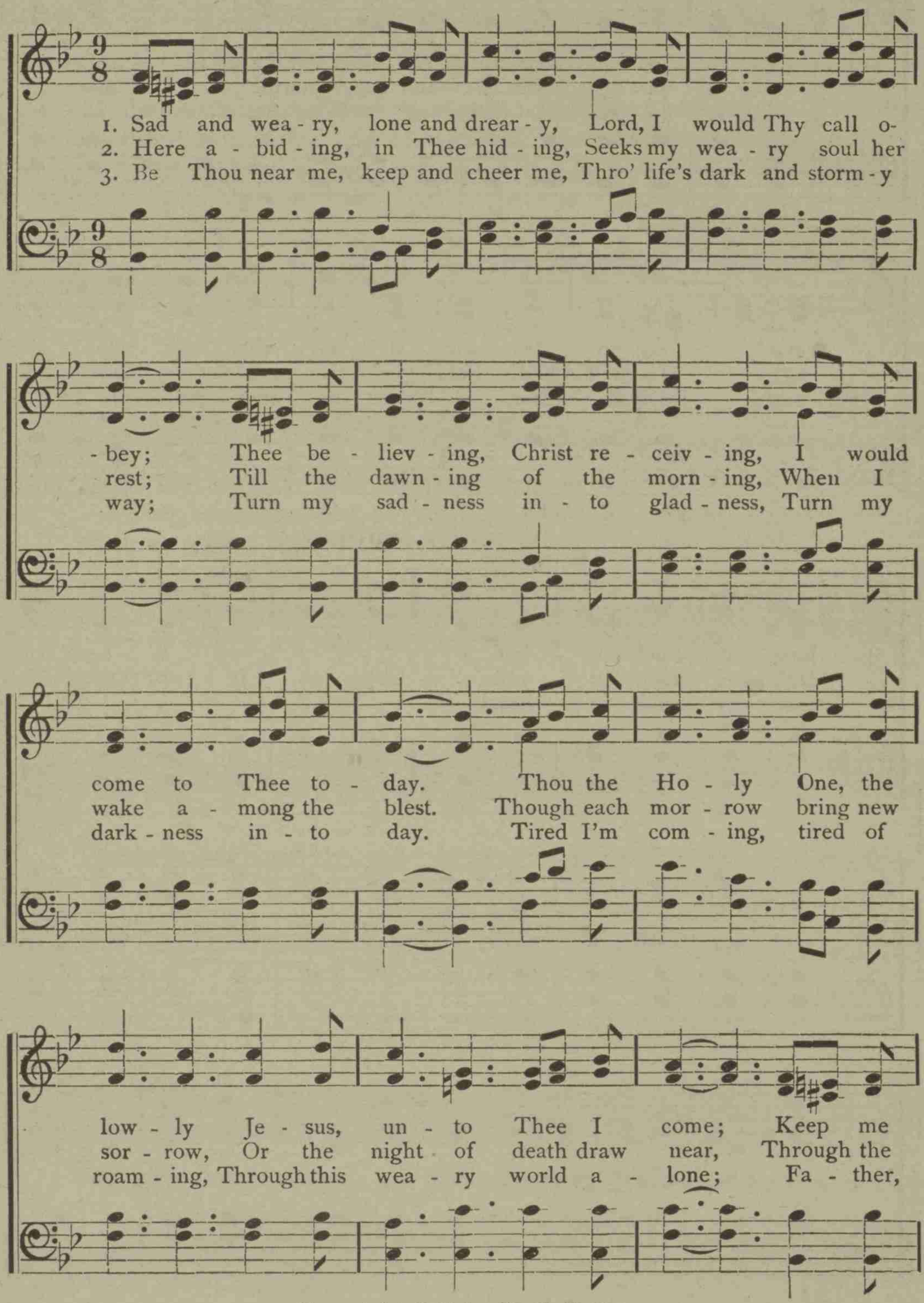
} Cling to Je - sus, through life's jour - ney, He's a nev - er - fail - ing friend; Cling to Je - sus, He will guide thee, Safe - ly to life's jour - ney's end.

From "Living Fountain," by per.

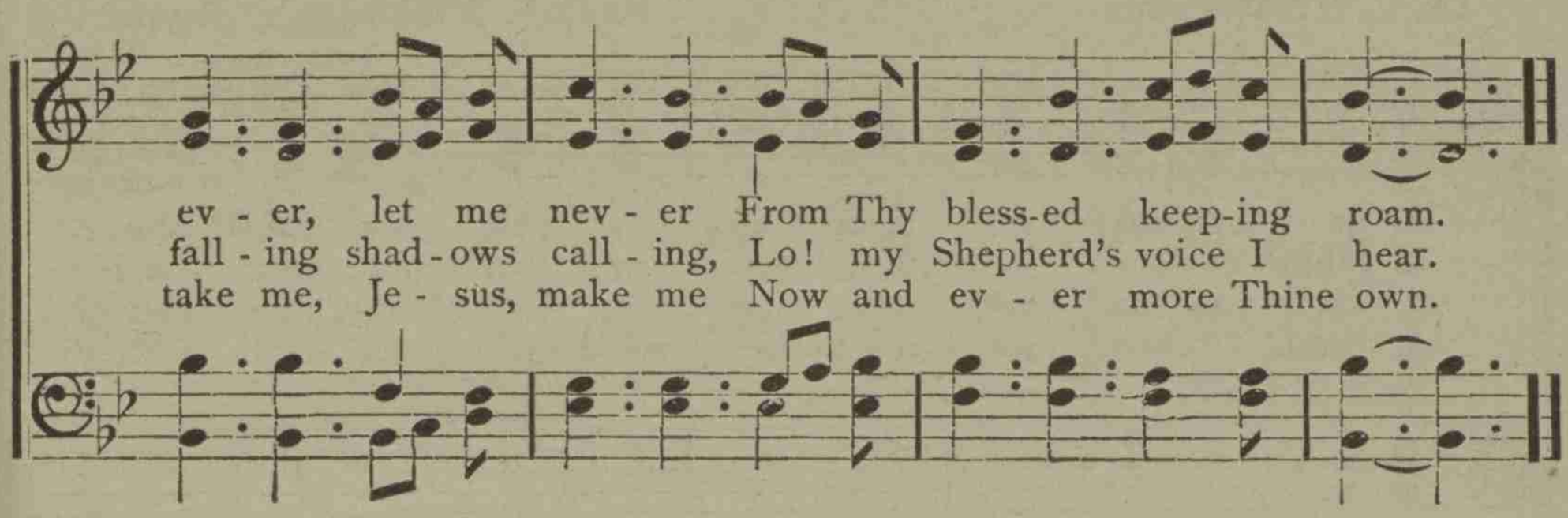
SAD AND WEARY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11–23: 30.

ALLIE STARBRIGHT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



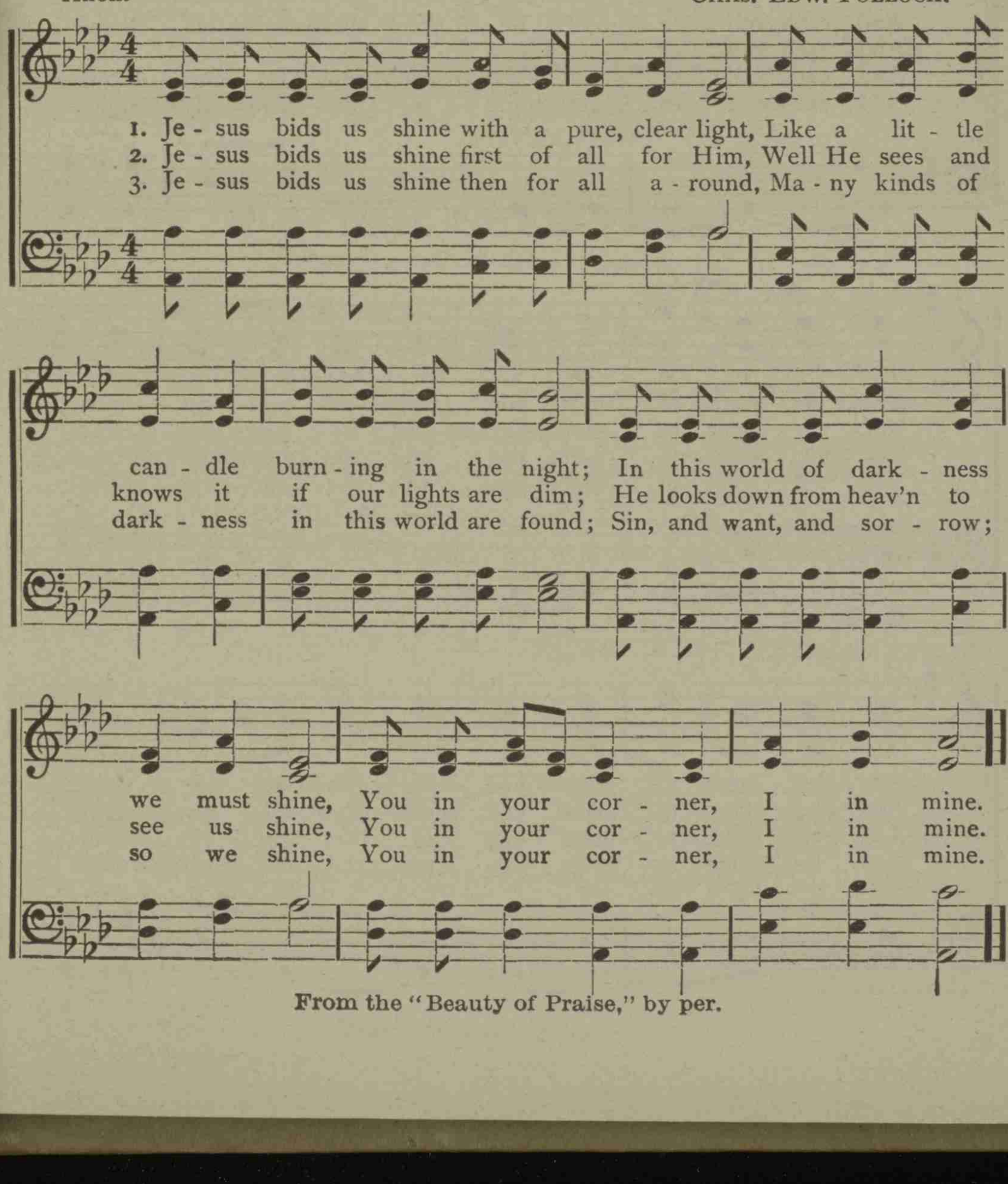
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JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

"Let your light shine before men."

Anon. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



From the "Beauty of Praise," by per.

WE SHALL MEET.

Dr. C. NYSEWANDER. BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER, by per.

1. Fa - ther, shall we meet there, in that *Sun - bright clime?*
2. Moth - er, shall we meet there, in that sum - mer land?
3. Sis - ter, shall we meet there, in that home, sweet home?
4. Broth er, shall we meet en - rob'd in spot - less white?

Inst.

And each oth - er greet be - yond the flight of time?
And each oth - er greet, there clasp each oth - er's hand?
And each oth - er greet where sor - row is un - known?
And each oth - er greet there in that land of light?

Yes, I want to meet you, meet to part no more;
Yes, I want to meet where we shed no part - ing tears;
Yes, I want to meet, and join the heav'n-ly band;
Yes, I want to meet you with the pu - ri - fied;

And be there to greet you on the oth - er shore.
And be there to greet you, free from all my cares.
And be there to greet you in that glo - ry land.
And be there to greet you on the oth - er side.

ff **CHORUS.**

We shall meet a - gain, and clasp each oth - er's hand;

We shall meet a - gain, and join the heav'n-ly band.

DO I NOT NEED THEE?

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15 : 5.

R. G. STAPLES. H. N. LINCOLN, by per.

1. Do I not need Thee? Saviour di-vine! To Thy dear precepts My heart incline.
2. Do I not need Thee? Each hour, each day! Pity me, Saviour, Be Thou my stay.
3. Do I not need Thee? What power have I! No arm to lean on, Saviour, draw nigh.
4. Do I not need Thee? Weary and faint, Come I unto Thee, Heed my complaint.
5. Yes! I do need Thee! Thy love is strong; Give me to praise Thee, In endless song.

CHORUS.

How much I need Thee, I scarcely know; Dear, precious Saviour, Thy love bestow.

From "Gospel Carols."

WILL YOU COME?

C. E. L. C. E. LESLIE, by per.

Allegro.

1. Will you come one and all to the Lamb that was slain?
2. There's a work to be done, there's a cross you should bear;
3. You have friends who have gone to that ha - ven of rest,

Will you come to His arms and be cleans'd from all stain?
There's a crown to be won, there's a crown you should wear;
Whom you prom - ised to meet in the land of the blest,

He in - vites you to - day, do not then stay a - way,
He in - vites you to - day, do not then stay a - way,
Do not then stay a - way, He in - vites you to - day,

CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the Lord, He in- vites you to- day.
Bless-ed be the Lord, He in- vites you to- day.
Bless-ed be the Lord, He in- vites you to- day.
} Bless-ed be the Lord,

Bless- ed be the Lord, Bless-ed be the Lord, He in - vites you to - day.

GIVE ME PEACE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose heart is stayed in thee; because he trusteth in thee."—Isaiah 26: 3.

Rev. FRANK POLLOCK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. From all of guilt and anx - ious fear, Dear Sav- iour, set me free;
2. No oth - er rest - ing place I find From sense of want and care;
3. Smile on my bro - ken, long - ing heart, Up - lift - ed for Thy light:

O keep my heart in per - fect peace; My mind is stayed on Thee.
Than Thy great strength that qui - ets me, Thro' earn - est, thank- ful prayer.
O keep my soul in per - fect peace, Till faith is lost in sight.

CHORUS.

Give me peace,..... sweet peace, Give me peace,..... sweet
Give me peace, sweet peace, Give me peace,

peace, Smile up - on me, gra- cious Lord, Give me peace, sweet peace.
sweet peace,

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MY HAPPY HOME.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I have a home a - bove the star - ry skies, Which my Sav-iour has gone
2. My Saviour dwells in yon - der hap- py home, And His pres-ence and love
3. The ho - ly saints, a count-less, hap- py throng, In that bright, hap- py home
4. I long to reach my hap - py, hap- py home, Where the robe and the crown
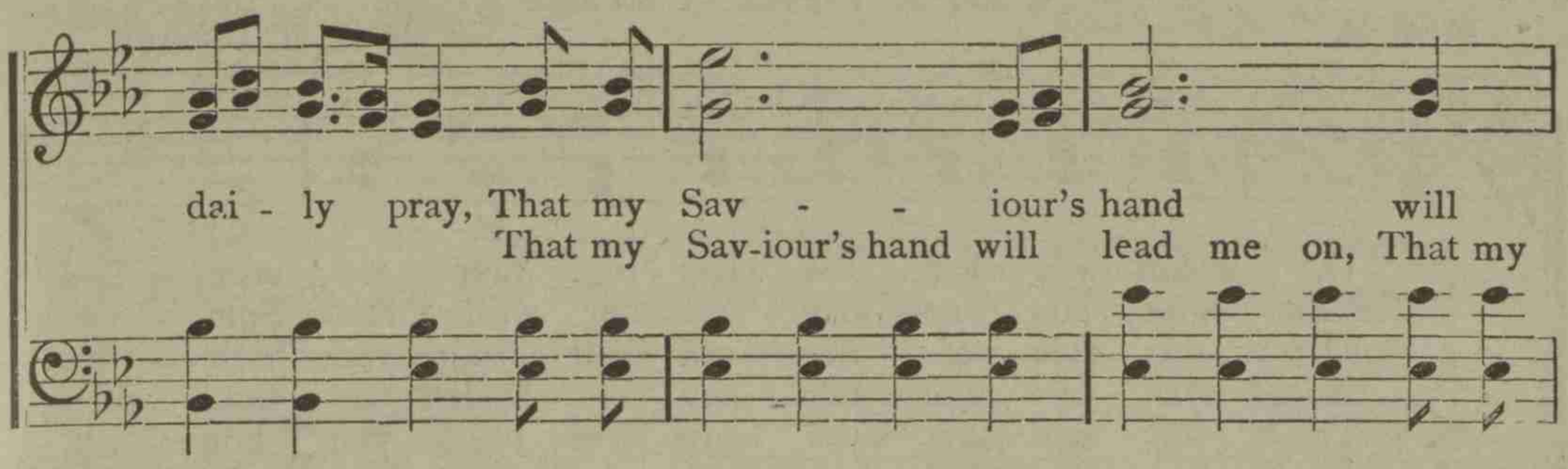
to pre-pare; It is free from sin and ev - 'ry earth - ly ill, Oh, I
make it fair; He will walk with me a - long its gold - en streets, Oh, I
have a share; I will meet them there to talk of Je - sus' love, Oh, I
I shall wear; And to live with Christ and all His ho - ly ones, Oh, I

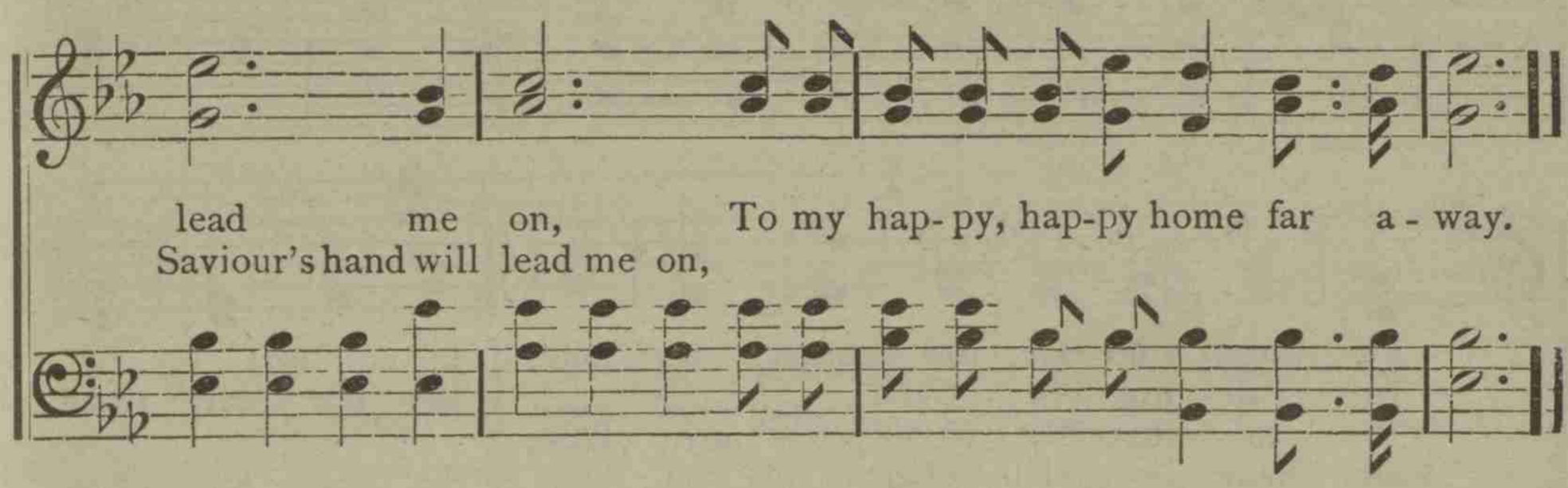
CHORUS.

long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my home, hap - py
long, oh, I long to be there.
long, oh, I long to be there.
long, oh, I long to be there. Oh, my hap- py, hap- py home, Oh, my

home, far a - way; To reach Thee safe I
hap- py, hap py home, far a - way, far a- way;

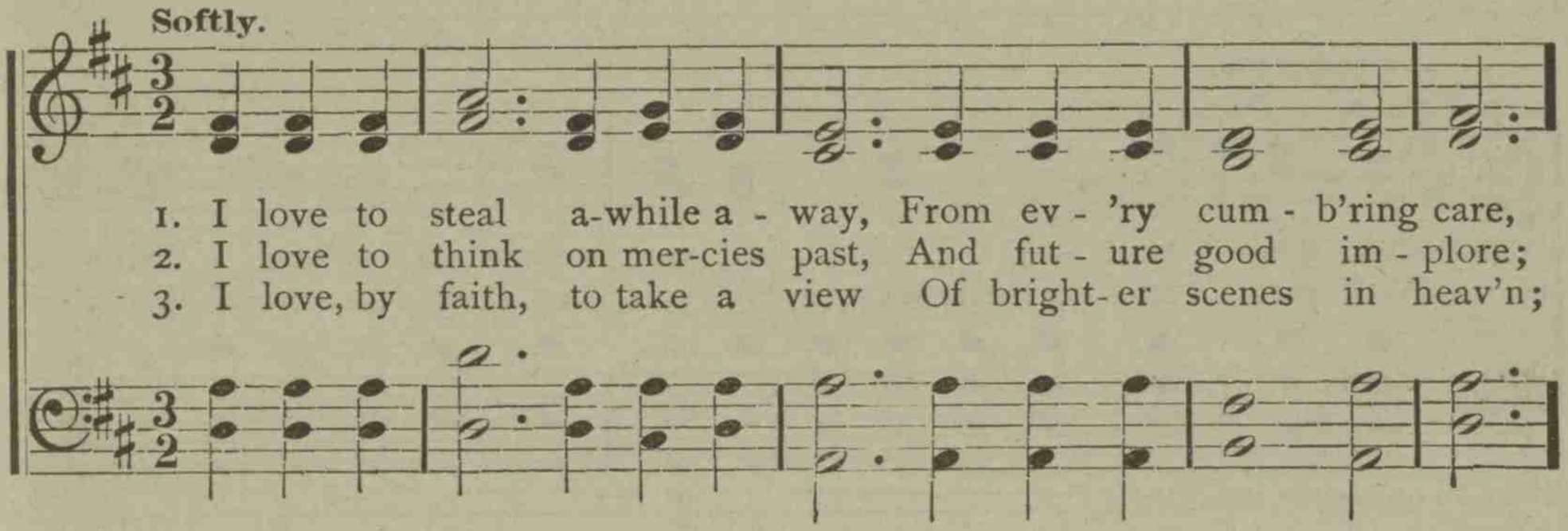
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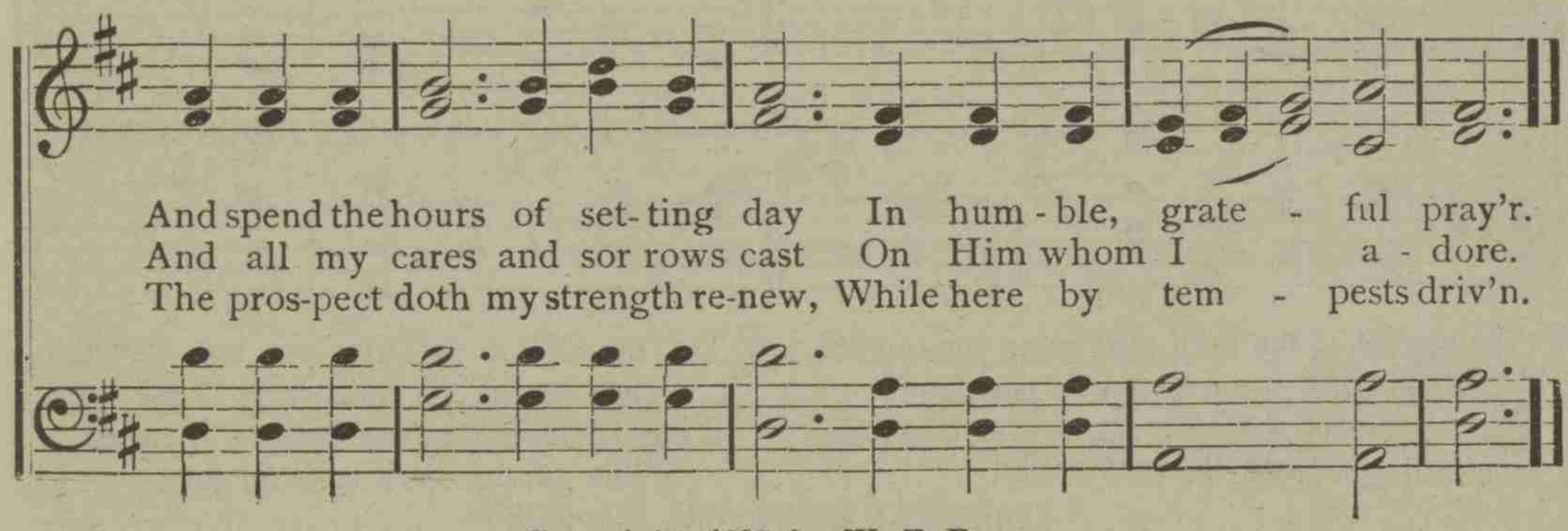




LELLA. C. M.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



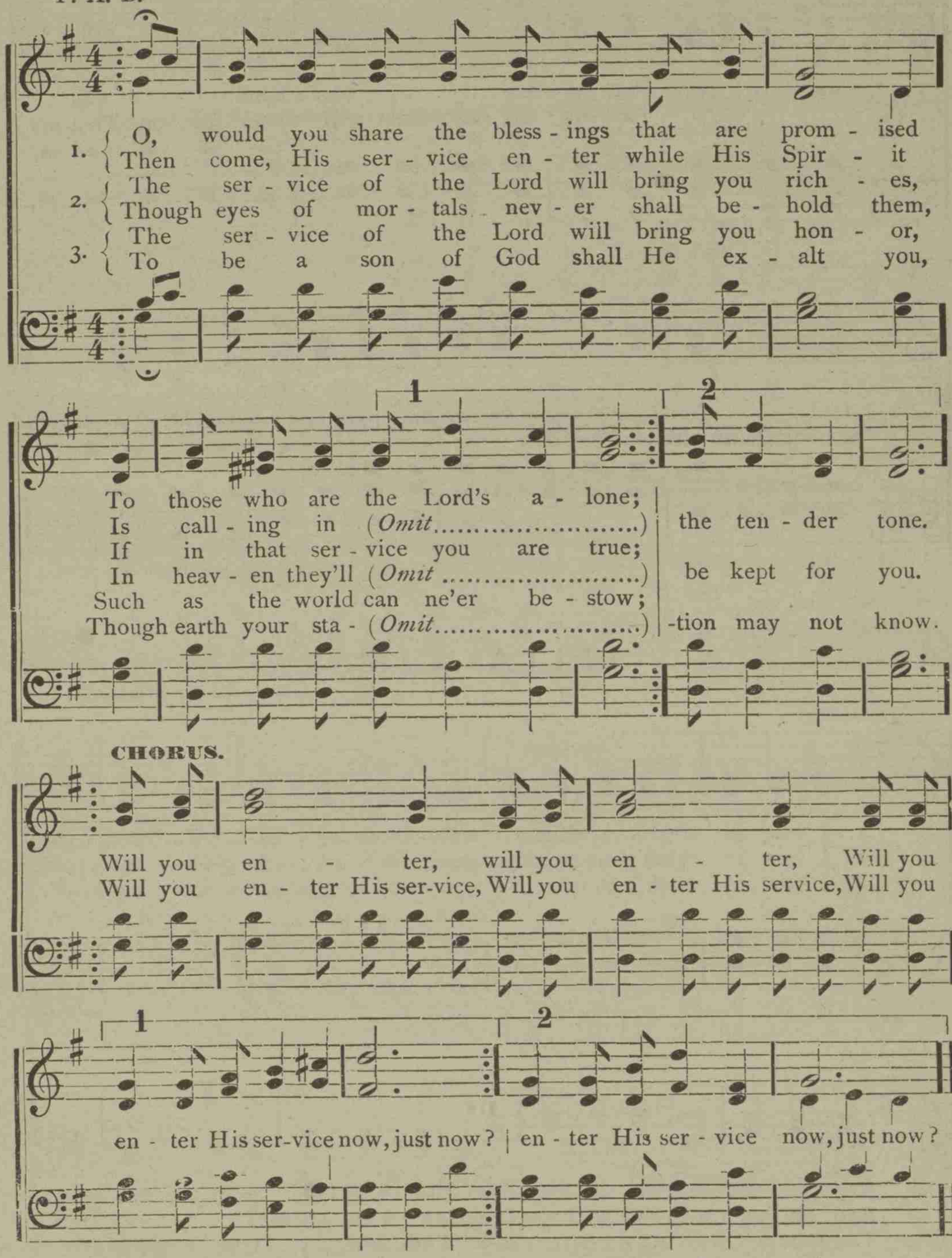


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30 WILL YOU ENTER HIS SERVICE?

To Rev. W. E. PENN, for this Book.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.
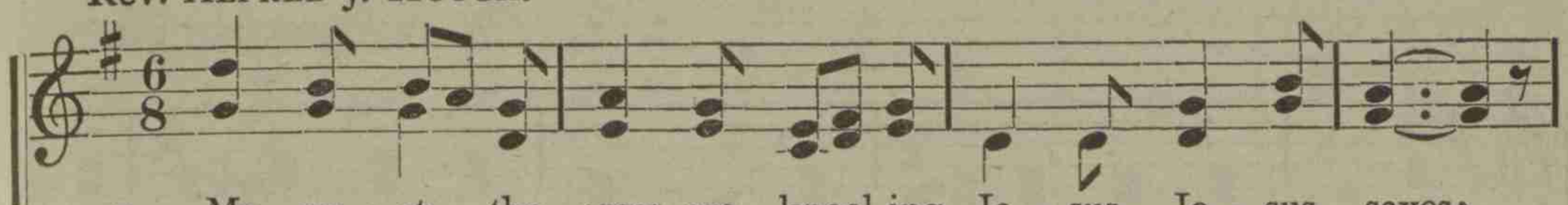


4 The service of the Lord will bring you comfort,
When earthly comforts will not stay;
Your pathway shall His Spirit ever brighten,
Until you reach the perfect day.
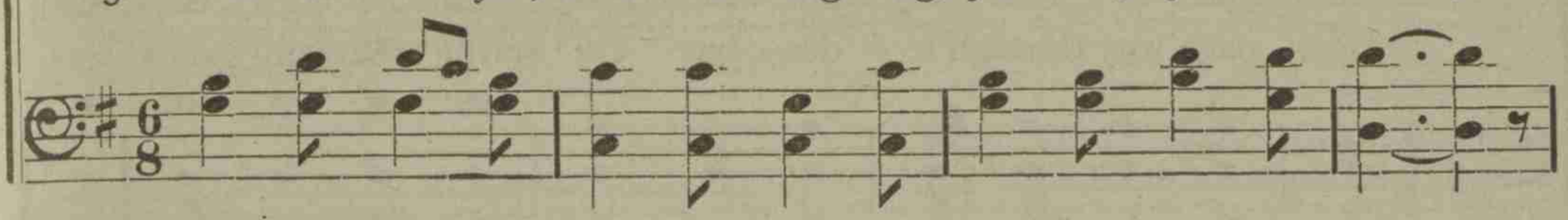
5 That service too will give you joys eternal,
When mortal life shall cease to be;
O haste this blessed service then to enter,
While yet the Spirit calls for thee.
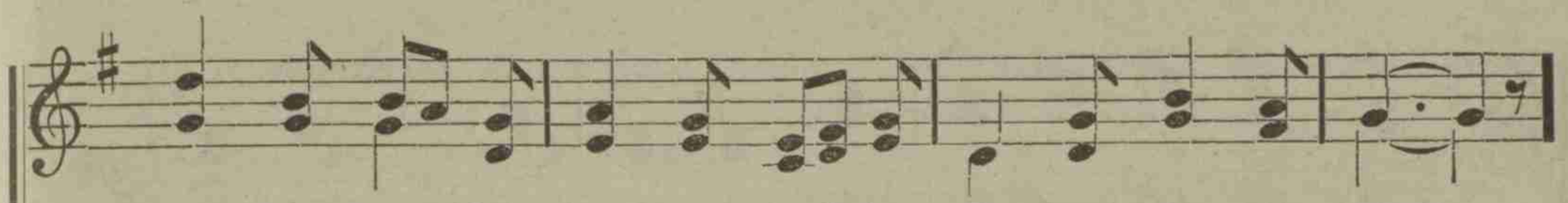
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Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
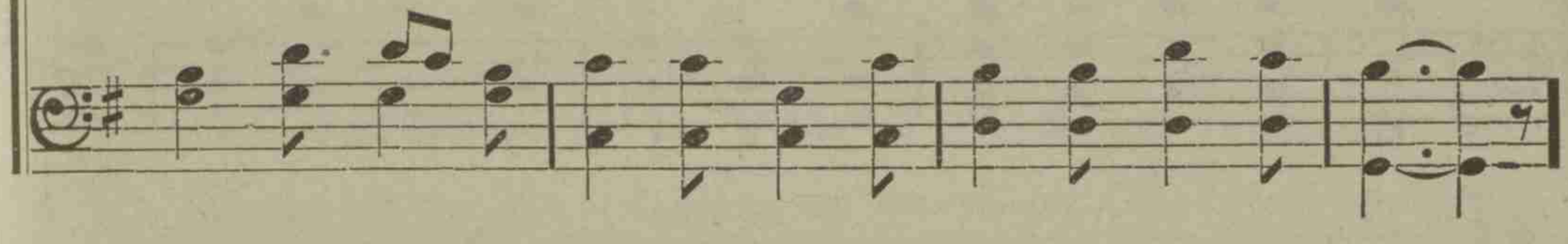


1. Ma - ny at the cross are kneel-ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves;
2. Hearts are at this mo - ment pray - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves;
3. Hal - le - lu - jah, saints are sing - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves;
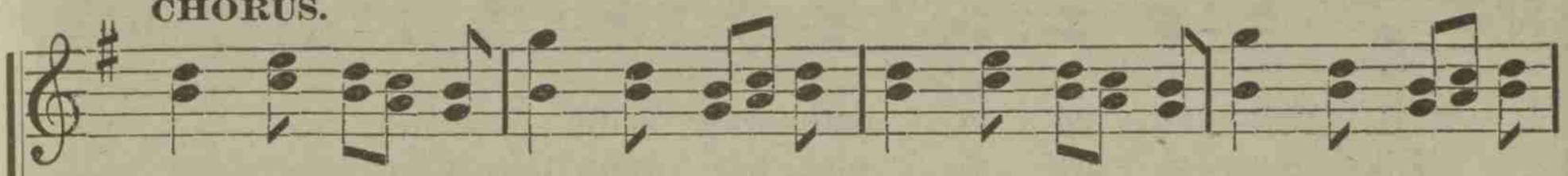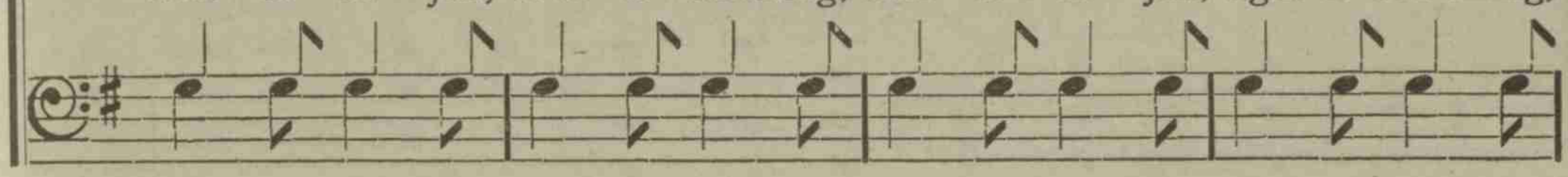




By His bound-less love re - veal - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
Ev - 'ry sin - ful stain re - mov - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
Heav'n with joy - ous song is ring - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.



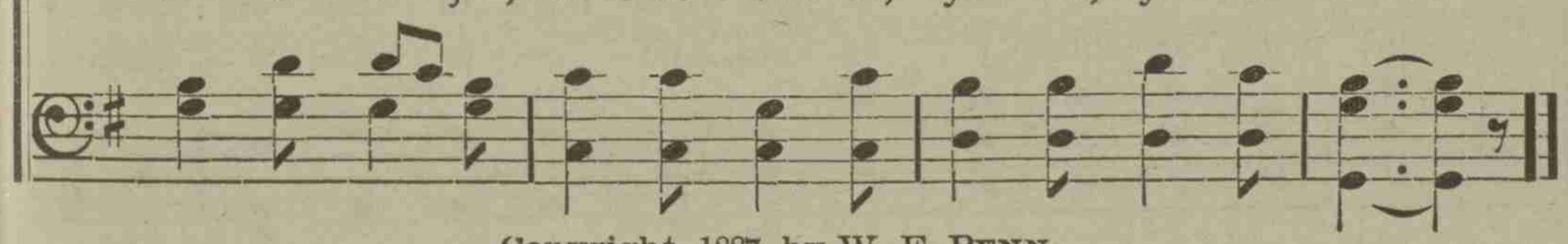
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, love is beaming, Hal - le - lu - jah, light is streaming,



Hal - le - lu - jah, shout ho - san - na, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.



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SHINING ALL THE WAY.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

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

♩ = 60.

1. Like rays of gold - en sun- shine, Like starbeams clear and bright,
2. Like tones of rich - est mu - sic, From choirs ce - les - tial heard,
3. Like path-way through a des - ert, To spring where pil- grims lave,

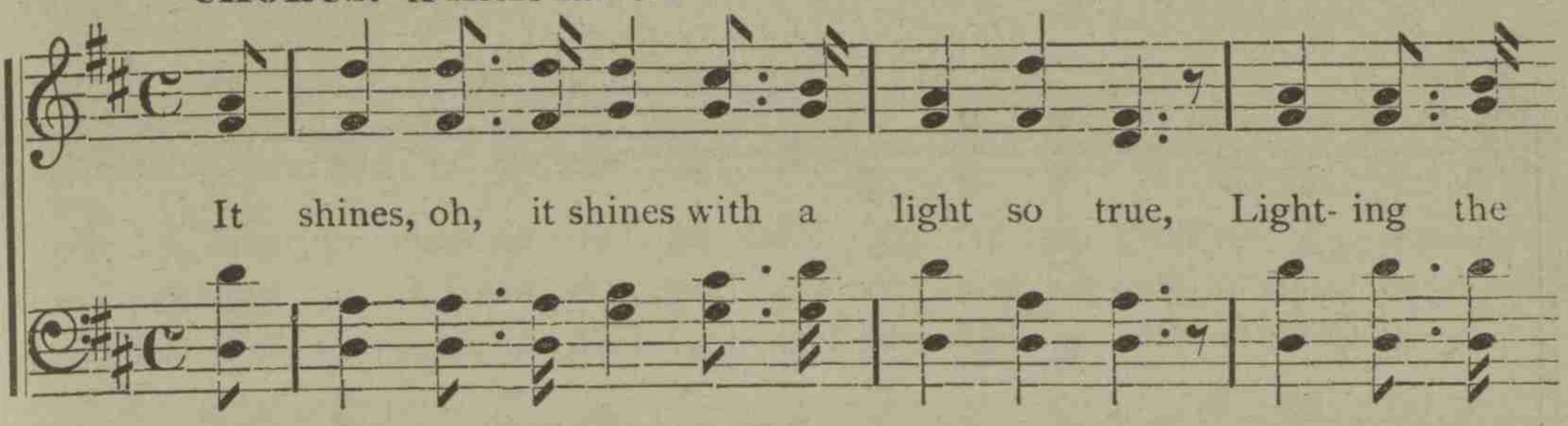
God's ho - ly word re - solv - eth My dark - ness in - to light;
God's law un - to my spir - it Sweet peace and joy af - ford;
It leads me to the fount - ain Of life's re - fresh- ing wave.

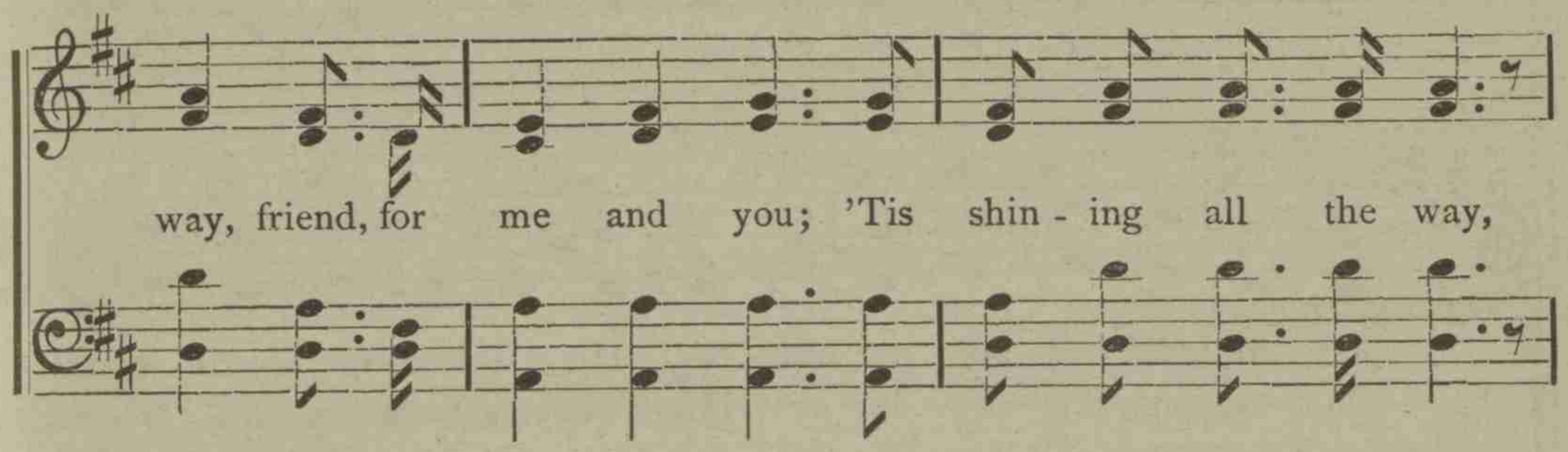
It shines up - on my path- way With pure and ho - ly ray,
Like dove to ark re - turn- ing, With branch of ol - ive green,
Lo! there a fount is stream-ing From Je - sus' bleed-ing side,

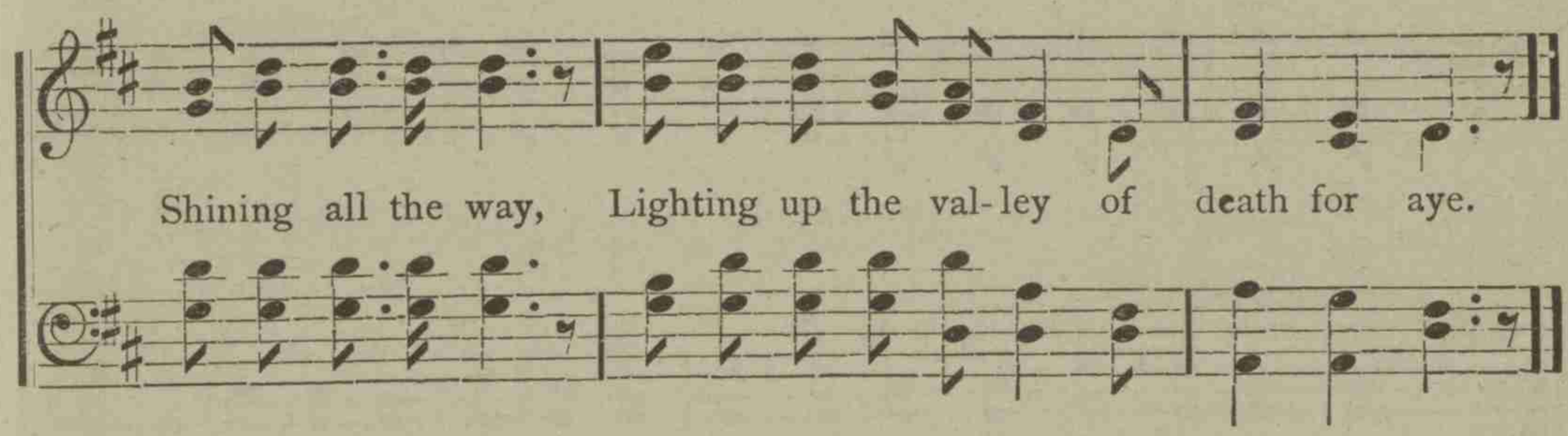
And light- eth all my jour - ney Un - to the per - fect day.
His prom - is - es are la - den With fruits of land un - seen.
Oh! drink, ye thirst- y na- tions, And ev - er - more a - bide.

From "Gathered Jewels," by permission of the publisher, W. W. WHITNEY.

CHORUS. A little faster.



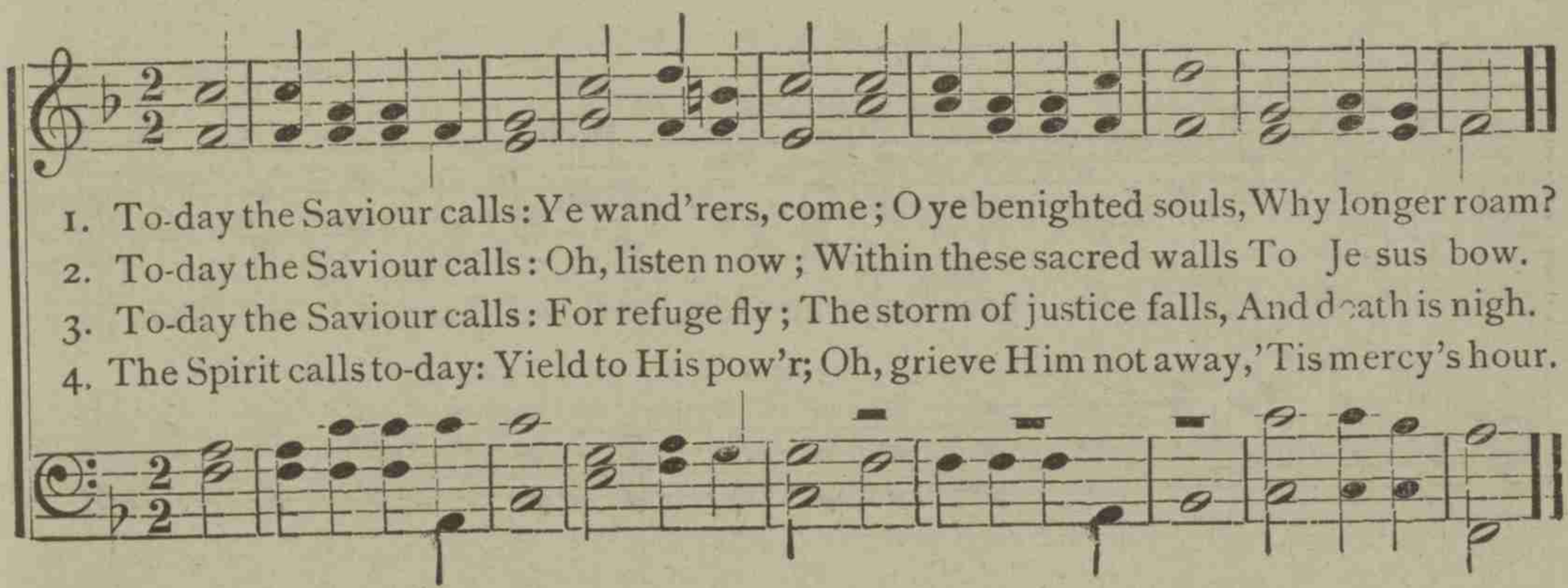




TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. (Amoy.)

