

THE Chorus of Praise

Whoso
offereth
praise
in
glory
to
the
Lord
his
God
shall
be
accepted
of
the
Father
in
heaven
and
shall
have
a
reward
in
heaven
and
shall
be
in
the
kingdom
of
glory
for
ever
and
ever
Amen

For use in
Sunday Schools
Young People's
Revivals
and all church
conventions

of the Church

Edited by

James M. Blaisdell

EA' ON & MAINS

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, San Francisco

CUR & HENRINGS

Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis

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Property of the
M. E. Church

Wiseoy my

not- to be taken away
from Church

Sun

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Nea
form, or

—THE—
CHORUS OF PRAISE

FOR USE IN
Sunday Schools, Young People's Meetings,
Revivals, Prayer Meetings,
AND
All the Social Services of the Church.

EDITED BY
J. M. BLACK.

"Let all the people sing."

EATON & MAINS,
New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Detroit, San Francisco.

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Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

CONTENTS.

	No.		No.		No.
Abide With Me.....	67	Jesus, I Come	105	Sitting at the Feet.....	43
A Charge to Keep.....	143	Jesus is Good to Me.....	45	Stand Up for Jesus	156
A Light that is.....	64	Jesus is Passing.....	102	Stepping in the Light.....	71
Am I a Soldier.....	134	Jesus is Pleading.....	31	Step Out on the	97
And can I yet.....	144	Jesus Lover of My Soul.....	140	Some Happy Day	16
Anywhere with Jesus.....	10	Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me..	69	Songs of Praise.....	122
Anywhere with Jesus is...	41	Jesus Thine all.....	151	Sunlight all the Way.....	92
Arise my Soul.....	139	Jesus the Light.....	91	Sunshine as you Go.....	6
Awake and Sing.....	121	Jesus will Care	63		
		Jesus your only.....	29	Take my Life and.....	115
Beautiful Eden Bells.....	19	Joy to the World.....	124	Tell Me once more.....	32
Beautiful Robes.....	62	Just as I Am.....	112	Tell the Sweet	88
Be Ready when.....	5	Just the same.....	108	The Beautiful Light.....	56
Blessed Assurance	74			The best Friend	68
Blest be the Tie	142	Lead Me Saviour	17	The Bolted Door	28
By and By.....	40	Leaning on the.....	49	The Call for Reapers.....	93
		Let Him In.....	101	The Christ who died.....	21
Calvary	34	Let the Blessed Saviour...	52	The Comforter has Come	8
Come Home to-night.....	36	Lives of Purpose.....	33	The Friendship of.....	61
Come my Soul	116	Looking this Way	25	The Master is Come	30
Come Sound His.....	119			The morning Light.....	157
Come to Him Now	77	Marching to Zion	130	The Saviour for You	82
Come ye Disconsolate	146	Meet Me There.....	54	The Spirit and the.....	12
Come ye Sinners	131	More than Life to.....	14	The way of the	103
		Mourn for the	145	There'll be no Dark.....	48
Down low at my	3	My Country 'tis of.....	127	There is a Fountain.....	113
Forever here my Rest.....	135	My Faith Looks up to,....	114	There's a great Day.....	100
		My Jesus as Thou.....	129	There's a Wideness.....	138
Glory to His Name	95	My Jesus I Love.....	137	They who Seek	117
God Be With You.....	89	My Lord and King.....	47	Thou Thinkest Lord	83
Gracious Spirit.....	118	My Saviour First.....	26	Thy Boundless Love.....	7
Guide Me, Great.....	155	My Saviour is with	46	To Jesus Draw Nigh.....	24
		My Spirit on Thy.....	120	Twilight.....	110
Hasten Sinner	123			Unto You is	98
Hear the Word.....	2	Nearer My God.....	59		
Heavenly Father.....	81	Nearer to our Saviour.....	11	Walking in the Way.....	4
Heaven's Harvest.....	50	Neither Do I Condemn...	42	Walk in the Light.....	148
He Hideth my Soul.....	35	No, Not One.....	107	Walking With Him	9
He is Mine, I am.....	58			Watch and Pray	87
Help me Master.....	51	O Blessed Holy Spirit.....	44	We'll Never Say Good....	65
He's Coming By and	18	O could I Speak	152	What a Friend.....	55
He Save Me.....	20	O for a Faith	133	What a Gathering	96
His Wondrous Love.....	53	O for a Heart.....	132	What a Wonderful.....	22
How Firm a Foundation.....	111	On the Way.....	79	When I survey.....	147
How Sweet the Name.....	136	O what Amazing.....	149	When all thy Mercies.....	150
				When the King	84
I Love Thy Kingdom.....	153	Pass Me Not.....	37	When the Roll.....	80
I love to Tell	104	Praise God.....	158	When the Saints	57
I'll Go where you	106			Where He Leads	76
I'll Live for Him.....	109	Revive Thy Work.....	141	Where Jesus is.....	1
I must Tell Jesus.....	13	Revive us Again.....	154	Whiter than Snow	38
I'm Going Home.....	128			Whosoever that.....	78
I Need Thee.....	85	Saviour, Blessed Saviour..	66	Wilt Thou be made	90
I Never will Cease to.....	75	Scattering Precious.....	99	Will you Give all.....	70
In the Cross	126	Seeking for Me.....	72	Witness for Jesus.....	23
I Shall be like.....	15	Serving Jesus.....	39	Wonderful piece	73
It was Spoken	94	Since the Love of.....	27	Wonderful Story of.....	86
		Since Jesus my Saviour...	60	Work for the Night	135

—THE—

Chorus of Praise

No. 1. Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed His smiling face;
3. What mat-ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?



And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.



CHORUS.



O hal - le - lu - jah, yes 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;



On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav - en there.



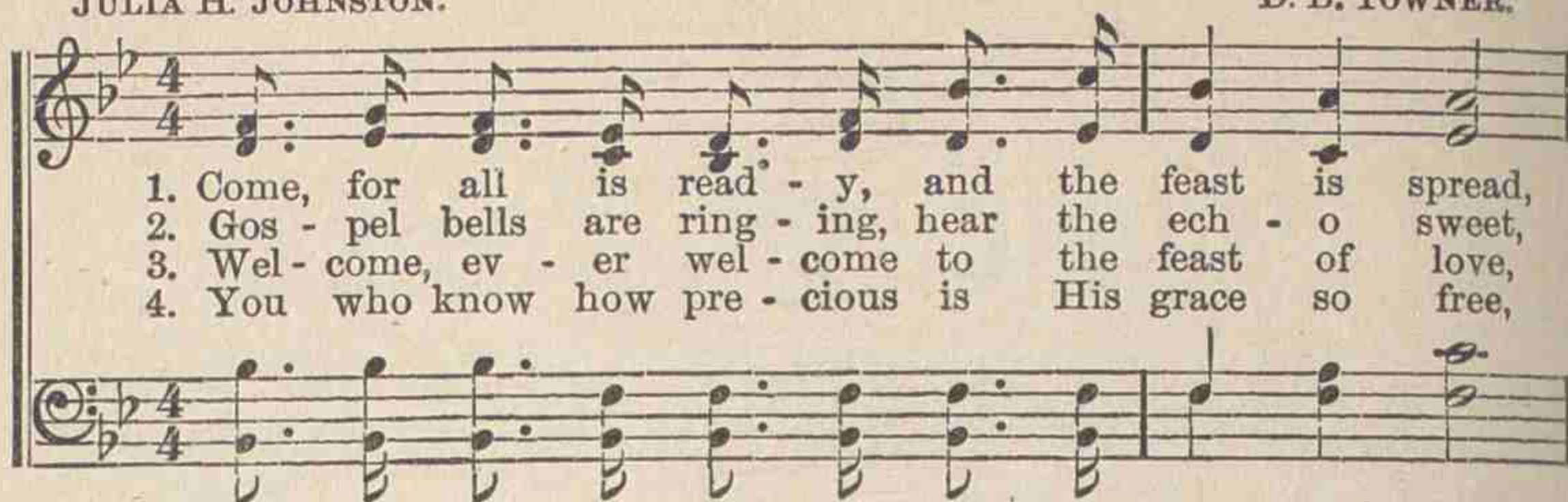
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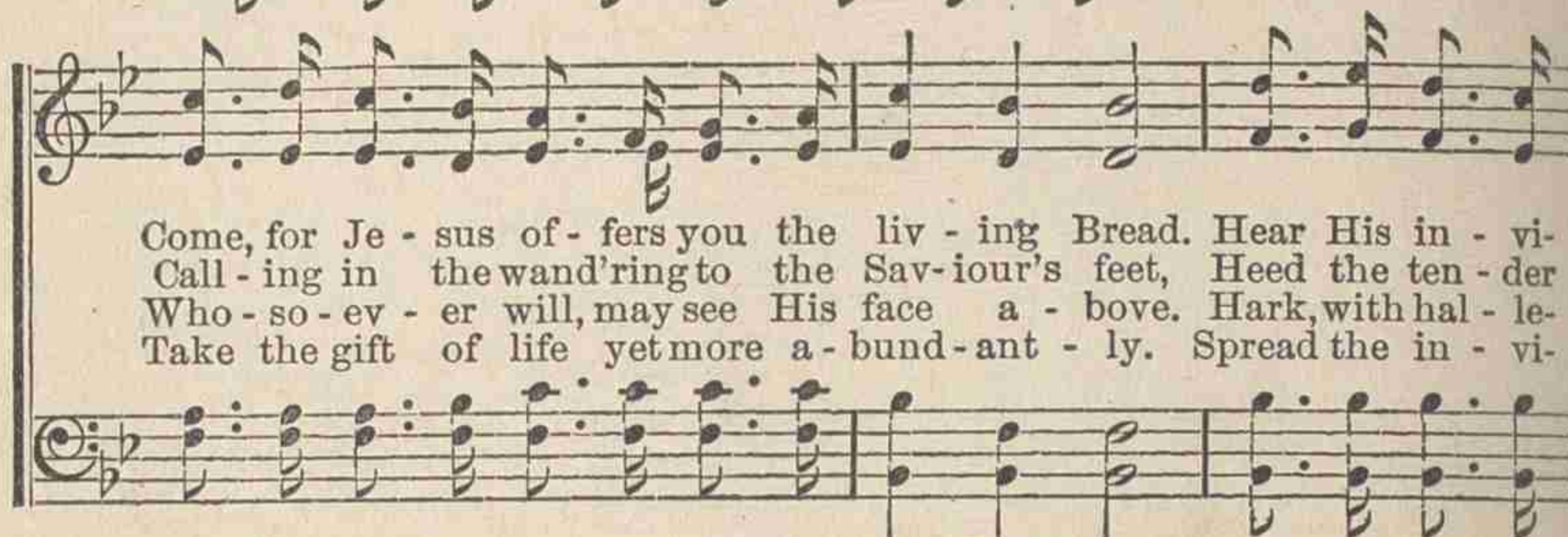
Hear the Word.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Come, for all is read - y, and the feast is spread,
 2. Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, hear the ech - o sweet,
 3. Wel - come, ev - er wel - come to the feast of love,
 4. You who know how pre - cious is His grace so free,

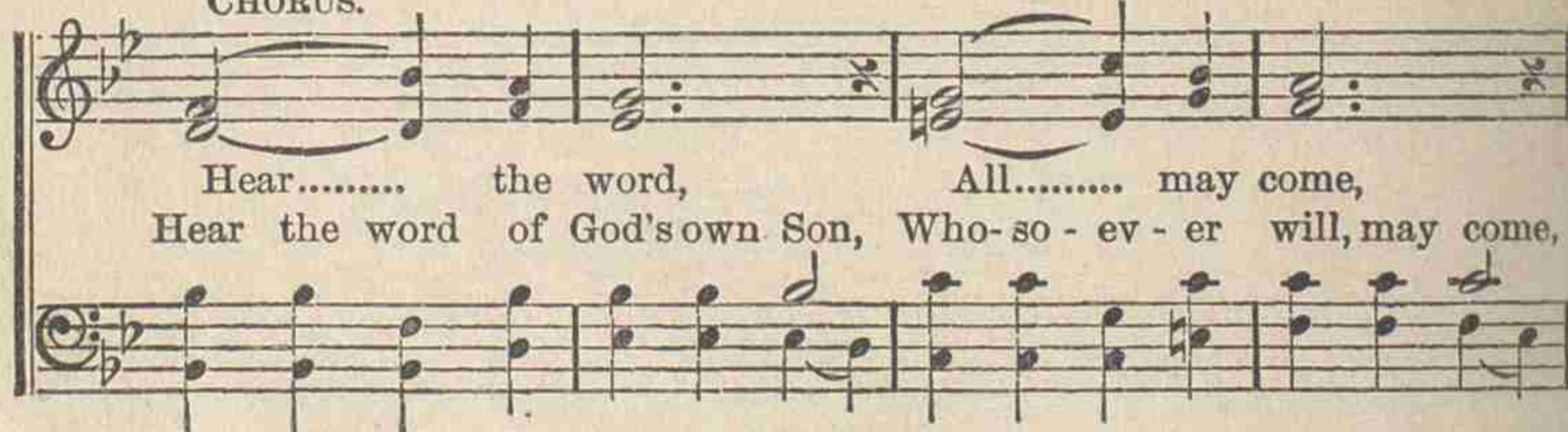


Come, for Je - sus of - fers you the liv - ing Bread. Hear His in - vi -
 Call - ing in the wand'ring to the Sav - iour's feet, Heed the ten - der
 Who - so - ev - er will, may see His face a - bove. Hark, with hal - le -
 Take the gift of life yet more a - bund - ant - ly. Spread the in - vi -

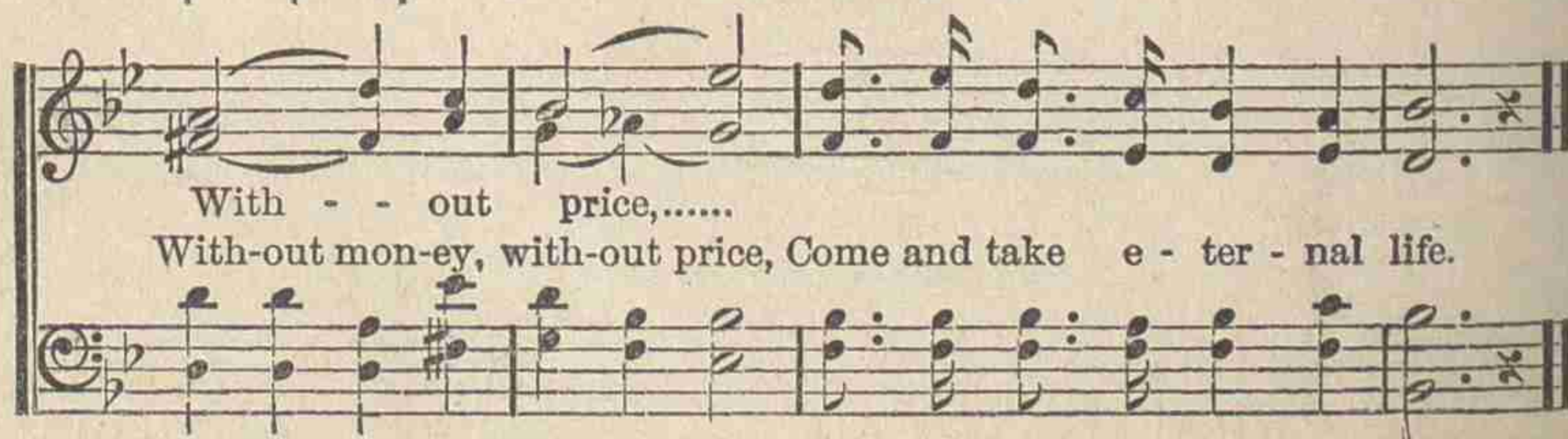


ta - tion 'mid the toil and strife, Come, and take the gift of life.
 mes - sage, seek the great re - ward, Hear the voice of Christ your Lord.
 lu - jahs, how the high courts ring, Come, and crown the Sav - iour King.
 ta - tion, there is room for all, Sound a - broad the lov - ing call.

CHORUS.



Hear..... the word, All..... may come,
 Hear the word of God's own Son, Who - so - ev - er will, may come,

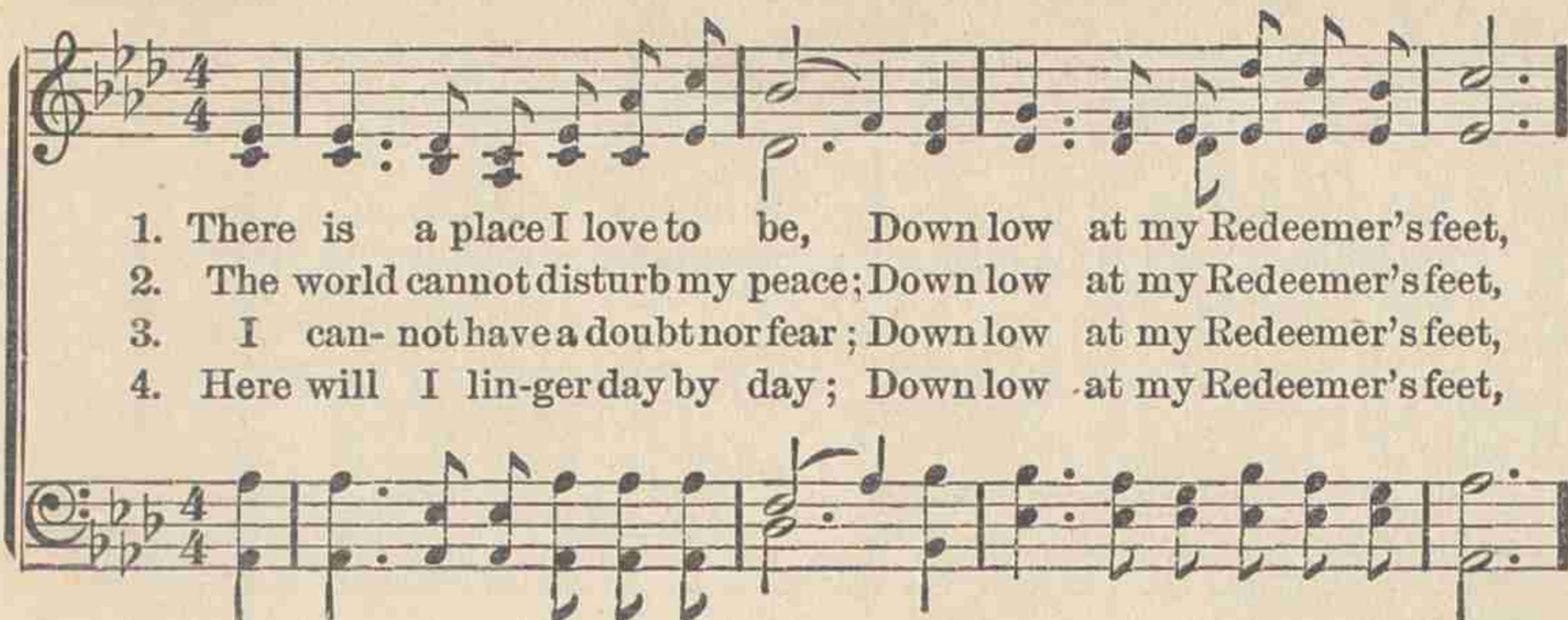


With - - out price,.....
 With - out mon - ey, with - out price, Come and take e - ter - nal life.

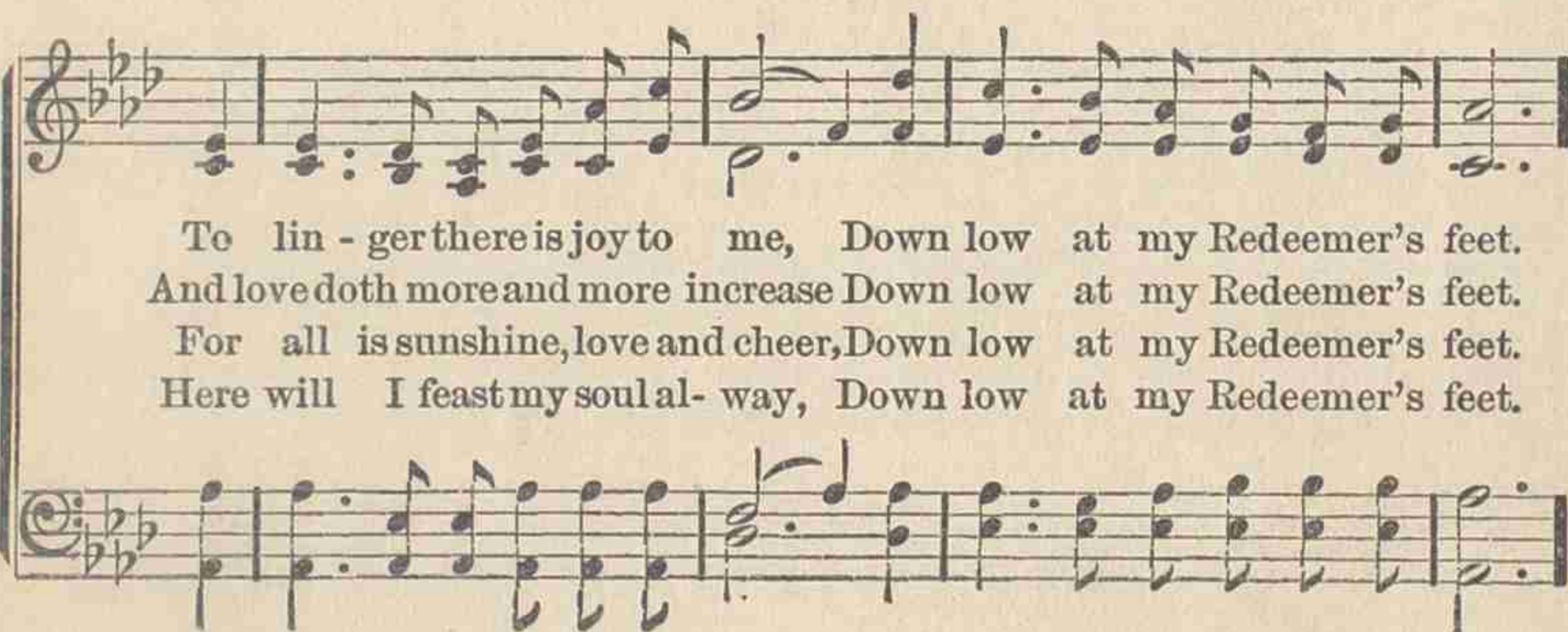
No. 3. Down Low at My Redeemer's Feet.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. M. BLACK.



1. There is a place I love to be, Down low at my Redeemer's feet,
 2. The world cannot disturb my peace; Down low at my Redeemer's feet,
 3. I can- not have a doubt nor fear; Down low at my Redeemer's feet,
 4. Here will I lin-ger day by day; Down low at my Redeemer's feet,

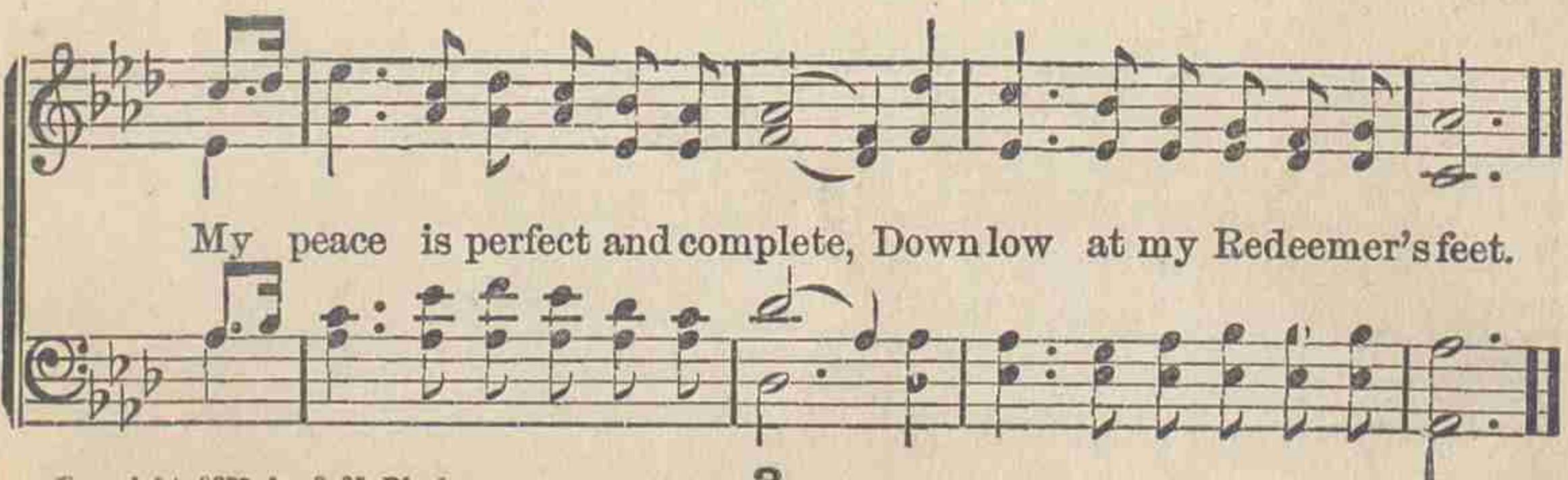


To lin - ger there is joy to me, Down low at my Redeemer's feet.
 And love doth more and more increase Down low at my Redeemer's feet.
 For all is sunshine, love and cheer, Down low at my Redeemer's feet.
 Here will I feast my soul al- way, Down low at my Redeemer's feet.

CHORUS.



Down low at my Redeemer's feet, I sweet- ly rest, and I am blest;



My peace is perfect and complete, Down low at my Redeemer's feet.

No. 4. Walking in the Way with Jesus.

LIDA M. KECK.

J. M. BLACK.



1. While walk-ing in the way with Je - sus, Se - cure from ev - 'ry
 2. While walk-ing in the way with Je - sus, I bid fare-well to
 3. While walk-ing in the way with Je - sus, I hear His "Come to
 4. While walk-ing in the way with Je - sus, I see my heav'n - ly



storm that blows, I'm kept in per - fect peace from all my foes, While
 all my fears, A bow of prom - ise glows a - bove my tears, While
 Me and rest," And, look - ing un - to Him, my soul is blest While
 home a - far; I see the pearl - y gates for me a - jar, While

CHORUS.



walk - ing in the way with Je - sus. Walk - ing in the way with



Je - sus, Walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, I'm kept in perfect peace,



My joys in - crease, While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus.

No. 5. Be Ready when the Bridegroom Comes.

Companion song to
"When the Roll is Called Up Yonder."

B. M. 2

J. M. BLACK.



1. Are you walking now in the light of God? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
2. Have you full salvation from ev'ry sin? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
3. Is your heart made clean by the precious blood? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
4. He will come some day un-to ev-'ry soul Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.



Are you in the path that the Master trod? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
Trusting in His word, have you peace within? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
Have you been made white in the cleansing flood? Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.
By His healing pow'r let Him make you whole—Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.



CHORUS.



Will you be read-y to en-ter in? Read-y when the Bridegroom comes?



In the morning light, or at noon, or night, Be ready when the Bridegroom comes.



No. 6.

Sunshine As You Go.

JOHN M. BAKER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go, For we oft - en see the
2. You can la - bor for the Mas - ter as you go, Plant the precious seed and
3. You will meet with many tri - als as you go, There will be some self - de -



tears of sor - row flow; You can haste that com - ing day, When they'll
He will bid it grow; Toil - ing on, what - e'er be - tide, With the
ni - als here be - low; But keep look - ing still a - bove, And re -



all be wiped a - way, If you scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.
Sav - iour by your side, You can scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.
member God is love, While you scat - ter bless - ed sun - shine as you go.



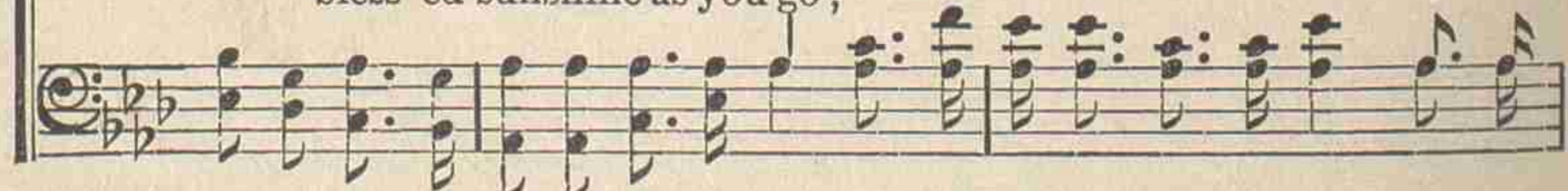
CHORUS.



You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go, You can scatter bless - ed
blessed sunshine as you go,



sunshine as you go; Oh, so ma - ny hearts are sad, You can
bless - ed sunshine as you go;



Sunshine As You Go. Concluded.

help to make them glad, If you scat-ter bless-ed sunshine as you go.

No. 7. Thy Boundless Love.

Rev. NEAL A. MCAULEY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be-hold the pre-cious Lamb of God, Who died up-on the tree,
2. Be-hold the heal-ing streams of grace, That from His side did flow,
3. Be-hold the cross He bore for me, Whereby He saved my soul;

That guil-ty sin-ners, such as I, Might thro' His grace be free.
I plunged beneath the crim-son flood, That washes white as snow.
His match-less grace shall be my theme, While countless a-ges roll.

CHORUS.

Thy bound-less love I'll sing, Thy grace..... so full and free,
Thy boundless, boundless love I'll sing, Thy grace, Thy grace so full and free,

'Tis un-der Thy protect-ing wing, My soul de-lights to be.....
de-lights to be.

No. 8. The Comforter has Come!

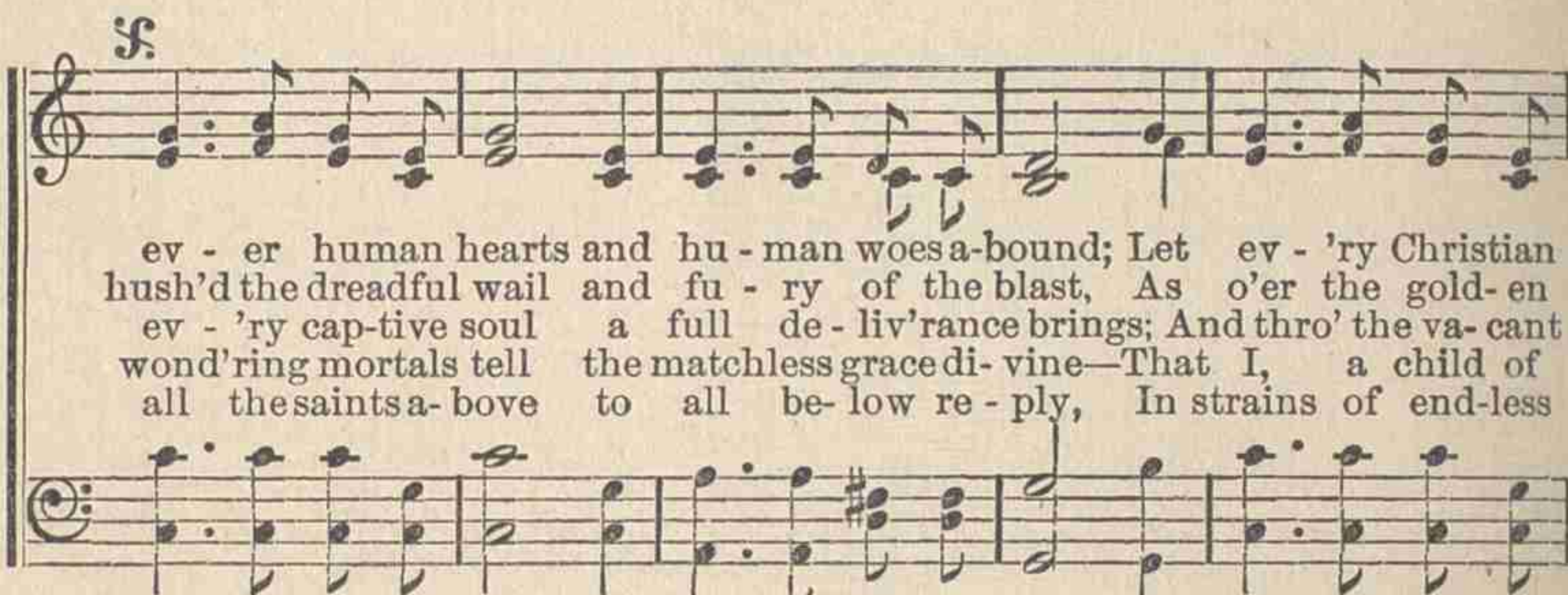
"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."—JOHN 15: 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Be - hold, the King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a-bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings
 FINE.



tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri-umph rings! The Com - fort - er has come!
 sin, should in His im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D.S.



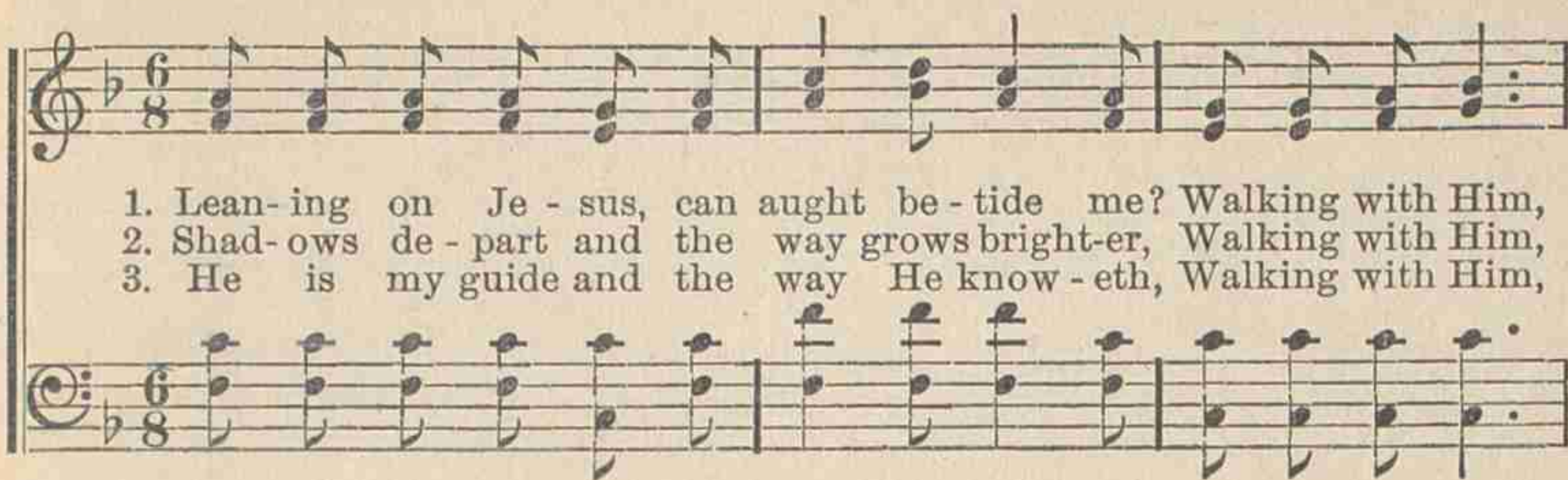
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

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No. 9. Walking With Him To-Day.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Lean-ing on Je - sus, can aught be - tide me? Walking with Him,
 2. Shad-ows de - part and the way grows bright-er, Walking with Him,
 3. He is my guide and the way He know - eth, Walking with Him,



walk-ing with Him; He will de - liv - er, pro - tect and guide me,
 walk-ing with Him; Tri - als are few - er and bur - dens light - er,
 walk-ing with Him; Peace like a riv - er my soul o'er-flow - eth,

CHORUS.



Walk-ing with Him to - day. Walking and talk-ing with my dear Sav-iour,



Com - fort and bless-ings a - bound in my way; O, I re -



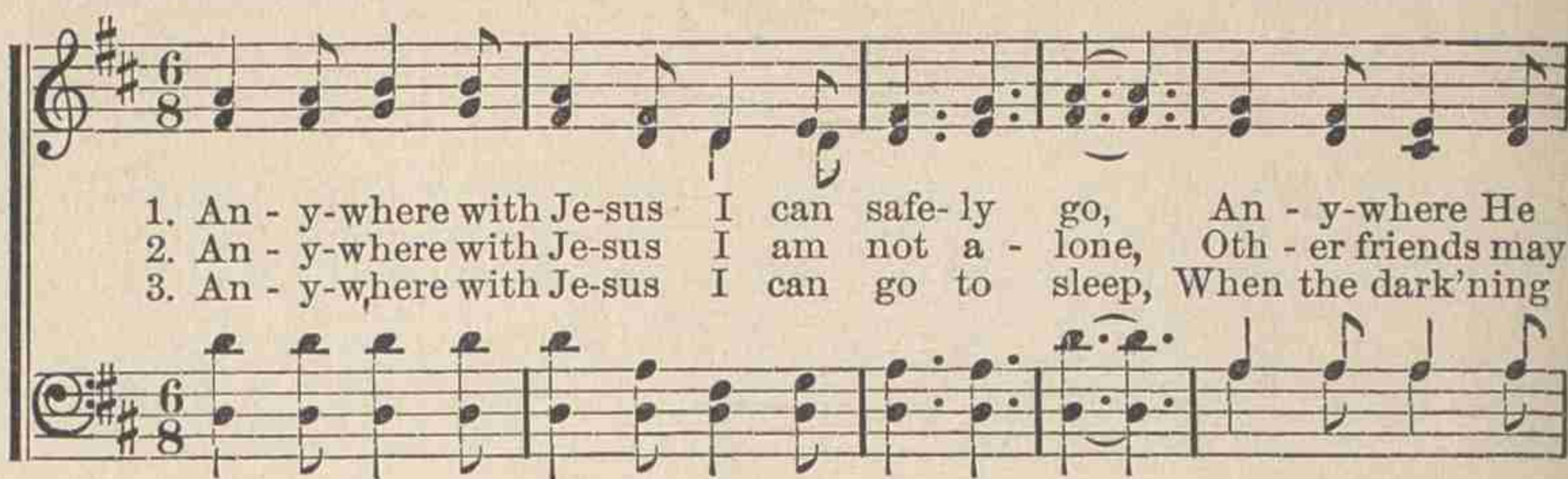
joice in His great sal - va - tion, Walking with Him to - day.

No. 10.

Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. An - y-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An - y-where He
 2. An - y-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may
 3. An - y-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning



leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him, dear - est
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hands may lead me o - ver
 shad-ows round a-bout me creep; Know-ing I shall wak-en nev - er



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

CHORUS.



