The New Christian Hymn Book

Larimore, T. B. , and W. J. Kirkpatrick. The New Christian Hymn Book. Nashville: McQuiddy Printing Co., 1907.

[front e-p: Church of Christ, Waxa, Texas, 3-1-18]

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THE NEW

CHRISTIAN HYMN BOOK

A COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

USE IN

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

EDITED BY

T. B. LARIMORE AND W. J. KIRKPATRICK

Nashville, Tenn.
McQUIDDY PRINTING COMPANY
1907

PREFACE

This volume has been very carefully edited and prepared for all occasions of Christian worship.

We have sought to make a book that is scriptural in sentiment, coupled with the sweetest and most soul-inspiring melodies.

In the book will be found many of the best standard hymns that never die.

We have endeavored to publish many songs to please, edify, and instruct all.

We have sought to make a book that all can "sing with the spirit, and . . . with the understanding also." It has been our purpose to retain the best of the old, to give only the sweetest new melodies, and thus give to the people a book that will be uplifting and soul-stirring. As to how well we have succeeded, we leave it to a discriminating and charitable public to say, while we send the book forth praying God's blessings upon it.

The New Christian Hymn Book.

No. 1. Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

No. 2. Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Solo or Duet. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be;
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day—till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But, O the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.

shall see

to face,

shall see

rit.

And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.

to face,

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No. 3. Keep Your Heart Singing.

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

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav- y bur- den share, With a word, a kind - ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con- trol, Sweetest mus - ic will the lone- ly hours be- guile; We may drive the clouds away,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin- dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; O how much we all may do,

With a ha - lo of de- light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we travel through, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the sing-ing, while, ... Make the world brighter with a
singing all the while; bright- er,
smile, ... Keep the song ring-ing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

FINE. D.S.

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No. 4. He's Everything to Me.

Mrs. I. S. McKINNEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since Christ from sin has set me free; He led me to the liv - ing spring, And now he's ev - 'ry-thing to me.
2. Once I was lost in guilt and sin, Tho' Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry; A wan - d'rer from my Lord I'd been, But now he's ev - 'ry-thing to me.
3. O I shall see him face to face, Be - yond the shin - ing crys - tal sea; For he has saved me by his grace, And now he's ev - 'ry-thing to me.

CHORUS.

Yes, ev - 'ry-thing to me! His pard'ning love has set me free,
By faith di-vine my Lord I see, And now he's ev - 'ry - thing to me.

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No. 5. More than Conquerors.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In the war-fare of life there are conflicts with sin, There is ma-ny and ma - ny a bat - tle to win; But with Je - sus to help us with-
2. 'Mid the strife and the clamor, the doubting and fears, There is need for a cour- age to reach thro' the years; But if we shall en-dure till the
3. O the glo - ry and joy when the con-flict is done! O the shouts of re - joic - ing when tri- umph is won! In the gar-ments of light, shin - ing

out and with-in, We shall be "more than con - quer - ors."
end - ing ap-pears, We shall be "more than con - quer - ors."
forth as the sun, We shall be "more than con - quer - ors."

CHORUS.

More than con - quer-ors, more than con - quer-ors, We are more than
Yes, more Yes, more

conquerors thro' Christ our Lord; Thro' Him that lov- ed us, Christ our Lord.
Rit.

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No. 6. The Grand Old Story of Salvation.

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

1. We tell it as we journey t'ward the mansions built above, The grand old
2. His hand can lift the fallen and his blood can make them white, The grand old
3. We'll sing it in the bat-tle, and its notes shall vic'try be, The grand old
4. The an-gels look with wonder, yet their harps can never tell The grand old

sto - ry of sal - va - tion; We sing it out with gladness, in the
sto - ry of sal - va - tion; His love can pierce the darkness with a
sto - ry of sal - va - tion; We'll sing it in our tri - als, till the
sto - ry of sal - va - tion; His ransomed, cloth'd with beauty, shall the

mel - o- dies of love, The grand old sto - ry of sal- va - tion.
nev - er- fad-ing light, The grand old sto - ry of sal- va - tion.
pass - ing shadows flee, The grand old sto - ry of sal- va - tion.
praise of Je-sus swell, The grand old sto - ry of sal- va - tion.

CHORUS.

Ring it out, ring it out, Ring, to
ring it out, ring it out,

ev - ery tribe and na - tion, Ring it out
ev - ery- where,

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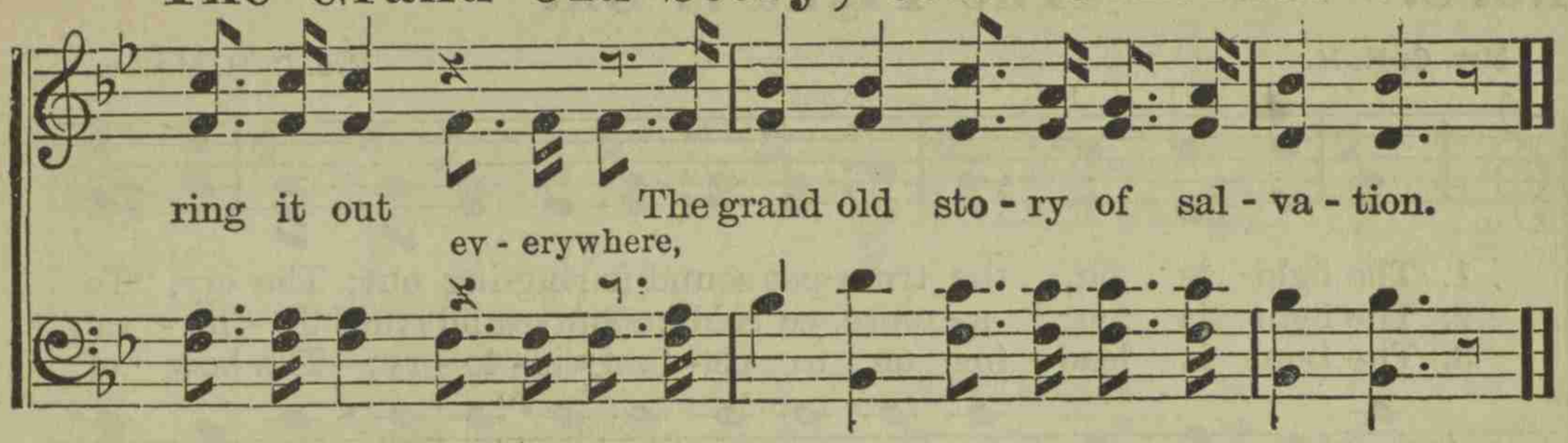
The Grand Old Story, etc.—Concluded.



No. 7. Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Isaiah 1 : 18.) WILLIAM H. DOANE.

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No. 8. The Fight is On.

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

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out; The cry, "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
2. The fight is on; a - rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je - ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer- tain vic - to - ry; The bow of prom - ise spans the east-ern skies; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

un - to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in his strength un - to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

Chorus. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray,..... With armor gleaming, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

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The Fight is On.—Concluded.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong, and in his might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!

Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry

No. 9. O for a Soul!

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O for a soul a - glow with love, With love for God and man;
2. A soul so large that all man-kind Can be embraced there-in;
3. A soul so great that God a - lone Can ac - tu - ate its will;
4. A soul that loves his fel - low-man, No mat - ter what his need;
5. Lord, give us each a soul like this, To live and work for thee,

Re - joic - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day To fol - low God's own plan!
The high, the low, the good, the bad, Be count - ed all a - kin.
That ev - 'ry pulse shall beat for him, His pur - pose to ful - fill.
That fol - lows out the Gold - en Rule, In thought, and word, and deed.
And do our best to el - e - vate En - tire hu - man - i - ty.

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No. 10. When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to glad-den, When love shines in, Ev-' ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow bright-er, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc- ti - fied,
bur-den light- er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

When love shines in,..... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in,..... When
When love shines in;..... When love shines in,

When love shines in, When love shines in.

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When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

No. 11. Face to Face.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

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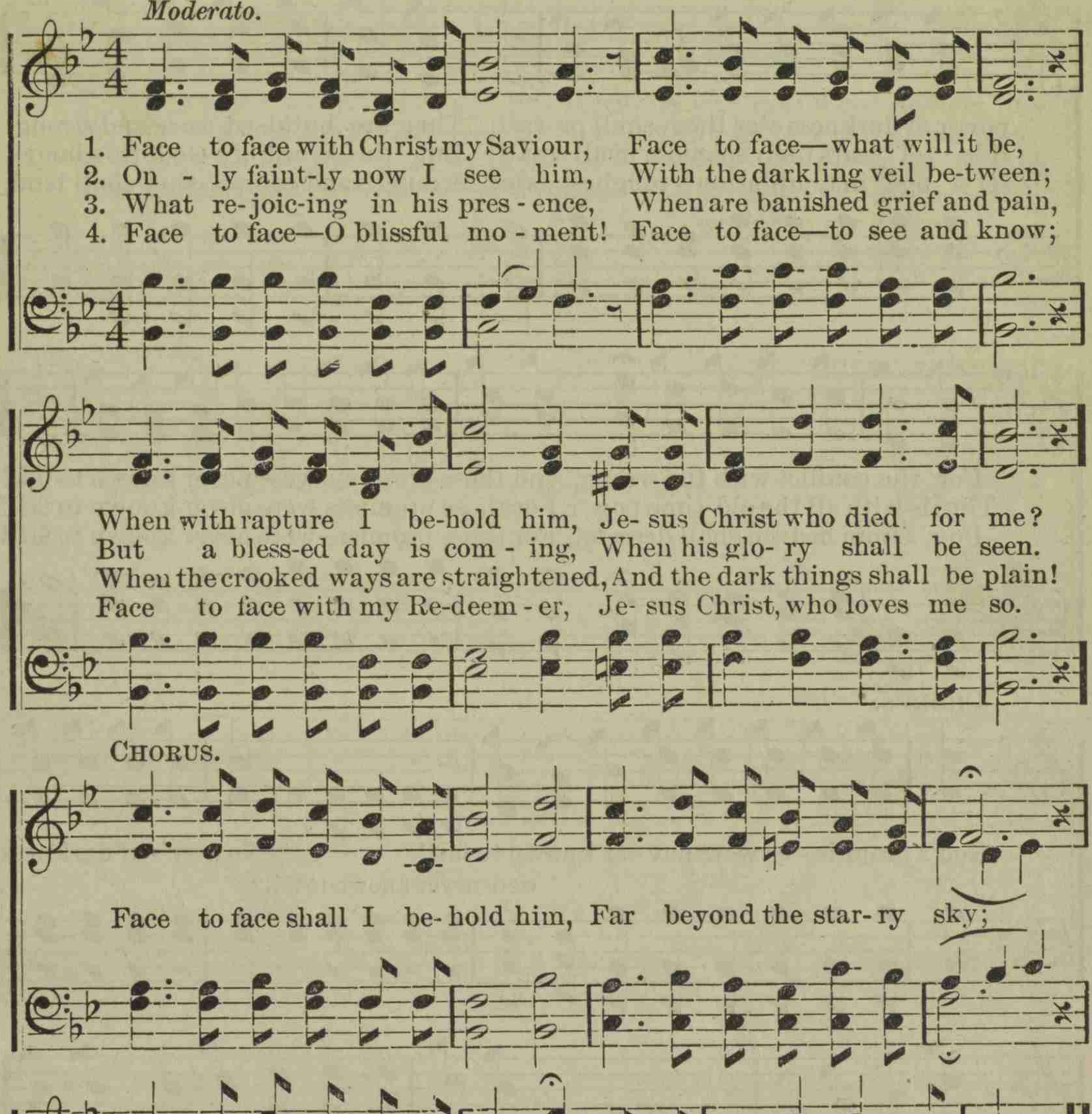

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No. 12. Never Known to Fail.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O the prom-is - es of God Long have Satan's might withstood, And no
2. O the mighty hand of time Fashions many a work sublime, Yet the
3. Trust those holy words to-day, Let them guide you on life's way, Seek their

pow'r of darkness o'er them shall prevail; They are build-ed sure and strong
tide of years their splendor shall assail; But the Word of God this hour
ref - uge in temptation's roughest gale; Strength and courage they shall lend,

For the conflict with the wrong, And those promises were never known to fail!
Thrills with all the old-time pow'r, For those promises were never known to fail!
Pow'r from heaven shall descend, For those promises were never known to fail!

CHORUS.

God's prom-is - es were nev - er known to fail! No pow'r of darkness were never known to fail!

o'er them shall prevail! They are builded sure and strong For the shall prevail!

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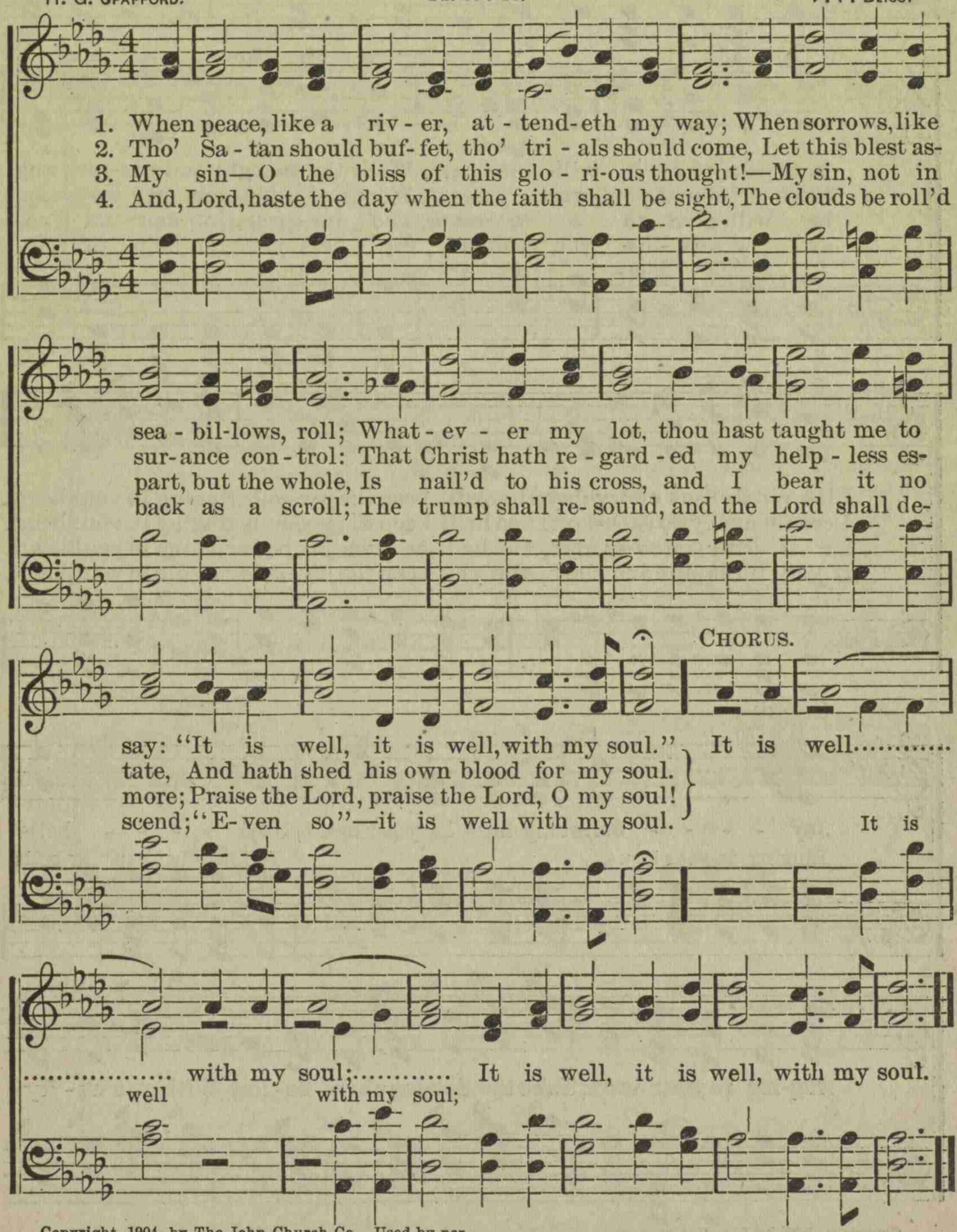
Never Known to Fail.—Concluded.

No. 13. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. Ps. 55 : 18. P. P. BLISS.



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No. 14. You May Have the Joy Bells.

J. Edw. Ruark. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its fullness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home; Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day; Own his right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and nar-row way,
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kind-ness al-ways say,
he will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye,
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win,

Live for Je-sus ev-'ry day; He will keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
Deeds of mercy do each day; Then he'll keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
He is with you ev-er nigh, And he'll keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy bells ringing in your heart.

Chorus.

Joy - - - - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - - - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy bells
ring-ing in your heart; Take the Sav-iour here be-low With you ev-'ry-

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You May Have the Joy Bells.—Concluded.

No. 15. O Refuge Sweet!

ARATUS M. DEUEL. Ps. 9 : 9. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

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No. 16. Glory for You and Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. Some day when my toil - ing and tri - als are o'er, Some day when my
2. Some day in the fu- ture, it will not be long; Some day with the
3. Some day, O what rap- ture I then shall be-hold! Some day when the
4. Some day in his pres-ence a crown I shall wear, Some day match less

wea - ry feet rest on the shore, Some day when the King in his
loved ones I'll sing the new song; Some day when the face of my
sto - ry a - new shall be told; Some day when the soul from its
beau - ty and grand-eur I'll share; Some day with the ran-somed trans-

beau - ty I see, That will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry for me.
Lord I shall see, That will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry for me.
bond-age is free, That will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry for me.
formed I shall be, That will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, There will be
you and me, you and me,

glo - ry in heav - en for me; Glo - ry for me,
you and me, you and me,

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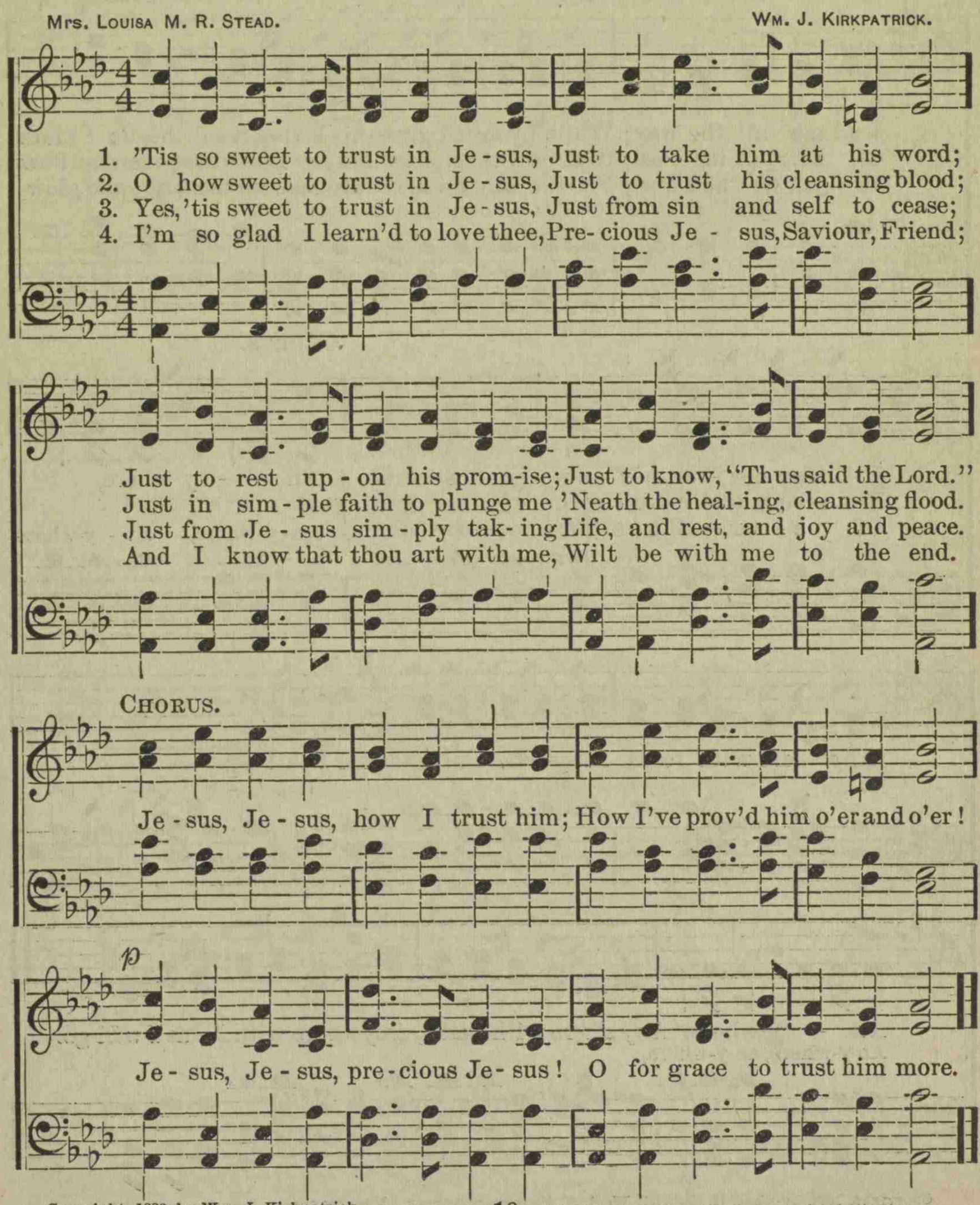
Glory for You and Me.—Concluded.

No. 17. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.



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No. 18. Anywhere with Jesus.

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

1. Anywhere with Je - sus I will go, cheer-ful-ly go, Trust-ing him to
2. Anywhere with Je - sus I will go, joy-ful-ly go, In the sun-light
3. Anywhere with Je - sus I will go, glad-ly will go, Sing - ing hal - le-

lead me all the way; While by faith I grasp his loving hand, this do I know:
of his smil-ing face; In his presence, peace and joy like waves over me flow
lu - jah o'er and o'er; For the way he takes me leadeth me unto the glow

CHORUS.

I can nev - er, nev - er go a - stray. } An - - y-where,
From the boundless o - cean of his grace.
Of e - ter - nal joys for - ev - er - more. } An - y-where, an - y-where,

Anywhere with Jesus, An-y-where he leads me I will go;.....
I will glad - ly go;

An - y-where, Anywhere with Jesus, Anywhere with Jesus I will go.
An-y-where, an-y-where,

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No. 19. Not Empty-handed.

E. E. HEWITT. (May be sung as a Solo.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go To Him whose love has blessed me so;
2. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; In life's great field some seed I'd sow;
3. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; His grace will hidden treasures show;
4. Not emp-ty-hand-ed would I go; Thro' summer's bloom, thro' winter's snow,

Some pre-cious jew-el would I bring To shine for - ev - er for my King.
Some golden sheaf for him would bind; Some blossoms tend, some fruitage find.
O, may I win them for his sake, And, day by day, love's off'rings make.
I'll work for Him who died for me, Till, by and by, His face I'll see.

CHORUS.

Not emp - ty - hand - ed would I go..... To Him whose
hand - - ed would I go

love hath blessed me so; Some hum - ble trib - ute may I
hath blessed me so;

bear With - in those gates so bright and fair.

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No. 20. Trust and Obey.

1 Samuel 15 : 22.

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo - ry he
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil he doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of his love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a- bides with us still,
drives it a- way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh or a tear,
rich - ly re- pay; Not a grief or a loss, Not a frown or a cross,
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor he shows, And the joy he be-stows,
side in the way; What he says, we will do; Where he sends, we will go;

CHORUS.

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for those who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
} Trust and o - bey, for there's

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

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No. 21. Jesus Saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ous sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the tid - ings all a- round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By his death and end - less life Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High- est hills and deep- est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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No. 22. Casting All My Care upon Him.

From Cæsar Malan, by F. E. B. F. E. Belden.

1. How sweet, my Fa - ther, to re- cline On nev - er- fail - ing pow'r,
2. It is thy will that I should bring My ev - 'ry care to thee;
3. Why should my heart be e'er distress'd By dread of fu - ture ill?
4. Each hour I trust thy love di- vine, And look to thee a - lone,

To feel thine arm up-hold - ing me In ev - 'ry try - ing hour!
To thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each new per-plex - i - ty.
Or why should un - be - liev - ing fear My tremb-ling spir - it fill?
To calm each troubled tho't to rest, In pray'r be- fore thy throne.

Chorus.

Cast - ing all..... my care up - on him, Cast- ing
Cast - ing all my care up - on him,

all..... my care up - on him, Cast - ing
Cast - ing all my care up - on him,

all..... my care up-on him, For he car - eth for me.
Cast- ing all my care up - on him,

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No. 23. The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

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

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over 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 walking the shad-ow-y vale.

CHORUS.

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

No. 24. The All-sufficient Gospel.

Mrs. LIZZIE DEARMOND. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. 'Tis the all - suf - fi-cient Gos - pel, that will help a man to live;
2. Though its words may pass to proverbs, yet they ne'er will pass a- way;
3. 'Tis the all - suf - fi-cient Gos - pel, that will fit a man to die,

In the time of sore temptation, strength for ev - 'ry du - ty give.
Stud - y well the ho - ly pa - ges for your liv - ing day by day.
Lead him thro' death's dreary val - ley with a song to God on high;

There is something in it ev - er for each earth- ly pain and woe;
'Tis a mine of wealth un-fail-ing where the gems of truth are stored;
With its words of con - so - la-tion, mes - sa - ges of hope and cheer,

And the more you look in - to it, bright- er still its precepts grow.
Gleaming out with heav'nly beau-ty are the say - ings of the Lord.
Yes, for liv - ing or for dy - ing, 'tis the thing we need right here.

CHORUS.

{ O, the all- suf - fi-cient Gos-pel, the all - suf- fi- cient Gos-pel, Is
{ Yes, the all- suf - fi-cient Gos-pel, the all - suf- fi- cient Gos-pel, To

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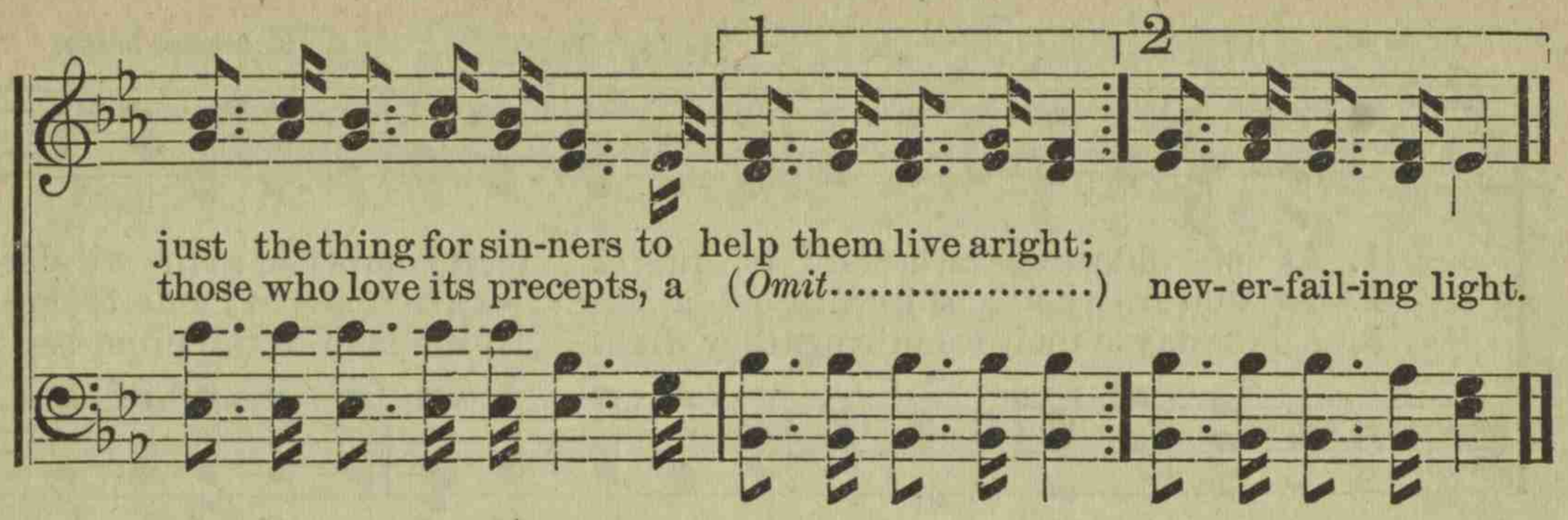
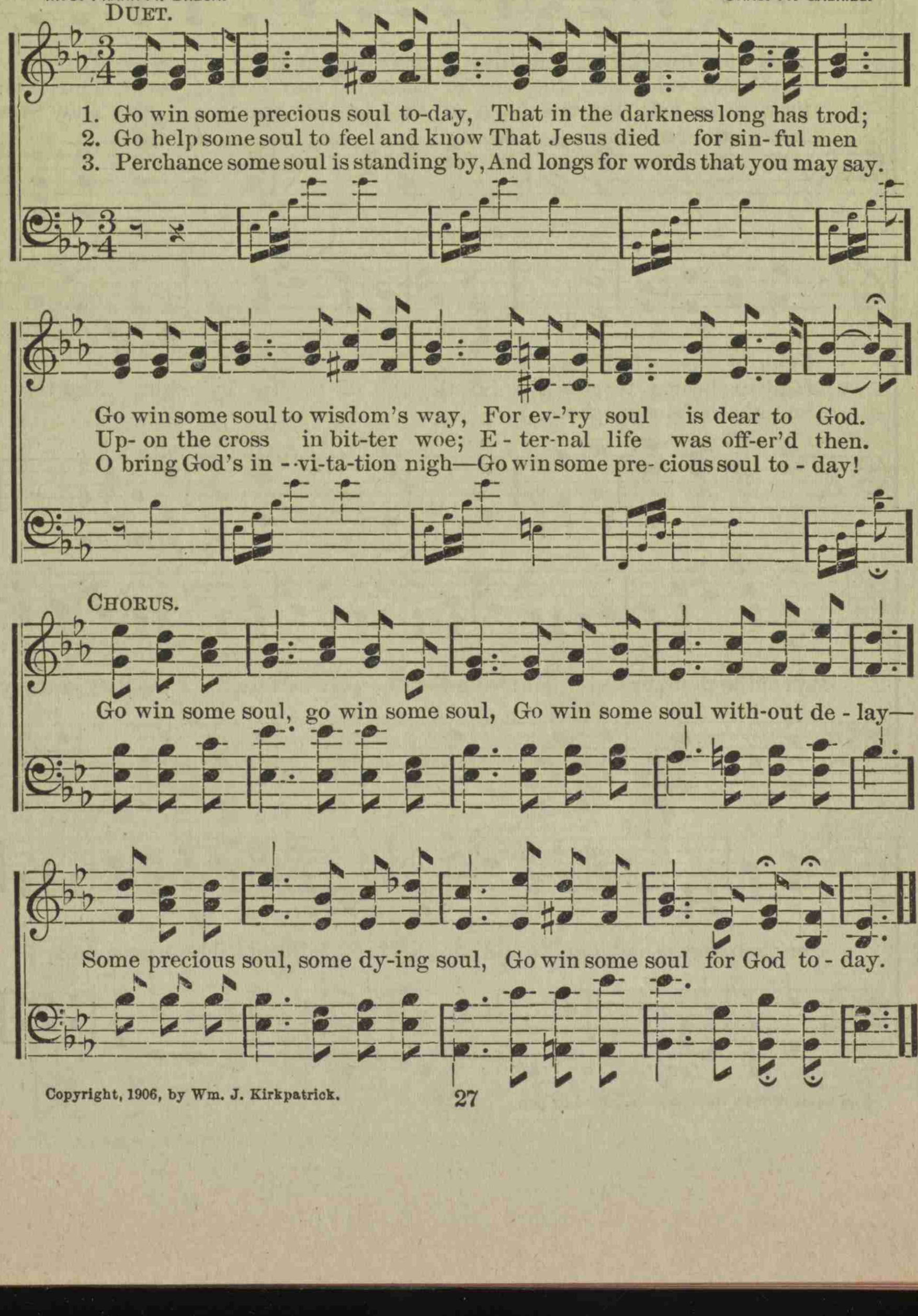
The All-sufficient Gospel.—Concluded.



No. 25. Go Win Some Soul.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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No. 26. The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-
2. To and fro as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them
3. All the day of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the prom-ise

ness to dwell, Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the
thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guid-ance sure, They were

CHORUS.

light of per - fect day.
faint-ing hearts to cheer.
brought to Canaan's shore.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the

sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey

on their way, Shall a guide and a leader be, Till the wilderness be past,

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The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

No. 27. Heavenly Sunlight.

H. J. ZELLEY. G. H. COOK.

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No. 28. Sunshine and Rain.

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

1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sunshine and deplore the rain, Re - pin-ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain, (refreshing rain,) Would we scatter seed up-on the
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of his
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-

Would we scat - ter seed

fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit, and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

CHORUS.

{ Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun-shine and rain, to nour - ish the grow-ing grain; Send us, Lord, the

love, show - ers from a - bove! sun-shine and the rain.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per.

No. 29. Keep the Household Angels Singing.

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

1. Keep the household an-gels sing-ing, sing-ing; Keep the pleasant mu-sic
2. Joy-ful be our voi-ces sing-ing, sing-ing; Hearts with grateful music
3. Words of truth and kindness sing-ing, sing-ing; Help to one an-oth-er

ring-ing, ringing; Gentle love and cheerfulness Shall our happy firesides bless,
ring-ing, ringing; Dai-ly tri-als, daily care, Patience shows us how to bear;
bringing, bringing; Hav-ing char-i-ty for all, Trusting God, whate'er befall,

CHORUS.

Keep the household an-gels sing-ing. 'Tis love..... that makes the

'tis love

home so hap-py, Love...that makes the home so bright; With all her sister an-

'tis love

gels Ar-rayed in heav'nly light, 'Tis love, love, that makes the home so bright.

'tis

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No. 30. Send Out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. Psalm 43 : 3. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer; Shine on earth's sadness till it dis - ap- pear— Souls are in wait-ing the mes-sage to hear;
2. Send out the sunlight in let - ter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—Hearts that are hun - gry for pray'rs still unheard;
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and each day; Crown all the years with its lum - i - nous ray; Nour - ish the seeds that are sown on the way;
4. Send out the sunlight as free as the air! Bless-ings will fol- low with none to com-pare— Bless - ings of peace, that will rise from de - spair!

CHORUS.

Send out the sunlight of love. Send out the sunlight of love, ... the sunlight of love,

Send out the sun-light of love; ..... Send out the sun-light, the sun-light of love;

Send out the sun-light, Send out the sun-light of love..... the sun-light of love.

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No. 31. Precious Golden Grain.

JENNIE WILSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While the days are go - ing, for the Lord be sow- ing, Tho' the seed may oft - en seem to fall in vain;
2. Hearts that sin has bro- ken yearn for mer-cy's to - ken, Bear the balm of heal - ing o'er the world-wide field;
3. Go with comfort ho - ly to the poor and low-ly, Help the heav - y la - den, wea - ry and oppressed;
4. Sow as Christ commanded, go not emp-ty-hand-ed, Or be- fore the Mas - ter lay but worth-less leaves;

Aft - er toil and weep-ing comes the joy of reap-ing, By and by we'll gather sheaves of gold-en grain.
Morn-ing, noon, and e - ven, sow to reap for heav-en, Soon will come the harvest with its priceless yield.
Christ-like kindness show-ing, seed di-vine be stow-ing, It will sure-ly rip - en for the gar-ners blest.
Pass thro' death's dim por-tal to the life im-mor- tal, From the earthly har-vest bear-ing golden sheaves.

CHORUS. *D.S.*—When we gath-er in the sheaves of gold - en grain.

Pre - - - - cious grain,..... ... Pre- cious gold- en grain;
Pre- cious gold - en grain, pre- cious gold - en grain,
gold - en grain;

Aft - er toil and weep-ing, O the joy of reap-ing,

D.S.

FINE.

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No. 32. * Take the Life-Boat.

Mrs. H. BRADFORD SPOOR. (Solo or Duet and Chorus.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Are you wrecked upon life's ocean? Loud the waves about you roar;
2. Lin-ger not for earthly treasures, Yonder lies the land of gold;
3. Precious souls, like you, have lingered; "Time enough" they gaily said;
4. Take the life-boat, you are sinking, Do not wait a moment more;

Still there's hope you need not per- ish; You may reach the heav'nly shore.
Friends and lov'd ones there are waiting, There are joys for you un-told.
Ere the mor- row they had per-ished, They are numbered with the dead.
This may be your fi- nal of - fer, Has - ten now for yon-der shore.

CHORUS.

Take the life-boat; take the life-boat, See, the Sav-iour holding
Take the life - boat, take the life - boat,
out a help - ing hand..... Wait no lon- ger,
Wait no lon - ger, take the
take the life-boat, Start to - day for heaven's bright and happy land.
life - boat,

*Consul Gen. Wildman and family, who went down with the Steamship Rio de Janerio, Feb. 24, 1901, while entering the Golden Gate, San Francisco, might have been saved had they hastened into the life-boat. But while they waited to secure some valuables, the ship went down *and they were lost.*

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No. 33. To the Rescue.

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

1. To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Souls are drifting with the tide;
2. Who will tell of this sal - va- tion, Bless-ed life- boat close at hand,
3. Some are con-scious of their dan-ger, And for suc - cor loud- ly cry;
4. Hu-man wrecks are all a - bout us, Vic- tims of the tempter's pow'r;

On - ward tow'rd the rocks before them With the cur-rent swift they glide.
Ere their barks are wreck'd and scatter'd Far and near up - on the strand?
Cut the shore-lines, has- ten to them Ere in sin they sink and die.
O the joy be - yond all tell- ing Could we res - cue one this hour!

mf CHORUS. *p*

Farther and farther a - way!..... Farther and farther a - way!.....
drifting away, drifting away,

cres.

With the cur-rent drift- ing by,... To the res - cue quick-ly fly,
With the current drifting, drifting by, To the rescue quickly, quickly fly,

God will help us if we try, Help to save some one to - day.
God will help us if we on - ly try,

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No. 34. Keep Your Light Still Shining.

JULIETTE E. PERRY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep your light still shin-ing Where-so-e'er you tread; On life's journey dan - ger Oft - en lurks a - head, While the light of heaven Shines with-
2. Keep your light still shin-ing; You may suc - cor lend, In the hour of troub- le, To a fall - en friend. Yours would be the heart-ache If you tempt you, Venture not a - stray. If you'd be a help-er, And God's
3. Keep your light still shin-ing All a - long life's way; Tho' the world may in your heart, From the nar-row path-way You will ne'er de - part. care- less trod, And your friend in dark-ness Went to meet his God. will would do, Keep your light still shin-ing All the jour- ney thro'.

CHORUS.

Keep your light still shin- ing Where-so-e'er you go; Strive to help some oth- ers Je- sus' love to know; Keep your light still shining,
Keep your light still shining Strive to help some oth - ers Keep your light still shining,

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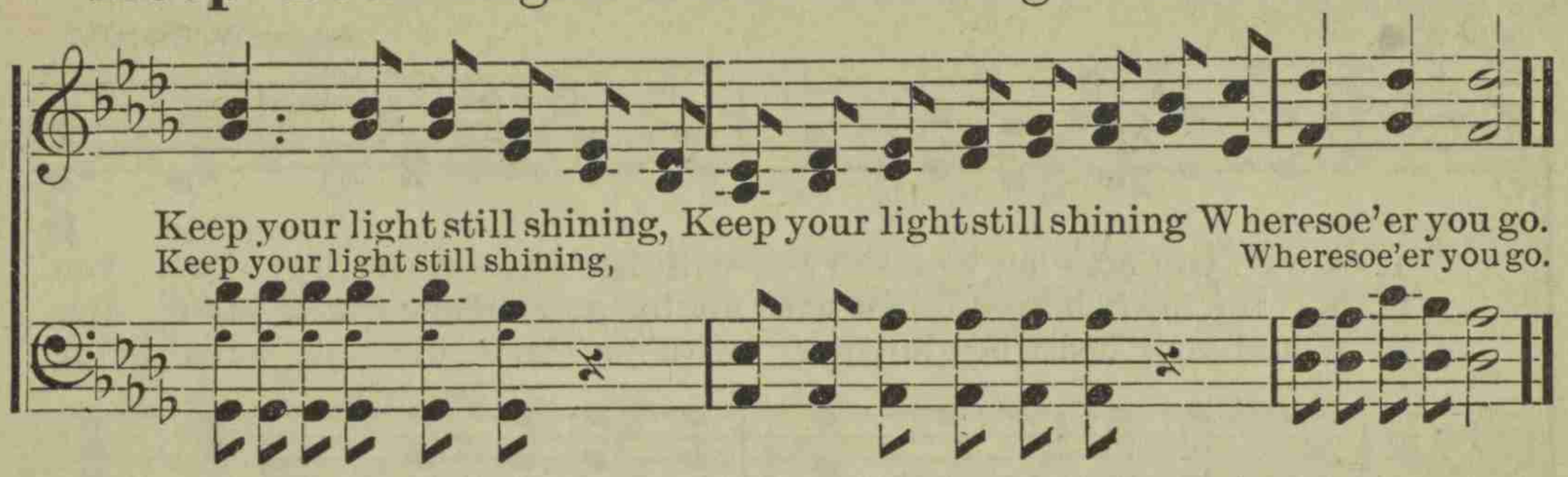
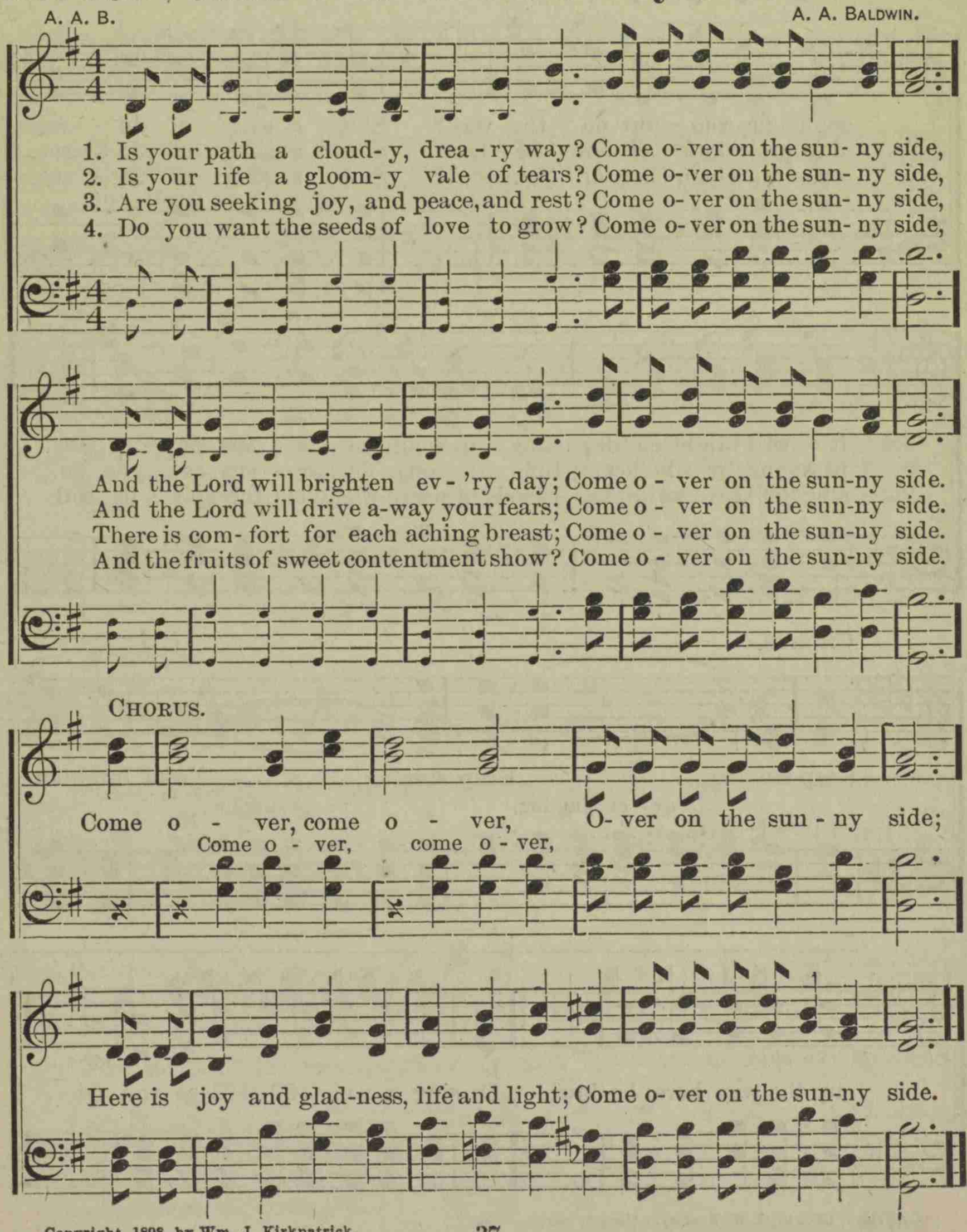
Keep Your Light Still Shining.—Concluded.



No. 35. Come Over on the Sunny Side.



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No. 36. Sing a Song of Jesus.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Are you oft - en wea - ry with life's care and strife? Do you sigh for com - fort on the way? Sing a song of Je - sus,
2. Is the heart bowed down with doubts and dreary fears? Does the day grow dark - er here be - low? Sing a song of Je - sus,
3. Would your heart be glow-ing with a love di - vine, Light - ing up the cham - ber of your soul? Sing a song of Je - sus,

it will bright-en life; Sing a song of Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
pass - ing by he hears; Sing a song of Je - sus as you go.
sing of love sublime; Floods of peace will o'er the spir - it roll.

CHORUS.

Keep singing,..... Keep singing,..... 'Twill brighten
ev - er sing-ing, ev - er sing-ing,
up the way here be - low; O sing a song of Je-sus as you go.

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No. 37. Sunshine Every Day.

EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hap - py are the peo - ple whose trust is in the Lord, Walking with the
2. Walking with the Mas - ter we find our sweet-est joy; Work-ing for his
3. All his ran-som'd chil-dren a victor's crown shall wear, He will guide us

Sav - iour, rest- ing on his word; Trust-ing in his prom - ise tho' dark may
king-dom, O what blest em-ploy! Fol - low in his foot- steps a - long the
on - ward to the man-sions fair; Nev - er will he leave us, his love shall

be the way,—Je - sus dwell-ing in the heart Makes sunshine ev-'ry day.
nar - row way,—Je - sus dwell-ing in the heart Makes sunshine ev-'ry day.
light the way,—Je - sus dwell-ing in the heart Makes sunshine ev-'ry day.

CHORUS.

Sun- shine ev - 'ry day, Sun - shine all the way; Je - sus dwell- ing

in the heart Makes sunshine ev-'ry day. :‖ Makes sun-shine ev- 'ry day.

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No. 38. Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

J OATMAN, Jr. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of darkness, sin, and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
2. There are human shipwrecks ly-ing all around; O what mor-al darkness ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some other ves- sels off from dang'rous ground:
3. Do not let the bush-el cover up your light; Keep your lamp in or- der, trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless- ing, bright-en up the night:
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway you will pass no more; Till he bids you wel- come on the oth - er shore,

CHORUS.

Let the gos - pel light shine out..... Let the gos - pel light shine out, shine out, Let the gos-pel light shine out; While your lamp is burn-ing, keep the win-dows clean, Let the gos- pel light shine out. shine out;

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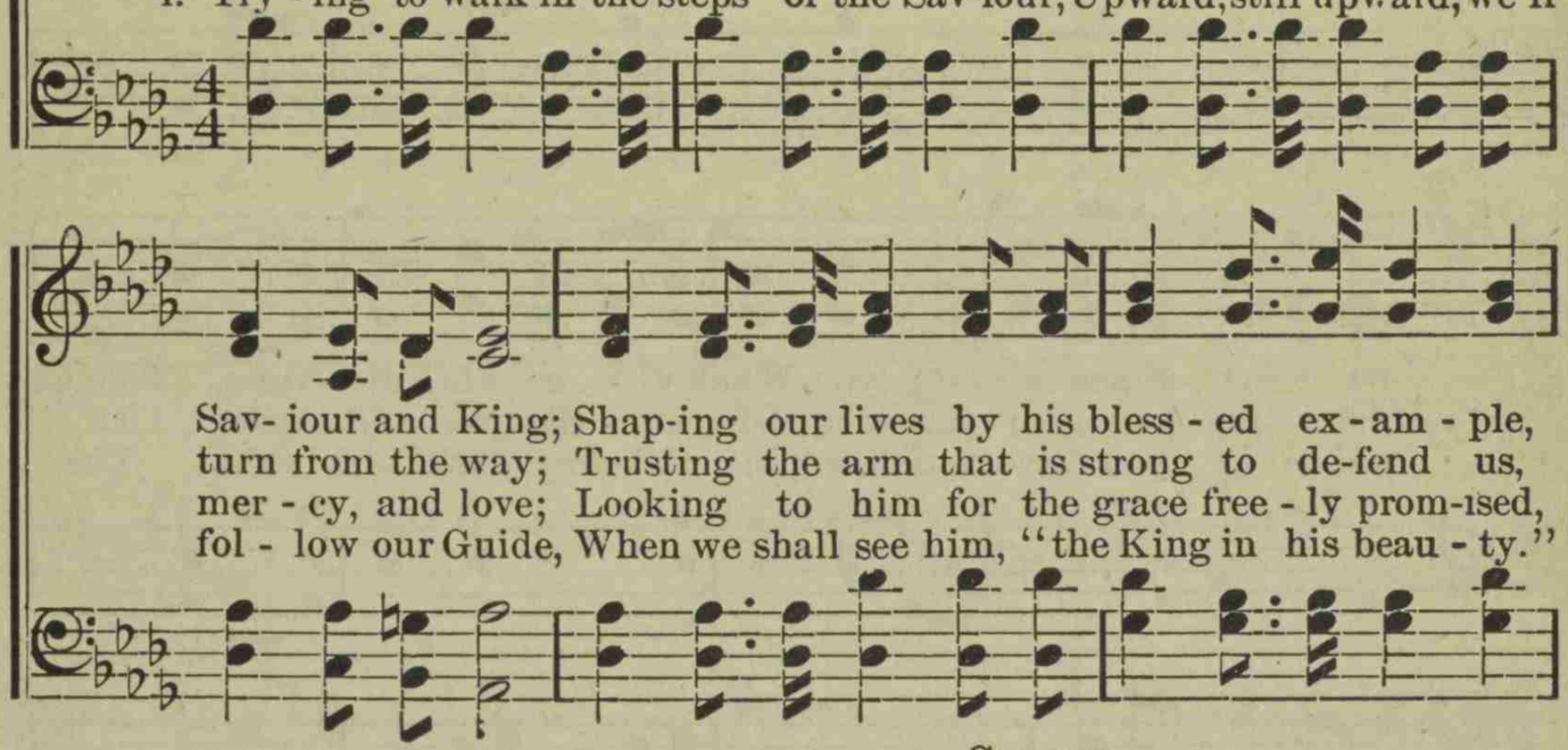
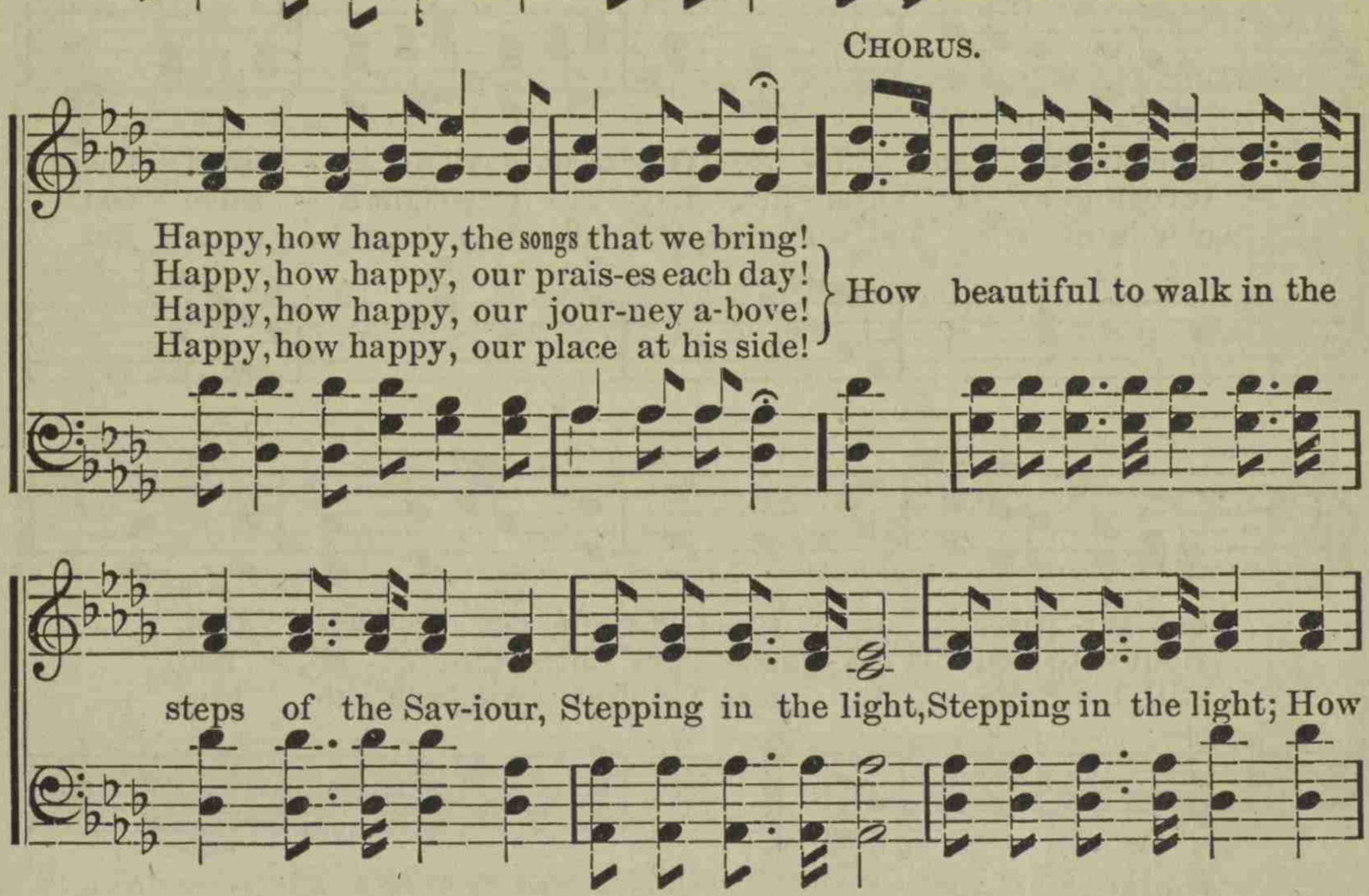
No. 39. Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

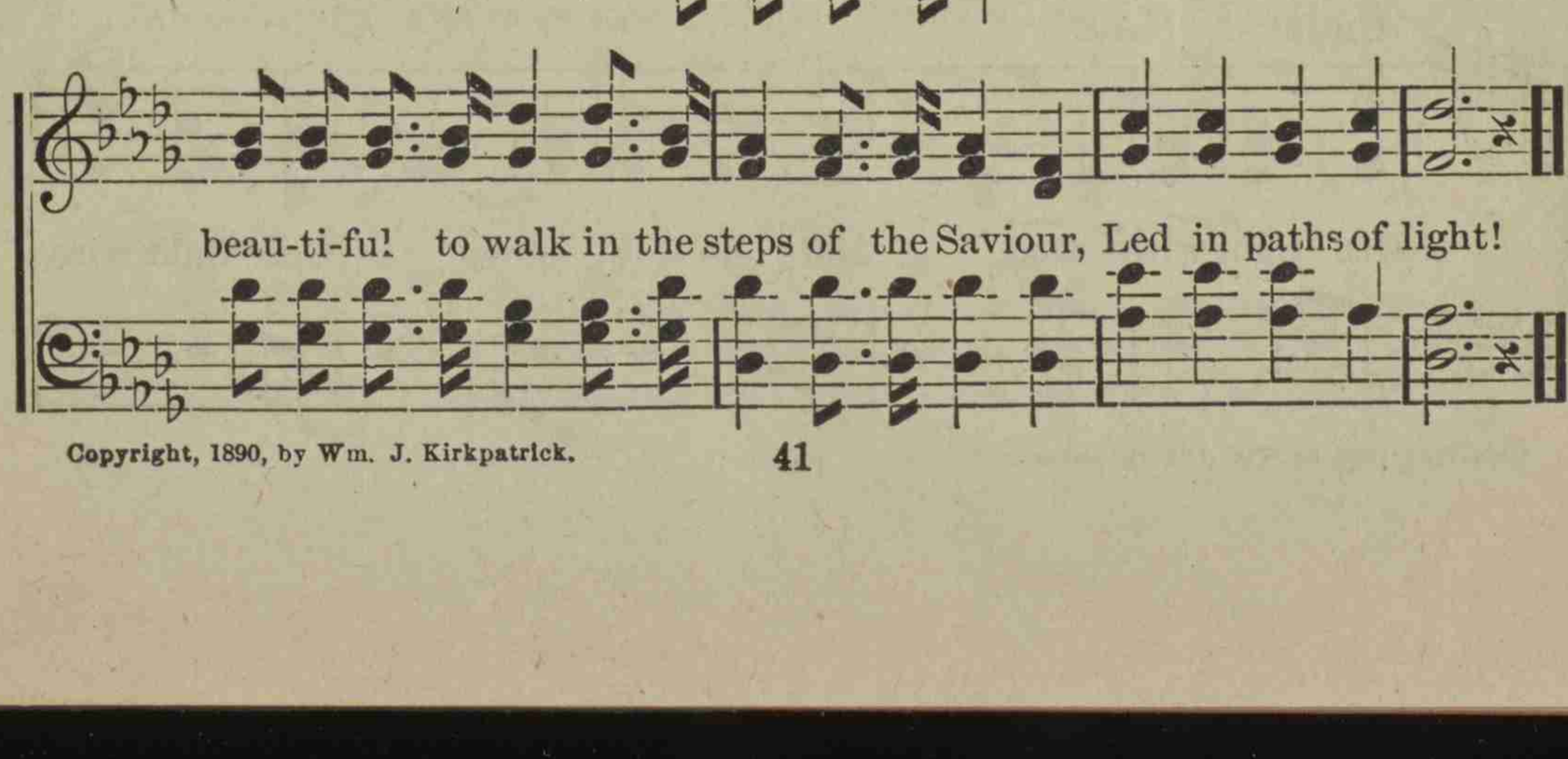
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav- iour, Try - ing to fol-low our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is lead- ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle for- bearance, Footsteps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward, we'll



Sav- iour and King; Shap-ing our lives by his bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
mer - cy, and love; Looking to him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau - ty."



