UPLIFTING
OPEN SONGS
NEW AND OLD

FOR PRAISE · AND ·
REVIVAL MEETINGS
AND SABBATH SCHOOLS

EDITED BY

C. C. CASE AND J. R. MURRAY

WITH A NUMBER OF HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED GOSPEL SONGS BY

GEO. F. ROOT.

Price 35 cts post paid.

WM. BALLANTYNE & SONS,
428 Seventh Street, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.



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JUNE 1945

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PUBLISHED BY

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,

CINCINNATI. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

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1896
Upli

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The points of superiority in "UPLIFTING SONGS" will at once be apparent upon even a casual examination of its contents, but special attention is called to:

The large array of well-known writers who have contributed to its pages;

The preëminent excellence of its hymns;

The practical character of its music;

The great variety of its subjects;

The new department of Memorial Music;

The Responsive Services for opening and closing.

Long experience, and the most gratifying success in putting forth collections of gospel songs which have become famous the world over, have happily placed us in a position where the very best material was available, and we feel warranted in claiming for "UPLIFTING SONGS" that it is fully the equal of any collection of a similar nature which has ever been offered to the public, and in many respects it surpasses all.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.

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UPLIFTING SONGS.

No. 1. Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



No. 2. Turn Not Away.

"WINTHROP." GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Turn not a - way from the heav'nly word, Spurn not the mes - sage your
2. Turn not a - way from the gen - tle voice, Hear ye His call, in His

ears have heard, But yield your heart to the Savior's care, And in His serv-ice
love re - joice. Hap-py are all who His call o - bey, Blessed the feet who

REFRAIN.

and His glo - ry share. Long He has wait - ed, Long He has striven,
walk His ho - ly way.

Time af - ter time this mes - sage He's given; Hear now and heed it with

heart bowed down, And o'er the cross see the gold - en crown.

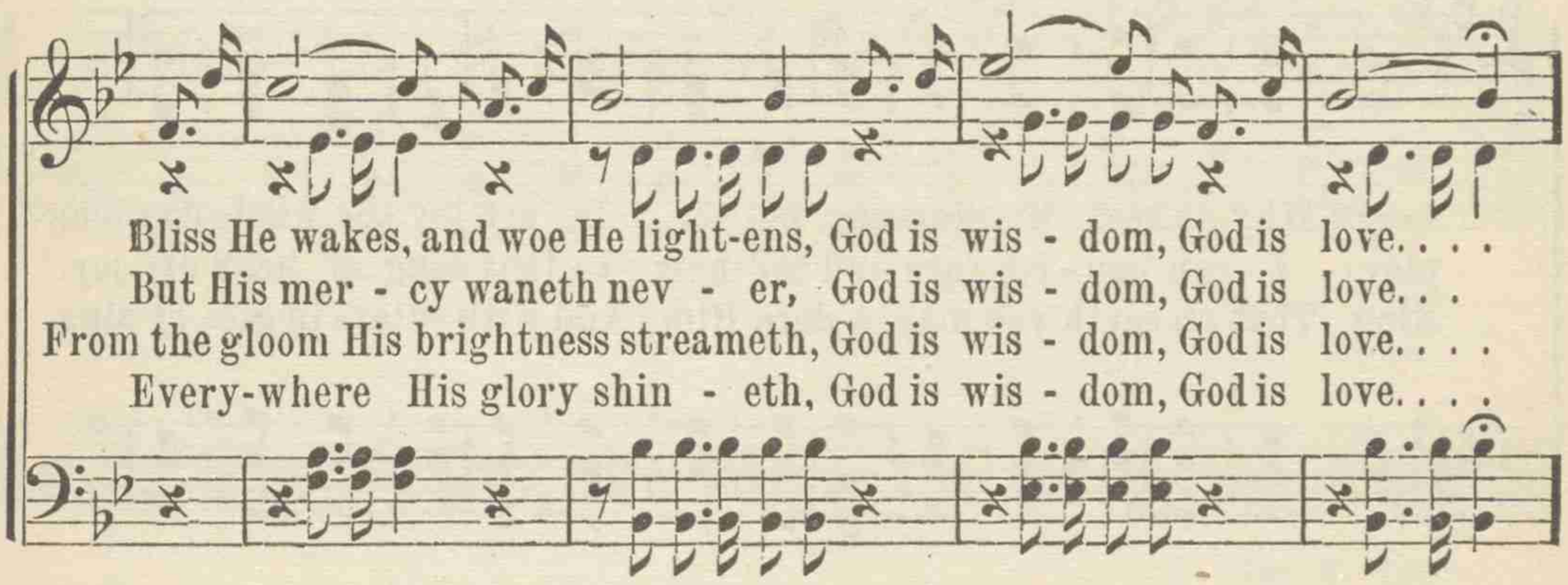
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No. 3. God is Love.

BROWNING. C. C. CASE.



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No. 4. He Redeemed Me.

Theme, CH. H. GABRIEL.
Chorus, GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Would you know why Christ, my Sav-ior, Is my con-stant theme and song? Why to seek His lov-ing fa-vor Is my joy the whole day long?
2. Oh, the days are full of glad-ness That I spend in His em-ploy; I can ban-ish care and sad-ness In that song of heav'nly joy.
3. Come, be-lov-ed, bow be-fore Him, Seek the par-don of your King, That on earth you may a-dore Him, And with saints in glo-ry sing.

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CHORUS.

He redeemed me, He redeemed me,
He redeemed me, He redeemed me, How the
ran-somed choir re-peat it o'er and o'er!
He re-
o'er, re-peat it o'er!

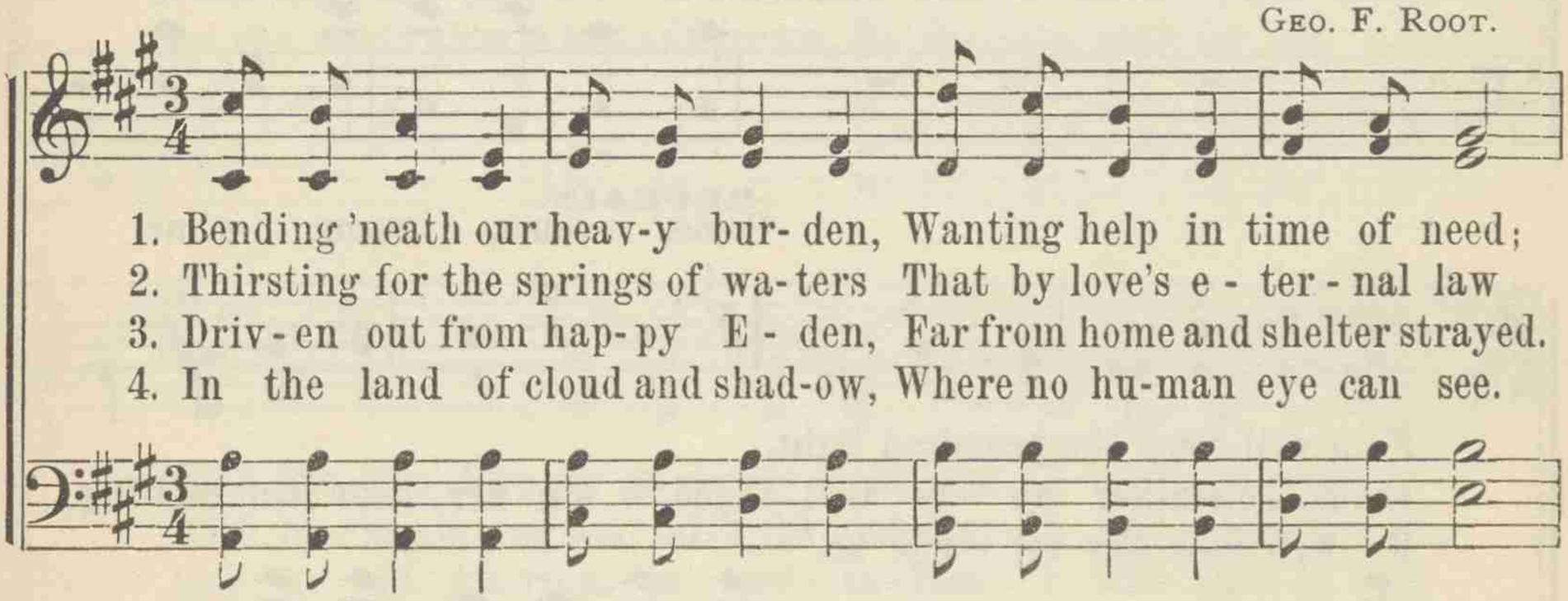
He Redeemed Me. Concluded.

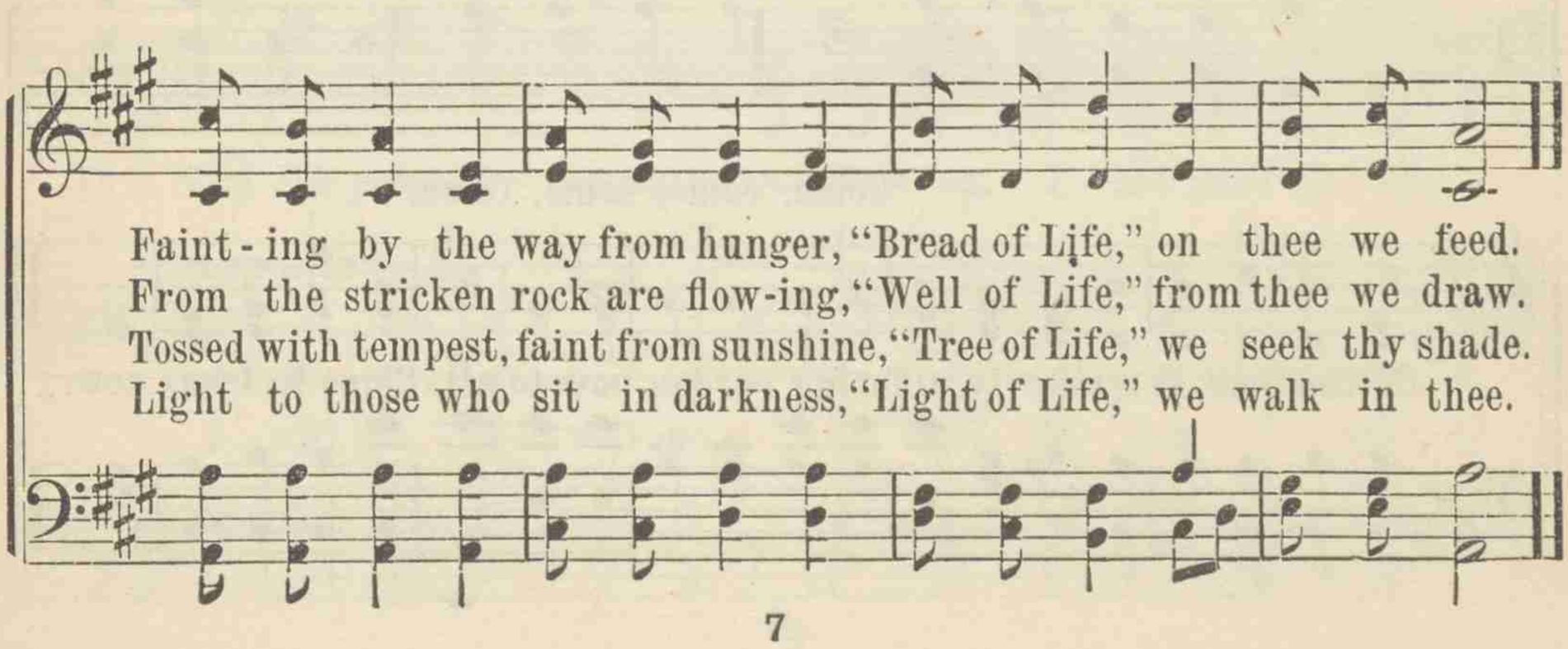


No. 5. The Bread, the Well, the Tree, the Light.

GEO. F. ROOT.

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No. 6. Come, Oh, Come Home.

Mrs. M. C. Oliver. J, R. Murray.

1. Sin-ner, list to Jesus' call; "Come, oh, come home;"—Off'ring pardon
2. He is ev - er at thy side, Come, oh, come home; Yield thy heart, and
3. Look to Je - sus now for aid, Come, oh, come home; Bear the bur-den

now to all—Come, oh, come home. Thou art sick—He of - fers heal-ing,
He will guide, Come, oh, come home. Where thy faltering steps are treading,
on thee laid, Come, oh, come home. Follow Christ, who, meekly bending,

Thou art blind—He gives thee sight; Trust His word, and round thee stealing
There the saints of old have trod, 'Tis con-tri-tion's maz - es threading
Bore thy cross up Cal - va - ry, By the love, all love transcending

REFRAIN.

Come, come, come, come,
Soon will come the promised light.
Leads the sin-ner up to God. Come, O sin - ner, hear Him call-ing,
He will now thy ref - uge be.

Come, come, come, come,
Calling now so tender-ly, Offering pardon now to all, Come to Jesus now.

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No. 7. Answer the Call.

FRANK M. HUTT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Where Je - sus stands my soul in - vit - ing, I will go, I will go; And
2. Where sin-ners pass His word un-heed-ing, I will go, I will go; And
3. Now an - swer to His in - vi - ta- tion, I will go, I will go; With

with His saints in praise u - nit-ing, I will glad - ly go. I
for the bless - ed gos - pel pleading, I will glad - ly go. His
praise, and love, and ad - o - ra - tion, I will glad - ly go. For,

shall not fear the nar-row way, For Christ shall be my strength and stay;
praise shall com-pass me a- bout, And cast a - side my fear and doubt;
tho' the world should laugh and frown, My Sav - ior hath for me a crown;

With His great love my path-way light-ing, I will glad- ly go.
With Je - sus, strong and faith-ful lead-ing, I will glad- ly go.
And so in glo-rious ex - pec - ta - tion, I will glad- ly go.

D. S. *With His great love my path - way light-ing, I will glad - ly go.*

REFRAIN.

I will go, I will go, I will go, yes, I will go.

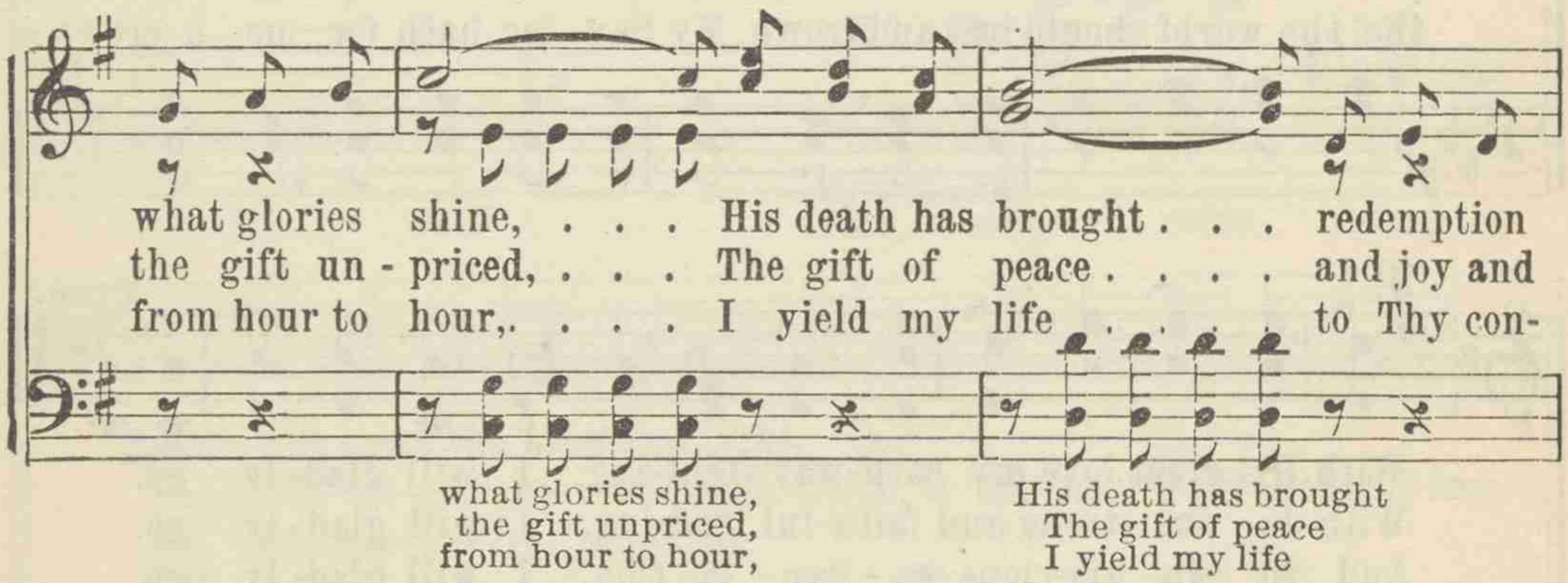
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No. 8. Love Divine.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. C. C CASE.









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Love Divine. Concluded.



For Him hath God
I can but take
The Savior died,

the Father sealed;
the precious gift;
He died for me;

O Love divine,
My empty hands
For evermore



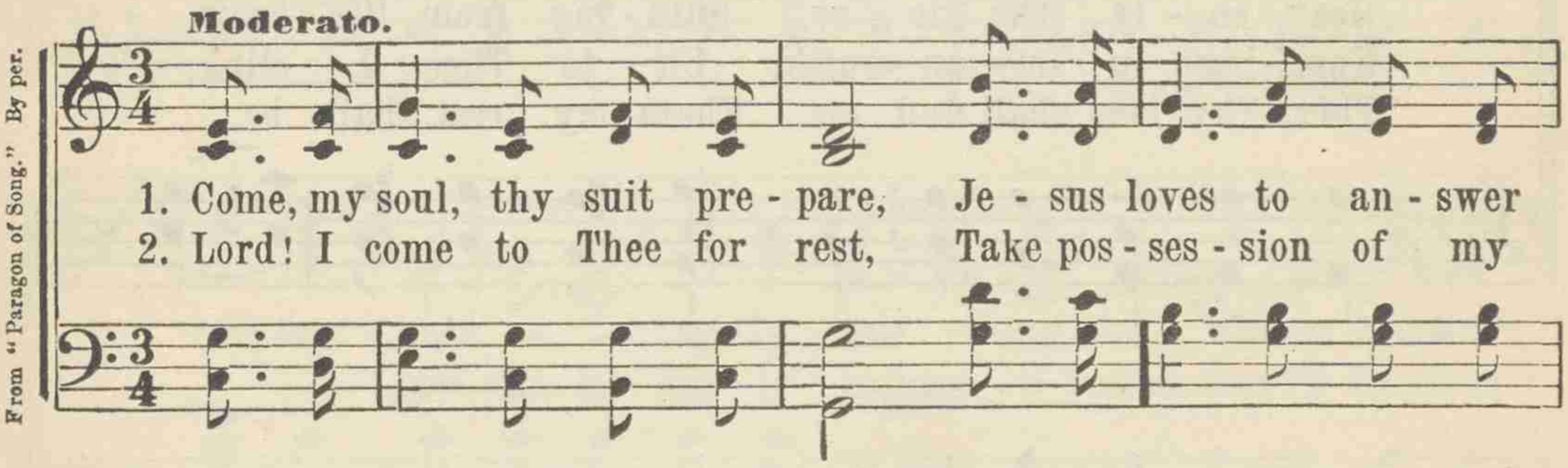
in Christ revealed,
to heav'n I lift,
my song shall be,

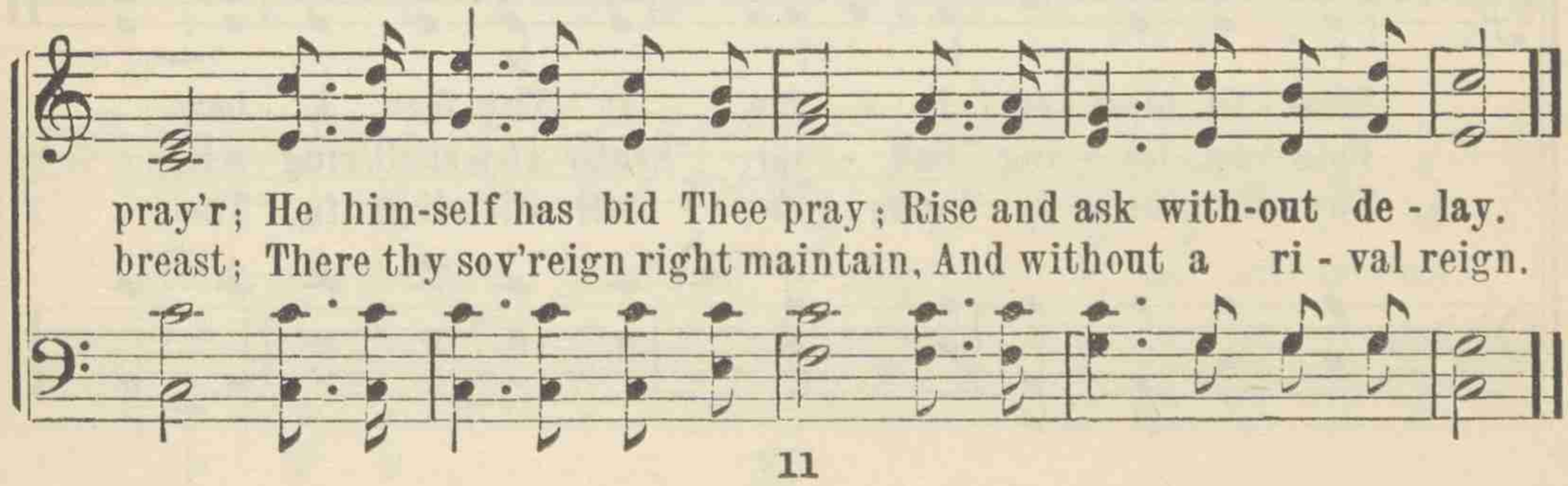
For Him hath God
I can but take
The Savior died,

the Father sealed.
the precious gift.
He died for me.

No. 9. Webb. 7s.

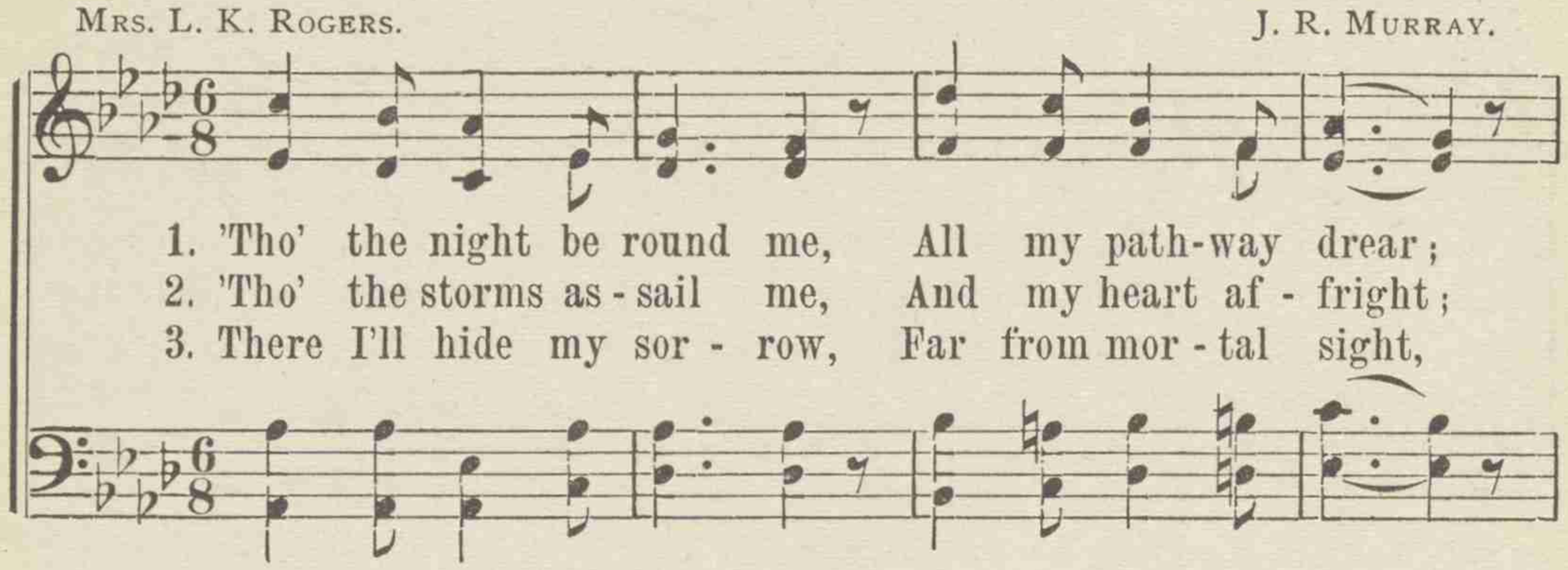
C. C. Case.





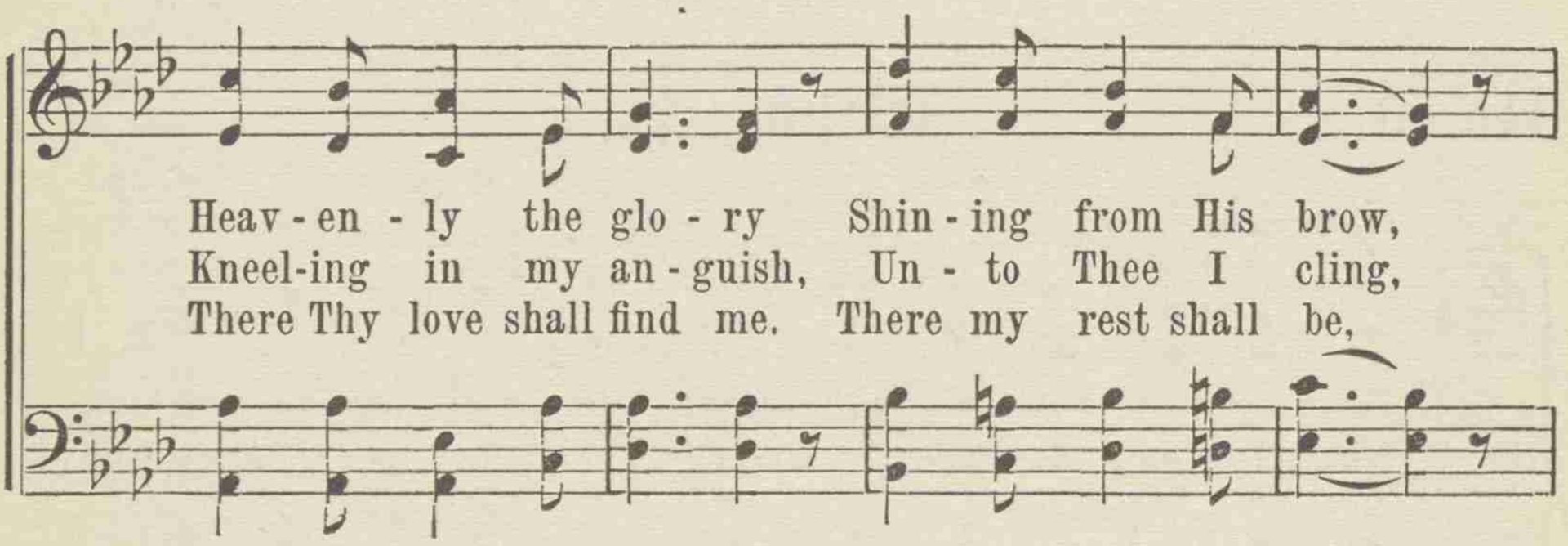
No. 10. I'll Cling to Thee.

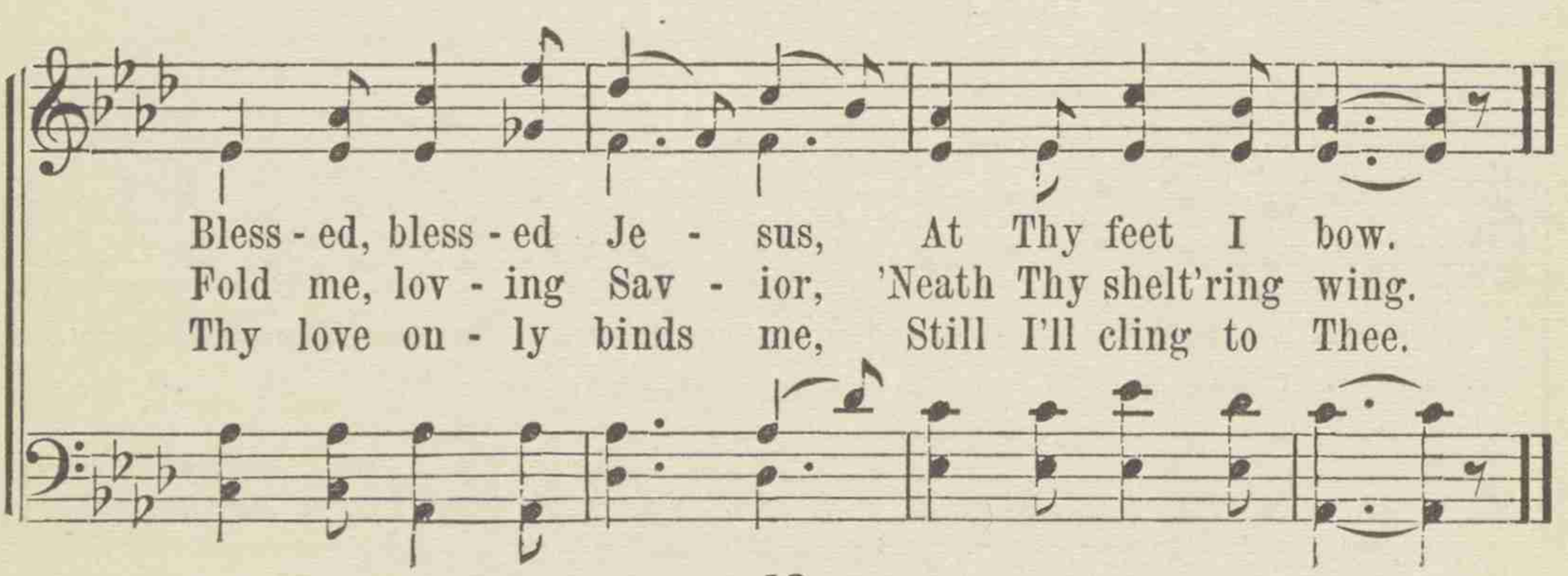
MRS. L. K. ROGERS. J. R. MURRAY.





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No. 11. Jesus is Calling.

F. A. S. FRANK A. SIMPKINS.

1. Lov - ing - ly now the Sav - ior is call-ing, Call-ing to you a-
2. Pa - tient - ly now He's wait-ing to save you, Waiting to take your
3. How can you slight His ear-nest en- treat- y, How can you turn, dear

gain and a - gain, Broth - er ac - cept this of - fered sal - va - tion,
bur - den of sin, How can you grieve your bless-ed Re-deem - er,
broth-er, a - way, Soon He will cease for - ev - er His plead-ing,

CHORUS.

How can you let Him call thus in vain. Je - - - - - sus is
O - pen your door and let Him come in.
Come to Him now, O come while you may. Call - ing, ten - der - ly

call-ing, Lov - - ing - ly call - ing, Come, wea-ry broth-er
call-ing, lov - ing - ly calling, O come, wea-ry broth-er

grieve not the Sav - ior, Come to Him now, O, do not de - lay.

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No. 12. Lovest Thou Me?

REV. E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Arr. by "WINTHROP."

1. If Christ the Lord should ask of thee, As once He did so ten - der - ly, Of Pet - er by the sa - cred sea, O
2. If once a - gain He spoke to thee, And pressed the ques-tion ear - nest - ly, "O my dis - cip - le, lov'st thou me?" What
3. If thrice He urged so plain- tive - ly, With gen - tle voice and lov - ing - ly, "More than all oth - ers lov'st thou me?" O

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Would this the an - swer
REFRAIN.

my dis - cip - le lov'st thou me?
would the sol - emn an - swer be? Would this the
soul, what would thy an - swer be?

be? From thee and from me?

an - swer be From me and thee, From me and thee? Thou

know- est that I love Thee, Lord, I love Thee ten - der - ly.

No. 13. Follow Thou Me.

PAULINA. Arr. G. F. R.

Andantino.

1. Hark, to the voice of thy Sav - ior and Lord, Ten - der - ly,
2. Wher-e'er the print of His san- dals hath been, When-e'er He
3. Pause not dis-mayed, at the rock seared and seamed, This is the
4. On to the riv - er that path- way ex - tends, There in the

tru - ly He speaks in His word, Mes- sage for age and for
call - eth from i - dol - ized sin, Tar - ry not wait - ing for
high-way for heav-en's re-deemed, This is the path-way most
swell-ing of Jor - dan it ends, Then as the pearl - y gates

childhood hath He, List - en and learn of Him, "Fol- low thou Me."
coun - sel, but flee On-ward and heav-en-ward, "Fol- low thou Me."
pre - cious to thee, Hear thou thy Leader's voice, "Fol- low thou Me."
o - pen to thee, Once more thy Lord will say, "Fol- low thou Me."

CHORUS.

"Follow thou Me," "Follow thou Me," Loving and tender words, "Follow thou Me."

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No. 14. Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sorrow Ev - er will be known, Where are found the need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
2. Slight-est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor- est needs, For the world wants dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re- pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un-daunt - ed,

You can all be-stow, If you scatter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.
You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.

Scat - - ter sunshine all a - long your way, Cheer and bless and
Scatter smiles and

1 bright - en Ev - 'ry pass-ing day, 2 Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

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No. 15. Companionship with Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, bless-ed fel - low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-
2. I'm walking close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on His lov-ing breast, A - long life's wea-ry way; My
4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread, And

pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete; In
soft - est whis-pers of His love, In fel - low-ship so dear, And
path, il - lum - ined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day; No
tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My

u - nion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
feel His great al-might - y hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al-might-y Friend so near.
peace-ful spir - it ev - er sings, "I'll trust the cov-ert of Thy wings."

REFRAIN.

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time! Oh,

wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.

No. 16. Forgive My Sin.

E. A. H. REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. O God, for-give Thy way-ward child, With self-ish-ness and sin de-filed, And may I hence-forth faith-ful be, O-
2. Wash me, and make me pure and clean, From the de-fil-ing touch of sin, And keep me blame-less in the way, Un-
3. The cool-ness of my heart re-move, And fill me with Thy per-fect love; O help me thus, by grace re-stored, To

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CHORUS.

be-dient, Sav-ior, un-to Thee!
to the great and per-fect day. For-give my sin, My
fol-low Thee, my Sovereign Lord!

heart re-new, That I may faith-ful be and true. For-

give my sin, My heart re-new, That I may faith-ful be and true.

No. 17. Come, Holy Spirit.

WATTS. Arr. G. F. R.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly Dove! With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
2. In vain we tune our form-al songs; In vain we strive to rise; Ho-san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
3. Dear Lord, and shall we ev - er live At this poor, dy - ing rate— Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

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REFRAIN.

Come, come, come, come, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Come,

Come, come, come, come,

shed a - broad a Sav-ior's love And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 18. O Speak a Little Word for Christ.

MRS. M. C. OLIVER. J. R. MURRAY.

Earnestly.

1. O speak a lit - tle word for Christ And all your love con- fess, For it may be a mes - sage sweet Some oth - er heart to bless; A word is but a lit - tle thing, But who can tell its pow'r To com - fort or sus - tain the weak, And cheer the dark - est hour?

2. O sing a lit - tle song of trust Whose notes are clear and true, And tell to ev - 'ry list-'ning soul The Sav - ior died for you; A song is but a lit - tle thing, But on its wings of love, The wea - ry soul may rise from earth And find its rest a - bove.

3. O do some lit - tle act of love To help a world in need, 'Twill blos-som as a fair white flow'r Grows from a ti - ny seed; It may be but a lit - tle drop Drawn from a liv - ing spring, But blest are they whose will - ing hands Such heav'n-ly com - fort bring.

REFRAIN.

Oh, speak, oh, speak, Oh,
a lit-tle word, a little word, one lit-tle word for Christ,

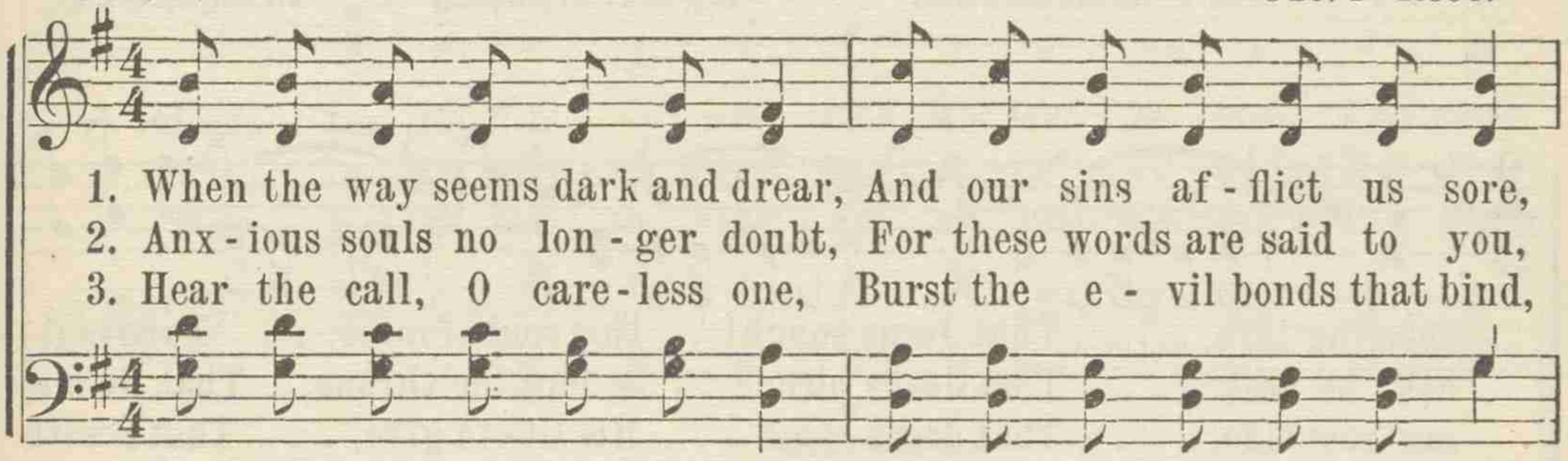
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O Speak a Little Word for Christ. Concluded.

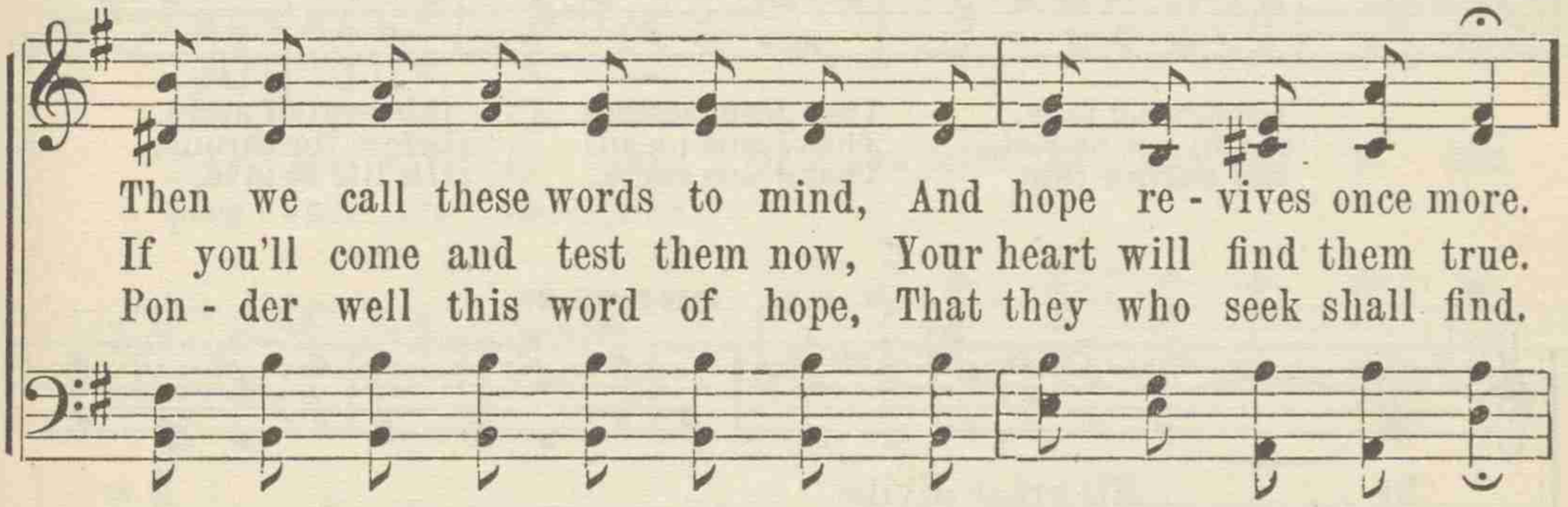


No. 19. Ye Shall Seek Me.

G. F. R. GEO. F ROOT.



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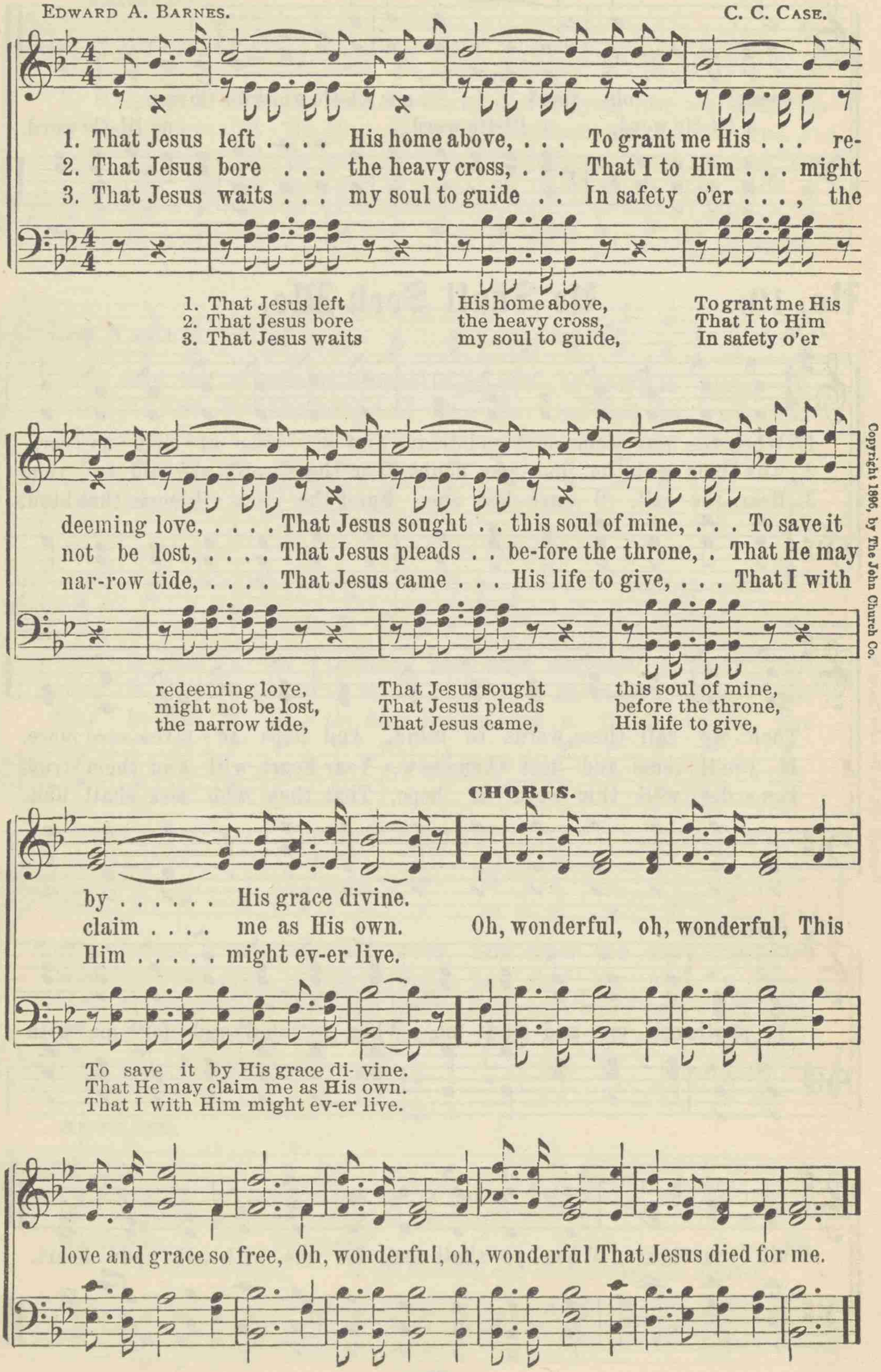




No. 20. Wonderful.

"That Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. 1: 15.

EDWARD A. BARNES. C. C. CASE.



1. That Jesus left — His home above, — To grant me His
2. That Jesus bore — the heavy cross, — That I to Him
3. That Jesus waits — my soul to guide, — In safety o'er

redeeming love, — That Jesus sought — this soul of mine,
might not be lost, — That Jesus pleads — before the throne,
the narrow tide, — That Jesus came, — His life to give,

CHORUS.

To save it by His grace di- vine.
That He may claim me as His own.
That I with Him might ev-er live.

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No. 21. Oh, to Live for Him.

"WINTHROP." G. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, to live for Him who has died for me, Is a joy - ous life in-
2. Oh, to work for Him who has died for me, Shall my ev - 'ry pow'r em-
3. Oh, to love my Lord who has died for me, And to hear His bless-ed

deed, For He fills my soul with His love so free, And sup-
ploy; In His serv - ice sweet may I ev - er find My su-
voice; Till at last in heav - en - ly man-sions fair, In His

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CHORUS.

plies my ev - 'ry need.
prem - est earth-ly joy. Will you come at the call of the
pres - ence I'll re - joice.

Mas - ter to - day, And your life to His serv - ice give? Will you

leave the broad for the nar-row way, And a hap-py Christian live?

No. 22. Let Me Tell it Again.

T. P. W. SOLO. T. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Let me tell the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus a - gain, Let me ask you to trust and be - lieve, How He bro't the glad message of
2. Let me sing of His mer - cy as long as I live, Let me tell of His won-der- ful love, Let me speak of the mansions in
3. You will ask me to prove that this sto - ry is true, I can on - ly re- peat what I feel, And say that the Sav- ior is

good will to men, Of the bless - ings that you may re-
glo - ry He'll give, Of the wel - come that waits you a-
wait - ing for you, And is anx - ious its truth to re-

ceive, Let me tell how He suffered that you might be freed, And
bove, Let me ask you to read in the Bi - ble and find How He
veal, He will share ev-ery bur- den and sor- row you bear, He will

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Let Me Tell it Again. Concluded.

cleansed from the ter-ri - ble stain, Be - lieve me, dear brother, 'tis
walked with the sin-ners and then, If you still should be doubting, if
ease ev - 'ry heartache and pain, He has done it for me when I

just what you need, And so let me tell it a - gain.
still you are blind, Oh, just let me tell it a - gain.
sank in de - spair, I'll tell it, and tell it a - gain.

CHORUS.

Let me tell it a - gain, Let me tell it a - gain, That

glad, sweet sto - ry of good will to men, Of mer - cy and par-don, of

free-dom from sin, I love it, and so let me tell it a - gain.

No. 23. The Sheltering Rock.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. A Great Rock stands in a wea - ry land, And its shad - ows fall on the parch - ed sand, And it calls to the trav'l - er
2. A great well lies in a wea - ry land, And its wa - ters call ov - er life's rough strand, That the great well is deep, with
3. A wide fold stands in a wea - ry land, And the sheep are call - ed on ev - 'ry hand, And the Shep-herd no wan - d'rer

pass - ing by, "I will shel - ter thee here con - tin - ual - ly."
wa - ters rife Springing up in - to ev - er - last - ing life.
turns a - way, But would bring them all to e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Then why will ye die, O why will ye die; When the shel - ter - ing Rock is stand - ing by, O why will ye die, O

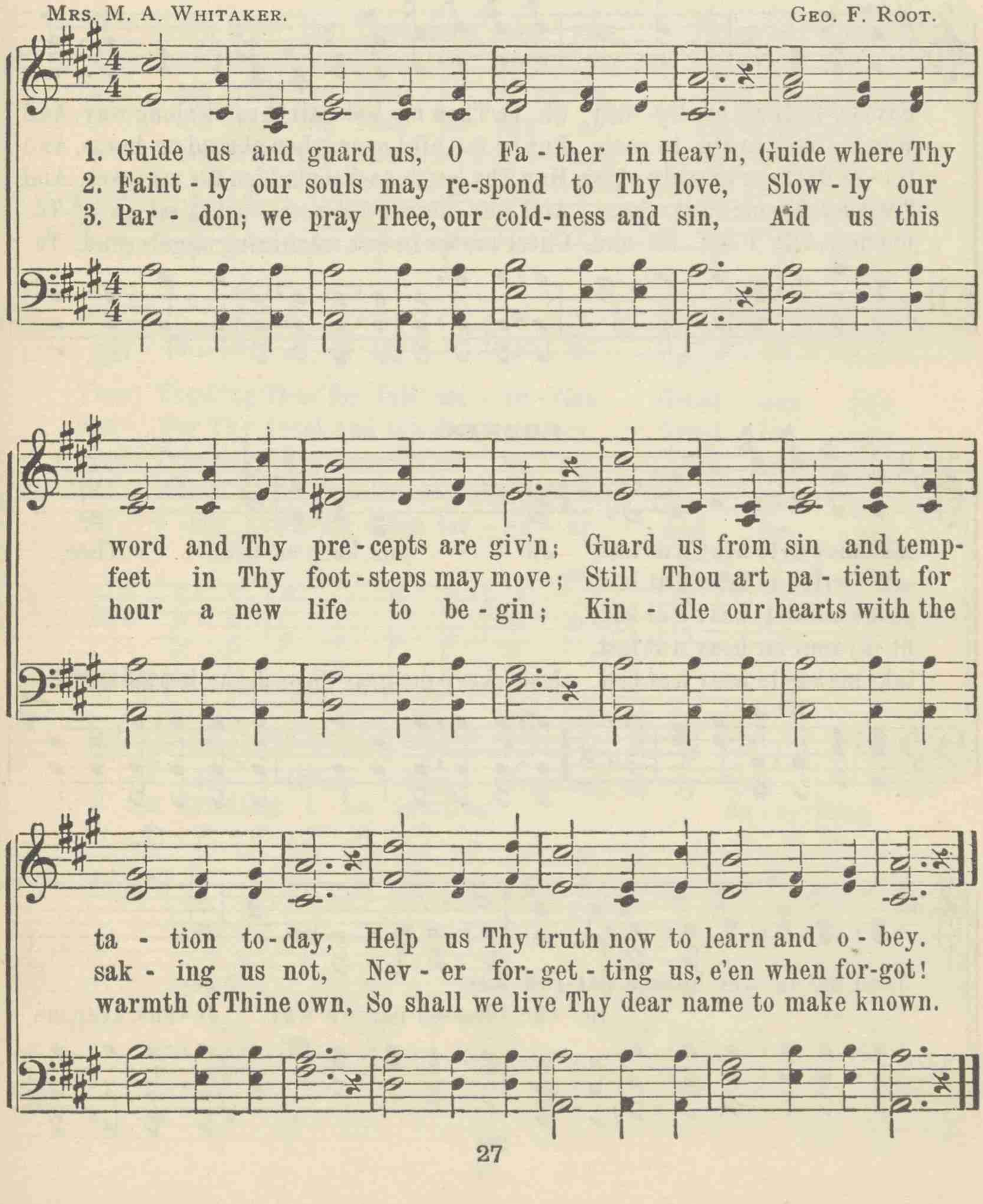
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The Sheltering Rock. Concluded.



