WORK AND WORSHIP

FOR

Sunday Schools and Gospel Meetings

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER AND J. H. TENNEY.

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THE MUSIC TEACHER.

A SIXTEEN-PAGE MUSICAL MONTHLY.

A. J. SHOWALTER, EDITOR.

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WORK AND WORSHIP:

A LARGE AND VARIED COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

Sunday-Schools, Prayer Meetings, Praise Meetings,
and all Special Occasions of Christian
Work and Worship.

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PREFACE.

In the preparation of the following pages we have tried to collect the greatest number of the most useful hymns and tunes to be found in any book of like size. How well we have succeeded a generous public must decide. If this book shall serve to advance the cause of our blessed Master, and be as useful in every department of christian *Work and Worship* as we have tried to make it, we shall feel grateful to Him "who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure," and also to those whose excellent compositions enrich these pages.

THE AUTHORS.

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

LESSON I.

1. *What is the name of anything audible?*
Sound.
2. *What is the name of a musical sound?*
Tone.
3. *How many essential properties has a tone?*
Four.
4. *What are they?*
Pitch, Length, Power, and Quality.
5. *What does Pitch mean?*
Lowness or highness of a tone.
6. *Define Length.*
The duration of a tone.
7. *Define Power.*
The audibility of a tone.
8. *Define Quality.*
The kind or character of a tone.
9. *The Rudiments of music are divided into how many departments?*
Three.
10. *What are they?*
Melodics, Rhythmics, and Dynamics.
11. *Of what does Melodics treat?*
The Pitch of tones.
12. *Of what does Rhythmics treat?*
The Length of tones.
13. *Of what does Dynamics treat?*
The Power or Quality of tones.

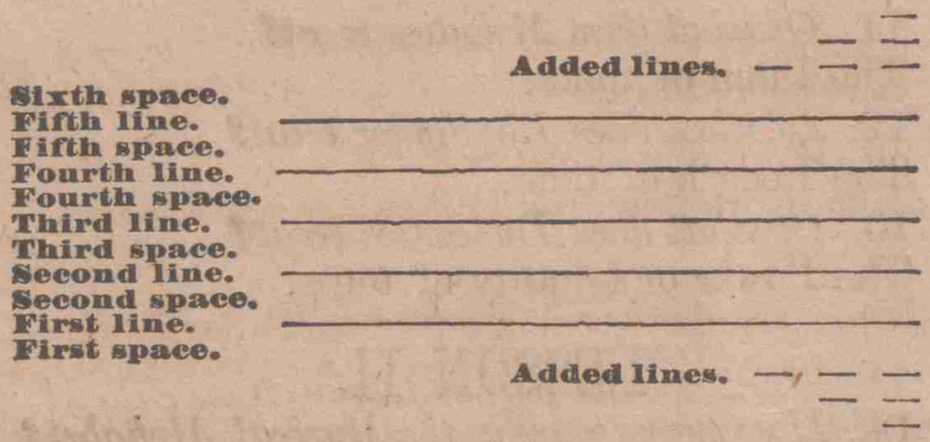
LESSON II.

14. *How many tones in the Musical Alphabet?*
Eight.
15. *What is the name given to this series of tones?*
The Scale.
16. *What names are given to these tones in singing?*
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do.
17. *What names are used as pitch names?*
C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.
18. *What represents the pitches?*
Lines and spaces.
19. *What is each line and each space named?*
A degree.
20. *Taken together, they form what?*
The Staff.

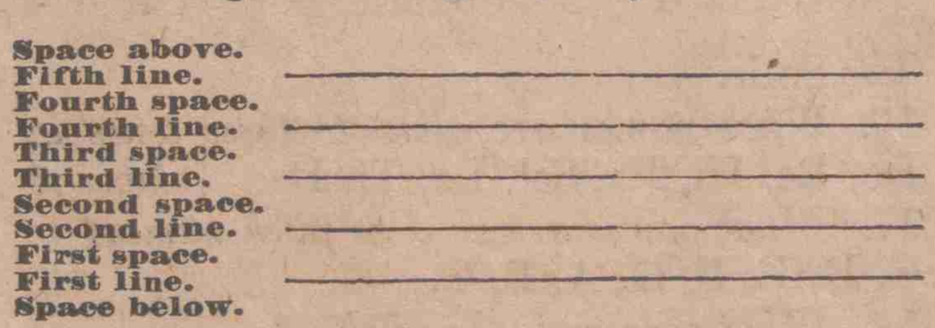
21. *How many degrees has the Staff?*
Eleven.

22. *How may the Staff be enlarged?*
By adding short lines, above and below.

THE STAFF.



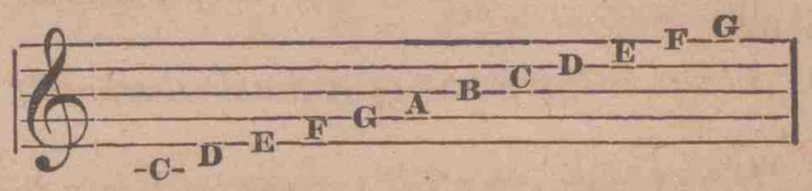
Or, if the teacher prefers the old, but incorrect naming of the degrees, they are as follows:



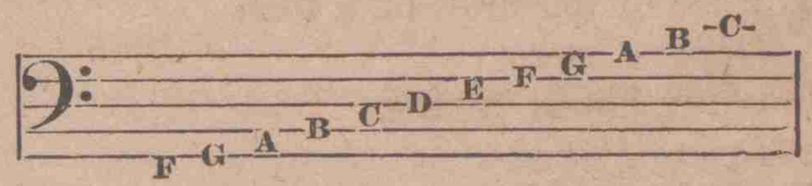
23. *What characters determine the pitch of tones as represented by the staff?*
Clefs.

24. *How many Clefs are there in general use?*
Three; the G clef, the F clef, and the C clef.

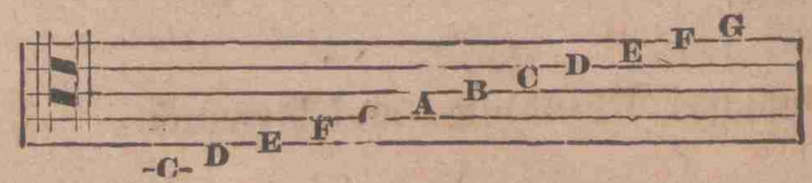
25. *What does the G clef indicate?*
That the pitches are so arranged as to fix G on the second line, with middle C on the added line below, thus



26. *What does the F clef indicate?*
That the pitches are so arranged as to fix F on the fourth line, with middle C on the added line above, thus:



27. *What does the C clef indicate?*
That the pitches are so arranged as to fix middle C on the fourth space, and are read the same as the G clef, thus:



LESSON III.

28. *What represents the relative Length of tones?*

Characters called Notes.

29. *How many kinds of notes in general use, and what are their names?*

Six. The whole note, the half note, the quarter note, the eighth note, the sixteenth note, and the thirty-second note.

NOTES.

Whole note.	Half note	Quarter note.	8th. note.	16th. note.	32d. note.
𝅝	𝅗𝅥	♩	♪	𝅘𝅥𝅯	𝅘𝅥𝅰

30. *What characters are used to indicate [silence?*

Rests.

31. *How many rests in general use?*

Six.

32. *As to duration, rests correspond to what?*

To notes of the same denomination.

RESTS.

Whole rest.	Half rest.	Quarter rest.	8th. rest.	16th. rest.	32d. rest.
𝄻	𝄼	𝄽	𝄾	𝄿	𝅀

LESSON IV.

33. *What are pulsations of the mind, produced by music, called?*

Beats.

34. *What is a strong beat called?*

Accented beat.

35. *What is a weak beat called?*

Unaccented beat.

36. *What is a measure?*

A measure is a group of two or more beats.

37. *What represents a measure?*

The space between two perpendicular lines.

38. *What are the perpendicular lines called?*

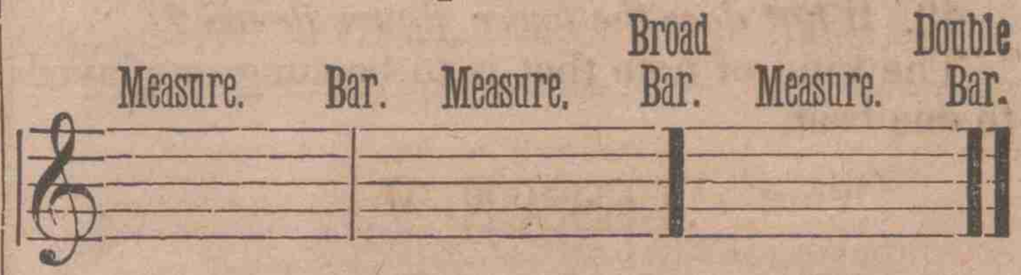
Bars.

39. *What does a broad bar usually denote?*

The end of a musical phrase, or the end of a line of words.

40. *What does the double bar usually denote?*

The end of a composition.



41. *What is the name of a measure having two beats?*

Double measure.

42. *Which beat in double measure is the accented one?*

The first.

43. *What means are sometimes used to aid in developing a sense of the rhythmic flow of the beats, so that we may learn to sing or play in time?*

Counting Time and Beating Time.

44. *What is Counting Time?*

Indicating each beat of a measure by counting.

45. *What is Beating Time?*

Indicating each beat of a measure by a motion of the hand.

46. *How do we count the Time in Double measure?*

One, two.

47. *Describe the beats of the hand for Double measure.*

Down, up.

48. *What is the sign for Double measure?*

The figure 2.

49. *What does the lower figure denote?*

The kind of note that is to be sung or played to one beat.

LESSON V.

50. *What is the name of a measure having three beats.*

Triple Measure.

51. *Which beat is accented?*

The first.

52. *How is Triple measure counted?*

One, two, three.

53. *Describe the beats of the hand.*

Down, left up; or down, right up.

54. *What is the sign for Triple measure?*

The figure 3.

55. *What is the name of a measure having four beats?*

Quadruple Measure.

56. *How are the accents in Quadruple measure?*

The first beat is the primary accented one and the third beat is the secondary accented one.

57. *How is the time counted in Quadruple measure.*

One, two, three, four.

58. *Describe the beats of the hand for Quadruple measure.*

Down, left, right, up.

59. *What is the measure sign for Quadruple measure?*

The figure 4.

Double measure. Triple measure. Quadruple measure.

LESSON VI.

60. *What does the figure* 3 *placed over or under three notes mean?*

That they are to be performed in the time of two of the same denomination.

61. *What is such a group of tones called?*

A Triplet.

62. *What is a Compound Double measure?*

A measure having two beats to which triplets are sung or played.

63. *What is the sign for Compound Double measure?*

The figure 6.

64. *What does the lower figure indicate?*

The kind of notes that go to make up the triplet.

65. *A measure having three beats to which triplets are sung or played is called what?*

Compound Triple measure.

66. *What is the sign for Compound Triple measure?*

The figure 9.

67. *What is the name of a measure having four beats to which triplets are sung or played?*

Compound Quadruple measure.

68. *What is the measure sign for Compound Quadruple measure.*

12.

69. *How are the accents of these Compound measures.*

The same as the simple measures.

70. *How do we count and beat the time?*

The same as the simple measures.

71. *When must the figure* 3 *be used to indicate a triplet.*

Only when it is used in a simple measure.

COMPOUND DOUBLE MEASURE.

COMPOUND TRIPLE MEASURE.

COMPOUND QUADRUPLE MEASURE.

LESSON VII.

72. *What is the rule for applying words to music?*

Apply one syllable of the words to each note.

73. *What is a Tie?*

A curved line connecting two or more notes upon the same degree of the staff.

74. *What is a Slur?*

A curved line connecting two or more notes upon different degrees of the staff.

75. *What is the rule for applying the words when the tie or slur occurs?*

Apply one syllable of the words to as many notes as are so connected.

76. *What is a Pause or Hold?*

A character placed over or under a note, which indicates that the tone is to be prolonged at the option of the leader.

77. *How does a Dot affect a note or rest?*

It adds to it one half its length. Thus, a dot after a half note would make it equal to three quarter notes.

78. *What is a Repeat?*

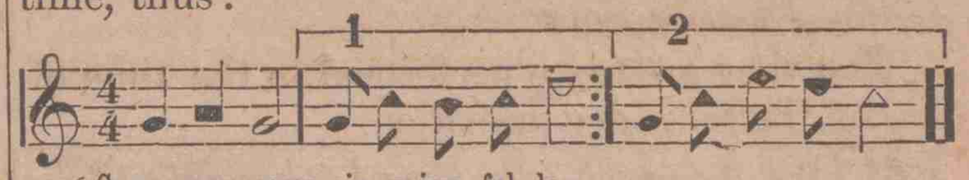
Dots placed at the left of a broad bar, which indicates that the preceding passage is to be repeated.

79. *When only a part of the passage is to be repeated how is it indicated?*

By dots placed to the right of the broad bar.

80. *What is meant by the enclosed* [1st. Time. 2d. Time?]

It has reference to first and second ending, and in the repeat omit 1st. time and pass to 2d. time, thus:



81. *What does Da Capo or D.C. mean?*

Return to the beginning.

82. *What does Dal Segno or D.S. mean?*

Return to the sign. 𝄋

83. *What does Fine mean?*

The place to end after a D.C. or D.S.

84. *What is Syncopation?*

Commencing a tone on the unaccented beat and continuing it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the usual accent.

85. *What is a Brace?*

A character used to connect two or more staves which form a score, and which are to be performed simultaneously.

86. *How many parts in ordinary music and what are they?*

Four. Bass, Tenor, Alto and Soprano.

87. *Describe Bass voices?*

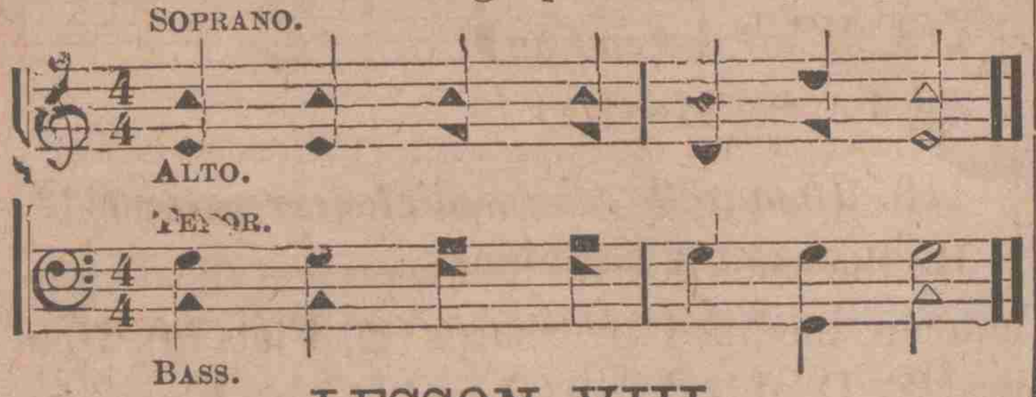
Male voices of low pitch and heavy quality.

88. *Describe Tenor voices?*

Male voices of high pitch and light quality.

89. *Describe Alto voices?*
Female voices of low pitch and heavy quality.

90. *Describe Soprano voices?*
Female voices of high pitch and light quality.



LESSON VIII.

91. *How many powers are there, and what are their names?*
Five. Pianissimo, Piano, Mezzo, Forte, and Fortissimo.

92. *What does Pianissimo mean?*
A very soft power.

93. *What does Piano mean?*
A soft power.

94. *What does Mezzo mean?*
A medium power.

95. *What does Forte mean?*
A loud power.

96. *What does Fortissimo mean?*
A very loud power.

97. *How are the powers represented?*
By the initial letters, except in the cases of Pianissimo and Fortissimo, in which cases the initial letters are doubled.

98. *What does Crescendo mean?*
A gradually increasing power.

99. *How is it represented?*
By *cres.*, or by two diverging lines, thus: <

100. *What does Diminuendo mean?*
A gradually diminishing power.

101. *How is the Diminuendo represented?*
By *dim.*, or by two converging lines, thus: >

102. *What does Swell mean?*
A union of the crescendo and diminuendo.

103. *What does Sfortzando mean?*
A very suddenly diminishing power.

104. *What does Legato mean?*
That the passage should be played or sung in a very smooth and closely connected manner.

105. *What does Staccato mean?*
That the passage should be played or sung in a short, detatched, disconnected manner.

106. *What does Semi-Staccato mean?*
The medium between Legato and staccato.

LESSON IX.

107. *What is an Interval?*
The difference of pitch between two tones.

108. *How many kinds of Intervals in the Scale, and what are their names?*
Two; the larger called steps, and the smaller called half steps.

109. *Between which tones of the Scale do we find Half-steps?*
Mi and Fa, Ti and Do.

110. *Between which pitches do the Half-steps occur?*
Between E and F, and B and C.

111. *Between all other tones of the Scale there are what kinds of Intervals?*
Steps.

112. *Between what tones of the scale may we have intermediate tones?*
All those which form the interval of a step.

113. *What are the intermediate tones called?*
Chromatic tones.

114. *What are the principal tones called?*
Diatonic tones.

115. *What then is the name of the scale composed of the Diatonic tones?*
Diatonic scale.

116. *What is a Chromatic Scale?*
A scale in which all the tones, diatonic and chromatic, occur in successive order.

117. *What are the syllable names of the Chromatic tones ascending?*
Di, Ri, Fi, Si, Li.

118. *What descending?*
Te, Le, Se, Me, Ra.

119. *How are the Chromatic tones represented?*
By the same degrees that represent the diatonic tones, modified by Sharps (♯), Flats (♭), Natural (♮), Double sharps (*), and Double Flats (♭♭).

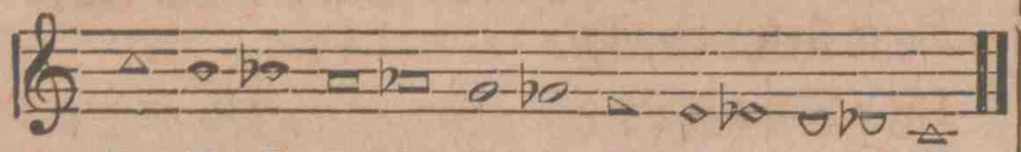
120. *What are such characters called when used at any other place than in the signature place?*
Accidentals.

121. *What is the rule for the continuance of Accidentals?*
Accidentals continue their significence thro'-out the measure in which they occur, and effect only the staff upon which they are written and ought to effect but one part of the music.

CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.

Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Li, Ti, Do.
C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F F♯, G, G♯, A, A♯, B, C.

CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.



Do, Ti, Te, La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, me, Re, Ra, Do.
C, B, B♭, A, A♭, G, G♭, F, E, E♭, D, D♭, C.

LESSON X.

122. *What does movement mean?*

The rate of speed at which a piece sounds best.

123. *What does Moderato mean?*

A movement that is neither fast nor slow—a medium movement.

124. *What is the name of a slow movement?*

Andante.

125. *What is a fast movement called?*

Allegro.

126. *A movement between Moderato and Andante is what?*

Andantino.

127. *What is a movement between Moderato and Allegro called?*

Allegretto.

128. *What is a very fast movement called?*

Presto.

129. *What is a very slow movement called?*

Adagio.

130. *What does Tempo mean?*

Time, or movement.

131. *What does Accelerando mean?*

Gradually increasing the tempo.

132. *What does Ritardando mean?*

Gradually slackening the tempo.

133. *What does Ralentando mean?*

Slower and softer by degrees.

134. *What does Solo Obligato mean?*

A solo that is necessary, indispensable.

135. *The Quality of tones is divided into how many general classes, and what are they?*

Two. Clear tones and somber tones.

136. *What are some of the various emotions expressed by modification of the clear tone?*

Tranquility, Cheerfulness, Gayety, Joy, Exultation, Boldness and Courage.

137. *What are some of the various emotions expressed by modification of the somber tone?*

Plaintiveness, Sadness, Grief, Fear, Awe, Reverance, Solemnity and Devotion.

LESSON X.

138. *What is a Key?*
A family of tones bearing a certain fixed relationship to each other, which makes them sound natural to the ear.

139. *What is the first, or principal tone of a key called?*
Key-tone.

140. *From what tone of the key is a key named?*
From the one that is taken as key tone.

141. *What is the sign of a key called?*
Signature.

142. *What is the signature of the key of C?*
All the degrees natural.

143. *What is the signature of the key of G?*
One sharp. F♯.

144. *What is the signature of the key of F?*
One flat. B♭.

145. *What is the signature of the key of D?*
Two sharps. F♯ and C♯.

146. *What is the signature of the key of B♭?*
Two flats. B♭ and E♭.

147. *What is the signature of the key of A?*
Three sharps. F♯, C♯, and G♯.

148. *What is the signature of the key of E♭?*
Three flats. B♭, E♭, and A♭.

149. *What is the signature of the key of E?*
Four sharps. F♯, C♯, G♯, and D♯.

150. *What is the signature of the key of A♭?*
Four flats. B♭, E♭, A♭, and D♭.

151. *What is the signature of the key of B?*
Five sharps. F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, and A♯.

152. *What is the signature of the key of D♭?*
Five flats. B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, and G♭.

153. *What is the signature of the key of F♯?*
Six sharps. F♯, C♯, G♯, D♯, A♯, and E♯.

154. *What is the signature of the key of G♭?*
Six flats. B♭, E♭, A♭, D♭, G♭, and C♭.

LESSON XII.

155. *Changing the key of the scale, or of any other exercise or tune, is called what?*
Transposition.

156. *Changing the key during the course of a composition is called what?*
Modulation.

157. *A very short Modulation is sometimes called what?*
Transition.

158. *So far what tone of the scale has been taken as key tone?*
Do.

159. *What is the name of this key?*
Major key.

160. *What other key is sometimes used?*
Minor key.

161. *What is key tone of the Minor key?*
La.

162. *What tone of the Major key must be omitted for the Minor key?*
Sol.

163. *What is taken instead of that tone?*
Si.

164. *What is the order of the intervals in the Minor key?*
Step, half-step, step, step, half-step, step and a half, half-step.

165, *What is this form of the Minor key called?*
The Harmonic minor key.

166. *What other forms are sometimes used?*
The natural minor and the melodic minor.

167. *What tones form the natural Minor key?*
La, Ti, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol.

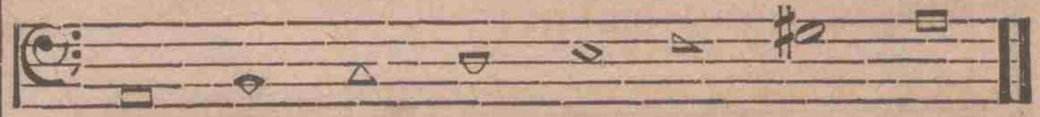
168. *What tones form the melodic Minor key?*
La, Ti, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si.

169. *What is peculiar to this form?*
It is never used descending.

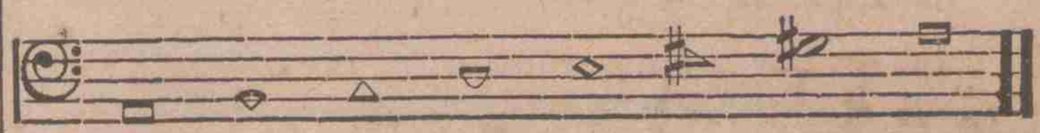
170. *Why is the minor key said to be related to the Major key?*
Because it has so many tones in common with it.

171. *What signatures have the Minor keys?*
The same as their relative major keys.

HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



MELODIC MINOR SCALE.



The Scale, with Cadence, in all the Major keys, and two of the Minor Keys.

KEY C.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY G.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY D.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY A.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY E.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

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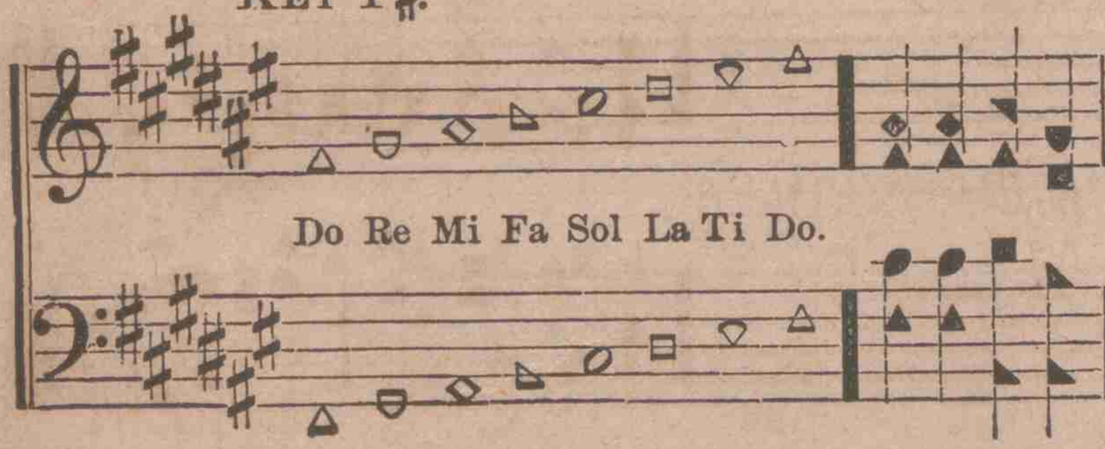
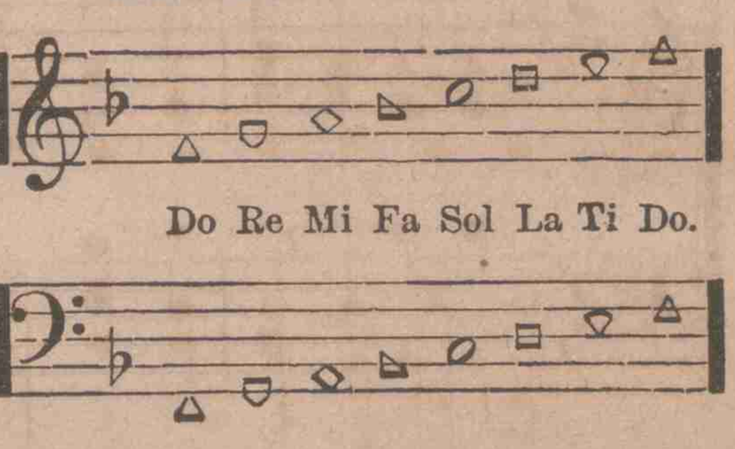
KEY B.

KEY F♯.



KEY F.



KEY B♭.

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KEY E♭.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY A♭.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY D♭.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY G♭.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY A MINOR.

La Ti Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

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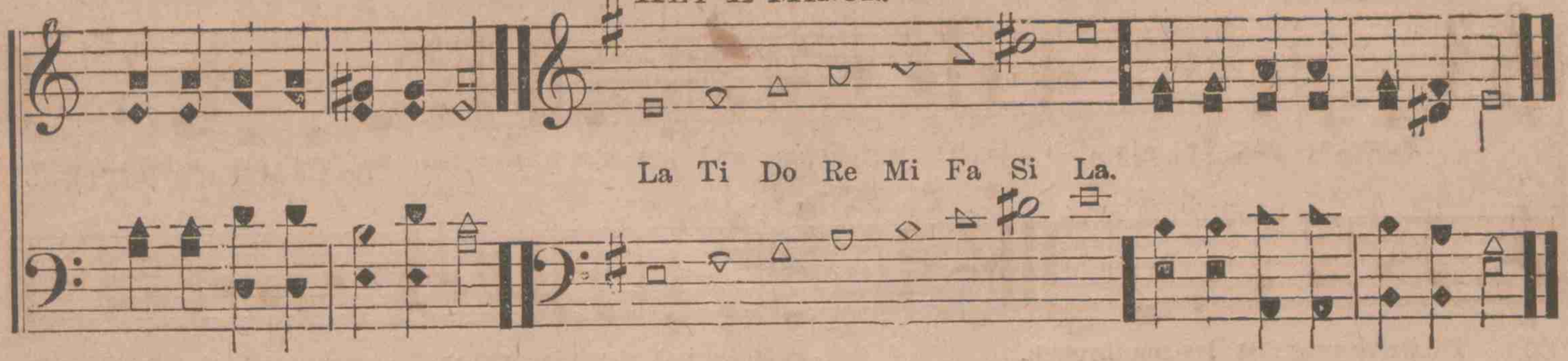
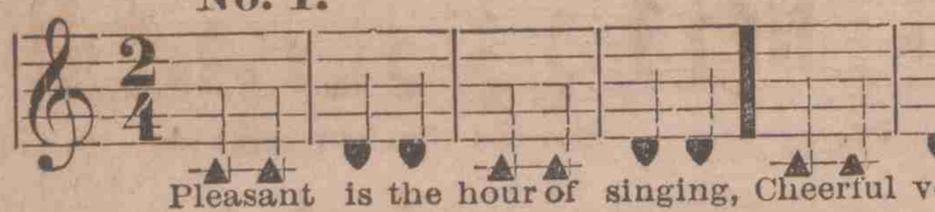
KEY E MINOR.