"To-day if ye will hear his voice.—Ps. 95 : 7.

Dr. L. MASON, by per.



GOD WILL ANSWER PRAYER.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. JOHN B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. I am pray- ing for you, broth- er, Oft - en weep-ing, still I pray;
2. Come to Je - sus, broth - er, try Him, Seek and find a gra-cious Lord;
3. Come to Him in faith be- liev - ing, Cast on Him your ev - 'ry care;

God can save you and no oth - er, He will hear the words I say.
Oh, no lon - ger now de - ny Him, Read and trust His ho - ly word.
Par - don, peace, and love re - ceiv - ing, He will all your bur- dens bear.

REFRAIN.

I am pray- ing, broth - er, pray- ing, Seems the an-swer long de- lay- ing,

Broth - er, still for you I'm pray - ing, God will hear and an - swer pray'r.

A SOLDIER FOR JESUS.

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

T. J. L. T. J. LAWRENCE, by per.

1. I've en - list - ed now for Je - sus, In His ar - my I would be;
2. I'm a sol- dier now for Je - sus, Marching forth at his command;
3. Will you come and fight for Je - sus, In the bat- tle now to - day;

Then to live and do his serv - ice, What-so - ev - er it may be.
Trust - ing on - ly in the Cap- tain, For He's ev - er near at hand.
He will help you in your weak-ness, And will lead you on your way.

CHORUS.

March - ing on, (marching on,) march- ing on, (marching on,) For the Cap - tain's lead - ing on; In His strength, lead - ing on; In His strength, we will go, (we will go,) And we'll con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

SWEETEST MUSIC.

[FOR CHRISTMAS.]

"He shall gather the Lambs in His arms."

EMMA PITT. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I hear the sweet-est mu - sic That children's lips could sing,
2. Me - thinks that Christ is bend- ing, From yon - der hap - py home,

And then the pur - est off'rings That lit - tle ones could bring;
To us the mes- sage send- ing, Oh, suf - fer them to come!

I list to catch the ech - o, It thrills my in - most soul,
For - bid them not, says Je - sus, Let now their hearts be giv'n,

'Tis chil- dren prais- ing Je - sus, Whose blood can make them whole.
While young and pure and ten - der, Pre - pare them all for heav'n.

From "Gospel Light," by permission.

CHORUS.

They're chant- ing, oh, so sweet - ly, Their Christ-mas car - ols now,

And ad - ding pre- cious jew - els, To deck the Sav- iour's brow.

PALESTINE. S. M.

[TEMPERANCE HYMN.]

Rev. W. T. DALE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Lord bless our temp'rance band, Our cho - sen sons de - fend, Pro-
2. Let drunk - en - ness and vice Be ban - ish'd from our land, And
3. Let tem-p'rance swell the breeze, And spread the earth a - round, Till
4. Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue Shall temp'rance laws o - bey, And

- tect our heav - en - fav - or'd land, And guide us to the end.
ho - ly songs of tri- umph rise From our u - nit - ed band.
dis - tant lands be - yond the seas Shall ech - o back the sound.
all man-kind with cheer-ful songs Re-gard the glo - rious day.

LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.

"I am the light of the world."—John 9: 5.

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

1. From Cal - va - ry, the pre-cious light Of Je - sus' love is streaming;
2. Oh, bright it shines from Cal - va - ry, The light of free sal - va - tion;
3. A lov - ing heart re - flects the light, And to the cross re - turn - ing,

It scat - ters far the dark - est night, Its rays on us are beam-ing.
May peace and joy its rays im - part To ev - 'ry land and na - tion.
By faith it wings its rap - id flight To where the stars are burn- ing.

CHORUS.

The glo - ries of Thy vic - to - ry, Oh Christ, are seen more bright than day;

Oh light, so true from Cal - va - ry, Shed o'er my soul Thy sweetest ray.

THAT BRIGHT LAND.

Affectionately dedicated to my daughter, Miss Maggie E. Penn.

Anon. W. E. PENN.

1. Far from these nar-row scenes of night Unbound- ed glo - ries rise,
2. Fair dis - tant land,could mor-tal eyes But half thy charms ex - plore,
3. No clouds those blissful regions know,Realms ev - er bright and fair,
4. Pre - pare us, Lord, by grace di - vine, For Thy blest home on high,

And realms of joy and pure de - light Unknown to mor tal eyes.
How would our spir - its long to fly, And dwell on earth no more.
For sin, the source of mor - tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.
And bid our spir - its rise and join The saints who nev - er die.

CHORUS.

In that bright land we shall dwell, We shall we shall dwell,
dwell for - ev - er - more, When the toil and strife of this ev - er - more,
wea - ry, wea - ry life, Of this wea - ry life are o'er.

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TRUE TO THE PROMISE.

E. E. REXFORD. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Fa - ther, the tem - pest is rag - ing, Clouds hide the sky from my sight,
2. Fa - ther, I know Thou wilt hear me, Know Thou wilt answer my cry,

Dan- ger is gath-'ring a- round me, Sick is my soul with af - fright;
Reach me Thy hand in the dark- ness, As the wild temptest goes by;

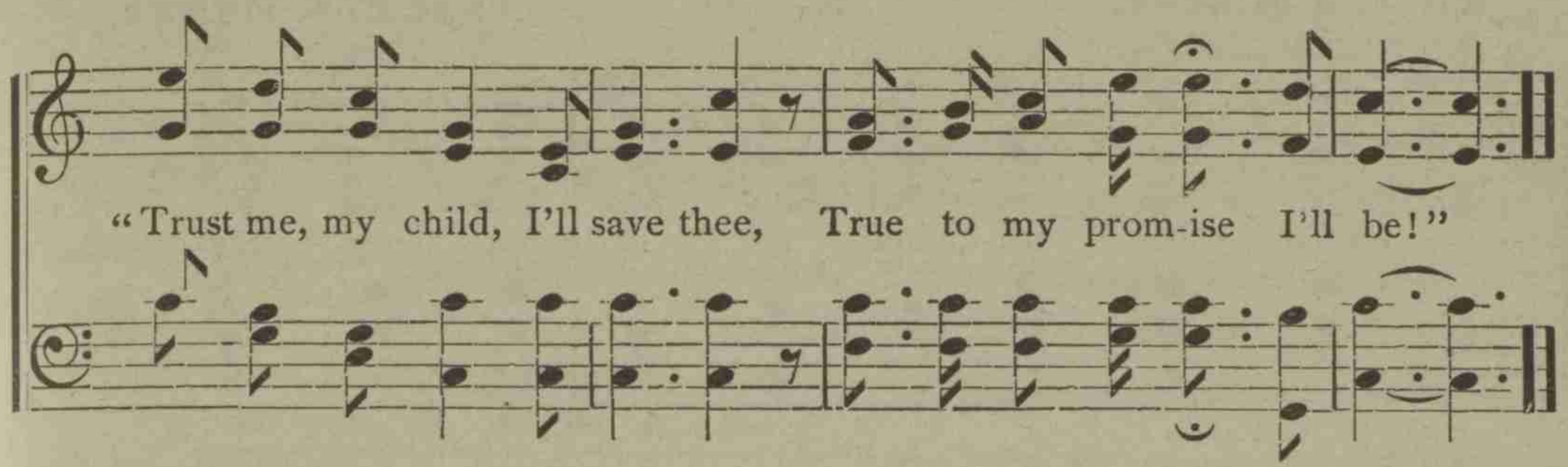
Tossed is my barque on the bil - lows, Oh, if the storm might pass by,
With Thy strong arm 'round a- bout me, I'll be no lon- ger a - fraid;

Fa - ther I trust in Thy prom-ise, "Save or I per- ish!" I cry.
To Thee for com - fort and suc - cor Nev- er in vain have I pray'd.

REFRAIN.

Hark! comes a voice from the dark-ness, The voice from Fa - ther to me:
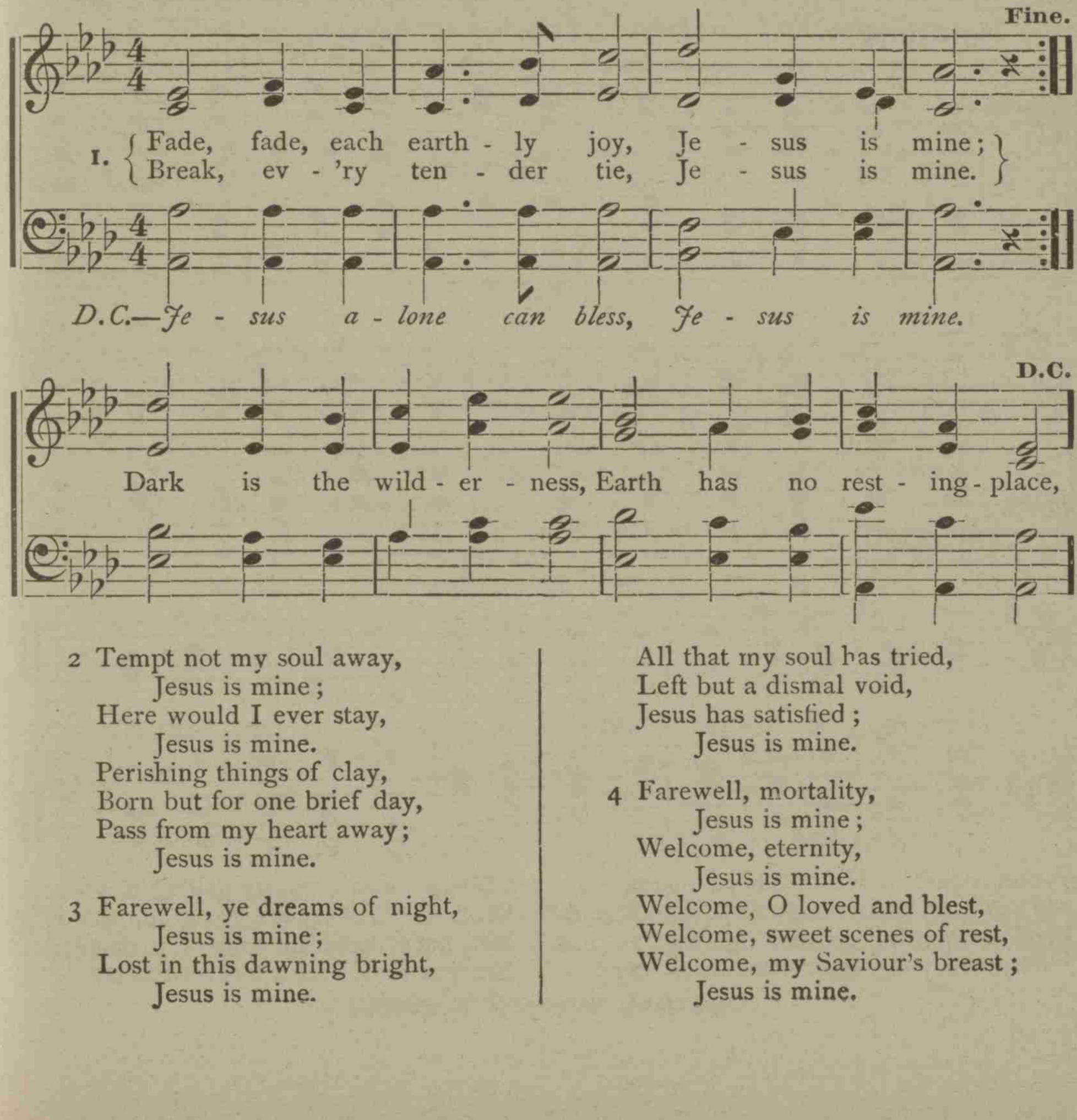
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3 Father, the tempest is dying,
Peace cometh down on the sea,
Peace fills the heart that was troubled,
For it is trusting in Thee;
Father, the winds and the waters
Yield at the breath of Thy will;
Speak to the heart of the sinner,
Bid it find peace and be still.

JESUS IS MINE.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR. G. E. WOMACK.



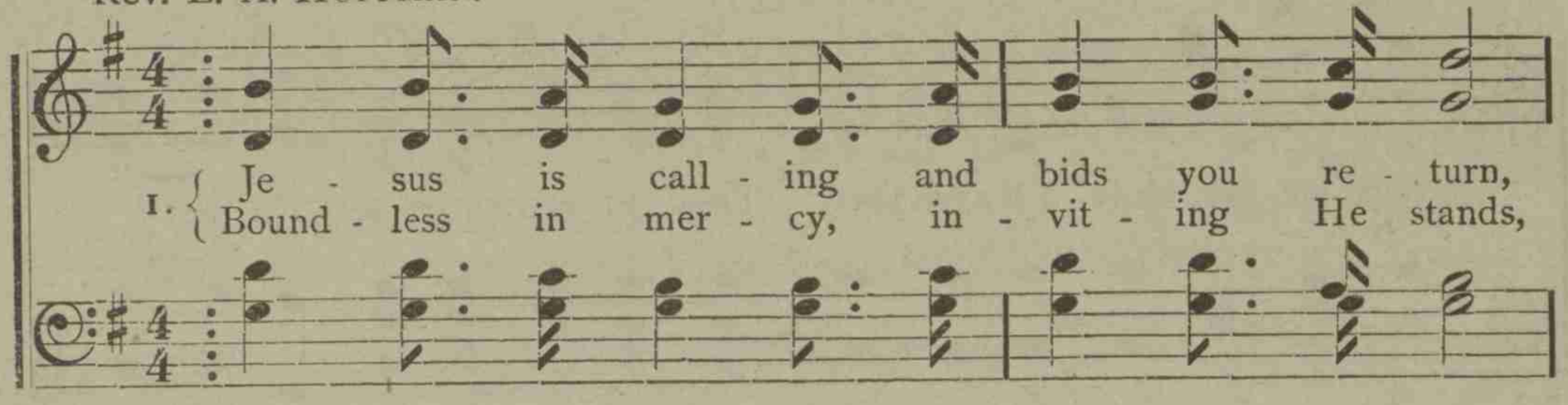
2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

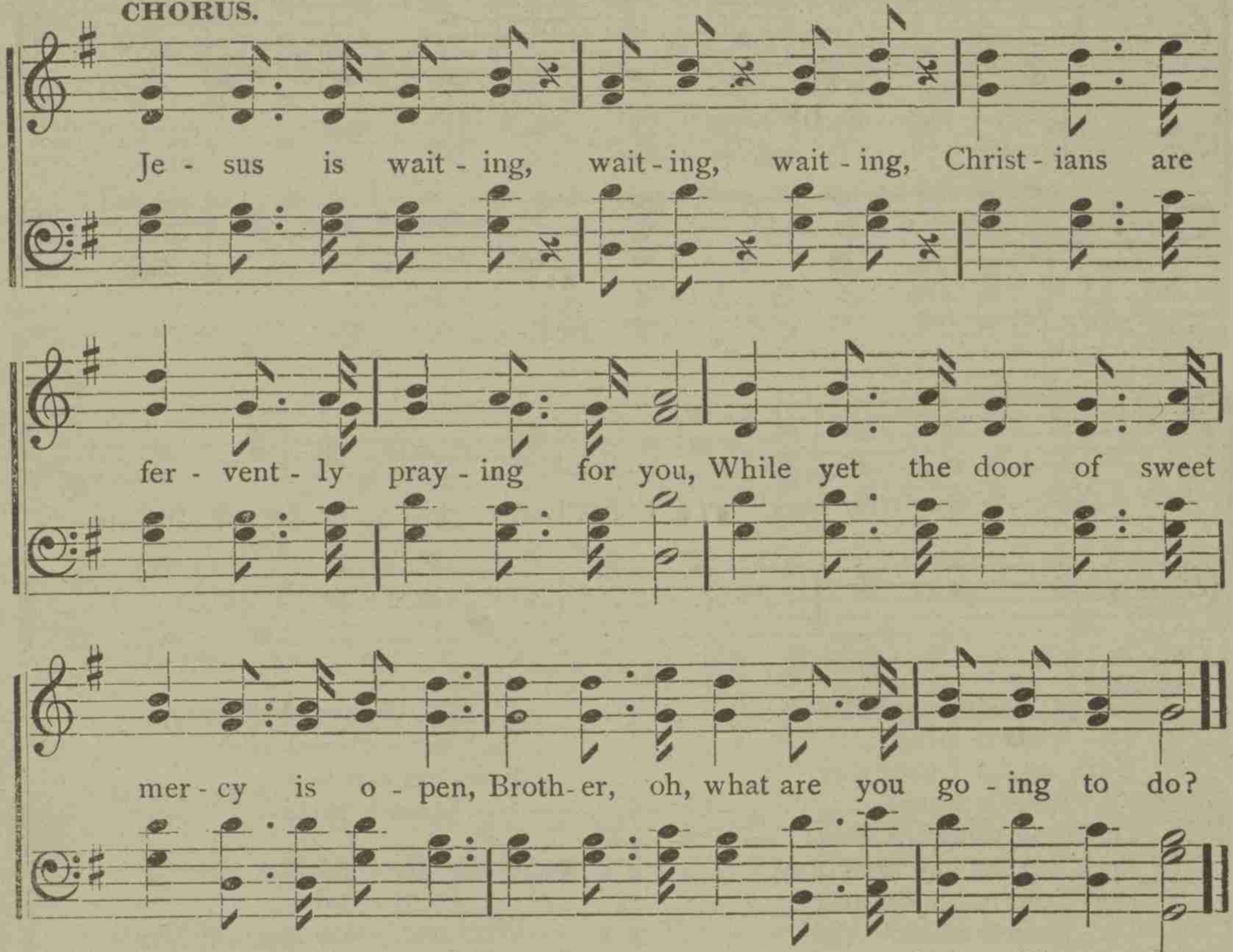
4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

42 WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



CHORUS.



2 Often rejected, He comes yet again,
When will you love and accept Him, when?
Life is receding and ebbing away,
Why will you longer from Jesus stay?

3 Christ is most tenderly calling to you,
Brother, oh, what are you going to do?
Why not accept Him whose love is so great,
Ere you shall find it forever too late?

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F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. Once I tho't I walk'd with Je- sus, Yet such changeful feelings had;
2. But He called me clos-er to Him, Bade my doubting, fearing cease;
3. Now I'm trust-ing ev- 'ry moment, Nothing less can be e - nough;

Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.
And, when I had ful - ly yield-ed, Filled my soul with per- fect peace.
And the Saviour bears me gen- tly O'er those plac-es once so rough.

CHORUS.

Oh, the peace the Saviour gives, Peace I nev- er knew be - fore;
And my way has brighter grown Since I've learned to trust Him more.

Copyright, 1884, by F. A. BLACKMER.

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

E. H. Sears. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, The glorious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clov-en skies they come With peaceful wings un-furl'd,
3. O ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By prophets seen of old,

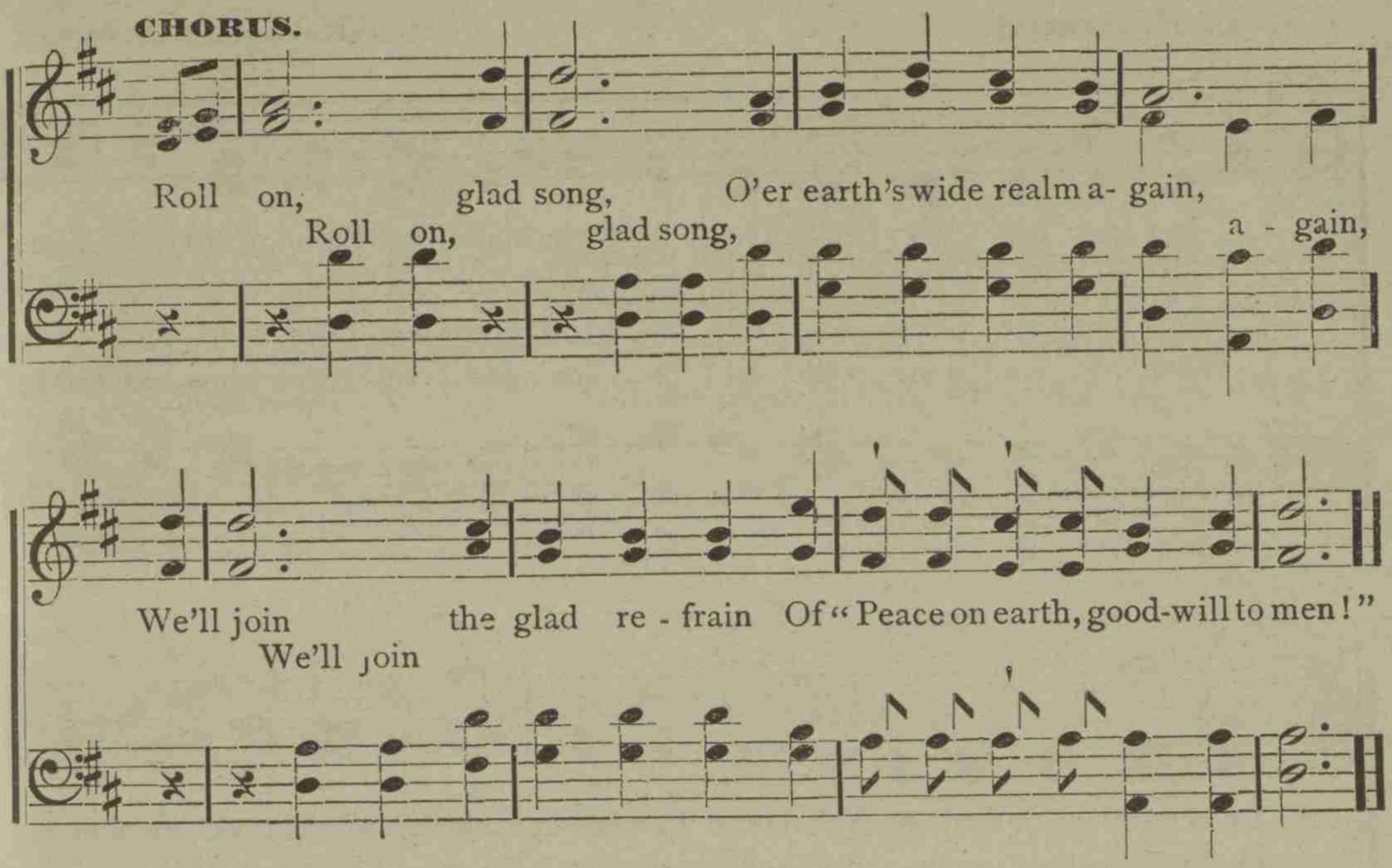
From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'nly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world:
Who toil a-long the climbing way, With pain-ful steps and slow!
When with the ev-er-cir-cling years Shall come the time fore-told;

DUET.

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all-gra-cious King."
A-bove its sad and lone-ly plains They bend on hov-'ring wing,
Look now, for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of peace their King,

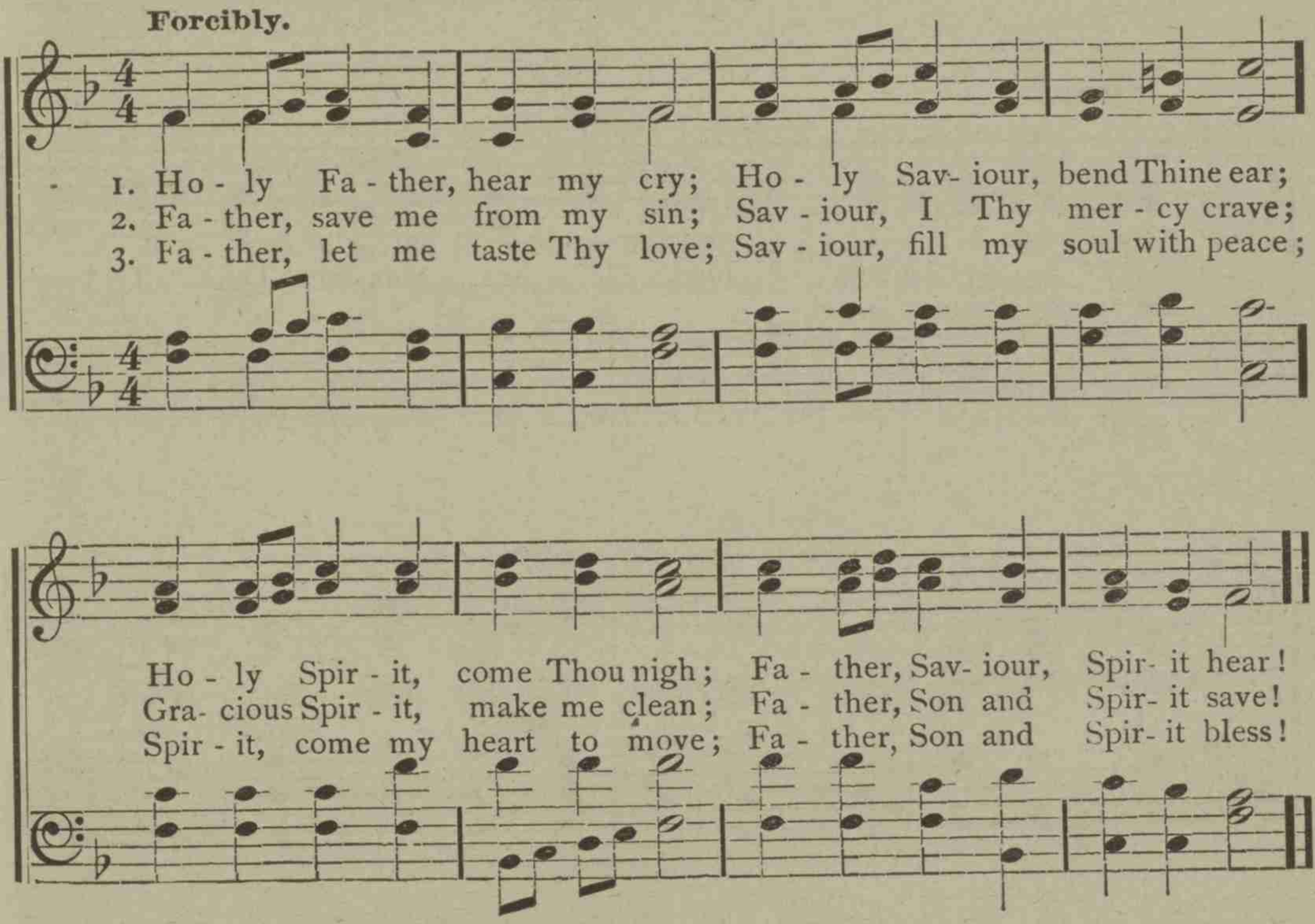
The world in sol-emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing.
And ev-er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing.
Oh, rest be-side the wea-ry road, And hear the an-gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song, Which now the an-gels sing.

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HEAR MY CRY.

C. E. LESLIE, by per.



THEE I LOVE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. R. A. KINZIE, by per.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, Thee I love, Make me Thine, make me Thine;
2. Vain is the world and all be - low, With- out Thee, with-out Thee;
3. Sav - iour ap - pears on ev - 'ry hand, Help me, Lord, help me, Lord;
4. When I am done with all be - low, Me re - ceive, bless- ed Lord;

Lead me at last to Thy home a - bove, Make me whole, make me whole.
Show me the way my soul may go To be Thine, whol- ly Thine.
For with - out Thee I can - not stand, Make me strong, make me strong.
Let me to Thee and glo - ry go, Let me go, let me go.

CHORUS.

Thee I love, Thee I love, Je - sus, Mas - ter, Thee I love;

Make me Thine, whol - ly Thine, Let me live for Thee.

FANNY CROSBY. Dr. FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

1. 'Twill not be long our jour-ney here, Each bro-ken sigh and fall- ing tear;
2. 'Twill not be long; the yearn-ing heart May feel its ev - 'ry hope de-part,
3. Tho' sad we mark the clos- ing eye Of those we lov'd in days gone by,
4. These chequer'd wilds, with thorns o'erspread, Thro' which our way so oft is led;

Will soon be gone and all will be A cloudless sky, a wave-less sea.
And grief be min- gled with its song; We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.
Yet sweet in death their lat - est song, We'll meet a-gain, 'twill not be long.
This march of time, if faith be strong, Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.

CHORUS.

Roll on, dark stream, we dread not thy
Roll on, roll on, dark stream, roll on, we dread not thy
foam, The pil - grim is long - ing for home, sweet home.
foam, roll on,

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ALL THE DAY LONG.

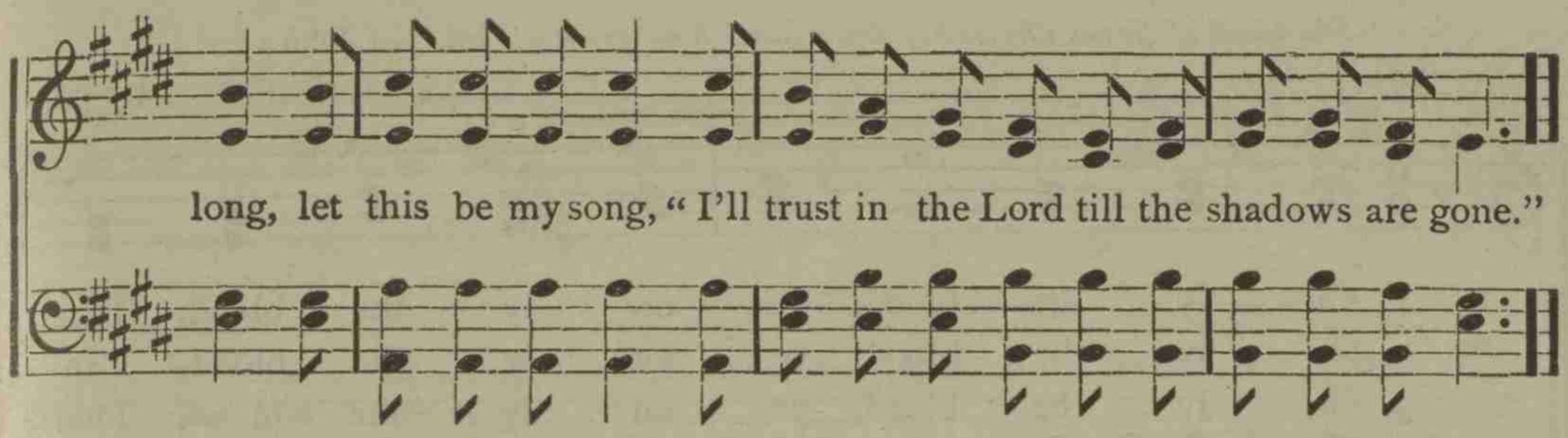
Rev. FRANK POLLOCK. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. "All the day long" would I look to Thee, Lord, Look thro' the glass of Thy glo - ri - ous word, See - ing the smile of Thy heav - en - ly face,
2. "All the day long" would I make Thee my guide, Holding Thy hand while I walk at Thy side, Cling - ing the clos - er when dark-ness comes on,
3. "All the day long" would I come at Thy call, Suf - fer Thy will, what-so-ev - er be - fall, Sing a sweet song through gloom of the rain—
4. "All the day long" would my soul be at rest, Knowing, Lord Je-sus, Thy way is the best, Pa - tient-ly watch- ing and work- ing for Thee,

CHORUS.

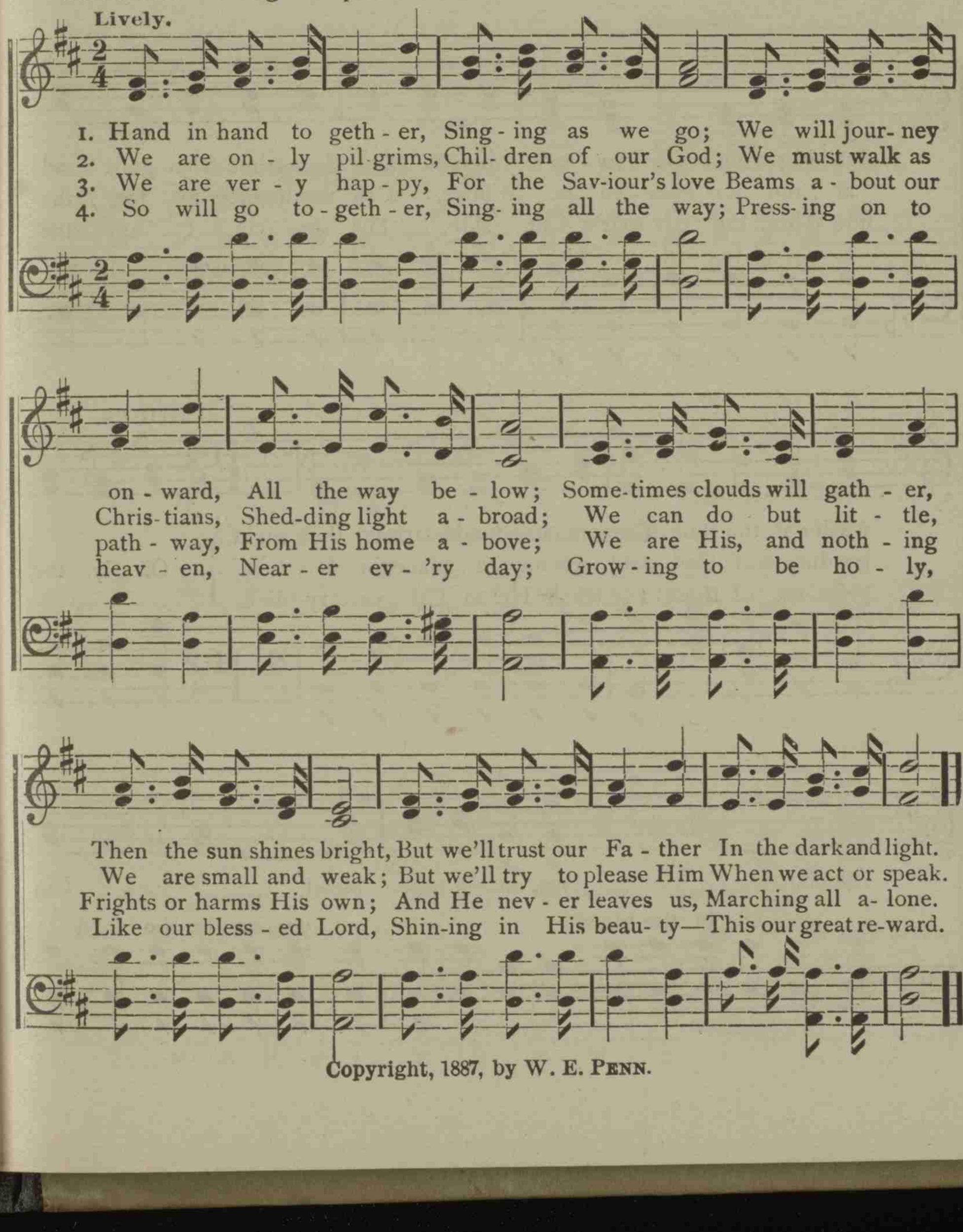
Seek - ing the help of Thy won - der - ful grace.
Trust - ing Thy love till the shad - ows are gone.
Sing thro' the sun shine that com- eth a - gain.
Till heaven at last dawn bright-ly on me.

All the day long, let this be my song, "I'll trust in the Lord till the shadows are gone," All the day



ONLY PILGRIMS.

Words from "Young Disciple." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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ONLY THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 7.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. On - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood, That
2. On - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood, Can
3. On - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood, That

flow'd up - on Cal - va - ry's height, Can cleanse me from guilt and
fit me for heav - en a - bove, Can teach me to feel the
flow'd from the Sav-iour's dear side, For sure - ly I am the

wash out the stain, That sin has made dark er than night.
goodness of God, And win me a place in His love.
great-est of those For whom He on Cal - va - ry died.

CHORUS.

On - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood, ... yes, on - ly the blood..... Can
yes, on - ly the blood, yes, on - ly the blood

wash out the stain..... Of sin - ning and

Can wash out the stain

pain;..... On - ly the blood,..... yes,

of sin-ning and pain; yes, on - ly the blood,

on - ly the blood..... That flow'd from the

yes, on - ly the blood

side..... Of Je - sus who died.....

that flow'd from the side of Je - sus who died.

THE EDEN OF LOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

W. E. PENN.
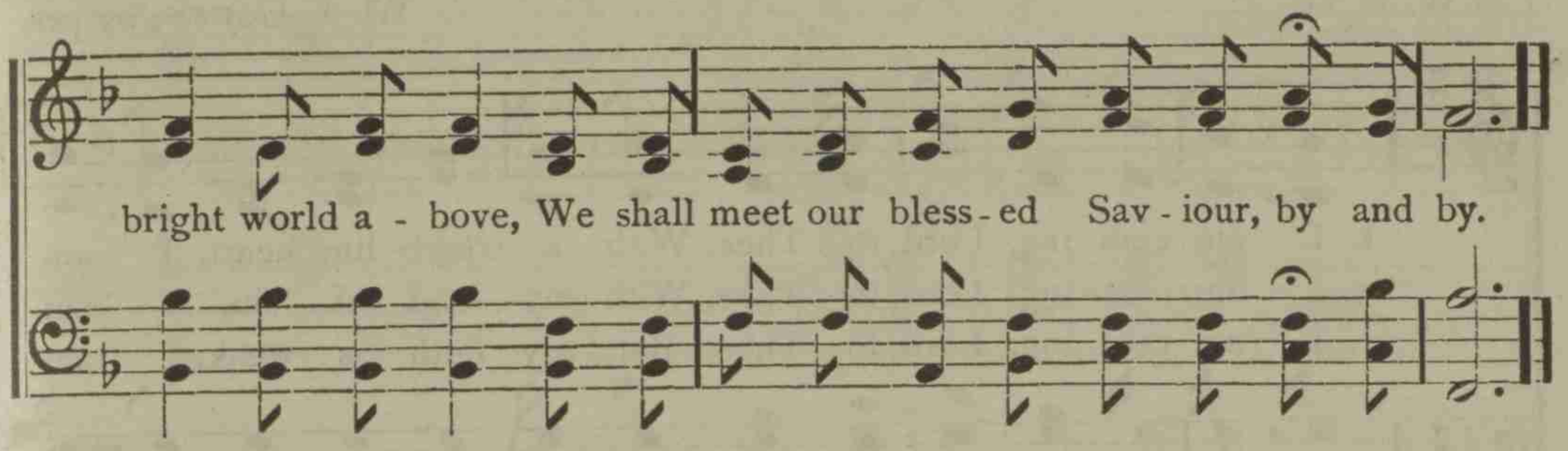
Dedicated to Prof. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh, when shall I dwell in my Fa - ther's bright home, From sor - row and sin ev - er free, With the fair shin - ing an - gels for- ev - er to roam, And my bless - ed Re - deem - er to see?
2. Oh, fair are the halls in that pal - ace of song, And sweet - ly the ransomed ones sing, As a - ges of bliss roll their bright tide a - long In the home of our Sav - iour and King.
3. There safe shall I dwell, when life's jour - ney is o'er, And sing with the loved ones a - bove; There dwell with my Sav - iour and all the redeemed In that beau - ti - ful E - den of love.

REFRAIN. CHO.