An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can not know,



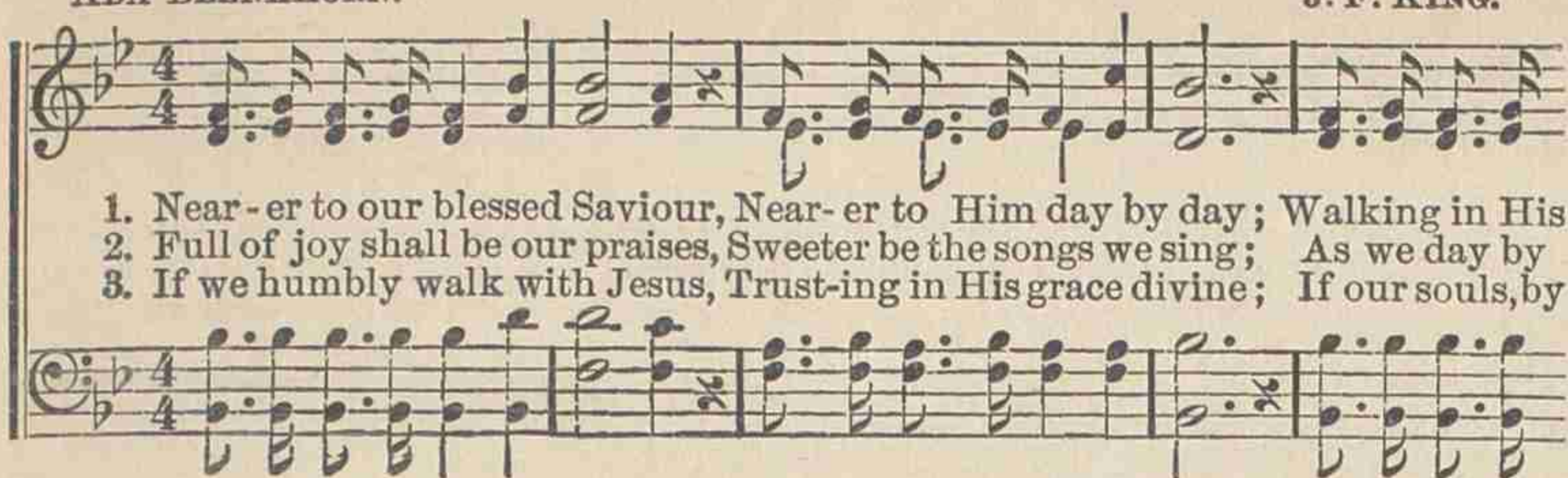
An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

No. 11.

Nearer to Our Saviour.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. F. KING.



1. Near-er to our blessed Saviour, Near-er to Him day by day; Walking in His
 2. Full of joy shall be our praises, Sweeter be the songs we sing; As we day by
 3. If we humbly walk with Jesus, Trust-ing in His grace divine; If our souls, by



ho - ly foot-steps From His side we cannot stray. Now His loving voice is
 day press for-ward Near-er to our gracious King. Ev - er will the day grow
 faith, each moment On His lov-ing arms re-cline; When our pilgrimage is



call - ing, Bid-ding us to near-er come; Ten-der-ly His hand will
 bright-er, Flee a-way the shad-ow dim; As we near-er live to
 o - ver, And we bid the world good-bye, We shall dwell with Him in



CHORUS.
 guide us Till we reach our heavenly home.
 Je - sus, As we closer walk with Him. } Nearer to Christ above,—This is the
 glo - ry In a home beyond the sky. }



song we sing,—Near-er to Him we love, Near-er to Christ our King.

No. 12. The Spirit and the Bride say "Come."

"The Spirit and the Bride say Come." Rev. 22: 17.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

Moderato.



1. Hear the gos - pel call good news to all, The Spir - it and the
 2. Hear His lov - ing voice, make Him your choice, The Spir - it and the
 3. At the foun - tain free, there's pur - i - ty, The Spir - it and the



Bride say "come," O, re - pent, be - lieve, Christ will re - ceive, The
 Bride say "come," Let the Sav - ior in, be free from sin, The
 Bride say "come," Blessed peace find there, re - lease from care, The

CHORUS.



Spir - it and the Bride say "come."
 Spir - it and the Bride say "come."
 Spir - it and the Bride say "come." } The Spir - it and the Bride say



"come," The Spir - it and the Bride say "come," Of the
 "come," "come," "come," "come,"



wat - er of life take free - ly, The Spir - it and the Bride say "come."

No. 13.

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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

burdens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
 burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus, He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O - ver the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
 troub - les quick - ly an end.
 cares and sor - rows will share. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 world the vic - t'ry to win.

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

Rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

No. 14.

More than Life to Me.

LIDA M. KECK.

J. M. BLACK.

Slowly.

1. Once my heart was full of sorrow, And my spir - it bowed with grief,
2. Sin with cru - el fetters bound me, Vainly sought I for release,
3. Night has fad - ed in - to morning, Sin and sor-row flown a-way,
4. All the chains of sin are broken, And my soul's at lib - er - ty,



Nightly longed I for the morrow, But it brought me no re - lief.
Till the precious Savior found me, Bringing hope and joy and peace.
Glorious light my soul a - dorn - ing, Bids me praise Him all the day.
And I know it by this to - ken—He is more than life to me.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry be to Christ, my Savior, He has set my spir - it free;



Now I'm rest - ing in His fa - vor, He is more than life to me.



No. 15.

I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.



1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel-lent glo - ry, And all my
 2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing Breaks on the
 3. More and more like Him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and



tri - als are passed, I shall be - hold Him, O won - der - ful sto - ry!
 vis - ion so fair, Now we may wel - come the heav - en - ly morn - ing,
 o - ver a - gain, Changed by His spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

CHORUS.



I shall be like Him at last.
 Now we His im - age may bear.
 I shall be sat - is - fied then. } I shall be like Him,



I shall be like Him, And in His beauty shall shine, I shall be like Him,



won - drous - ly like Him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

No. 16.

Some Happy Day.

Rev. L. F. JACKSON.

C. F. GREEN.



1. Some day when life and all its cares are o'er; And we are safe up-on a
2. Some day; nor ask we now the rea-son why Our hopes, so bright, seem'd only
3. Some day the clouds that hover o'er our way Will lift, and, in the realms of
4. Some day we'll see the loved ones face to face And not be pain'd to note the



brighter shore, We'll know what mercy had conceal'd before, Some day, some happy day.
 born to die, We'll know the secret of it by and by, — Some day, some happy day.
 endless day, We'll learn how full of gracious show'rs were they, Some day, some happy day.
 va-cant place, We'll learn the wonders of sustaining grace, Some day, some happy day.



CHORUS.



Some day, Some day, Some hap-py day,
 Some happy day, some happy day,



We'll know the se-cret of it by and by, Some hap-py day.



No. 17.

Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul, When life's
 3. Sav - iour, lead me, then at last, When the



1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen -
 lead me all the way, I am safe when by Thy
 storm-y bil-lows roll, I am safe when Thou art
 storm of life is past, To the land of end-less



tly lead me all the way; I am
 side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
 nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
 day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.



safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.

CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray;
 lest I stray;



Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.

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No. 18.

He's Coming By and By.

LIZZIE AKERS.

J. M. BLACK.



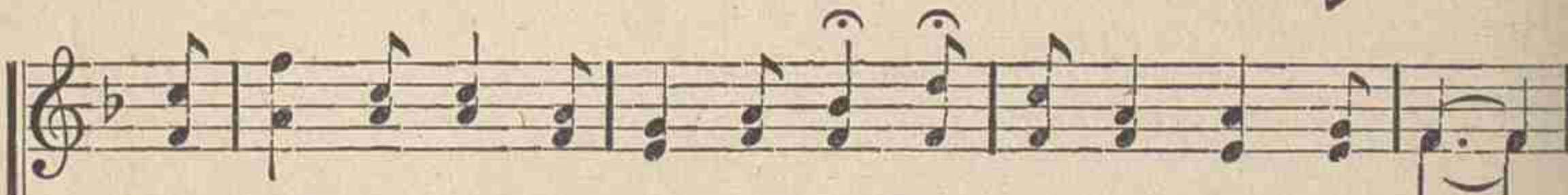
1. The bells of hope ring in my soul, And, oh, how sweet their chime!
 2. It may be at the e-ven-tide, My Lord will come for me,
 3. So, watch-ing, pray-ing, toil-ing on, Still cheered by hope's sweet bells,




Their song keeps ring-ing day by day Thro' bus-y work-ing time.
 Or that the si-lent mid-night hour His chos-en time will be.
 I jour-ney to the Beau-lah land Where joy for-ev-er dwells.




Tho' wea-ry oft with toil and care, Tho' oft for rest I sigh,
 He gent-ly bids me watch and wait; When un-to Him I cry,
 I catch a glimpse of Ca-naan's shore, My home be-yond the sky,

Hope's bells my faint-ing spir-it cheer, He's com-ing by and by.
 And tunes my heart to hope's re-frain, He's com-ing by and by.
 All glo-ry to His precious name! He's com-ing by and by.



REFRAIN.



He's com-ing by and by, He's com-ing by and by.



He's Coming By and By.—Concluded.

The bells of hope ring in my soul, He's com-ing by and by.

No. 19. Beautiful Eden Bells.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Beau-ti-ful bells of E-den fair, Chiming at eve on the calm, still air,
 2. Beau-ti-ful bells of E-den bright, Murmuring on thro' the hush of night,
 3. Beau-ti-ful bells of E-den chime, Softly they breathe in their tones sublime;

Lift-ing the soul with its toil oppress'd, Into the vales of the pure and bless'd.
 Tell-ing my soul of the friends I love, Gather'd and safe in their home above.
 Ech-o of joy from a white-robed throng, Praising the Lord in a world of song.

CHORUS.

rit......

Sweet, beauti-ful bells; . . . That oft in a dream I hear. . . .
 so dear; in a dream I hear,

rit. ad lib.

Welcome the message they bring to me, O-ver the waves of the crys-tal sea.

No. 20. He Saves Me, I Know.

"These things have I written unto you, that ye may know that ye have eternal life." 1 John 5: 13.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

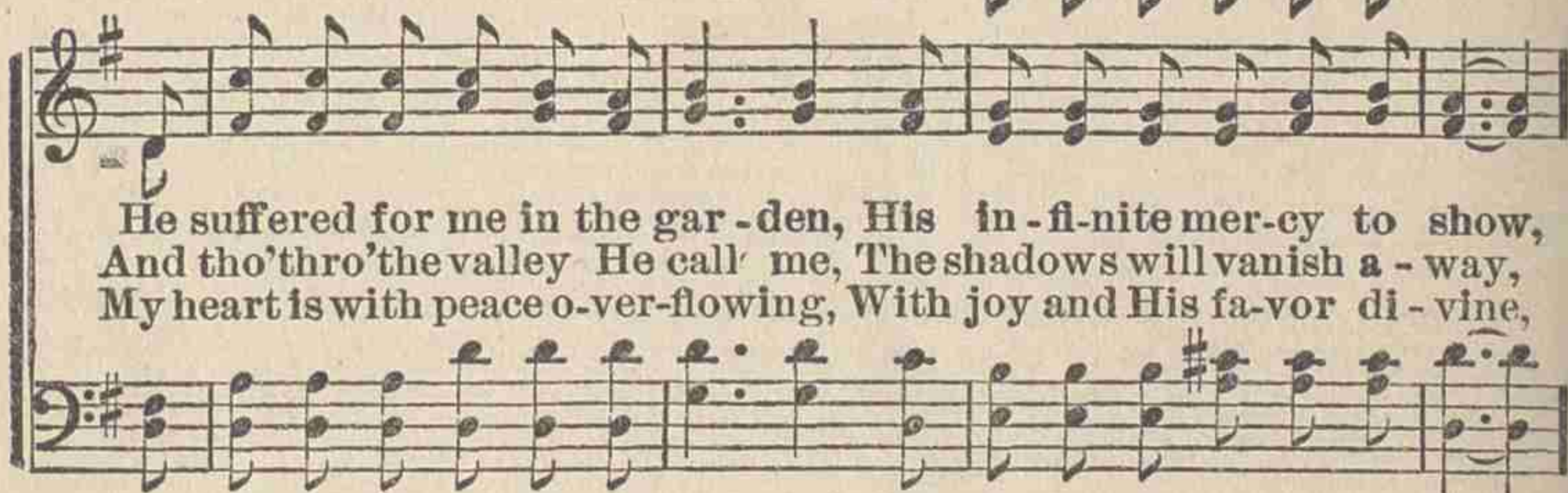
J. M. BLACK.



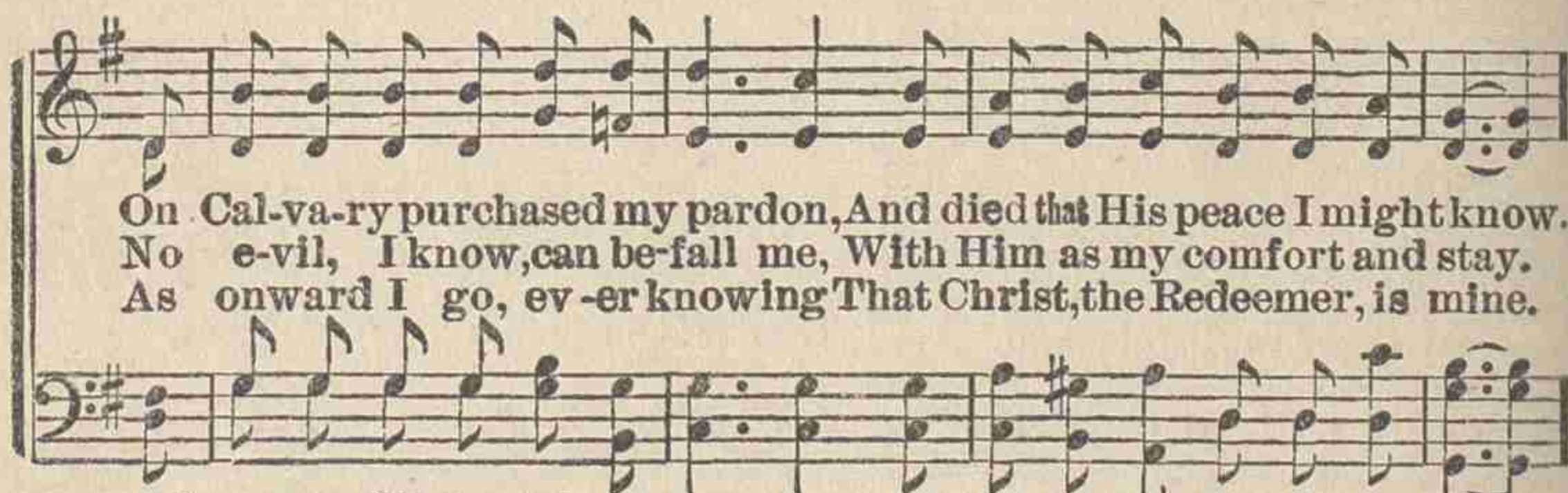
1. I know that my Sav-ior has found me, The spirit bears wit-ness with-in.
2. I know that He shel-ters and feeds me, In fields ev-er green I a - bide.
3. I know that His love will provide me A ref-uge when skies are o'er-cast,



The light of His love shines around me Dispelling the darkness of sin.
The Shepherd om-ni-po-tent leads me, Sal-va-tion's clear waters be-side;
And safe in the rock He will hide me Till tempest and billows are past.

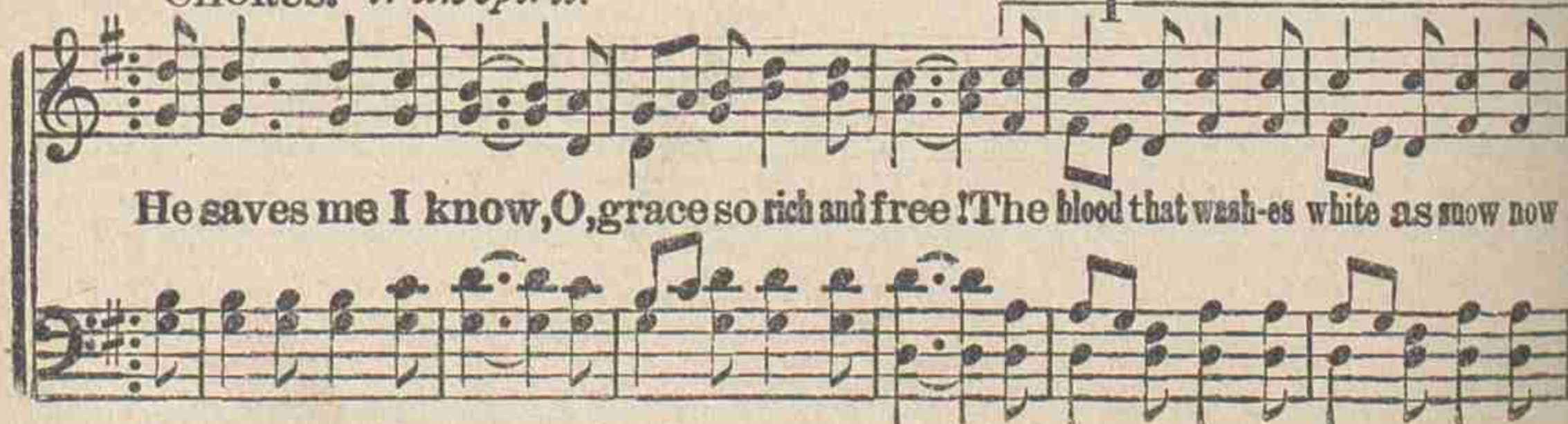


He suffered for me in the gar-den, His in-fi-nite mer-cy to show,
And tho'thro'the valley He call me, The shadows will vanish a-way,
My heart is with peace o-ver-flowing, With joy and His fa-vor di-vine,



On Cal-va-ry purchased my pardon, And died that His peace I might know.
No e-vil, I know, can be-fall me, With Him as my comfort and stay.
As onward I go, ev-er knowing That Christ, the Redeemer, is mine.

CHORUS. *With spirit.*



He saves me I know, O, grace so rich and free! The blood that wash-es white as snow now

He saves me now I know,

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He Saves Me, I Know. Concluded.

cleanses e-ven me. The blood that washes white as snow now cleanses e-ven me.

No. 21. The Christ Who Died for Me.

"Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures." 1. Cor. 15: 3.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. In my Sav-ior I am trust-ing, Sweet-ly He, com-munes with me;
 2. In His love I am a-bid-ing, Here my heart shall ev-er be,
 3. I have found the balm of heal-ing, In the blood He shed for me;
 4. Grace, and strength and rich-est blessing, Boundless love and lib-er-ty,

Day by day I'm calm-ly rest-ing, In the Christ who died for me.
 'Mid the storms of life I'm hid-ing In the Christ who died for me.
 Ev-er-more my par-don seal-ing In the Christ who died for me.
 Ev-'ry good I am pos-sess-ing In the Christ who died for me.

CHORUS.

Blessed Christ, my precious Sav-ior, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal-va-ry,

I am hid-ing and a-bid-ing, In the Christ who died for me.

No. 22. What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And His name shall be called Wonderful,"—ISA. 9: 6.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMANN.



1. Christ has for sin a-tonement made, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!



We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 That rec-on-ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 And now He reigns and rules therein; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!
 And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour!



CHORUS.



What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Je-sus!



What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord!



- 5 He gives me overcoming power,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 And triumph in each trying hour;
 What a wonderful Saviour!

- 6 To Him I've given all my heart,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 The world shall never share a part;
 What a wonderful Saviour!

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No. 23.

Witness for Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Broth-er, has Christ re-deemed you from sin? Has He brought peace and
2. Sunshine is beam-ing bright on your way, Bless-ings from heav'n at -
3. Won-drous-ly fair, the smiles of His face, Pre-cious-ly sweet His
4. Tell out the joy that thrills in your soul; Sing out the praise, to



com-fort with-in! Does not your heart with grat - i - tude move, Move you to
tend you each day; Mer - cy descends in streams from a - bove, Brother, O
quick-en-ing grace, O what a Friend in Je - sus you have; Tell all the
heav'n let it roll, Hon - or the Lord, your faith-ful-ness prove, Tell all the

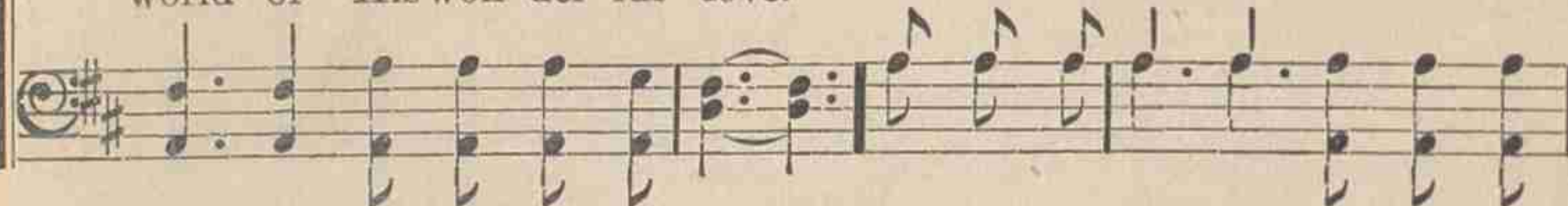


CHORUS.



speak of His won-der-ful love?
 tell of His won-der-ful love.
 world He is a - ble to save.
 world of His won-der-ful love.

Wit-ness for Je - sus, wit-ness to -



day; Tell how de-light-some and bright is the way, Wit-ness that



all your sins He for - gave; Wit-ness that Je - sus is a - ble to save.



No. 24.

To Jesus Draw Nigh.

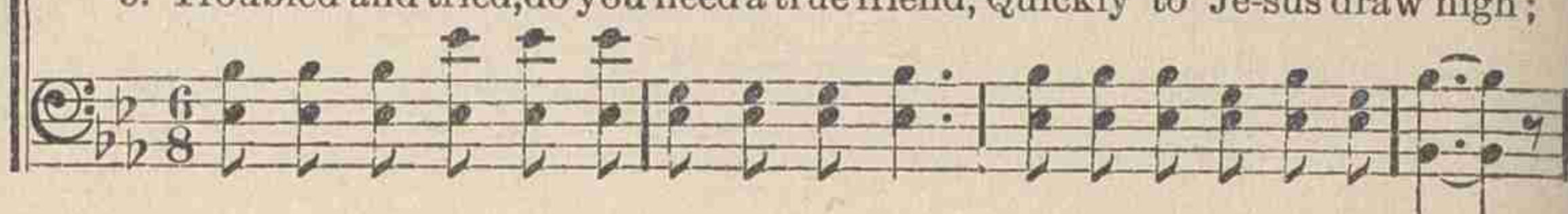
"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." JAS. 4: 8.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Would you be free from the bondage of sin? Quickly to Je-sus draw nigh;
2. Wea - ry and faint are you seeking for rest? Quickly to Je-sus draw nigh;
3. If the dark waves of temptation o'ertake, Quickly to Je-sus draw nigh;
4. When in life's conflict the foe shall as-sail, Quickly to Je-sus draw nigh;
5. Troubled and tried, do you need a true friend, Quickly to Je-sus draw nigh;



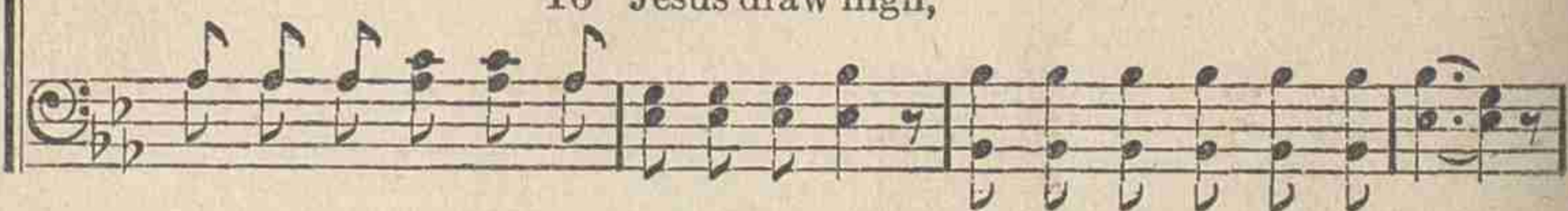

Par-don and peace He will give you within, If you to Je-sus draw nigh.
 Rest sweet and true will you find on His breast, If you to Je-sus draw nigh.
 For your deliv-'rance a way He will make, If you to Je-sus draw nigh.
 He will defend you,—His arm cannot fail,— If you to Je-sus draw nigh.
 Faith-ful and true He will be to the end, If you to Je-sus draw nigh.



CHORUS.



If you to Je-sus draw nigh,..... And on His grace you re-ly;
 To Jesus draw nigh,




Hear the sweet promise so tender and true, "He will draw nigh unto you."



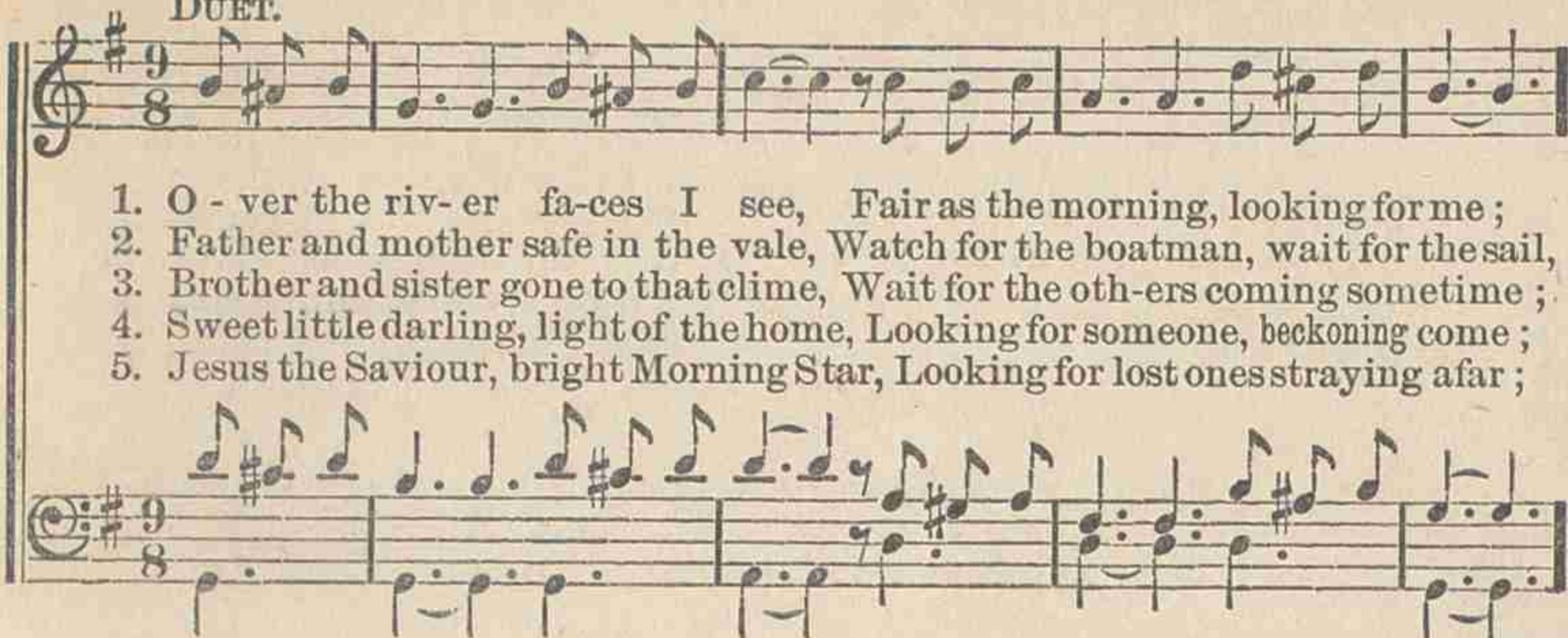
No. 25.

Looking This Way.

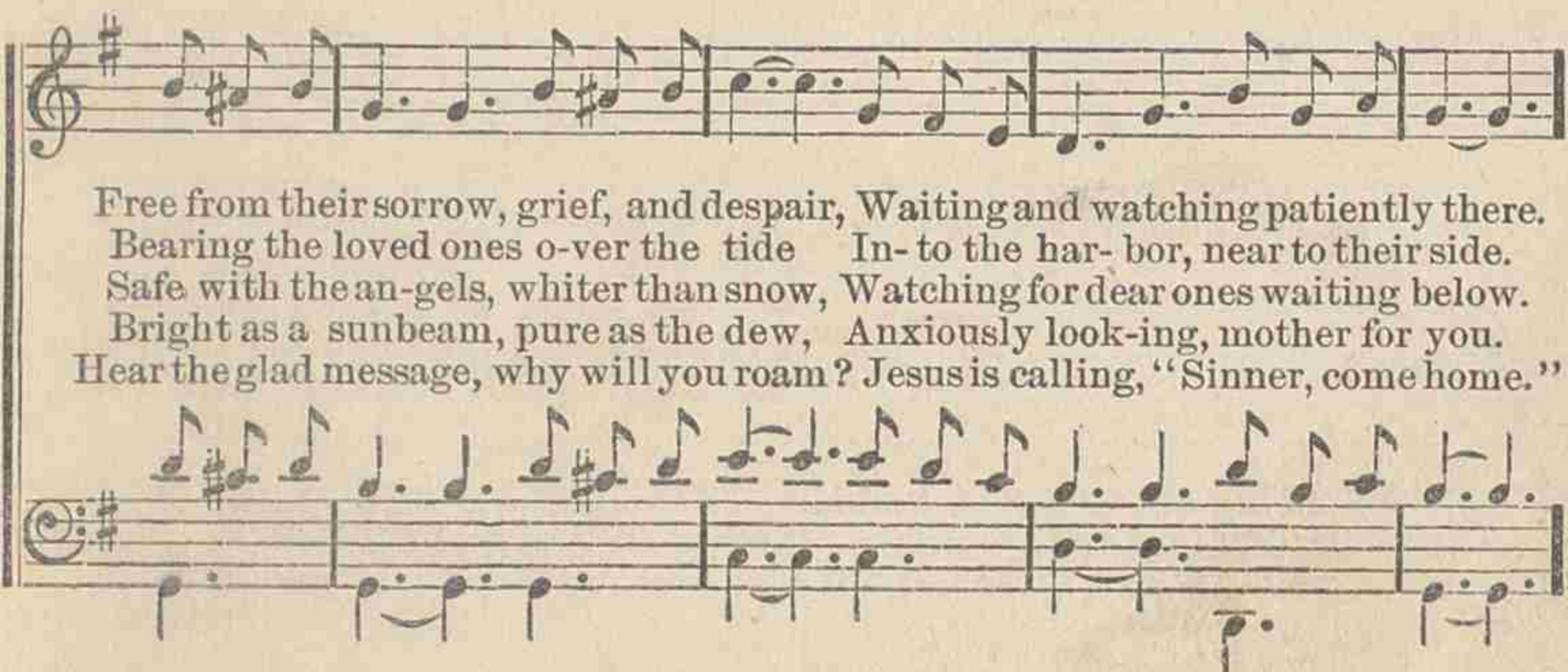
J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

DUET.



1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me ;
 2. Father and mother safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
 3. Brother and sister gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers coming sometime ;
 4. Sweet little darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come ;
 5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying afar ;



Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and watching patiently there.
 Bearing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the an - gels, whiter than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting below.
 Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously look - ing, mother for you.
 Hear the glad message, why will you roam? Jesus is calling, "Sinner, come home."

CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way ;



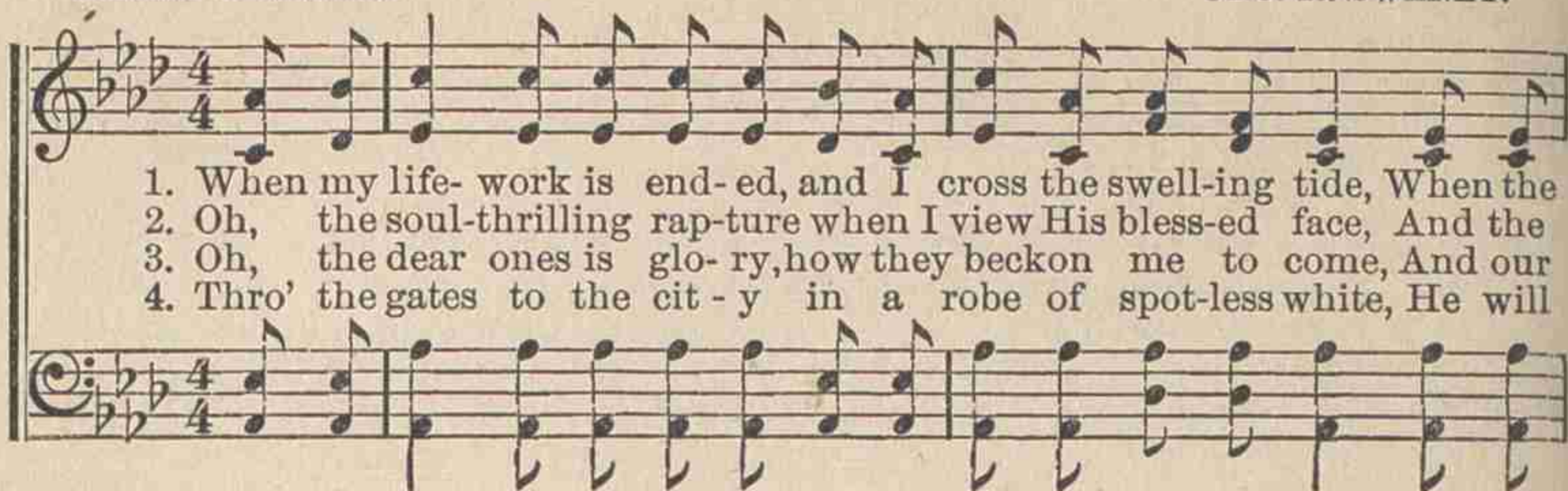
Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry, looking this way.

No. 26.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones is glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

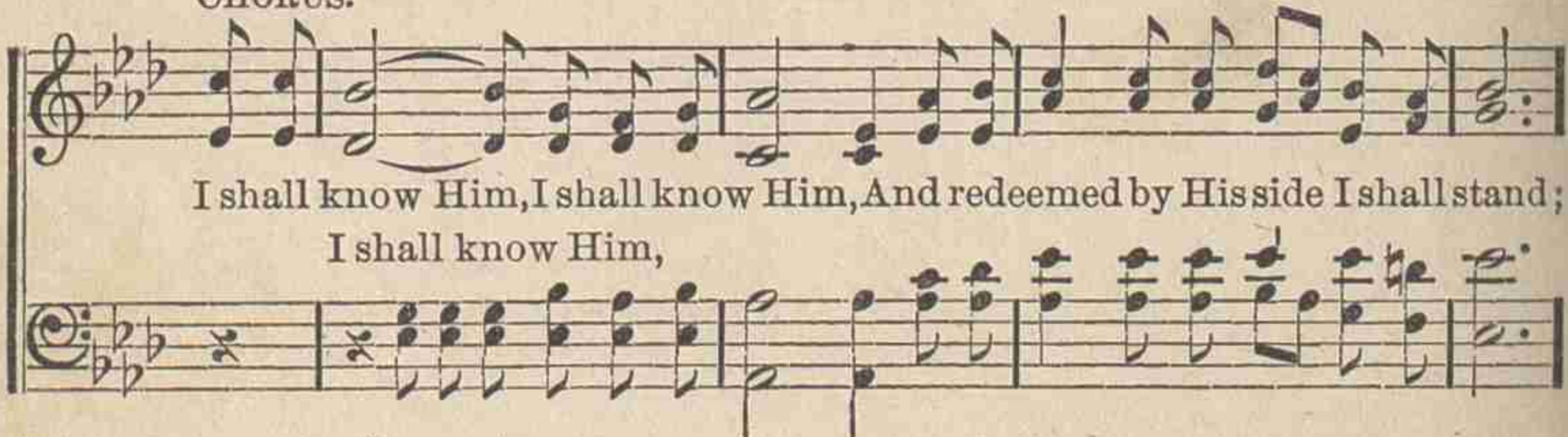


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-tre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



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

CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
 I shall know Him,



I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.

No. 27. Since the Love of God Shone In.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



1. I have found a Friend to me so dear, In each try-ing mo-ment
 2. I am kept by His al-might-y hand, As I press a-long to
 3. I have found a Christ my guilt to bear, I have found a wondrous



He is near; There is nought my heart has need to fear, Since the
 glo-ry land, I am walk-ing with the ran-somed band, Since the
 rest from care, There is joy and sun-light ev-ery-where, Since the

CHORUS.



love of God shone in. } Since the love of God shone in,
 love of God shone in. } the love of God shone in,
 love of God shone in. }



Since the love of God shone in, My heart is light
 the love of God shone in,



and the way seems bright, Since the love of God shone in.

No. 28.

The Bolted Door.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Do you know the blessed Saviour's at the door? That He lin-gers there to
2. Do not keep Him longer waiting at the door, Hear Him knocking, calling
3. Will you close your heart against Him at the door? Will He not be all you
4. O, to think that Jesus waits outside the door, He may leave you to re-



bless you more and more? Will you not in-vite Him in, And His
loud - er than be - fore. Bid Him wel-come now with-in, Turn a -
need for ev - er - more? He will take a - way your pride, Be your
turn, no, nev - er - more. Leave you hope - less and a - lone, With a



fel - lowship be - gin? He is wait - ing, knocking, call - ing at the door.
way from ev - 'ry sin, He will en - ter and the feast be ev - er - more.
nev - er - fail - ing guide, To the mansions where the blessed ones a - dore.
heart as hard as stone, Haste to hear Him now and o - pen wide the door.



CHORUS.



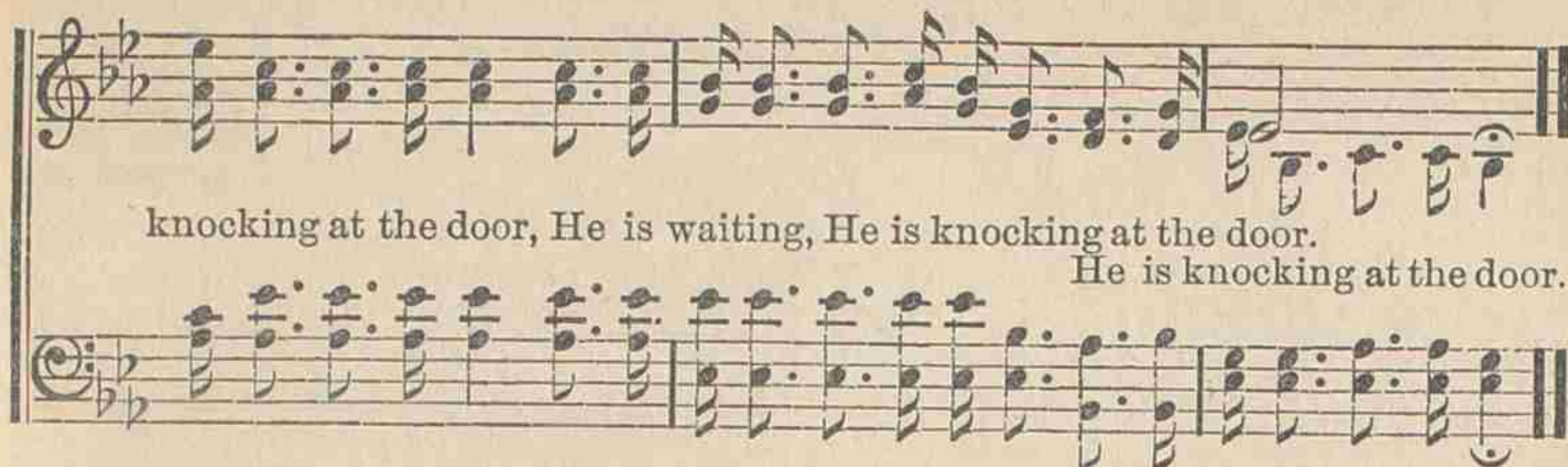
He is wait - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is
Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door,



wait - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait - ing, He is
Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door, Waiting, He is waiting,



The Bolted Door. Concluded.