No. 24. Guide Us and Guard Us.

MRS. M. A. WHITAKER. GEO. F. ROOT.



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No. 25. Jesus, Keep Me Near Thee.

WILLIAM H. HORNER. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, nev- er let me stray, Keep me, precious
2. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when temptations come, May I nev - er
3. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when the clouds a-rise, And when storms of
4. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, in life's ev - 'ry care, May Thy bless-ed
5. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, ev - er constant Friend, All thro' life's long

Savior, faithful ev -'ry day, Oh, be Thou my Leader, all thro' life's long way, And
wander back in sin to roam, But be faithful ever, when abroad or home, And
tri - al dark-en earthly skies, May Thy heav'nly sun-shine gladden then my eyes, And
Presence cheer me ev'ry where, And may blessed comfort come thro' faith and pray'r, To
journey, till I see its end, Cheer me then in death, and shining angels send, To

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CHORUS.

take me home to heav'n at last. Je - sus, keep me near Thee,
safe arrive to heav'n at last.
guide me safe to heav'n at last.
fit my soul for heav'n at last.
take me home to heav'n at last. Jesus, keep me near Thee, Jesus, keep me near Thee,

Lead me in the blessed nar-row way, Je-
in the bless-ed narrow way, Je - sus, keep me

Jesus, Keep Me Near Thee. Concluded.

sus, keep me near Thee, Nev - er from Thy fold to stray.
near Thee, keep me to stray.

No. 26. I am Trusting Thee.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL. C. C. CASE.

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1. I am trust- ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust- ing on - ly
2. I am trust- ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I
3. I am trust- ing Thee for cleans- ing, In the crim- son
4. I am trust- ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er
5. I am trust- ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me

Thee! Trusting Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
bow! For Thy great and ten-der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
flood; Trusting Thee to make me ho - ly, By the blood.
fail; Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me, Must pre - vail.
fail; I am trust-ing Thee for - ev - er And for all.

CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, Trusting on - ly Thee, I am
I am trusting, I am trusting, on - ly Thee,

trust - ing, trust - ing, Trust- ing on - ly Thee.
I am trust- ing, I am trust-ing,

No. 27. All Shall Know Him.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. C. C. CASE.

1. All shall know Him, all shall know Him From the great-est to the least, All shall hear the in - vi - ta-tion: "Come and share the royal feast."
2. All shall know Him, kings and princ-es, Shall be - fore the Sav- ior fall, Dis-tant nations shall adore Him, They shall crown Him Lord of all.
3. Lo, this word shall not be bro - ken, Ev - 'ry tribe His name shall know, Haste to spread the blessed tidings, For the Lord's command is "Go."

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CHORUS.

All shall know Him, all shall know Him, Thro' His word the prom-ise sings, All shall join at last to crown Him Lord of lords and King of kings.
All shall know Him, all shall know Him,
All shall join at

No. 28. Within the Gates.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Within the gates, the wondrous gates That swing so wide and free, With-
2. Within the gates, the wondrous gates That swing so wide and free, We
3. Within the gates, the wondrous gates That swing so wide and free, A

Refrain.

Within the gates, the wondrous gates That swing so wide and free, With-

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Fine.

in the gates is joy and peace, And rest for you and me;
catch a gleam of glo - ries bright, Pre-pared for you and me;
Sav - ior waits with o - pen hands To wel - come you and me;

in the gates is joy and peace, And rest for you and me.

Those o - pen por - tals lead to Christ, And guide our hearts above; They
Not ve - ry far a - way they lie, The journey is not long, Where
The heavenly cho - rus ris - es high—The hal - le - lu - jahs ring—What

D.C. for Refrain.

point the wand'ring soul to heaven And ev - er - last - ing love.
bur - dens all are rolled a - way, And lips re - ceive their song.
joy to wor - ship in His courts, Where saints and an - gels sing!

No. 29. Cleansed by Blood.

L. V R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, the bless - ed - ness I felt when by faith I knew the pow'r, In my sin - ful heart, of Christ's re-deem-ing blood! How its
2. All the cur - rent of my life from a fount of e - vil flowed, And my tho'ts and deeds were taint - ed by the tide, Till the
3. Once my self - ish life was all and my sin - ful pleas-ures dear, In the life and blood of Christ I had no part; Then the
4. Lord, this life which Thou hast giv'n I would dai - ly give to Thee, I would feel its guid - ing pow'r in ev - 'ry tho't, Till the

life and health and strength, from that ver - y day and
day I felt the pow'r of the pre - cious cleans- ing
won - drous change was wro't, and from deep con - vic - tion,
work of earth is lost in Thy blest e - ter - ni-

hour, Turned my love to - ward my Sav - ior and my God.
blood By my Sav - ior's mer - cy to my heart ap - plied.
fear, I a - rose and found His life was in my heart.
ty, And we love and serve and praise Thee as we ought.

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Cleansed by Blood. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 30. Looking unto Jesus.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. (May be used as a Processional.) J, R. MURRAY.

1. Looking un - to Je - sus, As He leads the way, We are marching
2. Looking un - to Je - sus,—We must live in truth, To His serv - ice
3. Looking un - to Je - sus,—Ho - ly Lamb of God, Tak-ing for His

on - ward, Pil - grims of the day! With His ar - mor ho - ly,
bring-ing Life and strength and youth! In His ranks most ho - ly,
guid-ance, His al - might-y word. On we go to - geth - er,

With His promise true, We go forth re - joic - ing, All His will to
Seek-ing God and right; Sin a - bid - eth nev - er In the Mas-ter's
On, with courage true; With His light to lead us. All our jour-ney

REFRAIN.

do.
sight. Ho - ly, ho - ly Sav - ior, Lord of life di - vine,
through.

Glo - ry, praise and hon - or, Ev - er shall be Thine.

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No. 31. What Have You Done for Christ.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. C. C CASE.

1. Oh, what have you done for Christ to-day? To show that you love Him true,
2. Oh, what have you done for Christ to-day? Have you made a heart more glad?
3. Oh, what have you done for Christ to-day? Have you given your heart anew.

Have you given your heart and earnest love, He has given so much for you.
Who does for an - oth-er, helps his soul, And makes the world less sad.
And thanked Him for all His lov-ing care, Who gave His life for you.

CHORUS.

Oh, what have you done for Him, Oh, what have you done for Him,
Oh, what Oh, what

He was cru - ci- fied for you and me, Oh, what have you done for Him?

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No. 32. Trust Him.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. "WINTHROP."

1. Trust in the Sav-ior for grace to be strong, Help-ing thy soul in re-
2. Cling to the Sav-ior when tempted and tried; Cling in thy weakness and
3. Walk with the Sav-ior the heav-en-ly way; Fol-low Him dai-ly, nor

sist-ance to wrong; Trust Him in safe-ty to lead thee a-long,
faith-ful a-bide; He thy De-fend-er will be, and thy Guide;
wan-der a-stray; Soon to the land of pe-ren-ni-al day,

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CHORUS.

Trust Him to keep thee al-way. Trust Him, . . .
Faith-ful-ly cling to the Lord. Trust Him to shel-ter thee,
Je-sus will wel-come thee home.

Trust Him . . . Guid-ing thee safe in the heav-en-ly way;
He will thy Help-er be,

Trust Him, . . Trust Him, . . Trust thy dear Savior al-way.
Trust Him to shelter thee, He will thy Helper be,

No. 33. Jesus, My All.

CENNICK. Arr. G. F. R. By per.

1. Je-sus, my All to heav'n is gone—He, whom I fix my hopes up-on; His
2. This is the way I long had sought And mourned because I found it not, Un-
3. Lo! glad I come; and thou blest Lamb Wilt take me, guilt-y as I am; Noth-
4. Now will I tell to all a-round, How dear a Sav-ior I have found; I'll

track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way till Him I view.
til I heard my Sav-ior say, "Come hith-er, soul, I am the way."
ing but sin I thee can give, Noth-ing but love shall I re-ceive.
point to where Thy feet have trod And say be-hold the way to God.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord!

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Praise the Lord!

No. 34. Calvary.

W. M'K. DARWOOD. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Moderato.

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

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Savior died,
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be,

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

'Twas there my Lord was crucified: 'Twas on the cross
My Savior bows His head and dies, The opening vail
That Thou shouldst give Thy life for me, To bear the cross

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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?

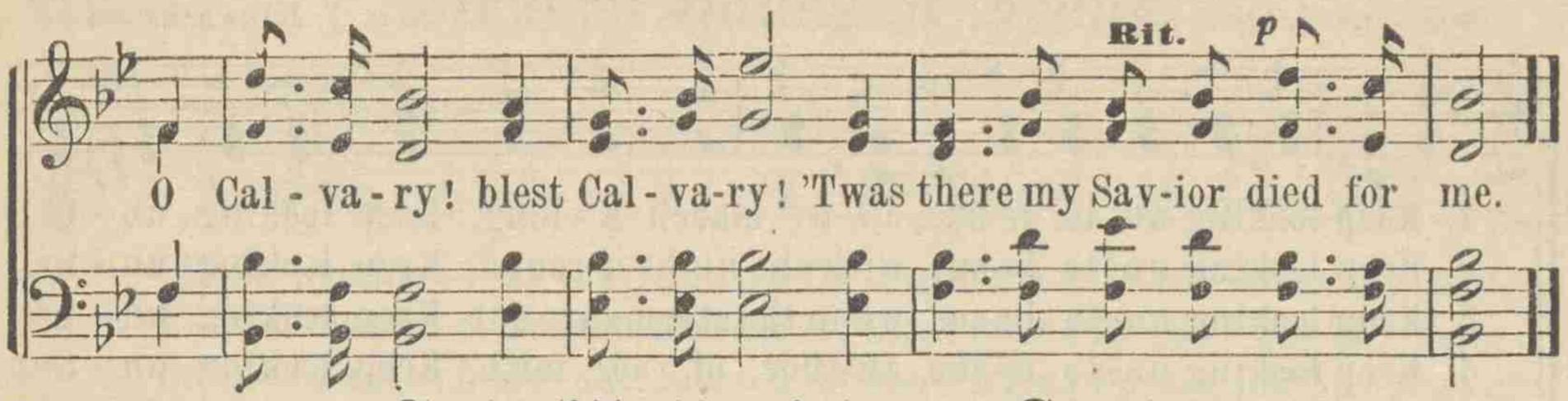
He bled for me, And purchased there my pardon free.
re-veals the way To heav-en's joys and end-less day.
and ag-o-ny, In that dread hour on Cal-va-ry?

REFRAIN.

p

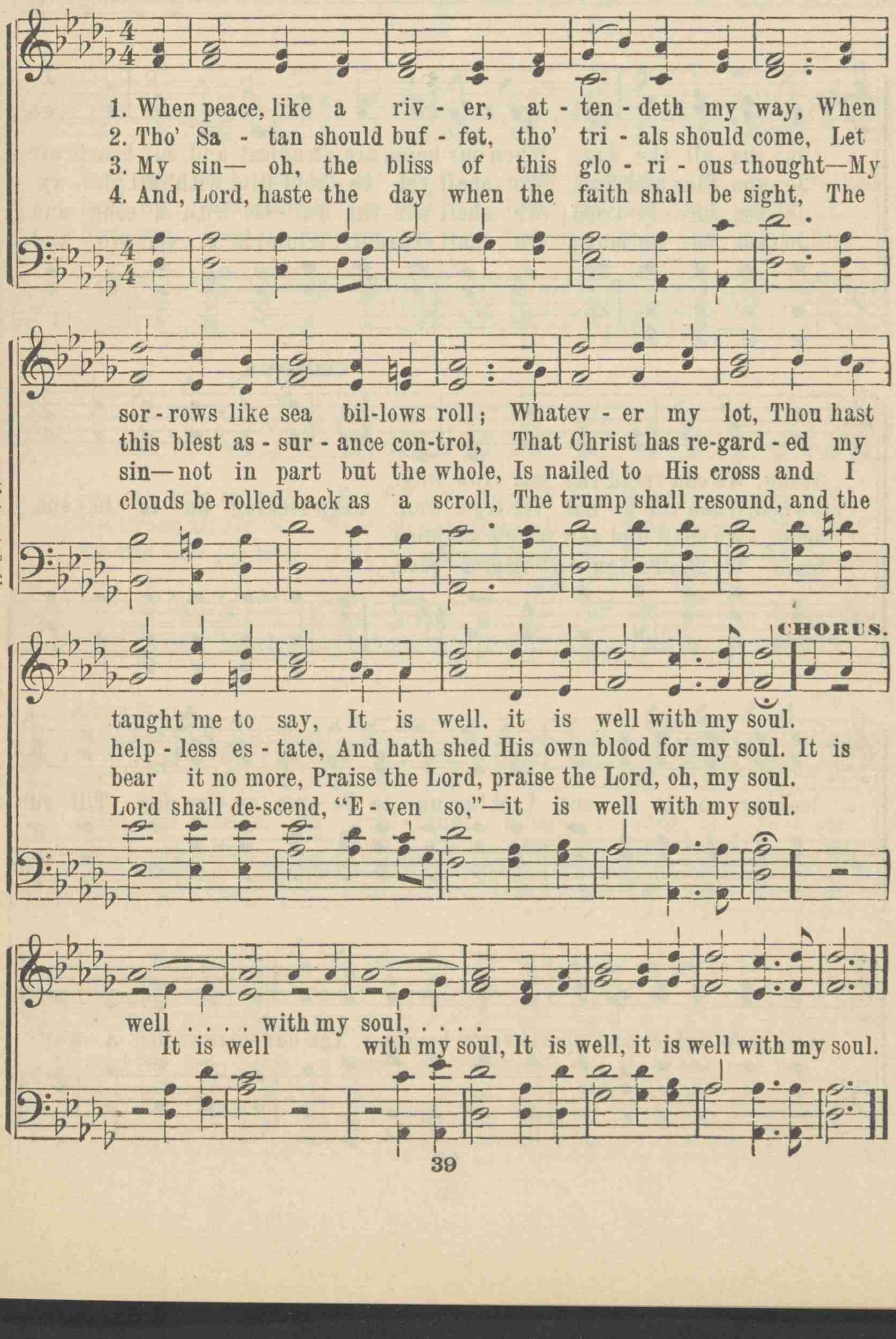
O Cal-va-ry! dark Calva-ry! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me;

Calvary. Concluded.



No. 35. It is Well with my Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.



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No. 36. Keep Looking Unto Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep looking un-to Je-sus, as we march a-long, Keep looking un-to
2. Keep looking un-to Je-sus, with the night a-round, Keep looking un-to
3. Keep looking un-to Je-sus, when the storms are out, Keep looking un-to
4. Keep looking un-to Je-sus, Au-thor of our faith, Keep looking un-to

Je-sus all the day, When our hopes are steadfast and our hearts are
Je-sus, Star and Sun, We shall yet be-hold Him with full glo-ry
Je-sus, sore-ly tried; We shall win the bat-tle with a song and
Je-sus as we move, We shall share His triumph o-ver sin and

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CHORUS.

strong, We can tread the nar-row way.
crowned, When the fi-nal vic-try's won. Keep looking un-to Je-sus,
shout, We shall find new strength supplied.
death, We shall reign with Him a-bove.

looking un-to Je-sus, Looking un-to Je-sus ev-'ry day, Till our

cares grow lighter and our hopes grow brighter, And our sorrows flee a-way.

No. 37. Blessed Hands of Jesus.

MRS. M. C. OLIVER. J. R. MURRAY.

Slow and tenderly.

1. Bless-ed hands of Je - sus, Pierced for me, Pierced for me, Break my chains of bond-age, Set, oh set me free; Long the time I've lan - guished
2. Bless-ed hands of Je - sus, Pierced for me, Pierced for me, Drop Thy balm of heal-ing Gra-cious-ly on me! Bind up all my bruis - es,
3. Bless-ed hands of Je - sus, Pierced for me, Pierced for me, Let Thy dews of bless-ing Gen-tly fall on me! Thirst - y now and faint - ing,

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In my pris-on cell, Sav-ior, how I need Thee, Words can never tell.
Heal Thou all my ill, Save, oh save from danger, Keep me near Thee still.
By the wayside here, Lift me up and guide me Thro' the des-ert drear.

REFRAIN.

Bless - ed hands, sa - cred hands, Bless - ed hands of Je - sus pierced for me, Bless - ed hands, sa-cred hands, Let them rest on me.

No. 38. Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—HEB. *10 : 23*

F. J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH 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 rapt - ure now
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

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

CHORUS.

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

song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.

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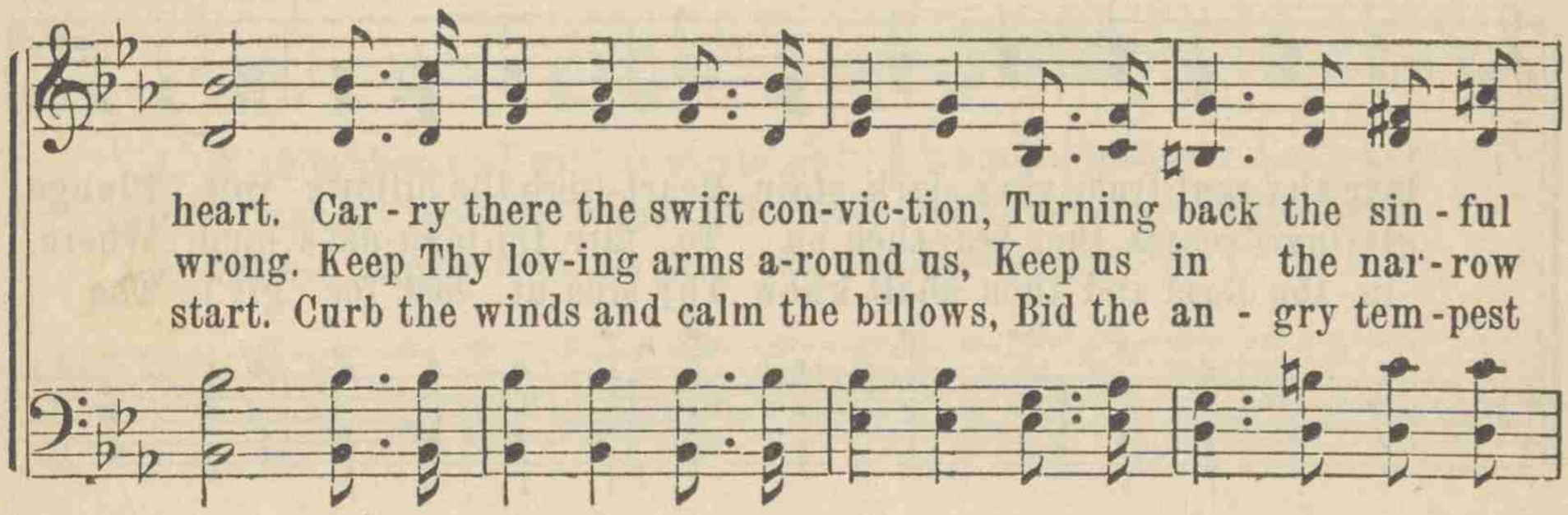
No. 39. Precious Savior, Dear Redeemer.

MET. ♩ = 63. Words and Music by H. R. PALMER. By per.



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No. 40. The Cleansing Flood.

Mrs. M. C. Oliver — J, R. Murray.

1. The heav'nly tides are roil-ing in In currents full and broad; Come,
2. The mighty waves that call to thee, And break a - bout thy feet, Fresh
3. O mir - a - cle of grace di-vine, These flowing streams impart New

sin - ner, wash a - way thy guilt With - in this cleansing flood. Oh,
from the throne of God they flow, In liv - ing wa - ters sweet. Life-
life to ev - 'ry dy - ing soul, And ev - 'ry faint-ing heart. Bathe

DUET.

lave thy soul from sin's dark stain, Heart-high the billows roll; Plunge
giv-ing streams, they bear thee on To fair Im-man-uel's land, Where,
in the flood and thou shalt know Thy sins at last for - giv'n, The

deep with - in the swell - ing tide, And Christ shall make thee whole.
pur - i - fied and saved at last, Thou'lt stand at God's right hand.
healing waves thy heart shall cleanse, And lead thee on to heav'n.

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The Cleansing Flood. Concluded.

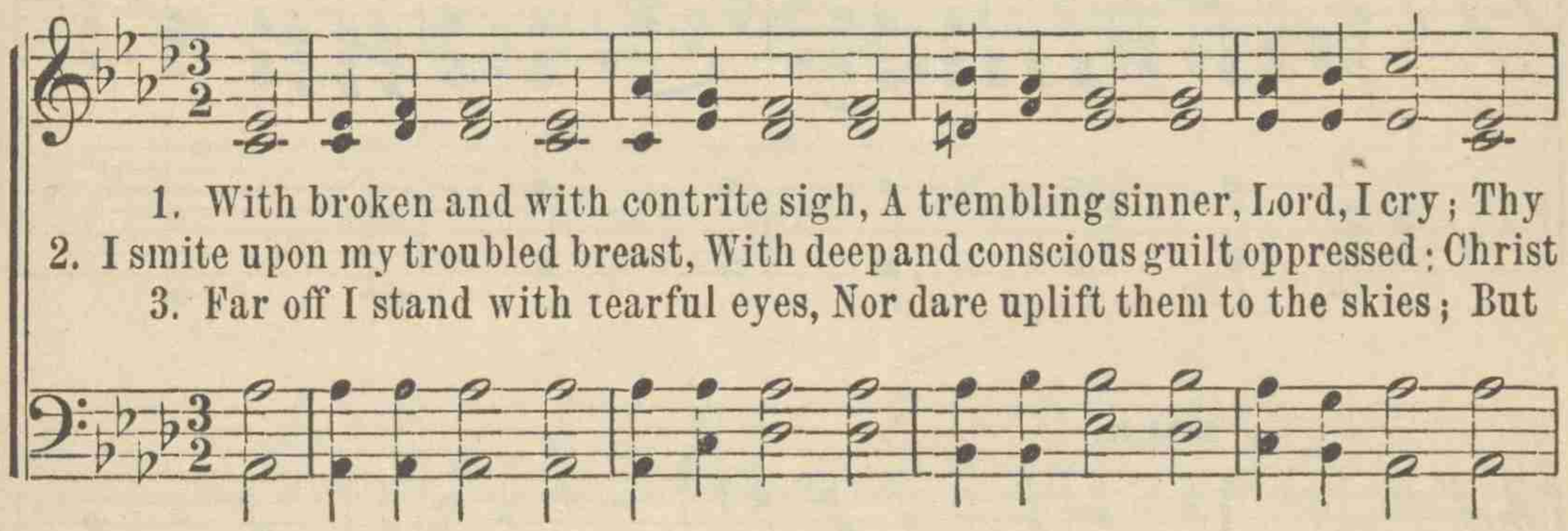
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No. 41. Be Merciful to Me.

CORNELIUS ELVEN. J. R. M.

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No. 42. Some Sweet Song.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.

DUET.

1. Some sweet song I'll sing of Je - sus, Of His won-drous love un-
2. Some sweet song I'll sing of Je - sus, Ev-'ry-where His fame to
3. Some sweet song I'll sing of Je - sus, Sing it as the days go

told; Of His kind-ness and compassion, For the wan-d'rers from the
spread, Ev-'ry-where to do Him hon-or, Who with joy my path has
by; Sing it on the heav'nward journey, As its glo - ry draw-eth

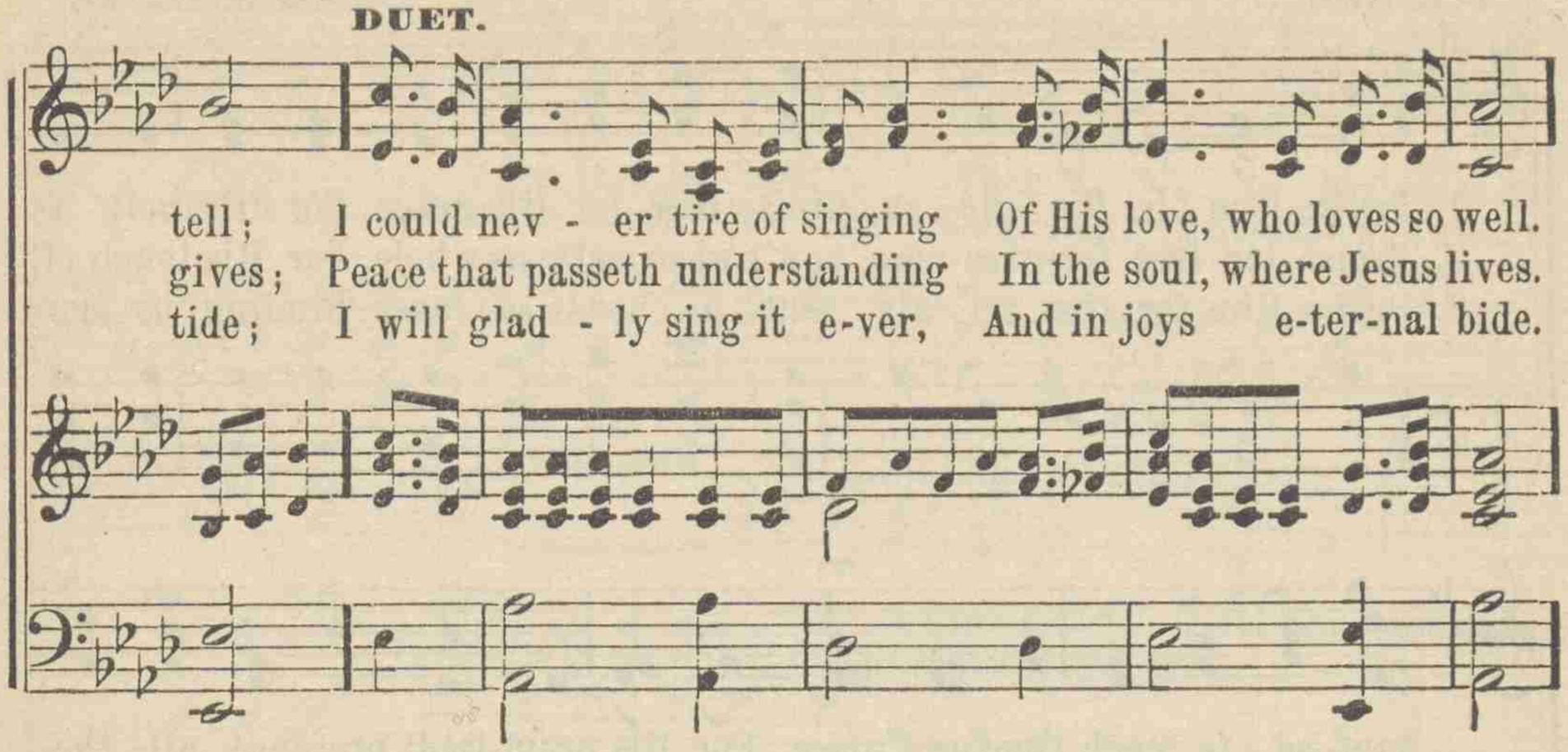
SOLO.

fold. When the theme of Je-sus speaketh, And the song His prais-es
sped. His is love which none can fathom, All un-bound-less peace He
nigh. Then in fields of fragrant beauty, In the land be-yond the

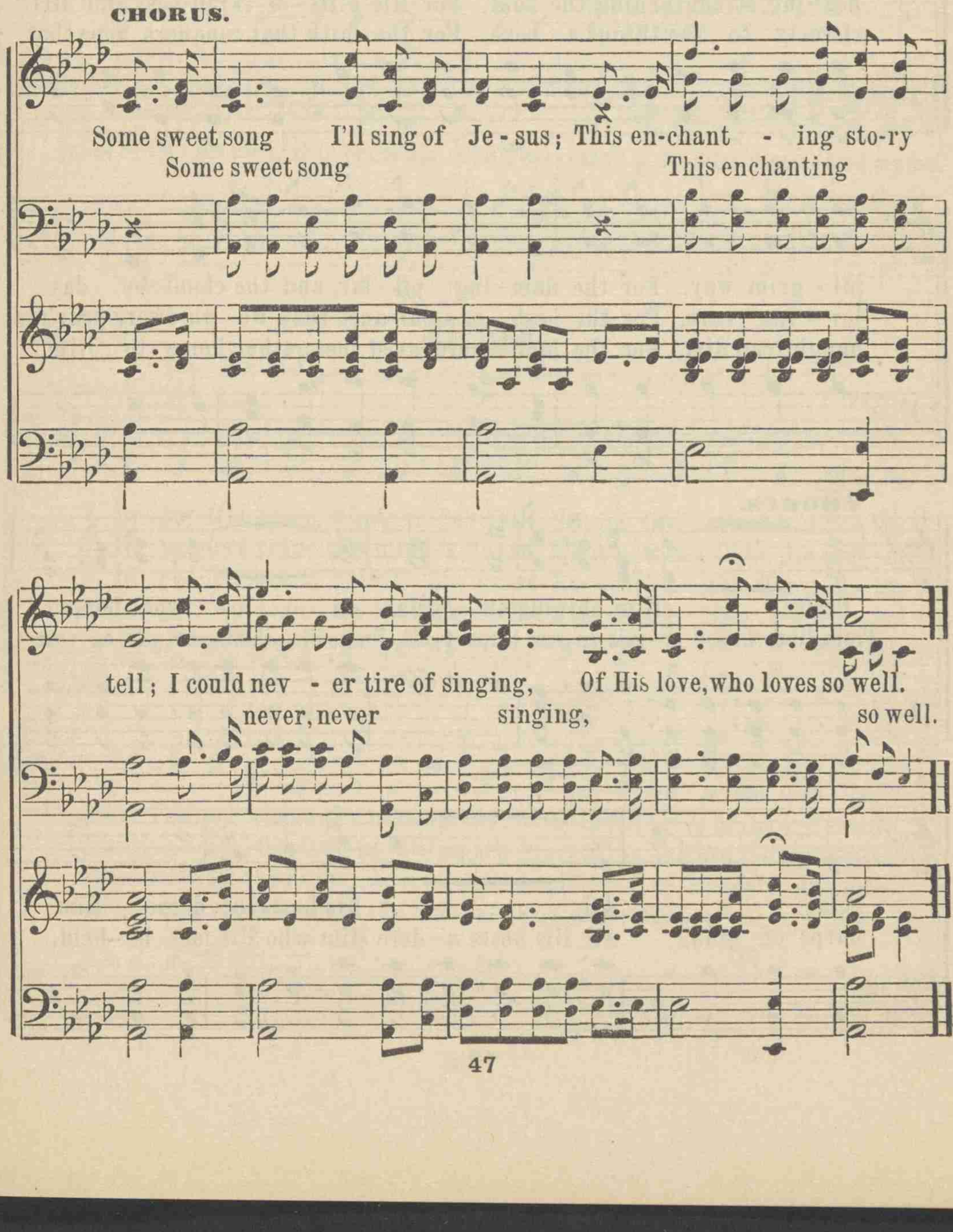
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Some Sweet Song. Concluded.

DUET.



CHORUS.



No. 43. Bless the Lord, My Soul.

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

1. Praise Him for His glo - ry, praise Him for His grace, For His help a-
2. Praise for free for-give-ness, pow'r which makes us whole, For His touch of
3. Praise Him for the tri - als sent as chords of love, Binding us more

dapt- ed to each time and place, For His prom-ised presence all the
heal-ing, strengthening the soul, For His gifts of kind-ness and His
close-ly to the things a - bove, For the faith that conquers, hope that

pil - grim way, For the flam - ing pil - lar, and the cloud by day.
lov - ing care, For the best as - sur-ance that He an-swers pray'r.
naught can dim, For the land where loved ones gather home to Him.

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CHORUS.

Praise . . . Him, shining an - gels, on . . . . your harps of
Praise Him, shining an- gels on your harps of gold, Praise Him, shining an- gels, on your
gold, All . . . . . His hosts a - dore Him
harps of gold, All His hosts a - dore Him who His face be - hold,

who . . . . His face be - hold, Thro' . . . . His great do-
All His hosts adore Him who His face behold, Thro' His great dominion, while the

min - ion, while . . . . the a - ges roll, All His works shall
a-ges roll, Thro' His great dominion, while the a-ges roll,

praise Him, all His works shall praise Him, All His works shall praise Him; bless the Lord, my soul.

No. 44. Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

LUELLA CLARK. G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. In per-fect peace, whate'er be - fall, See-ing God's gracious hand in
2. In per-fect peace, His mind is stayed, What now can make His soul a-
3. In per-fect peace, nat-ure and grace Re- veal a - like His lov - ing
4. In per-fect peace, no fruitless strife, But on - ly life, e - ter - nal

all; Content with ev'ry passing day, Whether He give or take a - way.
fraid? No care, no want, no threat'ning ill, Since all is but His Father's will.
face, The day, the night, shadow and shine, Expressive of His care di - vine.
life, Death cannot ter-ri - fy his soul; Life, death, earth, heav'n—one perfect whole.

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No. 45. Only in the Cross.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. On - ly in the cross of Je - sus, Would my soul its an-chor place;
2. On the mount of Calvary plant-ed, There its sa - cred sha-dow lies,
3. There's no grief it can-not fa-thom, And no joy our souls could breathe,
4. On - ly in the cross of Je - sus, With its outstretched arms above,

On - ly in its pow'r e - ter - nal, Can I look for sav - ing grace.
Reaching from the depths below us To the heights of Pa - ra-dise!
There's no fount of love a-bove it, And no depth of woe beneath.
Can my soul reach gladly up - ward, Full of rapt-ure, faith and love.

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CHORUS.

In the cross . . . . I'll rest for - ev - - - er, Je - sus
In the cross I'll rest for - ev - er, praise His name, Je - sus
bore . . . . . it once for me,
bore it for me, yes, e - ven me, e - ven me, Cross of
sor - row, cross of brightest glo - ry, All my hope I place in thee.

No. 46. I Sing of the Home-Land.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. O'er all the hills of Home-land, And thro' its peaceful vales, The music of the
2. My Savior dwells in Home-land, He's fairest of the fair; My friends who left me
3. There is no death in Home-land, No fun'ral dirges toll; There is no sad, sad

ransomed Is float-ing on the gales. A trav-'ler to that country, Our
lone-ly Are wait-ing for me there. A worn and wea-ry trav-'ler, I
fare-well, No wea-ry, sin-sick soul—Christ bring us all to know Him, And

Father's fold a-bove, Here on the shores of Earth-land I sing of His
go to share their bliss; Far from my na-tive coun-try I faint on the
saves us by His truth; God grant we find in Home-land The bloom of e-

CHORUS.

deathless love.
sands of this. I sing of Home and the Home-land, Its joy and its beauty
ternal youth!

rare; And smile to think of the greeting That waits for me o-ver there.

No. 47. Peace! Be Still!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still!"—MARK *4: 39.*

Miss M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high! The
2. Mas-ter, with anguish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweetly rest; Earth's

sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, waken and save, I pray!
sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heav'n's with-in my breast;

"Car-est Thou not that we perish?"—How canst Thou lie asleep, When each
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sinking soul. And I
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deemer, Leave me a-lone no more; And with

mo-ment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh, hast-en and take con-trol.
joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

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Peace! Be Still! Concluded.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o-bey My will, Peace, . . . be still! . . .

Peace, be still! Peace be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or dem-ons, or men, or what-

Cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - -

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The

- - - - do. *ff*

Master of ocean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly obey My will;

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey My will; Peace, peace be still."

Peace, be still!

No. 48. Come To-day.

MRS. M. C. OLIVER. J. R. MURRAY.

Entreatingly and not fast.



1. Come to-day, O burdened sin-ner, Mer-cy waits for thee,
2. Come to-day, O burdened sin-ner, Leave the night of gloom,
3. Come to-day, O burdened sin-ner, Need-y, sick and sore,





While the voice of Je-sus whis-pers, "Child, come un-to Me!"
Leave the shad-ow of the val-ley, In the light there's room
Now while Je-sus waits to par-don, Come, and doubt no more;





Drop thy guilt, thy heav-y bur-den At the Sav-ior's feet,
Je-sus stands in ten-der plead-ing, Point-ing to the way,
Love di-vine is free-ly of-fered, Cleansing from all sin,





Turn to Him for free sal-va-tion, Par-don full and sweet.
While He speaks in sweet com-pas-sion, Hear His voice to-day!
Now while Christ is knock-ing, knock-ing, Let Him en-ter in!



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Come To-day. Concluded.

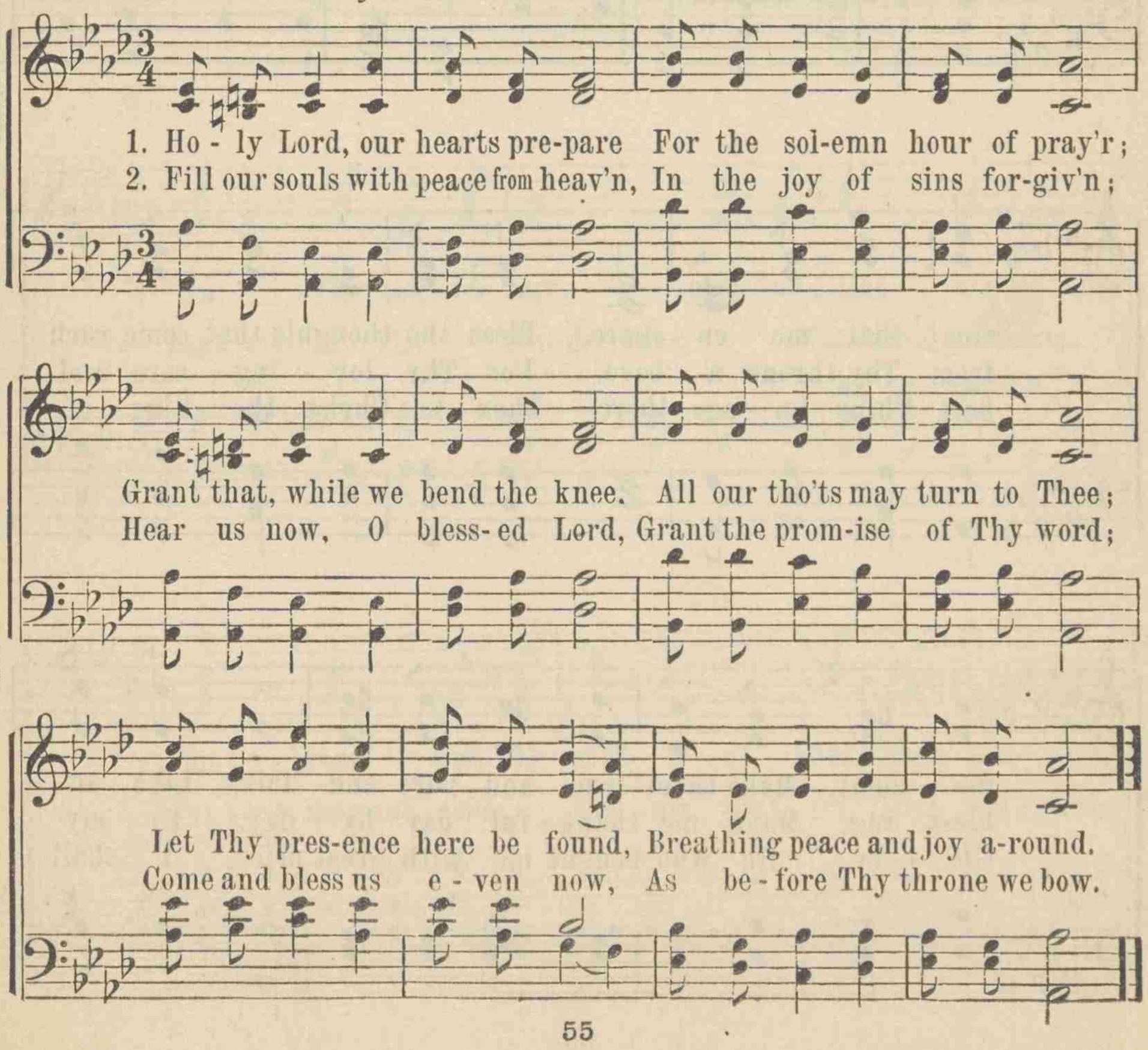
REFRAIN.





No. 49. The Hour of Prayer.

REV. W. H. BATHURST & J. R. M. W. F. S..



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No. 50. Every Hour I Need Thy Blessing.

ELIZABETH J. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slowly.



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Every Hour I Need Thy Blessing. Concluded.

Thine our great a - tone-ment, Beau- ti - ful be-yond com - pare.
walk and dai - ly liv - ing, Praising Christ the Liv - ing Way.
sing the old, old sto - ry, Christ my Lord, my sac - ri - fice.

CHORUS.

Come, O come Thou lov - ing Sav - ior, Take me
Come, O come Thou lov - ing Sav - ior, come,

in Thy ten - der care, Watch and guide me ev - 'ry
Take me in Thy ten- der care, Watch and guide me

mo - ment, And my soul for Thee pre - pare.
ev - 'ry moment, come, And my soul for Thee pre - pare.

No. 51. Is Christ Your King?

LAURA E. NEWELL. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Is Christ your king? Some king have ye! Oh, is it Christ of Calva-ry? He came to earth and freely gave His precious life, each soul to save! Is
2. Is Christ your king? Upon His throne He rules in love and claims His own! If we con-fess, and own our Lord On earth, e - ter-nal our re-ward. For

Duet

Christ your king? to - day de - cide, For He would in your heart a-bide; Then Christ His own doth guard and keep—His watchful eye doth never sleep; Make

make a true heart-of - fer - ing—Nor question still: Is Christ your king? now your choice, in triumph sing, "I yield my life to Christ, my king!"

CHORUS. Firm.

Declare Him king—your only king! Then glorify Him, while you sing! Ac-

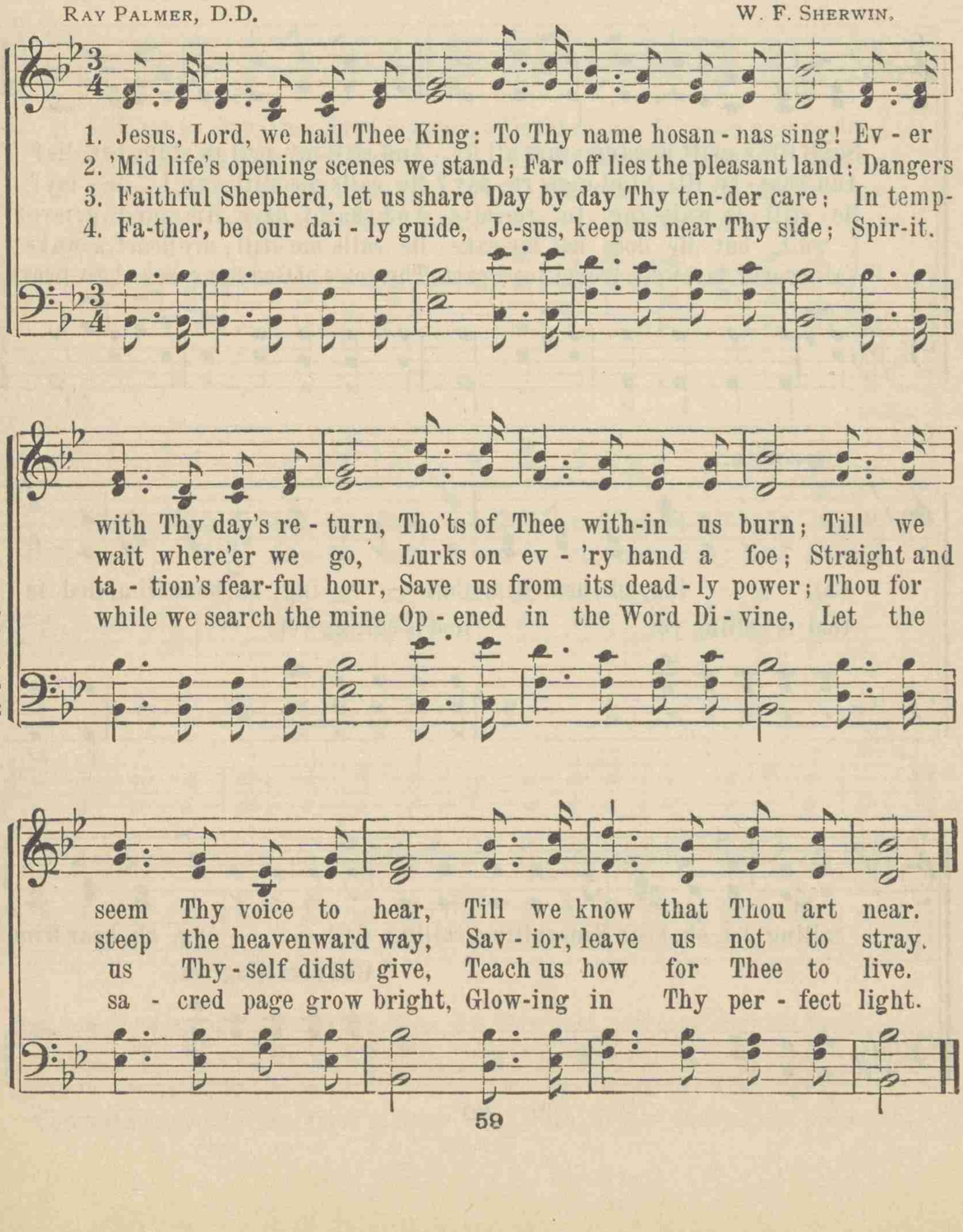
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Is Christ Your King? Concluded.



No. 52. Hymn for Youth.

RAY PALMER, D.D. W. F. SHERWIN.



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No. 53. God is Calling Yet.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. E. O. EXCELL.



1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
3. God calling yet! and shall He knock And I my heart the clos - er lock?
4. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
5. God calling yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with-out de- lay:





Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
He still is wait- ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His spir-it grieve?
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.



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CHORUS.