GRADED EXERCISES.

No. 1.



No .2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

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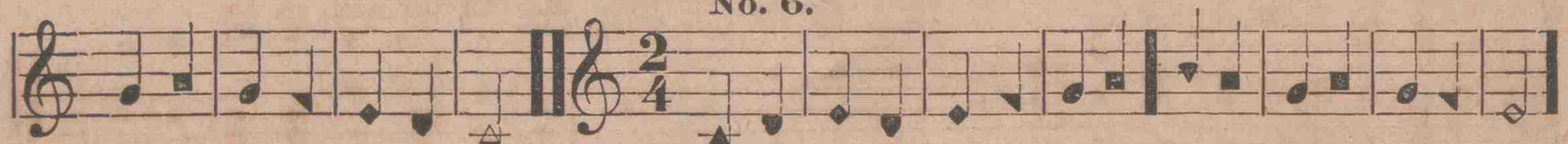
No. 5.

Now be - gin, be - gin with care, Tho'ts right here and not else-where; Let no one his neighbor view

No. 6.



Till we've sung this les-son through. Ros - es bloom and then they wither, Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;

No. 7.

Hopes of light are wafted hith-er, Then like visions hur-ry by. Mar-tial let our bear-ing be,

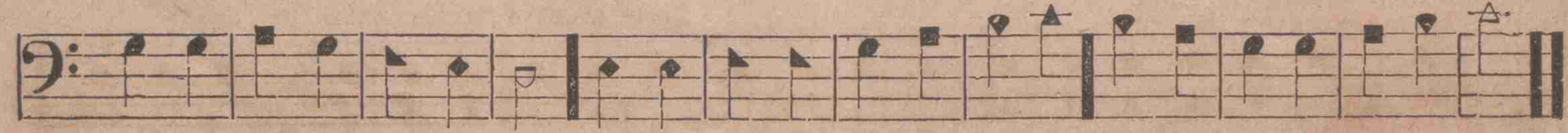
Form e - rect and voi - ces free; Stoop-ing is a foe to song, See to this let none be wrong.

No. 8.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do. Ti La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.

No. 9.

Gai-ly go-ing, stoutly rowing,



Swift-ly glides our boat a - long; High en - deav - or, this shall ev - er Be the bur-den of our song.

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No. 1. WORK FOR THE MASTER.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis nev - er too late to be sow - ing the seed, While rain and the sun-shine shall last,
2. 'Tis nev - er too late to be gath - er - ing grain, While calls for the reap - ers we hear,
3. 'Tis nev - er too late to be work-ing for God, While souls are in per - il by sin,

FINE.

For somewhere or oth - er is al - ways a field Where seed can with prof - it be cast.
For somewhere or oth - er is ripening the wheat, And homeward a sheaf we may bear.
For somewhere or oth - er is one we may save, Per - chance, there are ma - ny to win.

D.S.—For somewhere or oth - er is al - ways a field, And work there is wait - ing for you.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Then work, yes, work, There al - ways is something to do;
Then, work for the Mas - ter, while work can be found, to do;

No. 2. WONDERFUL LOVE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN 15: 9. J. E. T.

1. Love of the Sav - iour, ten - der and precious, Deep - er and broad-er than o - cean or sea,
2. Out of the liv - ing- heart of the Sav-iour Swells the rich stream of his mer - cy so free,
3. Nev - er a heart so warm with af - fec - tion, Will-ing to die that our souls may be free;

Stron-ger than death, so pure and so gra- cious, Oh, in thy full - ness flow sweet-ly to me!
Like a deep foun- tain, flow- ing for - ev - er, Oh, that this mer - cy may reach e - ven me!
Oh, for this love let earth and let heav - en Join in a song of thanksgiv - ing with me!

CHORUS.

Won- der - ful love, the love of the Sav-iour! Won- der- ful love, so rich and so free,

From "Beacon Light," by permission of O. Ditson & Co.

WONDERFUL LOVE. Concluded.

Flow-ing so free - ly, flow-ing for - ev - er, Flow-ing in full-ness to you and to me.

No. 3. WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap-py throng? Round the al - tar
2. Clad in rai - ment pure and white, Vic - tor palms in ev - 'ry hand; Thro' the great Re -
3. Hun - ger, thirst, dis - ease un - known, On im - mor - tal fruits they feed; Then the Lamb, a -
4. Joy and glad - ness ban - ish sighs, Per - fect love dis - pels all fears; And for - ev - er

night and day Hymning one tri - umph-ant song, Hymning one tri - umph - ant song!
deem - er's might More than con - quer - ors they stand, More than con - quer - ors they stand.
- midst the throne, Shall to liv - ing fountains lead, Shall to liv - ing fount - ains lead.
from their eyes God shall wipe a - way their tears, God shall wipe a - way their tears.

No. 4. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY CROSBY. "Come unto me,—and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28. J. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Will you come, will you come With your poor brok-en heart, Bur- den'd and sin - cp - press'd? Lay it
2. Will you come, will you come? There is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast; On - ly
3. Will you come, will you come? You have noth - ing to pay; Je sus who loves you best, By his
4. Will you come, will you come? How he pleads with you now; Fly to his lov - ing breast And what-

FINE. CHORUS.

down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord, Je - sus will give you rest.
come, as you are, and be- lieve on his name, Je - sus will give you rest.
death on the cross purchased life for your soul, Je - sus will give you rest.
- ev - er your sin or your sor-row may be, Je - sus will give you rest.

Oh, happy rest, sweet, happy rest,

D. S.—Je - sus will give you rest.

D. S.

Je - sus will give you rest, (hap-py rest,) Oh, why won't you come in sim- ple, trusting faith?

No. 5. PRECIOUS NAME.

Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Pre- cious is the name of Je - sus, Who can half its worth un - fold, Far be - yond an - gel - ic
2. Pre- cious is the me - di - a - tor, By the Fa- ther raised on high, Pre- cious, when he took our
3. Pre- cious, when to cal - vary groaning, He sus - tained the cursed tree; Pre- cious, when His death a -
4. Pre- cious, when in death vic - to - rious, He the hosts of hell o'er-throws; In His res - ur - rec- tion
5. Pre- cious Lord, be - yond ex - press - ing Are Thy beauties all di - vine; Glo - ry, hon - or, power, and

CHORUS.

prais-es, Sweet-ly sung to harps of gold. Pre-cious name, O how sweet, Pre-cious
nat- ure, Laid his aw - ful glo - ry by.
ton - ing, Made an end of sin for me.
glo - rious, Vic- tor crown'd o'er all His foes.
bless-ing, Be henceforth for - ev - er thine.

Precious name, O how sweet,

rit. *Repeat pp.*

name, O how sweet, Pre- cious name, O how sweet, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet, Precious name, O how sweet,

No. 6. SOME SWEET DAY.

"We according to his promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth."--2 PETER 3: 13.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. We shall reach the gold- en strand, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Of that fair and sun - ny land,
2. We will meet up - on the shore, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Those who journeyed on be - fore,
3. We shall pass in - side the gates, Some sweet day, some sweet day, To the joy that us a - waits,

Some sweet day, some sweet day,
Some sweet day, some sweet day,
Some sweet day, some sweet day,

Where the sil - ver wa - ters flow, Where the soft - est breez- es blow,
Where the sun-light nev - er dies, Where our Fa-ther's mansions rise,
To the raptures of the blest, To our dear e - ter - nal rest,

CHORUS.

Where the fair - est flow- ers grow, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
We will rest our wist - ful eyes, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
To its bliss a welcome guest, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Welcome, welcome, full and free,

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SOME SWEET DAY. Concluded.

All our tri - als passed a- way, And that hap- py time shall be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

No. 7. GONE HOME.*

W. T. D. Arr. from Rev. W. T. DALE.

Andante.

1. Oh, where is now our brother dear? Gone home to mansions bright and fair; No more he'll shed the bitter tear, He's
2. No more he'll meet us here below, His toil and sac- ri - fice are o'er, And by the riv - er's gen-tle flow, He
3. But tho' he'll vis-it us no more, Yet we may go to him at last; And there we'll sing our troubles o'er, When
4. Farewell, dear brother, till we meet Before the throne of God above; And cast our crowns at Je-sus' feet, And

REFRAIN.

1 2

hap-py in his mansion there. Gone home, gone home, With Je - sus there to dwell;
stands up-on the gold-en shore.
all life's la- bors here are past.
sing the triumphs of his love. Gone home, gone home, His prais- es (*Omit..... .....*) there to swell.

* This may be adopted to the funeral of a sister by changing *nouns* and *pronouns* to suit.

No. 8. I KNOW THAT JESUS SAVES ME.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I know that Je - sus saves me, He heard my fee - ble pray'r, And in the great re -
2. He is the great Phy - si - cian His balm hath made me whole, I'm hap - py, oh, I'm
3. I once op - posed the Sav - iour, I would not hear his voice; But now I know he
4. I know that Je - sus saves me, I know he loves me, too, He sweet - ly dwells with -

CHORUS.

- demp - tion I now do free - ly share.
hap - py, I know he saves my soul.
saves me, In him I do re - joice.
- in me,— Say, does he dwell in you?

I know that Je - sus saves me, I know that I am his, And by and by I'll meet him, And see him as he is.

No. 9. I'M THE CHILD OF A KING.

Arr. from KATE BUELL. ROM. 8: 16. J. H. TENNEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. My Fa - ther is rich, not in hous- es and lands, But he hold - eth the wealth of the world in his hands;
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour from sin, Once wander'd o'er earth as the poor- est of men;
3. I once was an out- cast, a stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an al- ien by birth;
4. A tent or a cot -tage, O why should I care? They are build- ing a pal - ace for me o - ver there:

The ru - bies and diamonds, the sil- ver and gold Of the earth are all his; he has rich- es un - told.
But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will give us a home in the sweet by and by.
But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down As an heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
Though ex - iled from home, yet for - ev - er I'll sing, "Hal -le - lu - jah to God, I'm a child of a king!"

CHORUS.

I'm a child of a King! I'm a child of a King! For Christ is my Sav - iour, I'm a child of a King!

Copyright, 1886, by J. H. TENNEY.

No. 10. HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With Vigor.

1. He has come, the Christ of God! Left for us his glad a - bode, Stoop - ing
2. He has come, whose name of grace Speaks de - liv' - rance to our race, Left for
3. Un - to us a Son is giv'n, He has come from God's own heav'n, Bring - ing

from his throne of bliss, To this darksome wil- der- ness.
us his glad a - bode, Son of Ma - ry, Son of God.
with him from a - bove Ho - ly peace and ho - ly love.

CHORUS.

He has come,..... the Prince of

He has come,

Peace, Come to bid our sor - rows cease, Come to
the Prince of Peace, Come to bid our sor-rows cease, to bid our sorrows cease, Come to

HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Concluded.

scat - - - - ter with his light, All the shad - ows of our night.
scat- ter with his light, Come to scat- ter with his light,

No. 11. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is spark - ling,

D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing,

Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

When man's work is done

2 Work, for the night is coming, work thro' 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 brightest tints are glowing, work for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning, when man's work is o'er.

No. 12. PASSING THIS WAY.

Arr. by D. W. C. "He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47. D. W. CRIST.

1. Je - sus of Naz'reth, to Beth- le-hem came, Heal-ing the blind, the sick and the lame; Oh, it was wonderful,
2. Je - sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, When a stray sheep a - way from the fold, Gent -ly and long he hath
3. Je - sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va -ry's tree, Shed his dear blood and set my soul free; Oh, it was wonderful,

CHORUS.

blest be his name! Still he is pass - ing by.
sought for my soul; Still he is pass - ing by.
how could it be? Still he is pass - ing by.

Pass-ing this way, pass-ing this way, Je-sus is passing this way; Oh, it was won-der - ful, blest be his name, Still he is pass - ing by.

From "GOSPEL GLEANINGS," by D.W.

No. 13. GOING HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the flow'rs that soon must die, A - mid our tears while here we roam. How sweet the tho't, we're go- ing home.
2. We'll cling to Je - sus in the hour When sin and Sa - tan use their pow'r, And mur- mur not when sor-rows come, For by - and- by we're go- ing home.
3. No dy - ing groans shall there be heard, And we shall speak no part- ing word; O sin - ner, to the Sav-iour come, And join the band that's go- ing home.

CHORUS.

Go- ing home, go- ing home, How sweet the tho't, we're going home; Go-ing home, go-ing home, How sweet the tho't, we're going home.

Go- ing home, go-ing home,

Going home, going home,

ELLA LEA.

No. 14. HEAVEN.

KNOWLES SHAW.

DUET.

1. Oh! would to me were on - ly giv'n A tongue in - spired to tell The beau- ties of yon
2. There hope's sweet flow'rs e-ter - nal bloom, While seasons come and go Un-touched by sor - row's
3. There limp - ed wa - ters bright and clear Flow o'er the gold - en sands, While thrill-ing mu - sic
4. And all whose hopes are cen- tered there Shall rise o'er grief and pain, For in that land no

CHORUS.

peaceful heav'n, Where saints im- mor - tal dwell.
chill- ing winds, That blight them here be - low.
strikes the ear—Harps swept by an - gel hands.
earth- ly care Shall vex our souls a - gain.

Bright, beau - ti - ful heav'n,.....

Bright, bright, beau- ti - ful heav'n,

Bright, beau-ti - ful heav'n, Home where the pilgrim forever shall rest, Bright, beau-ti - ful heav'n.
Bright, bright, beautiful heav'n,

By per. of FILLMORE BROS.

E. E. LATTA.

No. 15. COME TO JESUS.

H. TENNEY.

1. Come to Je - sus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crim-son glow; If you give your hearts to Je-sus, He will
2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer-cy's gate; Oh, de - lay not till the mor-row, Lest thy
3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Saviour there is none, He will share with you his glory, When your

CHORUS.

make them white as snow. Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je -sus! come, to -
com - ing be too late.
pil - grim- age is done.

Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day! Come to Je -sus! come, yes,

- day; Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je-sus! come, come to-day!
come, come to - day; Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

From "SPIRITUAL SONGS." By per.

No. 16. MEET ME THERE.

Mrs. E. W. SAWYER. 1 COR. 13: 12. C. N. McHOSE, by per.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, In that glo-rious land of bliss, Where the
2. We shall meet with those de-part-ed From this world of sin and strife, Meet no
3. We shall meet with Christ our Sav-iour; Soon he's com-ing for his own, Then we'll

Son shall reign for-ev-er As the King of right-eous-ness; We shall
lon-ger bro-ken-heart-ed, But with an im-mor-tal life; We shall
know his bless-ed fa-vor, And shall know as we are known; Oh, the

meet in yon-der cit-y, With its walls of jas-per bright, We shall shout our songs of triumph, No more
meet and share the glo-ry Of that count-less hap-py throng, We shall tell redemption's sto-ry, Sing his
joy, the ex-ul-ta-tion Of the saints who're truly his! Oh, the glorious transformation When we

MEET ME THERE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

sor - row, pain nor night. Meet me there, meet me there, In that
prais - es loud and long. O - ver there, o - ver there,
see him as he is!

beau-ti-ful home of love so bright and fair; Meet me there, meet me
bright and fair; O - ver there,

there, In that cit - y of light a - bove, O meet me there.
o - ver there, meet me there.

No. 17. THE NEW SONG.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY, Mus. Doc.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing When my heart was as blithe as a bird..... in Spring;
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din..... of strife;
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra - cious Mas - ter hath made..... me glad?

But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the dark-ness here.
But I know of a home that is wond-rous fair, And I sing the psalm they are sing- ing there.
When he points where the ma - - ny bright man-sions be, And sweet - ly says, "there is one for thee?"

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Oh, the new, new song, Oh, the new, new song, I can
Oh, the new, new song, new song, Oh, the new, new song, new song,

From "GEMS OF PRAISE," by per.

THE NEW SONG. Concluded.

sing I can sing it now, just now, it now With the ran - - - - som'd throng: With the ransom'd, the ransom'd throng: Pow- er and do-

- min - ion to Him... that shall reign; that shall reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

S. F. SMITH, D.D. **No. 18. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.** LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.

1. To - day the Sav- iour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; Oh, ye be- night- ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
2. To - day the Sav- iour calls; Oh, hear him now; With- in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sav- iour calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus- tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to his pow'r; Oh, grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer- cy's hour.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 19. ON THE OTHER SIDE.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. On the oth - er side there's a land of rest, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;
2. On the oth - er side there's a land of peace, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;
3. On the oth - er side there are an - gels fair, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;

There dwell the ransomed ones su-preme - ly blest, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
There joys su - per-nal nev - er more shall cease, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
Their wings are sweeping thro' the balm - y air, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.

Forth they came from trib - u - la-tions great, In - to the shin - ing, gold - en gate,
There all robes are pure and snow-y white, There all the glo - ry strangely bright,
In that cit - y, gold- en, bright and fair, There, there the glo - ry we shall share,

ON THE OTHER SIDE. Concluded.

There our joy - ful entrance they a - wait, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
Bathes the saved in ev - er-sheen-ing light, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
Oh, what bliss is ev - er, ev - er there, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.

CHORUS.

On the oth - er side, On the oth - er side, There with - in the gold - en gate,

There our en - trance they a wait, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.

No. 20. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

"These are they..... which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"—Rev. 7: 14.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
3. When the Bride-groom com - eth, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fount - ain flow - ing for the soul un-clean, Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood, In the soul - cleans-ing blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood,

Lamb? Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
of the Lamb?

No. 21. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In his mer - cy
2. Moth - ers then the Sav - iour sought, In the pla - ces where he taught, Un - to him their
3. Did the Sav - iour say them nay? No, he kind - ly bid them stay; Suf - fer'd none to
4. Chil - dren, then, should love him now, Strive his ho - ly will to do, Pray to him, and

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
chil-dren bro't, Lit - tle ones like me.
turn a - way, Lit - tle ones like me.
praise him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

Lit - tle ones like me, Lit - tle ones like me;

No. 22. MORE LIKE THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS. "My soul followeth hard after thee."—Ps. 63: 9. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. More like thee, O Sav-iour! let me be, More like thee from day to-day; Nev-er let me from thy foot-steps stray, Keep me in thy per-fect way.
2. More like thee, O Sav-iour! let me be, Pure with-out and pure with-in; Keep me ev-er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.
3. More like thee, O Sav-iour! let me be, All my pil-grim jour-ney thro'; Meek and low-ly, ev-er kind and true, Like thy-self in all I do.

CHORUS.

Like thee, like thee, more and more like thee, More and more like thee; Bless-ed Sav-iour, let me, day by day, Grow more and more like thee.

No. 23.

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet- ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy, For thou hast giv - en me the peace
2. I know that thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng, And sweet-er is the tho't of thee
3. O Sav- iour, precious Sav-iour mine! What will thy pres-ence be If such a life of joy can crown,

CHORUS.

Which noth- ing can de - stroy.
Than a - ny love - ly song.
Our walk on earth with thee?
} The half has nev- er yet been told, yet been told, Of love so full and free;

Rit.

The half has nev - er yet been told, yet been told, The blood— it cleans - eth me, cleans- eth me.

From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG," published by R. E. HUDSON, Alliance, O.

No. 24. BRING THEM TO THE FOLD.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. J. B. VAUGHN.

1. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Bring them to the Mas- ter; To the ten- der Shepherd, Lead them to his fold;
2. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, And he died to save them; Heed his lov - ing mes-sage, Suf - fer them to come;

FINE.

Let him bless the chil-dren, Bring them, parents, teachers, For the Saviour's blessing As in days of old.
Teach them love their Saviour While their youth is passing, Gath- er in the children To their sabbath home.

D.S.—Gath - er in the chil-dren, Hap - py lit - tle children: Gath- er in the children, Bring them to the fold

CHORUS.

D.S.

Gath - er in the chil-dren, The hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, Gath- er in the children, Bring them to the fold;

No. 25. THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. LUKE, 14: 22. E. ROBERTS.

1. In those beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry, Whose won - ders I'm long - ing to see, There's a
2. Oh, I'm glad, yes, I'm glad that a Sav - iour To per - ish - ing sin - ners was giv'n; For His
3. 'Tis the tho't that sus-tains me in tri - al, And com - forts when burdened with care, There is
4. Not a sigh nor a groan shall es - cape us; No tear - drops of sor - row shall fall; There's a

CHORUS.

room and a place that is wait - ing, Oh, yes, that is wait-ing for me.
love and his pit - y se- cured me A share in the glo - ries of heav'n.
rest and a ref- uge in heav - en, And, oh, there is room for me there.
peace and a joy that's e - ter - nal In heav'n, and there's room for us all.

Yes, oh, yes, there is room,

Room for all in heav'n; In those beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry; There's room, there's room for all.

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No. 26. MY NEW NAME.

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

1. I'm dreaming of a bet- ter land, Be - side the crys- tal sea, Where I shall clasp the waiting hand, And those who love me see;
2. I know that pure un- sul- lied joys A - wait the blest a - bove; Thro' endless years a Fa-ther's hand Sus- tains them with his love;
3. I may not know while here be- low, E'en an - gels may not tell, But Je- sus, on his king- ly throne, The se - cret knoweth well;

Laid down the wea - ry cross of pain, A harp and crown be giv'n; I'm thinking,
An an - gel presence seemeth here, This qui - et peaceful ev'n; I faint- ly
The hid - den man - na shall be mine, A pure white stone be giv'n, And in the

won- d'ring what shall be My new, new name in heav'n.
whis - per, "What shall be My new, new name in heav'n?"
stone. by love in-scribed, My sweet, new name in heav'n.

CHORUS.

My new, new name, my name in heav'n. To

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MY NEW NAME. Concluded.

me by Je - sus giv'n; When he shall call I then shall know My sweet, new name in heav'n.

No. 27. BOOK OF GRACE, AND BOOK OF GLORY.

Arr. from Dr. MASON.

1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and youth, Wondrous is thy
2. Book of love! in ac - cents ten - der, Speak - ing un - to such as we; May it lead us,
3. Book of hope! the spir - it, sigh - ing, Sweet - est com - fort finds in thee, As it hears the
4. Book of life! when we, re - pos - ing, Bid fare - well to friends we love, Give us for the

sa- cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth; Wondrous is thy sa- cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth.
Lord, to ren- der All, all to thee; May it lead us, Lord, to ren- der All, all to thee.
Sav- iour cry-ing, "Come, come to me!" As it hears the Sav-iour cry-ing, "Come, come to me!"
life then clos- ing, Life, life a - bove; Give us for the life then clos-ing, Life, life a - bove.

BLESSED HOME.

J. M. BIGBIE

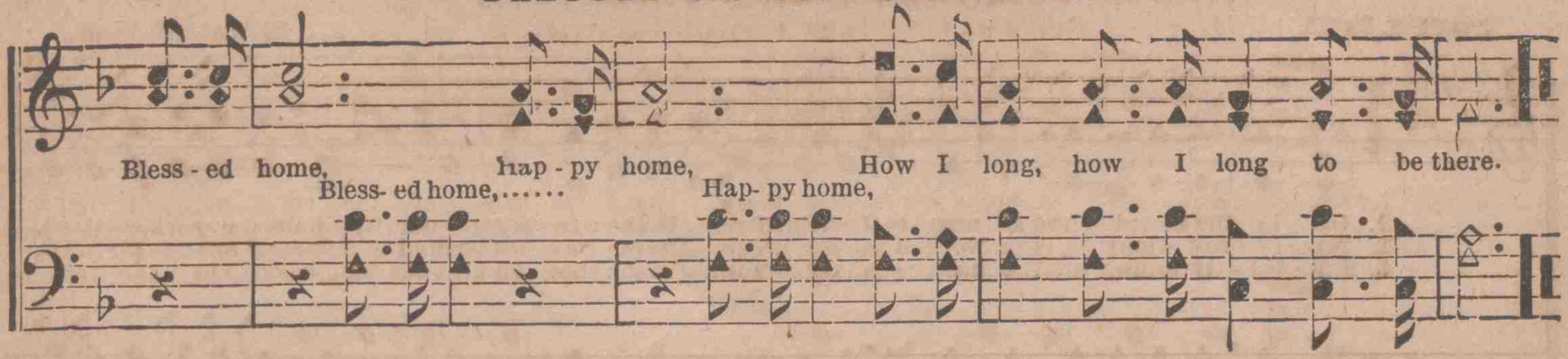
1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have trod,
3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my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

Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their gar - ments of white.
Of the songs that they breath on the air, In their home in their pal - ace of God.
Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watch - ing and wait - ing for me.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed home, hap - py home, How I long, how I long to be there;
Bless - ed home, hap - py home,

BLESSED HOME. Concluded.



No. 29. SUBMISSION. L. M.

Rev. B. F. BRIGHT.

No. 30. TOILING IN THE VINEYARD.

FRANK M. DAVIS. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Up in the morning and a - way to the field, Toiling in the vineyard ground; Few are the workers, but how great is the yield, Toil-ing in the vine - yard ground.
2. Nev - er grow weary in the work of the Lord, Toiling in the vineyard ground; Winning of souls for Jesus brings great reward, Toil-ing in the vine - yard ground.
3. Faith-ful - ly toiling till the Master shall come, Toiling in the vineyard ground; Soon we may hear the welcome call, Harvest home, Toil-ing in the vine - yard ground.

CHORUS.

Toil - ing, toil - ing,
Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing,

Toiling in the vineyard of the Lord; Toil - ing, Toil - ing, Toiling for the great re-ward.
Toil-ing, toiling, toiling, toiling,

No 31. BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE

J. C. BUSHEY.

1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And they that bear the cross be- low,
2. No night shall dim that glo-rious home, For Je- sus is the light, And mourning pilgrims here be- low,
3. With palms of vic - t'ry in their hands They with the ransom'd sing; All praise to him who wash'd us white,

CHORUS.

Shall wear the crown a - bove. My home, sweet home, My beau- ti - ful home a -
Shall there be clad in white.
Our Sav- iour, God, and King. My home, beautiful home, sweet home of love, My beau- ti - ful, beautiful

3

- bove; My home,..... sweet home,..... My beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
home a - bove; My home, beau- ti - ful home of joy and love,

3

No. 32. SINGING ON THE WAY

M. E. SERVOSS. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."—ISA. 35: 10. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We will sweet - ly sing on the gold-en shore, Where all is joy and glad - ness; For -
2. We are sure our Fa - ther knows all our need, Each heart-ache, pain, and sor - row; So
3. We will sing of Je - sus, our Sav-iour-King, Whose wondrous love is o'er us; Who
4. We will sing of heav - en,—our home a - bove, With all its joy and glo - ry; And

FINE. CHORUS.

- ev - er- more with Christ we'll reign, Released from care and sad - ness.
in His hands we'll leave it all, And trust Him for the mor - row.
guides our footsteps, lest they stray, And makes all plain be- fore us.
to the world, where'er we go, We'll tell sal - va-tion's sto - ry.

} Then a - long the way, the

D.S.—as we go, And en - ter Zi - on sing - ing.

D.S. al fine.

Lord's high - way, With voi - ces clear and ring ing, We'll shout ho - san - na

From "CROWNING TRIUMPH." by per.

