ROUND NOTES.

Tears & Triumphs No. 3

BY

REV. L.L. PICKETT
REV. E.A. HOFFMAN
AND EVANGELIST O.B. CULPEPPER

"I will sing unto the Lord."—Ex. 15:1.

	Single.	Dozen.	Hundred.
Boards,	25 cents	$2.80	$22.50
Muslin,	20 cents	2.25	18.00
Manilla,	15 cents	1.65	13.50

PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING CO.,
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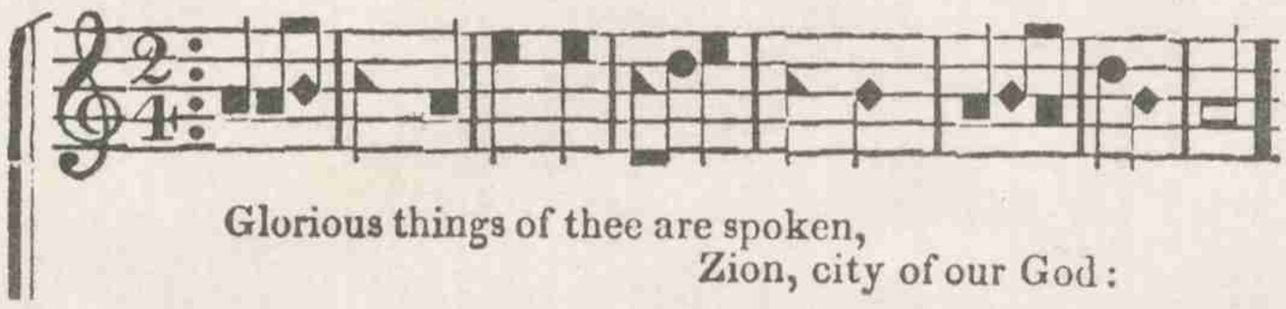

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TEARS AND TRIUMPHS

No. 3.

BY

REV. L. L. PICKETT, REV. E. A. HOFFMAN

AND

EVANGELIST O. B. CULPEPPER.

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PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Hymn
1902
Tear A

37
P 286.2
e.2

PREFACE.

We submit to the Christian public this new book of songs, which we publish in the name of Jesus. Its predecessors have sold nearly half million. May it lead many to yield all to Him. With that hope we incorporate the following beautiful hymn in this preface.

I SURRENDER ALL.

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

DUET.

CHORUS.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord I give myself to Thee,
Fill me with Thy love and power,
Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame;
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to His name!

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SEND FOR SAMPLE copy of Tears and Triumphs No. 4, a great new book, made up of the best spirit-filled songs to be had. Sample, 15 cents.

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PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Louisville, Ky.

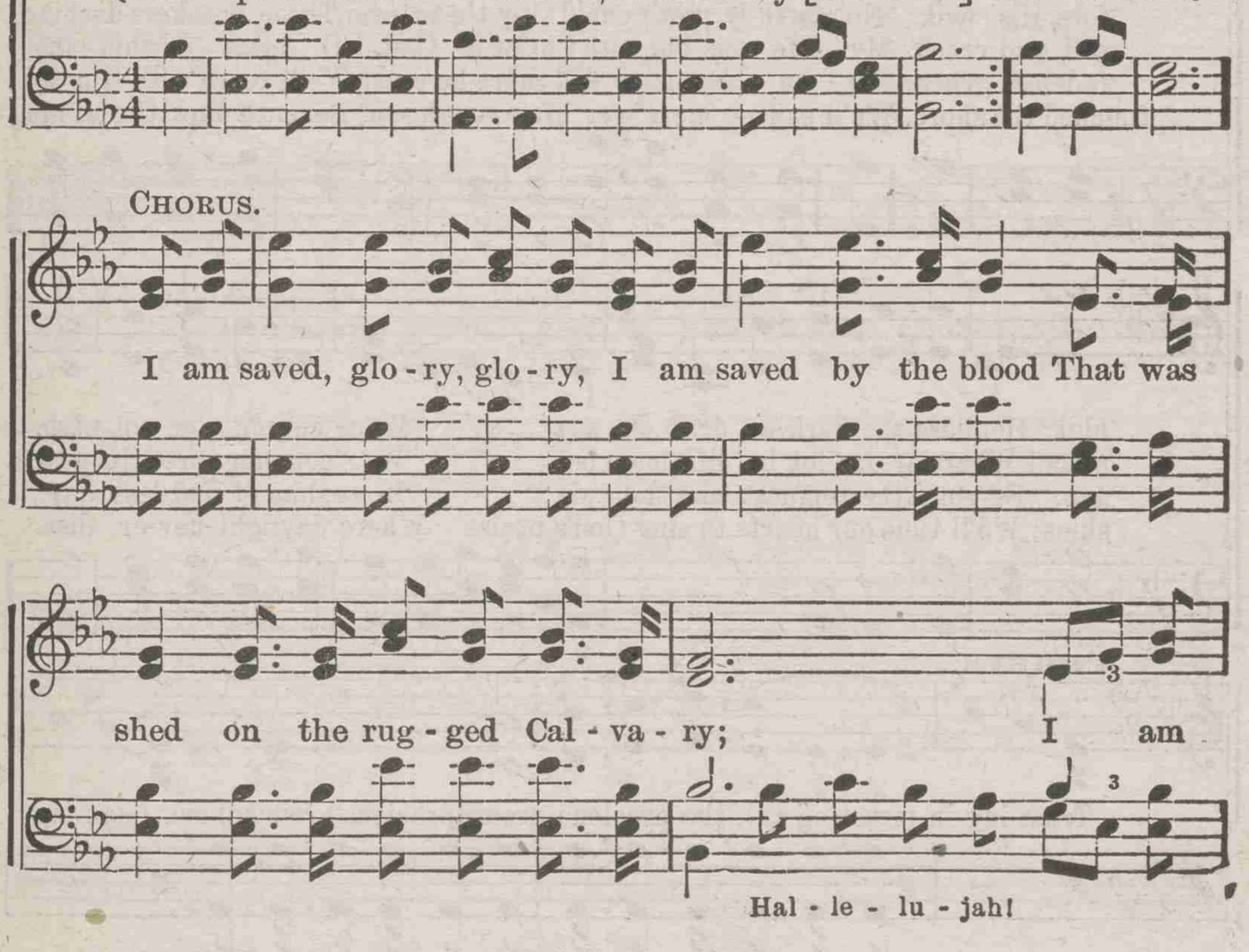
Tears and Triumphs No. 3.

---

1 I AM SAVED, GLORY, GLORY.

CHARLES WESLEY. L. L. PICKETT.
Chorus by JNO. MCPHERSON.

1. For - ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side;
   This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the [*Omit. . .*] Sav-ior died."
2. My dy-ing Savior and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
   Sprinkle me ev-er with Thy blood, And cleanse and [*Omit. . .*] keep me clean.
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
   Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my [*Omit. . .*] head, my heart.
4. Th' atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith to sight im-prove,
   Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my [*Omit. . .*] soul be love.



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TRUST.

NELLIE WARD TRASK. S. J. BISHOP

1. A ho - ly hush within my heart, The troubled waves are still;
The tem-pest raging wild with-out Has bow'd be-
2. A heav'nly peace within my heart, Let lightnings round me flash;
Since I am His and He is mine, Let thun-der
3. A joy ex - ult-ant in my soul, The dis-tant shore is seen;
Be - yond the billows seething white Are fields of
4. At home at last within the port, The long dark voyage o'er;
Thro' ma - ny stormy gales we passed Be - fore we

fore His will. No earth-ly pow'r could stay that storm, Those breakers dashing
roll and crash. My life is hid with Christ in God, O bless - ed hid - ing
fadeless green. Our an - chor soon will there be cast, We'll reign with Him for
touched the shore. We'll sail no more o'er life's rough sea, Beneath dark threat'ning

high; Helpless the bark a - drift at sea Were help di-vine not nigh.
place! Whate'er our lot in life may be, We conquer thro' His grace.
aye, Be-yond the tempest and the tide In realms of end-less day.
skies; We'll tune our hearts to sing God's praise Where daylight nev-er dies.

CHORUS.

Trust-ing in (trusting in), the precious prom-(precious promise) ise, Lean-ing
hard (leaning hard), up-on His word (upon His word), Fearing neith-(fearing neith-) er clouds nor

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TRUST. Concluded.

shad - ow, For vic - to - rious is our God.
shadow, clouds nor shadow, For vic-to-rious is our God, is our God.

3

ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. To - day I re - joice in my Sav - iour, And in the sal-
2. He went to the cross to re - deem me, He will - ing - ly
3. He know - eth my heart's deep-est long - ing, He know - eth all

va - tion He gave, In Je - sus a - lone will I glo - ry,
en - tered the grave, For He with His heart of com - pas - sion
good that I crave, And oft I can trust Him to bless me,

D. S.—great is my need He is might-y in-deed,

Fine. **CHORUS.**

So a - ble and will - ing to save.
Was a - ble and will - ing to save. Je - sus is a - ble to
So a - ble and will - ing to save. is

Yes, a - ble and will - ing to save.

save,..... A - ble and will - ing to save;..... Tho'
a - ble to save, yes, will - ing to save;

D. S.

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AMAZING GRACE.

JOHN NEWTON. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved;
3. Through many dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me; His word my hope se-cures;
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and portion be As long as life en-dures.
I shall pos-sess, with-in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

CHORUS

'Tis the grace that saves, 'Tis the
'Tis the grace that saves a sin-ner like me, 'Tis the
grace that saves, Hal - le - lu - - jah!
grace that saves a sin-ner like me; Hal - le - lu-jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! for the grace that saves.
Hal-le - lu-jah!

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No. 5. WONDROUSLY REDEEMED.

"That he might redeem us from all iniquity."—Titus 2 : 14.

E. A. H. 4th verse by L. L. P. Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
2. It was Christ's redemption-blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re-
3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose
4. I can trust Him ev - 'ry-where, hal - le - lu - jah! Roll on

come with me to dwell, hal-le - lu-jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has
stored my soul to God, hal-le - lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
help I can depend, hal-le - lu-jah! Since He took my sins away, He has
Him my ev'ry care, hal-le - lu-jah! He will keep me as I go, All my

D. S.—*joic-ing night and day, As I*

changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
from His wounded side; I am saved and sanc-ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!
pil-grim-age be-low, For His grace doth o - ver-flow, hal-le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so
Hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeemed, oh, hal - le - lu-jah! I'm redeemed! Oh, so

won - - - drous-ly re-deemed! I'm re-
wondrously redeemed, yes, oh, so wondrously redeemed!

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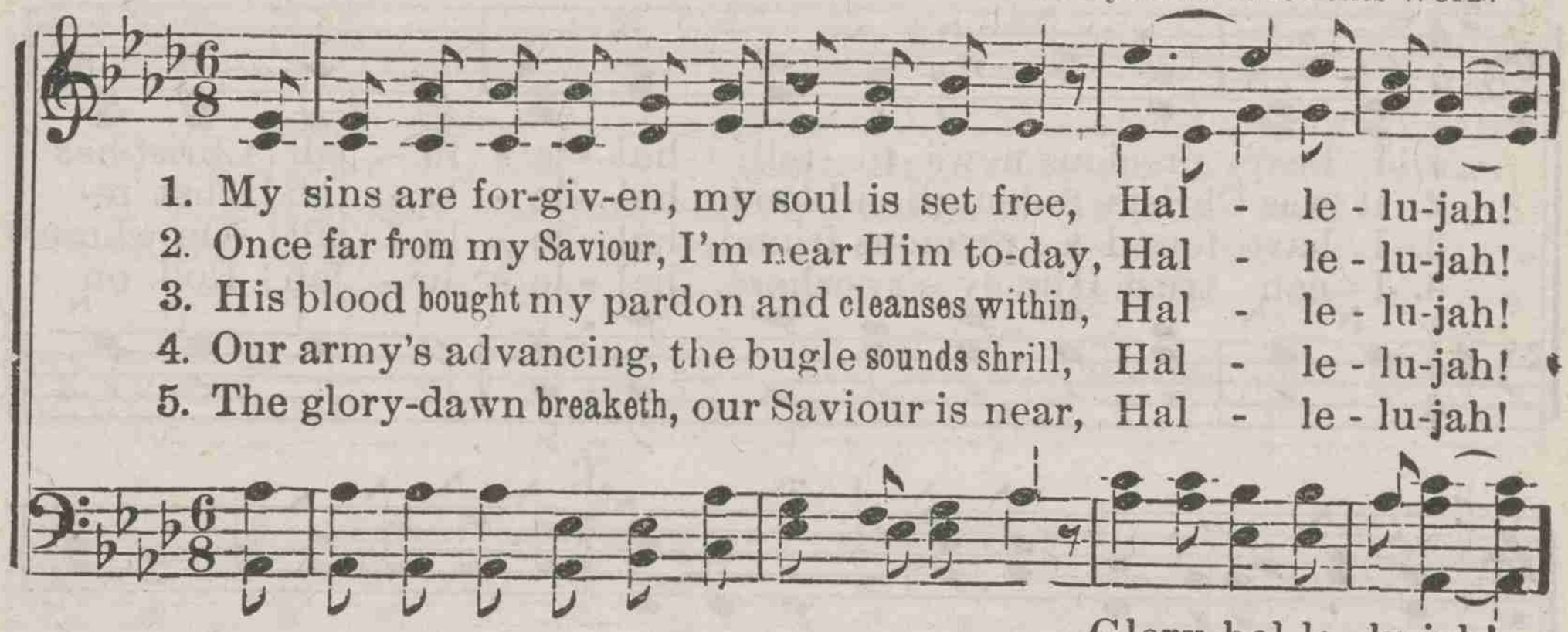
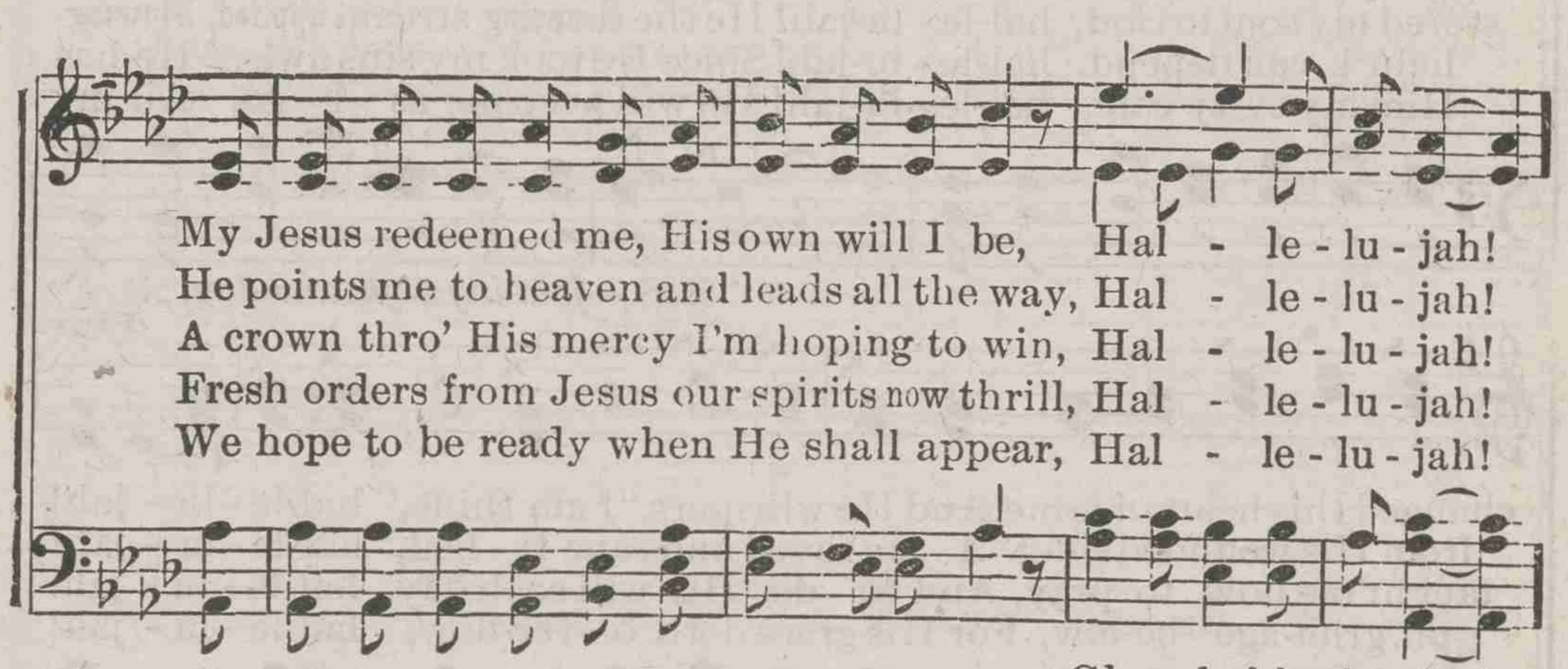
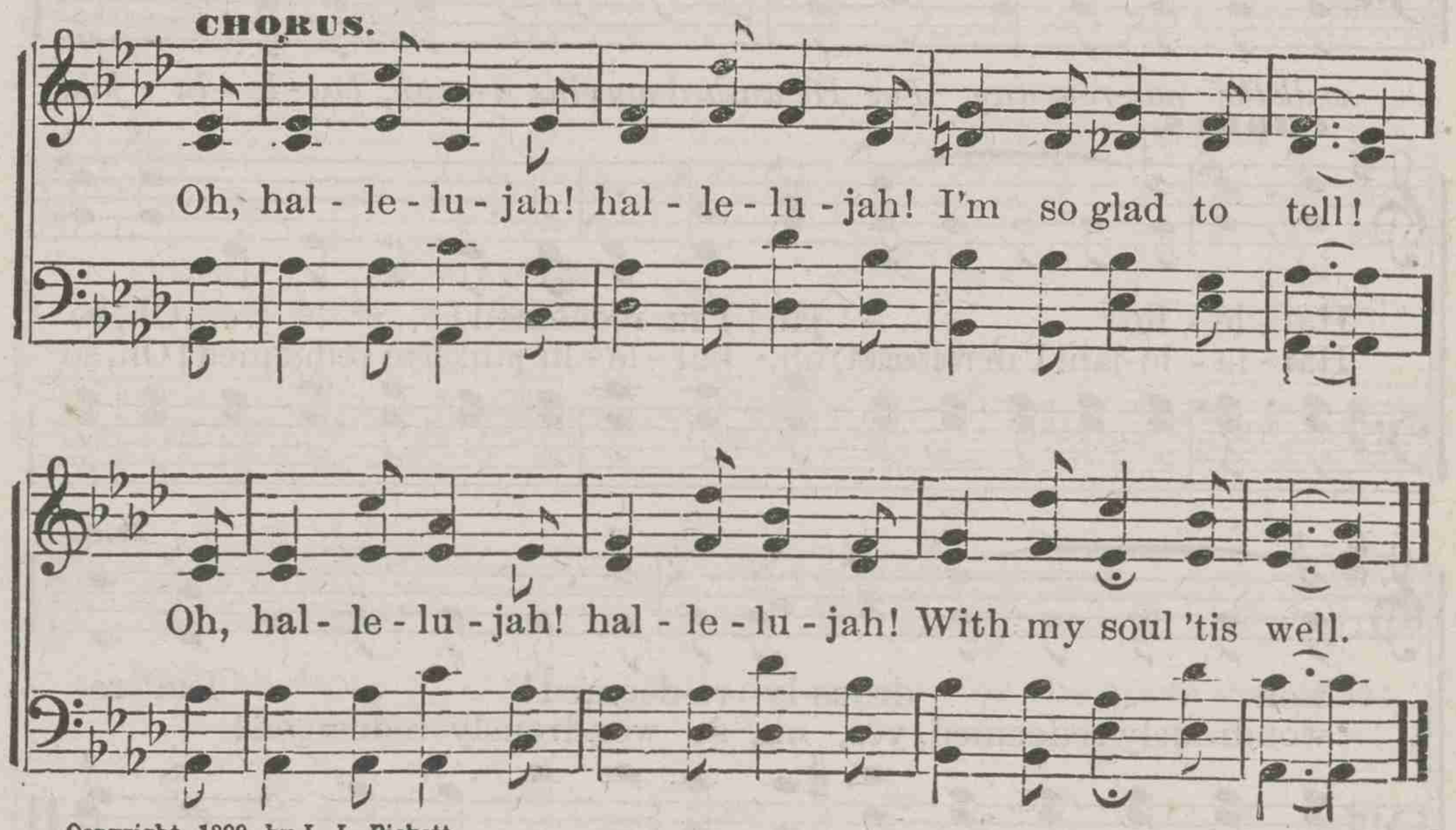
HALLELUJAH!

"Amen! Alleluia!"—Rev. 19: 4.

L. D. Carrington. Arr. by B. R. J. for this Work.







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No. 7. GLORY TO JESUS.

A. F. M. Arr. "To Him be glory and dominion forever."—Rev. 1: 6. A. F. MYERS. By per.

1. If you want pardon, if you want peace, If you want sorrow and
2. Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jewels of
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight, If you want purity,
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and

sighing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree, Jesus can
earth all as dross, Cleansed in the blood flowing free from His side, Jesus can
walk in the light, If you want liberty, shout and be free, Je-sus can
you shall be whole, Wash in the blood that is flowing for thee, Jesus can

CHORUS

save you, for He saved me.
save you, for you He died. Glo - ry to Je-sus, He sat - is - fies me,
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.
cleanse you, for He cleansed me.

Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'm free, I am free, Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'll

shout it. I will, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I cannot keep still.

O'ER ALL THE WORLD.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. O'er all the world our blessed Lord shall reign, Banishing death and
2. O'er all the world we long to see the day When He shall drive the
3. O'er all the world His righteousness shall spread, Earth's hungry ones shall
4. O'er all the world our anthems then shall ring, Glad hal-le - lu - jahs

driving out all pain; O'er all the lands His banner bright shall wave, Till
shadows far a-way; Then ev'ry one shall bow to Him the knee, His
of His store be fed; Then all the sin shall quickly flee a-way, The
to our Saviour King; Up to yon heav'n our swelling notes shall rise, While

CHORUS.

all shall know His mercy and His pow'r to save. He's com-ing,
banner wave in glory o-ver land and sea.
night-shades fly before our Saviour's world-wide day.
angels waft the chorus thro' those God-lit skies. He's coming, yes, He's coming,

He's com-ing, The King we've looked for
quickly coming, The King, the King we've looked for now so

long, When o'er the earth shall swell the glad Redemption song.
long, now so long, When o'er the earth, when o'er the earth shall swell the glad Redemption song.

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MEET ME THERE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

Fine.

pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight. Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

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

CHORUS.

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

D. S.

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No. 10. Where is my Lord?

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I've wander'd in darkness, in the val-leys of sin; A- far from my Saviour
2. My heart feels the burdens and sorrows of guilt, And yet on Mount Calvary
3. I hope in His goodness for mer-cy at last, But strong are the fetters
4. O hark! 'tis my Saviour! such accents of love, In tones soft and tender,

ma-ny years I have been. The storms rage around me, and I shrink back with
Je -sus' life-blood was spilt; I know that He suffer'd on the thrice-cursed
sin a-round me has cast; Still doubt, fear and darkness fetter hope, life and
pouring down from a-bove. He of - fers me pardon, and I know He doth

CHORUS.

fear; The ter-rors of judgment seem to be drawing near. Where is my Lord?
tree, But O, can His mercy reach a reb - el like me? Where is my Lord?
trust. I'm crush'd neath the burden, and I lie in the dust. Where is my Lord?
save; He free-ly forgives me, and I fear not the grave. Here is my Lord,

1–3. Where is my Lord? I'm out in the darkness, Where, O where is my Lord?
4. Here is my Lord; I'm safe in His bosom, Here, O here is my Lord.

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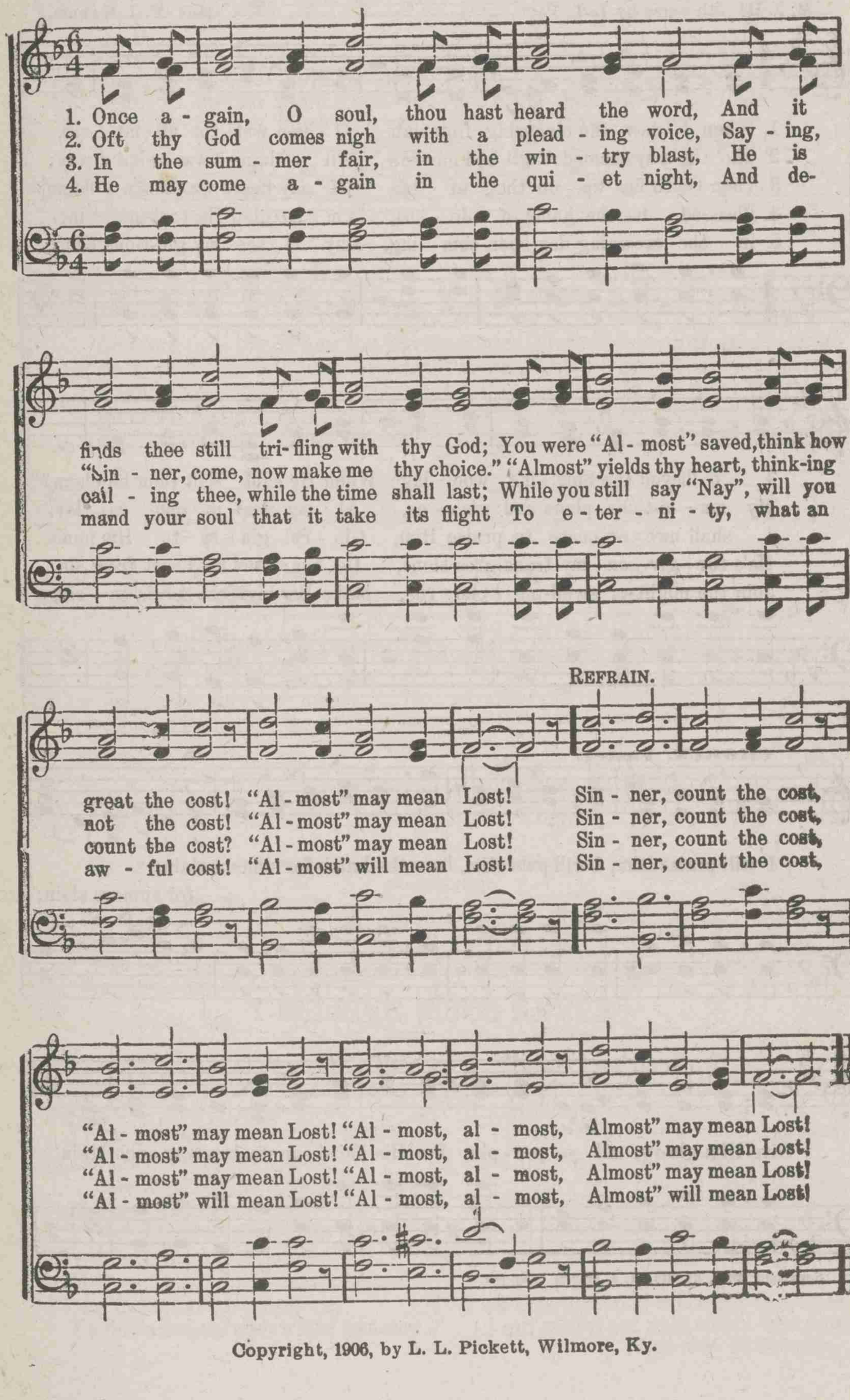
"ALMOST" MAY MEAN LOST!

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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I WILL PRAISE HIM.

(Dedicated to my friend, Miss Gertrude Bartholomew.)

M. J. H. 5th verse by L. L. P.

MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

1. When I saw the cleansing fount-ain O - pen wide for all my sin,
2. Tho' the way seemed straight and nar-row, All I claimed was swept a-way;
3. Then God's fire up - on the al - tar Of my heart was set a - flame;
4. Bless-ed be the name of Je - sus, I'm so glad He took me in;
5. In the crowning day soon com - ing, May I see my glo-rious King;

I o - beyed the Spir - it's woo - ing When He said "Wilt thou be clean?"
My am - bi-tions, plans and wish - es, At my feet in ash - es lay.
I shall nev - er cease to praise Him, Glo - ry! glo - ry to His name.
He's for - giv - en my trans-gres-sions, He has cleansed my heart from sin.
Join the might-y, swell-ing cho - rus, Make His high-est prais-es ring.

CHORUS. Faster.

I will praise Him, I will praise Him, Praise the Lamb for sinners slain;
for sinners slain;

Give Him glo-ry, all ye peo - ple, For His blood can wash a-way each stain.

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13

WHEN THE SAVIOR COMES.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

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14

I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Tune—"Sweet By and By." Key A♭.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow;
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Ev'ry treasure and idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

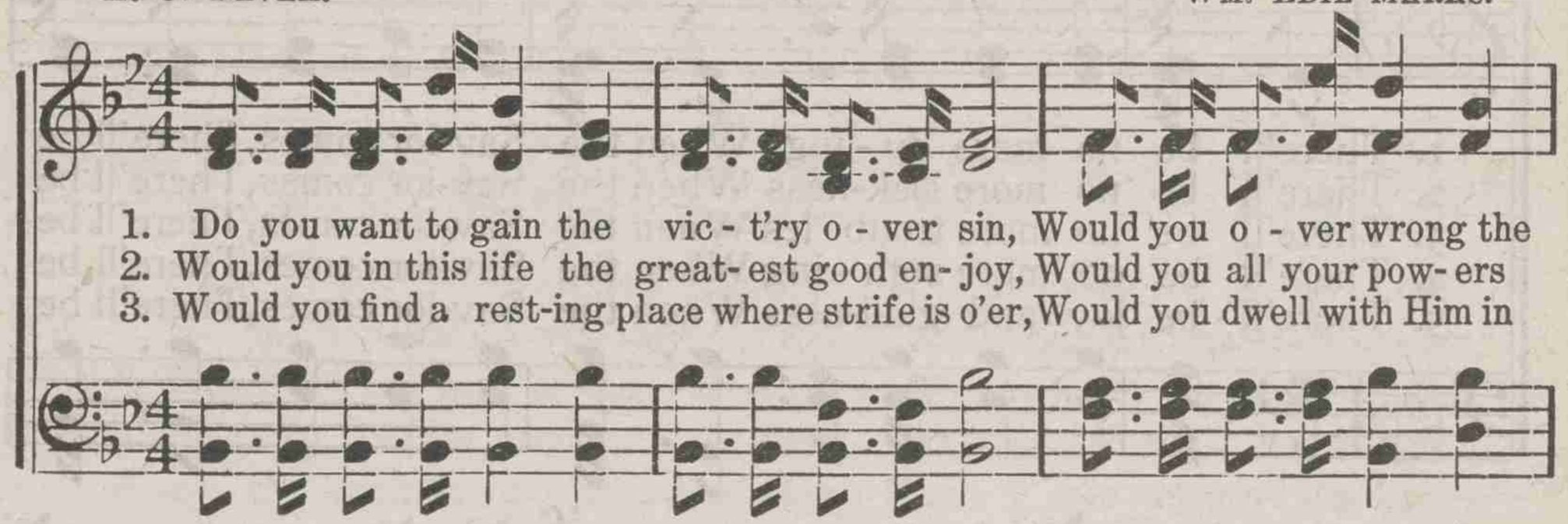
4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know,
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

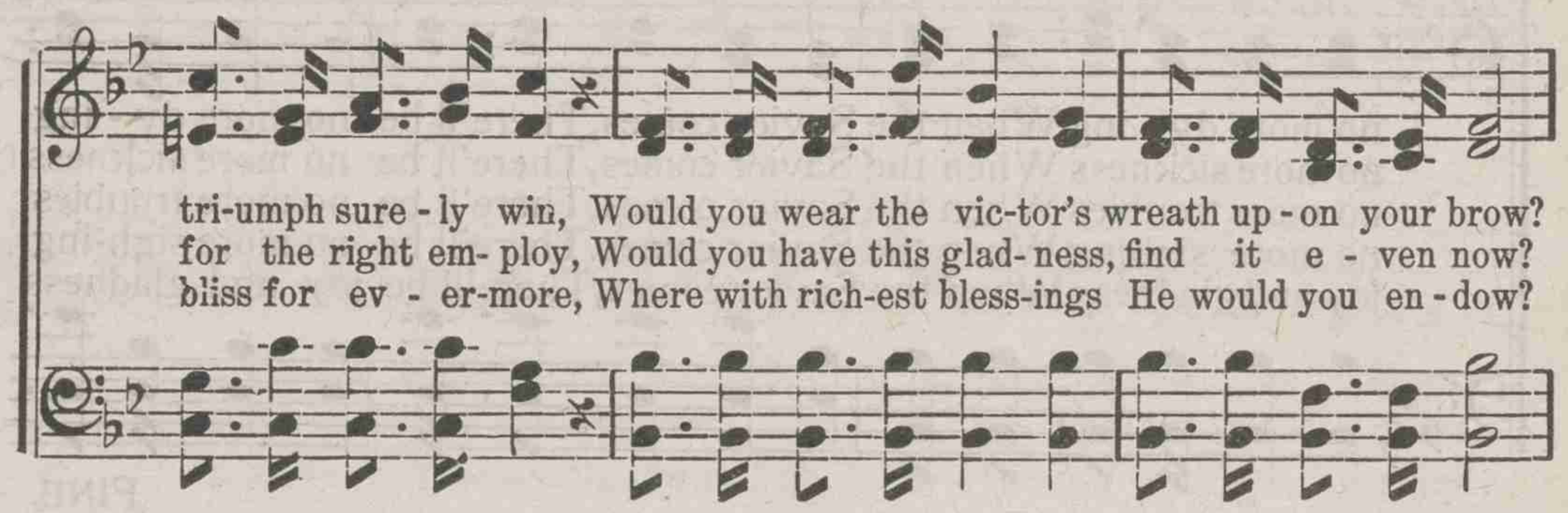
5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. WM. MCDONALD.

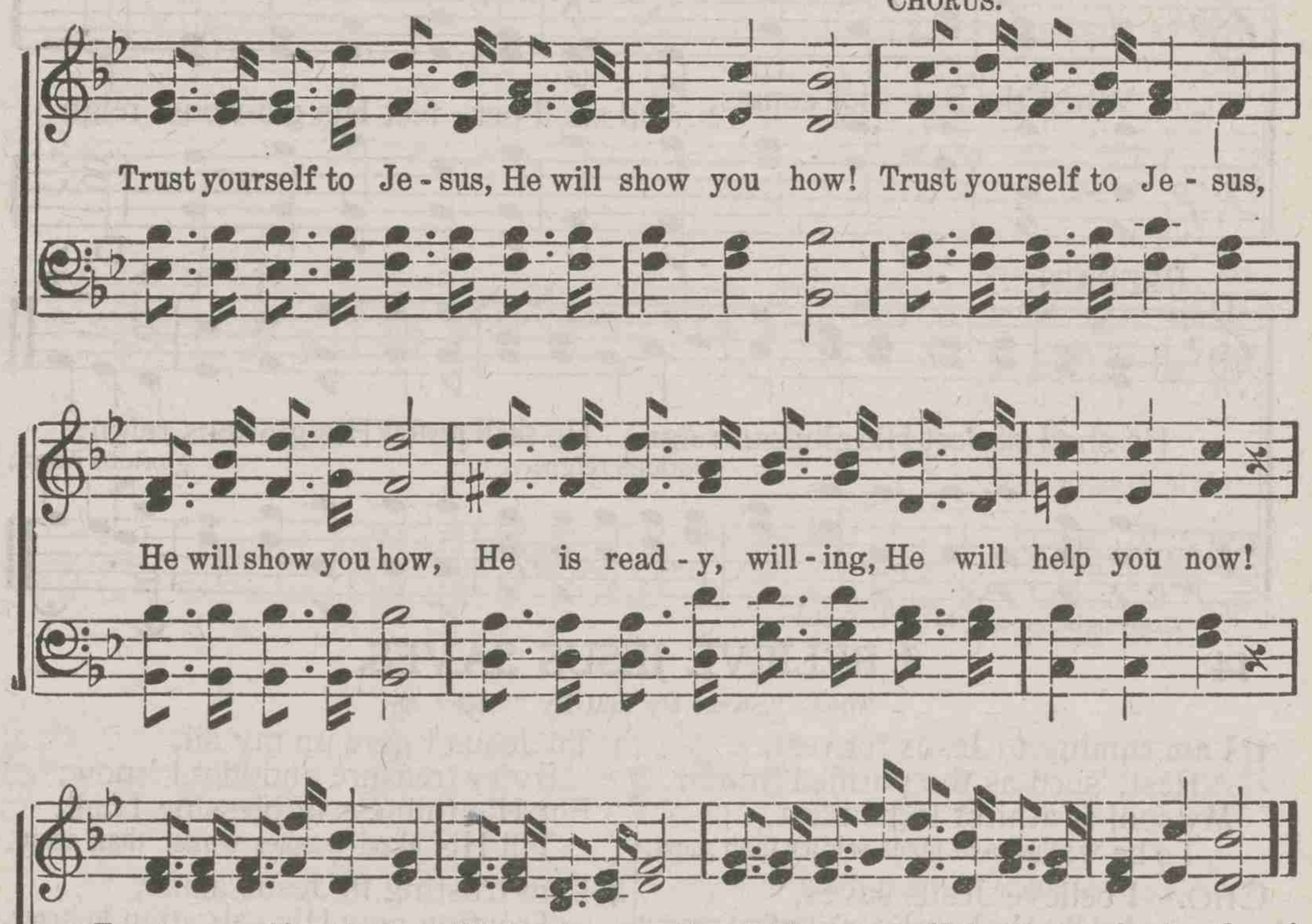
15 JESUS WILL SHOW YOU.

H. O. DEVAH. WM. EDIE MARKS.





CHORUS.



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TRUSTING IN MY SAVIOR.

"Trust in Him at all times."—Psa. 62: 8.

L. L. PICKETT. H. P. DANKS.

Good for Solo, Duet, or Quartet.

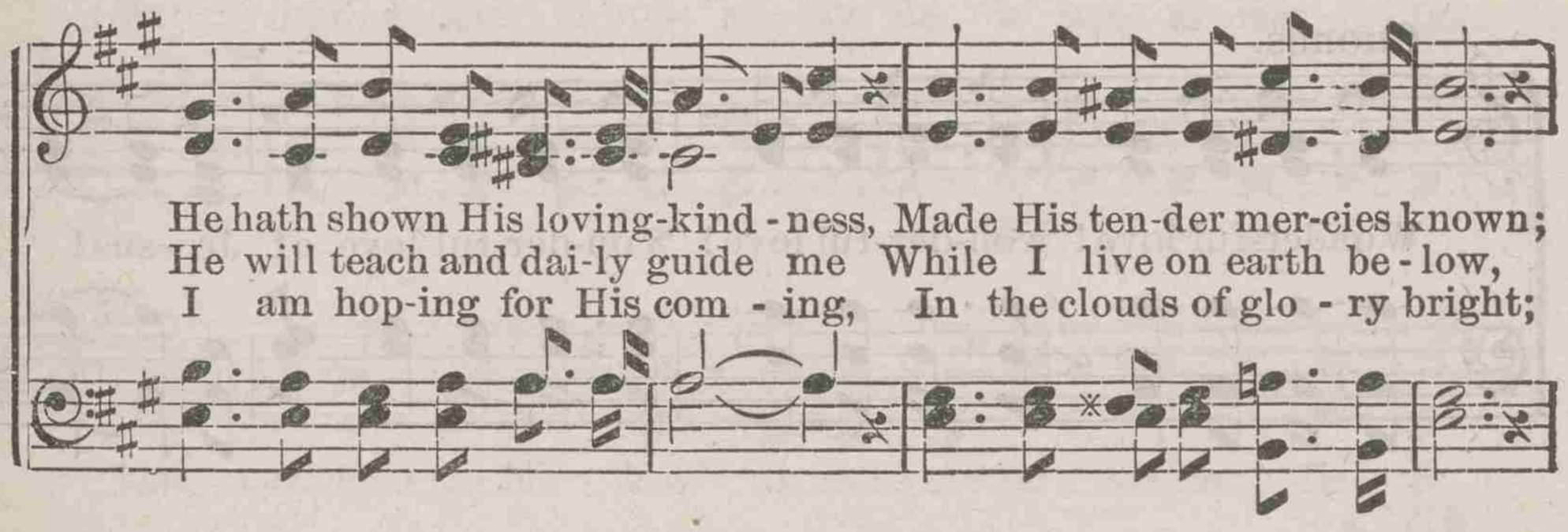
1. I am trusting in my Sav - ior, And He keeps me day by day;
2. All my cares and griefs I tell Him, All my needs and all my fears;
3. He is dear-er than the dear - est Of my friends and kindred all,

CHO.—*I am trusting Him a - lone, Trusting Him both night and day;*

Fine.

All my sins He hath for-giv - en, All my stain hath purged a-way;
He doth bear a - way my sor - rows, Kind - ly dri - eth all my tears;
And He rests me when I'm wea - ry, Quick - ly helps me when I call;

Soon I'll see Him on His throne, "When the mists have cleared away."



He hath shown His loving-kind - ness, Made His ten-der mer-cies known;
He will teach and dai-ly guide me While I live on earth be - low,
I am hop-ing for His com - ing, In the clouds of glo - ry bright;

D C.

He doth dai-ly grow more pre-cious, Since I'm His, and His a - lone.
And I know He'll walk beside me Thro' death's valley should I go.
I am waiting robed and read - y, Be it morning, noon, or night.

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No. 17. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." Eph. iii: 19.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For who can sing the wor - thy praise Of the won-derful love of Je - sus?
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In pain a balm, in weak-ness might, Is the won-derful love of Je - sus.
3. My hope for par-don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Wonder-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

Won-der-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

From "Holy Voices," by per.

18 HE IS JUST AS MERCIFUL TO-DAY.

W. E. M. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. God has saved so man - y in the days gone by, He is just as
2. He has heard the pray'rs of mil - lions in the past, He is just as
3. He has giv - en peace un - to the troub - led heart, He is just as
4. Man - y souls have found Him to be good and kind, He is just as

mer - ci - ful to - day; He will al - ways lis - ten to a sin - ner's cry,
mer - ci - ful to - day; Come, and all your griev-ous bur-dens on Him cast,
mer - ci - ful to - day; Un - to all who ask Him He will grace im - part,
mer - ci - ful to - day; Come, and rest and peace your soul will in Him find,

CHORUS.

He is just as mer - ci - ful to - day. He is just as mer - ci - ful,
kind and mer - ci - ful, Just as mer - ci - ful to - day; He is
just as mer-ci - ful, kind and mer - ci - ful, Just as mer - ci - ful to - day.

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19 SOON THE SAVIOUR WILL BE COMING.

W. C. H. 4th v. L. L. P. "Behold I come quickly."—Rev. 3 : 2. W. C. HAFLEY,

1. Soon the Sav-iour will be com-ing from His throne high up in heav-en,
2. Shout the tid-ings to the na-tions for the Sav-iour now is com-ing,
3. Catch the mu - sic, let it ech - o far a - cross to ev - 'ry na-tion,
4. Tell a - broad the bless-ed tid-ings, have His vir-gins forth to meet Him,

And the faith - ful who have suf-fered then His glo-rious face will see;
We've been wait-ing, we've been trust-ing to His ho - ly, precious word;
'Tis the Sav - iour who once suf-fered on the cross and died for me;
With their lamps all trimmed and burn-ing and their ves - sels filled with oil;

While the an - gel with his trum pet on the land and o - cean standing,
We shall hear the an - gels sing-ing of the Lamb that has a - ris - en,
He is com - ing for His jew - els and will take them home to glo - ry,
If they keep themselves all read - y He will glad - ly bid them welcome,

Will a - wake His dead then sleep-ing in the grave and in the sea.
'Tis the song of the re - demp-tion and the com - ing of the Lord.
Then they'll praise the Son and Fa - ther throughout all e - ter - ni - ty.
To His bless - ed, ho - ly pres-ence nev - er - more on earth to toil.

CHORUS.

When the an - gel with his trum - pet Shall a-
When the an-gel calls the nations with his trumpet un-to judgment, He'll a-

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SOON THE SAVIOUR. Concluded.

wake them on the land and on the sea, Then the right - eous
land and sea, Then the righteous who have suffered

and redeemed ones, All will rest with God thro'-out eterni - ty.
and redeemed He will gather, e-ter-ni-ty.

20 IF WE KNEW?*

Christian World. WM. M. WALLER. By per. of author.

1. If we knew when walking thoughtless In the nois - y, crowd-ed way,
2. If we knew what forms were waiting For the shade that we should fling,
3. If we knew when friends around us Close-ly press to say "good-bye,"

That some pearl of wondrous whiteness Close be - side our path-way lay;
If we knew what lips were parch-ing For the wa - ters we could bring;
Which a - mong the lips that kissed us, First would 'neath the dais-ies lie;

D. S. Lest our care less feet should trample Some rare jew - el to the ground.
D. S. Bear-ing cups of cool - ing wa - ter, Plant-ing rows of shad - y palms.
D. S. Ten - der words of love e - ter - nal We would whis-per in their ears.

We would pause where now we hast-en, We would oft - en look a - round,
We would haste with ea - ger footsteps, We would work with will-ing hands,
We would clasp our arms a-round them, Looking on them thro' our tears,

* Repeat last four lines softly.

No. 21. Abiding and Confiding.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. L. L. PICKETT. By per.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a-bid-ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up-on Him, And He bears them all a-way;
4. For my words I take His wis-dom, For my works His Spir-it's power,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-fid-ing in His word;
I have ceas'd from all my struggling, 'T is no lon-ger I, but He;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
For my ways His gra-cious Presence Guards and guides me ev-'ry hour,

I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am drink-ing of His blood,
All my will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir-it reigns with-in,
All my strength I draw from Je-sus, By His breath I live and move;
Of my heart He is the Por-tion, Of my joy the cease-less Spring;

I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in-to God-
And His pre-cious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
E'en His ver-y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc-ti-fi-er, Keep-er, Glo-rious Lord and com-ing King.

CHORUS.

