SONGS OF ZION

NUMBER TWO

Z8
B818.2

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Songs of Zion No. 2

A Collection of

Old and New Songs

FOR

All the Services of the Churches

BY

S. M. BROWN, J. M. HUNT and R. K. MAIDEN

PRICES:

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Kansas City, Mo.

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1908
Song D

PREFACE

The authors have both pleasure and pride in presenting Songs of Zion Number 2 to the public. Much care has been taken and large expense incurred in the making of the book. We indicate something of our idea of what a song book should be:

FIRST—Believing that the old and the young should attend every service of the churches, that the church members should be in the Sunday school and that the Sunday school children should be present in the preaching services; that all classes and ages should gather at the prayer-meeting, and that every service should be an evangelistic service, we have endeavored to include in a single book, of convenient size and popular price, the very cream of the sacred music of the day, suited to each and every service of the Lord's house, so that in the songs sung and the book used the tendency may be to unification and not to segregation or separation.

SECOND—Finding our church hymnals burdened down with hundreds of songs which are not used, we have incorporated into this book only the best solid hymns. The collection includes a sufficient number and variety to meet the necessities of any church.

THIRD—The new and modern songs are selected from the best composers living and dead. There are represented in the contents of the book 87 music writers and 117 hymn writers. No pains or expense has been spared in securing for the book the very best.

FOURTH—Style of binding. Our aim has been to bind the book so as to meet two general demands: First, a strong limp cloth binding and, second, an excellent full cloth binding, the latter style giving the book an appearance and a durability equal to the best hymnals. We also make the price of this elegantly bound book the same as that heretofore paid for mere board binding.

We send Songs of Zion Number 2 forth with the earnest prayer that it may be used of God in the winning of many lost ones to Christ and in giving courage, comfort and inspiration to Zion's pilgrims.

S. M. BROWN,
J. M. HUNT,
R. K. MAIDEN.
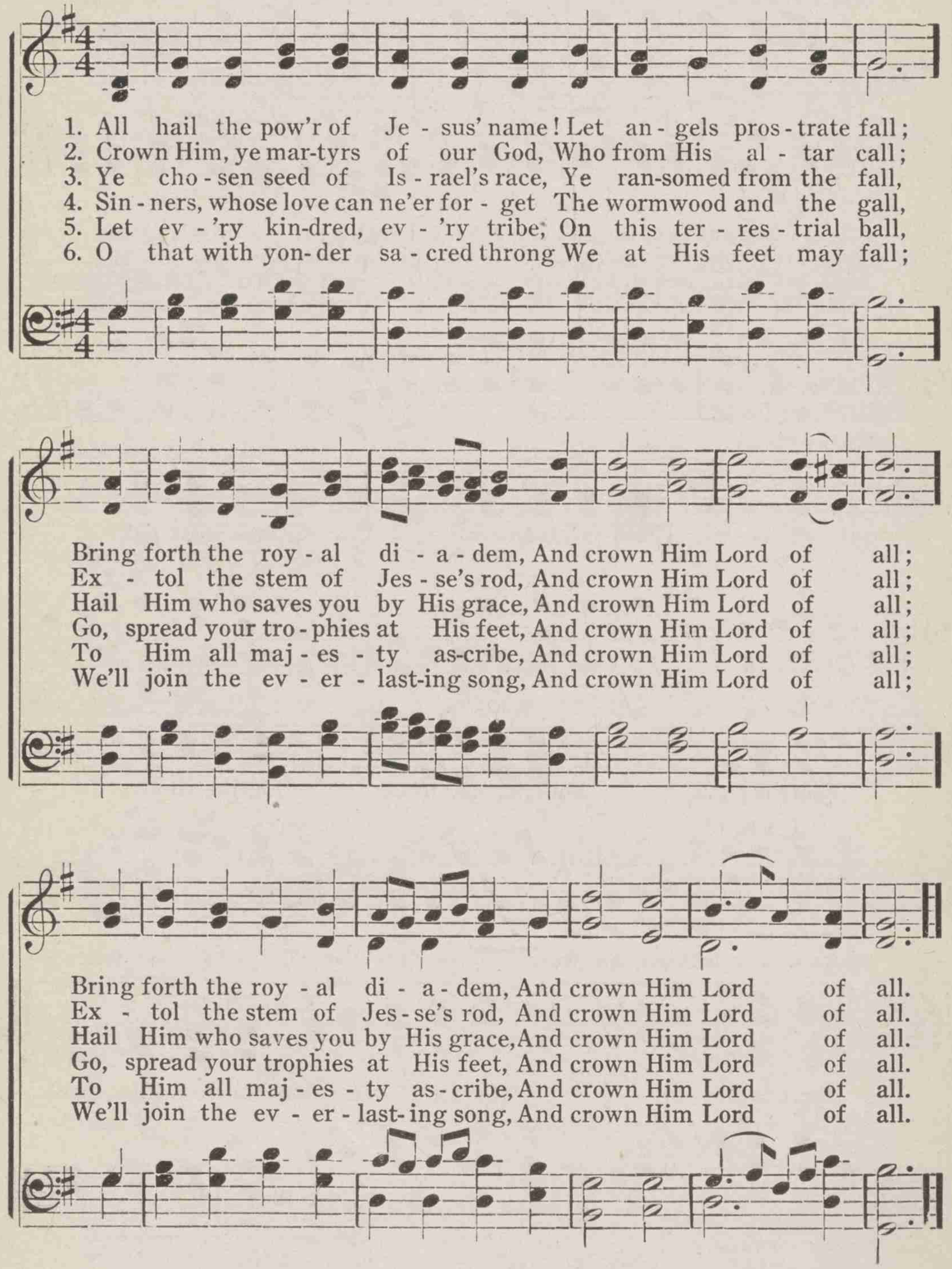
PUNTON-CLARK PRESS
KANSAS CITY

SONGS OF ZION. No. 2.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 35 : 10.

No. 1. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 2. THERE IS GLADNESS.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is mer - cy, soul, for thee; Come and hear the old, old sto-ry, Bringing joy to you and me.
2. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is cleans-ing from thy sin; Trust the precious blood of Je-sus, Let the bless-ed Spir - it in.
3. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There is rest for ev - 'ry one Of the weary, heav - y lad en, If they trust what Christ has done.
4. There is glad-ness in the gos - pel, There's sal - va - tion for us all, If we hearken to its tidings, If we yield un - to its call.

REFRAIN.

There is glad-ness in the gos - pel,
There is glad - - ness in the gos - - pel, There is
There is grace both rich and free; For the vil-est
grace . . . both rich and free; . . . . For the vil - - est there is
there is mer - cy, There is gladness, soul, for thee. (for thee).
mer - cy, There is glad - - ness, soul, for thee. . .

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No. 3. HAVE YOU FELLOWSHIP WITH JESUS?

J. S. CHEAVENS. J. M. HUNT.

1. Have you fel - low-ship with Je - sus In His suff'rings and His shame?
2. Have you fel - low-ship with Je - sus In His ha - tred of all sin?
3. Have you fel - low-ship with Je - sus In the ag - o - ny of prayer?
4. Have you fel - low-ship with Je - sus In His love for sin - ful men?

Is the Cross for you, my broth-er, Noth-ing but an emp - ty name?
Has the flood - tide of re - pent-ance Bro - ken up the deeps with-in?
Have you learned to cast up - on Him All your bur - den, all your care?
Does His call for serv - ice wa - ken In your breast a glad a - men?

CHORUS. *rit.* - - -

Let me suf - fer with my Sav-iour; Help me say, "Thy will be done!"

Then in fel - low-ship with Je - sus Shall my earth - ly race be run.

Copyright, 1908, by J M Hunt

No. 4. LET THE SAVIOUR NOW COME IN.

J. GRIGG. J. M. HUNT.

1. Be - hold a stran-ger at the door; He gently knocks—has knocked before;
2. O love - ly at - ti-tude—He stands With melting heart and loaded hands:
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn—His feet, de - part-ed, ne'er re - turn;

Has wait - ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness—and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in.
A - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject- ed stand.

CHORUS.

O let the Sav - iour now come in (come in), O let the

Sav - iour now come in (come in); He's stand - ing at the door,

Knock-ing ev - er - more; Let the Sav - iour now come in (come in).

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No. 5. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. Dortch. D. E. Dortch, by per.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You can - not come;" With sad-ness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
2. Some one will hear the an - gel's song, And wish he could join with the hap - py throng With sigh-ing he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-noun-ces the word, "de - part;" With groanings he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His peo-ple as - cend the skies; With weeping he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
5. Some one will go in - to dark-ness drear, Far off from the Sav-iour and all that's dear; With an-guish he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,
6. Some one will en - ter the door of hell, And hear the sad wail-ings no tongue can tell; With hor - ror he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state,

REFRAIN.

Turned a - way from the beau-ti - ful gate. Turned a - way from the beauti - ful gate, Turned a-way from the beauti - ful gate; With sadness he'll mourn o'er his sor - row - ful state, Turned a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate.

No. 6. TO GATHER THE WANDERER IN.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

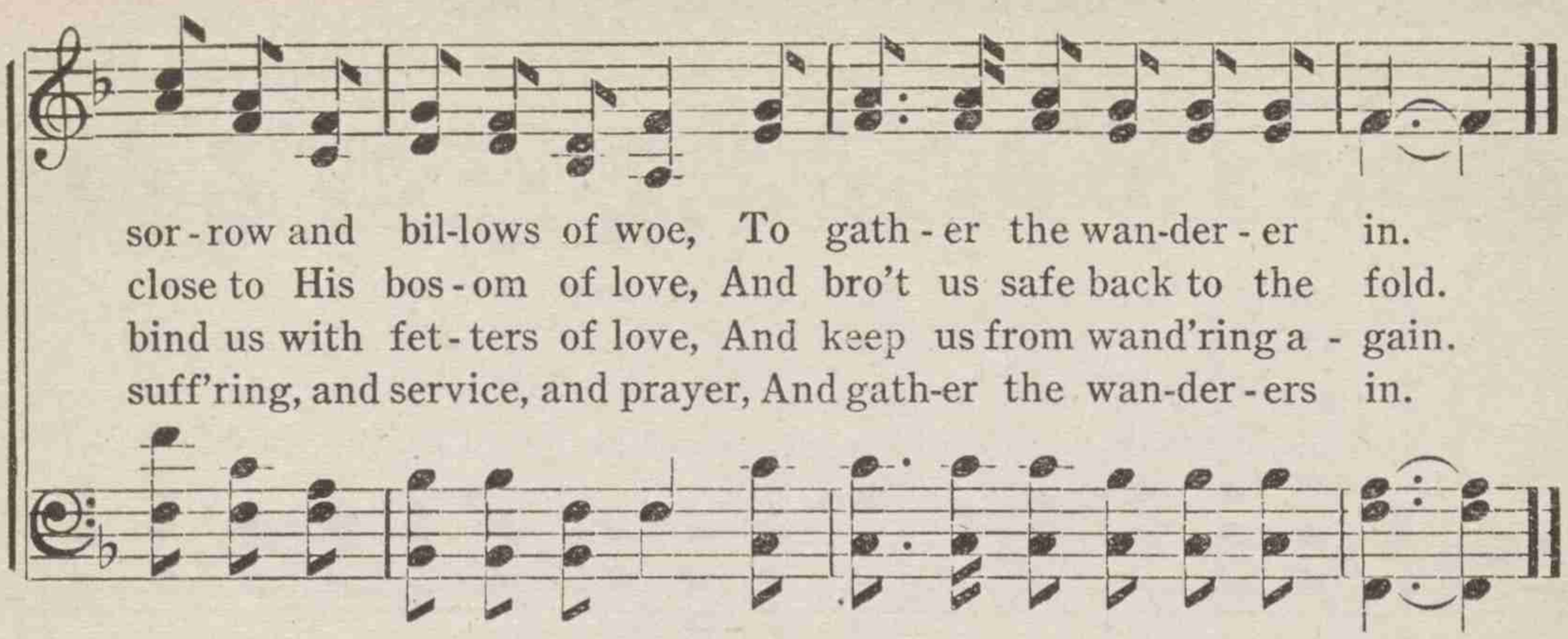
1. The Shep-herd was seek-ing for you and for me, In moun-tains of
2. He found us a - way on the mountains so bare, So wretch-ed, and
3. He came all the way from the man-sions a - bove, And suf - fered such
4. And now that we're safe in His ten - der - est care, And oth - ers are

dark-ness and sin, Thro' o - ceans of sor - row and bil - lows of woe,
hun - gry, and cold; He fold - ed us close to His bos - om of love,
grief and such pain; We trust He will bind us with fet - ters of love,
wan-d'ring in sin, We'll join Him in suf-f'ring, and serv-ice, and prayer,

To gath - er the wan-der - er in. To gath - er the wan - der - er
And bro't us safe back to the fold. And bro't us safe back to the
And keep us from wand'ring a - gain. And keep us from wand'ring a-
And gath - er the wan-der - ers in. And gath - er the wan - der - ers
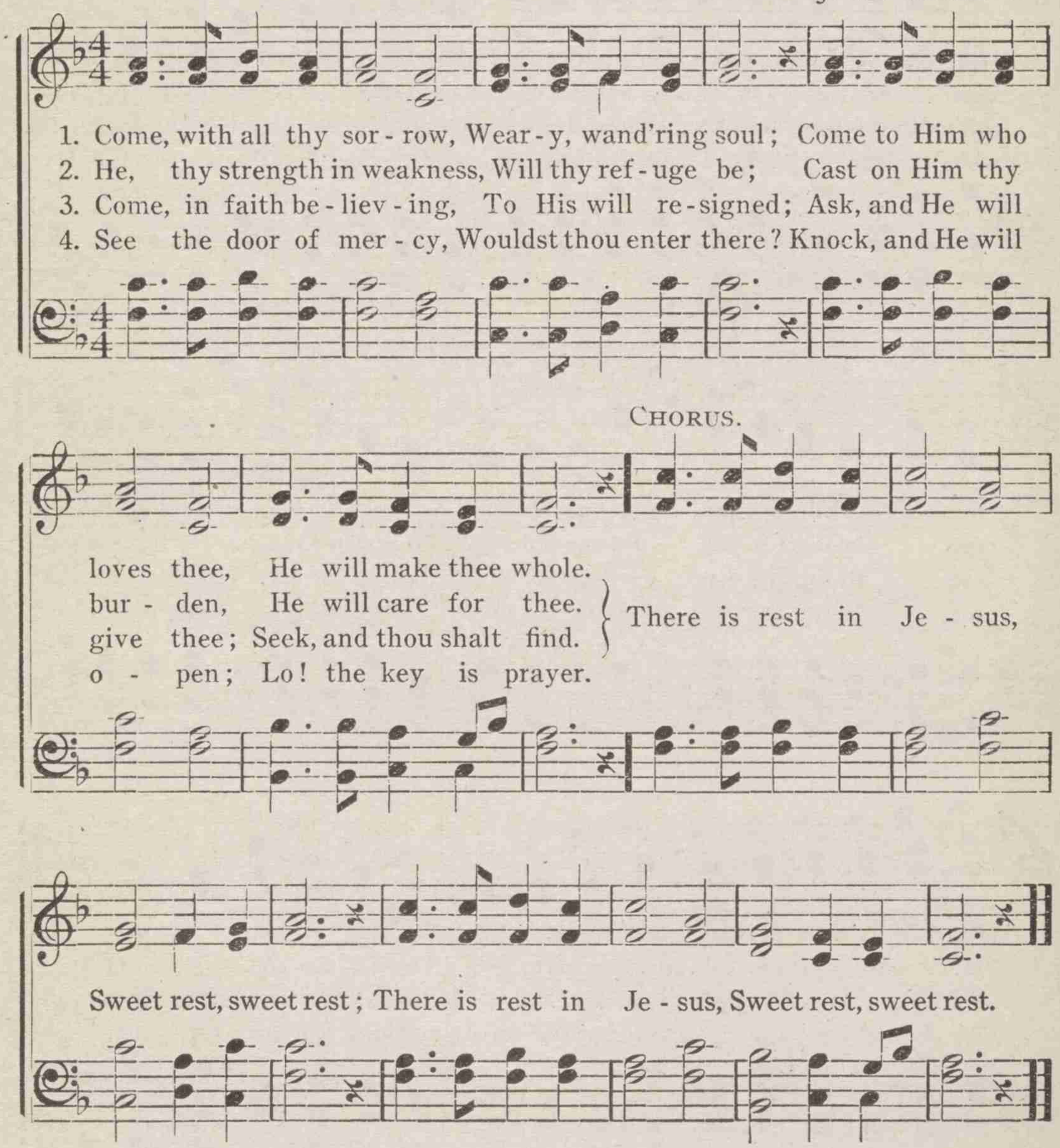
in, To gath - er the wan - der - er in; Thro' o - ceans of
fold, And bro't us safe back to the fold; He fold - ed us
gain, And keep us from wan-d'ring a - gain; We trust He will
in, And gath - er the wan - der - ers in; We'll join Him in

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No. 7. THERE IS REST IN JESUS.

J. M. HUNT.



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No. 8. SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. H. E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man - ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va-ry's tree Paid the great debt, and my
3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old; While I did wan - der a -
4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom-ise as

sor-row and shame; Oh, it was wonder-ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
soul He set free; Oh, it was wonder-ful! how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for
far from the fold, Gen-tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de-scending the sky, Com-ing for me, for

for me, ... for me, ...

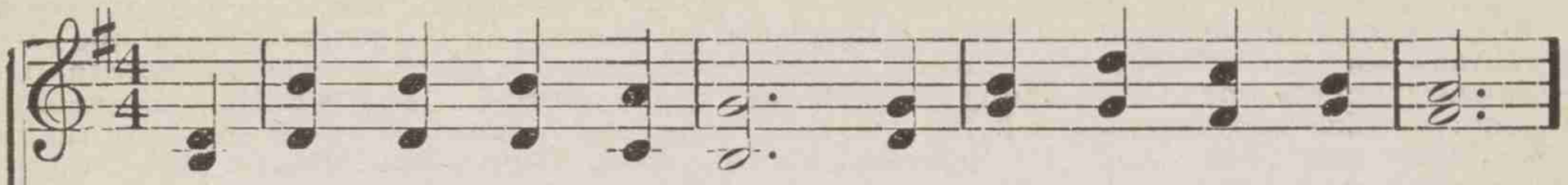
me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me;
me, Call-ing for me, Calling for me, Calling for me, Calling for me;
me, Com-ing for me, Coming for me, Coming for me, Coming for me;

Oh, it was won-der-ful! blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful! how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de - scend-ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.
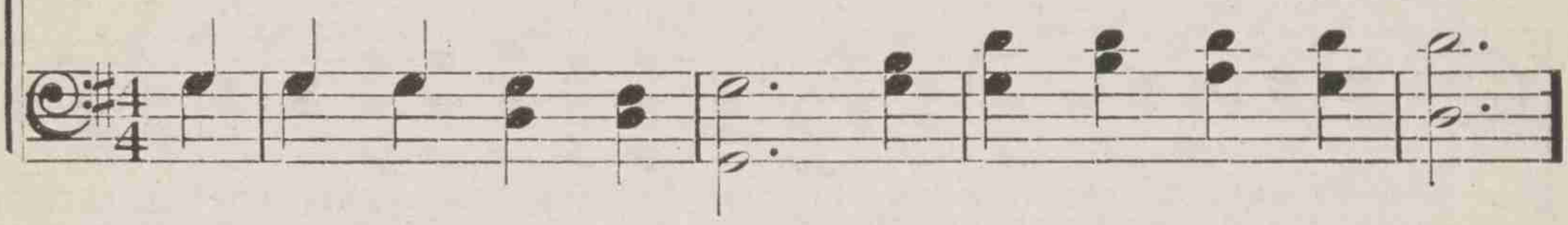
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No. 9. REVIVE THY WORK.

A. MIDLANE. J. M. HUNT.
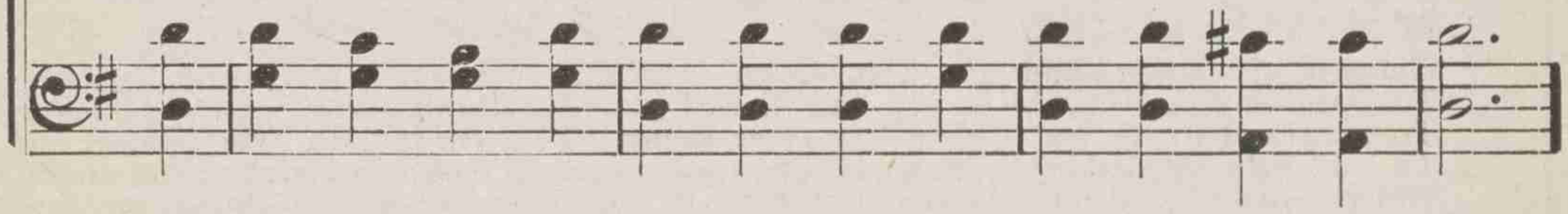


1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Dis - turb this sleep of death;
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee;
4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;
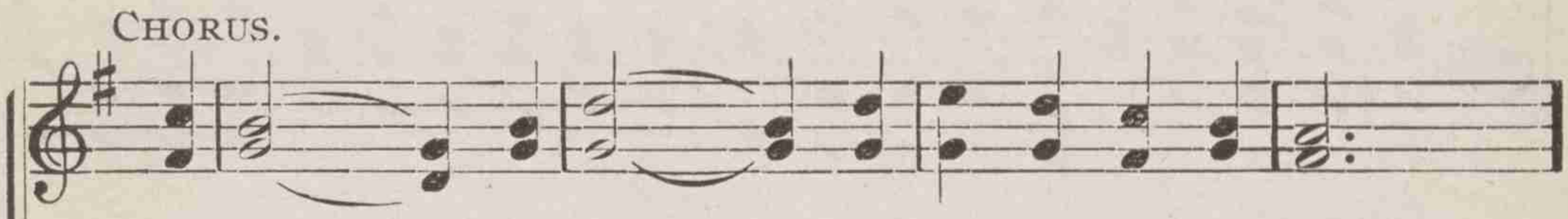




Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
Quick - en the smould'ring em - bers now By Thine al - might - y breath.
And hung'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.
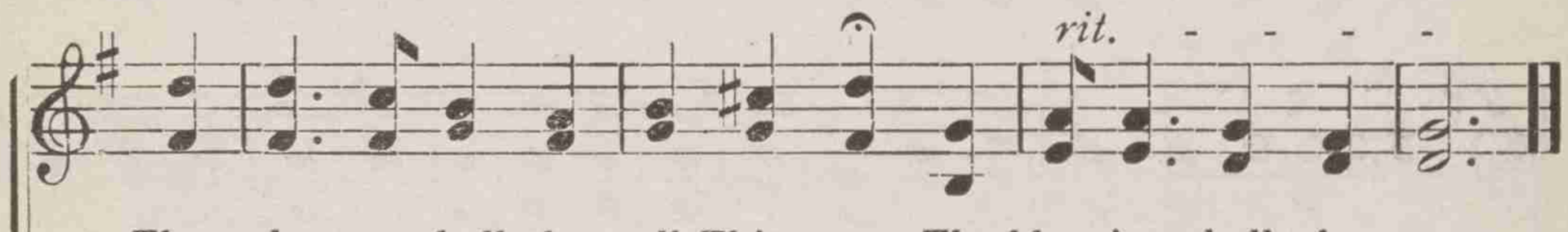


CHORUS.



Re - vive, ... O Lord,..... And give re - fresh - ing show'rs;
Re - vive Thy work, re - vive Thy work, And give, and give re - fresh - ing show'rs;





The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The bless - ing shall be ours.

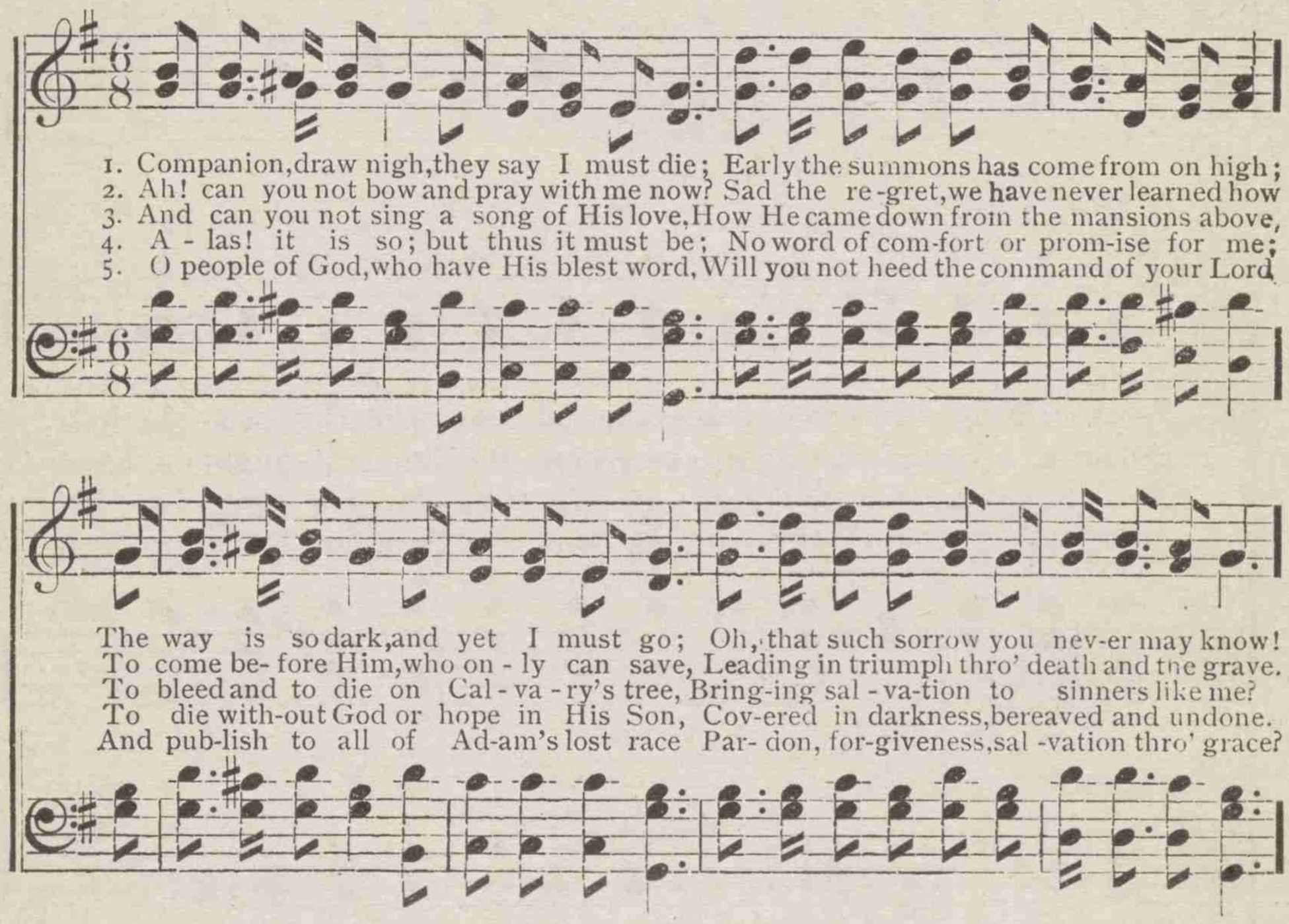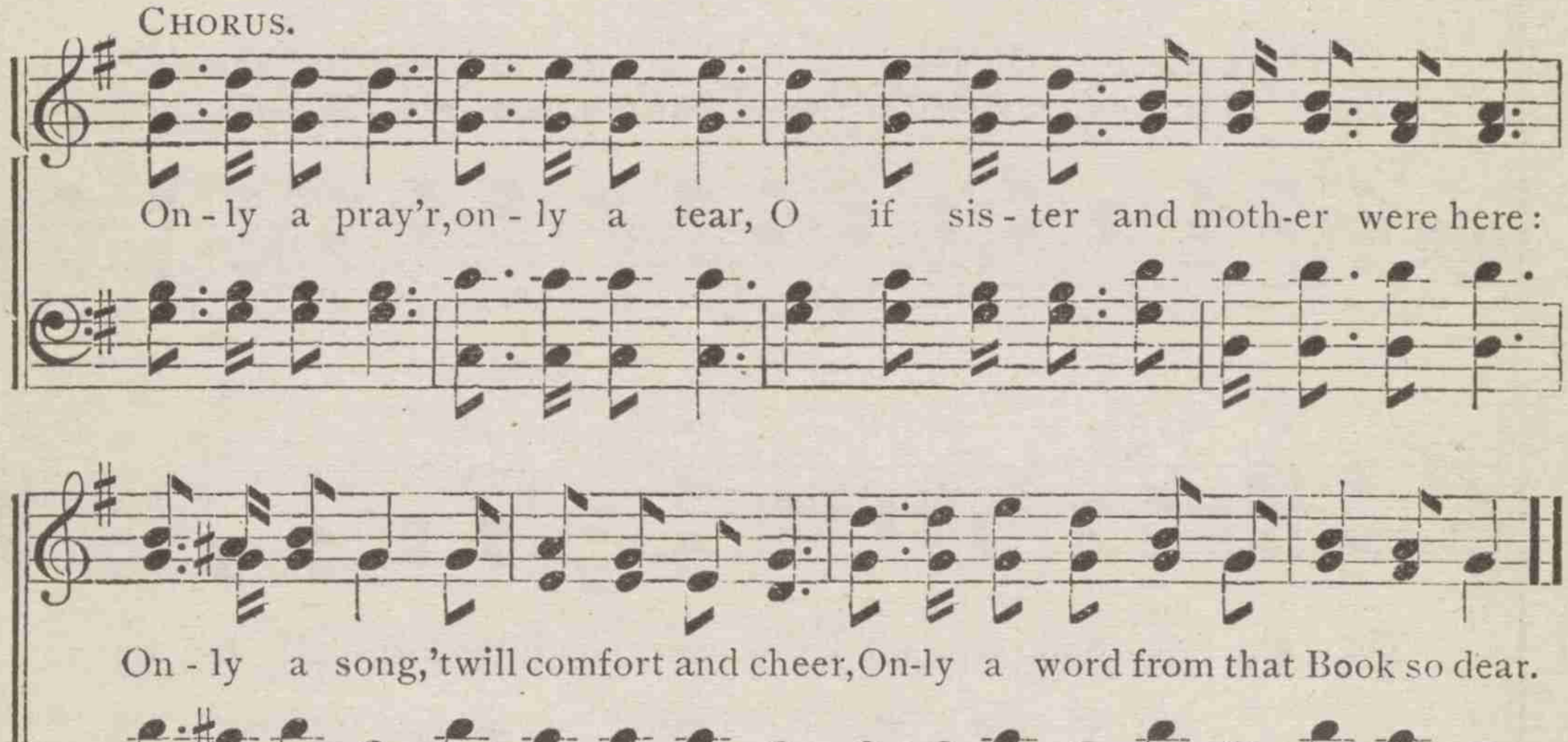


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No. 10. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant State, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured, among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed: "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"





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No. 11. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

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

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom," de -

part - ed right and left; Are you read - y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" Are you read - y for that day to come?

m CHORUS. *pp* *m*
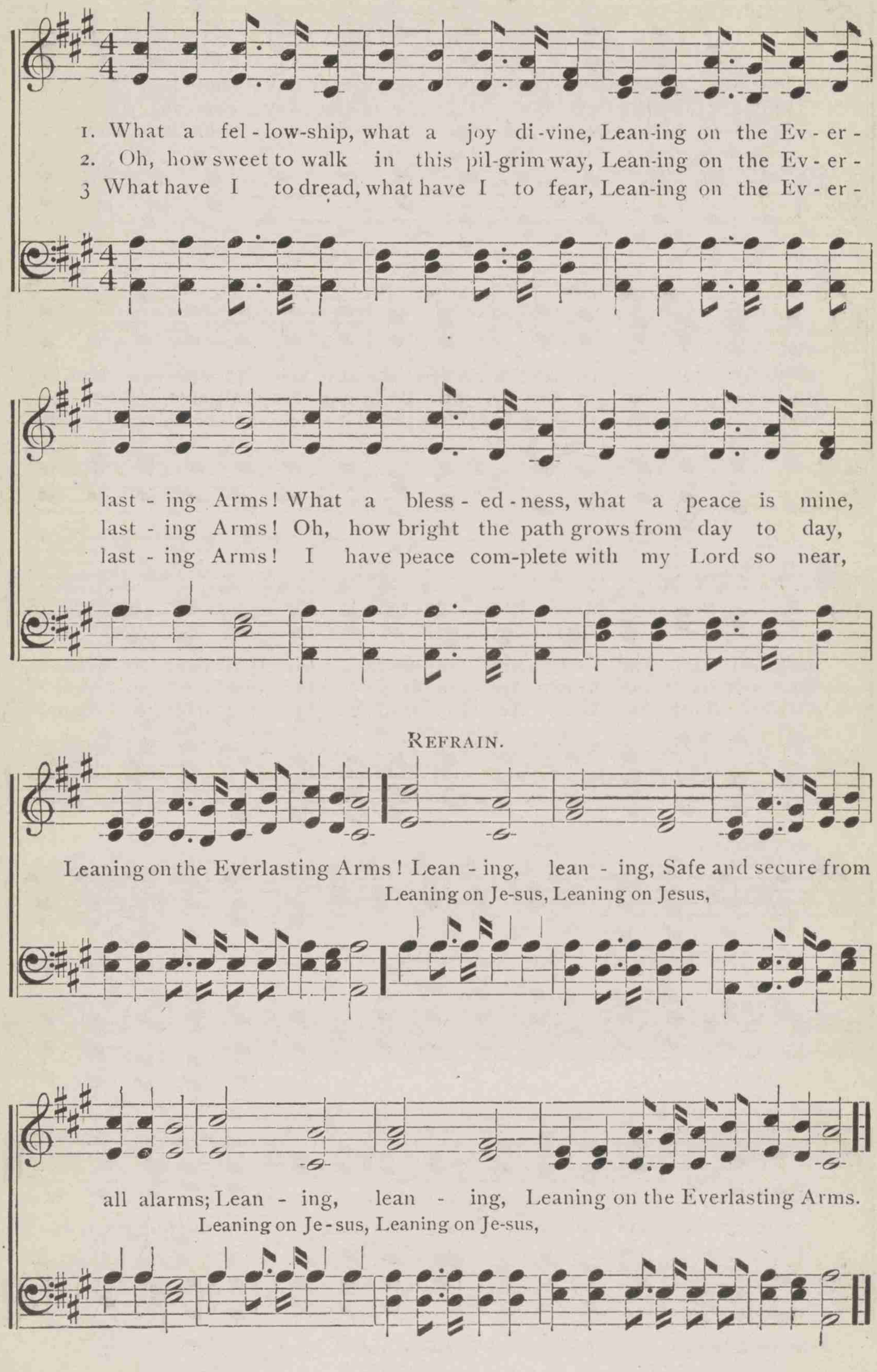
Are you read - y, are you read - y, Are you read - y. for the

judgment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y, For the judgment day?

By per. Will. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 12. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



REFRAIN.

No. 13. MY HEART IS FULL OF LOVE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown.

1. I was wand'ring far a - way From the strait and nar - row way; My
2. Since He saved and took me in From my wretched shame and sin, My
3. In my sor - row and my need I can look to Him to lead; My
4. He was stand-ing at the door, And was knock-ing ev - er - more; My

heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, He convinced me of my sin,
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, And He will not let me stray
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, And al - tho' the bil-lows roar,
heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, I have let my Sav-iour in,

And he wash'd and made me clean; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
From the strait and nar - row way; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
He can guide me to the shore; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.
He with me and I with Him; My heart is full of love for the Sav-iour.

CHORUS.

My heart is full of love for the Sav - iour, My heart is full of love for the Saviour.

As I'm walking in the way, To the blessed land of day, My heart is full of love for the Saviour.

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No. 14. JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.

1. O come to the cross with thy bur - den of sin, For Je - sus is
2. He calls to thee now in sweet whispers of love, For Je - sus is
3. Then give Him your heart, and His prom - ise be-lieve, For Je - sus is

might-y to save; He suf - fered and died all the lost ones to win, For
might-y to save; He's gone to pre-pare shin-ing man-sions a - bove, For
might-y to save; Your cross if you bear, you a crown shall re-ceive, For

CHORUS.

Je - sus is might - y to save. Yes, Je - sus is might - y to

save, Yes, Je - sus is might - y to save; He died on the

cross, He a - rose from the grave, Yes, Je - sus is might-y to save.

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No. 15. JESUS IS WITH ME.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. Tem-pests dark may gath-er and thunders loud may roar; Fierc-est winds may drive me from off the peace-ful shore; Walking on the bil-lows, we
2. Trust-ed friends may leave me to bat-tle all a-lone; Kin-dred dear for-sake me and drive me far from home; Far a-way from heav-en my
3. Pov-er-ty may feed me up-on a crust of bread; Cru-el-ty de-ny me a place to lay my head; Thus it was with Je-sus, the
4. On my way to heav-en I'll suf-fer many a fall, But the Lord has prom-ised us grace and strength for all. In temp-ta-tion's des-ert, and
5. Thro' the lone-ly val-ley and in the cru-el grave, Je-sus walk'd in tri-umph, and might-y pow'r to save; At the aw-ful judg-ment He'll

read that Je-sus came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
Sav-iour suf-fer'd shame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
Son of God, who came; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
thro' the cru-el flame; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.
own my worth-less name; Je-sus is with me, is with me just the same.

CHORUS.

Jesus is with me, oh, blessed be His name! Jesus is with me, is with me just the same;

Jesus is with me, oh, blessed be His name! Jesus is with me, is with me just the same.

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No. 16. THE SHELTERING ROCK.

Isaiah 32: 2; 12: 3; 65: 10; Col. 1 · 20.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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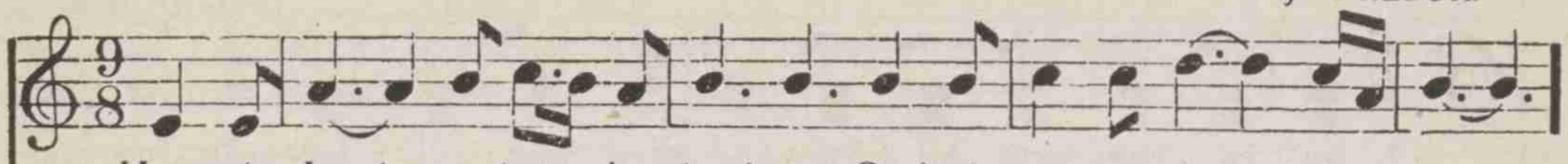
slower.

When the shel-t'ring Rock is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the liv - ing Well is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?
When the crim - son cross is so near by? Oh! why will ye die?

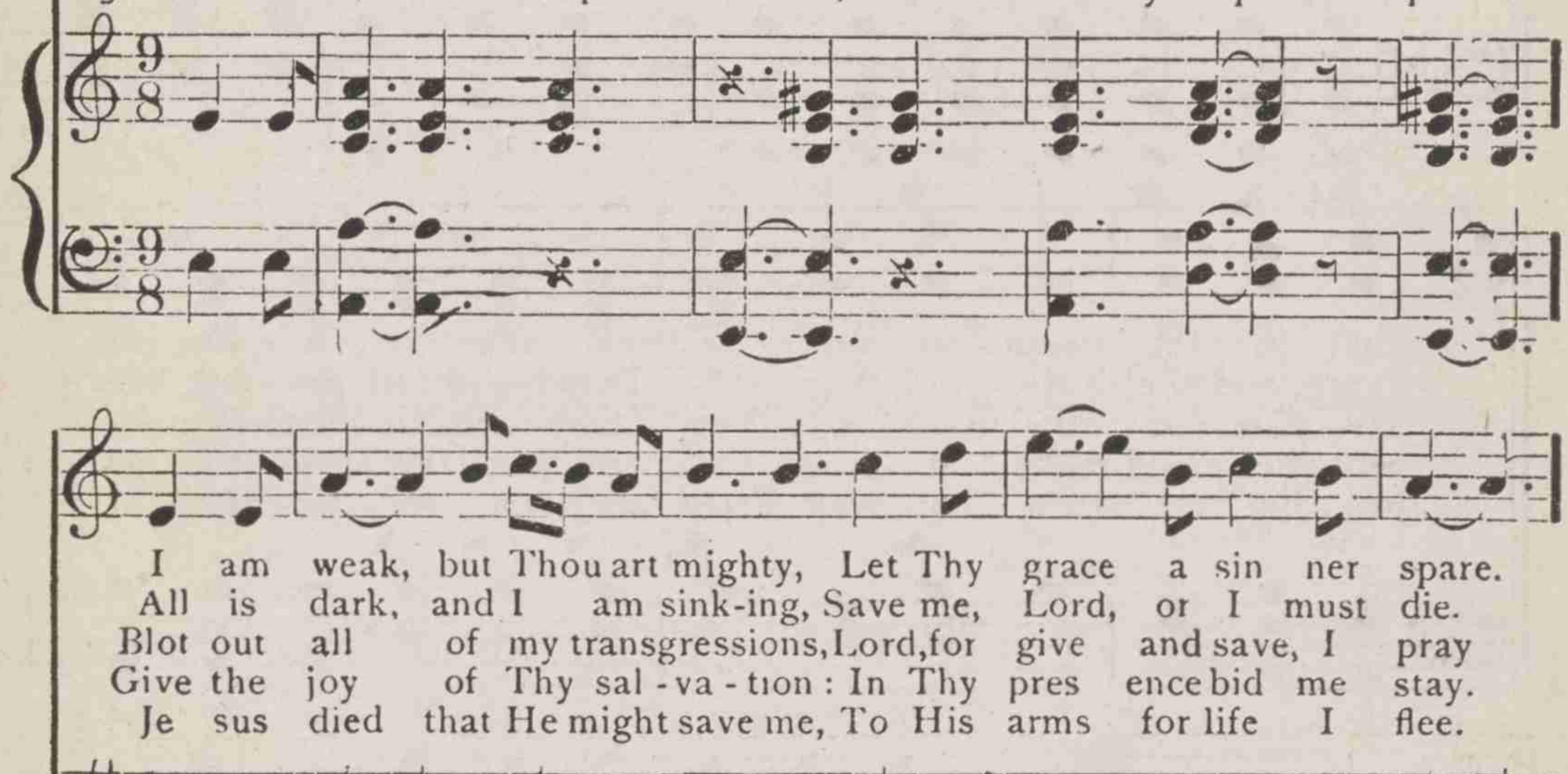
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No. 17 THE PENITENT'S PLEA.
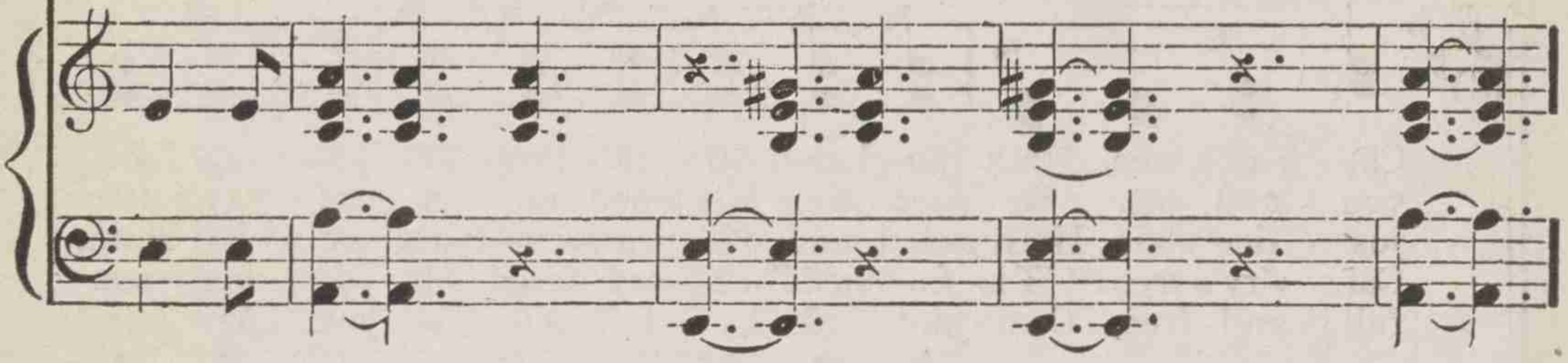
R. K. MAIDEN. P. J. TREBOR.
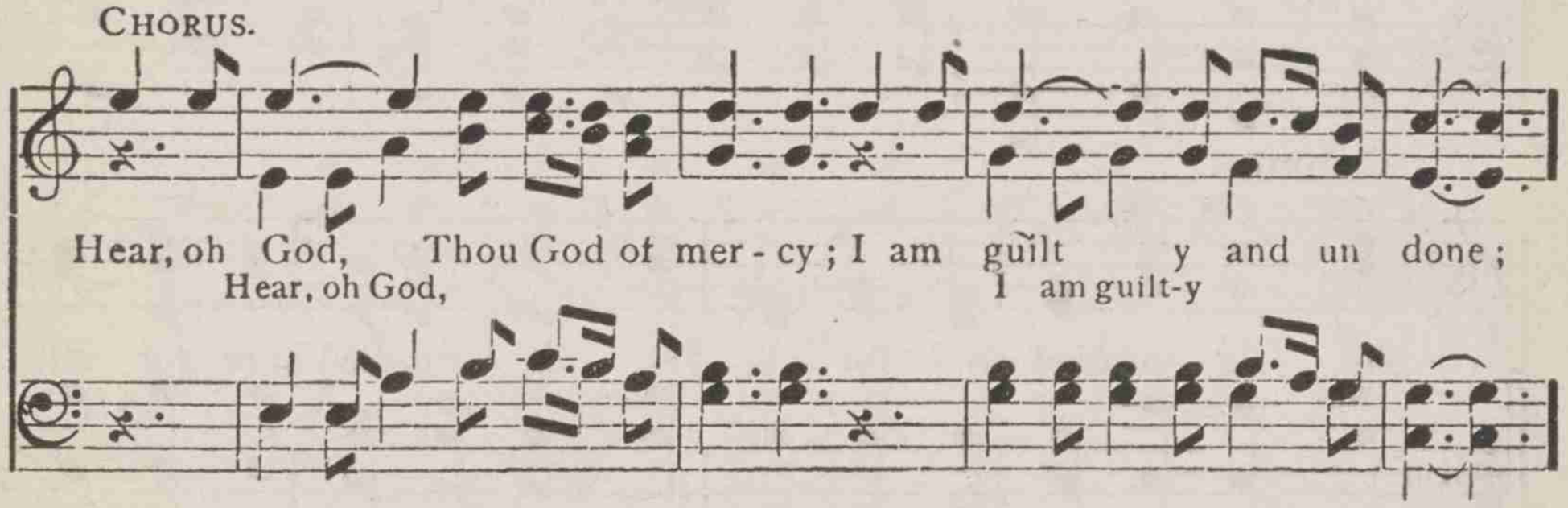


1. Hear,oh Lord, my heart is plead-ing; God of grace,oh hear my pray'r.
2. Hear,oh Lord, I plead for mer cy, Guilt - y, lost, un - done am I;
3. In Thy great and ten der mer cy, Wash the stains of sin a way;
4. Hide Thy face from my transgresssions,Gracious God,cast not a way;
5. Here am I, a help-less sin - ner, This is all my hope and plea:



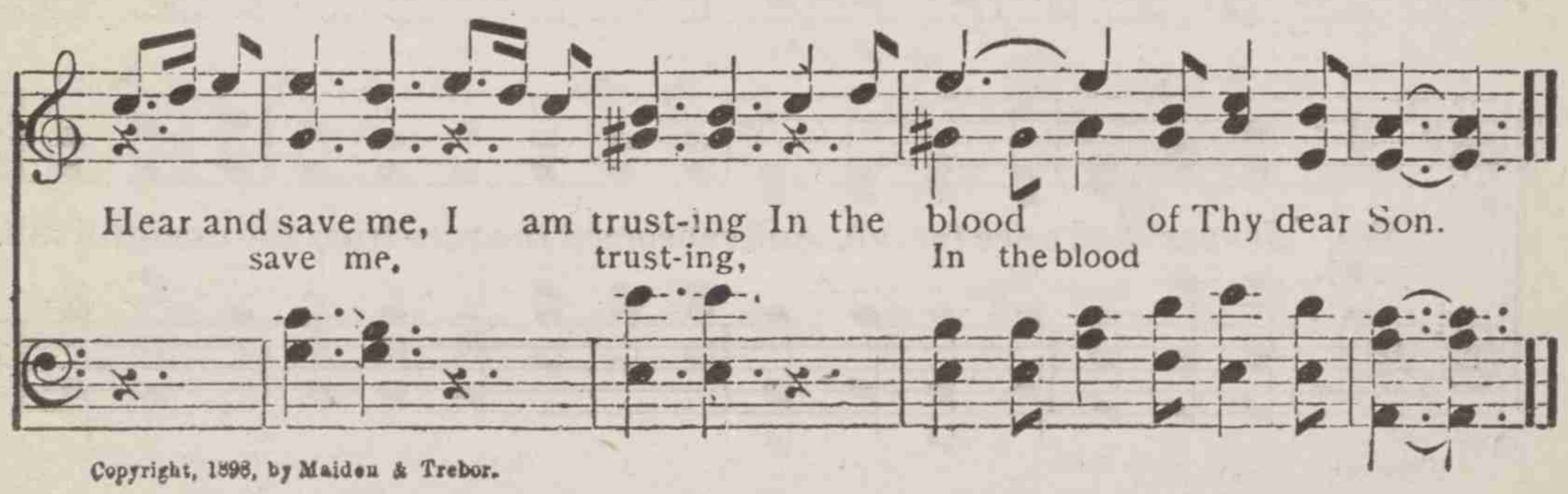
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Let Thy grace a sin ner spare.
All is dark, and I am sink-ing, Save me, Lord, or I must die.
Blot out all of my transgressions,Lord,for give and save, I pray
Give the joy of Thy sal - va - tion: In Thy pres ence bid me stay.
Je sus died that He might save me, To His arms for life I flee.



CHORUS.



Hear, oh God, Thou God of mer - cy; I am guilt y and un done;
Hear, oh God, I am guilt-y



Hear and save me, I am trust-ing In the blood of Thy dear Son.
save me, trust-ing, In the blood

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No. 18. YES, JESUS DIED ONCE FOR ALL.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. As in the first Ad - am the race lost all, In - volv - ing man-
2. Re-mem - ber, my broth - er, that glad, glad day, When Je - sus, the
3. On Cal - va - ry's sum - mit our debt was paid, When on the great
4. Be - lieve it, my broth - er, He died for you, Nor faith nor re-
5. How shall we es - cape in that great, great day If spurn - ing, re-

kind in the dread - ful fall, E - ven so Je - sus, on
Truth, and the Life, and Way, Pur-chased full par - don for
Sav - iour our sins were laid; The Lamb with-out blem - ish, by
pent-ance could make it true; 'T was true when He said up - on
ject - ing we turn a - way From such a sal - va - tion, so

Cal - v'ry's tree, Hath pur-chased sal - va - tion for you and me.
you and me, By shed - ding His blood up - on Cal - v'ry's tree.
jus - tice slain, Hath saved, and will cleanse us from ev - 'ry stain.
Cal - v'ry's tree: "'T is fin-ished!" and suf - fered for you and me.
full and free, Com - plet - ed by Je - sus for you and me?

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus died once for all, Yes, Je - sus died once for all,

Yes, Je - sus died once for all, And ransomed the race from the dreadful fall.

Copyright, 1908, by S. M. Brown.

No. 19. LIFT HIGH THE SAVIOUR'S CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Lift high the Sav - iour's cross, With firm and stead - y hand;
2. Lift high the Sav - iour's cross, Its bold de - fend - ers stand,
3. 'T is ring - ing thro' the land, We hear the mu - sic still,
4. 'T is ring - ing thro' the land, And soon the world shall fill;

The trump - et tongue of gos - pel grace Is ring - ing thro' the land.
While on - ward now the joy - ful sound Is ring - ing thro' the land.
And catch the ne'er - for - got - ten words, "Come, who-so - ev - er will."
And ev - 'ry heart with joy shall sing, "Come, who-so - ev - er will."
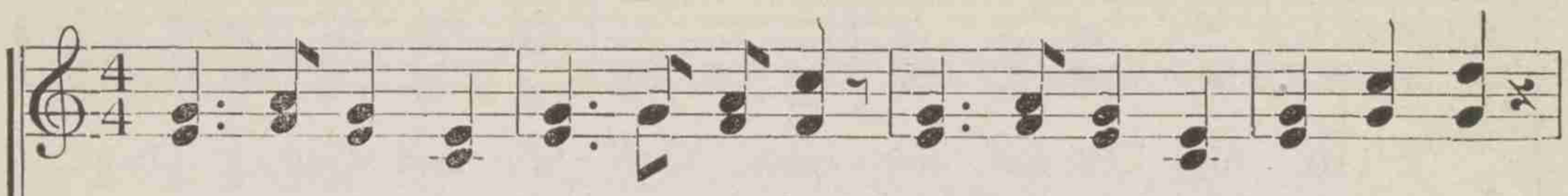
CHORUS.

'T is ring - ing thro' the land, 'T is ring - ing thro' the land, The gos - pel mes - sage far and wide; O thirst - y souls, wher- e'er you be, O come to the wa - ters free.

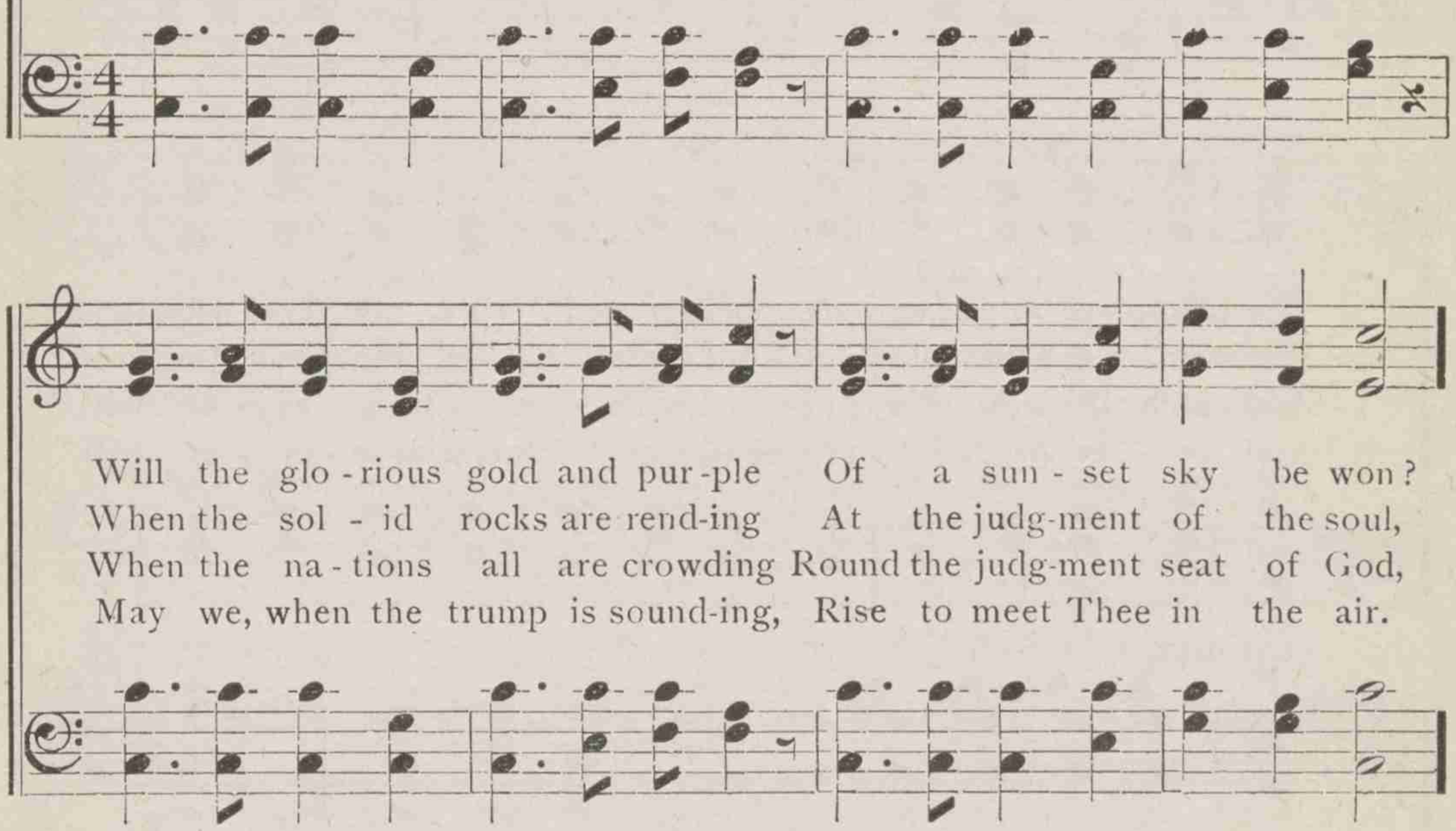
Copyright, 1906, by W. H. Doane.

No. 20. COMING IN JUDGMENT.

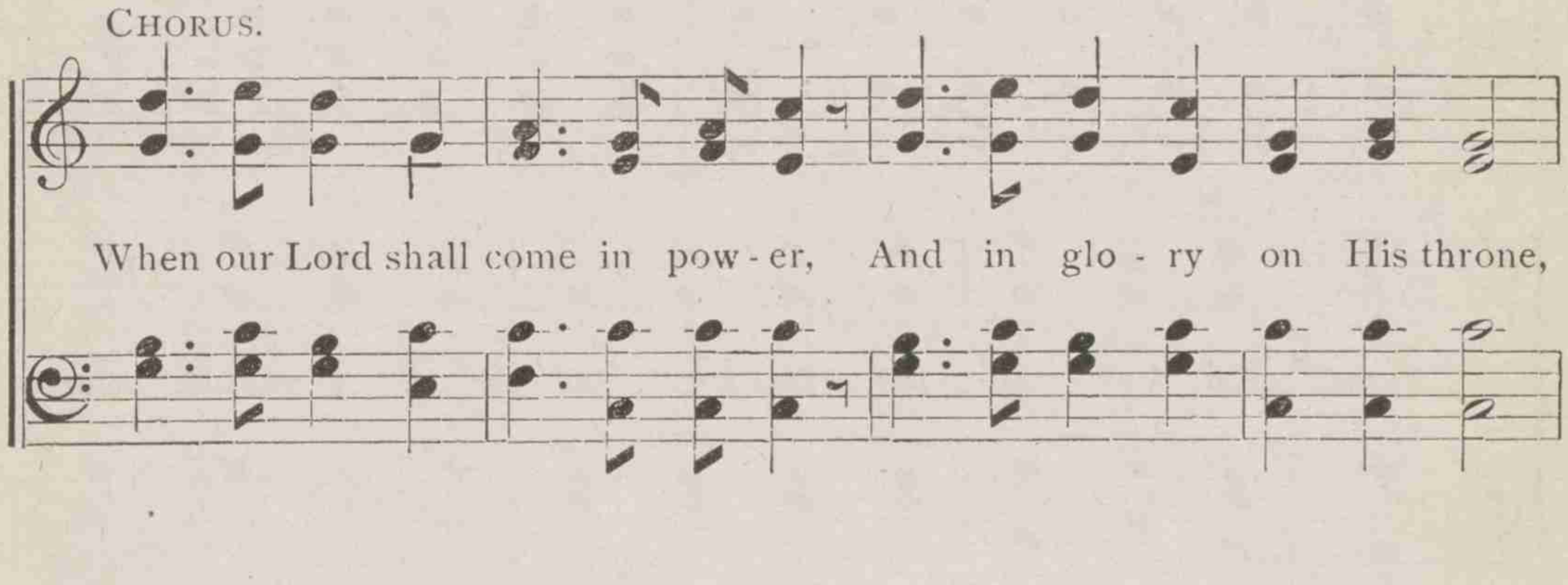
S. M. B. S. M. Brown.
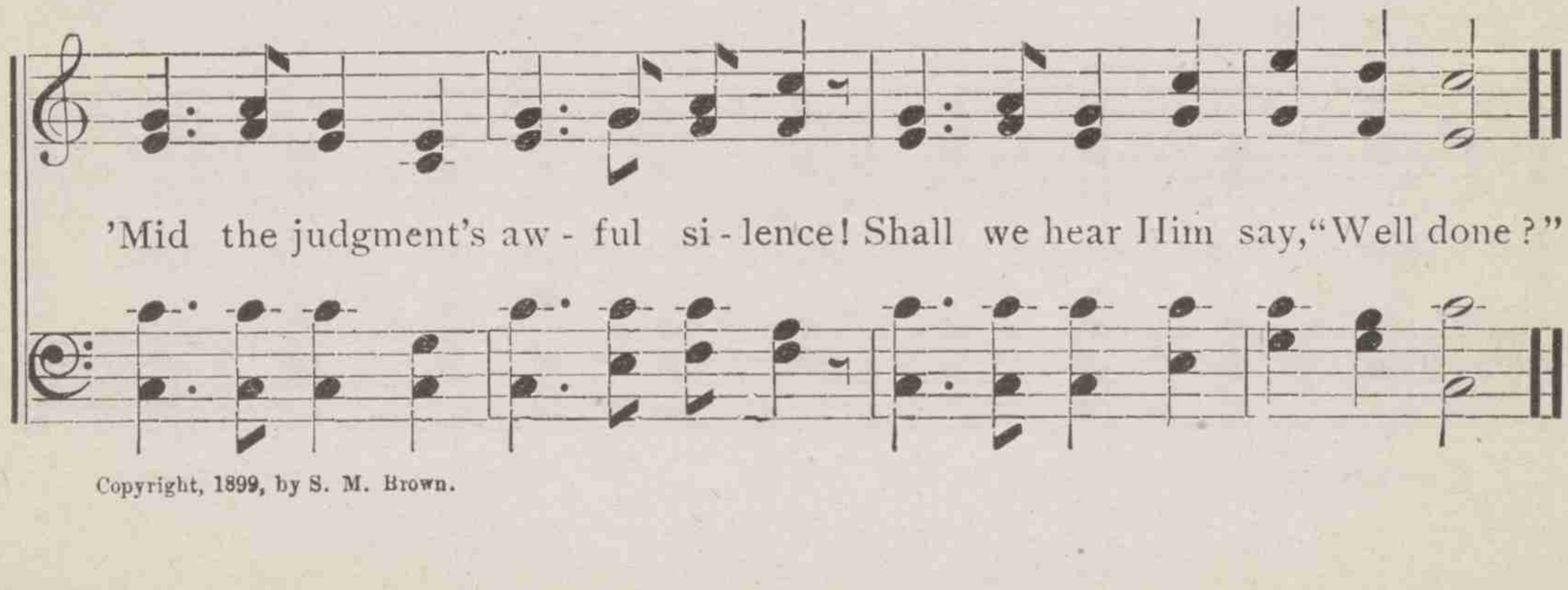


1. When the toils of life are end-ed, And the fi - nal hour has come,
2. When the heav'ns are rolled to-geth-er As one great and might-y scroll,
3. When the el - e - ments are melt-ing, And the moon is turn'd to blood,
4. Je - sus, for that dread-ful hour, Do Thy ser-vants now pre - pare;



Will the glo-rious gold and pur-ple Of a sun - set sky be won?
When the sol - id rocks are rend-ing At the judg-ment of the soul,
When the na-tions all are crowding Round the judg-ment seat of God,
May we, when the trump is sound-ing, Rise to meet Thee in the air.



CHORUS.
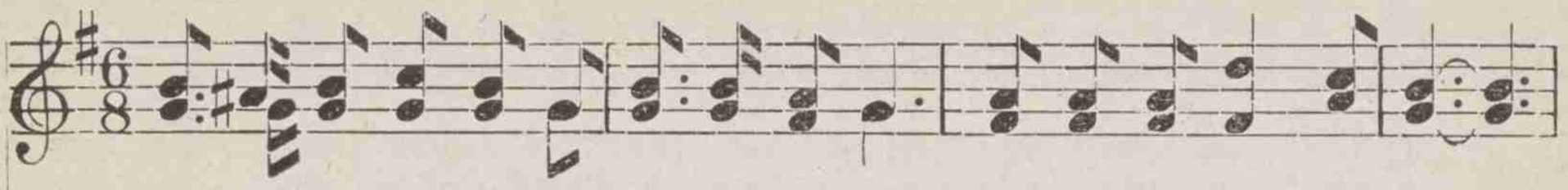


When our Lord shall come in pow-er, And in glo - ry on His throne,

'Mid the judgment's aw - ful si - lence! Shall we hear Him say, "Well done?"

Copyright, 1899, by S. M. Brown.

No. 21. COME UNTO ME AND REST.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.
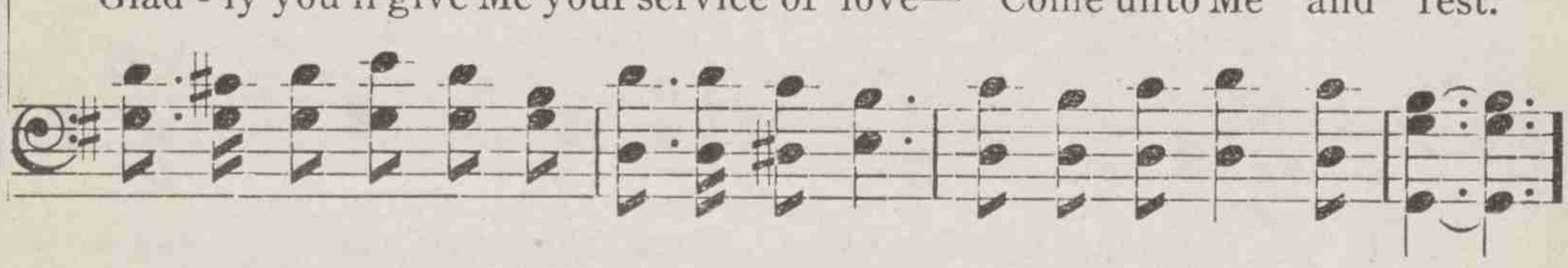


1. Hear the sweet message that comes from your Lord: "Come unto Me and rest;"
2. Are you in sad-ness be-cause of your sin? "Come un-to Me and rest;"
3. Give Me thy serv-ice, My bur-den is light; "Come un-to Me and rest;"
4. Man-sions in glo-ry I go to prepare—"Come un-to Me and rest;"
5. Shar-ing My glo-ry in heav-en a-bove—"Come un-to Me and rest;"
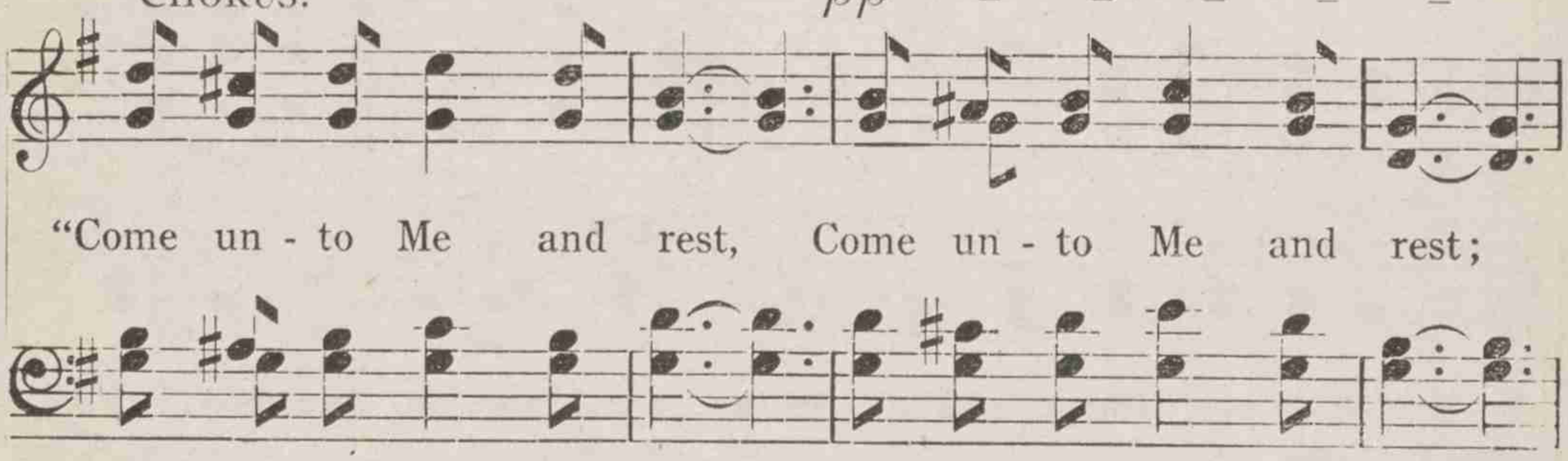




Are you condemned by the pow'r of His word—"Come unto Me and rest."
Sor-row shall vanish, re-joic-ings be-gin— "Come unto Me and rest."
Learn-ing of Me, I will banish your night—"Come unto Me and rest."
Com-ing a-gain, I will pi-lot you there— "Come unto Me and rest."
Glad-ly you'll give Me your service of love— "Come unto Me and rest."



CHORUS. *pp* – – – – –



"Come un-to Me and rest, Come un-to Me and rest;



Ye, who are wear-y, with sin oppressed, "Come un-to Me and rest."



Copyright, 1908, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 22. COMING HOME.

R. K. M. R. K. MAIDEN.

1. I am on my way to the fair home - land, I am com-ing, coming home; On the gold - en streets by and by I am com-ing, coming home.
2. I'm a pil - grim now, thro' a world of sin, I am com-ing, coming home; But the end will come, and I'll en - ter in, I am com-ing, coming home.
3. In the Fa - ther's house there are man - sions fair, I am com-ing, coming home; There'll be room for me when I en - ter there, I am com-ing, coming home.
4. There are wear - y pains, there are drear - y days, I am com-ing, coming home; But there's peace of soul, there are songs of praise, I am com-ing, coming home.
5. There the dear ones wait who have gone be - fore, I am com-ing, coming home; There'll be joy un - told, for we'll part no more, I am com-ing, coming home.
6. Lead me on, O Lord, till the race is run, I am com-ing, coming home; Lead me on, O Lord, till the vic-t'ry's won, I am com-ing, coming home.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, com-ing home. Com - ing home, com - ing home, com-ing, coming home,

Oh, yes, I'm com - ing home; I am on the way, I'll soon be there; Praise the Lord! I am com - ing, com - ing home.

Copyright, 1905, by R. K. Maiden.

No. 23. I WANT TO GO THERE.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. Our Sav - iour has told us of man-sions a - bove—I want to go
2. He told us of troub - le and sor - row and care—I want to go
3. In prayer and en - treat - y we're wait-ing for you— I want to go
4. Your loved ones are wait-ing to wel-come you home—I want to go
5. The day of sal - va - tion is pass - ing a - way,—I want to go

there—don't you? The home He's pre-pared us in in - fi - nite love—
there—don't you? But said He was go - ing a place to pre-pare—
there—don't you? His par - don and prom-ise are faith - ful and true—
there—don't you? Why will you in fol - ly and sin lon - ger roam?
there—don't you? I pray you ac - cept this sal - va - tion to - day—

CHORUS.

I want to go there—don't you? I want to go there—don't

you?..... I want to go there—don't you?.... Where Je - sus is
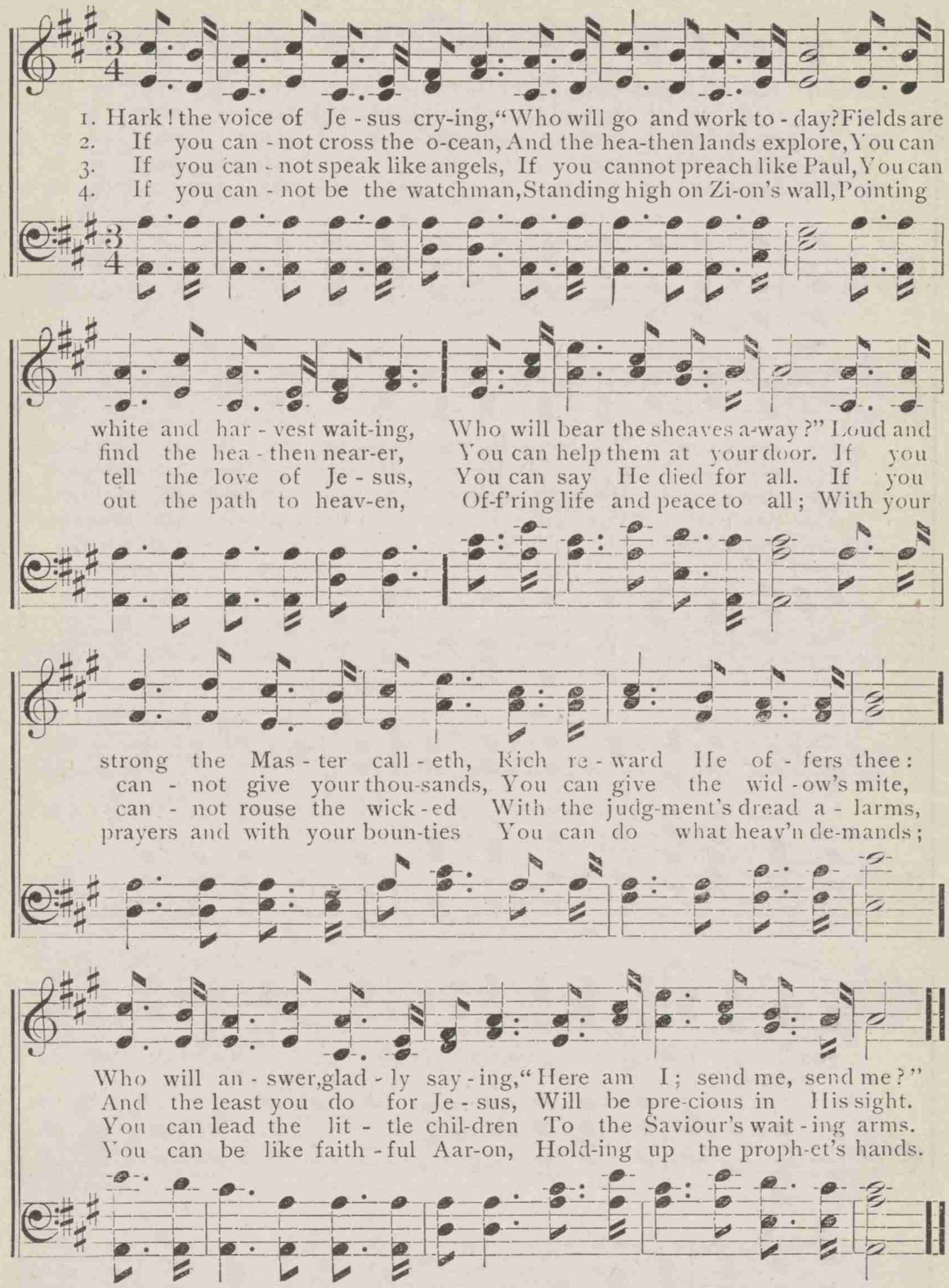
don't you? don't you?

wait - ing, and loved ones are gone, I want to go there—don't you?

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No. 24. HERE AM I, SEND ME.

Rev. DANIEL MARCH. S. M. BROWN.

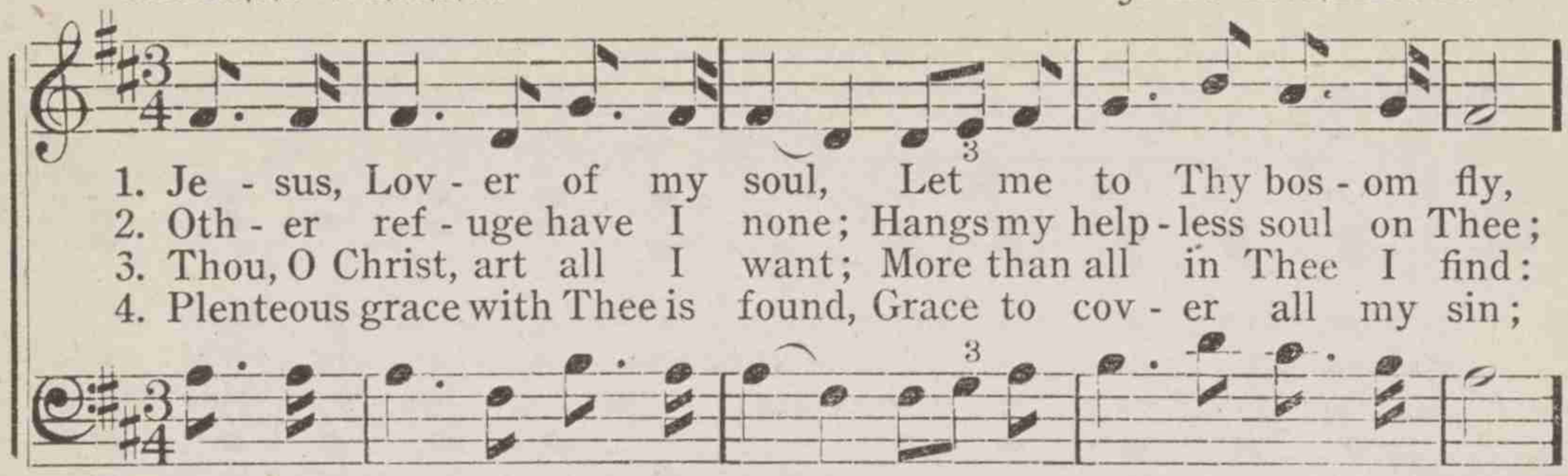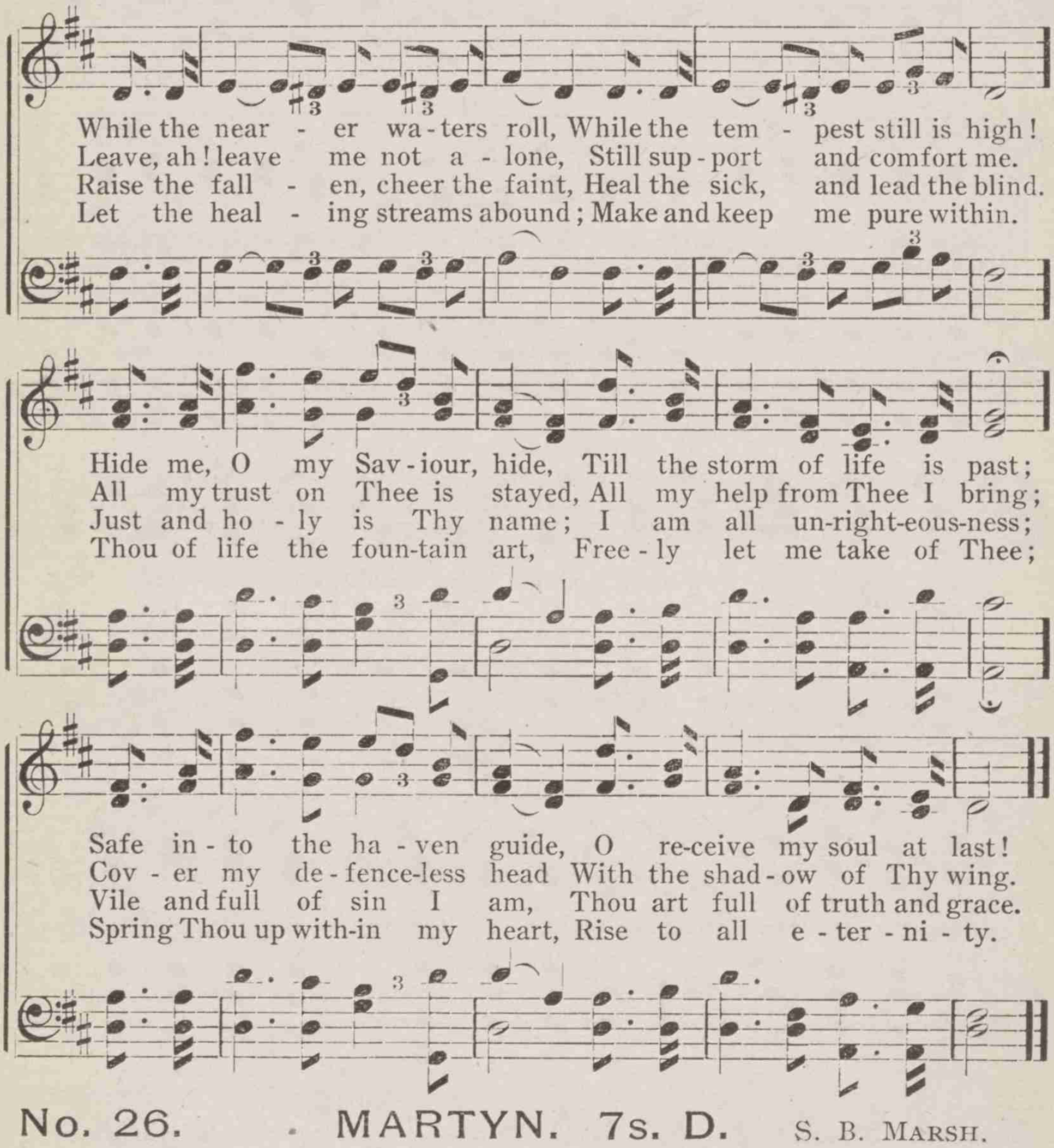


5 If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach; [herd,
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-
"Place the food within their reach."
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

6 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

No. 25. REFUGE. 7s. D.
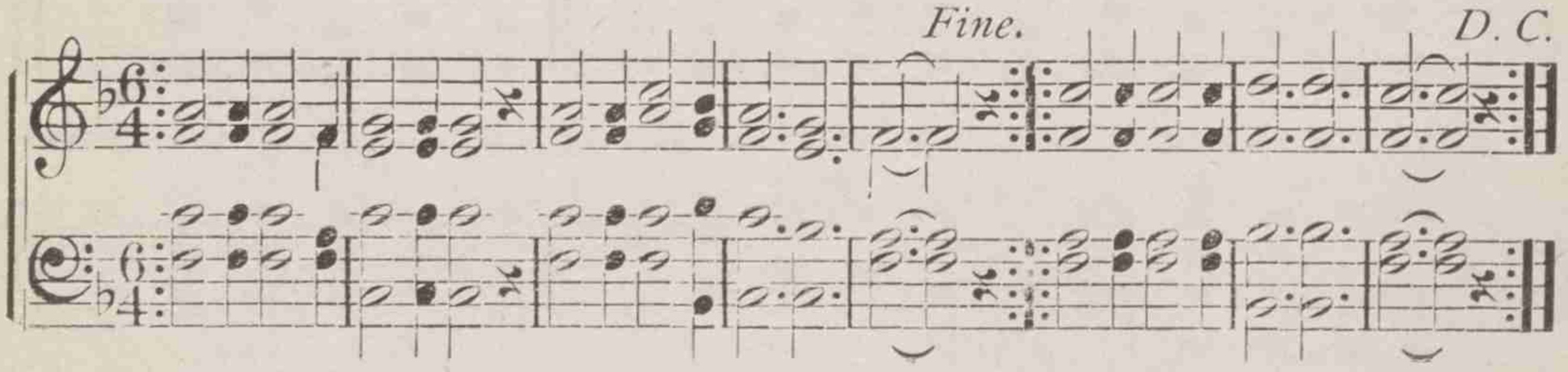
CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.





No. 26. MARTYN. 7s. D.
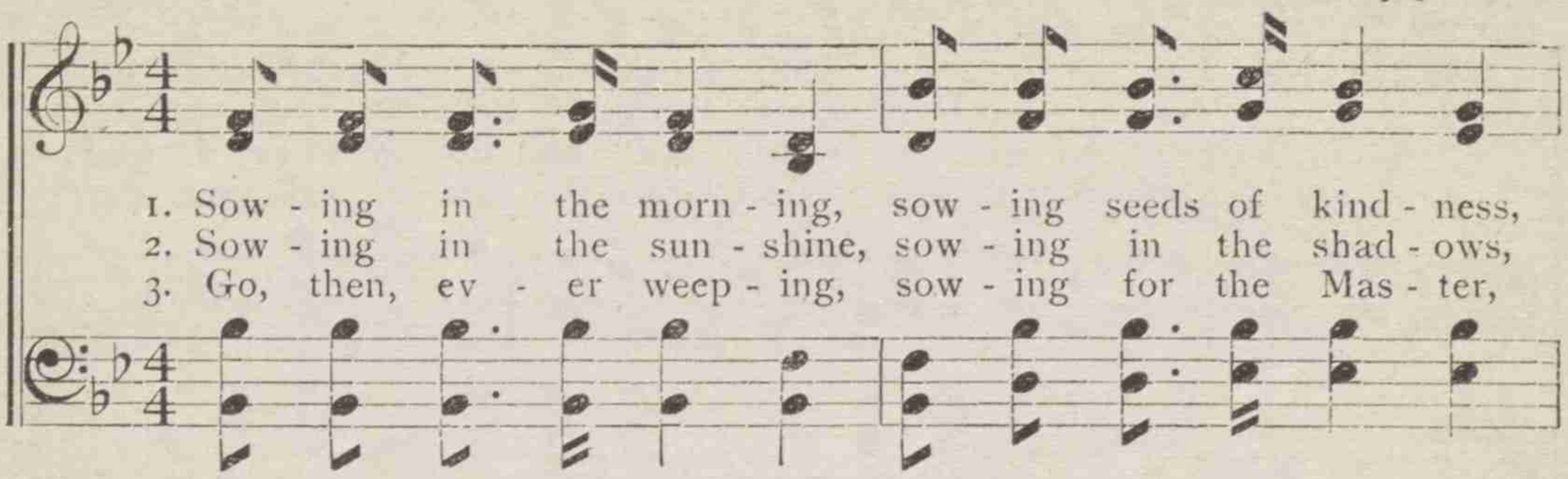
S. B. MARSH.

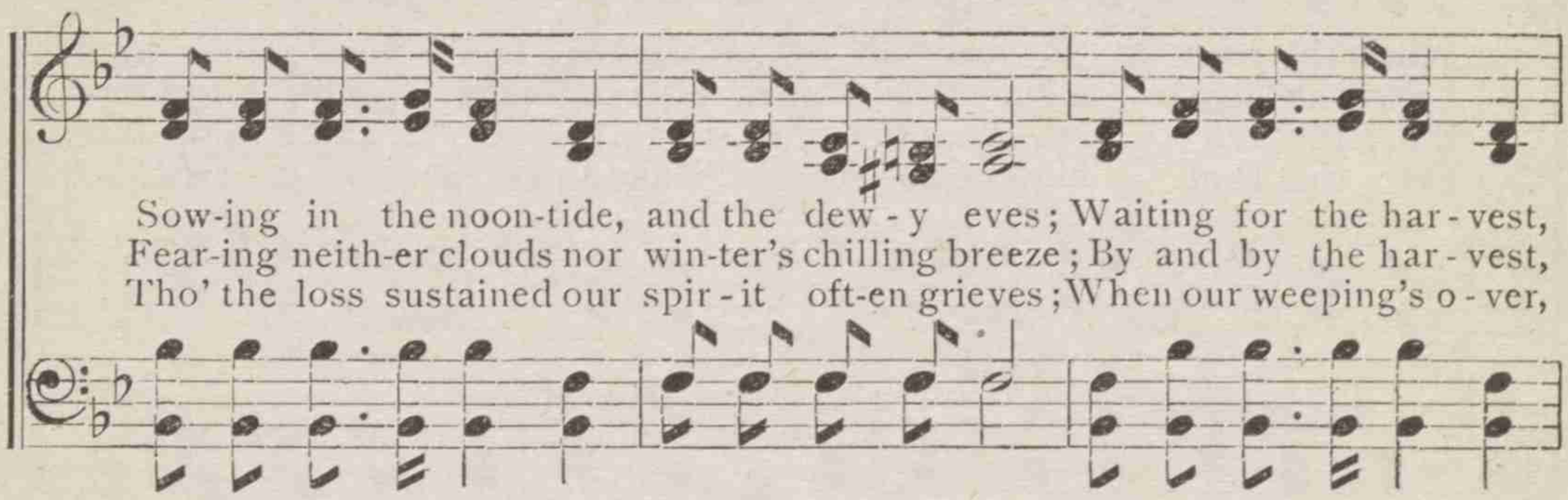


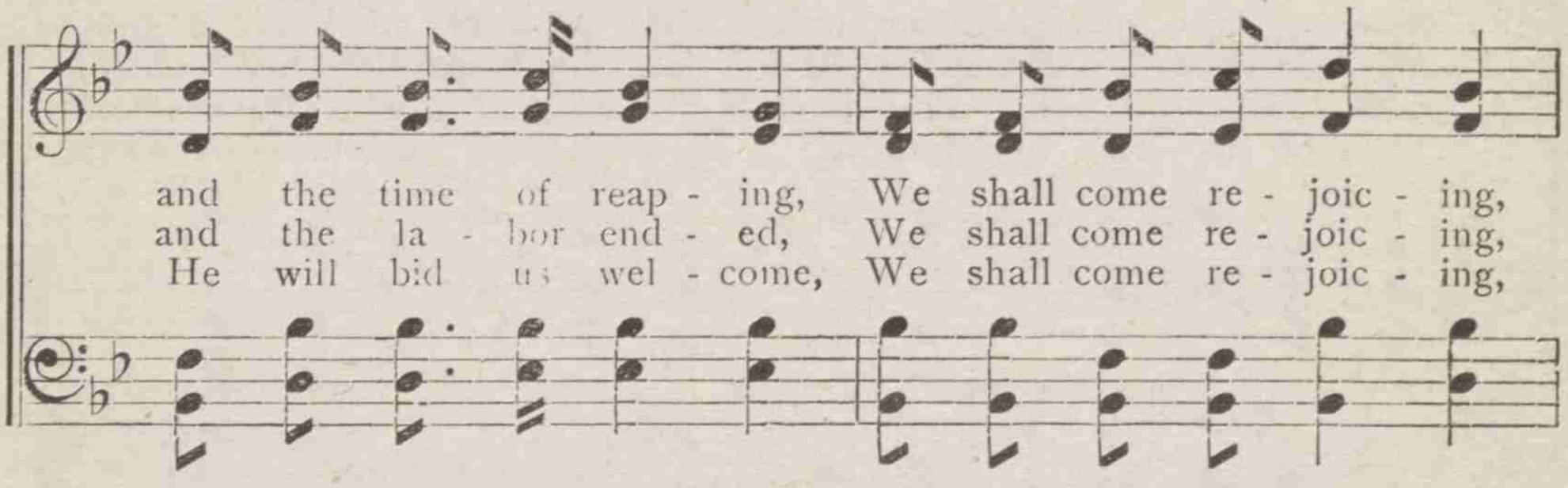
No. 27. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. 13: 39.

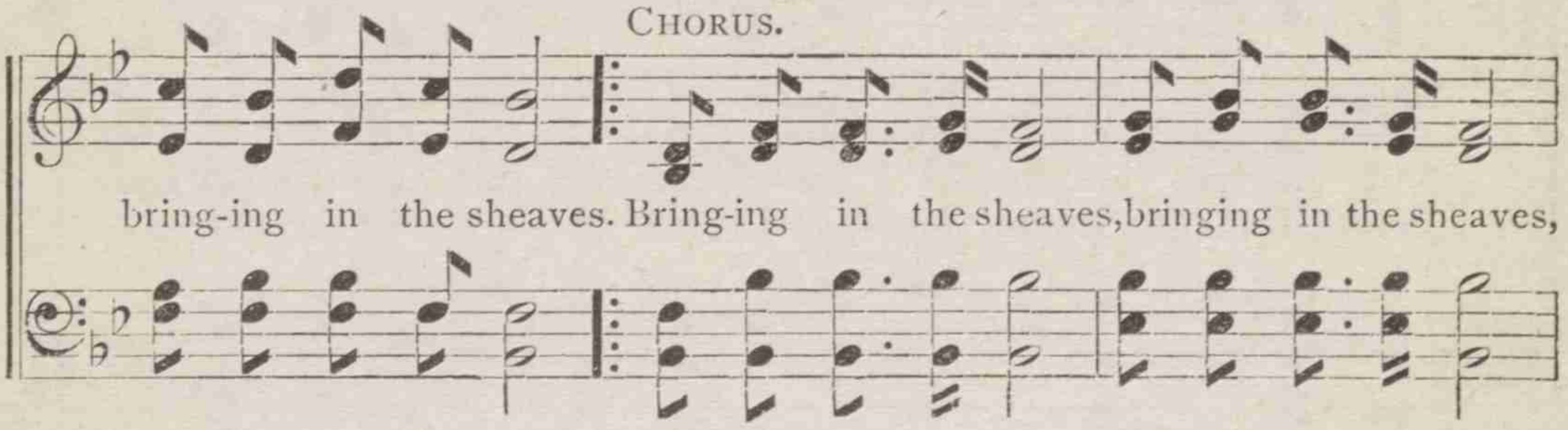
K. SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

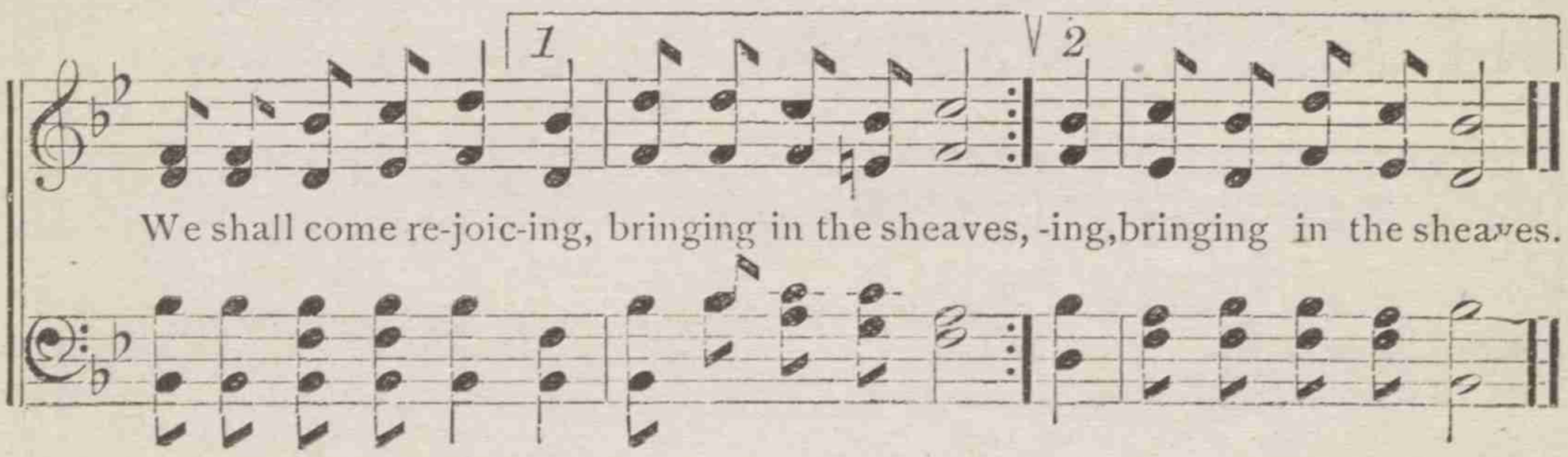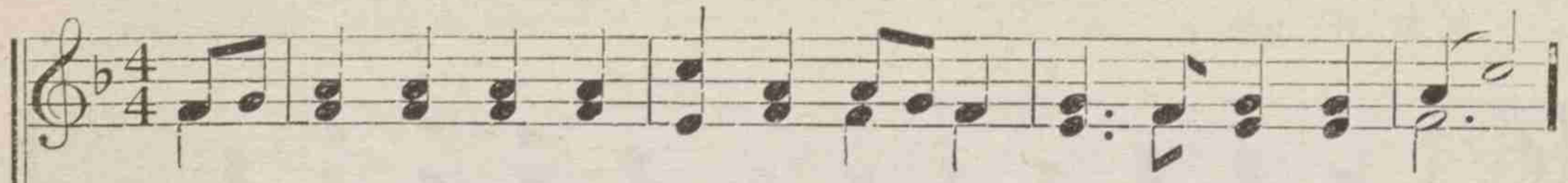






CHORUS.
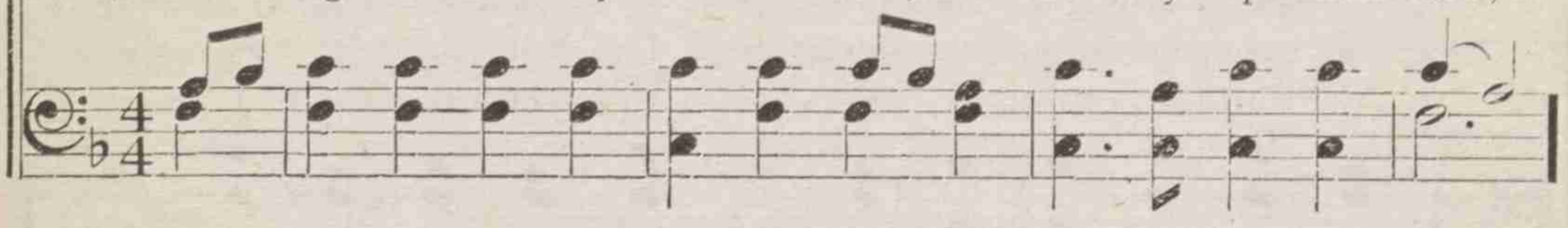




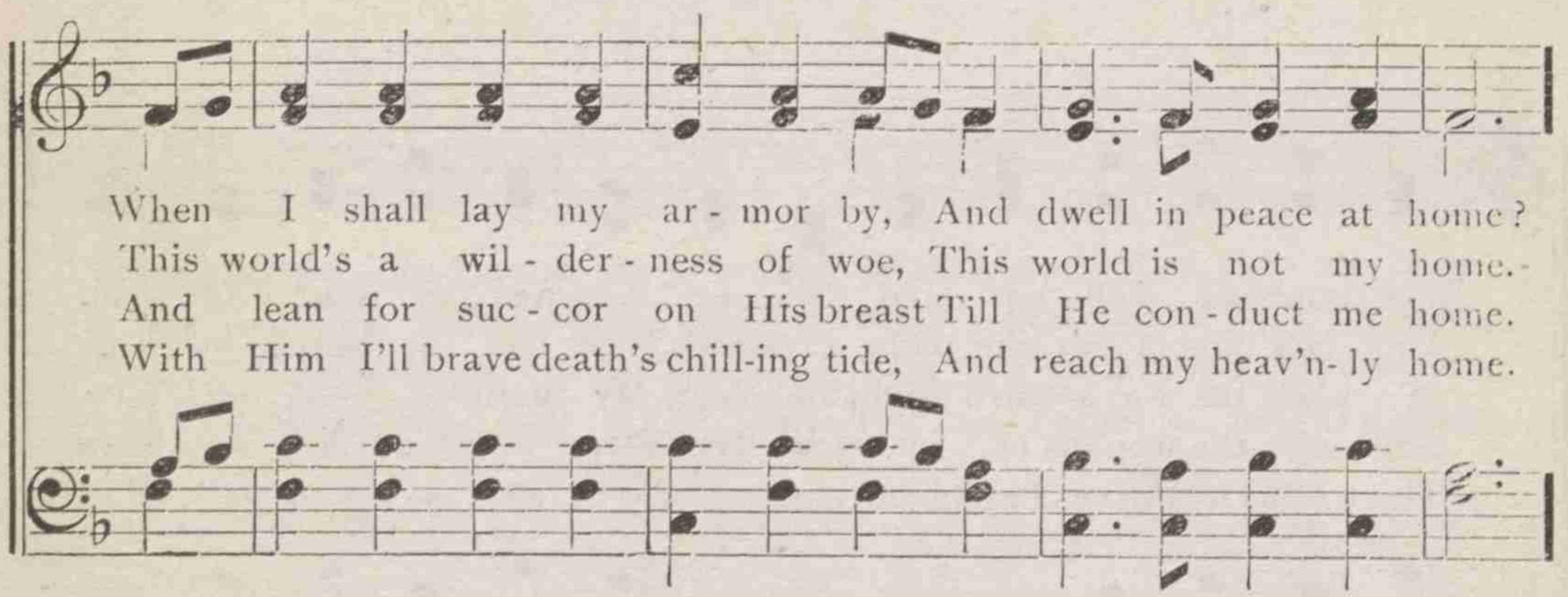
No. 28. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Harmonized by J. M. Hunt.



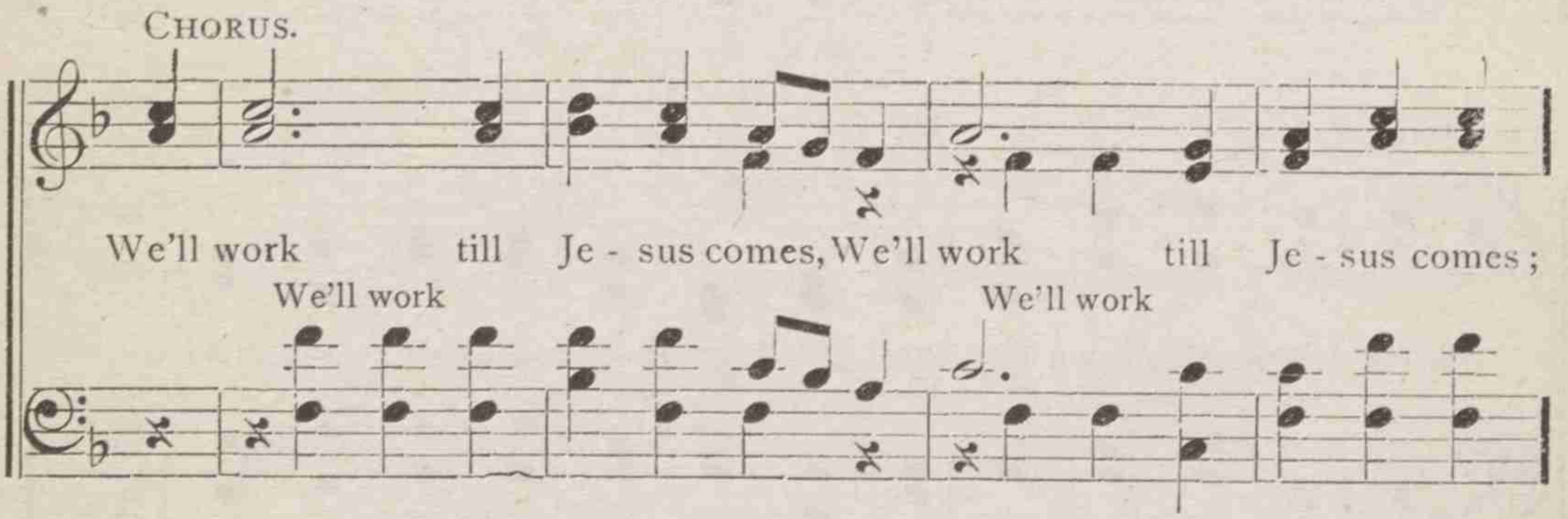
1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shel-t'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

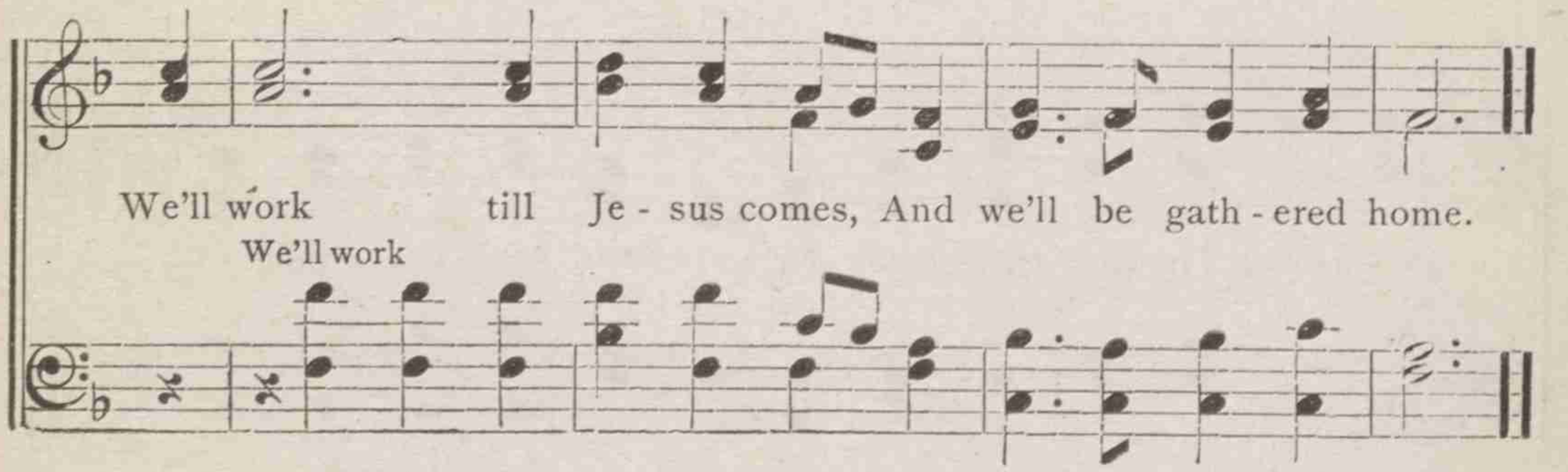




When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
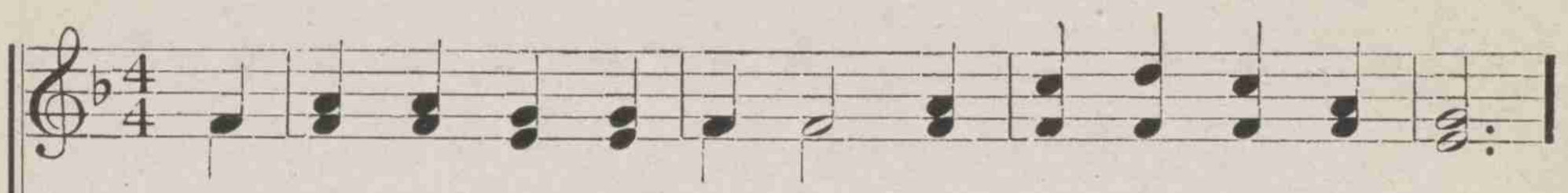
Chorus.
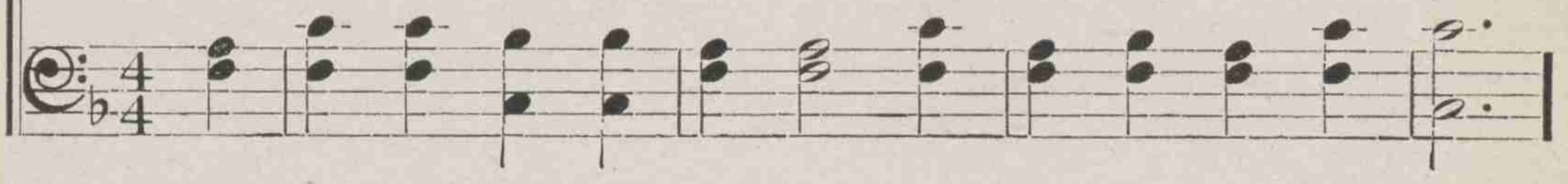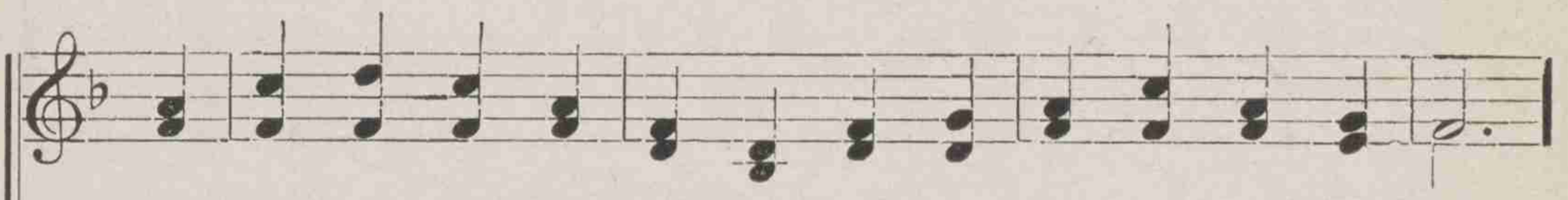




No. 29. REACH DOWN THY HAND.

S. M. Brown. S. M. Brown.
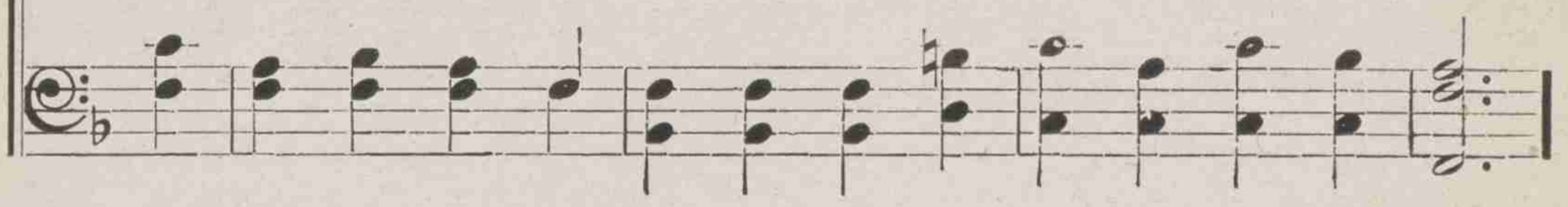


1. The way was dark and drear - y, The road was rough and steep,
2. The temp-ter's strong de - lus - ions Had led my feet a - stray,
3. I sought Thy gra - cious pre - cepts, I asked for help from Thee;
4. But soon, a - gain, more fierce - ly I felt the fie - ry dart,
5. Ah! whith - er, now, my Sav - iour, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
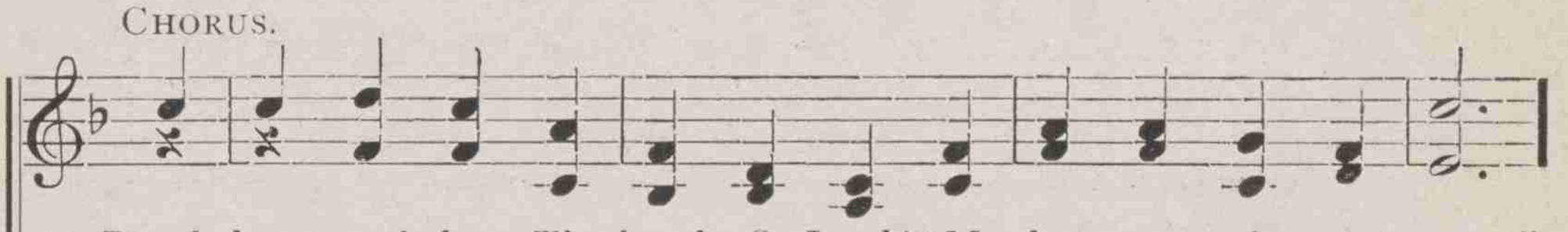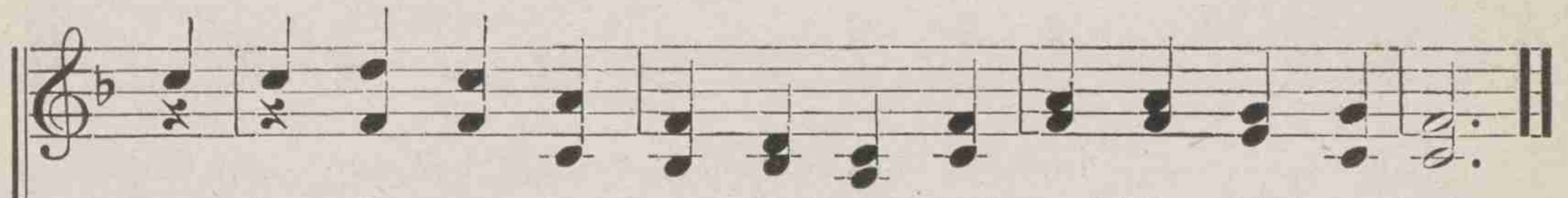




"The pains of hell gat hold on me" And wea - ry were my feet.
And dark'ning clouds, like palls of death, Hung o'er the heav'n - ly way.
A - while the way seemed bright and clear, My guilt - y soul was free.
And all the wounds of by - gone days Were o - pened in my heart.
Thy word, Thy throne, Thy blood and grace, Are all my soul doth know.
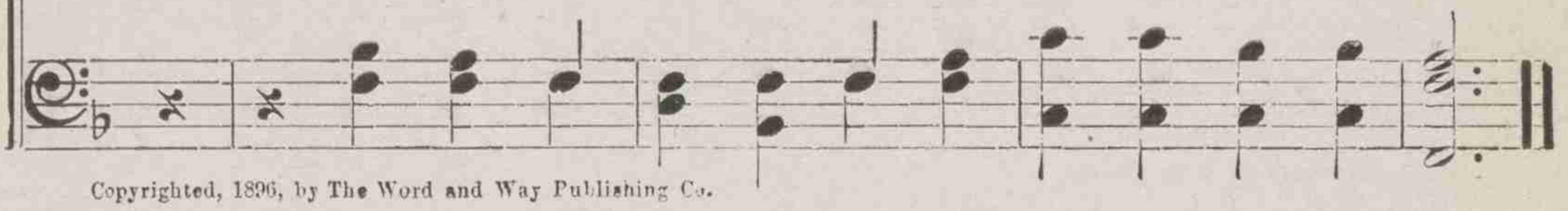


Chorus.



Reach down, reach down Thy hand, O Lord! "My feet are al - most gone;"



Reach down Thy gra - cious hand, O Lord! And lead Thy child a - long.

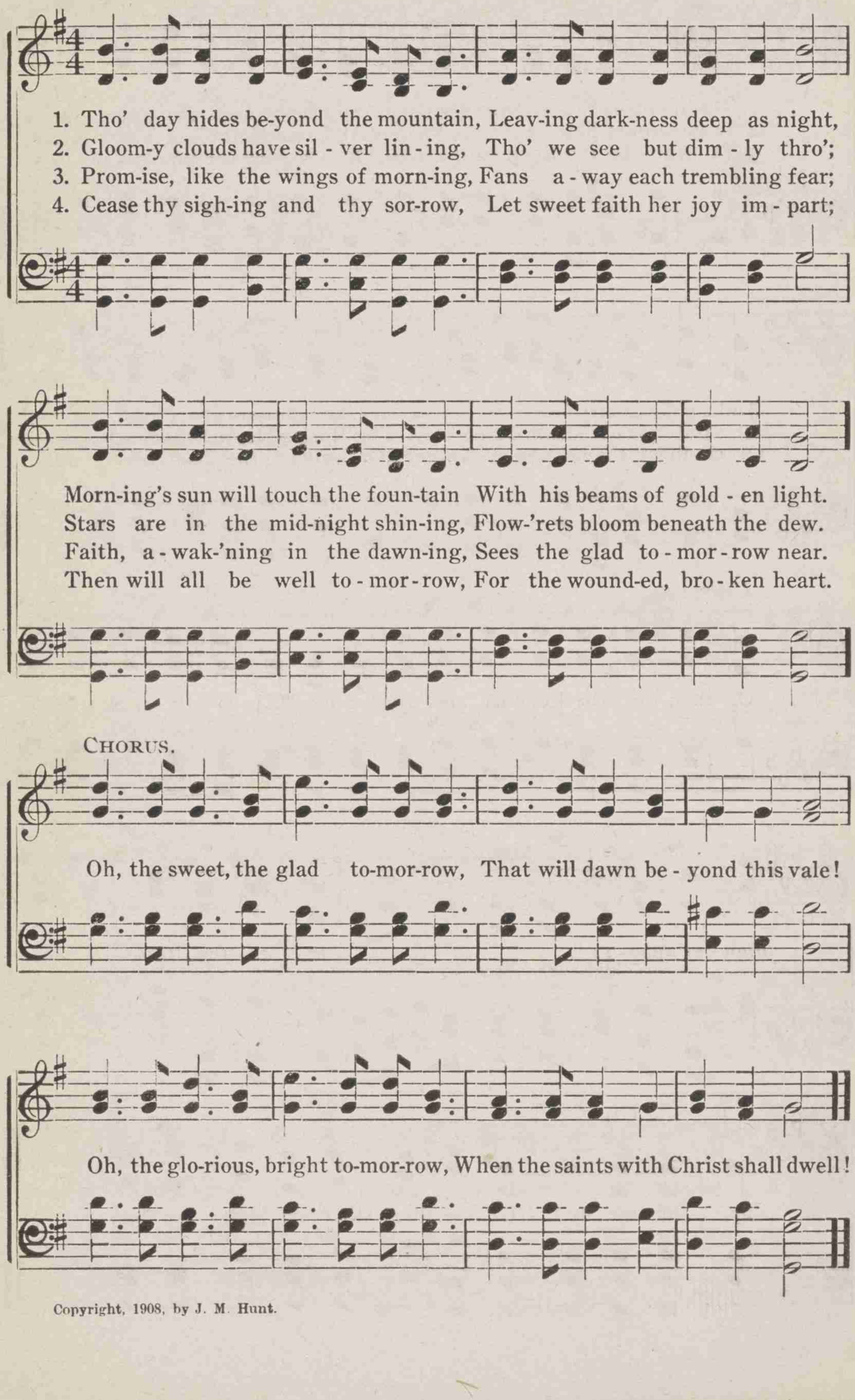


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No. 30. THE GLAD TO-MORROW.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—PSA. 30: 5.