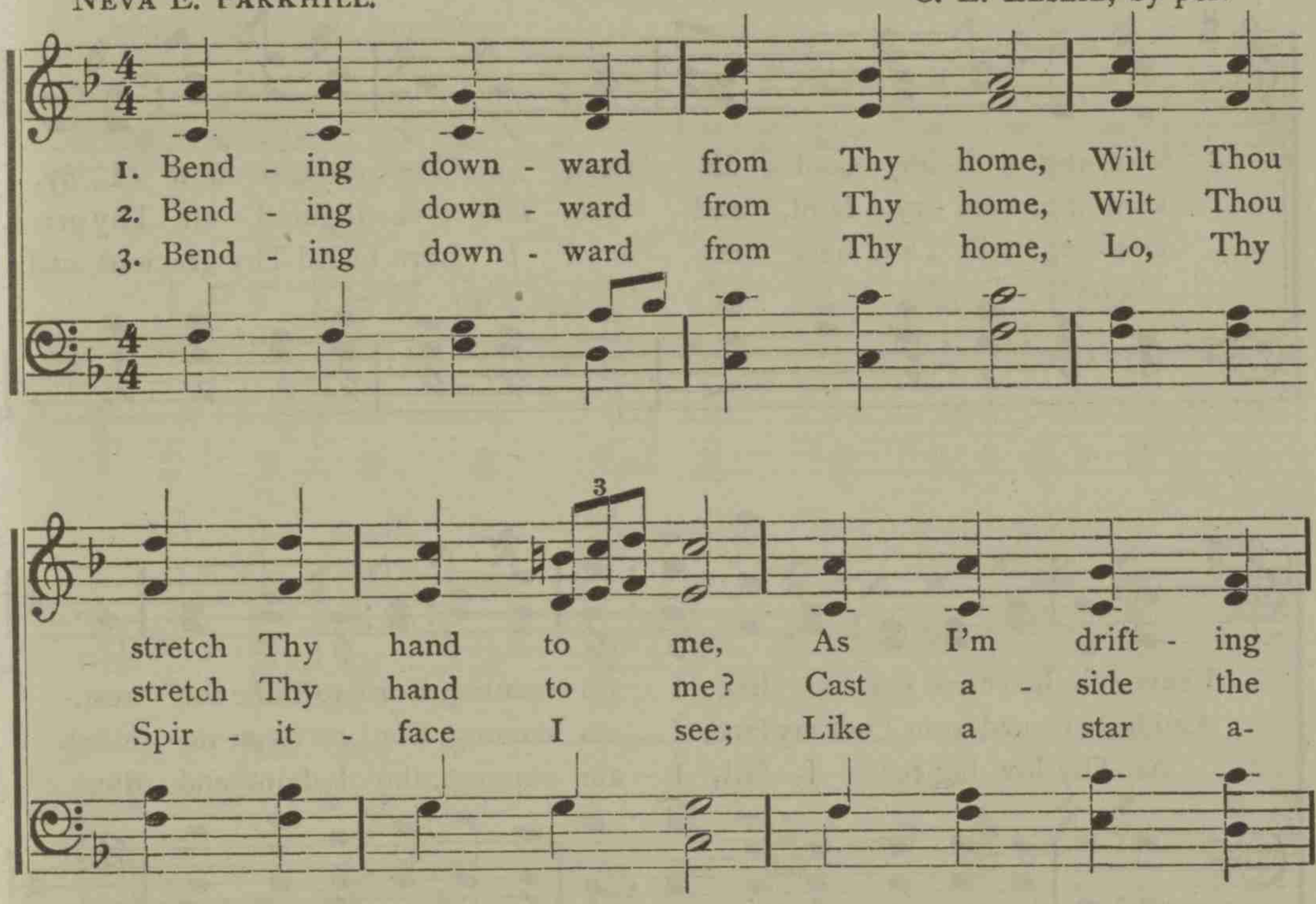
By and by, by and by, In that E - den of love, In that

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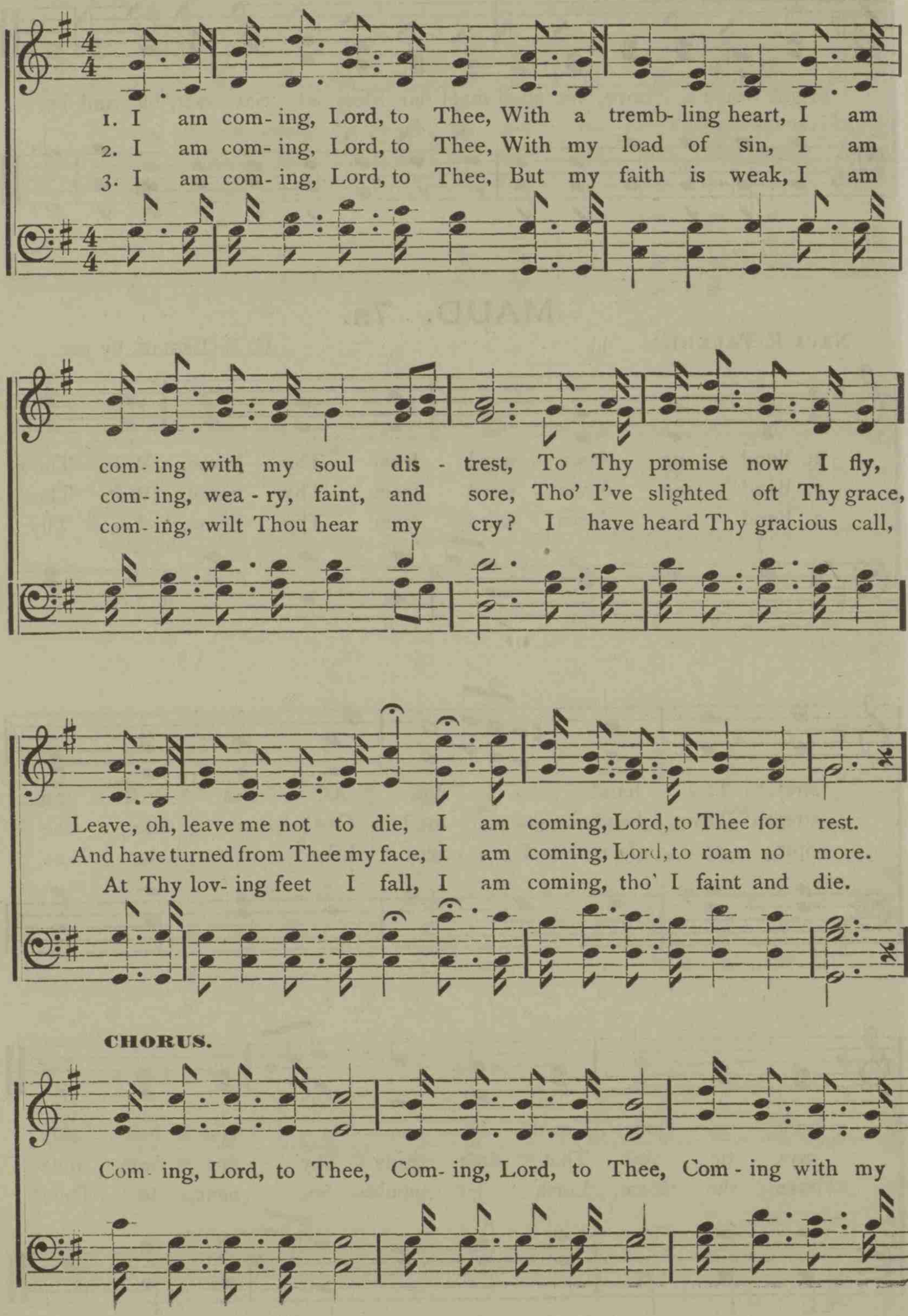
MAUD. 7s.
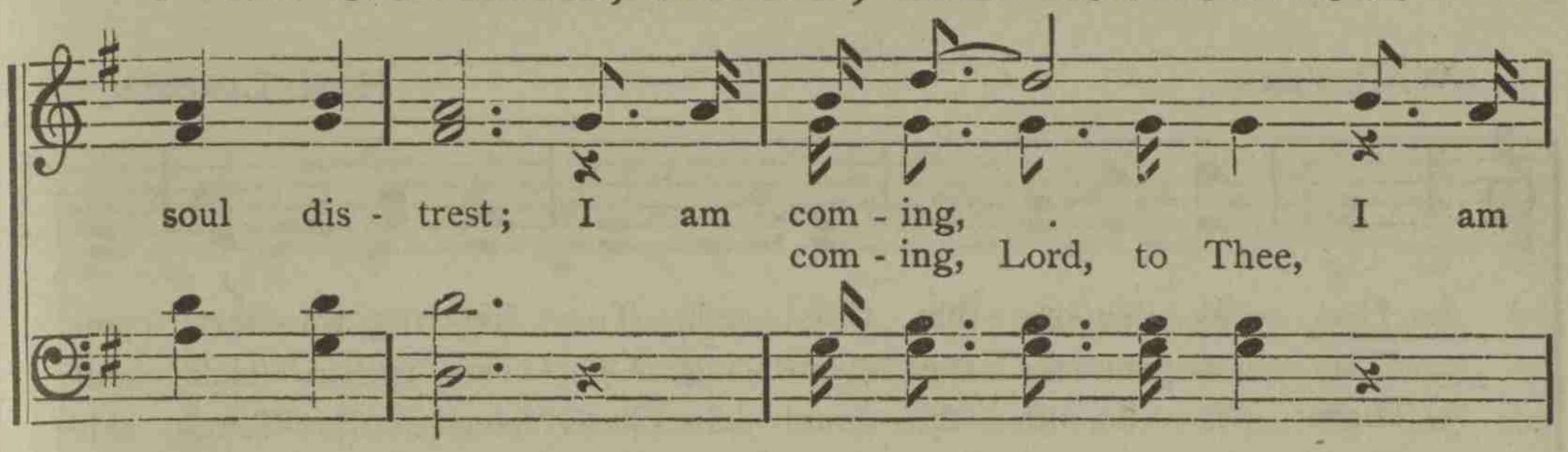
NEVA E. PARKHILL. C. E. LESLIE, by per.
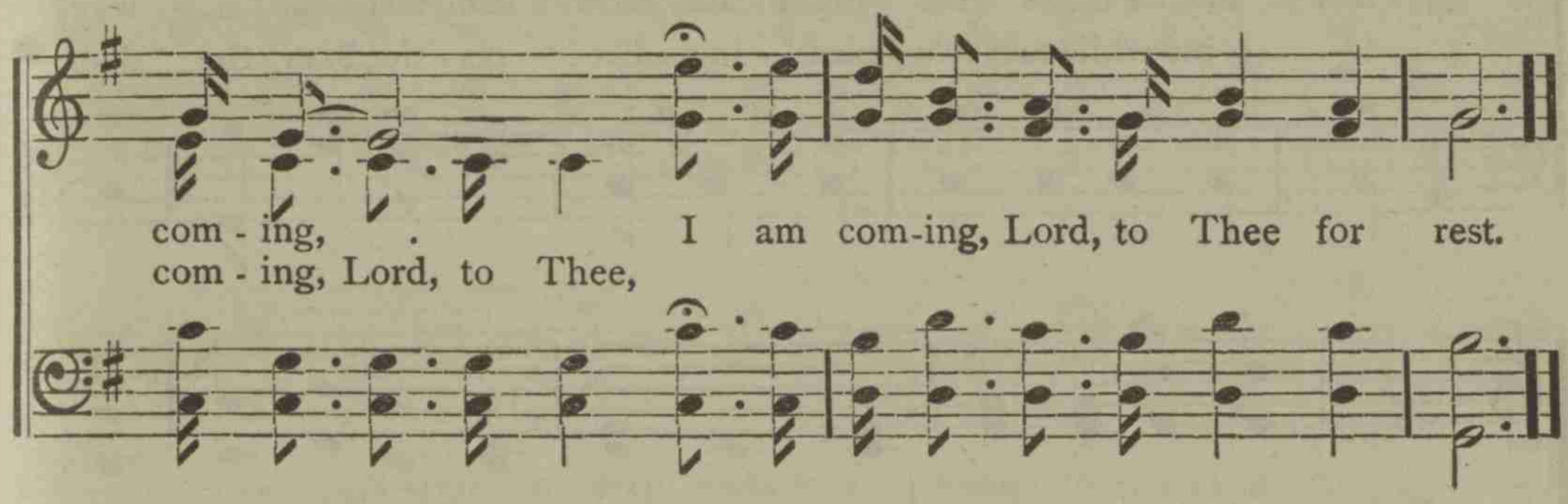


I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

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

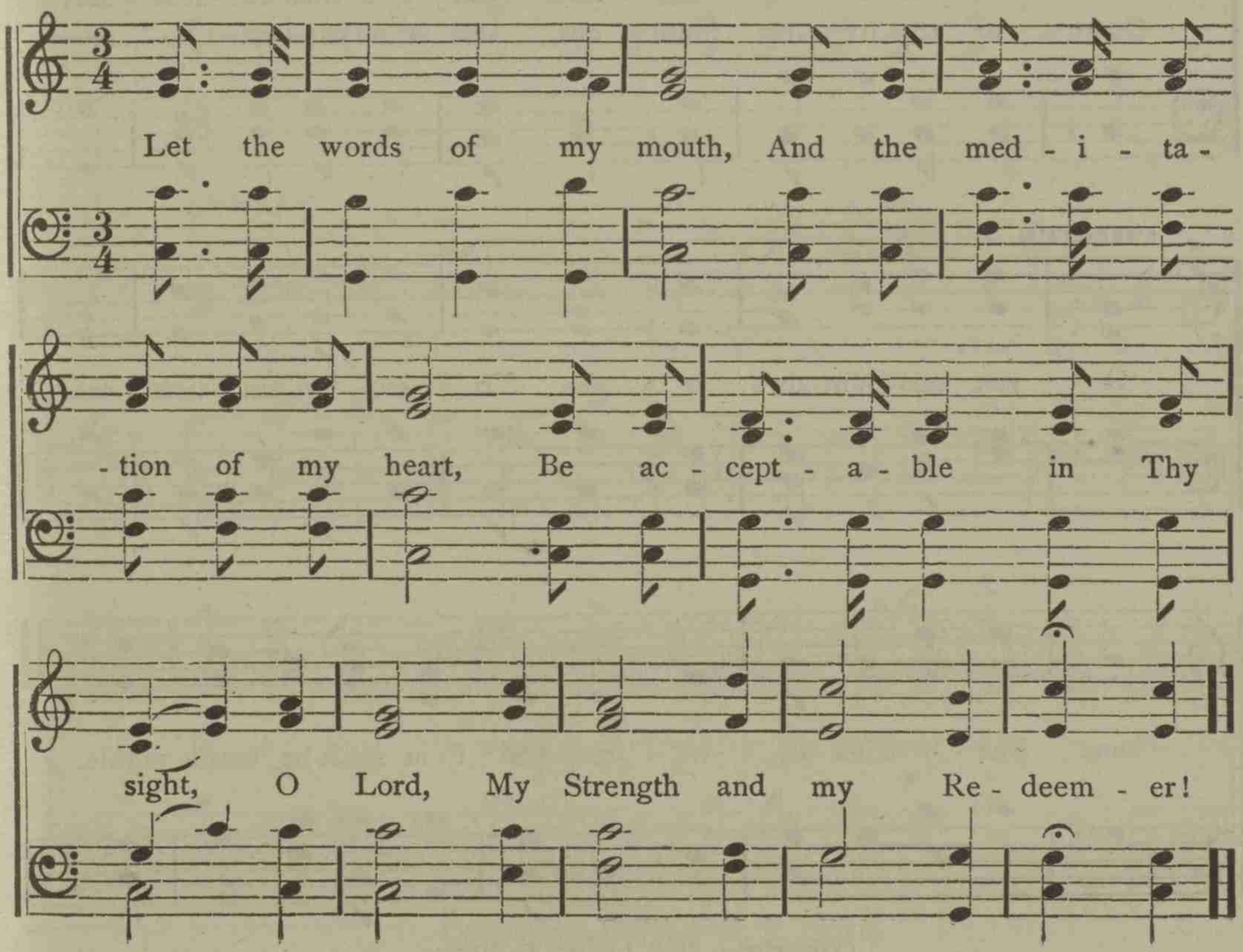






LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

* * * [SENTENCE.] CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

Isaiah 55 : 1.

W. E. PENN. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, To liv - ing wa - ters come,
2. 'Tis o- pened for the cleans - ing Of ev - 'ry sin - sick soul;
3. There is no oth - er fount - ain Flows from a Sav- iour's side;
4. Then has - ten to this fount - ain, How can you stay a - way?
5. O come while mercy's plead - ing, Ere jus - tice bars the door,

For here's an o - pen fount - ain, And free for ev - 'ry one.
O come and drink its wa - ters, And thou shalt be made whole.
There is no oth - er Sav - iour Who has for sin- ners died.
Come drink its liv - ing wa - ters, And live thro' end- less day.
Come to this liv - ing fount - ain, And thou shalt thirst no more.

CHORUS.
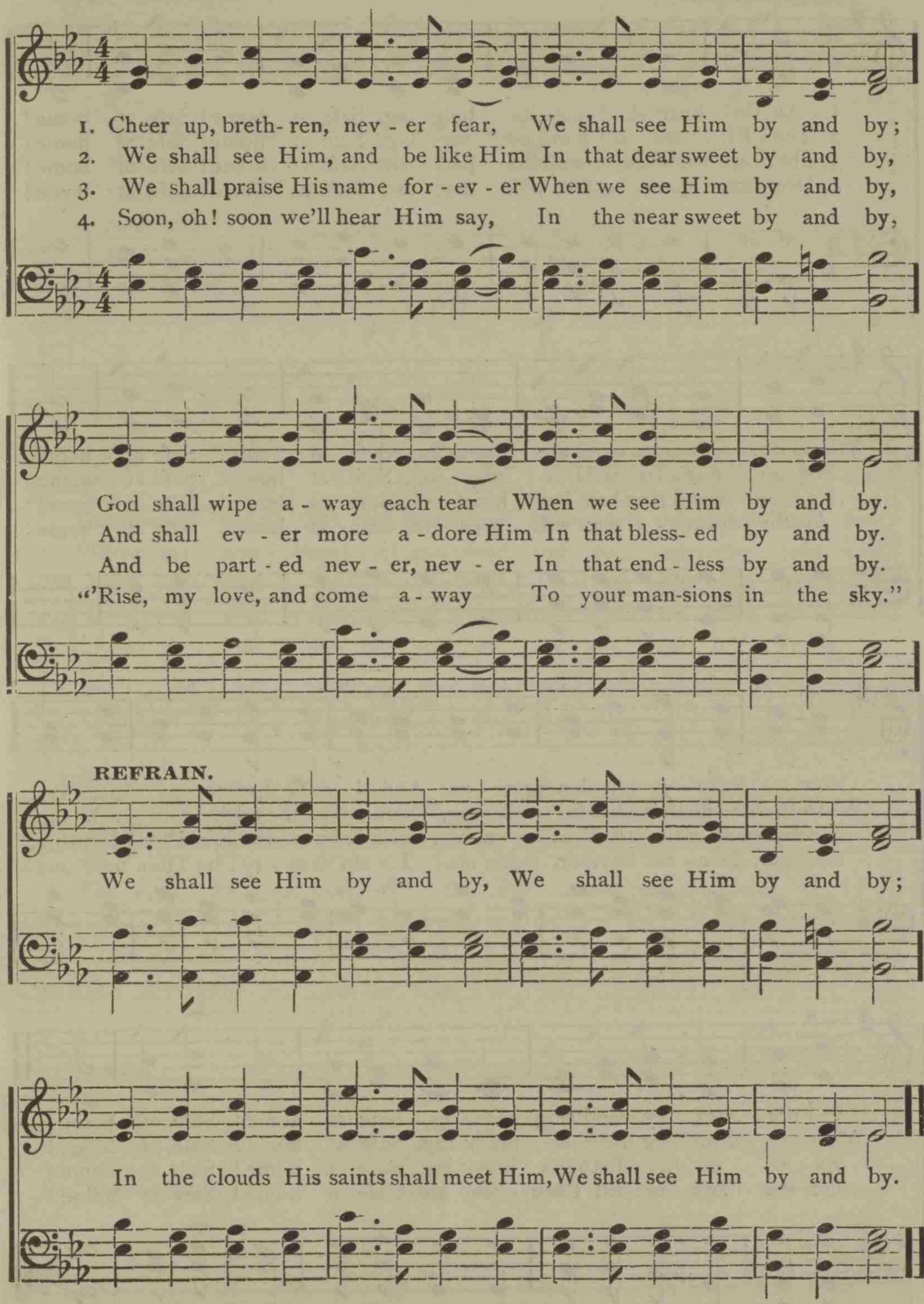
O yes, this fount-ain's o - pen To ev - 'ry sin - sick soul;
Come free - ly drink its wa - ters, And thou shalt be made whole.

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WE SHALL SEE HIM BY AND BY.

1 John 3: 2.

W. E. PENN. W. A. OGDEN.



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SAFE AT HOME.

Rev. W. F. COSNER. Rev. W. T. DALE, by per.

Slow and soft.

1. Ah, this heart shall cease its long- ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
2. Then I'll see no tem-pest rag - ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
3. There are friends who with me part - ed, Safe at home! Safe at home!
4. Dear ones gone be-fore will meet me, Safe at home! Safe at home!

Where no anx- ious cares are throng-ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
Sin no war - fare wild is wag - ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
No more wand'ring bro- ken - heart - ed, Safe at home! Safe at home!
At the pearl - y gate will greet me, Safe at home! Safe at home!

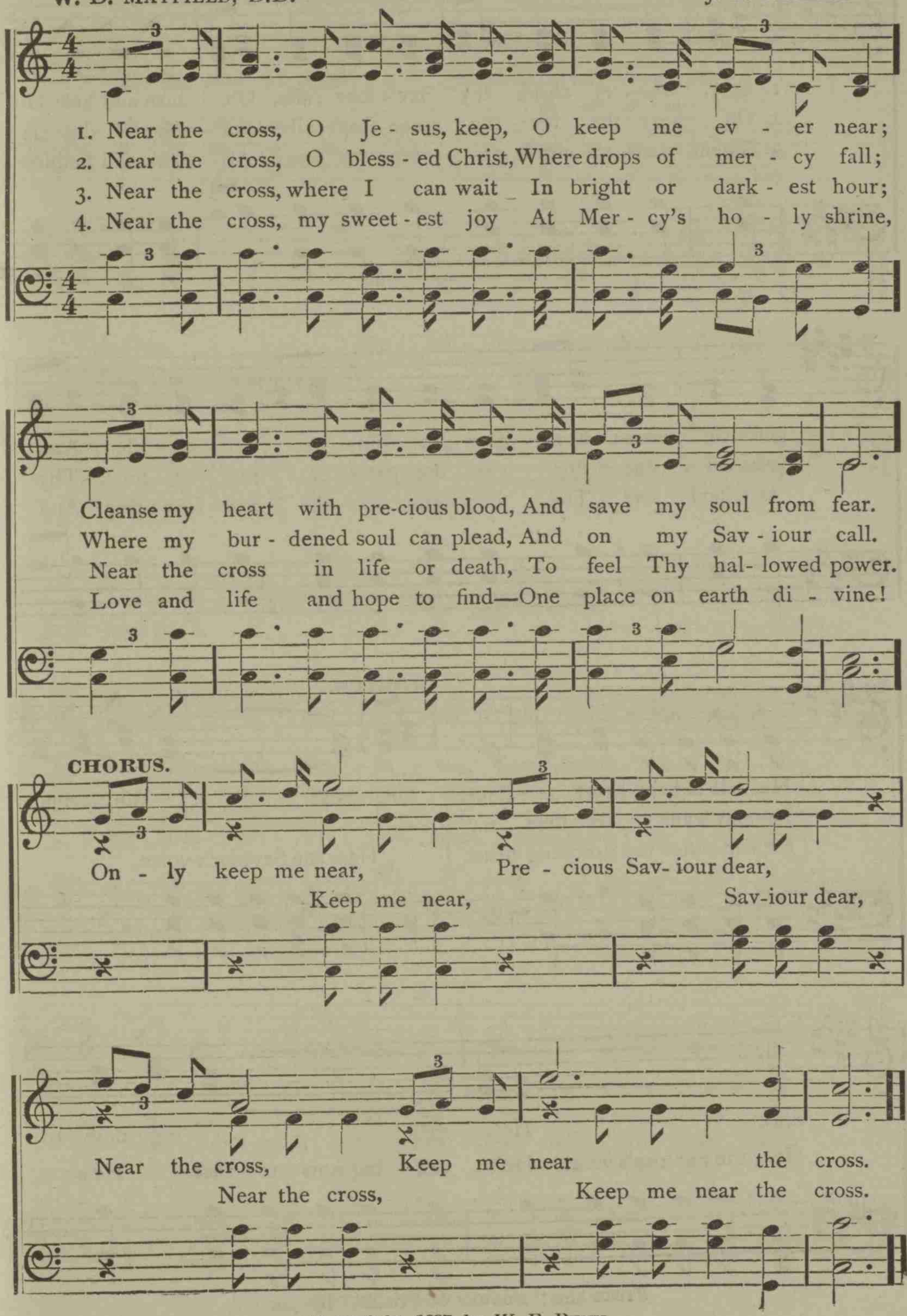
Now a heav - y bur-den press - es, And I walk thro' thorny pla - ces,
When shall come that bliss-ful wak- ing, Where no pain - ful head is ach- ing,
Undisturbed while storms are sweeping, Calm-ly now the loved are sleep-ing,
Sav-iour, dear - est Saviour, hear me! I am wea - ry: be Thou near me!

Till my wea - ry wand'ring ceas - es, Safe at home! Safe at home!
Where no throbbing heart is break-ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
Ev - er in their Father's keep- ing, Safe at home! Safe at home!
Oh, sus - tain me till Thou cheer me, Safe at home! Safe at home!

NEAR THE CROSS.

Special contribution for this book.

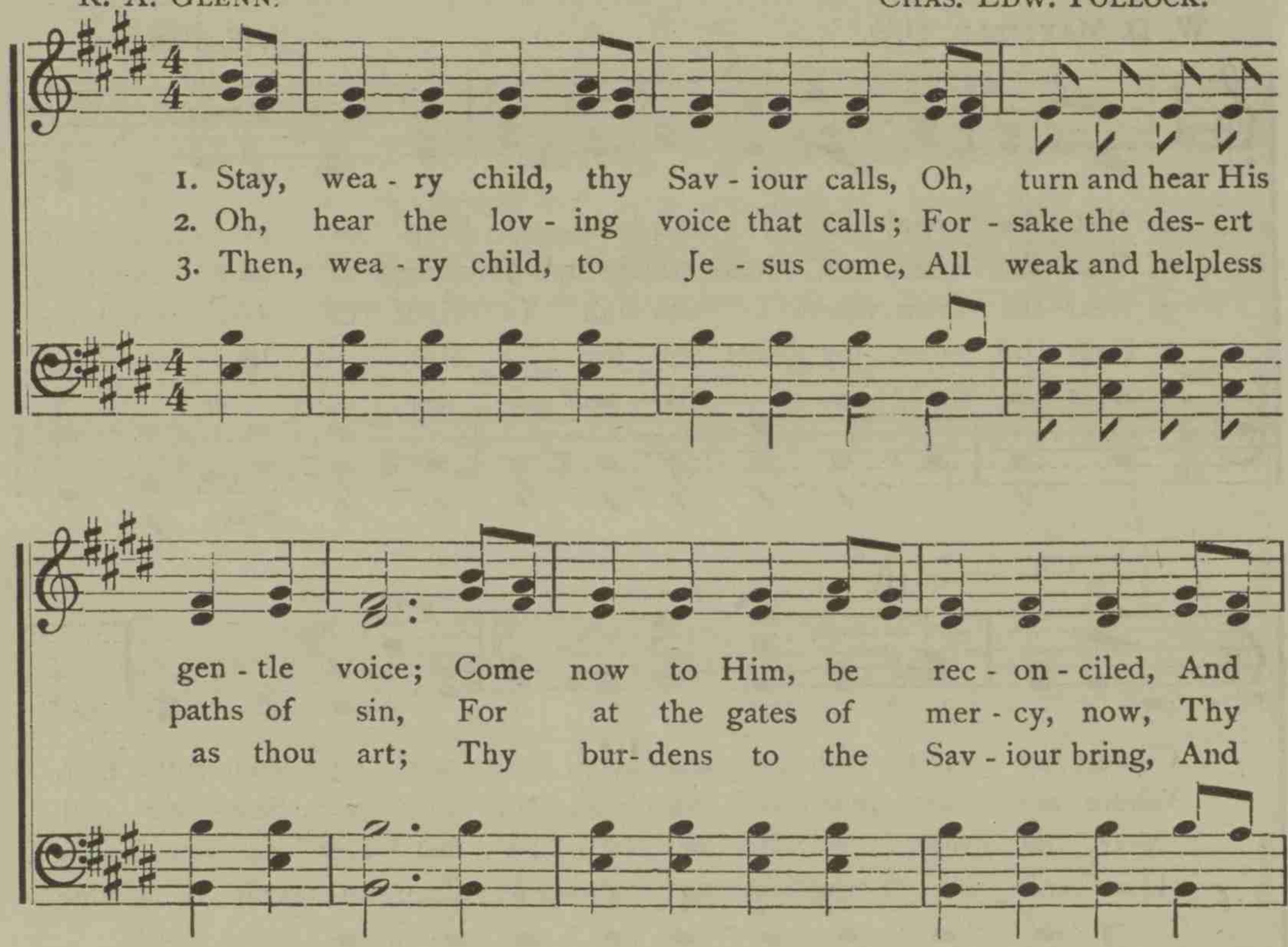
W. D. MAYFIELD, D.D. J. F. PARKER.
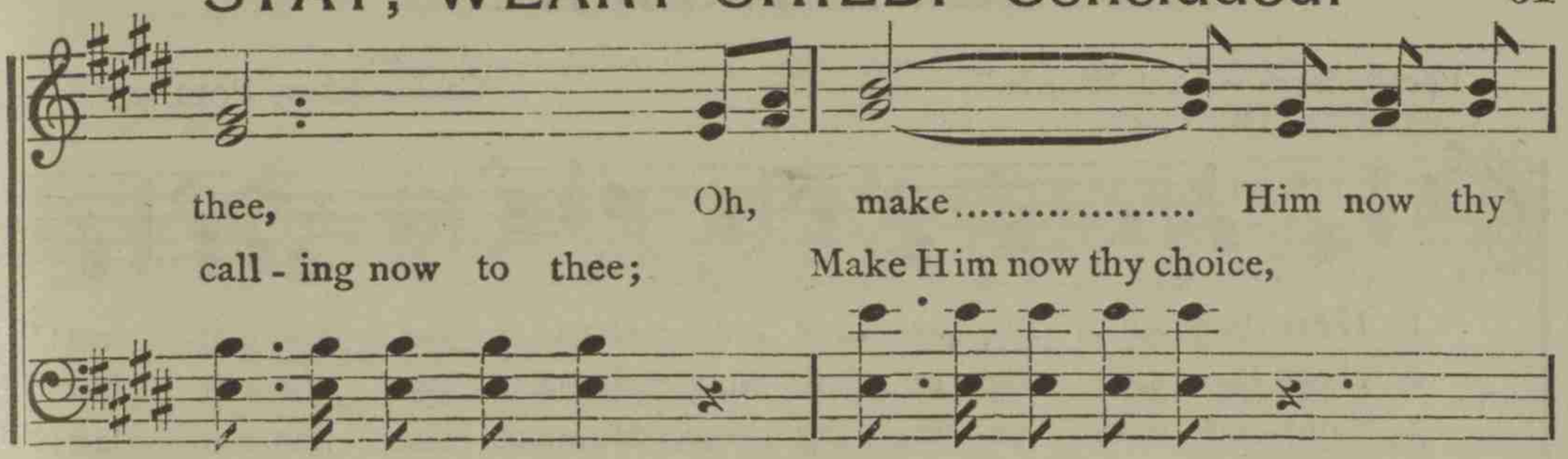


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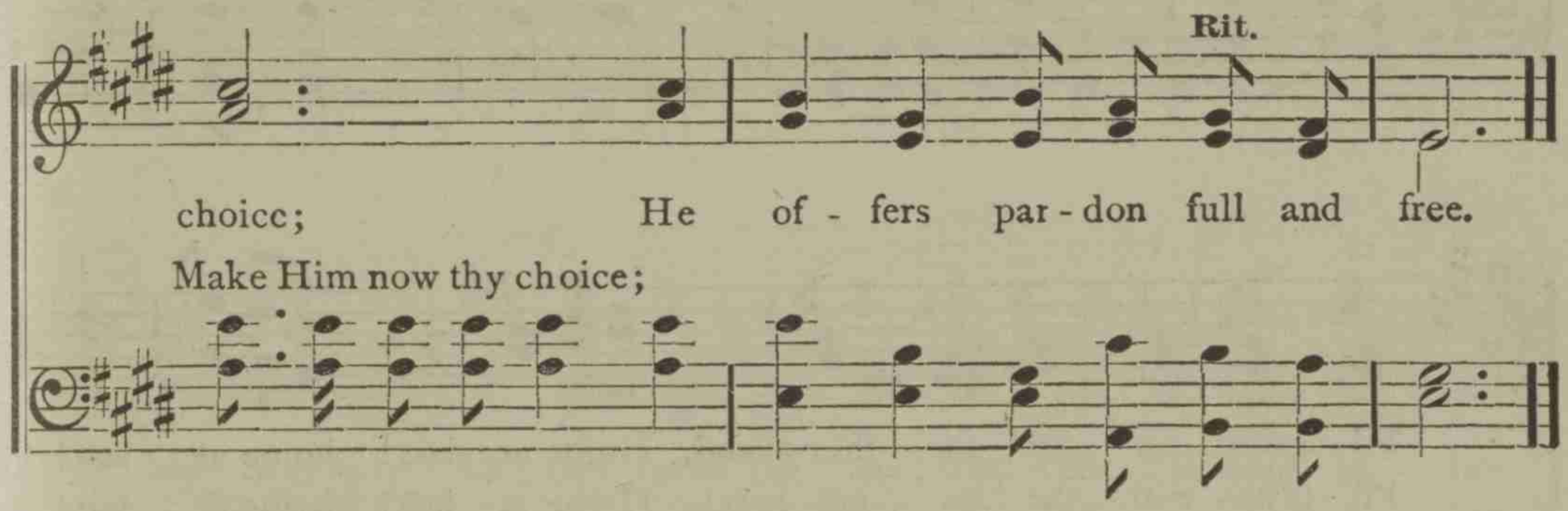
STAY, WEARY CHILD.

R. A. GLENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



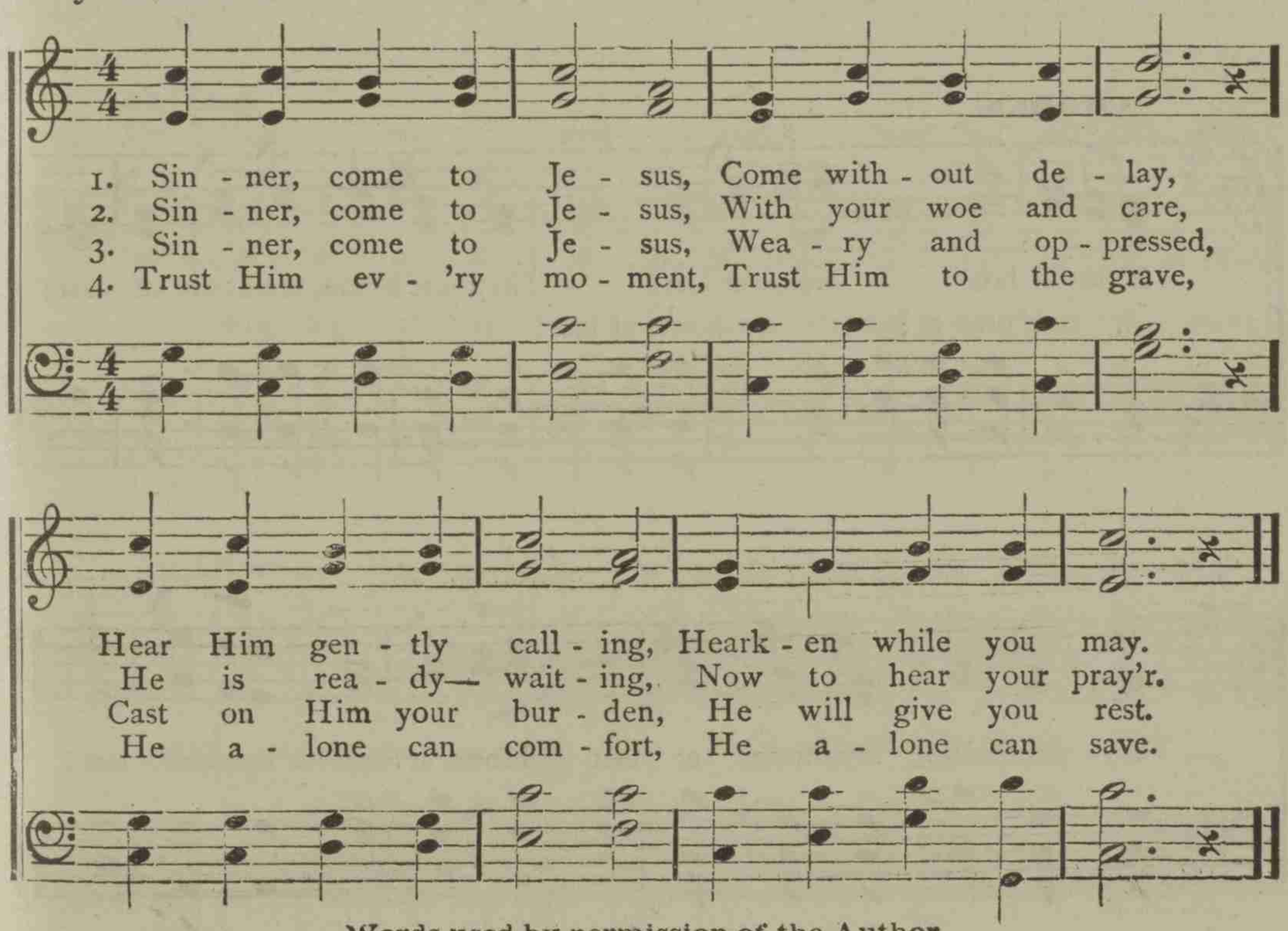
From the "Beauty of Praise," by per.





COME TO JESUS.

J. H. Leslie. H. N. Lincoln.



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HOME AT LAST!

Poetry from "Last Words." CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Hear them shout - ing as they land, "Home at last! home at last!"
2. Hear the sing - ing in that land, "Home at last! home at last!"
3. Saint - ed ones are sing - ing there, "Home at last! home at last!"

Pil - grims on the far - ther strand, Home at last! home at last!
Pil - grims with the an - gel- band, Home at last! home at last!
Where the Sav - iour's love they share, Home at last! home at last!

CHORUS.

Home at last! home at last! They are home, are home at last;
Home at last! home at last!

They are home, are home at last, Home at last! home at last!

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"Come before His presence with singing."—Ps. 100 : 2.

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

1. In childhood's days, 'mid joy - ous glee, When nought but love could sway,
2. In youth, when hope and knowledge came, When steps were prone to stray,
3. Now in the years of strength and pride, When sin and strife dis - may,
4. If hoar - y age my years shall crown, At close of life's long day,

My heav'n-ly Fa - ther cared for me; For this I'll sing to - day.
I learned to love my Saviour's name; For this I'll sing to - day.
The Spir - it is my faith - ful guide; For this I'll sing to - day.
In Je - sus' arms I'll lay me down, And thus I'll sing for aye.

CHORUS.

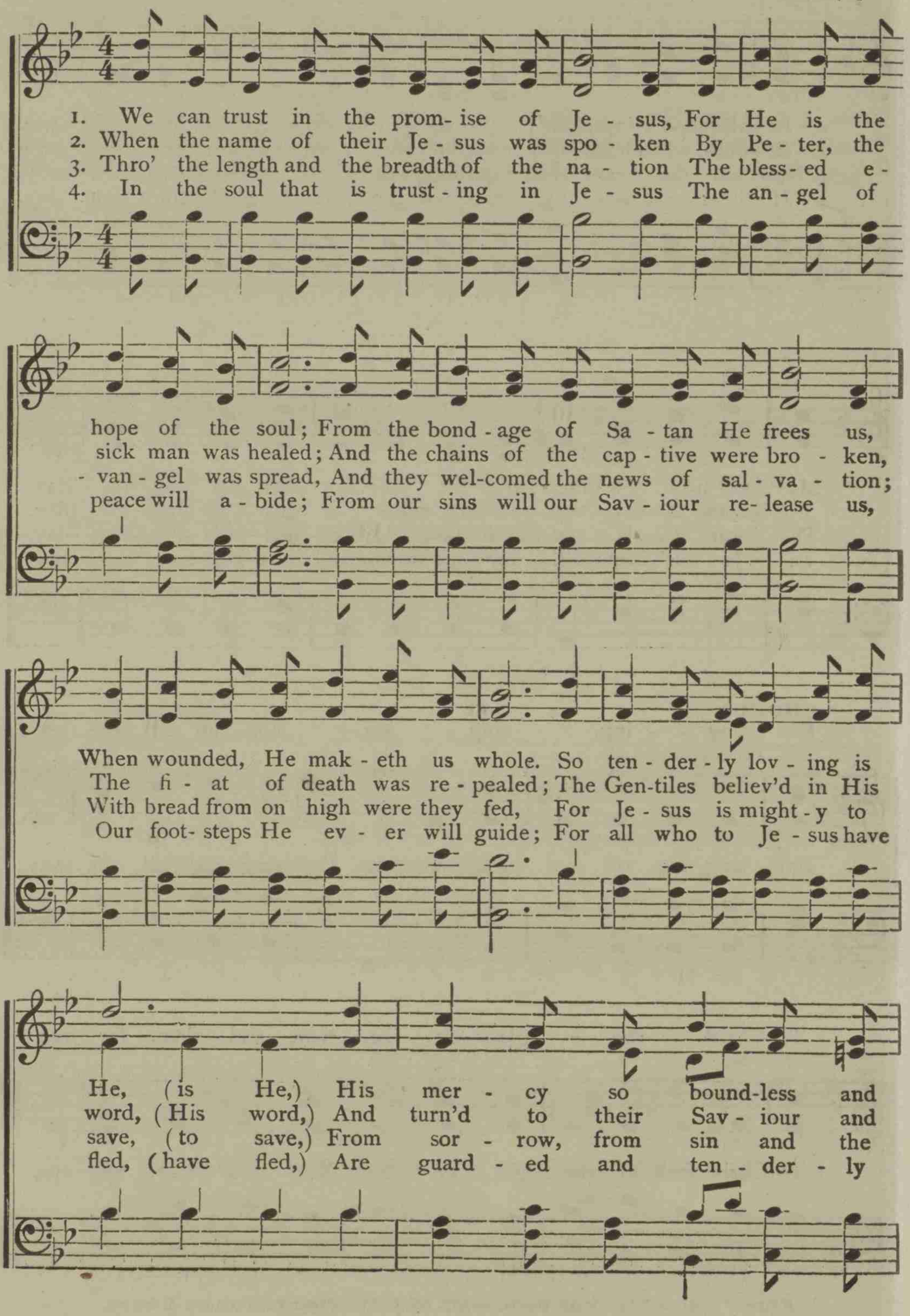
I'm sing - - ing, sing - - ing, sing - ing all the way;
I'm sing - ing till my soul is free, I'm sing - ing all the way;
To Christ the glo - ry be, Now and then, for aye.
To Christ shalt all the glo - ry be, Now and then, for aye.

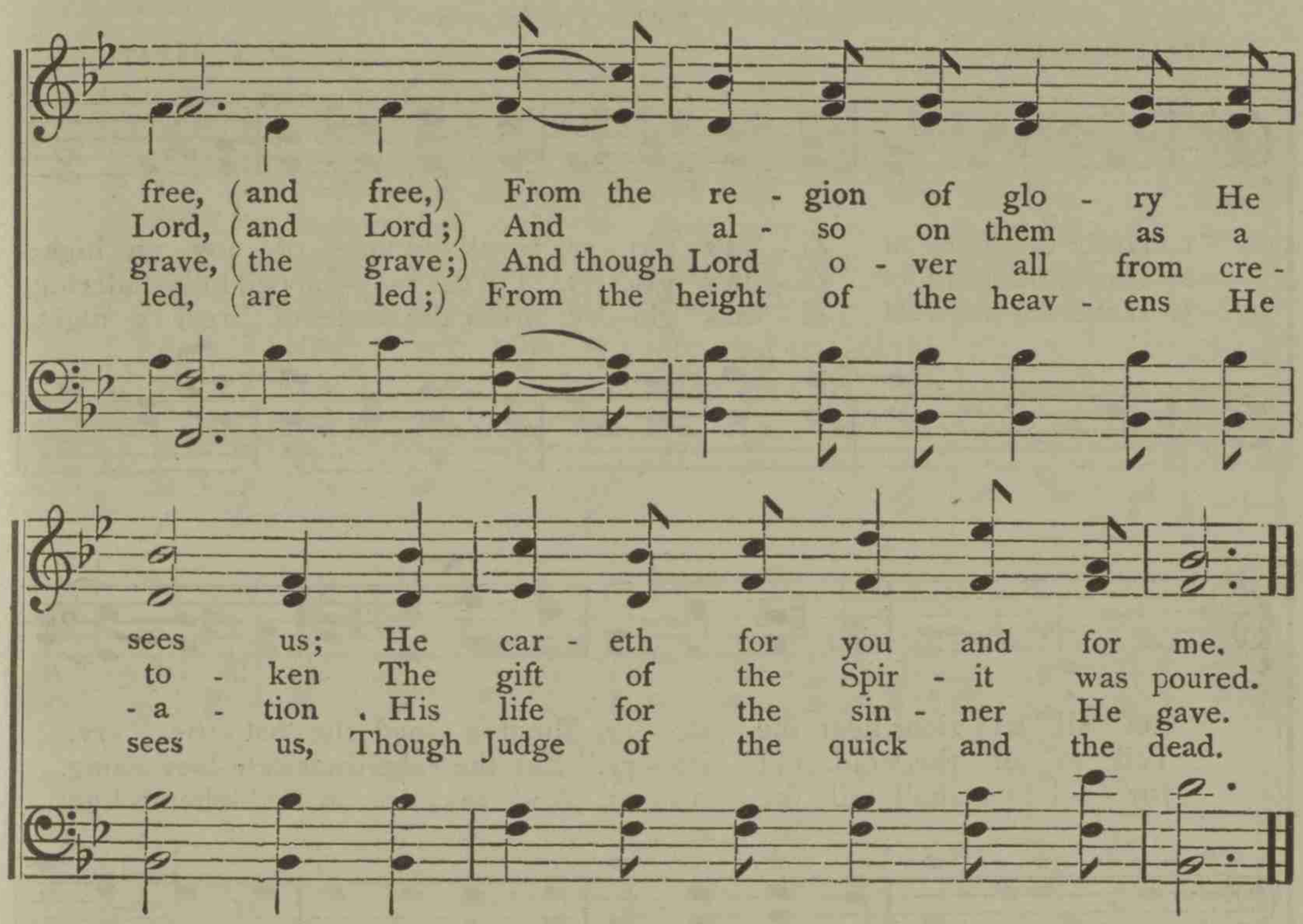
From "Gates Ajar," by permission of J. H. KURZENKNABE & SONS.

64 JESUS CHRIST MAKETH THEE WHOLE.

Acts 9: 12.

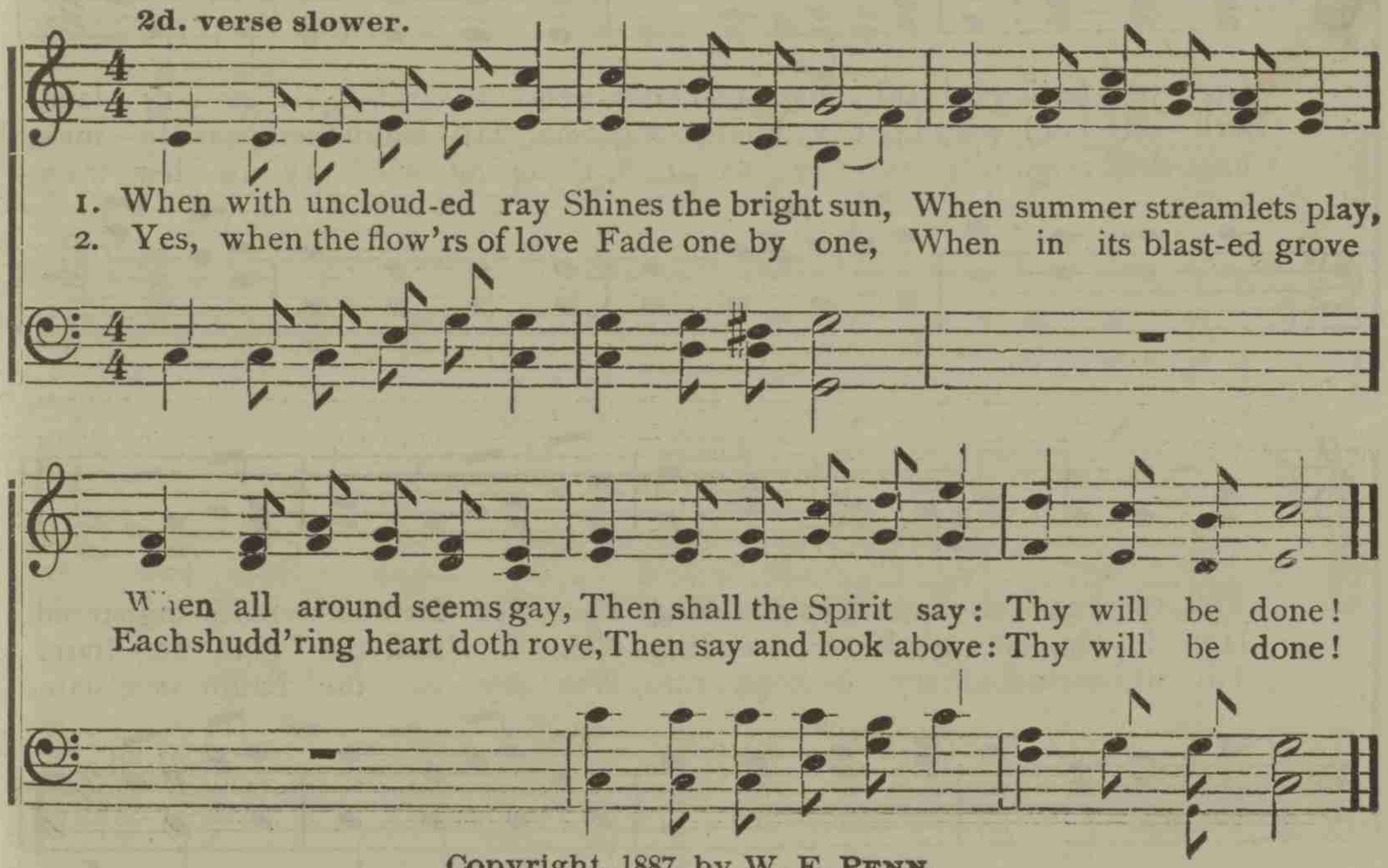
Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. E. DORTCH, by per.





THY WILL BE DONE.

Mrs. LYDIA SIGOURNEY. H. N. LINCOLN.



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MORN OF ZION'S GLORY.

"To the praise of the glory of his grace."

Mrs. EMMA PITT. W. F. HEATH.

1. Haste the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Swell the notes of joy on high;
2. Haste the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Till the snow-capped hills shall ring,
3. Haste the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry, Break the shades of drear - y night,

Let all na - tions hear the sto - ry, Shout a - loud the bat - tle cry.
Tell to all the "old, old sto - ry," Let the vales their ech - oes sing.
Joy - ful lips shall tell the sto - ry, And re - joice in Bethlehem's light.