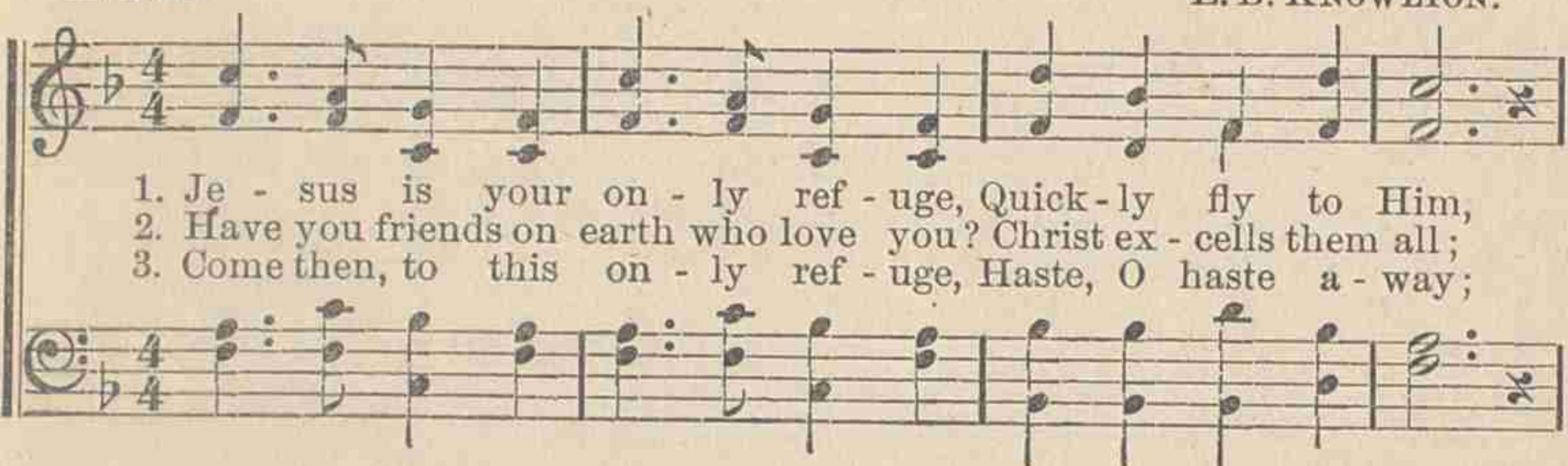


knocking at the door, He is waiting, He is knocking at the door.
He is knocking at the door.

No. 29. Jesus, Your Only Refuge.

E. B. K.

E. B. KNOWLTON.



1. Je - sus is your on - ly ref - uge, Quick - ly fly to Him,
2. Have you friends on earth who love you? Christ ex - cells them all;
3. Come then, to this on - ly ref - uge, Haste, O haste a - way;



He will keep you from all e - vil,—Cleanse you from all sin.
He will hear you when in troub - le If on Him you call.
By His Spir - it, Je - sus calls you, Come, O come to - day:



He's the Rock of your sal - va - tion, Build on Him to - day,
Not a spar - row ev - er fall - eth That He does not see,
Though your sins a - round you gath - er—High as mountains be,



Earth - ly pleas - ures fast are fad - ing And will pass a - way.
How much more thou art to Je - sus, For He died for thee.
He will par - don and for - give you,—He will set you free.

No. 30.

The Master is Come.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee." John, 11: 28.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.



1. "The Mas - ter is come," O pen - i - tent one, He brings thee for -
 2. "The Mas - ter is come," O la - bor - er know The seed thou art
 3. "The Mas - ter is come," O pilgrim, whose way Has lain in the
 4. "The Mas - ter is come," O mourn - er re - joice, He robs e - ven



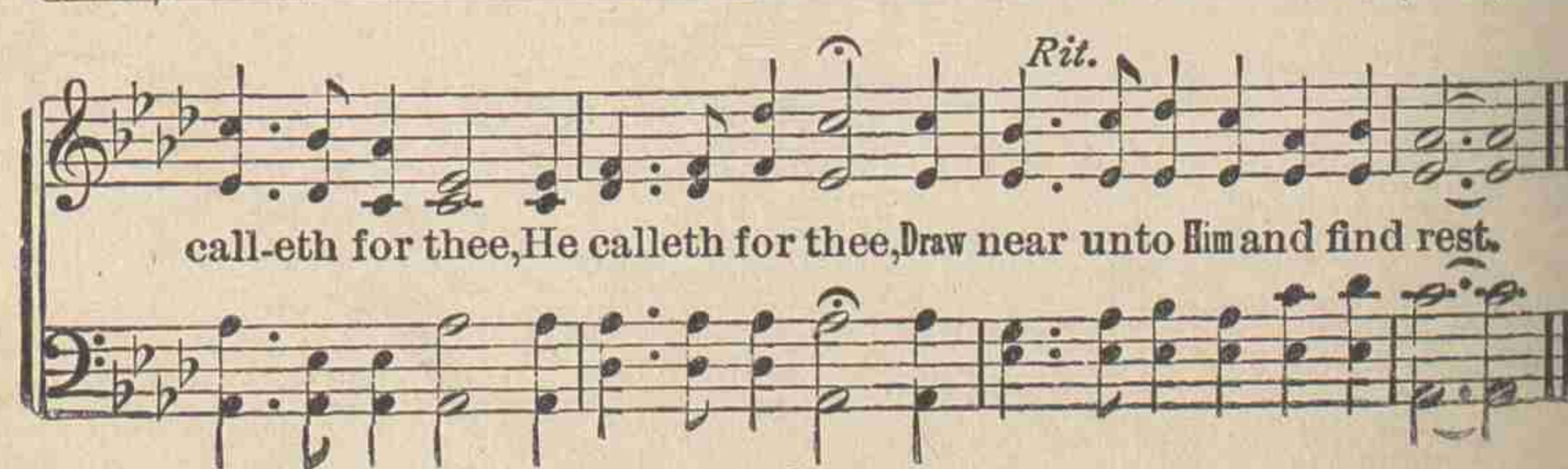
giveness and love; The cup that He drain'd thy par - don has won -
 sow - ing in tears, Thro' sunshine and storm shall blossom and grow
 shad - ow so long, Thy path will lead home to por - tals of day -
 death of its sting; Thy lov'd shall a - wake at sound of His voice



CHORUS.
 Thy ti - tle to mansions a - bove.
 To ri - pen in heaven's bright years.
 To joy and redemption's glad song.
 To dwell ev - er - more with the King.



call - eth for thee," O soul heav - y la - den, op - pressed, He



call - eth for thee, He calleth for thee, Draw near unto Him and find rest.

No. 31. Jesus is Pleading for Thee.

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.



1. Hear the gen - tle Spir - it's call, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee;
2. Sin - ner, will you come to - day? Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee;
3. He will wash Thy gar-ments white, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee;
4. He will sweep Thy guilt a - way, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee;
5. He will give Thee joy and peace, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee;



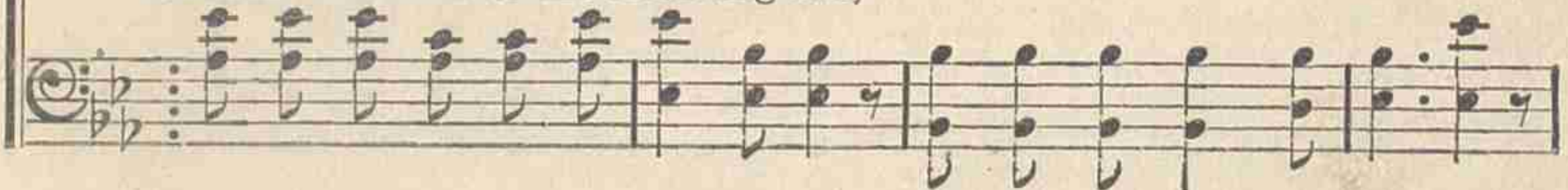
There is par - don free for all, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee.
 Leave the dark and drear - y way, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee.
 Turn Thy dark-ness in - to light, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee.
 Make thy soul as clear as day, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee.
 Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je - sus is plead-ing for Thee.



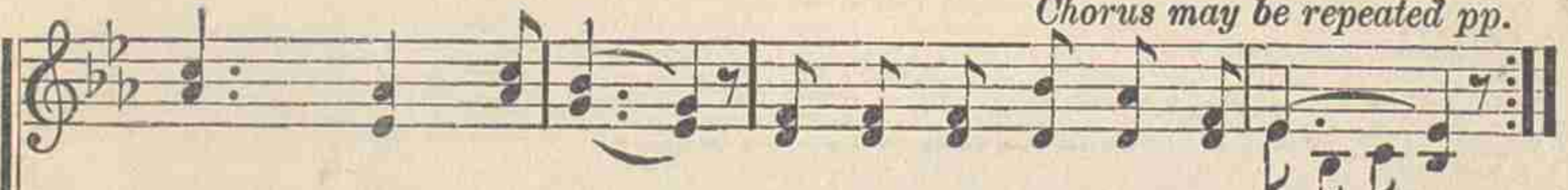
CHORUS.



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,



Chorus may be repeated pp.



Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb.
 Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

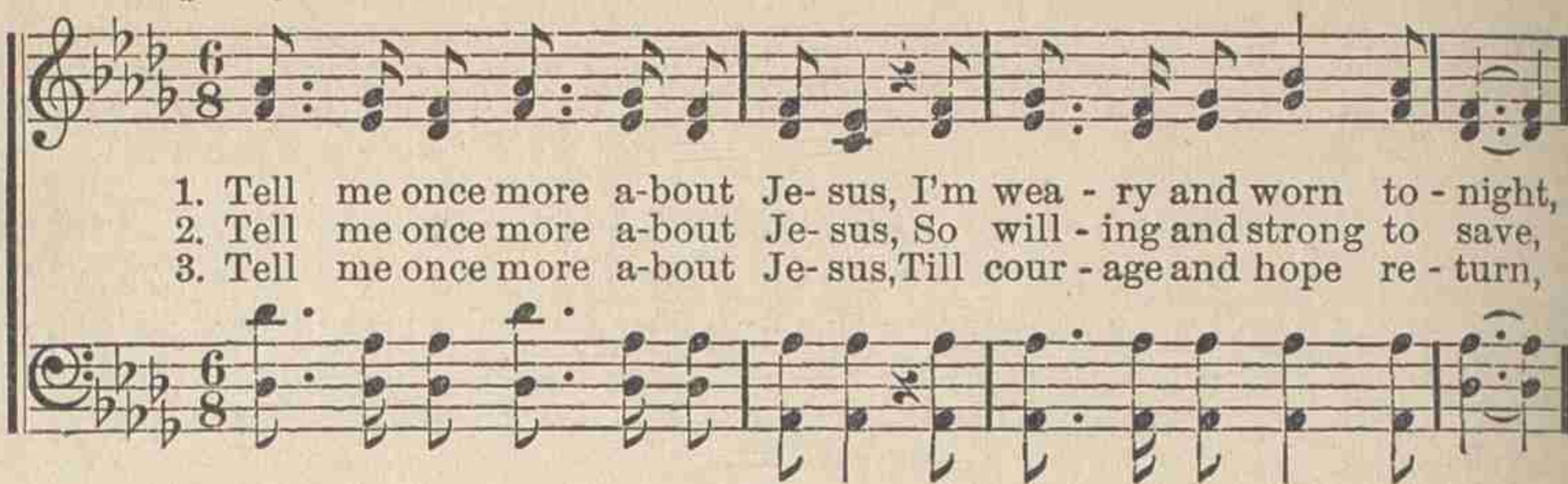


By per. B. E. Warren, Springfield, Ohio.

No. 32. Tell Me Once More About Jesus.

Arranged by L. W. S.

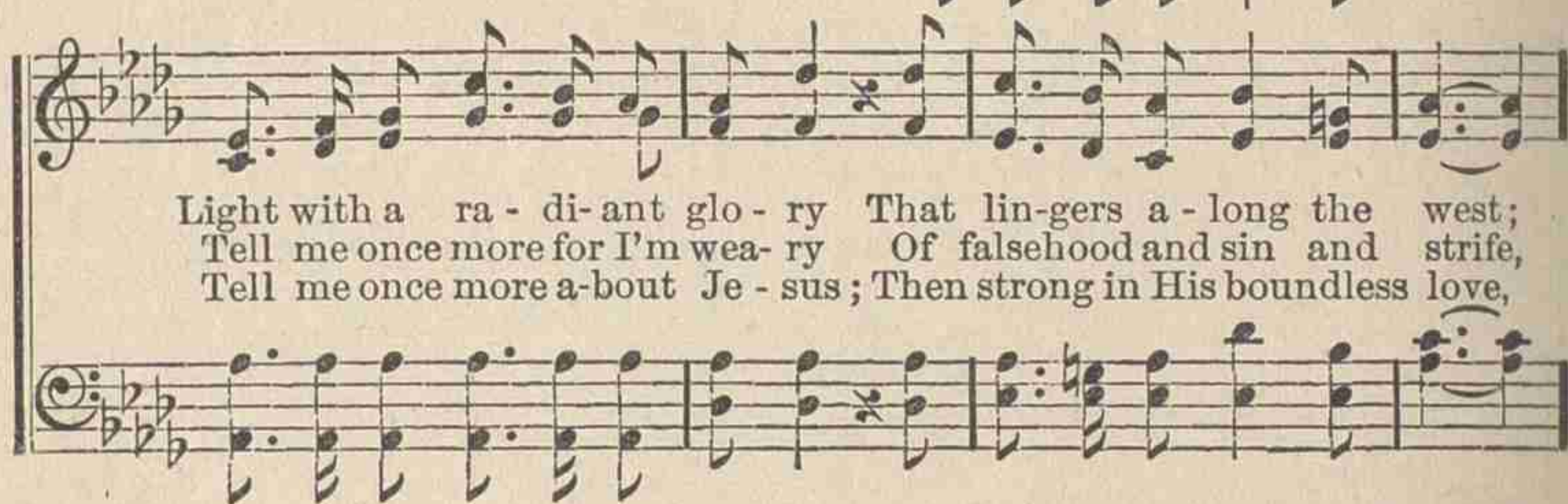
LANTA WILSON SMITH.



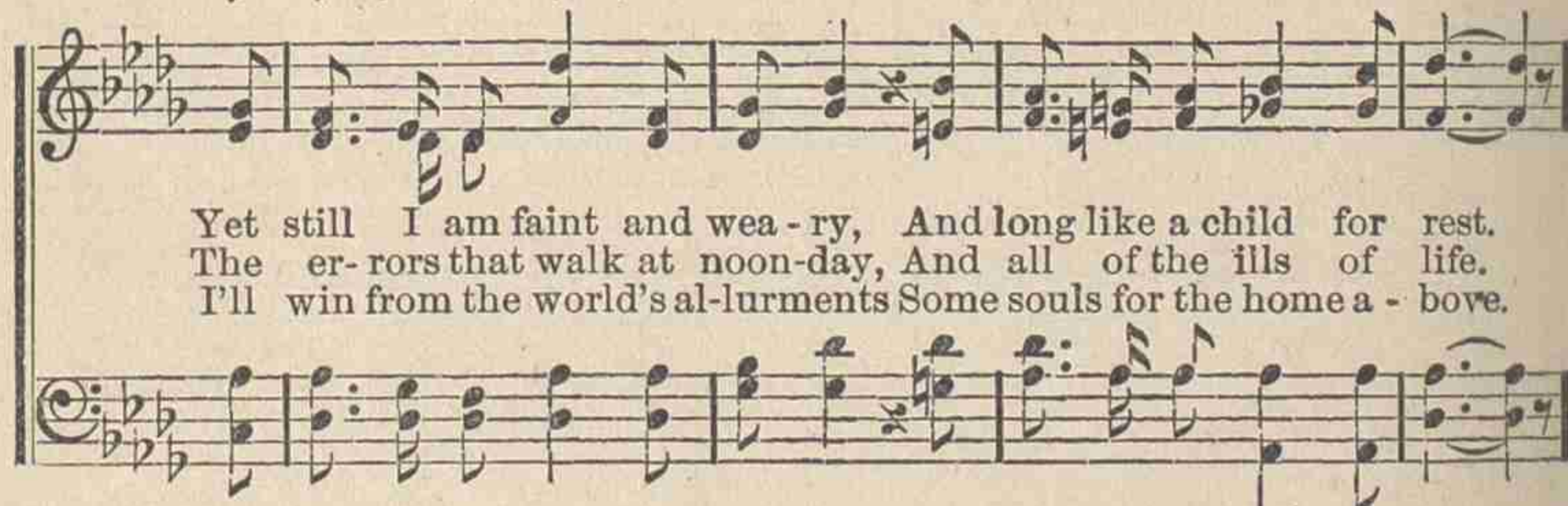
1. Tell me once more a-bout Je-sus, I'm wea - ry and worn to - night,
 2. Tell me once more a-bout Je-sus, So will - ing and strong to save,
 3. Tell me once more a-bout Je-sus, Till cour - age and hope re - turn,



The day has been dark and stormy, But ev'ning has bro't the light.
 His ten - der and sweet compas - sion, The cru - el - est wrongs for - gave.
 Till out of my care and sor - row, New les - sons of faith I learn.



Light with a ra - di - ant glo - ry That lin - gers a - long the west;
 Tell me once more for I'm wea - ry Of falsehood and sin and strife,
 Tell me once more a-bout Je - sus; Then strong in His boundless love,



Yet still I am faint and wea - ry, And long like a child for rest.
 The er - rors that walk at noon - day, And all of the ills of life.
 I'll win from the world's al - lurments Some souls for the home a - bove.

CHORUS.



Tell me once more a-bout Je - sus, His love is a heal - ing balm.
 healing balm.

Tell Me Once More About Jesus. Concluded.

rit.

My heart that was bruised and broken, Grows patient and strong and calm.

No. 33. Lives of Purpose.

L. E. J.

L. E. J. Arr. by J. M. BLACK.

1. Have a pur-pose as you pass a-long, Jour-ney-ing up-on life's way;
2. Lift the fal-len, point them to the King, Lend the weak a help-ing hand;
3. Strength for la-bor, Je-sus will pro-vide, Fear not then nor falt'-ring be,

Take the word of Je-sus as your guide, Do His will each day.
 Ask-ing dai-ly for the Spir-it's pow'r, Firm for Je-sus stand.
 Look-ing up-ward, tho' the foe as-sail, On to vic-to-ry.

CHORUS.

Lives of pur-pose, lives of prayer, Such are need-ed ev-'ry-where,

Lives that have an aim in view, Loy-al hearts, to Je-sus true.

No. 34.

Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him."—LUKE 23 : 33.

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Saviour died,..... 'Twas there my
 2. 'Mid rending rocks..... and dark'ning skies,..... My Saviour
 3. O Je - sus, Lord,..... how can it be,..... That Thou shouldst

1. On Calva'ry's brow my Saviour died,

Lord..... was cru-ci - fied :..... 'Twas on the cross..... He bled for
 bows..... His head and dies;..... The opening veil..... reveals the
 give..... Thy life for me,..... To bear the cross..... and ag - o -

'Twas there my Lord was cru-cified : 'Twas on the cross

me,..... And purchased there..... my par - don free.
 way..... To heaven's joys..... and end - less day.
 ny,—..... In that dread hour..... on Cal - va - ry!—

He bled for me, And purchased there my par-don free.

mf CHORUS. *p* *m* *p* *pp*
 O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me,
 for me;

mf *ff* *mf* *rit. p*
 O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Sav-iour died for me.

No. 35.

He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der-ful
2. A won - der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num-ber-less blessings each mo-ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When clothed in His brightness transported I rise To meet Him in



Sav-iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
bur-den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
full-ness di - vine, I sing in my rapt-ure, oh, glo - ry to God For
clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal - va - tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll



CHORUS.



riv - ers of pleasure I see.
giv - eth me strength as my day. } He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
such a Redeemer as mine.
shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His



love, And cov-ers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.



No. 36.

Come Home To-Night.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O soul a-stray and wea-ry with wand'ring far a-broad,
 2. What tho' thy sins like mountains rise up to bar the way,
 3. Come home! He waits to meet thee, nor will He harsh-ly chide;
 4. O lin-ger not, nor doubt Him, but come while yet you may;

From ways all dark and drear-y, come home! come home to God!
 And tho' not all earth's fountains Thy stain can wash a-way,
 With tend'rest love He'll greet thee and take thee to His side;
 No soul is saved with-out Him, He is the on-ly way;

The Christ whose love hath bought thee doth kind-ly thee in-vite;
 He bought with cru-el bleed-ing for thee the glo-rious right
 From haunts of fear and sad-ness, from sin's cor-rod-ing blight,
 O haste to seek his fa-vor ere mer-cy takes its flight,

His mer-cy long hath sought thee: come home, come home to-night.
 To prove His love, ex-ceed-ing, come home, come home to-night.
 To light, and joy, and glad-ness, He'll wel-come thee to-night.
 A-rise and say, "My Sav-iour, I will come home to-night."

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, O hear His ten-der
 Come home to-night, come home to-night,

Come Home To-night. Concluded.

pleading come home to-night, Come home,..... come home,.....
 Come home to-night, come home to-night, come home to-night,

O hear His ten - der plead - ing, come home, come home to - night.

No. 37.

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 wounded, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

No. 38.

Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait; Come



want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my
 wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my
 now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have



i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
 self, and what - ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be
 cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be
 sought Thee, Thou never said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be

CHORUS.



whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than



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

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No. 39

Serving Jesus.

LIZZIE AKERS.

J. M. BLACK.



1. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Work-ing for Him day by day,
2. There is peace in serv-ing Je - sus, For the storms o - bey His will;
3. There is hope in serv-ing Je - sus, Though dark clouds the sunshine hide,
4. There's a crown for serv-ing Je - sus, Wait-ing in my home a - bove,



Toil-ing in His fer-tile vine-yard, Or a - long the King's highway.
 He's my Cap-tain in the tem-pest, And He whis-pers, "Peace be still!"
 I can trust His lov-ing prom-ise, Light shall come at e - ven - tide.
 I shall lay it down be - fore Him, 'Tis the jew - eled crown of love.



CHORUS.



Serv-ing Je - sus, serv-ing Je - sus, He is al - ways good to me;



Serv-ing Je - sus, serv-ing Je - sus, Till His bless - ed face I see.



No. 40.

BY and BY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. M. BLACK.

1. We shall cross the roll-ing tide
 2. There are crowns that we shall win
 3. There our dear ones we shall meet

We shall cross the roll-ing tide
 There are crowns that we shall win
 There are dear ones we shall meet

By and
 By and
 By and

By and by,
 By and by,
 By and by,

By and by,
 By and by,
 By and by,

And our armor
 When our sheaves
 At a lov-ing

by,
 by,
 by,

By and by,
 By and by,
 By and by,

And our ar - - mor lay a-
 When our sheaves are gathered
 At a lov - - ing Saviour's

lay a-side,
 are gathered in,
 Saviour's feet,

By and by,
 By and by,
 By and by,

By and by.
 By and by.
 By and by.

side,
 in,
 feet,

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

Con spirito.

We shall reach the oth-er shore, And with millions gone be-fore, We shall
 O, the won-der and surprise That will greet our waking eyes, When to
 And the chains of friendship true, Will be twined for us a - new, When each

By and By. Concluded.

Rit.....

rest for-ev - er - more,
glo - ry we shall rise,
oth - er's face we view,

By and by,
By and by,
By and by,

By and by.
By and by.
By and by.

By and by, By and by.

No. 41. Anywhere With Jesus is Home to Me.

Rev. J. G. BONNELL.

J. F. M. Arr. by J. M. BLACK.

1. If Je - sus is my Broth - er, And God my Fa - ther be;
2. Tho' I roam the wide world o - ver, And trav - erse ma - ny a sea,
3. Tho' from other friends di - vid - ed, His pres - ence will not flee;

Rit.....

Then an - y-where with Je - sus Is home, sweet home to me.
Still an - y-where with Je - sus Is home, sweet home to me.
So an - y-where with Je - sus Is home, sweet home to me.

CHORUS.

An - y-where, an - y-where, Wher - ev - er I may be;

Rit.....

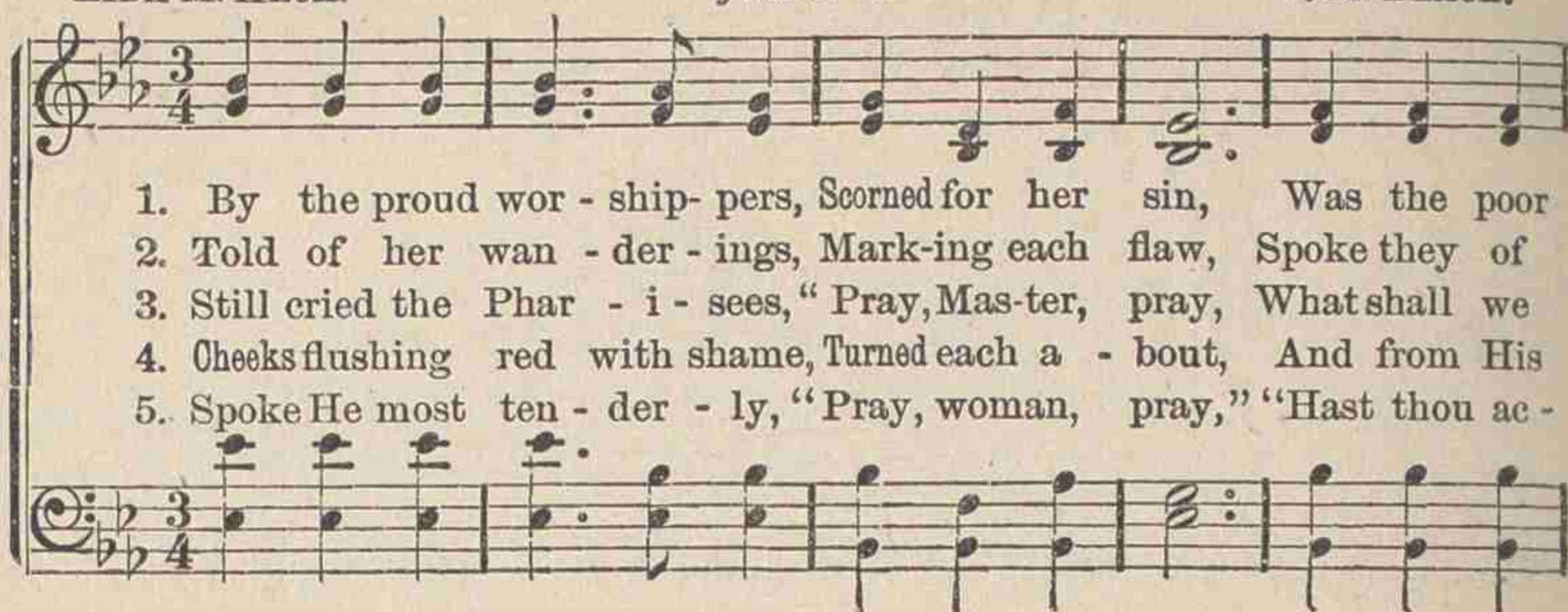
An - y-where with Je - sus, Is home, sweet home to me.

No. 42. "Neither Do I Condemn Thee."

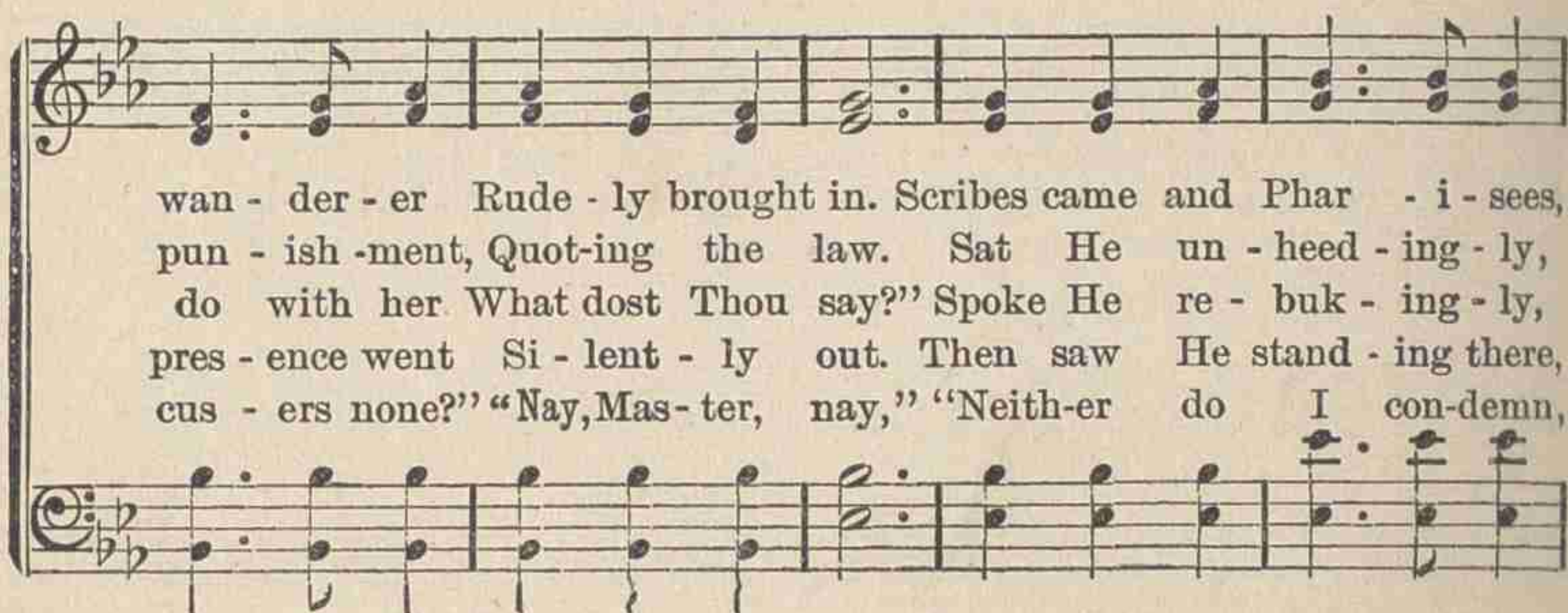
LIDA M. KECK.

JOHN 8: 11.

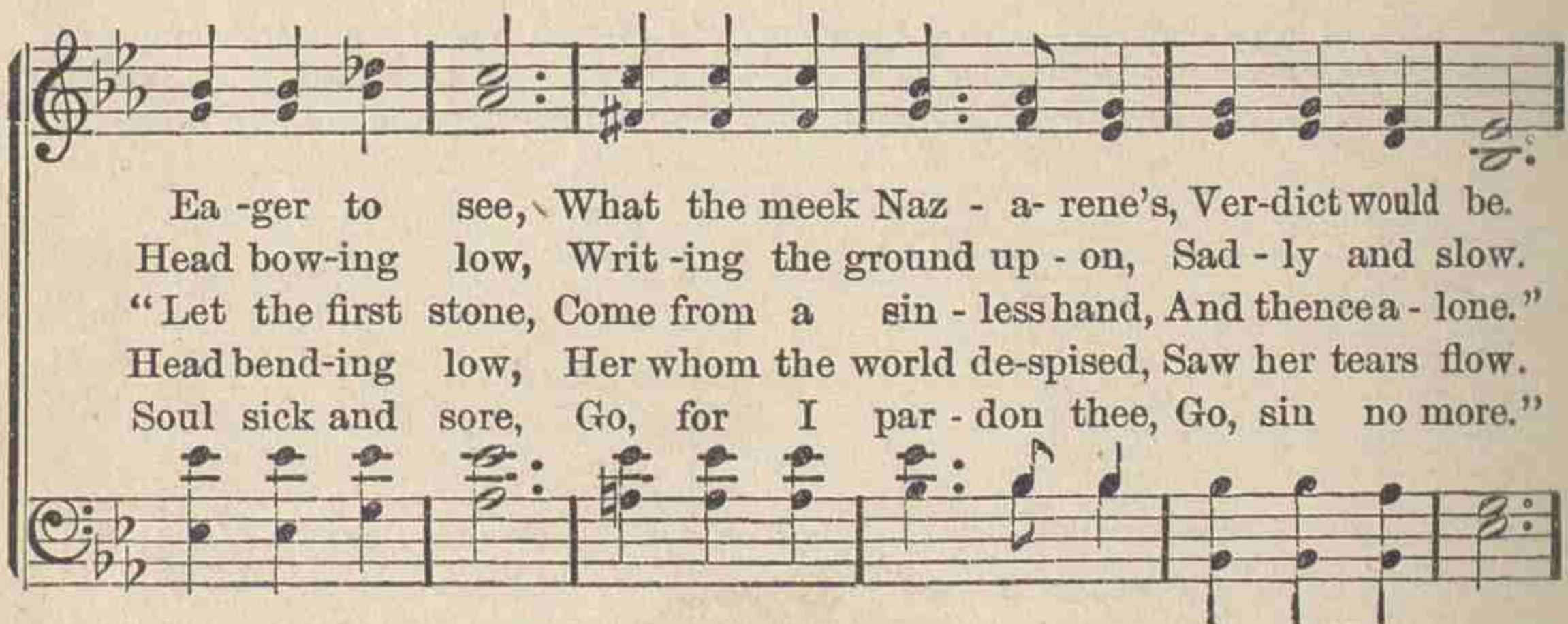
J. M. BLACK.



1. By the proud wor - ship - pers, Scorned for her sin, Was the poor
2. Told of her wan - der - ings, Mark - ing each flaw, Spoke they of
3. Still cried the Phar - i - sees, "Pray, Mas - ter, pray, What shall we
4. Cheeks flushing red with shame, Turned each a - bout, And from His
5. Spoke He most ten - der - ly, "Pray, woman, pray," "Hast thou ac -

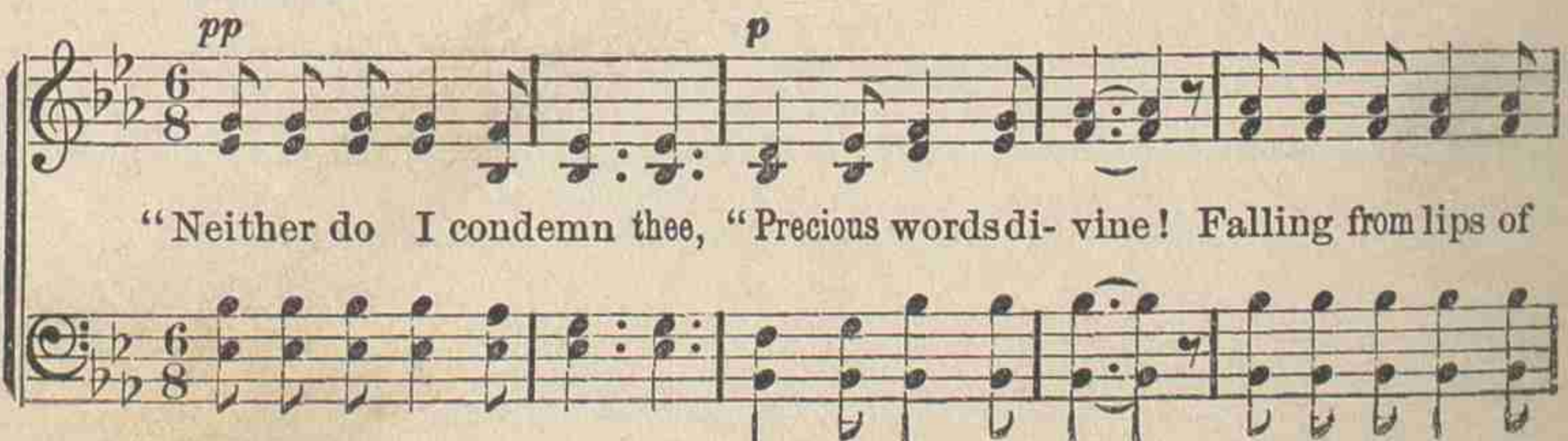


wan - der - er Rude - ly brought in. Scribes came and Phar - i - sees,
pun - ish - ment, Quot - ing the law. Sat He un - heed - ing - ly,
do with her What dost Thou say?" Spoke He re - buk - ing - ly,
pres - ence went Si - lent - ly out. Then saw He stand - ing there,
cus - ers none?" "Nay, Mas - ter, nay," "Neith - er do I con - demn,



Ea - ger to see, What the meek Naz - a - rene's, Ver - dict would be.
Head bow - ing low, Writ - ing the ground up - on, Sad - ly and slow.
"Let the first stone, Come from a sin - less hand, And thence a - lone."
Head bend - ing low, Her whom the world de - spised, Saw her tears flow.
Soul sick and sore, Go, for I par - don thee, Go, sin no more."

CHORUS.



pp "Neither do I condemn thee, *p* "Precious words di - vine! Falling from lips of

“Neither Do I Condemn Thee.” Concluded.

f *cres.*

mer-cy. Like the sweetest chime. Wonderful words of Je-sus! Sing them o'er and

ff *rit.....*

o'er, “Neith-er do I con-demn thee, Go, and sin no more.”

No. 43. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

1. { Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I heard him say!
 { Hap-py place! so near, so pre-cious! May it find me there each day!
 2. { Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest?
 { There I lay my sins and sor-rows, And, when weary, find sweet rest:
 3. { Bless me, Oh my Saviour, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;
 { Oh, look down in love up-on me, Let me see thy face so sweet.

{ Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past:
 { For His love has been so gra-cious, It has won my heart at last.
 { Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
 { While I from His full-ness gath-er Grace and comfort ev'-ry day.
 { Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho-ly as He is;
 { May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous - ness.

No. 44.

O Blessed Holy Spirit.

K. E. P.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.



1. O bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it, Thou com-fort-er di-vine!
 2. O sa-cred cloud dis-till-ing The dew of heav-en's grace!
 3. O dove of peace, de-scend-ing With com-fort in Thy wings!



In Christ is all my mer-it, Through Him Thy pow'r is mine,
 With brightness Thou art fill-ing My soul's most se-cret place.
 A-bove me Thou art bend-ing, Sweet joy Thy presence brings.



Thy gra-cious wit-ness seal-ing The pur-chase of His blood,
 All anx-ious care sub-du-ing, All rest-less-ness and strife,
 Sent by my Lord, I claim Thee, O pre-cious heav'n-ly guest;



Thy ho-ly light re-veal-ing The hid-den things of God.
 With strength di-vine en-du-ing My weak, in-con-stant life.
 My friend, my guide I name Thee, My soul's a-bid-ing rest.

CHORUS.



O bless-ed Ho-ly Spir-it, My strength and com-fort be,

O Blessed Holy Spirit. Concluded.

I know I have no mer - it, But Je - sus died for me.

No. 45. Jesus is Good to Me.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I love my Sa-viour, His heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er;
2. He calls, I rise, and He maketh me whole,—How fond His tender embrace!
3. I want to love Him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tempest's roll;

He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by His blood, And I love Him more and more.
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul, My day the smile of His face.
I will not keep from Him an - y part, For He is worthy of all.
He bringeth from darkness in - to light,—With joy He fill-eth my soul.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is good to me,..... Je - sus is good to me,.....
to me, to me;

So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

No. 46.