MRS. T. M. GRIFFIN. J. M. HUNT.



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No. 31. 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 seem the day,And sometimes how weary my feet ;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre - vail ;

And sorrow,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 walk-ing the shad - ow - y vale.

CHORUS.

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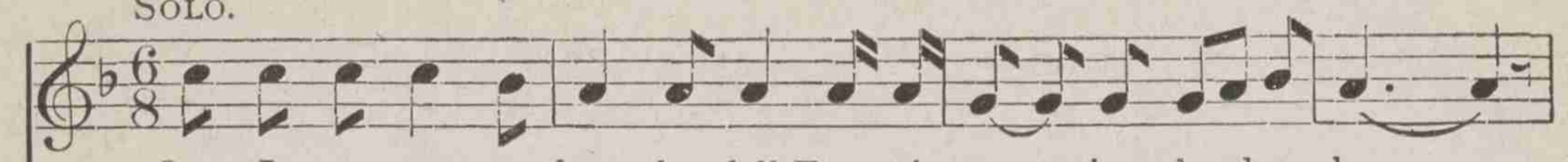
O, then, to the Rock let me is high - er than I;

fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is high - er than I.
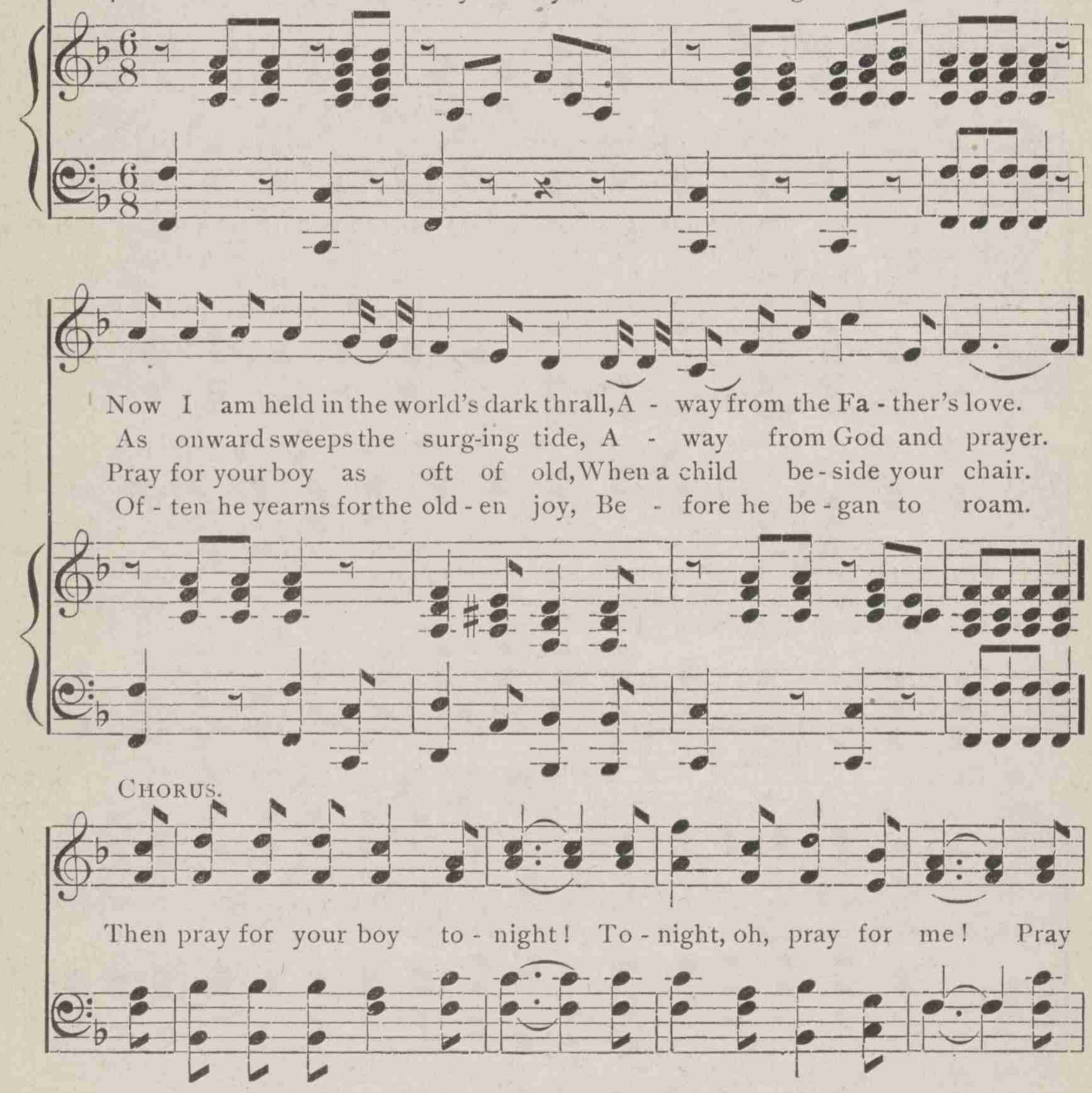
No. 32. PRAY FOR YOUR BOY TONIGHT.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN. GEO. ROBERT CAIRNS, by per.

SOLO.
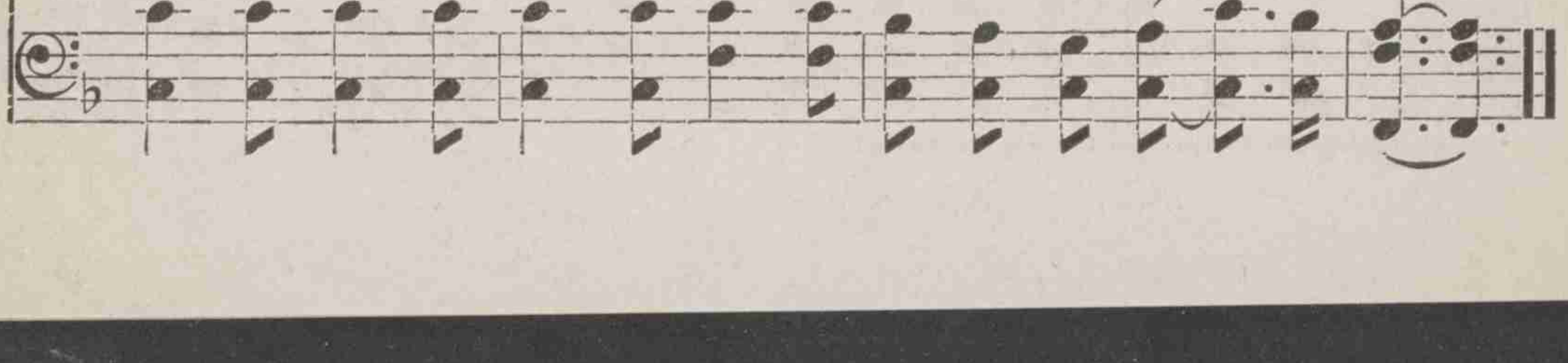


1. Once I was pure as dews that fall From the morn - ing clouds a - bove;
2. Wea-ry the world, and dark and wild, And with many a fa - tal snare,
3. Moth-er, my heart is hard and cold, And is blighted with grief and care;
4. Tho' in the toils of sin your boy Yet is wander-ing far from home,



Now I am held in the world's dark thrall, A - way from the Fa - ther's love.
As onward sweeps the surg-ing tide, A - way from God and prayer.
Pray for your boy as oft of old, When a child be - side your chair.
Of - ten he yearns for the old - en joy, Be - fore he be - gan to roam.

CHORUS.



Then pray for your boy to - night! To - night, oh, pray for me! Pray

God to give your boy the light, To lead him to heaven and thee.

No. 33. IS HEAVEN ABOVE THE CLOUDS?

My dear little boy — six years old — shares with me an awful dread of cyclones. We stood together, watching a rising storm, when he said to me, in sweet anticipation of the security of our Heavenly Father's care, "Papa, is Heaven above the clouds?" — S. M. B.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. How dark are the clouds that hang o - ver the way O, can it be,
2. How is it that sick-ness is lead - ing to health? And how is it
3. Yes, when the dark clouds and the sha - dow and night Are all made ef -
4. Then while all e - ter - ni - ty's cy - cles shall roll, And bil - lows of

Fa - ther, 'tis lead - ing to - day? Can all the dark sha - dows now
pov - er - ty leads us to wealth? Can part - ing be meet - ing, and
ful - gent by heav - en - ly light; Thro' sick - ness, thro' part - ing, thro'
glo - ry sweep o - ver the soul; By all the deep dark - ness and

deep - 'ning to night, Be Thy bless - ed meth - od of lead - ing to light?
weak - ness be strength? Can curs - ing be bless - ing and brev - i - ty length?
weak - ness and pain, Made bless-ing by Je - sus, we'll tri - umph and reign.
sha - dow and night, Our Sav - iour will teach us the glo - ry of light.

CHORUS.

Is hea - ven a-bove the clouds? Is hea - ven a - bove the clouds? O!
CHO. 3 & 4 V. Yes, heaven's a-bove the clouds; Yes, hea-ven's a - bove the clouds; O!

tell me, Fa - ther, O, tell me, I pray, Is hea - ven a - bove the clouds?
bless - ed Fa - ther, I'm sing - ing to - day, For hea - ven's a - bove the clouds.

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No. 34. WHEN OUR EYES BEHOLD HIS FACE.

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.

1. The eye hath not seen the beau - ti - ful things, The ear hath not
2. The eye hath not seen that won - der - ful world, All ra - diant with
3. The ear hath not heard the mu - sic di - vine Which charms the tired
4. The heart hath not known the ful - ness of joy Which God has pre-

heard the sweet tone, The heart hath not felt the rap - tur-ous joy Which
heav - en - ly light, But God hath unveiled its glo - ry to those Who
spir - it to rest, But God hath revealed the mys - ter - y sweet To
pared for the good, But God hath revealed His treasures so rare To

CHORUS.

God hath prepared for His own.
see it with spir - it - ual sight.
those with His spirit pos - sessed.
all who are washed in His blood.

Oh, the peace..... that fills the

Oh, the peace

heart, Oh, the rich - es of His grace; Oh, the soul.....

Oh, the rich - es of His grace; Oh, the soul

with rap - ture sings, When our eyes..... be - hold His face.

When our eyes be - hold His face.

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No. 35. THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.

1. When the gold - en bowl is bro - ken, And the eve - ning shadows fall,
2. When the way is dark be - fore me, And the riv - er's roar I hear,
3. Thro' the val - ley He will guide me, When the bil - lows round me roll;
4. There'll be naught in death to harm me, Since for me the Sav - iour died;
5. Thro' the pearl-y gates, wide-swinging, I shall see the vi-sions bright,

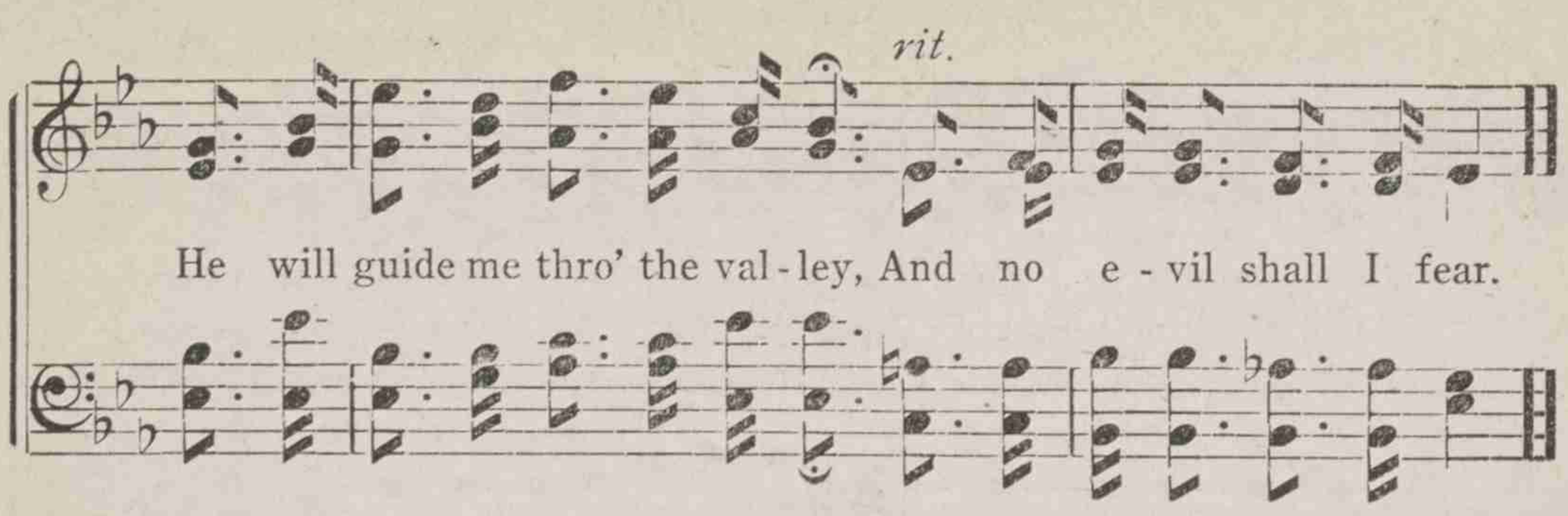
When the last word has been spo-ken, And the an - gels for me call—
When the waves are breaking o'er me, Then my Sav - iour will be near.
In the cleft - ed rock I'll hide me, O Thou Ref - uge of my soul!
There'll be heav'n beyond to charm me, When I reach the riv - er's side.
And shall hear the ransomed singing, In the home of love and light.

CHORUS.

Thro' the val - ley of the shad - ow, When the sun is sink - ing low,
Thro' the val - ley of the shad - ow, When my time has come to go,
My dear Sav - iour will be with me, When the riv - er's brink I near,

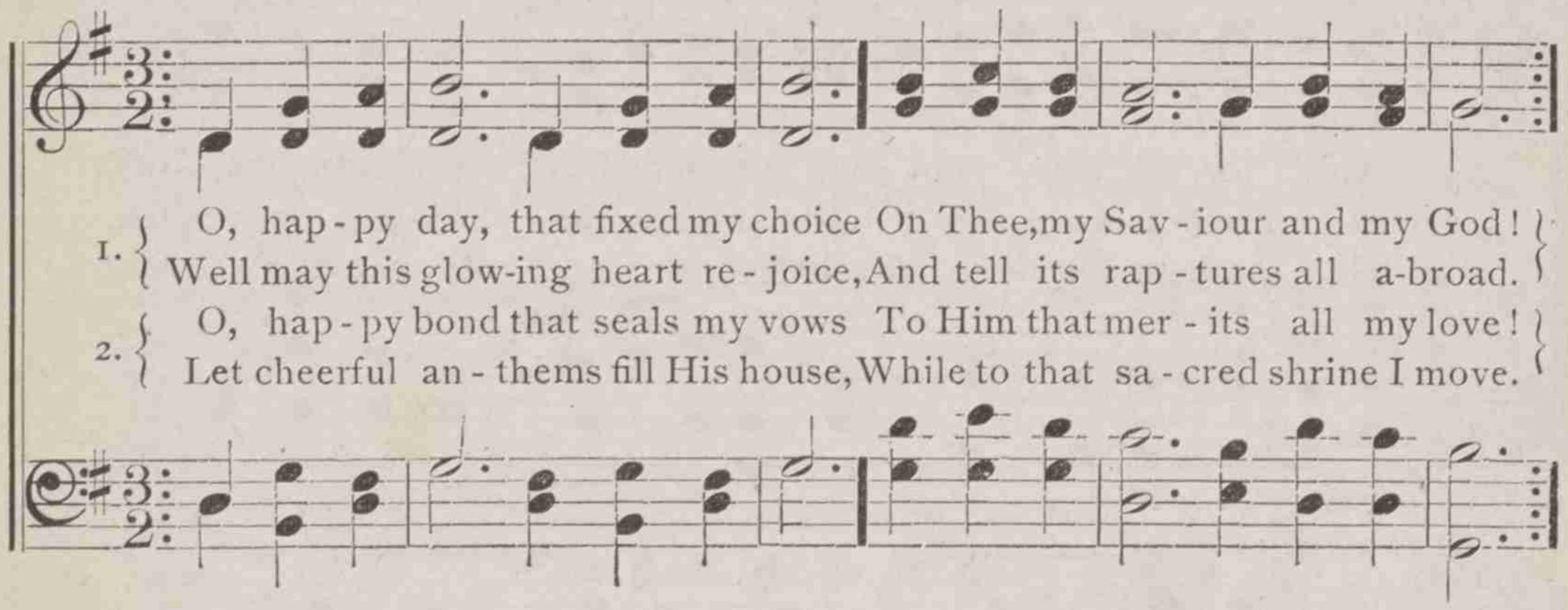
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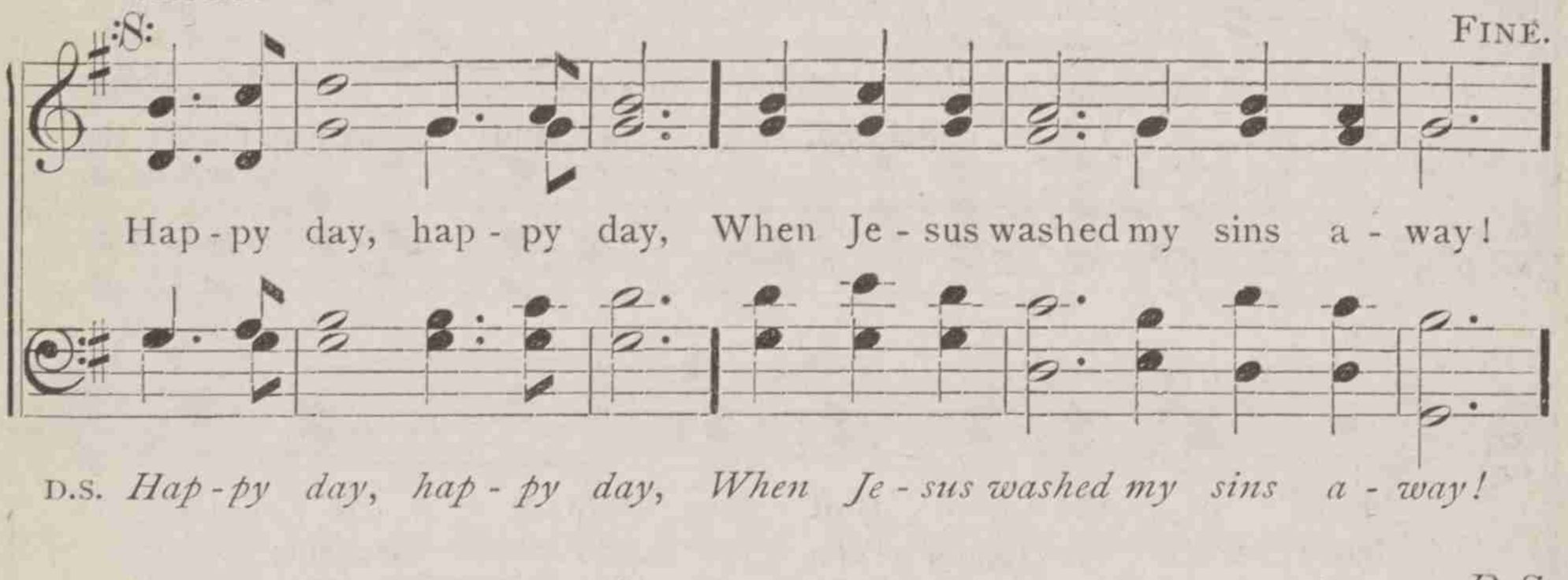
THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

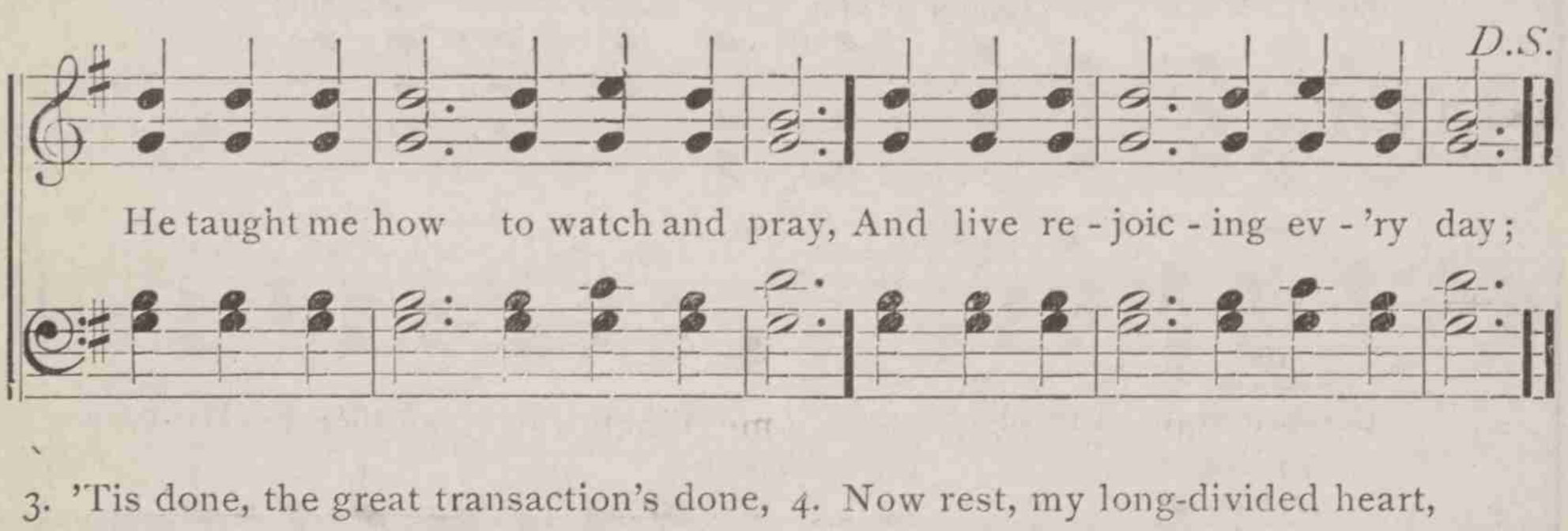


No. 36. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.







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

4. Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

No. 37. REDEEMED.

"Behold the Lamb of God."

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

1. Oh, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God, "Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. Oh, wondrous power of love di - vine, So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be;

And for a ran - som shed His blood For you and e - ven me.
It reach-es out to all man-kind, Em - bra-ces e - ven me.
He hath re-deemed a world from sin, And ran-somed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, . . . I'm re - deemed, . . . Thro' the
I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed, Thro' the
blood of the Lamb that was slain; . . . . . I'm re -
blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb that was slain;
deemed, . . I'm re - deemed, . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to His name.
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

No. 38. TRIUMPH BY AND BY.

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

1. The prize is set be - fore us, To win His words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, (from on high;) His lov-ing tones are calling,
2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed - eth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth, From on high, (from on high;) Then naught from Him shall sever,
3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Jesus dear to love us, There on high, (there on high;) We'll give Him best endeavor,

While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, (He is nigh.)
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, (He is nigh.)
And praise His name forever; His precious words can never, never die, (never die.)

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Je-sus reign in glory, by and by, (by and by;)

1 2

Je-sus reign in glo-ry by and by.

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No. 39. FOR JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."—LUKE 18: 37.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.

1. Oh, list to the Mas - ter, He's plead-ing in love, For Je - sus is pass-ing this way, He's call-ing to thee from the mansions a-bove, For
2. The Spir - it is woo - ing thee now to be - lieve, For Je - sus is pass-ing this way, Then heed the glad message, sal-va - tion re-ceive, For
3. Oh, do not re - ject Him and lon - ger de - lay, For Je - sus is pass-ing this way; Oh, grieve not the Spir - it for - ev - er a - way, For
4. He longs to re - ceive you and cast out your fear, For Je - sus is pass-ing this way; Be - lieve Him, poor sinner, while mercy is near, For

CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass-ing this way. For Je - sus is pass - ing this way, . . .
this way,
For Je - sus is pass-ing this way; . . . . . Then look un - to Him, Be
this way;
cleansed from thy sin, For Je - sus is pass - ing this way.

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No. 40. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,
I will give it you."—Num. 10: 29.

Rev. I. WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
march-ing thro' Im - man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
thus sur-round the throne, And thus - sur - round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - - en streets.
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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No. 41. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY. F. LYTE. R. J. POWELL.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol-low Thee;
2. Man may troub-le and dis-tress me, 'T will but drive me to Thy breast;

Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

DUET. *p*

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
O 't is not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
O 't were not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

slow. *f* *dim.*

Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav-iour, too;
Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain!

Copyright, 1908, by R. J. Powell.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;
In Thy serv - ice, pain is pleas-ure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.

QUARTET.

And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa - ther;" I have stayed my heart on Thee:

rit.

Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

No. 42. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.
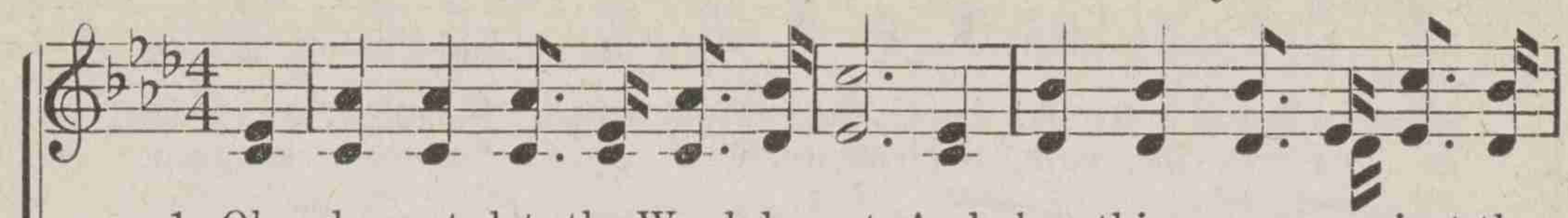
THOS. KEN. 1697. G. FRANC. 1545.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low,

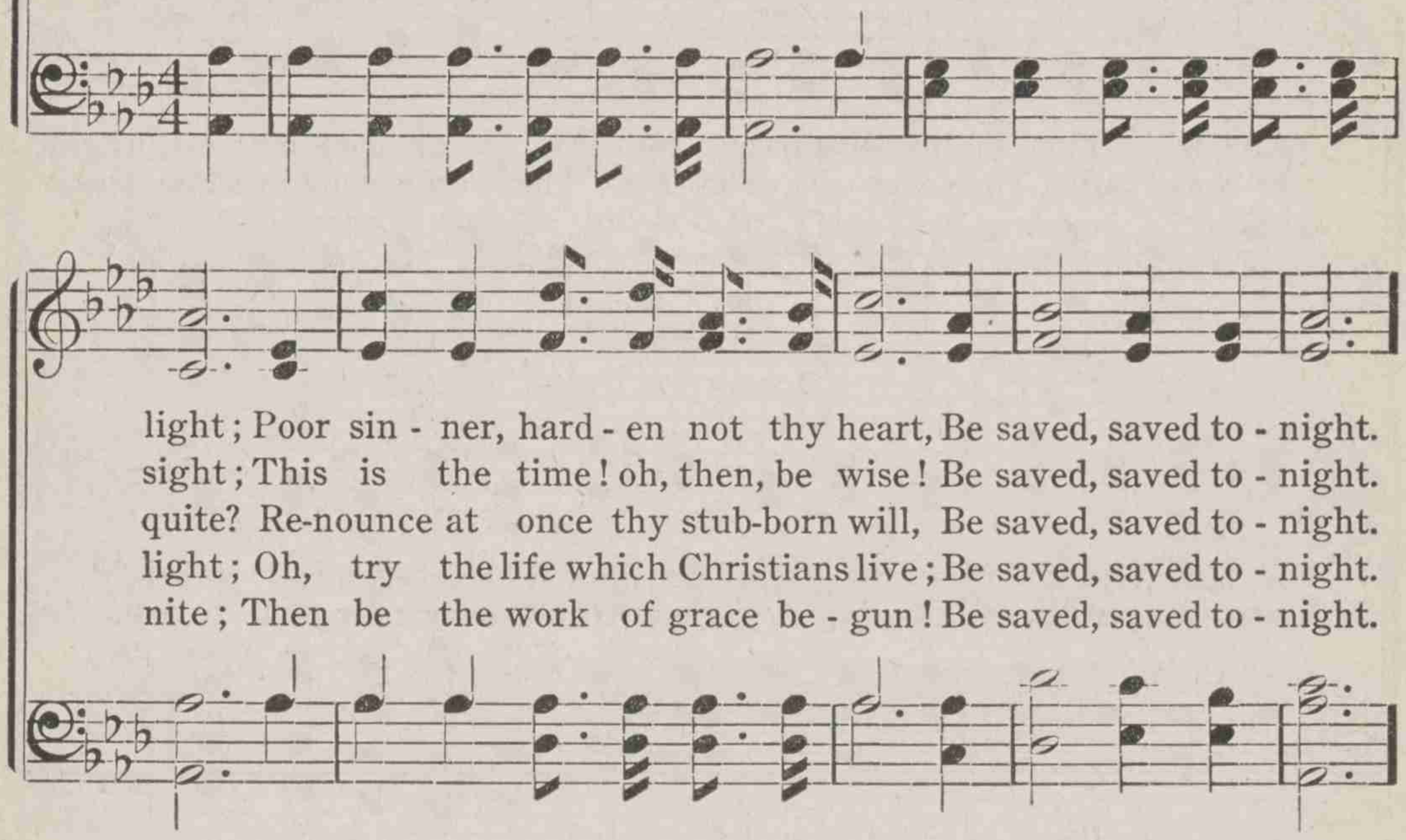
Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 43. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

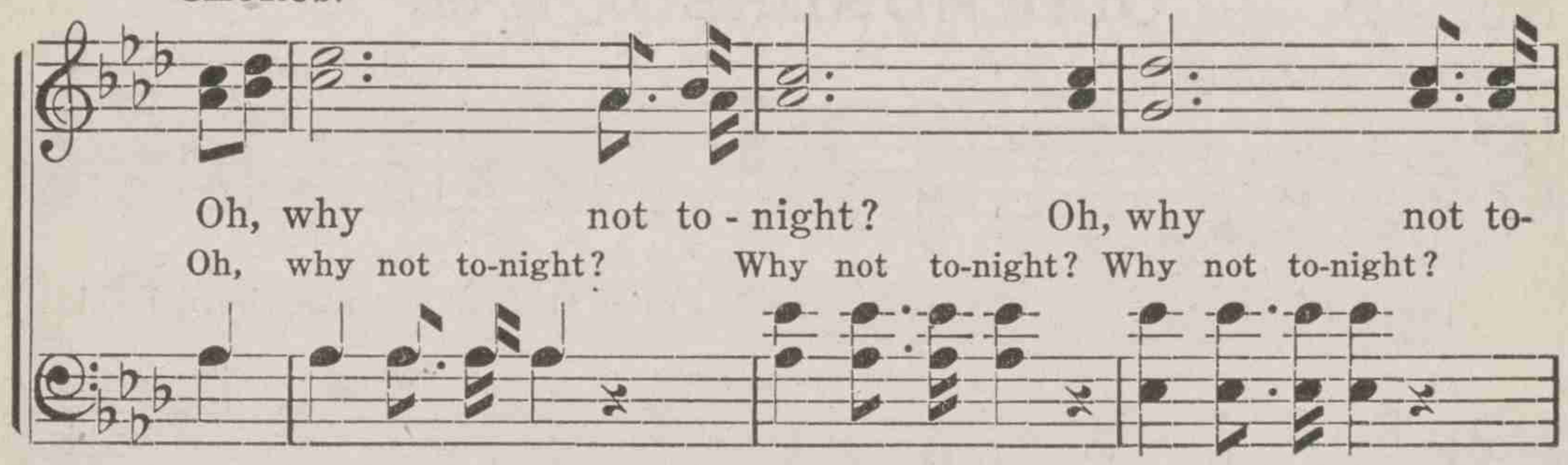
J. M. HUNT.

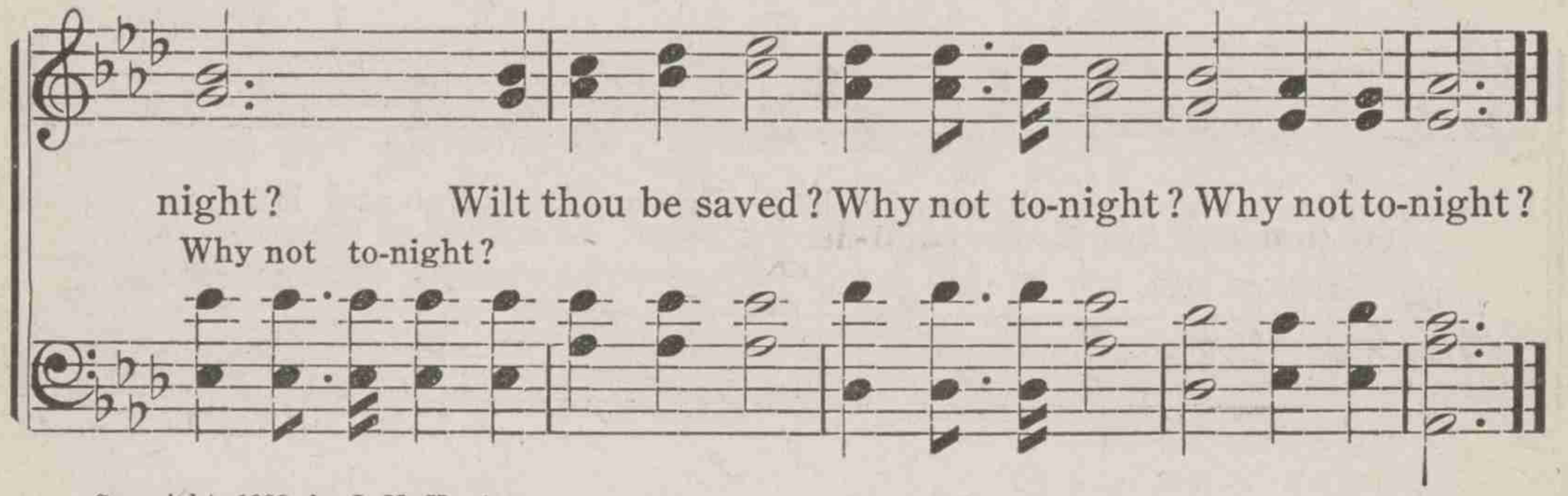


1. Oh, do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Be saved, saved to - night.
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long - de - lud - ed sight; This is the time! oh, then, be wise! Be saved, saved to - night.
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re- quite? Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, saved to - night.
4. The world has nothing left to give, It has no new, no pure de- light; Oh, try the life which Christians live; Be saved, saved to - night.
5. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u- nite; Then be the work of grace be - gun! Be saved, saved to - night.



CHORUS.
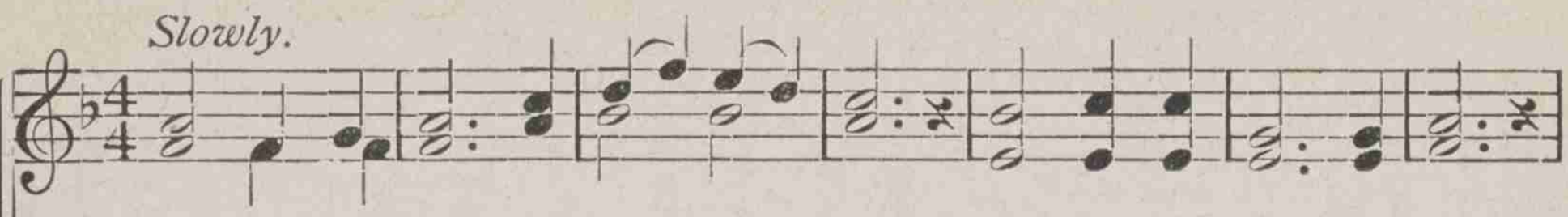




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No. 44. O TROUBLED HEART.

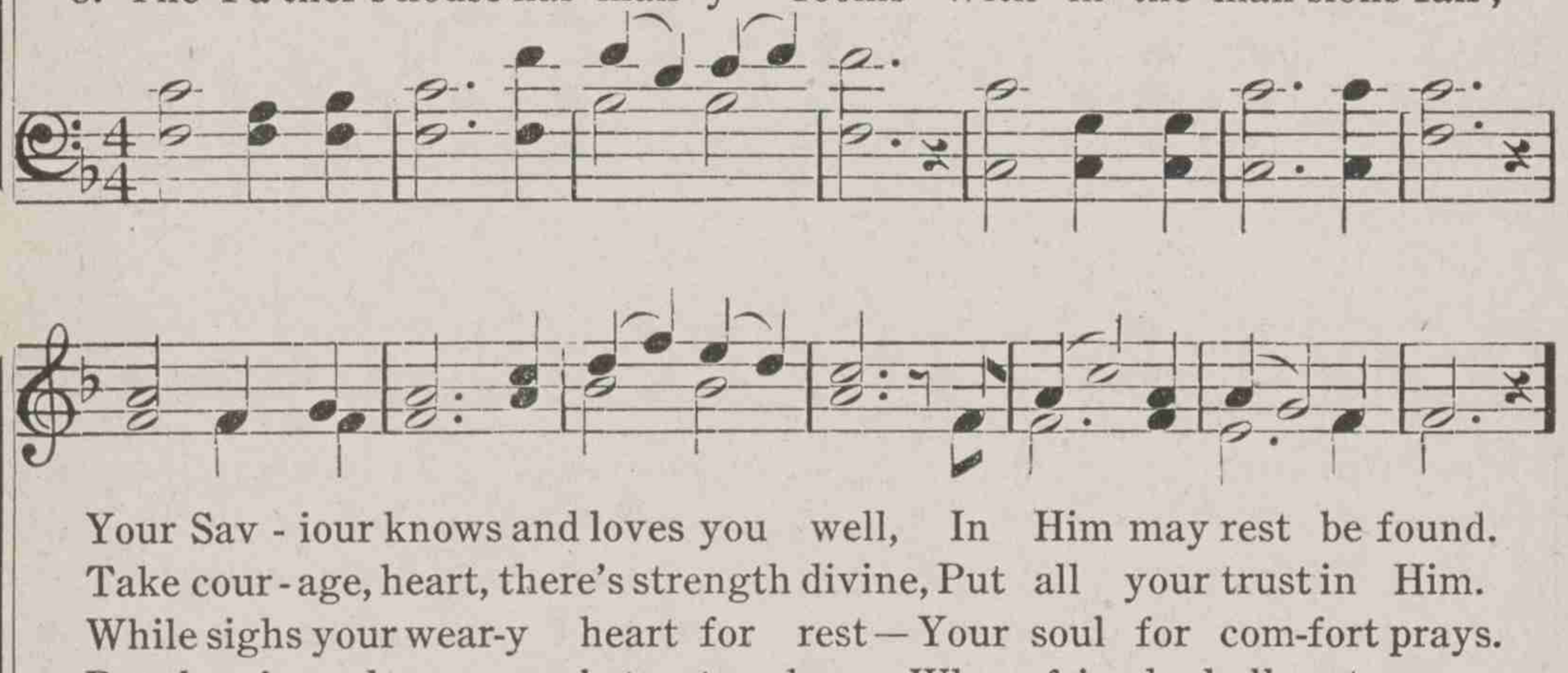
(May be used as a Solo.)

R. K. M. R. K. MAIDEN.

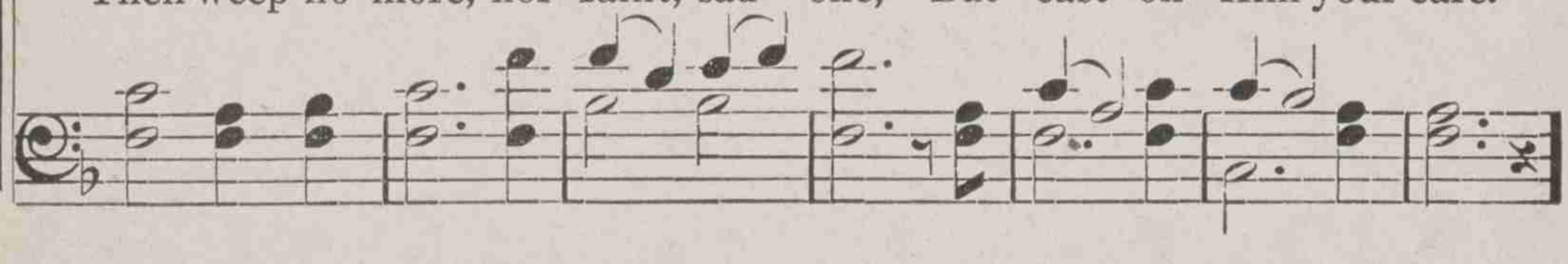
Slowly.



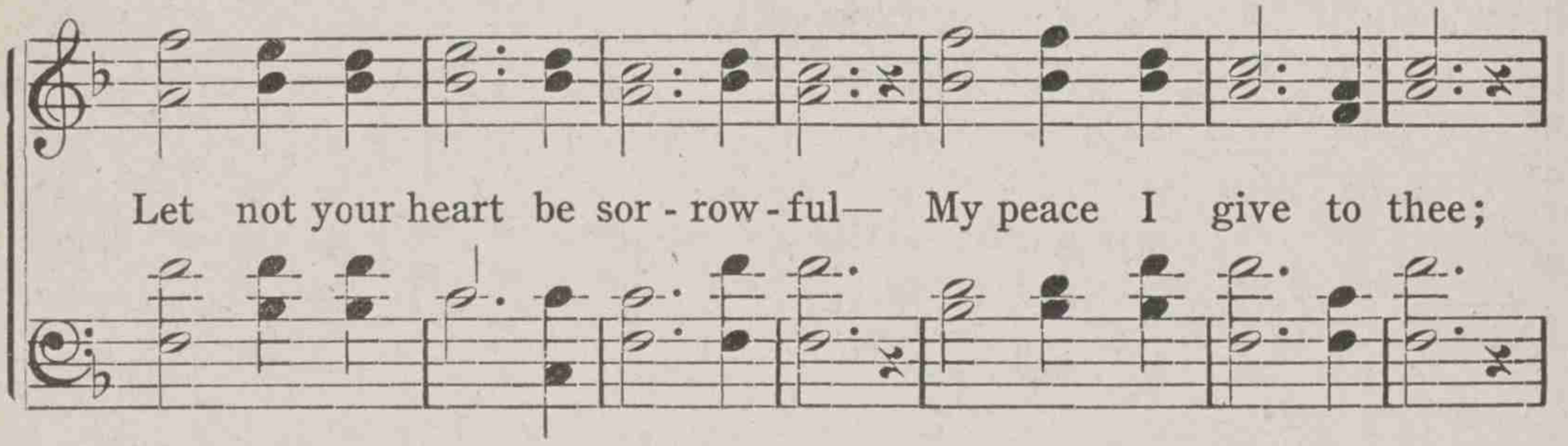
1. O troub-led heart, be not cast down, There's balm for ev - 'ry wound;
2. Your man-y bur-dens heav-y seem, Your eyes with tears grow dim;
3. Full man-y cares dis-turb your peace, And sor-rows cloud your days,
4. Your earthly house will pass a - way, And friends go on be-fore;
5. The Fa-ther's house has man-y rooms With-in the man-sions fair;



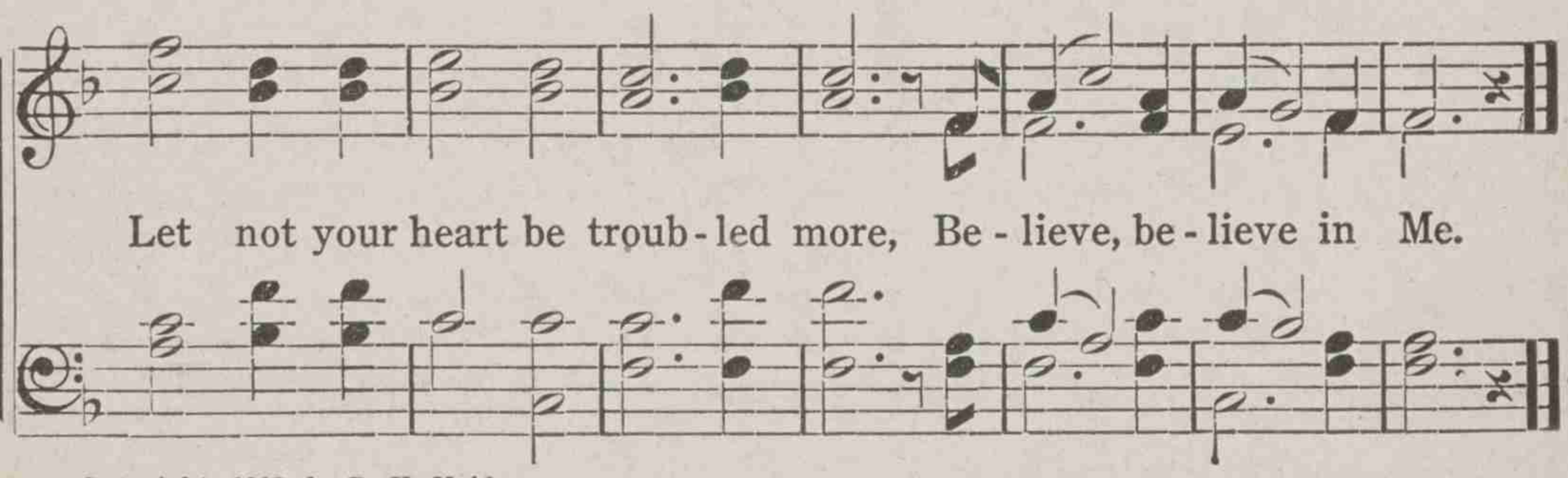
Your Sav - iour knows and loves you well, In Him may rest be found.
Take cour-age, heart, there's strength divine, Put all your trust in Him.
While sighs your wear-y heart for rest—Your soul for com-fort prays.
But there's a home, a bet - ter home, Where friends shall part no more.
Then weep no more, nor faint, sad one, But cast on Him your care.



CHORUS.



Let not your heart be sor-row-ful— My peace I give to thee;



Let not your heart be troub-led more, Be - lieve, be-lieve in Me.

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No. 45. I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

Words arr. J. M. HUNT.

Slowly and tenderly.

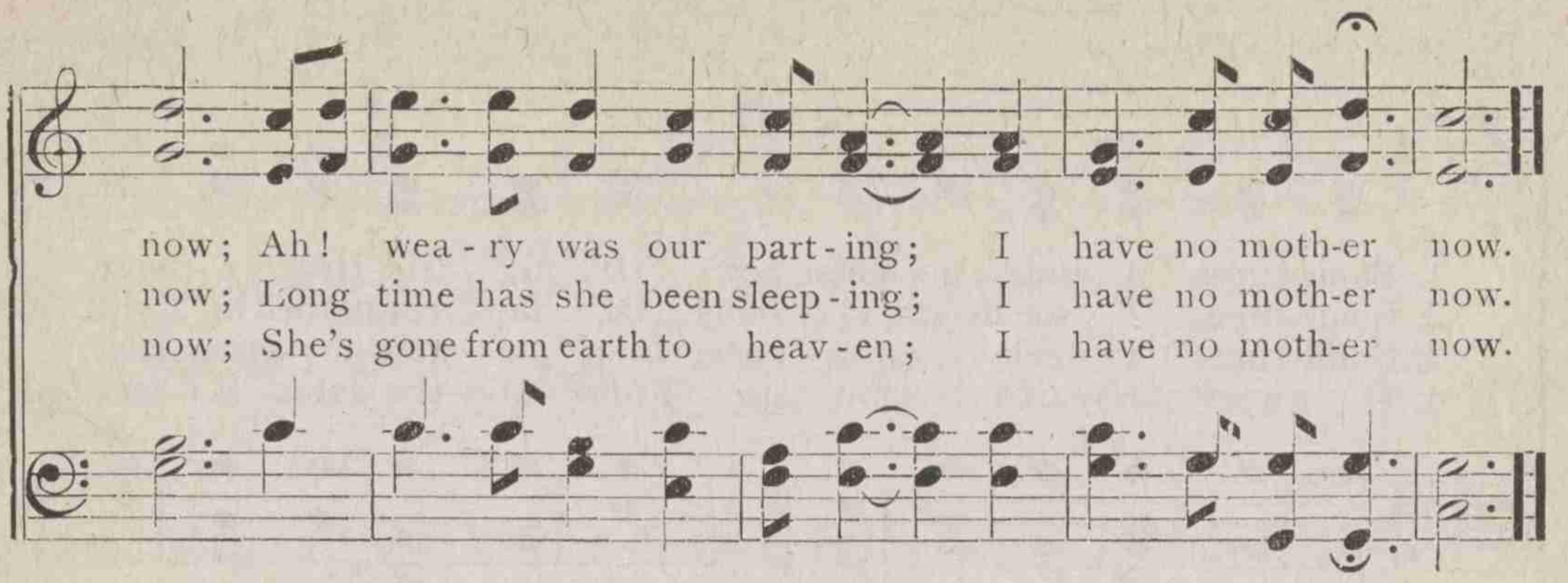
1. I hear the soft wind sigh-ing Thro' ev - 'ry bush and tree; Where moth - er dear is ly - ing A - way from love and me. Tears from mine eyes are
2. I see the pale moon shin-ing On mother's white gravestone, The rose-bush round it twin-ing, Like me is sad and lone, And too, like me, 'tis
3. My heart is ev - er lone - ly, My spir - it ev - er sad, 'Twas her dear presence on - 'ly That kept my spir - it glad; From morning un - til

start-ing, And sorrow shades my brow, Ah! wea - ry was our part-ing, I have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now; I have no moth-er
weeping, The dewdrops on the bough; Long time has she been sleeping, I have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now; I have no moth-er
evening, Care rests up - on my brow, She's gone from earth to heaven, I have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now; I have no moth-er

CHORUS.

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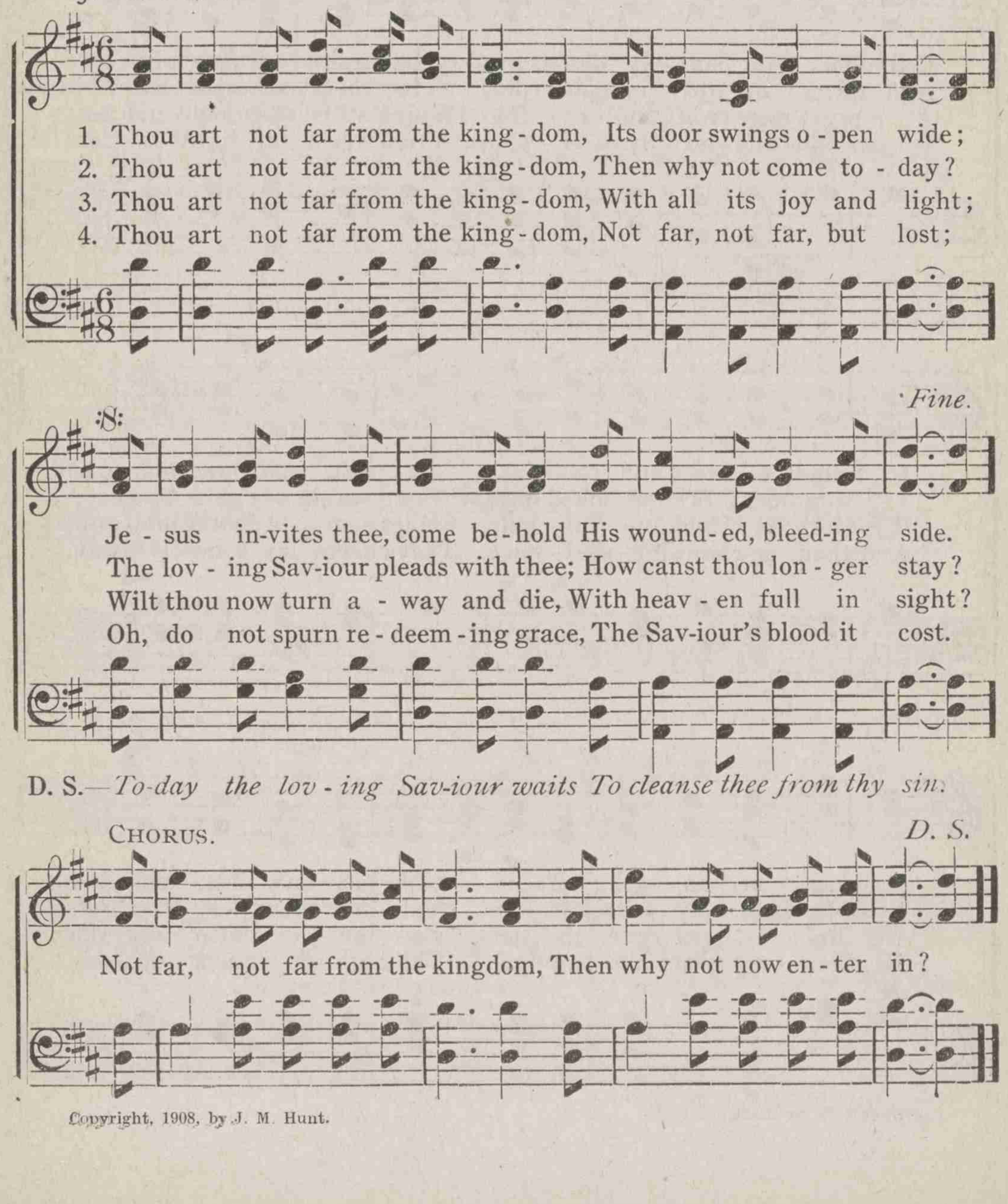
I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.



No. 46. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

MARK 12: 34.

J. H. DEW. F. O. LAMOREUX.



CHORUS. D. S.

Copyright, 1908, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 47. SOMETIMES I HEAR A WHISPER.

R. K. MAIDEN. R. K. MAIDEN.

1. Some-times I hear a whis - per Of mu - sic from a - bove,
2. Some-times I see bright vi - sions Of fa - ces bathed in light,
3. Some-times I feel a pres - ence, Like an - gels hov - 'ring near,
4. O sweet, un - earth - ly mu - sic, From out the gates a - jar;
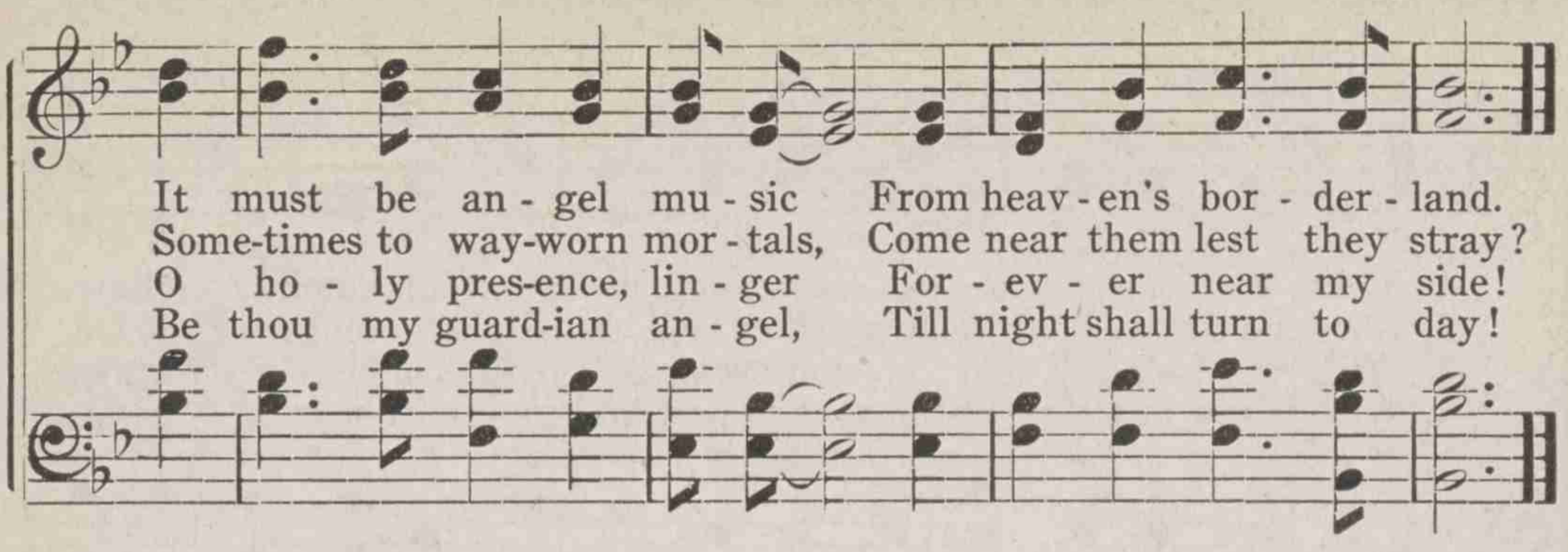
Come float - ing soft - ly down - ward In strains of heav'n-ly love;
And forms of glo - ry splen - dor, In robes of spot - less white;
A pres - ence sweet and aw - ful, Which stills my doubt and fear;
O strange and ho - ly vi - sions, From worlds of light a - far;

It sounds so sweet and rest - ful, So soft, and low, and grand,
I won - der if our loved ones, From realms of gold - en day,
'T is Moth - er, Child, or an - gel, Comes near to soothe and guide;
And thou, en-chant-ing pres - ence, That cheers my lone - ly way,

It must be an - gel mu - sic From heav-en's bor - der - land;
Some-times to way - worn mor - tals, Come near them lest they stray;
O ho - ly pres - ence, lin - ger For - ev - er near my side;
Be thou my guard-ian an - gel, Till night shall turn to day;
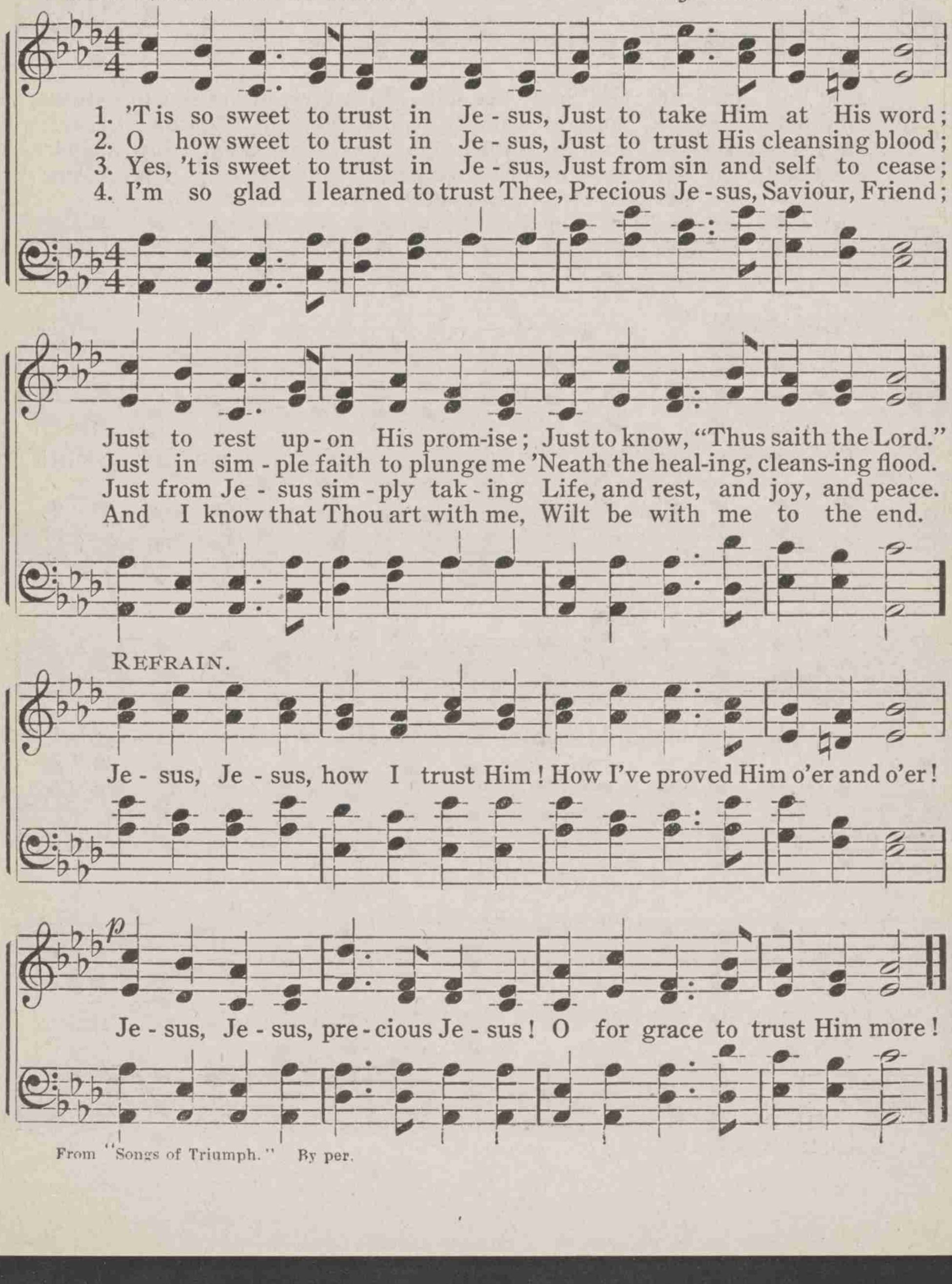
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SOMETIMES I HEAR A WHISPER.



No. 48. 'T IS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



From "Songs of Triumph." By per.

No. 49. THE "NEW SONG."

"And they sung a new song."—Rev. 5: 9.

R. K. Maiden. J. M. Hunt.

1. There is a song the ran-somed sing, Be-yond this earth-ly clime,
2. A-round the great white throne they sing, Of Him who took man's place,
3. With vi - als full of o - dors sweet, And hymns of heav'nly praise,
4. With harps of gold at-tuned to praise, And souls with joy a - flame,

And an-gels in the cho-rus join, In notes of praise sub - lime.
And made His life an of - fer-ing For all of Ad-am's race.
They shout ho-san - na to the Lamb Thro' nev-er-end - ing days.
They sing the cor - o - na-tion song, And mag-ni-fy His name.

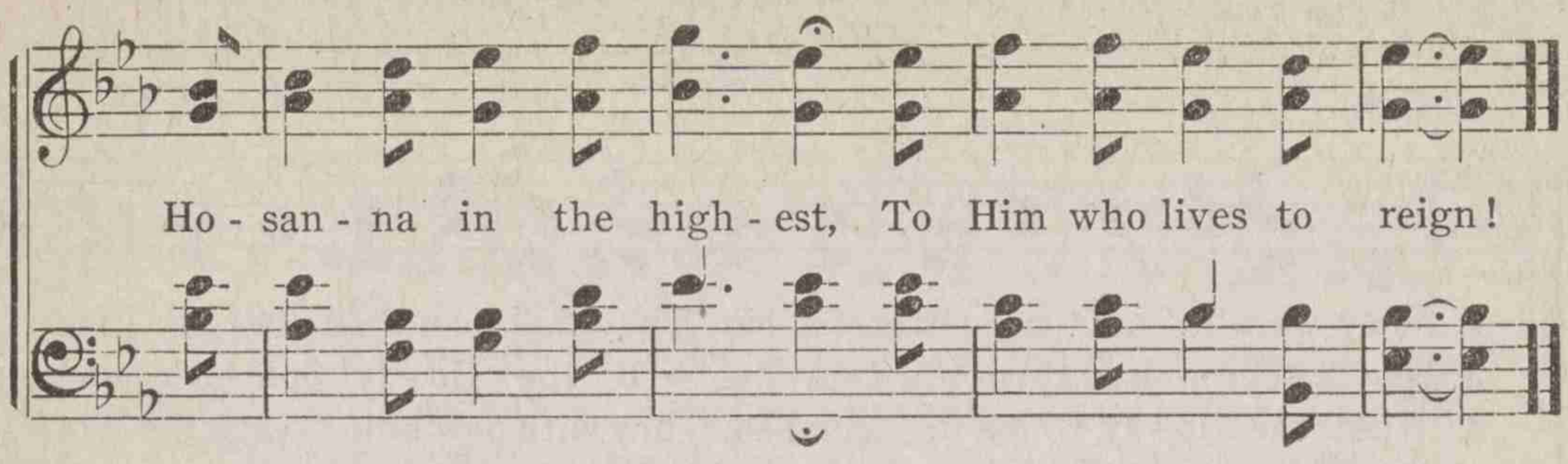
Chorus.

'T is glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, To the Lamb for sin-ners slain!

Yes, glo - ry and do-min - ion To Him who lives a - gain!
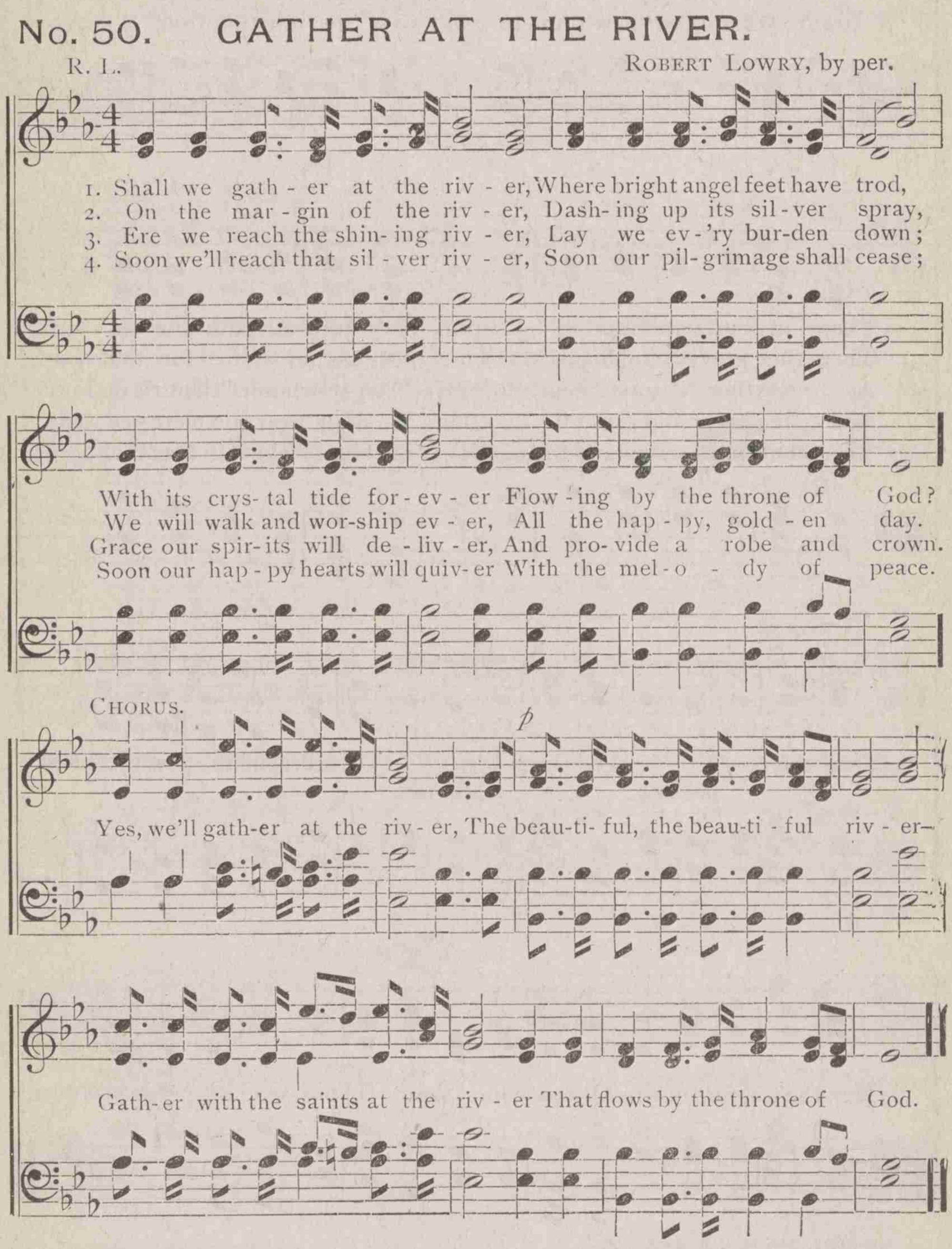
O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! They swell the glad re - frain;

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No. 50. GATHER AT THE RIVER.
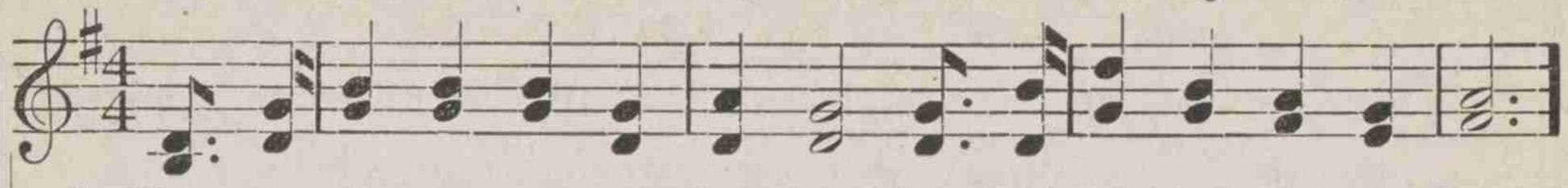
R. L. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.
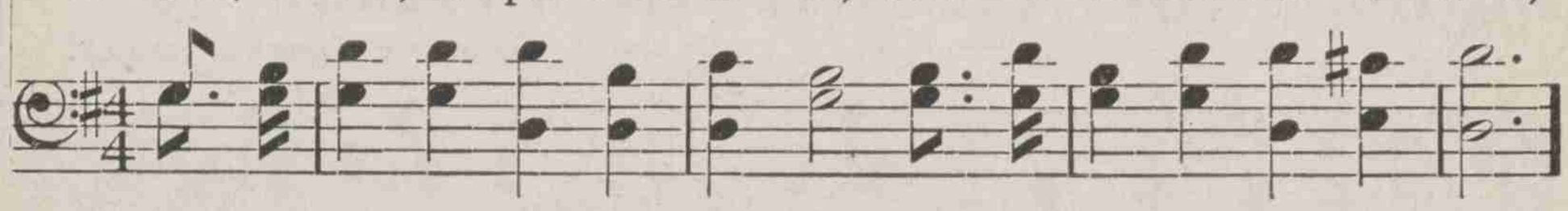


No. 51. SEND THE POWER JUST NOW.
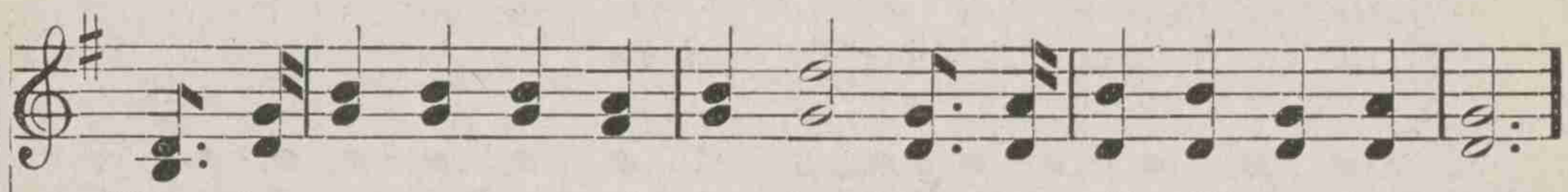
"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."—ACTS 1: 8.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.
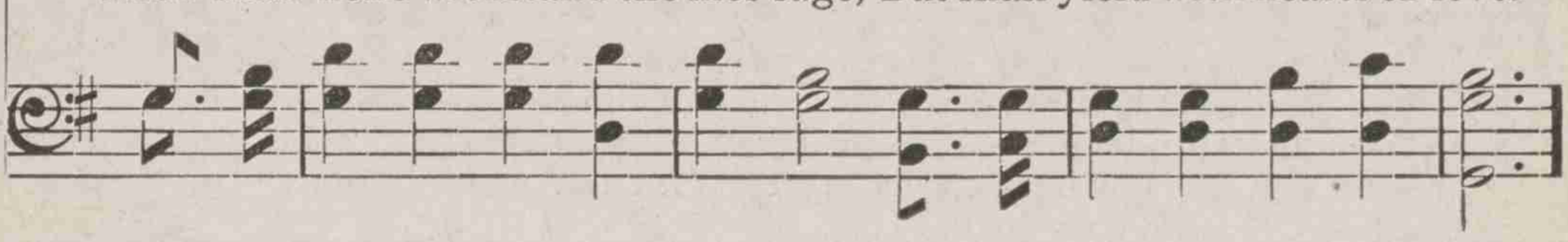


1. They were in an up-per cham-ber, They had seen their ris - en Lord;
2. He had prom-ised them the com-ing Of the Ho - ly Spir - it's pow'r;
3. When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend-ed, They with pow'r did preach the Word;
4. Un - to us this pow'r is prom-ised, If we in the Lord a - bide,
5. Grant, O Lord, this pow'r un - to us; Give the unc-tion from a - bove;
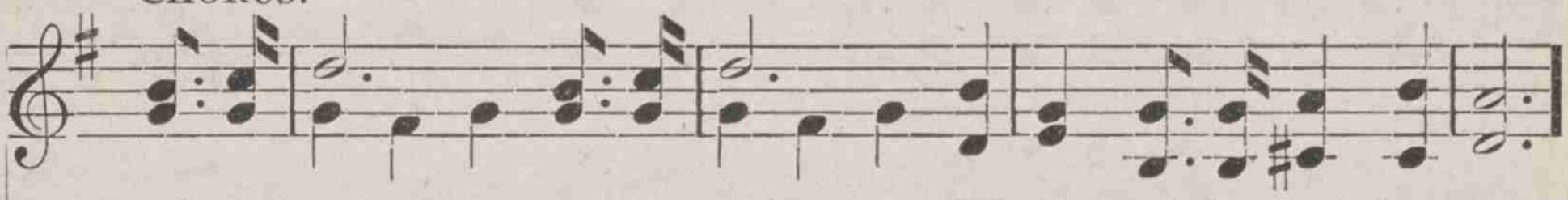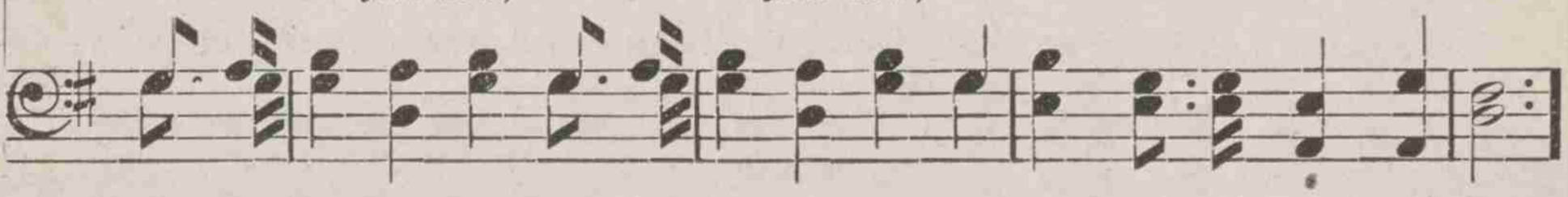




There in prayer and sup - pli - ca - tion, They were all with one ac - cord.
There they prayed, and hoped, and worshiped, As they wait-ed for that hour.
As the Spir - it gave them ut-t'rance, They proclaimed their ris-en Lord.
And in prayer and sup - pli - ca - tion, We draw near His pierc - ed side.
Then shall none withstand the mes-sage, But shall yield with hearts of love.
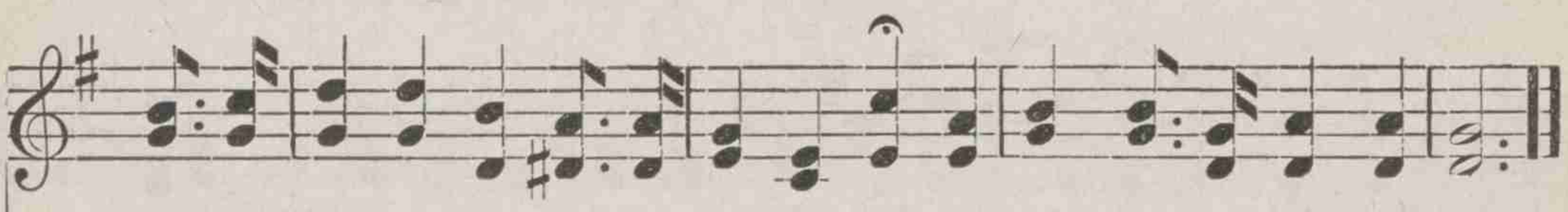


CHORUS.
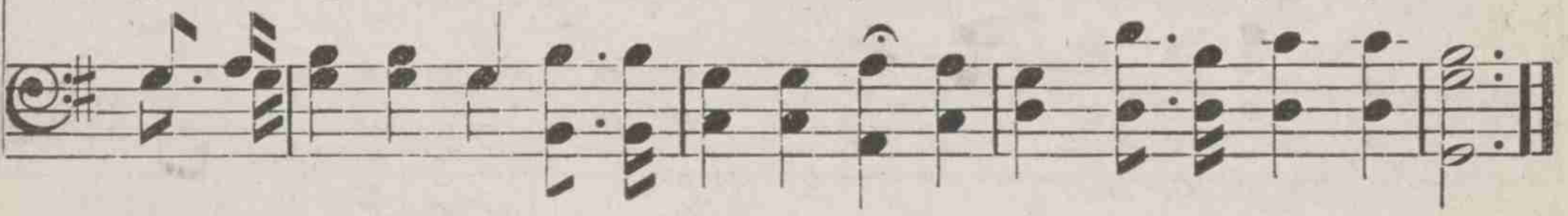


Send the pow'r, send the pow'r, O Lord, send the pow'r just now;
just now, just now,





May the tongues of fire All our words inspire, O Lord, send the pow'r just now.



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No. 52. 'T IS THE BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

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

1. 'T is the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
2. 'T is the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a ten - der com - pas-sion, His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
3. 'T is the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt - ed and tried, To the Sav-iour who loves them their sor-rows con-fide; With a sym - pa-thiz-ing
4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust - ing Him, we be - lieve That the blessings we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the ful - ness of this

faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear-y! O how
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear-y! O how
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear-y! O how
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear-y! O how

D. S.—*What a balm for the wear-y! O how*

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*

sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer! Bless-ed hour of prayer!

sweet to be there!

Copyright, 1880, by W. H. Doane.

No. 53. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. E. S. U. Rev. E. S. UFFORD, by per.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in
4. Soon will this sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon we shall

broth-er whom some one should save; Somebody's brother, O, who then will dare
tar - ry, my broth-er, so long? See, he is sink-ing, O, has - ten to - day,
an-guish where we've never been; Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil - lows of woe,
go to the fair E - den shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be,

CHORUS.

To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
And out with the life-boat, a - way, then, a - way.
Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
That Je - sus will throw out the Life-Line to thee!

throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

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No. 54. 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 gen-tle whis-per in my ear;
3. O when shall break life's sil-ver cord, And when the morn of morns I see,

My spir - it will its clay for - sake, And find the ha - ven-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 welcome me.

CHORUS. *Slower.*

The sil - ver cord some day will break, And I to
sil - ver cord will break,

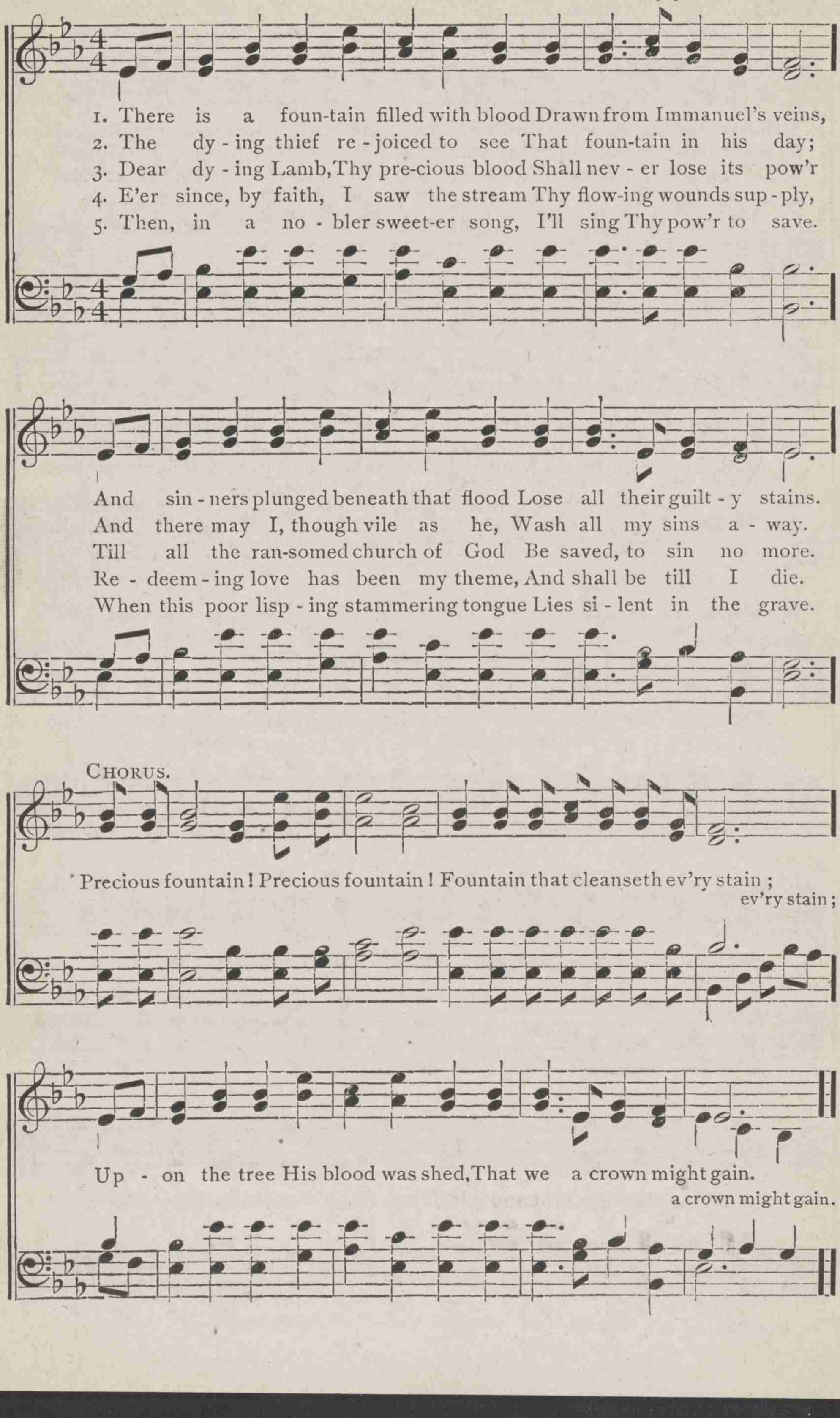
end - - less joys a - wake; O then for me
end - less, end - less for me.

shall life be done, E - ter - nal life and heav'n be won!
be done,

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No. 55. PRECIOUS FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER. Music and Chorus by J. M. HUNT.



1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then, in a no - bler sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

CHORUS.

Precious fountain! Precious fountain! Fountain that cleanseth ev'ry stain;
ev'ry stain;

Up - on the tree His blood was shed, That we a crown might gain.
a crown might gain.

No. 56. I'LL WORK FOR JESUS.

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

1. I'll work for Je - sus, for He saves my soul, His blood redeemed me, and His touch made whole; He took my bur - den, and my heart is free To serve the Mas - ter who will care for me. I will work till the
2. I'll work for Je - sus, tho' so weak am I; Rich stores of mer - cy will my need sup - ply; O for His spir - it in a - bun-dant pow'r, To strengthen, help me, ev - 'ry pass-ing hour.
3. I'll work for Je - sus while the day is bright, The way is o - pen, fields al- read - y white; The sow - ers min - gle hap - py songs of praise With shouts of rapture which the reapers raise.
4. I'll work for Je - sus till the glad "Well done," When palms are giv - en, and the crown is won; Then high - er serv - ice be it mine to know, Where streams of pleas-ure ev - er-more shall flow.

CHORUS.

for Je - sus shad - ows fall, Work for Je - sus till I hear His call To man - sions wait-ing, ev - er bright and fair; Then, hal-le - lu-jah! I shall see Him there.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 57. NEVER ALONE.

Har. by J. M. HUNT.

1. I've seen the light-nings flash - ing, And heard the thun-ders roll,
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing, Temp-ta- tions are sharp and keen;
3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, I'm tread-ing the road of care,
4. He died for me on the moun-tain, For me they pierced His side;

I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, Try - ing to conquer my soul;
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - iour stands be - tween.
My Sav-iour helps me to car - ry My cross, when heav-y to bear.
For me He o-pened that foun - tain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;
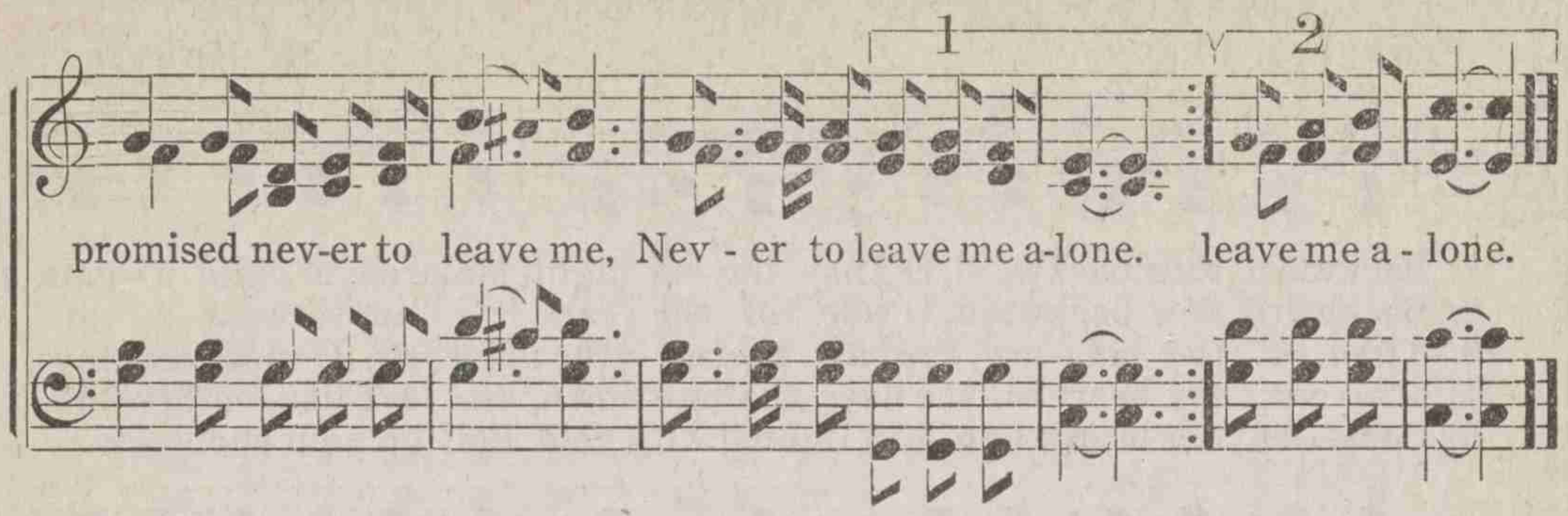
I've heard the voice of Je - sus Tell - ing me still to fight on,
He stands to shield me from dan - ger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
My feet en-tan-gled with bri - ars, Read - y to cast me down,
For me He wait-eth in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne,

He promised nev-er to leave me, Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

REFRAIN.

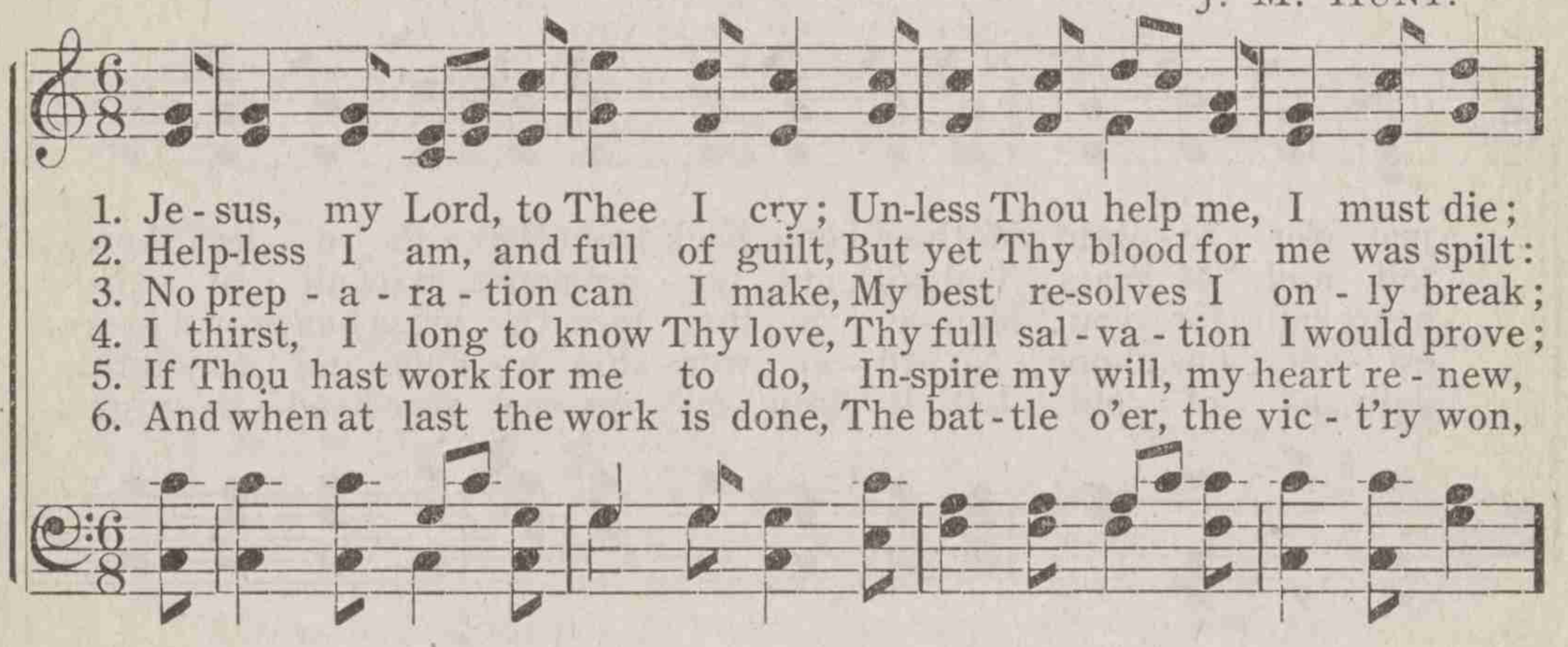
No, nev - er a - lone,... .... no, nev - er a - lone,... .... He
No, no, nev - er a - lone, no, nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone,

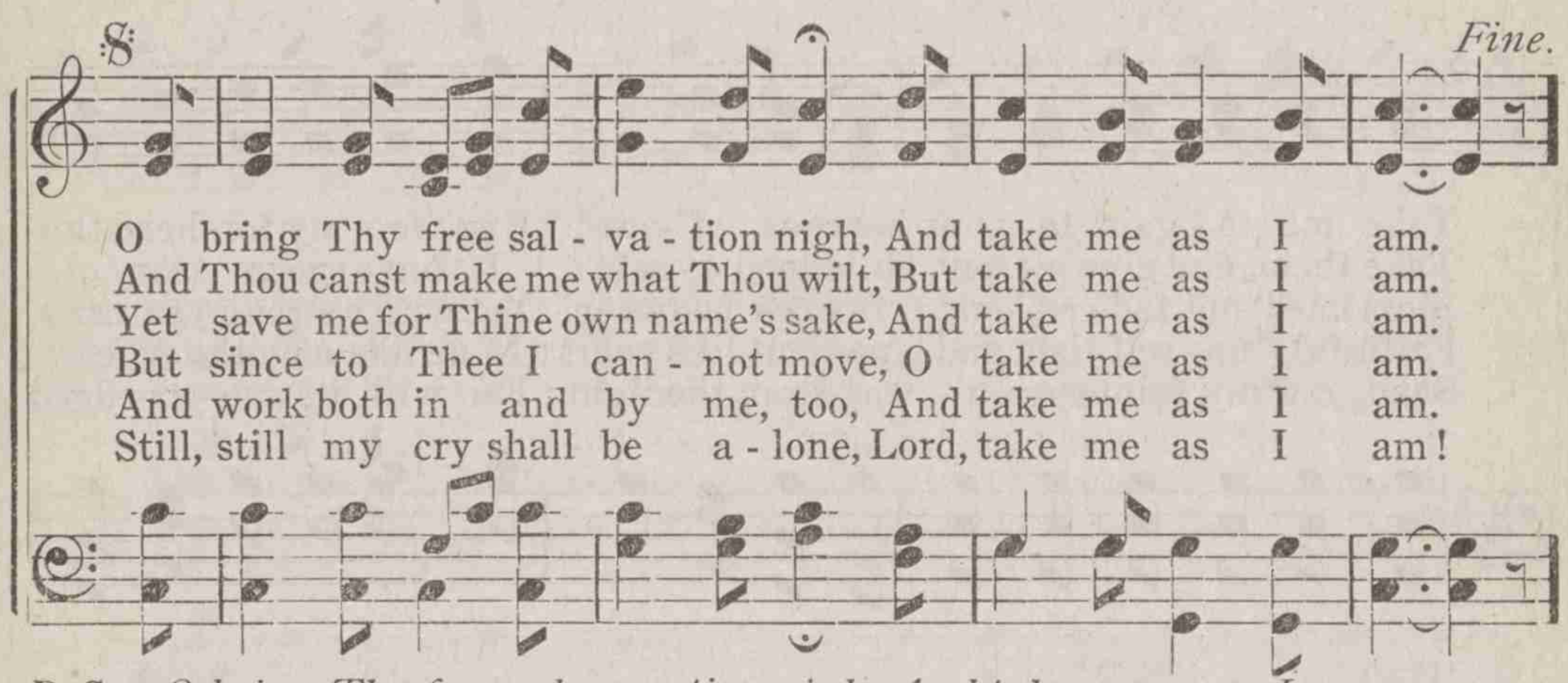
NEVER ALONE.
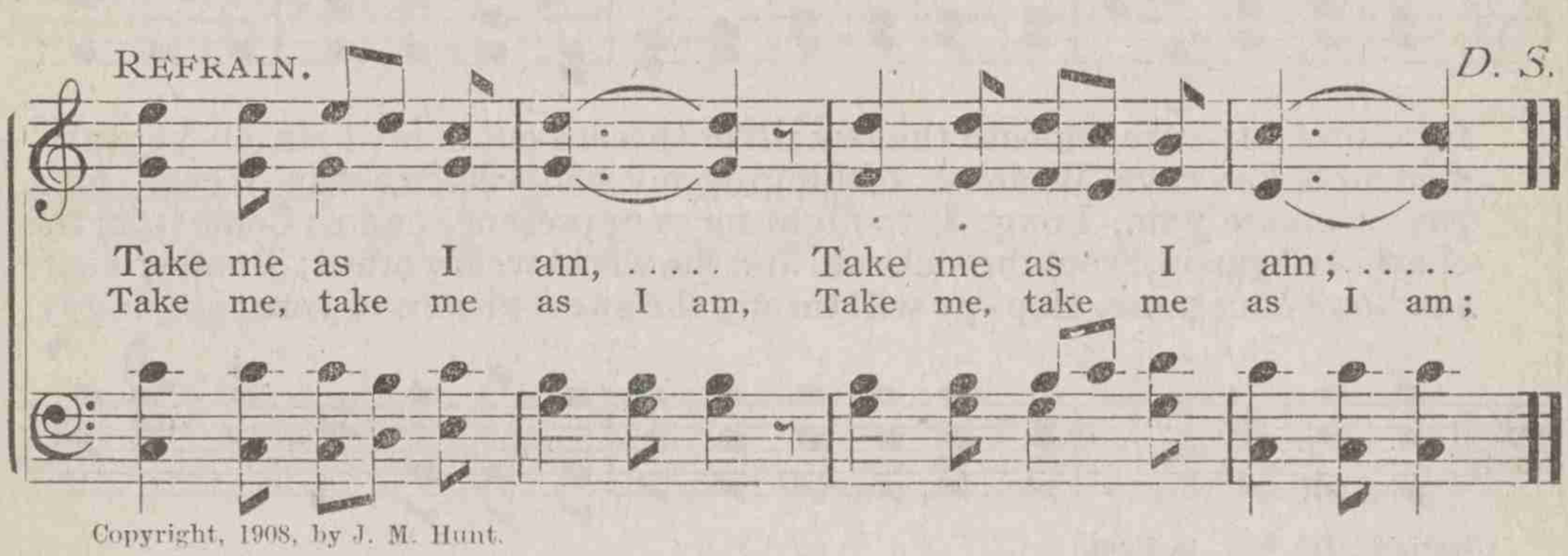


No. 58. TAKE ME AS I AM.

J. M. HUNT.





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



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No. 59. ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

FLORENCE PERCY. J. M. HUNT.

rit.

1. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child a - gain just for to - night; Moth-er, come back from the ech - o - less shore,
2. Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years, I am so wear - y of toil and of tears; Toil with-out rec - om-pense, tears all in vain,—
3. Tired of the hol - low, the base, the un - true; Moth-er, O moth - er! my heart calls for you; Man - y a sum - mer the grass has grown green,
4. O - ver my heart in the days that are flown, No love like mother-love ev - er has shone; No oth - er wor - ship a - bides and en - dures,
5. Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders a- gain as of old; Let it drop o - ver my fore-head to - night,

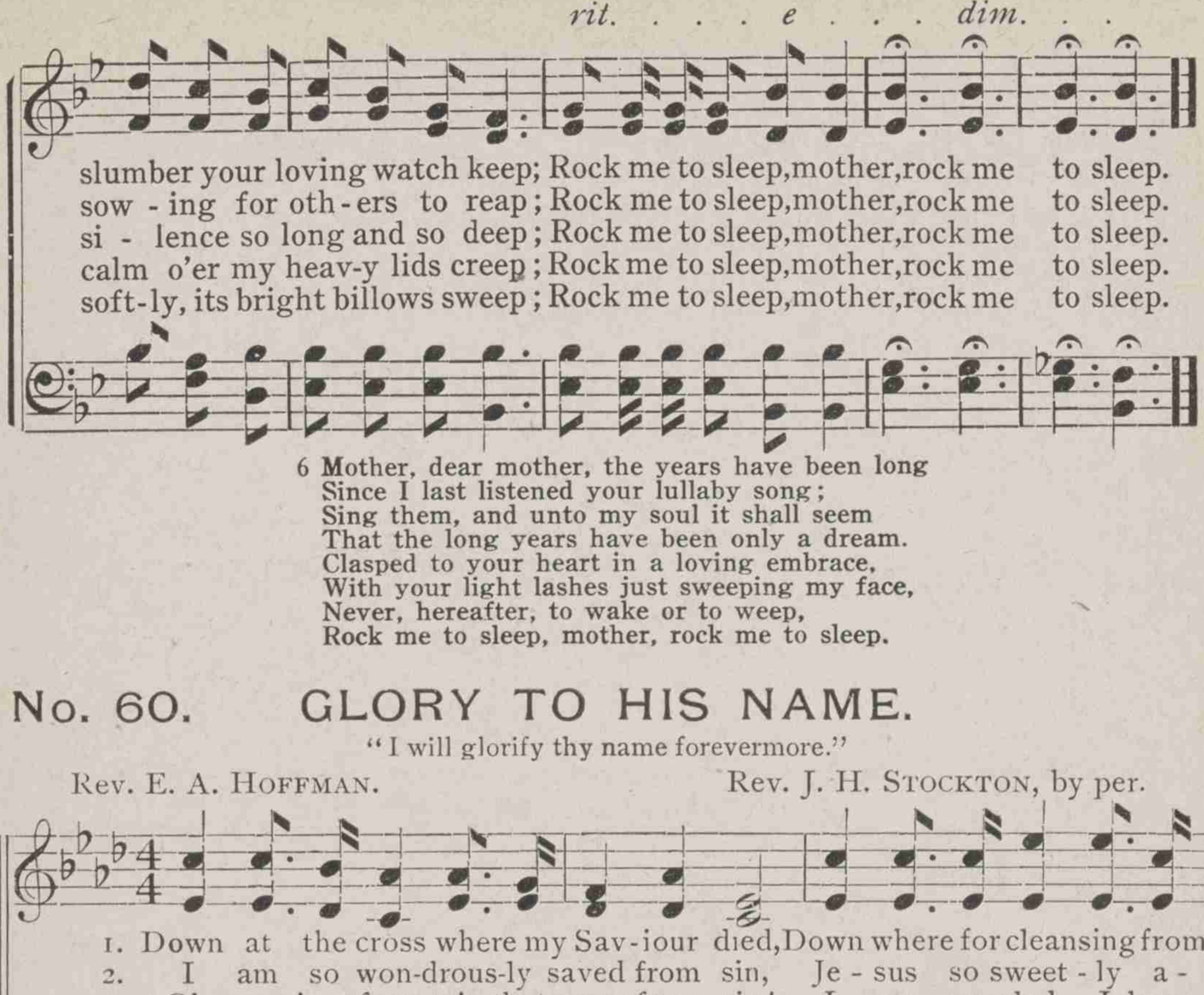
Take me a - gain to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the
Take them, and give me my childhood a - gain; I have grown weary of
Blossomed and fad - ed, our fa - ces be-tween, Yet with a strong-yearning,
Faith-ful, un - self - ish, and pa-tient like yours; None like a moth - er can
Shad - ing my faint eyes a - way from the light; For with its sun - ny-edged

rit.

fur - rows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair, O - ver my
dust and de - cay, Wear - y of flinging my soul-wealth a-way, Weary of
pas - sion-ate pain, Long I to-night for your presence again; Come from the
charm away pain, From the sick soul and the world-weary brain; Slumber's soft
shad-ows once more, Hap - py will throng the sweet visions of yore; Lov-ing-ly,

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ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.
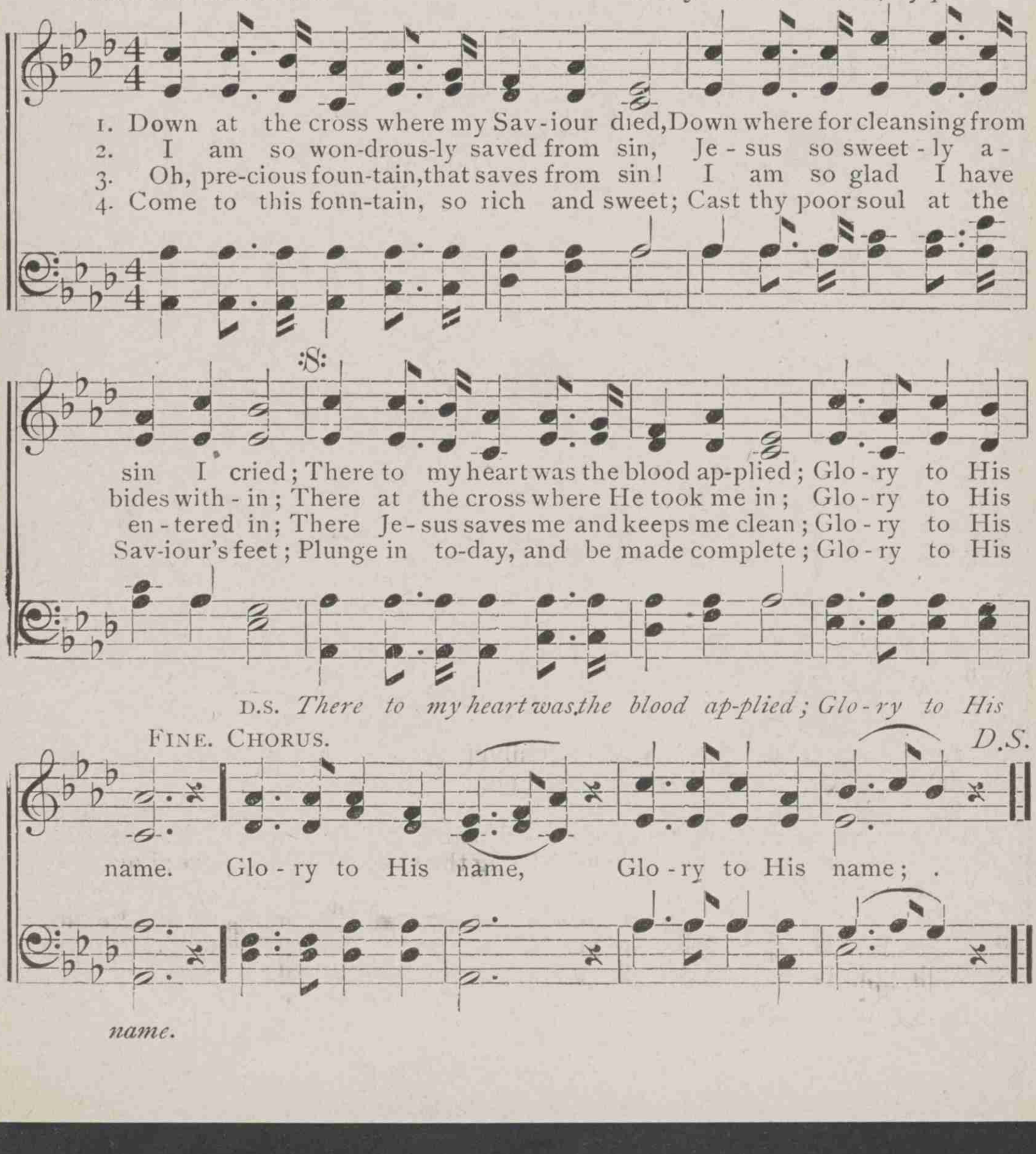


6 Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing them, and unto my soul it shall seem
That the long years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never, hereafter, to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

No. 60. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

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



No. 61. IN THE PATHS OF SIN I'VE WANDERED.

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.

1. In the paths of sin I've wandered, Far a - way from home and right;
2. All my sub-stance I have wast-ed In a land of sin and shame,
3. Here re - main - ing is to per-ish; Husks can-not my hunger stay;
4. In Thy house there's love and plenty; Why should I with hunger die?

Now I'm hun-gry, lone and friendless, In a land of sin and blight.
I have suf - fered grief and fam-ine, And no mer - it can I claim.
I am for Thy welcome longing, Fa-ther, I am on the way.
I am com - ing home, my Father, Helpless, lost, I now draw nigh.

CHORUS.

Fa - ther, I am all un - wor - thy; In my sin and rags I come;

Speak, O speak Thy word of par-don, Bid Thy child a wel-come home.

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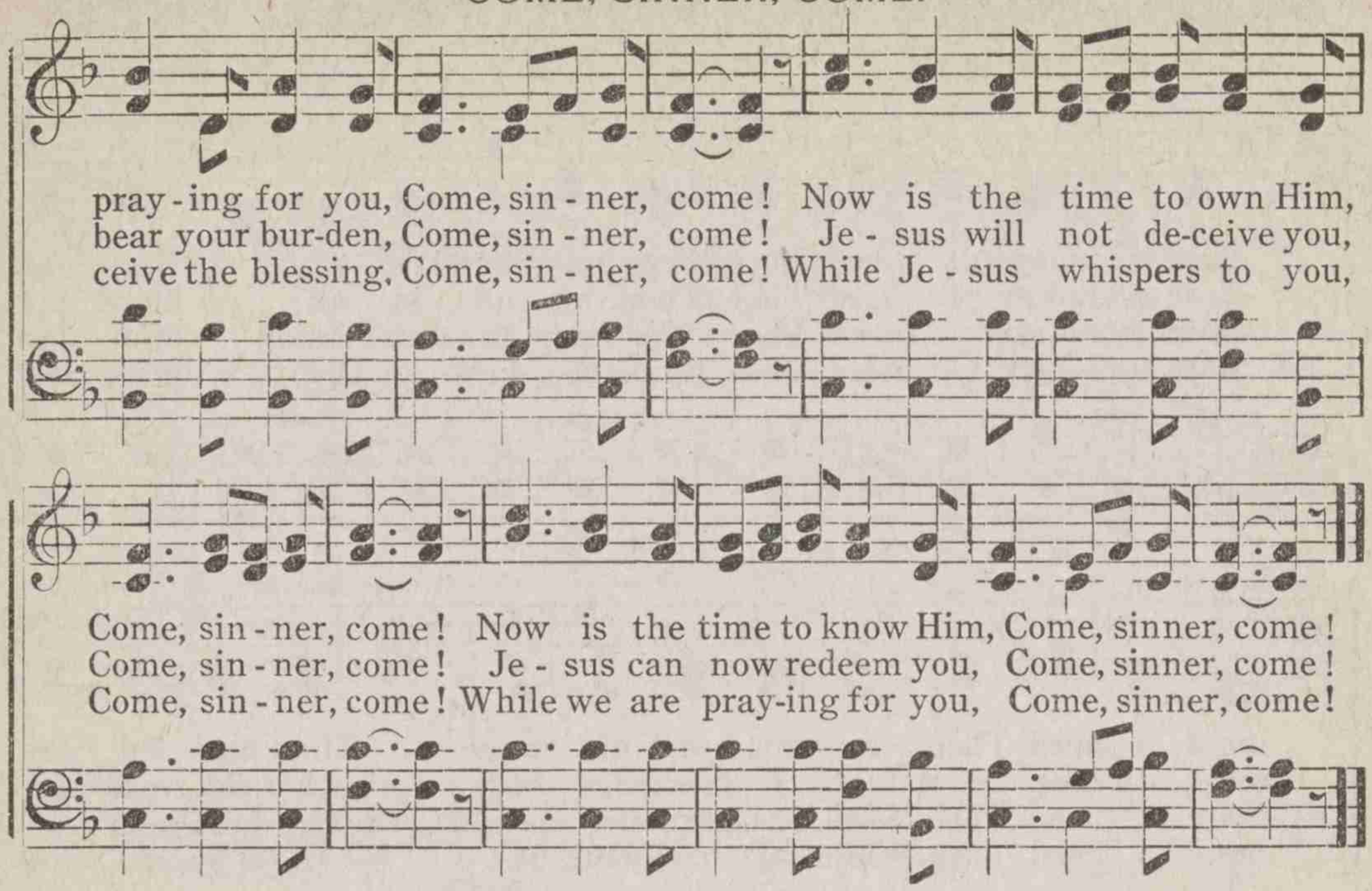
No. 62. COME, SINNER, COME.

WILL. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

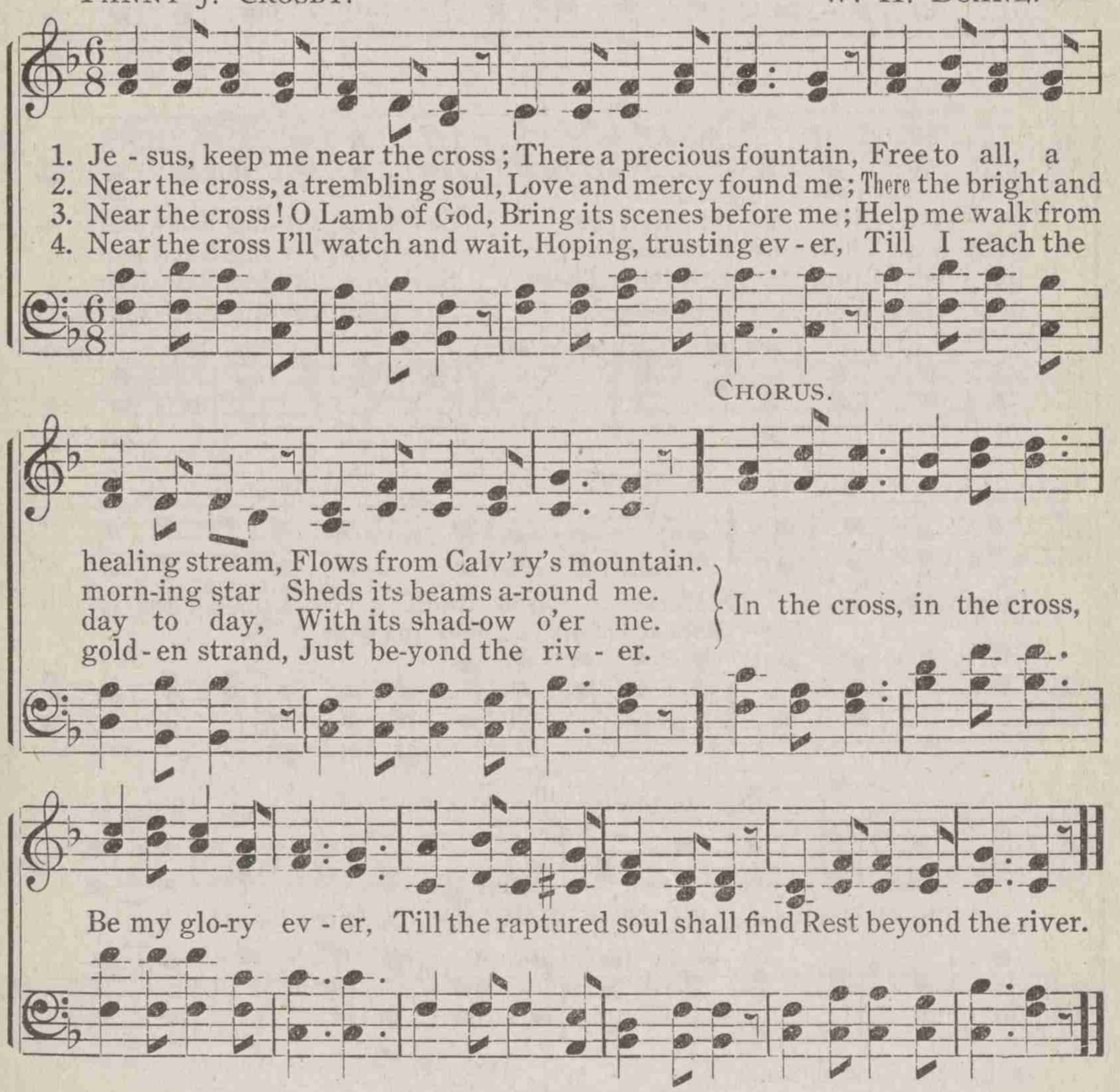
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COME, SINNER, COME.



No. 63. NEAR THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



No. 64. MORE AND MORE I NEED THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. More and more I need Thee, Pre-cious Friend di - vine; More and
2. More and more I need Thee, Thou, my all in all; More and
3. More and more I need Thee, In temp-ta-tion's hour; More and
4. More and more I need Thee, While the days go by; More and

more I need Thee, In this heart of mine; Thou hast led me
more I need Thee, Lest I faint and fall; I am weak and
more I need Thee, Need Thy keep-ing pow'r; Let my soul up-
more I need Thee, While the mo-ments fly; In Thy se-cret

ev - er,— Still my ref-uge be; Sav-iour, lov-ing Sav-iour, A-
help-less, Thou my strength must be; Sav-iour, lov-ing Sav-iour, A-
lift - ed, Cling by faith to Thee; Sav-iour, lov-ing Sav-iour, A-
pres-ence, Let my dwell-ing be; Sav-iour, lov-ing Sav-iour, A-

CHORUS.

bide with me. More.... and more.... I need Thee, O I
More and more, yes, more and more
need Thee! Sav-iour, lov-ing Sav-iour, A-bide with me.

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No. 65. GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet; Till we meet,

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

Copyright, J. E. Rankin, D.D., Washington, D. C.

No. 66. WHEN THE SAINTS ARE MARCHING IN.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shin-ing gate, Where the angels wait, When the saints..... are
2. Part-ed friends shall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints . ... are
3. Ev-'ry tongue and race Shall ex-tol God's grace, When the saints..... are
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a-gain, When the saints..... are

when the saints are

march-ing in,..... The re-deemed shall come, And be
march-ing in,..... Spot-less robes shall wear, Vic-tors'
march-ing in,..... And the blood-washed throng Shall re-
march-ing in,..... We shall of-fer praise, Thro' e-

are march-ing in,

crowned at home, When the saints..... are march-ing in.
palms shall bear, When the saints..... are march-ing in.
peat the song, When the saints..... are march-ing in.
ter-nal days, When the saints..... are march-ing in.

when the saints

CHORUS.