CHORUS.



Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring!
Happy, how happy, our prais-es each day!
Happy, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove!
Happy, how happy, our place at his side!
} How beautiful to walk in the

steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light!

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No. 40. Get Right with God.

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

1. What-ev - er joys engross you, Whatev - er cares op - press, What-
2. He's wait-ing to be gra- cious; He's call-ing now to you, In -
3. Per - haps you once con-fessed him, And said you were his child; But

ev - er aims al-lure you, Whatev - er ills dis - tress; Though
vit - ing you to par - don, To mer - cies great and true. O
sad - ly you have wan-dered, In path-ways dark and wild. The

skies are bright and sun - ny, Or storms may be a - broad, There's
turn from ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Lay ev - 'ry weight a - side; Get
clouds of sin and sor - row The heav'n-ly light be - dim; But

one sur- pass-ing du - ty: Get right, get right with God.
right with God this mo - ment, Thro' Christ the cru - ci - fied.
still his Spir- it lin - gers, To draw you back to him.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Get right with God, And do it now; Get right with

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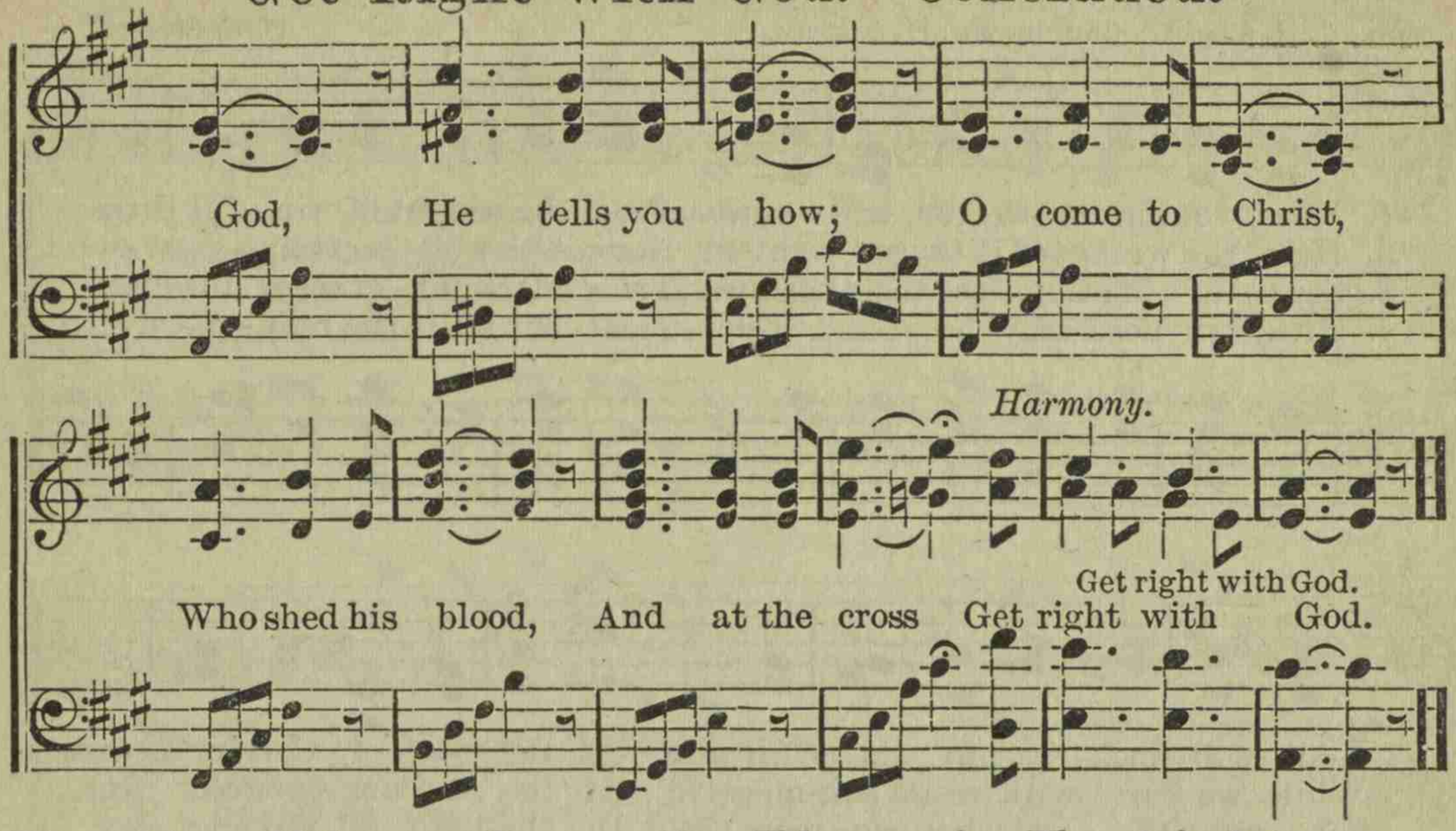
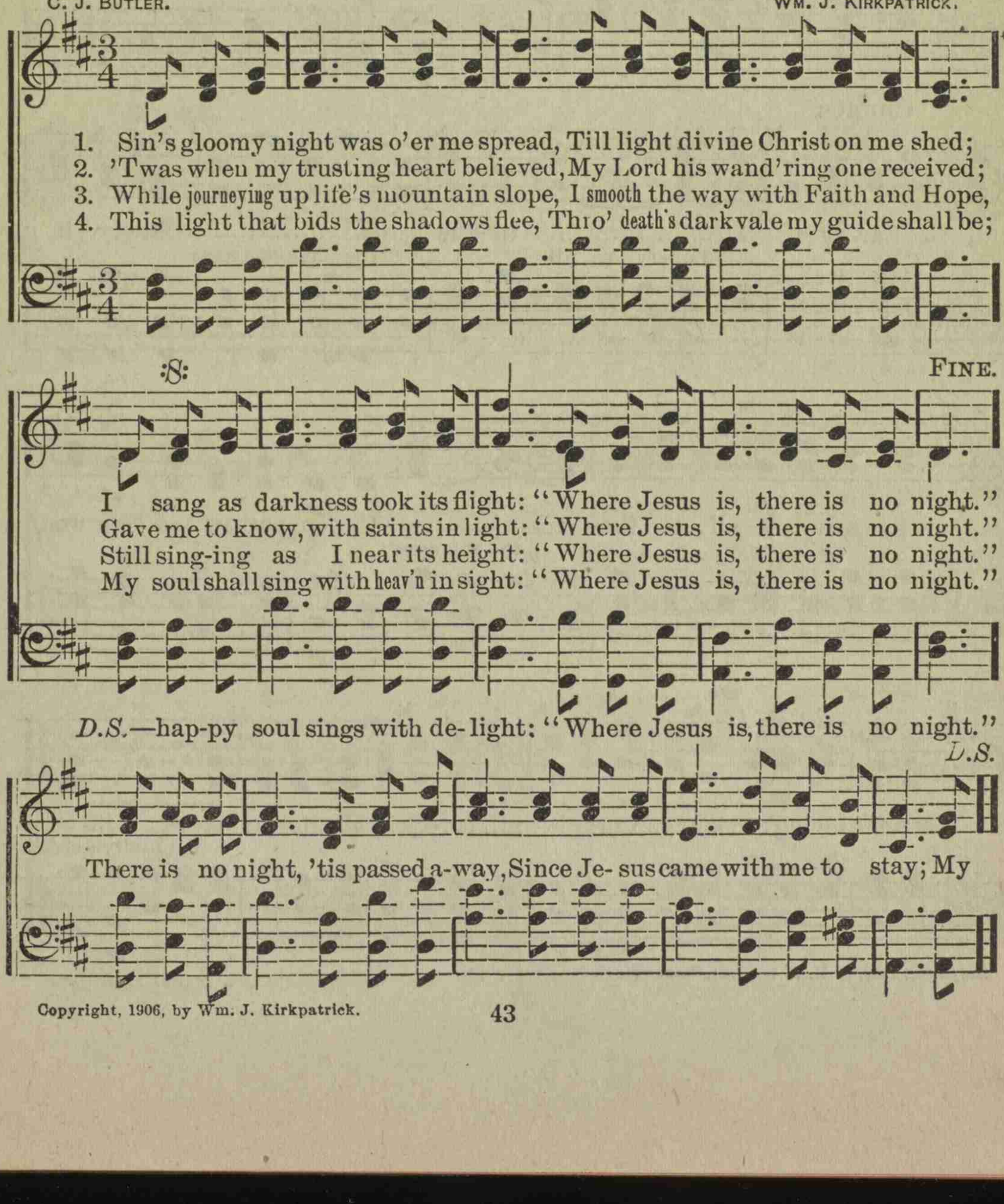
Get Right with God.—Concluded.



No. 41. Where Jesus Is, There is No Night.

C. J. BUTLER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sin's gloomy night was o'er me spread, Till light divine Christ on me shed;
2. 'Twas when my trusting heart believed, My Lord his wand'ring one received;
3. While journeying up life's mountain slope, I smooth the way with Faith and Hope,
4. This light that bids the shadows flee, Thro' death's dark vale my guide shall be;

FINE.

I sang as darkness took its flight: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
Gave me to know, with saints in light: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
Still sing-ing as I near its height: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."
My soul shall sing with heav'n in sight: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."

D.S.—hap-py soul sings with de-light: "Where Jesus is, there is no night."

D.S.

There is no night, 'tis passed a-way, Since Je- sus came with me to stay; My

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No. 42. Carry it All to the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. Morris. Cho. by Wm. H. Gardner. H. L. Gilmour.

1. When your heart cries for sal - va- tion, From the weight of sin - ful dross;
2. Here the wrongs of life are right-ed, Here earth's bit- ter things grow sweet;
3. Sore af - flic-tions lose their keenness, Tri - als light - er seem to be,
4. Great in- deed may be your bur-den, Great - er still the rem - e - dy;

You will find it in its full-ness At the foot of Calv'ry's cross.
While we kneel with hearts sub-miss-ive At the Sav-iour's piercéd feet.
Sor - rows van - ish, when we view them In the light of Cal - va - ry.
Bring it all, his grace and mer - cy Ev - er will suf - fi - cient be.

Chorus.

Car- ry it all..... to the cross;..... Car - ry it all, car-ry it all to the cross;..... In your sorrow and your woe,
Car - ry it all to the bless-ed cross;
to the cross;

To the loving Saviour go, Carry it all, car-ry it all to the cross.....
to Calv'ry's cross.

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No. 43. Wait, and Murmur Not.

W. H. BELAMY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
Thou yearn'st to reach that blest abode, Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reach'd a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 44. Send the Gospel Light.

F. E. B. Matt. 4: 16. F. E. BELDEN.

Moderato.

1. Hear the voic - es call - ing o'er the storm - y main: "Send the light,
2. In our own fair country there are homes of night; "Send the light,
3. Bring your shin-ing treas-ure, lay it at the cross; "Send the light,

"Send the light,

CHO.–Tell the man-ger sto - ry which the an - gels sing; "Send the light;

send the light;" There is life for sin-ners thro' the Lamb once slain;
send the light;" 'Tis the word of Je - sus gives the blind eyes sight;
send the light;" Find e - ter - nal rich - es for a mo-ment's loss;

send the light;"

send the light;" Preach a ris - en Sav-iour and a com - ing King;

FINE.

"Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light... across the
"Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light... to ev - 'ry
"Send the light, send the light."..... Send the light,... the jew-els

"Send the light, the gos-pel light." Send the light a -

"Send the light, send the light."....

roll - ing tide, Bless-ed word,..... "Sal-va - tion free;" Let the
dark - ened home, Raise the sick..... and cheer the sad; Gath- er
must be found, This shall be..... our glad em - ploy; They shall

cross the roll-ing tide, Bless-ed word, "Sal - va-tion free;"

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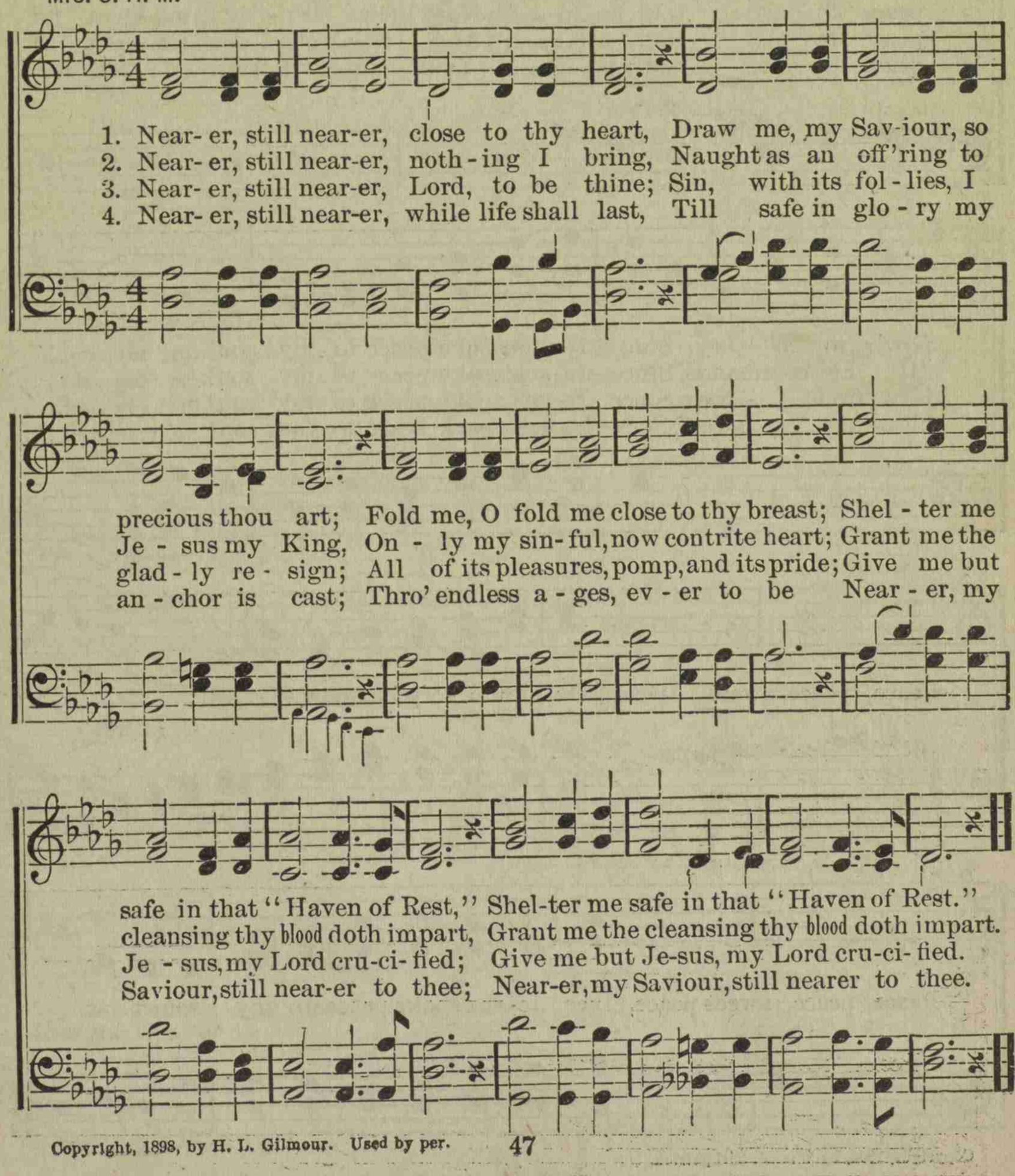
Send the Gospel Light.—Concluded.

D.C. Chorus.

No. 45. Nearer, Still Nearer.

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



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No. 46. Since Jesus Spoke Peace.

E. E. HEWITT. J. B. HERBERT.

1. There's rest from my bur-den, there's light on the way, Since Je - sus spoke
2. 'Twas when I sur-ren-dered my all to his hands That Je - sus spoke
3. O let me be tell-ing the sto - ry of love, Since Je - sus spoke
4. Come, lay down your all at his cru - ci - fied feet, And he will speak

peace to my soul; (to my soul;) There's strength for the con-flict, there's
peace to my soul; (to my soul;) May life's ev - 'ry mo-ment ful-
peace to my soul; (to my soul;) And help oth - er sin-ners to
peace to your soul; (to your soul;) Your cup will run o - ver with

pow'r to o - bey, Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul. (to my soul.)
fill his commands, Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul. (to my soul.)
joys from a - bove, Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul. (to my soul.)
bless-ings so sweet, For he will speak peace to your soul. (to your soul.)

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, On him ev - 'ry bur-den I roll;.....
I roll;

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.....
to my soul.

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No. 47. We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith,..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that grow..... beneath our feet,..... And fragrance breathe... a-long the
2. We walk by faith;..... He wills it so,..... And marks the path ..... that we should go;..... And when at times..... our sky is
3. We walk by faith,..... di-vine-ly blest;..... On Him we lean,..... in Him we rest;..... The more we trust.....our Shepherd's
4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end,..... We'll walk with Him,..... our dearest Friend;..... Till safe we tread..... the fields of

way..... That leads the soul..... to end-less day!.....
dim,..... He gen-tly draws..... us close to him..... .....
care,..... The more His love..... 'tis ours to share.....
light,..... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight.....

CHORUS. *express.*

We walk by faith, but not a-lone; Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

And feel his hand with-in our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

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No. 48. On the Cross of Calvary.

C. F. O. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died for thee and me; There he
2. O what wondrous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet! O such
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Wholly thine for - ev - er - more; Bless-ed
4. Clouds and darkness veil'd the sky, When the Lord was cru-ci-fied; "It is

shed his precious blood, That from sin we might be free. O the cleansing stream doth
wondrous, dy-ing love, Asks a sac - ri-fice complete! Lord, I give my-self to
Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell within for-ever-more. Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from
fin-ish'd!" was his cry, When he bow'd his head and died. It was fin-ished there for

flow, And it wash-es white as snow: It was for me that Je-sus died On the
thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be: It was for me thy blood was shed On the
sin, Make and keep me pure within: It was for this thy blood was shed On the
me; All the world may now go free: It was for me that Je-sus died On the

CHORUS. D.S.

cross of Cal-va-ry. On Calvary, ... on Cal-va-ry, ... It was for me
On Calvary, on Calvary,
cross of Ca-lva-ry.

No. 49. Behold, I Stand at the Door.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS. REV. 3: 20. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO OR QUARTET. *With great expression. Tempo ad. lib.*

1. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
2. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
3. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
4. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?
5. Be- hold, I stand at the door and knock! May I come in?

May I come in? At times be - fore I've knocked at thy door, May
May I come in? Thy great - est foes thou dost not op-pose; May
May I come in? Dark is thy night! why shut out the light? May
May I come in? Thy soul dis-tressed shall find sweetest rest, May
May I come in? Why have me wait till it be too late? May

I come in? I'm Je - sus who for thee once died, On Cal-vary's hill was
I come in? I'm Je - sus clad in garments red, Sharp thorns were pressed in-
I come in? I'm Je - sus who can change to-day The dark- est night that
I come in? I'm Je - sus, heav-en's migh-ty King, Sal - va - tion to thy
I come in? I'm Je - sus ris - en from the grave, My life for all man-

cru - ci - fied, I now have called with thee to a-bide, May I come in?
to my head, For thee, for thee, my blood was shed, May I come in?
shrouds thy way, And to the end of time I'll stay, May I come in?
door I bring, A liv - ing and un- fail-ing spring, May I come in?
kind I gave, I'll knock once more thy soul to save, May I come in?

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No. 50. Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL. Alt. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to- night Rolls a mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
3. I am rest - ing to- night in this won - der - ful Peace, Rest - ing sweet - ly in Je- sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
4. And me-thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com - fort or rest, Marching down the rough pathway of time? Make Je- sus your Friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
night and by day, And his glo - ry is flood-ing my soul.
ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king-dom will be:
shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.

Peace! peace! wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep o - ver my spir-it for - ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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No. 51. A Blessing in Prayer.

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

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Mas- ter's feet; There is fa - vor now at the mer - cy seat, For a - ton-ing blood has been sprinkled there;
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend a - bove is a Friend in- deed, We may cast on him ev -'ry grief and care;
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its ills and strife, When the pow'rs of sin would the soul en- snare,
4. There is per - fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the seek- ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair;

CHORUS.

There is always a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be- lieving pray'r; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's love will re - ceive us there; There is always a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

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No. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. O, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

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

CHORUS.

Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean-ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

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No. 53. He Saves with Power Divine.

N. P. C. NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER

1. Hear a-gain the blessed, blessed sto - ry Of the Saviour's wondrous pow'r to save; How for us he left his home in glory, Conquered sin, death and the grave.
2. Sorrow, toil, and pain were in his pathway All a-long his jour-ney here be-low, Leading him at last to Calv'ry's mountain, All to save our souls from woe.
3. May we now accept this blessed Sav-iour Who has done so much for me and you; Give to him our hearts, and tell the story, Others then may find him too.

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves, Sing a - loud the sto - ry; Je - sus saves,

Je - sus saves, Give him all the praise and glory; Je-sus saves, Je - sus saves,

rit.

Saves this soul of mine; Je-sus saves, Jesus saves, He saves with pow'r divine.

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No. 54. Will You Be One?

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

1. Have you giv'n your-self to Je - sus, do you now to him be- long?
2. Will you be a- mong the num-ber who their golden sheaves will bring
3. Will you be a- mong the num-ber of the sol- diers brave and true
4. As the vir- gins wise were wait-ing, are you watching day and night

Will you be a- mong the num- ber of the hap-py blood-wash'd throng
To the feet of the Re-deem- er and u - nite to crown him King,
Who, in spite of all a-gainst them, with their Lord are go-ing through?
For the coming of the Bridegroom, with your lamps all trimm'd and bright;

Who a - round God's throne for-ev-er sing the hal - le - lu - jah song?
Join- ing in the shouts of tri-umph mak-ing heav- en's arch - es ring?
Will you gath - er in the homeland at that glo- rious, grand re- view?
Read- y with the saints to gath- er dress'd in gar-ments spot-less white?

CHORUS.

Will you, will you be one?..... Yes, by God's assisting grace I will
Will you be one? will you be one?

run the Christian's race, And I'll be among the ransomed over there; In that
over there;

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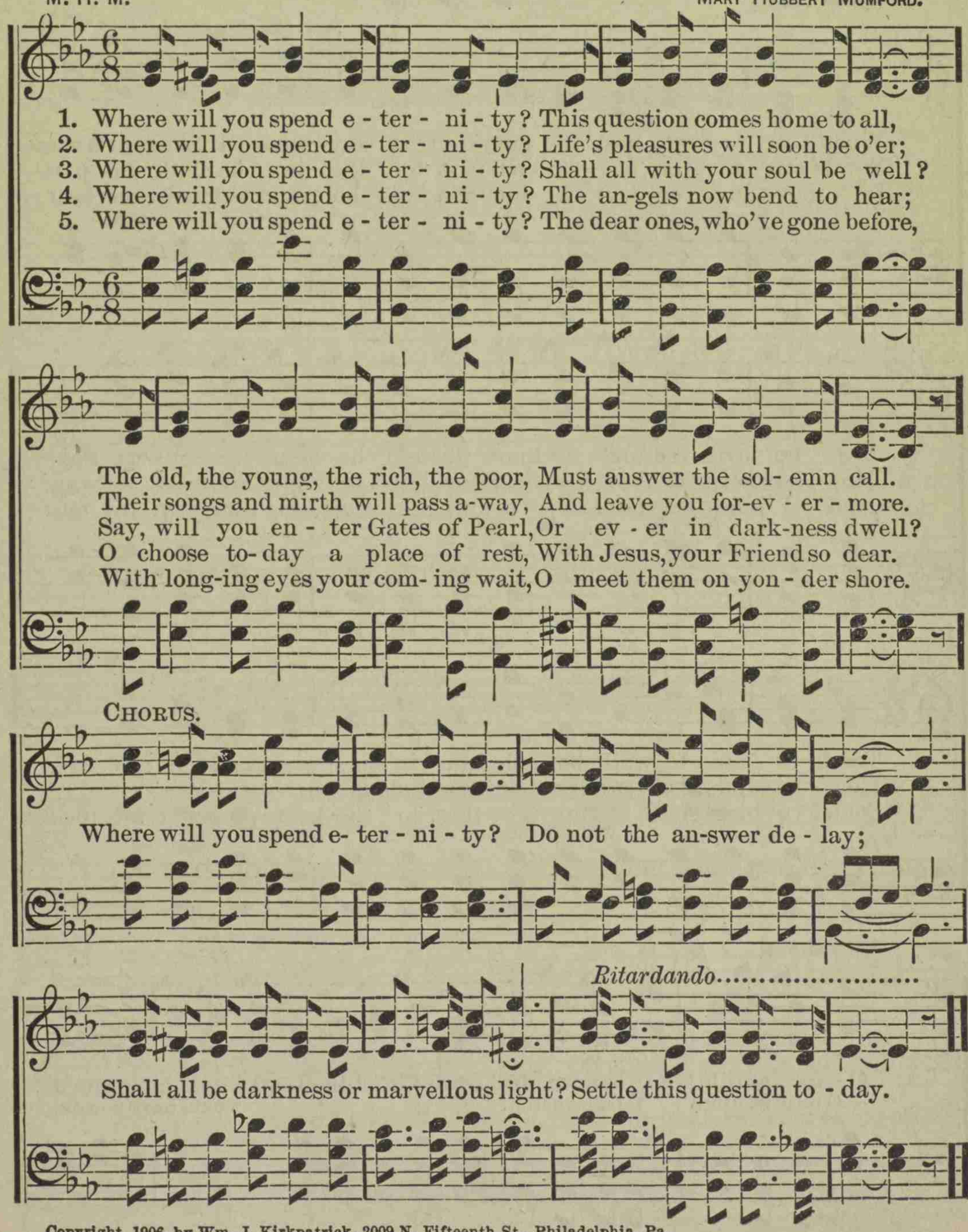
Will You Be One?—Concluded.

No. 55. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

M. H. M. MARY HUBBERT MUMFORD.



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No. 56. O Believe Him!

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There is glad-ness in my spir - it that my lips can nev - er frame,
2. When I meet him in the clos - et of my way-ward, tempted heart,
3. I have nev - er known a sor- row that he would not free - ly share;

When I e - ven hear the men-tion of my bless-ed Sav-iour's name;
Words can nev - er, nev - er tell you of the joy he doth im- part—
I have nev - er had a bur-den that he did not help me bear;

For he loves me, and I know it, and he helps me ev - 'ry day,
How he soothes me, how he cheers me, how he wipes my tears a - way;
And I know when toil is o - ver I shall hear him say to me:

Teach- es me to walk be - side him in the straight and nar- row way.
How he binds his strength a - bout me, bids me strive an - oth - er day.
"Come, ye bless - ed of my Fa- ther, to the home prepared for thee."

CHORUS.

O receive him! O believe him! Do as Christ the Lord would have you do.
O receive him! O believe him! would have you do.

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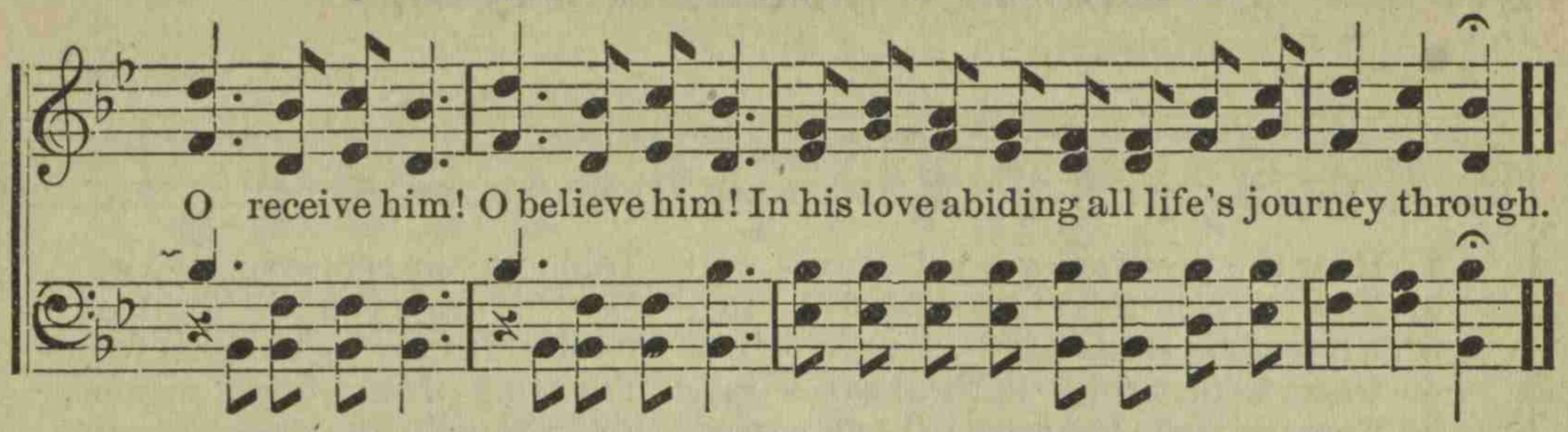
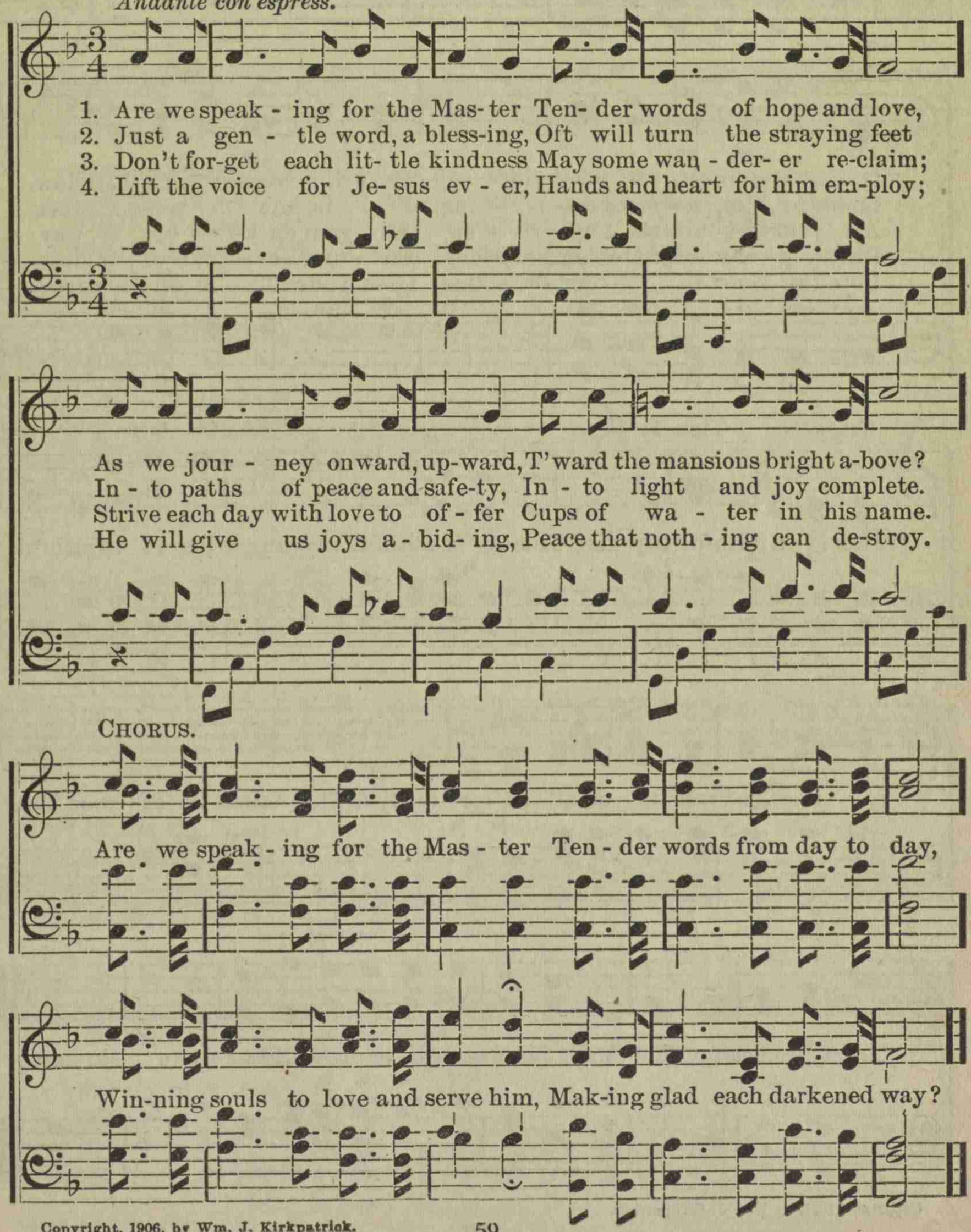
O Believe Him!—Concluded.



No. 57. Are We Speaking for the Master?

IDA L. REED. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Andante con espress.



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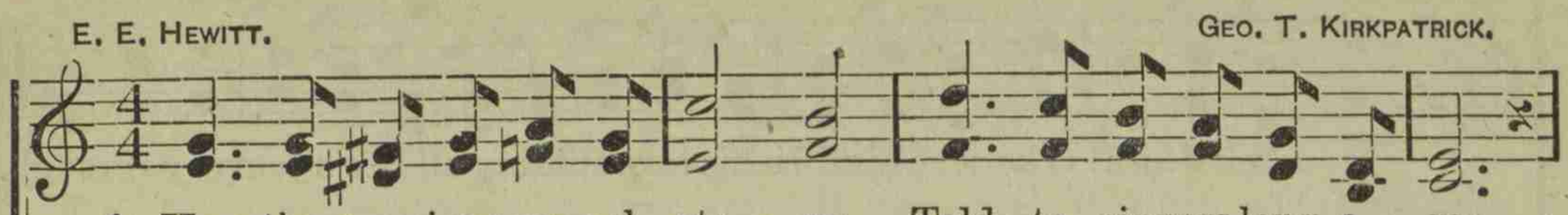
No. 58. This is a Faithful Saying.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Hear the pre-cious gos-pel sto - ry, Told to sinners long a - go;
2. Now ac-cept this "faithful say - ing," Let it draw you to his feet;
3. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, Washed in Calv'ry's stream to-day;
4. Grasp a-new this "faithful say - ing," Trust-ing Je-sus, doubt no more;
5. Free - ly take the great sal - va - tion Bought up-on the cross for you;

O what comfort, O what glo - ry, From this blessed truth shall flow.
Come to him, no more de - lay - ing, Find in him deliverance sweet.
All your fet- ters shall be riv - en, All your dark-ness flee a - way.
Press-ing onward, watching, pray - ing, En - ter ev - 'ry o- pen door.
Bow the heart in a - dor - a - tion, Give your life in serv-ice true.

CHORUS. 1 Tim. 1: 15.

"This is a faithful say-ing, This is a faithful say- ing, This is a faithful say - ing, And worthy of all ac- cep- ta- tion, That Christ Je- sus came, That Christ Jesus came, That Christ Jesus came in-to the world to save sin-ners."

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No. 59. That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H. E. E. Hewitt.

1. That grand word "whosoev-er" is ringing thro' my soul, Who - so- ev - er
2. When-ev - er this sweet message in God's own Word I see, Who - so- ev - er
3. I heard the lov - ing message, and now to oth - ers say, Who - so- ev - er
4. To God be all the glo- ry! his on - ly Son he gave, Who - so- ev - er

will may come; In riv - ers of sal-va-tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the precious Saviour, and he'll be yours to- day,
will may come; And those who come believing he'll to the ut-most save,

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come. O that "who - - - so-
Who - so - ev - er will

ev - - - er"! Who-so- ev - er will may come; The Sav-iour's in - vi-
who - so - ev - er will,

ta - tion is free - ly sounding still, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

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No. 60. O Wondrous Love!

W. F. McCauley. John 3: 16. A. F. Myers.

1. O won-drous love!..... O love di - vine!..... "I am my
2. The load of guilt..... no one could bear..... But Christ the
3. O let us love..... and praise him more,..... The sto - ry

1. O wondrous love! O love di-vine!

Lord's, ... and he is mine;"..... O wondrous love,..... so rich and
Lord,..... the One most fair;..... He suffered death,..... with all its
old..... tell o'er and o'er;..... He will new joys,..... new transports

"I am my Lord's, and he is mine;" O wondrous love,

free,..... That full-est par - don brings to me!.....
pains,..... Now end-less life..... for us re - mains.....
send, ... His wondrous love... will have no end.....

so rich and free That full - est par - don brings to me!

CHORUS.

O wondrous love..... the Fa-ther shows,..... Re-deem-ing

O wondrous love the Fa-ther shows,

us..... from all our woes!..... O love di - vine,..... so full and

Redeeming us from all our woes! O love di-vine,

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O Wondrous Love!—Concluded.

free,..... That saves the vil - est, ev - en me!.....
so full and free, That saves the vil - est, ev - en me!

No. 61. God's Hand is in it All.

R. C. W. R. C. WARD.

1. When skies are clear and friends are dear, When joys pos - sess the soul—
2. When storm and cloud the earth enshroud, Or sor - row casts her pall,
3. From day to day help me to say: "Dear Lord, what-e'er be - fall,
4. When life is o'er and on that shore We an-swer to the call,

'Mid for-tune's day we free-ly say: "God's hand is in it all."
When dark the way we're loath to say: "God's hand is in it all."
We'll do thy will, be-liev-ing still Thy hand is in it all."
At home with thee, we'll clearly see Thy hand was in it all.

CHORUS.

God's hand is in it all, God's hand is in it
God's hand in it all, God's hand

all; With faith serene 'tis plainly seen, God's hand is in it all.
in it all;

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No. 62. What a Transformation!

E. E. HEWITT. J. B. HERBERT.

1. What a trans-for-ma-tion, When the Living Light Drives away the darkness
2. What a trans-for-ma-tion When the Lord of Peace Speaks the word of pardon,
3. What a trans-for-ma-tion, Wonder-ful and true, When the Ho-ly Spir- it

Of the sin-ner's night! When the weary wand'rer Finds the promised rest,
Granting sweet re-lease! A - lien now no longer—God's be-lov - ed child;
Shall the life re - new! Sin to goodness yielding, Self-ish-ness to love;

:S: FINE. CHORUS.

Trusting in the Saviour, Lean-ing on his breast.
On the clouds of sorrow Hope's bright rainbow smiled.
Changed into the likeness Of the King a - bove!
} Sing ye hal - le - lu - jah!

D.S.—Bringeth con-so - la-tion To the trust-ing heart!

Darkness turned to day; Sing ye hal - le - lu - jah! Burdens rolled a - way.

D.S.

Bless - ed trans-for - ma-tion, When his great sal- va- tion
Bless - - - ed trans- for - ma tion, When his great sal - va - tion

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No. 63. Lift Up the Grand Old Book.

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

1. Lift up the grand old Book that has stood for a - ges past, And will
2. Lift up the grand old Book;'tis a light up - on the way, And a
3. Lift up the grand old Book for the na-tions still a - far; 'Tis good

stand the same for a - ges still unknown; Tho' storms against it rage, it will
lamp to guide our wand'ring feet a-right; A bless-ed ray of hope that shall
ti - dings for the sad and wea-ry soul; A balm for ev - 'ry ill, and a

weath-er ev - 'ry blast, 'Tis a mes-sage from the ev - er - last-ing throne.
bright-ly shine by day, And shall cheer the gloomy watches of the night.
gain for ev - 'ry loss, When our bur-dens at our Saviour's feet we roll.

CHORUS.

Lift it up, lift it up, Send it forth to ev-'ry shore;.....
Lift it up, lift it up, to ev'ry shore;

Lift up the grand old Book that has stood for ages past, That shall stand forevermore.

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No. 64. Love is the Key.

E. P. C. ETHEL P. CRIPPEN.

1. Love is the key to heav-en; Have you not seen at times Fa - ces that glow with radiance Caught in some heav'nly climes? Nothing can dim their gladness;
2. If in your heart is sadness, Coldness, or bit - ter pain, Think not that love has vanished Ne'er to be yours a-gain; Come with the faith of childhood,
3. Wait not for death to bring you Un - to this land so fair; Heav- en lies all a- round us, Tho' oft we're un-a-ware; On - ly to claim this treasure,

Holding this wonderful key, Doors that have guarded rich treasures for years
Come with a peni-tent pray'r; Christ will restore you this precious lost key,
Je - sus is waiting to give; On - ly to fit in this marvel- ous key,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Swing for them wide and free.
Heav - en a - gain to share.
O - pen the door and live.

Glimps - es of heav - en hid - den all a - round Give us the se - cret love a - lone has

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Love is the Key.—Concluded.

found, That all the sweet - ness of the pure and

true May in this earth - life glad - den ev - 'ry view.

No. 65. O Galilee!

For Male Voices.

Mrs. F. G. Burroughs. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sweet strains are floating oft to me, They steal from far-off Gal - i - lee;
2. The fragrance of the lil - ies fair As - sures me of my Shepherd's care;
3. The mur - mur of the rest-less sea Has brought a ho - ly calm to me,

The gen - tle tones of Je-sus' words, That come as on the wings of birds:
And from thy si - lent ol - ive grove I hear the breathings of his love:
As faith decries, amid each storm, The com - ing of the Master's form:

O Gal - i - lee! Dear Gal - i - lee! What blessed truths you waft to me!
O Gal - i - lee! Dear Gal - i - lee! How sa - cred is thy mem - o - ry!
O Gal - i - lee! Dear Gal - i - lee! My Lord could still thy troubled sea!

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No. 66. The Greatest Thing is Love.

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

1. O matchless love, how could it be? He took my place and died for me;
2. In ev - 'ry land be-neath the sun, It makes us brothers, ev - 'ry one.
3. It makes all things with joy replete, Makes strong the heart, life's cares to meet,
4. It sti - fles ev - 'ry sigh and moan, It melt - eth hardest hearts of stone,

I from the bro - ken law go free, Thro' love, won-der-ful love.
Thro' Christ the "well - be - lov - ed Son," This love, won-der-ful love.
Turns sor - row's bit - ter in - to sweet, This love, won-der-ful love.
It break-eth ev - 'ry bar-rier down, This love, won-der-ful love.

CHORUS.

The great-est thing in earth be - low Is love.....
won- der - ful love,
The great-est thing the an - gels know Is love.....
won-der-ful love.
The great- est grace in God's own heart Is love.....
won-der - ful love,

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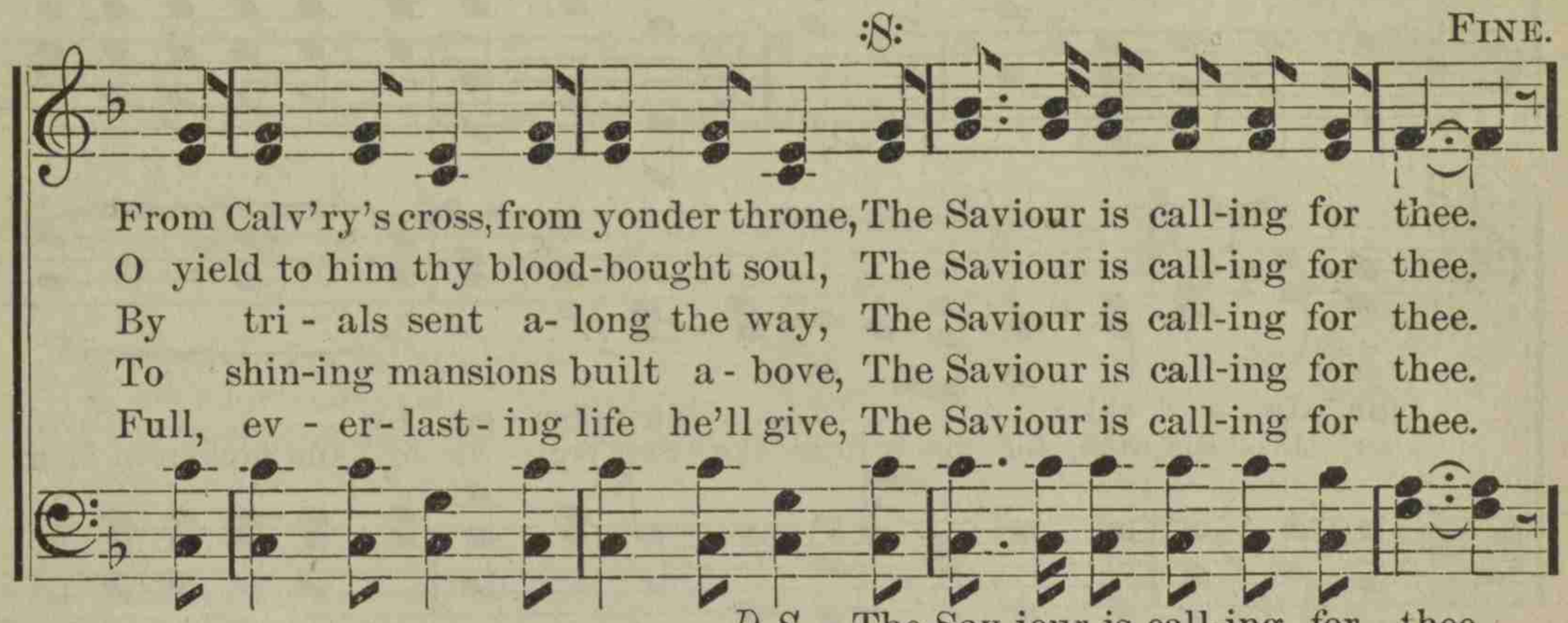
The Greatest Thing is Love.—Concluded.

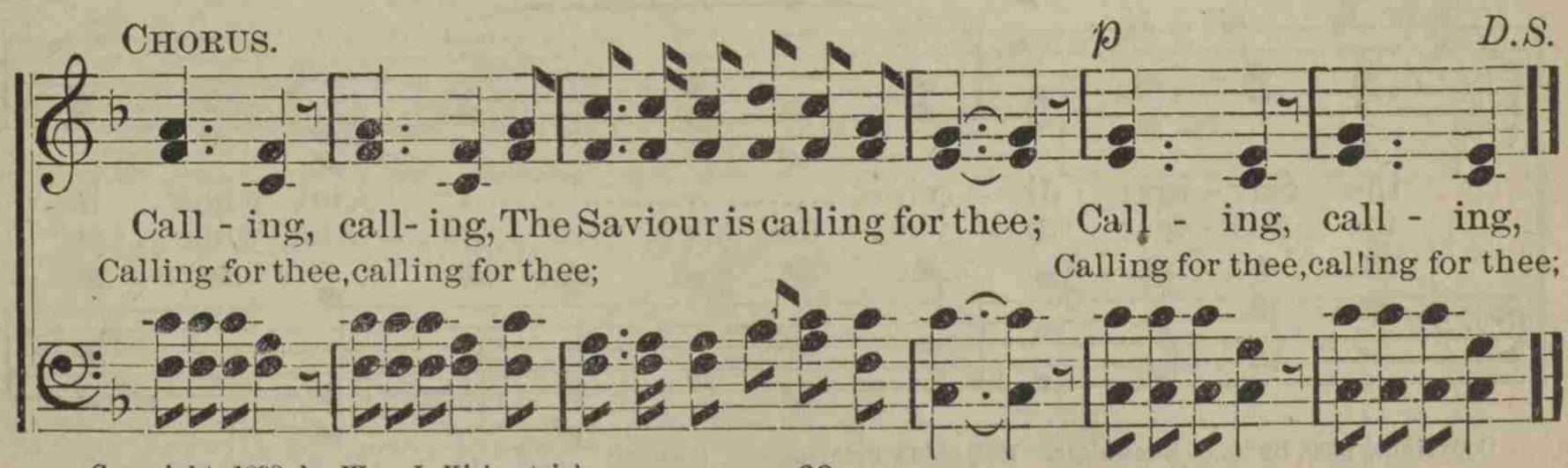
5 The stripes that should on me been laid,
He bore and suffered in my stead,
Like as the lamb to slaughter led,
Through love, wonderful love.

6 Where souls in sin and sadness droop,
We go with him, and gladly stoop
To lift a fallen brother up,
Through love, wonderful love.

No. 67. The Saviour is Calling for Thee.

E. E. HEWITT. J. P. Arr. by W. J. K.





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No. 68. There's a Cross to Bear.

E. F. S. E. F. STANTON.

1. There's a cross to bear by each one who'd share The sweet bliss of the
2. We must self de - ny for the Lord on high If we would his dis-
3. Let us watch and pray, bear the cross each day, Trusting Je - sus till

life to come; There's a crown so bright for the saints of light In that
ci - ples be; If the crown we'd wear we the cross must bear, And o'er
life is o'er; Then a shin- ing crown he will give his own As we

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful heav'nly home.
sin gain the vic - to - ry.
reach Canaan's hap - py shore.

I'll bear the cross.....
I'll bear the cross, tho' heavy it be,
for Je - sus' sake,..... Sup-port - ed by.....
for Je - sus' sake, for his dear sake, Sup- port - ed by the Saviour of men,
the Sav - iour di - vine,..... And when in
the Sav - iour di - vine, the Lord di - vine, And when in

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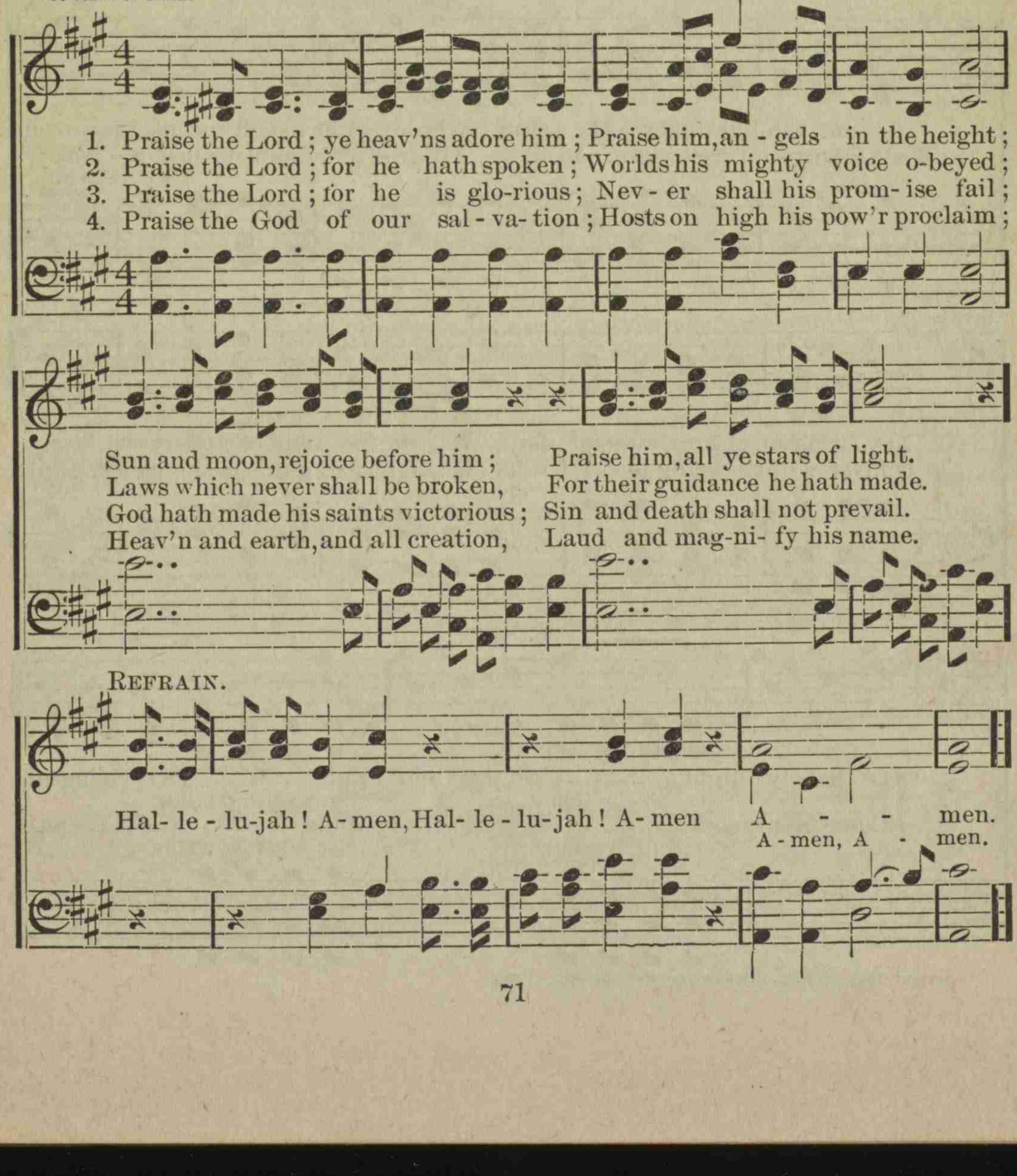
There's a Cross to Bear.—Concluded.

No. 69. Perez. 8s, 7s.

J. KEMPTHORNE. LOWELL MASON.



No. 70. O Holy Light.

LORELLE DAMON. 2 Cor. 4:6. F. E. RIMANOCZY.

Moderato.

1. There is a pure and ho-ly light, A ten-der ra-di-ance di-vine;
2. I wandered lonely thro' the night, No strong, kind hand to clasp my own;

Its glow illumes the dark-est night, And floods with peace this soul of mine.
Till o'er my path this heavenly light, In all its wondrous beauty shone.

'Tis not the light of sun or star, Whose beams too oft inconstant prove;
Then all my soul grew warm and blest, All grief and doubting fled a-way;

Nay, brighter, clearer, sweeter far, It is the light of God's great love.
On God's unchanging love I rest, His light will guide me home some day.

CHORUS

O ho-ly light,..... So pure and bright,.....That changes
O ho-ly light, So pure and bright,
Come fill my soul,..... Yea, flood the whole,..... And leave no
Come fill my soul, Yea, flood the whole,

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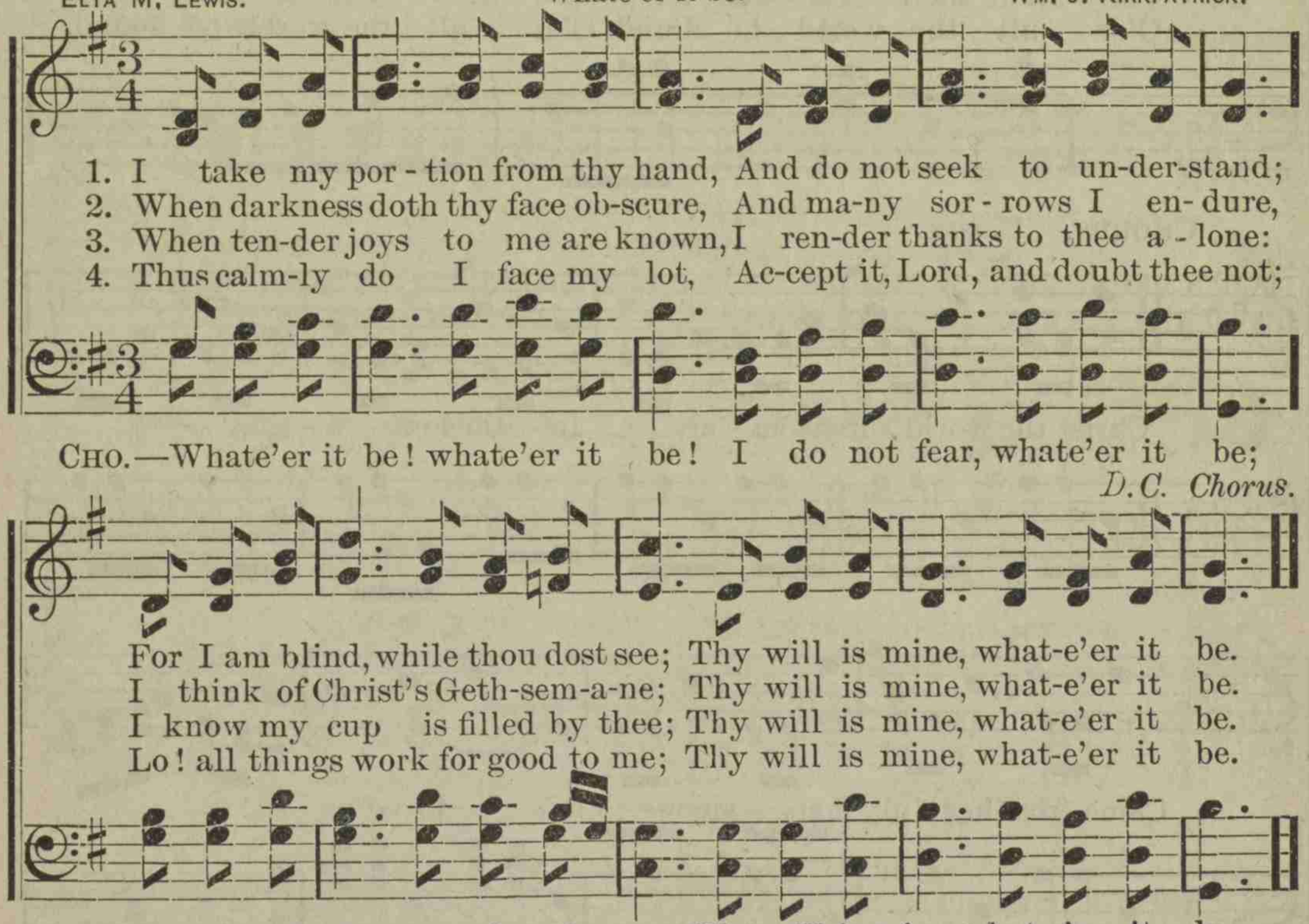
O Holy Light.—Concluded.

No. 71. Thy Will is Mine.

ELTA M. LEWIS. "Whate'er it be." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 72. Christ the World's Redeemer.

B. H. WINSLOW. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With swell-ing joy the gos - pel bells Their message loud re - peat,
2. His sav - ing grace we, too, would sound, The message of the bells,
3. Then ring glad bells, ring loud and clear, And nev - er cease your sound,

Their message loud re- peat; And sweet the song their cho - rus tells,
The message of the bells, And ech - o to the world a-round
And nev- er cease your sound, Till joy in his re- deem - ing love

With ev - 'ry wel - come beat, With ev - 'ry wel- come beat.
The news their cho - rus tells, The news their cho - rus tells.
O'er all the world be found, O'er all the world be found.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Christ the world's Redeem - er, In the long a - go,

Came from heav'nly man - sions— Came; he loved us so!