My Saviour is With Me.

ADA BLENKHORN.

L. F. J. Arr. by J. M. BLACK.

1. My Sav-iour is with me, wher-ev - er I go, In dark-ness and
 2. His life-giv-ing words faith and cour-age re - new, They fall on my
 3. My Sav-iour is with me the tho't, O how sweet! How bless-ed the

dan - ger the way He doth show; When storms rage around me, and
 spir - it re-fresh-ing as dew; On heav-en - ly man - na my
 les - sons I learn at His feet; How pre-cious the wis - dom His

sor-rows in - crease, He still-eth the temp-est and giv-eth me peace.
 soul He doth feed, In paths of His choos-ing my steps He doth lead.
 love doth im-part, With joy and de-vo-tion it fill-eth my heart.

CHORUS.

I'll trust in my Sav-iour, what-ev - er be-tide, I know all my

foot-steps He safe-ly will guide; I know He will guard me with tenderest

My Saviour is With Me. Concluded.

love, Un - til I shall en - ter His glo - ry a - bove.

No. 47. My Lord and King.

KATHARINE. E. PURVIS.

Arr. by J. M. BLACK.

1. I was blind when Je - sus found me Far a - stray in sin's dark ways,
 2. I was poor; the things I treasured All had failed and left no trace,
 3. I was sad, be - reft, for - sak - en, Bowed with guilt, with fear oppressed.
 4. While each day new joy is bring - ing, From the hand to which I cling,

Now the light is shin - ing 'round me, And my soul is filled with praise.
 Now my wealth is on - ly meas - ured, By His stores of love and grace.
 Now my soul His yoke has tak - en, And I find in Him sweet rest.
 I go homeward ev - er sing - ing Praise to Him, my Lord and King.

CHORUS.

I will love Him, and a - dore Him, Songs of praise my heart shall sing,

Till, some day, I stand be - fore Him And be - hold my Lord and King.

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No. 48. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be no more weeping when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4. There'll be songs of greeting when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of




val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val-ley when
 sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo - rious morrow when
 weep-ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reap-ing when
 greet-ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when



REFRAIN.



Je - sus comes To gather His loved ones home. To gather His loved ones




home, safe home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be
 safe home, safe home;



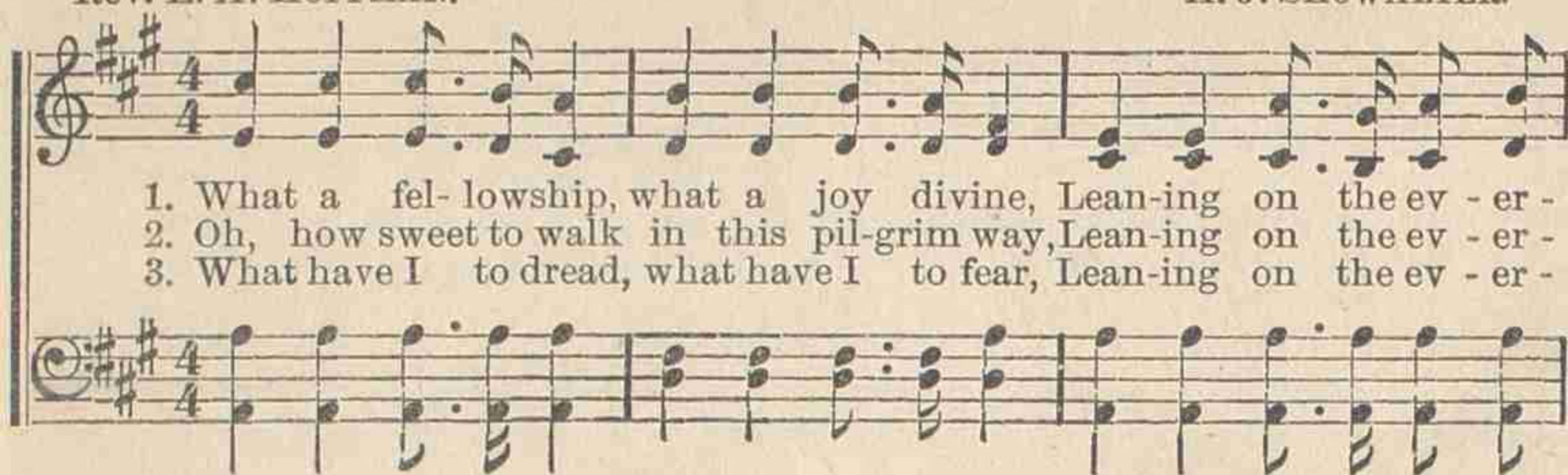

no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gather His loved ones home.



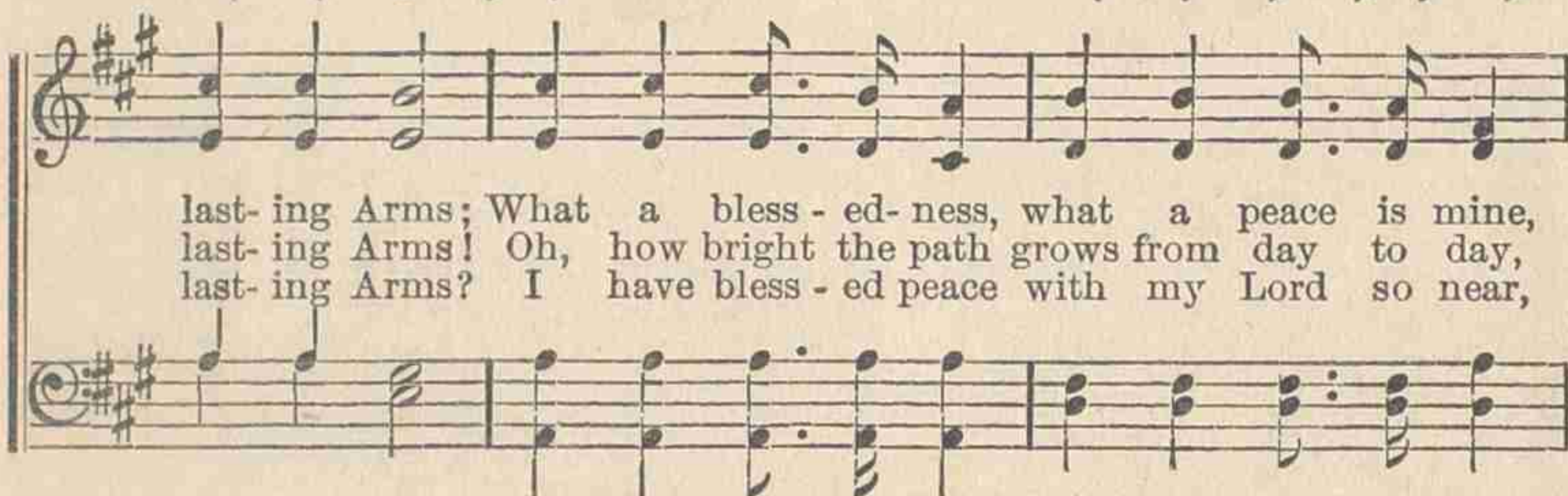
No. 49. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



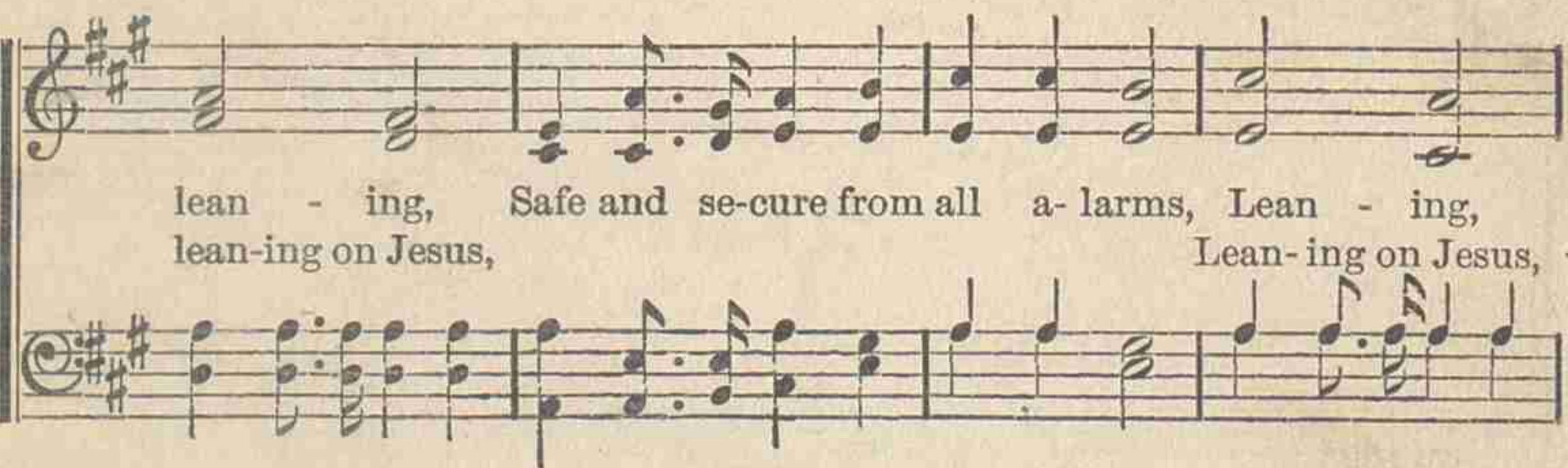
1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -



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



CHORUS.
 Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing Arms. Lean - - ing,
 Leaning on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms, Lean - ing,
 lean-ing on Jesus, Lean-ing on Jesus,



lean - - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing Arms.
 lean-ing on Je - sus,

No. 50. Heaven's Harvest Home.

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Luke. 10: 1.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

J. M. BLACK.



1. There are gold-en sheaves to gath-er ere the an-gel reap-ers come,
2. Cut the tan-gles of temp-ta-tion from the pathway of the weak,
3. When re-lent-less pain and sor-row seem to dim the brightest day,



But the toil-ers in the field are few; While a sin-gle soul is waiting
To the fal-len reach a help-ing hand; Throw the arms of love and sym-pa-
And the cherished hopes of life decline; Let the dew of love and mercy



to be garner-ed for the Lord, There is work for human hands to do.
-thy around the err-ing one, Till by faith he learns to firmly stand.
fall from heaven's bound-less store Till the world shall glow with light di-vine.



CHORUS.



Gath - er, gath - er,
Gath-er in the golden sheaves, Gather in the golden sheaves, Golden



We must gath - er,
sheaves to stand before the throne, Gath-er in the golden sheaves,



Heaven's Harvest Home. Concluded.

gath - er,
Gather in the golden sheaves, Golden sheaves for heaven's harvest home.

No. 51.

Help Me, Master.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

J. M. BLACK.

Slowly.

1. You've wan-dered far in the fields of sin, You're weak and worn with despair,
2. You've scorned and slighted His loving voice, But hear Him pa-tient-ly call:
3. The peace of pardon will heal the heart, So broken, sin-sick and sore,
4. Then come to-day with your burdened heart And find the joy you have craved;

Come back, come back to the Father's house, With joy He'll welcome you there.
"Tho' sins like mountains around you rise, My love can pardon them all."
The sins and er-rors of all the past Shall be re-mem-bered no more.
Be-lieve, and sing with triumphant shout: "My soul thro' Je-sus is saved!"

CHORUS.

Why, oh, why so long de-lay? Je-sus is call-ing, come to-day,

He'll hear your pen-i-tent, pleading cry, "Help me, Master, or I die!"

No. 52.

Let the Blessed Saviour in.

L. H. PARTHMORE.

L. H. PARTHMORE.



1. Hear the Sav-iour at the door, Let Him in,
 2. He's your best and tru- est friend, Let Him in,
 3. Do not let Him knock in vain, Let Him in,
 4. Hear His gen- tle, lov - ing voice, Let Him in,

Let Him in,
 Let Him in,
 Let Him in,
 Let Him in,

Let Him in, Let Him in,



Let Him in: He has oft - en knocked be-fore, Let Him in,
 Let Him in; One who al- ways will de- fend, Let Him in,
 Let Him in; He may nev- er come a- gain, Let Him in,
 Let Him in; Bid Him welcome, and re - joice, Let Him in,
 Let Him in;

Let Him in,

CHORUS.



Let Him in, Let Him in. 'Tis the Sav - iour standing at the
 Let Him in,



door, He's been watching, waiting there be-fore; O-pen
 at the door, yes, be-fore;



wide the heart of sin, Let the blessed Saviour in; Let Him in, Let Him in.
 Let Him in,

No. 53.

His Wondrous Love.

LIDA M. KECK.

L. E. J., Arr. by J. M. BLACK.

1. Tell the na-tions far and the na-tions near, Of the wondrous love
2. Sound His prais-es far o'er the roll-ing wave, Tell to dis-tant lands
3. With u-nit-ed voice let the cho-russwell, May it e-cho out

of the Sav-iour dear; Let the glad-some news fill each heart with cheer,
that His life He gave, Men from sin and death ev-er-more to save,
ov-er hill and dell, Let the whole wide world of His mer-cy tell,

CHORUS.

Tell, O tell of His wondrous love. Wondrous love, Wondrous
Wondrous love,

love, Tell the sto-ry far and wide, Let the
Wondrous love,

whole world know that He loved us so, Je-sus Christ, the cru-ci-fied.

No. 54.

Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap - py gold - en shore, Where the faith - ful part no more,
 2. Here our fond - est hopes are vain, Dear - est links are rent in twain,
 3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing,

When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the
 But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the
 In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in

night dis-solves a - way In - to pure and per - fect day,
 riv - er spark - ling bright, In the cit - y of de - light,
 sweet com - mun - ion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend,

D.S.—hap - py gold - en shore, FINE.

I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

Where the faith - ful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

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

By permission of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Meet me There. Concluded.

tree of life is bloom-ing, Meet me there, Meet me there;

When the storms of life are o'er, On the

D.S.

No. 55.

What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our griefs and sins to bear!

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

D.S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!

D.S.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 56.

The Beautiful Light.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
 2. We who know our sins for-giv'n, We are walking in the light, We are
 3. As we jour-ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are
 4. We will sing His pow'r to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heav'n, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.

beau-ti-ful light of God. We are walk - ing in the light, We are
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, Walking in the light,

light,..... We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of God.
 walk-ing in the light,

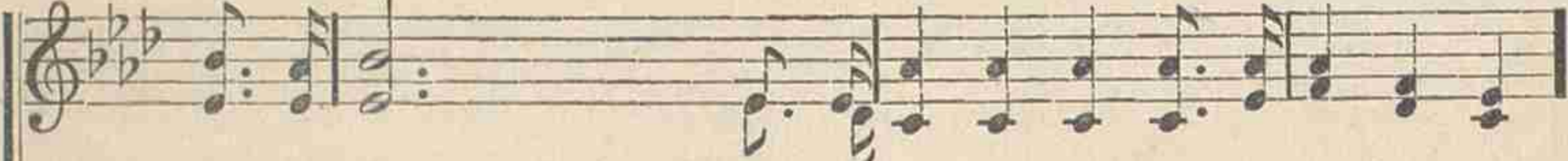
No. 57. When the Saints are Marching In.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.



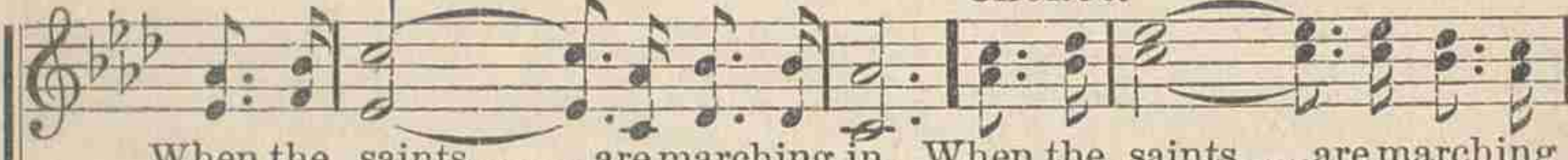
1. Thro' the shin-ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints..... are
 2. Part-ed friends shall meet, On the golden street, When the saints..... are
 3. Ev-'ry tongue and race Shall extol God's grace, When the saints..... are
 4. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again, When the saints..... are



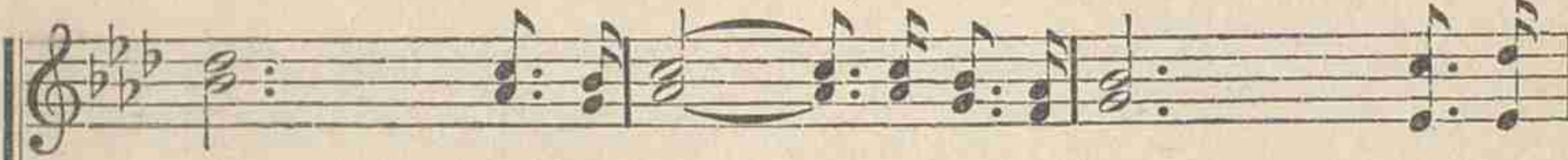
marching in, The Redeemed shall come, And be crowned at home,
 marching in, Spotless robes shall wear, Victor's palms shall bear,
 marching in, And the blood-wash'd throng Shall repeat the song,
 marching in, (are marching in) We shall of-er-praise Thro' e-ter-nal days,



CHORUS.



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

in, When the saints..... are marching in, Joy-ful
 are marching in, When the saints are marching in,




songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.
 When the saints marching in.



No. 58.

He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless-ed Lil - y of the val - ley, oh, how fair is He! He is
 2. Let me sing of all His mer - cies, of His kind - ness true, He is
 3. Tho' He lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death He is

mine, I am His; Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is His
 mine, I am His; Fresh at morn, and in the ev'-ning, comes a
 mine, I am His; Should I fear, when oh, so ten-der-ly He

D.S.—Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is His

voice to me, He is mine, I am His! Where the lil - ies fair are
 blessing new, He is mine, I am His! With the deep'ning shadows
 whis-per-eth He is mine, I am His! For the sun-shine of His

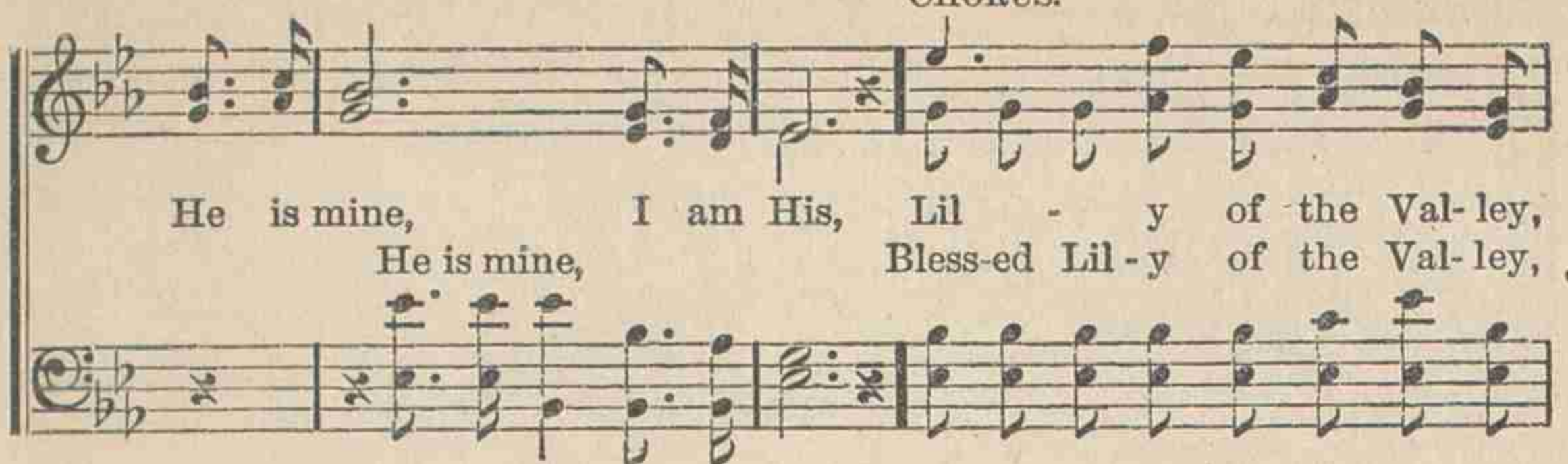
voice to me, He is mine, I am His.

blooming by the wa - ters calm, There He leads me, and up-holds me by His
 comes a whisper, "Safe-ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
 presence doth il-lume the night, And He leads me thro' the val - ley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love a-round me, I can feel no harm,
 thee mo - lest; I will lin - ger till the morning, Keeper, Friend, and Guest,
 mountain height; Out of bond-age in - to free-dom, in - to cloud-less light,

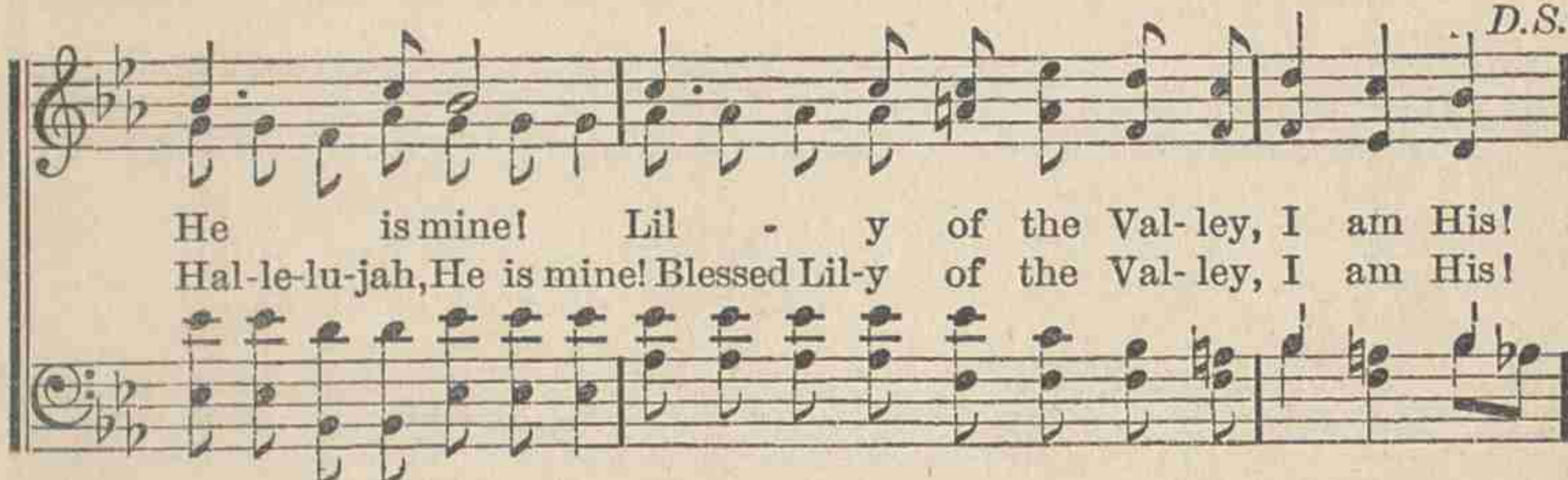
He is Mine, I am His. Concluded.

CHORUS.



He is mine, I am His, Lil - y of the Val - ley,
He is mine, Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,

D.S.

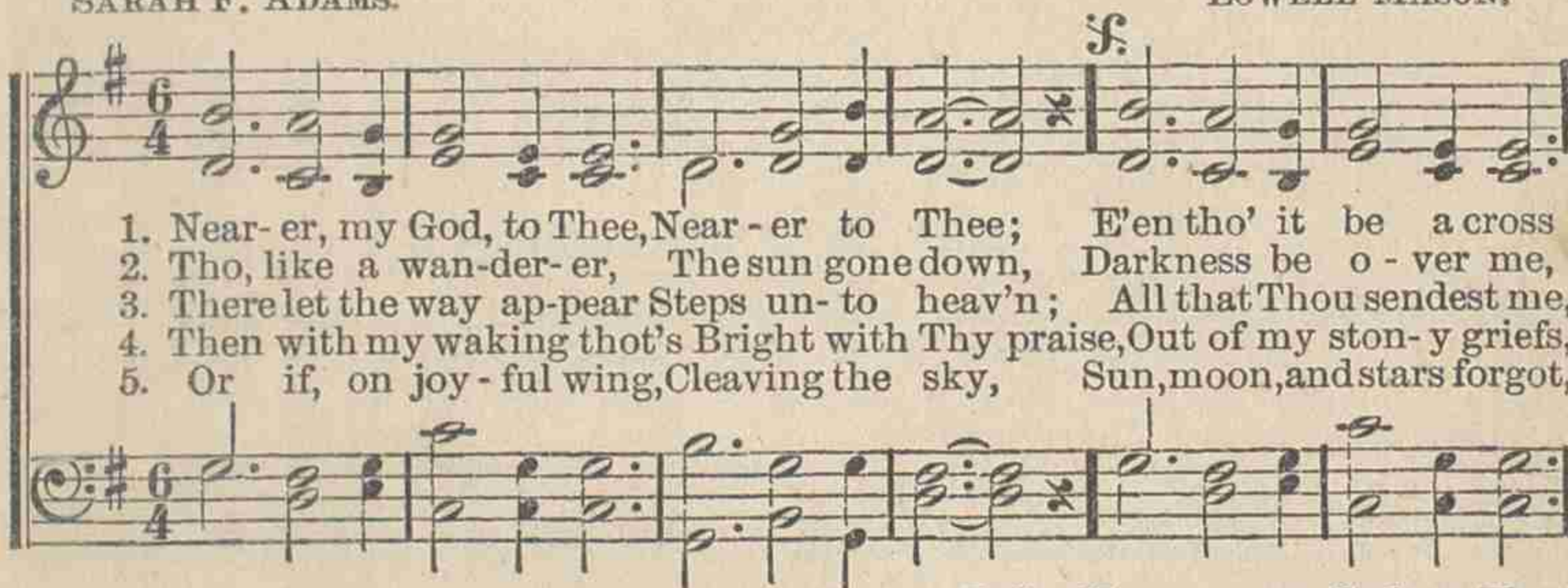


He is mine! Lil - y of the Val - ley, I am His!
Hal - le - lu - jah, He is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, I am His!

No. 59. Nearer, My God to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho, like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee!

FINE.

D.S.



That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be—Near - er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beckon me Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee!

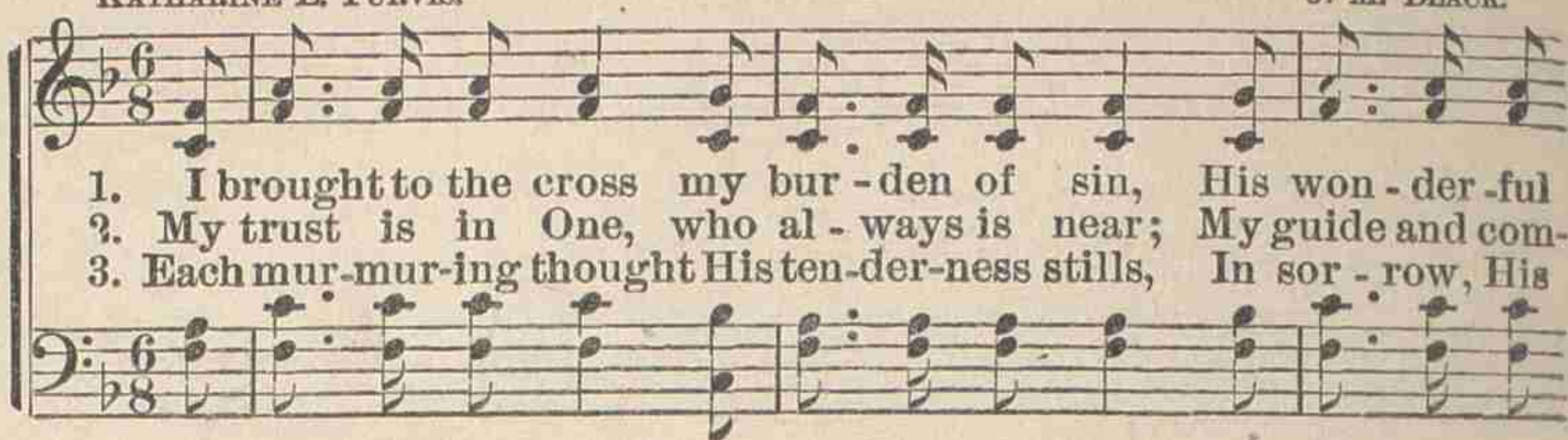
Near - er to Thee!

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No. 60. Since Jesus, My Saviour, Found Me.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.



1. I brought to the cross my bur - den of sin, His won - der - ful
 2. My trust is in One, who al - ways is near; My guide and com -
 3. Each mur - mur - ing thought His ten - der - ness stills, In sor - row, His



love was my plea; I gave Him my heart and peace dwells with - in,
 pan - ion is He; I walk at His side, no foe do I fear,
 hand I can see; I pa - tient - ly toil or rest as He wills,

CHORUS.



Since Je - sus, my Sav - ior, found me. Oh, bless His dear name, I



nev - er will cease To praise Him for mer - cy so free; Oh,



sweet is His love And perfect my peace, Since Je - sus, my Sav - ior, found me.

No. 61.

The Friendship of Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Have you ac - cept - ed the friend-ship of Je - sus? Do you
 2. Dear as a moth - er, or sis - ter or broth - er, To His
 3. Ser - vants no long - er, but friends He doth call us, If we

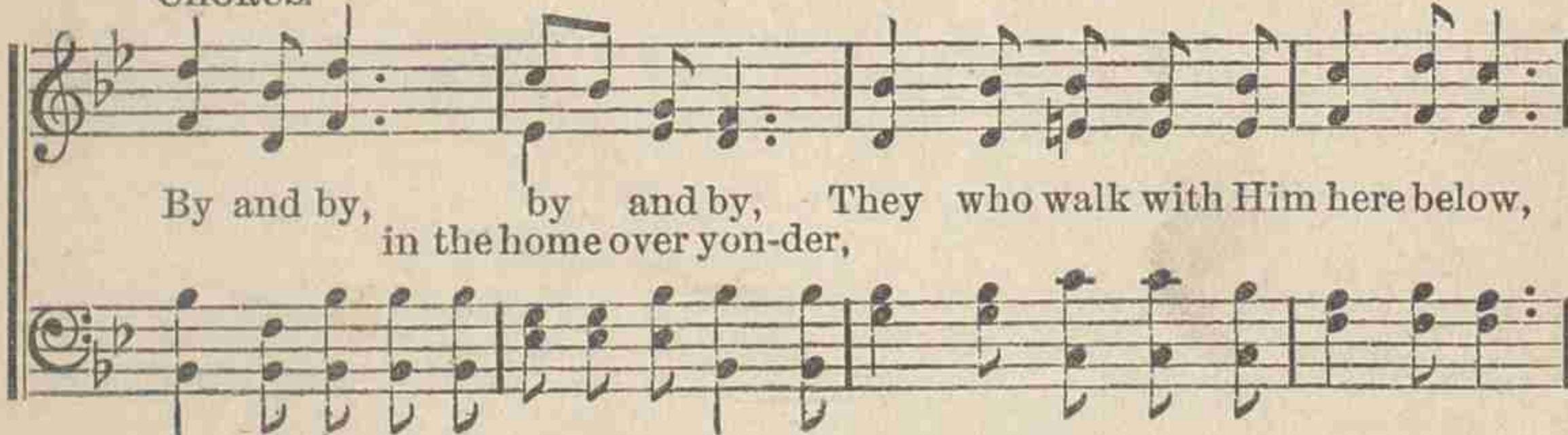


walk with Him day by day, Rest - ing se - cure in His
 in - fi - nite heart of love, Is He that do - eth the
 do what His love com-mands, Yes - ter - day, now, and for -

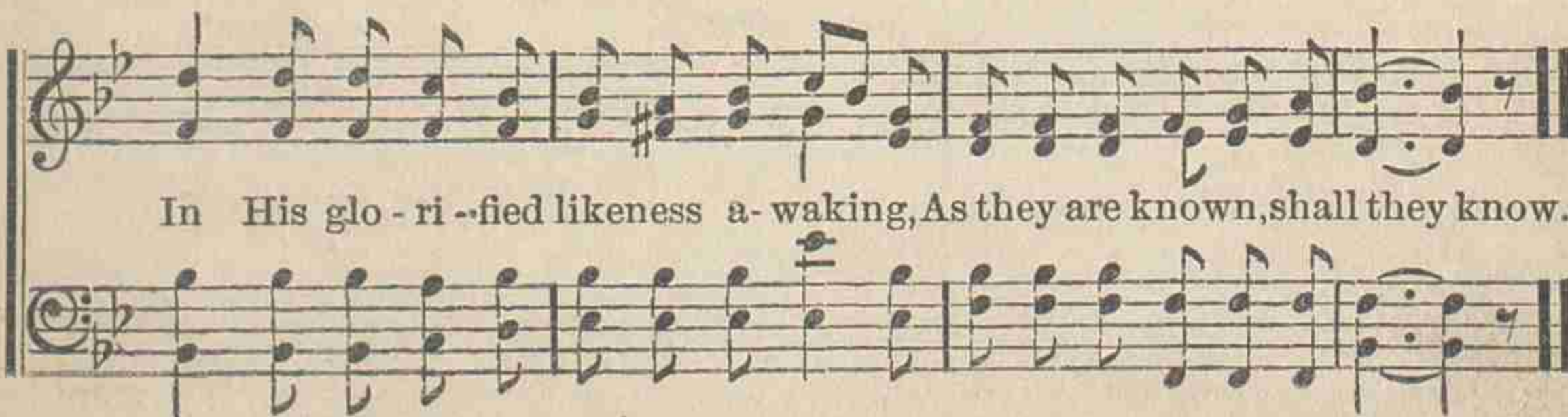


bles - ed as - sur - ance, "Lo, I am with you al - way?"
 will of the Fa - ther, Seek - ing for strength from a - bove.
 ev - er His prom - ise, Fixed and un-change - a - ble stands.

CHORUS.



By and by, by and by, They who walk with Him here below,
 in the home over yon-der,



In His glo - ri - fied likeness a - waking, As they are known, shall they know.

No. 62.

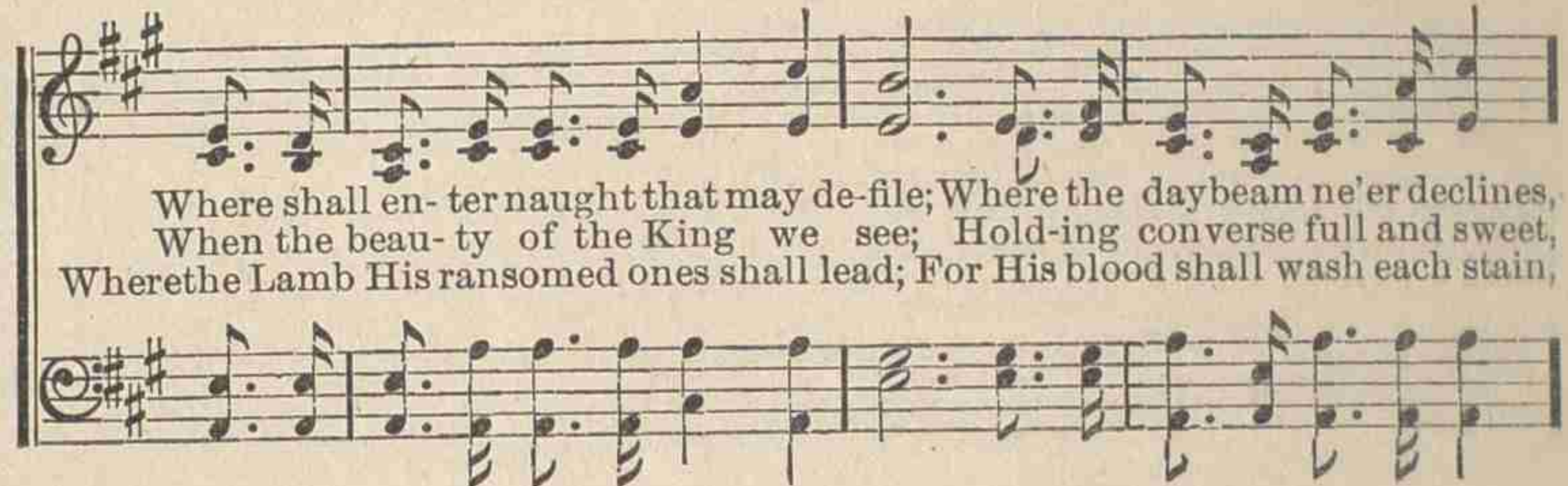
Beautiful Robes.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.


1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright,
 2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight,
 3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the fount-ains of de-light,



Where shall en-ter naught that may de-file; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
 When the beau-ty of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
 Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

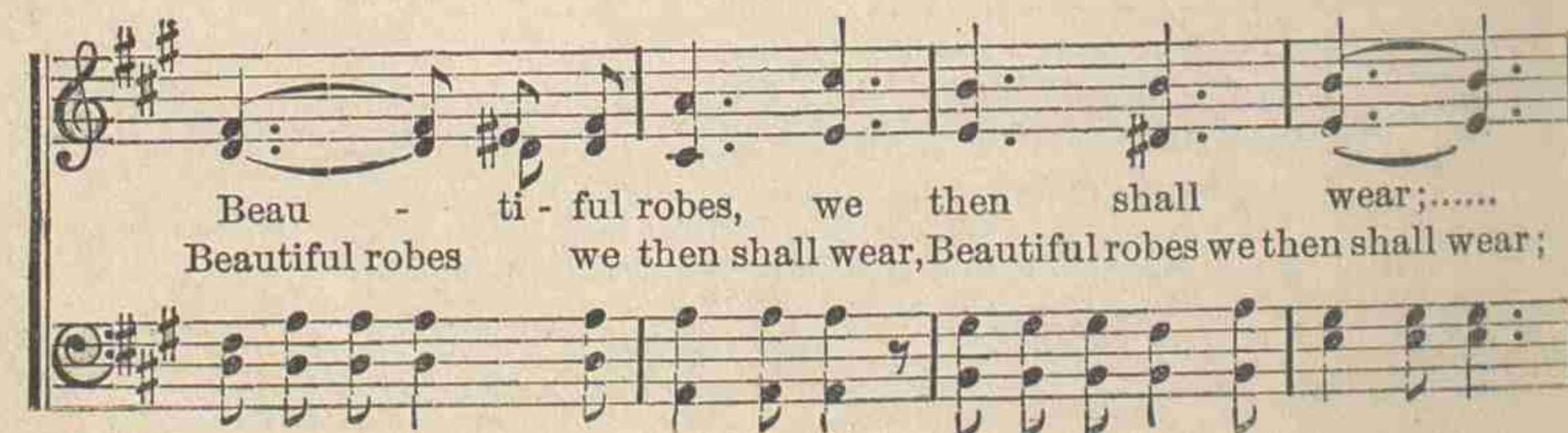


For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo-ry of the Saviour's smile.
 In a fel-low-ship com-plete; Wak-ing songs of ho-ly mel-o-dy.
 Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful robes,..... Beau - ti - ful robes,.....
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,



Beau - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear;.....
 Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beautiful robes we then shall wear;

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Beautiful Robes. Concluded.