No. 33. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

"I will glorify thy name forever."—Ps. 63: 4.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleans - ing from sin I cried;
2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in;
3. Oh, pre-cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - ter'd in;
4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav iour's feet;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
There at the cross where he took me in;
There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;

Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name,

Glo - ry to his name; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his name.

fine.

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to the world, where'er we go, We'll tell sal - va-tion's sto - ry.

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D.S.—as we go, And en - ter Zi - on sing - ing.

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4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav iour's feet;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
There at the cross where he took me in;
There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;

Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name,

Glo - ry to his name; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his name.

fine.

No. 34. ALINA.

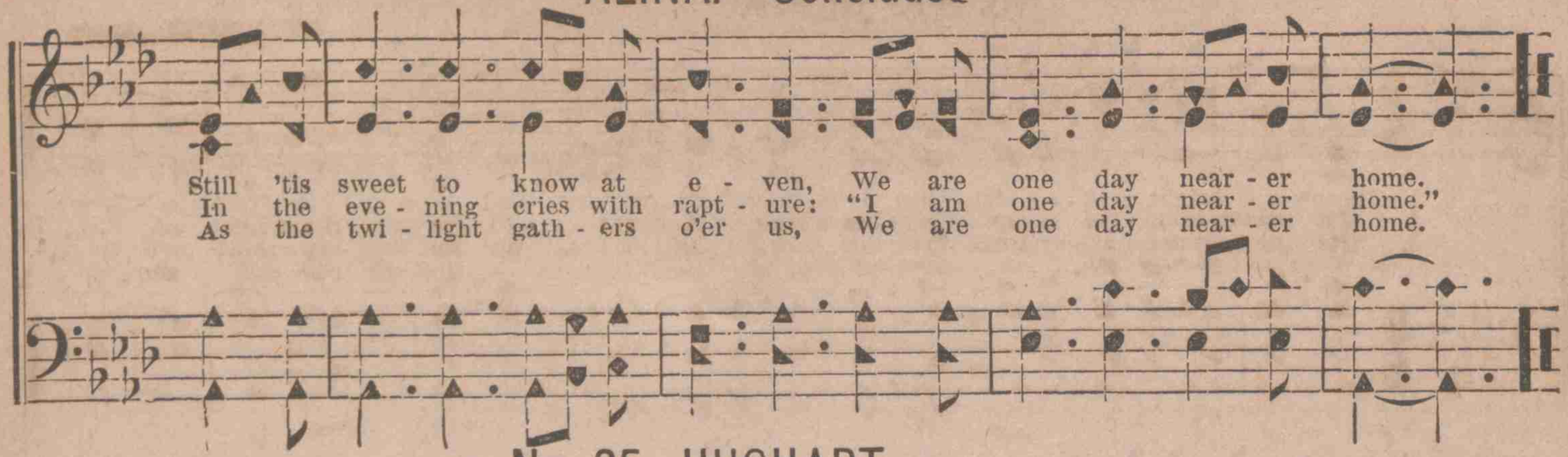
W. H. SAMPSON.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on,
2. One day near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er,
3. Worn and wea - ry, oft, the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;

Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On his dis - tant na - tive shore.
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.

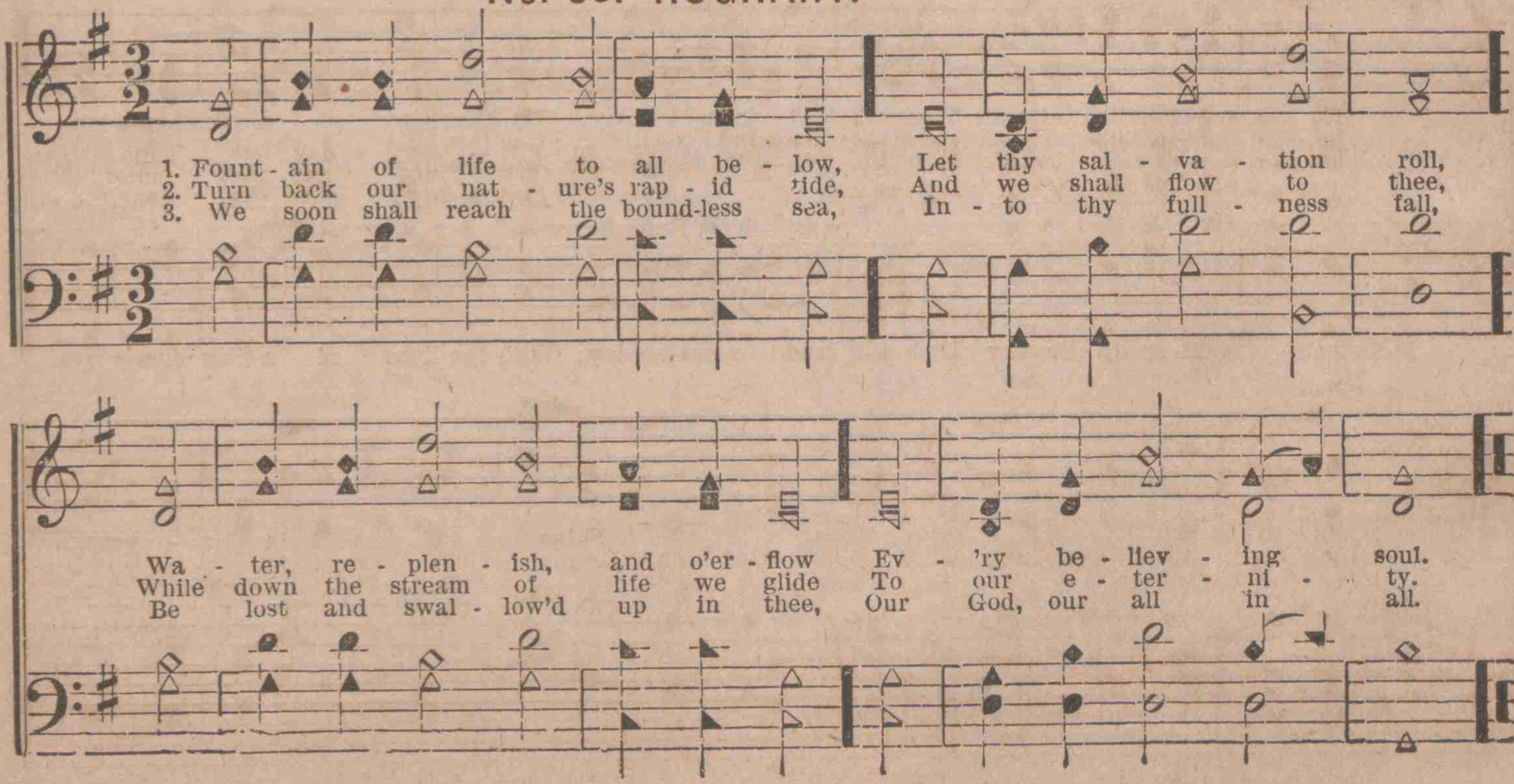
Gone for aye, its race is o - ver; Soon the dark - er shades will come,
Thus the Chris - tian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
Thus we feel, when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal worn we roam,

ALINA. Concluded



No. 35. HUGHART.

W. H. SAMPSON.



No. 36. GOLDEN LIGHT.

G. A. M. "And the light shineth in darkness."—JOHN 1: 5. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. There's a bright gold - en light, That is shin - ing on our way, And it com - eth from a - bove;
2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the dark-ness of my sin, To the glo - rious light of day;
3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug-ged paths of life, Up the wea - ry hills of time;

S.

'Tis the pre-cious light of truth That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Sav - iour's love.
'Tis the light that fills my soul, And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall nev - er stray.
Thro' the trou-bles and the care, Thro' the con- flict and the strife, And this light shall be ev - er mine.

D.S. And bright- en up the way That will lead to end-less day; With the light of a Sav - iour's love.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Gold - en light, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,
Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,

No. 37. ALL MY LIFE LONG.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per

1. All my life long have my steps been at - tend - ed, Sure - ly by One who re - gard-ed my ways;
2. All in the dark would I be, and un - cer- tain Whith - er to go, but for One at my side;
3. He will not wea - ry, O bless - ed as - sur - ance! In - fi- nite love will the fi - nite out - last;

FINE.

Ten - der - ly watched o - ver, sweet - ly be- friend - ed, Bless - ings have fol - lowed me all my life long.
Who from the fut - ure re- moves the dim cur - tain, Lin - ing the glo - ry to mor - tals de - nied.
But, for my heav - en - ly Fa - ther's as - sur - ance, In - to the depths of de- spair I were cast.

D. S.—An - gels have guard - ed the gate - way of sad - ness, Sum - mer and win - ter, yea, all my life long.
D. S.—With an- gels' food he has prom - ised to feed me, Who hath be-friend - ed me all my life long.
D. S.—Earth is to - day, but there's heav-en to mor - row, And Je - sus will guide me all my life long.

D.S.

Tears have been quench'd in the sun - shine of glad - ness, An - thems of sor - row been turn'd in - to song;
No oth - er friend could so pa - tient- ly lead me, No oth - er friend prove so faith - ful and strong;
This is my star in a - mid - night of sor - row, This is my ref - uge, my strength, and my song;

No. 38. I HAVE CALLED THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "I, the Lord, have called thee."—Isa. 42: 6. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have called thee to the fount - ain, Where the crim - son waves o'er-flow; Plung'd be-neath its cleansing
2. I have called thee to the vine - yard, Where the rip - en'd har-vest waves; Pa - tient toil in ear - ly
3. I have called thee to the ban - quet, Love di - vine hath free-ly giv'n; Wrought for thee a wed-ding

REFRAIN.

wa - ters, Pure thy soul as spark-ling snow.
morn - ing, Thou at eve shalt bind the sheaves.
gar - ment, For the mar - riage feast in heav'n.

I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Called thee

from thy sin and woe: I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Come, I'll wash thee white as snow.

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No. 39. HOMEWARD WE'RE WANDERING.

E. E. LATTA. "We have no continuing city."—Heb. 13: 14 J. H. TENNEY.

1. Homeward we're wan- der-ing From day to day; Till Je - sus beck - ons us From earth a - way:
2. Homeward we're wan- der-ing At God's command; And he to us will give The Promised Land!
3. Homeward we're wan- der-ing 'Mid toil and care! But Je - sus help - eth us Each ill to bear!

We are but pil- grims here, Brief-ly to roam; Soon shall our jour - ney end In heav'n our home!
More fair than Ca- naan's clime, Or aught be - low, That bright, e - ter - nal shore To which we go!
By faith his voice we hear In mer - cy call, Bid- ding us trust in him Whate'er be - fall!

rit.

CHORUS.

Homeward we're wan - der - ing, Wea - ry, op - prest! Homeward we're wan - der - ing—Soon we shall rest.

Copyright, 1886, by J. H. Tenney.

No. 40. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Newly Arranged by
J. H. TENNEY, 1886.

1. I've found a Friend in Je- sus, he's ev- erything to me, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul;
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp - tation he's my strong and mighty tow'r;
3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and do his bless-ed will;

The Lil - y of the Val-ley, in him a- lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
I've all for him for- sak- en, I've all my i- dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
A wall of fire a - bout me, I've nothing now to fear; With his man-na, he my hun-gry soul shall fill.

CHO.—In sor- row he's my com-fort, in troub-le he's my stay, He tells me ev -'ry care on him to roll;
Tho' all the world for- sake me, and Sa - tan tempt me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal;
Then sweeping up to glo - ry we see his bless- ed face, Where rivers of de-light shall ev- er roll.

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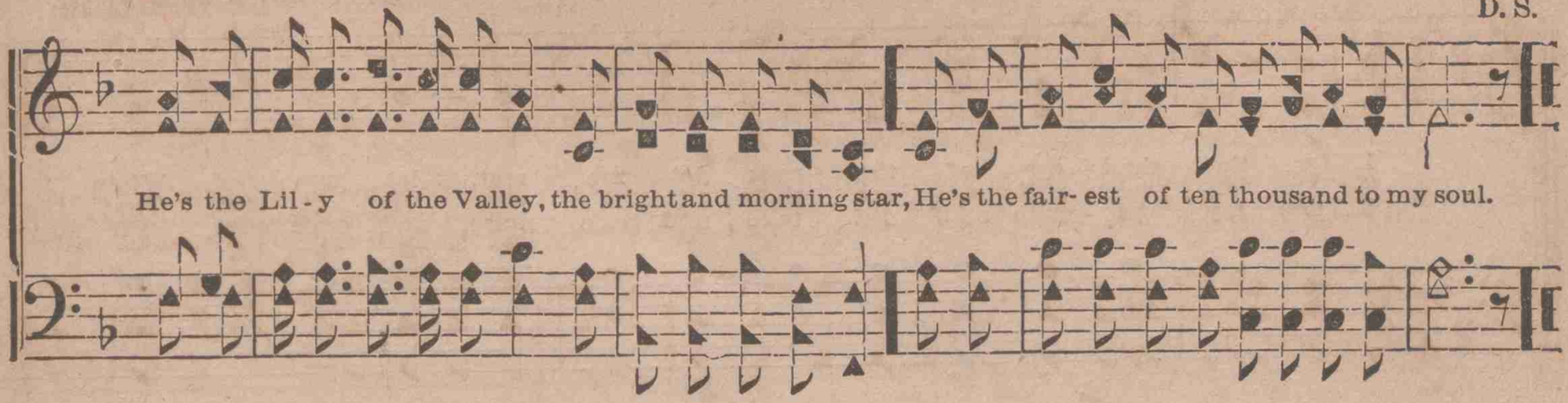
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Concluded.

D. S.



No. 41. BOYLSTON.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I must forever die.

No. 42. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength, indeed, is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all!
All to him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 43. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on in peace your way to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 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. 44. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Rev. RAY PALMER. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

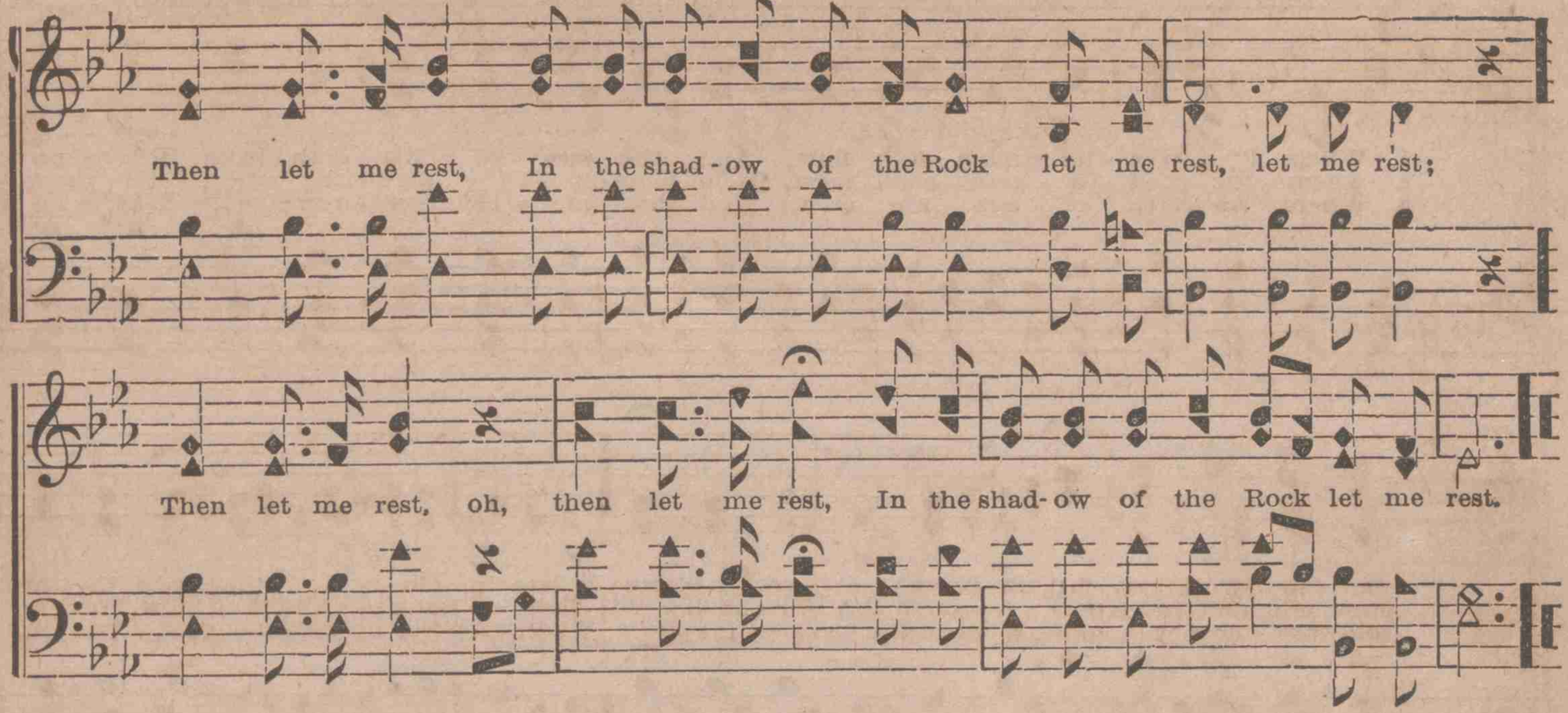
1. In the shad - ow of the rock let me rest, let me rest, When I
2. I in peace will rest me there till I see, till I see, That the
3. Then my pil - grim staff I'll take and once more, and once more, I'll my

feel the tem- pest shock thrill my breast, thrill my breast, All in vain the storm shall sweep while I
skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the burn-ing heats are past, and the
on-ward jour- ney make as be - fore, as be - fore, And with joy-ous heart and strong I will

hide, while I hide, And my tran- quil sta- tion keep by thy side.
day, and the day, Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way. Then let me rest, oh,
raise, I will raise, Un - to thee, O Rock, a song, glad with praise.

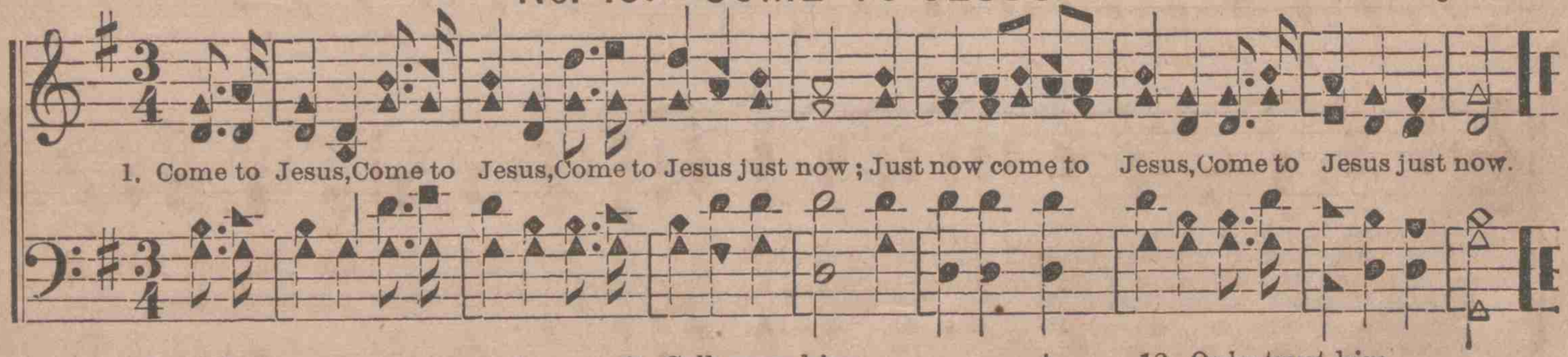
CHORUS.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK. Concluded.



No. 45. COME TO JESUS.

English.



2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
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. Flee to Jesus.
12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

E. E. LATTA. **No. 46. NO MORE GOOD-BYES.** J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where life's crys - tal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no
2. There the good a - gain shall meet, Who have clasp'd the part - ing hand; Fa - thers,
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more, Where no

chill - ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet-ly bloom; Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro'
moth-ers, chil - dren dear, A - round the throne shall stand; There no tem-pests e'er shall blow, There no
sick-ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r; Where they feel no weight of care, And no

all the cloud-less skies, There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.
dis - mal cloud a - rise, And in that e - ter - nal home, Shall be no more good - byes.
tears be - dim the eyes, All the good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good - byes.

From "Grateful Praise," by permission of Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NO MORE GOOD-BYES. Concluded.

CHORUS.

No more good - byes,..... no more good - byes..... O bless - ed

No more good-byes, no more good-byes,

thought!..... ..... No more good - byes; 'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that

O, bless-ed thought!

home be - yond the skies, Where the end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.

No. 47. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Rev. E. W. TODD. "I, that speak in Righteousness, mighty to save."—ISA. 63: 1. HARRY SANDERS, by per.

1. O! who is this that com - eth From E- dom's crim- son plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed?
2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reek- ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the winepress red?
3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How could'st thou bear this shame? With mer - cy fraught, mine own arm bro't.

O tell me now thy name! I that saw thy soul's dis- tress, A ran - som gave;
O why this blood - y tide? I the winepress trod a - lone, 'Neath dark- 'ning skies;
Sal - va - tion in my name; I the blood - y fight have won, Conquered the grave;

CHORUS.

mf

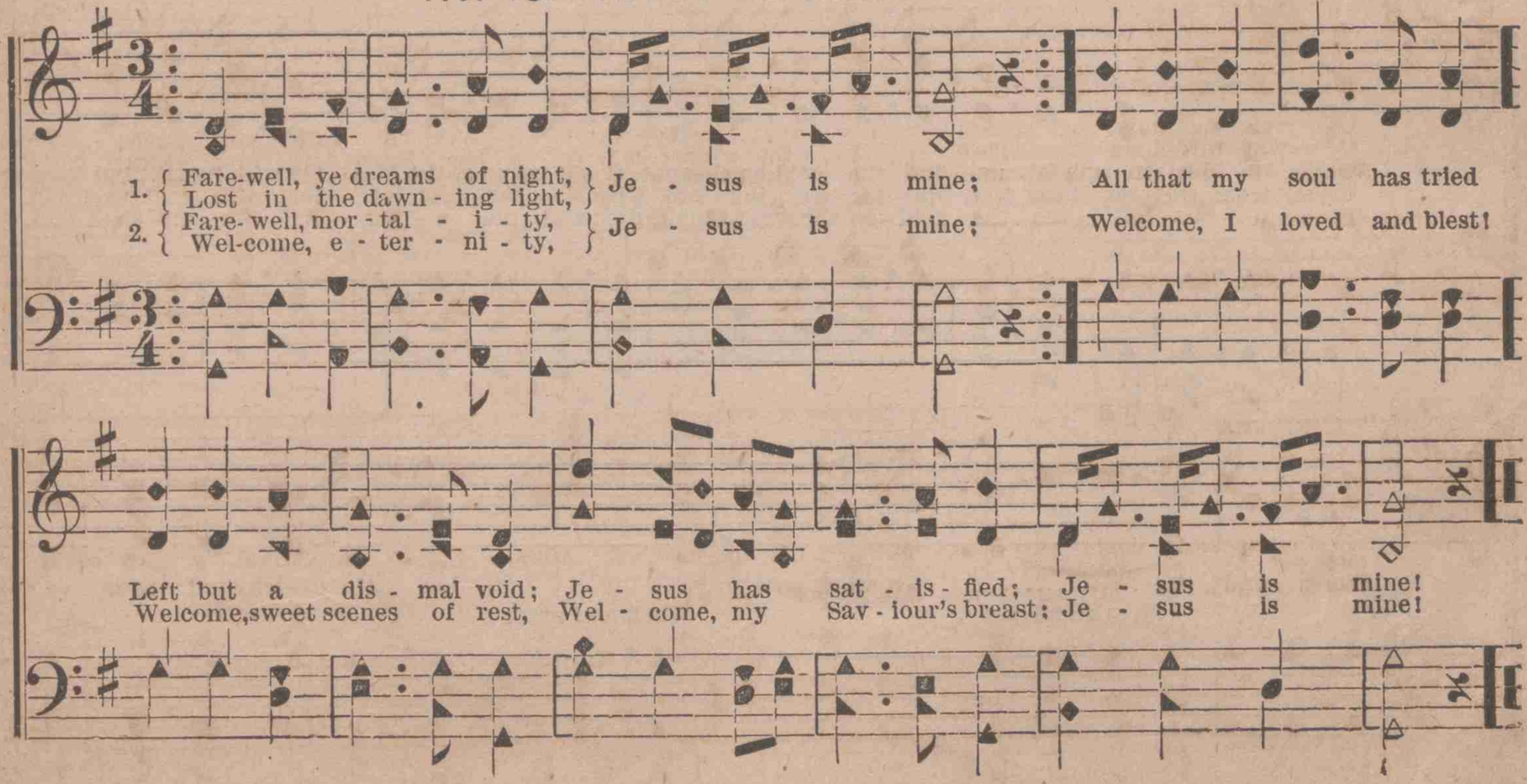
I that speak in right- eous-ness, Might- y to save.
Of the peo - p.e there was none, Might- y to save.
Now the year of joy has come, Might- y to save.

Might - y to save, Might - y to save,

MIGHTY TO SAVE. Concluded.

No. 48. JESUS IS MINE.

Arr. from a Scotch Air.



No. 49. WORK AND PRAY.

KATE SUMNER BURR. "Go work in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Up, friends of Je - sus, the harvest now is white, Work will soon be o - ver, fast falls the shade of night;
2. Up, friends of Je - sus, for time will soon be o'er, Harvest days are pass- ing to come a - gain no more;
3. Shout, friends of Je- sus for when our work is done, Joy - ful we will gath- er to greet the har-vest home;

Strong in his strength let us find the gold-en sheaves; Could we meet the Mas - ter with naught but leaves?
Wake from re- pose, hear the Mas- ter call - ing still, Rise to earn- est ef - fort with right good will.
Then let us has - ten the gold - en sheaves to bind, Rest and life e - ter - nal we all shall find.

CHORUS.

Work and pray,..... yes, work and pray, Let the watchword pass a-
Work and pray, Work and pray,

WORK AND PRAY. Concluded.

-long, Work and pray, while 'tis day, Come and join our hap - py throng.
Work and pray, while 'tis day,

No. 50. HOW I LOVE THEE.

KATE CONRAD. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Precious Sav- iour, how I love thee, For I know that thou art mine; All I have I free - ly give thee,
2. Vain the boasting world al-lures me, Rich- es fade and gold is dross; Life with all its charms is fleet - ing,
3. Precious Sav- iour, come and teach me How to love thee more and more; Thro' this sin- ful world, oh, lead me,

D.S.—Ev - er near - er! ev - er near - er!

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Make me ev - er, ev - er thine.
I will lin - ger near the cross.
Till I reach yon gold- en shore.

How I love thee! How I love thee, Be thou ev - er near to me,

Till I find my all in thee.

No. 51. THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

W. F. COSNER. "I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18. J. H. SHOWALTER.

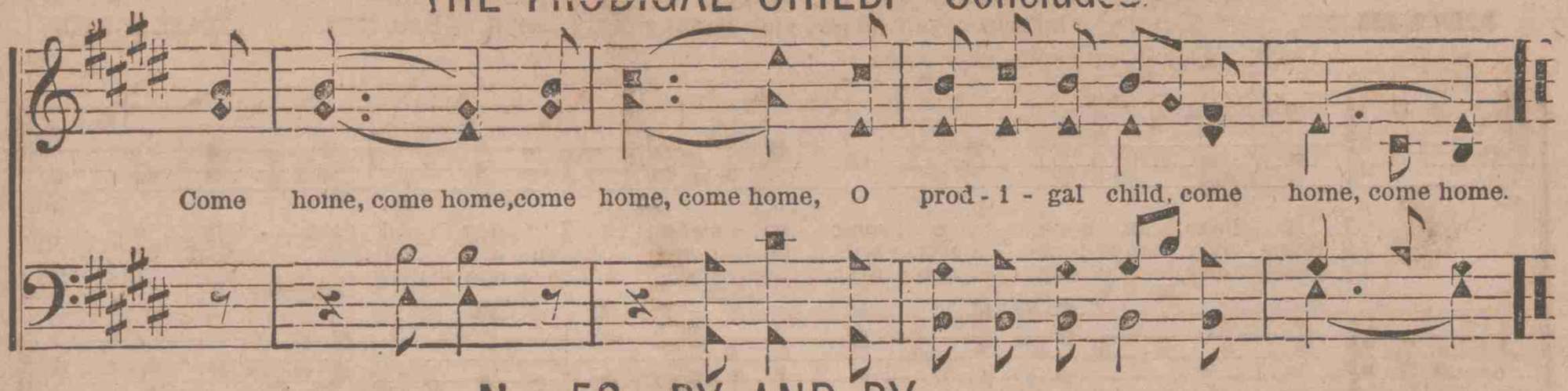
1. The Sav - iour in-vites you, poor wan - der- er, come, The Fa-ther is wait-ing to welcome you home;
2. Re - turn to the Fa - ther who holds you so dear, Say, why will you per - ish when plen - ty is near?
3. Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draw-eth nigh; Say, why will you lin- ger still,—why will you die?