When the saints..... are marching in, When the

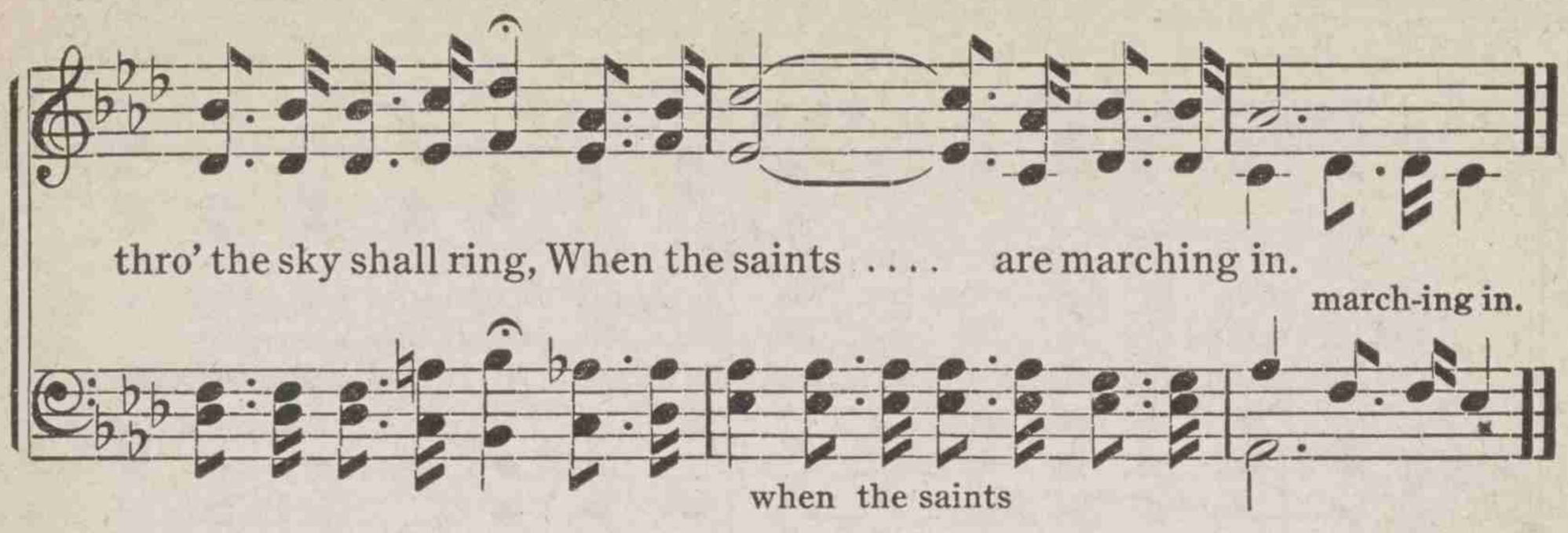
When the saints are march-ing in,

saints... are marching in, Joy-ful songs of sal-va-tion

When the saints are marching in,

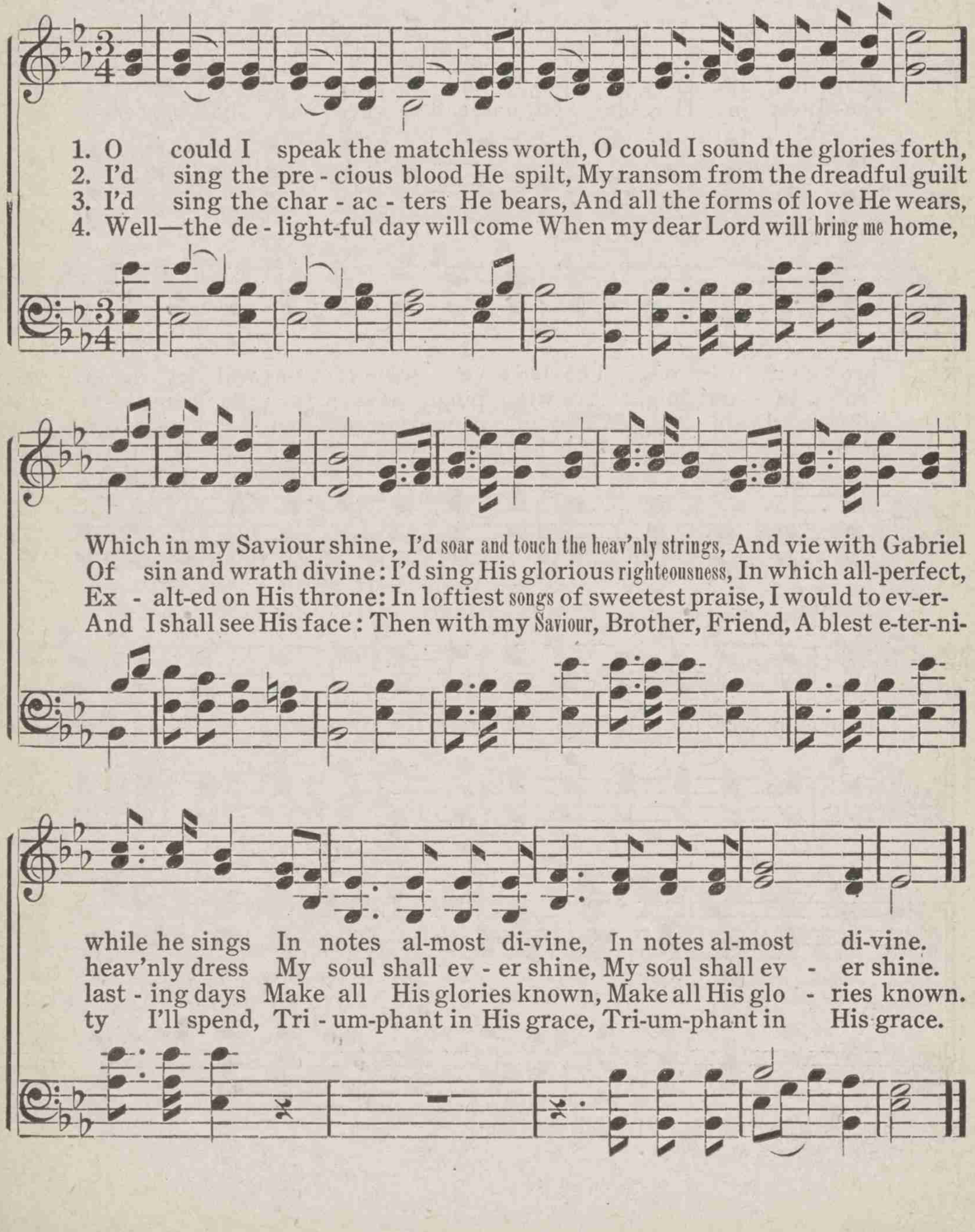
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WHEN THE SAINTS ARE MARCHING IN.



No. 67. ARIEL. C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.



No. 68. OUR COUNTRY FOR JESUS.*

S. M. B.

S. M. Brown.

1. Our coun- try for Je - sus, of this will I sing, To Thee, my be - lov - ed, this tri bute I bring. O home of my child-hood, how
2. Ye men of our coun- try, this God - fav- ored land, Oh, why in the con - flict do you i - dle stand, While sin and de - struc-tion and
3. Our coun - try for Je - sus, come, join the re- frain, Ye sons of re - demp- tion, His gos - pel pro -claim, In pray'r and in ser- vice, in
4. Our coun - try for Je - sus, how shall we re - frain? We're marching to con- quest in His bless - ed name. The des - ert shall blos -som, the

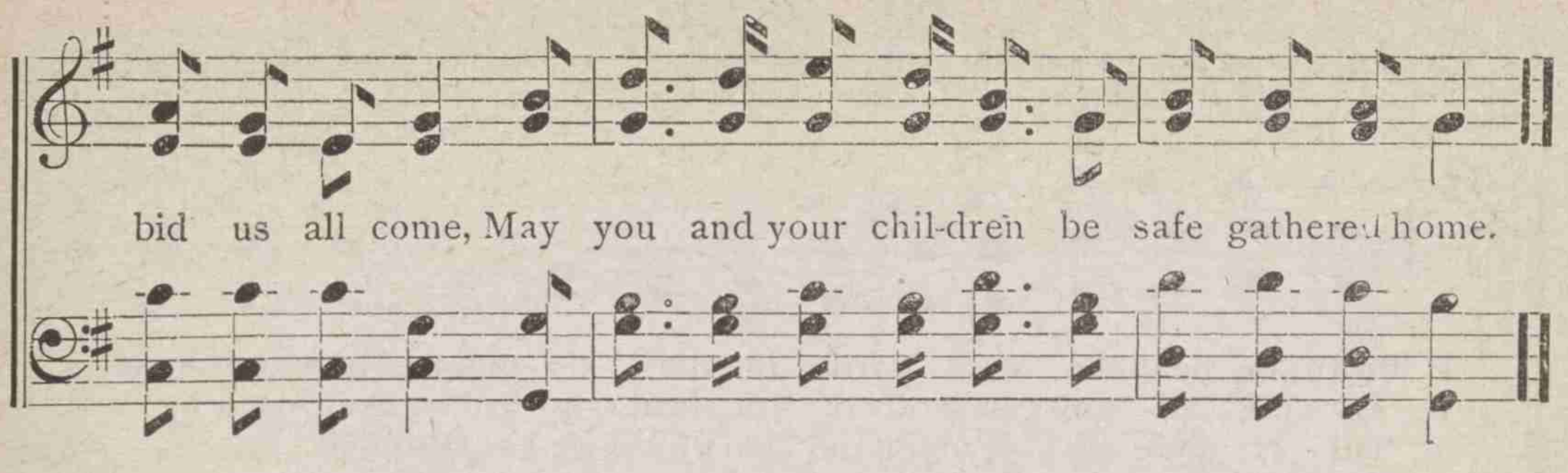
pre - cious to me, The God of all na - tions will let me love thee.
ru - in and blight Are wrap- ping your sons in the man- tle of night?
gift and in song, While all your dear chil-dren the cho- rus pro- long.
moun - tains shall sing, And hea - ven's high arch with the cho-rus shall ring.

Chorus.

Our coun - try for Je - sus, O grant it, dear Lord, Hail, all ye good peo - ple, be this your re-ward, And when the dear Mas - ter shall
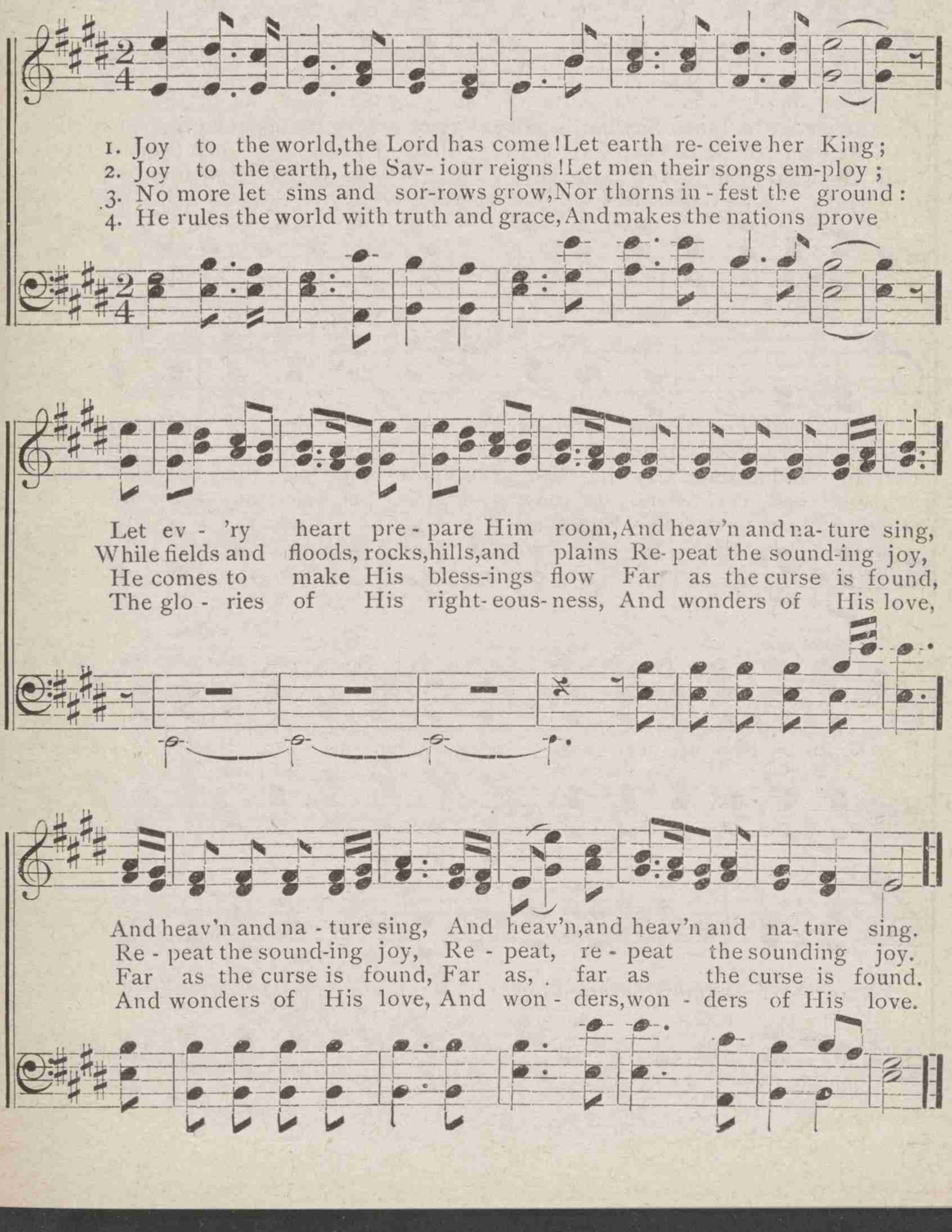
* Originally written as " Missouri for Jesus."

Copyright, 1888, by S. M. Brown.



No. 69. ANTIOCH. C. M.
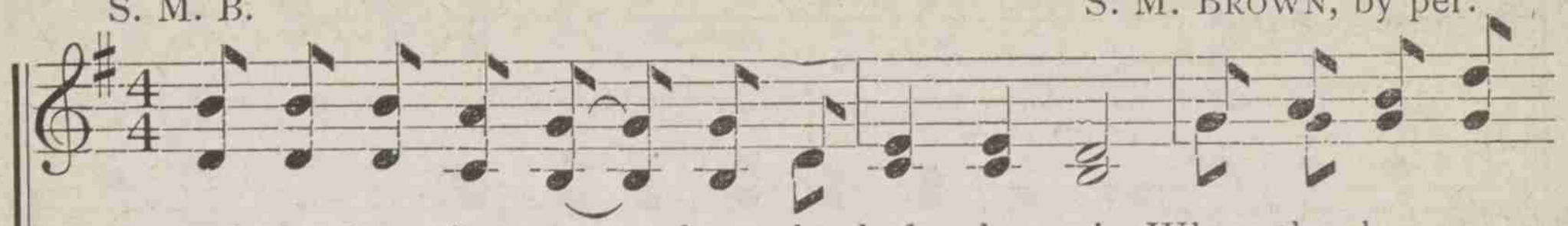
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.
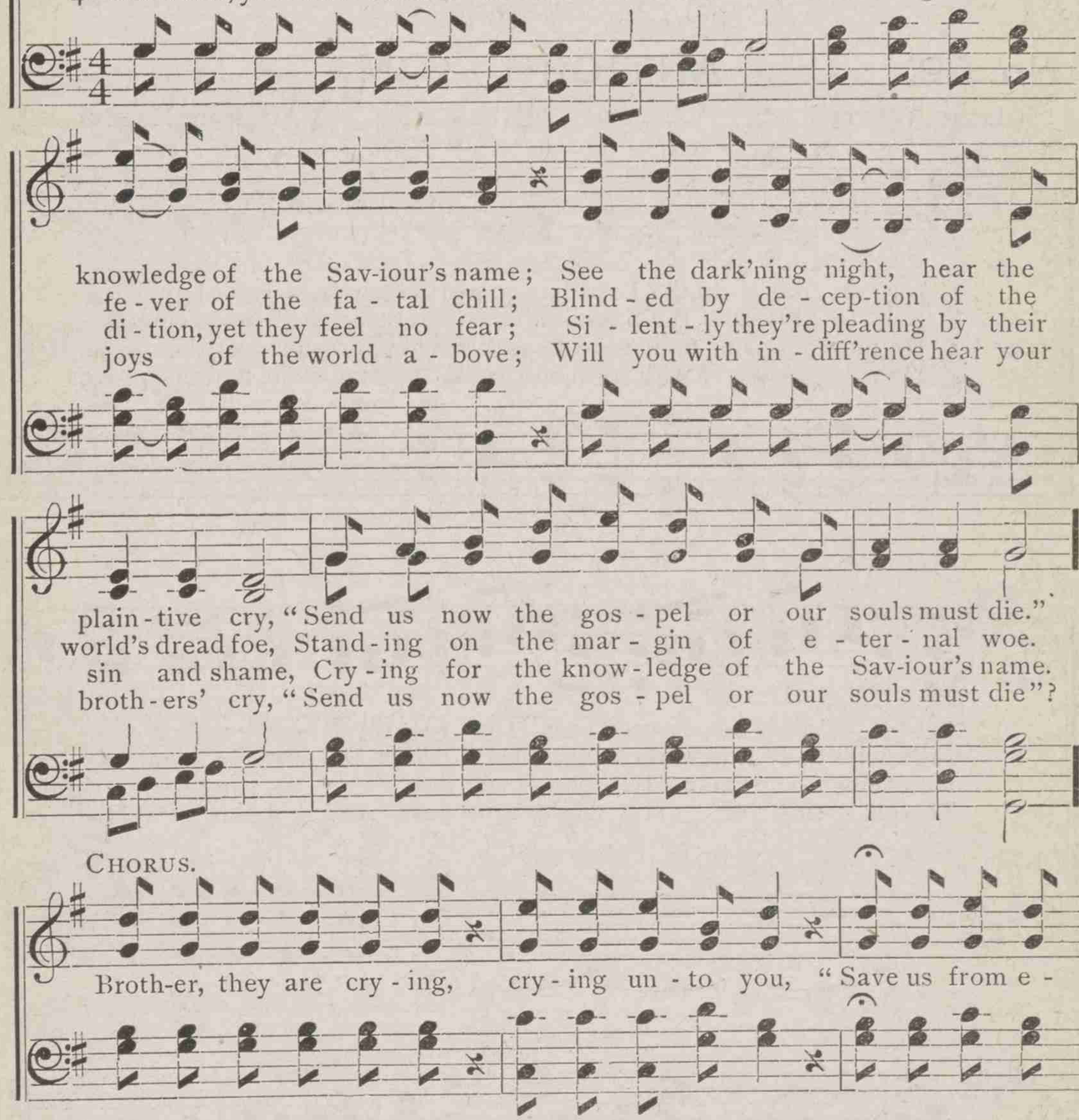


No. 70. DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.

"And this is life eternal, that they may know thee . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." — John 17: 3.

S. M. B. S. M. Brown, by per.



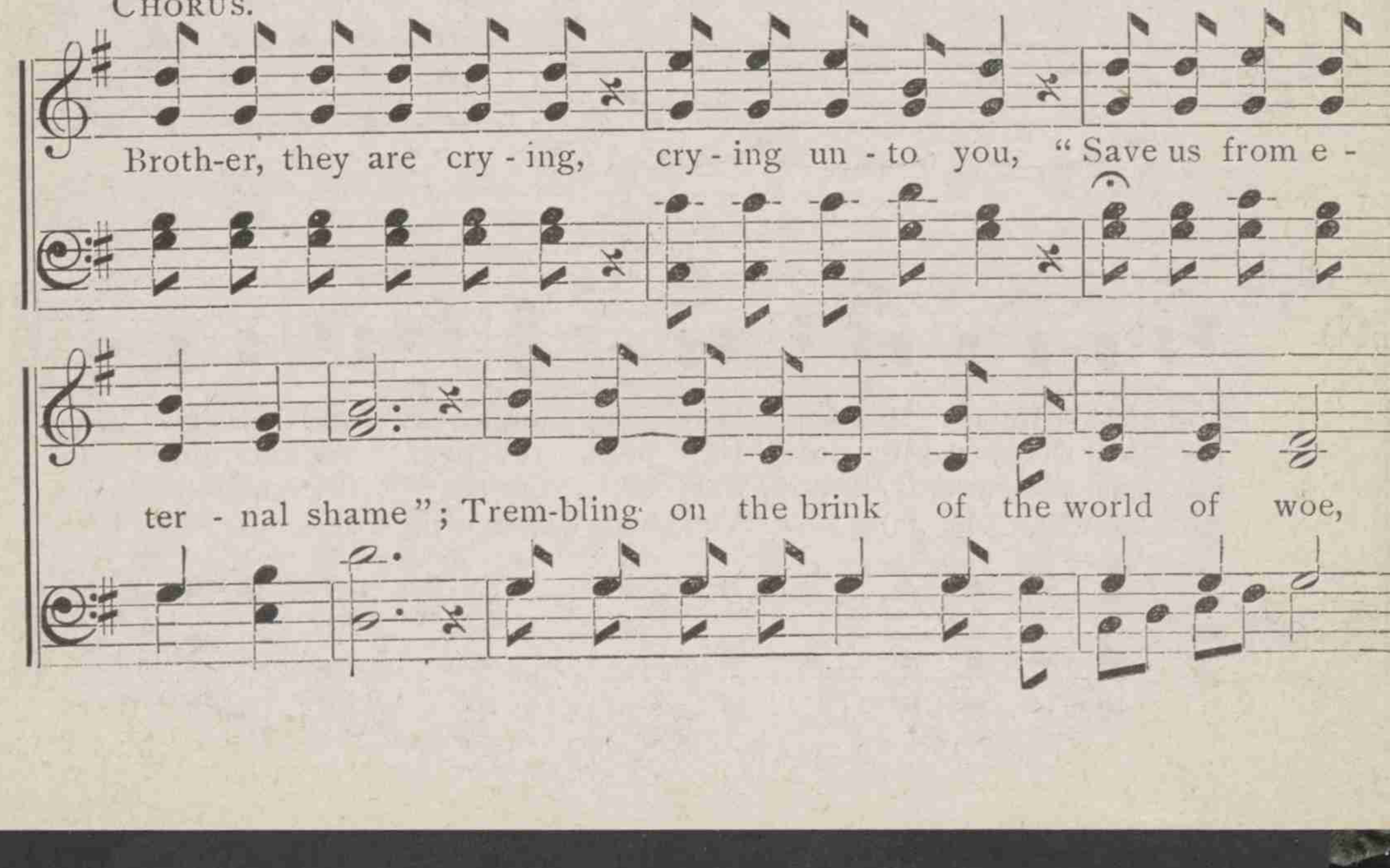
1. Broth - er, hear the cry from the dark do - main, Where they have no
2. Dy - ing all un - conscious of the dead - ly ill; Fren - zied by the
3. Sad - ly they are cry-ing, tho' no voice we hear; Sink - ing to per -
4. Chris-tian, you have feasted on the Sav - iour's love, Hast-'ning to the



knowledge of the Sav-iour's name; See the dark'ning night, hear the
fe - ver of the fa - tal chill; Blind - ed by de - cep-tion of the
di - tion, yet they feel no fear; Si - lent - ly they're pleading by their
joys of the world a - bove; Will you with in - diff'rence hear your

plain - tive cry, "Send us now the gos - pel or our souls must die."
world's dread foe, Stand - ing on the mar - gin of e - ter - nal woe.
sin and shame, Cry - ing for the know - ledge of the Sav-iour's name.
broth - ers' cry, "Send us now the gos - pel or our souls must die"?

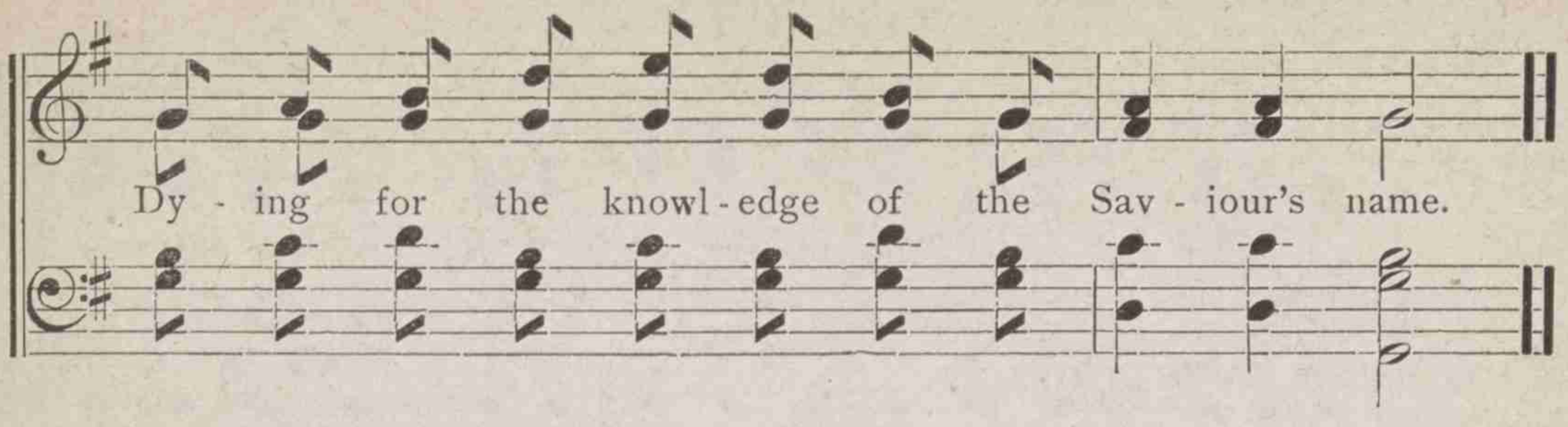
CHORUS.



Broth-er, they are cry - ing, cry - ing un - to you, "Save us from e -

ter - nal shame"; Trem-bling on the brink of the world of woe,

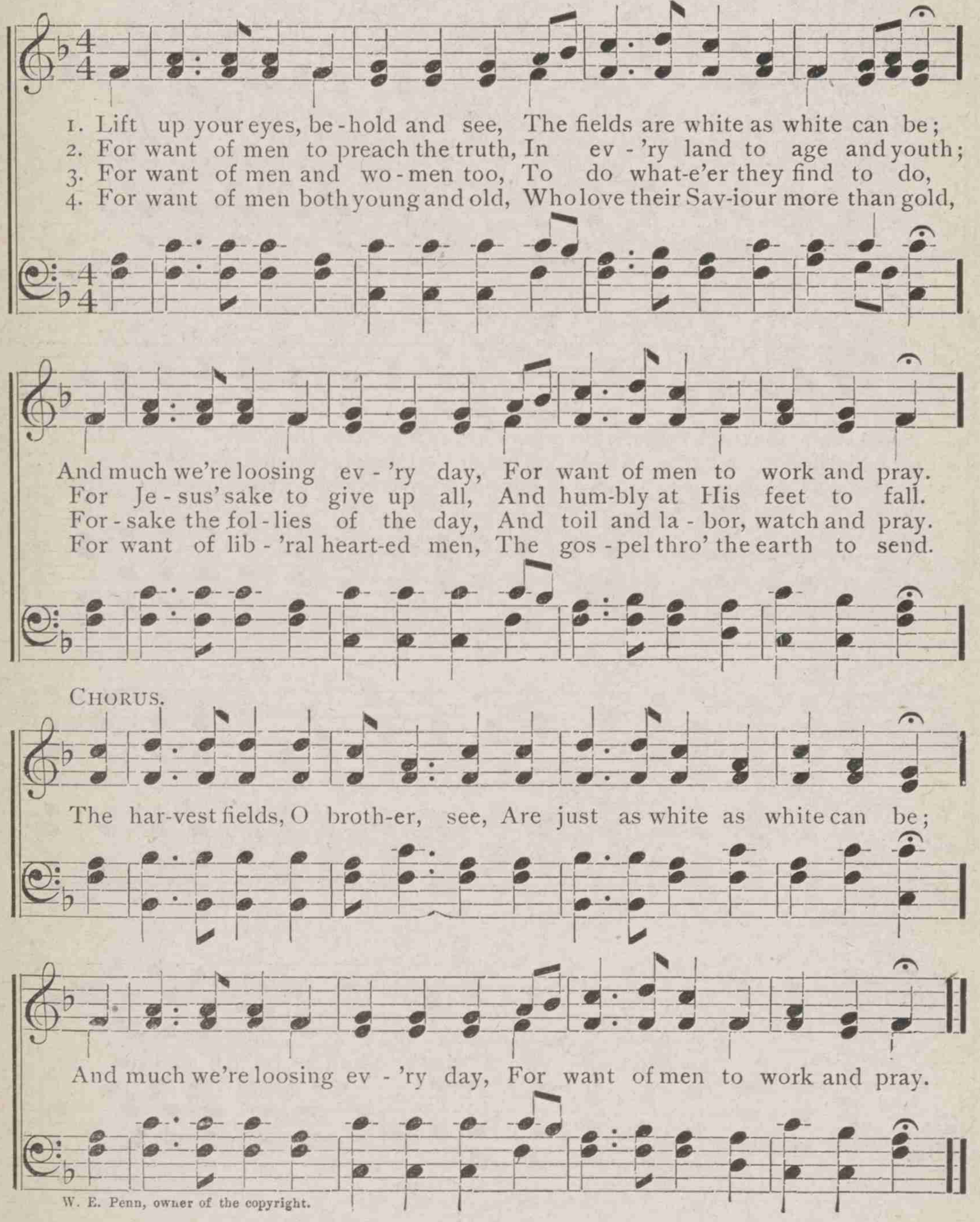
DYING FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS.



No. 71. THE HARVEST IS WHITE.

John 4: 35.

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



W. E. Penn, owner of the copyright.

No. 72. THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Mark 12 : 42.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN, by per.

1. O - ver a - gainst the treas-'ry of the Lord, See the Mas - ter sit - ting a - mid the surg-ing crowd; Lo! the throng is com-ing to bring their treasures rare; From a-bundant rich-es they their love de - clare.
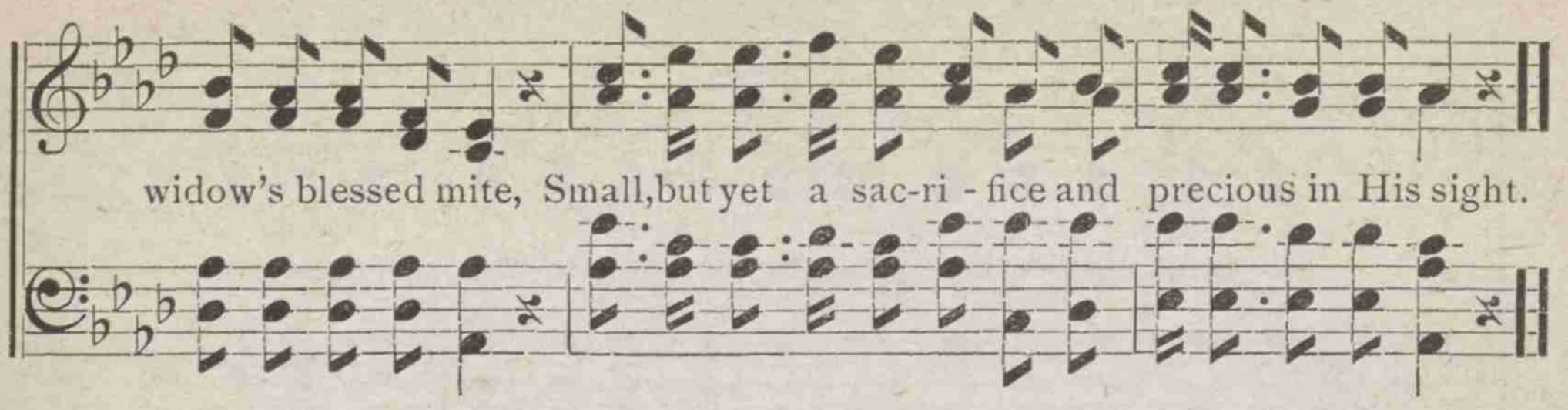
2. One there is among them un - no-ticed by the throng, As in pomp and splendor the great ones pass a - long; But the heart of Je - sus is kindled to a flame, As she makes her off'ring for the hon-or of His name.

3. But a sin - gle farthing is all she has to give, Yet the Mas - ter knows it's her on - ly means to live; Hear the words of Je - sus as from His lips they fall, "Out of her deep poverty she's given more than all."

CHORUS.
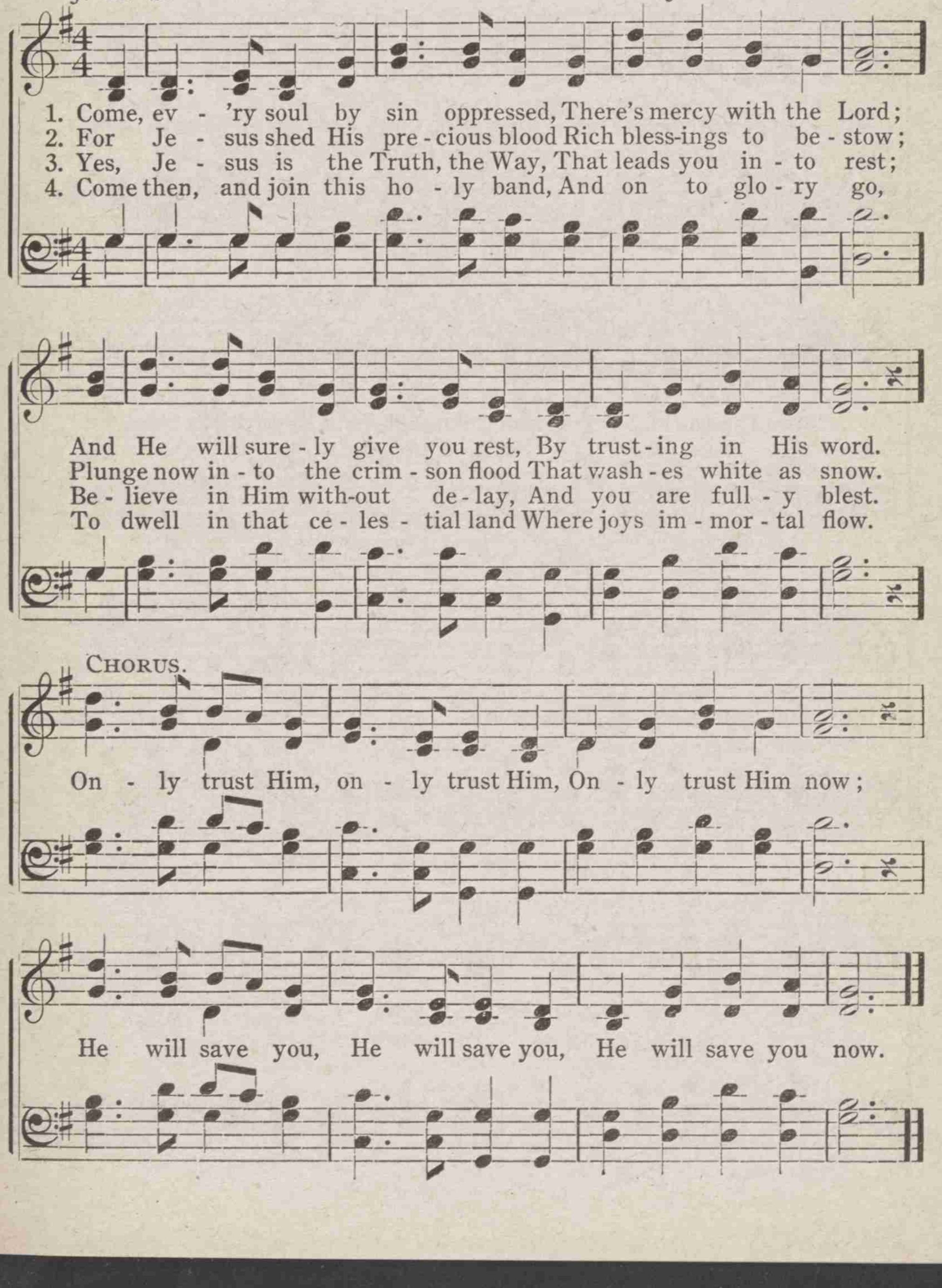
Sit - ting there in si - lence, He's watching yet to- day, Weighing what they of - fer as they come and go a - way; Shall it be, to Je - sus, the

THE WIDOW'S MITE.



No. 73. ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.



No. 74. GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

QUARTET.

R. J. POWELL.

Andante. p

Lis - ten, my broth-er, to the won-der-ful words, Wonderful words of

so loved the world,.....

p

love: For God so loved the world, For God so loved the world, So

f

slow. *tempo.* *cres.*

loved the world, So loved the world, That He gave His on - ly be-

f

got - ten Son: That who - so - ev - er be - liev-eth in

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

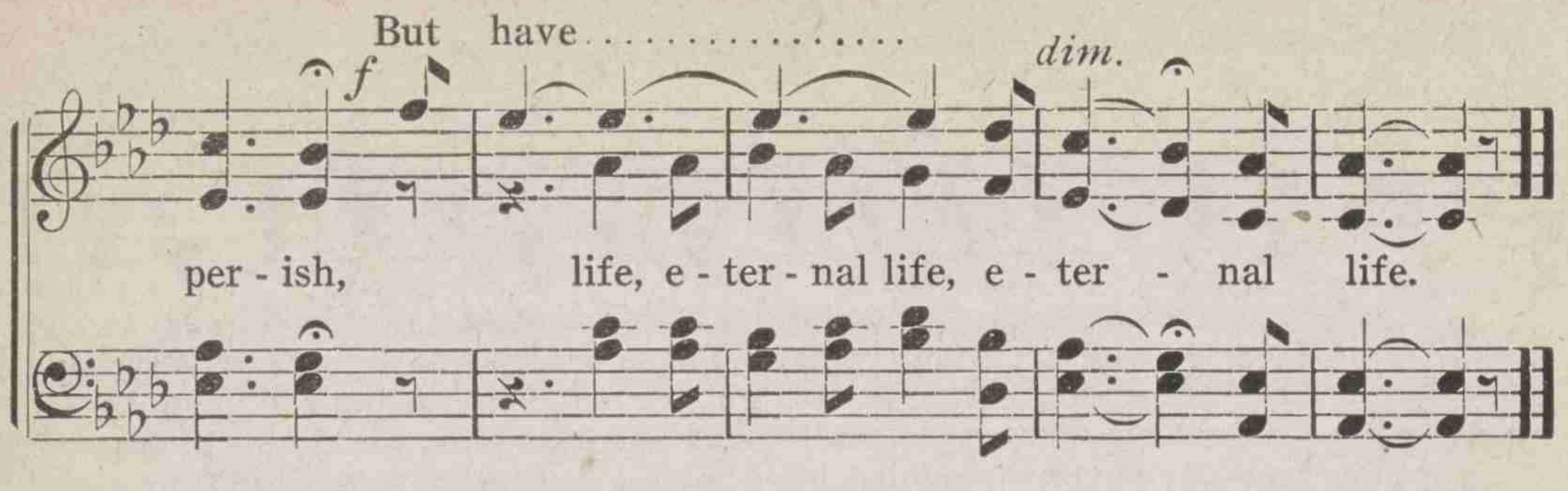
slow.

Him,..... Should not per - ish, should not

be - liev - eth,
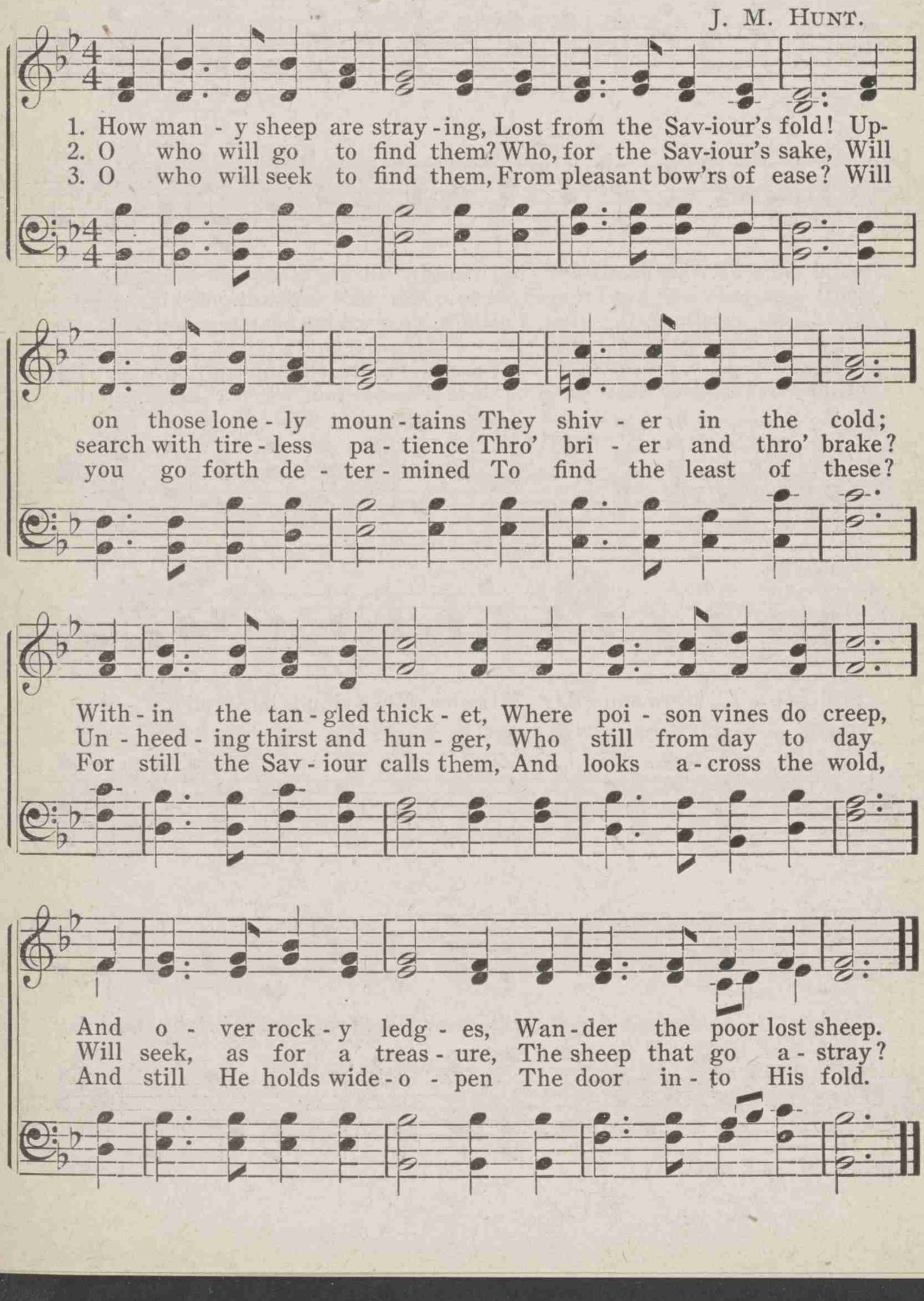
Copyright, 1908, by R. J. Powell.

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.



No. 75. SEEKING THE LOST SHEEP.
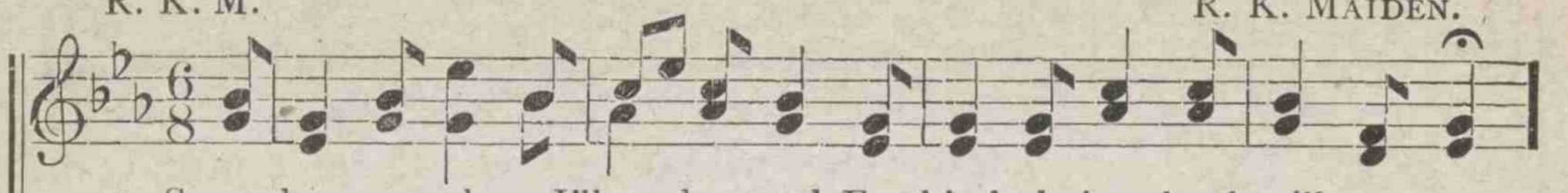
J. M. HUNT.
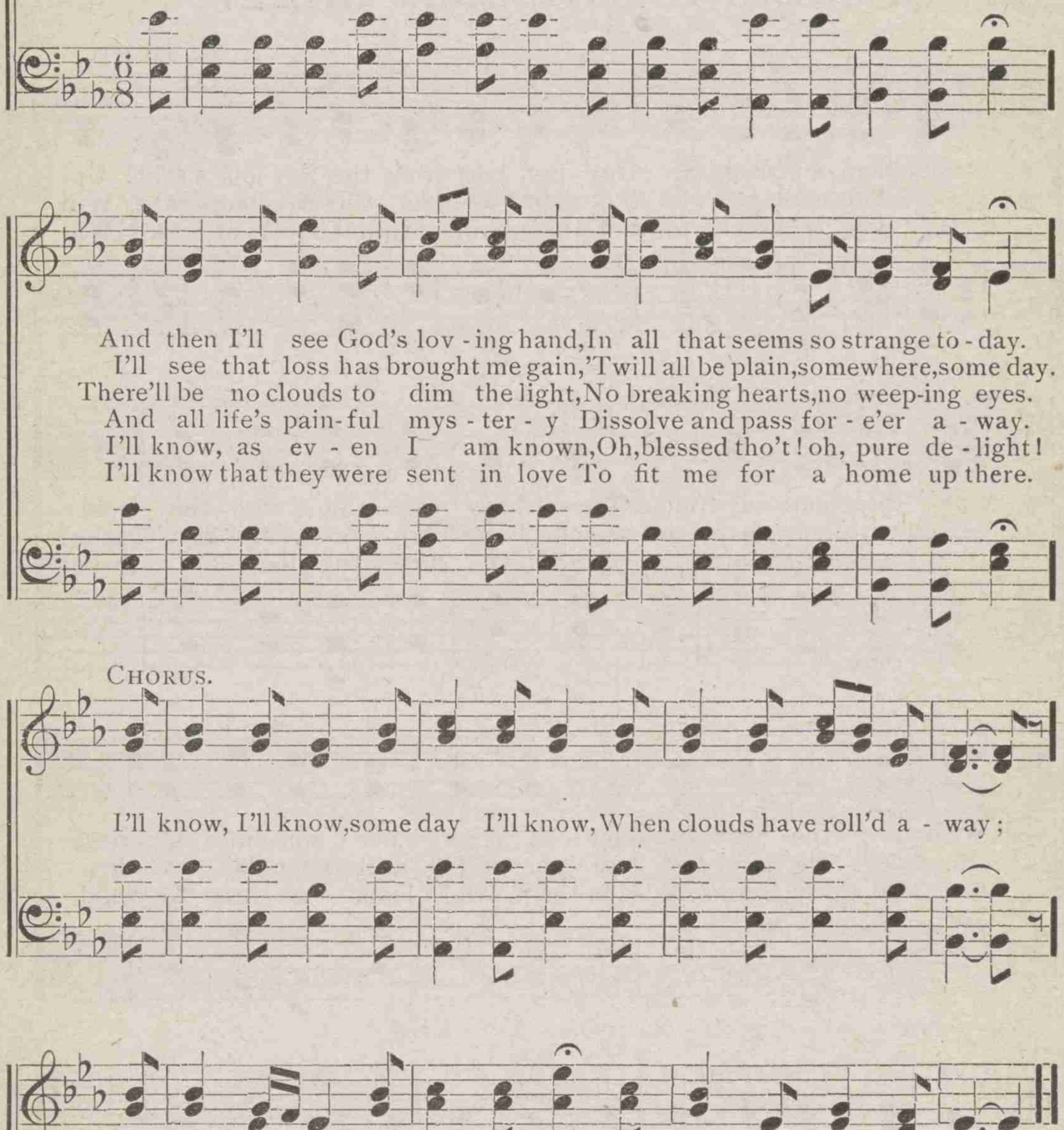


No. 76. I'LL KNOW.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter": — John 13: 7.

R. K. M. R. K. MAIDEN.



1. Some day, somewhere, I'll un-derstand; Earth's darkning clouds will pass away;
2. Some day, somewhere, 'twill all be plain, These shadows dark that cross my way;
3. Some day, somewhere, there'll be no night, No pain, no tears, nor sad good-byes;
4. Some day, somewhere, my eyes shall see The shadows lift, the clouds break way;
5. Some day, somewhere, when mists have flown, I'll see what now is hid from sight;
6. Some day, somewhere, beyond, a-bove, I'll un-der-stand my tri-als here;
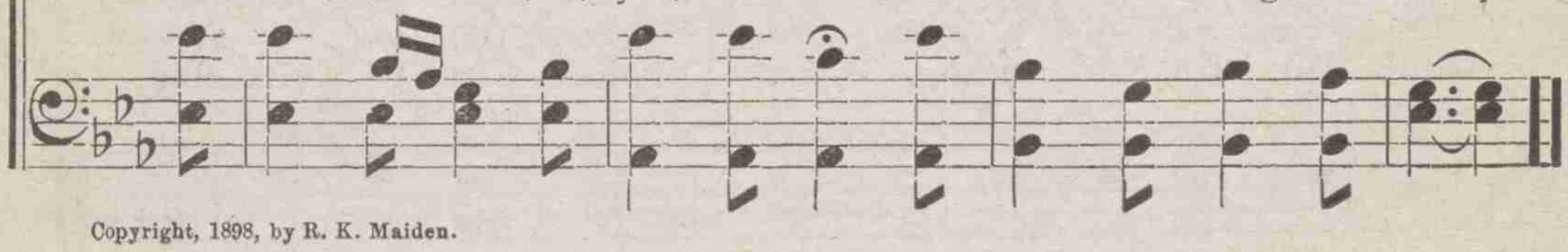


And then I'll see God's lov-ing hand, In all that seems so strange to-day.
I'll see that loss has brought me gain, 'Twill all be plain, somewhere, some day.
There'll be no clouds to dim the light, No breaking hearts, no weep-ing eyes.
And all life's pain-ful mys-ter-y Dissolve and pass for-e'er a-way.
I'll know, as ev-en I am known, Oh, blessed tho't! oh, pure de-light!
I'll know that they were sent in love To fit me for a home up there.

CHORUS.

I'll know, I'll know, some day I'll know, When clouds have roll'd a-way;
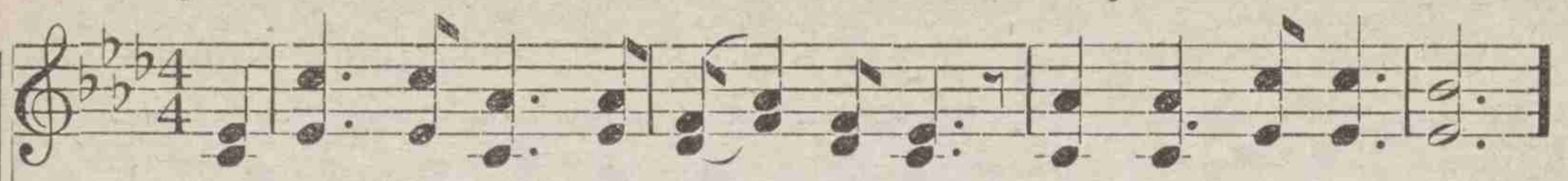
I'll know, I'll know, oh, yes, I'll know, When comes that bright, sweet day.
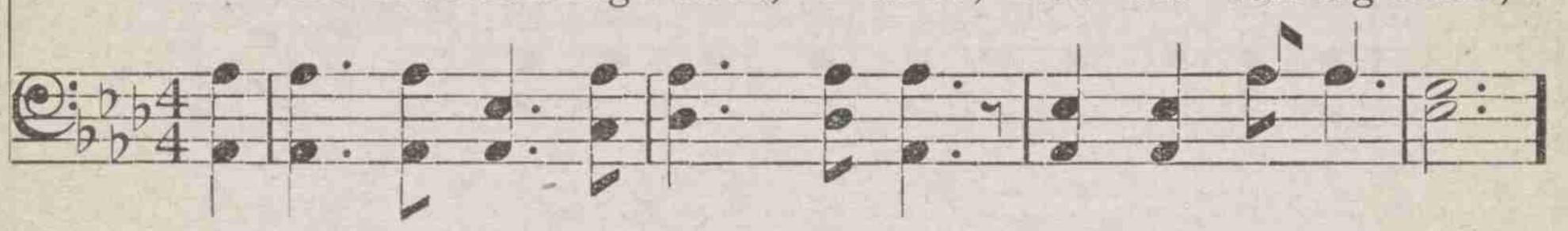


Copyright, 1898, by R. K. Maiden.
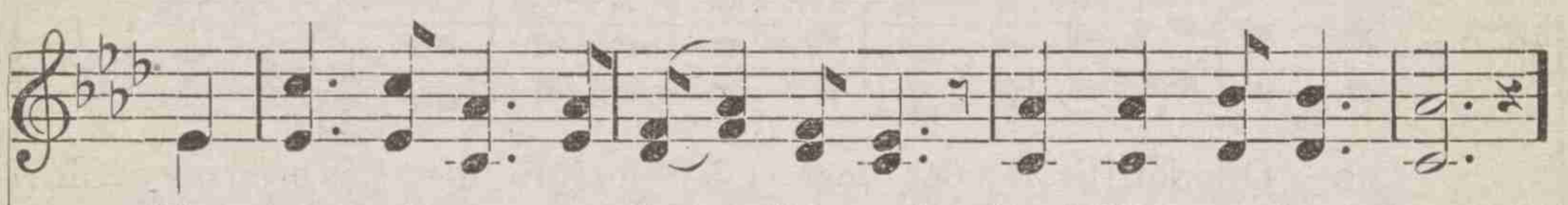
No. 77. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

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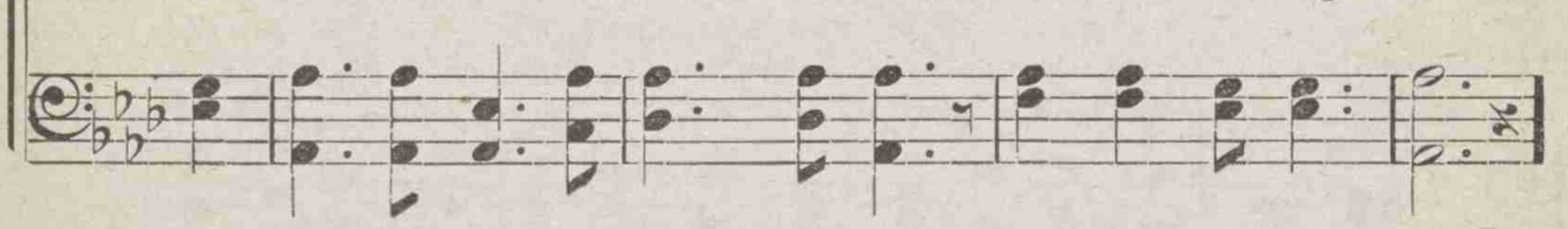


1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing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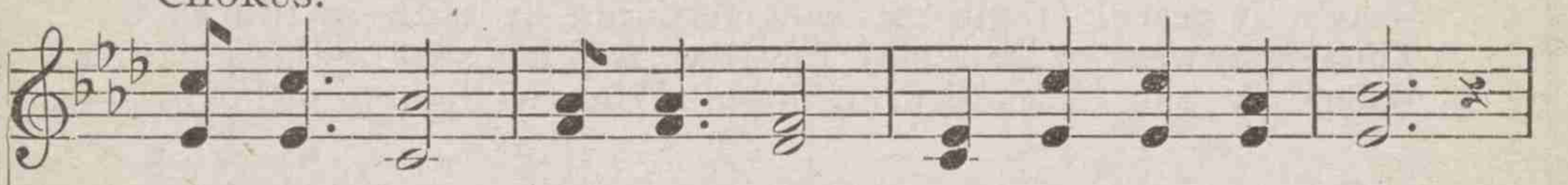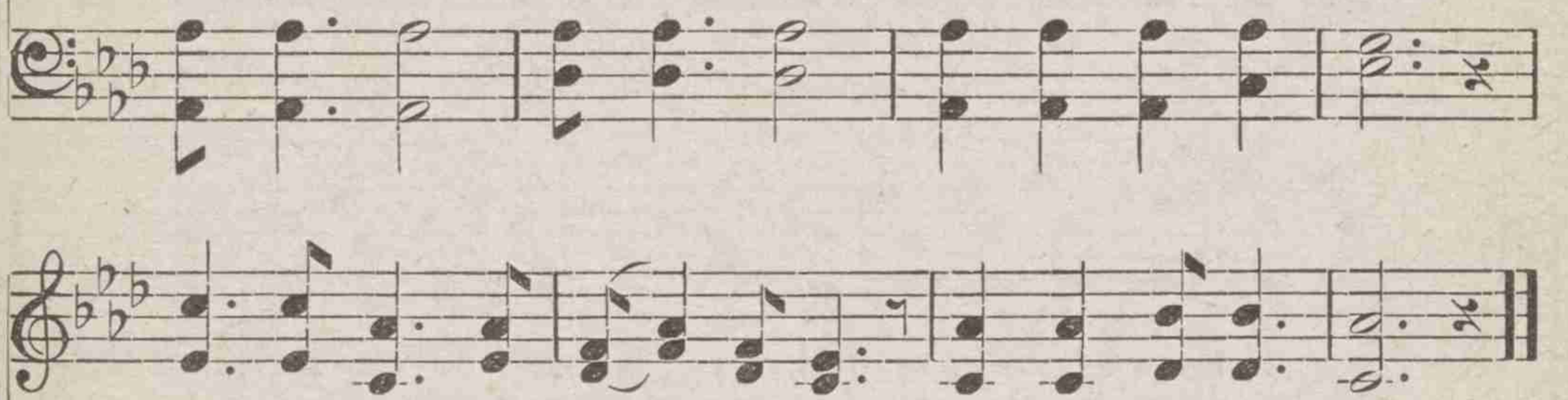




The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing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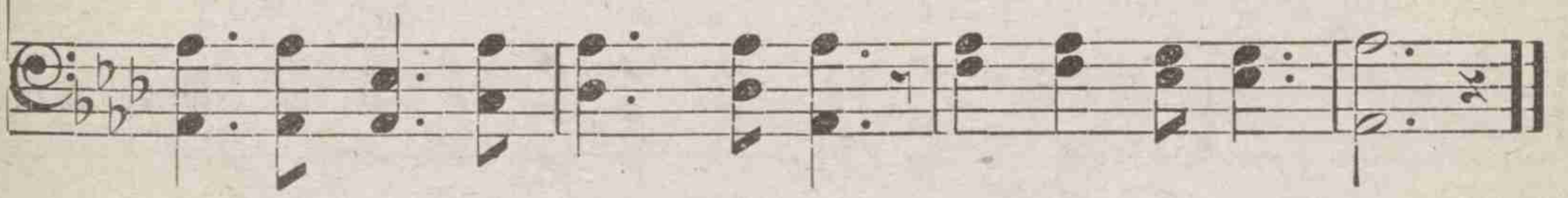


CHORUS.



Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



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No. 78. ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; O the ful - ness of His love!
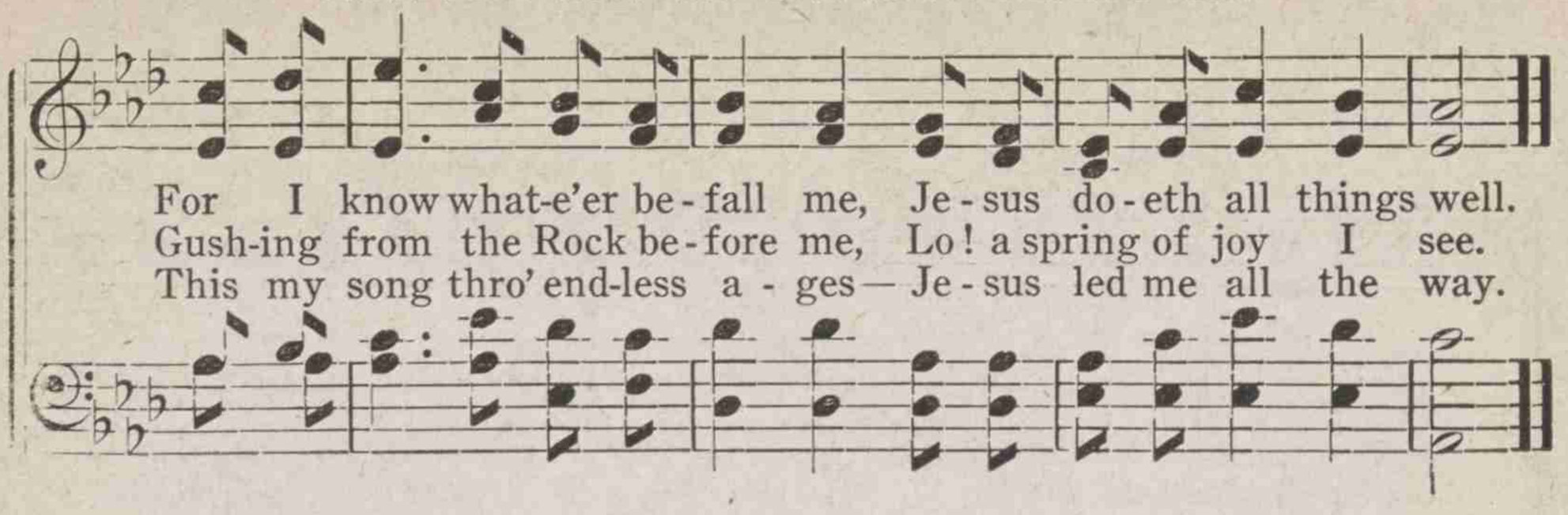
Can I doubt His ten-der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove;

Heav'n - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way;
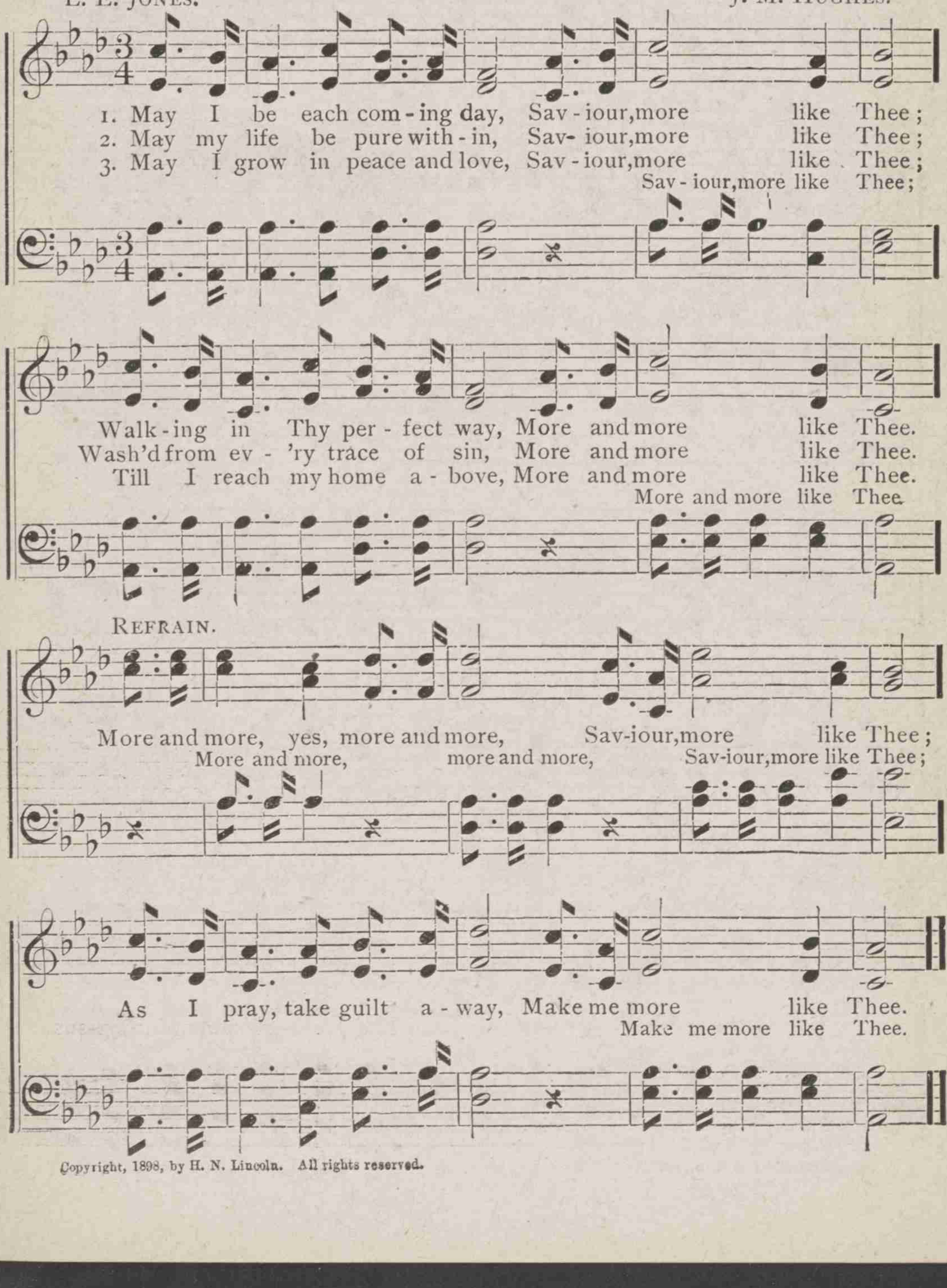
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ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME.



No. 79. SAVIOUR, MORE LIKE THEE.
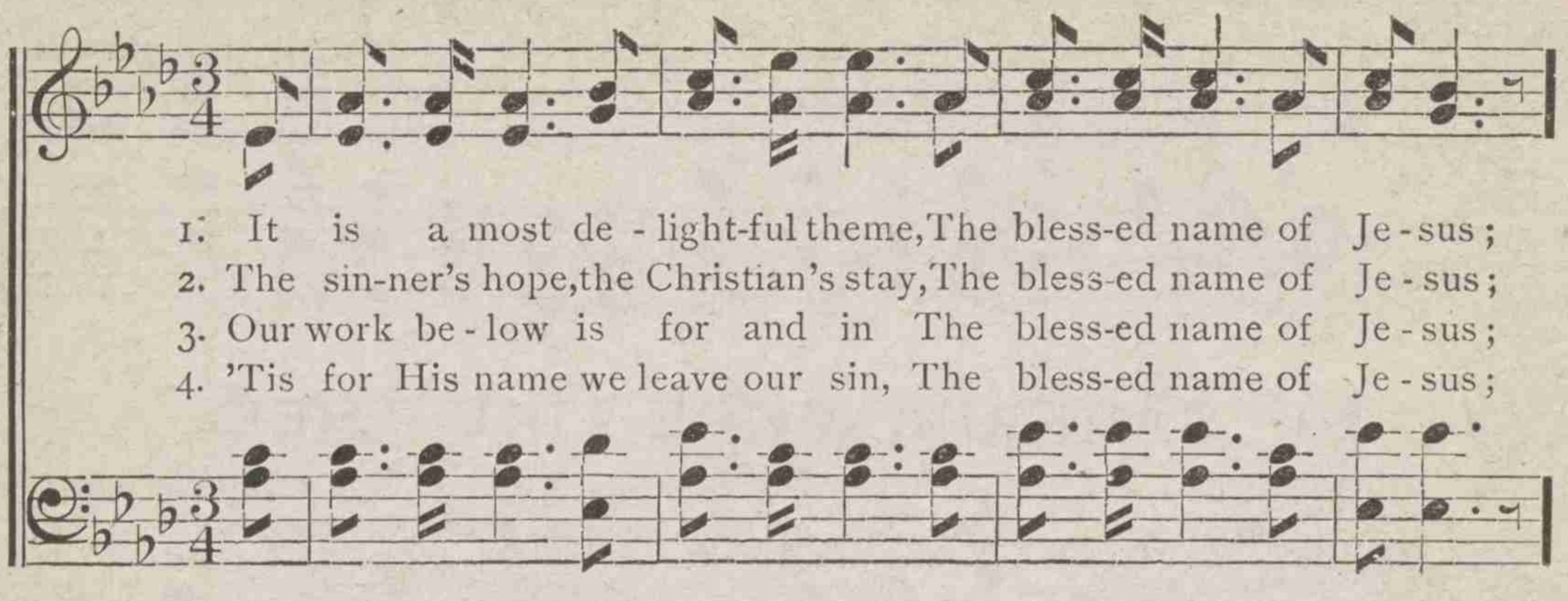
L. E. JONES. J. M. HUGHES.



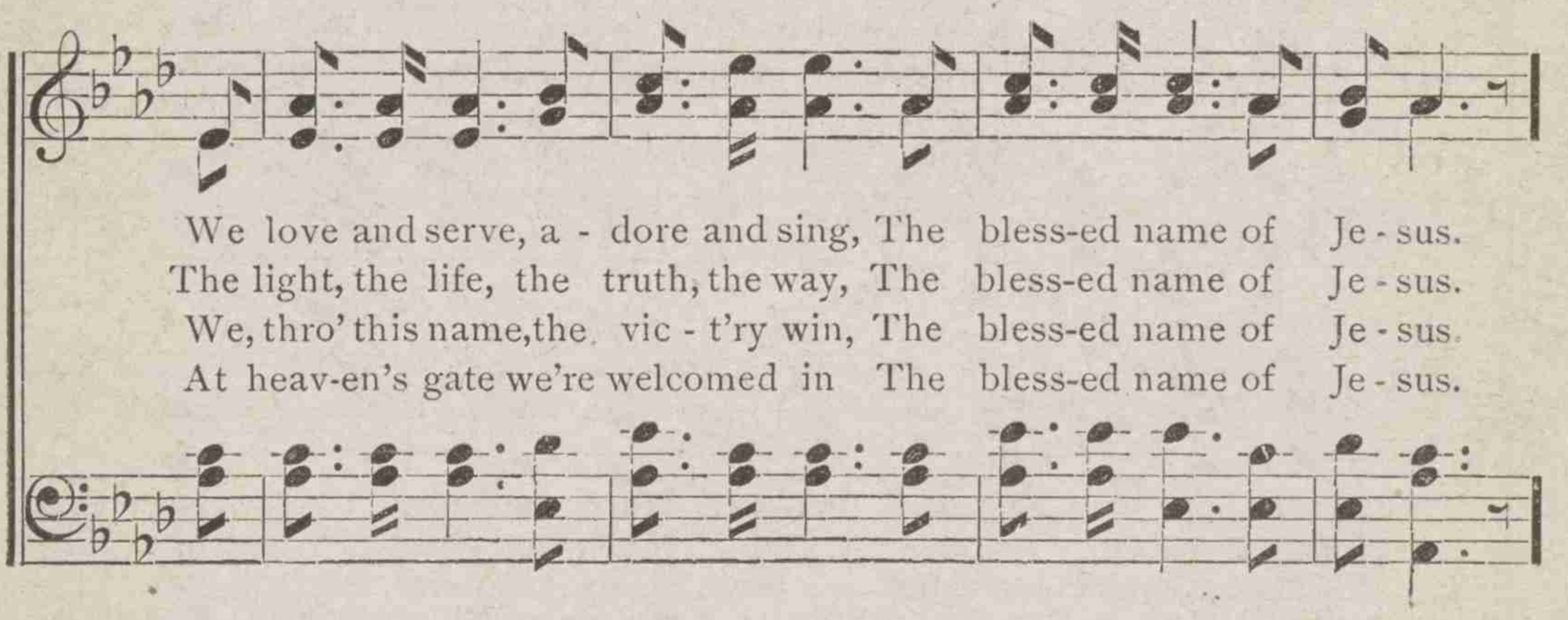
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No. 80. THE BLESSED NAME OF JESUS.
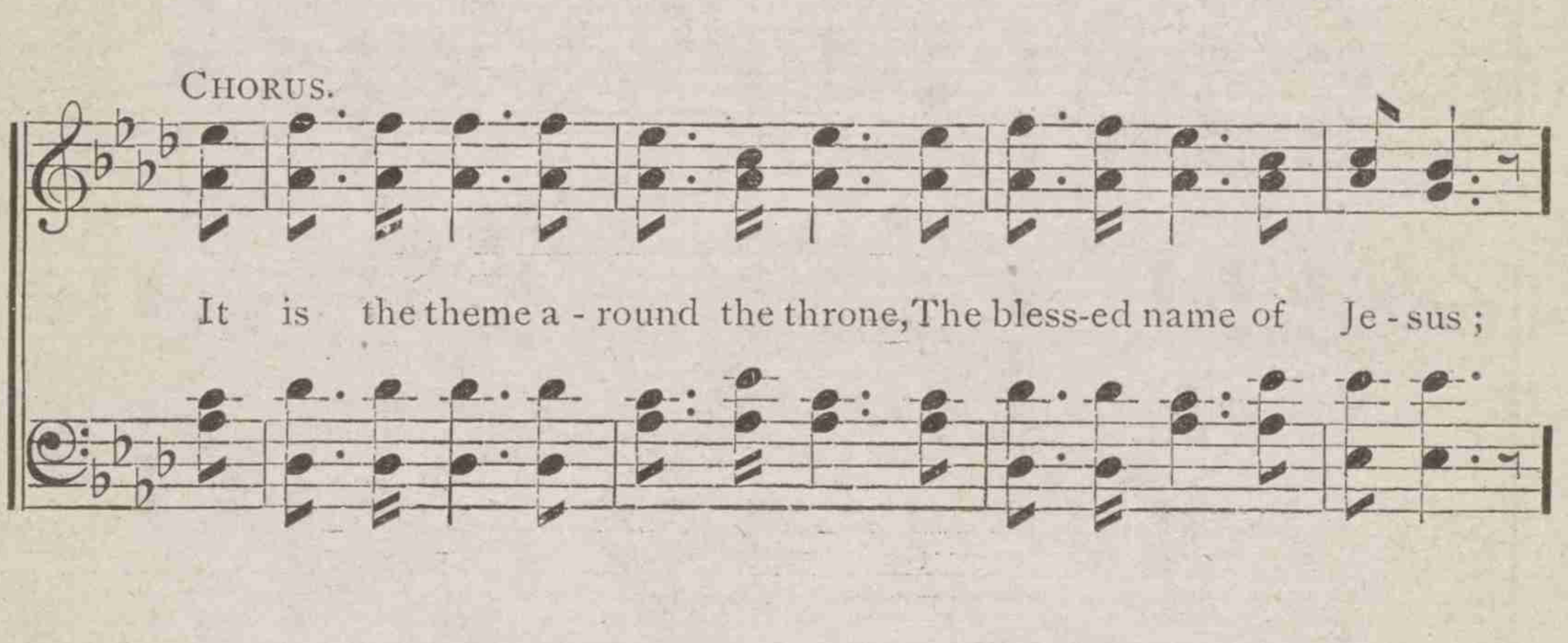
S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.



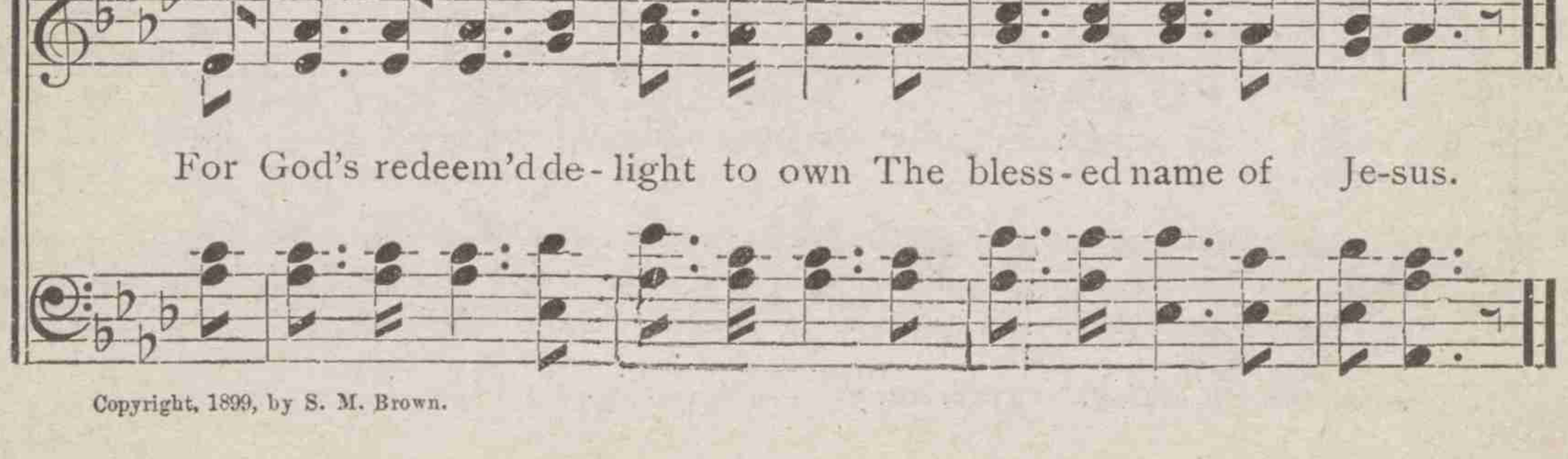
1. It is a most de - light-ful theme, The bless-ed name of Je - sus;
2. The sin-ner's hope, the Christian's stay, The bless-ed name of Je - sus;
3. Our work be - low is for and in The bless-ed name of Je - sus;
4. 'Tis for His name we leave our sin, The bless-ed name of Je - sus;



We love and serve, a - dore and sing, The bless-ed name of Je - sus.
The light, the life, the truth, the way, The bless-ed name of Je - sus.
We, thro' this name, the vic - t'ry win, The bless-ed name of Je - sus.
At heav-en's gate we're welcomed in The bless-ed name of Je - sus.



CHORUS.



It is the theme a - round the throne, The bless-ed name of Je - sus;

For God's redeem'd de - light to own The bless - ed name of Je-sus.

Copyright, 1899, by S. M. Brown.

No. 81. HE'LL SAVE YOU.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. I've giv-en my all to Je - sus, For - ev - er His child to be;
2. I've giv-en my all to Je - sus, My ref - uge from day to day;
3. I've giv-en my all to Je - sus, And, un - der His sweet con - trol,
4. I've giv-en my all to Je - sus, I'll trust Him whate'er be - tide;

O who will be-lieve, His grace re-ceive, And trust His love with me?
O come and be blest, He'll give you rest, And take your sins a - way.
I dwell in the light so pure and bright, That fills and cheers my soul.
And soon to my home, no more to roam, His hand my steps will guide.

CHORUS.

He'll save you, He'll save you, Glo - ry to His ho - ly name!
He'll save you, save you, save you now,

This mo - ment He'll save you, O haste, His prom-ise claim.
This mo-ment He will save you too.

Copyright, 1901, by W. H. Doane.

No. 82. MY REDEEMER.

P. P. BLISS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How, my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri - um - phant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru - el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy He the ran - som free-ly gave.
How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, O sing..... of my Re-deem - er,
Sing, O sing of my Re-deem - er, Sing, O sing of my Re-deem - er,

With His blood..... He purchased me;.....
With His blood He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me;

With His blood He pur-chased me;

On the cross..... ..... He sealed my par - don,
On the cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

Repeat pp after last verse.

Paid the debt,..... and made me free (and made me free).
Paid the debt, and made me free,

No. 83. EVEN ME. P. M.

ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring-ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;

Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
I am long-ing for Thy fav - or; Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me—
Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it, Speak the word of pow'r to me—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—Mag-ni - fy them all in me—
While the streams of life are springing, Blessing oth - ers, O bless me—

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

No. 84. WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

J. W. HOLMAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that bur - den my soul? Like the waves in the storm, When the winds are at
2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleas - ures of youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-
3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sick - ness my strength shall subdue, Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-
4. O Lord, look in mer - cy on me, Come, O come and speak peace to my soul: Un - to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to

war, Chill ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll. What shall I
moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead? What shall I
way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I
Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro - ken heart whole. That will I

do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?
do! that will I do! To Je - sus I'll go, and be saved!

No. 85. GUIDE.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side,
   Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
   Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear.
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,
   Noth-ing left but heaven and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there;

D.C. *Whis-p'ring soft - ly, wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.*
Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.
Whis - per soft - ly, wan - d'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

D.C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 86. BETHANY.

SARAH F. ADAMS. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Though like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs

D.S. *Near - er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE.

D.S.

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

No. 87. MEET ME THERE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away 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 sparkling 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.

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

Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there;

Fine.

D. S.

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No. 88. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching."—LUKE 12: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv-ants, Wheth - er it be
2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching; In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

REFRAIN.

rit.

With our lamps all trimmed 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
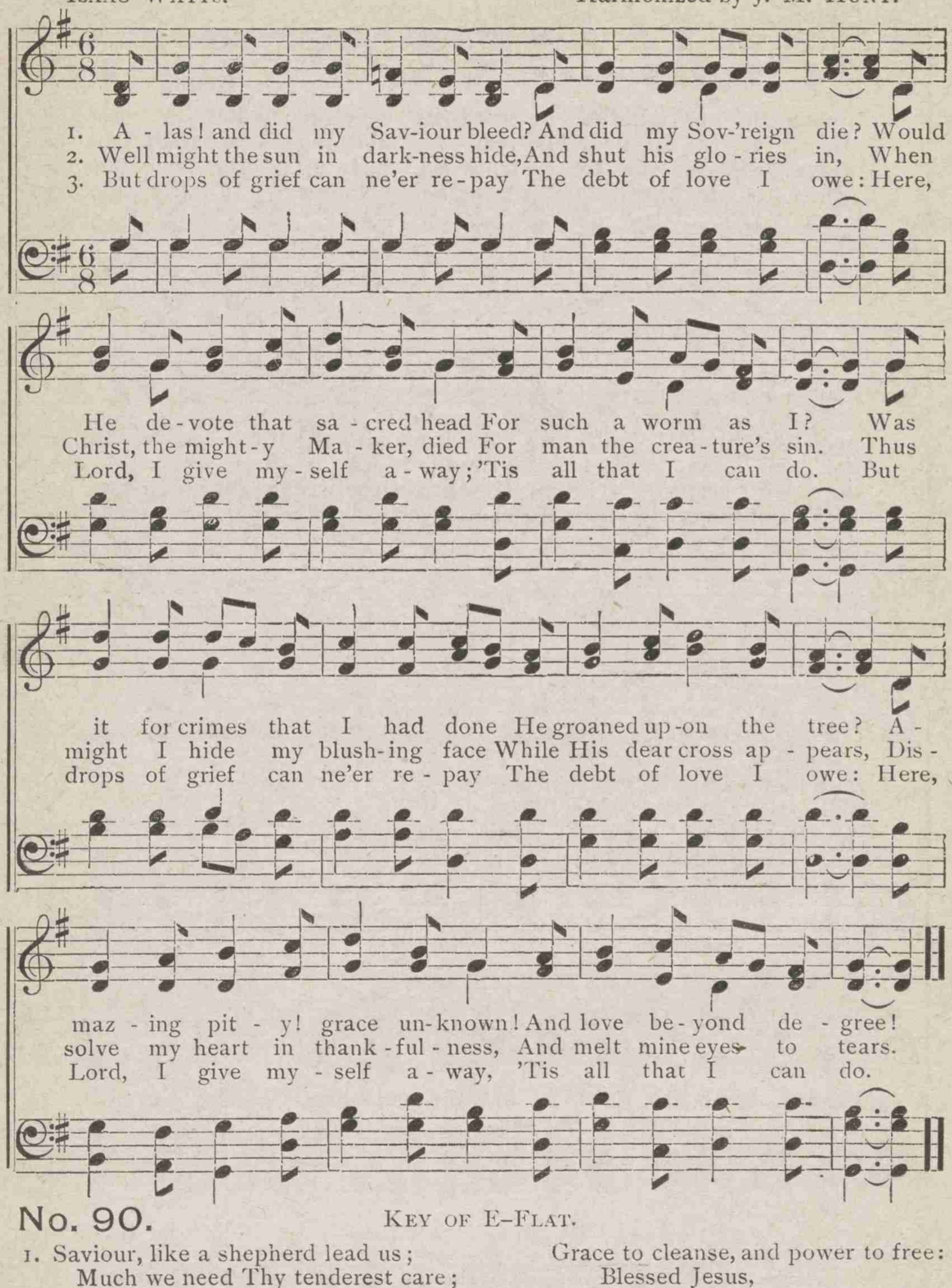
read - y, broth-er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

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

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No. 89. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



No. 90.

KEY OF E-FLAT.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2. Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee,

3. Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosom fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP.

No. 91. SINCE THAT OLD FARM WAS SOLD.

First three stanzas, author unknown.
Fourth stanza by S. M. B.

S. M. BROWN.

1. I've wan-dered o - ver man-y lands, And crossed the rest-less sea,
2. Be-neath the chest-nut trees I've played On man-y a sum-mer's day,
3. Each rock, and hill, and wood-ed glen Is linked with mem-'ry's chain;
4. The heav'n-ly home is built on high, Be-yond the change of time;

But ne'er a spot on God's green earth Has seemed so dear to me
While from the meadows just be - low Came scent of new - mown hay.
The homestead, nest-ling 'mid the trees, Comes smiling back a - gain.
Its charm-ing scenes are draw-ing nigh, I hear the heav'n - ly chime.

As that old home where childhood's years Life's pa - ges first un - rolled;
The reap-er's song comes not a - gain From fields of wav - ing gold,
The drow-sy note of tink - ling bells, Of sheep with - in the fold,
The ti - tle to that bless - ed home I gave my Lord to hold;

My tho'ts go back in vain re - gret Since that old farm was sold.
To fill our hearts with glad con - tent, Since that old farm was sold.
Comes back a - gain in dreams to me, Since that old farm was sold.
If by His grace I en - ter there, That home will ne'er be sold.

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No. 92. LABOR ON.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1. In the har - vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the har - vest home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap - ers few; And the Mas - ter's voice bids the work-ers true
and the heart be light; Fill the pre - cious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la - bor hard; For the Mas - ter's joy, with His cho - sen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day.
Take the place of the gold - en day.
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

La - bor on! la - bor on! Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the Mas - ter has la - bor on!

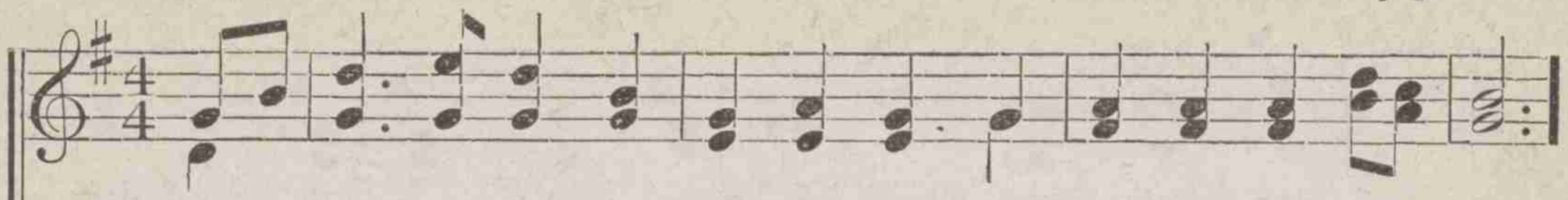
La - bor on!

said He will strength re-new; La - bor on till the close of day!

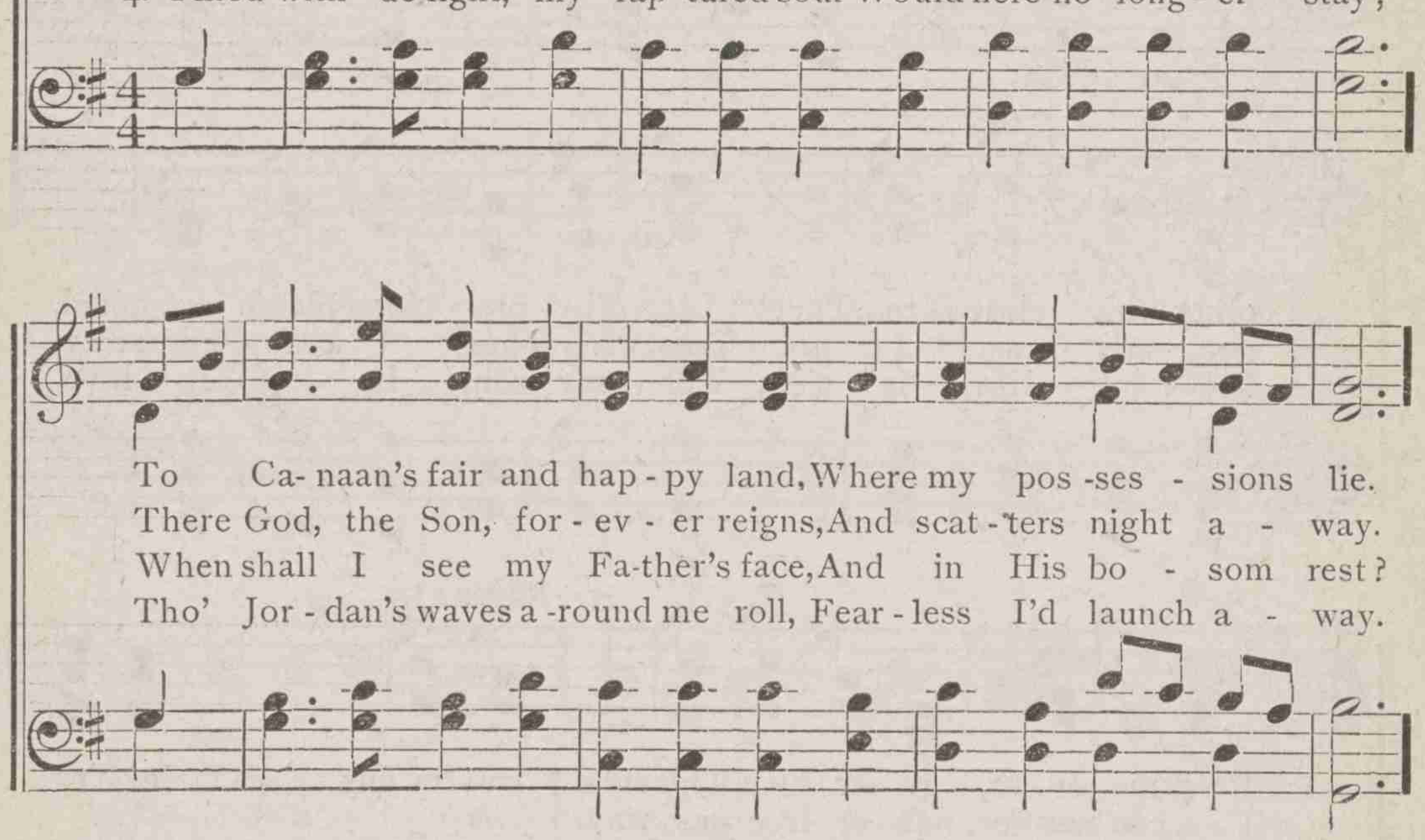
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No. 93. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

S. STENNETT. T. C. O'KANE, by per.
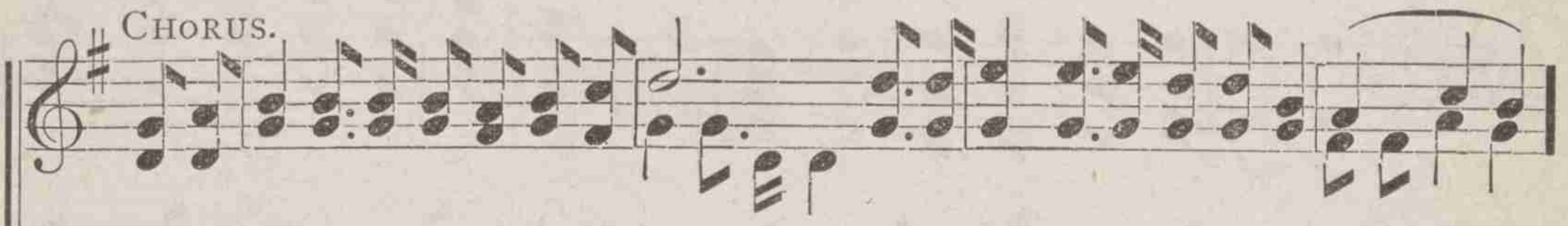


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all these wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no long-er stay;
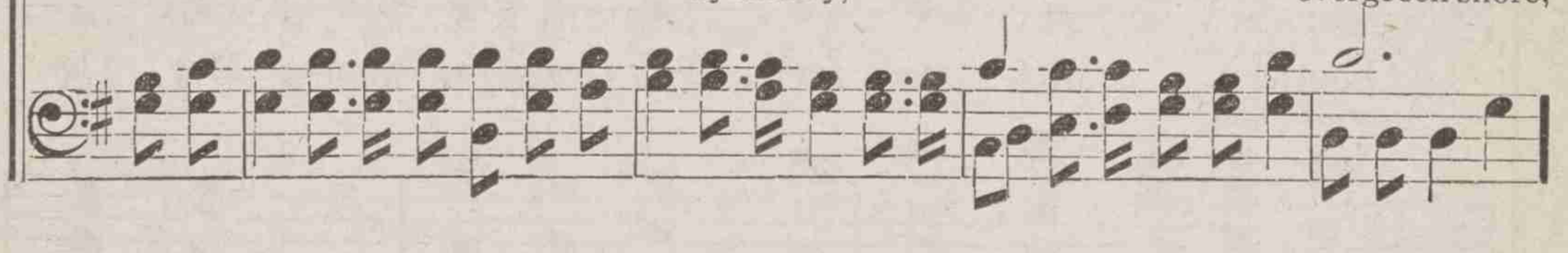


To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo-som rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.
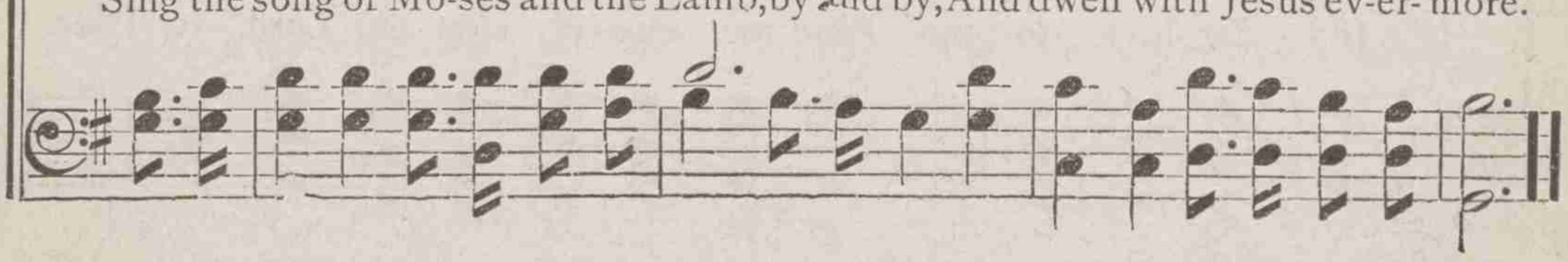
CHORUS.



We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just across on the evergreen shore; . .
by and by, evergreen shore;



Sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus ev-er-more.



No. 94. EVERY DAY AND HOUR.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am cling - ing,
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly,
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing,

cling - ing close to Thee; Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied,
gen - tly as I go; Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray,
fleet - ing life is o'er; Till my soul is lost in love,

REFRAIN.

Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
In a bright-er, bright-er world a - bove.

} Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

hour, Let me feel Thy cleans-ing pow'r; May Thy

ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

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No. 95. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P.

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 will con-quer, Tho' of-ten 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-hearted 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.

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No. 96. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

J. M. HUNT.

Slowly.

1. When the eve - ning sha-dows gath-er, And the long day's work is done;
2. Cherished forms who walk'd be-side us, Down the aisles of by-gone years,
3. But if Je - sus bids us en - ter Thro' the pearl - y por - tals wide,

When we reach the un-known country Out be-yond the set - ing sun;
How we watch them fade and van - ish, Thro' a mist of fall - ing tears;
They will be the first to meet us, O - ver on the oth - er side;

Af - ter all the wea - ry wait - ing, In their peace - ful rest to share;
Lov - ing voi - ces hush'd in si - lence, Join - ing now the an - gel band;
Safe with-in our Fa-ther's man-sion, Clad in robes so bright and fair;

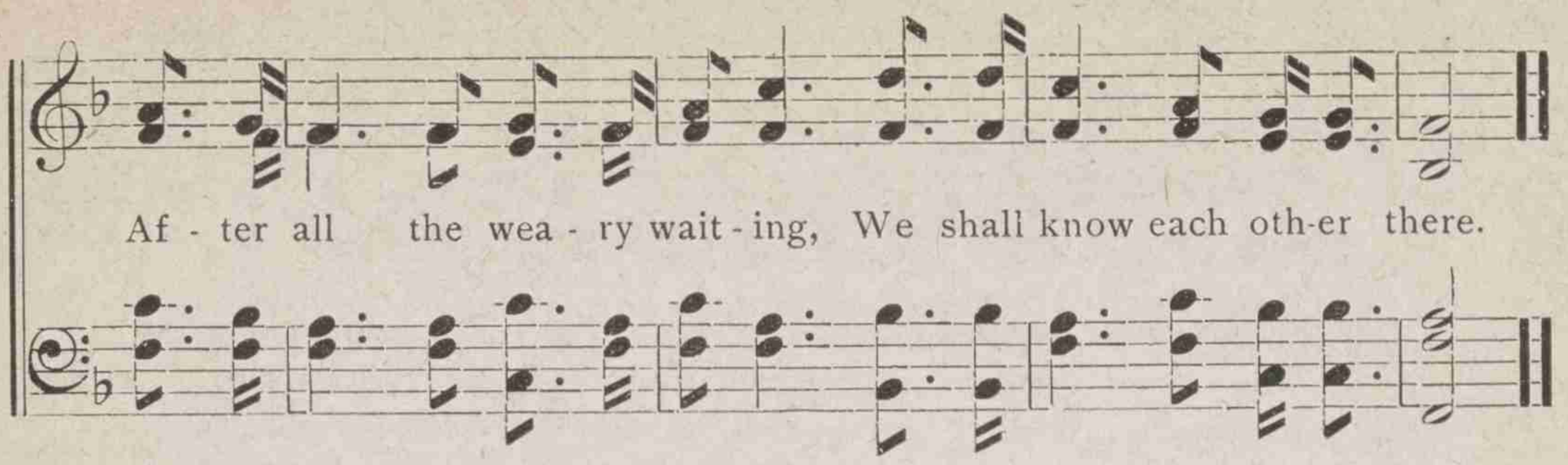
No more need of an - guish parting, We shall know each oth - er there.
Sing - ing glo - ry hal - le - lu-jah, O - ver in the Beu - lah land.
Hymn - ing out a joy - ous welcome, We shall know each oth - er there.

CHORUS.

We shall know each oth -.er there, We shall know each oth - er there;
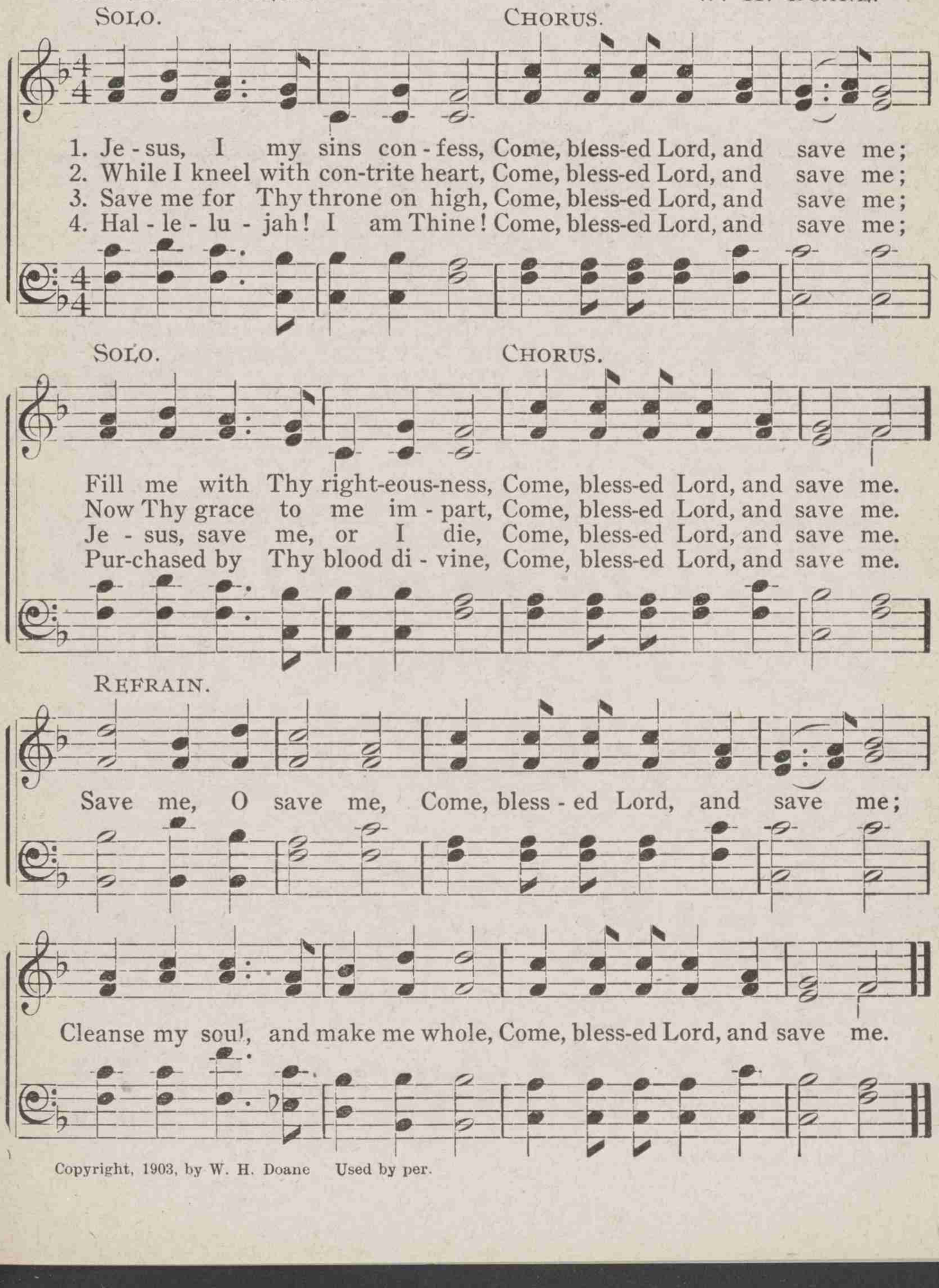
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WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.



No. 97. COME, BLESSED LORD.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 98. THE HEART'S PRAYER.

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.

Pleadingly.

1. Hear my pray'r, O, heav'nly Fa-ther, From Thy throne, oh, hear me cry;
2. In the name of Christ, my Saviour, Emp-ty hands I stretch to Thee;
3. Oft the way is dark and drear-y, Oft my feet have gone a - stray,
4. To Thy home of ma - ny mansions, Pray'rful-ly I set my face,

I am poor and weak and sin - ful, Hear and help, or I must die.
For His sake, oh, be Thou gracious To a way-ward child like me.
Oft, in doubt, I shrink and fal - ter, Oft my heart for-gets to pray.
Singing as I jour-ney on-ward, I'm a sin - ner saved by grace!

CHORUS.

Hear my pray'r, O, heav'nly Fa - ther, Self and all to Thee I bring;

rit.

Keep and guide me, Fa-ther, hide me Neath the shadow of Thy wing.

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No. 99. GATHERED HOME.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morning On the shores of the bright crystal
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morning And from sorrow for-ev - er be
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morning, Our bless- ed Re-deemer to

sea? With the loved ones who long have been wait - ing? What a
free? Shall we join in the songs of the ran- somed? What a
see? Shall we know, and be known by our loved ones? What a

CHORUS.
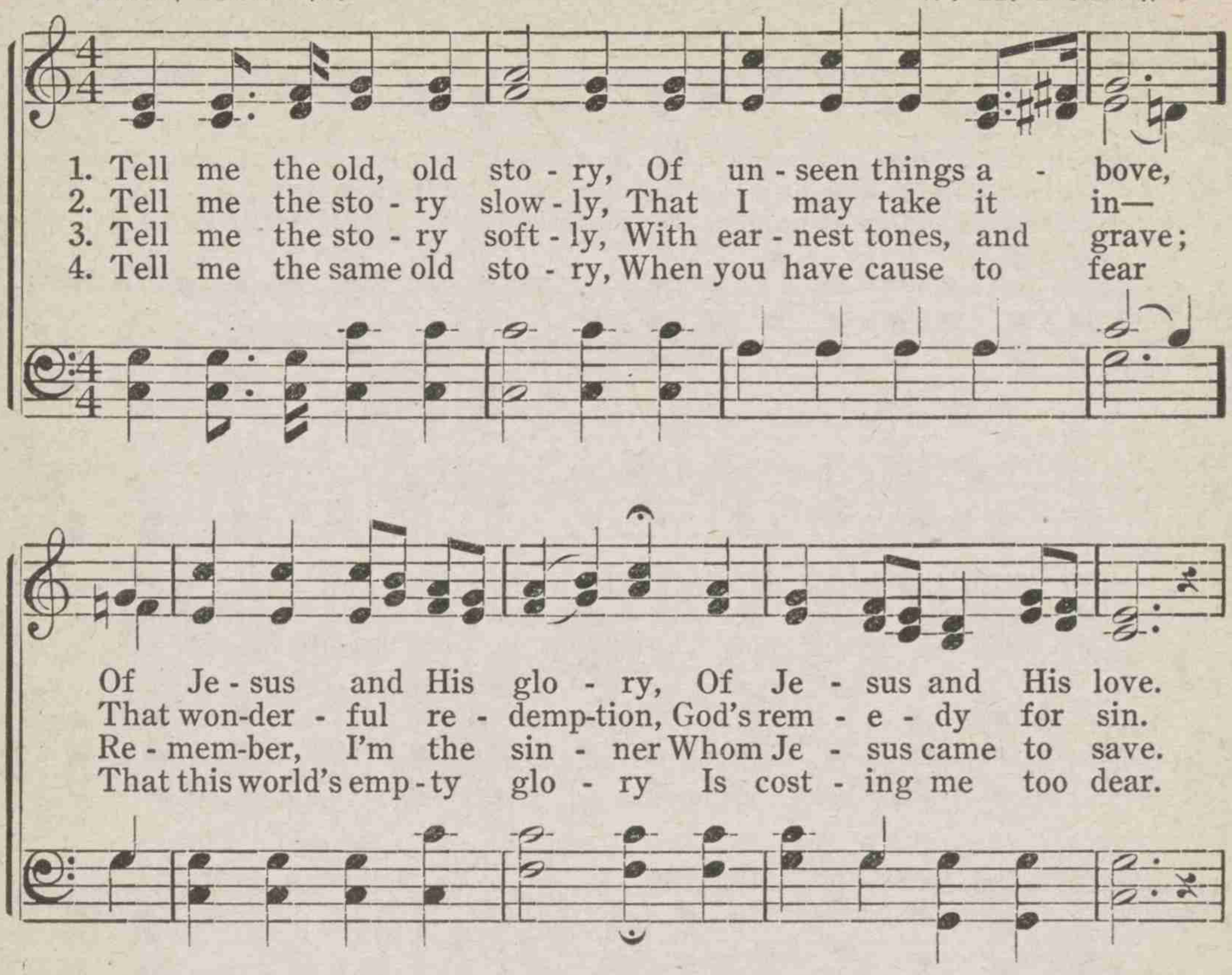
meet - ing in - deed it will be. Gathered home, gath-ered
gath- ered home,
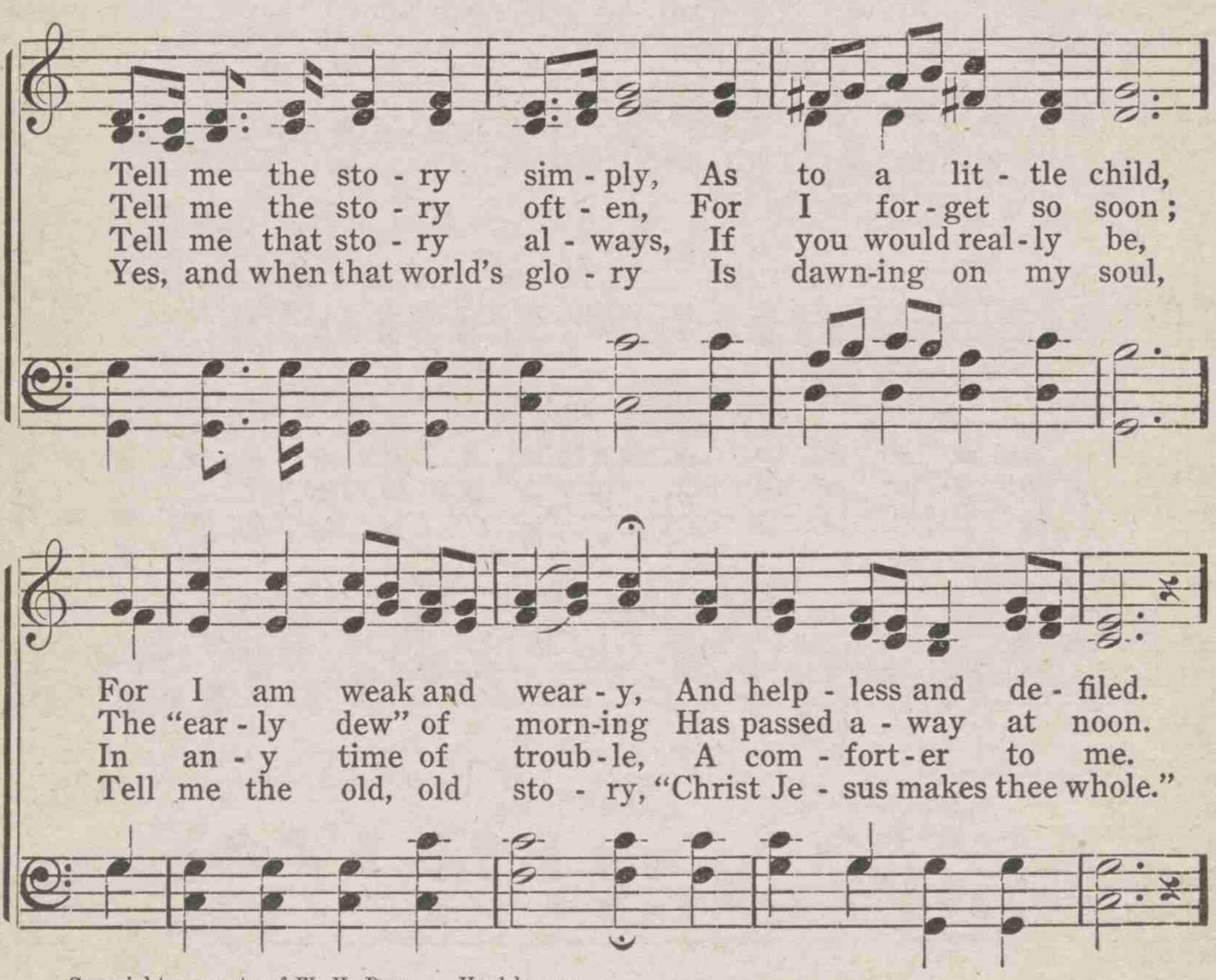
home, On the shores of the bright crys-tal sea;
gath -ered home, crys - tal sea;

Gathered home, gathered home, With our loved ones for-ever to be.
gathered home, gathered home,

No. 100. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.
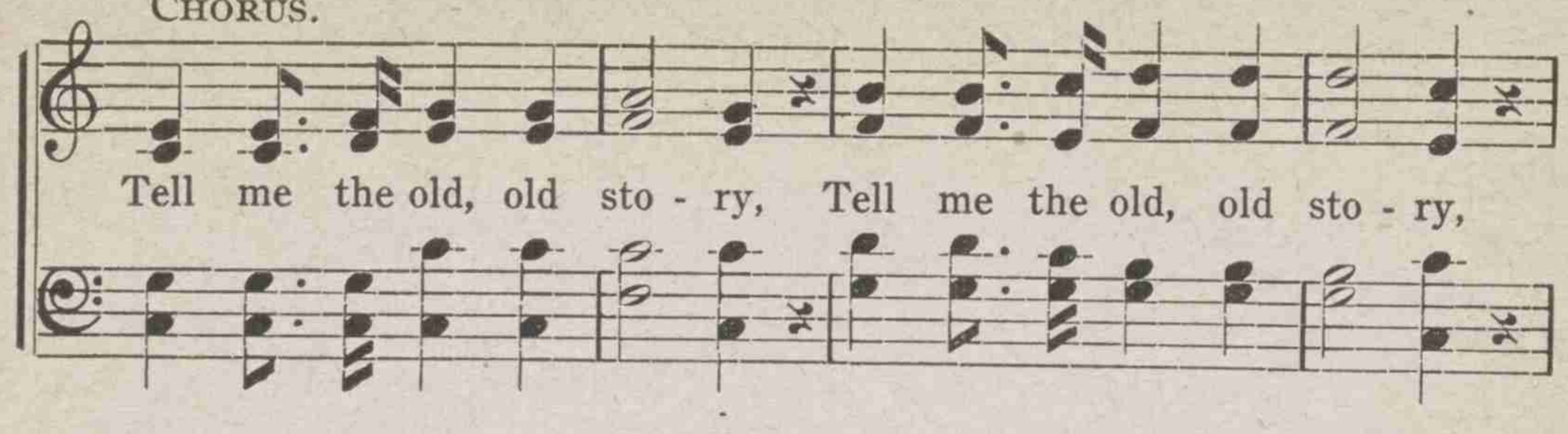


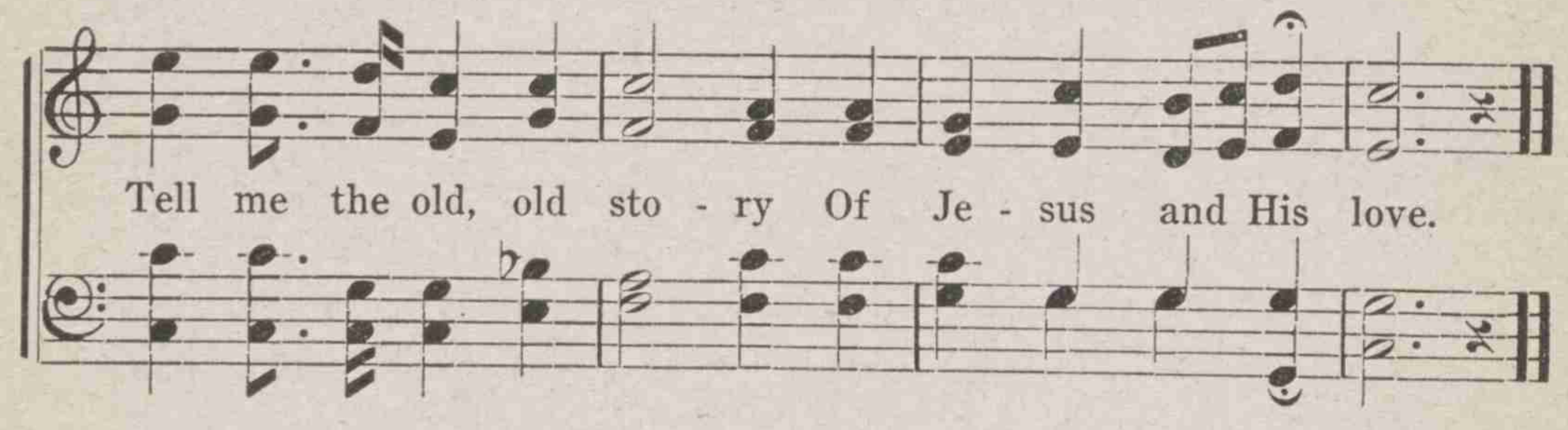


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TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

CHORUS.