Gar - ments of light,..... Love - ly and bright,.....
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

No. 63. Jesus Will Care for Me.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN,

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je - sus will care for me, No mat - ter how weak I may be;
 2. Je - sus will com - fort me, And make all my sor - row - ing flee;
 3. Je - sus will shel - ter me, When I from the dan - ger may flee;

A friend I have found, Whose love will abound, I know He will care for me.
 To Him will I cling, My Saviour and King, And Je - sus will comfort me.
 The storm-clouds that roll, Cannot harm my soul, For Jesus will shelter me.

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No. 64. A Light that is Shining for You.

ADA BLENKHORN.

C. F. GREEN.



1. There's a light that is shining, my brother, for you, A - glow in the
 2. There's a light that is shining, my brother, for you, When doubts on your
 3. There's a light that is shining, my brother, for you, Tho' dark be your



mansions di - vine; It was lit by the hand of the Master of Life,
 spir - it a - rise; O call on the Name that is mighty to save,
 path as the night; Look a-way to the beau-ti-ful ci - ty of God,



CHORUS.
 It shines on your pathway and mine. There's a light, . . . blessed
 And light will descend from the skies.
 Where Jesus himself is the light. beautiful light,



light, . . . That shines from the mansions di - vine; It was lit by the
 beautiful light,

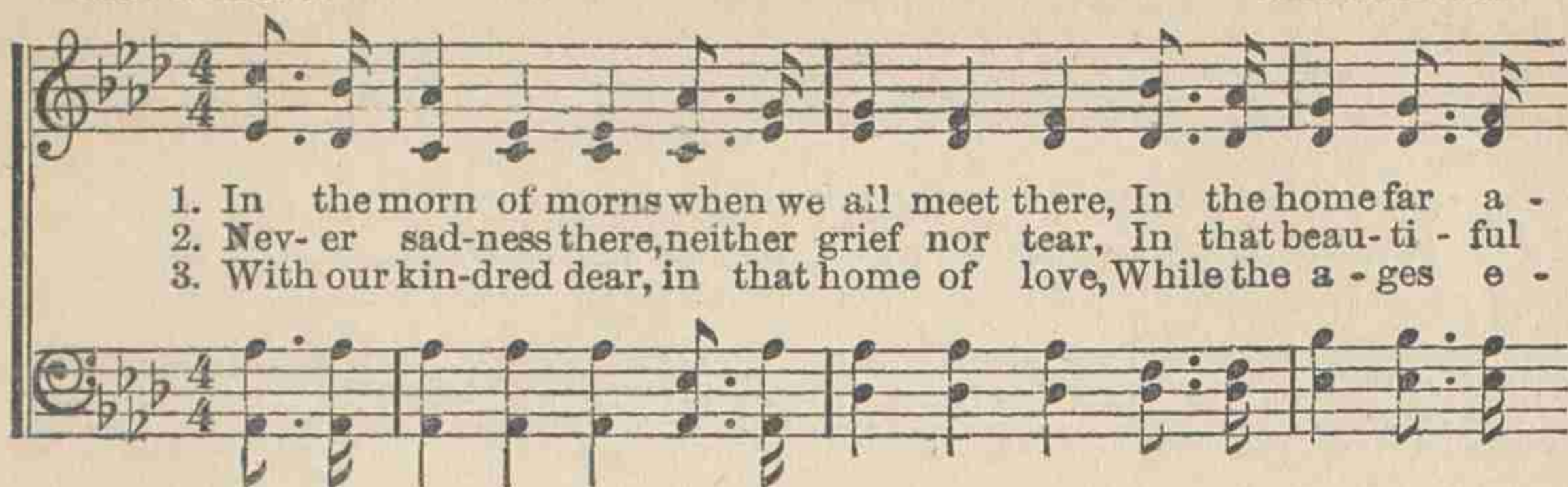


Rit. . . .
 hand of the Master of Life, It shines on your pathway and mine.

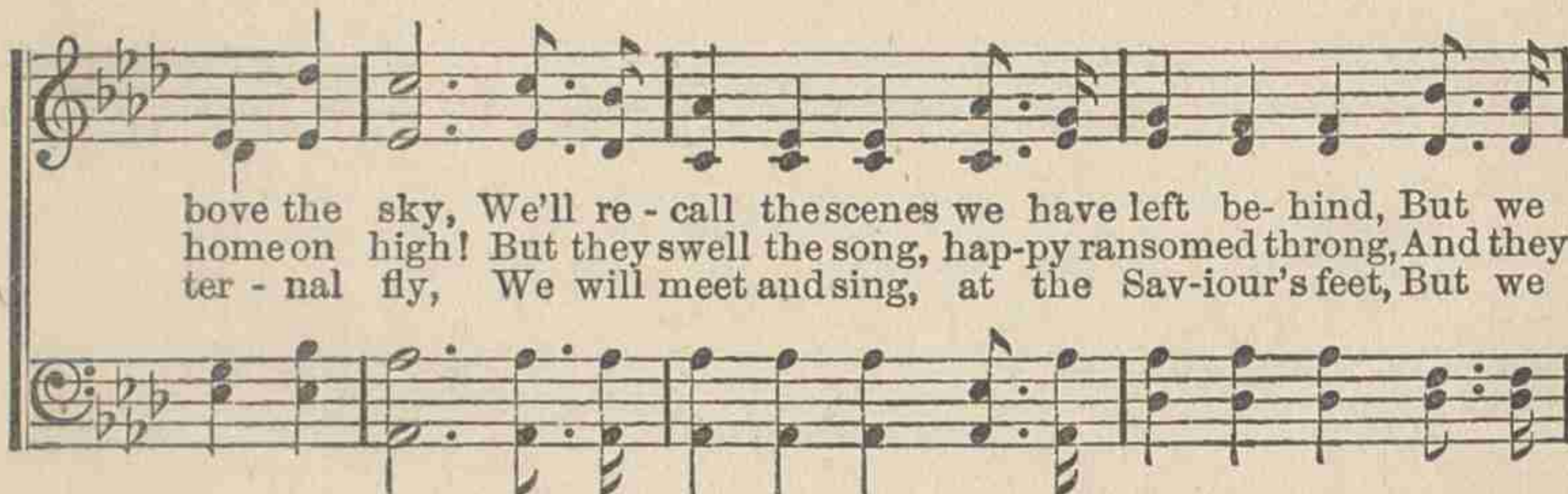
No. 65. We'll Never Say Good-bye.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

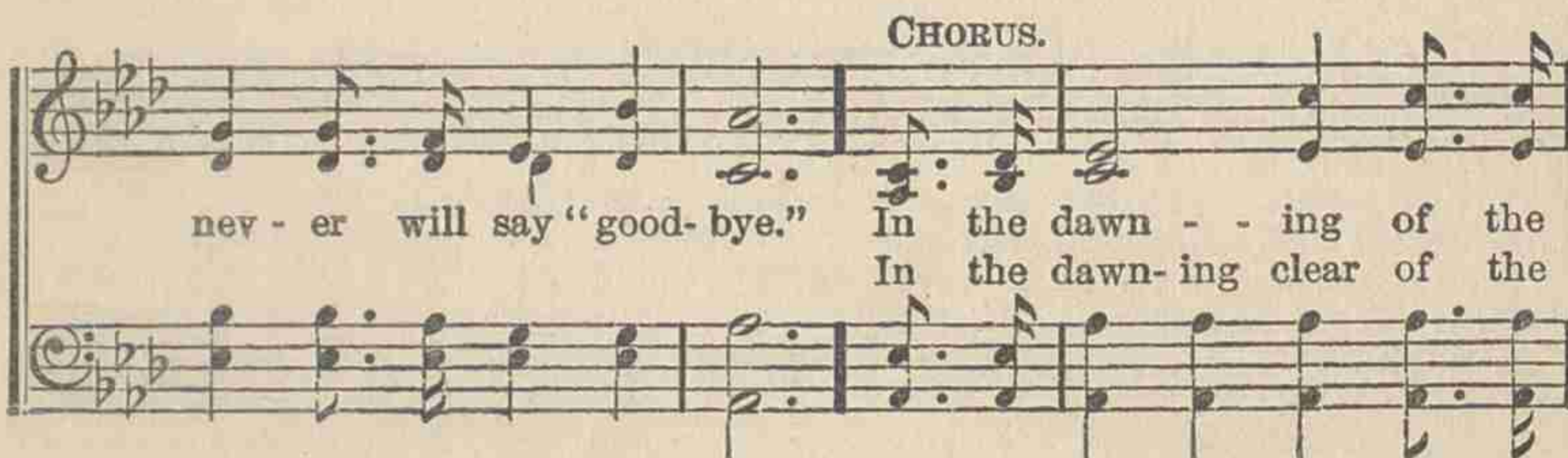


1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far a -
 2. Nev-er sad-ness there, neither grief nor tear, In that beau-ti - ful
 3. With our kin-dred dear, in that home of love, While the a - ges e -



bove the sky, We'll re - call the scenes we have left be - hind, But we
 home on high! But they swell the song, hap-py ransomed throng, And they
 ter - nal fly, We will meet and sing, at the Sav-iour's feet, But we

CHORUS.



nev - er will say "good-bye." In the dawn - - ing of the
 In the dawn-ing clear of the



morn - ing, In that home far a - bove the sky; Hap - py
 morn-ing fair,



meet - ing, hap-py greet - ing. When we nev - er say "good-bye."
 meet-ing there, hap-py greet-ing there,

No. 66. Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

LIDA M. KECK.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, Help our hearts to - day, Keep our feet, dear
 2. Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, Fill us with Thy grace, Guide us in the
 3. Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, Keep us pure and white, In the world's dark

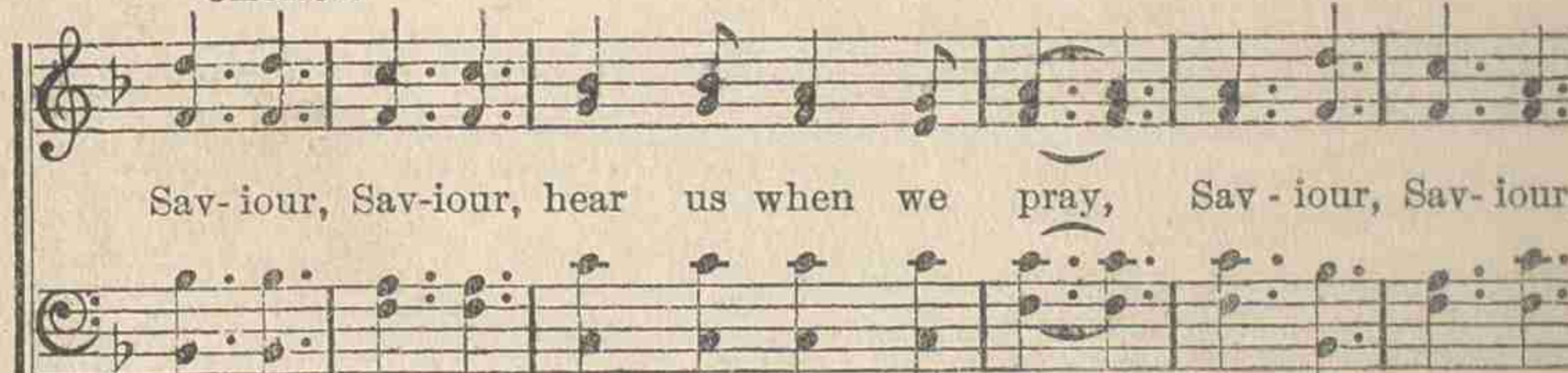


Sav-iour In the nar-row way; Let Thy gracious pre-sence Ev - er
 sunshine Of Thy ho - ly face; Help us to be lov-ing To each
 plac-es Bring-ing joy and light; Ev - er up-ward look-ing To the

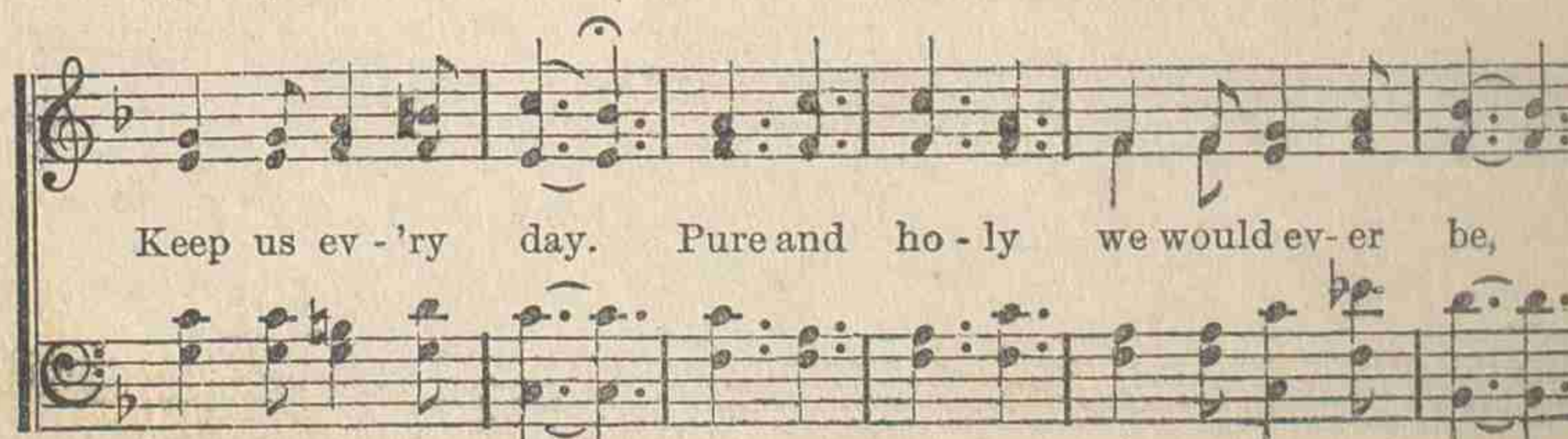


with us 'bide, Keep us, Lord, from straying From Thy wounded side.
 friend and foe, That Thy ten-der mer-cy All the world may know.
 prom-ised land, Ev - er downward reaching With a help-ing hand.

CHORUS.



Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear us when we pray, Sav-iour, Sav-iour,



Keep us ev - 'ry day. Pure and ho - ly we would ev - er be,

Saviour, Blessed Saviour. Concluded.

Till we gath - er yon - der by the crys - tal sea.

No. 67. Abide with Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bid with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark-ness
2. I need Thy pre - sence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers fail and
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain

com - forts flee; Help of the help - less, Oh, a - bid with me.
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, Oh, a - bid with me.
shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me.

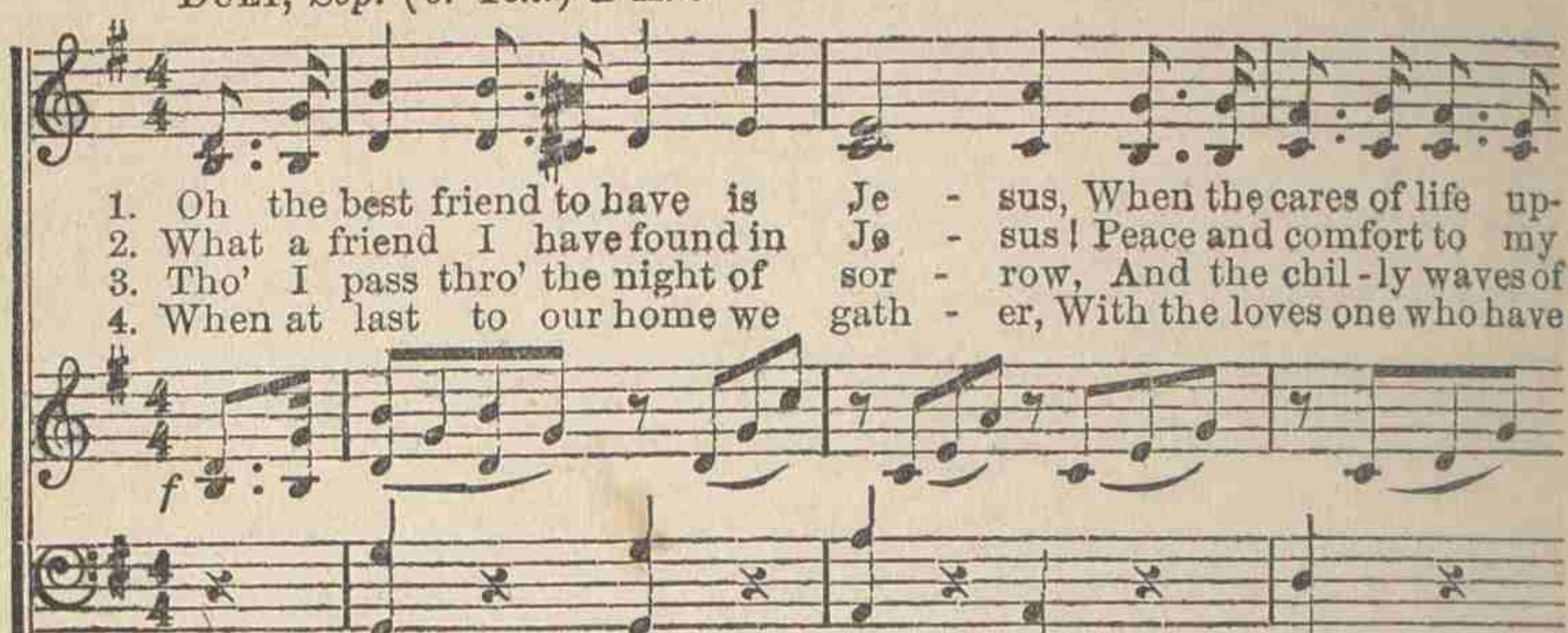
No. 68.

The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. B.

P. BILHORN, by per.

DUET, Sop. (or Ten.) & Alto.



1. Oh the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil - ly waves of
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loves one who have



on you roll; He will heal the wound-ed heart, He will
 soul he brings; Lean - ing on his might - y arm, I will
 Jor - dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my
 gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais - ing



strength and grace im-part; Oh the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 fear no ill or harm, Oh the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 Sav - iour is so near; Oh the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 Him for ev - er-more; Oh the best friend to have is Je - sus.

f CHORUS. *Spirited.*



The best friend to have is Je - sus, The best friend to have is
 Je - sus ev - ery day,

The Best Friend is Jesus.—Concluded.

Je - sus, He will help you when you fall, He will
Je - sus all the way,

hear you when you call; Oh the best friend to have is Je - sus.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a final chord.

No. 69. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov'-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The piece concludes with a final chord.

No. 70.

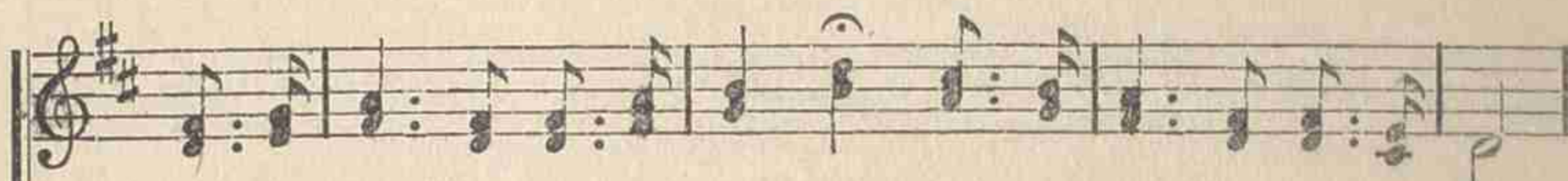
Will You Give All to Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN.

C. F. GREEN.



1. Will you give yourself to Je - sus, Ev - er more His child to be?
2. Will you give your voice to Je - sus, Speak and sing for Him a - lone?
3. Will you give your hands to Je - sus, Works of love for Him to do?
4. Will you give your feet to Je - sus? Will-ing er - rands for Him go?
5. All your love, your heart's best ser-vice, Will you give them glad and free?



For He gave His life so pre - cious, Died up - on the cross for Thee.
 'Tis for you the voice of Je - sus Plead-eth now be - fore the throne.
 His dear hands were sorely wound - ed, On the cross were nailed for you.
 Oft the Mas - ter's feet were wea - ry As He trod the earth be - low.
 All the rich - es of His King - dom Now He free - ly of - fers thee.



CHORUS.



Will you give your-self to Je - sus, All His own to ev - er be?



Will you love and trust the Sav - iour? For He died to make you free.



No. 71.

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Try-ing to fol-low our
2. Pressing more closely to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen-tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Try-ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll



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



Hap-py, how happy, the songs that we bring.
 Hap-py, how happy, our praises each day.
 Hap-py, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
 Hap-py, how happy, our place at His side.

} How beautiful to walk in the

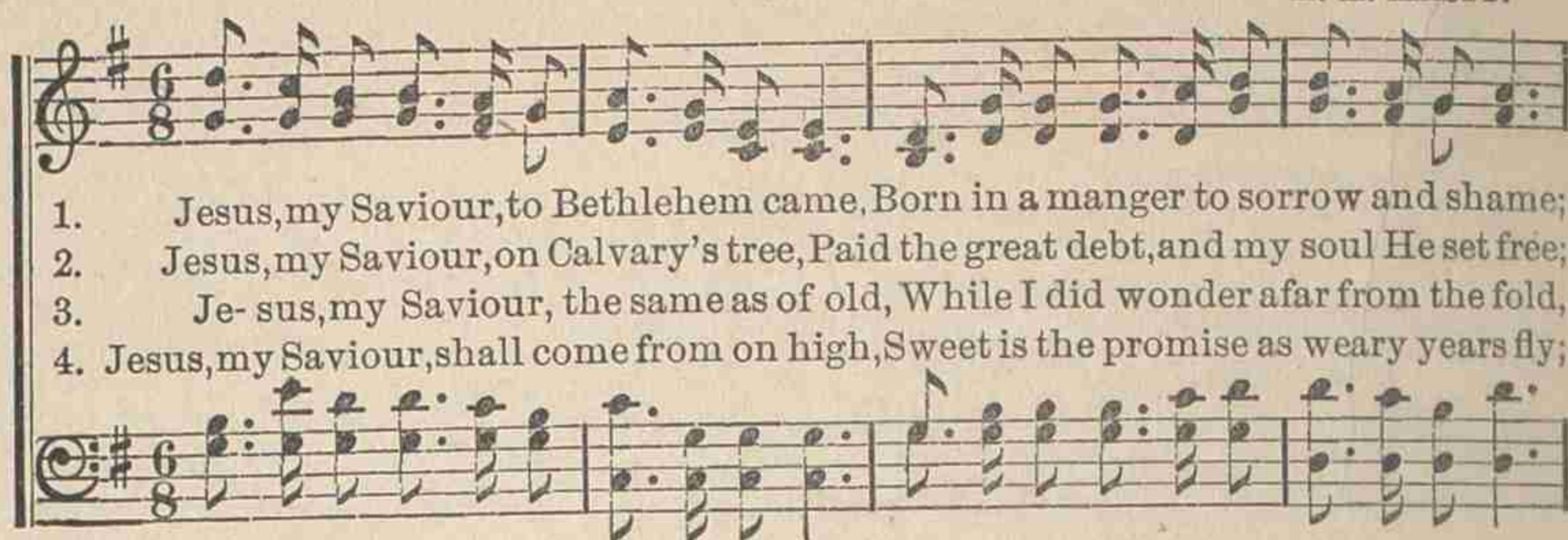


steps of the Sav-iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

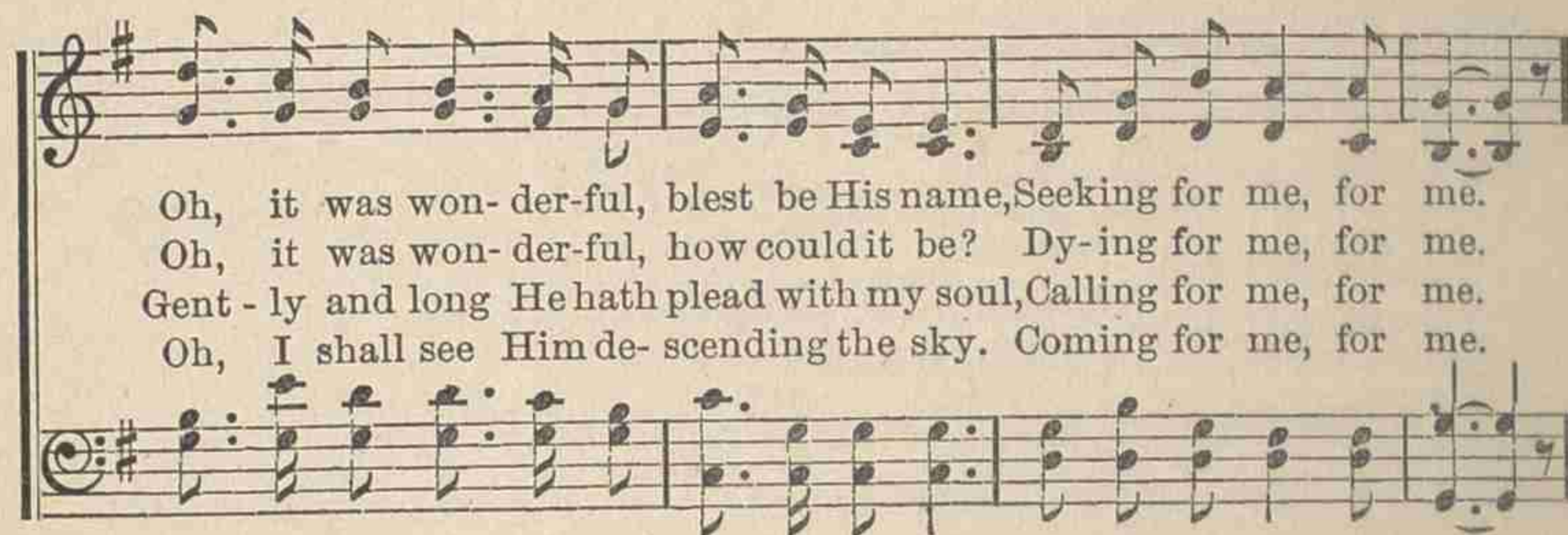


beau-ti-ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light,





1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
 2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
 3. Je- sus, my Saviour, the same as of old, While I did wonder afar from the fold,
 4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;

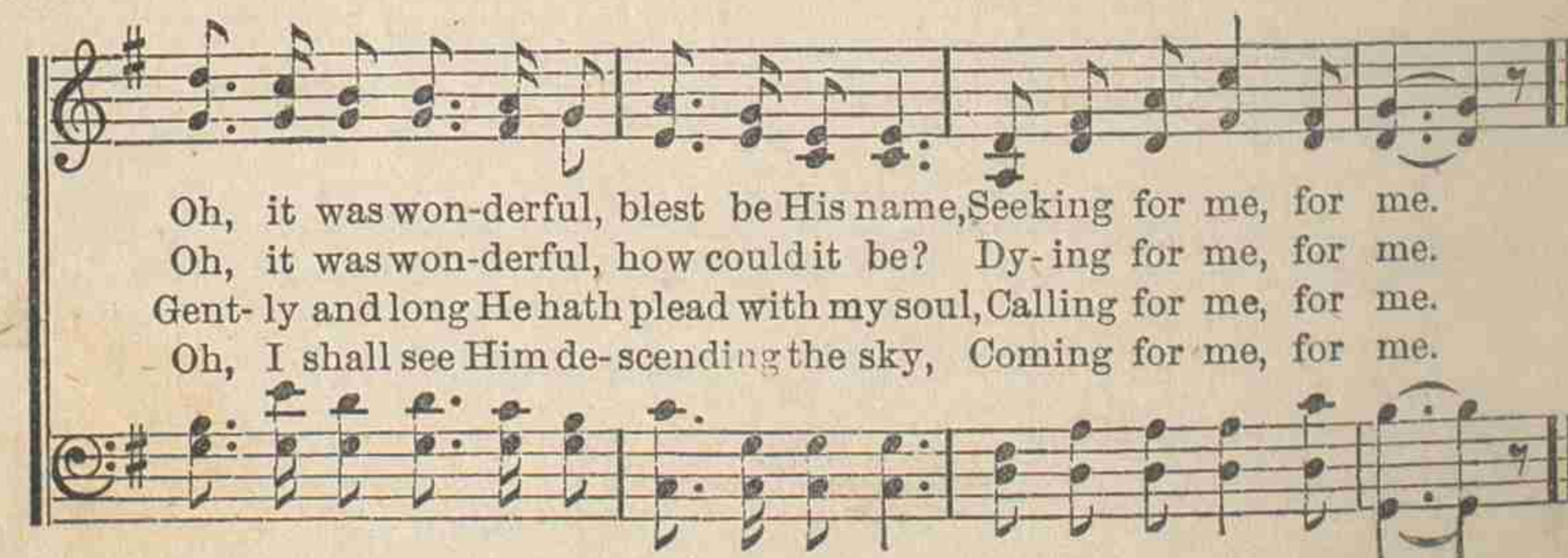


Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scending the sky. Coming for me, for me.



for me..... for me.....

Seeking for me, seeking for me, Seeking for me, seeking for me;
 Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
 Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;
 Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, Com-ing for me, com-ing for me;



Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
 Gent-ly and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de-scending the sky, Coming for me, for me.

No. 73.

Wonderful Peace.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL, Alt.

Rev. W. G. COOPER.



1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to-night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah! soul are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing




mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the




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



CHORUS.



Peace! peace! Wonder - ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove; Sweep



o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - omless billows of love.



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No. 74.

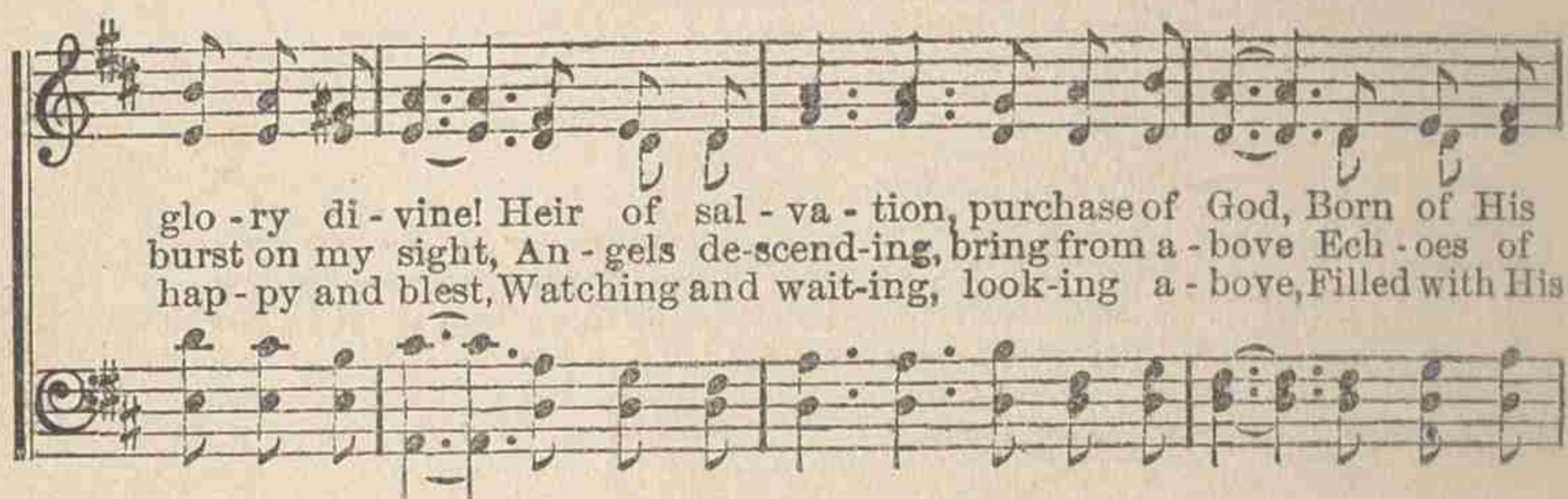
Blessed Assurance.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP, by per.

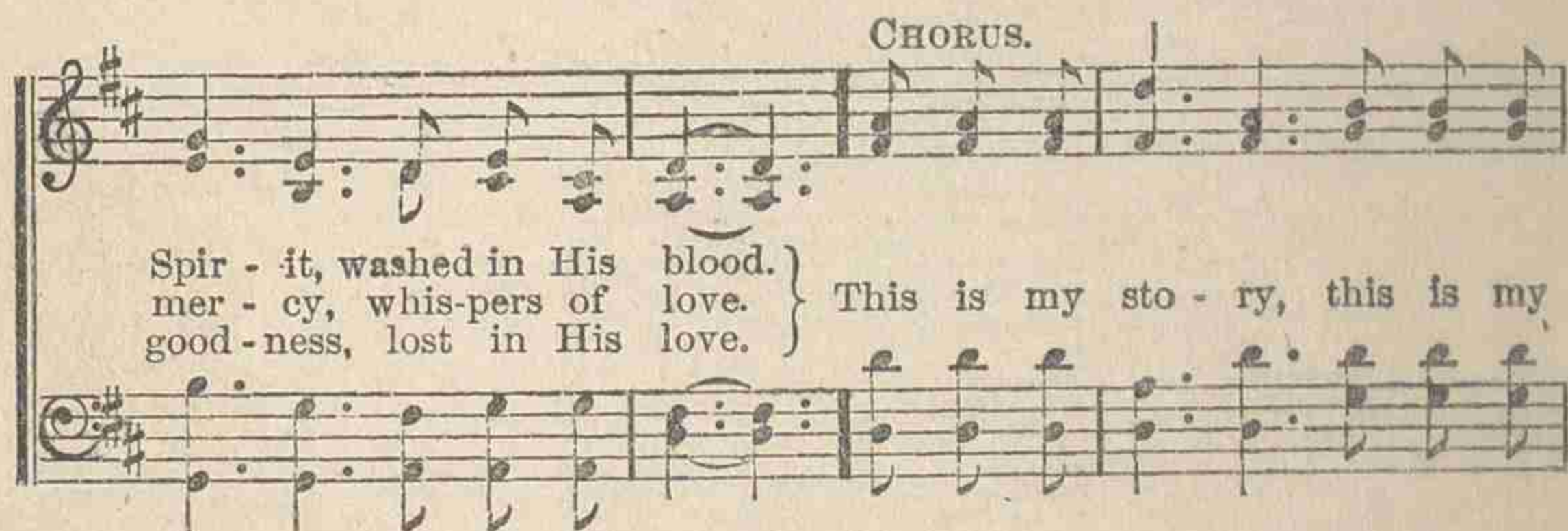


1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am



glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

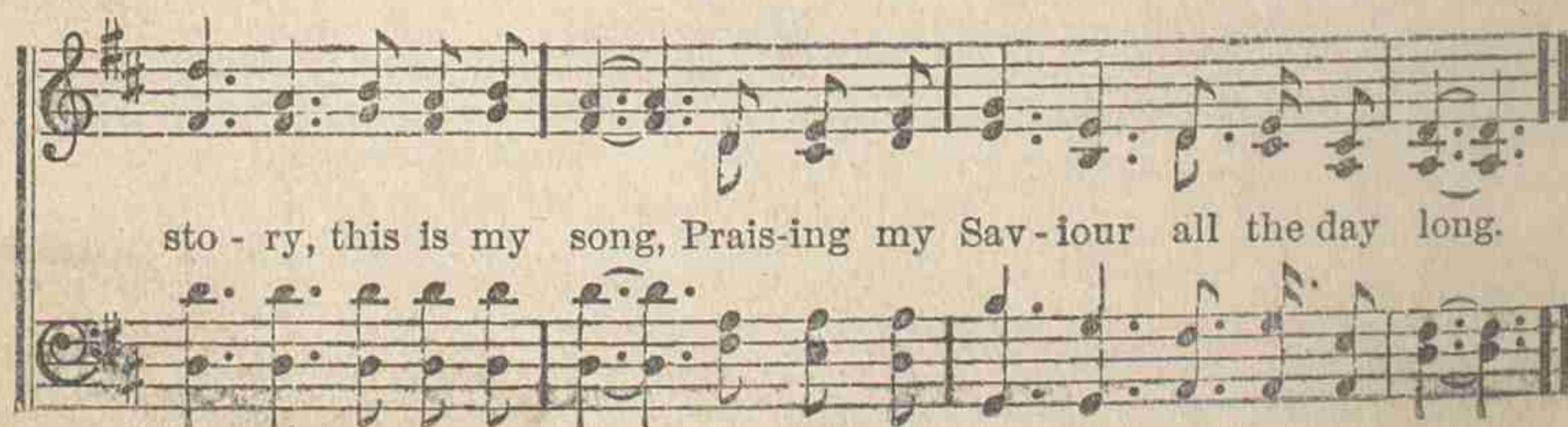
CHORUS.



Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 good - ness, lost in His love. } This is my sto - ry, this is my



song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



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

No. 75. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
3. Tho' all the world His love neglect, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
4. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
5. While on my jour-ney here be- low, I nev-er will cease to love Him;



And for His grace so rich and free, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
 He leads and guides me all the way, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
 I could not such a Friend re-ject I nev-er will cease to love Him.
 Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I nev-er will cease to love Him.
 And when to that bright world I go, I nev-er will cease to love Him.



CHORUS.



I nev-er will cease to love Him, my Sav-iour, my Sav-iour;
 I nev-er will cease to love Him, He's my Saviour, He's my Sav-iour;



I nev-er will cease to love Him, He's done so much for me.
 I nev-er will cease to love Him, For He's done so much for me.



No. 76. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word, Dear - er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
 3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me;" Wea - ry, heav - y



an - y mes - sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
 an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
 la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is - es,



Sin - less I see; He the great Exam - ple is and Pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful is He; He the great Exam - ple is and Pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - iour and thy soul is se - cure.

CHORUS.



Where..... He leads I'll fol - low,
 Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,



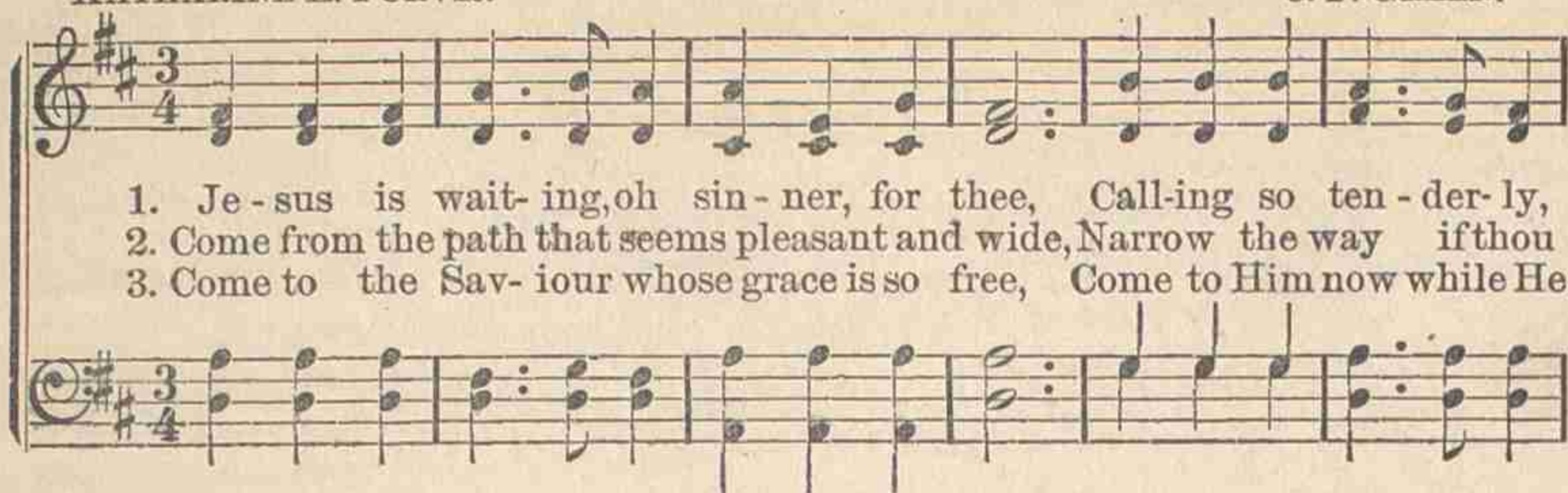
Fol - low all the way, Follow Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
 Follow all the way, yes, follow all the way,

No. 77.

