GOSPEL LIGHT

EDITED BY

H. R. CHRISTIE

THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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Aug. 1903

Caroline E. Miller.

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GOSPEL LIGHT

OR HYMNS AND TUNES FOR ALL OCCASIONS OF CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP.

EDITED BY
H. R. CHRISTIE.

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Preface.

THE material used in this collection has been drawn from many sources, ancient and modern, and represents the best work of about four hundred writers and composers, American and foreign, whose names appear in connection with their respective hymns and tunes. Of course the accomplishment of this result required both diligent research and large expenditure of means. The former, in our adjustment of business relations, was made to devolve on me, and the latter on my publishers, who, I am glad to say, have discharged their duty with a kind and noble liberality towards all concerned, that is worthy of special notice and commendation, and which at once gave me abundant access to the copyrights of all the leading music book publishers and authors of this country, and enabled me to procure, from the best sources, a sufficiency of original matter to render the book strikingly characteristic in this respect.

In the selection and revision of the standard old hymns, I have had the assistance of many competent brethren, as well as valuable professional aid in the selection and adaptation of the tunes to these hymns; and this able assistance and generous help, together with several years experience in teaching congregational and normal classes, and conducting musical societies and conventions, and the special knowledge of hymnology gained in directing the musical service of the Sunday-school, the church, and the college choir, for a period of twelve years, while president of Christie's College of Music, has, as I sincerely believe, enabled me to bring together in one volume, a combination of standard hymns and tunes, and popular songs, unsurpassed by any other now in existence.

Of one thing choir leaders and musical directors may be sure: This book carries no dead weight in the way of impracticable tunes, such as have come down to us through a long line of hymnals by the influence of prevailing custom, rather than for any value they possess as a means of worship, many of which have not, perhaps, been heard in any congregation in the world for more than fifty years, and will never be so heard again. These tunes, and all like them, have been left out of this collection, and the space given to such tunes, whether they be old or new, as are correct in composition, practical in form, musical in conception, and devotional in character and expression; such as may be readily learned and sung to the edification and spiritual uplifting of all who hear them, by either the choir, or the congregation.

In this connection, special attention is called to the large number of tunes selected from the excellent and extensive works of R. M. McIntosh, whose church music must be ranked next to that of Lowell Mason, both as to its devotional character and its general use among the people. Nor must the tunes of the late L. C. and A. B. Everett be overlooked; for they are equal to any in this or any other collection. I would also call attention to the fact that the book contains more than two hundred popular songs, representing nearly all of our leading American composers. To be exact, the entire collection contains five hundred and forty-four hymns, three hundred and twenty-four of which are of the standard class, and two hundred and twenty of the modern class, making a happy combination of the best of the old and the new.

It will be observed that the hymns have not only been grouped into departments, according to their general trend, but that they have also been carefully analyzed and arranged under appropriate heads, according to their various phases, in an index of subjects.

It is now my pleasant task to acknowledge the kindness and courtesy of the following publishers and authors, who have allowed me the use of their copyrights:

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Finally, with the hope that my editorial duties have been well and acceptably done, and that this volume may be useful in the promotion of "the service of song in the house of the Lord," it is humbly and prayerfully submitted to the Churches of Christ, trusting that it may awaken in them a more earnest zeal to "sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also," and that it may aid Christian workers in leading many souls out of spiritual darkness into Gospel Light.

HARVEY R. CHRISTIE.

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GOSPEL LIGHT.

1 NAUWETA. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God : Call home thy tho'ts that rove a-broad ;
2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ; His fa-vors claim the high-est praise :
3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done!
4. Let ev-'ry land his power confess ; Let all the earth a - dore his grace :

Let all the powers within me join In work and worship so di - vine.
Let not the won-ders he hath wrought Be lost in si-lence and for - got.
He owns the ran-som, and for-gives The hourly fol - lies of our lives.
My heart and tongue, with rapture join In work and worship so di - vine.

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2 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Jehovah reigns ; he dwells in light,
Arrayed with majesty and might ;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
His throne eternal ages stood,
Himself the Ever-living God.

3 Forever shall his throne endure ;
His promise stands forever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of his grace.

Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned ;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright ;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

3 L. M. JOHN NEEDHAM.

1 Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing ;

4 CREATION. L. M. Double.

JOSEPH ADDISON. HAYDN.

1. The spacious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky,
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
3. What tho' in solemn si-lence all Move 'round the dark ter-res-trial ball:

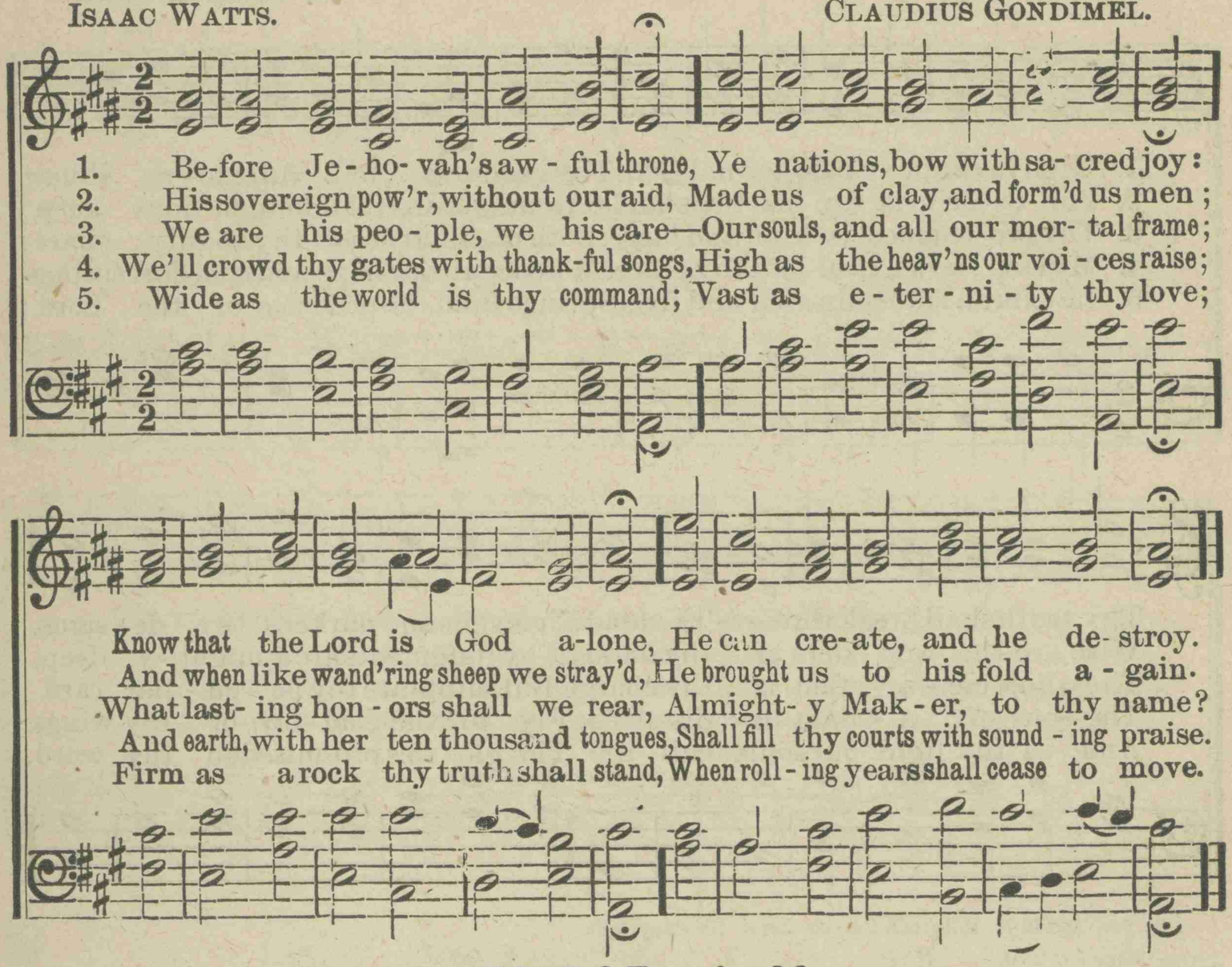
And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great O-rig-i-nal pro-claim:
And night-ly to the list-'ning earth, Re-peats the sto-ry of her birth;
What tho' no real voice nor sound A-mid their radiant orbs be found;

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Doth his Cre-a-tor's power display,
While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan-ets, in their turn,
In rea-son's ear they all re-joice, And ut-ter forth a glo-rious voice,

And pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The work of an almighty hand.
Confirm the tid-ings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
For ev-er sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is Di-vine."

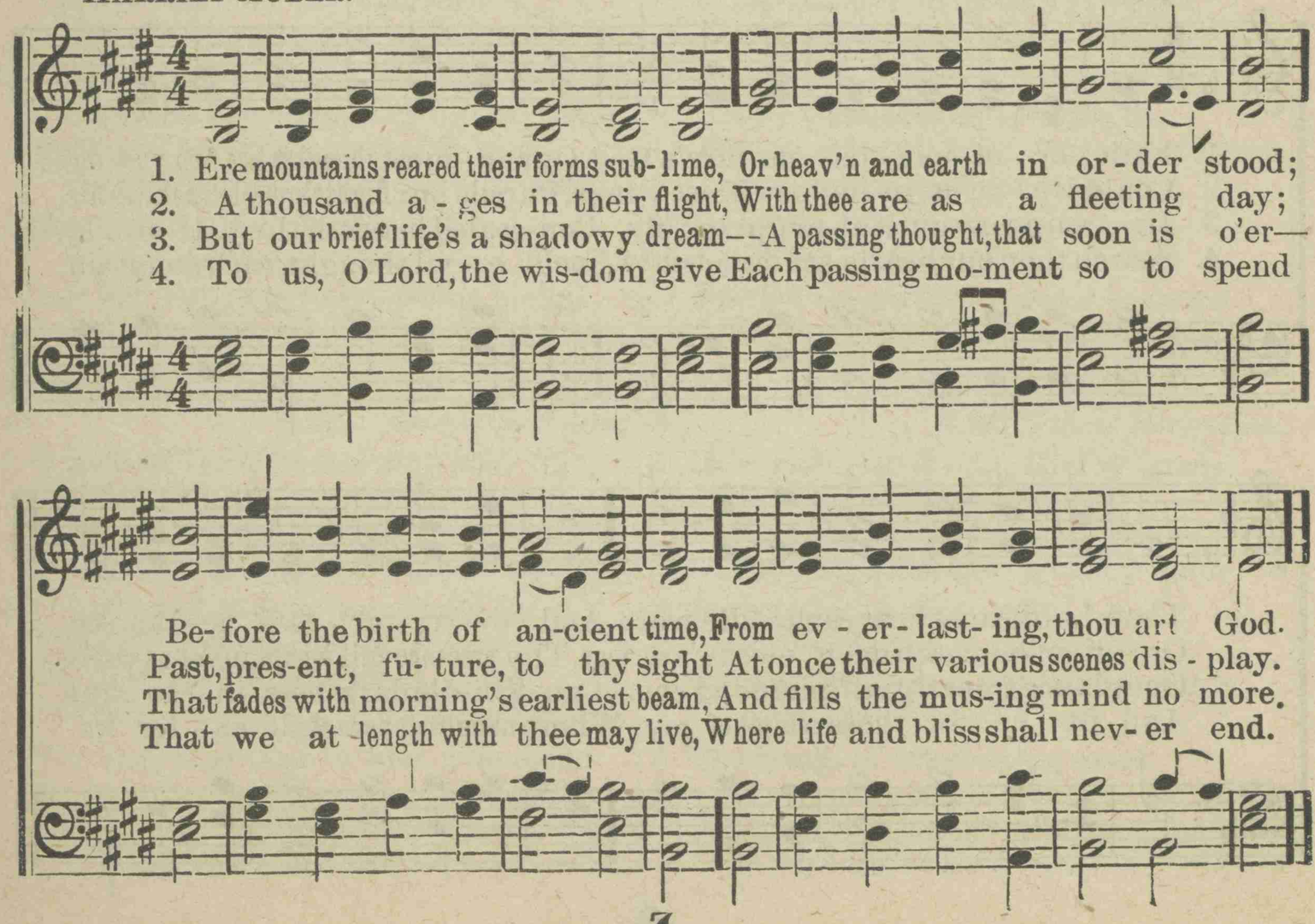
5 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. CLAUDIUS GONDIMEL.



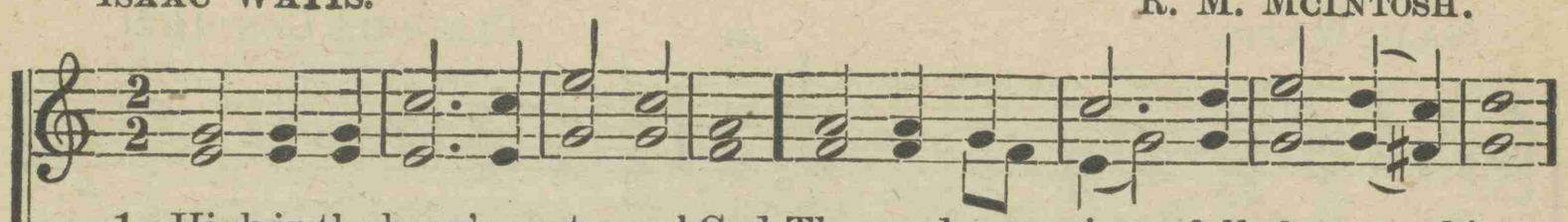
6 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

HARRIET AUBER. LOWELL MASON.

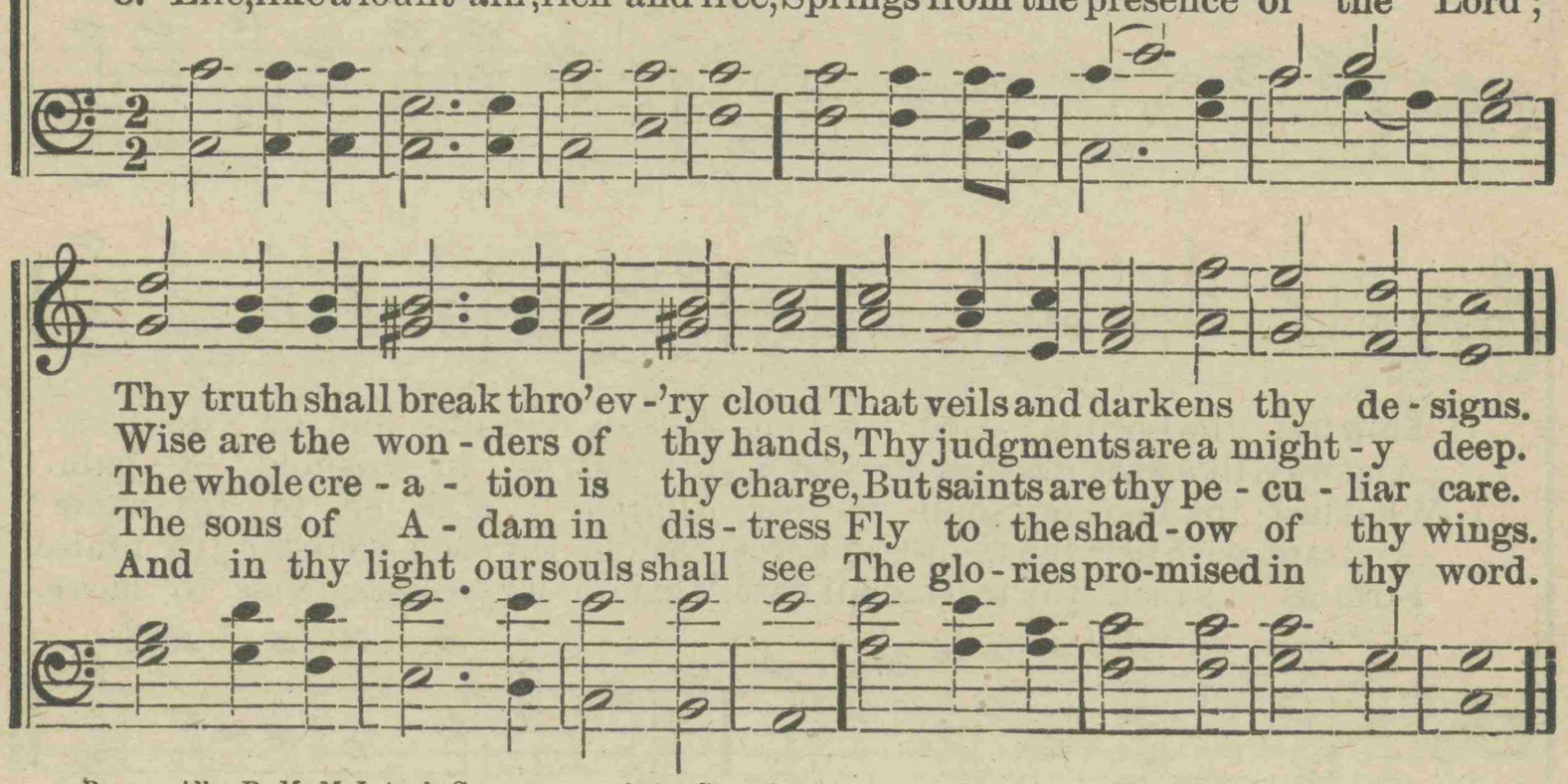


7 SUMMERS. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. R. M. McINTOSH.



1. High in the heav'ns, e-ter-nal God, Thy goodness in full glo-ry shines;
2. For-ev-er firm thy jus-tice stands, As mountains their founda-tions keep;
3. Thy pro-vidence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy bounty share;
4. My God! how ex-cel-lent thy grace! Whence all our hope and com-fort springs;
5. Life, like a fount-ain, rich and free, Springs from the presence of the Lord;



Thy truth shall break thro' ev-'ry cloud That veils and darkens thy de-signs.
Wise are the won-ders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a might-y deep.
The whole cre-a-tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe-cu-liar care.
The sons of A-dam in dis-tress Fly to the shad-ow of thy wings.
And in thy light our souls shall see The glo-ries pro-mised in thy word.

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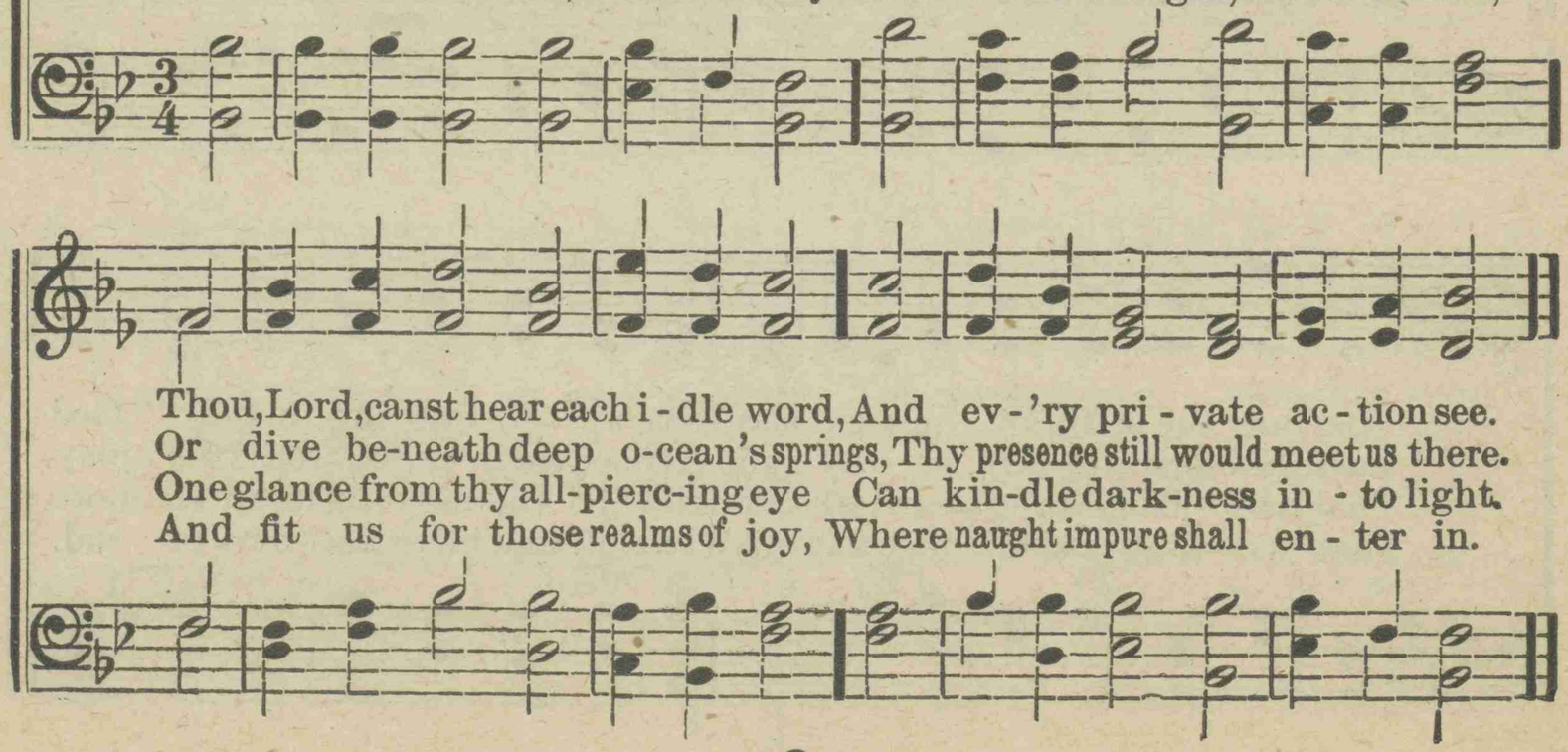
8 HEBRON. L. M.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. DR. L. MASON.

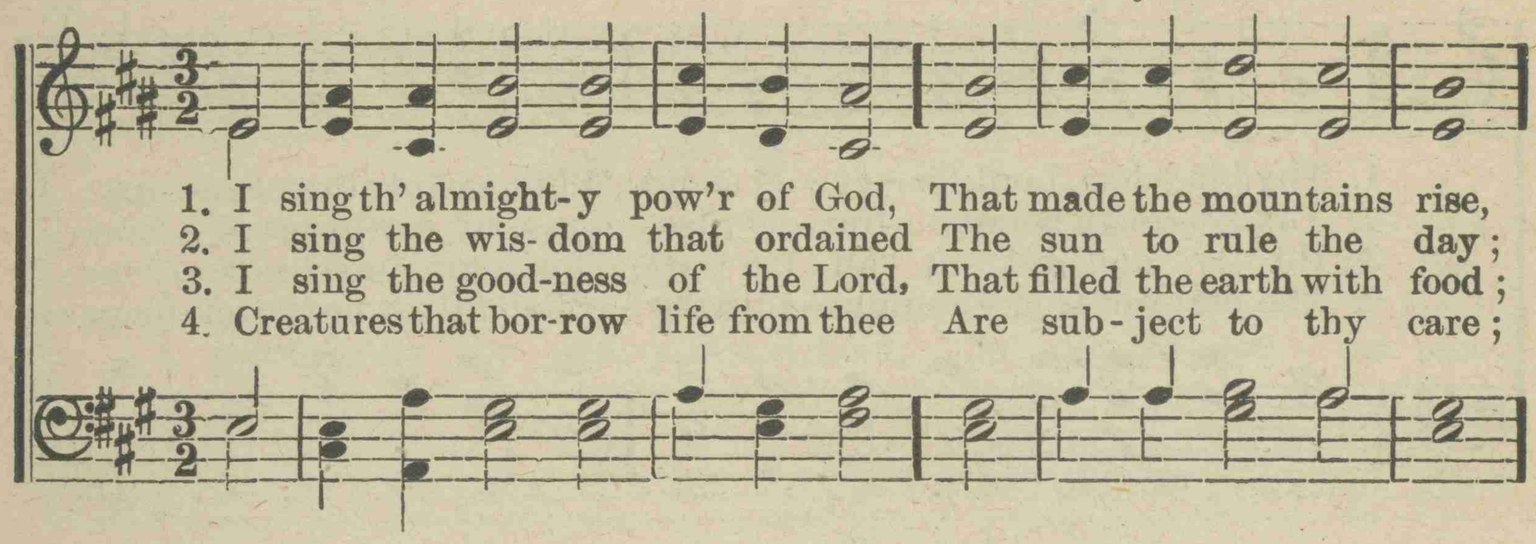
1. Fath-er of spir-its, na-ture's God, Our in-most thoughts are known to thee;
2. Could we on morn-ing's swiftest wings, Pursue our flight through trackless air,
3. In vain may guilt at-tempt to fly, Con-cealed beneath the pall of night;
4. Search thou our hearts, and there destroy Each e-vil thought, each secret sin,



Thou, Lord, canst hear each i-dle word, And ev-'ry pri-vate ac-tion see.
Or dive be-neath deep o-cean's springs, Thy presence still would meet us there.
One glance from thy all-pierc-ing eye Can kin-dle dark-ness in-to light.
And fit us for those realms of joy, Where naught impure shall en-ter in.

9 AZMON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.



10 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

11 L. M. HORATIUS BONAR.

1 O love of God, how strong and true;
Eternal and yet ever new;
Above all price, and still unbought;
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!

2 O wide-embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

3 We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

12 C. M. O. HEGINBOTHAM.

1 Father of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God,
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

3 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

13 C. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

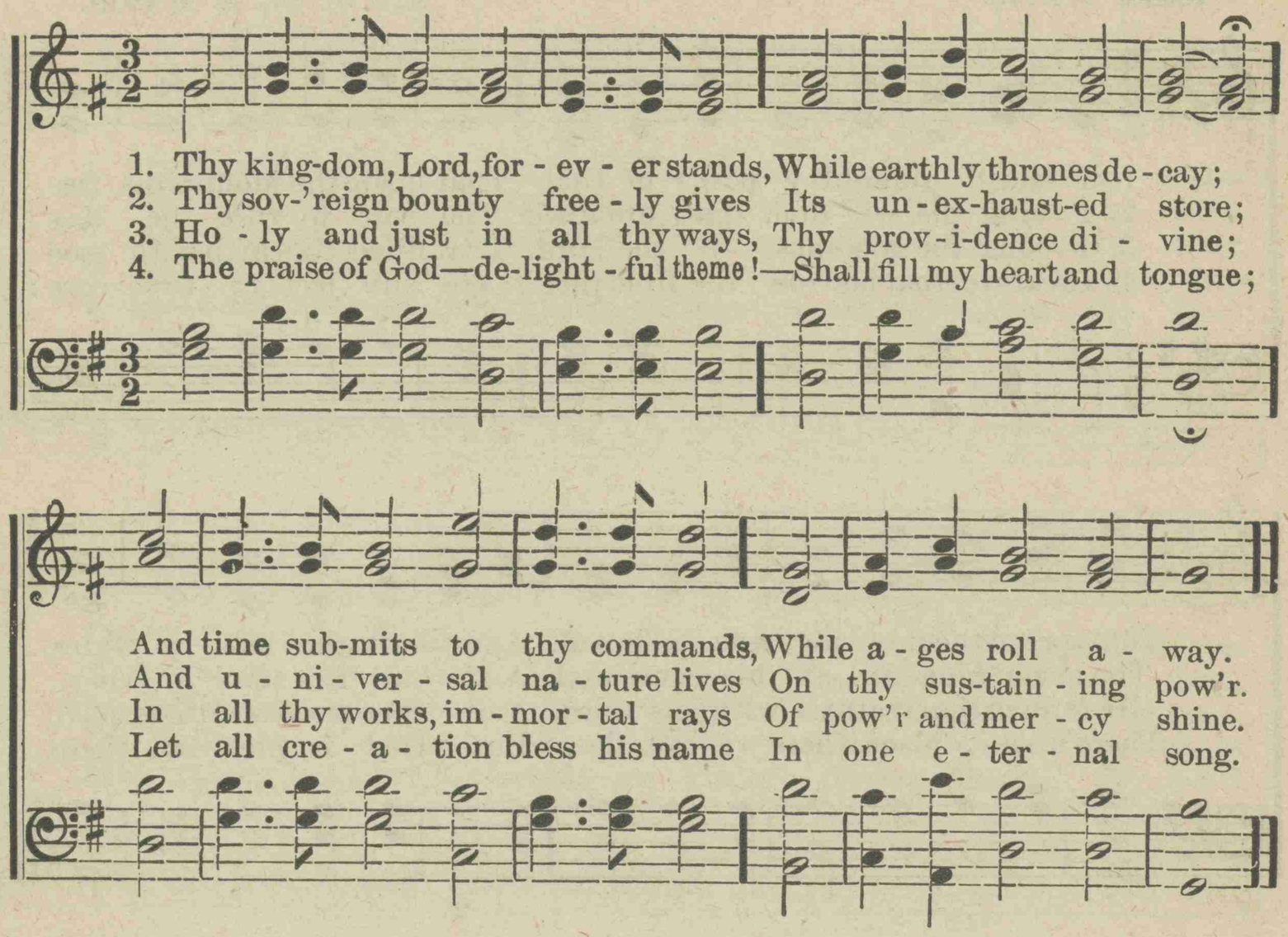
1 How rich thy favors, God of grace,
How various and divine!
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.

2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

14 ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. ARNE.



15 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Almighty Father, gracious Lord,
  Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
  In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
  Was thine indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
  Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favors brought
  From thine exhaustless store—
But, ah! in vain my laboring thought
  Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 Still I adore thee, gracious Lord,
  For favors more divine:
That I have known thy sacred word
  Where all thy glories shine.

16 C. M. E. SCOTT.

1 Great God! thy penetrating eye
  Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
  Falls prostrate and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
  The Holy and the Just,
Armed with omnipotence to save,
  Or crush me to the dust—

3 O how tremendous is the thought!
  Deep may it be impressed;
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
  This truth within my breast.

4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
  The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
  Of glory on my head.

17 C. M. ANON.

1 Hail! great Creator, wise and good!
  To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
  Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
  Fresh wonders strike our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
  With transports ever new.

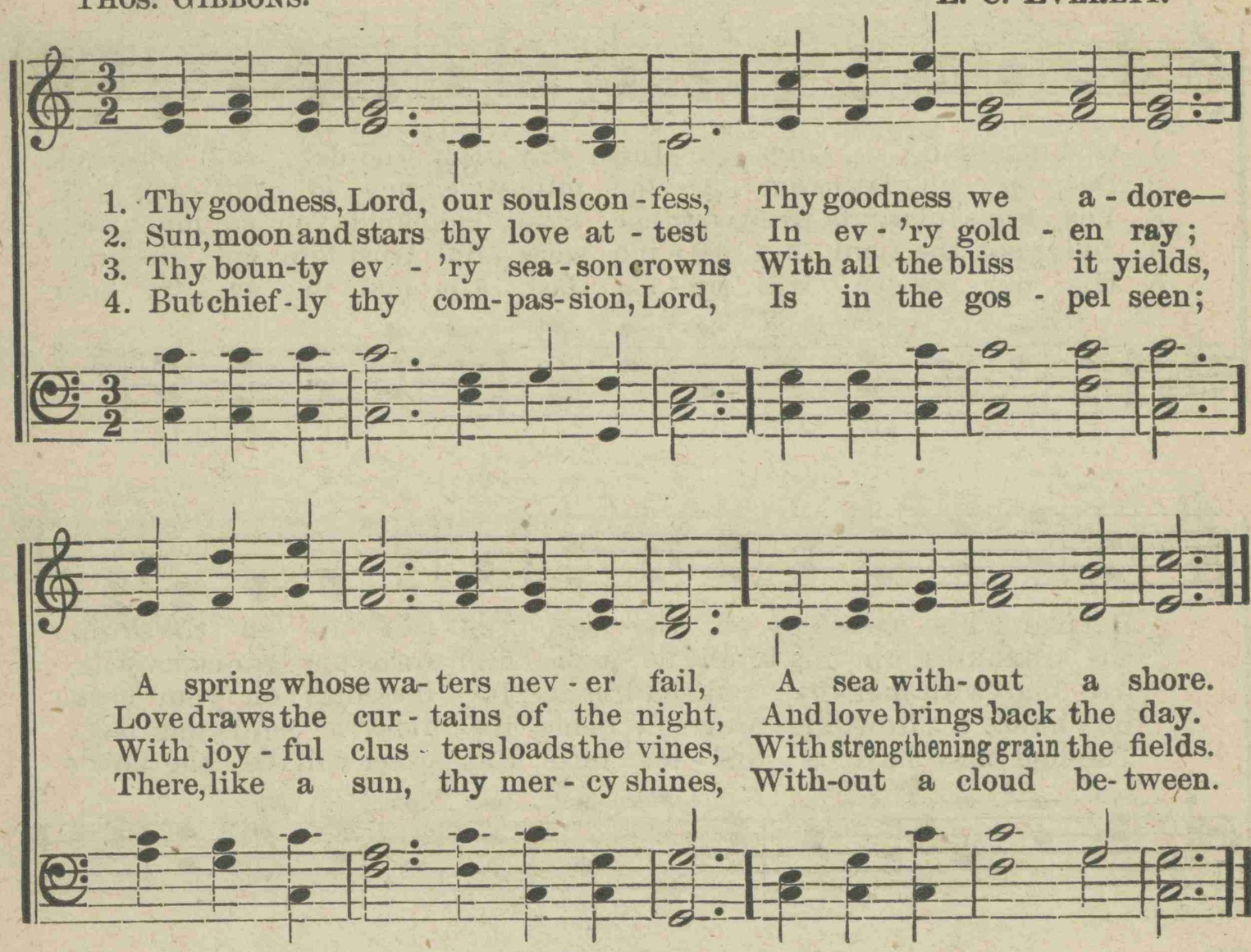
3 Thy glory beams in every star
  Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
  With rays of cheerful light.

4 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
  Thy varied love we see;
O may our hearts, great God, be led
  Through all thy works to thee.

18

SPRING. C. M.

THOS. GIBBONS. L. C. EVERETT.



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19 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Lord, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-observing eye surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest all I mean.

4 O let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

20 C. M. G. BURDER.

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that—God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.

21 C. M. MICHAEL BRUCE

1 Almighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And, as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

3 I know the Power in whom I trust
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who hath my Saviour been.

22 DUNDEE. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. GUILLAUME FRANC.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won-ders to per-form;
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill
3. You fear - ful saints, fresh cour-age take; The clouds you so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust him for his grace;
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour;

He plants his foot-steps on the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas-ures up his bright de - signs, And works his gra-cious will.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In blessings on your head.
Be - hind a frowning prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
The bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r.

23 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Songs of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
He fixed his covenant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.

24 C. M. J. HERVEY.

1 Since all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2 Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

25 Tune—Silver Street. S. M. (Page 13.) ISAAC WATTS.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

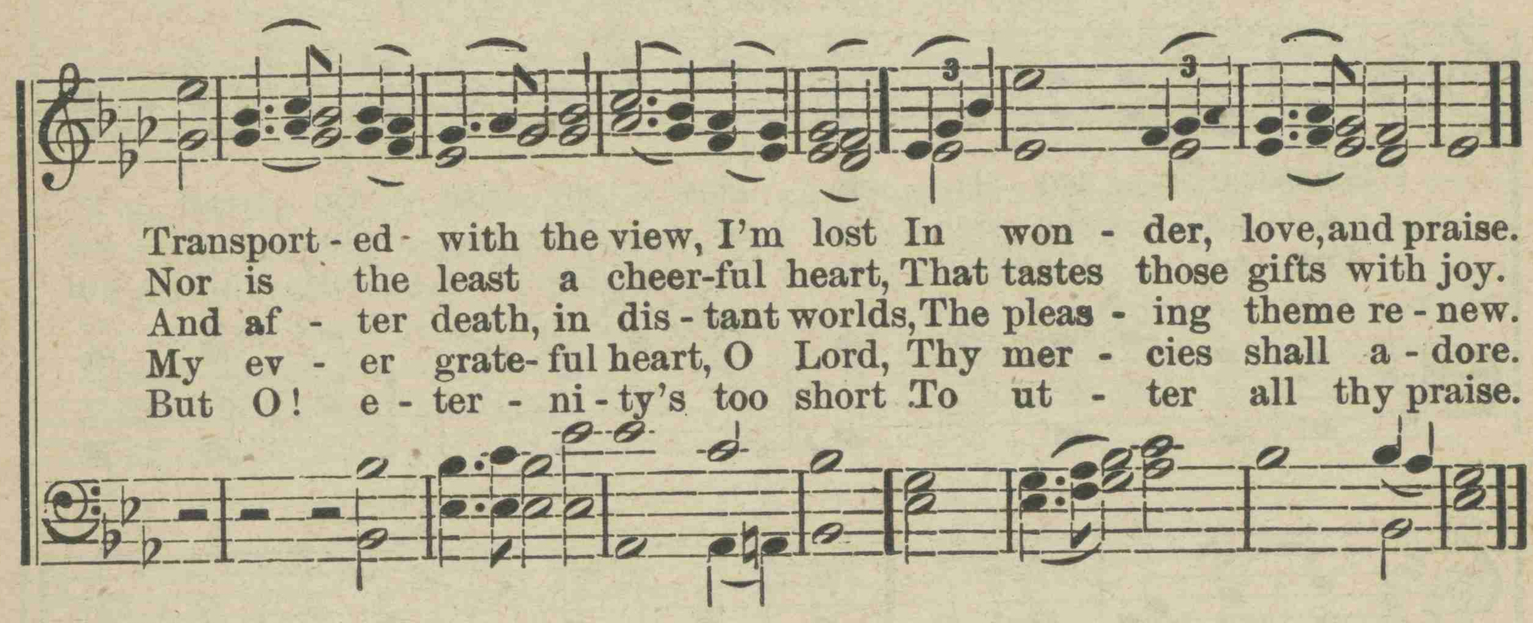
2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

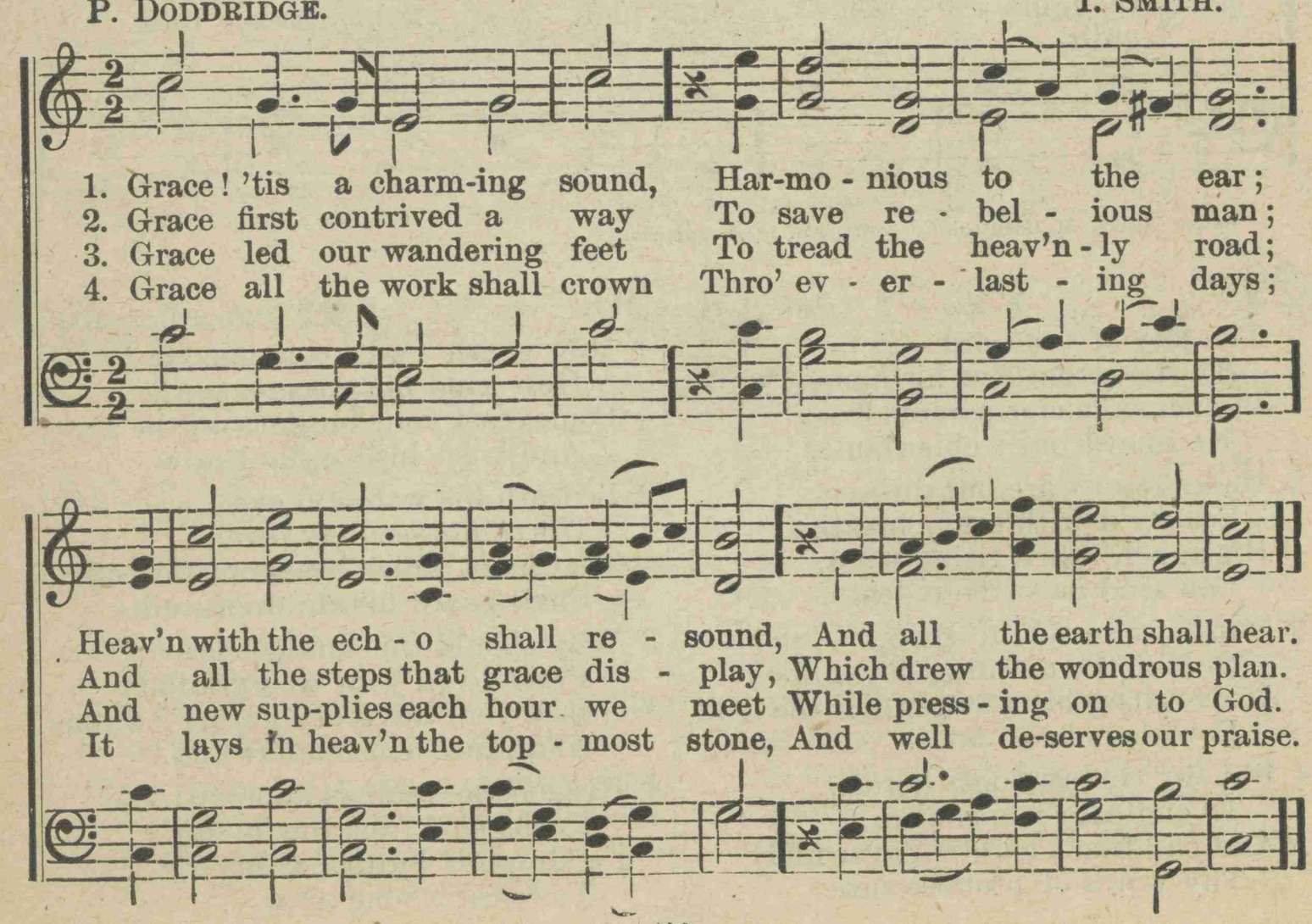
26 GENEVA. C. M.

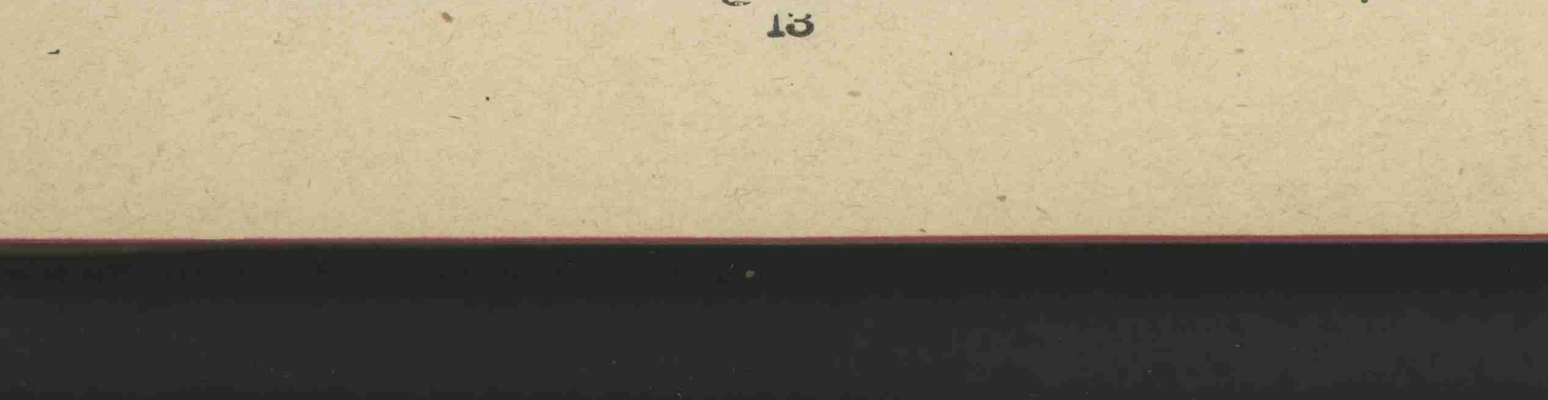
JOSEPH ADDISON. JOHN COLE.



27 SILVER STREET. S. M.

P. DODDRIDGE. I. SMITH.





28 SCHUMANN. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. C. EVERETT.

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29 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

30 S. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
O seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

31 DILLON. L. M. 6 lines.

JOSEPH ADDISON. R. M. McINTOSH.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors over-spread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dismal shade.

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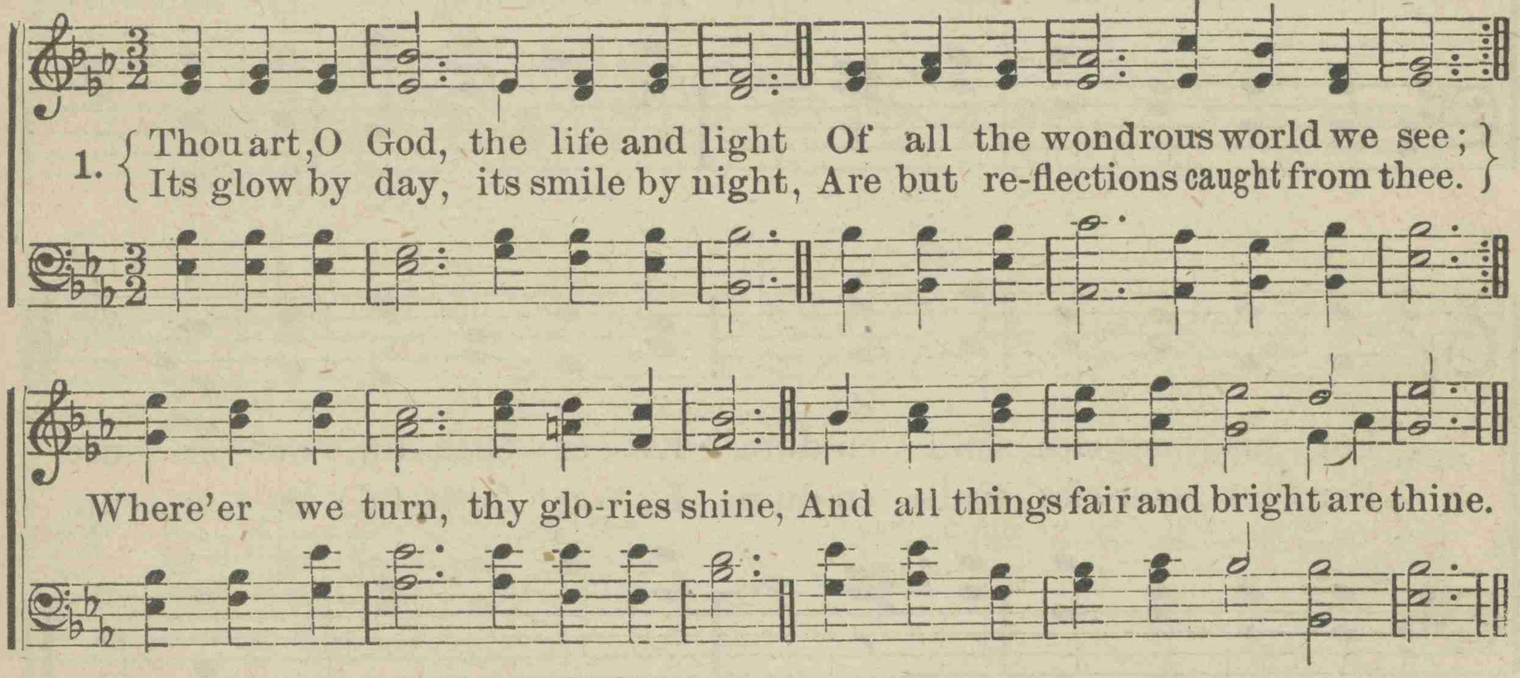
32 SLADE. L. M. 6 lines.

THOMAS MOORE. R. M. McINTOSH.



2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze,
Thro' opening vistas, into heaven—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreaths
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

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33 HIS MERCIES SHALL ENDURE.

JOHN MILTON. From HAYDN, by H. R. CHRISTIE.

SOP. AND ALTO.

1. Let us with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord for he is kind;
2. All his crea-tures God doth feed; His full hand sup-plies their need;

For his mer - cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
For his mer - cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

FULL.

Let us sound his name a - broad, For of gods he is the God;
Let us, there-fore, war - ble forth His high maj - es - ty and worth;

For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.
For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.

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34

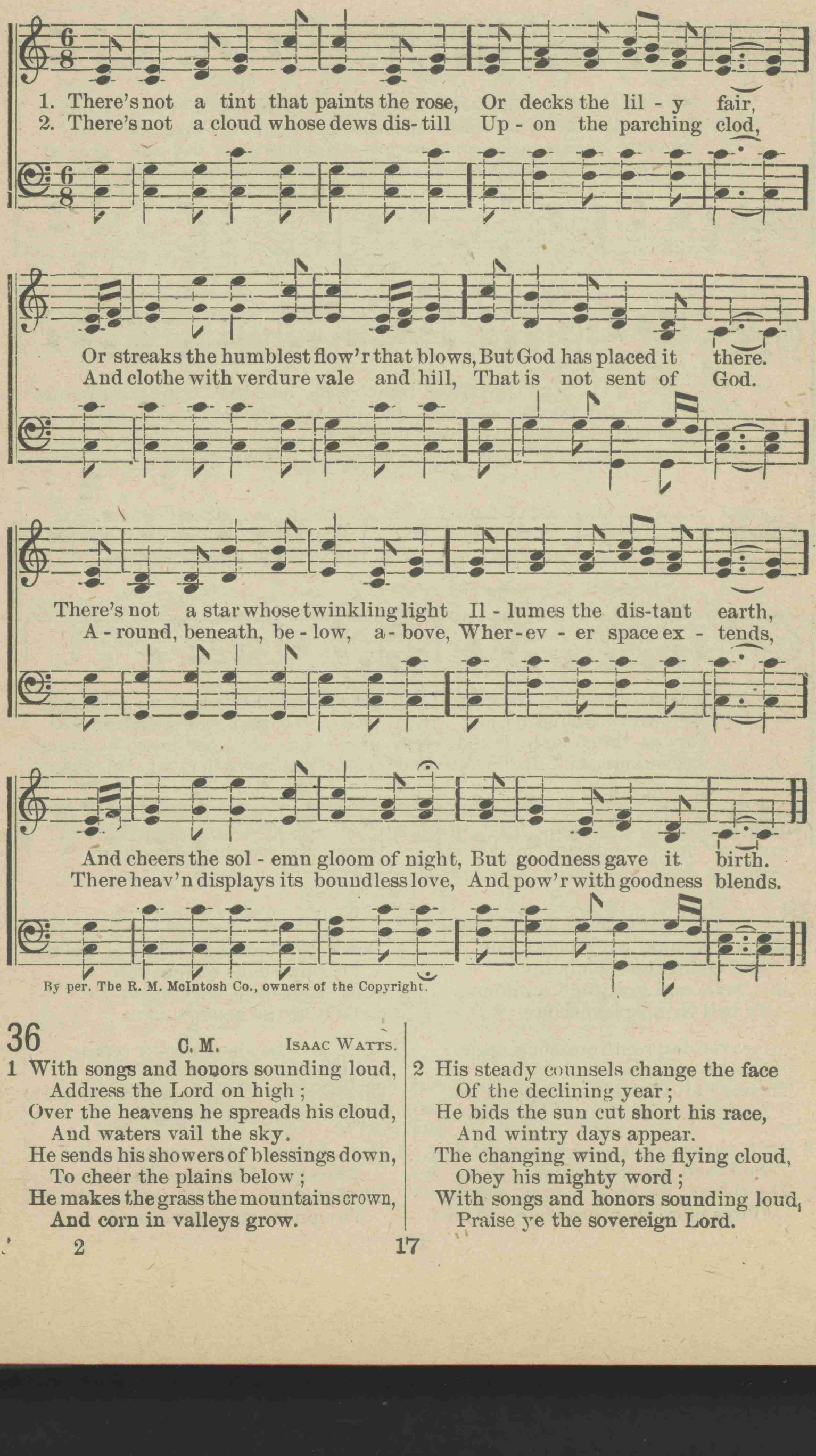
7s. Double. Unknown.