Go ye forth glad tid - ings preaching, Send a - broad to ev - 'ry land,
Dark - est land with light a - bound - ing Shall pro - claim their peace to men,
Christ shall reign o'er ev - 'ry na - tion, Bring-ing vic - t'ry in her train,

Till the hea-then mid-night reaching, Far o'er In - dia's burn - ing strand.
Hal - le - lu - jahs, glad re - sounding, Ech - o back the glad re - frain.
Till all hearts shall cry in na - ture, Wor - thy is the Lamb once slain.

E. A. HOFFMAN. JOSEPH GARRISON, by per.

1. I am pass - ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
   'Tis to me the vale of Beu - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,

2. Not a shad - ow, not a shad - ow ev - er dark - ens the way,
   And the mu - sic, sweet - ly chant - ed by the heav - en - ly throng,

3. So I jour - ney with re - joic - ing toward the Cit - y of Light,
   And I near the o - pen port - als of the King - dom a - bove,

But I find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o - ver-grown;
For the Sav - iour walks be - side me, my com - pan - ion each day.

For a ra - diance bright as glo - ry shines up - on it all day;
Floats in ca - dence down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long.

While each day my joy is deep - er, and the path - way more bright;
For the high - way leads to Ca - naan to the King - dom of love.

CHORUS.

Vale of Beu - lah, Vale of Beu - lah! Thou art pre - cious to me;

For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.

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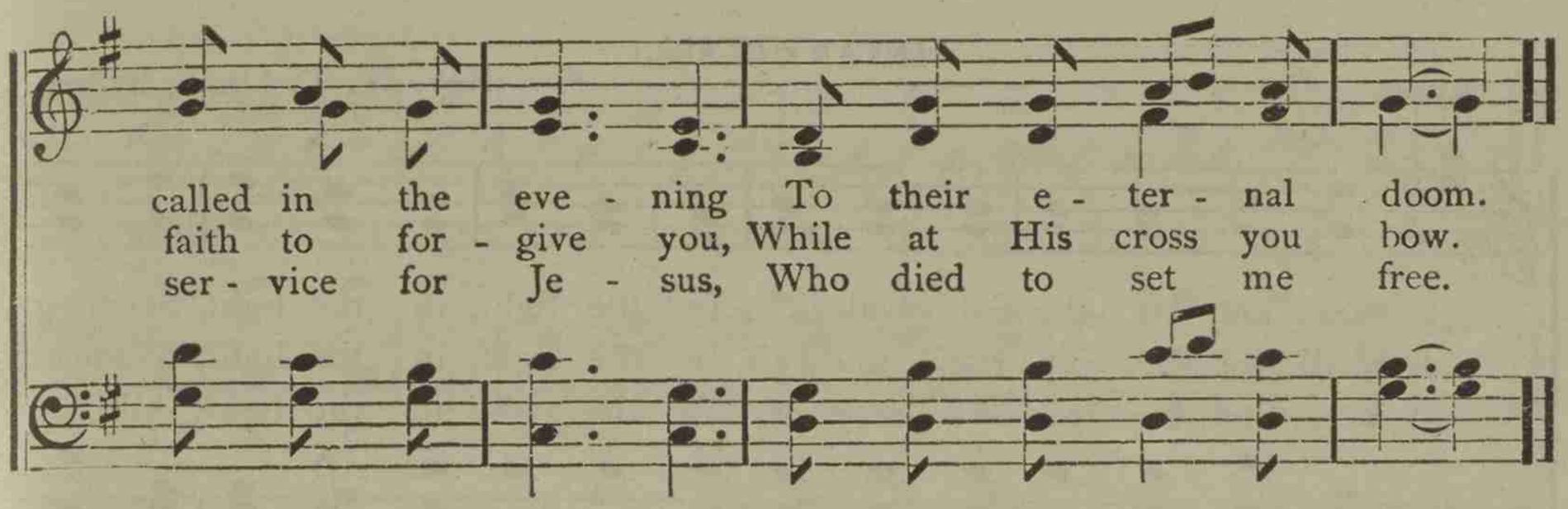
WHY DO YOU WAIT?

" Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—PROV. 27: 1.

T. J. L. T. J. LAWRENCE, by per.
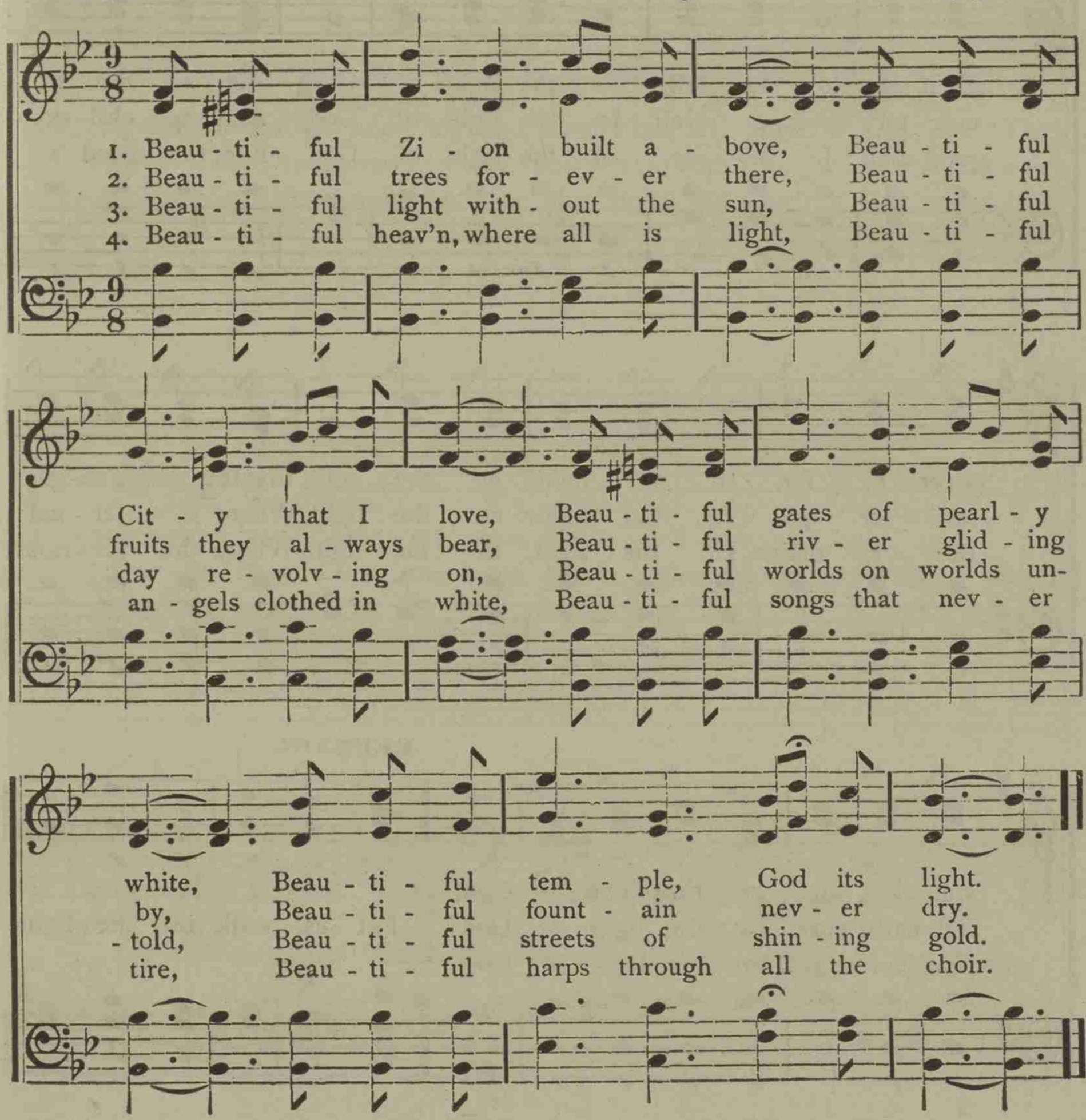
1. O why do you wait till to - mor - row, When life is un - cer - tain to you? If death should take you at mid - night,
2. Then, why do you wait till to - mor - row, When warn - ing comes day aft - er day? O seek the Lord in your sor - row,
3. Then, I will not wait till to - mor - row, I'll go to the Sav - iour "to - day," And ask my Sav - iour to lead me

Would you be read - y to go? Some are called in the morn - ing, Oth - ers are called at noon; Oth - ers are
He will not turn you a - way; He is a - ble and will - ing, Read - y to save you now; Ask Him in
In - to the strait nar - row way; I will now sing Thy prom - ise, Ev - er I'll live for Thee; Al - ways my



BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Anon. JOHN B. VAUGHAN, by per.



IN THE LIGHT OF GOD.

[INFANT CLASS.]

Anon. Rev. W. T. DALE, by per.

1. Pleas-ant is the Sab-bath bell, In the light, in the light, Seeming
2. Shall we ev-er rise to dwell, In the light, in the light, Where im-
3. Yes, that bliss our own may be, In the light, in the light, All the

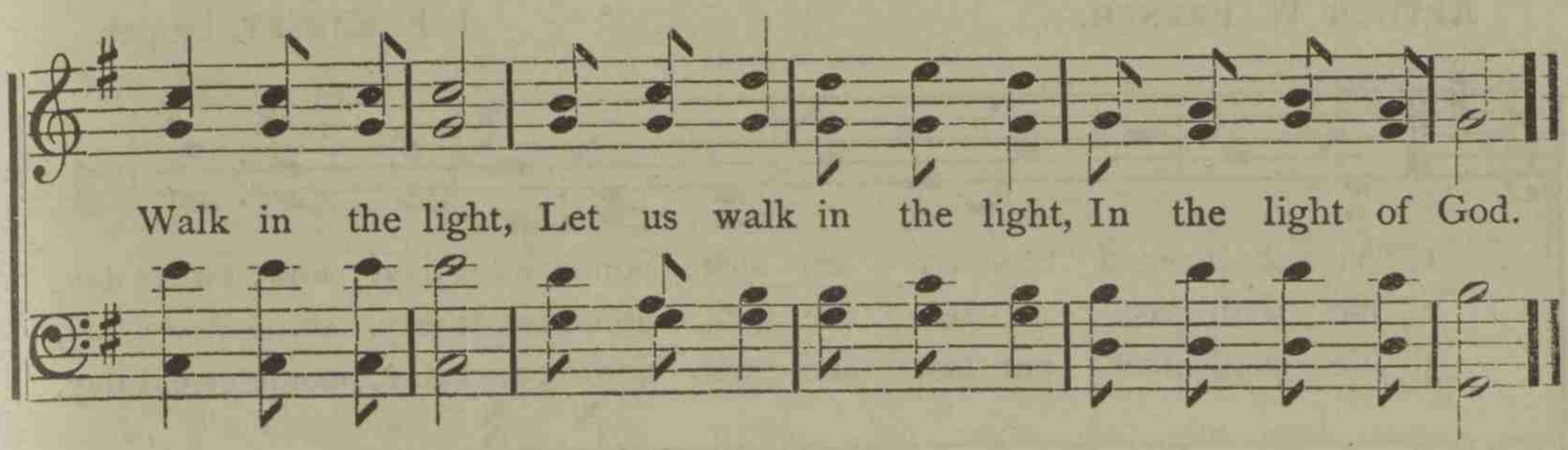
much of joy to tell, In the light of God; But a mu-sic
-mor-tal prais-es swell, In the light of God? And can chil-dren
good shall Je-sus see, In the light of God; For the good a

sweet-er far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where an-gel
ev-er go, In the light, in the light, Where e-ter-nal
rest re-mains, In the light, in the light, Where the glo-rious

REFRAIN.

spir-its are, In the light of God.
Sab-baths glow, In the light of God?
Sav-iour reigns, In the light of God.

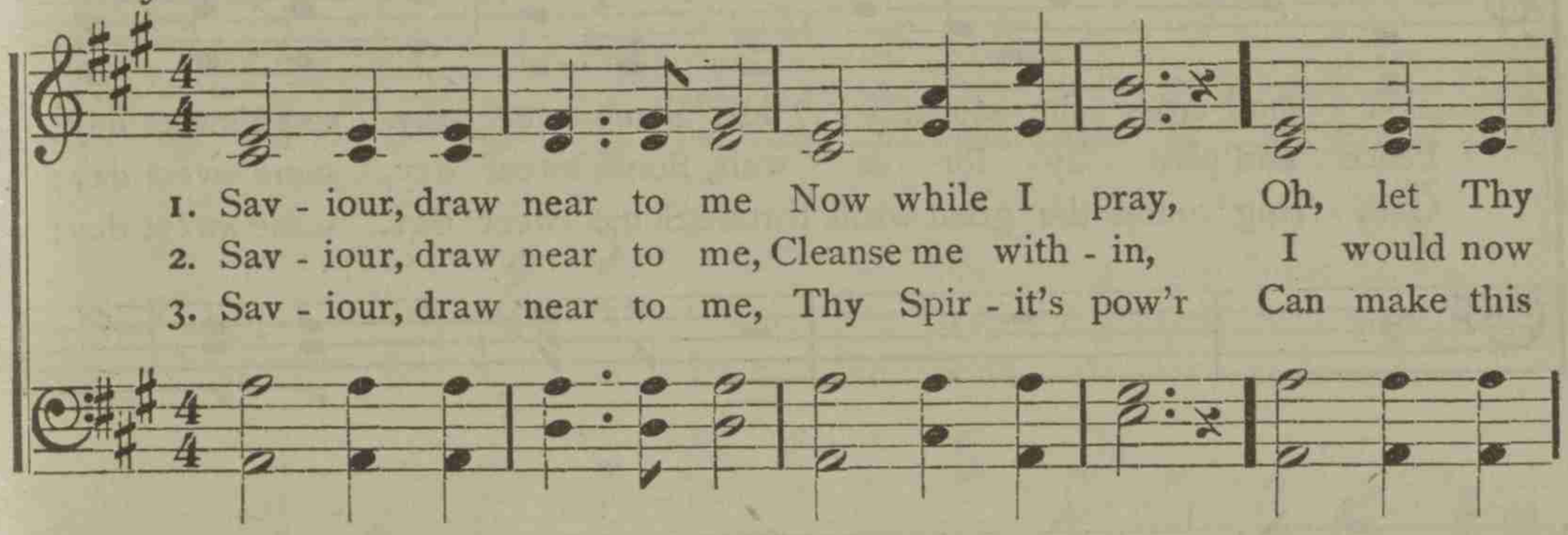
} Let us walk in the light,

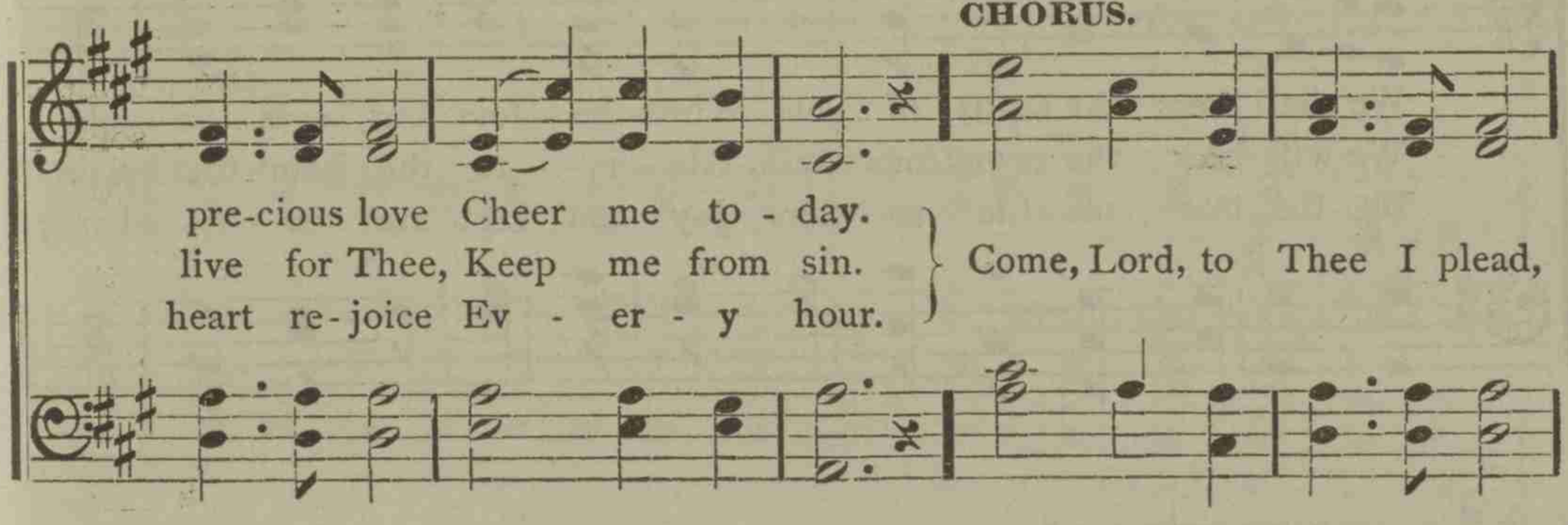


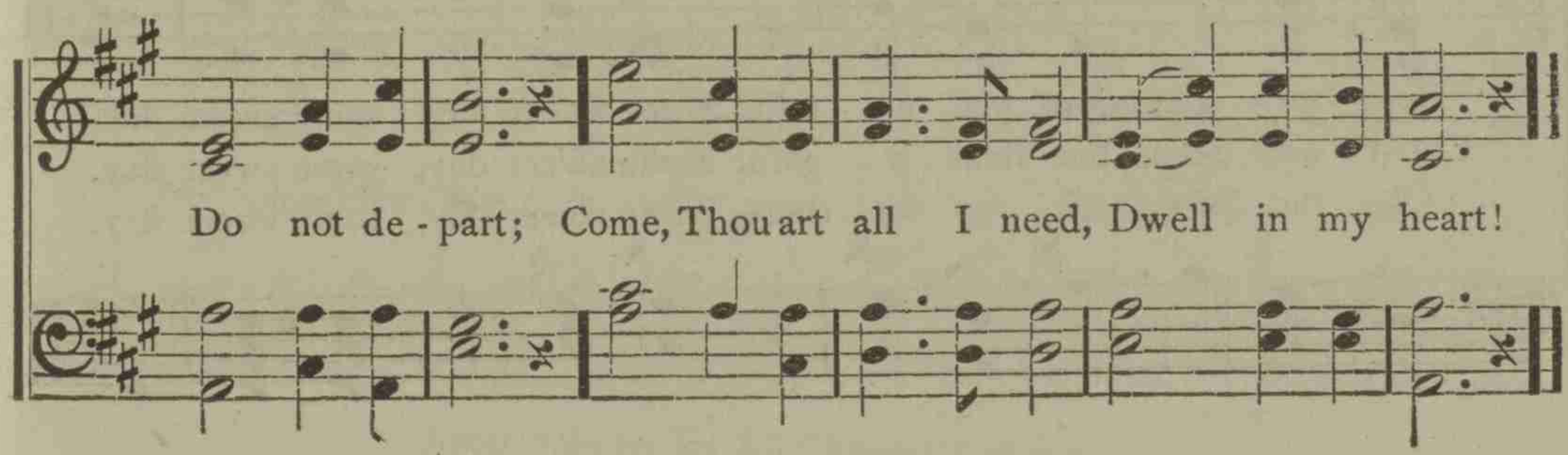
DRAW NEAR TO ME.

"Lord, to whom shall I turn?"—John 6: 68.

T. J. L. T. J. LAWRENCE.







SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. J. F. KINSEY, by per.

1. We shall reach the riv - er - side, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
3. We shall meet our lost and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day,
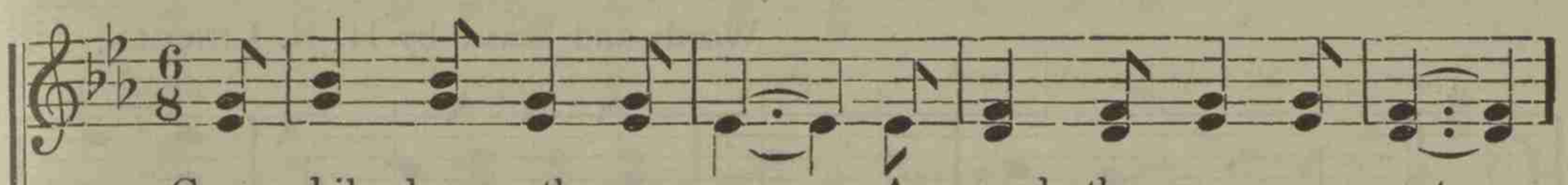
We shall cross the storm- y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath - 'ring 'round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un - fold
We will hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain,
By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rapt- ure ev - 'ry- where;

Heav - en's splen-dors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Oh, the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
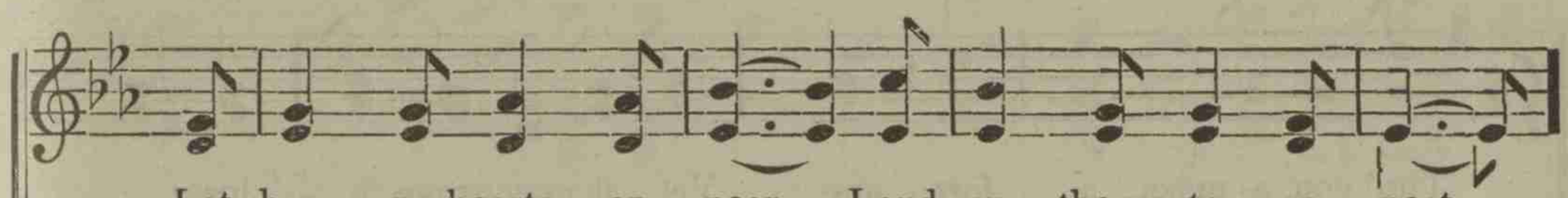
Psa. 136: 26.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. E. T. POUND.
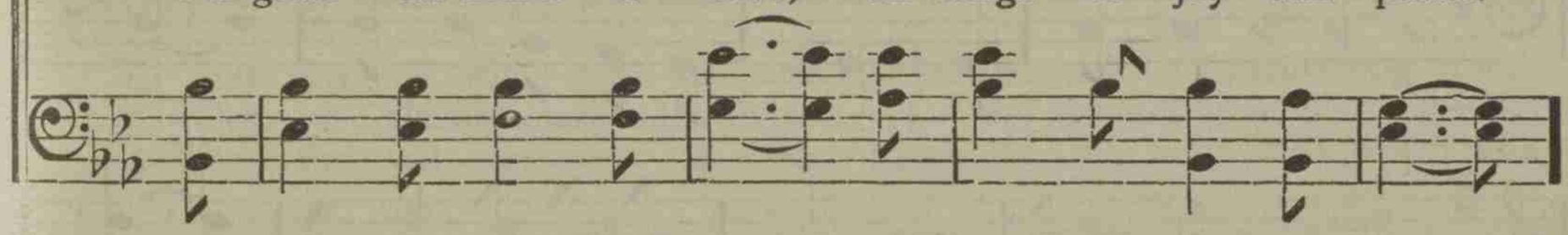


1. Come, chil - dren, gath - er near, A - round the mer - cy - seat,
2. Oh, thank Him for the light That shines in sor - row's hour,
3. We thank Him for the word, So won - der - ful and true,
4. Thy name, O Christ, we love, For - ev - er would we raise
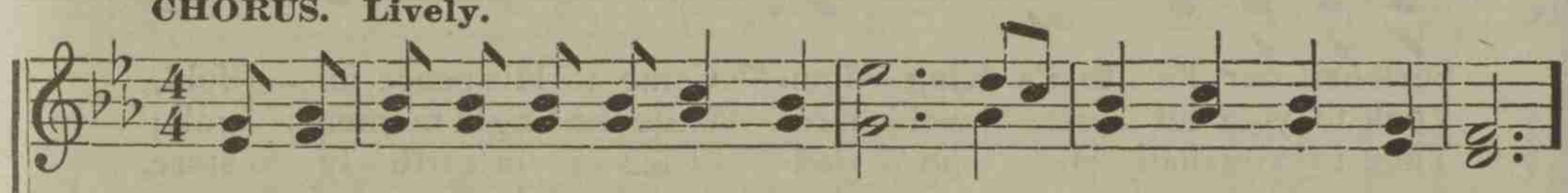




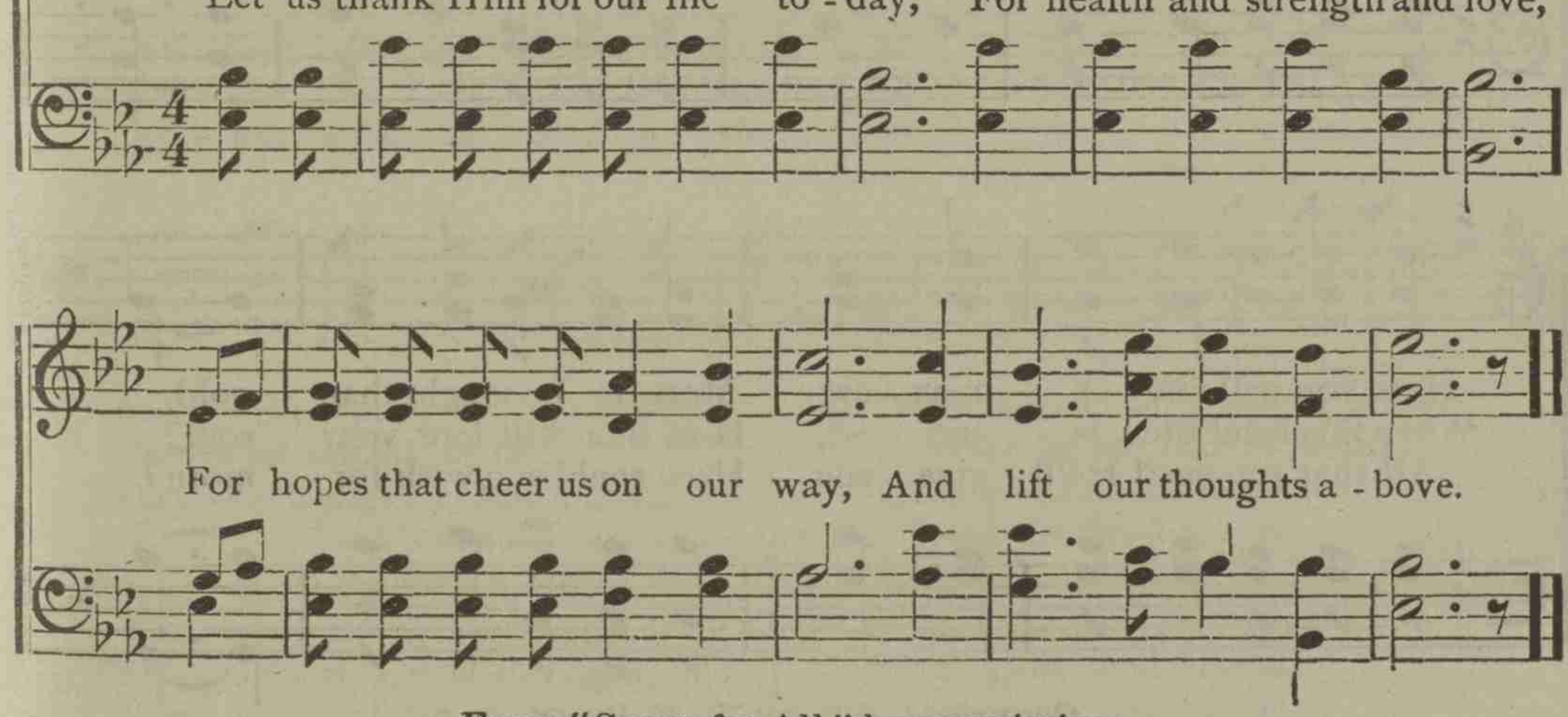
Let hap - py hearts ap - pear, Loud an - thems to re - peat.
Dis- pell - ing gloom and night, Re- veal - ing won-drous pow'r.
That scat - ters seed a - broad, Re- fresh - ing earth a - new.
Our grate - ful hearts a - bove, In songs of joy and praise.



CHORUS. Lively.



Let us thank Him for our life to - day, For health and strength and love,



For hopes that cheer us on our way, And lift our thoughts a - bove.

From "Songs for All," by permission.

74 SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Matthew 6: 33.

Written on hearing a sermon from Rev. W. E. Penn, at the Lockhart Camp Meeting.

Words and Music by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Trav'ler, on life's great high - way, Striving for earth - ly dross,
2. See to it now, my broth - er, Be not deceived, I pray,
3. Vain are the world's al - lure- ments; Fleeting the joys of sin;
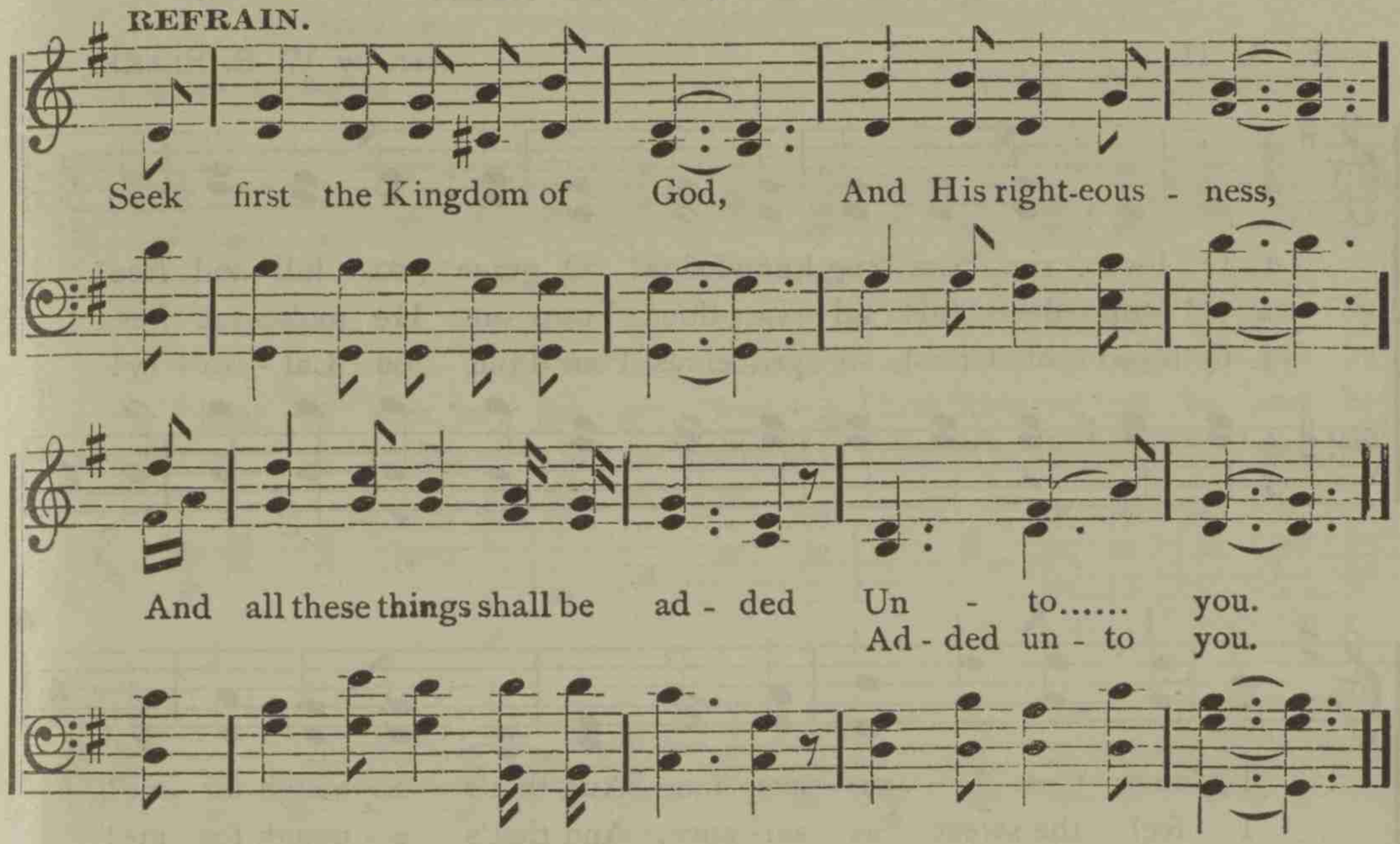
Tho' you a- mass a fort - une, Yet it may prove a loss;
Shun the broad road of fol - ly, En - ter the nar - row way;
Fail not to seek God's King - dom, Je - sus will let you in;

Seek first our Fa - ther's King - dom, Come to His peace-ful fold,
Look to your fut - ure wel - fare While the bright moments roll;
Then to you shall be ad - ded Rich-es in earth - ly store,

Here you will find a treas - ure More to be sought than gold.
When this brief life is end - ed, How then will fare your soul?
All that you need He'll give you, How could you wish for more?

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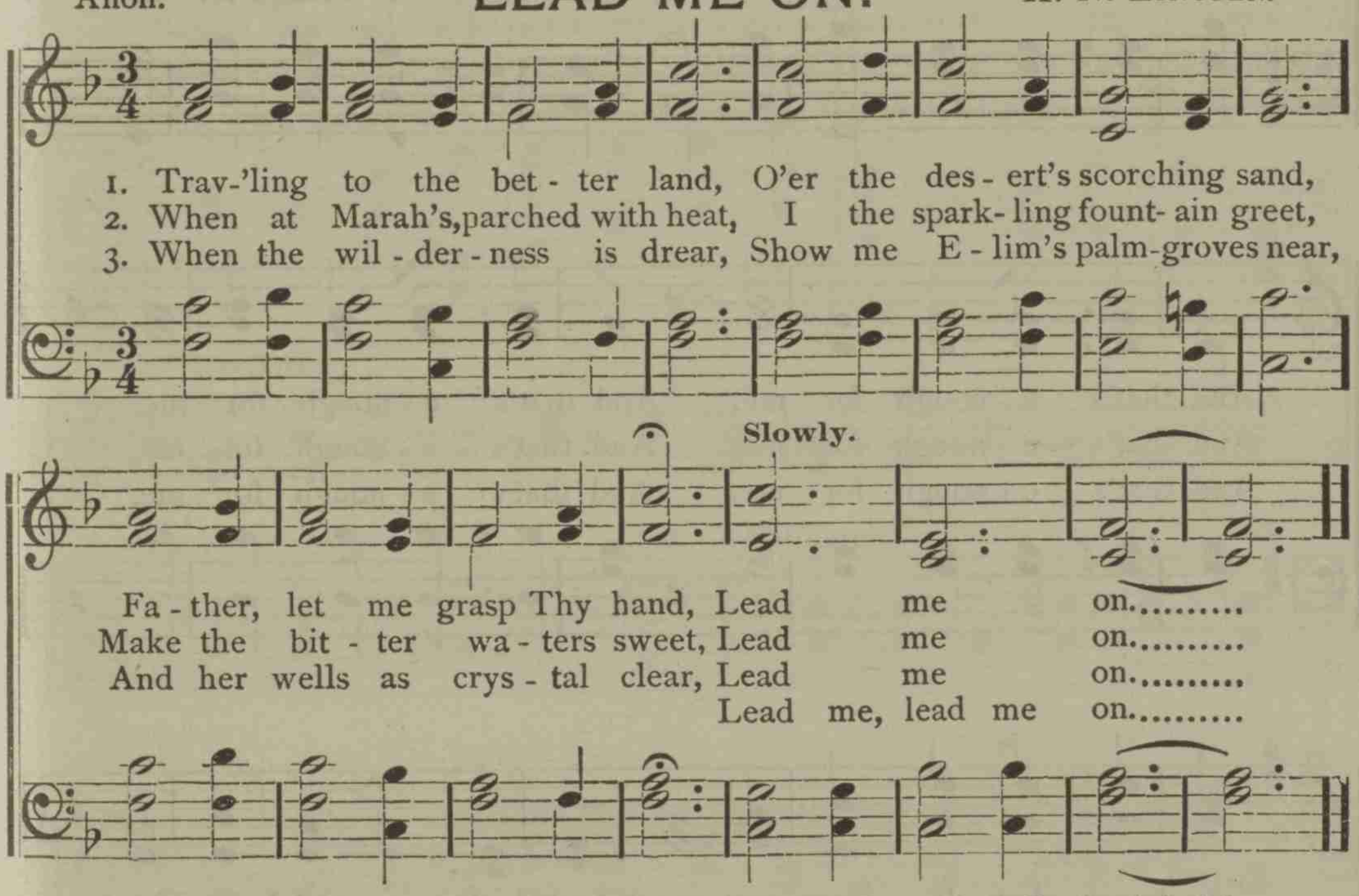
REFRAIN.



Anon.

LEAD ME ON.

H. N. LINCOLN.



4 Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher,
Lead me, lead me on.
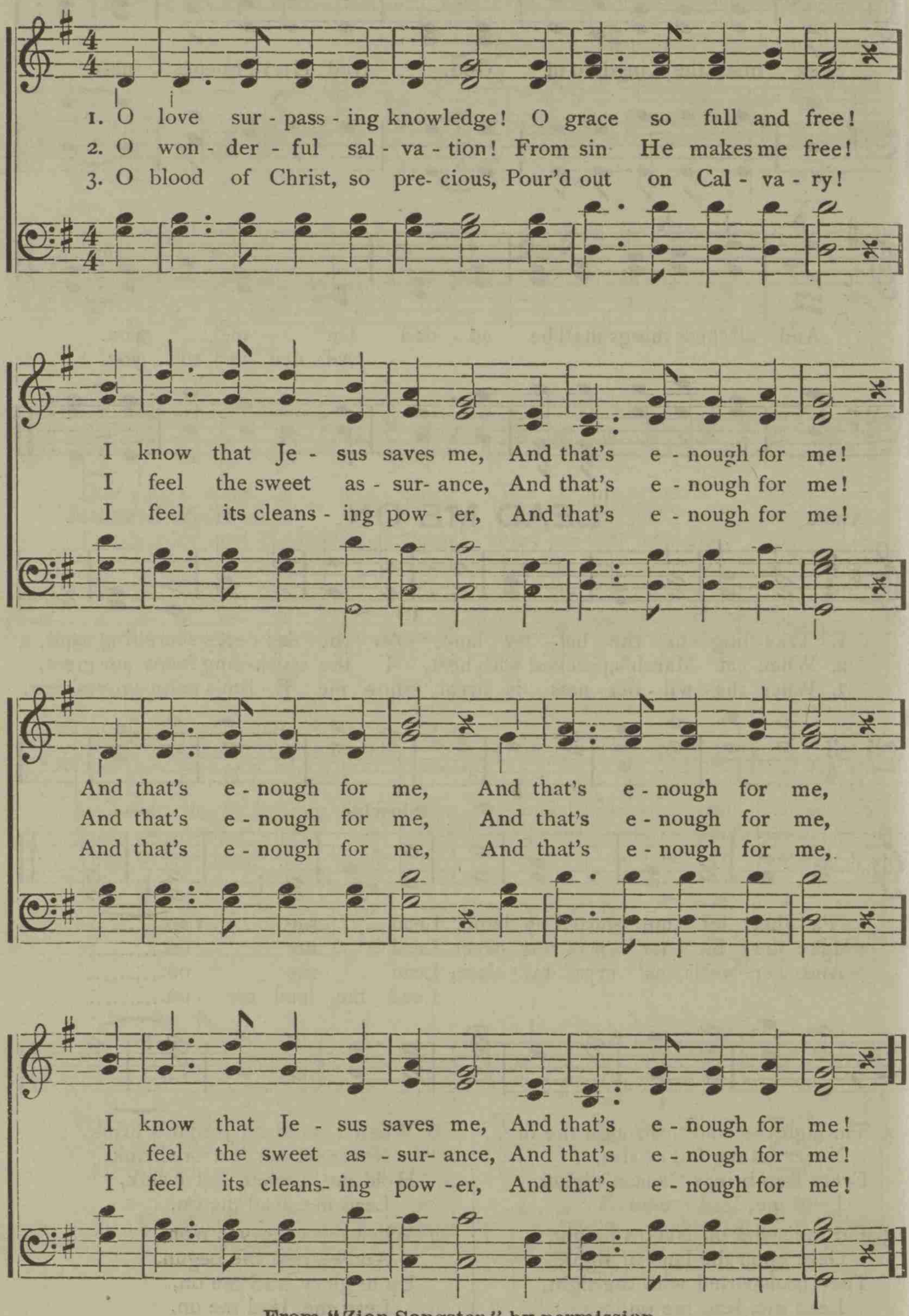
5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me, lead me on.

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink,
Hold me, Father, lest I sink,
Lead me, lead me on.

7 When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on,
Lead me, lead me on.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H. Arr. by W. B. BLAKE.

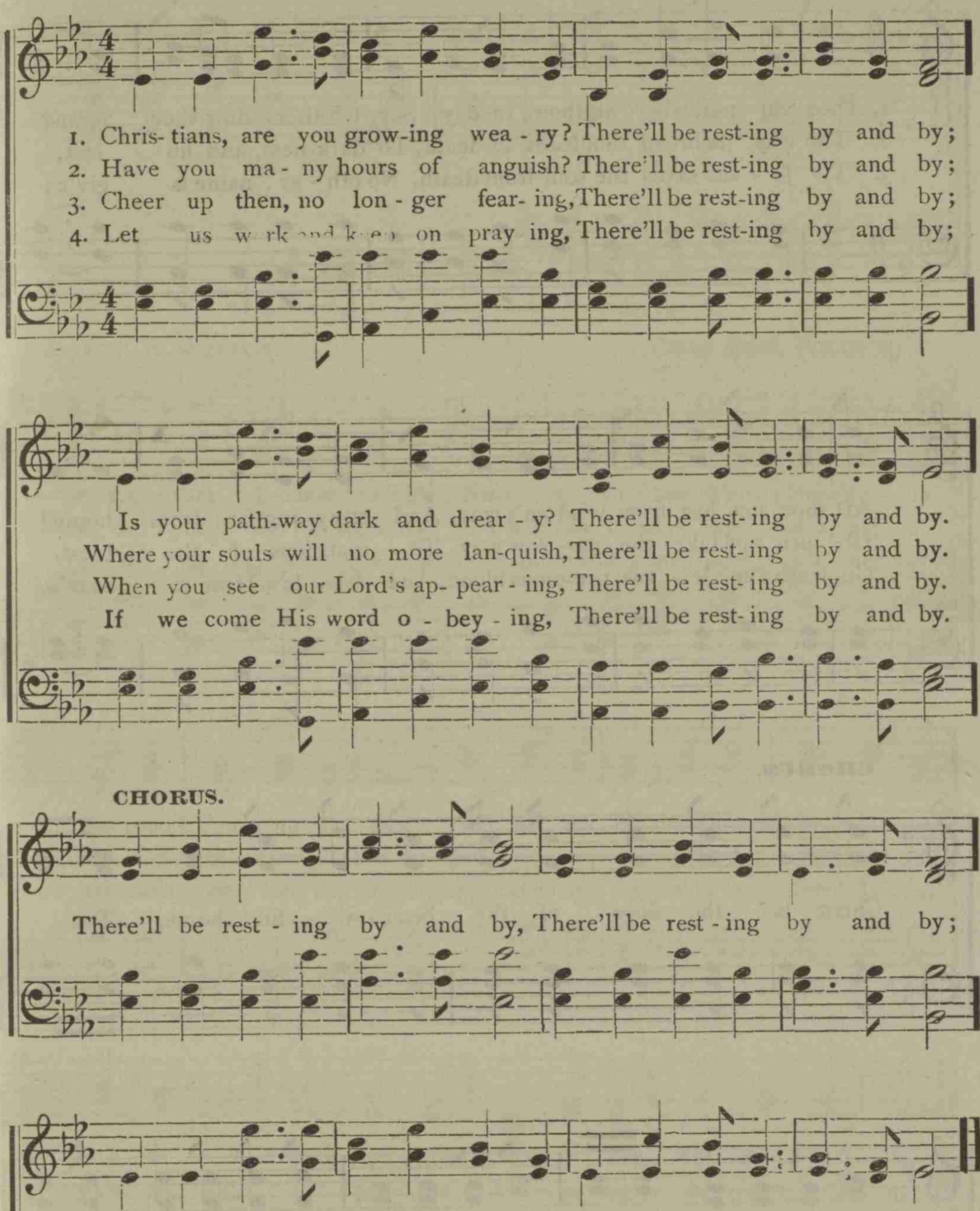


From "Zion Songster," by permission.

RESTING BY AND BY. 77

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

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



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CHRIST IS THE DOOR.

"I am the door."—Jesus.
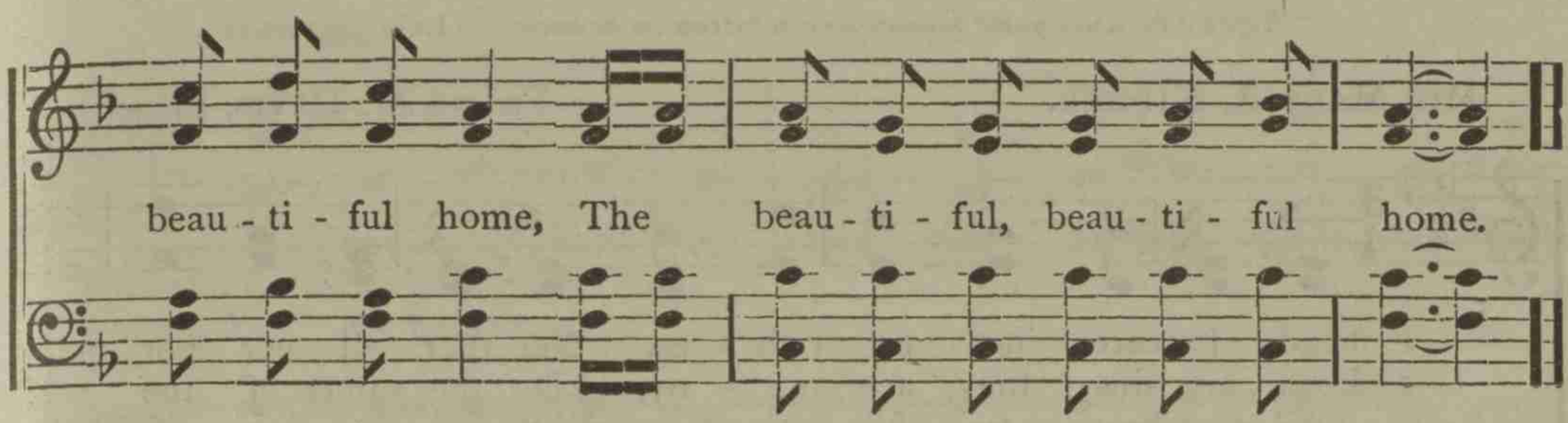
Rev. FRANK POLLOCK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Poor sin - ner, where art thou to-day? Say, whither dost thou roam?
2. The way is broad that leads to death, To dark-ness, and un - rest,
3. 'Tis Je - sus saves the soul from death, No oth - er name is giv'n;

Art thou not lost from wisdom's way, And stray- ing far from home?
Oh! turn and take the nar- row way To mansions of the blest.
Go, wash in Je - sus' pre-cious blood, And fol - low Him to heav'n.