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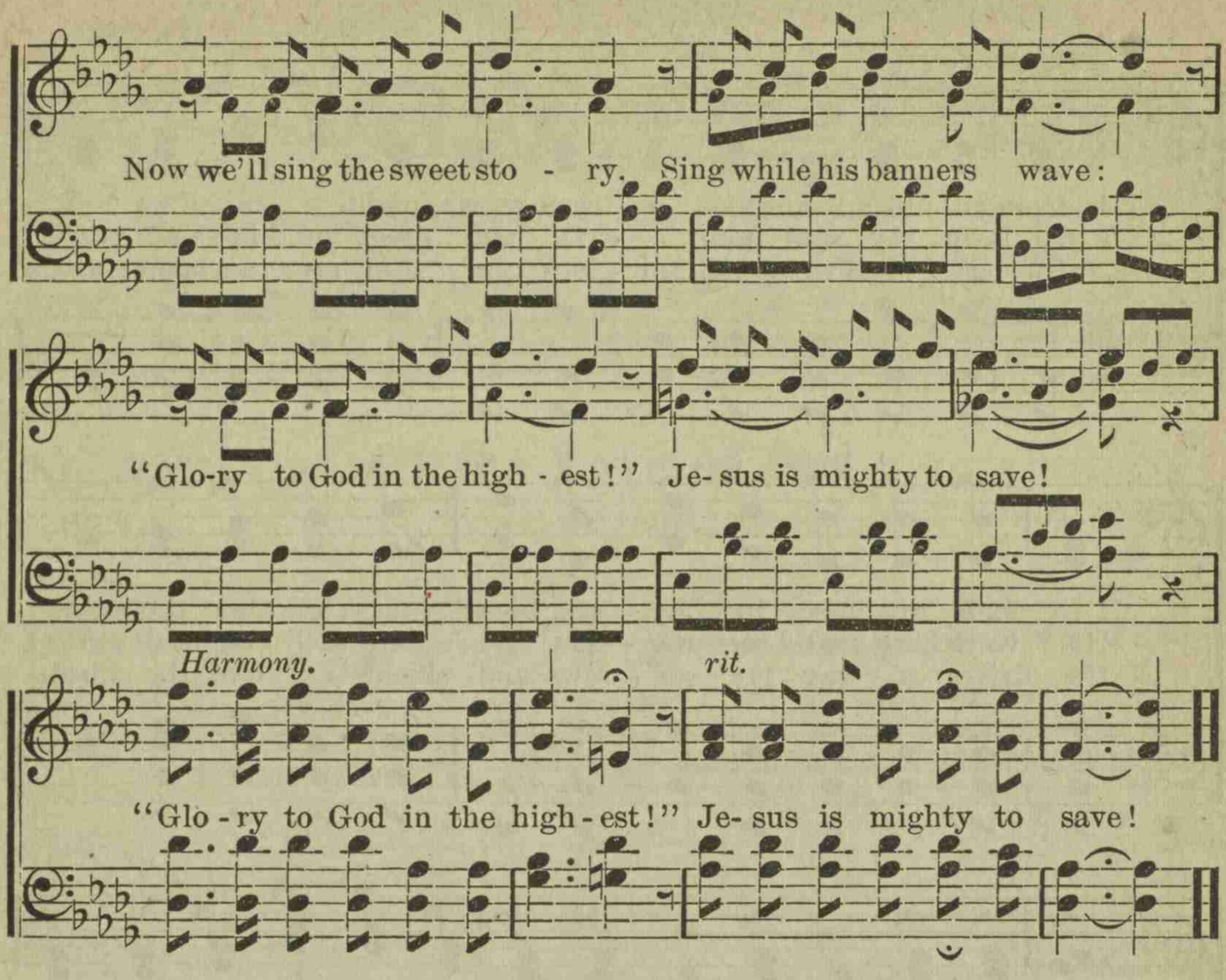
Christ the World's Redeemer.—Concluded.



No. 73. All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.

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

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

No. 74. I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where might- y bil - lows roll;
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me bless - ed peace;
3. He is my Friend and Sav - iour, in him my anchor's cast;

I've fix'd my hope in Je - sus, blest an - chor of the soul.
His voice hath still'd the wa - ters and bid their tu- mult cease.
He drives a - way my sor - rows and shields me from the blast.

When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath-'ering o'er, I
My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer, to him I all con - fide; For
By faith I'm look- ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea, There

CHORUS.

rest up- on his mer - cy and trust him more.
al-ways when I need him, he's at my side.
I be- hold a ha - ven prepared for me.
} I've anchored in Jesus, The

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Jesus, I fear no wind or wave; I've

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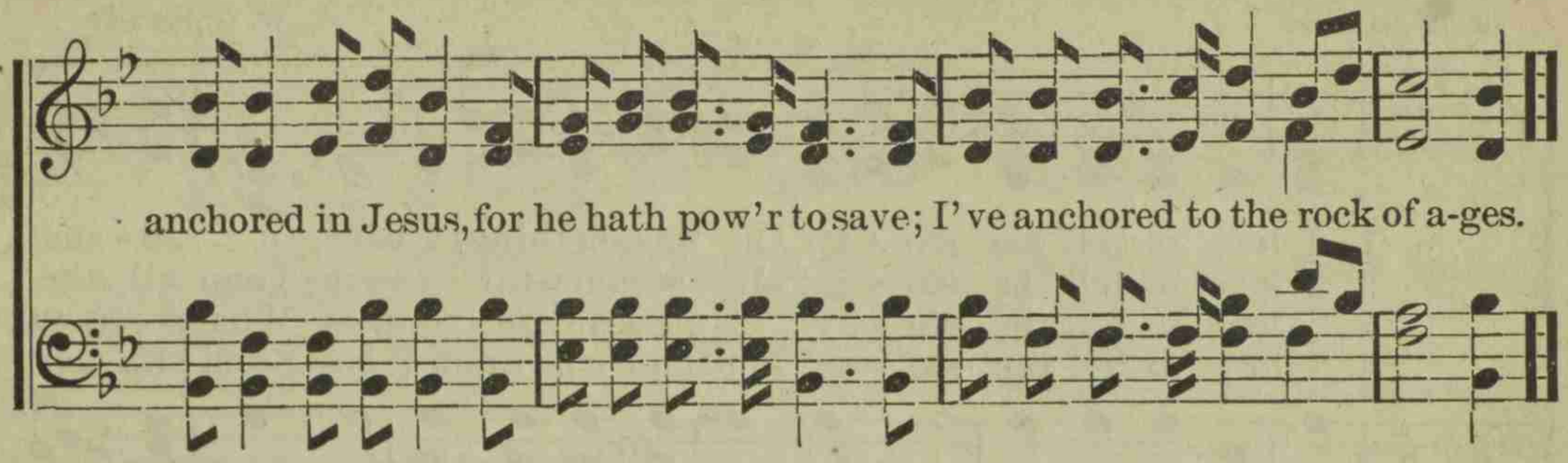
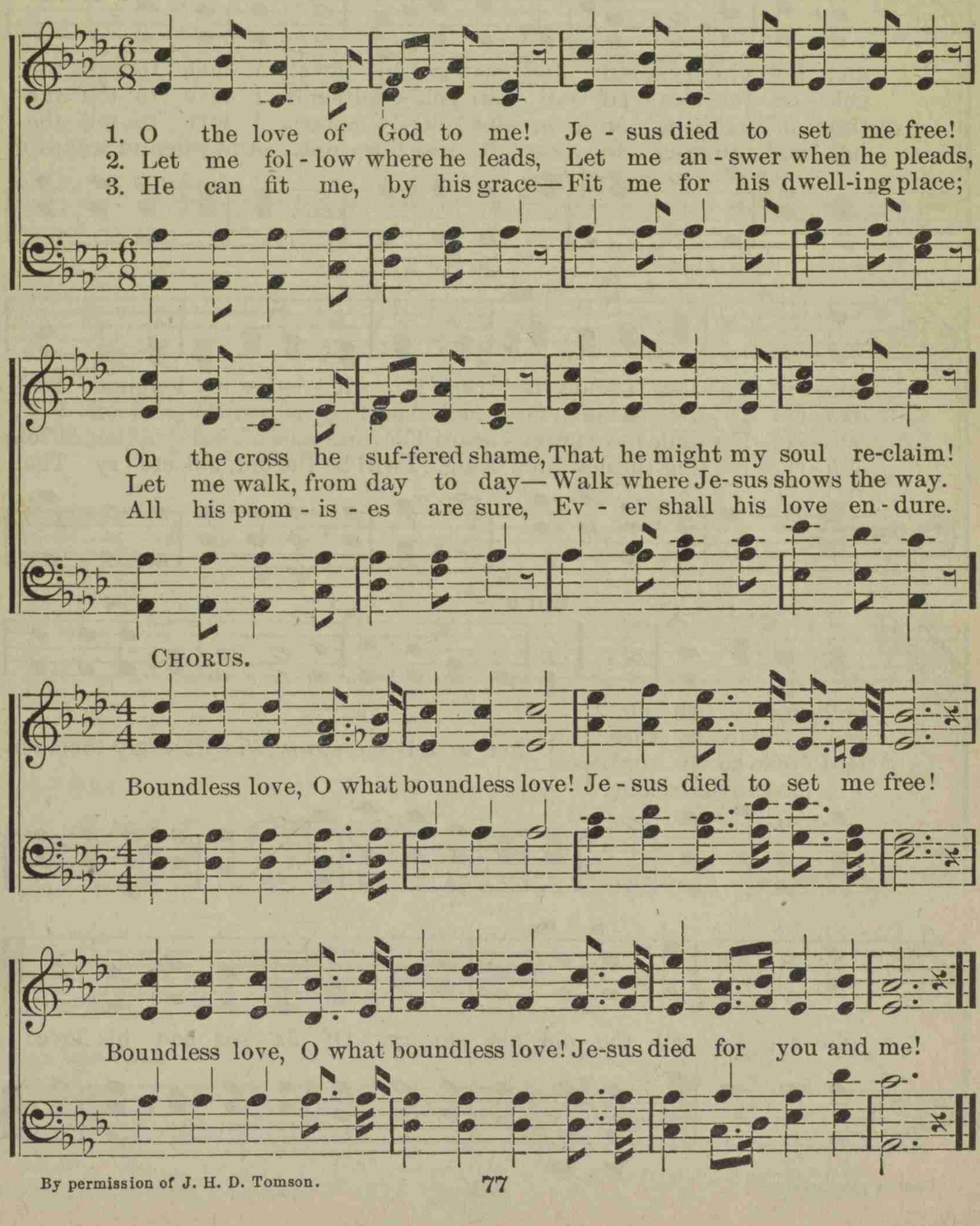
I've Anchored in Jesus.—Concluded.



No. 75. O the Love of God.

W. T. T. John 3: 16. W. T. Tomson.



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No. 76. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER.

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

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

sto - ry! Be-cause I know 'ts true; It sat - is-fies my longings, As
sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
sto - ry! For some have never heard The mes-sage of sal - va-tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.

noth-ing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have lov'd so long.

} I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

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No. 77. Winning Its Way.

E. E. HEWITT. John 1: 5. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O let us re-joice in the work of the Lord, The service of Jesus brings
2. The mountains are kindling, and soon the bright glow, Will carry the joy to the
3. The darkness may linger, the night may seem long, But Christ shall be Victor, right
4. The moon as the glittering sunshine shall shine, The sun sev-en-fold in his

blessed reward; The shadows shall flee from love's conquering day, The light of the
valleys below; The King presseth onward, his wheels will not stay, The light of the
triumph o'er wrong; We'll tell the glad story, his bidding o - bey, The light of the
glory divine; The sky's growing radiant with hope's blushing ray, The light of the

CHORUS.

gos-pel is winning its way. Winning its way, winning its way,

Glo - ri-ous dawn of a bet - ter day; Winning its way,

win-ning its way, The light of the gos - pel is win-ning its way.

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No. 78. He Saves, He Leads, He Keeps.

HARRIET E. JONES. H. P. DANKS.

1. Our Saviour leads his sav'd, his own, Thro' flow'ry ways be-fore unknown;
2. Our Sav-iour keeps those he redeems, His gracious smile up - on us beams;
3. He leads, he keeps, how sweet, how blest! With him to dwell, in him to rest;
4. Our Sav-iour dear, our roy- al Friend, Will walk with us till life shall end;

'Tis sweet to walk in pas-tures fair, With such a Friend our joys to share.
From hid-den snares he kind-ly holds, So great the love that us en - folds.
With him commune each happy day, While we pursue our heav'nward way.
And when be - low we cease to roam, He'll lead us on, to home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

O praise his name!..... he saves, he leads,.....Each day the same;.....
O praise his name! he saves, he leads, Each day the same.

he keeps and feeds,..... To us will cling,..... till life shall
He keeps and feeds, To us will cling,

ritard.

end,..... Our Priest, our King,..... our steadfast Friend.....
till life shall end, Our Priest, our King, our steadfast Friend.

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No. 79. Ring it Out, Sing it Out.

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

1. Ring it out, sing it out, all the world around, Je - sus came to
2. Tell his pow'r, mighty pow'r, un - to those a-stray; Je - sus came to
3. Ring it out, sing it out, with a shin-ing face, Je - sus came to
4. He will cleanse, he will heal, ev - 'ry con-trite soul, Je - sus came to

seek and save;..... March along, brave and strong, shout the joyful sound,
seek and save;..... Tell his love, wondrous love, wooing them to-day,
seek and save;..... Rich and poor, high and low, welcome to his grace,
seek and save;... ..... Whol - ly yield, glad-ly yield, to his wise con-trol,

Jesus came to save,

CHORUS.

Je-sus came to seek and save. Ring it, bells of gladness, sweetly, sweetly ring;

Sing it, hap - py voic - es, ev - er, ev - er sing; Ring it out,

sing it out, with a joy - ful shout, Je-sus came to seek and save.

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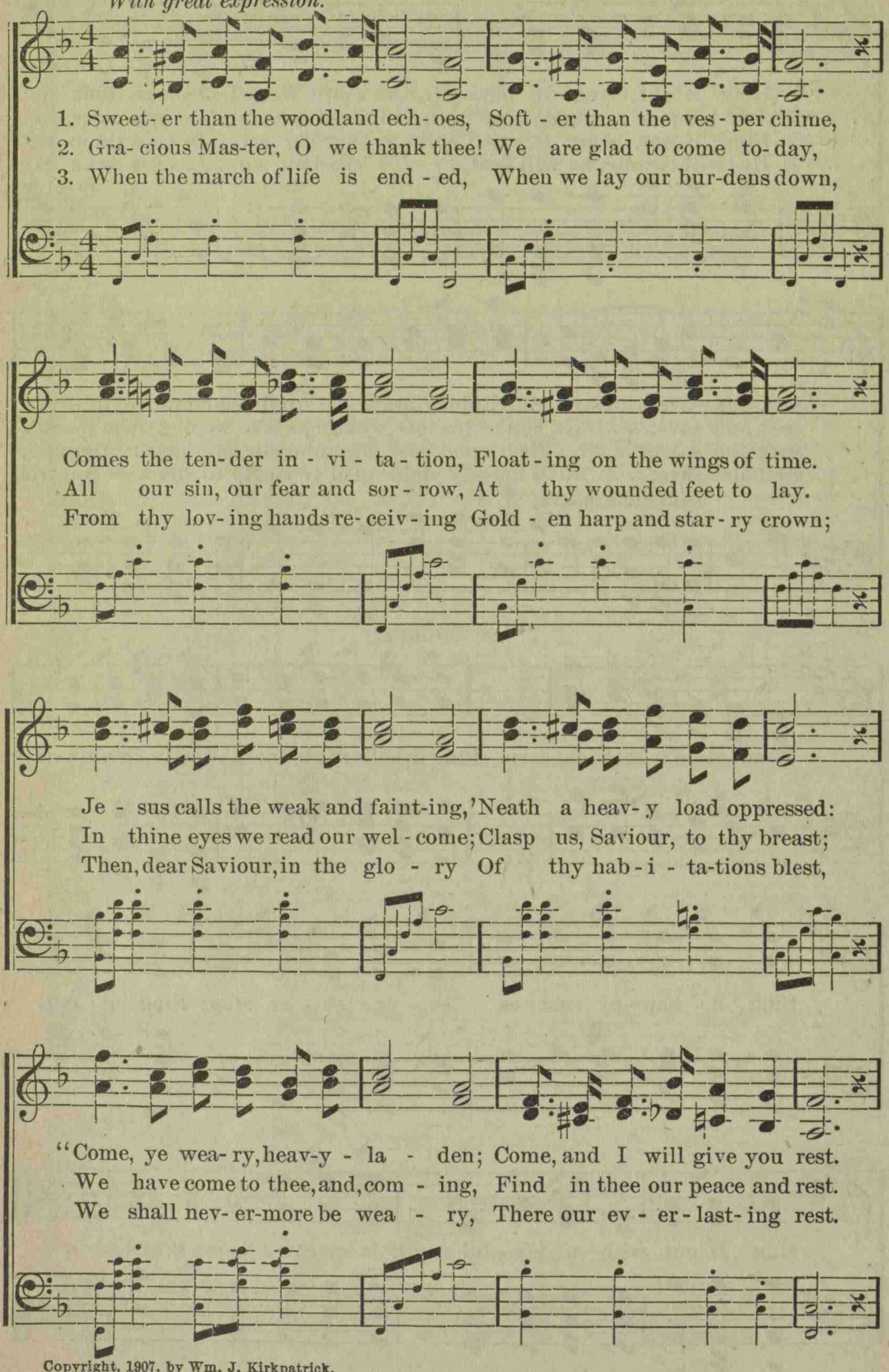
No. 80. The Tender Invitation.

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

With great expression.



1. Sweet- er than the woodland ech- oes, Soft - er than the ves - per chime,
2. Gra- cious Mas-ter, O we thank thee! We are glad to come to- day,
3. When the march of life is end - ed, When we lay our bur-dens down,

Comes the ten-der in - vi - ta - tion, Float - ing on the wings of time.
All our sin, our fear and sor - row, At thy wounded feet to lay.
From thy lov- ing hands re- ceiv - ing Gold - en harp and star - ry crown;

Je - sus calls the weak and faint-ing,'Neath a heav- y load oppressed:
In thine eyes we read our wel - come; Clasp us, Saviour, to thy breast;
Then, dear Saviour, in the glo - ry Of thy hab - i - ta-tions blest,

"Come, ye wea- ry, heav-y - la - den; Come, and I will give you rest.
We have come to thee, and, com - ing, Find in thee our peace and rest.
We shall nev- er-more be wea - ry, There our ev - er - last- ing rest.

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The Tender Invitation.—Concluded.

No. 81. Christ Our Refuge.

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No. 82. As White as Snow.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O - ver the plains and hill - sides Lies the un- trod - den snow,
2. Glo-rious the trans- for - ma - tion! Sins that like scar - let glow,
3. Beau- ti - ful type he giv - eth; What is so white as snow?

Marr'd by no hu - man foot-print, Fair in the noon-tide glow.
E'en tho' they be as crim - son, "They shall be white as snow."
Naught but the sin-stain'd spir - it Wash'd in the crim- son flow.

Oft as it lies be - fore me Com - eth the word of light
Nev - er a word more bless - ed Comes to the heart of sin.
Soon with the saints in glo - ry, Clad in fair robes of light,

Un - to my sin-stain'd spir - it: "Scar - let shall be as white."
Fly to the cleans- ing fount - ain: "Wash you, and make you clean."
We shall re - peat the sto - ry: "Je - sus hath made us white."

CHORUS.

Won- der - ful word of prom - ise Un - to the sin - ful soul:

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As White as Snow.—Concluded.

There is a cleans-ing fount - ain O-pen'd to make thee whole.

So when I see the snow-flakes Fair in the noon-tide glow,

rallentando.

Then to my heart I whis - per: "Thou shalt be white as snow." .....
white as snow.

No. 83. I'll Live for Him.

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

1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D.C. Chorus.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

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No. 84. He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won- der- ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der- ful
2. A won- der- ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord; He tak - eth my
3. With num- ber- less blessings each moment he crowns; And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness transport - ed I rise To meet him in

Sav- iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur- den a - way; He hold- eth me up, and I shall not be moved;
full- ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture: "O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, his won - der- ful love,

CHORUS.

Where riv-ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!"
I'll shout with the millions on high.
} He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of his love,

And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.

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No. 85. I Am On the Right Side.

INA DULEY OGDON. P. P. BILHORN.

1. In the roy - al ar - my, fight-ing for the right, Serv-ing for Je- ho- vah,
2. Ma - ny foes to conquer, ere the day be done, Ere the cry of tri-umph
3. See the ranks of darkness, backward as they fall, Nev- er-more to ral - ly,
4. Hast-en on-ward, brother, tri-umph o- ver sin, Ev - 'ry e - vil van-quish,

trust- ing in his might, Standing by my Cap- tain, vic - to- ry in view,
tells of vic- t'ry won; Clad in gos- pel ar - mor, Satan's hosts pur-sue;
ru - in o - ver all; See Je - ho-vah's ar - my, re - in-forced a-new;
ev - 'ry con- flict win; Hast- en on to Zi - on, for the grand re-view;

cres. *rit.* CHORUS.

I am on the right side; brother, are you? I am on the right side;

brother, are you? Standing by your Captain, brave and tried and true? Brother, will you

meet me in the grand review? I am on the right side; brother, are you?

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No. 86. My Saviour's Love.

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

1. I stand amazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus, the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar-den He prayed: "Not my will, but thine."
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransom'd in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how he could love me, A sinner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for his own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort him in the sor - row He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of his love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how wonderful! And my song shall ev - er be:—
O, how mar-vel-ous! O, how won-der-ful!

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! Is my Sav-iour's love for me!
O, how mar-vel-ous! O, how won-der-ful!

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No. 87. Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out him I would fall.
I go to him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O, how could I this Friend de - ny, When he's so true to me?
I trust him now, I'll trust him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to him I go; No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sunshine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing him, I know I'm right; He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend, Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad, he makes me glad: He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain: He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing him, by day and night: He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy: He's my Friend.

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No. 88. O to Be Like Thee!

T. O. CHISHOLM. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O to be like thee! bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
2. O to be like thee! full of com-pass-ion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
3. O to be like thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
4. O to be like thee! Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th' a-
5. O to be like thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treas-ures,
ten-der and kind; Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
noint-ing di-vine; All that I am and have I am bring-ing;
fill with thy love; Make me a temp-le meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.

Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wand-'ring sin-ner to find.
Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.
Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be thine.
Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

O to be like thee!

O to be like thee! Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

ritard.

sweetness, come in thy full-ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

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No. 89. I Am Resolved.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith - ful and
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king - dom, Leav - ing the
5. I am re-solved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with-

world's de- light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
sin and strife; He is the true One he is the just One,
true each day; Heed what he say - eth, do what he will - eth;
paths of sin; Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me,
out de - lay; Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

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

I will hast - en to him,
I will hast - en, hast - en to him
Hast - en so glad and free;
Hast - en glad and free;
Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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No. 90. Light for One Step More.

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

1. Walk-ing with my Sav-iour, cling-ing to his hand While in love he
2. Walk-ing with my Sav-iour, fol-low-ing each day Where his bleeding
3. Tight-er grows his hand clasp, deep-er still his love; Bright-er grows my

leads me through this des-ert land; Though the clouds may oft-en
foot-prints mark the nar-row way; All the toil-some jour-ney
path-way as I on-ward move; He will not for-sake me

hang my pathway o'er, Yet my Sav-iour gives me light for one step more.
he hath gone be-fore, And his pres-ence giv-eth light for one step more.
till my journey's o'er, To the end sup-ply-ing light for one step more.

CHORUS.

For one step more, for one step more, He al-ways gives me
light e-nough for one step more; Like a fie-ry pil-lar

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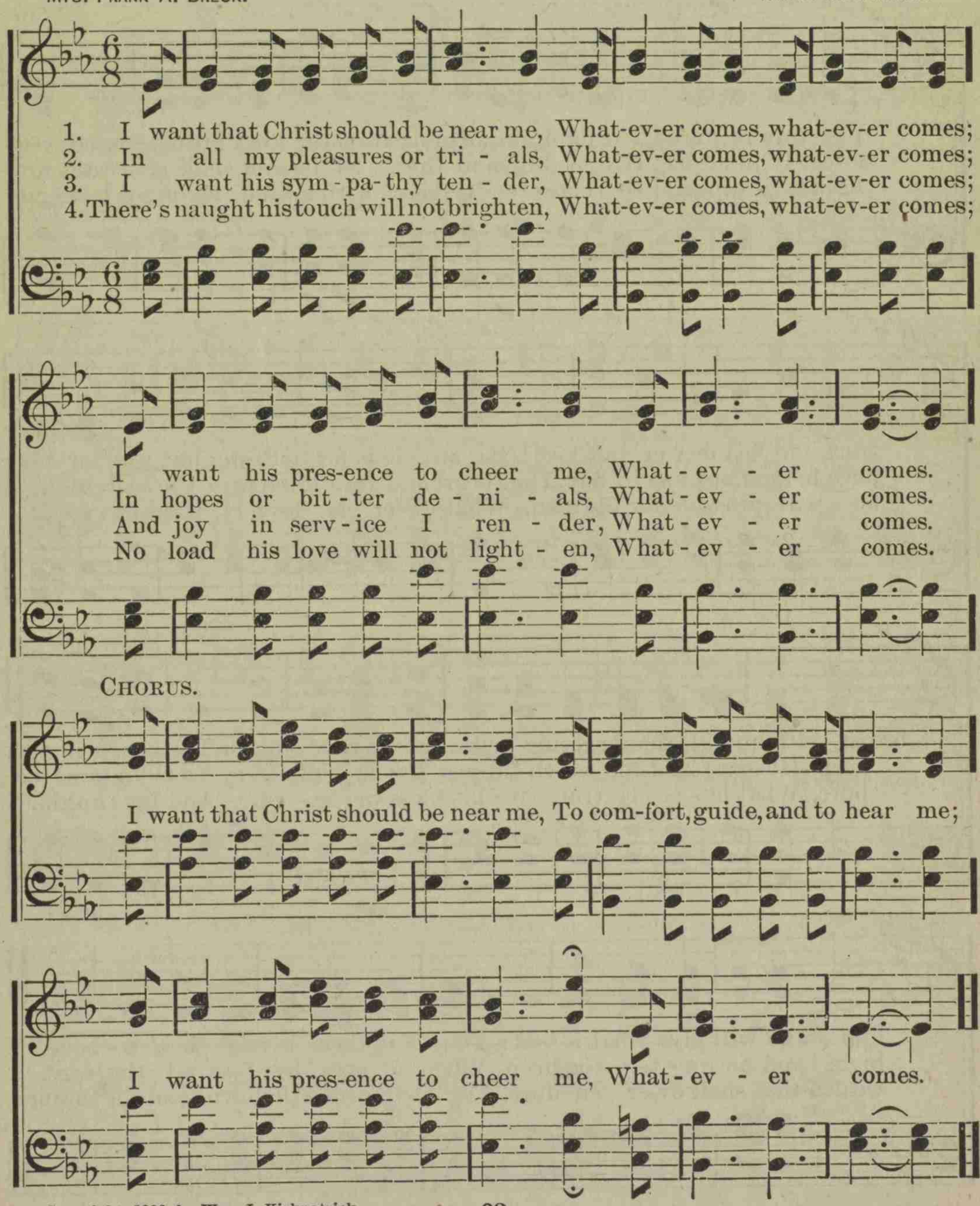
Light for One Step More.—Concluded.

No. 91. Whatever Comes.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 92. Confide in His Care.

E. E. HEWITT. Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

May be sung as a Solo.

1. Con-fide in his care, O child of the Lord; The sheep of his flock to his
2. Con-fide in his care, and then shall your peace Flow on like a riv-er, and
3. Con-fide in his care, on Je-sus re-ly; From riches in glo-ry your

pas-ture re-stored, The fountains of grace from the Rock are outpoured; O
sweet-ly in-crease; His good-ness to thee, as he said, shall not cease; Re-
need he'll sup-ply; He notes ev-'ry lack with a kind, lov-ing eye, And

trust in his mer-cy and love! Be anx-ious for noth-ing, but lean on his
joice in the Lord day by day. Your heart and your mind thro' Christ Jesus he'll
he will pro-vide for his own. What-ev-er is love-ly, what-ev-er is

breast, With humble thanksgiving make known your request, Then leave it with
keep, His care and his watch-ful-ness nev-er will sleep; No mountains too
pure, What-ev-er is true, with his bless-ing se-cure, And lay up the

him who will give what is best; Your Fa-ther is reign-ing a-bove.
high, and no wa-ters too deep, When he goes be-fore all the way.
wealth that shall ev-er en-dure, For help com-eth down from the throne.

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No. 93. Walk Beside Me.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Walk be-side me, O my Sav-iour, While life's morning sky is bright;
2. When the noontide's glowing splendor Brings its weight of toil and care,
3. When the twilight shades, descend-ing, Warn my soul that night is near,

Grant me now thy lov - ing fav - or, Flood my path with heav'nly light.
May thy love, so pure and ten - der, All my heav - y burd-ens bear.
With the hues of sun - set blending, Let the light of heav'n ap-pear.

Whether good or ill be-tide me, Whether skies be dark or clear,
In a wea - ry land, pro-vide me Sheltering rock and cool-ing spring;
Thro' the val - ley, Sav- iour, take me: Close my eyes when night shall come;

FINE.

Ev - er stay so close be-side me, I may know and feel thee near.
When the temp- est rag - es, hide me Un - der-neath thy fold - ed wing.
Then bid an - gel voic - es wake me, Sweetly singing, "Welcome home."

D.S.—Ev - er stay so close be-side me, I may know and feel thee near.

CHORUS. D.S.

Bless - ed Sav - iour, walk with me; Take a - way all anx- ious fear;

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No. 94. Stepping-stones to Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Moderato.

1. Stepping-stones to Je - sus All our joys may be, Used with glad thanks-
2. Stepping-stones to Je - sus, Leading to his feet, Are the lit - tle
3. Stepping-stones to Je - sus! All the pure de-light In his works of
4. Stepping-stones to Je - sus, Blessed means of grace; Pray'r and sweet com-

giv - ing For his love so free. Ma - ny, ma - ny bless- ings
tri - als Which we dai - ly meet: Ev - 'ry need that press - es,
beau - ty, All things fair and bright; Ev - 'ry sweet af - fec - tion,
mun - ion In the sa - cred place; Ev - 'ry self - de - ni - al

In our path-way fall; Stepping-stones to Je - sus We may find them all.
Ev-'ry vex - ing care, Ev - 'ry dis-appointment, Ev - 'ry cross we bear.
Ten-der hu- man love, Bro't in con- se- cra-tion To the Friend a - bove.
For the Mas-ter's cause, Each re-newed o-bey- ing Of his ho - ly laws.

CHORUS.

Look-ing for the stepping-stones Placed a-long life's way; Looking for the

stepping-stones, We find them ev - 'ry day; Stepping-stones to Je - sus,

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Stepping-stones to Jesus.—Concluded.

No. 95. Broken Hearted, Empty Handed.

Mrs. E. A. ANDREWS. W. H. DOANE.

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No. 96. In the Cleft of the Rock.

R. C. W. R. C. WARD.

1. Where the breakers dash high in the midst of the sea, Stands a Rock that is riv - en for you and for me; 'Tis the blest Rock of A - ges, where, safe and se - cure, All who hide in its cleft shall for - ev - er en-dure.
2. There is room in the cleft of the Rock o-pen wide, For all na-tions and kin-dreds of earth to a - bide; Tell the world the glad mes-sage, the high and the low To the cleft of the Rock are in - vit - ed to go.
3. Je - sus calls, need-y sin - ner; O why do you wait? Un - to you are the of - fers of mer - cy so great. Will you come to the Sav - iour, whose love is so free? In the cleft of the Rock there is safe - ty for thee.

CHORUS.

In the cleft of the Rock let me ev - er a - bide; While I trust in this ref - uge no ill can be - tide, Tho' the waves in their fu - ry un -

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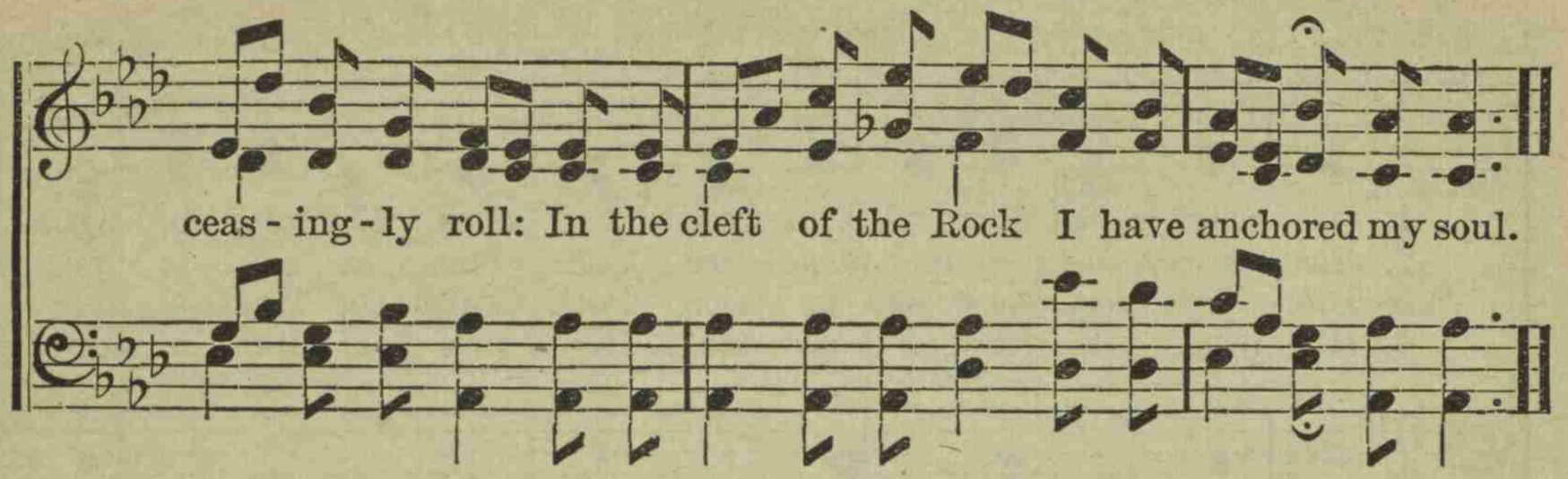
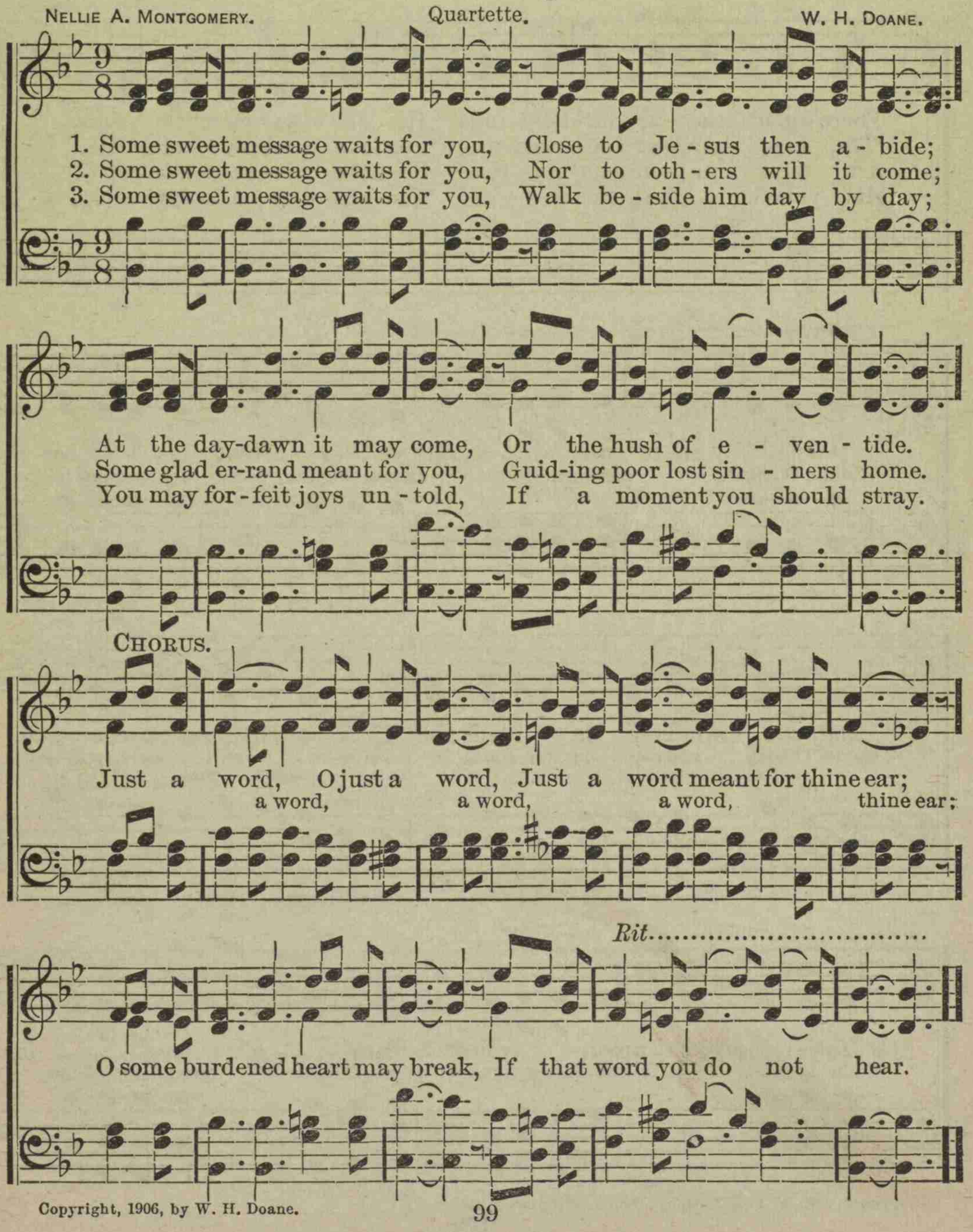
In the Cleft of the Rock.—Concluded.



No. 97. Some Sweet Message Waits for Thee.

NELLIE A. MONTGOMERY. Quartette. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 98. Come Unto Me.

F. E. B. Duet and Chorus. F. E. BELDEN.

1. O heart bowed down with sor- row! O eyes that long for sight!
2. Earth's fleet- ing gain and pleas - ure Can nev - er sat - is - fy:
3. Di - vin - est con - so - la - tion Doth Christ the Heal- er give;
4. His peace is like a riv - er, His love is like a song;

There's glad- ness in be - liev - ing; In Je - sus there is light.
'Tis love our joy doth meas- ure, For love can nev - er die.
Art thou in con-dem- na - tion? Be- lieve, re- pent and live.
His yoke's a bur- den nev - er; 'Tis eas - y all day long.

CHORUS.

"Come..... un- to me,..... all ye..... ..... that la - bor
Come, O come, come un- to me, Come, O come, all ye that la-bor;

and..... are heav-y la - den, and I..... will give you rest.....
Come, O come, heav- y la- den souls, I..... will give you rest,

I will give you rest.....

Take my yoke up-on you, and learn..... of me;..... for
Come, O come, Come, take my yoke, come, O come, come, learn of me;

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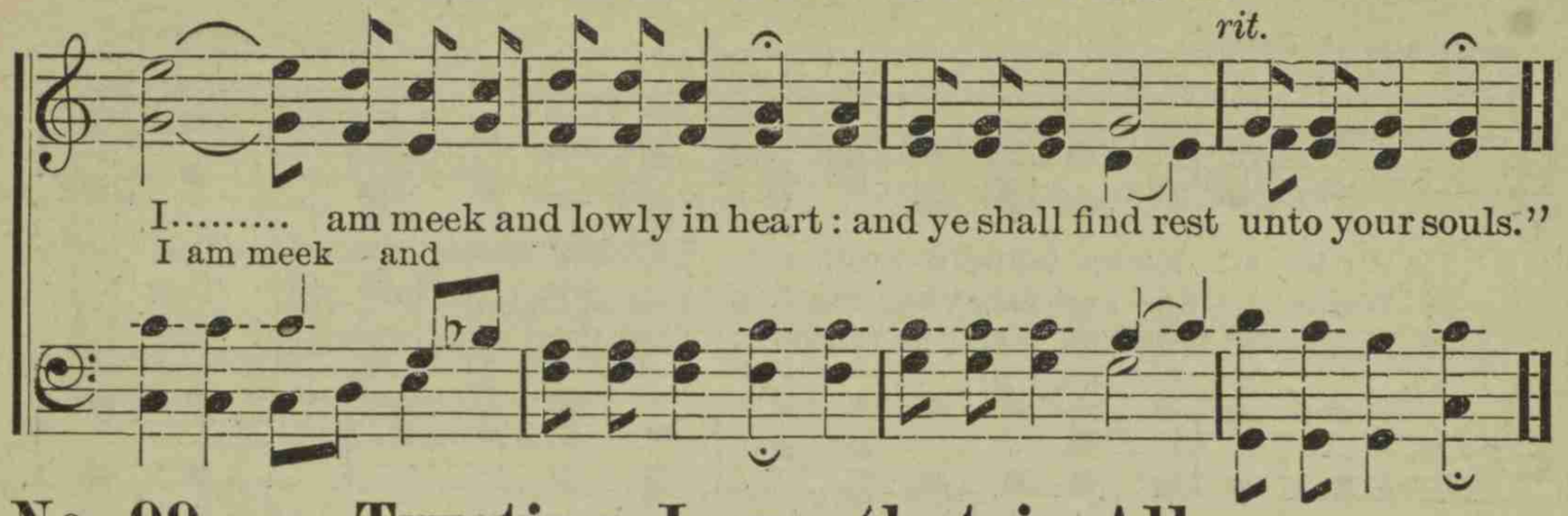
Come Unto me.—Concluded.



No. 99. Trusting Jesus, that is All.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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No. 100. Write a Letter Home to Mother.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Write a let-ter home to moth-er; Tell her where you are; Tell her she is not forgotten, Tho' you're sunder'd far. Write a let-ter home to mother; She has missed you long; O - ver you her heart is yearning,
2. Write to- day and tell your mother You are tired of sin; Tell her it is now your purpose Truth and right to win; Tell her you have come re- pent-ing; Tell her Christ is yours; That henceforth you live to serve him,
3. Make it true and write to mother That the Christ who died Has be - come your great salvation; Je - sus cru - ci - fied! Write a let-ter home to mother; Make her glad to know You have found the peace her Saviour

Chorus.

Lest you fol-low wrong.
While your life endures.
On - ly can be-stow.

Write a letter..... home to mother,..... Write and make..... her heart re-joice;.....Let her know..... that still you

Write a letter home to mother;

Make her heart rejoice, Write and make her heart rejoice; Let her know that still you

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Write a Letter Home, etc.—Concluded.

Ritard.

love her,..... Let her know the "bet-ter path" shall be your choice.
love her, still you love her,

No. 101. Love of God.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Mrs. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

1. Love of God, each day en-fold me; Draw my heart close to thine own;
2. Love of God, come in and fill me; Peace and gladness spring from thee;
3. Love of God, O nev-er leave me! Be my por-tion un-to death;

cres. *sf* *dim.*

To thy bo-som take and hold me, And thy deepest love make known.
In the hour of tri-al keep me, And my con-so-la-tion be.
Then at last to heav'n re-ceive me, Take my life's ex-pir-ing breath.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Love of God, O love e-ter-nal, Fill my soul with light and peace;

cres. *sf* *f*

Life and joy with-in me wak-en, That shall never, that shall never cease.

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No. 102. My Mother's Prayer.

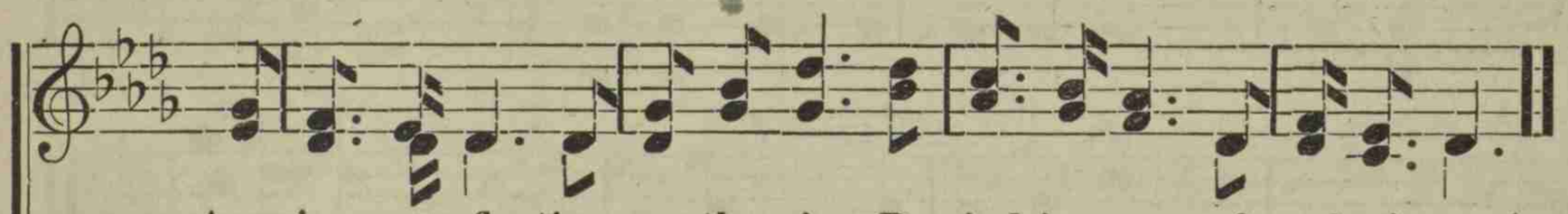
J. W. VAN DEVENTER. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. I nev - er can for- get the day I heard my moth-er kind - ly say:
2. I nev - er can for- get the voice That al-ways made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for-get Those words of love—I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for- get the hour I found the Saviour's cleansing pow'r;

"You're leav-ing now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered, God knows where, Still I remember mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old armchair, My mother dear, in humble pray'r.
My sin and guilt he canceled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's pray'r.

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3. When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
4. O praise the Lord for sav-ing grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face,



A voice comes floating on the air, Remind-ing me of mother's pray'r.
The home a- bove to-geth- er share, In an- swer to my mother's pray'r.

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No. 103. Yield Not to Temptation.

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

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

Dark passions sub - due; Look ev-er to Je - sus. He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

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

By permission.

No. 104. Angels, Bear the News to Mother.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. Duet or Solo, with Chorus. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An-gels, bear the news to mother, That I'm coming home to-day;
2. An-gels, bear the news to mother, In that land where all is joy;
3. An-gels, bear the news to mother, That I see the love-light now,
4. An-gels, bear the news to mother, Speed away on wings of love;

Tired of sin and all its pleasures, Nevermore from love to stray.
Tell her of the deep con-tri-tion, Of her wayward, wand'ring boy.
And my kind and gentle Saviour, 'Prints his mark upon my brow.
Hasten with the joy-ful tidings, To that sunny land a - bove,

Tell her that with heart all broken I am at my Father's door;
Tho' her words I oft have slighted, And in sin I loved to roam,
Sweet and low he speaks forgiveness, Soothes my soul to quiet rest,
Where, I know she now is waiting. Tell her of the answer'd prayer,

That my feet are on the threshold, And my wand'rings now are o'er.
I would give this world to tell her, That to-day I'm coming home.
And I know the joy of pardon, As I lean upon his breast.
That some day, when life is over I shall meet and greet her there.

p CHORUS.

Bear, O bear the news to moth - er!.....
Bear, O bear the news to moth - er! bear the news to moth - er!

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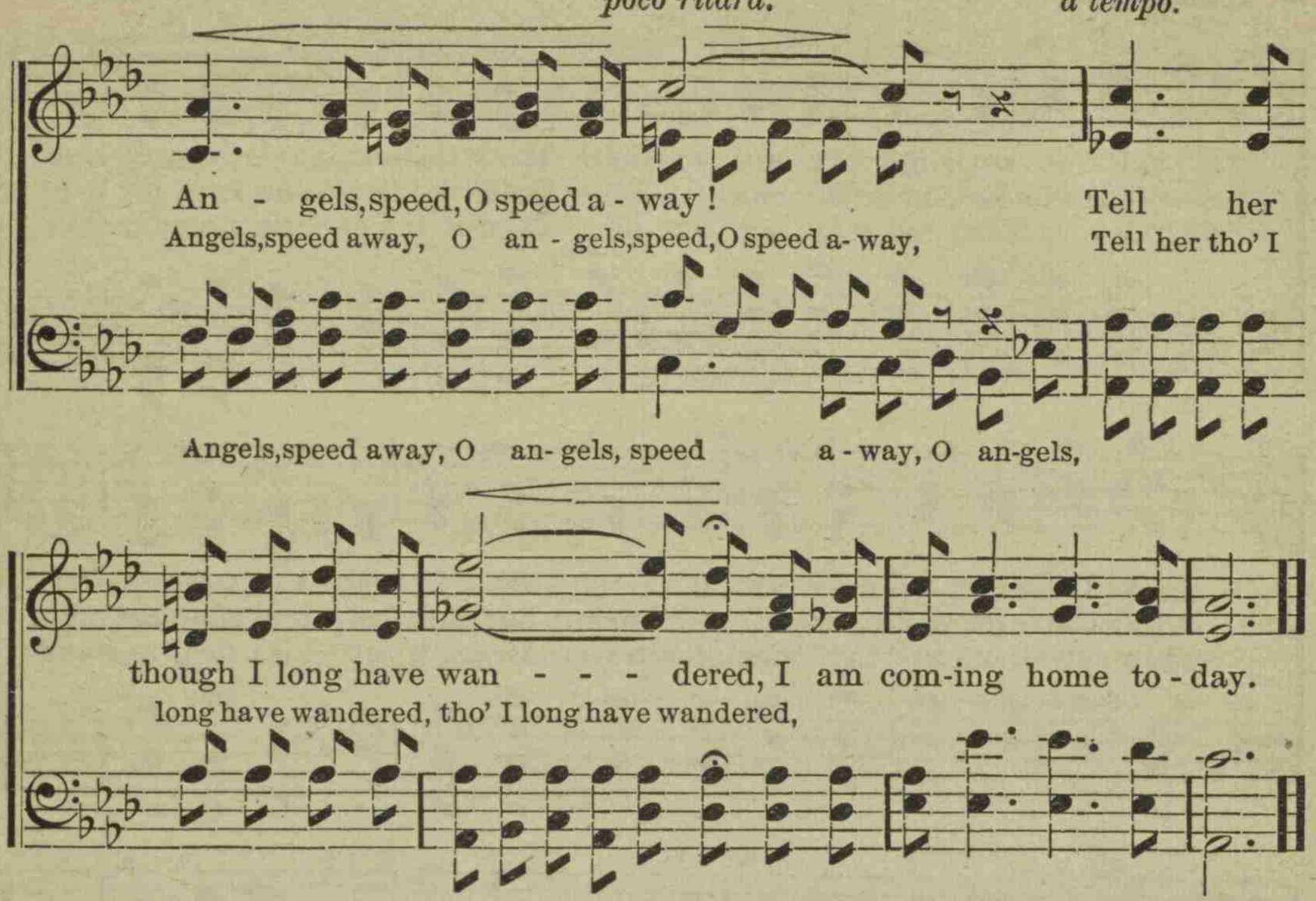
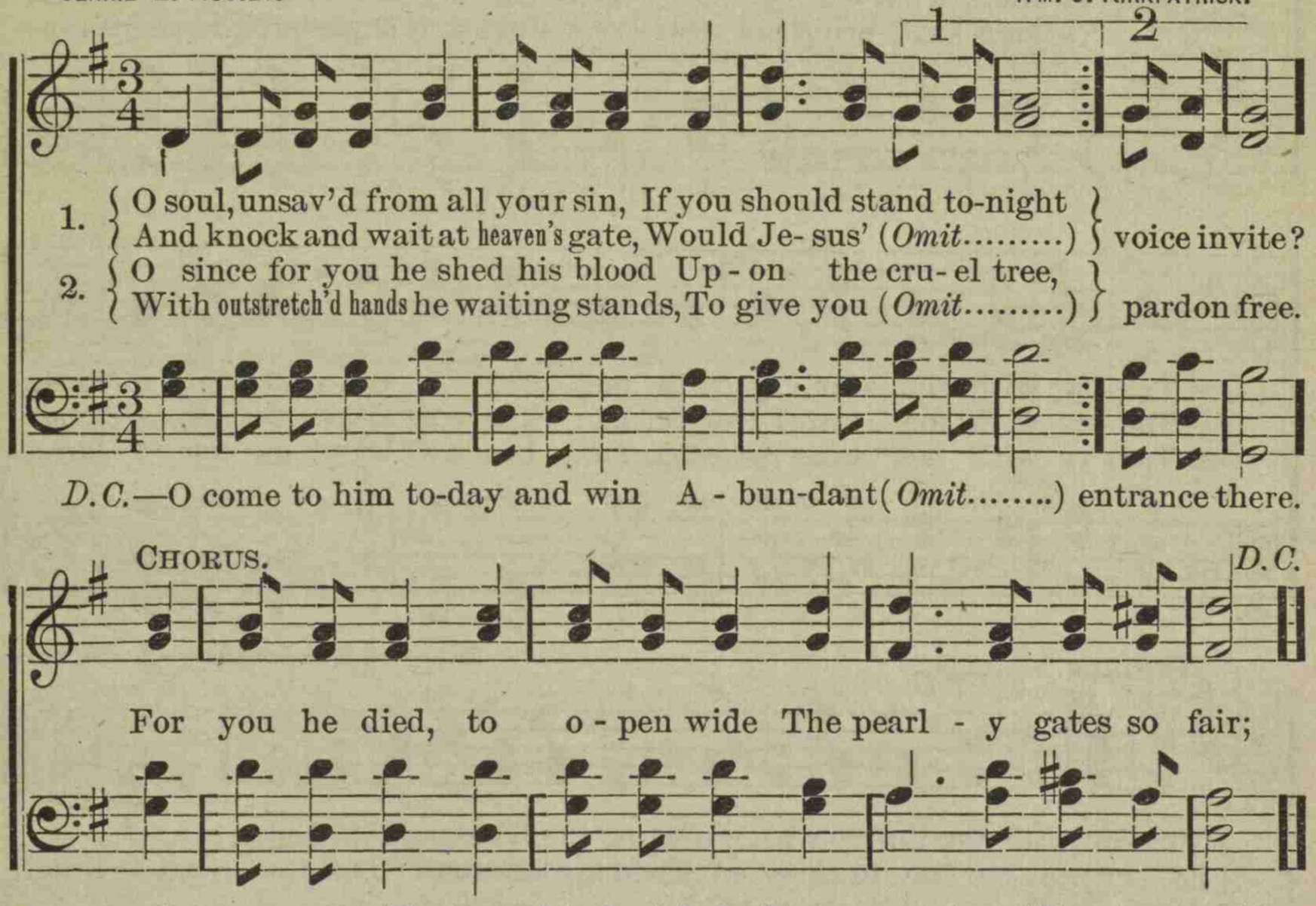
Angels, Bear the News, etc.—Concluded.

poco ritard. *a tempo.*



No. 105. For You He Died.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



3 O wand'ring one, the Shepherd kind
Is seeking you to-day;
Where'er you roam afar from home,
He follows where you stray.

4 And when you trembling turn to him,
And heed his loving voice,
Around the throne where stand his own
The ransomed saints rejoice.

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No. 106. Tarry with Me.

Mrs. SHARPLESS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, Thro' the noonday's burning heat;
2. When the dark-ness of mis - for- tune Hides the heav- ens from my eye,
3. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav-iour, Thou wilt nev - er- more for-sake;

Smile, O smile ap - prov - al on me, As I urge my wea- ry feet.
While the earth wears hues of sor - row, Let me feel that thou art nigh.
Then at last in thy blest like-ness, I shall, sat - is - fied, a- wake.

When the gloom-y shad-ows lengthen, Be thy ten - der mer- cy shown;
Then, O then, what-e'er be - falls me, Car- ing ev - er for thine own,
Ev - 'ry step shall bring me near - er Joys that shine around the throne;

Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me, For I can - not walk a - lone.
Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me; Leave, O leave me not a - lone.
Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me; Leave, O leave me not a - lone.

f CHORUS. *p* *m* 1 2

{ Tar - ry with me, tar- ry with me, Thro' the darkness and the light;
{ Ev - er near me stay to cheer me, Then my hours shall (*Omit.*)..... } all be bright.

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No. 107. Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
2. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
3. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Je - sus provides a rest; Wonderful

sto - ry of love: Wake the immor - tal strain! An-gels with rapture an-
sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Call-ing from Cal-va - ry's
sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, O won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous cho-rus,

CHORUS.

Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - - ful! Won -
Won-der-ful sto - ry of love! Won-der-ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful sto-ry of love!
sto-ry of love! Wonderful story of love!

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No. 108. Drifting Down.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drifting far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide, to the o- cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slowly drift-ing, drifting down.
2. Lights upon the Homeland shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; Soon beyond the har-bor bar will your boat be car- ried far, You are drift-ing, slowly drift-ing, drifting down.
3. Voices from the Homeland shore faint-er grow, as they im-plore, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down; O, my brother, do not wait! heed them ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drifted, drift- ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the dark and awful sea; You are drift- ing down From a Father's loving care,
You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, you are slow-ly drifting down dark and aw- ful sea; You are drifting, slowly drifting,

rit. *a tempo.*

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Drifting Down.—Concluded.

rit. ad lib.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down.

drifting down.

No. 109. Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

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 loved and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day;

We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Gath'r-ing 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 shall hear the wondrous strain, "Glo - ry to the Lamb that's slain!
By the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture 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.
O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

By permission.

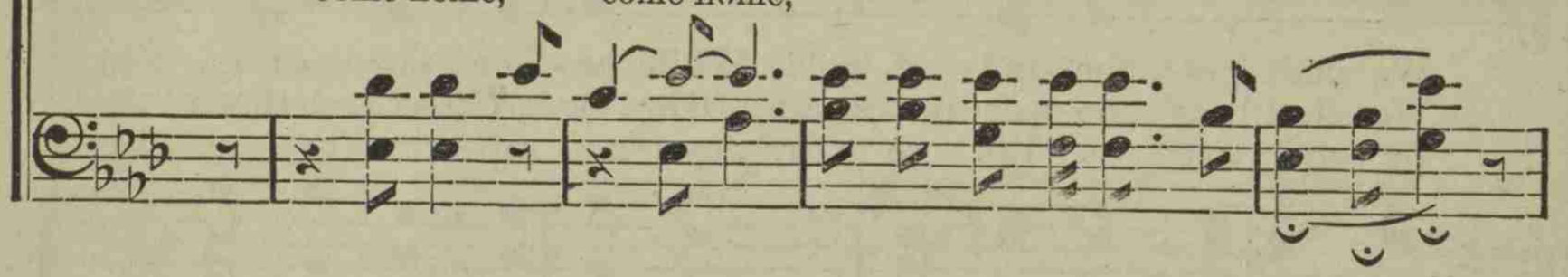
No. 110. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der-ful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death warnings coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home!

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No. 111. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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No. 112. Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.