Now cease from your wand'rings so lone - ly and wild; Re -turn to your Fa-ther, O prod - i - gal child.
Though poor and un - wor - thy, with sin all de - filed, The Fa-ther will welcome his prod - i - gal child.
Oh, leave the lone des - ert where shad - ows are piled; Re -turn to your Fa-ther, O prod - i - gal child.

CHORUS.

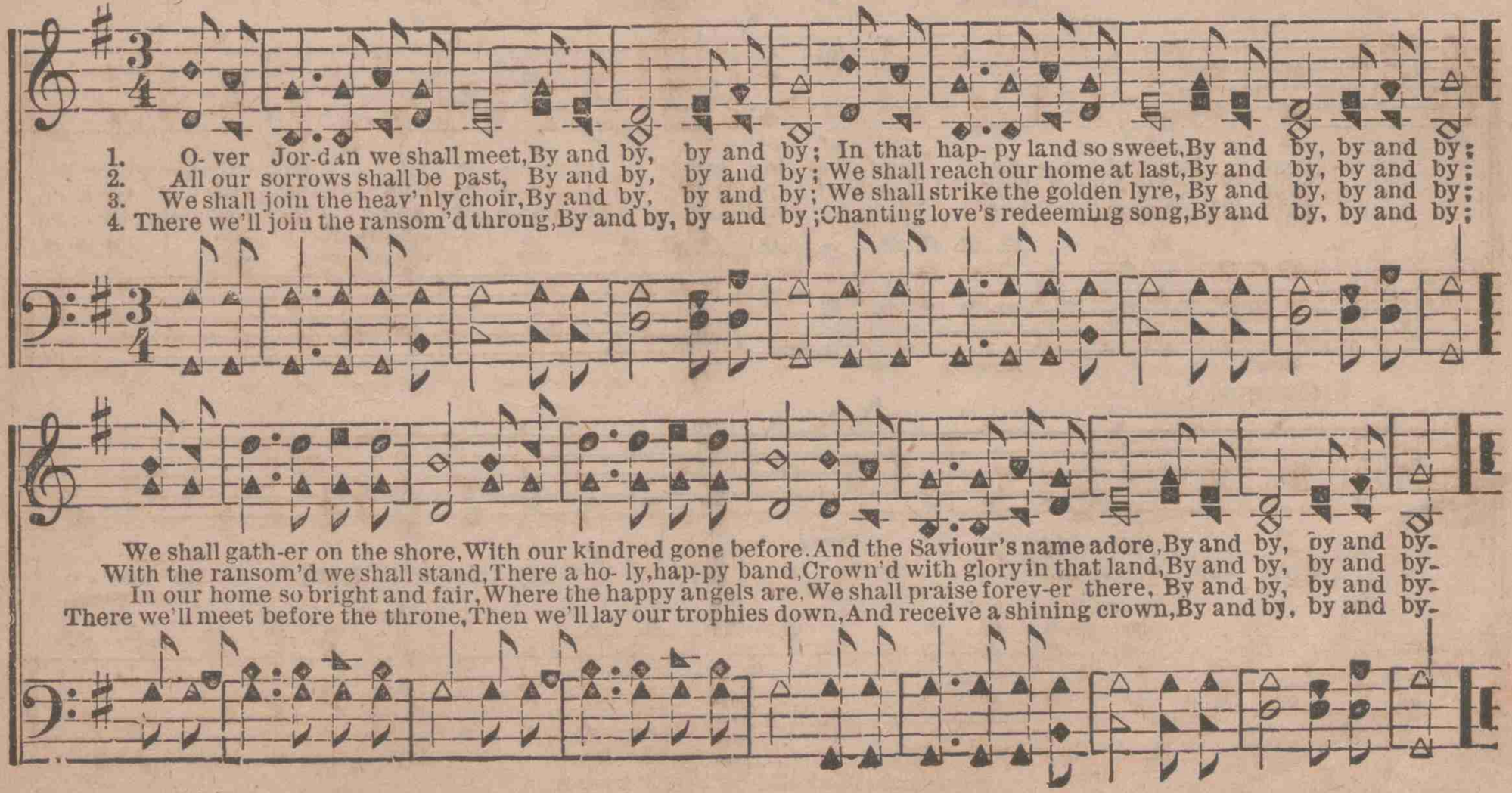
Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home:
Come home, come home, come home;

THE PRODIGAL CHILD. Concluded.



No. 52. BY AND BY.

W. T. D. Rev. W. T. DALE.



No. 53. SOME DAY.—Duet and Chorus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. "And they sing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb."—REV. 15: 3. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Duet. *Slowly, and with expression.*

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re -
2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heav - en
3. Some day, I say, con - tent to wait The ope - ning of the Jas - per

cres.

- peat, Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing say I'll sing it if God wills some day.
won, And when the long rough way is trod I shall be - hold the face of God.
gate, Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.

CHORUS.

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

Some hap - py day, a day to be, My voice will learn its

From "CAROLS OF JOY," by per

SOME DAY. Concluded.

cres. *ritard.*

- oy. And I shall sing the song so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je - sus' feet.

mel - o - dy,

No. 54. COME TO-DAY.

S. J. DALTON.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev' - ry soul be Je - sus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all;
3. Come all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest - less wand'rers aft - er rest,

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all mankind.
Come, all the world! come, sin - ner, thou; All things in Christ are rea - dy now.
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart - y wel-come find.

No. 55. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."—JOEL 3: 13. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Go out and gath - er the gold - en grain, The world is your har - vest field, Your
2. Go lift the soul from the haunts of sin, The treas - ures of grace dis- play, Your
3. Go find some pearl on the o - cean strand, The shell may be rough and brown, But

CHORUS.

toil for Je - sus will not be vain For he will the in-crease yield. Gath - er, gath - er,
mis-sion here is to work and win, Go show to the lost the way.
pol-ished by the dear Master's hand, 'Twill shine in his jew- el'd crown. Gath- er, gath-er, gath -er, gather,

Gath-er in the gold - en grain; Gath - - er, gath - - er, Gath-er in the gold - en grain.
Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er,

From "CAROLS OF JOY." By per.

No. 56. THE VOICE OF JESUS

Rev. FRANCIS POLLOCK. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. Oppressed with sin, be - yond de-gree, The voice of Je - sus came to me—"Come, heav- y - la - den
2. My soul was lured, I could not stay, But rose and went with- out de - lay; Up - on me there, with
3. A thrill of bliss my bo-som swelled, My heart was cleansed, its tumults quelled; He said, "Take com - fort,

CHORUS.

one, and rest, Come, lean thy head up - on my breast."
look se-rene, He spoke the words, "I will, be clean"
need - y soul, Be strong, thy faith hath made thee whole."

} The voice of Je - sus! oh, how sweet! No

voice so kind, no words so meet; They woo my heart, my passions still; The Lord doth lead me where he will.

No. 57. A PILGRIM SONG.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. I'm a lone- ly pilgrim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear, As I jour -ney a - long by the way;
2. Here the des-ert wilds expand Round a - bout on ei -ther hand, But I'm near- ing the Jor - dan, you see!
3. When the wil -der-ness is past, And I reach that home at last, Oh, how hap - py my poor soul will be!

FINE.

But I hope at last to stand On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sor-row, from doubt and dismay.
And be -yond that nar -row stream, Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
With the glo - ri - fied to stand On that glit'ring glo - ry-land, And the Sav- iour, my Sav -iour, to see.

D.S. Thro' the stil - ly hours of night, From the plains of end-less light, Spir- it voic - es oft whis -per to me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Oh, I know there's rest be-yond, That some oth - er souls have found, For in vis - ions their fac - es I see;

By permission.

No. 58. IT IS THE MASTER'S LOVING HAND.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. LUKE 13: 6-9. J. H. TENNEY.

1. It is the Mas - ter's lov - ing hand That plants the ten - der tree; Oh, shall he
2. When bud and leaf have wak-ened hopes, And bright the fol' - age green, Oh, shall he
3. The wait - ing years perchance have fled, But love no care a - bates; That hand with
4. An - oth - er year, the last for thee, Is draw - ing to its close; Oh, shall thy

CHORUS.

look in vain for growth, No bud, no leaf to see?
look in vain for fruit, No clus - ters ripe be seen?
pa- tience prunes and digs, But still the fruit-age waits.
soul, un- fruit-ful still, Be doomed to end - less woes?

"Cut down that tree," stern justice cries, "I will no more de - lay;" "One year, one year," sweet mer- cy pleads, "Oh, stay thine hand. oh, stay."

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E. E. LATTA.

No. 59. WHEN WE GET HOME.

Dr. W. O. PERKINS, by per.

1. When we get home to that beau-ti-ful land, With its beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold;
2. When we get home from our wan-der-ings here, To that clime where they wander no more;
3. When we get home, and our troub-les are o'er, And our jour-ney is end-ed be-low;

When we've pass'd o-ver the riv-er of death, And are safe in the heav-en-ly fold;
When, with the loved ones who've pass'd in-to rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
When we are free from each cum-ber-ing weight, And the sins that doth hin-der us so;

Wea-ri-some toil, trib-u-la-tion and care, That bur-den our spir-its to-day,
Sor-row and strife, and our proneness to err, The pain and the sick-ness we bear,
Tears that we shed in our sor-row-ful hours, The fears and the doubts that mo-lest,

WHEN WE GET HOME. Concluded.

Like as a dream or a shad- ow shall pass, Shall pass, un - re - turn- ing, a - way.
Like as a dream or a shad- ow shall pass, And ne'er shall they troub- le us there.
Like as a dream or a shad- ow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest.

CHORUS.

When we..... ..... get home,..... How sweet .... 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... ..... 'twill be!
When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

No. 60. I AM COMING, FATHER.

LUKE 15: 18.

J. H. T., by per.

1. I am coming to my Fa- ther, And,low-bending at his knee, Wounded, sore, and sadly pleading,
2. I behold him in the dis- tance, Tears are gushing from his eyes, And his hands reach out in pleading,
3. It is late, and now the evening Com-eth down upon us fast; Soon I'll rest upon his bo - som,

CHORUS.

Just a serv- ant I would be.
As the gold - en day- light dies.
And be safe at home at last.

I am coming, Father, coming, Wea-ry, worn, and full of pain, To the

rall.

waiting, lov-ing Father, I am com- ing home a - gain, Com-ing, coming, I am com- ing home a - gain.

No. 61. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18· 24.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv- i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit,
2. Have we tri- als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny- where? We should nev- er be dis - cour - aged— Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Can we find a friend so faith - ful,
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cum- bered with a load of care? Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee?

Oh, what needless pain we bear, All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.
Who will all our sor-rows share? Je- sus knows our ev-'ry weak - ness: Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee: Thou wilt find a sol-ace there

LINGER NO LONGER AWAY.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS

1. Je-sus is wait-ing so near, Come while He's calling to - day. Come without doubting or fear,
2. Hear the sweet message of love, Glad- ly the summons o - bey. Seek for the Kingdom above.
3. He will your sins and griefs bear; He is the Life, Truth and way: Cast on Him then all your care,

CHORUS.

Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way. Come,..... come,..... Je - sus is call-ing to-
Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way.
Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way. Come while He's calling, come while He's calling, Yes,

- day;..... Come,..... come,..... Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way.
call- ing to -day; Come while He's calling, come while He's calling,

W. C. H. No. 63. **BEYOND THE GOLDEN SUNSET SKY.** W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Be - yond the golden sunset sky, Be - yond the roll-ing wave, Be - yond each earthly tear and sigh,
2. Beyond these pangs that partings bring, Be - yond this earth-ly vale, We'll meet where joys eternal spring,
3. Our ref - uge is the Lord our God; His life for us he gave, He gave that life that we might live,
4. Then as we journey let us sing— Sing of his pow'r to save; Sing how he burst the bars of death,

CHORUS.

We'll meet beyond the grave.
And love shall never fail.
And he a- lone can save.
And triumphed o'er the grave.

We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet to part no more;

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet, We shall meet, we shall meet, We'll meet to part no more.

part no more; yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,

No. 64. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. LUKE, 18: 37. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing Mer - cy and par - don to - day?
2. Broth - er, the Mas - ter is wait - ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;
3. Yes, he is com - ing to bless you While in con - tri - tion you bow;

Wel - come the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is pass - ing this way!"
Why not this mo - ment ac - cept him, Trust in his mer - cy and live?
Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Rea - dy to save you just now;

Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Par - don and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten - der and pre-cious! He is so near you to - day!
Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - f'ring to - day?

Com - ing to save the poor
Op - en your heart to re -
Op - en your heart to ad -

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JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
- ceive him, While he is pass- ing this way.
- mit him, While he is pass- ing this way.

Je - sus is pass- ing this way..... to -

Je - sus is passing this

- day,..... to - day!..... While he is near, O be- lieve him, Op - en your hearts to re -
way to - day, is passing to-day!

- ceive him, For Je - sus is pass-ing this way,..... Is pass- ing this way to - day.
to - day,

No. 65. I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin; And I know if I come be - liev - ing, My Sav-iour will let me in: For the door of his love is o - pen, He wait - eth for those who seek, But I trem - ble with fear and doubt-ing, Oh,
2. I will trust, tho' I walk in dark - ness, And pray till the light I see; For the blood that will cleanse the vil - est, Will sure - ly a - vail for me; I have on - ly the plea to of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died, And with on - ly my heart to give him, I
3. I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin; And I knock at the door be - liev - ing, That Je - sus will let me in; Oh, the faith in my soul grows stron-ger, I trem - ble with fear no more, 'Tis my Sav - iour that bids me wel- come, I'll

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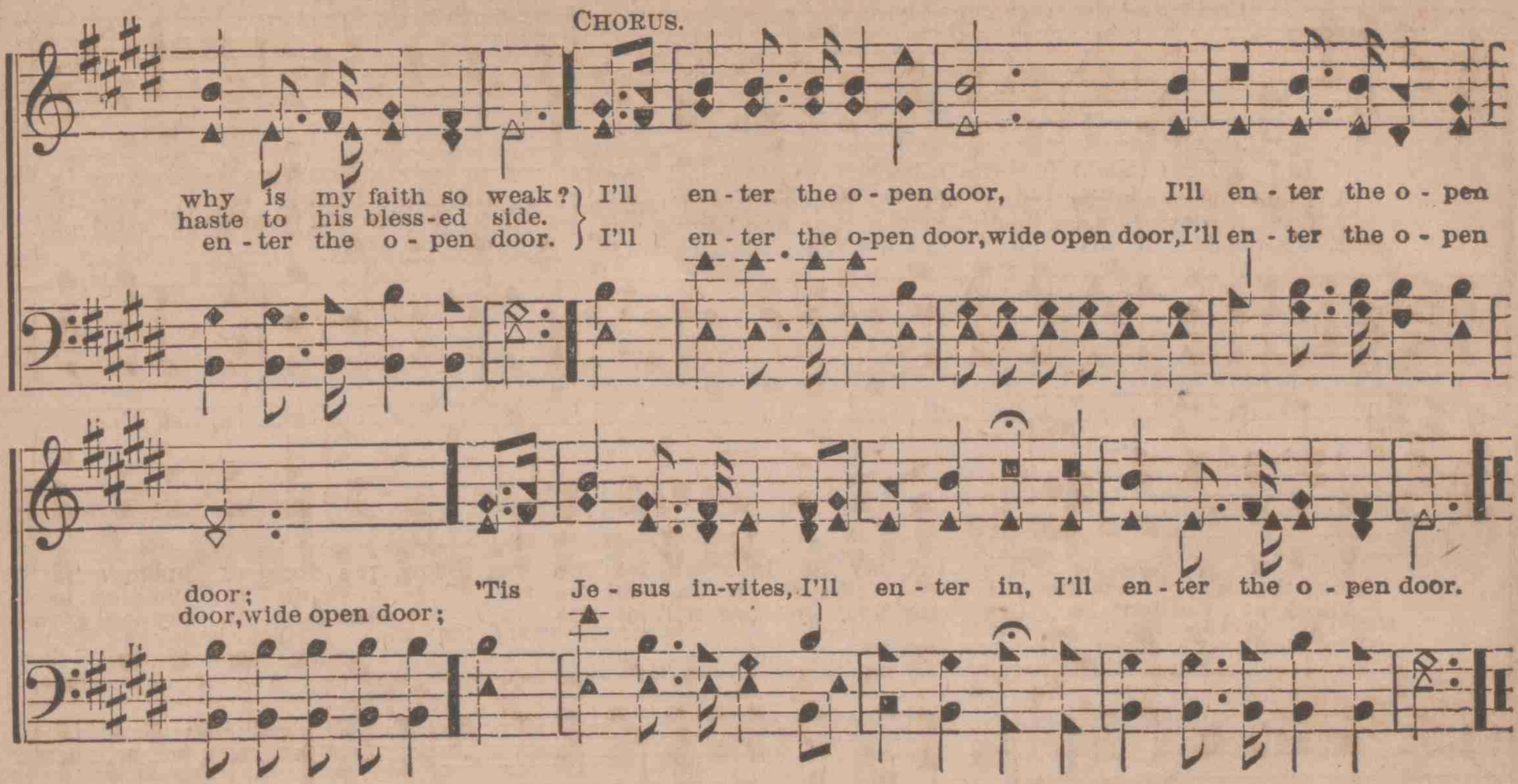
I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR. Concluded.



No. 66. AMAZING GRACE!

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

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

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

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

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

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

No. 67. GOD'S CARE.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—MATT. 6: 25-34. 1 PET. 5: 7.

J. C. PROCTOR. D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. The birds on restless wing May flit from branch to spray; They sow not, neither do they reap, Nor
2. The lil - ies of the field, Con - sid - er how they grow; They toil not, neither do they spin, But
3. Ye children of his love! Think not, "what shall we eat," Nor "what to drink," nor "what to wear," Your

store their food a - way: And yet they nev - er lack, These songsters of the air, Your heav'nly Father
with rich beauty glow: And yet, e'en Sol - o - mon, In all his glo - ry crown'd, Was not arrayed like
life is more than meat;" Your heav'nly Fa - ther knows Of these ye all have need; And if he cares for

feedeth them, With lov-ing watch and care, Your heav'nly Father feedeth them With lov - ing watch and care.
one of these, In such pro fus-ion found, Was not arrayed like one of these, In such pro-fus - ion found.
bird and flow'r, Then *you* he'll clothe and feed, And if he cares for bird and flow'r, Then *you* he'll clothe and feed.

No. 68. THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME.

P. R. STREET

1. There is a land of pur- est love,
2. I'm glad that I am born to die,
3. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go - ing home.

I have a home in glo - ry;

Where we shall dwell with
From grief and woe my
My Sav-iour smiles and

CHORUS.

Christ a - bove,
soul shall fly,
bids me come,

I have a home in glo - ry.

For the chariots now are wait-ing for to

1st time. *2d time.*

car - ry me home, For car - ry me home, For to car - ry me home; To the saints' sweet home in glory.

No. 69. HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

J. B. MARTIN.

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call- ing, Who will go and work to- day? Fields are white, the harvest
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex-plore, You can find the heathen
3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you, Let none hear you i - dly

wait- ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way? Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re -
near - er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you
say - ing, There is noth - ing I can do! Glad - ly take the task he gives you, Let his

- ward he of - fers free; Who will an - swer, glad - ly say- ing, "Here am I, send me, send me!"
can - not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all.
work your pleasure be; An- swer quick - ly, when he call-eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

No. 70. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT? J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden not your
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
3. Our Lord in pit - y ling-ers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite? Renounce at once thy stubborn
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus-ed none Who would to him their souls u - nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is

CHORUS.

heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

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

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

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 11. HARK! THE TRUMP OF GOD!

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hark! the trump of God is sound-ing! Cor-o-na-tion day is come!
2. Sum-moned to a home of glo-ry, And a robe of pur-est white.
3. To the front, my faith-ful com-rades! Christ is wait-ing for you there;

Christ ap-pears to take the faith-ful To their ev-er-last-ing home.
Take your place a-mong the ran-somed In the land of peer-less light
To the front for cor-o-na-tion, Your in-her-it-ance to share

CHORUS.

Sol-diers! mus-ter to the roll-call! In-to line at God's com-mand! in-to line! And

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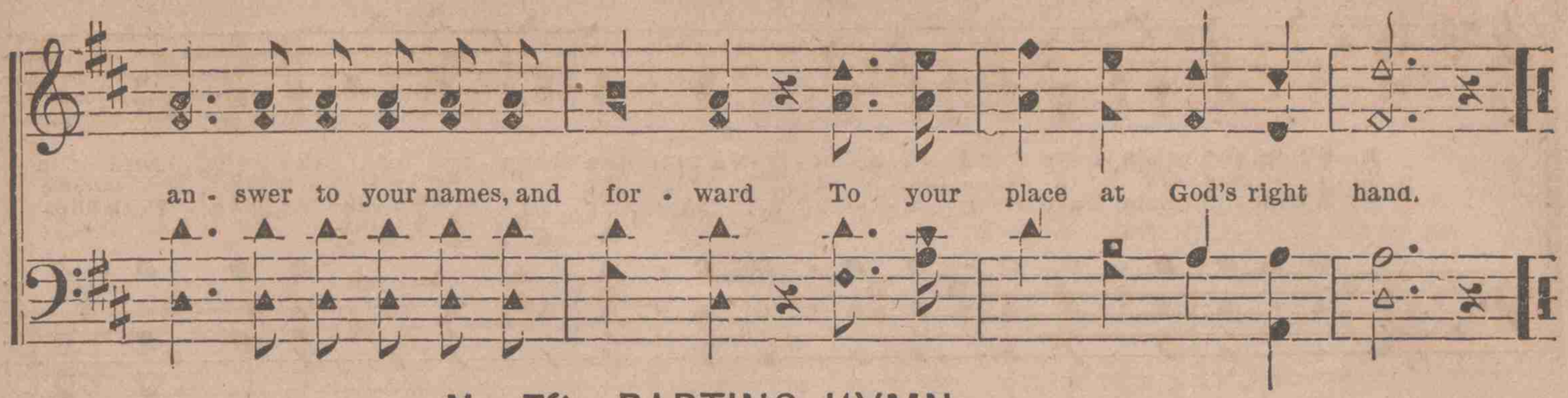
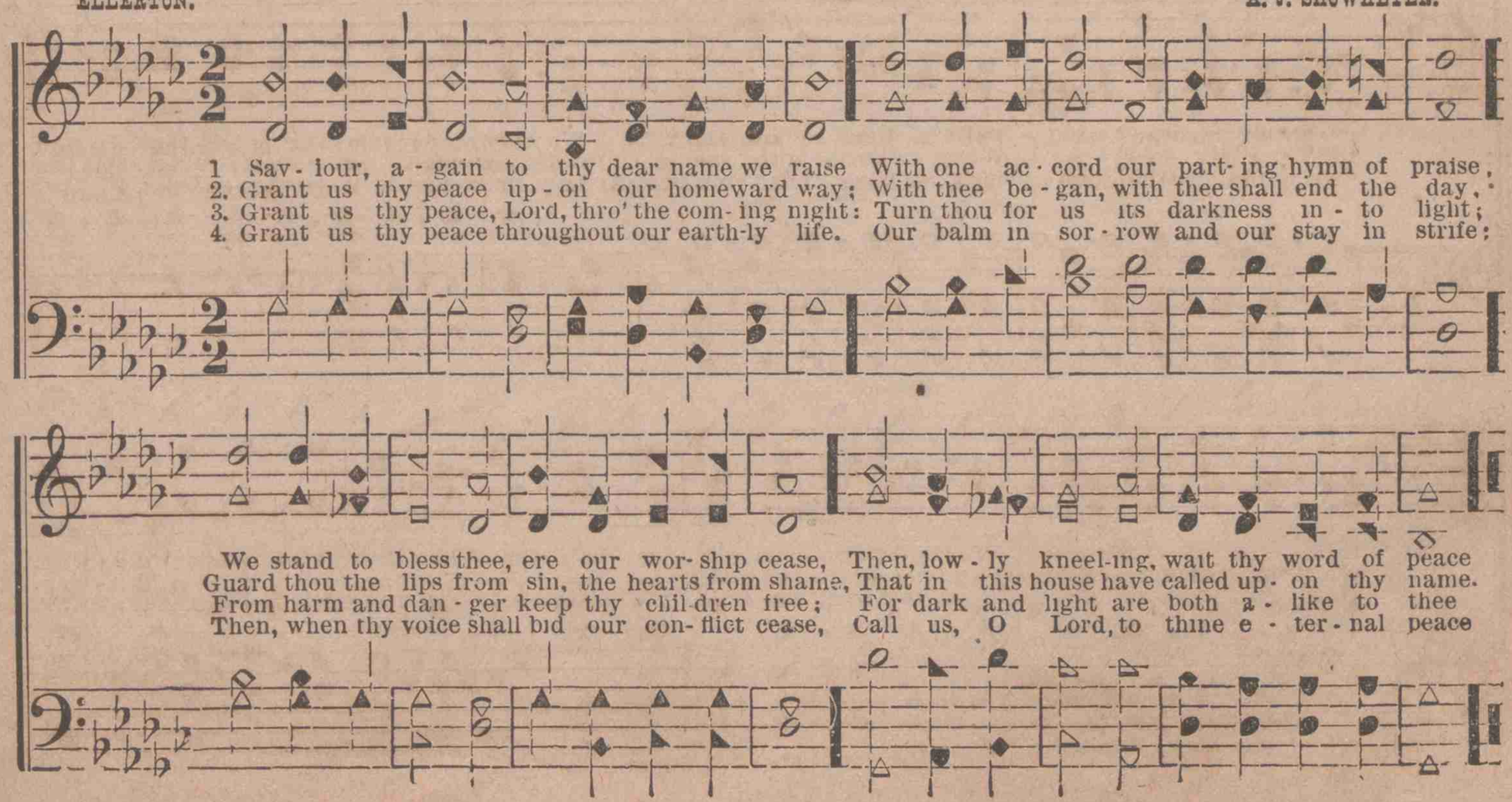
HARK! THE TRUMP OF GOD IS SOUNDING! Concluded.



No. 72. PARTING HYMN.

ELLERTON. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 73. WE SHALL KNOW.

J. H. ANDERSON, by per.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the
2. If we err in hu - man blind - ness, And for - get that we are dust, If we
3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to

sunshine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter In the
miss the law of kindnesss When we struggle to be just, Snow-y wings of peace shall cov - er All the
face with those that love us *We shall know as we are known;* Low, be-yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the

rain - bow of the spray, We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have clear'd a - way.
plain that hides a - way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.
gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shad-ows, Till the mists have clear'd a - way.

WE SHALL KNOW.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev-er - more..... to walk a - lone, In the
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,

dawn - - - - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a - way; In the
In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away;

dawn - - - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a - way,
In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away.

Rit.

No. 74. I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

W. A. O. ISA. 30: 15. ESTHER. 4: 16. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, with a tremb-ling heart, I am com-ing with my soul dis-
2. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, with a load of sin, I am com-ing, wea-ry, faint, and
3. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, but my faith is weak; I am com-ing, wilt thou hear my

-trest; To thy promise now I fly, Leave, oh, leave me not to die, I am coming, Lord, to thee for rest.
sore; Tho' I've slighted oft thy grace, And have turn'd from thee my face, I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.
cry? I have heard thy gracious call, At thy loving feet I fall, I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.