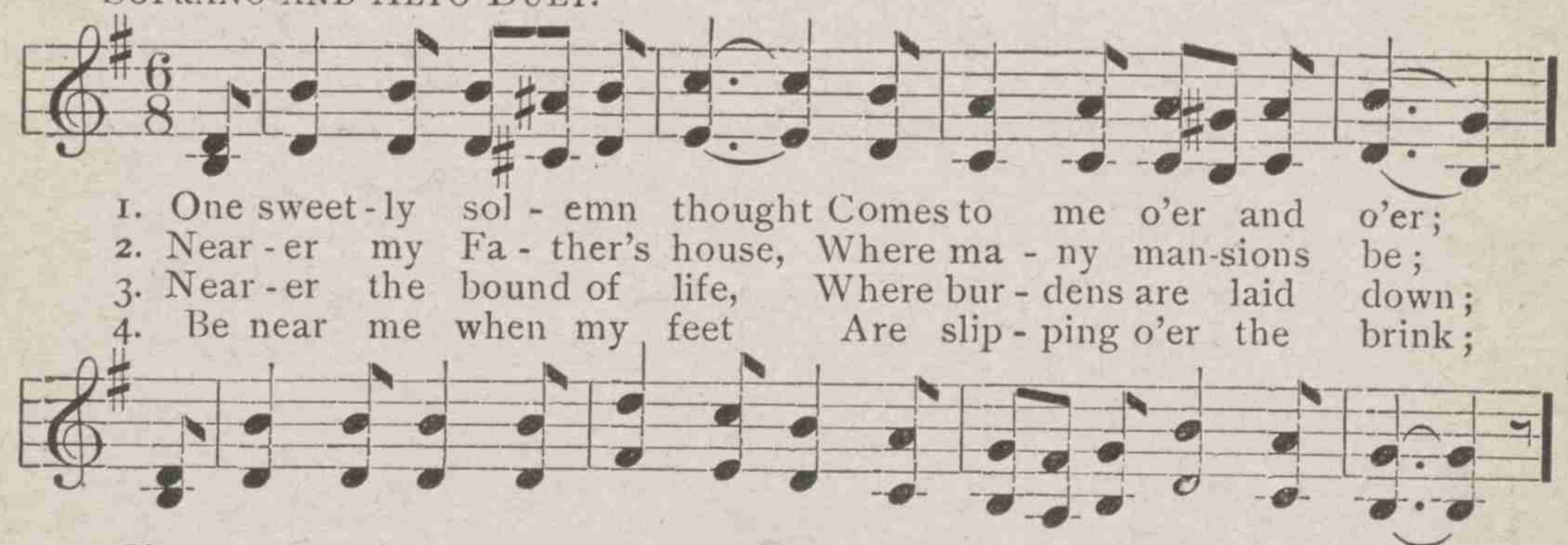




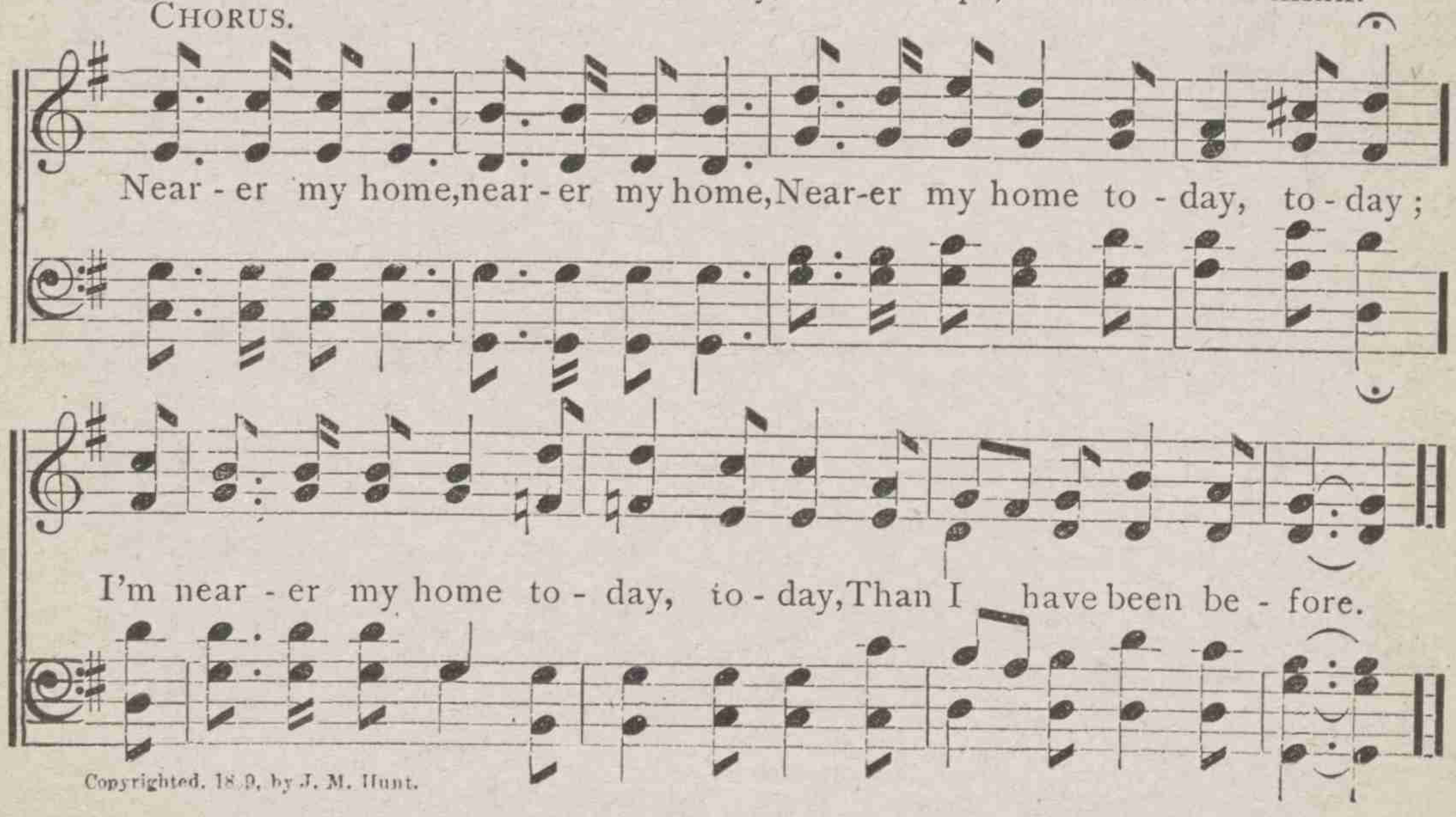
No. 101. NEARER MY HOME TODAY.

PHŒBE CARY. J. M. HUNT.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET.
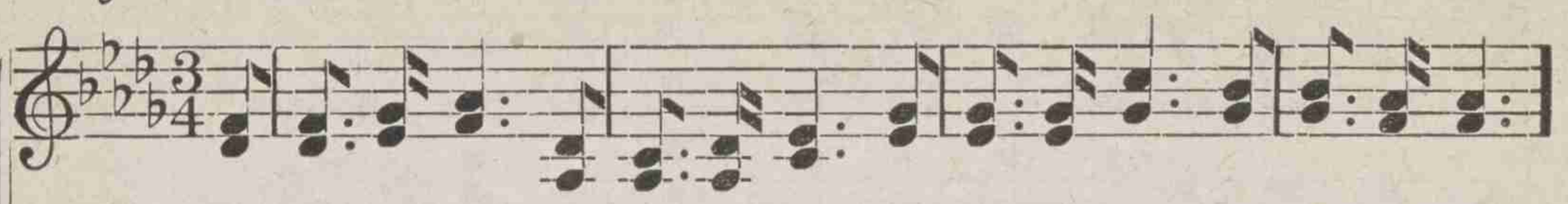


CHORUS.
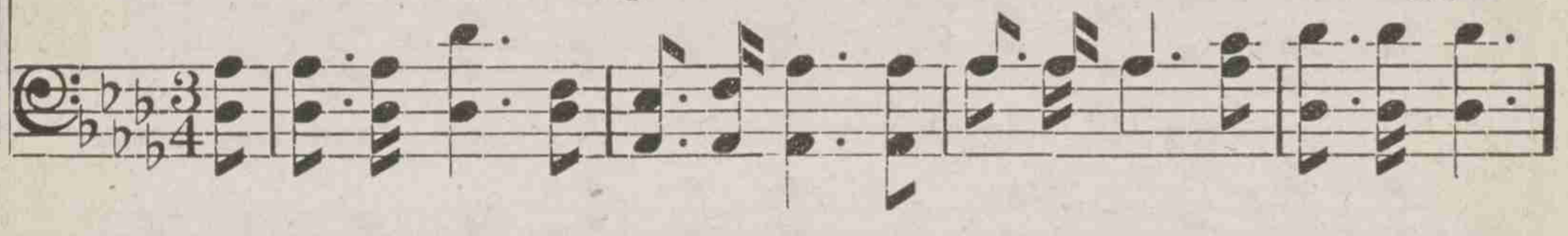


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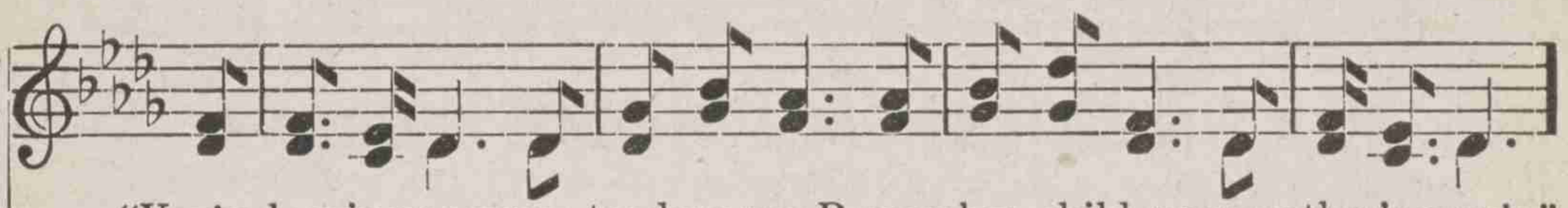
No. 102. MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

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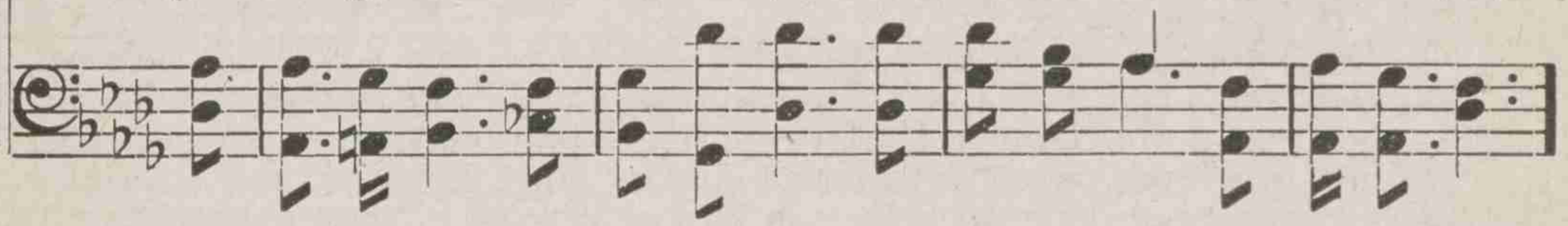


1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth-er kind - ly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al-ways made my heart rejoice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love—I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Saviour's cleansing pow'r,
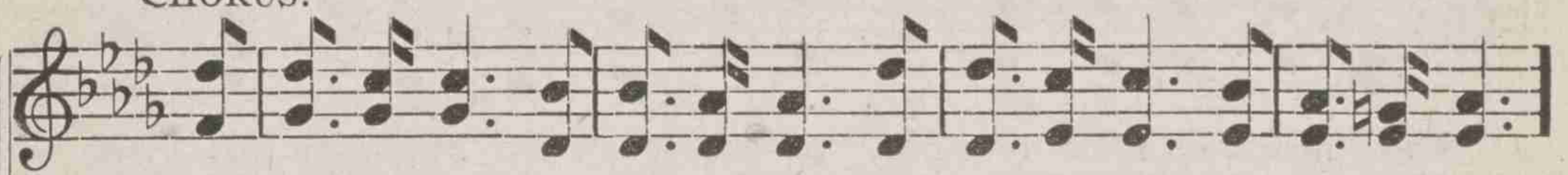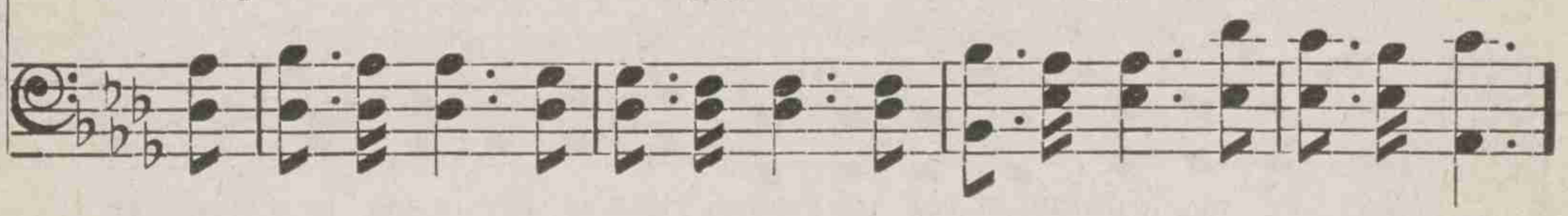




"You're leaving now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's pray'r."
Tho' I have wandered, God knows where, Still I remember mother's pray'r.
I see her by the old arm-chair, My mother dear, in hum-ble pray'r.
My sin and guilt He canceled there, 'T was there He answered mother's pray'r.
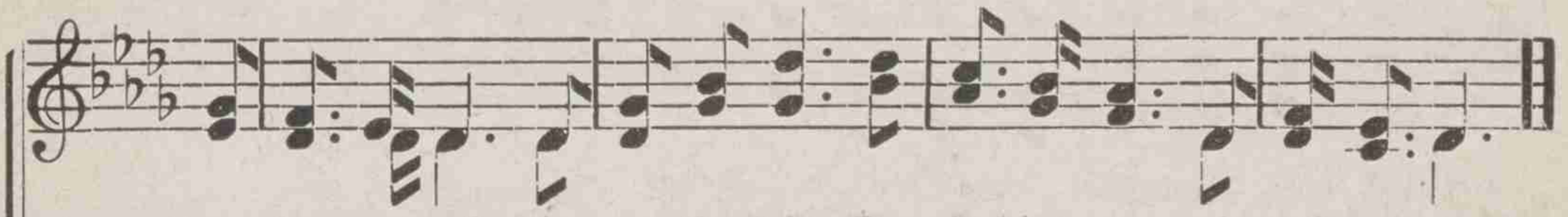


Chorus.
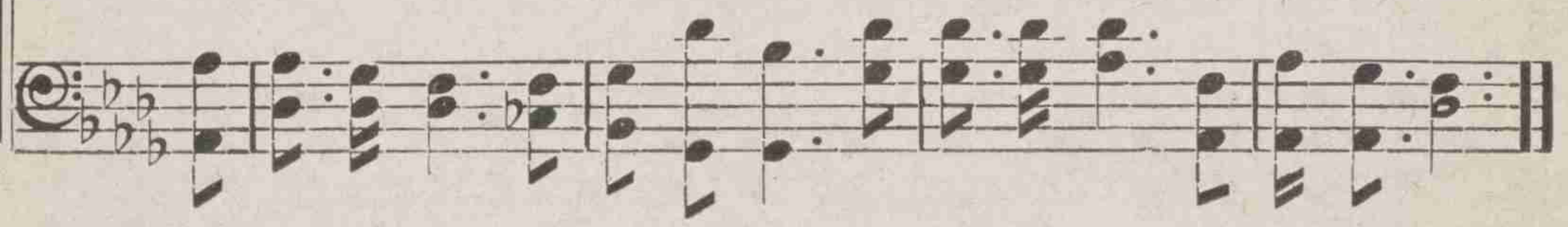


1, 2, 3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel presence near;
4. Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yon-der, face to face,





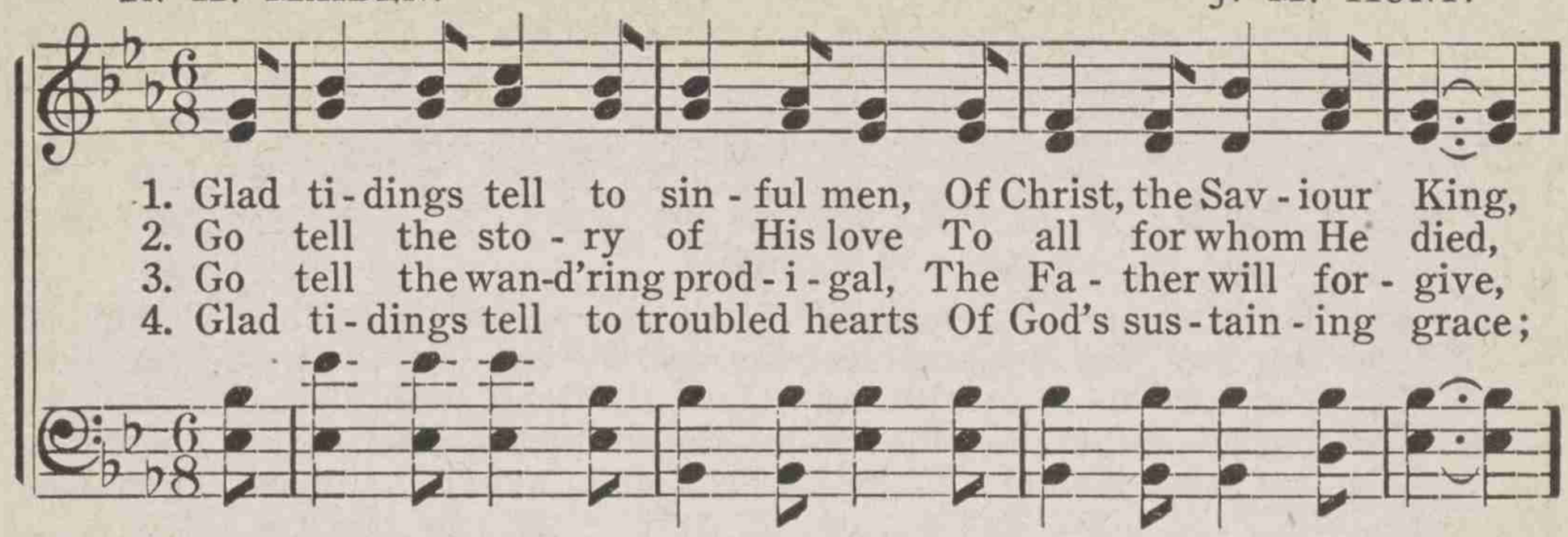
A voice comes floating on the air, Re-mind-ing me of moth-er's pray'r.
The home a-bove to - geth-er share, In an-swer to my moth-er's pray'r.



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No. 103. GLAD TIDINGS.

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.



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No. 104. KEY OF A-FLAT.

1. Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

CHO.—‖:Precious name, oh, how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.:‖

2. Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3. Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy;
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.
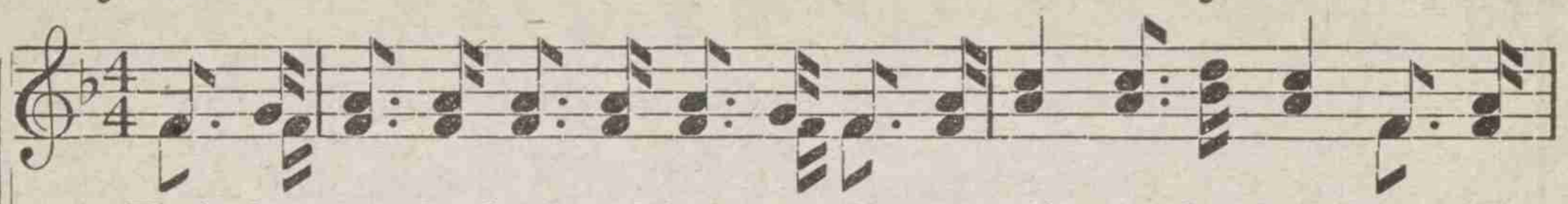
4. At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him
When our journey is complete.

LYDIA BAXTER.
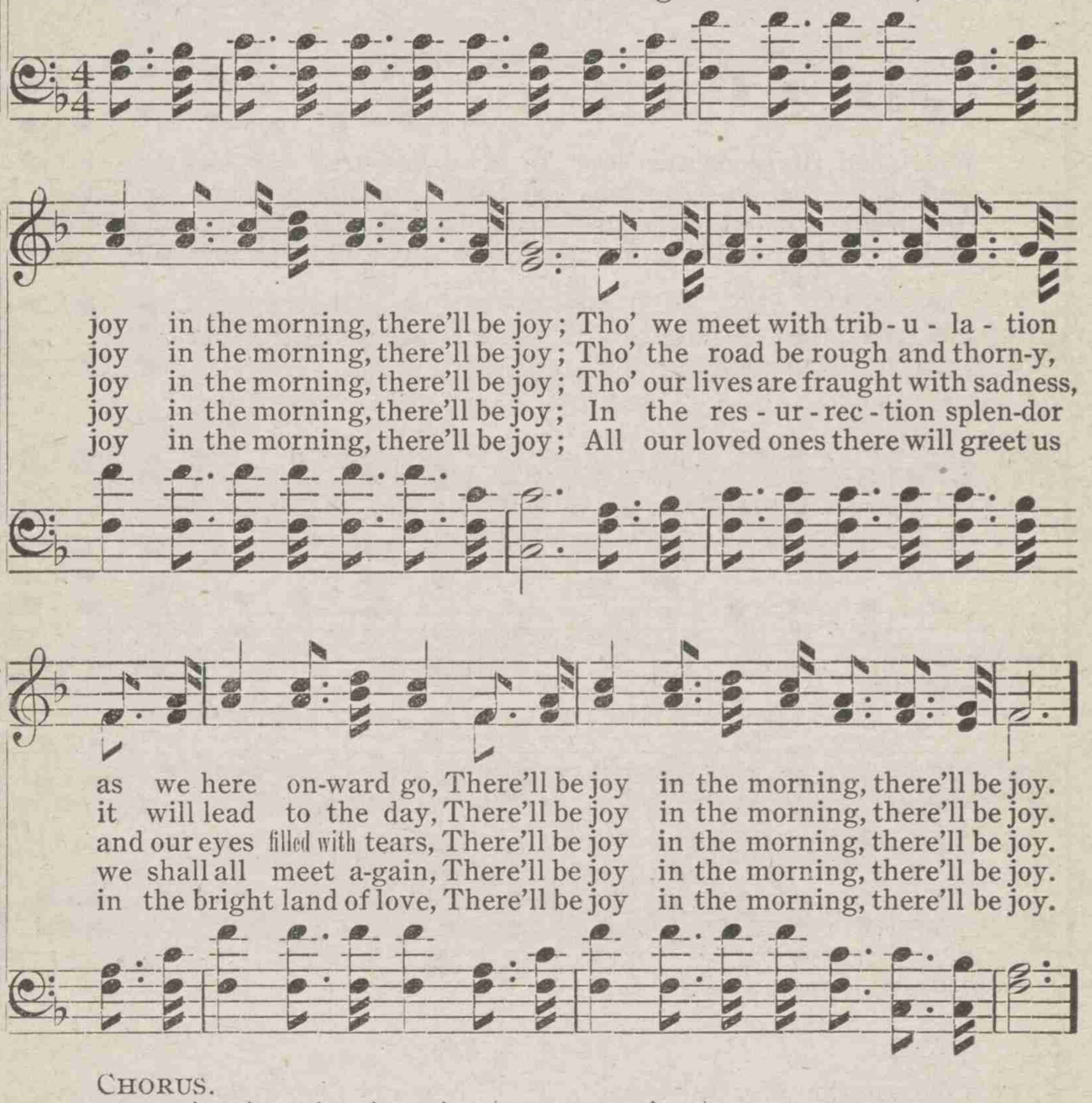
No. 105. THERE'LL BE JOY IN THE MORNING.

"But joy cometh in the morning."—PSA. 30: 5.

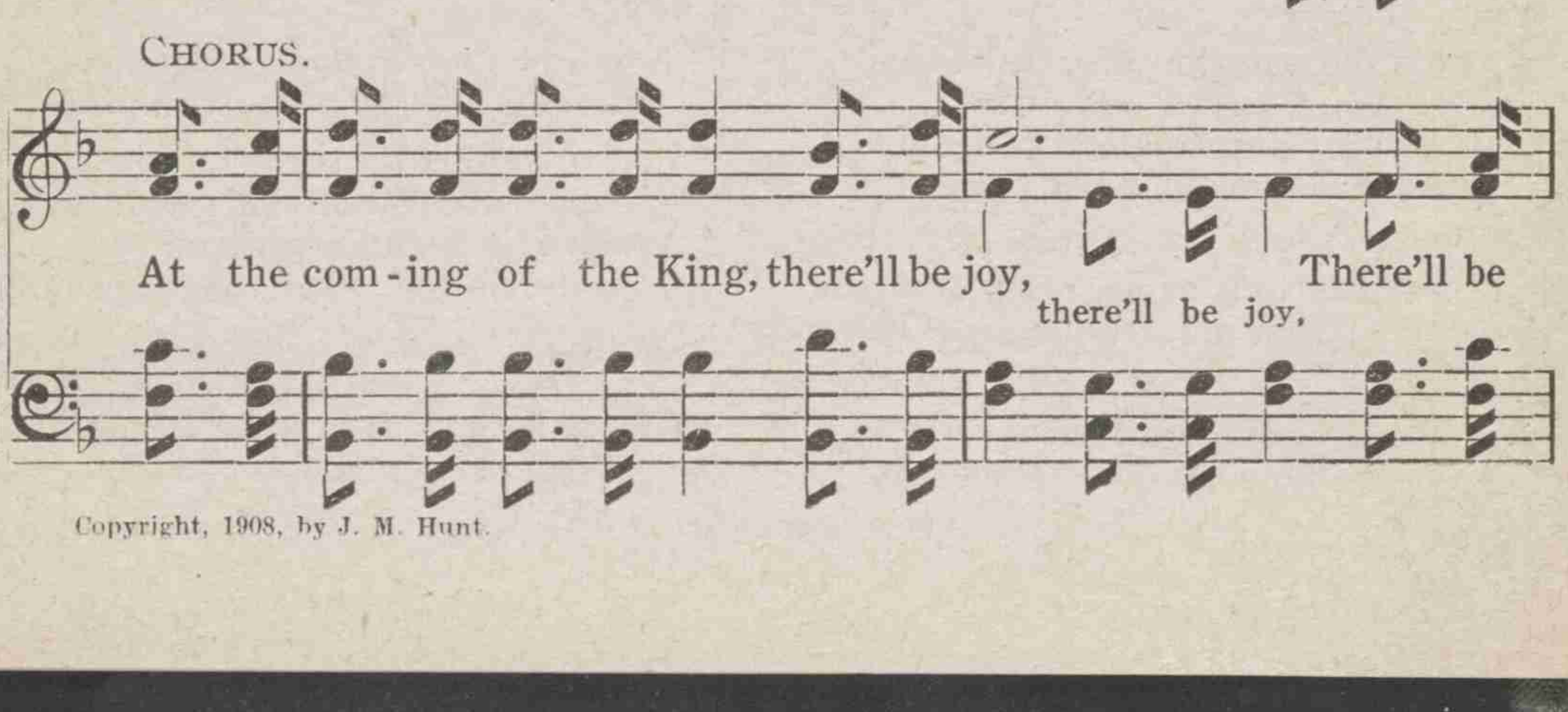
J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.



1. Tho' the way be long and drear - y all our path-way be - low, There'll be
2. Tho' our feet are torn and bleed-ing, and we fall by the way, There'll be
3. Tho' our spir - its faint with fast-ing all the long, wear-y years, There'll be
4. Tho' our loved ones cross the Jordan, and our hearts bleed in pain, There'll be
5. Now we hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing us from a-bove, There'll be



joy in the morning, there'll be joy; Tho' we meet with trib - u - la - tion
joy in the morning, there'll be joy; Tho' the road be rough and thorn-y,
joy in the morning, there'll be joy; Tho' our lives are fraught with sadness,
joy in the morning, there'll be joy; In the res - ur - rec - tion splen-dor
joy in the morning, there'll be joy; All our loved ones there will greet us



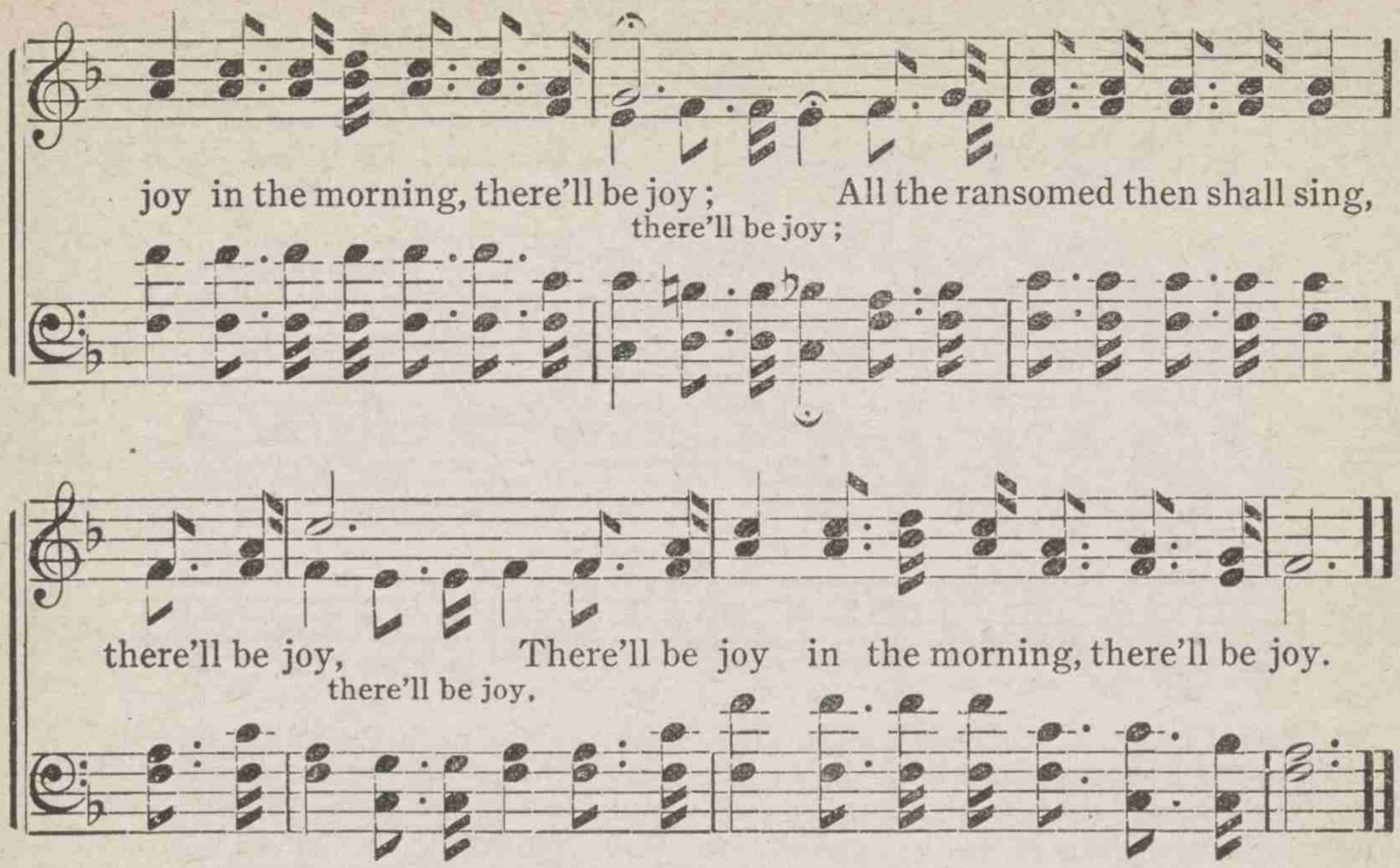
as we here on-ward go, There'll be joy in the morning, there'll be joy.
it will lead to the day, There'll be joy in the morning, there'll be joy.
and our eyes filled with tears, There'll be joy in the morning, there'll be joy.
we shall all meet a-gain, There'll be joy in the morning, there'll be joy.
in the bright land of love, There'll be joy in the morning, there'll be joy.

CHORUS.

At the com - ing of the King, there'll be joy, There'll be there'll be joy,

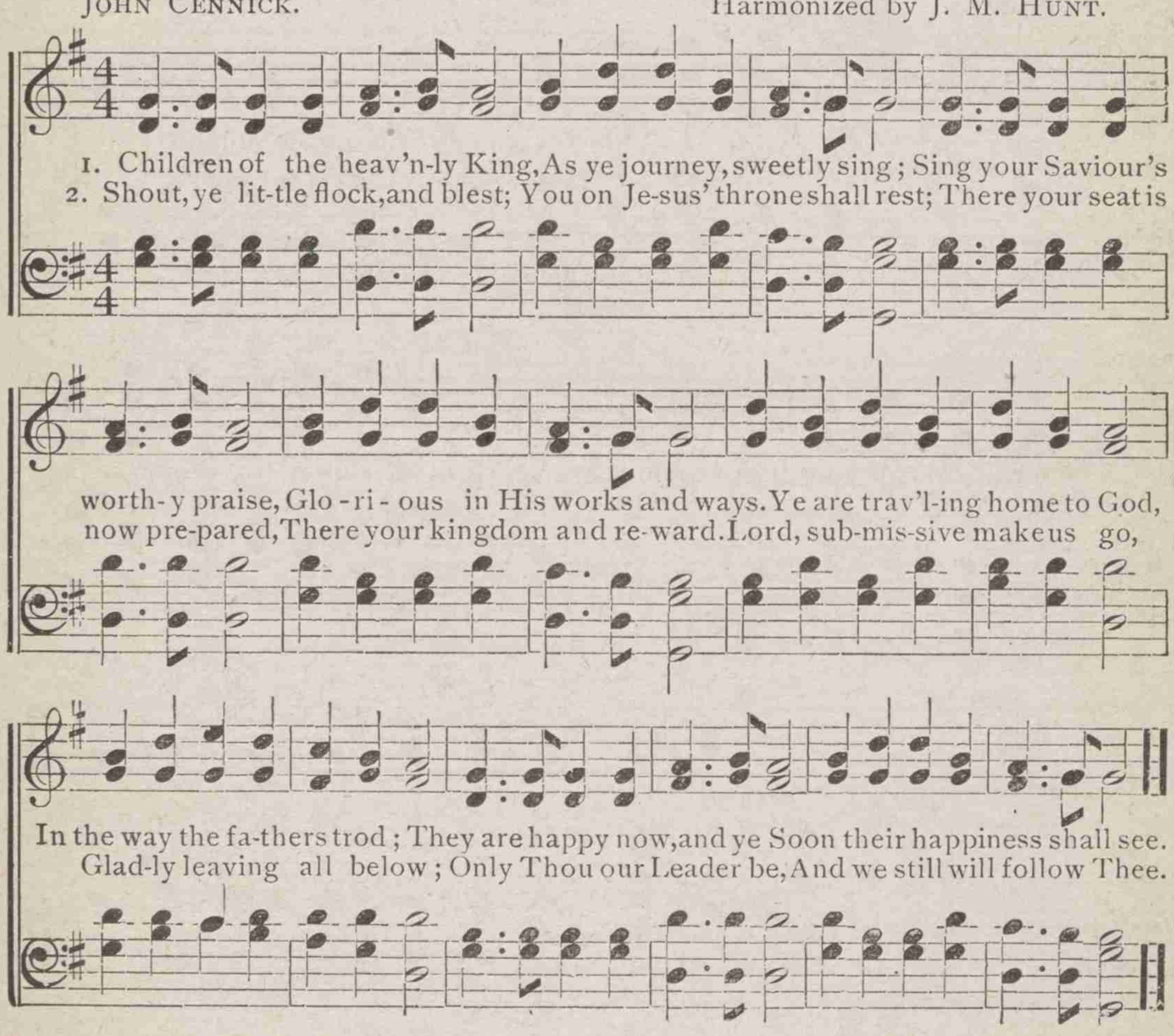
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THERE'LL BE JOY IN THE MORNING.



No. 106. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

JOHN CENNICK. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



No. 107. ALL HAIL, THOU KING OF KINGS!

R. K. MAIDEN. J. M. HUNT.

1. When I was far a - way and lost, Bow'd down with shame and grief,
2. When I was blind and in the dark, With - out one ray of light,
3. When I was weak and sink - ing down, Be - neath a load of sin,
4. When I was stained by blot of sin, Which noth - ing could e - rase,

Christ laid a - side His glo - ry crown, And came to my re - lief.
Christ filled my soul with light di - vine, And gave me bless - ed sight.
Christ took the bur - den from my soul, And gave me peace with - in.
Christ shed His blood to make me clean, Oh, what a - maz - ing grace!

CHORUS.

All hail the sin - a - ton - ing blood! (cleans-ing blood!) My soul mounts up and sings, (mounts up and sings,) All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! (dy - ing Lamb!) All hail the King of kings! (King of kings!)

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No. 108. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

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

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom com-eth will your robes be white? Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the gar-ments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the

blood of the Lamb? Are you full - y trust-ing in His grace this hour?
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied?
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the man-sions bright,
blood of the Lamb; There's a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un - clean,

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
} Are you washed in the

blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you washed

in the blood, of the Lamb?

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No. 109. WHO WILL GREET ME FIRST IN HEAVEN?

J. M. HUNT.

1. Who will greet me first in heav-en, When that blissful realm I gain? When the
2. Who will greet me first in glo - ry? Oft the earn-est tho't will rise, Mus - ing
3. No, not these, for they have nev-er Gladdened here my mortal view, But the

hands have ceased from toiling, And the heart hath ceased from pain; When the last farewell is
on the unknown wonders Of that home be-yond the skies; Who will be my heavenly
loved ones gone be - fore me, They, the loved, the tried, the true; They who walked with me life's

spok-en, Sev-ered the last ten-der tie, And I know how sweet, how solemn, And how
men-tor? Will it be some seraph bright? Or an an - gel from the countless Myriads
pathway, From my soul by death were riven, They who loved me best in this world, First will

rit. . . . . . REFRAIN.

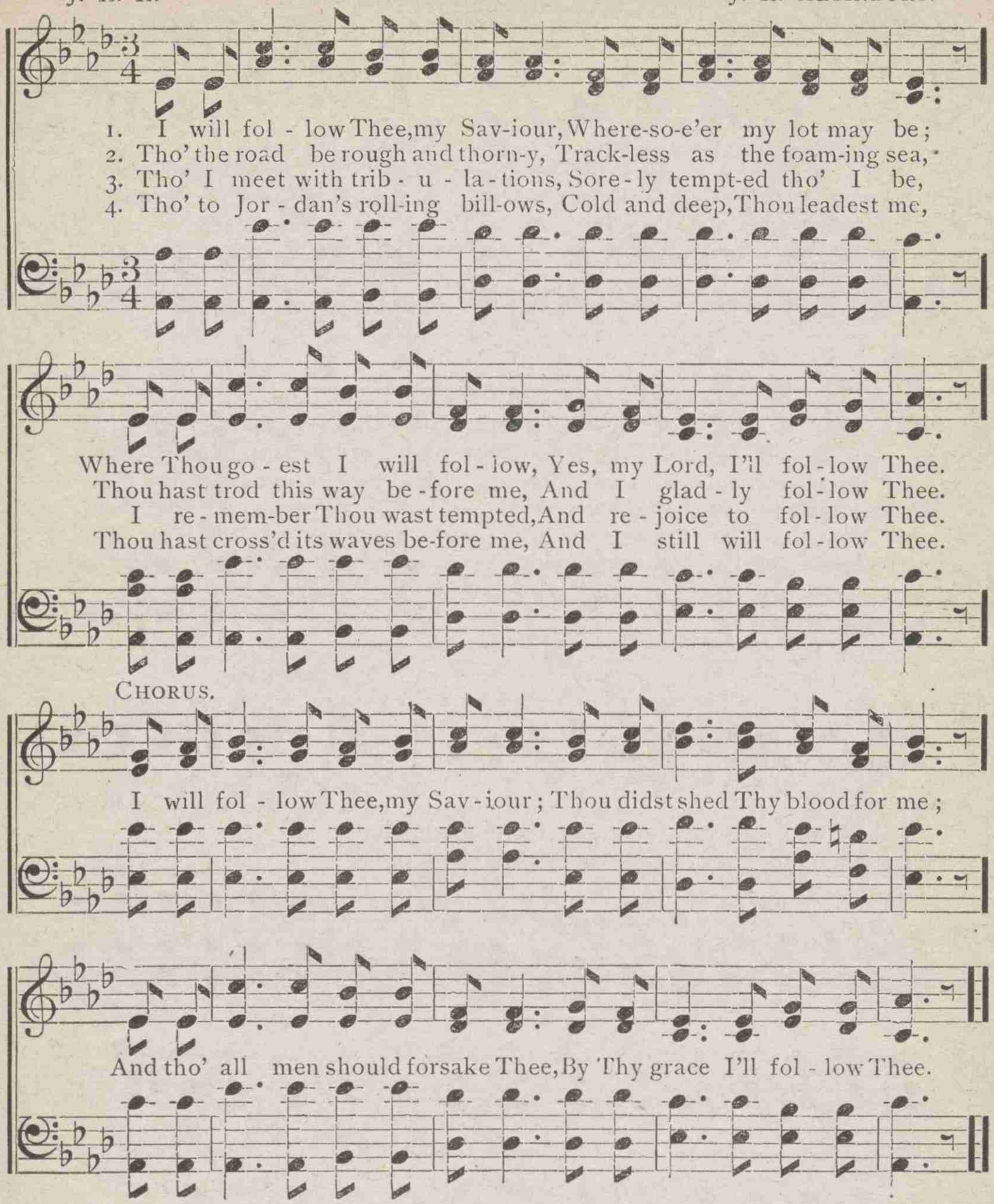
blest it is to die. Home, sweet home, That home so bright and
of that world of light?
greet me home, in heaven. Home, sweet home, O home, sweet home, That home so bright, so

fair; . . O home, . sweet home, . O who will greet me there?
bright and fair; O home, sweet home, O home, sweet home,

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No. 110. I WILL FOLLOW THEE. 8s & 7s.

J. L. E. J. L. ELGINBURG.



No. 111. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

KEY OF E-FLAT.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
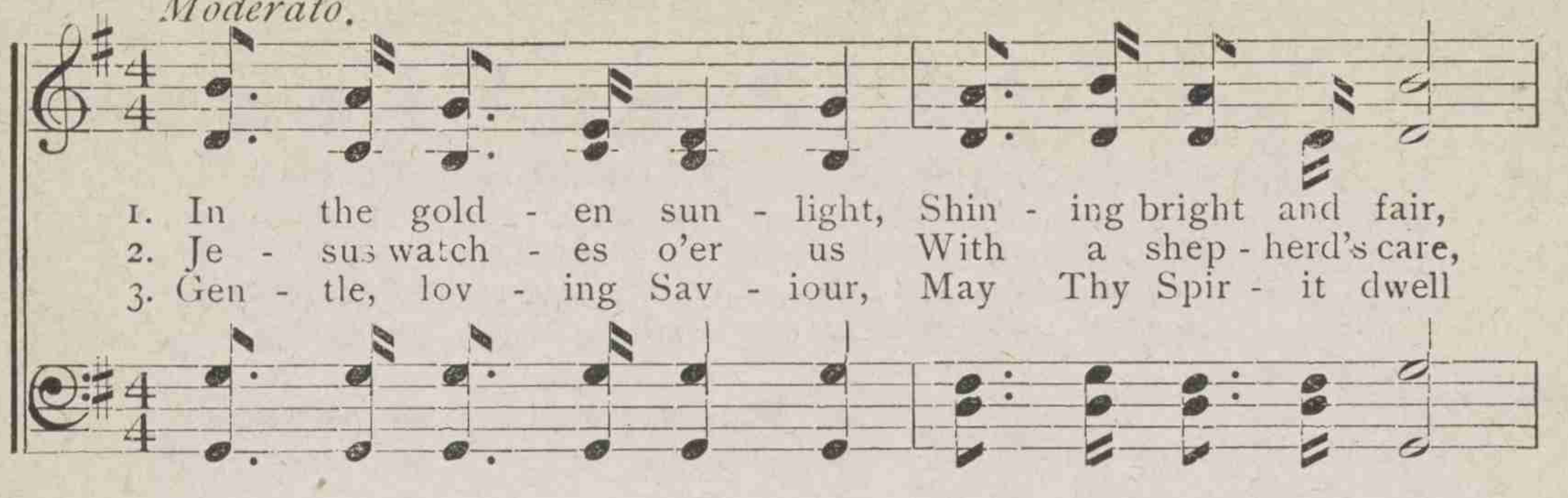
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
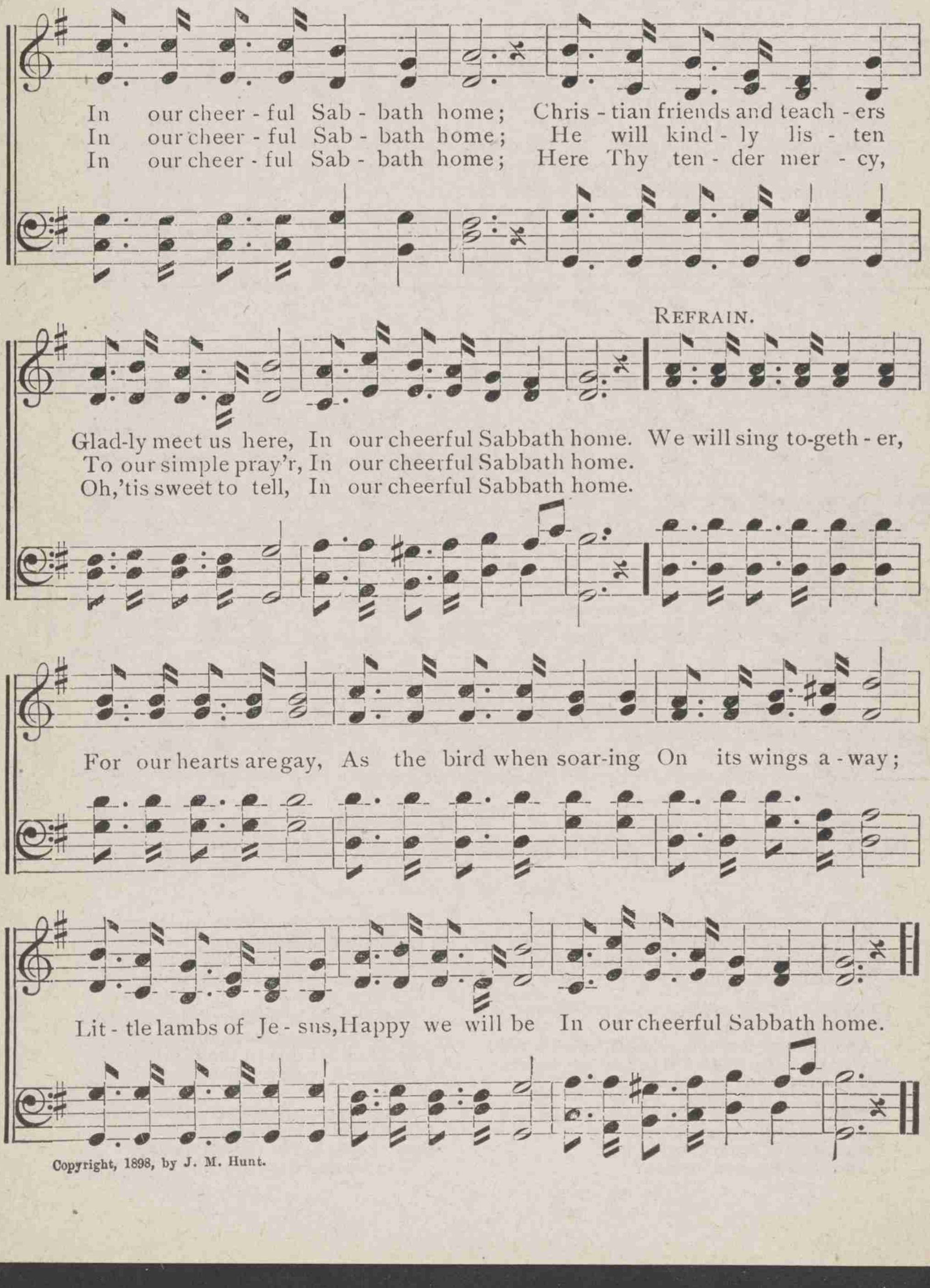
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'T is all that I can do.

No. 112. OUR CHEERFUL SABBATH HOME.

J. M. HUNT.

Moderato.





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No. 113. ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISAIAH 12: 2.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y - where He leads me in this world be - low. An - y-where with-out Him, dear-est
2. An - y-where with Je - sus, I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
3. An - y-where with Je - sus, I can go to sleep, When the dark-ling shad-ows round a - bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wa - ken, nev - er

joys would fade, An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
drear - est ways, An - y-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An - y-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know;
An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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No. 114. IF I WERE A VOICE.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

SOLO.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel the wide world through, I would
2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I'd fly on the wings of the air; The
3. If I were a voice, a convincing voice, I'd trav - el with the wind, And wher-
4. If I were a voice, an im-mortal voice, I would fly the earth a - round, And wher-

ORGAN.

fly on the beams of the morn-ing light, And speak to men with a
homes of sor - row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful
ev - er I saw the na-tions torn, By war - fare, jeal - ous - y,
ev - er man to his i - dols bowed, I'd pub - lish in notes both

gen - tle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver
words I'd speak, To save them from de - spair. I would fly, I would fly o'er the
spite or scorn, Or ha - tred of their kind. I would fly, I would fly on the
long and loud The gos-pel's joy - ful sound. I would fly, I would fly on the

IF I WERE A VOICE.

land and sea, Wherev - er a hu - man heart might be, Tell -ing a tale or
crowded town, And drop, like the happy sun-light, down In - to the hearts of
thun-der crash, And in- to their blinded bo-soms flash ; Then, with their e -vil
wings of day, Proclaim-ing peace in my world-wide way, Bidding the saddened
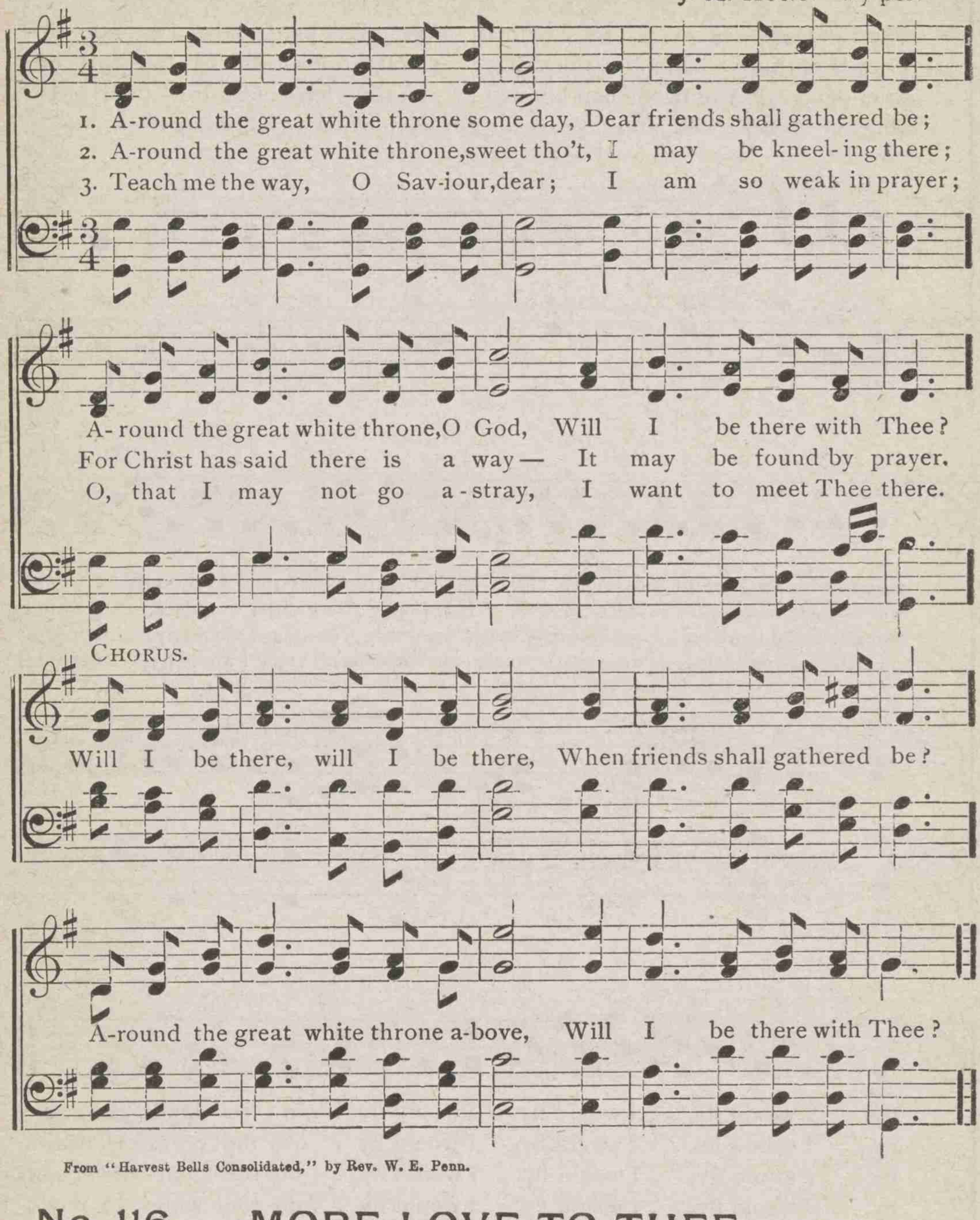
sing-ing a song In the praise of the right—in the blame of the wrong. I would fly, I would
suf - fer-ing-men, And teach them to look up a-gain. I would fly, . . I would
thoughts subdued, And teach them Chris- tian broth - er-hood. I would fly, . . I would
earth re-joice—If I were a voice, an im - mortal voice. I would fly, . . I would

fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . o - ver land and sea.
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . o'er the crowd- ed town.
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . on the thun - der crash.
fly, I would fly, . . I would fly, I would fly . . on the wings of day.

No. 115. WILL I BE THERE?

"And behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."—Rev. 4:2.

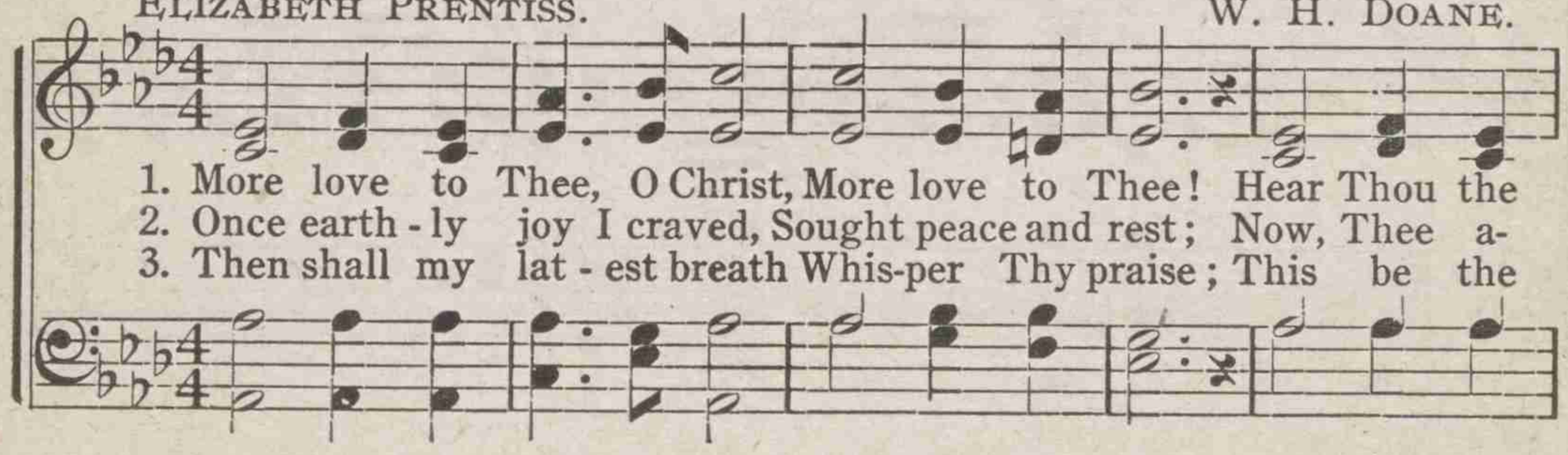
J. M. HUNT. By per.



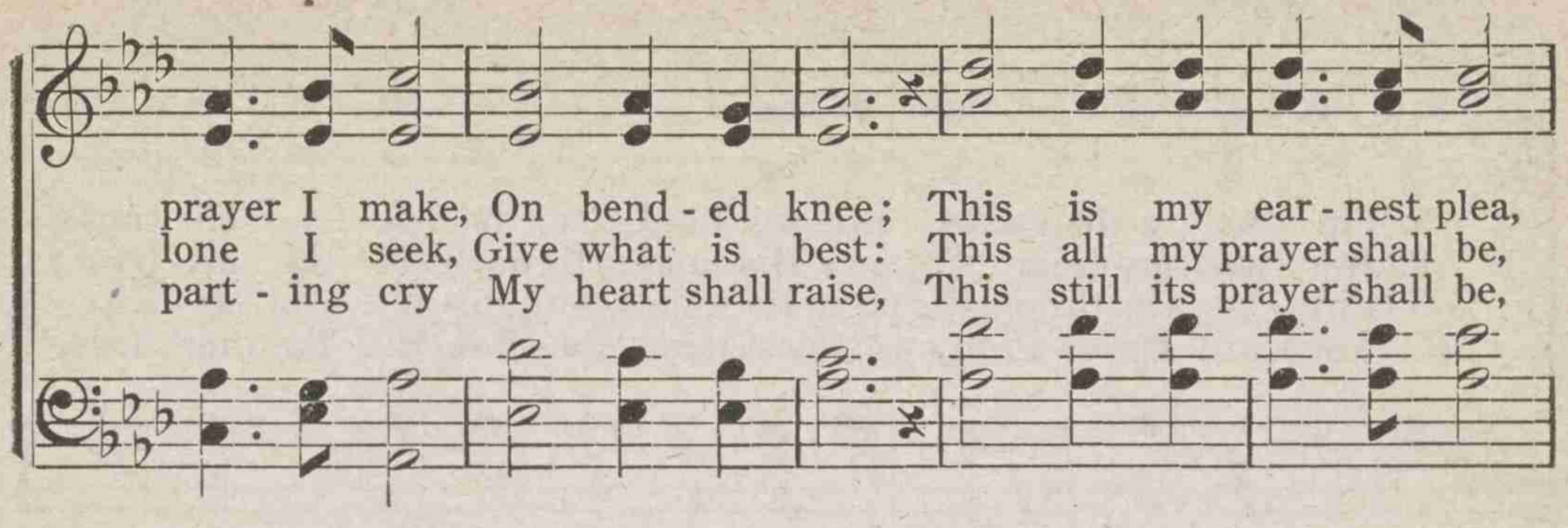
From "Harvest Bells Consolidated," by Rev. W. E. Penn.

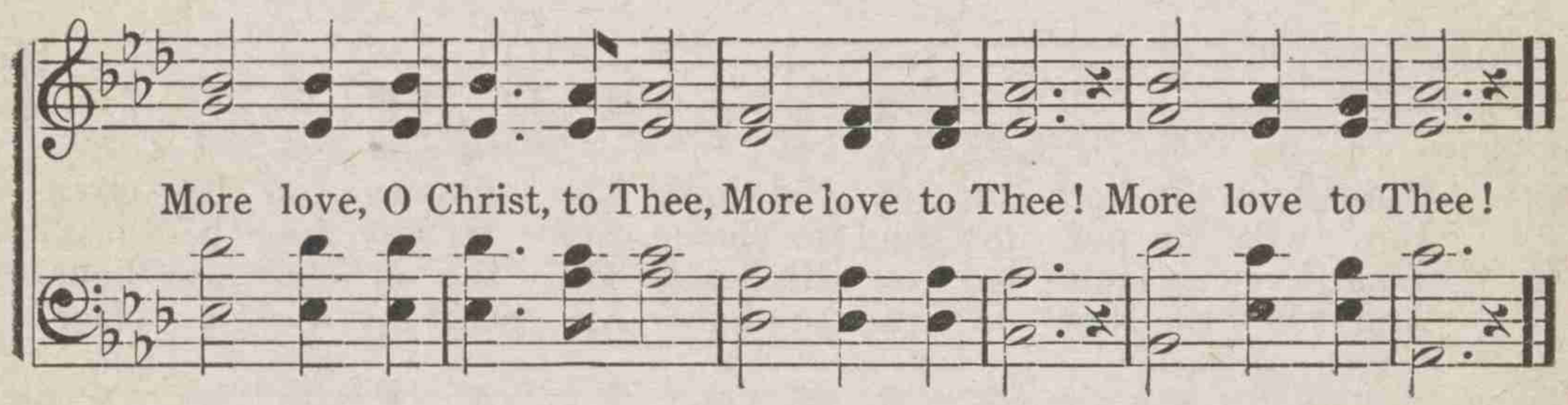
No. 116. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.
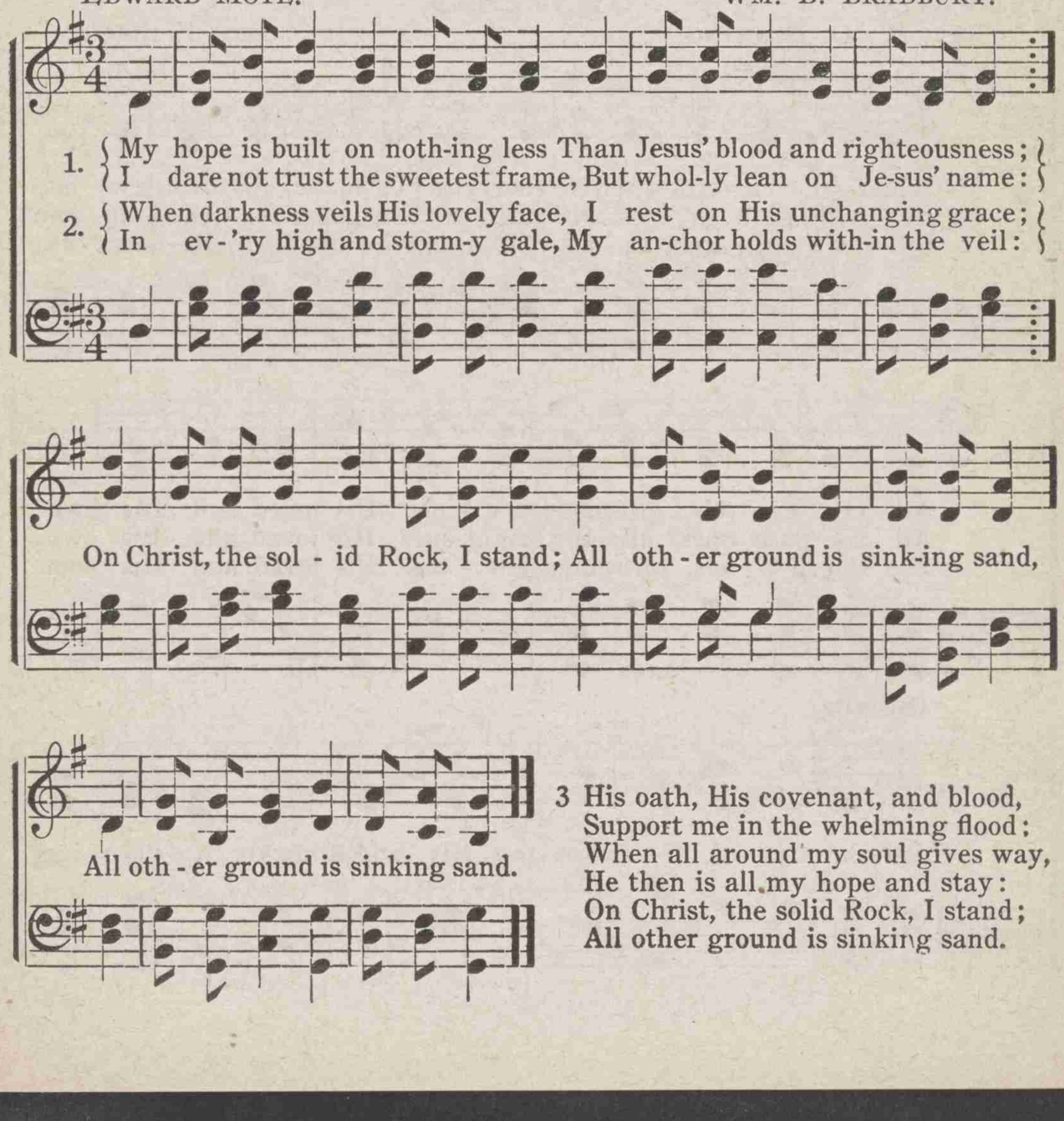


MORE LOVE TO THEE.





No. 117. SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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:
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

No. 118. DENFIELD. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. CARL G. GLASER.

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His prom-ise stands, And He can well se - cure
4. Then will He own my worthless name Be - fore His Fa-ther's face,

Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo-ry of His cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
What I've com-mit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place.

No. 119. JEWELS.

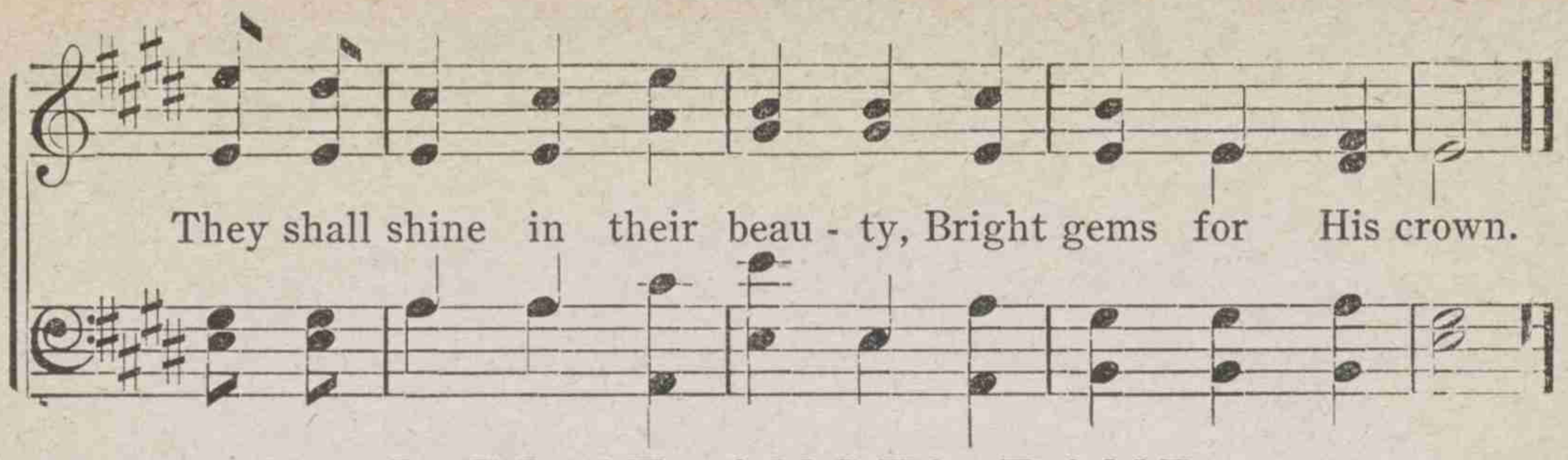
Rev. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren Who love their Re - deem - er,

All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own:
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
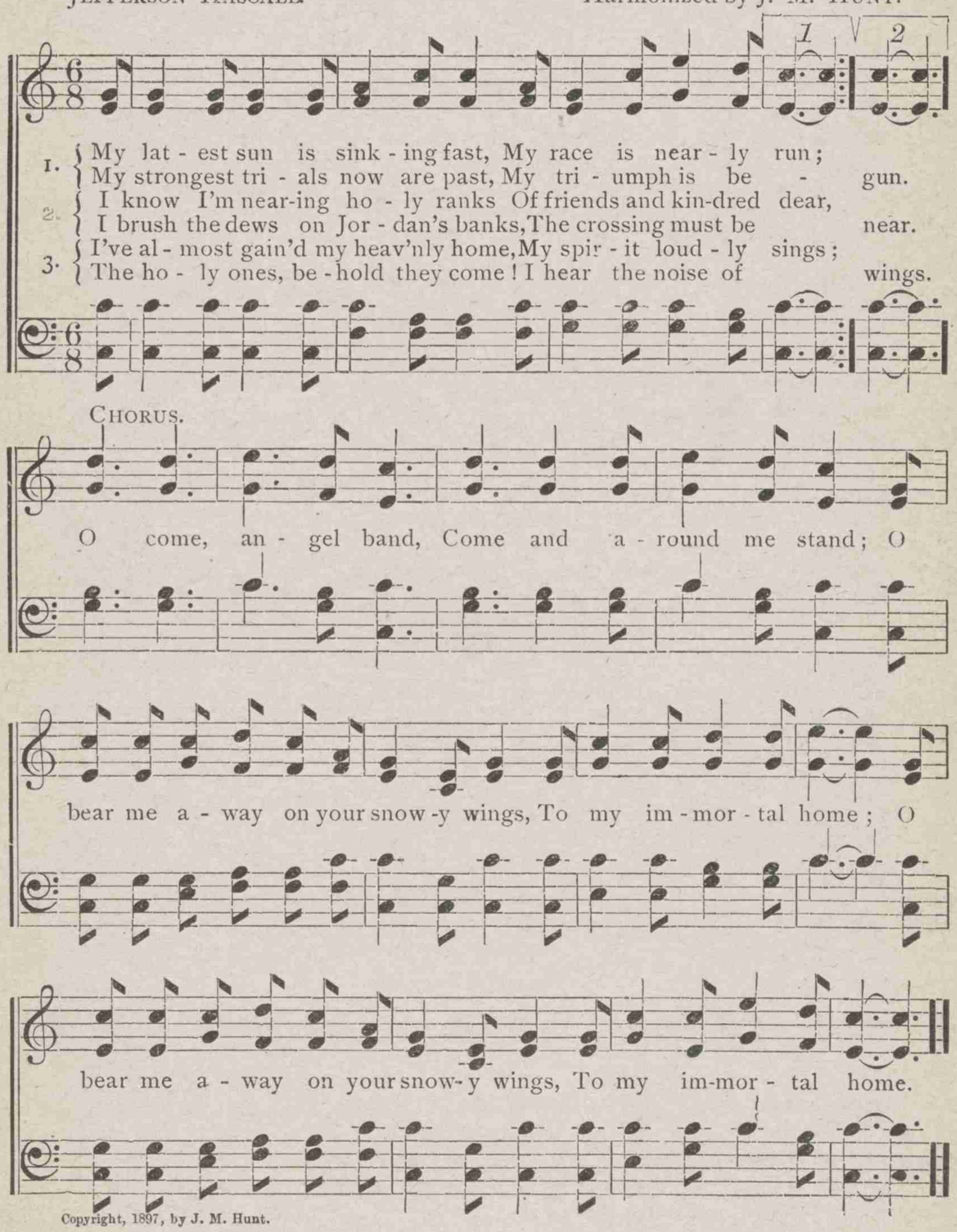
CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,



No. 120. O COME, ANGEL BAND.

JEFFERSON HASCALL. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



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No. 121. OPEN THE DOOR.

"Suffer little children to come unto me." — Luke 18: 16.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

Tenderly.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in;
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;

In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the plac - es of sin.
Bid them sit down at the ban-quet, Teach them your beau ti - ful songs.
Point them to truth and to Je - sus, Point them to heav-en's bright land.
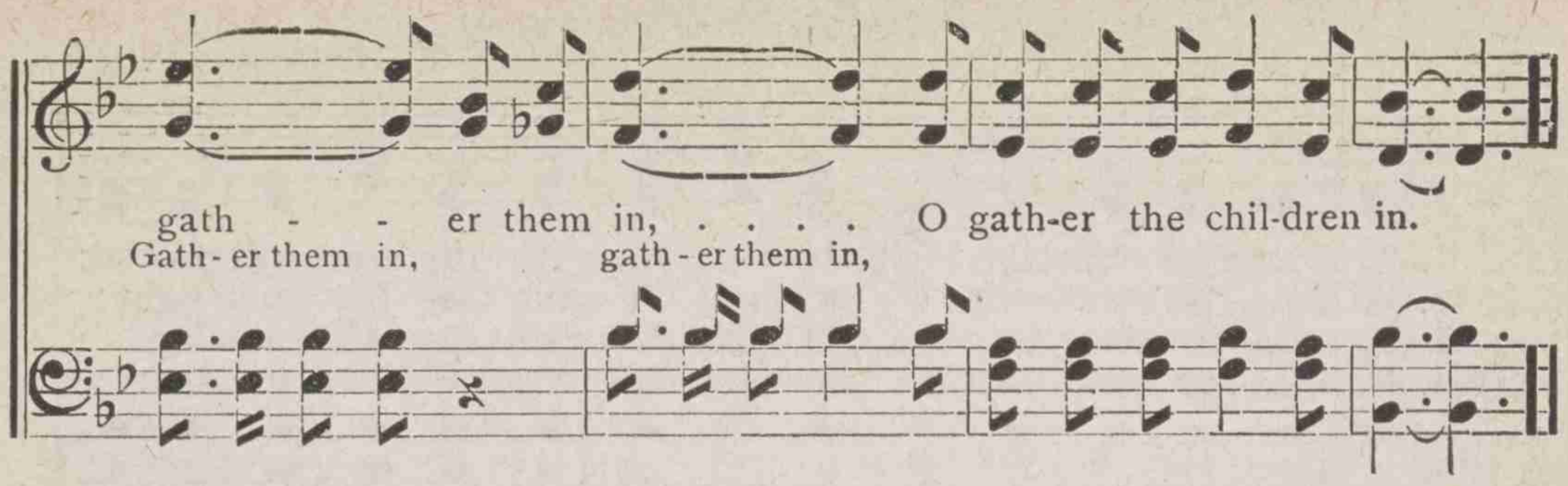
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Such is the king-dom of heaven.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.

CHORUS.
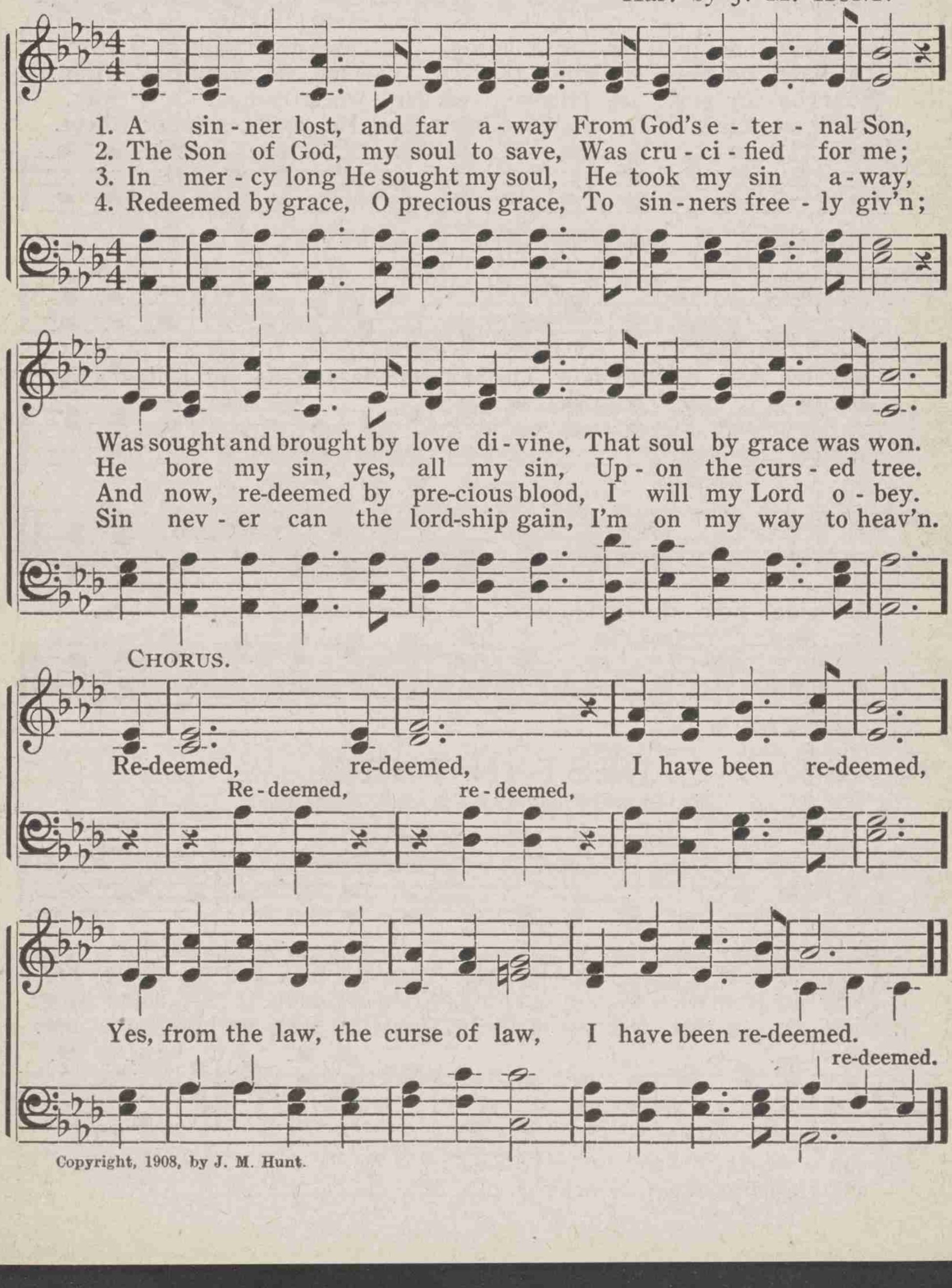
Gath - er them in, ... in - - to the fold, . . . O
Gath - er them in, gath - er them in, in - to the fold, in - to the fold:

OPEN THE DOOR.



No. 122. REDEEMED.

J. H. DEW. GAL. 3: 13. J. H. DEW.
Har. by J. M. HUNT.



Copyright, 1908, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 123. DECIDE NOW.

"So shall thy judgment be." I KINGS 20 : 40.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

1. O wan-d'rer come, this hour de-cide The path thy heart will choose;
2. Be-hold, He stands with o - pen arms To give thee life and light;
3. De-cide for Him, thy dear-est friend, Why wilt thou yet de-lay?
4. No oth - er name but His can save, Then haste His love to share;

Say, wilt thou live for Christ a-lone, O canst thou still re - fuse?
His word be-lieve, His grace re-ceive, O come be saved to - night.
What tho' thy sins are crim-son red, He'll wash them all a - way.
Throw o - pen wide thy yield-ing heart, And He will en - ter there.

CHORUS.

De-cide now, de-cide now, The Sav-iour is ten-der-ly call-ing thee;

De-cide now, de-cide now, To-mor-row may nev-er be.

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane.
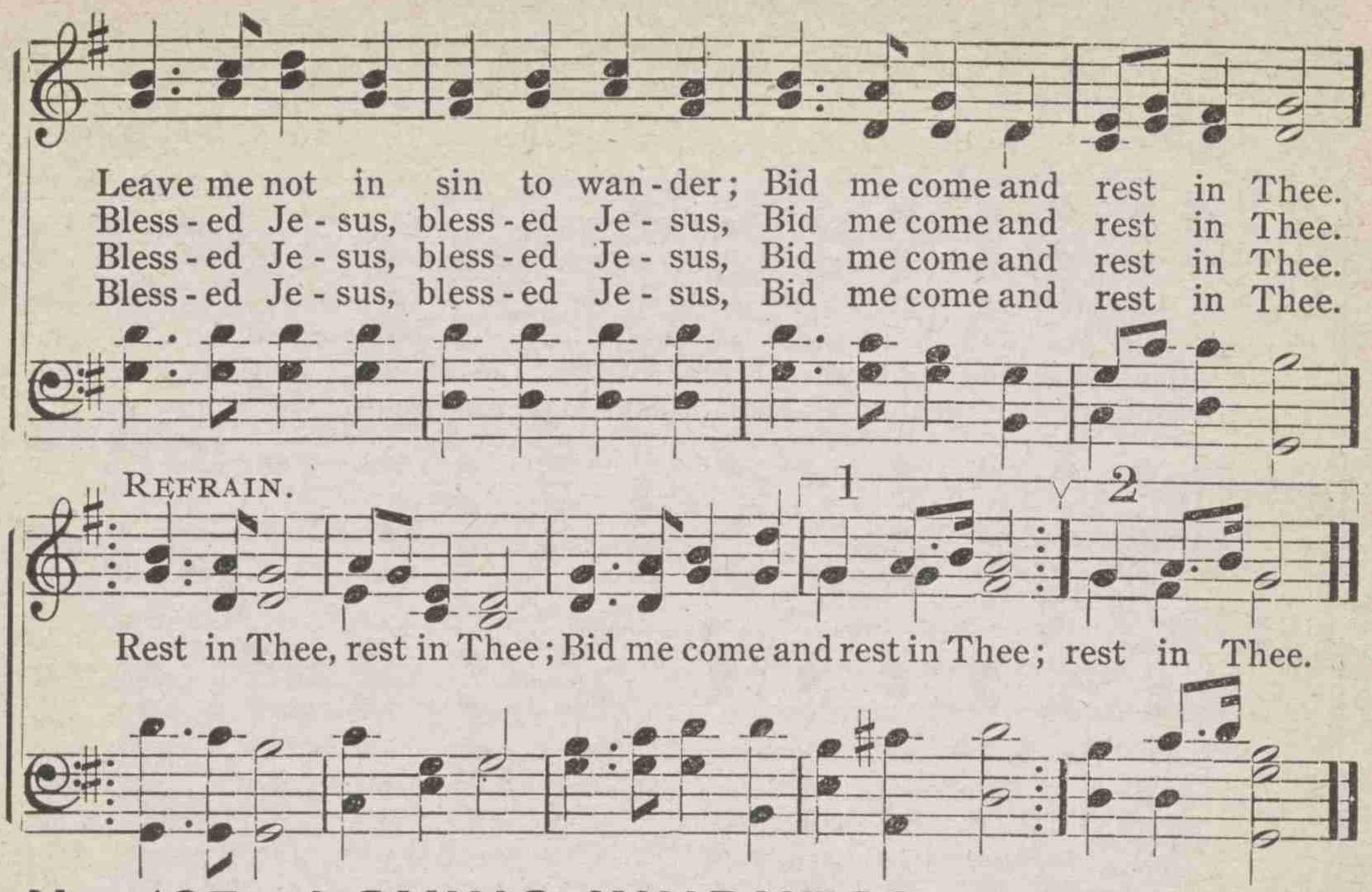
No. 124. REST IN THEE.

"That in me ye might have peace." JOHN 16 : 33.

E. TURNEY, D. D. R. LOWRY.
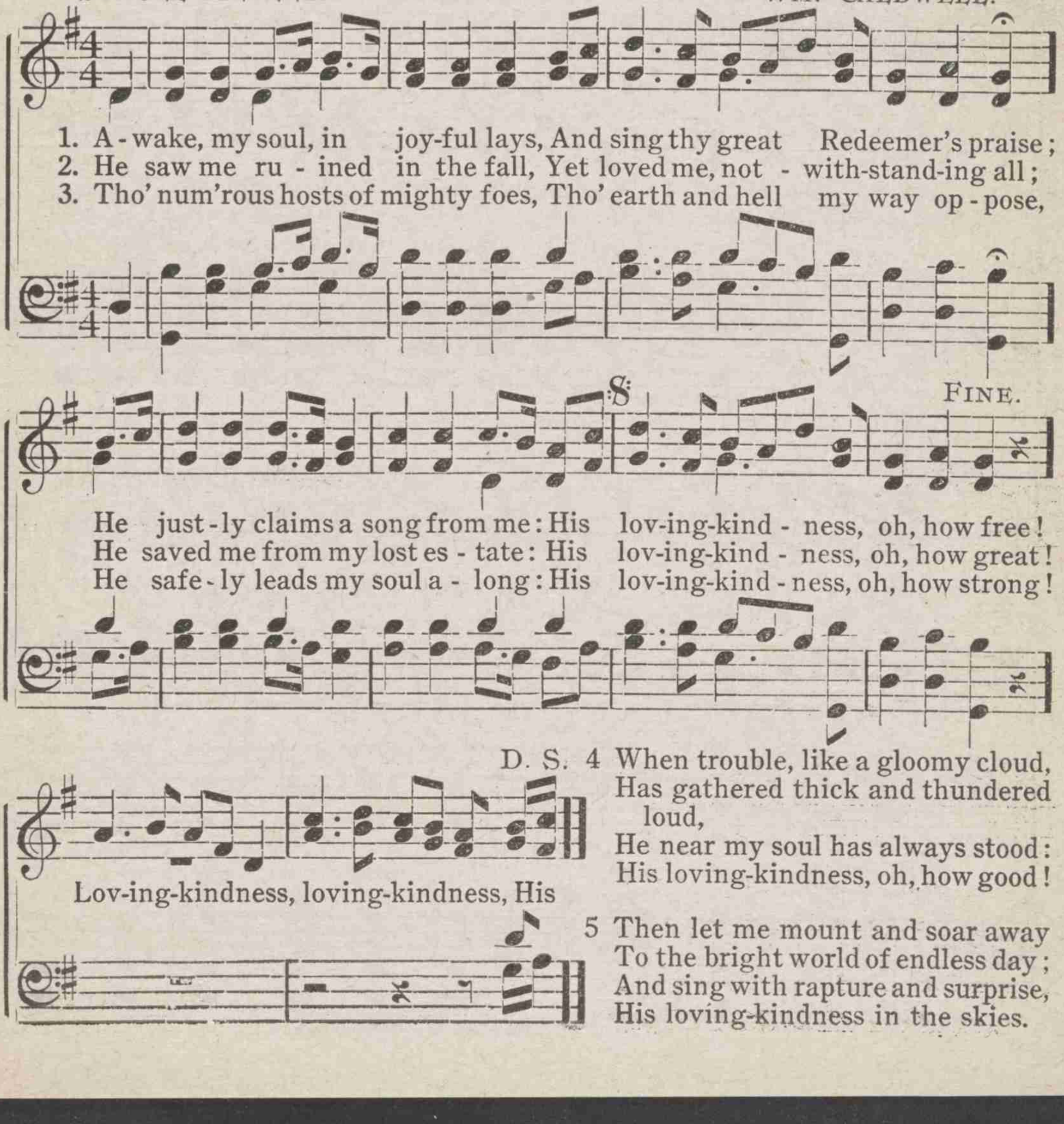
1. Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou who gav'st Thyself for me,
2. Hope of all the meek and low-ly, Thou my hope and joy shalt be:
3. Draw me from each sin-ful striv-ing; From my-self, O set me free:
4. High-est, pur-est, sweet-est pleasure, Shall Thy serv-ice bring to me:

REST IN THEE.



No. 125. LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

Samuel Medley. Wm. Caldwell.



4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

No. 126. TELL IT AGAIN.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent. Bending over him he said: "God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

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

1. In - to the tent where a Gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing, a - lone,
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en -
4. Smil - ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad

at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my
tered the val - ley of death? "God sent His Son!—who - so -
that for me He was sent!" Whis-pered while low sank the
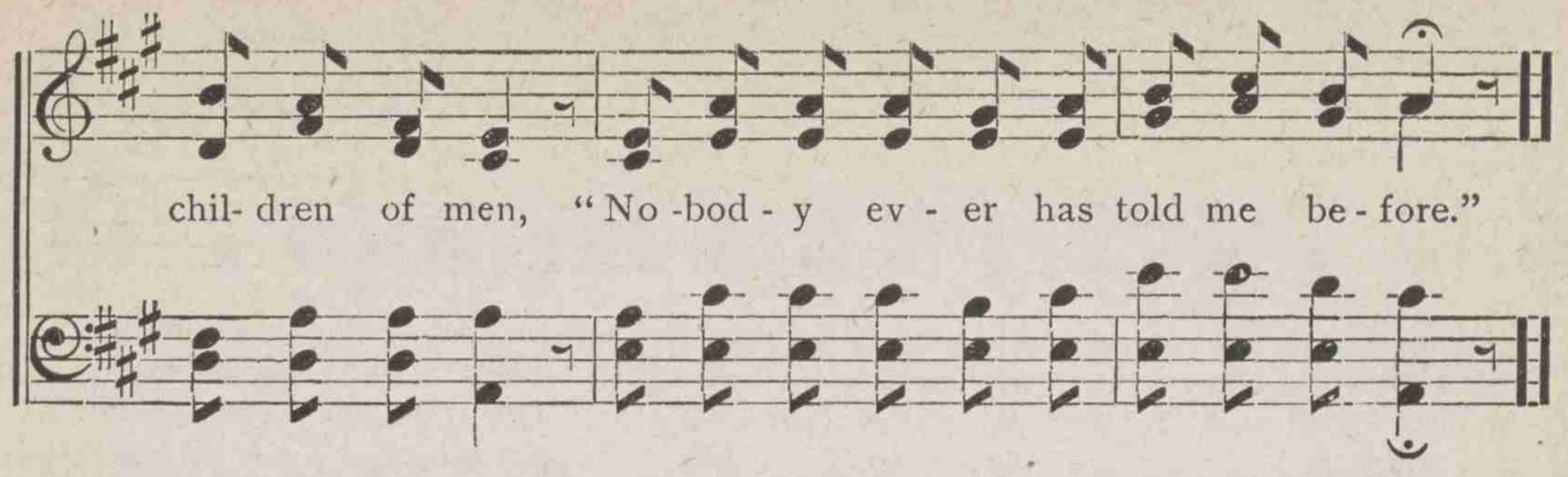
car - ried—said he: "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
hand will He hold?—"No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told."
ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me."
sun in the west: "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest."

CHORUS.

Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re -
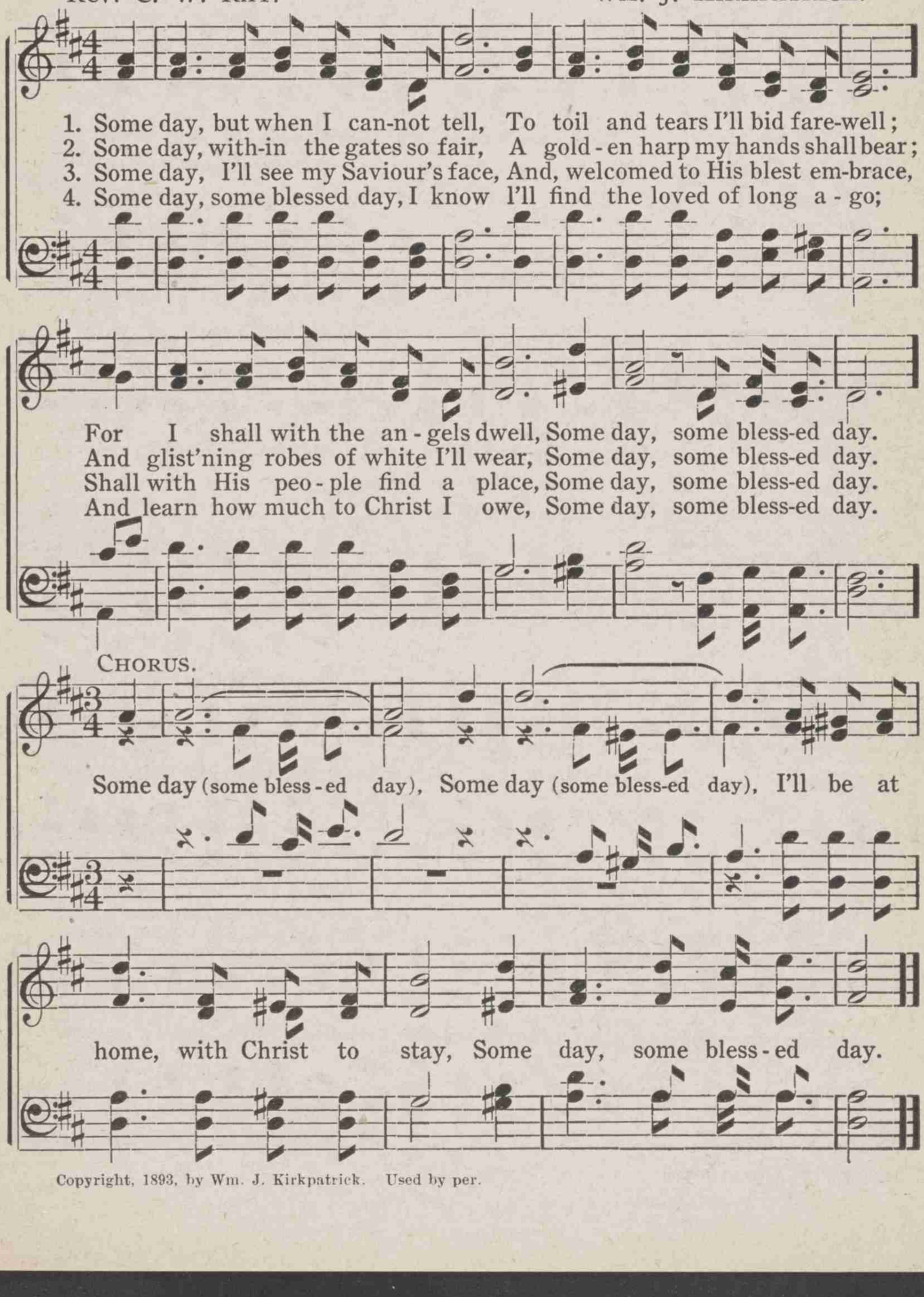
peat o'er and o'er. Till none can say of the

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No. 127. SOME BLESSED DAY.

Rev. C. W. Ray. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



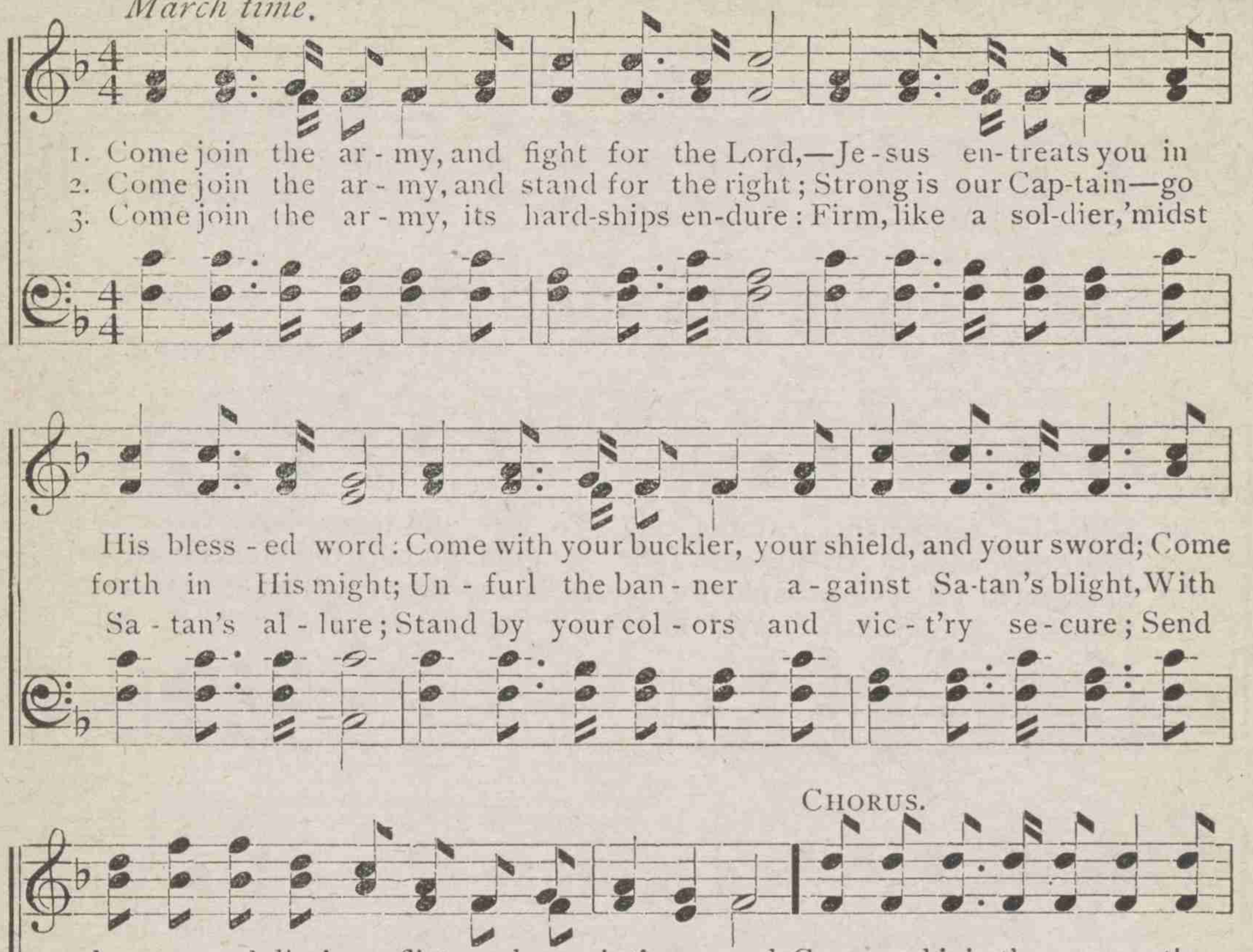
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No. 128. COME JOIN THE ARMY.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." — Rev. 2: 10.

J. M. HUNT. S. M. BROWN.
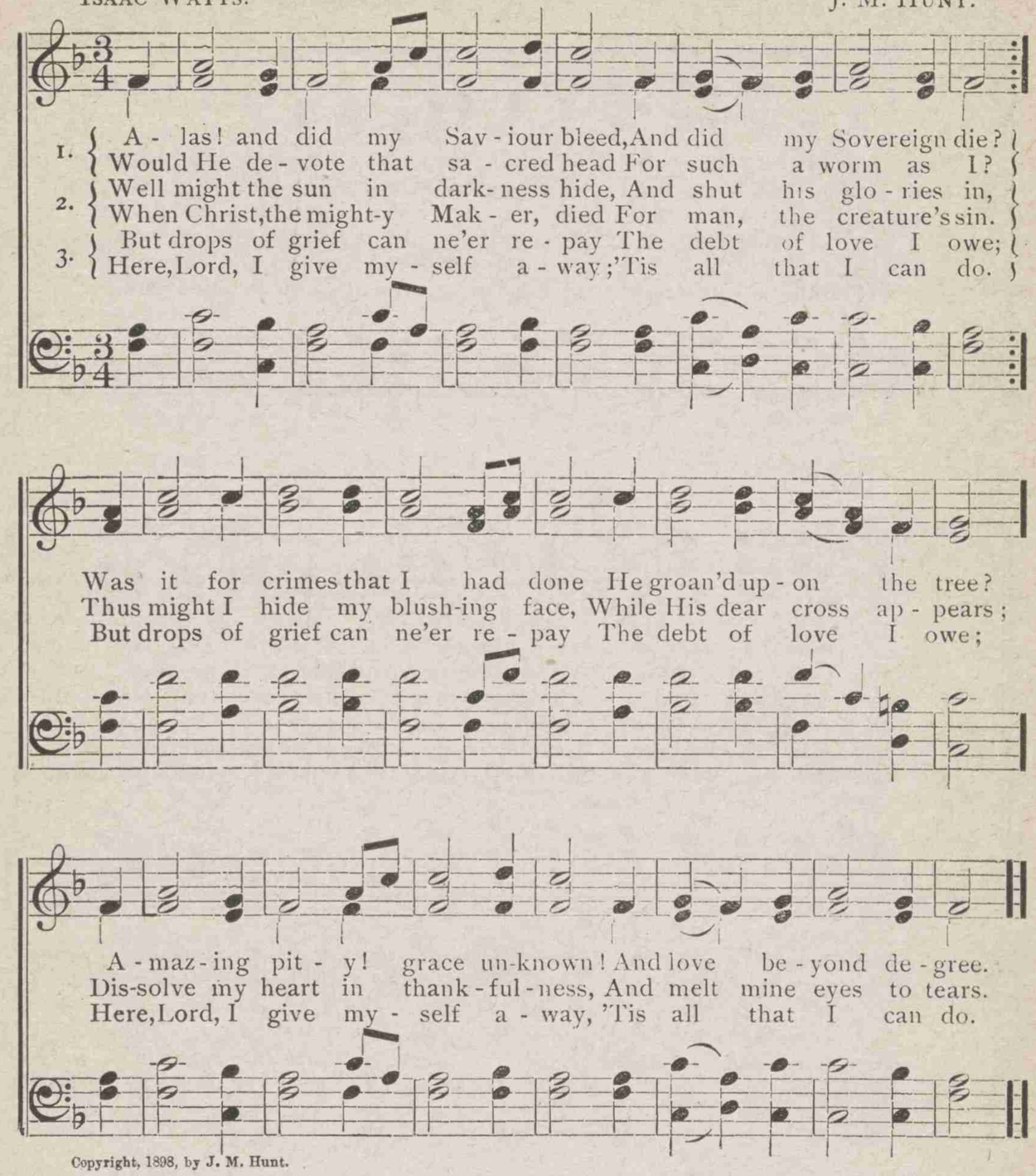
March time.



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No. 129. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS. J. M. HUNT.



Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Hunt.

No. 130.

KEY OF C.

1. I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou mightst ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
‖: I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?:‖

2. My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
‖: I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?:‖
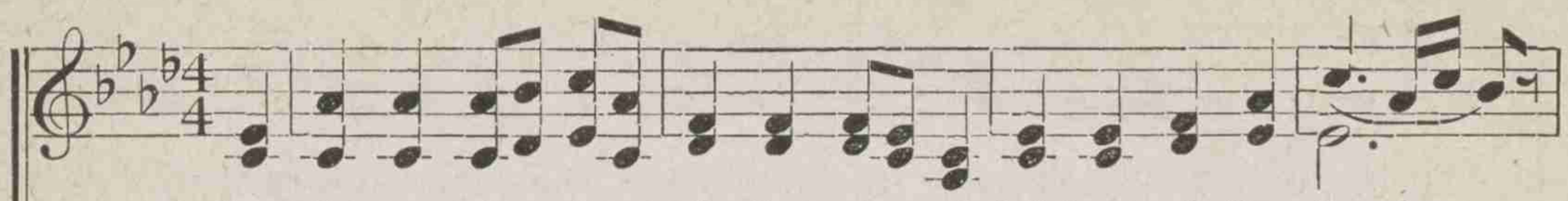
3. I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
‖: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?:‖

4. And I have brought to thee.
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
‖: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?:‖
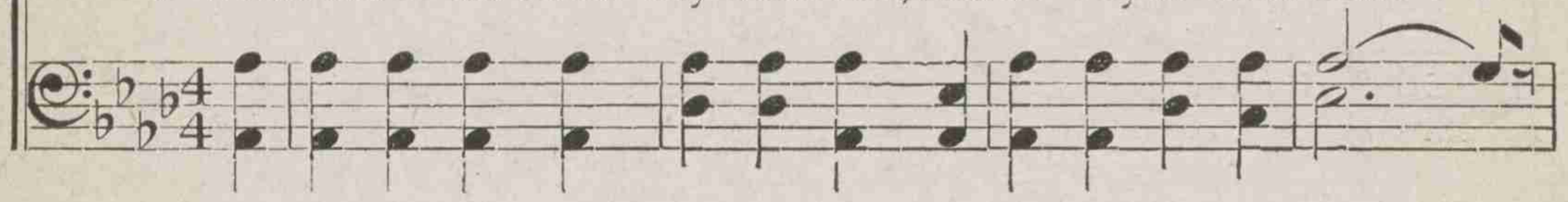
F. R. HAVERGAL.
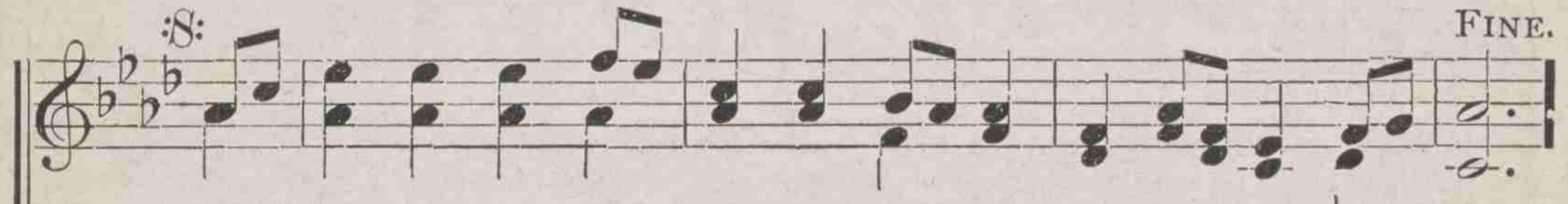
No. 131. MOUNT PISGAH.

ISAAC WATTS. Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.



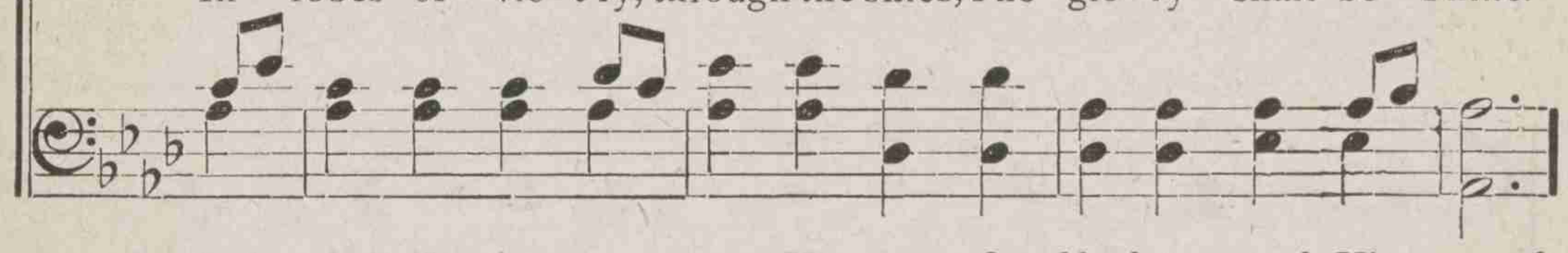
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross,—A foll-'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'-'ry beds of ease, . .
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? . .
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord. . .
5. Thy saints, in all this glo-rious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





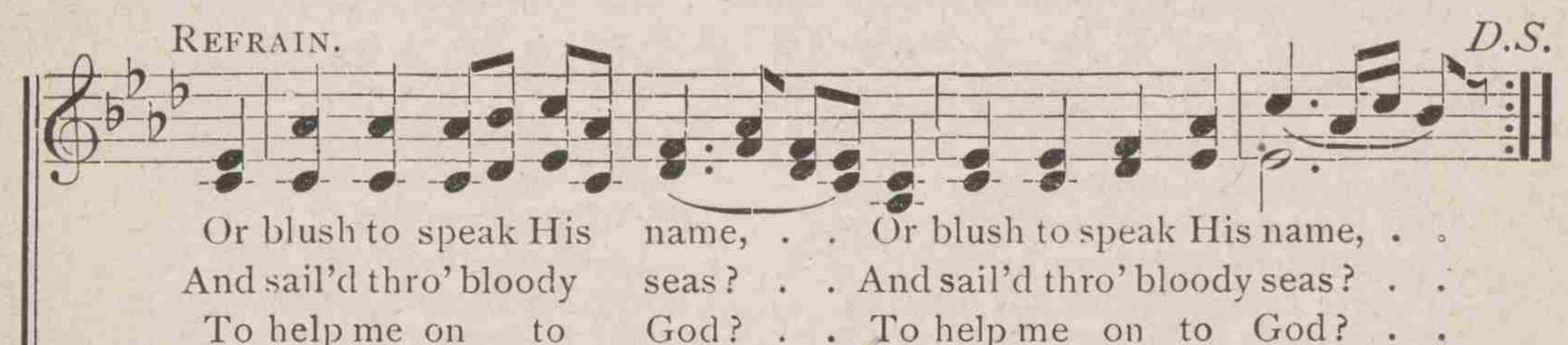
FINE.

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy wo-d.
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
In robes of vic - t'ry, through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.



D. S. *And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?*
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
In robes of vic-t'ry, through the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*



Or blush to speak His name, . . Or blush to speak His name, . .
And sail'd thro' bloody seas? . . And sail'd thro' bloody seas? . .
To help me on to God? . . To help me on to God? . .
Sup-port- ed by Thy word, . . Sup-port-ed by Thy word. . .
By faith they bring it nigh, . . By faith they bring it nigh. . .
The glo - ry shall be Thine, . . The glo - ry shall be Thine. .



No. 132. RING THE BELLS.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

FRANK M. DAVIS — CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos-pel bells, Ech - o their mu - sic o'er
2. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos-pel bells, Je - sus has ris - en to
3. Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gos-pel bells, Let hill and val-ley with

land and sea; Je - sus has ris - en the lost to save, Ring to the world the
die no more; Earth from her bondage of sin is free, Ring out the news from
prais-es ring; Je - sus has brok-en the bars of death, Crown Him, oh, crown Him

CHORUS.

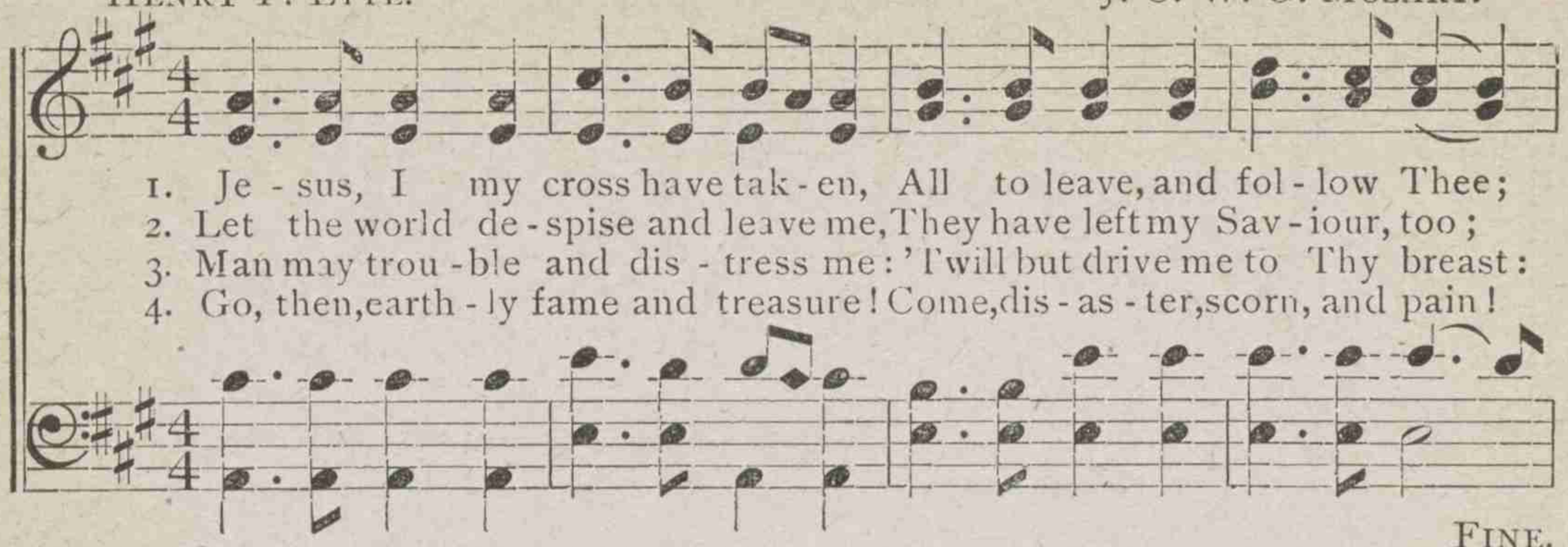
Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the
vic - to - ry. Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells,
shore to shore.
Saviour, King.

bells,
Ring, ring the bells, Oh, what joy to the world your sweet mu-sic tells!

Je - sus has ris'n the lost to save; Ring, ring the bells, the sweet Gospel bells.

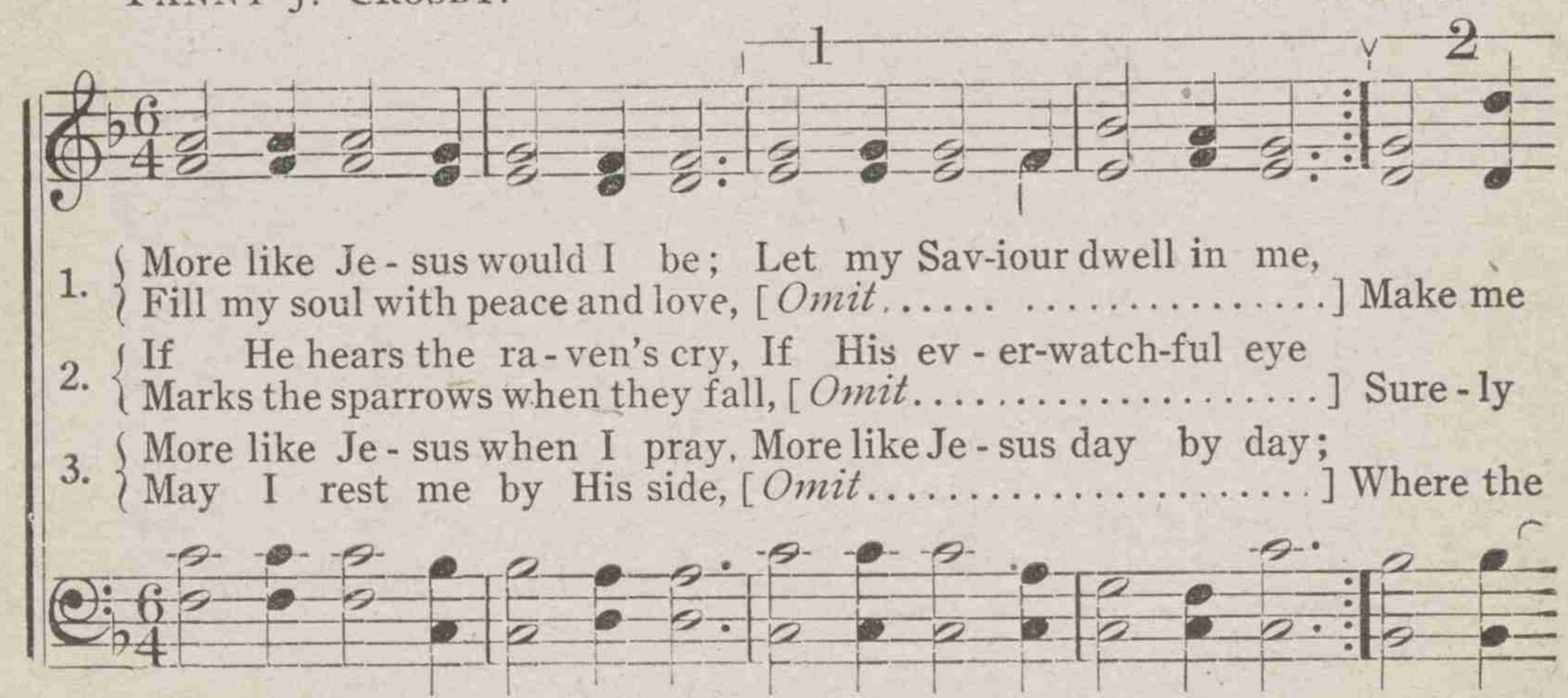
No. 133. ELLESTON. 8s, 7s, D.

HENRY F. LYTE. J. C. W. G. MOZART.



No. 134. MORE LIKE JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



gen - tle as a dove. More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil-grim in this
He will hear my call. He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful
tran-quil wa - ters glide. Born of Him, thro' grace renewed, By His love my

world be-low; Poor in spirit would I be,—Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.
tho'ts forgive; Pure in heart I still would be,—Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.
will subdued, Rich in faith I still would be,—Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.

No. 135. HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.