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

1. I came to the Sav-iour all cov-ered with sin, No joy of sal-
2. Sweet, sweet was the comfort which came to my soul When like a great
3. Come, come to the Saviour, this Friend tried and true; He'll par-don and

va - tion, no com- fort with - in. O when shall I ev - er his
moun-tain my sins off did roll. I'll tell it to oth - ers, his
cleanse you, your strength he'll renew. If on - ly you'll let him, he'll

Chorus.

prais- es be - gin? He took all my burden a - way.
dear name ex- tol; He took all my burden a - way.
save thro' and thro'; He'll take all your burden away.
} Won't you let the dear

loving
Sav- iour be your Sav-iour too? Won't you let the dear Saviour be

loving
your Sav- iour too? He is the Friend of sin- ners, Faith-ful and

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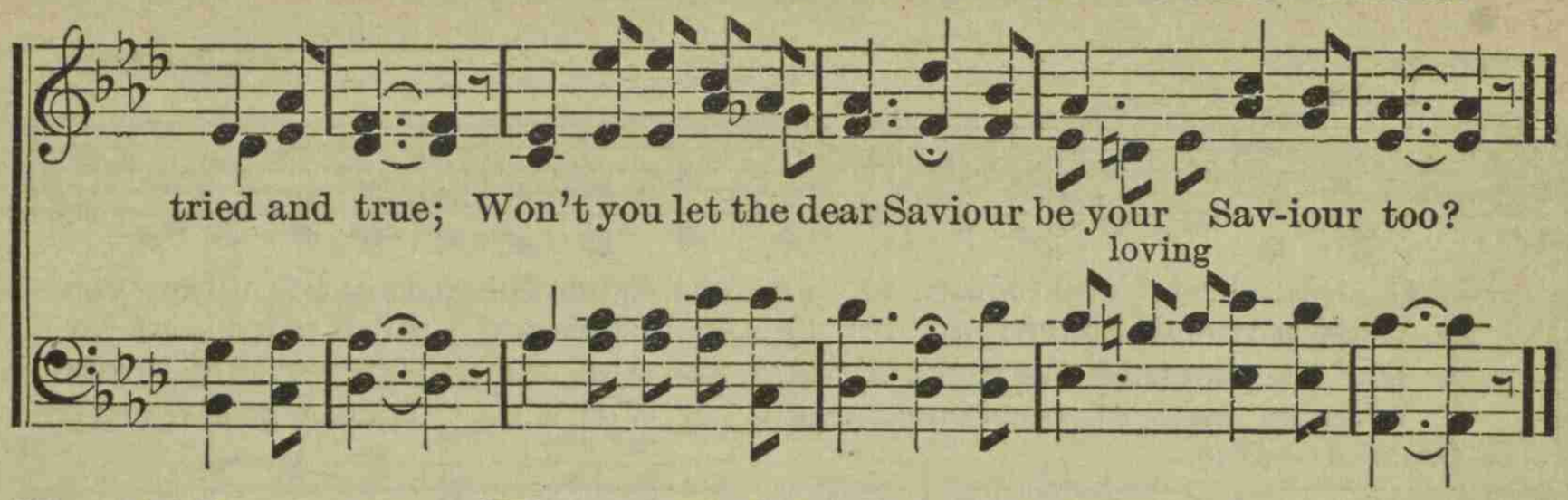
Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.—Concluded.



No. 113. Have Faith in God.

M. H. M. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

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No. 114. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. P. B. DUET. P. P. BILHORN.

1. O the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-on you roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will strength and grace impart;
2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my soul he brings; Lean-ing on his might-y arm, I will fear no ill nor harm;
3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil-ly waves of Jordan roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my Sav- iour is so near;
4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the lov'd ones who have gone be- fore, We shall sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing him for - ev - er-more;

Organ or piano.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

O the best friend to have is Je - sus. The best friend to have is Je - - sus, The best friend to have is Je - - sus, He will help you Je-sus ev-'ry day, Je-sus all the way,

when you fall, He will hear you when you call; O the best friend to have is Jesus.

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No. 115. Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNA F. BOURNE.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Fa-ther a-bove, No gift so pre-cious to
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Saviour of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spir-it di-vine, "All that thou hast, to my

him as our love, Soft-ly he whis-pers wher-ev-er thou art,
gain and a-gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e-vil de-part,
keep-ing re-sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to im-part,

CHORUS.

"Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart."
Make full sur-ren-der and give me thy heart."
} "Give me thy heart,

p

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

rit.

world, he would draw thee apart, Speaking so ten-der-ly, "Give me thy heart."

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No. 116. There's no Love Like His.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK. Solo or Duet. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.

1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
2. When far, far a - way, and in con-dem-na - tion, Feel-ing no one cared for me, There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for - get it,
3. O won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's cru - el tree Was wounded and died to make full a - tone-ment

CHORUS.

Je - sus still loves you, bless his name.
"Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, still loves thee."
For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me.

} There nev - er was one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is he; There nev - er was one like Je - sus, There's no love like his love to me.....

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No. 117. Countless are His Mercies!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Count-less are his mer- cies, None can num-ber them, Crowning us with
2. Count-less are his mer- cies, New each com- ing morn, Gems of peer-less
3. Count-less are his mer- cies, Like the sil -v'ry sands, Boons of love so

glo - ry Like a di - a - dem; Hearts a - glow with rap- ture Bless his
lus - tre All our lives a - dorn; Peace and hope and glad-ness, Guidance
ten - der Fall - ing from his hands; Grate-ful - ly we praise him, Joy - ful-

ho - ly name, Earth's uncounted chil - dren Spread a - broad his fame.
day by day, Gold - en gifts as wel - come As the sun's clear ray.
ly we sing Strains of sweet thanksgiv- ing To our gra- cious King.

CHORUS.

Count - less are his mer - cies, Fall - ing like a show'r,

Thirst - y souls re - fresh - ing, Ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.

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No. 118. In His Keeping.

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

1. When the ear - ly morning break - ing, Slum-ber from my eye - lids
2. Some - times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be
3. Gen - tle e - ven - tide is near - ing, Light from heav-en dis - ap -

shak - ing, Comes the bless - ed tho't with wak - ing: I am in his
fore me; Still, my Sav - iour, I a - dore thee: I am in his
pear - ing, Still the bless - ed tho't so cheer - ing: I am in his

keep - ing. Day ad - van - ces, la - bor bringing, Care, her mantle round me
keep - ing. I can trust his hand to guide me, 'Neath his wings he'll safely
keep - ing. Now night's curtains gather round me, Yet its dan-gers have not

fling - ing; Yet midst all my soul keeps sing - ing: I am in his care.
hide me, And no harm can e'er be - tide me: I am in his care.
found me, For his an - gel guards surround me: I am in his care.

Chorus.

I am in my Fa-ther's keeping, I am in his ten - der care;

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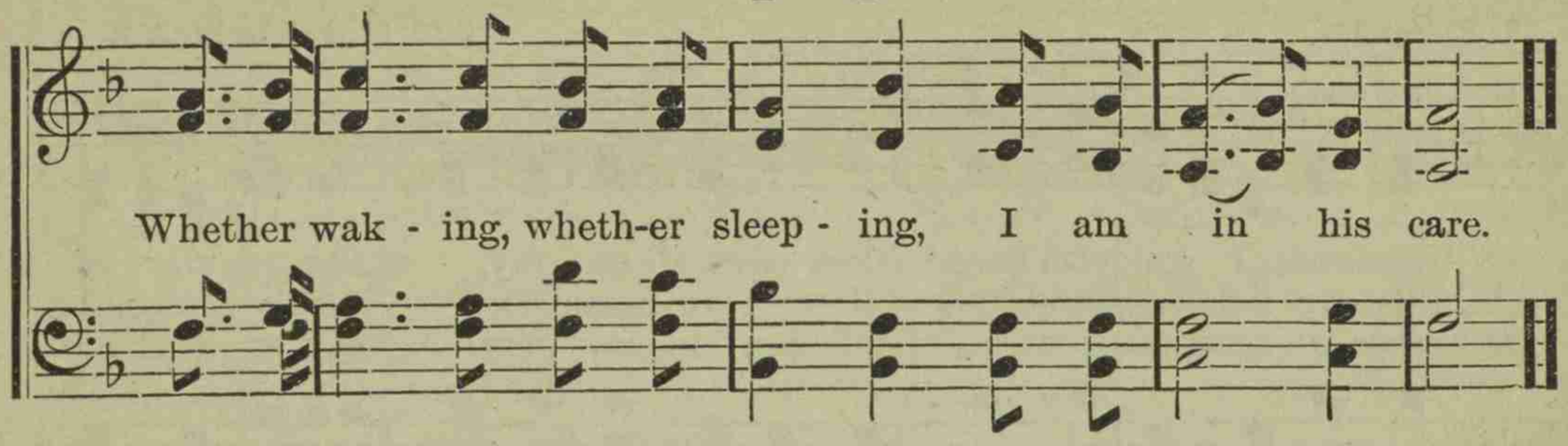
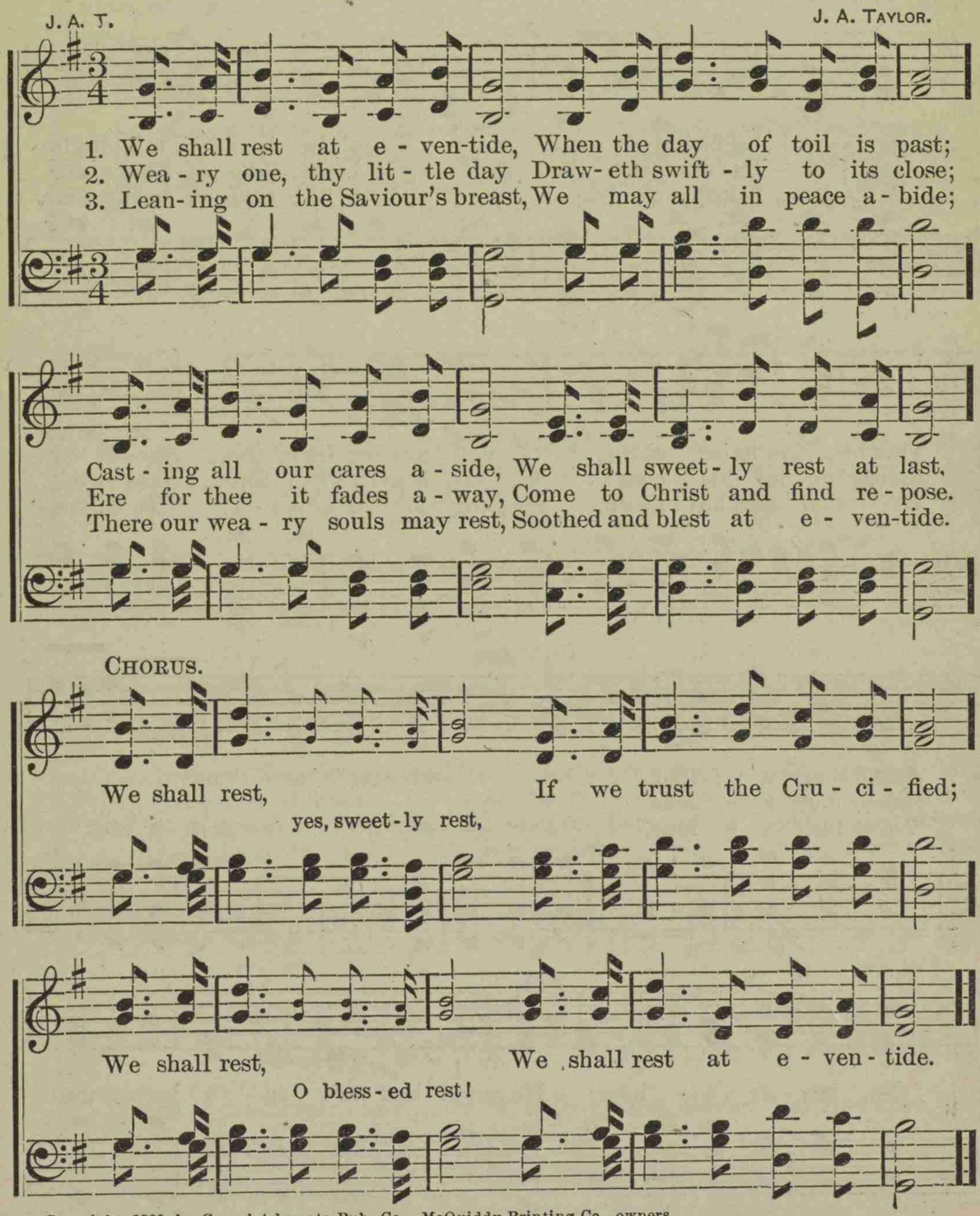
In His Keeping.—Concluded.



No. 119. We Shall Rest at Eventide.



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No. 120. Never Alone.

E. E. HEWITT. C. F. O., arr. by W. J. K.

1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless- ed gold- en ray, Like a star of
2. Ros - es fade a-round me, Lil - ies bloom and die, Earthly sunbeams
3. Steps un-seen be- fore me, Hid- den dangers near; Near- er still my

glo - ry, Light-ing up my way! Thro' the clouds of mid- night,
van - ish— Ra- diant still the sky! Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on,
Sav - iour, Whisp'ring: "Be of cheer." Joys, like birds of spring-time,

This bright promise shone: "I will nev - er leave thee, Nev- er will
Bloom-ing for his own; Je - sus, heaven's sun - shine, Nev- er will
To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet - ly: "He will not

CHORUS.

leave thee a - lone." } No, nev - er a - lone;.....
leave me a - lone.
leave me a - lone." } Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,

No, nev - er a - lone; He prom- ised nev - er to leave me,

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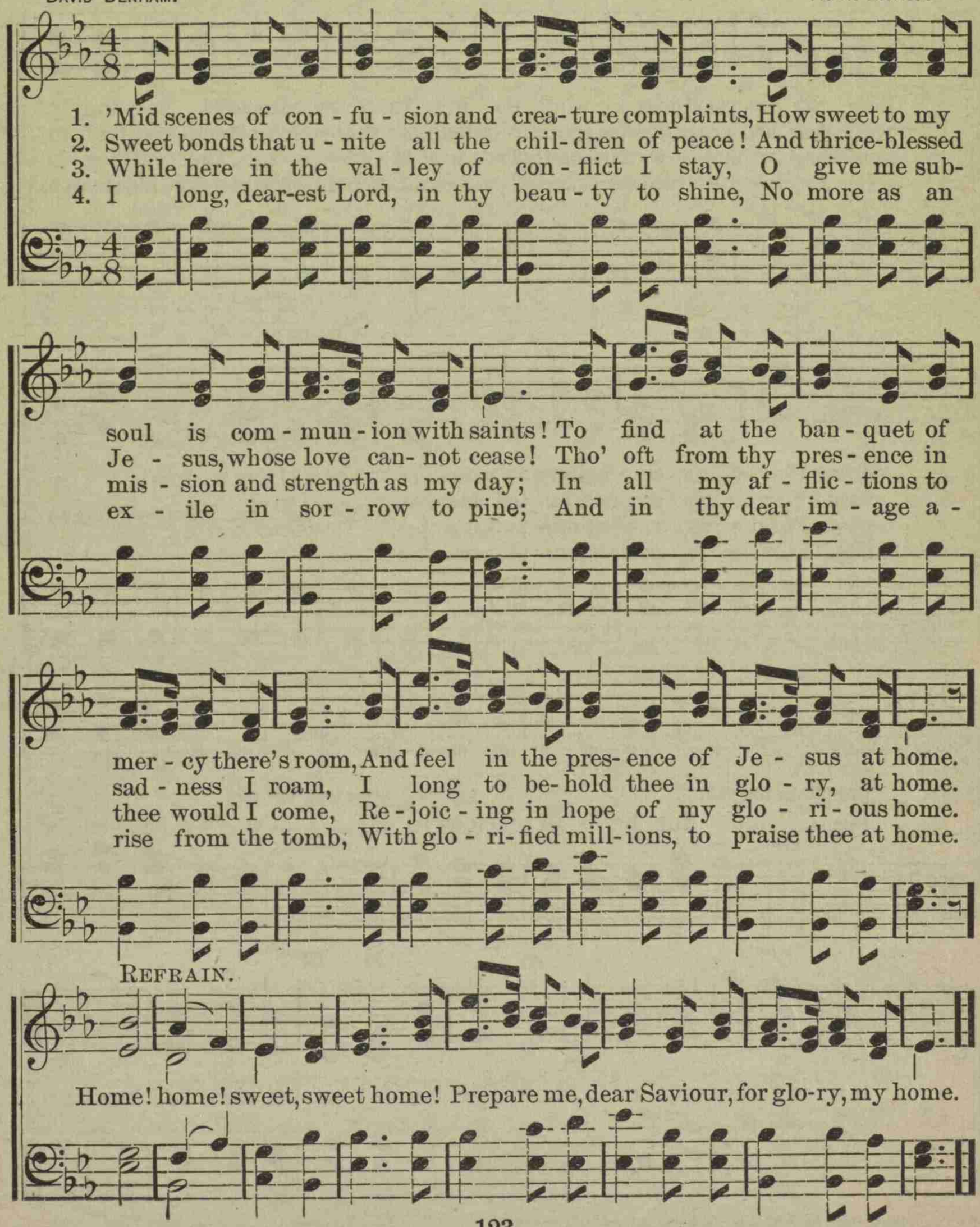
Never Alone.—Concluded.

No. 121. Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.



REFRAIN.

No. 122. He is So Precious to Me.

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

1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Saviour, my King, And all the day long of his goodness I sing; To him in my weakness I lov-ing-ly
2. He stood at the door a-mid sunshine and rain, So pa-tient-ly wait-ing an entrance to gain; What shame that so long he en-treat-ed in
3. I stand on the mountain of sun-shine at last, No cloud in the heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is
4. I praise him be-cause he ap-point-ed a place, Where, some day, thro' faith in his mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall behold him—shall look on his

CHORUS.

cling, For he is so precious to me.
vain! For he is so precious to me.
past, For he is so precious to me.
face, For he is so precious to me.

For he is so pre-cious to so

pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me,
me,..... For he is so precious to me,..... 'Tis heav-en be-

low my Re-deem-er to know, For he is so pre-cious to me.....

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No. 123. Love, Mighty and Wonderful.

Mrs. Anna. M. Robbins. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Love in its grand-eur, its maj - es - ty see, Love in its great - ness for you and for me, Love in its full - ness of strength when it came, Clothed in the sweet-ness of Je - sus' dear name.
2. Pre - cious, how pre - cious, this won - der - ful love, Reach - ing in mer - cy to earth from a - bove; Meas - ure-less, boundless, an in - fi - nite sea, Such is God's love un - to you and to me.
3. Let us re - joice in his love ev - 'ry day, Tell the glad sto - ry to all by the way; Bring - ing to Je - sus, in love's sweet con - trol, Each ransom'd pow - er of bod - y and soul.
4. Earth will be bright - er, its pleas-ures more dear, When the kind voice of the Sav - iour we hear Call - ing us up - ward to joys that en - dure, Pleas - ures e - ter - nal, a - bid - ing and pure.
5. Soft - ly and gen - tly love's bil - lows shall roll, Fill - ing with rap - ture and glo - ry my soul; Je - sus, thy love in its beau - ty doth shine, Flood - ing my heart with a rad - iance di - vine.

Chorus.

Love, love, might - y and won-der-ful! Love, love, so pre-cious, so free! Love, love, mighty and won-der-ful! Reaching to you and to me.

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No. 124. He Will Never Leave Me.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He will nev - er leave me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour and Lord;
2. He will nev - er leave me, Tho' he is reign-ing a - bove,
3. He will nev - er leave me; Sun-beams or rain-drops may fall,

To - kens of his pres - ence Day aft - er day shall af - ford;
His own Ho - ly Spir - it Comes as the gift of his love;
Je - sus, in his near - ness, Ten - der - ly an-swers my call;

In my bless - ed guide- book O - ver and o - ver I read
Yield-ing to his promptings, Lov-ing and do - ing his will,
Up the shin - ing hill - side, Down thro' the shad-ow - y vale,

Pre- cious words of prom - ise, Meet-ing my ut - ter-most need.
He will lead and keep me, Sweet-ly he'll com- fort me still.
He will not for - sake me, Nor will his grace ev - er fail.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

He nev-er will leave me, Bless - ed be his name!

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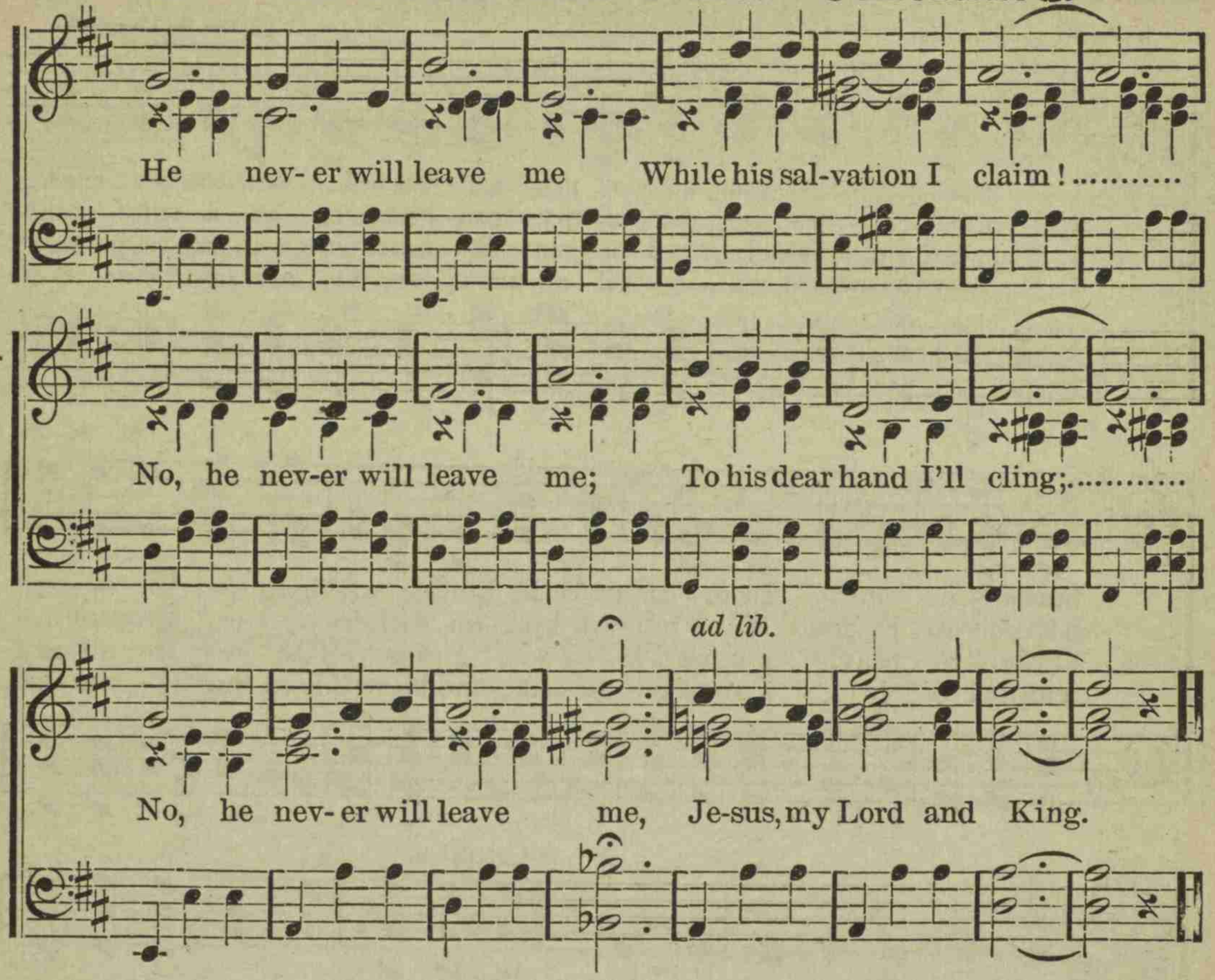
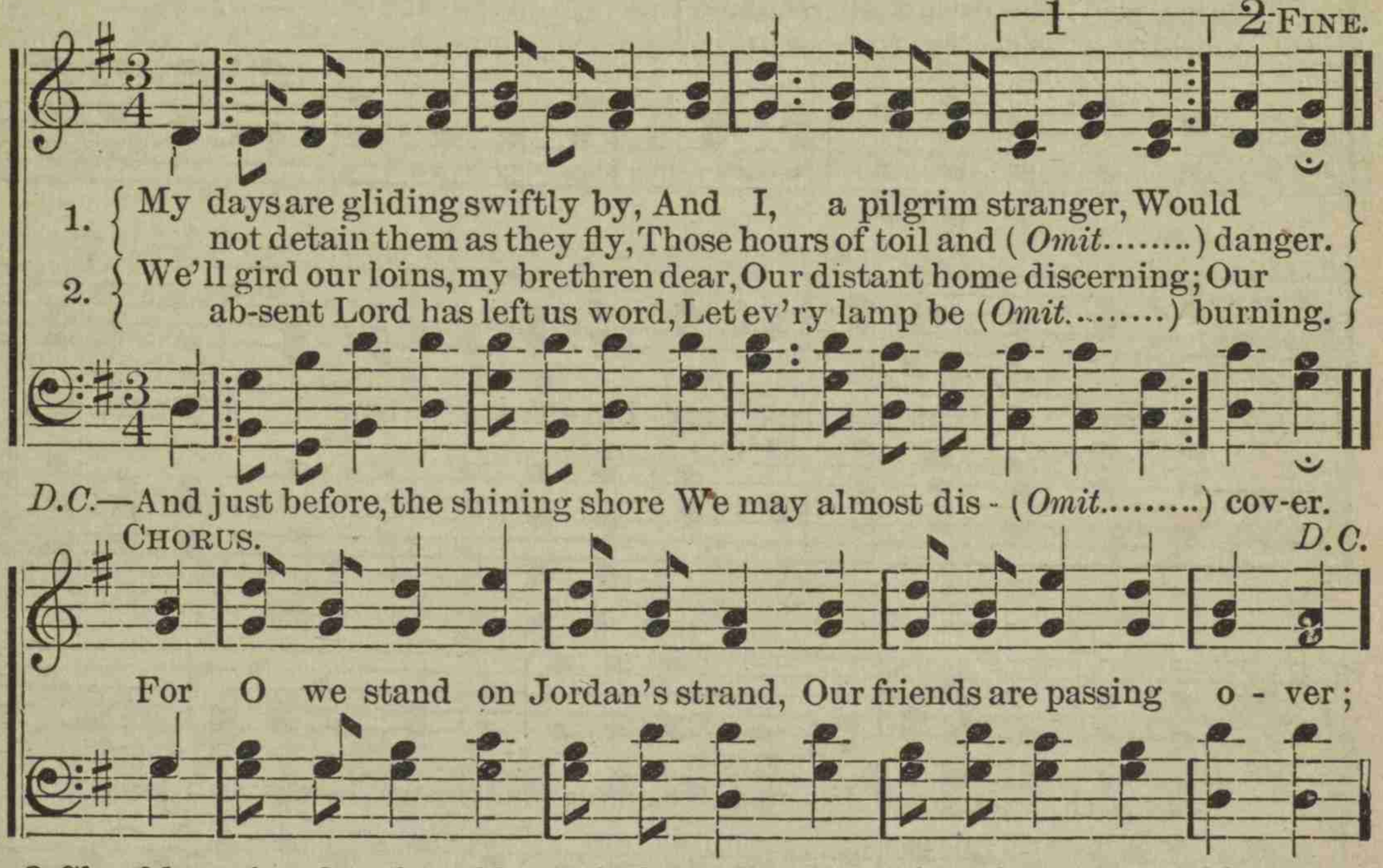
He Will Never Leave Me.—Concluded.



No. 125. The Shining Shore.

DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.



3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, O forever!

No. 126. I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these burdens a - lone;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou- bles; He is a kind, com - pas-sion-ate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav- iour, One who can help my burdens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin!

In my dis-tress he kind-ly will help me; He ev - er loves and cares for his own.
If I but ask him, he will de- liv - er, Make of my troub- les quick-ly an end.
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.

CHORUS.

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

rit.

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No. 127. Jesus Understands!

BIRDIE BELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Bow'd beneath your burden, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the jour - ney, is there none to care? Cour-age, way-worn trav - 'ler,
2. Ev - 'ry heav - y bur-den he will glad - ly share; Are you sad and wea - ry? Je - sus has a care; Well he knows the path - way
3. Tho' temp-ta - tion meet you, Je-sus can sus - tain; Life has vex- ing prob-lems which he can ex - plain; Serve him where he sends you,
4. Wea - ry heart, he calls you: "Come to me and rest." Does the path grow rug - ged? yet his way is best; Leave the un-known fu - ture

FINE.

heed your Lord's commands; There's a tho't to cheer you, Je - sus un-derstands.
o'er life's burning sands; Courage, fainting pil - grim, Je - sus un-derstands.
though in distant lands; Do not doubt or ques-tion, Je - sus un-derstands.
in the Master's hands; Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un-derstands.

D.S.—In the Master's hand; Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un-derstands.

CHORUS.

Yes, he un-derstands; All his ways are best; Hear, he calls to you: "Come to me and rest." Leave the unknown fu - ture

O yes, O hear,

D.S.

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No. 128. Count Your Mercies.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Alt. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heav - y - lad - en and with sor - row tried? Look in faith to Christ, your Helper, Friend, and Guide; Think of all your mer-cies, such a
2. Think of hid - den dan - gers he has brought you thro', Of the cares and bur - dens he has borne for you, Of his words of com - fort in your
3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your ma - ny mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust him in the shadows dim and
4. As he looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not he choos-eth what each day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the

bound - less store; Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er.
deep - est need; Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend in - deed.
have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet-er for the dark down here."
hot tears start, Give to him the in- cense of a grate - ful heart.

CHORUS.

Count your mer - cies, such a boundless store; Count your
Count your ma - ny mer - cies, bound - less store; Count your ma - ny

mer - cies, pressed and run - ning o'er; All your mer - cies,
mer - cies run - - ning o'er; All your mer - cies, count them

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Count Your Mercies.—Concluded.

No. 129. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.

CHORUS.

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No. 130. Not One Forgotten.

E. E. HEWITT. (Luke 12 : 6.) H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say - ings of our Lord;
2. Though I'm least of all his children, So un-wor - thy of his love,
3. O, the wound-ed hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol!

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak-ing grat-i-tude's sweet chord!
Yet for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther-heart a-bove.
Is there an - y ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?

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

CHO.—In my Fa-ther's bless-ed keep-ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;

D.S. Chorus.

Bends to note a fall - ing sparrow, For 'tis pre - cious in his sight.
For my Sav - iour gen-tly whis-pers: "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow, Sing - ing "He will care for me."

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

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No. 131. Every Hour I Need Thy Blessing.

ELIZABETH J. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

DUET—Sop. and Tenor or Sop. and Alto.

1. Ev-'ry hour I need thy blessing, Ev-'ry mo - ment need thy care;
2. Ev-'ry hour I need thy blessing, Dai-ly need thy wondrous love—
3. Ev-'ry hour I need thy blessing, Ev-'ry mo - ment need thy care,

Lord, to thee I come con-fess-ing All the sins that me en - snare.
Love so ten - der, so pro-tect - ing, Com-ing from thy throne a-bove.
Un - til thou, my soul pos-sess-ing, Shall re - flect thine image there.

Bless the thoughts that come each moment, Make them true and pure and fair,
For thy lov - ing care and bless-ing, Make me thank- ful day by day,
Then to Christ, the King of glo - ry, He who bought me with great price,

1. Bless the thoughts that come each moment, Make them true and pure and fair,

Like to thine our great atonement, Beau-ti-ful..... beyond compare.
By my walk... and dai-ly liv - ing, Praising Christ.. the Liv-ing Way.
I shall sing... the old, old stor - y, Christ my Lord, my Sac-ri - fice.

Like to thine our great atonement, Beau-ti-ful beyond com-pare.

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No. 132. Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!

PSALM 146.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah! From the heavens praise his name;
2. Let them prais-es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at his command;
3. All ye fruit-ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountains high,

Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All his an - gels praise pro-claim.
Them for - ev - er he es - tab-lished, His de-cree shall ev - er stand.
Creeping things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly.

All his hosts to - geth- er praise him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra- gons all;
Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;

Praise him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Stormy winds that hear him call.
Praise his name, young men and maid-ens, A - ged men, and chil-dren small.

CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For his name a - lone is high,

Let them praises

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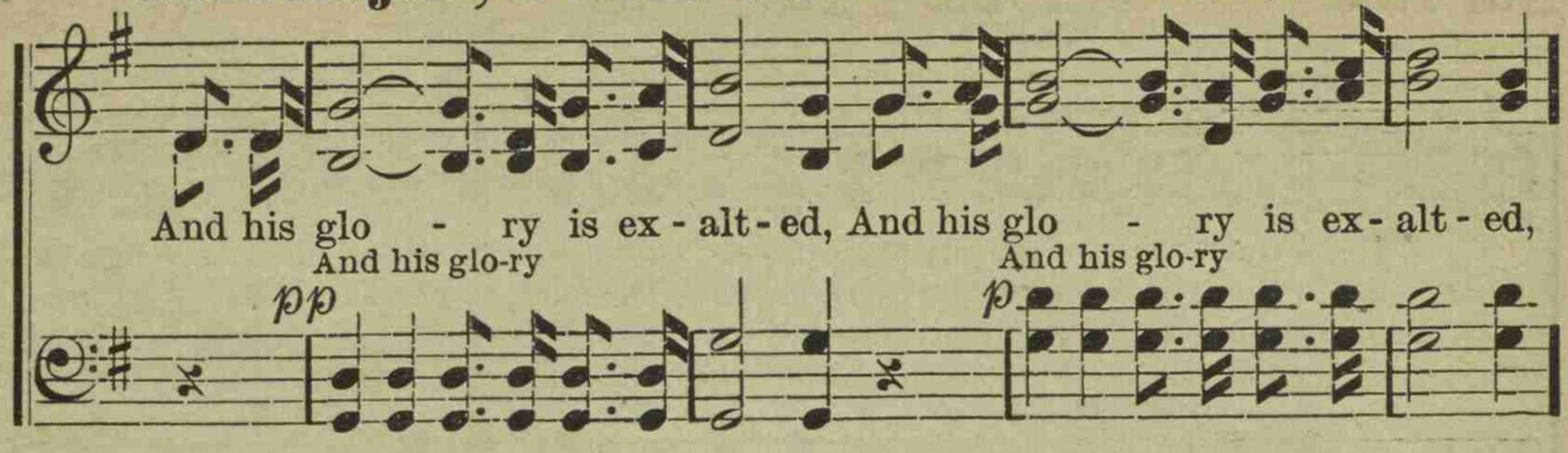
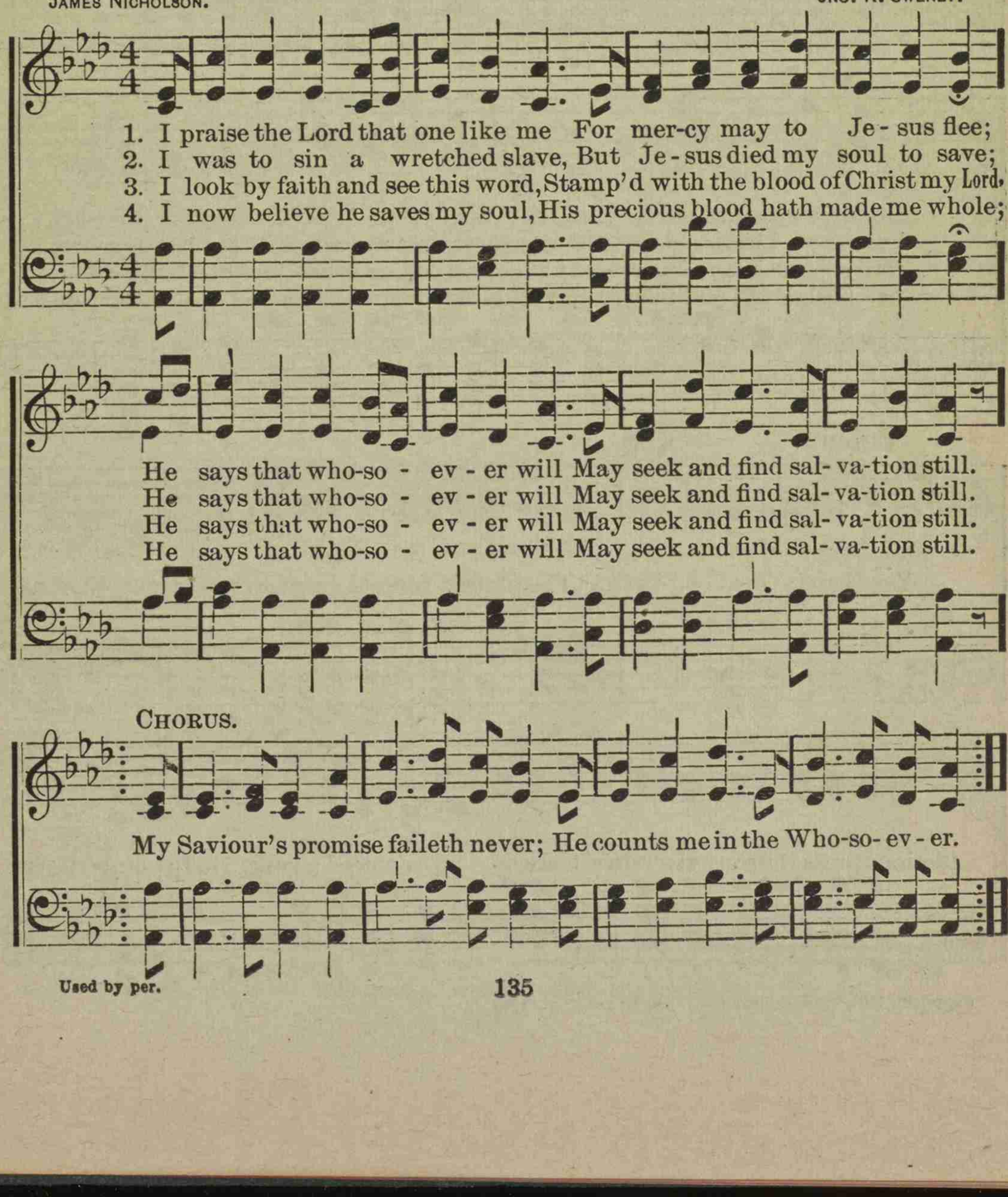
Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!—Concluded.



No. 133. Whosoever.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.



CHORUS.

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No. 134. He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y-one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympathizes with us, who in
2. Is there an - y-one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in tenderness will lift us, and the
3. Is there an - y-one can help us, who can give a sin-ner peace, When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon, that af-
4. Is there an - y-one can help us when the end is drawing near, Who will go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis-

wondrous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y bless-ing that we need?
heav - y burden share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last-ing arm?
fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir- its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on-ly One; The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-
Yes, there's One, only One,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

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No. 135. The Altogether Lovely!

A. J. HOUGH. Song of Sol. 5 : 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How love - ly is Je - sus, the Lamb that was slain, To win a world's
2. How love - ly that life, do - ing good ev - 'ry-where! How love - ly that
3. How love - ly is Je - sus, when close to his side, From doubt and temp-
4. O love - ly, sur-pass - ing all love - li - ness! he, Who died with the

par - don by sor - row and pain! How love - ly that crown on his
death, with its mer - ci - ful prayer! And love - ly that blood which on
ta - tion se - cure - ly we hide! And love - ly his presence,—when,
thief for a lost world and me, That I might be per - fect - ed

once bleeding brow, And love - ly his love which o'er-shadows me now!
Cal - va - ry flow'd, When washing the stain'd heart and light'ning the load!
lov - ing him best, He comes to our hearts with the bless-ing of rest!
here by his love, And meet him with white robes in heav - en a - bove.

CHORUS.

He's the One al - to-geth - er love - ly, He's all that the soul can crave;

He's the One al - to-geth - er love - ly, Je - sus, the mighty to save.

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No. 136. My Light and Song.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Why should life a wea - ry jour-ney seem? Je- sus is my light and song!
2. What tho' foes at ev - 'ry step I meet? Je- sus is my light and song!
3. When I come to Jordan's roll-ing tide, Je- sus is my light and song!

Why should I my cross a burden deem? Je- sus is my light and song!
What tho' snares are ready for my feet? Je- sus is my light and song!
When the waves like mountains o-ver-ride, Je- sus is my light and song!

All my way is mark'd by love divine; Round my cross the rays of glory shine;
He was first of all to tread the way, He was first to bat-tle in the fray;
Thro' the flood his form shall still be near, Thro' the tide his voice shall sweetly cheer;

Christ himself com-pan-ion is of mine,—Je- sus is my light and song!
Now on him my ev - 'ry hope I stay,—Je- sus is my light and song!
I shall Jor - dan breast without a fear,—Je- sus is my light and song!

CHORUS.

Je- sus is my light, Je - sus is my light, Jesus is my light and song;
my light and song;

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My Light and Song.—Concluded.

No. 137. When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT. Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

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No. 138. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

E. E. HEWITT. 2 Tim. 1: 12. F. E. BELDEN.

DUET.

1. Since on my Sav - iour I be-lieved, His beams a-round me shine;
2. I know his love, his faith-ful care; His migh - ty, sav - ing pow'r;
3. In his dear wound-ed hands I leave All that con-cern - eth me;
4. Tho' all things else should pass a - way, He changeless, would re-main;

The Spir - it's wit - ness I re- ceived, I know that he is mine.
His will - ing-ness to an - swer pray'r, His grace in sun and show'r.
The flow'rs that please, the thorns that grieve, Shall fraught with blessing be.
So will I sing, till dawns his day, Faith's ju - bi - lant re- frain.

CHORUS.

"I know..... whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per -
I know
suad - ed that he is a - ble To keep what
To keep
I have com - mit - ted un - to him a- gainst that day."

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No. 139. Blessed Assurance.

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

I. Bless- ed as - sur- ance, Je- sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchased of God, Born of his
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per- fect de- light, Vis-ions of rapt - ure burst on my sight; An- gels de-scend - ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am hap- py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Fill'd with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood.
mer - cy, whis- pers of love.
good- ness, lost in his love.
} This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry,

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

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No. 140. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end- ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
2. O the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his bless-ed face, And the lus - tre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mer - cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
3. O the dear ones in glo- ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our part-ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will lead me where no tears will ev- er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him. I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know him,

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No. 141. We Shall Reign with Him in Glory.

J. B. MACKAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are marching, on-ward marching, To that land of light a-bove, Where no
2. There are mighty foes that meet us, As our jour-ney we pursue, There are
3. Oft the clouds a-bove us gath- er, And the darkness settles down, Oft the
4. When we reach that land of beauty, With its cit- y bright and fair, Thro' the

burn-ing tears of sor- row dim the eye, Where the ransomed ones are singing
dan-gers that be- set on ev-'ry hand; But no e - vil thing can harm us
shad-ows and the mists obscure the day; But a ra-diant beam of glo - ry
pear-ly gates the Lord shall lead his own, To go out no more for-ev - er,

Of the Saviour's wondrous love, We shall reign with him in glory by and by.
While to Je- sus we are true, For his hosts will march triumphant to that land.
From the Saviour's smiling face, Ev - er falls in golden splendor on our way.
While e - ter- nal a - ges roll, And the hal- le - lu- jahs echo round the throne.

CHORUS.

We shall reign..... with him in glo - ry, In glo - - - ry
We shall reign In glo- ry by and by,

by and by,..... In the land of light on high.
glo - ry by and by,

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No. 142. Let Us Away.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Let us a- way, no lon-ger de- lay, Morning with joy is bright;
2. Let us a- way, the message o - bey, Je - sus repeats the call;
3. Let us a- way, we can-not de- lay, Harvest will soon be o'er;
4. Let us a- way, O let us a- way, Lift-ing our eyes a - bove;

Let us a-way and la - bor to-day Out in the fields so white.
Come with a will, our mis-sion ful-fill, Haste to the work for all.
Moments and hours, like beautiful flow'rs, Soon will re-turn no more.
Faithful and true, our la - bor pur-sue, Trusting a Saviour's love.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

On - ward, on - ward, bound - ing a - long;
On - ward, on - ward, join the bus - y throng;
Shout - ing, sing - ing o'er the har - vest plain;

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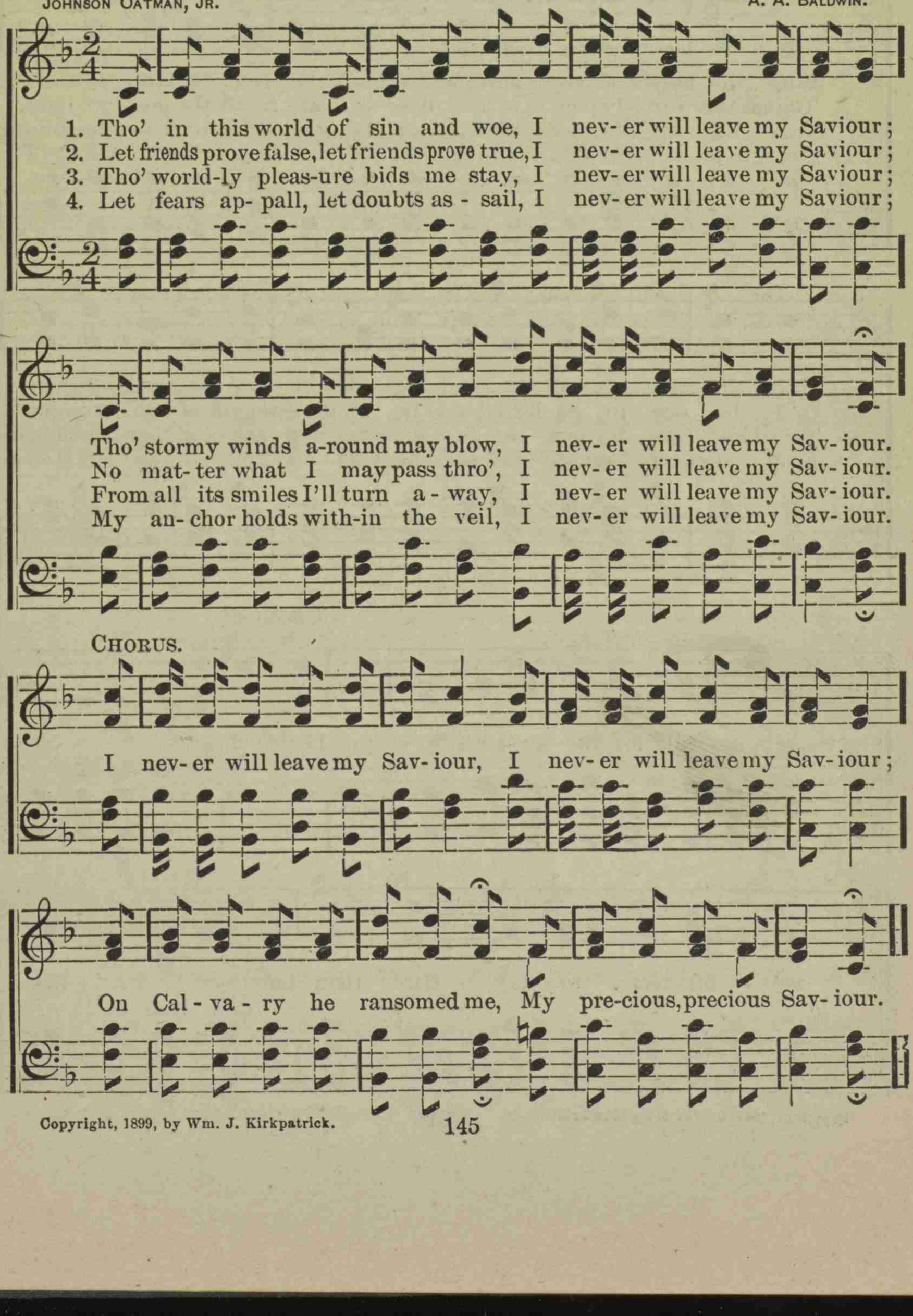
Let Us Away.—Concluded.

No. 143. I Never Will Leave My Saviour.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. A. BALDWIN.



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No. 144. Jesus Calls for Volunteers To-day.

JULIETTE E. PERRY. F. E. FARRAR.

1. Bro - ther, why dost thou stand i - dle, why de-lay to vol - un - teer,
2. Do you say there is no con- flict, 'tis the ru - mor of the night?
3. To ex - tend the bless - ed gos - pel, giv - ing hope to all mankind;
4. Bro - ther, why dost thou stand i - dle, when the Lord has giv - en thee

With the hosts of sin ad-vanc- ing and the bat - tle strife so near?
'Gainst the world-ly pow'rs of dark-ness is ar - rayed the gos - pel light.
To lift up the weak and fall - en and give sight to those now blind;
Strength to la - bor for his king-dom and to help bring vic - to - ry?

Hark! the trum - pet call is sound - ing, wakes the ech- oes loud and clear—
O, be one to go forth bold - ly in the strength of Israel's might—
To lead wan - der - ers to Je - sus, peace and par - don there to find—
Now e - quip thy- self for ser- vice, God his Spir - it of - fers thee—

CHORUS.

Je - sus calls for vol - un- teers to - day. There's a call for
There's a call
vol - un - teers to - day; Gird thou on the
Gird thou on

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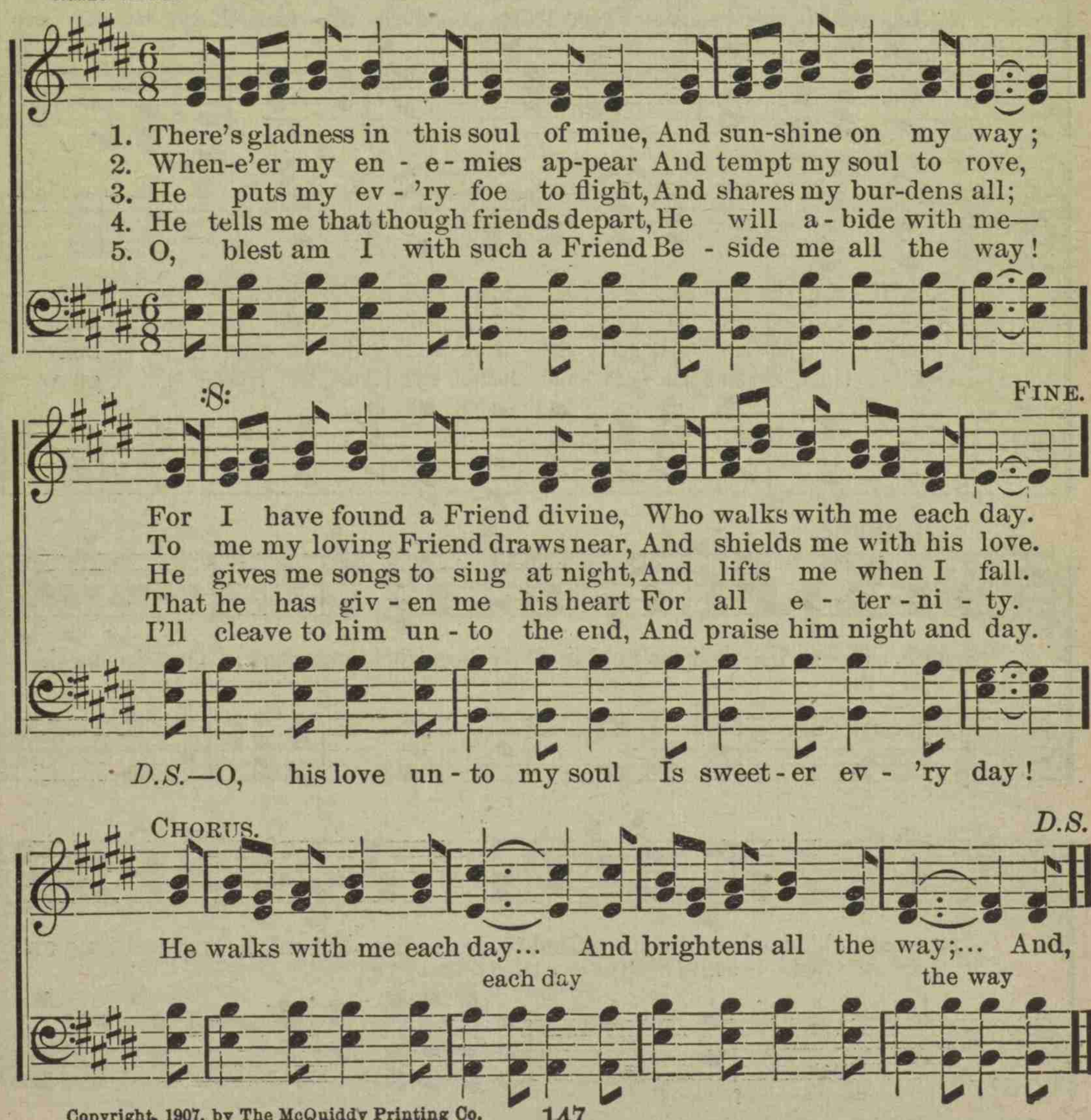
Jesus Calls for Volunteers, etc.—Concluded.

No. 145. The Friend Divine.

JAMES ROWE. F. E. FARRAR.



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No. 146. Wanted.

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

1. Wanted, wanted, loy- al hearts are wanted, Faithful in the serv-ice
2. Wanted, wanted, tongues of fire are wanted, Con-se-crat- ed lips with
3. Wanted, wanted, helping hands are wanted, Willing hands to la- bor
4. Wanted, wanted, ho - ly lives are wanted, Showing un- to sin-ners

of our Lord and King; Hearts with true love burning, Hearts o'er sin-ners
Pen- te- cost a-flame; Free to tell the sto - ry Of his pow'r and
an - y time or where; Fields with har-vest bend- ing, God his reap-ers
Je - sus' pow'r to save; Freed from con-dem- na - tion, Kept by his sal-

yearn - ing, Seek - ing ev - er- more the lost ones back to bring.
glo - ry, Glad to go, a full sal- va - tion to pro - claim.
send - ing, Who will go the pre- cious gold- en sheaves to bear?
va - tion, Spend in serv - ice here the lives he free - ly gave.

CHORUS.

Out in - to the harvest field and la-bor while you may; Out in- to the
In the har - vest la - bor while you may, In the

harvest field, work while 'tis called to-day; Ye loy- al hearts and true, and
har - vest while 'tis called to-day; Ye

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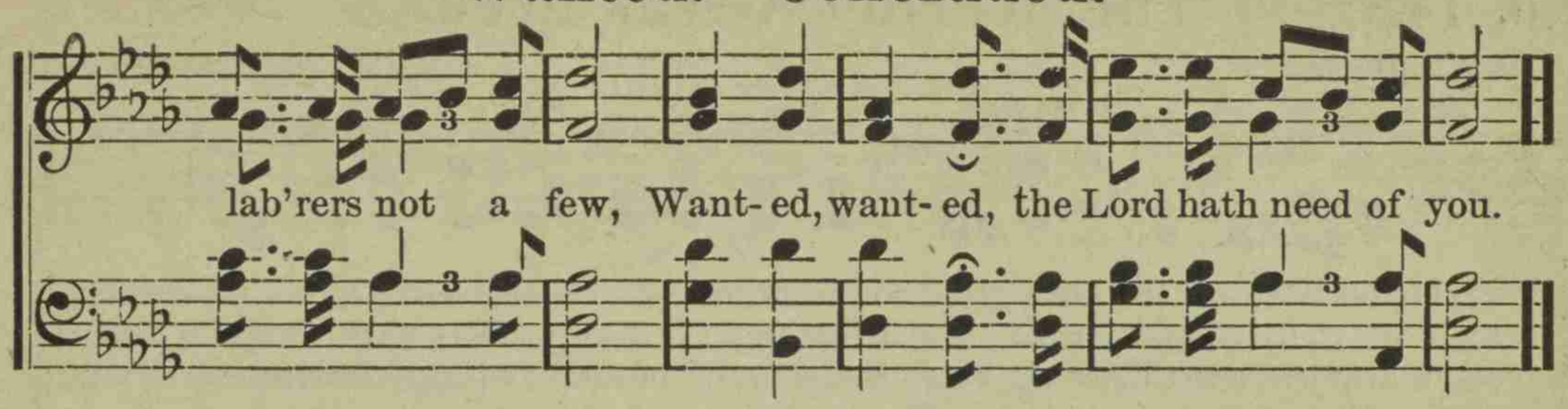
Wanted.—Concluded.



No. 147. Showers of Blessing.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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No. 148. The World's Great Need.

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

1. Receive from God your great commission, Ye who his ho - ly name now bear;
2. So ma-ny hearts in sor-row breaking, So ma-ny eyes with weeping dim,
3. Point them to Christ, the world's Redeemer, The saint's Delight, the sinner's Friend;

The glorious news of full sal - va-tion, Go tell to sinners ev - 'ry - where.
So ma-ny feet their lone way taking, So many hearts estranged from him.
Our Saviour, Friend, and Burden-bearer, Whose love and mercy knows no end.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The world's great need, the world's great need is Je - sus, To

f Harmony.

save the lost and ru-ined by the fall; The world's great need, the

world's great need is Jesus; O hasten and tell them his love is free for all.

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No. 149. An Open Bible for the World.

HENRY M. KING, D.D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glo-rious mot-to be!
2. Where'er it goes its gold-en light, Streaming as from an unveiled sun,
3. It shows to men the Fa-ther's face, All ra-diant with for-giv- ing love;
4. It tells of Je - sus and his death, Of life pro-cured for dy- ing men;
5. It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts; It com-forts those who sit in tears;

On ev - 'ry breeze its flag unfurled Shall scat-ter blessings rich and free.
Shall dis - si-pate the clouds of night, Un - do the work that sin has done.
And to the lost of Adam's race Proclaims sweet mercy from a - bove.
And to each soul of hum-ble faith, It son-ship gives with God a - gain.
To all who faint it strength imparts, And gilds with hope th'eter-nal years.

CHORUS.

Blest word of God!..... send forth thy light.....
Blest word of God! send forth thy light

O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea,..... Till all who
and ev - 'ry sea,

wan - der in the night..... Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

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No. 150. Bring Them In.

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

1. Bring them in and keep them from go- ing a - stray a - gain,
2. Sore temp - ta - tions hov - er a-round and a - bout their way;
3. Bring them in, for Je - sus com-mand-ed you so to do;

Pre- cious souls of Je - sus, souls for whom he died; Think not when you've
Sa - tan, loath to lose them, follows close be-hind; Whis-pers glow- ing
Bring them from the highways and the waste of sin To the fold e -

res- cued them out of their sin and stain, They will safe - ly ev - er
prom- is - es, leading the soul a- stray; You must be a broth - er,
ter - nal, in heav-en, prepared for them; While the door is o - pen,

CHORUS.

in his love a - bide.
faithful, true, and kind.
lead, O lead them in.