1 Earth, with her ten thousand flow'rs,
Air, with all its beams and show'rs,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance,
‖: All around, and all above,
Hath this record - God is love. :‖

2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred:
‖: All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love. :‖

35 HARDIN. C. M. Double.

J. A. WALLACE. A. B. EVERETT, by per.



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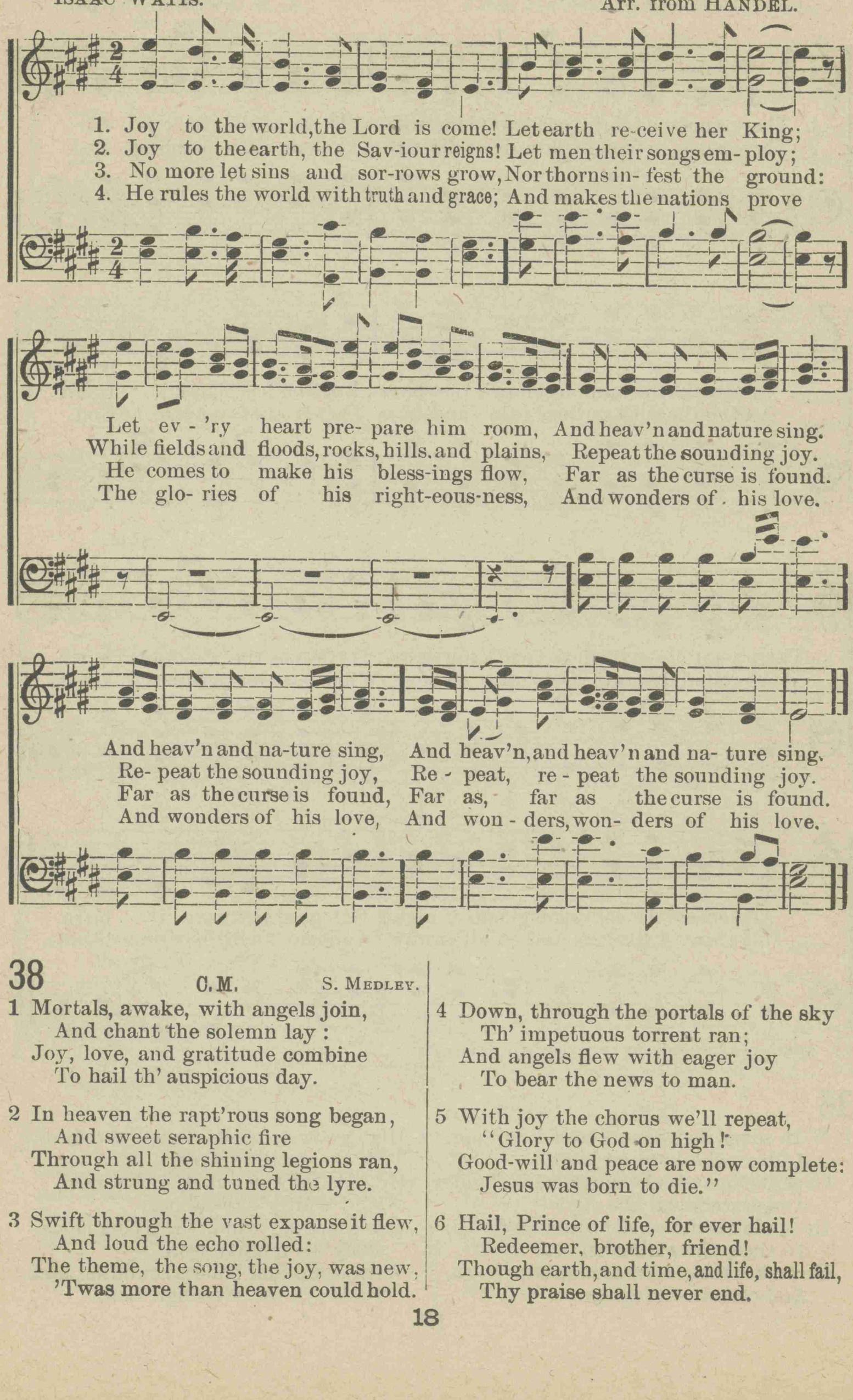
36 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters vail the sky.
He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

37 ANTIOCH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.



38 C. M. S. MEDLEY.

1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled:
The theme, the song, the joy, was new;
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

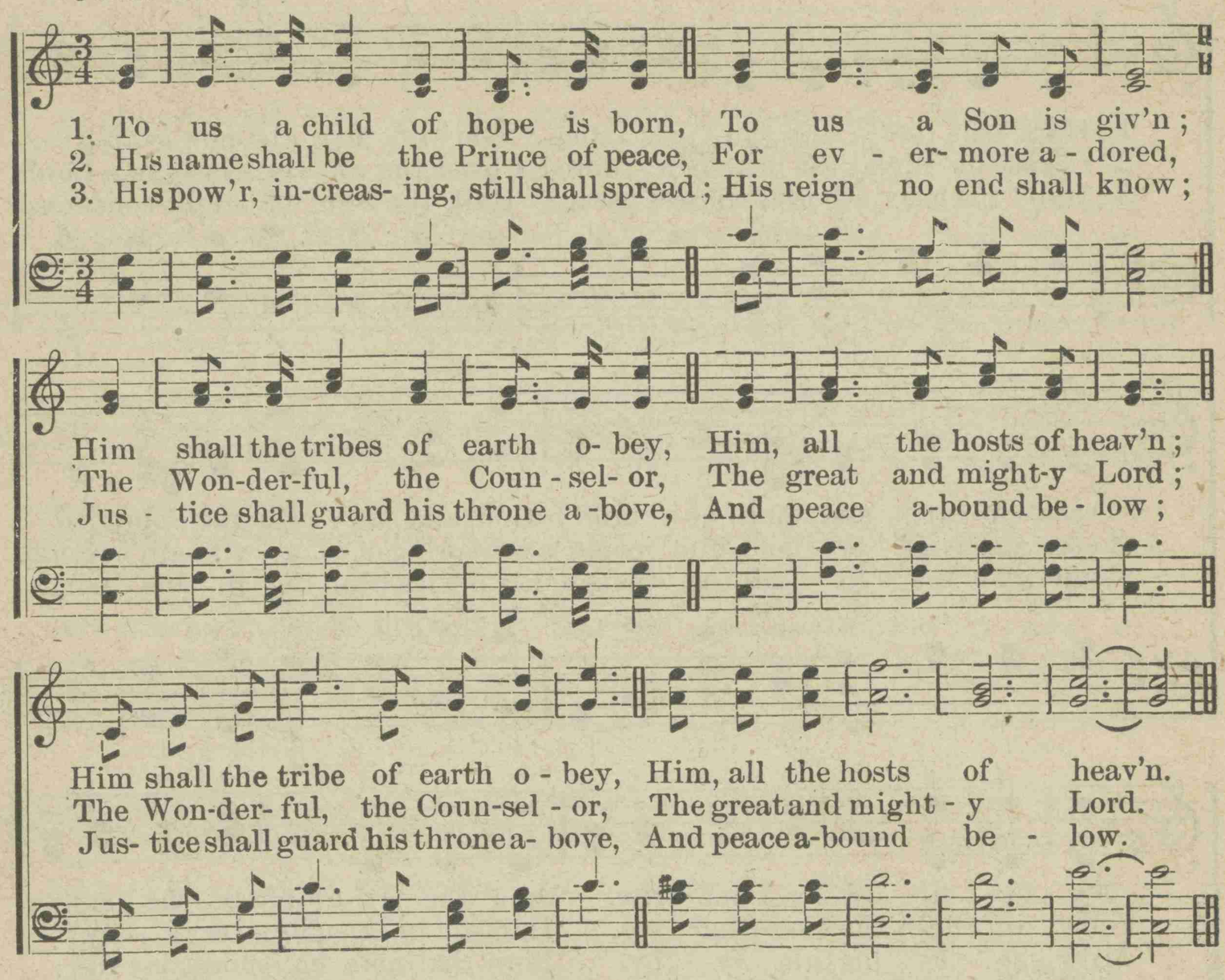
4 Down, through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete:
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life, shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

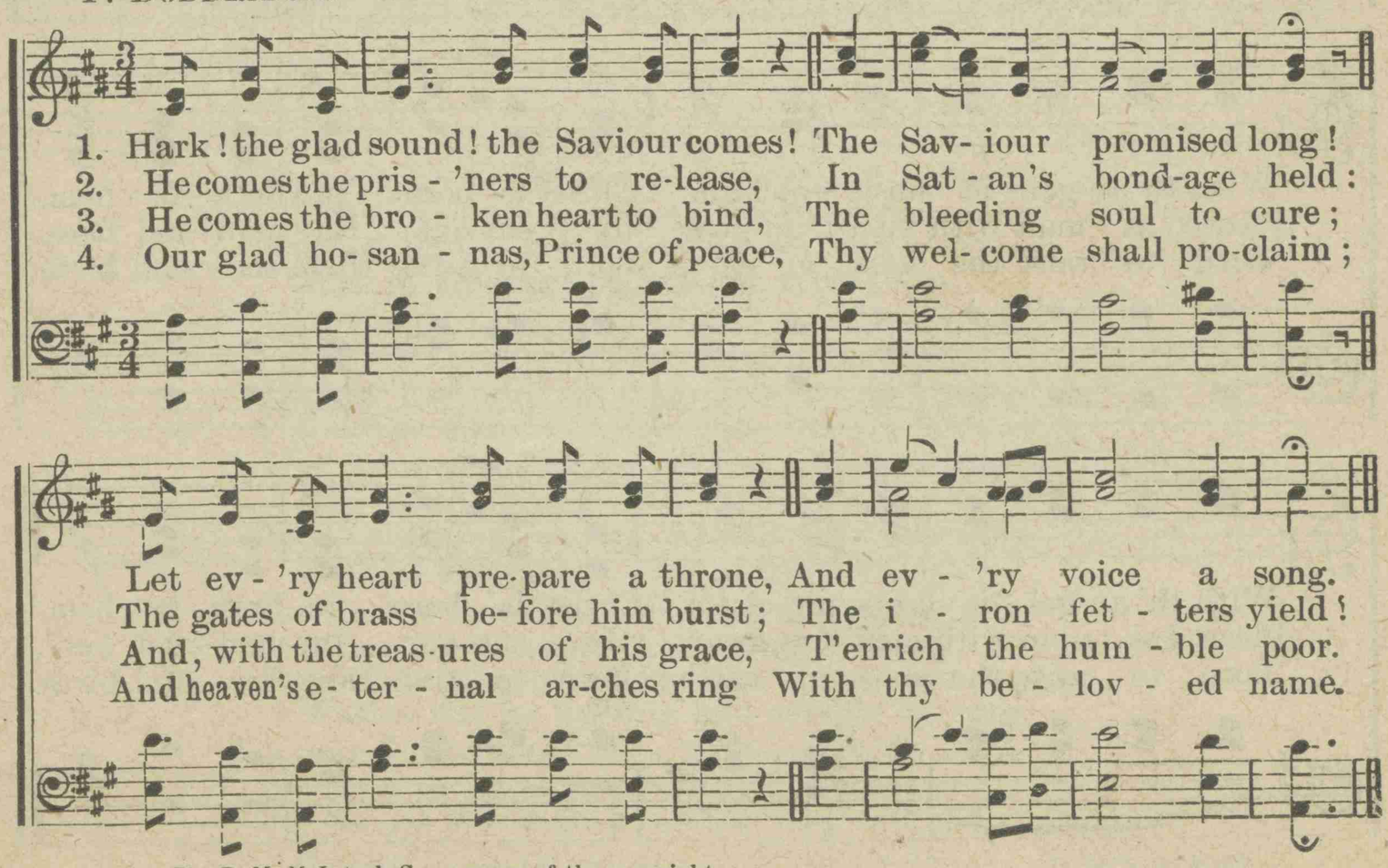
39 ZERAH. C. M.

JOHN MORRISON. Dr. LOWELL MASON.



40 CLAY STREET. C. M.

P. DODDRIDGE. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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41 HARK! THE HERALD. 7s. Double.

CHARLES WESLEY. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail, the Sun of right-eousness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled:"
Late in time be - hold him come, Off-spring of a vir - gin's womb.
Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in his wings:

Joy - ful, all ye na-tions rise, Join the tri-umphs of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see, Hail th' in-car-nate De - i - ty!
Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;

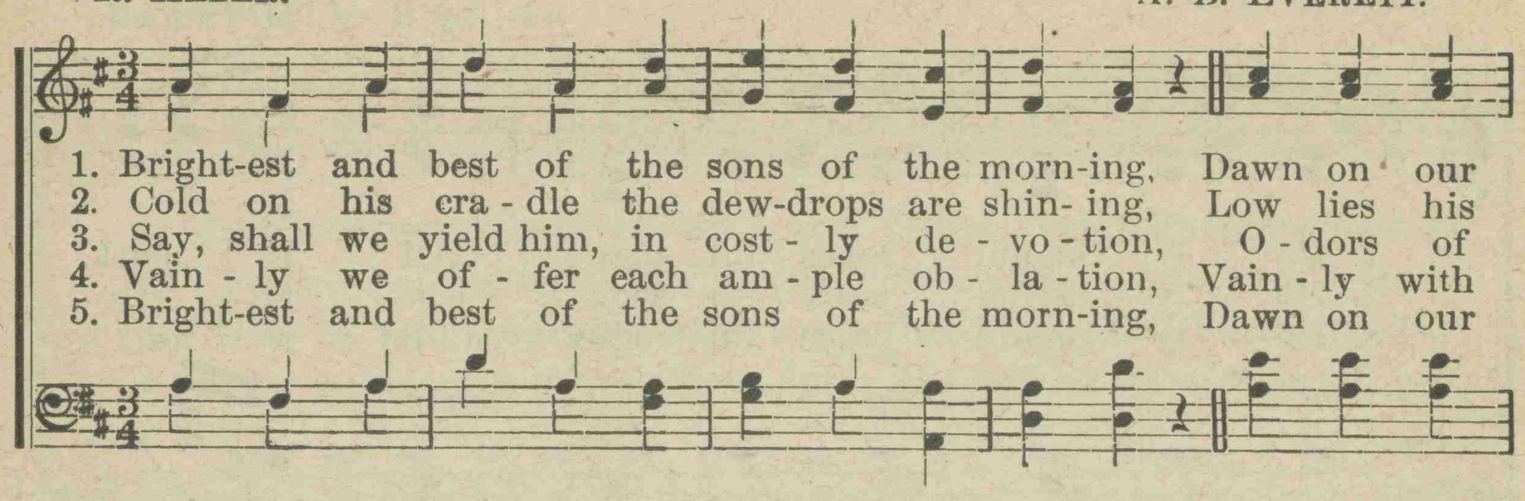
With th' an-gel - ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men t' ap-pear, Je - sus our Im - man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.

With th' an-gel - ic hosts pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men t' ap-pear, Je - sus our Im-man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.

Organ Pedal.

42 MANCHESTER. 11s & 10s.

R. HEBER. A. B. EVERETT.



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43

11s & 10s. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and morning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Hail to the rising of Bethlehem's star!
Earth's gloomy regions with beauty adorning,
Nations adore thee, and kings from afar.

4 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

5 See the dead risen from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

44

HOLY NIGHT!

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! All is dark,
2. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! On - ly for
3. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Child of heav'n!

mf *pp* *mf*

save the light Yon - der where they sweet vig - il keep
shep - herd's sight Came blest vis - ions of an - gel throngs,
oh, how bright Thou didst smile on us when thou wast born!

pp

O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep, Rests in heav - en - ly
With their loud hal - le - lu - jah songs, Say - ing, Je - sus is
Blest in - deed was that hap - py morn: Full of heav - en - ly

pp *rit - - ad - - - lib.*

peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
come, Say - ing, Je - sus is come.
joy, Full of heav - en - ly joy.

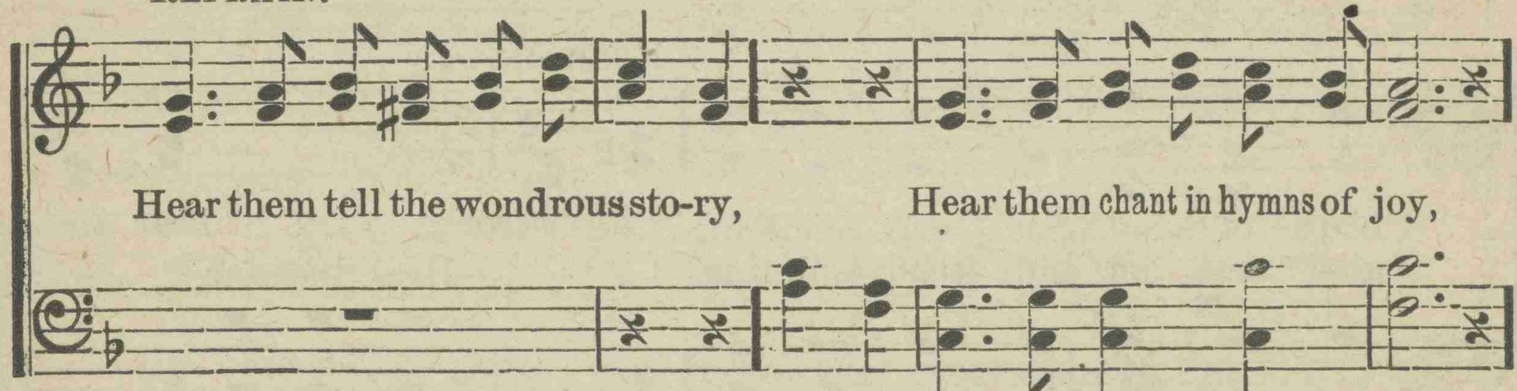
45 CHURCH HILL. 8s & 7s.

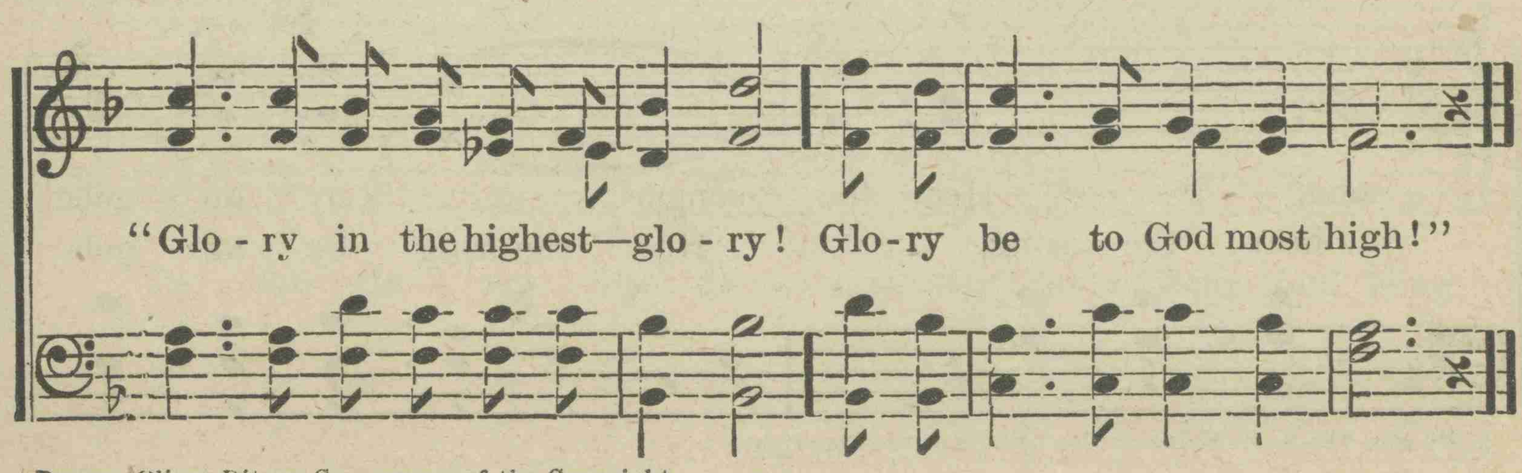
J. CAWOOD. WM. MINGLE.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly sounding thro' the skies?
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en," Reach - ing far as man is found;
3. Christ is born, the great A-noint - ed; Heav'n and earth his glo - ry sing:
4. Has - ten, mortals! to a - dore him, Learn his name and taste his joy;

Lo! th'angel-ic host re - joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu-jahs rise.
Souls re-deemed, and sins for- given;—Loud our gold-en harps shall sound.
Glad, re-ceive whom God appoint - ed, For your Proph-et, Priest, and King.
Till in heav'n you sing before him,—"Glo - ry be to God most high!"

REFRAIN.





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46

THE WELCOME REFRAIN.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Hear the ju - bi - lant song that the ser - a - phim sang, When at
2. 'Twas a hymn of sal - va - tion that ech - oed a-round, And the

mid - night the air with sweet mel - o - dy rang, As the
shep - herds first heard the sweet, won - der - ful sound; But it

her - alds of heav - en glad tid - ings they bring, For they pub - lish the
rolls thro' the earth and the a - ges of time, As a cho - rus of

REFRAIN.

birth of a Sav - iour and King.
glad - ness, an an - them sub-lime.
} Hear the song, hear the
Hear the song,

song, Hear the song . . . . . by an - gels
hear the song, Hear the song by an - gels

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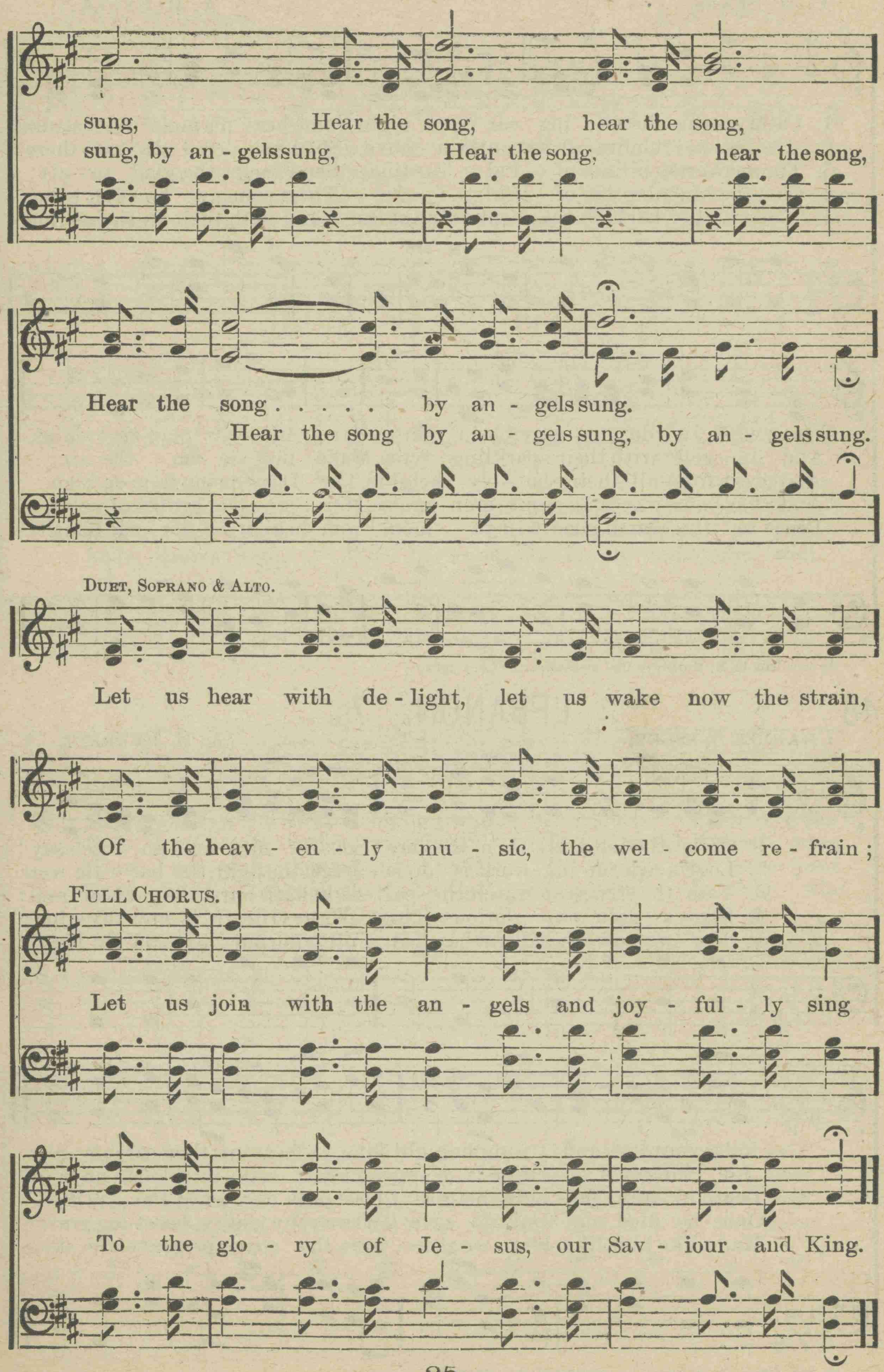
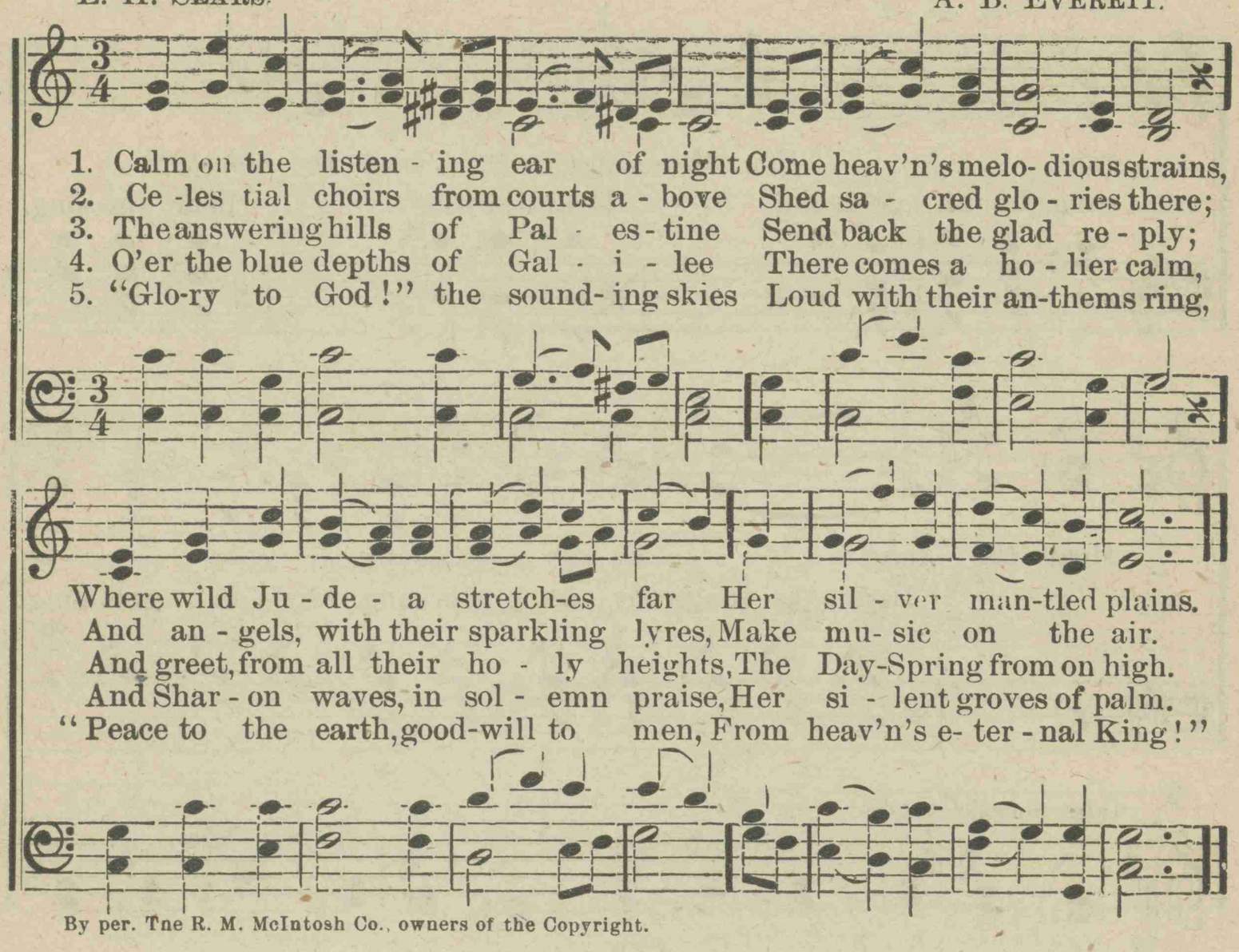
THE WELCOME REFRAIN.—Concluded.



47 ROSS. C. M.

E. H. SEARS. A. B. EVERETT.



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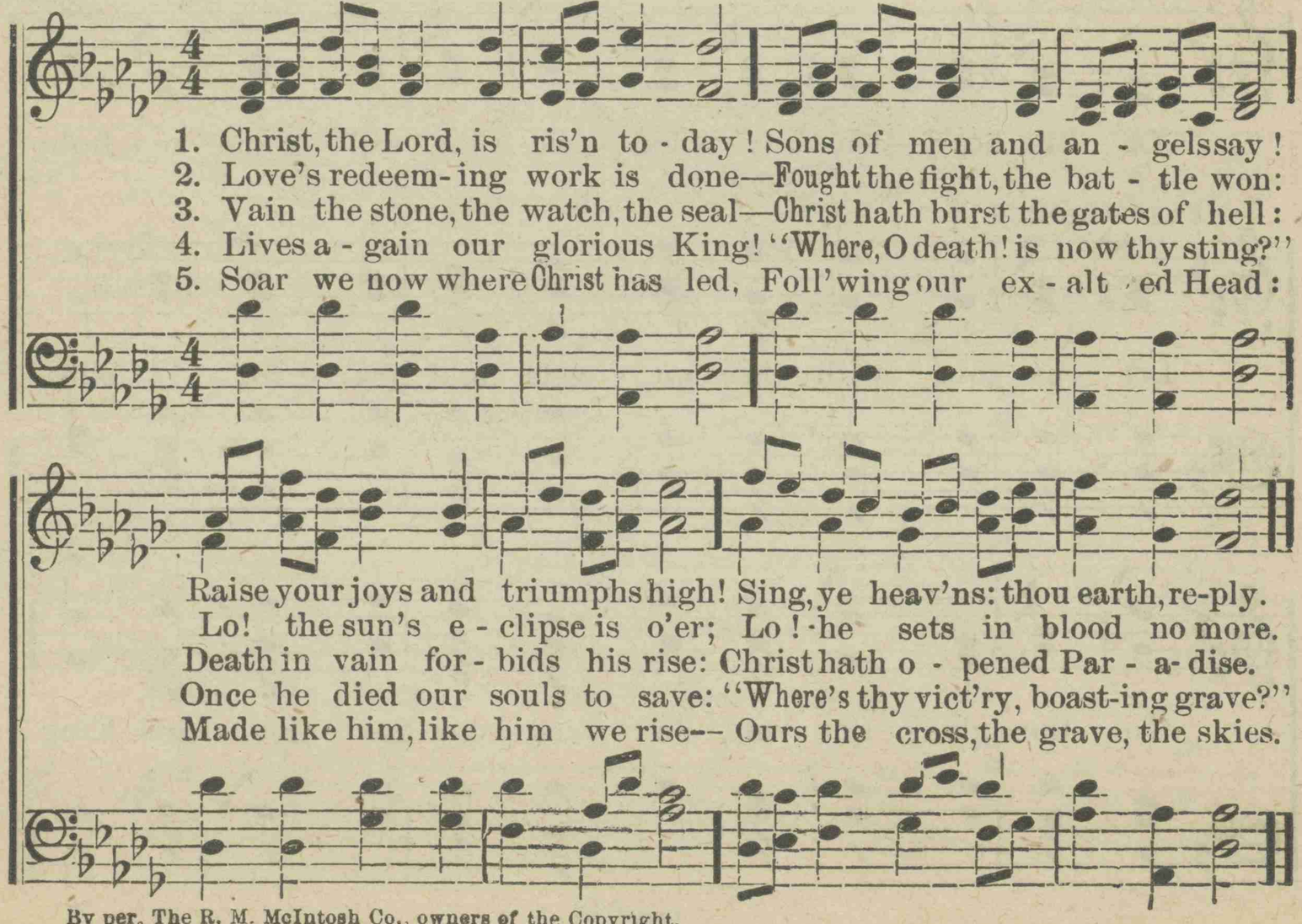
48 LEBANON. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. A. B. EVERETT.



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49 THE LORD IS RISEN.

THOMAS HASTINGS. A. B. EVERETT.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the
2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - 'ry tear For your de -
3. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus
4. And when theshades of eve - ning fall, When life's last

sa - cred tomb, Where once the cru - ci - fied was borne,
part - ed Lord, "Be - hold the place!—he is not here,"
still ap - pears, A ris - en Lord to chase a - way
hour draws nigh, If Je - sus shines up - on the soul,

And veiled in mid - night gloom! Oh! weep no more the
The tomb is all un - barr'd: The gates of death were
Your un - be- liev - ing fears: O weep no more your
How bliss - ful then to die! Since he is ris'n who

Sav - iour slain: The Lord is ris'n— he lives a - gain.
closed in vain: The Lord is ris'n— he lives a - gain.
com - forts slain: The Lord is ris'n— he lives a - gain.
once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a - gain.

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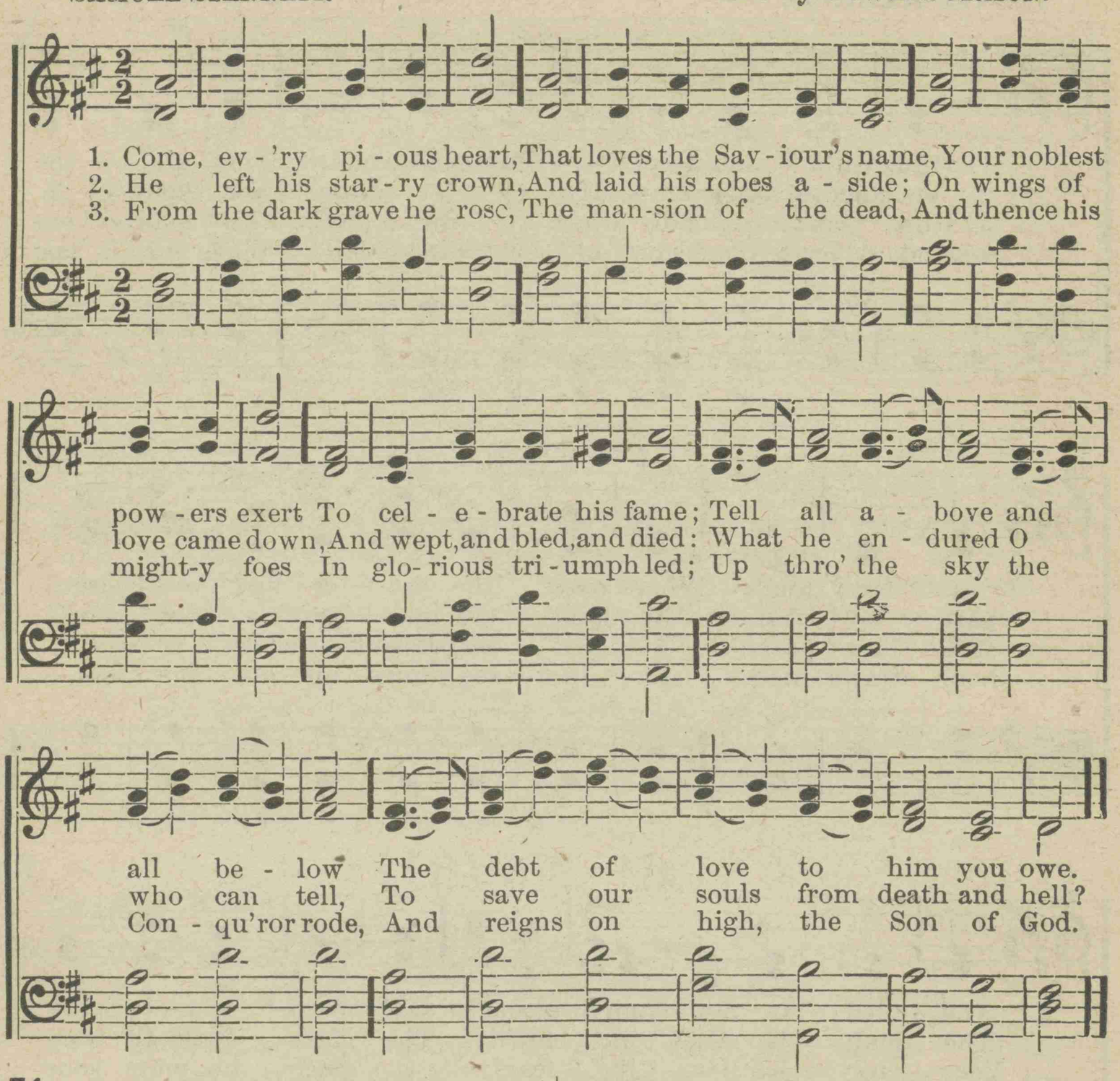
50 HADDAM. H. M.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



51

H. M. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conquering head;
In wild dismay the guards around
Fall to the ground and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled
Has left the dead—he rose to-day."

4 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who saved us by thy blood;
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou reigning Son of God!
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,
And kingdoms gain beyond the skies.

52

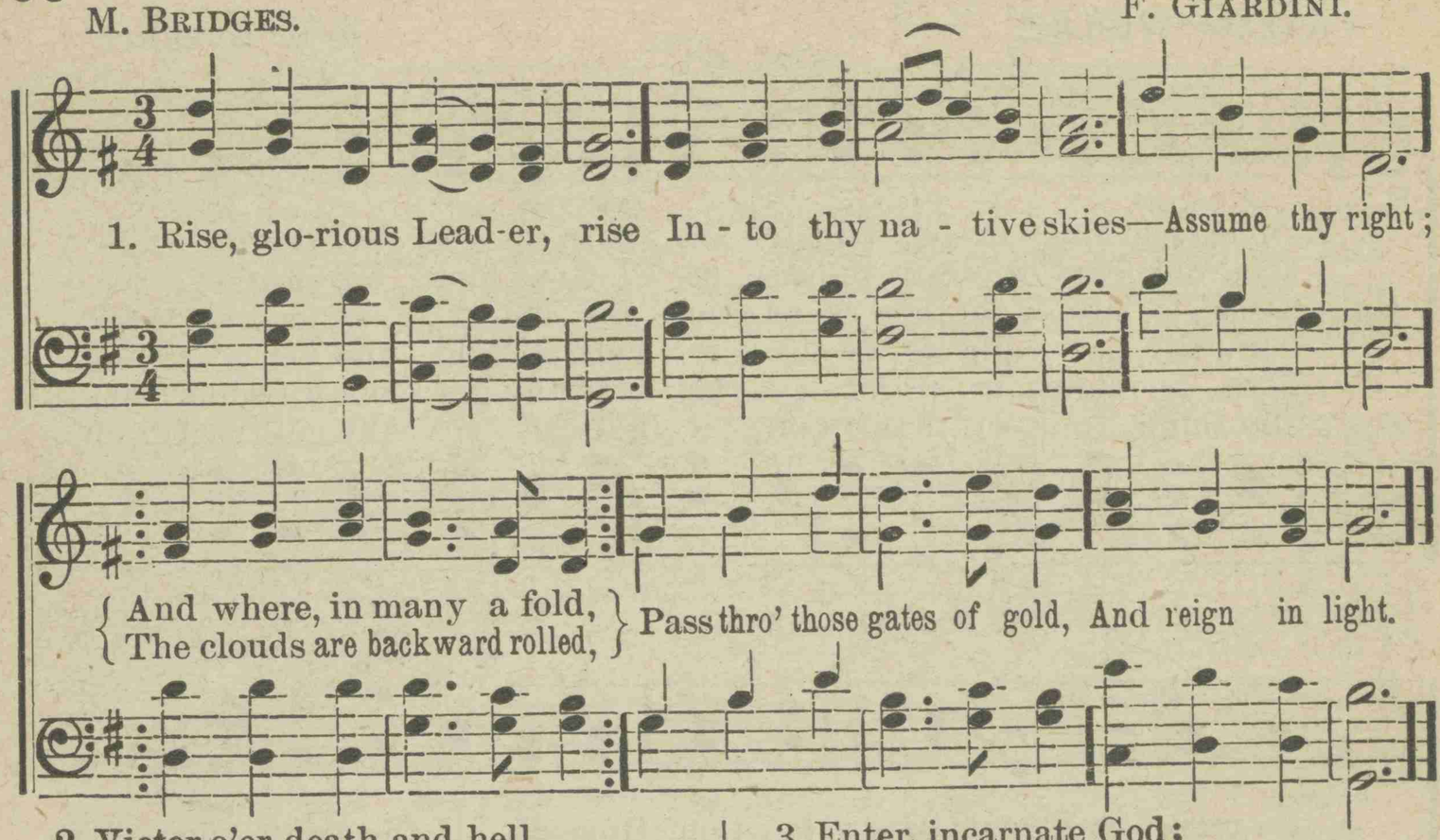
H. M. J. CHANDLER, tr.

1 Christ is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love our hopes we place,
Of present grace and joy above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The name of Christ to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name

53 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

M. BRIDGES. F. GIARDINI.

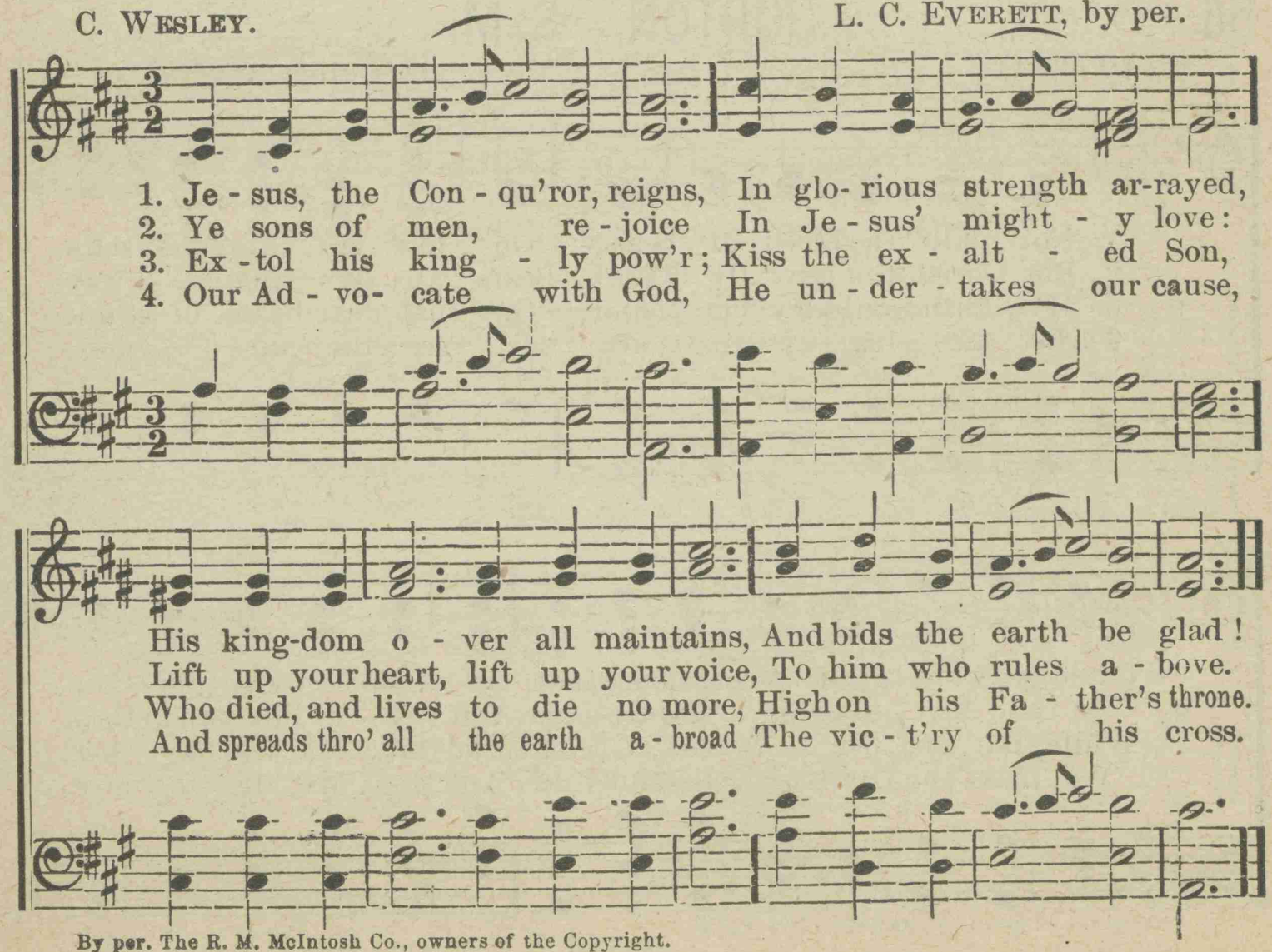


2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train;
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, incarnate God:
No feet but thine have trod
The serpent down.
Blow the full trumpet—blow!
Wider your portals throw!
Saviour, triumphant go,
And take thy crown!

54 PAUL. S. M.

C. WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT, by per.



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55 ST. AMBROSE. 8s & 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY. B. H. EVERETT.

FINE.

1. { Come, thou long - ex-pect-ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo-ple free; }
   { From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in thee. }

D.C.—Dear De- sire of ev- 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry longing heart.

2. { Born, thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child, and yet a King, }
   { Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now thy gra- cious kingdom bring. }

D. C.—By thine all - suf- fi-cient mer- it, Raise us to thy glo-rious throne.

D. C.

Is - rael's Strength and Con-so - la - tion, Hope of all the saints thou art;
By thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

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56 GORTON. S. M.

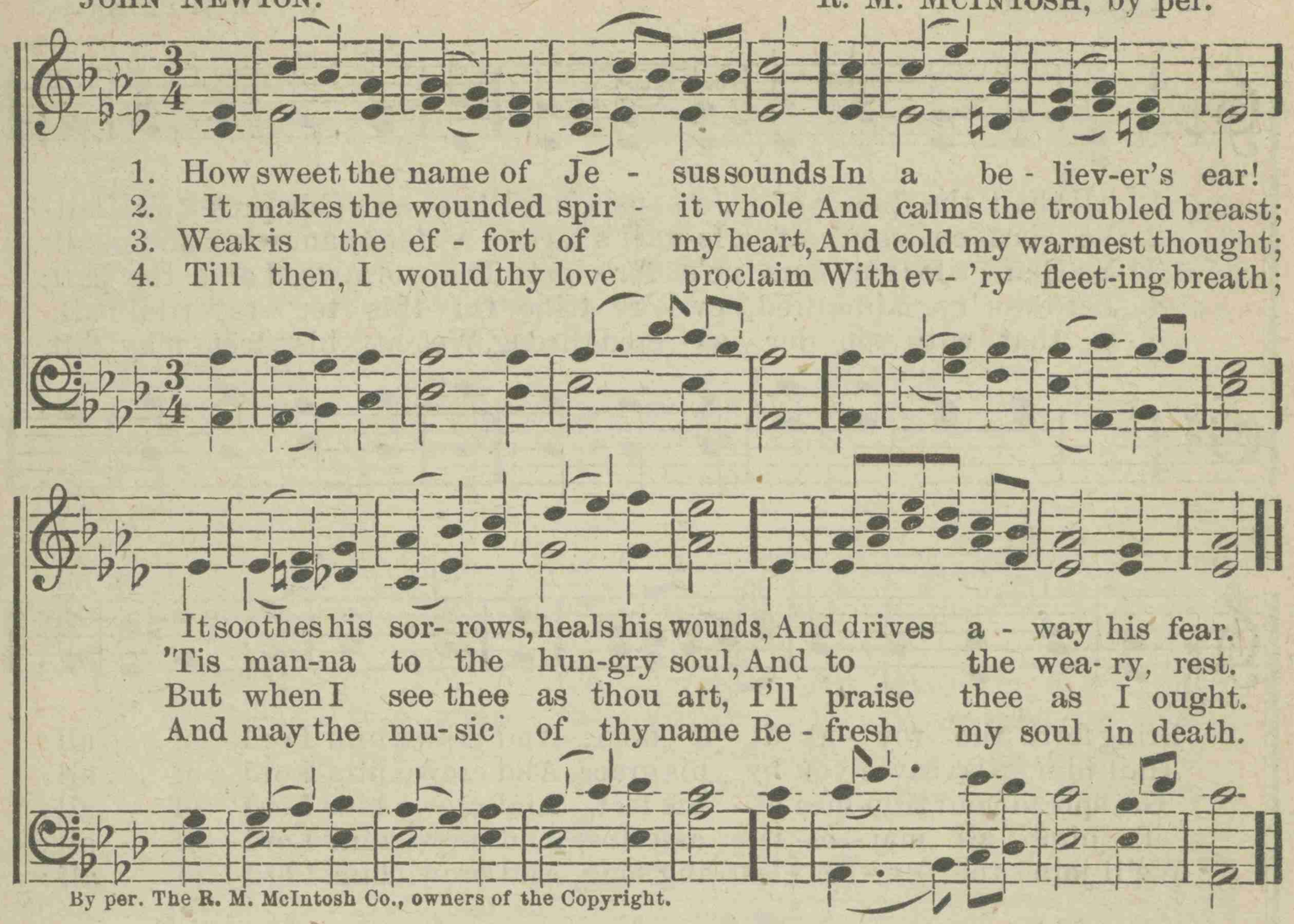
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb, Bears all our sins a - way;
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine,
4. Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move;

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way its stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no-bler name And rich - er blood than they.
While, like a pen - i - tent, I stand, And there con- fess my sin.
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice, And sing his dy - ing love.

57 BONNELL. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



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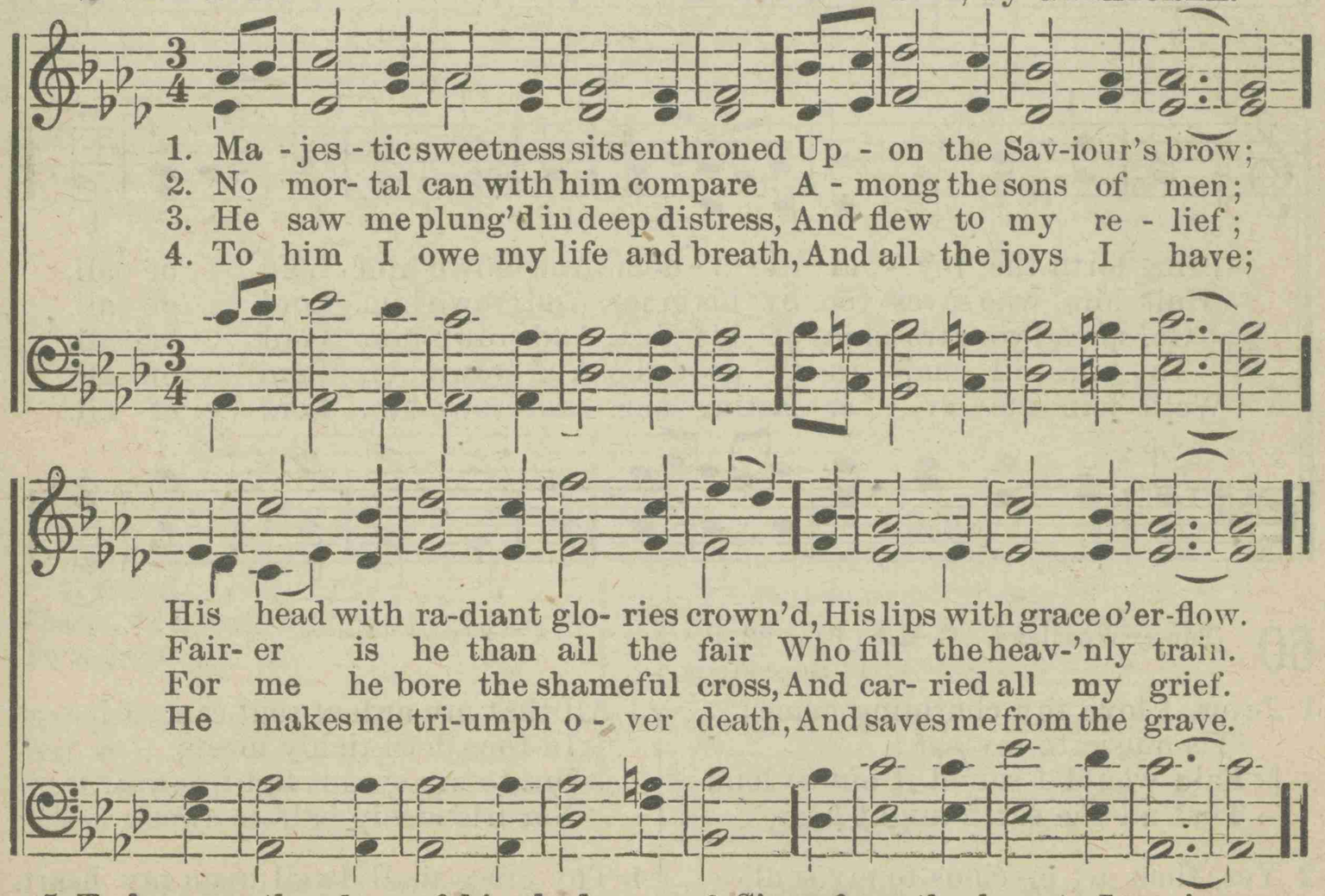
58 MANOAH. C. M.