JOSEPH 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 deep-est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers 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's won,
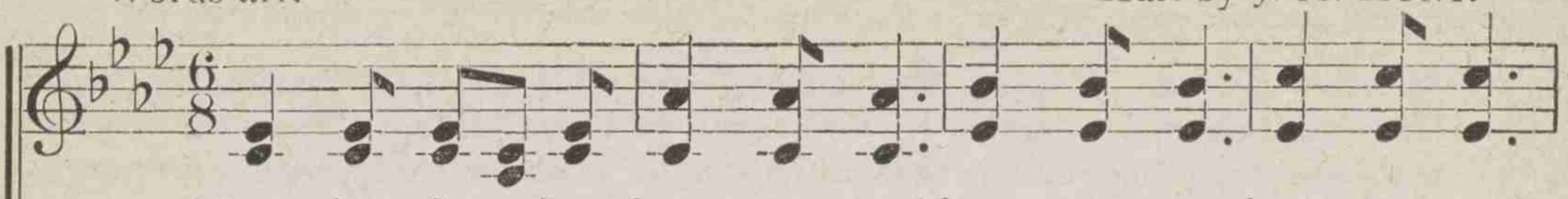
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 't is God's hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 't is my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.
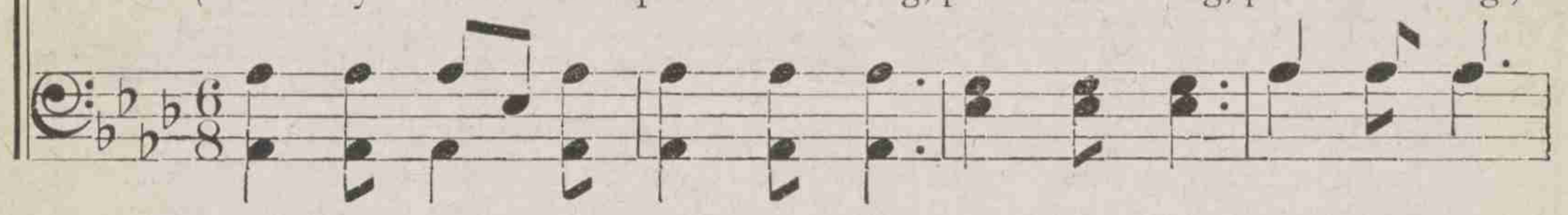
{ He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;
{ His faithful follower I will be, Since by His hand He [*Omit . . .*] leadeth me.
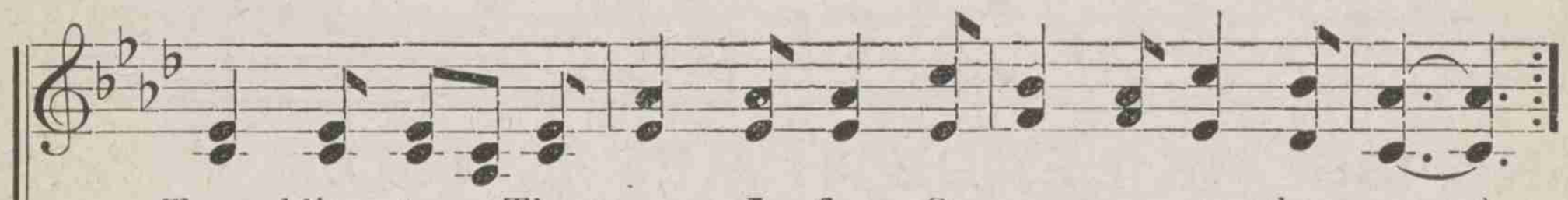
No. 136. SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.

Words arr. Har. by J. M. HUNT.
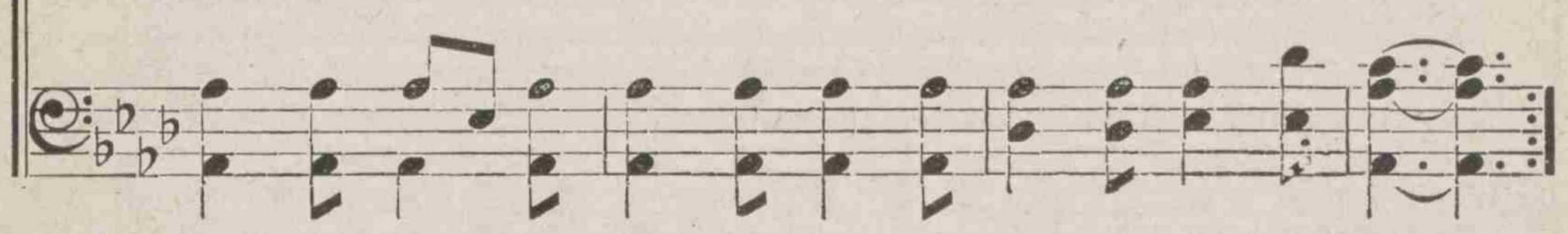


1. Lov - ing Sav - iour, hear my cry! hear my cry, hear my cry;
   I have sinn'd, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died;
2. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray;
   Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free;
3. Wash me in Thy cleans- ing blood, cleans-ing blood, cleansing blood;
   On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par - don bring;
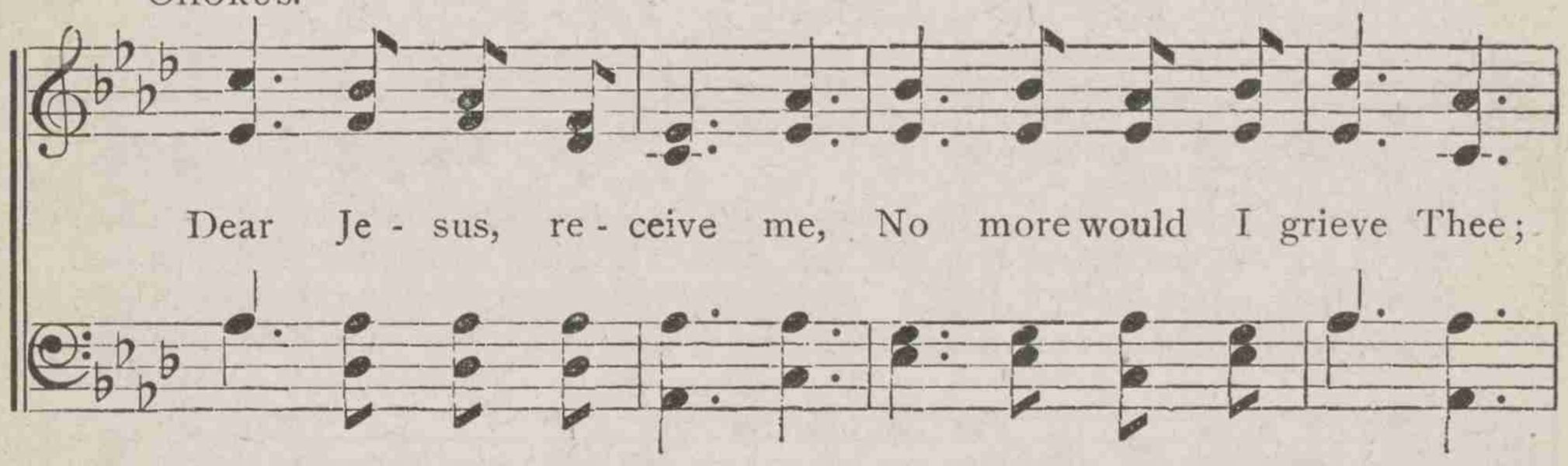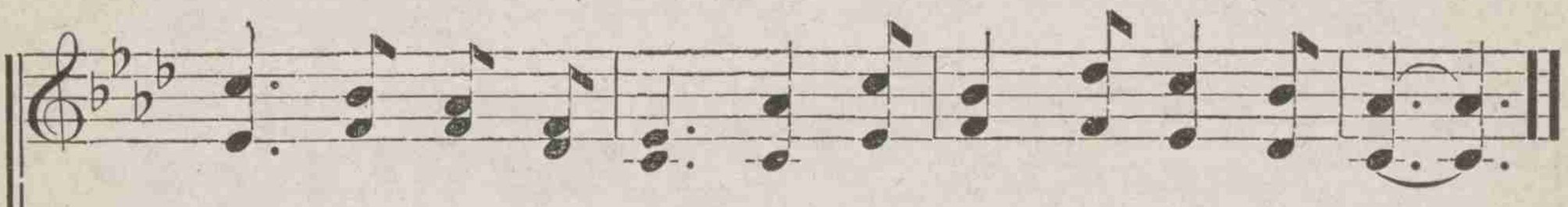




Trem- bling to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
In Thy mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
Thou of life the on - ly way, O save me at the cross.
Have com - pas - sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
Plunge me now be - neath its flood, O save me at the cross.
Then by faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.
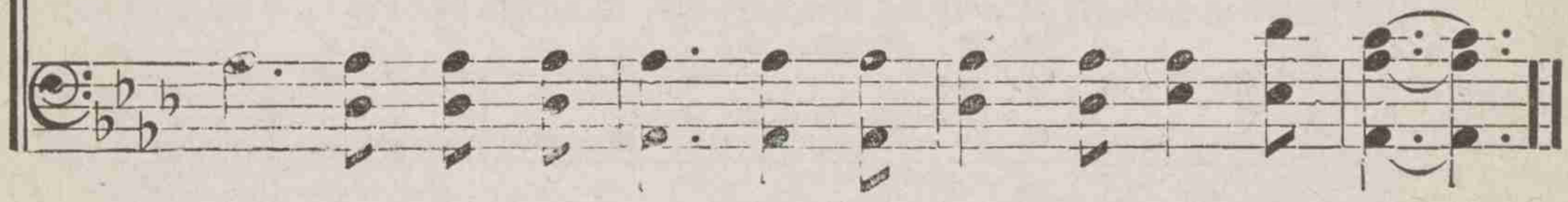


CHORUS.



Dear Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more would I grieve Thee;
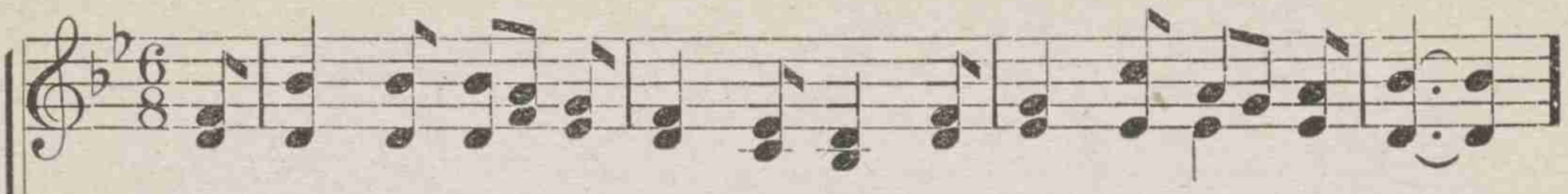


Now, bless - ed Re- deem - er, O save me at the cross.



No. 137. GOD'S LAW.

"O how I love Thy law."—Psa. 119: 97.

Rev. Frank Pollock. C. E. Pollock.



1. I love Thy ho - ly law, my Lord, 'T is sweet-er far to me
2. Its gra-cious pow'r, how won-der - ful, To make the sin - sick whole!
3. I'll go to it, when troub-le throws Its shad-ows o'er my way,
4. So peace and love shall sweet-en life, And hope di - vine shall sing;
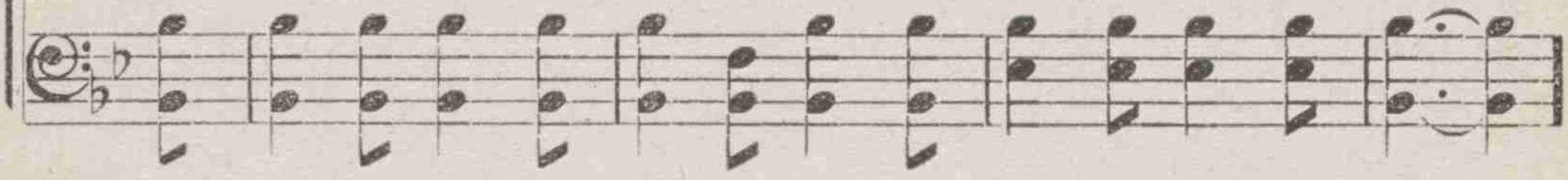




Than hon - ey and the hon - ey-comb, Or wealth, or life, can be.
Its ra-diance shines up - on me now, And heav - en fills my soul.
And there I'll hope, and pray, and wait, Till dark - ness turns to day.
Thy words shall light me home at last, To see my glo - rious King.



Chorus.
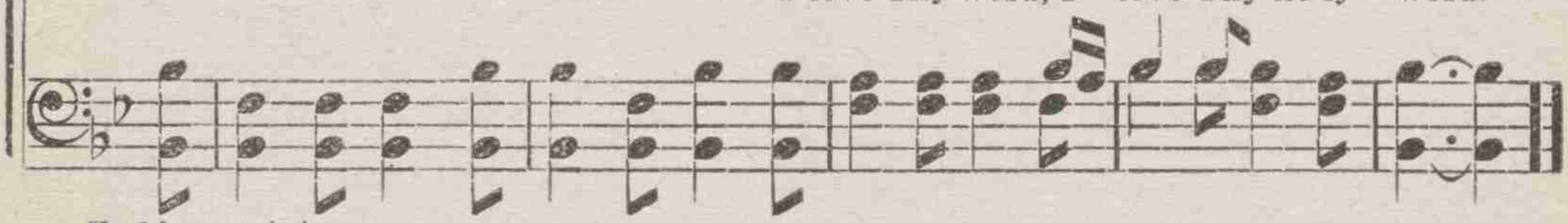


I love, . . . I love,. . . . I love Thy law, my Lord;
I love Thy law, I love Thy law,
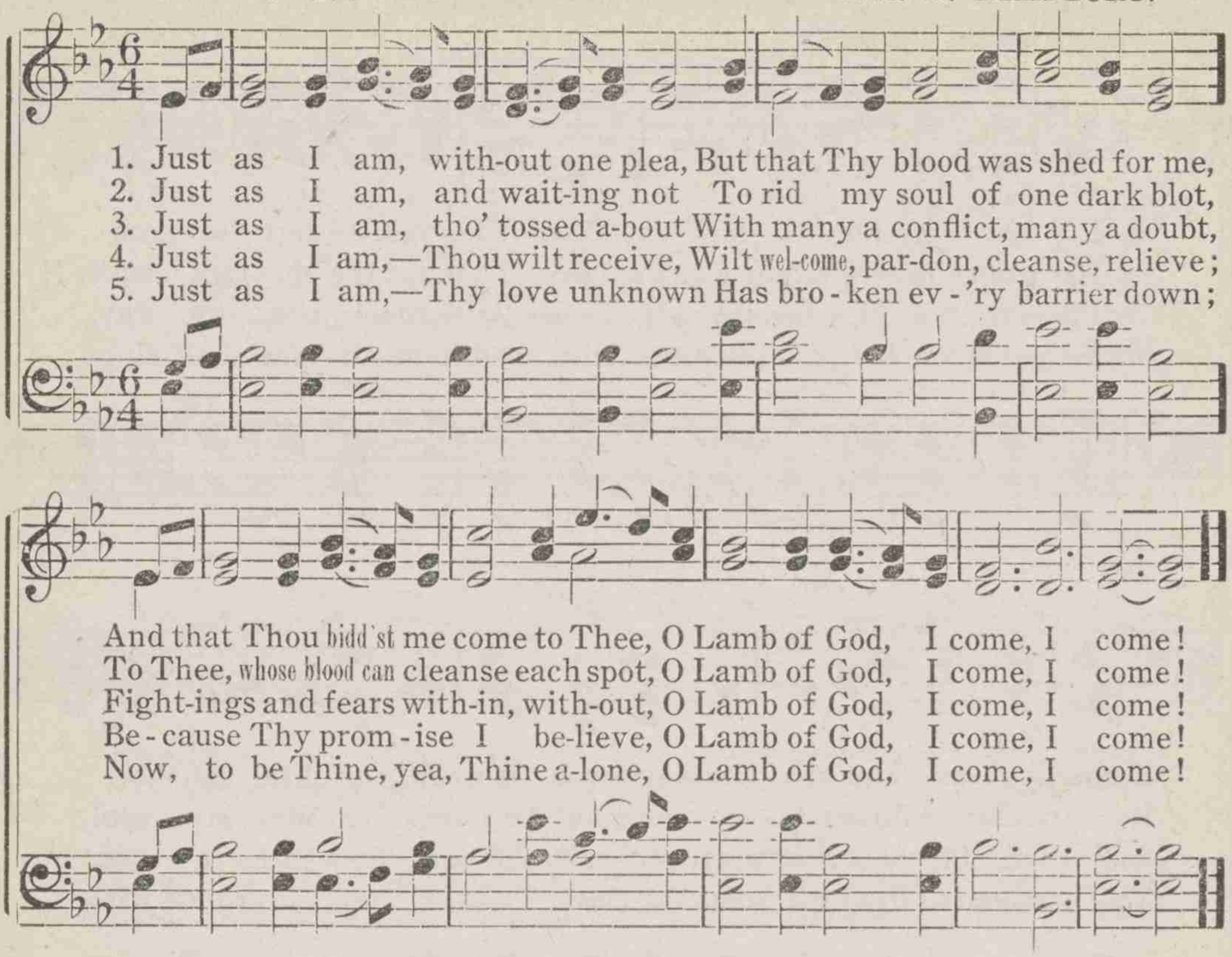




Its precepts make me tru-ly wise; I love, . . I love. . . . Thy word.
I love Thy word, I love Thy ho-ly word.



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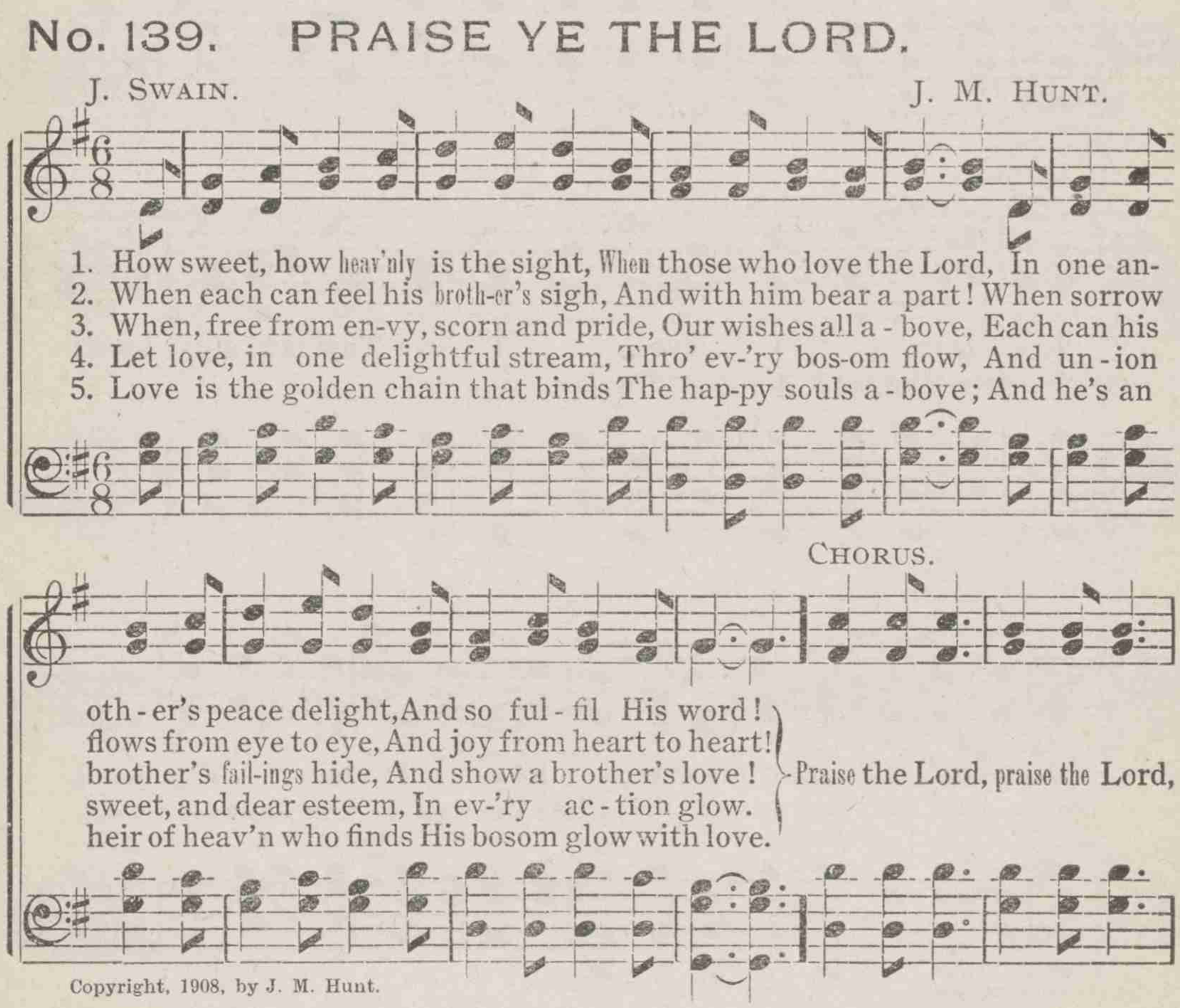
No. 138. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



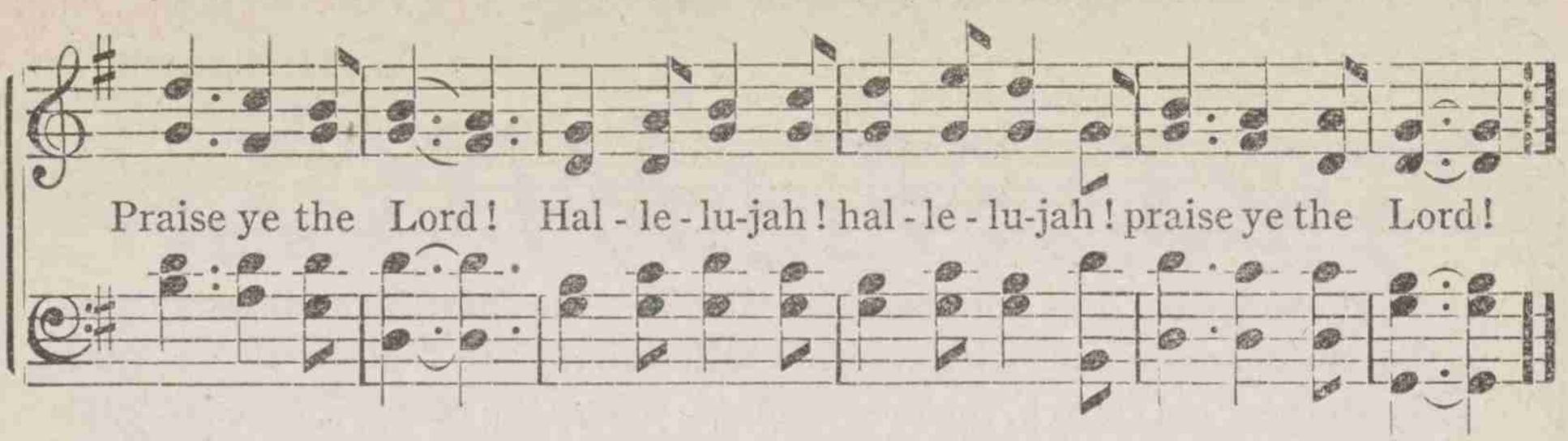
No. 139. PRAISE YE THE LORD.

J. SWAIN. J. M. HUNT.
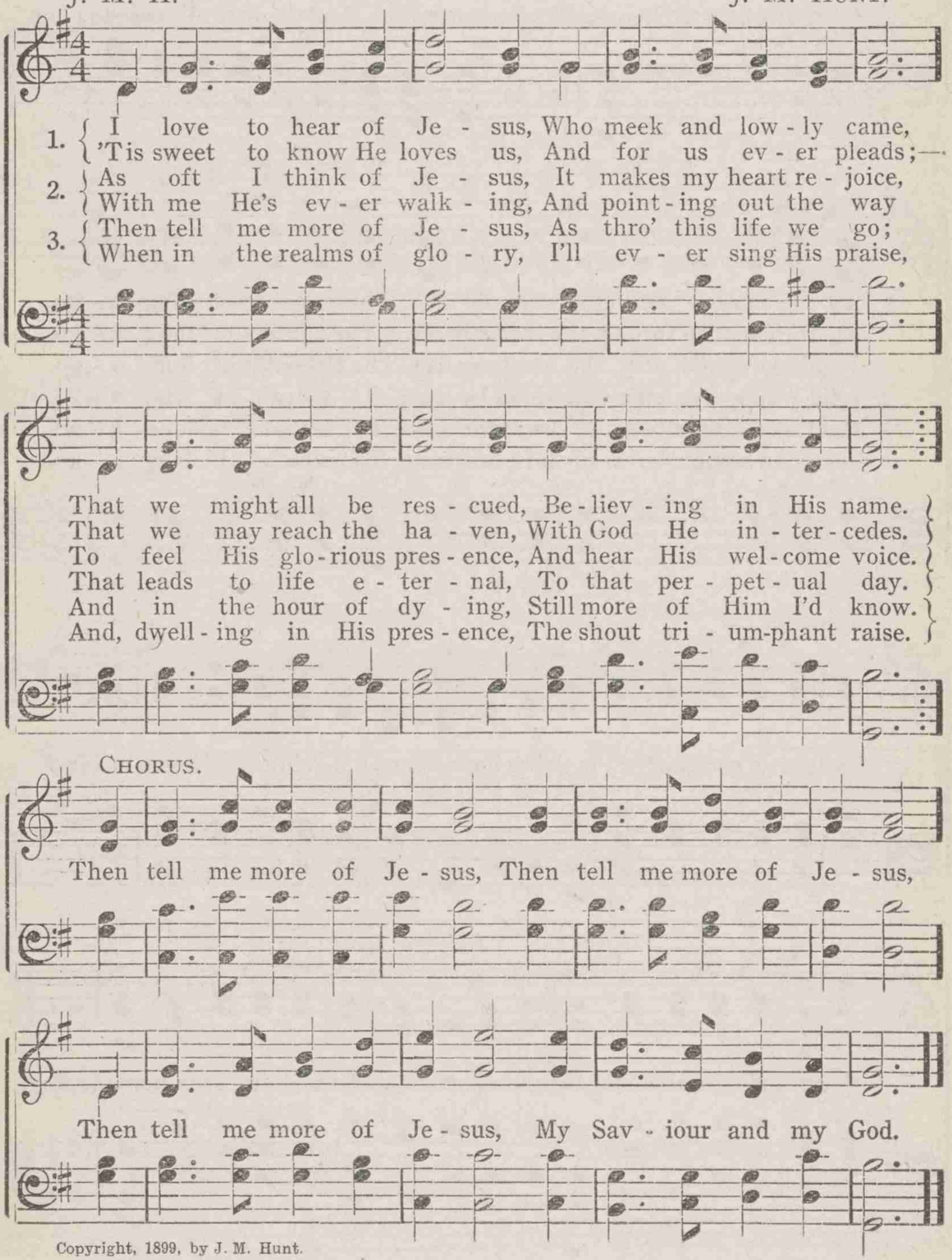


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PRAISE YE THE LORD.



No. 140. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.
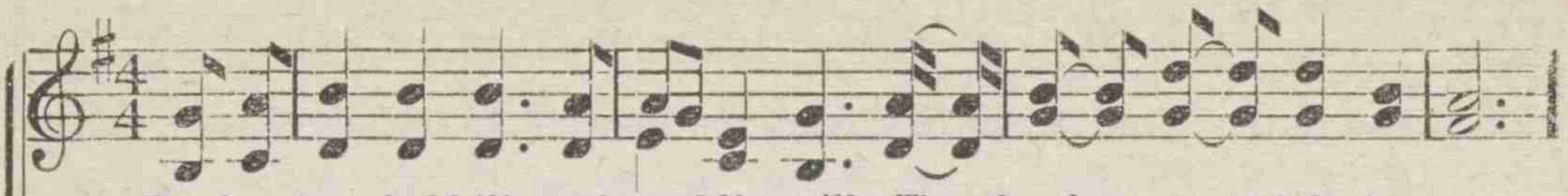
J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.



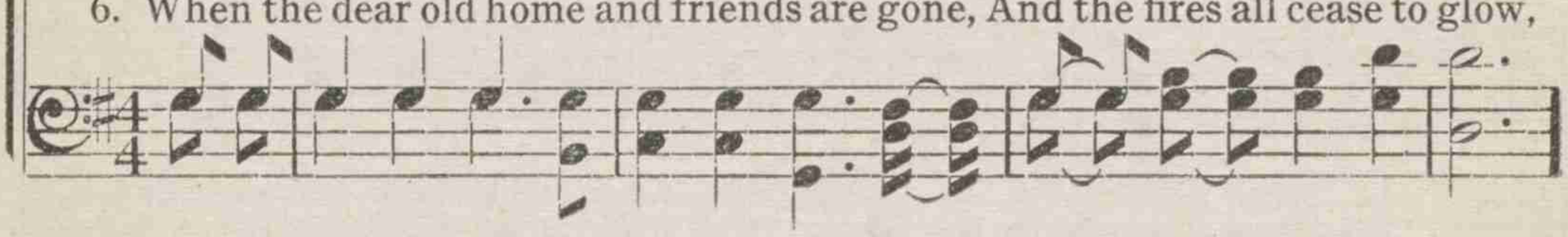
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No. 141. GOING BACK HOME TO STAY.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

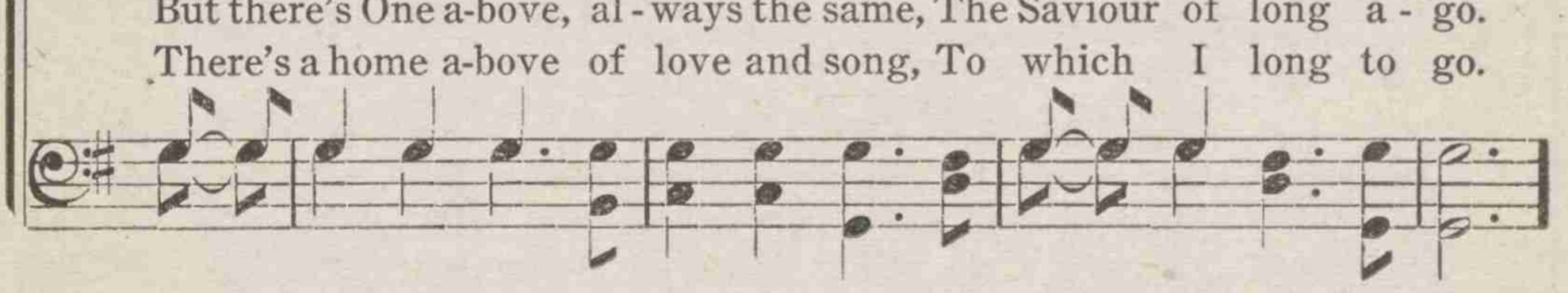


1. To the pine-clad hills and sparkling rills, Where the chestnut and the ivy grow,
2. To the dear old home with chimney tall, And the fire - place all a - glow,
3. To the dear old church, the house of God, Where the people I used to know
4. To the grassy graves where parents sleep, The home I soon shall know,
5. All the moons may wane, the scenes may change, The ages may come and go,
6. When the dear old home and friends are gone, And the fires all cease to glow,
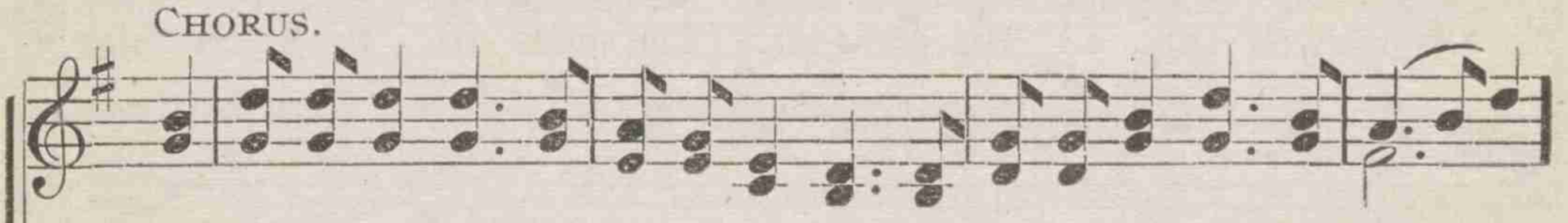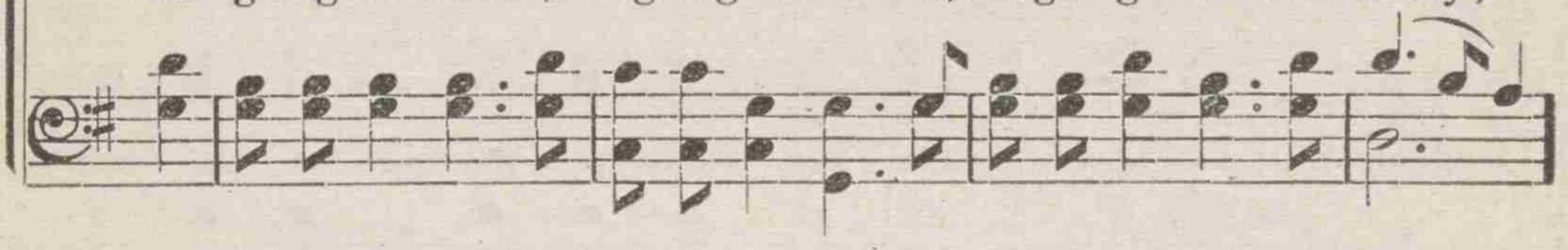




To the sha - dy dell, the deep old well, The summers of long a - go,
To the cheerful throng, the thrilling song, The winters of long a - go,
Would sing and pray the live-long day, The Sabbaths of long a - go,
Laid side by side with those I love, I loved so long a - go,
But there's One a-bove, al - ways the same, The Saviour of long a - go.
There's a home a-bove of love and song, To which I long to go.
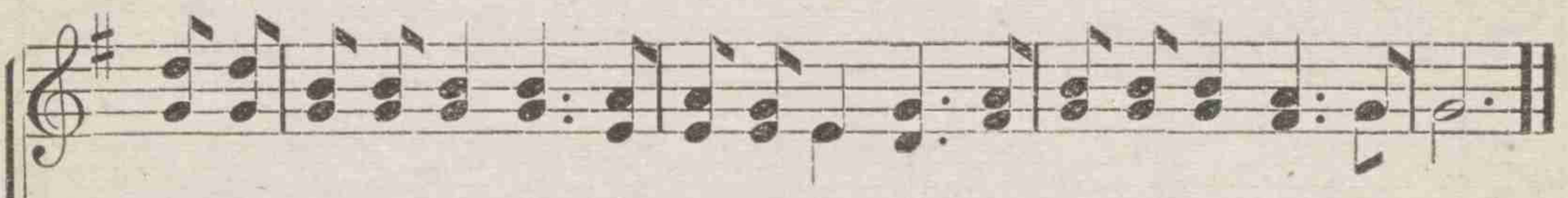


CHORUS.
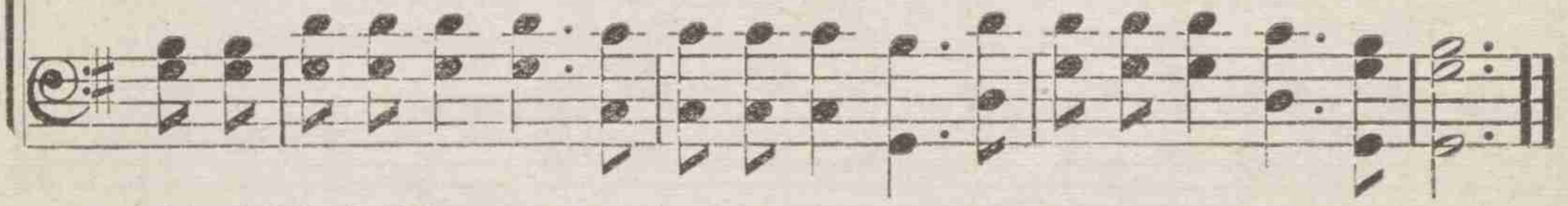


I'm going back home, I'm going back home, I'm going back home to-day;





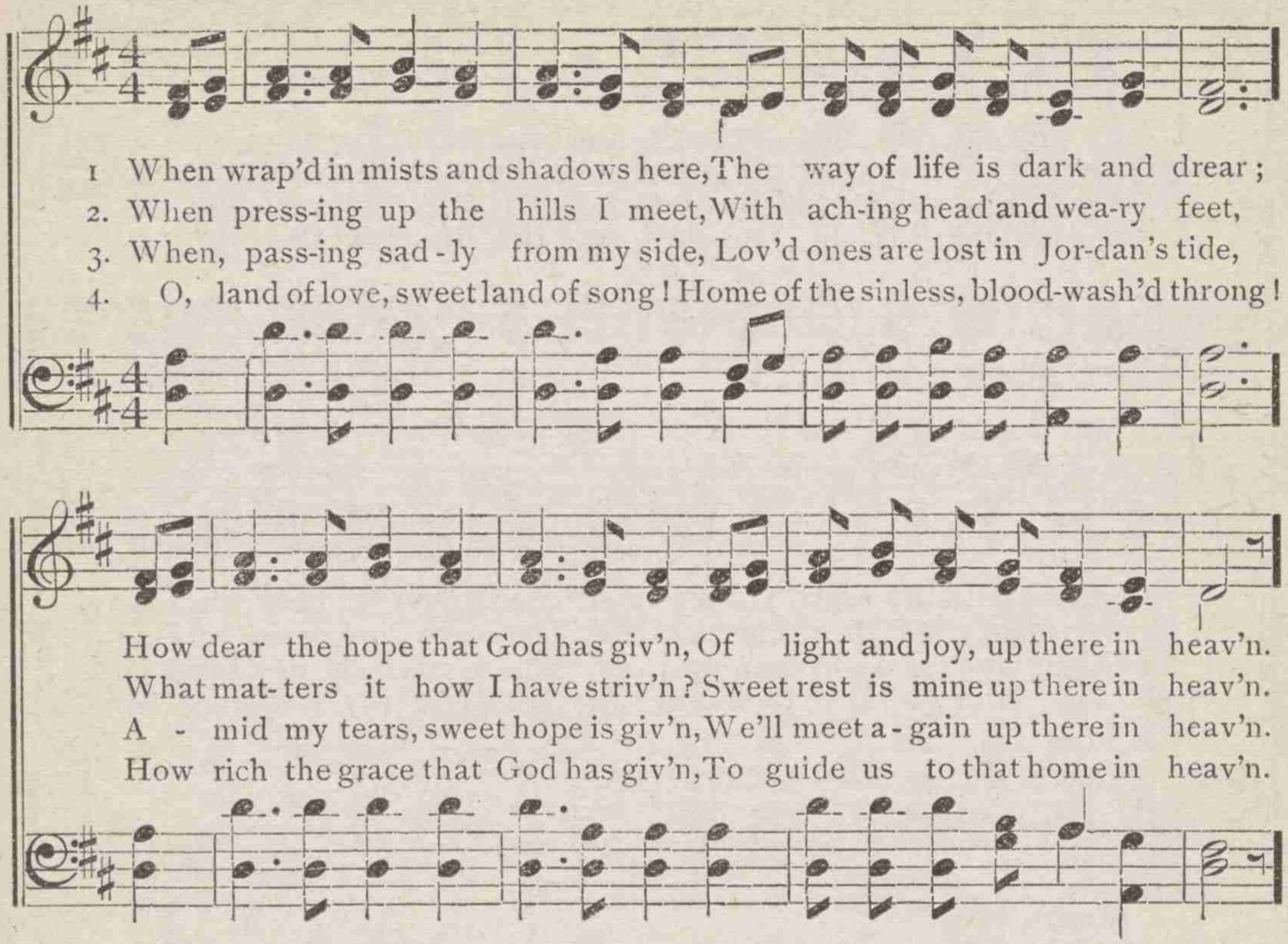
I am going back home, I'm going back home, I'm going back home to stay.



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No. 142. UP THERE IN HEAVEN.

KIT. WILLIAMS, arr. L. B. SHOOK. Arr. by J. M. H.



No. 143. SAY "YES!" TO THE SPIRIT.

* * *

W. H. DOANE.

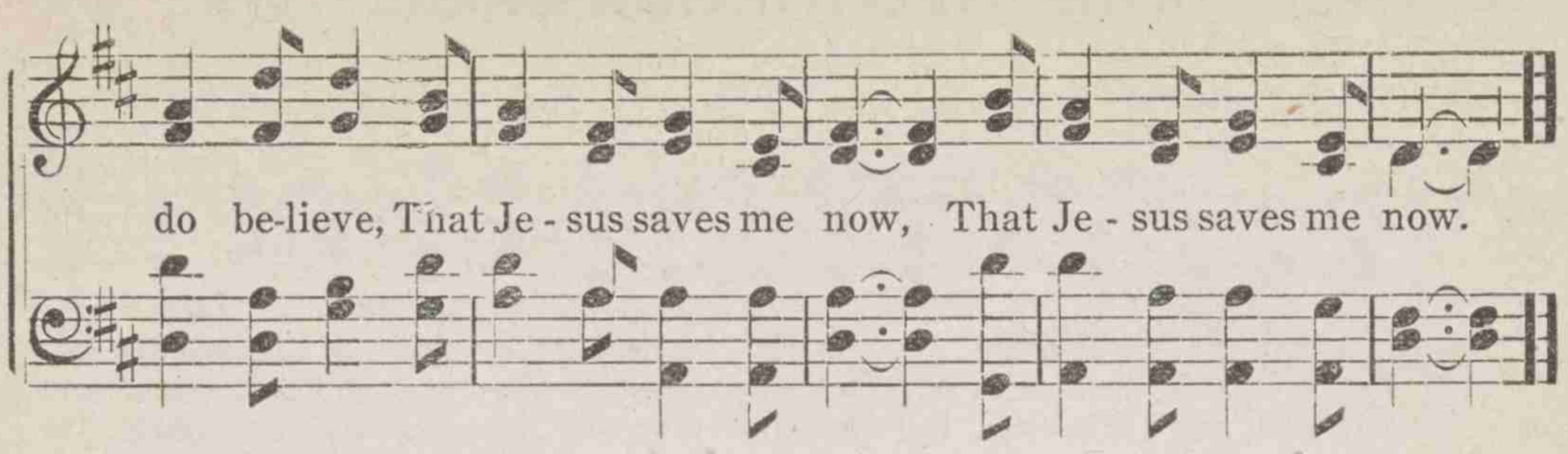
1. The Spir - it is soft - ly call - ing; His warn - ing now o - bey;
2. The Spir - it is soft - ly plead - ing, The an - gels chide thy stay;
3. Re - mem-ber, the world is fleet - ing, Thy life is wan - ing fast,
4. Sur - ren - der thy all to Je - sus; His life for thee He gave;

He pleads with thy heart, O sin - ner, Then grieve Him not a - way.
There's mer-cy for thee, and par - don, Then why not come to - day?
The shad - ows of night draw near - er, This hour may be thy last.
Ac - cept Him as thy Re - deem - er,—None else thy soul can save.

CHORUS.
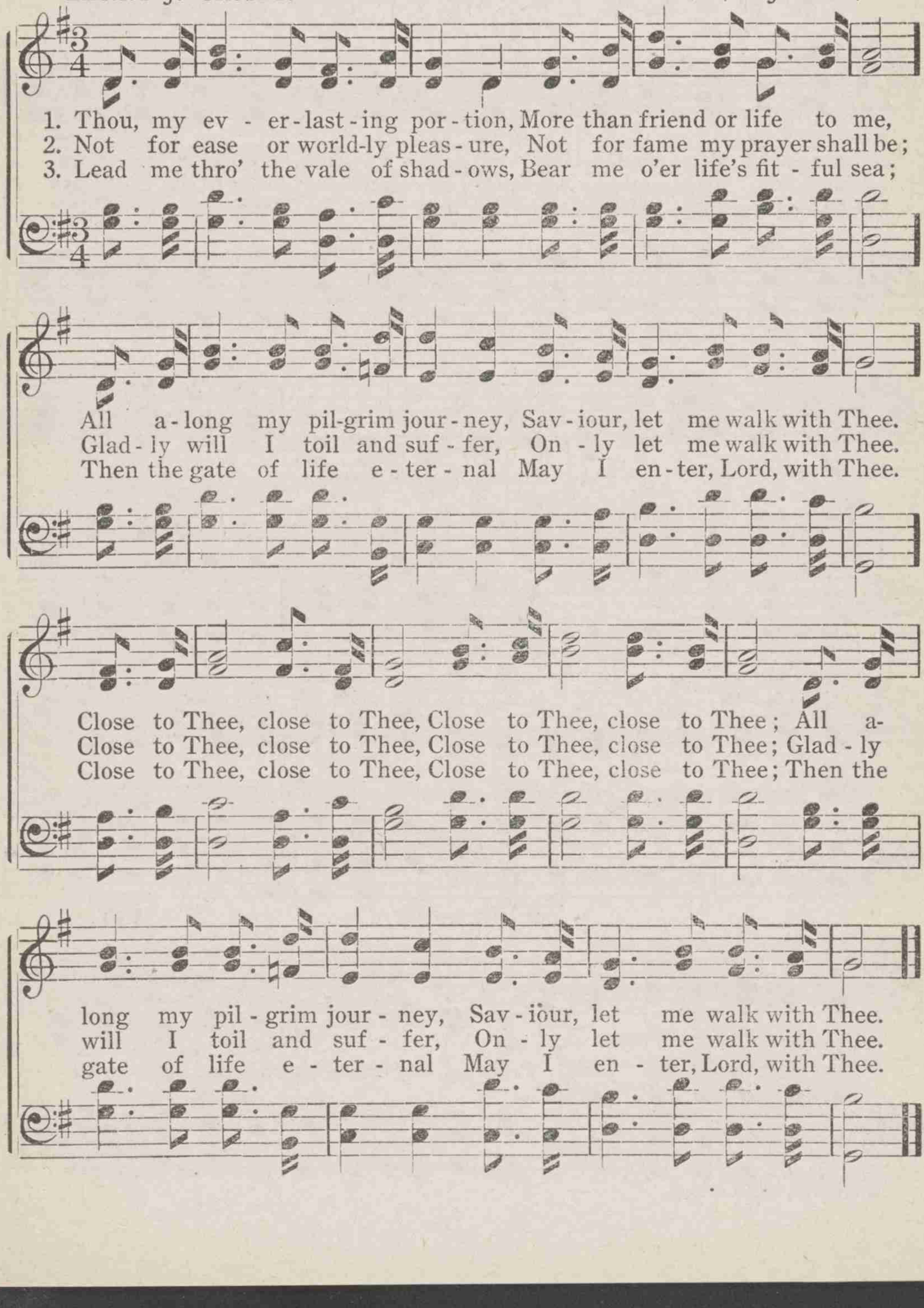
O say "Yes!" to the Spir - it, O say "Yes!" to the Spir - it; He
lov-ing - ly still is plead - ing, Then an-swer while here we bow. O
say "Yes!" to the Spir-it, O say "Yes!" to the Spir-it; I can, I will, I

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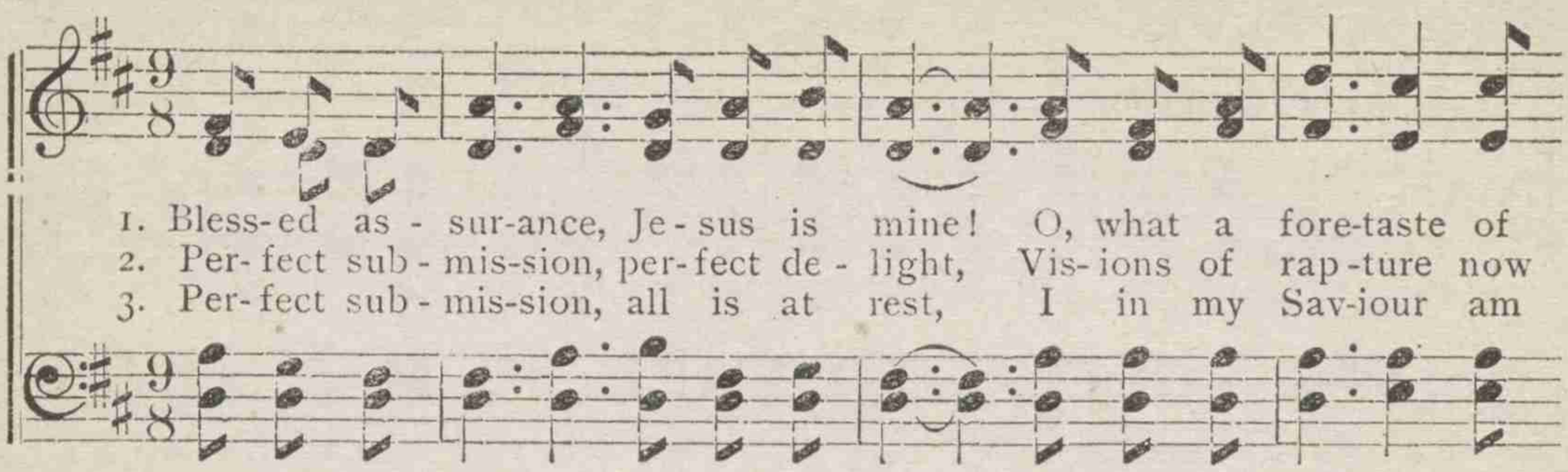
No. 144. CLOSE TO THEE. P. M.
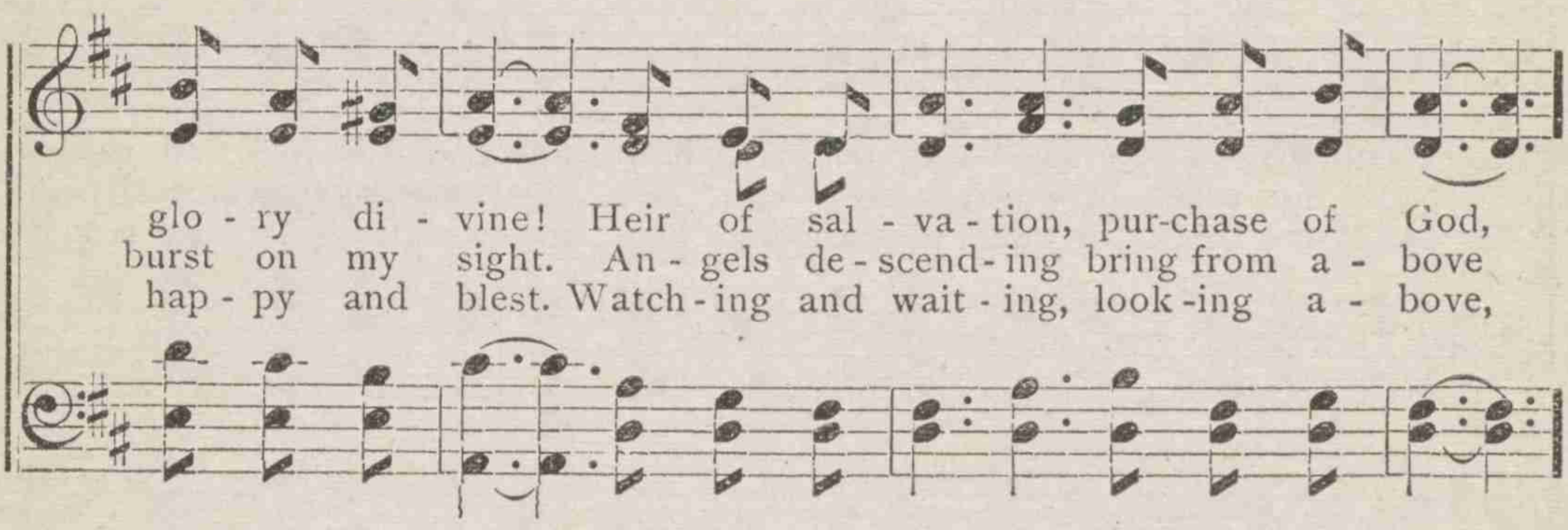
FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.



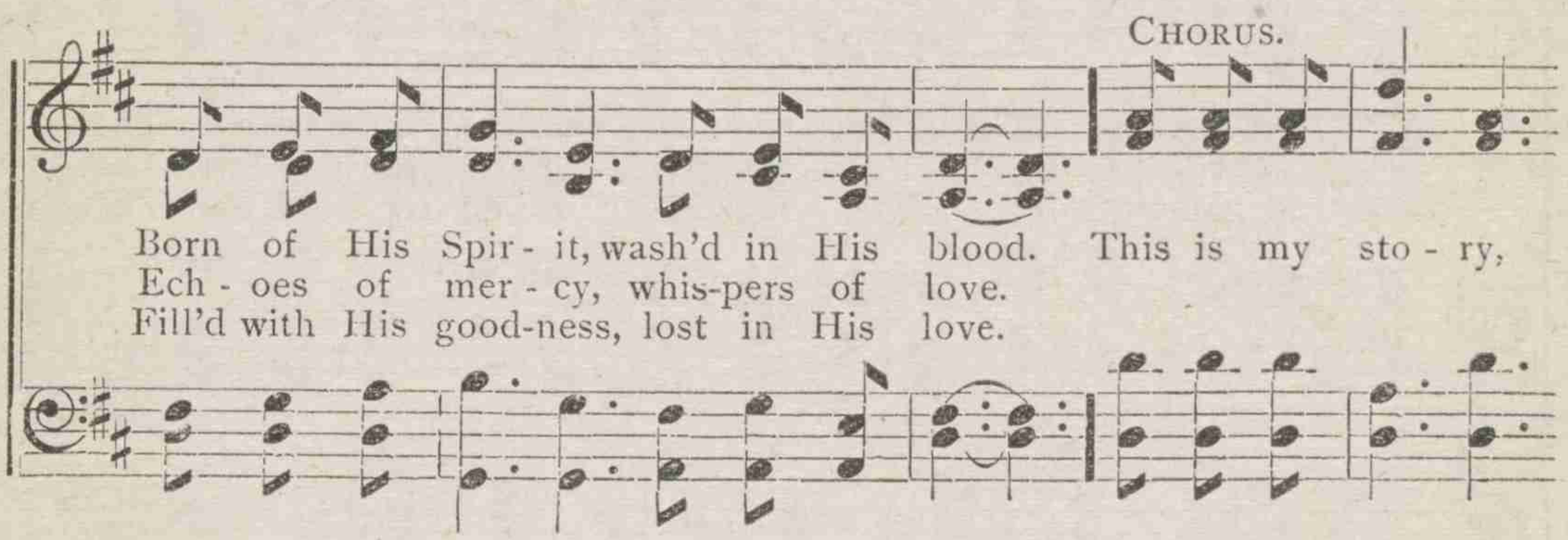
No. 145. BLESSED ASSURANCE.
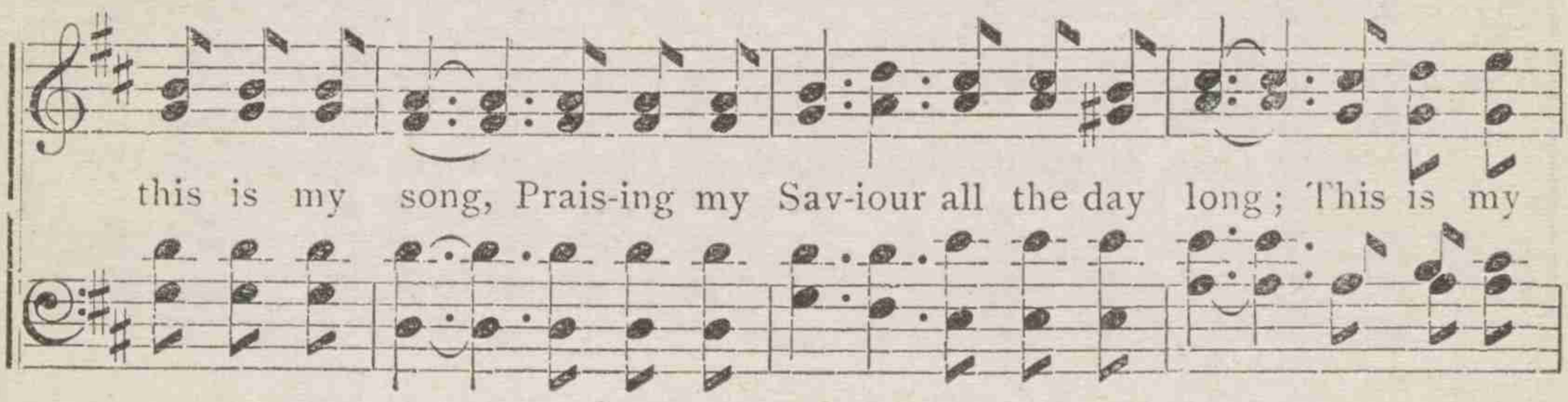
FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.
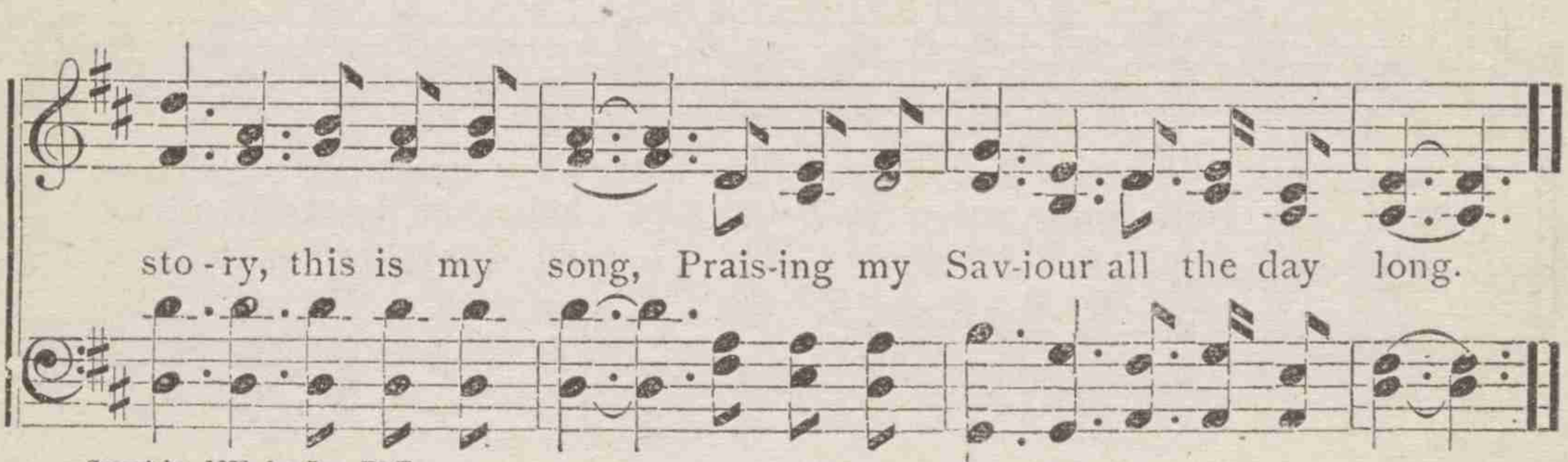




CHORUS.
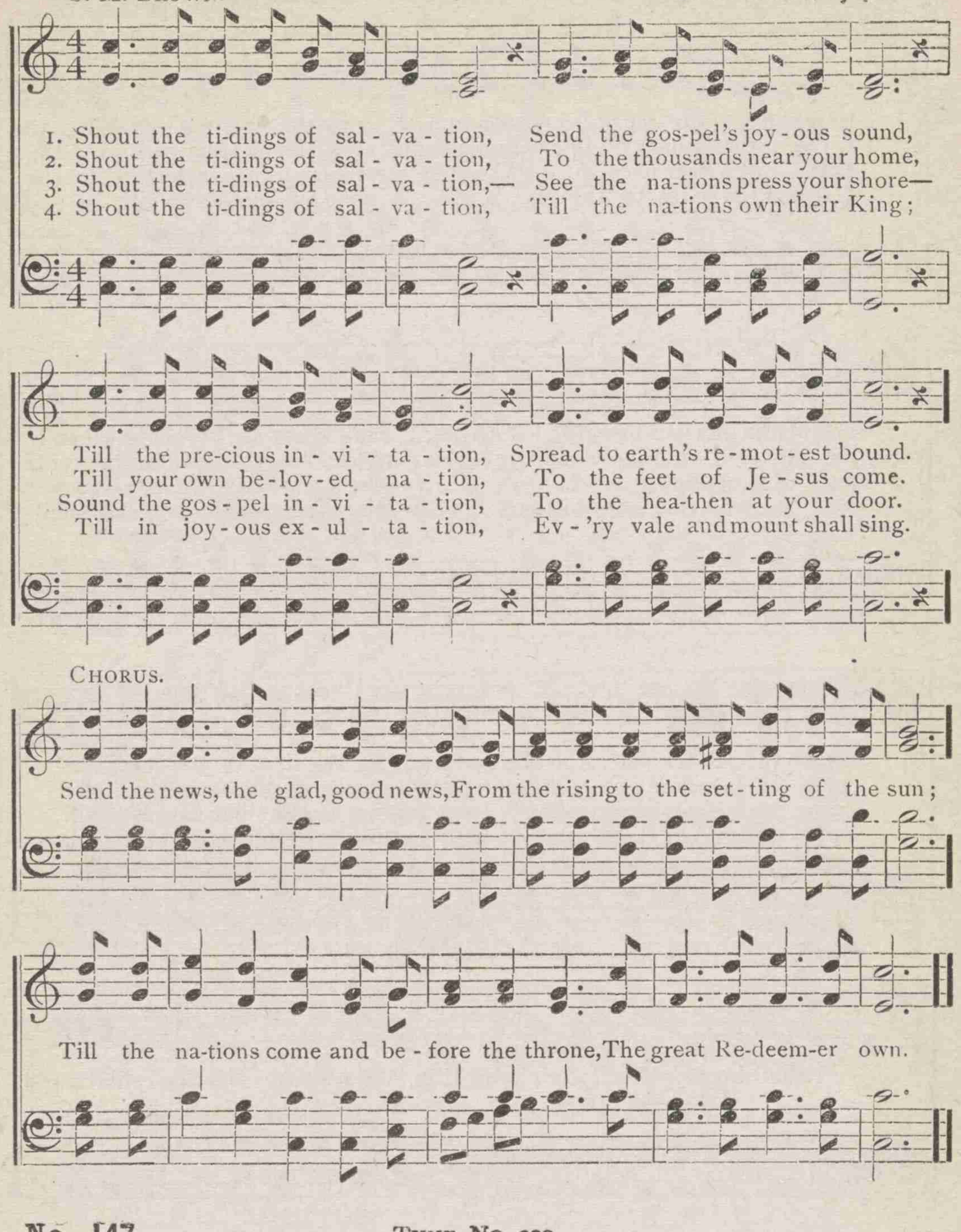






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No. 146. SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

S. M. BROWN. J. M. HUNT, by per.



CHORUS.

No. 147. TUNE No. 209.

1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3. Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

JONATHAN EVANS.

No. 148. MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His blessed face, And the lus-ter of His kindly-beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white, He will lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to see my Saviour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

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

Copyright, 1891, by John R. Sweney.

No. 149. WONDERFUL PEACE.

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

1. For a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweet-er than psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-
2. 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
3. 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
4. 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.
night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
ran - somed will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom shall be:—
shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept this sweet 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 fath-om-less billows of love.

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No. 150. THE ONLY WAY.

J. S. CHEAVENS. J. M. HUNT.

1. Not what I think, but what Christ said—The Naza-rene shall be my guide;
2. Not what I feel, but what He bore—My feel-ings va - ry with the day;
3. Not what I do, but what He's done,—His wealth shall all my want sup-ply;

rit. *Fine.*

Thro' lone-ly paths I may be led,— I am con-tent when by His side.
His pain will plead for - ev - er-more,— I trust Him; 't is the on - ly way.
The price-less mer - its of the Son Have weight before God's throne on high.

D.S.—*'Tis Christ alone my wounds can heal; By His own precious blood I live.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Not what I think, nor what I feel; Not what I do can vir - tue give;

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No. 151. HENRY. C. M.

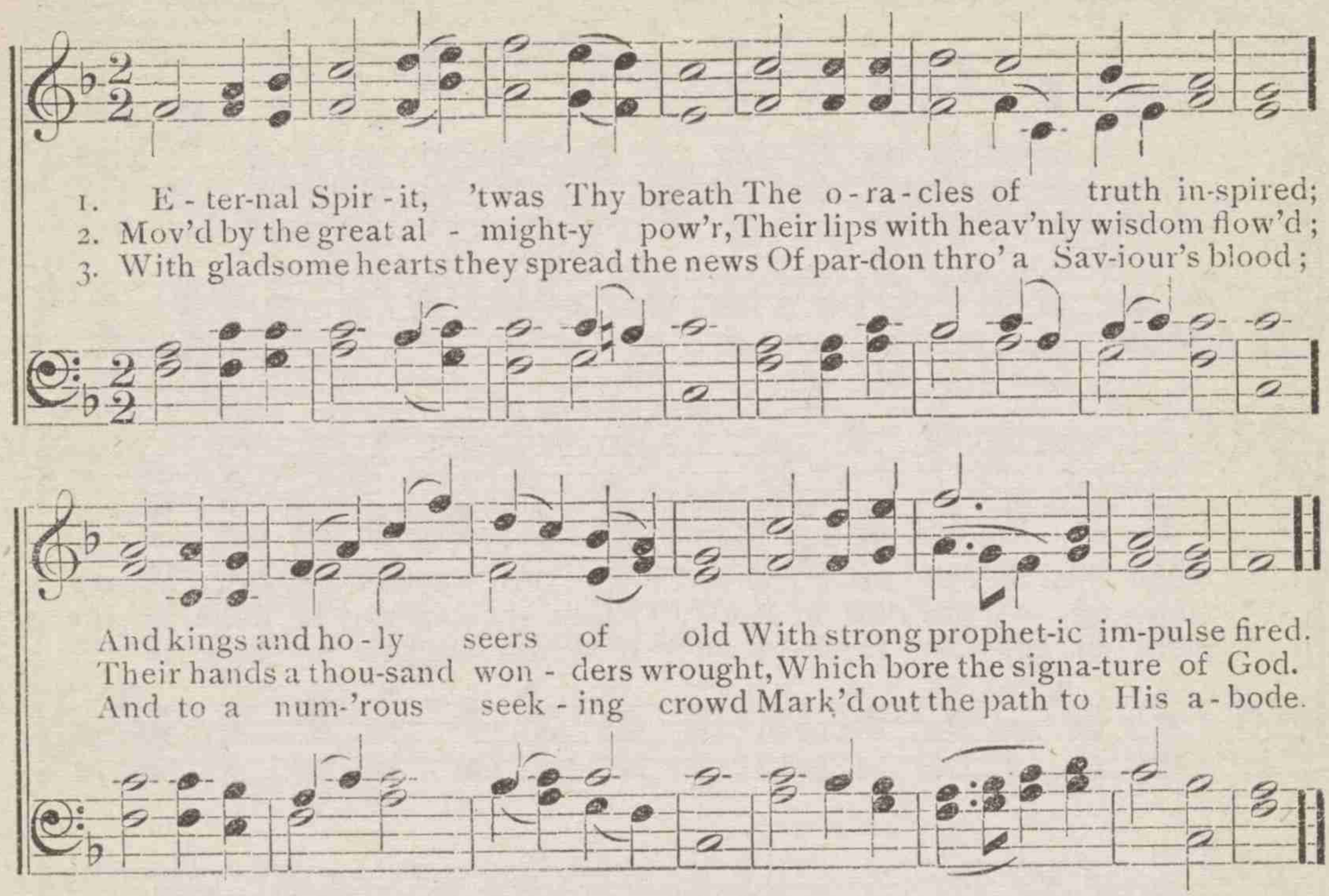
ISAAC WATTS. S. B. POND.

1. Firm as the earth Thy gos - pel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust;
2. His hon - or is en - gaged to save The mean-est of His sheep;
3. Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er re-move His fav'rites from His breast;

If I am found in Je - sus' hands, My soul can ne'er be lost.
All, whom His heav'n - ly Fa - ther gave, His hands se - cure - ly keep.
With-in the bos - om of His love They must for - ev - er rest.

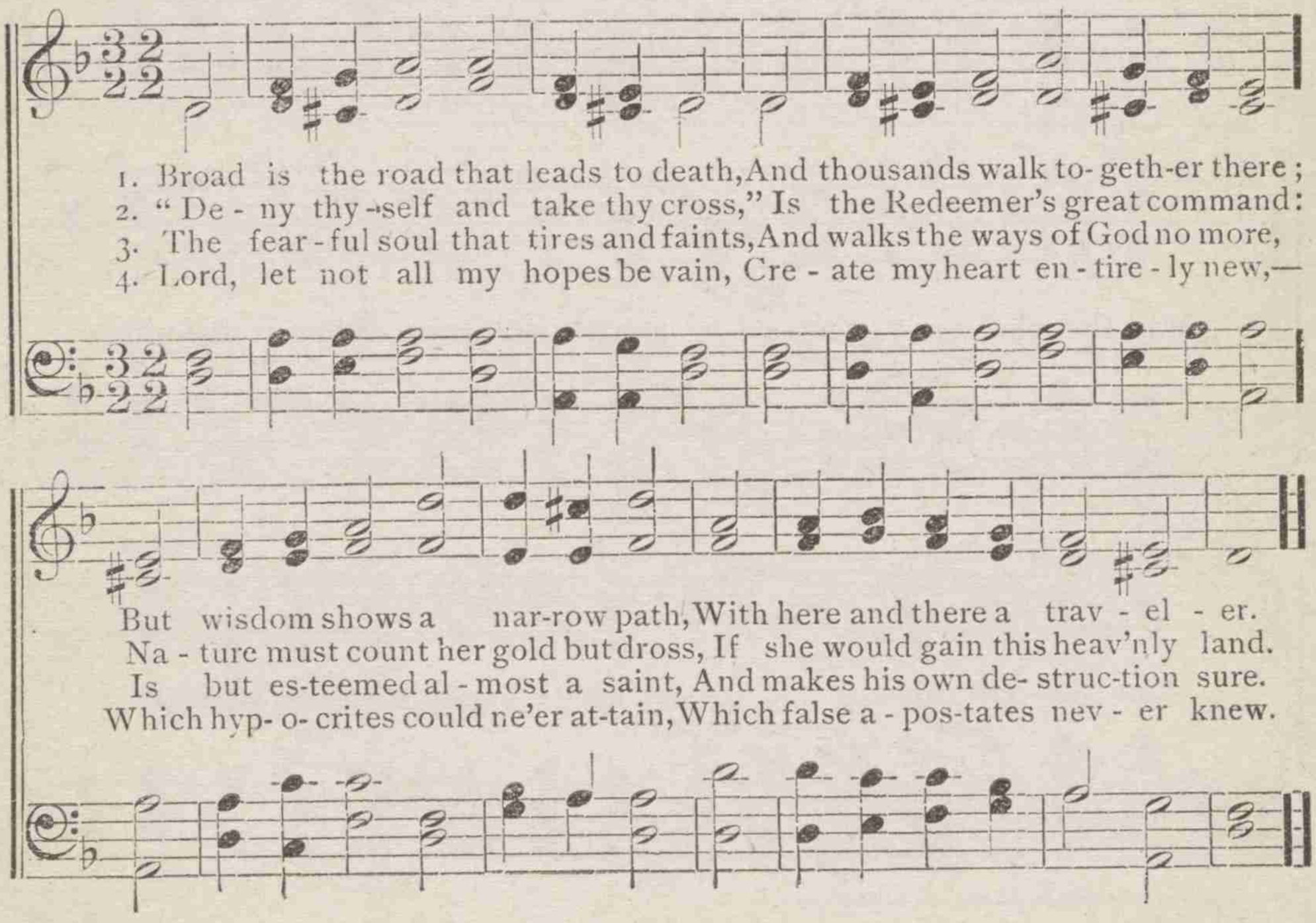
No. 152. DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. J. HATTON.



No. 153. WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.



No. 154. WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

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

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When, thro' won-der-ful grace, by my Sav-iour I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
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 glo-ri-ous day When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls.
3. O what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown, When at eve-ning the sun go-eth down?.... ... When I wake with the blest, in the go-eth down?

Used by permission of Mrs. L. E Sweney

man-sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?.....
in my crown?

No. 155. GOING ON TO ZION.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

1. From gall - ing bond and slav-ish chain, We're go - ing on to Zi - on;
2. Thro' thorn-y plain, o'er rock - y height, We're go - ing on to Zi - on;
3. The Sav - iour leads us all the way, We're go - ing on to Zi - on;
4. Ye ran-somed sin - ners, join the song, We're go - ing on to Zi - on;

Where sor-rows end, and pleas-ures reign, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
Thro' bright-est sun, and dark-est night, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
We cheer each oth - er when we say, We're go-ing on to Zi - on.
The road, tho' rough, will not be long, We're go-ing on to Zi - on,
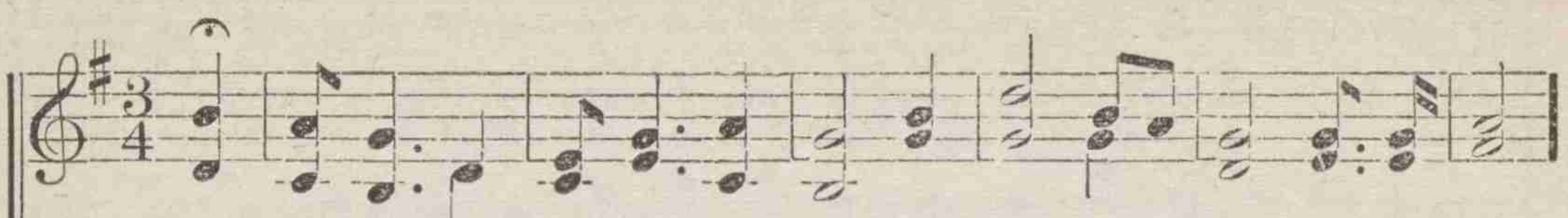
CHORUS.

Oh! beau - ti - ful Zi - on! We're go - ing on to Zi - on! With glad-some songs and crowns of joy, We're go - ing on to Zi - on.
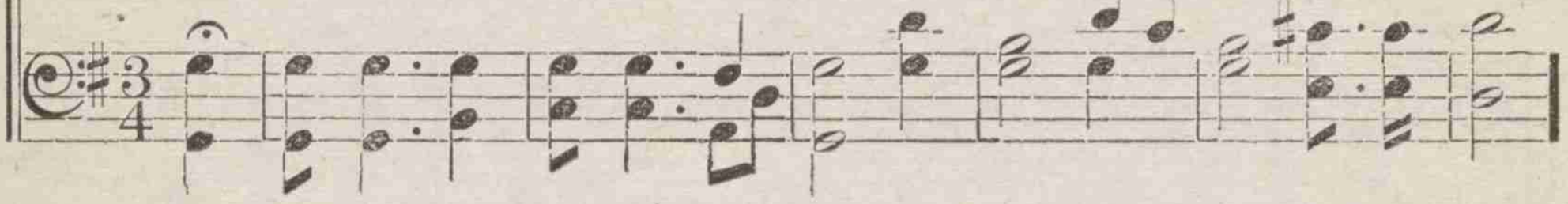
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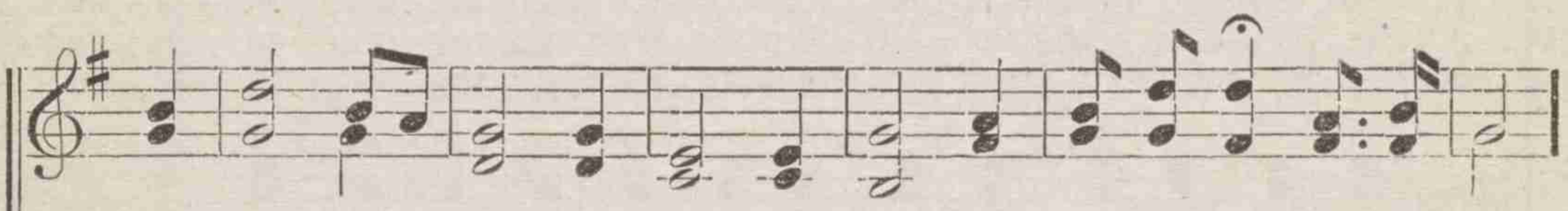
No. 156. GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

R. K. M. R. K. MAIDEN.
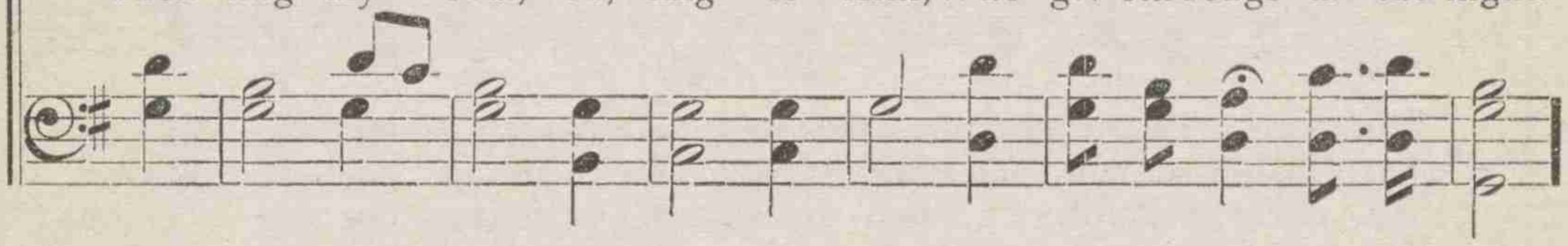


1. Dark sha-dows hang o - ver my way, I grope and pray for the light;
2. O Fa-ther re - mem-ber Thy child, So dark the night and so drear;
3. God's goodness is precious to me, His grace my strength and my stay;
4. The morning will gladden my heart, And flood my way with its light;





I lift my heart in trust to Him, Who giv-eth songs in the night.
O take me by my tremb-ling hand, O Fa-ther, Fa-ther be near.
Be - neath the sha - dow of His wing, I'll hide me all the dark way
Then sing my soul, oh, sing to Him, Who giv-eth songs in the night.



CHORUS.



Giv-eth songs in the night, Giveth songs in the night, Our God giveth songs in the night.



Giveth songs in the night, Giveth songs in the night, Our God giveth songs in the night.



Copyright, 1899, by R. K. Maiden.

No. 157. JESUS IS CALLING.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest,— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing; oh, come to Him now, Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing; oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day; Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest;
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise, and a - way.

Call - ing to - day,.....

Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,

Call - ing to - day;..... Je - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
call - ing to - day.

Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Used by per.

No. 158. TRUST AND OBEY.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."—Job 13: 15.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

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

glo-ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will,
smile quick-ly drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear,
toil He doth rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss,
all on the al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows,
walk by His side in the way; What He says, we will do;

He a-bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
And the joy He be-stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
Where He sends, we will go; Nev-er fear,—on-ly trust and o-bey.

Chorus.

Trust and o-bey, for there's no oth-er way To be

happ-y in Je-sus but to trust and o-bey.

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No. 159. THE DOOMED MAN. C. M.

J. A. ALEXANDER. J. M. HUNT.

1. There is a time we know not when, A place we know not where,
That marks the des - ti - ny of men, To glo - ry or de - spair.

2. To pass that lim - it is to die—To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beam - ing eye, Or pale the glow - ing health.

3. But on that fore-head God has set In - del - i - bly a mark,
Un-seen by man, for man as yet Is blind, and in the dark.

4. He knows, he feels that all is well, And ev - 'ry fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not on - ly doomed, but damned.

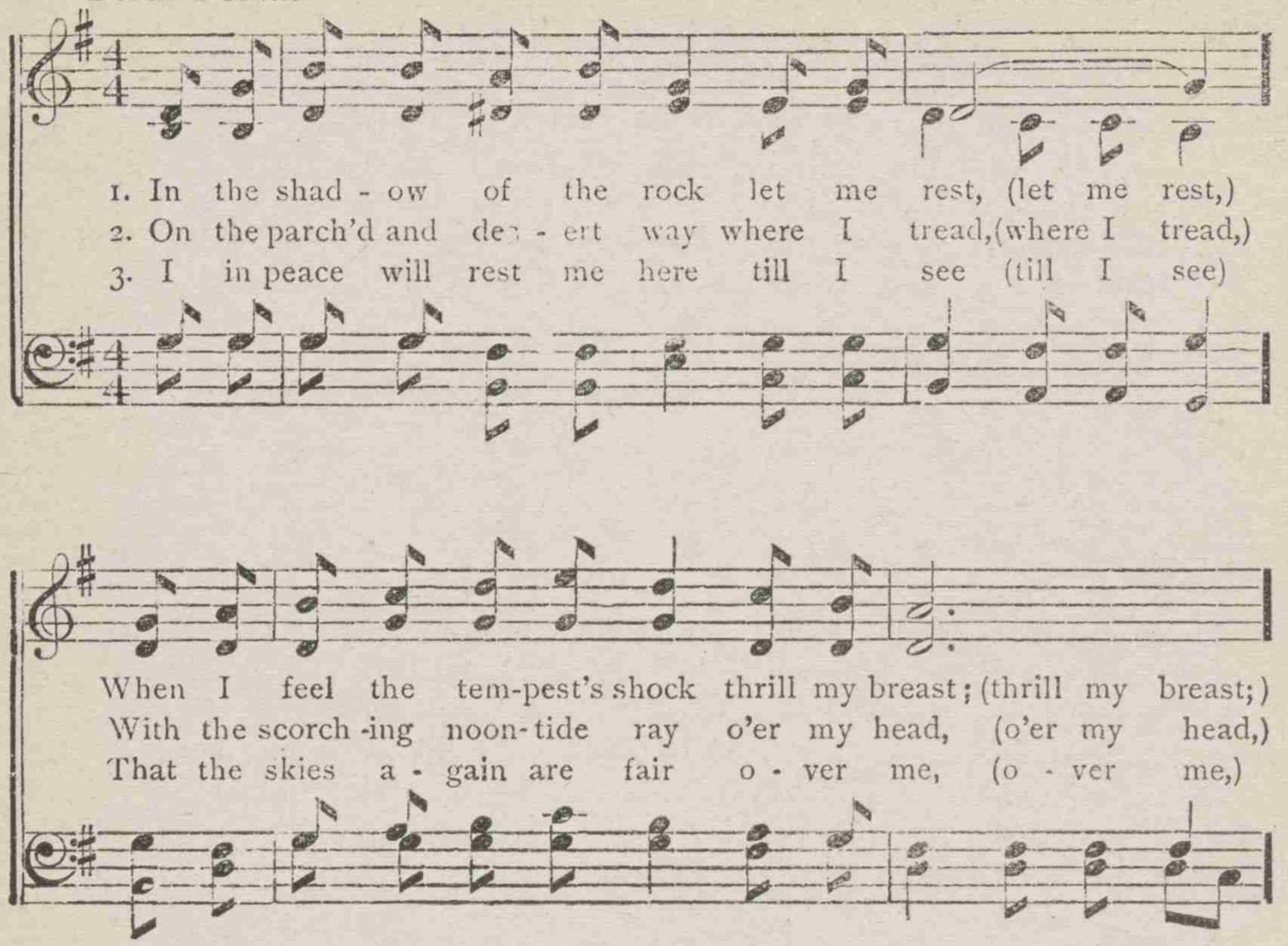
5. How far may men go on in sin? How long will God for - bear?
Where does hope end, and where be - gin The con - fines of de - spair?

There is a line, by us un - seen, That cross - es ev - 'ry path,
The con-science may be still at ease, The spir - its light and gay,
And still the doomed man's path be-low May bloom as E - den bloomed;
Oh! where is that mys - te - rious bourne, By which our path is crossed,
An an - swer from the skies is sent, "Ye that from God de - part,

The hid - den bound - a - ry be-tween God's patience and His wrath.
That which is pleas - ing still may please, And care be thrust a - way.
He did not, does not, will not know, Or feel that he is doomed.
Be - yond which, God Himself hath sworn, That he who goes is lost?
While it is called to-day, re - pent, And hard - en not your heart."

No. 160. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

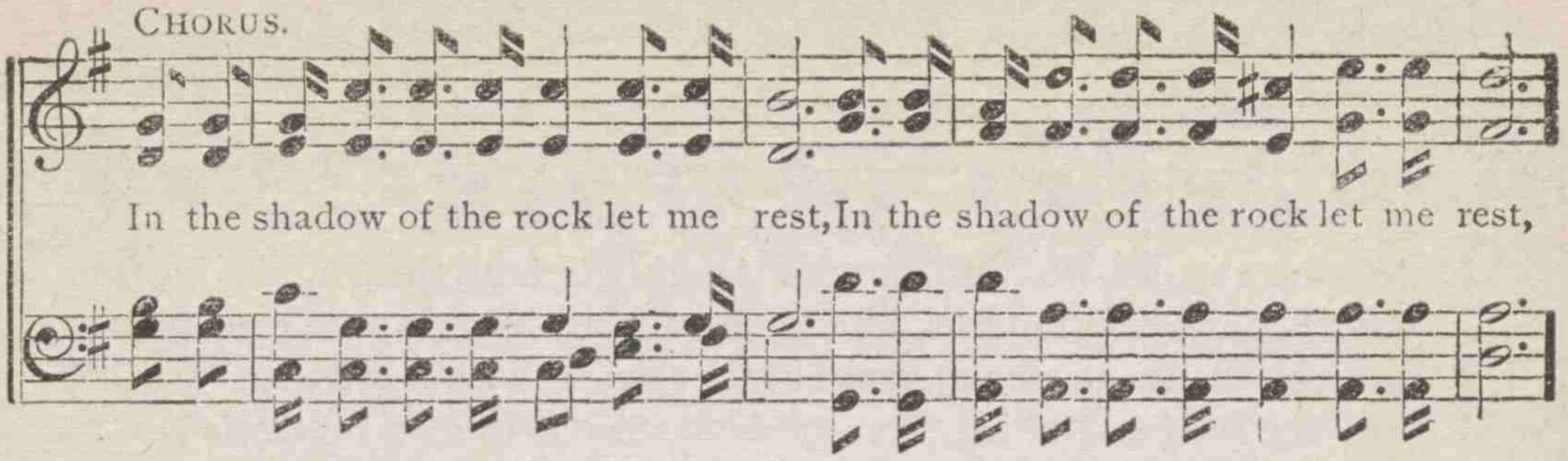
Dr. H. Bonar. H. N. Lincoln.

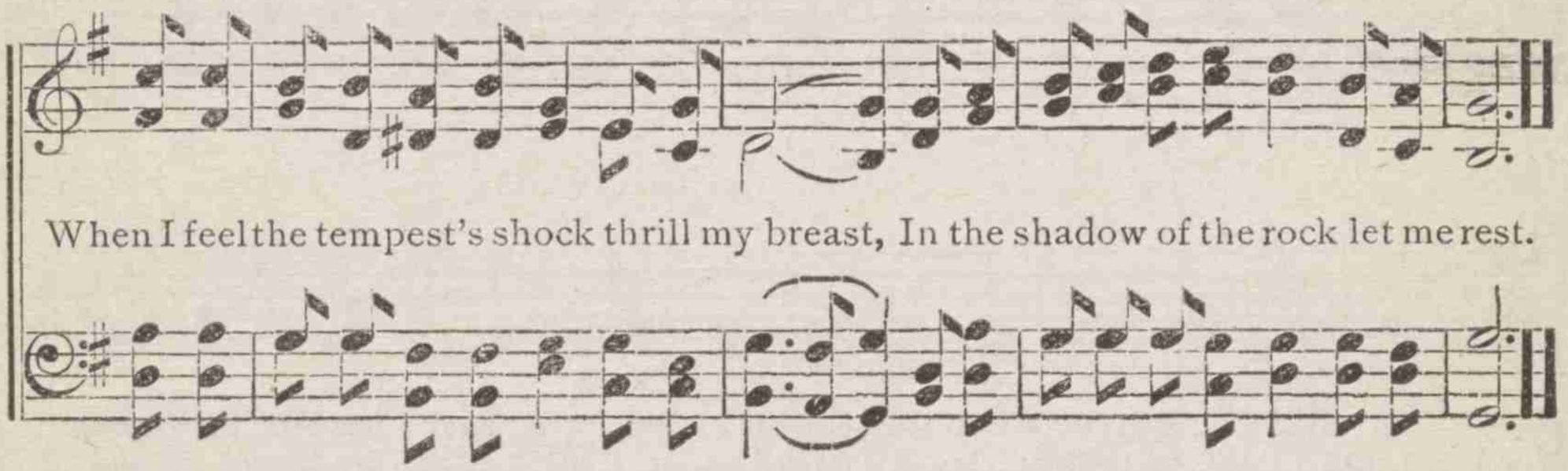


Copyright, 1894, by H. N. Lincoln.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

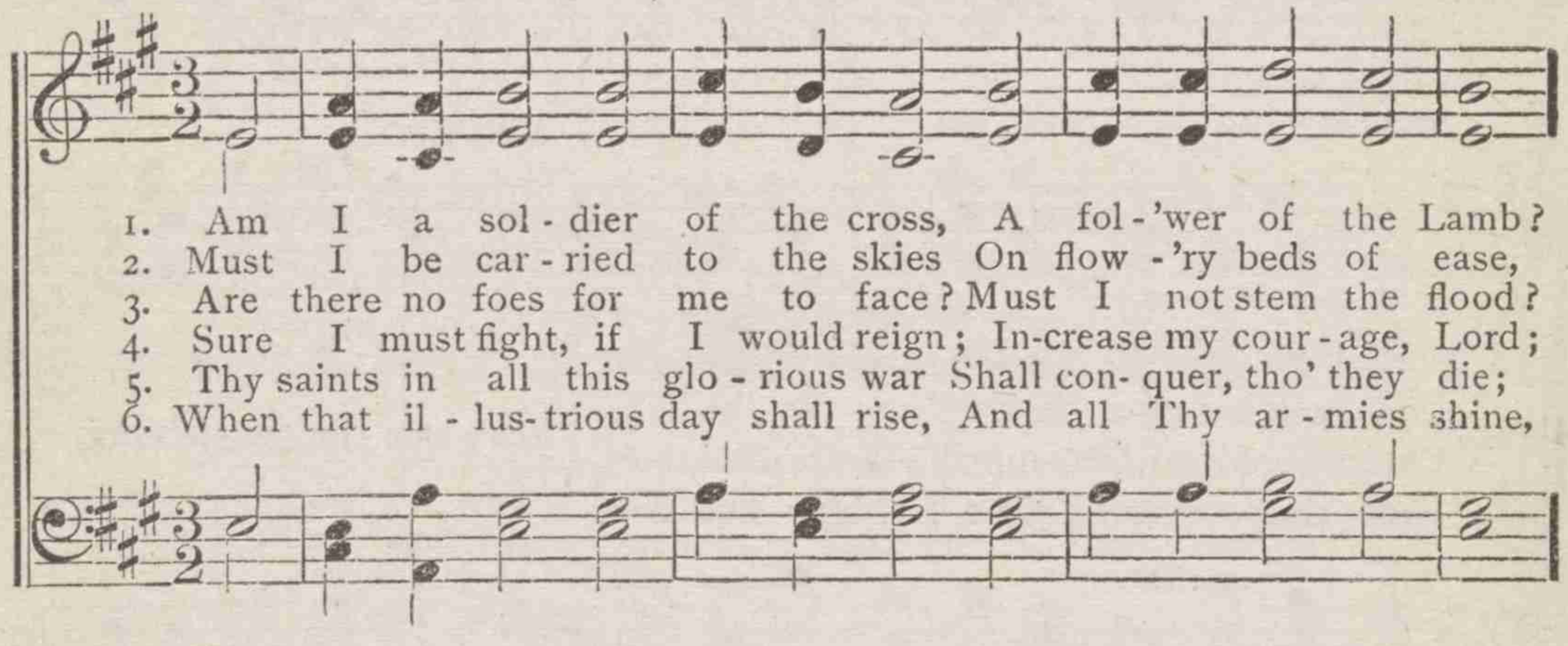
CHORUS.

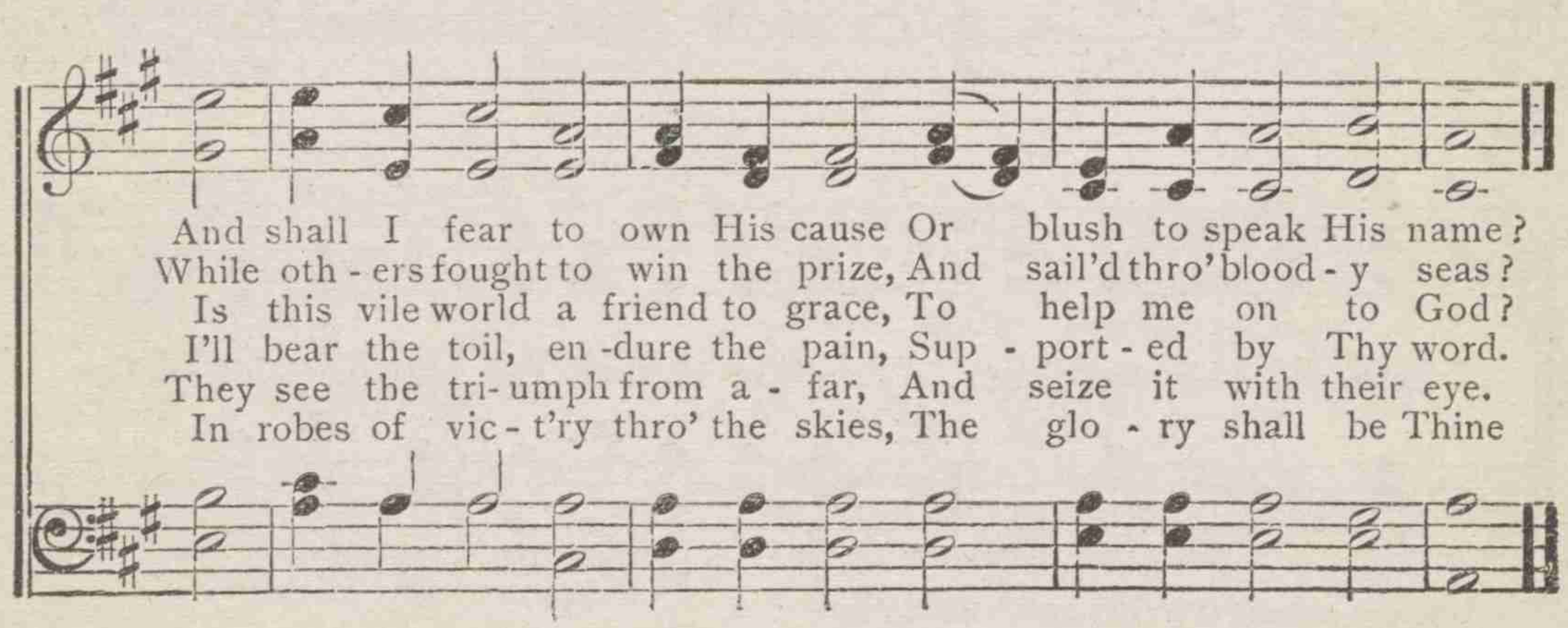




No. 161. AZMON. C. M.

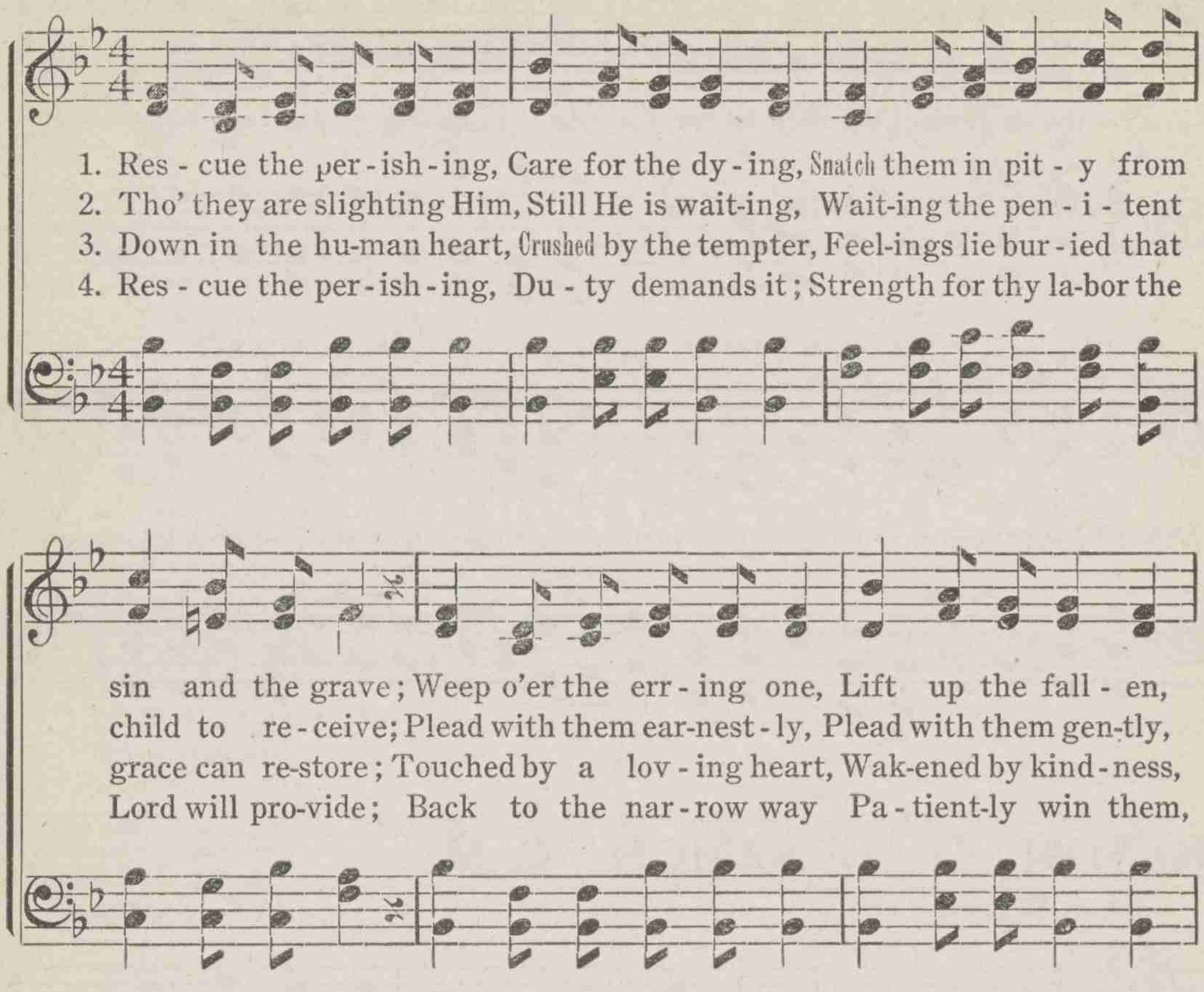
ISAAC WATTS. C. G. GLASER.





No. 162. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

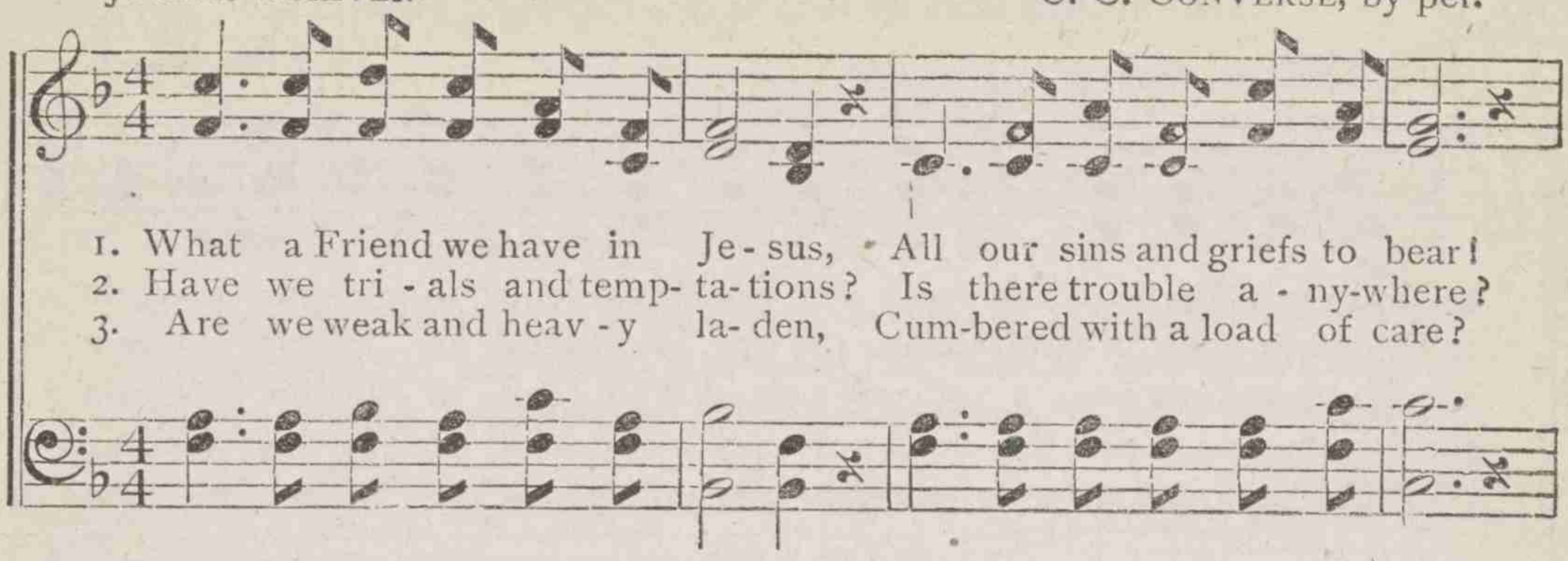
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

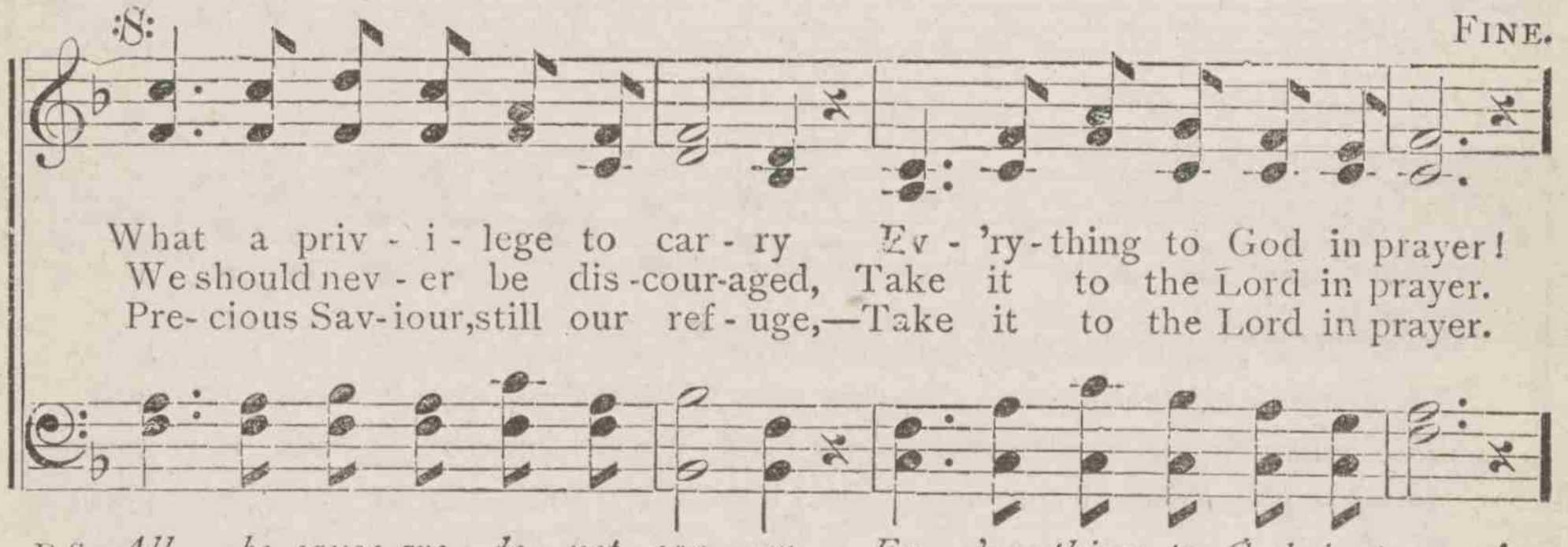


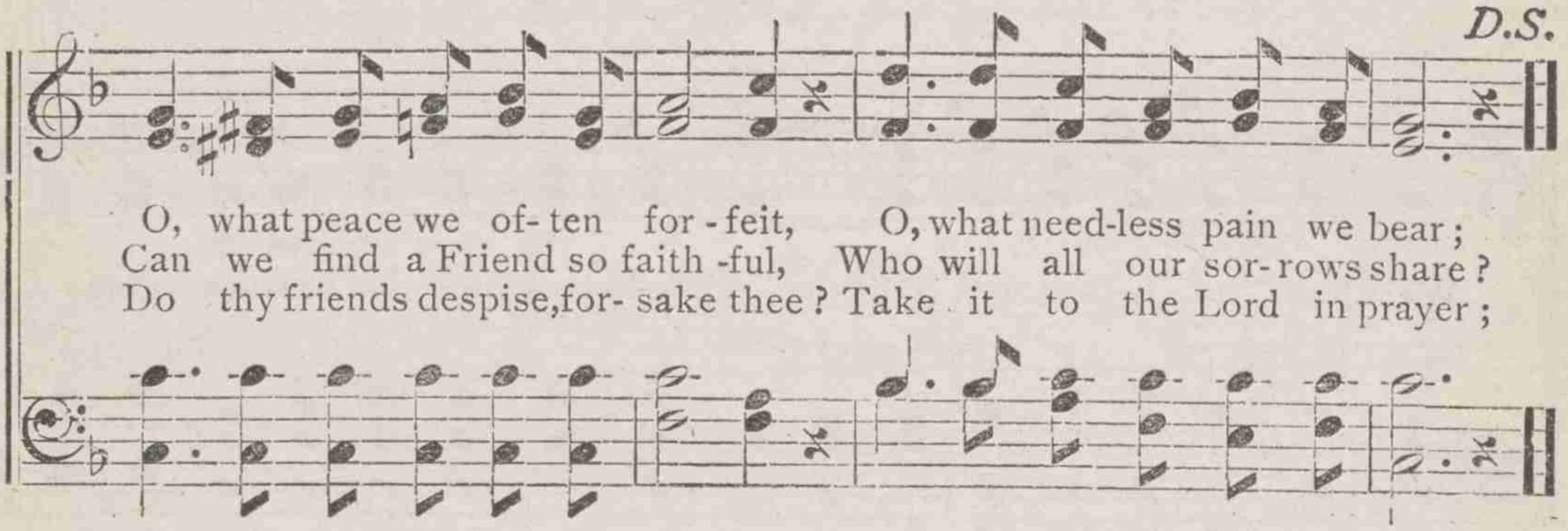
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No. 163. WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.







No. 164. GRACE! 'T IS A CHARMING SOUND.

1 Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
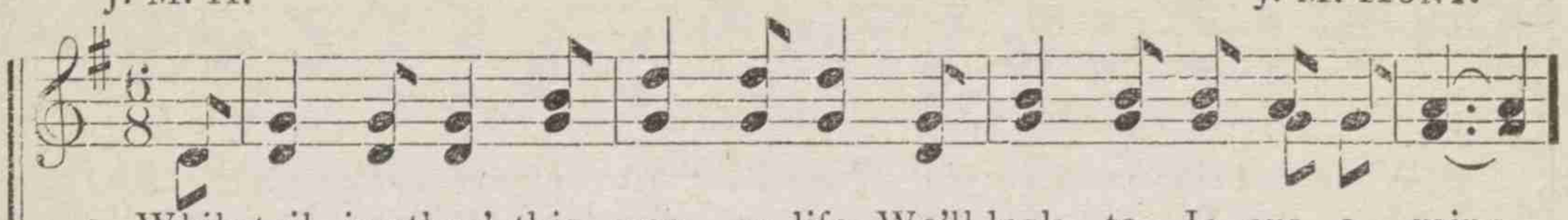
4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.
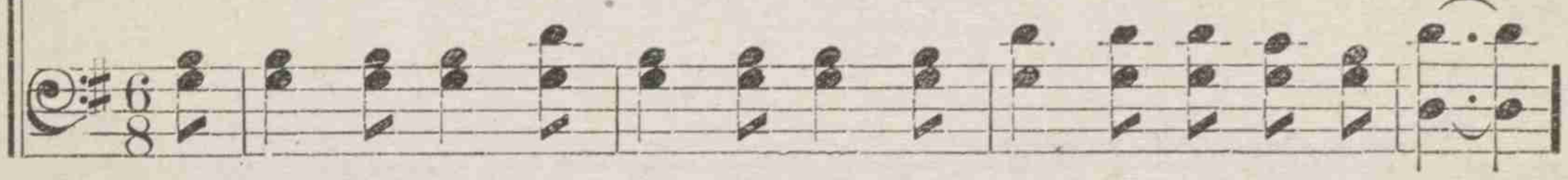
No. 165. WE'LL LOOK TO JESUS AGAIN.

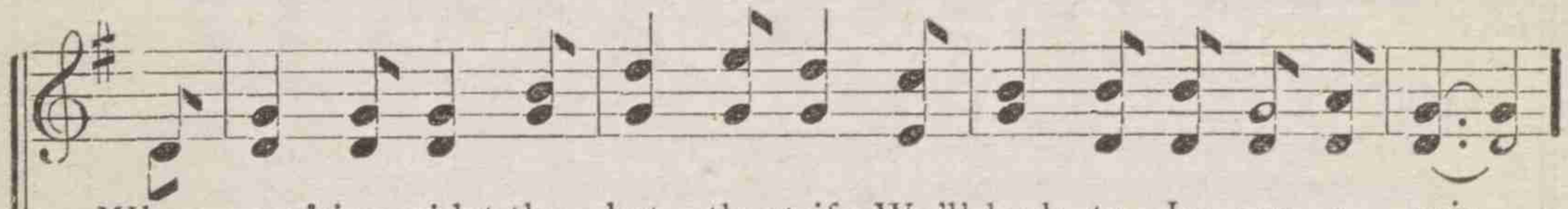
"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." — Isa. 45: 22.
"Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple." — Jonah 2: 4.

J. M. H. J. M. HUNT.
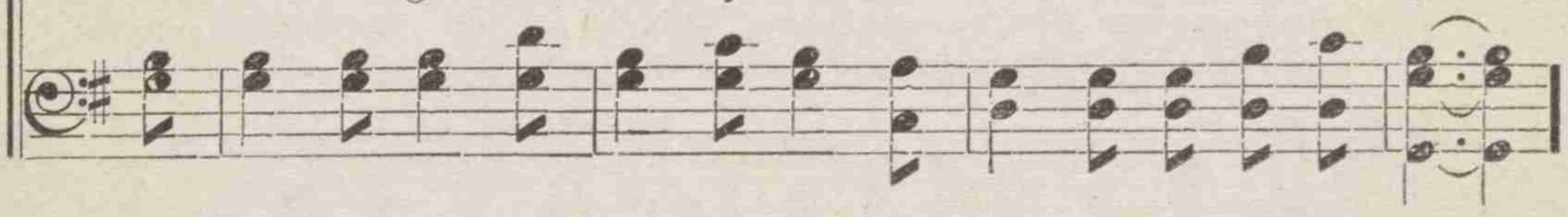


1. While toil - ing thro' this wea - ry life, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;
2. When sun-shine, bright, il - lumes the way, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;
3. 'Mid sor - rows, like a gloom - y cloud, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;
4. Tho' burdened with this load of sin, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;
5. And when our jour-ney's end shall come, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;
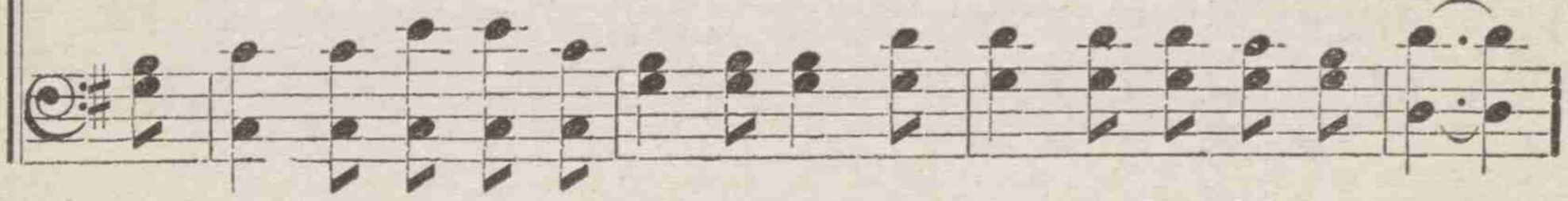




When wav-'ring midst the bat - tle strife, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.
When mer - cy leads us day by day, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.
Tho' gath-'ring storms may thun-der loud, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.
His blood's a fount that wash - es clean, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.
We'll all be gath-ered safe - ly home, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.

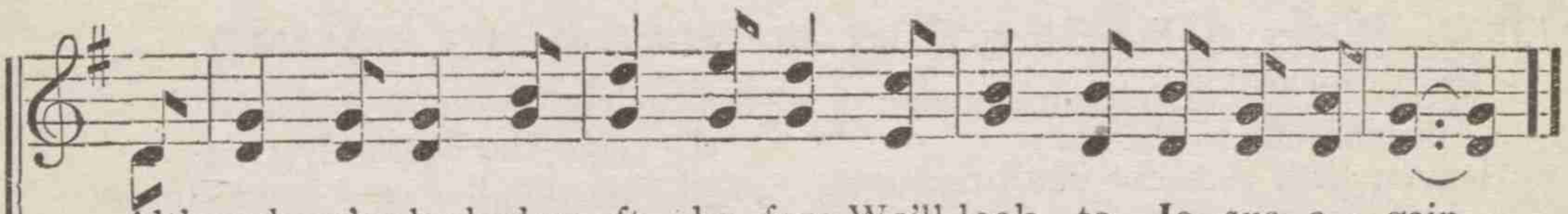


CHORUS.
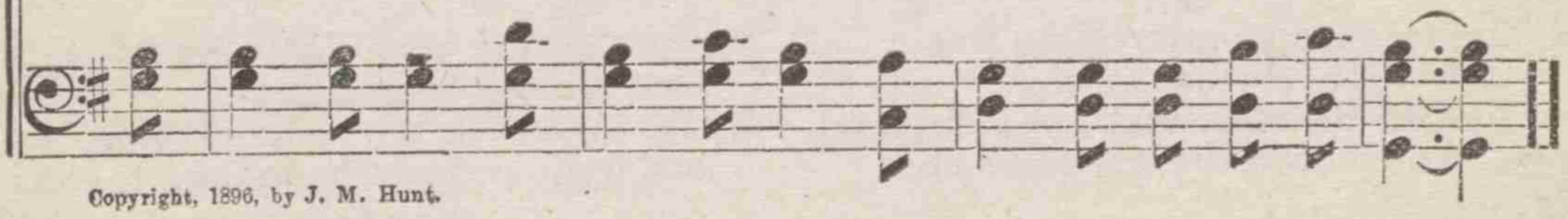


We'll look to Je - sus a - gain, . . We'll look to Je - sus a - gain;
a - gain,





Although we've looked so oft be - fore, We'll look to Je - sus a - gain.
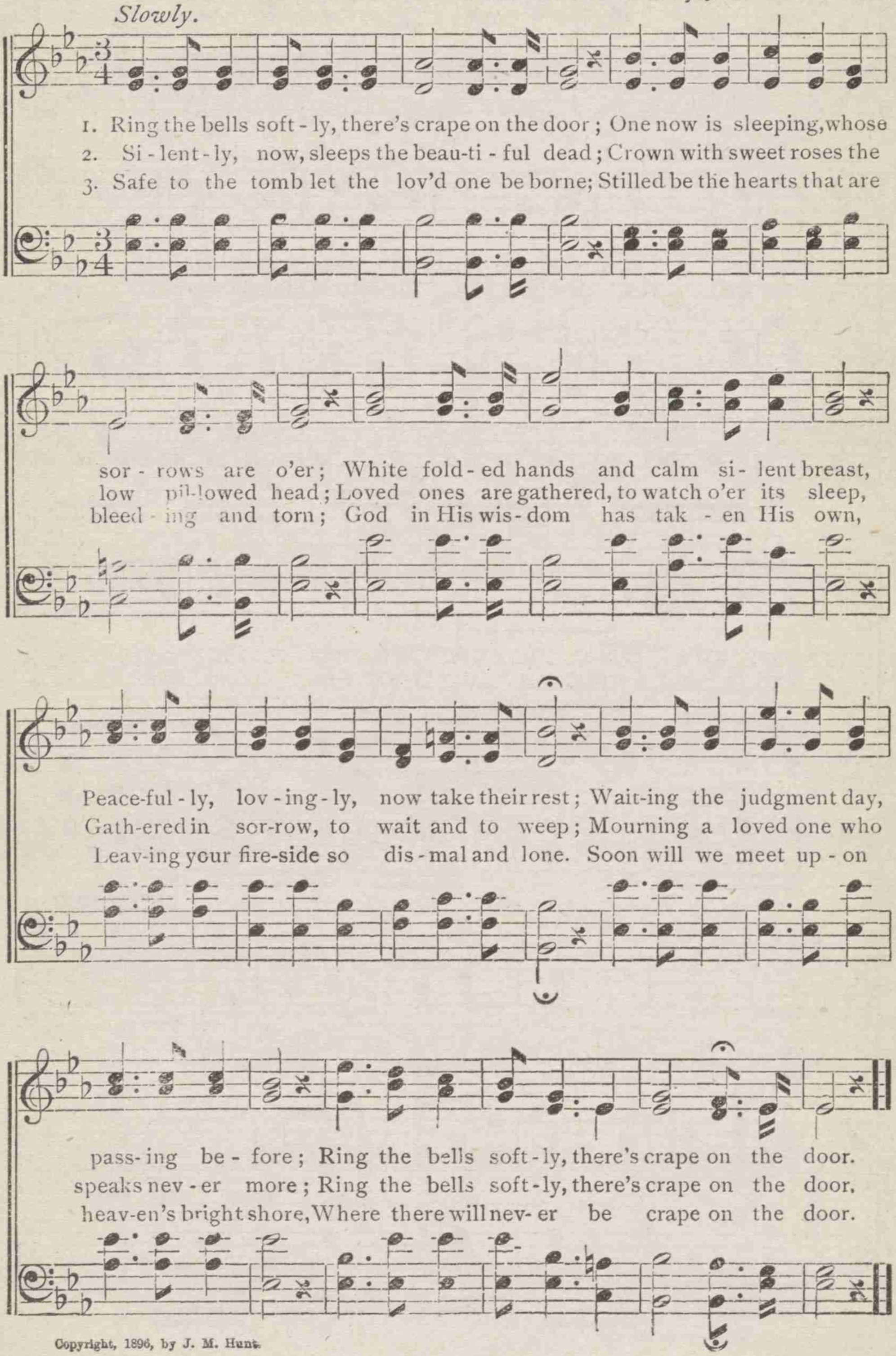


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No. 166. THERE'S CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

Affectionately dedicated to the memory of our departed brother and faithful servant of the Master, Rev. W. E. Penn.