You must help them upward, cheer them on their way,

And in loving, kindness help them day by day; You must lead them gently

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Bring Them In.—Concluded.

No. 151. In the Hush of Early Morning.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 152. Tell it Abroad!

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

1. There's re-demp-tion for the stray-ing, Tell it abroad! (tell it a-broad!)
2. Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion, Tell it abroad! (tell it a-broad!)
3. There's a prize, that shall be giv - en, Tell it abroad! (tell it a-broad!)

'Tis a glad and faith- ful say-ing—Tell it a-broad! (tell it a-broad!)
To the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion, Tell it a-broad! (tell it a-broad!
To the right-ful heirs of heav - en, Tell it a-broad! (tell it a-broad!)

For the lost ones Christ is seeking, To their hearts his voice is speaking.
All a-mong the bit-ter fountains, In the vale, or on the mountains,
Does your spir - it long to gain it? Are you striv - ing to ob - tain it?

Ere the morn- ing light is breaking, Tell it a-broad! (tell it a-broad!
Is the Shepherd's smiling count'nance! Tell it a-broad! (tell it a-broad!
You may ev - er - more re- tain it! Tell it a-broad! (tell it a-broad!

D.S.—pre-cious life-blood giv-en! Tell it a-broad! (Tell it a-broad!)

FINE.

CHORUS.

Tell it a - broad!..... O won-drous sto - - - - ry!
Tell it a - broad! O won-drous sto - ry, wondrous sto - ry!

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Tell it Abroad!—Concluded.

Of the Christ..... who came from glo - - - - ry,
Of the Christ who came from glo - ry, came from glo - ry,

D.S.

Left his Father's home in heaven, For our sins his heart was riv-en, And his

No. 153. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My hap-py soul re-joic-es, The sky is bright a-bove; I'll join the
2. I heard the blessed sto-ry Of him who died to save; The love of
3. His gracious word of par-don Were mu-sic to my heart; He took a-
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow; It pours from
5. O crown him King for-ev-er! My Saviour and my friend; By Zi-on's

CHORUS.

heav'n-ly voic-es, And sing redeeming love.
Christ swept o'er me, My all to him I gave.
way my bur-den, And bade my fears depart.
Cal'vry's mountain, With blessings in its flow.
crys - tal riv - er His praise shall never end.

} For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,

Pow'r in Jesus' blood; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood To wash me white as snow.

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No. 154. Marching On With Jesus.

J. T. LATTA. IRA B. WILSON.

1. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light, Where is nev - er an - y sor-row, where there is no night; Tho' the path- way may be thorn - y, and the way be hard, We will
2. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light, Led by him in - to the bat - tle for the truth and right; He will lead us on in tri- umph un - to vic - - to - ry, Then with
3. We are marching on with Je - sus to the land of light, Where the tears we shed in sor - row turn to jew - els bright; Where the stains of scar - let shall be made as white as snow, And for -

ev - er look be-yond us for the great re- ward.
all the ransomed we shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
ev - er will be vanished all our grief and woe.

CHORUS.

March - ing on
Marching, marching on
stead-i - ly to the heav'n-ly land, On, on, on, Marching at

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Marching On With Jesus.—Concluded.

his di-vine command; Hal - le - lu-jahs sing- ing, Songs of glad- ness

ring - ing, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly on we go, on we go.
On, on, on we go, Joy - ful - ly on we go.

No. 155. We Will Follow On.

E. R. LATTA. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Where the Saviour's hand is lead- ing, We will fol-low, fol- low on;
2. Where the Saviour's voice is call - ing, We will fol-low, fol- low on;
3. Still by faith our way pur - su - ing, We will fol-low, fol- low on;
4. 'Neath the cross to - geth - er band-ing, We will fol-low, fol- low on;

CHORUS.

His commands and warnings heeding, We will follow on.
Show'rs of grace upon us falling, We will follow on.
Glad the land of promise viewing, We will follow on.
Ever toward the golden landing, We will follow on.
} Fol-low on, fol-low on,

Till the heav'nly prize is won; Till we grasp a shining crown, Follow, follow on.

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No. 156. The Sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Judges 7 : 19, 20. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Gid-eon, with three hun-dred sol-diers, Once a might-y host withstood,
2. God was might-y to de-liv-er, And they fought without a sword,
3. Go ye forth to blood-less bat-tle In the ar-my of the Lord;

Camping in the Mo-reh Val-ley—An un-count-ed mul-ti-tude.
Wielding naught but torch and trumpet And Je-ho-vah's mighty Word.
Seek the tri-umph of his kingdom; Sound his name with one ac-cord.

But the Lord was help-ing Gid-eon, And his brave and trust-ing band,
Gid-eon's men were but a hand-ful, Yet on God they could re-ly,
Break thy darken'd earth-ly ves-sels; Flash the light of sa-cred Word;

Arm'd with trumpets, lamps and pitchers, Went, o-bey-ing God's command:
And the ar-my, pan-ic-strick-en, Fled be-fore their bat-tle cry.
Flash the light of ho-ly liv-ing; Let the voice of God be heard.

CHORUS.

Blow thy trumpet, break thy pitcher, Hold thy lamp within thy hand along the

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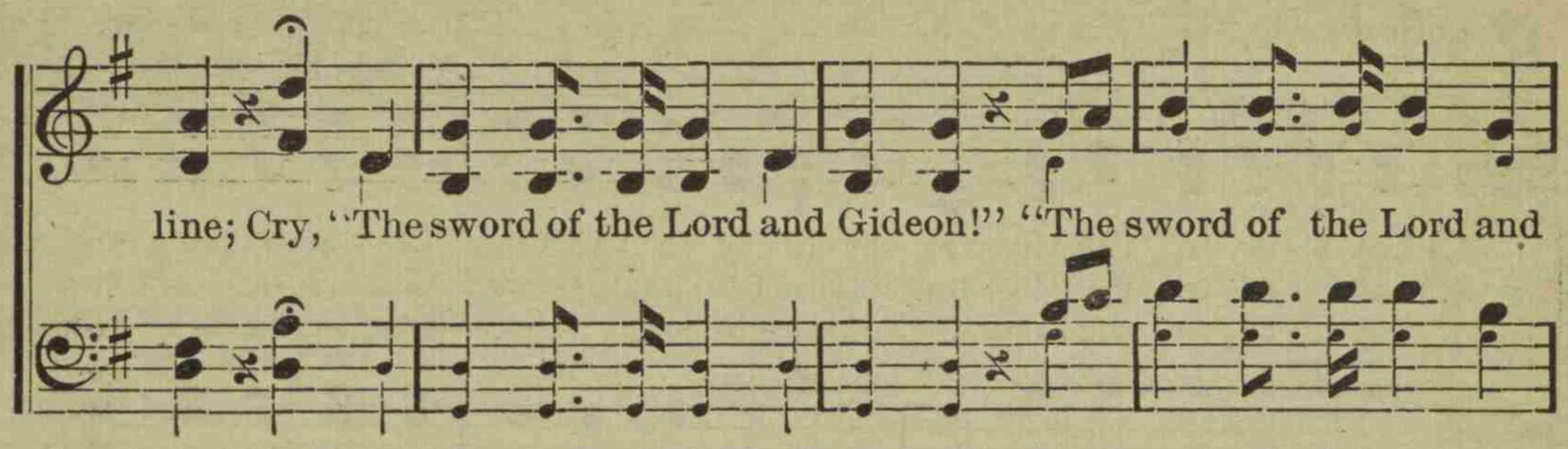
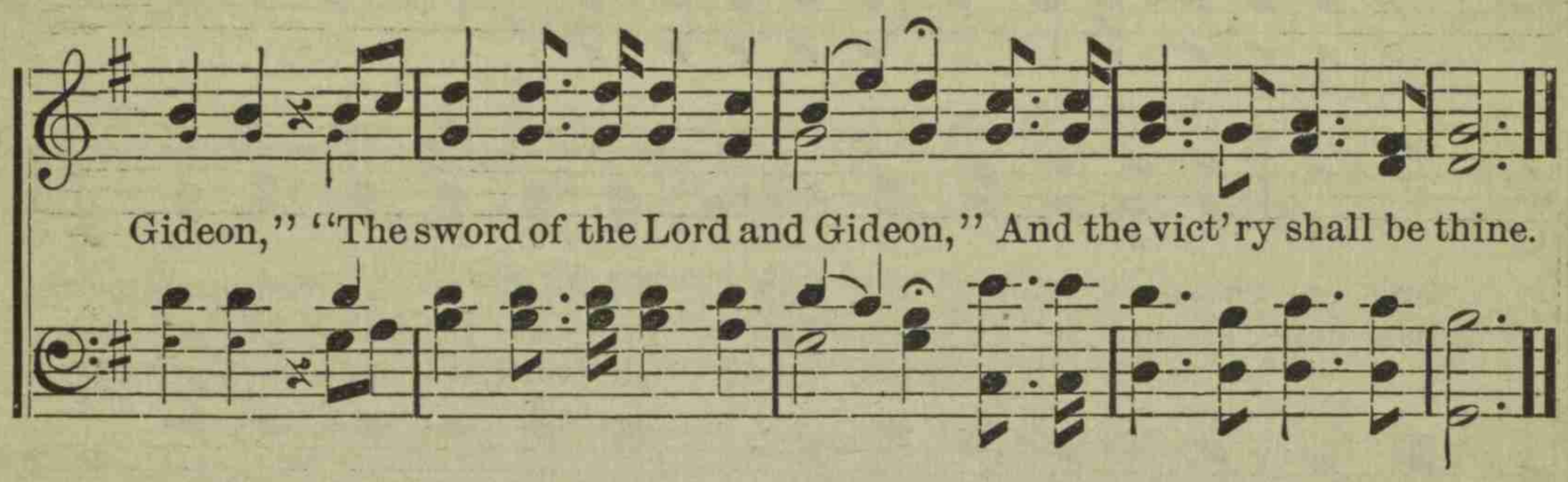
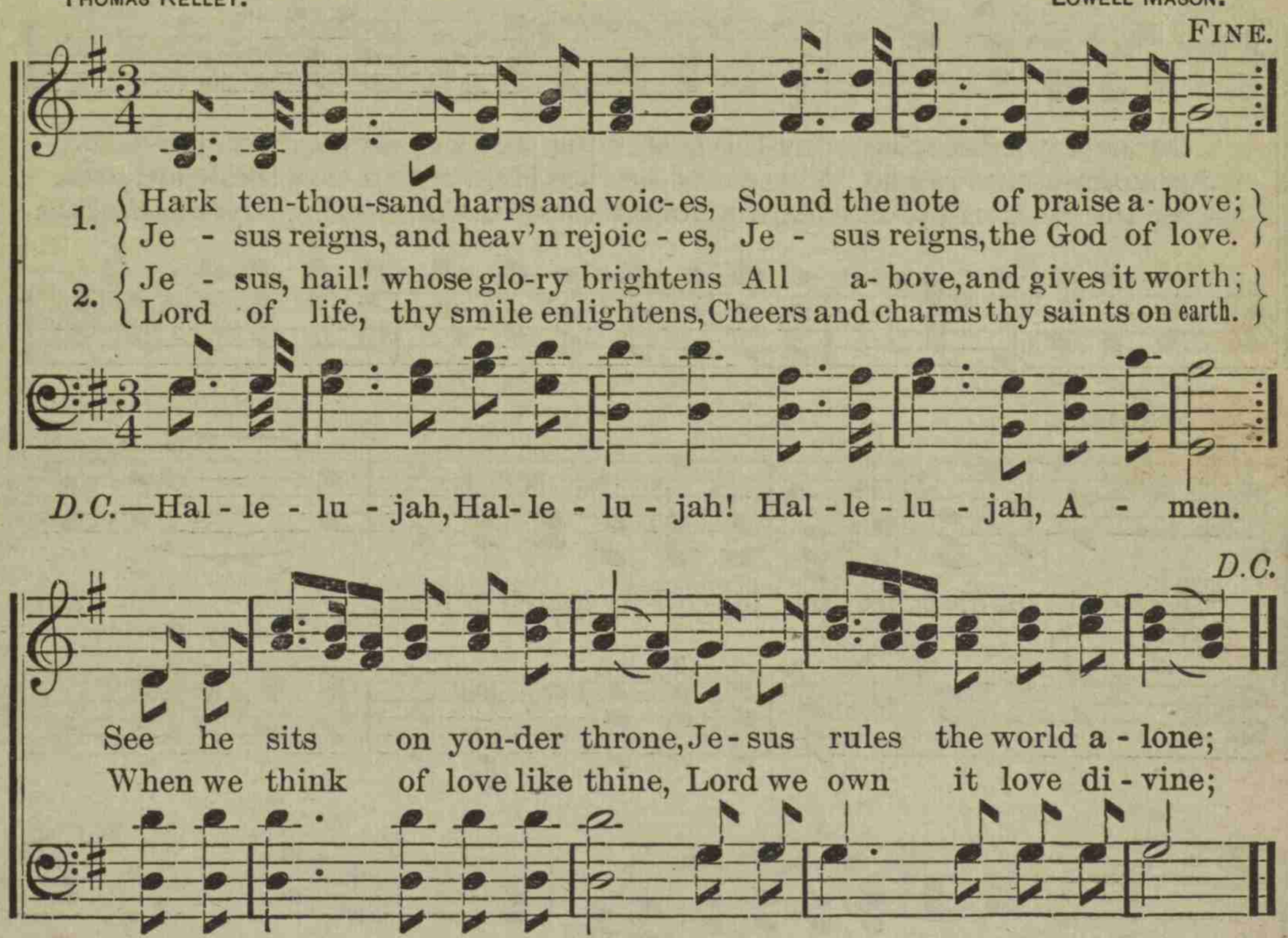
The Sword of the Lord, etc.—Concluded.





No. 157. Harwell. 8s, 7s.

THOMAS KELLEY. LOWELL MASON.



3 King of glory reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects to thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

No. 158. Loyalty to the Master.

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

1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty now and ev-er, cheer-i-ly let us sing; Whol-ly at his commandment,
2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, letting him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is his ban-ner, fol-low it ev-'ry day; In-to the midst of bat-tle,
3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, looking to him a-lone, Turning a-way from e-vil, Je-sus will keep his own; On-ward, still on-ward pressing,

let ev-'ry sol-dier be Joy-ful-ly serv-ing Je-sus, serving with loy-al-ty.
conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry he has promised o-ver the dead-ly foe.
see-ing the starry prize; Waiting for all the faith-ful, meeting beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

Loy-al sol-diers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long; For - - ward, Joy-ful-ly march
for - - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a stead-i-ly march, Joy-ful-ly march, steadi-ly march,

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Loyalty to the Master.—Concluded.

No. 159. Some Better Day.

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

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No. 160. The Whole Wide World.

J. DEMSTER HAMMOND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest mount-ain, Down by the wid - est sea. The whole wide world for Jesus, To
2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the tho't That ev -'ry son of Ad - am Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye, and preach the gos - pel Wher-ev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Jesus, Our
4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home above Are many wondrous man-sions, Man-sions of light and love. The whole wide world for Jesus, Ride

him all men shall bow, In cit - y or on prairie, The world for Je-sus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer In this our glorious day.
ban - ner is unfurled, We bat-tle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conquering King, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.

CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro- claim the gos - pel ti-dings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

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The Whole Wide World.—Concluded.

No. 161. Who Follows in His Train.

REGINALD HEBER. C. M. D. HENRY S. CUTLER.

No. 162. Volunteers to the Front!

Mrs. E. E. Williams. M. Pauline Gilmour Hatch.

Martial style.

1. Vol - un-teers are want- ed! hear the stir-ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - un-teers are want- ed! val- iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol - un-teers are want- ed! on the bat - tle-plain Sol - diers brave are
4. Vol - un-teers are want- ed! let the ranks be fill'd, Soon the din of

an - swer, com- rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Command - er,
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es
bat - tle will in peace be still'd; See! the clouds are lift - ing,

haste to march a- way, For the Lord is call- ing, "to the front to - day!"
let us all o - bey When he gives the or - der, "to the front to - day!"
in the dead- ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to - day?
soon they'll clear away, Glo - ry gilds the heights along the front to - day.

Chorus.

A - way to the bat- tle-field, a- way, a- way! The King calls for
A - way, a - way to the bat - tle-field, a - way,

sol- diers in his ranks to- day, Hear the bu - gle call - ing,
sol - diers in his ranks to - day,

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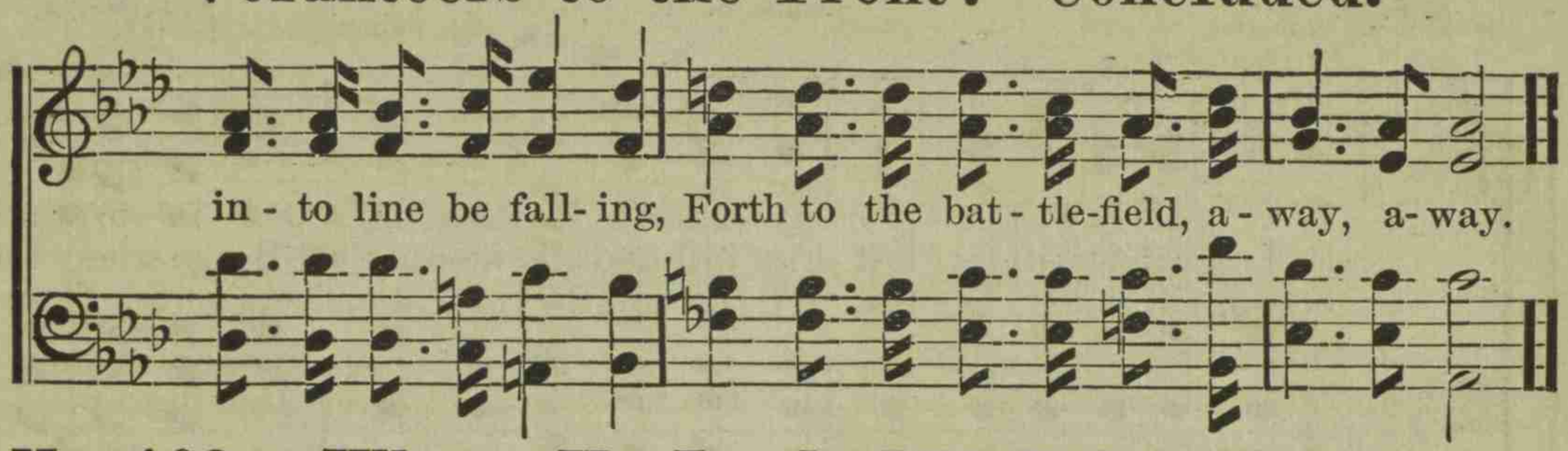
Volunteers to the Front!—Concluded.



No. 163. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O. Heb. 10 : 26. W. A. Ogden.

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No. 164. I Gladly Will Follow.

A. F. M. Matt. 8: 19. A. F. Myers.

1. I glad-ly will fol - low my bless-ed Re-deem-er, Out in - to the bar-ren fields of sin,
2. I glad-ly will fol - low o'er hill and o'er mountain, I'll go where the Saviour bids me go;
3. Go, will-ing-ly la - bor, let no one be i - dle, There's work for us all where'er we be;

Out in - to the highways, out in-to the by-ways,
I'll tell the glad tidings, this glorious salva-tion;
Trust on-ly the Saviour, lean on his sweet promise,

Chorus.

(Out where there are lost ones I may win.
I'll go to the homes in want and woe.
"My grace is suf - fi- cient," soul, for thee.)
Res-cu-ing perishing wand'rers,

Bringing them back to the Master, Sav'd from sin, Go in - to the highways,

Go in - to the by-ways, Go where there are lost ones we may win.

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No. 165. Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Go forth! Go forth for Je - sus now! Be working! Be watching! The
2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world! O stay not! De - lay not! But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work-ing! Be watching! O

Lord himself will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's banner be unfurled, And grace be told. O let re-deem- ing
stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may! Equipped with love and

field to choose, No work he gives must thou re- fuse! Be work - ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev'ry tongue! Be work - ing! Be
strength divine, The vic - to - ry is sure- ly thine! Be work - ing! Be

CHORUS.

watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus
Go forth!

who calls thee; The harvest waits for thee to-day, Go bring some sheaves for God.
Go forth!

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No. 166. We Shall Win the Victory.

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

1. The world is full of e - vil, and the fight is on, And on - ly thro' King Je - sus is the bat - tle won; We'll ral - ly round his banner till the day is done, We shall win the vic- to - ry.
2. We'll take the Christian armor: faith shall be our shield: His Word, the sword of conquest on the bat - tle field; And with sal - va-tion's helmet, we shall nev-er yield, We shall win the vic- to - ry.
3. We fight a-gainst the tempt-er, with his sub-tle arts; But to the King of Glo - ry we up - lift our hearts; His grace will keep us faithful till the foe de-parts, We shall win the vic- to - ry.

CHORUS.

We shall win the vic - to - ry, We shall win the vic - to - ry; When be-fore the Lord we fall, and on his name we call, We shall win the vic - to - ry.

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No. 167. Lo! a Mighty Army.

H. G. JACKSON. Ephesians 1 : 11. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as- sem-bling, Rally- ing to the
2. Marshaled league of ea - ger, youthful sol- diers, Girt with truth they
3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of

cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive a- gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal- va - tion,
un - be- lief and sin; Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle;

CHORUS.

Sworn to do or die at God's command.
Read - y, wait-ing for the Captain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win.

For - ward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,
For - ward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,
Forward, forward, march, ye sol-diers,

With his banner o'er you, Charge the foe before you; Val - iant - ly fol- low your
Faithful to your calling, Tho' in bat-tle fall-ing, Ye shall with Je-sus vic -
For - ward, for-ward, march, ye sol-diers, Forward, march, ye sol-diers,

1

Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er;
forward,

2

torious Reign in glory ev-er-more.
forward,

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No. 168. He Will Hide Thee Under His Wings.

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

1. He will not always drive the cloud a-way, But thro' the gloom he'll send a gold-en ray; He will not al-ways dry the fall-ing tear, But to the
2. He will not always smooth the stony place, But with the thorn he'll give suf-fi-cient grace; He may not spare the rose from wintry blight, But he will
3. He may not grant us ev-'ry fond de-sire; He bet-ter knows the blessings we require; But let us not e'er mur-mur or complain, For faith shall

CHORUS.

heart he'll whisper words of cheer.
bring a-gain the springtime bright.
find a more ex-ceed-ing gain.

He will hide thee un-der his wings, ... He will hide thee un-der his wings; O the hide thee under his wings, under his wings,

ritard.

God of love is the King a-bove, He will hide thee under his wings. ..... under his wings.

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No. 169. The Conquering Lion of Judah.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. McPHAIL.

1. The Li - on of Ju - dah goes forth in his might,
2. The Li - on of Ju - dah shall con - quer the world,
3. The Li - on of Ju - dah shall reign o - ver all,

To van - quish the wrong and es - tab - lish the right, To
The slay - er of souls from his throne shall be hurl'd; The
And low at his feet ev - 'ry crea - ture shall fall; His

shat - ter the chains of the poor and oppress'd, And mill - ions from
pow - ers of dark-ness shall ut - ter - ly fail, For wor - thy and
glo - ry shall saints and arch-an - gels pro-claim, O ho - ly, thrice

D.S.—free to the breez- es with bold- ness we fling The ban - ner of

FINE. CHORUS.

Sa-tan's do - min - ion to wrest.
a - ble is Christ to pre-vail.
ho - ly, his won - der - ful name.
} The glo - ri - ous ban- ner of

Ju- dah's all- con- quer- ing King.

D.S.

Christ is unfurled, The Li - on of Ju- dah shall conquer the world; So

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No. 170. Messages From the King.

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

1. Mes - sa-ges from the King, from heaven's e-ter-nal King, Silver-y chimes of
2. Beau-ti - ful words of grace, re - echoing down the years, Healing the broken
3. Mes - sa-ges from the King, Emman-u-el, crowned above, Tender-ly call-ing

hope, his prom- is - es sweet-ly ring; Of-fer-ing un - to all, sal - va-tion so
heart, and dry-ing re-pent-ant tears, Ea-ger- ly let us hear, more ea-ger- ly
still, pro-claiming re-deeming love; Listening, day by day, we'll faithful-ly

full and free, Wonder-ful news, wonder-ful news, Pardon and lib - er-ty.
still repeat, Wonder- ful news, wonder-ful news, Learned at the Master's feet,
serve him here, Wonderful news, wonderful news, Jesus himself draws near.

CHORUS.

Tell - - - ing the sto - ry of bound - less love,
Tell- ing the sto - ry of love, the sto - ry of boundless love,

Point - - - ing the lost to the Friend a - bove;
Pointing the lost to the Friend, com - - passionate Friend a-bove;

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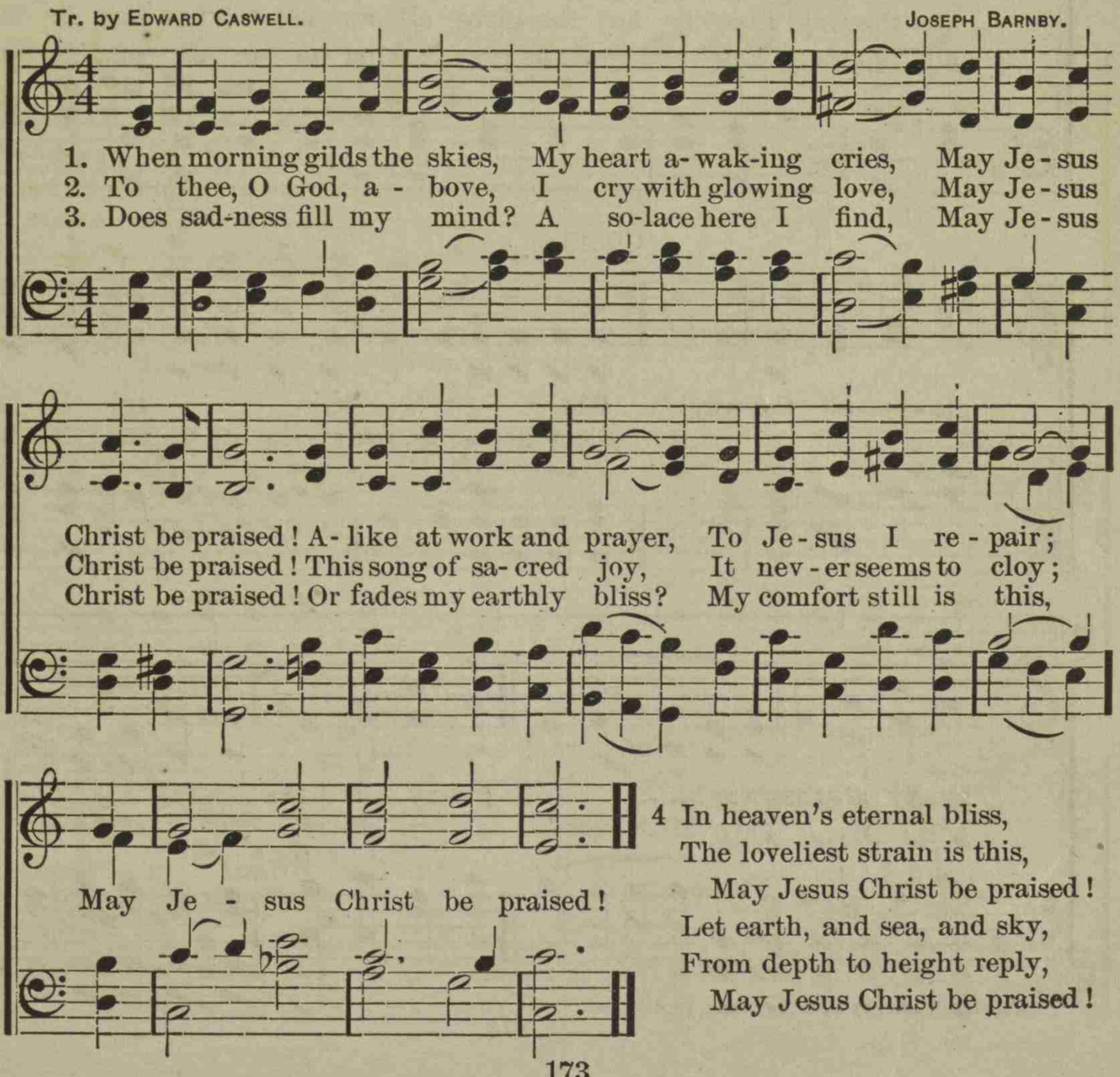
No. 171. Laudes Domini. 6s, 61.



4 In heaven's eternal bliss,
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

No. 172. Glory All the Way!

J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav'd by grace a - lone, God's own Word be - liev- ing: It is glo - ry
2. Not a care have I since my Sav- iour car - eth! It is glo - ry
3. Sev - ered from the world his dear name con - fess - ing; It is glo - ry
4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav- iour; It is glo - ry
5. Work-ing day by day, mind-ed that he sees us, It is glo - ry

all the way! Walking in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv-ing: It is
all the way! Guid- ed by his eye, while with me he far - eth: It is
all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar-ing in the blessing: It is
all the way! Free - ly he for- gives all our past be- hav- ior: It is
all the way! Watch and wait and pray, looking un - to Je - sus: It is

CHORUS.

glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry! Glo - - ry! It is
Glo-ry all the way, yes, glo - ry all the way! It is

1 2

glo- ry all the way!..... glo- ry all the way!.....
glo - ry, glo-ry all the way! glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

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No. 173. Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

(Matt. 24: 42.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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

CHORUS.

rit.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
Will he an-swer thee, Well done?"
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will he find us watch - ing there?

O can we say we are read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he find you and me still watching, Wait-ing, waiting when the Lord shall come?

By permission.

No. 174. When the Curtains are Lifted.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the curtains are lift- ed, O what shall I see? Will my Lord with his
2. Will the heav-en - ly cit - y burst full on my sight; And the throne of his
3. When his glo-ri-fied presence shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be

an - gels be wait-ing for me? Will he wel-come my com-ing, and
glo - ry, that giv - eth it light; Will the feet torn and wea - ry reach
like him, and with him a - rise; And the hands hard with la- bor a

crown me his own, With the saints of all a - ges, that cir - cle his throne?
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping the Sav-iour be- hold?
victor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor - row sing an-thems of praise.

CHORUS.

1–2. When the cur- tains are lift - ed, O what shall I see? Will my
3. When the cur- tains are lift - ed, O this shall I see, That my

Lord and his an- gels be wait-ing for me, Be wait - - ing, be
Lord and his an- gels are wait-ing for me, Are wait - - ing, are
Be wait-ing for me? be
Are wait-ing for me! are

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When the Curtains are Lifted.—Concluded.

ad lib.

wait - - ing, Will my Lord and his an-gels be wait-ing for me?
wait - - ing, That my Lord and his an-gels are wait-ing for me!
wait-ing for me?

No. 175. Over the River.

L. H. Edmunds. Spanish Melody, arr.

1. O - ver the riv-er Hangs a cloud so dark and drear, Till Jesus comforts,
2. O - ver the riv-er Loved ones pass from day to day, To realms immortal
3. O - ver the riv-er Bliss-ful chords of mu-sic float, O - ver the riv-er

Till his voice we hear; Then his smile il-lum-ing, Floods the waves with
Bear our hearts a-way; O the sweet re-un-ions, Just be-yond the
Sounds the harp's glad note; There, at home with Je-sus, End-less a-ges

gold-en light, Then a path of glo-ry O-pens to the sight.
si-lent tide! O the songs of wel-come, On the oth-er side!
of de-light; There the shin-ing man-sions, Robes of ra-diant white.

Slower.

Chorus.

{O-ver the riv-er, Saviour, close beside us stand;
{O-ver the riv-er, (*Omit.....*) To the heav'nly land.

ritard.

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No. 176. Beautiful Land.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There's a land, beau-ti - ful land, just be-yond, In the re - gion of
2. In that land, beau-ti - ful land, just be-yond, There will be neith - er
3. In that land, beau-ti - ful land, just be-yond, There's a cit - y whose
4. In that land, beau-ti - ful land, just be-yond, Our Re - deem - er, the
5. To that land, beau-ti - ful land, we shall go, If our garments are

boundless de-light, Where no darkness, nor cloud breaks the noontide of bliss:
sor - row nor strife; We shall rest on the banks of the pure crys-tal stream,
streets are of gold: Jas - per walls, pearly gates, trees of life, mansions fair,
Lamb we shall see; King of kings, Lord of lords, o - ver all he shall reign,
spot- less and white; Leav- ing sor- row and sigh- ing and toil - ing be-low,

CHORUS.

Where the sun ever shines clear and bright.
And partake of its Wa- ter of Life.
We shall soon in their grandeur behold.
And his brightness our glo-ry shall be.
We shall soar to that world of de-light.

{ Beautiful land, o-ver the
{ Happy and blest, ev-er to

{ Beautiful land,
{ Happy and blest,

strand, Beautiful home of the faithful on high;
rest, We shall be (*Omit.....*)
} there, over there, by and by.

over the strand,
ev-er to rest,

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No. 177. Flitting Away.

W. CULLEN BRYANT. C. C. CLINE.

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No. 178. Will You Meet Me in the Morning?

Solo, Duet or Quartet.

LIDIE E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will you meet me in the morn-ing, When the shad-ows pass a - way?
2. Here the joy-beams, pure and tender, Oft are veiled by sor-row's night;
3. Je - sus, there, is all the glo - ry, Bright-er than the sun his face;
4. See, O see, the gold-en dawn-ing Of the grand, e - ter - nal day!

When the glad and gold-en dawn-ing Melts in - to the per - fect day?
But no clouds will dim the splendor Of the ev - er - last - ing light.
There we'll sing sal - va-tion's sto - ry, Sing the won - ders of his grace.
Will you meet me in the morning, When the shad - ows pass a - way?

CHORUS.

Will you meet me in the morn - ing? I'll be watch-ing, I'll be wait - ing for you there;
Will you meet me, will you meet me in the morn-ing? in the morning? I'll be watch - ing, I'll be wait - ing for you there; Will you meet me in the morn - ing, In that cit-y bright and fair?
meet me, will you meet me in the morning, in the morning,

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No. 179. Beautiful, Golden Sometime.

HARRIET E. JONES. John 14 : 1–3. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. O glo - ri- ous home-land just o - ver the line, Pre-pared for the
2. When friends loved so dearly drift o - ver the tide, And days seem so
3. When wea - ry with toil- ing, in sor- row a - lone, With bear- ing the
4. When deep are the shad-ows en - cir-cling me here, When beams of glad

wea - ry by Christ the di - vine, Who says if I'm faith - ful that
drear- y when missed from our side, I think of re - un - ion where
bur - dens to oth - ers un-known, There comes to my mind the sweet
sun - light so sel - dom ap - pear, Hope whis- pers of home-land and

home shall be mine, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
an - gels a - bide In the beau - ti - fnl, gold - en some - time.
rest near the throne, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.
glo - ri - fied cheer, In the beau - ti - ful, gold - en some - time.

CHORUS.

Beau- ti-ful, gold - en some-time, Some-time, some-time, Thro' Je-sus, my

Saviour, that home shall be mine, In the beau- ti-ful, gold - en some - time.

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No. 180. We'll All Sing Together By and By.

L. E. GREEN. Dr. D. M. WILSON.

1. We're a band of sing- ing Christians On the march to Canaan's land,
2. We will sing the praise of Je- sus As we jour- ney here be- low,
3. Let us praise our heav'nly Fa-ther For the sa - cred gift of song,
4. As we walk the streets to-geth-er In that bright ce - les - tial land,

We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by; There we'll join the an - gel chorus,
We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by; There with ransomed souls in glory,
We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by; Till we reach our home in heaven,
We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by; With a crown up-on our forehead,

And with loved ones on the strand, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by.
With our robes made white as snow, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by.
Then with yon- der hap-py throng, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by.
And a harp with-in our hand, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, by and by, We'll all sing to-
By and by, by and by,

geth- er by and by, By and by, by and
by and by, By and by,

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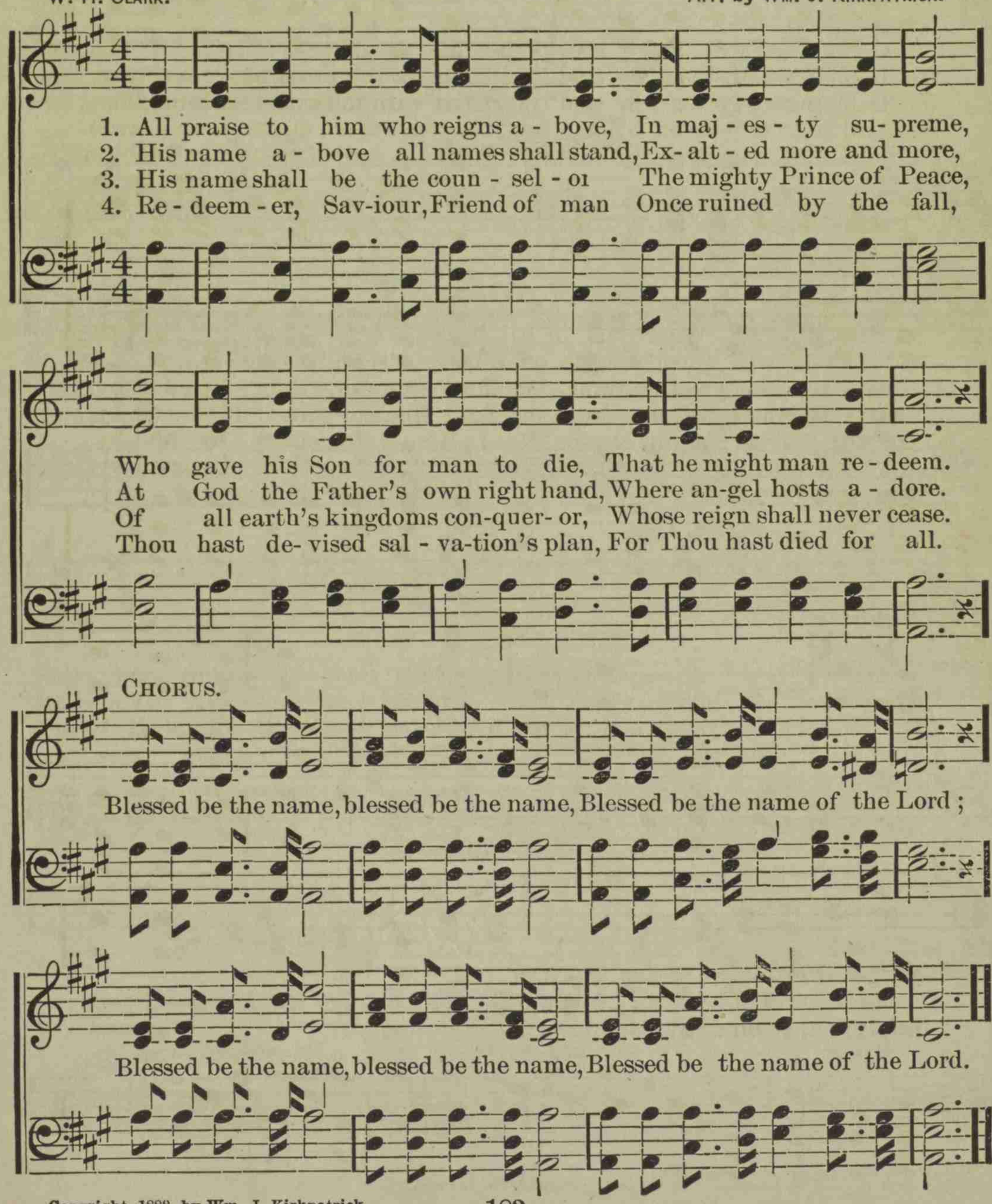
We'll All Sing Together, etc.—Concluded.

No. 181. Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 182. Only a Few Short Years.

E. P. C. ETHEL P. CRIPPEN.

1. O it's on - ly a few short years of heart-ache and long - ing;
2. O it's on - ly a few short years, then waste not one mo - ment;
3. O it's on - ly a few short years, tho' pain oft o'er - take us;

O it's on - ly a few short years of pa-tient serv-ice here! Then the
O it's on - ly a few short years, the days go swift-ly by! Do each
O it's on - ly a few short years, tho' care and grief seem long! Then live

Sav - iour will gen - tly lead us Where we'll find all our heart's de-sire,
du - ty, tho' great or hum - ble, In a spir - it of tend'rest love,
on - ly and all for Je - sus, In his serv - ice is joy complete;

When we cast a - way these earth- ly lim - i - ta - tions On the
Then the lit - tle heav'n of love a-round you grow - ing, You shall
If he bids you, wait in qui - et, sweet com-mun - ion; If he

p CHORUS.

joy - ful res-ur - rec - tion morn.
some day find in heav'n a - bove.
sends you, go on swift glad feet.

O it's on - ly a few short years,

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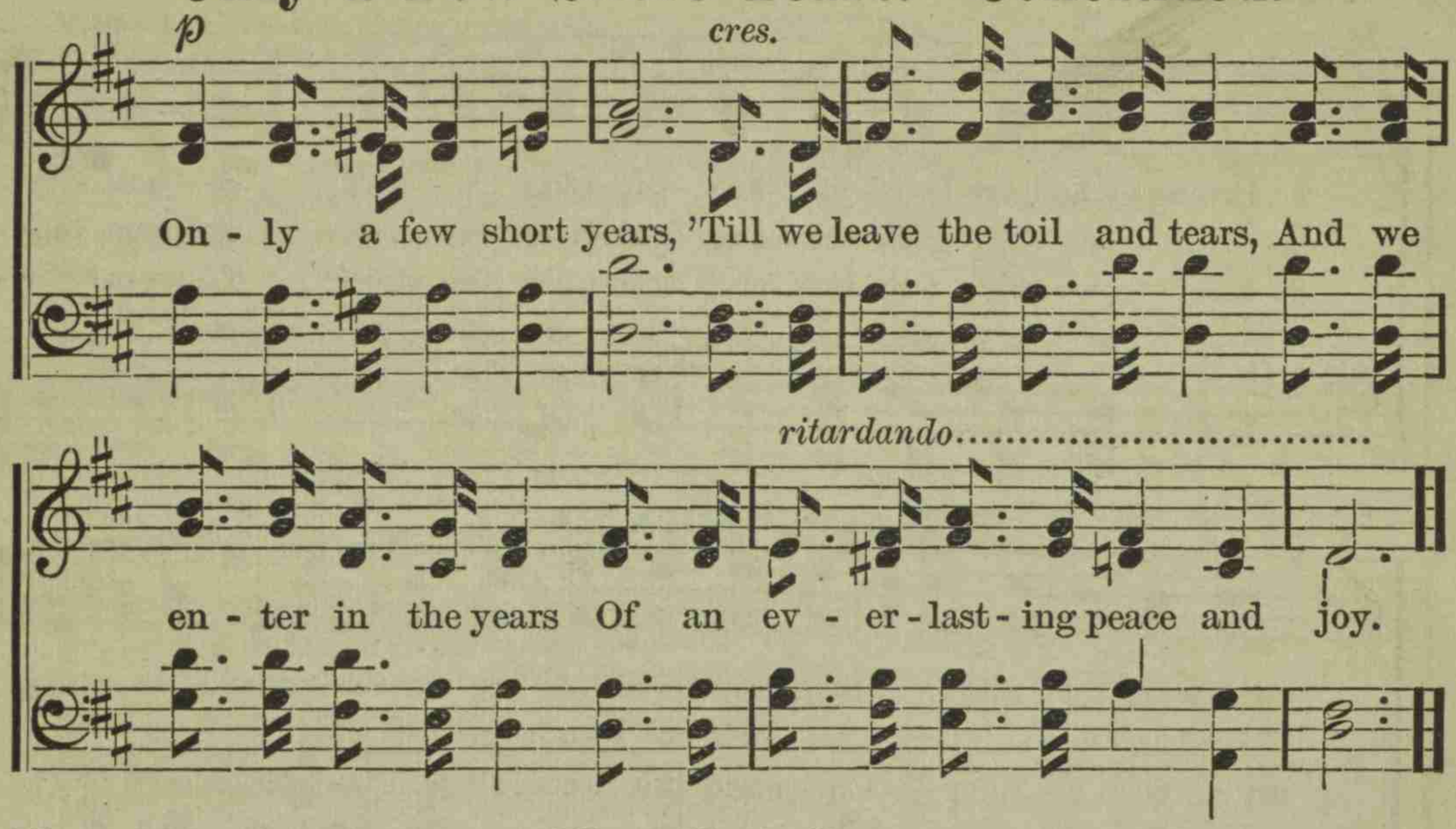
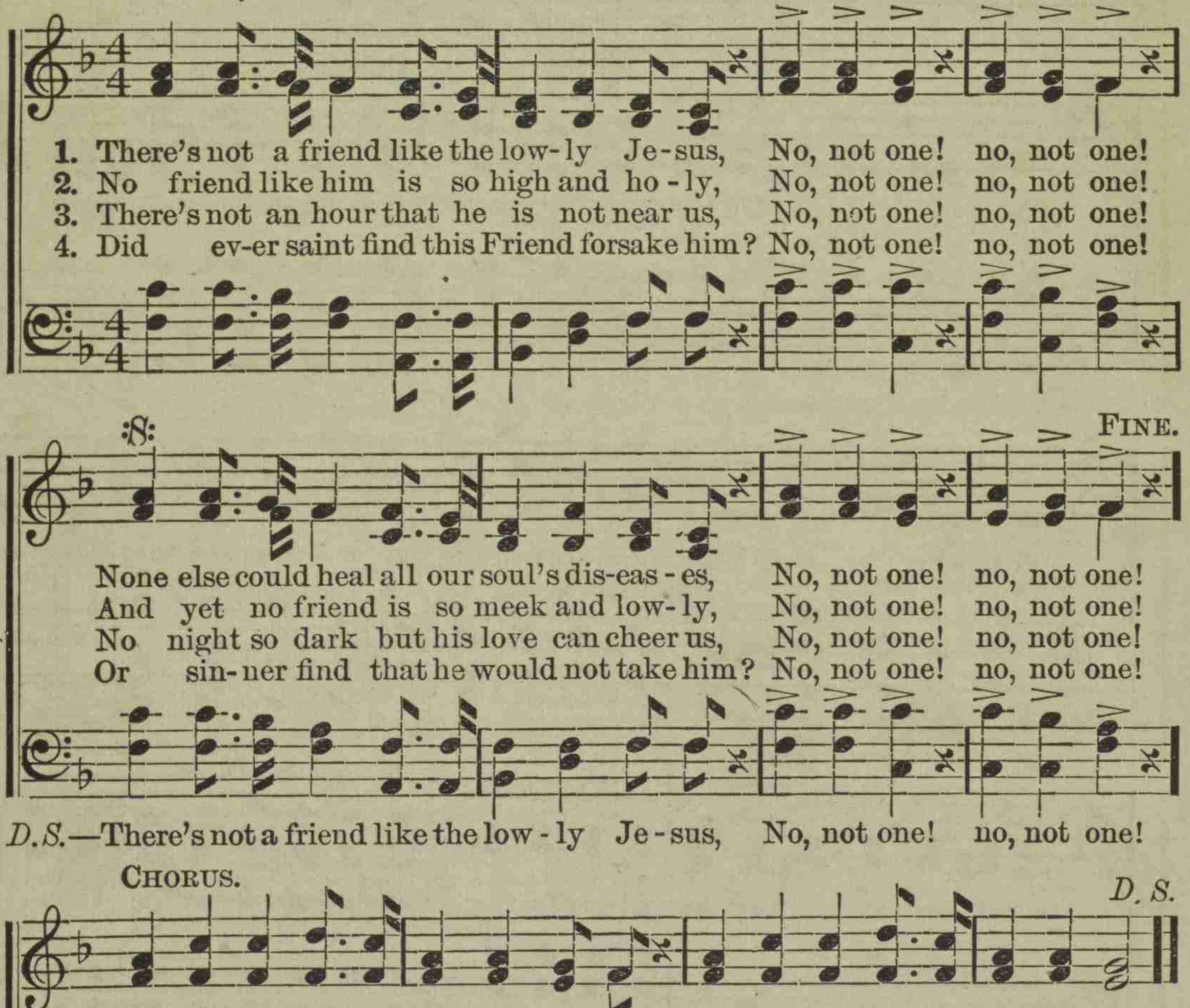
Only a Few Short Years.—Concluded.

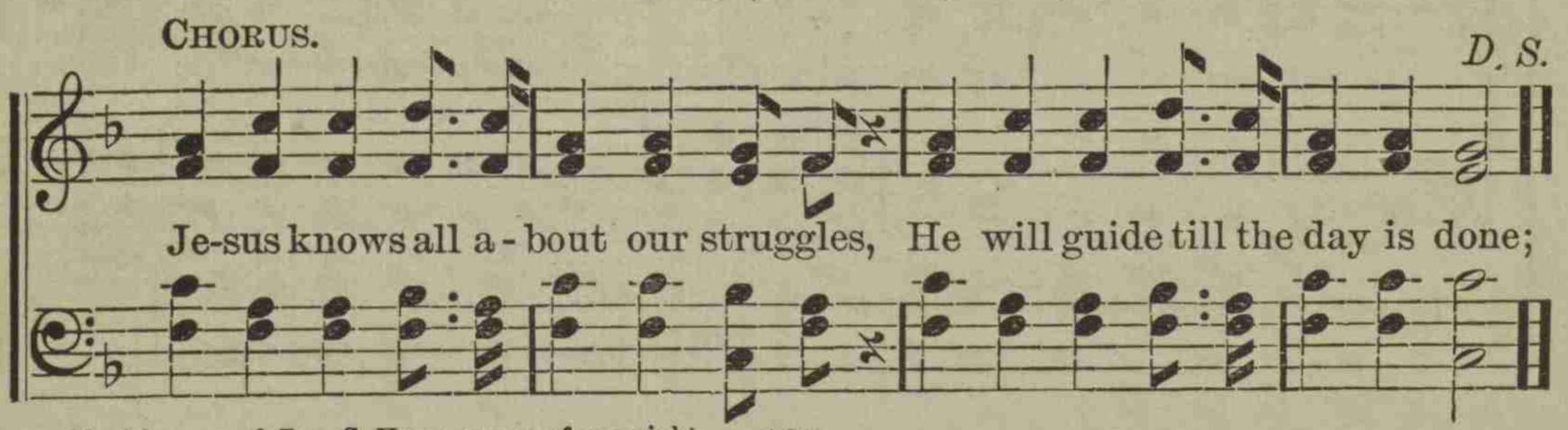


No. 183. No, Not One.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.



CHORUS.



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No. 184. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Friends who have loved me are slip-ping a - way, Si - lent - ly
2. Dim - ly thro' gath - er - ing dark-ness I see Je - sus, my
3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tran-quil the shore; There my be -

on - ward they glide; Still are their voic - es, as backward they stray,
Friend and my Guide; An - gels are watch-ing and wait-ing for me,
lov - ed a - bide— Christ and the an - gels and friends gone be - fore,

CHORUS.

Call - ing me o - ver the tide. Call - ing to me, they are

call - ing to me, Loved ones are call-ing me o - ver the tide, They are

call-ing to me, they are call-ing to me, Call-ing me o - ver the tide.

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No. 185. Meet Me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In - to
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear- est links are rent in twain; But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er spark-ling bright, In the
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

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.

FINE.

meet me there.

D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,

blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there,

D.S.

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No. 186. Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.

Gently with feeling.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And earthly dreams and vigils cease;
2. Some day for me my Lord shall call, With gentle whis- per in my ear;
3. O when shall break life's silver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

My spir- it will its clay for- sake, And find the hav- en-land of peace.
The sil- ver cord will loose and fall, When I his ten-der voice shall hear.
With friends I love, my King and Lord At heaven's gate shall wel-come me.

rit.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil - ver cord some day will break, And I to
sil - ver cord, will break,

end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me
end - less, end - less, me, for me

shall life be done, (be done,) E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!

rit.

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No. 187. Death is Only a Dream.

C. W. RAY. Music and Chorus by A. J. BUCHANAN.

Effective as a Solo.

1. Sad - ly we sing and with trem- u-lous breath, As we stand by the
2. Why should we weep when the wea- ry ones rest, In the bo - som of
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap-pall, Tho' it fright- ful - ly
4. O - ver the tur- bid and on- rush-ing tide, Doth the light of e -

mys - ti - cal stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
dis - mal may seem, In the arms of their Sav - iour no
ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall out- ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

CHORUS.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream Of glo - ry beyond the dark stream, How

peaceful the slumber, How happy the waking, For death is on - ly a dream.

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No. 188. O Blessed Hope.

E. E. HEWITT — Solo, Duet or Quartet. — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless - ed hope, so dear, so bright, It cheers the watch-es of the night;
2. When dawns that hour of wondrous grace, No veil will hide my Saviour's face;
3. Sin, pain and death, on that sweet day, Like broken dreams, shall pass a-way;
4. Soon, soon shall fade the scenes of time, Emmanuel's advent bells shall chime;

It wakes a song with-in the soul, Till heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs roll.
He'll own me ev - er-more as his, And I shall see him as he is.
His spot-less beau - ty I shall wear, His per-fect joy and glo - ry share.
The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice; Look up, my heart, in him rejoice!

CHORUS. 1 John 3: 2.

Be- lov - ed, be- lov - ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it doth not

yet ap - pear what we shall be; But we know that when he shall appear,

we know

We know that when he shall appear, We shall be like him, We shall be

We know

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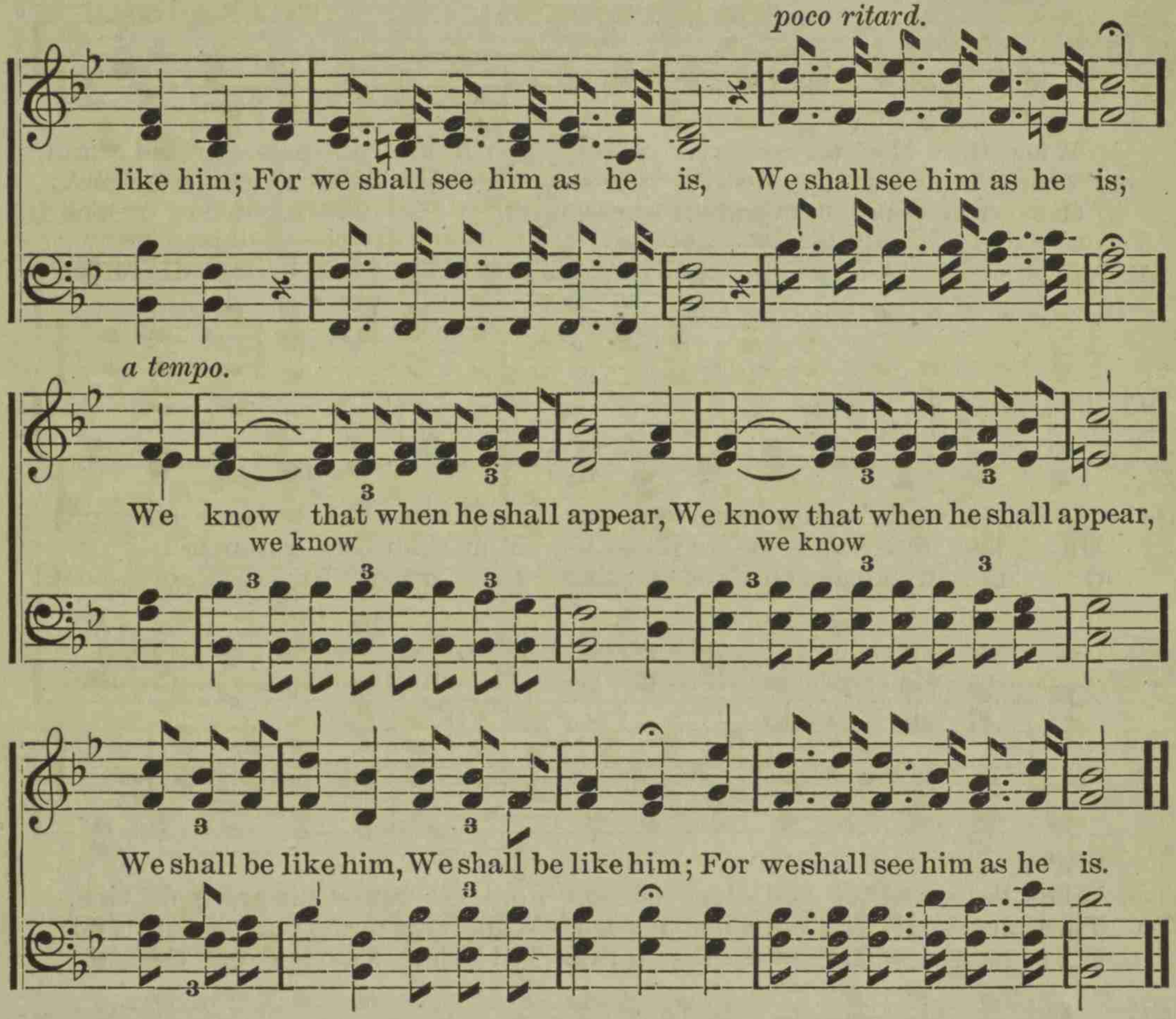
O Blessed Hope.—Concluded.



No. 189. Peace! Perfect Peace!

E. H. BICKERSTETH. (PAX TECUM. 10s.) G. T. CALDBECK.

4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

No. 190. Well Done.

E. E. HEWITT. Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

Moderato.

1. When the Mas- ter comes in glo- ry, With his an - gels fair and bright,
2. There is work to do for Je- sus, That should ev - 'ry pow'r employ;
3. O the good be- yond all guessing, Of a lov- ing deed or look!

When the world's complet-ed sto - ry Is un- rolled be - fore his sight;
May his bless - ed serv- ice please us, More than an - y earth- ly joy.
O the wondrous pow'r of blessing In a word from God's own Book!

When the saved of ev - 'ry na-tion Join to praise his grace di- vine,
There are souls that must not per-ish, Wand'ring sheep that we may find;
Let us spread the great sal - va-tion Till the set- ting of the sun;

Shall these words of com-men- da- tion, Fall up - on your ears, and mine?
Lit - tle lambs that we may cher-ish, Brok-en hearts that we may bind.
Then we'll hear the com-men - da- tion From the Mas-ter's lips, "Well done."

CHORUS.