I'm a-bid - - - - ing in the Lord, And con-
I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And con-

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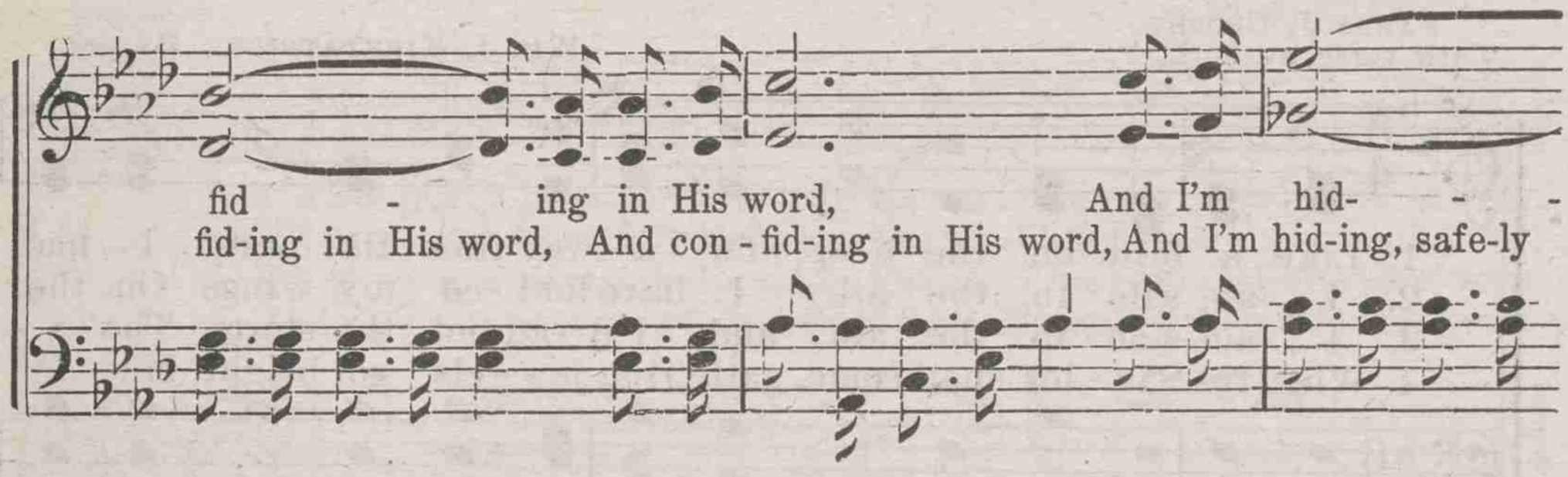
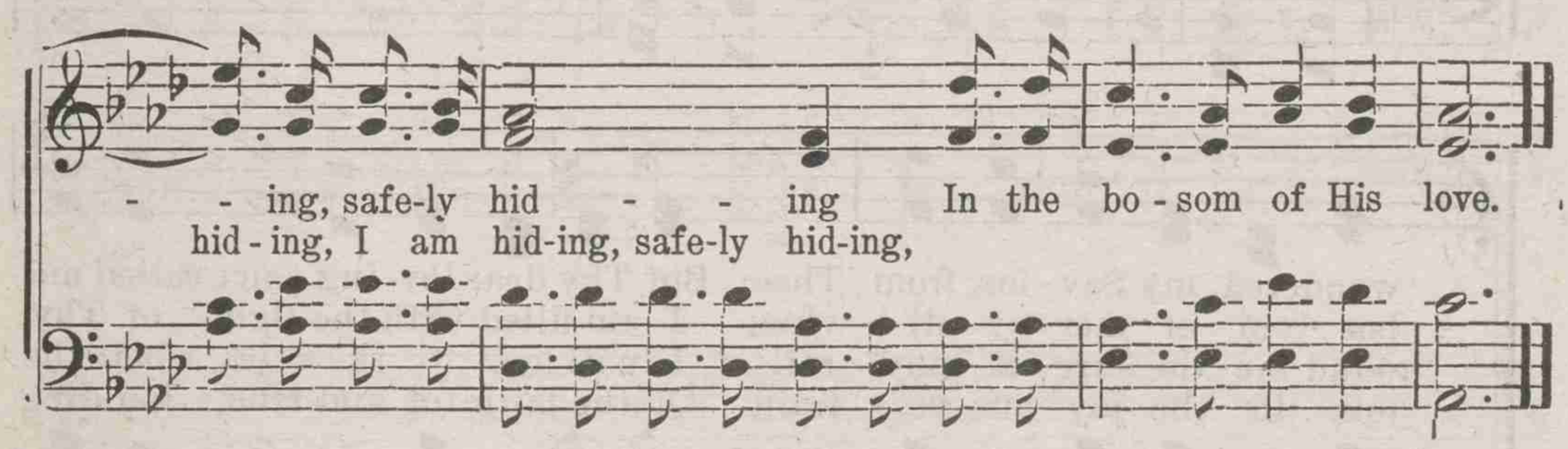
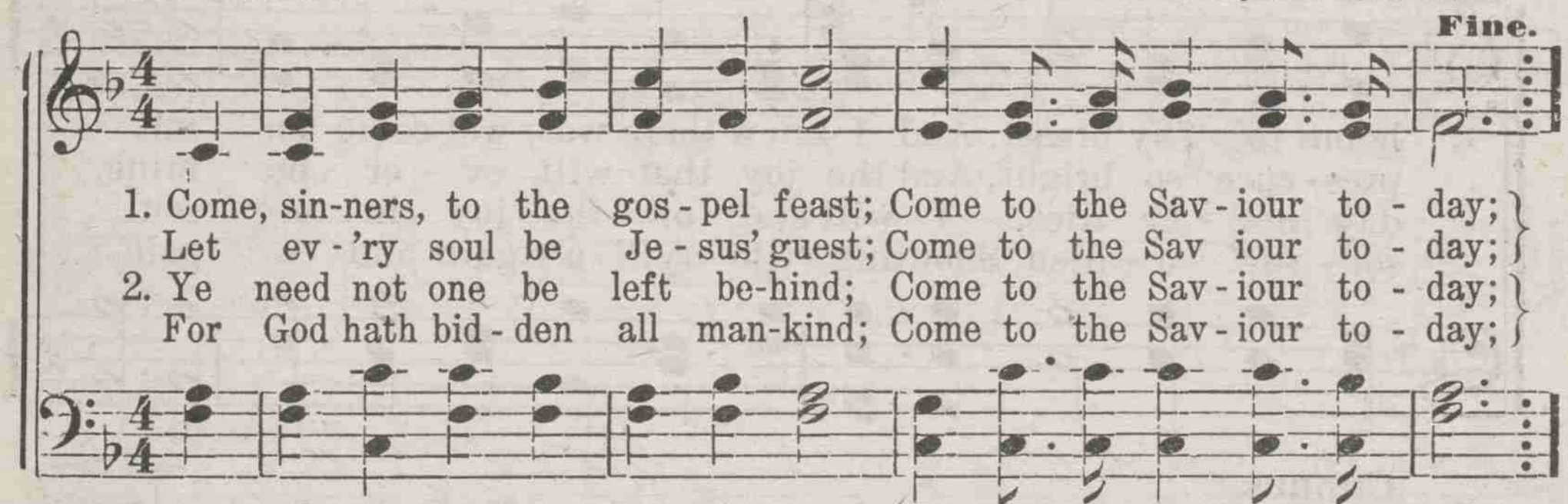
ABIDING AND CONFIDING. Concluded.





22 COME TO THE SAVIOUR TO-DAY.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all.

4 Come all the world! come, sinner, thou
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all e souls by sin oppresse
Ye restless wand'rers after rest.

6 Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live.

8 O let His love your hearts constrain
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

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23

LIKE A BIRD ON THE DEEP.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
4th verse by L. L. P.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had wandered, my Sav - ior, from Thee; But Thy dear lov - ing voice called me home to Thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold - ed my wings On the bos - om of mer - cy di - vine; I am filled with the light of Thy pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
3. I am safe in the ark; and I dread not the storm, Tho' a - round me the surg - es may roll; I will look to the skies, where the day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.
4. When the Sav - ior shall come, gath-'ring jew - els so bright, May I join in the joy - ous re - frain Of the faith-ful and true, bid-ding sor - row a - dieu, Shouting "Glo - ry!" a - gain and a - gain.

CHORUS.

Welcome for me, Savior, from Thee; A smile and a welcome for me;
Welcome for Thee, Savior, from me; A smile and a welcome for Thee;

Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet refuge in Thee (in Thee).
Honor and praise I'll give all the days, And join in a welcome for Thee (for Thee).

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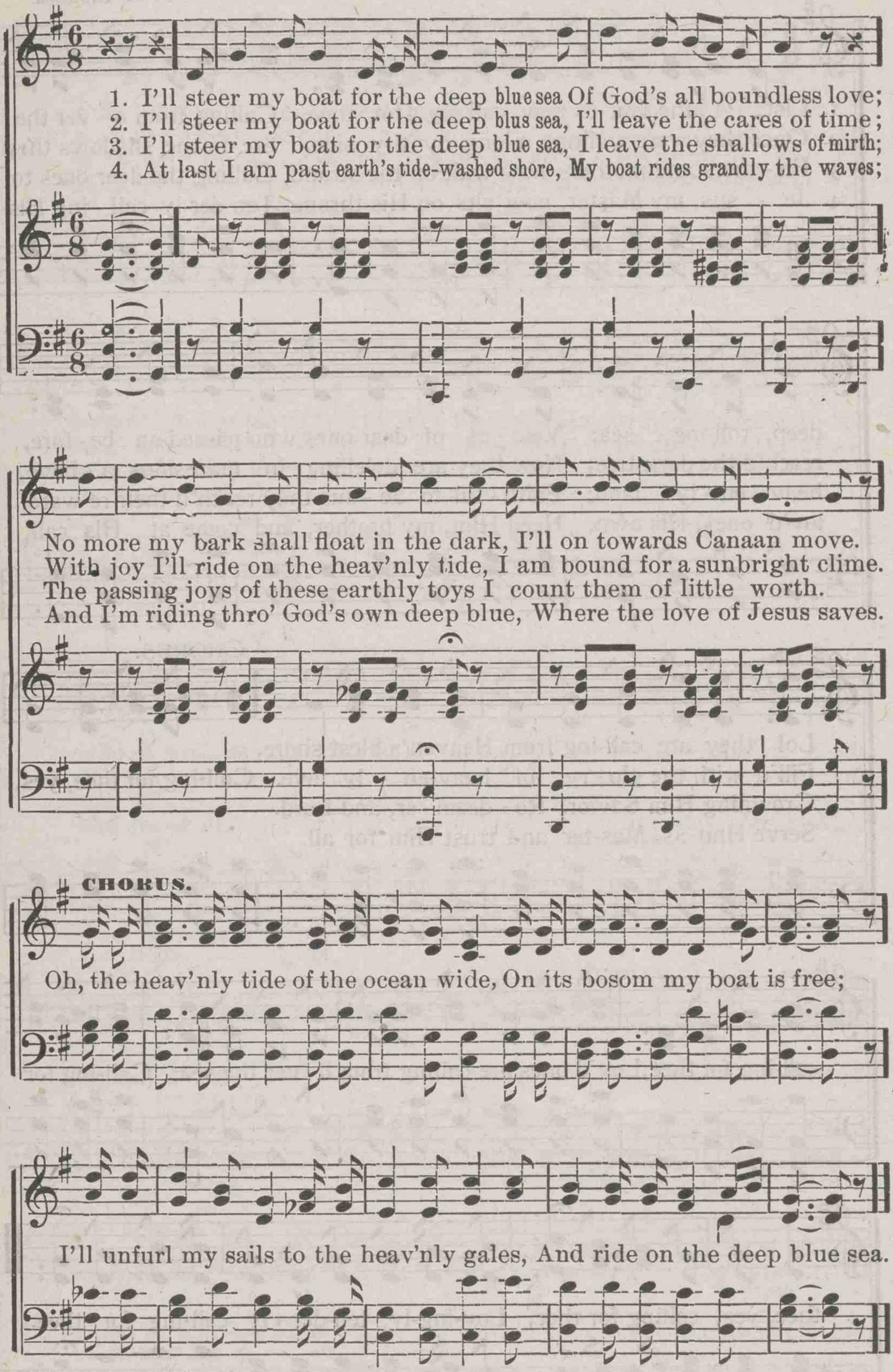
THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

GEO. B. C. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.



Words and Music Copyrighted, 1899, by O. Burke Culpepper.

25

CALLING FOR THEE.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. F. M. GRAHAM.

1. List, to the voic-es now call-ing for thee, Calling from o - ver the
2. Once they were walking a-long by thy side, Ere in the shadows they
3. Fa - thers and mothers now wait on the strand, Calling the dear ones to
4. Je - sus, my Master, now sits on His throne, Ten-der-ly call - ing His

deep, roll-ing sea; Voic - es of dear ones who passed on be - fore,
reach'd the dark tide; Now they are dwelling in man-sions a - bove,
heav - en - ly land; Faith - ful to Je - sus they reach'd their re-ward,
lov'd ones, His own; Heed Him, my brother, and come at His call,

CHORUS.

Lo! they are call-ing from Heaven's blest shore.
Fill'd with the glo - ry of heav-en - ly love. Call-ing for thee, yes,
Crowning Him Savior, Re - deem - er, and Lord.
Serve Him as Mas-ter and trust Him for all.

call-ing for thee, Lov'd ones are calling from o - ver the sea; Call-ing for

thee, yes, calling for thee, Lov-ing-ly, ten-der - ly call-ing for thee.

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HE'S THE ONE.

J. B. M. J. B. MAKAY.

1. Is there a-ny-one can help us,one who understands our hearts When the
2. Is there a-ny-one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there a-ny-one can help us,who can give a sin-ner peace, When his
4. Is there a-ny-one can help us,when the end is drawing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympahizes with us,
faint and fall be-neath it in a - larm; Who in tenderness will lift us,
heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon
go thro' death's dark water by our side? Who will light the way before us,

who in wondrous love imparts Just the very,very blessing that we need?
and the heavy burden share, And support us with an ev-er-last-ing arm?
that affords a sweet re-lease And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
and dispel all doubt and fear,And will bear our spirits safely o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes,there's One, only One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af-

Yes, there's one, On-ly one,

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

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No. 27. When the Pearly Gates Unfold.

H. H. BOOTH.

1. I have giv'n up all for Je - sus; This vain world is nought to me; All its pleas-ures are for-got-ten In re-memb'ring Cal - va - ry. Tho' my friends de-spise, for-sake me, And on me the world looks cold, I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pearl - y gates un-fold.
2. When the voice of Je - sus calls me, And the an - gels whis-per low, I will lean up - on my Saviour, Thro' the val - ley as I go; I will claim His pre - cious promise, Worth to me the world of gold, "Fear no e - vil, I'll be with thee When the pearl - y gates un-fold."
3. Just be - yond death's tur - bid riv - er, Just be - yond its chill - ing tide, Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv - ing wa - ters glide; In that hap - py land of spir - its, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold, And the an - gels are a - waiting Where the pearl - y gates un-fold.

CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its eve-ning bells will toll; But my

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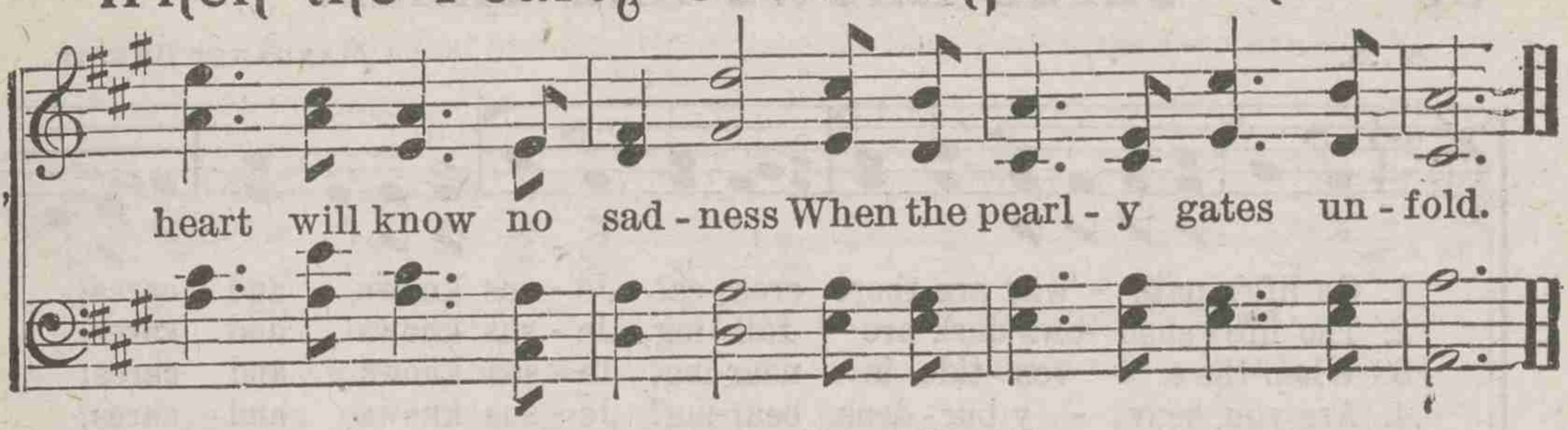
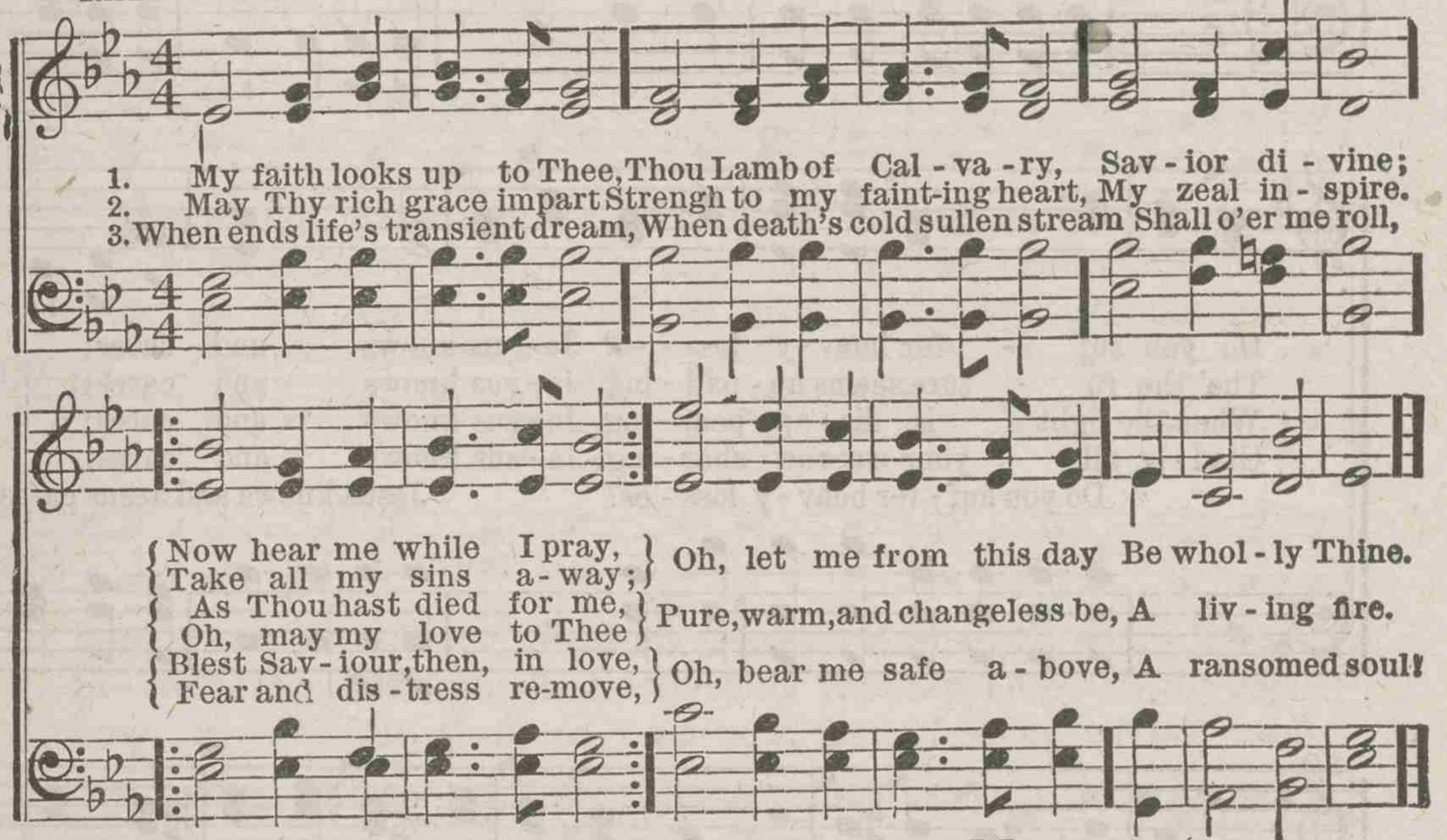
When the Pearly Gates Unfold. Concluded



No. 28. My Faith Looks up.

RAY PALMER. Tune: OLIVET. 6, 4.



No. 29. I am Dwelling on the Mountain.

1 I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers,
They are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed. blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the sun is always bright.

2 I can see far down the mountain,
Where I wandered weary years,
Often hindered in my journey
By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
Broken vows and disappointments
Thickly sprinkled all the way
But the Spirit led, unerring,
To the land I hold to-day.

3 I am drinking at the fountain
Where I ever would abide·
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning, rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou needst not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

30 JESUS KNOWS AND CARES.

M. S. MARGARET SHULTZ.

1. On life's path - way are there cross-es? Je - sus knows and cares;
2. Tho' life's shad -ows dark are fall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
3. When the e - ven - tide is near-ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
4. Are you heav - y bur - dens bear-ing? Je - sus knows and cares;

1. On life's pathway are there crosses? Jesus knows and Jesus cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
Glad - ly all your sor-row shar - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Jesus knows and Jesus cares;

Does there come the hour of weep-ing, Treasures van - ish from your keep-ing,
Tho' the years their griefs are bringing, Hush-ing ev - 'ry voice of sing-ing,
When with tears the eyes are fill - ing, An - guish deep the soul is thrill-ing,
Tho' your life be filled with cry - ing, Pleasures vanished, joys be dy - ing,

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap-ing? Je - sus knows and cares.
Fear ye not, the cry is ring-ing, Je - sus knows and cares.
Peace he brings, his heart is will - ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
Yet look up be - yond the sigh - ing; Je - sus knows and cares.

Bitter pain your heart be reaping? Jesus knows and Jesus cares.

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WE PRAY THEE, COME.

"How much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."
Luke 11: 13.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. O Ho - ly Spir-it! we pray thee come, And bless us while we wait;
2. O gracious Spirit! we lin - ger here, In hum - ble, low-ly trust;
3. There is no power can take Thy place, We ful - ly yield to Thee;

We need Thy presence,we need Thee now, Our need is ve - ry great;
O, come just now and re - veal Thy pow'r, As we lie in the dust;
For us the Sav-ior once shed His blood, And this is all our plea;

Bap - tize each wait-ing, trust-ing heart, And pu - ri - fy each soul;
In - crease our faith, our hearts in-spire, We pray Thee now to come;
Low at the foot - stool as we bow, Con - fess-ing all our need,

We glad - ly yield to Thy ho - ly will, On Thee our bur-dens roll.
Supplant our weakness with Thine own strength,And make our hearts thy home.
De - scend in sanc - ti - fy - ing pow'r, And we are blest in - deed.

D. S.—*Bap-tize us with thy per-fect love,And lead us in life's Way.*

FINE.

CHORUS. D. S.

O come . . just now, . . . O come just now, we pray;
O come just now, In mer - cy come,

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UNDER THE BLOOD.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1 Lord, keep my soul from day to day, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
2. The sin-ner's ref-uge here a-lone, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
3. Lord, with Thyself my spir-it fill, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
4. Sweet peace a-bides with-in the heart, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;
5. The Ho-ly Spir-it, hour by hour, Un-der the blood, un-der the blood;

Take doubt and fear and sin a-way, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
Here Je-sus makes sal-va-tion known, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
And work in me to do Thy will, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
And gifts di-vine their joy im-part, Un-der the pre-cious blood.
Ex-erts His sanc-ti-fy-ing pow'r, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

CHORUS.

Un-der the blood, the pre-cious blood, Un-der the cleansing, heal-ing flood;
Keep me, Sav-ior, from day to day, Un-der the pre-cious blood.

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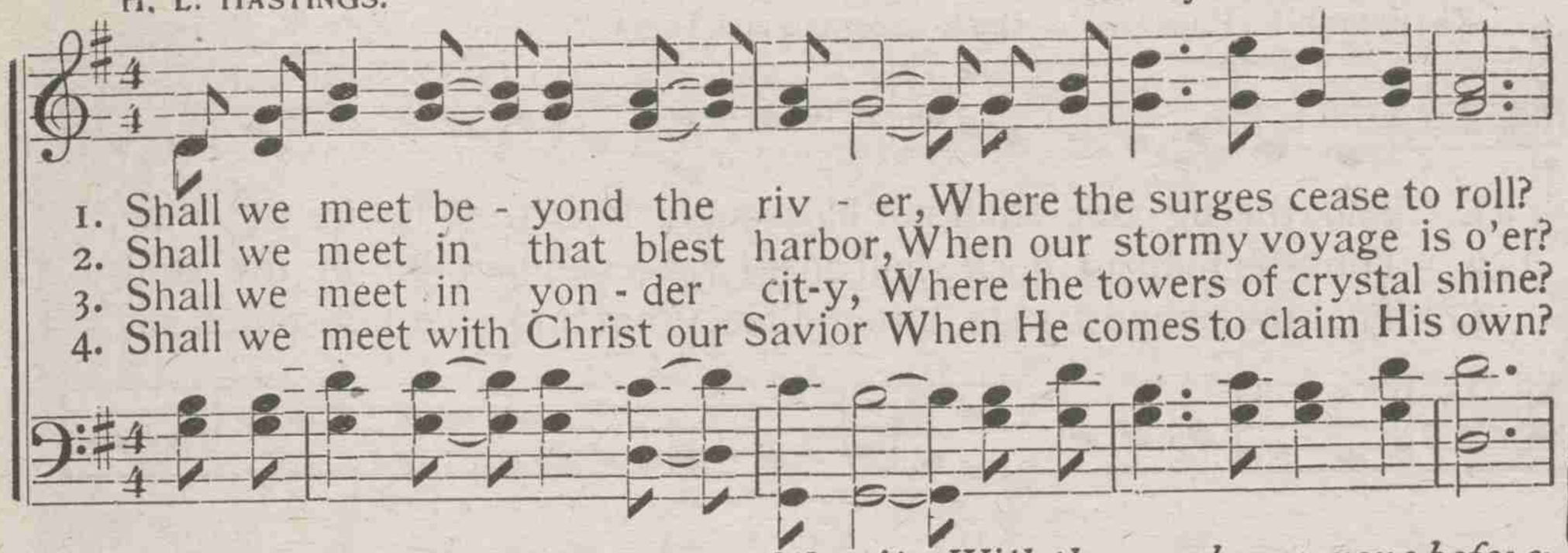
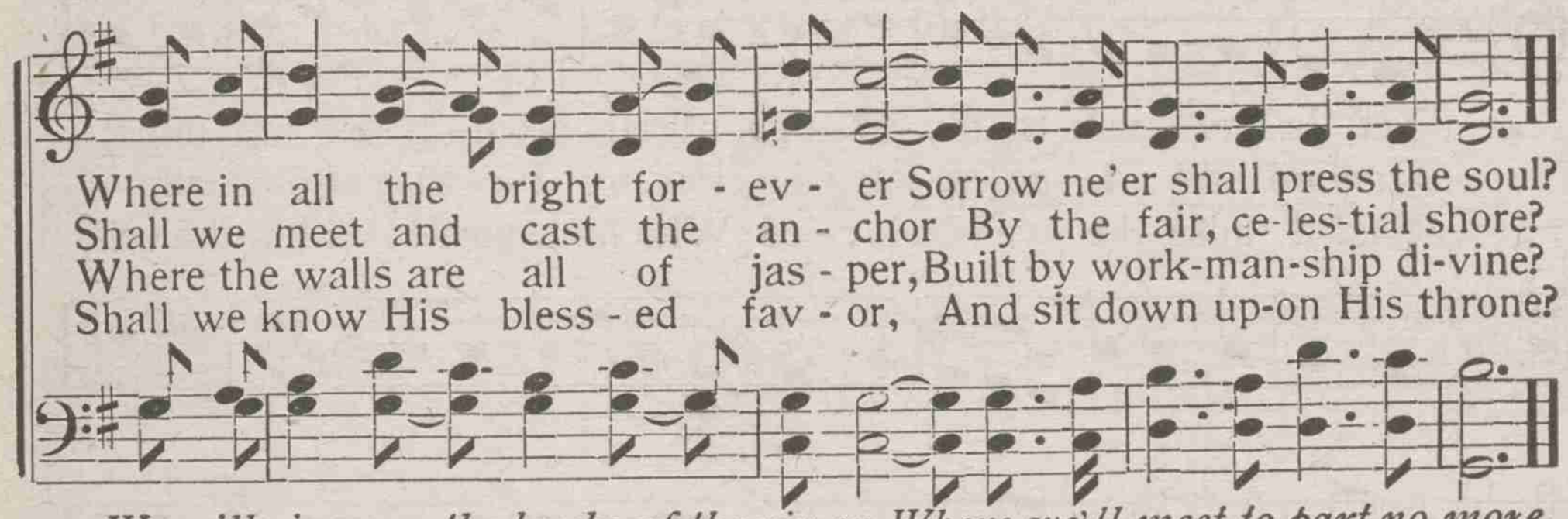
33 SHALL WE MEET?

H. L. HASTINGS. Arr. by RAN C. STOREY.



CHO. *We will walk thro' the streets of the city, With the saved ones gone before;*



We will sing on the banks of the riv-er, Where we'll meet to part no more.

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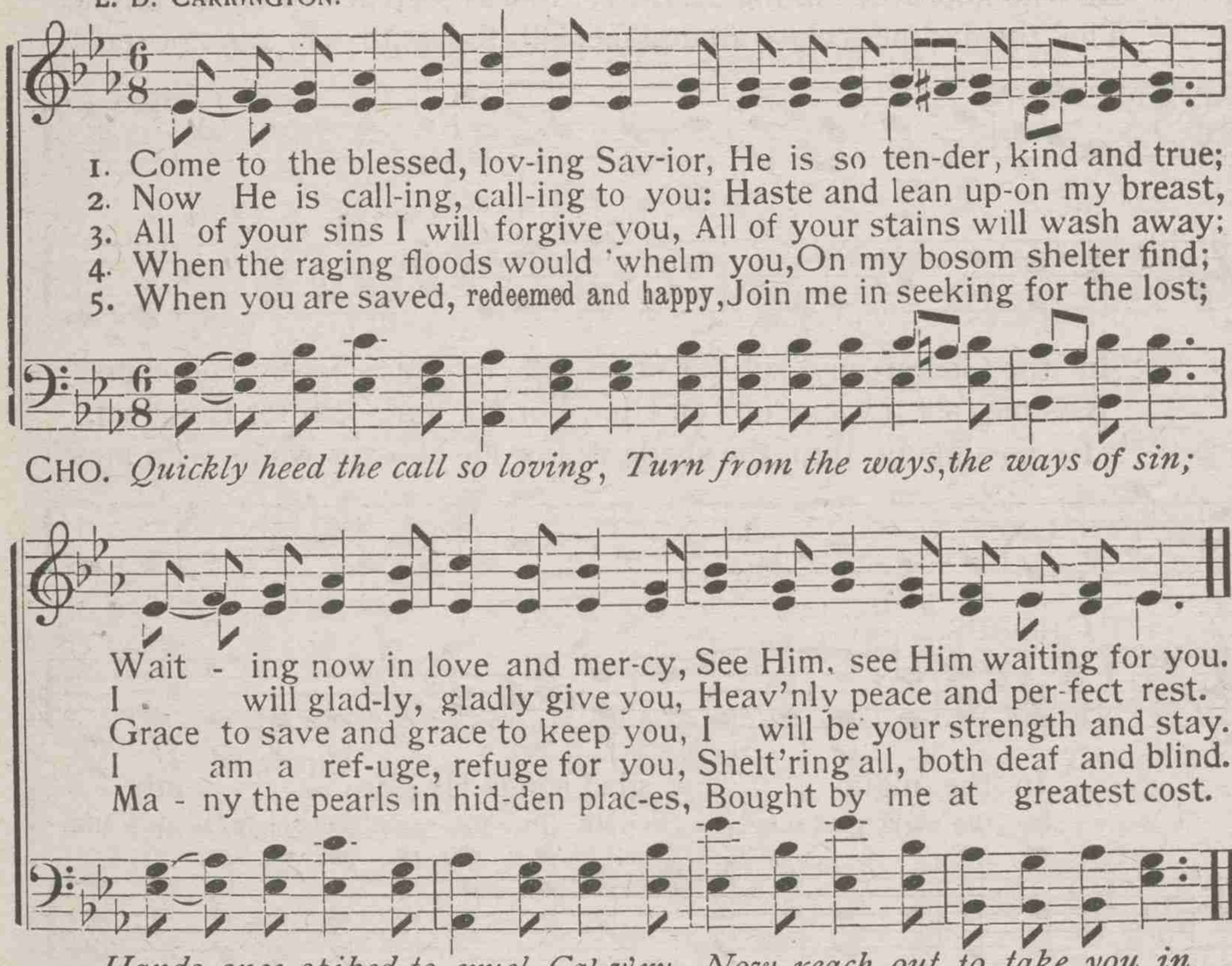
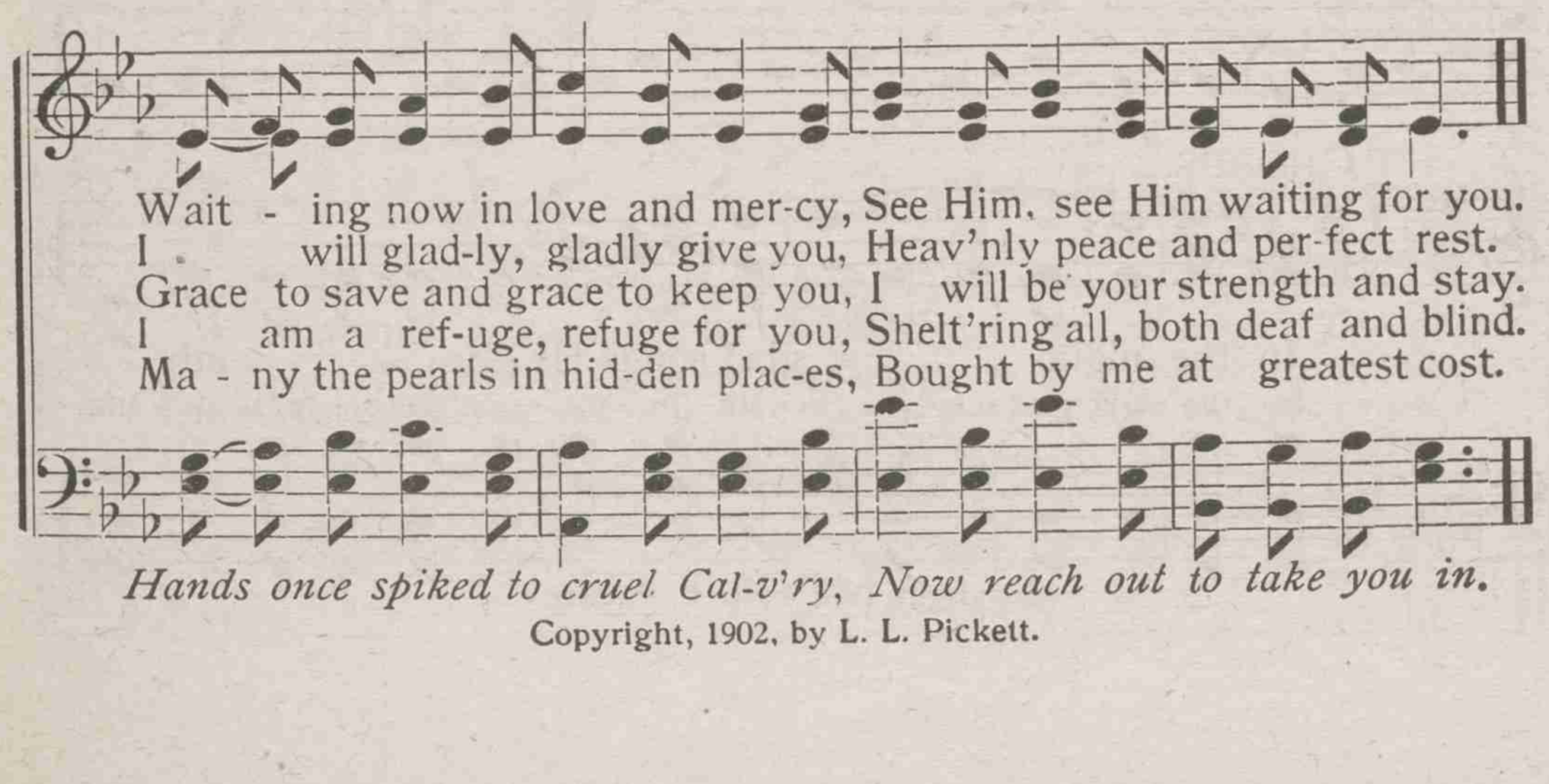
34 QUICKLY HEED HIS CALL.

L. D. CARRINGTON. LADY JANE SCOTT.



CHO. *Quickly heed the call so loving, Turn from the ways, the ways of sin;*



Hands once spiked to cruel Cal-v'ry, Now reach out to take you in.

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35 THOUGH THE FIG TREE SHALL NOT BLOSSOM.

KATHERINE E. PURVIS. Duet. Soprano and Tenor. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. "Tho' the fig tree shall not blossom, Neither fruit be in the vine,"
2. Tho' the fold no flock shall shel-ter, And no herd be in the stall,
3. Tho' the tempest rage a-round me, Want and grief my soul as-sail,

Yet, Je - ho - vah is my ref - uge, All His prom - is - es are mine;
Onward still I go re-joic - ing, For my Fa - ther or-ders all;
Tho' I miss the well-be-lov - ed Who have passed within the veil;

Tho' the ol - ive fail to rip - en, And the fields shall yield no store,
He who notes the fall-ing sparrow, From His great and loft-y throne,
Tho' the darkness close around me, Till the path I can-not see,

In the God of my sal - va - tion I'll re - joice for-ev - er more.
Bids me cast my care up - on Him, For He car - eth for His own.
I go singing thro' the shadows, For He al-ways walks with me.

CHORUS.

In the night . . . . glad songs He giv - - eth,
In the night glad songs He giv - eth, In the night glad songs He giv - eth,

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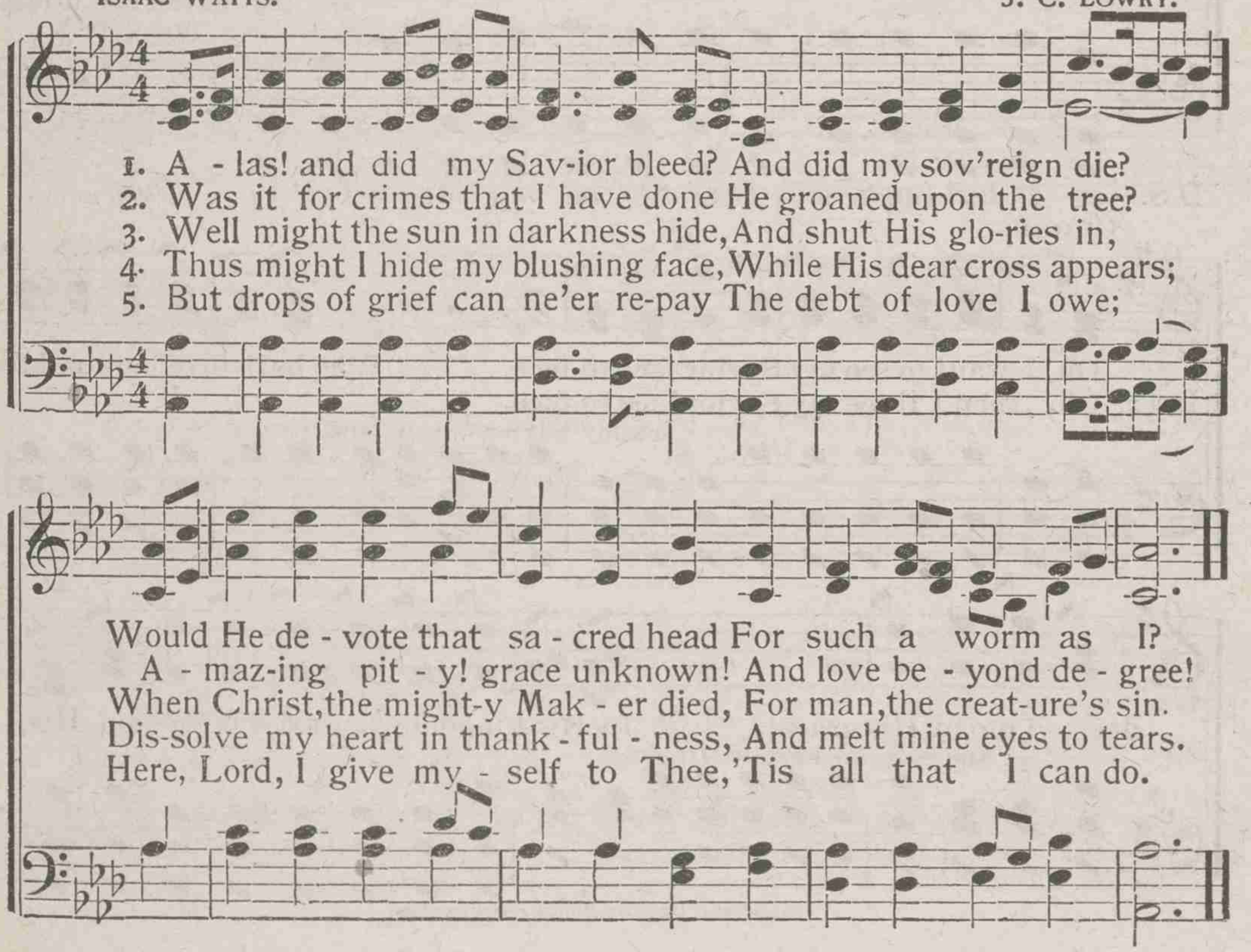
THOUGH THE FIG TREE. Concluded.

36 ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED?

ISAAC WATTS. J. C. LOWRY.



37

MY SAVIOR FACE TO FACE.

W. C. AGAR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. I am glad I found the Savior, for He makes my heart rejoice, And I feel within my soul His saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus, hear His
2. Yes, I know He ev er loves me. dai-ly guides my erring feet, And I'm resting in His tender. fond em - brace; But I want to know Him better, and my
3. When life's sun is slowly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm near the ending of life's weary race, In my heart will be this longing, none but
4. When I tread the crystal pavement of the new Je - ru - sa-lem, Where my Savior has prepared for me a place, Where the angel choirs are singing praise and

lov-ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.....
dear Re-deem-er meet, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.....
Christ can sat-is - fy, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.....
glo - ry to the Lamb, Oh, then I'll see my Sav-ior face to face!.....
see my Savior face to face.

D.S.—*ev - er-last-ing throne, I want to see my Sav-ior face to face.....*

CHORUS.

Oh, I want to see my Savior face to face, Who hath loved me and re-
Last v.—Oh, then I'll see my Savior face to face,
see my Savior face to face,

deemed me by His grace; In His kingdom, crowned with glory, on His
and redeemed me by His grace;

Fine. *D. S.*

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DEEPER, YET DEEPER.

L. L. PICKETT. Rev. LUTHER R. ROBINSON.

1. Deep - er, yet deep-er my spir-it would go In - to the stream that makes
2. Deep - er, yet deep-er, from day un - to day, Press-ing a - long in the
3. Deep - er, yet deep er my soul goes in prayer, With not a bur - den and
4. Deep - er, yet deep-er, as time glid-eth by, Homeward I speed to the

whit - er than snow, In - to the depths of His grace and His love,
heav - en - ly way, Tast - ing His rich - es of love and of pow'r,
nev - er a care, Walk-ing with Je - sus in gar-ments of white,
fair land on high, Rest - ing in Je - sus, my Sav - ior so dear,

CHORUS.

All of His ful - ness and pow - er to prove.
Shar-ing His bless - ed communion each hour.
Compassed with glo - ry in - ef - fa-bly bright.
Cleansed from all sin and de - liv-ered from fear.

} Deeper! yet deeper! dear

Lord, hear my cry; Deeper, yet deeper, my heart's inward sigh, In - to the

depths of Thy love and Thy grace Till up in glo - ry I'll see Thy dear face.

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No. 39. I WANT TO GO THERE.

Words and Melody by D. SULLINS. Harmony by Prof. RIGGS. C. F. College.

1. They tell of a cit - y far up in the sky, I want to go there, I do;
2. Its gates are all pearl, its streets are all gold, I want to go 'Tis built in the land of "the sweet by and by,"
3. When the old ship of Zion shall make her last trip, I want to be The Lamb is the light of that cit - y we're told,
4. When Je - sus is crowned the King of all kings, I want to be With heads all un-cov - ered to greet the old ship,
With shouting and clapping till all heaven rings,

I want to go there, don't you? There Je - sus has gone to pre-
I want to go there, don't you? Death robs us all here, there
I want to be there, don't you? When all the ship's com-pany
I want to be there, don't you? Hal - le - lu - jah! we'll shout a-

pare us all homes, I want to go there, I do; Where sickness nor
none ev - er die, I want to go there, I do; There loved ones will
meet on the strand, I want to be there, I do; With songs on their
gain and a - gain, I want to be there, I do; And close with the

sor - row nor death ev-er comes, I want to go there, don't you?
nev - er a-gain say good-bye, I want to go there, don't you?
lips and harps in their hands, I want to be there, don't you?
cho - rus, *A-men and A - men,* I want to be there, don't you?

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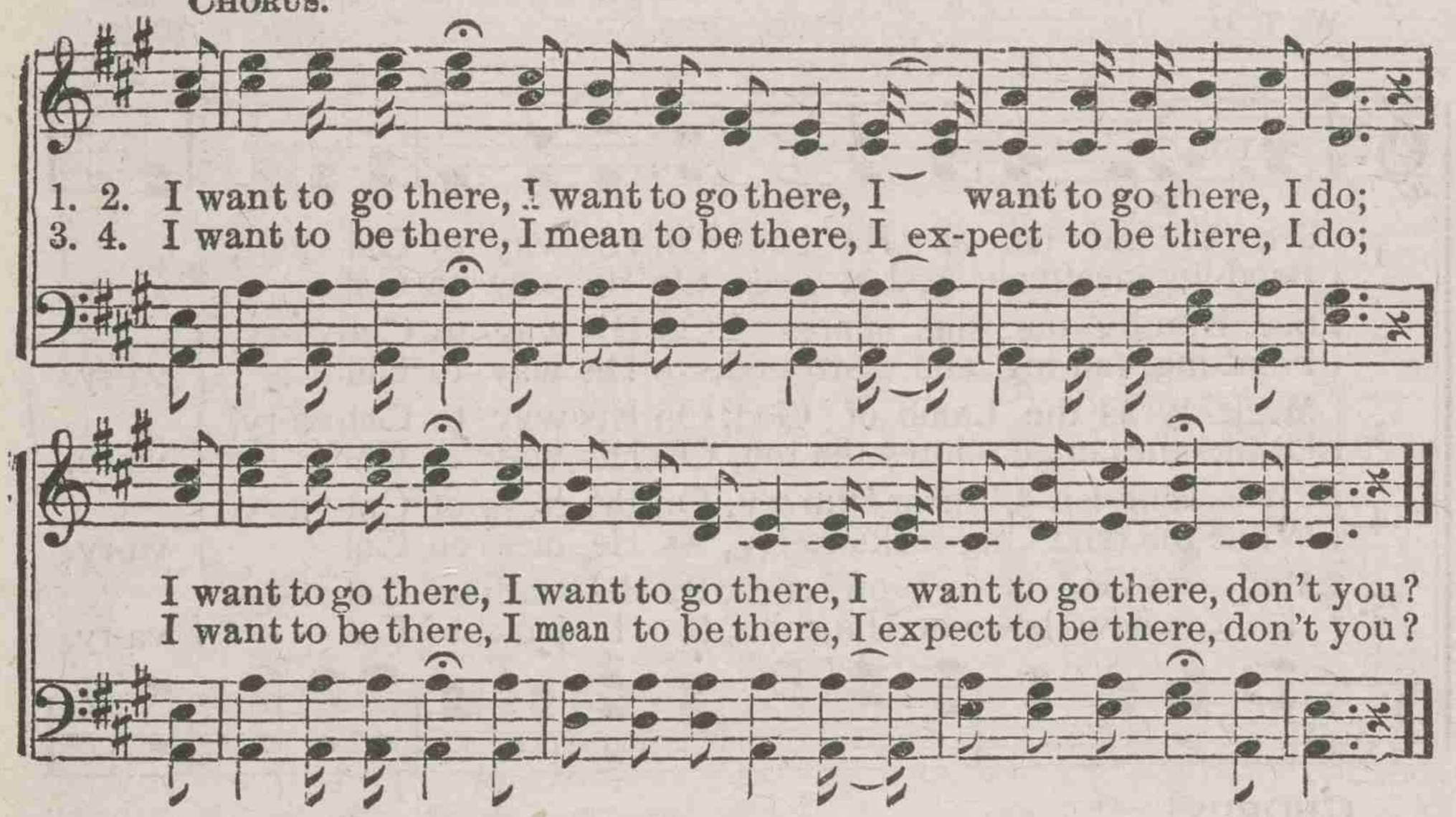
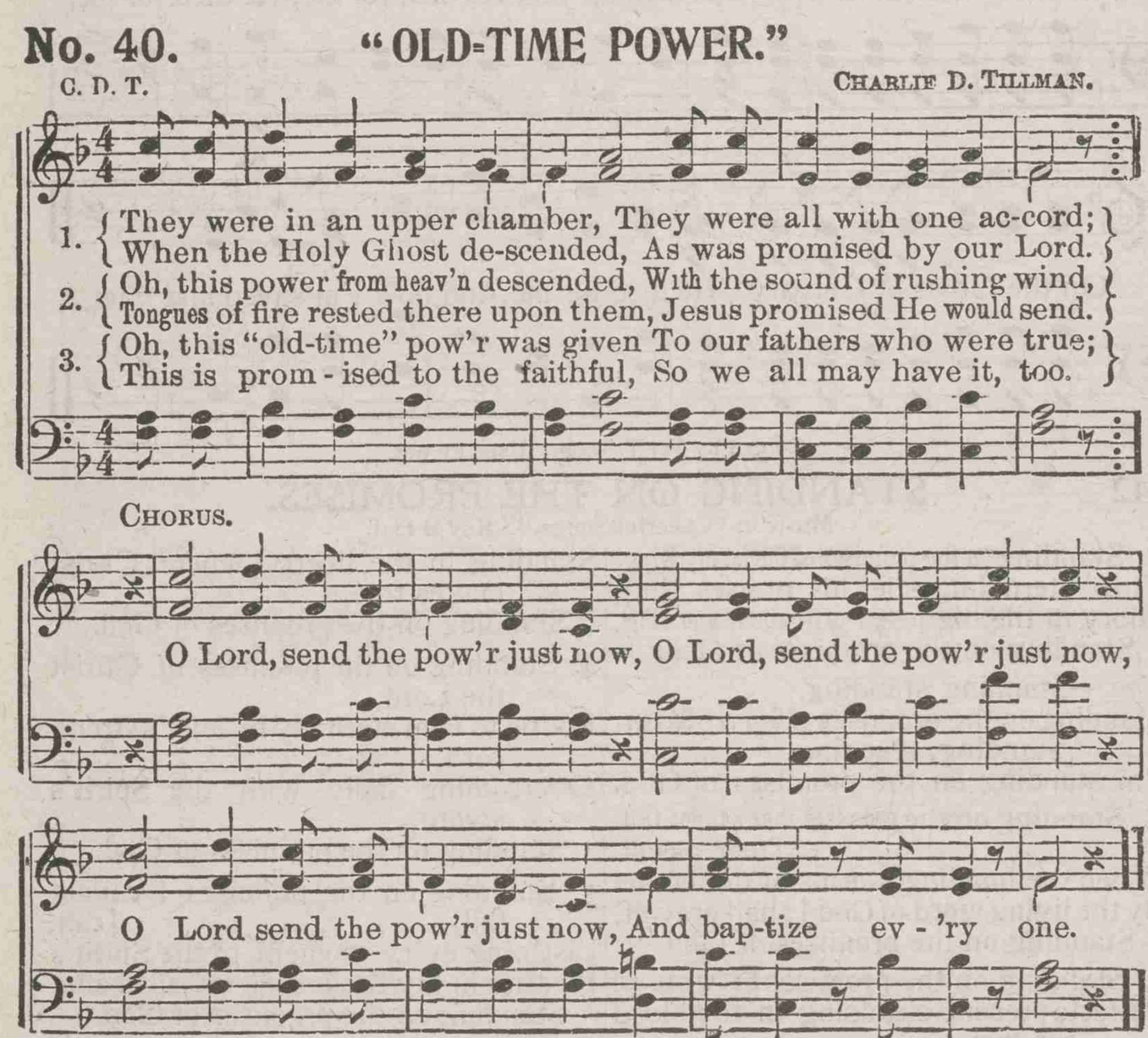
I WANT TO GO THERE. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 40. "OLD-TIME POWER."