Words and music by J. M. HUNT.

Slowly.



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No. 167. I'M NOT ASHAMED.

ISAAC WATTS. R. J. POWELL.

Organ.

Andante.

1. I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-
2. Firm as His throne His prom-ise stands, And He can

p

fend His cause,..... Main-tain the hon - or
well se - cure..... What I've com - mit - ted

of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.....
to His hands, Till the de - cis - ive hour.....

dim.

Copyright, 1908, by R. J. Powell.

I'M NOT ASHAMED.

Je - sus, my God, I know His name;
Then will He own my worth - less name

m

His name is all my trust;.....
Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,.....

dim.

Nor will He put my soul to shame,
And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem,

p

Nor let my hope be lost.....
Ap - point my soul a place.....

dim.

No. 168. THERE'S A CROWN FOR THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a crown of re-joic-ing, O reap-er, Its jew-els out-
2. There's a robe our Re-deem-er has prom-ised, A robe that is
3. There's a palm for the vic-tors thro' Je-sus, That waves in that
4. There are songs that with rap-ture are swell-ing, In cho-rus o'er

ri-val the sun; There's a crown for the brow of the faith-ful, When
fade-less and white; And the souls of the righteous shall wear it, When
cit-y of gold, Where the blest who are safe in its por-tals, The
E-den's bright plain; There are harps that for-ev-er and ev-er Re-

CHORUS.
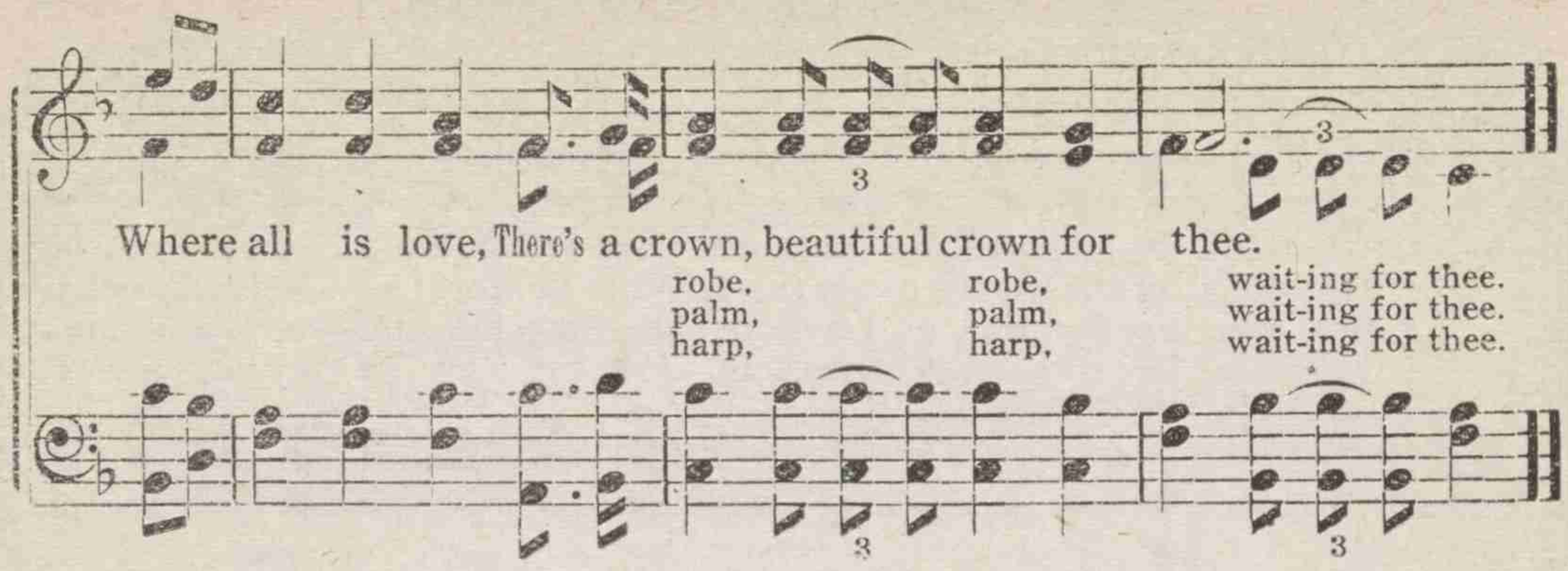
la-bor and toil are done. There's a crown waiting for thee,
faith shall be lost in sight. There's a robe waiting for thee,
King on His throne be-hold. There's a palm waiting for thee,
ech-o the glad re-frain. There's a harp waiting for thee,

There's a crown wait-ing for thee,
There's a robe wait-ing for thee,
There's a palm wait-ing for thee,
There's a harp wait-ing for thee,

Yes, a crown, beautiful crown for thee; In the heav'nly land above,
robe, robe waiting for thee;
palm, palm waiting for thee;
harp, harp waiting for thee;

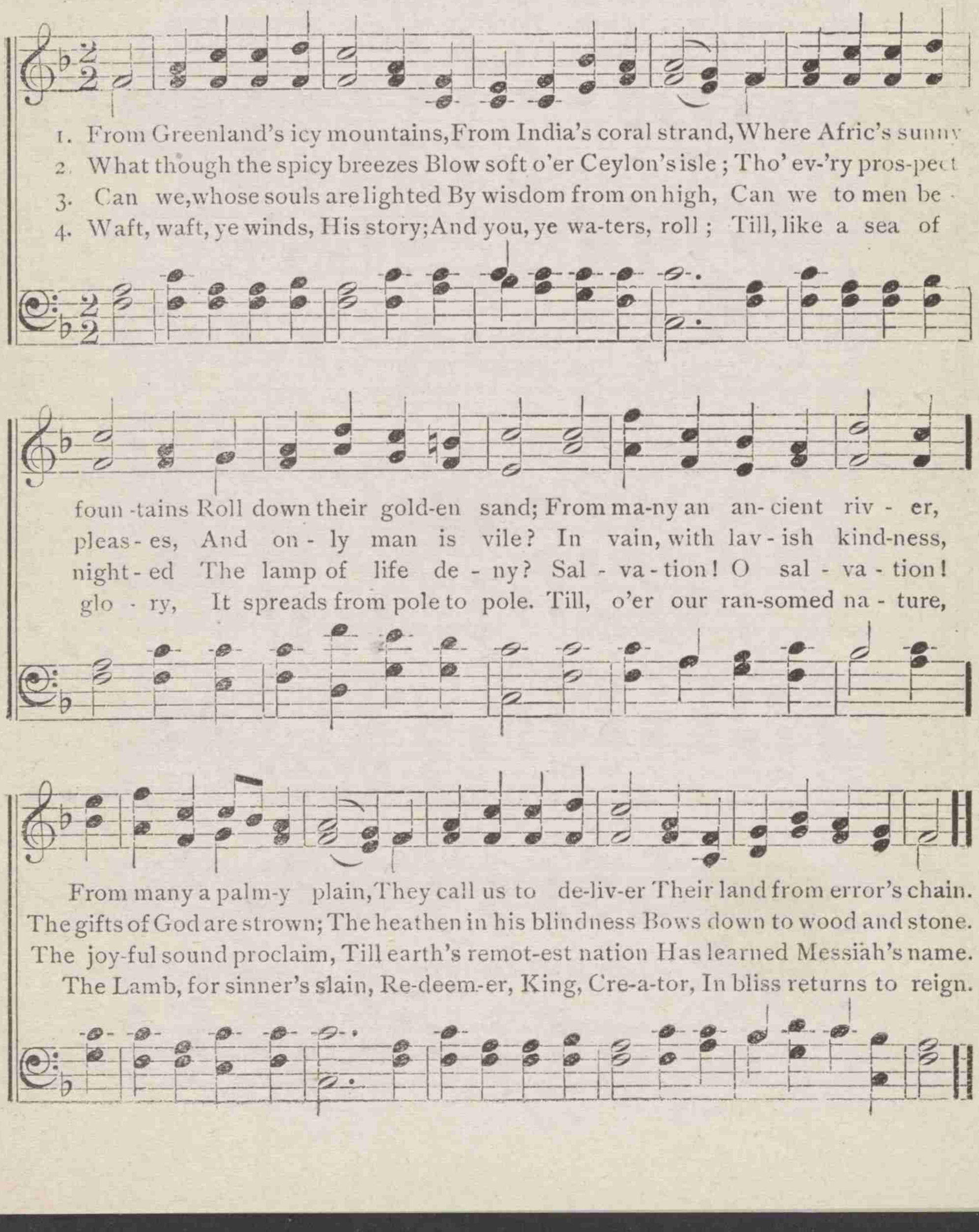
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THERE'S A CROWN FOR THEE.



No. 169. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.

REGINALD HEBER. DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 170. OVER THERE. P. M.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, o - ver there; Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, . Are
trod, o - ver there; Of the songs that thep breathe on the air, . In their
rest, o - ver there; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see, o - ver there; Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are

REFRAIN.

robed in their gar-ments of white. O - ver there. O - ver there, O - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there.
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there.
watch - ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there.
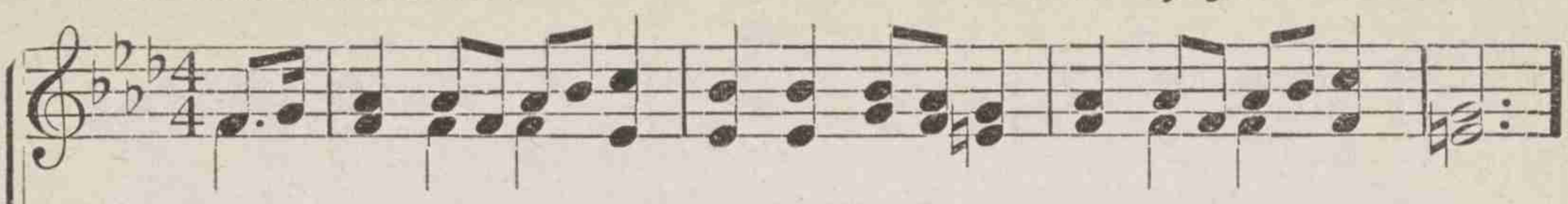
O - ver there,

there, Over there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there; Over there; Over there, Over there,
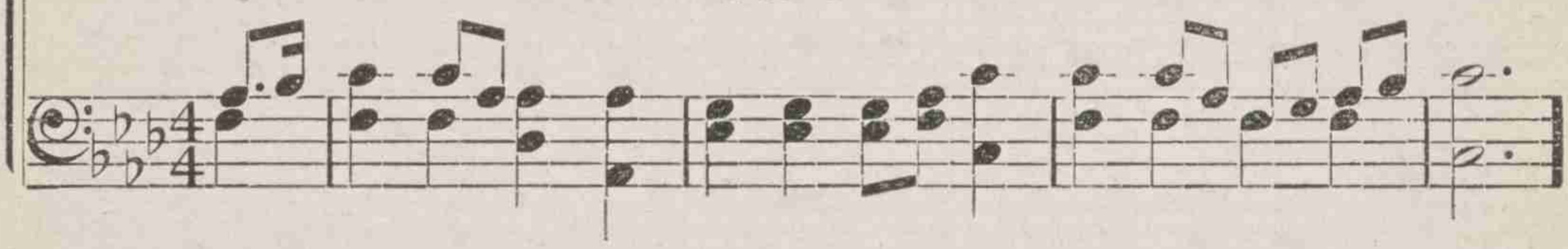
O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there.
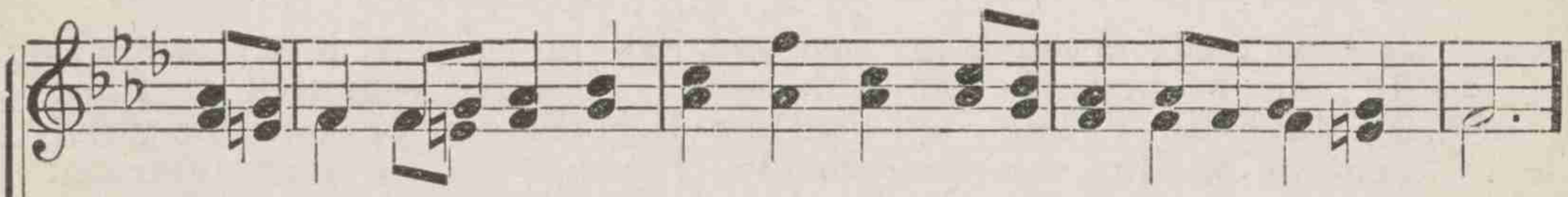
No. 171. PROMISED LAND. C. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Har. by J. M. HUNT.
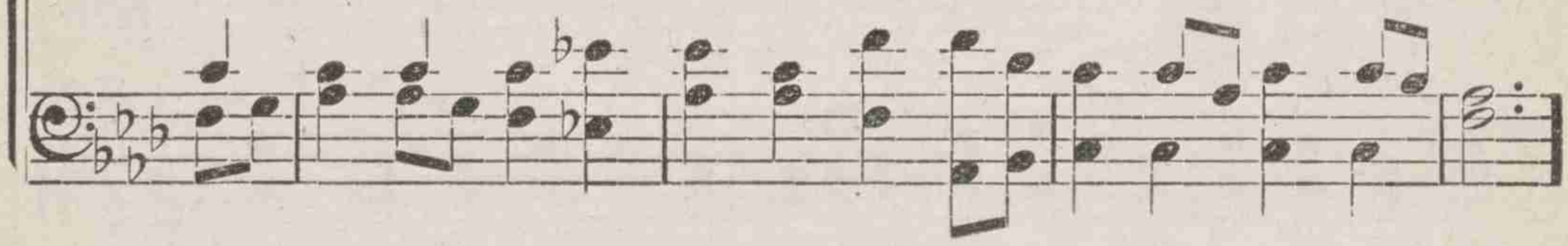


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds nor pois'nous breath Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
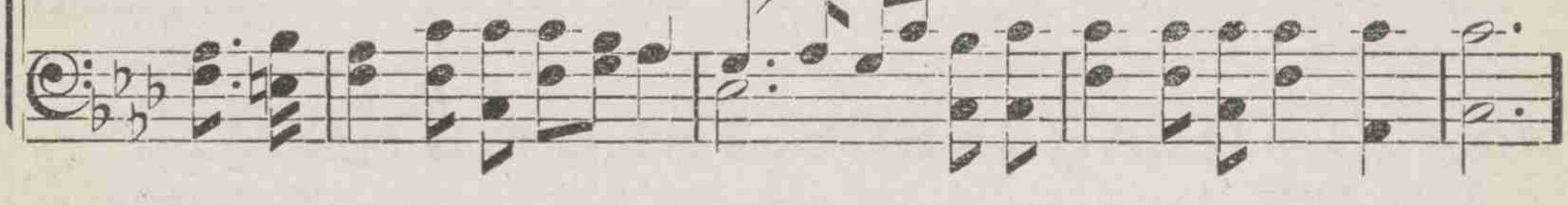




To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Sun, for - ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
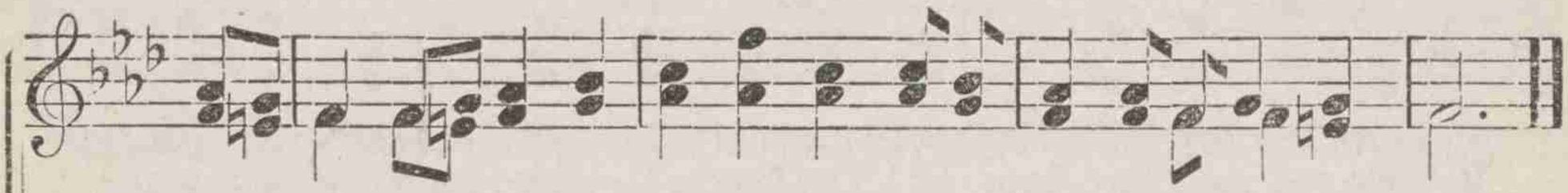


CHORUS.
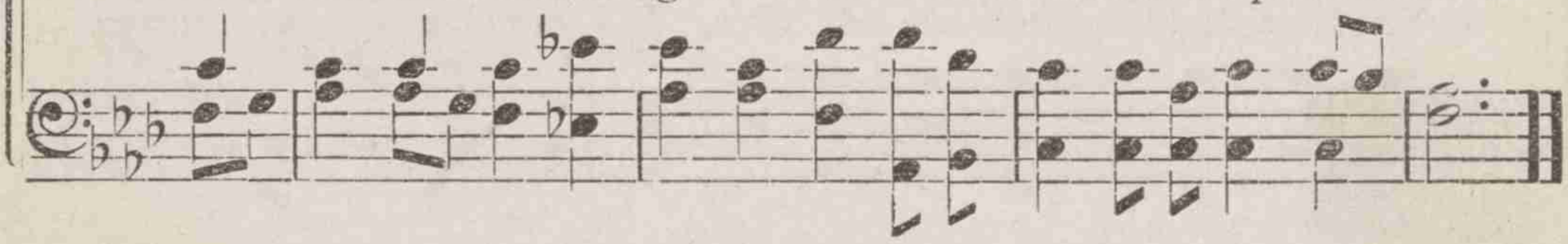


I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land;



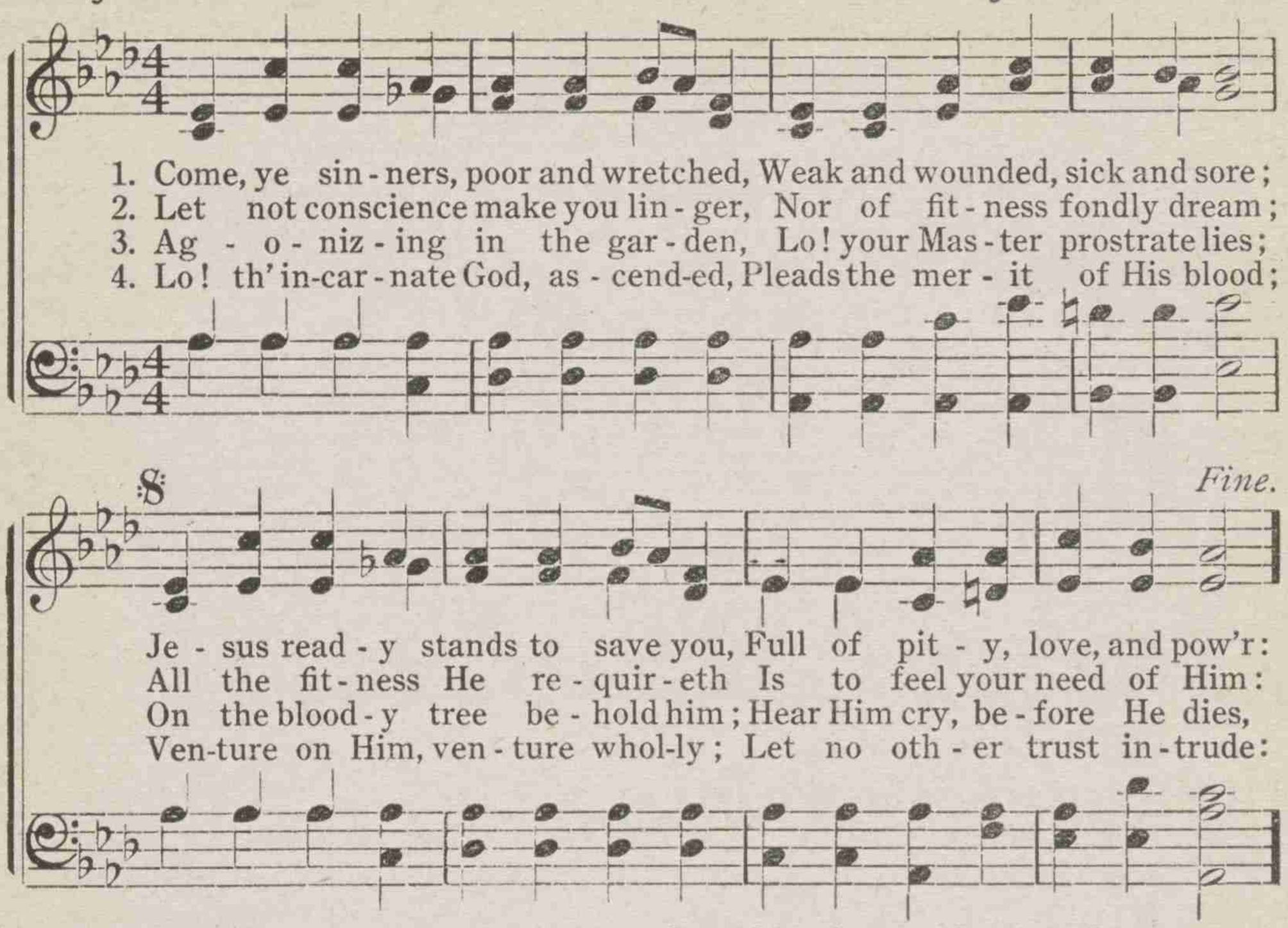


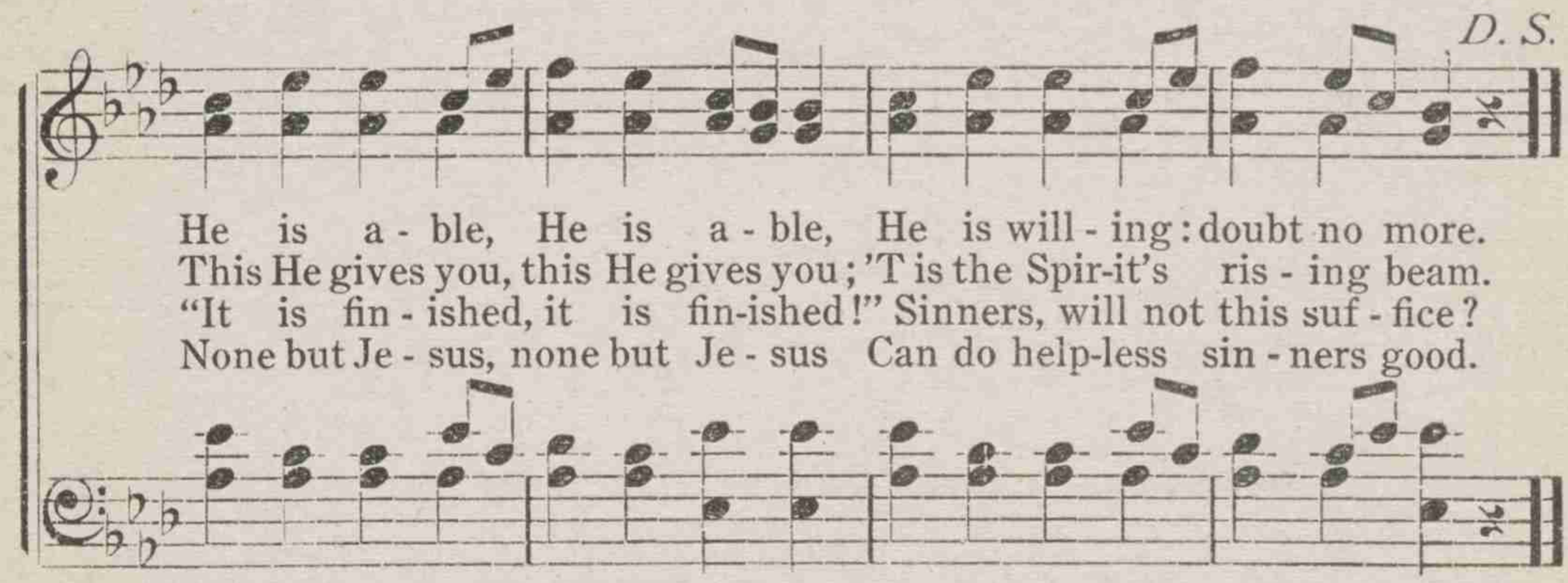
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.



No. 172. COME, YE SINNERS.

J. HART. J. M. HUNT.

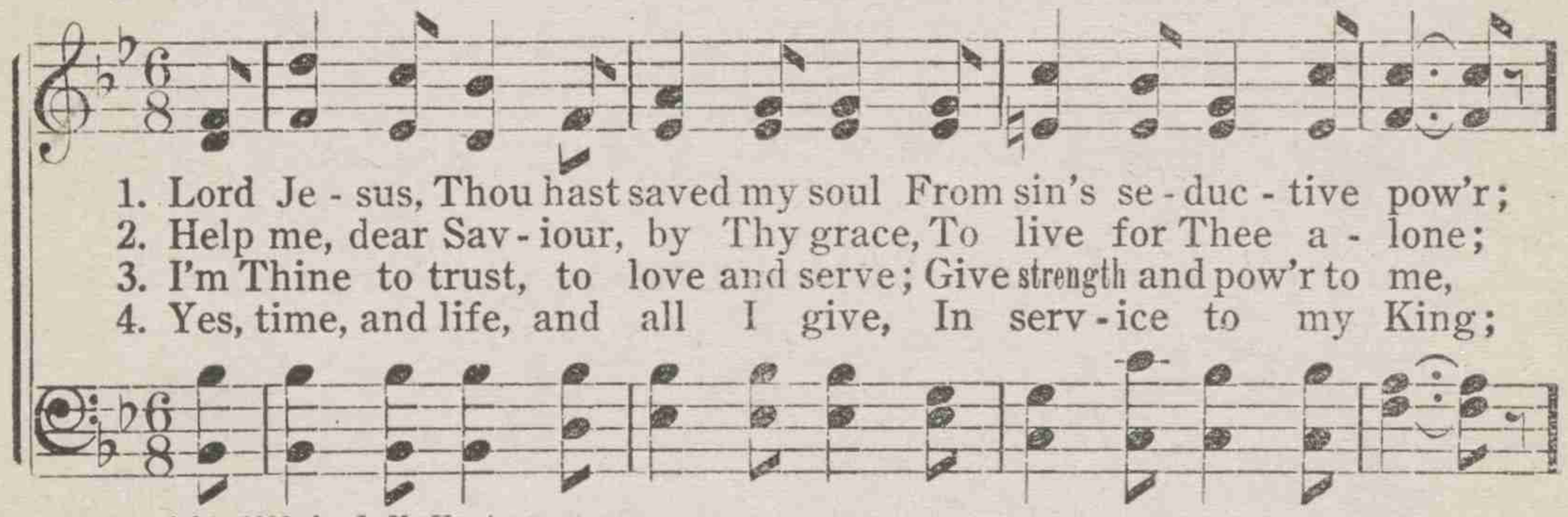




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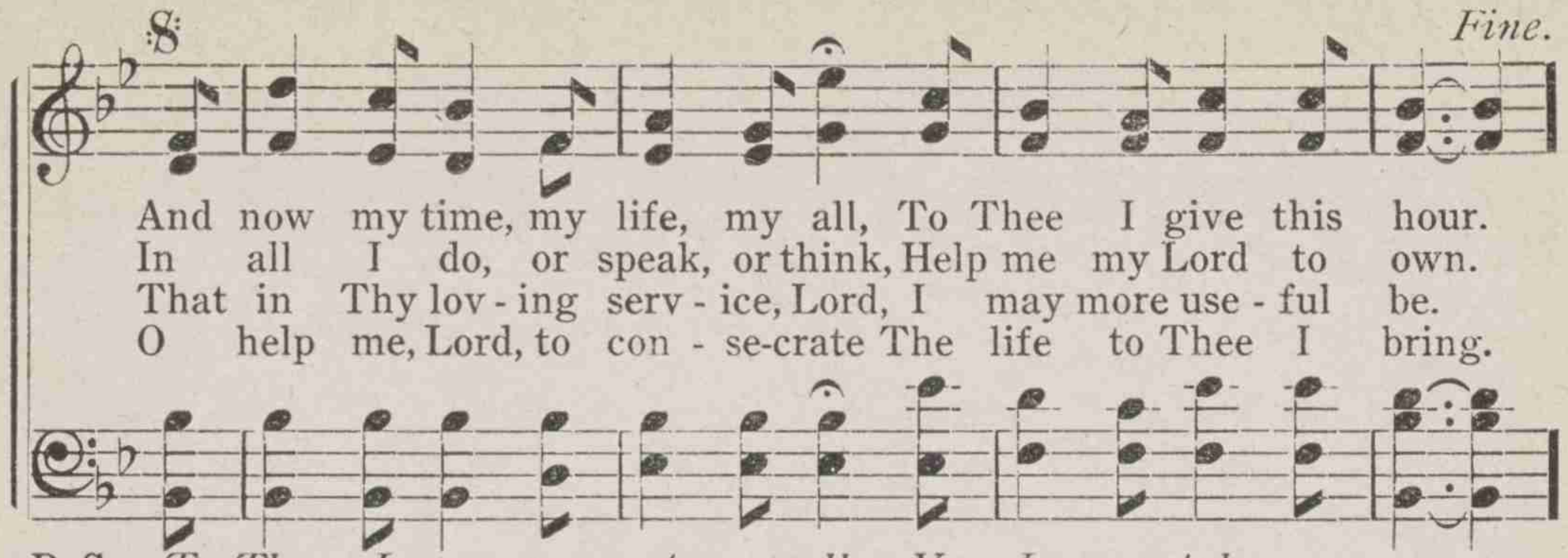
No. 173. DEAR JESUS, TAKE ME NOW.

J. H. DEW. J. M. HUNT.

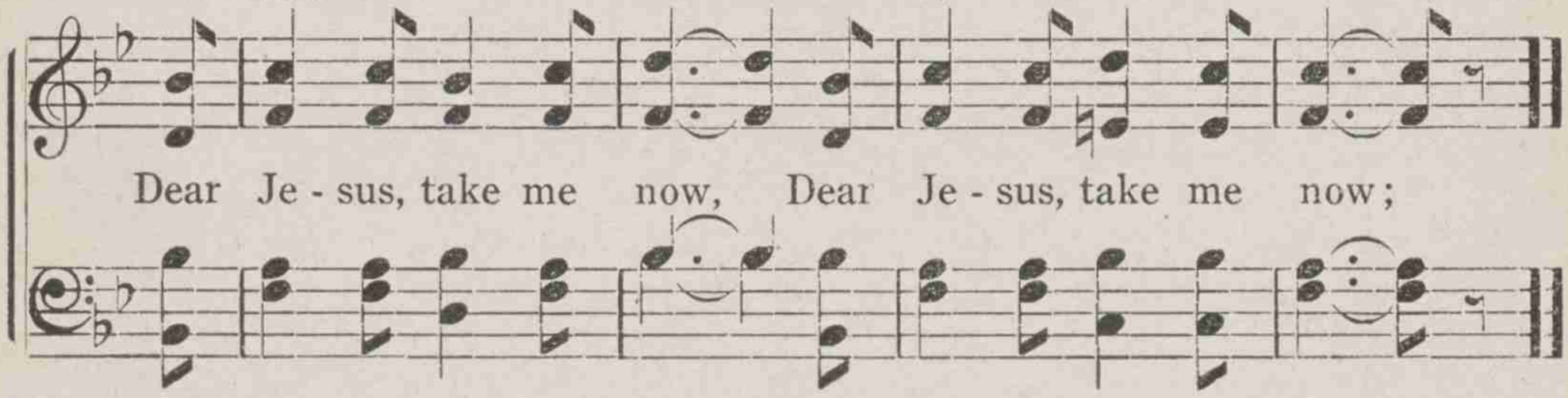


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DEAR JESUS, TAKE ME NOW.

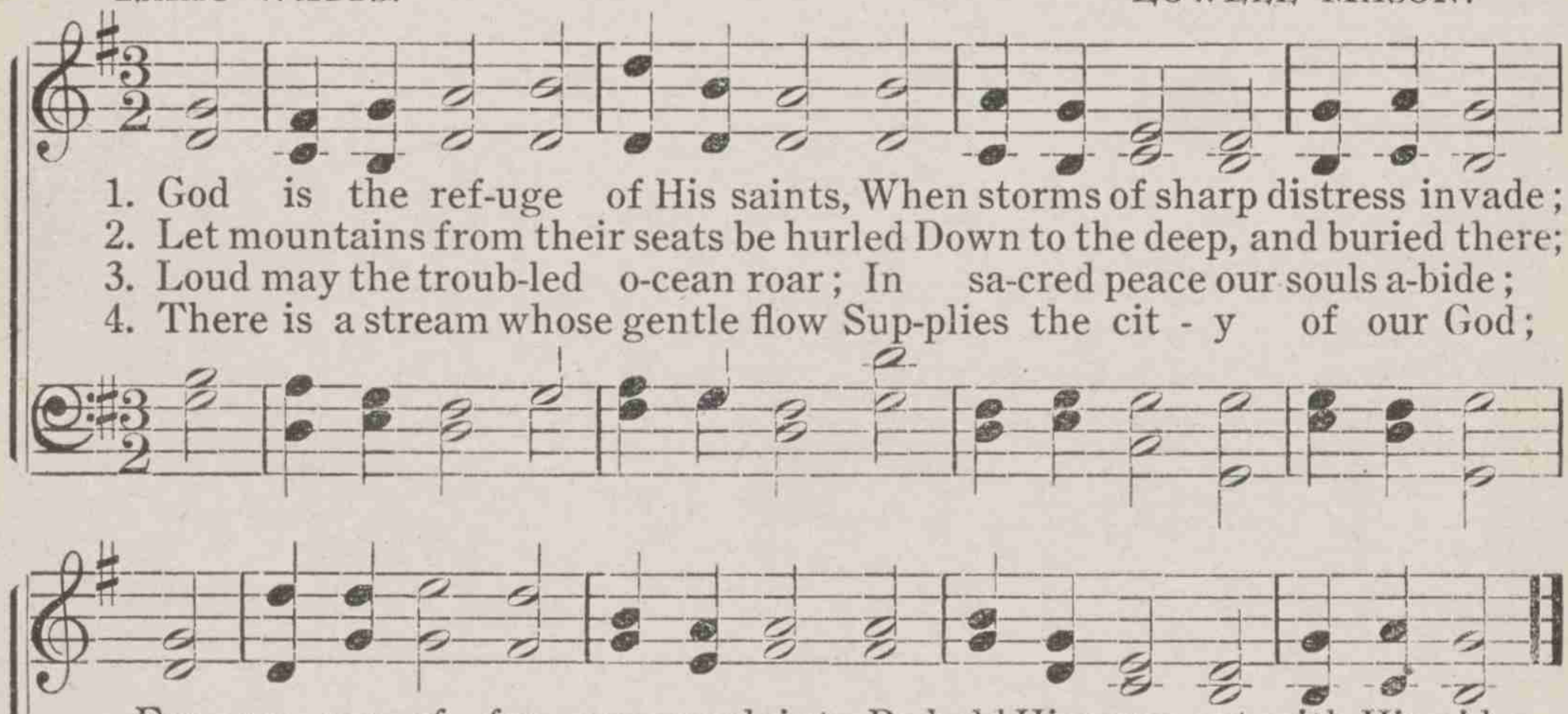


CHORUS. D. S.



No. 174. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.



No. 175. WHAT VARIOUS HINDRANCES WE MEET.

(To tune above.)

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

WM. COWPER.

No. 176. O YOU MUST BE A LOVER OF THE LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Harmonized by J. M HUNT.

1. How con - de - scend - ing and how kind Was
2. He sunk be - neath our hea - vy woes, To
3. This was com - pas - sion, like a God, That
4. Now, though He reigns ex - alt - ed high, His

D.C. *O you must be a lov - er of the Lord, ... O you*

God's e - ter - nal Son! Our mis - ery reached His
raise us to His throne; There's ne'er a gift His
when the Sav - iour knew The price of par - don
love is still as great; Well He re - mem - bers

must be a lov - er of the Lord; O you must be a lov-er of the

D.C. for Cho.

heav'n - ly mind, And pi - ty brought Him down.
hand be - stows, But cost His heart a groan.
was His blood, His pi - ty ne'er with - drew.
Cal - va - ry, Nor let His saints for - get.

Lord, ... Or you can't go to heaven when you die.

No. 177. ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY. THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE. D.C.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood
   From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
2. Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know; These for sin could not atone;
   Thou must save, and Thou alone;
3. While I draw this fleeting [breath,] When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,
   And behold Thee on Thy throne,

D.C. 1. *Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me* **pure.**
2. *In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.*
3. *Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.*

No. 178. ARE YOU FOLLOWING THE SAVIOUR DAILY?

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Are you treading in the nar-row way? Are you striv-ing in your ways to please Him?
2. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Are you jour-ney-ing to Zi-on's Hill? Are you con-quer-ing each e-vil hab-it?
3. Are you fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly? Do you feel that He your Shep-herd is? Have you cho-sen Him to be your por-tion?

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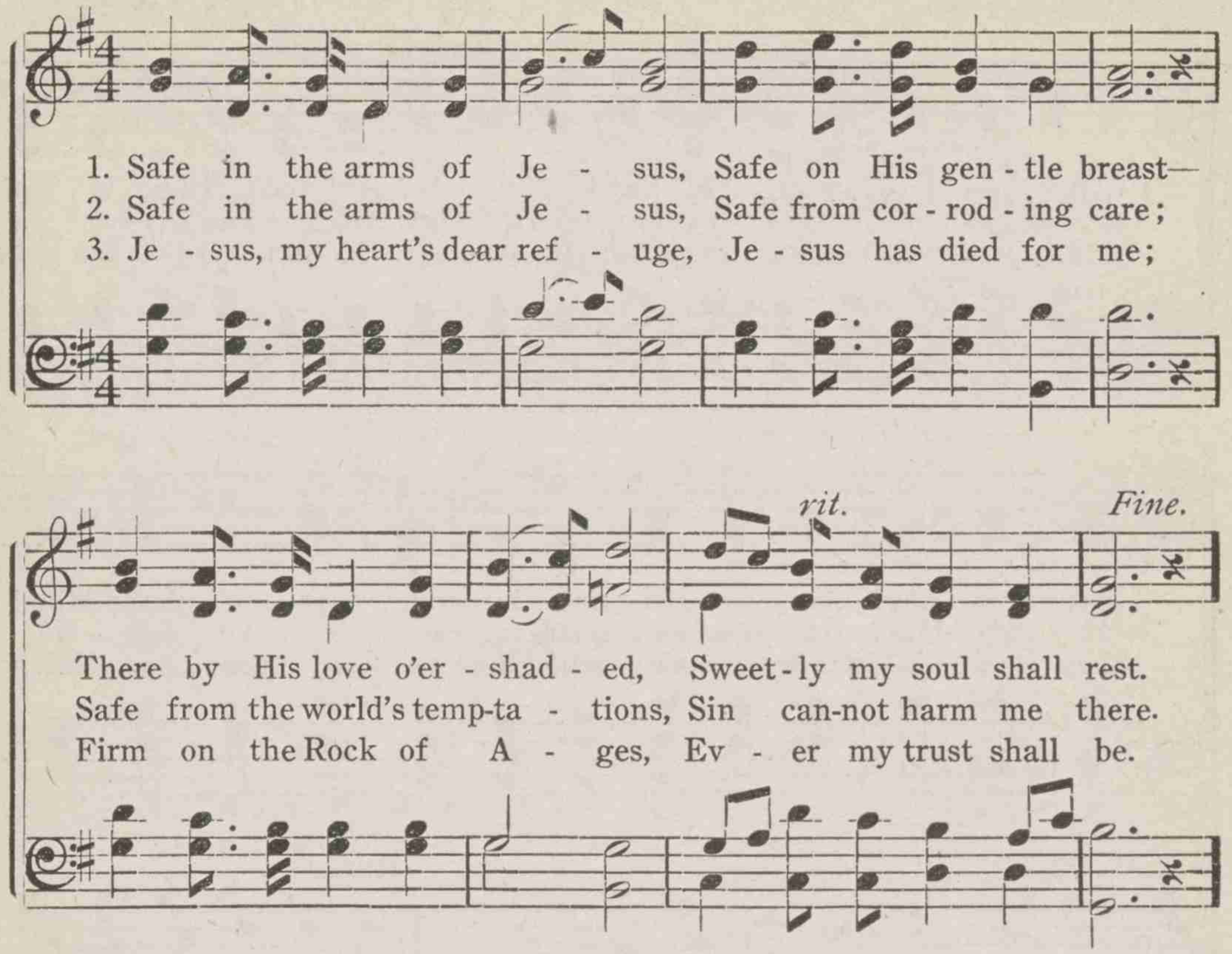
Are you liv-ing for the judg-ment day? We are fol-low-ing the Sav-iour dai-ly, And His bless-ings on our way are shed!
Are you do-ing the Re-deem-er's will?
Do you feel that you by faith are His?

We are drinking of the liv-ing wa-ters! We are feasting on the liv-ing bread!

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No. 179. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 180. KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

LYDIA C. BAXTER. J. M. HUNT.

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling, hope, and fear; I've waited long and still I wait, Thy gracious word to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys Thou hast in store; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.
2. None ev - er empty turned away, Who truly sought Thy face; And I, my Saviour come to stay, To seek Thy pard'ning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea, This can my soul re- store; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door.
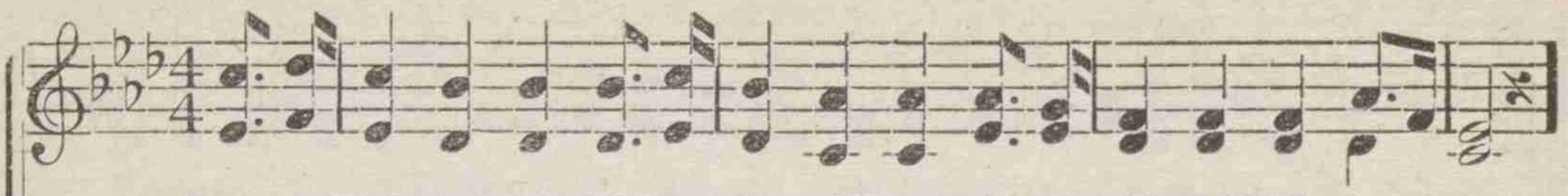
REFRAIN.

I'm kneel - - ing at the door, I'm kneel - - ing at the door; O Lord, in mer - cy speak to me, I'm kneel-ing at the door.
Kneel - ing, kneel - ing Kneel - ing, kneel - ing
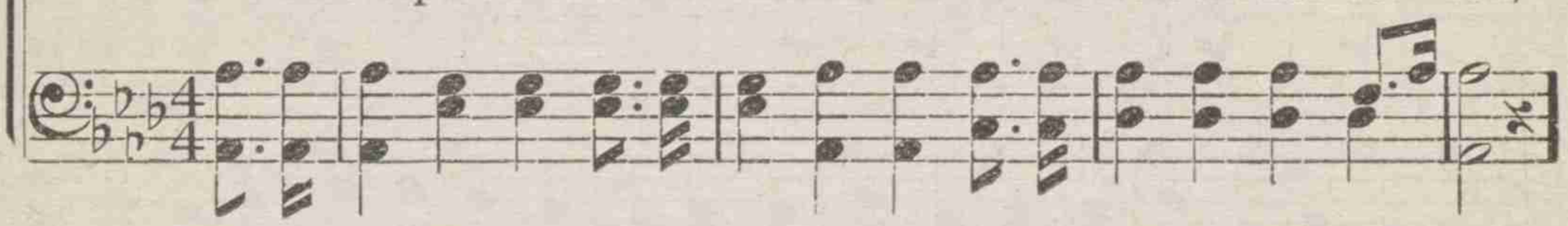
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No. 181. DRAW ME NEARER.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.
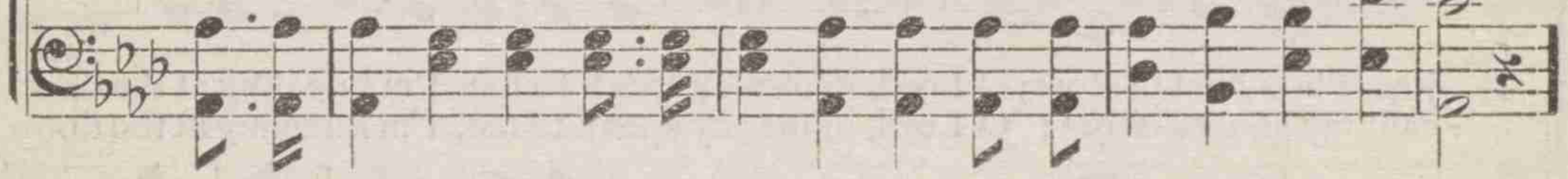


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea;
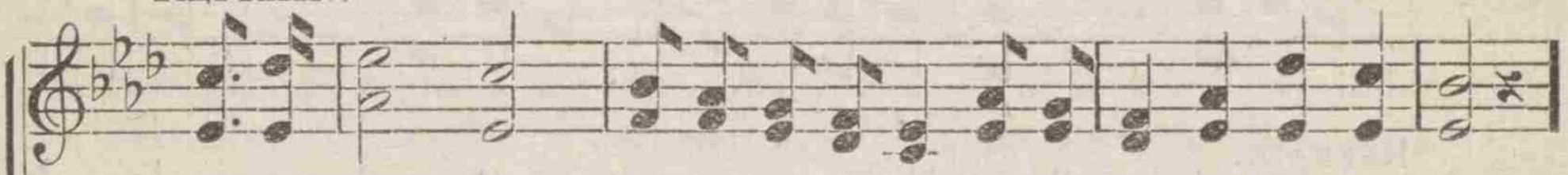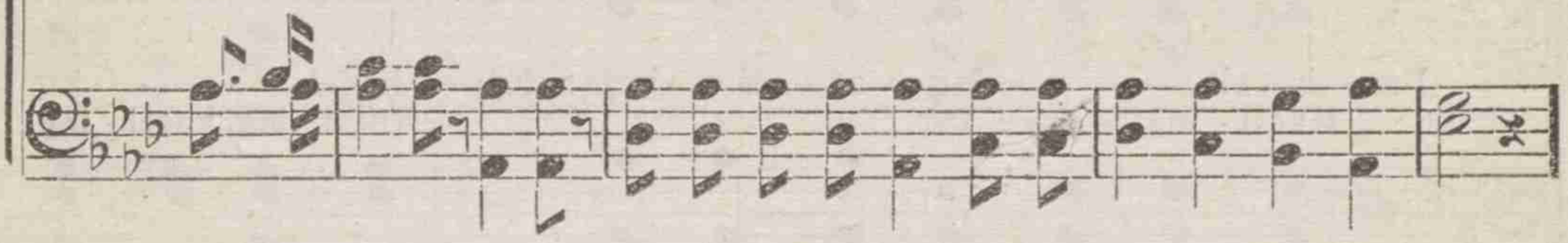




But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.
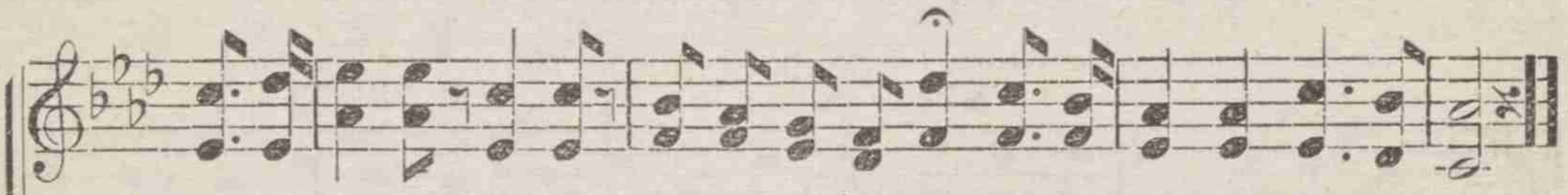


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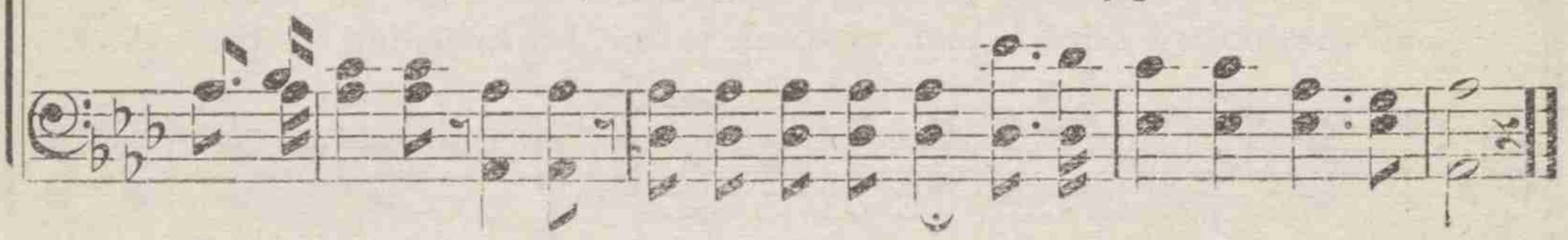


Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, nearer,





Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



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No. 182. IN THE LAND THAT'S FAR AWAY.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN. Arr. by J. M. HUNT.

Slowly.

1. No day is dark and drear - y In the land that's far a - way,
2. No troub - le and no sigh - ing In the land that's far a - way,
3. No thought or dream of sad - ness In the land that's far a - way,

No one is worn and wear - y In the land that's far a - way;
No weep - ing for the dy - ing In the land that's far a - way;
The heights are crowned with glad - ness In the land that's far a - way;

rit.

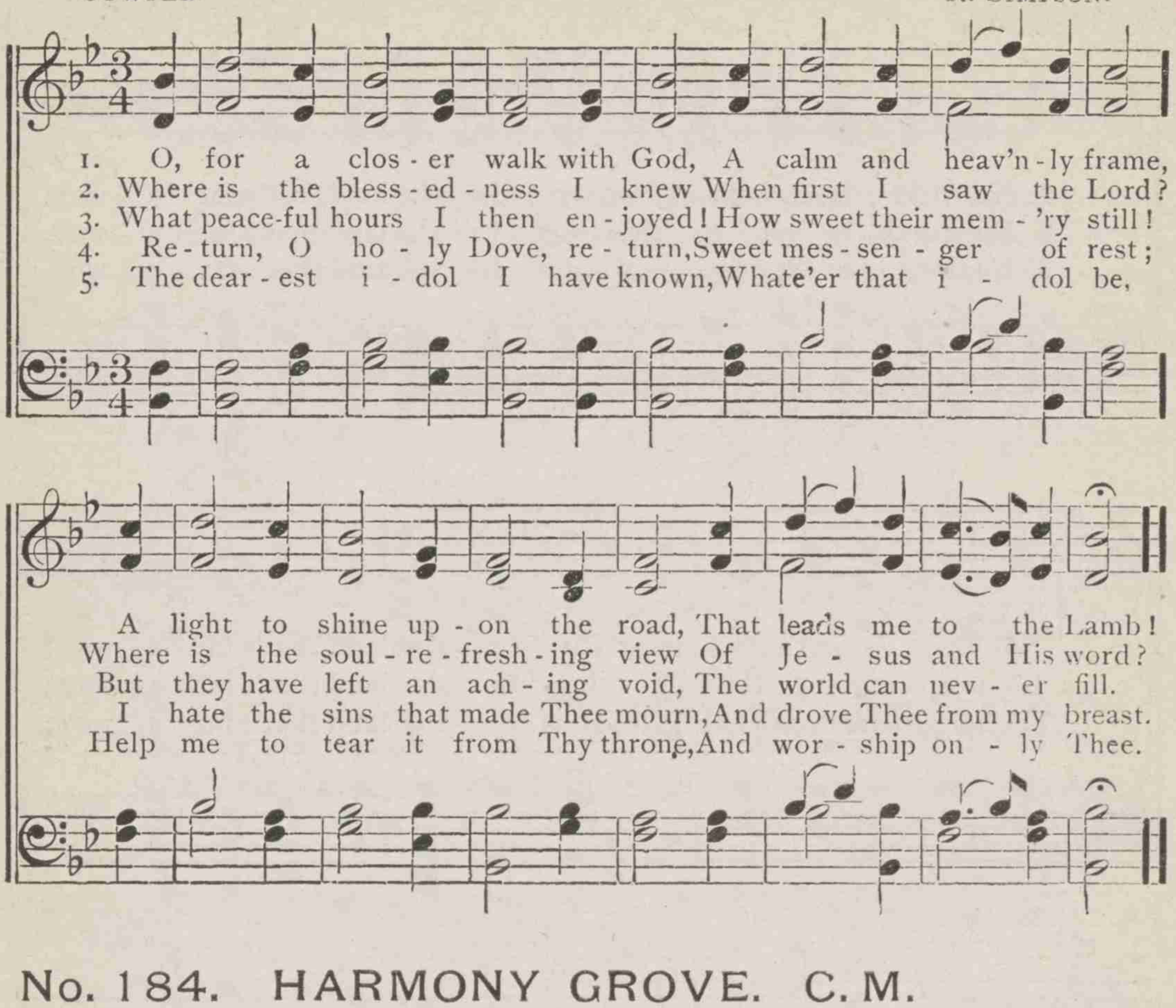
No friends are ev - er part - ed, No tear is ev - er start - ed,
No lone - ly one for - sa - ken, No soul by sin o'er - ta - ken,
The Fa-ther, with - out meas - ure, Is pour - ing from His treas - ure

No one is bro - ken-heart - ed, In the land that's far a - way.
No night from which to wa - ken, In the land that's far a - way.
De - light, and peace, and pleas-ure, In the land that's far a - way.

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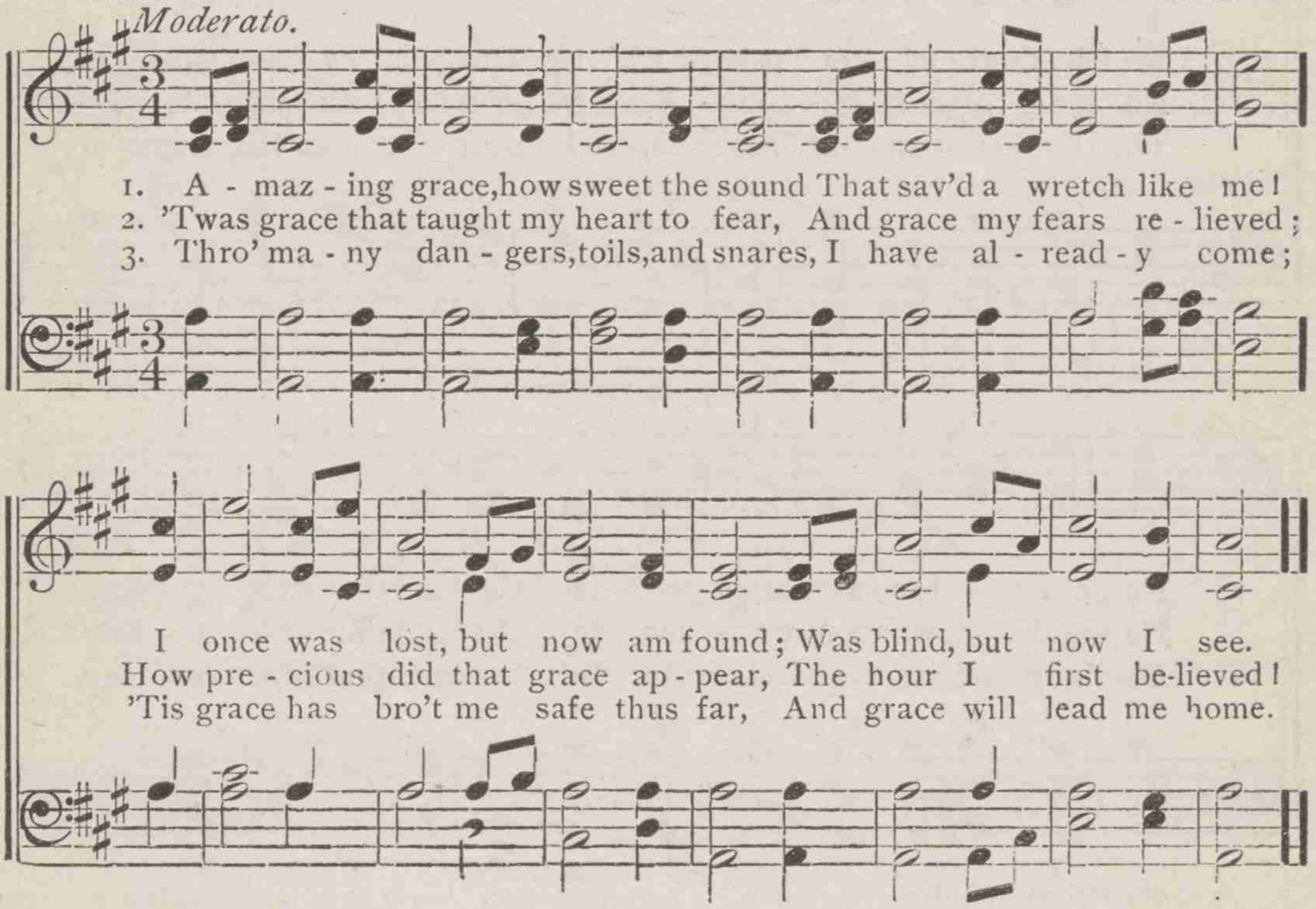
No. 183. BALERMA. C. M.

COWPER. R. SIMPSON.



No. 184. HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

NEWTON. WM. WALKER.



No. 185. SWEET BY-AND-BY.

S. F. BENNETT. J. P. WEBSTER. Arr. by J. M. HUNT.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the
3. To our boun-ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a
blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that

CHORUS.

dwell-ing-place there.
bless-ings of rest.
hal - low our days.
} In the sweet by - and - by, We shall

In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the sweet by-and-

by - and-by; by-and - by, by - and-

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by, by - and - by,

No. 186. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

S. BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re-main: Gates of hell can nev - er
4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

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

CHORUS.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
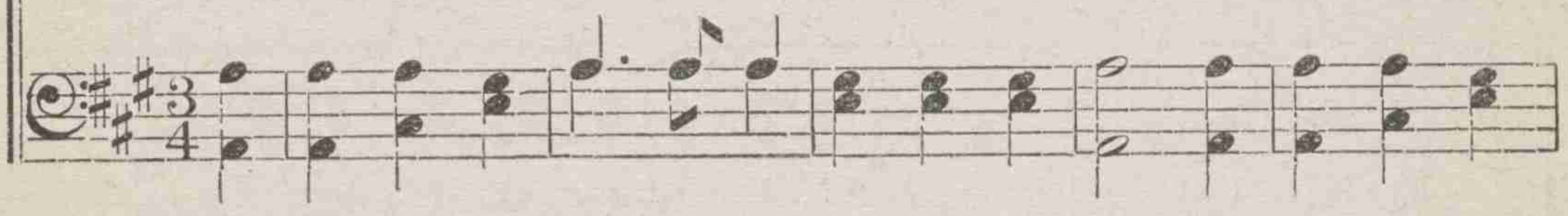
No. 187. WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient-ly wait; Come now, and with
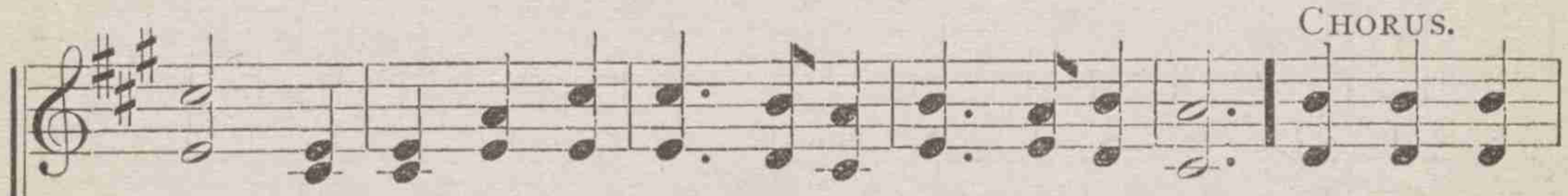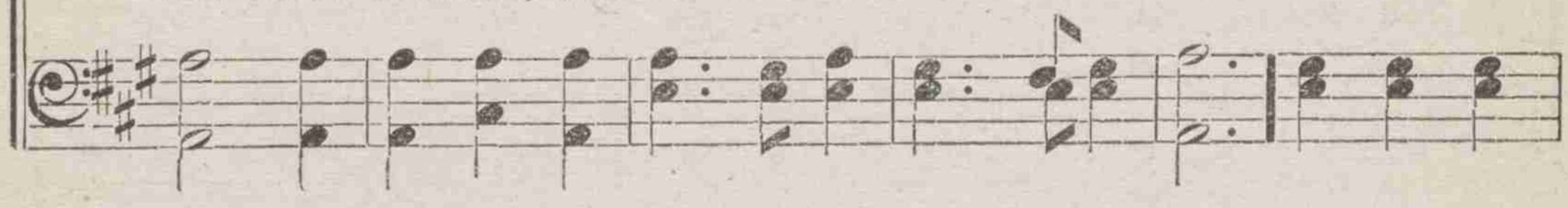




ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood
in me a new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st
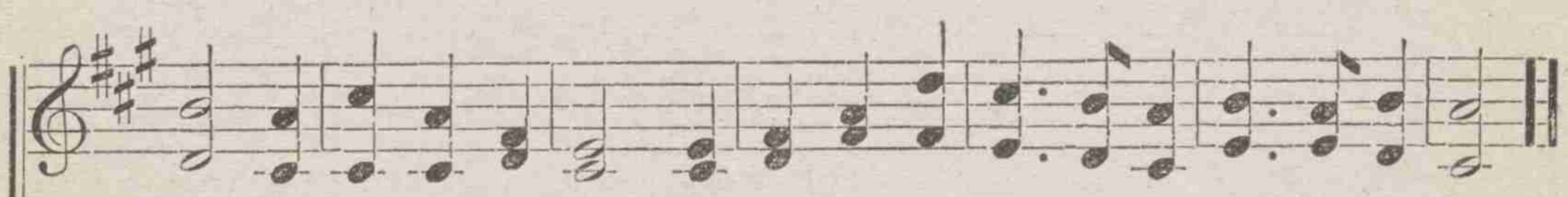


CHORUS.
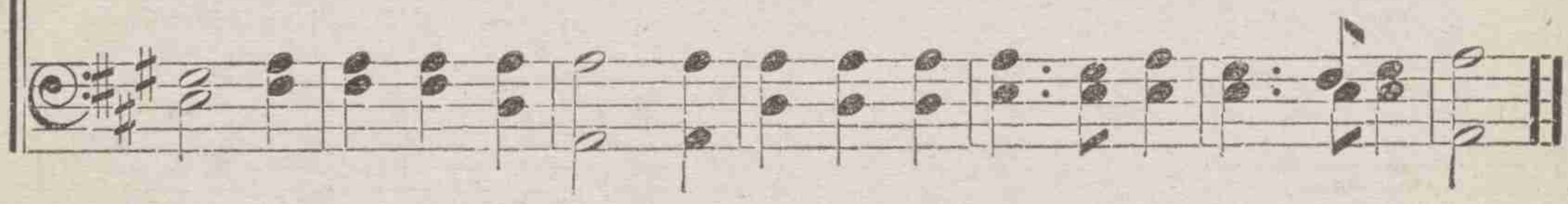


foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than
know — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
flow — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
No — Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.





snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



No. 188. THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

ELIZA COOK. J. M. HUNT.

1. I love it, I love it; and who shall dare To chide me for lov - ing that old arm - chair? I've treas-ured it long as a saint - ed prize; I've be-dewed it with tears, and em - balmed it with sighs; 'T is bound by a thou - sand ties to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would you learn the spell— a moth-er would give, To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
2. In child - hood's hour I lin - gered near The hal - lowed seat with list - 'ning ear; And gen - tle words that creed, and God for my guide; She taught me to lisp my She told me shame would nev - er be - tide, With truth for my when she smiled, And turned from her Bi - ble to bless her child.
3. I sat and watched her man - y a day, When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray; And I al - most wor-shiped her shat - tered, my earth - star fled; I learned how much the The years rolled on; but the last one sped— My i - dol was there she died: And mem - o - ry flows with la - va tide.
4. 'T is past, 't is past, but I gaze on it now With quiv - er - ing breath and throb-bing brow: 'T was there she nursed me, 't was You say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the scald - ing drops start down my cheek, But I love it, I love it, and

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THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

rit. – – – –

moth-er sat there; And a sa - cred thing is that old arm - chair.
ear - li - est prayer, As I knelt be - side that old arm - chair.
heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm - chair.
can - not tear My soul from moth-er, and that old arm - chair.

CHORUS.

That old arm - chair, that old arm - chair; I love it, I love it,

rit. – – –

and none can tear My soul from moth - er, and that old arm - chair.

No. 189. SESSIONS. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Great God, at - tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from Thy presence springs;
2. Might I en - joy the mean-est place With - in Thy house, O God of grace,
3. God is our sun,—He makes our day; God is our shield,—He guards our way
4. All need-ful grace will God be - stow, And crown that grace with glo-ry, too;

To spend one day with Thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
From all th' as-saults of hell and sin, From foes with - out, and foes with - in.
He gives us all things, and with-holds No re - al good from up - right souls.

No. 190. BRIGHT FOREVERMORE.

J. M. HUNT, by per.

1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,
2. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heav'n-ly man - sion fair,
3. We soon shall leave these fad - ing scenes, That glide so quick - ly by,

Where ev - 'ning sha-dows nev - er fall, The Sav - iour is its light.
And those we loved so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there.
And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.
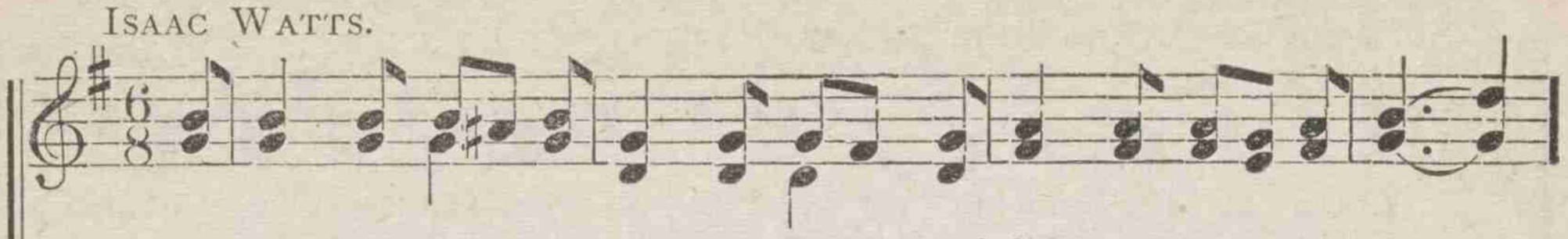
CHORUS.

If the cross . . . . we meek - ly bear, Then a crown we shall wear,
When we dwell . . . a-mong the fair, In the bright for - ev - er - more.
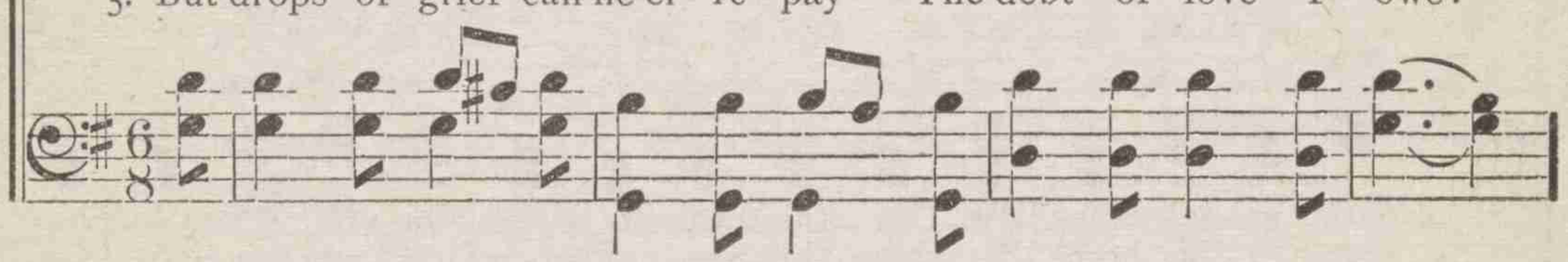
If the cross we meek - ly bear, Then a crown we shall wear,
When we dwell a - mong the fair, In the bright for - ev - er - more.

No. 191. O, HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M.
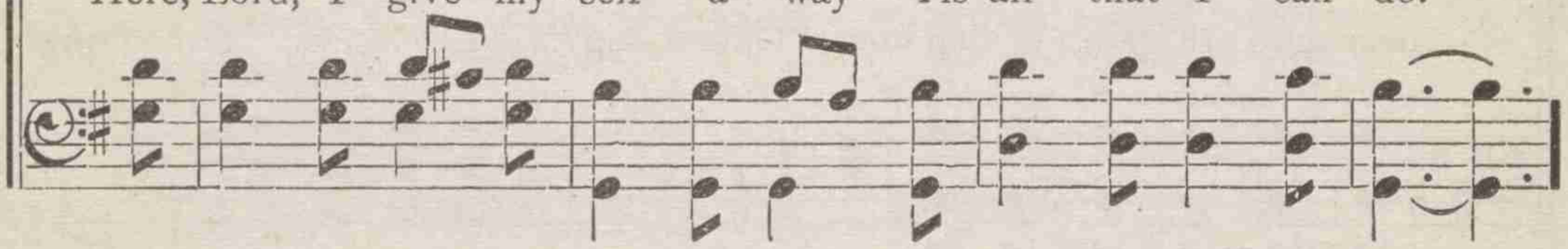
ISAAC WATTS.



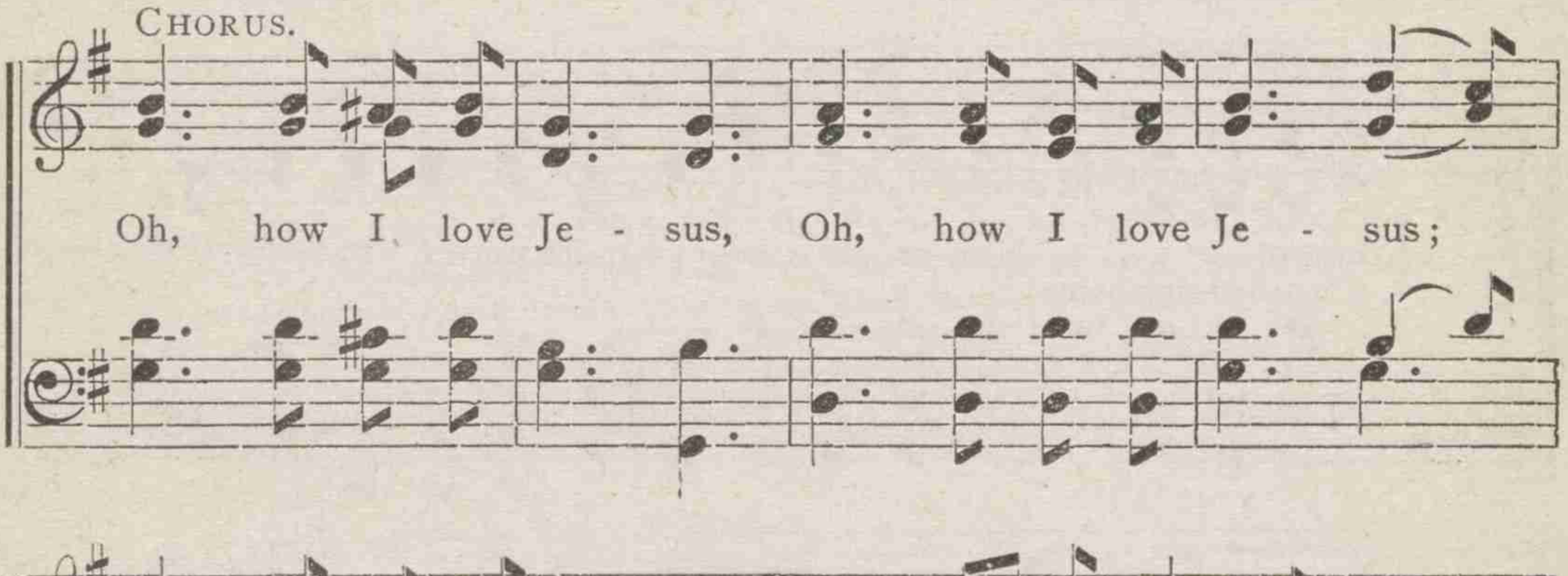
1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark- ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
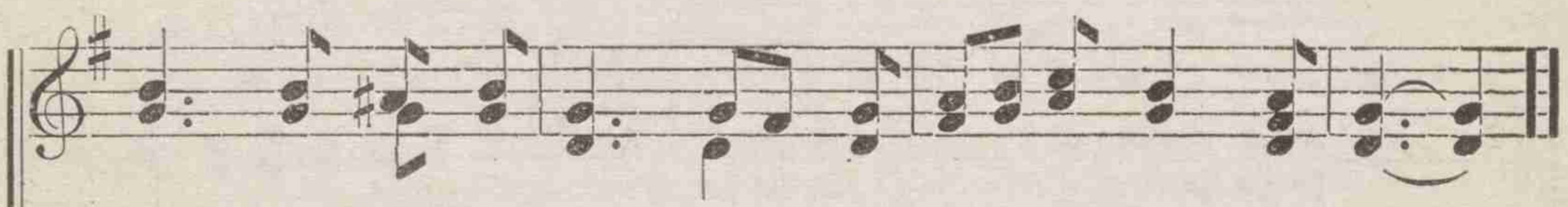


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the creature's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way—'Tis all that I can do.



CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus;



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause He first loved me.



No. 192. GATHERING HOME.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. M'INTOSH, by per.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET, *ad lib.*

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

home! . . . Nev -er to sor- row more, nev-er to roam; Gathering
gath-er- ing home!

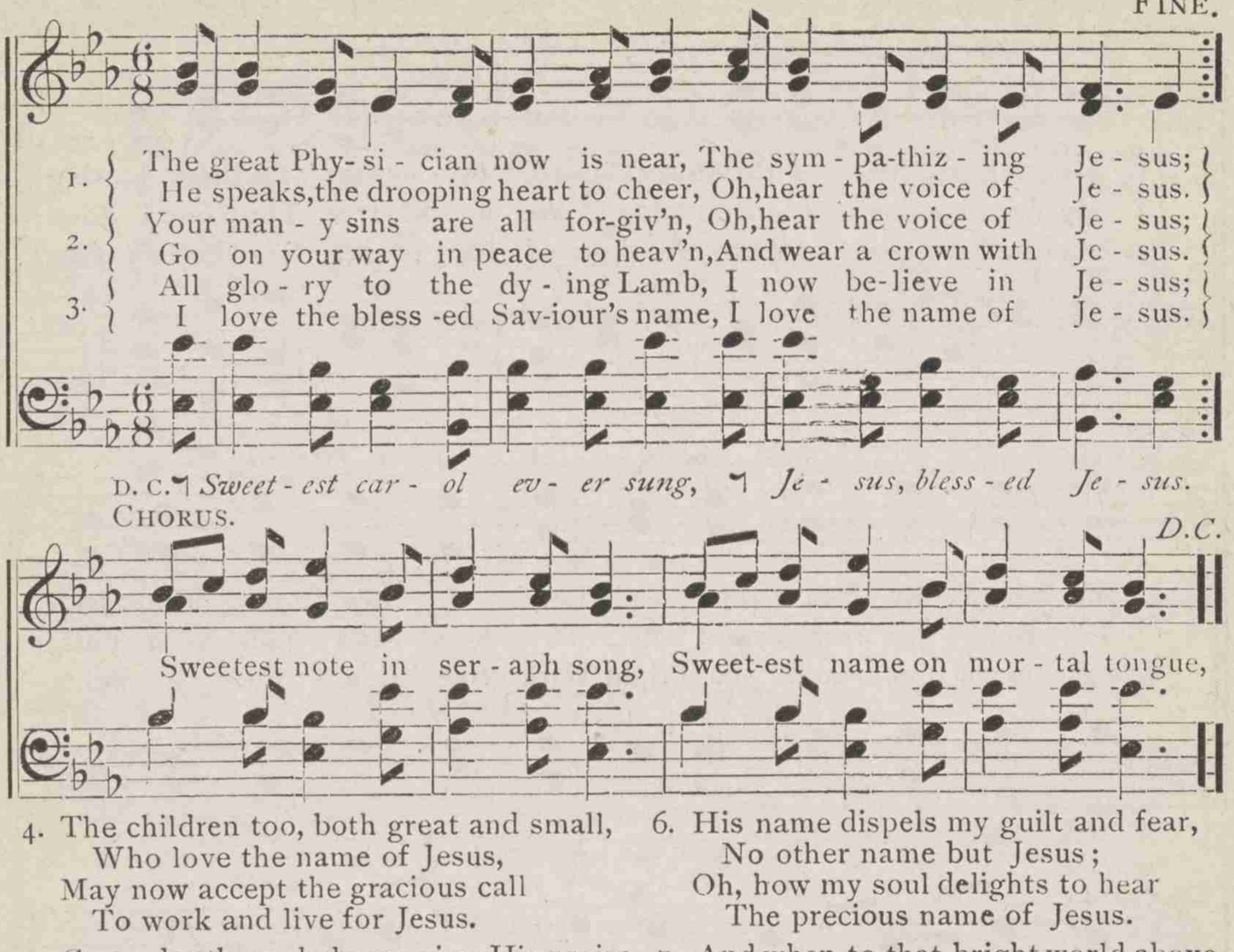
Repeat pp ad lib.

home! . . . gather-ing home! . . . God's children are gathering home.
gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

No. 193. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Har. by J. M. HUNT.

FINE.



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.

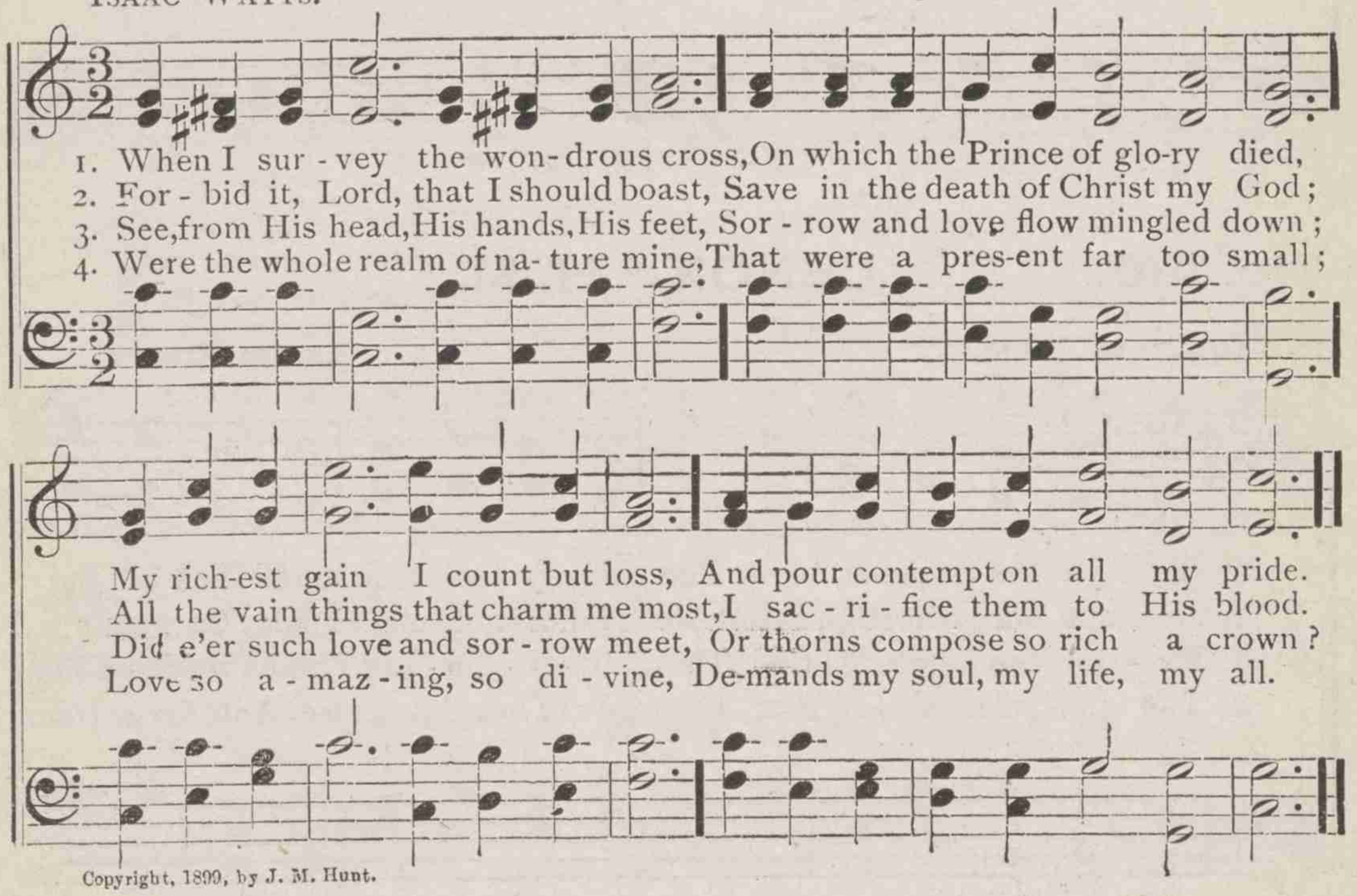
5. Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,
O, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6. His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7. And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 194. WONDROUS CROSS. L. M.
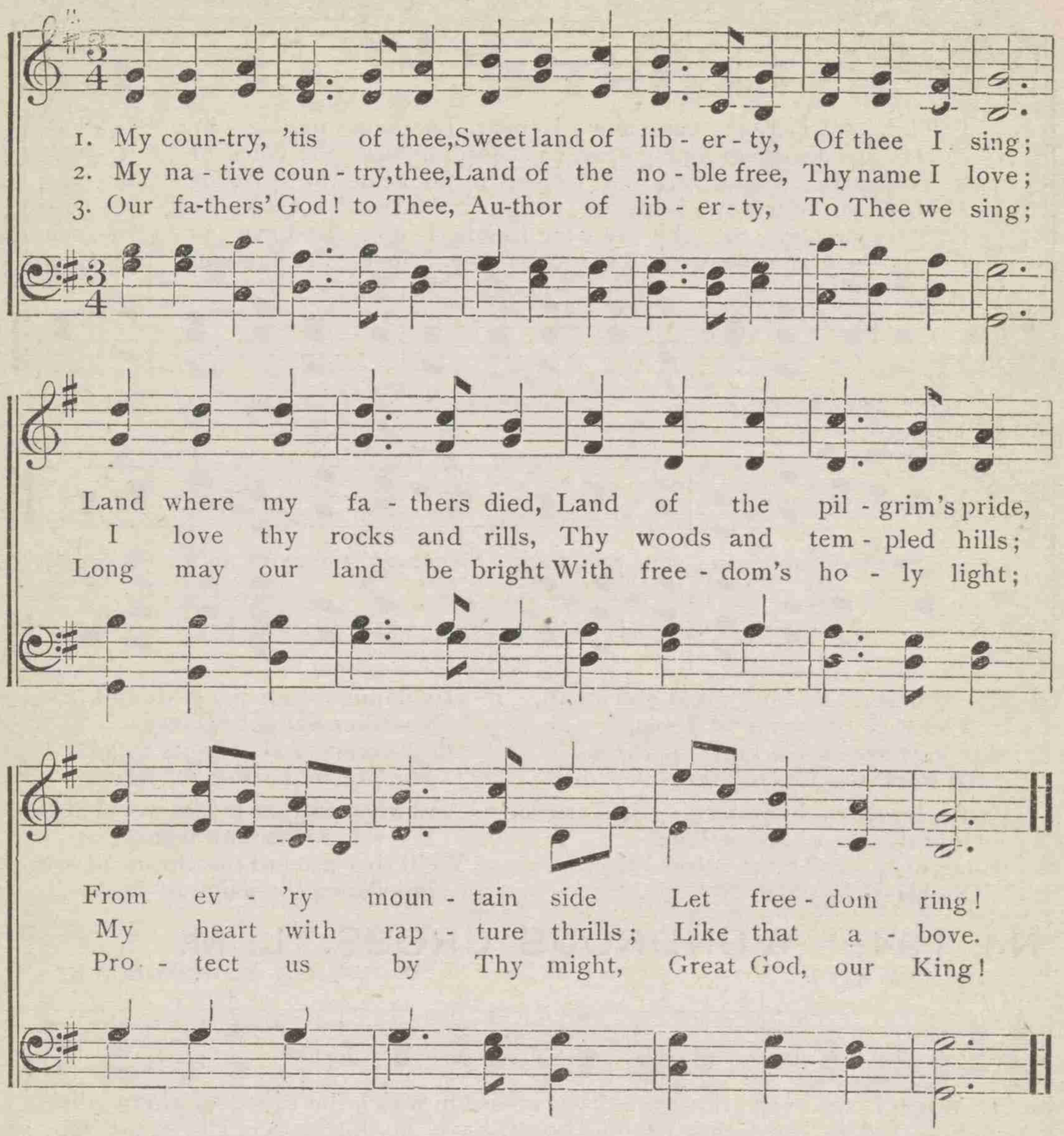
ISAAC WATTS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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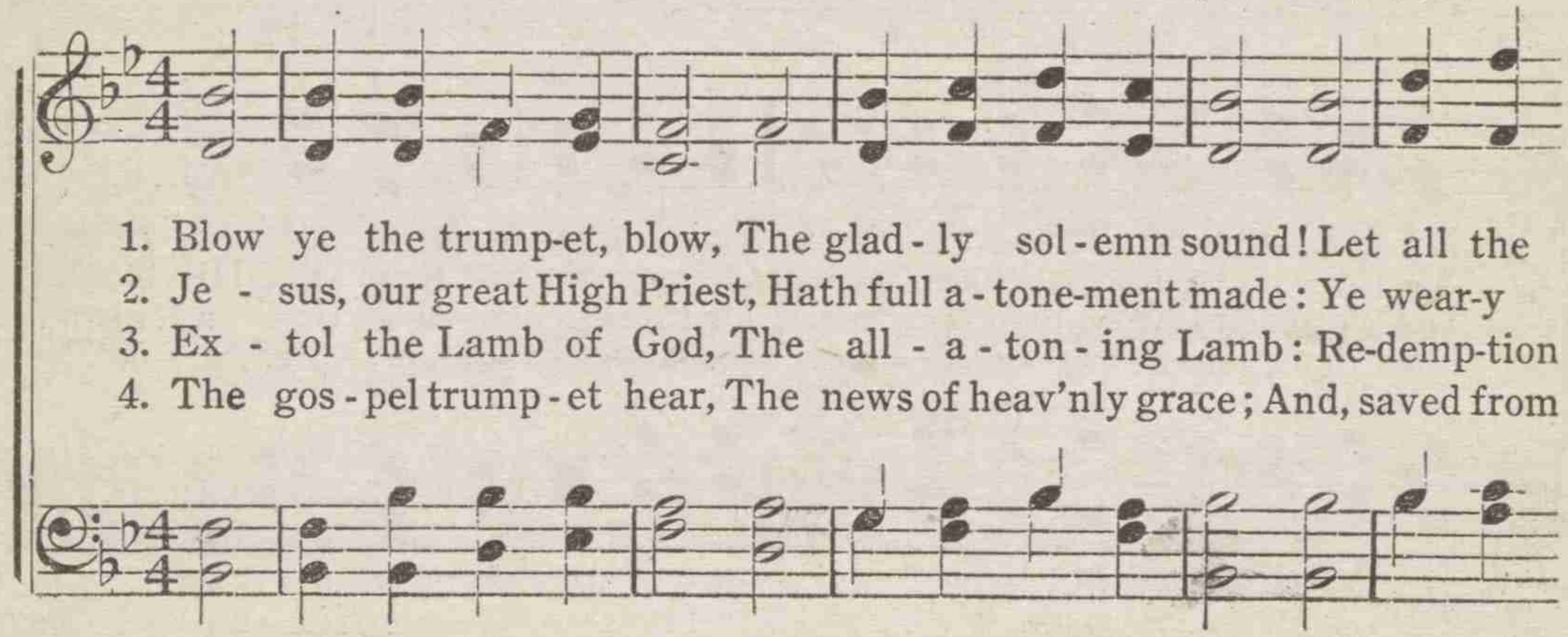
No. 195. AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CARY.

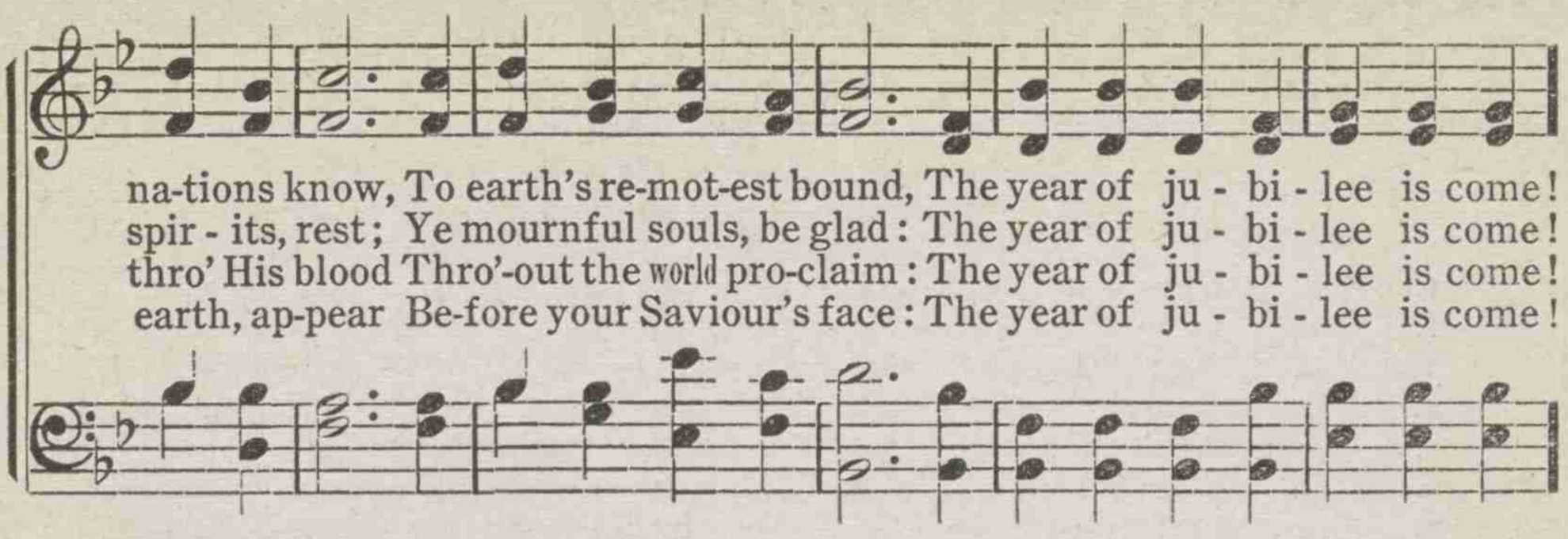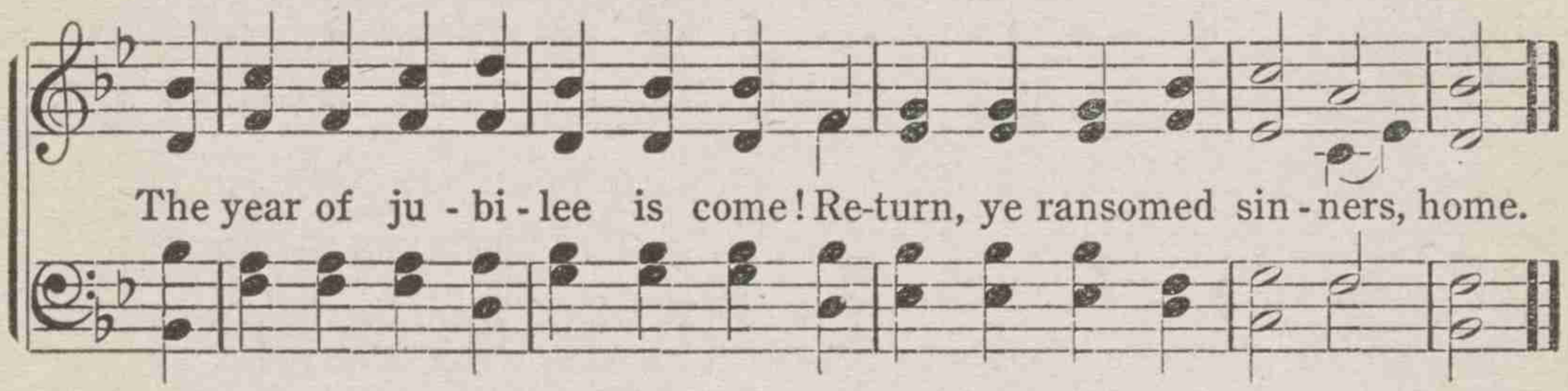


No. 196. LENOX. H. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.



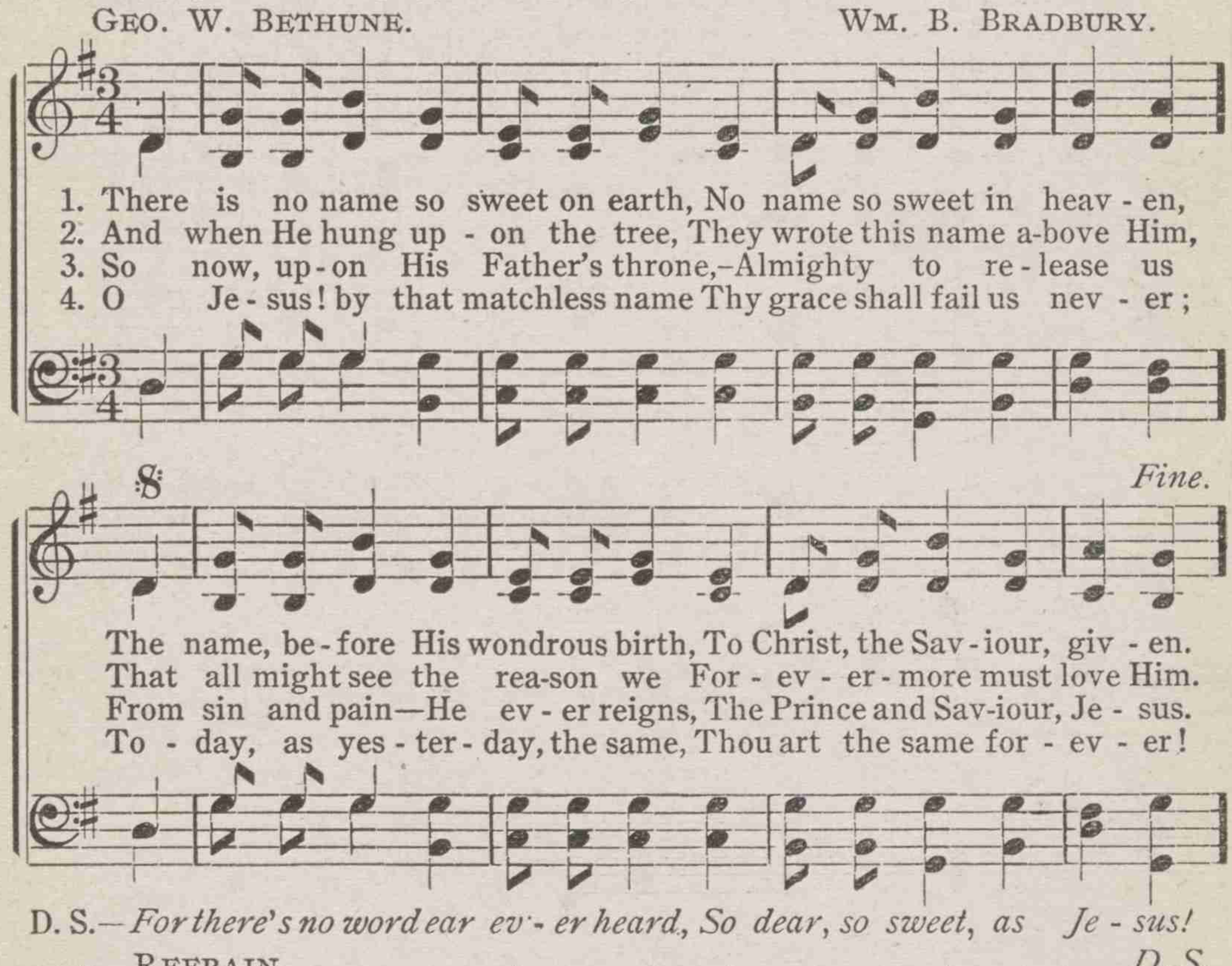
LENOX.
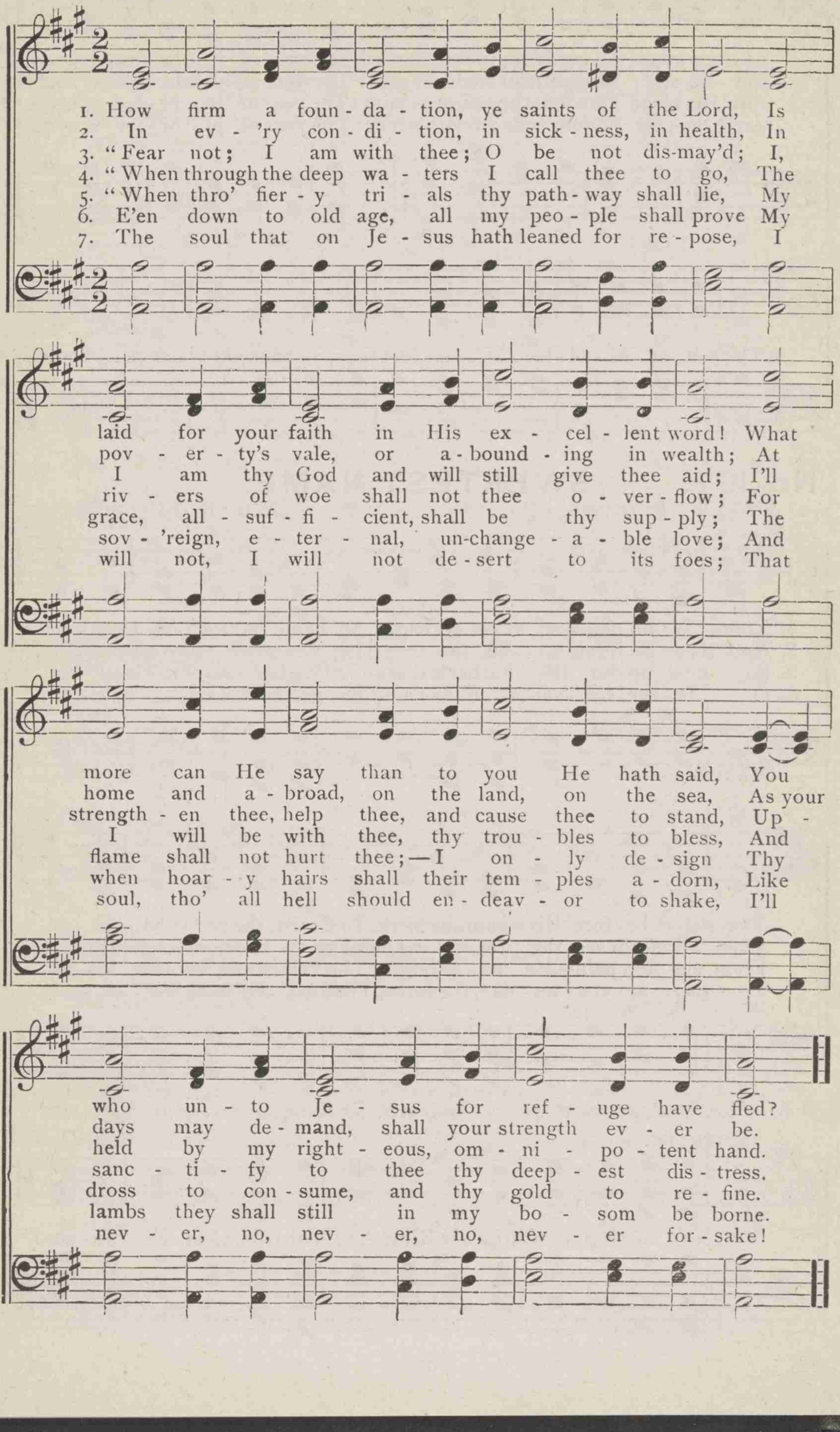




No. 197. SWEETEST NAME.

GEO. W. BETHUNE. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 198. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEO. KEITH.



No. 199. THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

LYDIA BAXTER. Arr. and Harmonized by J. M. HUNT.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleam - ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free to all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion:
3. Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer-cy's gate is o - pen.
4. Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en,

A ra- diance from the cross a - far, The Sav-iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
Ac - cept the cross, and win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing tok - en.
And bear the crown of life a - way, And love Him more in heav- en.

REFRAIN.
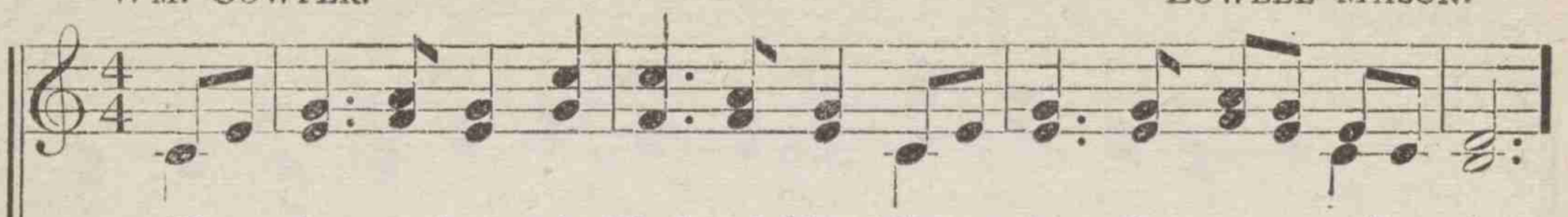
Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be, That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me, . . for me? . . Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

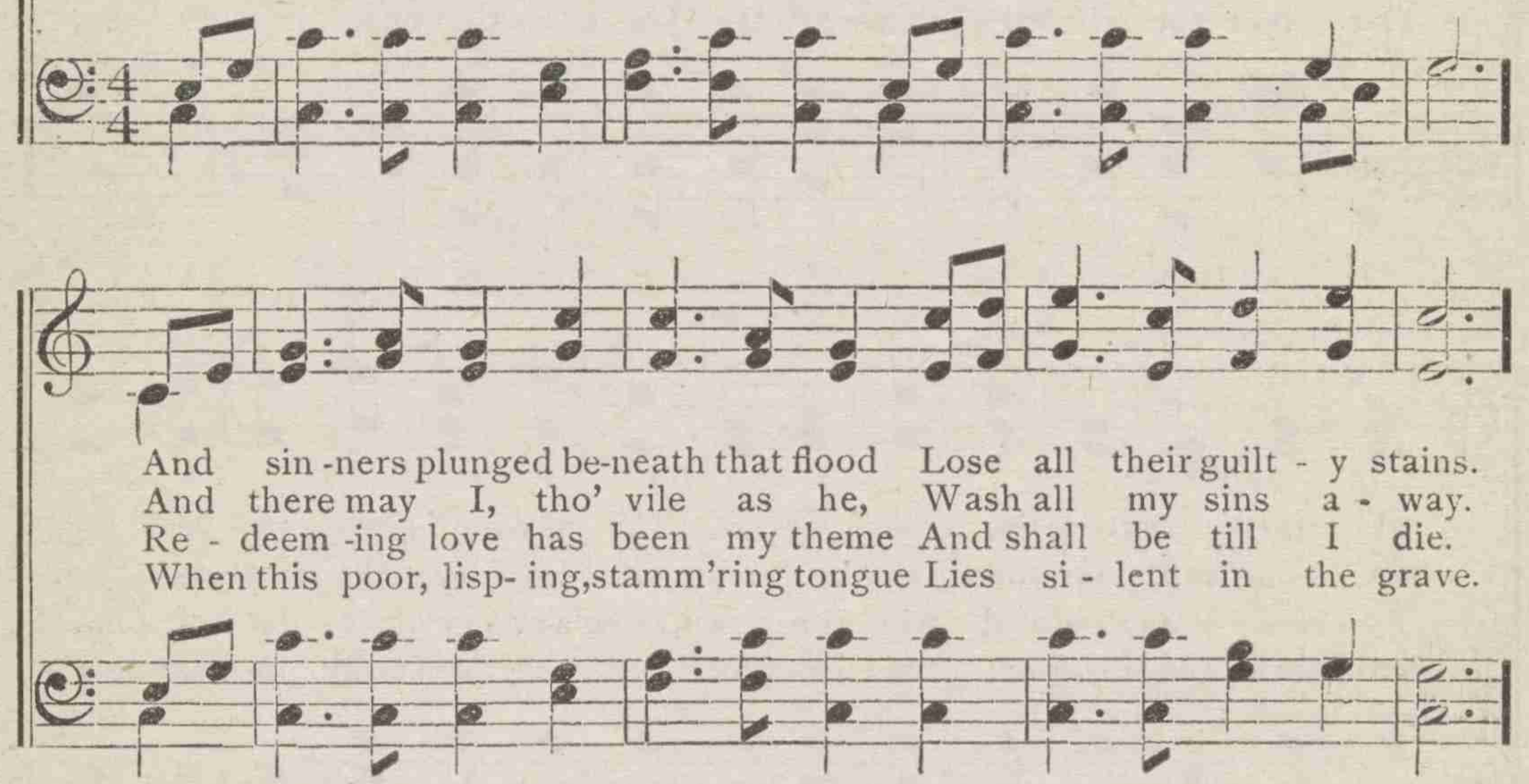
No. 200. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

"A fountain open for sin."—Zech. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.
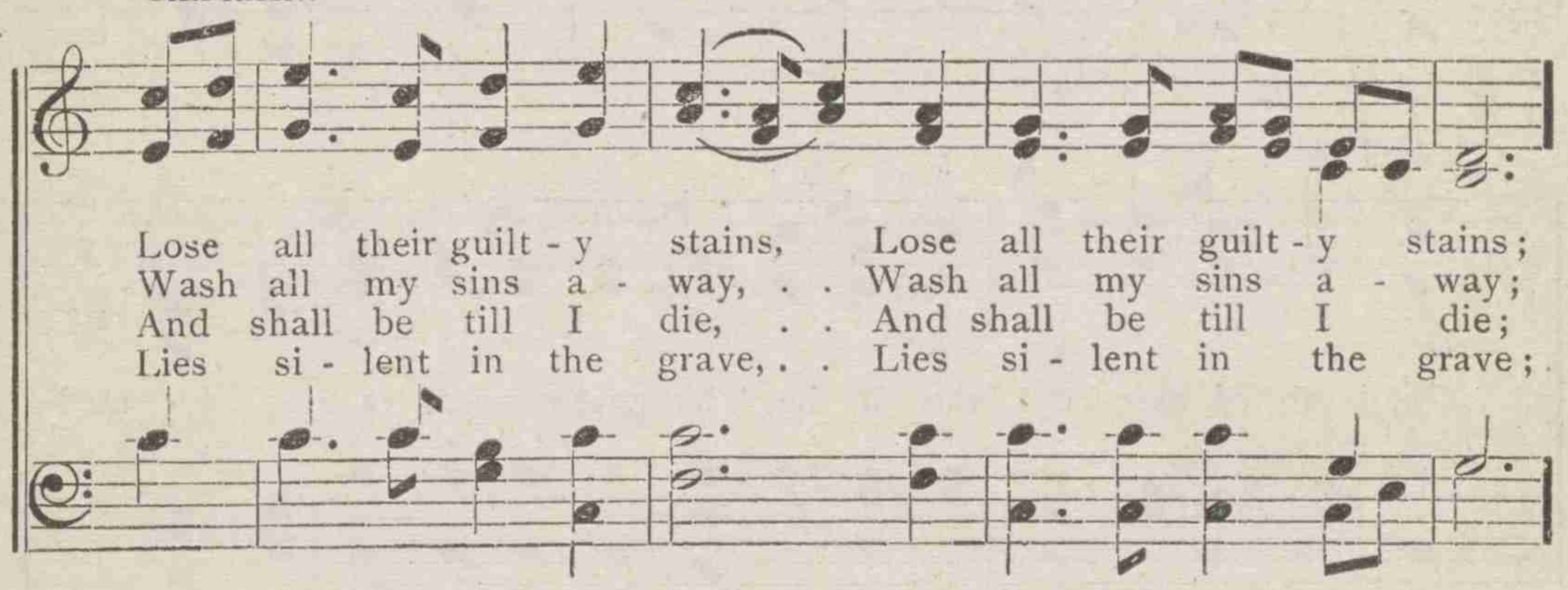


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
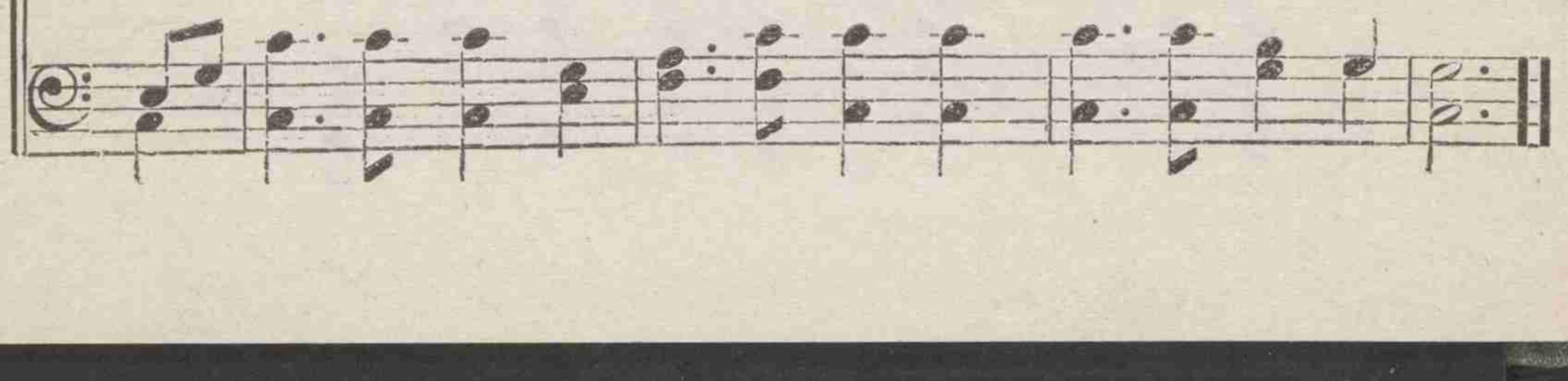


And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

REFRAIN.



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a-way, . . Wash all my sins a-way;
And shall be till I die, . . And shall be till I die;
Lies si-lent in the grave, . . Lies si-lent in the grave;

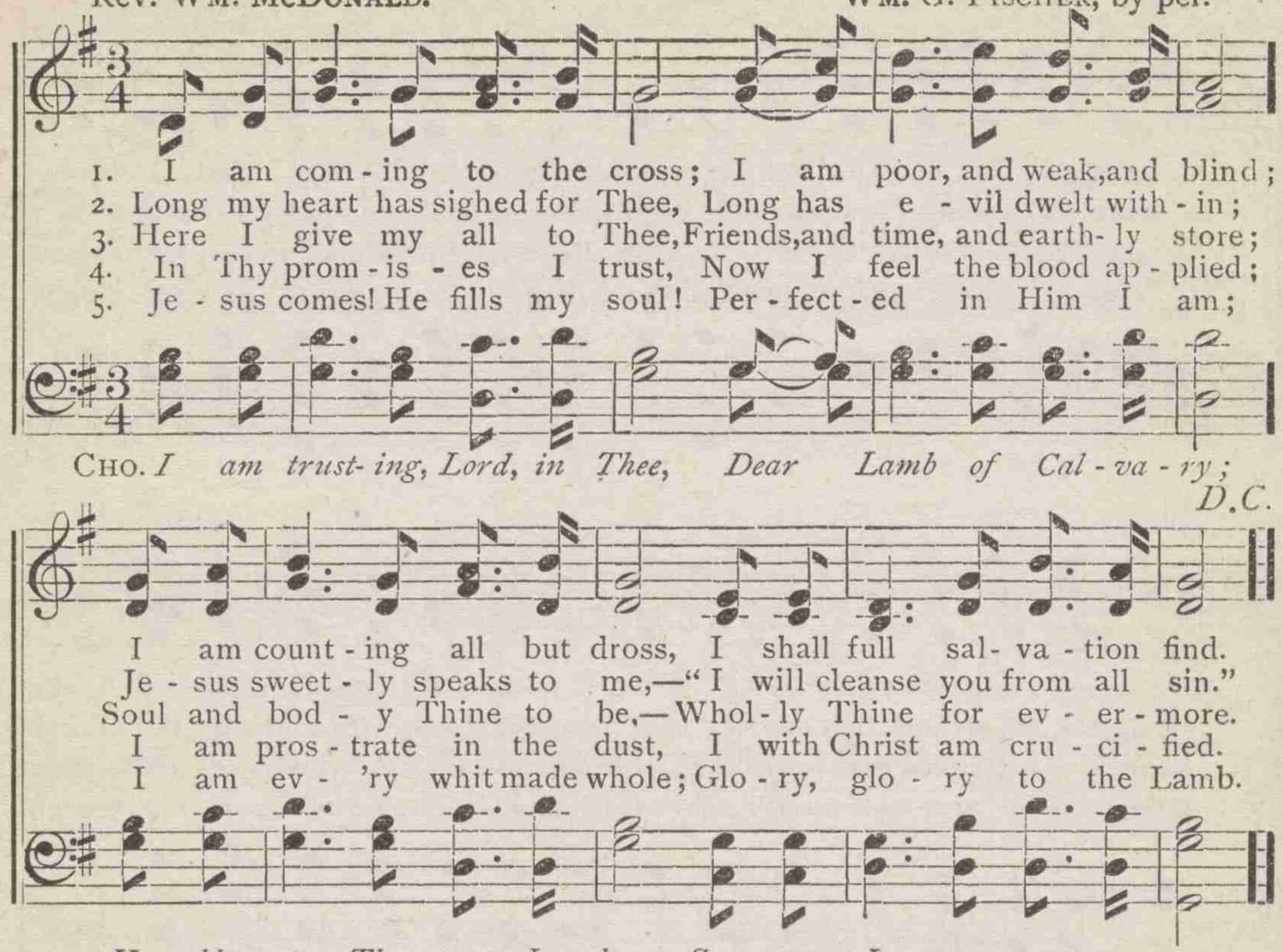
And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor, lisp-ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.