S. STENNETT. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.

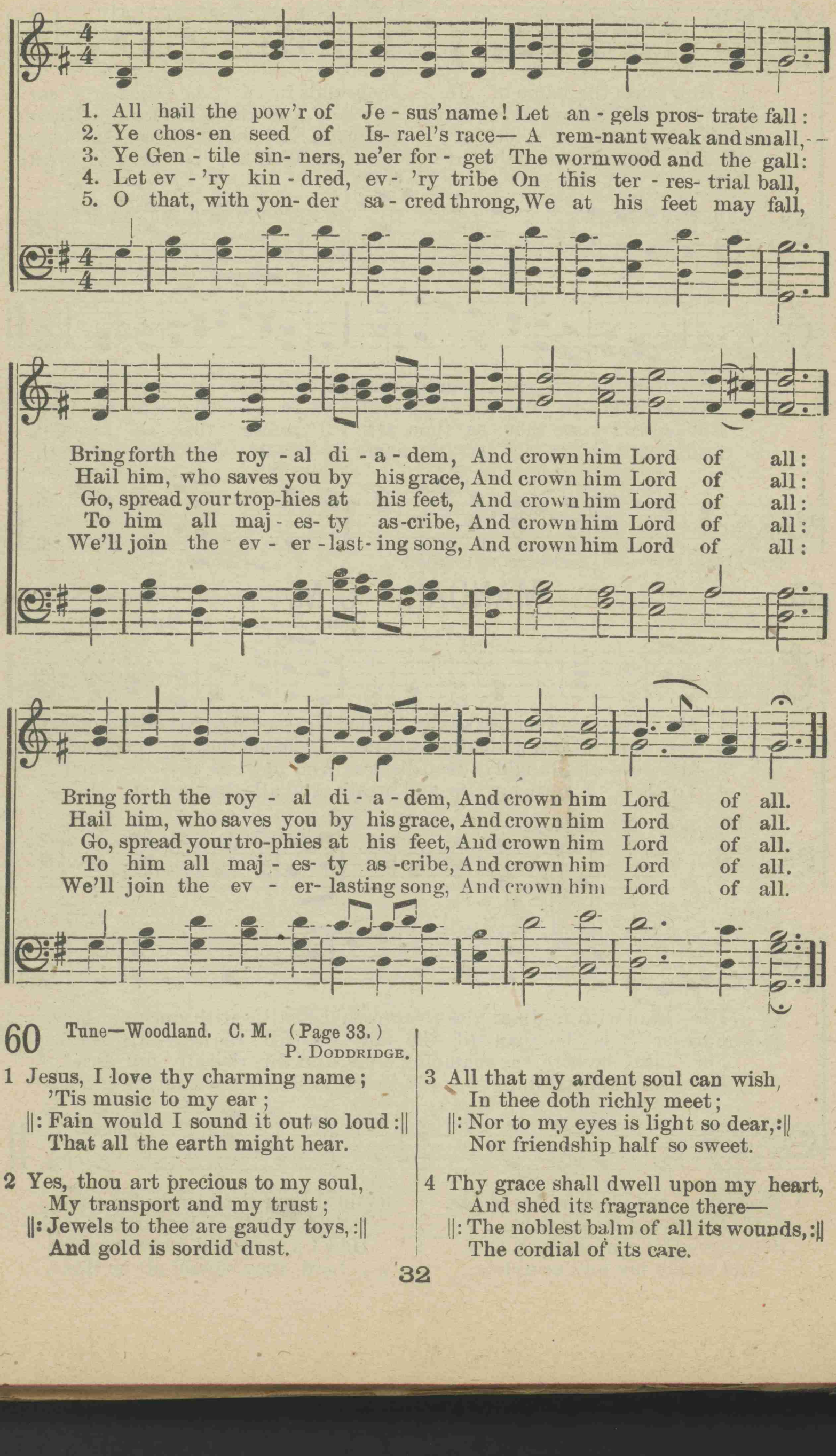


5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

59 CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



60 Tune—Woodland. C. M. (Page 33.)

P. DODDRIDGE.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
‖: Fain would I sound it out so loud :‖
That all the earth might hear.

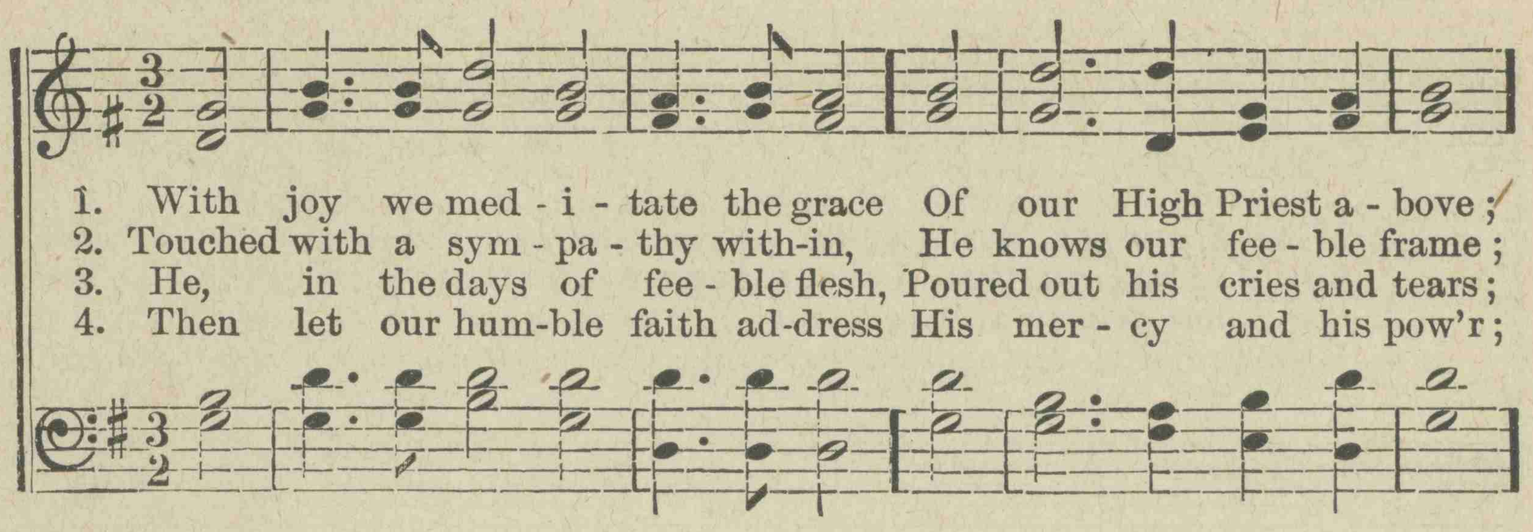
2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
‖: Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, :‖
And gold is sordid dust.

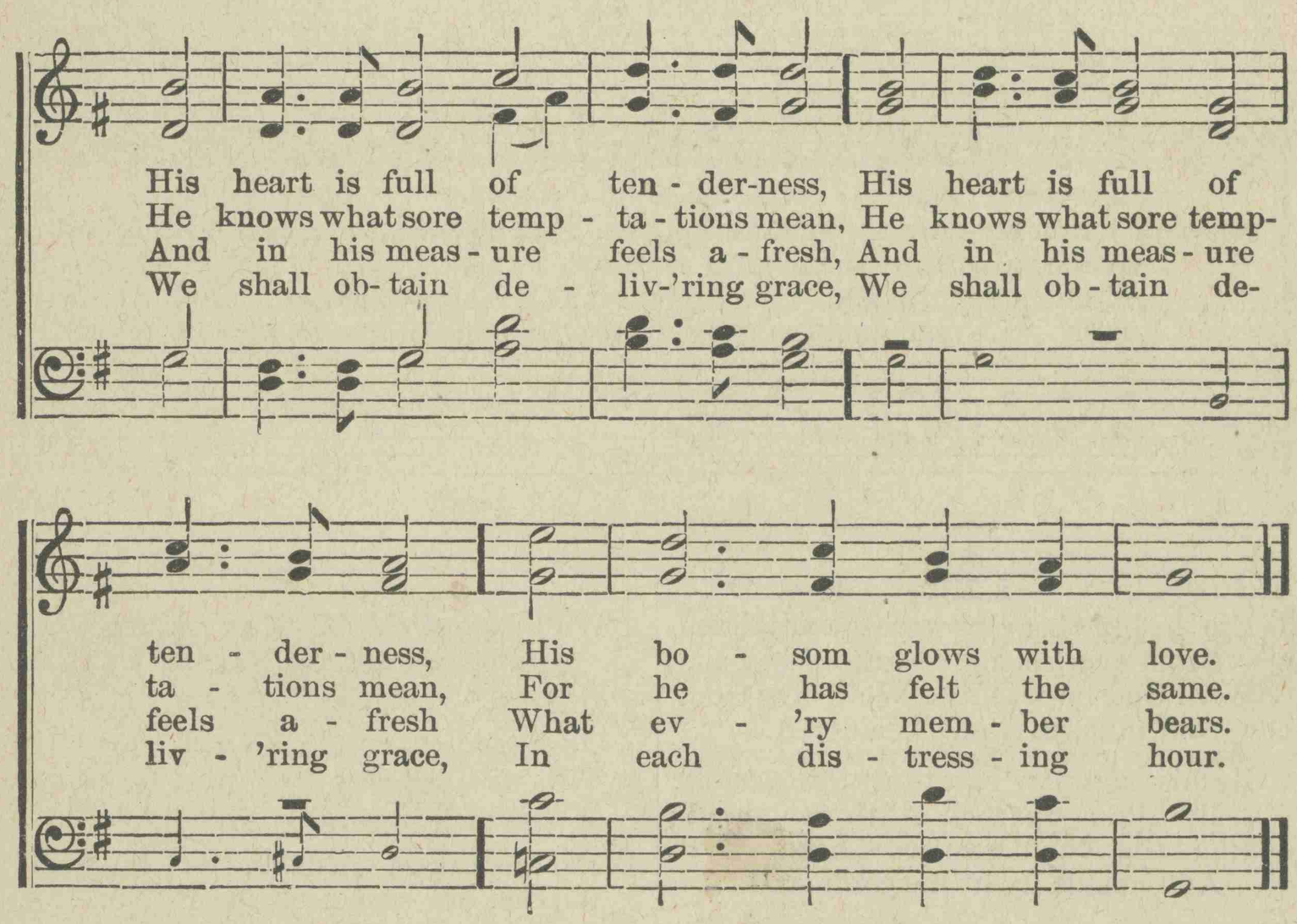
3 All that my ardent soul can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
‖: Nor to my eyes is light so dear, :‖
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there—
‖: The noblest balm of all its wounds, :‖
The cordial of its care.

61 WOODLAND. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. N. D. GOULD.





62 C. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Mercy alone can meet my case:
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
‖: Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face :‖
In mercy, or I die.

2 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt thou leave me? No.
‖: I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust :‖
I will not let thee go.

3 To thee, thee only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea—
‖: That word is truth, and I believe; :‖
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

63 C. M. Unknown.

1 In every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
‖: My anchor-hold is firm in him: ‖
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirit up:
I trust a faithful God;
‖: The sure foundation of my hope :‖
Is in a Saviour's blood.

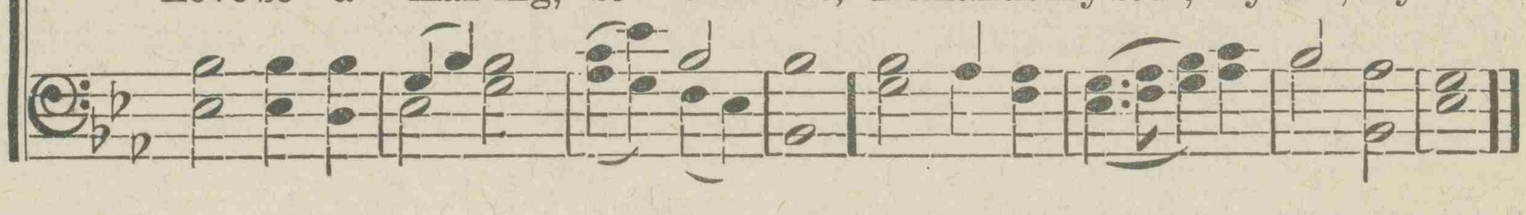
3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
‖: In joy and sorrow, life and death, :‖
His love is still the same.

64 DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small:

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



65 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But, lo! he leaves those heav'nly forms;
The word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

66 L. M. RALPH WARDLAW.

1 King Jesus, reign for evermore,
Unrival'd in thy courts above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.

2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other pow'r but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.

3 We'll sing along the heav'nly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till, with the vast unnumber'd throng,
We join in heav'ns triumphant song;

4 Till with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love
In everlasting strains above.

67 L. M. Unknown.

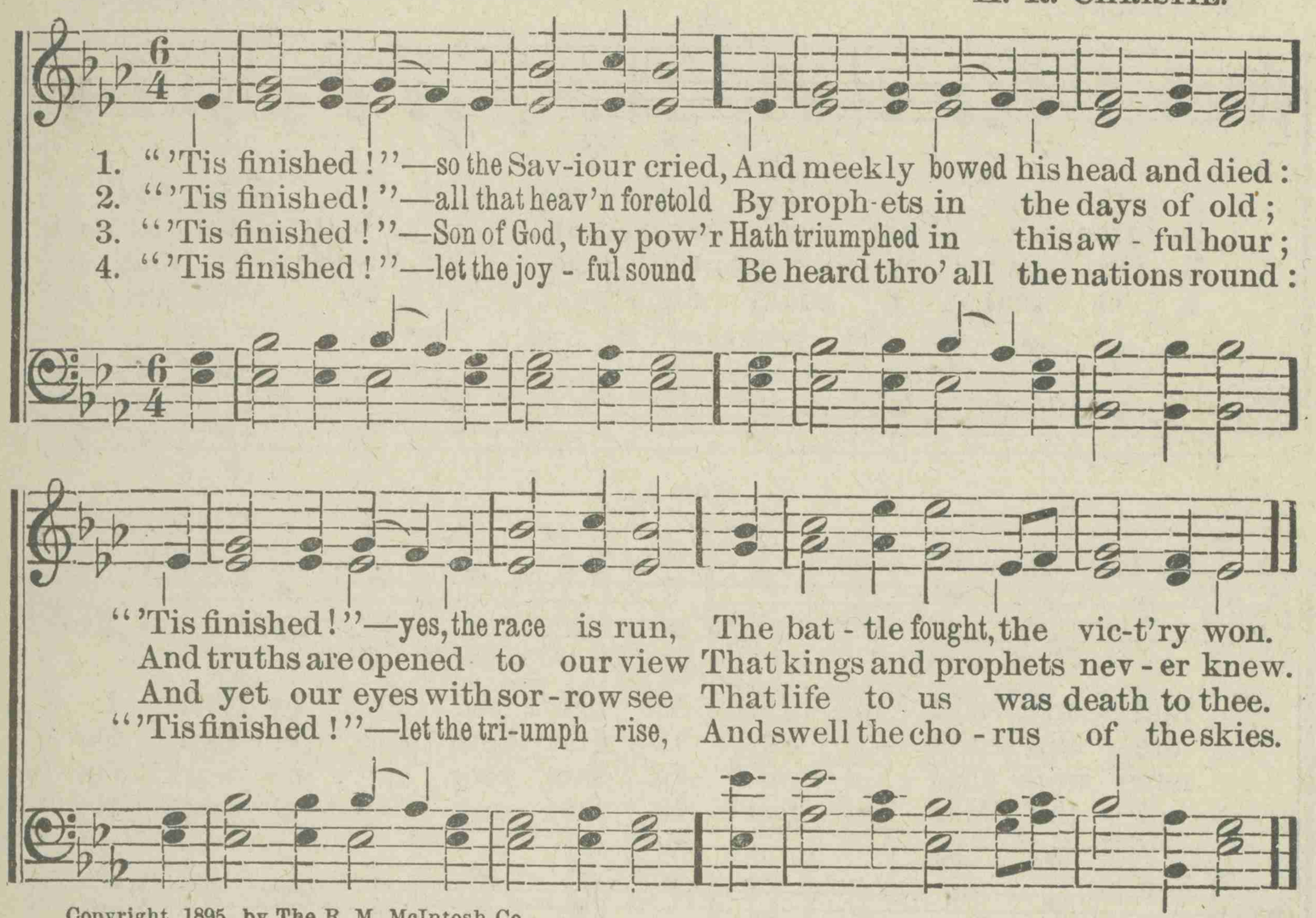
1 O love beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!

2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains;
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

68 SALEM. L. M.

S. STENNETT. H. R. CHRISTIE.



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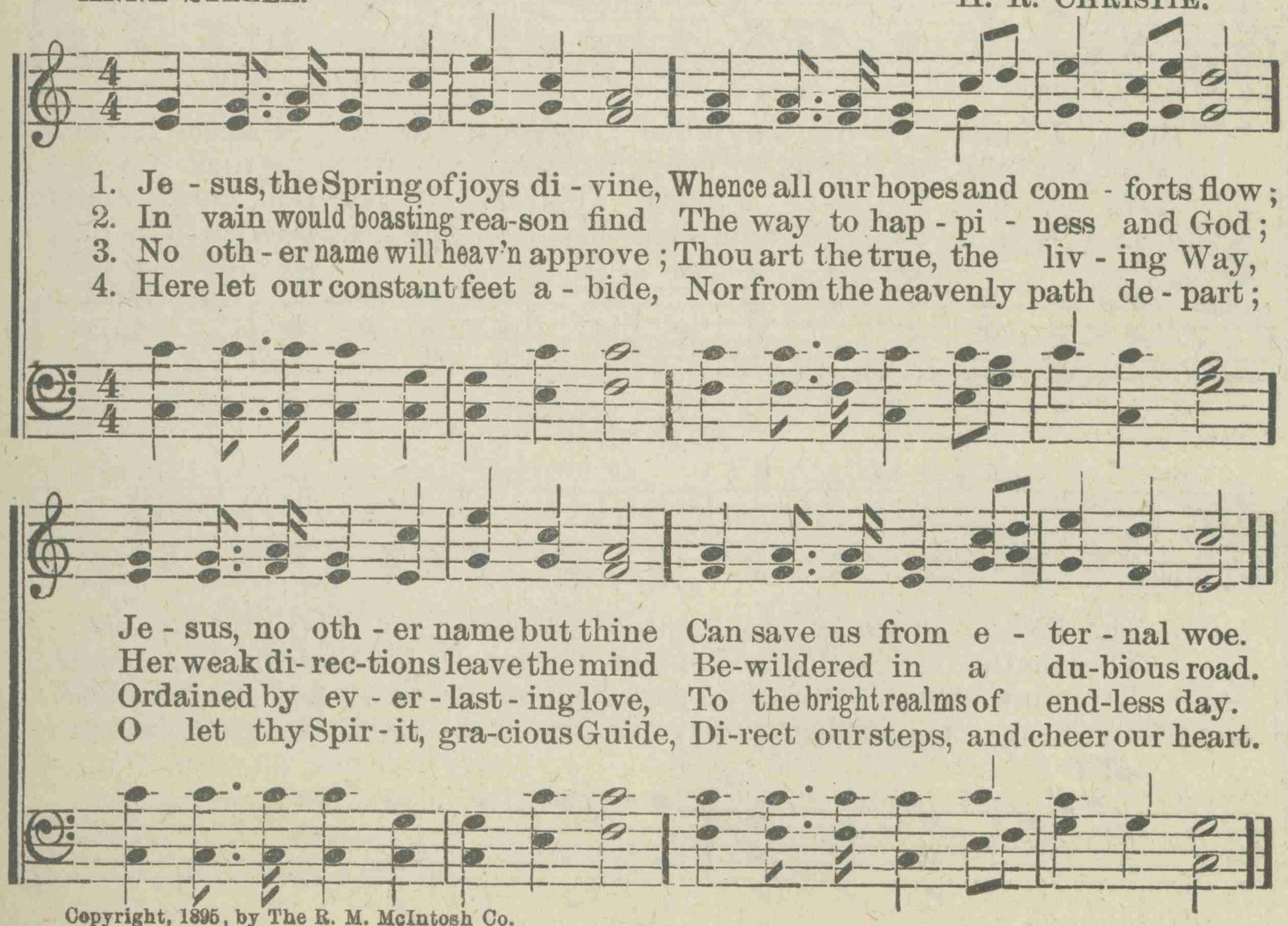
69 MILLIGAN. L. M.

ANNE STEELE. H. R. CHRISTIE.



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70

ARIEL. C. P. M.

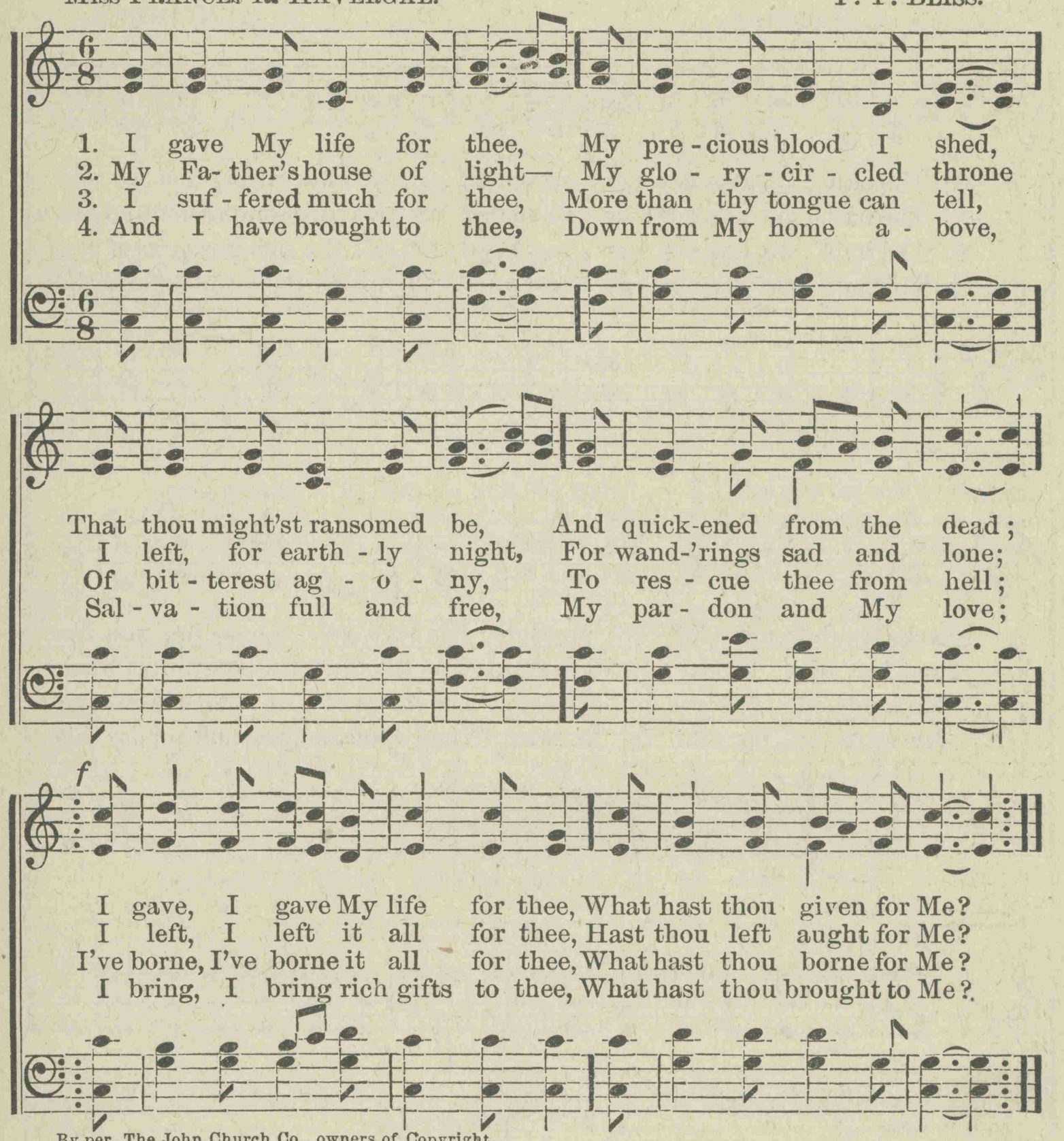
C. WESLEY. Dr. L. MASON.

1. O love di - vine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart All tak - en up by thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great-ness of re- deem- ing love,
2. Strong-er his love, than death or hell; Its rich - es are un- search - a - ble: The first- born sons of light De - sire in vain its depths to see; They can -not reach the mys - ter - y,
3. God on - ly knows the love of God: O that it now were shed a- broad In this poor sto - ny heart! For love I sigh, for love I pine; This on - ly por- tion, Lord, be mine!
4. O that I could for - ev - er sit With Ma - ry at the Mas - ter's feet! Be this my hap - py choice: My on - ly care, de - light, and bliss, My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,

The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.
The length, the breadth, and height, The length, the breadth, and height.
Be mine this bet - ter part, Be mine this bet - ter part!
To hear the Bridegroom's voice, To hear the Bride- groom's voice!

71 WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.



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72 Tune—Ariel. C. P. M. (Page 36).

S. MEDLEY.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the character he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

73 THE HALF HE HAS NEVER REVEALED.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all his af-fec-tion for me;
2. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the compassion and grace,
3. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the rich treasures of peace,
4. The half he has nev - er re-vealed Of all the pure rapture and bliss

Each day doth more ful - ly un-fold His love, so a-maz- ing and free.
That led him to Cal - va - ry's cross, To die for the poor sinner's sake.
He holds in re-serve for my soul The stores of its wealth to in-crease.
He waits on my soul to be- stow; What wondrous redemption is this!

REFRAIN.

And this is his prom-ise so sweet, My per-fect Redeemer to be,
Each day his a-dore - a - ble love More ful - ly re-veal-ing in me.

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

74 MIGHTY TO SAVE.

R. W. TODD. HARRY SANDERS, by per.

1. O who is this that com- eth From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with
2. O why is thy ap - par - el With reek-ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the
3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught, mine

garments dyed? O tell me now thy name! I that saw thy soul's distress,
winepress red? O why this blood - y tide? I the winepress trod a- lone,
own arm brought Sal - va-tion in my name; I the blood- y fight have won,

A ran - som gave; I that speak is right-eous- ness, Might-y to save.
'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo- ple there was none Might-y to save.
Conquered the grave: Now the year of joy has come, Might-y to save.

CHORUS.

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

Might - y to save, Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Might-y to save.

75 THE SHELTERING CROSS.

H. BONAR. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. Op-press'd with noonday's scorching heat, To yon- der cross I flee;
2. Be- neath that cross clear wa- ters burst— A fount-ain spark- ling free;
3. A stran-ger here, I pitch my tent Be - neath this spreading tree;
4. For burdened ones a rest- ing place, Be - neath that cross I see:

Be - neath its shel - ter take my seat: No shade like this for me.
And there I quench my des - ert thirst: No spring like this for me.
Here shall my pil - grim life be spent: No home like this for me.
Here I cast off my wea - ri- ness: No rest like this for me.

No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me.
No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me.
No home like this for me! No home like this for me.
No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me.

Be- neath its shel - ter take my seat: No shade like this for me.
And there I quench my des - ert thirst: No spring like this for me.
Here shall my pil- grim life be spent: No home like this for me.
Here I cast off my wea - ri - ness: No rest like this for me.

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76 LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

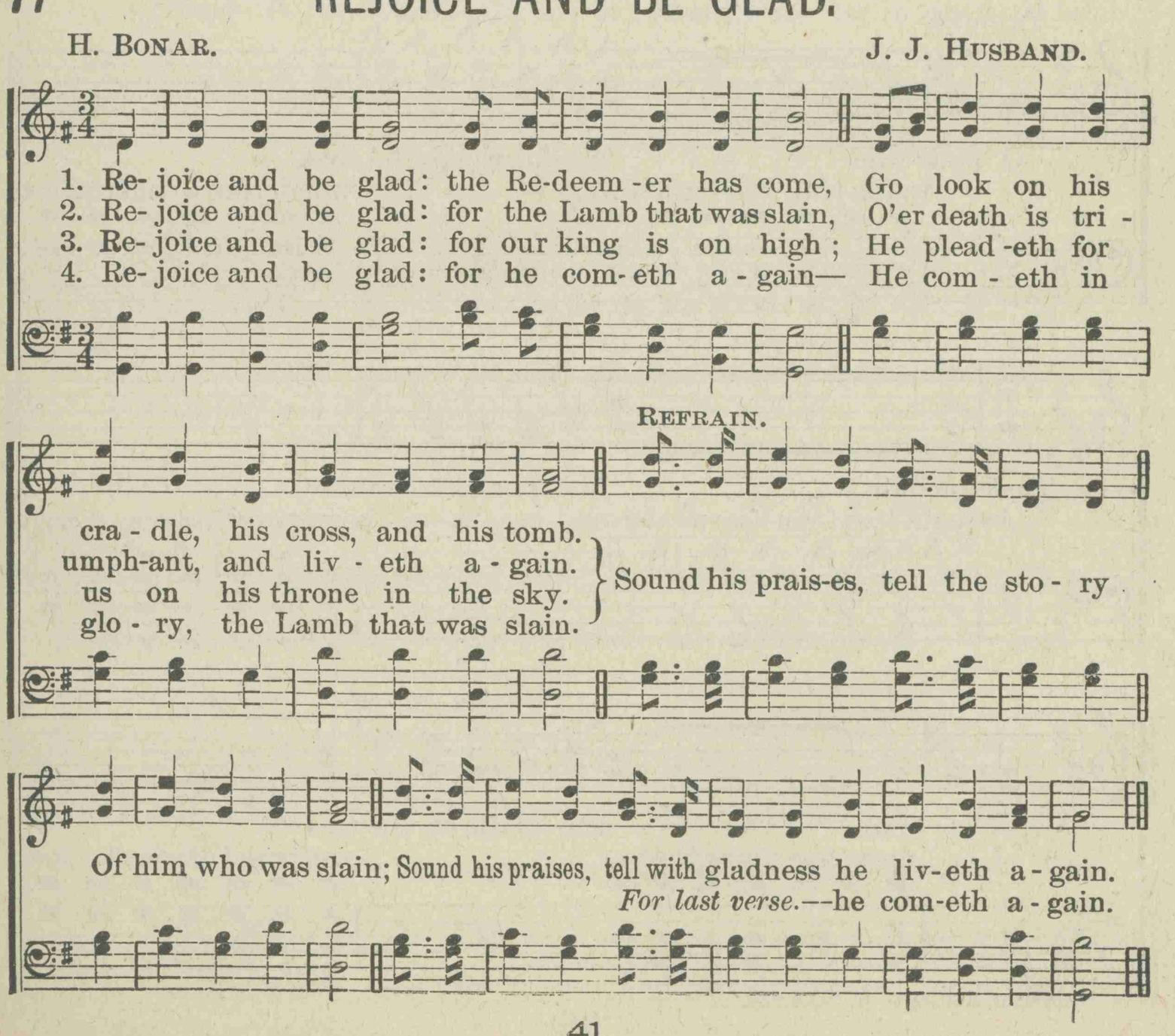
SAMUEL MEDLEY. American Melody.

1. A - wake my soul, to joy- ful lays, And sing my great Re-deemer's praise,
2. He saw me ruin-ed in the fall, Yet lov'd me, not- withstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

LOVING KINDNESS.—Concluded.

77 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

H. BONAR. J. J. HUSBAND.



78 WONDERFUL LOVE.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. Je - sus,—and didst thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won- der view A love so strange as thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To thy di-vine con - trol?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con- fess Thy sweet, thy gen - tle sway;

And didst thou bleed, and groan and die, For thy re- bell - ious foes?
No thought of an- gels ev - er knew Com - pas - sion so di - vine!
De- scend, O sov-ereign love, de- scend, And melt that stub-born soul.
Glad cap - tives of thy match-less grace, Thy right- eous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - - der-ful, wonderful love,
wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love

That brought . . . . . him from heaven above,
brought him from heaven above, beau-ti-ful heaven a-bove,

As a ran - - - - - som to die on the tree,
ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,

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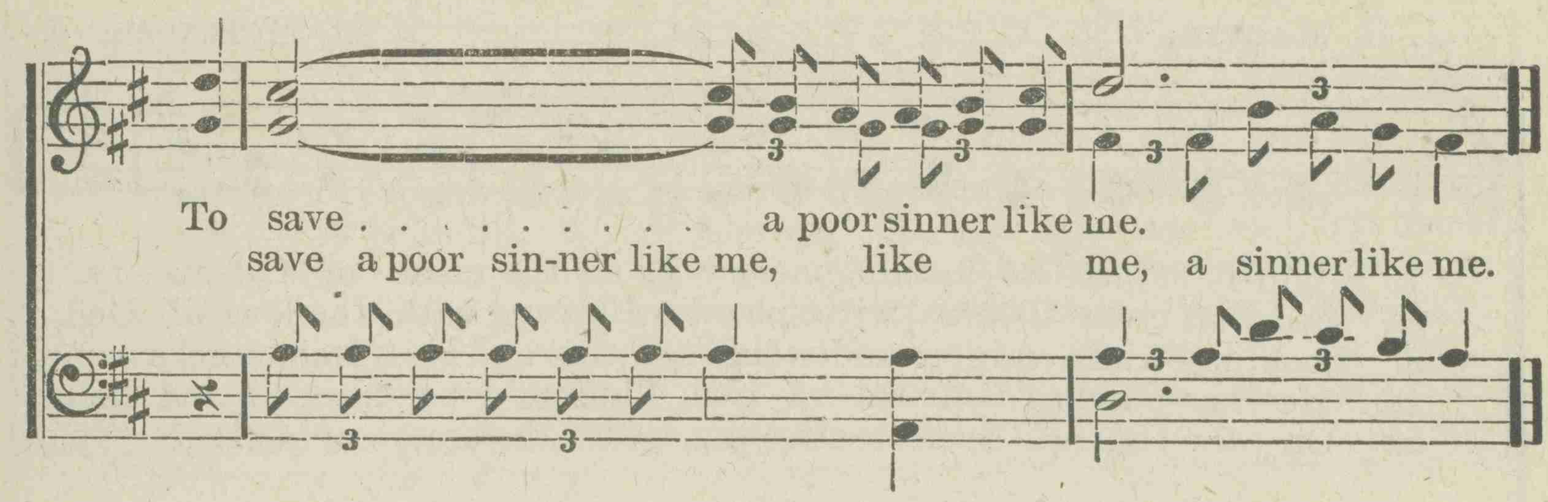
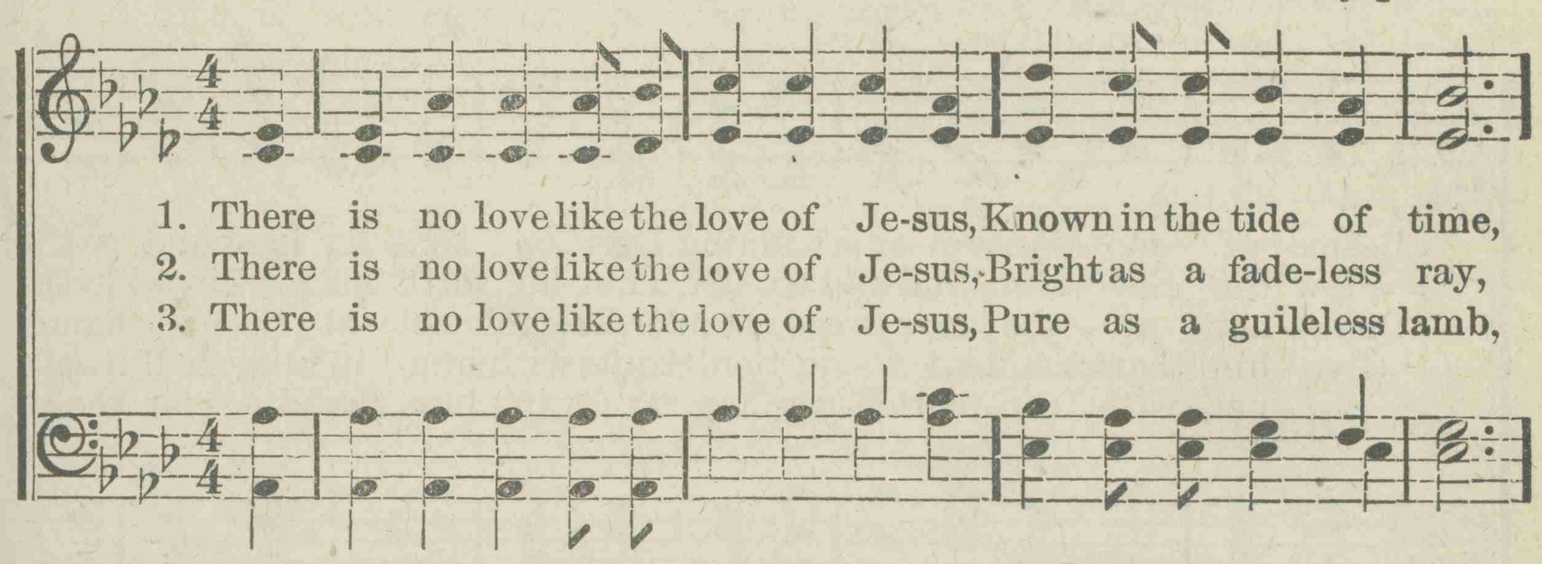
WONDERFUL LOVE.—Concluded.



79

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.



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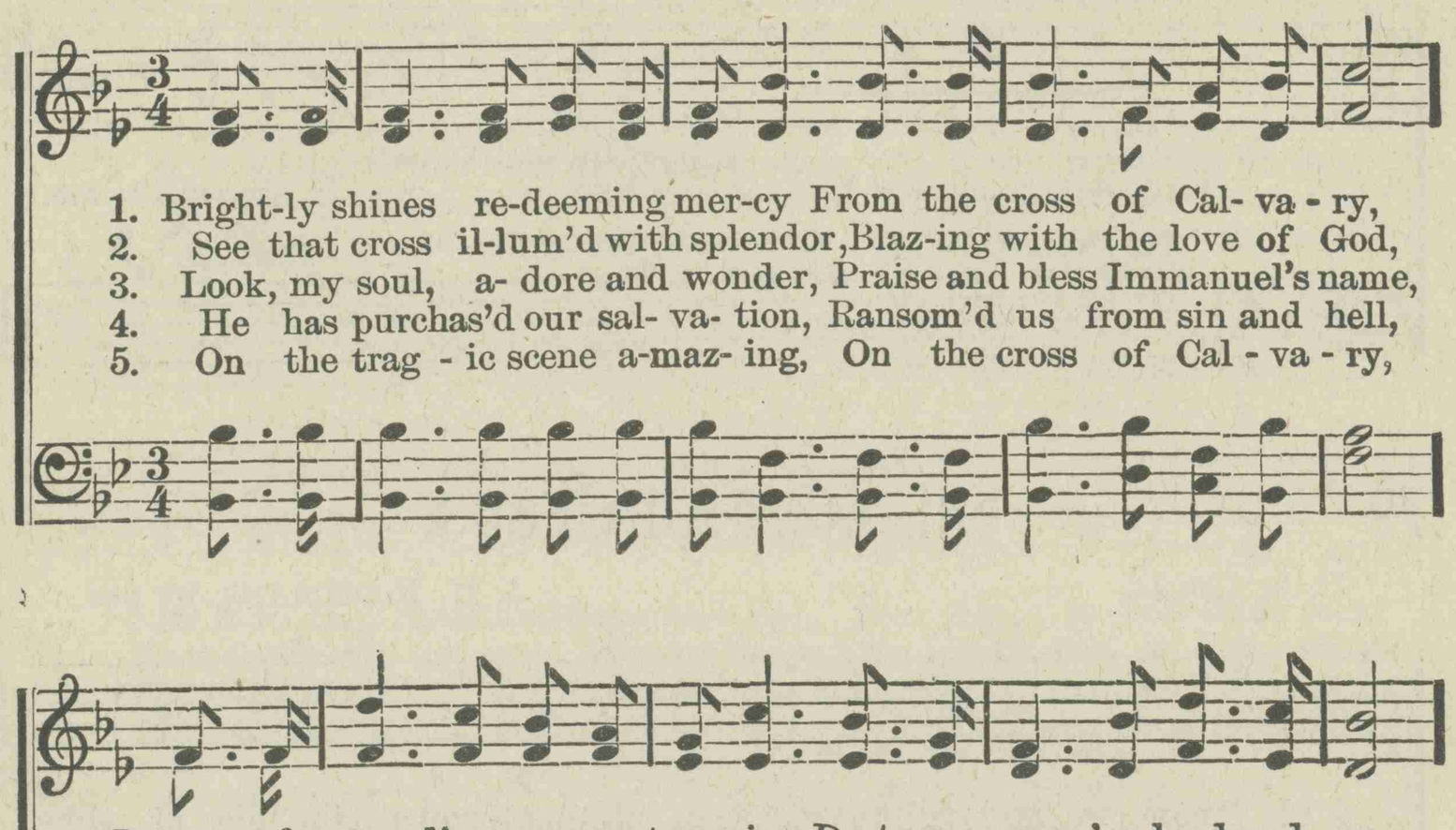
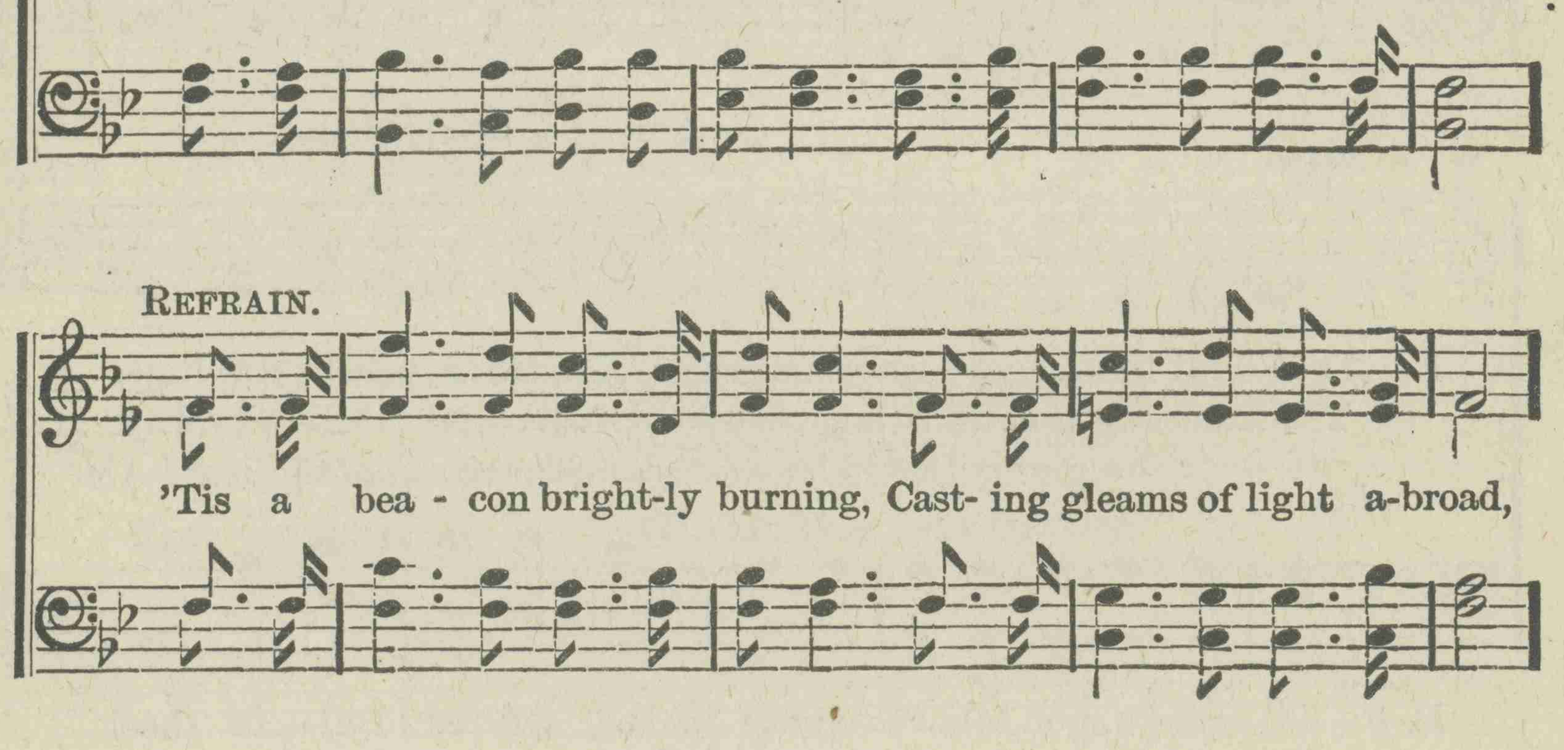
80 REDEEMING MERCY.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.





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81

IT IS COMING.

H. S. H. SANDERS.

1. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Speeds the glo-rious day a - long;
2. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the signs on ev - 'ry hand;
3. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the Day- star shines on high;
4. It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Cour-age then—the fight re- new;

It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Right shall tri-umph o - ver wrong.
It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Christ shall reign in ev - 'ry land.
It is com-ing, it is com-ing! See the day of tri-umph's nigh.
It is com-ing, it is com-ing! Soon 'twill burst up- on your view.

CHORUS.

Prom- ised day, glo - rious day, See the
Prom-ised day, glo-rious day,
signs on ev - 'ry hand; Bless- ed day, hap- py
See the signs, on ev - 'ry hand; Bless- ed day,
day; Christ shall reign in ev - 'ry land.
hap - py day,

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

82 JESUS IS THE SINNERS' FRIEND.

H. R. TRICKETT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. Je - sus, full of truth and grace, Died to save a fall - en race; On - ly Christ such love could show,—Let a world of sin- ners know.
2. Oh, ye ran - somed race, be glad; Christ has full a-tone-ment made; In his bod - y on the tree, Bore your sins and set you free.
3. From his pierced and wounded side, Flows a crim - son heal- ing tide; Who - so - ev - er there will go Shall be whit - er than the snow.
4. His a change - less love shall be, Love thro' all e - ter - ni - ty; End- less a - ges still shall show End- less love be-gun be - low.

CHORUS.

Lov- ing ev - er, chang-ing nev - er, He will love us to the end.

Lov- ing ev - er, yes, for ev - er, Je - sus is the sin- ners' friend.

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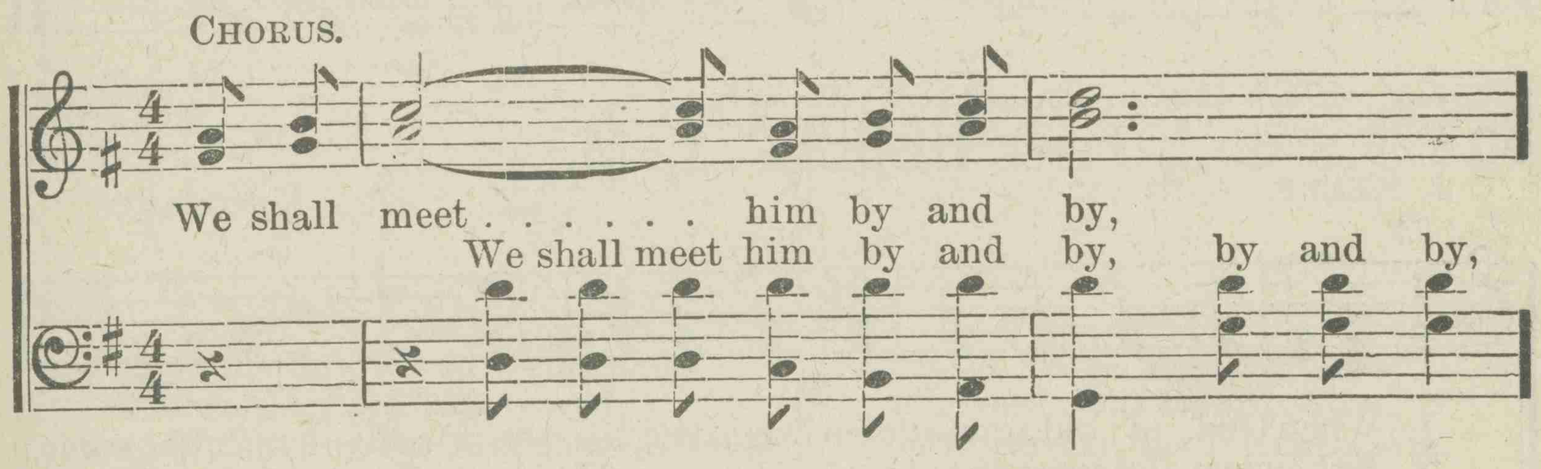
83 WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. A. J. ABBEY.

1. We've a Friend in realms above Filled with pit - y, joined with love;
2. On the cross he bled and died, Pleads he now the throne beside;
3. He a jew - eled crown doth wear, In a pal - ace bright and fair,

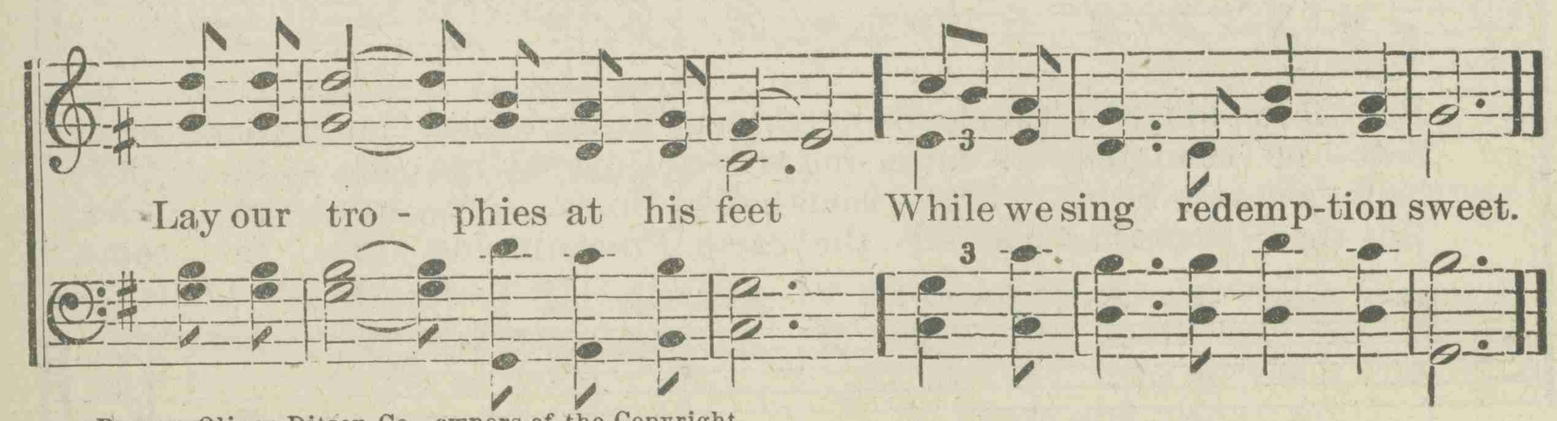
His the pow'r our souls to save If we here his par-don crave.
Shows his nail- scarred hands and feet— His the right-eousness com-plete.
An - gel throngs at-tend him now, At his feet with reverence bow.

CHORUS.



We shall meet . . . . . him by and by,
We shall meet him by and by, by and by,

King of kings . . . . . enthroned on high;
King of kings enthroned on high, enthroned on high,



Lay our tro - phies at his feet While we sing redemp-tion sweet.