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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41 ON THE CROSS OF CALVARY.

"And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."
W. T. D. Luke 23: 33. W. T. DALE.

1. { See the Sav-ior as He goes On His way to Cal-va-ry, / Bend-ing 'neath our load of woes, On His way to Cal - } va-ry.
2. { See Him, by our sins oppress'd, On His way to Cal-va-ry, / Faint-ing, fall-ing and distress'd, On His way to Cal - } va-ry.
3. { Meek-ly as the Lamb of God, On His way to Cal-va-ry, / Drinks the cup, en-dures the rod, On His way to Cal - } va-ry.
4. { "It is fin-ish'd," hear Him cry, On the cross of Cal-va-ry, / While the rend-ing rocks re-ply, As He dies on Cal - } va-ry.
5. { Man to God is rec-on-ciled, By His death on Cal-va-ry; / I can now be-come His child, If I look to Cal - } va-ry.

CHORUS.

On the cross of Calvary He died for me, He died for me, He died for me;

On the Cross of Calvary He died for me, And now I'm saved and free.

Owned by W. T. Dale. Used by per.

42 STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key B Flat.

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King,
Thro' eternal ages let his praises ring;
Glory in the highest I will shout and sing,
Standing on the promises of God.

Cho.—Standing standing.
Standing on the promises of God my Savior;
Standing, standing,
I'm standing on the promises of God.

2. Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and [fear assail,
By the living word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

3. Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.

4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to Him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5. Standing on the promises I cannot fall, [call,
List'ning ev'ry moment to the Spirit's
Resting in my Savior, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

By per. Jno. J. Hood. R. Kelso Carter.

43

MARCHING ON.

A N. and L. L. P. Furnished by Rev. R. J. Bateman.

1. We are marching on to reach the shining shore, By its wa - ters bright we'll rest when life is o'er, And we'll ne'er be wea - ry, faint, or thirst-y more;
2. We will leave our toils and tri-als here below, When the Master bids us rise and quickly go; Hal - le - lu - jah, then, e - ter-nal joys we'll know;
3. To that cit - y fair, that kingdom of delight, Where no troubles rise, and nev - er comes a night, Lo, the King Him-self doth each of us in-vite;
4. Would you go with us to reach the cit - y blest, Then forsake all sin — Ah, here will be the test; Yield to Him a - lone, and you shall find His rest,

D. C.—*'Tis our heav'nly home that just beyond I see, 'Tis a bless-ed coun-try where I fain would be; Come, dear pilgrim come, O come and march with me,*

Fine. Chorus.

To that shore we're marching on. March-ing on, march-ing
Let us all go marching on.
Let us now be marching on.
And we'll all go marching on.

March-ing on,

Let us all go marching on.

on, March-ing on, march-ing on, Let us

march-ing on, March-ing on, march-ing on,

D. C.

sing, let us sing, As we're marching to our home!

Let us sing, let us sing,

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YE WOULD NOT.

Revised and partly composed by L. L. P. Arr. by RAN. C. STORER.

Slow. Good Solo.

1. I've knocked at your heart-door often, I've plead with you o'er and o'er,
2. I've knocked when you were in trouble, I've knocked when you lay in pain,
3. How kind is our Saviour, knock-ing, When we've lived so long in sin;
4. Wilt Thou not stay, dear Sav - iour? In Thy wrath re - mem-ber me;

And the more I plead, poor lost one, The firmer you fastened the door. Ah! your
And you promised sometime you'd open, But that promise was all in vain. Very
Kindly knock once more, dear Saviour, I gladly will let you come in. Ah! you
I re-pent in dust and ash-es, Thy grace is my hope and my plea. I con-

pleasures will vanish and with - er, Your hopes be blighted and gone, And the
quickly life's breath will leave you, Your body sleep 'neath the sod; As He
promised, lost soul, once too often, I must leave you now ver - more; O
fess all my sins and transgressions, I know I'm guilt and vile, But Thy

last trump sound from heaven On the res-ur-rec-tion morn, And the morn.
knocks make haste to o-pen, And prepare to meet thy God, As He God.
Christ, I'm lost for-ev - er, If just now Thou close the door, O door.
blood can save and cleanse me, I re-joice to see Thy smile, But Thy smile.

CHORUS.

V. 1-3. Ye would not, ye would not, Ye would not let me in; How
V. 4. I love Thee, I praise Thee, Thy grace now reach - es me; I'll

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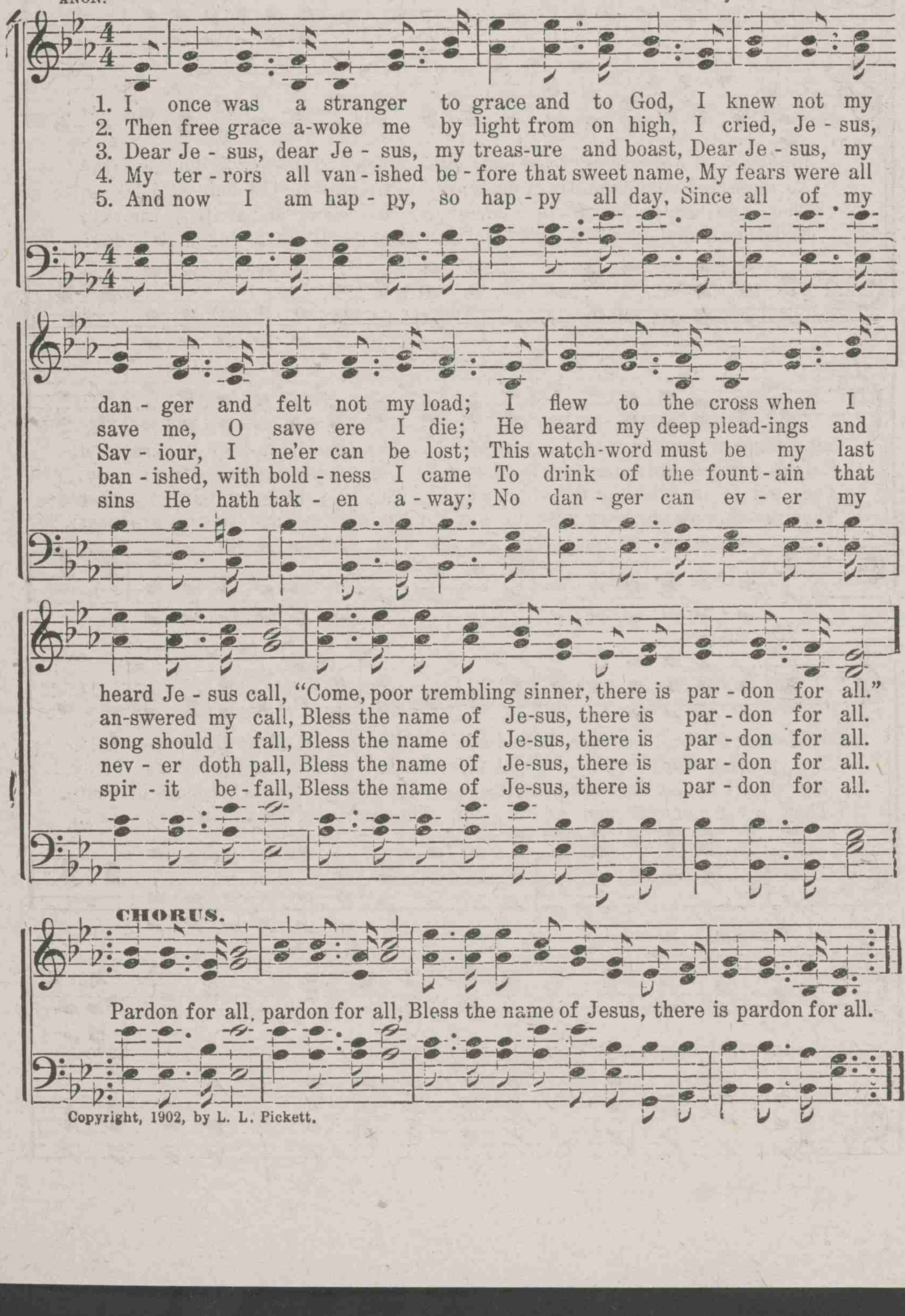
YE WOULD NOT. Concluded.

45

PARDON FOR ALL.

ANON. Arr. by F. M. GRAHAM.



CHORUS.

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THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN.

A. F. I. ARTHUR F. INGLER. By per.

Moderato.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti-ful cit-y, Whose builder and ruler is God;
2. No sin is allowed in that cit-y, And nothing de-fil-ing nor mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit-y, No tears ever moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gathering yon-der, My friends are fast passing away;

John saw it descending from heav-en, When Patmos in ex-ile he trod;
No pain and no sickness can en-ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no disappointment in heav-en, No en-vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter-ni - ty's day;

Its high, massive wall is of jas- per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten, No tempter is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc-ti-fied whol-ly, They live in sweet harmony there;
They're safe now in glo-ry with Je - sus, Their tri-als and bat-tles are past;

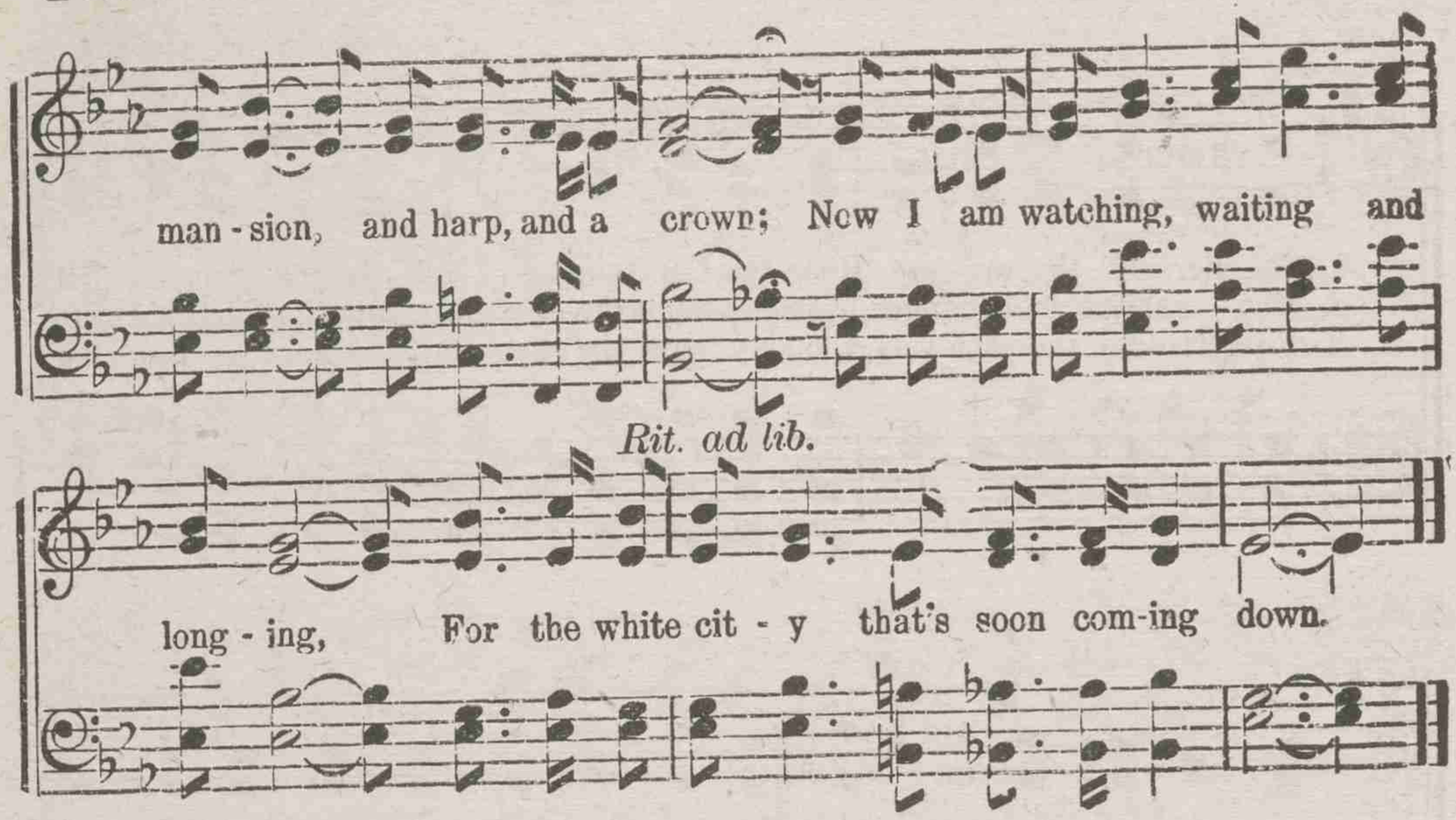
Rit. ad lib.

And when my frail tent here is fold-ed, Mine eyes shall its glo-ry be - hold.
No parting words ev-er are spoken, There's nothing to hurt or de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its blessings I'll share.
They o-ver-came sin and all e - vil, They've reached that fair cit - y at last.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

In that bright cit - y, pear - ly - white cit - y, I have a

THE CITY THAT'S COMING DOWN. Concluded.

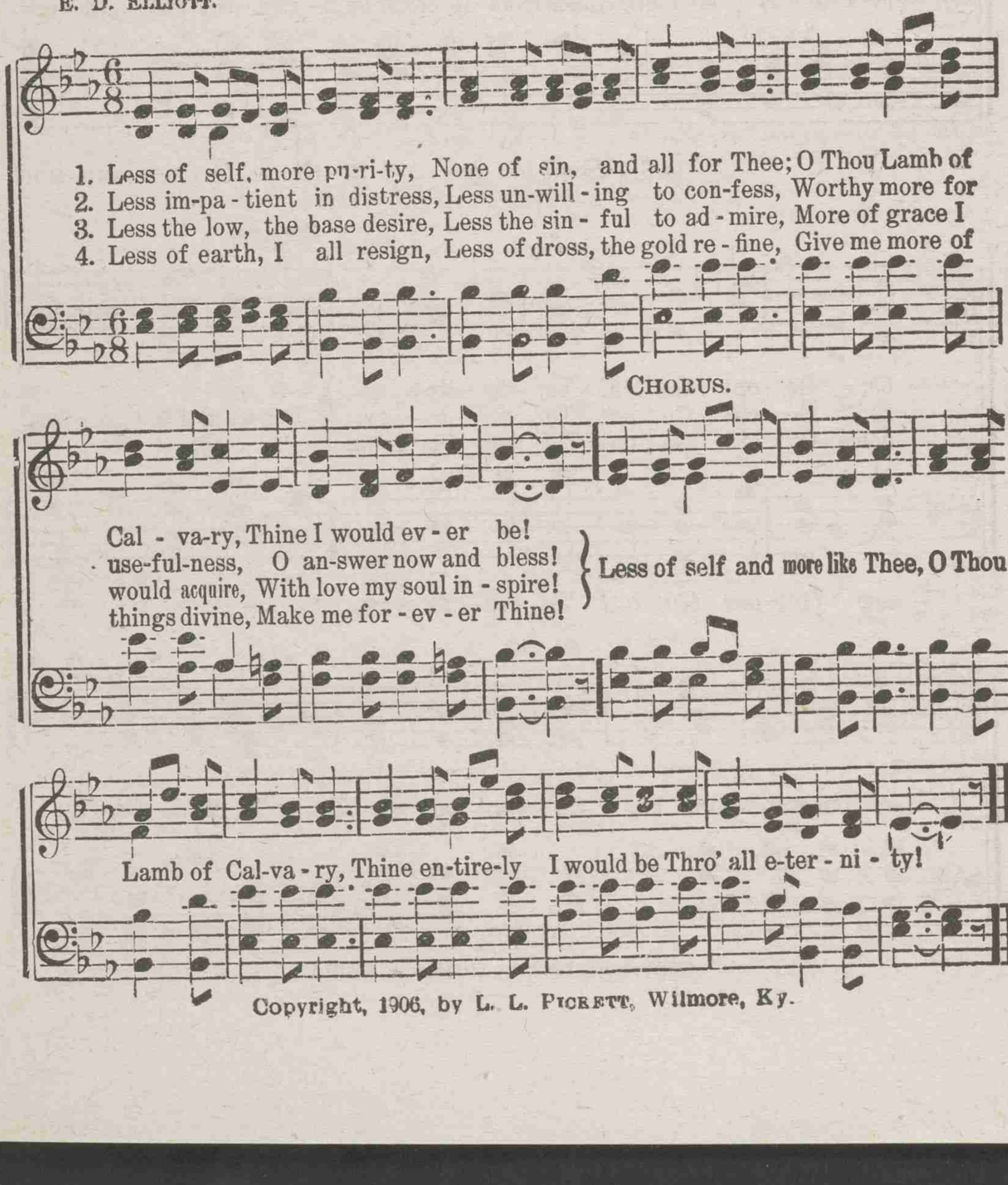


47

LESS OF SELF.

E. D. ELLIOTT.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



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SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY.

Dedicated to the Nyack Gospel Mission, Nyack, N. Y.

G. A. C. GUSTAV A. COLLIN.

1. Sol- diers of the ar - my, Hear the Cap-tain call, "Rise ye for the con- flict,
2. Nev - er shrink from danger, Nev - er count the cost; Do your Captain's bid -ding,
3. Rough to-day the path-way, Cloud- y now the sky, But our help is com - ing,

Gath - er one and all." Let us an -swer "Read - y," Let us read - y
Gath - er in the lost; On - ward, ev - er on - ward, I - dle nev - er
Vic - to - ry is nigh; Soon from all earth's toil - ing We shall gath - er

D. S.—*Send the gos - pel ti - dings O - ver land and*

CHORUS.

Fine.

be; Go on! Go on! To vic - to - ry.
be; Go on! Go on! To vic - to - ry.
home; Go on! Go on! Till Je - sus come.

} "For-ward for Je - sus,"

sea; Go on! Go on! To vic - to - ry.

D. S.

Let our watchword be; On - ward, on - ward, Brave - ly, man - ful - ly;

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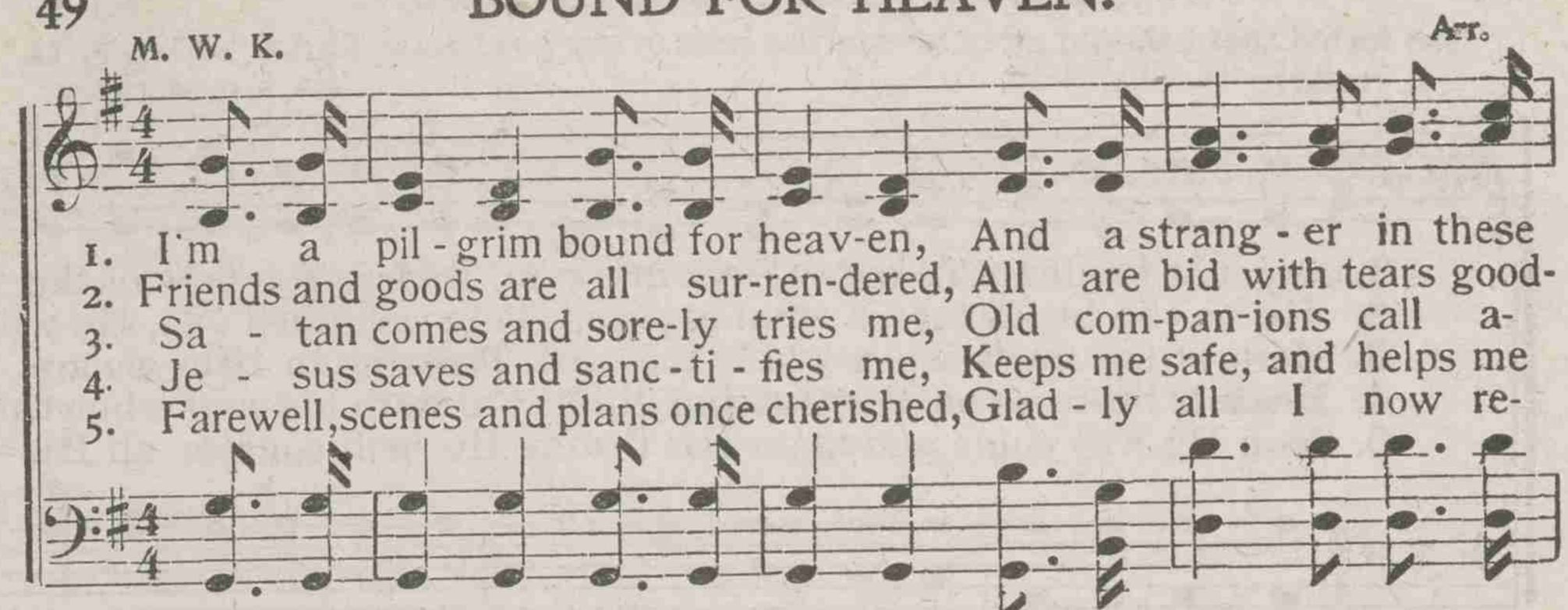
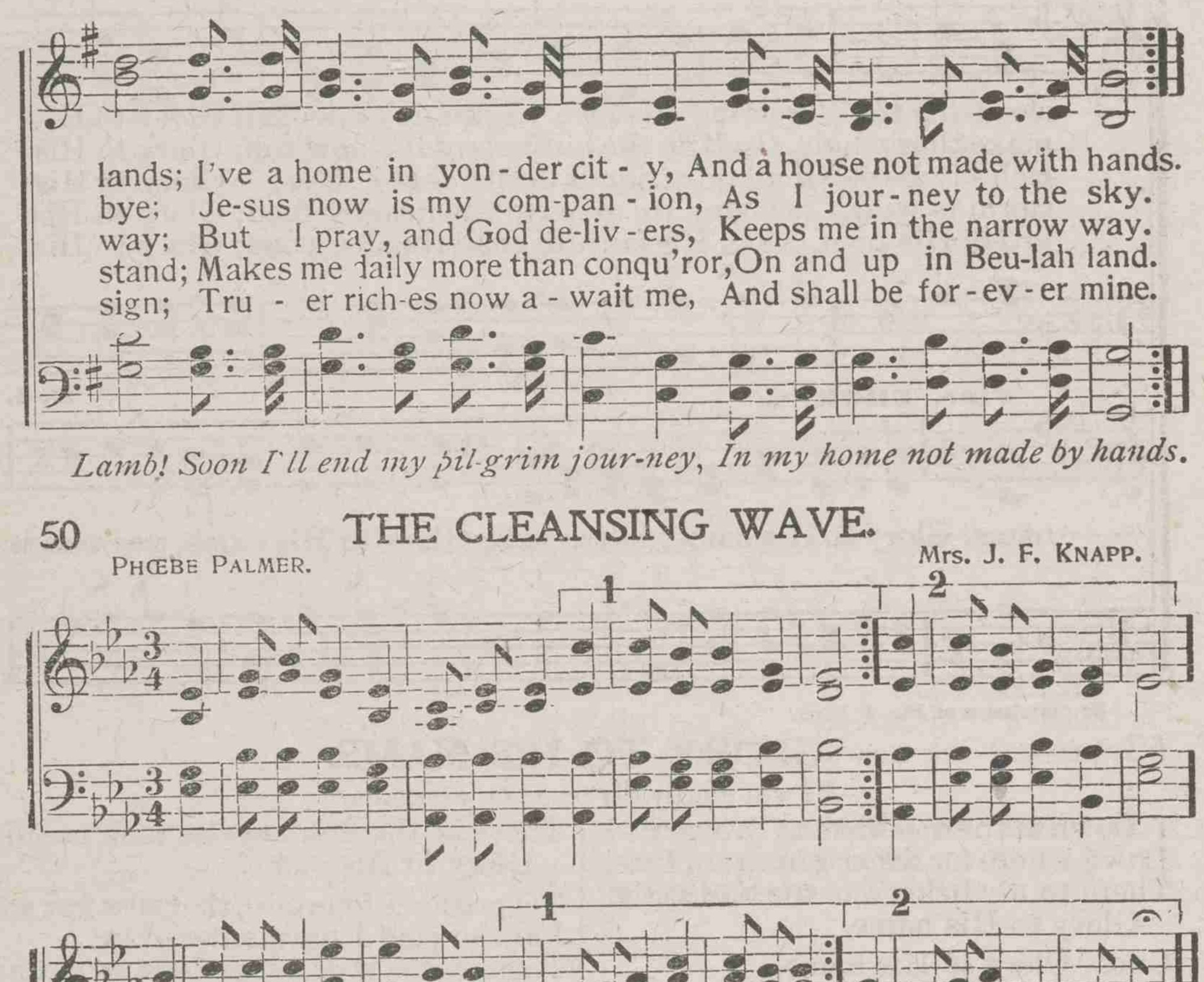
49 BOUND FOR HEAVEN.

M. W. K. Arr.



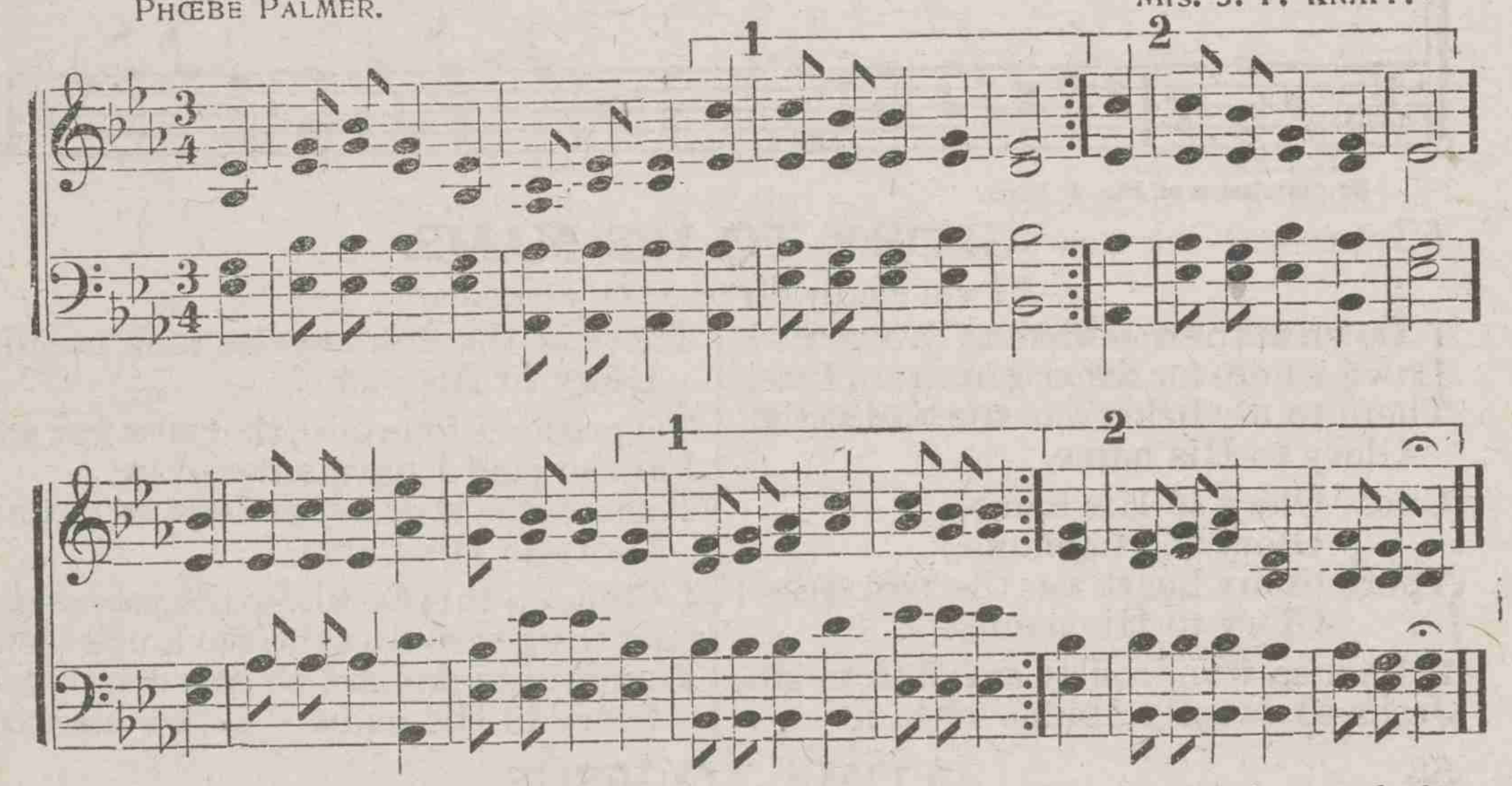
CHO.—*Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me, Hal - le - lu - jah to the*



Lamb! Soon I'll end my pil-grim jour-ney, In my home not made by hands.

50 THE CLEANSING WAVE.

PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



1 Oh, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

CHO.-The cleansing wave, I see, I see,
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me,
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

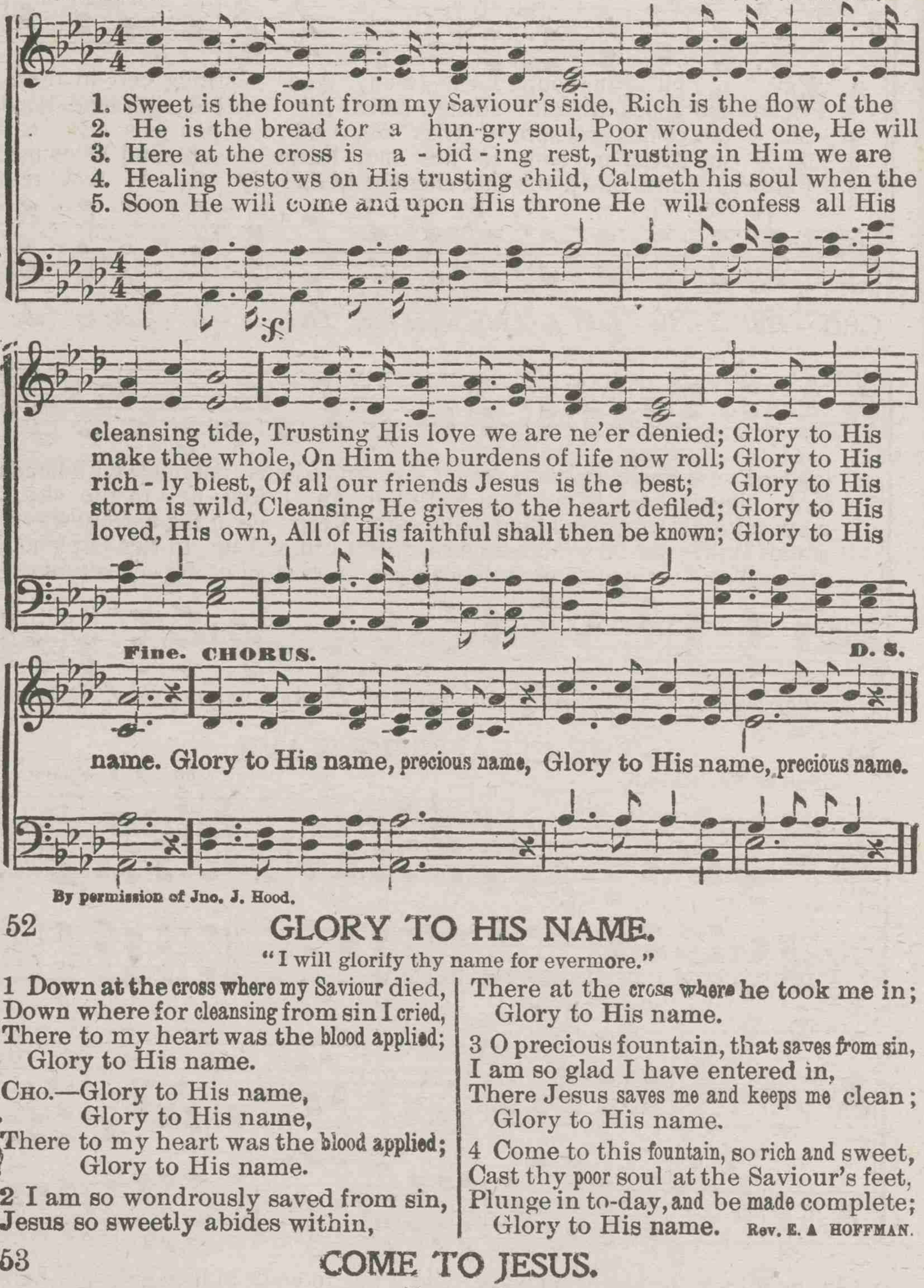
2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know.
My Jesus crucified.

51 DOWN AT THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

L. L. PICKETT. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



By permission of Jno. J. Hood.

52 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

"I will glorify thy name for evermore."

1 Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

CHO.—Glory to His name,
Glory to His name,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where he took me in;
Glory to His name.

3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name. REV. E. A HOFFMAN.

53 COME TO JESUS.

KEY OF G.

1 Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 O believe Him, etc.

7 He will bless you, etc.

No. 54

WHEN I GET TO THE END.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

1. The sands have been washed in the footprints Of the stranger on
2. There are so many hills to climb upward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me Or give me one
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that

D. C.—*And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the*
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the

Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough billows,
long-ing for rest, But He who appoints me my pathway,
tri - al too much, All His peo-ple have been dearly purchased,
cit - y ap - pear And the beau-ti - ful songs of the an-gels

end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,

Fine.

Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my list - en-ing ear. When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.

D.C.

lone Gal - i - lee-an With joy I will fol-low to - day.
word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end-ing day.
seems so mys-te-rious Will be bright and as clear as the day.

Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

BE A SUNSHINE CHRISTIAN.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. 4th by L. L. P. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Al - ways be a sun-shine Christian, Fill the world with light and song, Be a cheerful, loving Christian all the while; If in some lone darken'd corner Some poor soul's been guided wrong, You may win it back to Je - sus with a smile.
2. Al - ways be a sun-shine Christian, Solely work for Je-sus' sake, Car-ry sunshine of His glo-ry in your face; Let the Holy Spirit lead you In what ev - er course you take, So to oth-ers you may thus re-flect His grace.
3. Al - ways be a sun-shine Christian, That the world may in you see All the works you do are only in His love; Shining forth thy faith in Jesus, A re- ward is sure for you, When you reach that heav'nly kingdom far a - bove.
4. Al - ways be a sun-shine Christian, Scat-ter far and wide the light, Souls are waiting now in deep and dark despair; Jesus bids you shine upon them, Driving back the shades of night, Pointing them to sunlit regions bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Al-ways be a sun-shine Christian ev-'ry-where you go, Ev-er shin-ing for the Mas-ter in this world be-low; If you have His presence with you

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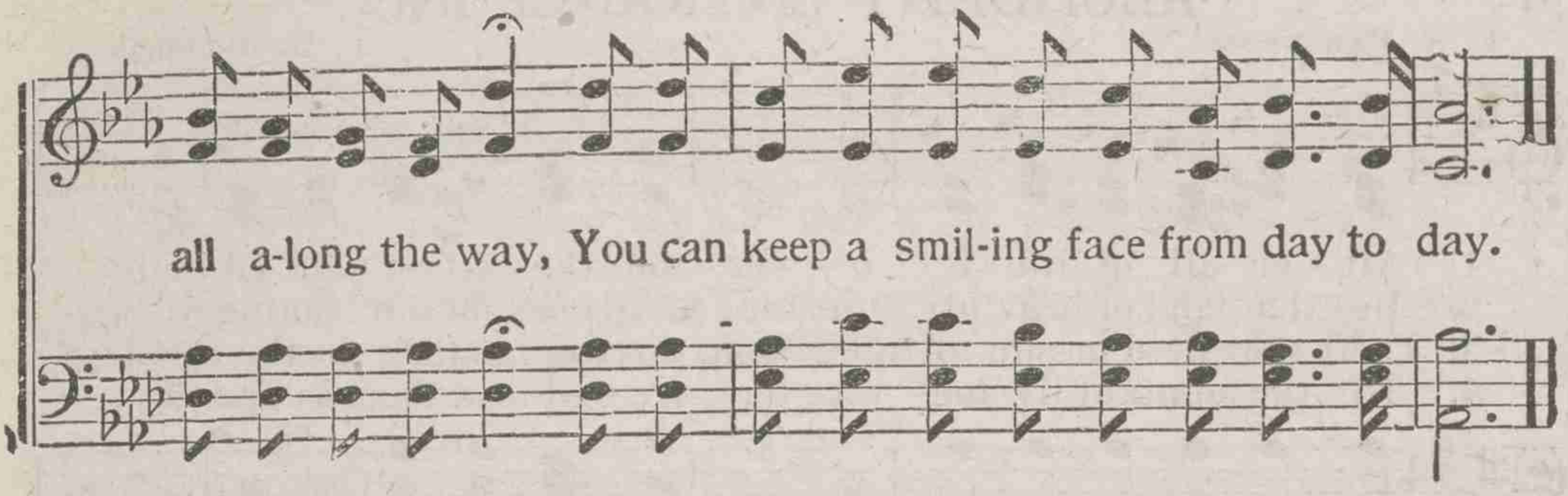
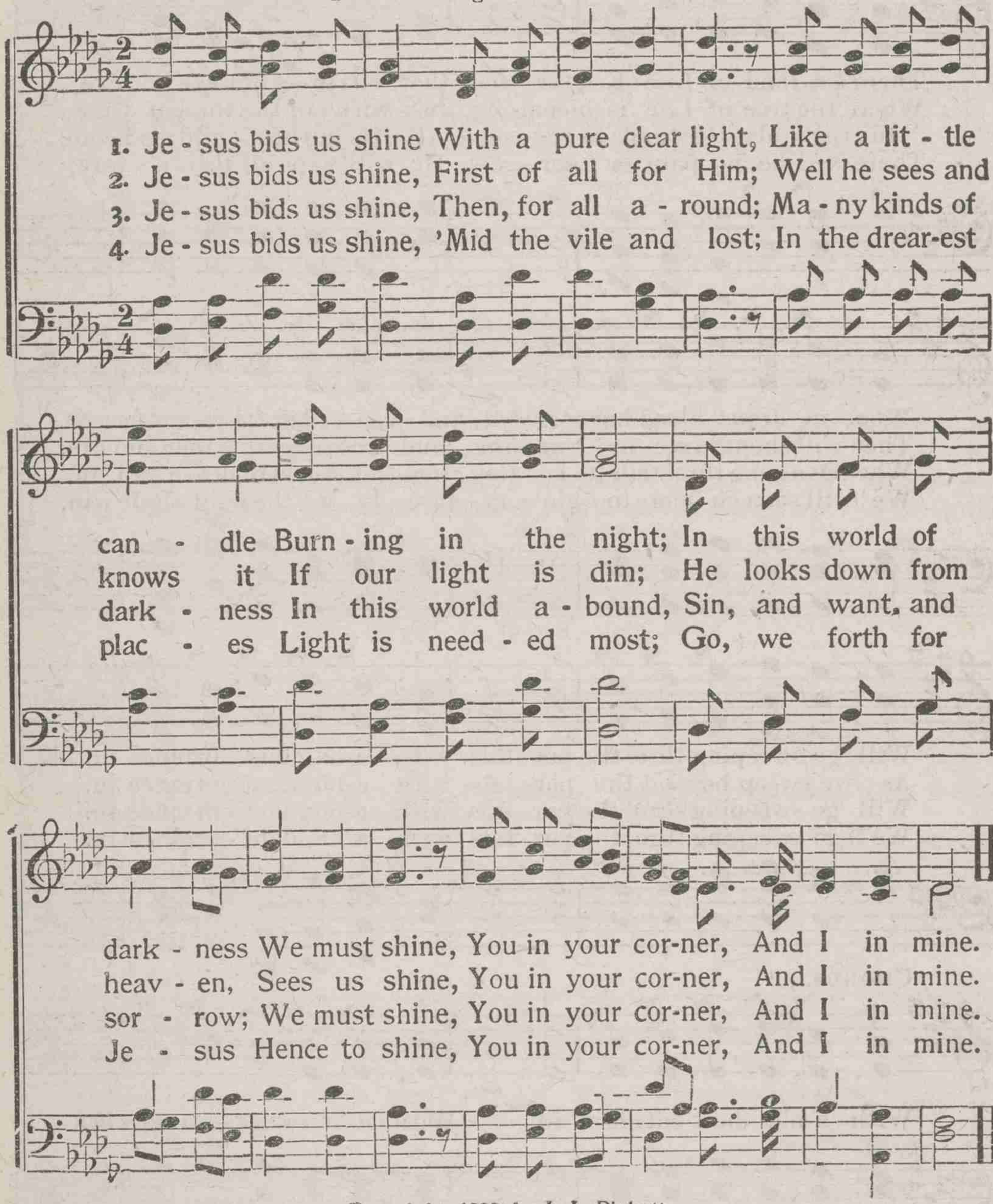
BE A SUNSHINE CHRISTIAN. Concluded.



JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

Children's Song. Matt. 5: 16. L. D. CARRINGTON.



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ABUNDANT ENTRANCE IN.

E. A. FERGUSON. L. R. ROBINSON.

1. Aft - er all of life is o - ver, and the curtain's lift-ed high,
2. In that land of heav'nly sun-shine loved ones for our coming wait,
3. There they need no sun to light them, for the Lamb is on the throne;
4. To the founts of liv - ing wa - ter He will lead them in that day;

There's a land of Life E - ter - nal that will greet our ev-'ry eye;
Where the tree of Life is bloom-ing, Just with - in the Golden Gate;
In the midst He stands to wel-come All His faithful children home;
There will be no pain or sor - row, He will wipe all tears a - way;

Who in Jesus' blood have trusted, and been washed and cleansed from sin,
They will shout to see us com - ing, loud above earth's roar and din,
Who have gone thro' trib-u - la - tion from this world of death and sin,
We will soon go home to glo - ry, sure - ly we the fight shall win,

Will go sweeping thro' the por - tals with a-bundant entrance in.
As we sweep beyond the por - tals with a-bundant entrance in.
Will go sweeping thro' the por - tals with a-bundant entrance in.
We'll go sweeping thro' the por - tals with a-bundant entrance in.

CHORUS.