No. 201. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

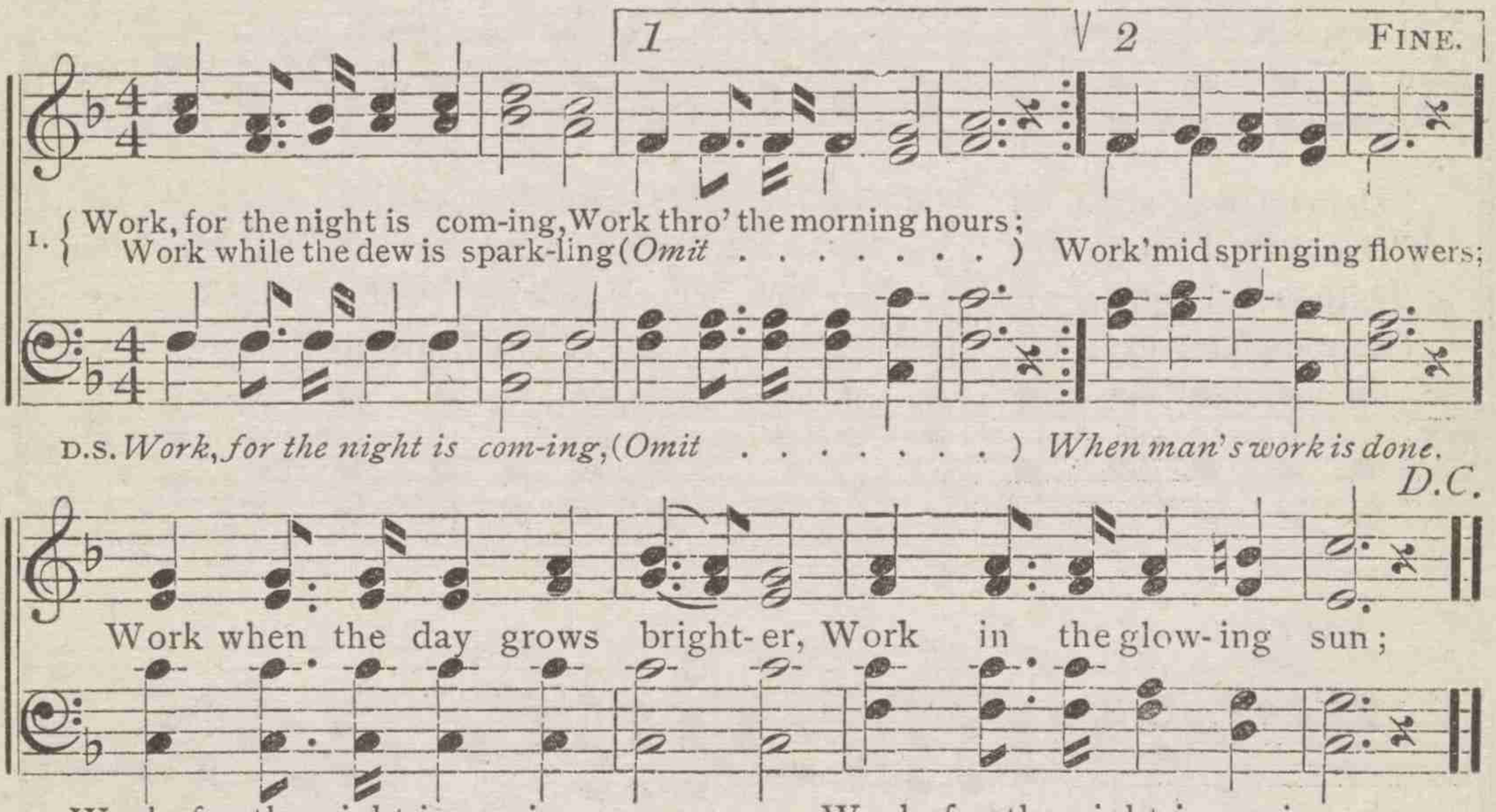
John 6: 37.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.



No. 202. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.

Annie L. Walker. Dr. Lowell Mason.
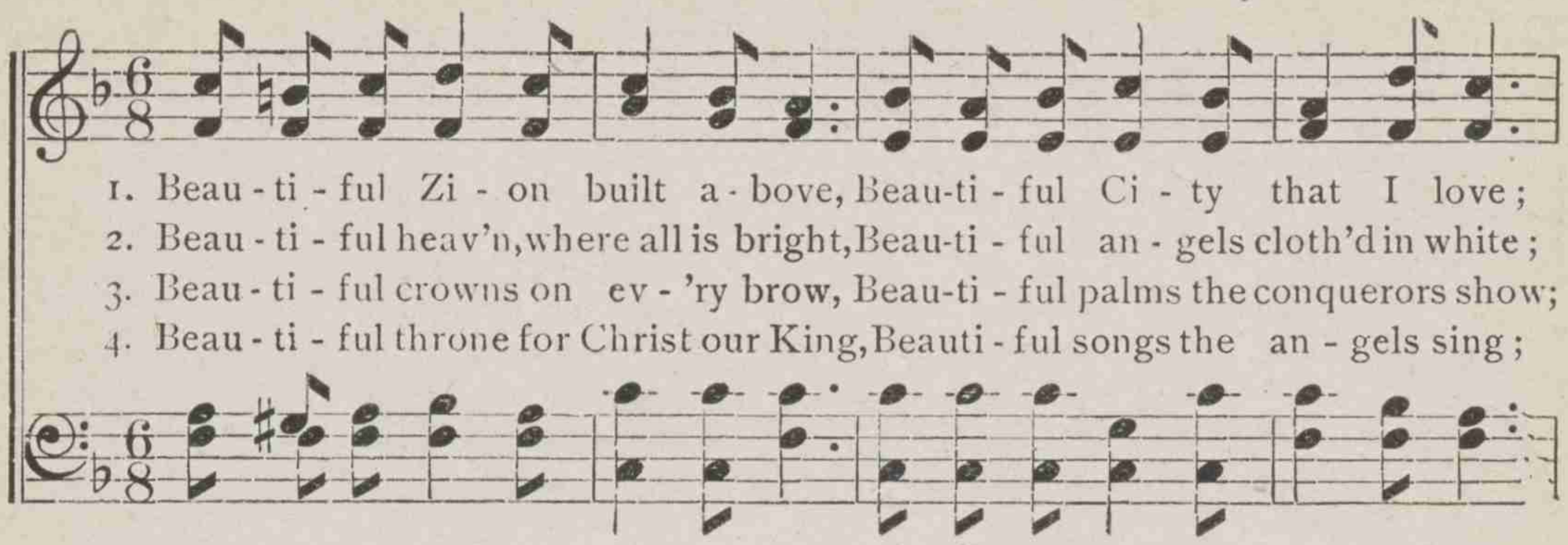


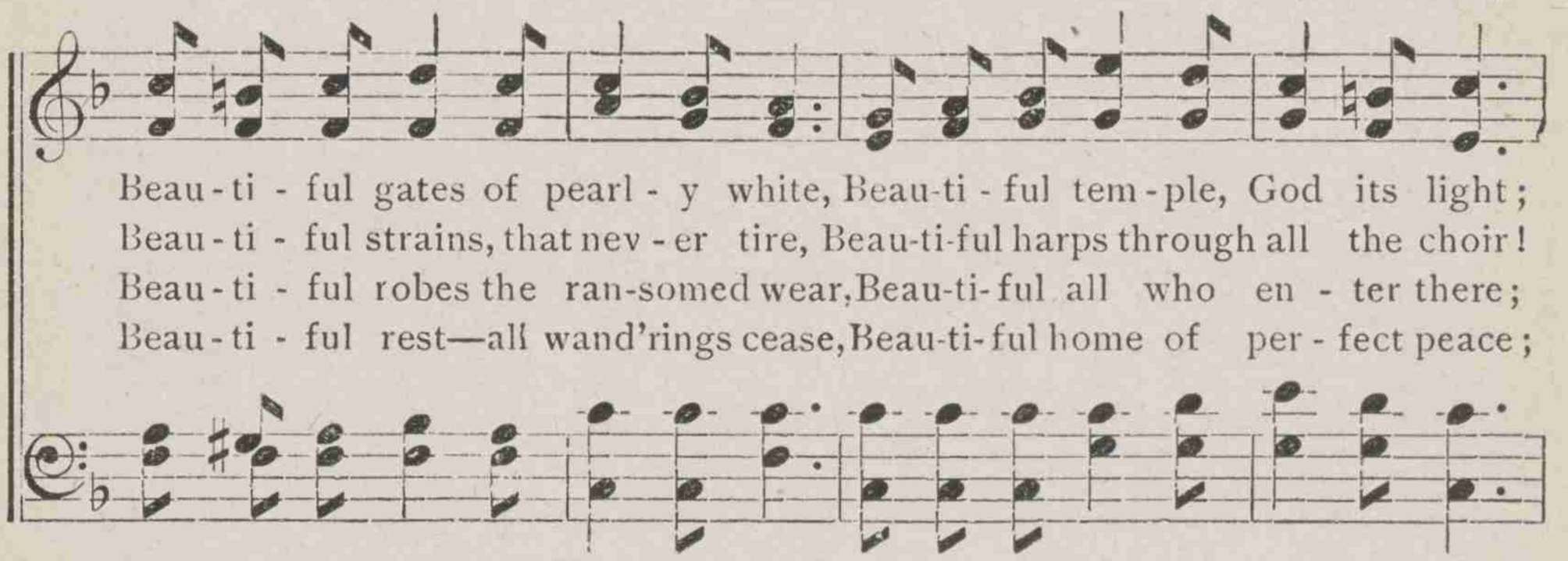
2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

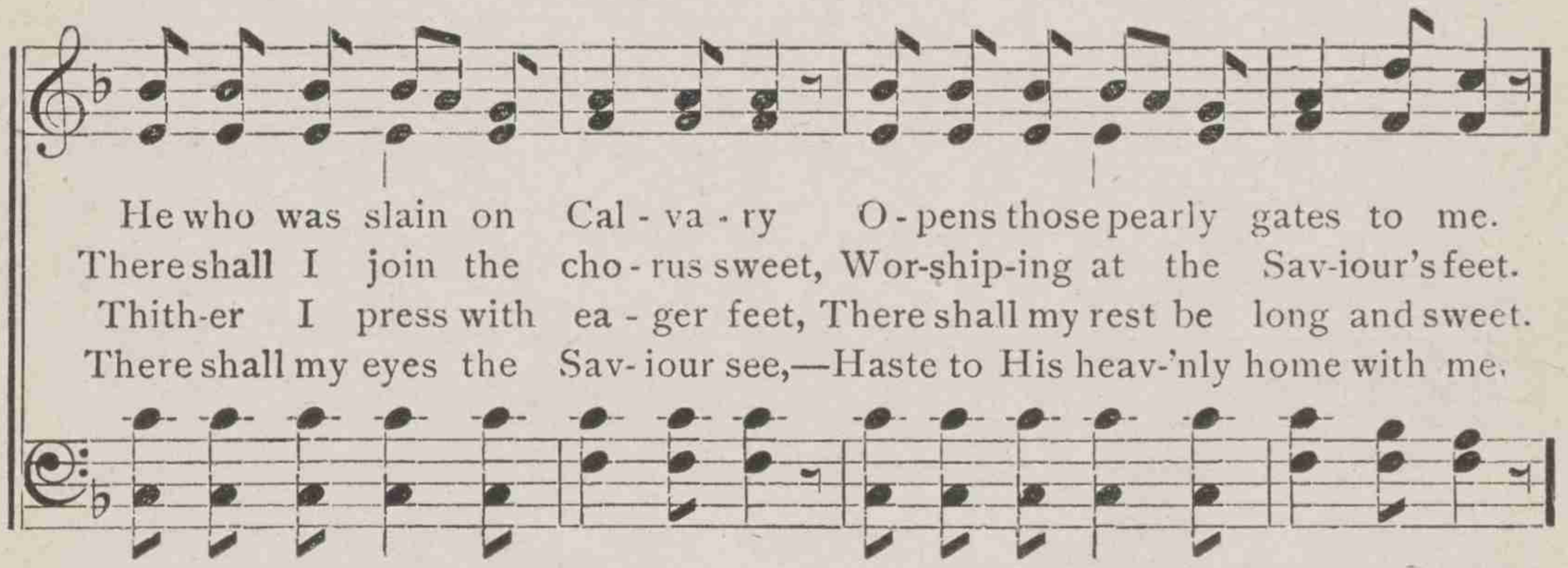
3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 203. BEAUTIFUL ZION.
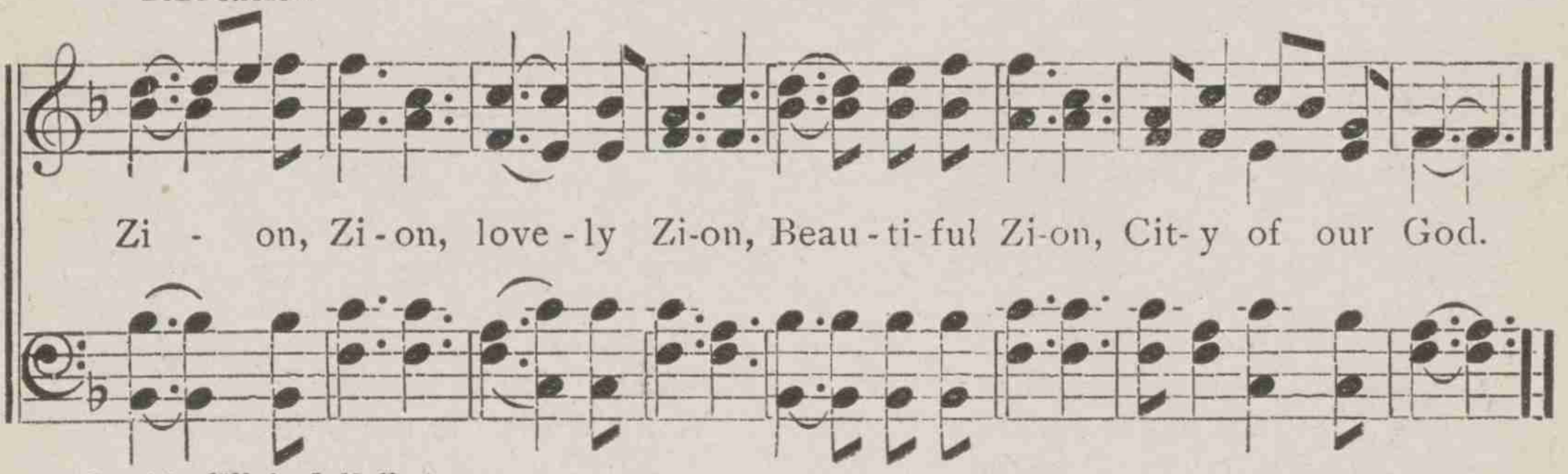
Anon. J. M. HUNT.







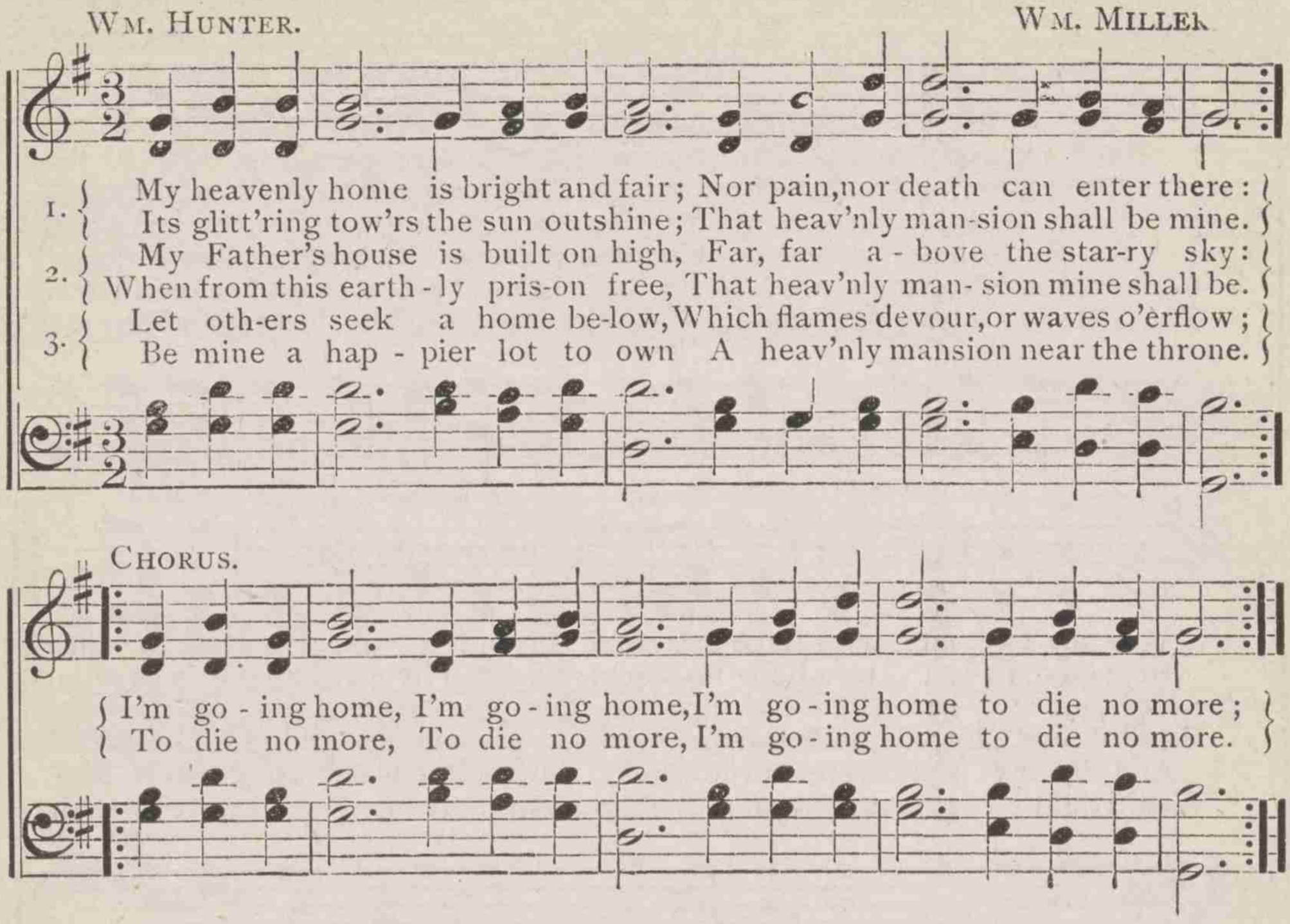
REFRAIN.



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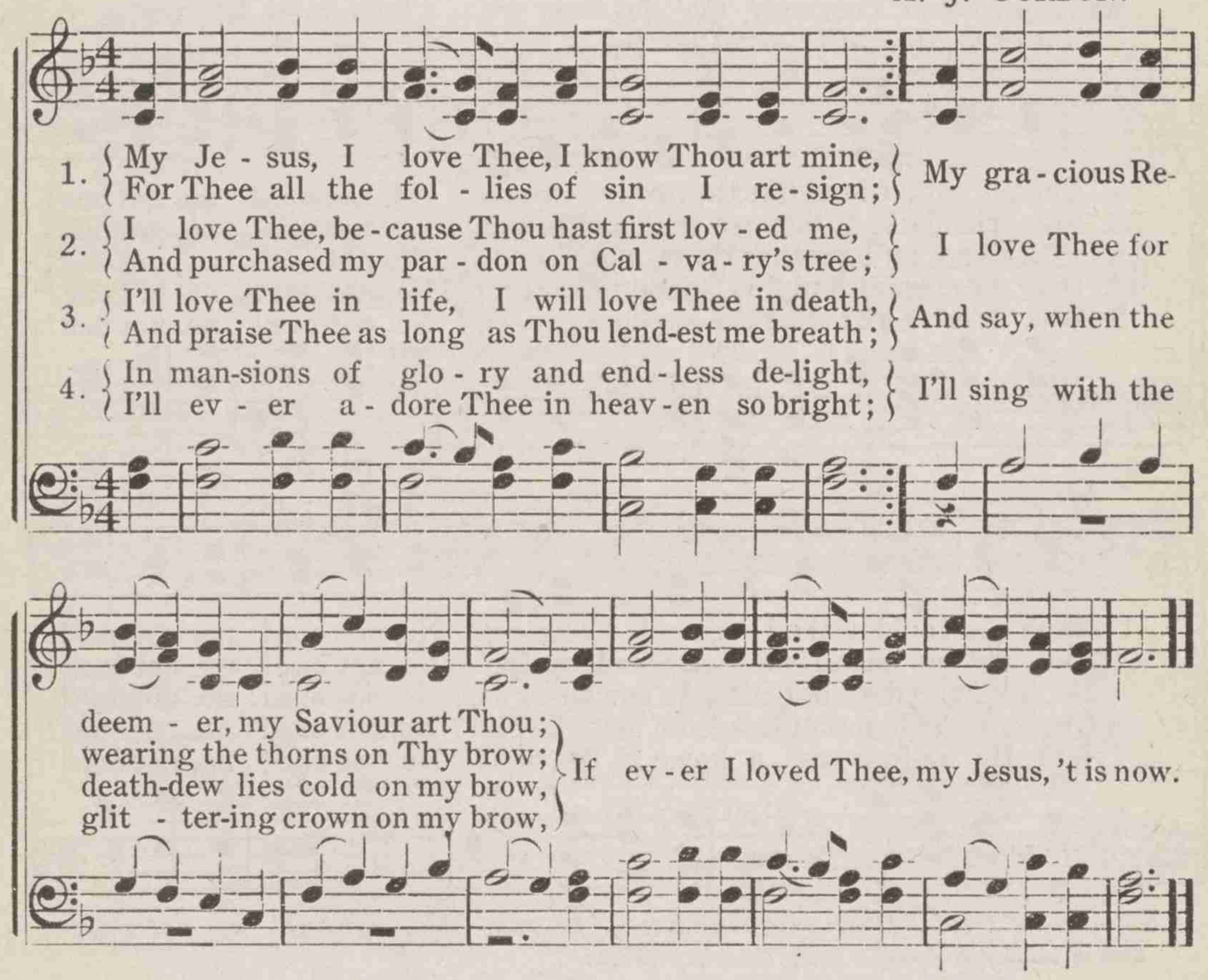
No. 204. GOING HOME. L. M.

WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.



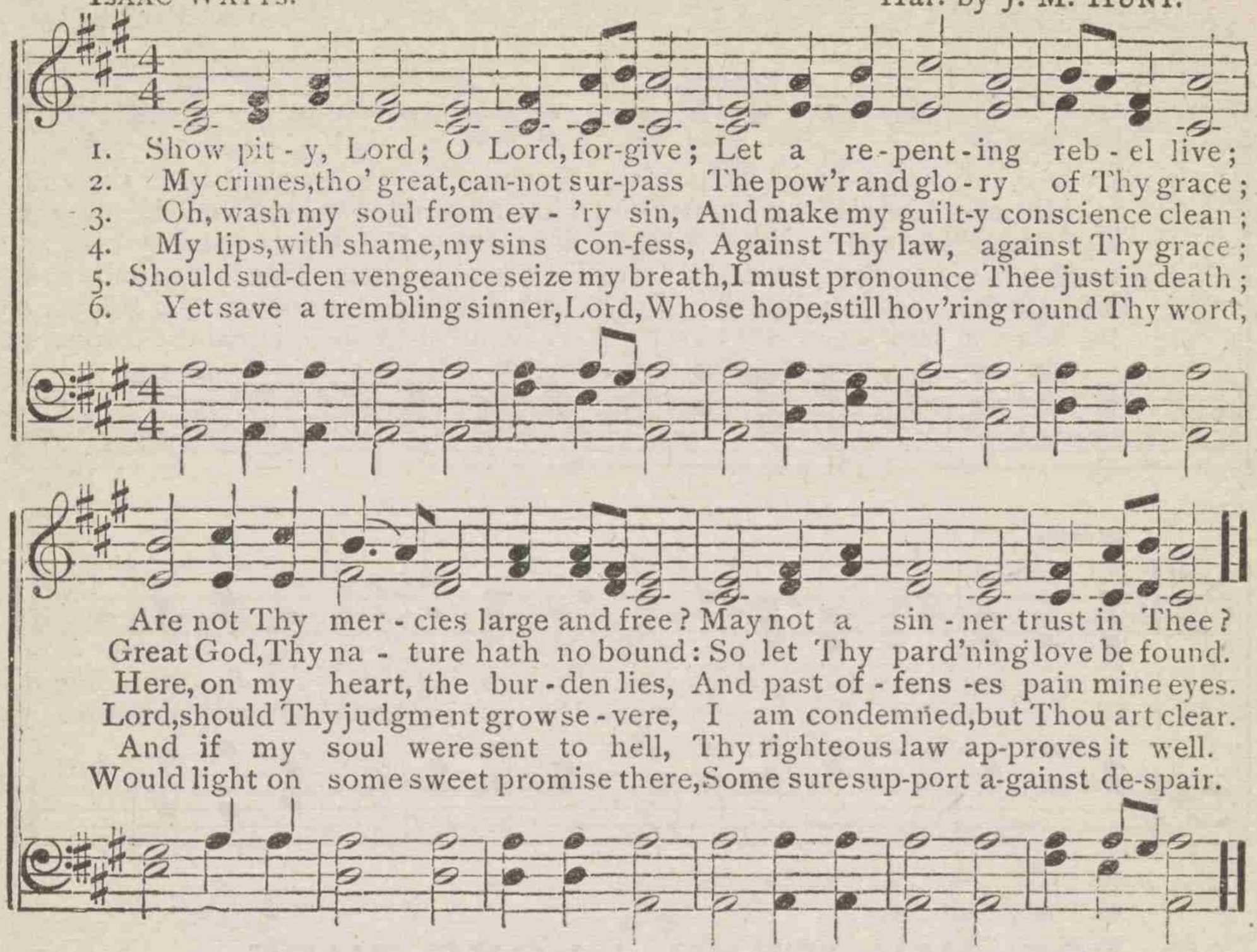
No. 205. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.



No. 206. SHOW PITY, LORD.

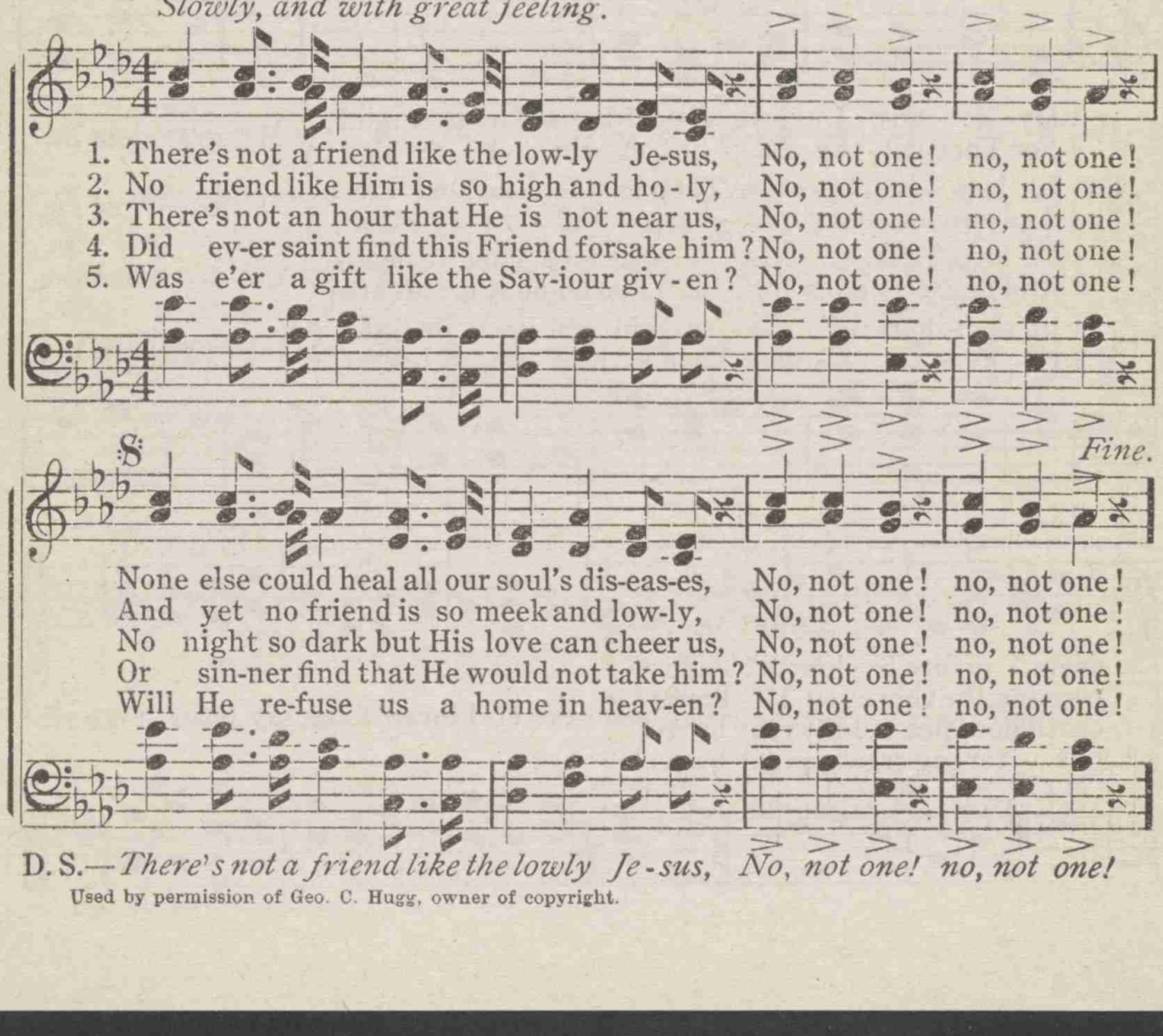
ISAAC WATTS. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 207. NO, NOT ONE!

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

Slowly, and with great feeling.



D.S.—*There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

Used by permission of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

NO, NOT ONE!

CHORUS. D. S.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

No. 208. I MUST TELL JESUS.

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

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

:S:

bur-dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus!
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—*I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus!*

Fine. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick-ly an end.
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

} I must tell Je - sus,

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.
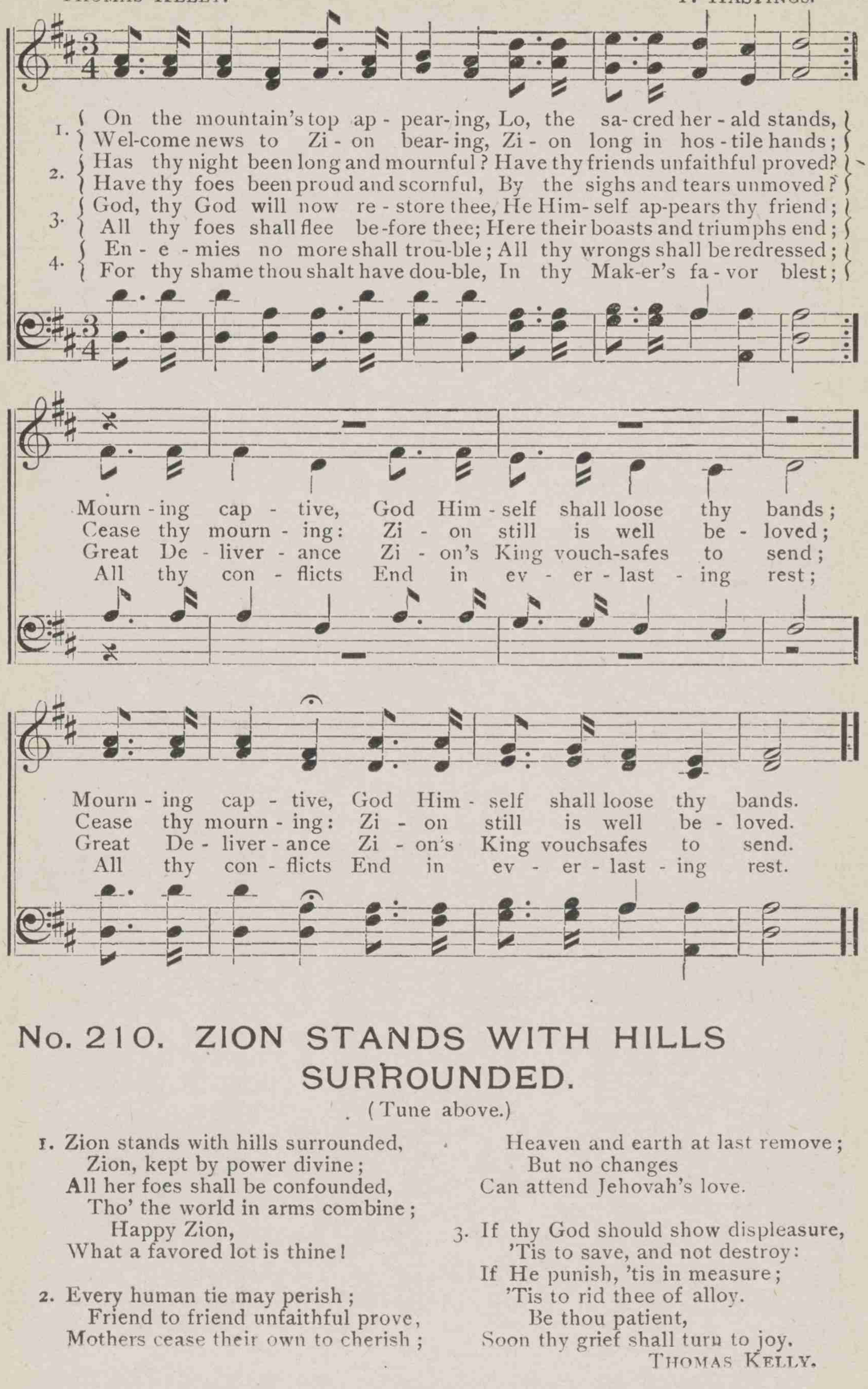
D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone;

Copyright. 1893. by The Hoffman Music Co Used by per.

No. 209. ZION.

THOMAS KELLY. T. HASTINGS.



No. 210. ZION STANDS WITH HILLS SURROUNDED.

(Tune above.)

1. Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Tho' the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

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. If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save, and not destroy:
If He punish, 'tis in measure;
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient,
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

THOMAS KELLY.

No. 211. AFTER.

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

1. Aft-er the storm that sweeps the sea; Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea;
2. Aft-er the win-ter long and drear; Aft-er the snow-clouds disap-pear;
3. Aft-er the long and toil-some day; Aft-er the sun's fierce burning ray;
4. Aft-er the course of life is run; Aft-er its work has all been done;
5. Aft-er the march of time shall cease; Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace;

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

CHORUS.

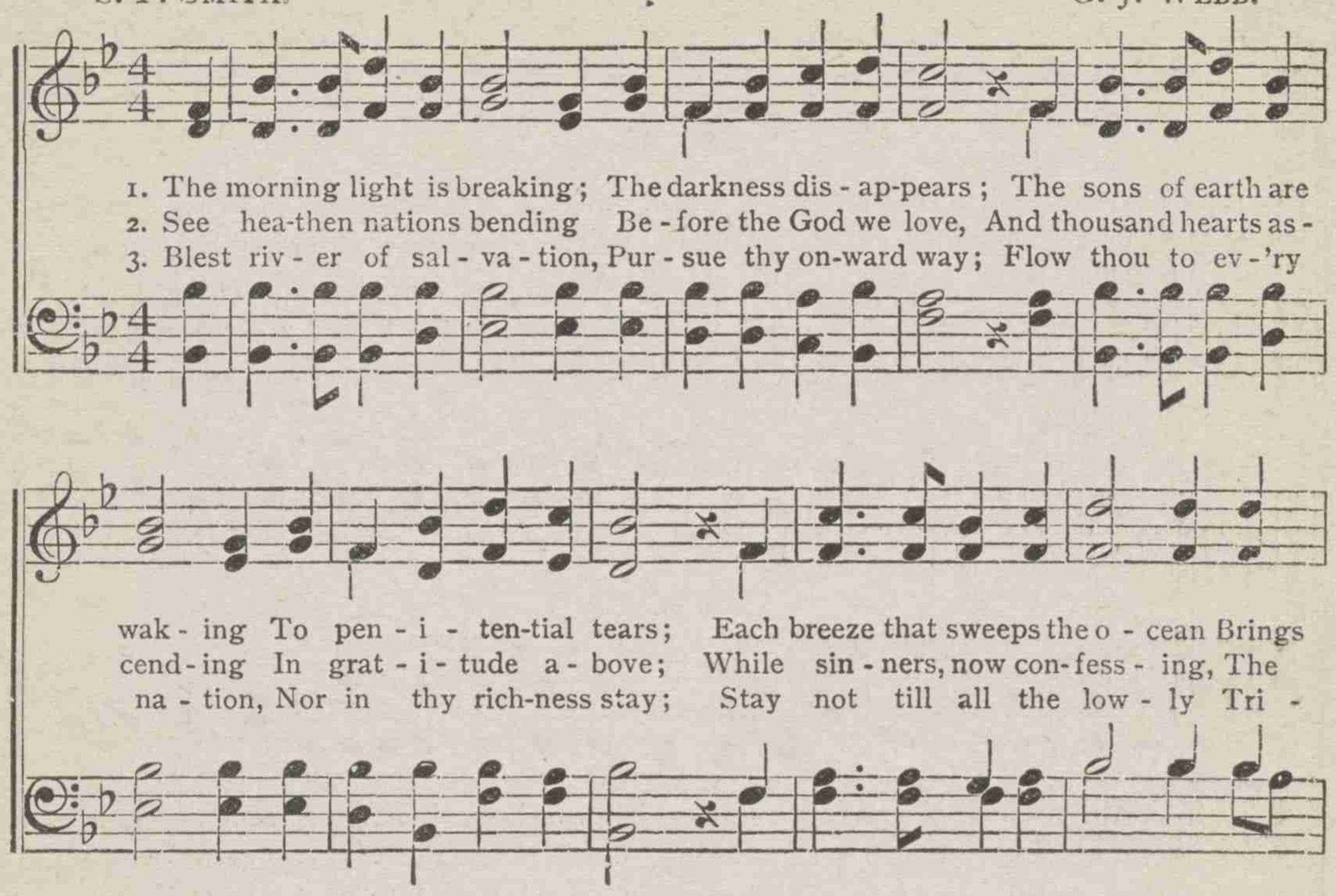
Aft-er all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be?

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

W. E. Penn, owner of copyright.

No. 212. WEBB.

S. F. SMITH. G. J. WEBB.



No. 213. STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7s & 6s.

(Tune Above.)

1. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
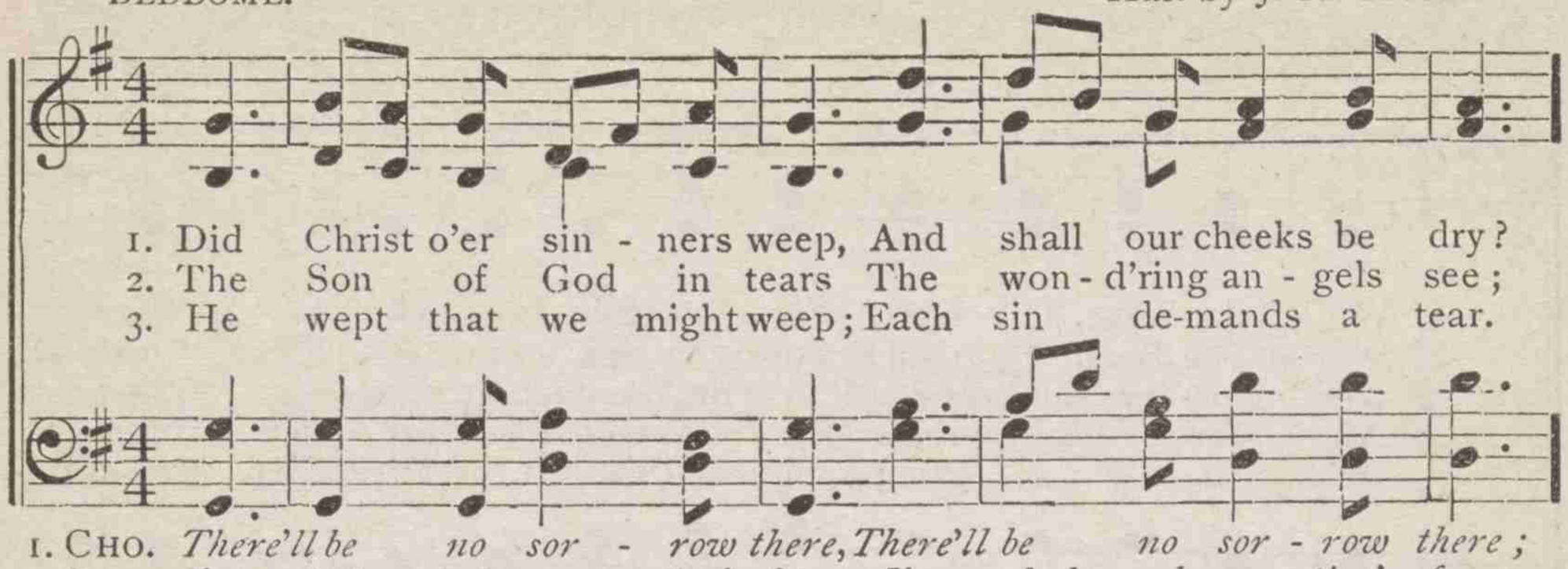
2. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
e dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3. 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.

GEO. DUFFIELD.

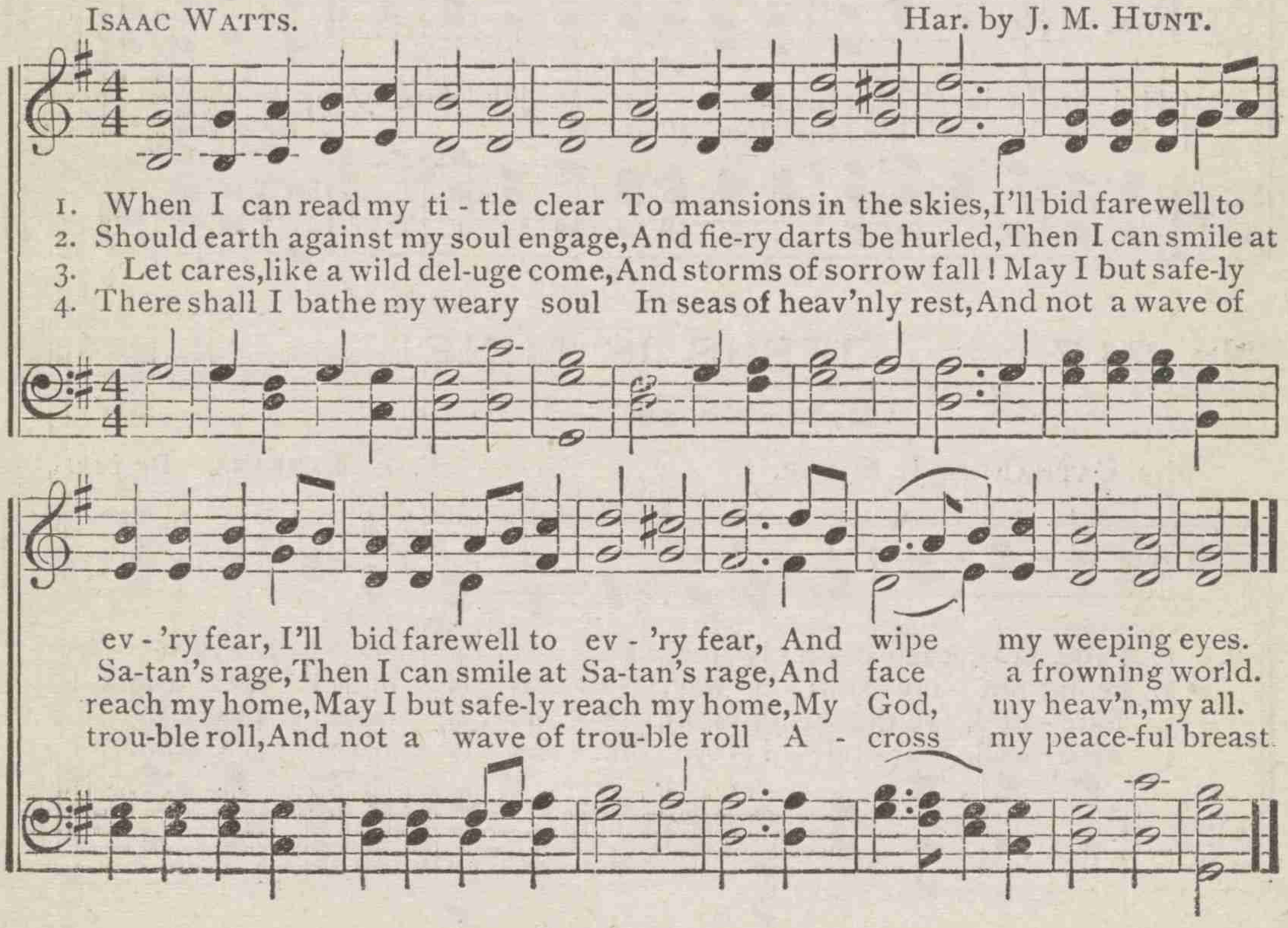
No. 214. THERE'LL BE NO SORROW THERE.

BEDDOME. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 215. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR. C. M.
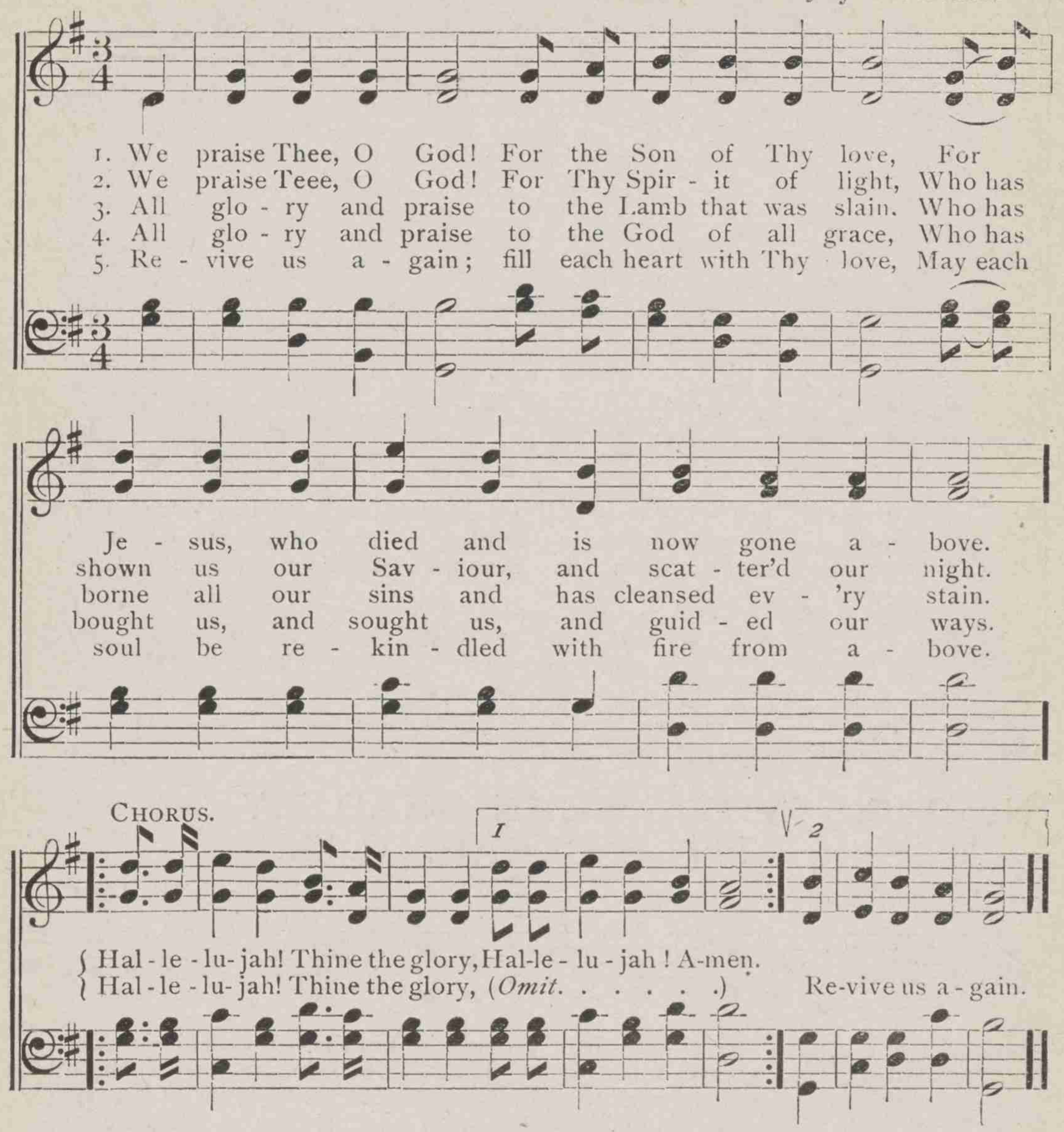
ISAAC WATTS. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 216. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

"O Lord, revive thy word."—Heb. 3: 2.
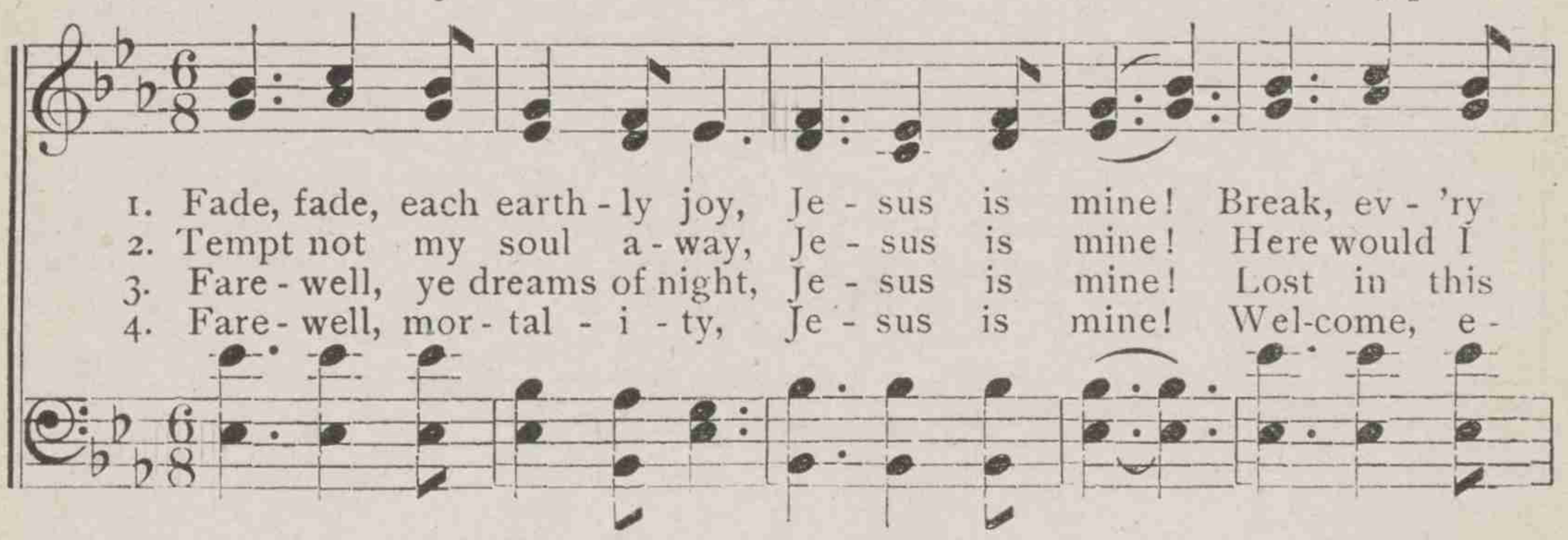
W. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.
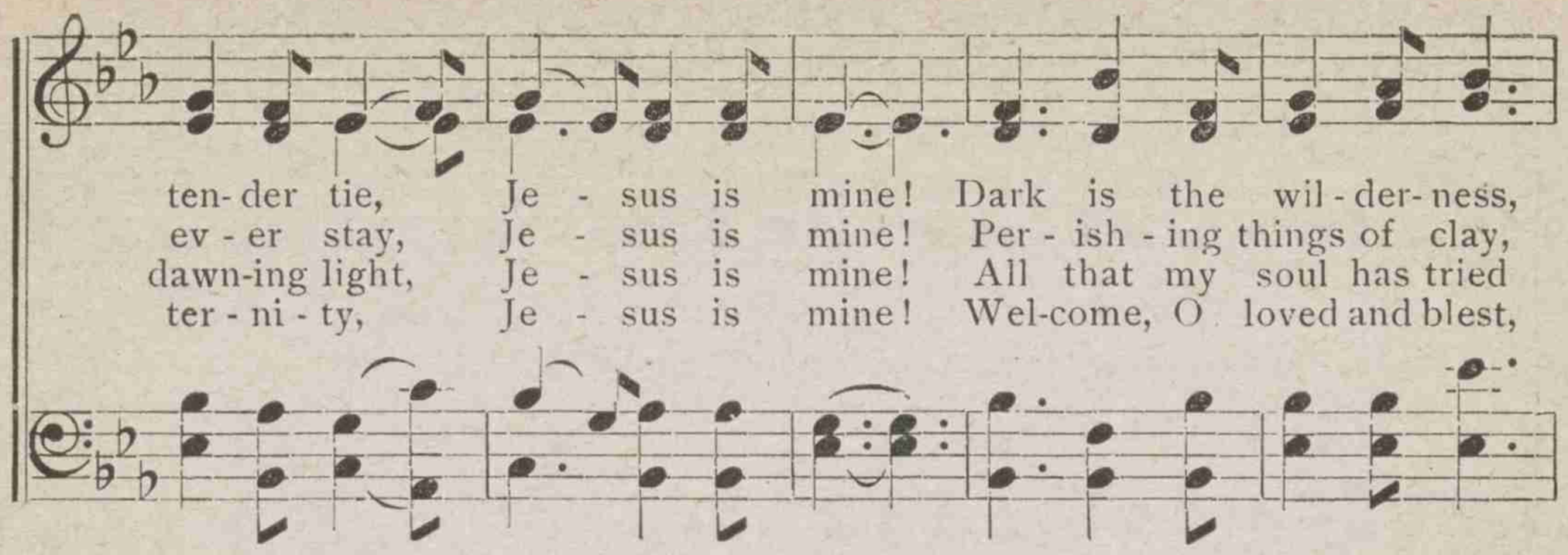


No. 217. JESUS IS MINE!
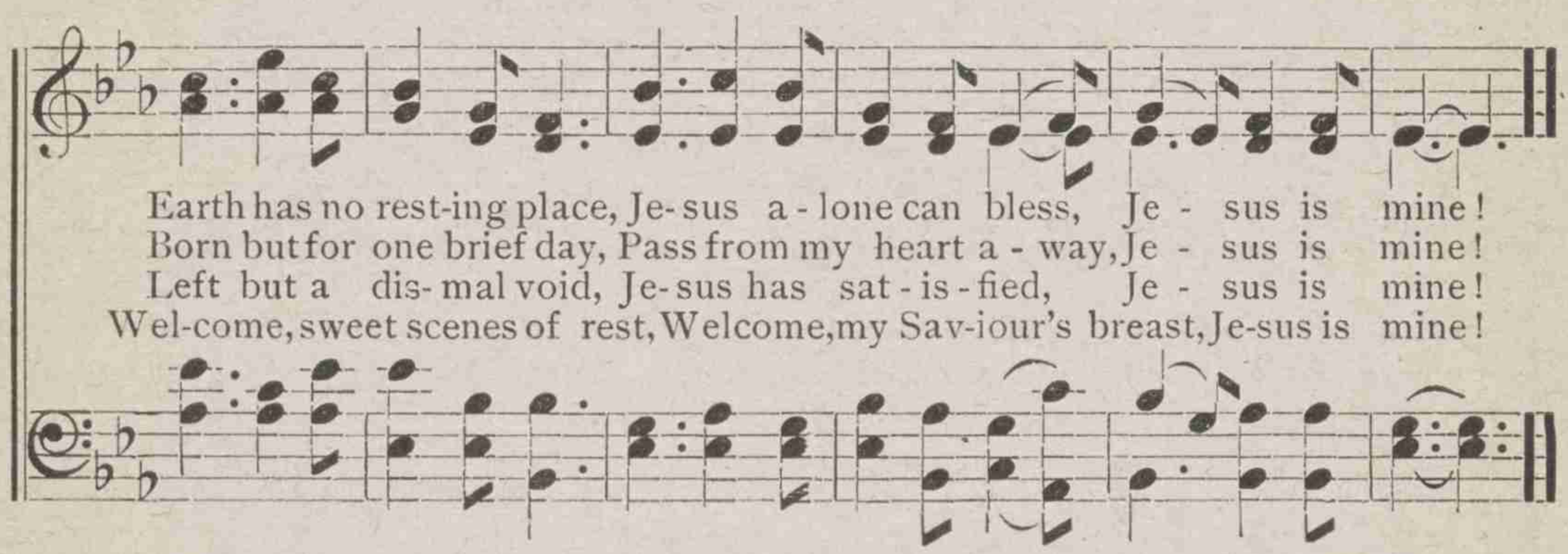
"My beloved is mine."—S. of Sol. 2. 16.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR. T. E. PERKINS. By per.

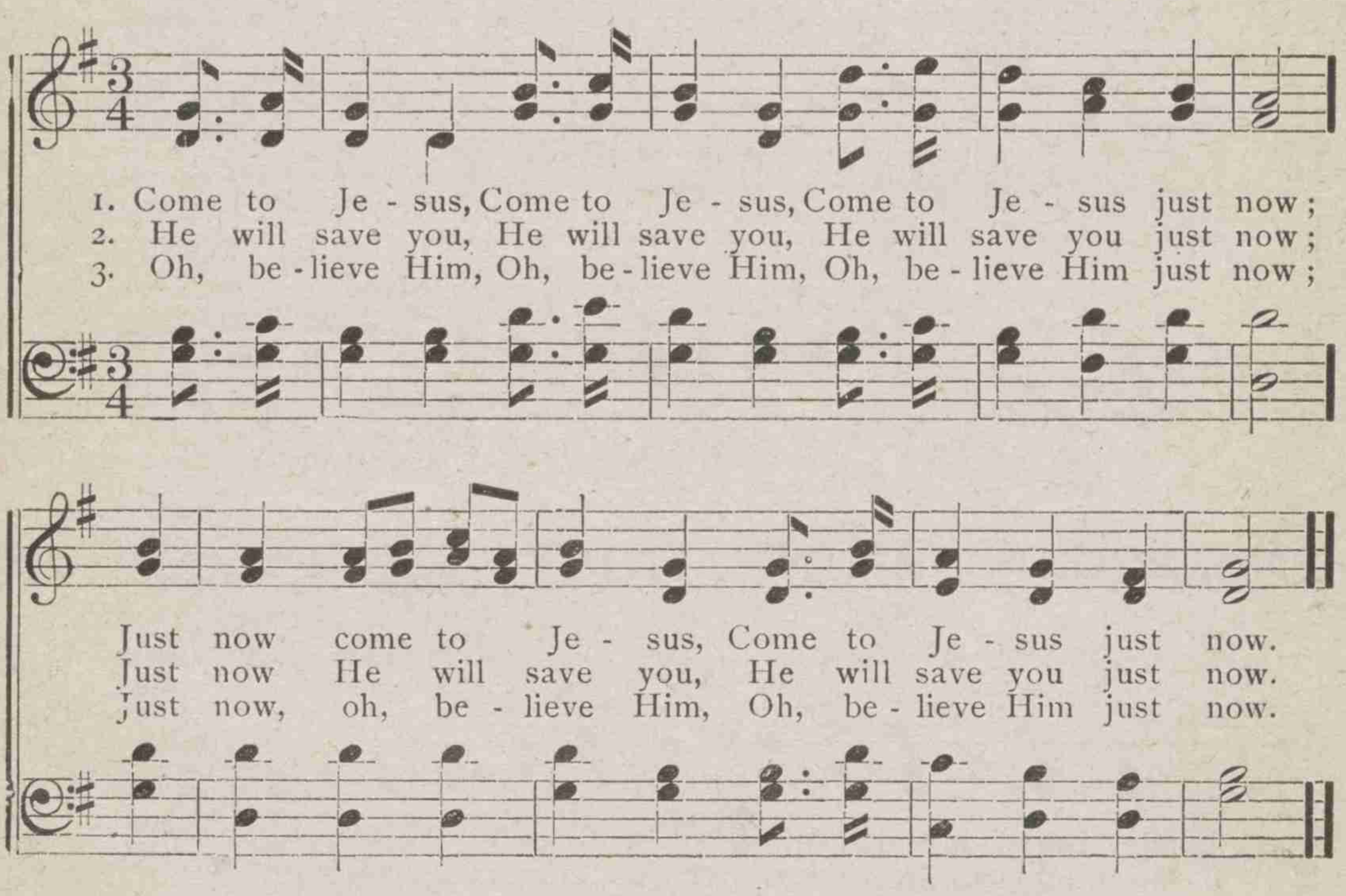


JESUS IS MINE!





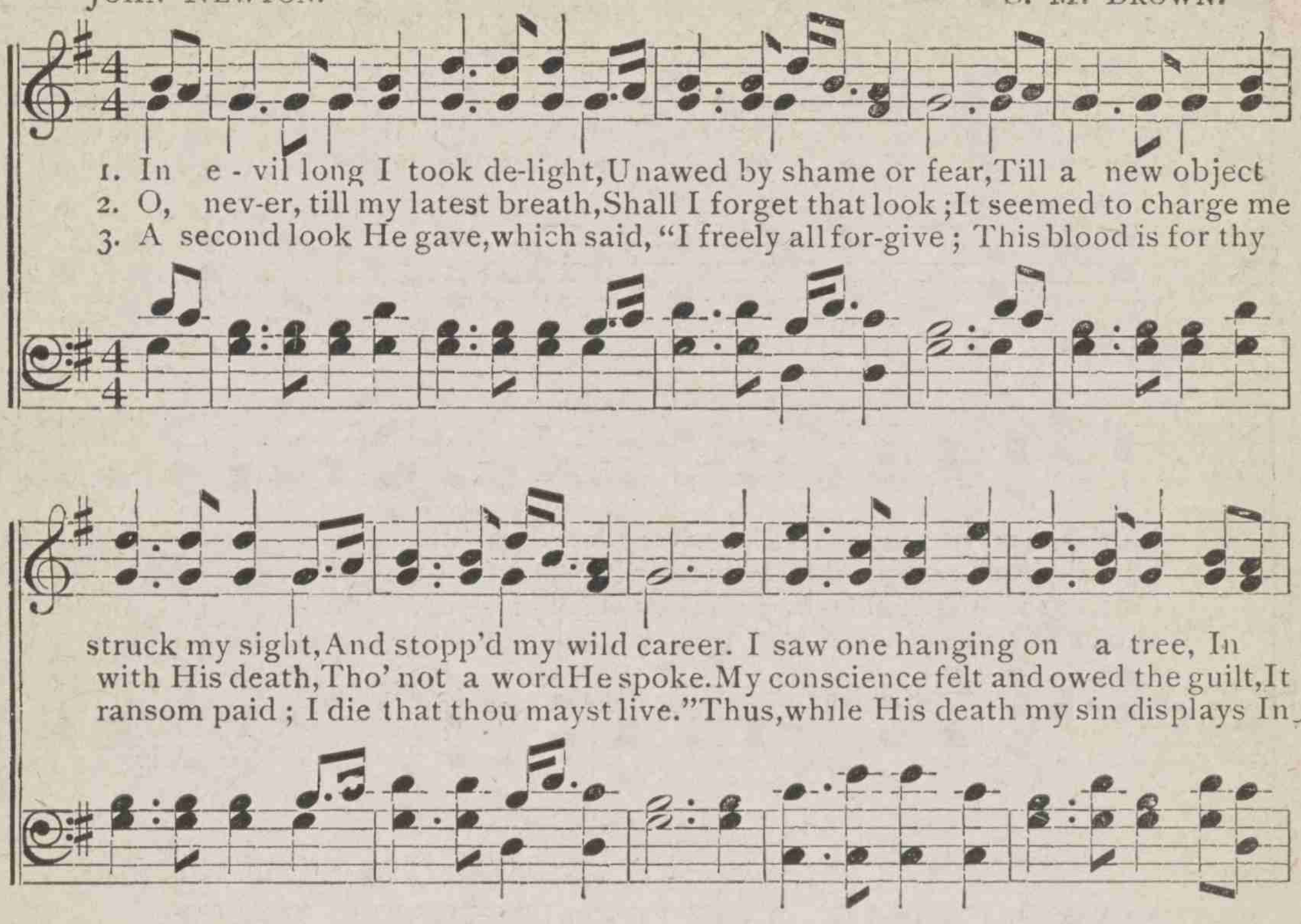
No. 218. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.



4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto Him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Only trust Him.
12. Jesus loves you.
13. Don't reject Him.
14 I believe Him.
15. Hallelujah, Amen.

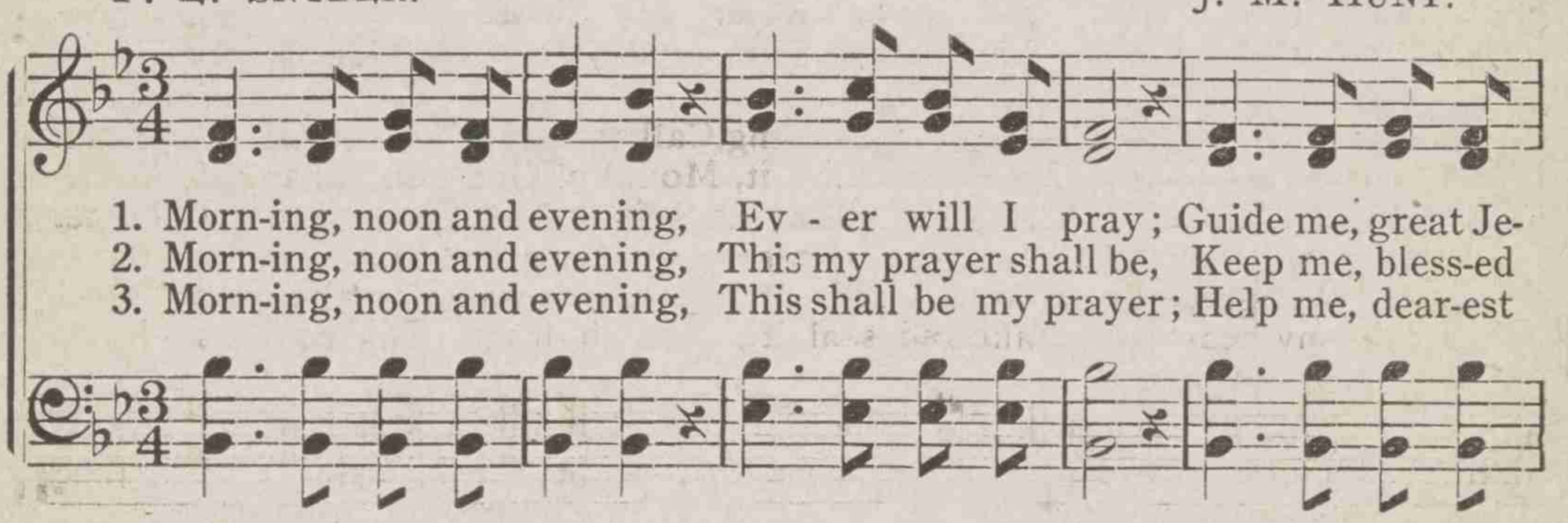
No. 219. IN EVIL LONG I TOOK DELIGHT.

JOHN NEWTON. S. M. BROWN.
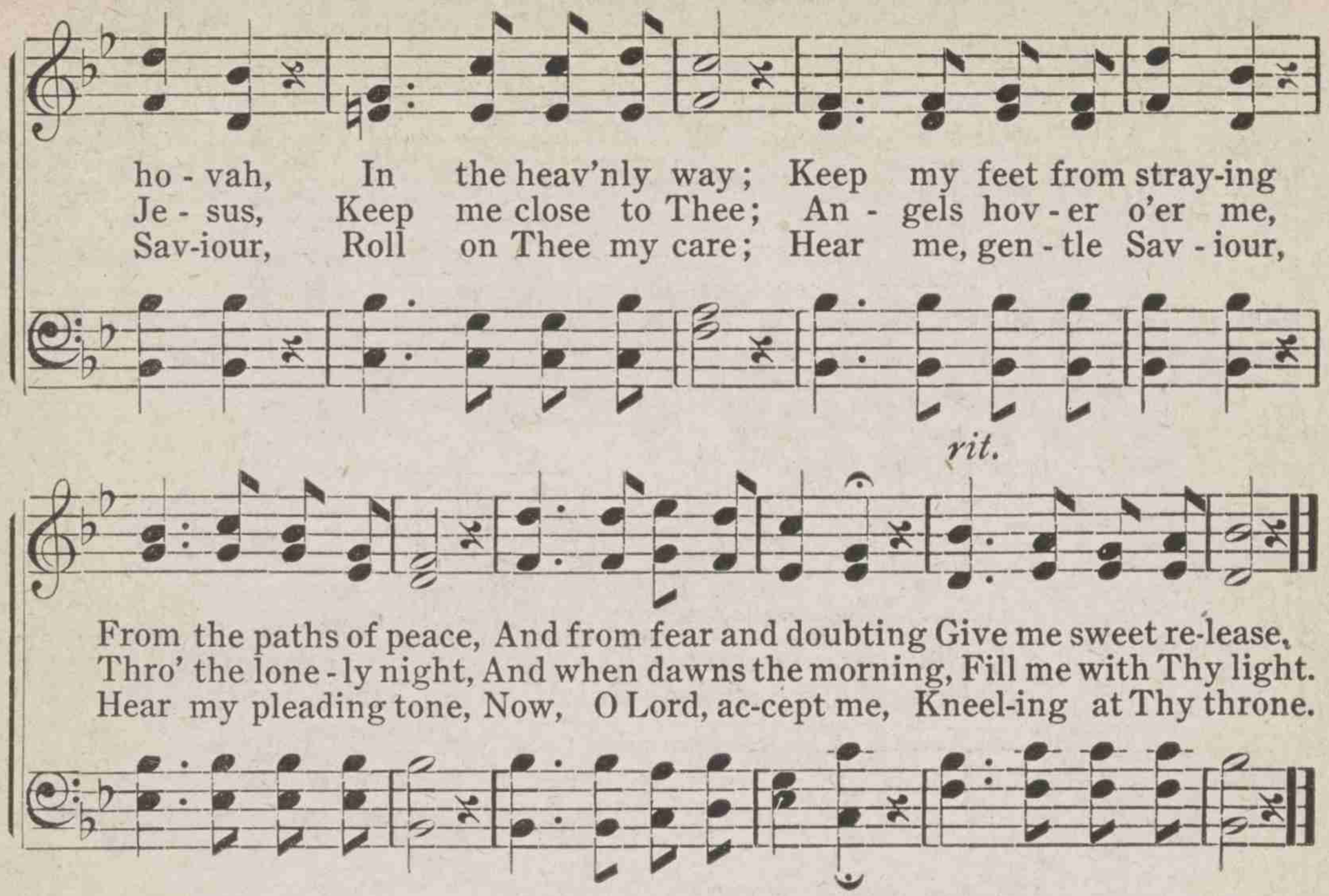


No. 220. MORNING, NOON AND EVENING.

F. L. SNYDER. J. M. HUNT.
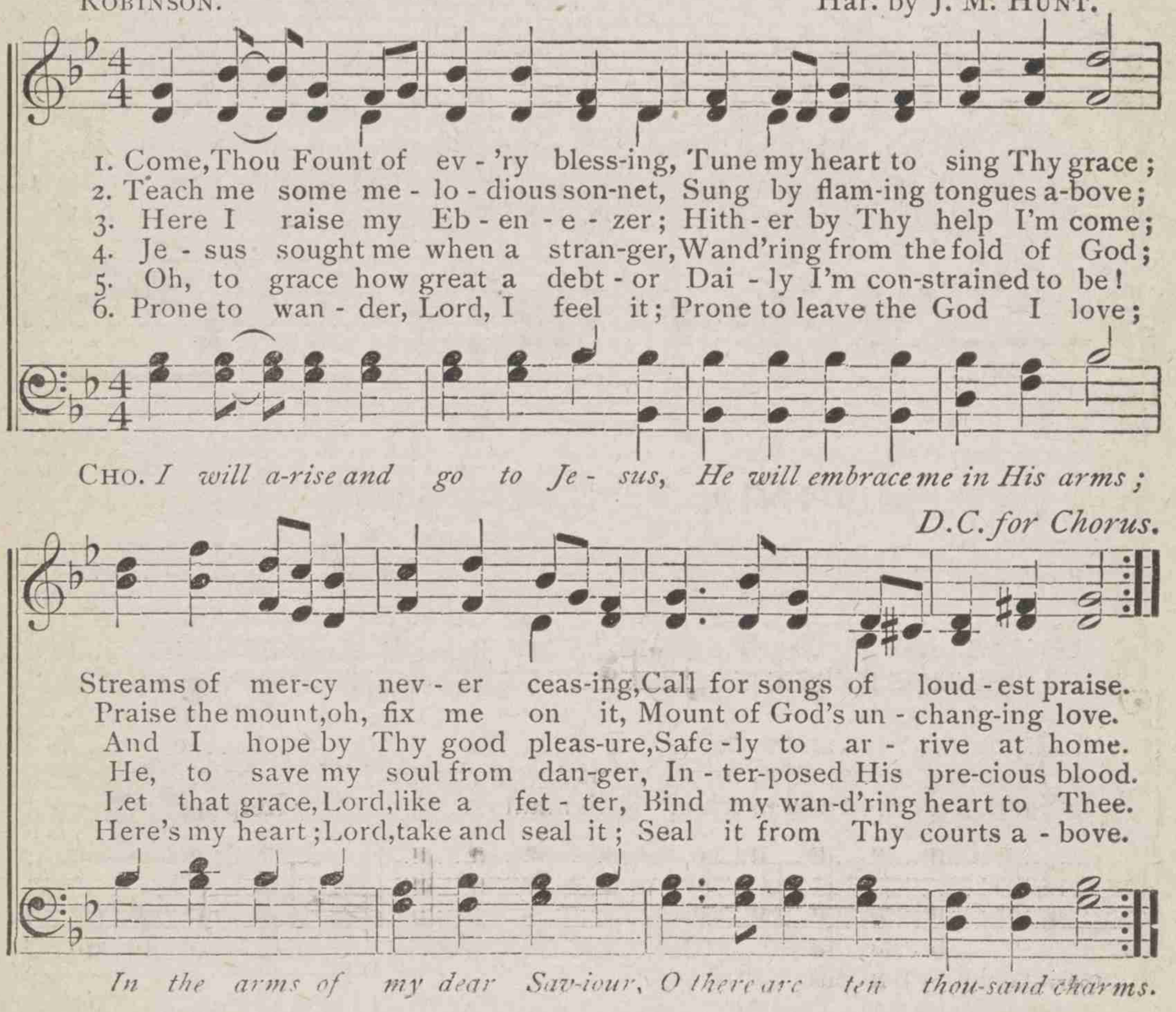


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No. 221. I WILL ARISE AND GO TO JESUS.

ROBINSON. Har. by J. M. HUNT.



No. 222. MY HEAVENLY FATHER CARES.

R. K. MAIDEN. R. J. POWELL.

Introduction.

Andante legato.

1. My pathway thro' this world of woe Is rough, and hedged with
2. His grace is great-er than my sin, His strength with me He
3. Be-neath the shad-ow of His wing, With all my soul's af-

snares; But oh, what bliss for me to know My heav'nly Father cares! My
shares, His lov-ing arms will fold me in— My heav'nly Father cares. My
fairs, I'll hide me there, and sweetly sing "My heav'nly Father cares." And

bur-dens press my wear - y soul, My heart al-most de-spairs; But
fal-t'ring steps He'll not for-sake; He knows and hears my prayers; Thro'
when my days of toil are o'er, I'll bid fare-well to tears; My

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MY HEAVENLY FATHER CARES.

rit. . . . . Fine.

then He knows and will con - sole,— My heav'n-ly Fa - ther cares.
all the days, a - sleep, a - wake,— My heav'n-ly Fa - ther cares.
sor - rows past, I'll weep no more,— My heav'n-ly Fa - ther cares.
D. S.—*trust His grace, what-e'er be - fall,— He cares, and all is well.*

rit. . . . . D. S.

CHORUS.

My heav'nly Fa - ther cares,— His love no tongue can tell; I'll

No. 223. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

Arr.

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

Cho.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*
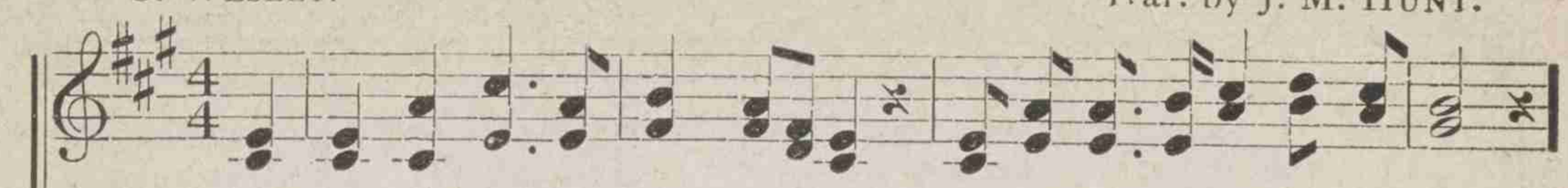
ad lib. D. C. for Cho.

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

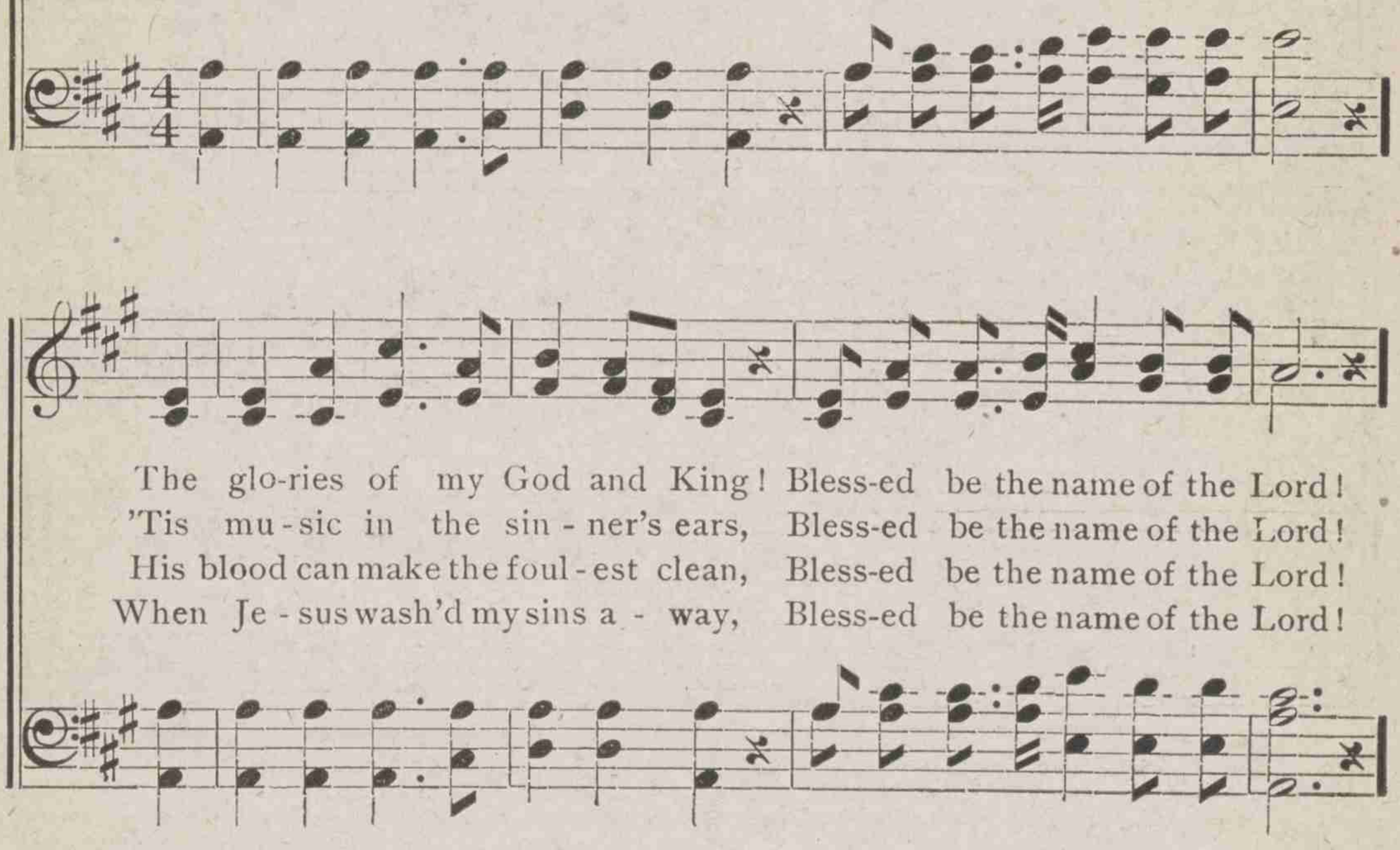
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 224. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

C. WESLEY. Har. by J. M. HUNT.
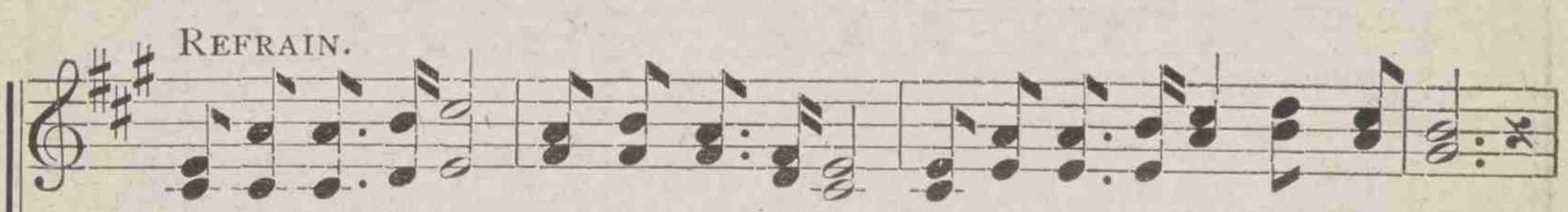


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus, the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the pow'r of can - celled sin, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
4. I nev - er shall for - get that day, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

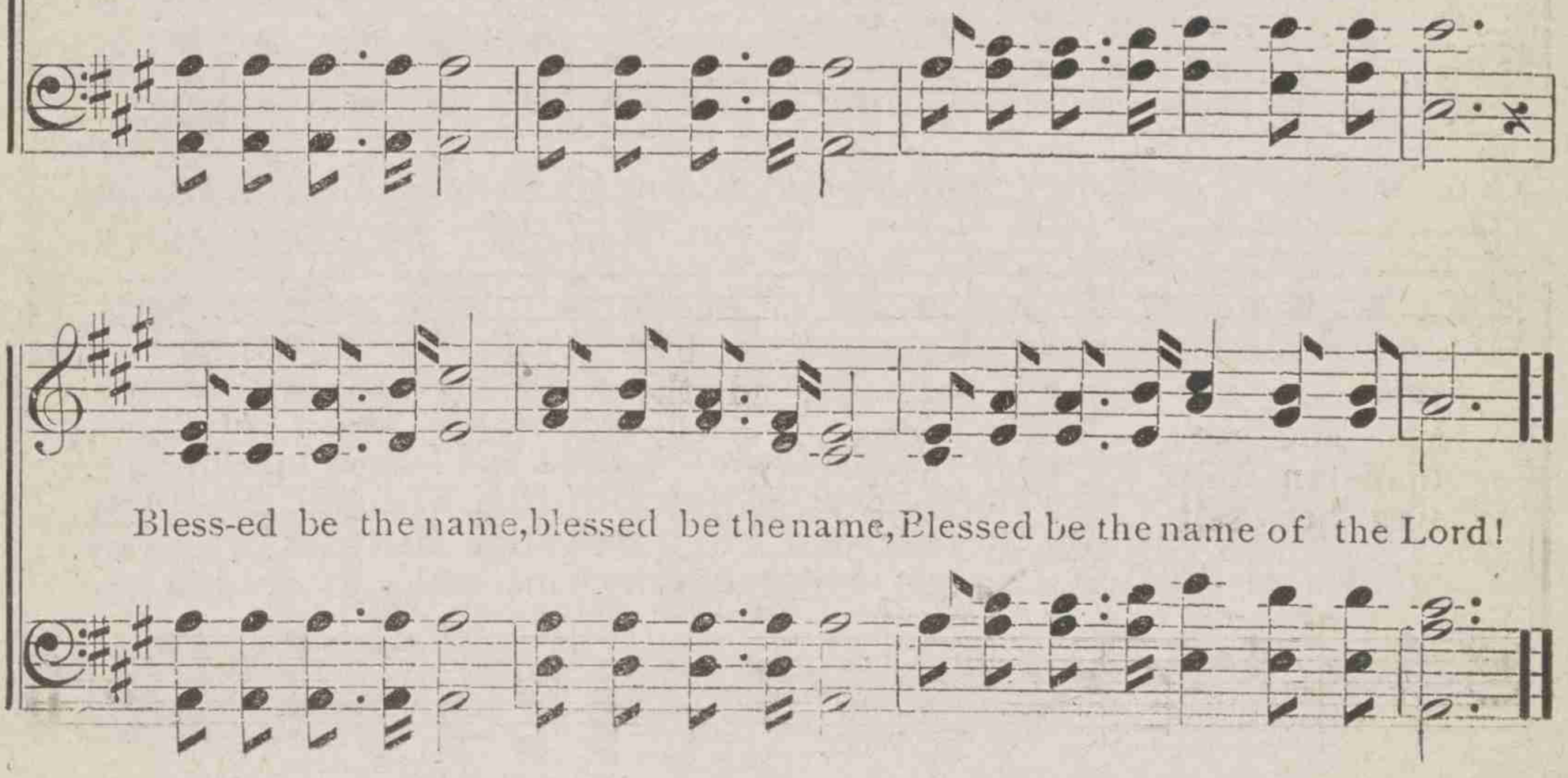


The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foul - est clean, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

REFRAIN.



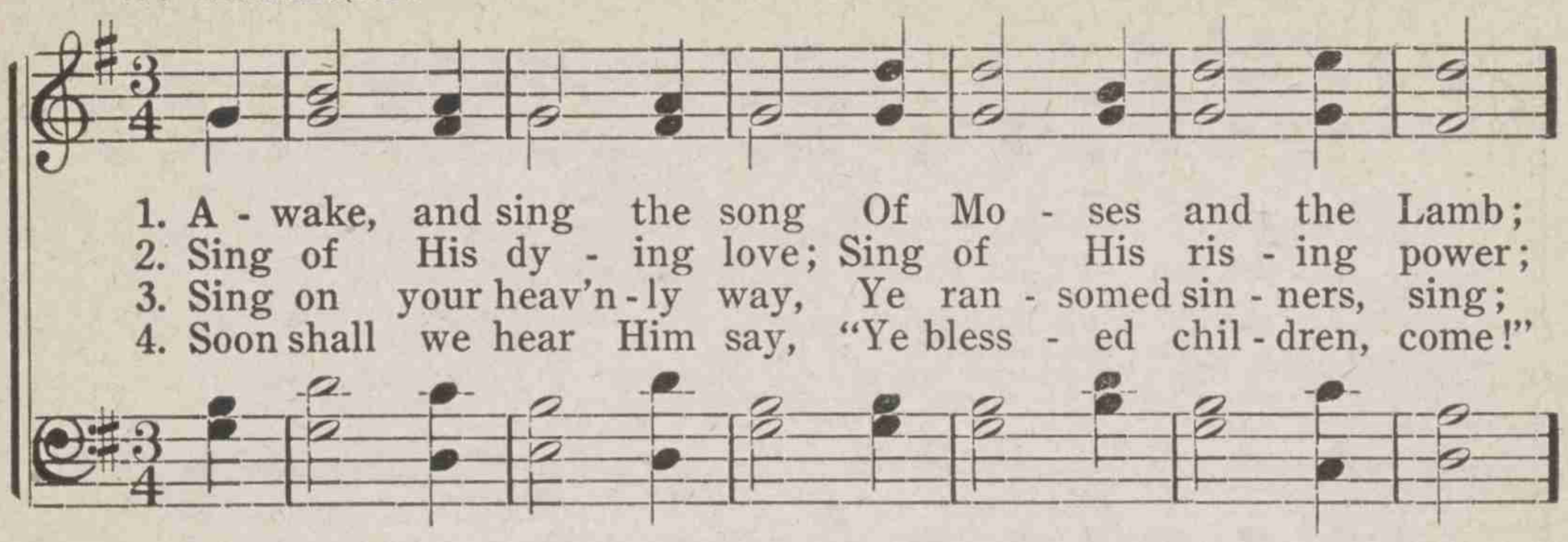
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

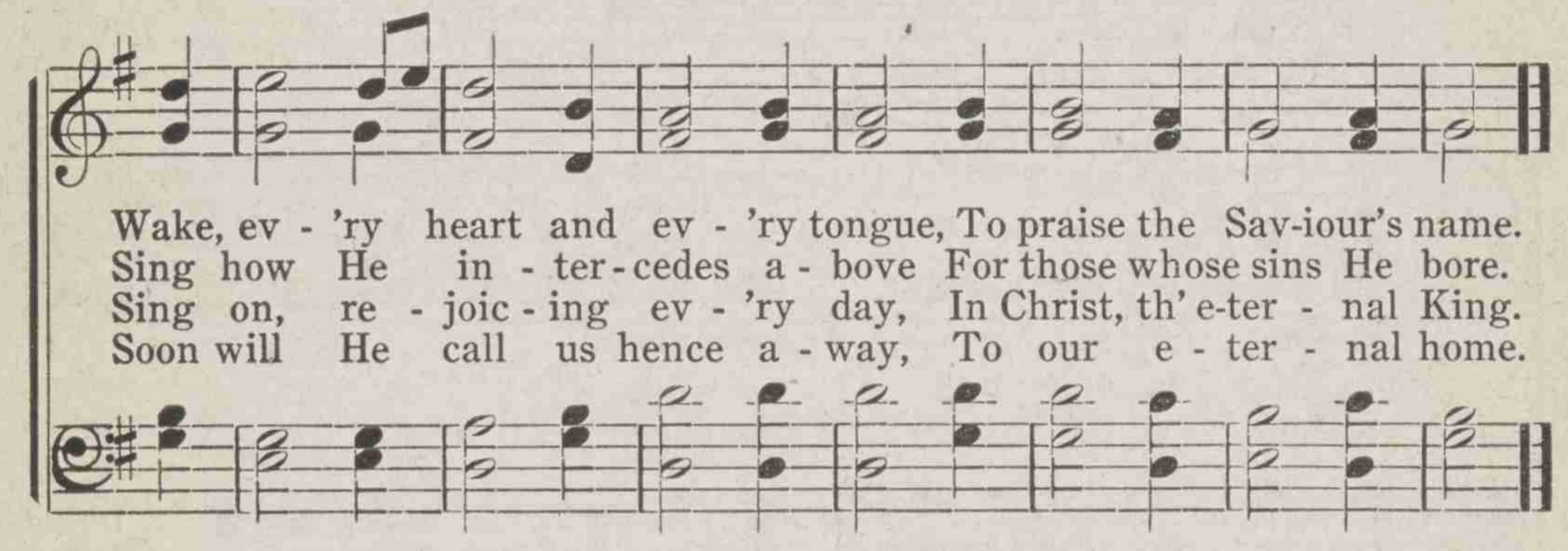


Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

No. 225. AWAKE, AND SING THE SONG.
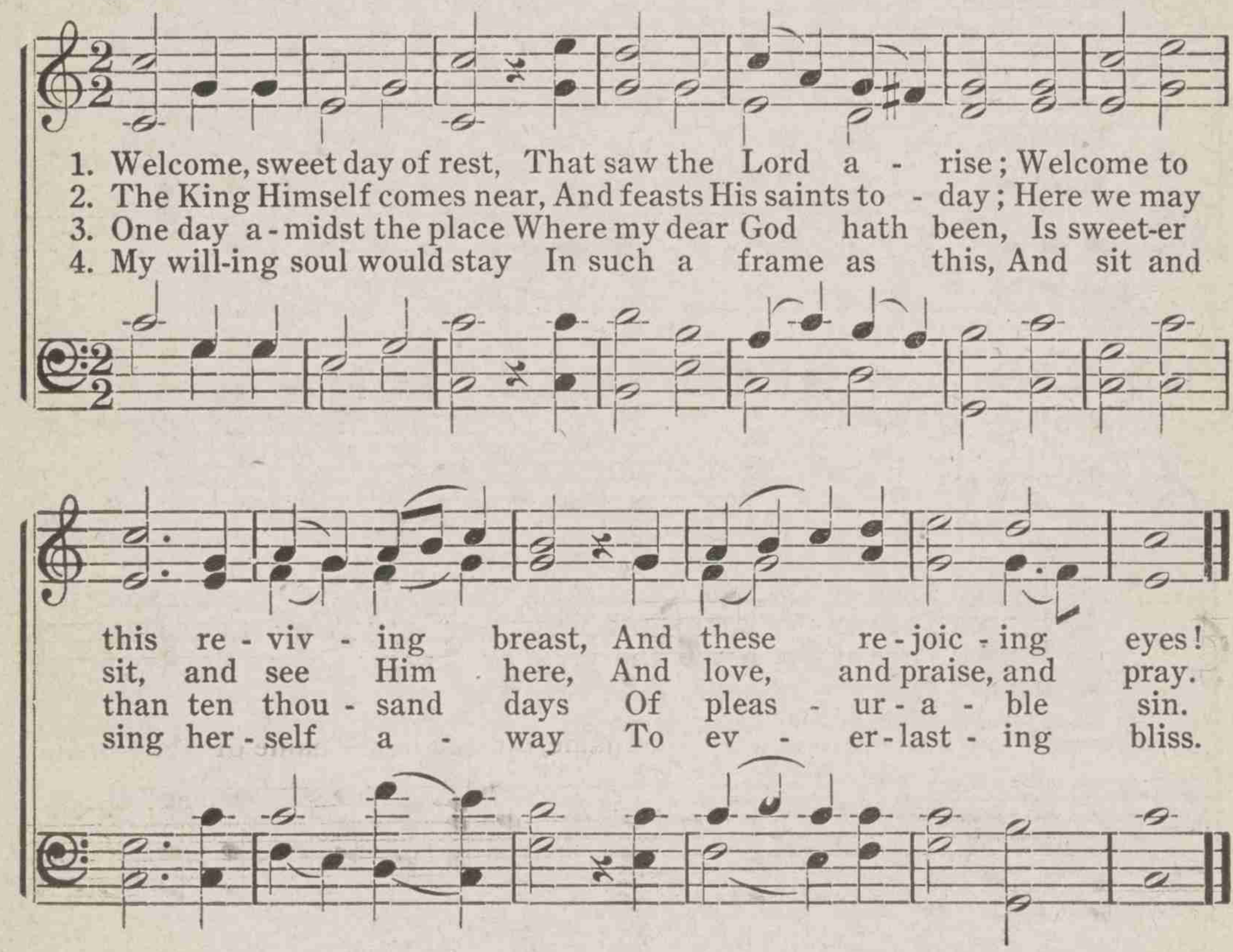
W. HAMMOND. Anon.





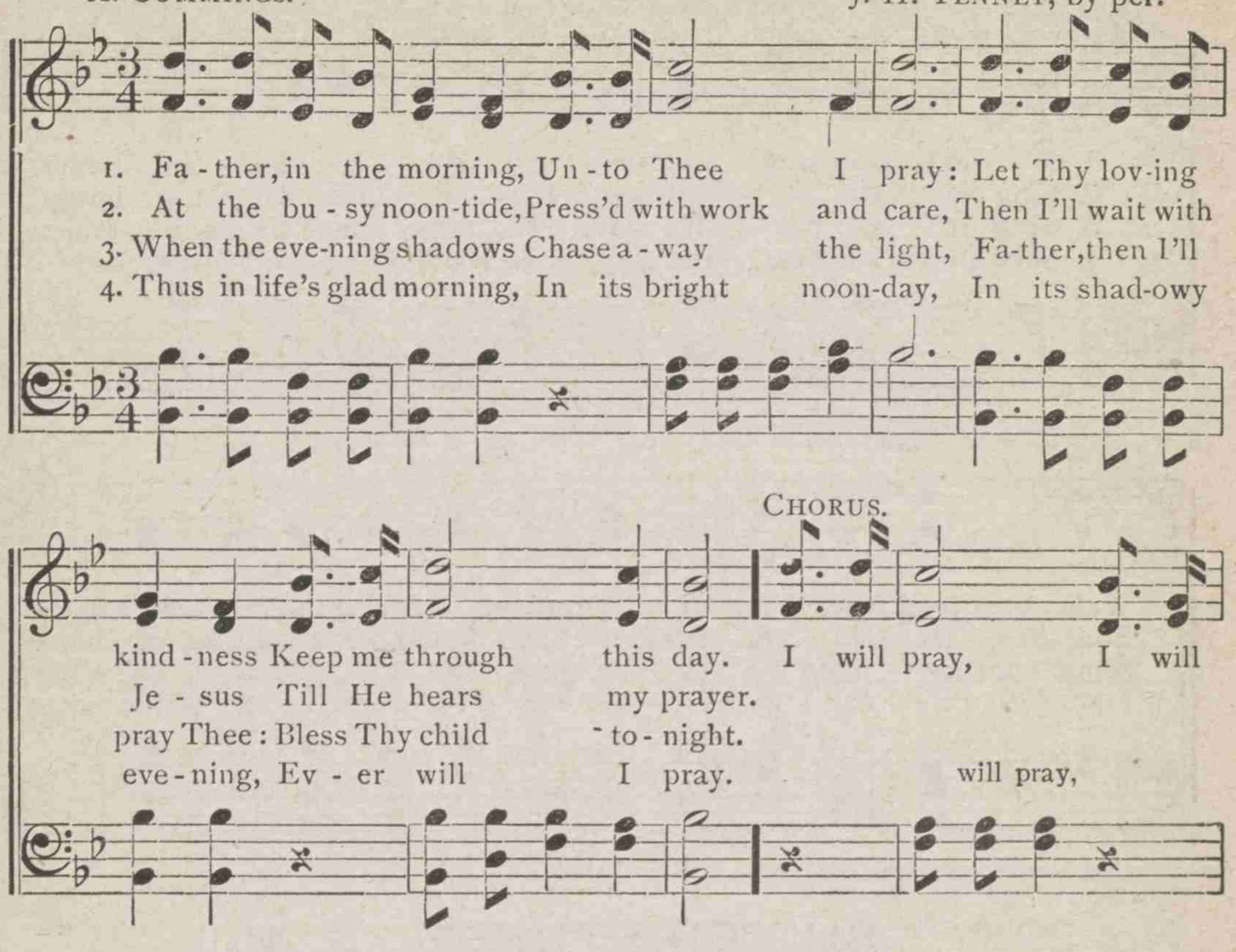
No. 226. SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. ISAAC SMITH.



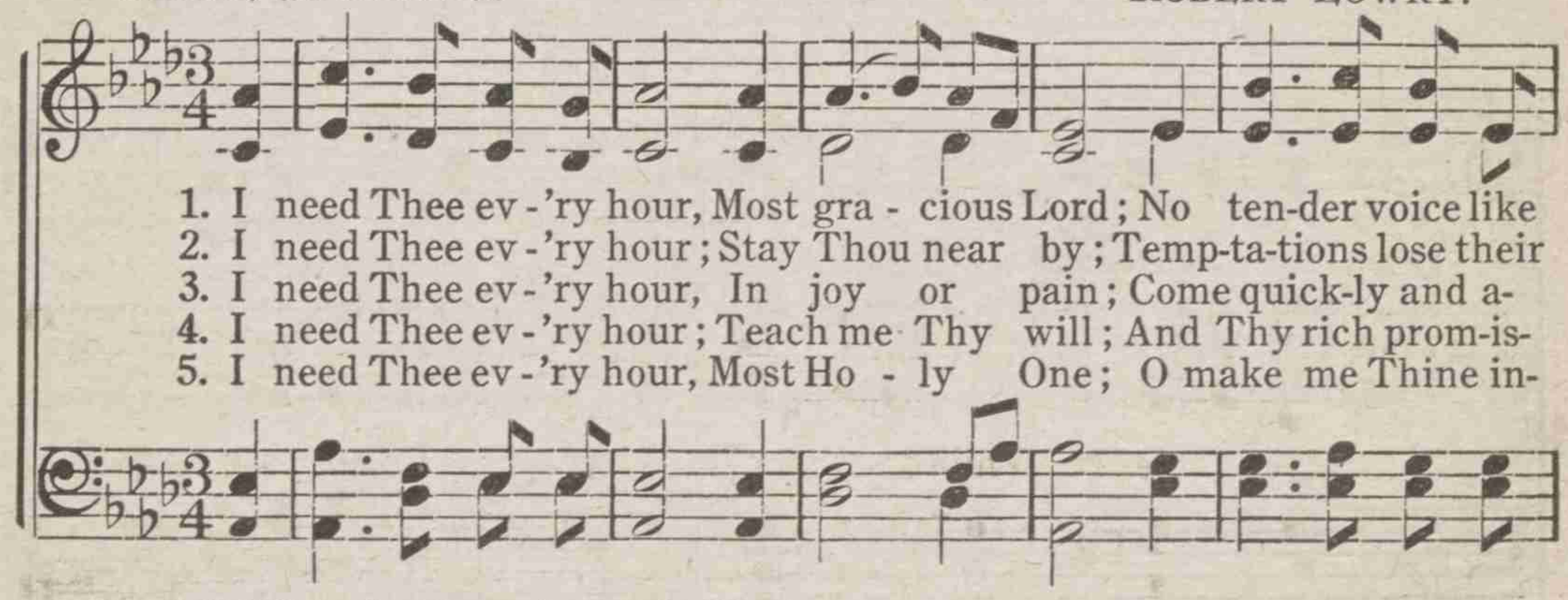
No. 227. EVER WILL I PRAY.

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



No. 228. I NEED THEE. P. M.
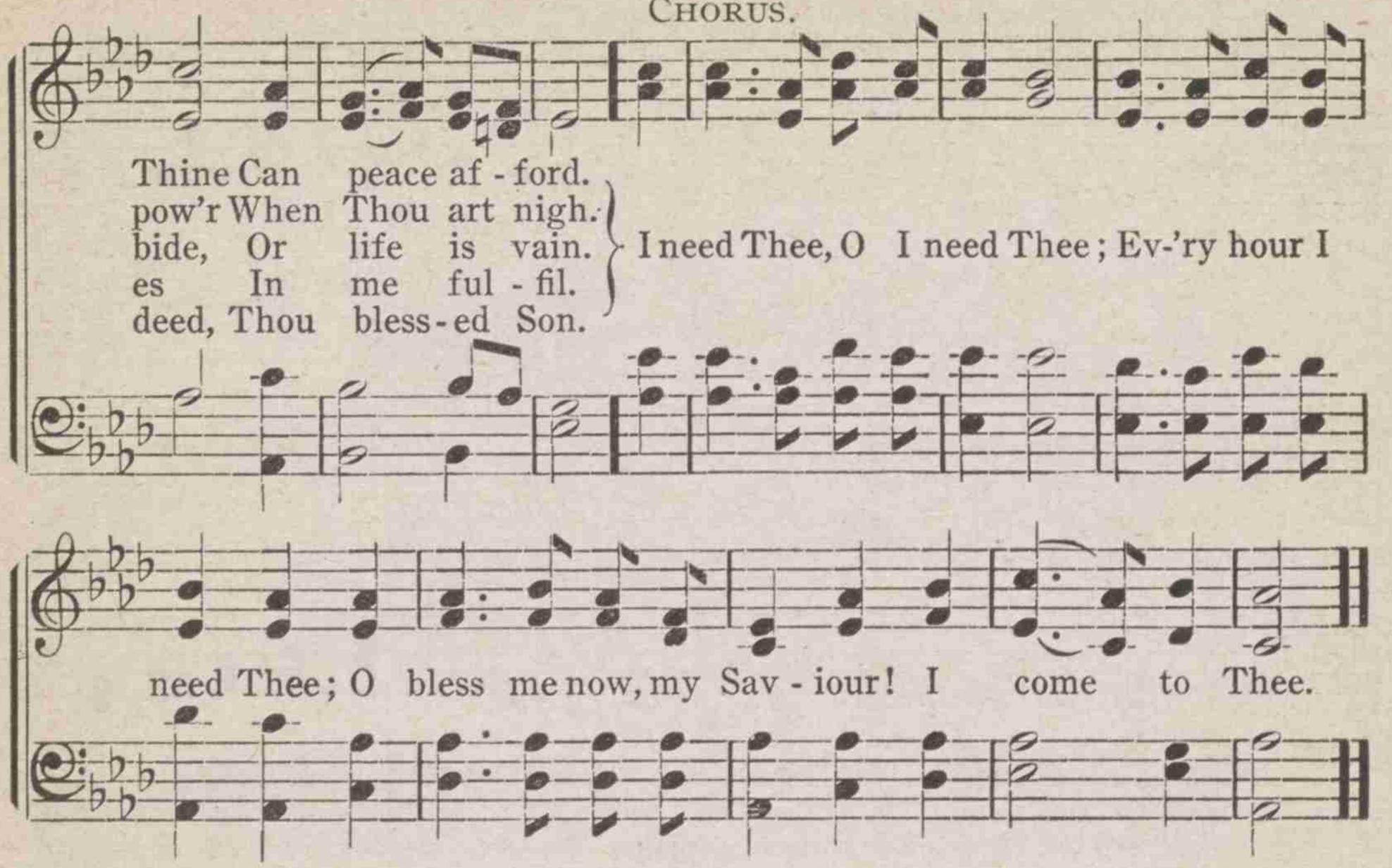
ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.



Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by per.
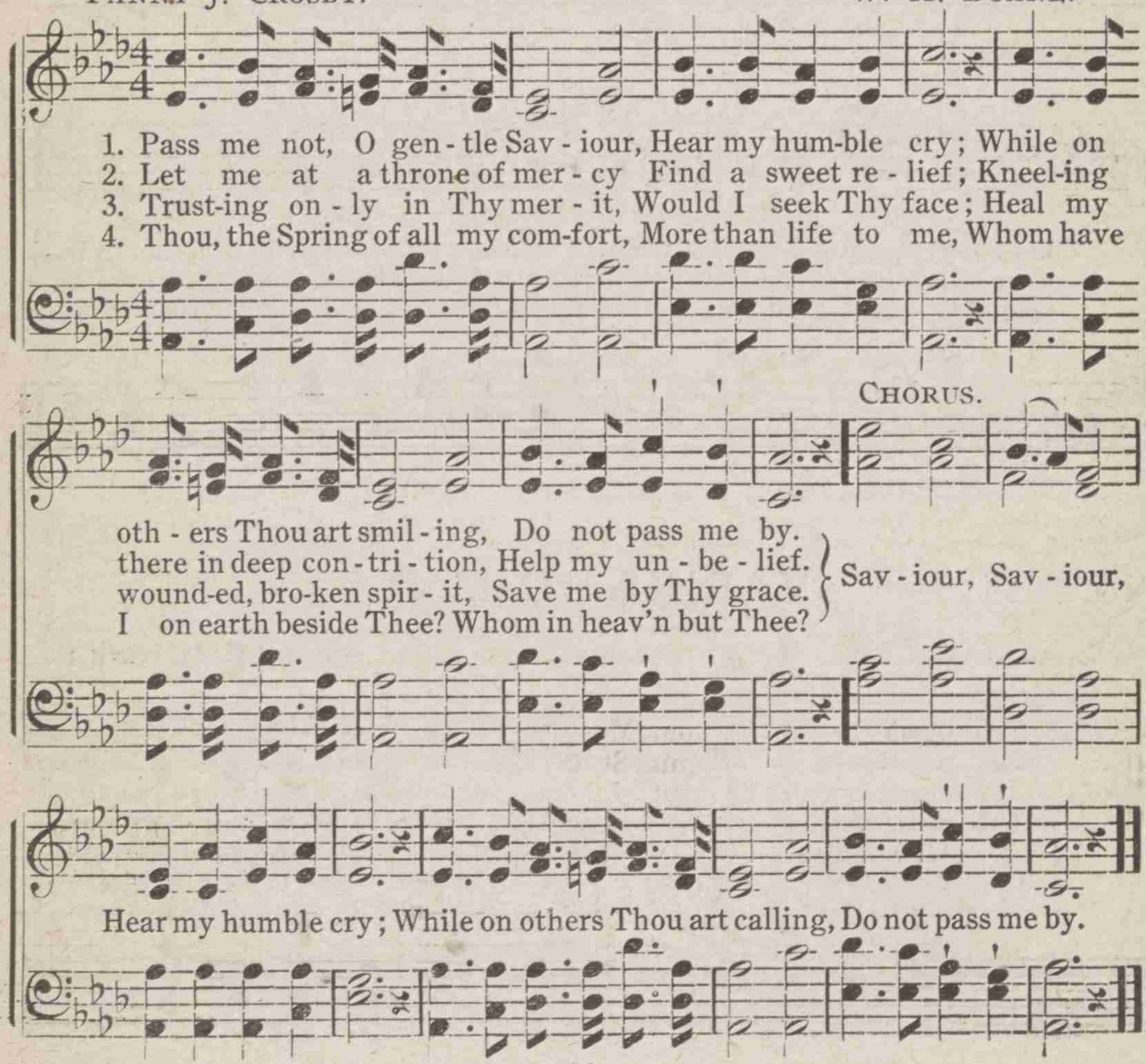
I NEED THEE.

CHORUS.



No. 229. PASS ME NOT.

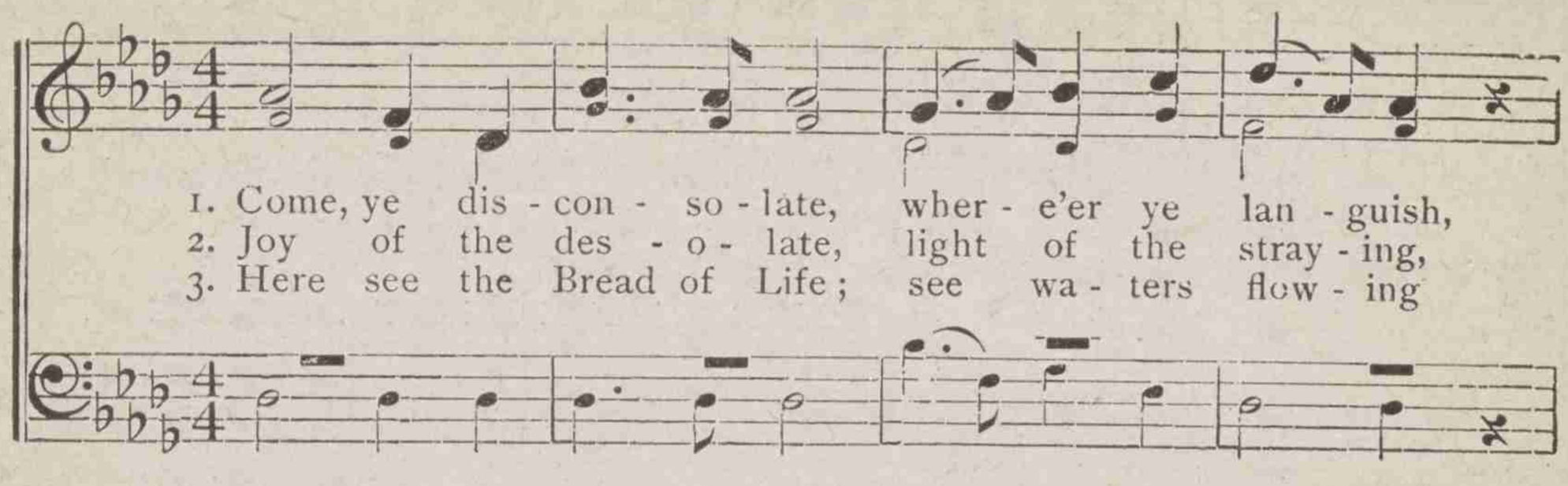
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

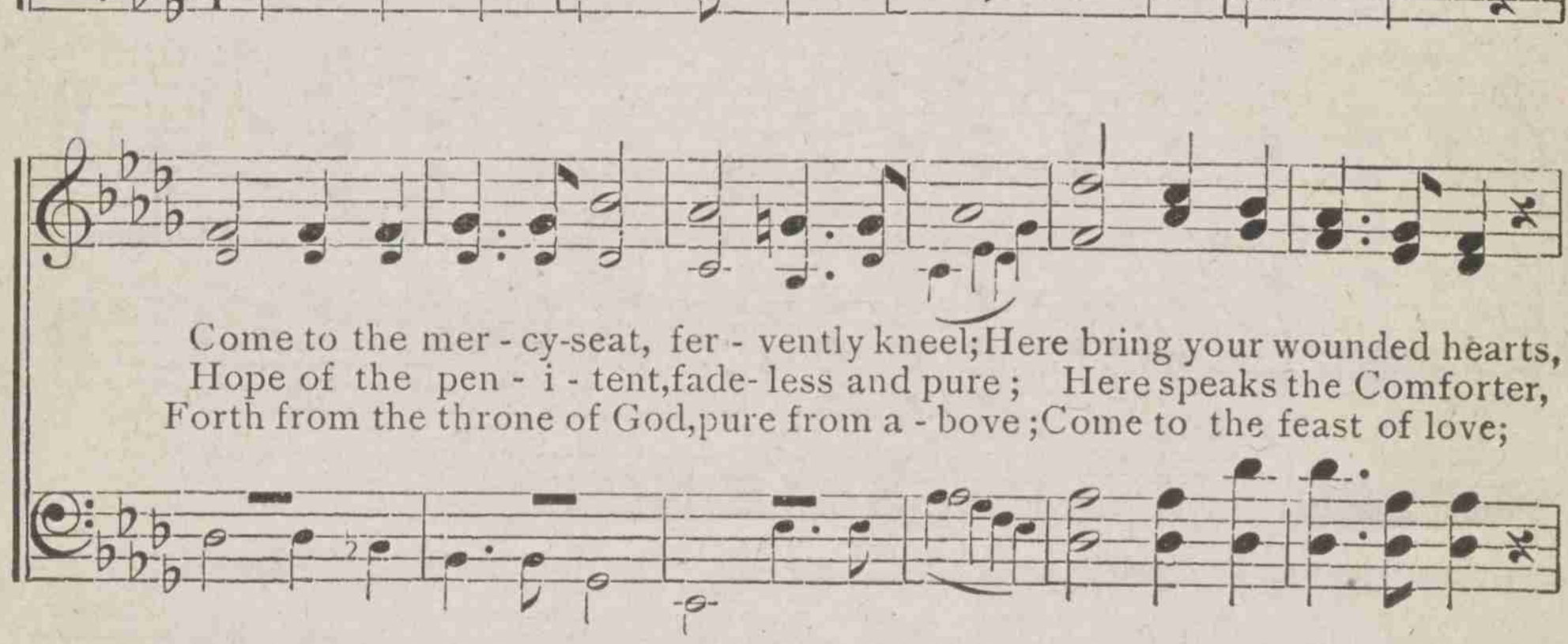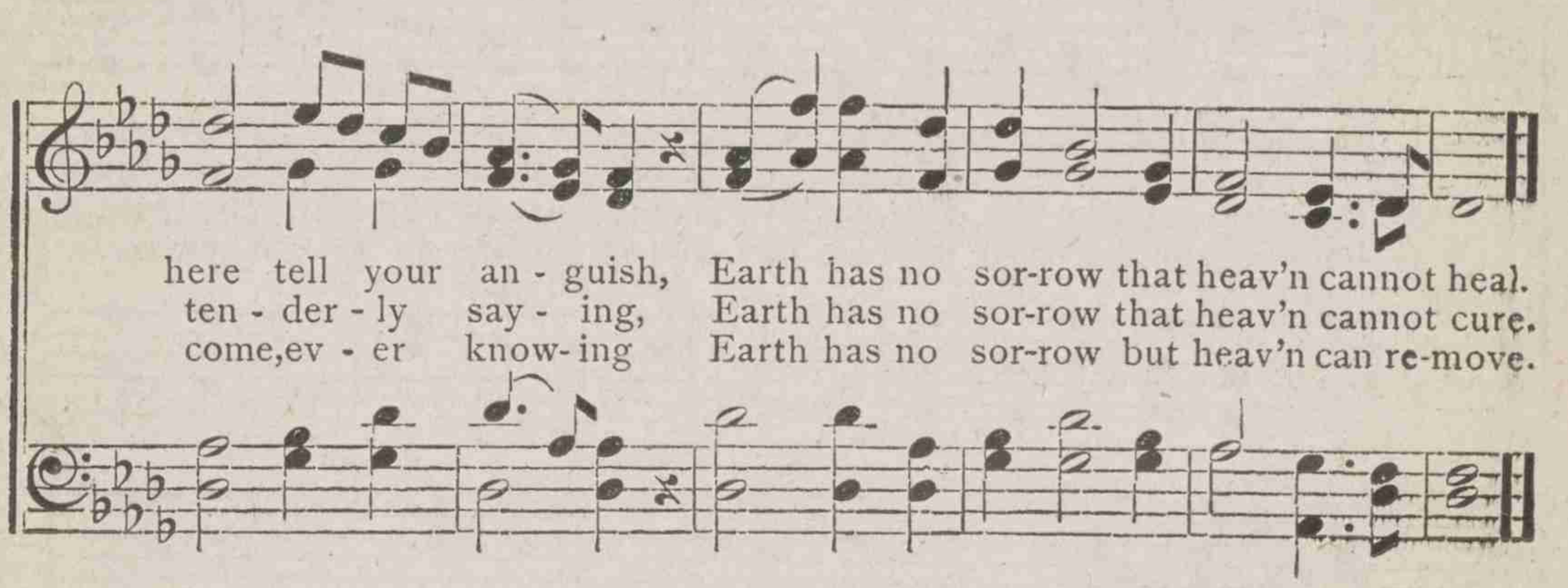


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No. 230. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.

THOMAS MOORE. S. WEBBE.