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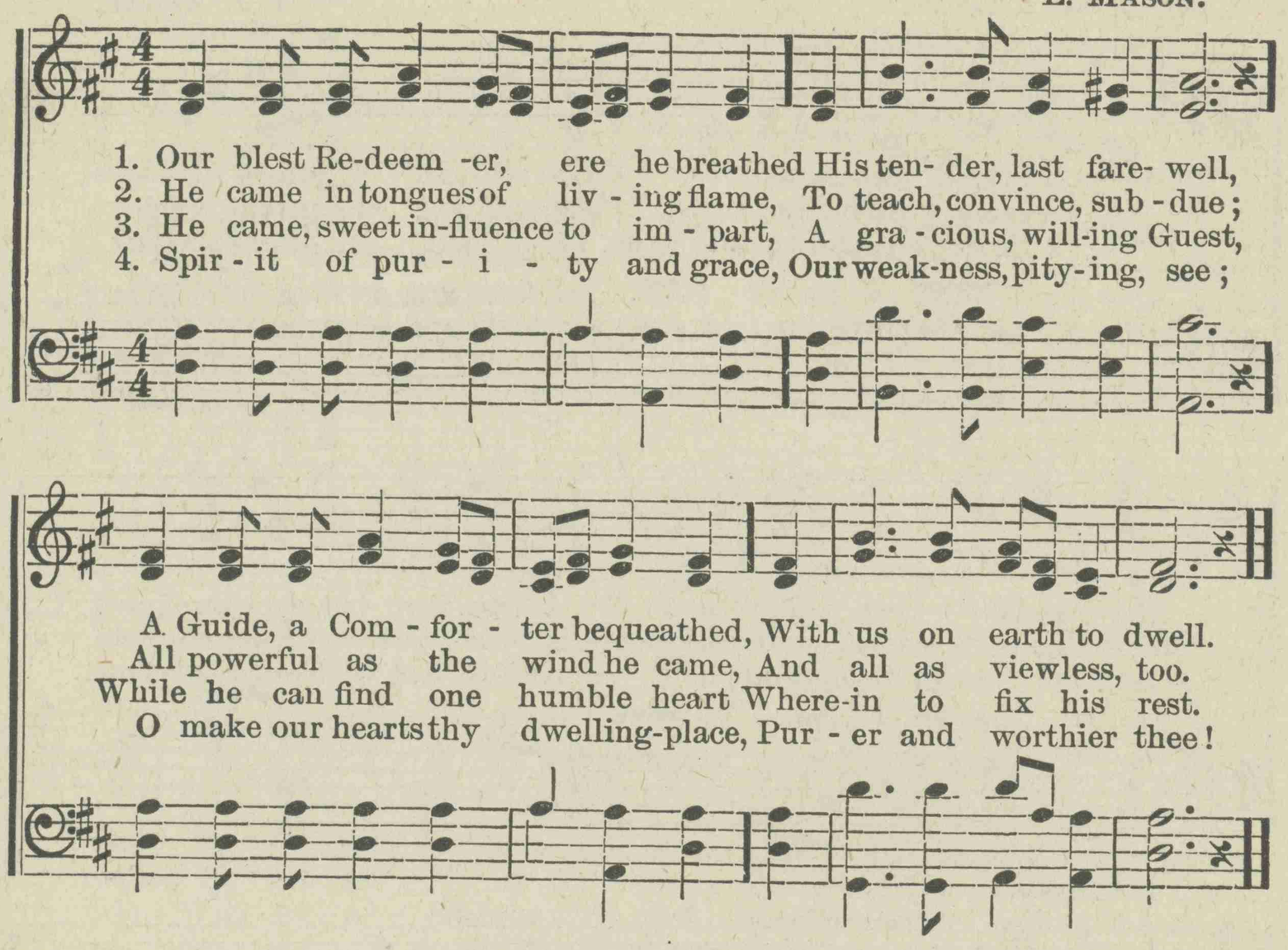
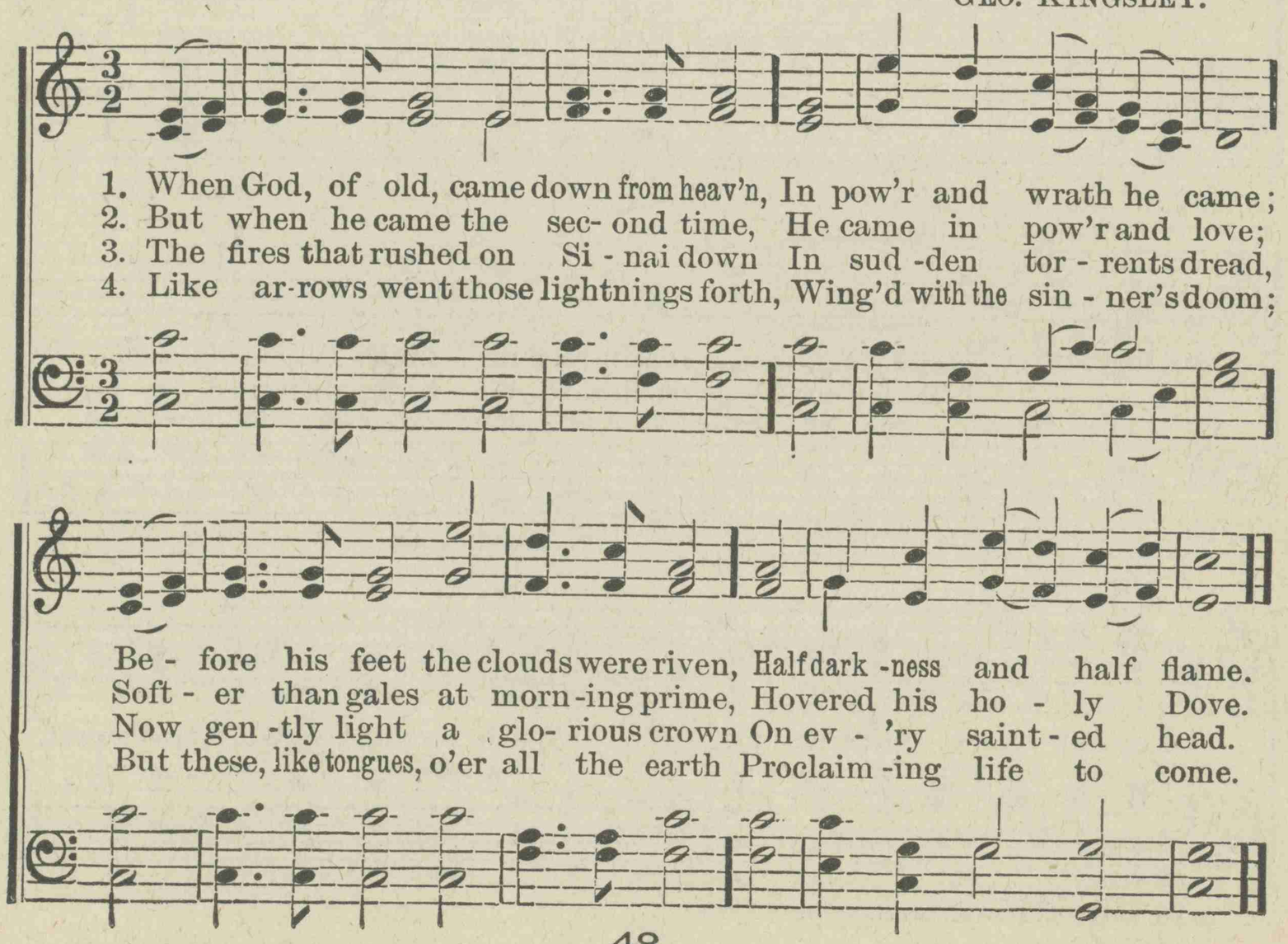
84 NAOMI. C. M.

HARRIET AUBER. L. MASON.



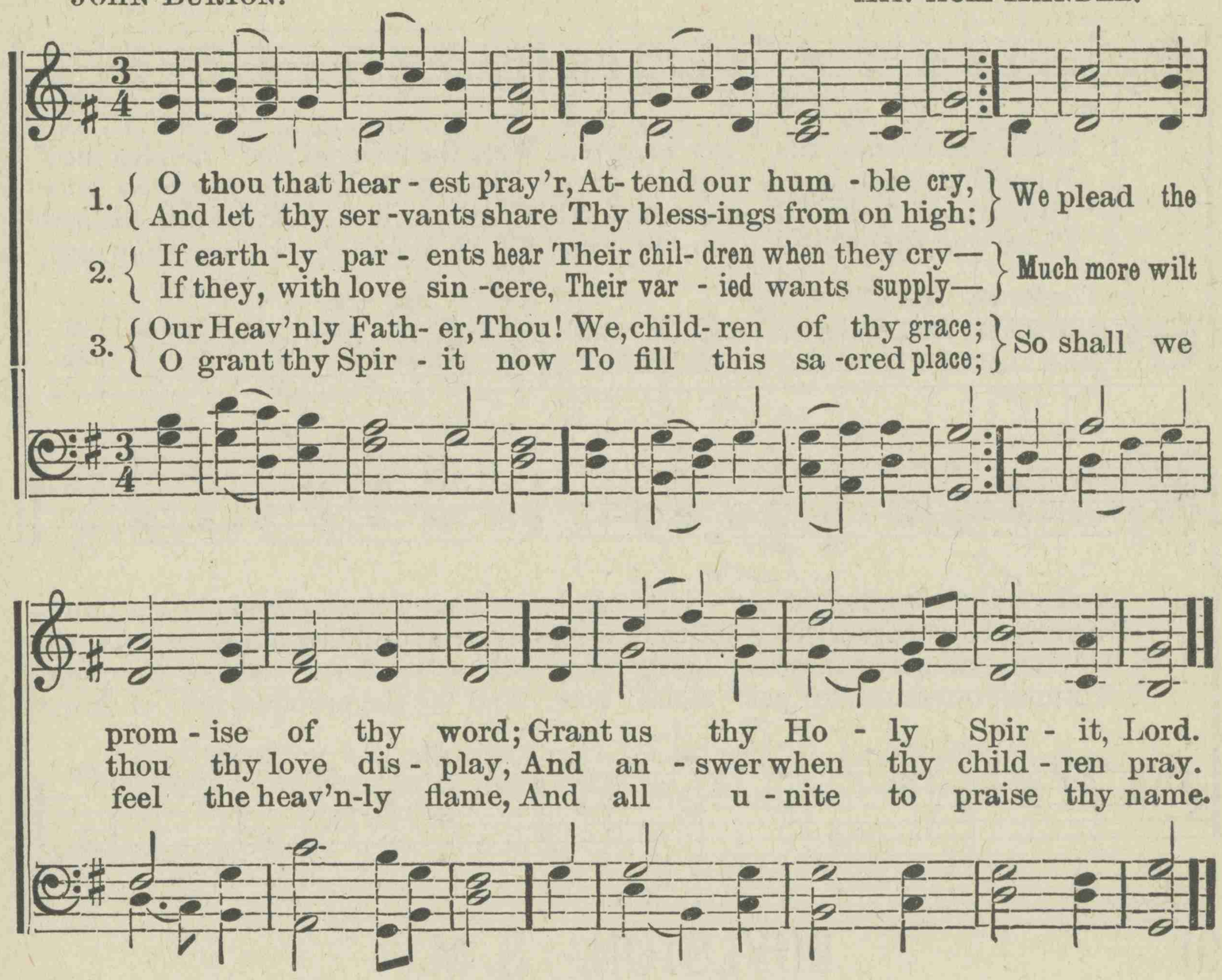
85 HEBER. C. M.

J. KEBLE. GEO. KINGSLEY.



86 HANDEL. H. M.

JOHN BURTON. Arr. from HANDEL.



87 C. M. Unknown.

1 This is the day the first ripe sheaf
Before the Lord was waved,
And Christ, first-fruits of them that slept,
Was from the dead received.

2 He rose for them for whom he died,
That like to him, they may
Rise when he comes, in glory great,
That ne'er shall fade away.

3 This is the day the Spirit came
With us on earth to stay—
A Comforter, to fill our hearts
With joys that ne'er decay.

4 His comforts are the earnest sure
Of that same heavenly rest
Which Jesus entered on, when he
Was made forever blest.

5 This day the Church of Christ began,
Formed by his wondrous grace;
This day the saints in concord meet,
To join in prayer and praise.

88 C. M. L. S. BULFINCH.

1 Lord, in whose might the Saviour trod
The dark and stormy wave,
And trusted in his Father's arm,
Omnipotent to save.

2 When thickly round our footsteps rise
The floods and storms of life,
Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, to still
The dark and fearful strife.

3 Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
The ocean path we'll dare,
Though waves around us rage and foam,
Since thou art present there.

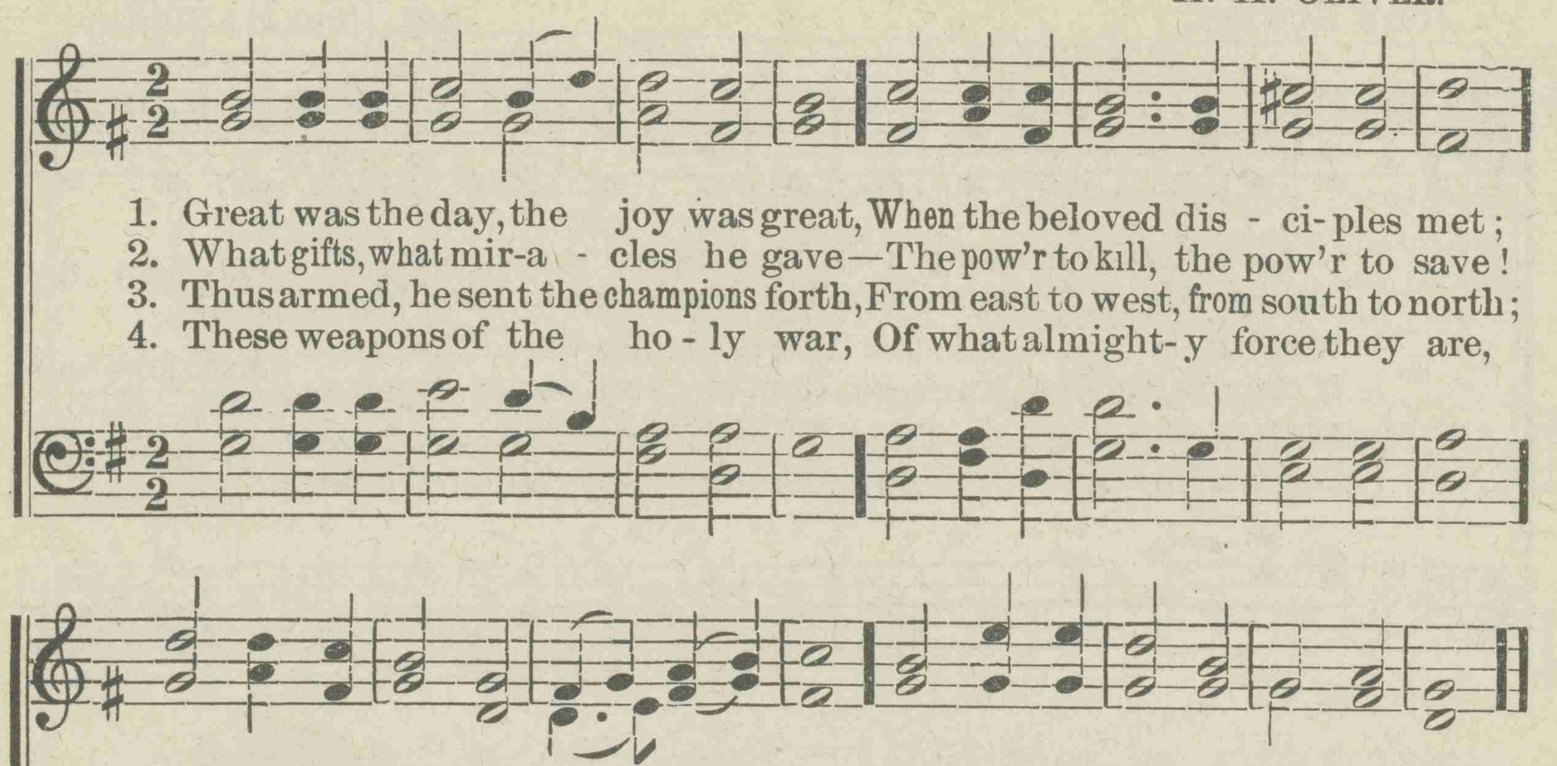
89 C. M. HORATIUS BONAR

1 Lord, let thy Spirit penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

2 As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

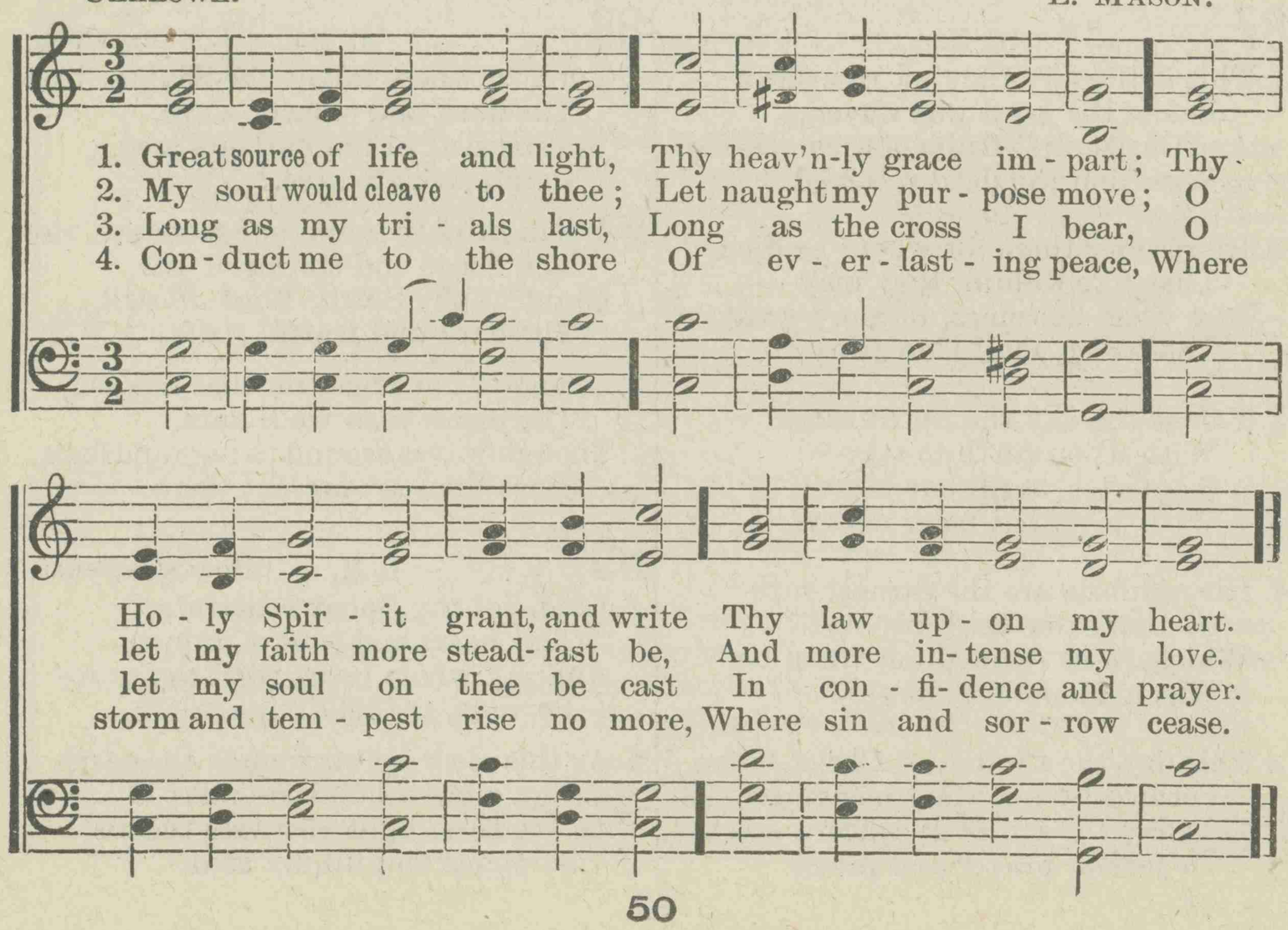
90 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. H. K. OLIVER.



91 BOYLSTON. S. M.

Unknown. L. MASON.



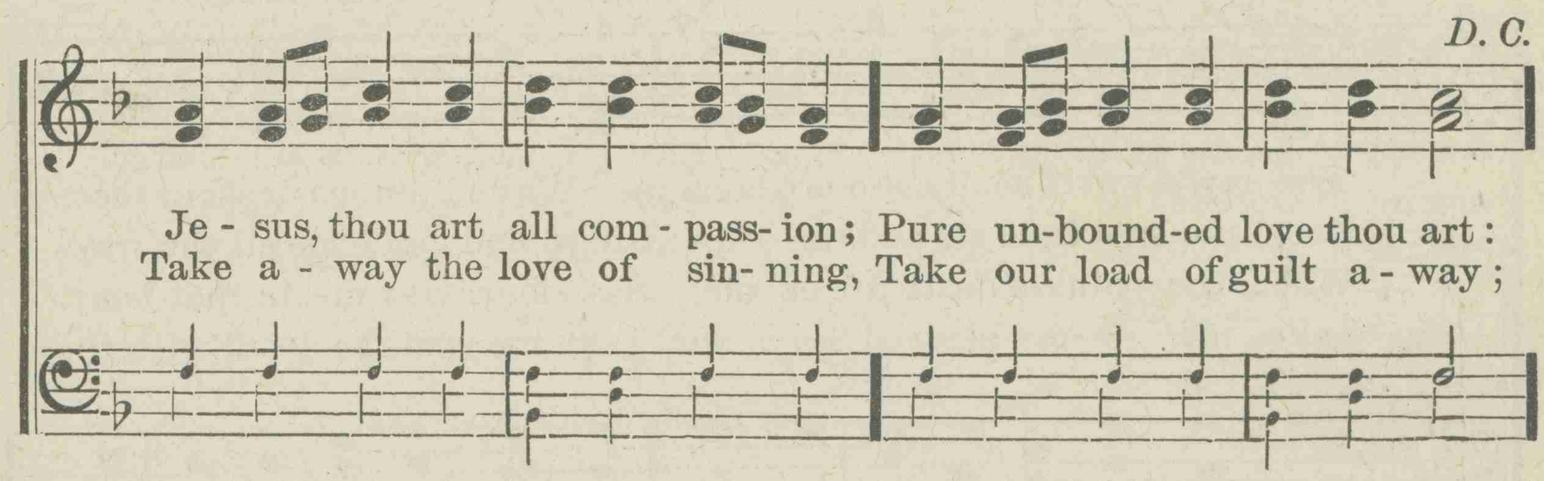
92 GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

C. WESLEY. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

1. { Love Di- vine, all loves ex- cell- ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
   { Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown!
D.C.—Vis - it us with thy sal - va- tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
2. { Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spir-it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast;
   { Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find thy prom-is'd rest.
D.C.—End the work of thy be - gin-ning, Bring us to e - ter - nal day.

D. C.



Je - sus, thou art all com - pass- ion; Pure un-bound-ed love thou art:
Take a - way the love of sin- ning, Take our load of guilt a - way;

93 L. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 O Lord! and shall Thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
Favor astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can Thy Spirit then be here,
Great Spring of comfort, life, and light?

3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heav'nly peace impart—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

94 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
O may Thy Spirit, like a dove,
Rest ever in my heart!

4 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

95 S. M. Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1 Blest Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear;

3 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race—
Blest Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

96

SAVIOUR GUIDE ME.

R. M. McINTOSH. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Guide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Guide me o'er ''life's troubled sea;
2. Guard me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Guard and guide me ev-'ry day;
3. Save me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Save me from temptation's pow'r;
4. When the work of life is end - ed, All thou hast on earth for me,

Sor- row's waves shall not o'erwhelm me'' While I put my trust in thee.
Keep me safe from sin and sor - row; Guard and guide me all the way.
When the pains of death are on me, Sav- iour, save me in that hour.
Take me, O my bless-ed Sav - iour, Take me home to dwell with thee.

REFRAIN.

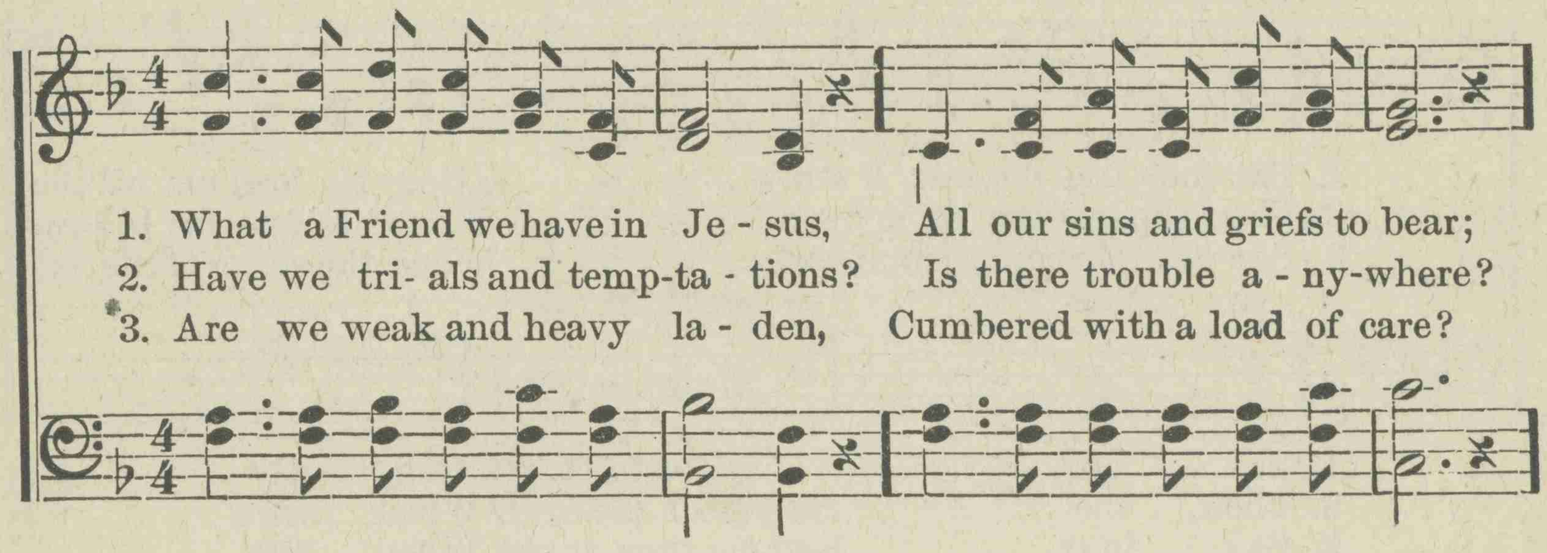
Guide me, O my Sav - iour, Guide me day by day;

When the storms of life sweep o'er me, Sav-iour, guide me then, I pray.

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South,

97 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE.

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



98 LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

FRANK M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen- tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou, the ref- uge of my soul, When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-iour, lead me, then, at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul, When life's stormy bil-lows roll,
3. Sav - iour, lead me, then, at last, When the storm of life is past,

I am safe when by thy side,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
To the land of end-less day,

I am safe when by thy side,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
To the land of end-less day,

CHORUS.

I would in thy love a - bide.
All my hopes on thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way.

Lead me, lead me,

I would in thy love a- bide.
All my hopes on thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way.

Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, ... Gen - tly down the stream of

lest I stray,

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.—Concluded.

ritard.

time, Lead me, Sav- iour, all the way.

stream of time, all the way.

99 BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON, by per.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be,
2. Though like the wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven; All that thou send - est me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho't's Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to thee! Near - er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

100 THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor- rows pre- vail;

And sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil- ing in life's dus-ty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow- y vale.

CHORUS.

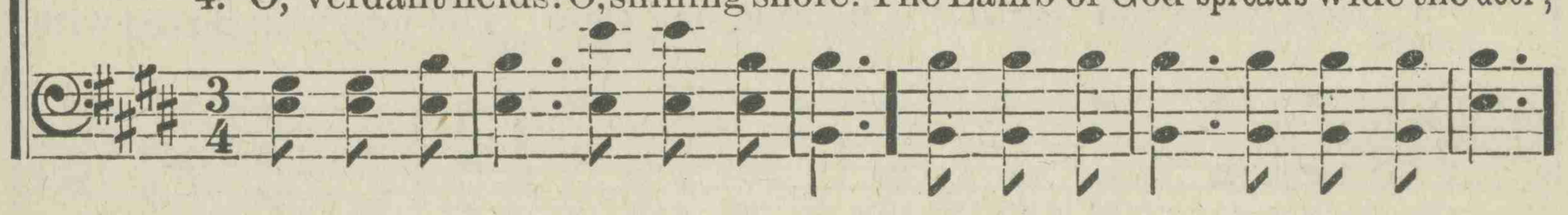
O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I;
let me fly,
O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.
let me fly,

101

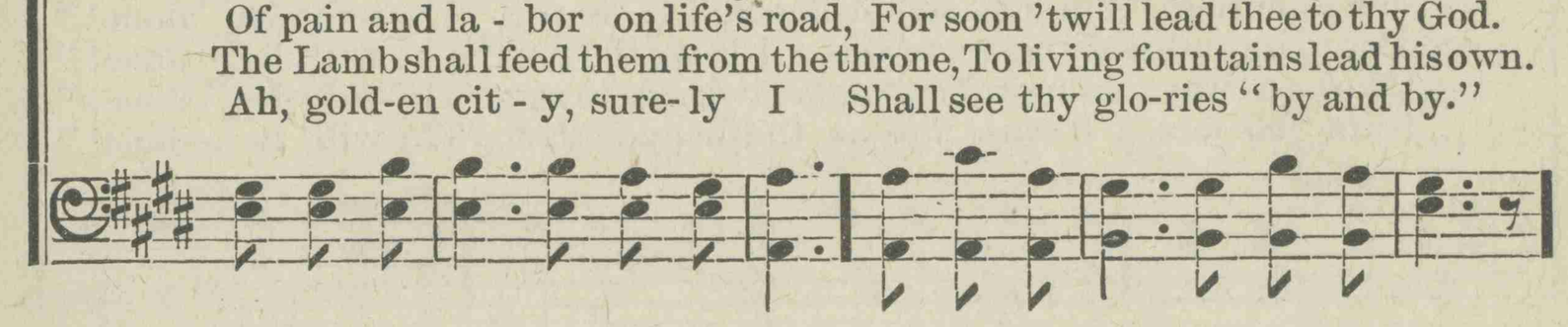
BY AND BY.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. It may be far, it may be near, There is a hope, there is a fear,
2. Im-patient soul, and murmuring heart, Your murmuring cease and bear your part
3. Yes, "by and by" will soon be now, And God shall wipe each tear-stain'd brow;
4. O, verdant fields! O, shining shore! The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;

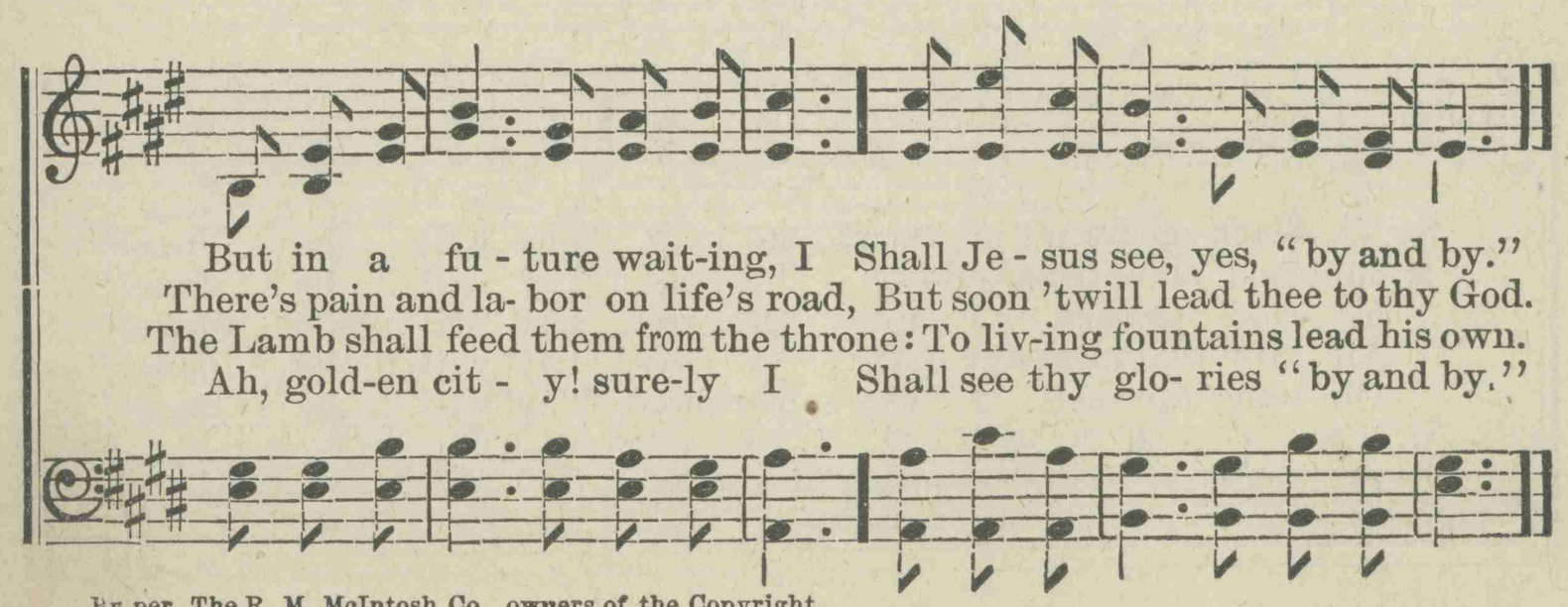


But in the fu - ture waiting I Shall Je-sus see, yes, "by and by."
Of pain and la - bor on life's road, For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne, To living fountains lead his own.
Ah, gold-en cit - y, sure- ly I Shall see thy glo-ries "by and by."



CHORUS.

By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and by;



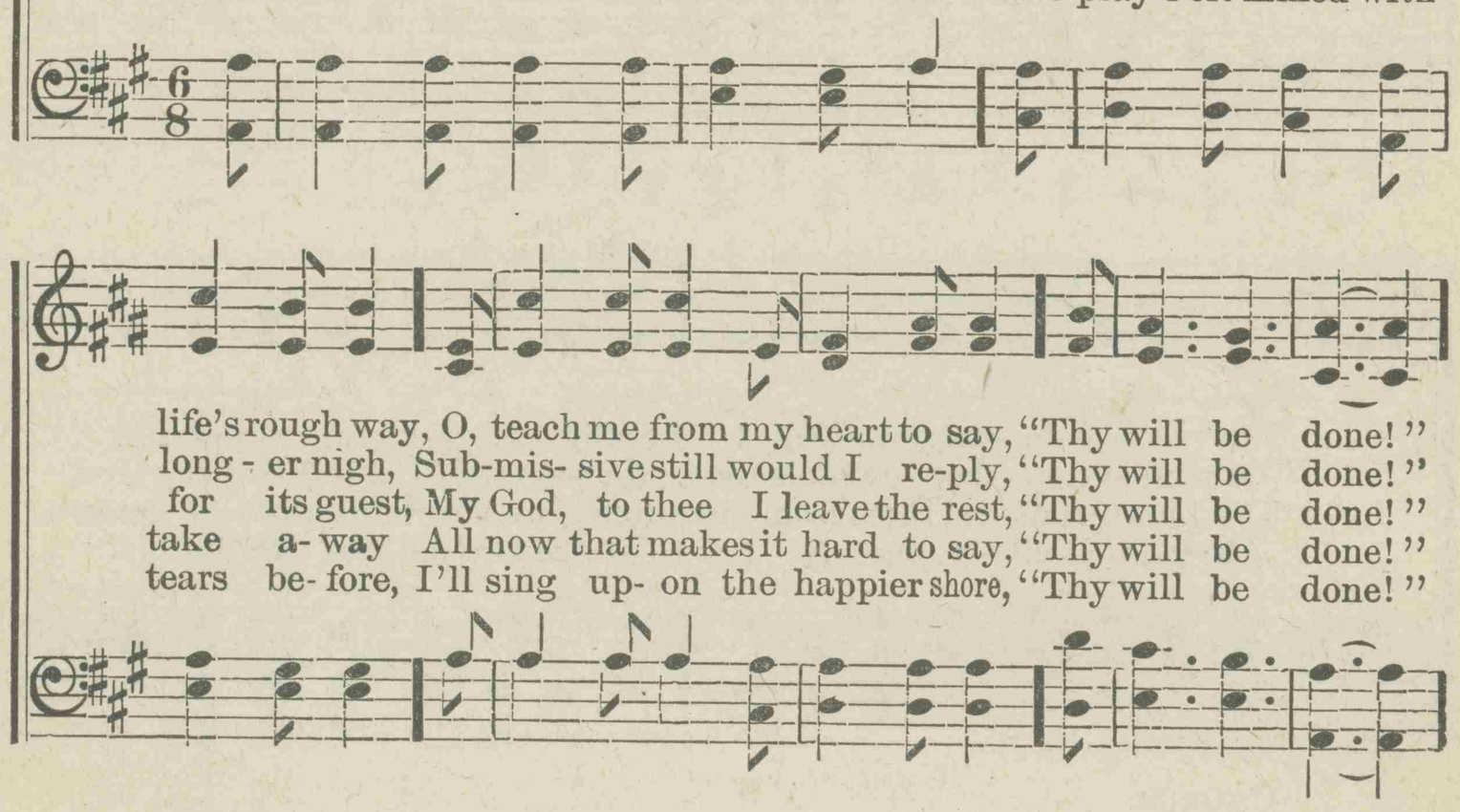
But in a fu - ture wait-ing, I Shall Je - sus see, yes, "by and by."
There's pain and la- bor on life's road, But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne: To liv-ing fountains lead his own.
Ah, gold-en cit - y! sure-ly I Shall see thy glo- ries "by and by."

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

102 MY GOD AND FATHER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. H. R. CHRISTIE.

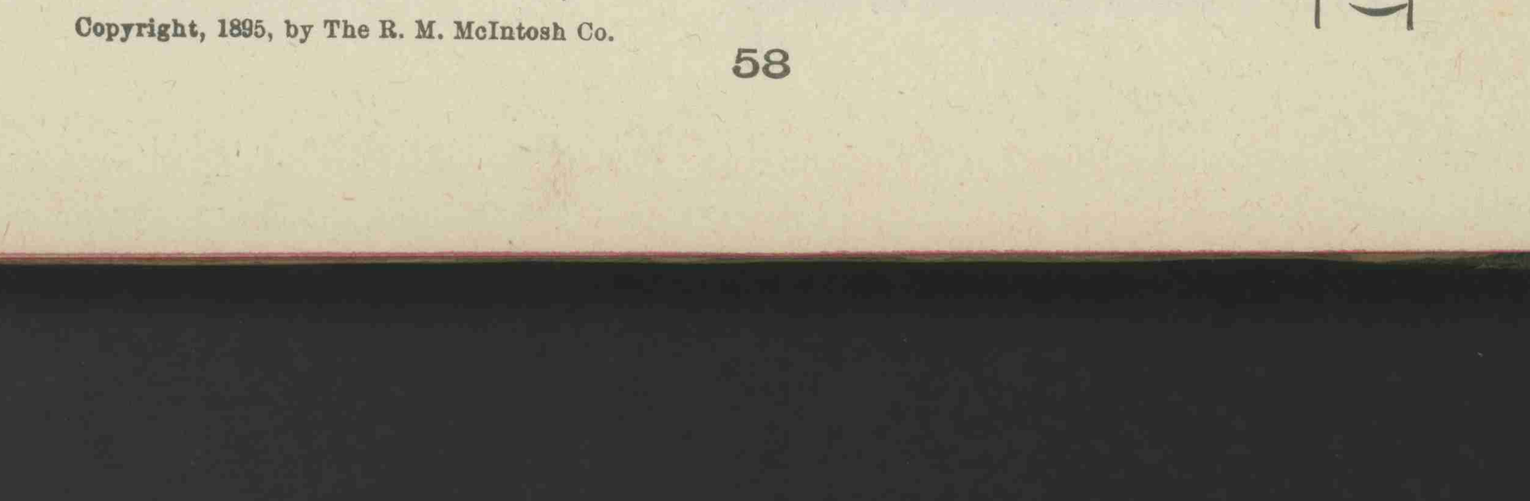
1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What though in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be-loved, no
3. Let but my faint - ing heart be blest With thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The pray'r oft mixed with



life's rough way, O, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
long - er nigh, Sub-mis- sive still would I re-ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a- way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be- fore, I'll sing up- on the happier shore, "Thy will be done!"

REFRAIN.

Thy will be done, thy will be done, Thy will—thy will be done;



O, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub- mis- sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up- on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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103 WALK WITH ME, GRACIOUS LORD.

E. A. HOFFMAN. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Walk with me, gra - cious Lord, A - long the way,
2. In ev - 'ry time of need Be thou near by,
3. Thou know - est all my life With - out, with - in;
4. In ev - 'ry con - flict hour, My help - er be,
5. But let me lean my head Up - on thy breast,

Lest I should be al - lured From thee to stray.
And hear me when to thee, For help I cry.
O, shield me, day by day, From doubt and sin!
And give me grace to gain The vic - to - ry.
And I will have sweet peace, And be at rest.

CHORUS.

When I am tried, be near me, When sore discouraged, cheer me;
And when I pray, O hear me, My gra - cious Lord!

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

104 THE WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. How kind is the heart of the Saviour! How full of the tender-est love!
2. I stum-ble sometimes in my weakness, And oft-en my Saviour I grieve,

How roy - al and gracious his fav- or ! What blessings he sends from above!
But Je - sus, in pit - y and meekness, Stands ready my sins to for-give.

He patient-ly followed and loved me While yet in the pathway of sin,
O wonder-ful, wonder-ful Sav- iour! O mer- cy so rich and so free!

And by his compassion he mov'd me, A heav-en - ly life to be - gin.
But grant me the smile of thy fav- or, And earth will be heaven to me.

CHORUS.

Dear Sav - iour, dear Sav - iour, A bless - ing I crave now of thee;

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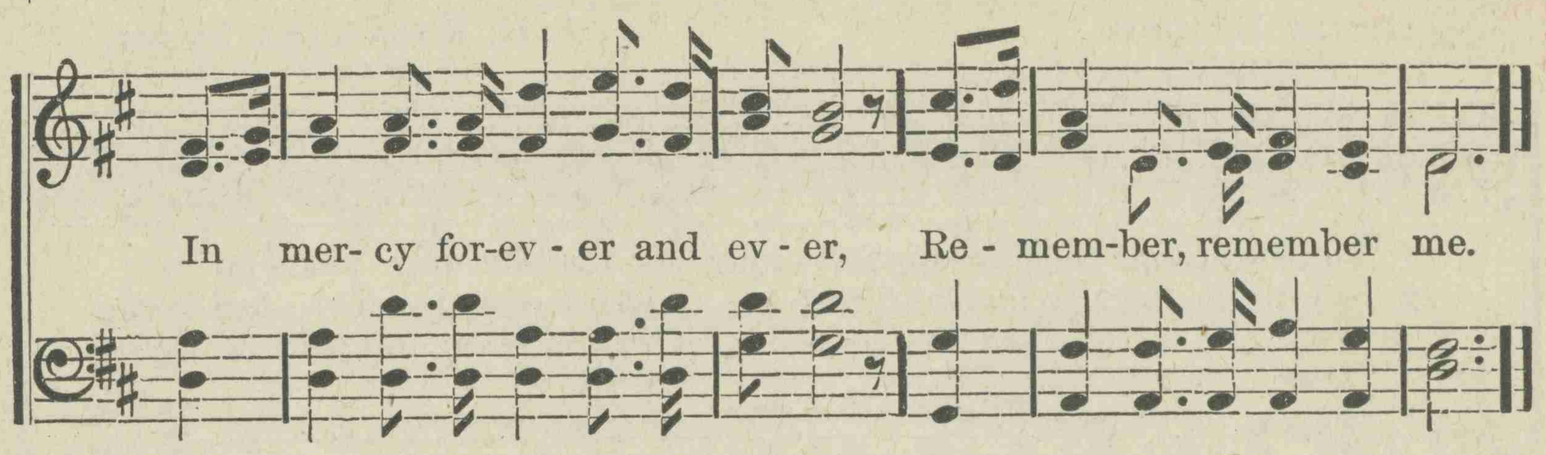
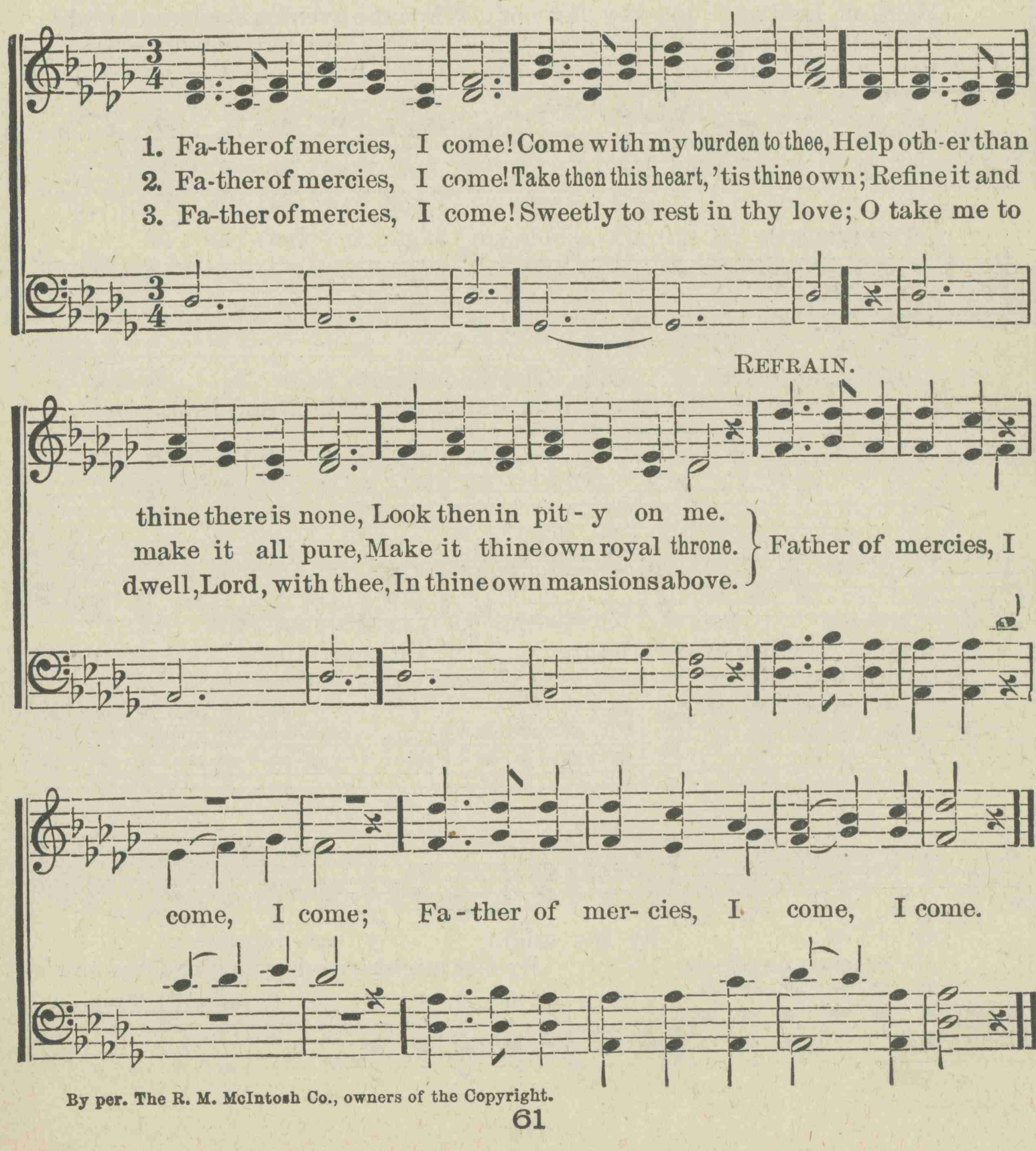
THE WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.—Concluded.



105 FATHER OF MERCIES.

(DUET AND CHORUS.)

F. M. DAVIS. FRANK M. DAVIS.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

106 DRAW ME NEAR THEE.

HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. Draw me near thee, lov-ing Sav- iour As the fleet-ing years go by;
2. While the days go fast and fast- er, Let me rest in per - fect peace,
3. When the earth is fast re- ced - ing, Draw me near and near-er still;

Hold, oh, hold me, in thy fav - or When the evening shades are nigh!
Claiming thee, my Lord and Mas- ter—Trusting thee without sur - cease!
Let me fol - low in thy lead- ing, Till I reach fair Zi - on's hill!

CHORUS.

Draw me near . . . thee, Friend and Broth- er— Oh, I
Draw me near thee, Friend and Brother, Friend and Brother—

need . . thee ev-'ry hour; . . . Oh, sus- tain . . as can no
Oh, I need thee ev-'ry hour, ev-'ry hour; Oh, sustain as can no

oth - er: By thy might - - y sav- ing pow'r! . .
oth- er, can no oth-er, By thy mighty, saving pow'r, saving pow'r!

Copyright, 1890, by J. H. Rosecrans.

107 ONLY FOR THEE.

ELIZA A. WALKER. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Bless - ed Sav-iour, I would live On - ly for thee, for thee;(for thee;)
2. All my spir- it's deep de-sire, On - ly for thee, for thee;(for thee;)
3. In my joys would I re-joice, On - ly for thee, for thee;(for thee;)
4. All my smiles and all my tears, On - ly for thee, for thee;(for thee;)

Use the tal - ents thou dost give, On- ly for thee, for thee.
All my pow'rs of mind as- pire, On- ly for thee, for thee.
In my choic - es make my choice, On- ly for thee, for thee.
All my youth and rip - er years, On- ly for thee, for thee.

CHORUS.

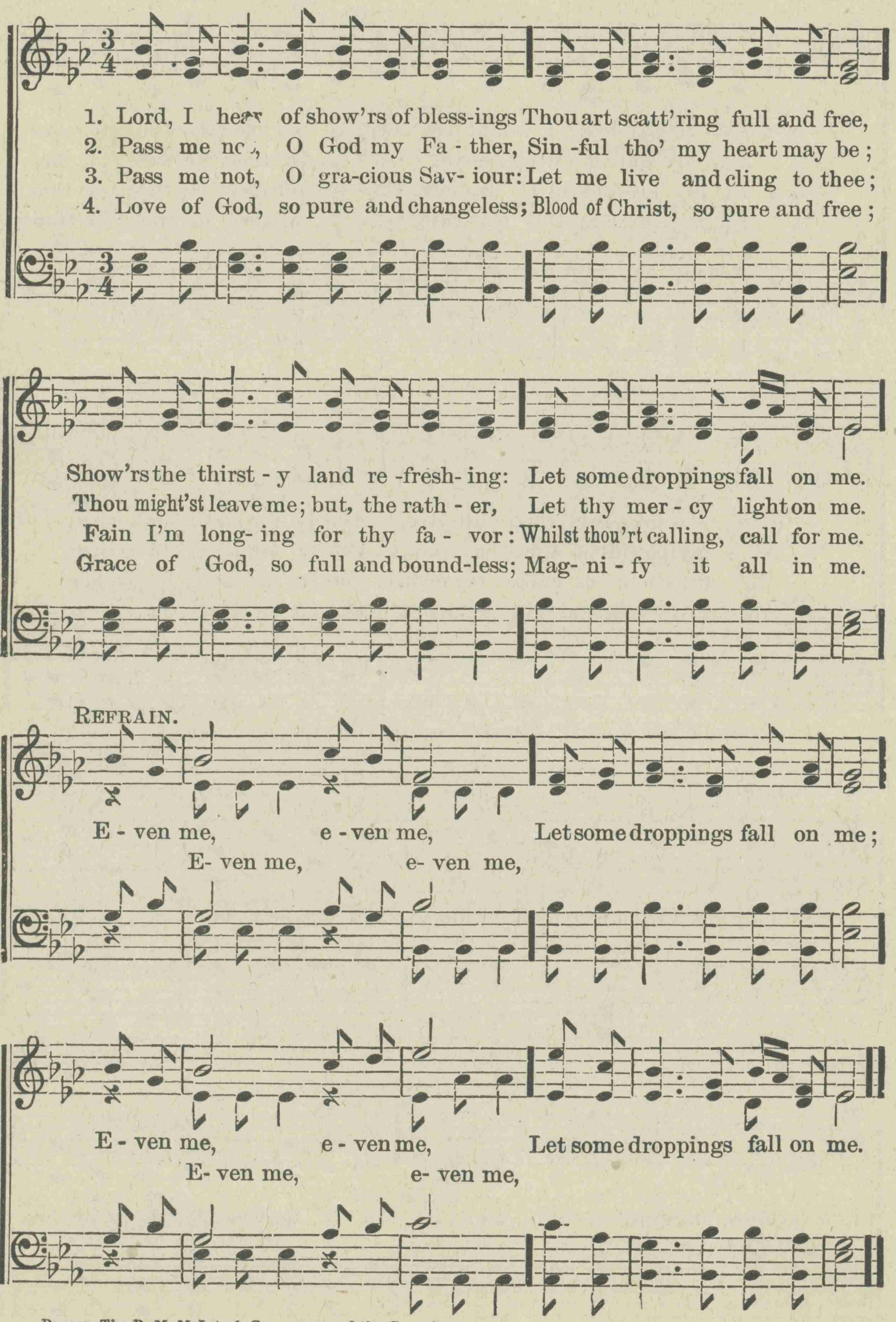
All for Christ who died for me; Paid the debt to set me free;

Now, and thro' e - ter - ni- ty, On - ly for thee, for thee,(for thee.)

Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Ogden.