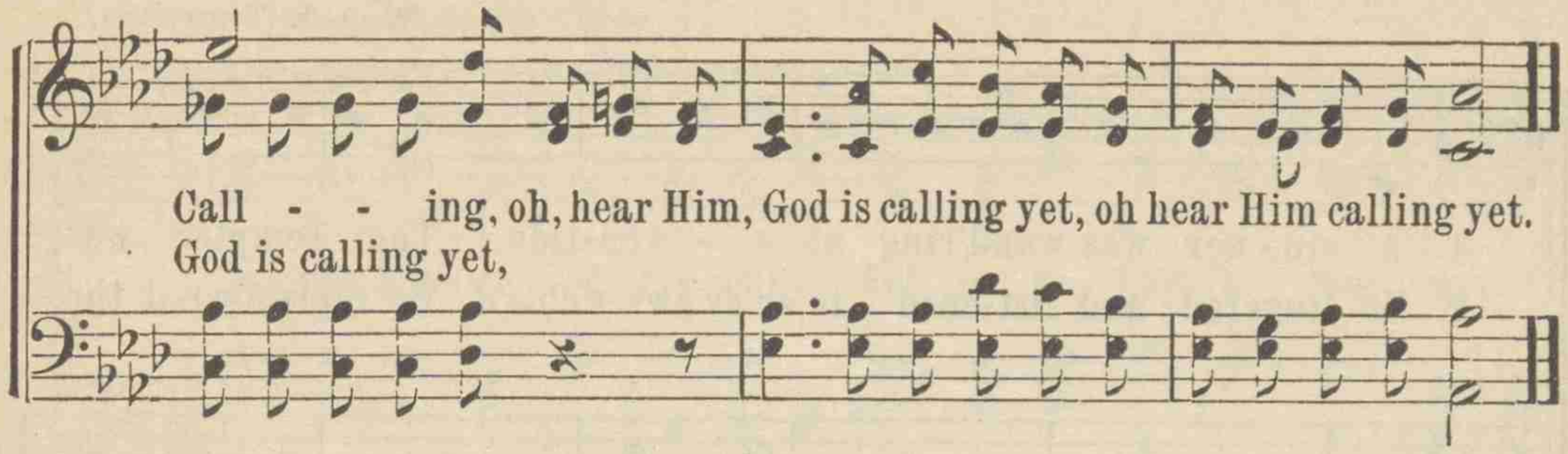


Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him, God is
God is calling yet, God is calling yet,



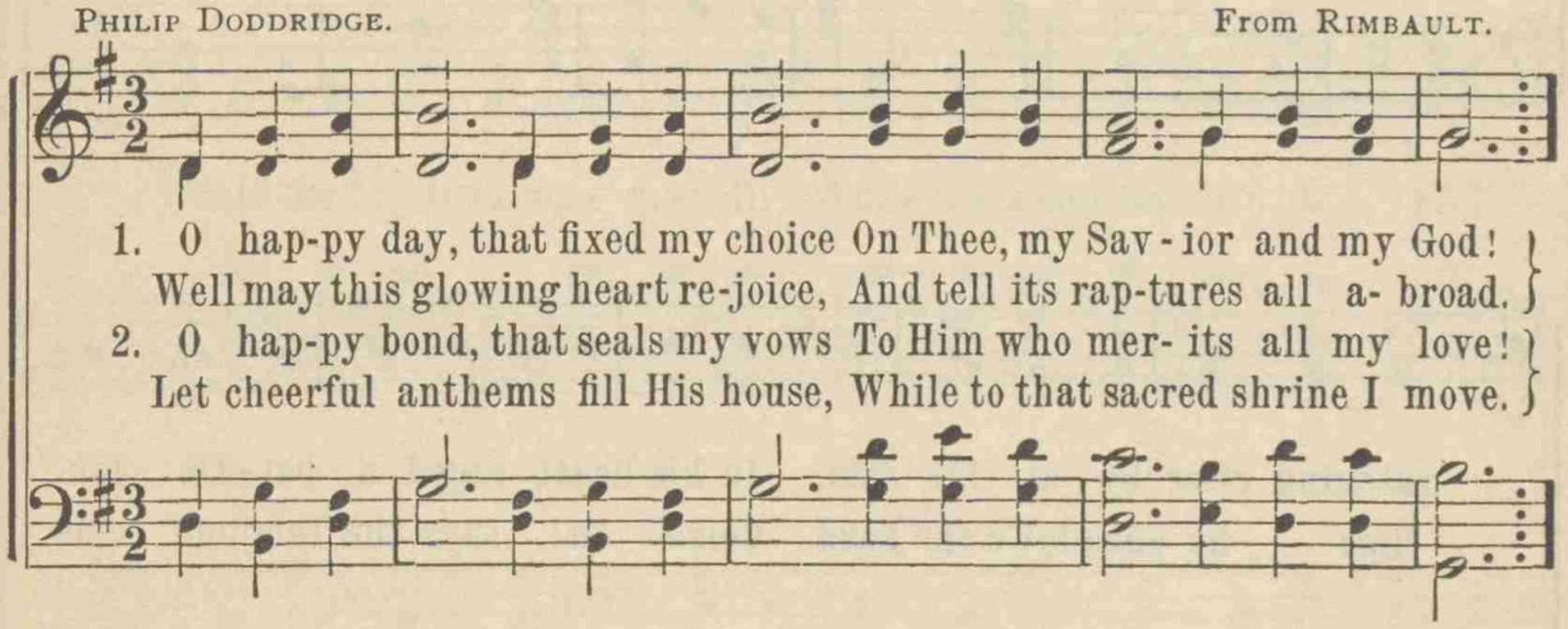
calling yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling, Call - - ing, oh, hear Him
God is calling yet,

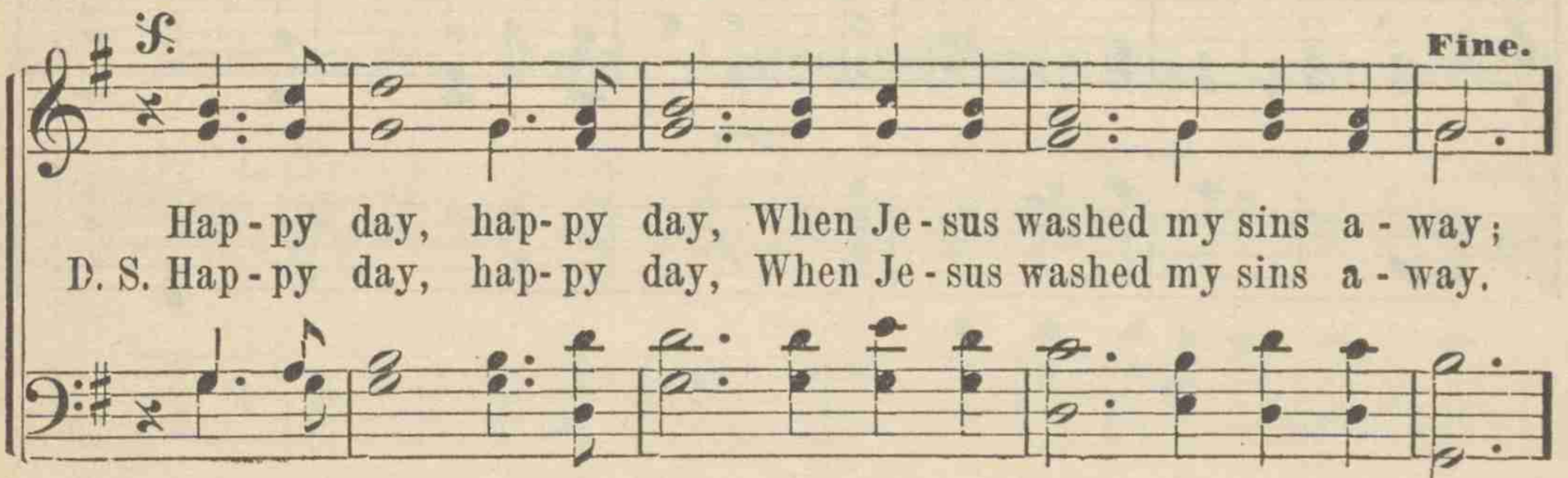
God is Calling Yet. Concluded.

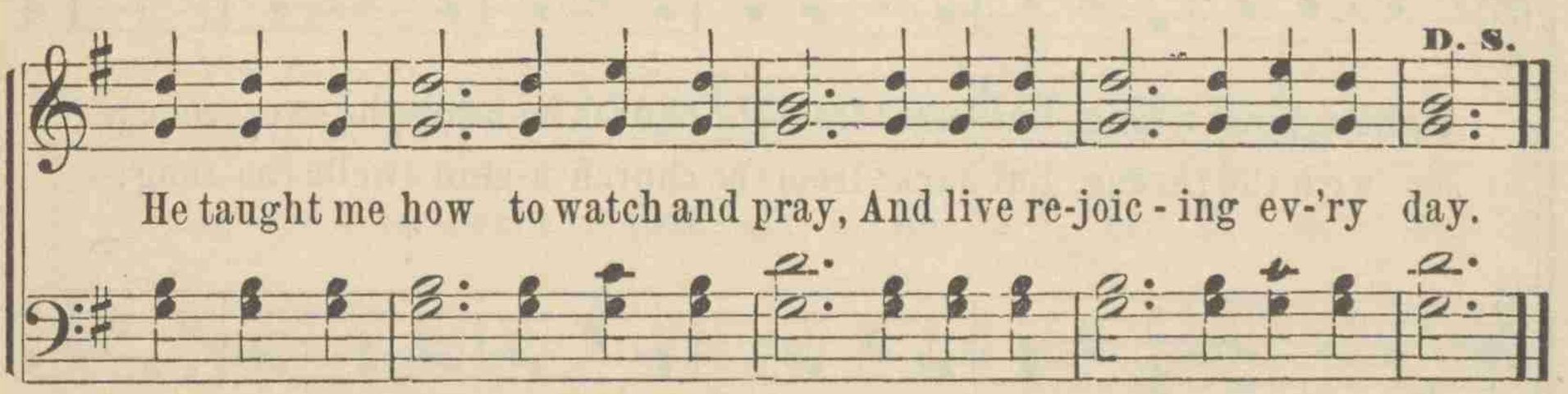


No. 54. Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. From RIMBAULT.





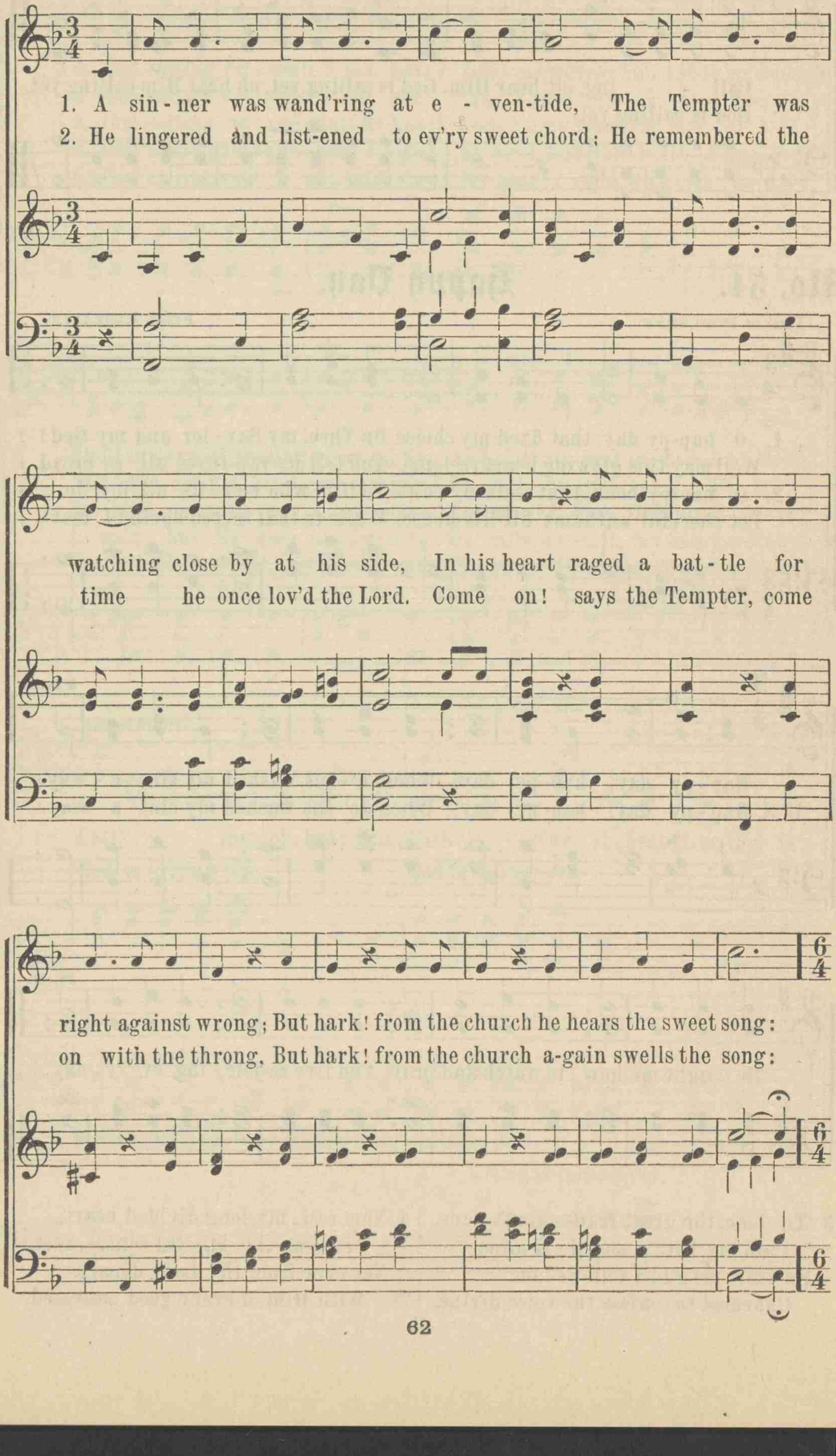


3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 55. The Sinner and the Song.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



Used by per. of Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

The Sinner and the Song. Continued.

To be sung after 1st verse.

pp **QUARTET. To be sung very softly.** **D. C. for 2d verse.**

Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly.

To be sung after 2d verse.

While the bil- lows near me roll, While the temp-est still is high.

3. Oh, Tempter, de-part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

Sav- ior, he dwells in that song, Oh, Lord, can it be that a

The Sinner and the Song. Concluded.

sin-ner like me, may find a sure ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

QUARTET. To be sung very softly.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt for - give the dark past, and

pp **QUARTET.**

Oh, re - ceive my soul at last. . . .

No. 56. Glory to Him Who Loved Us.

REV. 1: 5; REV. 7: 14; REV. 7: 12.

* * * Arr. G. F. ROOT.

1. Hark! hark! the song the ransomed sing, A new-made song of praise; The
2. Made white by His re-deem-ing blood, Our heav'nly garments shine; Our
3. By Je - sus' blood we o - ver-came When Satan's host as-sailed; 'Twas
4. Then be the Lamb of God a-dored, The Lord of life and light! To

Lord the Lamb they glo - ri - fy, And these the strains they raise.
minds, by Him en - light-ened, prove The pow'r of truth di - vine.
by the pow'r of truth di - vine Our fee - ble arms pre - vailed.
Him be glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r, And ma - jes - ty, and might!

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CHORUS.

Glo - ry to Him who loved us, And washed us in His blood; Who

cleansed our souls from guilt and sin By that pure, liv - ing flood.

No. 57. All my Life Long.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E, P. NOYES.

1. All my life long have my steps been attend-ed Sure-ly by One who re-
2. All in the dark would I be and un-certain, Whither to go, but for
4. He will not wea-ry—oh, blessed as-surance, In-fin-ite love will the

gard-ed my ways; Ten-der-ly watched o-ver sweet-ly be-friended,
One at my side, Who from the fut-ure re-moves the dim cur-tain,
fin-ite out-last! But for my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's en-durance,

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Blessings have followed my nights and my days. Tears have been quenched in the
See-ing the glo-ry to mor-tals de-nied. No oth-er friend could so
In-to the depths of de-spair I were cast. This is my star in a

sun-shine of gladness, Dirg-es of sor-row been turned in-to song.
pa-tient-ly lead me, No oth-er friend prove so faithful and strong;
midnight of sor-row, This is my ref-uge, my strength and my song:

All my Life Long. Concluded.

Angels have guarded the gateways of sadness, Summer and winter—yea,
With angel's food He has promised to feed me. Who has be-friended me
Earth is to-day, but there's heav'n for to-morrow, And Jesus to be with me

all my life long. All my life long, all my life long, Summer and
all my life long. All my life long, all my life long, Who has be-
all my life long. All my life long, all my life long, Je - sus to

win-ter, yea, all my life long; All my life long, all my life long,
friended me all my life long; All my life long, all my life long,
be with me all my life long; All my life long, all my life long,

Summer and win-ter, yea, all my life long.
Who has befriend-ed me all my life long.
Je - sus to be with me all my life long.

No. 58. With Joyful Lips Confess Him.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. C. C. CASE.

Slow.

1. With joy - ful lips con-fess Him, Who giv - eth life and breath, For you have proved His prom - ise, To save from sin and death.
2. Oh, quick-ly break the si - lence, De - clare your faith and love, And speak for Christ, your Sav - ior, Who list - ens from a - bove.
3. Some word of hope and cour-age, Some word of com - fort speak, To cheer the bro - ken-heart-ed, To help the faint and weak.

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CHORUS.

Come, speak a word, . . . Come, speak a word for Je - sus, Your wit - ness bear,. . . . Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
speak a word, wit - ness bear,

No. 59. The Spirit is Waiting.

Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. J. R. MURRAY.

1. The Spir-it is waiting, in-vite Him to - day, To enter Thy heart and a-
2. Secure in His keeping thy heart shall rejoice; He calls thee and woos thee, Oh,
3. The joy of the morning re-ceive in thy heart, He longeth to en - ter and

bide there al-way; Believe Him, re-ceive Him, thy dear loving guest, Thy
make Him thy choice; Believe Him, receive Him, thy treasure loved best, The
no more depart; He knows thee and loves thee, oh, leave thy request, And

prom-ise and portion, thy bless-ing and rest.
Com-fort - er wait-eth, thy bless-ing and rest. The Spirit is waiting, the
wait for His ful - ness of bless-ing and rest.

CHORUS.

Spir - it is waiting, Re-ceive Him, re-ceive Him, thy dear loving guest.

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No. 60. The Mercy-Seat.

STOWELL. Arr. G F. ROOT.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads.—A place, than all beside, more sweet, It is the precious mercy-seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet Around a common mercy-seat.

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CHORUS.

The mercy-seat, the mercy-seat, Oh, come and seek the mercy - seat; For heav'n comes down our souls to greet, When we surround the mercy-seat.

No. 61. This may be the Last Call.

G. F. R. G. F. Root.



1. This may be the last call, brother, This may be the last for you; To
2. How oft you've been called, my brother, To take on the Christian's vow, How
3. Yes, now is the time, my broth-er, Once more doth your Savior call; Oh,





every one this time must come, Momentous tho't and true!
oft you've heard this blessed word, Oh, do not spurn it now. Hear, hear, hear! Come
gladly bow, accept Him now, And crown Him Lord of all.



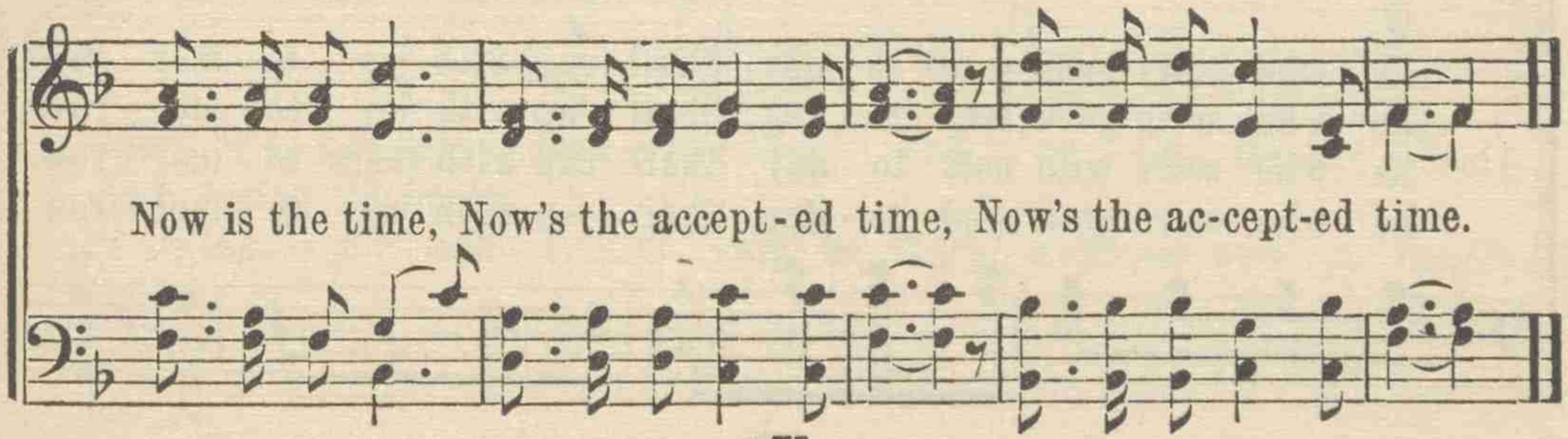
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while it is called to-day! Oh, come to Him while you may; Hear the bells chime!



Now is the time, Now's the accept-ed time, Now's the ac-cept-ed time.



No. 62. Be Careful what You Sow.

EL. NATHAN. C. C. CASE. By per.

Solo or Duet.



1. Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow; The
2. Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure - ly grow; Where
3. Be care-ful what you sow, The weed you plant will grow; The
4. Then let us sow good deeds, And not the briars and weeds; Then





dew will fall, The rain will splash, The clouds grow dark, The sunshine flash; And
it may fall, You can-not know, In sun or shade 'Twill sure-ly grow, And
scattered seed From thoughtless hand Must gathered be By God's command; And
harvest time Its joys shall bring, And when we reap Our hearts shall sing; And

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he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to-mor-row, And
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to-mor-row, And
he who sows wild oats to - day, Must reap the crop to-mor-row, And
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap good seed to-mor-row, And



he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.
he who sows wild oats to - day, Shall reap with tears to - mor - row.
he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.

Be Careful what You Sow. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure-ly grow, And
what seed you sow, will sure-ly grow,

he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor - row.

MALE CHORUS. (*May be substituted for the other chorus.*)

Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure-ly grow, And
what seed you sow, will sure-ly grow,

he who sows good seed to - day, Shall reap with joy to - mor-row.

No. 63. Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the begin-
ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with-out end. A - men.

No. 64. Are You Willing?

J. H. JOHNSTON. C. C. CASE.

Slow.

1. Are you will-ing to trust Him who died for your sin? Are you willing to
2. Are you will-ing to list - en and hear His command? Are you read-y to
3. Are you will-ing to of - fer what Jesus may claim? Are you read-y to

knock that you may en - ter in? Are you read - y to fol - low the
march, are you will-ing to stand? Will you pa-tient - ly wait, will you
own and to hon - or His name? It is this that is need- ed, He

guidance of love, Ev-er look-ing to Je - sus, your Sav-ior, a - bove.
run at His call? Are you will-ing to trust Him what-ev - er be - fall?
waits to be - stow All the gifts He made read - y long a - ges a - go.

CHORUS.

Are you willing and ready my brother, Your Lord and Redeemer to know? Then

come and receive from the Sav - ior The grace that He waits to be-stow.

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No. 65. "Come Unto Me and Rest."

H. Bonar, D. D. H. P. Danks.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast;" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live;" I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright;" I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in the Light of life I'll walk, Till trav - 'ling days are done.

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No. 66. The Joyful Tidings.

"Preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15.

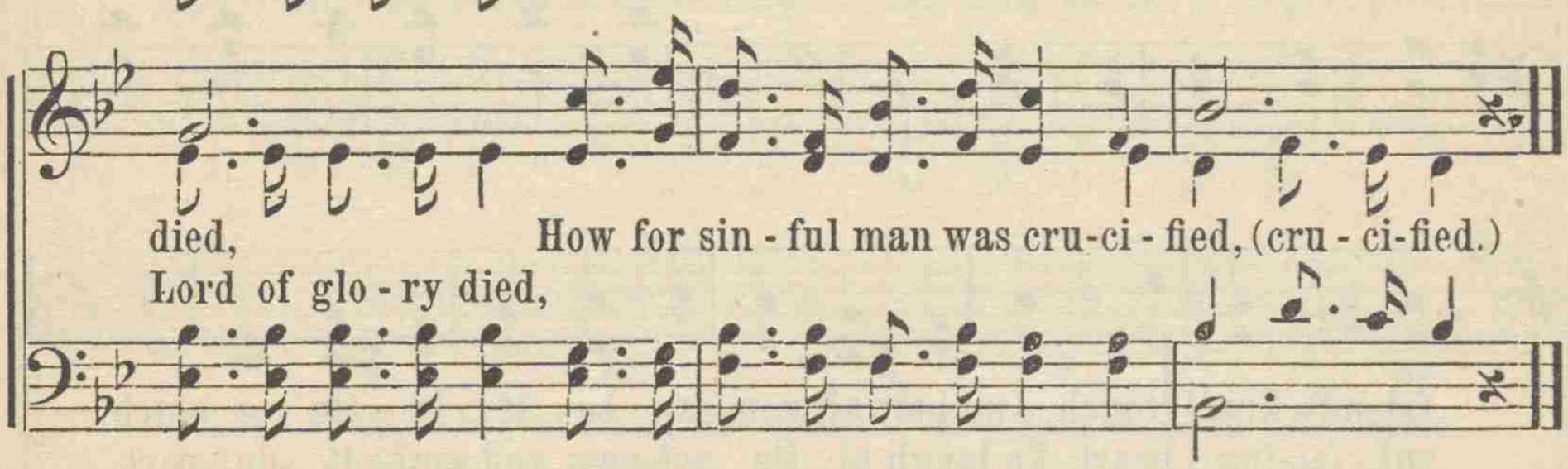
F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



The Joyful Tidings. Concluded.



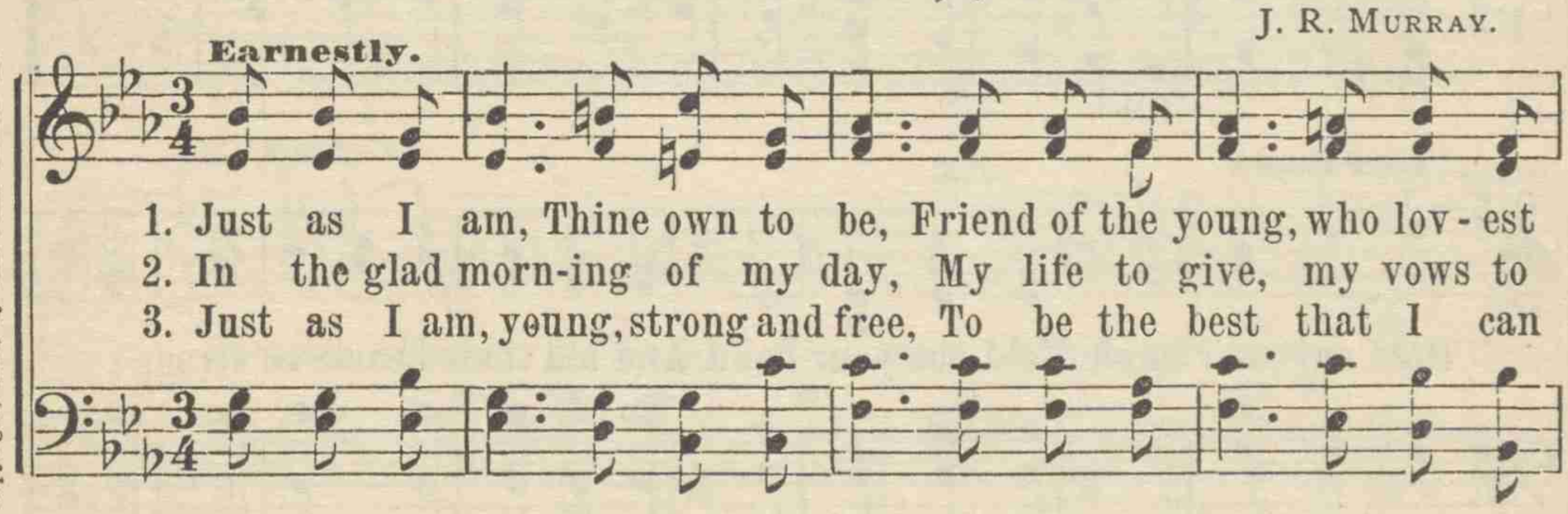


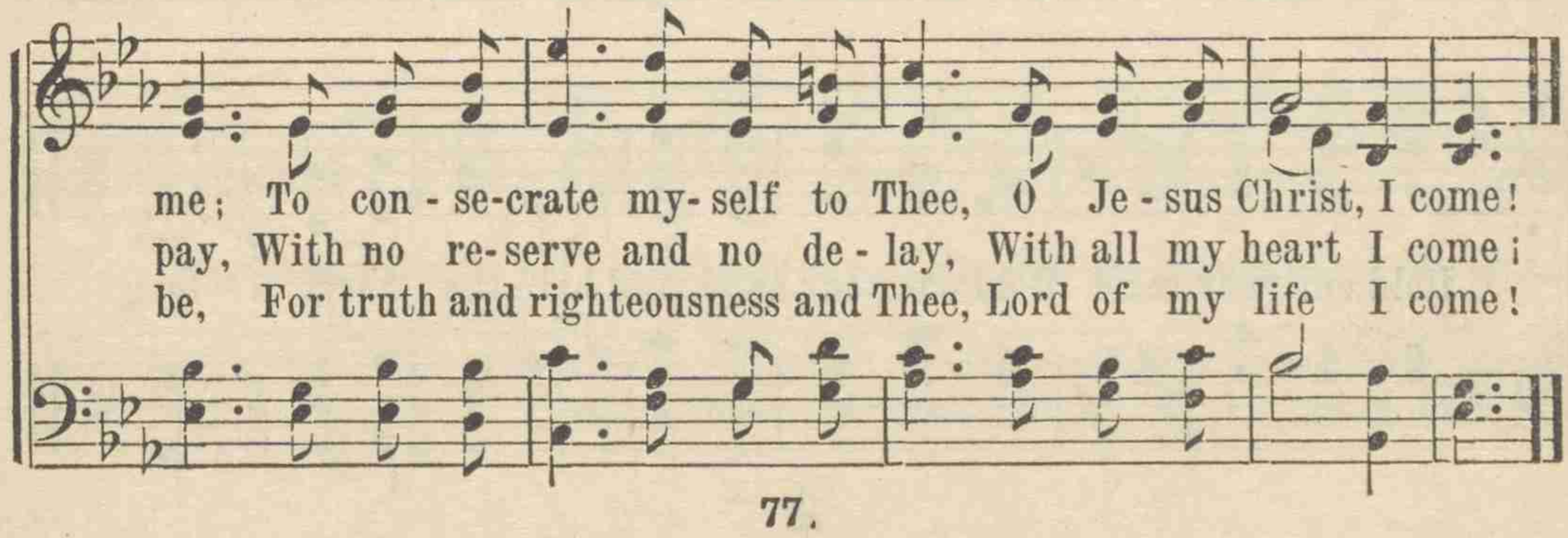


No. 67. Consecration Hymn.

J. R. Murray.

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No. 68. Hold Out Your Hand.

D. R. DRAKE. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Hold out your hand in the dark - ness of sin, Help some poor
2. Hold out your hand, for the world is a way Made up of
3. Hold out your hand, then, wherev - er you are. Kind deeds will

sad heart the ha - ven to win. Cheer up some soul with a
sad - ness and sor - row each day; Smiles are a help to the
shine thro' the dark-ness a - far; Some sink-ing soul may its

friend's kindlytouch. And help all you can, be it lit - tle or much.
suf - fer-ing heart, To laugh at its sad-ness and make it de - part.
twinkling discern, Oh, come to the ha - ven and righteousness learn.

REFRAIN.

Hold out your hand, Hold out your hand, And bid their hearts be strong;

Hold out your hand, Hold out your hand, And help the world a - long.

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No. 69. Remembered No More.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Tho' your sins may be red and like scar - let, Out-
2. Hear the voice that in love now en - treats you To
3. At the door of your heart Christ is knock - ing, He

numb'ring the sands on the shore, Yet thro' Christ and His in - fi - nite
en - ter the wide o - pen door, That will lead to the kingdom of
oft - en has knocked there before, Let Him in, He'll forgive your trans-

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mer - cy, They're cleansed and re - mem - bered no more.
heav - en, Where sins are re - mem - bered no more.
gres - sions, And they'll be re - mem - bered no more.

REFRAIN.

Rit. A tempo.

Re-mem - bered no more, Re - mem - bered no more, Yet thro'

Christ and His in - fi - nite mer - cy, Your sins are remembered no more.

No. 70. Invitations from the King.

PS. 55 : 1; REV. 3: 20; 2 COR. 6: 2.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

Prelude before each scripture.

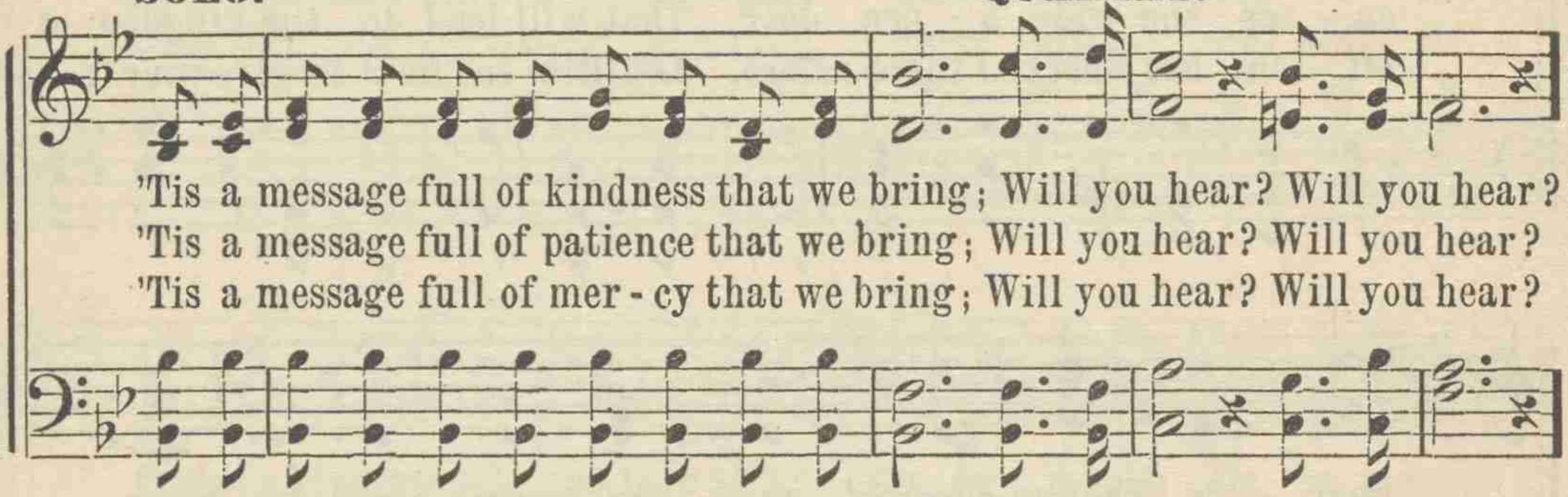
SOLO. **QUARTET.**



1. 'Tis a gracious in-vitation from the King; Will you hear? Will you hear?
2. Still an-oth-er in-vitation from the King; Will you hear? Will you hear?
3. Once again an in-vitation from the King; Will you hear? Will you hear?



SOLO. **QUARTET.**



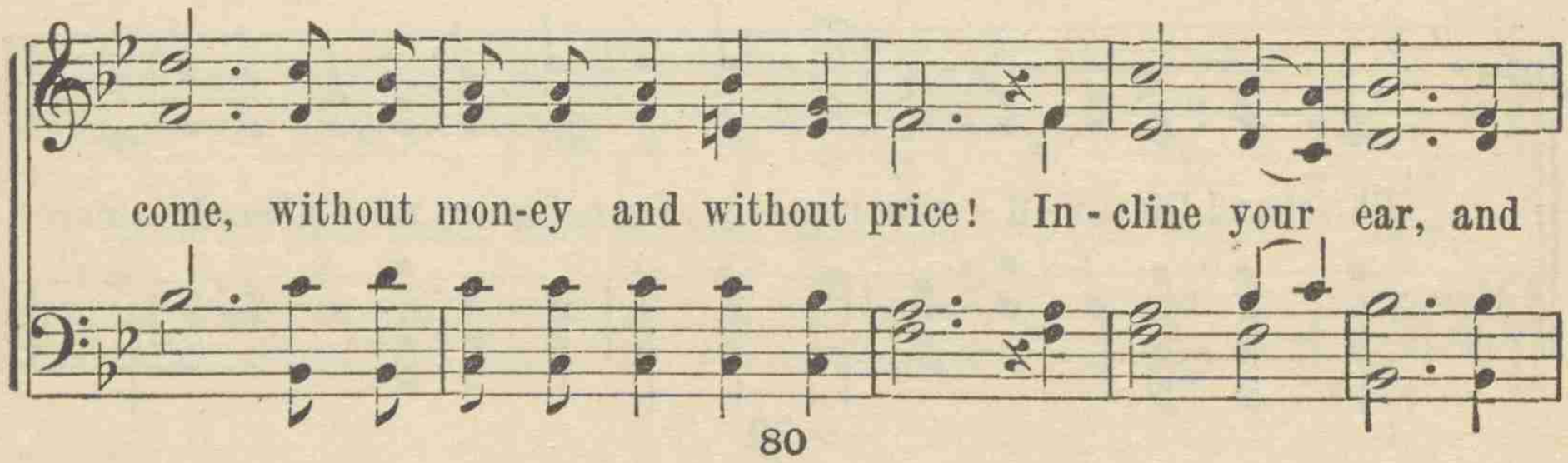
'Tis a message full of kindness that we bring; Will you hear? Will you hear?
'Tis a message full of patience that we bring; Will you hear? Will you hear?
'Tis a message full of mer - cy that we bring; Will you hear? Will you hear?

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QUARTET. (*This scripture is sung only in first verse.*)



Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth; Come ye to the wa - ters! Come, come,



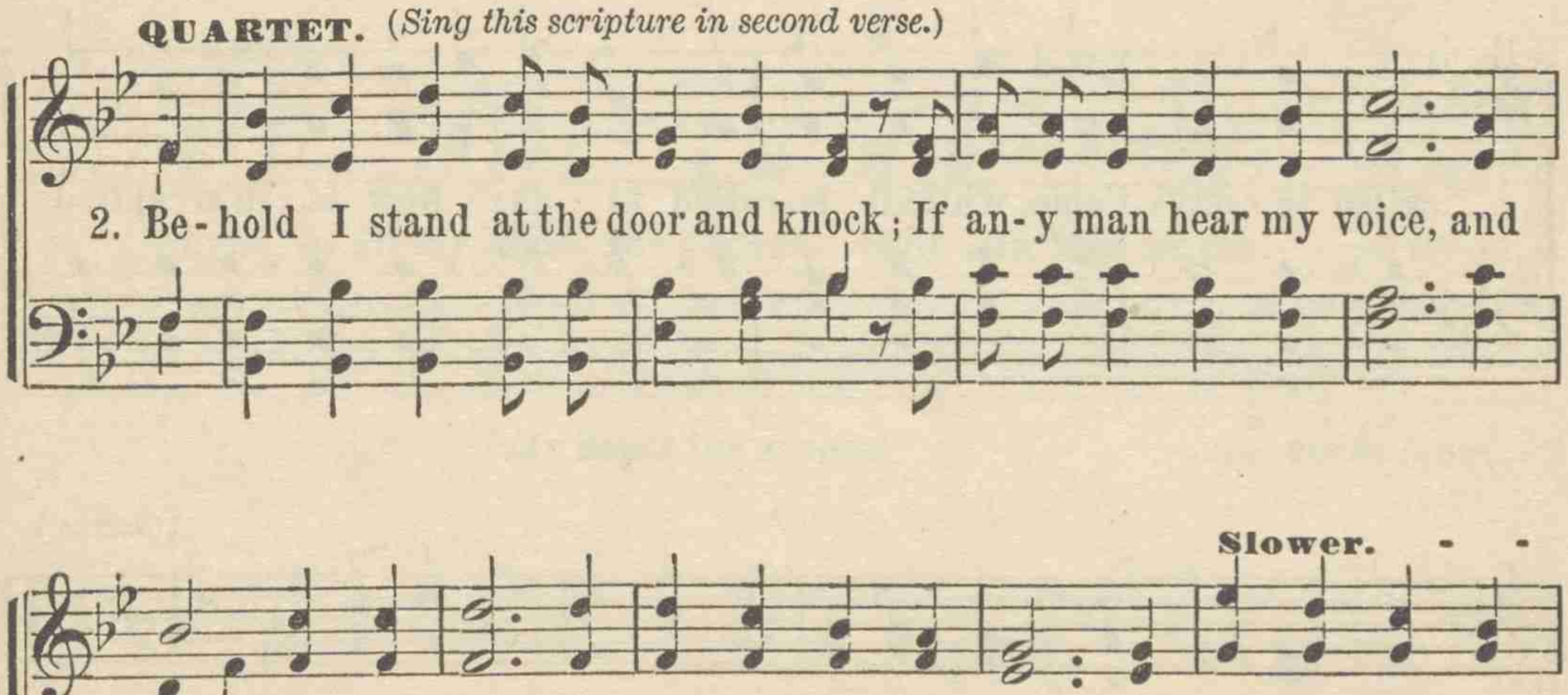
come, without mon-ey and without price! In - cline your ear, and



CHORUS (*after each scripture.*)



QUARTET. (*Sing this scripture in second verse.*)



Invitations from the King. Concluded.

In time. (*Chorus.*)

him, and will sup with him and he with me, and he with me.

QUARTET. Tenderly. (*Sing this scripture in third verse.*)

Now is th'accepted time, now is the day of sal - va - tion, To-

day if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart. Come, while it is

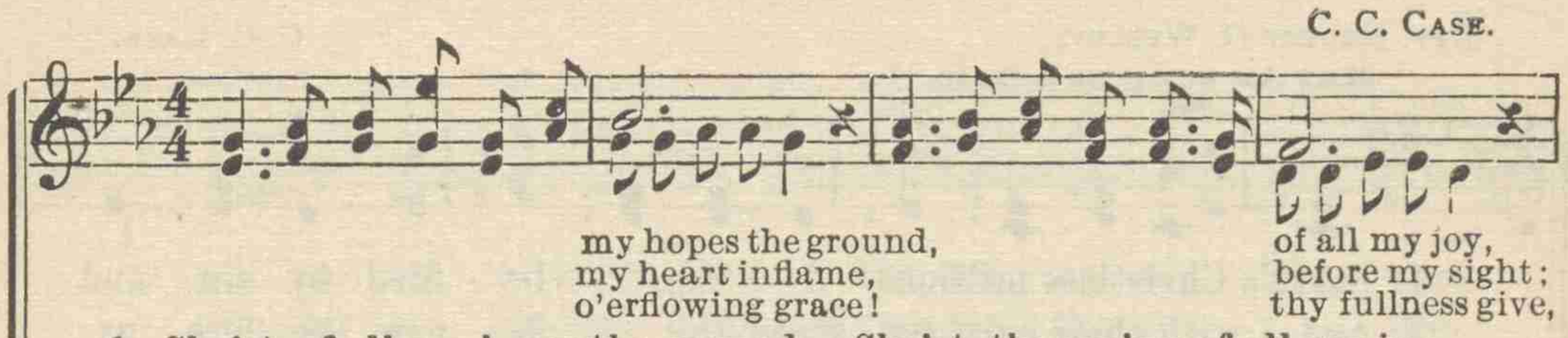
called to - day; Come, while it is called to - day: Now is th'accept-ed

(*Chorus.*)

time, and now is the day of sal-va - tion, the day of sal - va - tion.

No. 71. Christ, Our Hope.

C. C. Case.

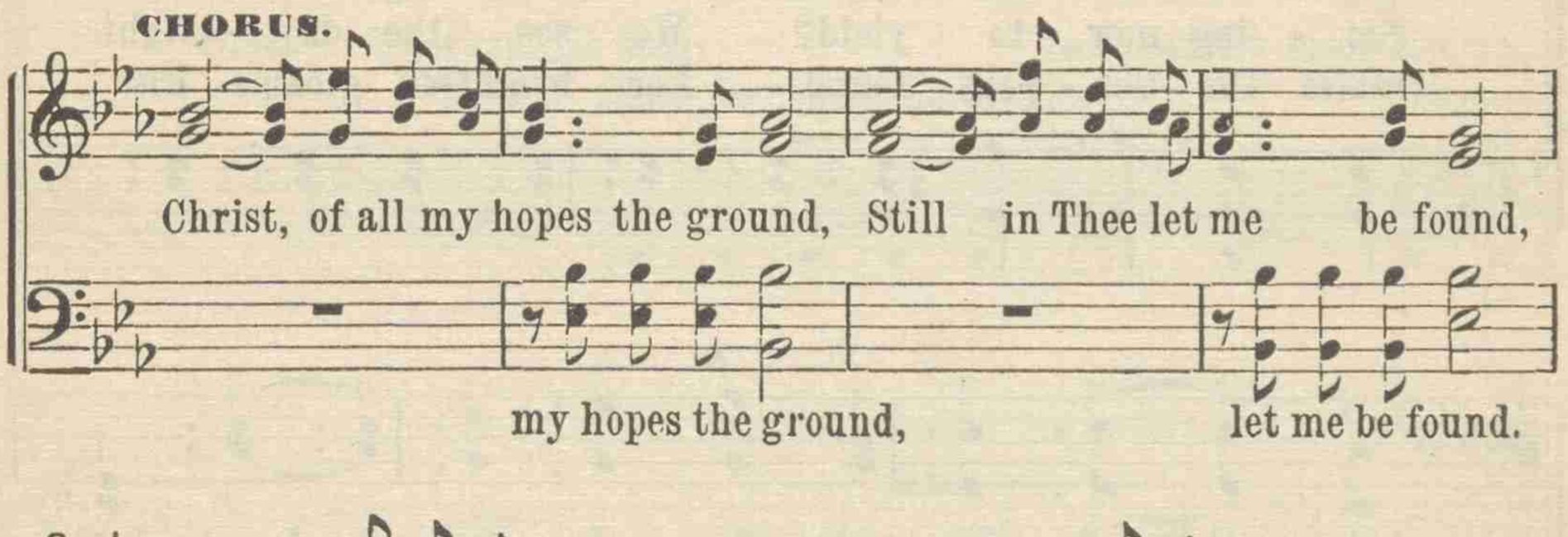


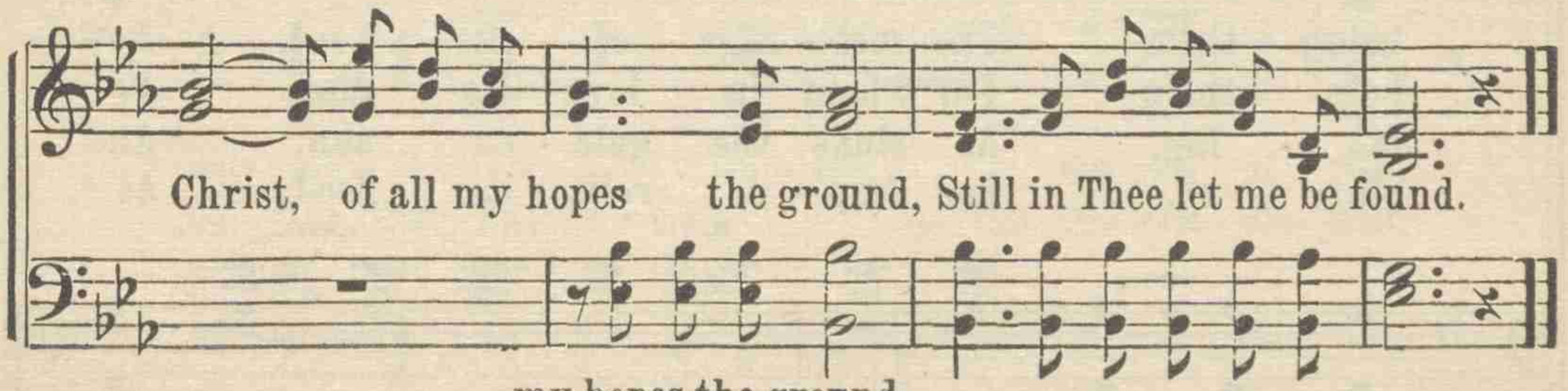
1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy,
2. Let Thy love my heart inflame, Keep Thy fear before my sight;
3. Fountain of o'erflowing grace! Freely from thy fullness give,





Still in Thee let me be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ.
Be Thy praise my brightest aim Be Thy smile my chief delight.
Till I close my earthly race, Be it "Christ for me to live."





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No. 72. Earth's Christless Millions.

Rev. Ernest G. Wesley. C. C. Case.

May be sung as a Solo.



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Earth's Christless Millions. Concluded.

call on us to bring them The mes - sage of His word.
seeching us to lead them Where souls are pur - i - fied.
evening's deep - er shad - ing, Falls o'er our work un - done.
he - roes tell the sto - ry, "Re-demp-tion through His blood."

REFRAIN.

No lon - - ger hold sal - va - tion . . . . . From
hold sal - va - tion, hold sal - va - tion

those for whom He died: In earth's most dist-ant
From those for whom He died; dist-ant

na - tion . . . . . Up - lift . . . the cru - ci - fied.
na - tion, dist - ant na - tion Up - lift the cru - ci - fied.

No. 73. God Knows it All.

MRS. M. C. OLIVER. J. R. MURRAY.

Slow.

1. Art thou wea-ry, soul, of straying? God knows, He knows it all;
2. Is the pathway long and drear-y? God knows, He knows it all;
3. Do thy cherished friends forsake thee? God knows, He knows it all;

Come to Him, make no de-lay-ing, He knows it all.
He will strengthen thee when wea-ry, He knows it all.
To His shel-t'ring arms be-take thee, He knows it all.

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REFRAIN. Faster.

Come with thy sor-row, come with thy care; Come with thy bur-den so heav-y to bear, He knows thy sor-row, He knows it all, Come to thy Help-er, Oh, heed now His call.

No. 74. Let the Sunshine In.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
3. Would you go re - joic-ing on the up - ward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—darker still with-in? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
an-swered by your God a-bove? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
darkness—dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per.

CHORUS.

wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in. Let the blessed sunshine the

in, ... Let the blessed sunshine in; . . . Clear the darkened
sunshine in, the sunshine in;

windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

No. 75. The Half Was Never Told.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Re- peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free; I
2. Of peace I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest, Un-
3. My high- est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet; No
4. And oh, what rap-ture will it be, With all the host a - bove, To

love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res - cued me.
til the sweet-voiced an - gel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.
re - al joy in life I know, But in His serv - ice sweet.
sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty The won-ders of His love!

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CHORUS.

The half . . was never told, The half . . was never told;
The half was nev - er, never told, The half was nev - er, never told;

1. Of grace di-vine, so wonderful, The half . . was nev-er told.
2. Of peace, etc.
3. Of joy, etc.
4. Of love divine, so won - der-ful, The half was nev - er, never told.

No. 76. Not Ashamed of Christ.