I am

Com-ing, Lord, to thee! Com-ing, Lord, to thee! Com-ing with my soul dis-trest:

From "Pearls of Gospel Song," by per.

I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE. Concluded.

com- ing,..... I am com- ing,.....

Com- ing, Lord, to thee, Com- ing, Lord, to thee, I am com- ing, Lord, to thee for rest.

No. 75. JESUS OUR FRIEND.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—PROV. 28: 24. J. B. MOON.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Je - sus our friend! Prais - ing thy love so free, Je - sus our friend!
2. When thou wast here be - low, Je - sus our friend, Thou tast - ed all our woe, Je - sus our friend;
3. By thy re - deeming grace, Je - sus our friend, We hope to see thy face, Je - sus our friend;

Oh, for a heart to praise, Thro' all my earth-ly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je - sus our friend!
Grant to each heart to feel That thou hast pow'r to heal, And, oh, thy - self re - veal, Je - sus our friend.
Then will we sing thy praise Throughout e- ter - nal days, And bless thy works and ways, Je - sus our friend.

No. 76. THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

(Effective as a Solo.)

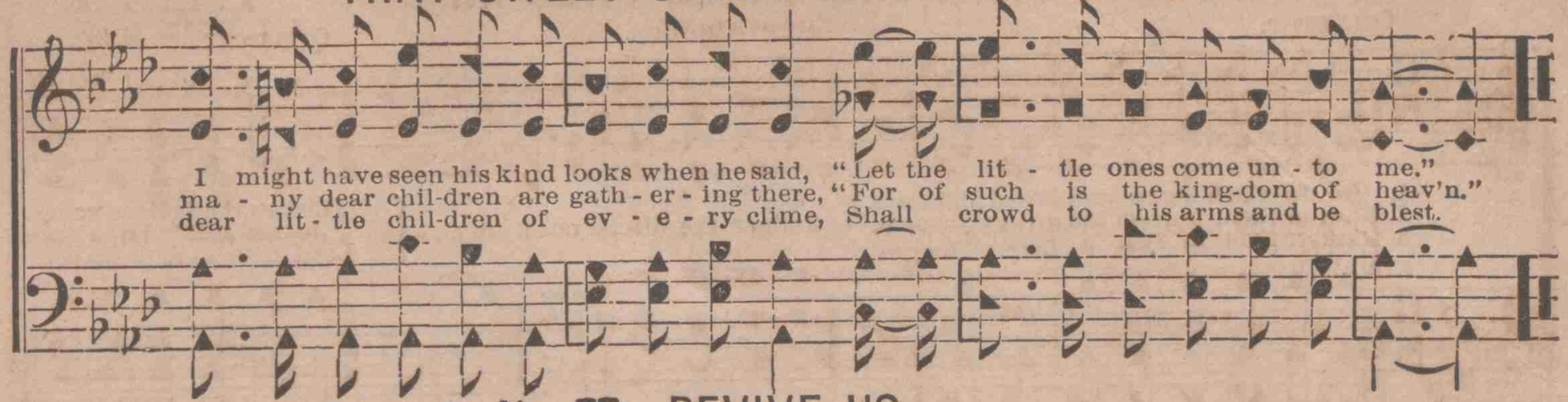
D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he
2. Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And
3. But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall, Ne'er heard of that heav-en - ly home; I should

called lit - tle chil-dren, as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
if I now ear- nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me; And that
In that beau - ti - ful place he has gone to pre-pare For all that are wash'd and for - giv'n; And
I long for the joy of that glo - ri - ous time, The sweetest, and brightest, and best; When the

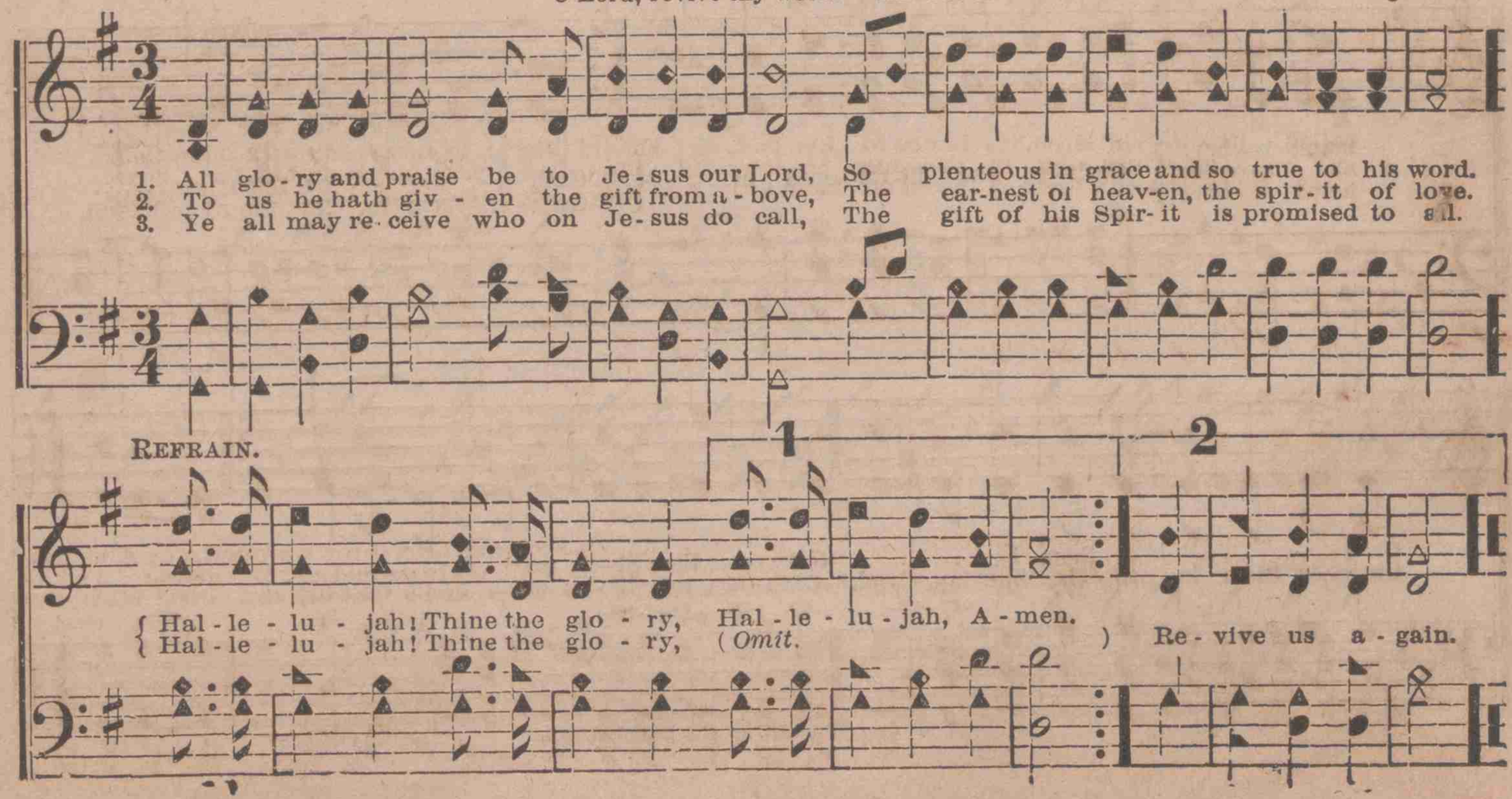
THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD. Concluded.



No. 77. REVIVE US.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HEB. 3: 2.

English.



No. 78. GATHER THE LITTLE ONES IN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

QUARTET. SEMI-CHORUS. QUARTET.

1. Go to the hedg-es and broad highways,
2. Gath-er them in from the drear-y home,
3. Gath-er them in with a glow-ing love,

Gath-er the lit-tle ones in;

Hast-en, the Saviour's com-mand o-bey,
Je-sus has bid-den them all to come,
Lead them a-long to the home a-bove,

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

Gath-er the lit-tle ones in.

Gath - - - er them in,.....
Gath-er them in, let the room be full,

1st. 2d.

Gath - - - er them in,..... Gath-er the lit-tle ones in;..... in.
Gath-er them in to the Sun-day school, Gath-er the lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones in;

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No. 19. EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing, Un - to thee I pray; Let thy lov - ing
2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the eve-ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light, Fa - ther, then, I'll
4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day, In its shad-owy

CHORUS.

kind - ness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
Je - sus Till he hear my prayer.
pray thee, Bless thy child to - night.
eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.

I will pray, I will pray,

will..... I pray! Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning, Un - to thee I'll pray!
Ev - er will Un - to thee

No. 80. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

L. B. MATT. 9: 37. Rev. L. BALTZELL, by per.

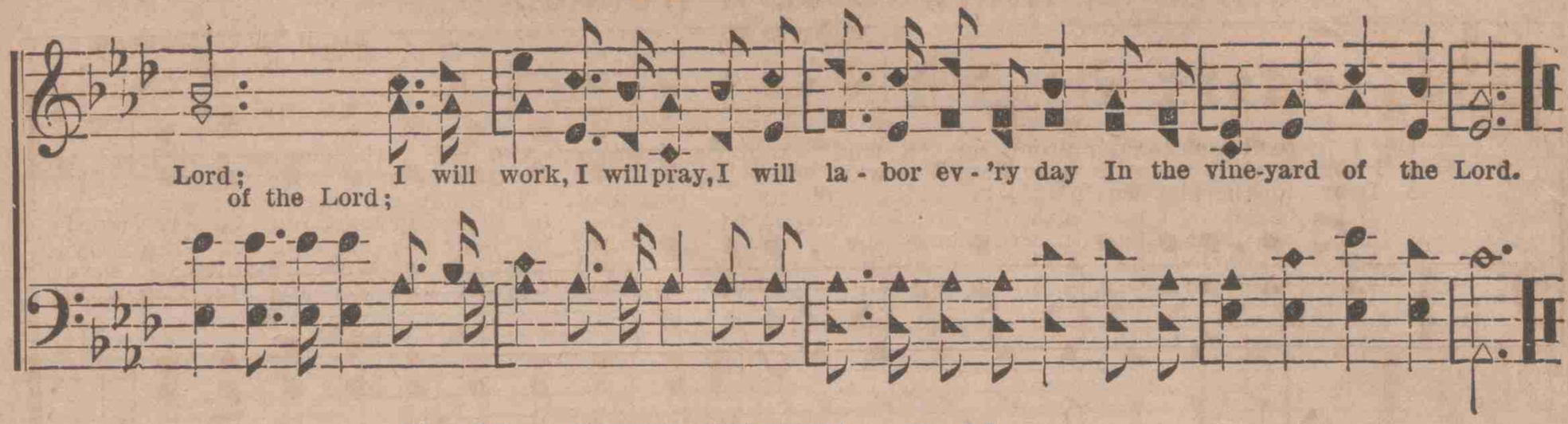
1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and trust his ho-ly word;
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day; I want to lead the err-ing in the way
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in Je-sus' pow'r to save;
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err-ing to Thy word

I want to sing and pray, and be toil-ing ev-'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.
That leads to heav'n a-bove where all is peace and love, In tne king-dom of the Lord.
All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the king-dom of the Lord.
That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev-er die In the king-dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, I will pray, In the vine-yard, in the vine-yard of the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray

I WANT TO BE A WORKER. Concluded.



No. 81. CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

EBEN E. REXFORD. **No. 82. OUR COMING HOME.** CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.

1. I read each ten-der prom - ise Of God to those who roam, And all the dear old chap- ters Are
2. From earth- ly paths to heav - en, The way seems long and wild, And we grow wea-ry wait - ing Like
3. Dear Fa-ther, let heav'n's glo- ry Shine thro' its o - pen door, To guide our wand'ring footsteps Un -

blent with tho'ts of home; And by the gates of heav - en I see my dear ones stand, And from that
a - ny wand'ring child; But sweet with rest and com - fort, The tho't that, while we roam, It is not
- til we roam no more; And when with work all end - ed, No need have we to roam, To heav'n and

D. S.—God lov - eth

CHORUS. FINE. D. S.

fair, white cit - y, They wave the beck'ning hand.
far to heav-en. And soon we'll all be home.
all its dear ones Call all thy children home.

O thought as sweet as heav- en! Wher-e'er my feet may roam;

all his children, And waits their coming home.

No. 83. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

"That I may walk before God in the light of the living."—Psa. 56: 13. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love, His spir - it on - ly
2. Walk in the light! and sin ab - horred Shall ne'er de - file a - gain; The blood of Je - sus
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase a-
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorn - y, bright, For God by grace shall

can be- stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Christ the Lord Shall cleanse from ev - 'ry sin.
- way its gloom, For Christ hath con - quered there.
dwell in thee, And God him - self is light.

Walk in the light of the Liv - ing,

Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv - ing,

Walk in the light of God; Walk in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light of God!
Walk in the light, in the light of God; Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv-ing,

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No. 84. THE MODEL CHURCH.

JOHN YATES. (Effective as a Solo.) E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And worshipp'd there to - day; It made me think of
2. The sex - ton did not set me down A- way back by the door, He knew that I was
3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing, wife, It had the old - time ring. The preacher said, with

good old - times, Be - fore my hair was gray; The meet - ing house was fin - er built Than
old and deaf, And saw that I was poor, He must have been a Chris- tian man, He
trum-pet voice: "Let all the peo - ple sing!" "Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune The

they were years a - go,
led me bold - ly through
mu - sic up - ward roll'd,

But then, I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
The long aisle of that crowded church, To find a pleas- ant pew.
Till I tho't I heard the an-gel-choir, Strike all their harps of gold.

THE MODEL CHURCH. Concluded.

4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the ro-yal di-adem,

And crown him Lord of all."

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me,
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair:
Thank God, we'll never sin again;
There'll be no sorrow there.

There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,

In heaven a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 85. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

1 Together let us sweetly live,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Together let us sweetly die,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

REFRAIN.

Happy on the way, happy on the way,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

2 If you get there before I do,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming, too,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And I'm resolved to follow on,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
While higher still our joys arise,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

No. 86. I LONG FOR MY HEAVENLY HOME.

D. F. HODGES. by per.

1. How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their bright array? How came they to the bliss- ful seats Of
2. Lo, these are they from suff 'ring great, Who came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those
3. Now with tri-umph-al palms they stand Be- fore the throne on high, And serve the God they love a - mid The
4. His pres-ence fills each heart with joy, Tunes ev-'ry voice to sing; By day, by night, the sacred courts With

CHORUS.

ev - er - last - ing day
robes which shine so bright.
glo - ries of the sky.
glad ho - san - nas ring.

My home,..... sweet home,..... I long for my

My beau- ti - ful home, sweet home of the blest, I long for my heav'n-ly

home,
home, sweet home,

My home,..... sweet home,..... my heav'n ly home.

My beau - ti - ful home, sweet home of the blest, I long for my heav'nly home, sweet home.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. **No. 87. BEYOND THE SUNSET.** DR. W O. PERKINS.

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Be - yond the sun-set's radiant glow There is a brighter world, I know, Where gold- en glo- ries ev- er
2. Be - yond the sun-set's purple rim,—Be- yond the twilight, deep and dim, Where clouds and darkness never
3. Be - yond this des- ert, dark and drear, The gold - en cit - y will ap - pear; And morning's love-ly beams
4. Those gold - en por-tals ev - er shine Be -yond the reach of day's de - cline; And Je - sus bids my soul pre-

FULL CHORUS.

shine,—Be - yond the thought of day's de - cline.
come, My soul shall find its heav'n-ly home.
- rise Up - on my man- sion in the skies.
- pare To gain a hap - py entrance there.

Be-yond the sun-set's ra- diant glow, There radiant glow,

After last verse repeat pp.

is a bright-er world, I know; Be - yond the sun- set I may spend De - light- ful days that nev - er end.

By permission.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

Mrs. MARY E. KAIL. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd? Great joy and sal - va - tion for all!
2. Have you heard that a Fount-ain was o - pened for you To cleanse you from sor - row and shame?
3. Have you heard of the crowns that the ransom'd shall wear? The glo - ry so full and complete,
4. Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies To th'patient and faith - ful is giv'n?

O ye starv - ing and poor, Je - sus waits at the door! Will you hast - en to an - swer his call?
And tho' strange it may be that the wa - ters are free,—On - ly en - ter in Je - sus - 's name.
When your life - work is done and the vic - to - ry won,—Of the rest at King Je - sus - 's feet?
Give the Sav - iour your love: it will bear you a - bove To the man-sions pre - pared up in heav'n.

CHORUS.

And just . . . o - ver there in the beau - - - ti - ful
And just o - ver there, just o - ver there in the beau - ti - ful land,

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS? Concluded.

land,— From sor - - - - row and sin ev - er free,
beau - ti - ful land, From sor - row and sin, sor - row and sin ev - er free, ev - er free,

Hap - py an - - - - gels of light, Robed in gar - - - ments of
Hap - py an - gels of light, an - gels of light, Robed in gar - ments of white,

white, Fond - ly wait - - - ing for you - - - and for me.
gar - ments of white, Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.

No. 89. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. "Choose you this day whom you will serve."—Jos. 24: 15. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help-ers Oth-er lives to bring?
2. Je-sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life-blood, For thy di-a-dem;
3. Fierce must be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar-my None may o-ver-throw;
4. Cho-sen to be sol-diers In an al-ien land, Cho-sen, called and faith-ful For our Captain's band;

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
With thy bless-ing fill-ing Each who comes to thee, Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free.
Round his stand-ard rang-ing, Vic-t'ry is se-cure, For his truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri-umph sure.
In the serv-ice roy-al, Let us not grow cold, Let us be right loy-al, No-ble, true and bold.

D.S.—By thy call of mer-cy, By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are thine

CHORUS.

By thy call of mer-cy, By thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are thine;

No. 90. GATES OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gold - en and bright, Guarding that cit - y of splen - dor and light!
2. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, loft - y and grand, Swung by the touch of some an - gel - ic hand!
3. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I pict - ure thy glo - ries un - told!

Oft I be - hold thee, in dis - tance and dream, Flash in the sun - light of heav - en - ly gleam.
Down from thy port - als there floats a sweet song, Waked by the lips of the pu - ri - fied throng.
Ea - ger - ly yearn - ing, my spir - it doth wait, Till I shall come to the Beau - ti - ful gate.

CHORUS.

Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, O - pen to me!

No. 91. GATHERING HOME.

MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. 14: 13. E. M. McINTOSH. BY PER.

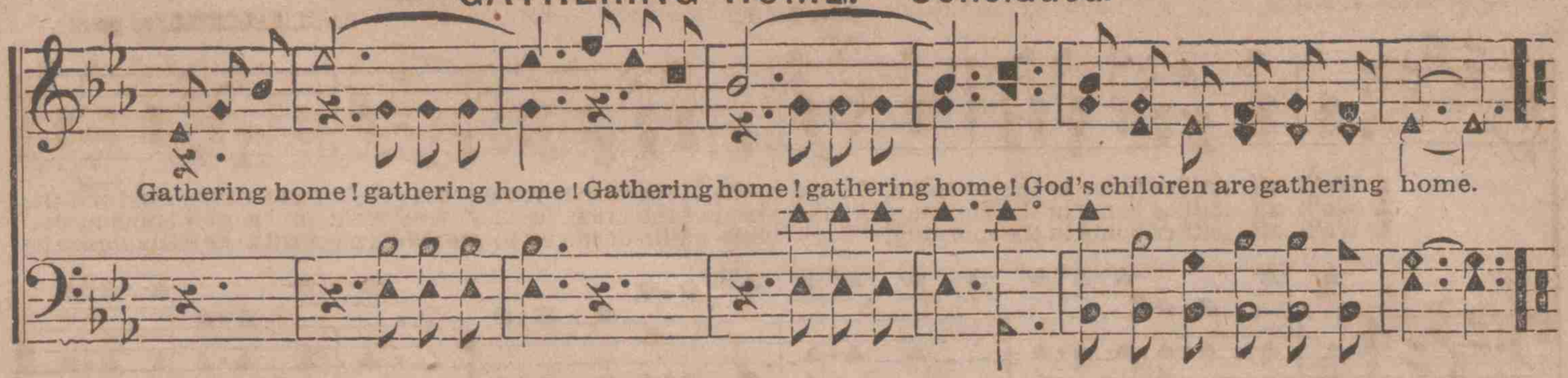
1. Up to the boun-ti - ful Giv - er of life, Gath - er - ing home! gath- er - ing home!
2. Up to the cit - y where fall -eth no night, Gath - er - ing home! gath- er - ing home!
3. Up to the beau - ti - ful mansions a - bove, Gath - er - ing home! gath- er - ing home!

CHORUS.

Up to the dwell-ing where com- eth no strife, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home! Gath -er - ing
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home!
Safe in the arms of his in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gath - er - ihg home!

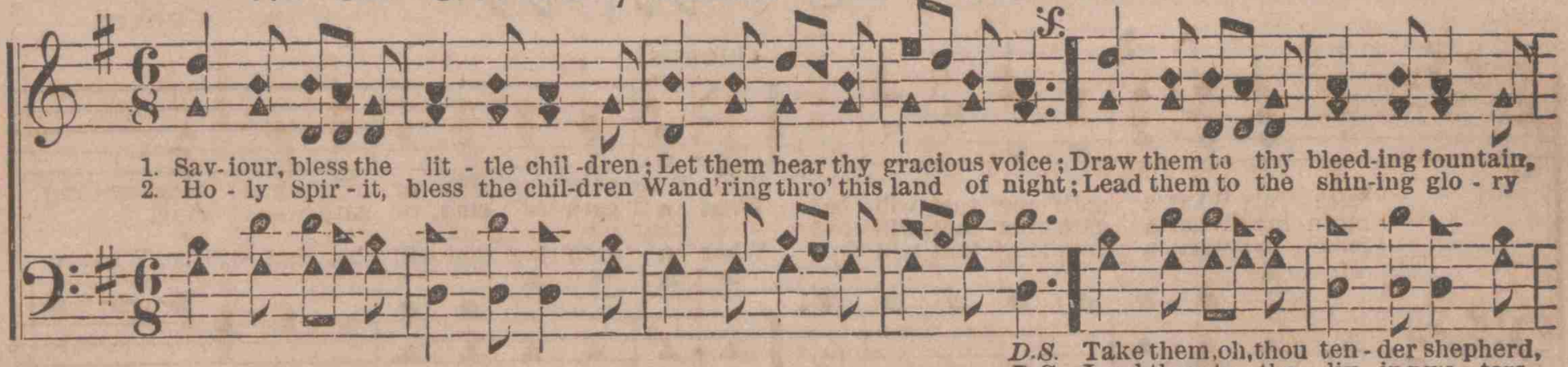
home!..... Gathering home!..... Nev- er to sor - row more, nev - er to roam;
gath-er-ing home! gath-er ing home!

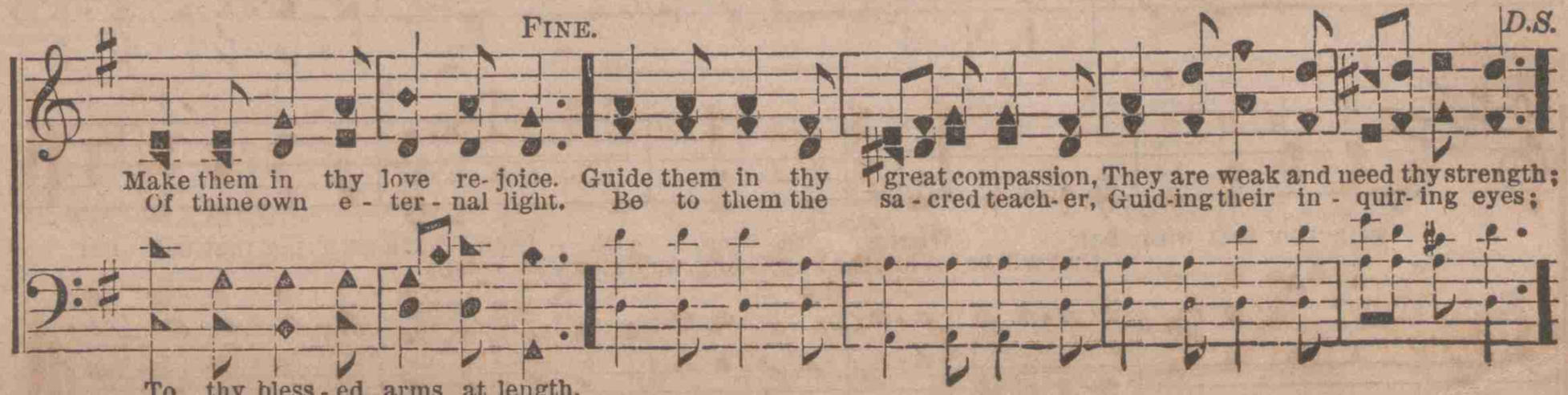
GATHERING HOME. Concluded.



No. 92. SAVIOUR, BLESS THE CHILDREN.

KARL REDEN.





By permission.

No. 93. WE'LL ALL GATHER HOME.

Rev. 20: 12.

Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright jasper sea; We'll meet all the good and the
2. We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great ju- bi - lee; We'll all gather home in the
3. We'll all gather home in the morning, Our bless- ed Re-deem- er to see; We'll meet with the friends gone be

CHORUS.

faith - ful; What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath - ring, gath - 'ring,
morn- ing; What a gath'ring that will be!
-fore us; What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath'ring that will be, that will be, What a

gath-'ring that with be! What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be!
that will be! While the angels sing, we'll all gather home!

No. 94. I AM THE LORD'S FOREVER.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. My glad - some heart these words re - peat: "I am the Lord's for - ev - er!" "And
2. Too long and far from Christ I strayed, But he for - sook me nev - er; Now
3. 'Twas Christ the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, That loved and sought me ev - er, That
4. I am the Lord's! O bless - ed thought! And he will leave me nev - er; By

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry time they seem more sweet; Oh, praise his name for - ev - er!
walk - ing in the nar - row way, I am the Lord's for - ev - er!
broke my chains and set me free; Oh, praise his name for - ev - er!
Je - sus' blood my soul was bought, And I am his for - ev - er!

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

hal - le - lu - jah! Light breaks in up - on my soul;
hal - le - lu - jah! (*Omit*.....)

Je - sus' blood has made me whole!

No. 95. MARCHING HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

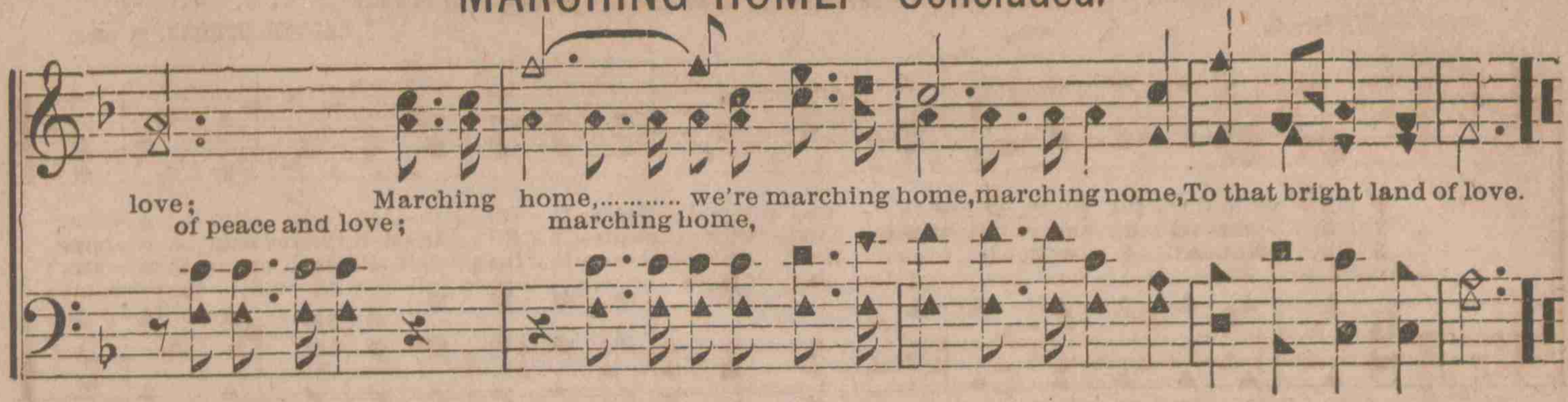
1. We are march-ing homeward with the blest, (with the blest,) To that bright world a - bove,
2. Je - sus stands and beck-ons to us now, (to us now,) When fal - t'ring on the way;
3. Our dear Sav - iour has pre-pared the way, (the way,) Where all who will may come;

Where our friends are gone and are at rest, (are at rest,) In that world of light and love.
He will save us if to him we bow, (him we bow,) He who rules both night and day.
If we serve him tru - ly day by day, (day by day,) He at last will bring us home.