With a-bun-dant entrance in, With a-bun-dant entrance in;

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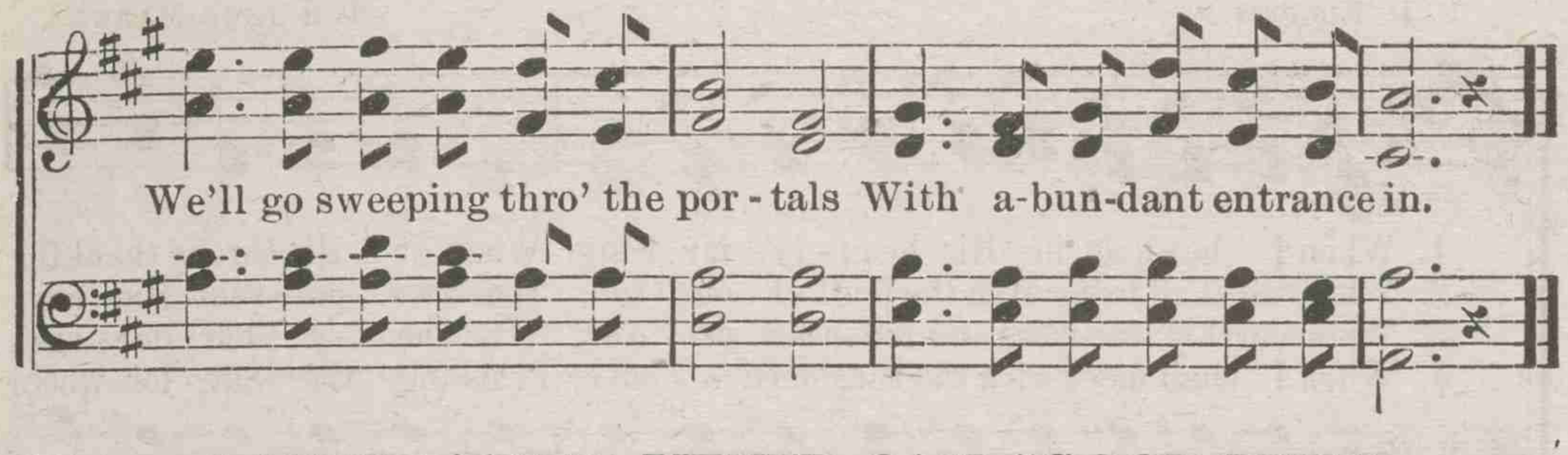
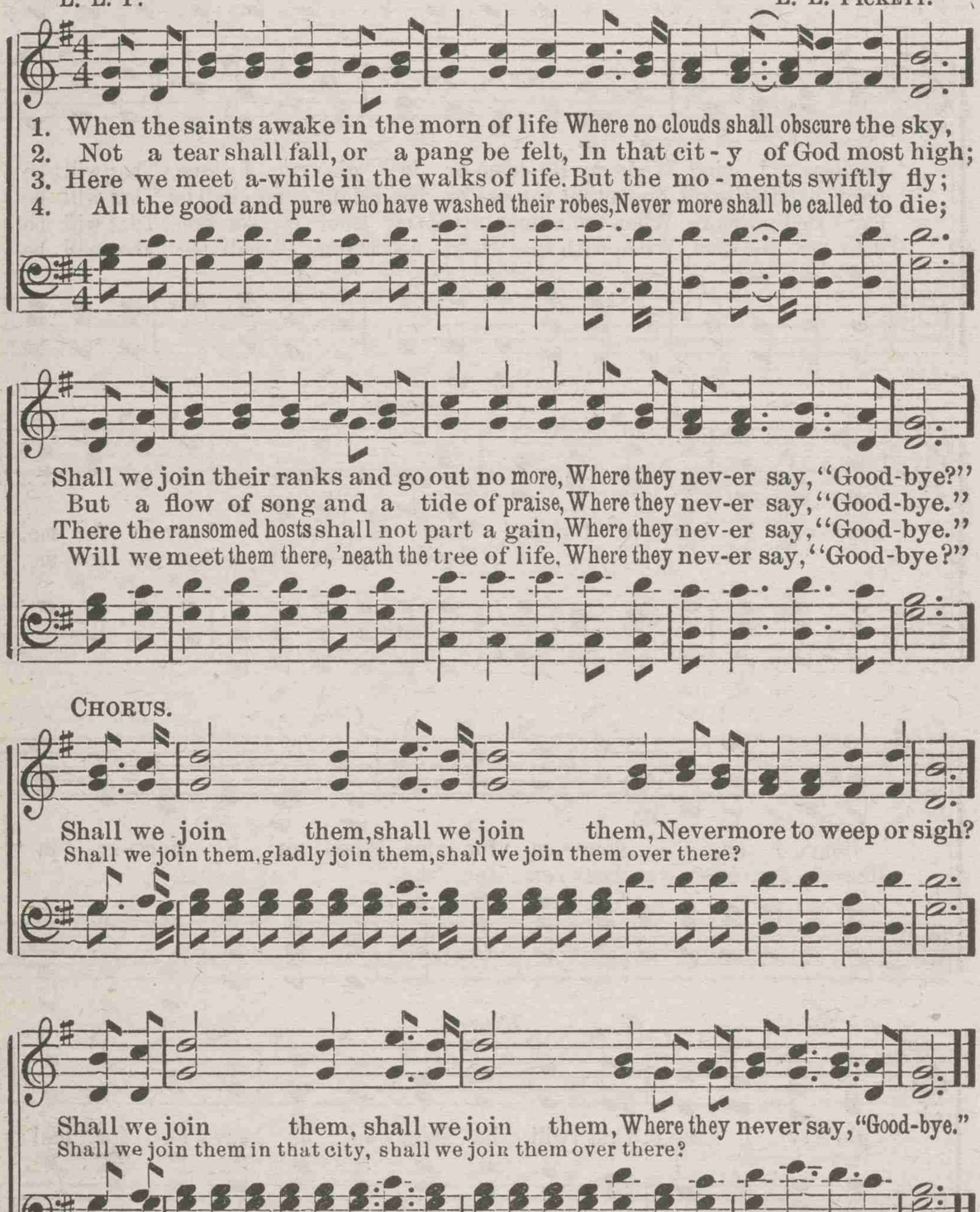
ABUNDANT ENTRANCE IN—Concluded.



WHERE THEY NEVER SAY "GOOD-BYE."

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.



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59

HEAVEN FOR ME!

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. When I be-hold, in His beau-ty, my King, When at His throne thankful
2. When we shall bring Him the fruit of our toil, When we pre-sent Him our
3. When earthly sor-rows and troub-les are o'er, When heav-y bur-dens are
4. When I shall meet with the ransomed a-bove, Prais-ing the Sav-ior whom

prais-es I sing, When my Re-deem-er in glo-ry I see, That will be
hard bat-tles' spoil, Souls that for-ev-er His bright gems shall be, That will be
car-ried no more, When from temptations my soul is set free, That will be
dear-ly we love, When with that glo-ri-fied throng I shall be, That will be

CHORUS.

heav-en, be heav-en for me! Heav-en, heav-en for me,
Heav-en for-ev-er, yes, heav-en for me,

Cres-----cen---

Heav-en, heav-en for me; When my Re-deem-er in
Heaven for-ev-er, yes, heav-en for me;

--do. *ff* *Ritard.*

glo-ry I see, That will be heav-en, be heav-en for me!

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SOME GLAD, SWEET DAY.

"We shall know as we are known, for we shall see Him as He is."—1 Jno. 3: 2.

GEO. W. SLAUSON. RICHARD K. HIGGINS. By per.

1. Some day, I know not where nor when, Be-yond the driving tempest blast,
2. Some day, full soon, sweet Eden's shore May burst up-on my raptured sight,
3. For He who braved the storm-king's wrath, And stilled the waves of Gal - i - lee,
4. What mat-ter then, tho' swelling sails And creaking spars be swept a-way,
5. And tho' it hath not been revealed Where heaven's gold-paved highway be,

With - in a qui - et har-bor bar, I shall cast an-chor safe at last.
And I shall see the glo - ry land, Bathed in the Lamb's e - ter-nal light.
Will safe - ly guide my storm tossed bark A - cross life's dark, tempestuous sea.
Or bil - lows roll-ing mountain high, With an gry clouds, dispute my way.
I know that I shall one day dwell With Him whose blood was shed for me.

CHORUS.

Some day, some day, ... some glad, sweet day, ... I shall with

Some day, some day, some glad sweet day,

joy . . . . . His face be - hold, ... Some day shall safe . . . . . .

I shall with joy His face behold, Some day shall safe

at an-chor lay, ... Some day shall walk the streets . . . . . of gold.

at anchor lay, Some day shall walk, shall walk the streets, the streets of gold.

Copyright, 1901, by Richard K. Higgins.

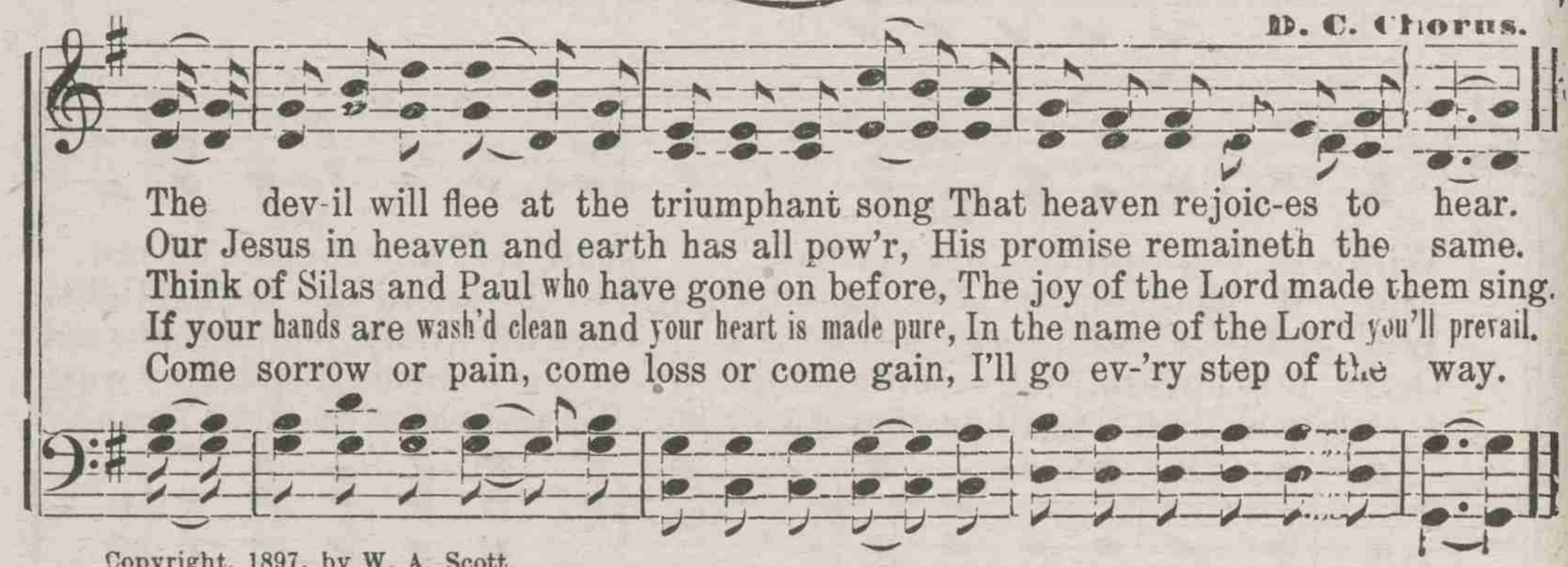
61 I'LL GO EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

Arr. by W. A. SCOTT. Arr. by JENNIE STROMBERG. By per.

1. O friend, does the pathway seem lonely and long? Go forward with no doubt or fear;
2. Like David the giants before you may tow'r, Go forward in vic-to-ry's name;
3. The pathway may lead thro' the dark prison door, Go on in the name of your King;
4. When Daniel of old to the lion's den went, His purpose of heart did not fail;

Cho.—I'll go ev-'ry step of the way,..... I'll go ev-'ry step of the way;

D. C. Chorus.



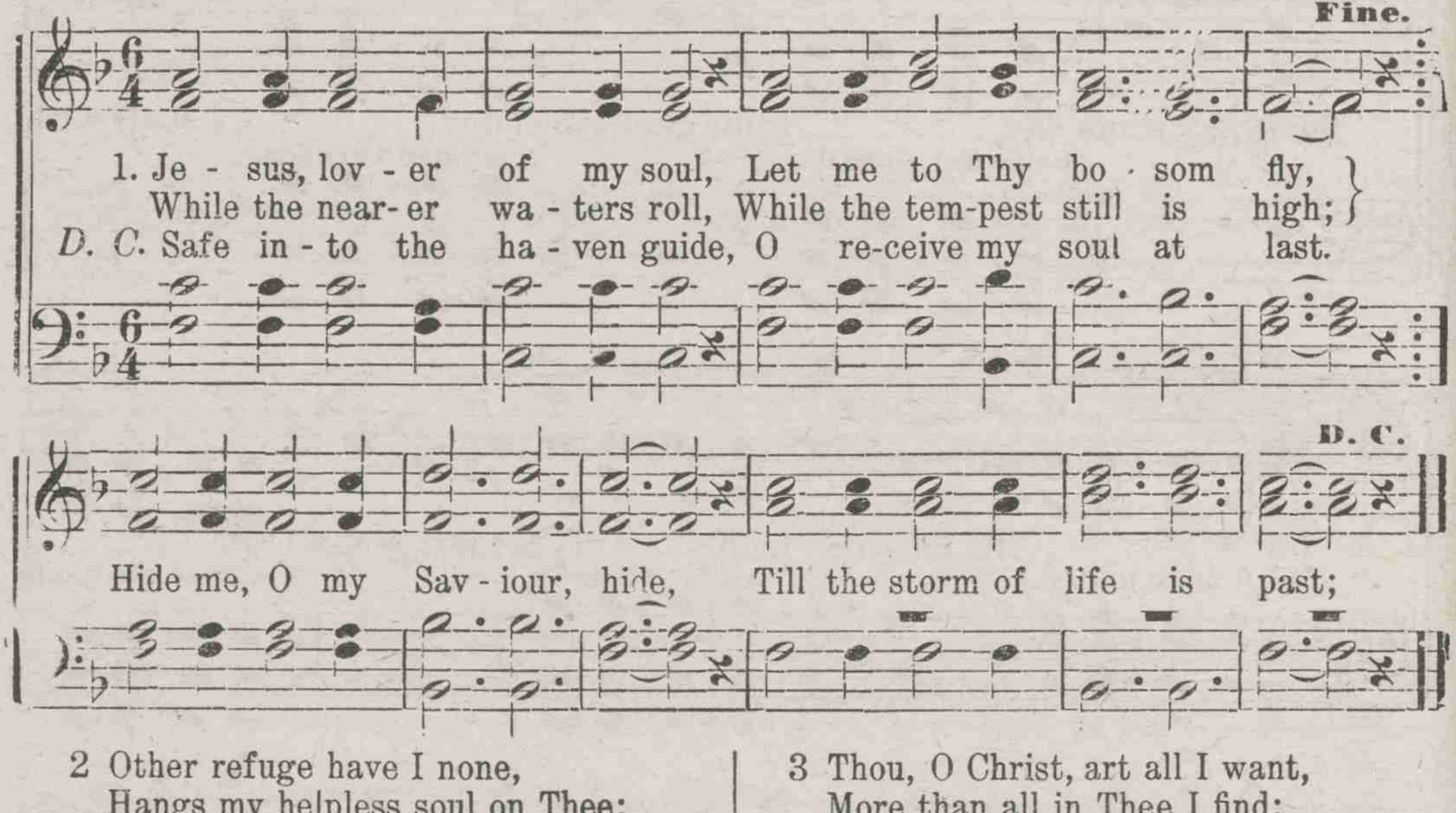
The dev-il will flee at the triumphant song That heaven rejoic-es to hear.
Our Jesus in heaven and earth has all pow'r, His promise remaineth the same.
Think of Silas and Paul who have gone on before, The joy of the Lord made them sing.
If your hands are wash'd clean and your heart is made pure, In the name of the Lord you'll prevail.
Come sorrow or pain, come loss or come gain, I'll go ev-'ry step of the way.

Copyright, 1897, by W. A. Scott.

62 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

Fine.



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

D. C.

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

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

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

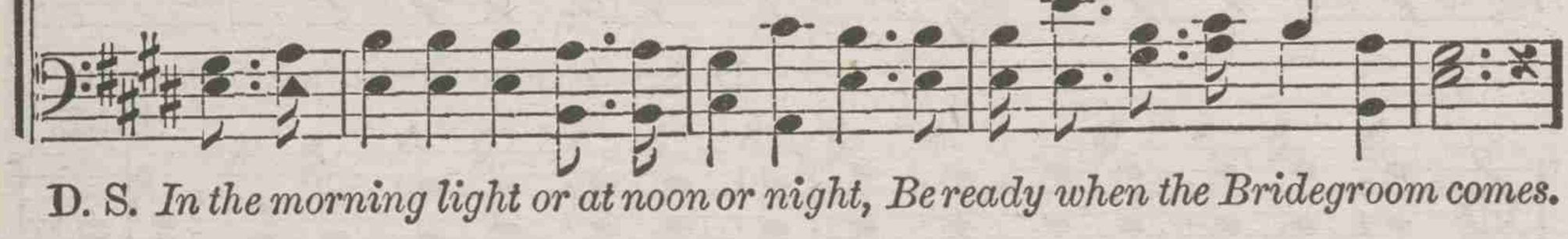
No. 63. BE READY WHEN THE BRIDEGROOM COMES.

"Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—Matt. 25: 13.

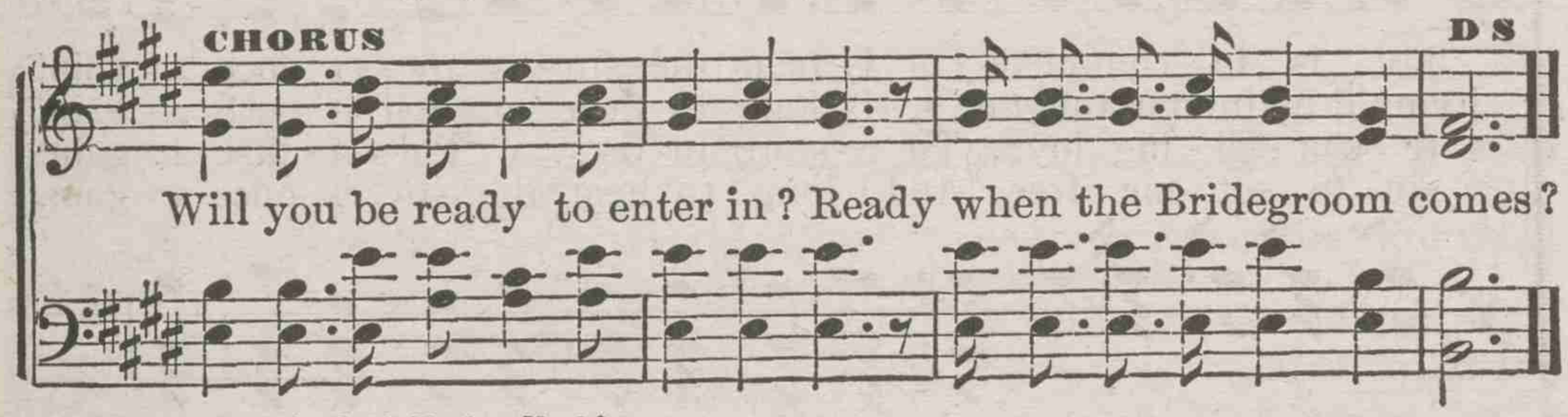
B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

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

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



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



Will you be ready to enter in? Ready when the Bridegroom comes?

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No. 64. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

1 Lord, I care not for riches
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of Thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of Thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

65

I LONG TO HEAR THE STORY.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. How I long to hear the sto - ry once a-gain, Of the Lord who brought sal-va tion un - to men! O the message is so sweet that my
2. I have heard the sto - ry o'er and o'er a-gain, And a ho - ly glad-ness thrill'd in ev-'ry strain, Sweet-er than the sweetest song ev - er
3. It will be a joy to hear it once a-gain, Blessed sto - ry of the Lamb for sinners slain, How he came from heav'n above, in his
4. Nev - er thrilled the air with hap-pi - er re-frain, Than the sto - ry of his changeless love to men, That he died on Cal-va - ry from my

joy is in - com-plete Till I hear the sto - ry ov - er once a - gain!
hymn'd by human tongue; O, I long to hear you tell it once a - gain!
re - con - cil - ing love, To re-store to us a Par - a - dise a - gain.
sin to set me free, And I long to hear the sto - ry once a - gain.

D. S.—*been my joy alway, and my*

FINE.

com-fort day by day, And I long to hear the sto - ry once a-gain.

CHORUS.

Tell the sweet Gos-pel sto - ry once a - gain,
tell it o - ver once a - gain,
It has soothed me in sor-row and in pain; It has
it has soothed my heart in pain;

D. S.

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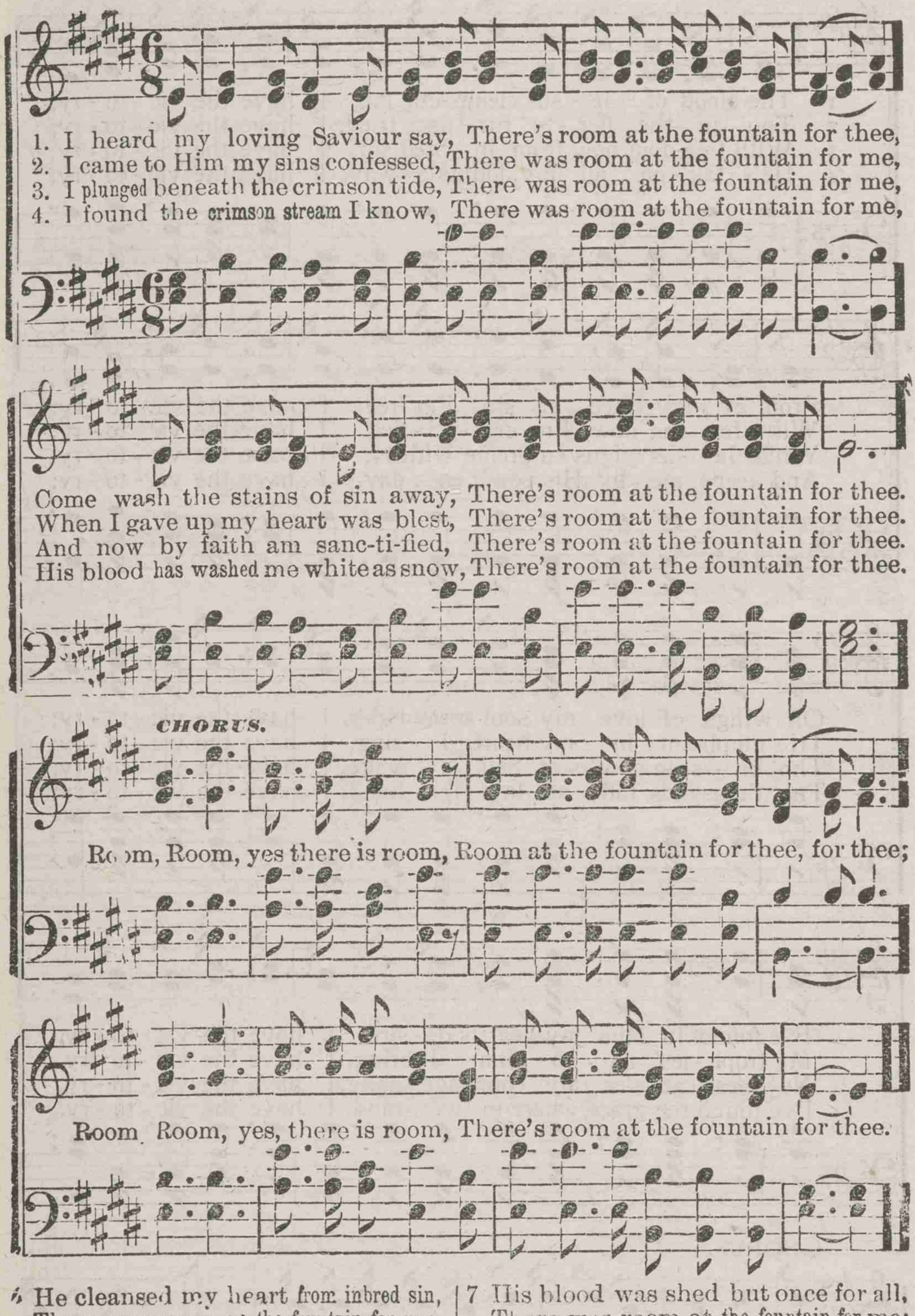
No. 66. ROOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



1. I heard my loving Saviour say, There's room at the fountain for thee,
2. I came to Him my sins confessed, There was room at the fountain for me,
3. I plunged beneath the crimson tide, There was room at the fountain for me,
4. I found the crimson stream I know, There was room at the fountain for me,

Come wash the stains of sin away, There's room at the fountain for thee.
When I gave up my heart was blest, There's room at the fountain for thee.
And now by faith am sanc-ti-fied, There's room at the fountain for thee.
His blood has washed me white as snow, There's room at the fountain for thee.

CHORUS.

Room, Room, yes there is room, Room at the fountain for thee, for thee;
Room Room, yes, there is room, There's room at the fountain for thee.

5 He cleansed my heart from inbred sin,
There was room at the fountain for me,
And now He keeps me pure within,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

6 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath,
There was room at the fountain for me;
He saved me from an awful death,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

7 His blood was shed but once for all,
There was room at the fountain for me;
Oh, don't reject sweet Mercy's call,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

8 We'll sing with all the saints above,
There was room at the fountain for me;
And praise Him for redeeming love,
There's room at the fountain for thee.

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67

I HAVE THE VICTORY.

Mrs. K. W. Mrs. KENT WHITE. By per.

1. The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me, I have the vic - to - ry;
2. Tho' in the fier - y fur - nace tried, I have the vic - to - ry;
3. With free-dom now from in - bred sin, I have the vic - to - ry;
4. He's tak - en all my doubts a - way, I have the vic - to - ry;

From ev - 'ry trace of sin I'm free, I have the vic - to - ry;
With Je - sus now I'm cru - ci - fied, I have the vic - to - ry;
While Je - sus reigns su-preme with-in, I have the vic - to - ry;
And keeps me by His pow'r each day, I have the vic - to - ry;

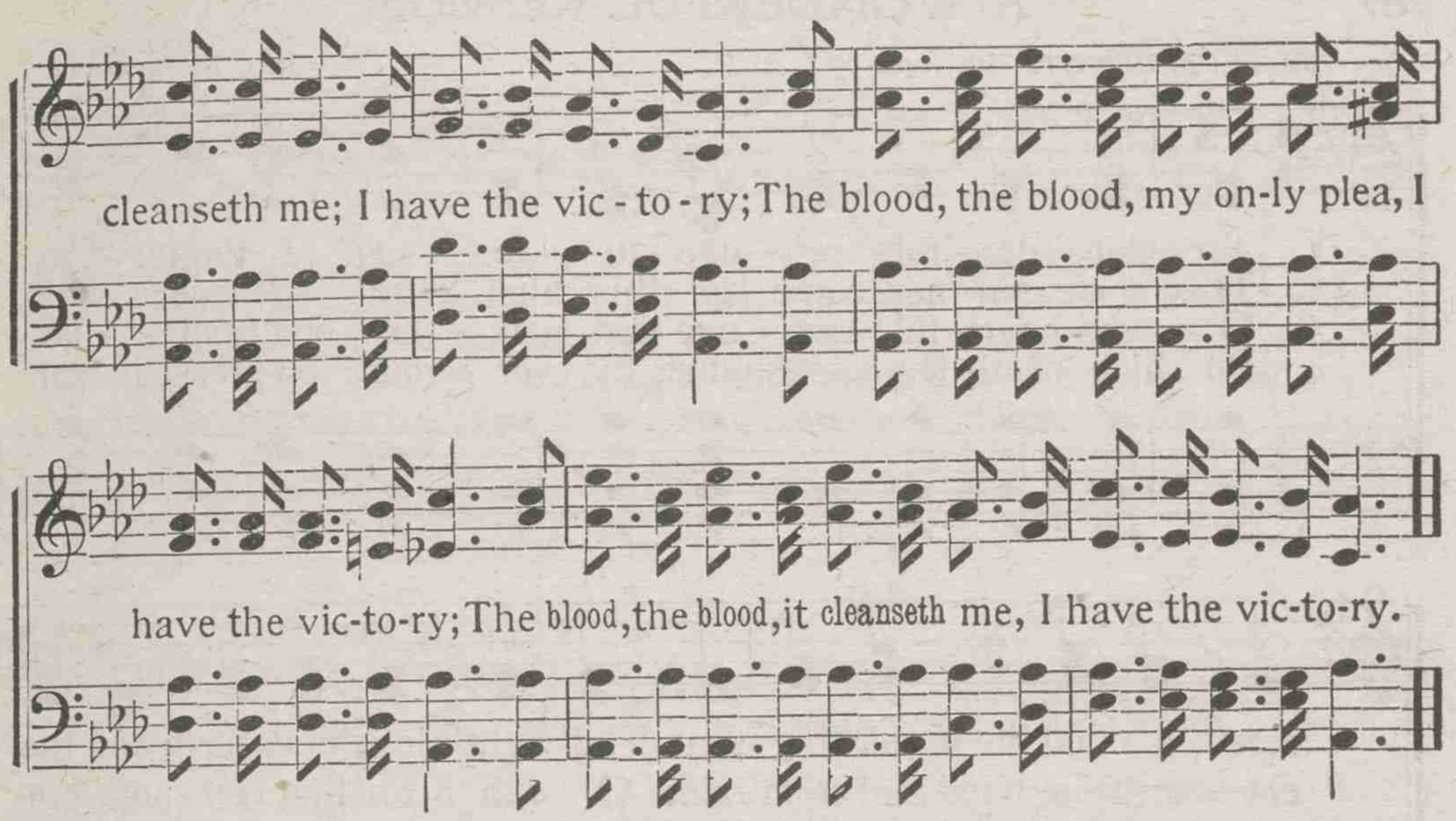
On wings of love my soul mounts high'r, I have the vic - to - ry;
Tri - umph-ant in my heart, I sing, I have the vic - to - ry;
Tho' un - seen pow'rs of hell a - wake, I have the vic - to - ry;
Tho' thousands fall at my right hand, I have the vic - to - ry;

Iv'e found in Him my heart's de - sire, I have the vic - to - ry.
My troph - ies all to Him I bring, I have the vic - to - ry.
No foes can e'er my cour - age shake, I have the vic - to - ry.
I've found the grace where-in we stand, I have the vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

Oh! hallelujah, sing with me, I have the vic-to-ry; The blood of Je-sus

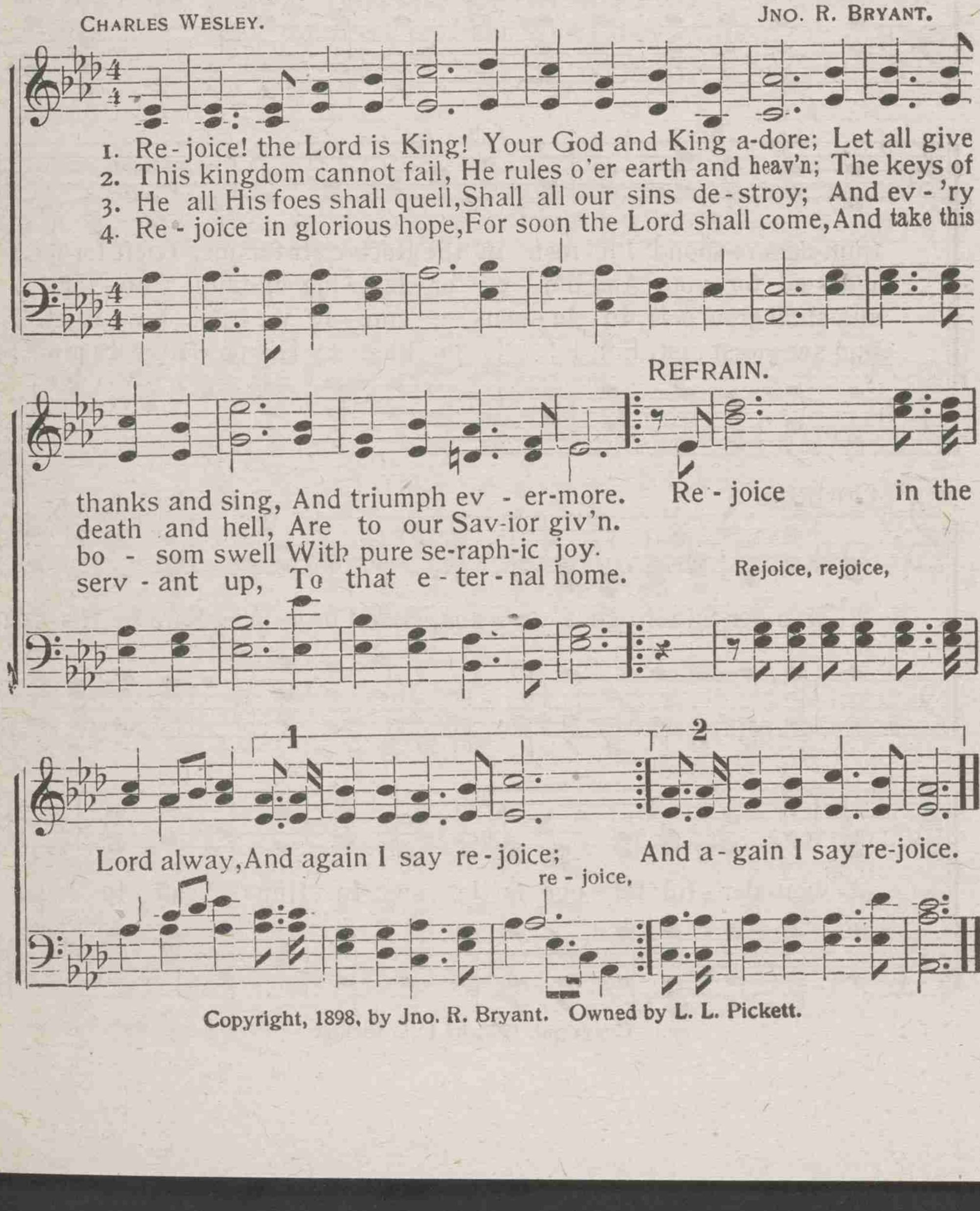
I HAVE THE VICTORY. Concluded.



68

REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING!

CHARLES WESLEY. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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A WONDERFUL REFUGE.

Miss E. E. HEWITT. 4th verse by L. L. P. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. A won - der - ful ref - uge in Je - sus I found; I'm safe a - mid life's roll - ing sea; Tho' light-nings may flash and the thun-ders re-sound, I'll rest in the Rock cleft for me. (cleft for me.)
2. Then come, sin - ner, come to this Shel - ter so true, This cov - ert from wind and from rain; O run to this ref - uge pro- vid - ed for you, And life ev - er - last - ing ob-tain! (ob - tain!)
3. O won - der - ful ref - uge that nev - er shall fail! To save us, "He's faithful and just!" Tho' stars pass a - way and the sun shall grow pale, In Je - sus se - cure - ly we trust. (we trust.)
4. I'll hide 'neath His wings when by sor - row op-pressed, Nor fear in the storm's darkest hour, Se - cure from all dan - ger, will find sweet-est rest, For lo! I am kept by His pow'r. (by His pow'r.)

CHORUS.

A won-der-ful ref-uge is Je - sus, Here I'll a - bide, Safe by His side;
A won- der - ful ref - uge is Je - sus, In Him I safe - ly hide.

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THE HEALING WATERS.

H. H. HEIMAR. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know,
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;
3. Oh, this pre-cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow,
4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem-pests come and go!
5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit-er than the driv - en snow,

Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Let me ev - er-more a - bide Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Stream-ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Now I sing my sweet re-frain, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.

CHORUS.

Where the heal - - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the

joys . . . . ce-les-tial glow, Oh, there's peace . . . . and
joys ce - les - tial glow, Where the joys ce - les - tial glow, Oh, there's peace and rest and love,

rest and love, Where the heal - - ing waters flow!
Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!

wa-ters flow.

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71 SEE THE BLOOD-STAINED BANNER WAVING.

G. A. C. GUSTAV A. COLLIN, by per.

1. See the blood-stained banner wav - ing, Hear the bu - gle blow; God his
2. Hosts of hell and dark-ness ral - ly, Mus-t'ring for the fray; Saints of
3. Tho' the hosts of sin as - sail us, Nev - er will we fear; God is
4. Soon earth's warfare will be o - ver, Sol - dier-days be done; From the

chosen ones is call-ing Forth to face the foe. Fall in line, ye valiant soldiers!
God, a-rise, go forward, Dare and do to - day. Conquer Satan's mighty legions
for us, we shall ev - er Prove His presence near. Safe in his almighty keep-ing,
bat-tle-field to glo - ry We shall gather home. Oh, what singing, oh, what shouting,

Gird your armor on; Pressing on with holy courage, Fight till day is done.
In Je - ho-vah's name; To sin's weary bruised captives, Lib-er - ty pro - claim.
'Neath his shelt'ring wing, Hills and valleys shall re-ech-o Vict'ry-songs we sing.
As we gath-er in, "More than conquerors thro' Jesus," O'er the foes of sin.

CHORUS.

"Go ye forth," .... 'tis Christ commanding, Let the stand - ard be un-
"Go ye forth," 'tis Christ commanding, Let the standard be un-

furled; Give the Gos - pel as a witness Throughout the whole wide world.
furled, be unfurled; Give the Gospel as a witness

Copyright, 1903, by Gustav A. Collin.

HEAR HIM CALLING.

J. H. MARTIN. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Are you stay - ing, safe - ly stay - ing In the ten-der Shepherd's peace - ful fold? No, I'm stray - ing, sad - ly stray - ing On the
2. Are you hear - ing, glad - ly hear - ing How He bids his fold - ed flock re - joice? No, I'm fear - ing, sad - ly fear - ing I have
3. Are you roam-ing, long - er roam - ing In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin? No, I'm com - ing, quick-ly com - ing! O - pen
4. Are you com - ing, quick - ly com - ing At the lov - ing Sav-ior's ten - der voice? Yes, I'm com - ing, glad - ly com - ing, And I

REFRAIN.

lone - ly mountains, dark and cold.
fol - lowed far the stranger's voice On your ear his lov - ing tones are
door, make haste to let me in.
make Him now my heart's first choice.

fall - ing, For He seeks you where-so-e'er you roam; Hear Him

call-ing, sweet-ly call-ing, As He bids His wand'ring sheep come home.

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I WILL GO.

"Go teach all nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. To the na - tions our Mas - ter hath bid - den us go, There to pub - lish the ti - dings of peace, Tell of Je - sus the Sav - ior to
2. Will you heed Him, my broth - er, and speed with the call, Till the lost ones shall en - ter His fold; Lo! sal - va - tion is of - fered so
3. Far a - way o'er the o - cean are lambs of His flock, Who are wait-ing to hear His sweet voice; At the door our Re - deem-er doth
4. Let us hast - en to car - ry the mes - sage di - vine, In all of its fu - ness and might, Till our Christ in His king-dom and
5. Some are go - ing in per - son a - cross the blue wave, Leav - ing kin-dred and loved ones so dear; Will you give of your treas-ure the

D. S.—*Ne'er a dan - ger or wor - ry my spir - it shall know, If my Sav - ior with - in me shall stay.*

Fine.

mor - tals be - low, And pro-claim to the cap - tives re - lease.
free - ly to all, Nor is purchased with sil - ver or gold.
pa - tient - ly knock, He would en - ter and make them re - joice.
glo - ry shall shine, And shall ban - ish all dark-ness with light.
hea - then to save From their sin - ning, their an - guish, and fear?

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I will go where'er He bids me to go, To the nations or isles far a - way;

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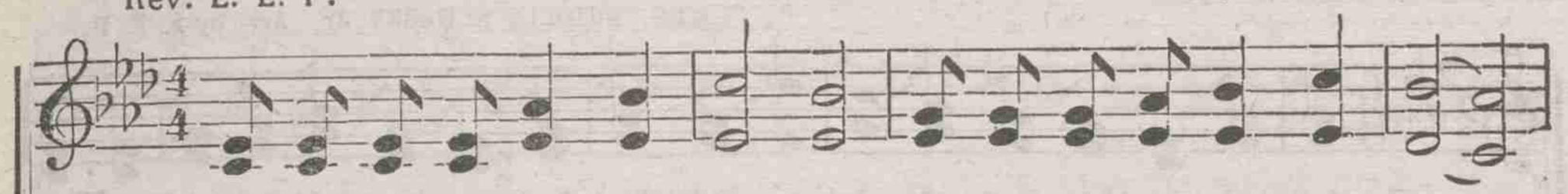
74 TELL US OF ITS CLEANSING POWER.

Rev. L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



1. Sing a-bout the blood of Je - sus, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
2. Ho - ly is the heal-ing foun-tain, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
3. Pub-lish to the dy - ing rac - es, Tell them of its cleans-ing pow'r;
4. Hap - py is the soul that seeks it, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
5. Sing it out with glad-some voic-es, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;
6. When we reach the heav'nly glo - ry, Tell us of its cleans - ing pow'r;

Sweet the sto - ry and it pleas - es; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
Flow - ing from the rug-ged moun-tain; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
Far and wide in earth's dark plac - es; Tell them of its cleansing pow'r.
Bless - ed is the tongue that speaks it; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
Lo! the trust-ing heart re - joic - es; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.
We will ev - er love the sto - ry; Tell us of its cleansing pow'r.

CHORUS.

The blood, the blood, the pre-cious blood, Tell us of its cleansing pow'r;

The blood, the blood, the precious blood, Tell us of its cleans-ing pow'r.

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No. 75. My Mother is Praying For Me.

A. N. "I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

MRS. FRIOLIN SLUESSY, Jr. Arr. by R. E. M.

1. A pray'r on the wings of an an - gel, Is borne to the portals of light,
2. I know I am weak and un - wor-thy, No mer - it of mine would I bring;
3. For long I have wandered un-heed-ing, The warnings so ten-der and true,

I feel in my heart the as - sur-ance That moth-er is pray-ing to - night.
The cross of my Lord is be - fore me, And there, tho' I per - ish, I'll cling.
The tears she has wept o'er my childhood, That fell on my cheeks like the dew.

My spir - it is wounded and brok-en, My sins with con-tri - tion I see,
Oh, yes I will go to my Sav-iour, His child from this moment I'll be,
And now while she kneels in her clos-et, When no one but Je - sus can see,

To Je - sus I'll go and confess them, While mother is pray-ing for me.
My faith shall look up and receive Him, While mother is pray-ing for me.
I'll ask for His lov - ing for-giv-'ness, While mother is pray-ing for me.

CHORUS.

My moth-er is pray - ing for me, My moth-er is pray-ing for me, To

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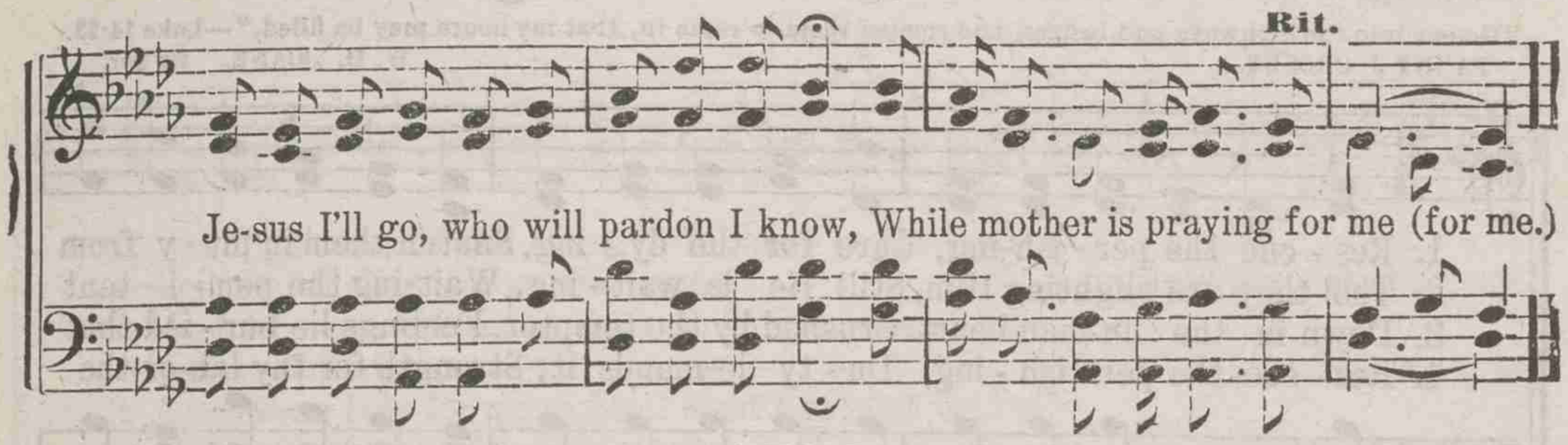
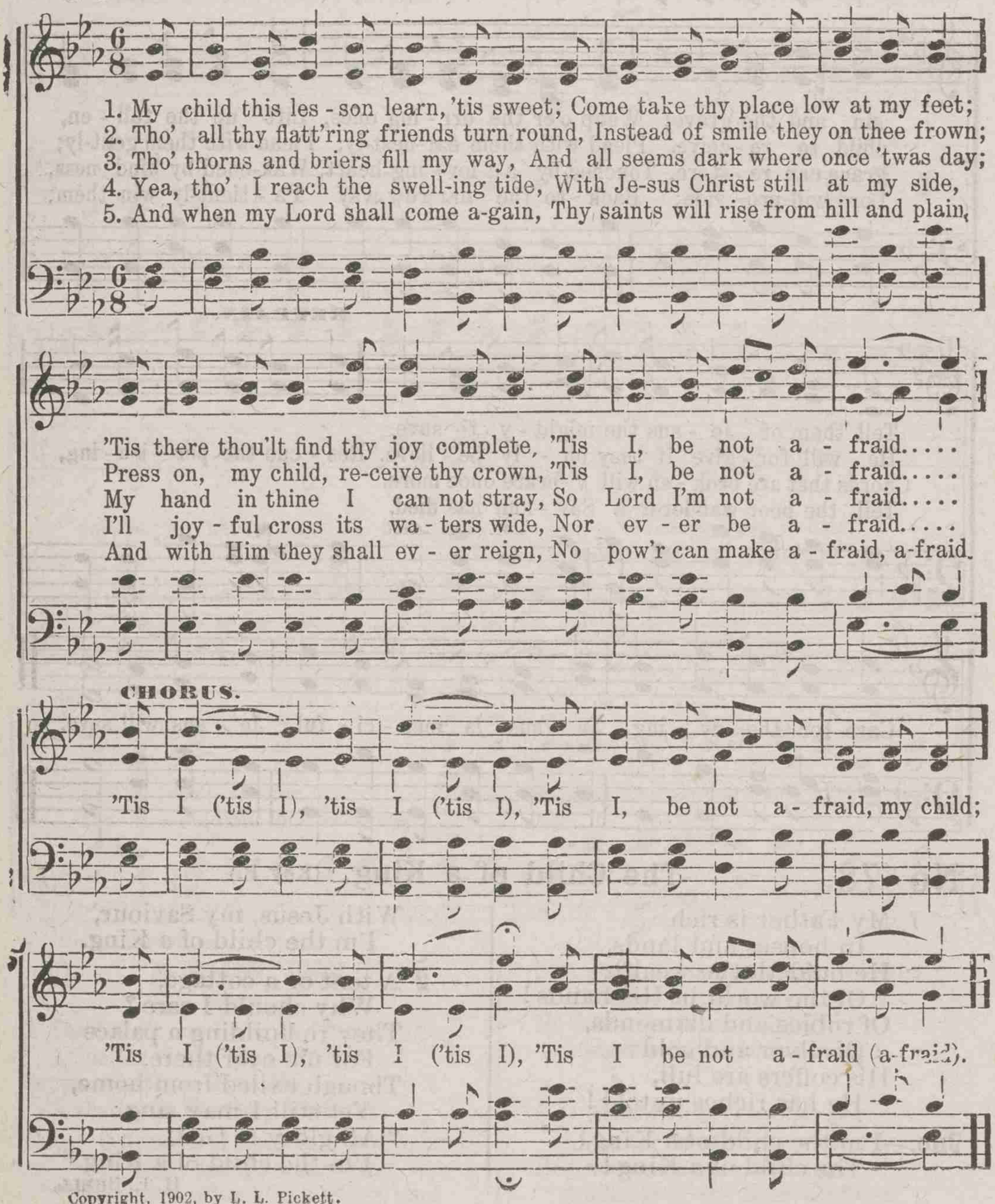
MY MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR ME. Concluded.



'TIS I.