108 SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS.

ELIZABETH CODNER. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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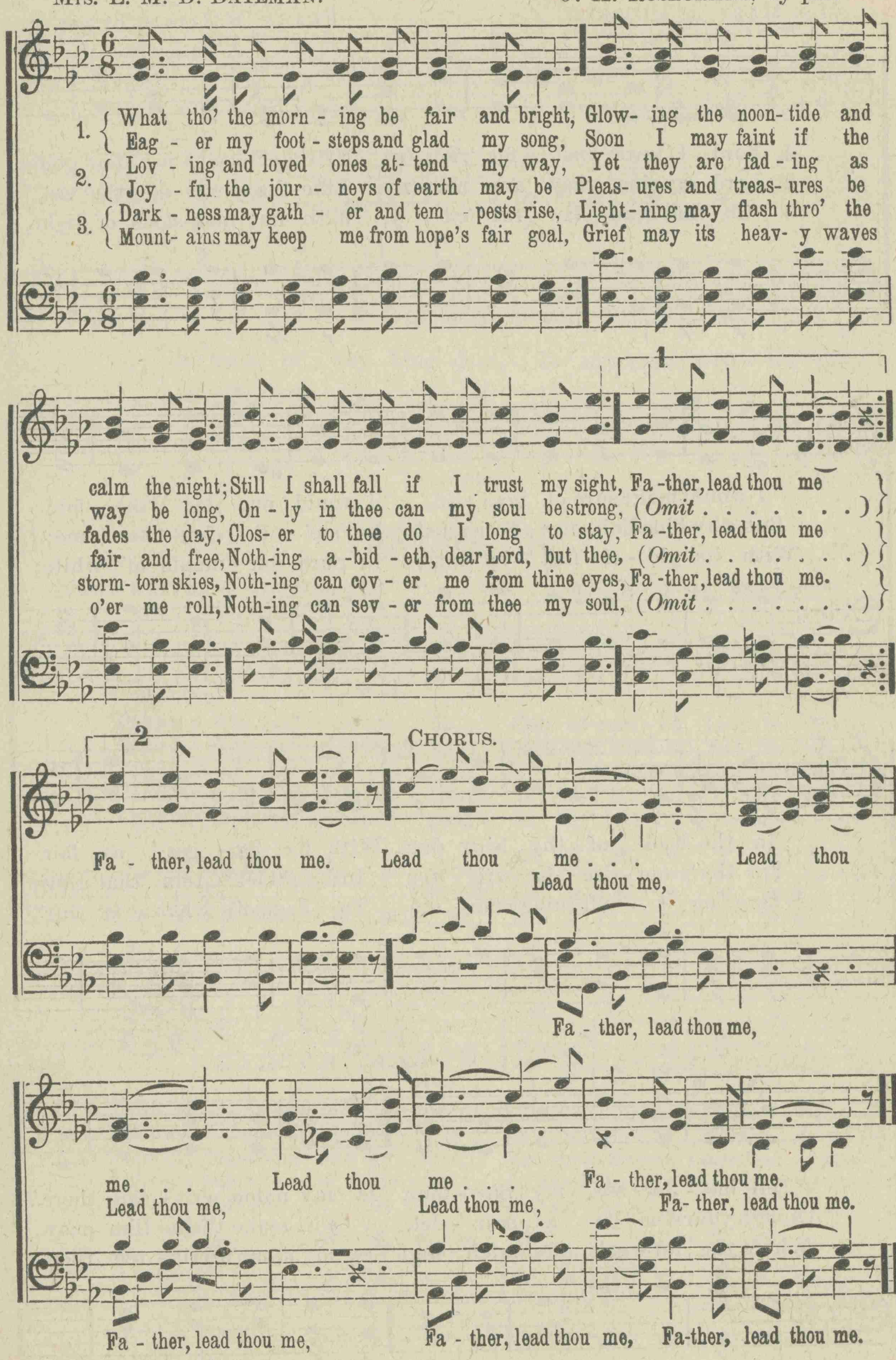
109 FATHER, LEAD THOU ME.

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.



Copyright, 1890, by J.H. Rosecrans.

110 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith- er sil - ver nor gold,
2. Lord, my sins, they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light,

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold.
But thy blood, oh, my Sav - iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me;
With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white;

In the book of thy king- dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
For thy prom - ise is writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow,
Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de-spoil what is fair;

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ - ten there?
"Though your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy king- dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

111 YARBROUGH.

Miss FRANCES E. HAVERGAL. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con- se-crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treasure - store;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for- ev - er- more to be;

D.C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy- al throne.
Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for thee.

Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for - ev - er- more to be.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

112 WHAT HAVE I DONE TO-DAY?

LUCIE S. RIDGEWAY. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. What have I done, my soul, to-day? May I dear Lord in meekness say,
2. What have I done? so lit - tle, Lord, It ne'er can mer - it thy re-ward,
3. What have I done? be thou my guide, Help me to say while near thy side,

What have I done to - day, to-day? What have I done to - day?
What have I done to - day, to-day? What have I done to - day?
What have I done to - day, to-day? What have I done to - day?

REFRAIN.

What have I done? Lead thou the way, My hand in thine, teach me to say,

What have I done to - day, to-day? What have I done to- day?

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113 FATHER OF LOVE.

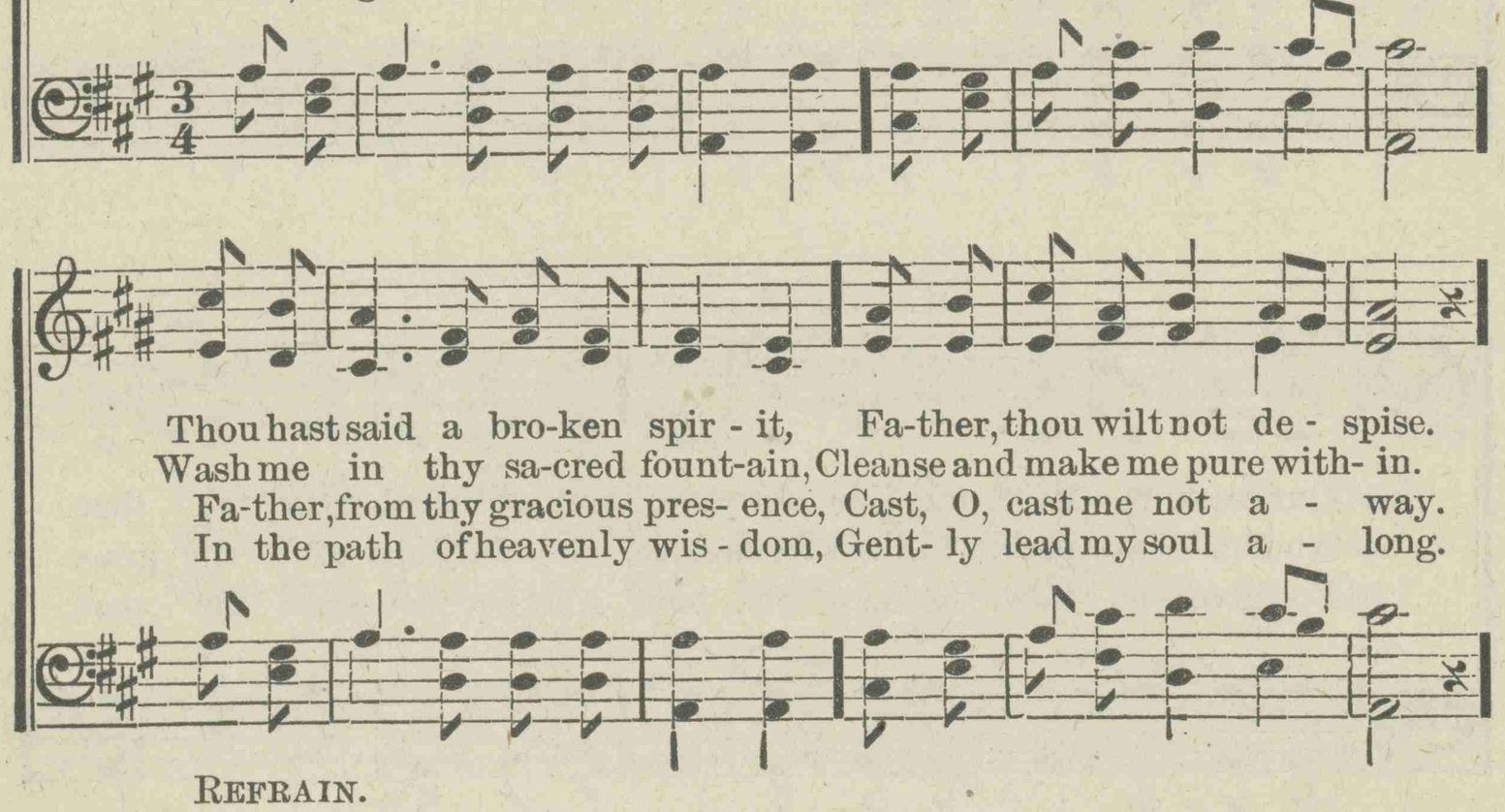
ELISHA HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents. Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

114 A SONG OF CONTRITION.

FANNY CROSBY. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. Lord, to thee, in deep con-tri- tion, Would I lift my streaming eyes;
2. Thou art good, and pure, and ho - ly; I am full of guilt and sin;
3. Let thy heal- ing beams of mer- cy, Drop, for me, one cheer- ing ray;
4. Lord, for-give me, own and bless me, I am weak but thou art strong,



Thou hast said a bro-ken spir - it, Fa-ther, thou wilt not de - spise.
Wash me in thy sa-cred fount-ain, Cleanse and make me pure with- in.
Fa-ther, from thy gracious pres- ence, Cast, O, cast me not a - way.
In the path of heavenly wis - dom, Gent- ly lead my soul a - long.

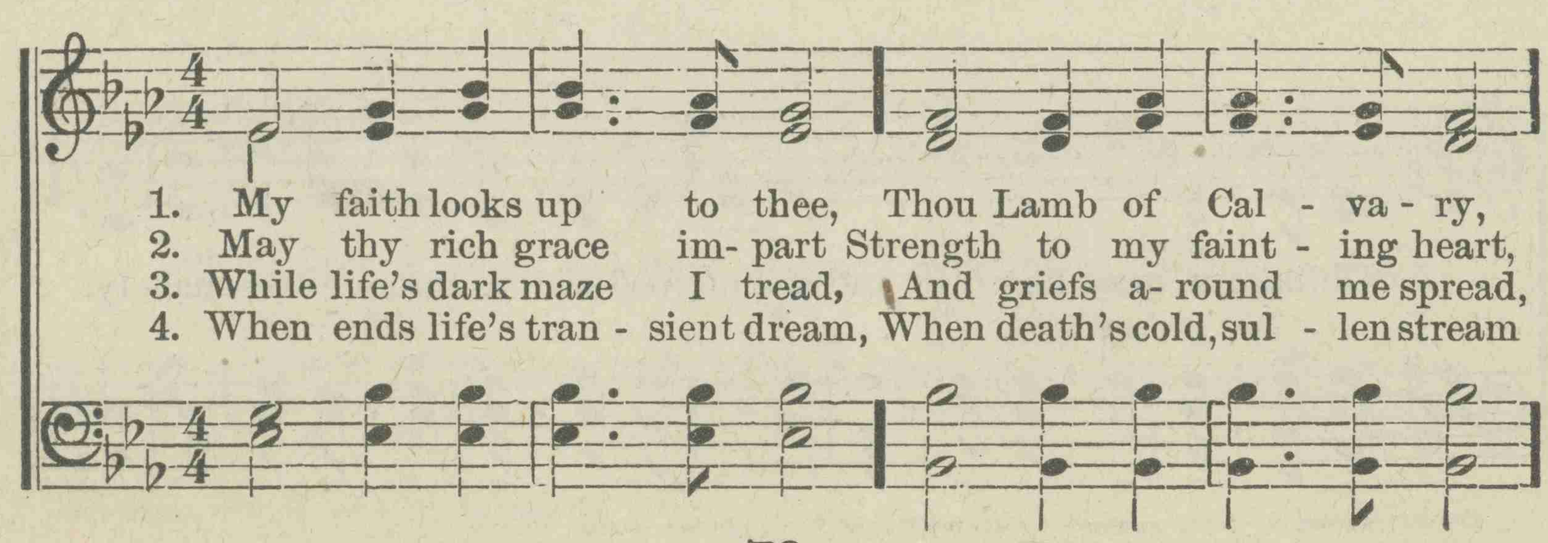
REFRAIN.

All my hope, All my plea, Je - sus, thou hast died for me.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

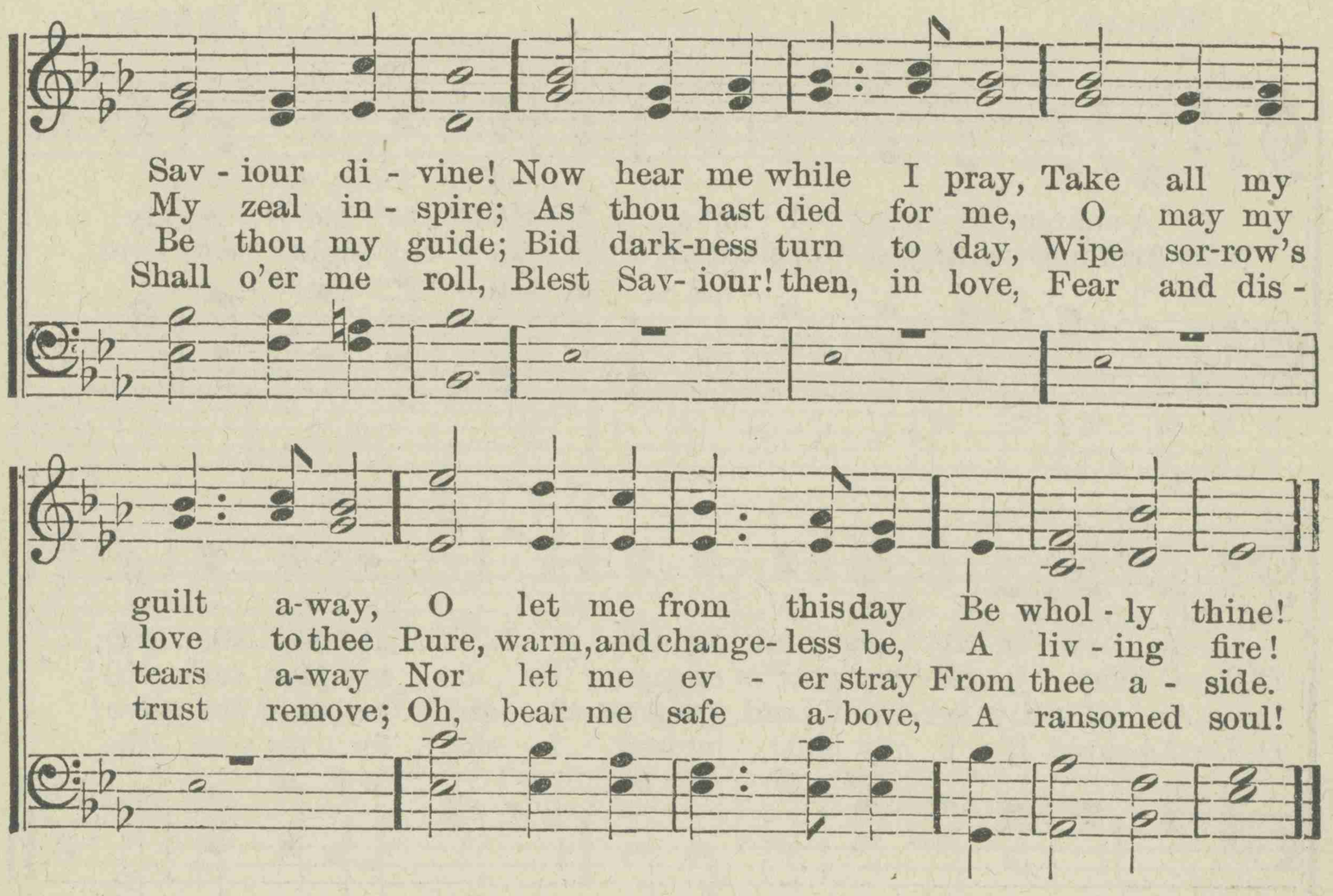
115 OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

RAY PALMER. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im- part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a- round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

OLIVET.—Concluded.



116 GUIDE. 7s. Double.

M. M. WELLS, alt.

M. M. WELLS.

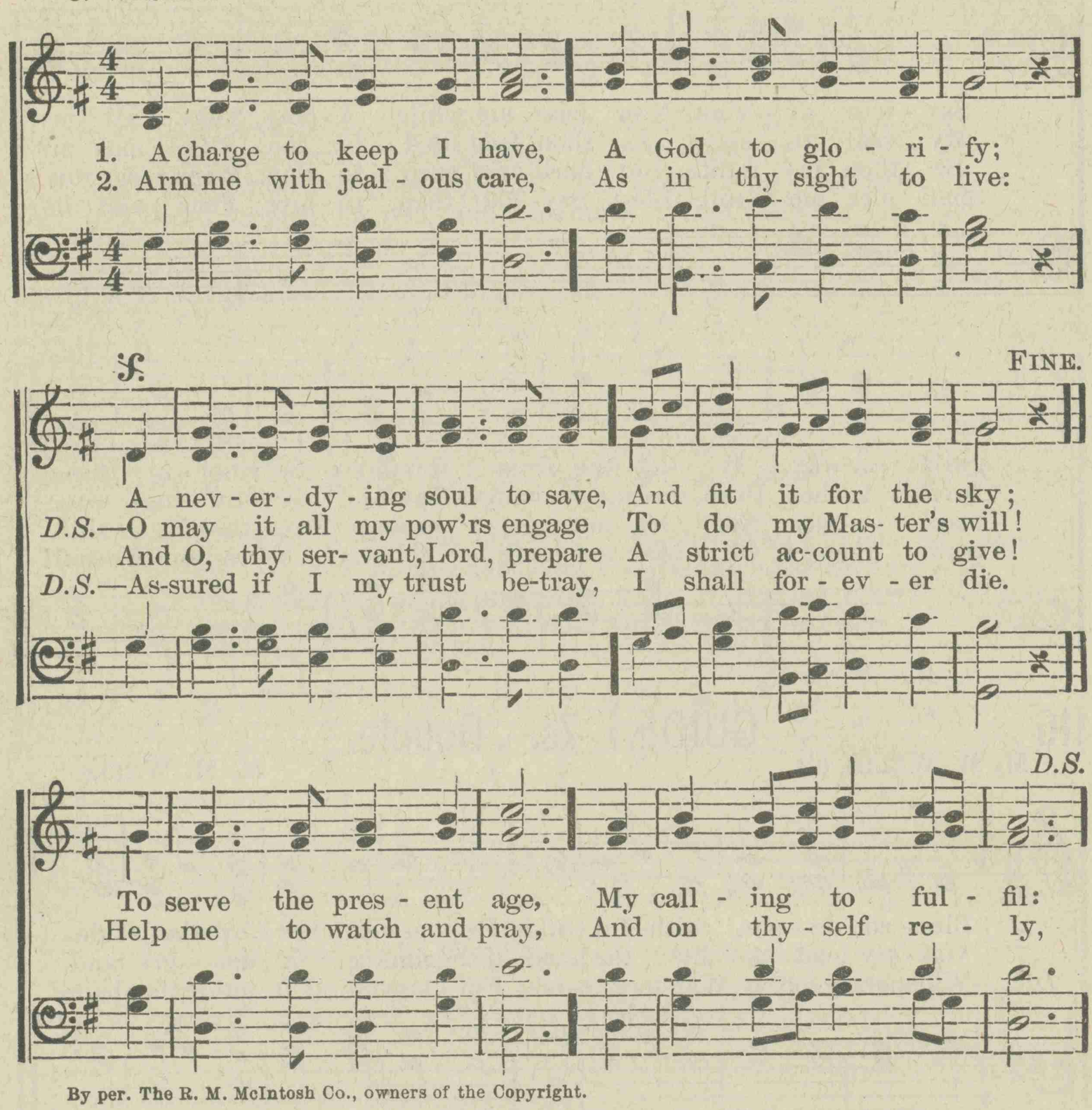
FINE.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come;
Follow me: I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there,
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come;
Follow me: I'll guide thee home.

117 RICHMOND. S. M. Double.

C. WESLEY. A. B. EVERETT.



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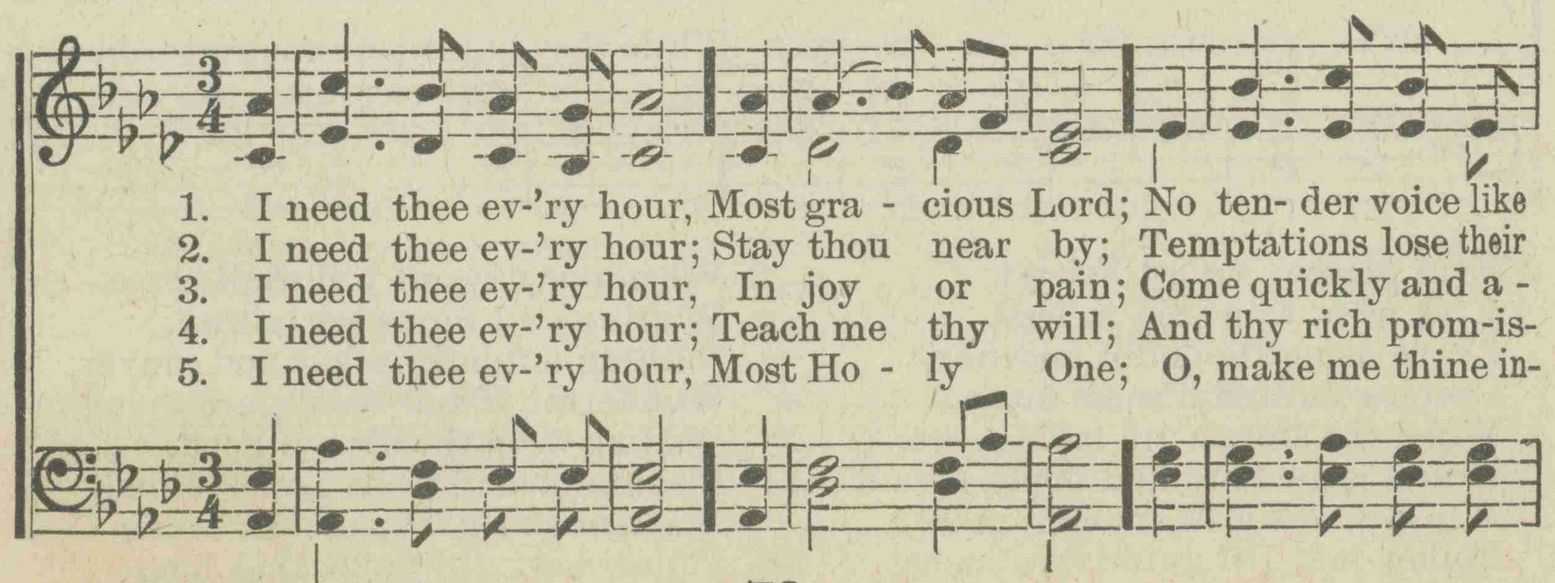
118 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



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I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

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

I need thee, O! I need thee; Ev-'ry hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Sav- iour! I come to thee.

119 GAVIN. S. M.

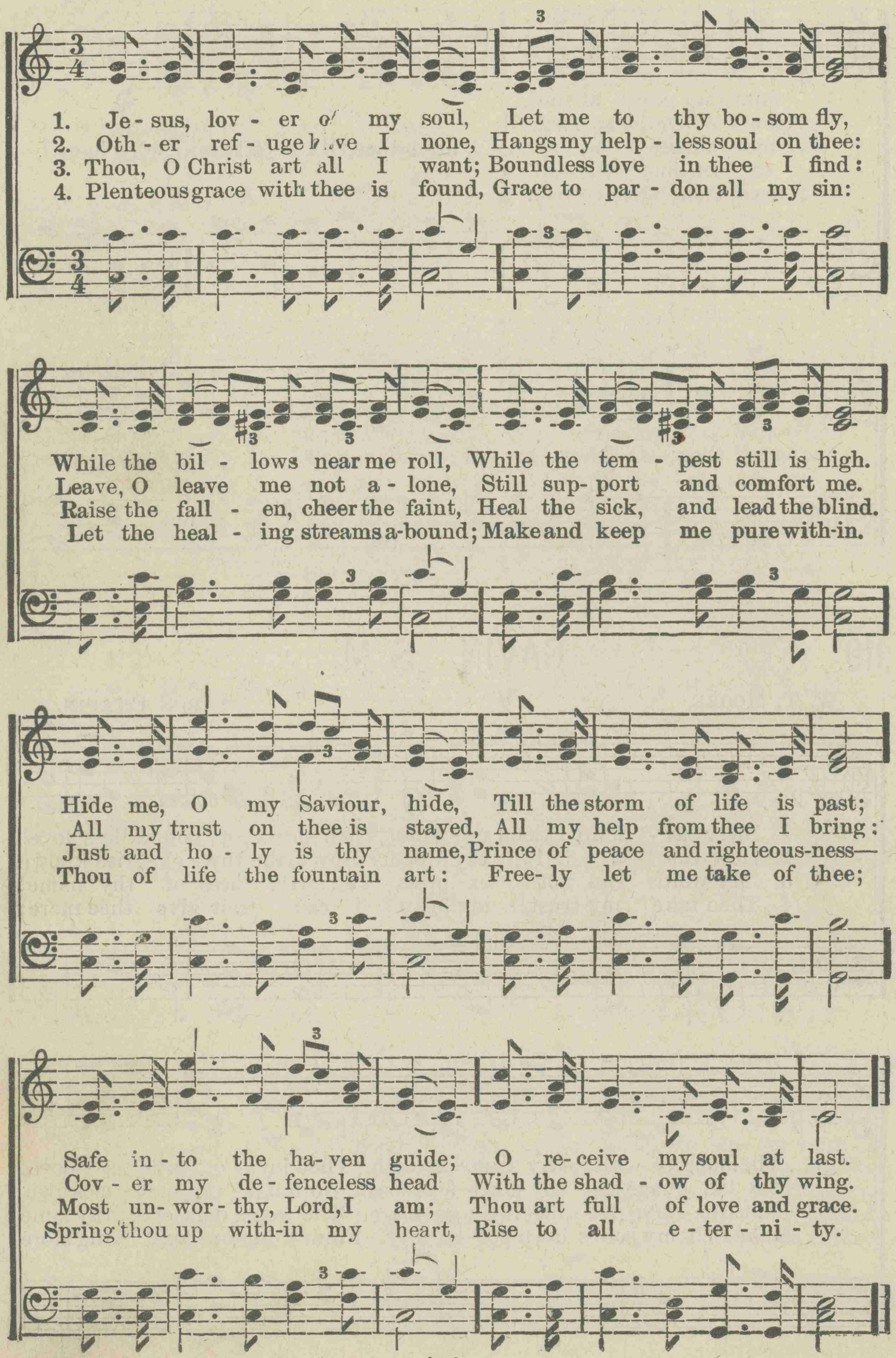
W. T. MOORE. AARON CHAPIN.

1. Blest Sav - iour! Friend di - vine! Thou source of bound- less love!
2. How can I tell thy worth? How make thy glo- ries known?
3. My words can not ex- press The sweet - ness of thy name!
4. Then take my trust - ing heart; I can not give thee more;

The hope of all thy saints on earth, The joy of all a - bove!
No lan- guage can thy good- ness speak, No tongue thy mer - cies own!
Nor can my fee - ble lips de- clare The won - ders of thy fame!
Make rich my soul's deep pov- er - ty From thine un- wast - ing store!

120 REFUGE. 7s. Double.

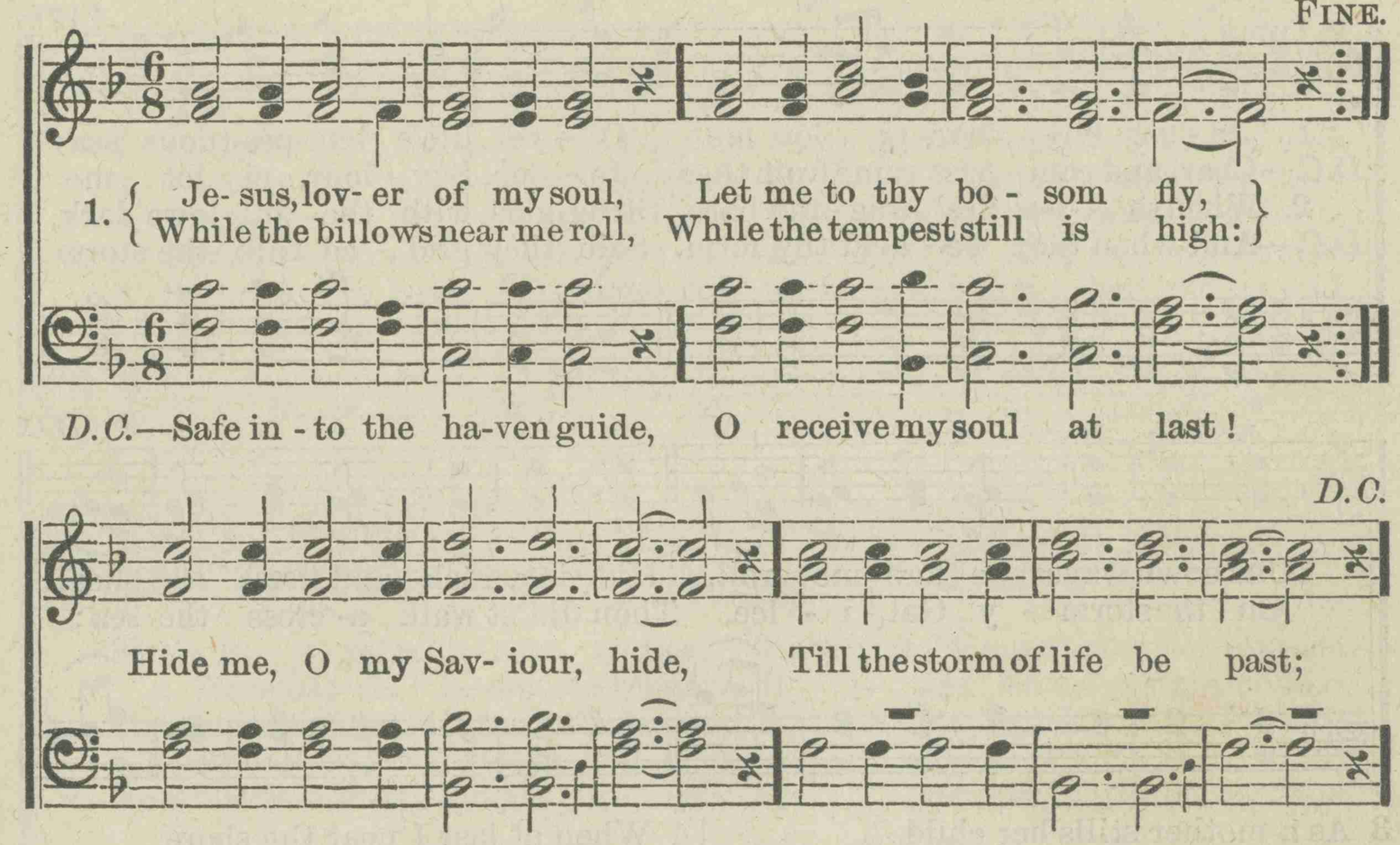
CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



121 MARTYN. 7s. Double.

S. E. MARSH.

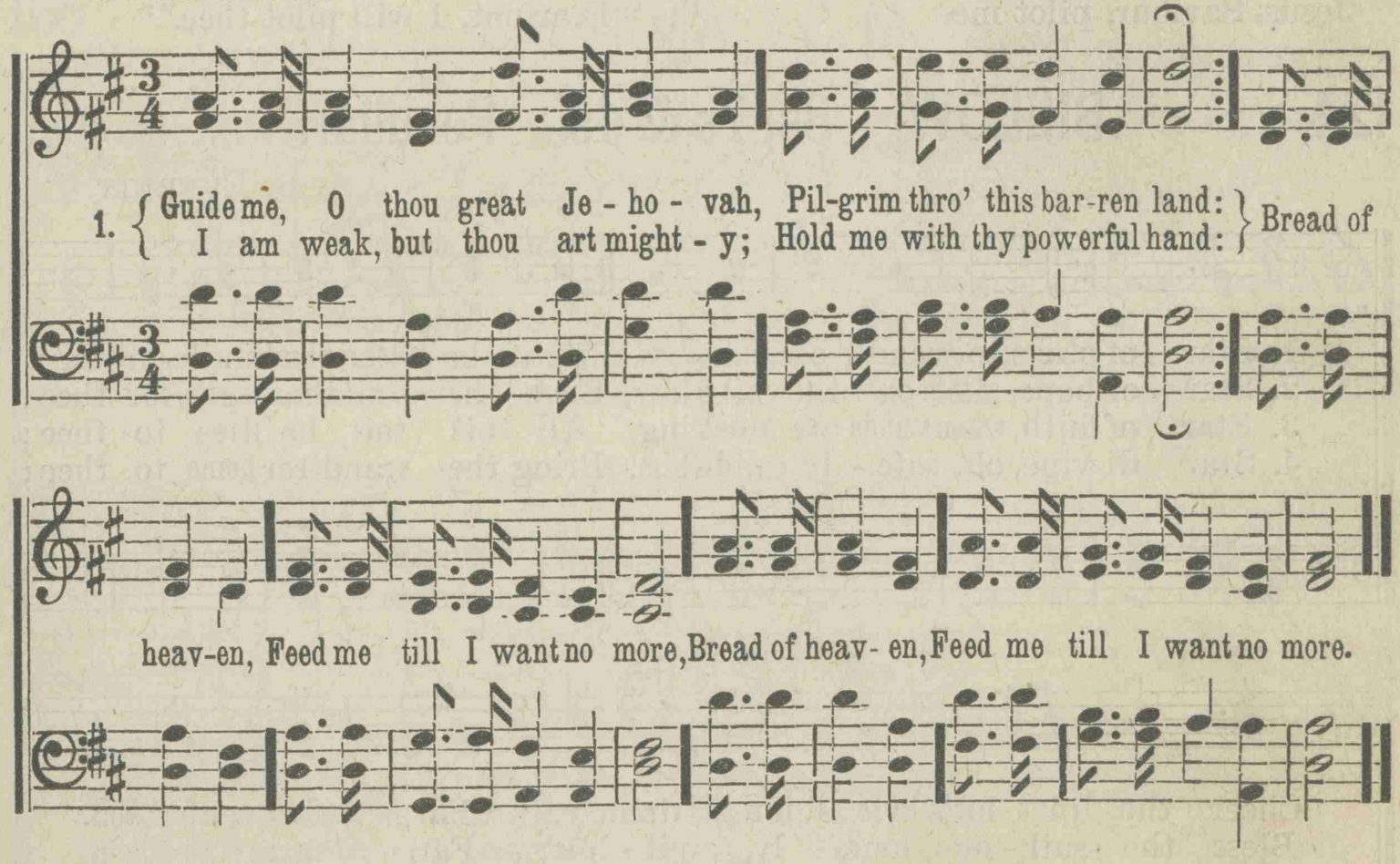
FINE.



122 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

W. WILLIAMS.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



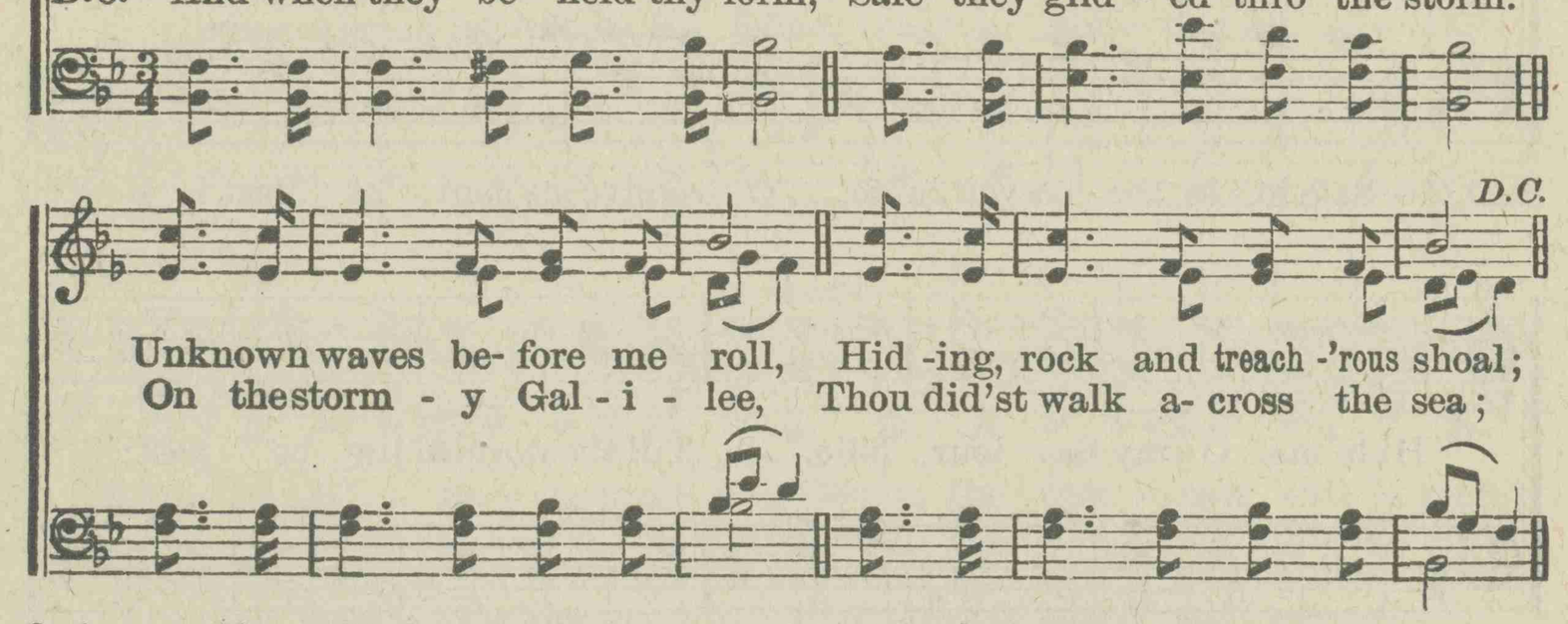
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
‖: Strong Deliver,
Be thou still my strength and shield. :‖

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 sing to thee. :‖

123 SAVIOUR, PILOT ME. 7s. 6 lines.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD, by per.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
2. When th' A-pos-tles' frag - ile bark Strug-gled with the bil- lows dark,
D.C.—And when they be - held thy form, Safe they glid - ed thro' the storm.



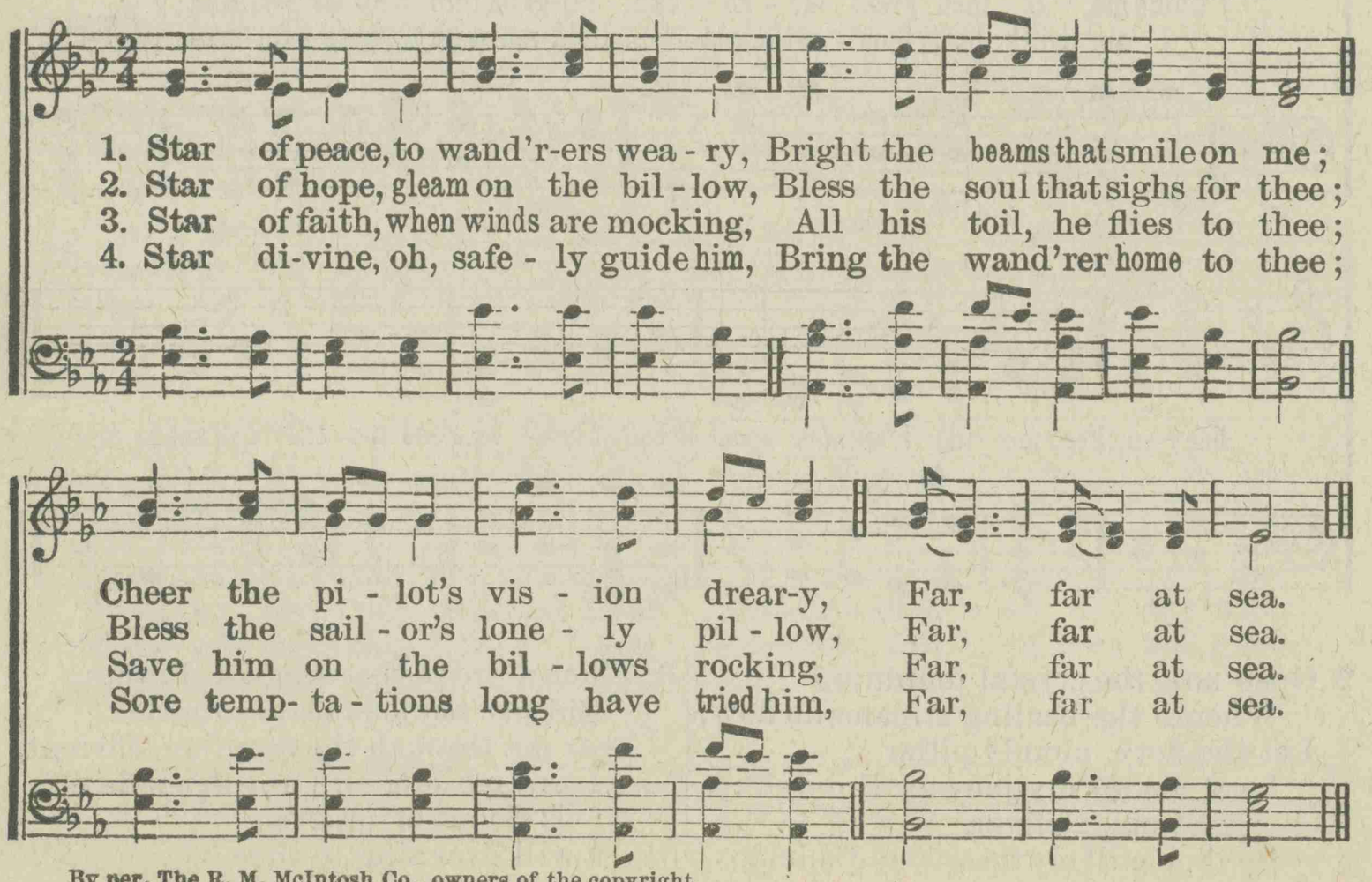
Unknown waves be- fore me roll, Hid -ing, rock and treach -'rous shoal;
On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou did'st walk a- cross the sea;

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

4 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

124 BILLOW. 8s, 7s & 4s. Peculiar.

A. B. EVERETT.



1. Star of peace, to wand'r-ers wea - ry, Bright the beams that smile on me;
2. Star of hope, gleam on the bil - low, Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
3. Star of faith, when winds are mocking, All his toil, he flies to thee;
4. Star di-vine, oh, safe - ly guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to thee;

Cheer the pi - lot's vis - ion drear-y, Far, far at sea.
Bless the sail - or's lone - ly pil - low, Far, far at sea.
Save him on the bil - lows rocking, Far, far at sea.
Sore temp- ta - tions long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the copyright.

125 RETREAT. L. M.

H. STOWELL. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads—
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-lowship with friend;
4. There, there on ea-gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mol-est no more;
5. O let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold, and still,

ritard.

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
Though sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer-cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy-seat.
This bounding heart for-get to beat, Ere I for-get the mer-cy-seat.

126 BALERMA. C. M.

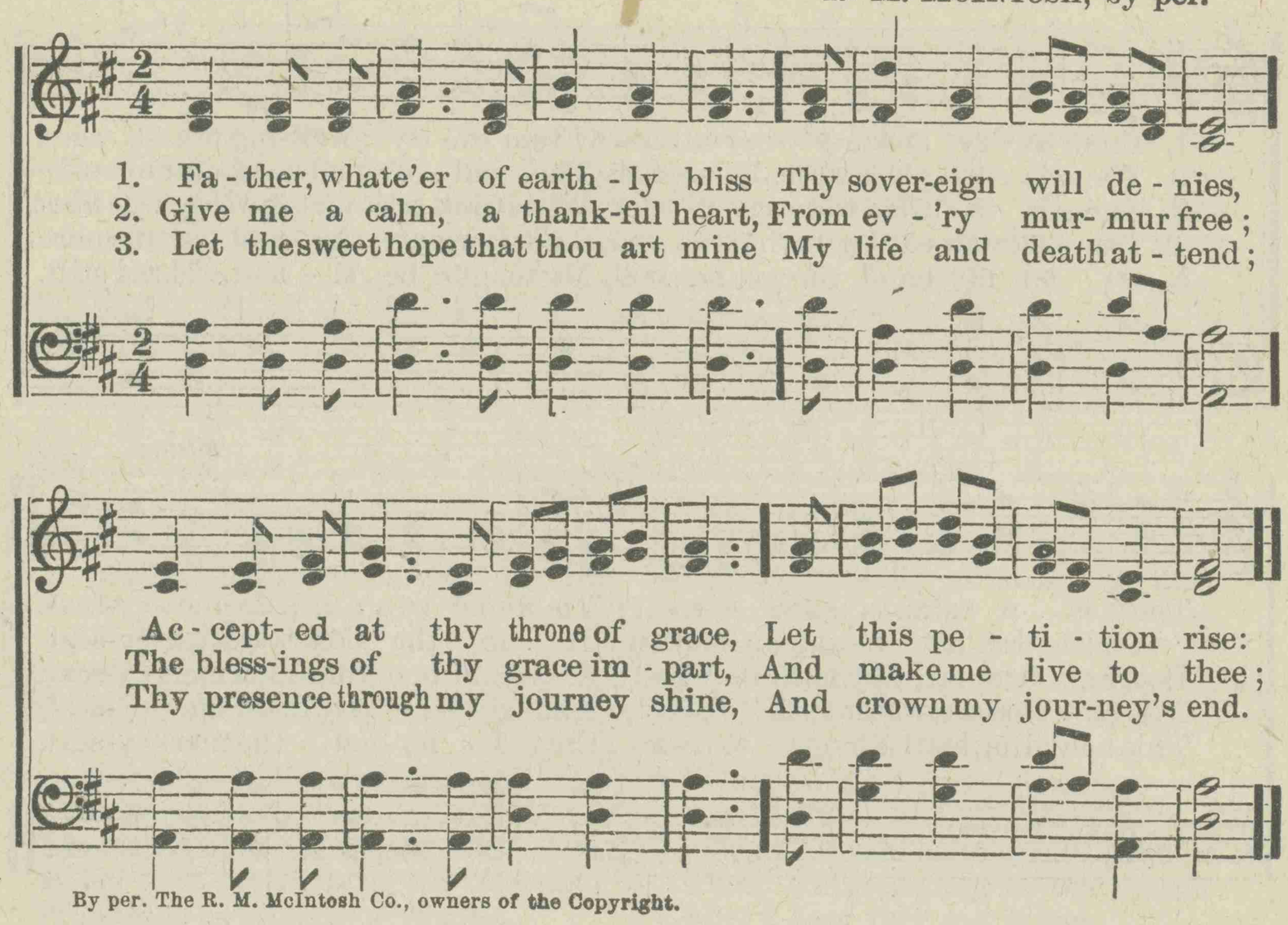
JOHN NEWTON. R. SIMPSON.

1. Approach, my soul the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers pray'r;
2. Thy pro-mise is my on-ly plea, With this I vent-ure nigh;
3. Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly pressed,
4. Be thou my shield and hid-ing-place, That, sheltered near thy side,
5. Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,

There hum-bly fall be-fore his feet, For none can per-ish there.
Thou call-est burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By war with-out, and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest.
I may my fierce ac-cus-er face, And tell him, "Thou hast died."
That guilt-y sin-ners, such as I, Might plead thy pre-cious name!

127 VAUGHAN. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



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128 C. M. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

4 O, thou, by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

129 C. M. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1 Lord! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts,
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then—thy will be done—
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

130 7s. Unknown.

1 Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

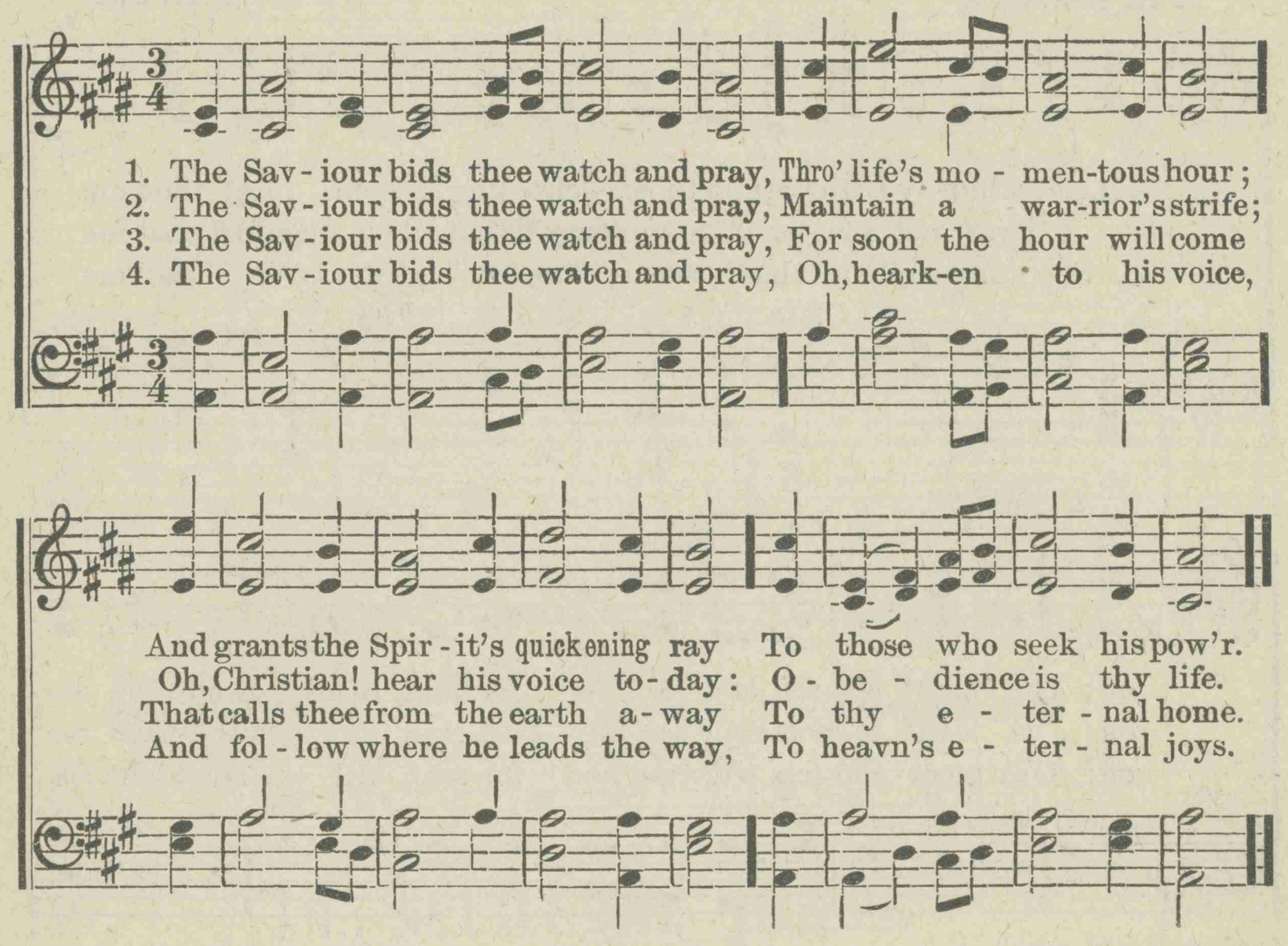
2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

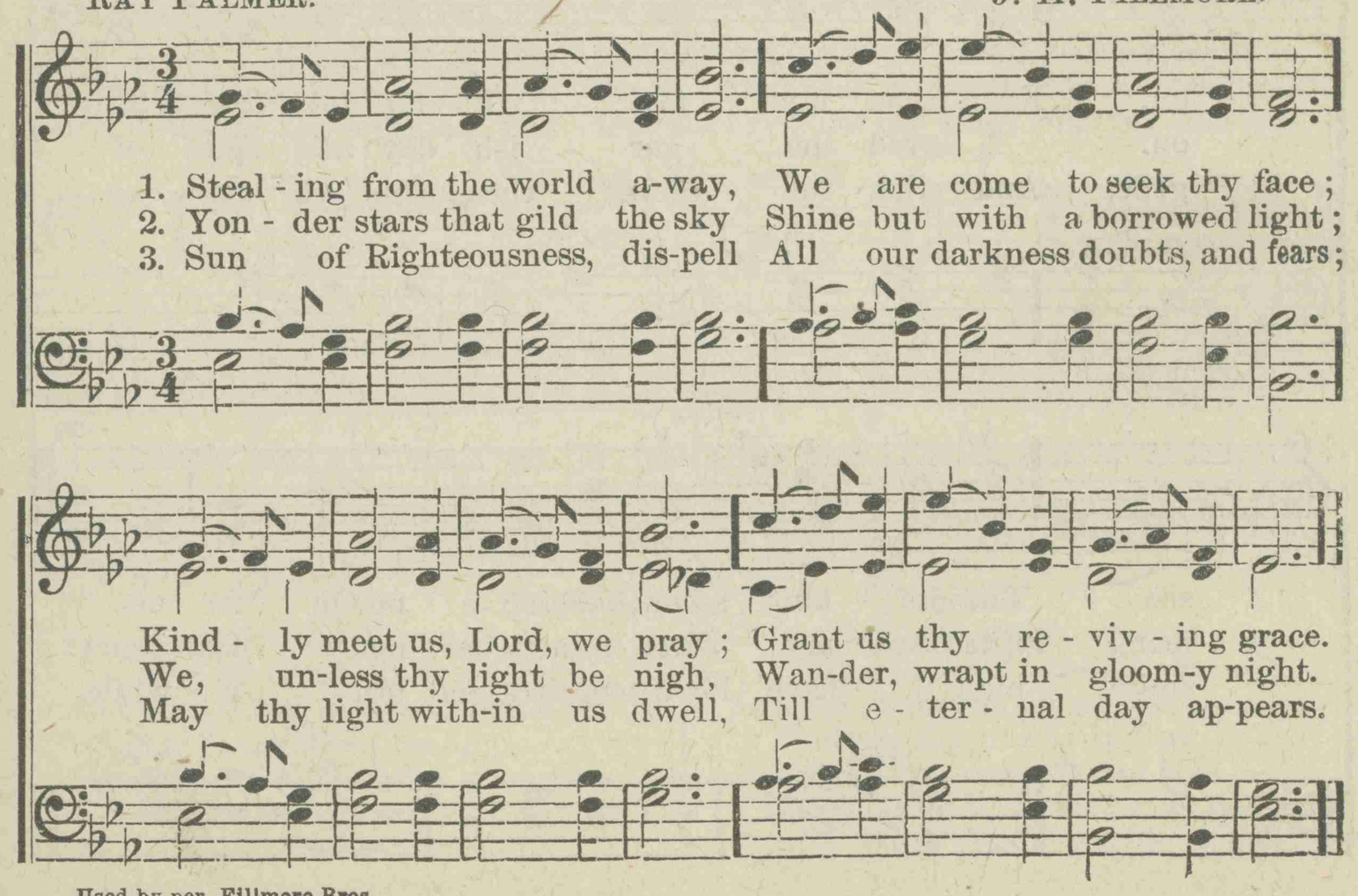
131 AVON. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS. HUGH WILSON.