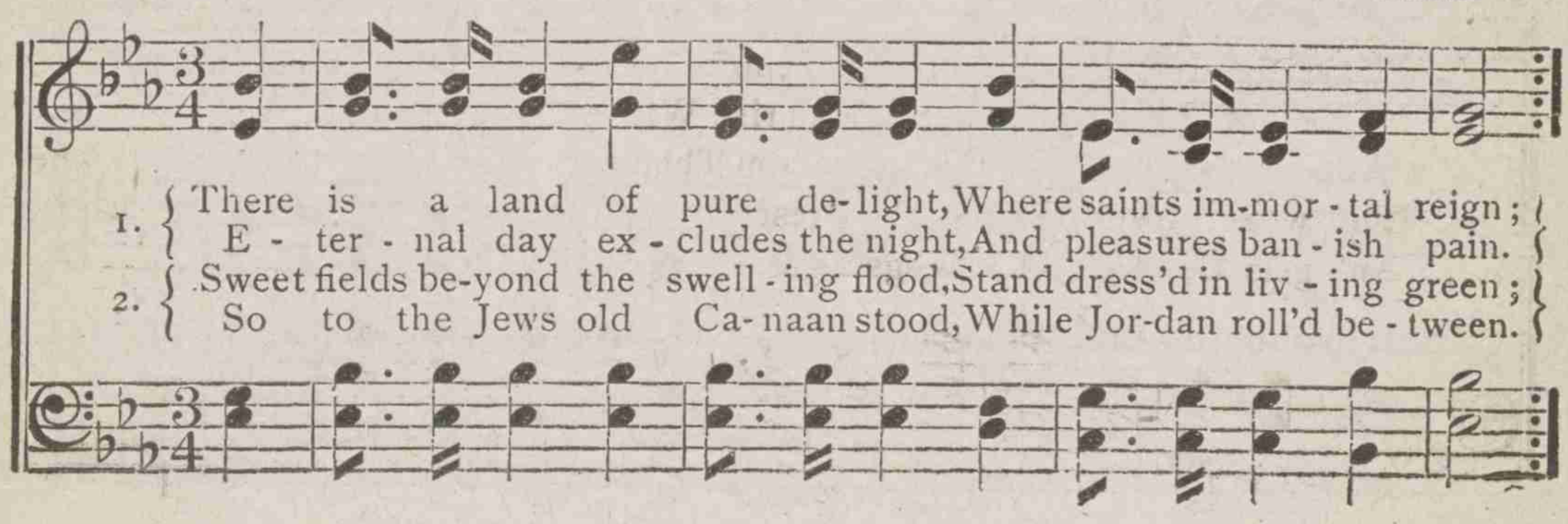


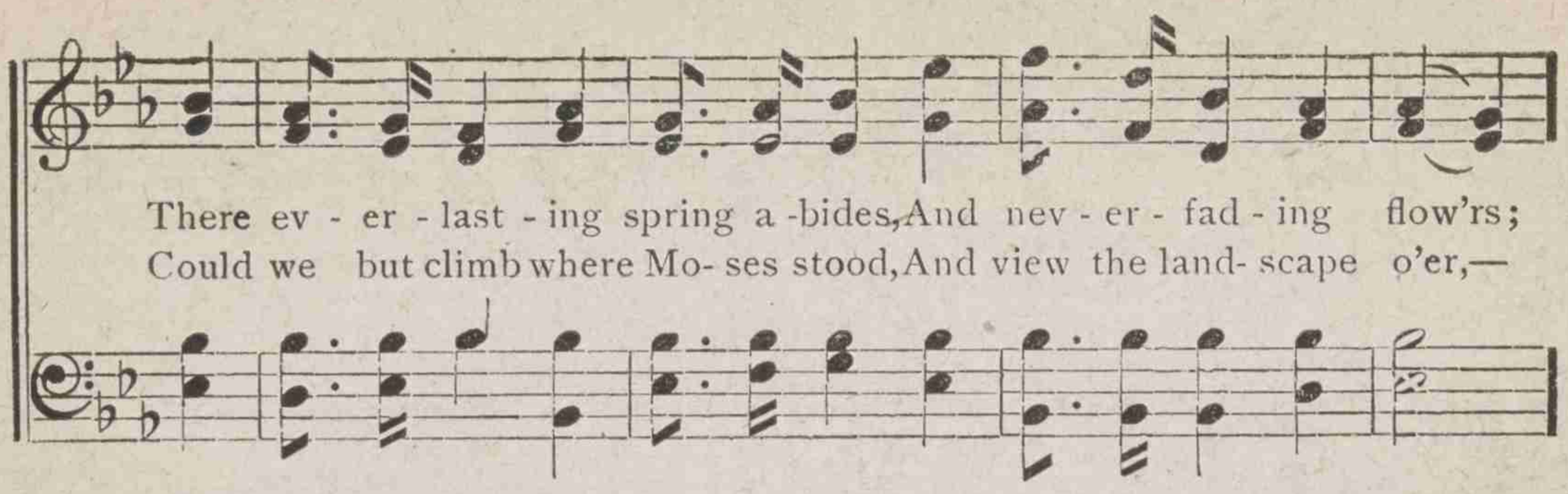


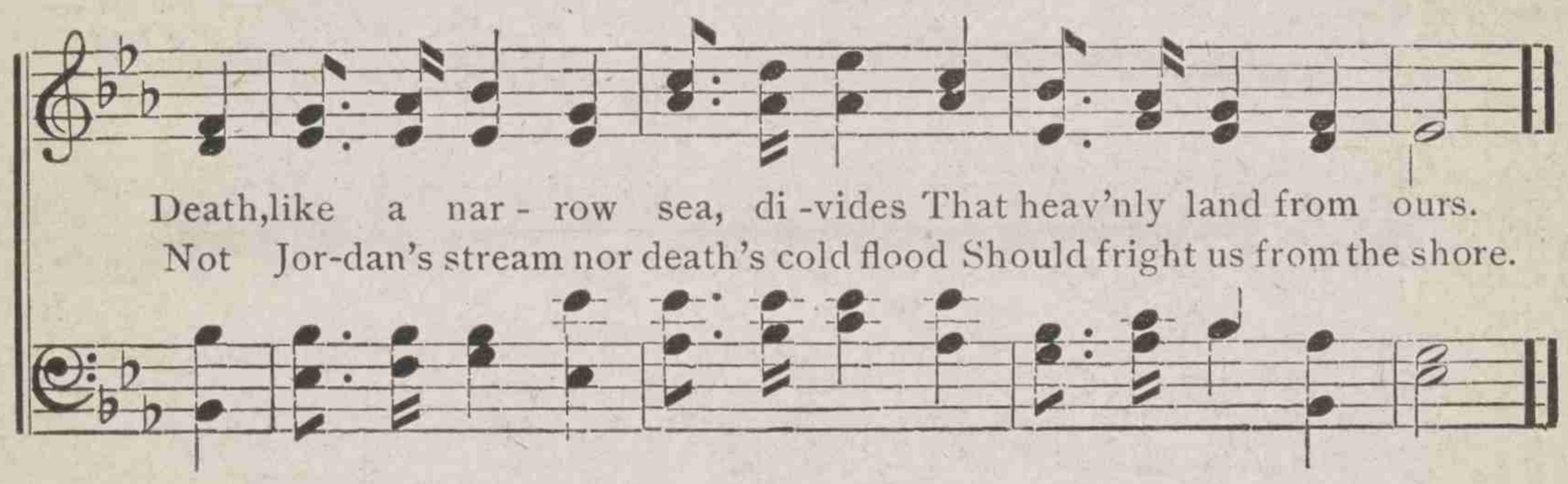


No. 231. VARINA. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHANN C. H. RINK.

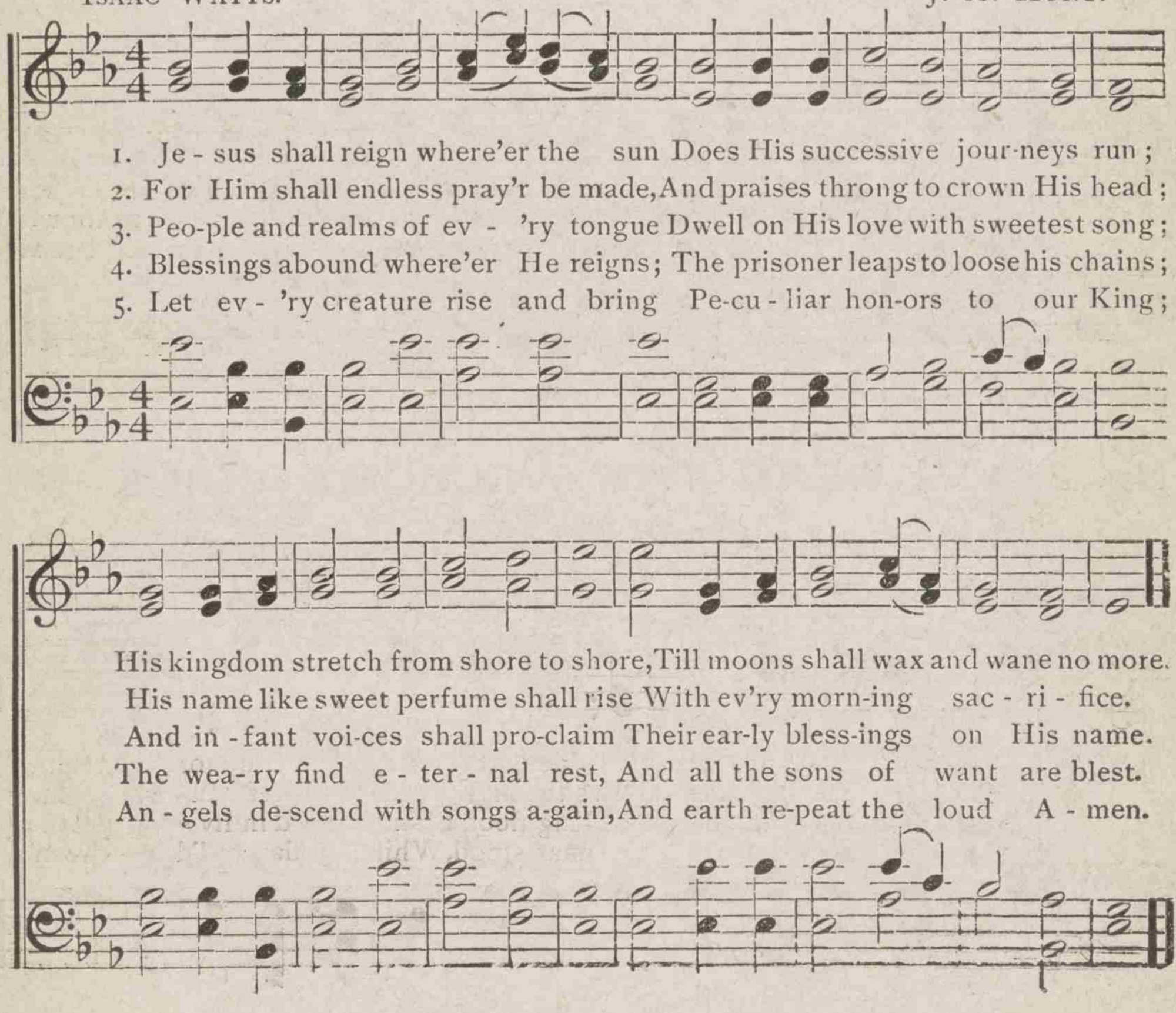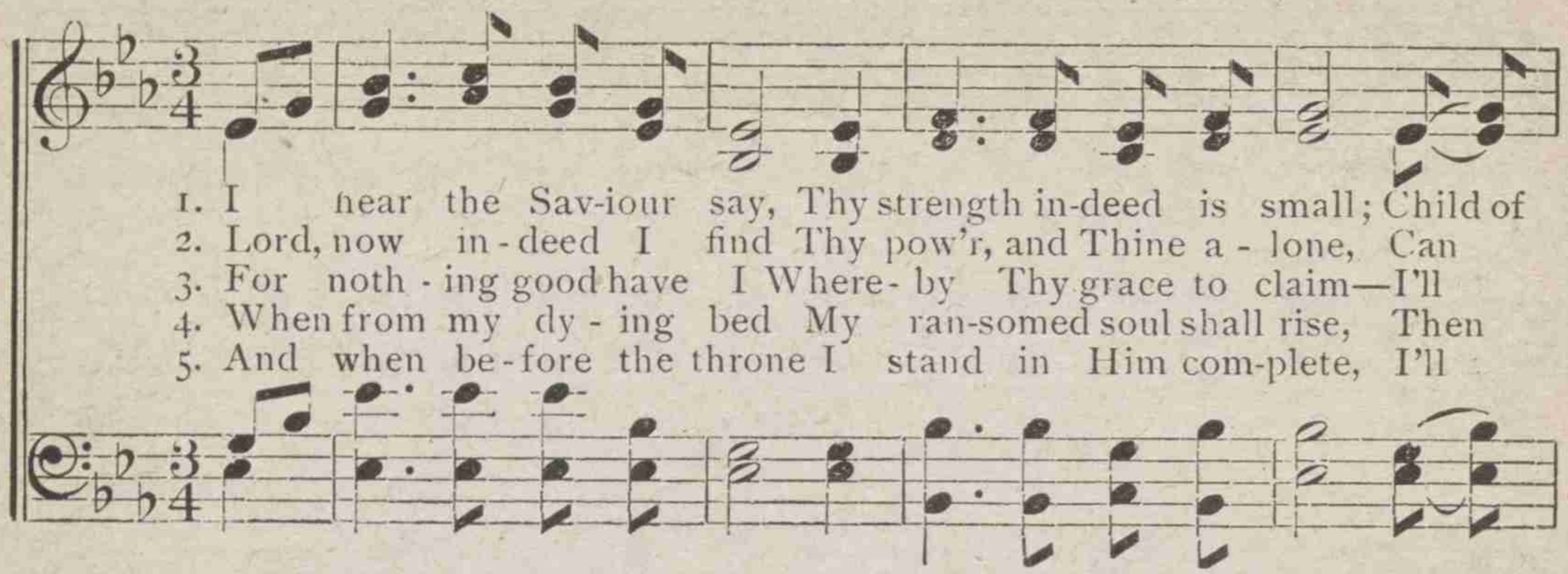






No. 232. JESUS SHALL REIGN. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. J. M. HUNT.

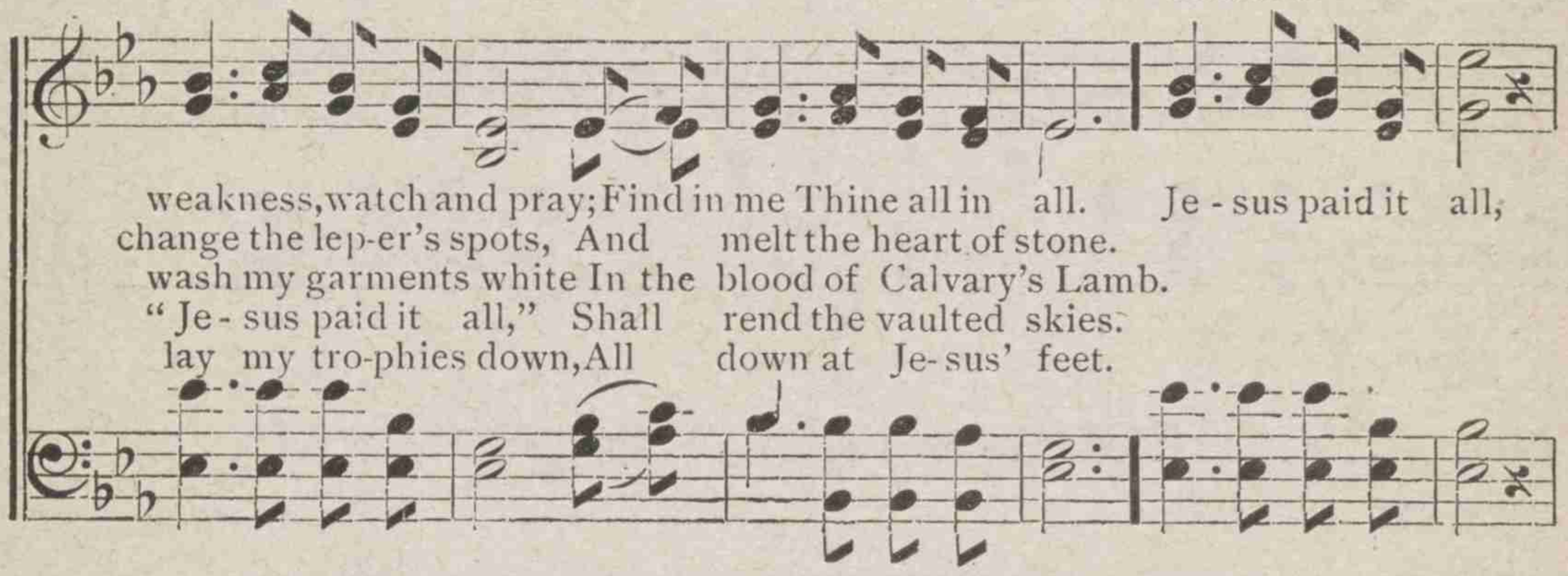


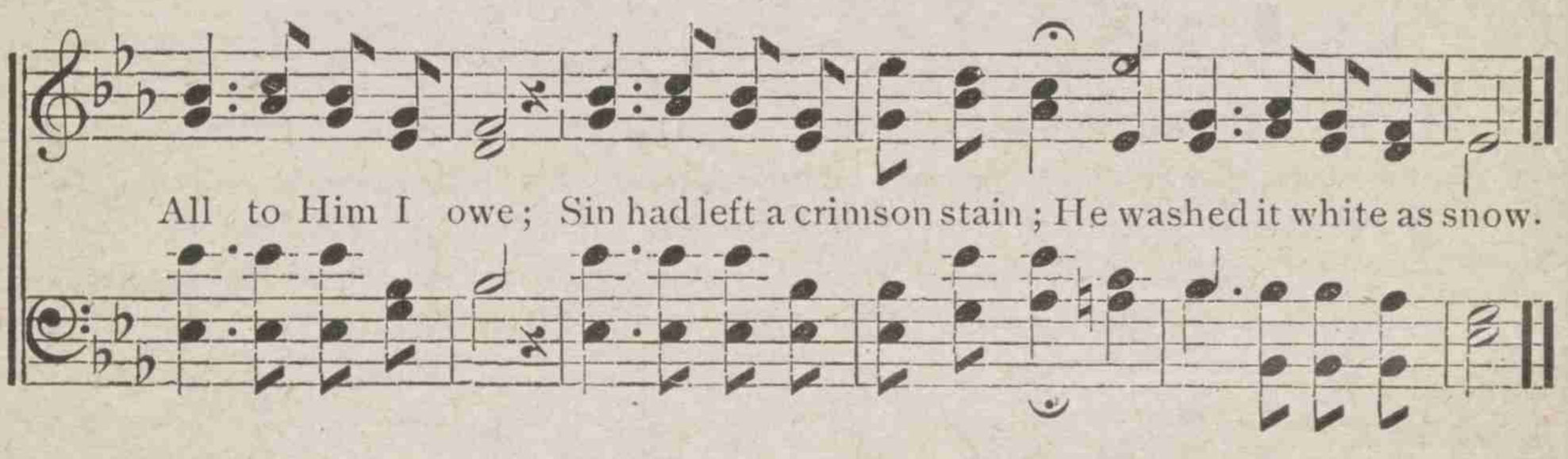
No. 233. I HEAR THE SAVIOUR SAY.

Mrs. Elvina M. Hall. John T. Grape.



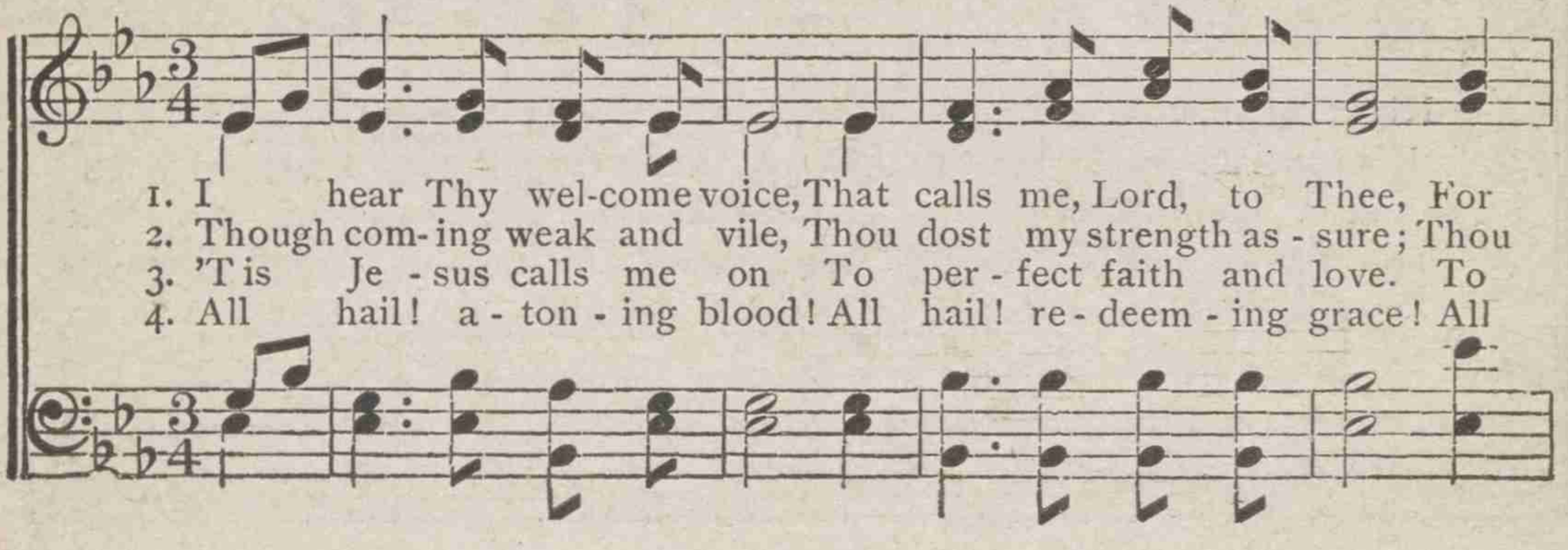
Chorus.





No. 234. I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

L. Hartsough. L. H. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



I HEAR THY WELCOME VOICE.

REFRAIN.

cleansing in Thy precious blood, That flowed on Calvary. I am com-ing, Lord!
dost my vileness ful ly cleanse, Till spotless all and pure.
per-fect hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood That flow'd on Calvary!

No. 235. I DO BELIEVE. C.M.

C WESLEY

1 Fa ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth-er help I know;
2 What did Thine on ly Son en dure Be-fore I drew my breath!
3 Au thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea ry long ing eyes;
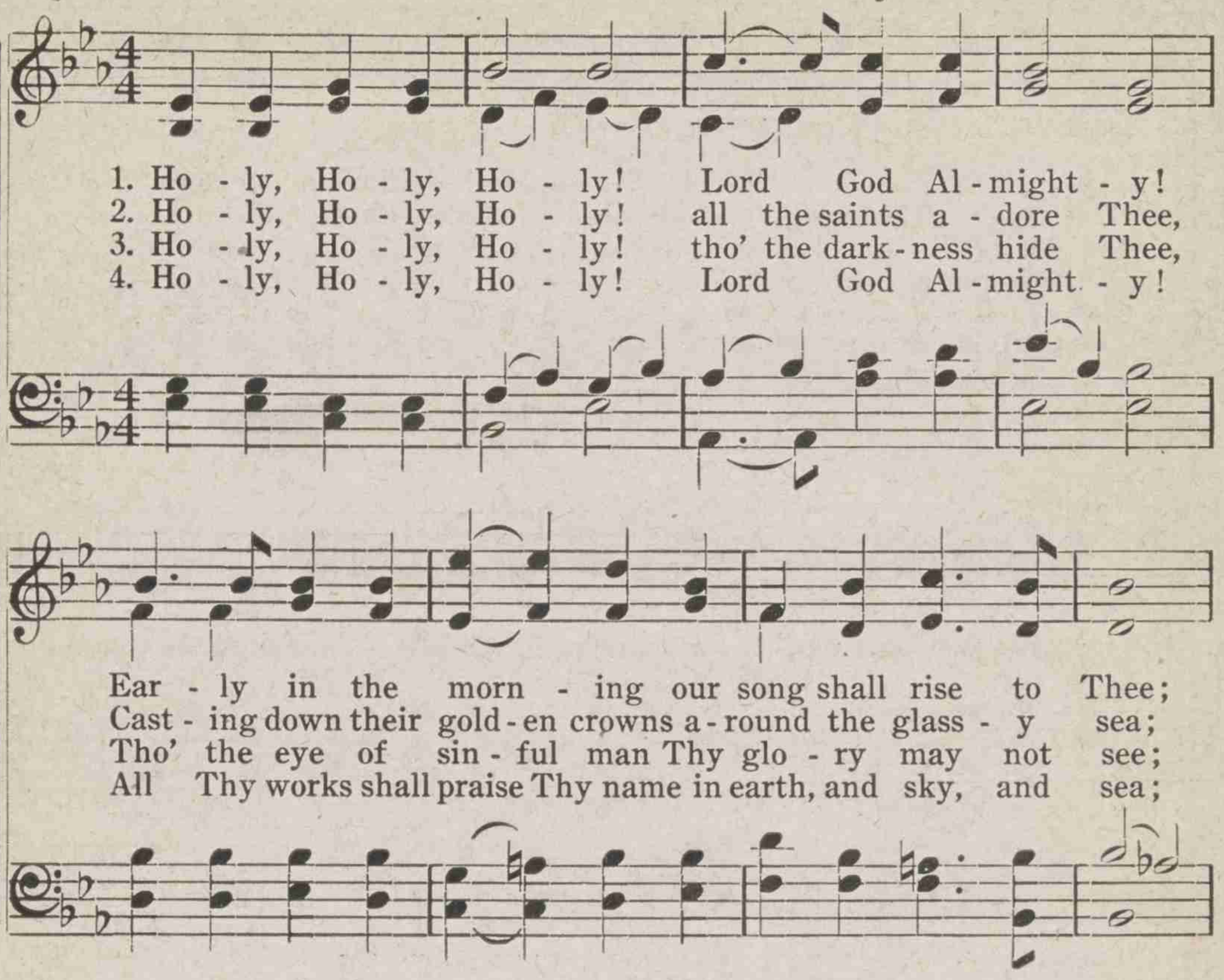
CHO — *I do be lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;*
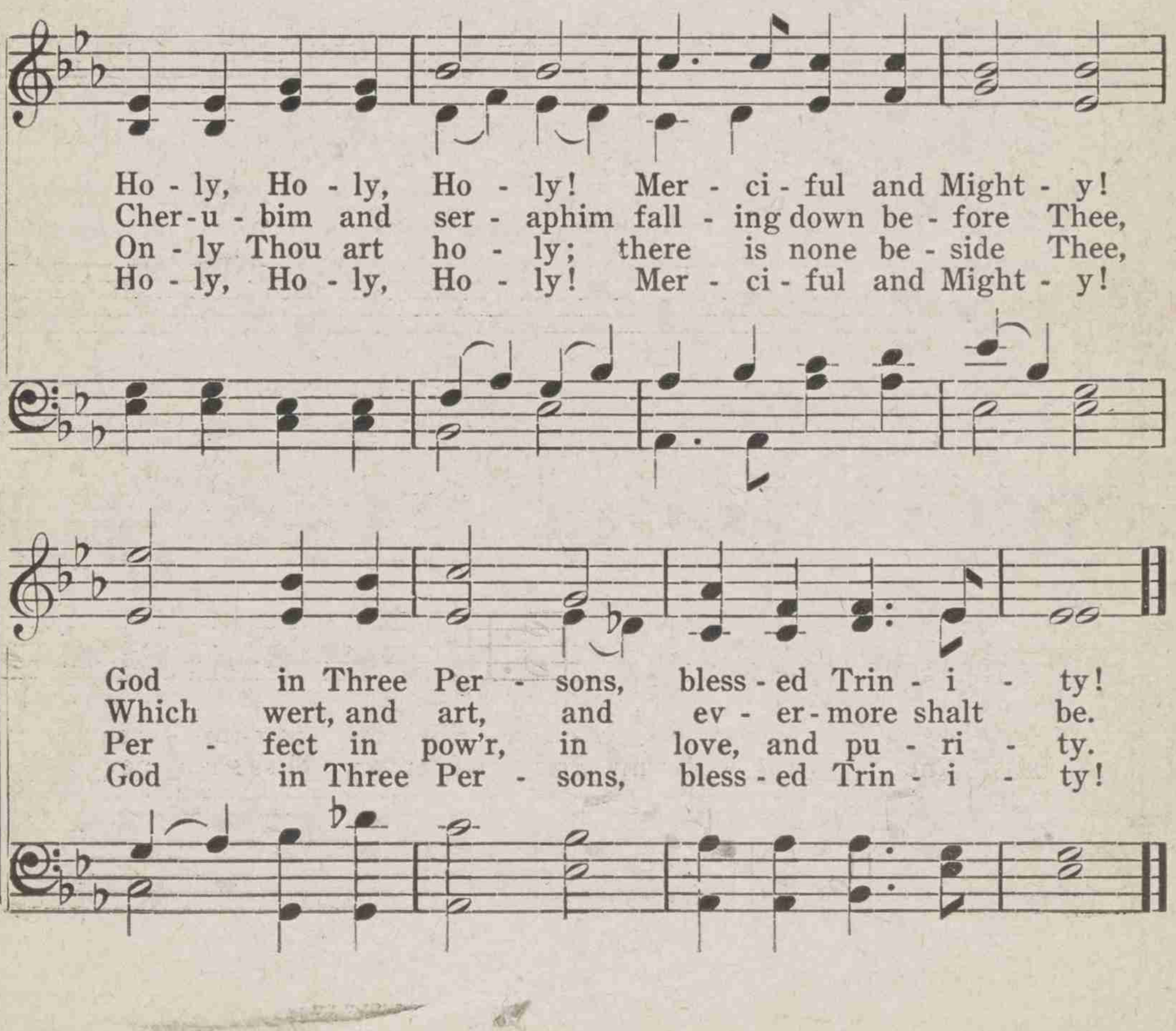
If Thou withdraw Thy self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain what la bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death?
O, may I now re ceive that gift, My soul, with-out it, dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 236. NICÆA.

R. HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.





No. 237. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L. R. LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my par - don, this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   Naught of good that I have done, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
4. This is all my hope and peace— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;
   This is all my righteous-ness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er Fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

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No. 238. GRACE. 7s.

MARY MASTERS.

Slowly.

1. 'Tis re - lig - ion that can give Sweet - est pleas-ures while we live;
2. Af - ter death, its joys will be Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty;

'Tis re - lig - ion must sup - ply Sol - id com-fort when we die.
Be the liv - ing God my Friend, Then my bliss shall nev- er end.

No. 239. ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE. ROBERT J. POWELL.

1. A - bide with me! fast
D.S. *Hold Thou Thy cross be -*

Andante.

p

falls the eventide; The darkness deep - ens—Lord, with me abide! When oth - er
fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning

p

help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Thou, help of the helpless, Oh, a - bide with me!
breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life or in death, Lord, Oh, a- bide with me!

FINE.

f *p*

FINE.

Copyright, 1890, by J. M. Hunt.

ABIDE WITH ME.

I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour, What like Thy

grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my

guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud or in sunshine, Oh, a - bide with me!

D.S.
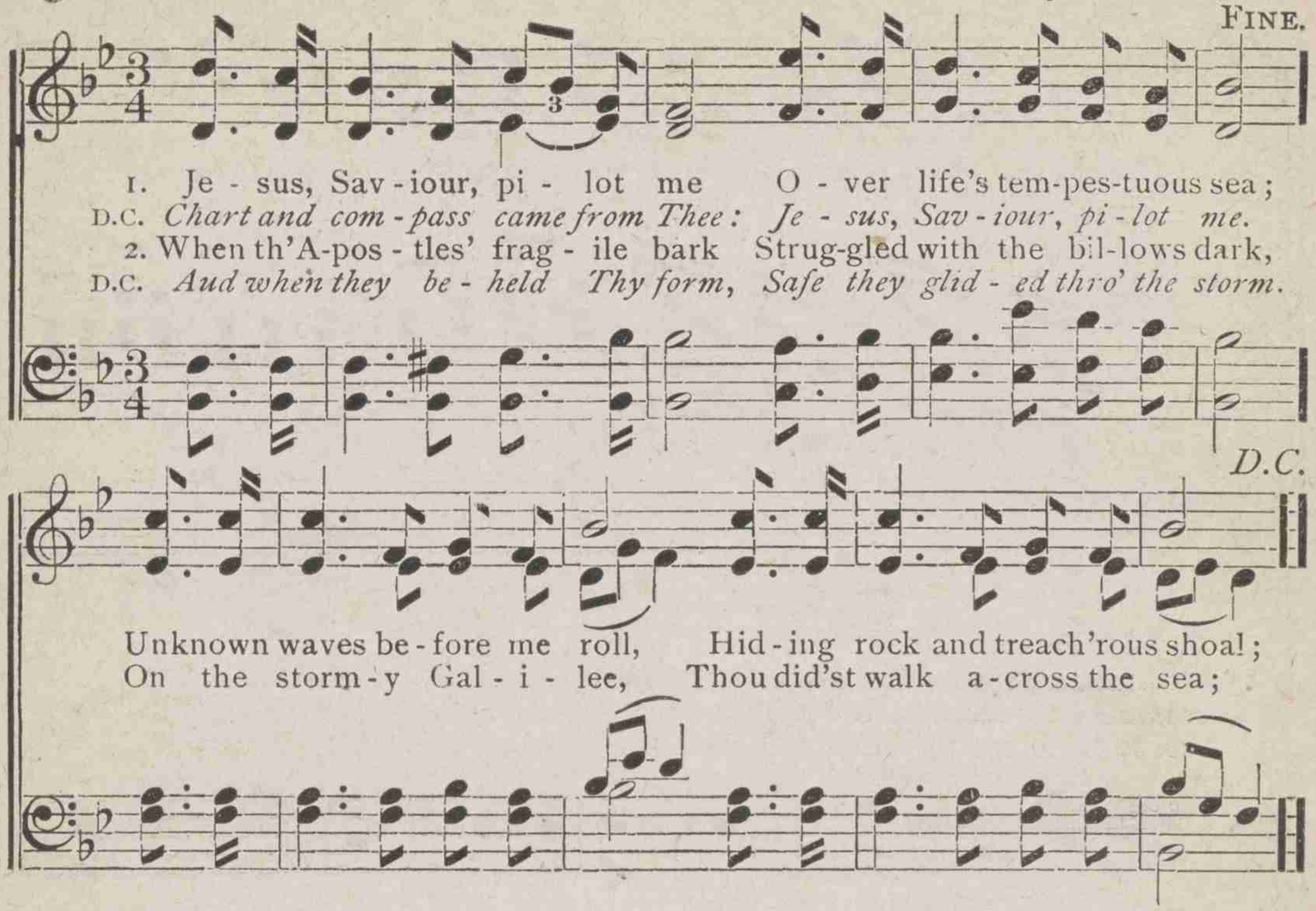
cres. . . . . f

D.S.

No. 240. SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. 7s, 6s.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

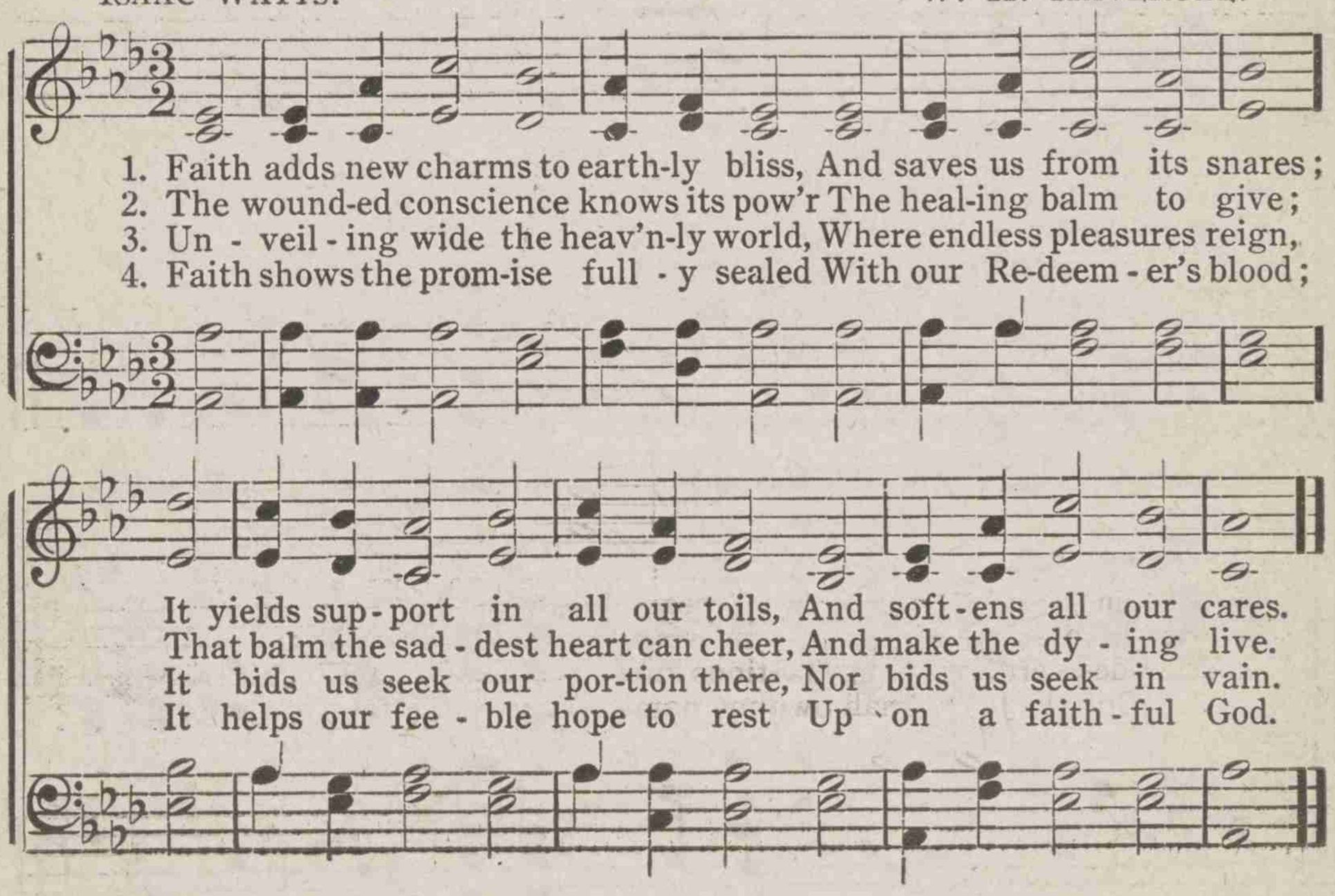


3. As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

4. 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."

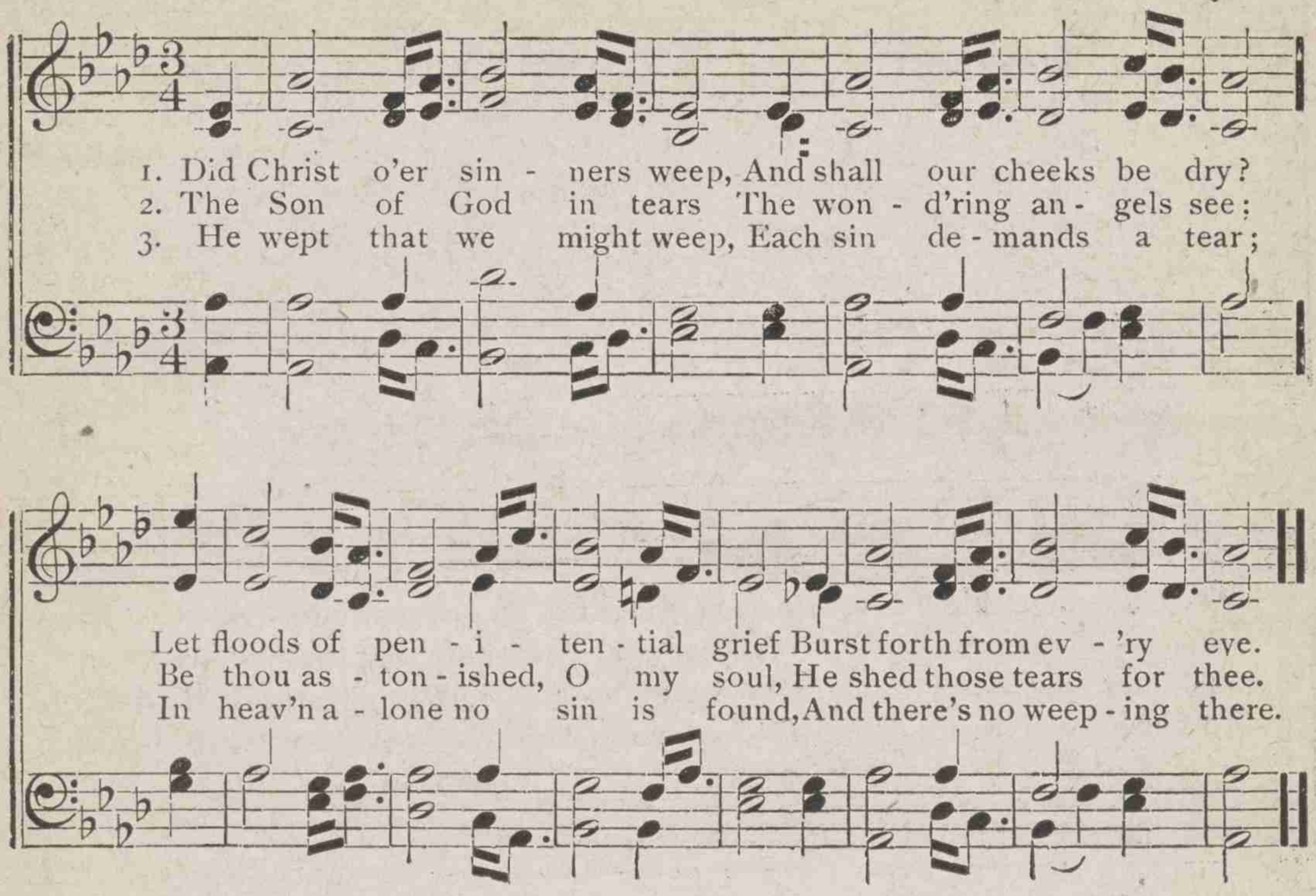
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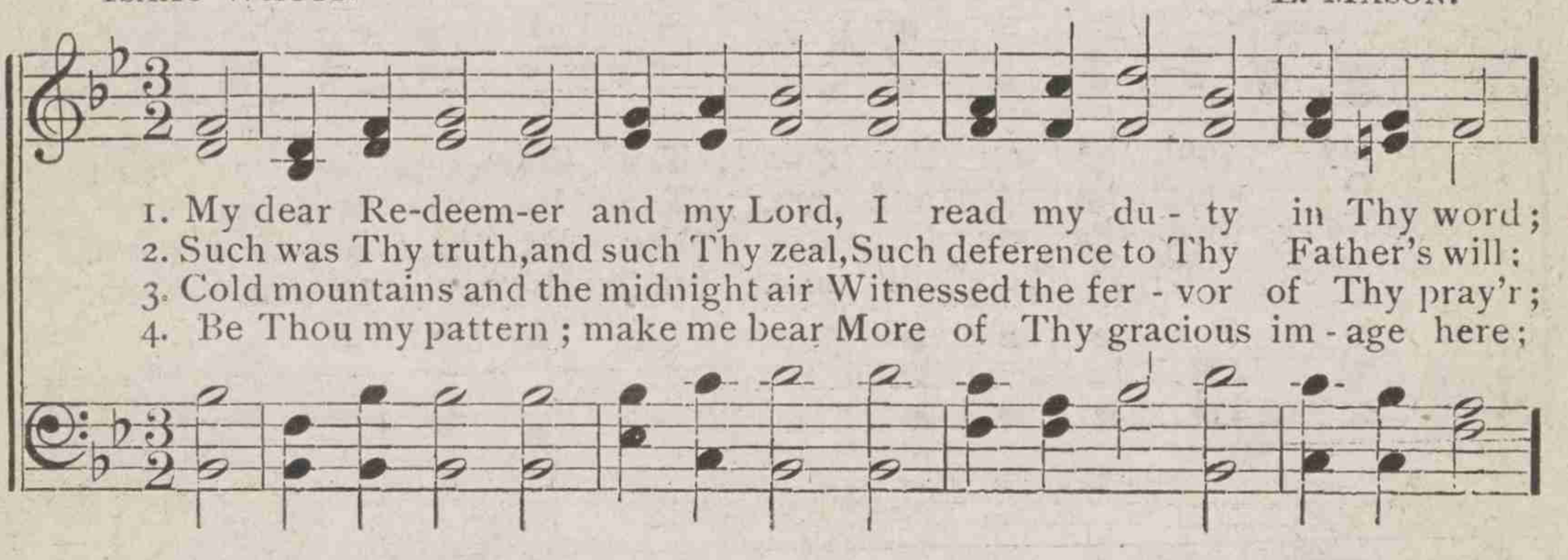
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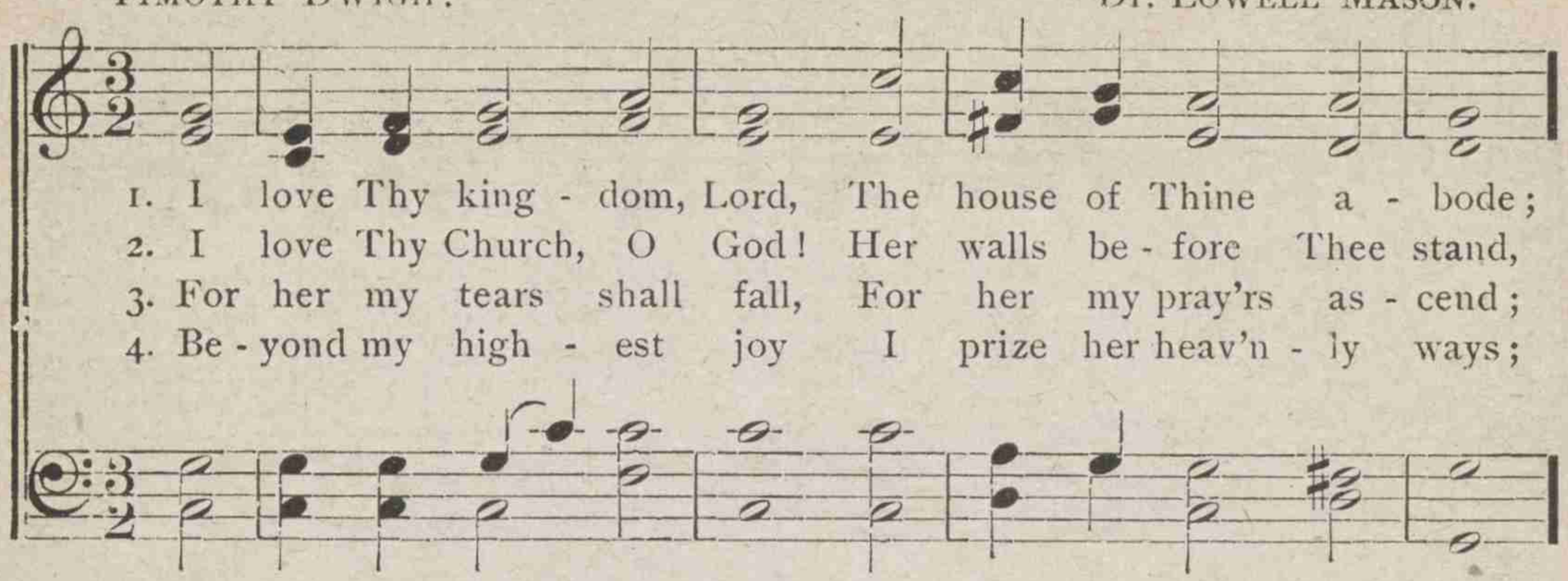


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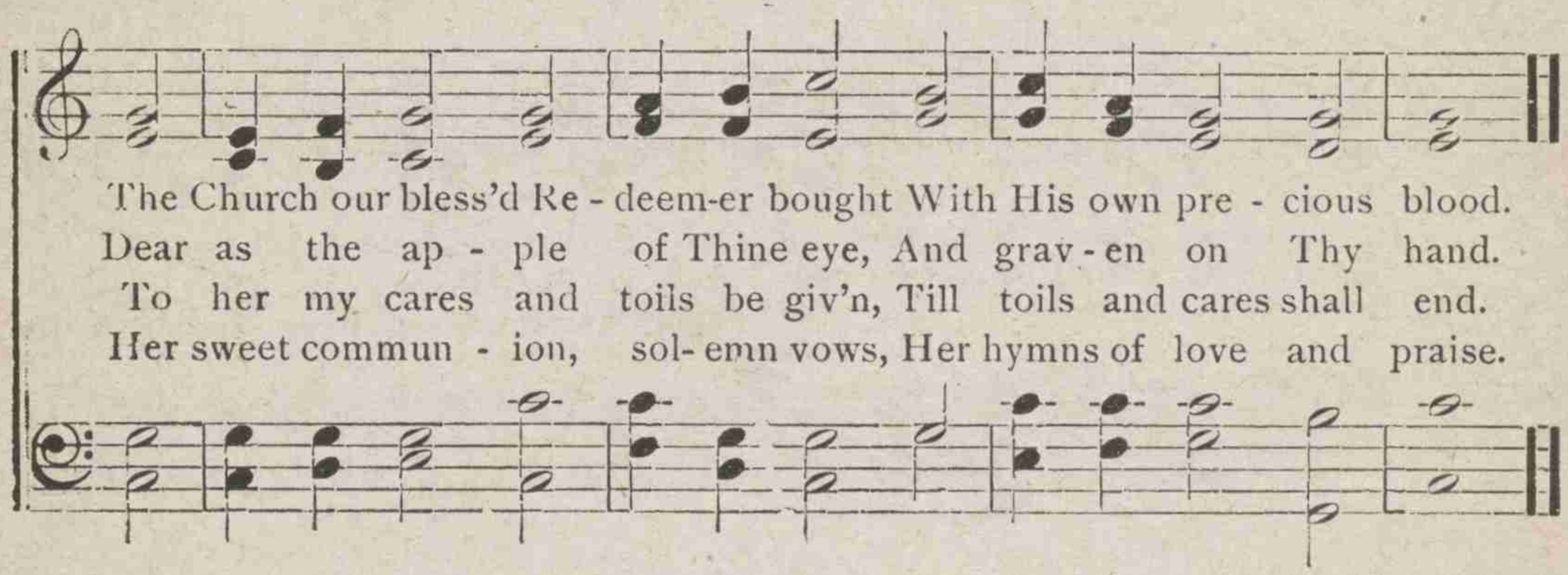
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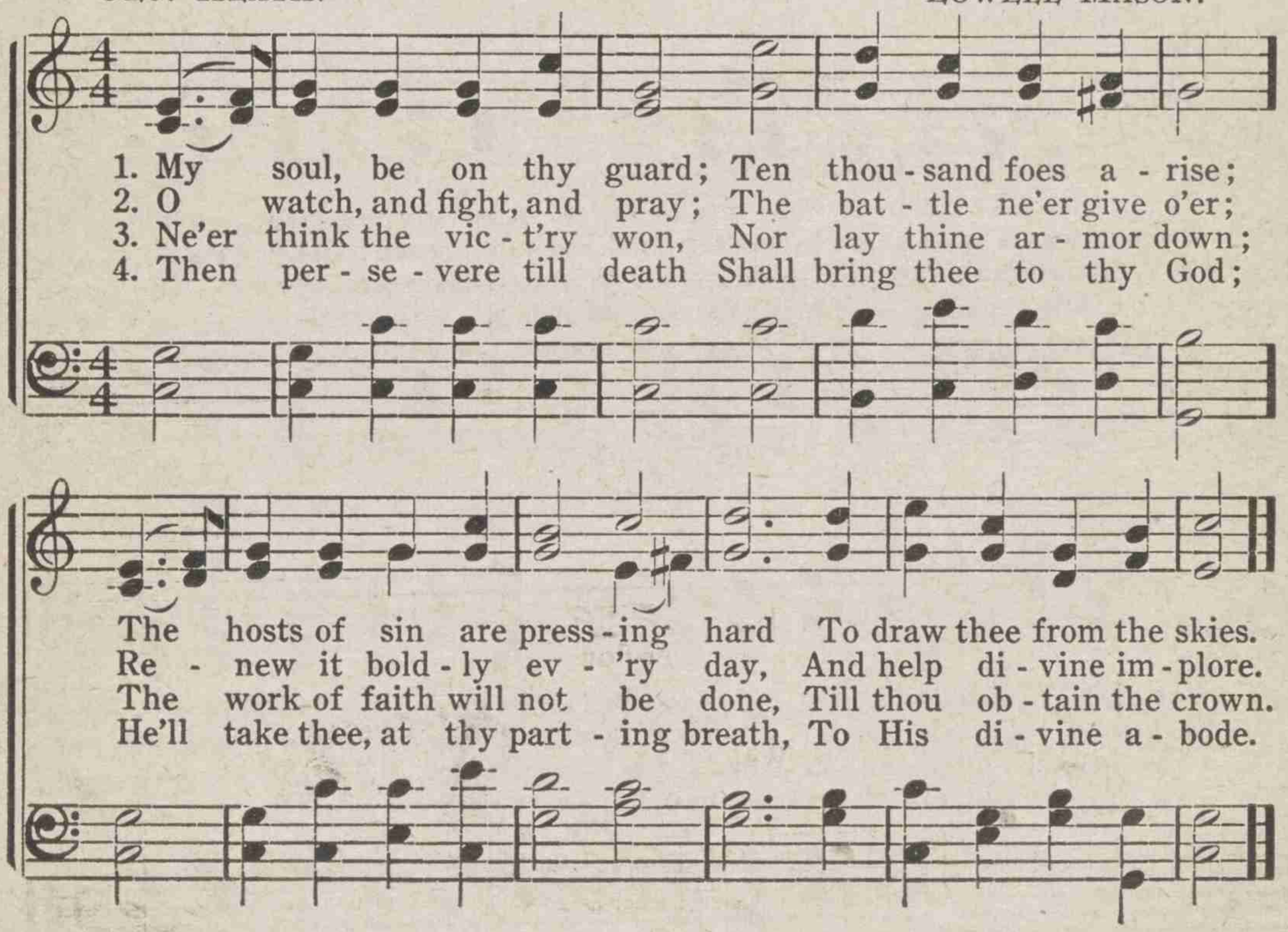
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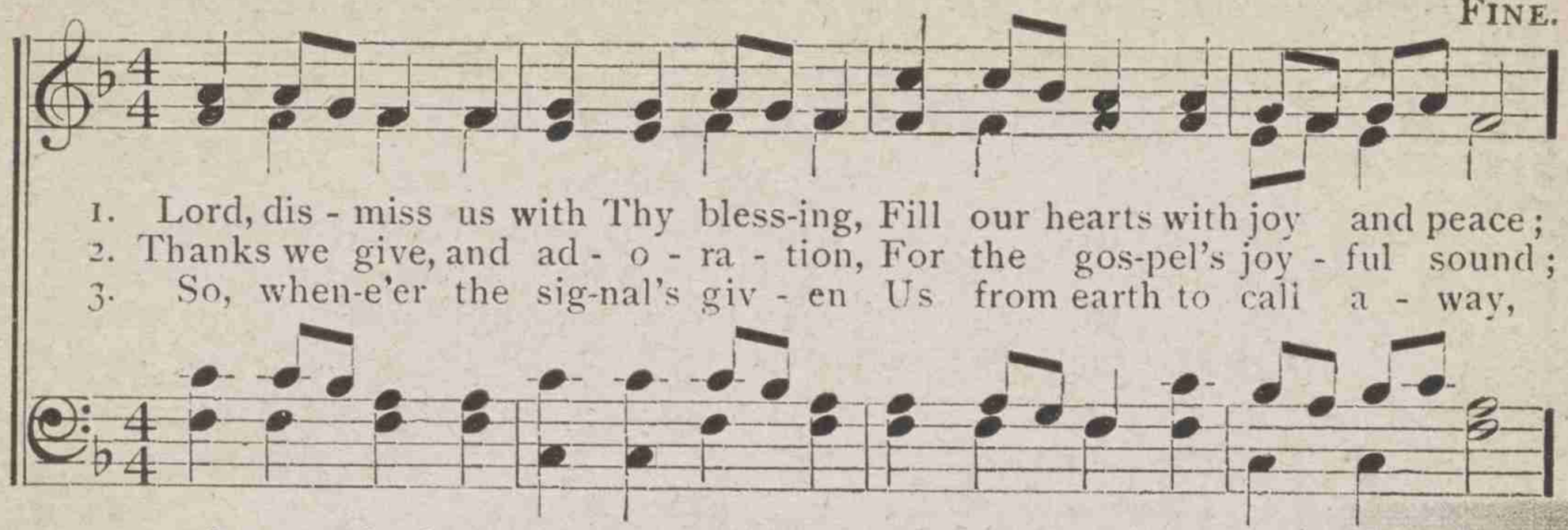
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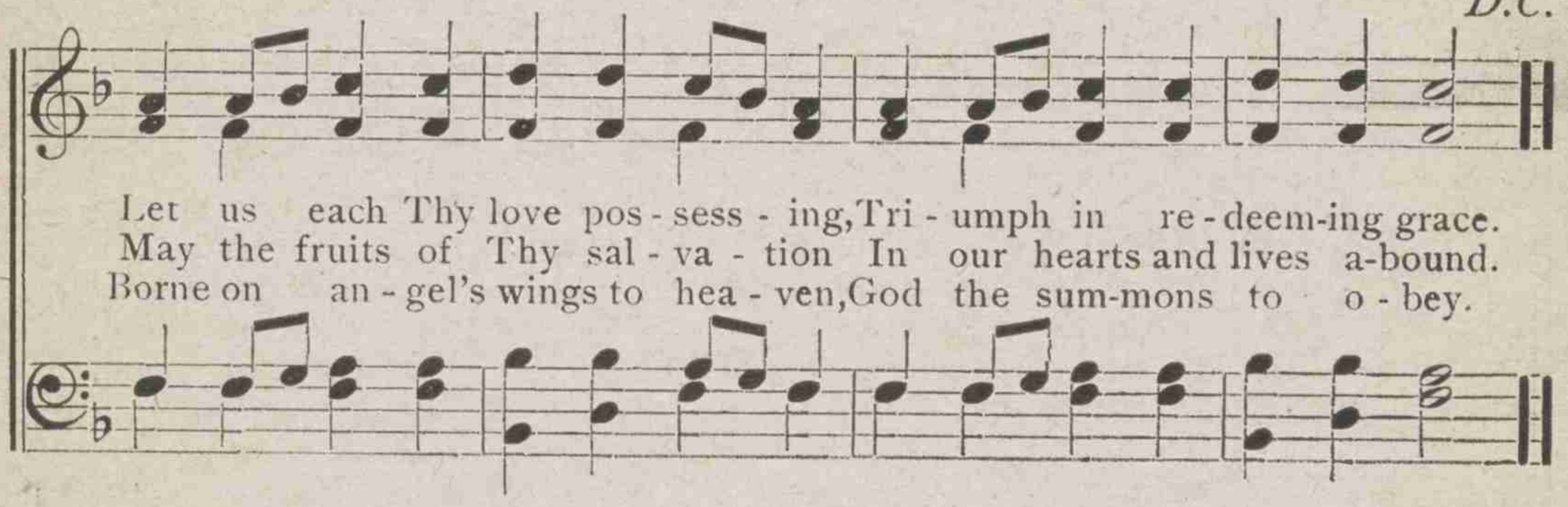


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WALTER SHIRLEY. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

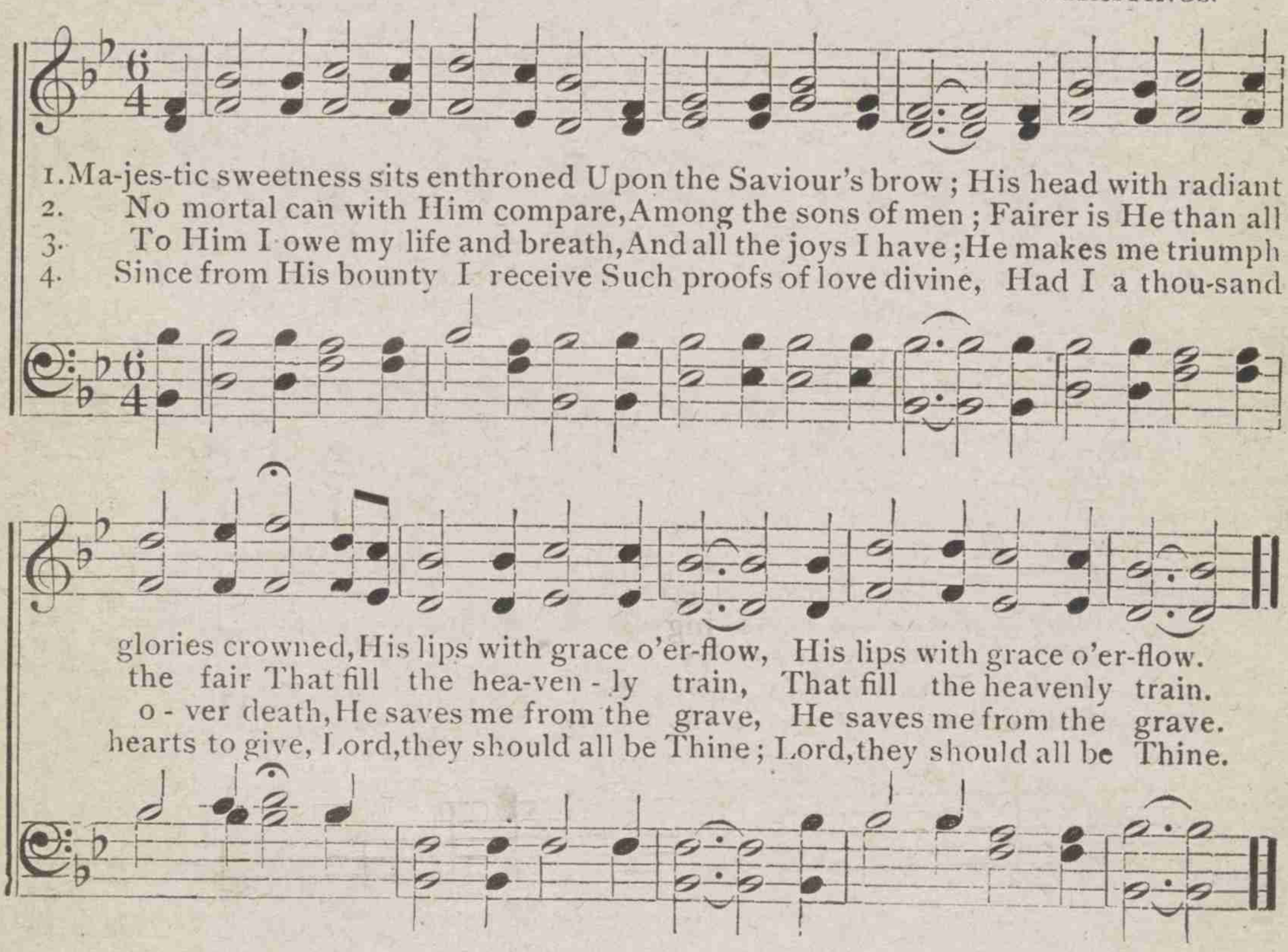


D.C.
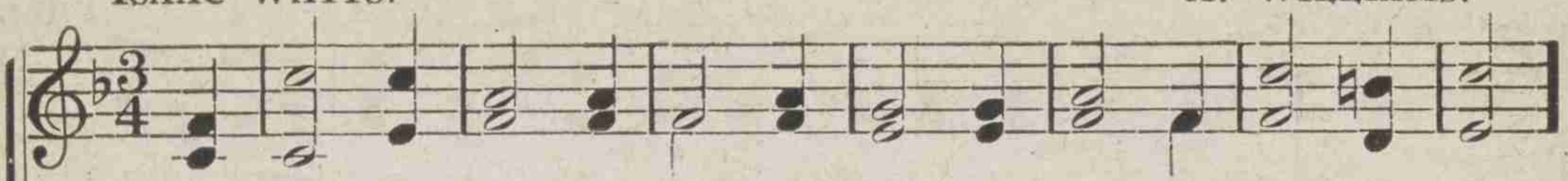


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SAMUEL STENNETT. Dr. T. HASTINGS.
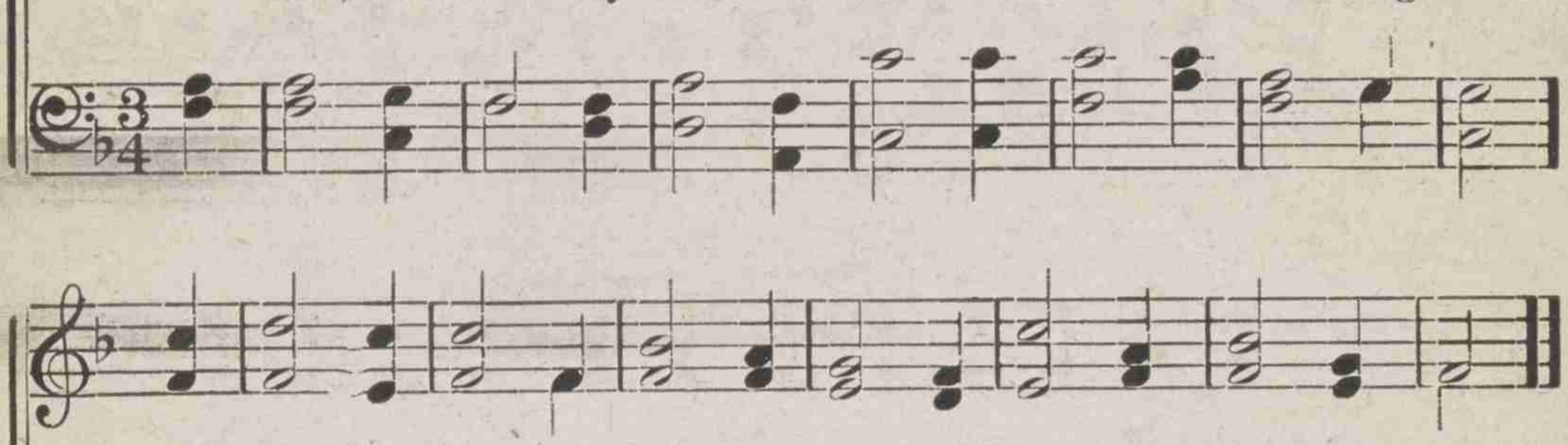


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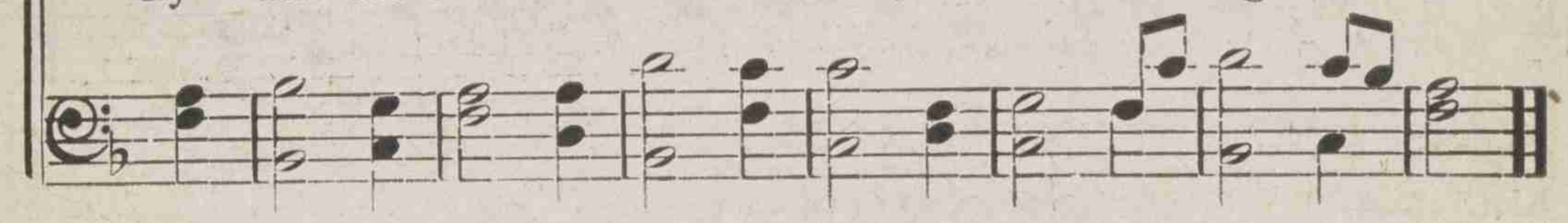
ISAAC WATTS. A. WILLIAMS.



1. And did the Ho - ly and the Just, The Sov-'reign of the skies,
2. Yes, the Re - deem-er left His throne, His ra - diant throne on high,–
3. He took the dy - ing trai - tor's place, And suf - fered in his stead;
4. O Lord, what heav'nly won - ders dwell In Thine a - ton - ing blood!

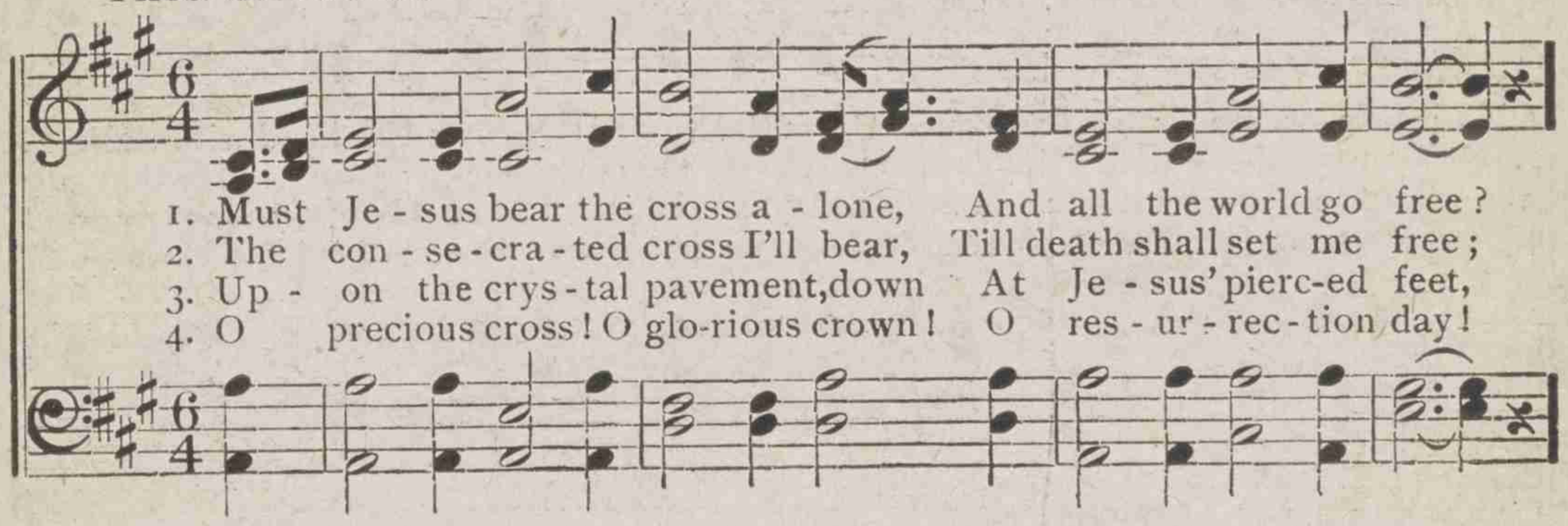


Stoop down to wretch-ed - ness and dust, That guilt - y man might rise?
Sur - pris - ing mer - cy! love unknown!—To suf - fer, bleed and die.
For sin - ful man,—O wondrous grace!—For sin-ful man He died.
By this are sin - ners saved from hell, And reb - els brought to God.

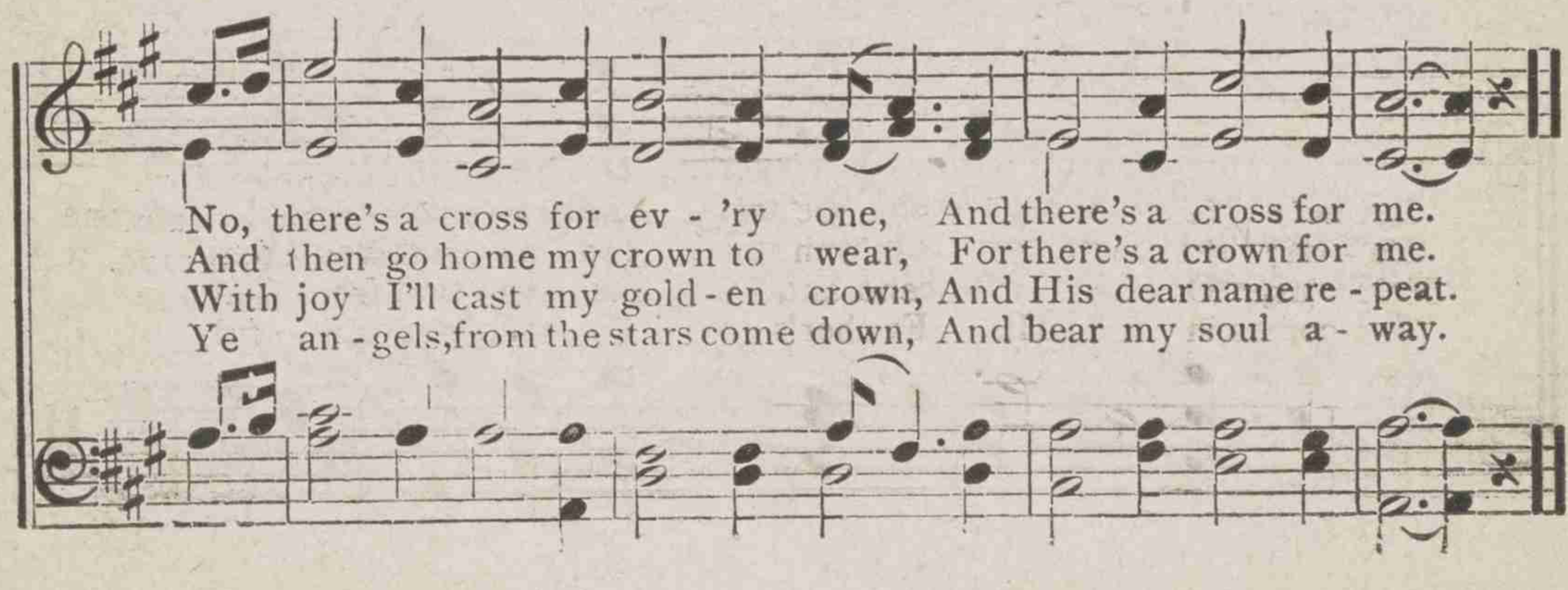


No. 249. CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



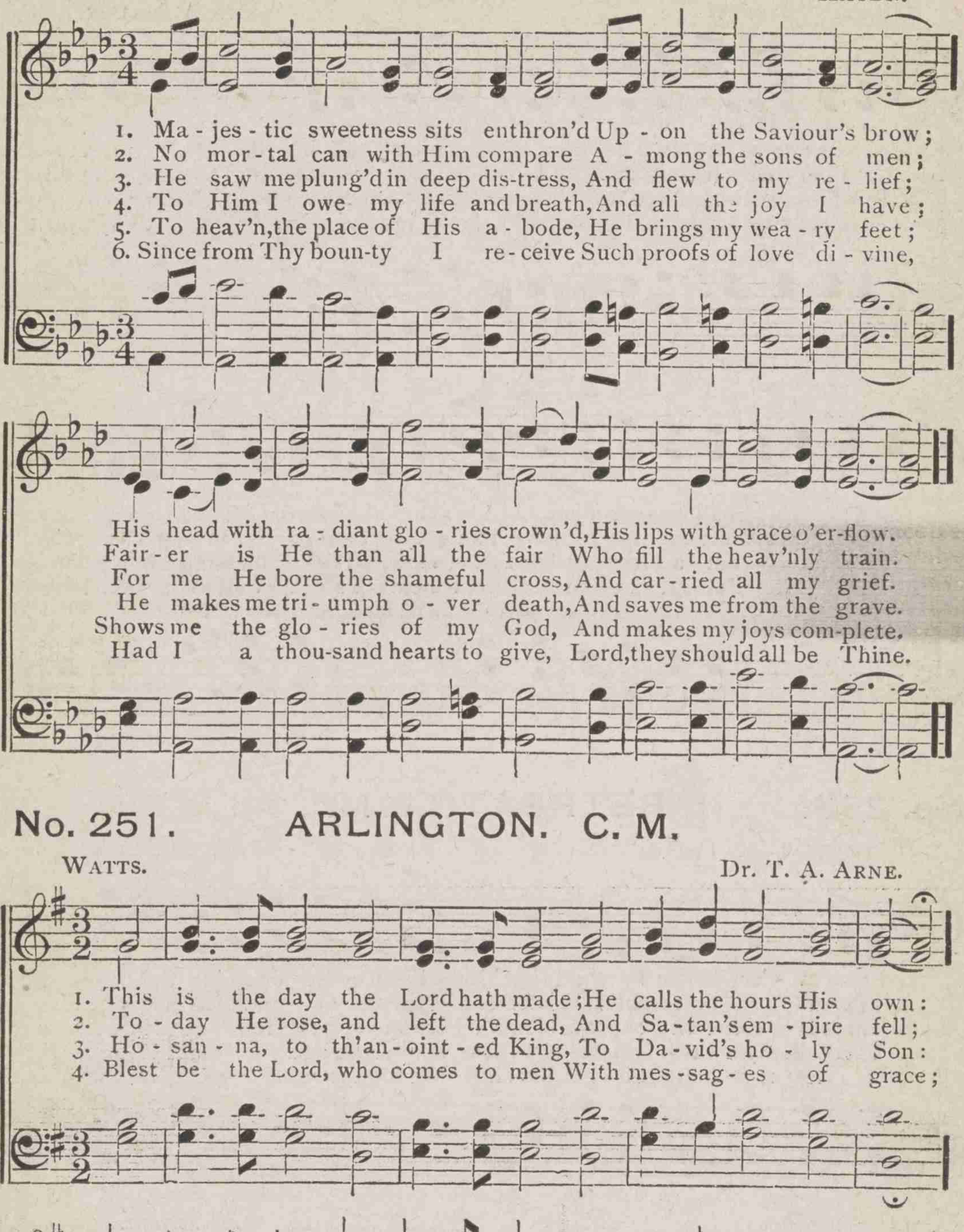
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O precious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

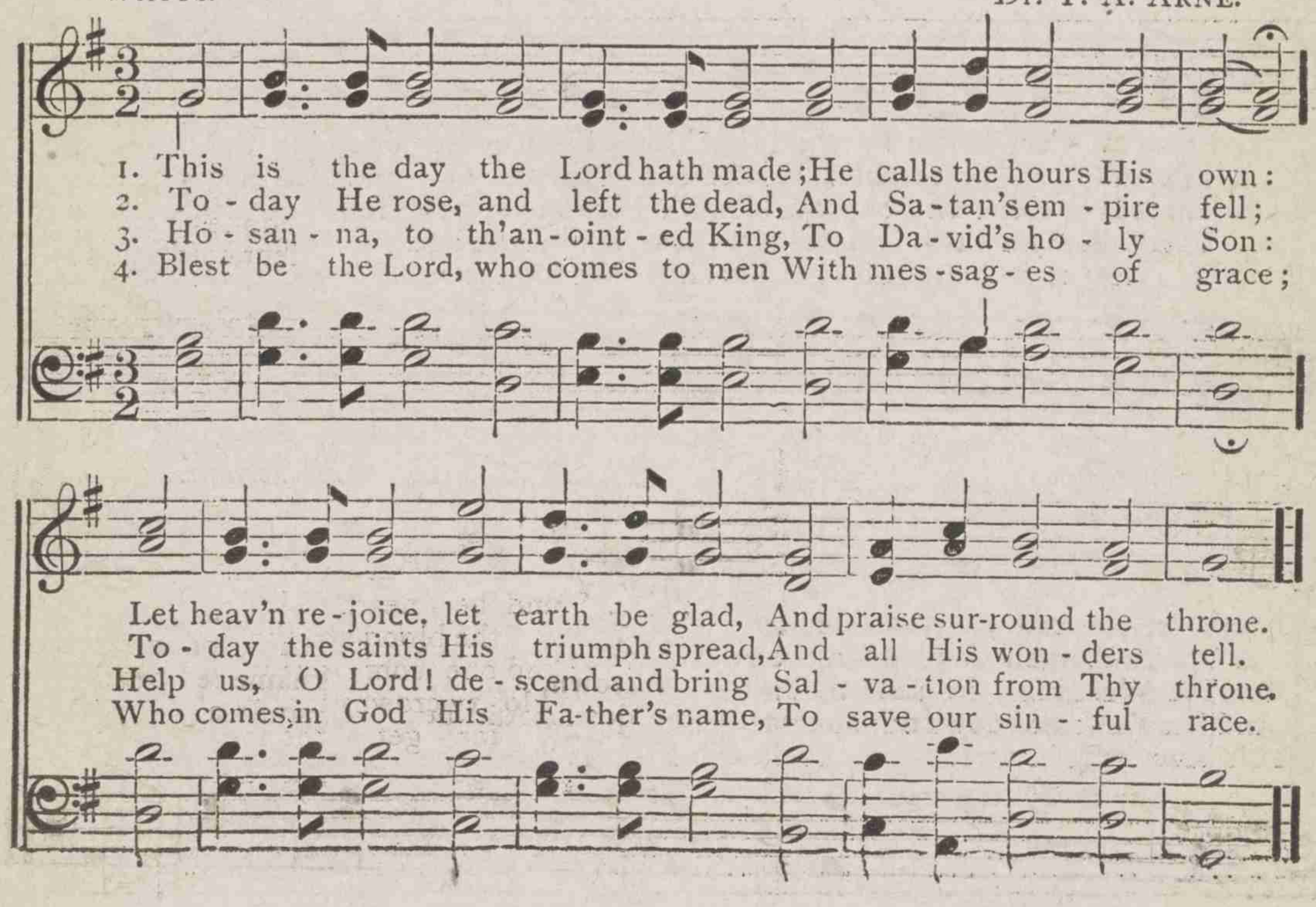
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S. STENNETT. HAYDN.



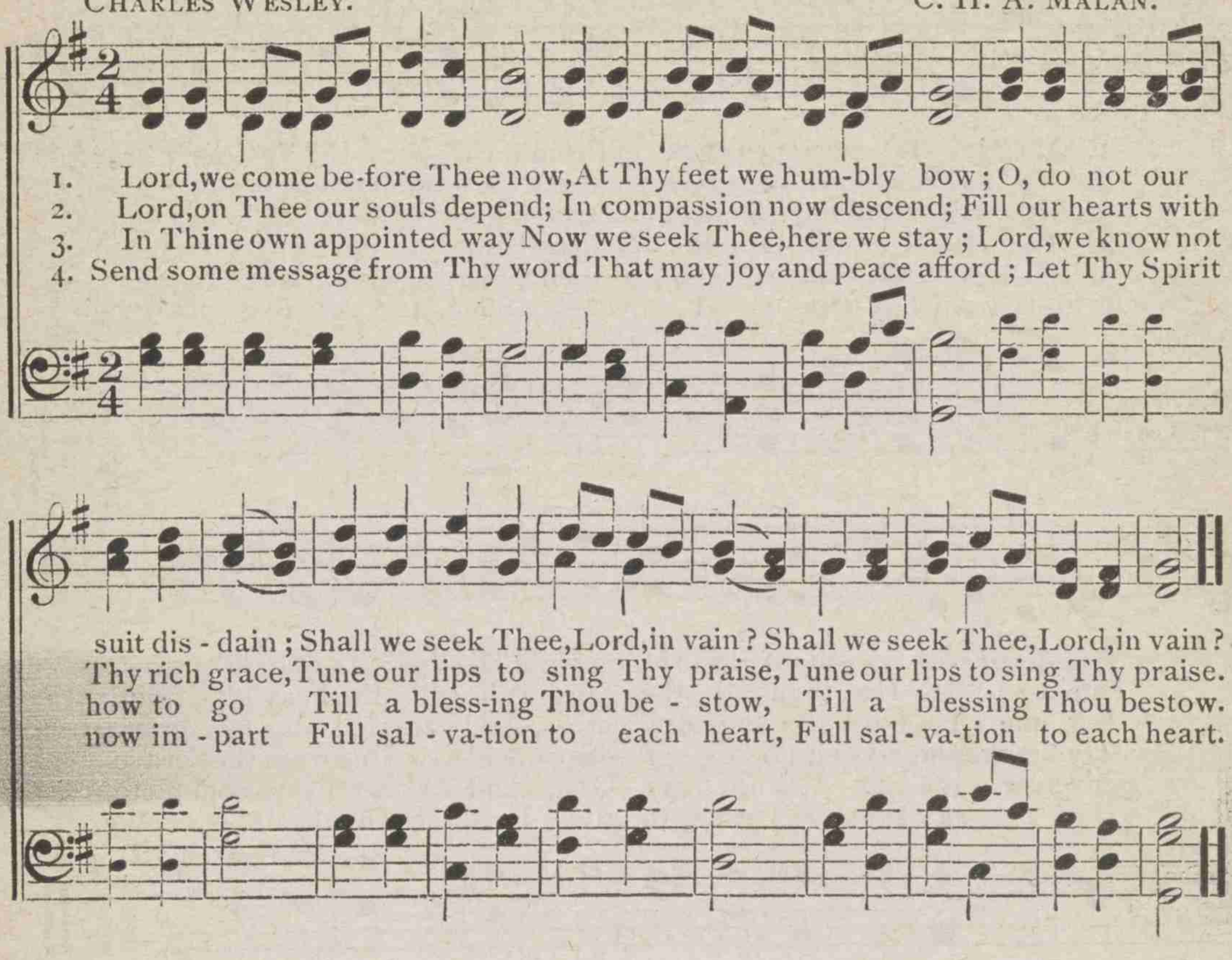
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WATTS. Dr. T. A. ARNE.



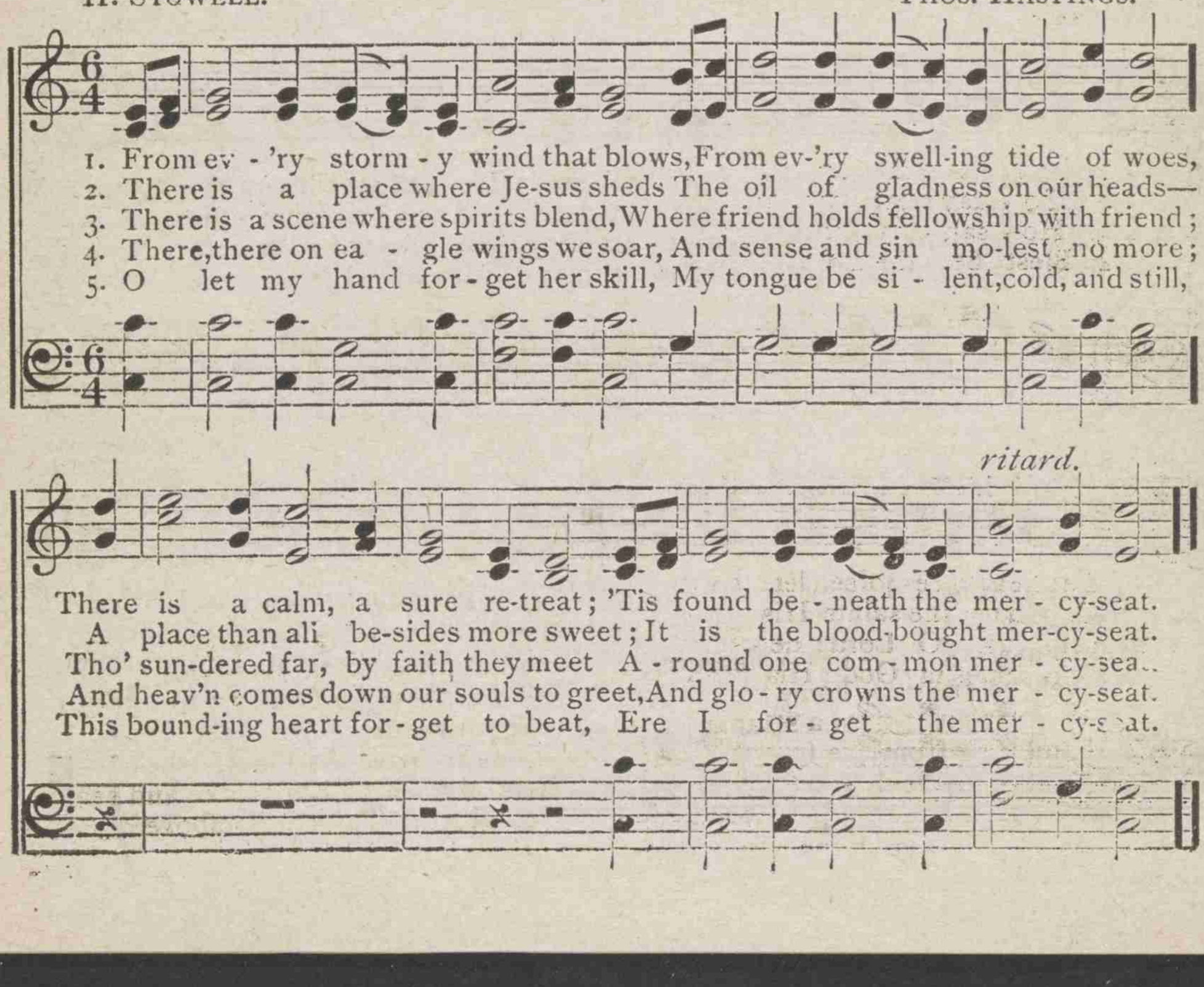
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CHARLES WESLEY. C. H. A. MALAN.



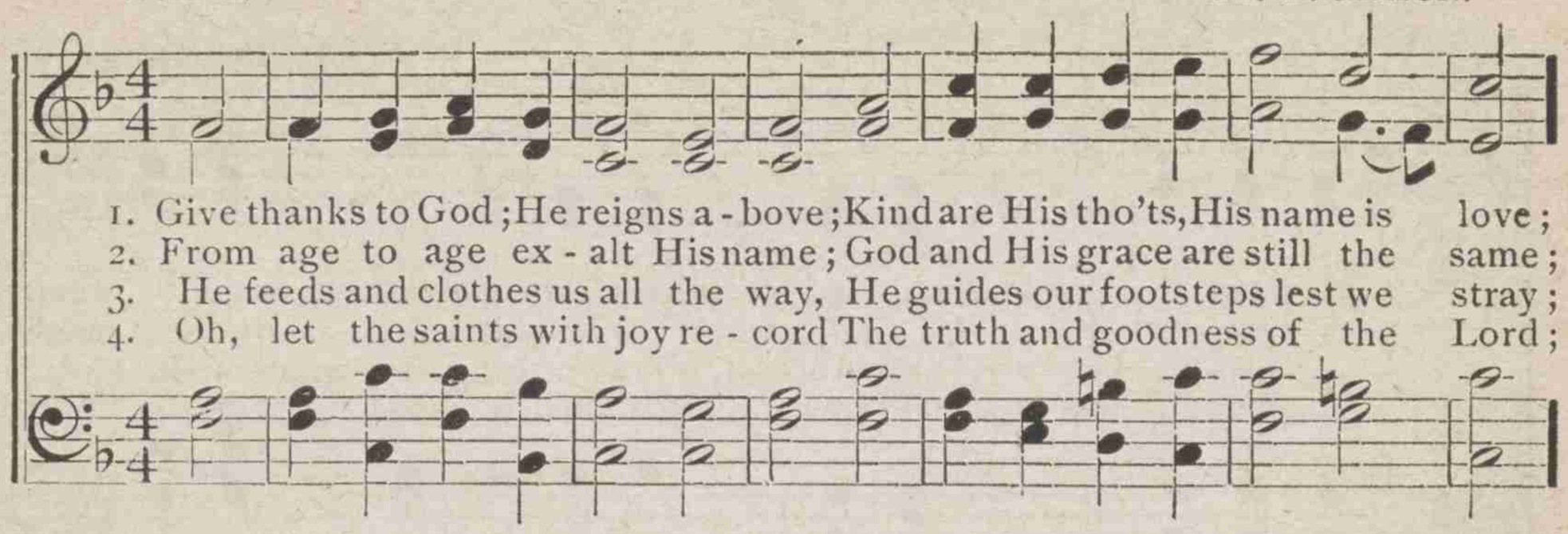
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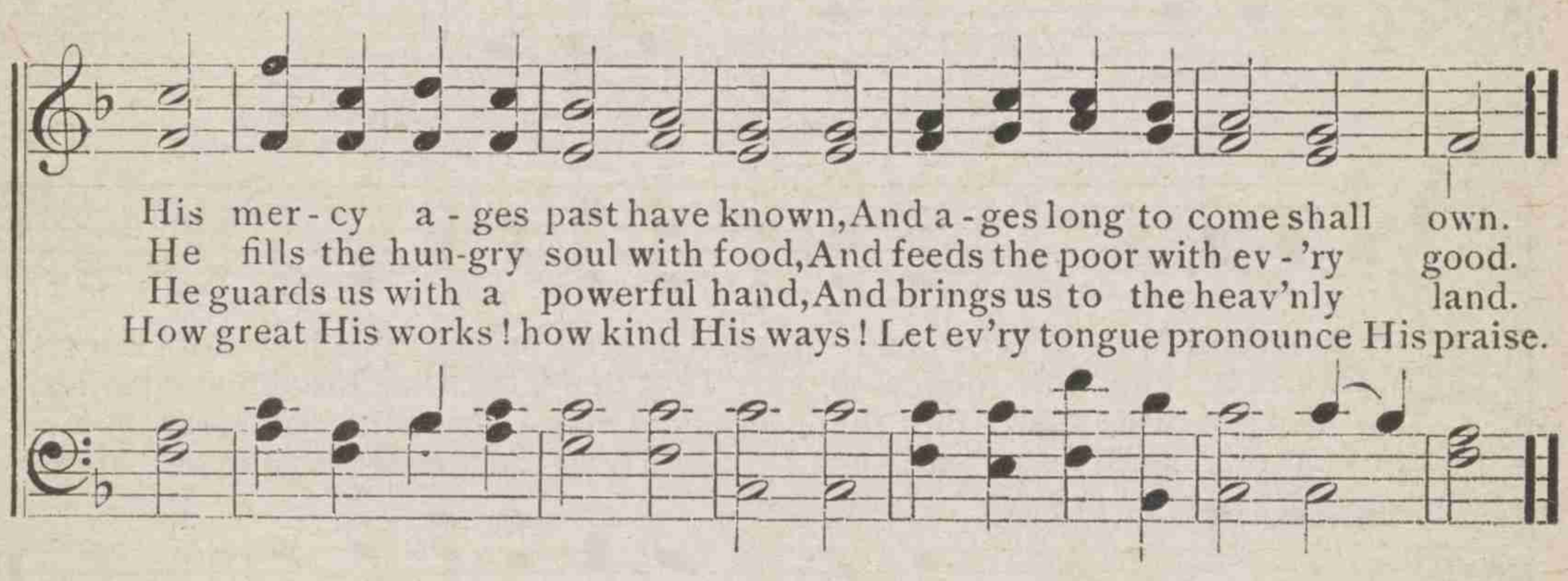
H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.



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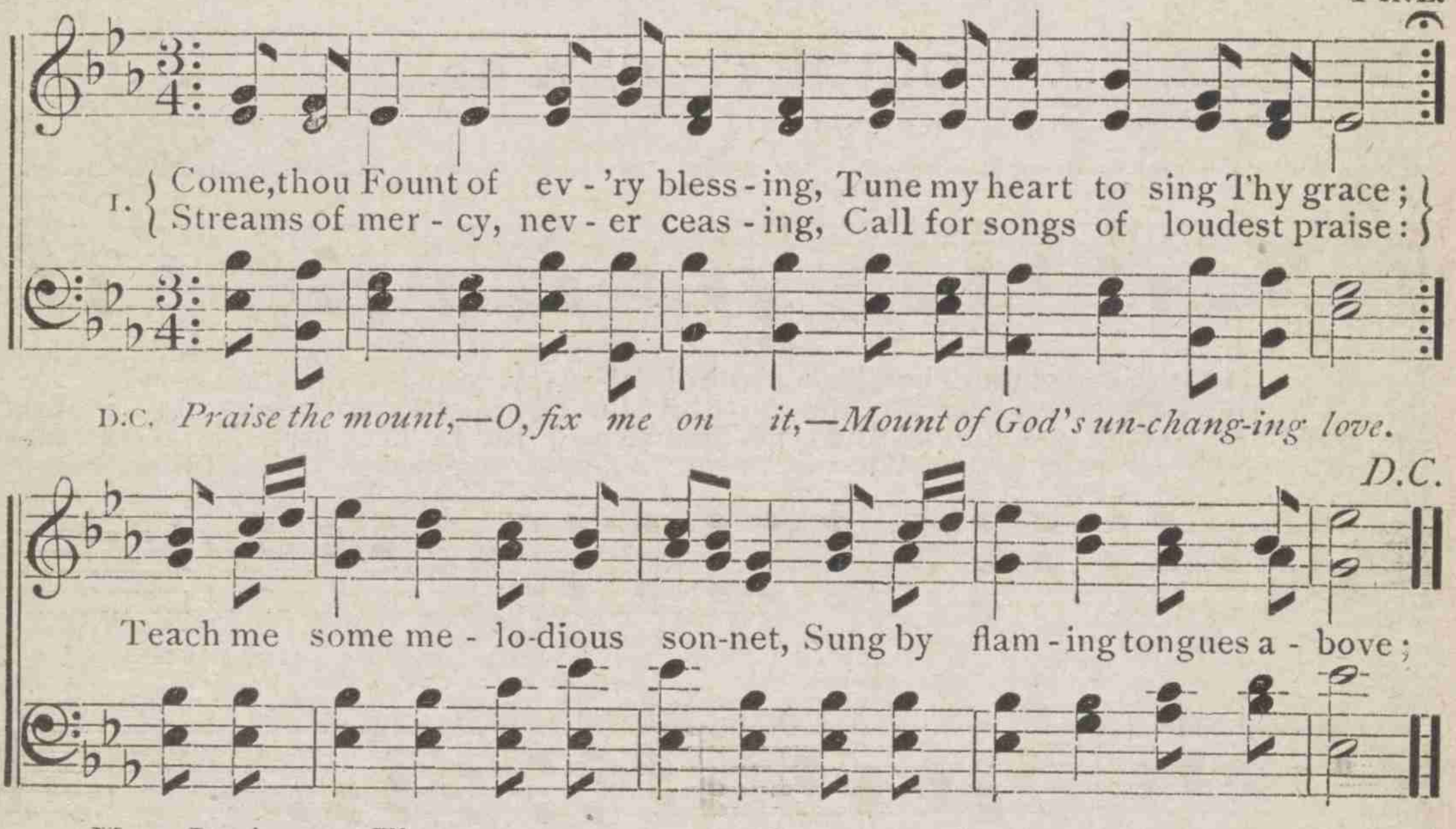




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FINE.

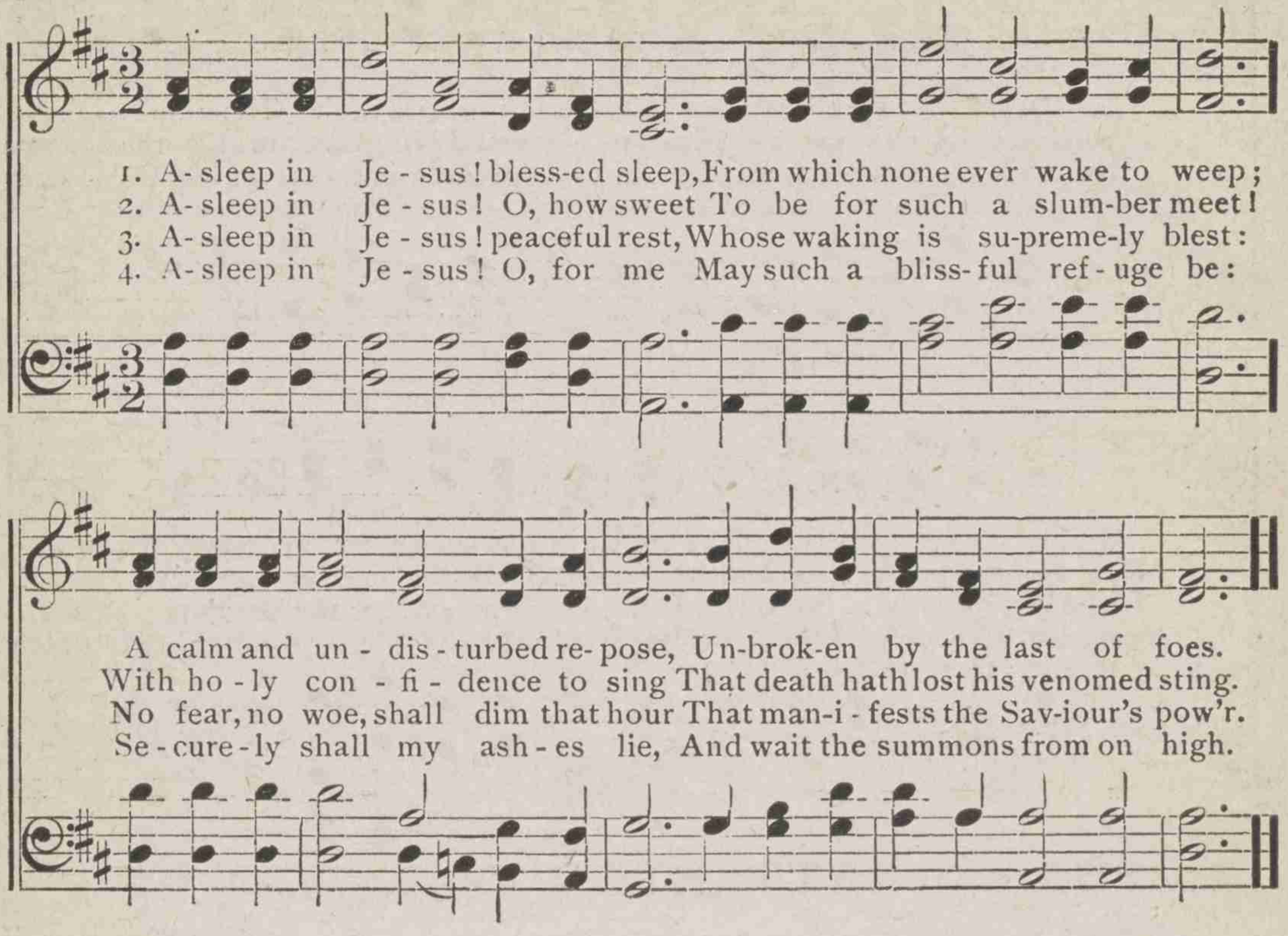


2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3. O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

No. 256. REST. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.

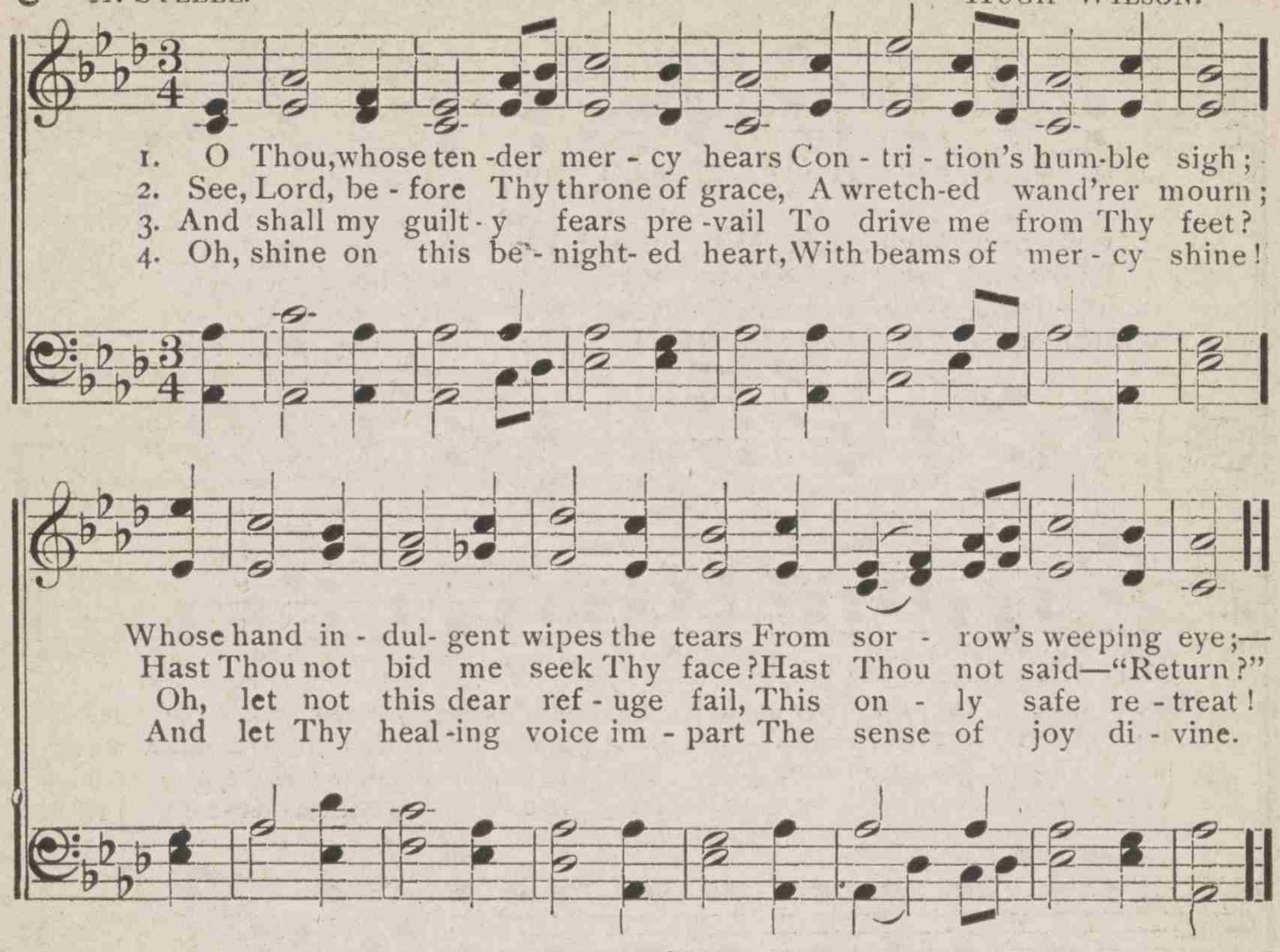


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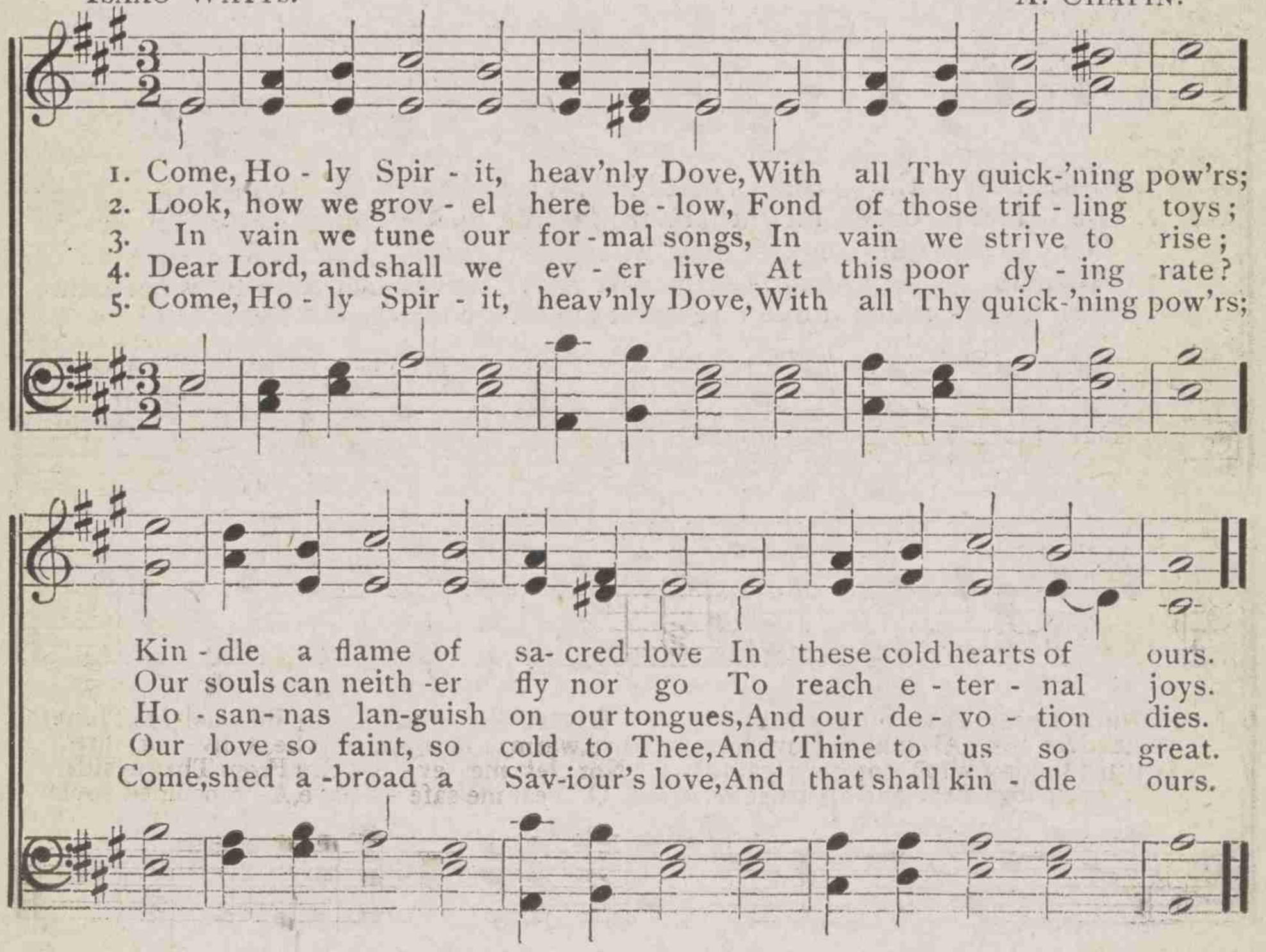
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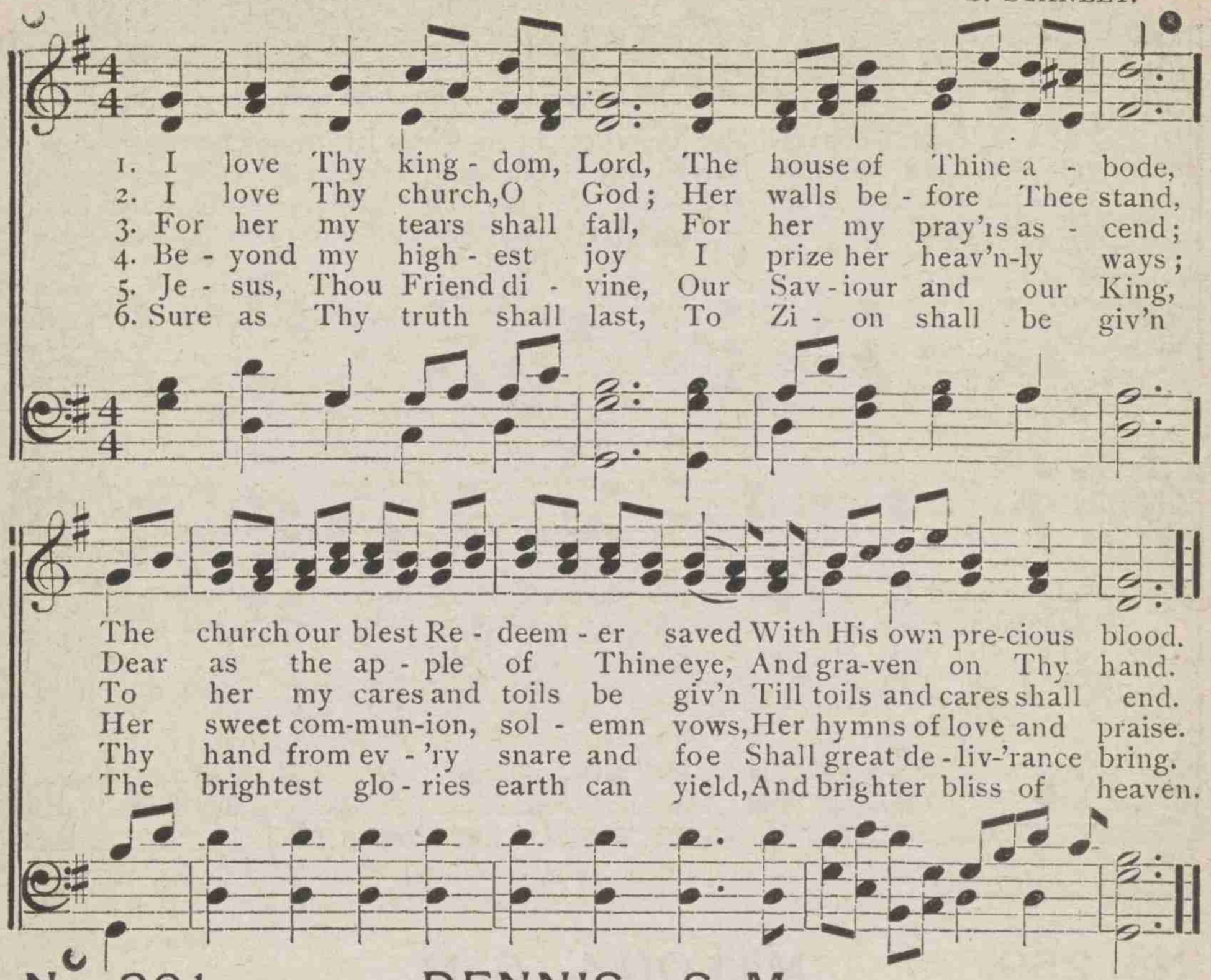
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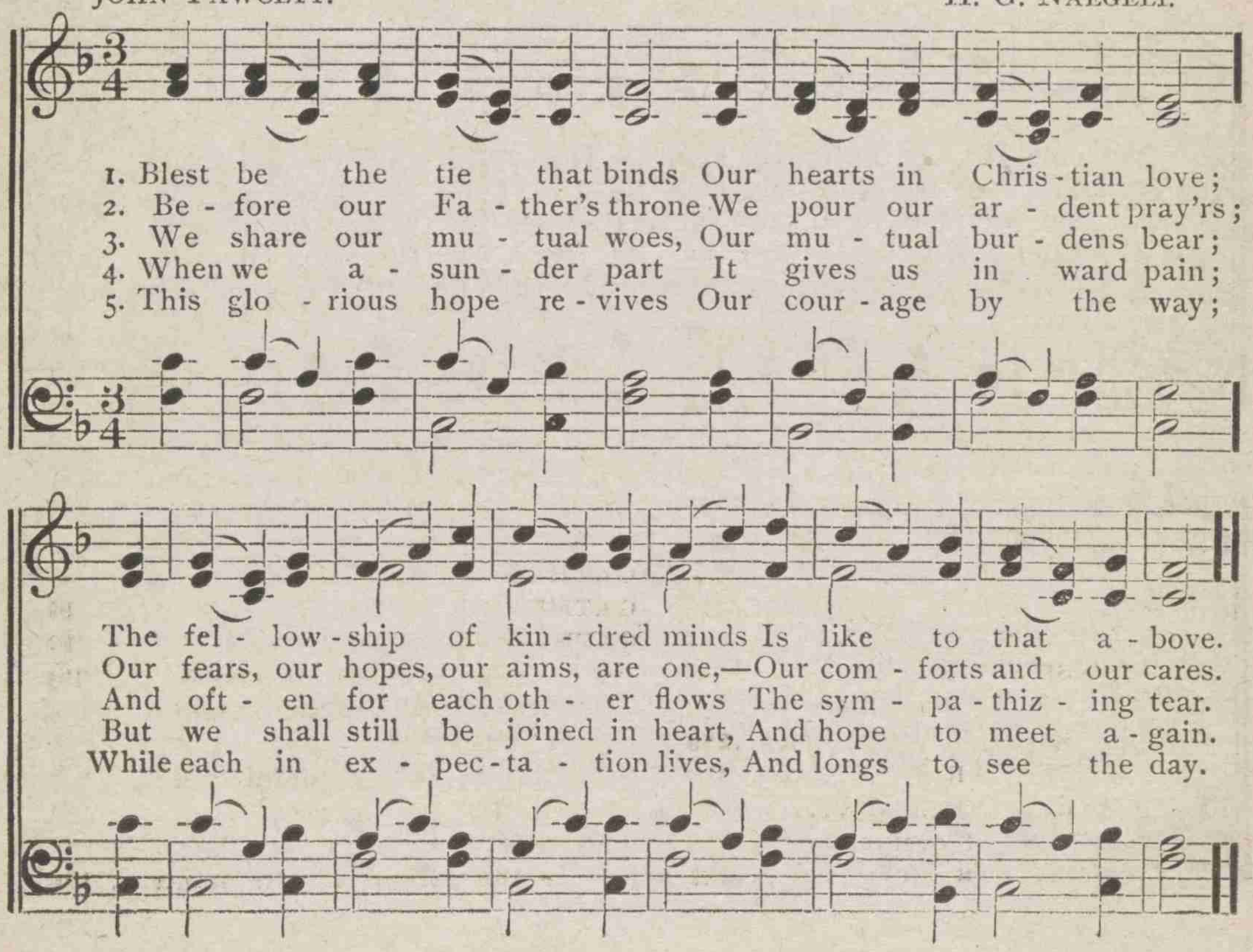


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