T. E. M. and L. O. ADAMS. REV. T. E. MOORE.



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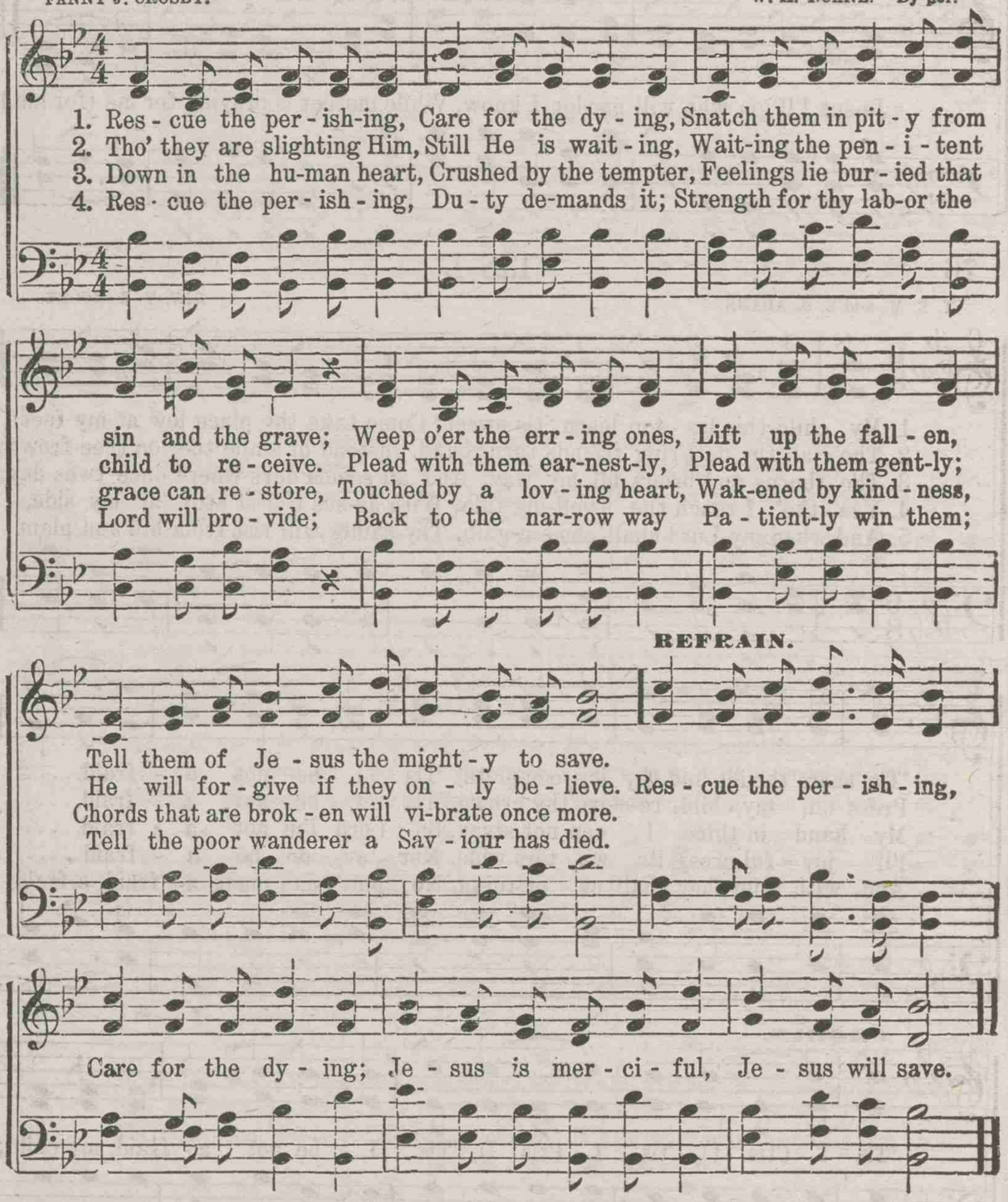
No. 77. Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,"—Luke 14:23.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.



No. 78. The Child of a King. (Key F.)

1 My Father is rich
In houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth
Of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds,
Of silver and gold
His coffers are full,
He has riches untold!

CHO.—I'm the child of a King!
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

2 A tent or a cottage,
Why should I care?
They're building a palace
For me over there.
Though exiled from home,
Yet still I may sing:
"All glory to God,
I'm the child of a King."

H. E. BUELL.

79

I'M A SOLDIER.

L. L. PICKETT.

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

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80

A SHELTER.

Key of F.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Secure whatever ill betide,
A shelter in the time of storm.

CHO.—O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
O Jesus is a Rock in a weary land
A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defense by night,
A shelter in the time of storm;
No fears alarm, no foes affright,
A shelter in the time of storm.

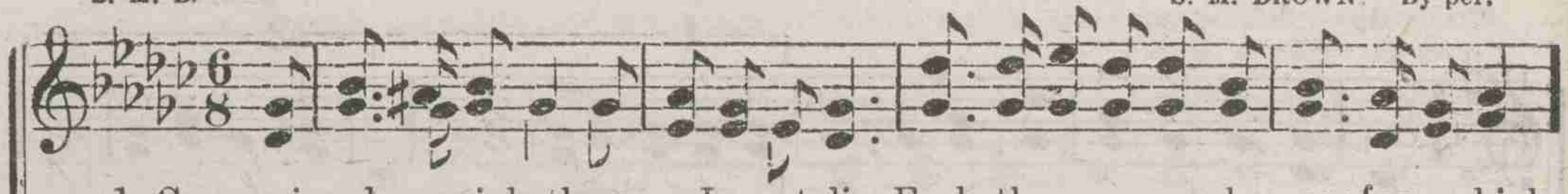
3 O Rock divine, O refuge dear,
A shelter in the time of storm;
Be Thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

Words arr.

81

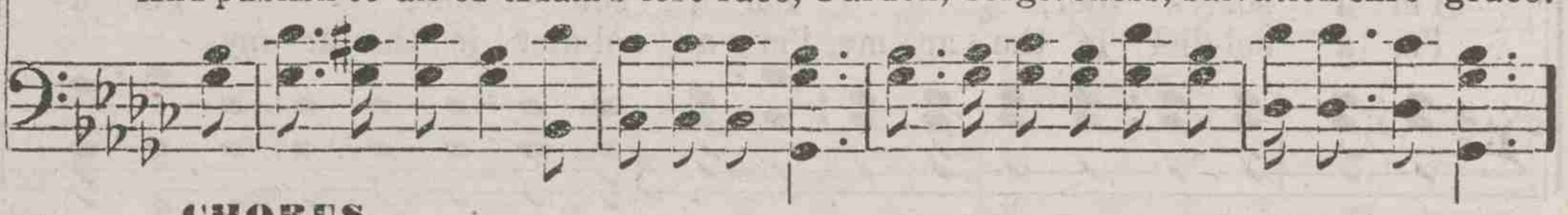
DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN By per.



1. Companion draw nigh, they say I must die, Early the summons has come from on high,
2. Ah, can you not bow and pray with me now? Sad the regret we have never learned how,
3. And can you not sing a song of His love, How He came down from the mansions above
4. A - las! it is so; but thus it must be; No word of comfort or promise for me;
5. O people of God who have His blest word, Will you not heed the command of your Lord,

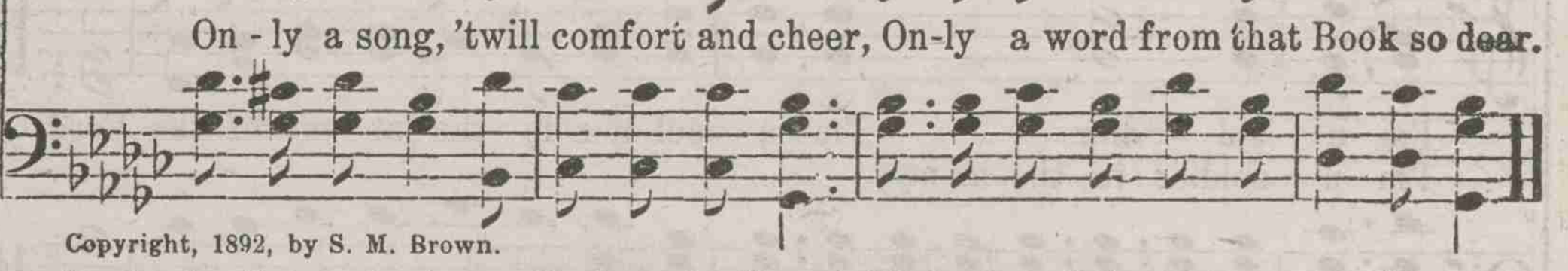
The way is so dark, and yet I must go, O that such sorrow you never may know?
To come before Him who only can save, Leading in triumph thro' death and the grave.
To bleed and to die on Calvary's tree, Bringing salvation to sinner's like me?
To die without God, or hope in His Son, Covered in darkness, bereaved and undone.
And publish to all of Adam's lost race, Pardon, forgiveness, salvation thro' grace?



CHORUS.

On - ly a pray'r, on - ly a tear, O if sis - ter and mother were here;

On - ly a song, 'twill comfort and cheer, On-ly a word from that Book so dear.



Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Brown.

To the brethren who have aided me in the establishment of the Tabernacle Church in Kansas City, I most respectfully dedicate this song, the proceeds from the sale of which I contribute to missions in Kansas City. S. M. BROWN.

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

JUST TO KNOW.

L. L. P. L. D. CARRINGTON.

1. Just to know all my sins and trans-gress-ions for-giv'n, Just to know that my name's writ-ten down, Just to see the sweet smile of my
2. Just to be what He wants me to be ev - 'ry day, Just to walk in the light of His love, Just to heed ev - 'ry word that my
3. Just to hear His sweet whis-pers of grace and of love, Cheer-ing me all my days here be - low; Just to drink at the foun-tain of
4. Just to en - ter the ci - ty of life when our race Shall have end - ed in peace at the goal; Just to hear the blest voice of my

CHORUS.

Sav - ior and Lord, Just to know I'm an heir to the crown.
Mas - ter shall say, All His ful - ness of mer - cy to prove. Just to be
life flow-ing free, Just to feel its rich tide o'er me flow.
Sav - ior then say: "En-ter in, O thou conquering soul!" Yes, to be

all he wants me to be, Just to say all he wants me to say, To a-
on-ly say
bide in His presence where-ev-er I go, Just to walk in His steps here be-low.

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No. 83. ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the Cru-ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
2. Who-ev-er re-ceiv-eth the message of God, And trusts in the
3. Who-ev-er re-pents and forsakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his

liev-eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per-fect sal-
power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e-ter-nal re-
heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per-fect sal-

va-tion shall have; For He is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.
demp-tion shall have; For He is both a-ble and will-ing to save.
va-tion shall have; For Je-sus is read-y this moment to save.

CHORUS.

My brother, the Mas - - ter is call-ing for thee; . . .
Broth-er, the Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee;

His grace and His mer - - cy are wondrous-ly free; . . .
Broth-er, His grace and His mer-cy are wondrous-ly free;

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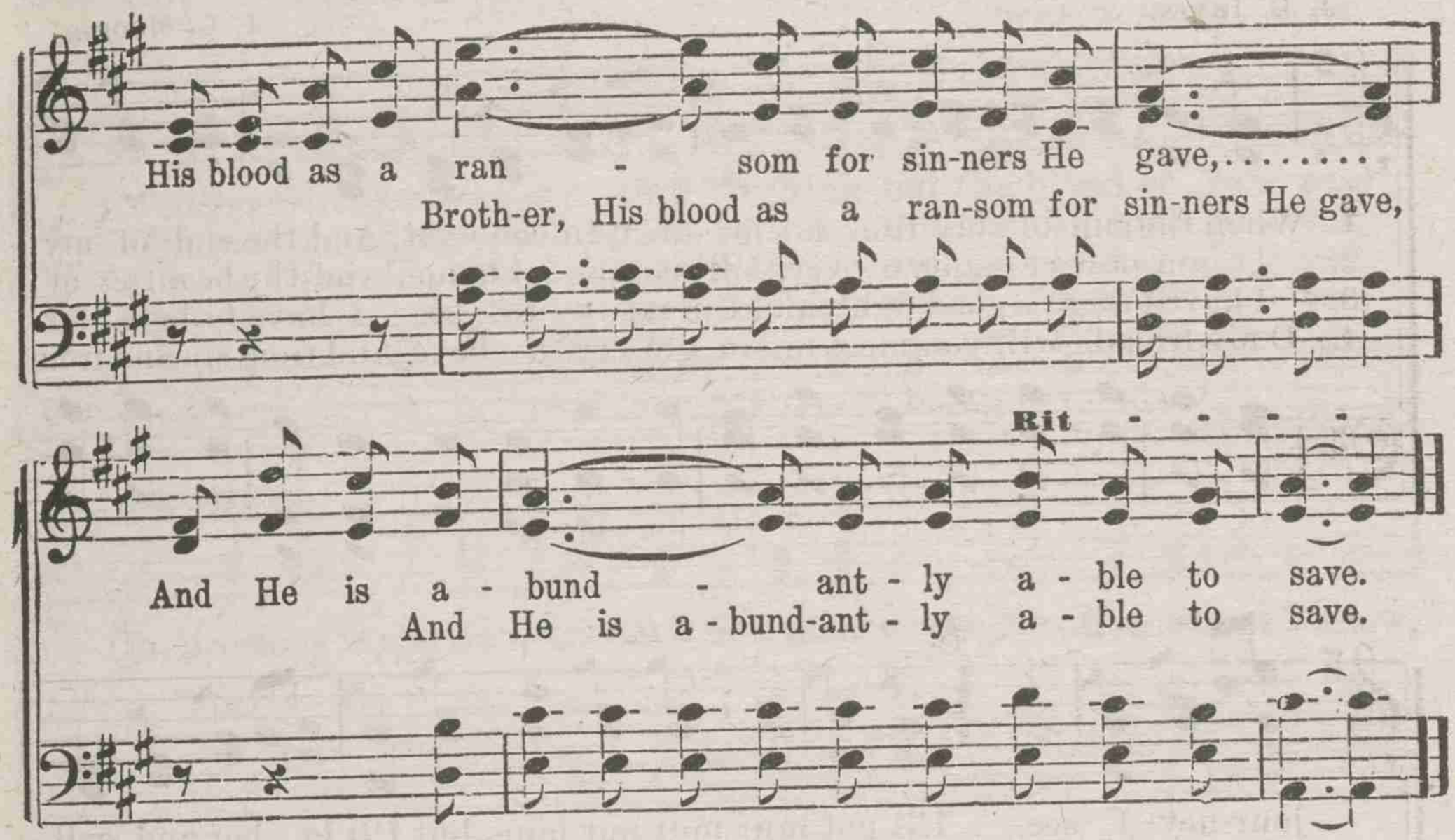
ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.



PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

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85

BEAUTIFUL CROWN.

J. B. IRVIN. J. L. MOORE.

1. When the sun of my life is far down in the west, And the end of my
2. I am now crossing o - ver, I'll soon be at home, And the beauties of
3. I have fought a good fight, and I m ready to go; I have la-bored for
4. O my friends, will you meet me in glo - ry a - bove, And from sin and from

jour-ney I see, I'll not mur mur nor pine, but I'll la - bor and wait
glo - ry I'll share; There's a robe, and a ring, and a harp for my hand,
God and His Son; I have gained a grand vict'ry o'er death and the grave,
sor - row be free? Will you join in the cho - rus that an - gels pro-long,

D. S.—*I'll not mur-mur nor pine, but I'll la - bor and wait*

FINE. CHORUS.

For the beau-ti-ful crown there for me. Beau-ti - ful crown,.....
In that man-sion prepared o - ver there.
And a beau - ti - ful crown I have won.
And be hap - py for - ev - er with me? Beau-ti - ful crown,

For the beau - ti- ful crown there for me.

D. S.

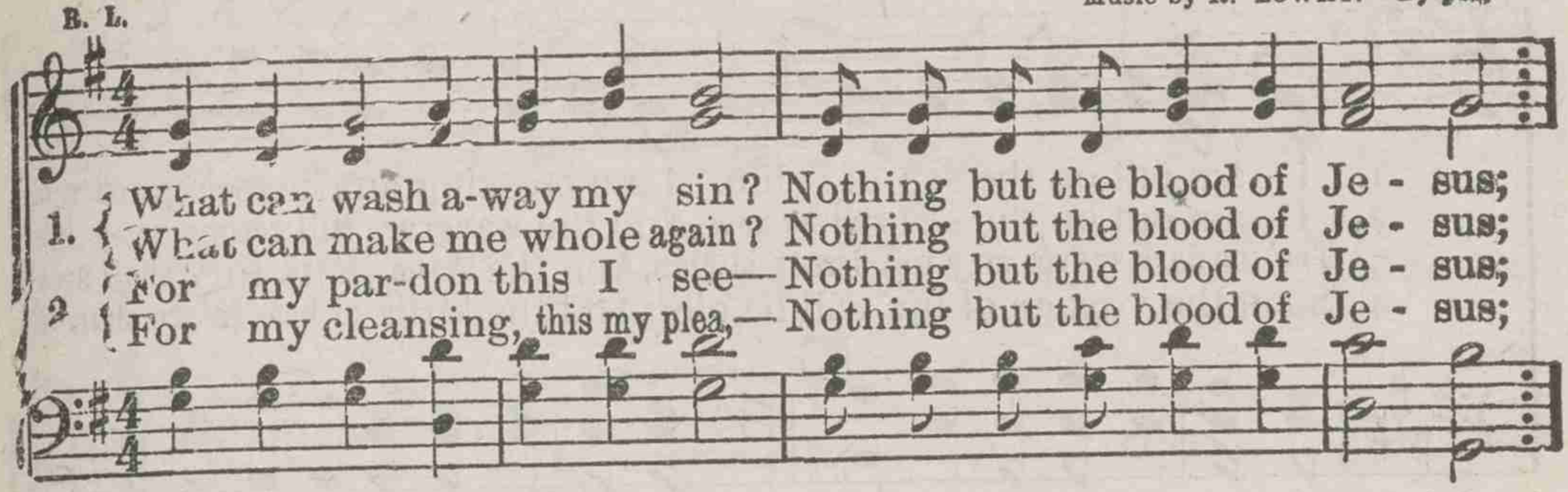
beau-ti - ful crown,.....There's a beau - ti-ful crown there for me;
beau - ti - ful crown,

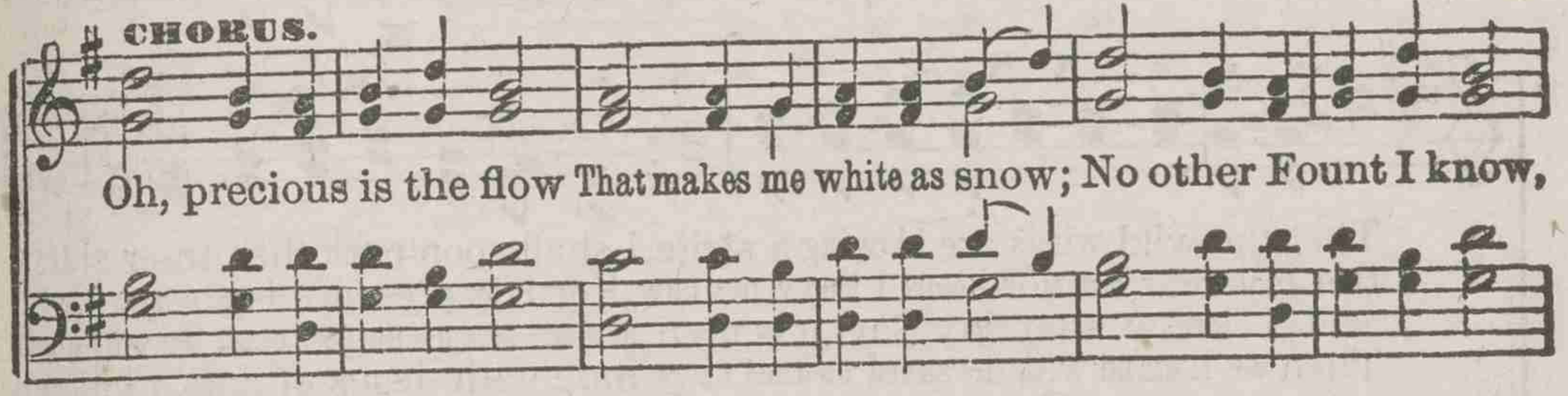
J. L. Moore, owner.

No. 86. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

Music by R. LOWRY. By per.

R. L.





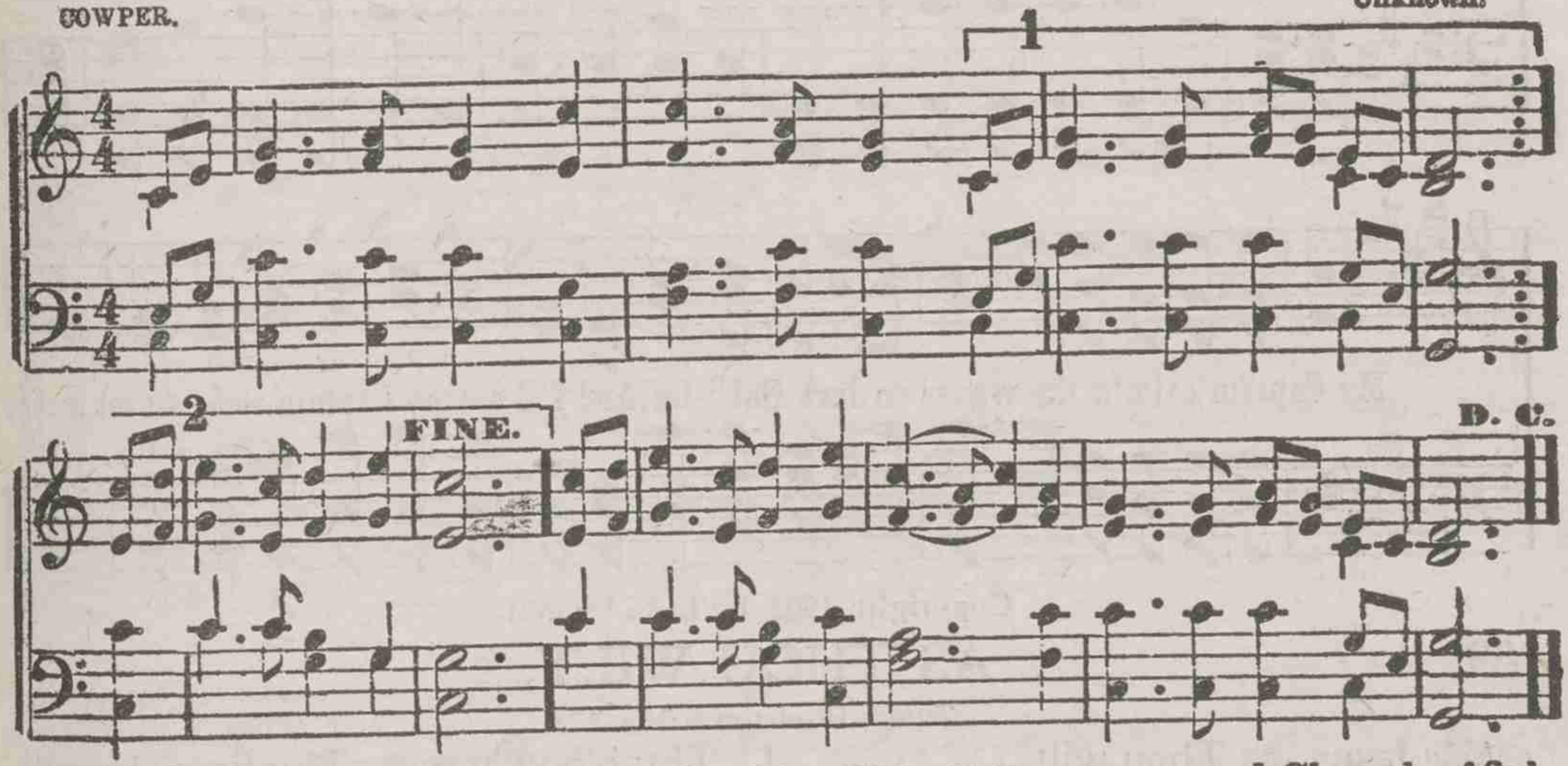
3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 87. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

Unknown.



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 have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

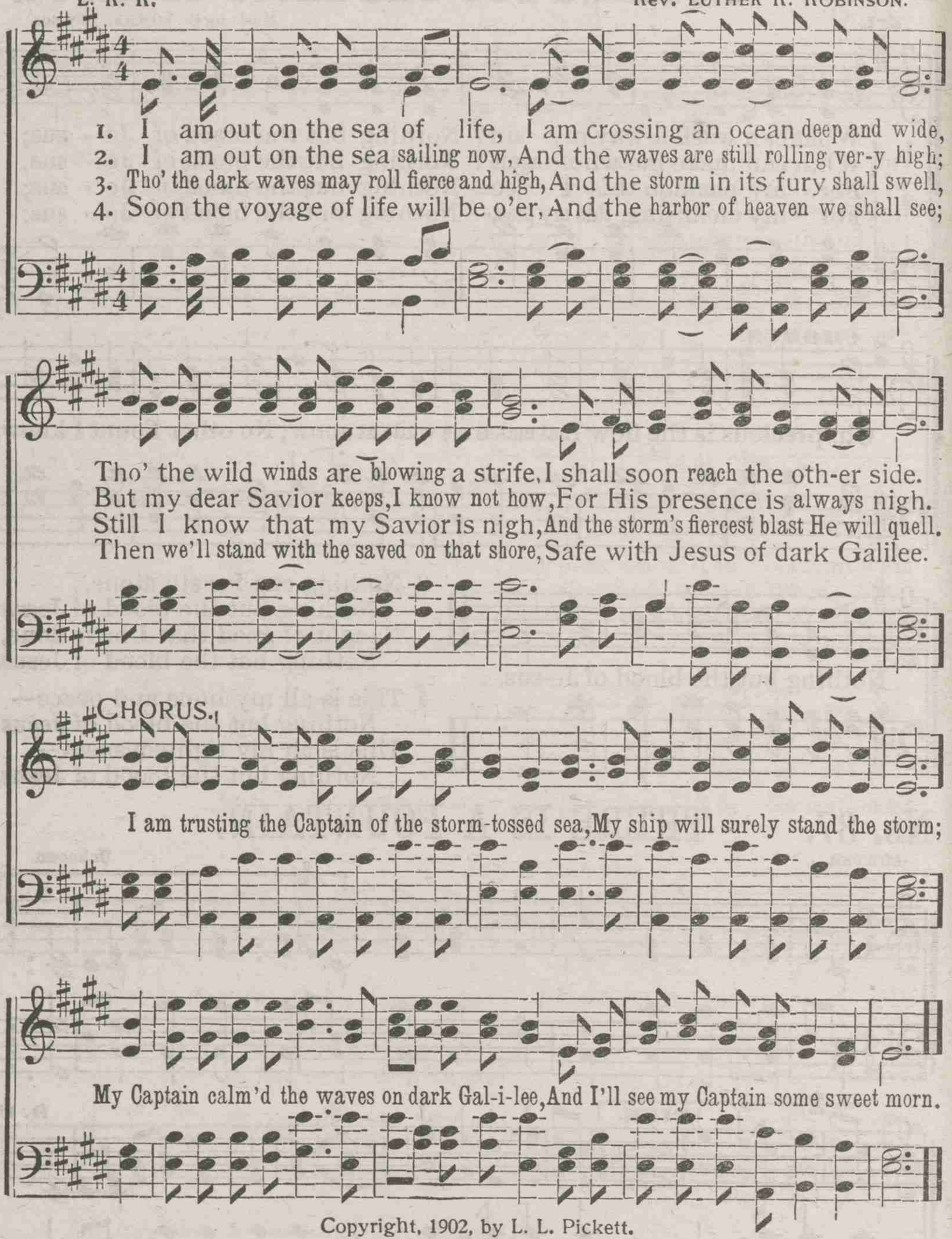
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

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

88

ON LIFE'S SEA.

L. R. R. Rev. LUTHER R. ROBINSON.



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89

AS THOU WILT.

Tune—Boylston. No. 128.

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
Where'er Thy path may lead;
I'll always press the shining way,
Thy mercies all I plead.

2 Yes, Sav-ior, as Thou wilt,
No other Guide I own;
I'll gladly trust, though dark the way,
Till safe before Thy throne.

3 And still it's "As Thou wilt,"
And thus it e'er shall be;
Thy blood atones, Thy Spirit keeps
My spirit saved and free.

4 Today it's "As Thou wilt,"
Just as in other days;
The light abides, the glory breaks,
And I am full of praise.

5 And though the shadows creep
O'er my enfeebled gaze,
I'll ever sing, "Just as Thou wilt,"
Through heaven's endless days.

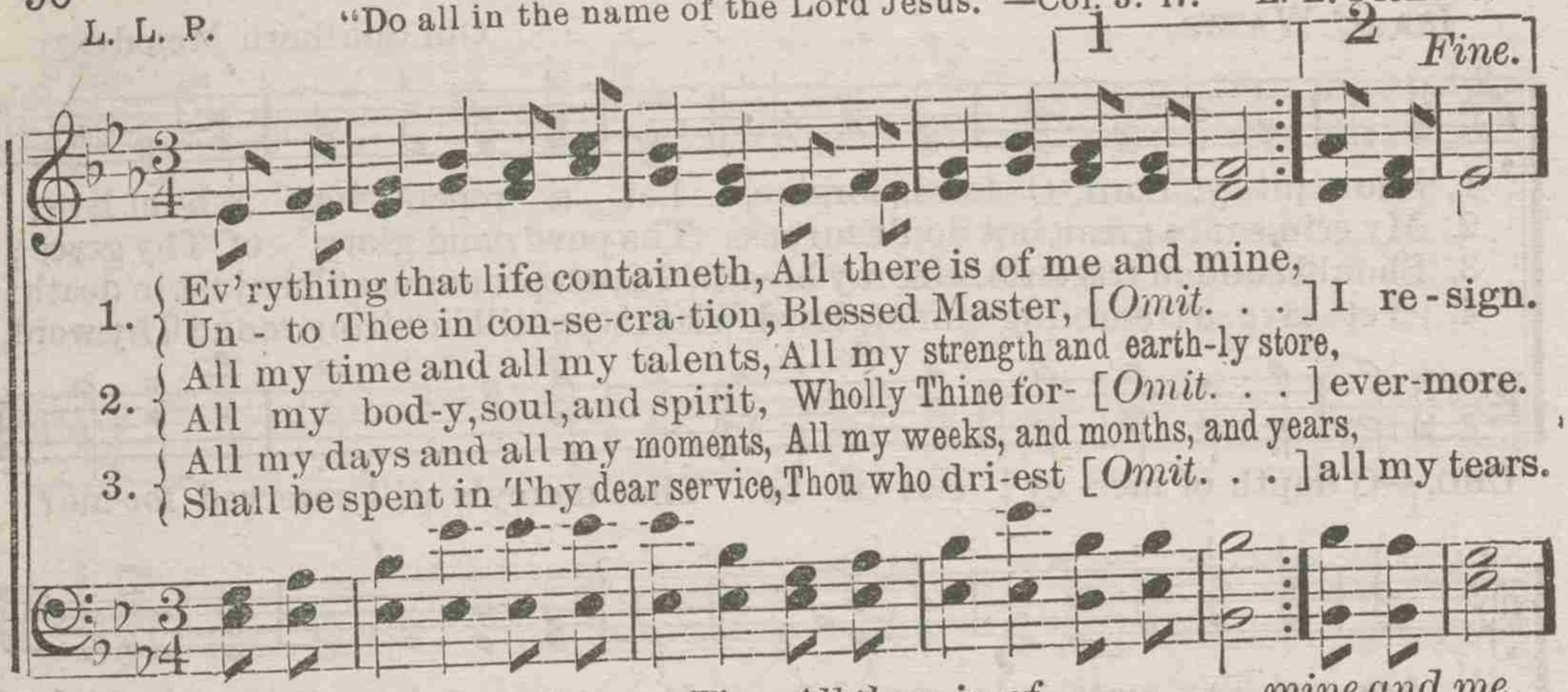
L. L. Pickett.

90

THOU ART MORE TO ME.

"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."—Col. 3: 17.

L. L. P. L. L. PICKETT.



1. Ev'rything that life containeth, All there is of me and mine,
   Un - to Thee in con-se-cra-tion, Blessed Master, [*Omit. . .*] I re-sign.
2. All my time and all my talents, All my strength and earth-ly store,
   All my bod-y, soul, and spirit, Wholly Thine for- [*Omit. . .*] ever-more.
3. All my days and all my moments, All my weeks, and months, and years,
   Shall be spent in Thy dear service, Thou who dri-est [*Omit. . .*] all my tears.

D. C.—*So I glad-ly yield up to Thee All there is of . . . . mine and me.*

D. C.

CHORUS.

Thou art more to me, my Sav - ior, Than this world can ev - er be;

4 In my eating and my drinking,
In my sleep and waking hours,
I shall seek to glorify Thee,
Using all my ransomed powers.

5 When my pilgrimage is over,
And I see Thee on Thy throne,
May I gladly yield up to Thee
All the goods which were Thine own.

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91

JUST AS I AM.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.

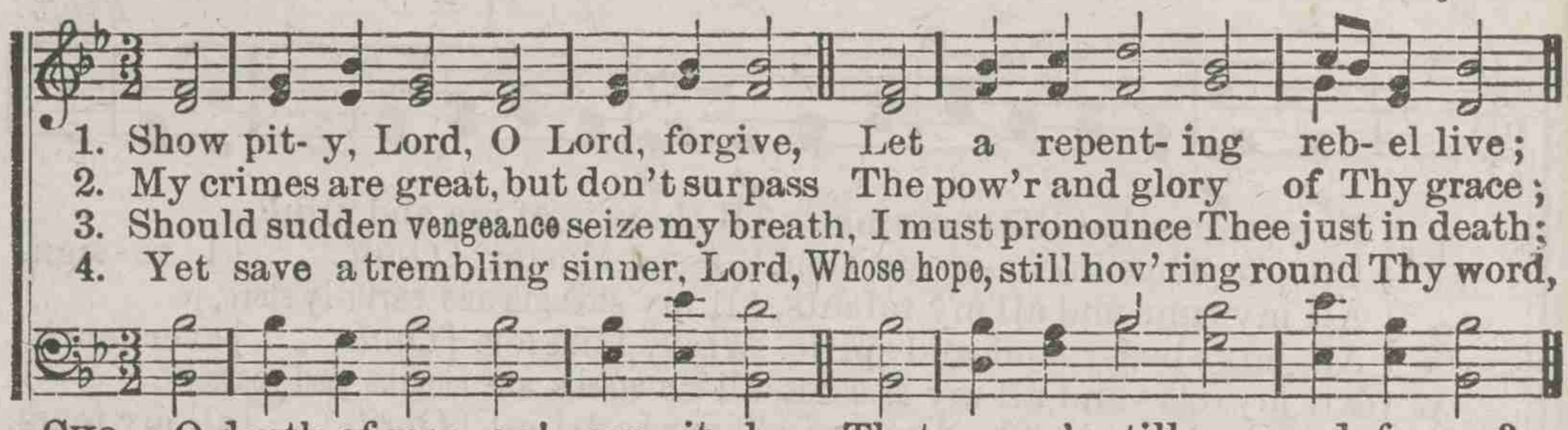
Miss CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834. WM. B. BRADBURY.

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

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

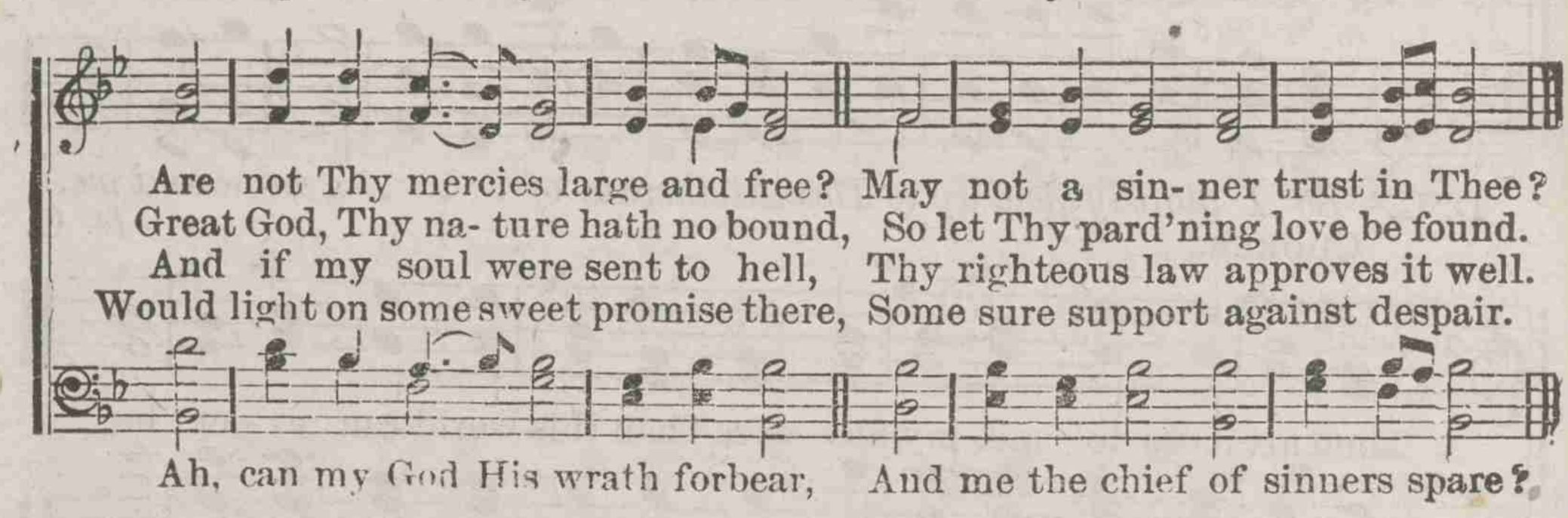
No. 92. SHOW PITY, LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

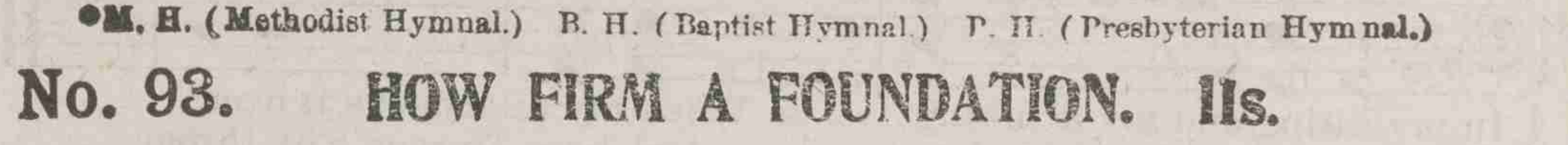


1. Show pit- y, Lord, O Lord, forgive, Let a repent- ing reb- el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The pow'r and glory of Thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,

CHO.—O depth of mer- cy! can it be That mercy's still reserved for me?



Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sin- ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na- ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

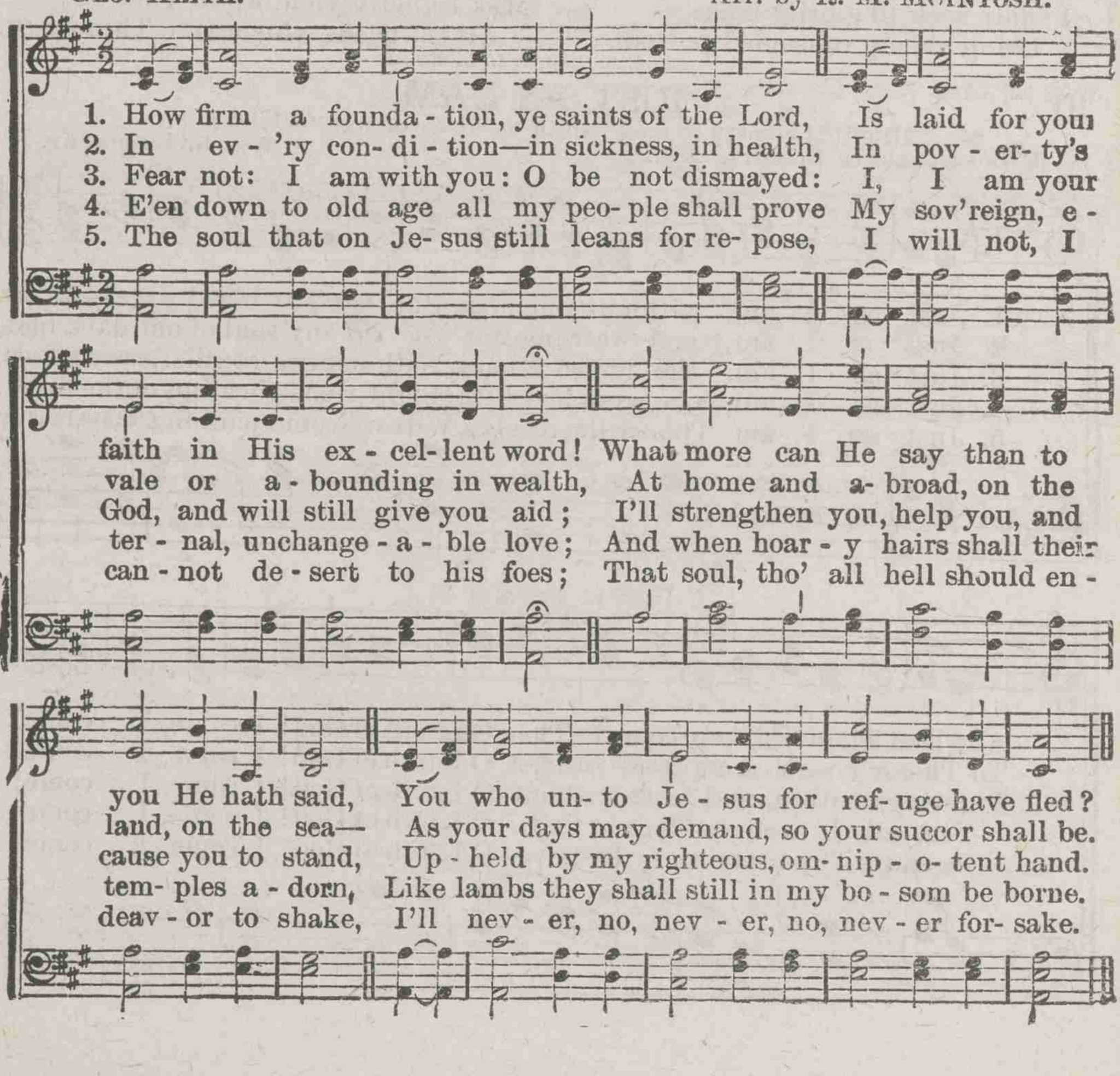


Ah, can my God His wrath forbear, And me the chief of sinners spare?

•M. H. (Methodist Hymnal.) B. H. (Baptist Hymnal.) P. H. (Presbyterian Hymnal.)

No. 93. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. IIs.

GEO. KEITH. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. How firm a founda- tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev- 'ry con- di- tion—in sickness, in health, In pov- er- ty's
3. Fear not: I am with you: O be not dismayed: I, I am your
4. E'en down to old age all my peo- ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-
5. The soul that on Je- sus still leans for re- pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex- cel- lent word! What more can He say than to
vale or a- bounding in wealth, At home and a- broad, on the
God, and will still give you aid; I'll strengthen you, help you, and
ter- nal, unchange- a- ble love; And when hoar- y hairs shall their
can- not de- sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un- to Je- sus for ref- uge have fled?
land, on the sea— As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.
cause you to stand, Up- held by my righteous, om- nip- o- tent hand.
tem- ples a- dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo- som be borne.
deav- or to shake, I'll nev- er, no, nev- er, no, nev- er for- sake.

94 CORONATION.

95 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.

Toplady.

96 I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine for evermore.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied,
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Wm. McDonald.

97 OH, SUFFER THE CHILDREN TO COME.

O. B. C. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.

Copyright, 1899, by O. Burke Culpepper.

98 Take Me as I Am.

1 Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry,
Unless Thou help me I must die;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

REFRAIN.—Take me as I am,
Take me as I am;
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,
And take me as I am!

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt,
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
But take me as I am!

3 I thirst, I long to know Thy love,
Thy full salvation I would prove;
But since to Thee I cannot move,
Oh, take me as I am!

4 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

99 Blessed Be the Name.

1 In God the Lord my trust I place,
So have no anxious care;
In darkest hours I trust His grace,—
He doth my burdens bear.

CHO.—‖:Blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.:‖

2 His holy name is my high tower,
A shelter from the blast;
Here safely hid from Satan's power,
All burdens down I cast.

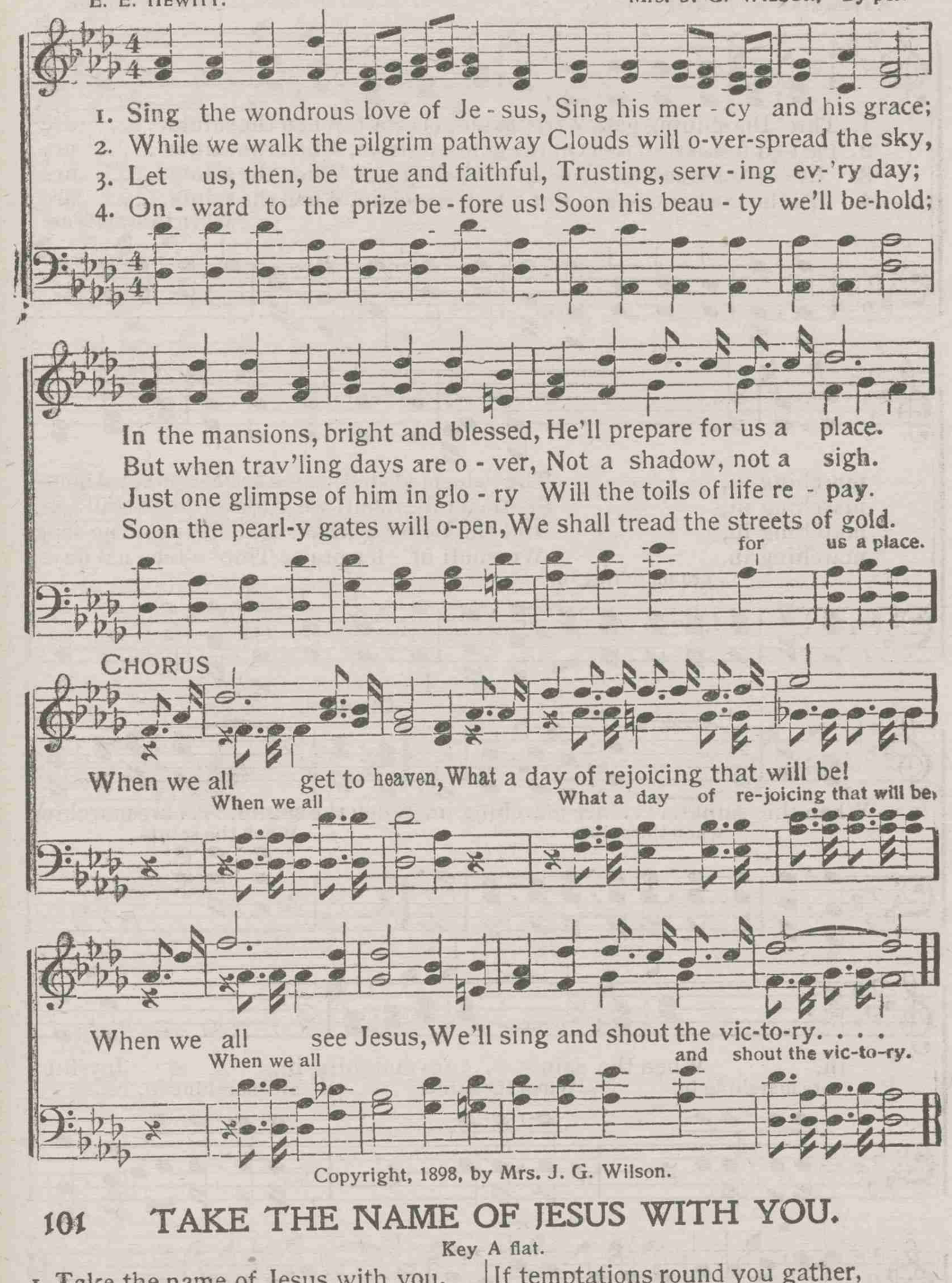
3 There is no refuge such as this,
Where we can safely hide;
In which we taste unchanging bliss,
Whene'er our souls are tried.

4 Sweet peace we find, and holy joy.
Eternal life is ours;
His service here our glad employ,—
He sends refreshing showers.

L. L. PICKETT

100 WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN.

E. E. HEWITT. Mrs. J. G. WILSON, By per.



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101 TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU.

Key A flat.

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

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

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

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy;
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

102 WHEN THE SAINTS ARE MARCHING IN.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS. J. M. BLACK

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

When the saints are

marching in, The redeemed shall come And be crowned at home,
marching in, Spotless robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear,
marching in, And the blood-washed throng Shall repeat the song,
marching in, We shall of - fer praise Thro' e-ter - nal days,

are marching in.

CHORUS.