132 FLOWER. 7s.

RAY PALMER. J. H. FILLMORE.



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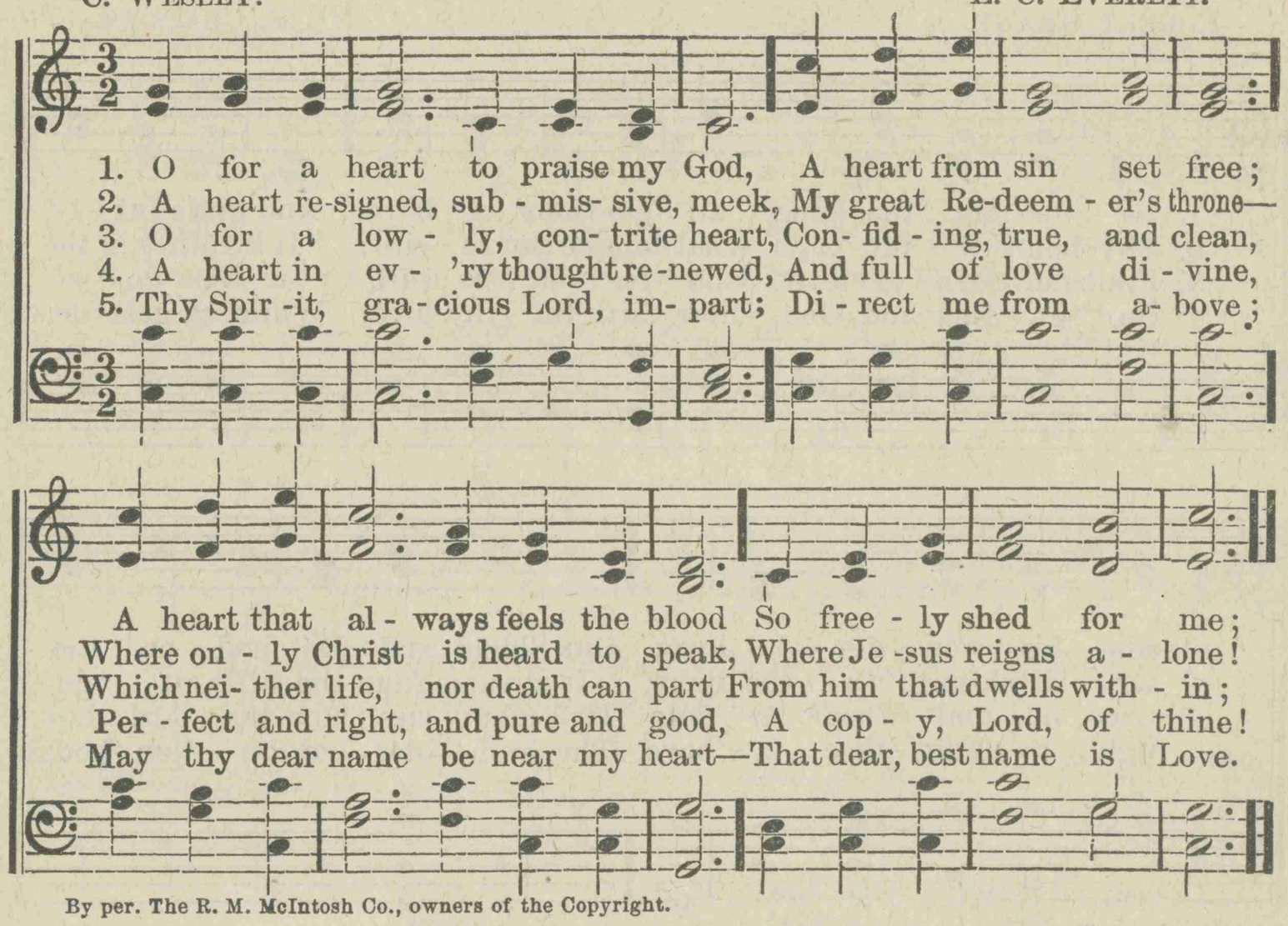
133 LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.

J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kind- ly Light, a-mid th' en - circ- ling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on.
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on.
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
4. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
5. I loved the gar - ish day; and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-member not past years.
6. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
7. And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

134 SPRING. C. M.

C. WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT.



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135 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

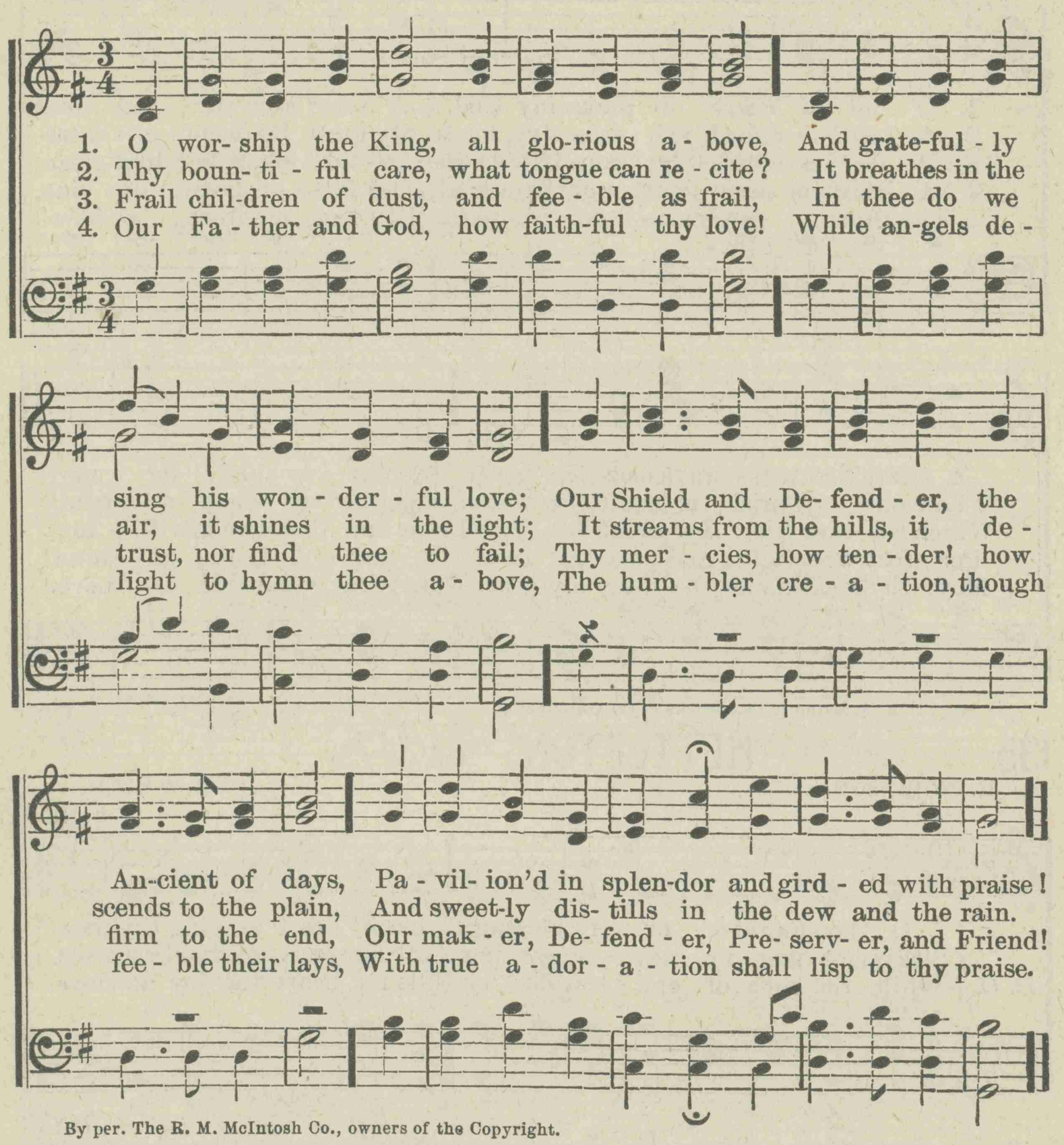
R. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from thy fold, O 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 me closer still to thee.
Never let me wander from thee,
Never leave thee, whom I love;
By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
Till I reach thy courts above.

136 REHOBOTH. 10s & 11s.

ROBERT GRANT. H. R. CHRISTIE.



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137

10s & 11s. C. WESLEY.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name, all-victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
Our Saviour's high praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

138 PEREZ. 8s & 7s. (With Hallelujah.)

J. KEMPTHORNE. LOWELL MASON.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns, a - dore him; Praise him, an - gels
2. Praise the Lord; for he hath spo - ken; Worlds his might-y

in the height; Sun and moon, re-joice be- fore him;
voice o - beyed; Laws which nev-er shall be bro - ken,

Sun and moon, re-joice be- fore him;
Laws which nev-er shall be bro - ken,

Praise him, all ye stars of light.
For their guid - ance he hath made.

Praise him, all ye stars of light.
For their guid - ance he hath made.

A - - men.

Hal - le- lu-jah! A - men, A - men, A-men, A - men.
Hal- le - lu- jah!

3 Praise the Lord; for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Land and magnify his name.

139 PRAISE YE THE LORD.

E. A. BARNES. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

DUET.

1. For the Gos - pel word From the bless - ed Lord, For the
2. For the mer - cy seat, Where we oft - en meet, For the
4. For the cleans-ing tide From his wound - ed side, For the

Spir - it and its call, For the love we share,
grace that he im - parts, And the help and cheer
death he meek - ly bore, For the bless - ed home

With the ten - der care That is o - ver one and all.
In our trou- bles here, And the hope with- in our hearts.
In the life to come, When our pil - grim- age is o'er.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord; Oh,
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Oh, praise ye the Lord;

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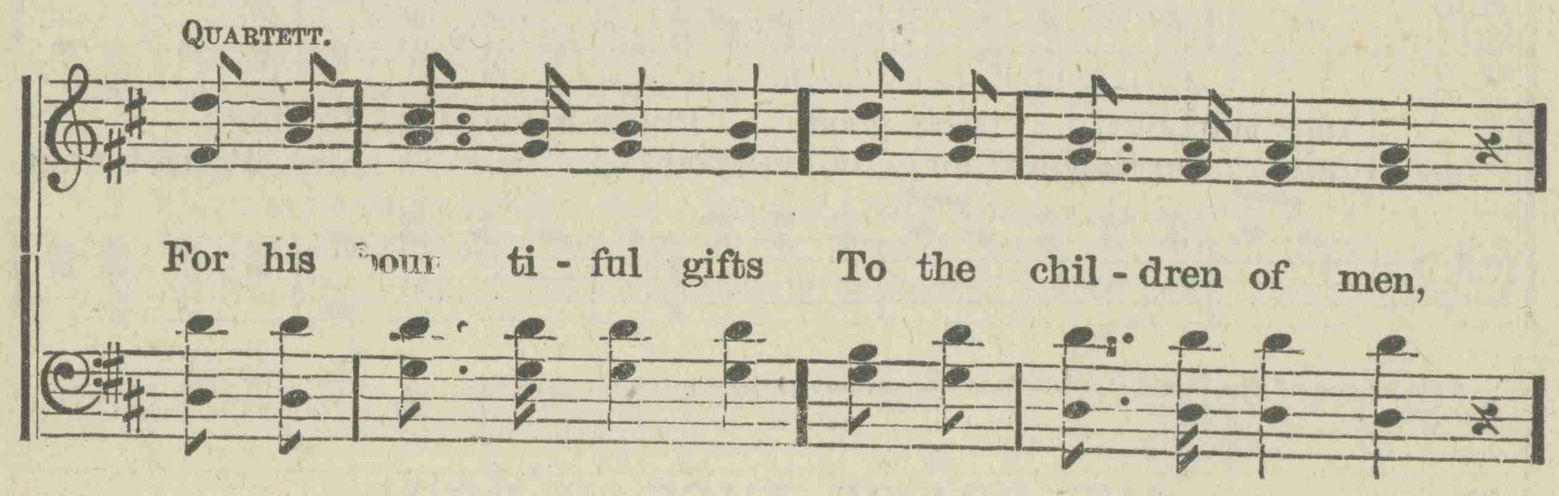
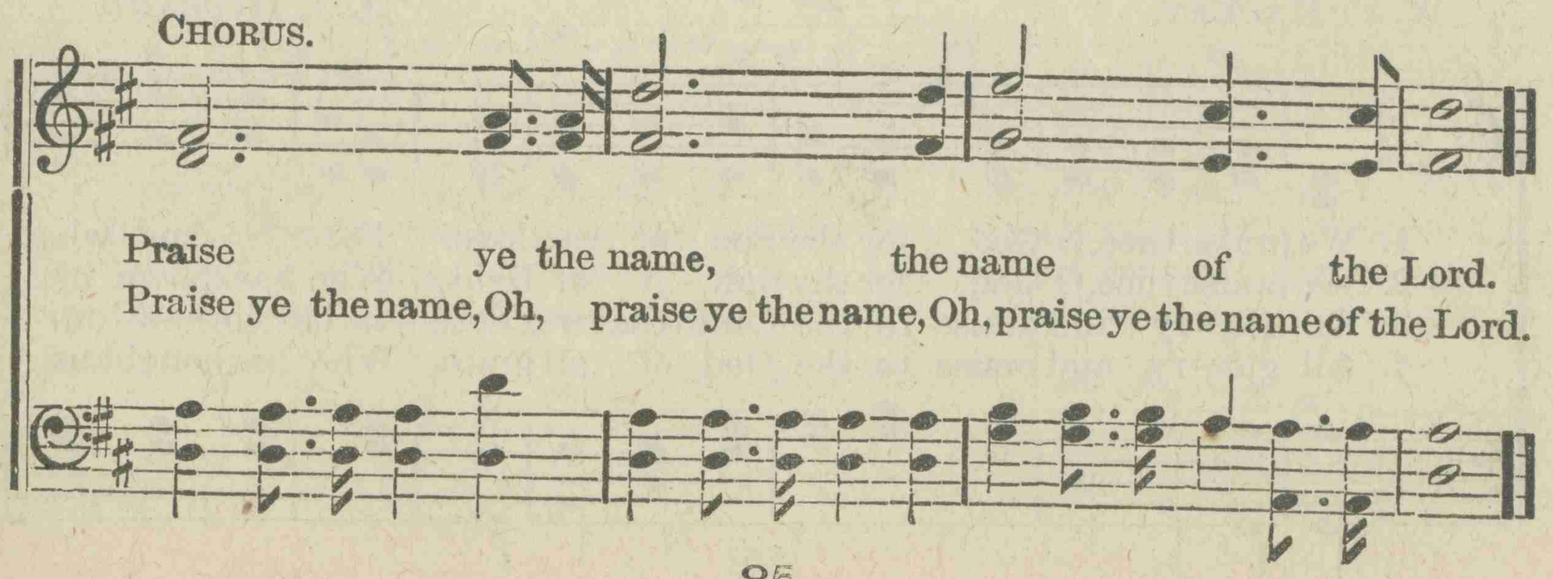
PRAISE YE THE LORD.—Concluded.





140 PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Rous' Version, 1649. C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

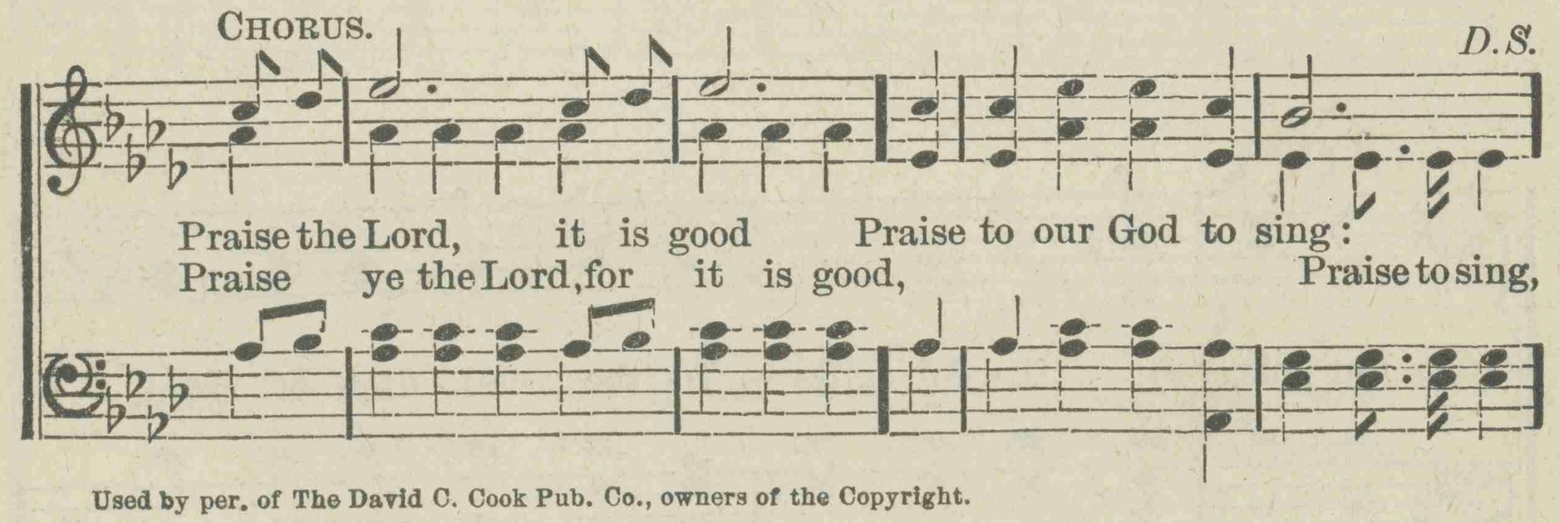
1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good Praise to our God to sing:
2. Those that are bro- ken in their heart, And troubled in their minds,
3. He counts the num- ber of the stars; He names them ev- 'ry one:

FINE.

For it is pleas- ant, and to praise It is a come- ly thing.
He heal- eth, and their pain- ful wounds, He ten- der- ly up- binds.
Our Lord is great, and of great pow'r, His wis- dom search can none.

D. S.—For it is pleas- ant, and to praise It is a come- ly thing.

CHORUS.



D.S.

Praise the Lord, it is good Praise to our God to sing:
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good, Praise to sing,

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141 WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

W. P. MACKEY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, For Je- sus who
2. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spir- it of light, Who has shown us
3. All glo- ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo- ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us,

WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
our Sav - iour, and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain!
and sought us, and guided our ways!

} Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the
} Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the

1 2

glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
glo - ry, (*Omit.* . . . . .) Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

142 HENDON. 7s.

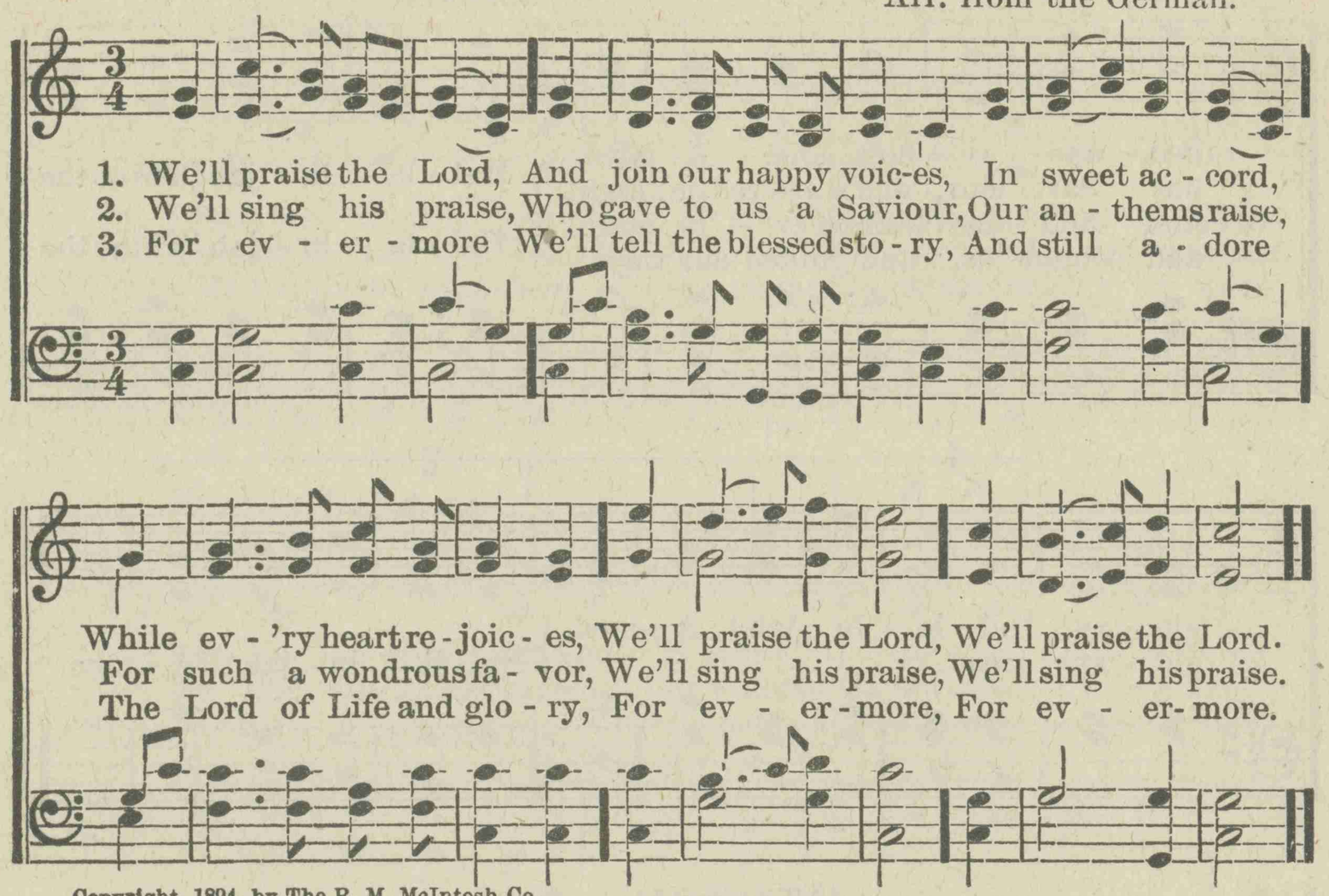
J. MONTGOMERY. C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Songs of praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of peace was born; Songs of praise a -
2. Heav'n and earth must pass a- way—Songs of praise must crown the day; God will make new
3. Saints be- low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice, Learning here, by
4. Borne up - on the la-test breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death, Then, a-midst e -

rose when he Cap-tive led cap - tiv - i - ty, Cap-tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
heav'ns and earth—Songs of praise shall hail their birth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.
ter- nal joy, Songs of praise their pow'rs em- ploy, Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

143 WE'LL PRAISE THE LORD.

Arr. from the German.



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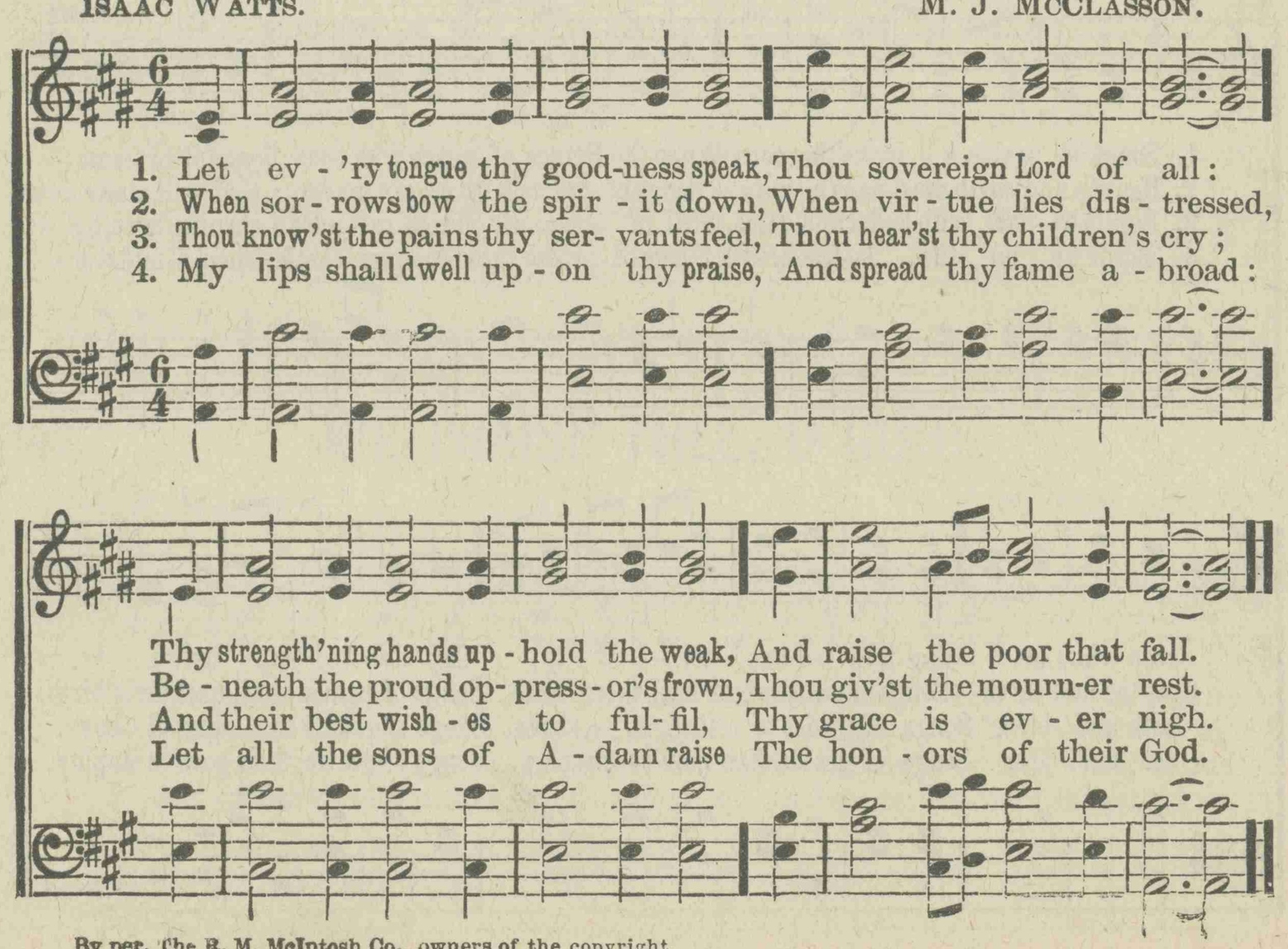
144 HEAD. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. M. J. McCLASSON.



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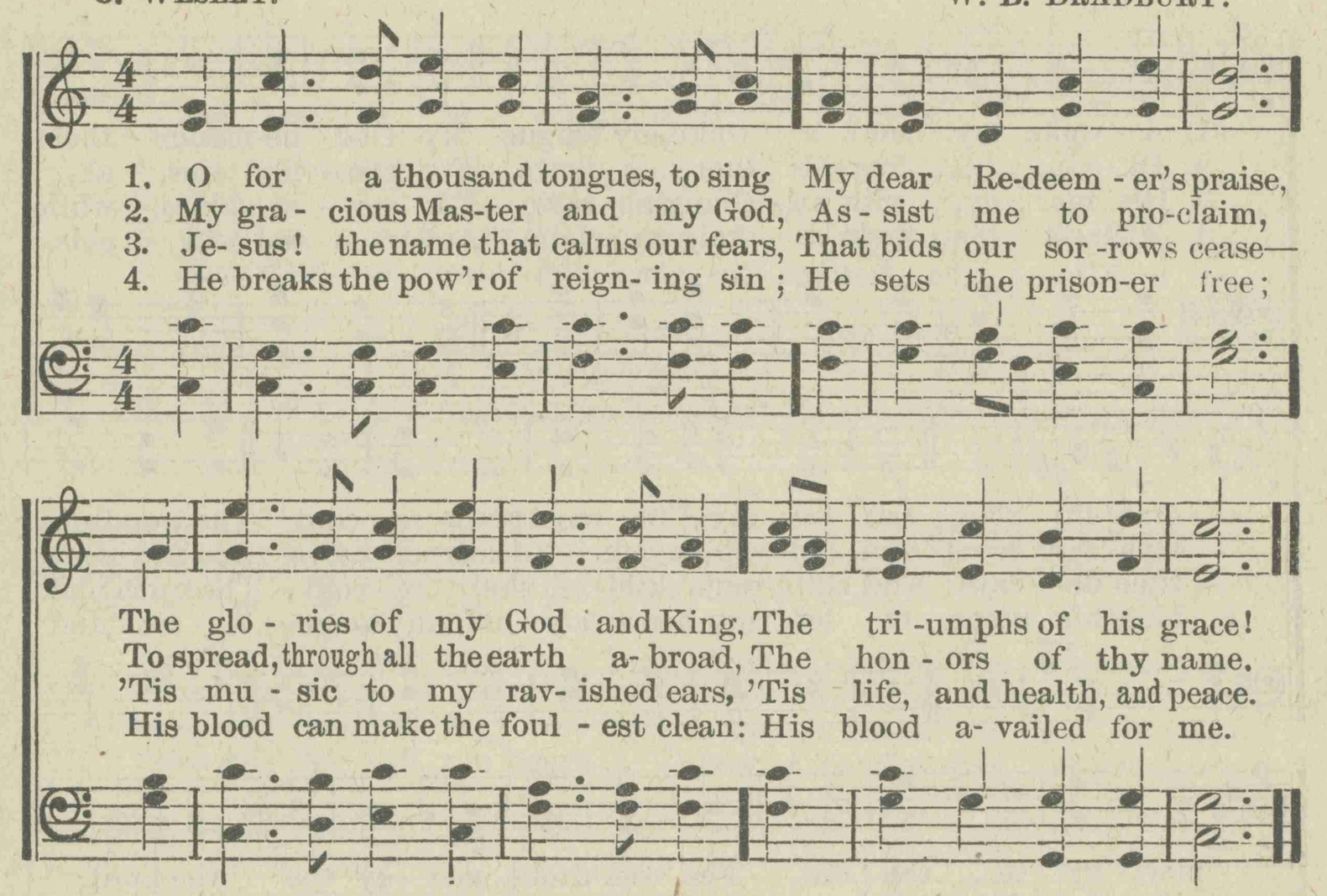
145 BROWN. C. M.

C. WESLEY. W. B. BRADBURY.



146 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Lord, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart
O teach me to improve
Thy grifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love!

147 C. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 Come, you that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have seen his lovely face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 When in the earthly courts we view
The beauties of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate our strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

148 C. M. O. HEGINBOTHAM

1 Yes, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

149 PARK STREET. L. M.

ANNE STEELE. F. M. A. VENUA.

1. A - wake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue, My God de-mands the
2. Di - vine - ly free his mer - cy flows, For-gives my sins, al -
3. His mer - cy, with un - changing rays, For - ev - er shines, while
4. While all his works his praise pro-claim, And men and an - gels

grate-ful song; Let all my in - most pow'rs re - cord The wondrous
lays my woes, And bids ap-proach-ing death re - move, And crowns me
time de - cays; And child-ren's child-ren shall re - cord The truth and
bless his name, O let my heart, my life, my tongue At - tend, and

mer - cy of the Lord, The won-drous mer - cy of the Lord.
with in - dul - gent love, And crowns me with in - dul - gent love.
good - ness of the Lord, The truth and good-ness of the Lord.
join the bliss - ful song! At - tend, and join the bliss - ful song!

150 BROOKS. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Sweet is the work, my God! my King! To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal care shall seize my breast; O may my
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word; Thy works of

love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.
grace, how bright they shine! How deep thy coun - sels! how di - vine!

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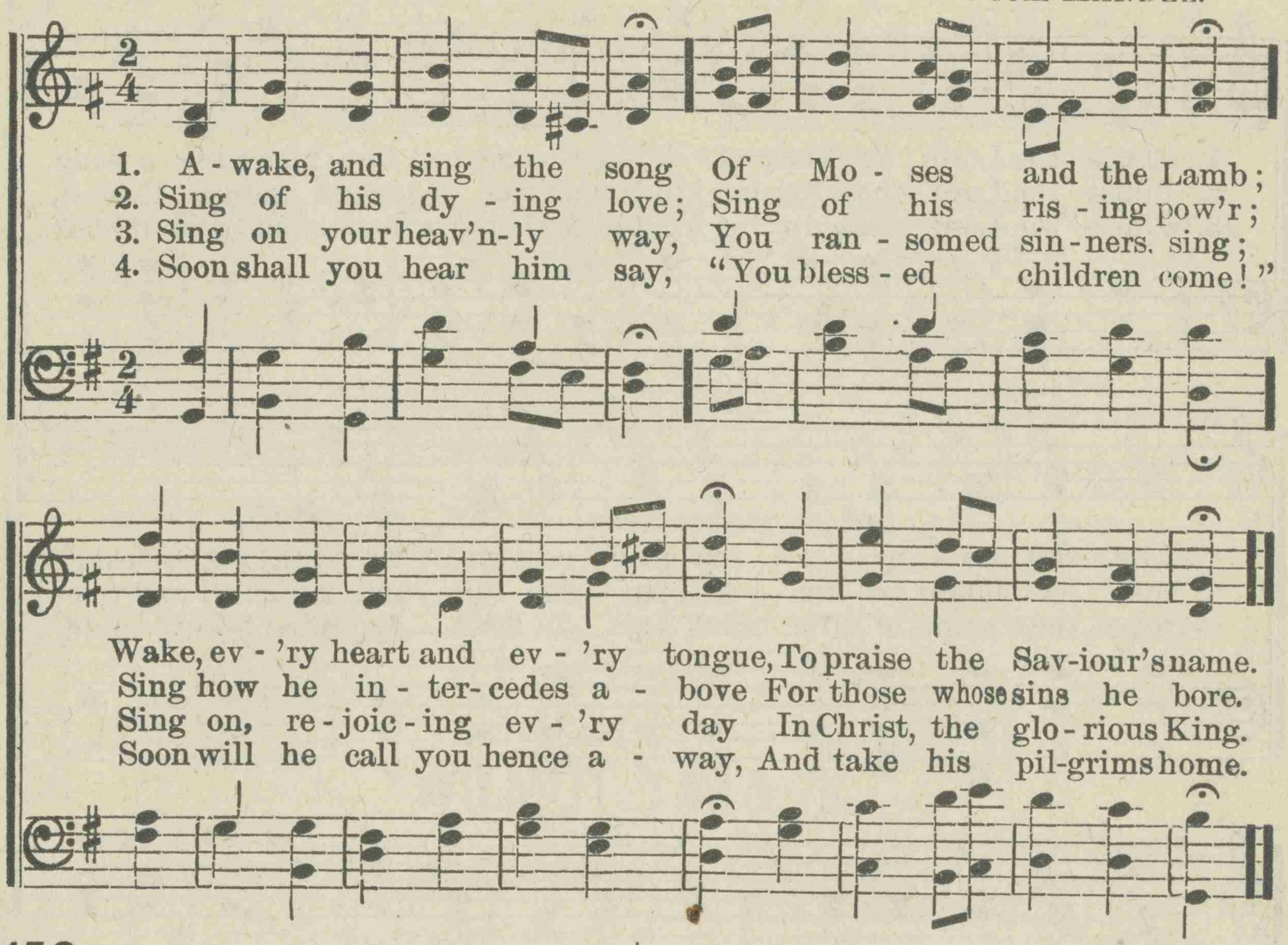
151 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WM. HAMMOND. From HANDEL.



152 L. M. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1 Servants of God, in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Who is like God? so great, so high,
He bows himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

3 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust;
In him the poor may safely trust.

4 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

153 S. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

2 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

154 L. M. THOS. COTTERILL.

1 Thee we adore, O gracious Lord;
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King;
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing;
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love.

155 O PRAISE HIS NAME.

F. J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. Praise the Lord, the Rock of A - ges, come be - fore him with a song,
2. Praise the Lord, whose lov-ing kind- ness has redeemed us from the fall,
3. Praise the Lord, that in his king-dom there are man- sions bright and fair,

While the sto - ry of his good - ness we re - peat, (we re-peat;)
And has bought for us a par - don full and free, (full and free;)
Where the streams of life and joy in beau - ty glide, (beauty glide,)

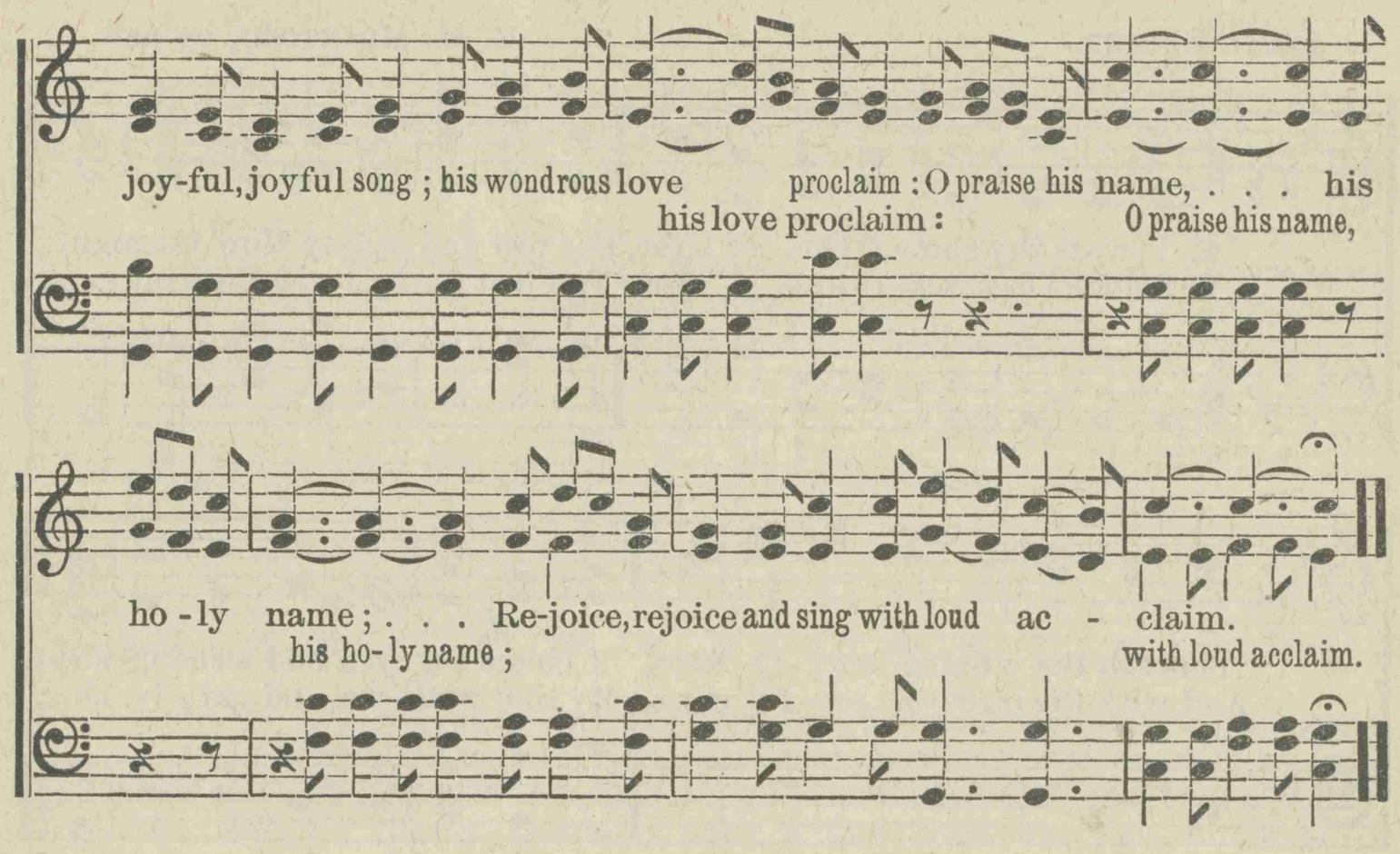
Praise the Lord, the King of Glo - ry, with the ev - er- last - ing throng
Praise the Lord that all are wel - come to ac - cept the gra - cious call,
Praise the Lord that all the faith - ful by and by shall en - ter there,

Who are shout - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! at his feet.
Ho, ye wear - y, heav - y la - den, come to me.
And for - ev - er in his ten - der love a - bide.

CHORUS.

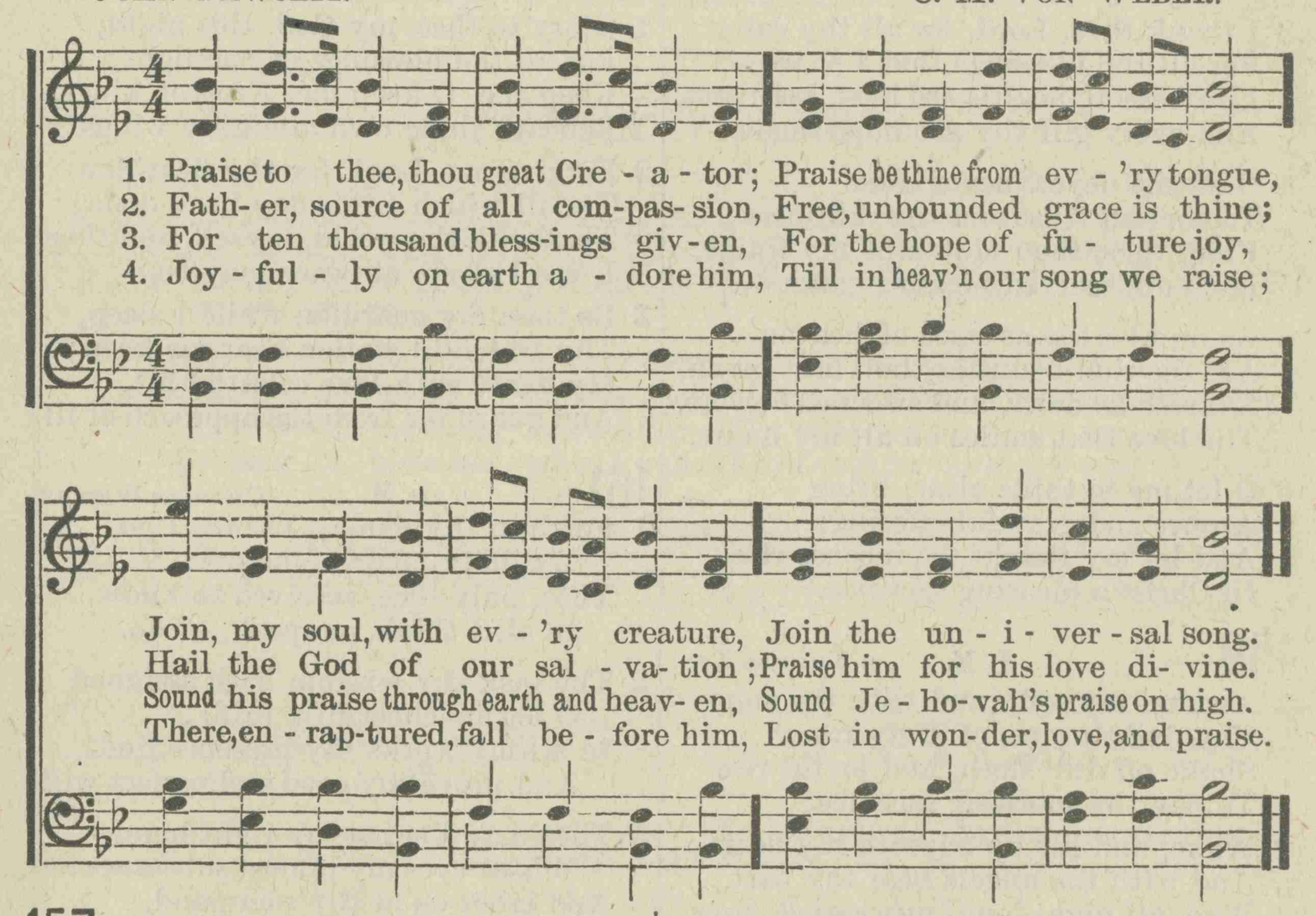
O praise his name, ... his ho - ly name, ... O come with
O praise his name, his ho - ly name,

O PRAISE HIS NAME.—Concluded.



156 WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

JOHN FAWCETT. C. M. VON WEBER.



157 8s & 7s. Unknown.

1 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Be to him who reigns above ;
Young and old thy name confessing,
Saviour, let us share thy love.

2 As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne ;
As thine angels bow before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

158 CRICHLOW. L. M.

ISAAC ERRETT. R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

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3 I thank thee, Lord, for all thy care,
For all the blessings that I share—
Life, reason, health, and home, and friends,
And every gift thy goodness sends.

4 O let me never, never cease
To cherish trust and thankfulness;
From thee, thou Maker of my frame,
Each undeserved blessing came.

5 As numberless as stars of heaven
Are the rich bounties thou hast given,
As fresh as dews, and sweet as flowers,
The love that smiles on all my hours.

6 O let me to thine altar, bring
A pure and grateful offering;
And let my thanks, as incense rise
In Christ a pleasing sacrifice.

159 L. M. THOMAS KEN.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied, sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, while I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

160 L. M THOMAS KEN.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

161 L. M. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

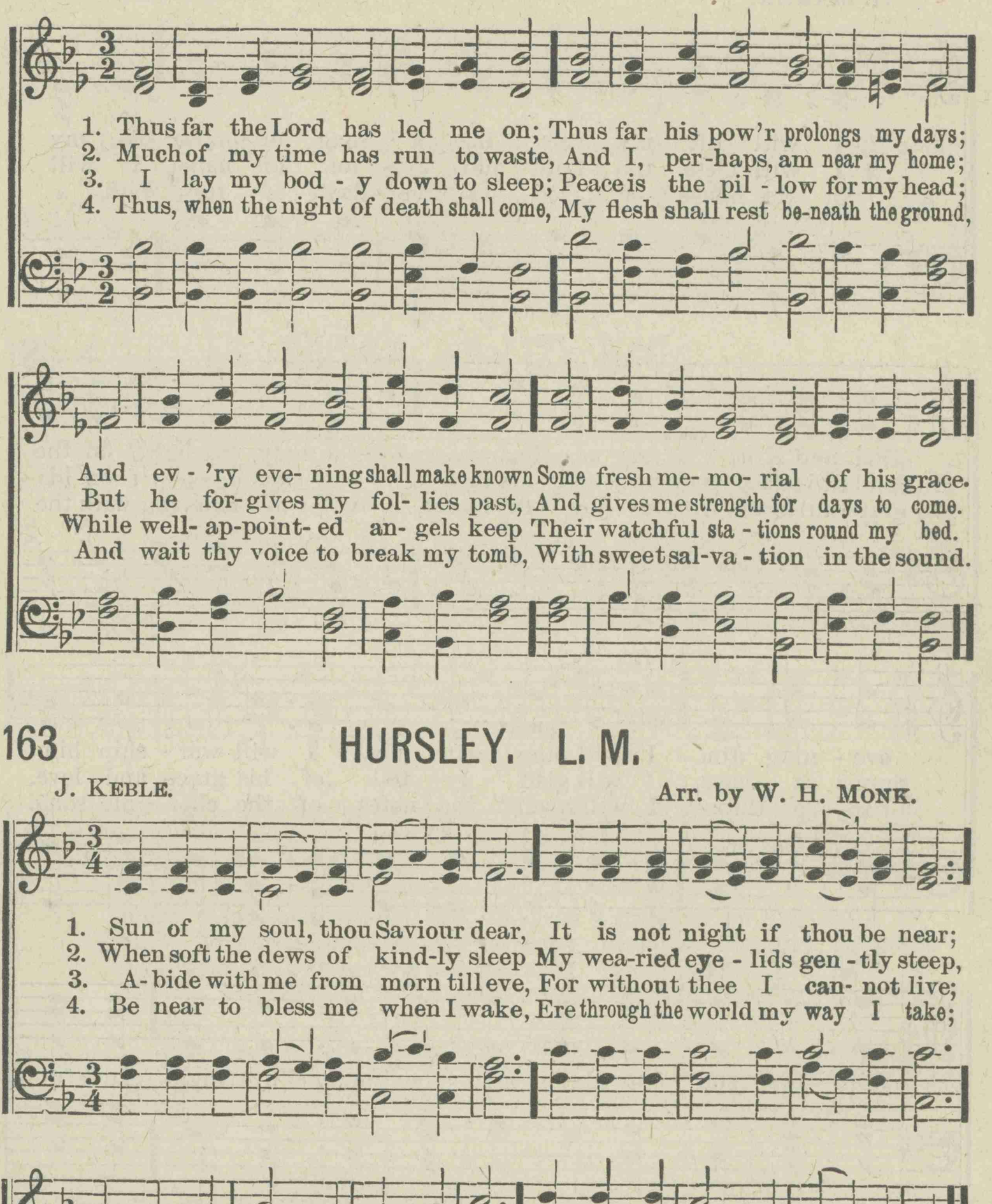
2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

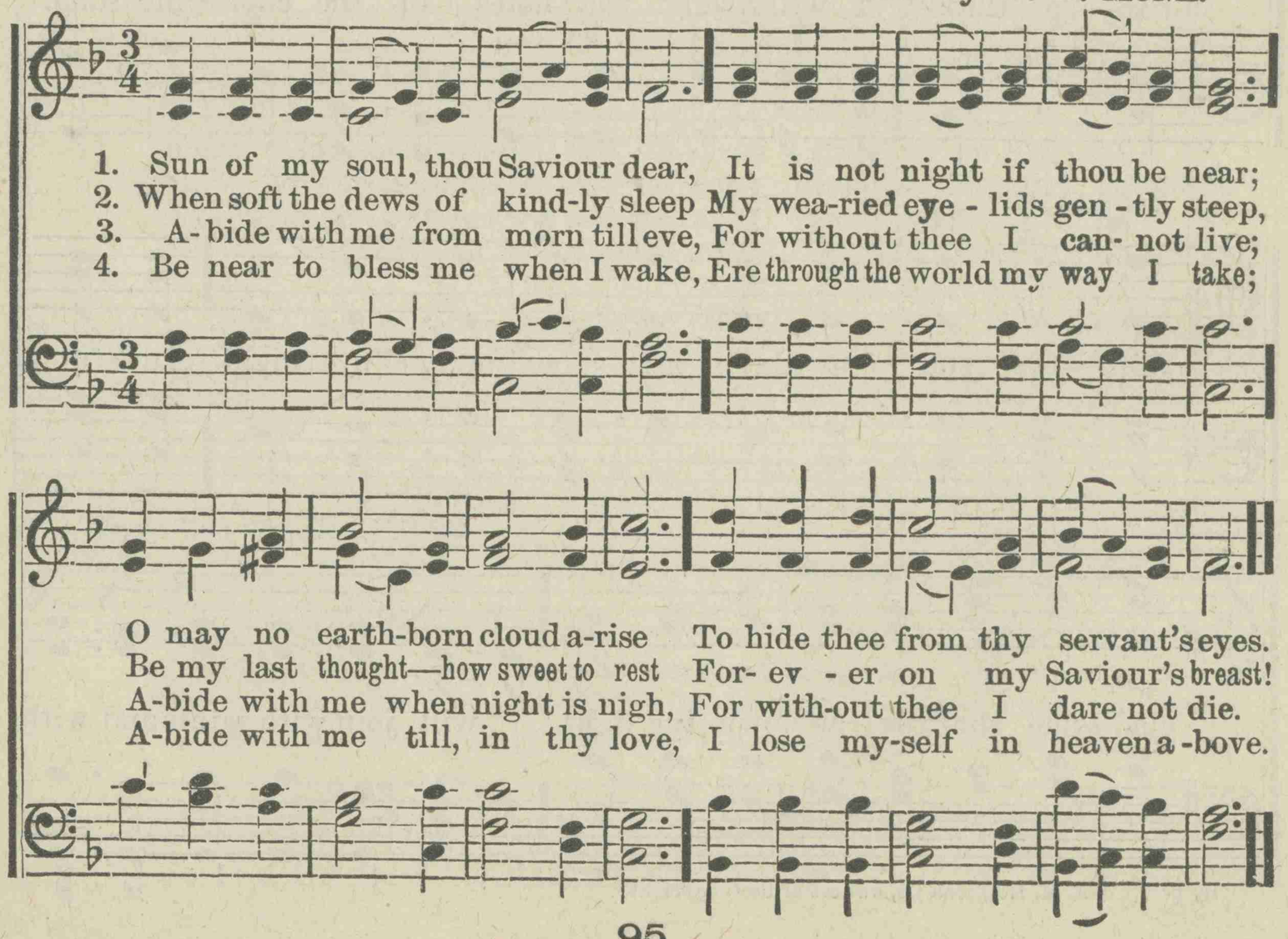
162 HEBRON. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.