CHORUS.

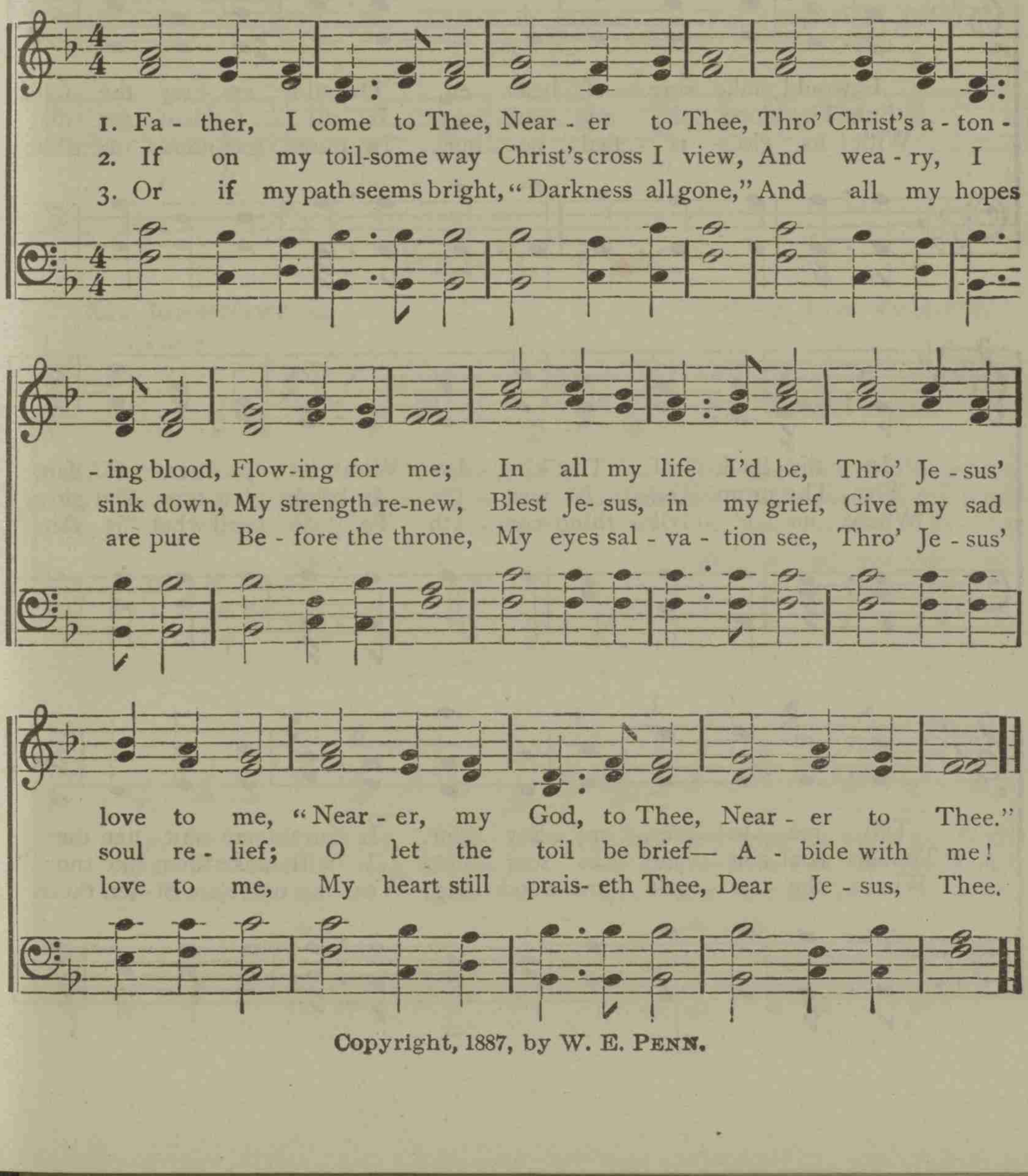
Christ is the door of the beau - ti - ful home, The
beau- ti - ful home, the beau-ti - ful home; Christ is the door of the



I COME TO THEE.

"I will arise, and go to my Father."—Luke 15 : 18.

LOTTIE E. WELTON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10 : 20.

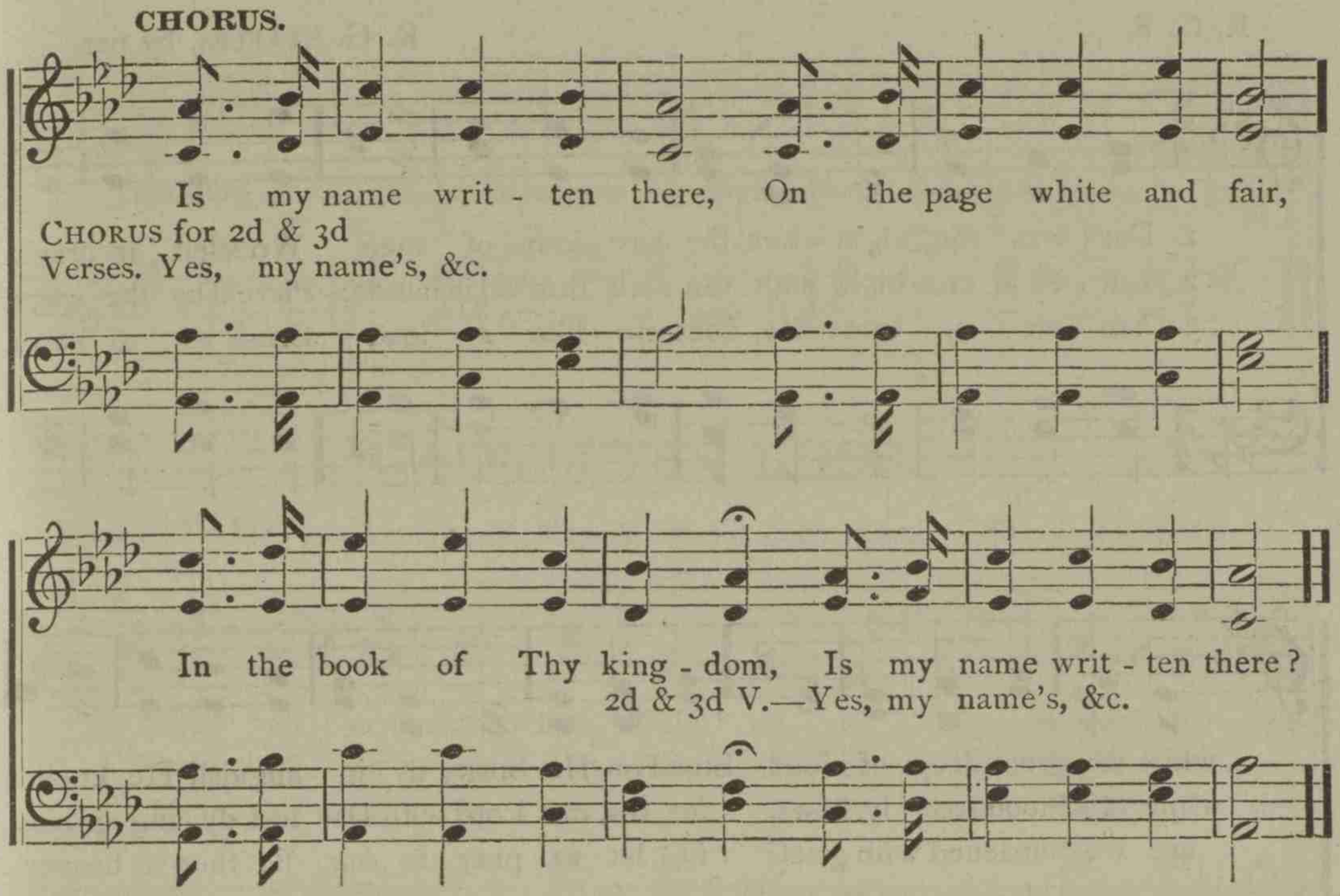
Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei- ther sil - ver nor gold;
I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold.
In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?

2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, oh, my Sav - iour! Is suf - fi- cient for me;
For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let- ters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
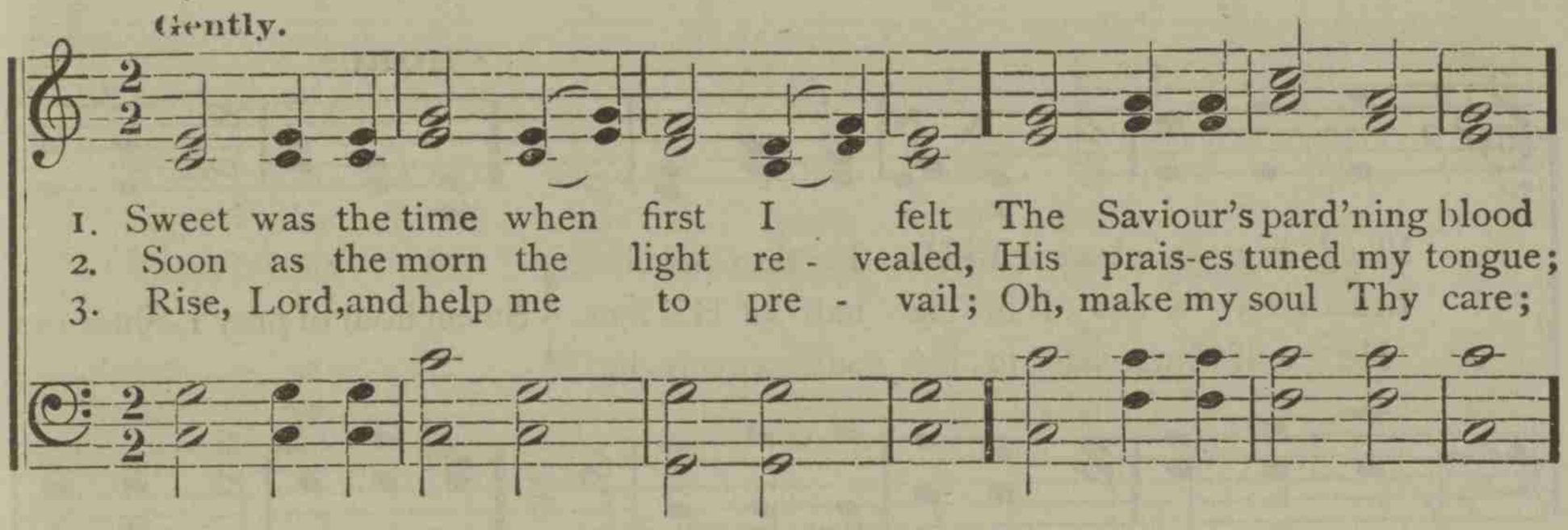
3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar-ments of white;
Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;
Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ- ten there.

CHORUS.



PENN. C. M.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

R. G. S. R. G. STAPLES, by per.

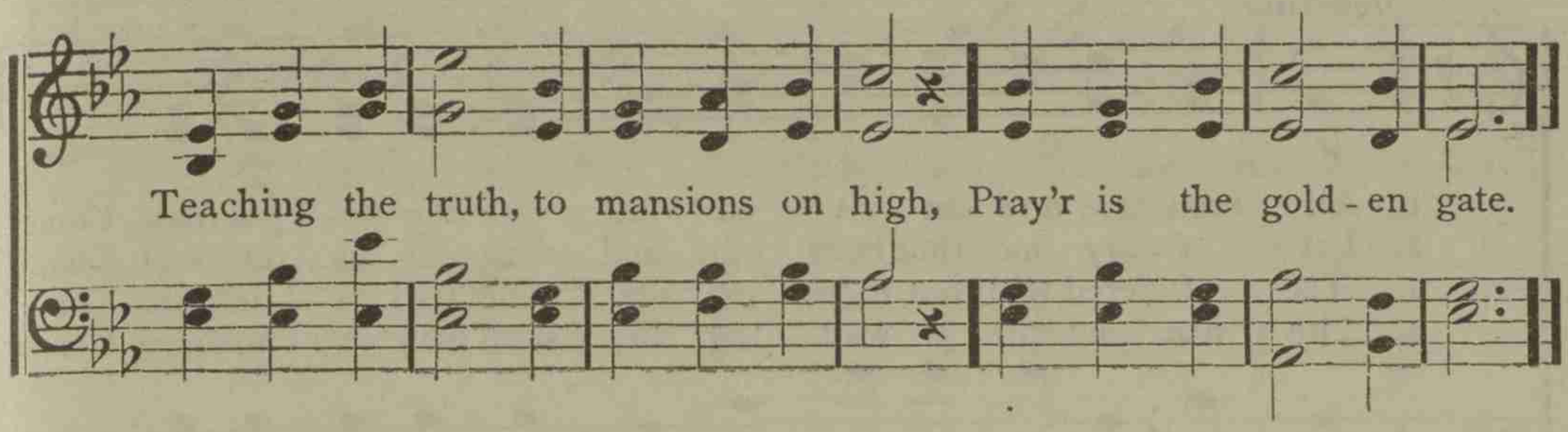
1. Dark was the night when the Sav - iour of men Wrestled in pray'r,
2. Lift - ed on high, with the nails thro' His hands; Pierc'd by the spear,
3. Are we in trou - ble, does sin like a load Crush us to earth,

while the great drops of blood Stood on His brow, as in anguish He knelt,
while His blood free - ly flows, Je - sus, our Lord with His last dy - ing groans,
are we burdened with grief? O let us pray to our Fa - ther in heaven,

CHORUS.

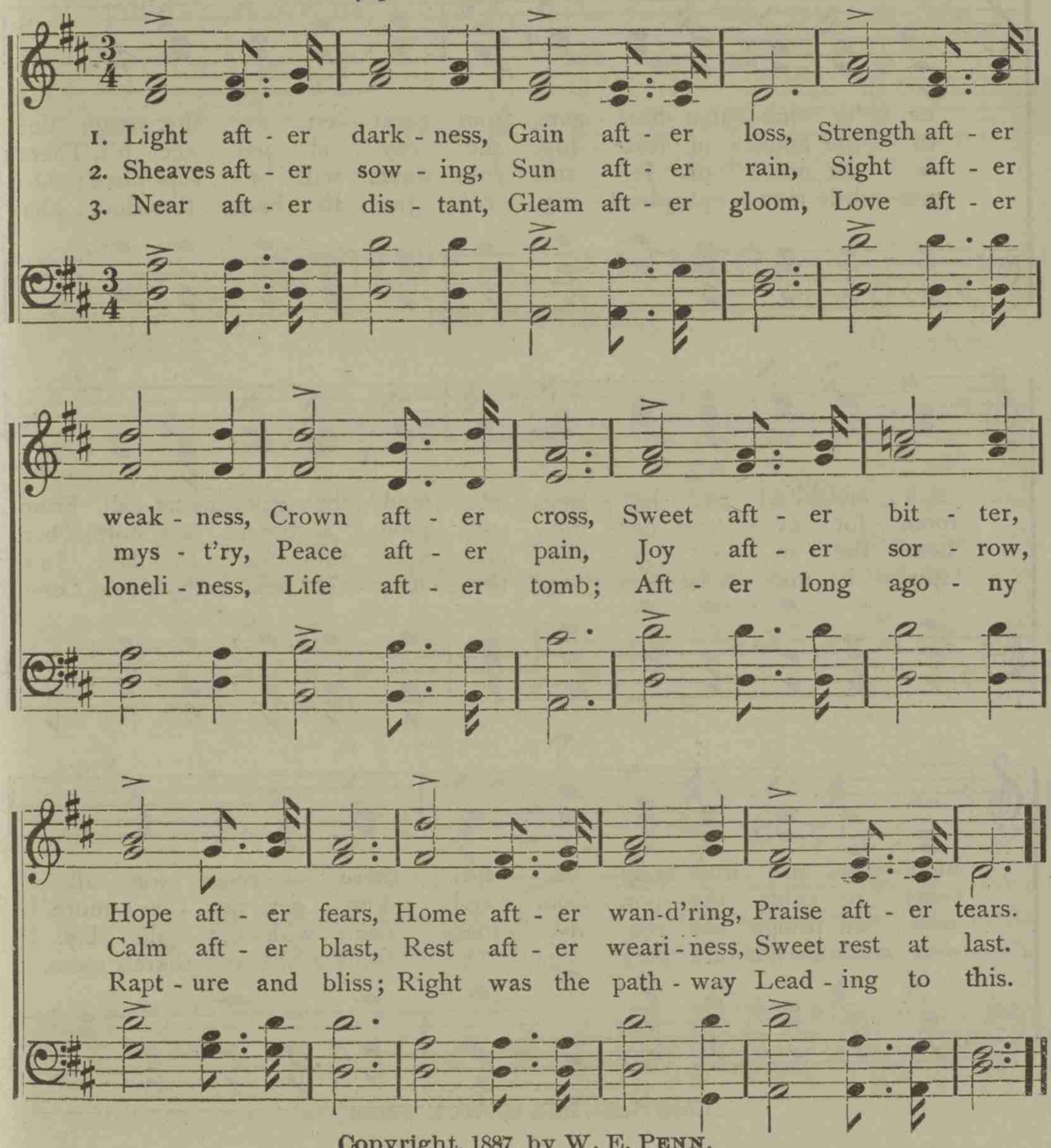
Plead - ing a - lone with His Fa - ther and God.
Breath - ed a pray'r in be - half of His foes.
He will vouch safe to our souls sweet re - lief.
} Sweet hour of pray'r, Since our

Sav - iour and King Wrestled a - lone till mid - night so late;



GAIN, AFTER LOSS.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL, by per. Miss M. V. G. HAVERGAL. H. N. LINCOLN.



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THE GOSPEL FEAST.

H. N. LINCOLN. Rev. W. E. PENN.
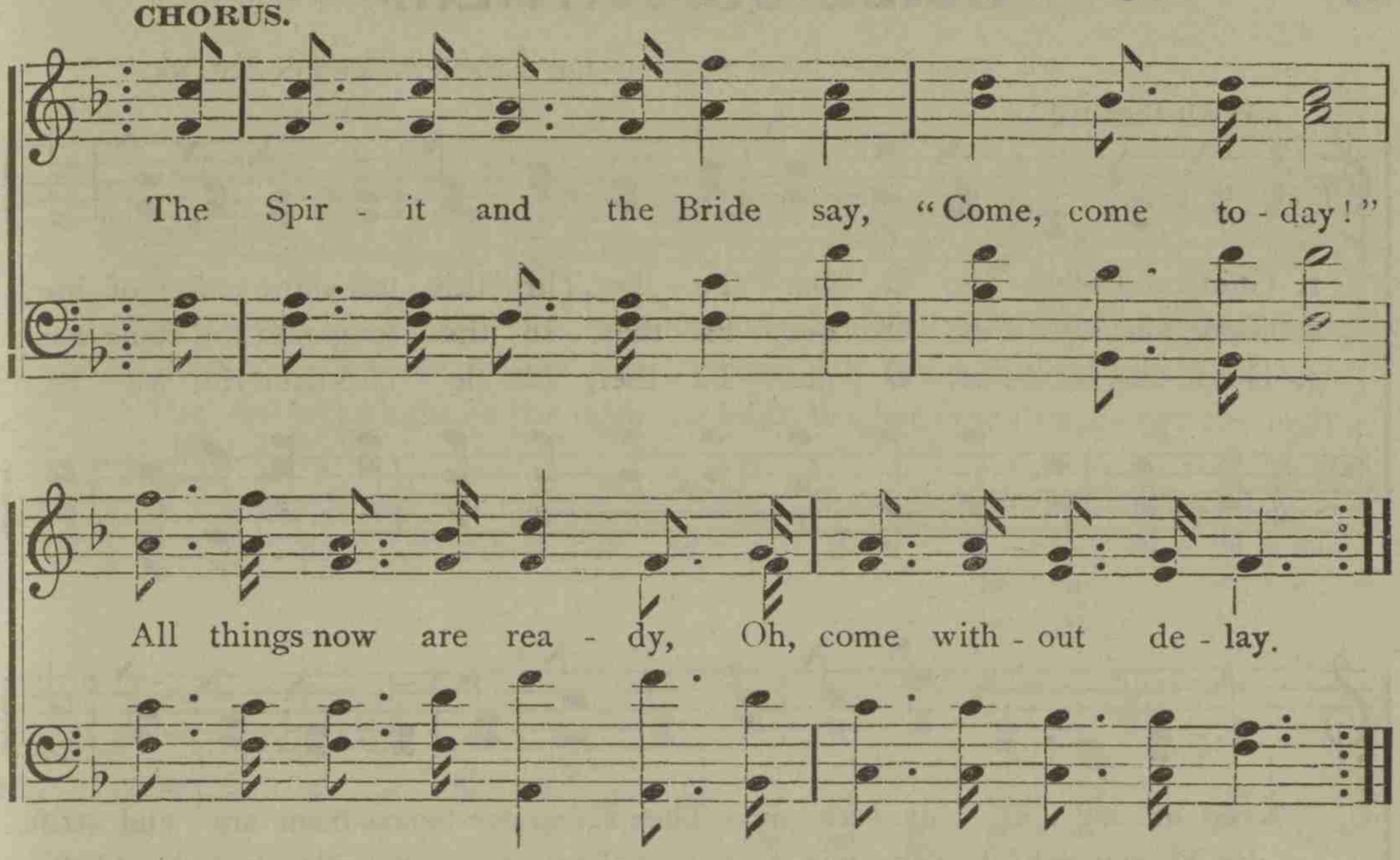
Moderato.

1. All men are now in - vit - ed un - to the gos - pel feast, Come ev - 'ry one that hun - gers, from great - est to the least; Ye
2. Let ev - 'ry one that hear - eth, and who - so - ev - er will, Come to the house of feast - ing, the roy - al pal - ace fill, There's
3. 'Tis of - fered with - out mon - ey, and none will be de-nied, Come in the name of Je - sus, your wants will be sup- plied; O
4. The ban- quet still is wait - ing, but soon may wait no more, Come *now* while mer - cy's plead - ing, ere jus - tice bars the door; The

sick and blind and lep - rous, at - tend the gra - cious call, From high - ways and from hedg - es, for there is room for all.
room for ev - 'ry na - tion, of food a bound - less store, Then come re - ceive thy por - tion, and hun - ger nev - er - more.
hear the in - vi - ta - tion, and heed the call to - day, Just now all things are rea - dy, then come with - out de - lay.
spir - it may cease woo - ing, this mo - ment seal thy doom, Come *now* while friends are pray - ing, O come while yet there's room.

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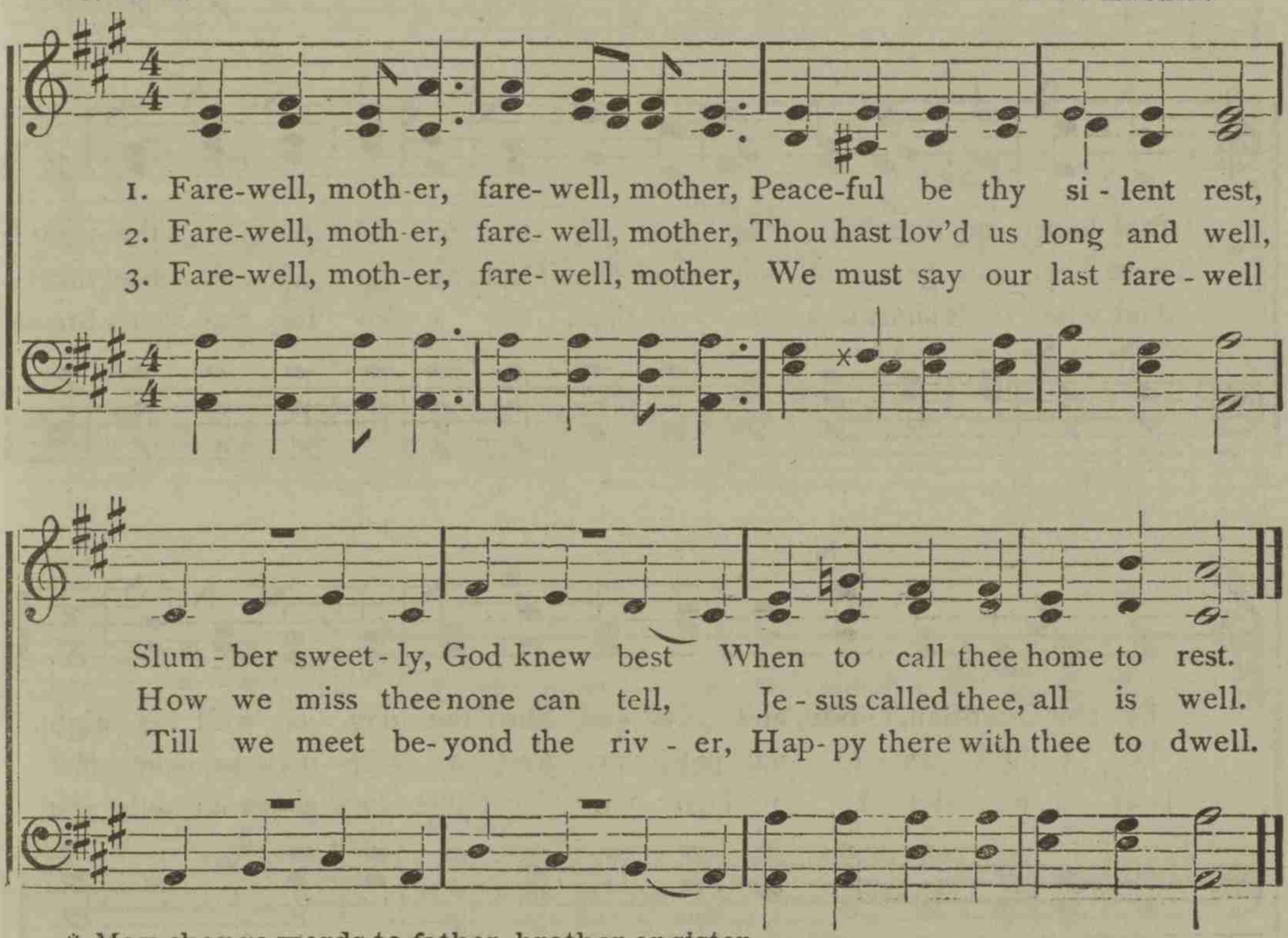
CHORUS.



FAREWELL, MOTHER.*

[FOR FUNERALS.]
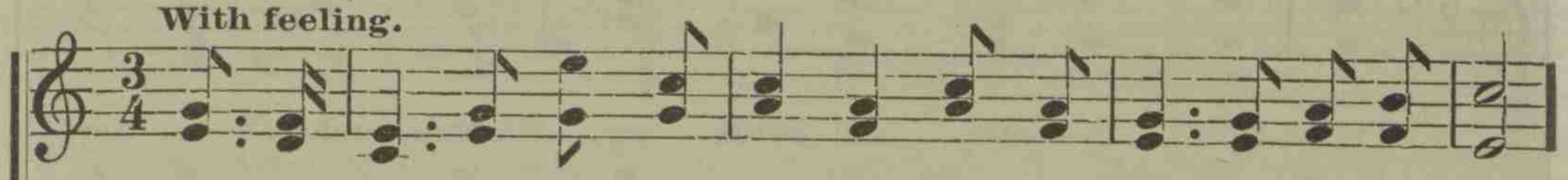
C. E. L. C. E. LESLIE.
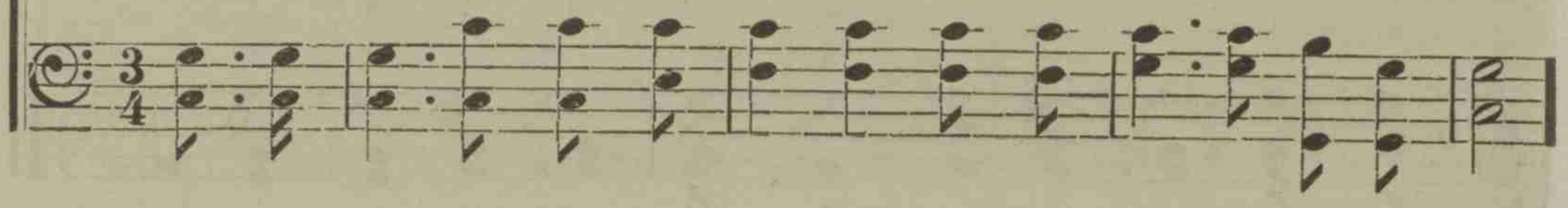


* May change words to father, brother or sister.
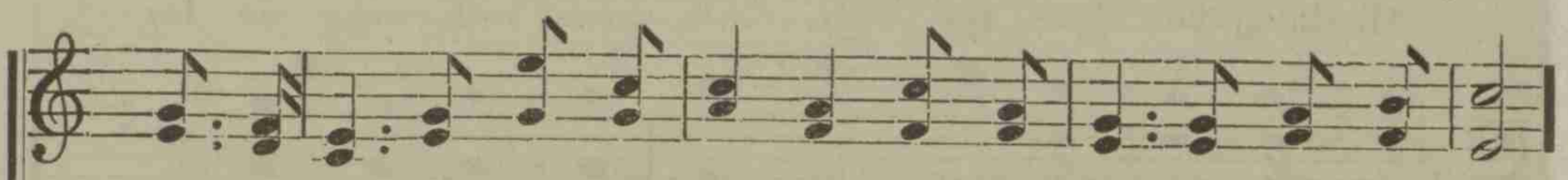
GUIDE US, FATHER.

Dr. FRANCIS ANSON EVANS.

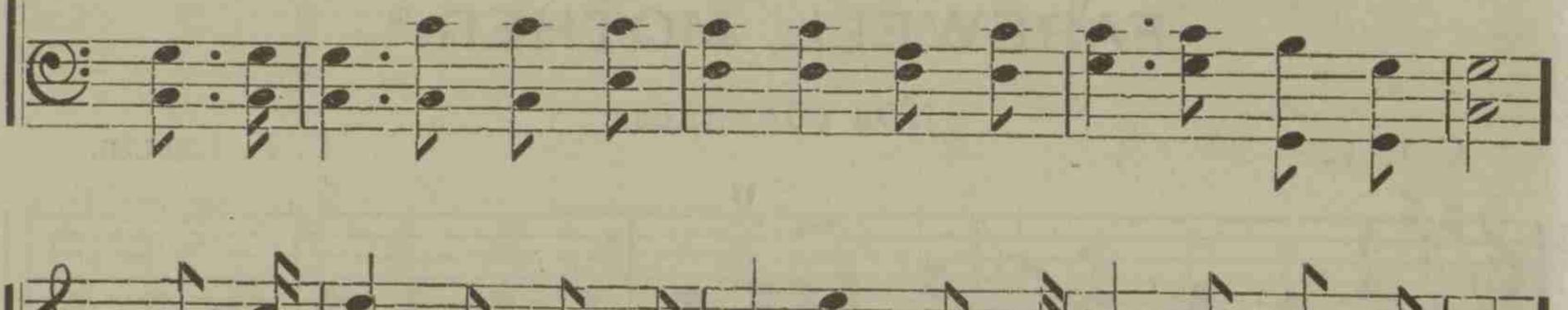


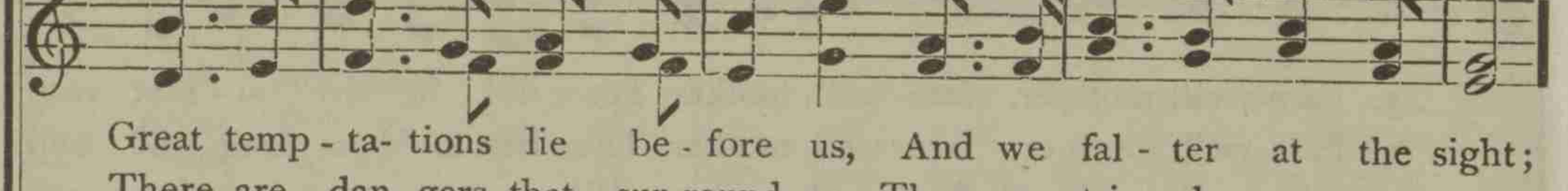
1. Guide and bless us, O our Fa - ther, Thro' this toil-some march of life;
2. Guide and bless us, O our Fa - ther, In the long and toil-some way;
3. Guide and bless us, O our Fa - ther, Lit- tle chil-dren tho' we be,



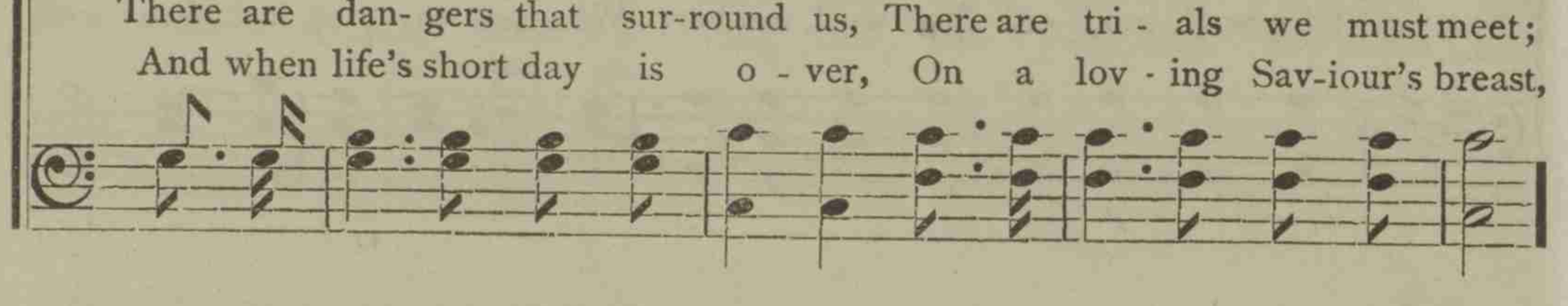


Keep us ev - er, ev - er near Thee, Keep our hearts from sin and strife.
Be Thou watchful o'er our foot-steps, Lest our lit - tle feet should stray.
We are weak but Thou art might - y, And no oth - er strength have we.





Great temp - ta- tions lie be - fore us, And we fal - ter at the sight;
There are dan- gers that sur-round us, There are tri - als we must meet;
And when life's short day is o - ver, On a lov - ing Sav-iour's breast,



Be our Guardian, Guide, and Sav- iour, Thro' the day as well as night.
Be a light un - to our path- way, And a lamp un - to our feet.
Bear us ten - der - ly to heav - en, To Thine ev - er- prom-ised rest.

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THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33 : 27.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis sweet to lie in the lov - ing arms, From sor - row and care set free,
2. Those arms of might will not let me fall, No fear shall my heart an - noy,
3. His smile can light-en the dark - est hour, Bright day shall suc-ceed the night,

To lean my head on the Saviour's breast, And know that He cares for me.
While o'er my head are the wings of love, Well-filled is my cup with joy.
As flow'rs un - fold in the dew - y morn, My soul doth re - joice in light.

CHORUS.

I know not what the fut - ure shall be, But my soul shall dread no a - larms; I know not what is in store for me, But underneath are the ev - er- last-ing arms.

By permission of A. J. SHOWALTER, Dalton, Ga.

THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

Dedicated to Rev. H. A. Tupper, D. D.

Wherever this Song is sung in private, or in public, it is my earnest desire that a collection shall be taken for Foreign Missions.

Anon. W. E. Penn.

1. O- ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, Where the poor
2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light Shin - ing from
3. Then, while the Mission - ships glad tid-ings bring, List as that
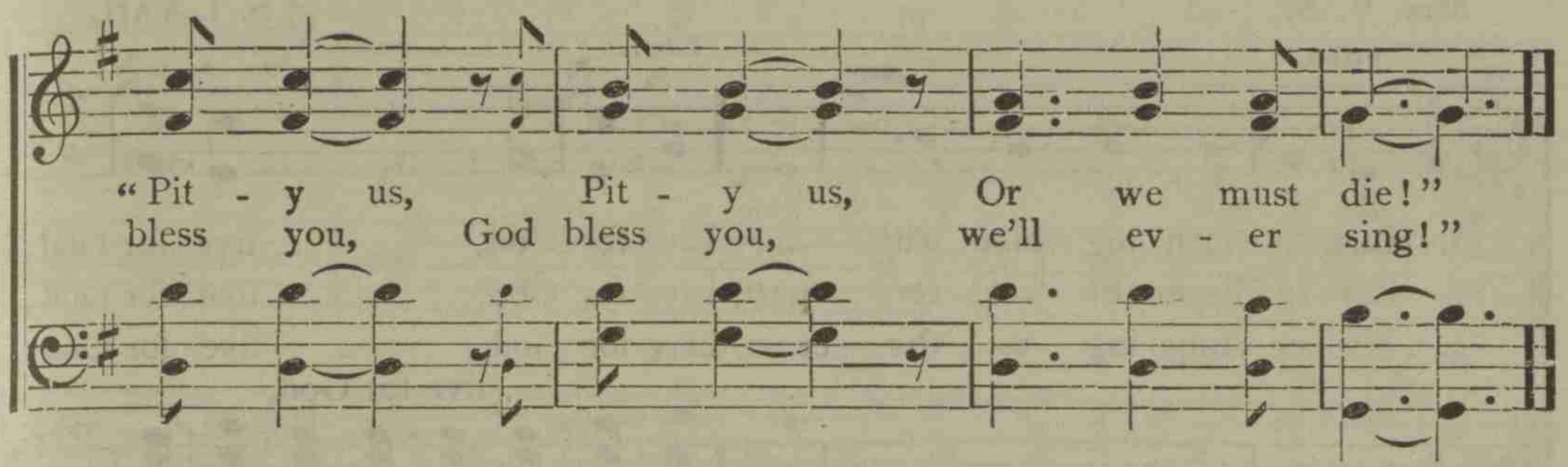
hea- then live wait - ing for day, Grop - ing in ig - no - rance,
God's own word free, pure and bright, Shall we not send to them
hea- then band joy - ful - ly sing: "O - ver the o - cean wave

dark as the night, No bless-ed teach - er to guide them a - right.
bi - bles to read, Teach- ers and preachers and all that they need?
I see them come, Bring-ing the bread of life, guid- ing us home!"

CHORUS.
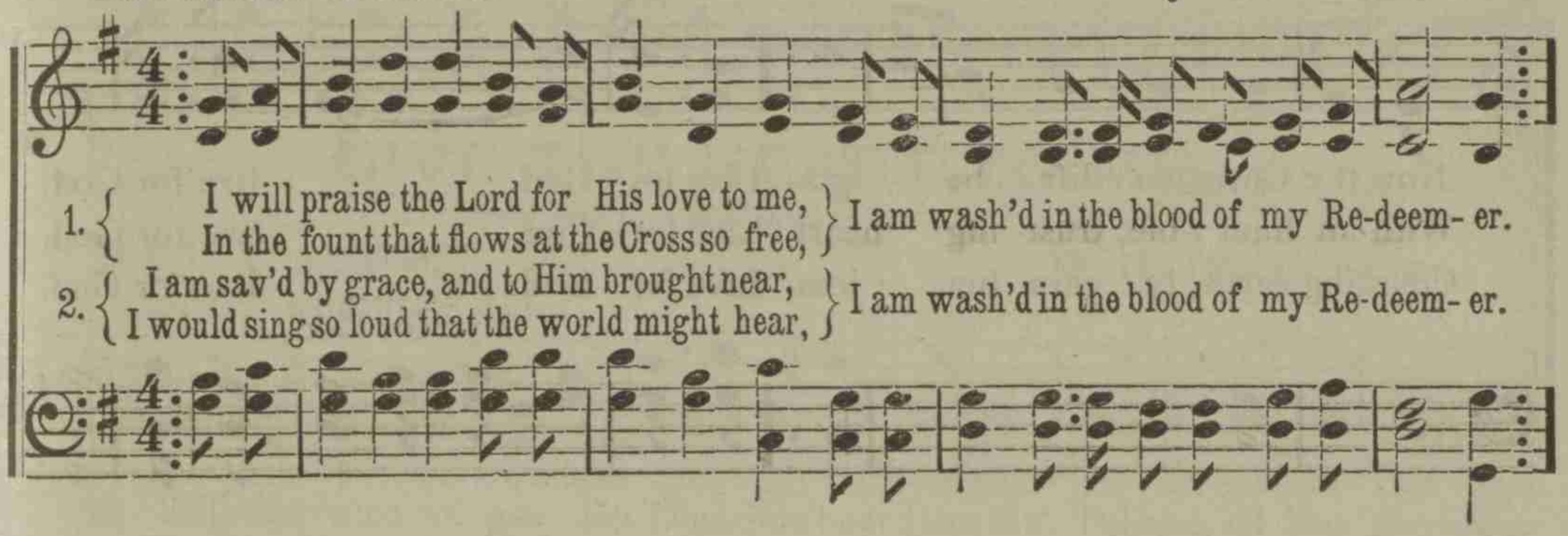
"Pit - y us, Pit - y us!" Oh, hear them cry;

Chorus for 3d Verse. "God bless you, God bless you, Good tid- ings bring, God

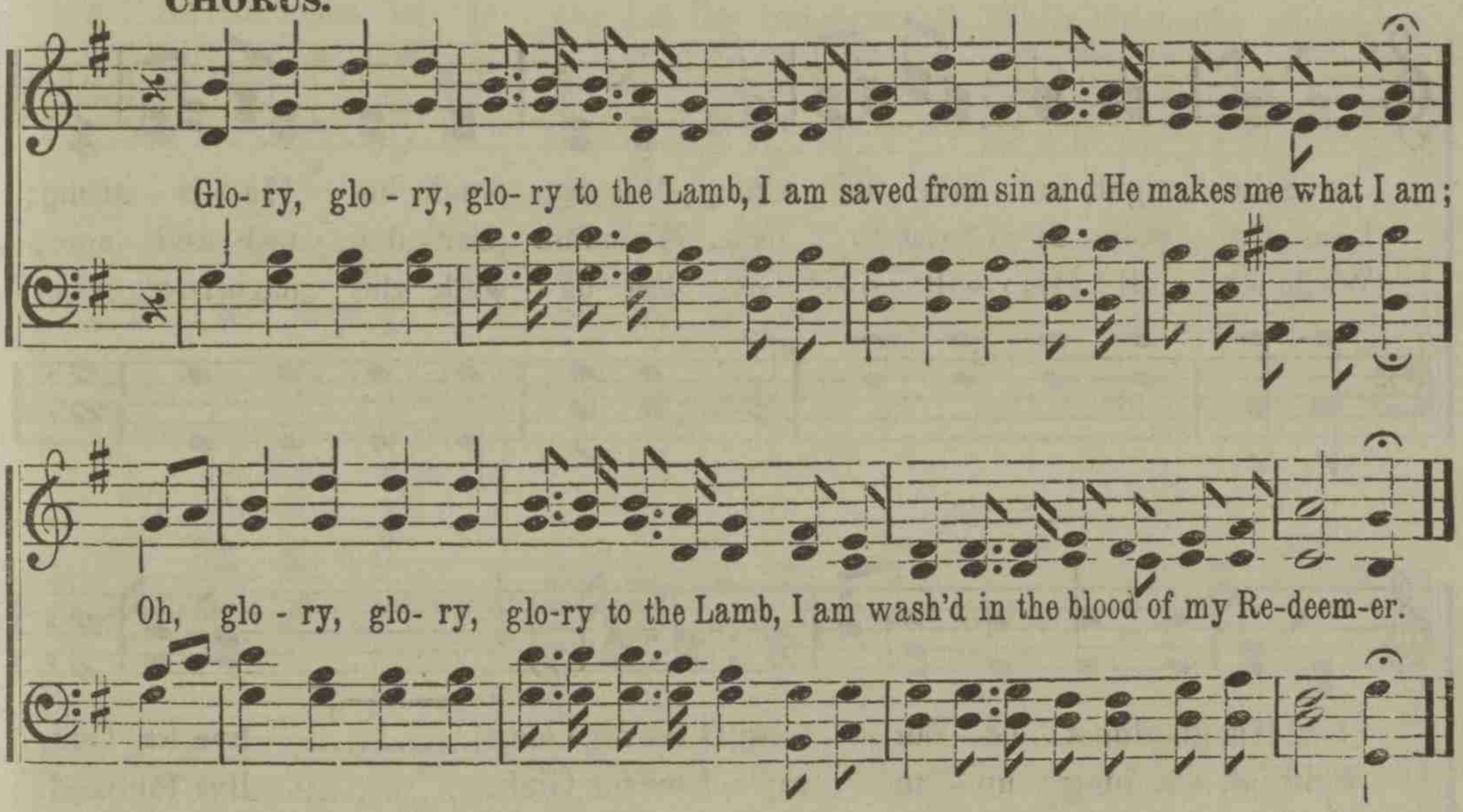


Washed in the Blood of My Redeemer.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.



3 What a constant peace in my heart I feel,
I am washed in the blood of my Redeemer;
There's a holy joy I can ne'er reveal,
I am washed in the blood of my Redeemer.

4 I will lift my voice while on earth I stay,
I am washed in the blood of my Redeemer;
Then my soul shall sing in the realms of day,
I am washed in the blood of my Redeemer.

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LIVE FOR GOD.