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

when the saints When the saints

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

are marching in, When the saints are marching in,

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

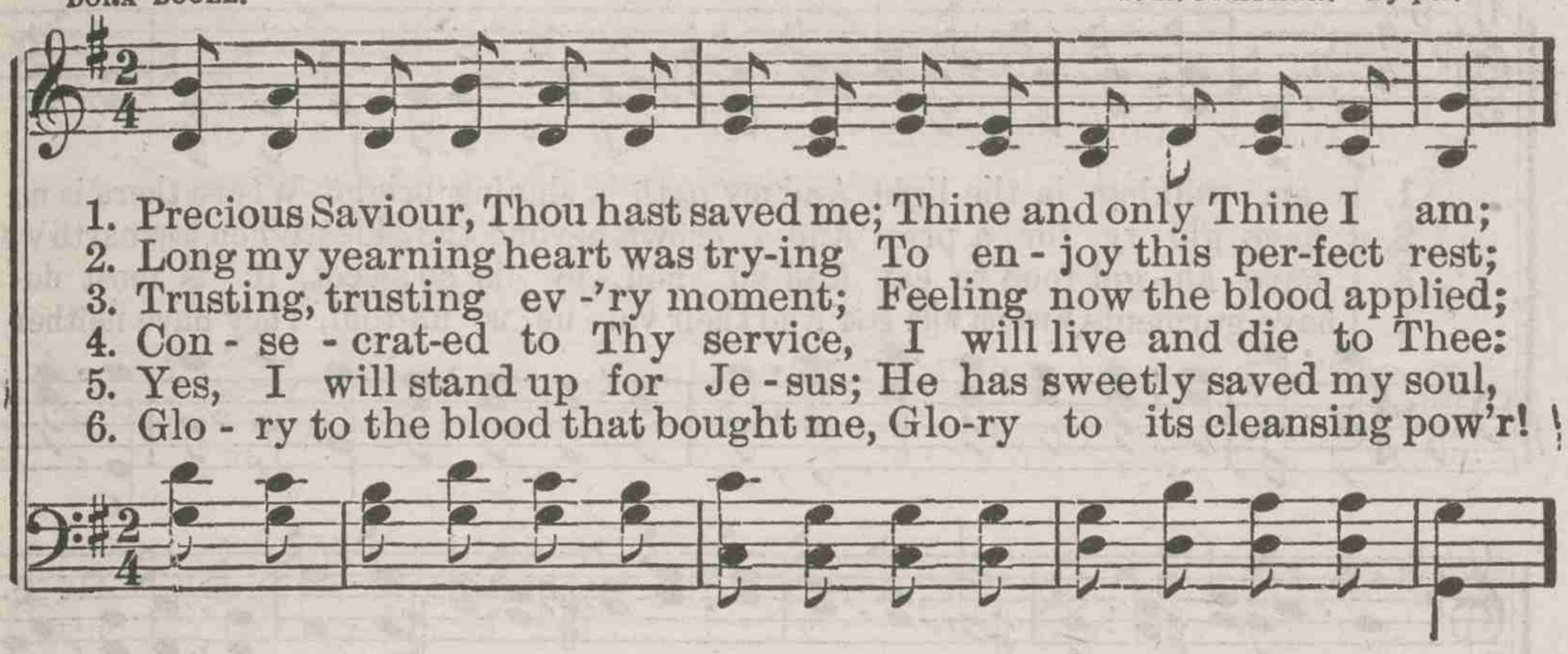
When the saints are marching, marching in.

Copyright, 1896, by J. M. Black. By per.

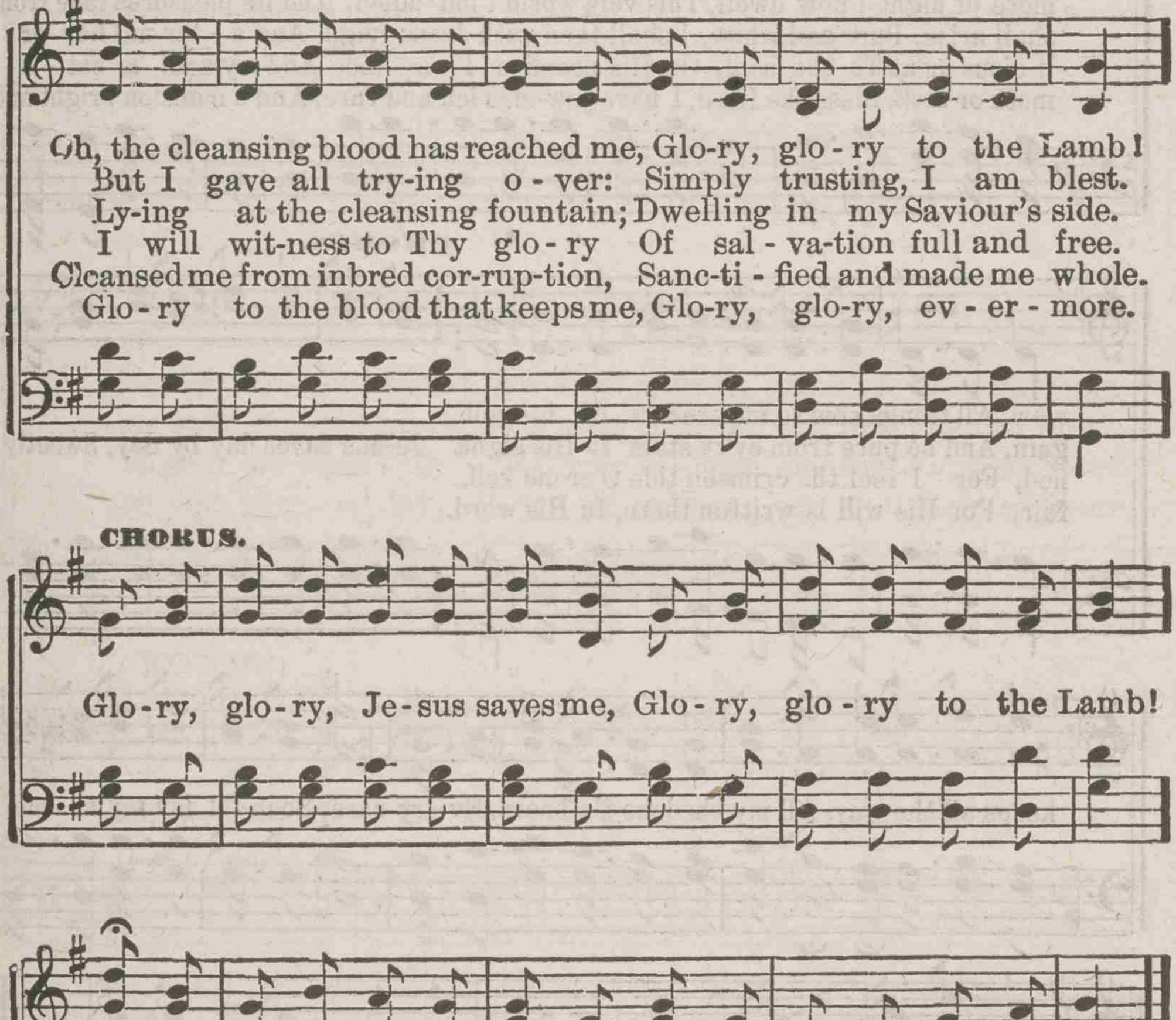
No. 103. GLORY, GLORY, JESUS SAVES ME.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—Rev. 5 : 14.

DORA BOOLE. S. H. PRATHER. By per.



1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me; Thine and only Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was try-ing To en - joy this per-fect rest;
3. Trusting, trusting ev -'ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con - se - crat-ed to Thy service, I will live and die to Thee:
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je - sus; He has sweetly saved my soul,
6. Glo - ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r!



Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
But I gave all try-ing o - ver: Simply trusting, I am blest.
Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to Thy glo - ry Of sal - va-tion full and free.
Cleansed me from inbred cor-rup-tion, Sanc-ti - fied and made me whole.
Glo - ry to the blood that keeps me, Glo-ry, glo-ry, ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me, Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!

No. 104. Walking in the Light.

"If we walk in the light."—I. John 1.

Arr. R. E. M.

1. I am walking in the light And my path is shining bright, Where there is no more of night I now dwell, This vain world I bid adieu, And its pleasures fade from view, All things now to me are new, All is well.
2. I have glo-ry for a prize And a crown beyond the skies When from earth we shall arise, Pure and white, I shall then with Jesus reign, And e-ter-nal hon-or gain, And be pure from ev'ry stain In His sight.
3. I have an-gel food to eat And no hon-ey is so sweet, It is most de-li-cious meat To the soul, On His promise I a-bide And my soul is sat-is-fied, For I feel the crimson tide O'er me roll.
4. I have garments wrought with gold And their val-ue is un-told, They have neither moth or mould, Bless the Lord, I have jew-els rich and rare, And a mansion bright and fair, For His will is written there, In His word.

CHORUS.

Je-sus saves day by day, Sweetly keeps all the way. All my burdens He bears, Ev-'ry care; Soon I'll lay my ar-mor down And at Je-sus' feet sit down And re-ceive a star-ry crown O-ver there.

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105

BRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

E. E. HEWITT. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.

1. There's a coun - try that is ev - er bright and fair, With im-
2. There our happy eyes shall see Im-man - u - el's face, See His
3. Let us ral - ly 'round the ban-ner of our King, Press - ing
4. Let us brave-ly meet our tri - als by the way, Tread-ing

mor - tal joys for us in store; Neith-er sin nor sor - row
beaut - y whom we here a - dore; With un-num-bered thousands
on - ward, up - ward ev - er - more, Till with all the saints and
in His steps who went be - fore; For the clouds shall van - ish

ev - er en - ter there; We shall gath-er on that Gold-en Shore.
we shall sing His grace, When we gath-er on that Gold-en Shore.
an-gels we shall sing "Hal - le - lu - jahs" on that Gold-en Shore.
on that bless - ed day, When we gath-er on that Gold-en Shore.

REFRAIN.

Bright, beau - ti - ful Shore, Bright, beau - ti - ful Shore; O,

won-der - ful joy to meet on that Golden Shore! Gold-en Shore!

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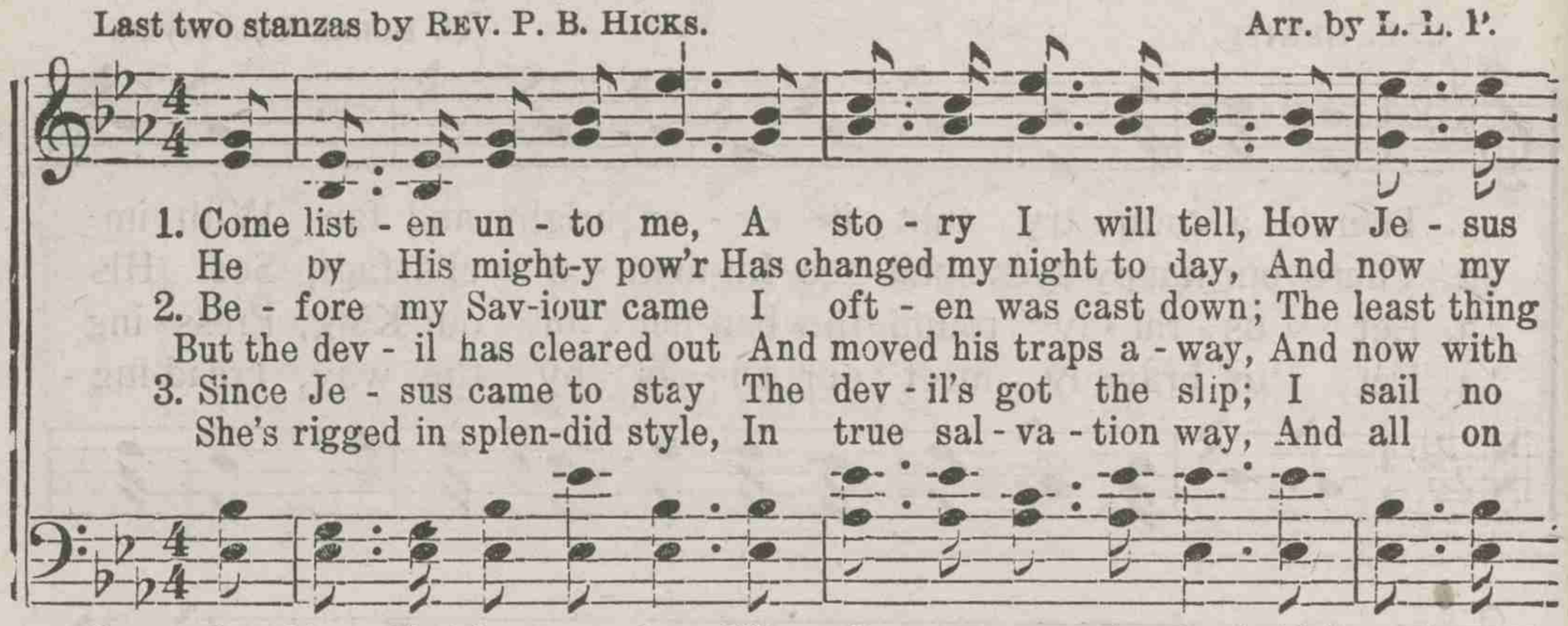
106 # SINCE JESUS CAME TO STAY.

Last two stanzas by REV. P. B. HICKS. Arr. by L. L. P.



4 I know that I have found
The Lord so good and kind,
That none need feed on husks of sin
If the devil's left behind;
For since I've found this light
So precious day by day,
I shout and sing with all my might,
Since Jesus came to stay.

5 And by and by we'll meet
On that celestial shore,
And walk with joy the golden street,
And shout for evermore;
And then again we'll raise
This happy, joyous lay,
In everlasting songs of praise,
Since Jesus came to stay.

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106½ Key of B. Music in "T. and T. Combined."

1 I stand all bewilder'd with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

CHO.—The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceas'd from my struggles
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

3 He laid His hand on me and heal'd me,
And bade me be ev'ry whit whole;
I touch'd but the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

4 The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh,
"My peace I will give unto thee."

Rev. W. F. Crafts.

107 NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"He looked for a city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—Heb. 11: 10.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.

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108 AT THE CROSS.

Key of F.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

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

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till Christ shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd.

109

NEARER, O MY GOD, TO THEE.

W. C. H. (*Suggested by President McKinley's dying words.*) W C. HAFLEY.

1. "Come, dear wife, and kneel be-side me, Thy dear face once more I'd see;
2. "Once my mother used to sing it, "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"
3. "When my voice in death shall falter, Closed my lips and eyes shall be,
4. "Good by all, good by, my peo - ple, Lord, now let Thy kingdom come;
5. "Fa - ther, I com-mend my spir - it To Thy gracious, ten-der hand;

Let us sing as once we used to, "Near - er, O my God, to Thee;"
And to-night, O let us chant it, As I'm drift - ing on the sea;
Then, dear wife, my life, my comfort, Wilt thou still re-mem-ber me?
Wilt Thou guard our flag of freedom? Let Thy chil-dren all be one!
May I, crowned at last in glo - ry, In Thy blessed presence stand?

Death's dark waves are 'round about me; "Leave, O leave me not a-lone;
"I am wea - ry, I am wait - ing For the Lov - er of my soul,
O how bright has been our pathway, Yet, 'tis sad and hard to part;
See the na - tion, all the peo-ple, As in tears they bend the knee!
Gather'd there with all Thy peo-ple, In the king-dom of de - light,

Rit.

I am weak, but Thou art might-y, Oth-er ref-uge have I none."
Who will guide me thro' the darkness While the billows near me roll."
But be - yond the swell-ing riv - er We'll be joined again in heart."
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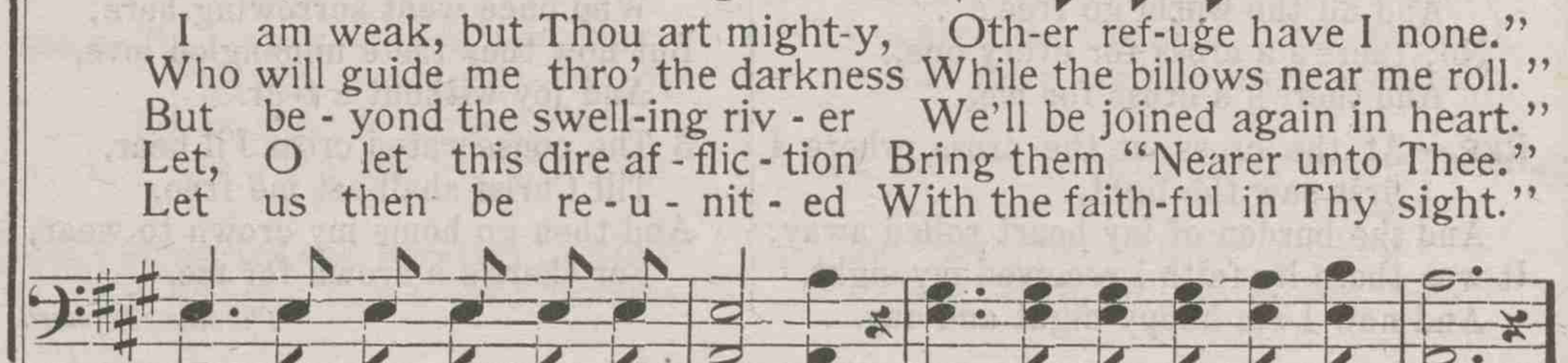
Let us then be re - u - nit - ed With the faith-ful in Thy sight."



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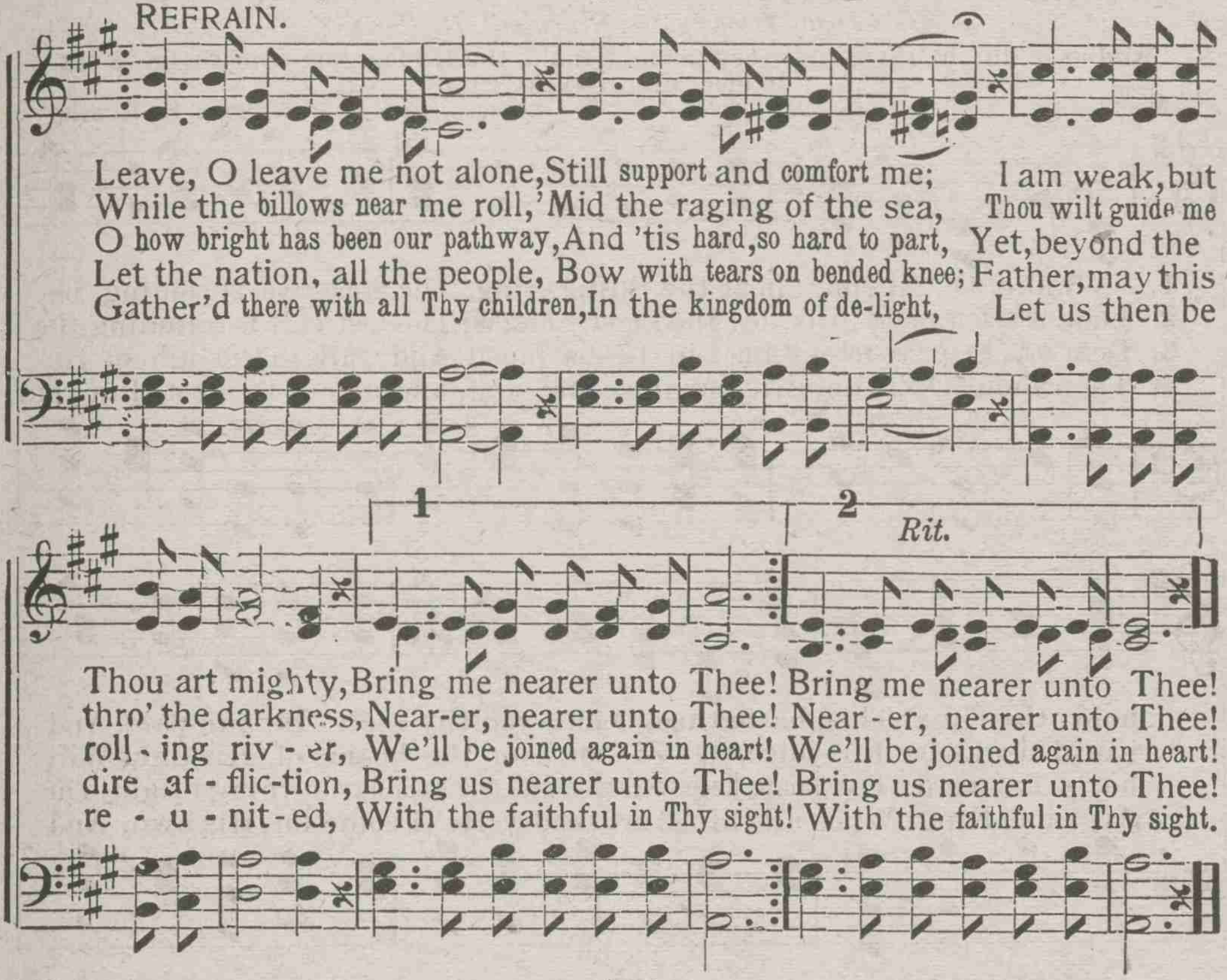
NEARER, O MY GOD, TO THEE. Concluded.

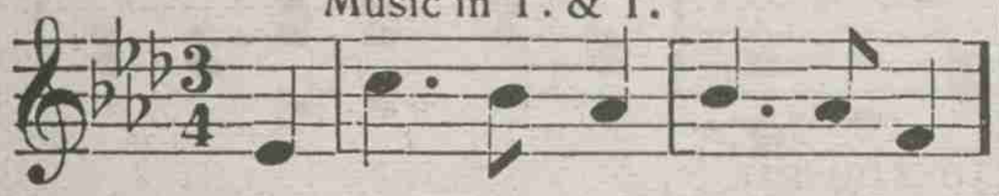


Leave, O leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me; I am weak, but
While the billows near me roll, 'Mid the raging of the sea, Thou wilt guide me
O how bright has been our pathway, And 'tis hard, so hard to part, Yet, beyond the
Let the nation, all the people, Bow with tears on bended knee; Father, may this
Gather'd there with all Thy children, In the kingdom of de-light, Let us then be

Thou art mighty, Bring me nearer unto Thee! Bring me nearer unto Thee!
thro' the darkness, Near-er, nearer unto Thee! Near-er, nearer unto Thee!
roll-ing riv-er, We'll be joined again in heart! We'll be joined again in heart!
dire af-flic-tion, Bring us nearer unto Thee! Bring us nearer unto Thee!
re-u-nit-ed, With the faithful in Thy sight! With the faithful in Thy sight.

110 STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

Music in T. & T.



1 O mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God;
‖:Step out on the promise, get under the blood.:‖

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice! [sweet voice
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
‖:Step out on the promise, get under the blood.:‖

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O poor, troubled soul! there's a promise for thee; [of God;
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom
‖:Step out on the promise, get under the blood.:‖

4 Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win; [from all sin;"
"The blood of His Son cleanseth us
It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God!
‖:I rest on His promise, I'm under the blood.:‖

5 The promise can't save, though the promise is true,
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanseth us through;
It cleanses me now, hallelujah to God!
‖:I rest on the promise, I'm under the blood.:‖

Maggie Potter.

111 WALK IN THE LIGHT.

1 O tell abroad His wondrous love,
Jesus the light of the world;
Go preach with power men's hearts to move,
Jesus the light of the world.

CHO.–Walk in the light, beautiful light,
Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,
Shine all around us by day and by night,
Jesus the light of the world.

2 His name dispels the shadows drear,
Jesus the light of the world;
O how my soul delights to hear,
Jesus the light of the world.

3 The hope of men in every clime,
Jesus the light of the world;
His matchless glories, how sublime,
Jesus the light of the world.

4 While angels sing let mortals praise,
Jesus the light of the world;
His grace abounds thro' all our days,
Jesus the light of the world.

5 O bid the lost and wand'ring come!
Jesus the light of the world,
Invites them to His heavenly home,
Jesus the light of the world.

L. D. Carrington.

109

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NEARER, O MY GOD, TO THEE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Leave, O leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me; I am weak, but
While the billows near me roll, 'Mid the raging of the sea, Thou wilt guide me
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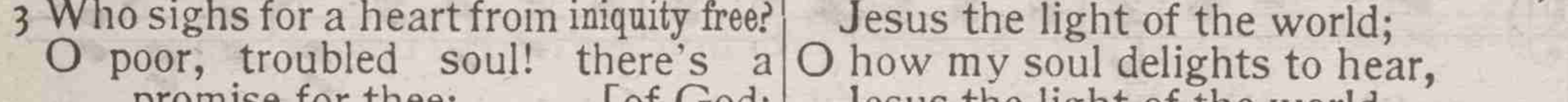
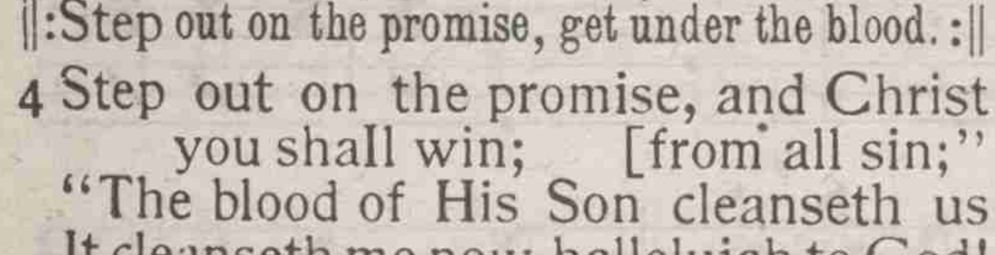


110 STEP OUT ON THE PROMISE.

Music in T. & T.



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Jesus the light of the world.

L. D. Carrington.

THE MIDNIGHT HERALD.

(To my friend. Mrs. Georgie R. De Pue.)

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."—Matt. 25: 6.

M. H. L. MATTIE H. LEAKE.

1. A-wake, O Zi - on, hear the tidings ring, The Bridegroom is coming, be-
2. Look thou tow'rd the hills, lo! the morning breaks; The last call is sounding, the
3. Dear soul, have thy robes washed in Je-sus' blood, And walk in the light of His
4. Then shout, O Zi - on, lift your voice and sing, And go out to meet Him, your

hold the King; Then haste thee, O has - ten thy - self to pre-pare, And
world a-wakes; Re - joice, O Zi - on, for the beams of His light Will
ho - ly word; Thy lamps keep well trimmed, and each day burning bright, The
Sav - ior, King; When all things are read-y He'll come for His own, And

CHORUS.

go at thy summons to meet Him in the air.
scat - ter the darkness of earth's long, wea-ry night.
ves - sels filled ev - er with oil to yield the light.
gath - er the ransomed in - to the harvest-home.

For lo! "at mid-night a cry" loud and long Will ring thro' the stillness o'er earth's sleeping throng; "Go out to meet Him!" make haste to a - rise, And be with the Bridegroom and bride in the skies.

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113 "BACK TO PENTECOST."

Dedicated to Rev. C. J. Fowler, President National Holiness Association.

MRS. C. H. M. ST. JOHN 16. 7:8. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. "I will not leave you com-fort-less," But if I go a - way
2. Church of the Liv - ing God a - rise The fulness to re - ceive,
3. God's skies are full of Pen - te-costs, For you, for me, for all;
4. Then quickly "back to Pen - te-cost," That blessed up - per room,

Will send the Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Your roy - al Guest for-
Un - til the lost in ev - 'ry place Shall feel the need of
Then let us hum - bly, bold - ly press Our her - i - tage in
And pray the might - y Lord of Hosts To send on us the

CHORUS.

ev - er - more, A - bid - ing day by day.
sav-ing grace, And shall on Christ believe. Has He come to you, to
Christ possess, That pow'r from heav'n may fall.
Ho - ly Ghost, And tar - ry till He come.

you, to you? Has the Comforter come to you?.... The Lord will re-
to you?

prove the world of sin, When the Comforter comes to you, (to you).

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HIDE THOU NOT.

H. E. RAVENEL. S. J. BISHOP.

1. O my Father, hide Thou not For a mo-ment Thy dear face!
2. Not by might or pow-er saved; By the Ho-ly Ghost a-lone;
3. Fa-ther, bring to full-est life All I have of Thee with-in:
4. I am burthened in my heart, For I do not whol-ly live
5. Hun-gry is my soul for pow'r, And for righteousness I thirst;

Wash Thou from my soul each spot, May my heart be full of grace!
Let Thine im-age be engraved On my heart no more of stone.
Save me, give me in this strife Free-dom from the weight of sin.
To Thy serv-ice set a-part; All my fail-ures, Lord, for-give!
Ho-ly Spir-it, like a show'r, On my faint-ing spir-it burst.

CHORUS.

O my Fa-ther, hide Thou not For a
O my Fa-ther, hide Thou not For a
moment Thy dear face,
a mo-ment Thy dear face,
Wash-ing from my heart each
Wash-ing from my
spot,
heart, my heart each spot,
May my heart be full of grace.

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115

I WILL NOT LEAVE THEE.

T. O. CHISHOLM. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—Heb. 13: 5. O, BURKE CULPEPPER.

1. Oft when the shadows gather a-round me, And my weak spir-it cries with a-
2. Al - tho' my pathway lie thro' the des-ert, Wea-ry and pain-ful, lone-ly and
3. Veiled is the fut - ure ly - ing be - fore me, Hidden its tri - als are from my
4. Thus I am rest-ing, sweetly, se - cure-ly, In His un-changing, in - fi - nite

larm, I hear a sweet voice ten - der - ly say - ing, "Fear not for
wild, Close at my right hand walks my Re - deem - er, Cheer-ing, sup-
sight, Yet I will fear not, He is al - might - y, And He will
love, He has redeemed me and will pre - serve me Un - to His

CHORUS.

I will keep thee from harm."
port - ing, lead - ing His child. "Fear not, O fear not," thus saith the
sure - ly guide me a - right.
heav'n-ly king - dom a - bove.

Mas - ter, "I will up - hold thee, be not a - fraid;" Heed not the

dark-ness, fear not the dan - ger, I will not leave thee, be not dis - may'd."

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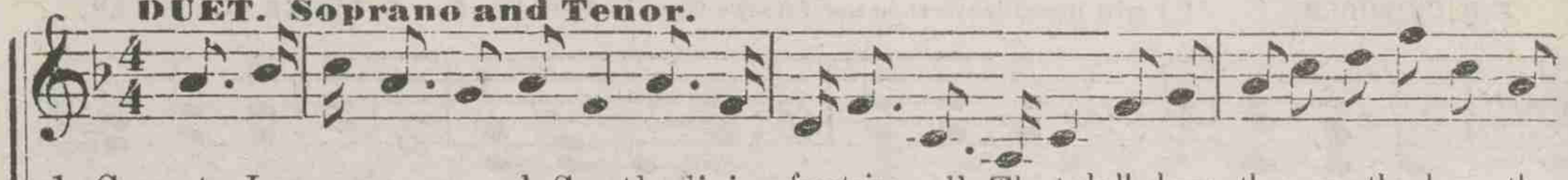
116 COME TO JESUS, WEARY SOUL.

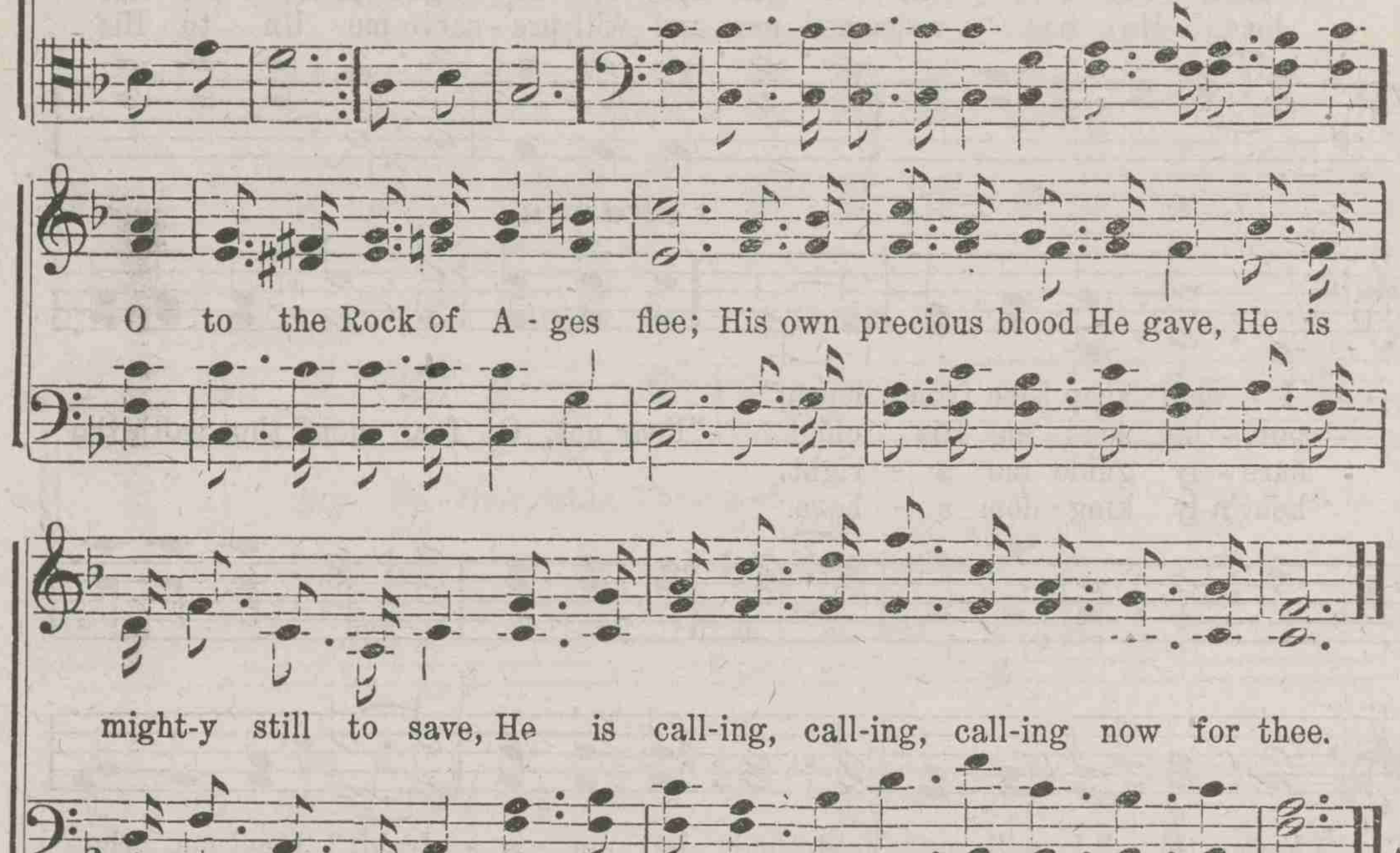
E. E. HEWITT. O. BURKE CULPEPPER.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.



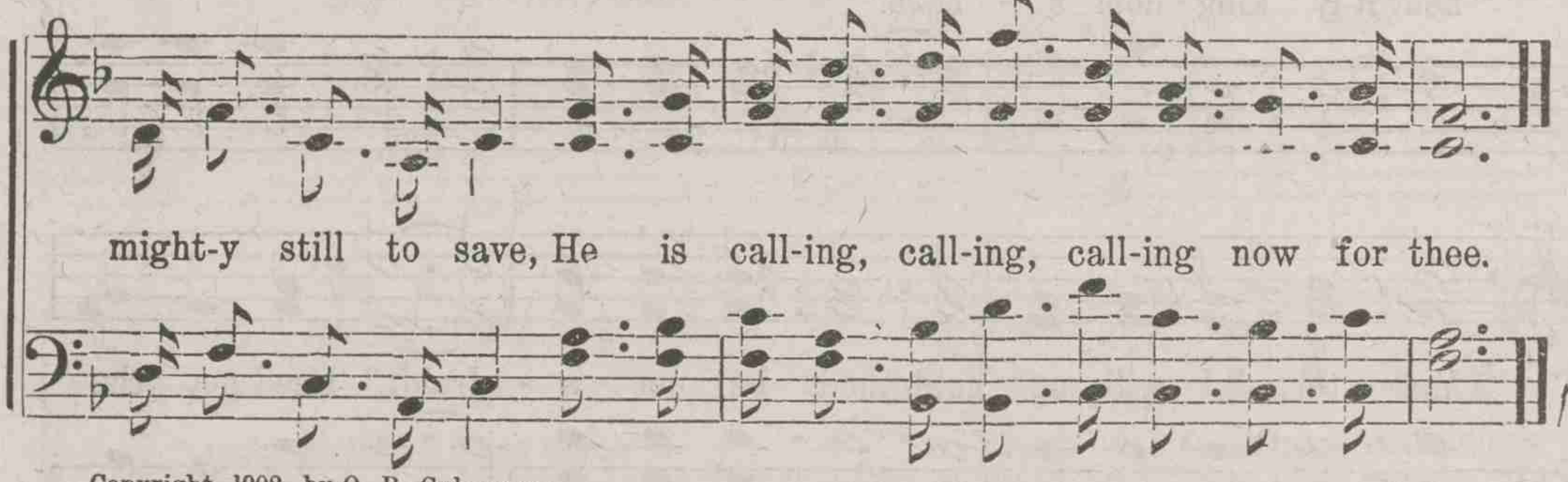
1. Come to Jesus, weary soul, See the living fountains roll, That shall cleanse thee, sweetly cleanse thee
Thy Redeemer calls for thee, Waiting now to set thee free, He will give thee His abiding
2. While His Spirit strives within, Let His love the wand'rer win, Come, and find salvation while 'tis
Humbly to Thy Saviour go, In repentance bowing low, Hasten, for the golden moments
3. Come to Jesus, weary soul, He hath grace to make thee whole, Turn, in meek surrender to this
Only trust Him and obey, Walk beside Him day by day, He will save you, He will keep you

from all sin; peace with - in.
called to - day; speed a - way. Come, sinner, come to-day, He'll wash thy sins away,
wondrous Friend; to the end.



O to the Rock of A - ges flee; His own precious blood He gave, He is

might-y still to save, He is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing now for thee.



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117 HOLY SPIRIT, HEAR ME NOW.

Sing to above tune. E. E. HEWITT.

1 Holy Spirit, hear me now,
While before the throne I bow,
Come, and fill me with Thy pentecostal power;
Come, Thy servant now prepare,
I would faithful witness bear
To the blessed Lord who keeps me hour by hour.
CHO.—Come, Holy One, I pray,
O burn my dross away,
And dwell within me evermore;
More like Jesus I would be,
Shed abroad His love in me,
Come and fill me, fill me, fill me, I implore.

2 Holy Spirit, set me free
From all evil Thou canst see,
Search and try me with Thy soul-discerning grace;
Then uphold me by Thy might,
Lead me in the living light,
In the light that streams from my Redeemer's face.

3 Holy Spirit, be my guide,
To the pastures, large and wide,
Let the rivers of Thy blessing overflow;
Unto others let me bring
Waters from the living spring,
Let the fire of heaven set my life aglow

118 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

119 "Tune—Leaning on Everlasting Arms."

Key of A-flat. L. L. PICKETT.

1 How my heart doth sing,
Walking with my King,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
He doth comfort give
Since for Him I live,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

Cho.—Trusting, trusting,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Trusting, trusting,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

2 He is more to me
Than this world can be,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Saved and satisfied
Through the crucified,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

3 Christ is good and true,
Saves me through and through,
Trusting in His everlasting love;
Come and walk with me
To eternity,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

120 Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

Music in "Cheerful Songs." Key G.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

Cho.—I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem,
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been,
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And praises never end.

121

SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."—Ex. 33: 11.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone;
2. Speak to Thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re-veal Thy will;

Whisper in loving kindness: "Thou art not left a-lone." O-pen my
Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in
Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to

heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with
con - se-cra-tion Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming
glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy

praises, Let me in Thee re - joice.
kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see. Speak Thou in softest whispers,
bidding, Honor Thee all my days.

CHORUS.

Whispers of love to me; "Thou shalt be al-ways conq'ror,

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SPEAK TO ME, JESUS. Concluded.

I NEED THEE.

* M. H. 851. B. H. 364.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

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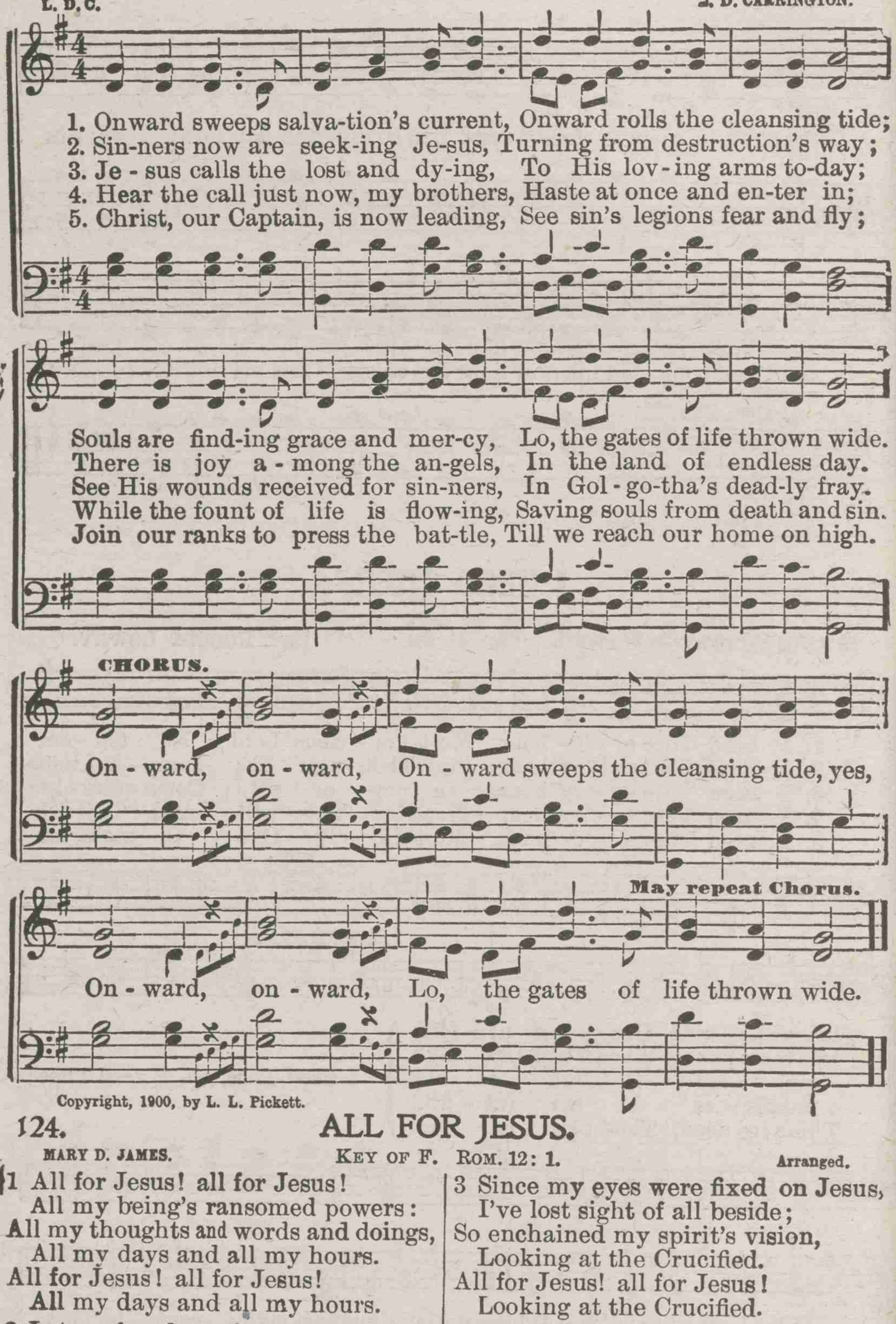
123. ONWARD.

L. D. C. a. D. CARRINGTON.



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124. ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. KEY OF F. ROM. 12: 1. Arranged.

1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

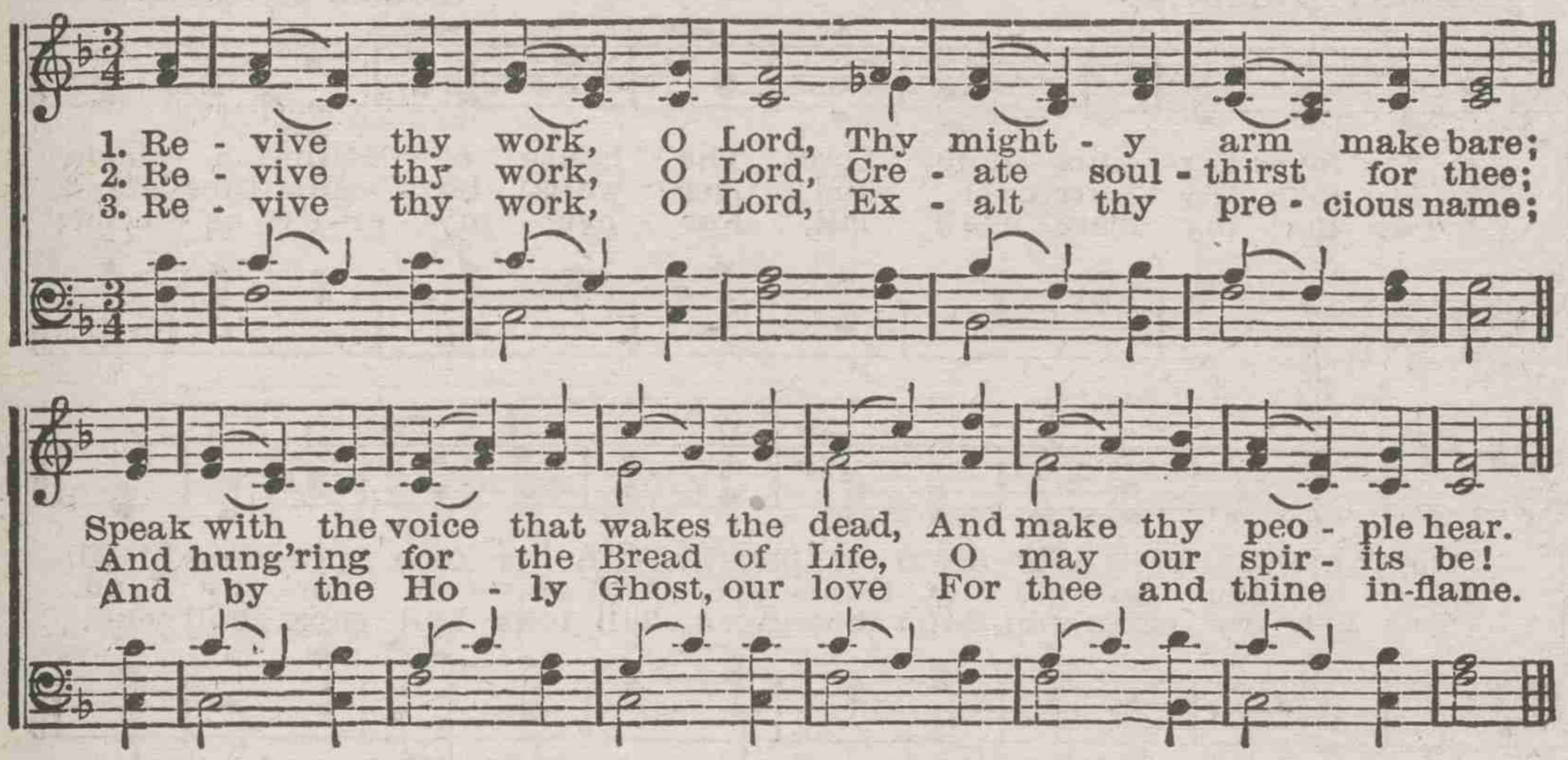
2 Let my hands perform His bidding,
Let my feet run in His ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth His praise;
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

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

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

No. 125. DENNIS. S. M.

ALBERT MIDLANE. H. G. NÄGELI.