163 HURSLEY. L. M.

J. KEBLE. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



164 I WILL SING WITH JOY.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. I will lift my voice in a song of praise, To my
2. I will bless the Lord and ex - tol his name, I will
3. In the house of God on the day of rest, With a

God and King I'll an an- them raise; By the morn- ing light, in the
laud his deeds and re-sound his fame; I will sing his pow'r on his
grate- ful heart, with a joy - ful breast, I will sit and sing with the

eve - ning dim I will sing with joy, I will wor - ship him.
throne a - bove, I will glad - ly tell of his grace and love.
hap - py throng, I will swell the notes of the chor - al song.

REFRAIN.

With the sun by day, and the stars by night, In a

glad-some cho- rus at dawn- ing light, I will join with saints and with

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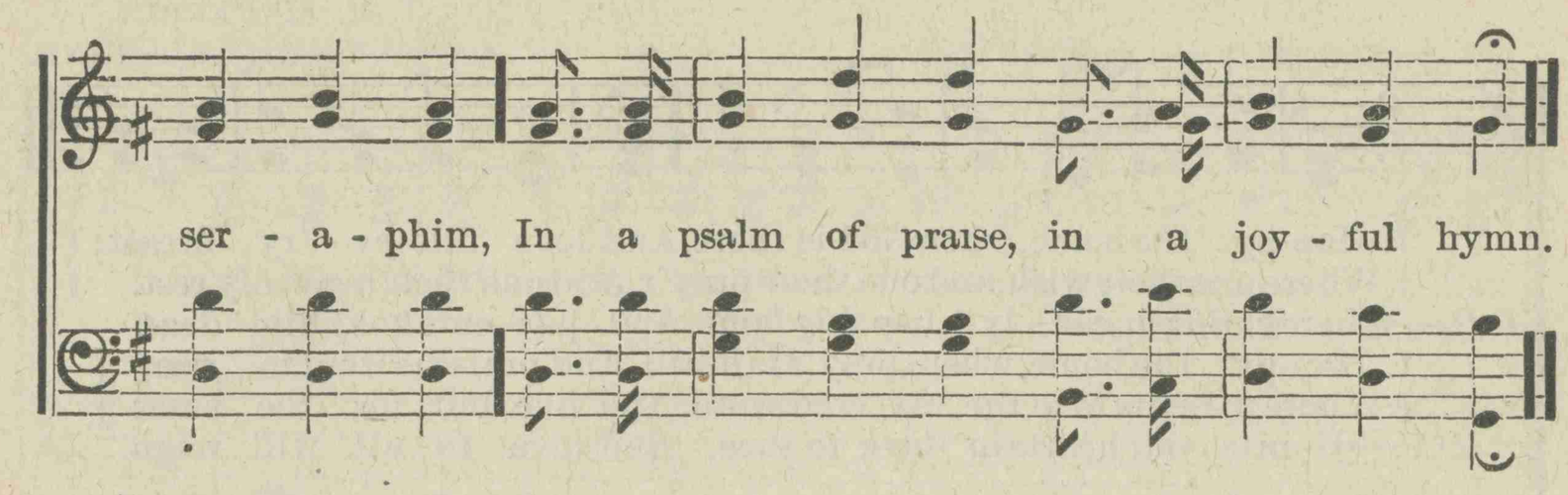
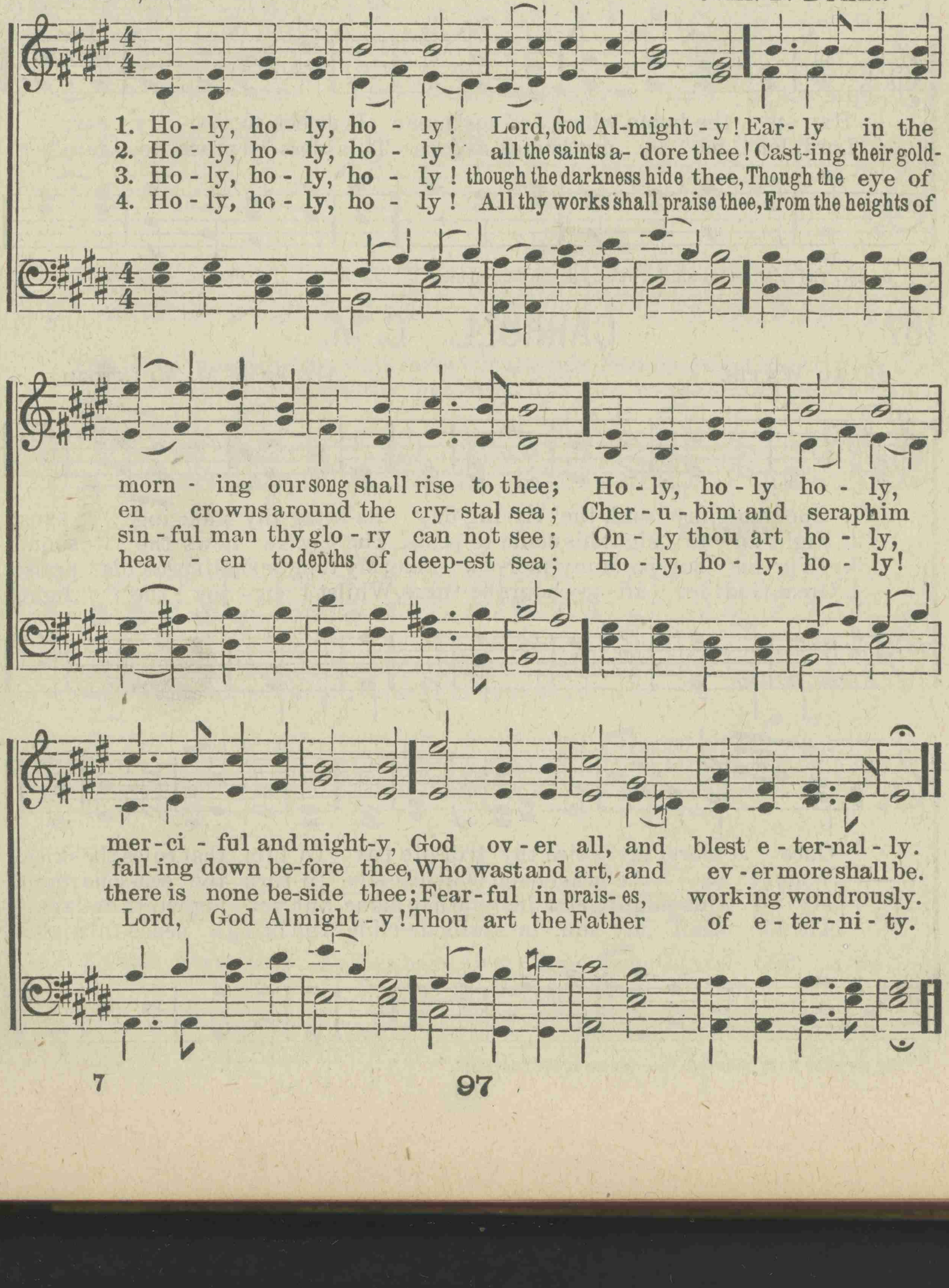
I WILL SING WITH JOY.—Concluded.



165 NICÆA. 11s, 12s, & 10s.

HEBER, alt. JOHN B. DYKES.



166 HERMON. C. M. Double.

J. P. McFERRIN.

FINE.

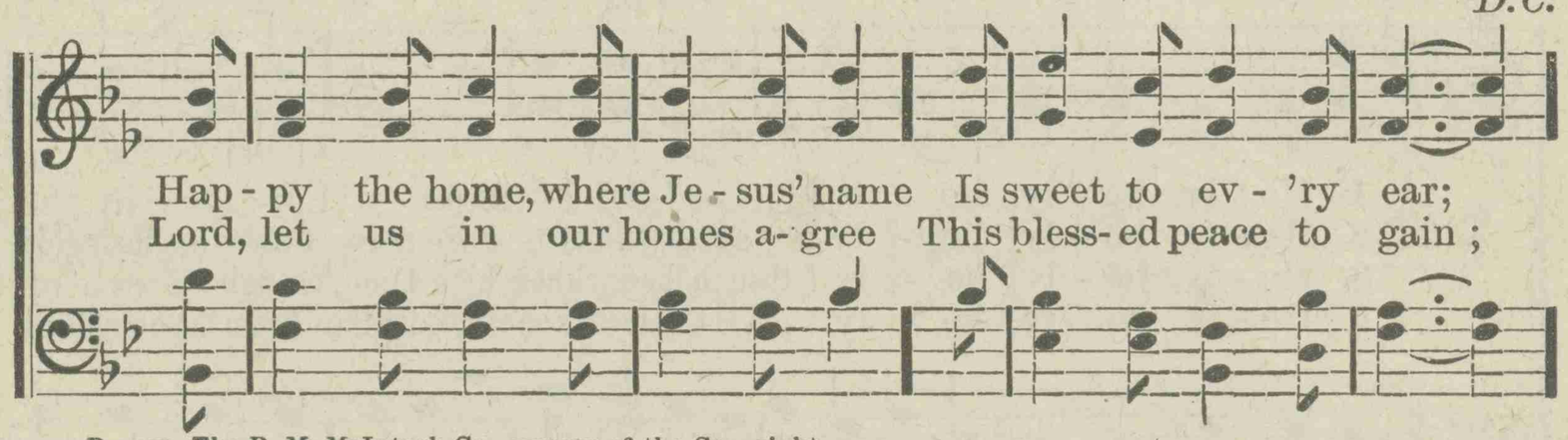
1. { Hap-py the home, when God is there, And love fills ev - 'ry breast; }
   { Where one their wish, and one their pray'r, And one their heavenly rest. }

D. C.—Where children ear - ly lisp his fame, And par- ents hold him dear.

2. { Hap-py the home, where pray'r is heard, And praise is wont to rise; }
   { Where par-ents love the sa- cred word, And live but for the skies. }

D. C.—U- nite our hearts in love to thee, And love to all will reign.

D. C.



Hap - py the home, where Je - sus' name Is sweet to ev - 'ry ear;
Lord, let us in our homes a- gree This bless- ed peace to gain;

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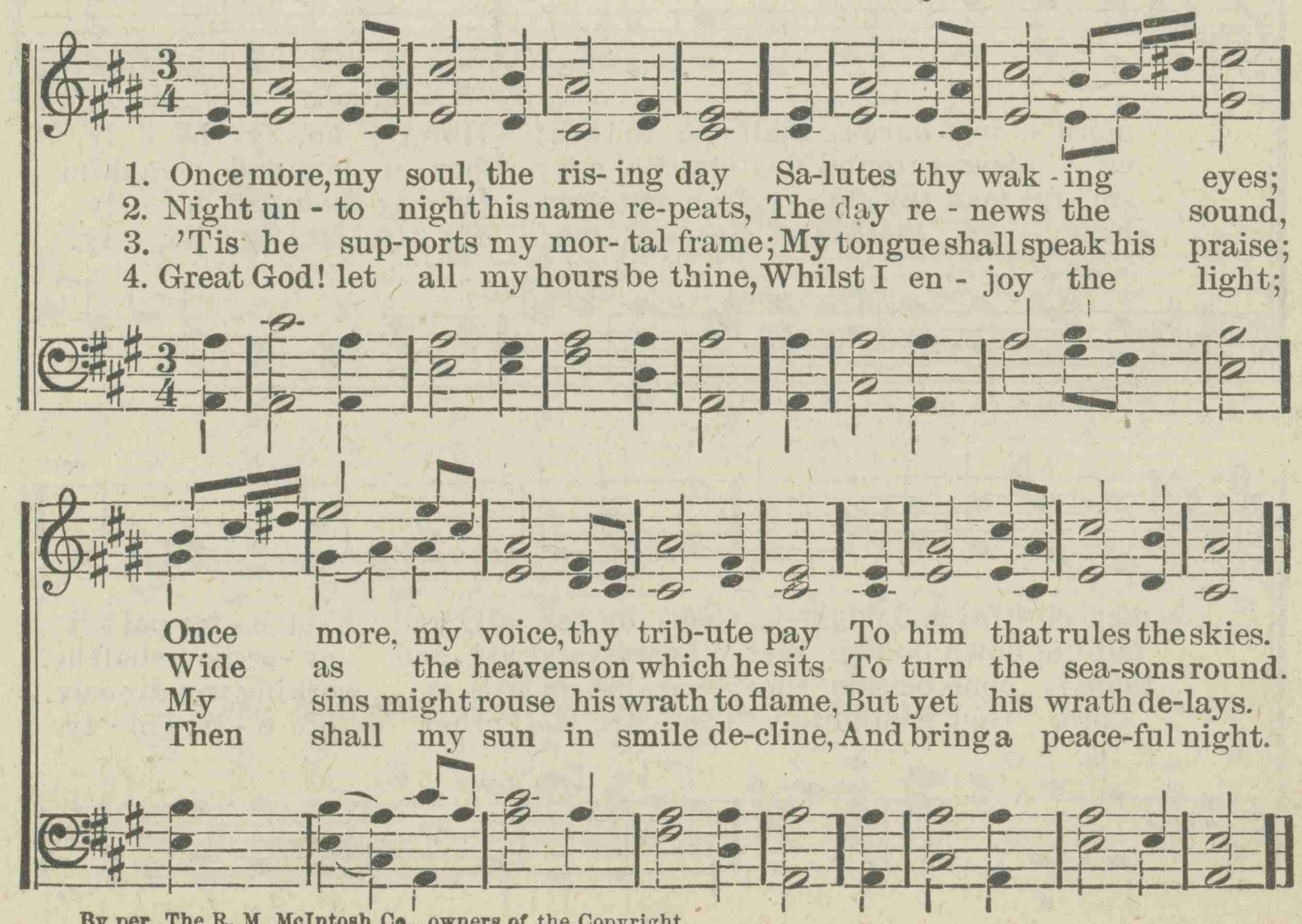
167 CARROLL. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



1. Once more, my soul, the ris- ing day Sa-lutes thy wak - ing eyes;
2. Night un - to night his name re-peats, The day re - news the sound,
3. 'Tis he sup-ports my mor- tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise;
4. Great God! let all my hours be thine, Whilst I en - joy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy trib-ute pay To him that rules the skies.
Wide as the heavens on which he sits To turn the sea-sons round.
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame, But yet his wrath de-lays.
Then shall my sun in smile de-cline, And bring a peace-ful night.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

168 FADING, STILL FADING.

SELINA HUNTINGTON. Arr. by T. V. WEISTENTHAL.

1. Fad- ing, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; Fa- ther in heav-en, the
2. Fa- ther in heav-en, O hear when we call; Hear, for Christ's sake who is

QUARTETT.

day is de-clining: Safe - ty and in- no-cence flee with the light,
Sav - iour of all. Fee - ble and faint-ing, we trust in thy might;

Temp-tation and danger walk forth with the night, From the fall of the shade till the
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light; Let us sleep on thy breast while the

CHORUS.

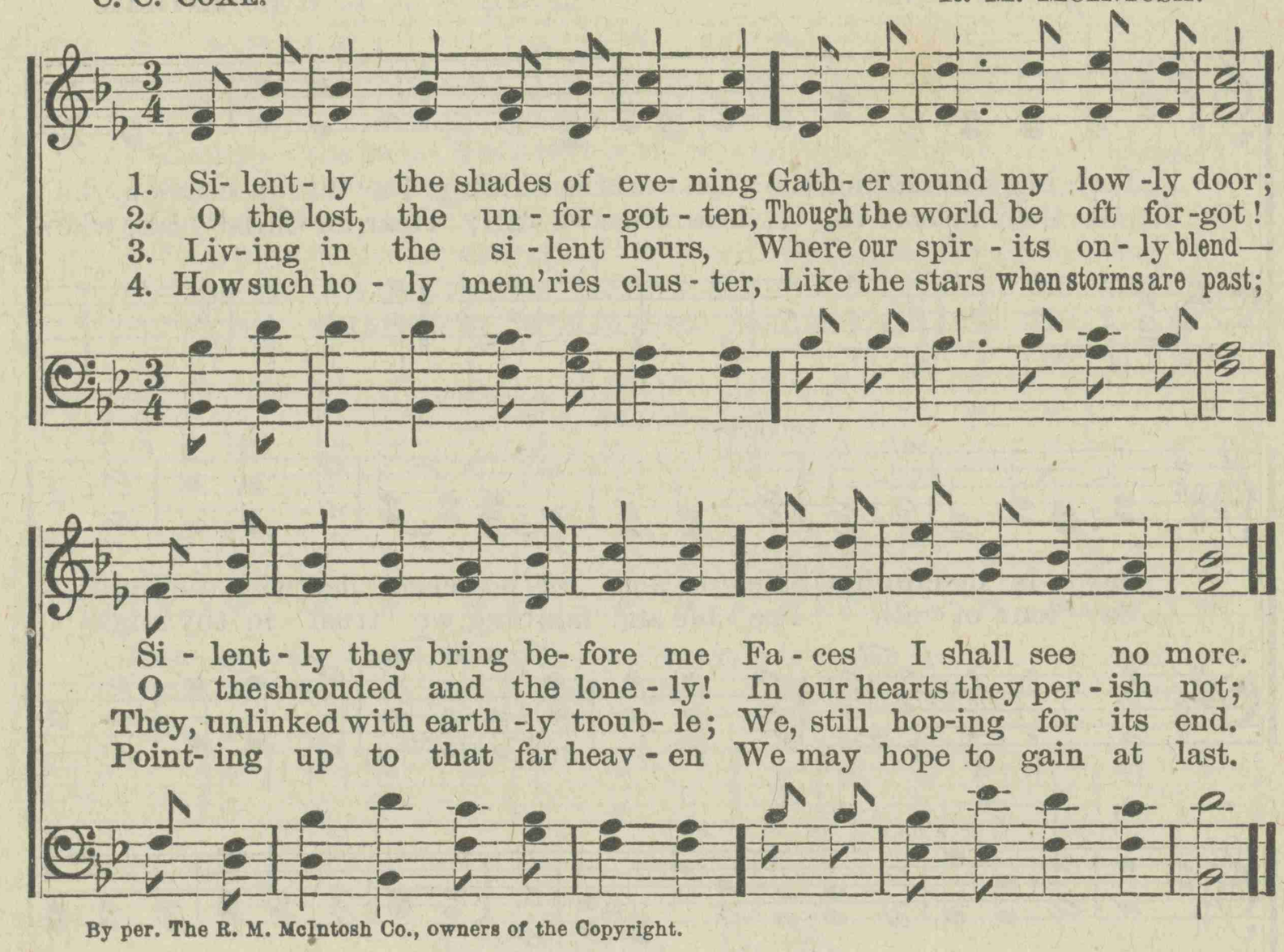
morning bells chime, Shield us from danger, keep us from crime.
night taper burns, Wake in thine arms when morning returns. } Father, have mercy,

2d verse.

Fa-ther, have mercy, Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. A-men.

169 BERRY. 8s & 7s.

C. C. Coxe. R. M. McIntosh.



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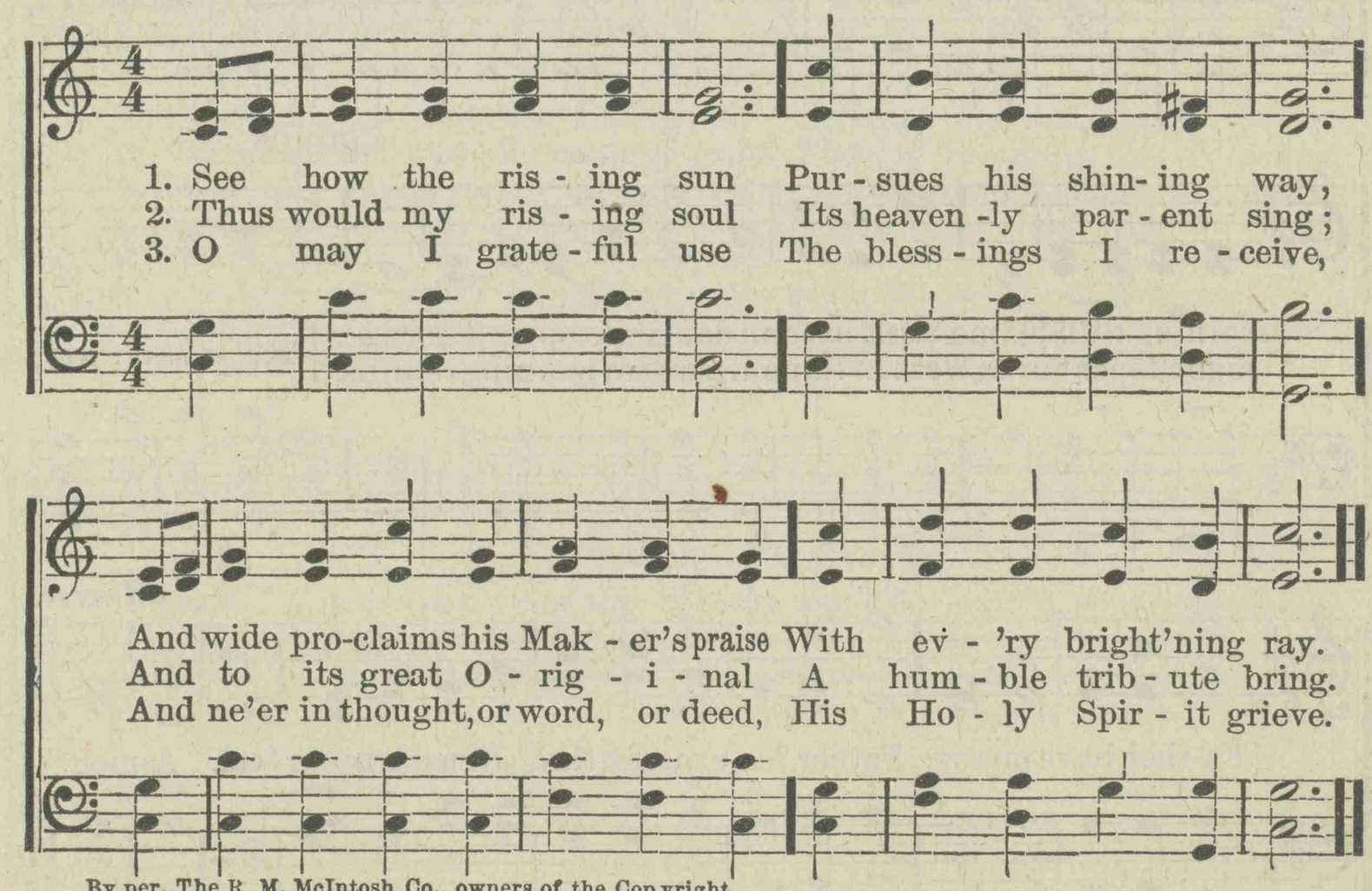
170 MOULTON. S. M.

Elizabeth Scott. L. C. Chisholm.



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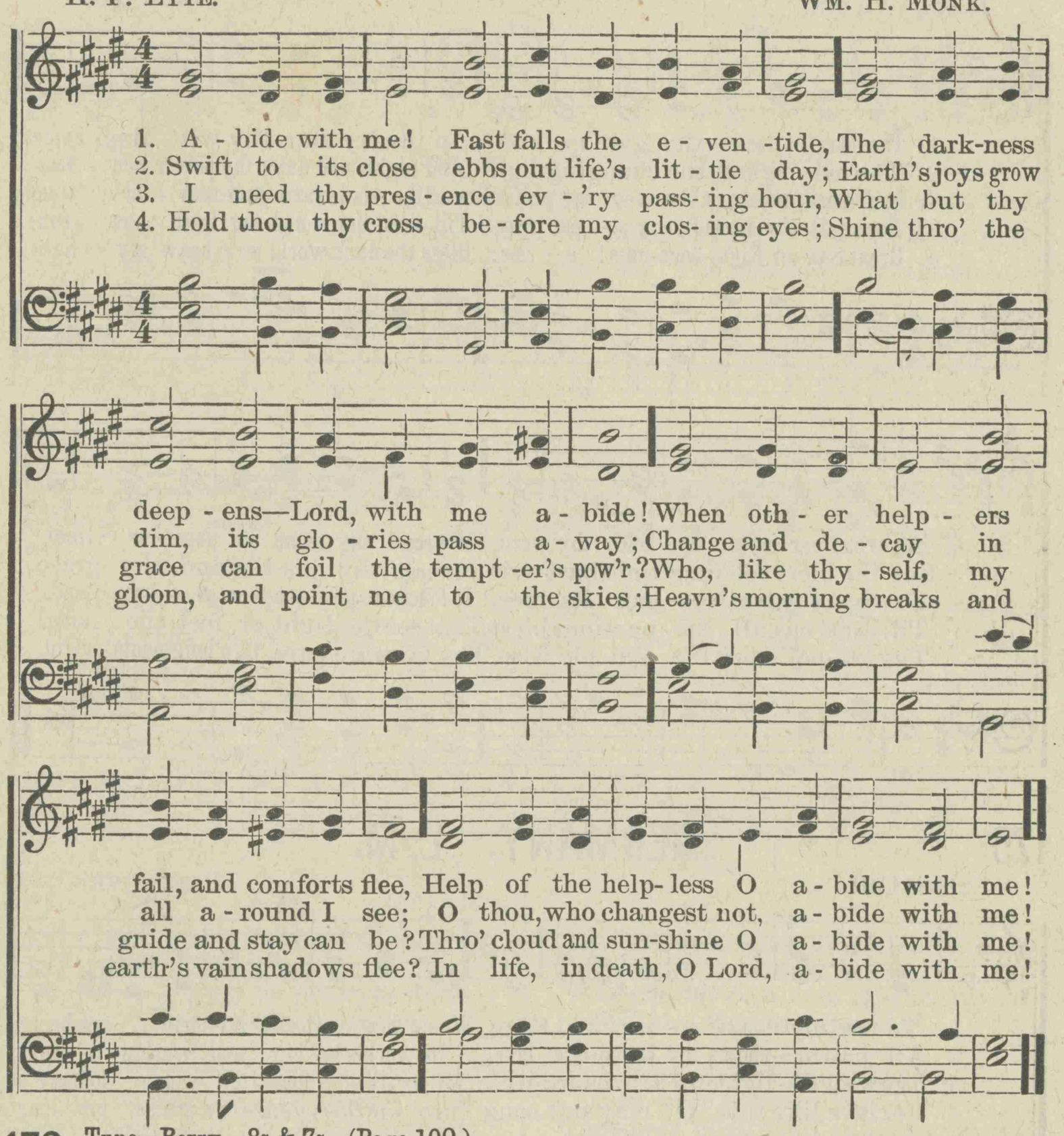
171 ABIDE WITH ME. 10s.

H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.



172 Tune—Berry. 8s & 7s. (Page 100.)

J. EDMESTON.

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

173 Tune—Moulton. S. M. (Page 100.)

JOHN MASON NEALE.

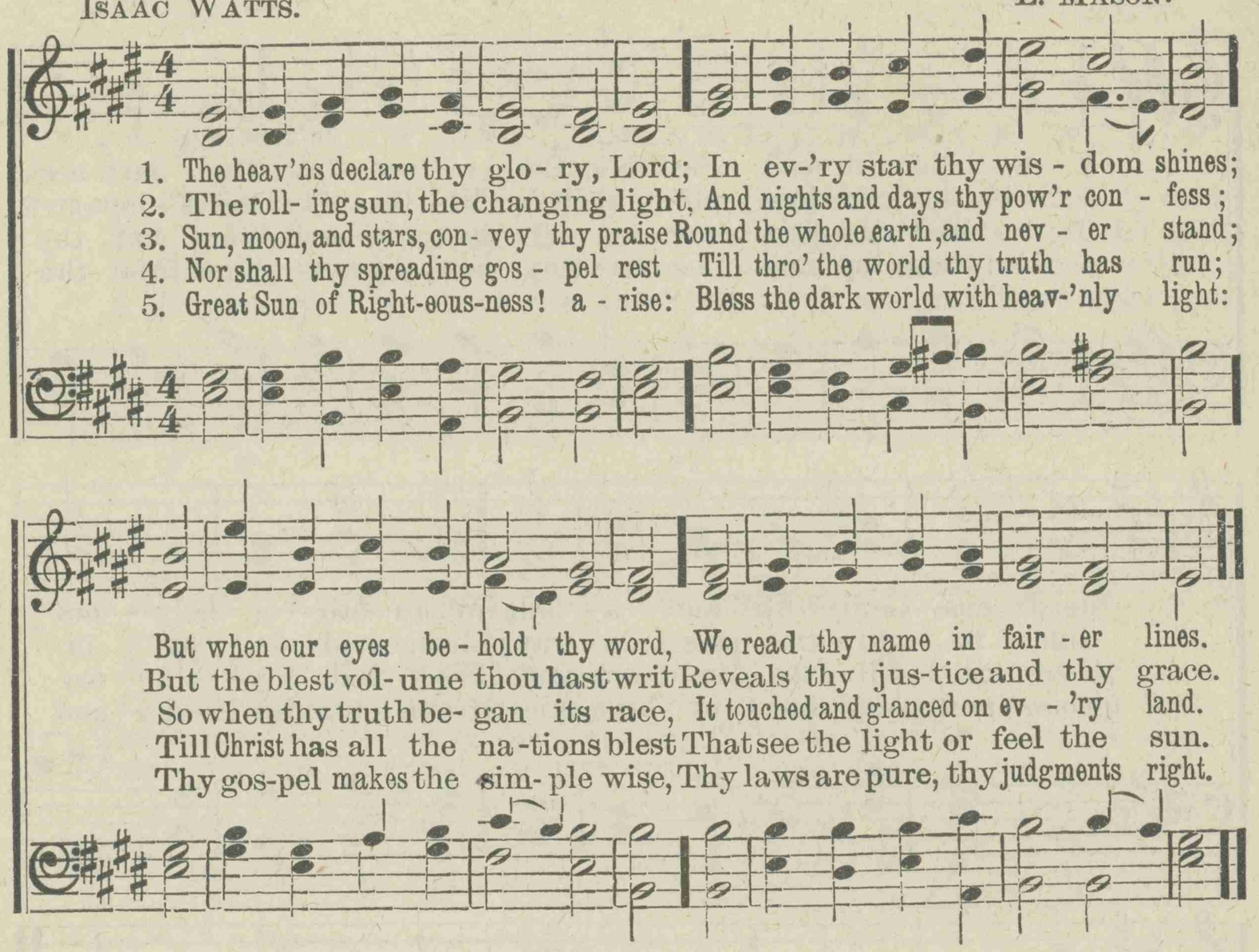
1 The day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er,
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

174 UXBRIDGE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.

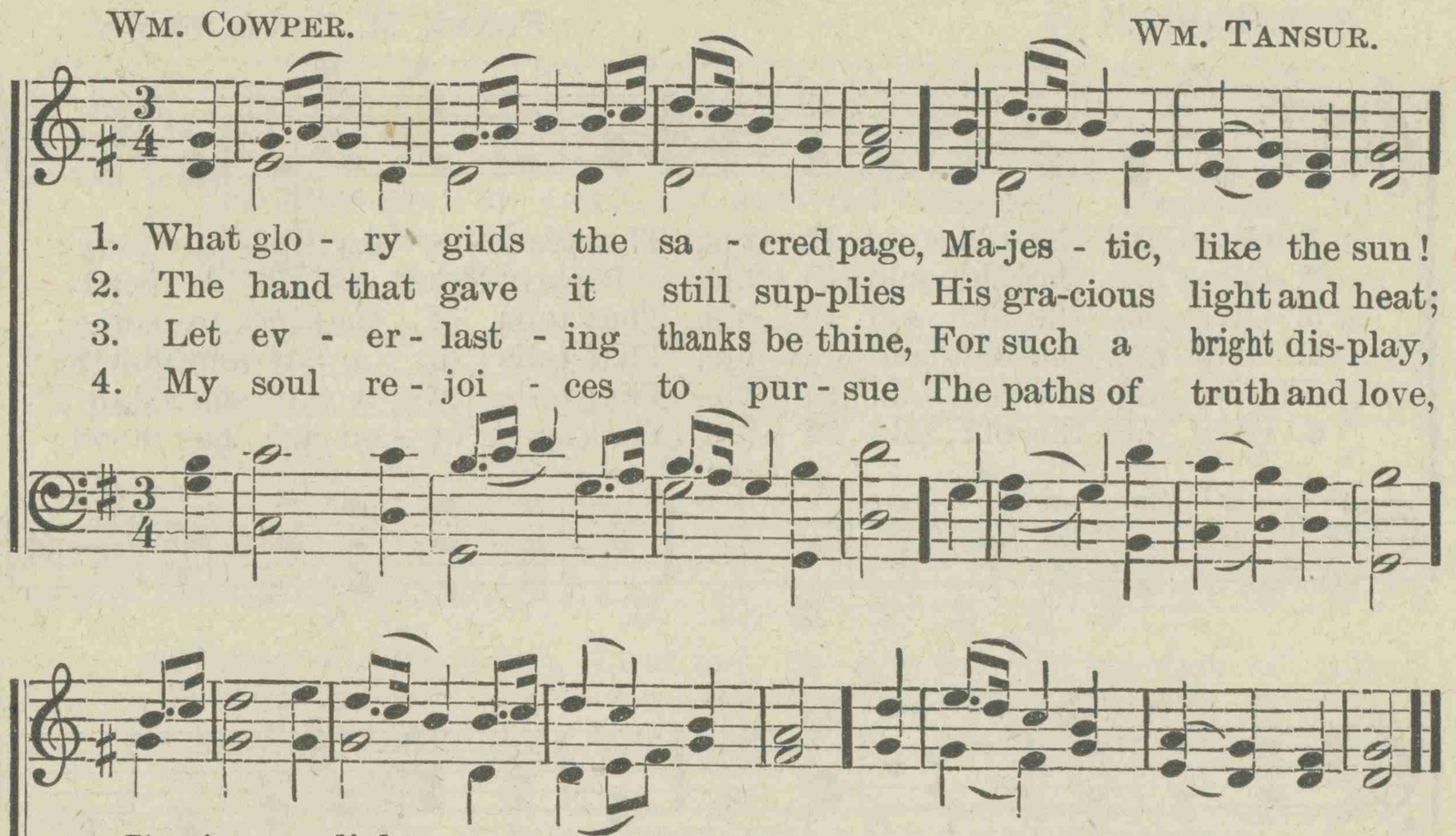


175 GERMANY. L. M.

Exeter Coll. BEETHOVEN.

176 ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WM. COWPER. WM. TANSUR.



177 C. M. J. FAWCETT.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its precepts shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

178 C. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make us truly wise:
We hate the sinner's road;
We hate our own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, O God!

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

179 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 'Twas by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

180 GIVE ME THE OLD BIBLE.

E. R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That teach-es my lips to pray;
2. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, I learn'd when a child to read;
3. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of the Christ to come;
4. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of a Sav-iour's birth;
5. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of a Sav - iour slain;
6. Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That age up - on age has stood;

Give me the old, old Bi - ble, What - ev - er you take a - way.
Give me the old, old Bi - ble, For it is a friend in - deed.
Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of a heav- enly home.
Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That prom - is - es pow'r on earth.
Give me the old, old Bi - ble, That tells of Mes- si - ah's reign.
Give me the old, old Bi - ble, To show me the way to God.

CHORUS.

The old, old Bi- ble, the old, old Bi- ble, With gladsome heart I see;

The old, old Bi-ble, the old, old Bi-ble, O give that book to me.

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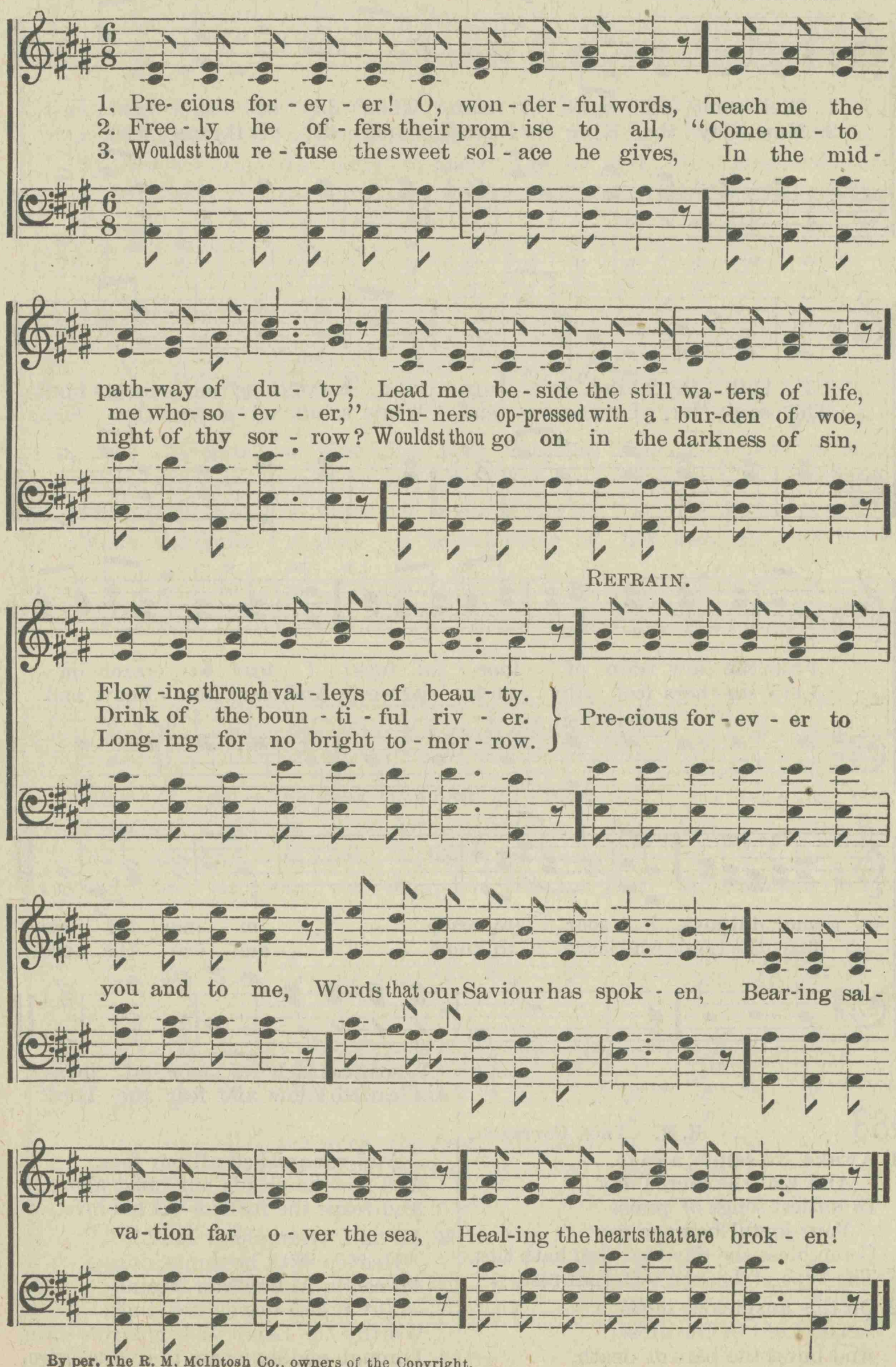
181 PRECIOUS WORDS.

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.



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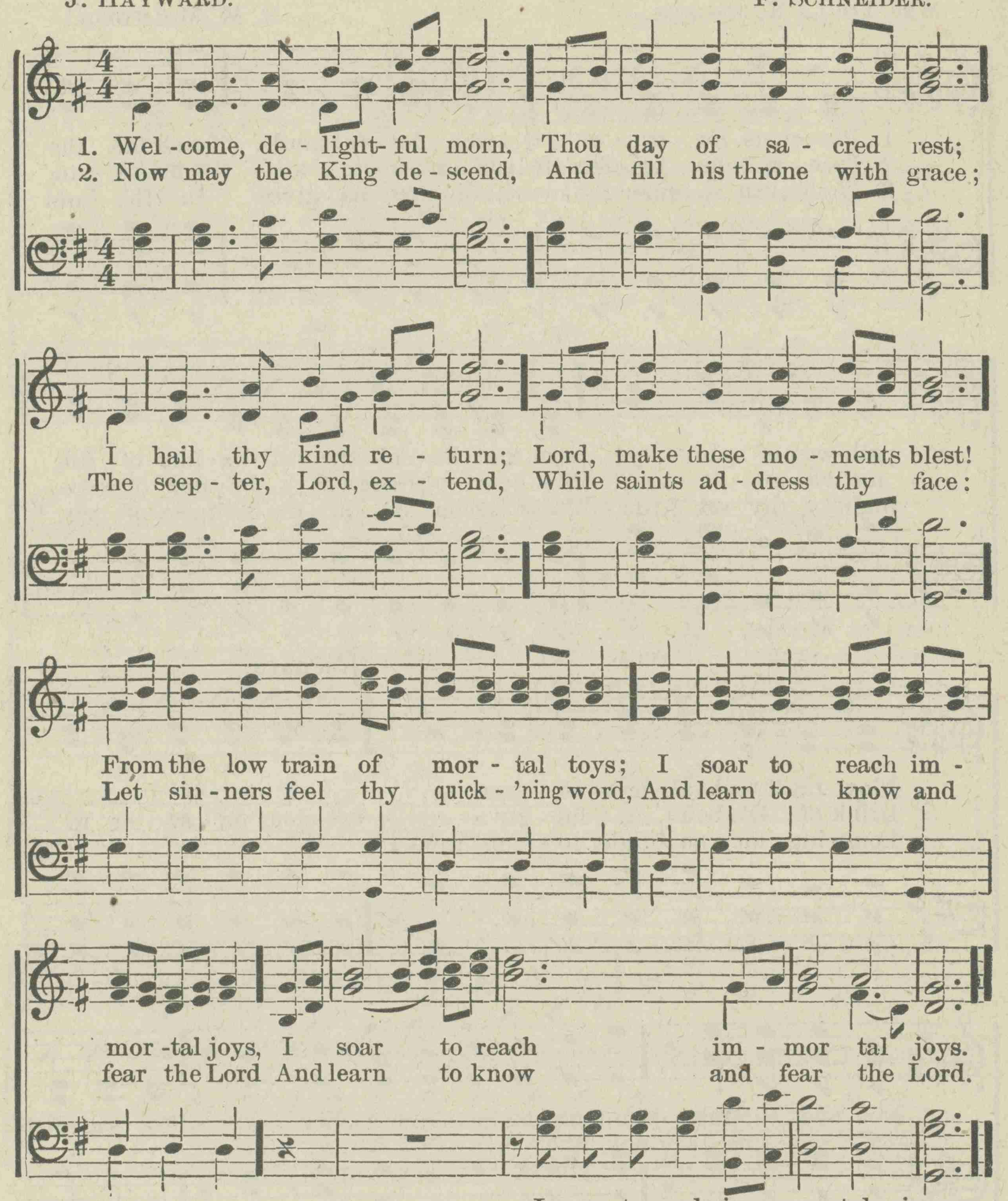
182 LISCHER. H. M.

J. HAYWARD. F. SCHNEIDER.



183

H. M. THOS. COTTERILL.

1 Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

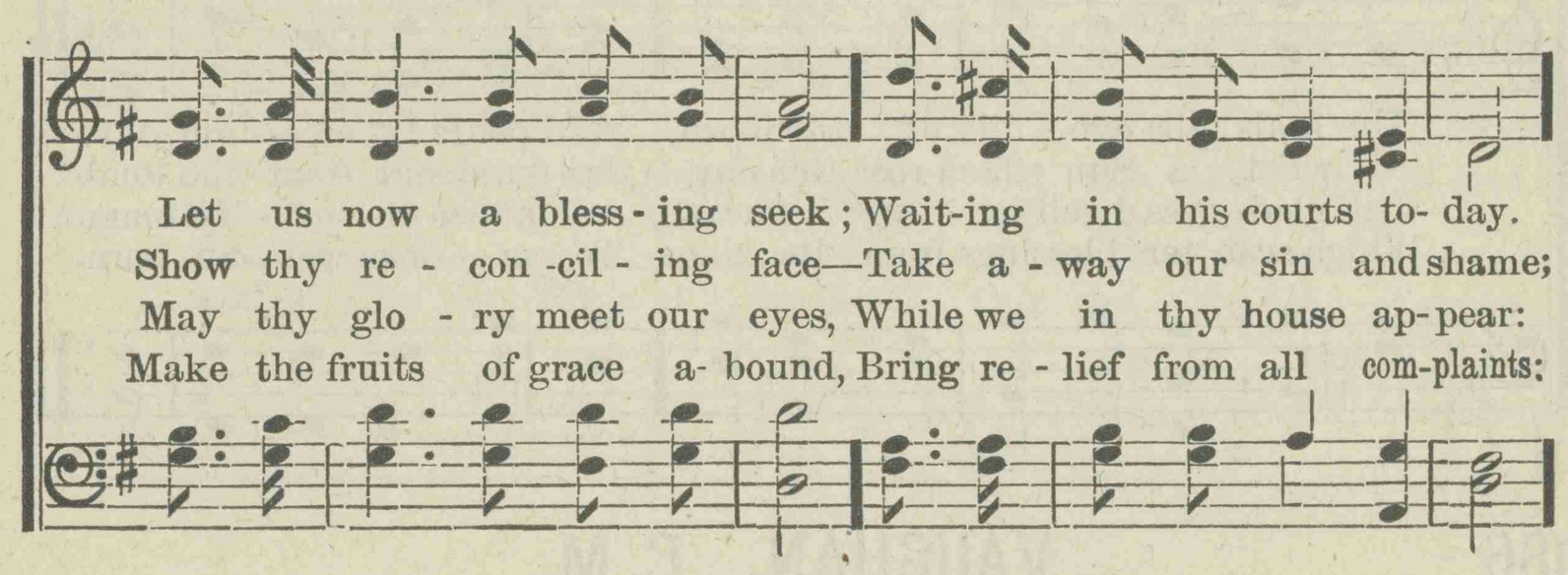
2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
All earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

184 SABBATH. 7s. Double.

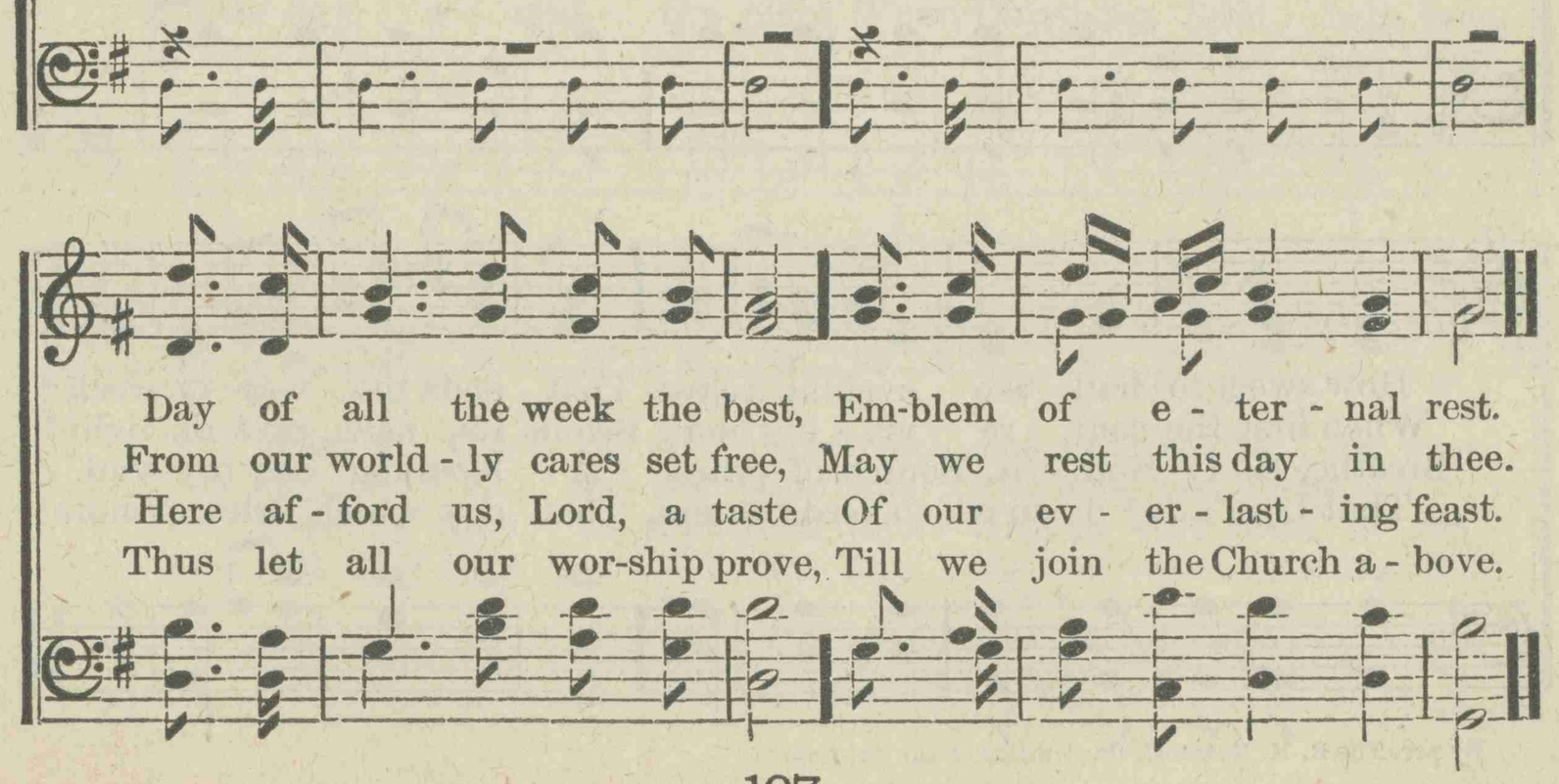
JOHN NEWTON. LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe-ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re- deem -er's name,
3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres-ence near;
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin - ners, com -fort saints,



Let us now a bless - ing seek; Wait-ing in his courts to- day.
Show thy re - con -cil - ing face—Take a - way our sin and shame;
May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap- pear:
Make the fruits of grace a- bound, Bring re - lief from all com-plaints:

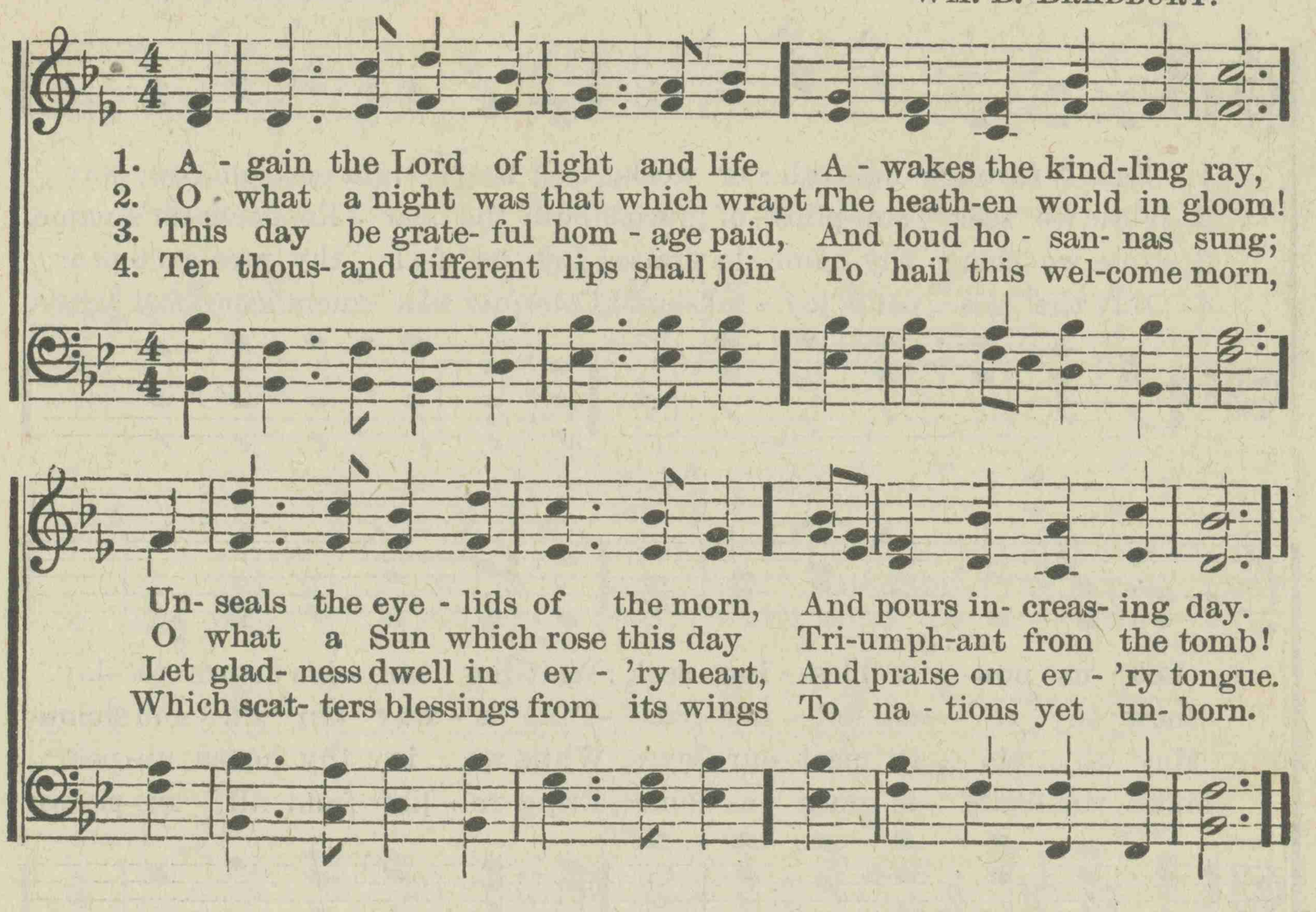
Day of all the week the best, Em- blem of e - ter - nal rest;
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee;
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last -ing feast;
Thus let all our wor - ship prove, Till we join the Church a - bove;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
Thus let all our wor-ship prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

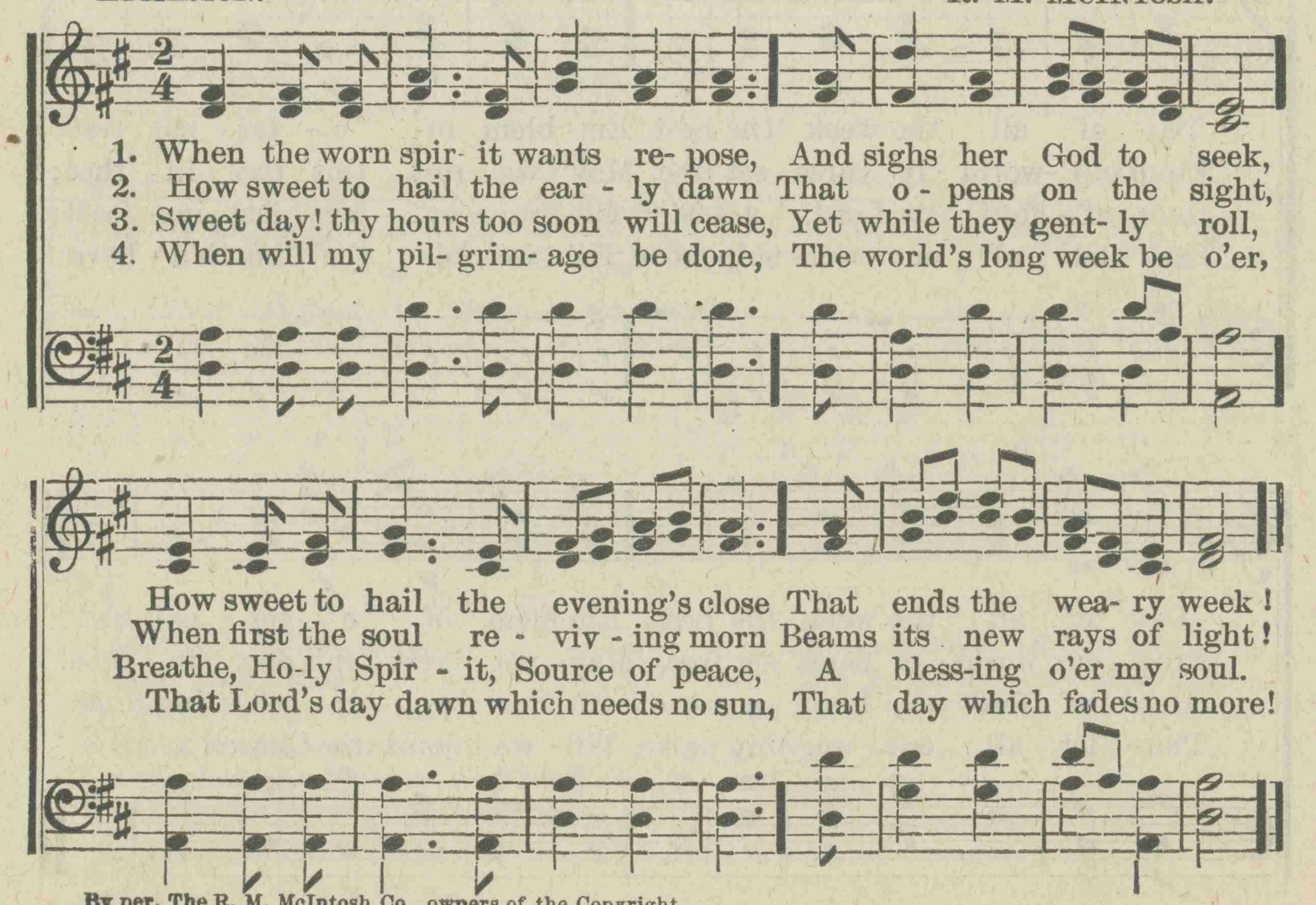
185 BROWN. C. M.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. WM. B. BRADBURY.