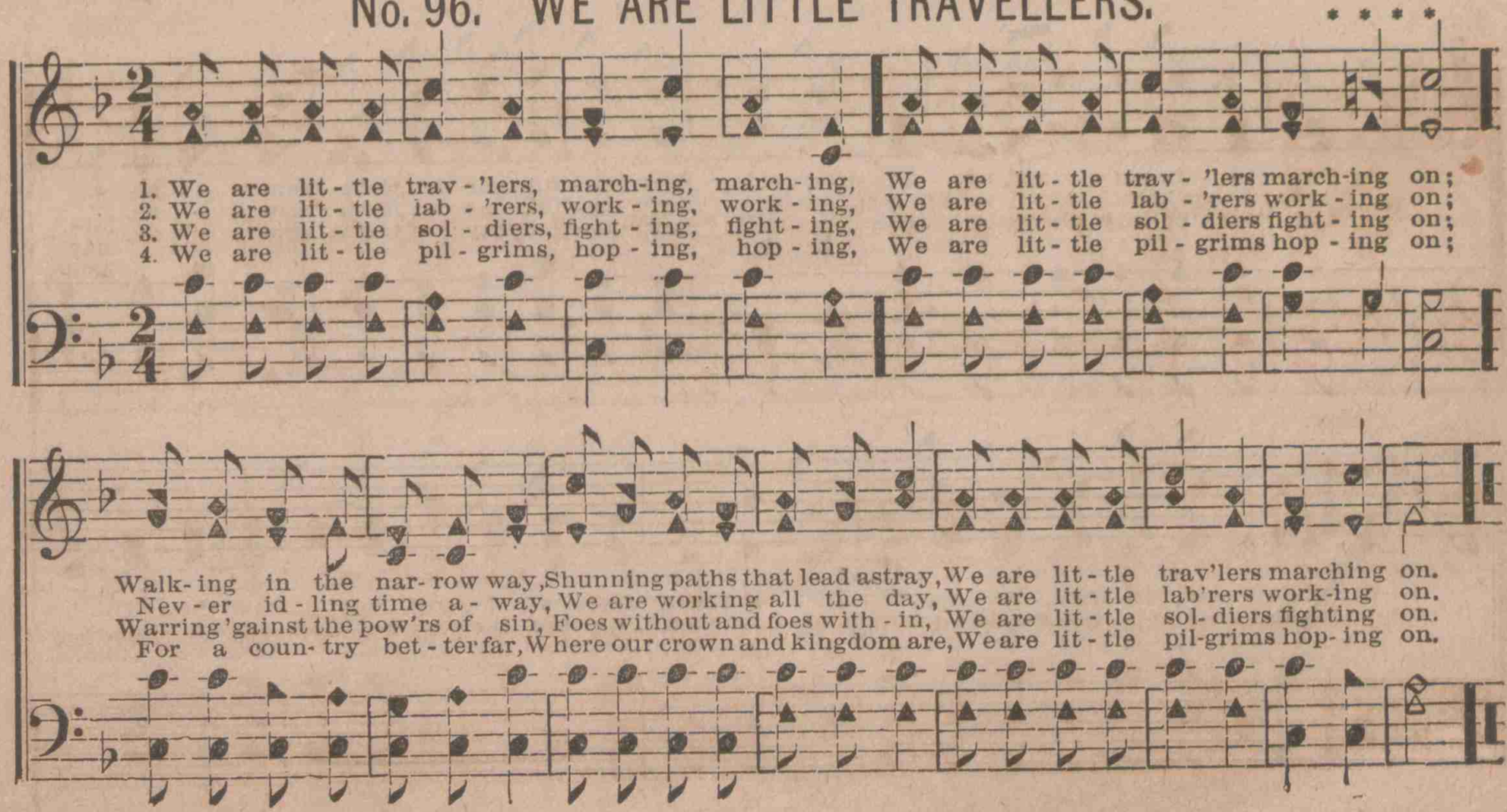
CHORUS.

Marching home, marching home, we're marching home, marching home, Hap- py home, hap - py home of peace and

MARCHING HOME. Concluded.



No. 96. WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELLERS.



W. T. G.

No. 97. THE PRAYER OF GETHSEMANE.

W. T. GIFFE, by per.

Moderato.

1. Oh, won-der-ful place where Je - sus prayed; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
2. Oh, bless-ed be e'er the place di - vine; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
3. Oh, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt;" Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.

On Ol - i-vet's slope, by Ki-dron's side; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
Where Je-sus breathed forth that prayer sub-lime; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
May this be my prayer, by faith up-built; Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.

Slow.

"Fa - ther," he cried, as he ten-der-ly knelt, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."
Fa - ther, I too would come nigh un - to thee, Pray-ing the pray'r of Geth-sem - a - ne.
Fa - ther, I pray for the faith of thy Son, Not that my will, but thine be done.

THE PRAYER OF GETHSEMANE. Concluded.

This was his prayer in Geth - sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.
"Not as I will," be it e'er my plea; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.
This was the prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.

No. 98. MY FRIEND.

HENRY HOPE. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Now I have found a Friend: Je - sus is mine: His love shall nev - er end: Je - sus is mine:
2. Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine: Though I grow faint and cold, Je - sus is mine:
3. When earth shall pass a - way Je - sus is mine: In the great judgment day, Je - sus is mine:

Though earthly joys decrease, Tho' earth-ly friendship cease, Now I have last-ing peace; Je - sus is mine.
He shall my wants supply: His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope destroy; Je - sus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing Then to be- hold my King, On tune- ful harp to sing Je - sus is mine.

No. 99. JESUS BIDS US COME.

Arranged. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Don't you hear him sweet- ly call - ing? Je - sus speaks in tones of love; Hear the tones in ac - cents
2 Hear him plead-ing in the gar - den, See him bleed-ing on the cross; Will you slight the prof-fer'd
3. Christians need not be af - flict - ed When the night of death shall come; All the pas - sage will be

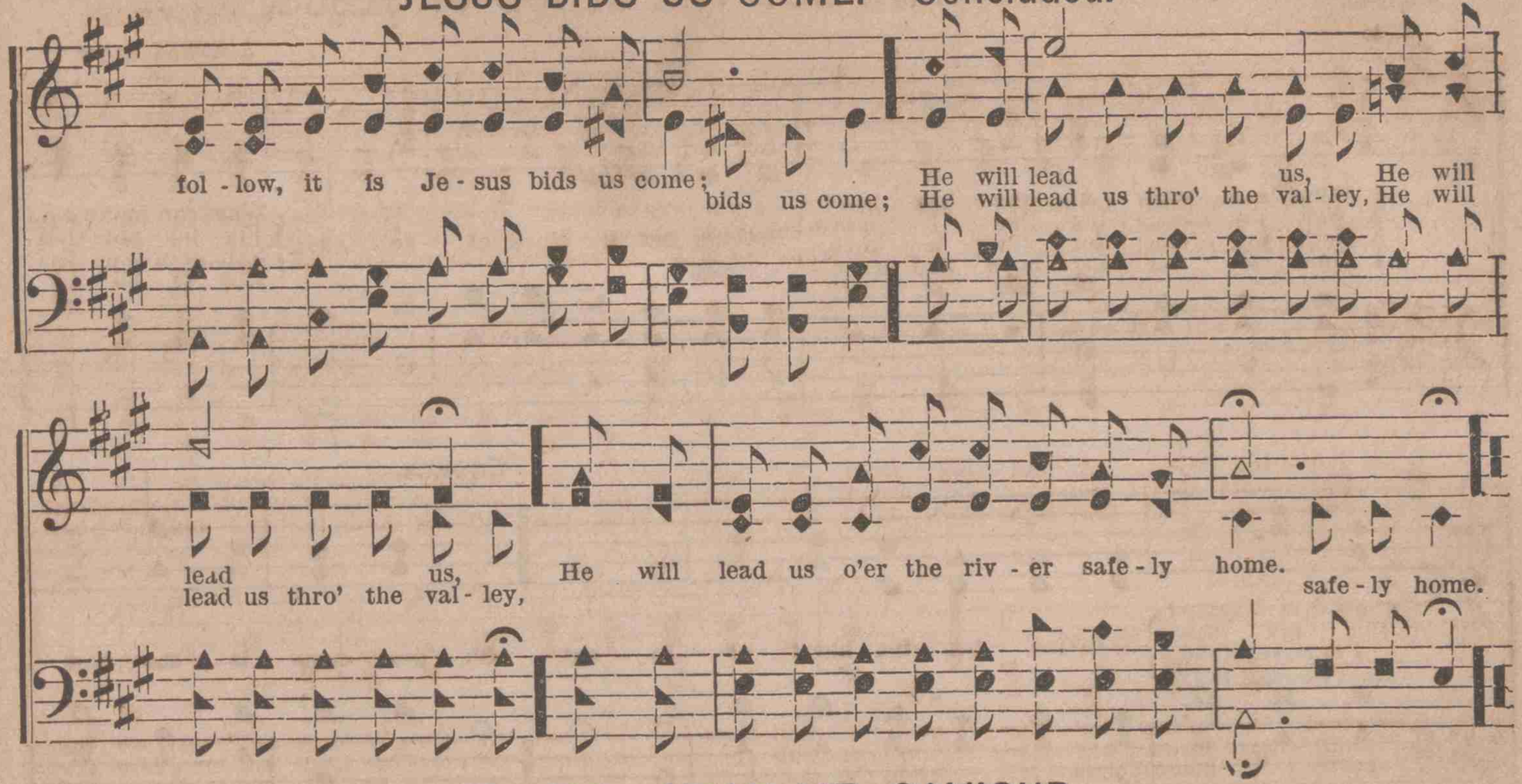
fall - ing, Gen - tly fall - ing from a - bove: In my Fa-ther's house in heav - en Is pre -
par - don? Can you bear the dread - ful loss? Let us climb the ho - ly mount - ain, Safe from
light - ed To that blest im - mor - tal home. When the sil - ver cord is bro - ken, When our

- pared a place for thee; Love - ly man - sions free - ly giv - en, On - ly come and fol - low me.
an - ger, strife and pride; Lin - ger near the heal - ing fount - ain, Flow - ing from Im - man - uel's side.
earth - ly home shall fall, When the last fare - well is spo - ken, Save us, Je - sus, save us all!

CHORUS.

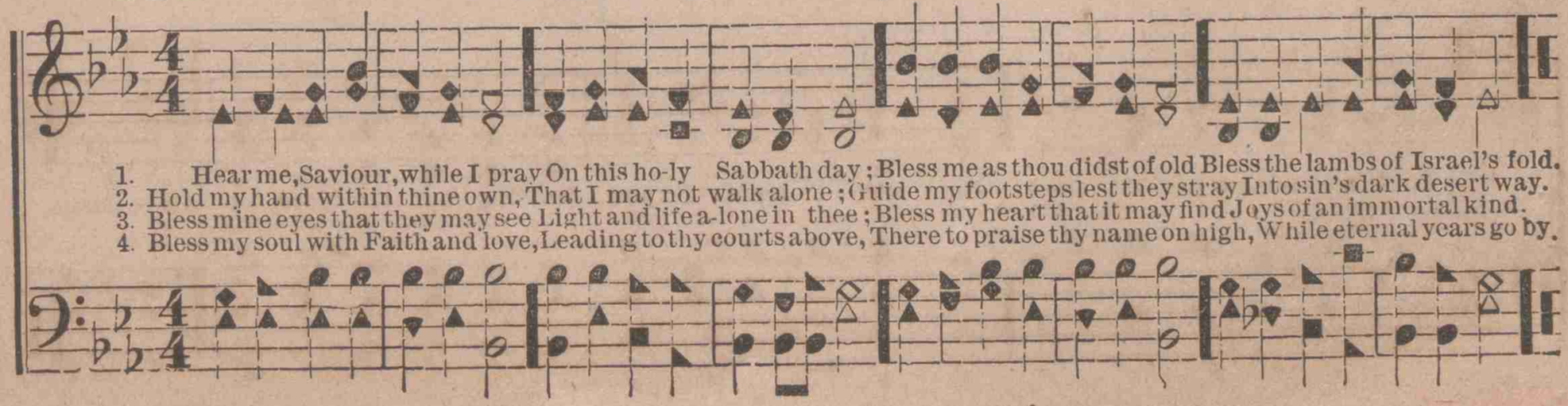
Let us fol - - - low, Let us fol - - - low, Let us
Let us fol - low aft - er Je - sus, Let us fol - low aft - er Je - sus,

JESUS BIDS US COME. Concluded.



No. 100. HEAR ME, SAVIOUR.

A. S. K. ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



No. 101. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. LOWRY, by per.

R. L.

1. What can wash a - way my sin?
2. For my cleans - ing this I see,—
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone,
4. This is all my hope and peace—

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me
For my par - don
Naught of good that
This is all my

CHORUS.

whole a - gain?
this my plea—
I have done,
right - eous - ness—

Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus. 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.

No. 102. ONE BY ONE THE YEARS ARE FLYING.

Miss IDA HEDRICK. G. E. LEONARD.

1. One by one the years are fly - ing, Leav-ing still the num-ber less; One by one the dear ones
2. One by one our fond dreams fad-ing, Pass for - ev - er from our sight; One by one the clouds o'er -
3. One by one the clouds will van - ish, Leav-ing our ho - ri - zon clear; May the Lord each ter - ror

dy - ing, Pass from this sad world to rest.
shad - ing, Hide from us our prom-ised light.
ban - ish As the stream of death we near.

One by one, when life is end - ed, One by

one we'll all go home; There we'll sing with voic - es blend - ed: Christ has sav'd us one by one.

J. C. B.

No. 103. SINNER, COME TO-NIGHT.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1. Sin - ner, come, oh, come to-night, Do not for the mor- row wait, For thy soul might take its
2. Life is short, death com-eth sure, Just a - jar he's left the gate; Come to him, find peace at
3. Ma - ny souls have care-less gone, But, a - las! the dread- ful fate, Death had come be- fore the

CHORUS.

flight, And thy com- ing be "too late." Sin - ner, come, sin - ner, come, Do not
last Ere it ev - er be too late. Come to-night, come to- night,
dawn, And their com-ing was too late.

for the morrow wait; Come to night, sin - ner, come, Ere thy com-ing be too late.
Come, oh, come, come, oh, come,

Do not for the mor- row wait.

No. 104. A LIGHT ON THE FARTHER SHORE.

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

1. While sail - ing o'er the sea of life, Where foam - ing surg - es roar, A gleam we catch be -
2. In storm or calm it beckons on, And as we're pass - ing o'er, The bil - lows high or
3. Shine on for souls up - on the deep, Who sail the dark sea o'er, In ra- diant splendor

CHORUS.

- yond the wave, We see a light on the far-ther shore.)
qui - et - deep, We see the light on the far-ther shore.
spread thy rays, O bless - ed light, on the far ther shore.
} Oh! when shall we come to that blest land, Our

dang'rous voy- age o'er? Oh! when shall we reach the gold-en strand, Beneath the light on the farther shore?

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No. 105. NEAR THY SIDE.

E. R. LATTA. J. R. TENNEY.

1. While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Thro' life's wil - der-ness we stray, Sav- iour, do not thou for- sake us,
2. While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Press-ing on from day to day, Let thy love and thy pro - tec-tion,
3. While up - on our pil-grim jour-ney, Foes may fill us with dis - may! Sav - iour, com-fort and de- fend us!

But go with us all the way! As thou didst thy an-cient peo- ple Lead to Canaan's land, of old,
Bless and keep us all the way! When our spir - its thirst and hun-ger, And with sink - ing hearts we tread,
Oh, go with us all the way! When we reach the Jordan riv - er, And the Heav'n-ly Ca-naan view,

CHORUS.

So di- rect our er-ring foot-steps, Till we reach the Up- per Fold!
Lead us un - to liv- ing fountains, Let us be on man- na fed!
Let the wa - ters be di - vid - ed, For our feet to jour-ney thro'!

Near thy side! Near thy side!
Near thy side! Near thy side!

NEAR THY SIDE. Concluded.

While up - on our pil-grim jour- ney, Keeps us ev - er, keep us ev - er near thy side!

No. 106. KEEP ON PRAYING.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Do not fal - ter, broth- er, press brave- ly on, Je - sus will aid you in the work be- gun.
2. Make your arm - or, faith and prayer all the way, Trust - ing the prom- ise of a bet - ter day.
3. Cling - ing to the arm of Je - sus your guide, There is no dan- ger, let what- e'er be - tide.

REFRAIN.

Keep on work - ing till the work is done, Keep on pray- ing till the crown is won.

No. 107. THOU SHALT REST AT EVE.

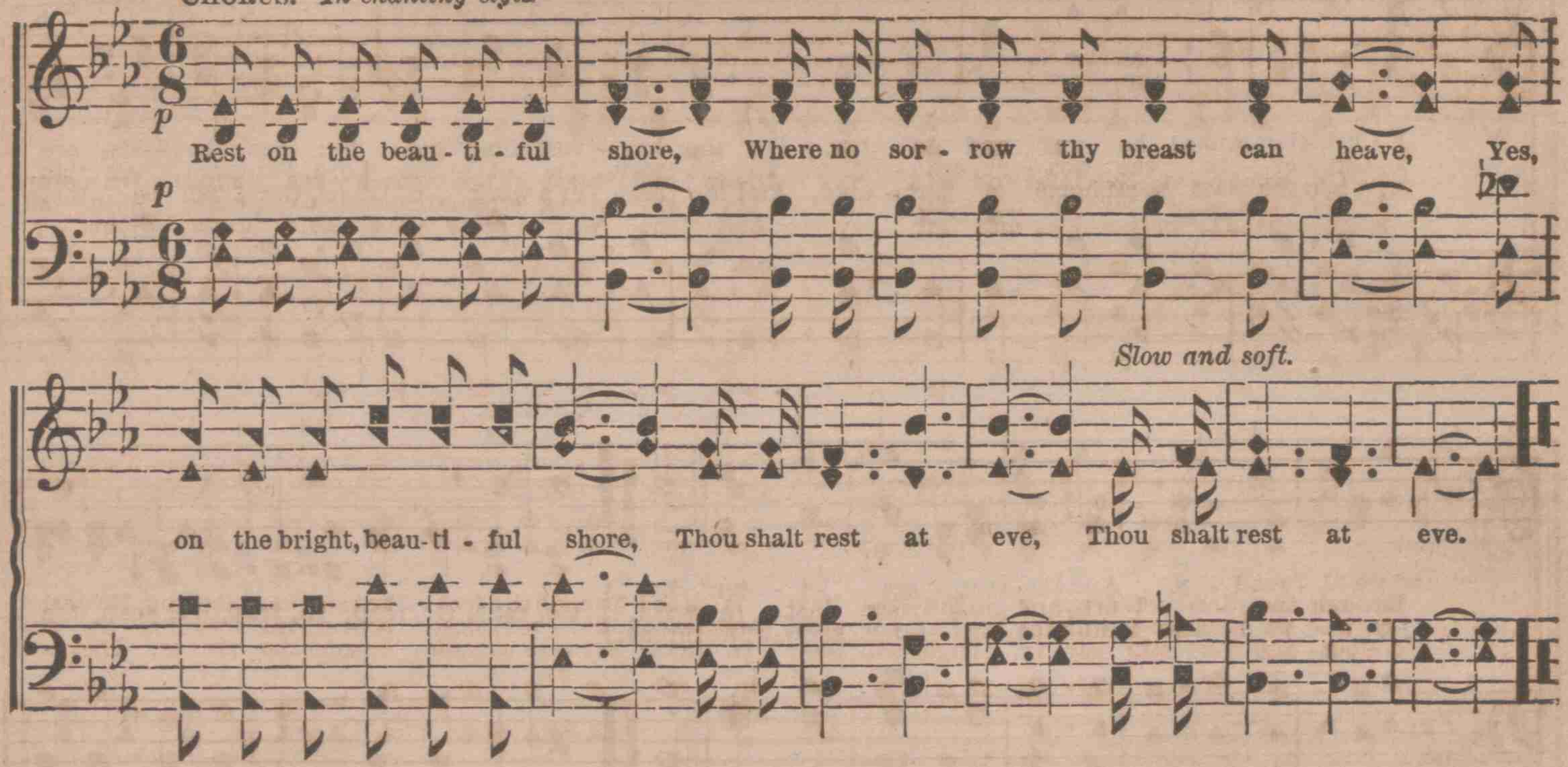
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. On - ward press, tho' faint and wea - ry, Droop not 'neath the parch - ing sun, On - ward
2. Du - ties wait for thy ful - fill - ing, Let thy whole strength go to each, With an
3. Though the prom - ise long may tar - ry, And the way seem dark and drear, Gloom - y

through the des - ert drear - y Till the day is won; Though thy feet be worn and bleeding, Ne'er the
earn - est heart, and will - ing, La - bor, pray, and teach; Fal - ter not beneath thy bur-den, Je - sus'
doubts and fears still par - ry, Night will soon be here; Saved ones wait beyond the riv - er, They no

nar - row path-way leave, Thro' thy Sav - iour's in - ter - ced - ing, Thou shalt rest at eve.
pre - cious word be - lieve, Faith pre- sents the prom-ised guer- don, Thou shalt rest at eve.
lon - ger sin or grieve, With them, in the bright for - ev - er, Thou shalt rest at eve.

THOU SHALT REST AT EVE. Concluded.



No. 108. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine 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 rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I felt it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

No. 109. BE UP AND DOING.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Chris-tian, wake! be up and do - ing, For the har - vest time goes by; See the fields are
2. Gath-er in the wea - ry wan - d'rers To the serv - ice of the Lord, Faint not, Chris - tian,
3. When the last sheaf home is gath - ered, And the reap - er's work is done, Great will be their

white al - read - y, And the reap - ers loi - ter by.
be not wea - ry, Work, and great your last re - ward.
joy and glad - ness Round the Mas - ter's snow-white throne.

CHORUS.

Go, reap, Go, reap, go, reap, go, reap, the Har - vest of the Lord is great; Go, reap, go, reap, No lon - ger i - dle stand and wait.

Go, reap, go, reap,

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

No. 110. SLIGHT NOT THE SAVIOUR.

W. V. VICKERY.

1. Oh, slight not the Saviour, poor sinner, He calls you in tender-est love; Oh, list to the message of
2. His Spir-it is pleading in earn-est, Is striv-ing to win you from sin; He of-fers you life and sal-
3. To you he is speaking in mer-cy, Some-times he is whis-per-ing low; Some-times in the voice of his

CHORUS.

Je-sus, No lon-ger a-way from him rove.
-va-tion, Oh, come to the fount and be clean.
judgment, His wish and his will you may know.

Oh, slight not his of-fer of par-don, His patience and kindness re-view, And sweetly, ah, sweetly remember, The Mas-ter is calling for you.

No. 111. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

JOHN ERNEST BODE. W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

Not too slow.

1. Oh, Je - sus, I have promised To serve thee to the end; Be thou for-ev - er near me, My
2. Oh, Je-sus, thou hast promised To all who fol-low thee, That where thou art in glo - ry, There

Mas- ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art at my side, Nor wan-der from the
shall thy servant be; Oh! guide me, call me, draw me, Up - hold me to the end, And then in heav'n re-

REFRAIN.

path - way, If thou wilt be my Guide. } Tender-ly lead me, Sav - iour! Ten-der- y lead me,
- ceive me, My Sav-iour and my Friend! } Ten-der-ly lead me, Sav - iour!

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR. Concluded.

Sav - - iour! Je - sus save me, guide me, feed me, Keep me to the end.
Ten - der - ly lead me;

No. 112. O SPEED THEE.

A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

Allegretto.

1. O speed thee, Chris - tian, on thy way, And to thy ar - mor cling, With
2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An up - ward race to run, A
3. O, faint not, Chris - tian, for thy sighs Are heard be - fore his throne, The

gird - ed loins the call o - bey, That grace and mer - cy bring, That grace and mer - cy bring.
crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - t'ry to be won, A vic - t'ry to be won.
race must come be - fore the prize, The cross be - fore the crown, The cross be - fore the crown.

No. 113. 'LIST TO THE CALL.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hear ye the call of your Mas - ter and Lord, Ye who believe in his prom - ise and word;
2. Ma - ny the souls that are wand'ring in sin; Je - sus is wait - ing to wel - come them in;
3. Where are the poor, and the sick, and the sad? Je - sus can com - fort, and lead, and make glad;

Does he not call you to do and to dare, That in his glo - ry all peo - ple may share?
Bring them to him, and his grace they shall see, Rich and for - giv - ing, a - bun - dant and free.
Will ye not find them and bring them to One Who will have mer - cy, and sac - ri - fice none.

CHORUS.

List to the call, to the call, one and all, 'Tis a
List to the call, list to the call, heav - en - ly call, List, one and all,

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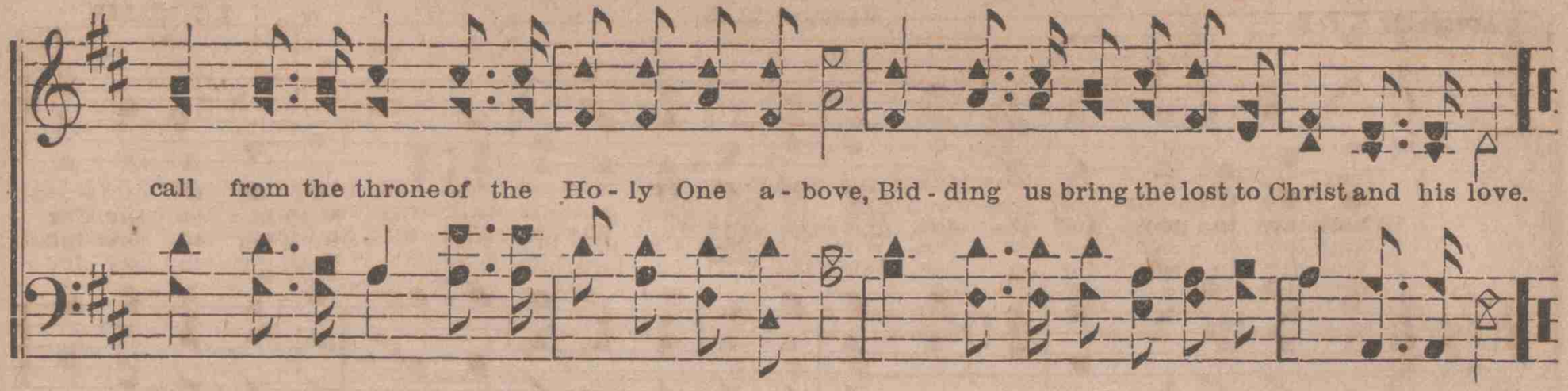
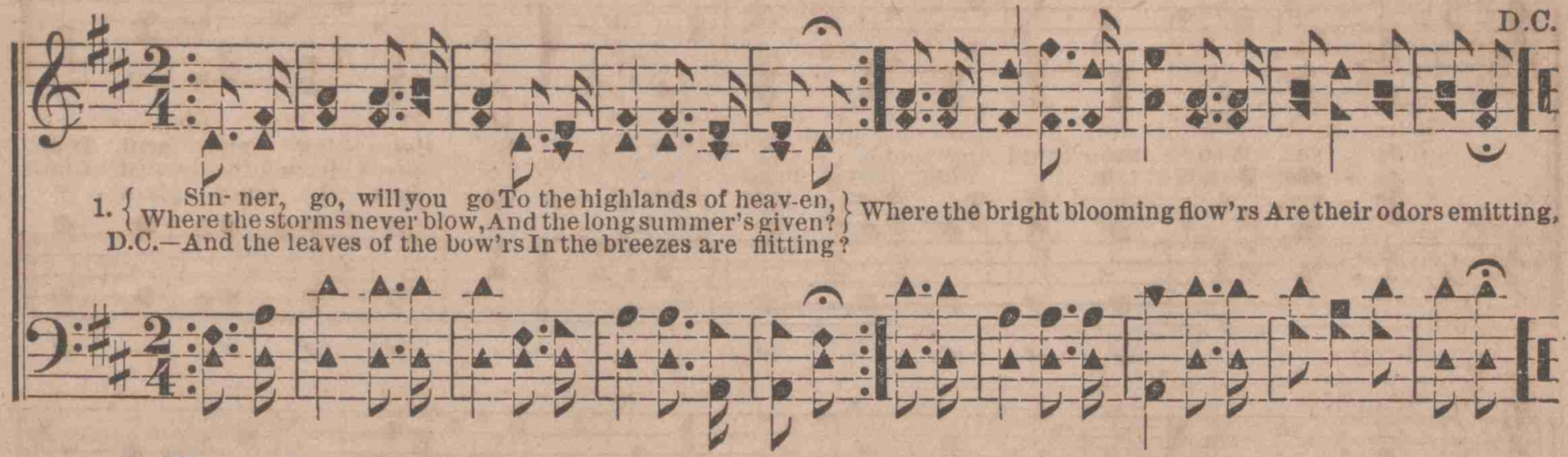
LIST TO THE CALL. Concluded.