Well done, ... well done, ... O shall we hear the
My child, well done, my child, well done,

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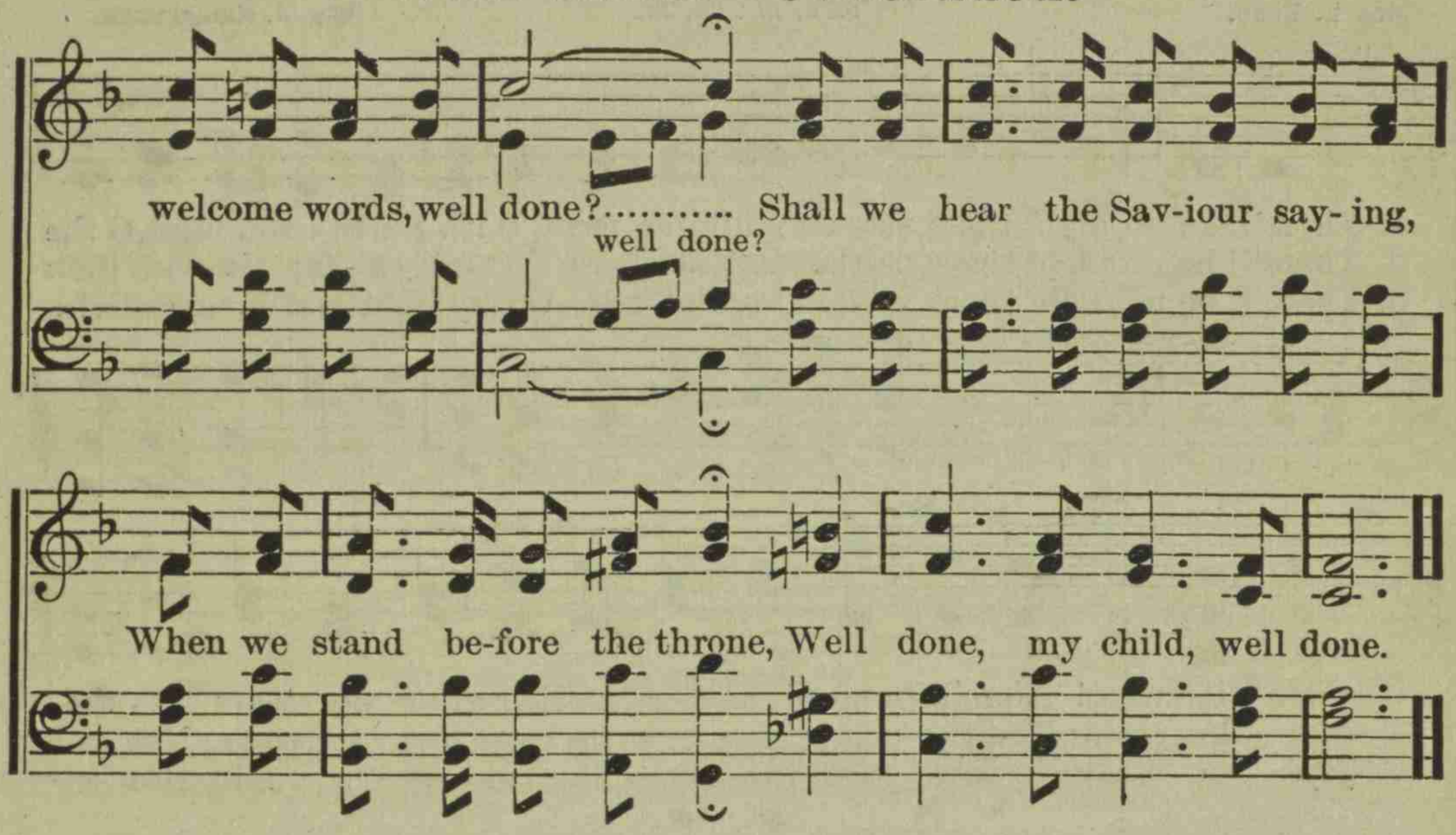
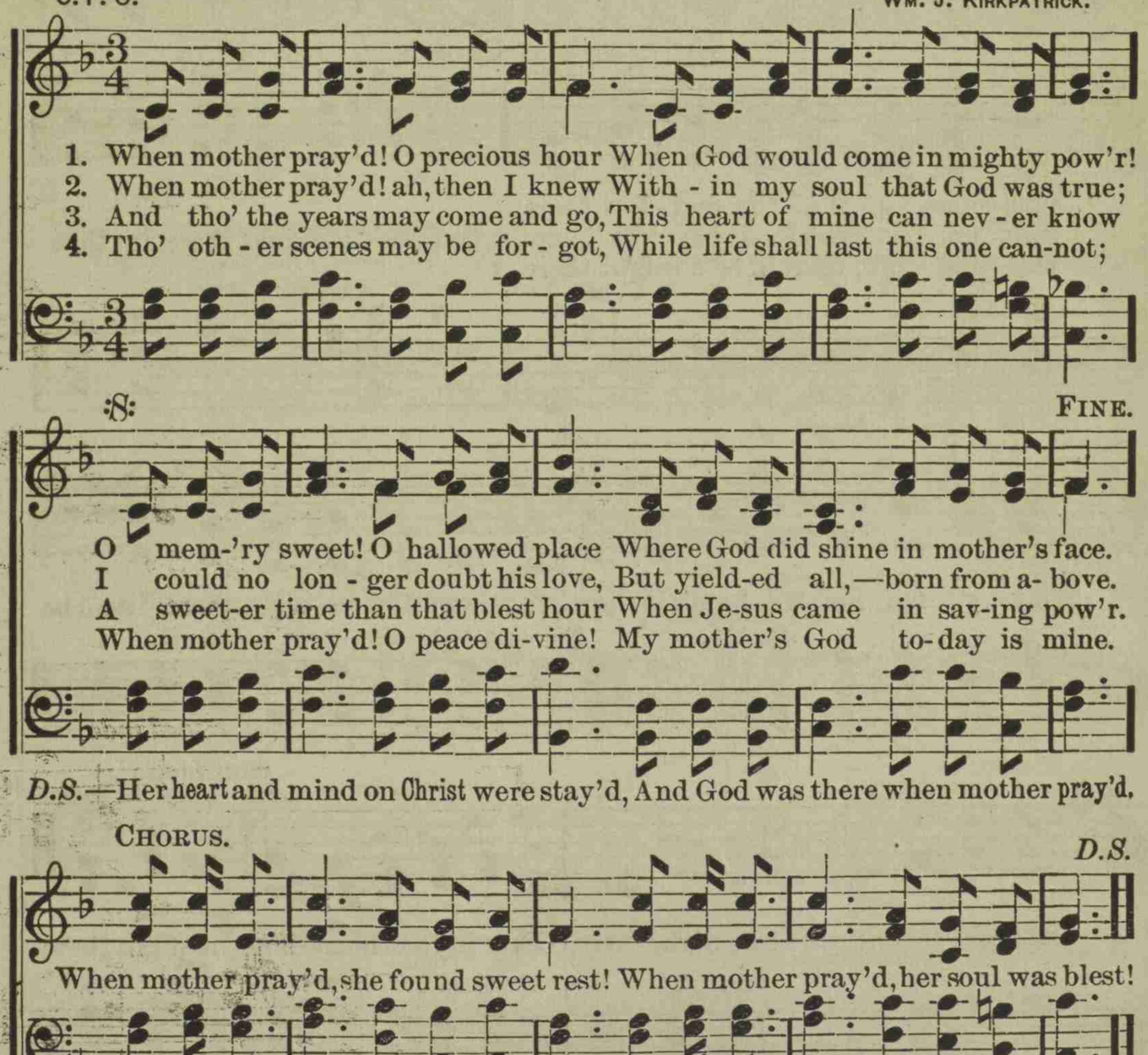
Well Done.—Concluded.



No. 191. When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 192. There'll Be No Night There.

IDA L. REED. Rev. 27 : 23, 25. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There'll be no night there, where God's children meet, With the sav'd and blest, O the
2. There'll be no night there, neither death nor pain E'er can en - ter in with their
3. There'll be no night there, in that land of rest, On- ly light and love, endless

tho't is sweet! There'll be no night there, neither grief nor tears In the
som - bre train; Past the cit - y gates no more loss - es come, Not a
joys so blest; No more part - ing hours in that cit - y fair, But e -

CHORUS.

man-sions fair thro' the end - less years.
sigh, nor care reach our heav'nly home.
ter - nal life; there'll be no night there.

} There'll be no night there, in that cit - y fair, For the Lamb is the light; there'll be no night there; There'll be

ritardando.

no night there, there'll be no night there, O-ver in that home-land, no night there.

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No. 193. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT. Dan. 12 : 3. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun goeth down ; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls ; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
3. O what joy it will be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-billow rolls.
be an-y stars in my crown?
} Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?

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

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

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No. 194. Beautiful Robes.

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

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight,
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fount-ains of de-light,

Where shall en-ter naught that may defile; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
When the beau-ty of the King we see; Hold - ing converse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead; For his blood shall wash each stain,

For the blessed light that shines Is the glo- ry of the Sav-iour's smile.
In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev - er-more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti-ful robes, Beau - - ti - ful robes,.....
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear;...
Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear;

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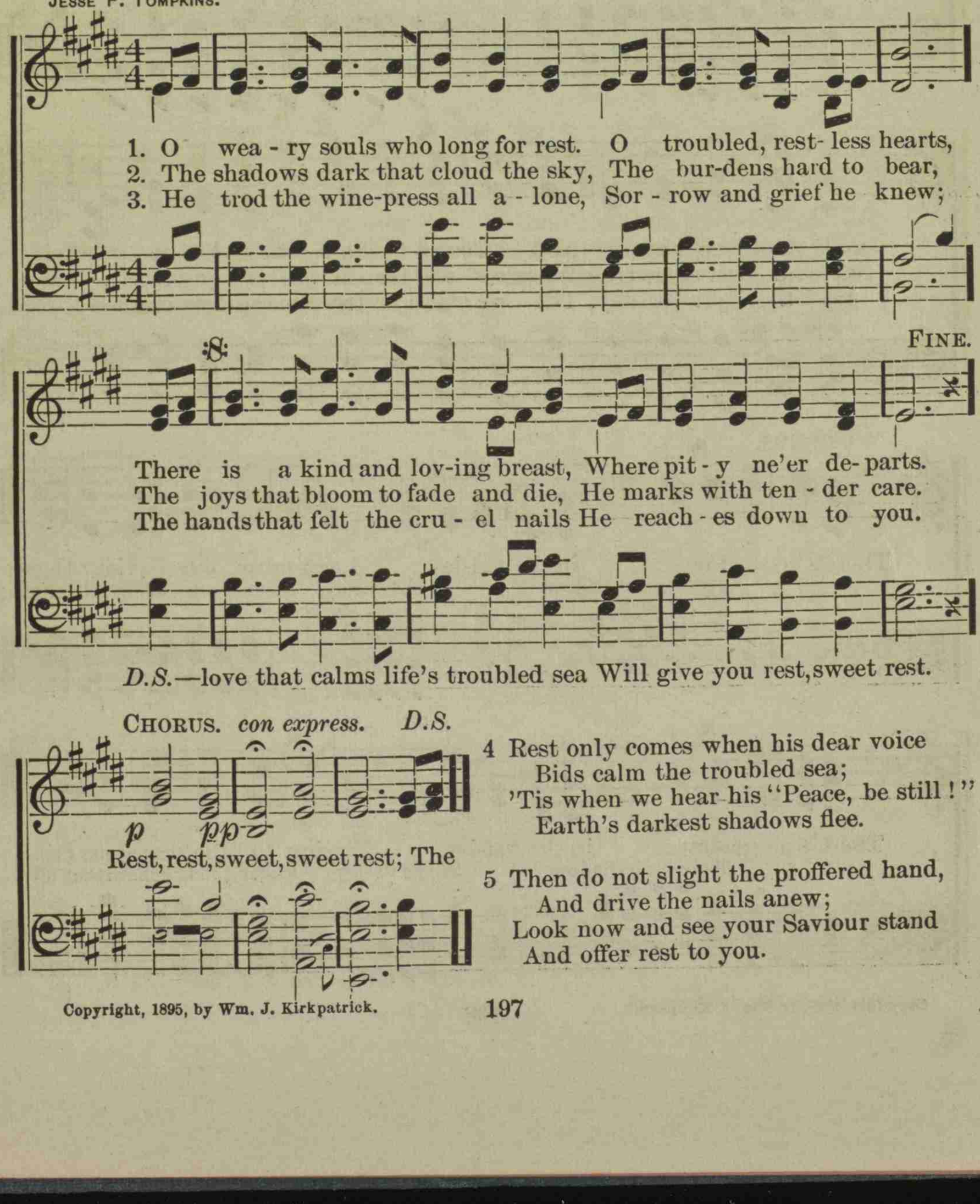
Beautiful Robes.—Concluded.

No. 195. True Rest.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS. JOHN R. THOMAS.



CHORUS. *con express.* *D.S.*

4 Rest only comes when his dear voice
Bids calm the troubled sea;
'Tis when we hear his "Peace, be still!"
Earth's darkest shadows flee.

5 Then do not slight the proffered hand,
And drive the nails anew;
Look now and see your Saviour stand
And offer rest to you.

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No. 196. No Shadow in the Valley.

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

1. There's no shadow in the val-ley, 'tis no longer lone and chill, When our
2. There's no shadow in the valley when the glory-light shines thro', When the
3. There's no shadow in the valley, since the Saviour passed that way; Still the

blessed Jesus comes to meet us there; If his rod and staff be with us, then our
bright and pearly gates shall open wide, And the golden harps of heaven will ring
Light of Life is shining for his own; He will chase away the darkness, he will

souls shall fear no ill, And a-round us shall encamp his an-gels fair.
out a wel-come true, When we en-ter in the cit-y to a-bide.
turn the night to day, Till we stand be-fore the rainbow-cir-cled throne.

CHORUS.

There's no shadow in the val-ley, Leaning on our Saviour there;
There's no shadow in the valley, Leaning on our Saviour there;

There's no shadow in the val-ley, Passing to the mansions fair.
There's no shadow in the valley, Passing to the mansions fair.

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No. 197. When I Get Home.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I shall wear a gold-en crown, When I get home; I shall lay my
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing a-gain of

bur-dens down, When I get home; Clad in robes of glo-ry,
light at last, When I get home; Light from heav-en streaming,
sav-ing grace, When I get home; I shall stand be-fore him;

I shall sing the sto-ry Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
O'er my pathway beaming, Ev-er guides me onward, Till I get home.
Glad-ly I'll a-dore him; Ev-er to be with him, When I get home.

Chorus.

When I get home, When I get home, All
When I get home, When I get home, When I get home, When I get home, All

sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home; When I get home.

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No. 198. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

CHAS. WESLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,—"Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a-dored,—Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled."
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail, in - car - nate De - i - ty!

Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise,—Join the tri-umphs of the skies;
Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous-ness!

With an - gel - ic hosts proclaim,—"Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Light and life to all he brings,—Risen with heal - ing in his wings.

ff CHORUS.

Glo - ry in the high - est, peace, peace, Glo - ry in the high - est,
Glo - ry, glo - ry,

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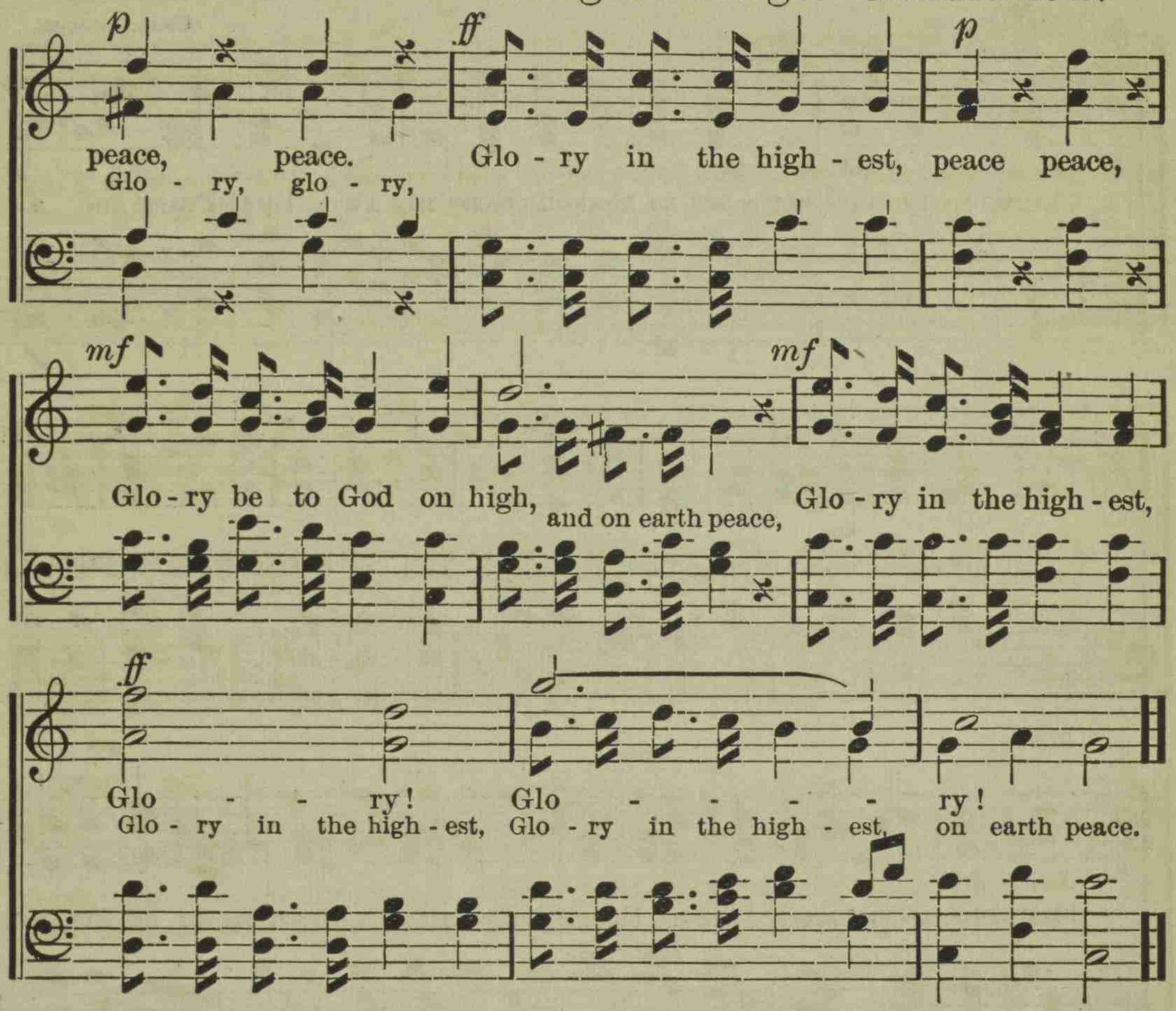
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.—Concluded.



No. 199. God is Love.

JOHN BOWRING. Wellesley. 8s. 7s. LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.

No. 200. Glory and Honor.

FLORA KIRKLAND. CHAS. GOUNOD.

FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Glo - ry and hon - or to God our Heav'nly Fa - ther! Praise and a -

dore him who reigns in might and majesty! Tell of his goodness, proclaim his

name to ev-'ry land, 'Till all the nations shall own him King for ev- ermore.

Sing and give praise to the Lord, the King of kings; For he is good, he is

O sing, give praise, is good,

good, and his mer- cy ev- er - last - ing. Sing to the Lord, tho' a

is good, O sing, O sing,

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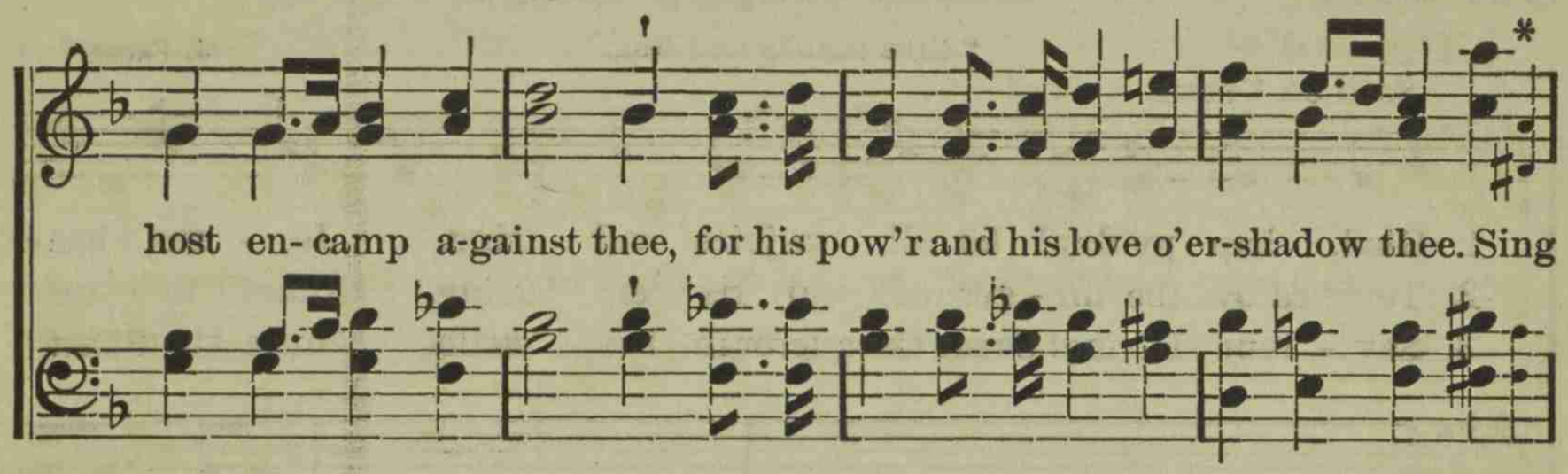
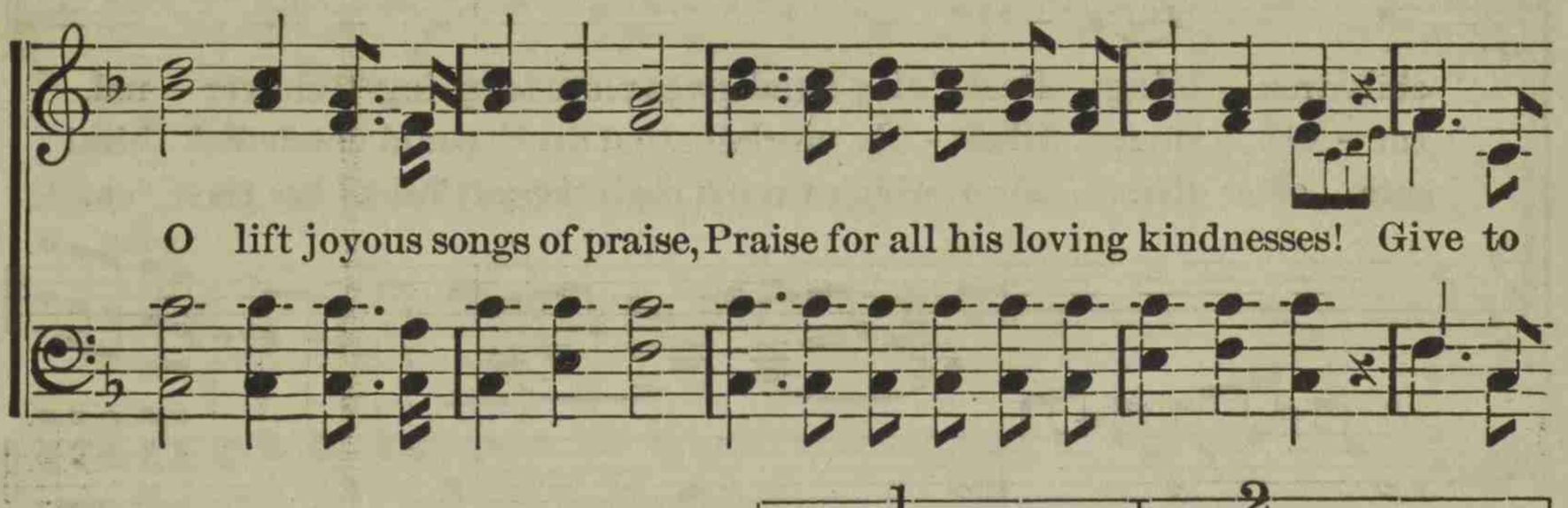
Glory and Honor.—Concluded.





* Use small notes if desirable.

No. 201. Glad, Happy Day.

C. F. O. "Give thanks and sing." J. FAURE.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. Glad, hap - py day! let all re-joice and sing, Je - sus has
2. Touched by the fin - ger of our ris - en King, Burst in - to
3. Sav - iour Divine! Great Conqueror in the strife! Since thou hast

ris'n from death to life e - ter - nal! Glad hymns of joy let all his
bloom, O earth, with flow'rs to greet him! Birds join with man and hap - py
pow'r to rise from death's dark pris - on, Death now to us is but the

chil - dren bring; Death's icy hand gives place to spring - time ver - nal.
car - ols sing; Glad - ly proclaim that death could not defeat him!
gate of life, Thro' which we, too, shall rise as Christ has ris - en.

FULL CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord! give thanks and sing; Tell of his vic - to - ry to

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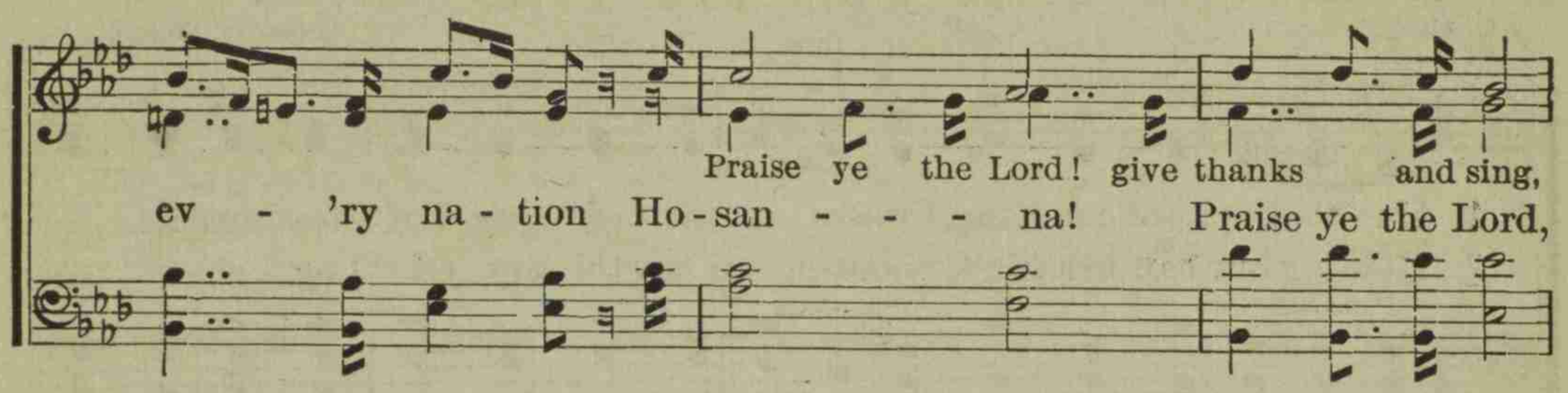
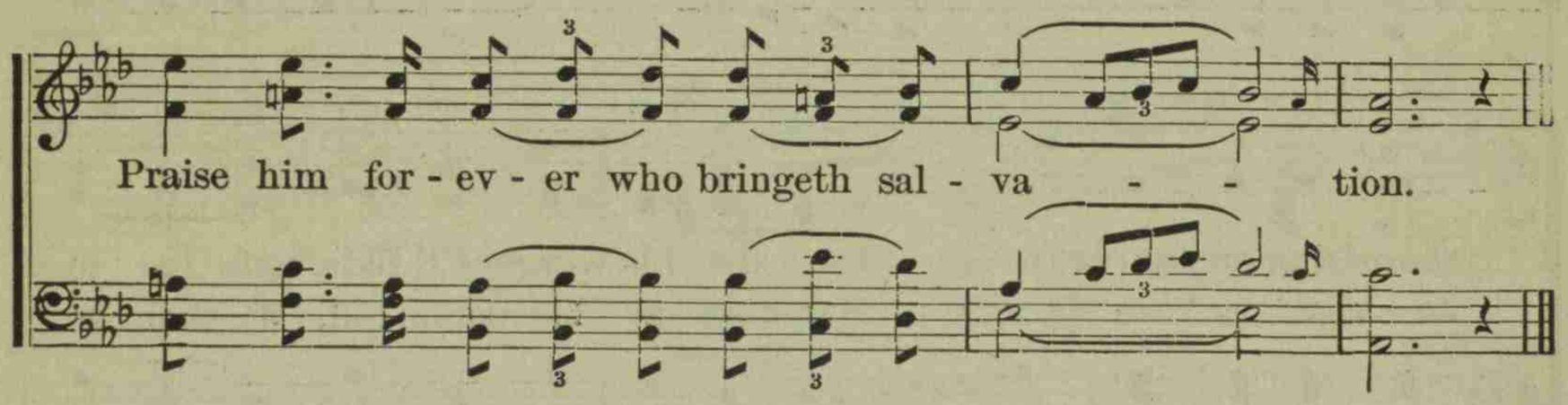
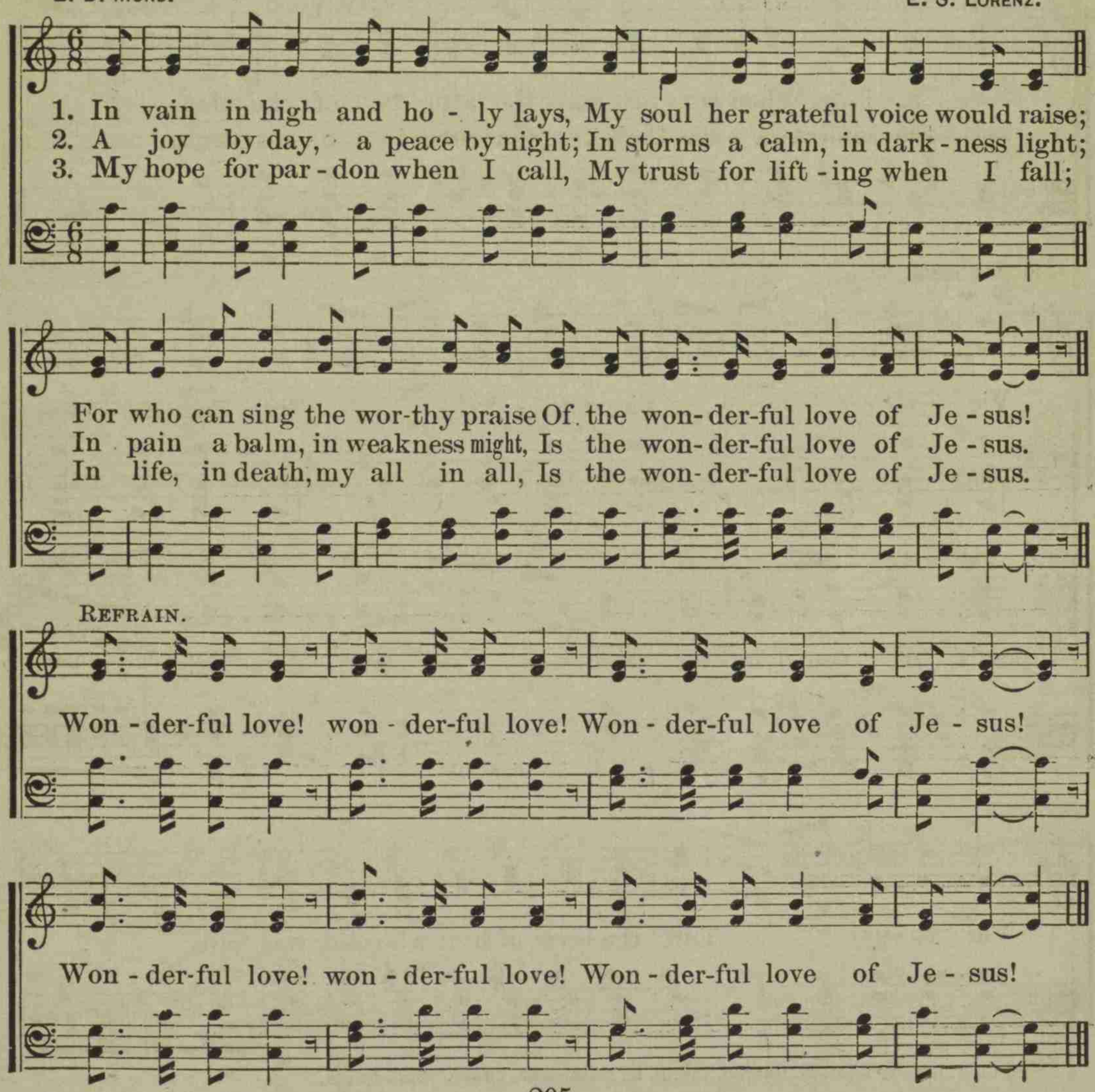
Glad, Happy Day.—Concluded.





No. 202. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

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



From "Holy Voices," by per.

No. 203. Unto the Lord.

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

1. Un - to the Lord our King, Praises u - nit - ed sing, For blessings he is
2. Holding our ban-ner high, Shouting our bat-tle cry Of "Loy - al - ty to

show-'ring on our way, Un - der his wing we'll hide, Safe in his
Je - sus!" as we go; Marching at his command, We shall pos-

love a - bide, When sor - row veils the beau - ty of the day.
sess the land, And Sa- tan's kingdom sure - ly o - ver- throw.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Sin has lost the
pow'r of con-dem - na - tion. Vic - to - ry!
Vic - to - ry! Thro' the love of him who once was slain;

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Unto the Lord.—Concluded.

Mag - ni - fy! glo - ri - fy! Laud and praise his

name in ad - o - ra - tion! Un - to him,

un - to him Men and an - gels shout the glad re - frain.

END.

May be sung as a Unison Solo or as a Duet.

Safe in his strong and ev - er - last - ing arms, Sin has no
He is a Rock, a strong and might - y Tow'r! Saved by his

ter - rors, death has no a - larms; Trust - ing in him whose
grace, kept by Al - might - y pow'r, Whom shall we fear? what

prom - ise can-not fail, We're safe tho' the hosts of sin as - sail.
du - ty may appall? We'll praise him and crown him Lord of all.

D. S. Chorus.

No. 204. I Shall Be No Stranger There.

E. E. HEWITT. ANNA F. BOURNE.

1. When the pearl - y gates are o - pened To a sin- ner "sav'd by grace,"
2. Thro' time's ev - er changing sea - sons, I am press- ing t' ward the goal;
3. There my dear Redeem - er liv - eth, Bless-ed Lamb up- on the throne;

When thro' ev - er- last - ing mer - cy I be- hold my Sav-iour's face,
'Tis my heart's sweet na- tive coun - try, 'Tis the home- land of my soul;
By the crim- son marks up - on them, He will sure - ly claim his own.

When I en - ter in the man- sions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
Ma - ny lov'd ones cloth'd with beauty In those won-drous glo - ries share;
So, when - ev - er sad or lone - ly, Look be-yond the earth - ly care;

I shall have a roy - al wel-come, For I'll be no stran-ger there.
When I rise, redeem'd, for - giv - en, I shall be no stran-ger there.
Wea- ry child of God, re- mem- ber, You will be no stran-ger there.

CHORUS.

I shall be no stran-ger there, Je - sus will my place pre- pare;
I shall be no stran-ger there, Je - sus will my place pre - pare;

He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be no stranger there.
He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be

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No. 205. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

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

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn to set-ting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo-ry of his res-ur-rec-tion share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is

gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up
gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o-ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.

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

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

roll..... is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

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No. 206. God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN. Rom. 14 : 20. W. G. TOMER.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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No. 207. Coronation. C. M.

EDW. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall:
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race,—A rem-nant weak and small,—
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last- ing song, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as- cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 208. Ortonville. C. M.

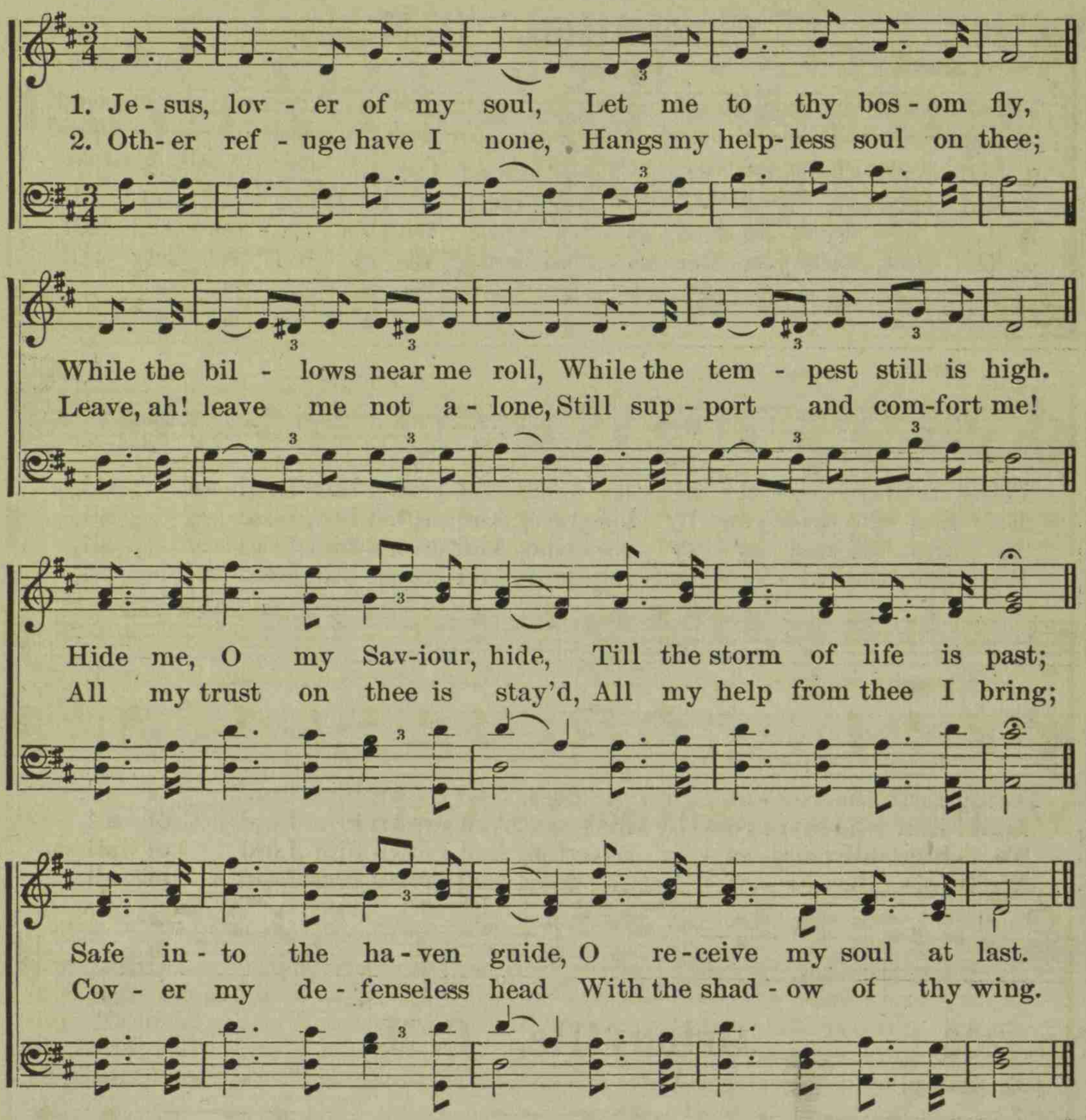
JOHN NEWTON. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; It soothes his
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't, But when I
4. Till then I would thy love proclaim, With ev-'ry fleeting breath; And may the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear, And drives away his fear.
to the hungry soul, And to the wea - ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest.
see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought, I'll praise thee as I ought.
mu - sic ot thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Refresh my soul in death.

No. 209. Refuge. 7s. D.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.

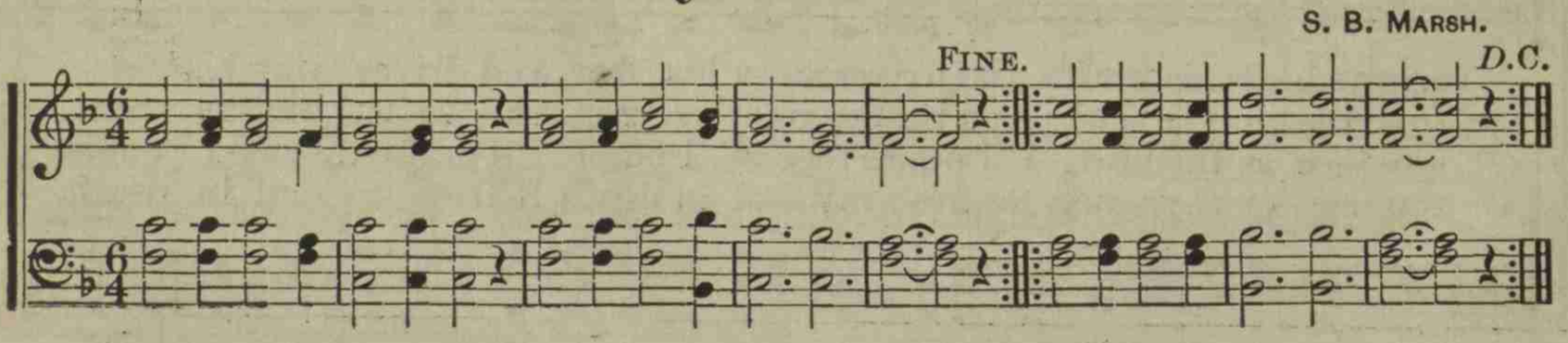


3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 210. Martyn. 7s. D.

S. B. MARSH.



No. 211. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
   Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell the rap-tures all a- broad.
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows, To him that mer - its all my love!
   Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and he is mine:
   He drew me, and I followed on, Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

CHORUS. FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day. D.S.

No. 212. Revive Us Again.

WM. PATTON MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re -

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - iour and scattered our night.
sins, and Has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry; Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 213. Lyons. 10s, 11s.

CHARLES WESLEY. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Ye serv - ants of God, your Mas - ter pro-claim, And pub - lish a -
2. God rul - eth on high, al-might - y to save; And still he is
3. "Sal-va - tion to God, who sits on the throne!" Let all cry a -
4. Then let us a - dore, and give him his right, All glo - ry and

broad his won-der - ful name; The name all vic - to - rious of
nigh, his pres-ence we have; The great con - gre - ga - tion his
loud, and hon - or the Son; The prais - es of Je - sus the
pow'r and wis-dom and might; All hon - or and bless - ing, with

Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glorious, and rules o - ver all.
triumph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus our King.
an - gels pro-claim, Fall down on their fac - es, and wor - ship the Lamb.
an - gels a - bove, And thanks nev-er ceas-ing, for in - fi - nite love.

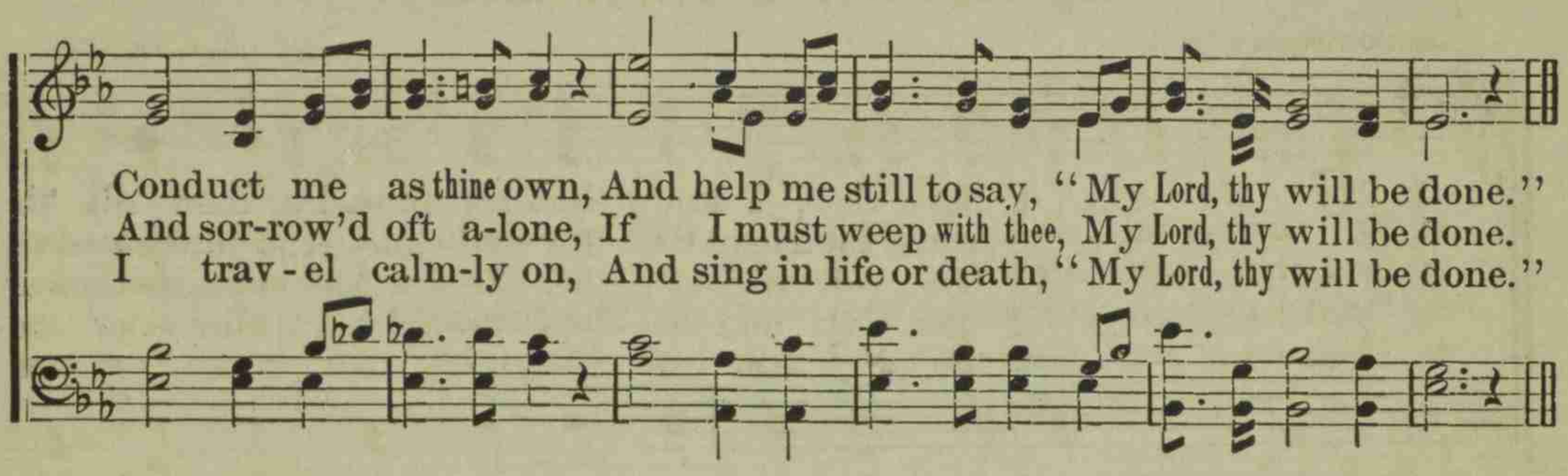
No. 214. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

BENJ. SCHMOLKE. (Jewett. 6s. D.) CARL M. VON WEBER.

1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing

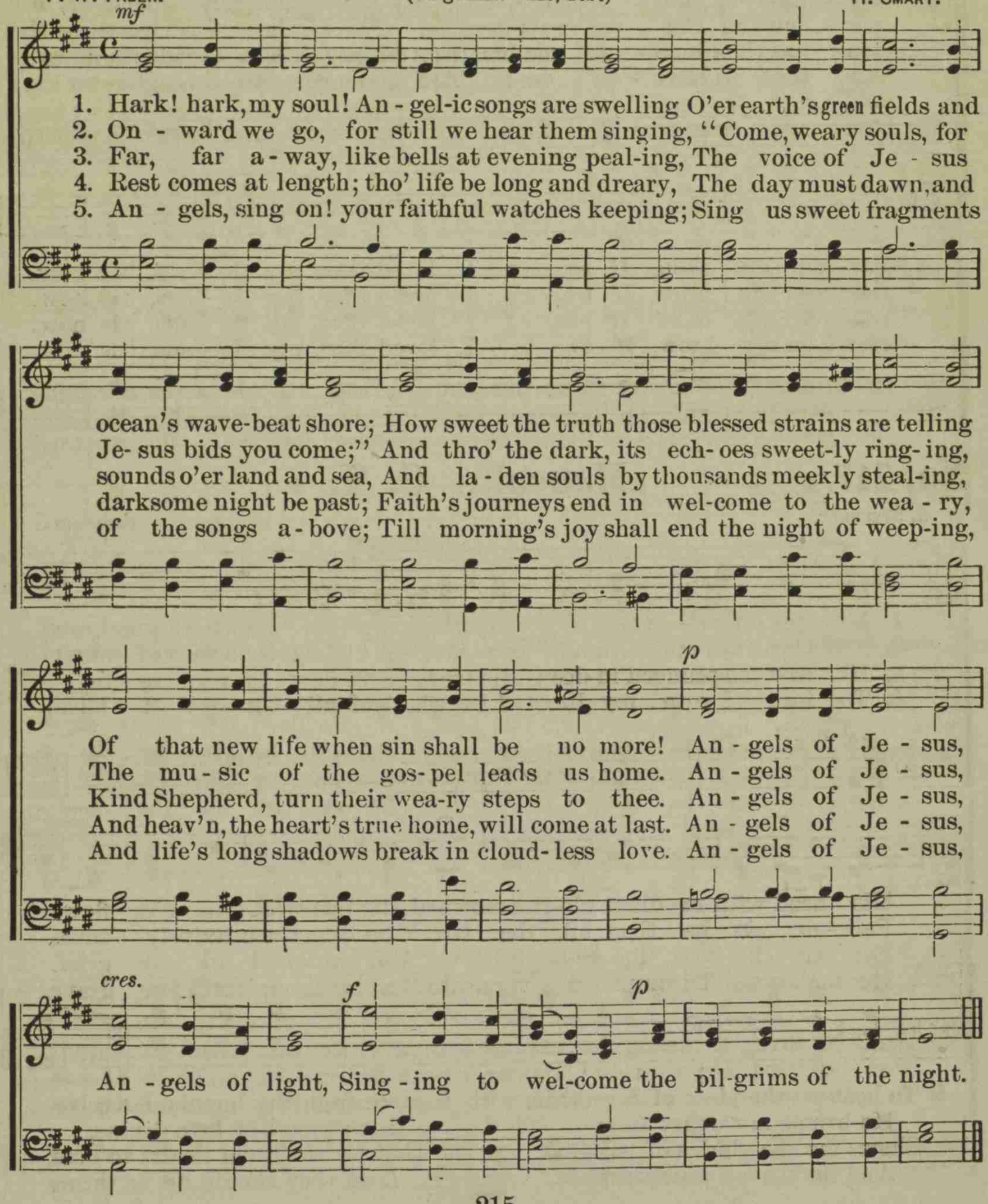
hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept,
fu - ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a - bove,

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.—Concluded.



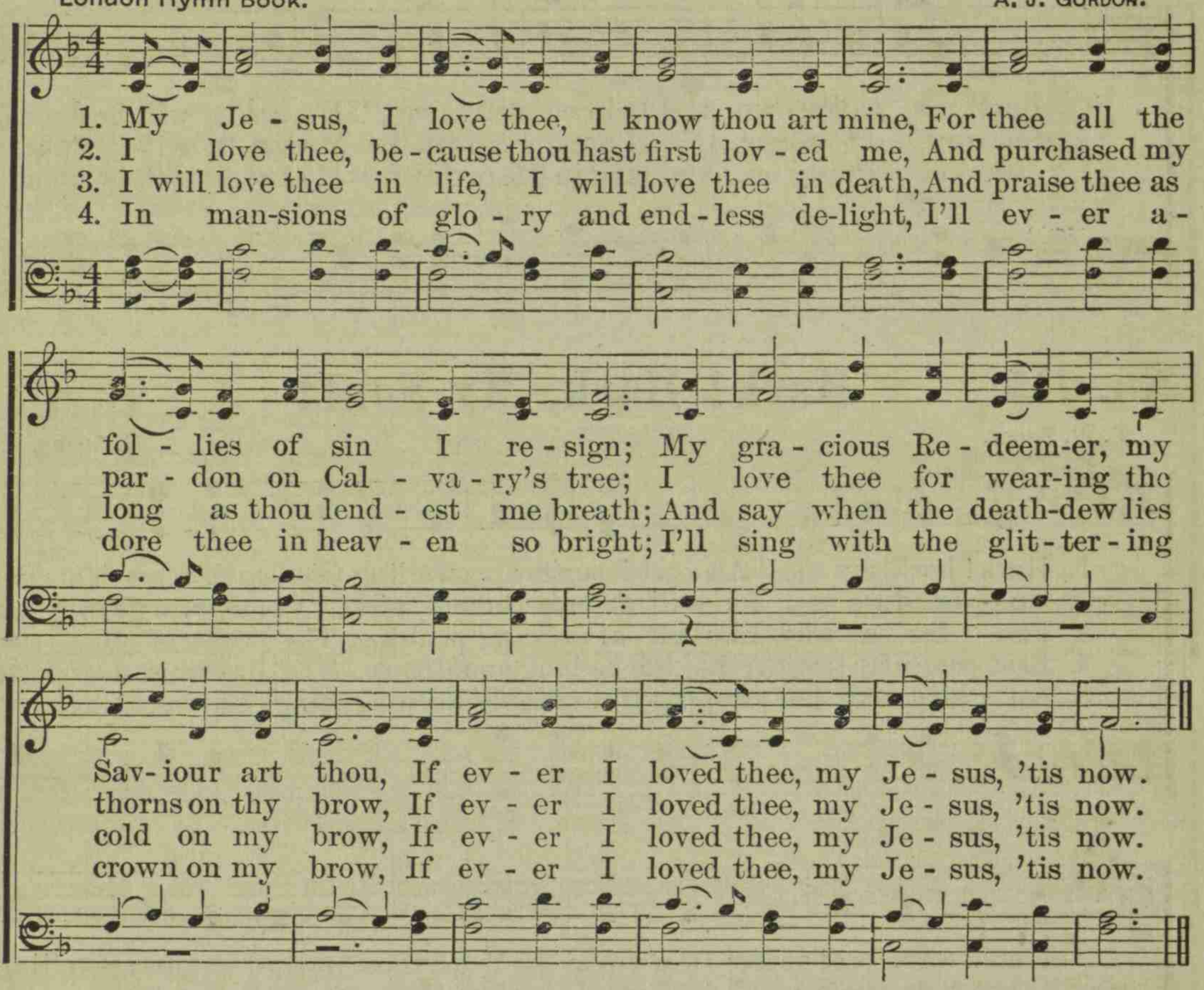
No. 215. Hark! Hark, My Soul!

F. W. FABER. (Pilgrims. 11s, 10s.) H. SMART.



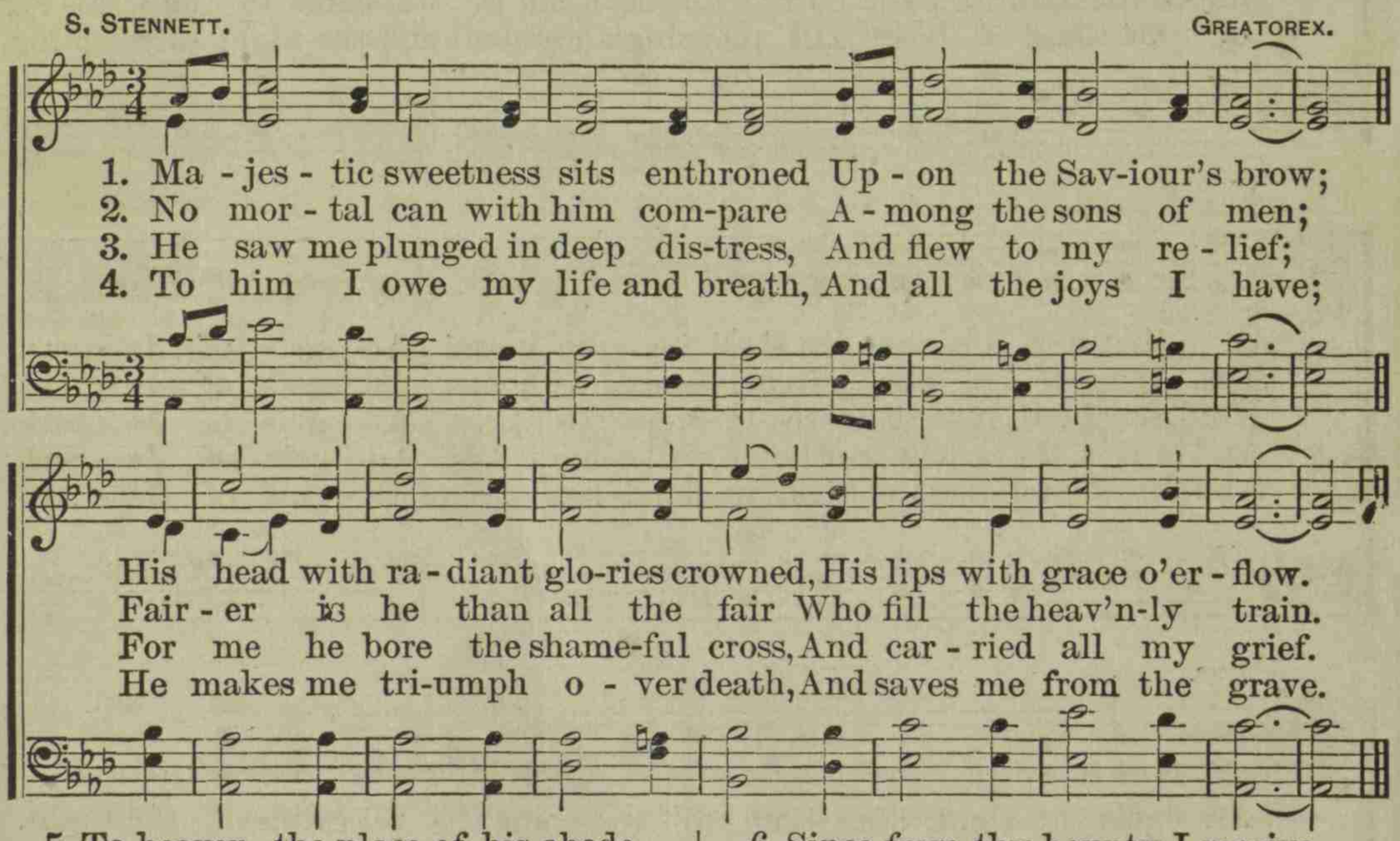
No. 216. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



No. 217. Manoah. C. M.