Come to Him Now.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

C. F. GREEN.



1. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh sin - ner, for thee, Call - ing so ten - der - ly,
 2. Come from the path that seems pleasant and wide, Narrow the way if thou
 3. Come to the Sav - iour whose grace is so free, Come to Him now while He

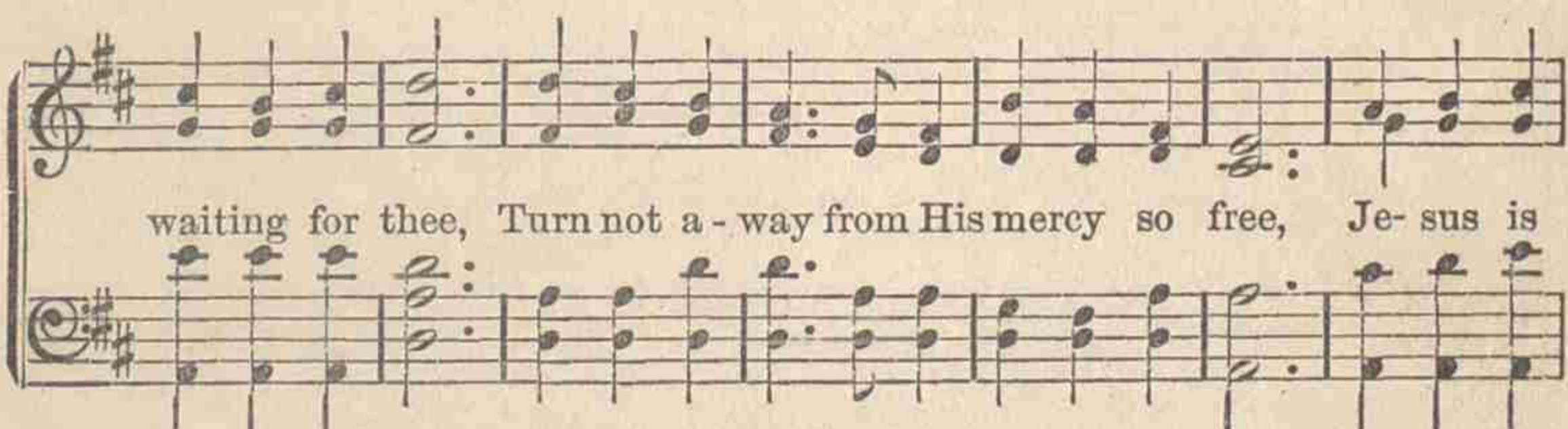


"Come un - to me," Wait - ing His mer - cy and peace to im - part,
 walk by His side— Nar - row, yet brighten'd with blessings un - told,
 call - eth for thee, En - ter the fold by the on - ly true door,



CHORUS.

Come then, oh wan - der - er, give Him thy heart.
 Lead - ing thee home to the cit - y of gold. } Come to Him now, He's
 Come, quick - ly come, lest He call thee no more.



wait - ing for thee, Turn not a - way from His mercy so free, Je - sus is

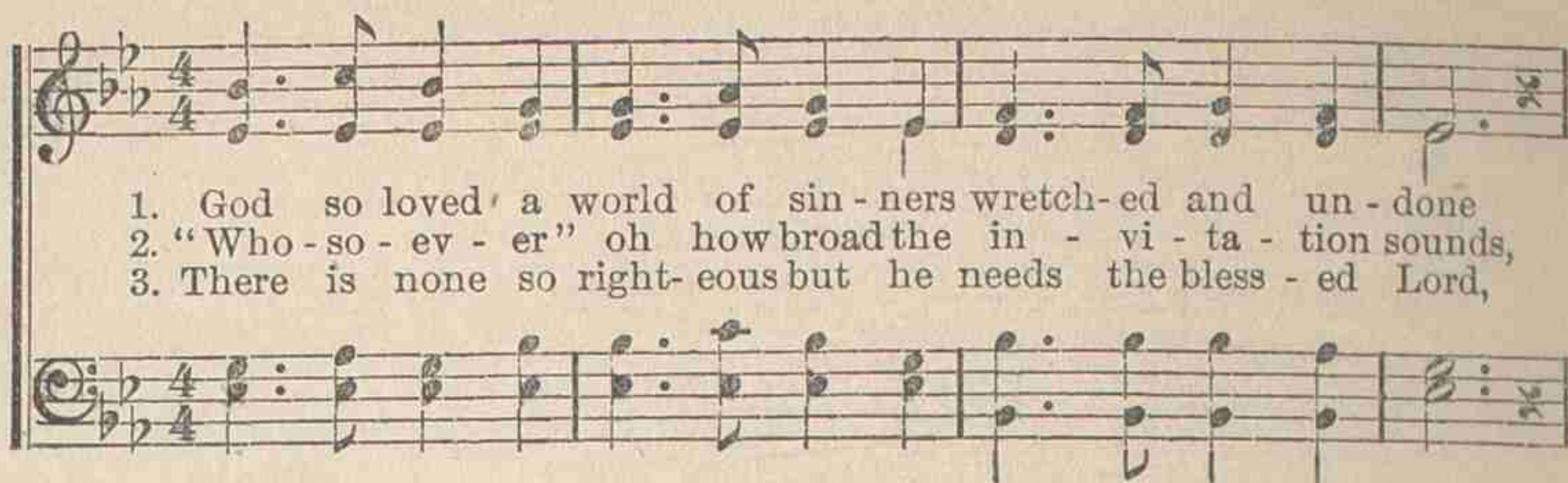


wait - ing, wait - ing for thee, Call - ing so ten - der - ly, "Come unto Me."

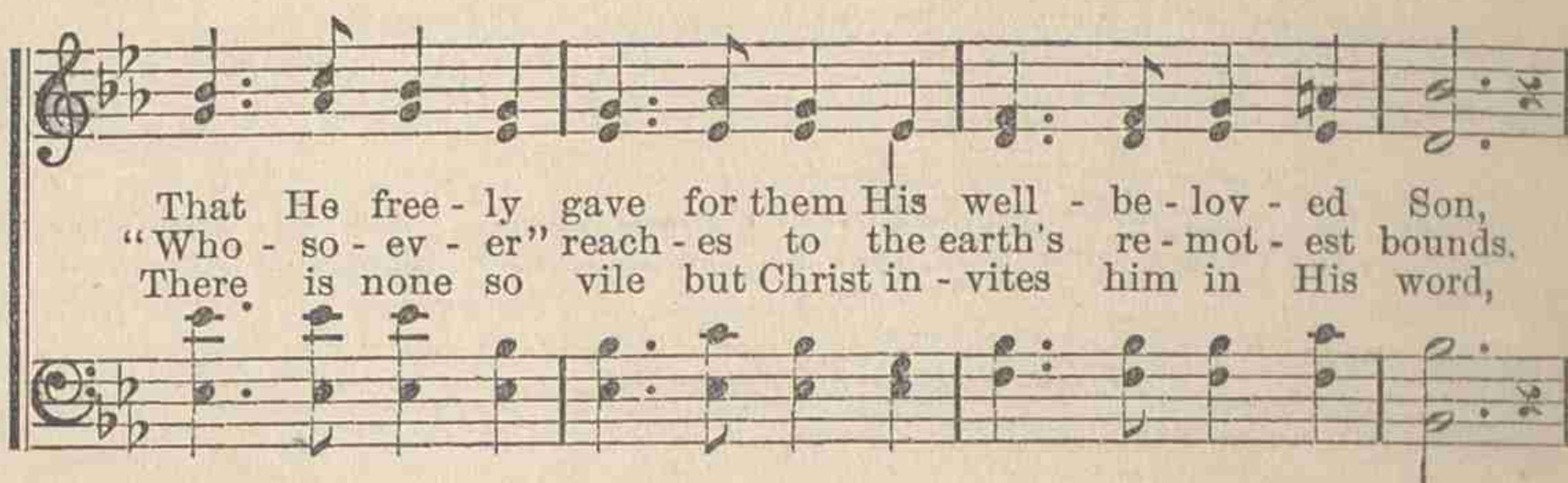
No. 78. "Whosoever," That means Me.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

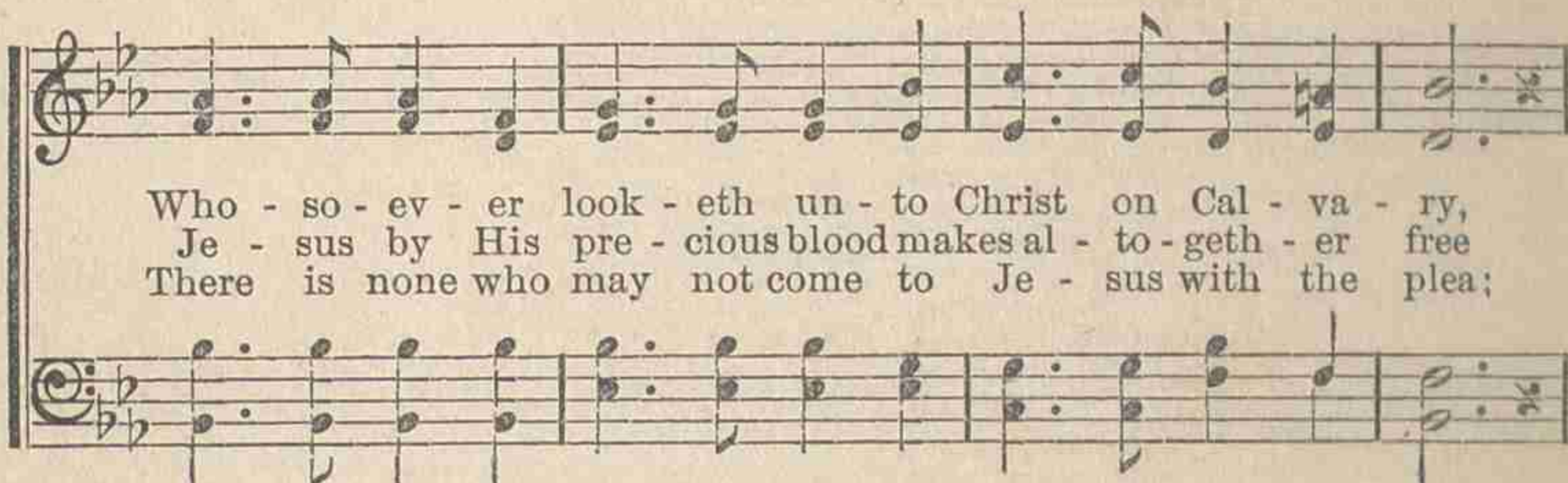
J. M. BLACK.



1. God so loved a world of sin - ners wretch - ed and un - done
 2. "Who - so - ev - er" oh how broad the in - vi - ta - tion sounds,
 3. There is none so right - eous but he needs the bless - ed Lord,



That He free - ly gave for them His well - be - lov - ed Son,
 "Who - so - ev - er" reach - es to the earth's re - mot - est bounds.
 There is none so vile but Christ in - vites him in His word,



Who - so - ev - er look - eth un - to Christ on Cal - va - ry,
 Je - sus by His pre - cious blood makes al - to - geth - er free
 There is none who may not come to Je - sus with the plea;



Shall be ran - somed; "Who - so - ev - er" that means me.
 And His "Who - so - ev - er com - eth," that means me.
 Thou hast said it—"Who - so - ev - er" that means me.

CHORUS.



"Who - so - ev - er," Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves and sets me free,

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"Whosoever," That means Me. Concluded.

I will love Him, ev - er love Him, "Whoso-ev - er" that means me.

No. 79.

On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. Oh, bless the Lord, He dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see
3. Oh, bless the Lord for what I know Of heav'nly bliss while here be-low!
4. Oh, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho - ly throng,

FINE.

And now to realms of end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
 Re - new my strength from day to day While home to Him I'm on the way.
 My trust-ing heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
 And shout and sing thro' end-less day, Where ev-'ry tear is wiped a-way.

D.S.—crown to wear in end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

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No. 80. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloud - less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting



more, And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
rise; And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when



saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the



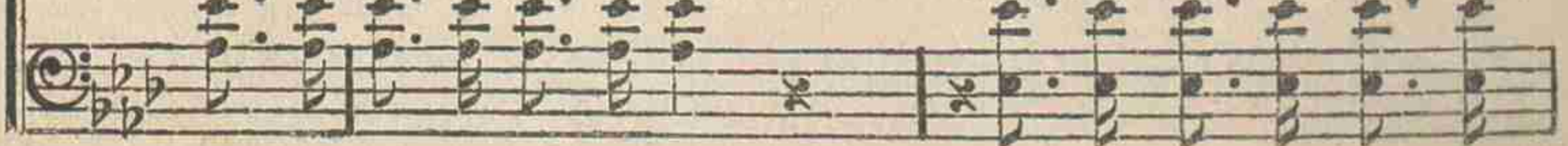
CHORUS.



roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll..... is
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. }
roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll is



called up yon - der, When the roll..... is called up
called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.—Concluded.

yon - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

No. 81.

Heavenly Father.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, hear our cry, In great
2. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, hear our pray'r, Give as -
3. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, hear we pray, Give Thy

mer - cy draw Thou nigh; Sin - ful, weak, un -
sur - ance of Thy care; Keep se - cure - ly
Spir - it day by day; With Him ev - er

ho - ly we, Help a - lone must come from Thee.
ev - 'ry day, Guard us all a - long the way.
as our guide, We are safe what - e'er be - tide.

No. 82.

The Saviour for You.

CARRIE E. BRECK.

J. M. BLACK.



1. 'O, have you been told of the Sav-iour who came To die for poor
 2. The soul that is hun-gry He fills with good things, The thirs-ty are
 3. Dear soul, you are faint-ing with fam-ine, with strife, O, come to Him



sin-ners like me? And have you been told of His won-der-ful name,
 ev-er sup-plied; The sor-row-ing spir-it tri-umph-ant-ly sings,
 just as you are! And ask for the bread and the wa-ter of life,



And all that this Sav-iour will be? His name is called Je-sus, He
 When Je-sus is Shepherd and guide, O, soul, have you tak-en the
 And peace that no tri-al can mar, In pen-i-tence down at His



saves us from sin, His love is far-reaching and true, He died on the
 Sav-iour so dear, Who long-eth your heart to re-new? To-day He is
 feet will you fall? Far more than you ask will He do. A won-der-ful



cross my sal-va-tion to win, And He is the Sav-iour for you.
 bring-ing sal-va-tion so near, And He is the Sav-iour for you.
 Sav-iour is Je-sus for all, And He is the Sav-iour for you.

The Saviour for You. Concluded.

CHORUS.

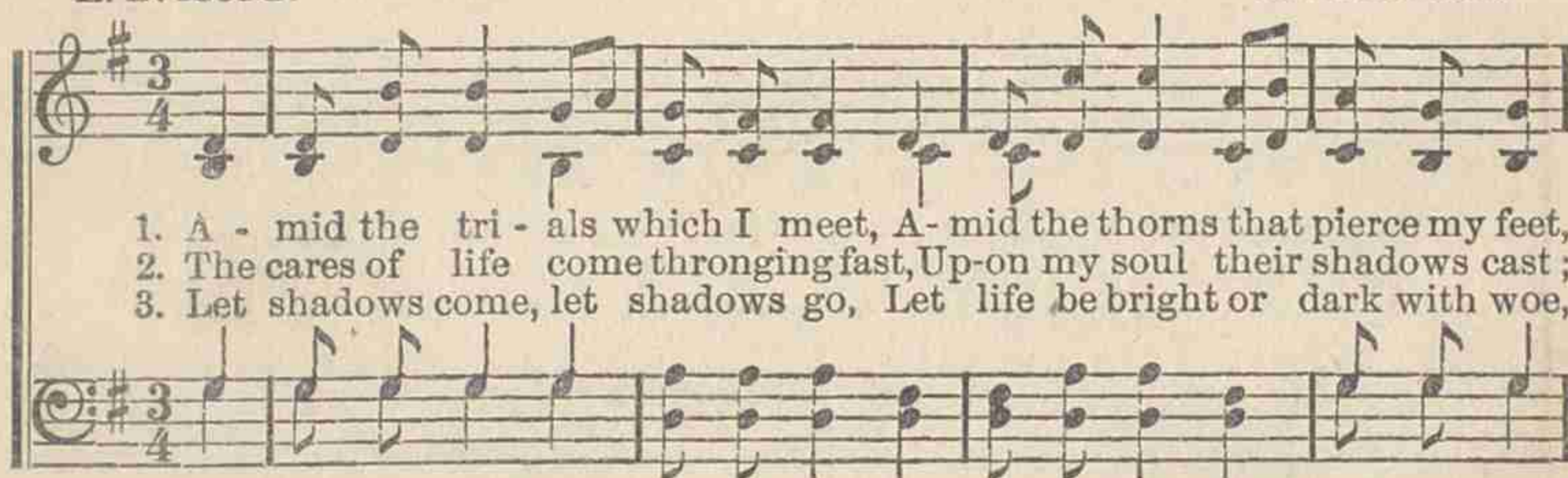


O come to the Sav-iour, This Friend ever - last-ing and true,
 O come to this wonderful Sav-iour,
 A wonderful, wonderful Saviour for me, And a wonderful Saviour for you.

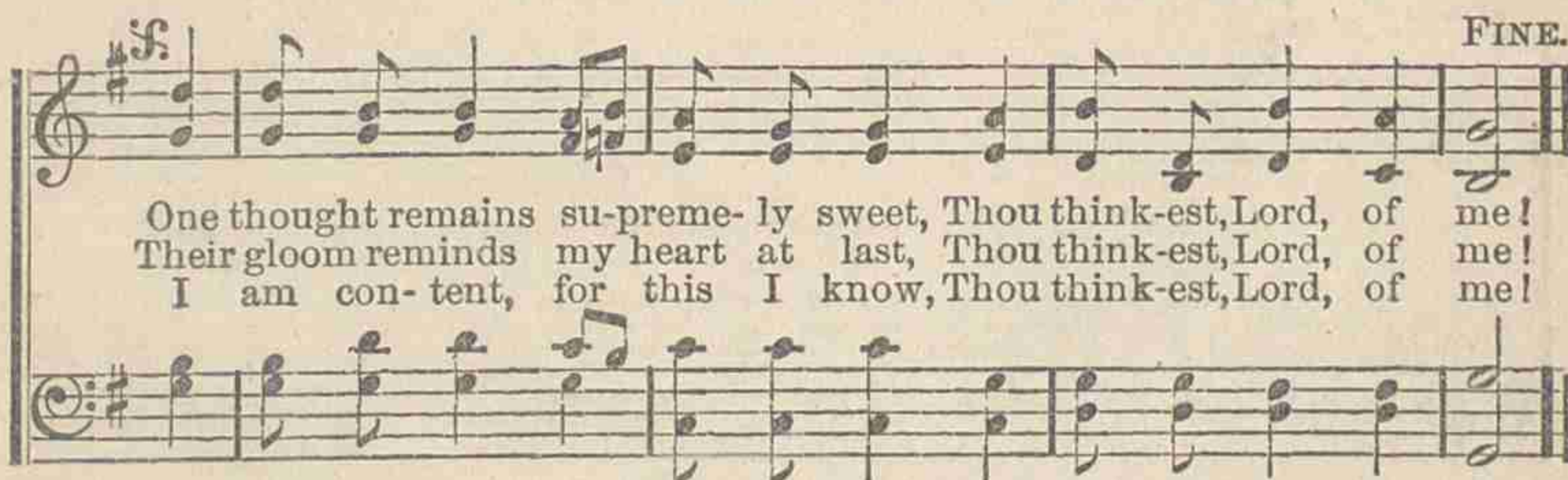
No. 83. Thou Thinkest Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shadows cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



FINE.

One thought remains su-preme-ly sweet, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!
 I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!

D.S.—What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou think-est, Lord, of me.
 of me, of me.

By permission.

No. 84. When the King Shall Come.

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." Ps. 149: 2.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. E. BROWNELL.



1. When the King shall come to Zi - on, When He dwells on earth a - gain,
2. Ev - 'ry soul shall bow be - fore Him, And His ho - ly name a - dore;
3. When the King shall come to Zi - on, When He reigns up - on His throne,



With a rod of peace and bless - ing O'er the na - tions He shall reign.
Hap - py songs of praise and bless - ing Shall re - sound from shore to shore.
He will call us His be - lov - ed, He will claim us for His own.



There shall be no pain nor cry - ing, He shall wipe all tears a - way;
Then the light of God's own glo - ry Shall dis - pel the night of sin,
We shall dwell within His kingdom, Which for us He doth pre - pare;



Ev - 'ry heart shall thrill with gladness In that great and glo - rious day.
And a day of joy and glad - ness On the earth shall then be - gin.
We shall reign with Him for - ev - er, And His glo - ry we shall share.



CHORUS.



Shout a - loud the joy - ful strain, Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain,



When the King Shall Come. Concluded.

We shall be with Him for - ev - er When the King shall come to reign.

No. 85. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE E. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev- 'ry hour, Most gra- cious Lord; No tender voice like
2. I need Thee ev- 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev- 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev- 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev- 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain.
 es In me ful - fill.
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev- 'ry hour I

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav- iour, I come to Thee.

No. 86.

Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.

DUET.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER, by per.

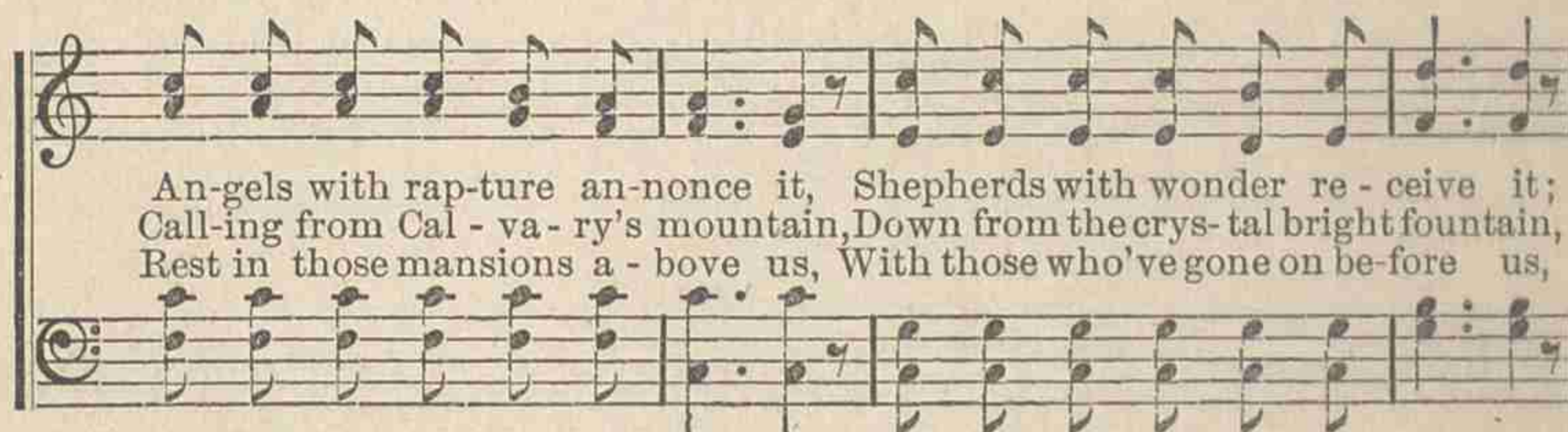
FULL CHORUS.



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



Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: Wake the im - mor - tal strain!
 Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: Still He doth call to - day;
 Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest:



An-gels with rap-ture an-nounce it, Shepherds with wonder re - ceive it;
 Call-ing from Cal - va - ry's mountain, Down from the crys - tal bright fountain,
 Rest in those mansions a - bove us, With those who've gone on be-fore us,



Sin - ner, O won't you be-lieve it? Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
 E'en from the dawn of cre - a - tion, Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.
 Sing - ing the rap - tur - ous cho - rus, Won-der - ful sto - ry of love.

CHORUS.



Won - der - ful! Won - der - ful!
 Won-der - ful sto - ry of love: Won-der - ful sto - ry of love:

Wonderful Story of Love.—Concluded.

Won - der - ful!
 Wonder - ful sto - ry of love! Won - der - ful sto - ry of love!

No. 87.

Watch and Pray.

E. F. C.

E. F. CLAUSER.

1. Do you fear that you will fall? Watch and pray, watch and pray.
 2. Are you strug-'ling in the fight? Watch and pray, watch and pray,
 3. Does the world ex - alt you high? Watch and pray, watch and pray,

Trust in Him who leads us all, Watch and pray, watch and pray,
 Bat-tling al - ways for the right? Watch and pray, watch and pray,
 Sa - tan may be ver - y nigh, Watch and pray, watch and pray,

An - swer, when He calls to you, Lord, for Thee, what may I do?
 Through the Sav-iour's grace you'll win Vict'-ry o - ver death and sin,
 At the cross leave all your pride, Keep-ing close to Je - sus' side,

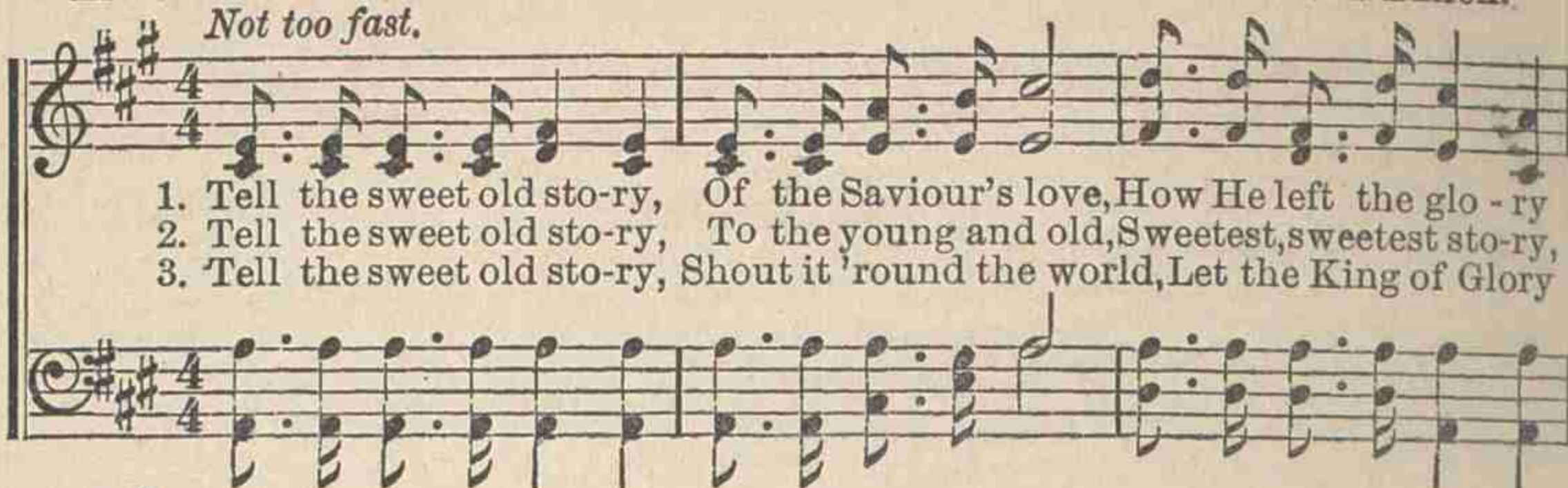
And, to Him be ev - er true, Watch and pray, watch and pray.
 And, in tri-umph, en - ter in, Watch and pray, watch and pray.
 Ev - er in His love a - bide, Watch and pray, watch and pray.

No. 88

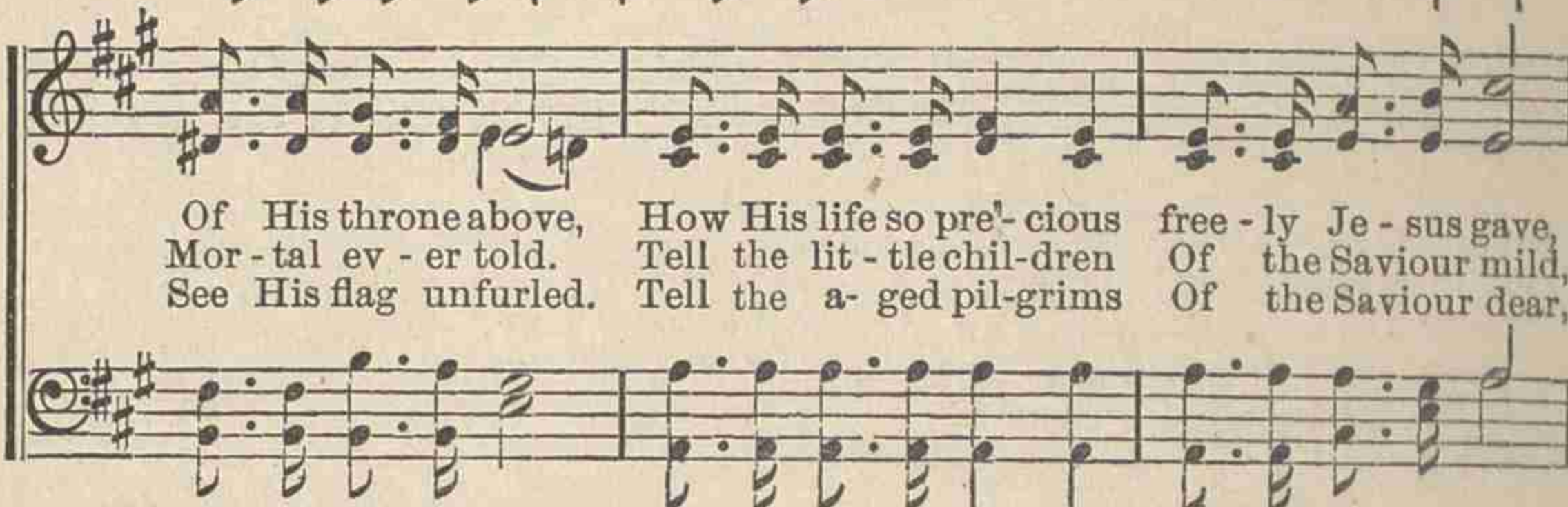
Tell the Sweet Old Story.

LIDA M. KECK.

J. M. BLACK.

Not too fast.


1. Tell the sweet old sto-ry, Of the Saviour's love, How He left the glo-ry
 2. Tell the sweet old sto-ry, To the young and old, Sweetest, sweetest sto-ry,
 3. Tell the sweet old sto-ry, Shout it 'round the world, Let the King of Glory



Of His throne above, How His life so pre'-cious free-ly Je-sus gave,
 Mor-tal ev-er told. Tell the lit-tle chil-dren Of the Saviour mild,
 See His flag unfurled. Tell the a-ged pil-grims Of the Saviour dear,

CHORUS.



That a world rebellious, He from death might save. } Tell,..... oh tell the
 Who His glorious kingdom Likened to a child. }
 Who their faint pe-ti-tion Lov-ing-ly will hear. } Tell, oh tell the sto-ry,



sto-ry sweet, Of..... the Sav-iour's love,.....
 tell the sto-ry sweet, Of the Sav-iour, of the Saviour and His love.



Tell..... to all you meet, Of..... the home a-bove.
 Tell, oh tell to all you meet, all you meet, Of the home, the blessed home above.

No. 89.

God Be With You.

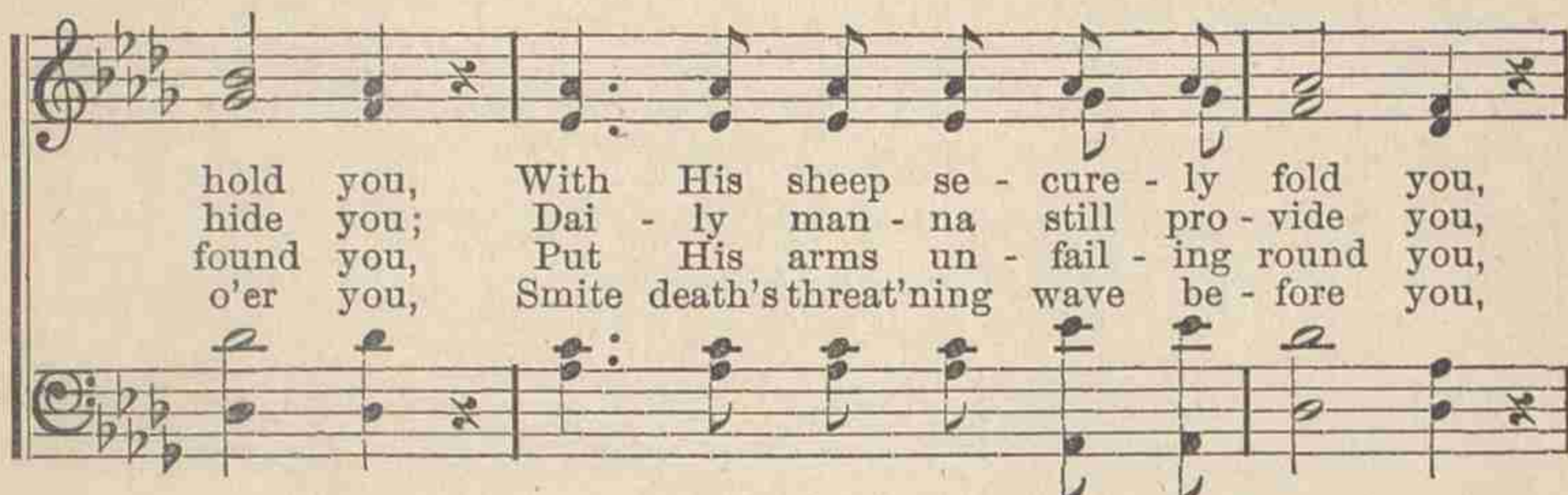
"Grace be to you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 1: 2.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His coun-sels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wing se- cure- ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing



hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you; Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.



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



meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain, till we meet;



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

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No. 90.

Wilt thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Hear the footsteps of Je - sus, He is now pass-ing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose mer - ci - ful call Free-ly off-ers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
4. Bless - ed Sav- iour, as-sist us To rest on Thy word; Let the soul-healing



wound-ed, Healing all who ap - ply; As He spake to the suff'rer Who
va - tion, To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
troub-led Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Sav-iour stands waiting To
pow-er On us now be out-poured: Wash a-way ev - 'ry sin-spot, Take



lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin taint-ed soul, And lov - ing - ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is earn - est-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per - fect con - trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole?"



REFRAIN.



Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry



suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See the



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Wilt thou be Made Whole? Concluded.



cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur-rent and thou shalt be whole.

No. 91. Jesus the Light of the World.

G. D. E. arr.

GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.

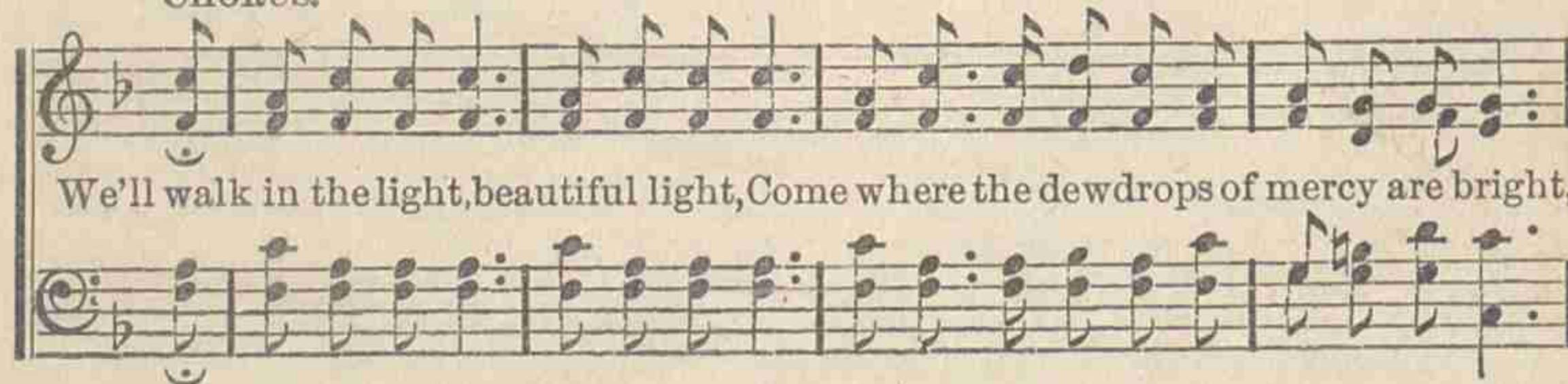


1. Hark! the Her - ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 3. Christ by high - est heav'n a - dored, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
 4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

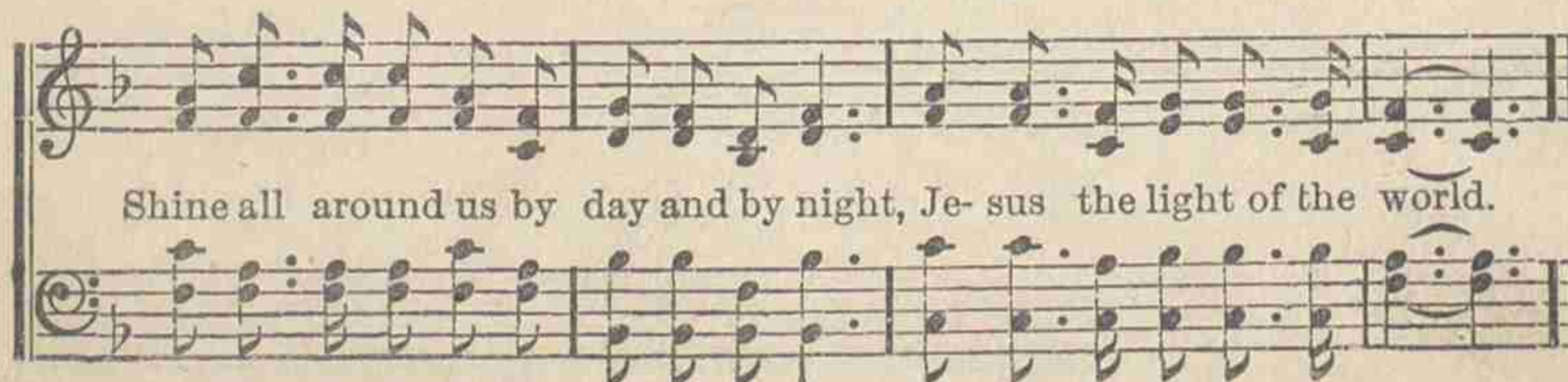


Glo - ry to the new-born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Join the tri-umphs of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
 Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.