No. 114. SINNER, GO, WILL YOU GO?

Scotch.



2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep-laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasing flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, then come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

No. 115. I'LL TELL IT.

Arranged by E. F. M. MATT. x: 32, 33. E. F. MILLER.

1. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When he has done all for me; Noth-ing to say for
2. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When sin - ners are dy - ing, too; Noth-ing to say for
3. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When an - gels be - fore him bow; Noth-ing to say for

Je - sus, Who suf - fered on Cal - va - ry; Re - deem - ing my soul from
Je - sus, Just tell - ing what they must do, To flee from the wrath that's
Je - sus, A - shamed of my Sav - iour now! Oh, does he not plain - ly

sor - row, And fit - ting it for the skies; Oh, how can I then be si - lent, In
com - ing, Es - cap - ing the fires of hell; Then why of his great sal - va - tion, Can
tell me, If thou wilt say naught for me, In glo - ry be - fore my Fa - ther, I

I'LL TELL IT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

view of the heaven - ly prize? I'll tell . . . it, I'll tell . . . it, To
I not have something to tell?
will not say aught for thee? Tell it to all, tell it to all, To

ev - 'ry poor sin - ner and slave, . . . I'll tell . . . of his
ev - 'ry poor sin - ner, yes, sin - ner and slave, Tell of his love,

love, . . . And his won - der - ful pow - er to save.
Tell of his love, And his won - der - ful pow - er, his pow - er to save.

A. E. CHILDS.

No. 116. BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yes, we shall meet be- yond the flood, In robes made white thro' Je- sus' blood, And hold sweet converse,
2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this tho't of home, And spir - it - voic - es
3. That meet-ing, O, how sweet-ly dear! What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear! What thrills of rapt- ure

free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be-yond the swelling flood! } Be - yond..... the
soft - ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way Be-yond the swelling flood!" } We'll meet..... to
wake the soul, As back those golden gates shall roll, Be-yond the swelling flood. }

CHORUS.

Be-yond the swelling
We'll meet to part no

swell-ing flood. Be - yond..... the swelling flood, Be - yond....the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.
part no more, We'll meet.... to part no more, We'll meet... to part no more, Be-yond the swelling flood,

flood,..... Be-yond the swelling flood,..... Be-yond the swelling flood,..... We'll meet to part no more.
more,..... We'll meet to part no more,..... We'll meet to part no more,..... Beyond the swelling flood.

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No. 117. ONLY THEE.

F. E. BELDEN. J. H. T.

1. On - ly thee, in joy or sor- row, I will fol - low on - ly thee; Of thy meekness let me
2. On - ly thee! oh, precious jew - el! May thy lus - tre hide from view All of self, so proud and
3. On - ly thee, my dear Re- deem- er, On - ly thee till life is done; Let me not, an i - dle

CHORUS.

bor - row When I ask on bend- ed knee.)
cru - el, Earth so false, and joys so few.
dream - er, A - ny path of du - ty shun.

On - ly thee, on - ly thee, I will

On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

pp

fol - low on - ly thee; On - ly thee, on - ly thee, Will I trust e - ter - nal - ly.

On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

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Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

No. 118. HELP ME OR I DIE.

J. H. T.

1. O thou ten - der, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear my pen - i - ten - tial cry!
2. While be - fore a throne of mer - cy In con - tri - tion deep I kneel,
3. In thy won-drous mer - cy trust - ing, Help - less at thy feet I lie;

CHORUS.

Do not leave me in my an - guish, Pass me not un - heed-ed by.
O re - move my wea - ry bur - den, And thy grace to me re - veal!
Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Sav - iour, help me or I die!

Save me, save me,

Do not pass me by; Help me, O my Sav- iour, help me, Help me, or I die!

By per. of S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

No. 119. THE LAMP OF LIFE.

C. W. RAY. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. cxix. 105. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Bless-ed Book and sa-cred boon, Lamp for wea-ry, trembling feet, Thro' thy guid-ing beams we soon
2. Bless-ed Book and gift di-vine, To-ken of Je-ho-vah's love; Ev-'ry page and ev-'ry line
3. Bless-ed Book of bless-ed words, What sweet prom-is-es are thine! "King of kings, and Lord of lords,"

CHORUS.

Shall the saints in glo-ry meet.
Whis-pers of our rest a-bove.
Make these ho-ly coun-sels mine.

Pre-cious Lamp of life di-vine, Pledge of grace to mortals
Pre-cious Lamp of life di-vine, Pledge of grace to

given, Light-ing all our pil-grim way, To the shin-ing gates of heaven.
mor-tals given, Light-ing all our pil-grim way,

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No. 120. BEYOND.

Miss IDA HEDRICK. G. E. LEONARD.

1. Be - yond this vale of sor - row, Be - yond life's set - ting sun, Be - yond the dread to -
2. Be - yond the star - ry heav - en, Be - yond the roll - ing sea, Be - yond sweet rest is
3. Be - yond are joys im-mor - tal, Be - yond sweet flow - ers bloom, Be - yond are ma - ny

CHORUS.

- mor - row, We'll meet when life is done.
giv - en Sweet rest for you and me.
man - sions,—Our ev - er - last - ing home.

} Be - yond when life is o - ver, Be -

- yond each tear and sigh, Be - yond if we are faith - ful, We'll gath - er by and by.

In vright, 1886, by A. J. SHOWALTER & Co.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

No. 121. THE COMING OF CHRIST.

W. V. VICKERY.

1. Christ is com-ing, sure-ly com-ing, Sweet-ly now the Chris-tian sings, Zi-on's King, our eyes shall
2. Night is dark, but glorious morn-ing Will dis-pel each som-bre shade, Fear-ful souls, now weak and
3. Christ in glo-ry with the an-gels, To the earth will quick-ly come, And the lit-tle flock, his

see him Soon with heal-ing in his wings.
wea-ry, Kings and priests shall then be made.
cho-sen, Soon shall be with him at home.

CHORUS.

Hail the grand tri-umph-ant morning! Earth's glad

Hail the grand triumph-ant morn-ing,

voice shall not be dumb! Has-ten, Lord, thy reign of glo-ry, Let thy kingdom quick-ly come!
Earth's glad voice shall not be dumb!

Miss IDA HEDRICK.

No. 122. HEAR THE BLESSED PROMISE.

G. E. LEONARD.

1. Lo, this world is full of sor-row, Here we find no last-ing joy, Gloom- y storms of doubt come
2. Faint not, broth - er, tho' thy bur-den Dai - ly grows more hard to bear; Go and tell it all to
3. We are wait - ing on the sea-shore, Gaz - ing on the far a - way, Where our friends in peace are]

CHORUS.

o'er us, And temp - ta - tions e'er an - noy.
Je - sus, He can light - en ev - 'ry care.
dwell-ing, Safe in realms of end- less day.
} Hear the prom - ise, bless- ed prom-ise, May it

keep us from the fall, "He that to the end en - dur-eth Shall be saved" once for all.

Arr. from BONAR. **No. 123. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.** WM. B. BLAKE.

1. When I a-wake in that sweet morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawn-ing night ne'er re-turns,
2. When I shall meet with those I have lov'd, Clasp in my arms the long, long re-mov'd,
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with eyes no more dim,

REFRAIN.

And with whose glo-ry day ev - er burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
And find how faith-ful thou then hast prov'd, I shall be sat - is - fied.
And praise Him with heav'n's deeps welling hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied.

I shall be sat - is - fied.

I shall be sat - is - fied When I a-wake in thy like-ness at last, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 124. CHRIST WILL STRENGTHEN THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. M. S. KERBY.

1. Pil - grim. on thy way a - wea - ry, Christ will strengthen thee; Thorn - y be thy
2. Are the shad - ows o'er thee creeping? Christ will strengthen thee; Sor - rows sometimes
3. Toil - ing 'neath a heav - y bur-den, Christ will strengthen thee; Fear - ing lest thou

CHORUS.

road and drear - y, Christ will strengthen thee.
quick - ly sweep-ing, Christ will strengthen thee.
lose the guer-don, Christ will strengthen thee.

} In his might a - lone we conquer, Thro' him all things

we can do, Grace suf - fi - cient he will give us, Ev - 'ry foe we shall sub- due.

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No. 125. CLING TO JESUS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. Cast thy burden on the Lord.—Ps. 55: 22. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Cling when the storm-cloud gath - ers, Cling in the sweet sun-shine, Cling in the howl - ing
2. Cling when the buds are spring- ing, Cling when the li - lies bloom Cling when the Rose of
3. Cling in the ear - ly morn - ing, Cling at the bright noon- tide,, Cling at the day's de-

CHORUS.

tem - pest, Cling to the Help - er di - vine.
Sha - ron Fills the whole earth with per-fume.
clin - ing, Cling to the dear Sav-iour's side.

Cling, cling to Je - sus, Cling, cling to Je - sus,

As you cross the riv - er To the glad for - ev - er, Cling, oh, cling to Je - sus.

C. H. G.

No. 126. JESUS IS WAITING FOR ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Long sail- ing on life's troubled sea, In tempest, in storm, and thro' calm,
   I yield- ed and anchored at last In Je - sus, the (*Omit*.....) cru-ci-fied Lamb.
2. From o - ver the wa - ters so dark, The cry of the Sav- iour I heard,
   He call'd me in ac- cents so sweet, I yield- ed, o - (*Omit*.....) bey-ing his word.
3. Now rest - ing so calm - ly in him, My voy- age, shall ev - er be sweet;
   With him at the helm I am safe, What-ev - er the (*Omit*.....) danger I meet.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - - jah, 'tis done, . . . My soul now is free;
Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done, 'tis done, My soul now is free, is free:

I am saved . . . . by his blood, . . . And Je - sus is wait - ing for me.
I am saved by his blood, his blood, And Je - sus is wait - ing for me.

No. 127. TOILING TILL THE MASTER COMES.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Go work to - day for the Sav - iour - King, Go, toil in his name with care; The
2. The rip - en'd grain you may reap to - day, It waves in the gold - en light; Like
3. Go work, my son, in my vine - yard now, Rings loud the sweet voice of love; The

CHORUS.

fields are white, and the lab'rers few, Oh, haste, and their labors share.
sum- mer clouds pass the hours a - way, Rest not till the shades of night.
sheaves se - cure with a will - ing hand, For Je - sus who reigns a- bove.

Toil - ing, toil - ing,
Toil-ing, toil - ing, toil- ing, toil - ing,

Toil-ing till the Mas ter comes; Toil - ing, toil - ing, Toiling till the Mas- ter comes.
Toil-ing till the Mas-ter, the Mas- ter comes; Toil- ing, toil- ing, toiling, toiling,

No. 128. WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

ASA HULL.

Cheerfully.

1. There are lone- ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days and go-ing by; There are wea- ry souls who per- ish, While the
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days and go-ing by; Let your face be like the morning, While the
3. All the lov ing links that bind us, While the days and go-ing by: One by one we leave be- hind us, While the

days are go - ing by; If a smile we can re - new, As our jour- ney we pur- sue, Oh, the
days are go - ing by; Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep- ing eyes— Help your
days are go - ing by; But the seed of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, It will

FINE.

D.S.

good we all may do, While the days are going by.
fall- en brother rise, While the days are going by.
keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are going by.

} While the days are go-ing by, While the days are going by;

From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.

No. 129. THE INVITATION.

"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—JOHN 16: 24.

J. C. PROCTOR. D. F HODGES, by per.

1. To ev - 'ry lit - tle lov - ing child, With-in these sa - cred walls, The bless- ed Sav - iour
2. To ev - 'ry lit - tle lov - ing child, Who longs the Lord to see, The bless- ed Sav - iour
3. To ev - 'ry lit - tle lov - ing child, Who longs to be for - given, The bless- ed Sav - iour

comes to - day, And gen - tly, sweet- ly calls: "Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Ask' for grace, And
calls to - day: "Come, lit - tle child, to me; Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Seek' for grace, And
says to - day: "I am the door to heav'n; Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Knock,' for grace, And

'Ask' for mer - cy, too; To all who 'Ask' the prom-ise is,— It shall be giv - en you."
'Seek' with earn-est mind; To all who 'Seek' the prom-ise is,—'Seek, Seek,' and ye shall find."
'Knock' for mer - cy, too; To all who 'Knock' the prom-ise is,— It shall be o - pened you."

No. 130. THE HOME OF PEACE AND REST.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. T.

1. By and by, when our pil-grim-age is o'er, We shall stand on the heav-en-ly shore; By and
2. By and by, when our earth-ly toil is done, And the glo-ry of heav'n is be-gun, We shall
3. By and by, we shall stand be-fore the Throne, And be crown'd by the Lord as his own; Sweetest

CHORUS.

by, with the ho-ly and the blest, We shall meet in the home of peace and rest.
meet all the lov'd ones gone before O-ver yonder, where parting comes no more.
pleasure will fill each hap-py breast O-ver there in the home of peace and rest.

We shall meet
We shall meet among the blest,

In yon home,
In the home of peace and rest,

We shall meet with all the pure and the blest,
we shall rest,

We shall
We shall

By permission of S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

THE HOME OF PEACE AND REST. Concluded.

No. 131. ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

1.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

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While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 132. THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS TRUE.

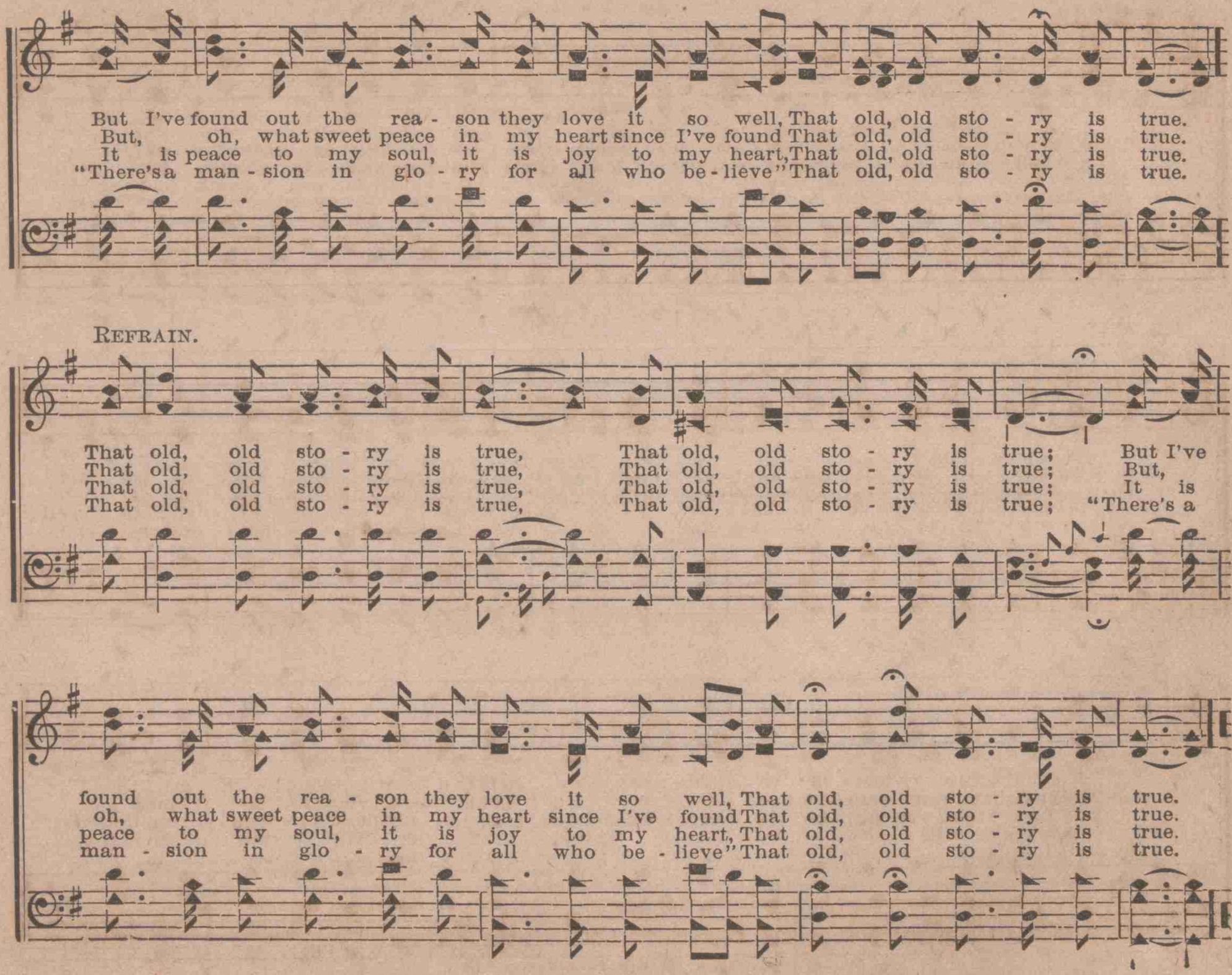
D. B. WATKINS. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis called "The sweet sto - ry of old;"
2. They told of a Be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri - umph - ant o'er death and hell;
4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of peace and good - will to men;

I hear it so oft - en, wher - ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told;
To seek for his lost ones, and make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell;
He's pre - par - ing a place in that cit - y of gold, Where lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell.
There's no sto - ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a gain and a - gain.

And I've thought it was strange that so oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were new;
That he was de-spised, and with thorns he was crown'd, On the cross was ex - tend - ed to view;
Where our kin - dred we'll meet, and we'll nev - er-more part, And, oh, while I tell it to you,
He in - vites you to come— He will free - ly re- ceive, And this mes- sage he send - eth to you,

THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS TRUE. Concluded.



No. 133. THE WAY OF SALVATION.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. I sought for the bless-ing of par-don, My sins were like crim-son, I know;
2. The spir-it that first bade me wel-come To kneel at the al-tar of prayer
3. Then, up-ward I looked at the Sav-iour, My sins there had nailed to the tree.

Oh, where could I find con-so-la-tion? How could they be "whit-er than snow?"
Said "Cal-va-ry's scene was en-act-ed To save thee from dark-est de-spair."
And trembling-ly ventured to trust him, My help-less con-di-tion my plea;

I sought thro' my tears of re-pent-ance, My heart o-ver burdened with grief;
The cross! (more at-trac-tive than ev-er) I wondered if view-ing the blood
The peace that was calm as the sun-set Seemed all of my powr's to con-trol,

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THE WAY OF SALVATION. Concluded.

I wres-tled in pray'r for de - liv'-rance, Be - seech-ing the throne for re - lief.
That flow'd for my spir- it's re - demp - tion Could bring me the par- don of God.
As faith, firm - ly grasp-ing the prom - ise, Brought sav - ing and health to my soul.

No. 134. YET THERE IS ROOM.

Rev. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry, beck- ons thee a- long;
2. Day is de- clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shadows length- en, light makes haste to go:
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:

CHORUS.

Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en-ter now!

Last Verse.

No room, no room:—Oh, wo-ful cry, "No room!"

5 Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:—CHO.

6 Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee:
That cup of everlasting love is free:—CHO.

7 All heaven is there, all joy! go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:—CHO.

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come ling'rer, come; enter that festal hall:—CHO.

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
CHO

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No. 135. THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17

H. L. ENGLE.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far be - yond the sky, And Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is there;
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor - row and care;
3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair;

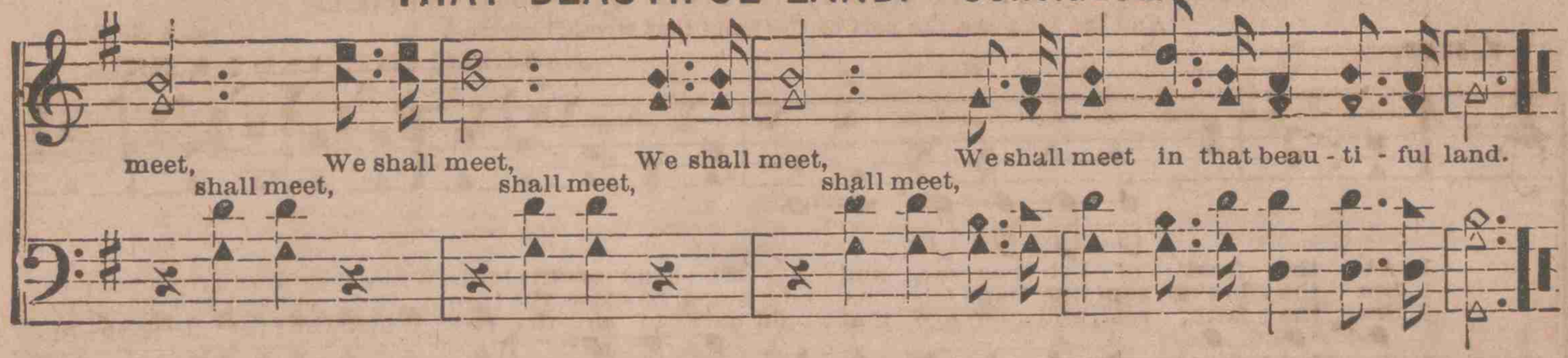
He has gone to prepare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
Where the wat - ers of life sweet - ly mur - mur by,— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

CHORUS.

In that beau - - - - ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall
In that beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land

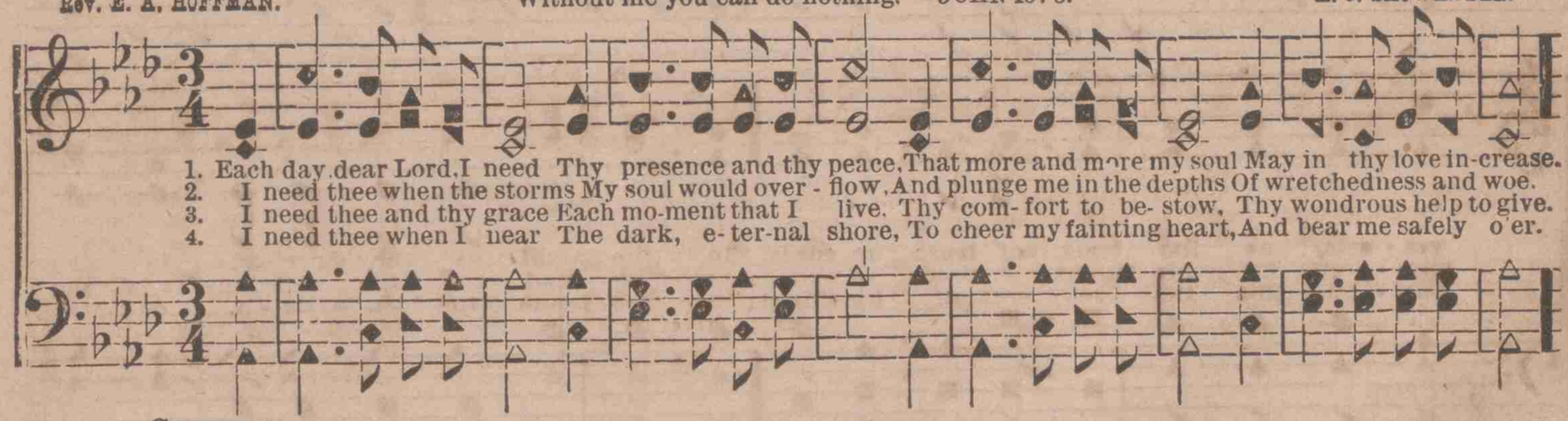
From "Temple Star." By per.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.

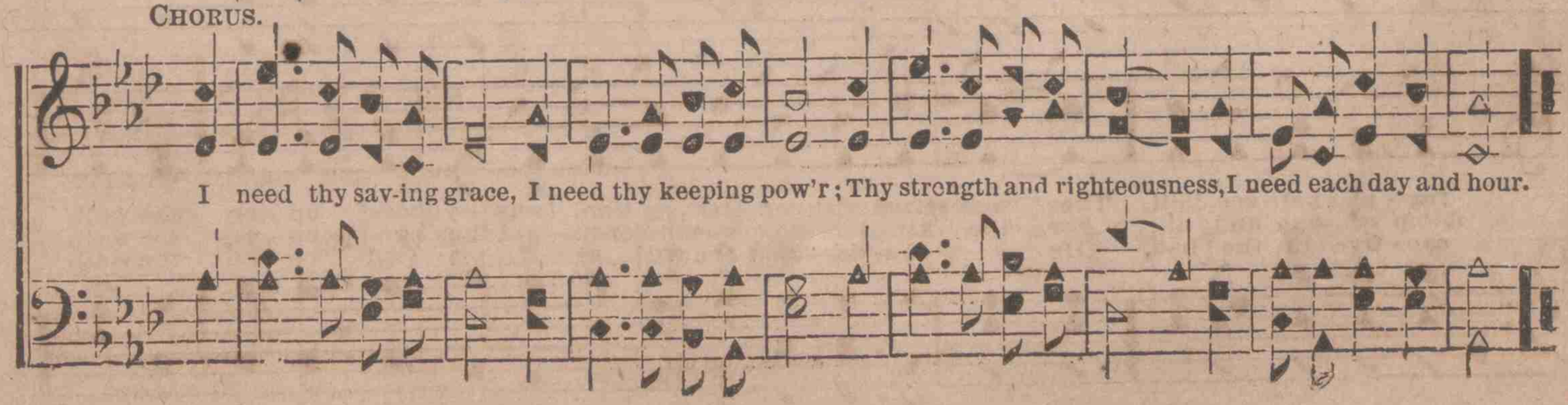


No. 136. EACH DAY I NEED THEE, LORD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "Without me you can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5. A. J. SHOWALTER.



CHORUS.



No. 137. THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DAN. 5: 5.

E. SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel— as he stood be-fore the throng, And rebuked the haughty
3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to

ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords, In the night as they rev-el in the
mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the
Dan-iel— this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a

roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished—said the hand up-on the wall.
cap-tive in the hall, He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.

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THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the
'Tis the hand of God that is writ - ing on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God that is
wall; Shall the rec - ord be, "Found want - ing," or
writ - ing on the wall;
shall it be, "Found trust - ing," While that hand is writ - ing on the wall?
writ - ing on the wall?

4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his royal mandate bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall,

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. **No. 139 THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.** J. L. SNIPES.