JOSEPH GRIGG. C. C. CASE.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee? A-
2. Ashamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend! No,
3. Ashamed of Je-sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a-way, No
4. Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then, I boast a Savior slain; And

shamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days.
when I blush, be this my shame That I no more re-vere His name.
tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
O, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.

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Ashamed of Je-sus! sooner far Let evening blush to own its star, He

sheds the beams of light di-vine, O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.

Rit.

No. 77. While the Years are Rolling on.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing, While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one an-oth-er, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more

souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our
fly-ing, souls are dy-ing, While the years are rolling on. Lov-ing
raise a fall-en broth-er, While the years are rolling on. This is
part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on. In the

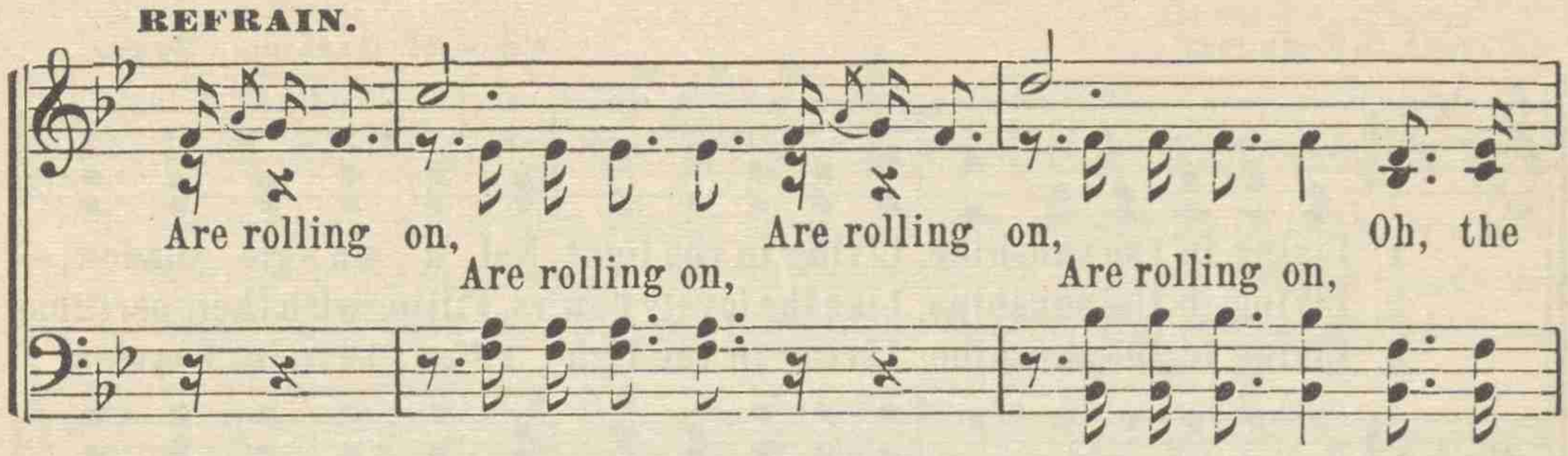
jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view, There is
words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin; We may
work for ev-'ry hand, Till, throughout cre-a-tion's land, Ar-mies
world be-yond the tomb Sor-row nev-er more can roam, When we

work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on.
bring the wan-d'rers in, While the years are roll-ing on.
for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on.
meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on.

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While the Years are Rolling on. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

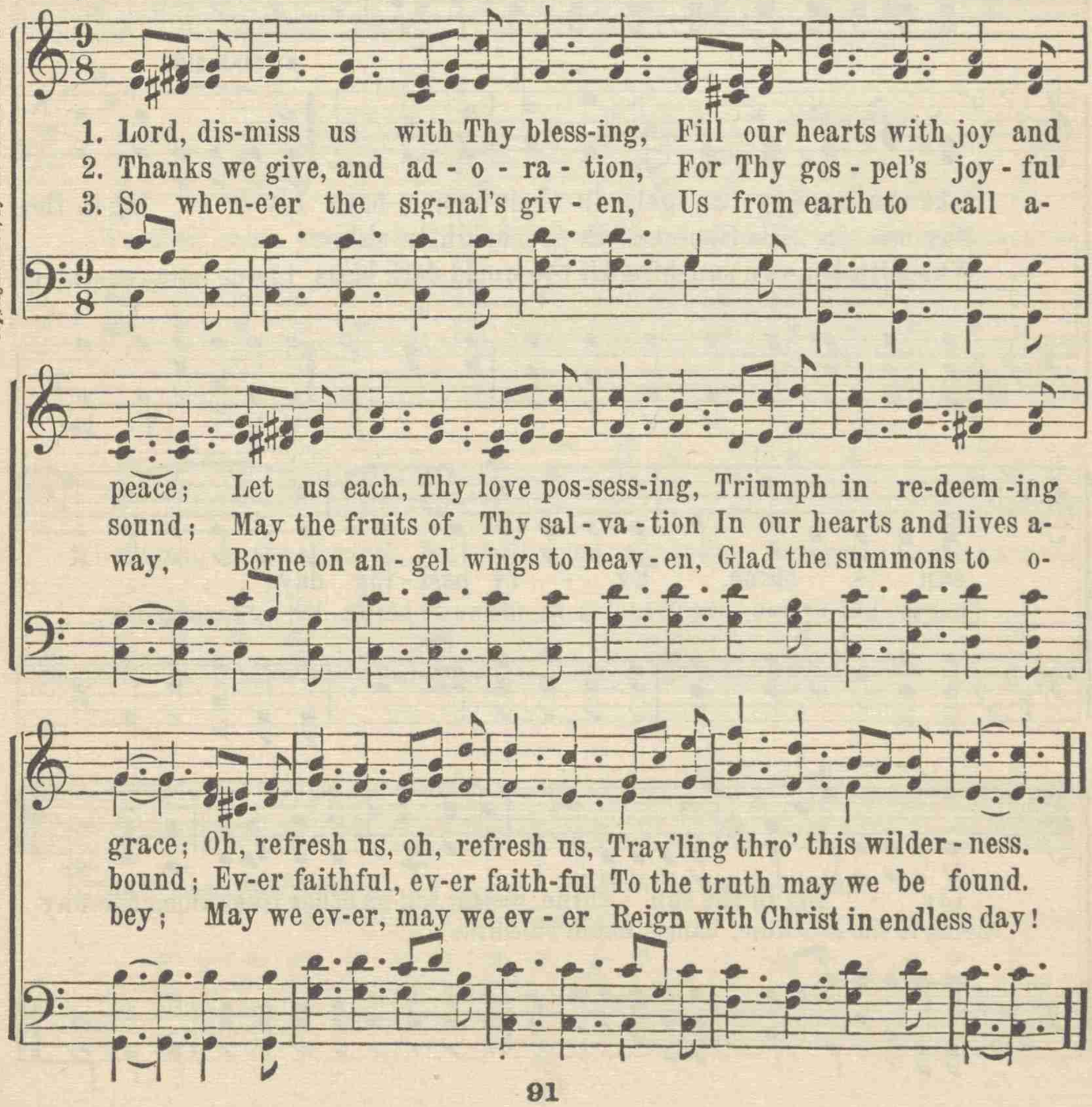




No. 78. Lord, Dismiss Us.

JOHN FAWCETT. C. C. CASE.

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No. 79. Living in the Sunshine.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

1. Living in the sunshine, Living in the light, Not a sin-gle shadow,—
2. Living in the sunshine, Like the lovely flow'rs, Filling with their perfume
3. Living in the sunshine, Living in the light, Till a-bove in heav-en,

All around is bright; Do-ing deeds of kindness, Speaking words of love,
All the golden hours; Let our life be fragrant As that life di-vine,
Faith is lost in sight. Till we see the Sav-ior, Son of Right-eous-ness,

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CHORUS.

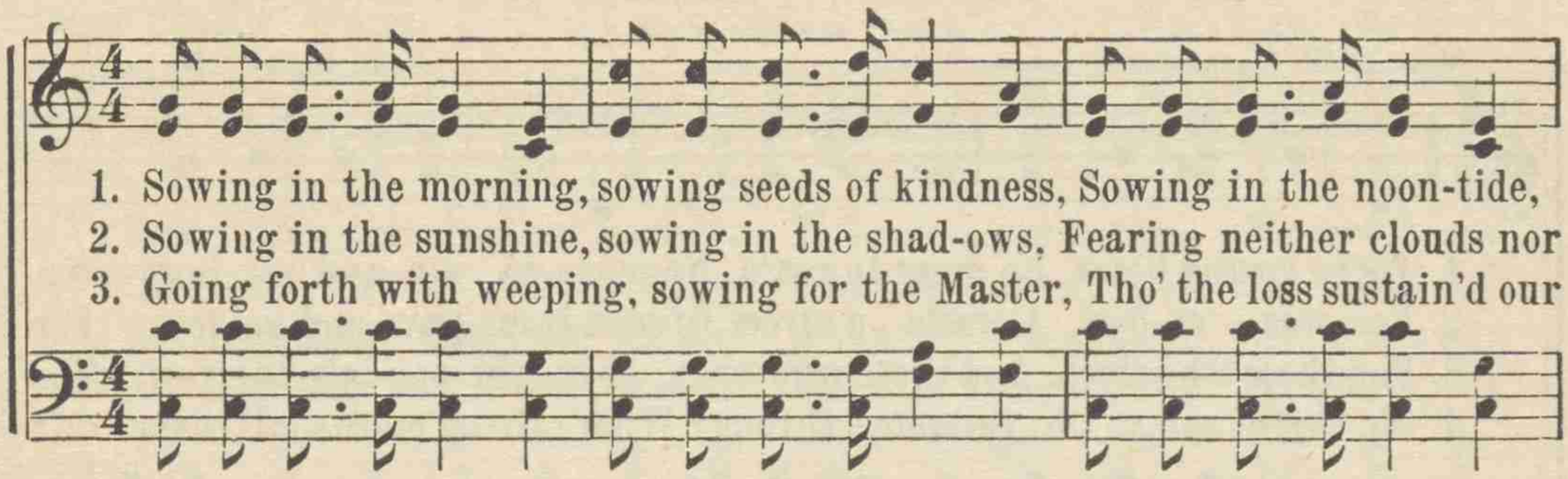
Like the hap-py an-gels In their home a-bove. Liv - ing in the
May we in His like-ness Ev-er brightly shine.
Who with His own sunshine All the world doth bless. Living in the sunshine,

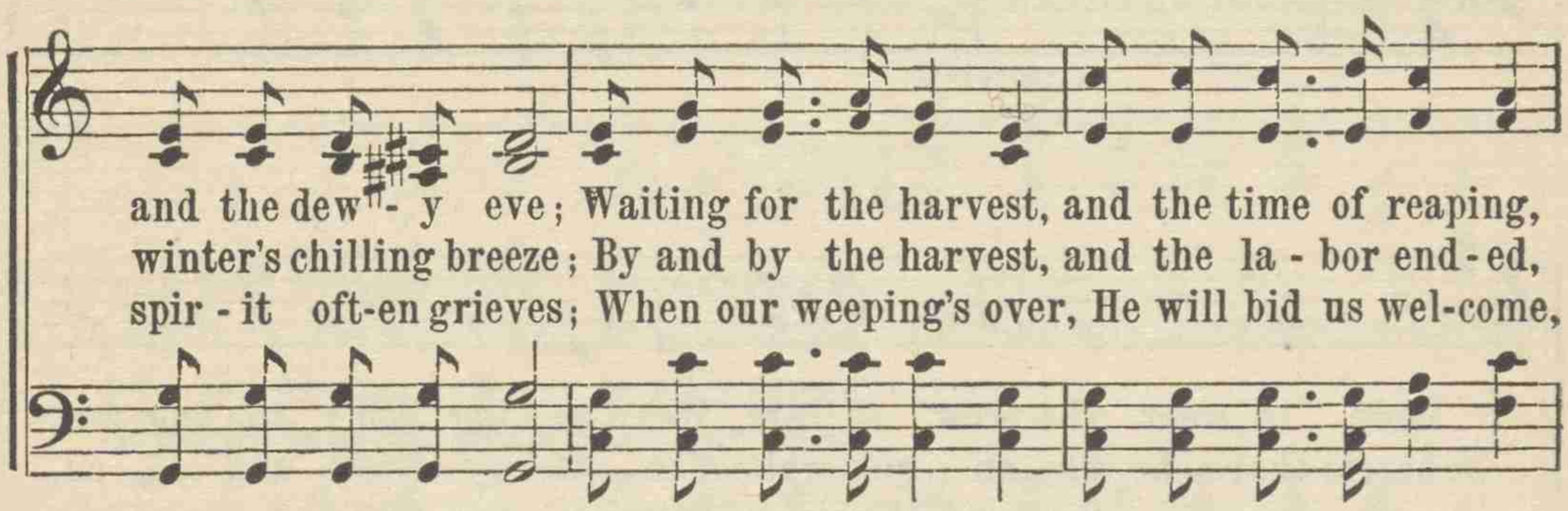
sun - shine, Ev - 'ry pass-ing day; . . . .
happy, hap-py sun-shine, Living in the sun-shine, Ev-'ry passing day;

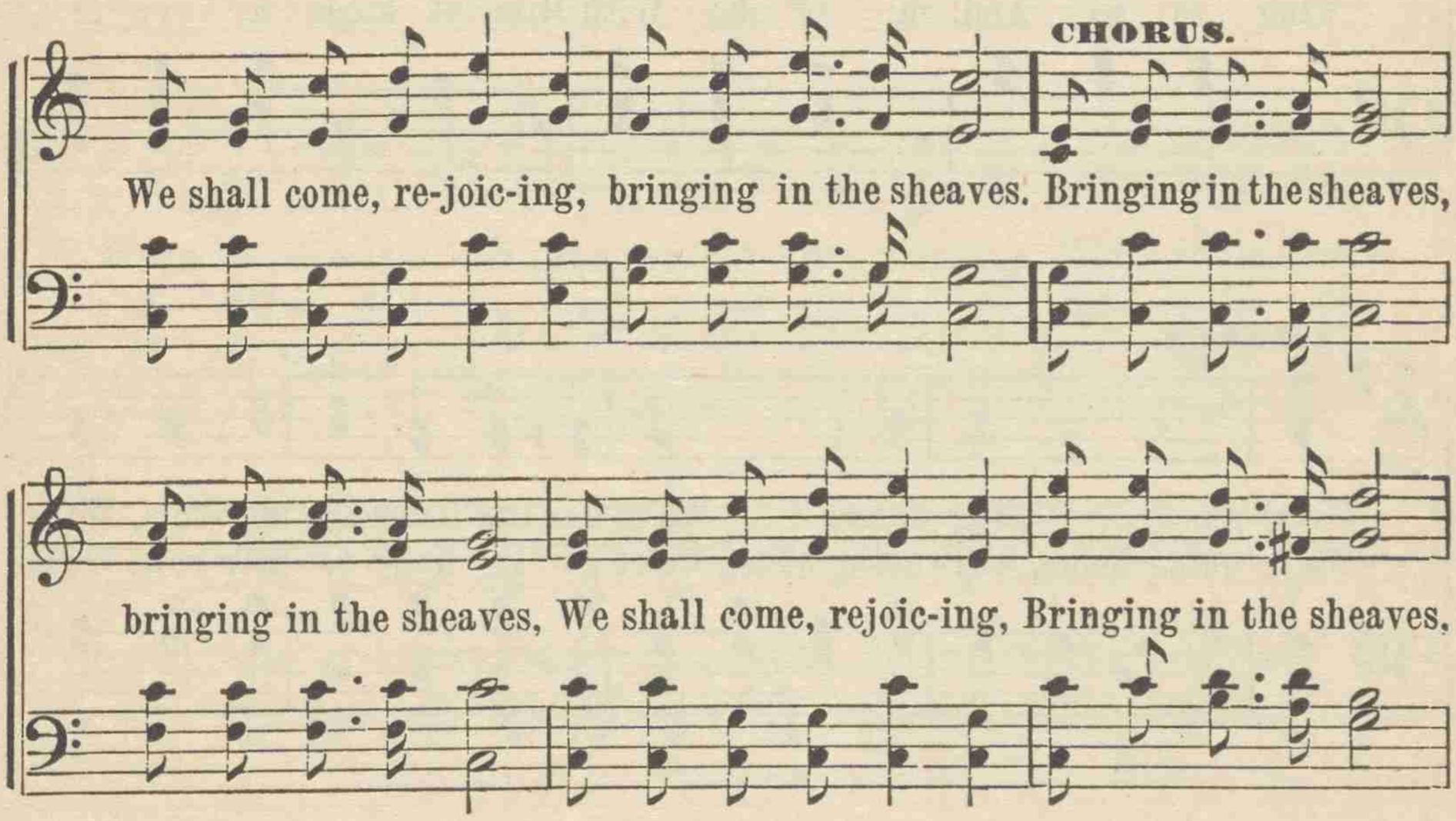
Liv - ing in the sun - shine, Shedding light on other lives along the way.
Living in the sunshine, happy, happy sunshine,

No. 80. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.









No. 81. We're Going Home To-morrow.

"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5 : 8.

Mrs. E. W. Griswold. P. P. Bliss. By per.

1. We're go-ing home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sor-row; No more to wear The brow of care, We're go-ing home to-mor-row.
2. For wea-ry feet A-waits a street Of wondrous pave and golden; For hearts that ache, The an-gels wake The sto-ry sweet and old-en.
3. For those who sleep, And those who weep, Above the por-tals nar-row, The man-sions rise Be-yond the skies—We're go-ing home to-mor-row.
4. Oh, joyful song! Oh, ransomed throng! Where sin no more shall sever; Our King to see, And, oh, to be With Him at home for-ev-er.

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CHORUS.

We're go - - ing home, We're go-ing home to-mor-row, We're go-ing home, We're go-ing home, we're go-ing home, We're go-ing home to-mor-row,

go - - ing home, We're go-ing home to-mor-row. go-ing home, we're go-ing home, We're go-ing home to-mor-row.

No. 82. When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation."—HEB. 9: 28.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS. By per.



1. Down life's dark vale we wan-der, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and wait and won-der, Till Je - sus comes.
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je - sus comes; For Him my soul be yearning, When Je - sus comes.
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness When Je - sus comes; All peace and joy and gladness, When Je - sus comes.
4. All doubts and fears will van-ish, When Je - sus comes; All gloom His face will ban-ish, When Je - sus comes.

CHORUS.

All joy His loved ones bringing,



5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.—Cho.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.—Cho.

No. 83. Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS. By per.





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2 Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.—I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the Great King,
This shall my song in eternity be:
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."—I am so glad, etc.

---

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.—I am so glad, etc.

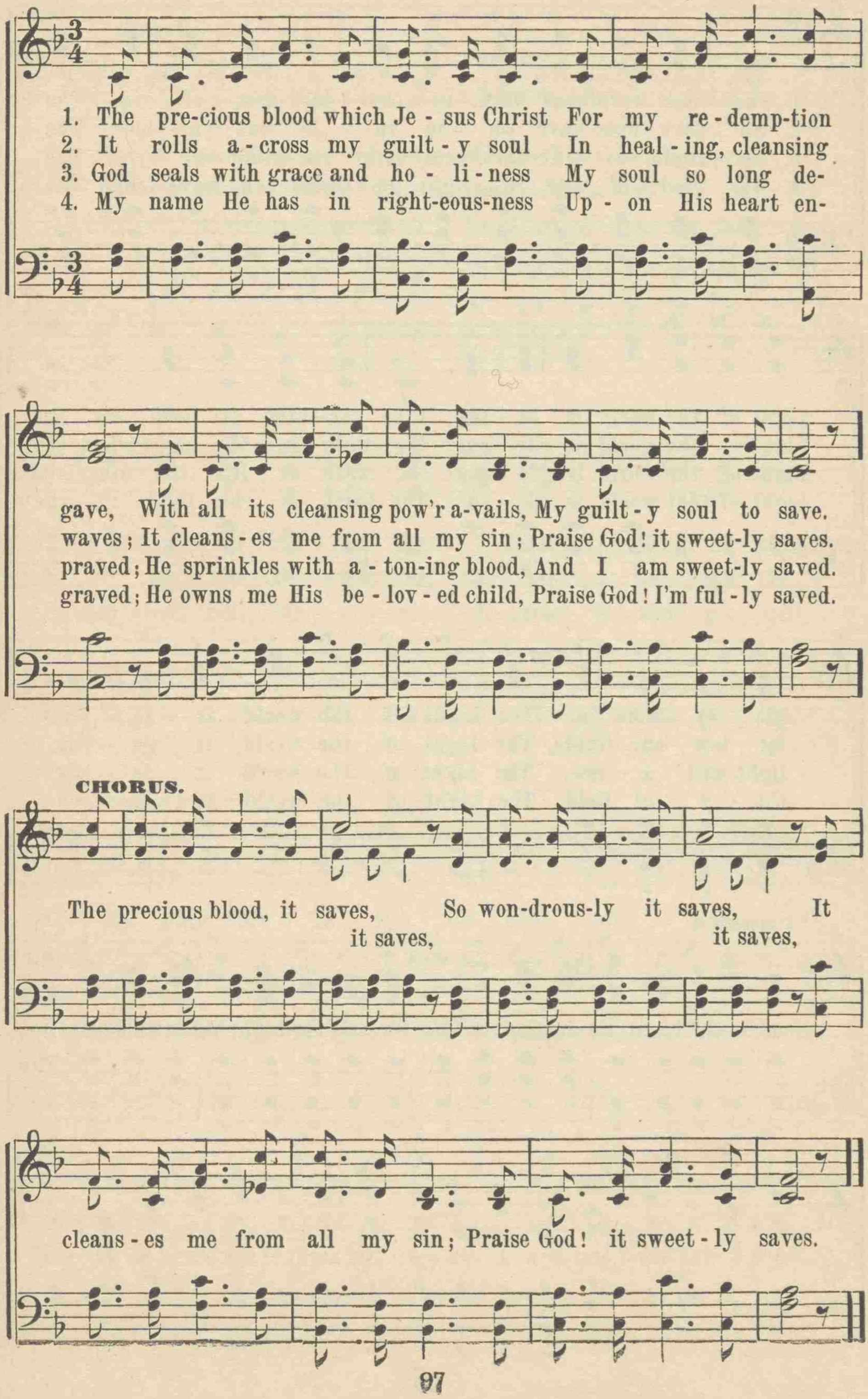
2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?
Glory to Jesus, I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.—I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me.—I am so glad, etc.

No. 84. The Blood, it Fully Saves.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
Arr. by "WINTHROP."



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No. 85. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin, The
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The

Light of the world is Je-sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His
Light of the world is Je-sus; We walk in the Light when we
Light of the world is Je-sus; Go, wash at His bid-ding, and
Light of that world is Je-sus; The Lamb is the light in the

glo-ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
fol-low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
light will a-rise, The Light of the world is Je-sus.
Cit-y of Gold, The Light of the world is Je-sus.

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CHORUS.

Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee, Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je-sus.

No. 86. My High Tower.

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

P. P. B. **Firmly.** P. P. Bliss.

1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her triumph sings; In
2. Wild waves are round me swelling, Dark clouds a-bove I see; Yet,
3. My Tow'r of strength can nev-er In time of trou - ble fail; No

His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.
in my For - tress dwell - ing, More safe I can - not be.
pow'r of hell, for - ev - er, A - gainst it shall pre - vail.

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CHORUS.

My High Tow'r is He! To Him will I flee; In
Him con - fide, In Him a - bide; My High Tow'r is He!

No. 87. Beautiful Home.

J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

1. I know the walls are jas - per, The pal - a - ces are fair, And
2. A heav'n with-out my Sav - ior, Would be no heav'n to me, Dim
3. Speed on, O lag - ging moments, Come birth-day of the soul, How

to the sound of harp-ings, The saints are sing - ing there. I
were the walls of jas - per, Ray - less the crys - tal sea. He
long the night ap- pear- eth, The hours, how slow they roll. How

know that liv - ing wa - ters Flow un - der fruit - ful trees, But,
gilds earth's dark-est val - leys, With light and joy and peace; What
sweet the wel-come sum-mons That greets the will - ing bride; And

oh, to make my heav - en, It need - eth more than these.
then must be the ra - diance, When night and death shall cease.
when mine eyes be - hold Him, "I shall be sat - is - fied."

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No. 88. Sweetly Sing.

ADA BLENKHORN. C. C. CASE.

1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing Anthems to your heavenly King, Songs of
2. Brightly smile, brightly smile, Ev-'ry sor - row to be - guile, Al - ways
3. Kindly speak, kindly speak To the helpless, poor and weak, Words of

praise, songs of praise To the Sav - ior raise; Let your hearts and voices
be, al-ways be Like the sun - shine free. Ev - er wear a smil-ing
cheer, words of cheer To their hearts most dear. Speak as did the Lord a-

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be Tuned to sweet - est mel - o - dy, As they blend, sweetly blend, And to
face, Full of beau-ty, goodness, grace, Shedding light, shedding light On the
bove, Words of ten - derness and love, Soft and low, soft and low, Gen-tle

CHORUS.

heav'n as - cend.
dark - est night. Ask Him to supply your need, All your steps to safe-ly
words be - stow.

lead, Till you stand, un-til you stand Safe-ly in that heav'nly land.

No. 89. "Mizpah."

ELEANOR W. LONG. GEN. 31: 49. H. R. PALMER.

MET. ♩ = 69.

1. "The Lord keep watch 'tween me and thee"—Keep safe from danger, safe from harm;
2. "When we are absent," sundered far, "One from another" though we be,

Protect from sorrow's blighting touch, And save from sin's delusive charm.
We still may see Hope's guiding star Shine bright o'er separa - tion's sea.

Copyright, 1895, by H. R. Palmer.

In-to the straight and narrow path Direct our steps and lead the way.
For whether weal or woe be ours, Or fairest day, or * dark - est night,

And sometime we shall meet again, Or there, or here, some glad sweet day.
God's bow of promise spans life's sky—"At ev'ning-time there shall be light."

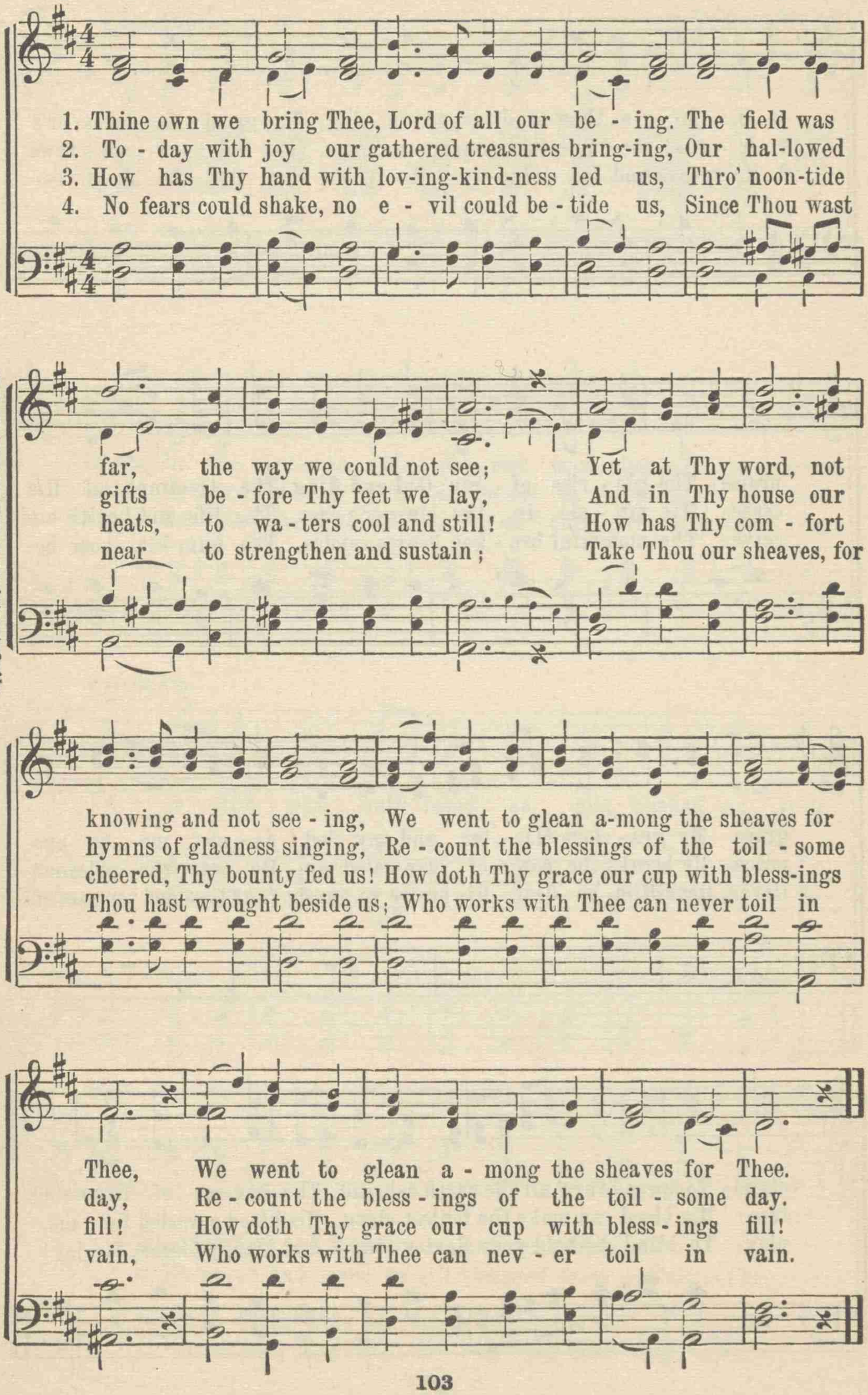
CHORUS. Slower.

"The Lord watch between me and thee When we are absent one from another." Amen.

* The small notes are for the words "darkest night," the Soprano and Alto sing in unison.

No. 90. A Thank-Offering.

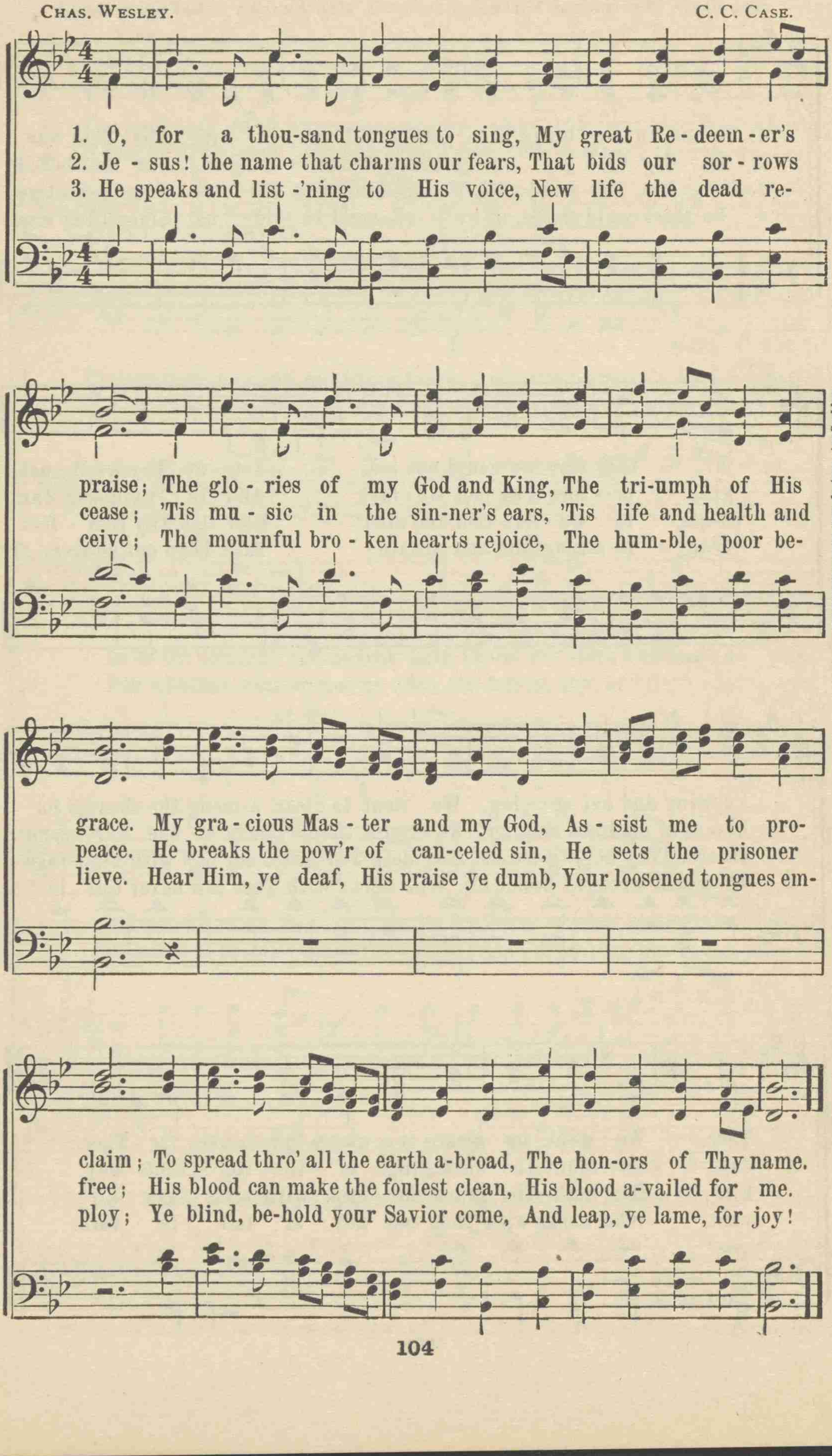
Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. Mrs. Amanda S. Barlow. By per.



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No. 91. O, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

CHAS. WESLEY. C. C. CASE.



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No. 92. The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—REV. 14: 8.

REV. A. T. PIERSON. P. P. BLISS. By per.

Allegretto.

1. With harps and with vi - ols, there stands a great
2. All these once were sin - ners, de - filed in His
3. He mak - eth the reb - el a priest and a

throng In the pres-ence of Je - sus, and sing this new song:
sight, Now ar-rayed in pure gar-ments in praise they u - nite.
king, He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.

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CHORUS.

Un - to Him who hath loved us and washed us from

sin, Un - to Him be the glo - ry for - ev - er. A - men.

4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—Cho.

5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—Cho.

No. 93. The Coming of the Lord.

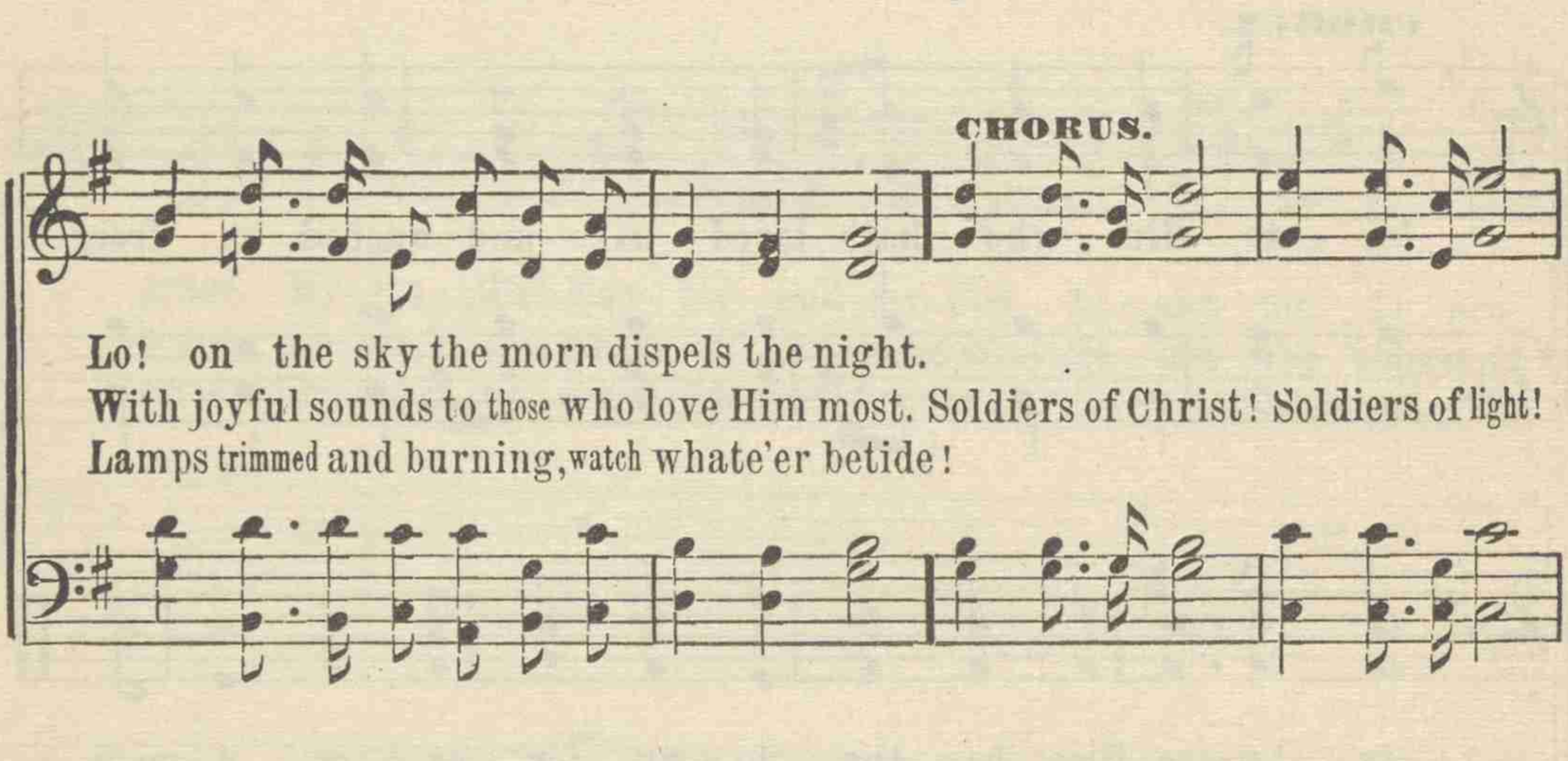
J. R. MURRAY.



1. Fast breaks the morn, all glo-ri - ous ap- pear-ing, Il-lumes the sky with
2. Soon shall the trumpet's gold-en, aw - ful sounding, Wake sleepers all to
3. Then, faithful hearts, watch on, nor ev-er sleeping, Soon shall He come to



bright'ning golden light; Faint flashes glow, His com-ing ev - er near-ing,
meet the com-ing Host; Hark! e-ven now the hills are all re-sound-ing
greet His waiting bride; O faith-ful souls! your loving watches keep-ing,



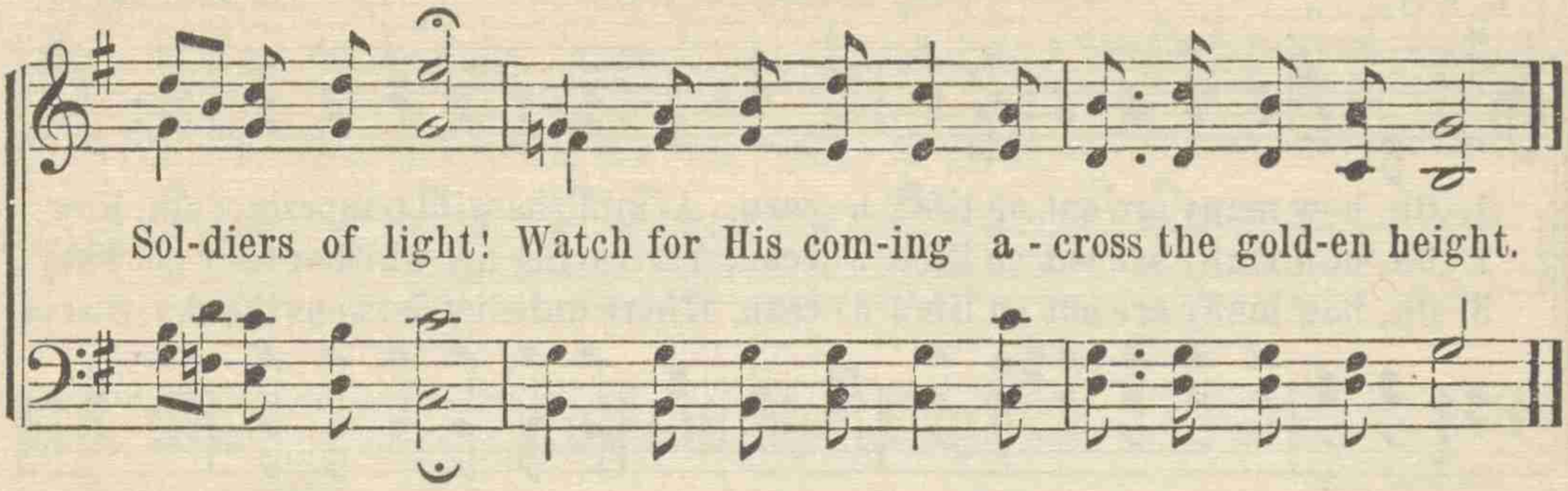
Copyright, 1894, by Tho John Church Co.

Lo! on the sky the morn dispels the night.
With joyful sounds to those who love Him most. Soldiers of Christ! Soldiers of light!
Lamps trimmed and burning, watch whate'er betide!



Watch for His com-ing a - cross the gold- en height; Sol-diers of Christ!

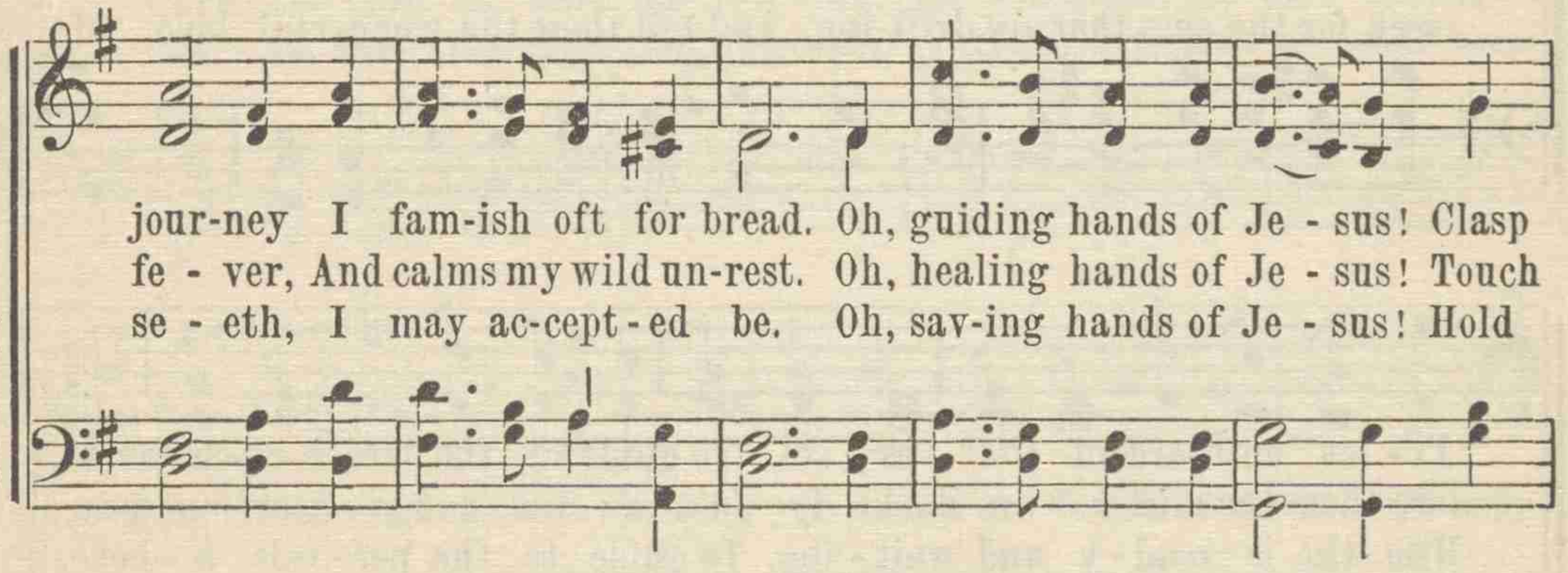
The Coming of the Lord. Concluded.



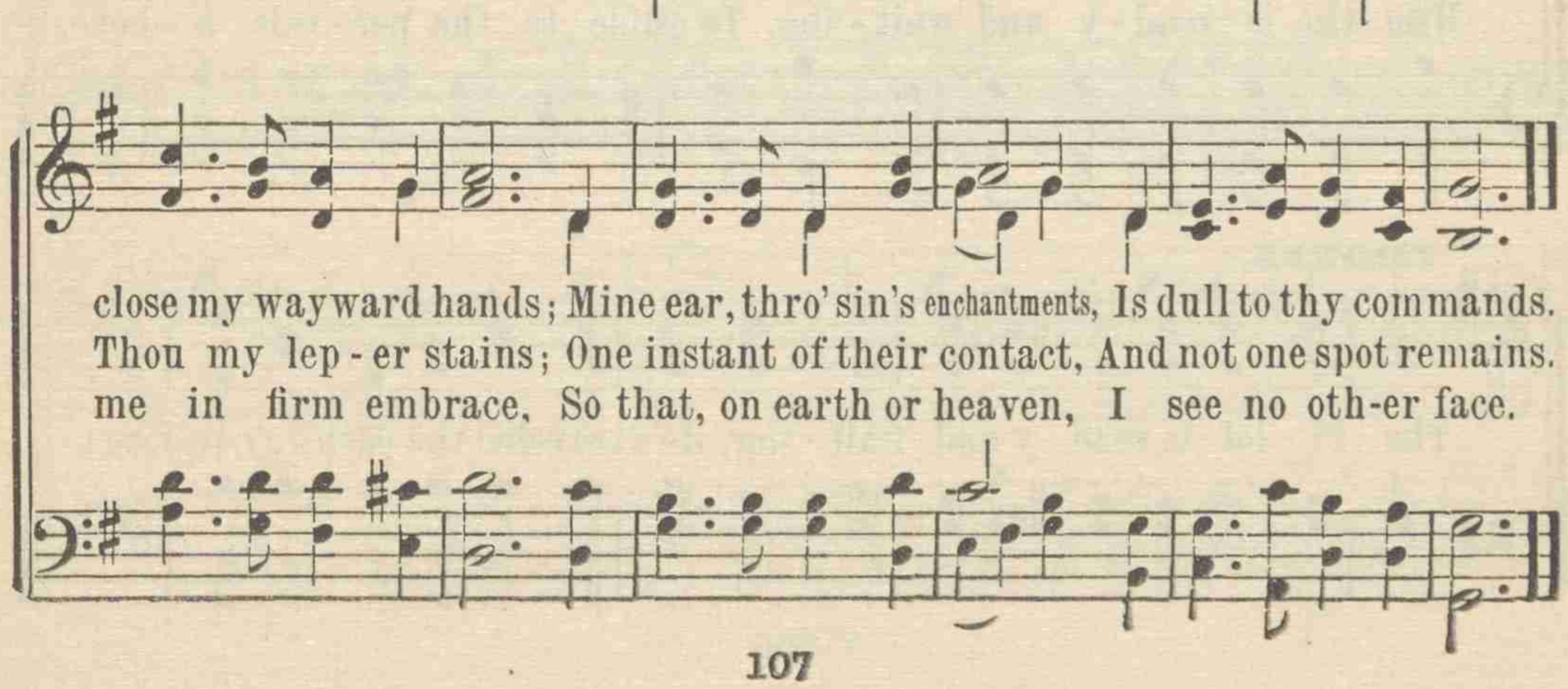
No. 94. O Helping Hands of Jesus.

J. R. MURRAY.





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No. 95. The Pilot is Waiting.

L. E. J. (May be sung as a solo.) L. E. Jones.

1. Oh, how many are out on life's o - cean, A- mid the wild tempests of sin, How ma-ny there are that are drift-ing, Where shadows and dangers be - gin, No eye to di-rect in the dark-ness, Tho' fierce-ly the bil-lows may roll, No Pi - lot on board of the ves - sel, To guide by the treach-er-ous shoal.

2. Oh, how many are out on life's o - cean, Yet caring not whither they go, They seek not the har-bor of heav - en, But drift with the breezes that blow, A- round them life wrecks strew the bil-lows, A warn-ing of dangers that be, Be- fore them the mist hov-ers dark - ly Just o - ver a wave-beat - en sea.

3. Oh, how many are out on life's o - cean, Where unbelief darkens the sky, Swept on by the currents of pas - sion, No hope of a heav -en on high; Go seek for the ones that are drift-ing, And tell them the wonderful love, Of Him who is read - y and wait - ing, To guide to the por - tals a - bove.

CHORUS.