We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dewdrops of mercy are bright,



Shine all around us by day and by night, Je - sus the light of the world.

No. 92.

Sunlight all the Way.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

J. M. BLACK.

1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the
 2. In this won - der - ful sal - va - tion, and His re - deem - ing grace, I have
 3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter - nal when life on earth is done Fills my

morning of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose
 peace and joy, and nothing can dismay; In the comfort of His presence, the
 soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho-san - na! for

par - don made me free, Now, there's bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
 shin - ing of His face There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
 ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won And the bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

CHORUS.

There is sun-light, sun-light, beam-ing bright and clear In the
 sunlight, sunlight,

sweetness of His ser-vice day by day, There is sunlight, sunlight,
 sunlight, sunlight,

Sunlight all the Way. Concluded.

with my Sav-iour near, There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

No. 93.

The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is sending, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;

FINE.

Far and near their gold is gleaming, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
 When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry - where.
 Heav'nward then at even - ing wending, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.

D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

D. S.

CHORUS.
 Lord of har - vest, send forth reapers! Hear us Lord, to Thee we cry;

No. 94. It was Spoken for the Master.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, Oh, how lov-ing-ly it fell!
 2. Oh, we know not when we scatter, Where the pre-cious seed will fall,
 3. When our bus-y toil is o-ver, From the vine-yard when we go,




It was ut-tered in a whisper, Who had breathed it none could tell.
 But we work and trust in Je-sus, For He watcheth o-ver all.
 We shall find a store of blessings That on earth we could not know.




It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, On-ly just a lit-tle word,
 We may sow be-side the wa-ters Of af-flic-tion, it may be,
 We shall wonder at the brightness Of the crowns we then shall wear,




But the chords that long had slumbered, In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
 But the fruits of earnest la-bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
 But the Lord Him-self will tell us Why He placed the jew-els there.



REFRAIN.

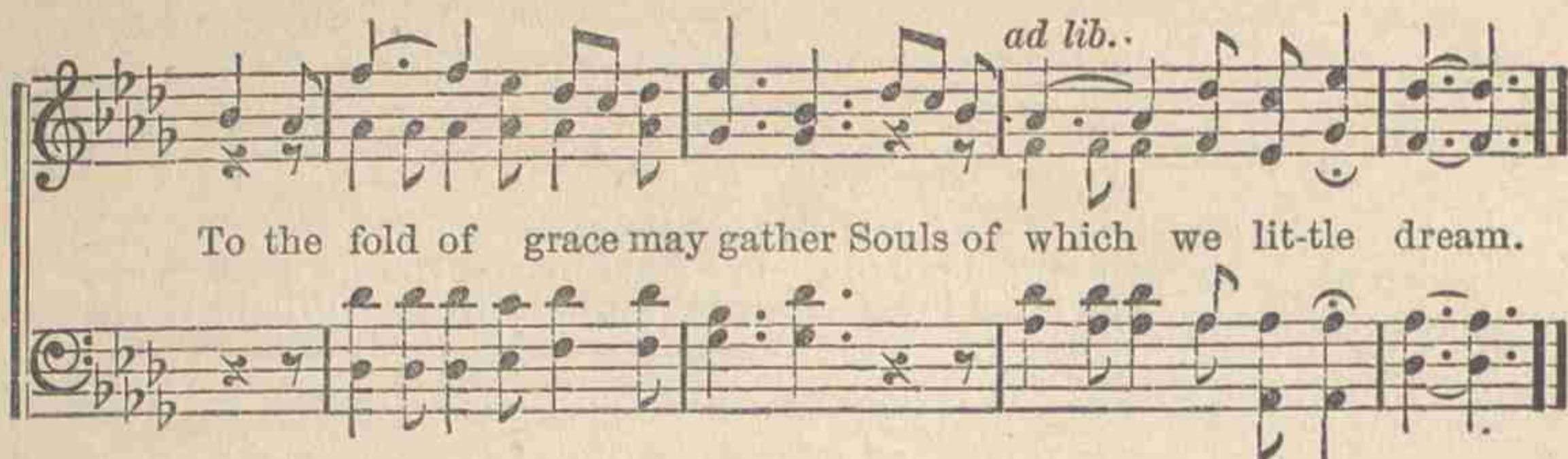


Gentle words of pa-tient kindness, Tho' un-heed-ed oft they seem,



It was Spoken, etc.—Concluded.

ad lib.



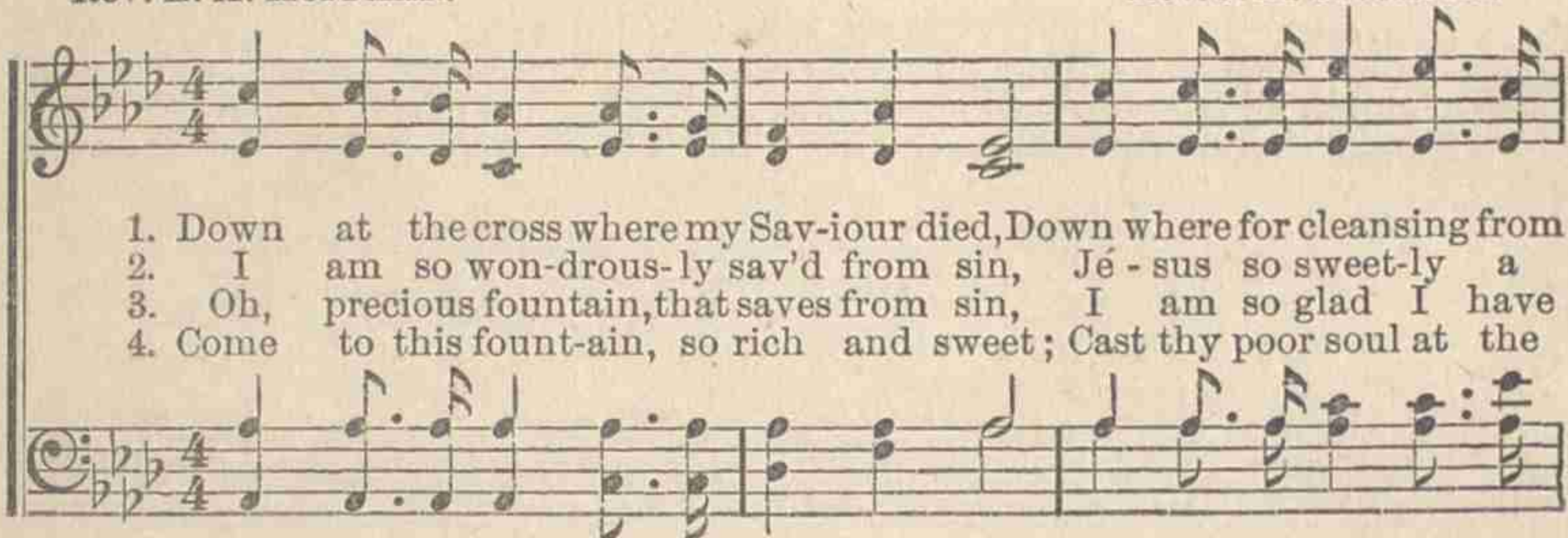
To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we lit-tle dream.

No. 95.

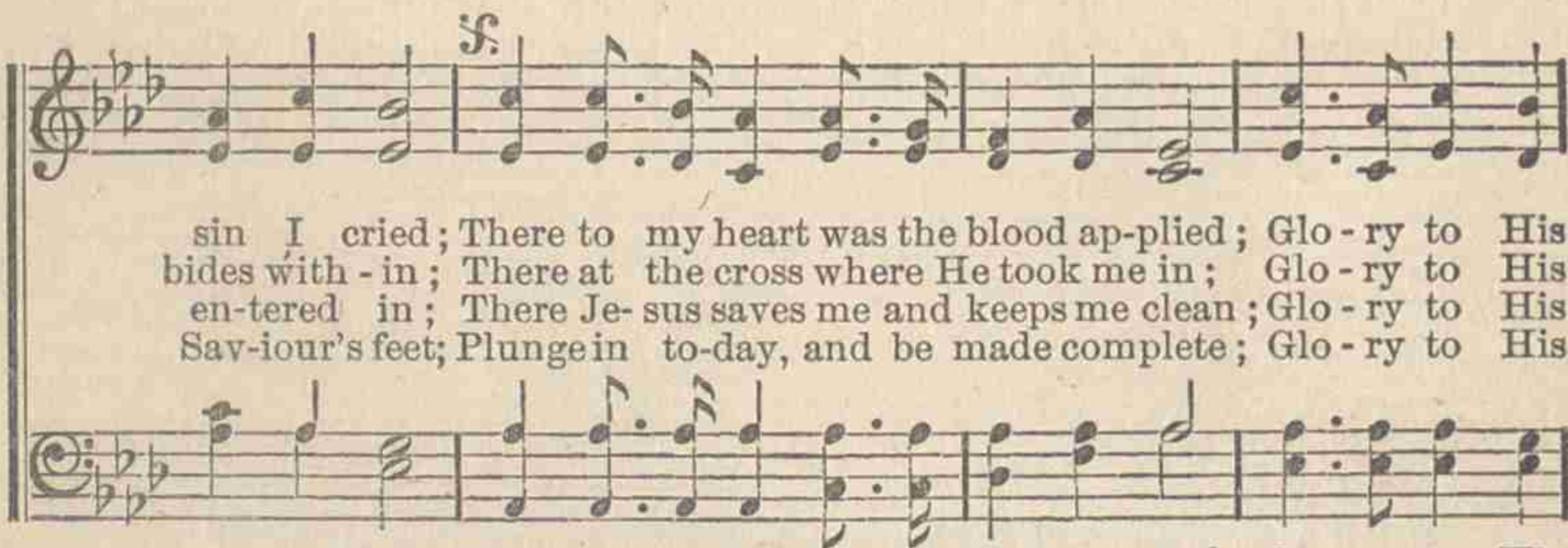
Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fount-ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His
 bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His
 en-tered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His
 Sav-iour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*



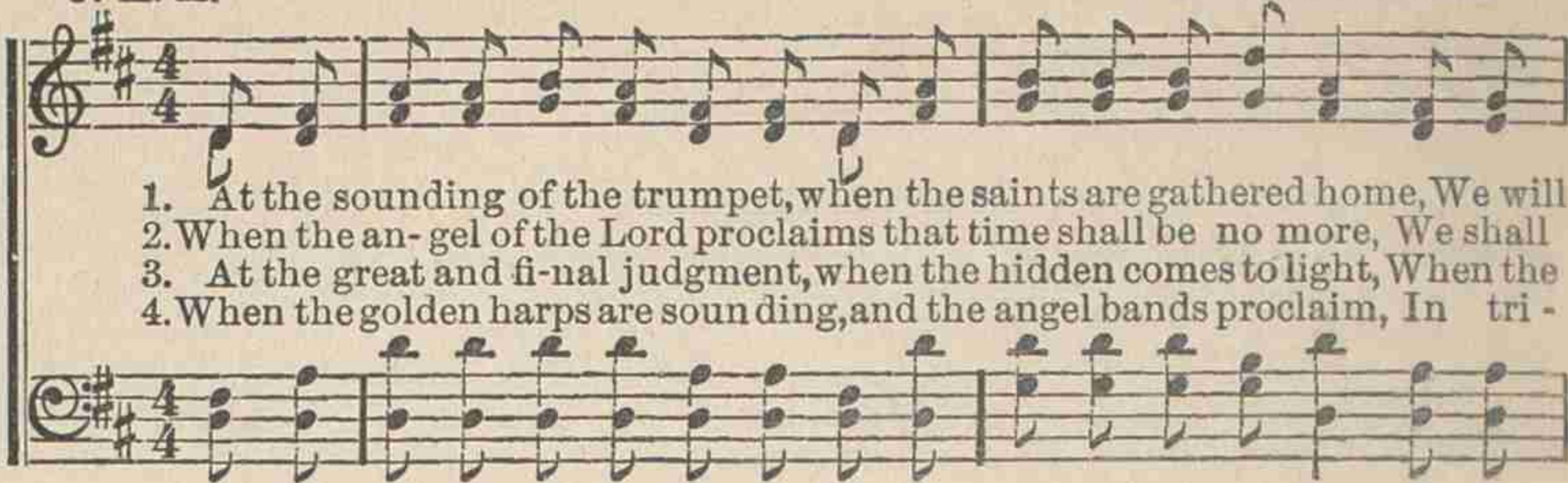
name. Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name;
 name.

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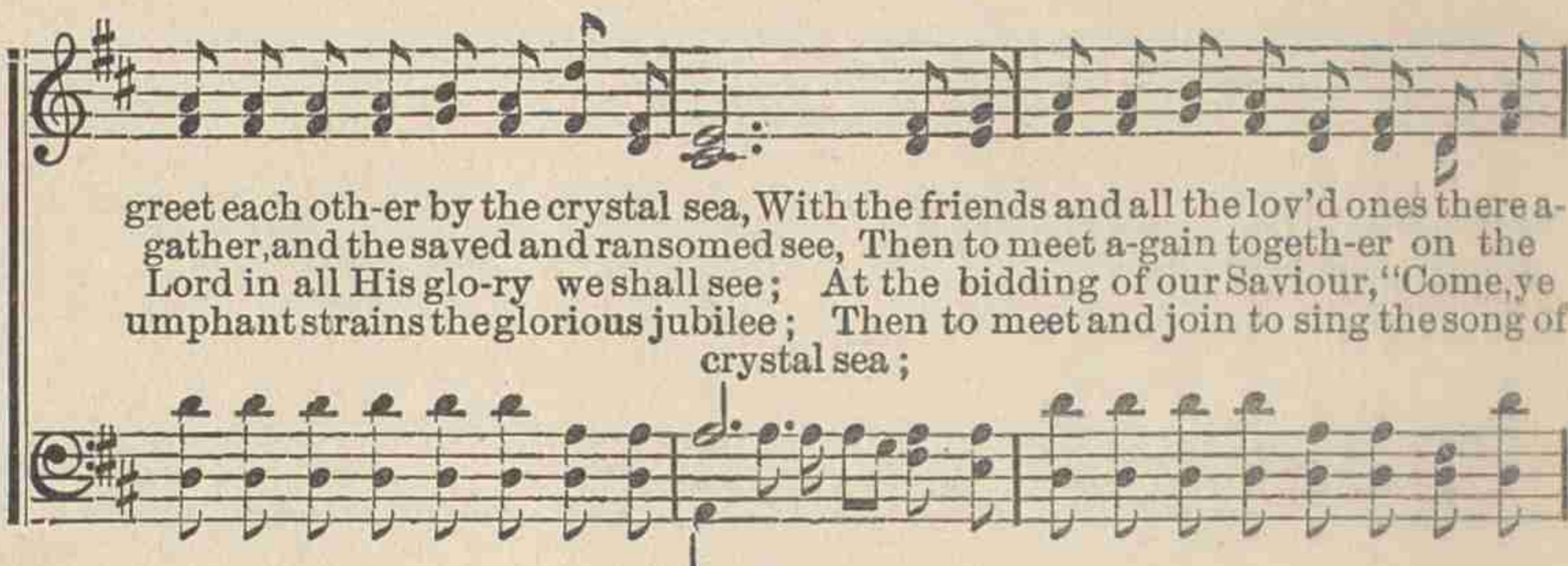
No. 96. What a Gathering That Will Be.

J. H. K.

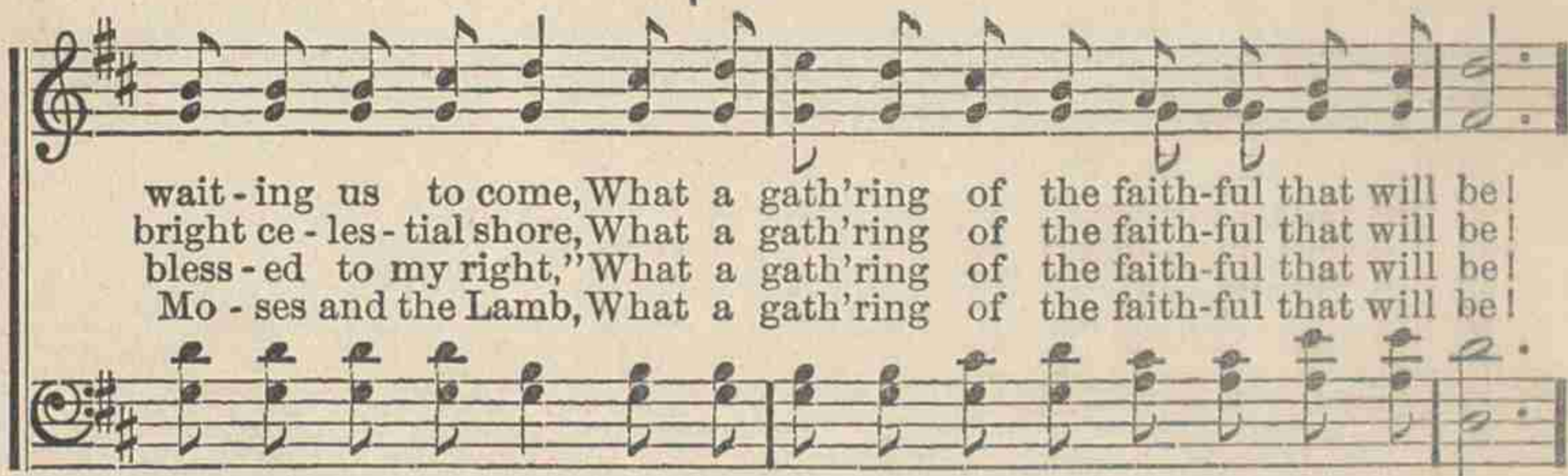
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
 2. When the an- gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
 3. At the great and fi- nal judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
 4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri -



greet each oth-er by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
 gather, and the saved and ransomed see, Then to meet a-gain togeth-er on the
 Lord in all His glo-ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
 umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
 crystal sea;

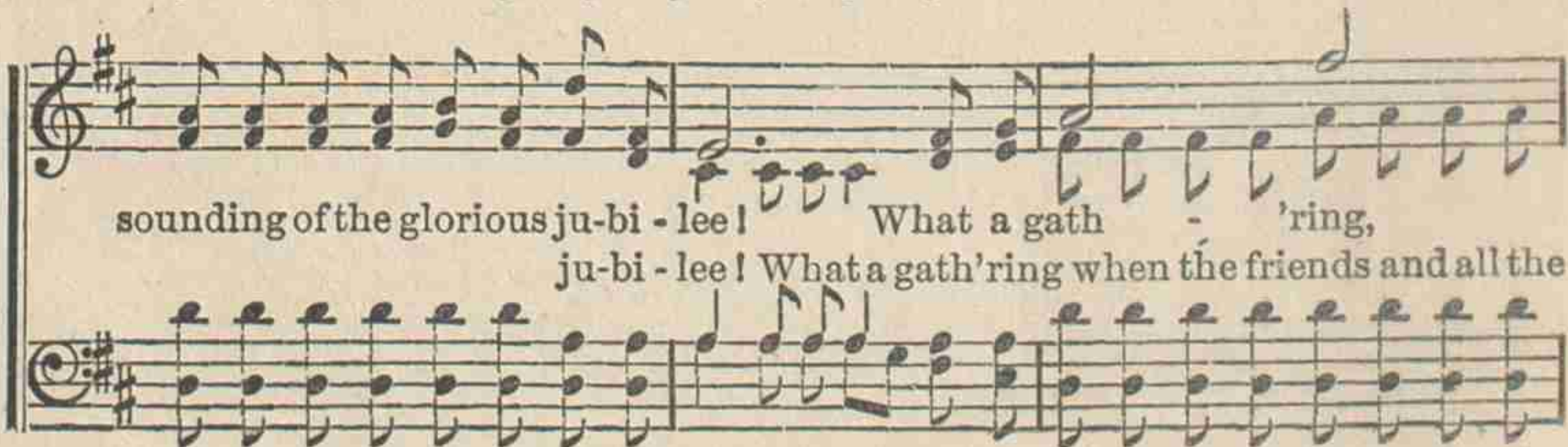


wait - ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bright ce - les - tial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bless - ed to my right, "What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 Mo - ses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

CHORUS.



What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the
 What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we meet with one another,



sounding of the glorious ju-bi - lee! What a gath - 'ring,
 ju-bi - lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

From "Song Treasury" by per.

What a Gathering That Will be. Concluded.

gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each other,

No. 97. Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourn-er in Zi - on, how bless-ed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirst - y, re-joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? O poor, troubled
 4. Step out on the prom - ise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of His

wait - ing to com-fort thee now; Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a prom - ise for thee, There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
 Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleans-eth me now, hal - le -

word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 bos - om of God; Step out on the promise,—get un-der the blood.
 lu - jah to God! I rest on His promise,—I'm un-der the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory," by per.

No. 98. Unto You is Everlasting Life.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN



1. Hear the prom-ise of the Lord, As re-cord-ed in His word,
2. Wea-ry pil-grim on the road To the judg-mentseat of God,
3. Cast on Je-sus all your care, And your bur-den He will bear,



- "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" Heav-y - la - den and distress'd,
 "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" If on Je-sus you be-lieve,
 "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" In the strait and nar-row way,



- Come, and I will give you rest, "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
 And His bless-ed word re-ceive, "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
 He will lead you day by day! "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!"



CHORUS.



- "Everlasting life," the promise reads, While at God's right hand the Saviour pleads;



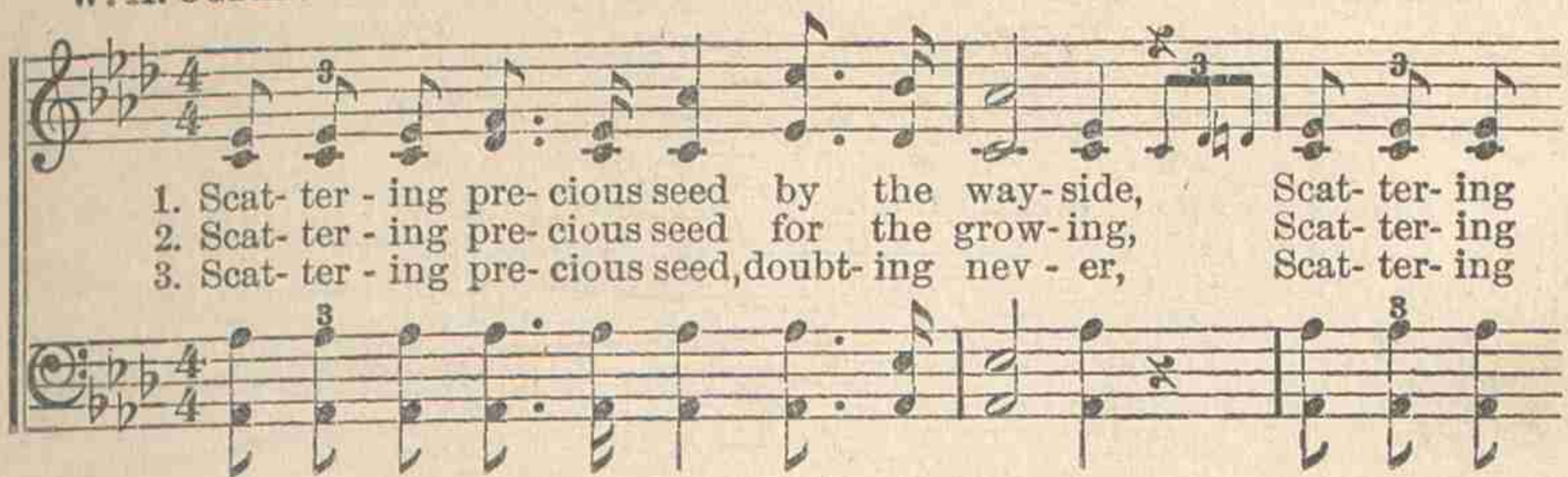
- Will you come to-day, making Christ your stay? For with Him is everlasting life.



No. 99. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way-side, Scat-ter-ing
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter-ing
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubt-ing nev-er, Scat-ter-ing



pre-cious seed by the hill-side; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, free-ly sow-ing; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
 pre-cious seed, trust-ing ev-er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r

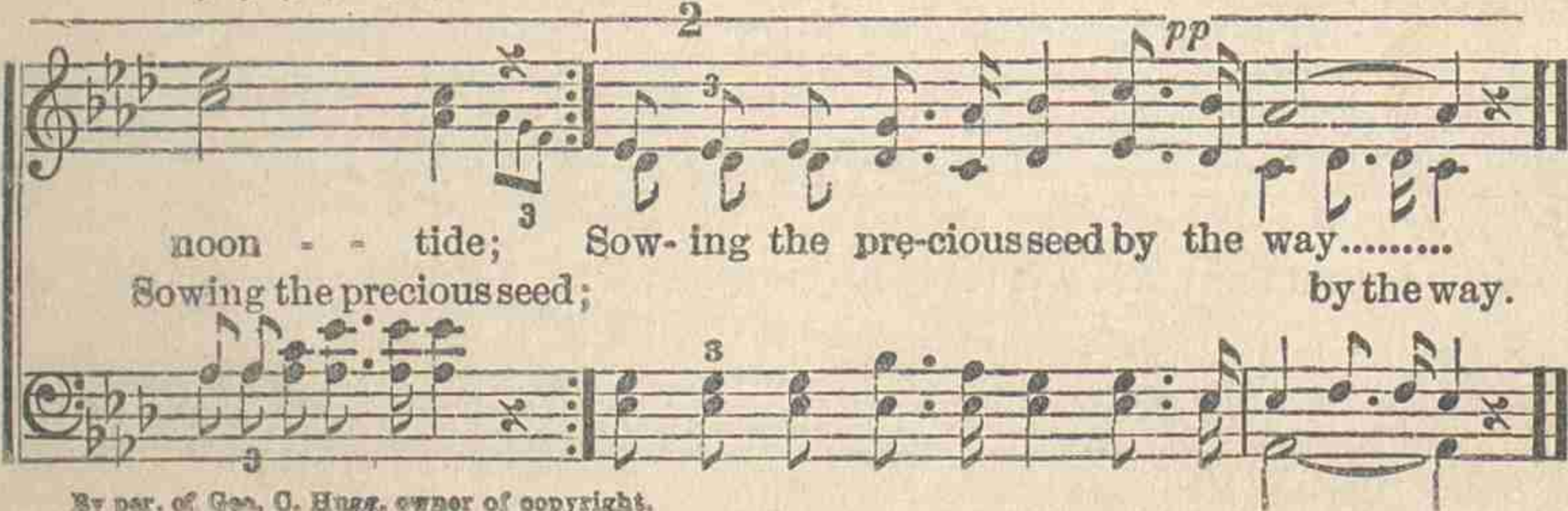


o'er the field wide, Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way.
 trust-ing, know-ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en-deav-or, Trust-ing the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.



Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - - ing at the
 Sow - - ing in the eve - - ning,
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,



noon - - tide; Sow-ing the pre-cious seed by the way.....
 Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

By per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

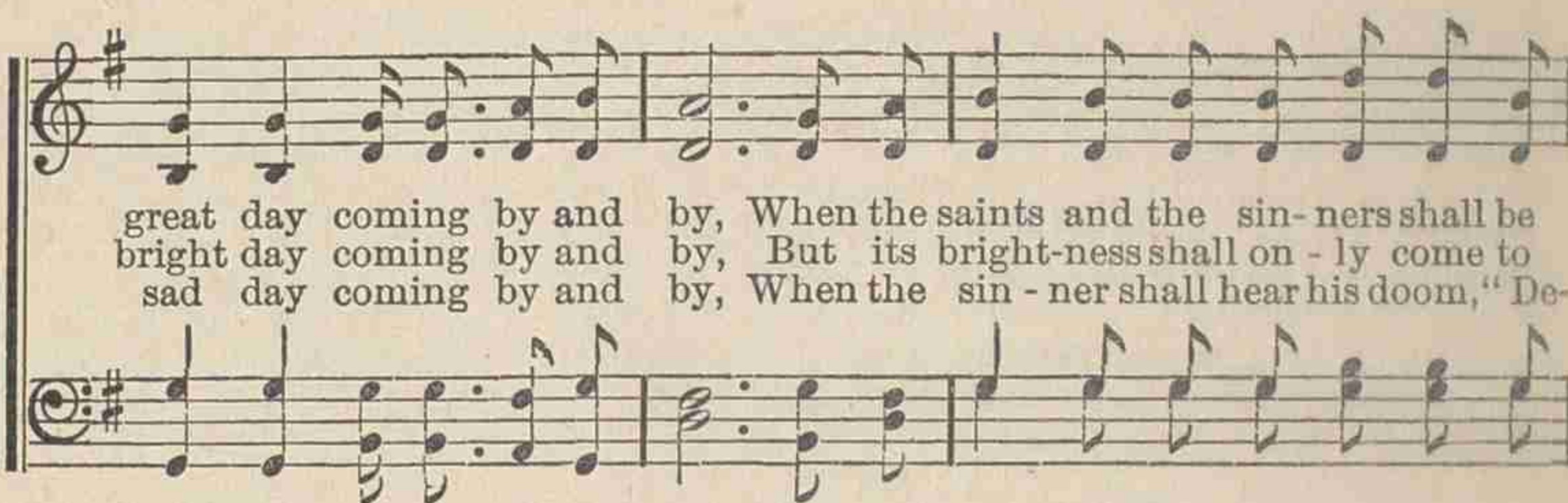
No. 100. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

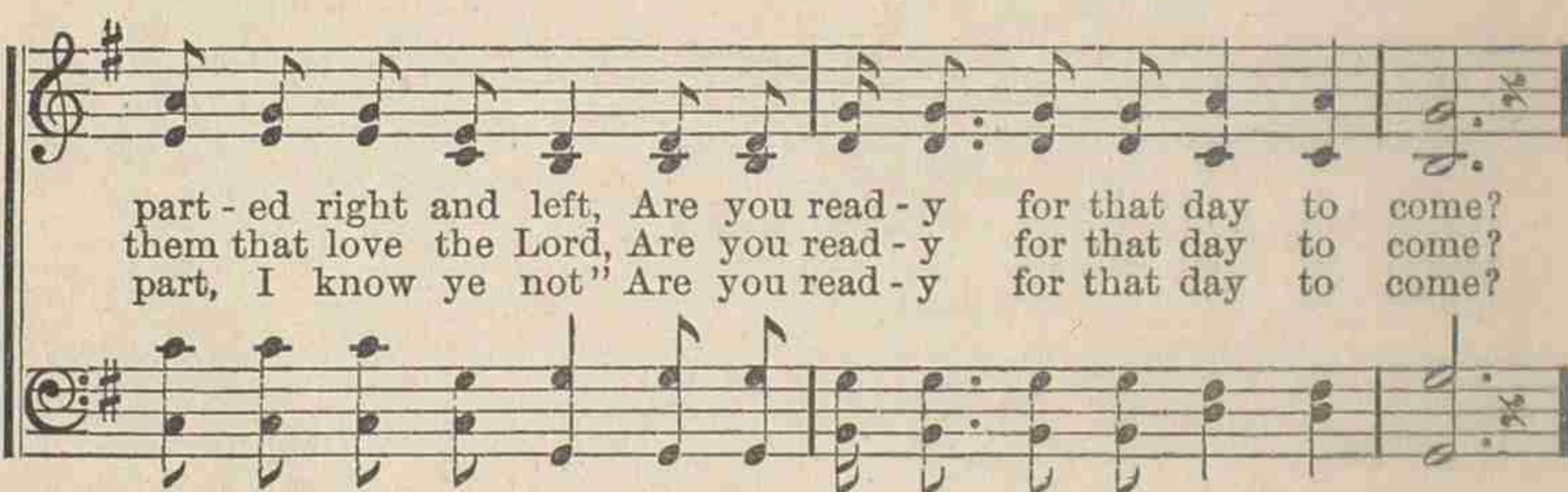
W. L. THOMPSON.



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

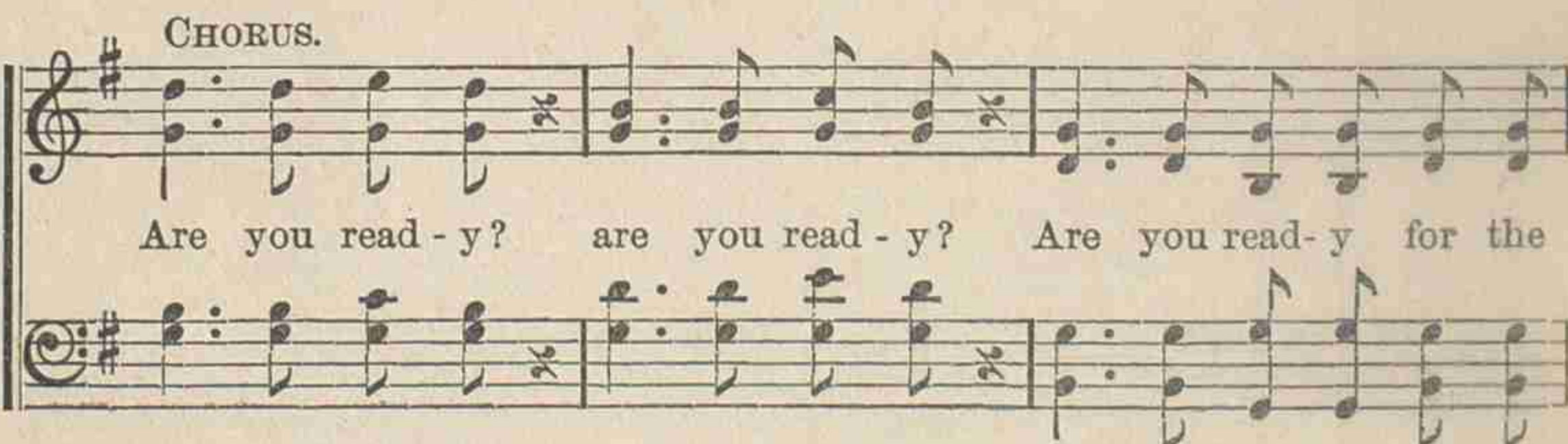


great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-



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

CHORUS.



Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

No. 101.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON,

E. O. EXCELL.



1. There's a stranger at the door, Let Him in;
 2. O-pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
 4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest, Let Him in;
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;



He has been there oft be-fore, Let Him in;
 If you wait He will de-part, Let Him in;
 Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in;



Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
 Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re-store,
 He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,



Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let Him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
 And His name you will a-dore, Let Him in.
 He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
 Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.

No. 102. Jesus is Passing This Way.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



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



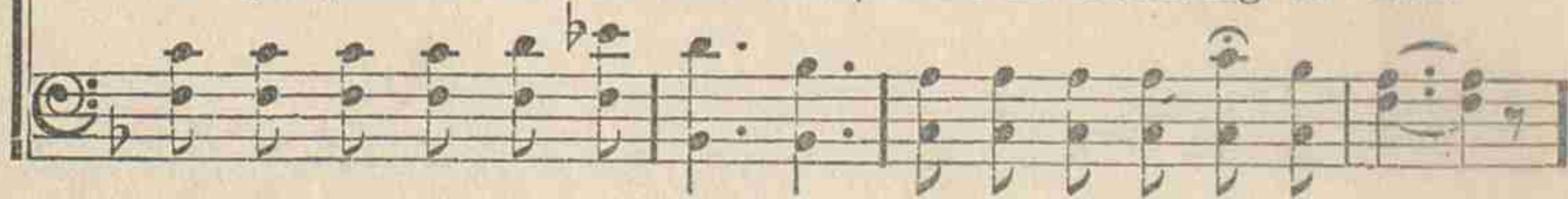
Wel - come the news that we bring Him: "Je - sus is passing this way!"
Why not this mo - ment ac - cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?
Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Read - y to save you now;



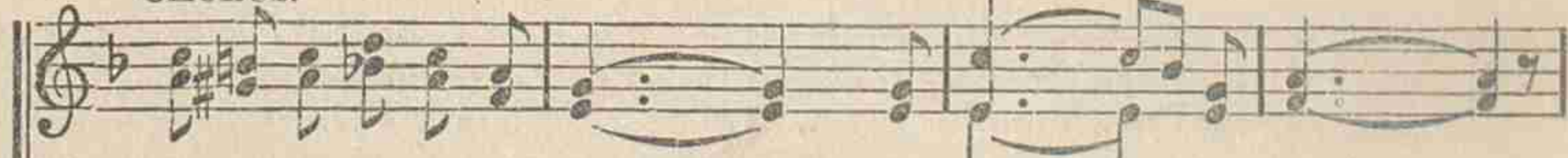
Com - ing in love and in mer - cy, Par - don and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten - der and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day;
Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?



Com - ing to save the poor sin - ner From His heart - anguish and woe.
O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.
O - pen your heart to ad - mit Him, While He is com - ing so near.



CHORUS.



Je - sus is passing this way . . . To - day, . . . to - day, . . .
Je - sus is passing this way, To - day, is pass - ing to - day!



Jesus is Passing This Way. Concluded.

While He is near, O be - lieve Him, Open your heart to receive Him, For

Je - sus is pass - ing this way, . . . Is passing this way to - day.
this way,

No. 103. The Way of the Cross.

Arr.

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

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

ad lib. *D.C. for Cho.*

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

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

No. 104.

I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSALM 145: 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. I love to tell the Sto-ry Of un-seen things above, Of Je-sus and His
2. I love to tell the Sto-ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden
3. I love to tell the Sto-ry! 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the Story! For those who know it best Seem hungering and



Glo-ry Of Je-sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto-ry! Be-
 fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto-ry! It
 tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the Sto-ry! For
 thirst-ing To hear, it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I



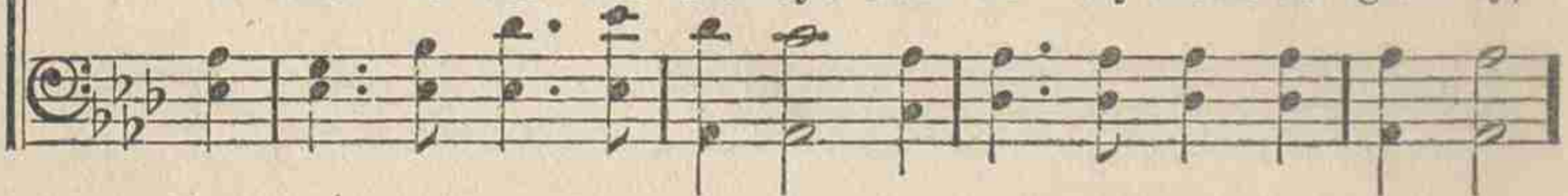
cause I know it's true; It sat-isfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
 did so much for me! And that is just the reason, I tell it now to thee.
 some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy Word.
 sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story That I have lov'd so long.



CHORUS.



I love to tell the Sto-ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry,



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



No. 105.

Jesus, I Come.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

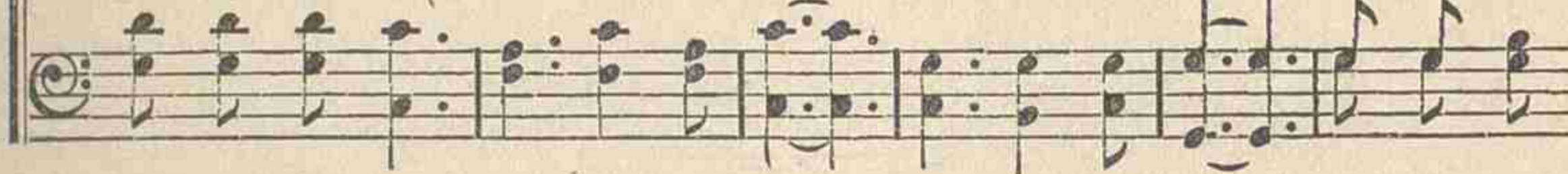
O. R. BARROWS.