1. There's a home in a beau - ti - ful bow'r, By the side of the pure crys - tal sea,
2. There's a home which the ten - der - est love, Hath cre - a - ted and fur - nished a - new,
3. There's a home where the streets are of gold, And I'm press - ing a - long o'er the hills,

Where the ros - es a rich fragrance show'r, And the fruits of the gar - den are free.
With our kin - dred and friends ev - er blest, A most beau - ti - ful home it will be.
There's a beau - ty that ne'er can be told, And a joy that my spir - it en - thrills.

CHORUS.

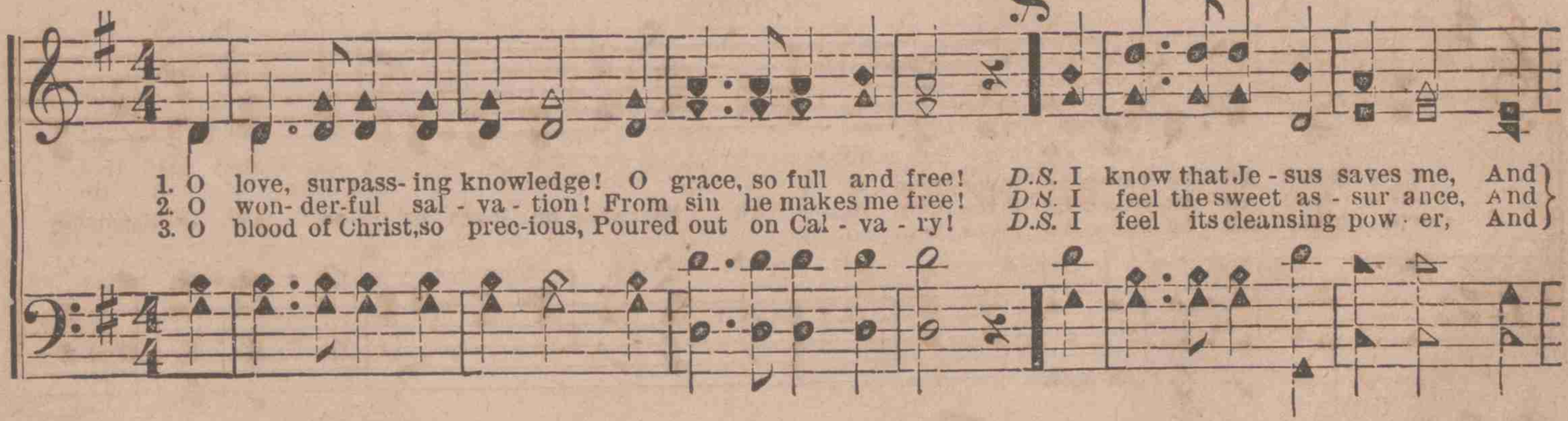
In that home, glorious home, we shall rest, ev-er rest, And the Sav - iour we love we shall see, glad-ly see;

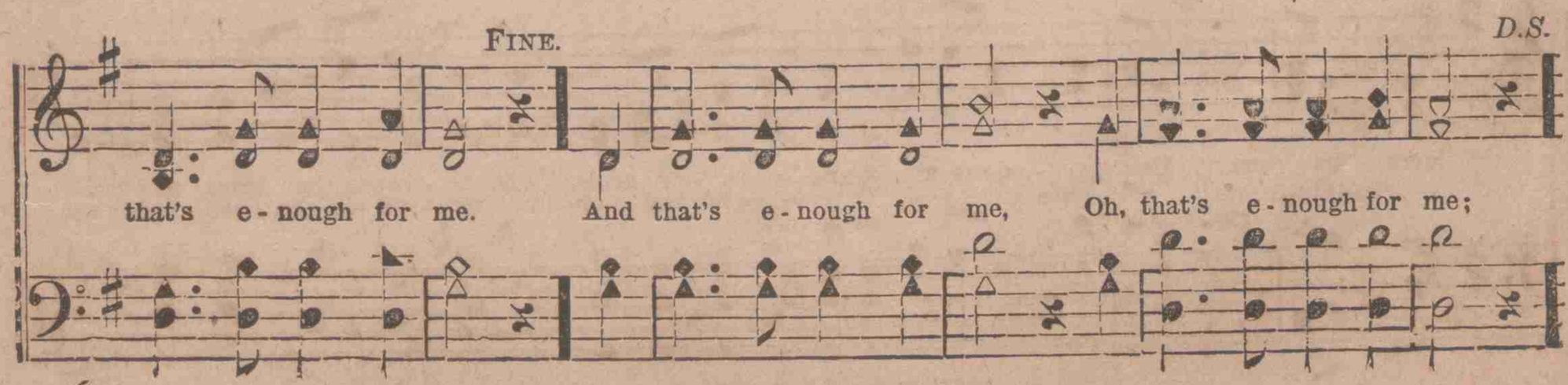
THE BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

No. 140. ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.





No. 141. ALL BECAUSE HE LOVES US SO.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3, 16. J. H. T.

1. Why does Je - sus come with mer - cy To poor sin - ners here be - low? Why does he for - give their
2. Why did Je - sus, my Re-deem - er, Give his pre- cious blood to flow, To a - tone for help - less
3. Why does Je - sus come en- treat- ing, In a ten - der voice, and low, Hum - ble sin - ners to ac -

CHORUS.

err - ings? All be- cause he loves them so.
sin - ners? All be- cause he loves them so.
- cept him? All be- cause he loves them so.

All be- cause he loves us so, All be- cause he loves us so, All be- cause he loves us so, He par - dons sin, and saves our souls, All be - cause he loves us so.

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No. 142. WELCOME TO ALL.

C. C. C.

[ANNIVERSARY.]

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1. We wel-come you, friends of our Mas- ter and Lord, To share in the joys which our feasts will af-ford;
2. We bid you a wel-come to homes and to hearts A- glow with the friendship which Jesus imparts;
3. We greet you, dear brethren in Christ, with a prayer, That love, joy, and peace may a-bide with us here:
4. At last when our meetings and part-ings are o'er, May all find a welcome on heaven's bright shore,

To fill us with love for the work of our King, And help us to him great-er trib-ute to bring.
With us to re-joice in the boun-ti-ful love, And bless-ings so rich from the Fa-ther a-bove.
That wis-dom and prudence may guide us a-right In all that per-tains to the kingdom of light.
When hon-or and praise to our God we will sing, Thro' Je-sus, our Sav-iour, Re-deem-er, and King!

CHORUS.

Ritard.

Then a welcome to all, hap-py wel-come to all; Thrice welcome, happy welcome, happy welcome to all.

No. 143. WE SHALL STAND BEFORE THE KING.

E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the an- gels we shall sing, By and by, . . . by and
2. Ring, ye bells of heav - en, ring, We shall stand be - fore the King, By and by, . . . by and
3. Wake, my soul, thy trib-ute bring, Thou shalt stand be - fore the King, By and by, . . . by and

By and by,

by; Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing him for ev - er- more, By and
by; There our sor - rows will be o'er, There his name we will a - dore, By and
by; Lay thy tro - phies at his feet, In his like- ness stand complete, By and

By and by;

CHORUS.

by, . . . by and by.
by, . . . by and by.
by, . . . by and by.

We shall stand . . . be - fore the

By and by, by and by.

We shall stand

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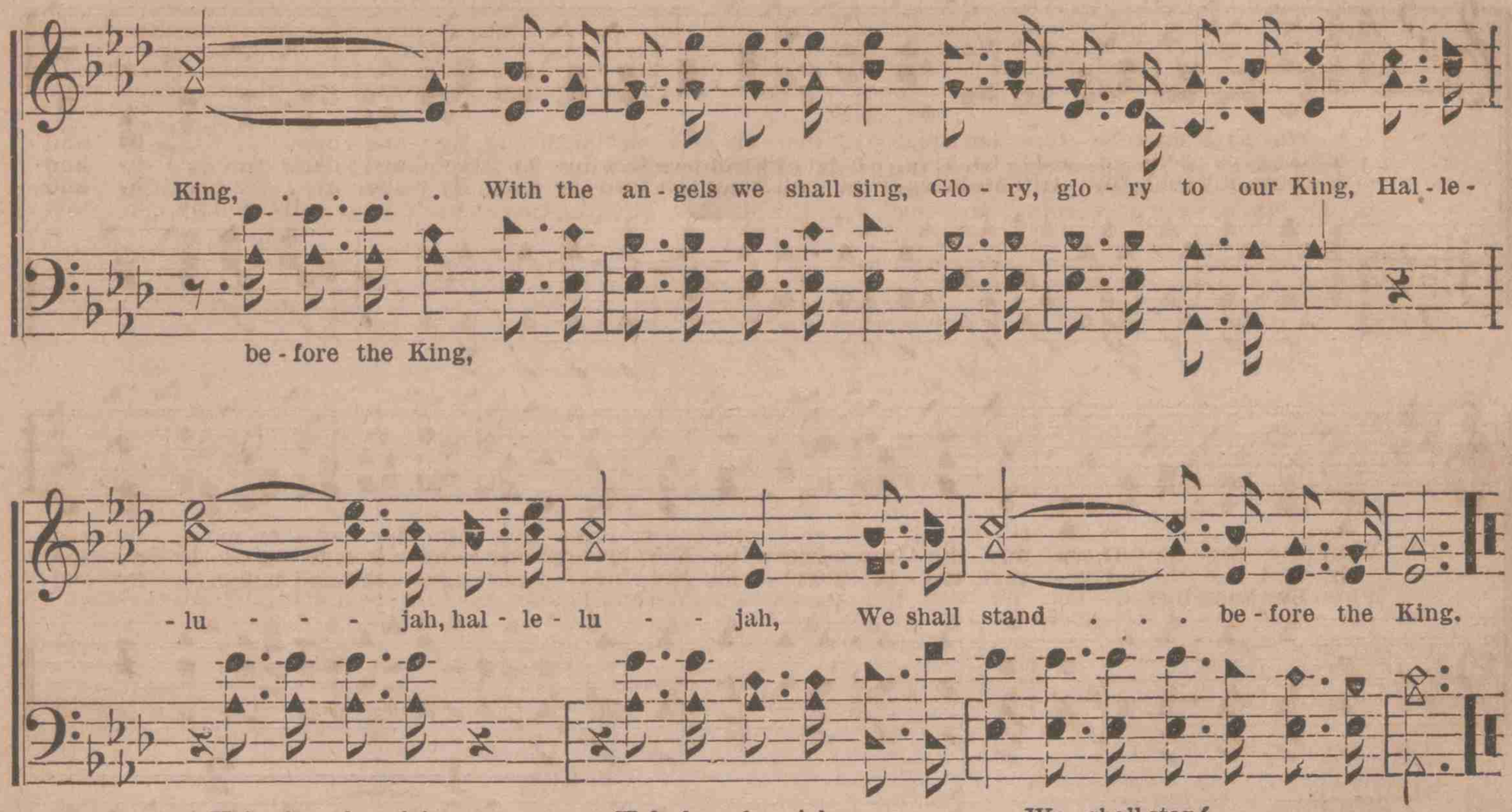
WE SHALL STAND BEFORE THE KING. Concluded.



No. 144. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

1.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last

2.

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

3.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 145. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

MATT. 13: 39. GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sow - ing in the morning, sow - ing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dew - y eve:
2. Sow - ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
3. Go, then, ev - er weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves;

Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.
When our weeping's o - ver, he will bid us welcome, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves;
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing, (*Omit*.....) Bringing in the sheaves.

No. 146. PLEASANT ARE THE PASTURES. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

SOLO. *Allegro.*

1. Pleasant are the past - ures where Je - sus feeds his flock, Un - der-neath the shad - ow of the rock
2. Pleasant are the past - ures, all echo-ing with the song, Where the liv - ing wa - ters glide a - long;
3. Faith-ful is the Shep - herd who car - eth for his sheep, Nev- er do his eye - lids close to sleep;
4. Bless- ed are the weak ones who on his arms re- pose, Fear-ing not the fierce - ness of their foes;

See the Shepherd stand - ing; how gra-cious is his mien! Standing, wait-ing to ad - mit us in!
There in peace re - pos - ing, up - on the flow-ing banks, Standing with the Shep - herd, we'll give thanks!
All his flock he know - eth, and call- eth them by name, And his love is con - stant - ly the same.
They shall grow and flour - ish, who in the Lord a - bide, Like the trees that grow by the riv - er's side.

CHORUS.

Sheep of his past - ure! there at his side, 'Neath his pro - tec - tion, safe a - bide!

Lost sheep now wand'ring, thith - er re - pair, E - vil can - not harm you, can - not harm you there.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. **No. 47. HOME OVER YONDER.** J. H. TENNEY.

HEB. 4: 9.

1. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Waft- eth a fra- grance sweet, In - to the hearts of the
2. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Float- eth an an - gel song, Sung in the sweet fields of
3. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Shin- eth a gold - en ray, In - to the home of the

CHORUS.

wea - ry, Bring-ing a rest com - plete.
glo - ry, Sung by the white-robed throng.
mourn - er, Bring-ing the beams of day.

} Beau- ti - ful home o - ver yon - der! Long- ing thy

glo - ry to see; Oft 'mid the shad-ows of eve - ning, Sweet dreams of thee come to

HOME OVER YONDER. Concluded.

me; Sweet dreams! Sweet dreams! Sweet dreams of thee come to me.
me, come to me;

No. 148. JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle Burn-ing in the night,
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for him; Well he sees and knows it, If our light is dim;
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of dark - ness, In this world a - bound,

In this world of dark - ness, We must shine, You in your small cor- ner, And I in mine.
He looks down from heav - en, Sees us shine, You in your small cor- ner, And I in mine.
Sin and want and sor - row; We must shine, You in your small cor- ner, And I in mine.

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No. 149. ROCK OF MY REFUGE.

JOHN McPHERSON.

My God is the rock of my refuge.—Psa. 94: 22.

C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. My faith looks now . . . . . un - to a Rock, ... That Rock was
2. Up - on this Rock . . . . . I cast my soul, ... And trust his
3. This Rock stands firm . . . . . what - e'er be - tide . . . . . Be-neath its

My faith looks now

un - to a Rock,

Christ, ... a stronghold sure; . . . . Tho' foes would oft . . . . . this High Tow'r
love . . . . . to res - cue me; . . . . . He'll bear me home . . . . . to his dear
shade . . . . I sweet- ly rest, ... Tho' foes would e'er . . . . . this Rock de -

That Rock was Christ,

a stronghold sure;

Tho' foes would oft

CHORUS.

mock, ... Yet stands it strong, ... 'twill e'er en - dure.
fold, ... And from my sins . . . . . will set me free.
- ride, ... I could not be . . . . . more great-ly blest.

O, pre - cious

this High Tow'r mock,

Yet stands it strong, 'twill e'er en - dure.

ROCK OF MY REFUGE. Concluded.

No. 150. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

No. 151. WILL YOU COME?

CARRIE M. WILSON. "The spirit and the bride say, come."—REV. 22: 17. J. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. There's a mes-sage from the Lord, will you come? Hear it sound-ing from his word,—will you come?
2. He has tar-ried long for you, will you come? See his locks are wet with dew,—will you come?
3. Will you heed the Saviour's call? will you come? To the feast pre-pared for all,— will you come?

Who-so-ev-er on his name will be-lieve, Life e-ter-nal shall from him re-ceive.
He a-lone your ma-ny sins can for-give; Will you look to him by faith and live?
You will find him at the cross, wait-ing there, With the gar-ment that your soul must wear.

CHORUS.

{ He is call-ing you to-day,— will you come, (will you come?) }
{ To the on-ly liv-ing way,— will you come, (will you come?) } Will you plunge be-neath the

WILL YOU COME? Concluded.

flood of his all - a - ton - ing blood? Will you be a child of God,— will you come?

No. 152. MARCHING ON.

J. P. DEVEREUX. [TEMPERANCE.] J. H. TENNEY.

CHORUS.

1. { We're sol - diers in a no - ble band, Marching on, marching on: }
   { We'll drive in-temp'rance from the land, Marching on, marching on. }
2. { Come, join this grand and no - ble throng, Marching on, marching on: } We're pledg'd to justice
   { "We won't sur- ren - der," is our song, Marching on, marching on. }
3. { We will not lay our ar - mor down, Marching on, marching on: }
   { Un - til we gain the heav'n-ly crown, Marching on, marching on. }

and the right, And in this ho - ly cause we'll fight, While march-ing on, while march- ing on.

No. 153. WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN.

J. C. JOHNSON. A. N. JOHNSON, by per.

SOLO. *Andante.*

1. Ma - ny sweet children have lived and died, We said good bye at the riv - er side, They dipped their feet
2. Ma - ny dear children we know do stand And tune their harps in the Bet- ter Land; Their lit - tle hands
3. They used to mourn when the children died, Be - fore King Je- sus was cru - ci- fied, The Cross with its
4. Ma - ny loved chil-dren we know do stand, Tun- ing their harps in the Bet - ter Land, Their lit - tle hands

in the glid-ing stream, And fad-ed a- way like a lovely dream! And fad-ed a-way like a love- ly dream!
from each gold-en string, Bring music sweet while the angels sing, Bring music sweet while the angels sing!
bright, unchanging beam, Now lights the way o'er the misty stream, Now lights the way o'er the misty stream.
from each sounding string, Bring music sweet while the an-gels sing, Bring music sweet while the angels sing!

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

We shall meet them a- gain on the shore! We shall meet them a- gain on the shore! With fair - er

face and angel grace, Each loved one will welcome us there, We shall meet them again on the shore, Where the fields are

WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN. Concluded.

ev- ermore fair! When our days have fled, and our brief lives o'er, We shall meet them and part no more!

No. 154. CLINGING TO THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Je - sus, since thy dear blood Was shed for me, The glo - ry of my God My aim shall be;
2. Je - sus, this life of mine Thou gav - est me, And now the gift divine I bring to thee;
3. Faith-ful in ev'ry-thing Fain would I be; My soul is on the wing Thy will to see;

And since I love thy will, Thro' ev-'ry good or ill, My trust-ing heart is still Cling-ing to thee.
And, joy-ful in the tho't That thou my life hast bought, All else I count but naught, And cling to thee.
In ev-'ry pain or joy, If but in thy employ, Naught can my heart annoy, Cling-ing to thee.

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W. F. S.

No. 155. THROUGH THE JORDAN!

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sing a - loud a joy - ful cho-rus! Come with rejoicing, Praising him who guided his peo - ple of old:
2. When thou passest thro' the wa-ters, I will be with thee; They shall not o'erflow thee nor give thee alarm,
3. Thro' the flames, if Je - sus calls us, We'll go with singing, Wheresoe'er he lead-eth we fear not to stand,

For the God who led the fa - thers, Liv - eth for - ev - er, And in ten-der mer-cy doth the
Lo! the Ho - ly One of Is - rael, Might - y to save thee, Guardeth still the loved ones who will
Trust - ing in the bless - ed prom - ise "I'm with you al - ways, Till you reach the mansions of the

CHORUS.

chil-dren behold. } Thro' the Jor - dan, thro' the Jor - dan, We will go when he gives us the
lean on his arm. }
fair promised land." }

thro' the Jordan,

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THROUGH THE JORDAN! Concluded.

word, In the Jor - dan, in the Jor - dan, We are safe with the Ark of the Lord,
the word, in the Jordan,

No. 156. CROSS AND CROWN.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

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.

VIOLET E. KING.

No. 157. GUIDE US EVER.

J. H. KYLE.

Moderato.

1. Fa- ther, thou wilt guide us In the way of right, Cleanse and keep us ev - er By thy wondrous might;
2. When the mists shall gather O'er us on our way, Veil- ing all in dark-ness, Be thou near, we pray;
3. When be- yond the cross ing Of the wa-ters dark, Gained the bless-ed ha - ven, Anchored there our bark.

In the hour of con - flict, 'Mid the bus - y din, Shield us from tempta - tion, Keep us pure within.
From the an - gry tem- pest, And the bil- lows' roll, Wilt thou, O our Father, Love our storm-toss'd soul?
Glad - ly we shall en - ter, Thro' the shin- ing way, To the land of beau - ty, And e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Guide us ev - er, O our Saviour! To that land of song, Where we evermore shall praise thee With the happy throng.

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No. 158. WHITER THAN SNOW.

J. NICHOLSON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice;
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum- bly en- treat; I wait, bless- ed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet;
4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre- ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
By faith, for my cleans-ing I see thy blood flow;
To those who have sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No;
} Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

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

A. N. McH.

No. 159. BEAUTIFUL CITY ABOVE.

I. N. McHOSE.

1. While we live up - on earth we have some-thing to do, Souls to win in the spir - it of love;
2. Ye dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, why do ye not strive For the souls that in sin - ful- ness rove?
3. Would you shine forth as glo-rious - ly bright as the sun In the Fa-ther's blest king-dom of love?
4. When the jour - ney of life we have finished on earth, And have ceas'd from our la - bor of love:

We must point them to Je - sus, the Sav- iour from sin, And the beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.
Lo! the Sav - iour doth of - fer a crown as a prize In that beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.
Then be wise and lead souls to the foot of the cross, And be crown'd in that cit - y a - bove.
We will all meet a - gain by the riv - er of life, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.

CHORUS.

There the sun ev - er shines, Fra-grant flow'rs ev - er
There the sun ev - er shines, there the sun ev - er shines, Fra-grant flow'rs ev - er bloom, fra-grant

BEAUTIFUL CITY ABOVE. Concluded.

bloom, There we'll meet the redeem'd, And the Saviour we love, In that beauti - ful cit- y a - bove.
flow'rs ev-er bloom,

No. 160. OH, HAPPY DAY.

E. F. BIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - iour and my God! }
{ Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad. }

CHORUS.

FINE.

D.S.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
{ And live re - joic- ing ev'ry day; }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him, of every good expressed.

No. 161. SHOUT IT ALOUD EACH HIGH MOUNTAIN.

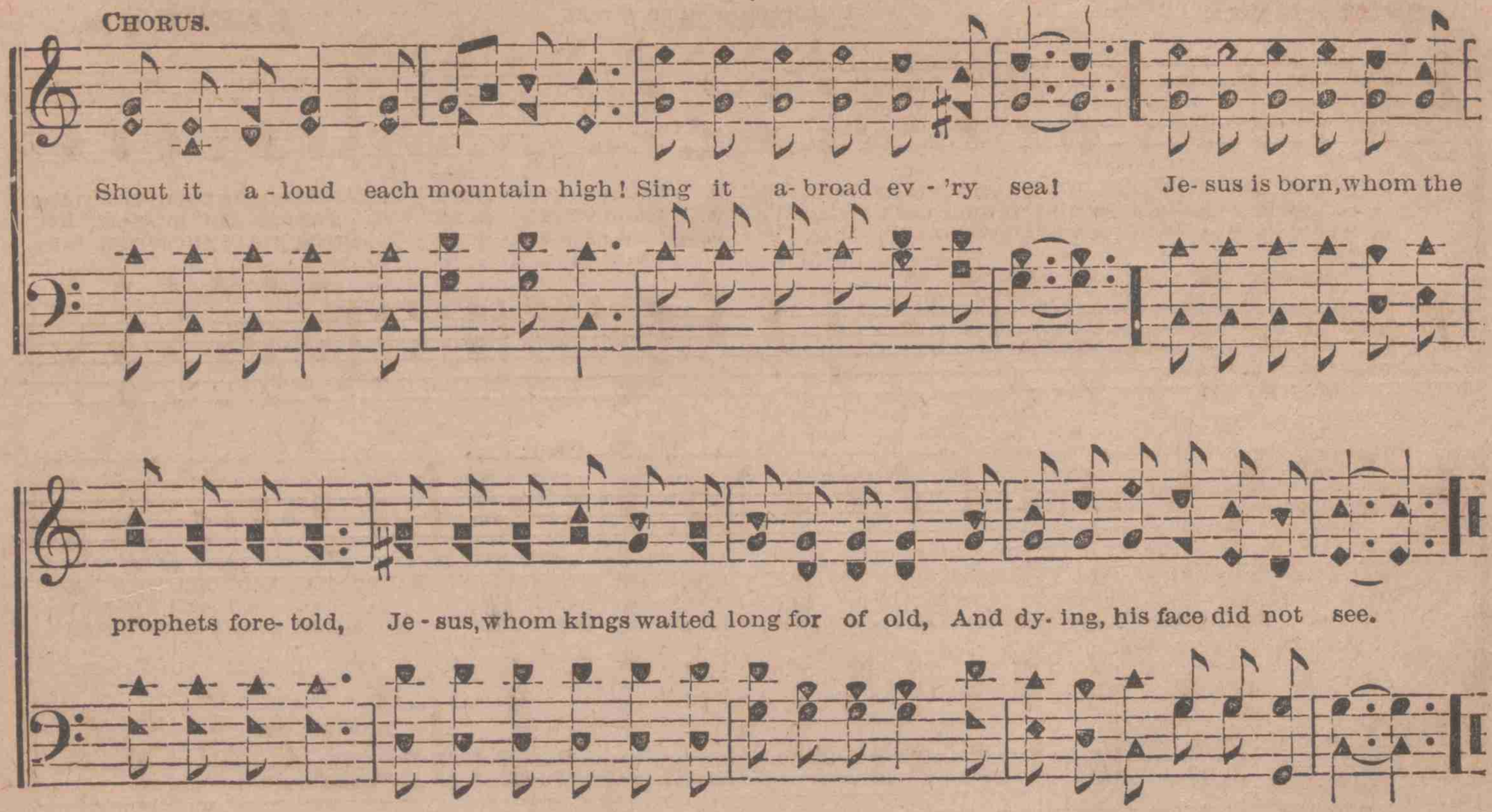
GEORGE B. PEARSON. [FOR CHRISTMAS.] D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. Shout it a- loud each high mountain! Sing it a - broad ev - 'ry sea! Je- sus is born, whom the
2. Shout it a- loud each high mountain! Sing it a - broad ev - 'ry sea! Joy is in heaven, the
3. Shout it a- loud each high mountain! Sing it a - broad ev - 'ry sea! Bring him your jewels far

prophets fore-told, Ma- ry's arms soft - ly the in - fant en - fold; Kings bring him off 'rings of
glad tid- ings sing, Peace is on earth, for her God is her King; Je - sus is born! Then ex -
rich - er than gold— Love for each des - ti - tute lamb of his fold, Love that grows deeper as

spi - ces and gold, An - gels to shepherds the tid- ings have told, "Peace up - on earth bringeth he!
- ult - ing - ly ring Forth the glad tid- ings, and lov - ing - ly bring Gifts to such monarch as he.
time groweth old, Love that the an - gels de- light to be- hold, Love pure as earth's love can be.

SHOUT IT ALOUD, Etc. Concluded.



No. 162. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

No. 163. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "Tell it to Jesus.—MATT. 14: 12. Rev. E. S. LORENZ, by per.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart-ed? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sins that
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-ious
4. Are you troubled at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming

CHORUS.

o - ver joys depart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
to man's eye are hidden? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
what shall be to-mor-row? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
Kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

} Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have no oth-er such a friend or brother; Tell it to Je-sus a - lone.

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Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

No. 164. LET HIM IN.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in, He has been there oft be-
2. O-pen now to him your heart, If you wait he will de-
3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Now, oh, now make him your
4. Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in, He will make for you a

-fore, Let him in; Let him in ere he is gone, Let him
-part, Let him in, he is your Friend, He your
choice, He is standing at the door, Joy to
feast, Let the Saviour in, Let the Sav-iour in; He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when

in, the Ho-ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let him in.
soul will sure de-fend, He will keep you to the end.
you he will re-store, And his name you will a-dore.
earth ties all are riven, He will take you home to heav'n. Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.

No. 165. WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. O. E. REV. 1: 5. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood? Je - sus died to make you free,
2. Sin - ner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood? Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name,
3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood? And the wit-ness you may know,
4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood? Don't re - ject the Spir-its's cal.,

Will you be washed in the blood? Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleansing you for heav - en.
Will you be washed in the blood? Claim him as your Sav - iour, He can save for - ev - er.
Will you be washed in the blood? You can know this hour Of his dy - ing pow - er.
Will you be washed in the blood? Grace is all a - bounding, Joy thro' heav'n re-sound - ing.

CHORUS.

Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb? Washed in the blood of the Lamb?

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