The Pi - lot is read - y and wait - ing, He's traveled the pathway be-fore;

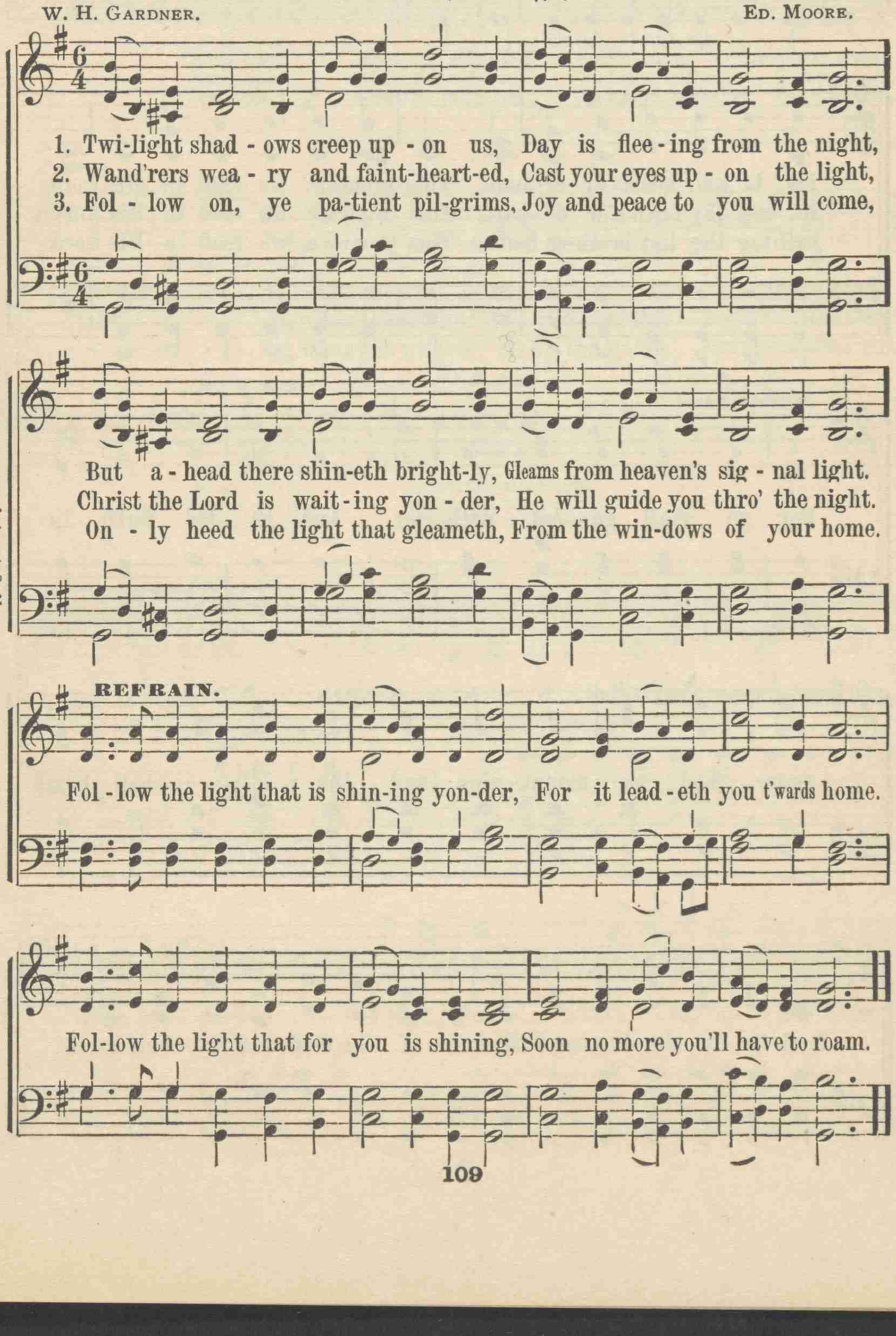
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The Pilot is Waiting. Concluded.



No. 96. Follow the Light.

W. H. GARDNER. ED. MOORE.



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No. 97. The Trees shall Clap their Hands.

T. P. W. T. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Come all who are needy and poor, Come all who be - lieve in the Lord, Here's
2. Tho' sorrow may come to the heart, Tho' earth may no pleas-ure af - ford, Oh,
3. The out-cast, the sinner may come, The voice of the Sav-iour is heard, Still

joy to your hearts ev - er-more, This prom-ise we read in His word.
let not thy faith e'er de - part, This prom-ise we read in His word.
call-ing the lost broth-er home, This prom-ise we read in His word.

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CHORUS.

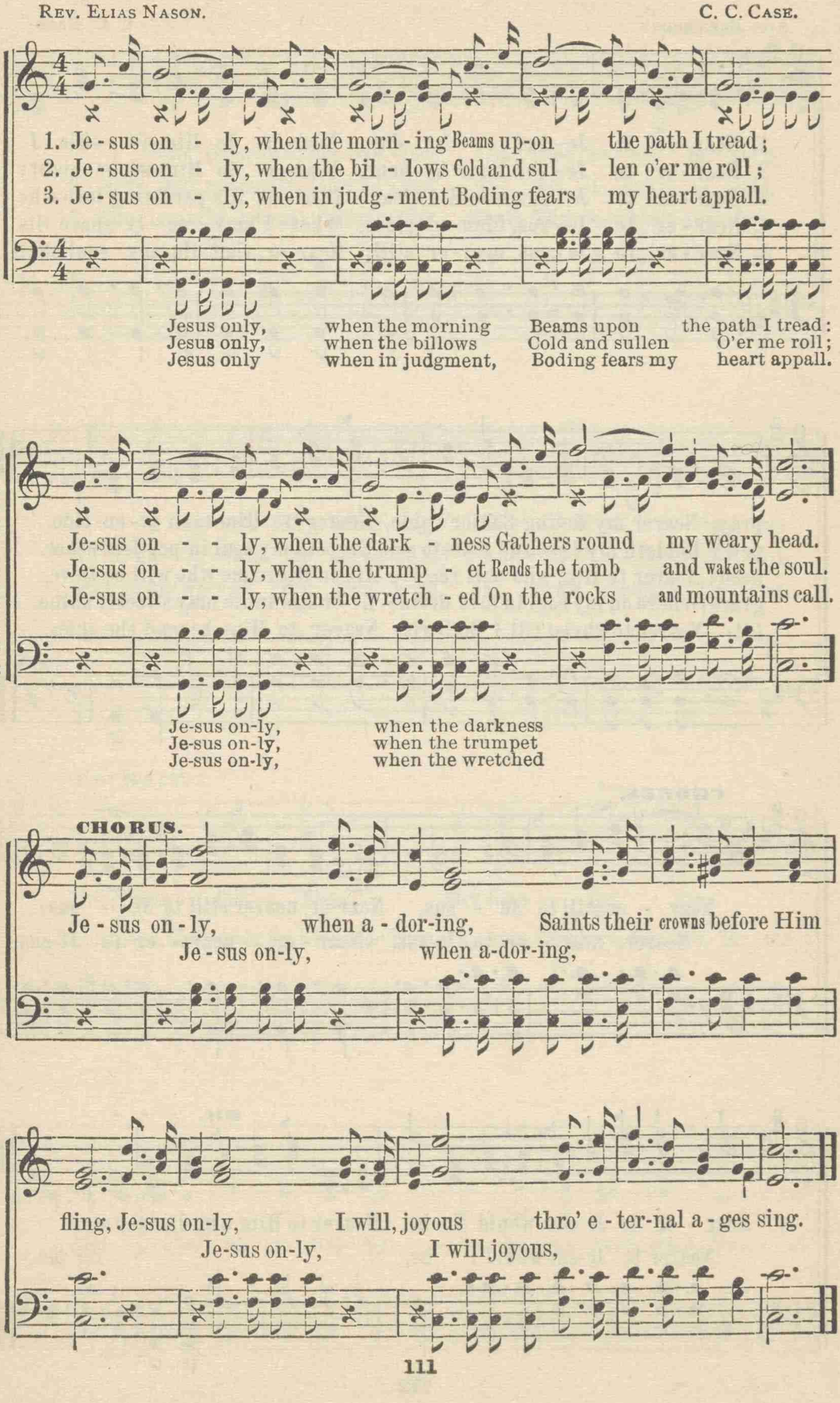
For ye shall go out with joy, And be led forth in

peace, And the mount - ains and the hills shall break

forth in - to sing-ing, and the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

No. 98. Jesus Only.

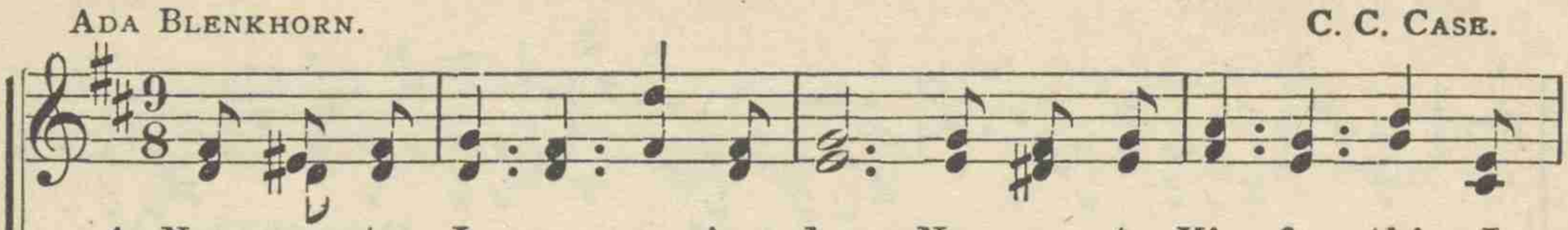
REV. ELIAS NASON. C. C. CASE.



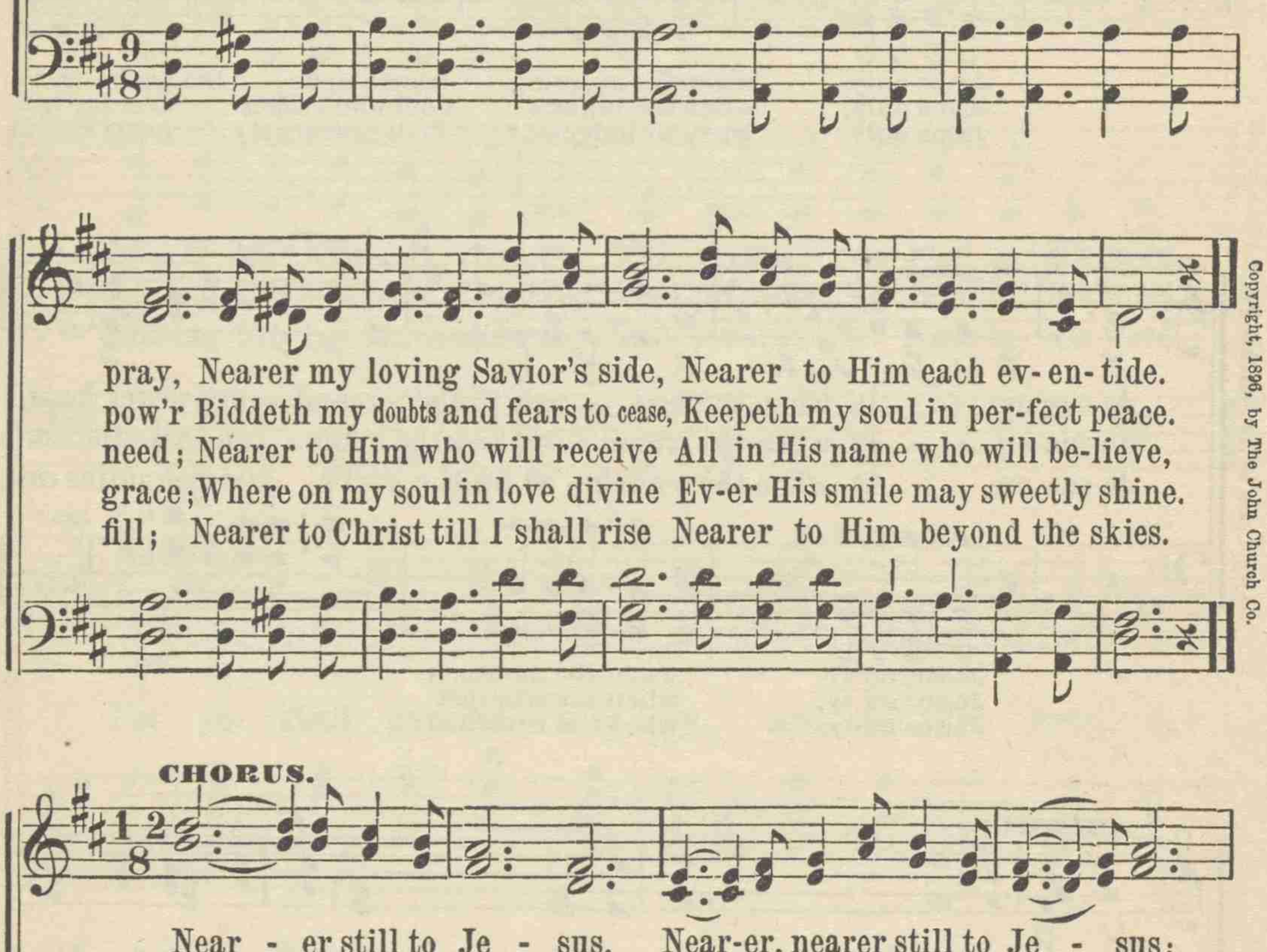
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No. 99. Nearer to Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN. C. C. CASE.



1. Near - er to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Near-er to Him for this I pray, Nearer my loving Savior's side, Nearer to Him each ev- en- tide.
2. Near - er to Je - sus hour by hour, Near-er to Him whose mighty pow'r Biddeth my doubts and fears to cease, Keepeth my soul in per-fect peace.
3. Near - er to Je - sus would I lead Oth- ers, His pard'ning love who need; Nearer to Him who will receive All in His name who will be-lieve,
4. Near - er to Je - sus, bless-ed place, Where I may free - ly share His grace; Where on my soul in love divine Ev-er His smile may sweetly shine.
4. Near - er to Je - sus, near- er still, Near- er, that He my soul shall fill; Nearer to Christ till I shall rise Nearer to Him beyond the skies.



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CHORUS.

Near - er still to Je - sus, Near-er, nearer still to Je - sus;
Nearer, near - er to Je-sus, Near - er, near - er to Je-sus;

Near - er to Je-sus would I be, Nearer to Him who died for me.
Nearer to Je-sus would I be, for me.

Rit. - - - -

No. 100. I Want No Crown, My Savior.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. I want no crown, my Sav - ior, Let that be all for Thee,
2. Here, take my heart, Lord Je - sus, 'Tis all I have to give,
3. The on - ly crown I strive for, Shall Thy dear bless-ing be,

I on - ly ask Thy bless - ing, Thy words of love to me.
I on - ly want to serve Thee, And to Thee faith-ful live.
Thy name up - on my fore - head Is crown e-nough for me.

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REFRAIN.

The crown for Thee, Thy love for me,
The crown, the crown for Thee, for Thee, Thy love, Thy love, for me, for me,

And I shall be so hap - py, So hap - py, Lord, with Thee.

No. 101. Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—Isa. 26 : 3.

Mary A. McKee. G. F. Root.



1. Now my peace is like a riv - er, Flowing wide and flow-ing free;
2. O - pen wide the gates of morn-ing, Greet the day spring from on high;
3. Trust ye in the Lord for - ev - er, This is now the song we sing;
4. Shout a - loud! lift up your voic - es, Zi - on's King has come to reign;





And the gift is like the Giv - er, More than all the world to me.
Tho' no her - ald giv - eth warn-ing, Sing a - loud the King is nigh.
He will leave His peo - ple nev - er,—Prince of Peace! our Lord our King.
Lo! the burdened heart re - joic - es, Let the Sceptered One re - main.



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CHORUS.



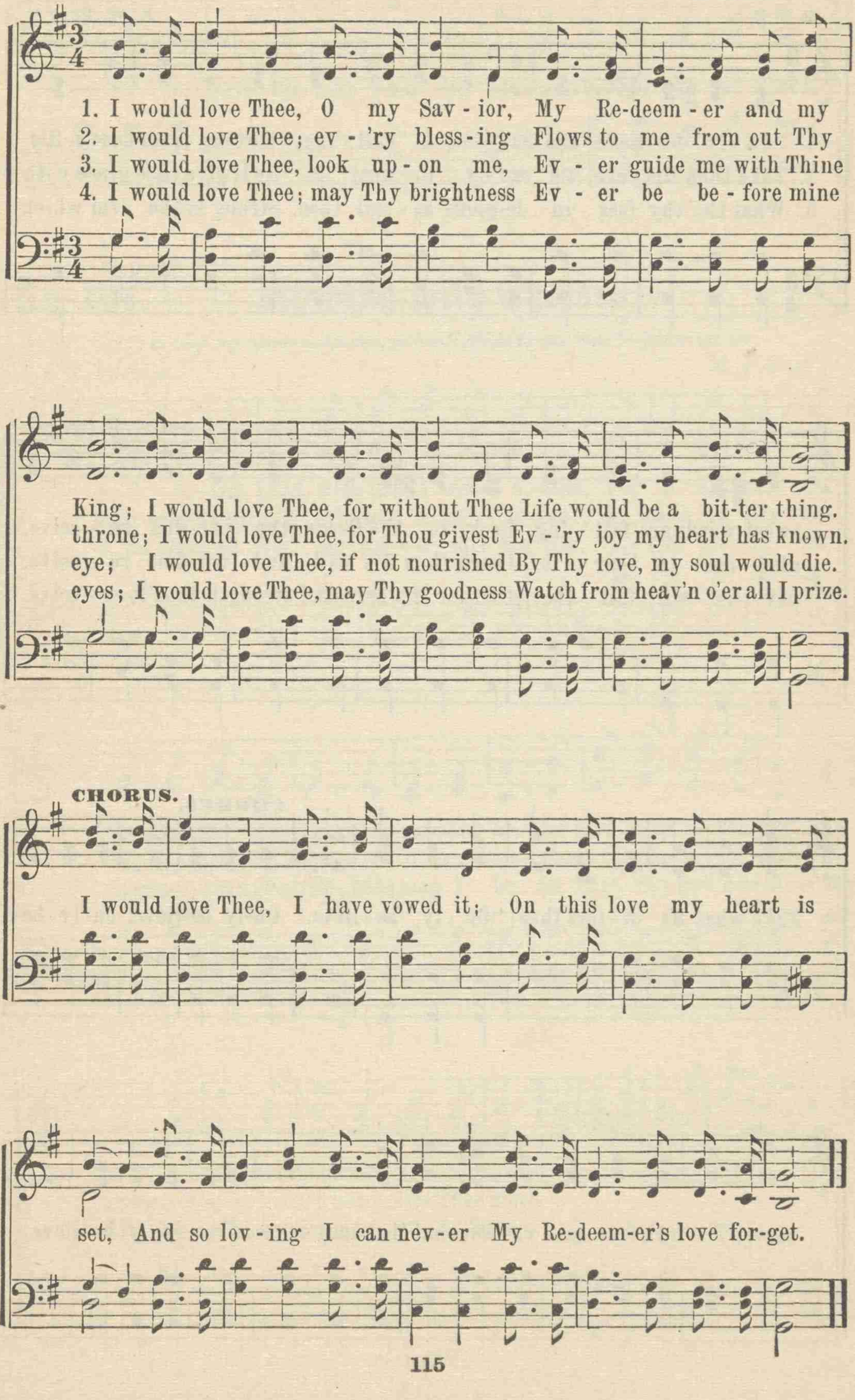
Per - fect peace, per - fect peace, Like the hap - py ones a - bove,



Per - fect peace, per - fect peace, Flow - ing from the Sav-ior's love.

No. 102. I Would Love Thee.

GUYON. Arr. G. F. ROOT.



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No. 103. Only Believe.

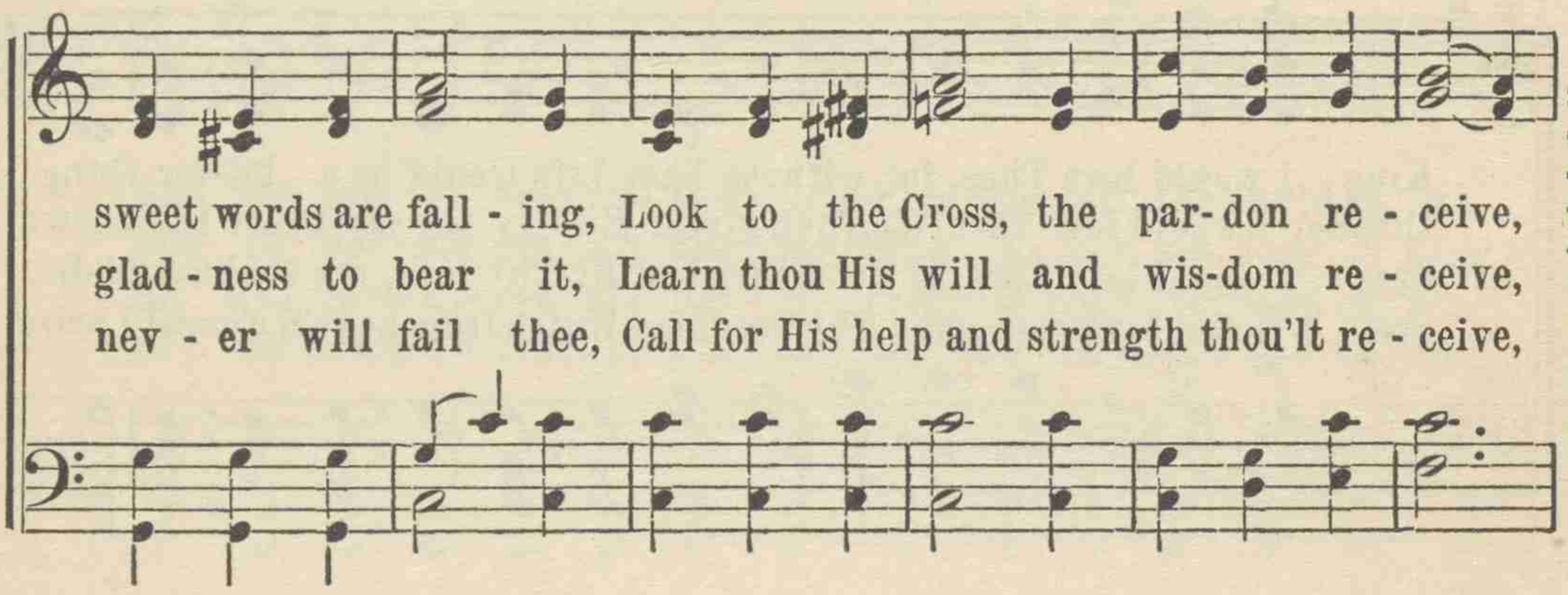
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

B. S. B. K. W. BURT.



1. "On - ly be - lieve" the Sav - ior is call - ing, Soft - ly from heav'n His
2. Take thou His yoke, 'tis eas - y to wear it, He'll give thee grace with
3. What tho' thy foes in le-gions as - sail thee, Strong is the arm which





sweet words are fall - ing, Look to the Cross, the par-don re - ceive,
glad - ness to bear it, Learn thou His will and wis-dom re - ceive,
nev - er will fail thee, Call for His help and strength thou'lt re - ceive,

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CHORUS.

Take what He of - fers thee; "On - ly be - lieve." On-ly be-lieve, on-ly be-

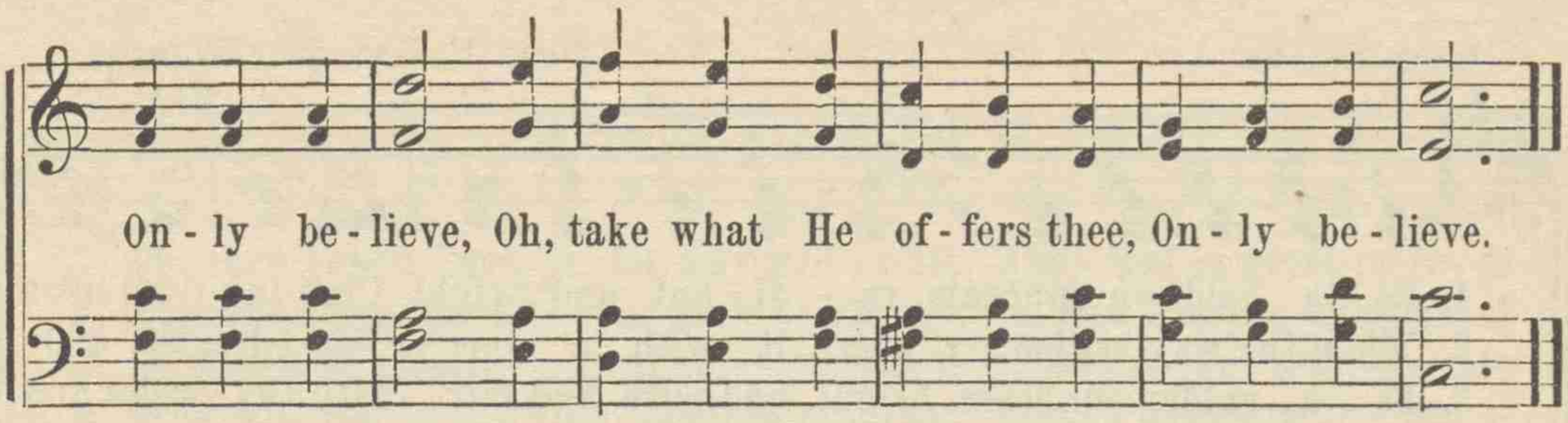




lieve, 'Tis full, free sal - va-tion that thou may'st re-ceive, On- ly be- lieve,



Only Believe. Concluded.

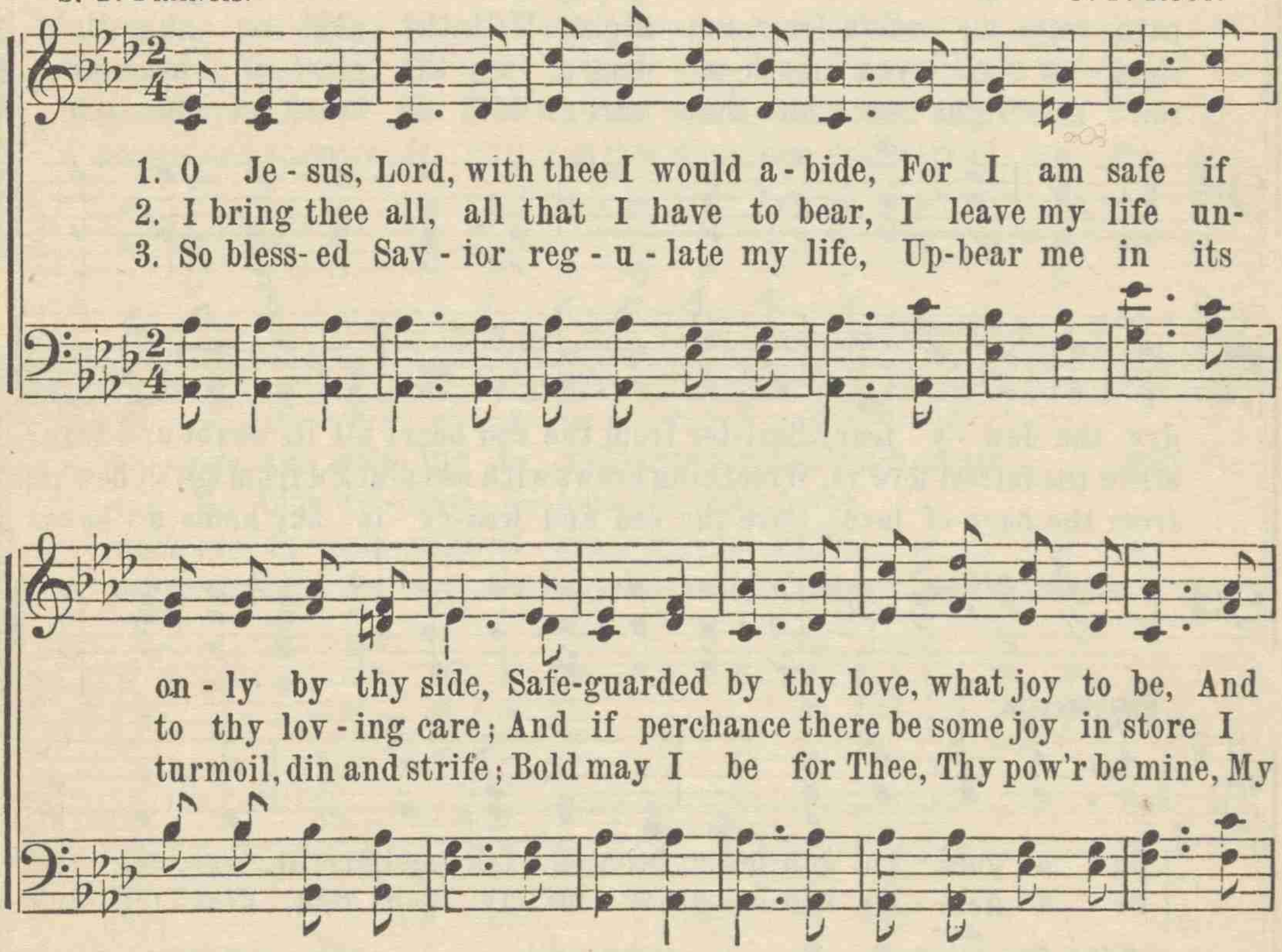


No. 104. Abiding with Christ.

"If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love."—JOHN 15: 10.

S. T. FRANCIS. G. F. ROOT.

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No. 105. Be a Golden Sunbeam.

ISAAC NAYLOR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

1. Be a gold-en sunbeam, ra - di-ant and bright, Chas-ing from life's path-way sor-row's frowning night; With thy gold-en sun-light
2. When the way is gloom-y, cheer it with a song,— Ban-ish mist and shad-ow as you march a-long; In the place of bri-ars,
3. Be a golden sunbeam, bright, and pure, and fair; With thy smiles and son-nets light-en hu-man care; With the sweet-est mu-sic

dry the dew-y tear, Scat-ter from the sad heart all its doubt and fear.
strew the fairest flow'rs, Wreathing brows with roses pluck'd from heav'nly bow'rs.
from the harp of love, Lure the sad and wea-ry to our home a-bove.

Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

CHORUS.

{ Be a gold-en sun-beam, beau-ti-ful and bright, Scat-ter-ing
{ Be a gold-en sun-beam, joy-ful-ly and glad, Scat-ter-ing

clouds and darkness with thy shin-ing light:
rays of sun-light . . . . . when the way is sad.

No. 106. Come, Come To-day.

JOS. HOPKINS. C. C. CASE.

Slow.

1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in-vites you, the Spir - it says come, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel-come you home. Oh, come, come to-day, Oh, come, come to - day.
1. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive, Oh, how can you question, if you will be-lieve? If sin is your bur-den, why will you not come? 'Tis you He bids wel-come; He bids you come home.
3. In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain To soothe your afflic-tion, to banish your pain? To bear up your spirit when sum-moned to die, Or waft you to man-sions of glo - ry on high.
4. Why will you be starving, and feeding on air? There's mercy in Je - sus, e- nough and to spare; If still you are doubting, make tri-al and see, And prove that His mer - cy is bound-less and free. Oh, come,

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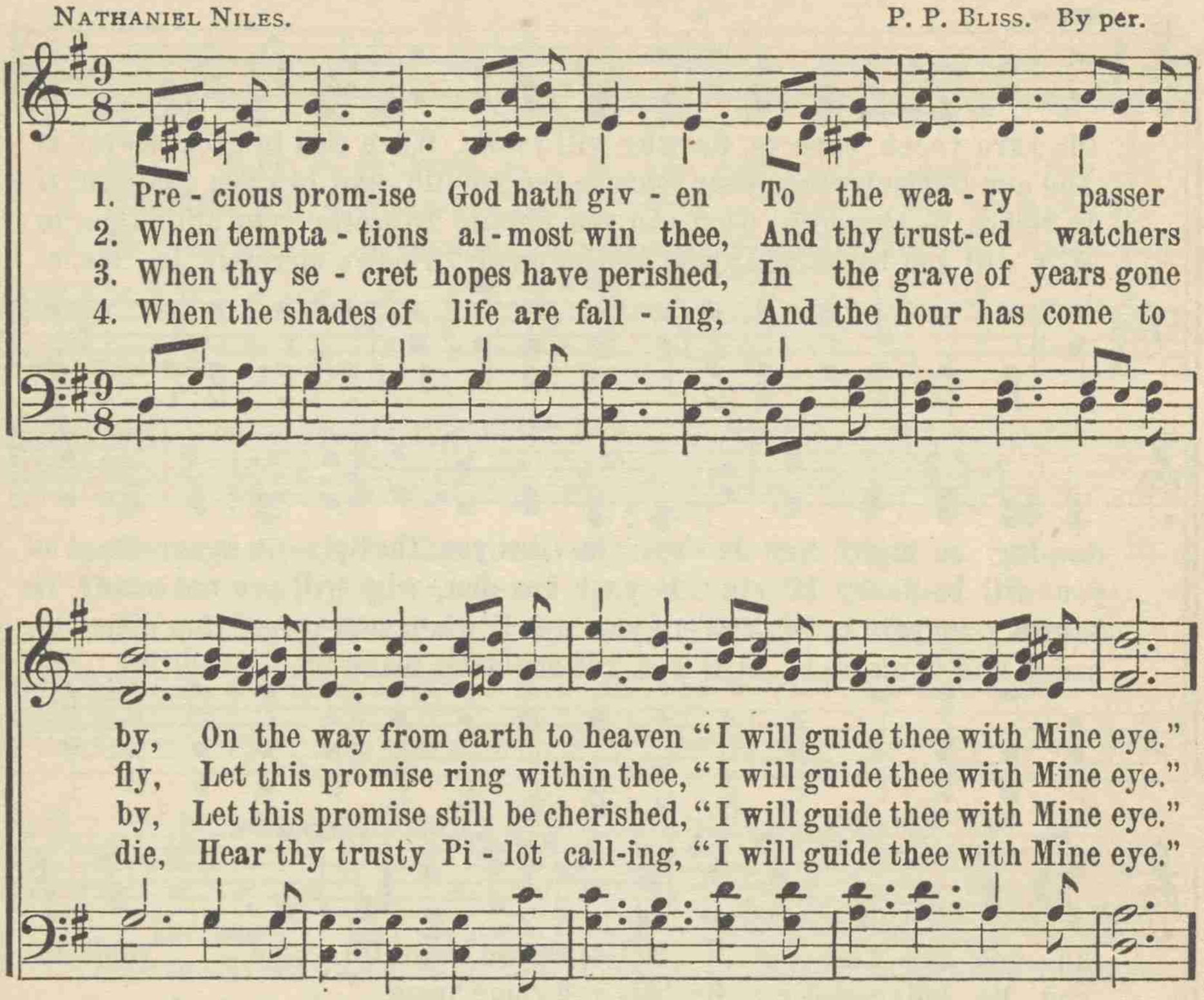
CHORUS.

Oh, come, come to - day, Oh, come, come to - day, Oh, come, come to - day, Oh, come, come to - day.

No. 107. Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1, 4.

NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS. By per.



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No. 108. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near, The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For

glows in an - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

Copyright 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless-ed sun - - - shine,
sun-shine in the soul, sun-shine in the soul,

While the peace-ful, hap - py mo-ments roll; When
hap - py mo-ments roll,

Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.

No. 109. Rest in Heaven.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Af - ter the toil and tur-moil, Af - ter the strife is past,
2. They who have fought and con-quered, Waging a war with sin,
3. Rest for the worn and wea - ry, Shel-ter for all the lost,

Com - eth the peace God giv - eth,—Com-eth the rest at last.
In - to the heaven-ly cit - y, Glad - ly will en - ter in.
And in the bless - ed ha - ven, An - chor the tem - pest - tossed.

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CHORUS.

Rest, sweet rest for the wea - - ry, Af-ter the toil and pain,
Rest . . . . . sweet rest for the wea-ry, Af-ter the toil, the toil and pain,

Sleep for the well - be - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic-tors gain.
Sleep for the well-be-lov - ed, Crowns will the vic-tors, victors gain.

No. 110. Calling for Thee.

"Arise, he calleth for thee."—MARK. 10: 49.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus is ten- der - ly call-ing for thee, Wait-ing and long-ing thy com - fort to be, Lov - ing - ly now He is say - ing to thee,
2. That He might win thee He shed His own blood, Come to this fountain, oh, bathe in the flood, Come while the slain One is say - ing to thee,
3. Wan-der no long- er in darkness, we pray, Come to the Sav - ior, oh, make no de - lay, Je - sus is say - ing this mo- ment to thee,
4. Come from the darkness of sin in - to light, Come to the Shepherd who lead - eth a - right, Come to the foun-tain now o - pen and free,

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CHORUS.

"Come and find mer- cy in me." Call - - - ing, Call - - - ing,
"Come, sin-ner, come un - to me." Call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee,
"Come, wea-ry one, un - to me."
Je - sus is call- ing for thee.

Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing for thee, Call - - - ing,
Call-ing for thee,

Call - - ing, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
Call - ing for thee,

No. 111. Have you any Room for Jesus?

Arr. by W. W. D. from L. W. M. C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.



1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleas-ure, room for business, But for Christ the cru-ci - fied
3. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

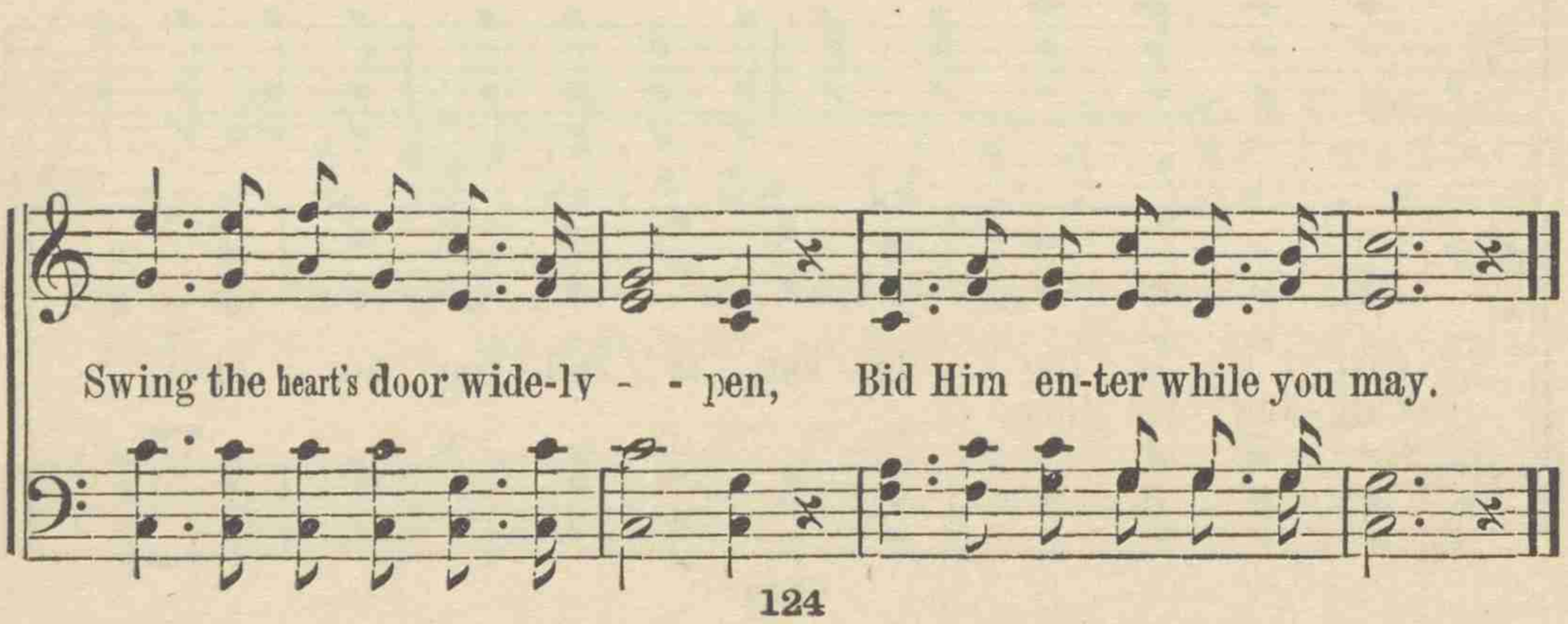




As He knocks and asks ad - mis-sion, Sin - ner will you let Him in?
Not a place that He can en - ter, In your heart for which He died?
Oh, to - day is time ac - cept-ed, To-mor-row you may call in vain.
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

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No. 112. The City Beautiful.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Ov - er the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land of a
2. Ov - er the riv - er, the pilgrim's re-treat, Glo-rious in splendor, in
3. Ov - er the riv - er, are mansions so fair, Oh, how in - vit - ing our

ver-dure su - blime, Val - leys of beau - ty in splen-dor do shine,
beau-ty com-plete, An - gels are say - ing in har - mo - ny sweet,
loved ones are there, Soon in those man-sions of glo - ry we'll share,

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Home, home,

Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home. Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful,

home, home,

beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, Home of the bless-ed ones, to thee we come,

Home, home, home,

Beautiful, beautiful, beau-ti - ful home, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home.

No. 113. Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des - ert, look - ing, look - ing, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
2. Still he is wait - ing, wait-ing, wait - ing, Oh, what com-pas-sion
3. Lov - ing - ly plead - ing, plead-ing, plead-ing, Mer - cy, tho' slighted,
4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watch-ing, watch-ing, Long to be - hold thee

look - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
beams in His eye, Hear Him re - peat - ing gent - ly, gent - ly,
bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
safe in the fold; An - gels are wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,

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CHORUS.

Hith - er, thou lost one, Oh, come un - to me.
Come to thy Sav-iour, Oh, why wilt thou die. Je - sus is look-ing,
Come, ere thy life - star for - ev - er shall set.
When shall thy sto - ry with rap - ture be told.

Je - sus is call - ing, Why dost thou lin-ger, why tar - ry a - way?

Run to Him quickly, say to Him gladly, Lord, I am com-ing, com-ing to-day.

No. 114. Lingering at the Cross.

Words and Music by Rev. S. Monroe Van Sant.

1. Ah! well do I remember, 'Tis not so long a - go, When first I saw my Sav - ior And felt my spir - it glow; For crush'd was I with sorrow, And
2. My Sav-ior quickly saw me, And answered soft and low, "Thy sins, tho' red like crimson, Shall be as white as snow" I trust - ed in His promise, I
3. How oft along life's journey, 'Mid clouds of doubt and care, I seek this bless-ed ref - uge, And find sweet so - lace there; I find a balm for sorrow, A
4. And when, (oh, sweet assurance!) Life's peaceful end shall come, My Sav - ior will be wait-ing, To speak my welcome home; And there a - mid the glo-ry, I'll
5. How can I cease to praise Him, For what He is to me? Oh, burdened, doubting sin - ner, He'll be the same to thee, Hear now His in - vi - ta-tion, Count

sense of sin and loss, My heart sobb'd out its burden, While ling'ring at the cross, My heart sobb'd out its bur - den, While ling'ring at the cross.
count-ed all but loss, For knowledge of sal-va-tion, While ling'ring at the cross, For knowledge of sal - va - tion, While ling'ring at the cross.
hope for ev-'ry loss, A rest for ev-'ry bur-den, While ling'ring at the cross, A rest for ev - 'ry bur - den, While ling'ring at the cross.
see earth's gain was loss, And sing of Him who saved me, While ling'ring at the cross, And sing of Him who saved me, While ling'ring at the cross.
earthly gain but dross, This hope divine He'll give thee, While ling'ring at the cross, This hope di - vine He'll give thee, While ling'ring at the cross.

Copyright, 1895, by S. Monroe Van Sant.

No. 115. What a Gathering That Will Be.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. 50: 5.

J. H. K. J. H. Kurzenknabe. By per.

1. At the sound-ing of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hid-den come to light,
4. When the gold - en harps are sounding and the an - gel bands proclaim,

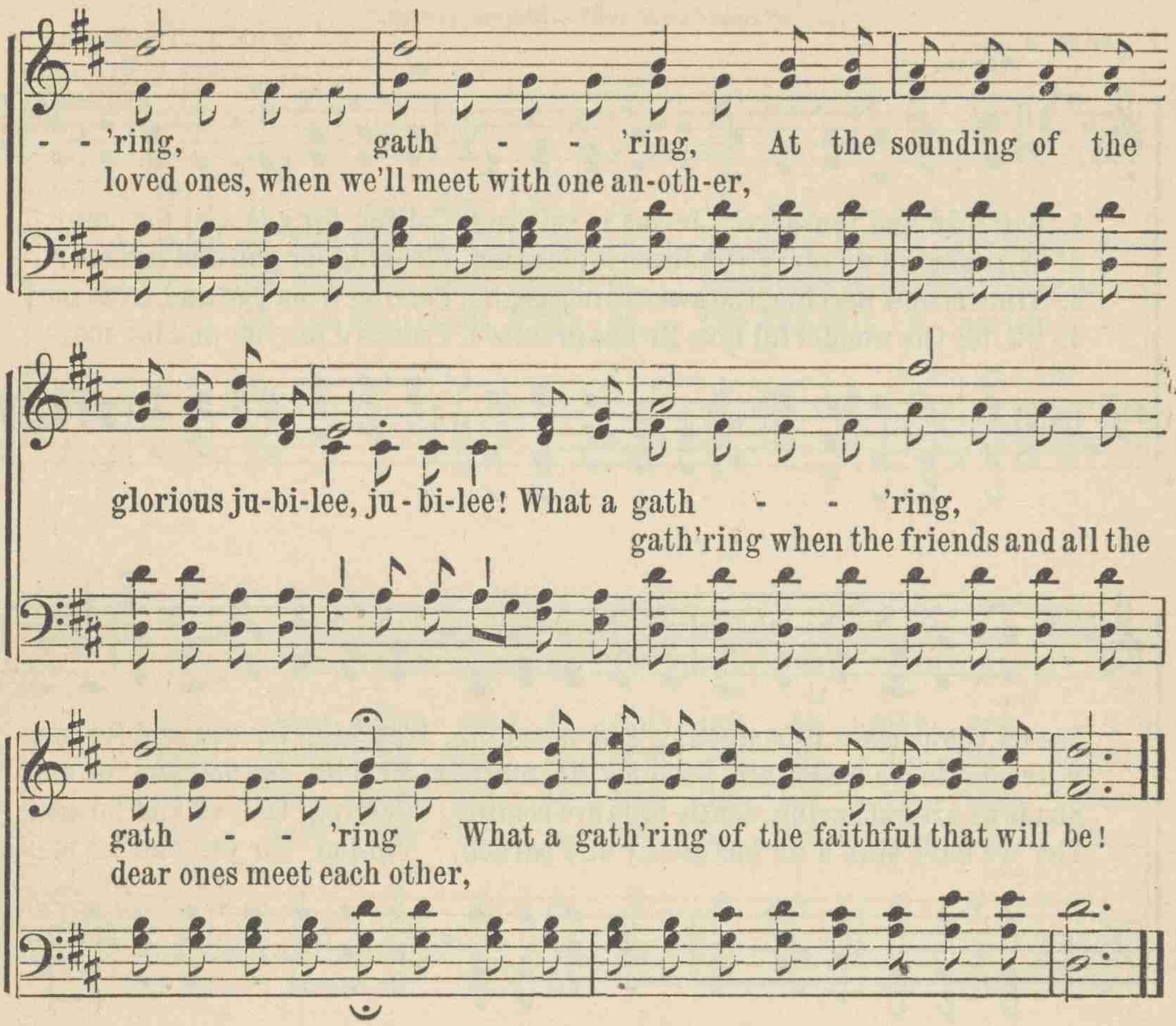
We will greet each oth- er by the crys-tal sea, crys-tal sea, With the
We shall gath-er and the sav'd and ransom'd see, glad-ly see, Then to
When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, we shall see, At the
In tri-umph-ant strains, the glorious ju- bi - lee, ju - bi - lee, Then to

friends and all the loved ones there a-wait-ing us to come: What a
meet a - gain to - geth- er on the bright ce - les-tial shore: What a
bid-ding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right," What a
meet and join to sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, What a

CHORUS.

gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be! What a gath - - - -
gath'ring of the

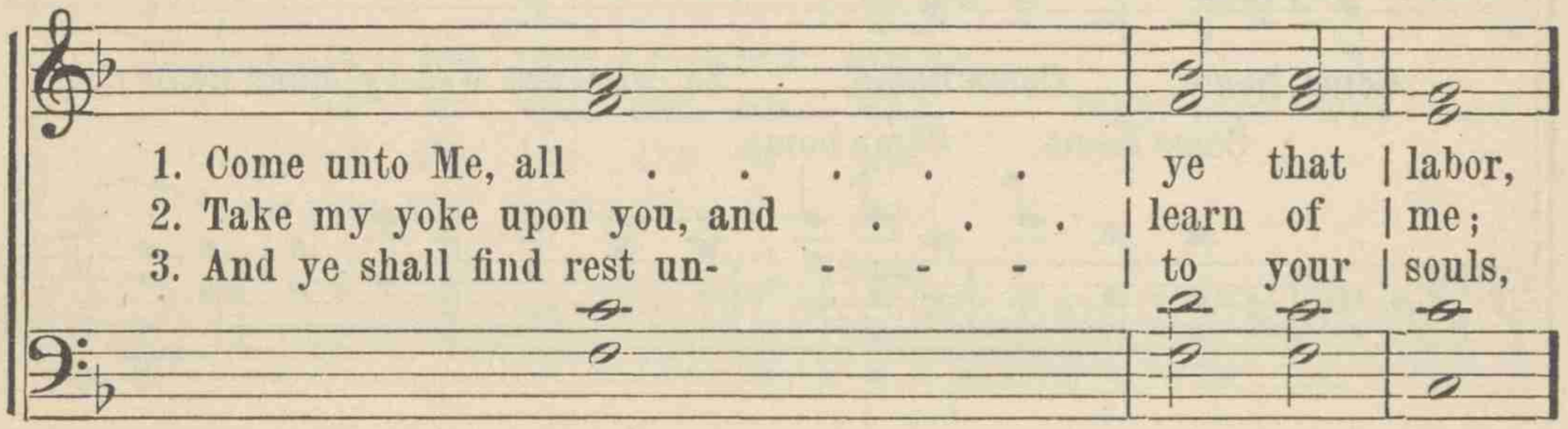
What a Gathering That Will Be. Concluded.



No. 116. Come Unto Me.

"He careth for you."—1 Peter 5 : 7.

J. H. K. By per.



No. 117. Softly and Tenderly.