S. STENNETT. GREATOREX.

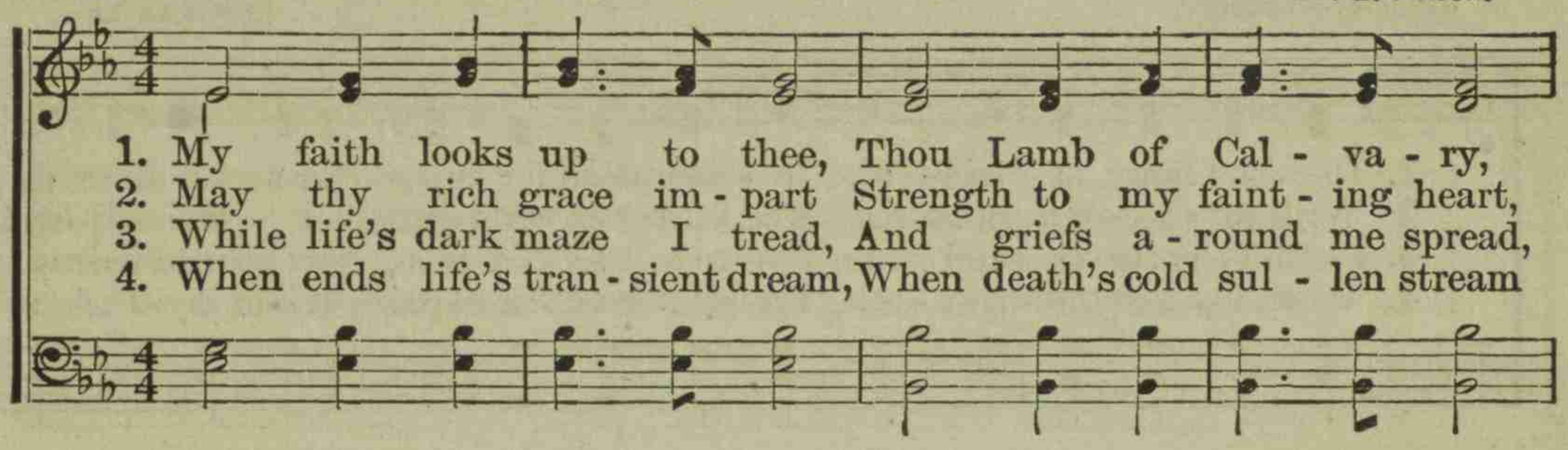


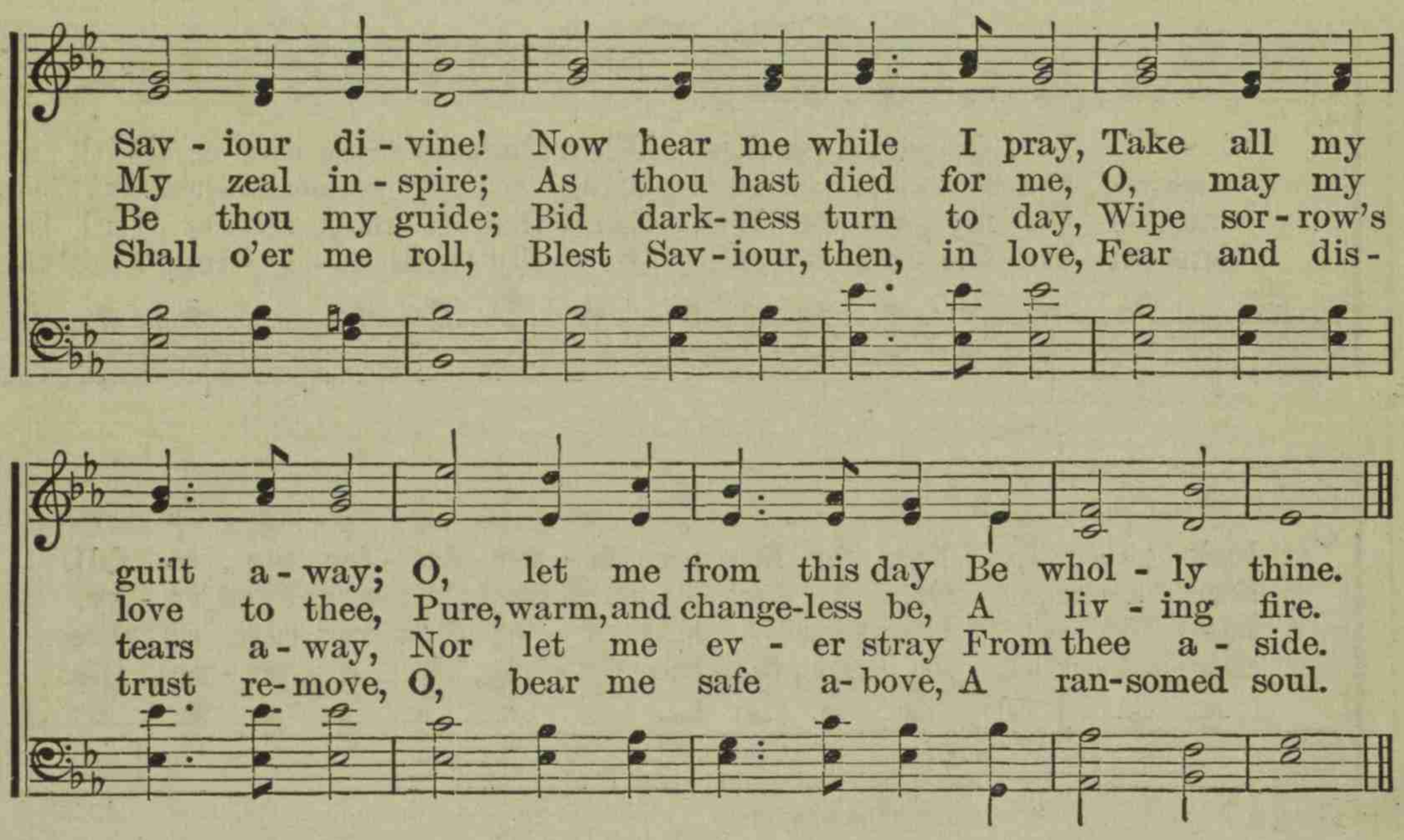
5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord they should all be thine.

No. 218. Olivet. 6s, 4s.

RAY PALMER — Dr. L. MASON.



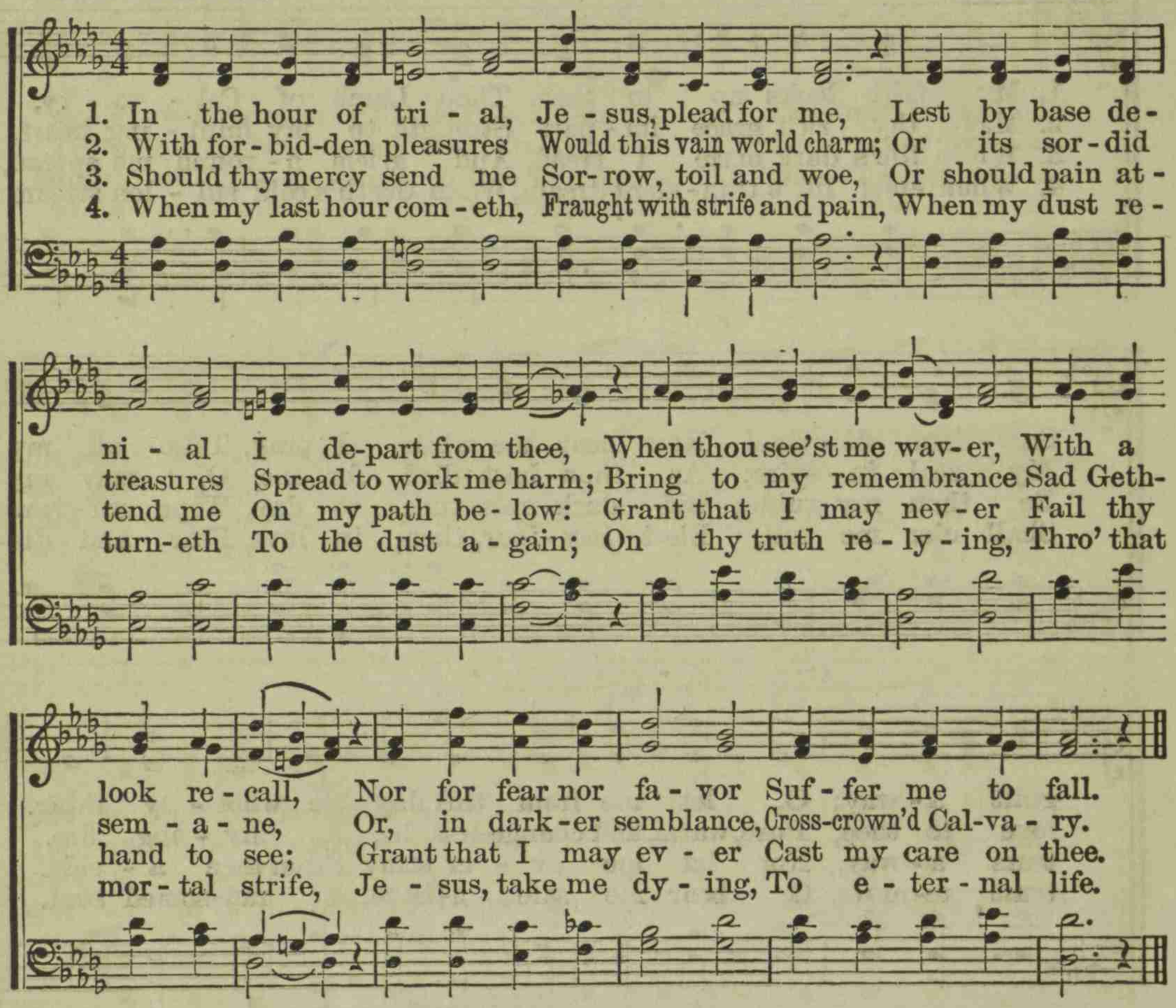


No. 219. Spring. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

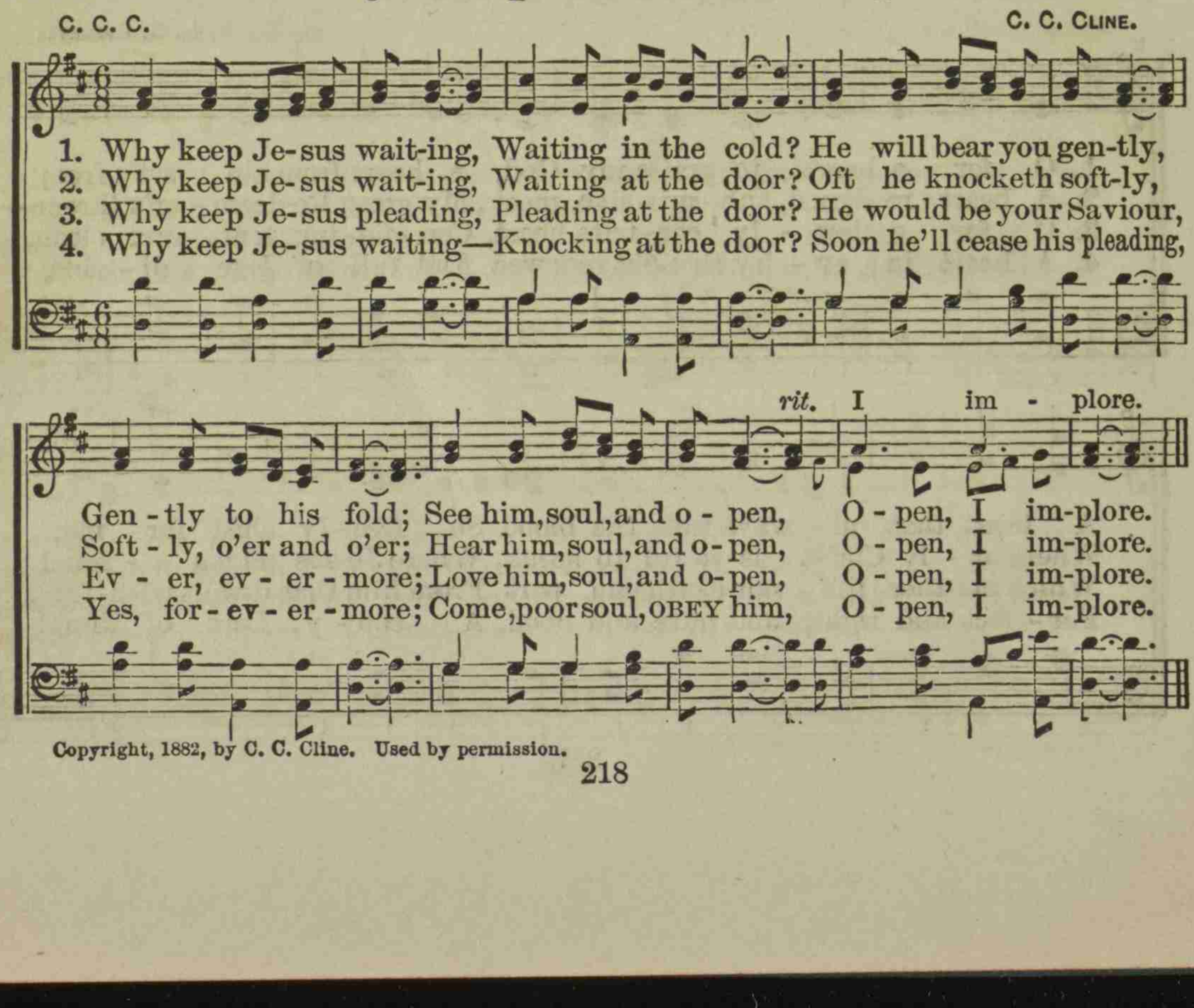
No. 220. Penitence. 6s, 5s. D.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.



No. 221. Why Keep Jesus Waiting.

C. C. C. C. C. CLINE.



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No. 222. Antioch. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord has come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground:
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy,
He comes to make his bless-ings flow, Far as the curse is found,
The glo - ries of his right-eous-ness, And won-ders of his love,

And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
And won-ders of his love, And won - ders, won - ders of his love.

No. 223. Christmas. C. M.

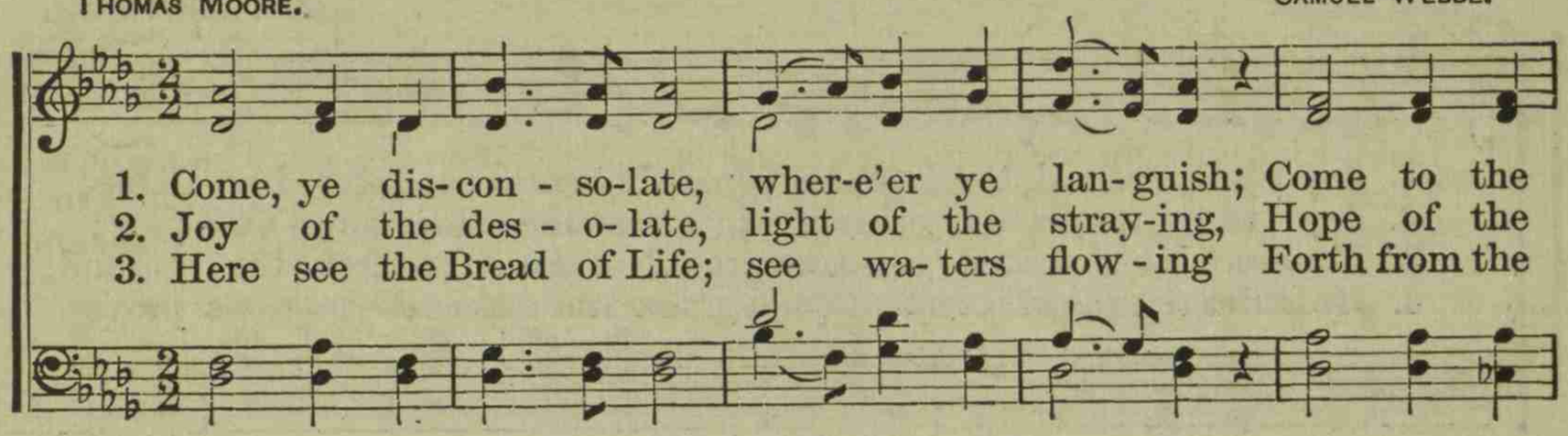
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly
2. A cloud of witness - es a-round Hold thee in full sur - vey; For- get the
3. 'Tis God's all an-i - mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own
4. Blest Saviour, intro-duced by thee, Have I my race be - gun, And, crown'd with

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al - read - y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand pre-sents the prize To thine as- pir-ing eye, To thine as- pir- ing eye.
vic - t'ry, at thy feet I'll lay my hon-ors down, I'll lay my hon-ors down.

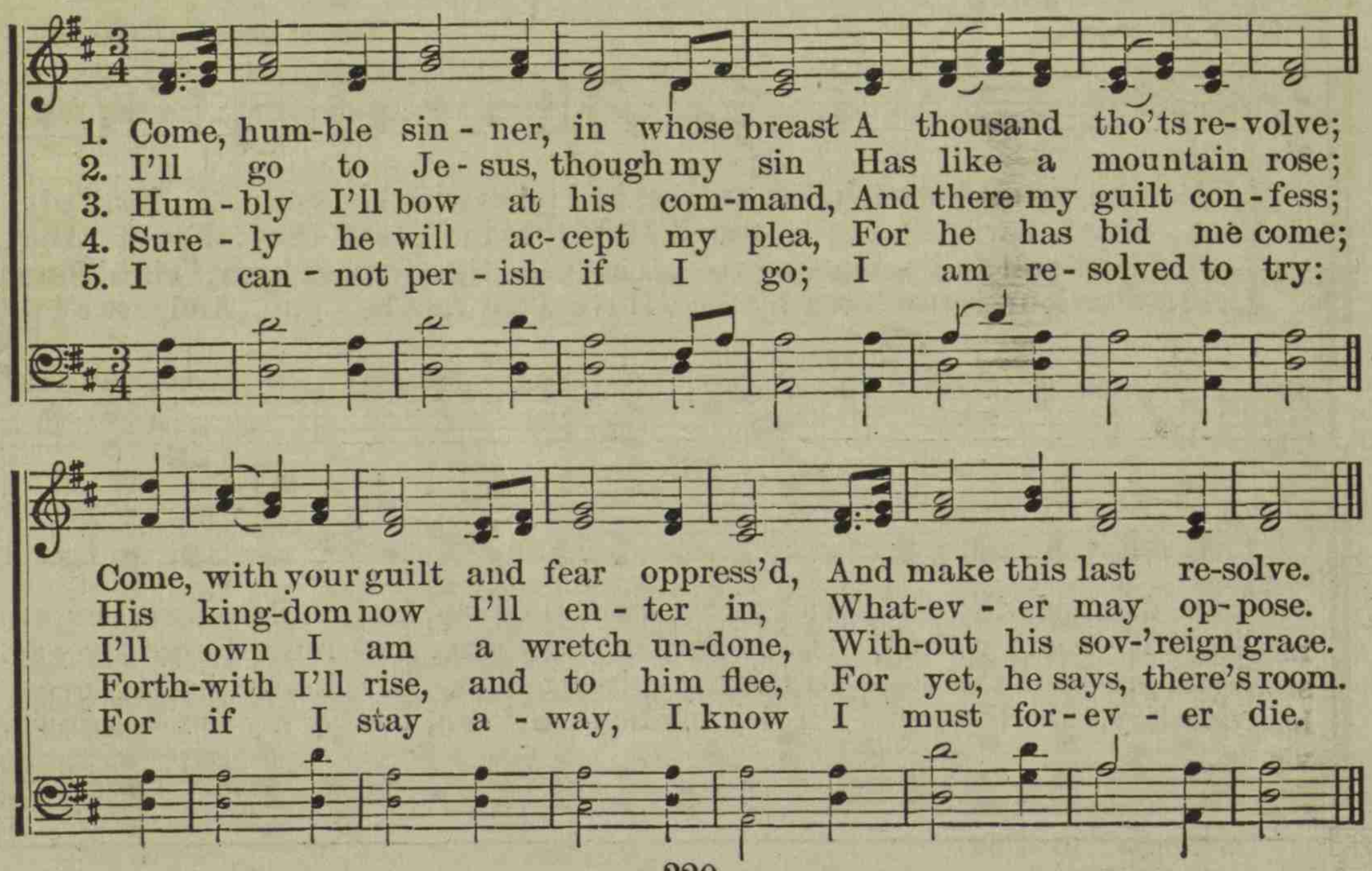
No. 224. Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s, 10s.

THOMAS MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.



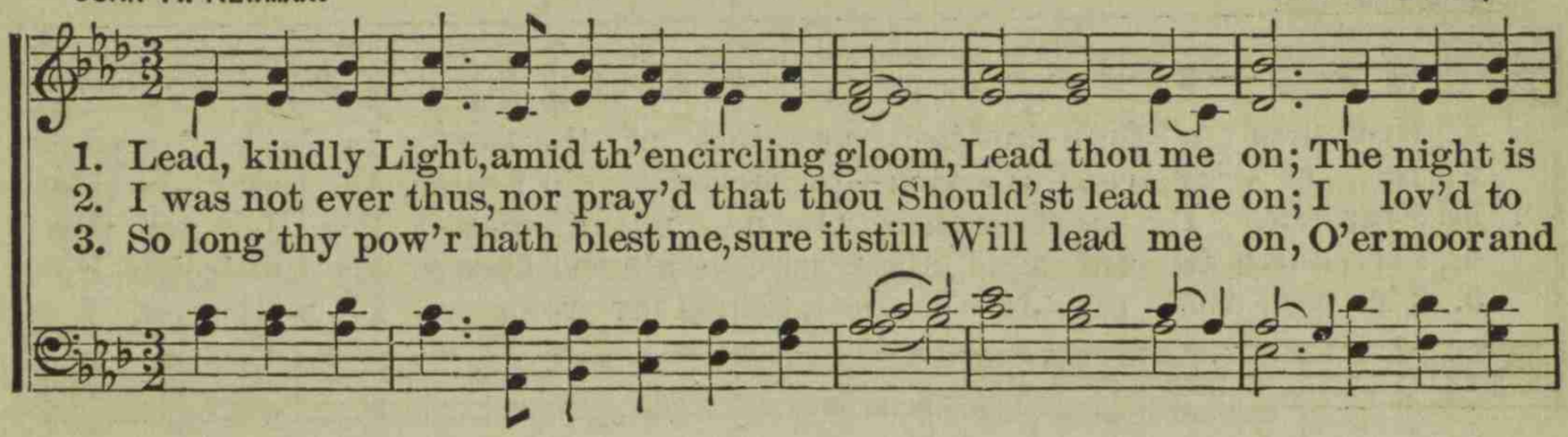
No. 225. Siloam. C. M.

EDMUND JONES. I. B. WOODBURY.



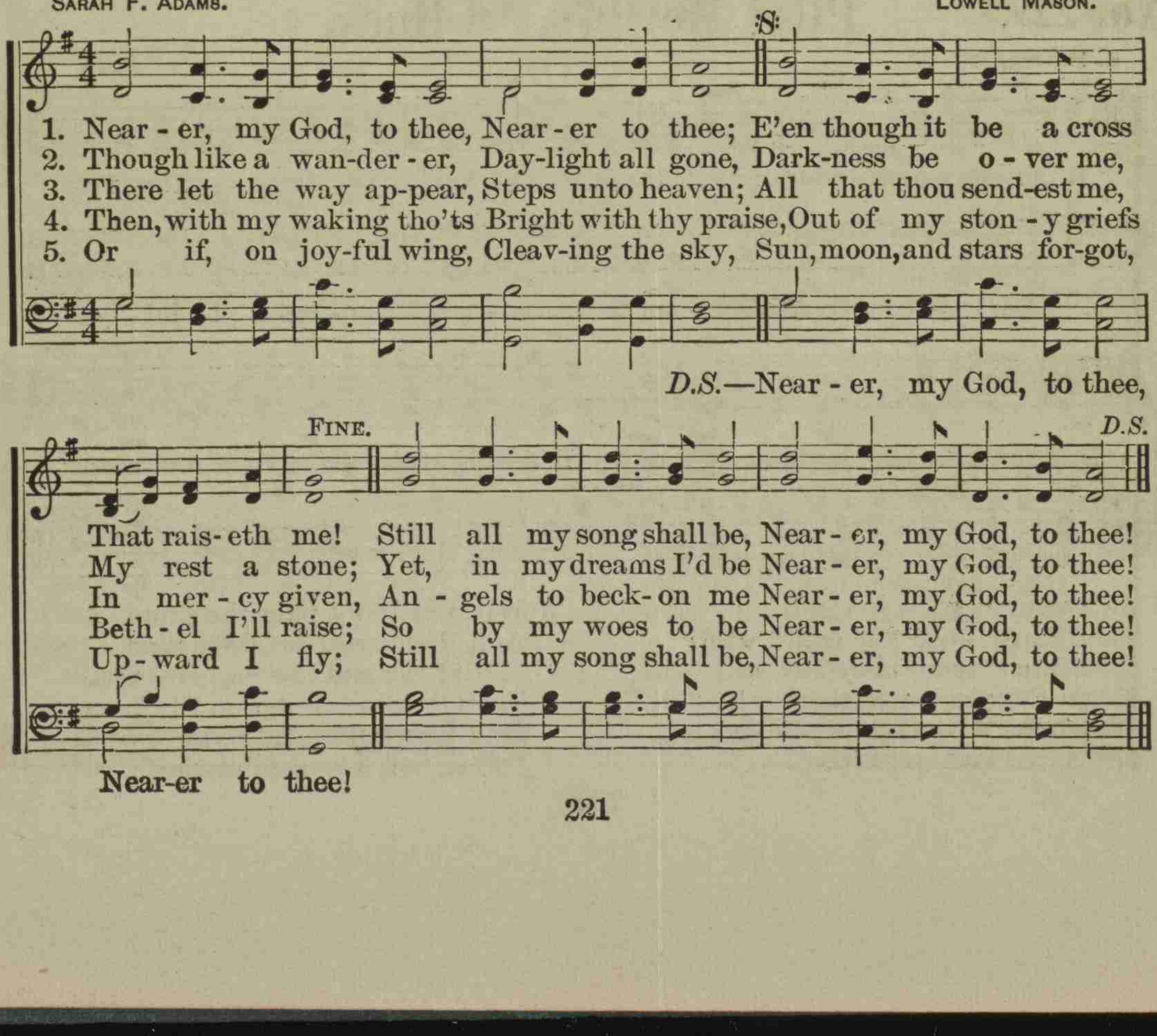
No. 226. Lead, Kindly Light. 10s, 4s.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 227. Bethany. 6s, 4s.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.



No. 228. How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. Popular Melody

1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel-lent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref- uge have fled?
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er - ty's vale or a- bound - ing in wealth, At home and a - broad, on the land, on the sea— As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, om-nip - o- tent hand.
4. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e- ter - nal, un-change - a - ble love; And when hoa - ry hairs shall their tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne.
5. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I can not de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for- sake.

No. 229. Pilot Me. 7s. 6 lines.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:

D.C.

2 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 230. Ariel. C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears,
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all
Ex-alt-ed on his throne; In loft-iest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see his face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine.
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
ev-er-last-ing days Make all his glories known, Make all his glo-ries known.
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-umphant in his grace, Triumphant in his grace.

No. 231. He is Calling.

F. W. FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
   { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than (*Omit.....*) } lib-er-ty.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing. "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

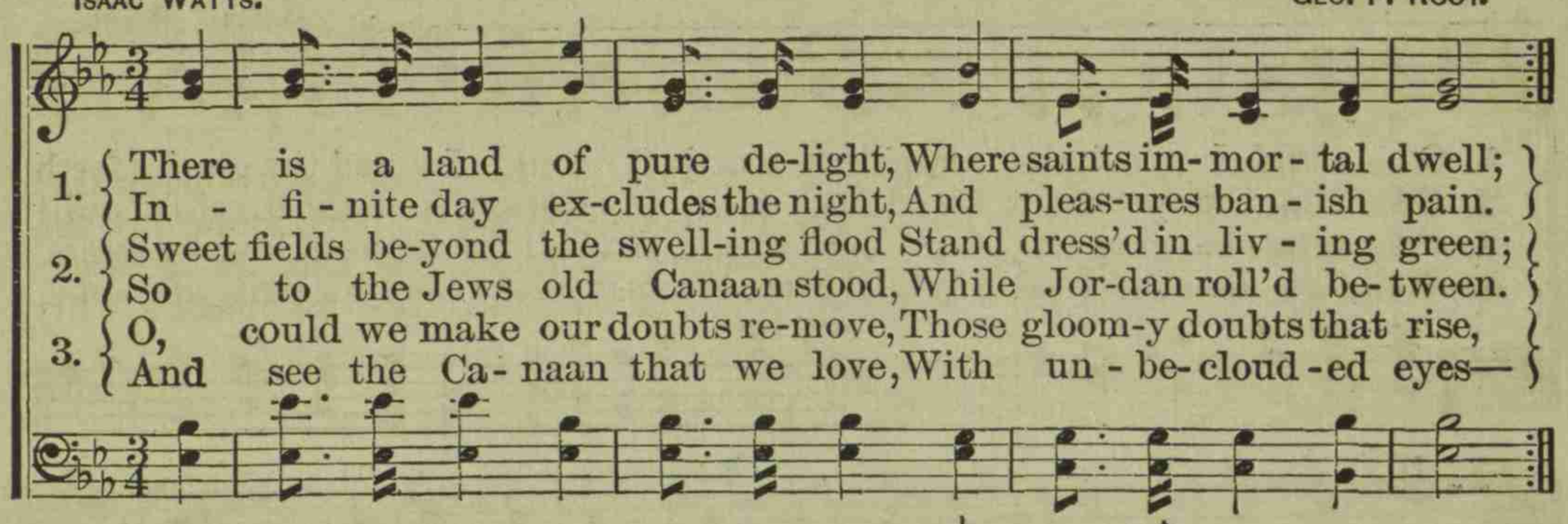
2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good:
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

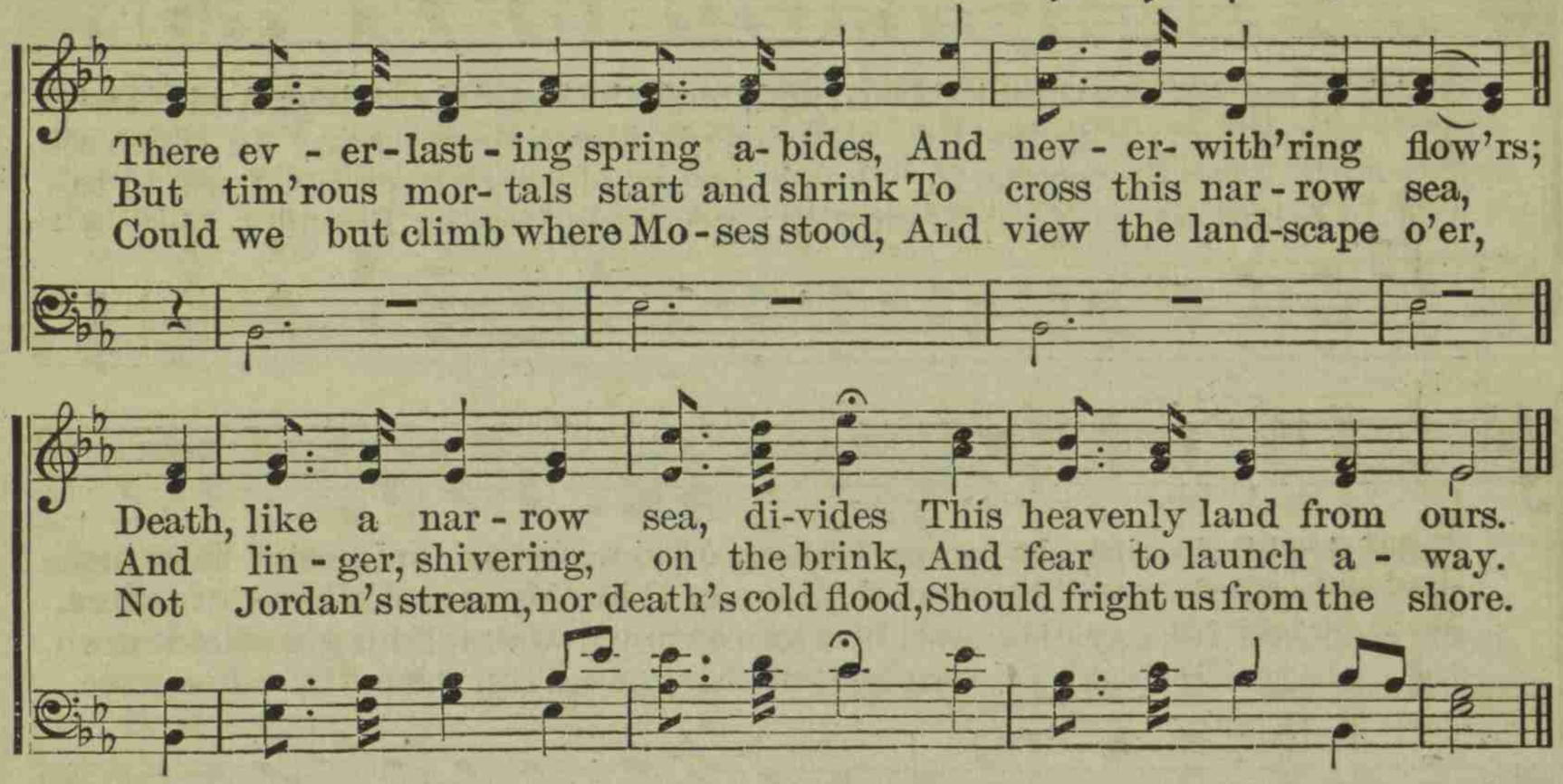
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

No. 232. Varina. C. M. D.

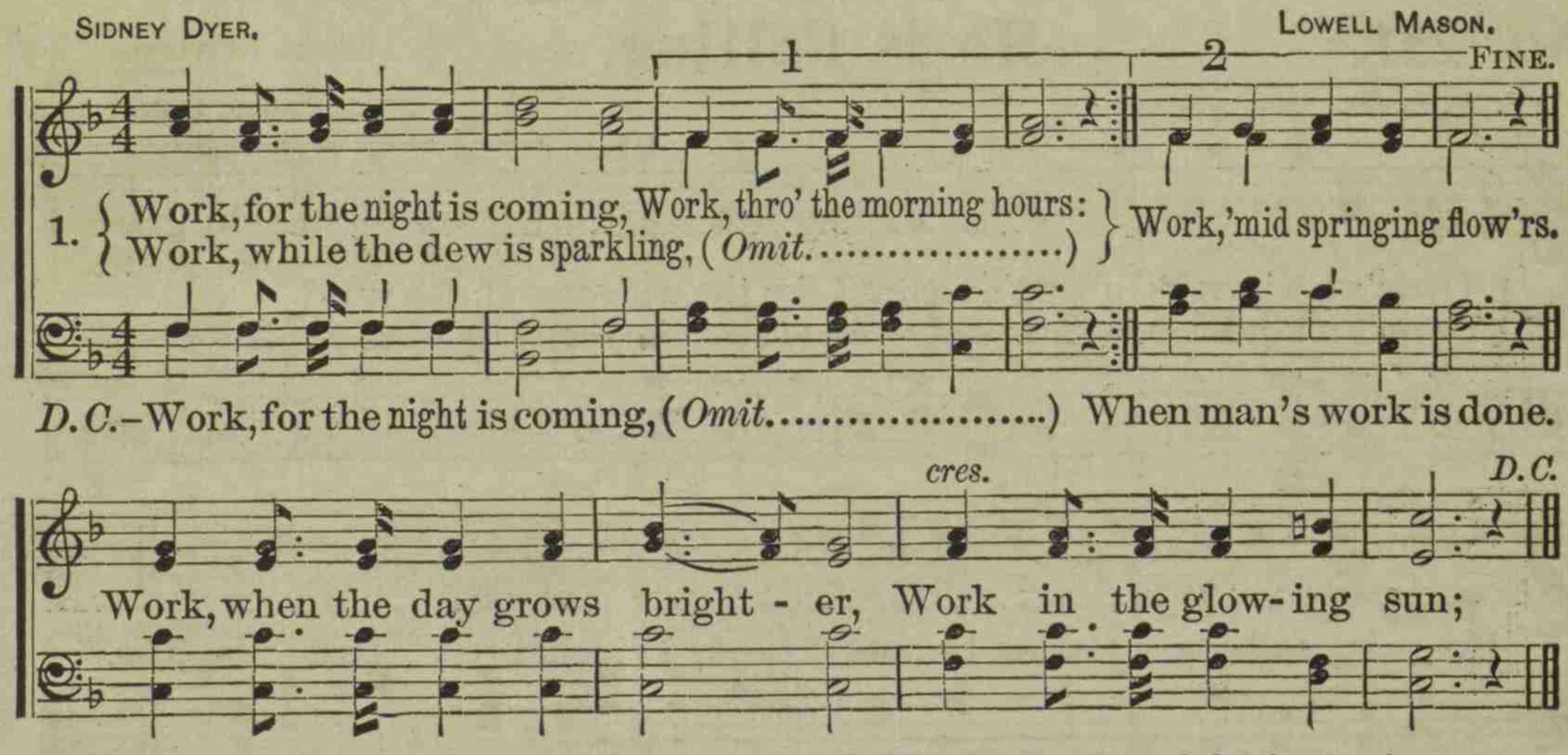
ISAAC WATTS. GEO. F. ROOT.





No. 233. Work. 7s, 6s, 5s.

SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.

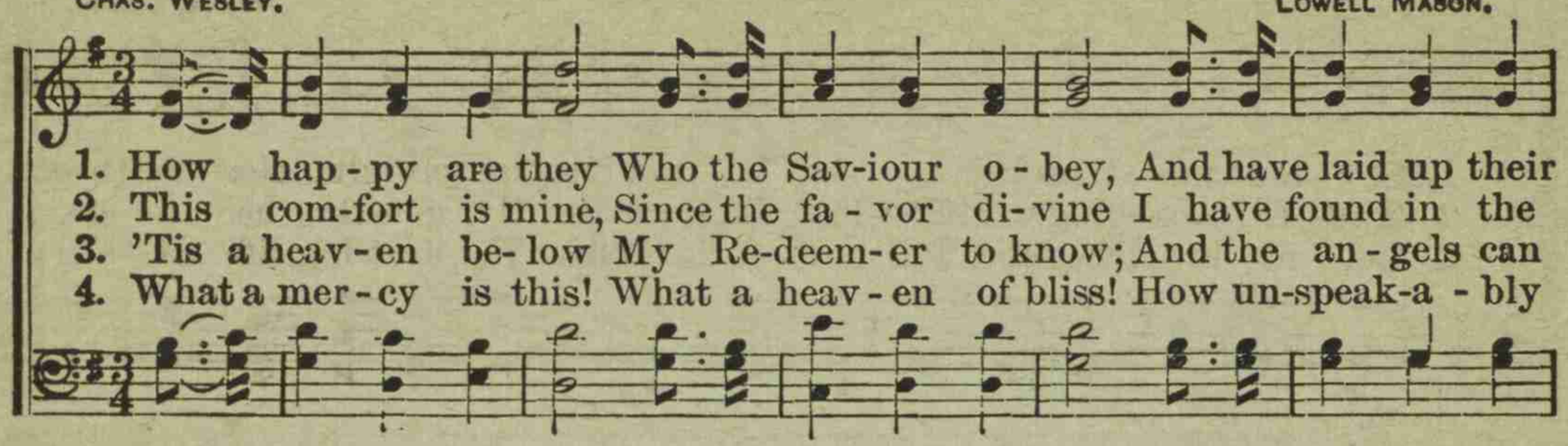


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 234. Rowley. 5s, 6s, 9s.

CHAS. WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



No. 235. Nettleton. 8s, 7s.

R. ROBINSON. ASCHEL NETTLETON.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love,
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

No. 236. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging, close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly, as I go.
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing, life is o'er;

Let thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er, near thy side.
Trust-ing thee, I can - not stray; I can nev-er, nev-er, lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter, world a - bove.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry day, and hour, ev - 'ry day, and hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
May thy ten - der love to me Bind me los - er, clos - er, Lord, to thee.

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No. 237. Olive's Brow. L. M.

WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN Matt. 26 : 38 WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight, and from all removed The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight, and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight, and from e-ther-plains Is borne the song that an- gels knew;

'Tis midnight, in the gar - den now The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom he lov'd Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for-sak - en by his God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 238. Eventide. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

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 com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
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-round I see; O thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like thy - self my guide and strength can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O a - bide with me!
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 vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me.
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 239. Hursley. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE. P. RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.

No. 240. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On- ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Crown and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus

Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's founda-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail

CHORUS.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
} Onward, Christian soldiers!

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

No. 241. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad-ows of the
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With thy tend'rest
3. Grant to lit - tle chil-dren Vis - ions bright of thee; Guard the sail-ors

ev'n - ing Steal a-cross the sky.
bless- ing May our eye-lids close.
toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

No. 242. Bealoth. S. M. D.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. L. C. EVERETT.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode, The Church our blest Re-
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs ascend; To her my cares and
3. Je - sus thou Friend divine, Our Saviour and our King, Thy hand from ev'ry

deemer sav'd With his own precious blood; I love thy church, O God, Her walls be-
toils be giv'n, Till toil and cares shall end. Beyond my highest joy, I prize her
snare and foe Shall great deliv'rance bring. Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion

fore thee stand, Dear as the ap- ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.
heav'nly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

No. 243. St. Thomas. S. M.

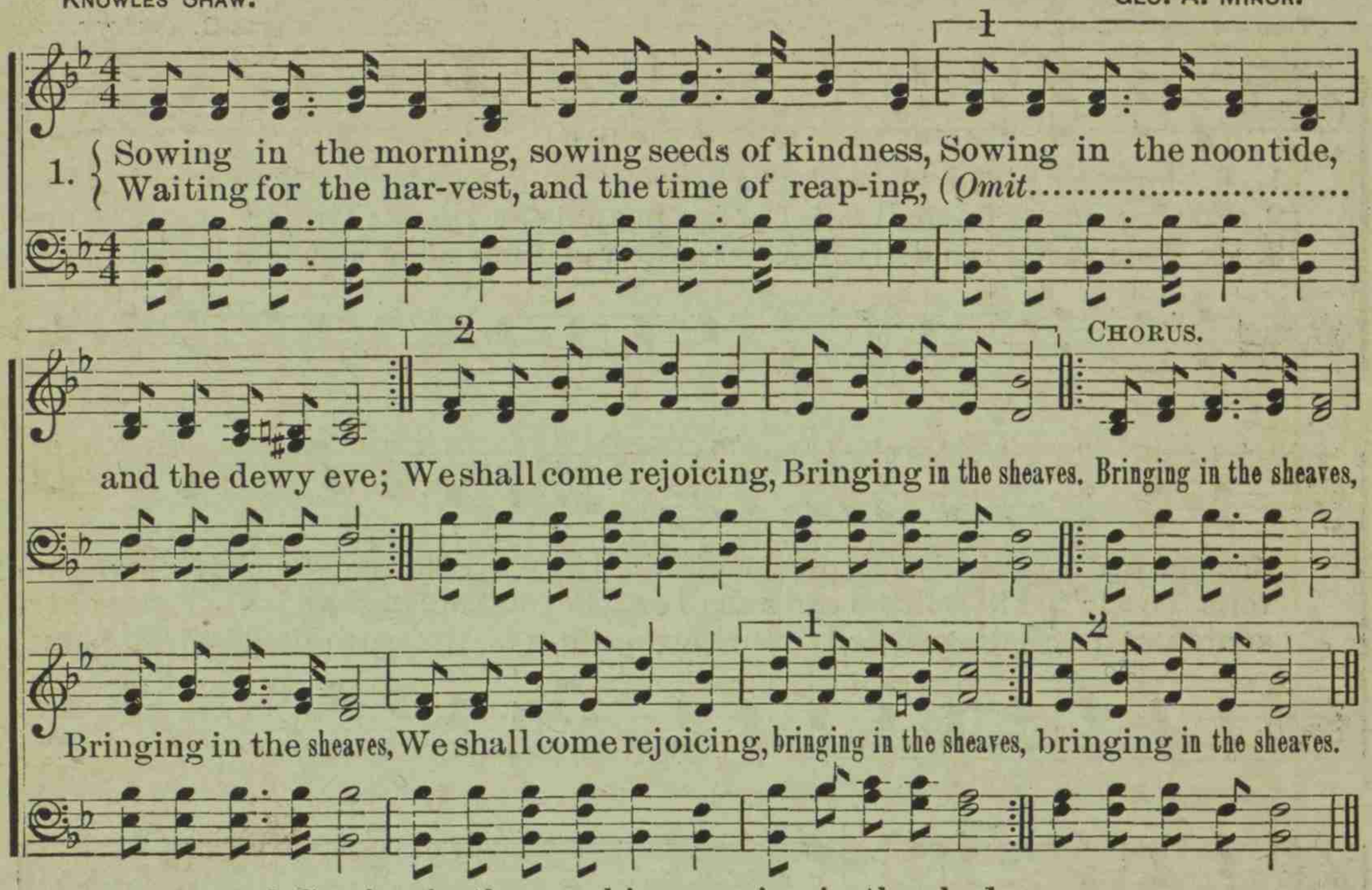
WM. HAMMOND. AARON WILLIAMS.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of his dy - ing love; Sing of his ris - ing pow'r;
3. Sing on your heav'n - ly way, You ran - somed sin-ners, sing;
4. Soon shall you hear him say, "You bless - ed children come!"

Wake, ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing how he in - ter-cedes a - bove For those whose sins he bore.
Sing on, re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ, the glo - rious King.
Soon will he call you hence a - way, And take his pil - grims home.

No. 244. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR.



2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze:
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 245. The Lord's Day. 7s. D.

JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.

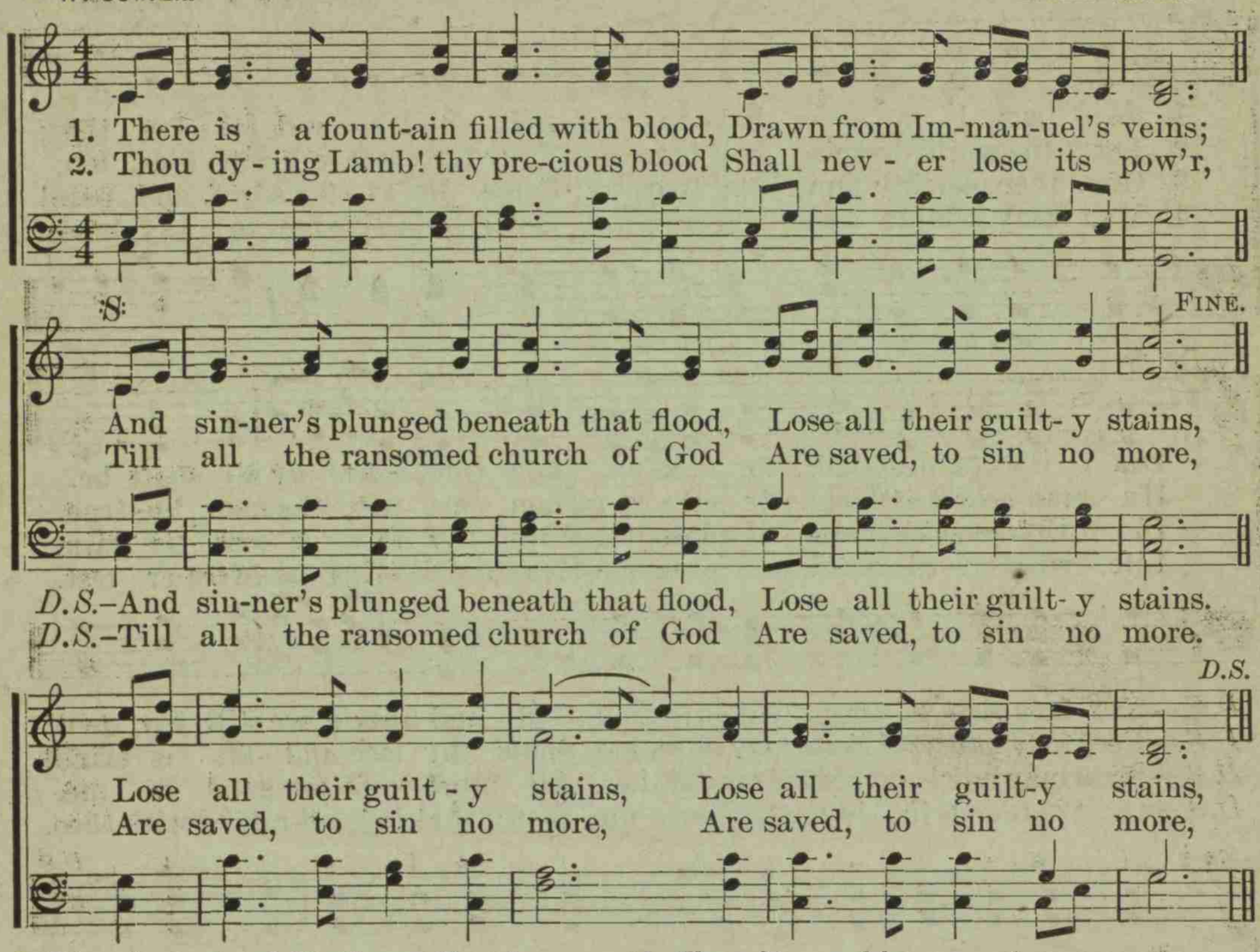
1 Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
‖: Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest. :‖

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame:
‖: From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee. :‖

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
May we feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
‖: Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast. :‖

No. 246. There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

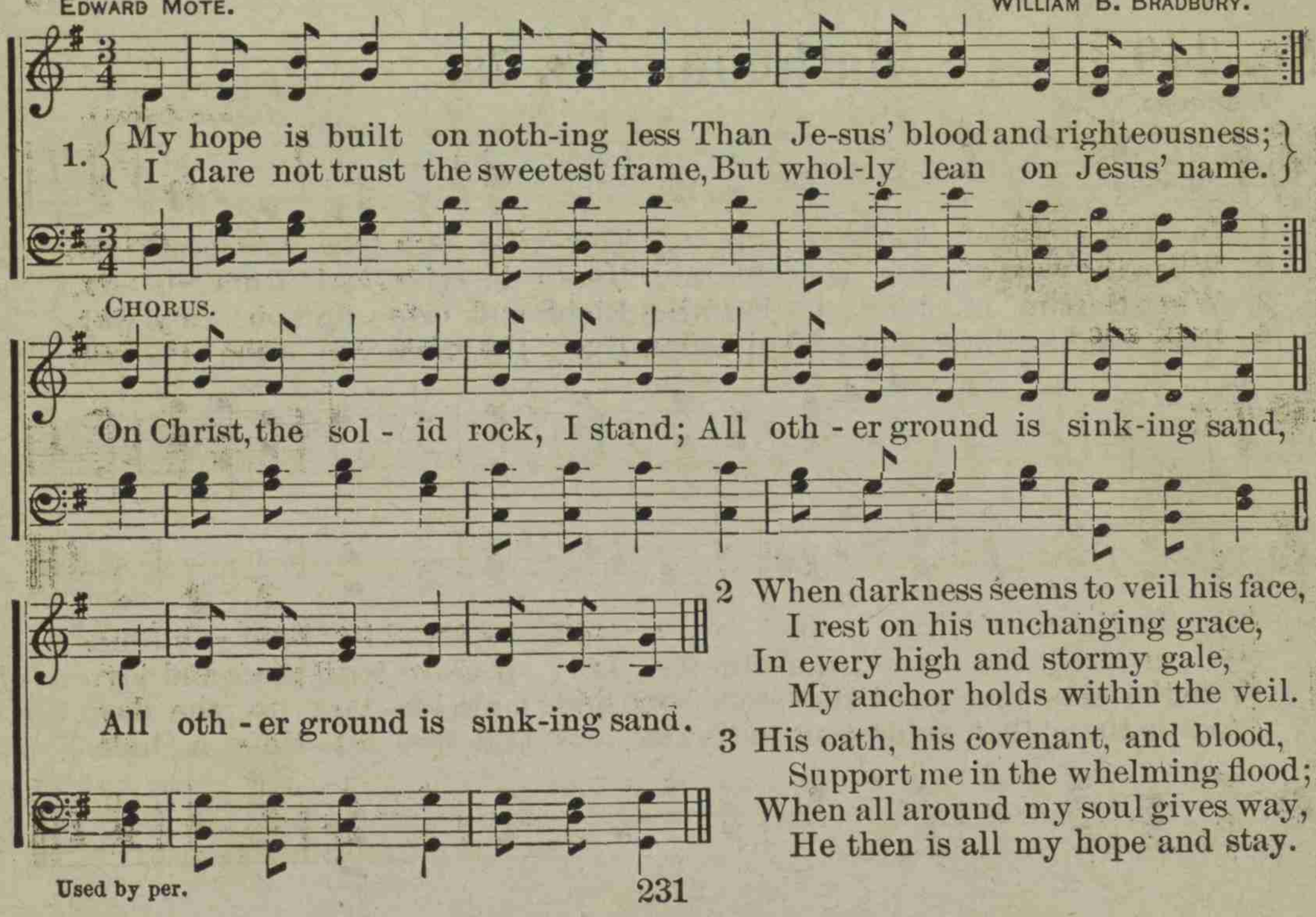


3 E'er since, by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

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

No. 247. The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace,
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

Used by per.

No. 248. Ellesdie. 8s, 7s. D.

HENRY F. LYTE. Arr. from W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav- iour, too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, dis- as - ter, scorn, and pain!
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;

Des - ti-tute, despised, for - sak- en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Hu - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un- true.
In thy ser-vice pain is pleasure; With thy fa - vor loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con- di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
D.S.—Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
D.S.—Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.
D.S.—O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with thee.

Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi- tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have called thee, Ab - ba, Fa-ther; I have stayed my heart on thee:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

No. 249. Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de- ceive, and fears an- noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto- ry Gath- ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus- ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 250. Take Me as I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. (Arr. by W. J. K.) J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry; Un- less thou help me, I must die:
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me thy blood was spilt.
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal- va- tion I would prove
4. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re-new;
5. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vic- t'ry won,

FINE.

O, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am!
But since to thee I can- not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, And take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, O take me as I am!

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

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am!..... O,
Take me as I am, Take me as I am:

No. 251. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

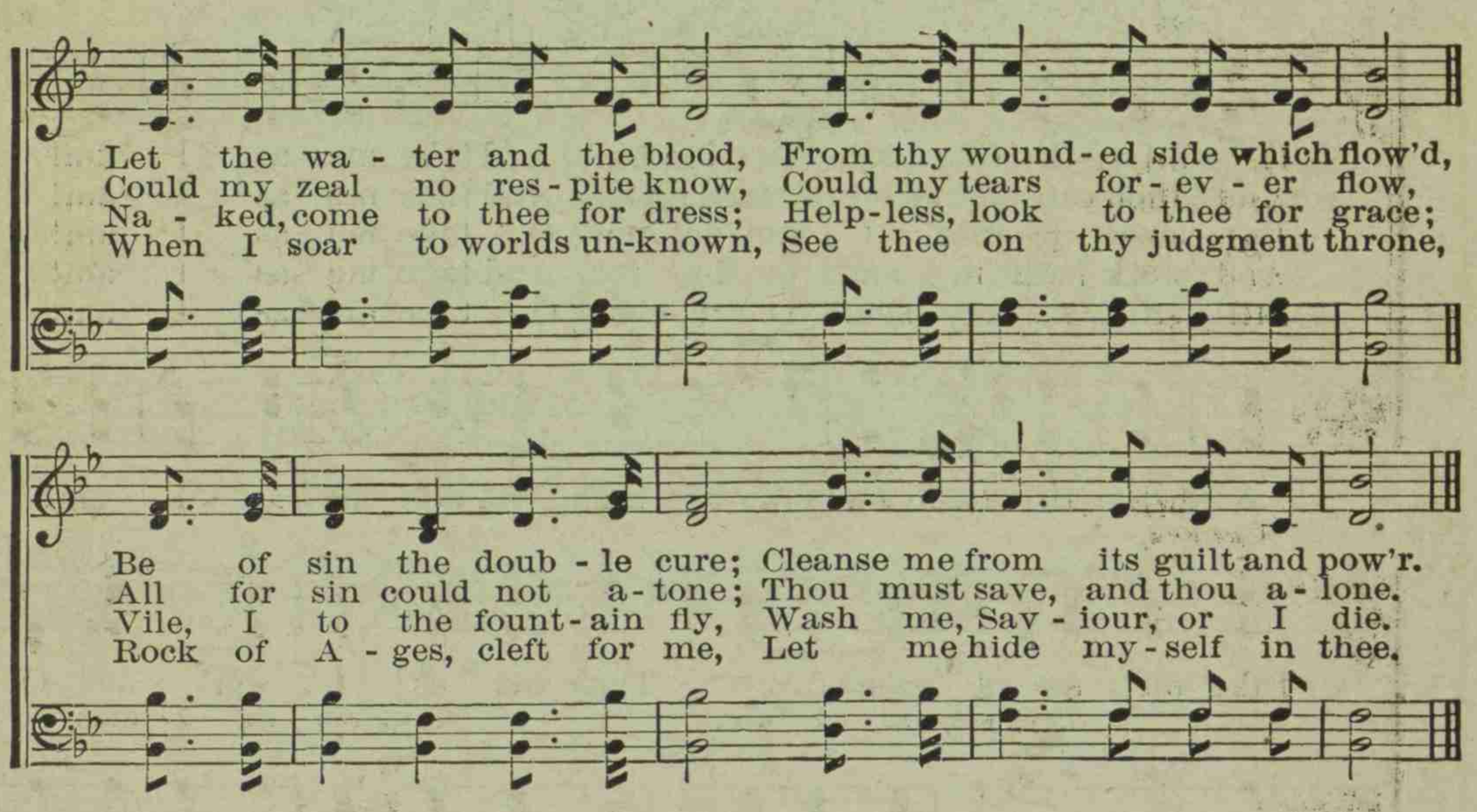
JOHN DOBELL. H. K. OLIVER.

1. How pleasing to be - hold and see The friends of Je - sus all a-gree—
2. Here we be- hold the dawn of bliss; Here we be-hold the Saviour's grace;
3. While here we sit we would im-plore That love may spread from shore to shore,
4. To all we free- ly give our hand, Who love the Lord in ev - 'ry land;

To sit a-round the sa . cred board As members of one common Lord.
Here we be-hold His pre-cious blood, Which sweetly pleads for us with God.
Till all the saints, like us, com- bine To praise the Lord in songs di-vine.
For all are one in Christ our head, To whom be end- less hon- ors paid.

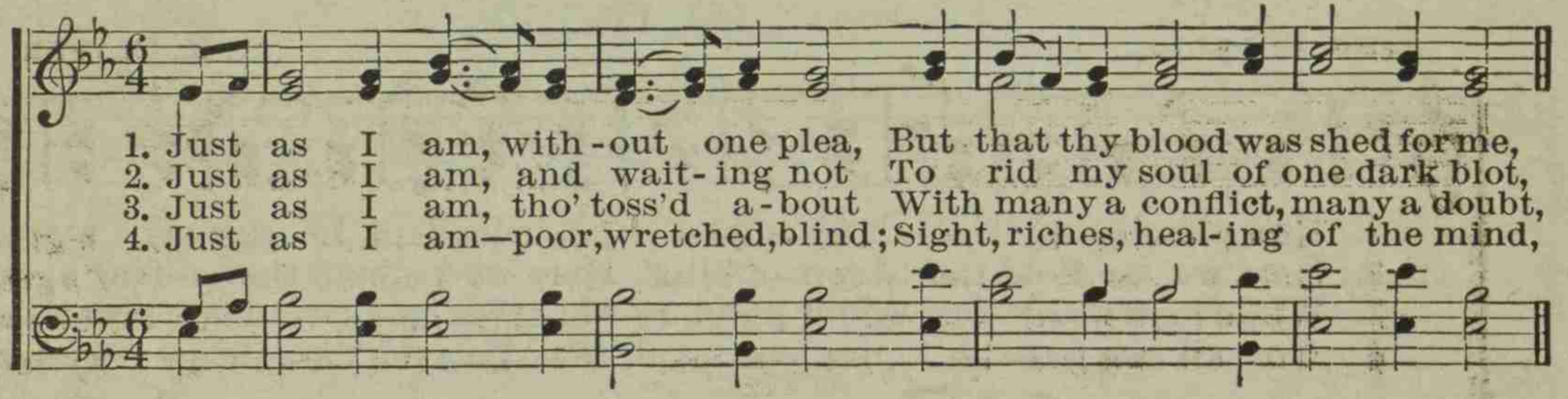
No. 252. Toplady. 7s. 6 lines.