Mrs. V. A. S. J. VAIL.

Solo. Cho.

1. Hark! a warn- ing voice with - in, Live for God, live for God;
2. Ear- ly choose the bet - ter part, Live for God, live for God;
3. Ev - er cling- ing to the cross, Live for God, live for God;

live for God,

Solo. Cho.

Now the Christian life be - gin, Live for God,..... live for God.
With an hum - ble, trust- ing heart, Live for God,..... live for God.
Counting earth- ly gain but loss, Live for God, ... live for God.

live for God,
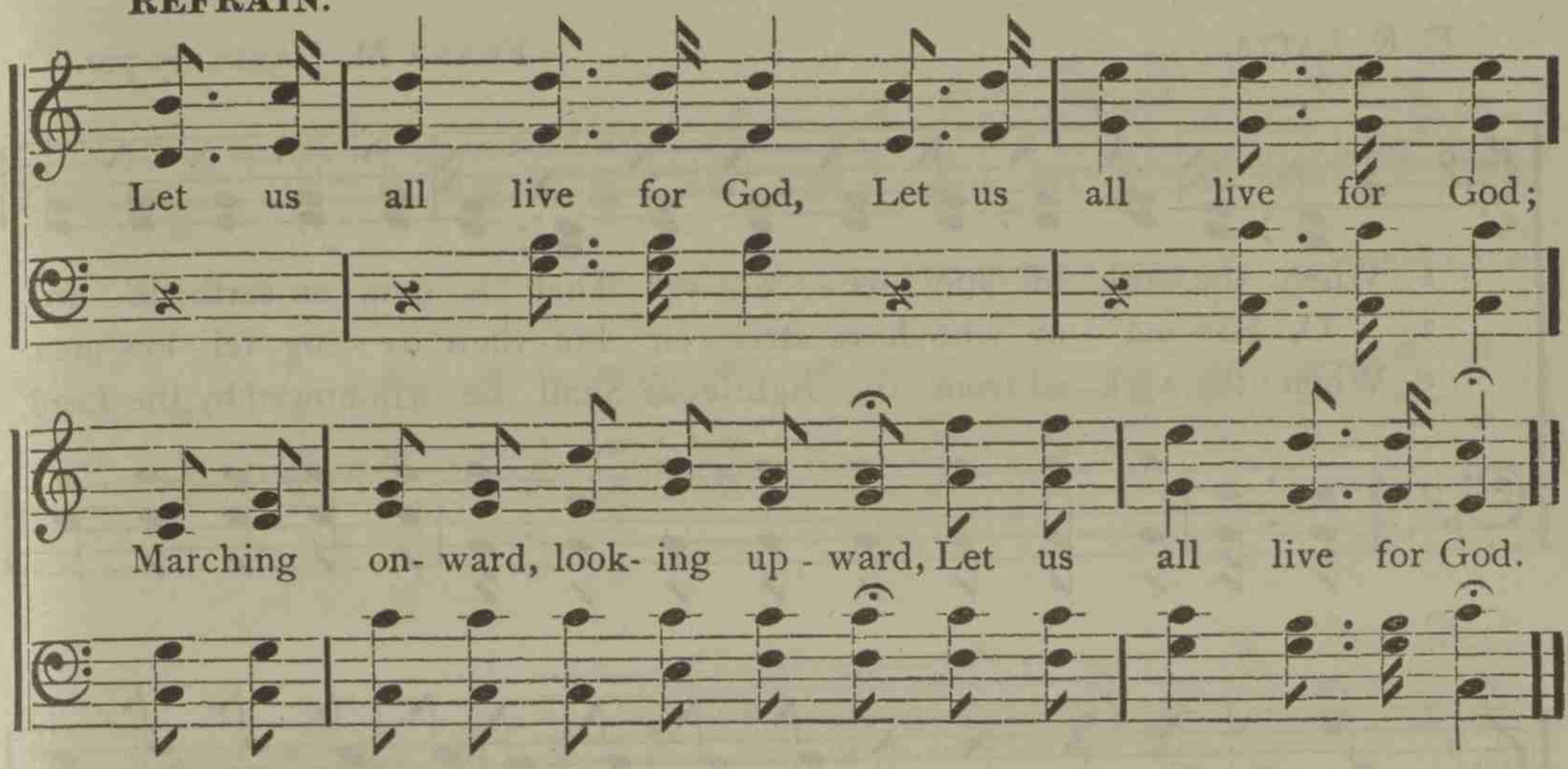
Love the right, for - sake the wrong; We are weak, but He is strong;
Learn the yoke of Christ to bear, Welcome bur - den, toil and care;
While we all His will o - bey, Let us walk the nar - row way;

Let His goodness be our song, Live for God,..... live for God.
Faithful, watching un - to pray'r, Live for God,..... live for God.
This our watchword day by day, Live for God,..... live for God.

live for God,

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REFRAIN.

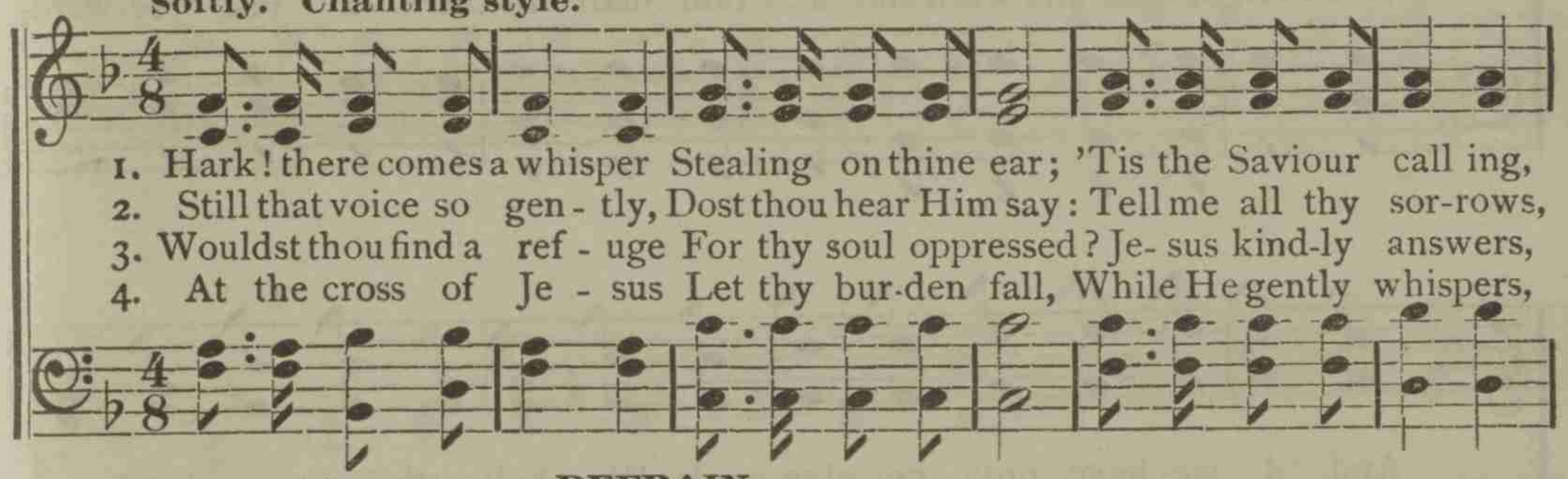


GIVE THY HEART TO ME.

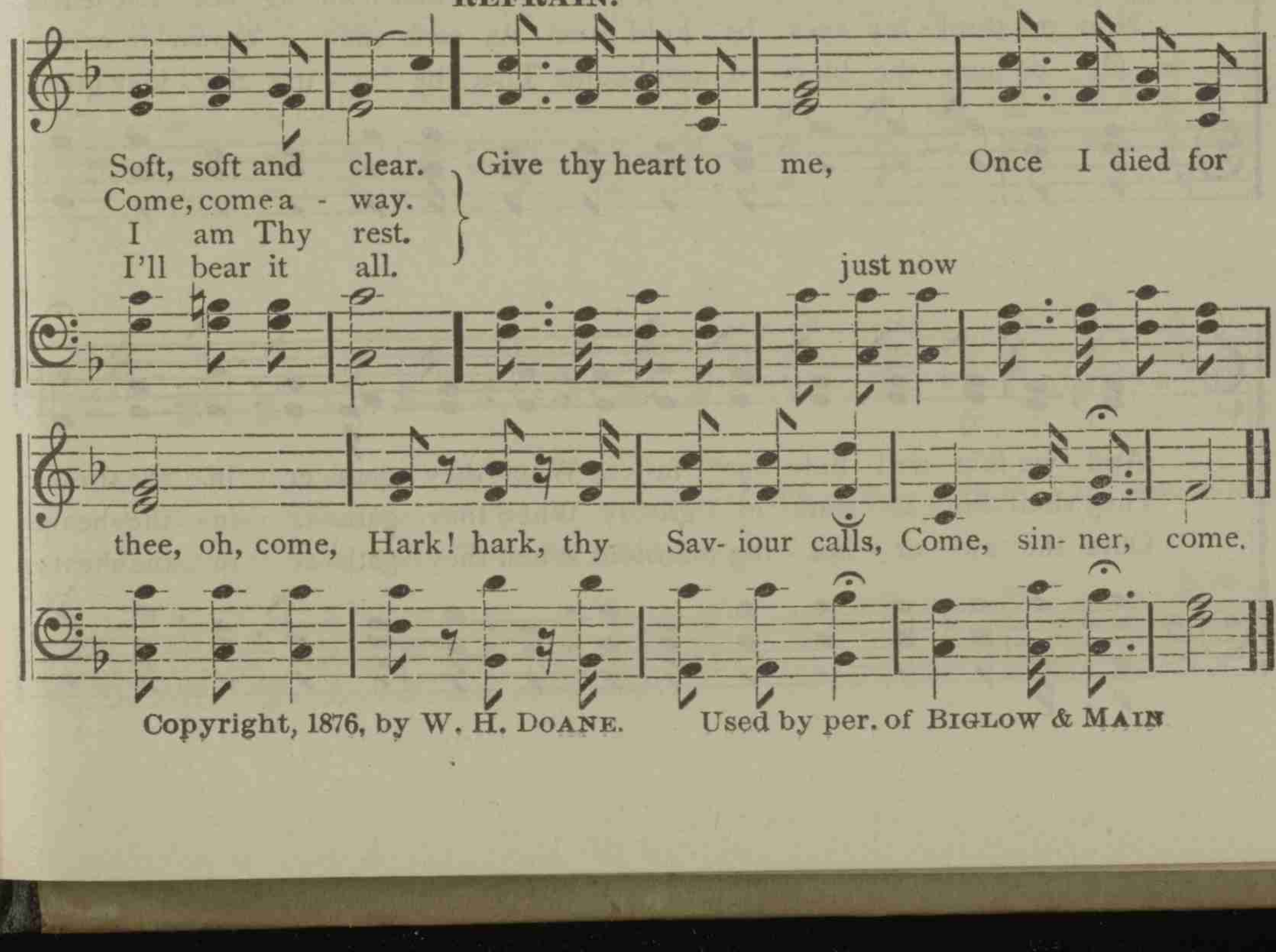
"Son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23 : 26.

Mrs. F. V. ALSTINE. W. H. DOANE, by per.

Softly. Chanting style.



REFRAIN.



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92 WHEN THEY GATHER IN THE SHEAVES.

E. R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. When the work of life is o - ver That is ours on earth to do,
2. O, how ma - ny who have striv - en For their dy - ing fel - low-men
3. When the wick- ed from the right-eous Shall be win-nowed by the Lord,

Then the pro- ducts of our sow- ing We shall all be called to view,
Shall be la - den with their treasures, And shall come re - joic - ing then.
And each thought and word and ac - tion Shall re-ceive a just re- ward,

And if we have prov - en slug-gards We shall noth-ing see but leaves,
Now me-thinks my eyes be - hold them As each one a crown re ceives,
O, be ours the bless- ed wel-come That the lov - ing Sav - iour gives,

And we fain will hide our fa- ces When they gath- er in the sheaves.
They shall shine as stars in glo- ry When they gath- er in the sheaves.
Ours the ev - er - last - ing mansions When they gath- er in the sheaves.

When they gath - er in the sheaves, When they gath-er in the sheaves,

{ And we fain will hide our fa - ces
They shall shine as stars in glo - ry,
Ours the ev - er - last - ing mansions, } When they gath-er in the sheaves;

When they gath - er in the sheaves, When they gath-er in the sheaves,

{ And we fain will hide our fa- ces
They shall shine as stars in glo- ry,
Ours the ev - er - last - ing mansions. } When they gath-er in the sheaves.

EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

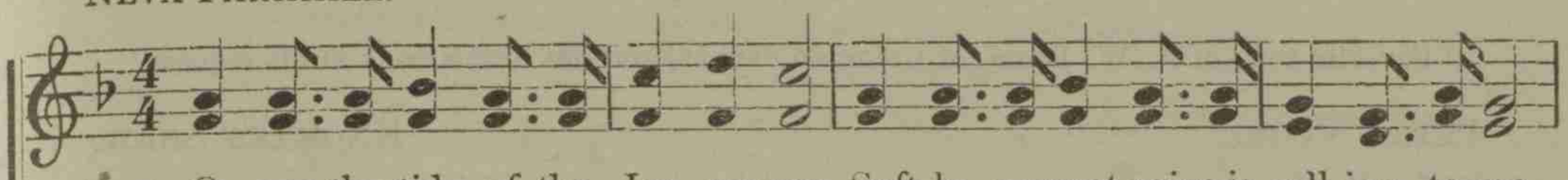
1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing, Un - to Thee I pray:
2. At the bus - y noon- tide, Press'd with work and care,
3. When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light,
4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day,

Let Thy lov - ing - kind - ness Keep me through this day.
Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till He hears my prayer.
Fa - ther, then I'll pray Thee: Bless Thy child to - night.
In its shad - owy eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.
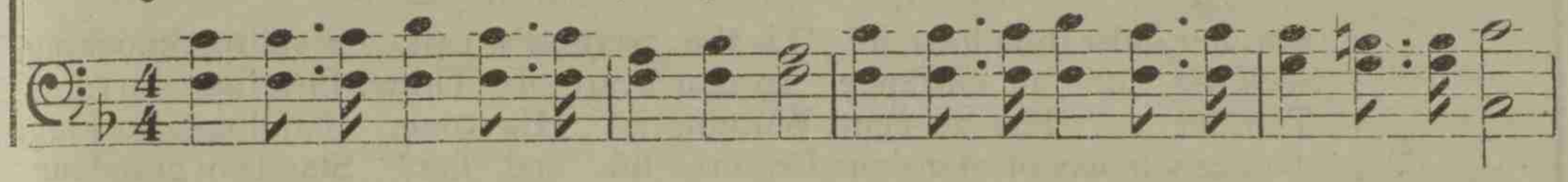
CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray,
I will pray, I will pray, Ev-er will
Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning, Un - to Thee I'll pray.
Un - to Thee
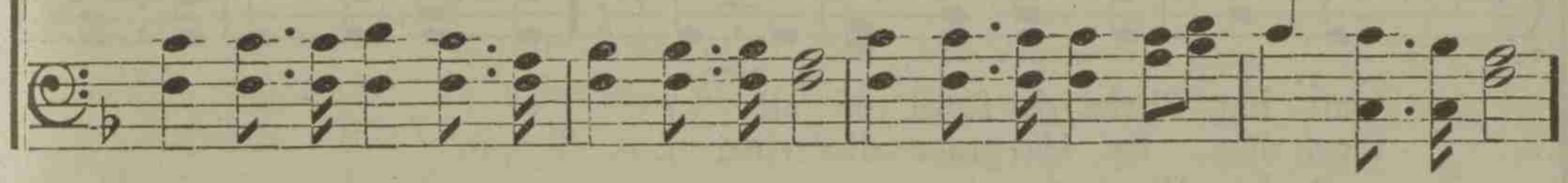
NEVA PARKHILL. L. B. SHOOK.
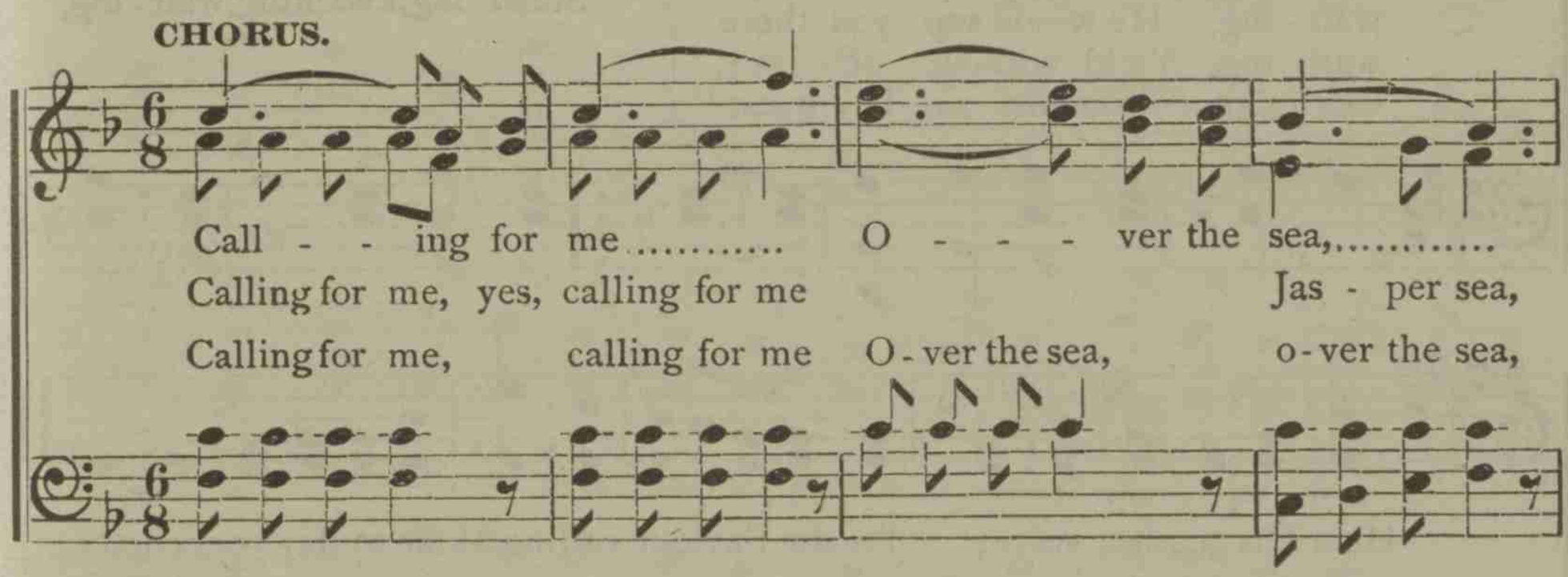


1. O - ver the tide of the Jas - per sea Soft-ly a sweet voice is call-ing to me,
2. O - ver the tide of the Jas - per sea Soft-ly the accents are pleading with me,
3. O - ver the tide of the Jas - per sea Cometh a vis - ion of beau-ty to me,



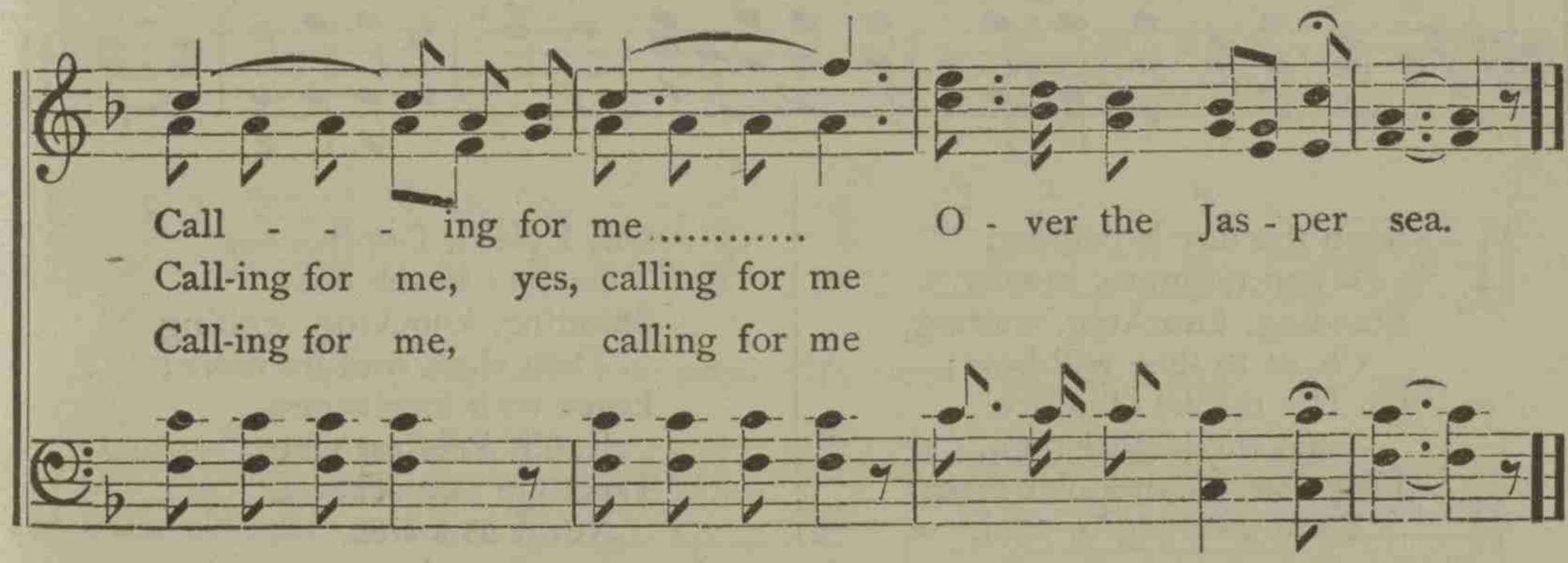
Loving and ten-der beseech-ing its tone, Dearly beloved, oh, why longer roam?
Pleading so gen-tly in mu - sic - al tone, Dearly beloved, oh, why longer roam?
Angels are floating adown from the dome, Dearly beloved, oh, why longer roam?



CHORUS.



Call - - ing for me..... O - - - ver the sea,.....
Calling for me, yes, calling for me Jas - per sea,
Calling for me, calling for me O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea,



Call - - - ing for me..... O - ver the Jas - per sea.
Call-ing for me, yes, calling for me
Call-ing for me, calling for me

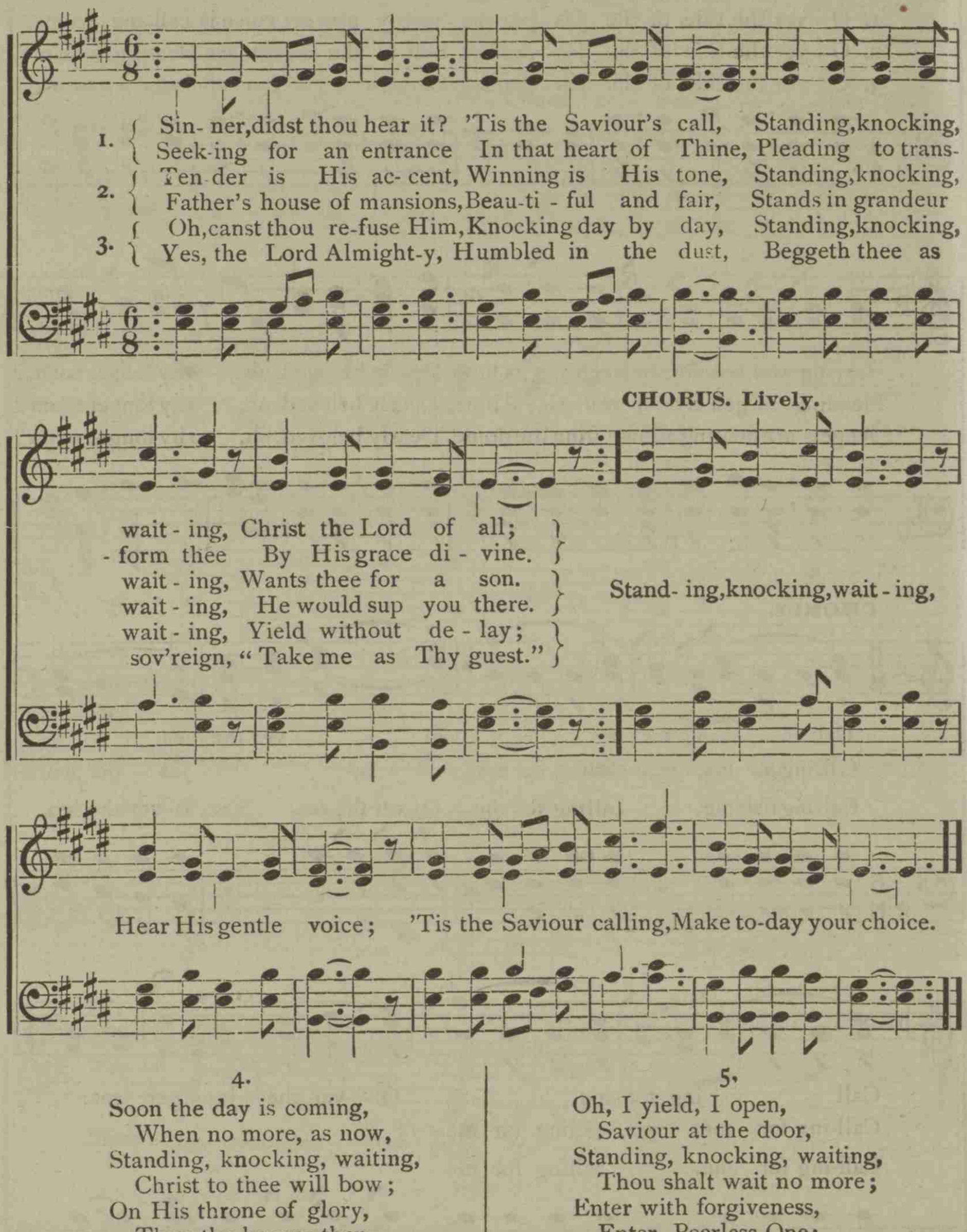
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STANDING, KNOCKING, WAITING.

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

"Favorite song of A. W. Dunn, of Colorado, Texas, and put in this book at his request."

PETER VOGEL. KNOWLES SHAW.



4.

Soon the day is coming,
When no more, as now,
Standing, knocking, waiting,
Christ to thee will bow;
On His throne of glory,
Thou the beggar then,
Judgment passing o'er thee,
Thou wilt beg in vain.
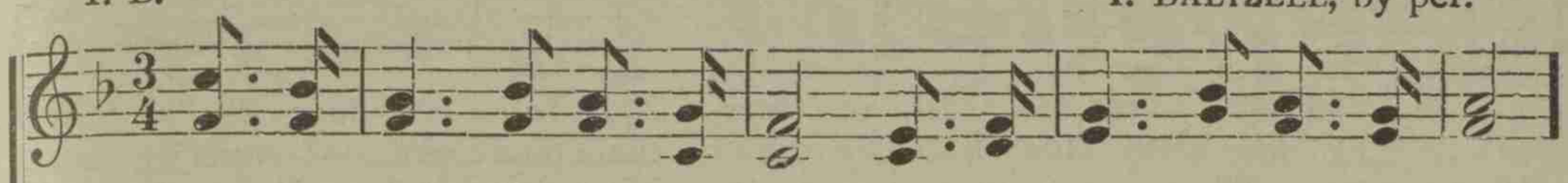
5.

Oh, I yield, I open,
Saviour at the door,
Standing, knocking, waiting,
Thou shalt wait no more;
Enter with forgiveness,
Enter, Peerless One;
Treat me as a servant,
Never as a son.

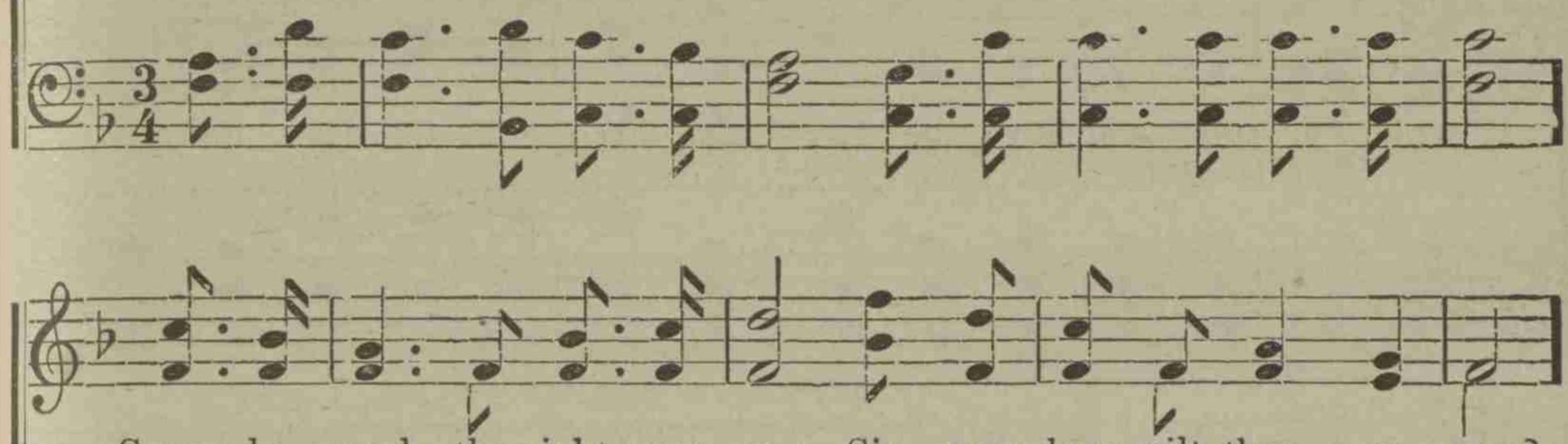
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"And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?"—1 Peter 4: 18.
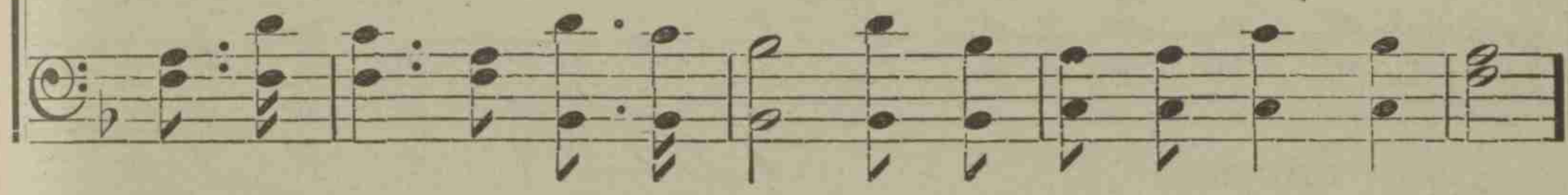
I. B. I. BALTZELL, by per.
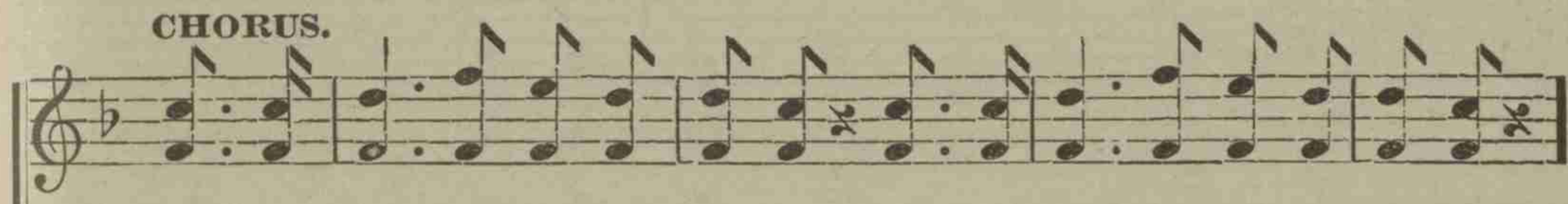


1. Scarce-ly saved! Oh, what a word! 'Tis the lan-guage of the Lord;
2. Scarce-ly saved! a warn-ing given; Rouse, thee, sin-ner! start for heaven;
3. Scarce-ly saved! if saved at all; Sin-ner, hear the Saviour's call;
4. Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin-ner, hear! Christ, the great Phy-si-cian's near;



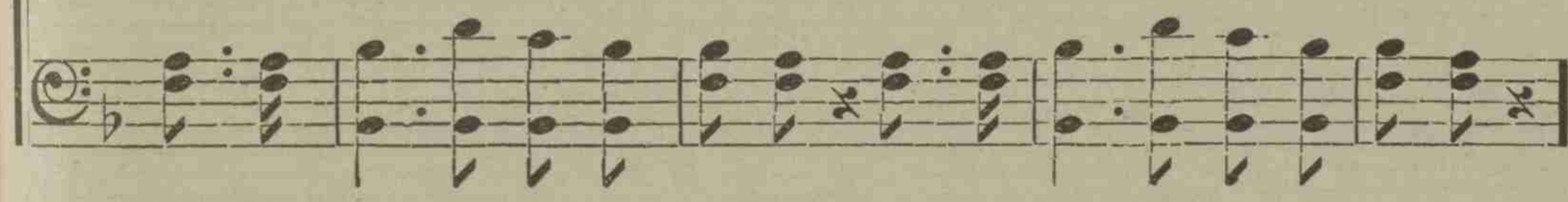
Scarce-ly saved the right-eous are; Sin-ner, where wilt thou ap-pear?
Je-sus waits to save thee now, At His foot-stool hum-bly bow.
Come with all your guilt and sin, Christ will free-ly take you in.
Wilt thou now this truth be-lieve? "On-ly look to Christ and live."
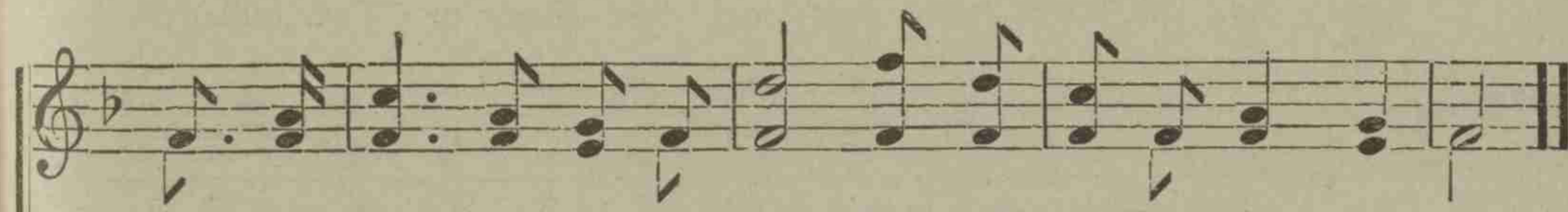


CHORUS.
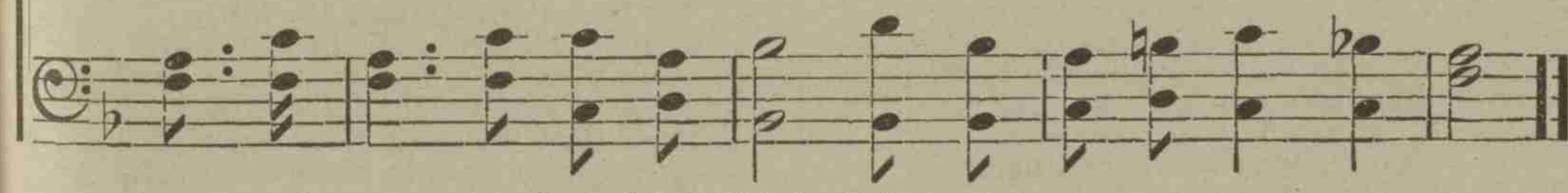


Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin-ner, hear it! Scarce-ly saved! oh, sin-ner, fear it!





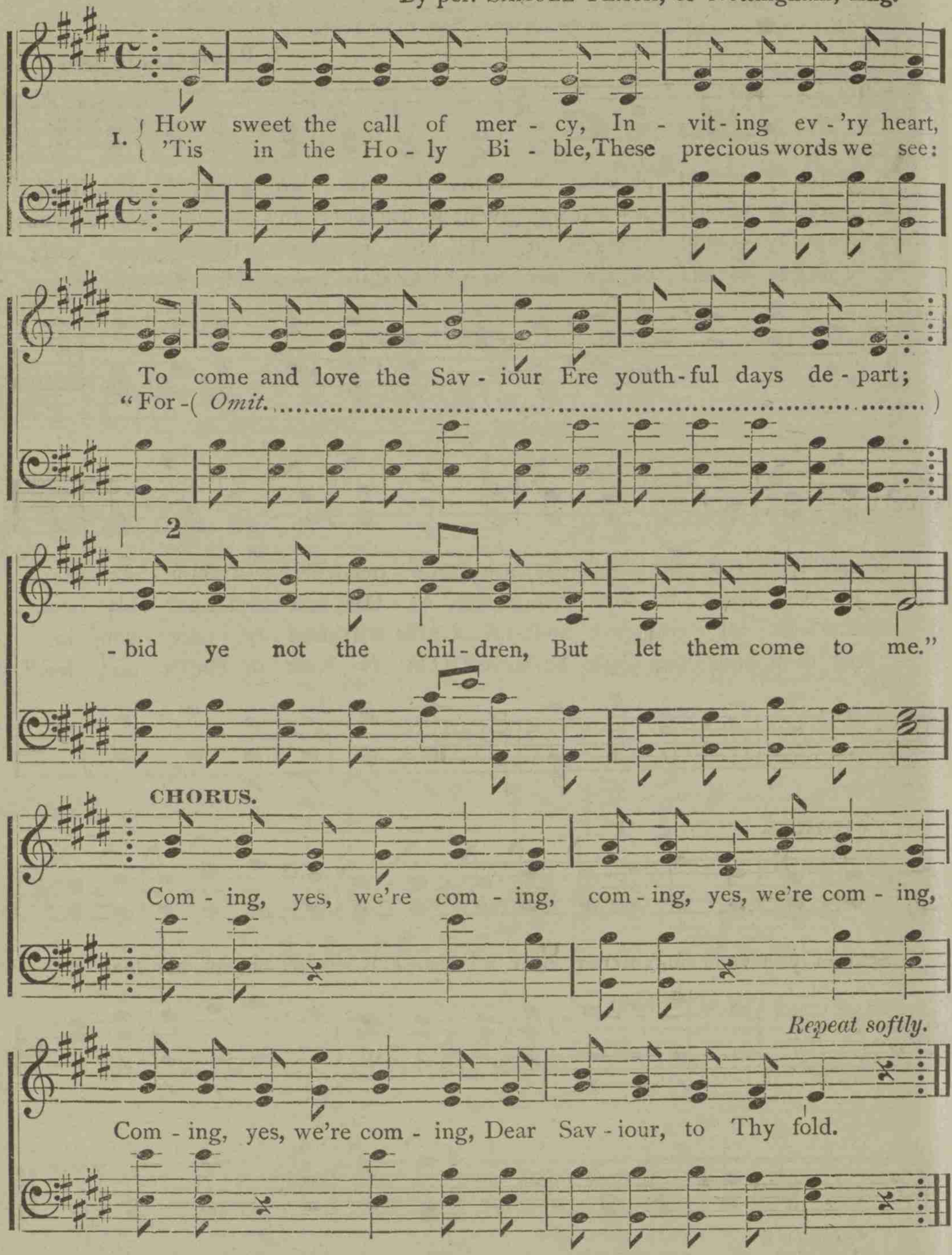
Fly to Je-sus while you may, He will wash your sins a-way.



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COMING, YES, WE'RE COMING.

By per. SAMUEL PEACH, of Nottingham, Eng.
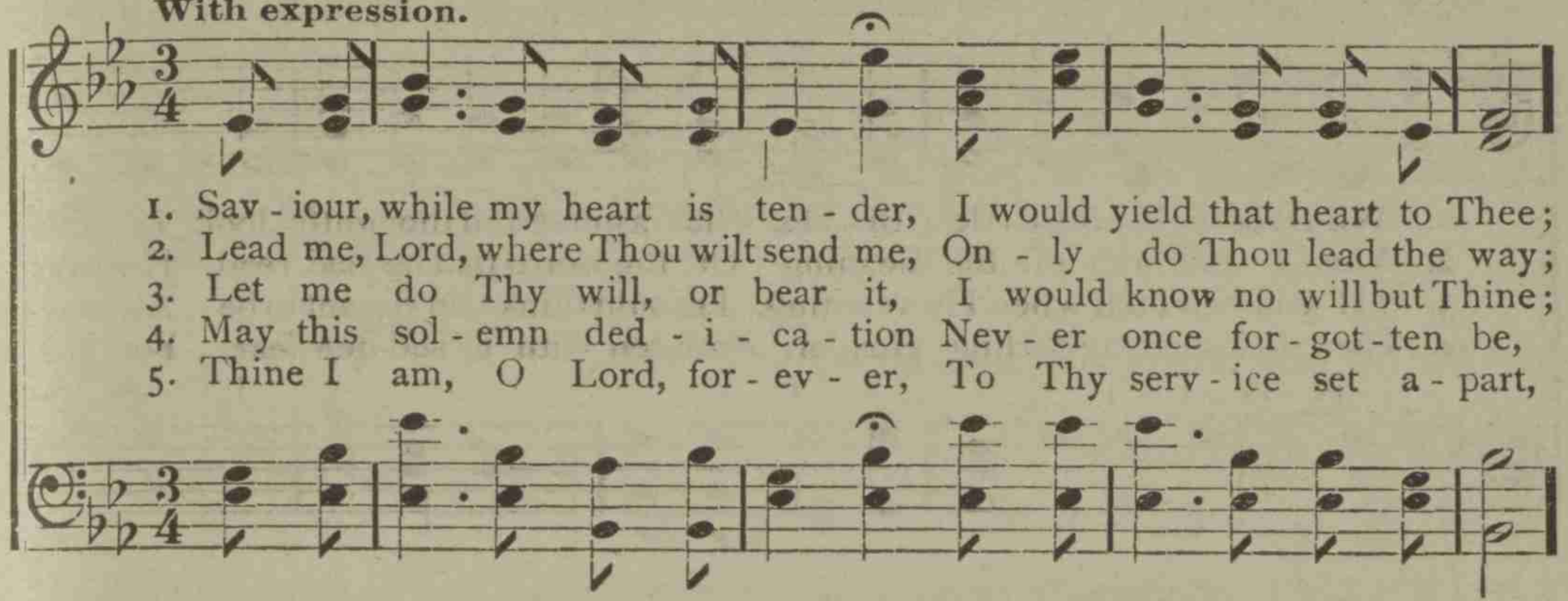


2 O may His Spirit teach us,
To know and do the right,
To walk as He commands us,
That we may see the light;
The blessed light that shineth
Along the narrow way,
And always groweth brighter
Unto the perfect day.

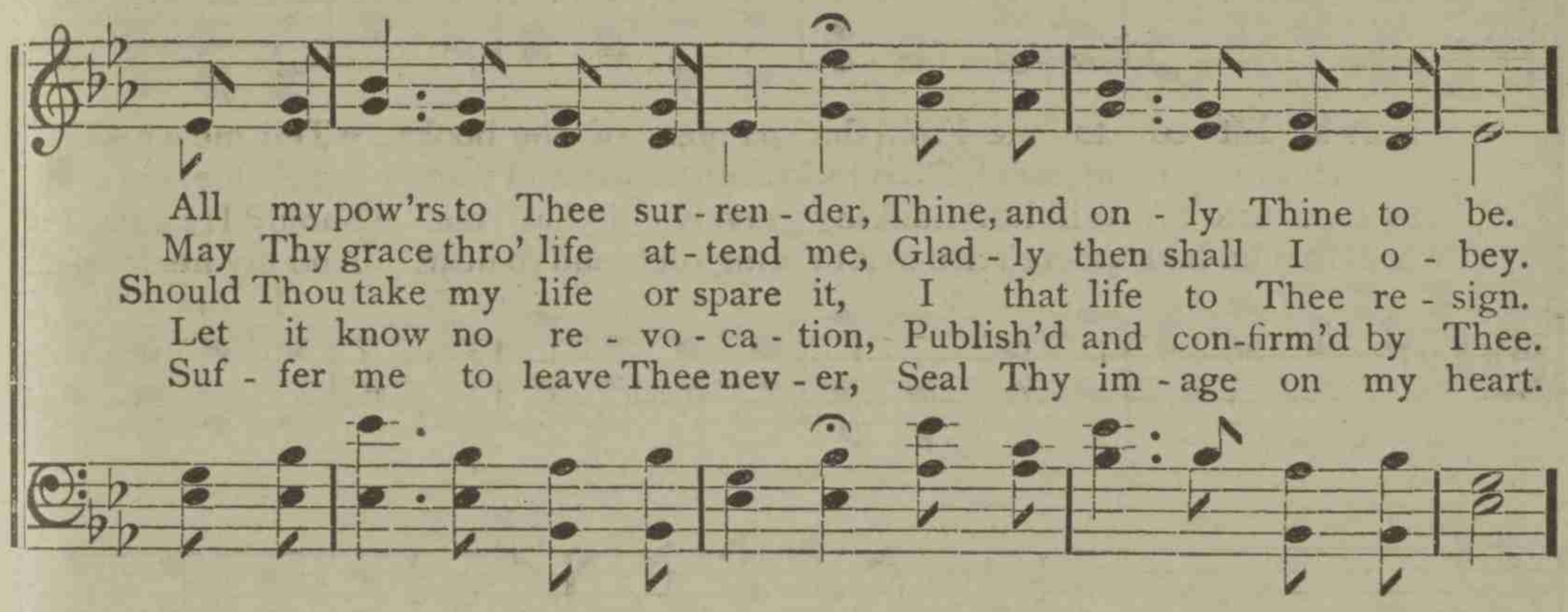
3 Our Saviour loves the children,
On them His hands He laid,
Within His arms He held them,
And blessed them while He prayed;
And still His mercy calls them,
Just now we hear Him say:
I want your hearts, dear children,
I want your love to-day.

Anon. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.



CHORUS.



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100

PAPA, ARE YOU READY?