"Come unto me."—MATH. 11: 28.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Slow. *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

By per. of Will L. Thompson & Co., E. Liverpool, O.

m **CHORUS.** **Cres.**

Come home, . . Come home, . . Ye who are wea-ry, come home; . .
Come home, Come home,

Rit.

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

No. 118. Why Do You Wait?

"Arise, he calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur-ther de-
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striving with-
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har-vest is pass-ing a-

long? Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you A
lay? There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's
in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And
way, Your Sav - ior is long - ing to bless you, There's

place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
no oth - er way but His way. Why not? why not?
throw off thy bur - den of sin.
dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not come to Him now? Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

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No. 119. I Never Knew You.

"I never knew you; depart from Me."—MATT. 7: 23.

Mrs. G. C. NEEDHAM. C. C. CASE.

1. When the King in His beau - ty shall come to His throne, And a-
2. They had known whence He came, and the grace which He brought; In their
3. Now the right-eous are reign-ing with A - bra-ham there; But for
4. O sin - ner, give heed to this sto - ry of gloom, For the

round Him are gather'd His loved ones, His own; There be some who will knock at His
presence He heal'd, in their streets He had taught: They had mention'd His name and their
these is ap-point-ed an endless despair; It is vain that they call: He once
hour is fast nearing that fixes your doom: Will you still reject mer-cy? still

fair pal - ace door, To be answered within "There is mer-cy no more."
friendship professed; But they never believed, for of them He confessed;
knocked at their gate, But they welcom'd Him not; so now this is their fate:
harden your heart? Oh, then, what will you do as the King cries?—"Depart!"

Copyright, 1881, by C. C. Case.

CHORUS.

"I have nev - er known you," "I have nev - er known you," "I have

nev - er, I have nev - er, I have nev - er known you."

No. 120. Converted to Jesus.

Hon. JOHN B. PEASLEE. GEO. C. KERSEY.

1. Con-vert - ed to Je - sus! oh, bless - ed the day, When the darkness of
2. Con-vert - ed to Je - sus! oh, precious the tho't, O - bey - ing the
3. Con-vert - ed to Je - sus! oh, wondrous the Love That cen - ters our
4. Con-vert - ed to Je - sus! oh, marv'lous the deed, Re - demption thro'

doubt was all ban - ished a - way, And joy in a New Life of
Truth that our Sav - ior has taught, Of fol - low - ing Him who a-
hopes on the king - dom a - bove, And o - pens the way to the
Christ of poor mor - tals in need;—Sal - va - tion is free and is

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Faith was be - gun In works of de - vo - tion to God and His Son.
lone can us save In land of im - mor-tals be-yond the dark grave.
heav - en - ly home, Where ransomed from sin all be - liev-ers shall come.
of - fered to all, Who, trusting His prom-ise, on Je - sus shall call.

REFRAIN.

Con - vert - ed to Je - sus, oh, bless - ed the day! When the
dark - ness of doubt was all ban - ished a - way.

No. 121. My God and my All.

WM. YOUNG. *"Behold, God is mine helper."*—PS. 54: 4. J. R. MURRAY.

1. While Thou, O my God, art my help and de - fend - er, No
2. Yes, Thou art my ref - uge in sor - row and dan - ger, My
3. And when Thou de - mand-est the life Thou hast giv - en, With

cares can o'er-whelm me, no ter - rors ap-pall; The wiles and the
strength when I suf - fer, my hope when I fall; My com - fort and
joy will I an - swer Thy mer - ci - ful call, And quit this poor

snares of the world will but ren - der More live - ly my hope in my
joy in this land of the stran-ger, My treas-ure, my glo - ry, my
earth but to find Thee in heav - en, My por - tion for - ev - er, my

REFRAIN.

God and my all. My God and my all, My
God and my all.
God and my all. My God, my all,

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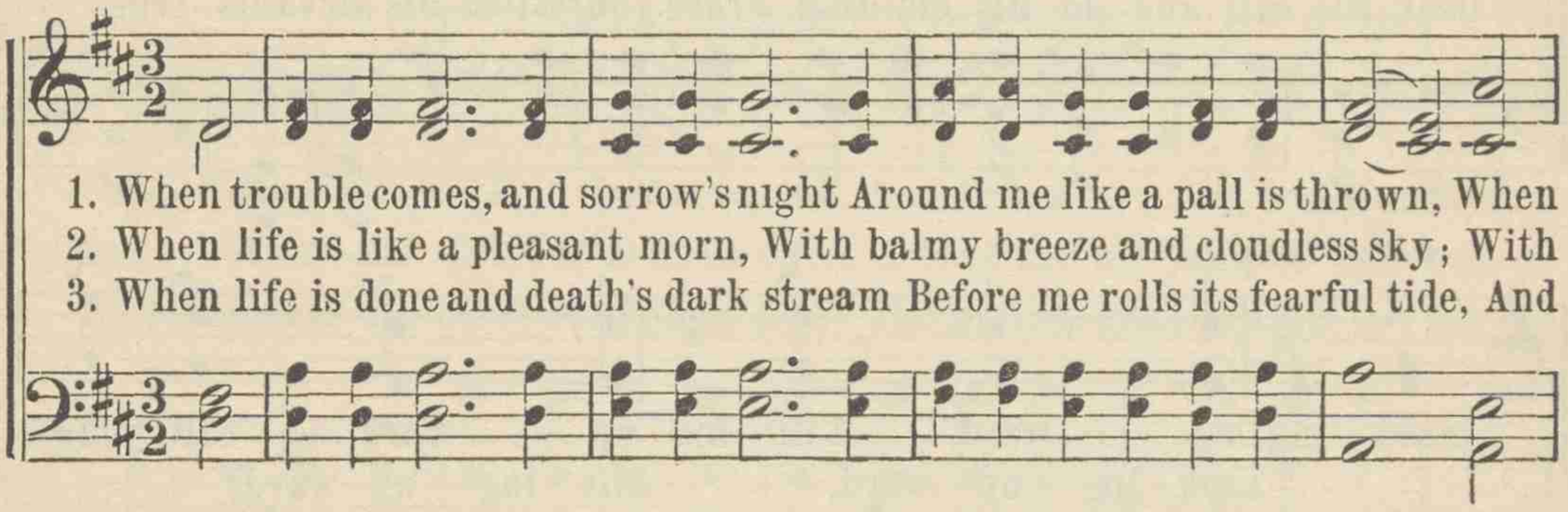
My God and my All. Concluded.



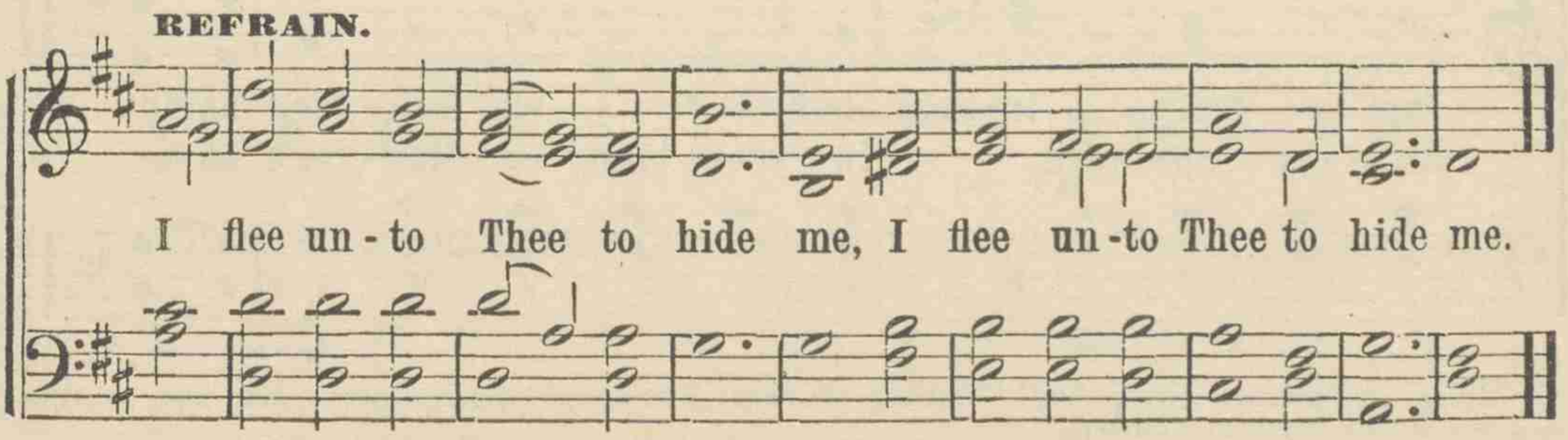
No. 122. I Flee unto Thee to Hide me.

A. M. G. H. *"I flee unto Thee to hide me."*—Ps. 143: 9. G. F. Root.

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No. 123. To the Front.

REV. T. C. NEAL. Alt. W. T. PORTER.

1. To the front, ye Christian Soldiers! In your bless - ed Mas-ter's name,
2. To the front, ye Christian Soldiers! See the dy - ing ev - 'ry - where;
3. To the front, ye Christian Soldiers! God has much for you to do;

Stand and no - bly, bravely bat - tle, Win e - ter - nal, fade-less fame.
Cursed by sin and bruised by Sa - tan, How they need your help and care.
Hear His call and do His bid-ding, Prove yourselves His servants true.

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CHORUS.

Look - ing up - ward, Lift - ing up - ward, Till your
Look - ing up - ward, Lift - ing up - ward,

hearts are all a - flame, Look-ing up - ward, Lift- ing
Till your hearts are all a - flame, Look-ing up-ward,

up - ward, In your bless - - - ed Mas - ter's name.
Lift - ing up - ward, In your bless - ed Mas - ter's name.

NOTE.—"Epworth Leaguers," "Willing Workers," or other appropriate names can be substituted for "Christian Soldiers."

No. 124. Under the Cross, Farewell.

H. BUTTERWORTH. G. F. ROOT.

1. Where dwell the poor, where fall the weak, Go, fol - low there th' E- ter - nal
2. Beneath the Cross we part to meet, Where'er we go, wher-e'er we
3. Beneath the Cross we part to meet, E - ter - nal shines that guiding

Good; The eyes that lift in darkness, seek, And find in such thy broth-er-hood.
be; Let mu-sic lift her anthem sweet A-bove the sob-bing of the sea.
Star; Beneath the Cross shall Jesus' feet The nations gath-er from a - far.

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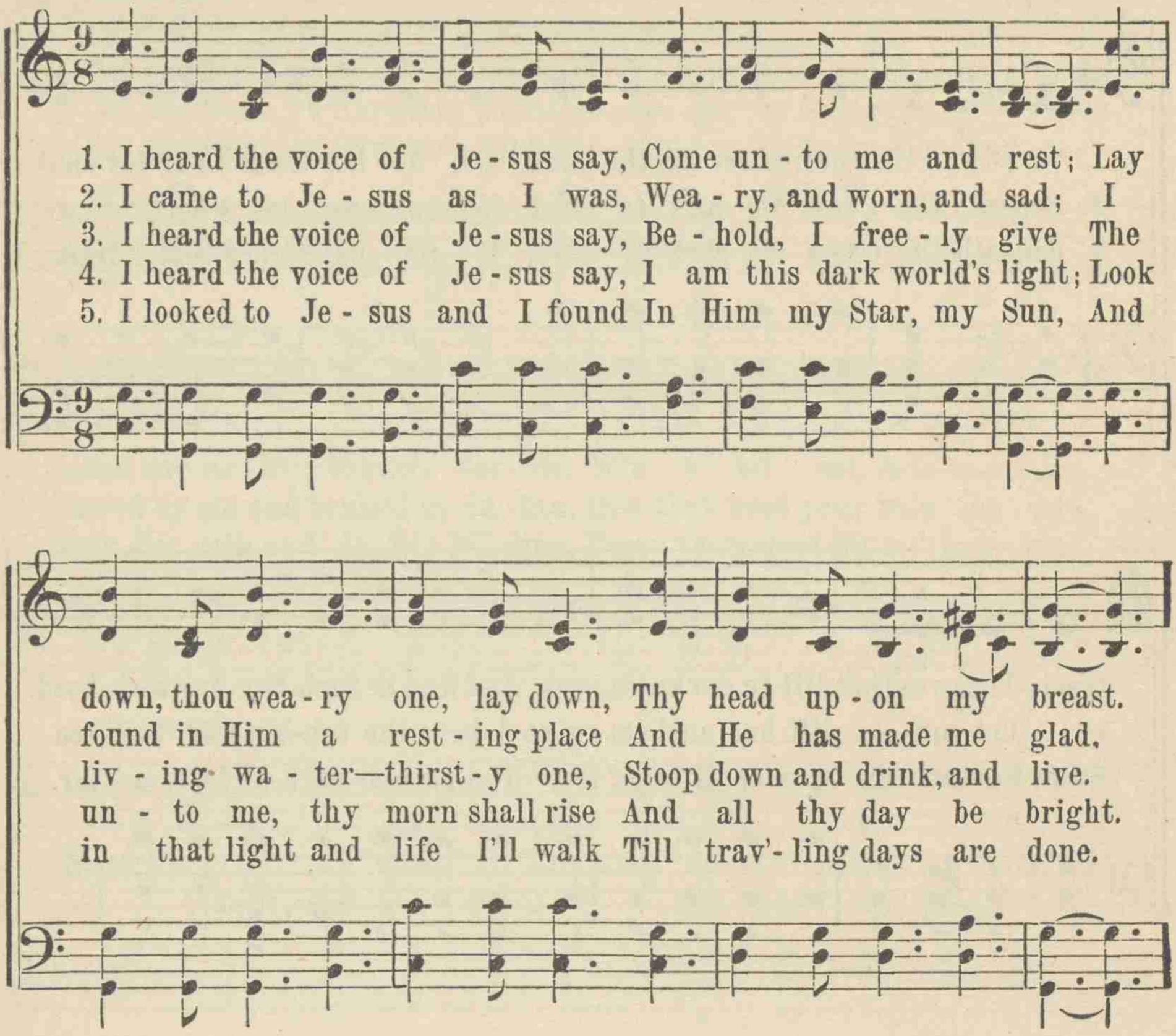
REFRAIN.

Un - der the Cross, Fare - well! Un - der the Cross, Fare-

well! Here we meet, here we part, Un - der the Cross, Fare-well!

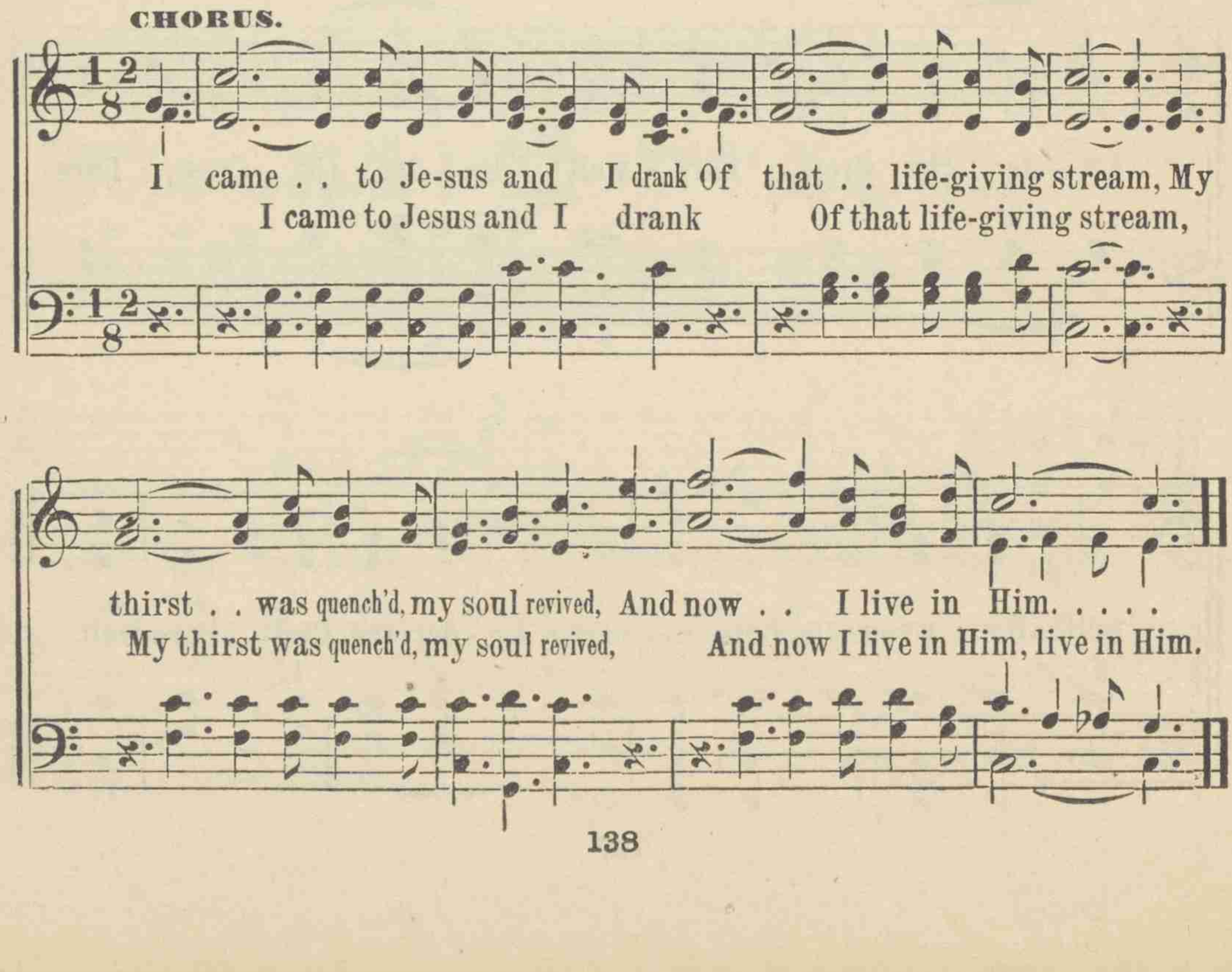
No. 125. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

H. Bonar, D. D. C. C. Case.



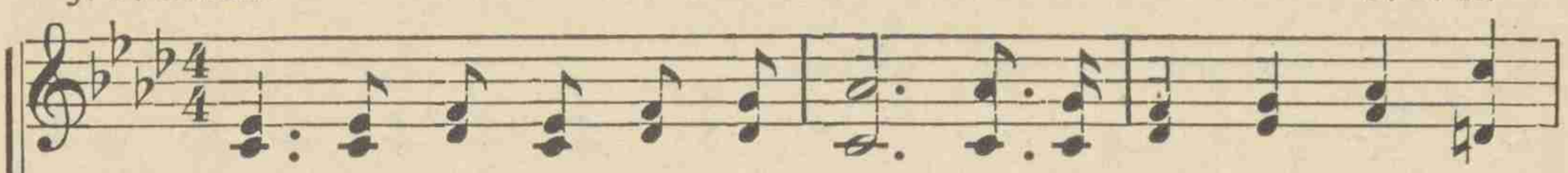
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CHORUS.



No. 126. Homeward Turn.

J. F. CLARK. G. F. R.



1. Broth - er, hast thou wandered far From thy Fa - ther's hap - py
2. Hast thou wast - ed all the pow'rs God for no - ble us - es
3. He can heal thy bitterest wound, He thy faint - est pray'r can





home, With thyself and God at war? Turn thee, brother, homeward come.
gave? Squandered life's most golden hours? Turn thee, brother, God can save.
hear; Seek Him while He may be found, Call up - on Him; He is near.

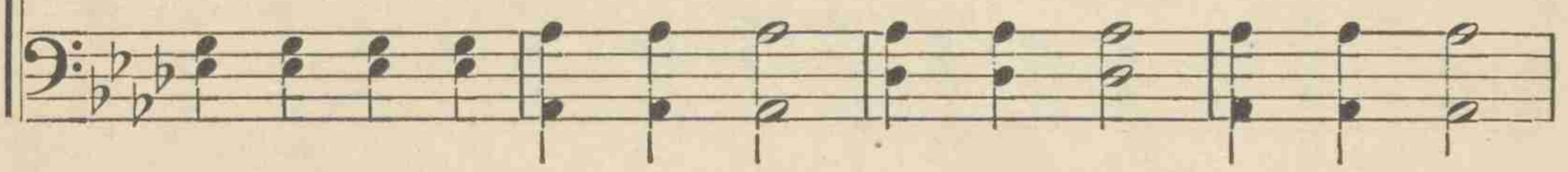


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CHORUS.



Turn thee, brother, homeward turn, homeward turn, homeward turn,



Turn, oh broth-er, turn thee to thy heav'n-ly Fa-ther's home.

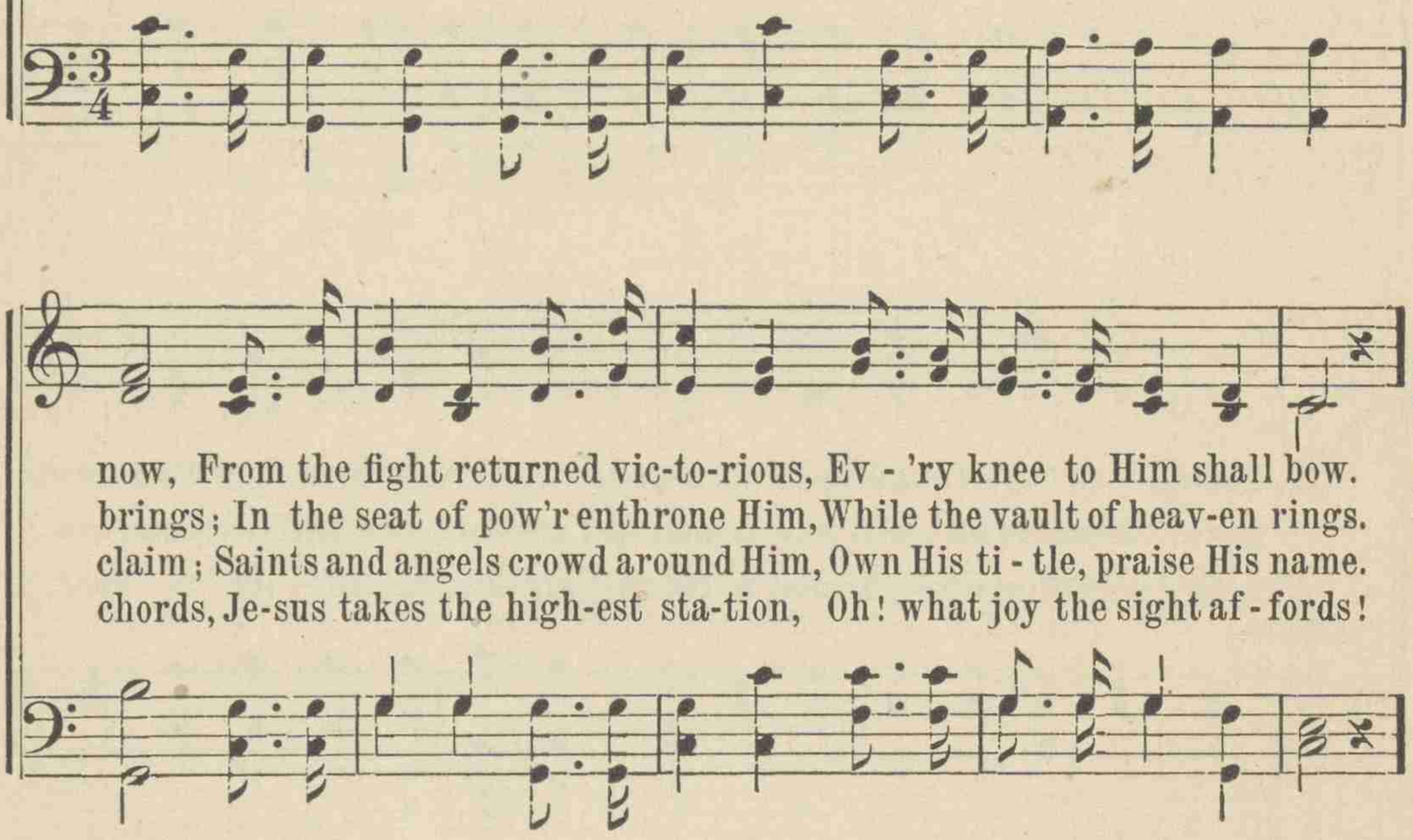


No. 127. Crown Him.

C. C. Case.



1. Look, ye saints! the sight is glo - rious; See the Man of Sor - rows now, From the fight returned vic-to-rious, Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
2. Crown the Sav - ior, an-gels! crown Him, Rich the troph-ies Je - sus brings; In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav-en rings.
3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crown Him, Mock-ing thus the Sav - ior's claim; Saints and angels crowd around Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.
4. Hark! those bursts of ac - clam - a - tion! Hark! those loud tri-umph-ant chords, Je-sus takes the high-est sta-tion, Oh! what joy the sight af - fords!



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CHORUS.



Crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Sav-ior, King of kings,
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,



Crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Sav-ior, King of kings.
Crown Him, crwon Him, crown Him, crown Him,

No. 128. The Good Old Christian Way.

C. C. OVERTON. J. R. MURRAY.

1. 'Tis in the Ho - ly Bi - ble, The pre-cious word of God, I find the way to heav - en There giv - en by my Lord. He says that
2. My fa - ther and my moth - er, Both journeyed on this road; They taught me in my child-hood, It led to heav'n and God; It's path is
3. And when my journey's end - ed, And I am home a - bove, En- joy - ing heaven's blessings, Filled with my Savior's love, I'll sing loud

He will lead me By night as well as day, And guide me by His
peace and bless-ing—All trav'lers on it say No oth - er way's so
hal - le - lu - jahs, To Je - sus ev - er pray A pray'r of praise, for

CHORUS.

spir - it In the good old Christian way.
hap - py As the good old Christian way. God's way! Christ's way!
giv - ing Me the good old Christian way.

That is the way for me, It leads from earth to heaven, Where Jesus I shall see.

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No. 129. Room for Thee.

R. F. G. J. R. MURRAY.

1. There is room, thy Fa-ther's love Comes like sun - shine from a-
2. There is room in Je - sus' grace, In the shin - ing of His
3. There is room where trou-bles cease, In the heav'n of joy and

bove; Gen - tle, radi-ant, full and free, Com-eth sin - ful soul to thee.
face, Ten - der-ness of mer - cy see, And that mer - cy is for thee.
peace; Where the many man-sions be, Sin - ner, there is room for thee.

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CHORUS.

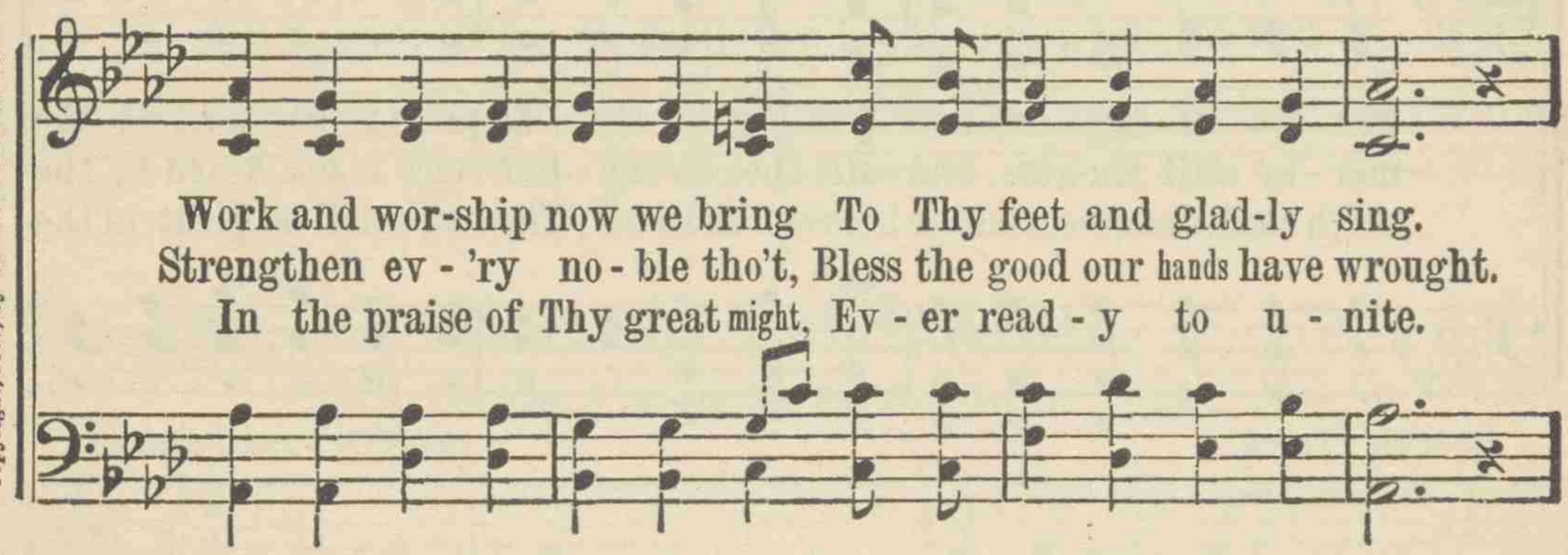
There is room, oh, sin - ner, see; There is room a - wait-ing

thee; Hear the lov - ing welcome now, Sin-ner come, and enter thou.

No. 130. Bending Low.

I. M. GARDNER. Arranged. G. F. ROOT.





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No. 131. Delay Not, O Sinner.

H. P. DANKS.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near, The wat - ers of life are now flow-ing for thee; No price is de-mand-ed, the Sav-iour is here, Re-demp-tion is purchas'd, sal - va-tion is free. De-
2. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come, For mer - cy still lin-gers, and calls thee to-day; Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb; Her message un-heed - ed will soon pass a - way. De-
3. De - lay not, de - lay not, the hour is at hand; The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade; The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand; What pow'r then, O sin-ner, shall lend thee a hand? De-

lay not, de - lay not, why long-er a-buse, The love and com-pas-sion of
lay not, de - lay not, the Spirit of Grace, Long griev'd and resisted, may
lay not, de - lay not, O sin-ner, draw near, The waters of life are now

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Delay Not, O Sinner. Concluded.



No. 132. Now the Day is Over.

"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—JER. 6: 4.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



No. 133. We Shall Be Satisfied.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When
2. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When
3. Some day we shall be sat - is - fied, When

Some day we shall be sat - is - fied,

in His likeness we ap - pear, Shall know each other as we're
we shall meet Him face to face, And sing with angels round the
all our burdens are laid down, When we shall stand before the

in His likeness we appear, Shall know each

known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.
throne, We're saved, we're saved from sin by grace.
King, And there re - ceive the promised crown.

other as we're known, When all that's dark shall be made clear.

CHORUS.

Sat - is - fied, we shall be sat - is-fied, Some day we shall be sat - is-

fied, (be satisfied,) When in His likeness we appear, We shall be sat-is-fied.

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No. 134. I Love the Holy Bible.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. J. R. MURRAY.

1. I love the Ho - ly Bi - ble, Be - cause there-in I see How
2. I trust the Ho - ly Bi - ble, It is my Fa-ther's word, Where-
3. I read the Ho - ly Bi - ble, And take it for my guide, And

Je - sus came from glo - ry To show the way to me; O,
in are songs of glad - ness That car - ol like a bird; I
in its blest as - sur - ance, Se - cure - ly I will hide; O,

how could I have heard His call, Or else have found the
of - ten fal - ter, this I know, But oh, I love the
that the whole wide world might know, Whence all our joys and

way at all? The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! My treas-ure and my guide.
Bi - ble so; The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! My treas-ure and my guide.
comforts flow; The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble! My treas-ure and my guide.

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No. 135. The Lily of the Valley.

"Yea, He is altogether lovely."—CANT. 5: 16.

J. R. MURRAY. New arr.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus; He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul: The Li - ly of the Valley in
2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp- ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r: I've all for Him for-sak-en, I've
3. He'll never, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I live by faith and do His ho - ly will: A wall of fire a-bout me, I've

Him a - lone I see—All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
noth-ing now to fear; With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.

CHO.–In sor - row He's my com-fort, in trou - ble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll; He's the Lily of the Valley, the
Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safely reach the goal; He's the Lily of the Valley, the
Then sweeping up to glo - ry, we see His bless - ed face, Where riv - ers of de-light shall ev - er roll; He's the Lily of the Valley, the

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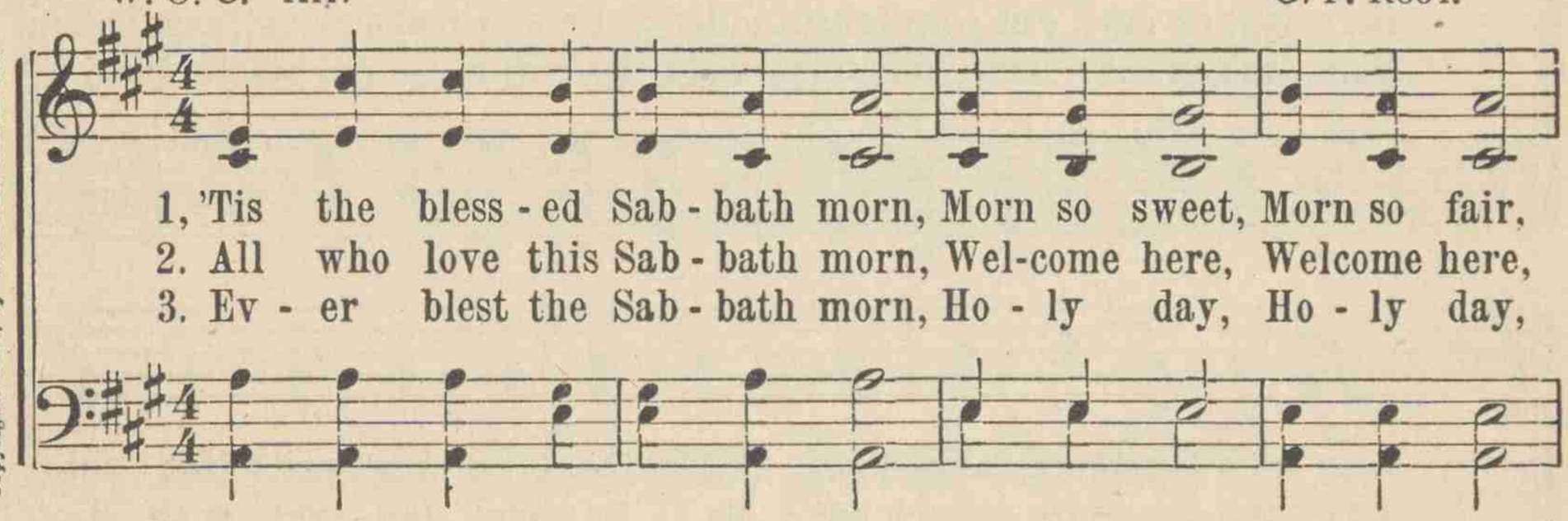
The Lily of the Valley. Concluded.

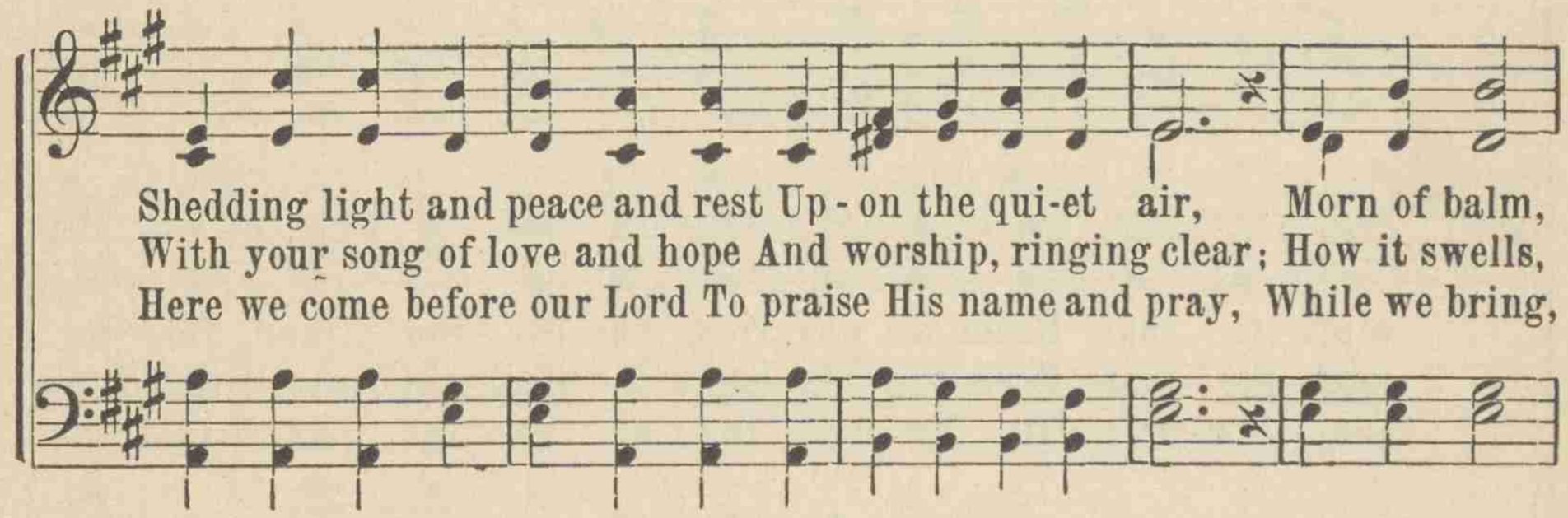


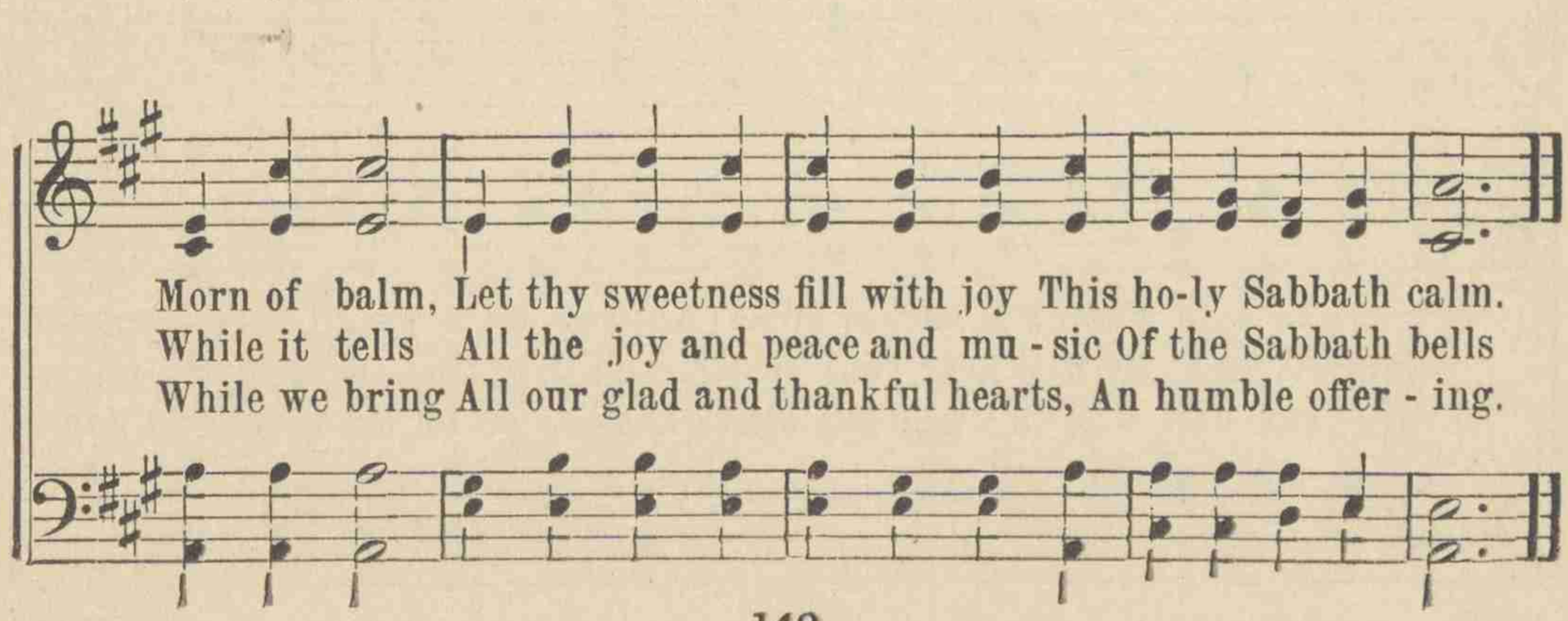
No. 136. The Sabbath Morn.

W. O. C. Arr. G. F. Root.

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No. 137. Launch Out.

J. B. MACKAY. JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. Have you toiled all night near the shore in vain? Push a-way from the
2. Have your souls grown faint with the vigil long? Push a-way from the
3. Je-sus bids to-day ev-'ry wea-ry soul Push a-way from the

shore, launch out; Where the flood is deep cast your nets a-gain, Push a-
shore, launch out; Put your trust in Christ, He will make you strong, Push a-
shore, launch out; Hear His loving voice, He will make you whole, Push a-

way from the shore, launch out; There a bless-ing waits for your
way from the shore, launch out; Be no more con-tent with a
way from the shore, launch out; Leave the shore of sin with its

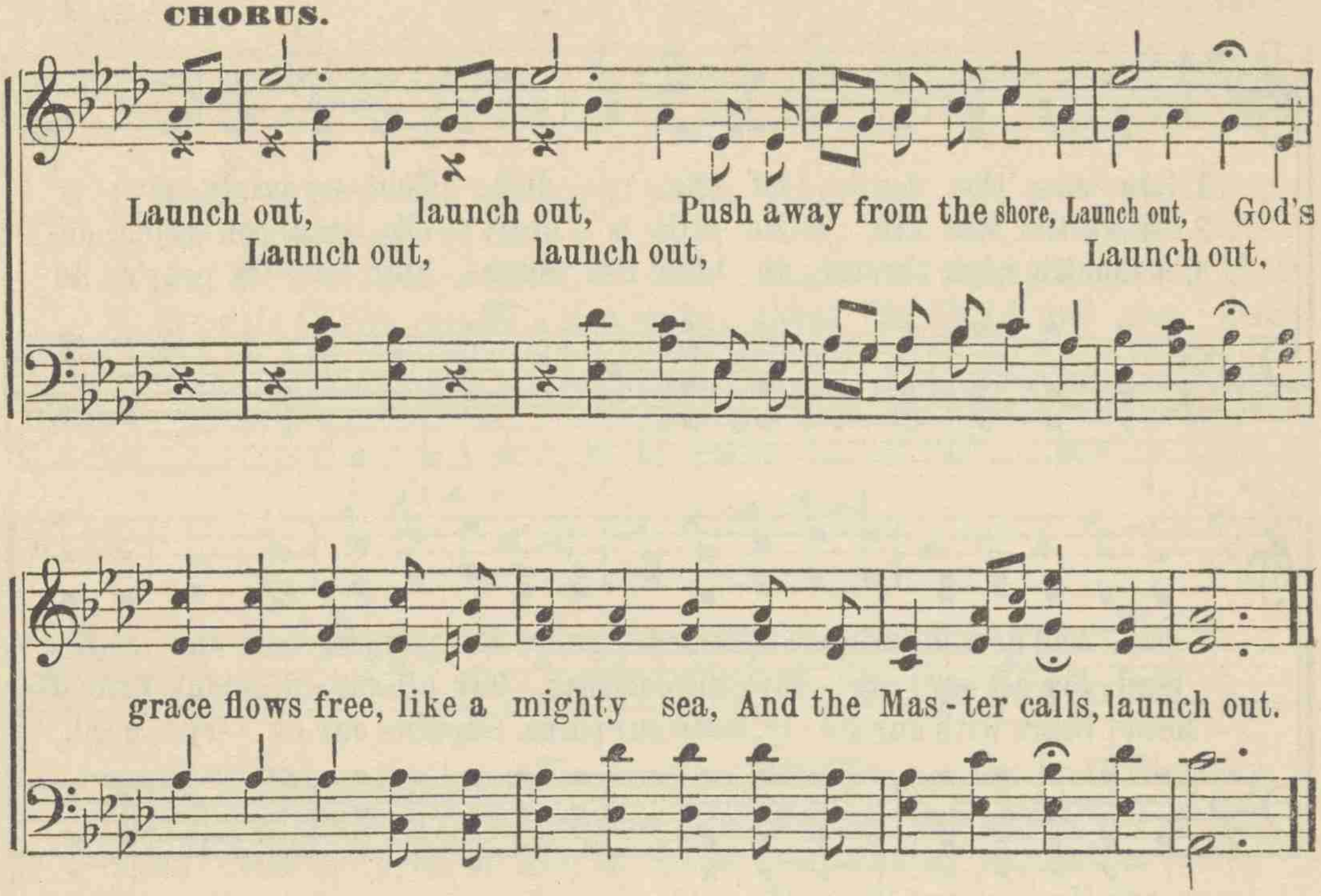
souls to take, Haste a-way from the bar-ren strand, Toil no
mea-ger share From your Fa-ther's a-bund-ant store; Ask Him
shal-low-ness, It has noth-ing of life to give; Look to

more in vain where the surges break; Launch out is your Lord's command.
large-ly now, He will hear your pray'r, And give till you want no more.
Je-sus now who a-lone can bless; Launch out on His grace and live.

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Launch Out. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 138. Stand Up and Bless the Lord.

MONTGOMERY. G. F. ROOT.

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No. 139. Our Guide.

C. C. CASE.

1. Je - sus, the Lord of glo - ry died, That we might nev - er die; And now He reigns supreme to guide His peo-ple to the sky.
2. Weak tho' we are, He still is near, To lead, con - sole, de- fend; See all our sor - row, all our fear, Our all-suf - fi - cient Friend.
3. From His high throne in bliss He deigns, Our ev - 'ry pray'r to heed; Bears with our fol - ly, soothes our pains, Supplies our ev - 'ry need.

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CHORUS.

O Je - sus, dear, . . . there's none like Thee, . . . Our Sav - ior and our Lord; Thro' earth and heaven ex - alt - ed be, ... Be - loved, o - beyed, a - dored.
O Je - sus, dear, there's none like Thee, Our Sav - ior and our Lord; Thro' earth and heaven ex- alt - ed be, Be - loved, o - beyed, a - dored.

No. 140. Why Not Now?

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

El. Nathan. C. C. Case.

1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your souls deep
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for trou - bled
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don

need, While our Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not my brother come?
day; Do not turn from God your face, But to - day accept His grace.
mind; Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
take; Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

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CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? Why not now? Why not now? why not now?

now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now? Why not now? Why not now?

No. 141. There's Only One Way.

F. M. D. F. M. Davis.

1. There's on - ly one way to the king-dom of God, Dear Sav - ior that
2. There's on - ly one way to the king-dom of rest, That way may it
3. There's on - ly one way to the robe and the crown, My Sav - ior has

way is thine own, A - pos- tles and mar-tyrs the pathway have trod, Faith
ev - er be mine, All oth- ers must lead me for - ev - er a - stray, But
gone on be - fore; I take up my cross and I fol - low the steps That

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CHORUS.

giving the vic-t'ry a - lone.
Savior that pathway of Thine. There's on-ly one way, ... the strait narrow
leadeth to Him I a - dore. There's on-ly one way, the

way, ... The path that my Sav - ior has trod, There's on-ly one
strait narrow way, There's

way, . . . the strait narrow way, . . . That leadeth me upward to God.
on-ly one way, the strait narrow way,

No. 142. Jesus Loves to Answer Prayer.

J. NEWTON. C. C. CASE.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare. Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer; He himself has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
2. With my bur - den I be - gin, Lord! re-move this load of sin; Let Thy blood for sin-ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
3. Lord! I come to Thee for rest, Take pos - ses - sion of my breast; Then Thy blood bought right maintain, And with-out a riv - al reign.
4. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy love my spir - it cheer; As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end.

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CHORUS.

Show me what . . . . . I have to do, Ev - 'ry hour . . . my strength re - new; Let me live . . . . . a life of faith, Let me die Thy peo - ple's death.

Show me what I have to do, Ev-'ry hour my strength renew, Let me live a life of faith,

No. 143. Temperance Rallying Song.

S. J. P. S. J. Perry. By per.

1. Haste, haste, haste! Make ready for the fight! The dem-on of intemp'rance is
2. Haste, haste, haste! Put on your armor strong! To wage the war of temp'rance, of
3. Haste, haste, haste! We're on the winning side! With gospel banners waving, we'll

come in pow'r and might! Haste, haste, haste! Go forth to meet the foe! His
right against the wrong! Haste, haste, haste! The bat-tle ne'er give o'er! Tho'
stem the might-y tide! Haste, haste, haste! The Lord is in command, And

REFRAIN.

pow'r is felt thro' all the land where'er we go.
clouds of darkness and despair now seem to low'r. Then rally for the temp'rance cause,
giv - eth us the vic - to - ry o'er all the land.

1

ral - ly for the right! We're mar-shaled on the bat - tle-field, we're

2

armed for the fight! The Bi-ble is our sword and shield, our strength and might.

No. 144. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

ELIZA SHERMAN. C. C. CASE.

Solo or Duet.

1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Oh! child of love for whom Christ died,
2. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? The King of glo - ry bids thee come;
3. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? Time's solemn bells soon cease to chime;

The har-vest time will soon be gone, Oh! hast- en, hast-en to de - cide.
Ac - cept of Him and He will give A bright, e - ter - nal, glorious home.
God's Spir- it will not always strive, Time's bell tolls on; be wise in time.

Copyright 1892, by C. C. Case.

CHORUS.

E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e-

ter - ni - ty? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?

No. 145. A Shout of Victory.