No. 126. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 127. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

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

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

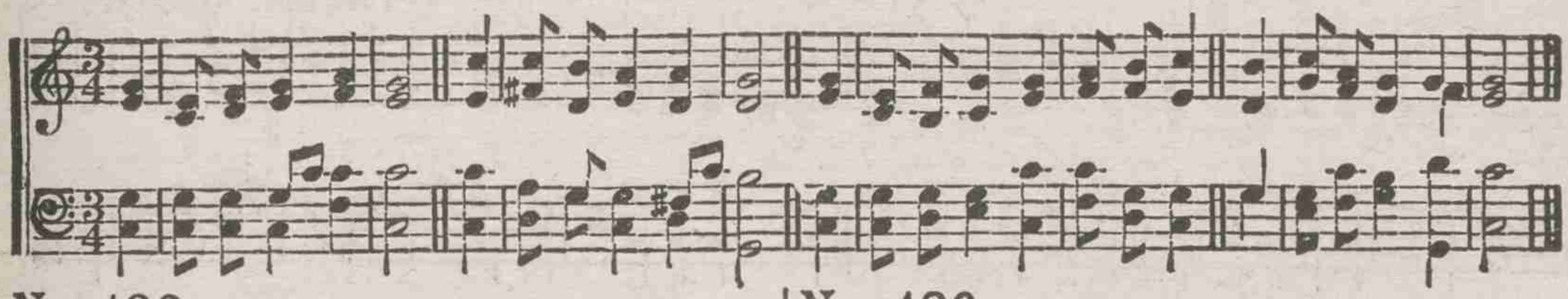
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

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

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 128. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 129. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

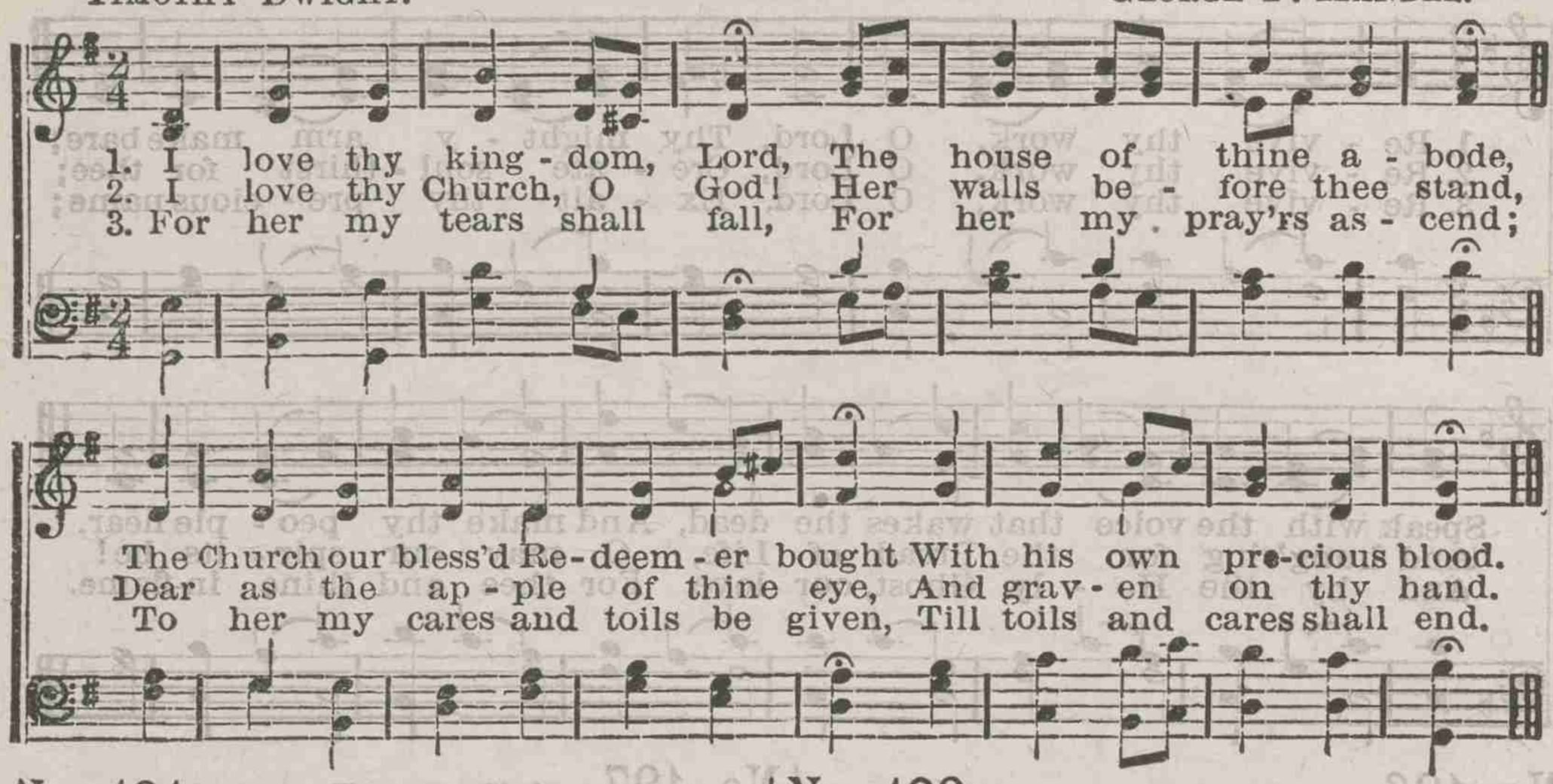
2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

No. 130. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



No. 131. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 132. Grace!

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

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

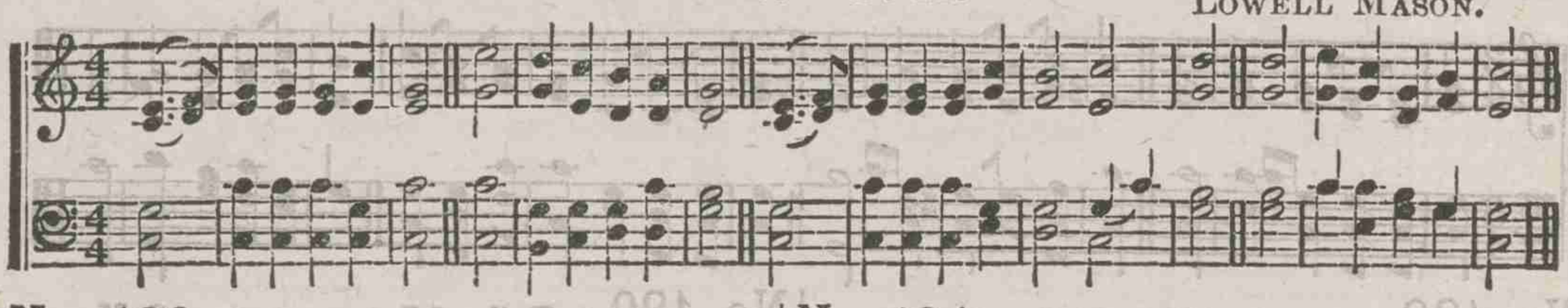
3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 133. Spirit of Faith.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 134. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

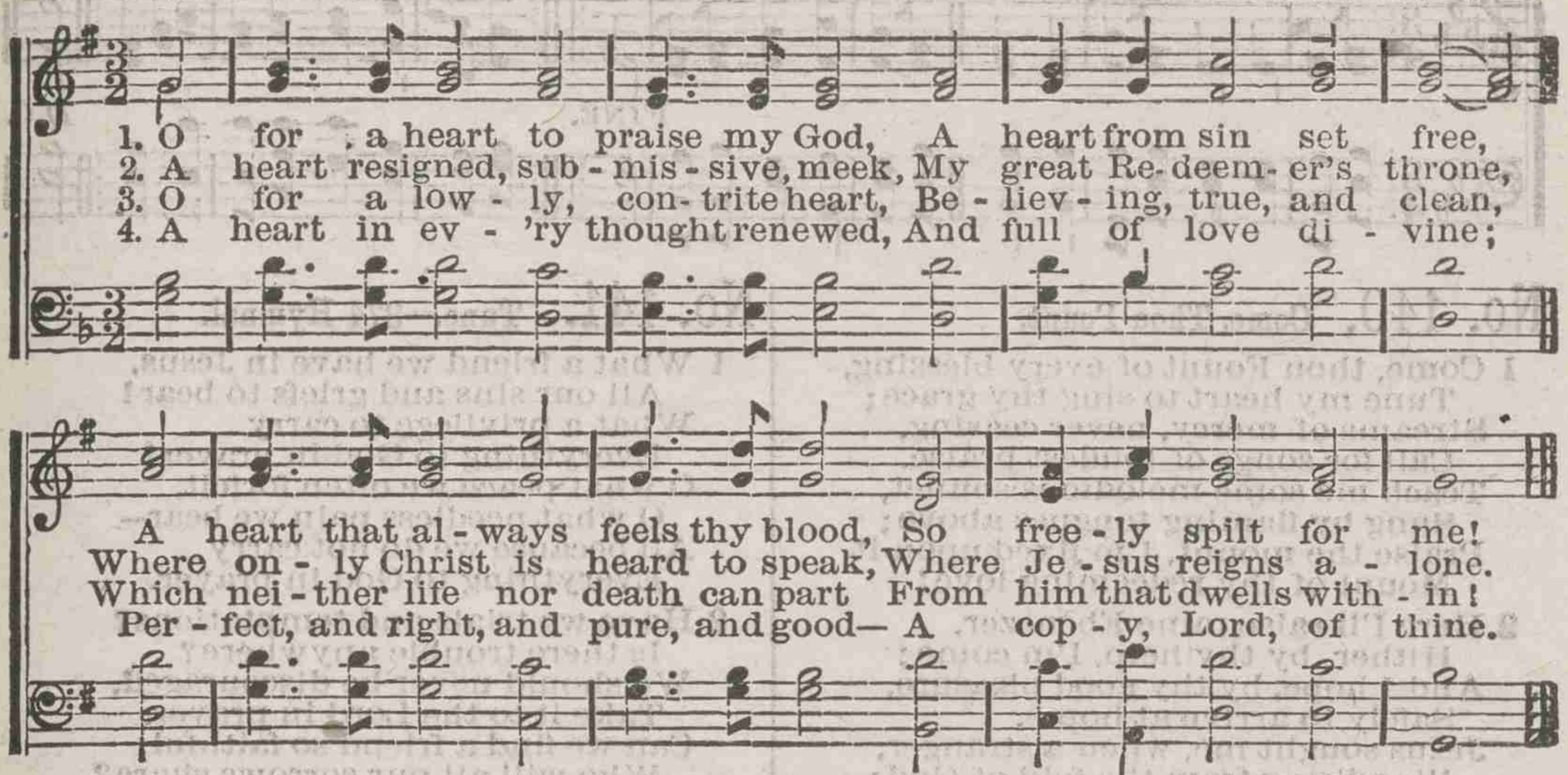
3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH.

No. 135. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. THOMAS A. ARNE.



No. 136. O for a Faith. C. M.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 137. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

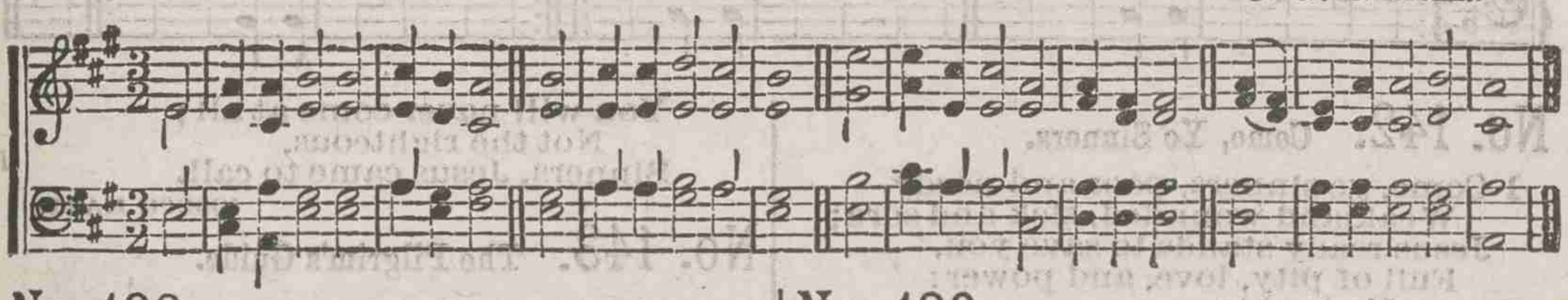
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

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

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.



No. 138. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 139. The Dearest Name. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.

No. 140. Come, Thou Fount.

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

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

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

R. ROBINSON.

No. 141. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

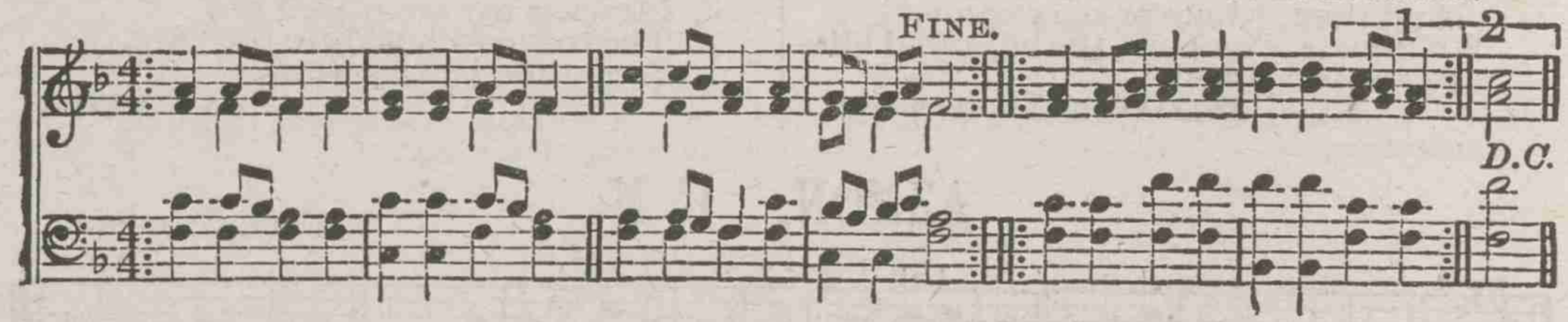
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

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

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



No. 142. Come, Ye Sinners.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

No. 143. The Pilgrim's Guide.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

144 (Music in Gems.)

1 I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning
Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To judgment before the white throne.
From the throne came a bright shining angel
And stood on the land and the sea,
And swore with his hand raised to heaven,
That time was no longer to be.

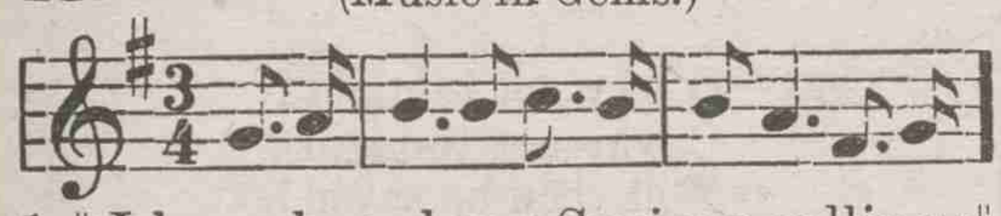
Cho.—And oh, what a weeping and wailing,
As the lost were told of their fate;
They cried for the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

2 The rich man was there, but his money
Had melted and vanished away;
A pauper he stood in the judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man was there, but his greatness
When death came was left far behind;
The angel that opened the records,
Not a trace of his greatness could find.

3 The widow was there and the orphans,
God heard and remembered their cries;
No sorrow in heaven forever,
God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The gambler was there and the drunkard,
And the man who had sold them the drink,
With the people who gave him the license—
Together in hell they did sink.

4 The moral man came to the judgment,
But his self-righteous rags would not do;
The men who had crucified Jesus
Had passed off as moral men, too.
The souls that had put off salvation—
"Not to-night; I'll get saved by and by;
No time now to think of religion!"
At last they had found time to die.

145 (Music in Gems.)



1 ‖:I have heard my Saviour calling,:‖
"Take thy cross and follow, follow me."

Cho.—‖: Where He leads me I will follow,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

2 ‖: Tho' He lead me thro' the valley,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

3 ‖: Tho' He lead me thro' the garden,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He lead me to the conflict,:‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖:He will give me grace and glory,:‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

7 ‖: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus,:‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

146 ey of B-flat.

1 Did you ever hear such words before,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
As "go in peace and sin no more,"
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

‖: 'Tis a glorious church without spot or wrinkle,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb. :‖

2 Did you hear what Jesus said to me,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
"Your sins are pardoned, you are free,"
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

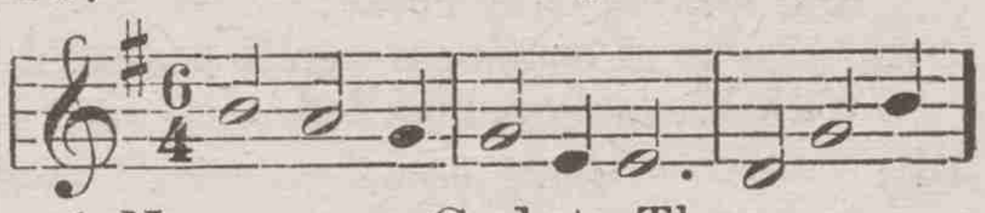
3 I have plunged beneath the crimson tide,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
And now by faith I'm sanctified,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

4 Oh, lift up your heads, ye sons of light,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
For Zion now is just in sight,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 If I get there before you do,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
How glad I'll be to welcome you,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In robes of victory through the skies,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

147 —*Arr. by E. T. Rinehart.*



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 the 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.

4 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee;
Jesus our only hope
And all our plea:
Through Him O may I be,
‖: Nearer, my God, to Thee, :‖
Nearer to Thee.

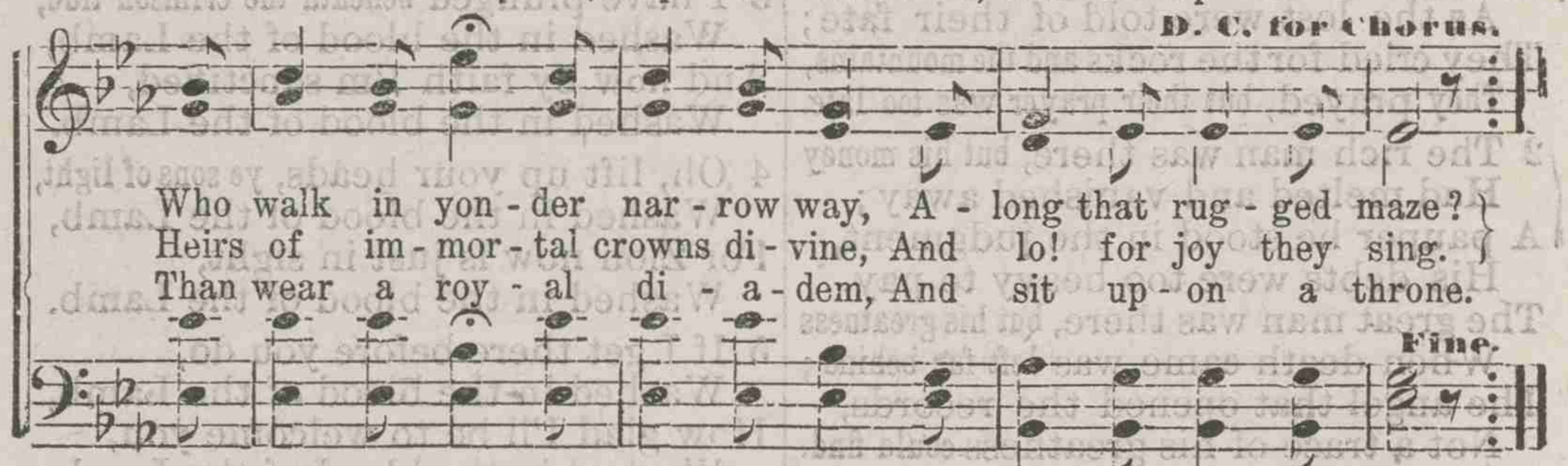
—*Sarah F. Adams.* (*4th verse by L. C. Picket.*)

THE PILGRIM COMPANY.

1. What poor de - spis - ed com - pa - ny Of trav - el - ers are these,
Ah! these are of a roy - al line, All chil-dren of a King!
Cho.—I had rath - er be the least of them, Who are the Lord's a - lone,

And sit up - on, up - on a throne, And sit up - on a throne.

D. C. for Chorus.



Who walk in yon - der nar - row way, A - long that rug - ged maze?
Heirs of im - mor - tal crowns di - vine, And lo! for joy they sing.
Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.

Fine.

2 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not appris'd.
But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd
With heavenly manna fed.

3 Why do they shun the pleasing path
That worldlings love so well?
Because it is the way to death:
The open road to hell.
But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod
They love and keep His ways.

149 *Music above.*

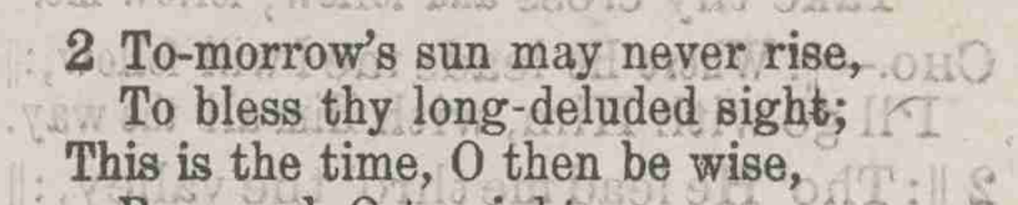
1 When Moses and the Israelites
From Egypt's land did flee,
Behind them were proud Pharaoh's host,
In front of them the sea.
God raised the water like a wall
And opened up their way;
And the God that lived in Moses' time
Is just the same to-day.

Cho.—He's just the same, the same to-day,
He's just the same to-day,
The God that lived in olden time,
Is just the same to-day.

2 When Daniel, faithful to his God,
Would not bow down to men,
And by his enemies was hurl'd
Into the lions' den;
God shut the lions' mouths, we read,
And robb'd them of their prey;
And the God that lived in Daniel's time
Is just the same to-day.

3 When Pentecost had fully come
And fire from heaven did fall,
As a mighty wind the Holy Ghost
Baptized them one and all.
Three thousand were converted and
Were soldiers right away;
And the God that lived at Pentecost
Is just the same to-day.

150



1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Be saved, O to-night.

Cho.—O why not to-night?
O why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved?
Then why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, O then be wise,
Be saved, O to-night.

3 Our Lord in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
Be saved, O to-night.

4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite.
Believe, obey, the work is done,
Be saved, O to-night.

Elizabeth Reed, Aa.

No. 151. AT THE CROSS.

E. R. LATTA. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. There is par-don, full and free At the cross, What-so - e'er our
2. There's a peace that none can tell At the cross, In the Saviour's
3. There's a joy that all may feel At the cross, If in hum-ble
4. There's a hope that will en-dure At the cross, It is like an

at the cross,

sins may be, At the cross; Let us now the Lord en-treat With our
"all is well!" At the cross; Let us seek that peace to prove, That is
faith they kneel At the cross; Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
an-chor sure, At the cross; Let us now that hope obtain That shalt

at the cross;

burden'd souls to meet, And be-stow that pardon sweet, At the cross.
shower'd from a- bove, Thro' the Master's dy-ing love, At the cross.
be for us, too late, Mer - cy will not al-ways wait, At the cross.
nev - er prove in vain, While believ-ing we re-main, At the cross.

at the cross.

CHORUS.

At the cross, At the cross, There's re-
There's re - demp-tion there for thee, There's re - demp-tion there for thee,

1 2

demption there for me, At the cross; there for me, At the cross.

At the cross; At the cross.

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152

TELL THE WORLD OF JESUS.

L. L. P.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. There's a message to be told To the wand'rers from the fold, Tell the world of
2. See them now on ev-'ry side Knowing not the Christ who died, Tell the world of
3. O ye fathers, quickly heed! Rushing forth with greatest speed. Tell the world of
4. Mothers, too, now join our band Going out thro' all the land, Tell the world of
5. Far a-way across the sea, Hear the wail of ag-o-ny, Tell the world of
6. Soon the crowning time will come, All the faithful gather home, Tell the world of

Je-sus ev-'ry day; He invites the lost to come To His own eternal home,
Je-sus ev-'ry day; Here is work for hand and brain, And we know 'tis not in vain,
Je-sus ev-'ry day; Lin-ger not an-oth-er hour; In the Spirit's living pow'r
Je-sus ev-'ry day; While you linger, lo, they die! Heed, O heed the thrilling cry!
Je-sus ev-'ry day; Haste you now with word of peace, Bid them find in Him re-lease,
Je-sus ev-'ry day; There we'll see Him face to face, Who redeemed us by His grace,

CHORUS.

Tell the world of Je-sus ev-'ry day. Tell the world of Je-sus,

All the world of Je-sus, Tell the world of Je-sus ev-'ry day; In the

darkness of the night, Point the lost ones to the light, Tell the world of Jesus ev'ry day.

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153

WILL THERE BE ANY STARS?

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

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day When His feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there be an-y stars in my crown?
3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be an-y stars, any stars in my crown,

CHORUS.

When at evening the sun go-eth down?.....When I wake with the blest go-eth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.... an-y stars in my crown?

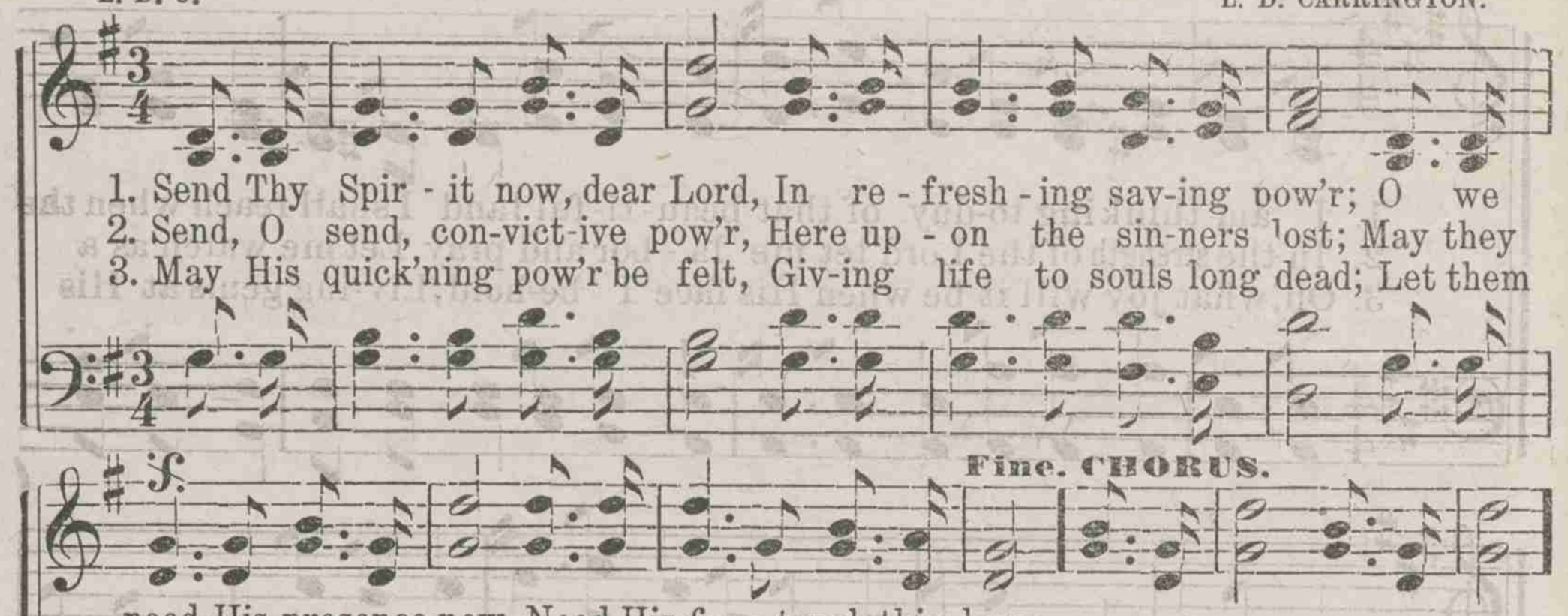
Ar. par. Mrs L E Swenev

154

WE NEED HIM NOW.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his."—Rom. 8: 9.

L. D. C. L. D. CARRINGTON.



4 May Thy purifying power,
Come upon each waiting soul;
Sanctify us through and through,
Make each broken spirit whole.

5 While we tarry at Thy feet,
Send, O send, the promised show'r;
Fill us, thrill us, every one,
O descend with mighty power.

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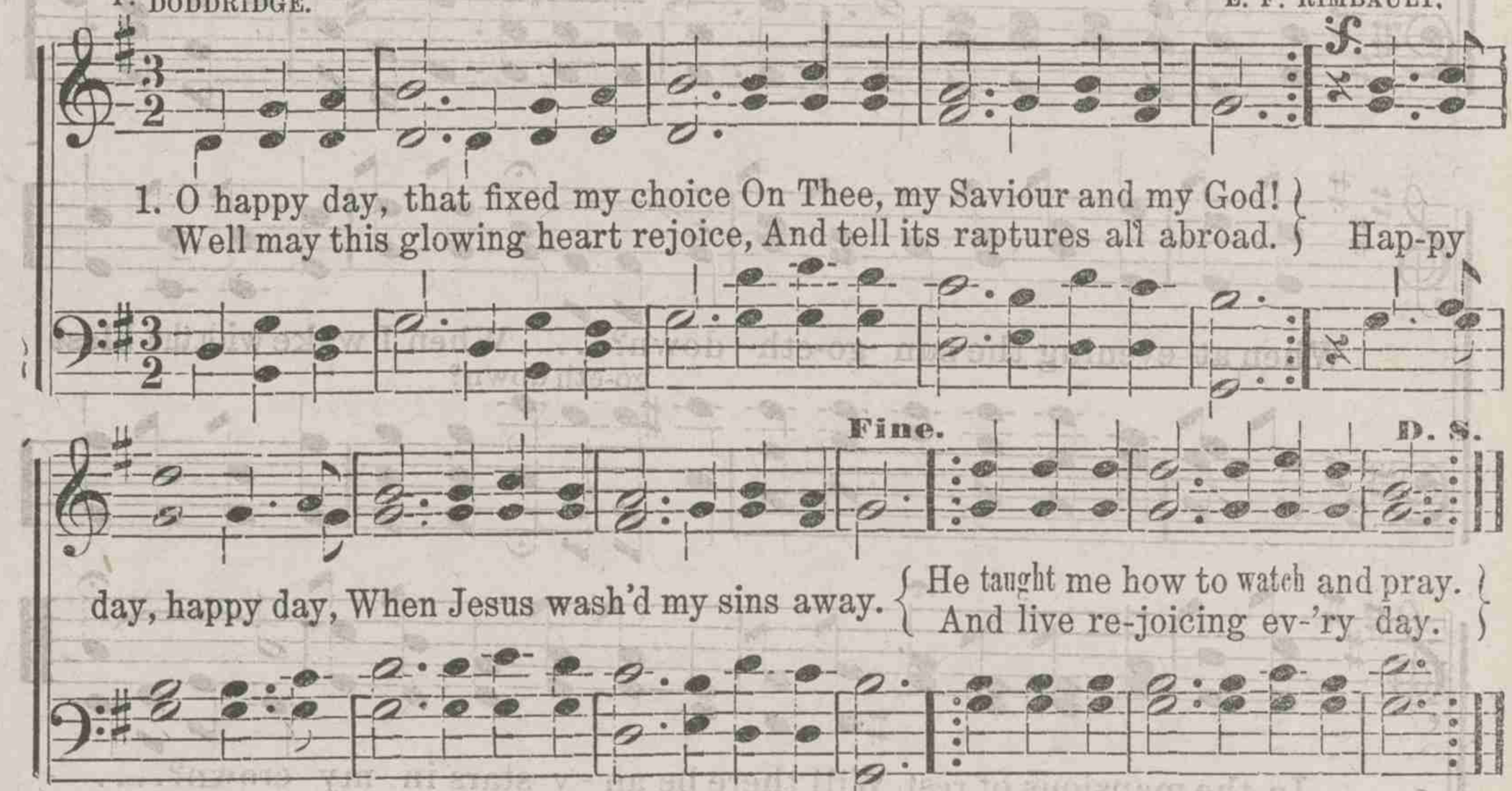
155

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

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

156 HAPPY ON THE WAY.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. In God's book we read in words that brightly glow, His command that His redeemed should
2. Joy a-bounds with-in my hap-py soul to - day, For my grievous sins have all been
3. Since the day when Je-sus pardoned all my sin, Since I start-ed out a home in
4. Tho' the pres-ent way is pleas-ant un - to me, Yet a brighter prospect on be-

all - say so; Give Him thanks for He is good in all His ways, He has made us
washed away; Peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing fills my heart, Sure-ly I have
heav'n to win, Since the cross of Je - sus has been made my choice, Life has been all
fore I see; Heaven's glo - ry I'll en - joy when this life's o'er, And with Je - sus

CHORUS.

hap-py, sing His glorious praise! Happy, hap-py, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
found in life the bet - ter part.
sunshine, in Him I re - joice.
I will live for - ev - er - more. Happy, singing day by day,

Happy, hap-py, sing-ing all the way; Hap-py, hap-py,
Happy, praising Je-sus now, Hap-py, singing all the way,

glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Hap-py on the way to heav - en day by day!

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No. 157. Launch Out.

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."—Rom. 8: 39

A. B. SIMPSON, R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer - cy of God is an a - cean di - vine, A bound - less and fath - om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a-
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the

way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
o - ver the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more.
mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out..... in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.
Oh, launch out in the deep,

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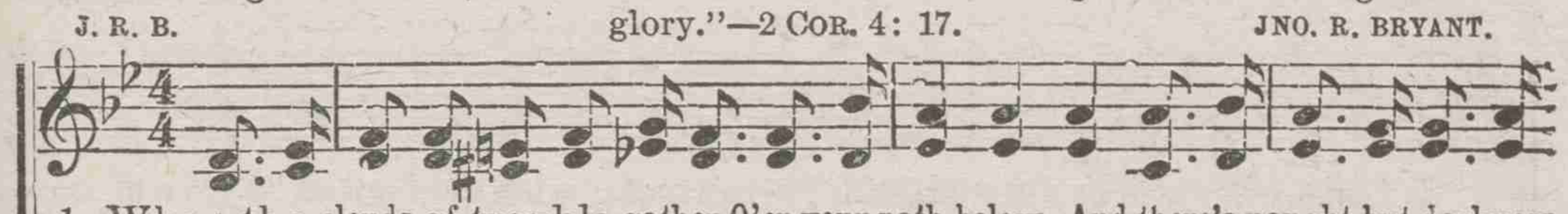
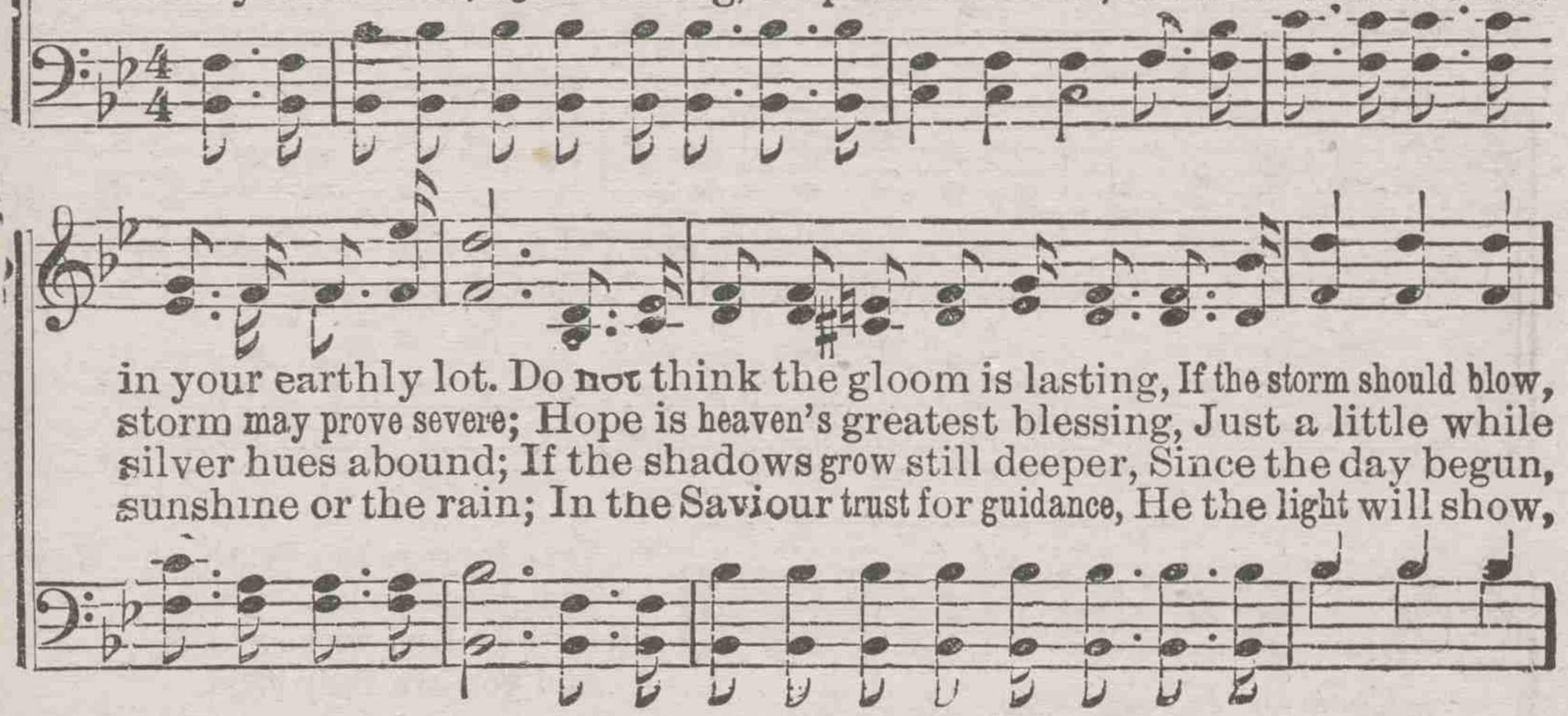
158. # LOOK ON THE BRIGHTEST SIDE.

"Our light affliction, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. 4: 17.

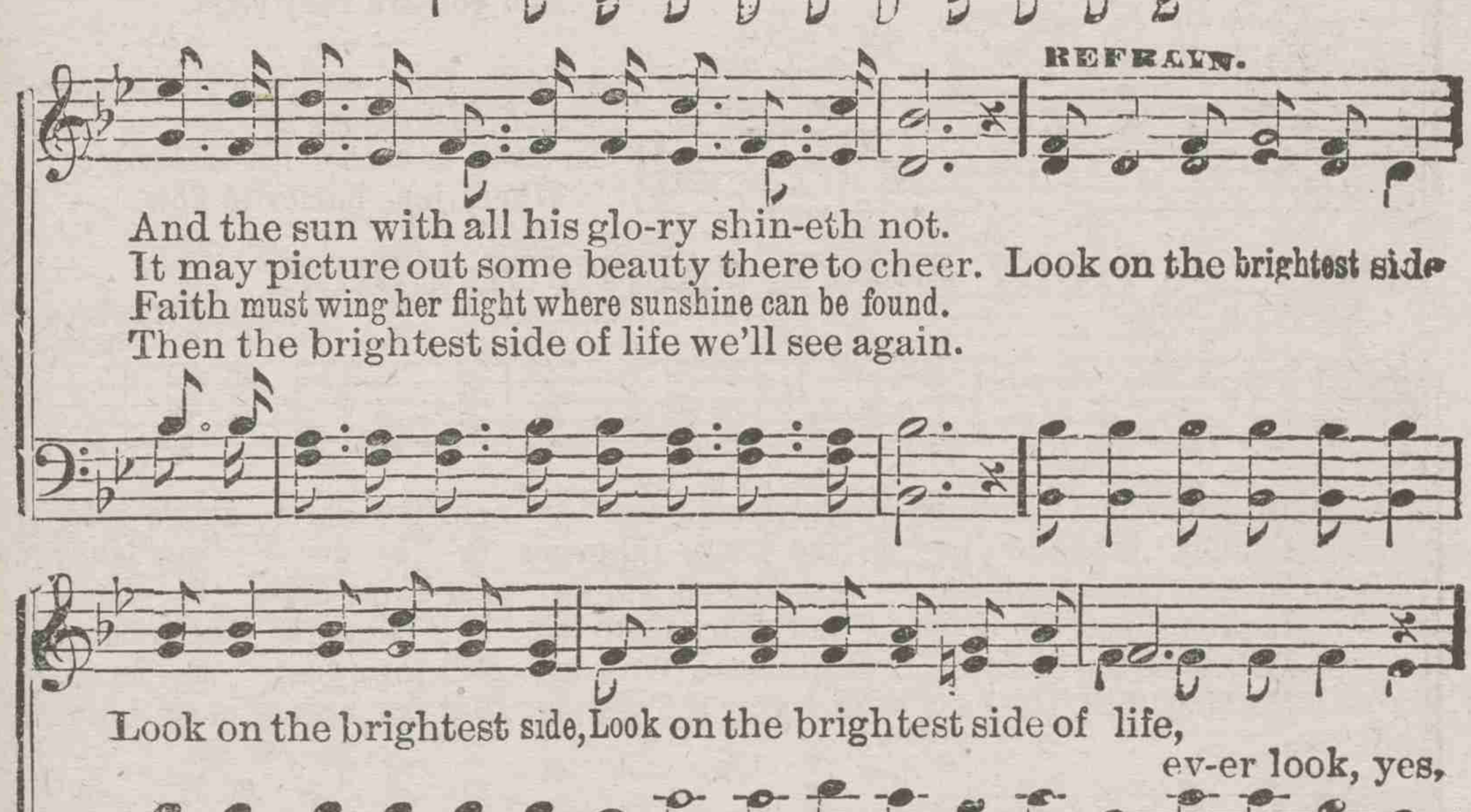
J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.



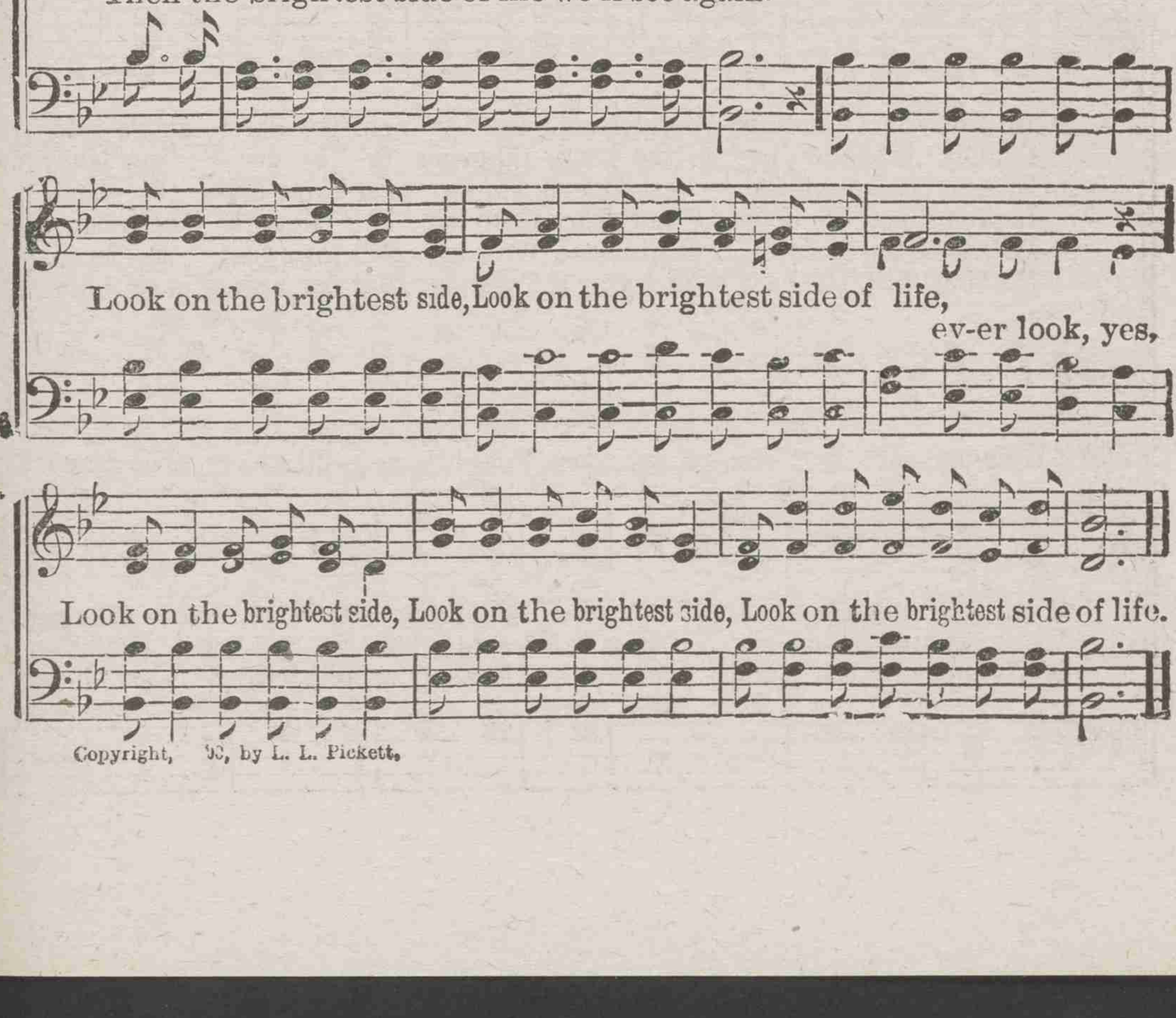
1. When the clouds of trouble gather O'er your path below, And there's naught but darkness
2. When there comes a trying conflict, Meet it with a smile, Tho' the fury of the
3. Clouds all keep their greatest beauty, Toward the shining sun, There the golden and the
4. Think ye not of days yet coming, God provides we know, He can send the blessed



in your earthly lot. Do not think the gloom is lasting, If the storm should blow,
storm may prove severe; Hope is heaven's greatest blessing, Just a little while
silver hues abound; If the shadows grow still deeper, Since the day begun,
sunshine or the rain; In the Saviour trust for guidance, He the light will show,



And the sun with all his glo-ry shin-eth not.
It may picture out some beauty there to cheer. Look on the brightest side
Faith must wing her flight where sunshine can be found.
Then the brightest side of life we'll see again.



Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side of life,
ev-er look, yes,

Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side of life.

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159 COME TO JESUS NOW.

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

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Je-sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessing to be-stow; Plunge now into the

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust-ing in His word. { Come to Je - sus, come to Je-sus,
crimson flood That washes white as snow. { He will save you, He will save you,

1 2

Come to Je - sus now,
He will save } you now.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

160 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

MARCUS M. WELLS. MARCUS M. WELLS.

Fine.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, }
Gent-ly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land; }
2. Ev - er pres - ent tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, }
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark - ness here; }
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease, }
Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trusting that our names are there, }

D. C. Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan - d'rer, come, Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

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

161

I SING FOR I CAN NOT KEEP STILL.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs," etc.—Isa. 35: 10.

MATTIE H. LEAKE. *To my beloved sister, Mrs. Lizzie H. Duncan.* MATTIE H. LEAKE.

1. My Saviour has told of a wonderful kingdom, And His promise and word He is
2. I look toward the dawn of His glorious appearing, And His word gives assurance thro'
3. All the ransomed will join in the old, old story With the angels' sweet anthems of
4. He is coming again to "make up His jewels," He is coming, the world with His

sure to full-fil; He is com-ing a-gain to receive His redeemed ones, And I
pain and thro' ill, And bids me hope on for the glad time is nearing: So I
"peace and good-will," And the earth shall be "filled with His knowledge and glory," Then I
glo-ry to fill; And my eyes "shall behold the King in His beauty," So I

CHORUS.

sing for I can not keep still. I sing for my heart is so full of His
gladness, I sing for His Spir-it makes me know but His will; In rapture or
anguish, in pleas-ure or sad-ness, I sing for I can not be still.