Companion song to "If papa were only ready."

E. E. REXFORD. Willie read Matt 24: 36–44. Chorus arr. and Music by Rev. W. E. PENN.

1. Wil-lie brought his lit - tle Bi - ble, With a grave and thoughtful look In the
2. When I told him of the meaning Of the words that he had read, He was
3. "If you can't tell when He's coming, I should think you'd want to be Al- ways
4. Then I clasped my darling clos- er, Smit-ten with a sud-den fear, For the

eyes he lift - ed to me From the pa- ges of the book; "Tell me what this
si - lent for a moment, Then looked up at me and said: "Tell me, are you
read-y," said my Wil- lie, Looking gravely up at me. "Should He come to-
words that he had spo-ken Seemed to bring life's end so near, And my heart cried:

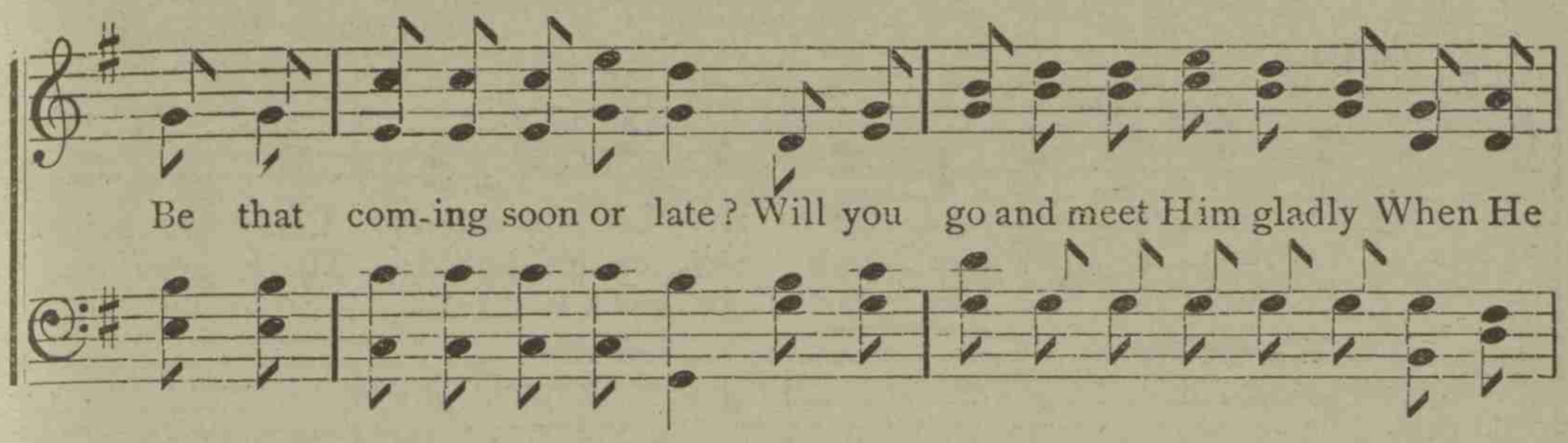
means, dear pa - pa?" And he read me from God's word What it says of
read - y, pa - pa?" O the child could lit-tle know How the sim - ple
night and call you, You would have to say to Him: "I'm not read - y,
"O my Mas-ter, There shall be no more de - lay, Make me read - y

CHORUS.

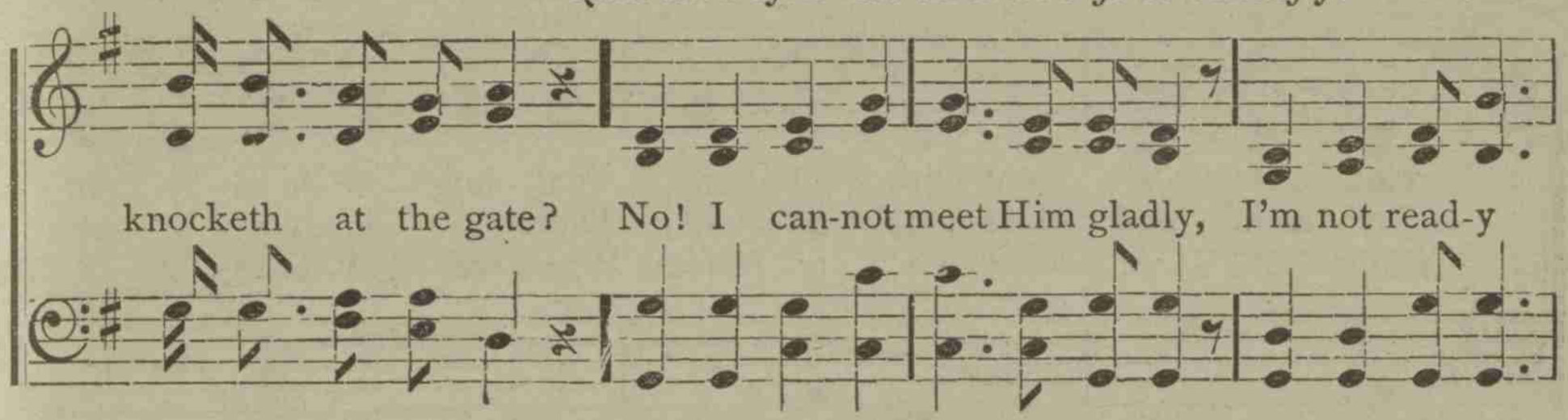
be- ing read-y For the coming of the Lord.
question thrilled me As in shame I answered: "No!"
O dear papa!" And his eyes with tears were dim.
for Thy coming, Be that coming when it may!"
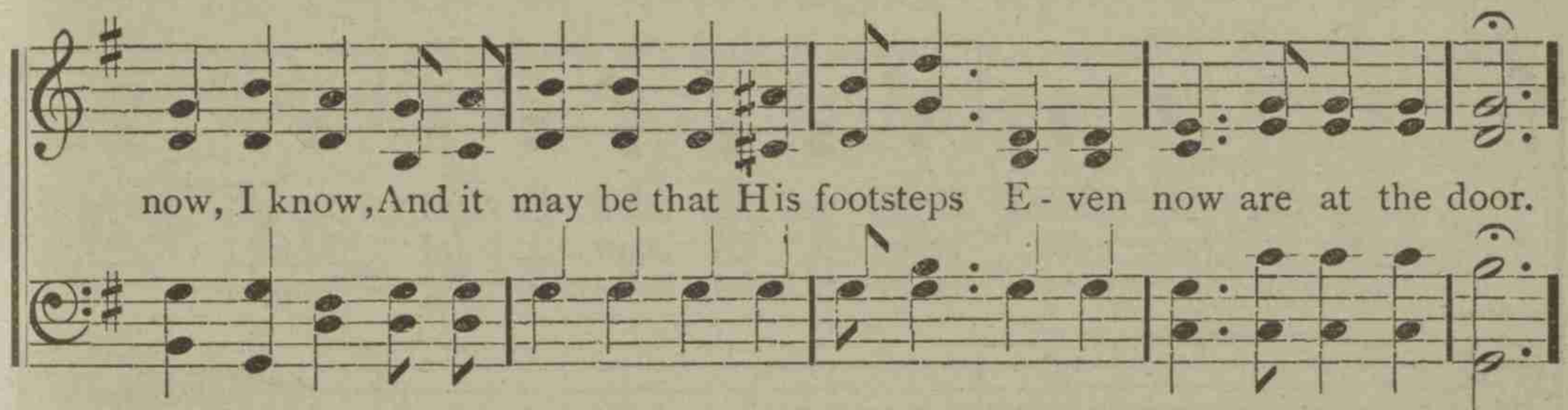
} Are you ready for His coming,

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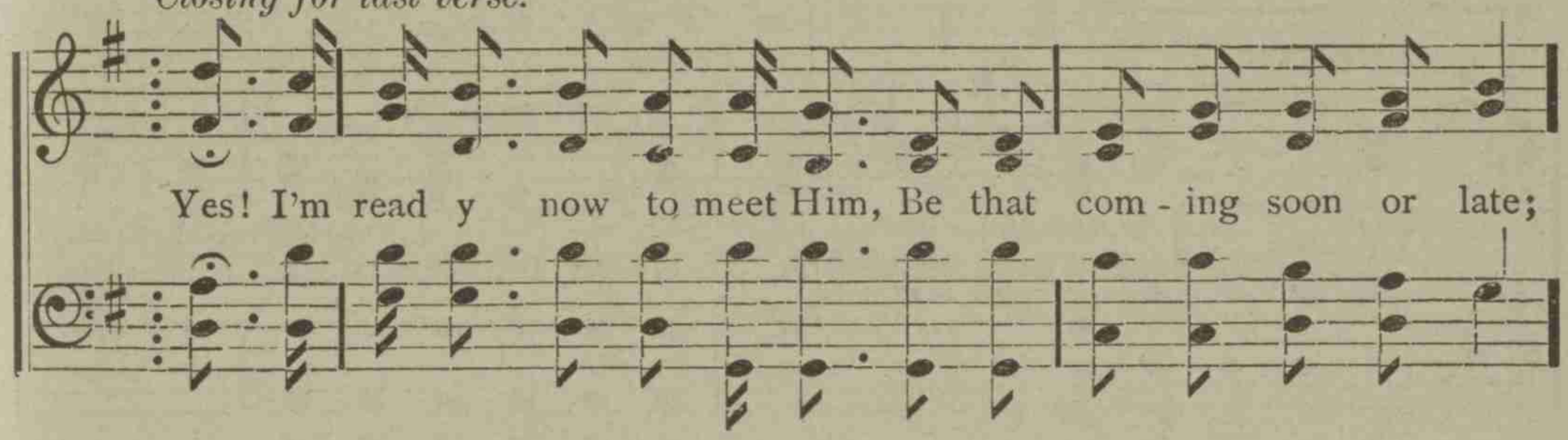


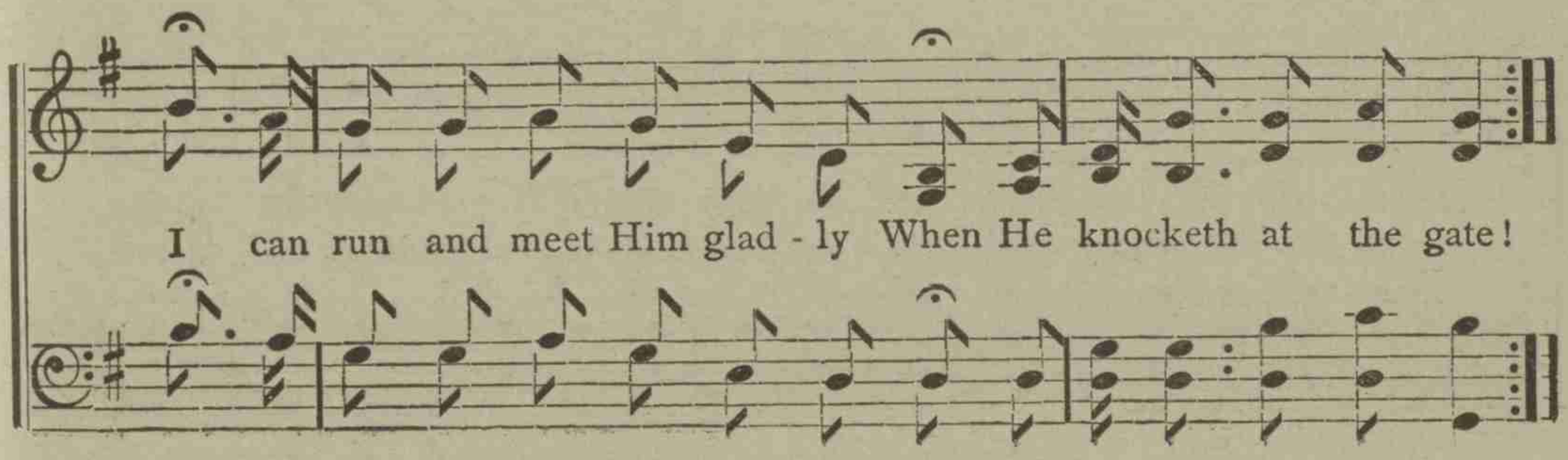
Qmit here after 4th verse and go to closing for last verse.





Closing for last verse.





OVER THE RIVER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

DUET.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright
2. O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old; There are en-
3. O - ver the riv - er our sor- rows will cease, Hush'd by the

land of a verd - ure sub - lime, Val - leys of beau - ty in
joy - ments and pleas- ures un - told; There is a cit - y with
songs of a heav - en - ly peace; When we get there what a

splen- dor do shine; Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
streets of pure gold; Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!
hap - py re - lease! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

CHORUS.
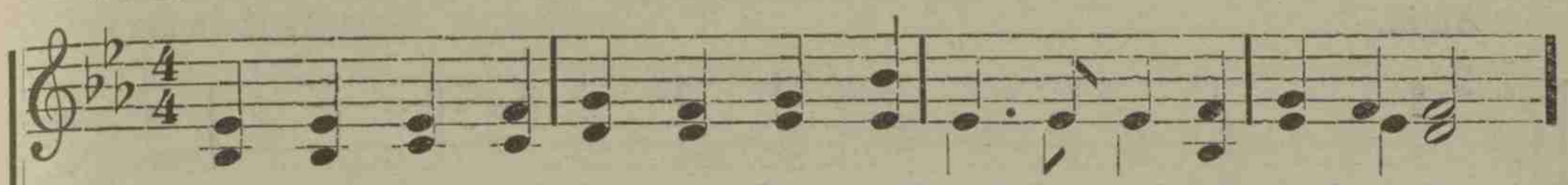
O - - - ver the riv - er, O - - - ver the riv - er,
O - ver the beau- ti - ful riv - er, O - ver the beau- ti - ful riv - er,

O - - - ver the riv - er, The fields..... are all green.
O ver the beau-ti - ful riv - er, The beau-ti - ful fields are all green.
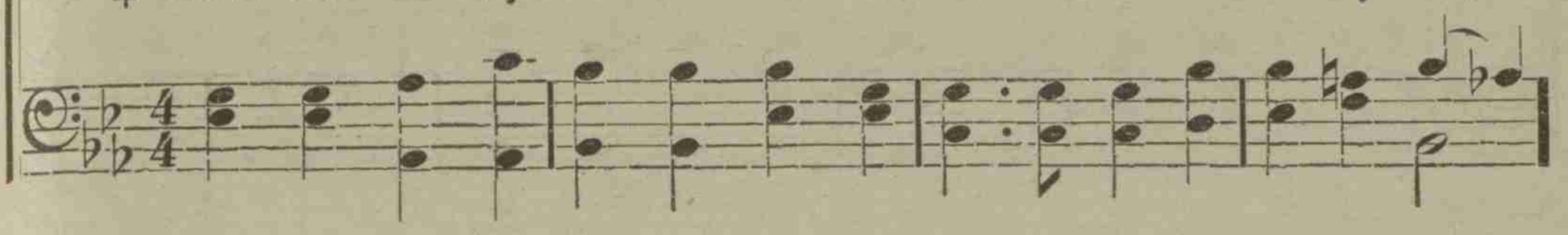
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John 6 : 37.

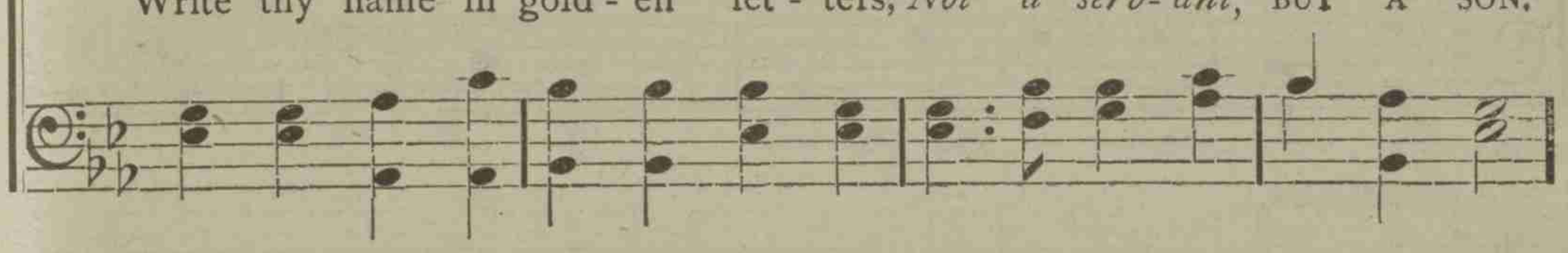
W. E. P. W. E. PENN.
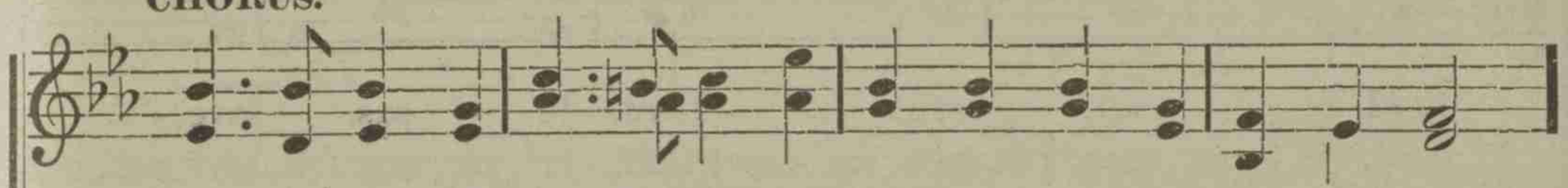


1. Wan - der - er, a - way from Je - sus, Hear Him speak, He speaks to thee;
2. Sin - ner, hear, O hear Him say - ing, "*I will in no wise cast out;*"
3. Canst thou doubt His love and mer - cy When He died to set thee free?
4. Come with all thy chains and fet- ters, He'll remove them ev- 'ry one,
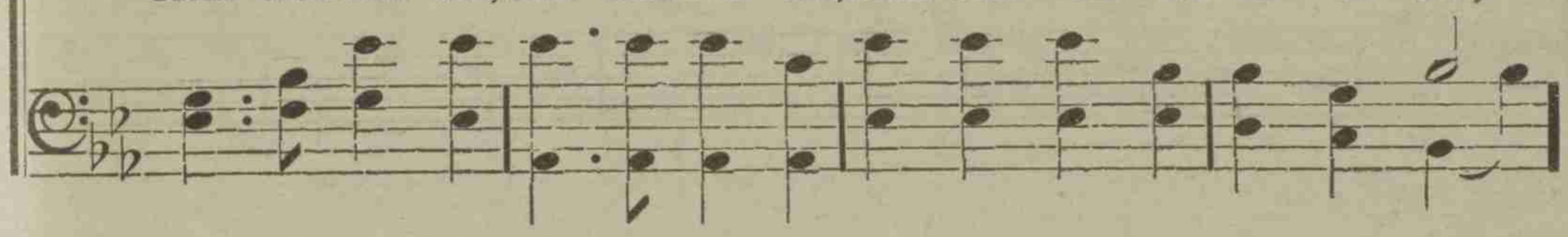


If thou on - ly wilt be - lieve Him, From all sin He'll set thee free.
If thou'lt on - ly come be - liev - ing, He'll re-move each sin and doubt.
From the gall - ing chains of dark - ness, And now whispers "Come to me."
Write thy name in gold - en let - ters, *Not a serv- ant*, BUT A SON.
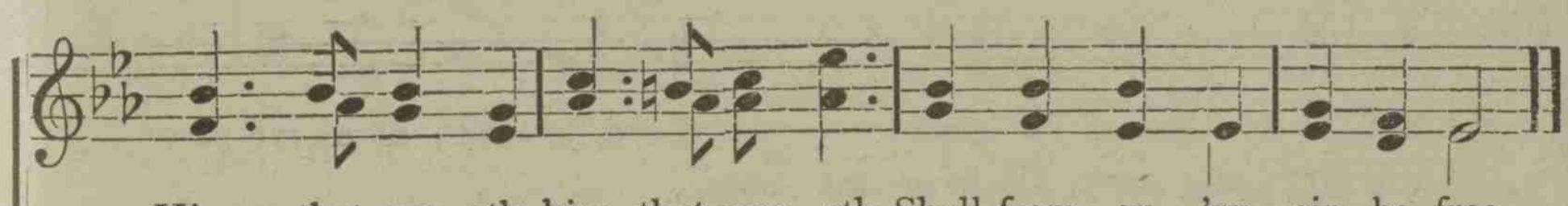


CHORUS.
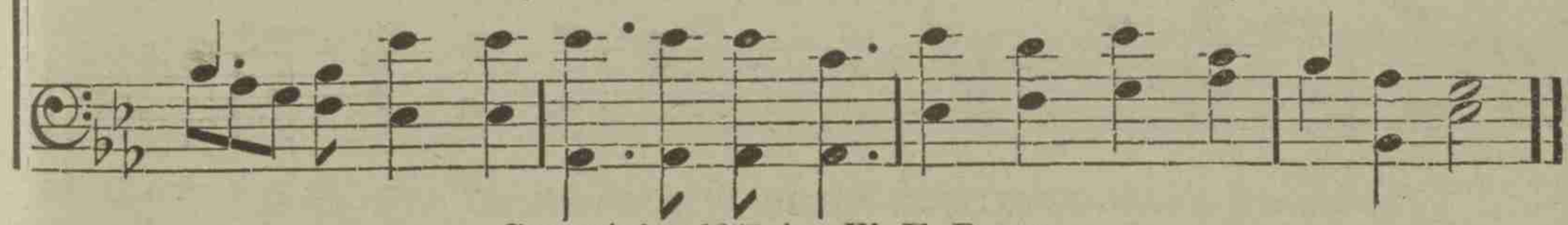


"Him that com- eth, him that com- eth, Him that com - eth un - to me;"





Him that com- eth, him that com - eth, Shall from ev - 'ry sin be free.



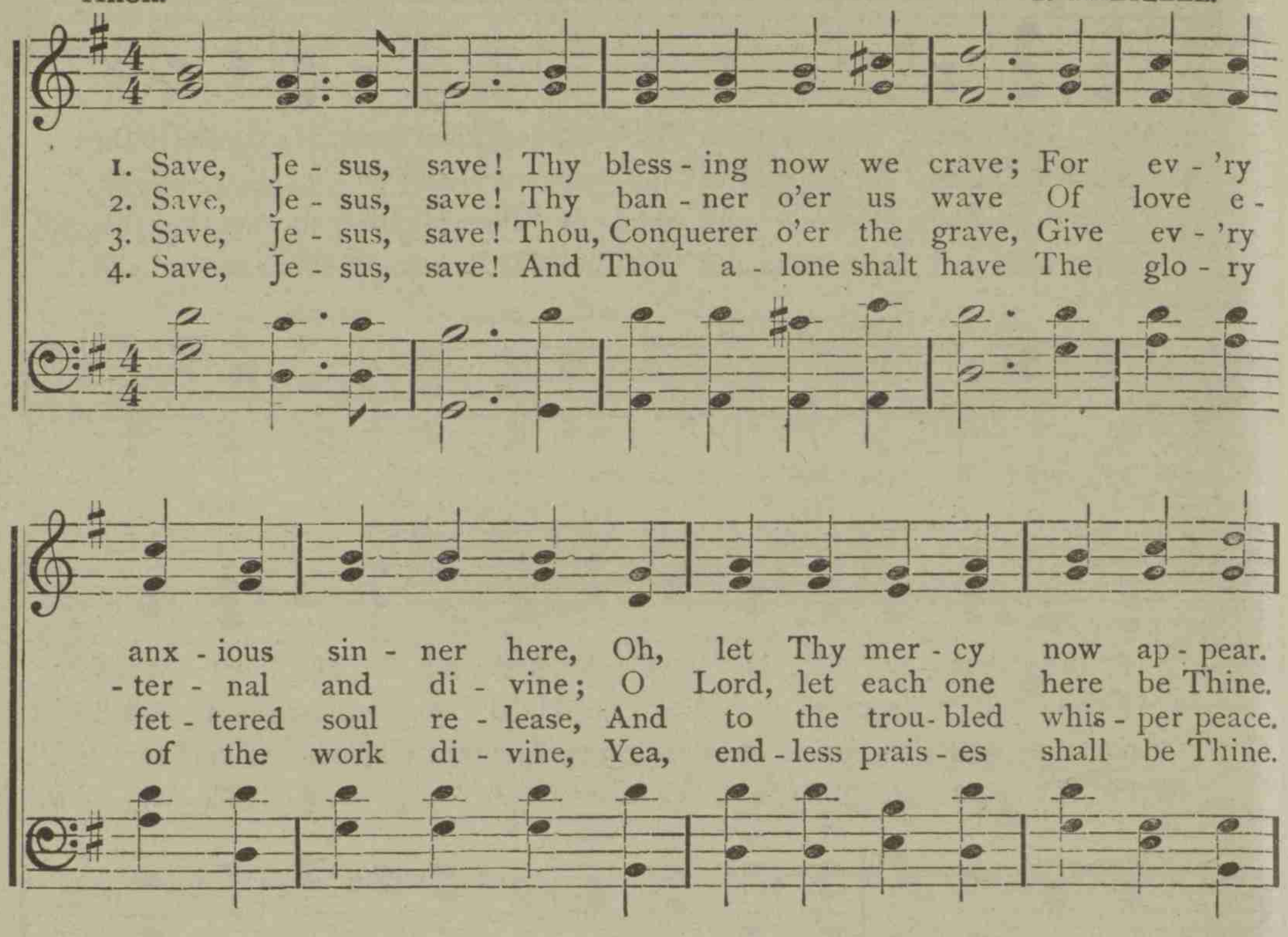
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SAVE, JESUS, SAVE!

"Lord, save me."—Matt. 14: 30.

Written for Harvest Bells, No. 3.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.



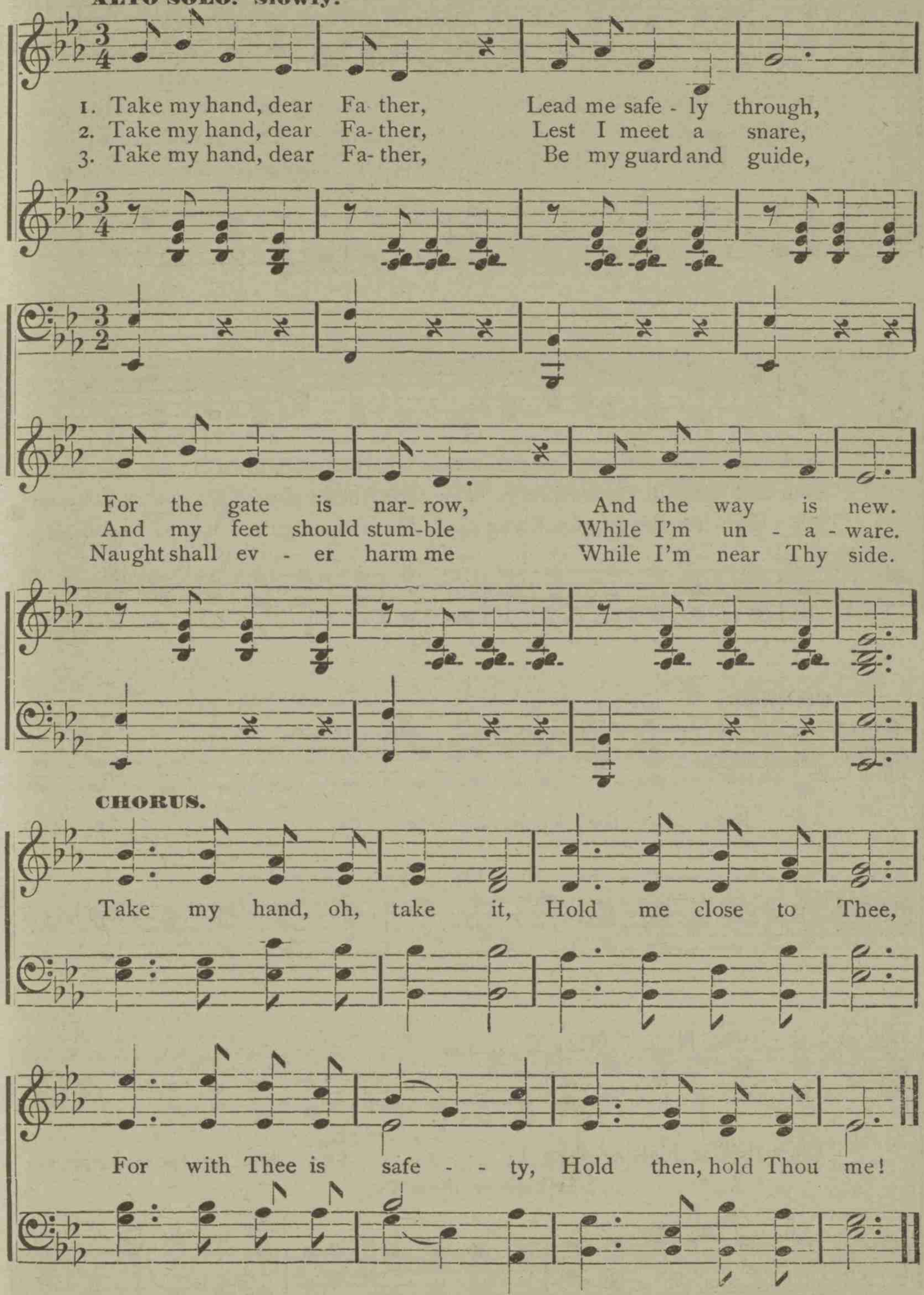
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TAKE MY HAND, DEAR FATHER. 105

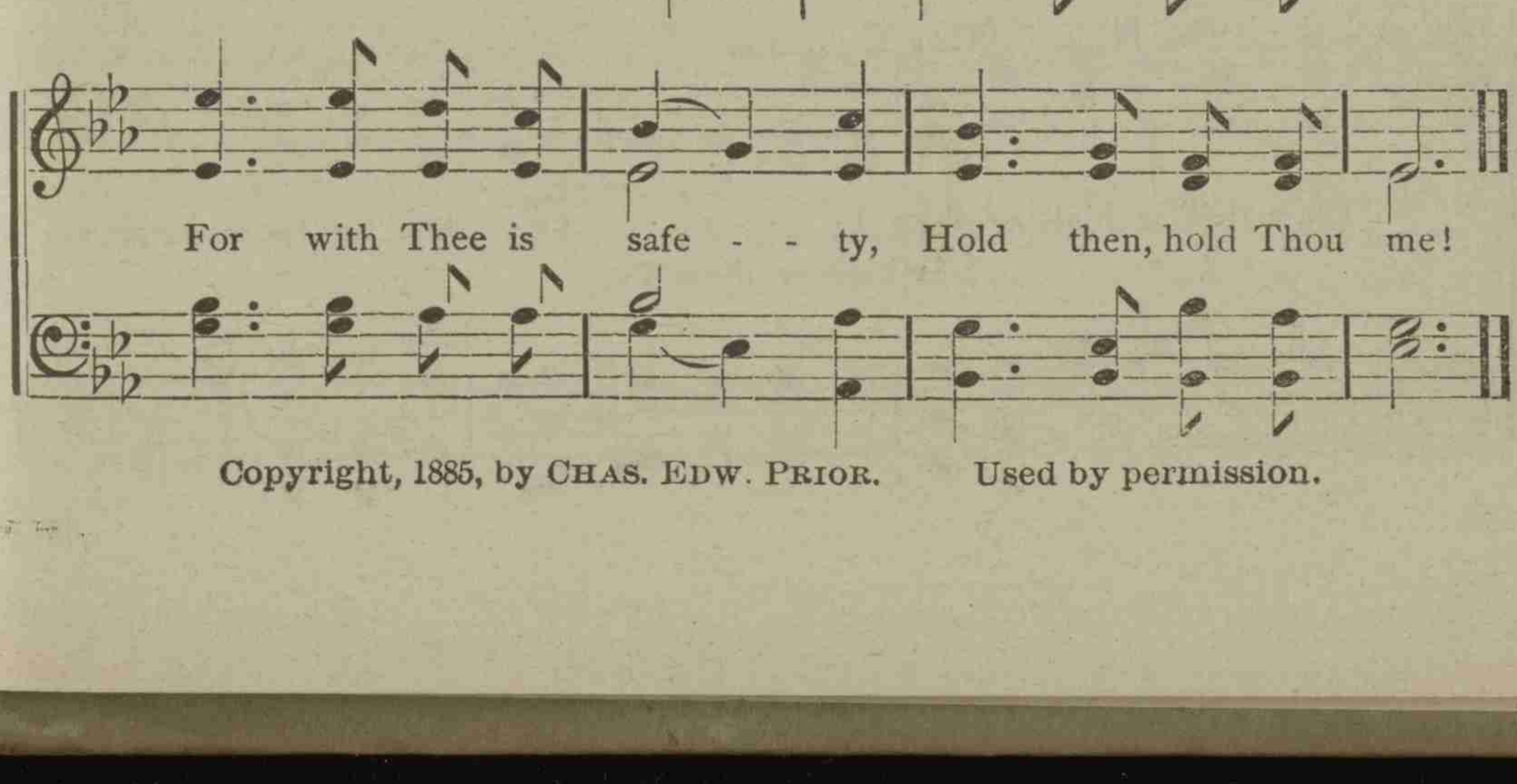
" For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand."—Isa. 41 : 13.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

ALTO SOLO. Slowly.



CHORUS.



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106 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor- rows pre-vail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o- ver the soul.
But, toil - ing in life's dust y way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb- ing the mountain way steep, Or walk- ing the shadow - y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, To the
let me fly,

Rock that is high- er than I; Oh, then to the Rock let me
is high-er than I;

fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE. F. A. BLACKMER, by per.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark- ness deep- ens, Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help- ers fail, and
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day, Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de- cay in all a -
3. I need Thy presence ev - 'ry pass- ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my Guide and
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy

com- forts flee, O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
- round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
Stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
vic - to - ry? I triumph still if Thou a - bide with me!

O SINNER, WILL YOU COME?

Written for Harvest Bells, No. 3.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a voice that speaks to ev - 'ry mourn - ing
2. Long in ways of sin and dark - ness you have
3. Time is fly - ing, men are dy - ing, Oh, be
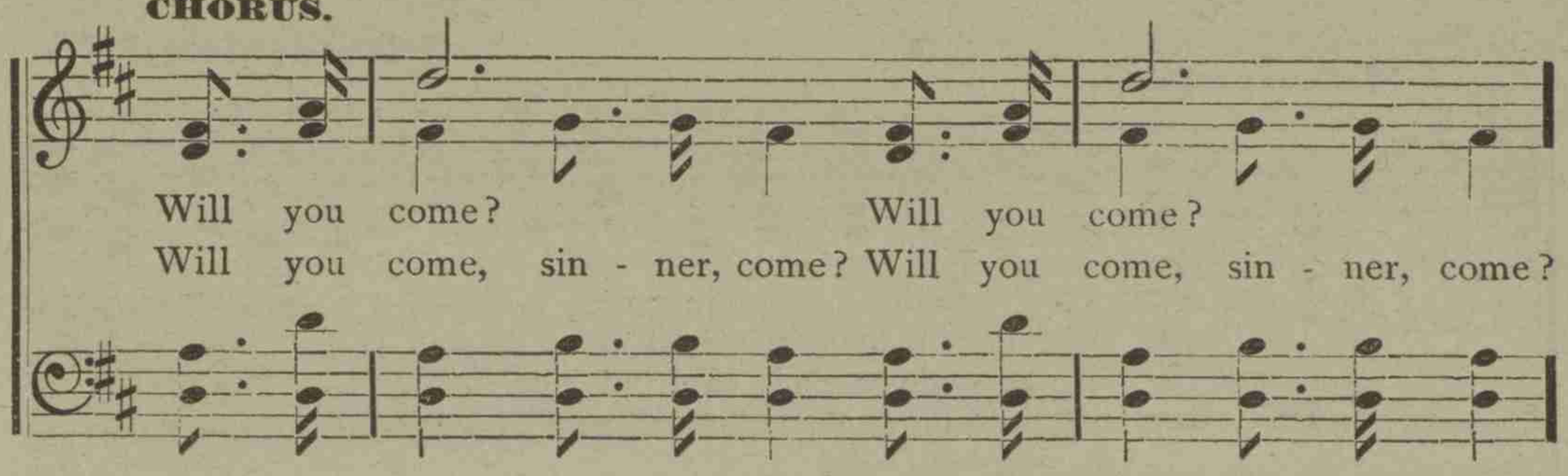
heart to - day, Hear it sweet - ly sound - ing from the skies:
wan - dered on, Heed - ing not the gen - tle warn - ing voice,
wise to - day, Seek sal - va - tion ere it is too late;

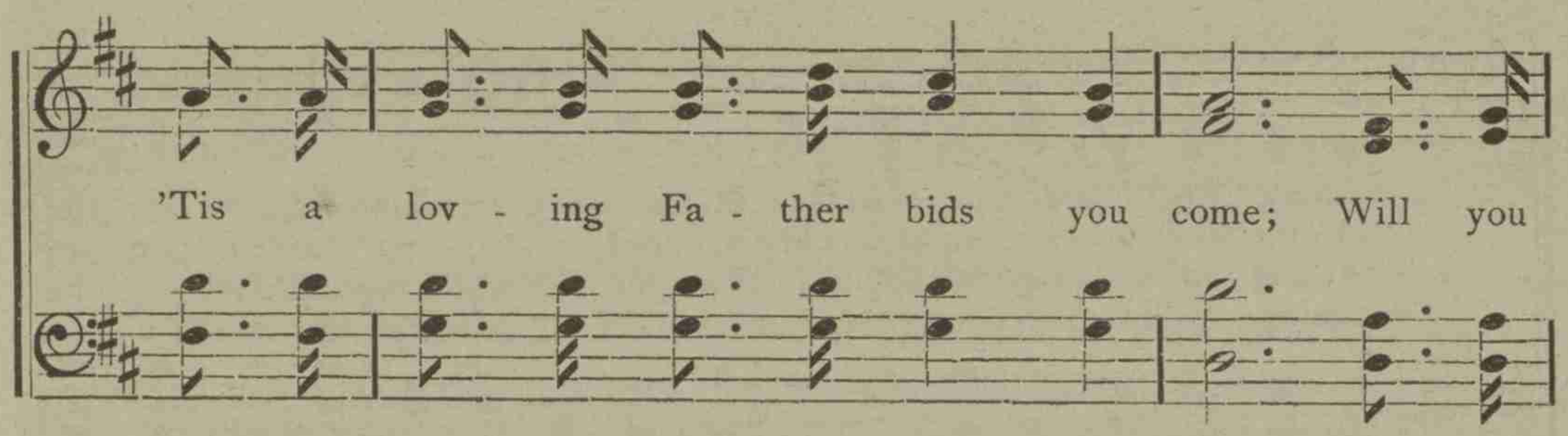
Come to me, you wea - ry, heav - y la - den sin - ner,
Yet 'tis call - ing, sweet - ly call - ing, er - ring child, come
An - gels wait in heaven the joy - ful tid - ings to pro -
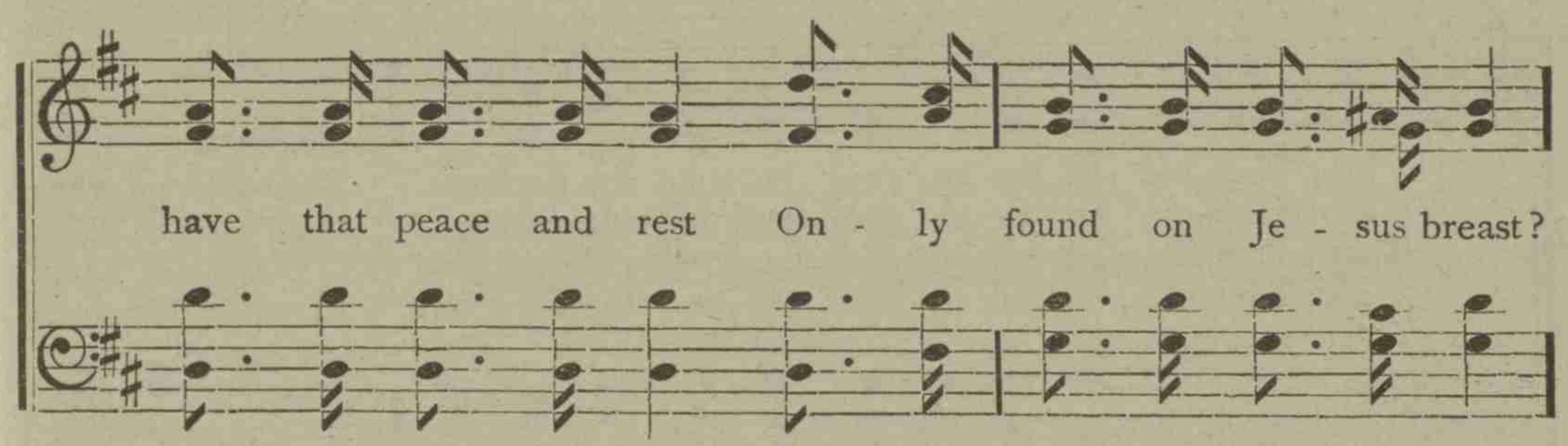
come, I will give you joy and peace that nev - er dies.
home, In a Fa - ther's full for - give - ness now re - joice.
- claim, That for peace and par - don you no lon - ger wait.
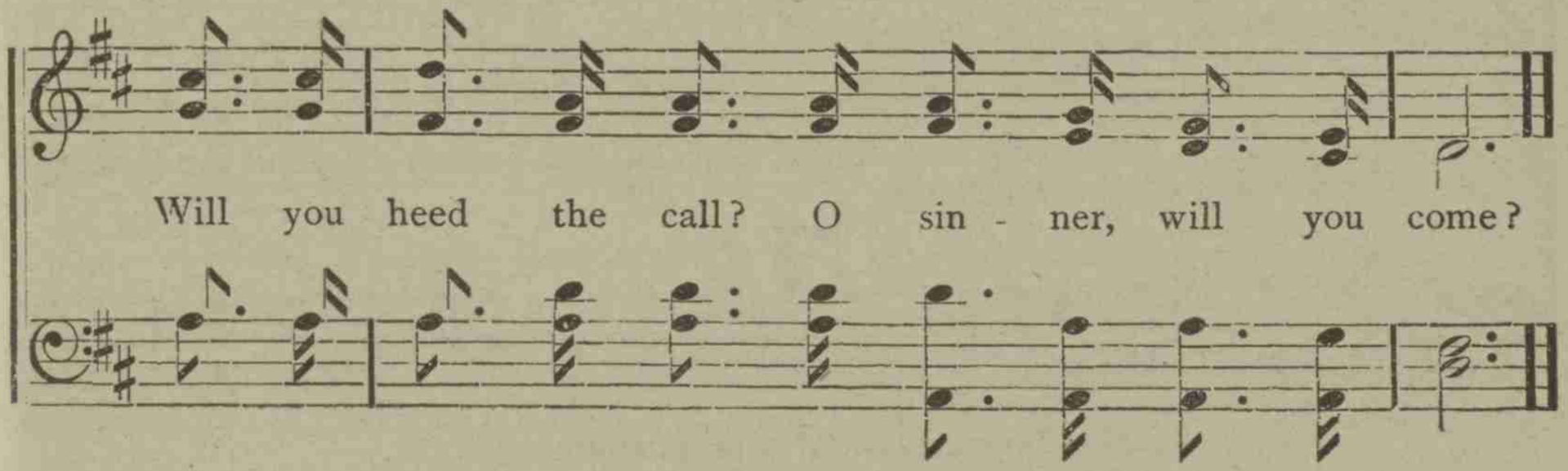
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CHORUS.


Will you come? Will you come?
Will you come, sin - ner, come? Will you come, sin - ner, come?


'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther bids you come; Will you


have that peace and rest On - ly found on Je - sus breast?


Will you heed the call? O sin - ner, will you come?

BEYOND THE DARK SEA.

"And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."—ACTS 27 : 44.

KNOWLES SHAW.

With expression.

1. I am wea - ry, I'm fainting, my day's work is done; I am watching, I'm
2. The cold surg-ing bil-lows, that dash at my feet, Have lost all their
3. Come, lov - ing Redeem-er, and take to Thy breast The heart that is
4. I'll lay my life's burdens, dear Lord, at Thy feet, For lov'd ones are

wait-ing for life's sink-ing sun; The shad-ows are stretching a - far o'er the
ter - ror, their mu- sic is sweet; My Sav-iour is still - ing the tem- pest for
pant- ing and sigh-ing for rest; Blest Saviour, I'm watching and wait- ing for
watching my spir - it to greet; The port- als of glo - ry are ope- ning for

CHORUS.

f

lea; Then, oh, let me an- chor be-yond the dark sea! Be-yond the
me; Then, oh, let me an- chor be-yond the dark sea!
Thee; Then, oh, let me an- chor be-yond the dark sea!
me; Then, oh, let me an- chor be-yond the dark sea! Be-yond the dark

sea, Be - yond the sea; Then, oh, let me anchor be-yond the dark sea!
sea, Be - yond the dark sea;

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SWEETLY RESTING. 111

Dedicated to Chaplain C. C. McCabe.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES. WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly sheltered I a - bide;
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Wea-ry, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth un - der-stand-ing, Joy, the world can nev - er give,
4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me Till the storms of life are past;

There no foes nor storms mo-lest me While with-in the cleft I hide.
Then I found this heav'nly shel - ter Opened in my Saviour's breast.
Now in Je - sus I am find - ing; In His smiles of love I live.
All se - cure in this blest ref - uge, Heeding not the fierc - est blast.

REFRAIN.

Now I'm rest - ing, Sweetly rest - ing In the cleft once made for me;

Je - sus, bless - ed, Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

AS DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

Isaiah 60: 9.

To Prof. L. B. SHOOK.

W. E. PENN. Written while at Nottingham, Eng. Feb. 1886. H. N. LINCOLN.

QUARTETTE. Legato.