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

1. March on, march on, fol-low the mighty Com-mand-er; March on, march on;
2. March on, march on, joy-ful- ly singing, ho - san - na; March on, march on;
3. March on, march on, still by His might o- ver- com-ing; March on, march on;

Je - sus, our Cap-tain and Lord; March on, march on; see that your
fighting the bat - tle of faith; March on, march on: man - ful - ly
sing-ing His glo - ry and grace; March on, march on; till in the

steps nev- er fal - ter, March on, march on, heed - ing His ev - 'ry word.
bear- ing His ban-ner, March on, march on, faith - ful e'en un - to death.
heav- en - ly pal - ace March on, march on, we shall be-hold His face.

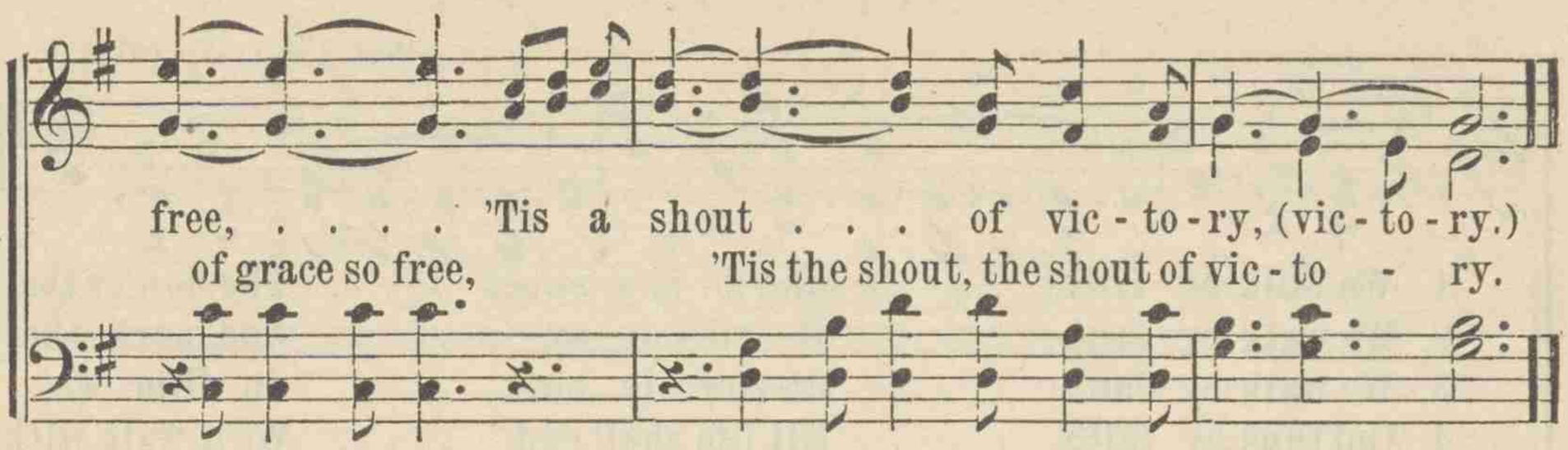
CHORUS.

There's a song . . that blends with pray'r, . . There's a shout . . up-
There's a song that blends with pray'r, There's a shout

on the air; . . . . . 'Tis a song . . . . of grace so
up - on the air, 'Tis a song

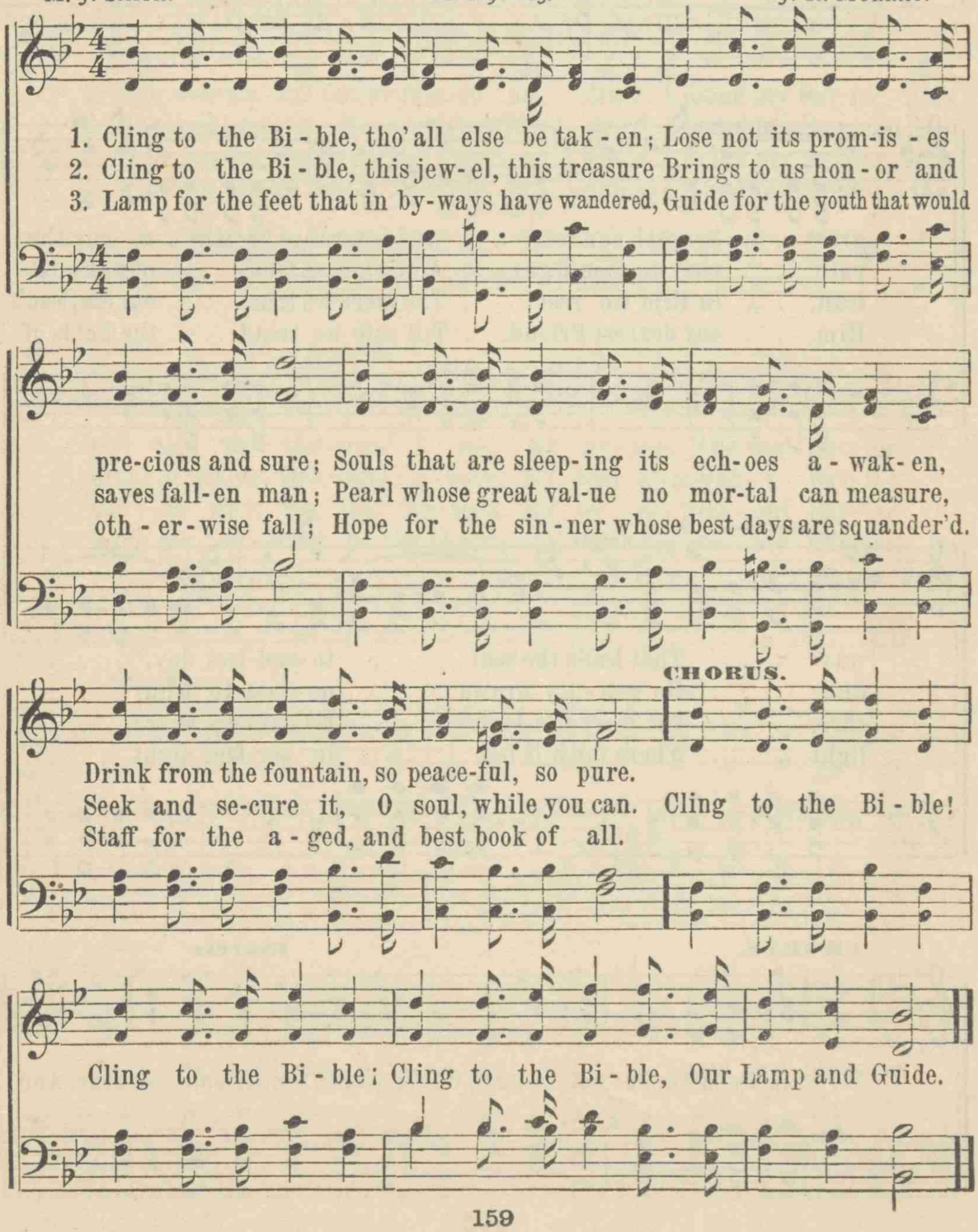
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A Shout of Victory. Concluded.



No. 146. Cling to the Bible.

M. J. SMITH. PS. 119: 105. J. R. MURRAY.



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No. 147. We Walk by Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith, . . . and O how sweet . . . The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith, . . . He wills it so, ... And marks the
3. We walk by faith, . . . di-vine - ly blest, . . . On Him we
4. And thus by faith, . . . till life shall end, . . . We'll walk with

We walk by faith, and O how sweet, etc.

grow . . beneath our feet, . . And fragrance breathe . a - long the
path . . that we should go; . . And when at times . . our sky is
lean, . . in Him we rest; . . The more we trust . . our Shepherd's
Him, . . our dearest Friend, . Till safe we tread . . the fields of
way . . . That leads the soul . . . to end-less day. . . .
dim, . . . He gen - tly draws . . . us close to Him. . . .
care, . . . The more His love . . . 'tis ours to share. . .
light, . . . Where faith is lost . . . in per-fect sight. . .

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CHORUS. **Espress.** - - -

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

feel His hand within our own, And know that He is al-ways near.

No. 148. Since I Found My Savior.

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

1. Life wears a dif-ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav-ior, Rich
2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav-ior, He
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-ior, But
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-ior, It

mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav-ior.
brought sal-va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al-might - y Sav-ior.
He is with me, tho' un-seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav-ior.
leads me on - ward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Sav-ior.

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CHORUS.

Gold-en sunbeams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to - day,
Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

No. 149. Safely Hide Me.

"Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings."—Ps. 17 : 8.

J. H .K. J. H. Kurzenknabe. By per.

1. Precious love that gives me proof, What - ev - er may be-
2. Precious hope that bears me up, Though all the world de-
3. Precious trust that cheers me most When sin and Sa - tan
4. Precious peace in my dis - tress, When death's form stands be-

tide me, Je - sus gave His life to save, And He will safe-ly
ride me! I have heard the pard'ning word, And He will safe-ly
chide me! I shall know the way to go, And He will safe-ly
side me! From the strand He'll reach His hand To shield and safe-ly

CHORUS.

hide me. Safely hide me, Safely hide me, When the
hide me. Safe-ly hide me, safe -ly hide me,

storms and bil - lows rage;. . . . He will guide me,
When the storms, the storms and billows rage;

safe - ly guide me, Through this earth - ly pil - grim-age.

No. 150. I Can Do All Things.

Mrs. M. O. PAGE. C. C. CASE.

1. I can do all things, Jesus strengthens me; On Him I am lean-ing,
2. Lift up thine eye then, As you walk a - long; Let thy lips, tho' faltering,

I His child would be, Tho' the way be thorny, He doth me beguile, If I
Oft be tuned to song, Then the heav'ns above thee Will be full of light, And its

on - ly catch a glimpse Of His lov - ing smile. I can . . . . do all
beams will lead thee Thro' the darkest night. I can

CHORUS.

things, Je - sus strength - - ens me, O - pens
do all things, Je - sus strengthens me,

wide . . . . . the gate of life, Sets my spir - it free.
O - pens wide the gate of life,

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No. 151. In the Secret Place of God.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. WALTER LEWIS.

1. He that dwelleth in the se - cret place of God, Most High, When the
2. He a fort - ress is and ref - uge un - to all who trust; From the
3. He that said it: "I will an-swer him who calls on me; Will

days of bit - ing bit - ter - ness and travail draw-eth nigh, With the
fowl - er's snare and pest - i - lence He ran-som - eth the just; His
hon - or and de - liv - er him; from trouble set him free; Be-

crim-son'd lin - tel o - ver and the shelt'ring sol - ace sure, Doth a-
truth is shield and buck - ler, so the po-tent promise rings, And there's
cause his love is on Me still, My name to glo - ri - fy, I will

bide be - neath the sha - dow of Om-nip - o - tence, se - cure.
rest, de - light and safe - ty 'neath the cov - er of His wings.
save and sat - is - fy him, and will give him life on high."

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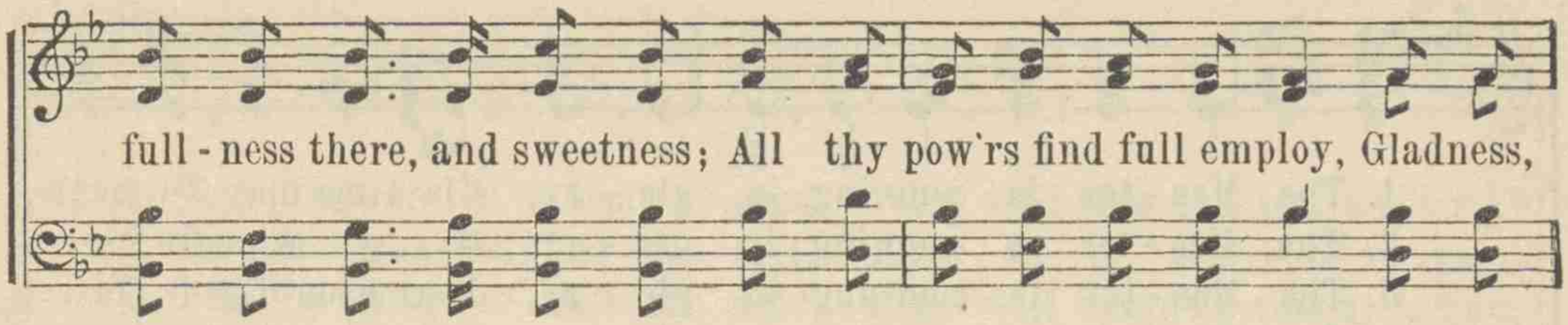
CHORUS.

Art thou dwelling in this hid-ing, Un-derneath the sprinkled blood? Is thy

Rit. *A tempo.*

soul, by grace, a - bid - ing In the se - cret place of God? There is

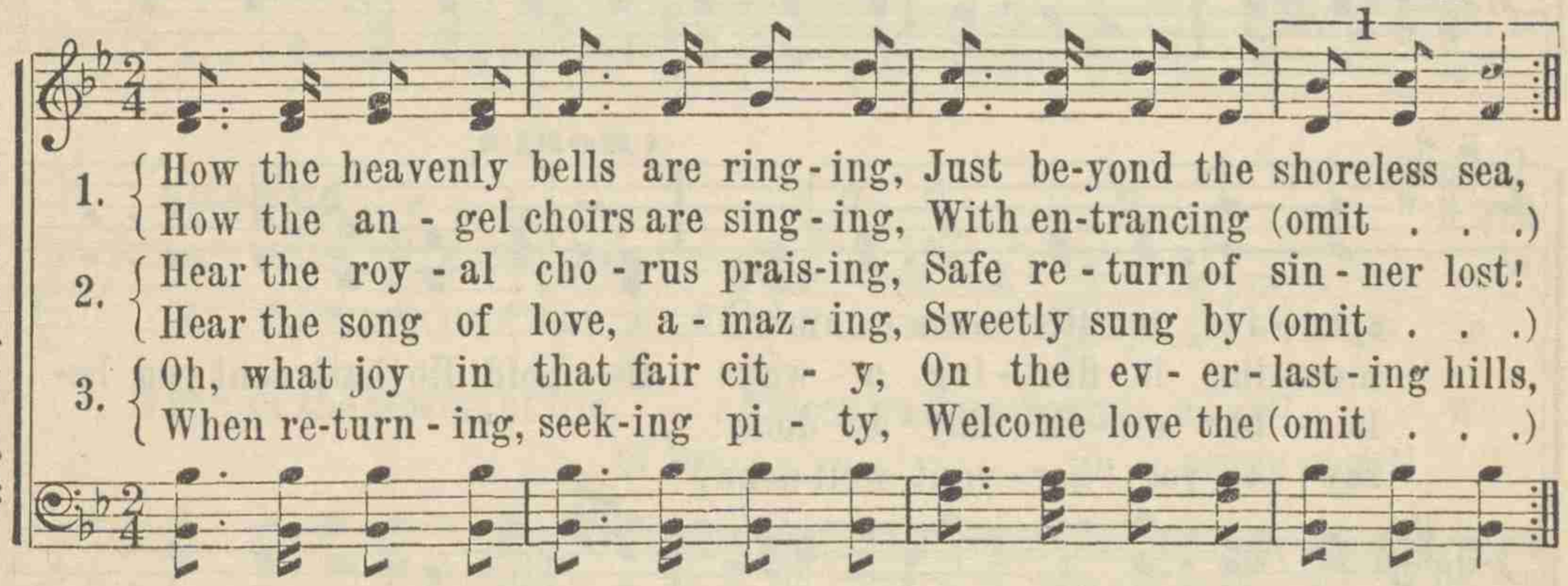
In the Secret Place of God. Concluded.





No. 152. When the Heavenly Bells.

WM. A. MAY. WM. A. MAY.



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REFRAIN.



No. 153. Where Are the Sheaves?

LOUISA E. LITZSINGER. WM. A. MAY.

1. The Mas - ter is com- ing in glo - ry, His time may be near-
2. The Mas - ter is com- ing in glo - ry, O ye, who are care-
3. The Mas - ter is com- ing in glo - ry, Your noon-day is fast
4. The Mas - ter is com- ing in glo - ry, Now low is the bright

ly at hand; Have you reaped for Him boun-ti-ful har - vest, Re-
less and gay; There is no time for leis-ure and wait - ing, Your
drawing on; And the fields with the harvests are whitening; Go!
set - ting sun; Have you garnered and gathered for Je - sus? Can He

spons- ive to His own command?
morn-ing is fleet - ing a - way! Be - hold, He hath sent you be-
la - bor un - til day is done!
say to you, "Ser - vant, well done?"

CHORUS.

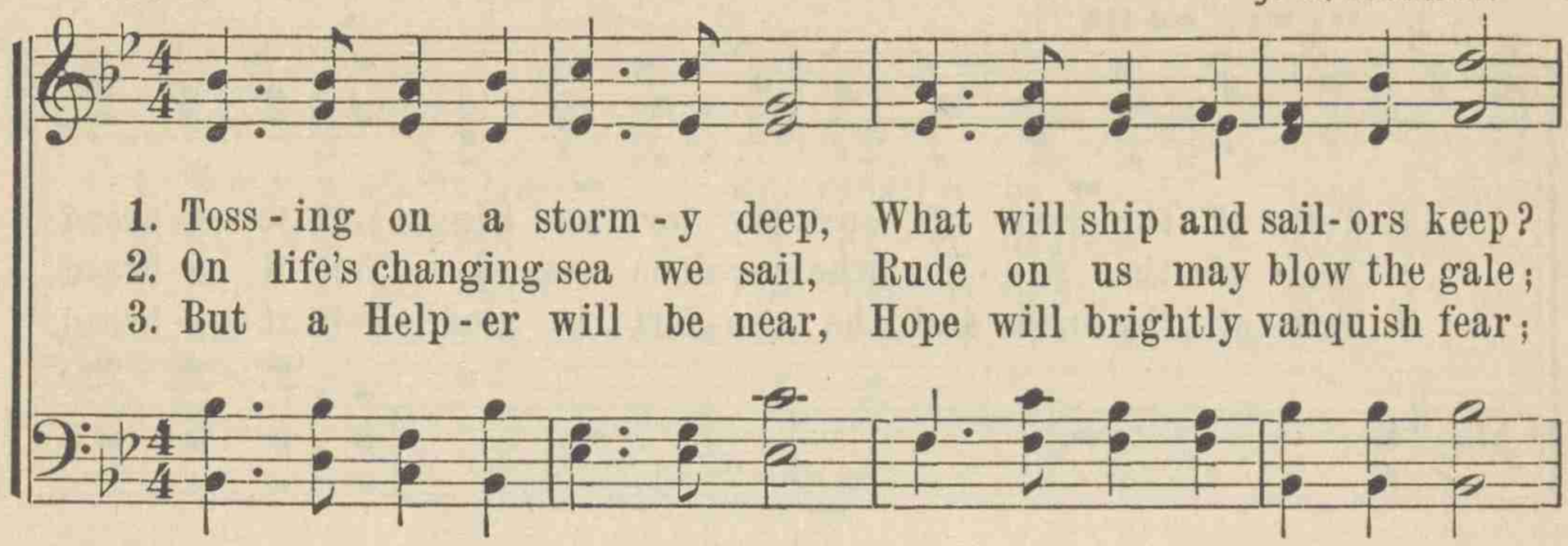
fore Him, To reap in the fields by the way! But where are the

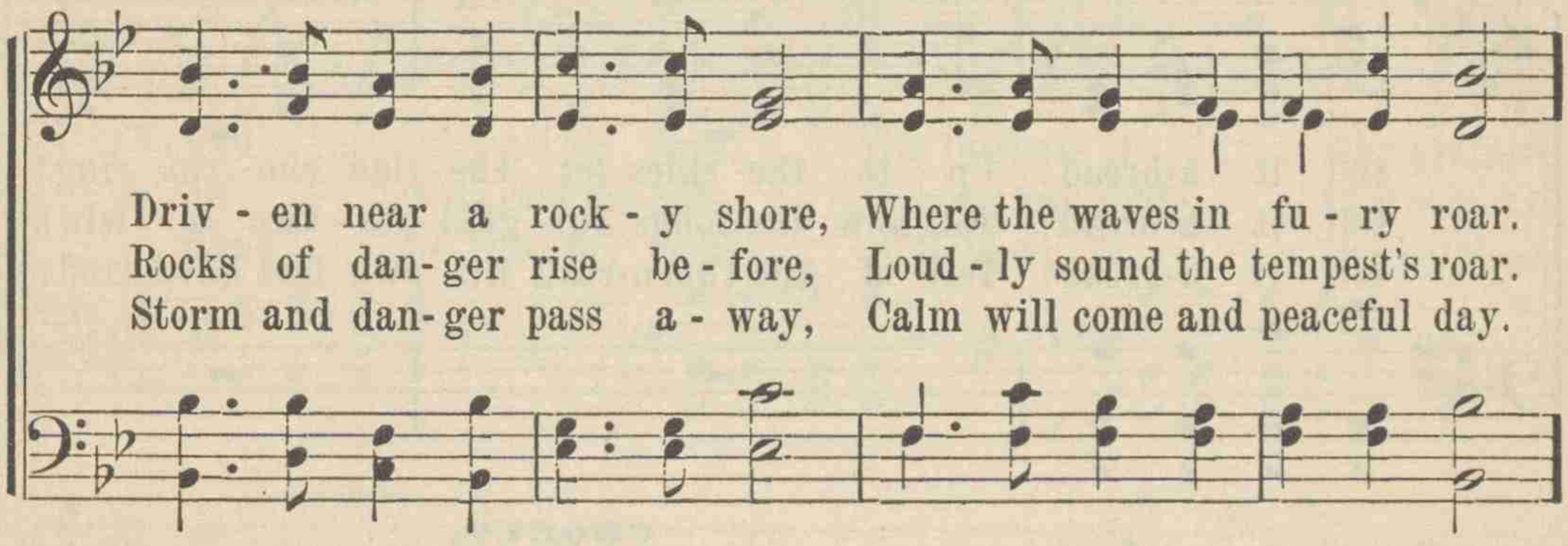
sheaves you have gath - ered For Him, for that glo - rious day?

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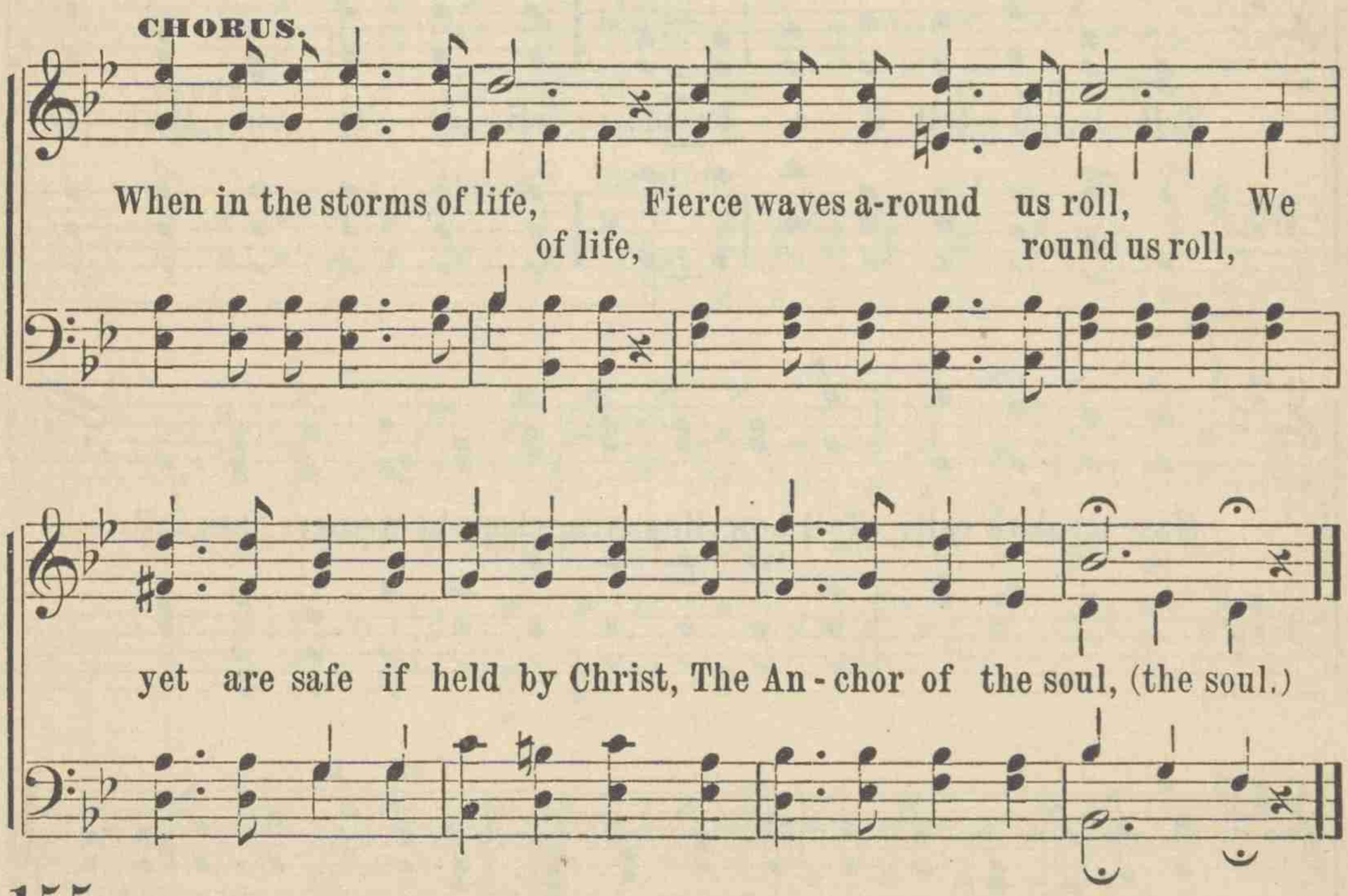
No. 154. The Anchor of the Soul.

R. F. G. J. R. MURRAY.





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155.

TUNE: *"Balerma."*

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 hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

No. 156. Tell it Abroad.

ADALINE H. BEERY. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

DUET. Ad lib.

1. Tell of the love of our Sav - ior and King! Tell it a - broad,
2. Tell of the Sav - ior, who par-dons our sin! Tell it a - broad,
3. Tell of the rest and the com - fort in God! Tell it a - broad,

tell it a-broad! Up to the skies let the glad cho - rus ring!
tell it a-broad! Tell how He longs our glad ser - vice to win!
tell it a-broad! Tell of the thorn-road His own feet have trod!

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CHORUS.

Tell it, O tell it a - broad! Tell ev - 'ry one that the

Mas - ter doth call; Tell how He saves, when the wea-ry ones fall:

Tell of the home He's prepared for us all; Tell it the wide world o'er!

No. 157. Be Thou My Sight.

C. Wesley. C. C. Case.

1. When, gracious Lord, ... when shall it be, ... That I shall
2. Ah! wherefor did . . . . . I ev - en doubt? . . . Thou wilt, in
3. Lord I am blind, ... be Thou my sight; . . . . Lord I am

1. When, gracious Lord, etc.
2. Ah! wherefore did, etc.
3. Lord I am blind, etc.

find . . . . . my all in Thee, . . . The fullness of . . . . . Thy promise
no . . . . . wise cast me out, ... A help-less soul . . . . that comes to
weak, ... be Thou my might, . . A Help-er of . . . . . the helpless

prove . . . . . The seal of Thine . . . . . e - ter - nal love.
Thee . . . . . With on - ly sin . . . . . and mis - er - y.
be, ... And let me find . . . . . my all in Thee.

Lord, I am blind, be Thou my sight, Lord, I am weak, be Thou my might, Lord,

I am blind, be Thou my sight, Lord, I am weak, be Thou my might.

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No. 158. Shall We find Them at the Portals?

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Will they meet us, cheer and greet us, Those we love now gone be-
2. Hearts are broken, for some tok - en, That they live and love us
3. Past yon por-tals, our im - mor - tals, Those who walk with Him in

fore, Shall we find them at the Por-tals, Find our beau-ti - fied im-
yet; And we ask "can those who left us, Of love's look and tone be-
white, Do they, 'mid their bliss re - call us, Know they what e-vents be-

mor-tals, When we reach the Radiant Shore? When we reach the Radiant Shore?
reft us, Tho' in heav'n can they for - get? Tho' in heav'n can they forget?"
fall us, Will our com-ing wake de-light? Will our coming wake de-light?

CHROUS.

Yes they'll meet us, cheer and greet us, Those we love, now gone be-
Yes they'll meet us, cheer and greet us, Those we love, gone be-
fore, We shall find them at the Por-tals When we reach the Radiant Shore.

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No. 159. Fountain of Cleansing.

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

1. Be - hold the fount-ain of Christ's blood, Be - hold the crim - son tide; Out-pour-ing from the bleeding wound In my Re-deem-er's side.
2. There's healing in the pre - cious blood, There's cleansing for the soul, And if I come, in trust-ing faith, Christ Je-sus makes me whole.
3. Oh, what a - maz - ing grace is this, That Je - sus loves me so! What won-der-ful re-demp-tion this That makes me white as snow!
4. Then to this fount - ain I will fly, With all my guilt and sin, As-sured that Je - sus' precious blood Will make me pure and clean.

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REFRAIN.

Oh, fount - ain of cleans - ing! Oh, blood so rich and free! In streams of sal - va - tion Flow o - ver me.

No. 160. Come to the Gospel Feast.

CHAS. WESLEY. C. C. CASE.

1. Come all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest-less wanderers aft - er rest, Ye poor and maimed, and halt and blind, See Christ, a heart-y welcome find.
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call, The in - vi - ta - tion is to all; Come all the world, come brother thou, All things in Christ are read-y now.
3. This mes-sage as from God re-ceive, Ye all may come to Christ and live; Oh, let His love your hearts constrain, Nor suf-fer Him to die in vain.
4. See Him set forth be - fore your eyes, That precious bleed - ing sac - ri- fice; His of - fered ben - e - fits em-brace, And free-ly now be saved by grace.

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CHORUS.

Come, oh, come . . . . . to the gos - pel feast, ...
Come, oh, come, gos - pel feast,
Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus guest. Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.

No. 161. The Password.

Mrs. M. O. Page. C. C. Case.

1. Ye sol-diers of the ar - my, Drawn up in bright array, Come lisp the lov-ing
2. Ye sol-diers of the ar - my, Who strike the fatal blow, That scatters Satan's

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password, To cheer you on your way; 'Twill make your heart grow stronger, And
fiery host, Pray as you on-ward go. And as you tread the streets again As

ev - 'ry tho't in-spire, 'Twill touch your lips to new - er praise, And
vic - tor war-riors come, Sing in a grand ex - ult - ant strain, The

CHORUS.

thrill you with de - sire. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, and this shall
song of har-vest home. 'Tis love, 'tis love,

be our pass - word, pass-word, Our password on to vic-to - ry.
this shall be our password, our password,

No. 162. Fall in Line.

GRANVILLE JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. There's a trumpet call resounding Thro' the nations far and wide, 'Tis the
2. Loud-er rolls the trump of heaven, He is call-ing all His own, Let no
3. Tho' the host of sin is mighty, And the bat - tle fear-ful be, Je - sus

gos - pel call to ral - ly, Roll-ing like a might - y tide; Hear it,
sol - dier be un-faith-ful, For each vic - tor wins a crown; Let the
leads His chos-en peo - ple, And will lead to vic - to - ry; Sa-tan's

oh, ye worn and wea-ry, Batt'ling for the truth and right, God is
bu - gle call a - wak-en Ev - 'ry child of God to - day, Till an
host will soon be vanquished, Wrong will soon give place to right, And each

call - ing to the faithful, Rouse ye, arm ye for the fight.
ar - my strong and valiant, Stands in bat-tle's stern ar-ray. Hear it
vic - tor be re - ward-ed With a crown of fade-less light.

CHORUS.

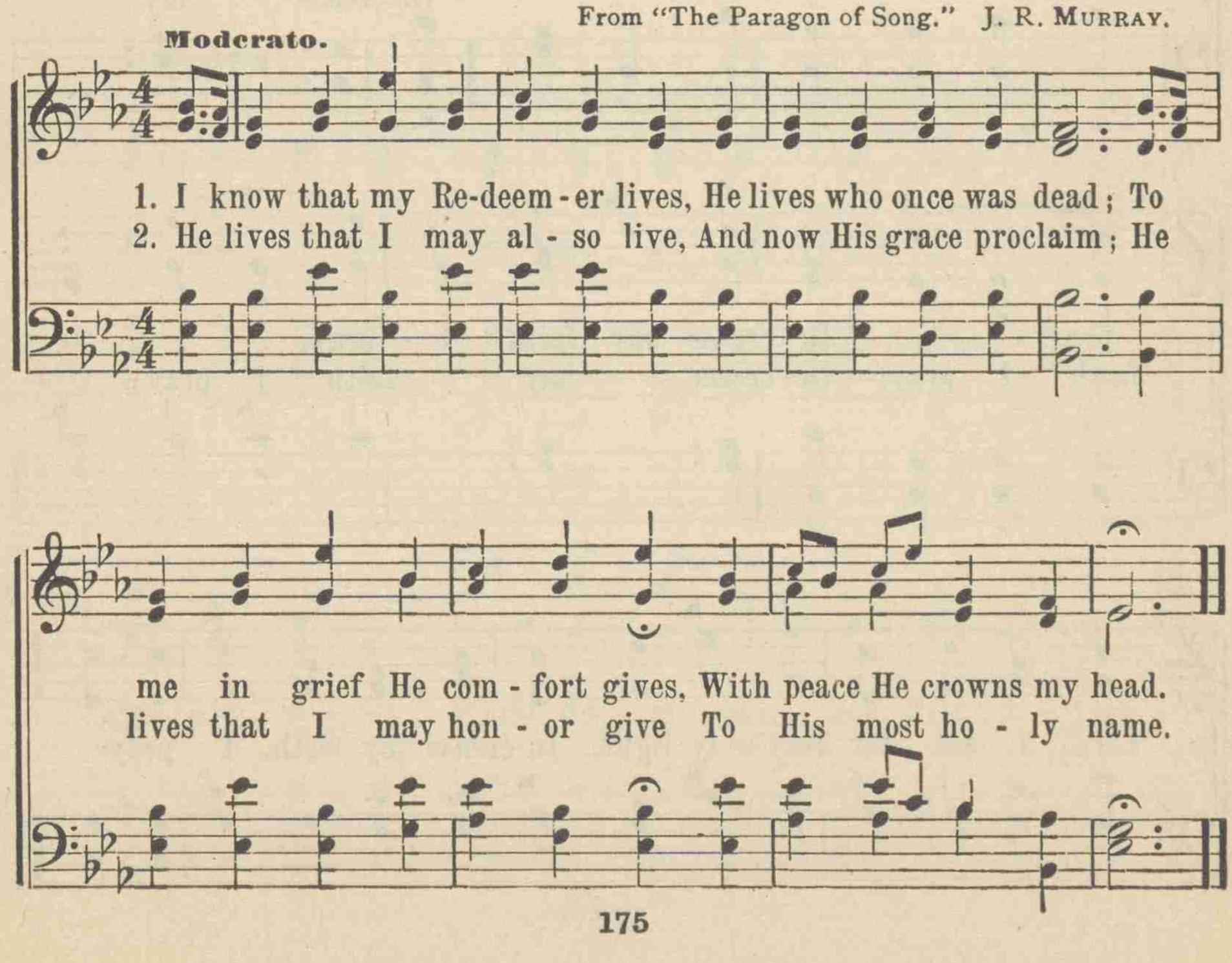
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Fall in Line. Concluded.



No. 163. Morrison. C. M.

From "The Paragon of Song." J. R. MURRAY.



No. 164. Increase My Faith, I Pray.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. O Lord, I ask for heav'n-ly light, To chase the mists of
2. That, pass-ing all that lies be-tween, The cloud and sun-shine
3. That, up-wards where my Lord has gone, My heart and hopes may

earth a-way; Time hides th'e-ter-nal from my sight, In-
by the way; My eyes may rest on things un-seen, In-
rise each day; Where He has led my steps, press on, In-

crease my faith, O Lord, I pray. In-crease my faith, I

REFRAIN.

In-crease my

pray, . . . In-crease my faith I pray, . . . O
faith, I pray, In-crease my faith, I pray;

Lord, I ask for heav'n-ly light, In-crease my faith, I pray.

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No. 165. Seek Him To-day.

LAURA E. NEWELL. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Now is the time to serve Him, And while the day is bright;
2. Now, while He calls, be read - y, O - pen thy heart to - day!
3. Now, while the day is shin - ing, Seek Him, who first sought thee!

And while the Mas-ter's call - ing, Let us in praise u - nite!
Lo! He is stand-ing, wait - ing— Grieve not the Lord a - way!
And as He waits your com - ing, Re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry!

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CHORUS.

Je - sus is here, do not de - lay, While He is near,

seek Him to - day; While He is near, seek Him to - day!

No. 166. Make Room for Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. Make room for Je - sus, in thy heart, While He would entrance win; What-
2. Make room for Je - sus, Heav'nly King, To Him the door un-bar; He
3. Make room for Je - sus in thy heart And He will be thy guest; His
4. Make room for Je - sus, do not wait, Till death thy sight shall dim · Lest

ev - er else must thence de-part, Give Him a wel - come in.
will, to thee, sal - va - tion bring, And speed thy sins a - far.
love will be where-e'er thou art, And He will give thee rest.
it shall be too late, too late To ope the door to Him.

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REFRAIN.

Make room, make room, while He doth stand With look and voice so mild; Up-
lift the latch, with will - ing hand, And ev - er be His child.

No. 167. Let the Savior In.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—REV. 3: 20.

J. B. ATCHINSON. E. O. EXCELL. By per.

1. There's a Stran-ger 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 Savior in! Let the Savior 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 Savior in! Let the Savior in!

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

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther'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 Savior in! Let the Savior in!

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No. 168. He Calls for You and Me.

Mrs. M. C. Oliver. J. R. Murray.

Moderato. Do not drag.

1. Christ for thee is in - ter - ced - ing, Hear His voice in ten - der
2. Ye who strug-gle with temp-ta - tion, In whose hearts is des - o-
3. Oh! what hom - age can we ren - der, For this love di - vine and

pleading As He calls for you and me, Calls for you and me.
la-tion, Now He calls, He calls to thee, Now He calls to thee.
ten-der, As it stoops to you and me? Stoops to you and me.

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Make thy pen - i - tent con - fes-sion While He bends in sweet com-pas-sion,
Turn from hope-less la - men-ta-tion, And ac - cept the full sal - va-tion
We will come, O Lord, be-liev - ing, We will cease Thy heart from grieving,

Call - ing now to you and me, Call-ing you and me.
That He of - fers now to thee, Of - fers now to thee.
We will come, O Lord, to Thee, We will come to Thee.

No. 169. I am Coming Home.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. C. C. CASE.

1. Fa - ther, I have heard Thee calling, Call-ing, oh, so ten - der-
2. Fa - ther, I have strayed far from Thee, And Thy face I can - not
3. I am all un-worth-y, Fa - ther. Take my hand I can - not

ly; Come, my child, so wear-y lad - en, Come, my child, come un - to me.
see; Oh, for - give and bless me, Fa-ther, While I hast- en home to Thee.
see; Bid me lift my eyes, O Fa-ther, Fix them ev - er-more on Thee.

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CHORUS.

Oh, my Fa - - ther, I am com - ing, Help me
Oh, my Fa - ther, I am com - ing.

nev - er more to roam, Ev - en while Thy voice is
Help me nev - er more to roam, Ev - en while Thy

call - ing, I am com - ing, com - ing home.
voice is call - ing, I am com - ing

No. 170. No Wonder that we Sing for Joy.

MARTHA C. OLIVER. "WINTHROP."

Not fast, but joyfully.

1, No wonder that we sing for joy, For happy now are we, The blessed Savior
2. Beneath the shadow of His wing, When skies are dark without, We lean upon His
3. Then on we press because we know His word is ever true, His rod and staff sup-

came from heav'n, And died for you and me; With grateful hearts and happy songs We
faithful word, Dismissing ev'ry doubt; We know that we are shelter'd safe When
port our steps, And He will bear us thro'; And when we sing before His throne, Our

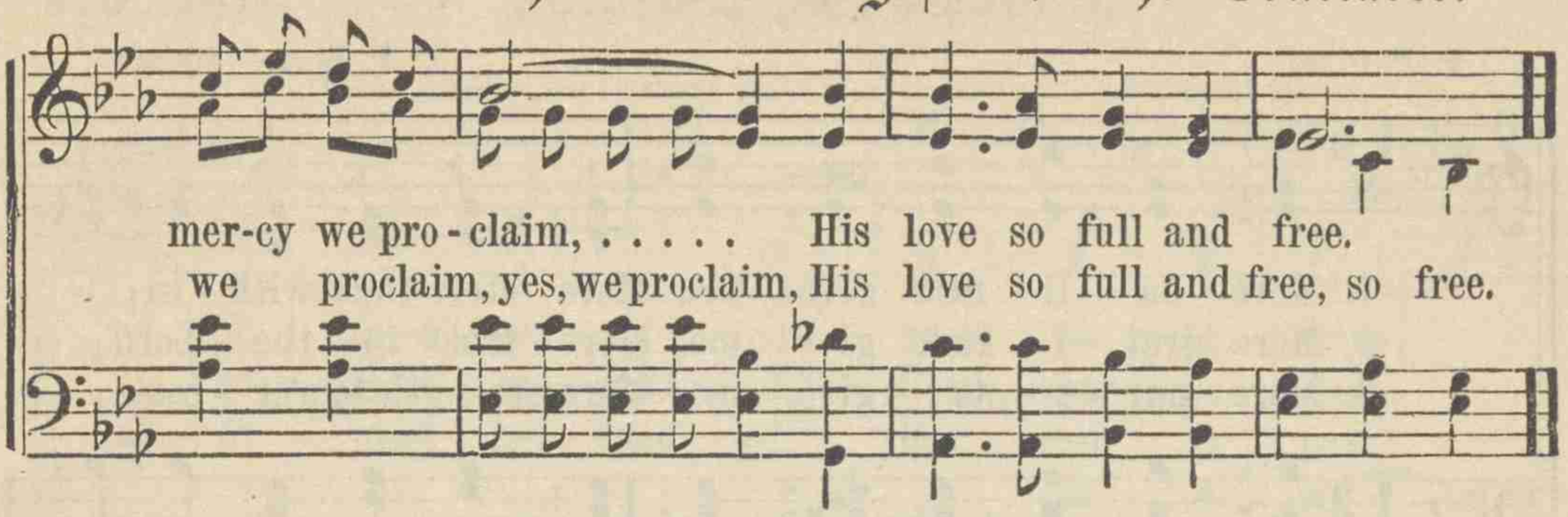
follow where He leads, His love will cheer our pilgrim way, Supplying all our needs.
we are by His side, And in the sunshine of His love, Se-cure-ly we a-bide.
theme of praise shall be; The Lord came down from heav'n above, And died for you and me.

REFRAIN.

We sing the prais-es of His love, ... Who
We sing the prais-es of His love, the prais-es of His
died for you and me, ... His bound - less
love, who died for you and me, for you and me, His boundless mer - cy

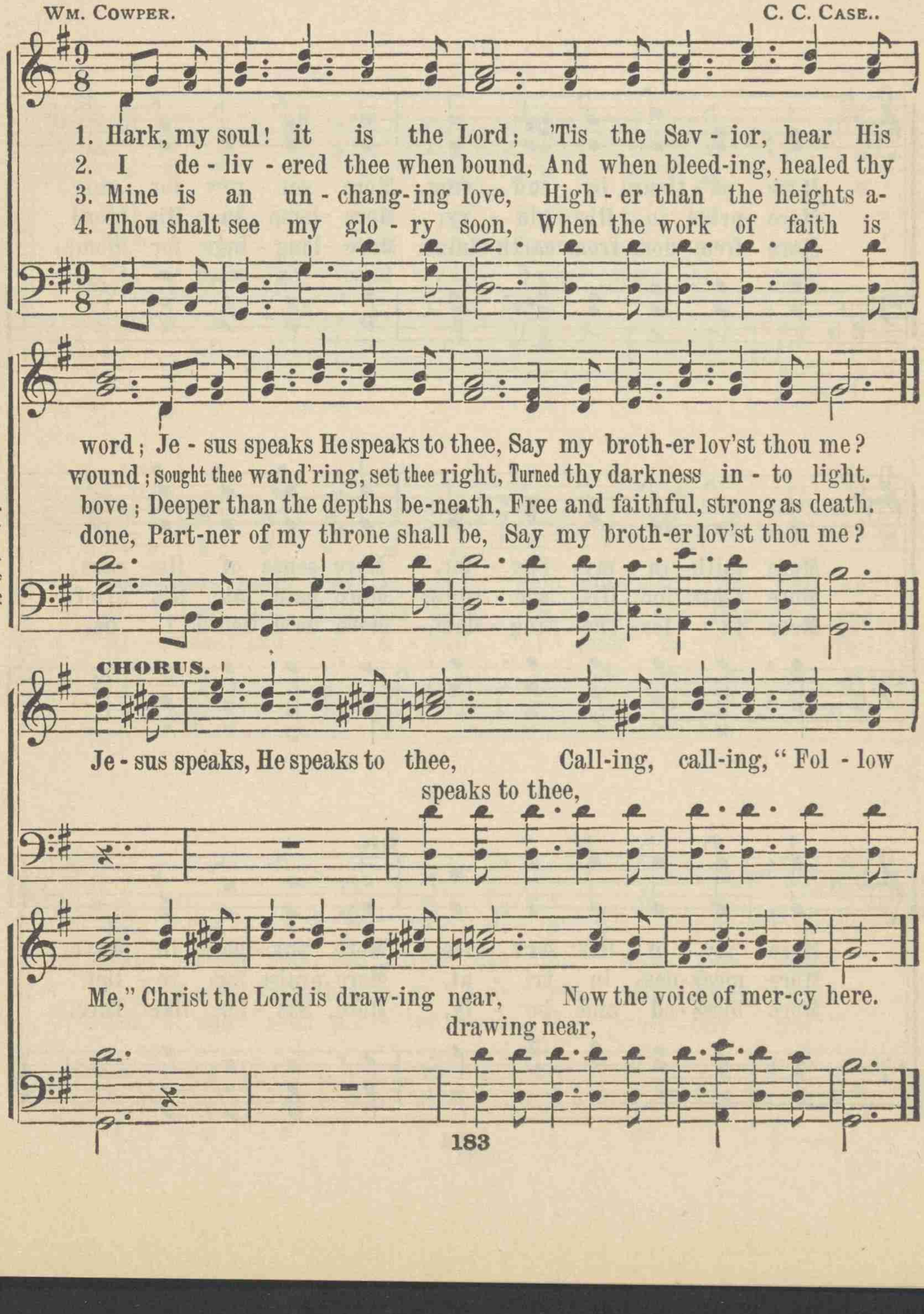
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No Wonder that we Sing for Joy. Concluded.



No. 171. He Speaks to Thee.

WM. COWPER. C. C. CASE..



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No. 172. My Prayer.

P P. Bliss. P P. Bliss. By per

1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ings with - in;
2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More pur - i - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;

More pa - tience in suff - 'ring, More sor - row for sin;
More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word.
More free - dom from earth-stains, More long - ings for home;

More faith in my Sav - ior, More sense of His care;
More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;
More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;

More joy in His serv - ice, More pur - pose in prayer.
More meek-ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like Thee.

Rit.

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No. 173. Almost Persuaded.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—ACTS 26: 28.

P. P. BLISS. P P. BLISS. By per.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Now to be - lieve;
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day;
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past!

"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive;
"Al - most per - suad - ed," Turn not a - way;
"Al - most per - suad - ed," Doom comes at last!

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it, go Thy way,
Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are lingering near,
"Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is but to fail!

Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
Prayers rise from hearts so dear: Oh, wan - derer, come.
Sad, sad that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

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No. 174. He Shall Guide Me.

DAVID C. COOK. T. MARTIN TOWNE. By per.

1. Be the pres - ent dark or bright, Be the fu - ture as it
2. Best it is to have Him Guide, Knowing He can - not do
3. Tho'ts that come from Him are pure, Words He gives are ev - er

may, God's own hand is guid-ing all, He is guid-ing all the way.
wrong; In His wis - dom and His love, He shall guide me all a - long.
right; Works He does thro' me en - dure, God is wis - dom, God is light.

Copyright, 1894, by David C. Cook.

CHORUS.

He is guid - ing, He is guid - ing, He is guid - ing all the

way; 'Tis the hand that guides the world, That shall guide me all the way.

No. 175. Wonderful Love.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. T. MARTIN TOWNE. By per

1. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! 'Twas God's great love for me, That
2. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! That fills my soul to - day; 'Tis
3. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! That cast-eth out all fear; 'Tis
4. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! Will take me home at last, To

sent the Sav - ior from a - bove, My sac - ri - fice to be!
love that fol - lows where I rove, That seeks me when I stray.
love that doth my song ap-prove, And whis-pers, "I am near."
sing love's praise thro' end-less days, When tri - als all are past.

CHORUS.

Won-der - ful, won-der - ful love, . . . Won-der - ful, won-der- ful won-der - ful love,

love, . . That sent the Sav-ior from above, My sac - ri-fice to be.
wonderful love,

No. 176. At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved"—ISA 45 : 22.

I. WATTS. R E. HUDSON. By per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die? Would He de-vote that sa-cred head, For such a worm as I?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown And love be-yond de-gree!
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my-self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

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CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled a-way,) It was there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap- py all the day.

No. 177. God Be With You.

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

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—'Neath His wings protecting
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—When life's perils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain!—Keep love's banner float-ing

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

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet! . . . Till we meet!

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! meet a - gain!