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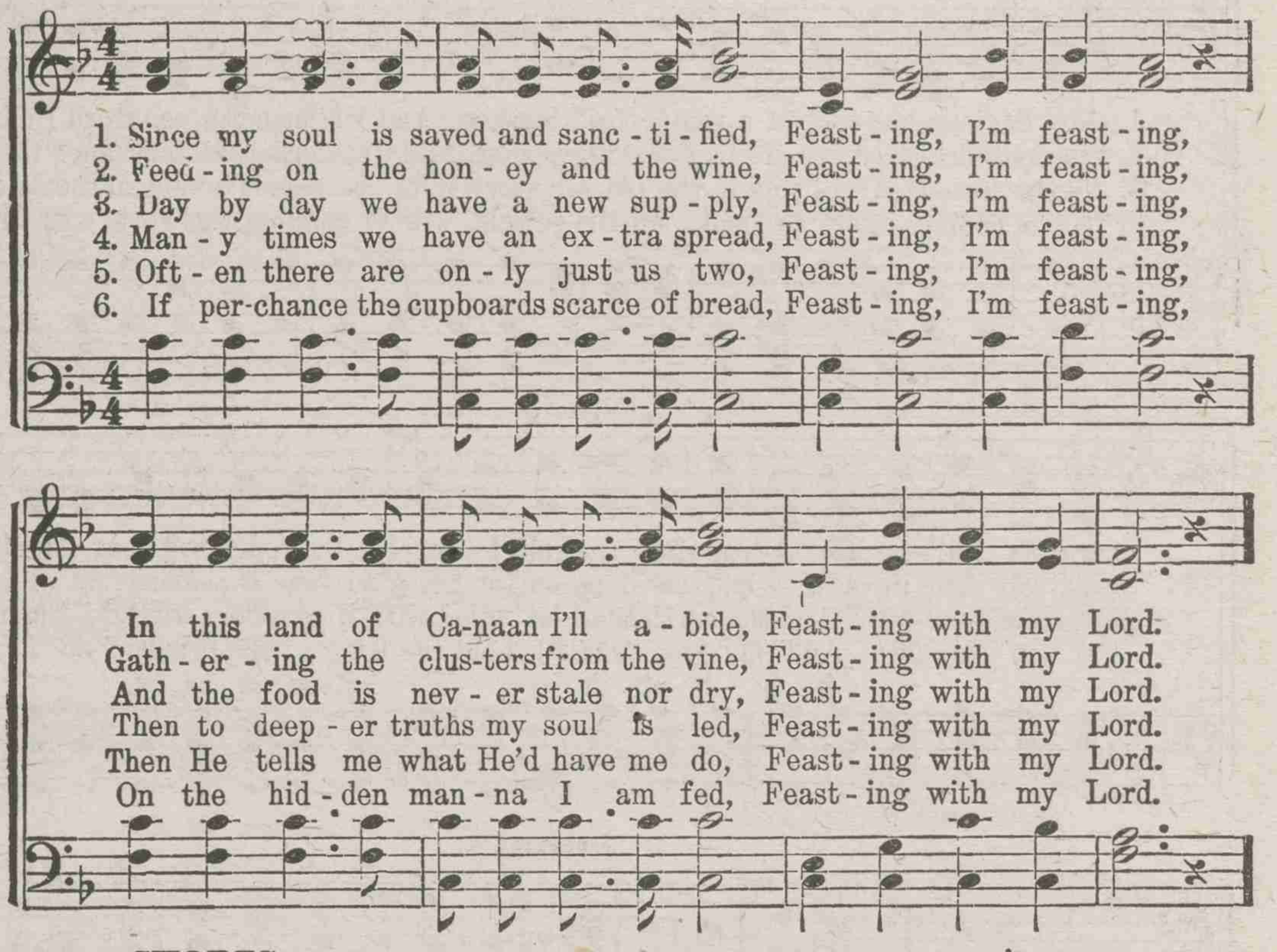
No. 162. Feasting With My Lord.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—Isaiah 55: 2.

JOHN S. BROWN. L. O. BROWN.



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No. 163. Sweet Hour of Prayer. (Key D.)

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight!
This robe of flesh I'll drop; and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

W. W. WALFORD.

No. 164. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

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

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of his res - ur-rec- tion share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be- yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.

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

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

roll..... is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

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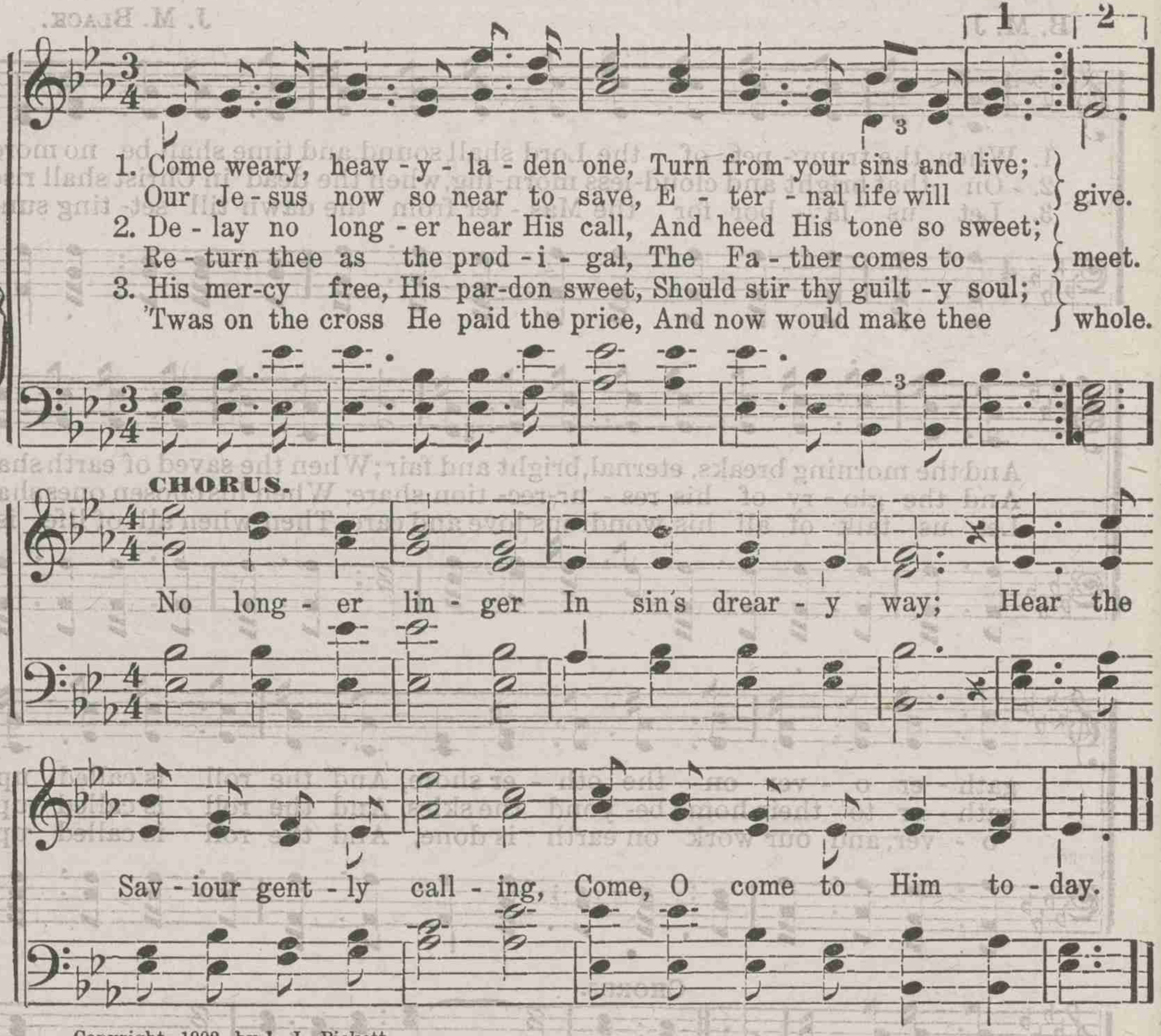
165 NO LONGER LINGER.

L. L. PICKETT. Matt. 11: 28. Arr. by RAN C. STOREY.



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166 Mercy's Coming Down.

Tune above.

1 Dark was the hour Gethsemane,
When through thy walks was heard
The lowly man of Galilee,
Still pleading with the Lord.

CHO.—Jesus, my Saviour,
Let me weep with Thee;
Mercy, O Thou Son of David,
Mercy's coming down to me.

2 Alone in sorrow see Him bow,
As all our griefs He bears,
Not words can tell His anguish now,
But sweat and blood and tears.

3 There prostrate on the earth He lies,
God's well-beloved Son;
And still the fainting suff'rer cries
Father, Thy will be done.

4 Can I forget the tears and blood,
Which there He shed for me?
They flow a constant cleansing flood,
Abundant, rich and free.

167 Shall we Gather?

Key E-flat.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Cho.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver
And provide a robe and crown.

3 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

THE PROMISE-WAY.

E. E. HEWITT. "Jesus always comes along the promise-way."—Moody. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'll tar - ry at a prom - ise till Je - sus meets me there,
2. From sin I sought sal - va - tion, and called up - on His name,
3. With ev - 'ry word He gives me I hast - en to His feet,
4. When earth - ly blos - soms per - ish and win - try storms ap - pear,

He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; His words, so free and gra cious,
He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; O come, ye heav - y - lad - en,
He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; He fills me with His Spir - it,
He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; He soothes my heart in troub-le,

I'll take to Him in pray'r, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
His grace is still the same, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
He makes my joy com plete, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
He dries the fall - ing tear, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

CHORUS.

{ Glo - ry! glo - ry! my Sav - iour comes to me, His bright and bless-ed
{ Glo - ry! glo - ry! He meets my soul to - day, *Omit* . . . . .

light I see; He comes a - long the prom - ise - way

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169

HUNGRY FOR THE SAVIOR.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. J. OWEN LONG.

1. Are you hun - gry for the Sav-ior? Do you long his love to know?
2. Are you hun - gry? Are you thirst-y? Are you wear - y, sick and cold?
3. Are you hun - gry for the Sav-ior?'Twas the Sav - ior glad - ly died
4. Are you hun - gry for the Sav-ior? Do not go a - way to night

Do you need the joy and com - fort On - ly Je - sus can be - stow?
Are you long-ing for the shepherd, And the shel - ter of his fold?
That a feast might be pro - vid - ed, And all long - ing sat - is - fied;
Till you claim his of-fer'd bount - y, Peace and par-don, love and light;

Are you hun-gry for the Sav-ior? Does your fainting spir-it crave
Are you hungry? are you hungry, Starv - ing on the husks of sin?
Are you hun-gry for the Sav-ior? He is wait-ing now to bless
Free - ly take of his abundance, It will life and health restore;

Him who made the soul to love him, Him who died the soul to save?
Mer - cy's door is stand ing o - pen. Free - ly you may en - ter in.
Ev - 'ry sin - ner who is hun - gry And a - thirst for right-eous-ness.
Take the liv - ing bread of heav - en, And you shall not hun - ger more.

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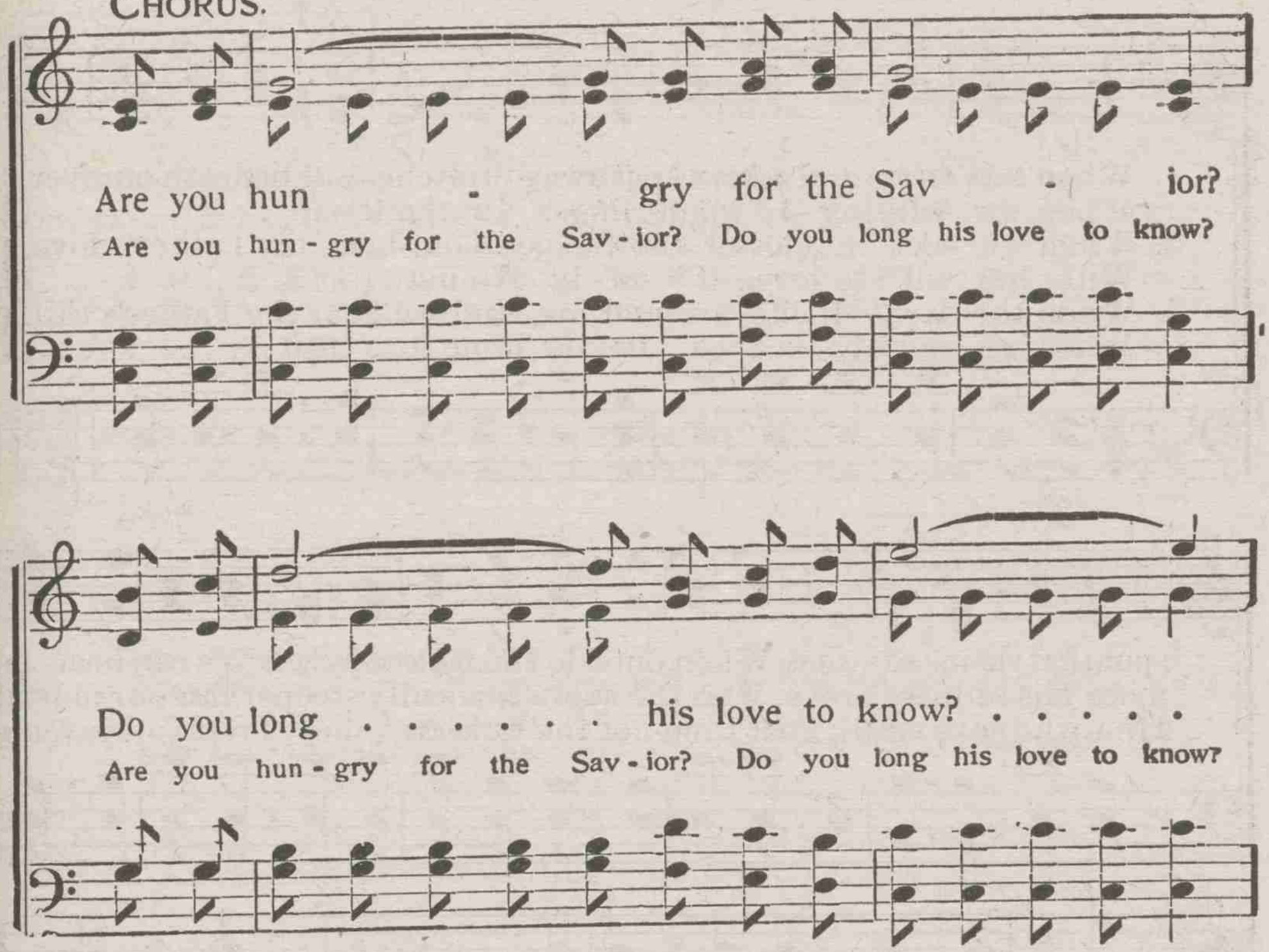
HUNGRY FOR THE SAVIOR. Concluded.

CHORUS.



HE GOETH BEFORE.

A M. "I will guide thee with mine eye."—Psa. 32: 8. LUDIE DAY PICKETT.

1. When some strange and unknown pathway Stretches out beneath our feet,
   When we will-ing-ly would linger In the (*Omit* . . . . . .)
2. When we seek a clos-er knowledge Of our heav'nly Father's love,
   Will-ing all to leave if on-ly We may (*Omit* . . . . . .)
3. When the days of life are end-ing, And we hear the Father's call,
   When we sad-ly see so lit-tle Done for (*Omit* . . . . . .)

spot that seems so sweet; When outside the sheltered pastures We can hear the
more His fullness prove; When the heights seem sadly steeper Than our mortal
Him who gave us all; Fear thou not the darksome valley, Press to heaven's

lion's roar, Fear them not, they can not harm thee, Jesus goeth on before.
wings can soar, Eagles' wings shall bear thee upward, Jesus goeth on before.
o-pen door; Not thyself shall win the entrance, Jesus goeth on before.

CHORUS.

Where He leads..... me I will fol-low, Nor will
Where He leads me, where He leads me I will follow, I will follow, Nor will

fear..... the fiercest foe; In my lov-ing
fear the fiercest foe, nor will fear the fiercest foe; In my loving Saviour's footprints,

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HE GOETH BEFORE. Concluded.

171

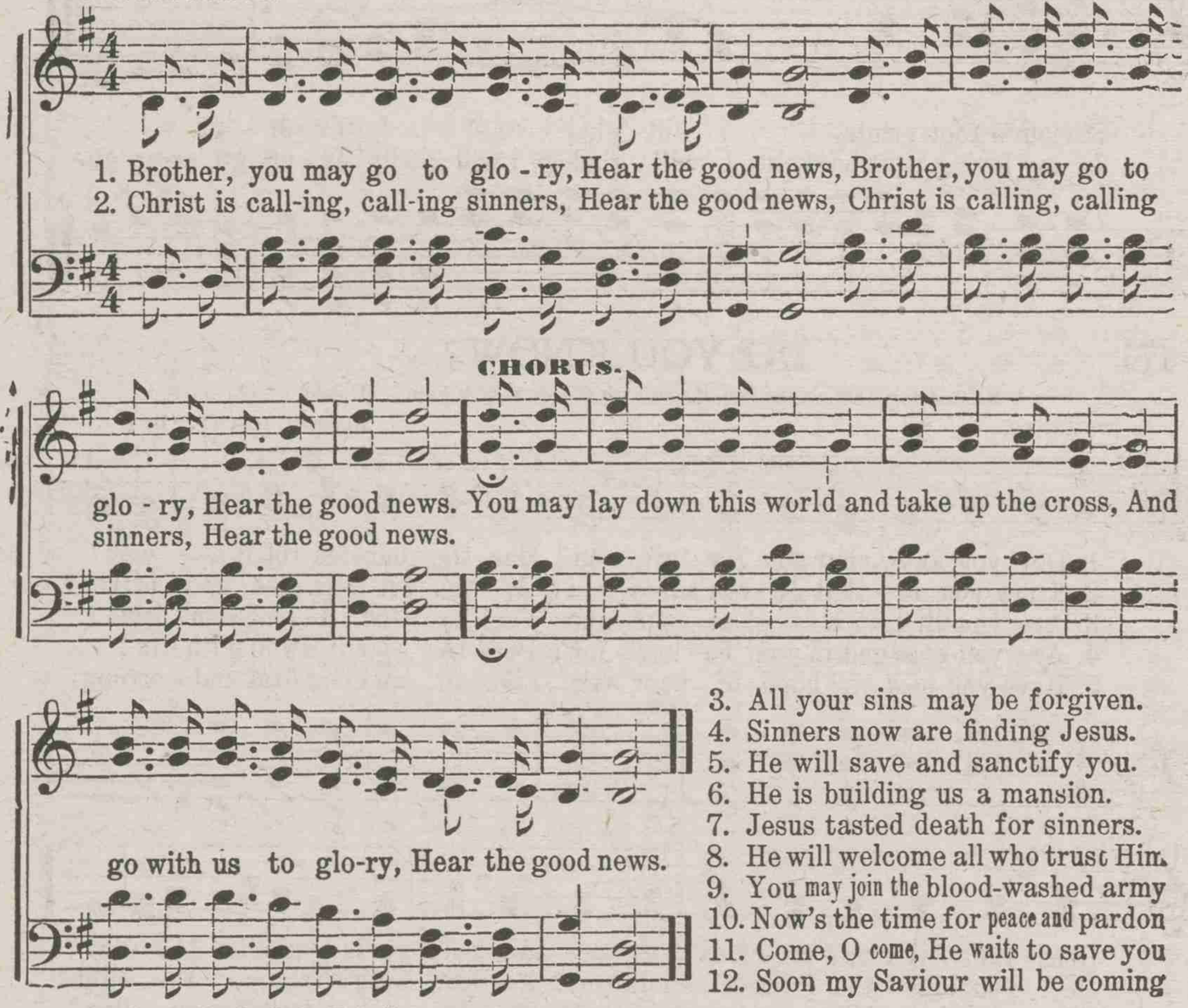
DO YOU KNOW?

"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in him."—I. John 5: 10.

M. W. KNAPP. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.

172 HEAR THE GOOD NEWS.

L. D. CARRINGTON. Luke 2: 10, 11. Arr. by L. L. P.



3. All your sins may be forgiven.
4. Sinners now are finding Jesus.
5. He will save and sanctify you.
6. He is building us a mansion.
7. Jesus tasted death for sinners.
8. He will welcome all who trust Him.
9. You may join the blood-washed army
10. Now's the time for peace and pardon
11. Come, O come, He waits to save you
12. Soon my Saviour will be coming

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173 He Fully Saves Me Now.

Music in T. and T. Combined. Key of E.

1 I came to Jesus with my sins,
He fully saves me now;
He washed away its every stain,
He fully saves me now.

CHO.—He fully saves me now,
He fully saves me now,
He washed away sin's every stain,
He fully saves me now.

2 Once guilty fears oppressed my soul,
His cleansing blood has made me whole.

3 Sin's iron chains once held me fast,
But I'm redeemed, I'm free at last.

4 Once all was dark, but now there's light,
He found me blind, He gave me sight.

5 The sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heav'n.

6 Converted first at Calv'ry's cross,
My bark on many a wave was tossed

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
At my pentecost was sanctified.

8 And now I'm saved from all my sin,
For Christ my Lord abides within.

9 I'm saved from care, I'm saved from fret,
He saved once, He saves me yet.

174 Salvation in My Heart.

Music in T. and T. Combined. Key of F.

1 I'm glad I have salvation in my heart,
I'm glad I have salvation in my heart,
In my heart, in my heart
I'm glad I have salvation in my heart.

2 I want to be like Jesus in my heart.
3 I will not be deceitful in my heart.
4 I want to love my neighbor in my heart.
5 I want to love my enemies in my heart.
6 'Tis the old-time religion in my heart.
7 I feel the Spirit burning in my heart.
8 I have the Saviour dwelling in my heart.
9 Hallelujahs now are ringing in my heart.

175. OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.

J. M. K. ACTS 1: 9, 10, 11. J. M. KIRK.

1. I am watch-ing for the com - ing of the glad mil - len - nial day.
2. Je - sus' com - ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sorrowing cry,
3. Yes, the ran-somed of the Lord shall come to Zi - on then with joy,
4. Then the sin and sor - row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch his wait - ing Bride a - way; Oh! my
For the knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky; God shall
And in all His ho - ly mount-ain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy; Per-fect
In a glo-rious reign with Je - sus of e - ter - nal love and peace; All the

heart is fill'd with rapture as I la-bor, watch and pray, For our Lord is com-ing
take a - way all sick-ness and the suff 'rer's tears will dry, When our Saviour shall come
peace shall reign in ev-'ry heart, and love with-out al - loy, Aft - er Je-sus shall come
earth is groaning, cry-ing for that day of sweet release, For our Je - sus to come

D.S. *will be bound a thousand years, we'll have no tempter then, After Jesus shall come*

CHORUS.

Fine.

back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth again,

back to earth a-gain.

D. S.

Yes, our Lord is com - ing back to earth a - gain, Sa - tan
is com - ing back to earth a - gain,

He is to reign forever.—DAN. 7: 14, 18; LUKE 1: 33. Blessed are they who sing this beautiful song limit Christ's reign to a thousand years.

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176

THE OLD FOUNTAIN.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

Effective as a solo.

1. By Sa - ma-ria's way-side well, Once a bless-ed message fell On a wo-man's thirst - y soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were sealed
2. And a lit - tle cap-tive maid, By a lep - er un-dismayed, Told to him a sim - ple sto-ry, Long a - go; That the stream where he might lave
3. As the eu-nuch tried to read, Phil-ip taught him of his need, And bap- tized him in His name, Long a - go; As the out-ward seal and sign
4. O thou fount-ain, deep and wide, Flowing from the wounded side That was pierced for our redemption, Long a - go; In thy ev - er-cleans-ing wave

Was the glorious light revealed, Thro' a fountain that was opened Long a - go
Had a-lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go.
Of an inward work divine, That was wrought thro' that old fountain, Long a - go
There is found all pow'r to save; 'Tis the pow'r that healed the nations Long a - go.

CHORUS.

There's a fount-ain that was o-pened, Long a - go,..... For the heal-ing of the na-tions is its flow; Long a - go;
A - long the line of a - ges,

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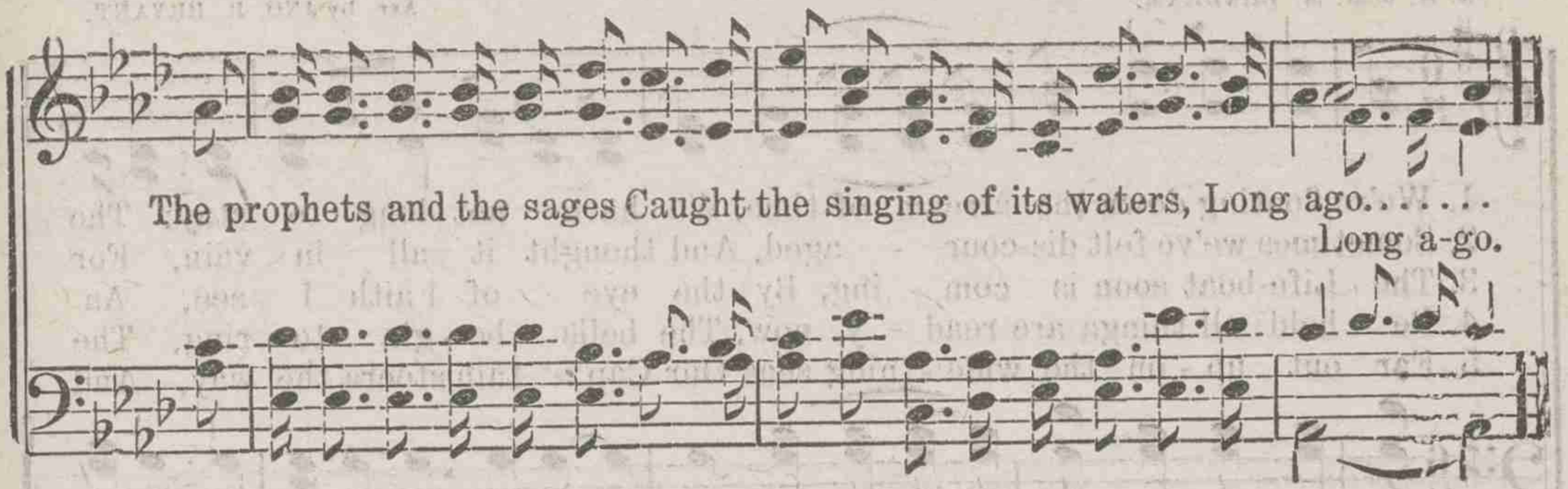
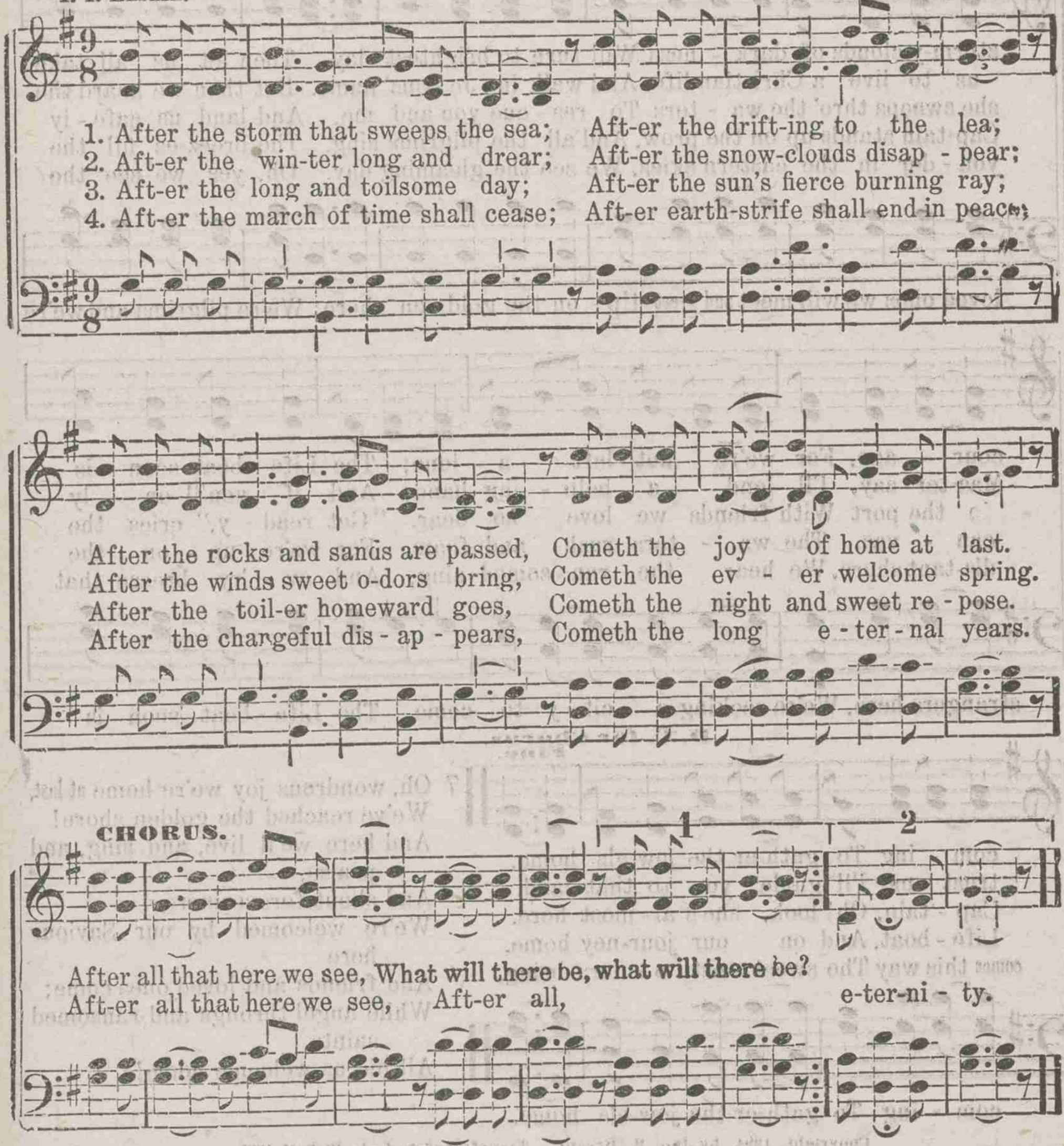
THE OLD FOUNTAIN. Concluded.



177

AFTER ALL—ETERNITY.

I. I. LESLIE. F. A. BLACKMER



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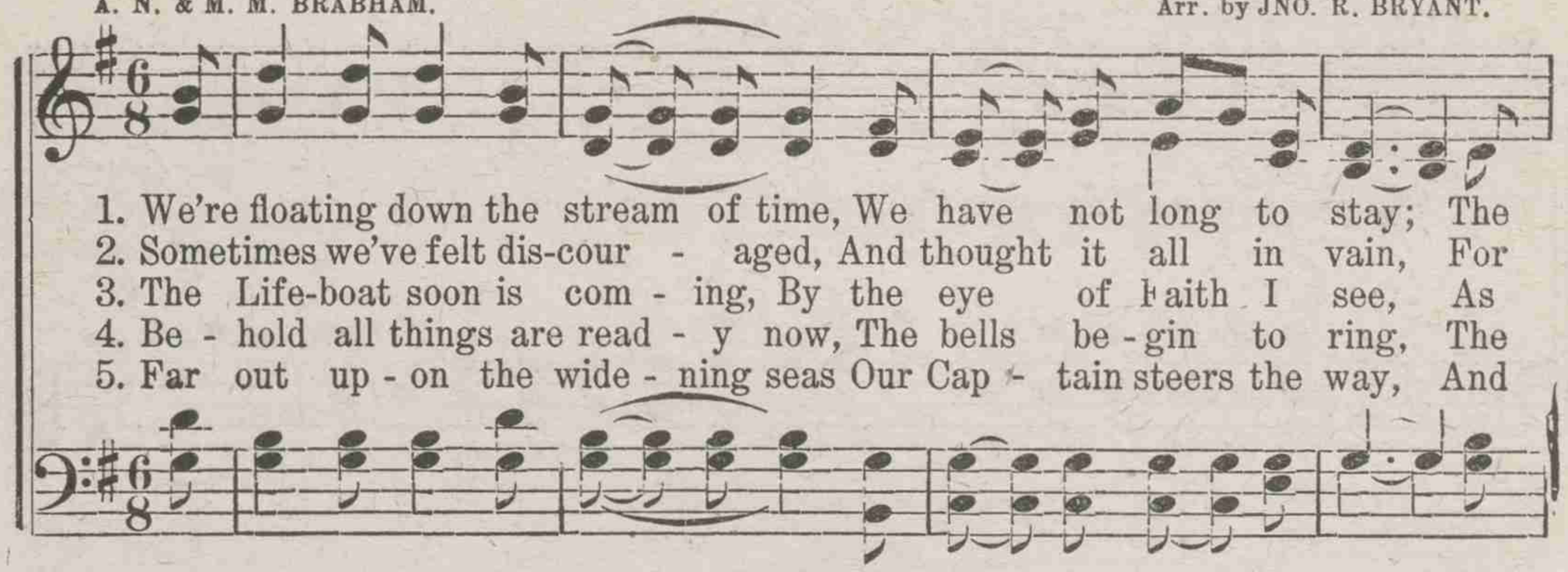
178

THE LIFE-BOAT.

A. N. & M. M. BRABHAM. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



7 Oh, wondrous joy we're home at last,
We've reached the golden shore!
And here we'll live, and sing, and praise,
And shout forevermore.
We're welcomed by our Saviour here
And friends and loved ones come;
While angel throngs and ransomed saints
All bid us welcome home!

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THE FEAST OF LOVE.

"I will come in and sup with him and he with me."—REV. 3: 20.

Third verse by L. L. PICKETT. G. R. STREET. By per

1. Child of sor-row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-
2. Pain-ful days and months and years, In this darksome vale of tears, But thro'
3. Christ our Lord will give re - lief, In the hour of pain and grief, If you

cape from ev - 'ry snare, Trust in God. Hu-man strength is weak and vain,
all the Sav-iour cheers, All the way. He will gent - ly lead us on,
learn to trust His grace, All the way. While we live and when we die,

Let not sin its pow'r re-gain, Hum-bly ask and help ob - tain, From thy God.
He will nev - er leave His own, Till we reach His shining throne, Safely there.
He can ful - ly sanc-ti - fy, Then we'll reign with Him on high, Safe at home.

Fine.

D. S. That the Saviour from a-bove Has prepared for those who prove Worthy there.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, yes, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo-ry
we'll be there, we'll be there,

calls us, we'll be there, To en - joy the feast of love,
we'll be there,

D. S.

180.

WHEN JESUS COMES AGAIN.

L. L. P. To all who "love his appearing."—2 TIM. 4: 8. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Soon will the heavens o - pen And Christ our Lord ap - pear, With ret - i-
2. My heart a-waits His com - ing, With live - ly faith and pray'r, It beats with
3. O say are you now read - y, With lamps all burning bright, To hear the
4. His mer - cy now is of - fered To all who turn from sin, Who leave the

nue of an - gels, The nations quake with fear; His ho - ly sleep-ers
ho - ly rapt - ure, And lays a - side each care; Earth's sorrows all then
mid-night sum-mons, And see His ra - diant light? Re - mem-ber, O re-
ways of e - vil, And bid Him en - ter in. O broth-er, while He

wak-ened Shall come with shout and song, To join the vast pro - ces - sion
end - ed, A crown of life I'll wear, And serve my dear Re - deem - er
mem - ber, He comes as doth the thief To pun-ish those who hate Him,
tar - ries, And mer - cy of - fers free, We beg that you sur - ren - der,

CHORUS.

His glorious praise pro - long.
In re-gions ev - er fair. Shall you and I be with them On that bright
And bring His own re - lief.
And from His wrath now flee.

morning fair, O yes, I mean to join them, By grace I WILL be there.

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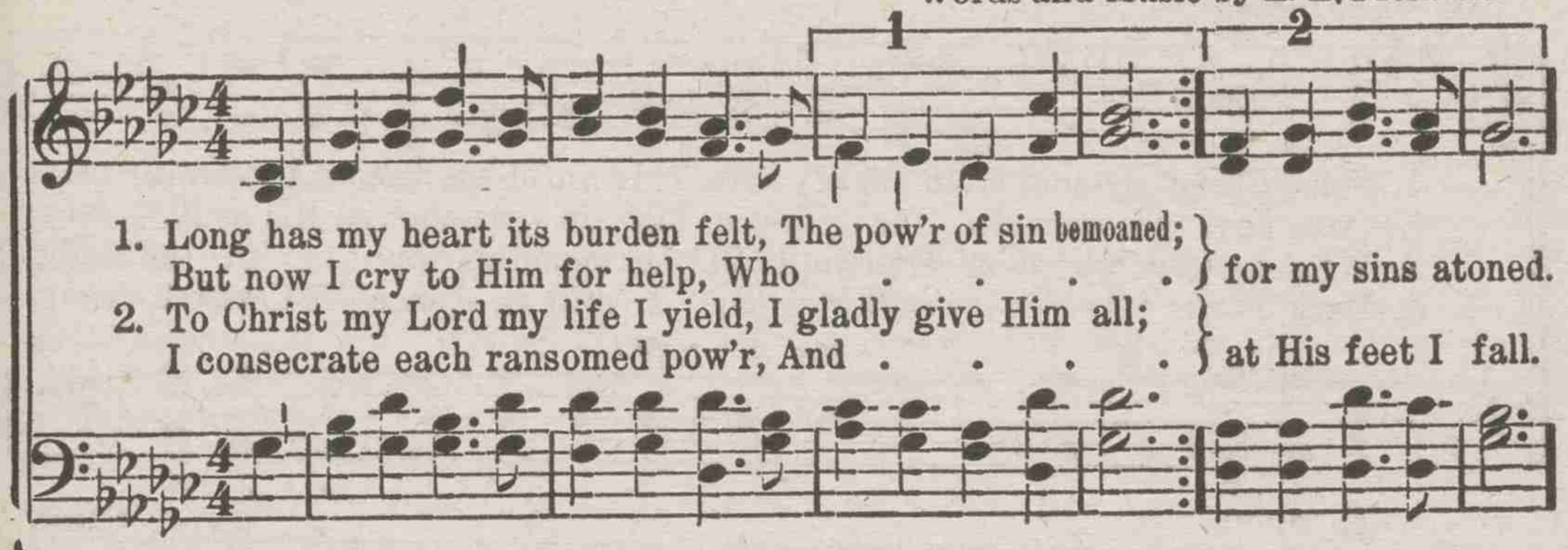
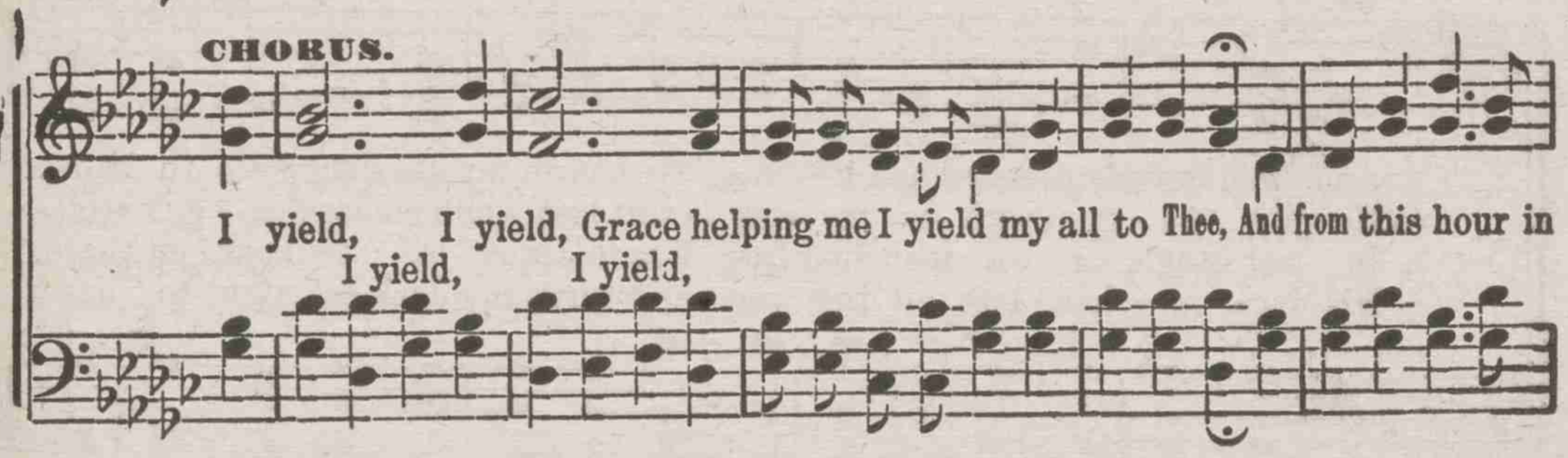
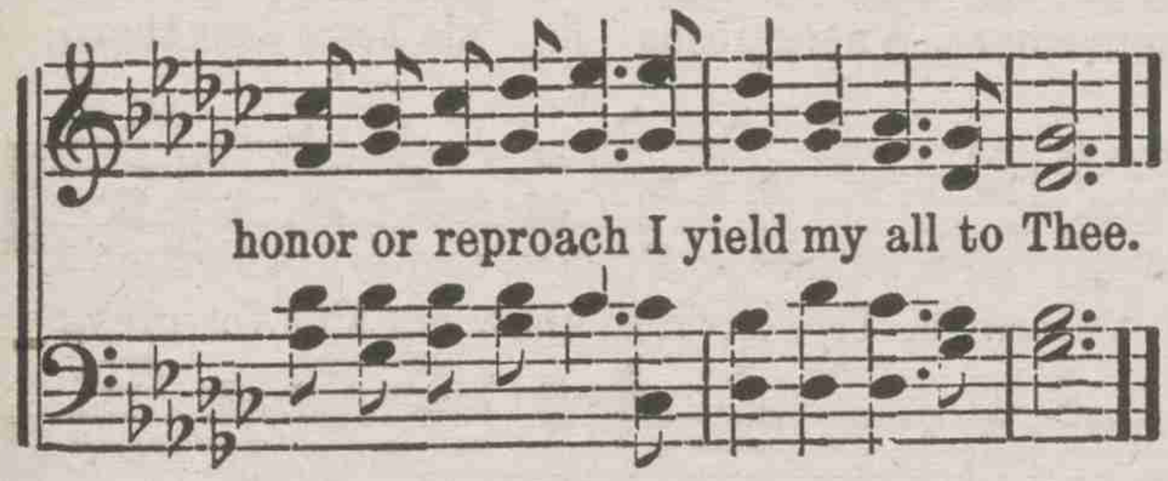
181 I YIELD MY ALL TO THEE.

Words and Music by L. L. PICKETT.







3 I own Him as my sov'reign Lord,
His voice I'll e'er obey;
The path He leads I'll gladly go,
He is my life, my way.

4 I have no goodness of my own,
His merit all my plea;
His blood now cleanses from all sin,
Thank God, it cleanseth me!

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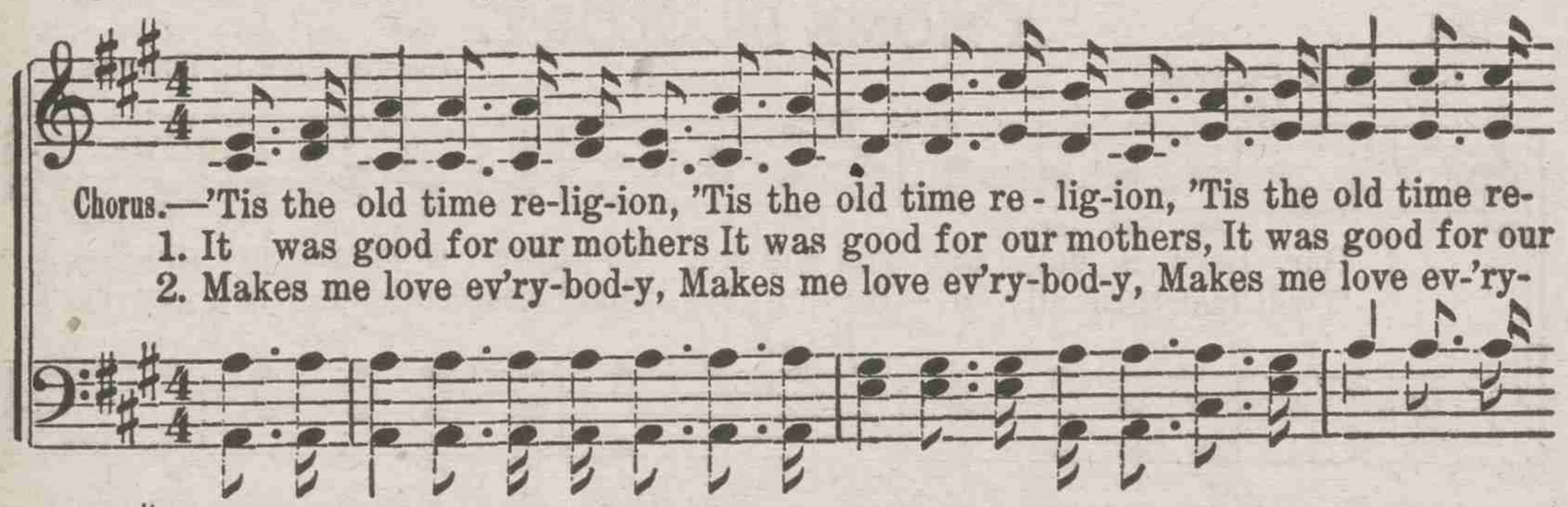
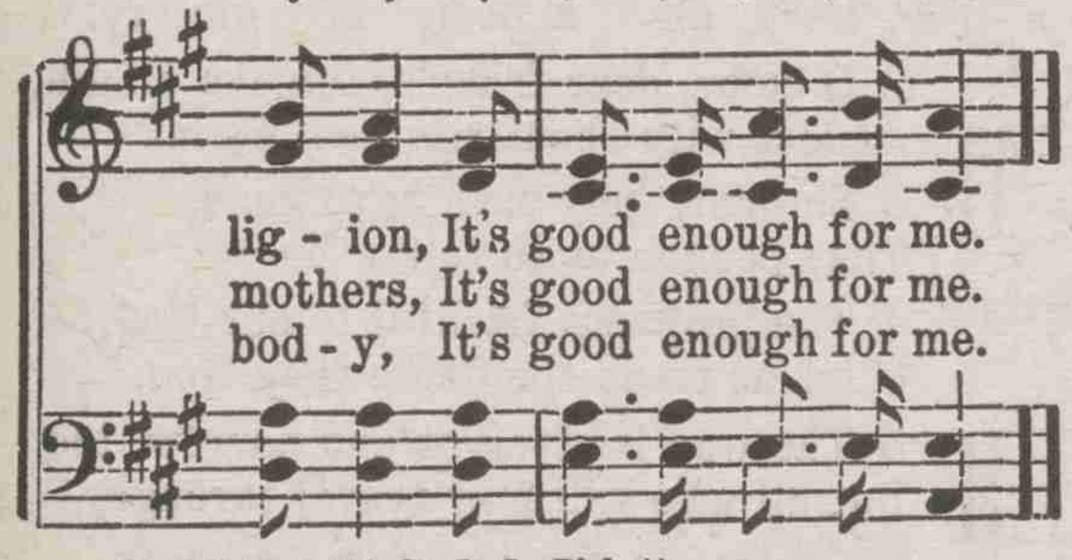
182 'TIS THE OLD RELIGION.





3 ‖: It has saved our fathers,:‖
It's good enough for me.

4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel,:‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children,:‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace,:‖
It's good enough for me.

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183 WHERE JESUS IS 'TIS HEAVEN.

C. M. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav - en seemed a far-off place, Till Je - sus showed His smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top or in the dell?
4. Dark clouds may o'er my pathway be, I still re - joice if Christ I see;

And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav - en there.
His face il - lum - ines all the way, And turns my dark-est night to day.

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

CHORUS.

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

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184 A HOME IN GLORY.

REV. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by GEO. E. KERSEY.

1. Our Lord is call - ing you and me, To have a home in glo - ry,
   'Twill last thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, This bless - ed home in glo - ry.

D. S.—room enough in par - a - dise, For all a home in glo - ry.

CHORUS.

O glo - ry, O glo - ry, There's

2 O come, dear friends, forsake all sin,
At last with shoutings we'll go in.

3 So many holy ones have gone,
They beckon us to follow on.

4 The prophets faithful to our God,
O let us tread the paths they trod.

5 The way is straight and narrow, too,
But all who will may travel through.

6 O come to-day and join our band
Ere long we'll reach the golden strand

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