1. As doves to their windows when dark-ness draws nigh, My soul in its
2. The win dows of heav - en stand o - pen and wide, Where earth's weary
3. The storm clouds are gath'ring, the tem- pest is high, The day is far
4. Then come, trembling sin- ner, no lon - ger de- lay, As doves to their

long - ings to Je - sus would fly; When dark waves of sor - row would
pil - grims may ev - er a - bide, Why then do we tar - ry in
spent and the dark night is nigh, Why then stand we i - dle 'mid
win - dows, fly quick - ly a - way, A - way from the sins that will

o - ver me roll, In Je - sus my Sav- iour there's rest for my soul.
dark - ness and sin, While Je - sus is wait - ing to wel- come us in?
dan- gers so great, When we know that this moment may close mercy's gate?
sink thy poor soul Where dark waves of death must e - ter - nal- ly roll.

CHORUS.

As doves..... to their win - - - dows when
As doves to their win- dows when dark-ness draws nigh, As

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ff

dark - - - ness draws nigh,..... As
doves to their win - dows when dark - ness draws nigh As

p *m*

doves..... to their win - - - dows when
doves to their win - dows when tem - pests are high, As

f *ff* **dim.**

tem - - - pests are high,..... There's
doves to their win - dows when tem - pests are high,

cres. **dim.**

ref - uge in Je - sus for each wea - ry soul, When
roll.

cres.

dark waves of sor - row would o - ver us, o - ver us roll.
roll.

114 WHERE ARE YOUR TREASURES?

Matt. 6: 19, 20.

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

1. Are your treas - ures on earth or in heav - en?
2. If your treas - ures be laid up - on earth,
3. I pray you, wait not, my broth - er,
4. Go out in the high - ways and hedg - es,

I beg you, look quick - ly and see,
You know they must with - er and die,
To lay up your treas - ures on high,
And com - pel the lost to come in,

For as the tree fall - eth, my broth - er,
But if they be laid up in heav - en
Such wait - ing is dang - 'rous, my broth - er,
And thus lay up treas - ures in heav - en

We're told it for - ev - er must be.
Nei - ther moth nor rust can come nigh.
For ma - ny do wait till they die.
By sav - ing the lost from their sin.

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CHORUS.

O where are your treas - ures, my broth - er? In heav'n or on earth they must be; O where are your treas- - ures, my broth - er? *I pray you look quick- ly and see!*

Slowly and earnestly.

SANCTUS.

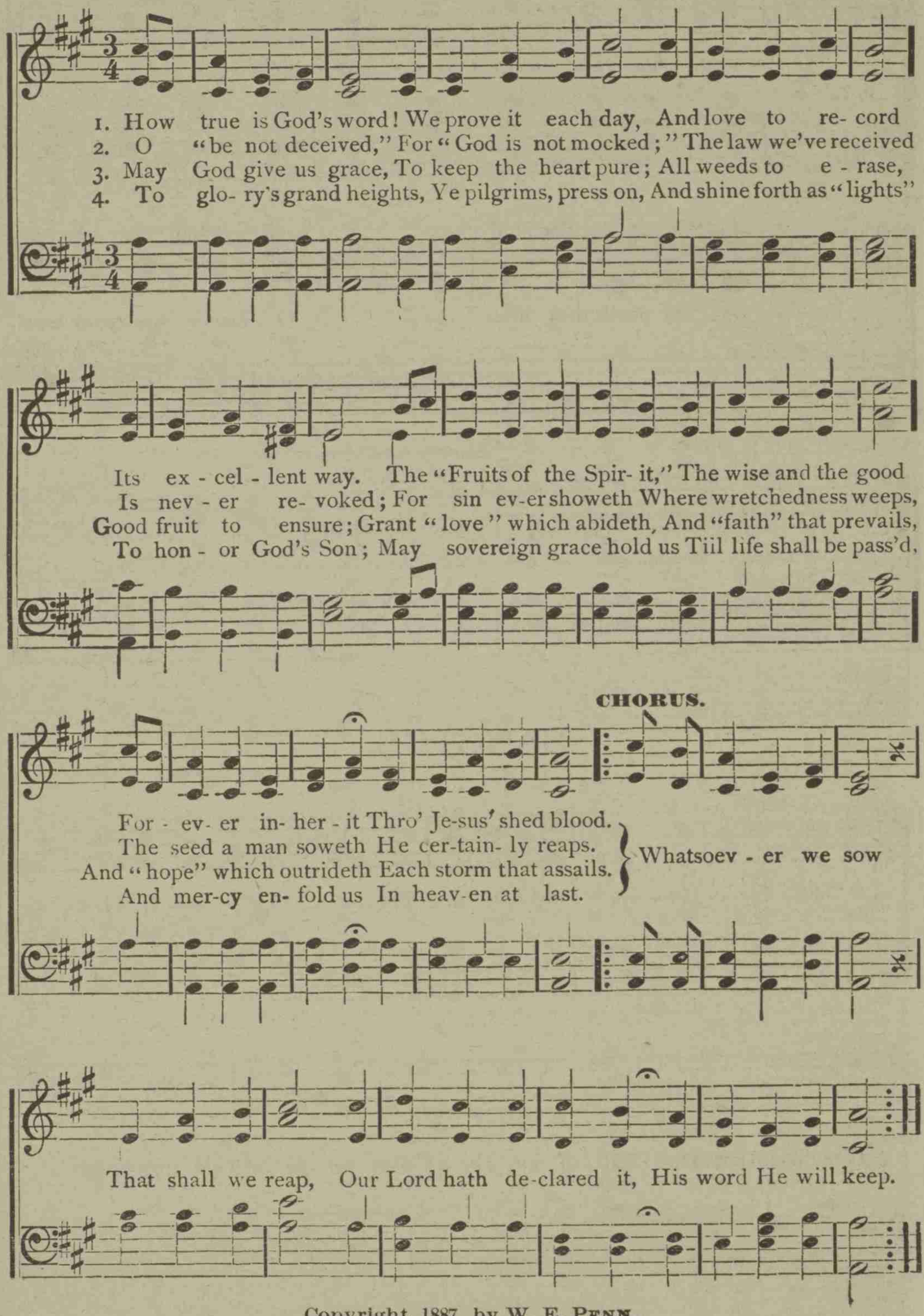
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y, Glo- ry be to Thee; Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo - ry, Glo- ry be to God most - high.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.
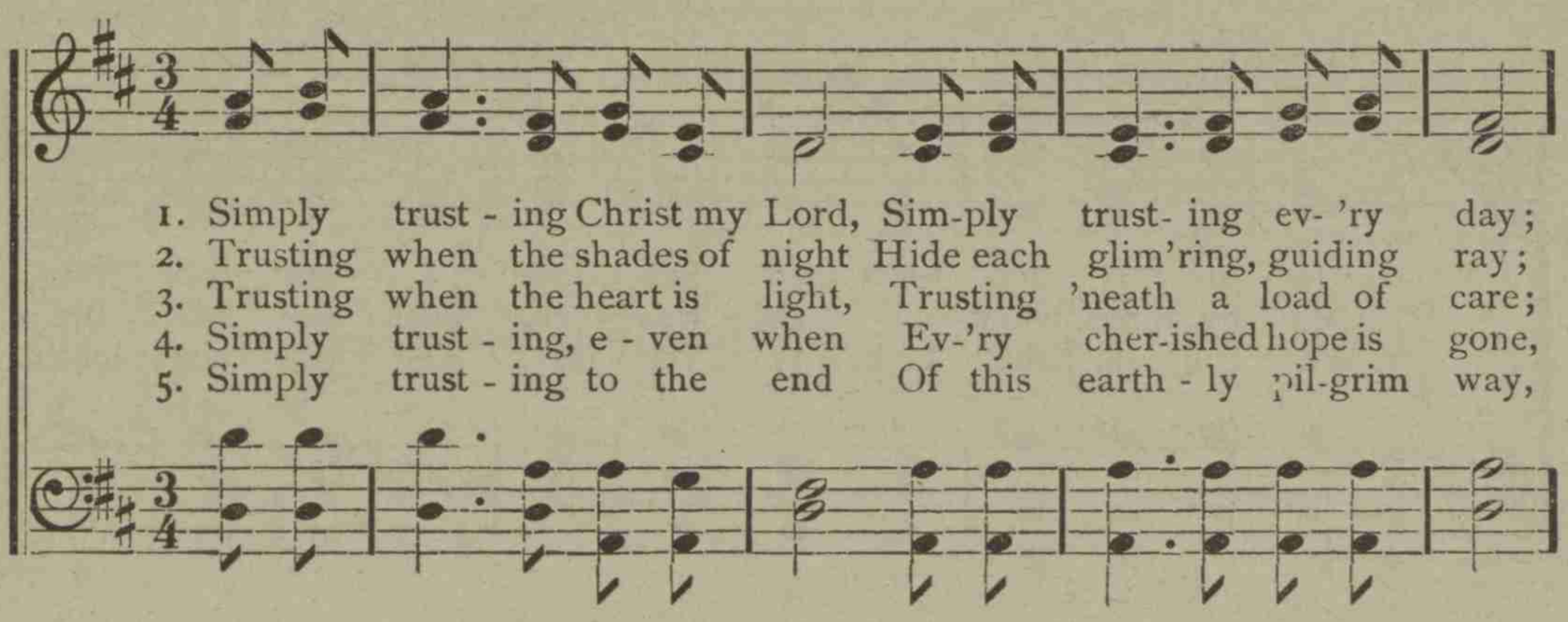
SAMUEL PEACH. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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SIMPLY TRUSTING CHRIST MY LORD. 117

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER, by per.



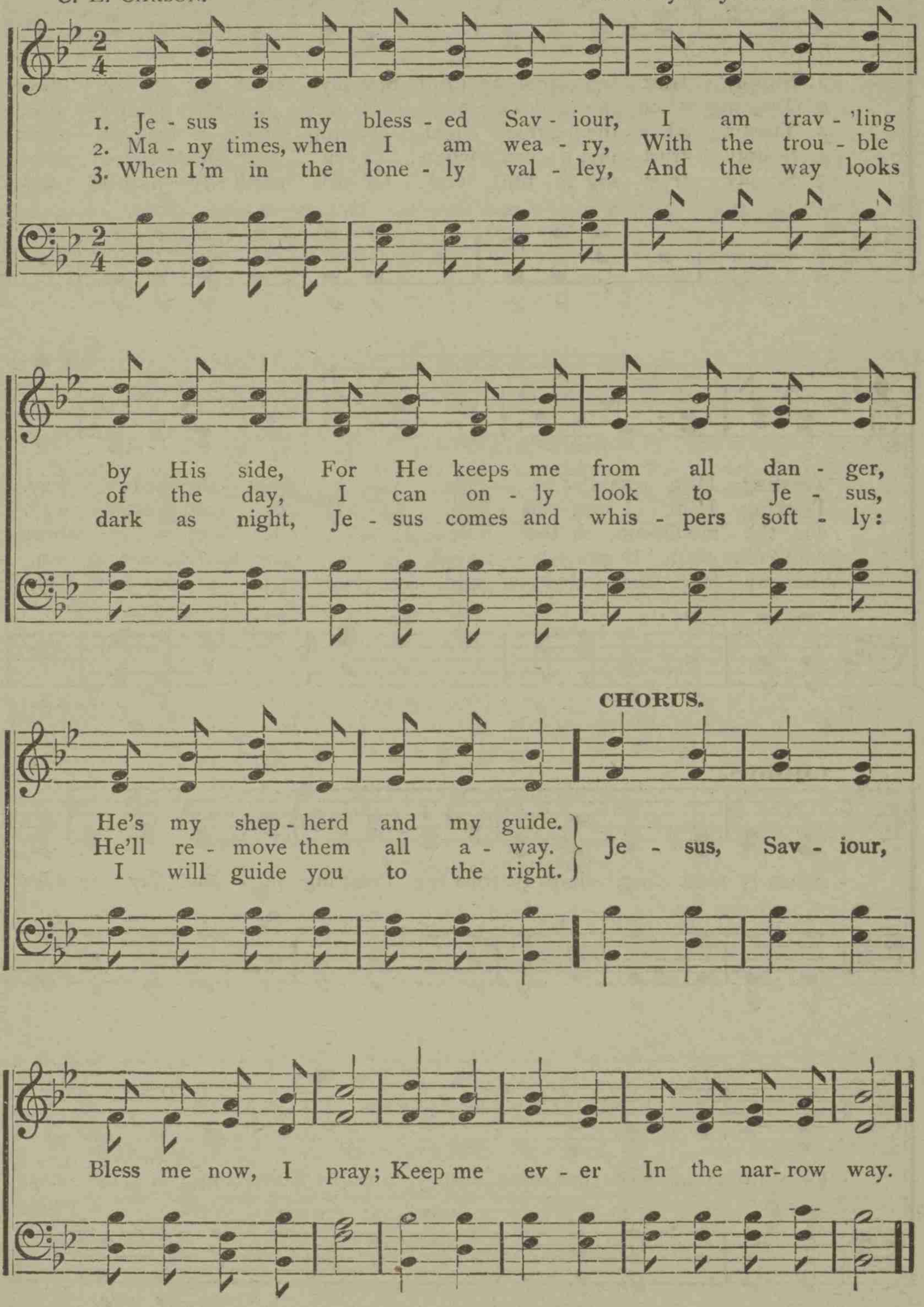
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MY GUIDE. (Infant Class.)

"I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength."—Psa. 18: 1.

C. E. CARSON.

Melody by C. E. CARSON.
Har. by T. J. LAWRENCE.

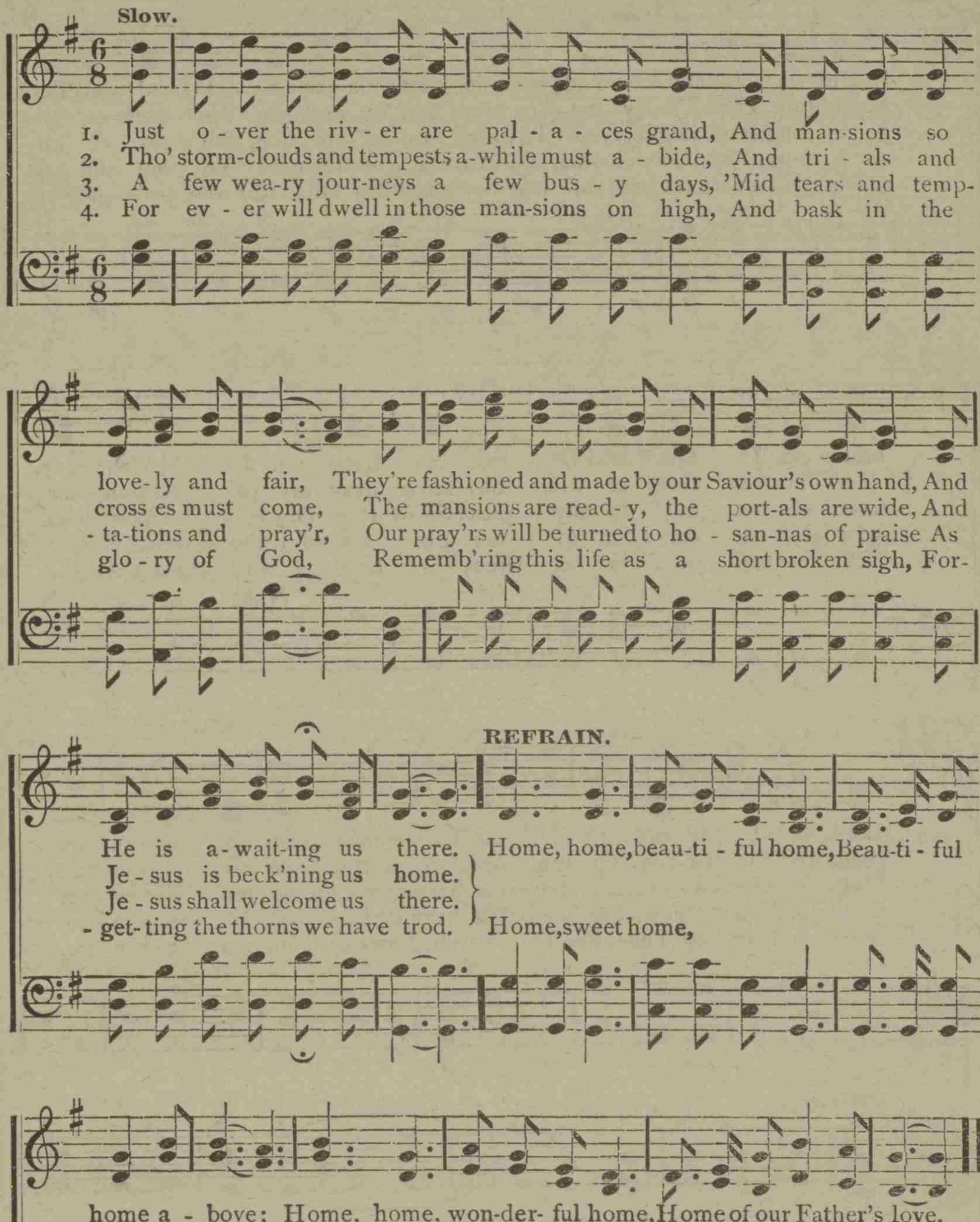


HOME.

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

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

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN. Words arr. Chorus and Music by W. E. PENN.



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HAVE MERCY ON ME.

"Rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us."—Eph. 2: 4.

WM. BAXTER. KNOWLES SHAW.

1. I'm sin - ful and wretched; from sin and from sor-row, O Lord! well Thou know- est, I fain would be free; No hope can I cher-ish; save,
2. Be- fore Thee I'm ly- ing in tears and in anguish, No Help-er, un - less Thou my Help- er wilt be; Then hear my pe - ti - tion, for
3. I long have neg-lect- ed Thy kind in - vi - ta- tion, But oh, I en- treat, be not deaf to my plea; Show that Thy com - passion can
4. I hear Thy dear welcome, oh, can I be- lieve it? Ye sin - ful and wea - ry, oh, come un - to me! I'm sin - ful, I'm wea ry, I
5. My glad heart re- joic- es, my bur - den has fall- en; From sin's gall-ing fet - ters my soul is set free; O Lord! I will praise Thee, for-
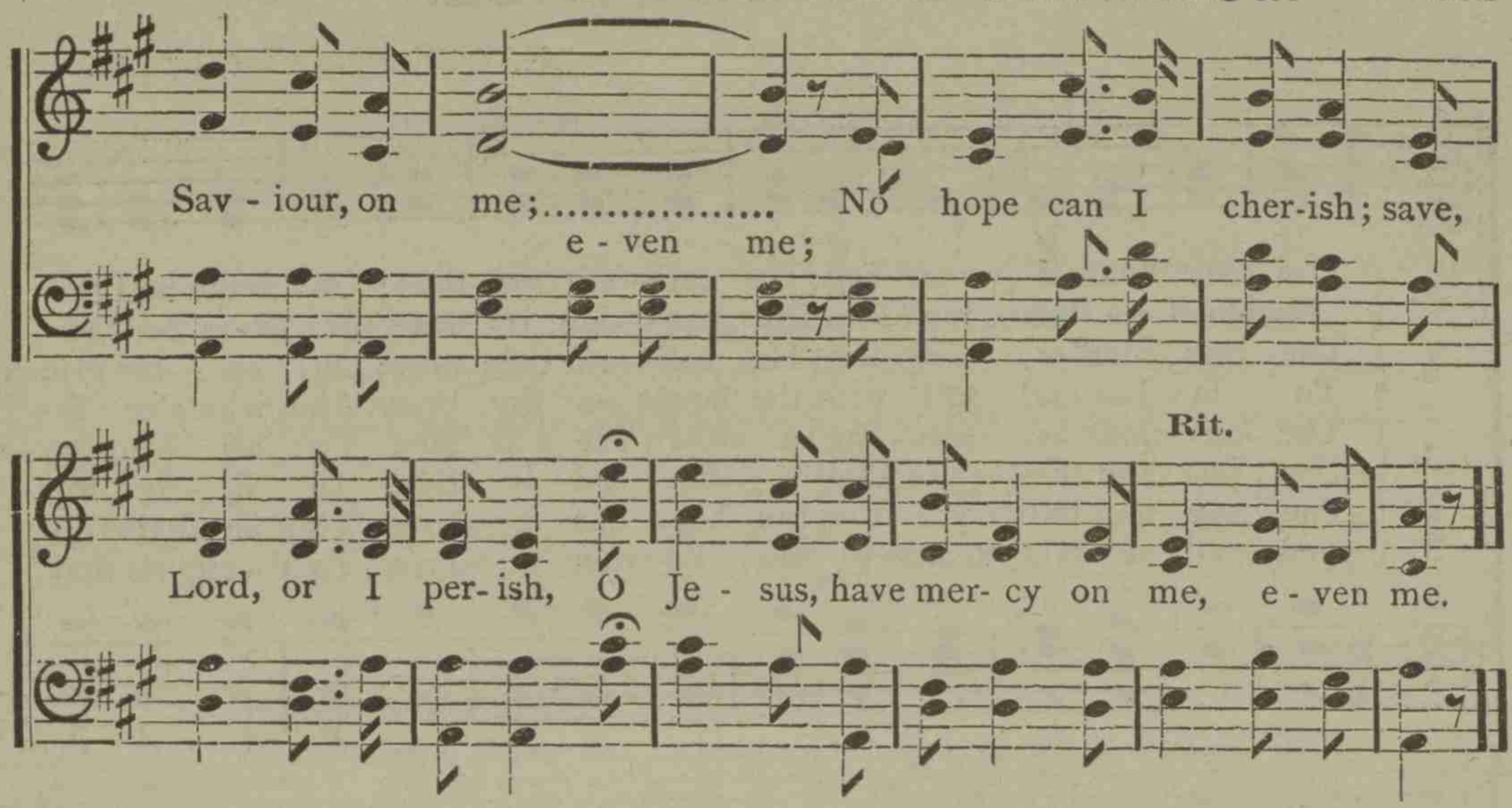
Rit.

Lord, or I per- ish, O Je - sus, have mer-cy on me, e- ven me.
peace and for par-don, On me, Lord, have mer-cy on me, e- ven me.
reach to the vil - est, Dear Sav-iour, have mer-cy on me, e- ven me.
come, for Thou call-est, For Thou wilt have mer-cy on me, e- ven me.
ev - er I'll praise Thee, For Thou hast had mer-cy on me, e- ven me.

CHORUS.

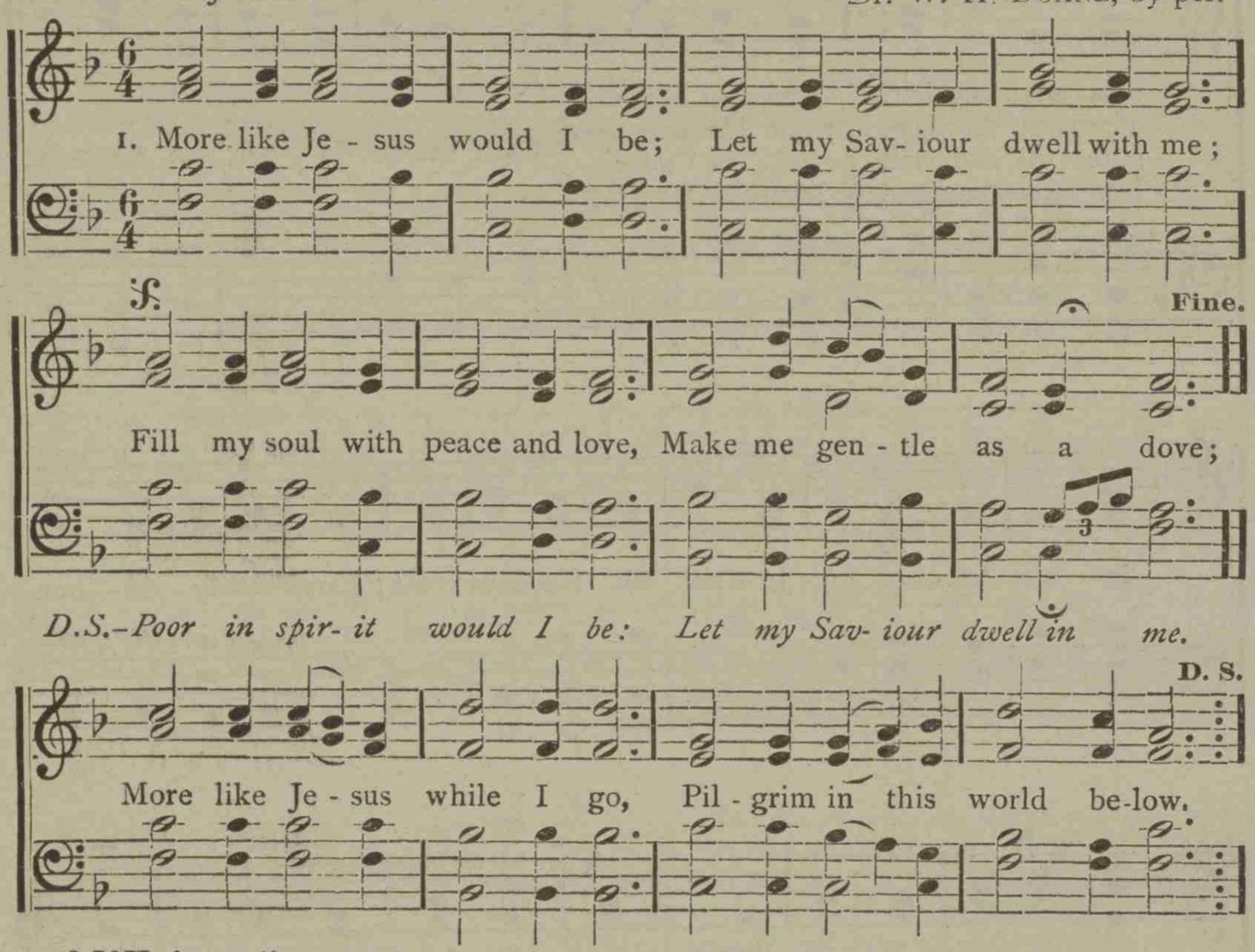
Have mer - cy, my Sav- iour, on me,..... Have mer- cy, my e - ven me,

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MORE LIKE JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Dr. W. H. DOANE, by per.



2 If He hears the raven's cry,
If His ever-watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive.
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side
Where the tranquil waters glide.
Born again, through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued.
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

HE CALLETH THEE.

G. W. SEDERQUIST, by per.

1. The Sav - iour is com- ing; He call - eth for thee; A - wake and the
   His blood is the ran- som, thy par - don is free, If thou wilt re -
2. The Sav - iour is com- ing; He call - eth thee now; Oh! en - ter His
   To la - bor and toil with the sweat on thy brow, And whate'er is
3. The Sav - iour is com- ing; a crown He will give To all who are
   The just and the pure shall e - ter - nal - ly live, In Zi - on for -
4. The Sav - iour will call from the heav- ens a - bove; The an - gels o -
   And gath - er His saints to the E - den of love, To dwell in that

1 mes - sage receive; | -pent and believe.
vineyard to- day; | right He will pay.
faith- ful and tried; | - ev - er a-bide.
- bey His command, | beau- ti- ful land.

2 CHORUS.

Earn- est- ly la - bor, pa- tient- ly

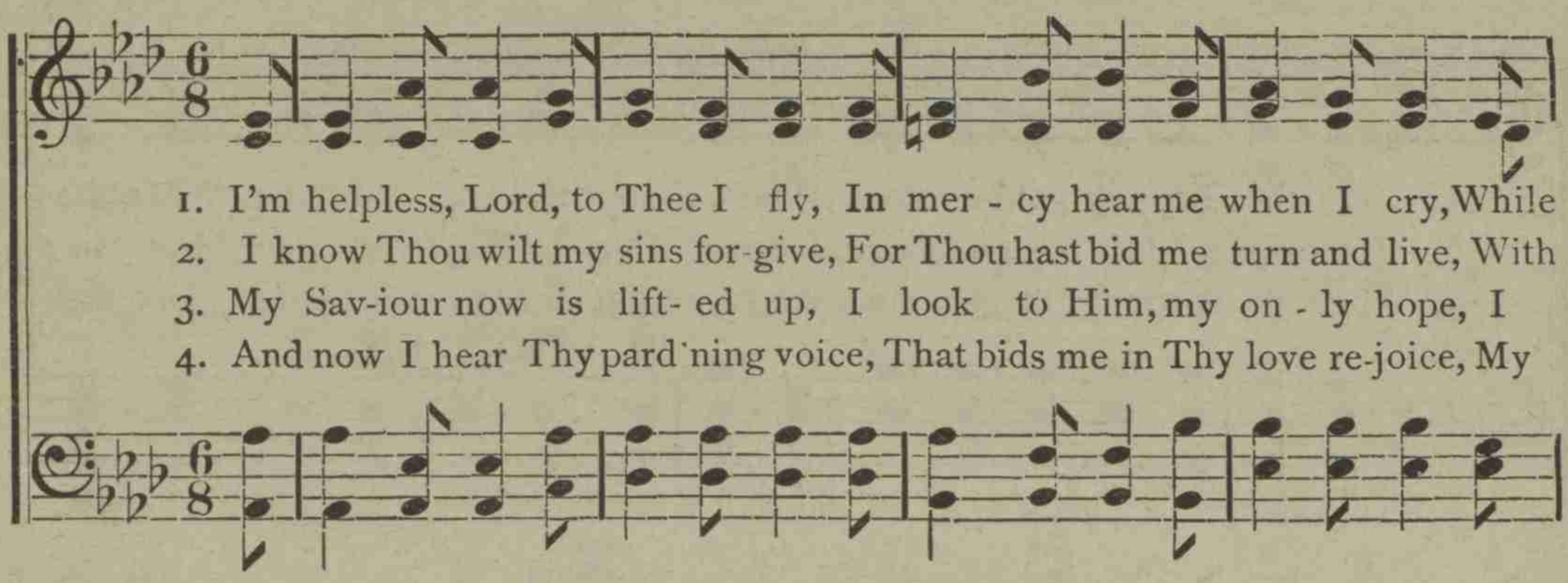
la - bor, La - bor for Je - sus till He shall come; Earn- est- ly la - bor,

pa - tie -ly la - bor, Till He ap - pears and wel-comes you home.
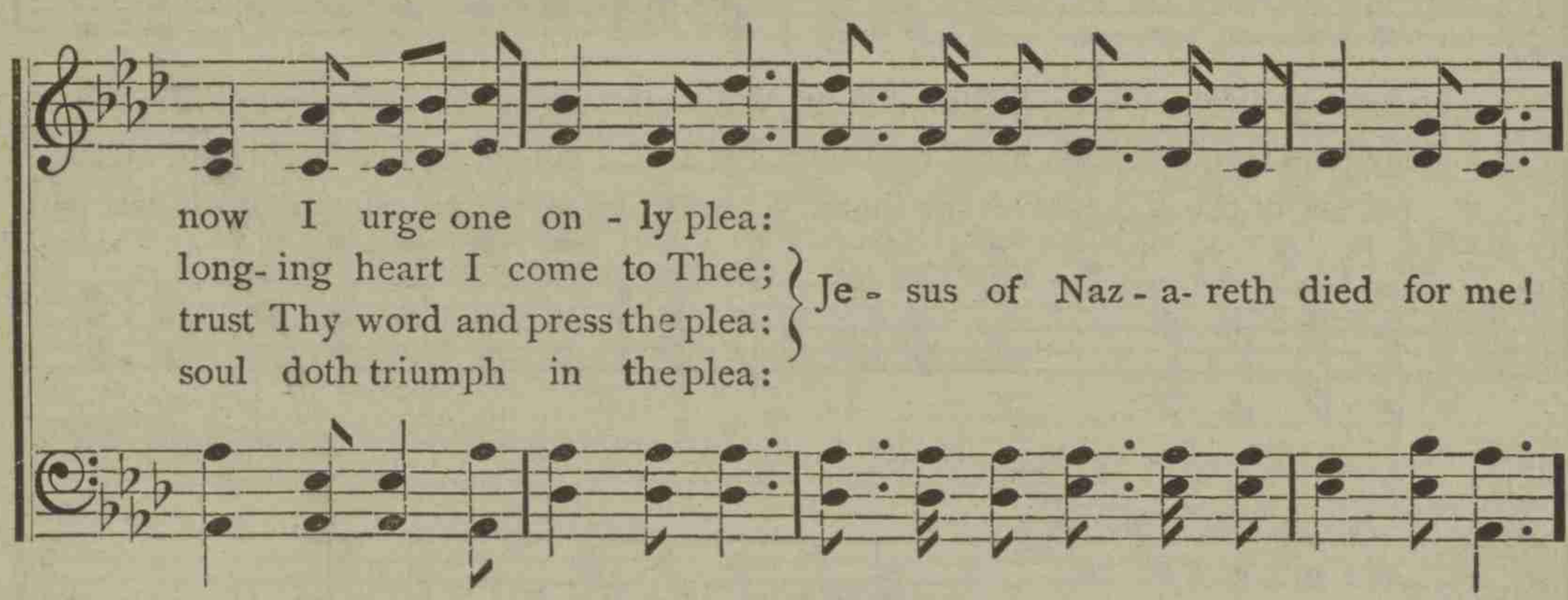
Rit.

JESUS OF NAZARETH DIED FOR ME. 123

W. H. CLARK. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



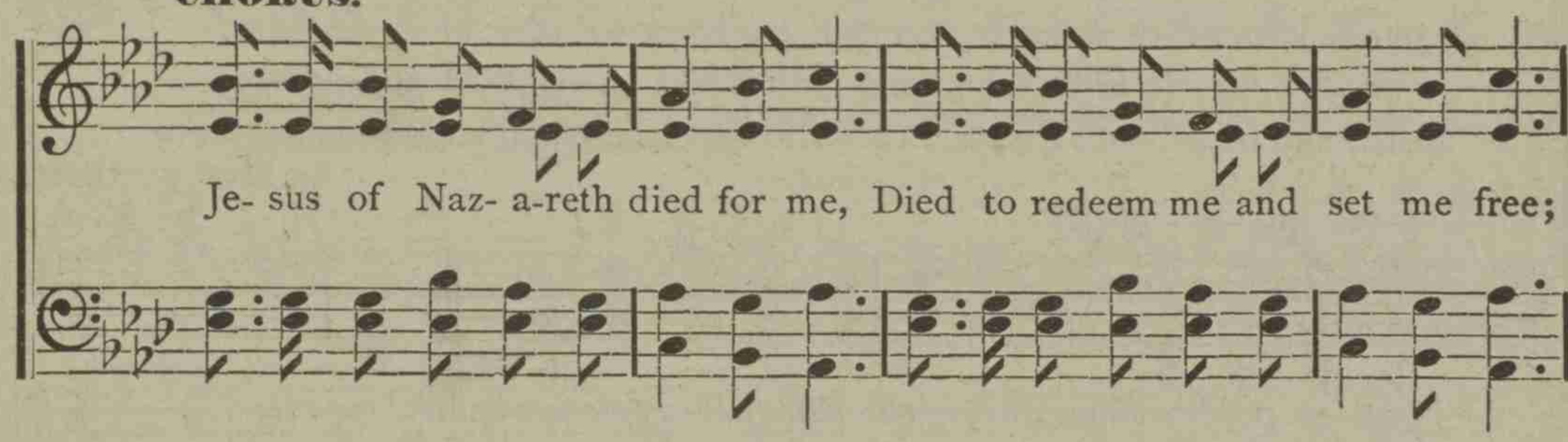
1. I'm helpless, Lord, to Thee I fly, In mer - cy hear me when I cry, While
2. I know Thou wilt my sins for-give, For Thou hast bid me turn and live, With
3. My Sav-iour now is lift- ed up, I look to Him, my on - ly hope, I
4. And now I hear Thy pard'ning voice, That bids me in Thy love re-joice, My



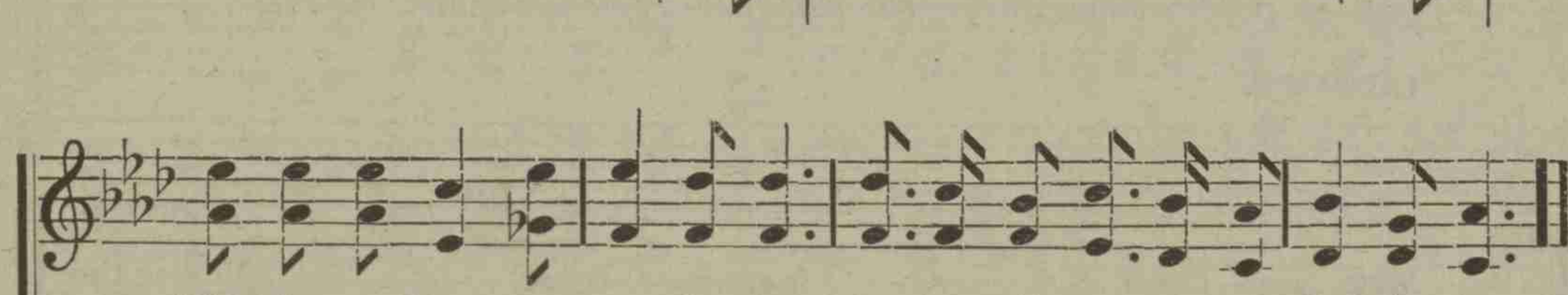
now I urge one on - ly plea:
long- ing heart I come to Thee;
trust Thy word and press the plea:
soul doth triumph in the plea:

} Je - sus of Naz - a- reth died for me!
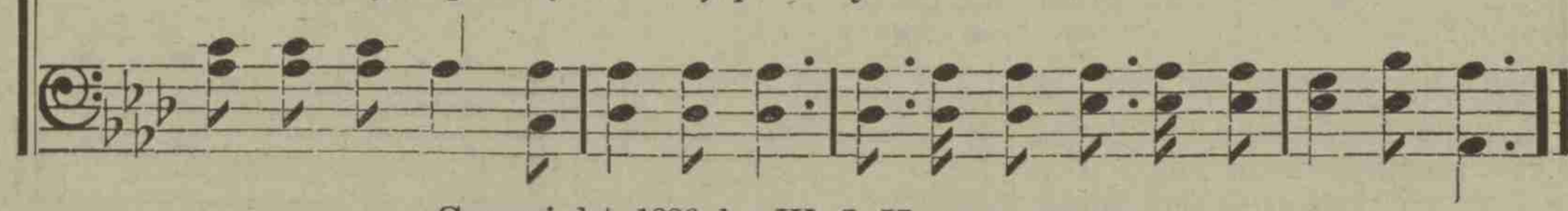
CHORUS.



Je- sus of Naz- a-reth died for me, Died to redeem me and set me free;



This is my hope my on - ly plea: Je- sus of Naz- a- reth died for me!



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MEET ME THERE.

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

1. On the hap- py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain, But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels' ring, And the blest for- ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dissolves a-way In - to
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the riv- er sparkling bright, In the
pal-ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

D. S.—storms of life are o'er, On the

Fine.

pure and per-fect day, I am go- ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

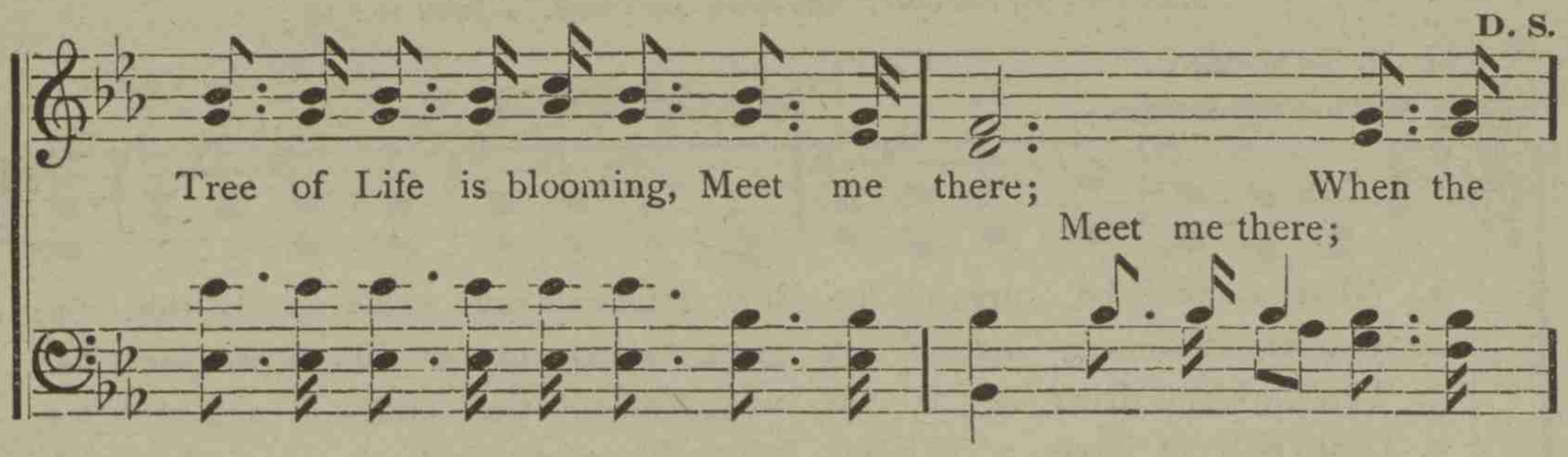
Meet me there.

hap- py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, meet me there,

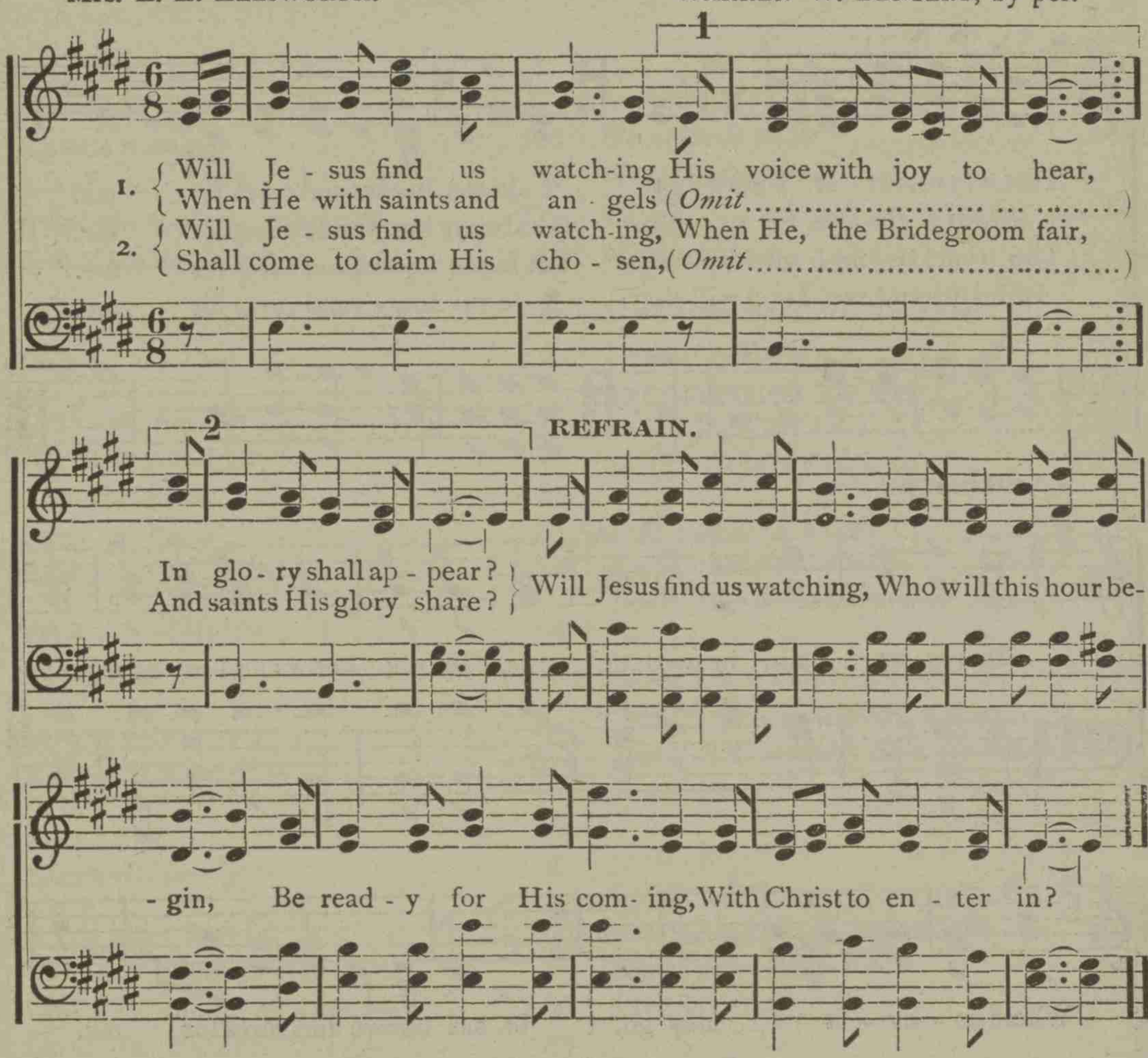
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WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"*Watch therefore.*"—Matt. 24 : 42.

Mrs. E. E. ELLSWORTH. WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.



3 Will Jesus find us watching,
Our lamps all burning bright,
Though He should give us warning,
Come 'ere 'tis morning light?

4 Will Jesus find us watching,
Though others choose to sleep?
O who will wake from slumber,
This vigil now to keep?

126 JESUS KNOWS AND CARES FOR ME.

"I am the good Shepherd and know my sheep."—John 10 : 14.

H. N. LINCOLN. W. E. PENN.

With expression.

1. What-ev- er be my lot be - low, This will my con - so - la- tion be:
2. Tho' friends de-sert me in my grief, And all my world - ly prospects flee,
3. Tho' dark and drear - y is the way, And tho' the end I can-not see,
4. Death will not have a pain-ful sting; The grave shall not tri-umphant be;

That wheresoev - er I may go, 𝄾 Je-sus knows and cares for me.
I'll go to Je - sus for re - lief, He always knows and cares for me.
Tho' from His fold I oft- en stray, Yet Je-sus knows and cares for me.
In death's embrace I still will sing: 𝄾 Je-sus knows and cares for me.

CHORUS.

In joy or pain, in weal or woe, Je- sus knows and cares for me;
Where-so - ev - er I may go, Je- sus knows and cares for me.

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