No. 178. My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His wondrous love to me; On the cru-el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost es-tate to save, In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His triumphant pow'r I'll tell, How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth, O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heav'nly love to me; He from death to life had bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh sing, ... of my Re-deem-er, With His blood He purchas'd me, He purchased me, ... On the cross, ... He sealed my par-don, ... and made me free,

Sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh sing of my Re-deem-er, With His blood He purchas'd me, With His blood He purchas'd me; On the cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free, And made me free,

Repeat pp after last verse.

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No. 179. Come Speak a Word for Jesus.

Mrs M. O. Page. C. C. Case.



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No. 180.

1 My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee.
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

S. F. Smith, D.D., 1832.

No. 181. We Will Adore Him.

FANNY CROSBY. JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Won-der - ful Sav - ior, bless-ed Re - deem - er, Ev - er in glo - ry dwell-ing a - bove, Yet in His mer - cy ten - der - ly
2. Sing of His great-ness, in - fi - nite great-ness, Sing of His goodness day af - ter day, Guarding from e - vil, shielding from
3. He is our ref - uge, He is our safe-guard, Peace to the youthful kind-ly He brings, Sweet is the prom-ise He will pro-

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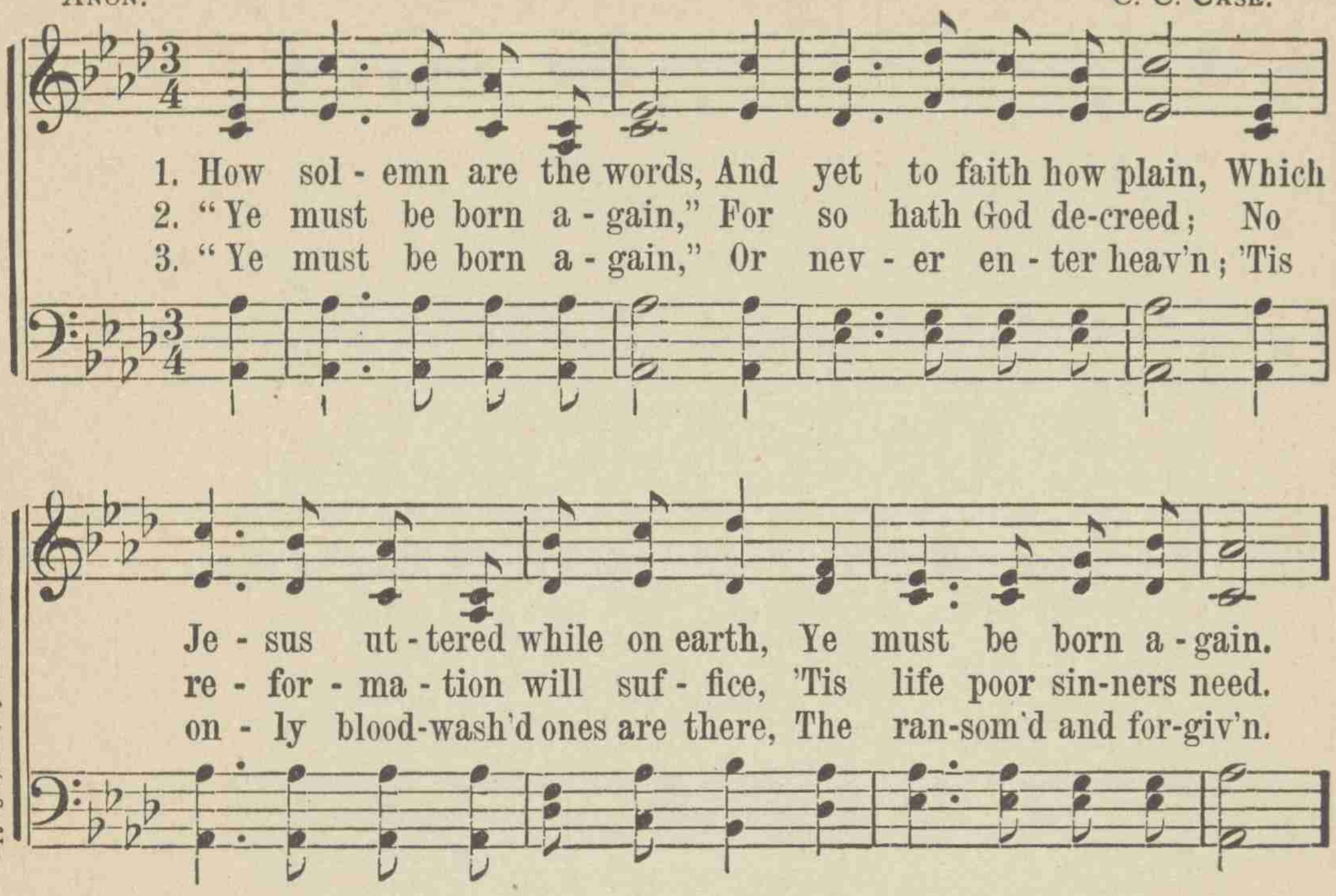
CHORUS.

smiling, O - ver the chil-dren bending in love.
dan-ger, Lead-ing us on-ward, cheering the way. We will adore Him,
tect us, He will de - fend us un - der His wing.

gath-er and praise Him, Voices in con - cert joy-ful-ly blend, His be the king-dom, pow-er and glo - ry, Now and for-ev - er world without end.

No. 182. Ye Must be Born Again.

ANON. C. C. CASE.



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CHORUS.



183.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

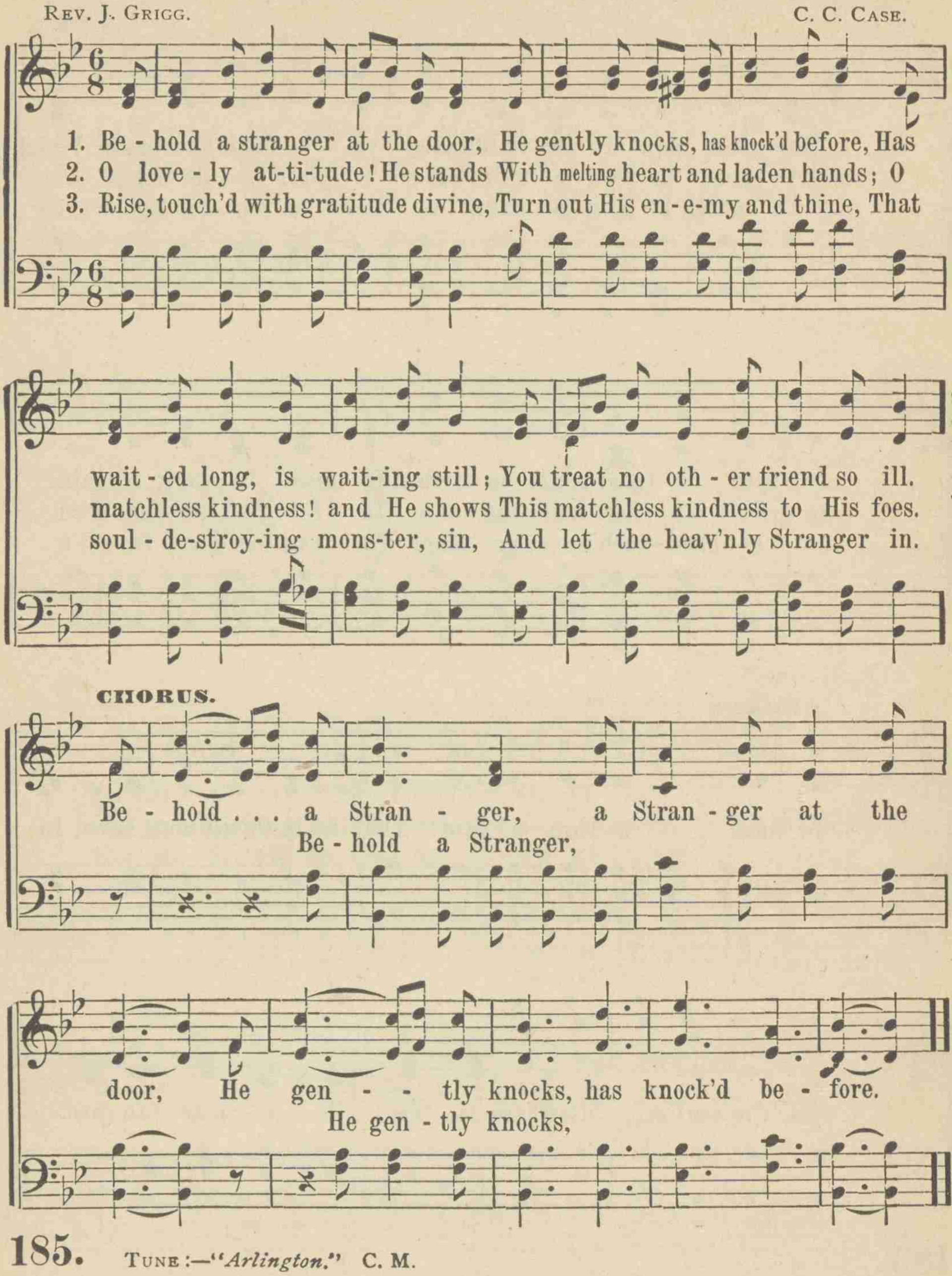
2 I love Thy Church, O God
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 184. Behold a Stranger.

REV. J. GRIGG. C. C. CASE.



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185. TUNE:—"*Arlington.*" C. M.

1 Awake my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands Thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold Thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge Thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To Thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Savior, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

No. 186. Joy, Joy, Fullness of Joy!

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. J. R. MURRAY.

1. Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy when the sinner re-
2. Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy in the ser-vice of
3. Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy in my sorrow when
4. Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy when my burdens on

pents and be-lieves, Joy when the sin-ner his Sav-ior receives;
Je-sus, my King, Joy when I'm rest-ing safe un-der His wing;
Je-sus I see, Joy in temp-ta-tion if Christ strengthens me;
Je-sus I cast, Joy in the morning when shadows are past;

Joy when my bur-den was lift-ed a-way, Joy when the darkness was
Joy in His presence to me doth be-long, Joy of the Lord is my
Joy when His prom-is-es ful-ly I trust, Joy when I walk in the
Joy in the evening when la-bor is done, Joy ev-er-last-ing when

turned in-to day. Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy, joy! fullness of joy!
strength and my song. Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy, joy! fullness of joy!
path of the just. Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy, joy! fullness of joy!
heav-en is won. Joy, joy! fullness of joy! Joy, joy! fullness of joy!

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No. 187. Only a Song.

ROBERT H. WALTON. C. C. CASE.

1. On - ly a song for the Mas-ter, Sung in the spir - it of pray'r;
2. On - ly a song for the Mas-ter, Bring-ing a mes-sage to you;
3. On - ly a song for the Mas-ter, Sin - ner, O list - en to - day;

On - ly a song for the Mas - ter, Cheering some one in de - spair.
On - ly a song for the Mas - ter, Tell - ing a sto - ry so true.
On - ly a song for the Mas - ter, Thro' Him there's nothing to pay.

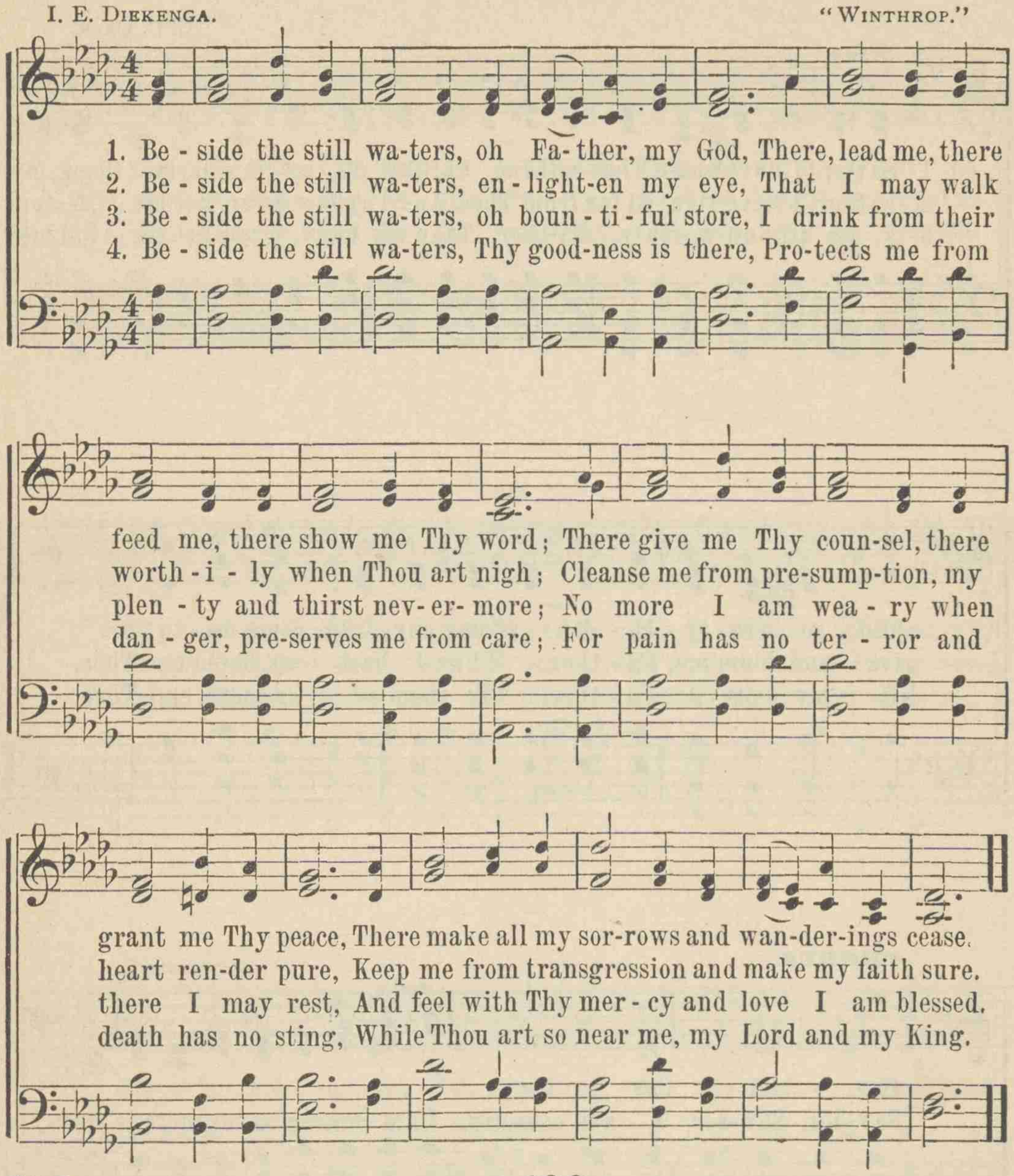
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CHORUS.

On - ly a song, . . . On - ly a song, . . . Prais - ing my
On-ly a song, On-ly a song Praising my Sav-ior
Sav - ior all . . . . . the day long, ... On - ly a song, . .
Praising my Savior, praising my Sav - ior all the day long, Only a song,
On - ly a song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
Only a song, Praising my Savior, praising my Savior,

No. 188. Beside the Still Waters.

I. E. DIEKENGA. "WINTHROP."



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189.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

190.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 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?

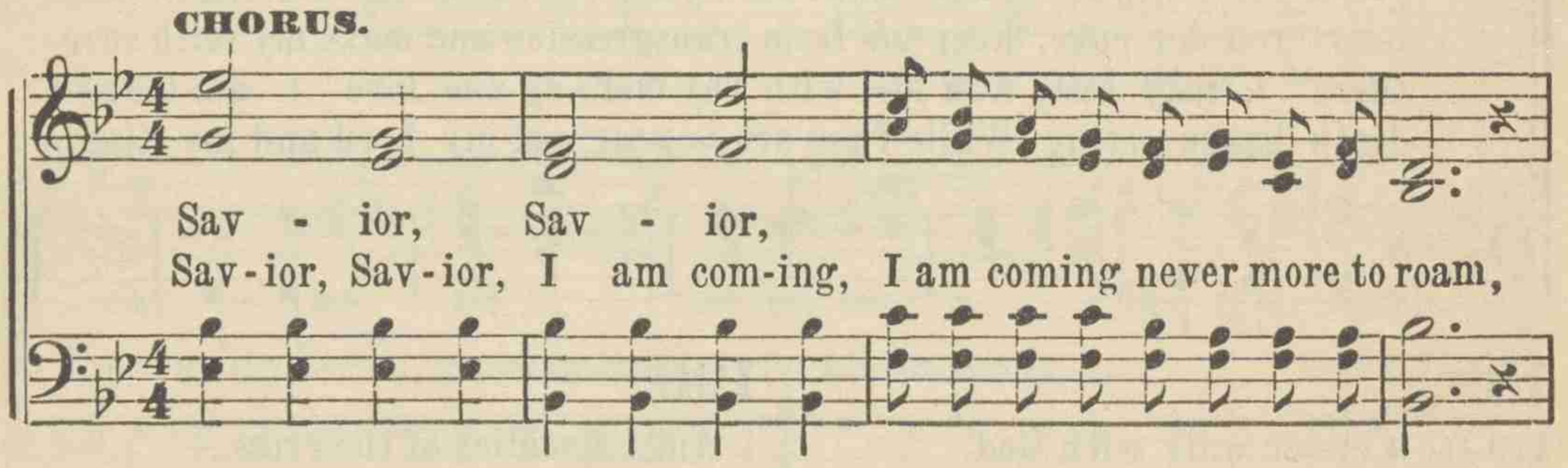
3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 191. Savior, I am Coming.

C. C. Case.

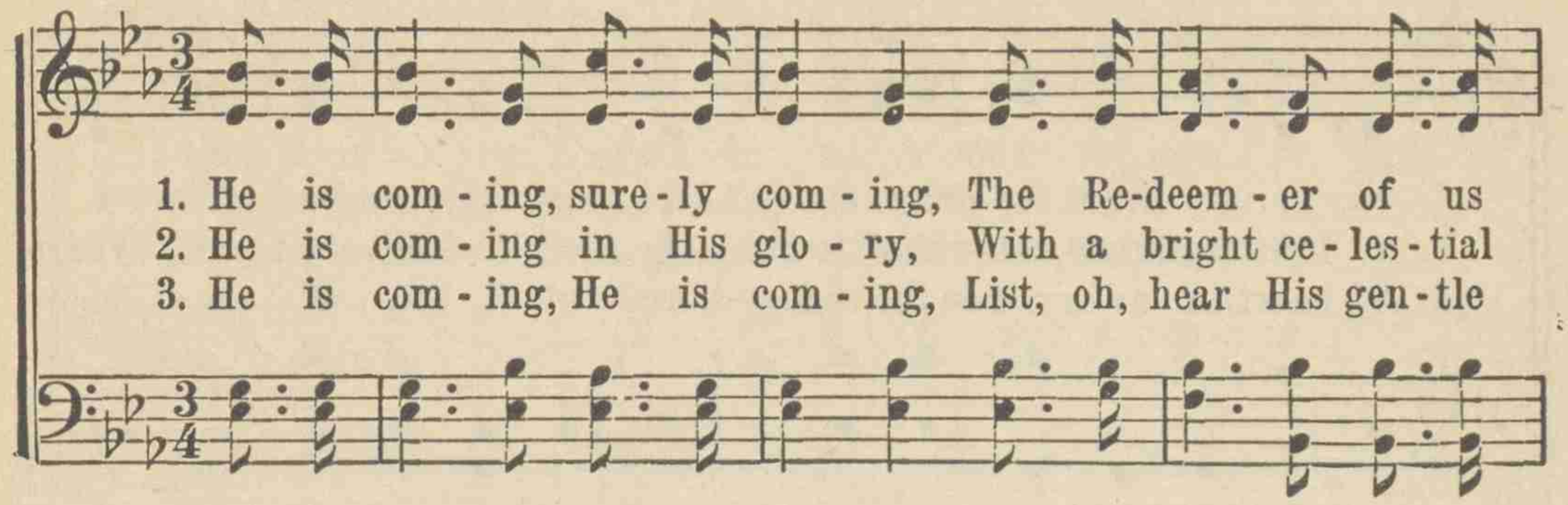


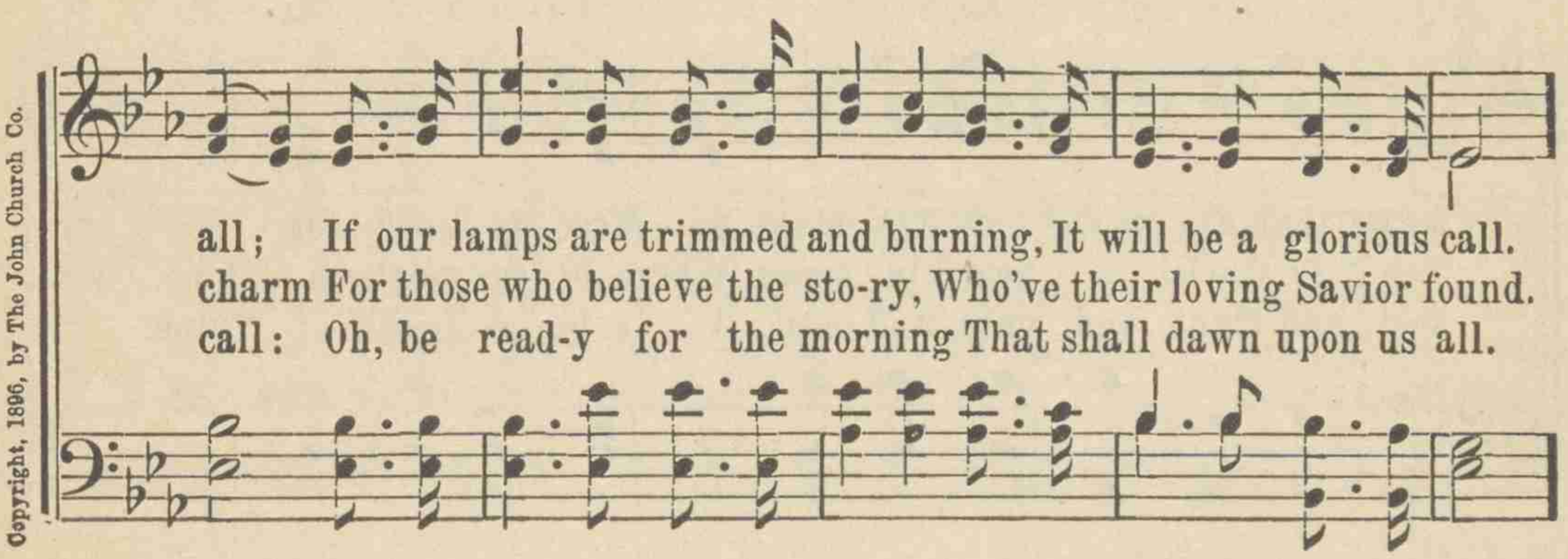
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No. 192. He is Coming.

R. H. WALTON. HAMP. H. SEWELL.





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No. 193. O for a Lowly, Contrite Heart.

CHAS. WESLEY. C. C. CASE.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free; A
2. A heart resigned, sub-missive, meek, My great Redeem-er's throne; Where
3. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine; Per-

heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly shed for me.
on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

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CHORUS.

Oh, for . . . a low-ly contrite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean;

contrite heart, true and clean,

Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him . . . that dwells within.

death can part From Him, from Him that dwells within.

No. 194. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. BLISS. P. P. BLISS. By per.



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195. C. M.

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.

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 thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

196. *"Stand up for Jesus."* 7s, 6s.

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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!

197. *"The Morning Light."* 7s, 6s.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 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 Savior's blessing—
A nation in a day.—S. F. SMITH.

No. 198. Will You Listen?

J. B. ATCHINSON. J. R. MURRAY.

Softly and pleadingly.

1. Will you lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten? Will you lis-ten to the
2. Will you lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten? Will you lis-ten to His
3. Oh, then, lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten? Broth-ers, lis-ten to Him

Lord? Hear Him call-ing, call-ing, call-ing—Call-ing from His bless-ed
call? He is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing—Burden'd ones, and guilty—
now; He is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing—Hast-en at the cross to

word; Call-ing you to flee from dan-ger, Call-ing you to flee from
all! Who-so-ev-er now will hearken, And o-bey His lov-ing
bow: He will lift your heav-y bur-dens, Turn your darkness in-to

sin; Hast-en to the sin-ner's ref-uge, There is rest, sweet rest with-in.
voice, He will give you peace and par-don, And will make your hearts re-joice.
day, He will make your heart His tem-ple, And will nev-er go a-way.

REFRAIN.

Lis - - ten,
Will you lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten, Lis-ten to the Lord, Hear Him

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Will You Listen? Concluded.



199. TUNE: "*Portuguese Hymn*," *IIs.*

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said—
‖: To you, who for refuge to Jesus hath fled?:‖

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
‖: Upheld by my gracious omnipotent hand." :‖

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
‖: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress." :‖

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
‖: I'll never—no never, no never forsake!" :‖

200. TUNE: "*Duke Street, L. M.*

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
There early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honor to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

ISAAC WATTS.

201. TUNE: "*Come, said Jesus.*"

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

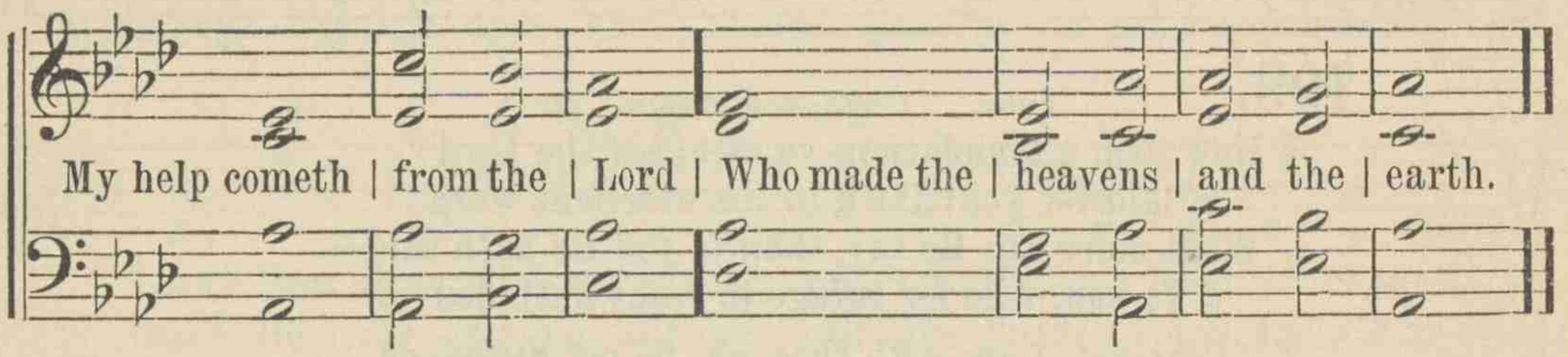
3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANN L. BARBAULD.

No. 202. I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes.





2 He will not suffer thy | foot to be | moved, | He that keepeth thee | will not
Behold he that keepeth Isra- | el | Will neither | slumber | nor sleep. [| slumber;

3 The Lord | is thy | keeper, | The Lord is thy | shade on | thy right hand;
The sun shall not | smite thee by | day, | Nor the | moon | by | night.

4 The Lord will preserve thee | from all | evil, | He | will pre- | serve thy | soul;
The Lord will preserve thy going out and thy | coming | in | From this time forth
and | even for | ever- | more.

203.

1 Come unto me all ye that labor and are | heavy | laden,
And | I will | give you | rest.

2 Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and | lowly in | heart,
And ye shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.

3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden is | light,
For my yoke is | easy—and my | burden—is | light.

4 And the Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that | heareth—say | come,
And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the | water
of | life— | freely. Amen.

204.

1 The Lord is my shepherd, I | shall not | want,
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me be- | side the |
still— | waters.

2 He re- | storeth—my | soul,
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | name's— | sake.

3 Yea, tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil,
For Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy | staff they | comfort | me.

4 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil, my | cup— | runneth | over.

5 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of—my | life,
And I will dwell in the | house—of the | Lord—for- | ever, Amen.

205 Glorious Fountain.

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

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

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

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

206 Sun of My Soul.

1 Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

207 Crown Him Lord of All.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

208 Italian Hymn.

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our pray'r attend:
Come, and Thy people bless
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

209 Be On Thy Guard. S. M.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw Thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

210 In the Cross of Christ.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it grows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

211 Rock of Ages.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

212 Nearer, my God, to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

213 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

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

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, 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!

214 My Faith looks up to Thee.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,—
A ransomed soul.

215 Blest be the Tie.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellow-ship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our hopes, our fears, 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.

216 Just as I Am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

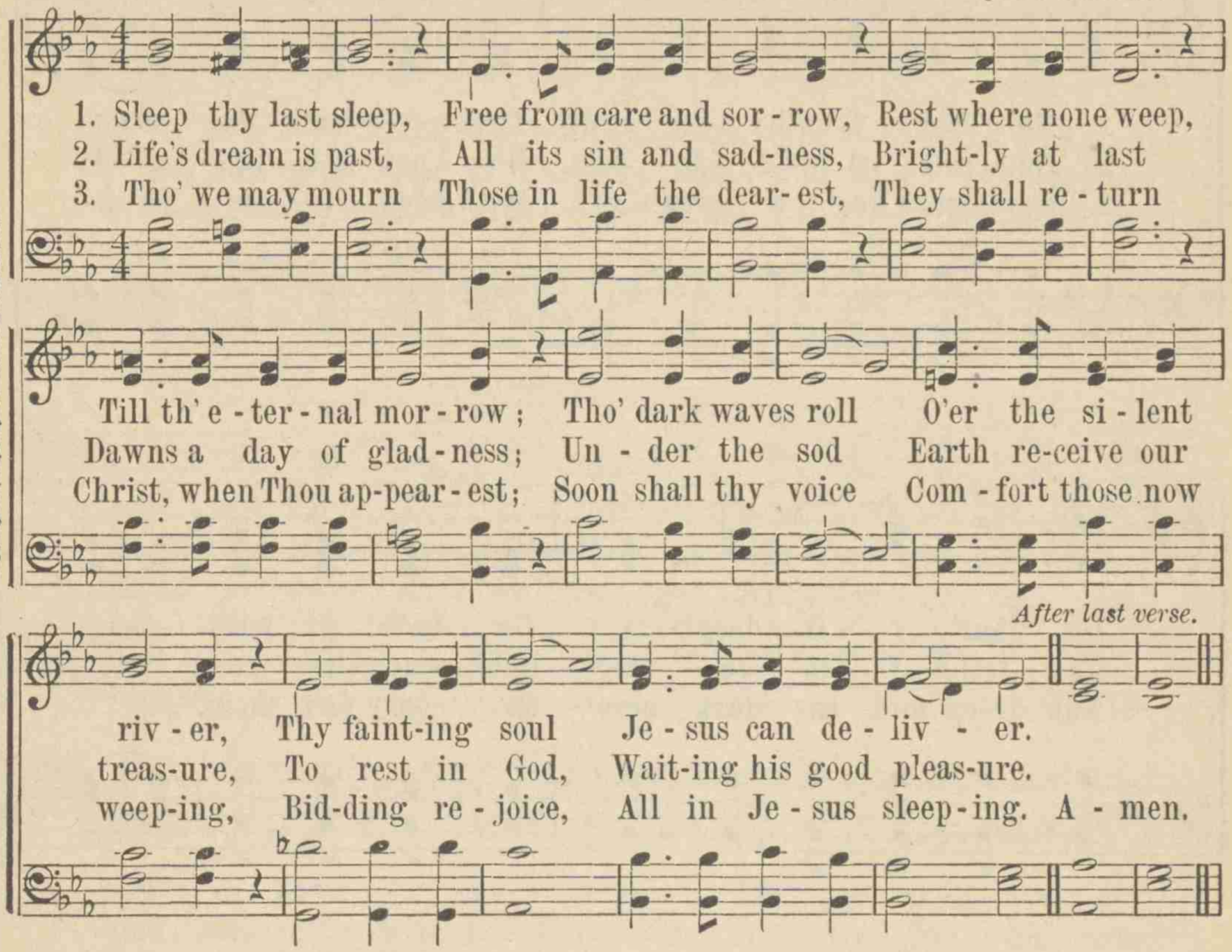
2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb, of God, I come! I come!

No. 217. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

J. R. MURRAY.

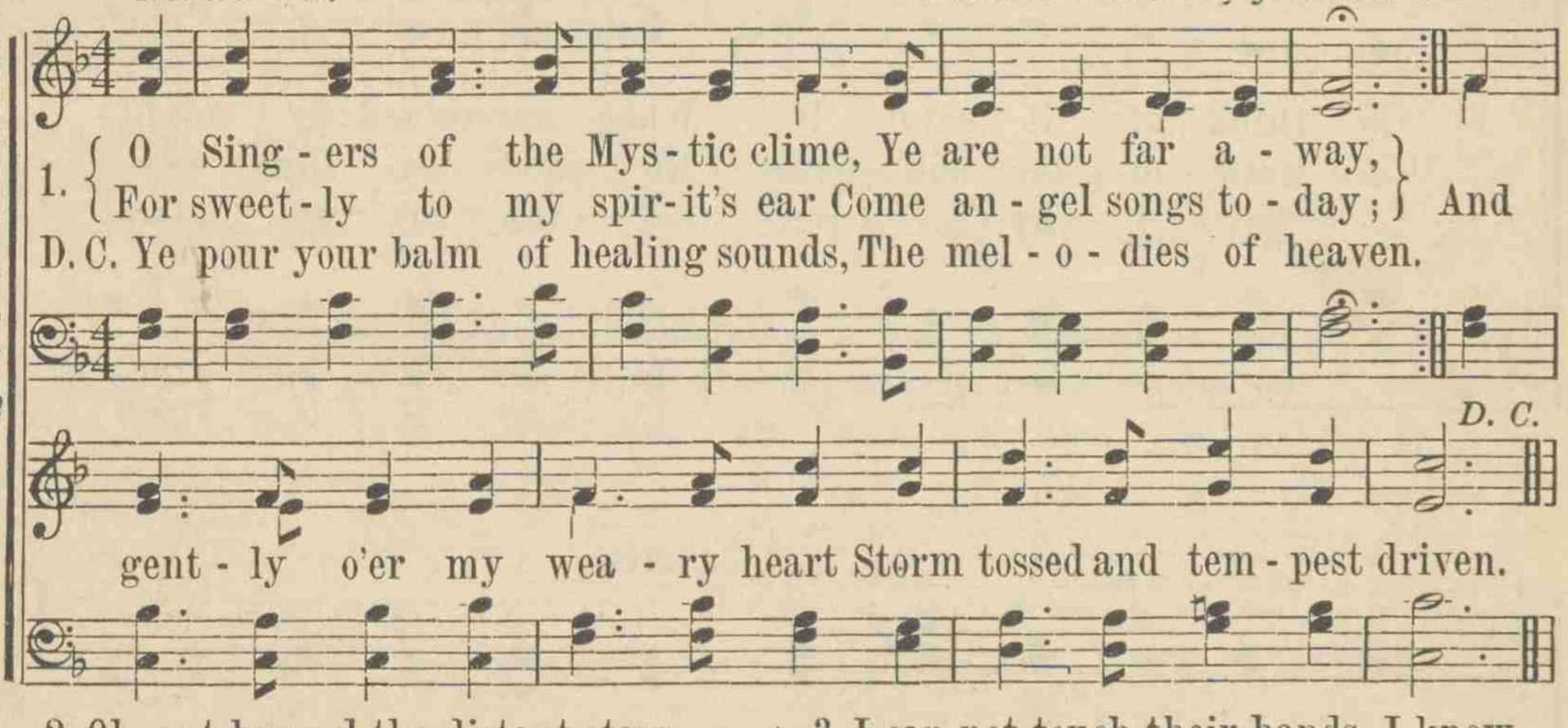


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No. 218. Trevor. C. M.

Not too slow.

Words and music by J. R. MURRAY.



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2 Oh, not beyond the distant stars,
The homes of those I love,
And never on a far off shore.
And never far above,
But ever present at my side
The dear ones walk along
To guide my feet in surer ways,
And cheer me with their song.

3 I can not touch their hands, I know,
Their robes I cannot see,
But still I hear their music sweet,
And still they walk with me;
I follow where their voices lead,
While earthly sounds grow dim,
The dear Lord's messengers are they
To bring me up to Him.

No. 219. Go Bury Thy Sorrow.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share;
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know - eth thy grief;
3. Hearts grow-ing a - wea - ry, With heav - i - er woe,

Go bur - y it deep - ly, Go hide it with care;
Go tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief;
Now droop 'mid the dark - ness— Go com - fort them, go!

Go think of it calm - ly, When cur-tained by night;
Go gath - er the sun - shine He sheds on thy way;
Go bur - y thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be blest;

Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
He'll light- en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
Go give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

Rit.

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No. 220. O Weary Heart, Thy Rest has Come.

J. R. MURRAY. W. H. PONTIUS.

Gently, and with much feeling.

p

1. O wea - ry heart, thy rest has come, And heav'n and hap - pi-
2. Thy hun - gry soul is feast - ed now, And whit - est robes, which
3. Then, shall we mourn with bit - ter tears For thee, whose tears are

ness are thine; Thy ti - red feet have found the home Whose
an - gels wear Are thine. Up - on thy hap - py brow The
wiped a - way; Shall we for - get earth's wea - ry years And

glo - ry shall for - ev - er shine. Thy sun shall nev - er
new name shines with ra - diance fair. By liv - ing wa - ters
call thee from thy rest to - day? Oh, rath - er, may thy

more go down, No night shall dark - en thine a - bode; No
pure and sweet, The dear Lord leads thee by the hand, And
gen - tle love, Thy sim - ple faith in God be giv'n, His

sins shall ev - er dim thy crown, Since thou hast walked the shining road.
gives thee, for thy ten - der feet, The green fields of the Bet - ter Land.
lov - ing kind-ness still to prove, And lead us up to thee and heav'n.

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No. 221. Abide With Me. 10s.

W. H. Monk.



222. *For this hymn use small notes.*

1 Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

2 Ye who have mourned, when the spring-flow'rs were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
When their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.

3 Large are the mansions in your Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

No. 223. Home Flies the Dove.

The soul may be likened unto a dove in a cage, from which some day it shall be set free to go singing home to its rest.

Words and Music by J. R. Murray.

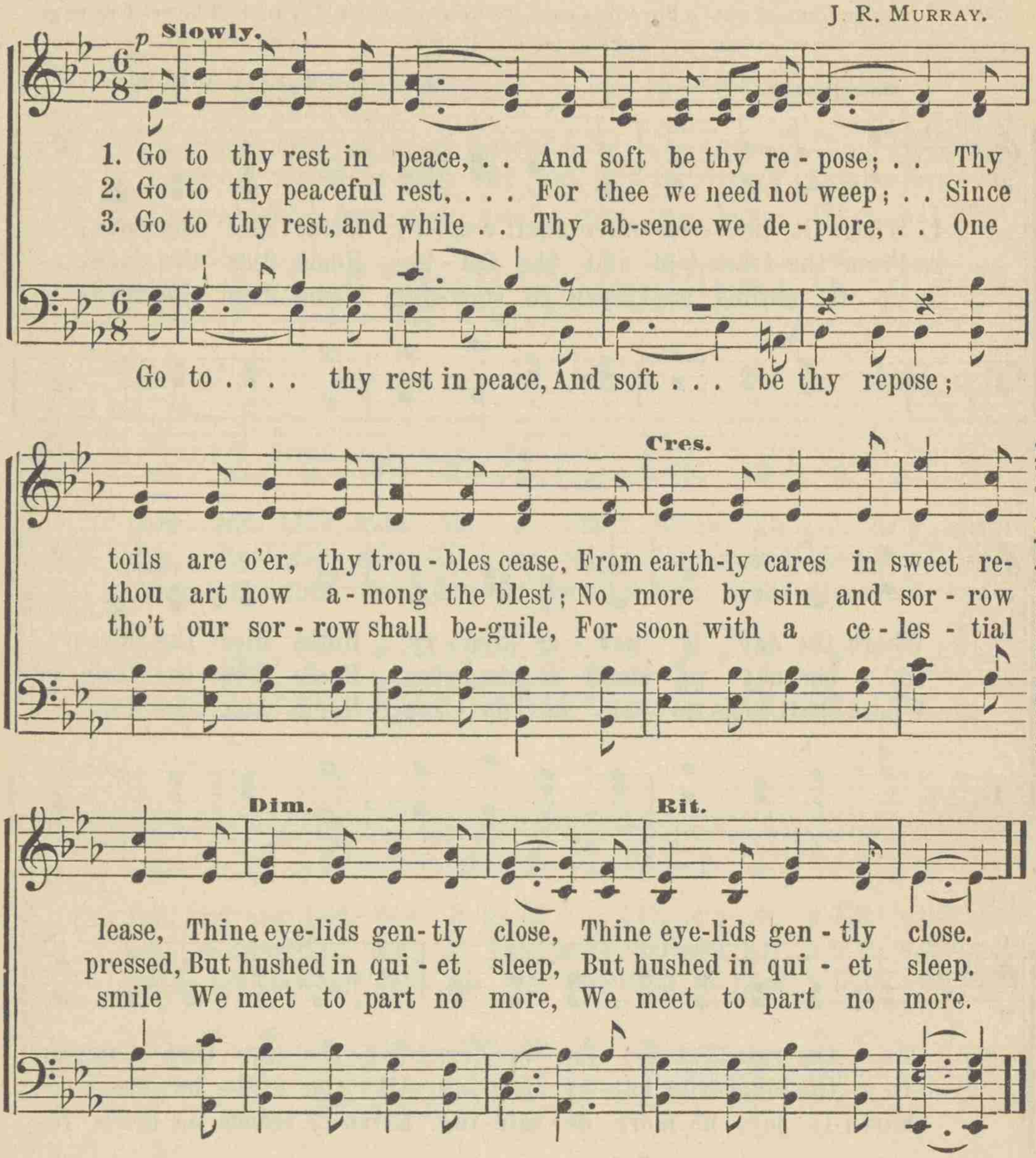
Earnestly.



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No. 224. The Peaceful Rest.

J. R. MURRAY.



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225.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

MRS. STEELE.

226.

1 Another hand is beckoning on,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that reaches heaven.

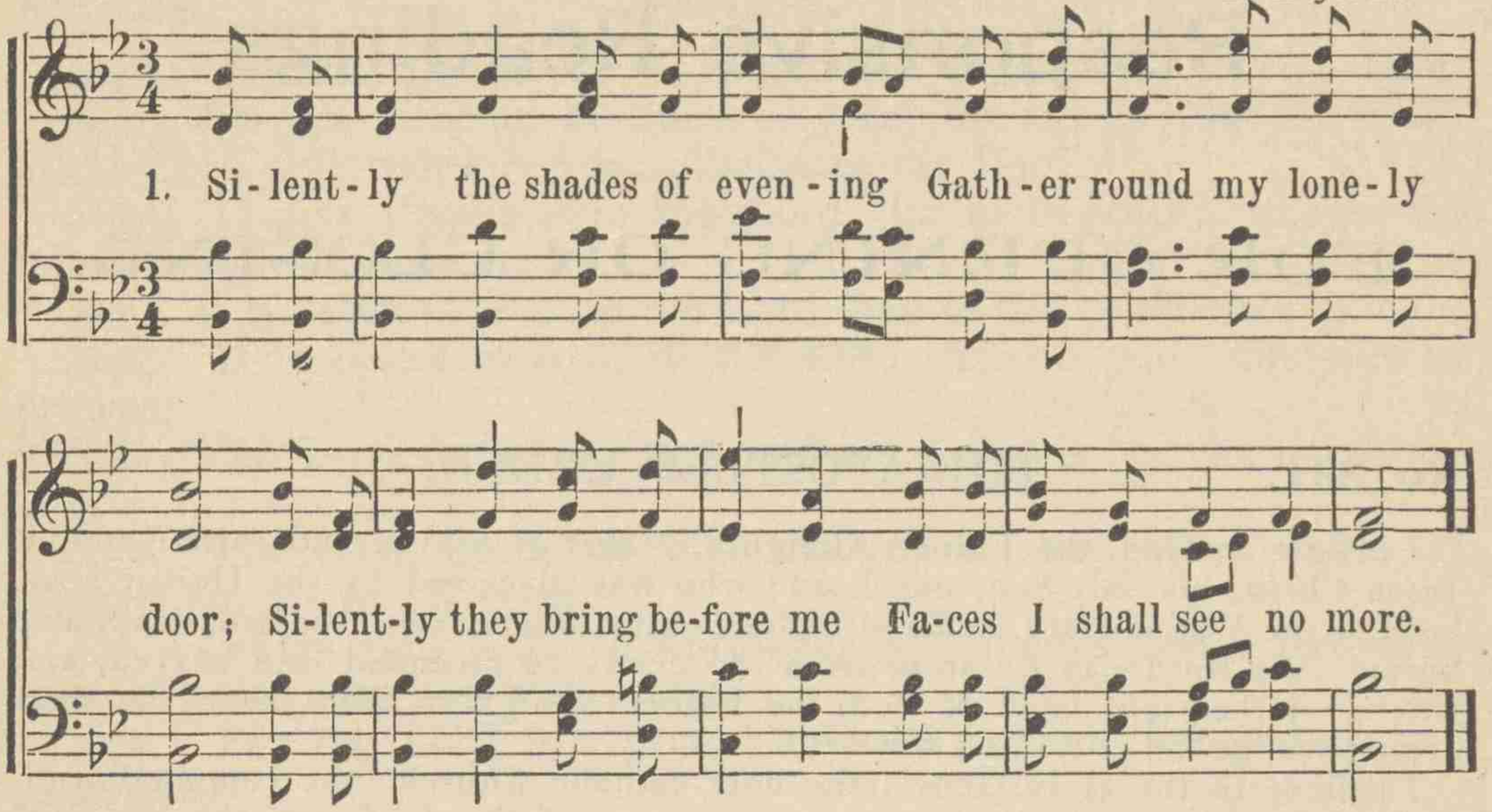
2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath,
Soul, to its place on high;
They that have seen Thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths and sad the hours
Whence Thy bright smile has gone;
But, oh, a brighter home than ours
In heaven is now Thy own.

WHITTIER.

No. 227. Stockwell. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.



2 Oh! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh! the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly troubles;
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that far heaven
We may hope to gain at last.

228

1 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

WESLEY.

229

1 Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' life's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

230

1 Always with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Savior whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er the pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosom
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley.
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

NEVIN.

Responsive Readings

FOR OPENING OR CLOSING.

No. 231. THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate: was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he arose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting. Amen.

No. 232. OPENING SERVICE.

Superintendent. Offer unto God thanksgivings; and pay thy vows unto the Most High:

School. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

Supt. It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Sch. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.

Supt. If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

Sch. Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

No. 233. OPENING SERVICE.

Supt. Now therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant, and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary.

Sch. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Supt. I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Sch. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Supt. If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself: but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it.

Sch. They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

No. 234. PRAISE.

Supt. O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

Sch. For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

Supt. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

Sch. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

Supt. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.

Sch. The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

Supt. For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Sch. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

Supt. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

Sch. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Supt. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Sch. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

Supt. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

Sch. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

No. 235. OUR REFUGE.

Supt. Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

Sch. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee.

Supt. When my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

Sch. For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

Sup. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Supt. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Sch. Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defense.

Supt. He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust.

Sch. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Supt. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Sch. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

Supt. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Sch. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever.

Supt. In his love and his pity he redeemed you.

Sch. He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye.

No. 236. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Supt. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

Sch. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Supt. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Sch. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Supt. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Sch. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

No. 237. COURAGE.

Supt. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Sch. Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men.

Supt. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

Sch. Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked.

Supt. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Sch. That he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man.

Supt. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart.

No. 238. CHRIST'S SYMPATHY AND CARE.

Supt. For I am the Lord that healeth. Who forgiveth thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases.

Sch. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

Supt. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Sch. The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.

Supt. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

Sch. Like a shepherd he shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom.

Supt. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Sch. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Supt. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

Sch. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

Supt. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Sch. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

Supt. He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

Sch. To comfort all that mourn.

Supt. To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Sch. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Supt. For we have not a high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities: but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Sch. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

No. 239. WORD OF GOD.

Supt. The word of the Lord is tried. Every word of God is pure.

Sch. The entrance of thy words giveth light.

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

Sch. Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

Supt. How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.

Sch. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of God shall stand forever.

Supt. O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

Sch. I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word.

Supt. Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage forever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

Sch. Great peace have they which love thy law.

No. 240. THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Supt. For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.

Sch. If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever; even the Spirit of truth.

Supt. Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven.

Sch. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you.

Supt. The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.

Sch. The spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Supt. And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.

Sch. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

Supt. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

Sch. If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

No. 241. CLOSING SERVICE.

Supt. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom:

Sch. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts.

Supt. Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

Sch. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer.

Supt. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

No. 242. CLOSING SERVICE.

Supt. The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

Sch. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

Supt. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Sch. The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

No. 243. CLOSING SERVICE.

Supt. Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid;

Sch. Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Supt. It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord, Holy Father, almighty, everlasting God.

Sch. Therefore with angels and arch-angels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious name, evermore praising thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,

heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee, O Lord most high.

Supt. Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, be glory forever.

No. 244. BEATITUDES.

Supt. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Sch. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Supt. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Sch. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Supt. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Sch. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Supt. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Sch. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Supt. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Sch. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 245. FAITH.

Supt. For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.

Sch. Know ye therefore that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham.

Supt. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sch. By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

Supt. If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

Sch. Lord, increase our faith.

No. 246. PEACE.

Supt. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Sch. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

Supt. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Sch. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.

Supt. Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace.

Sch. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

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"SONGS THAT UPLIFT
AND ENCOURAGE
ARE MIGHTY
ALLIES FOR THOSE
WHO LABOR IN THE
MASTER'S CAUSE."