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



No. 253. Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

No. 254. Loving Kindness.

SAMUEL MEDLEY — WM. CALDWELL.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - with-standing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might - y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op- pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom - y cloud, Has gath-ered thick and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has al - ways stood, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!

Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how strong!
Lov - ing kindness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!

No. 255. The Great Physician.

WILLIAM HUNTER. — Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus,
   He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus,
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.

D.C.— Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D.C.*

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus:
O how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

No. 256. He Leadeth Me.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

He lead - eth me, he lead - eth me, By his own hand he lead - eth me:
His faith-ful follow'r I would be, For by his hand he lead - eth me.

No. 257. Rest. L. M.

Mrs. MARGARET MCKAY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

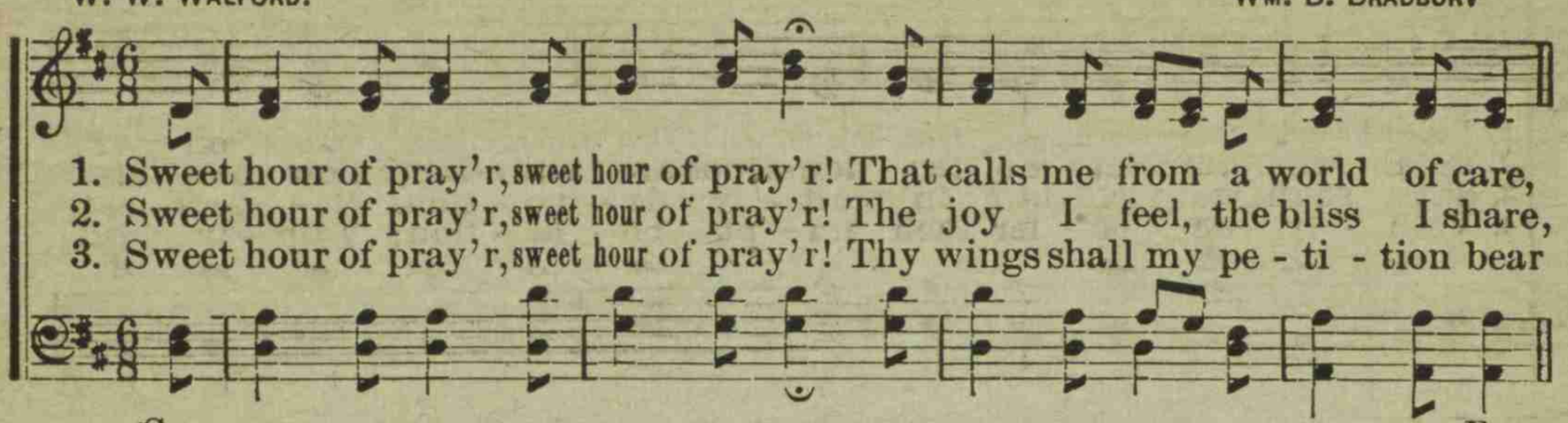
1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep!
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet, To be for such a slumber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supreme-ly blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss - ful ref-uge be;

A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its venomed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait-ing the summons from on high.

No. 258. Sweet Hour of Prayer. L. M. D.

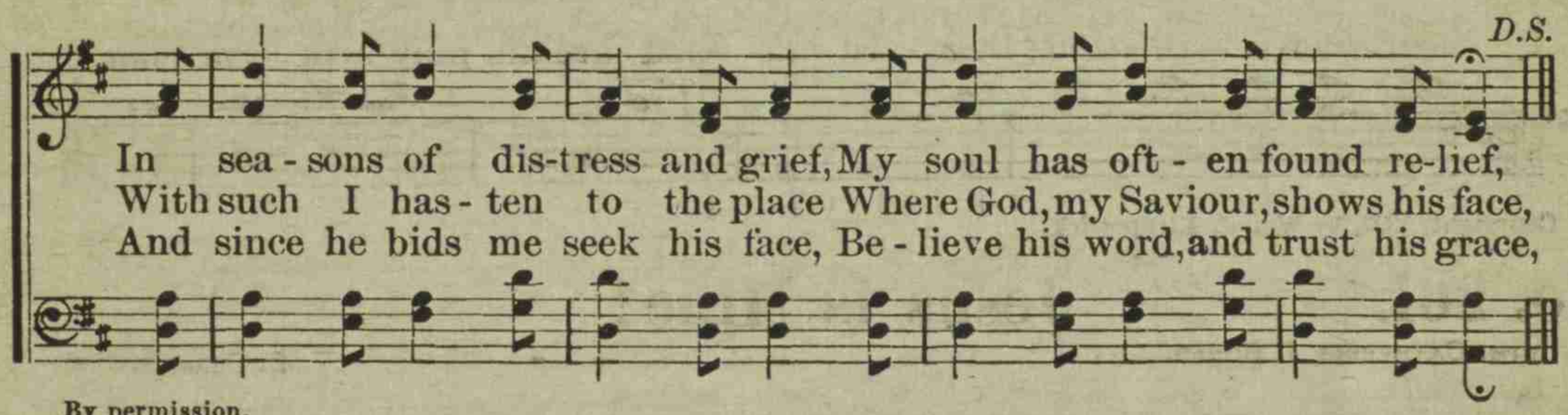
W. W. WALFORD. WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear



And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known.
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong desires for thy re-turn.
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless.

D.S.—And oft escap'd the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—And glad - ly take my sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.



In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
With such I has - ten to the place Where God, my Saviour, shows his face,
And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, and trust his grace,

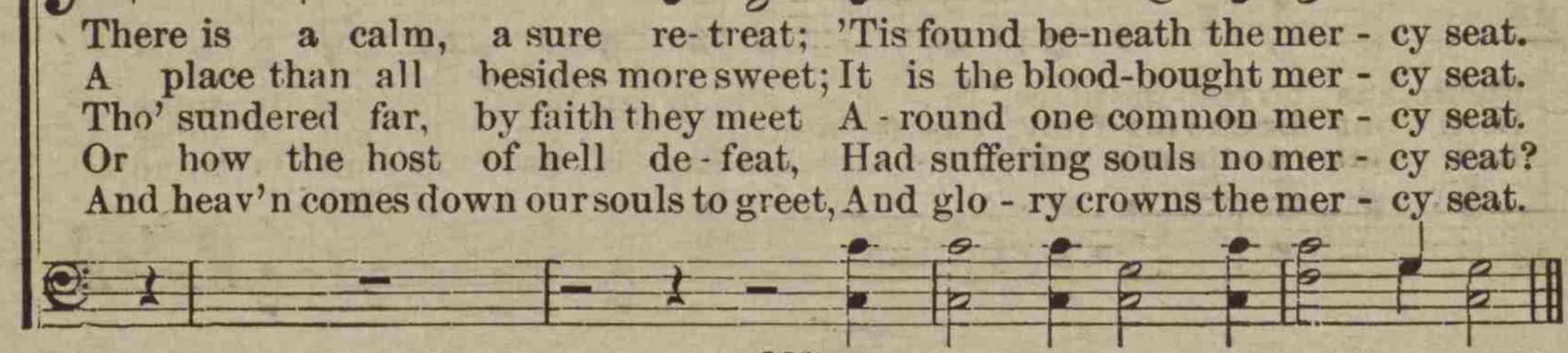
By permission.

No. 259. Retreat. L. M.

H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je- sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fel- lowship with friend;
4. Ah, whith - er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o- late, dismayed;
5. There, there on ea-gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more;

There is a calm, a sure re- treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one common mer - cy seat.
Or how the host of hell de - feat, Had suffering souls no mer - cy seat?
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat.



No. 260. Brightest and Best.

REGINALD HEBER. (Adapted and arranged by W. J. K.) JOHN WHITAKER.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies his
3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion; Vain - ly with

dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
bed with the beasts of the stall, An - gels a - dore him, in
E - dom and off - 'rings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tain, and
gifts would his fa - vor se - cure; Rich - er by far is the

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
slum - ber re - clin - ing,—Mak - er, and Monarch, and Sav - iour of all.
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?
heart's ad - o - ra - tion; Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 261. Jesus is Mine!

Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS.

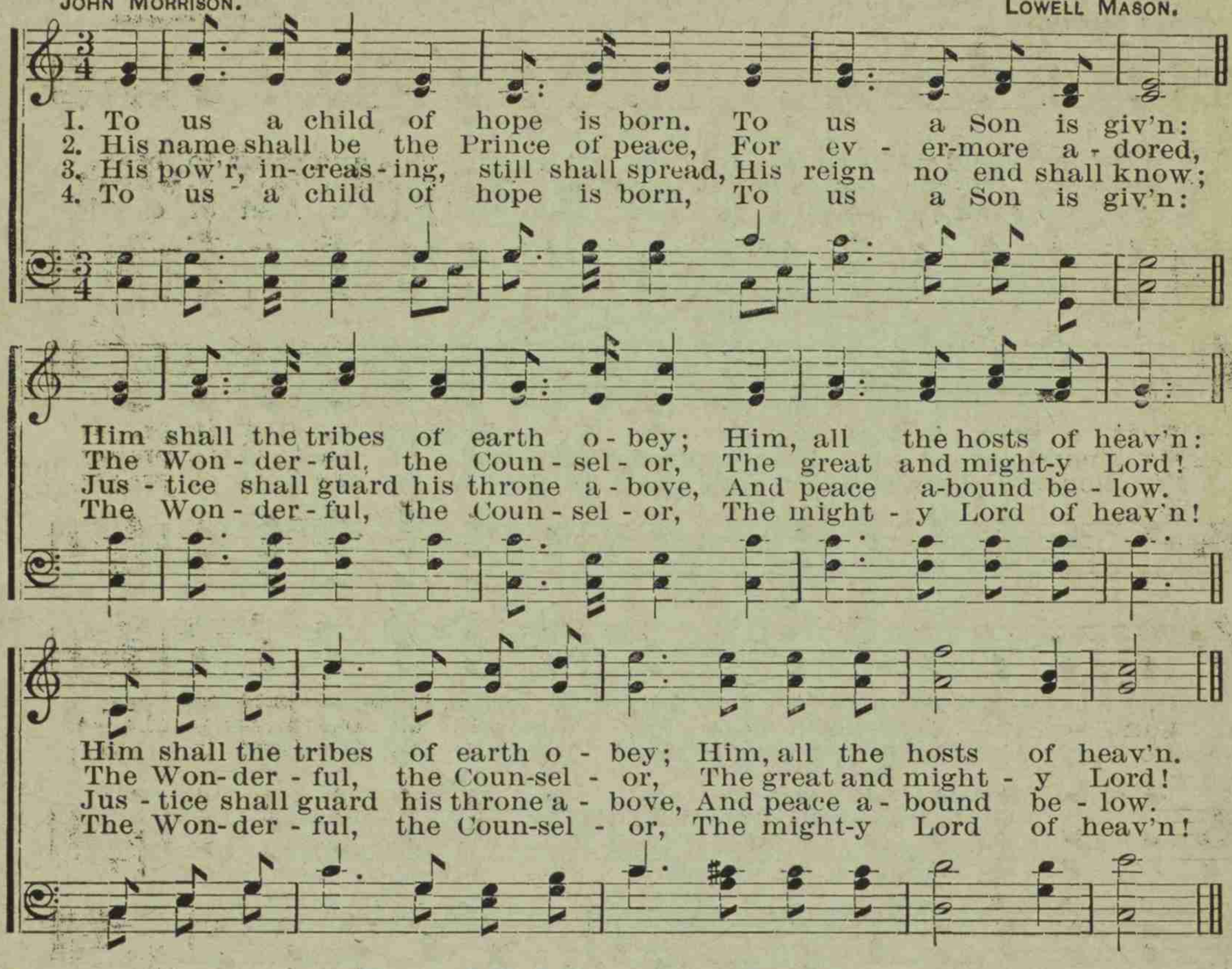
1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!

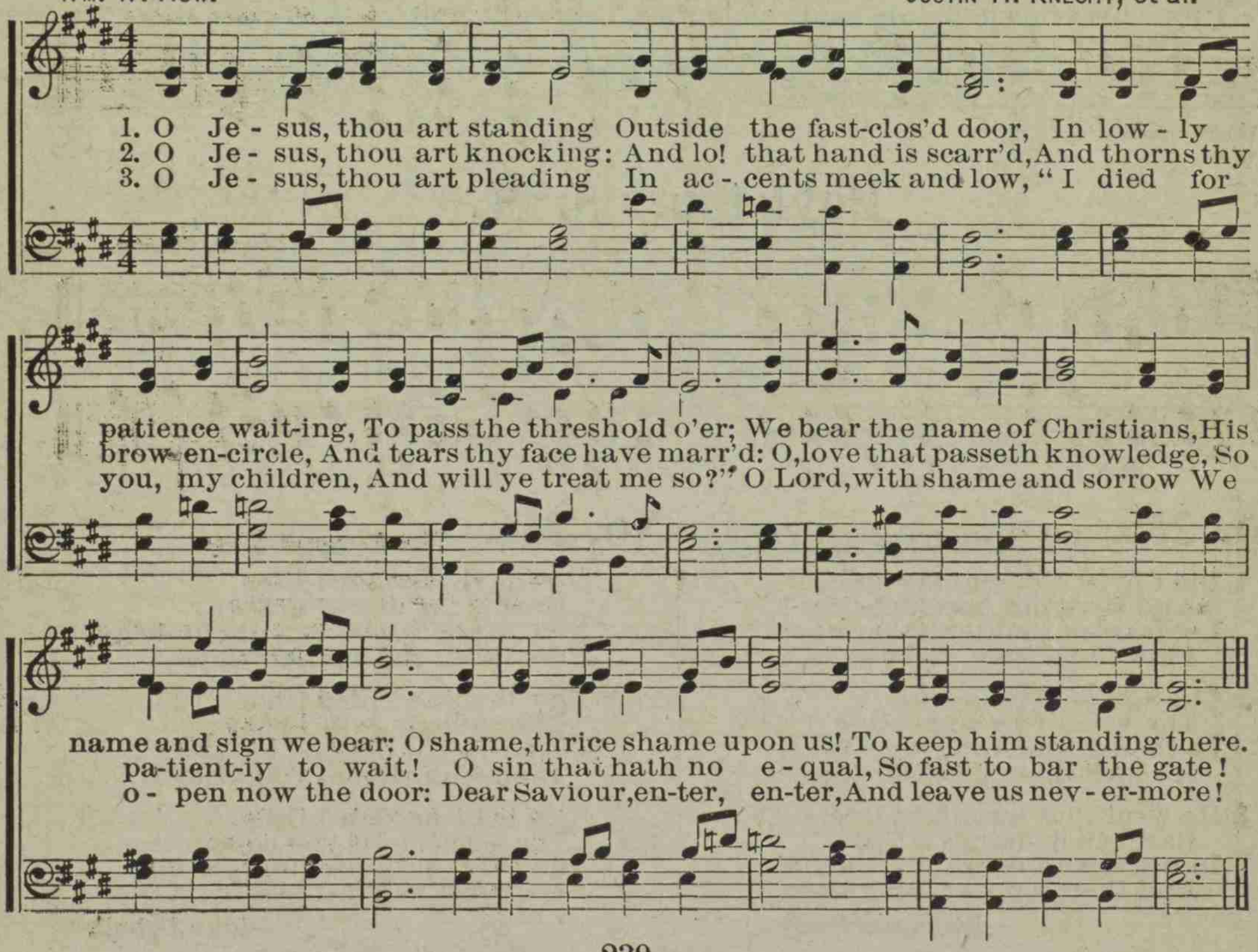
No. 262. Zerah. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. LOWELL MASON.



No. 263. St. Hilda. 7s, 6s. D.

WM. W. HOW. JUSTIN H. KNECHT, et al.



No. 264. What a Friend We Have.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

Used by permission.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 265. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul:
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

—Benjamin Beddome.

No. 266. The Accepted Time.

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

—John Dobell.

No. 267. Dennis. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS G. NAGELI.

No. 268. Welcome, Sweet Day.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

—*Isaac Watts.*

No. 269. A Charge to Keep.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

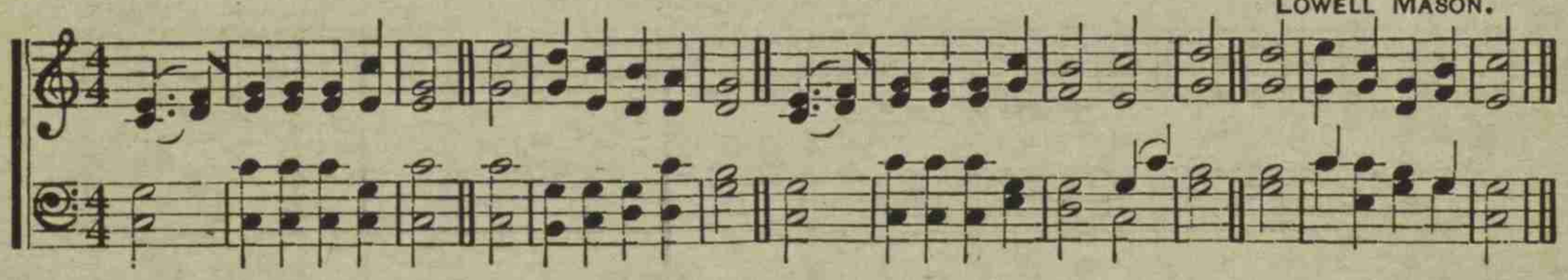
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

—*Chas. Wesley.*

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 270. My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

—*George Heath.*

No. 271. Come, We who Love.

1 Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

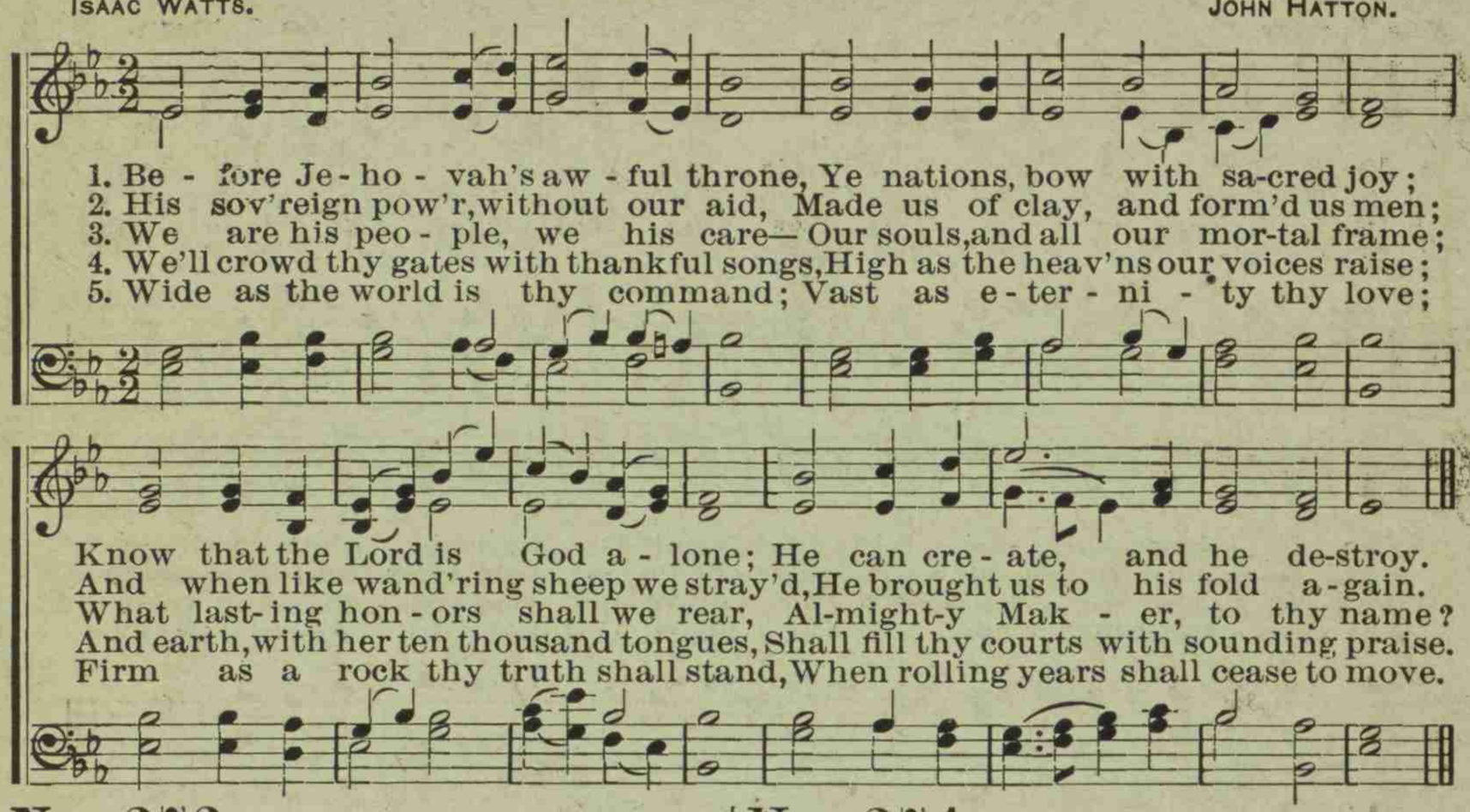
3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

—*Isaac Watts.*

No. 272. Duke Street. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



No. 273. Awake, my Tongue.

1 Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned,
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

4 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold!
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here, wisdom shines forever bright,
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

—John Needham.

No. 274. King Jesus, Reign.

1 King Jesus, reign for evermore,
Unrivaled in thy courts above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heavenly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till, with the vast, unnumbered throng,
We join in heaven's triumphant song:

4 Till, with pure hands and voices sweet
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love,
In everlasting strains above.

—Ralph Wardlaw.

Rockingham. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 275. Of Him Who Did.

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charm is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

—Bernard of Clairvaux.

No. 276. Invitation.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinners, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

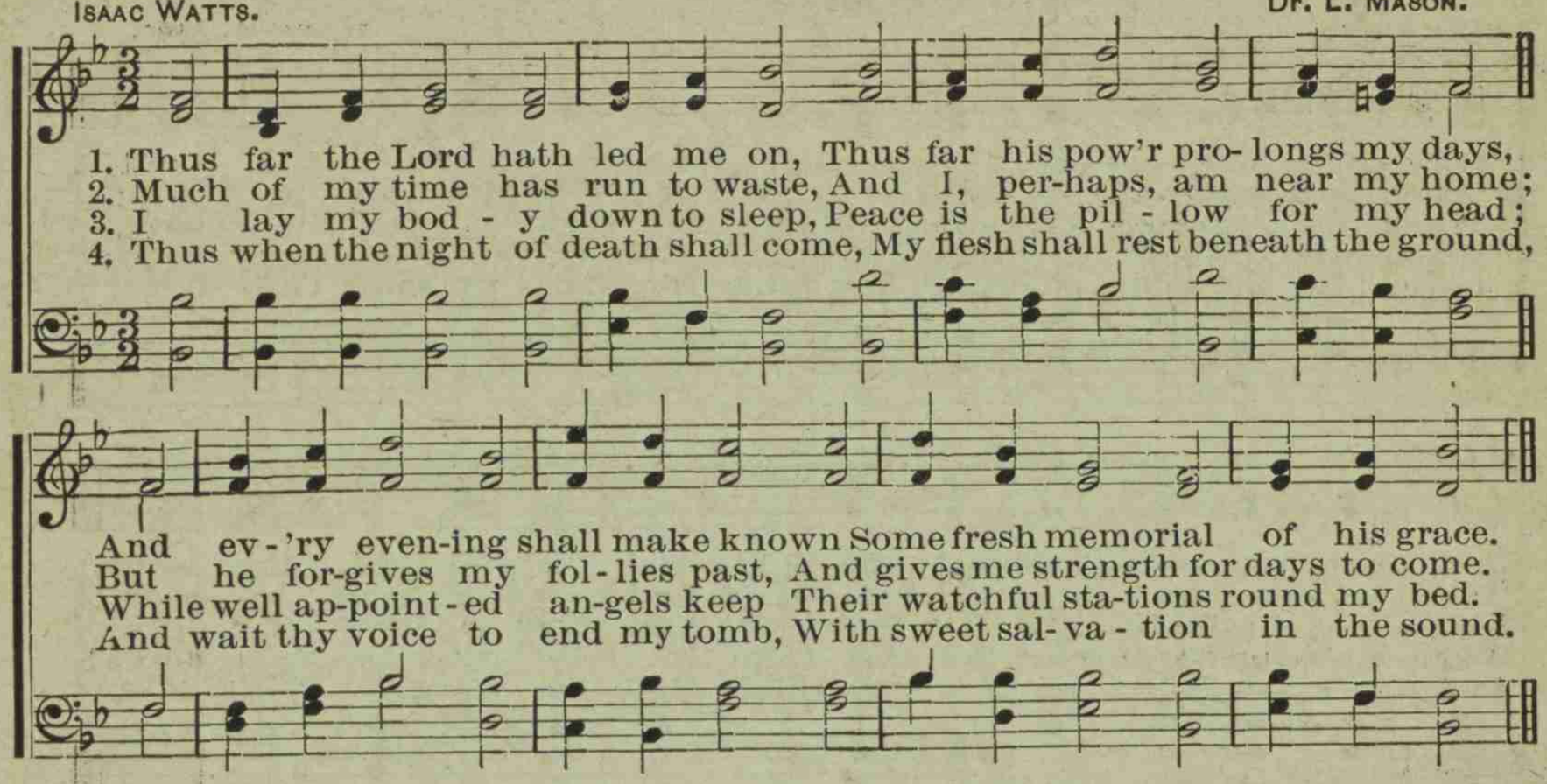
3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

—Charles Wesley.

No. 277. Hebron. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. L. MASON.



No. 278. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

1 Show pity, Lord; O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

—*Isaac Watts.*

No. 279. Glorying in the Cross. L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine?
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

No. 280. Lord, I am Thine. L. M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity!
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

—*Samuel Davies.*

No. 281. Not Ashamed of Jesus. L.M.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

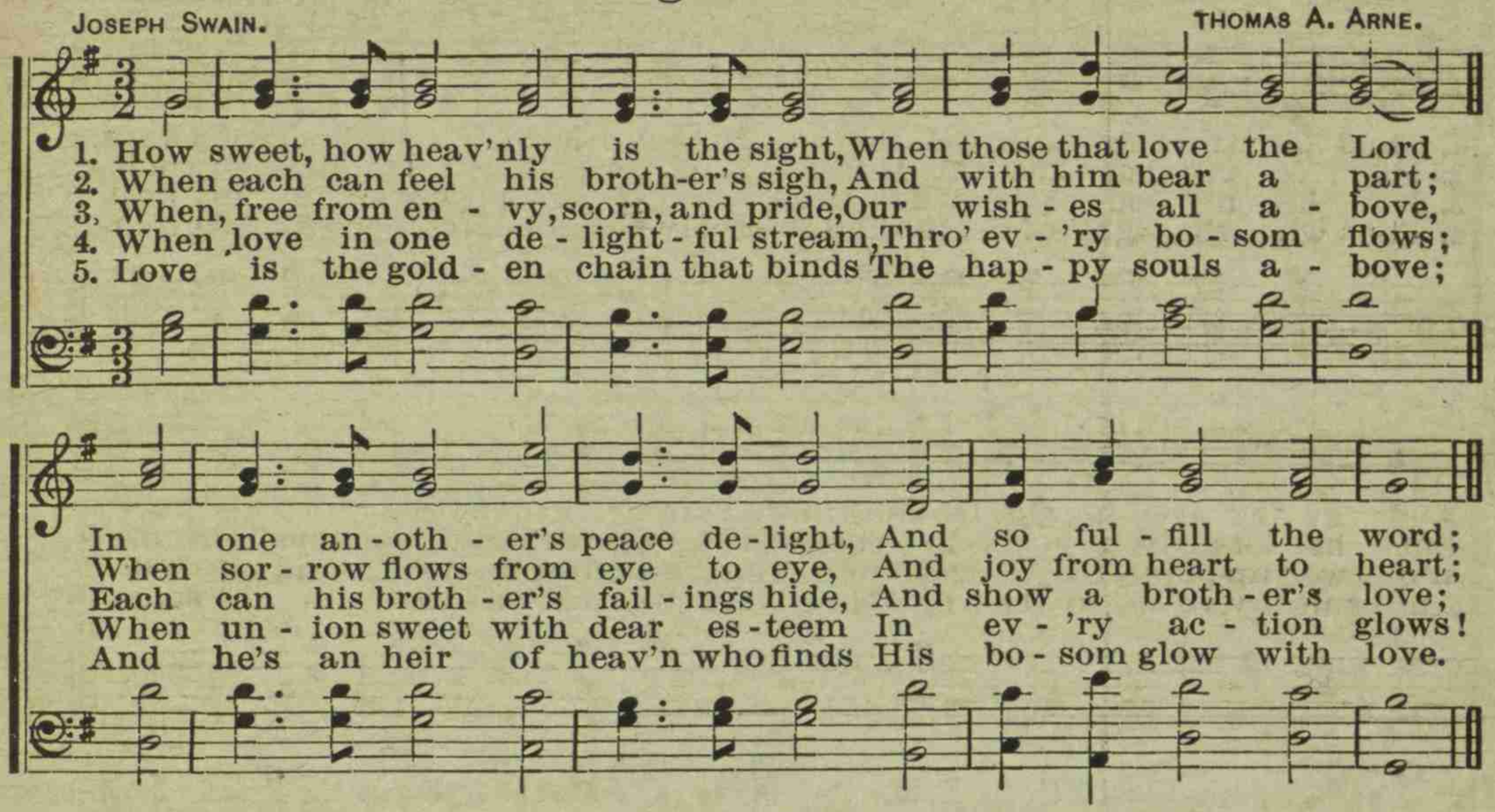
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

—*Joseph Grigg.*

No. 282. Arlington. C. M.

JOSEPH SWAIN. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 283. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain.
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

—*William Hiley Bathurst.*

No. 284. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

—*Isaac Watts.*

Azmon. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

No. 285. I'm Not Ashamed. C. M.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honors of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint for me a place.

—*Isaac Watts.*

No. 286. Again the Lord. C. M.

1 Again the Lord of light and life
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn.
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun which rose this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

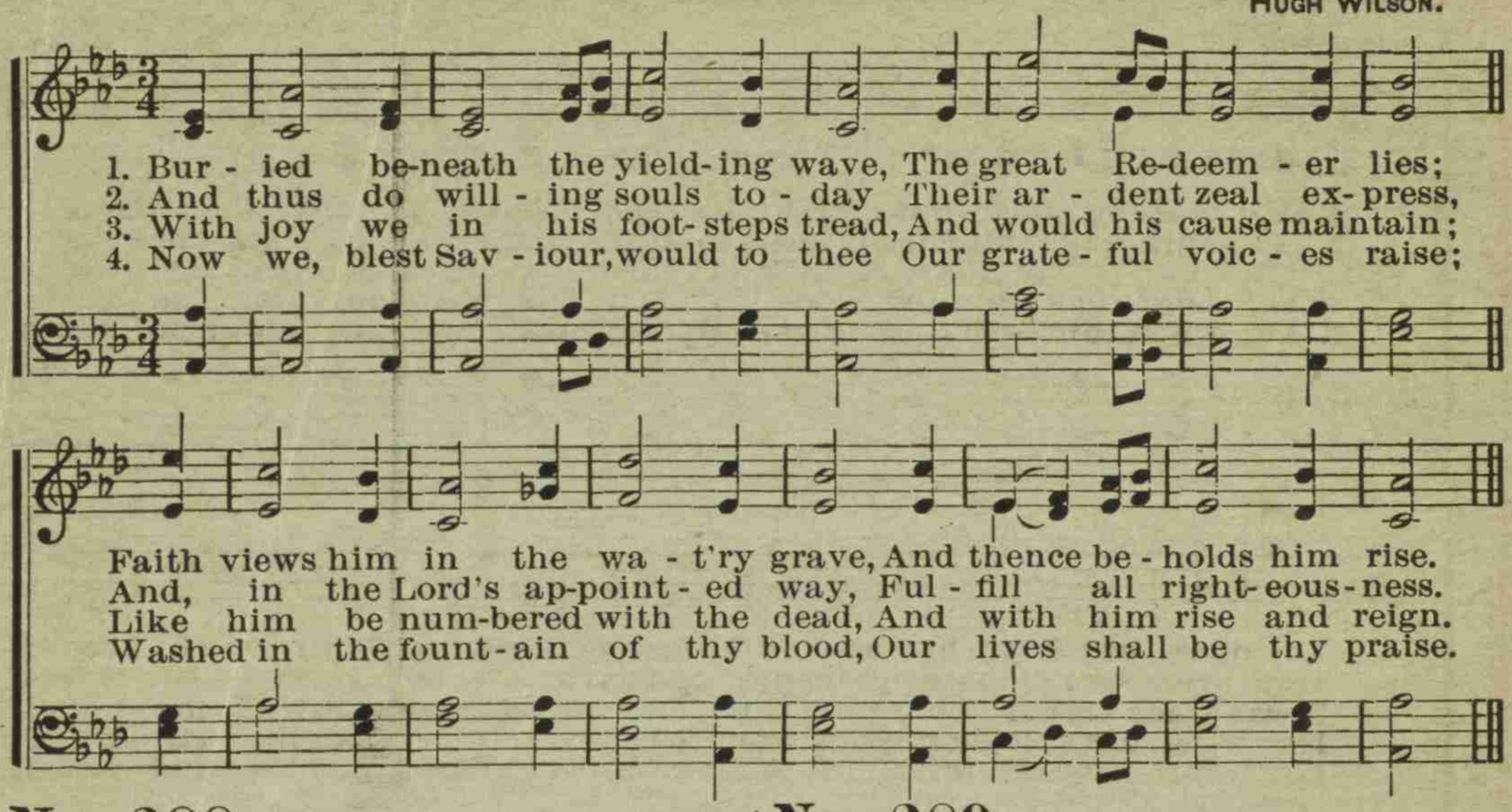
3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosanaas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand different lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

—*Anna L. Barbauld.*

No. 287. Avon. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.



No. 288. What Glory Gilds! C. M.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes the world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

—*William Cowper.*

No. 289. Watch and Pray. C. M.

1 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour,
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
O Christian, hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

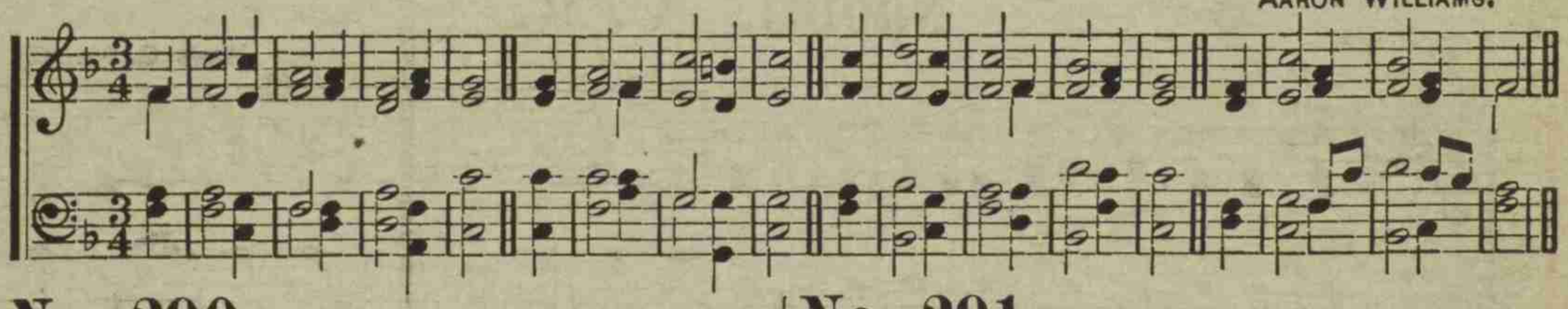
3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thine eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray;
O hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

—*T. Hastings.*

Mear. C. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.



No. 290. O God of Bethel! C. M.

1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each succeeding path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
We all arrive in peace.

—*Philip Doddridge.*

No. 291. Meditation. C. M.

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is full of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

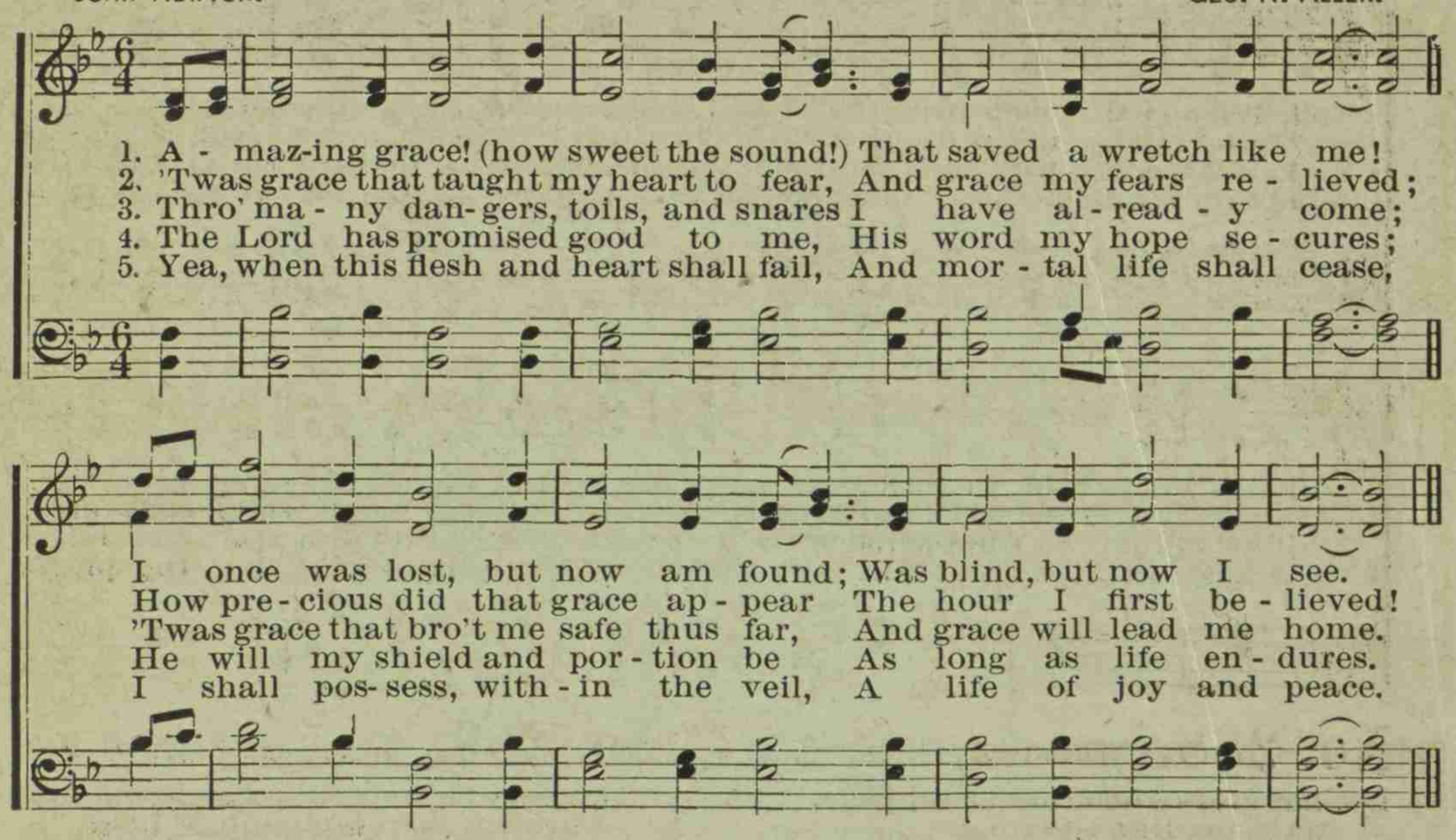
3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

—*Isaac Watts.*

No. 292. Maitland. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. GEO. N. ALLEN.



No. 293. Must Jesus Bear? C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

—*Thomas Shepherd. Alt.*

No. 294. How Precious! C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guard our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

—*John Fawcett.*

Naomi. C. M.

HANS G. NAGELI

No. 295. Father, Whate'er. C. M.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

—*Anne Steele.*

No. 296. O Thou Who Driest! C. M.

1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

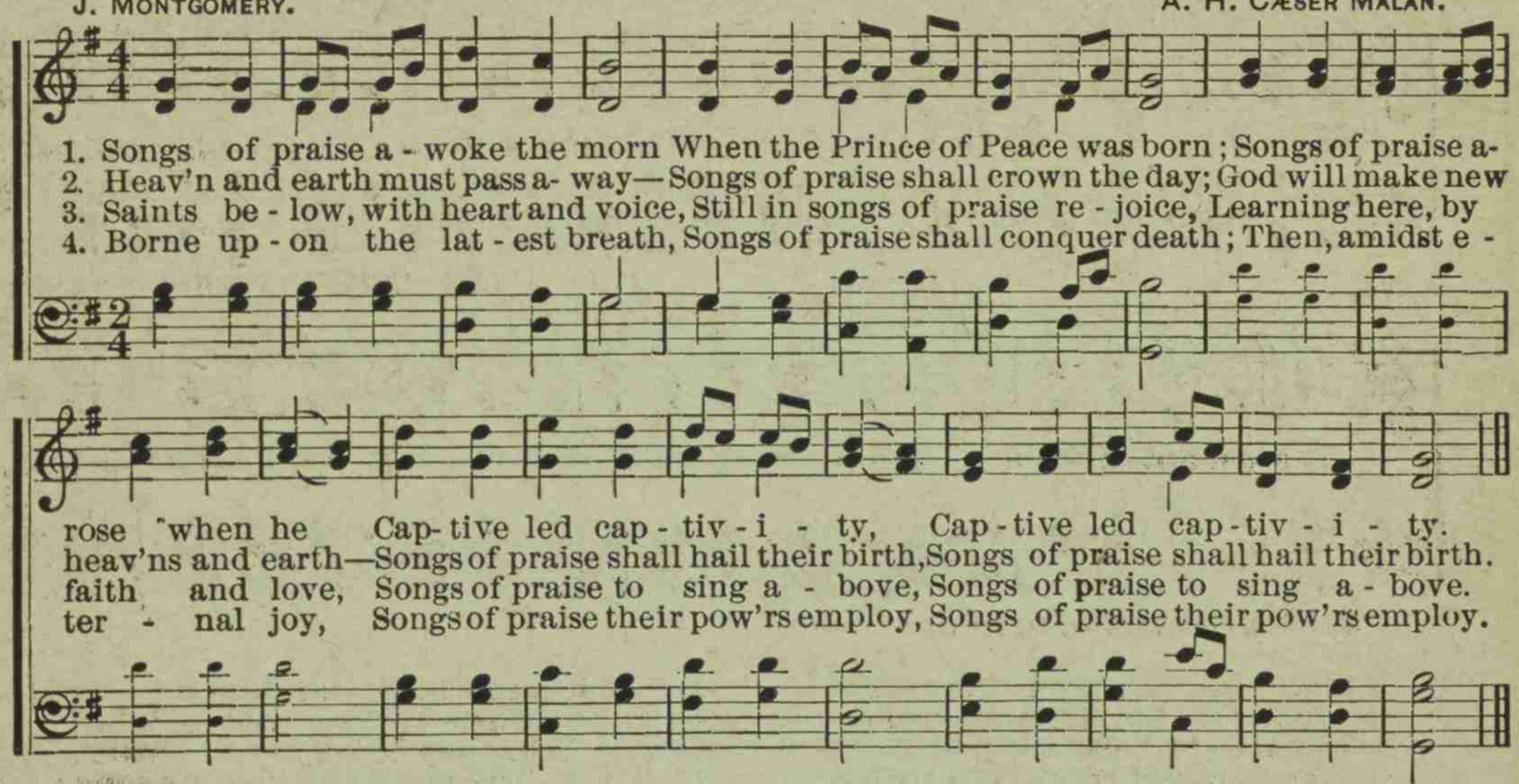
2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
The darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

—*Thomas Moore.*

No. 297. Hendon. 7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. A. H. CÆSER MALAN.



No. 298. Lord, We Come.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Jehovah now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

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

—*Wm. Hammond.*

No. 299. Christ, the Lord.

1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens: thou, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,--
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise--
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save:
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

—*Chas. Wesley.*

Seymour. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.

No. 300. Softly Now the Light of Day.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee—

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
From thine everlasting throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

—*George W. Doane.*

No. 301. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine—
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

2 Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

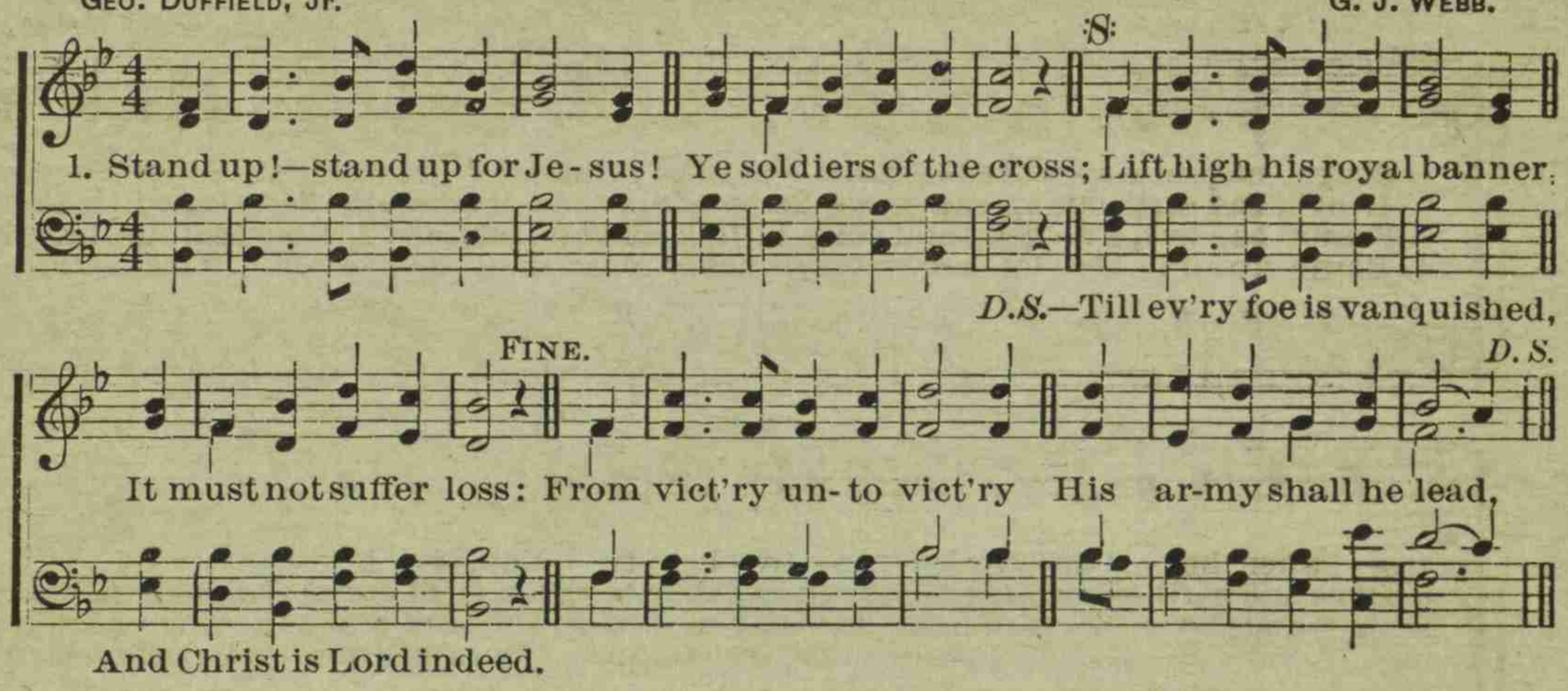
3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom.
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

—*John Burton, Sr.*

No. 302. Webb. 7s, 6s. D.

GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr. G. J. WEBB.



2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 303. The Morning Light.

S. F. SMITH. TUNE.—WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

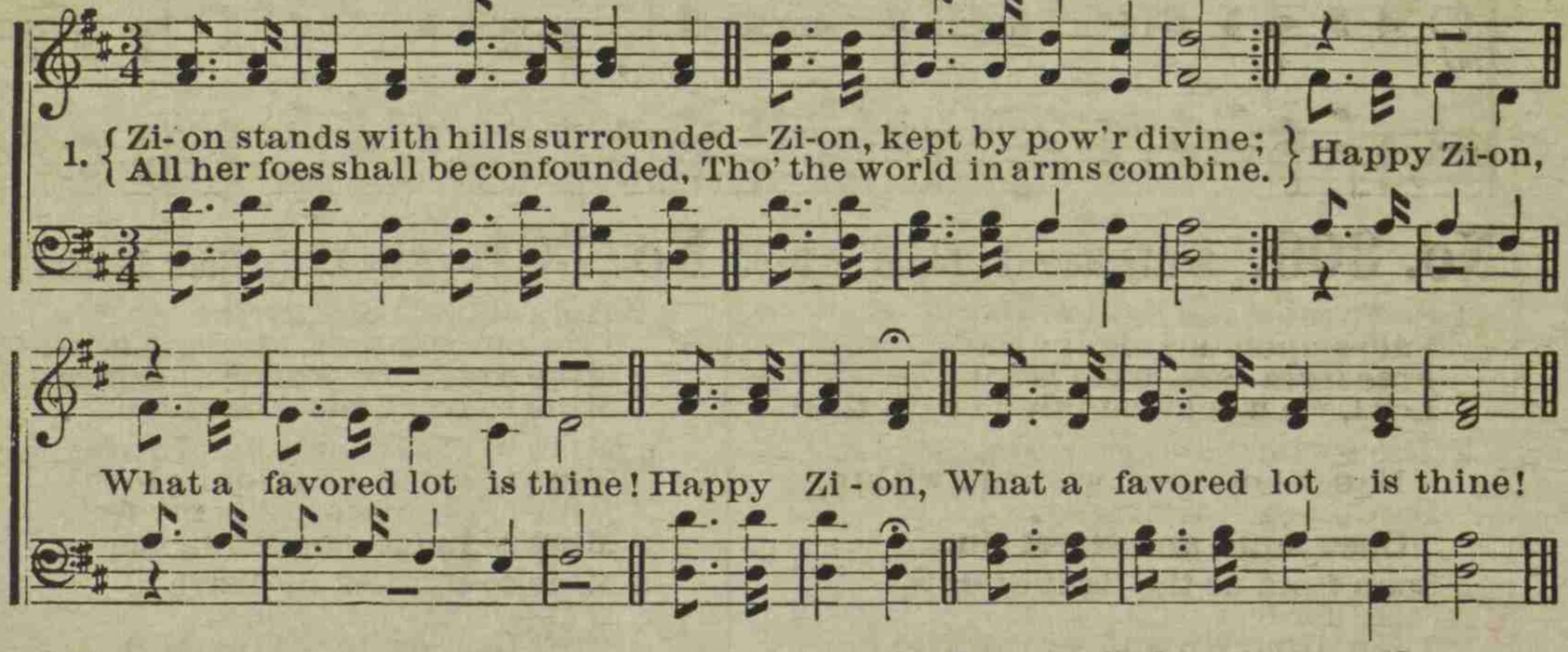
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears:
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
With sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

No. 304. Zion. 8s, 7s, 4s.

THOMAS KELLY. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

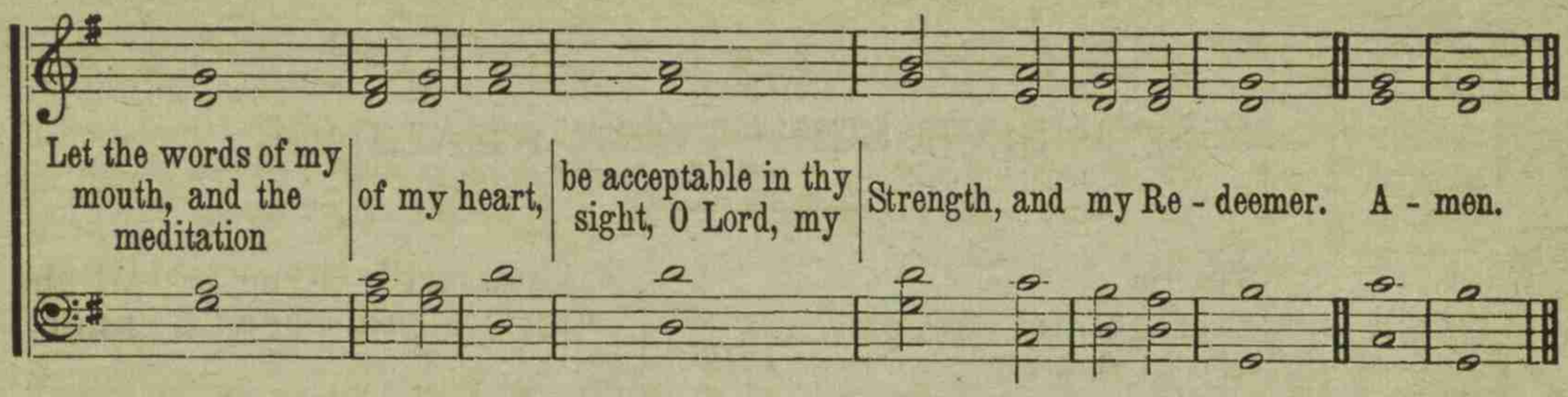


2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight.
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

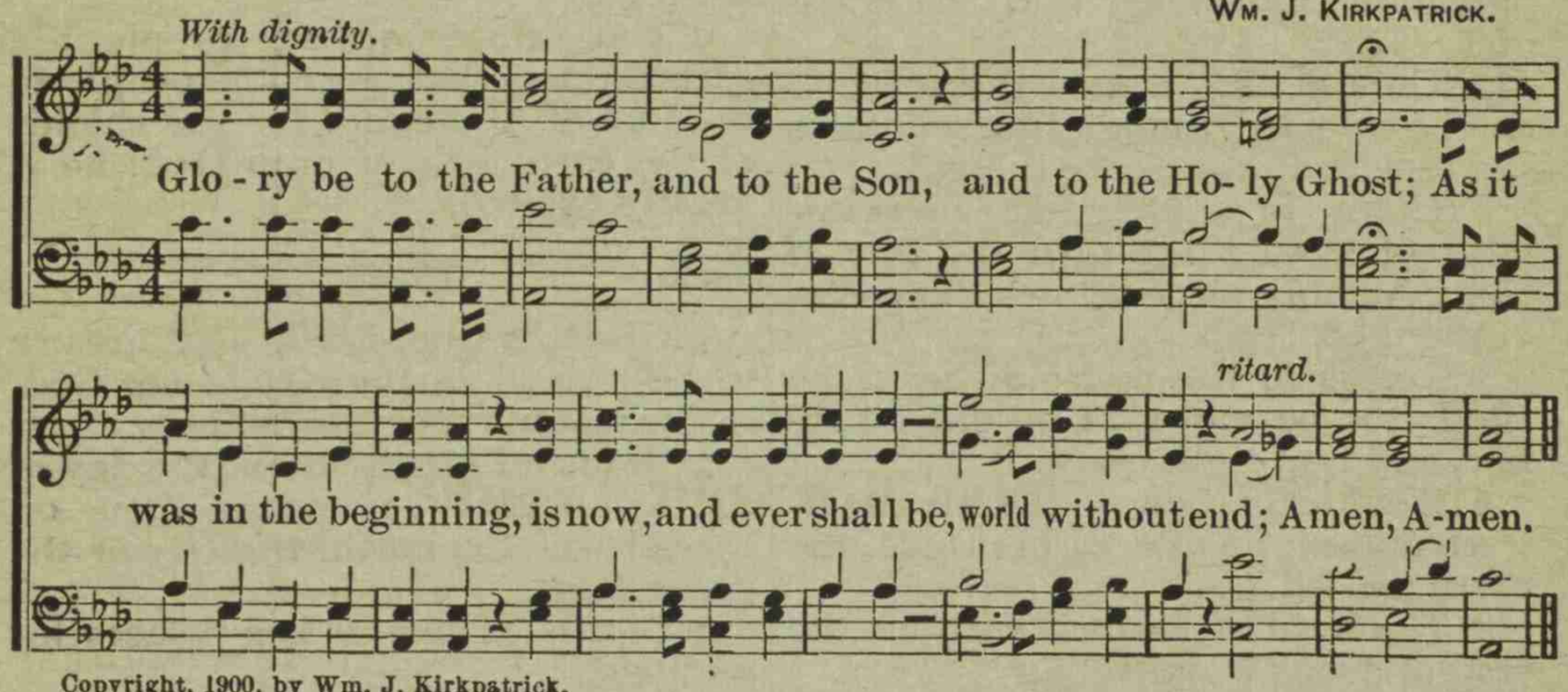
No. 305. Let the Words of My Mouth.

Psalm 19: 14. May be Recited or Sung.



No. 306. Gloria Patri.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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No. 307. Doxology.

Thos. Ken. (Old Hundred. L. M.) Lewis Bourgeois.

Thanks at Meals.

"Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."—Ps. 145: 16.

No. 308. Blessing Invoked. L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

No. 309. Thanks Given. L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health and mercy good;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heav'n.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS.

No. 1. PS. 46.

1 God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

No. 2. PS. 47.

1 O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

2 For the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

3 He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

4 He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.

5 God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

6 Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

7 For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

8 God reigneth over the heathen; God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

9 The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

No. 3. PS. 48.

1 Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

4 For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

5 They saw it, and sothey marveled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

6 Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.

7 Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

8 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it forever.

9 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

10 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth; thy right hand is full of righteousness.

11 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

12 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

14 For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

No. 4. PS. 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

No. 5. ECCLES. 12: 1-7.

1 Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

2 While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain.

3 In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

4 And the doors shall be shut in the streets when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

5 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

6 Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

7 Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

No. 6. ISA. 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

. . . . . .

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and

he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands.

13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

No. 7. MATT. 5: 1-12.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 8. JOHN 14: 15-21.

15 If ye love me, keep my commandments.

16 And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever:

17 Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

18 I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

19 Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

20 At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

21 He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

No. 9. JOHN 16: 7-13.

7 Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

8 And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

9 Of sin, because they believe not on me:

10 Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more:

11 Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

12 I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

13 Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come.

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