May be used as a Solo.


1. Out of my dark-ness in - to Thy light, Out of my weak - ness
 2. Out of my bondage and sor-row and strife, In - to Thy freedom, for -
 3. Out of death's horrors and madness and chains, In - to life's comforts and
 4. Out of my pride and perverseness of will, Free from that void Thou



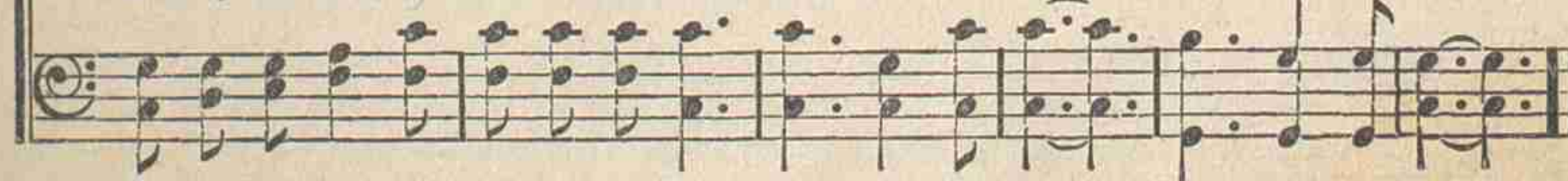

in - to Thy might; Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of my
 give-ness and life; Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of un-
 glo - ries and gains; Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of sin's
 on - ly canst fill, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come; Out of my




er - ror in - to Thy truth, Out of my guess-ing in - to Thy sooth,
 rest to breathing Thy balm, Out of my tu - mult in - to Thy calm,
 guilt and ter - ror and gloom, Out of the region and shade of the tomb,
 will, my sov'reign to own, Trust-ing Thy mer - its, Je - sus a - lone.




Out of my sickness in - to Thy youth, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come.
 Out of my woes to song and to psalm, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come.
 Here where the lost still find there is room, Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come.
 Late-ly so lost, to crown and to throne, Jesus, I come, Je - sus, I come.



No. 106. I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

Andante.

CONSECRATION.

CARRIE F. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—



But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall e - cho Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.



REFRAIN.



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;



I'll Go where You want Me to Go. Concluded.



I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

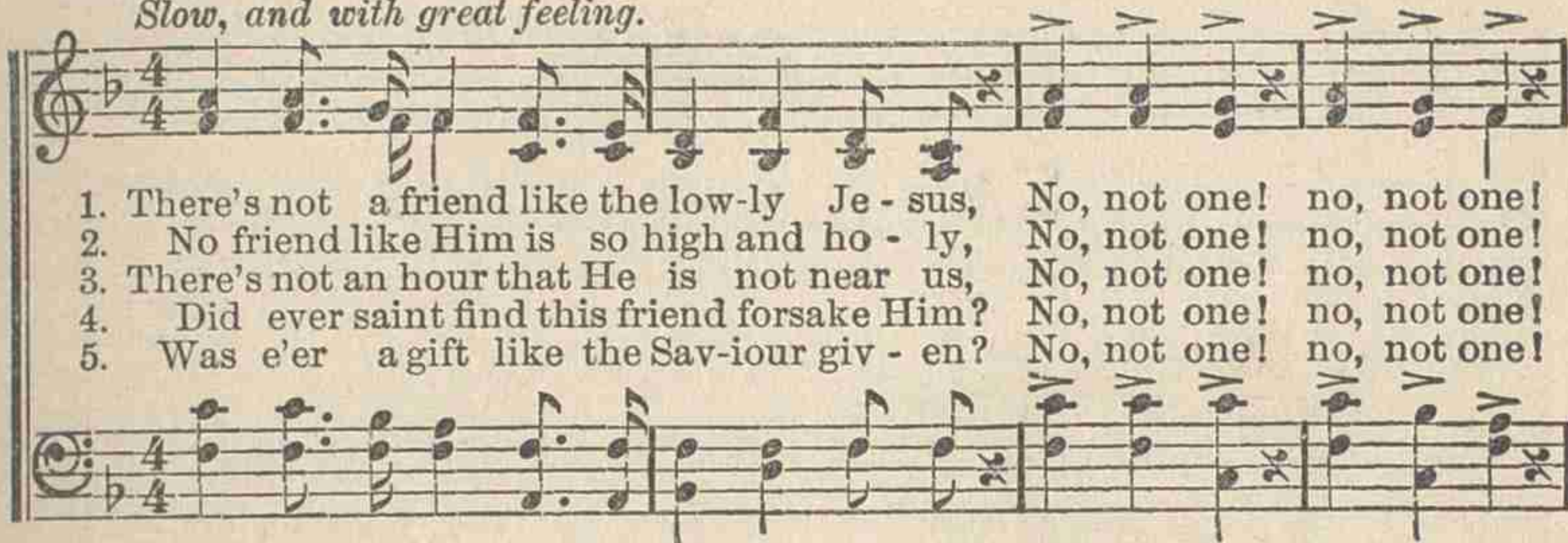
No. 107.

No, Not One.

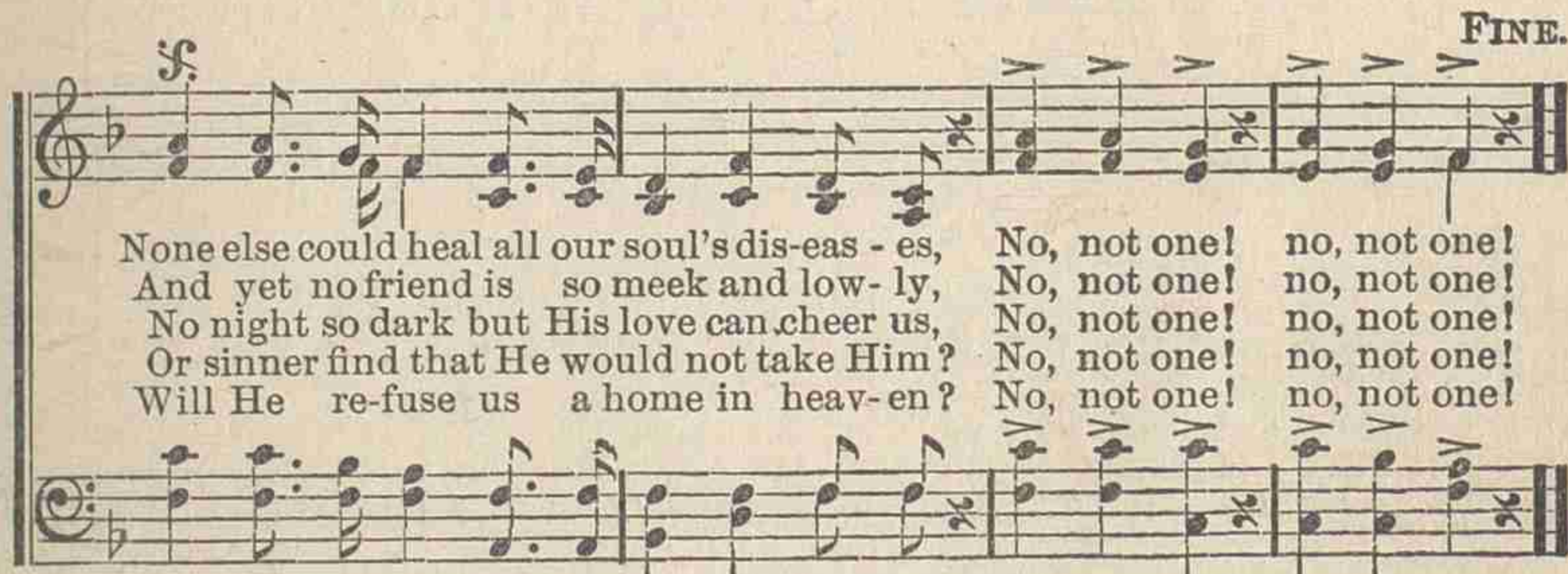
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great feeling.



1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus,	No, not one!	no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly,	No, not one!	no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us,	No, not one!	no, not one!
4. Did ever saint find this friend forsake Him?	No, not one!	no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en?	No, not one!	no, not one!



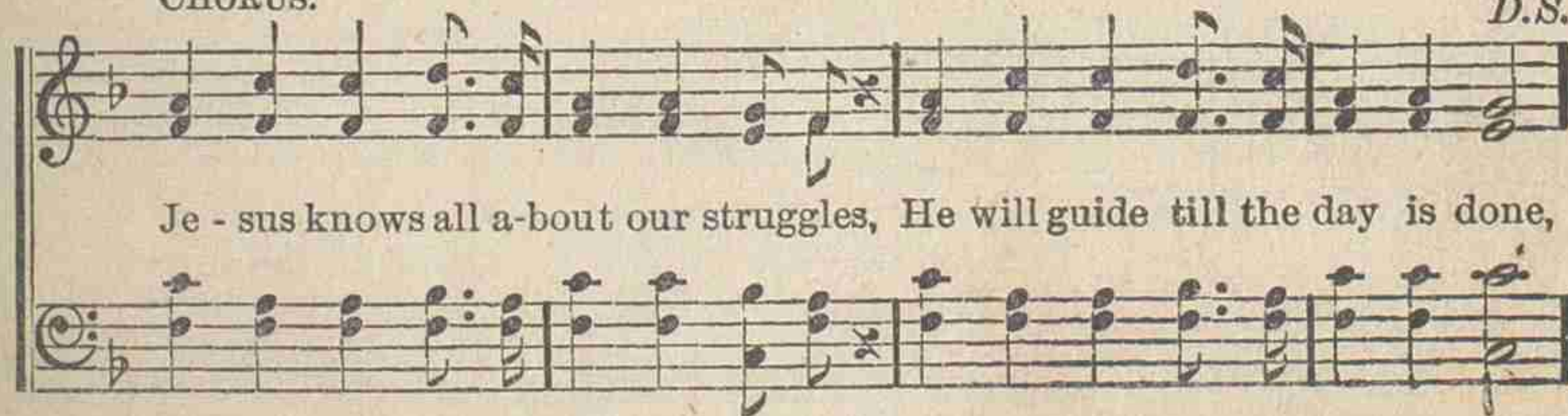
FINE.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas - es,	No, not one!	no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly,	No, not one!	no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,	No, not one!	no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take Him?	No, not one!	no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en?	No, not one!	no, not one!

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

CHORUS.

D.S.



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

From "Heaven's Echo," by per. of Geo. C. Hugg.

No. 108.

Just the Same To-Day.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the Babe of Beth-le-hem,
 2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry How He walked upon the sea,
 3. Have you ev - er heard of Je - sus, Pray-ing in Geth-sem-a-ne,

Who was wor-shipped by the an - gels, And the wise and ho - ly men?
 To His dear dis - ci - ples toss-ing, On the waves of Gal - i - lee?
 And the ev - er-thrill-ing sto - ry How He died up-on the tree,

How He taught the learn-ed doc - tors In the tem-ple far a-way?
 How the waves, in an - gry mo - tion, Quick-ly at His will a-bey?
 Cru - el thorns His fore-head pierc-ing, As His spir - it passed a-way?

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day!
 Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to-day!
 This He did for you, my broth-er, And He's just the same to-day!

CHORUS.

He is just..... the same to - day,
 Just the same to - day, He is just the same to-day,

By permission.

Just the Same To-day. Concluded.

He is just..... the same to - day, He is

Just the same to - day, Seek - ing those who've gone a - stray, Sav - ing

day, just the same to - day, souls a - long the way, Thank God! He's just the same to - day!

No. 109.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

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

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

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

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

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No. 110.

Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni -
 3. While the deep - 'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en -
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars - the

earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night
 verse, Thy home; Gath - er us, who seek Thy face,
 fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
 day - the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

Sets her ev - 'ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 To the fold of Thy em - brace, For Thou art nigh.
 Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

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No. 111. How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH.

Portuguese Hymn. 11s.

M. PORTOGALLO.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-




ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—To you, who for
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trou-ble to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
 sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never—no,




ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gra-cious om-nip-o-tent hand.
 to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.
 nev-er—no, nev-er for-sake!" I'll nev-er—no, nev-er—no, nev-er for-sake!"



No. 112. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, pardon, cleanse, relieve;




And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



No. 113.

There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

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

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

Lose all their guilt-y stains,..... Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Wash all my sins a-way,..... Wash all my sins a-way.
 Be saved to sin no more,..... Be saved to sin no more.
 And shall be, till I die,..... And shall be, till I die.
 Lies si-lent in the grave,..... Lies si-lent in the grave.

No. 114.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour Divine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

while I pray; Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv-ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe above—A ransomed soul.

No. 115. Take my Life and Let it Be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
 3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sa -
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
 5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no
 6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its

Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and let them move At the
 ful for Thee; Take my voice and let me sing Al - ways -
 ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a
 end - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry
 long - er mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall
 treas - ure - store; Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er -

im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 on - ly - for my King, Al - ways - on - ly - for my King.
 mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 on - ly - all for Thee, Ev - er - on - ly - all for Thee.

No. 116. Come, my Soul.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He Himself invites thee near,
 Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
- 2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
 Take possession of my breast;
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 4 Show me what I have to do;
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton.

No. 117. They who Seek.

- 1 They who seek the throne of grace,
 Find that throne in every place;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness or our health,
 In our want or in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the foes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
 God is present everywhere.

- 4 Then my soul, in every strait
 To thy Father come and wait;
 He will answer every prayer;
 God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, alt.

No. 118. Gracious Spirit.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Love Divine,
 Let Thy light within me shine!
 All my guilty fears remove;
 Fill me with Thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God:
 Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
 Seal salvation on my heart;
 Breathe Thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray;
 Keep me in the narrow way;
 Fill my soul with joy divine;
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker.

No. 119. Come, Sound His Praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je -
 2. Come, wor-ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
 3. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,
 ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King,
 are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
 like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God.

No. 120. My Spirit, On Thy Care.

- 1 My spirit, on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.
- 2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.
- 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Henry F. Lyte.

No. 121. Awake, and Sing.

- 1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

William Hammond.

Pleyel's Hymn.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

No. 122. Songs of Praise.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

No. 123. Hasten, Sinner.

- 1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott.

No. 124.

Joy to the World.

I. WATTS.

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
 3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The

ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
 fields and flocks, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
 comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And won-ders of His love, And

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sound-ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 won-ders of His love, And won, and won-ders of His love.

No. 125. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
 { Work while the dew is spark-ling, (Omit.....) Work 'mid springing

D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit.....) When man's work is

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

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

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

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No. 126.

In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. BOWRING.

Rathbun. 8s, 7s.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'-ring o'er the wrecks of time,
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub-lime.
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

No. 127.

My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

America. 6s, 4s.

HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na-tive country, thee Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our Fathers' God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side. Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake. Let rocks their silence break. The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-ject us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 128.

I'm Going Home.

Rev. WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there:
 { Its glitt'-ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
 CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine a happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

No. 129.

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

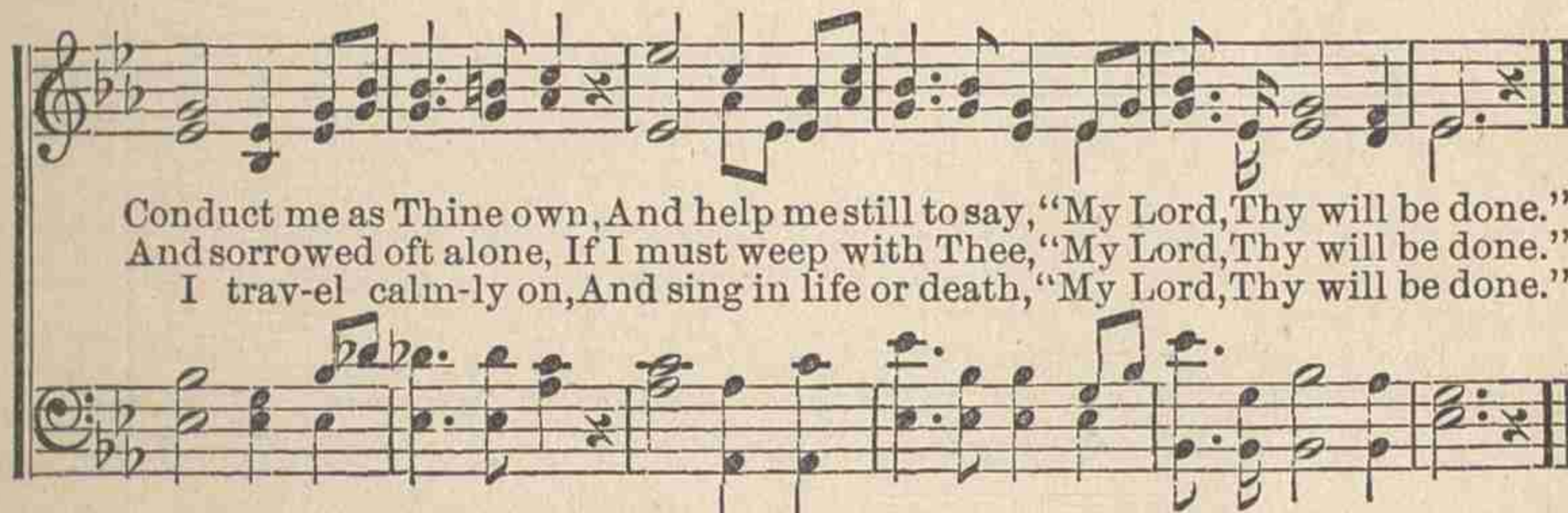
CARL MARIA VON WEBER.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor - row or thro' joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
 fu - ture scene I glad - y trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove,



Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
 I trav - el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 130. Marching to Zion.



- 1 Come, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known,
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
 We're marching upward to Zion,
 The beautiful city of God.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 Then let our song abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's
 ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

No. 131. Come, Ye Sinners.



- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power.

CHO.—Turn to the Lord, and seek salva-
 tion,
 Sound the praise of His dear name;
 Glory, honor, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord has come to reign.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.

No. 132. O for a Heart to Praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart resigned, sub - missive, meek, My great Redeem - er's throne,
 3. O for a low - ly con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine;

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
 Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in!
 Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good— A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

No. 133. O for a Faith. C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst.

No. 134. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

Isaac Watts.

Azmon.

C. G. GLASER.

No. 135. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley.

No. 136. How Sweet the Name. C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the troubled soul;
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

John Newton.

No. 137. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree, I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorn on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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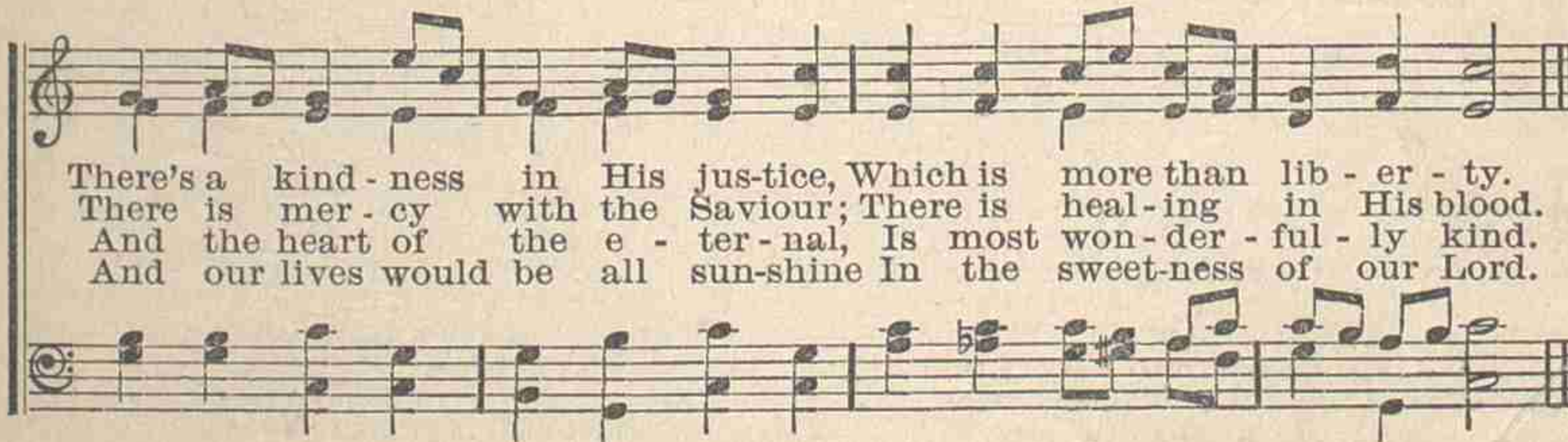
No. 138. There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE J. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wideness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea,
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;



There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the e - ter - nal, Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.

No. 139.

Arise, My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleed-ing Sac-ri-
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all - redeeming
 3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calva - ry; They pour ef - fectual
 4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear: He owns me for His

fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -
 love, His precious blood, to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, His
 pray'rs, They strongly plead for me: "For - give him, oh forgive," they cry, "For -
 child; I can no long - er fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With

fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 give him, oh forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die."
 con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

No. 140.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high. }
 D.C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, oh my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, O 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 defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 141.

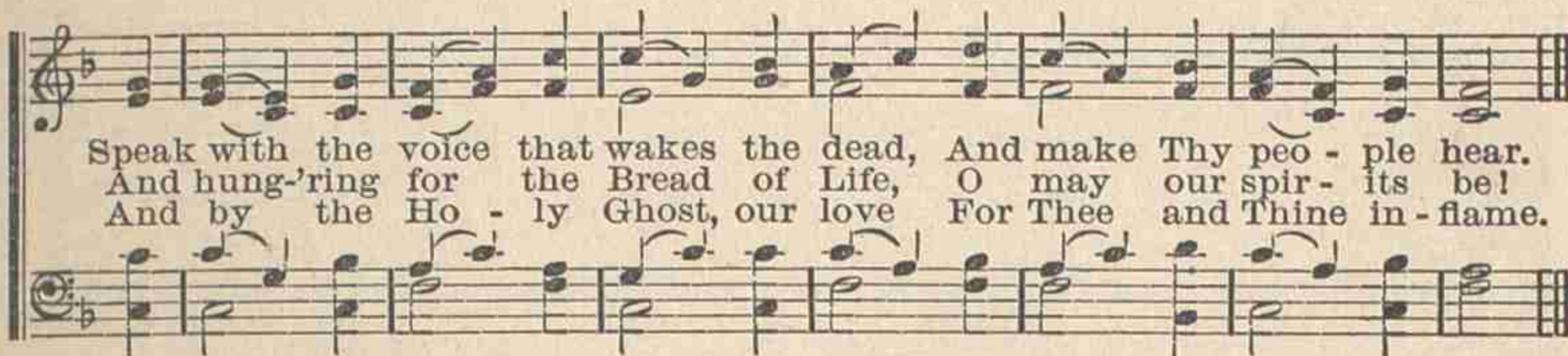
Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

H. G. NÄGELI.



1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul-thirst for thee;
3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name;



Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
And hung-ring for the Bread of Life, O may our spir - its be!
And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

No. 142. Blest be the Tie. S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

John Fawcett.

No. 143. A Charge to Keep.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, 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, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 144. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all Thy weight of love.

Charles Wesley.

No. 145. Mourn for the Thousands. S. M.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost;—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost;—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

No. 146. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE, alt.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot cure.
 come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can remove.

No. 147. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow min-gled down:
 4. Where the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And poor con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 148.

Walk in the Light.

B. BARTON.

O. M.

From MEHUL and HAYDN.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know, That fel-low-ship of love,
 2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His,
 3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a-way,
 4. Walk in the light! thy path shall be Peace-ful, se-rene, and bright,
 His Spir-it on-ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove.
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
 Be-cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him-self is light.

No. 149. O What Amazing Words.

- 1 O what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls
 Abundant, free and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and
 Your every burden bring: [wounds;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.
 S. Medley.

No. 150. When All Thy Mercies.

- 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how can words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravished heart?
 But Thou canst read it there.

- 3 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

- 4 Through all eternity to Thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But O, eternity's too short
 Too utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

No. 151. Jesus Thine All-Victorious Love.

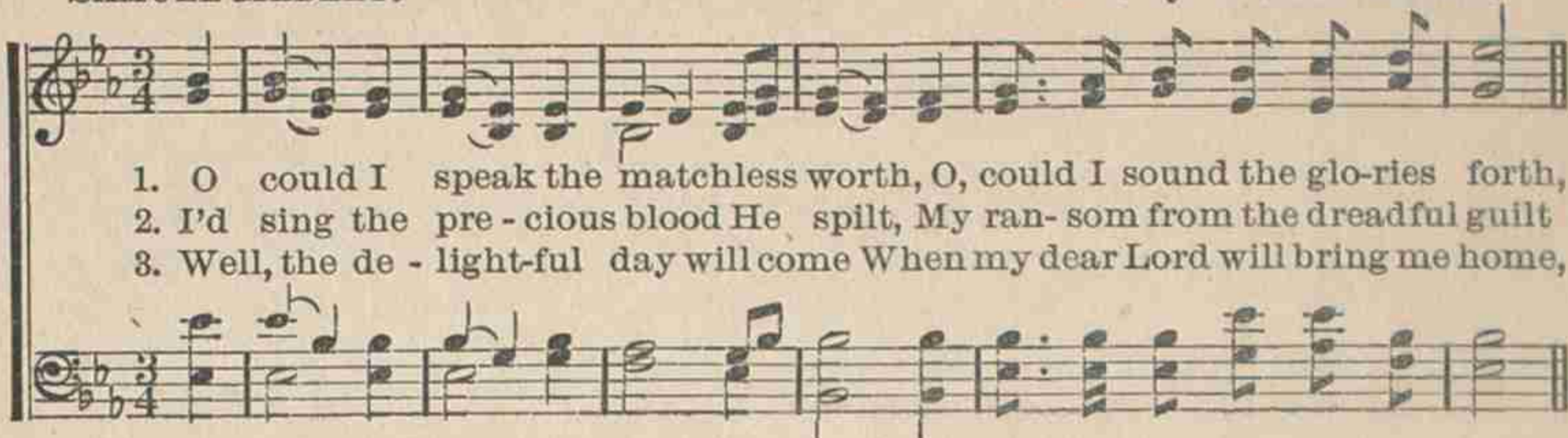
- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad:
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.
- 2 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow,
 Burn up the dross of base desire
 And make the mountains flow!
- 3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume!
 Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
 Spirit of burning, come!
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter Thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

C. Wesley.

No. 152. O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

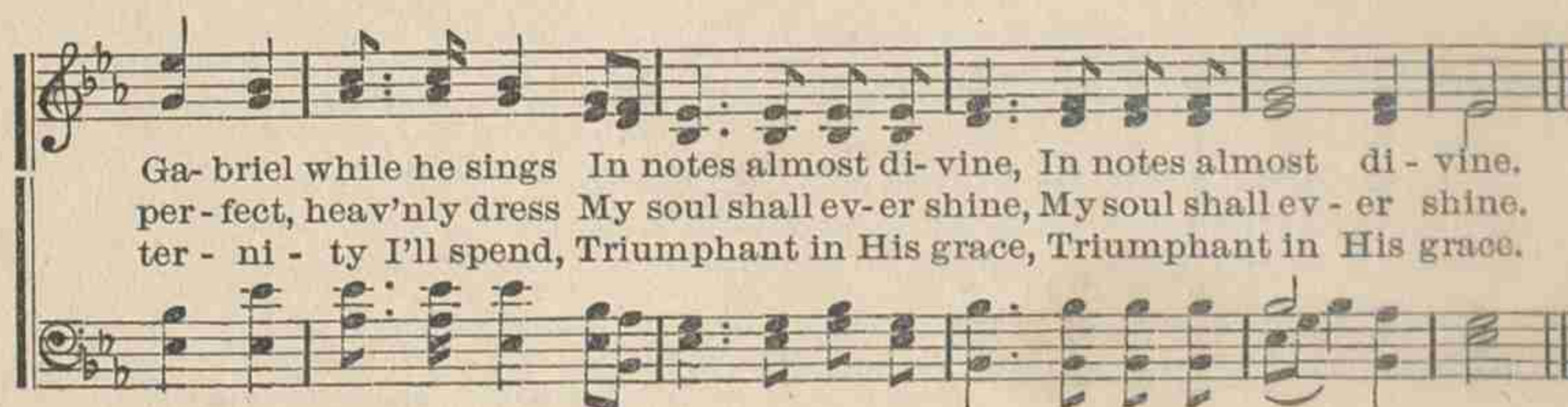
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O, could I sound the glo-ries forth,
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt
 3. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Saviour shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
 Of sin and wrath divine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-
 And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-



Ga-briel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine,
 per-fect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

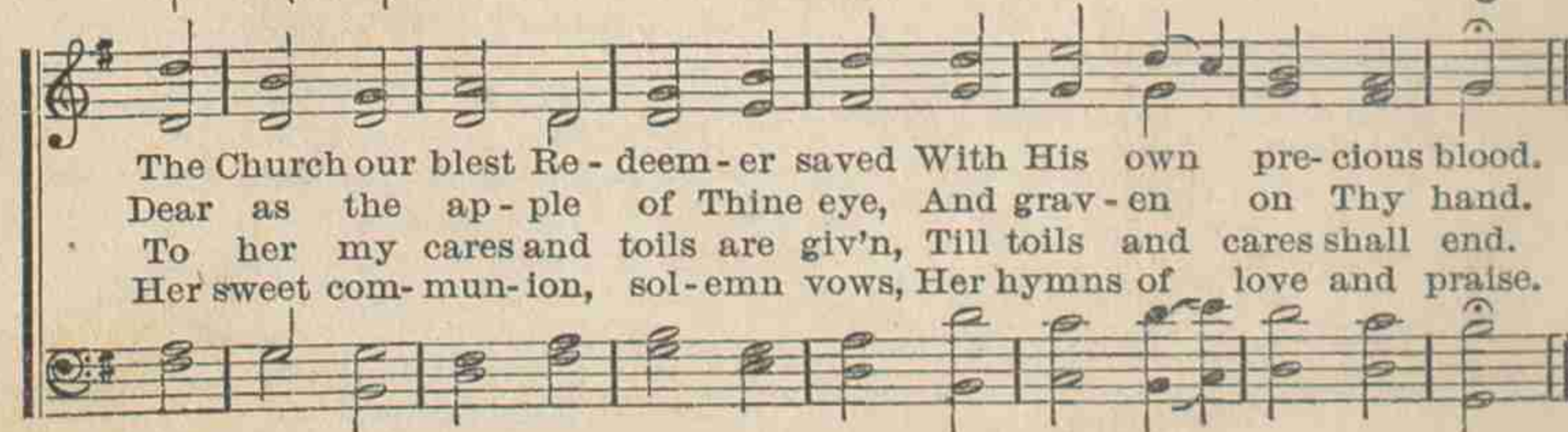
No. 153. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

HANDEL.



1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend;
 4. Be-yond my high-est joy, I prize her heav'n-ly ways,



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils are giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 154.

Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

REFRAIN.

died and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - iour and scat - tered our night.
 sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

1
 glo - ry; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.
 2

No. 155.

Guide Me, Great Jehovah.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; }
 { I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow' - rful hand; }
 2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the healing wa - ters flow; }
 { Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney thro'; }
 3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; }
 { Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca - naan's side; }

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee,

Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

No.156.

Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
D.S. Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To Him that overcometh.
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in communion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"
Samuel F. Smith.

No.157. The Morning Light.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

No.158.

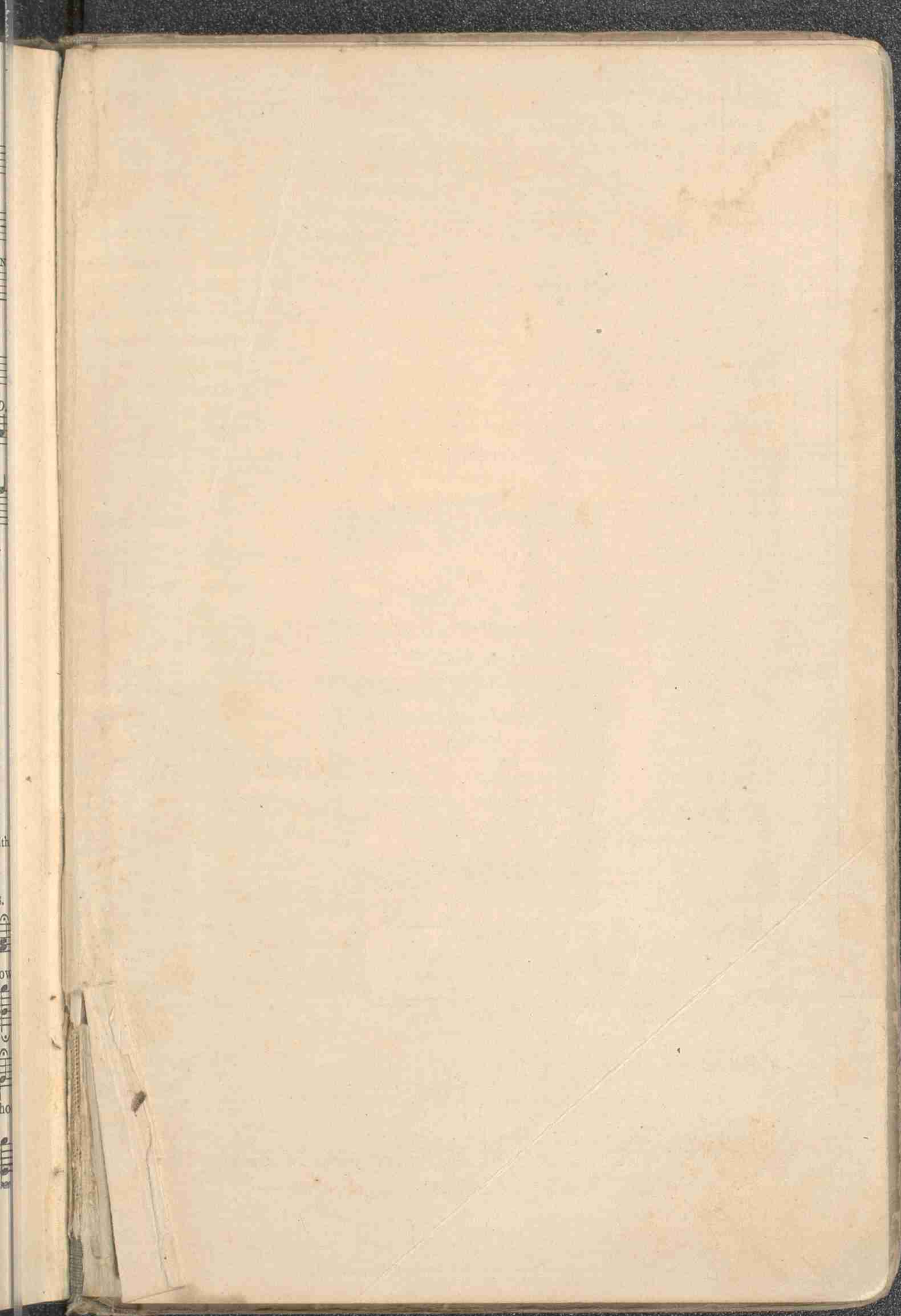
Praise God.

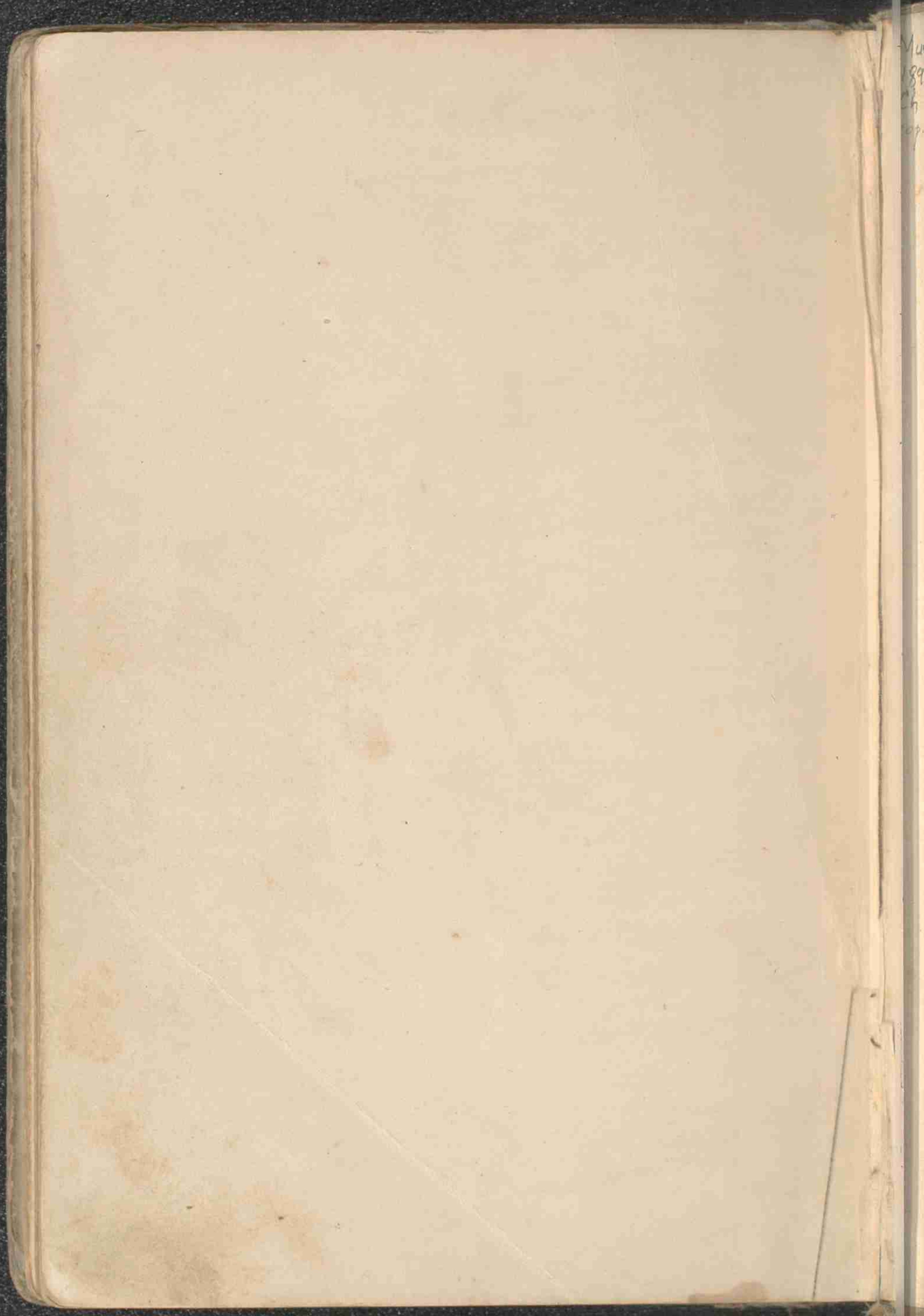
THOMAS KEN.

Old Hundred. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.





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