186 VAUGHAN. C. M.

EDMESTON. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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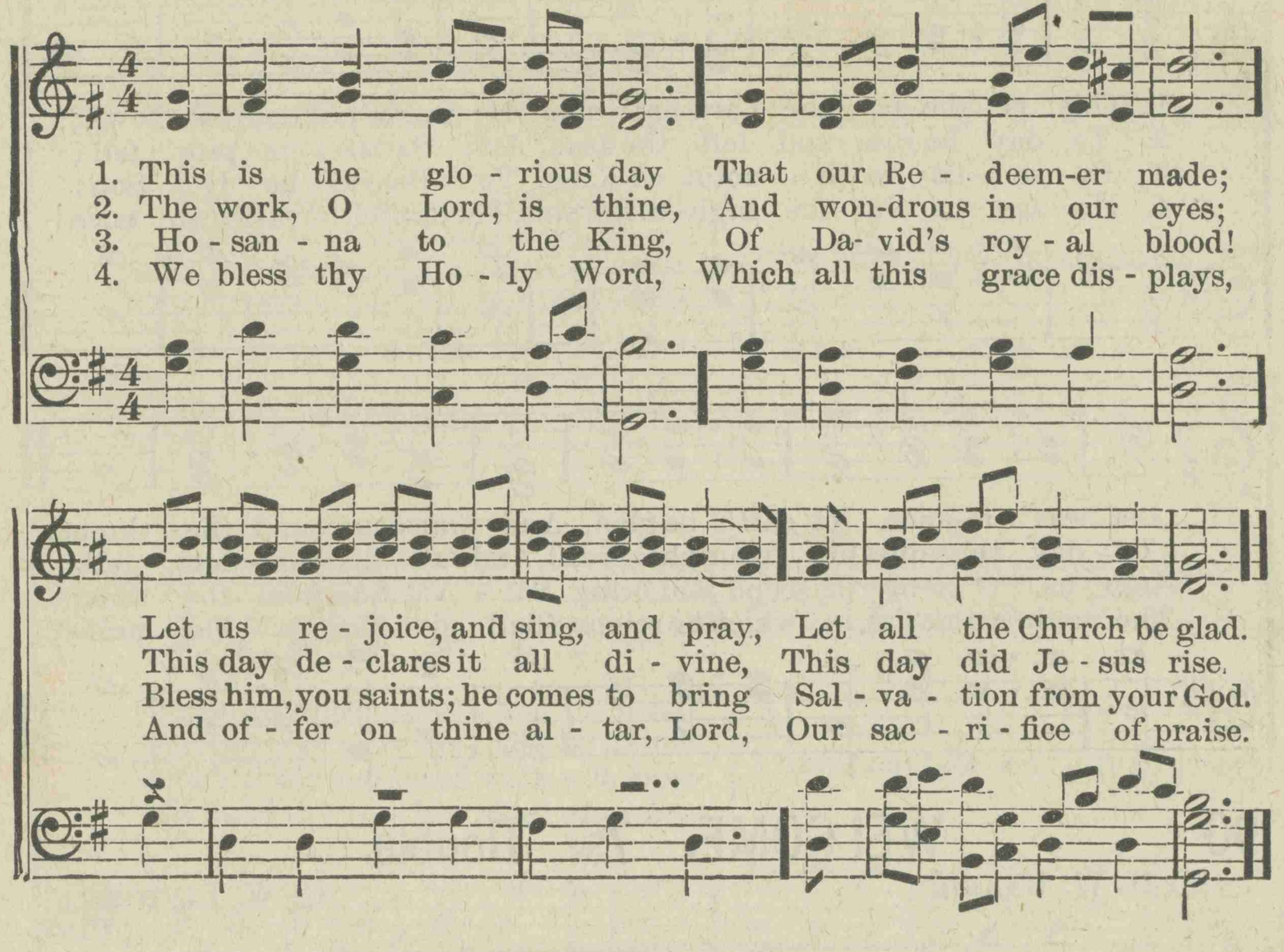
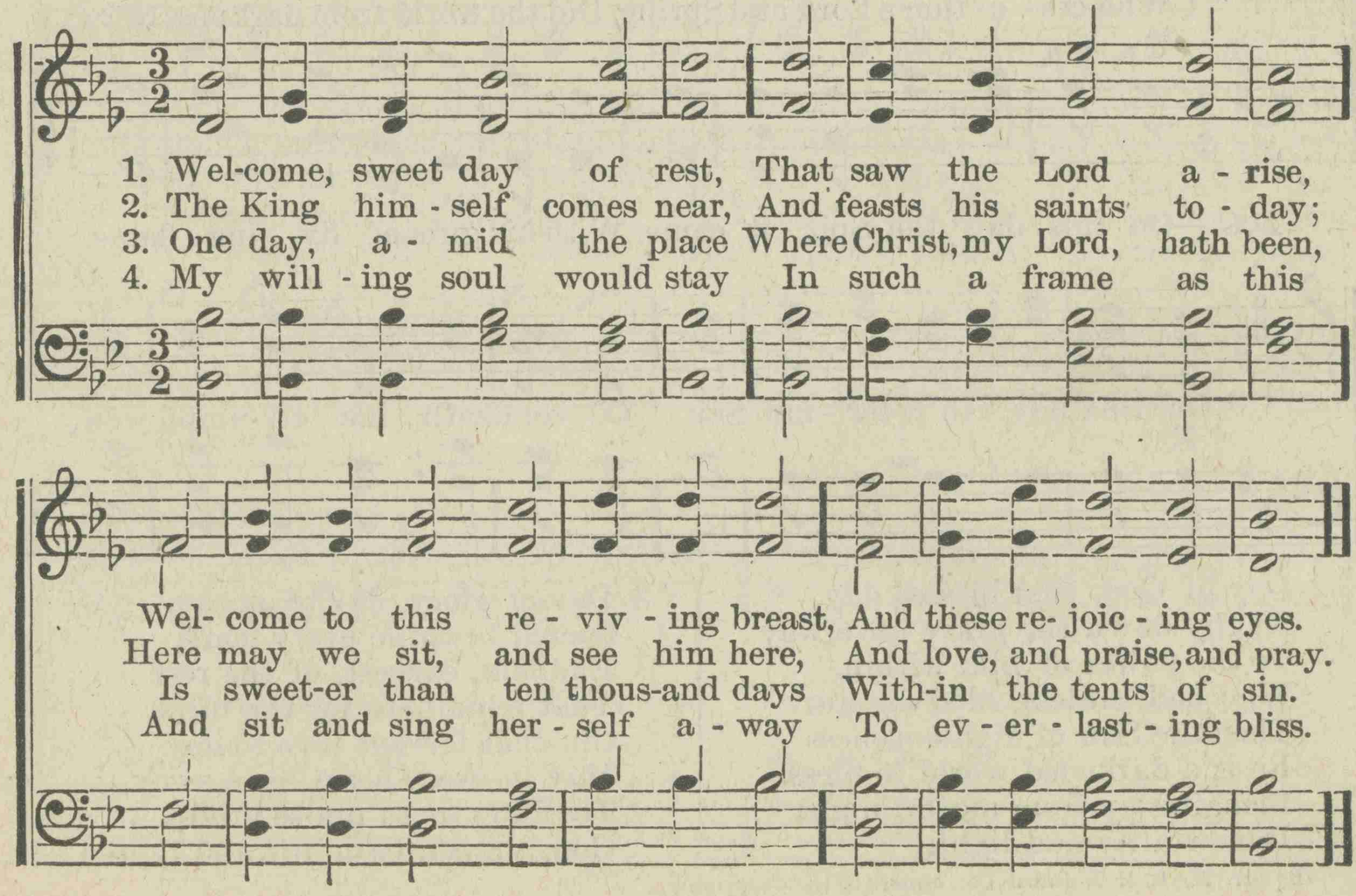
187 SHIRLAND. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. SAMUEL STANLEY.



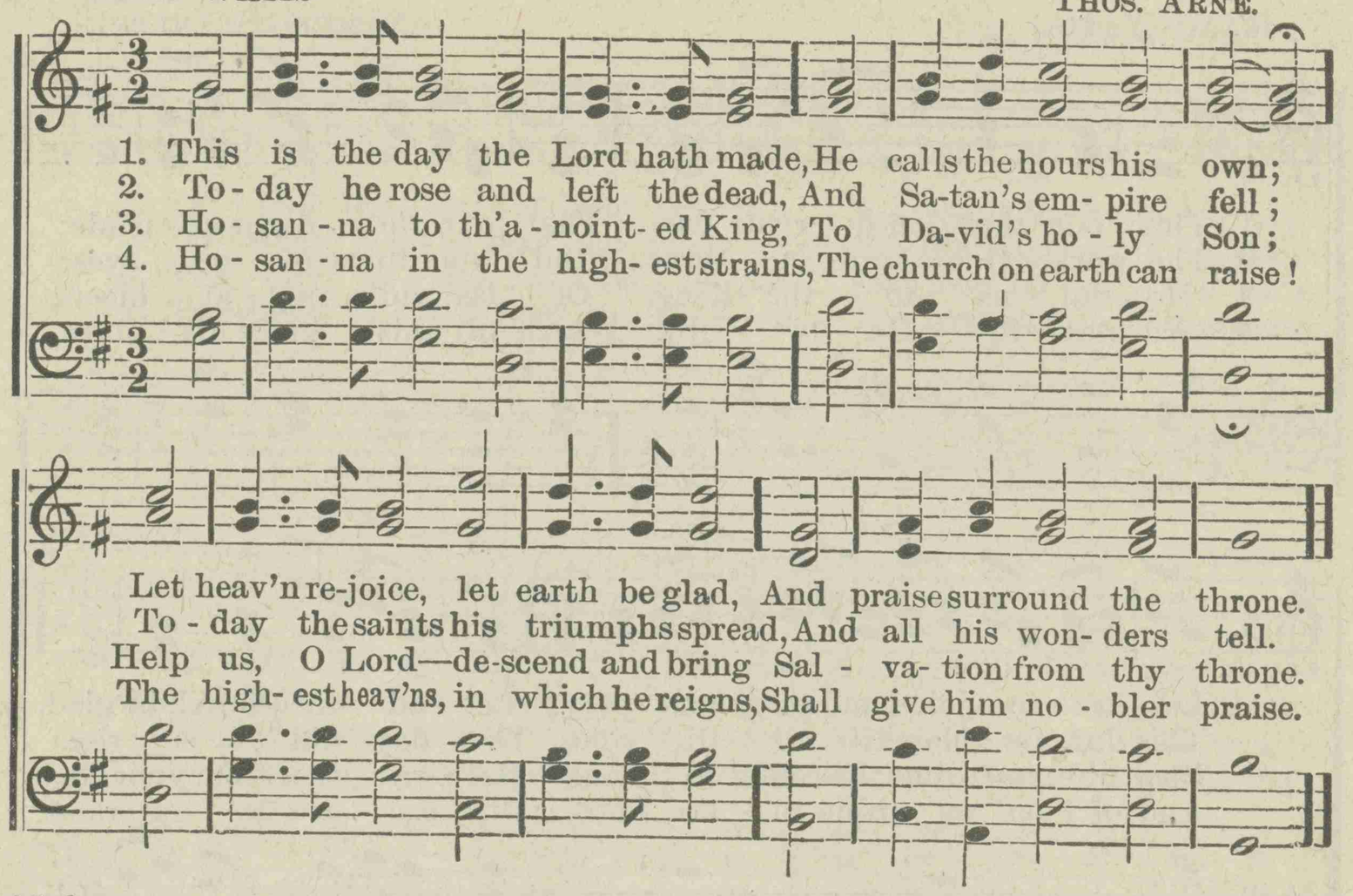
188 LISBON. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.



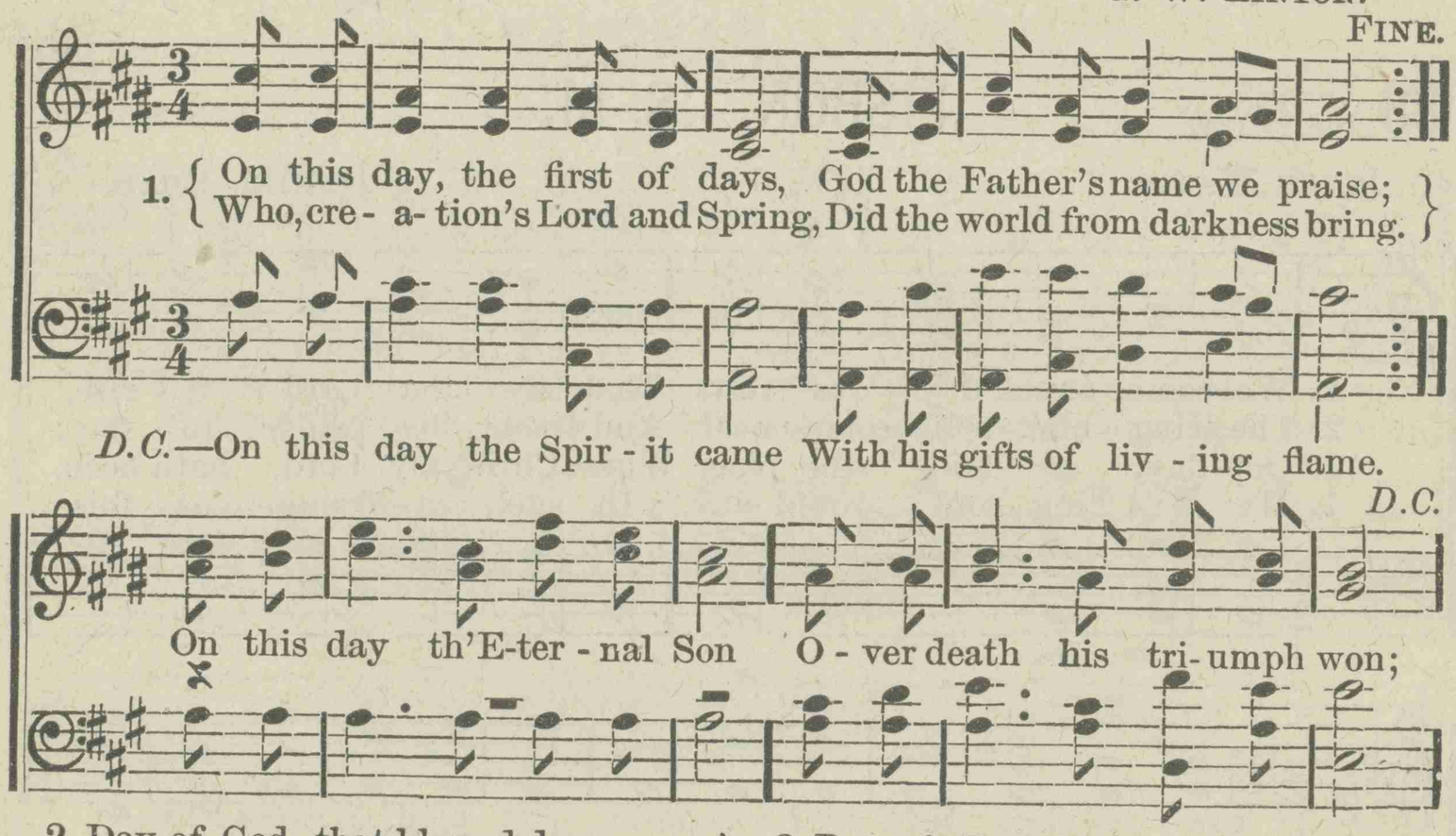
189 ARLINGTON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. ARNE.



190 WELCOME. 7s. Double.

Sir H. W. BAKER. G. W. LINTON.



2 Day of God, that blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.
Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

3 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour;
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.
Oh, that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light!

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

191 TRIUMPHANT ZION! L. M.

P. DODDRIDGE. Dr. GEO. F. ROOT.

CHORUS.

1. Triumphant Zi - on, lift thy head,
2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,
3. No more shall foes un-clean in- vade,
4. God, from on high, has heard thy pray'r;

} Triumphant Zion! Triumphant Zion!

CHORUS.

From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
And let thy ex - cel-lence be known;
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
His hand thy ru - ins shall re- pair;

} Triumphant Zi on, lift thy head!

Though humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
Decked in the robes of righteousness, The world thy glo - ries shall con- fess.
No more shall hell's in-sult-ing host Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
Nor will thy watch-ful monarch cease To guard thee in e - ter- nal peace.

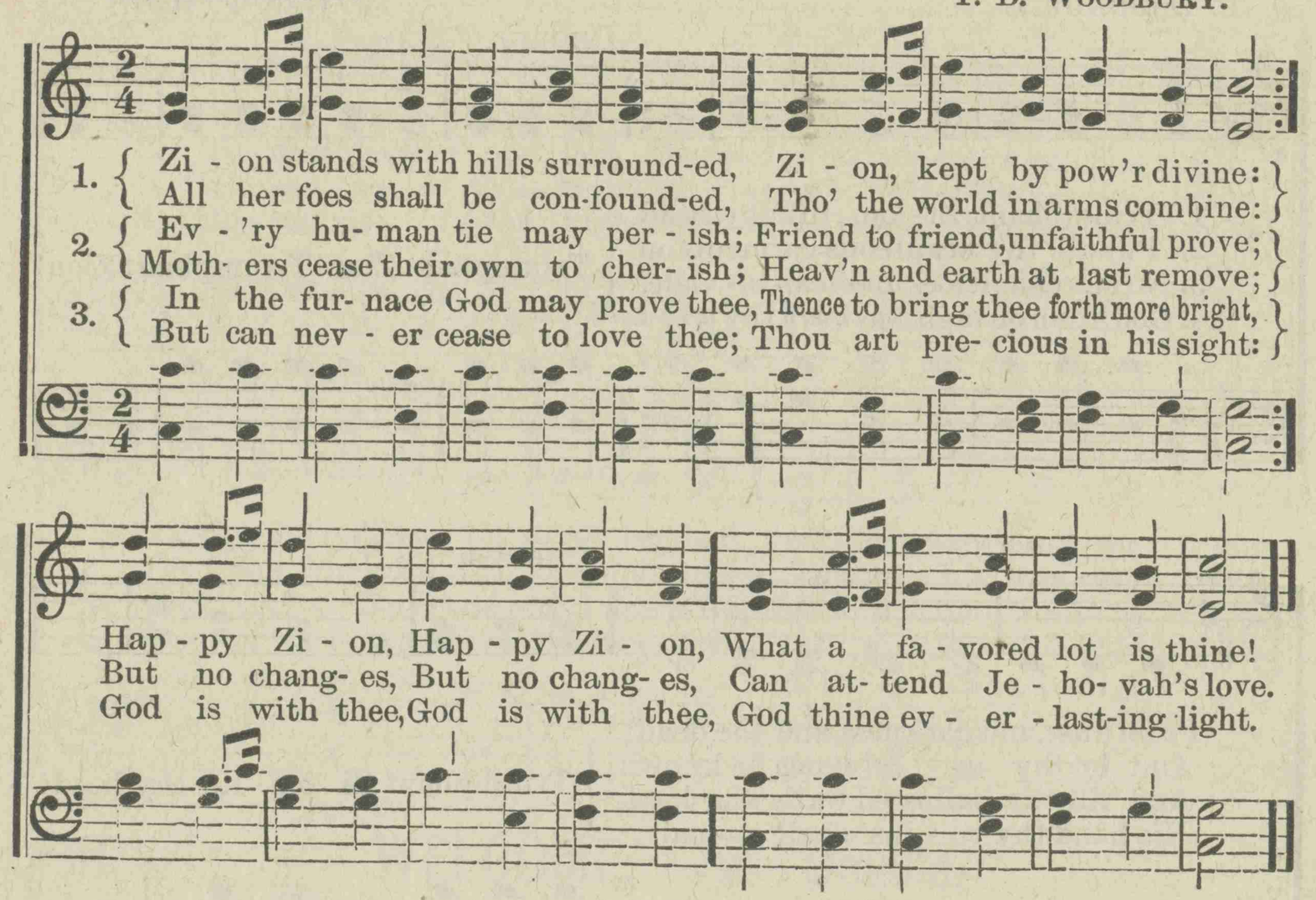
CHORUS.

Tri-umphant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust and darkness and the dead.

By per. The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.

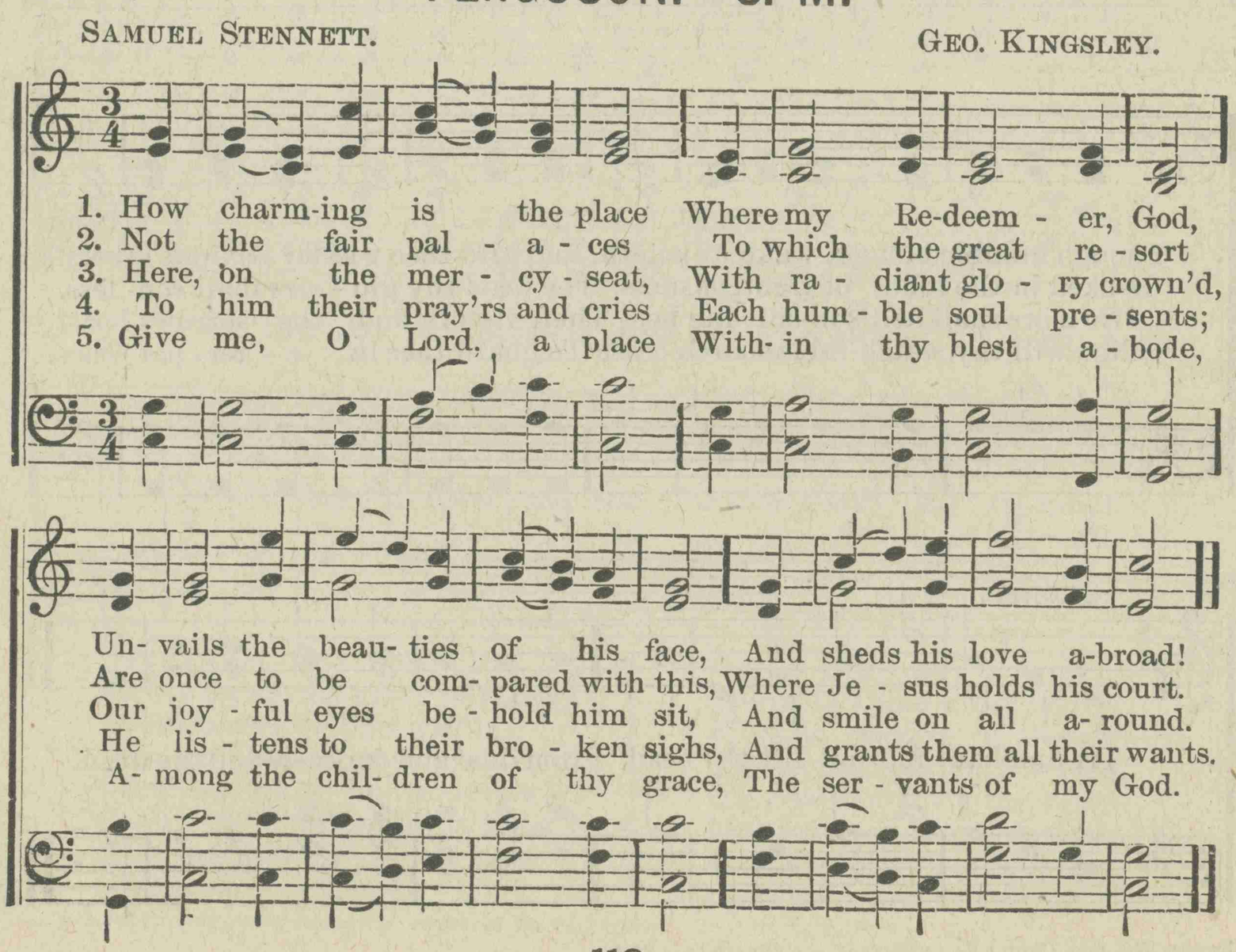
192 HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY. I. B. WOODBURY.



193 FERGUSON. S. M.

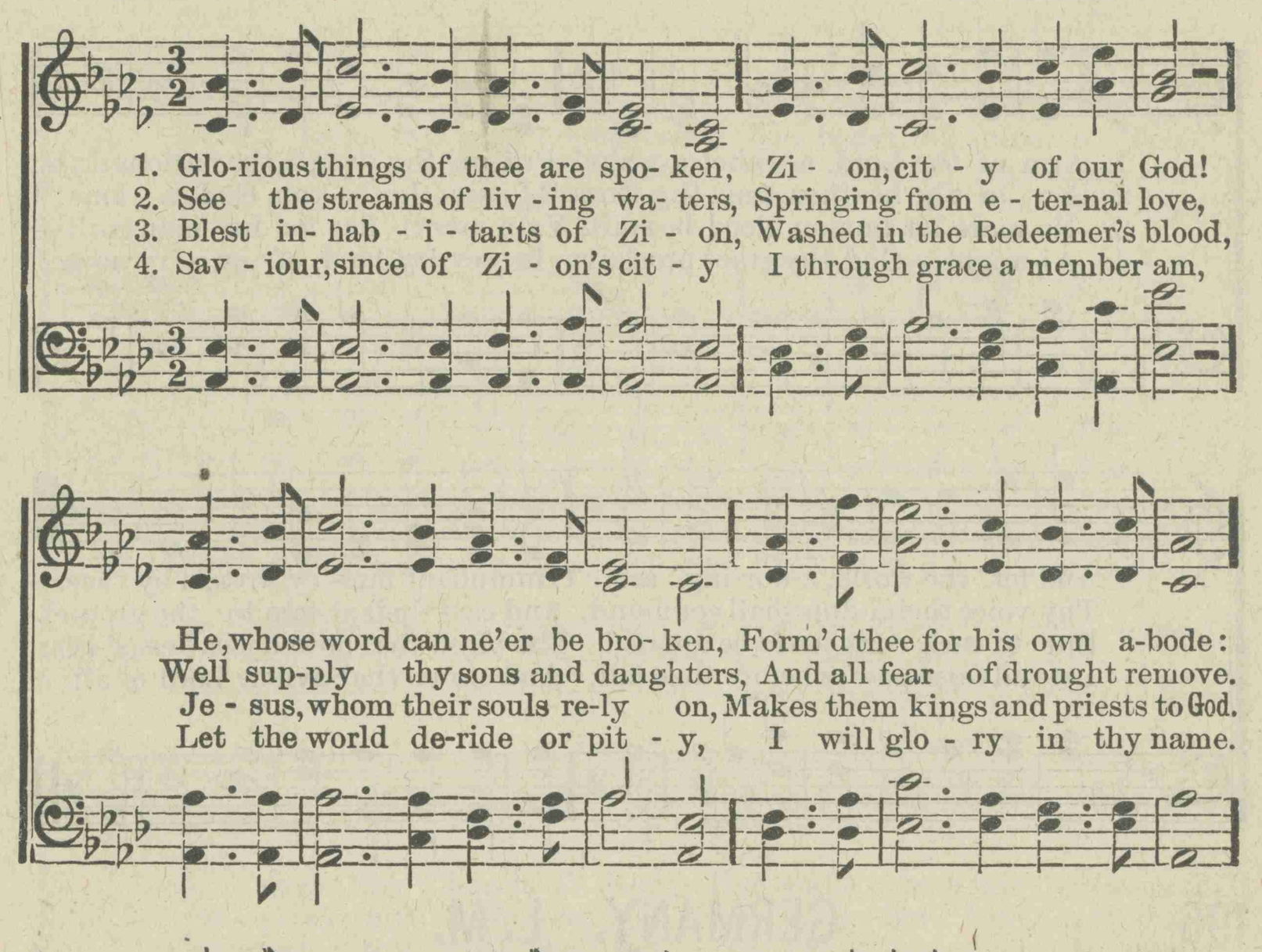
SAMUEL STENNETT. GEO. KINGSLEY.



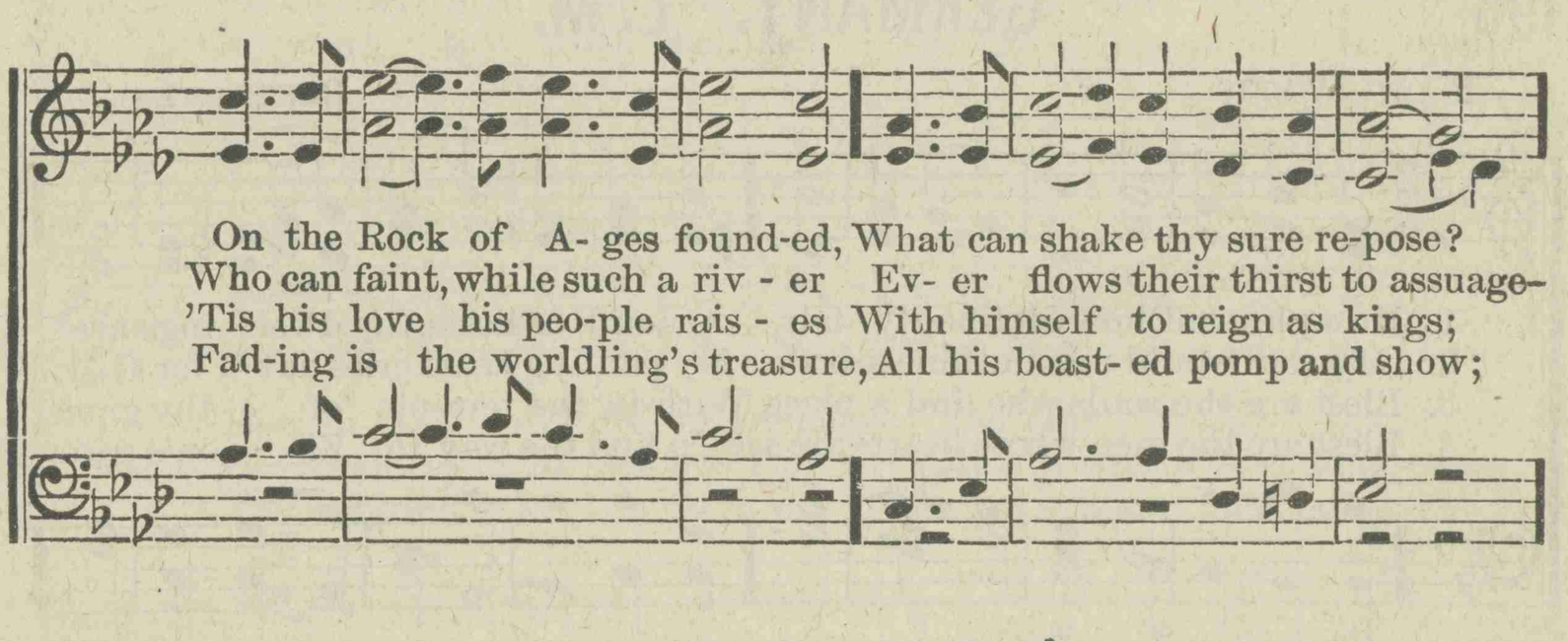
194 AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

JOHN NEWTON. L. NICHOLSON.

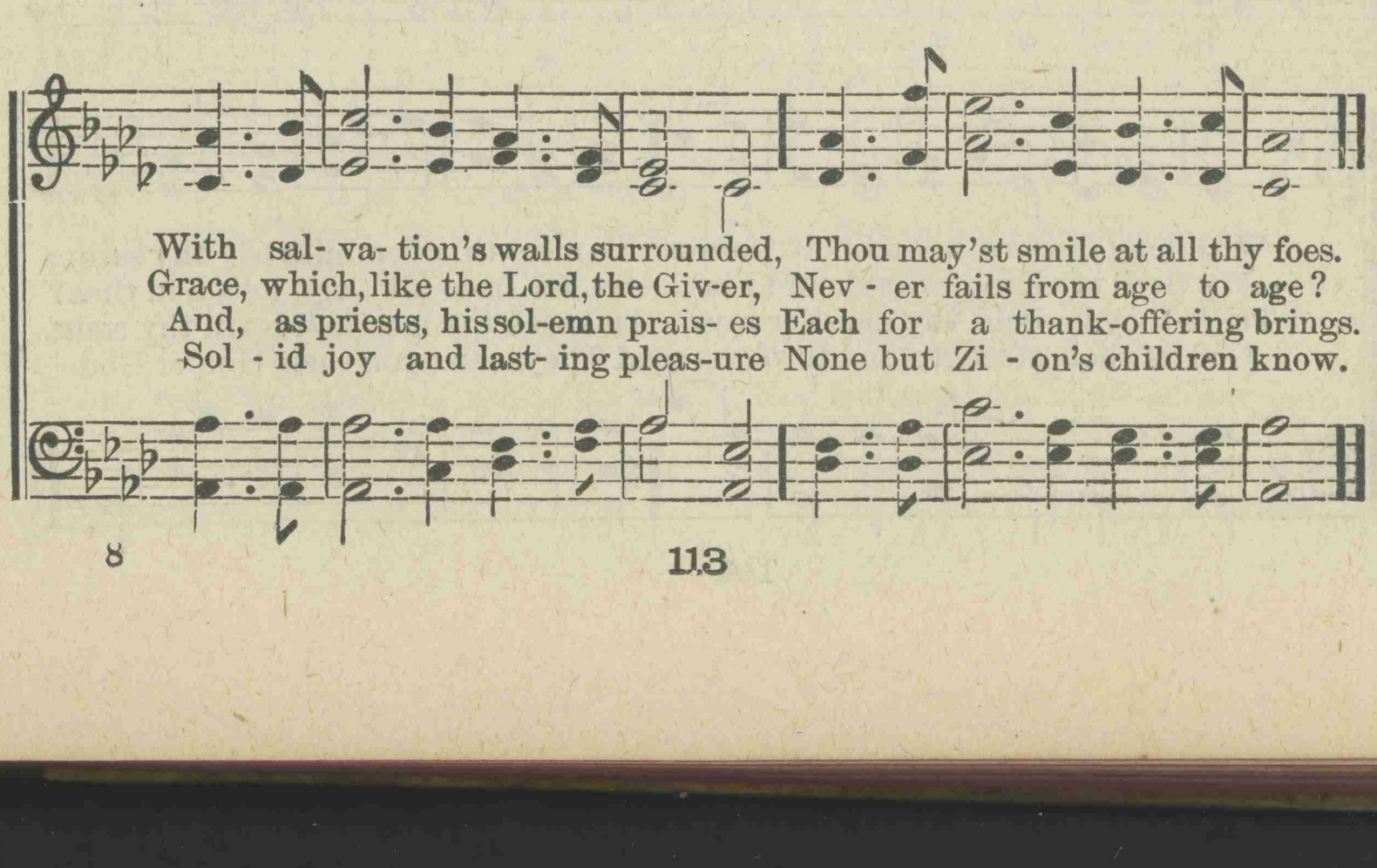
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo- ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God!
2. See the streams of liv - ing wa- ters, Springing from e - ter-nal love,
3. Blest in- hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
4. Sav - iour, since of Zi - on's cit - y I through grace a member am,



He, whose word can ne'er be bro- ken, Form'd thee for his own a-bode:
Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of drought remove.
Je - sus, whom their souls re-ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.
Let the world de-ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in thy name.



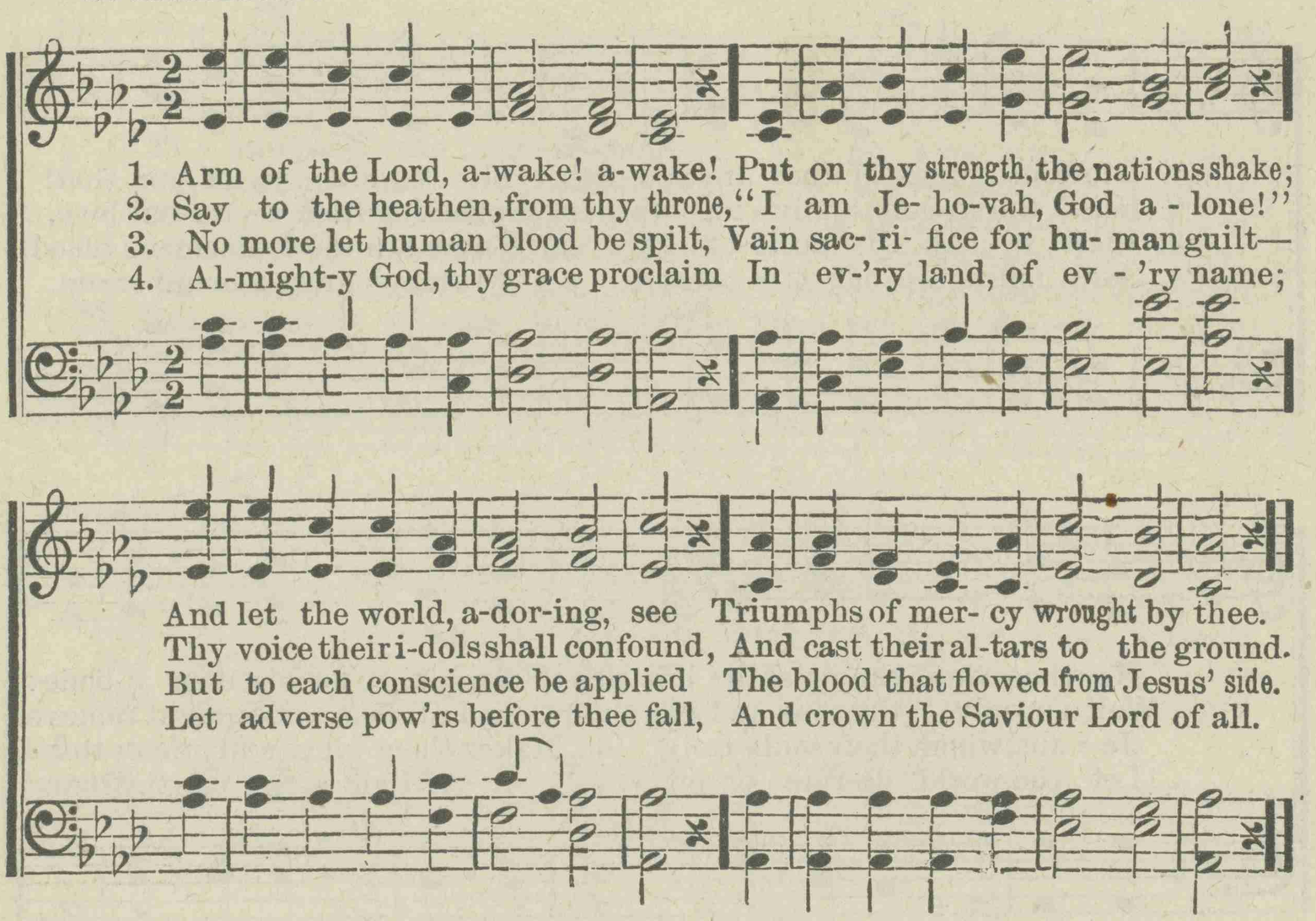
On the Rock of A- ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev- er flows their thirst to assuage-
'Tis his love his peo-ple rais - es With himself to reign as kings;
Fad-ing is the worldling's treasure, All his boast- ed pomp and show;



With sal- va- tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
And, as priests, his sol-emn prais- es Each for a thank-offering brings.
Sol - id joy and last- ing pleas-ure None but Zi - on's children know.

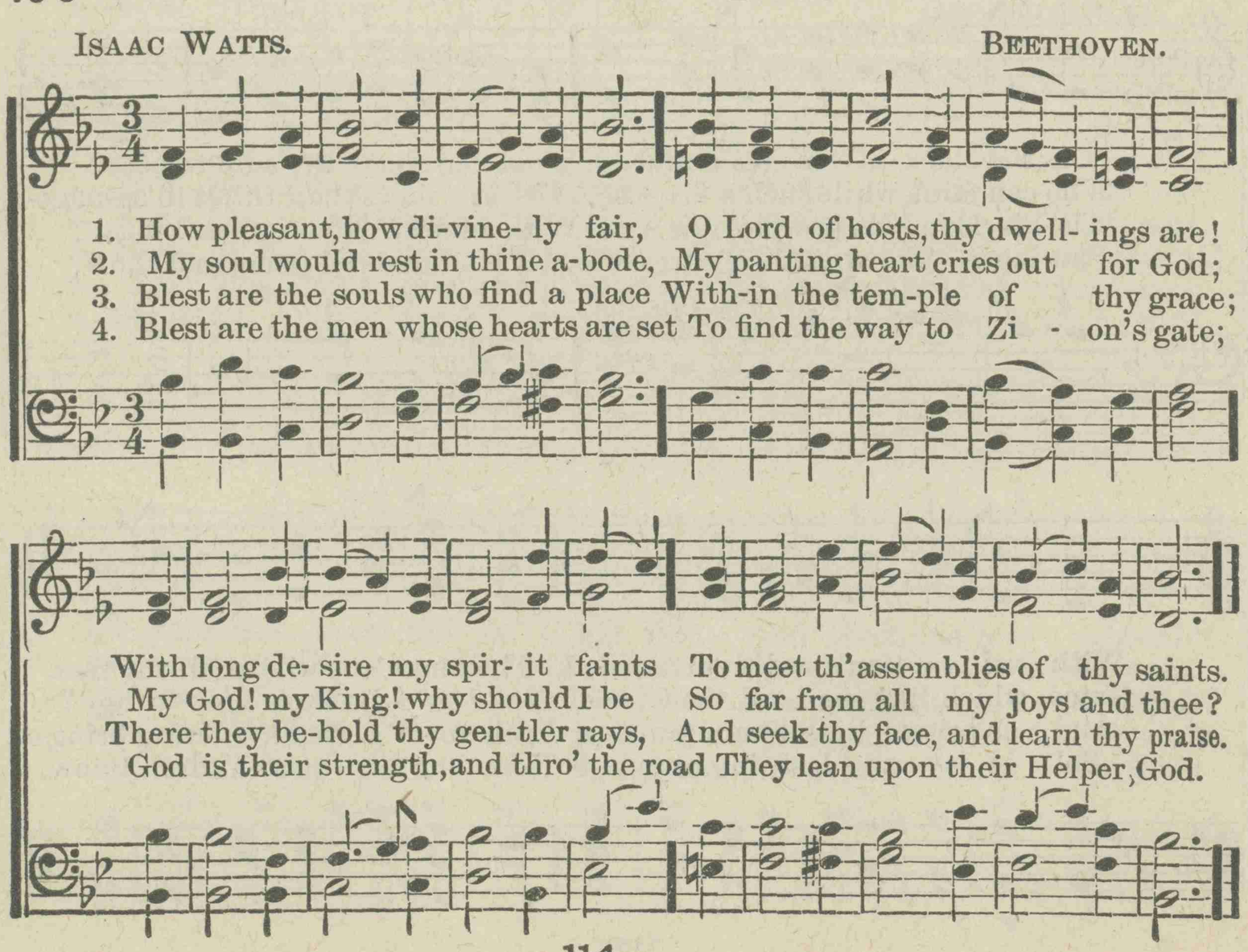
195 HERALD. L. M.

W. SHRUBSOLE. T. J. COOK



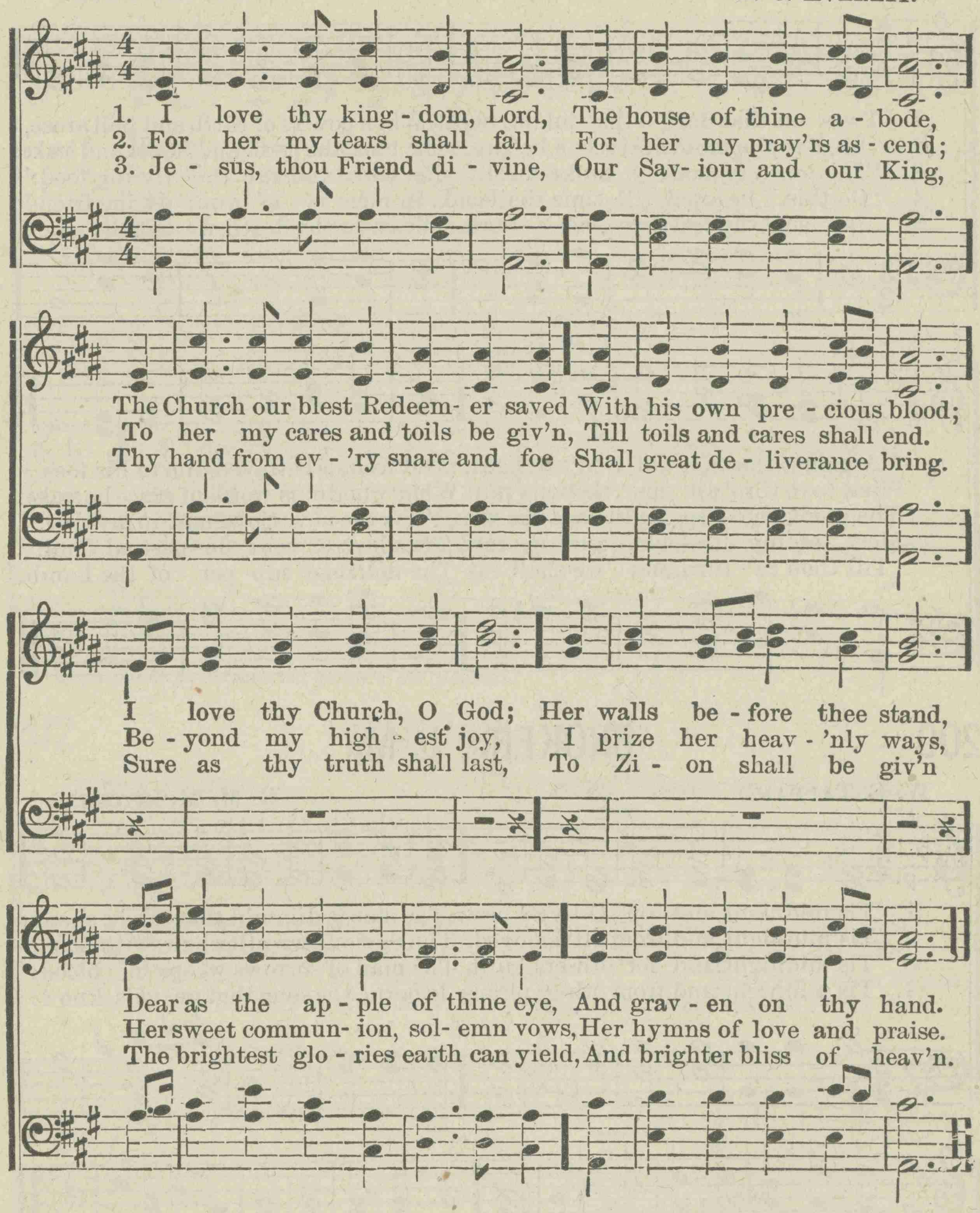
196 GERMANY. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. BEETHOVEN.



197 BEALOTH. S. M. Double.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. L. C. EVERETT.



198 L. M. ISAAC WATTS.

1 Happy the Church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace!
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits:
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsel and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage.
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

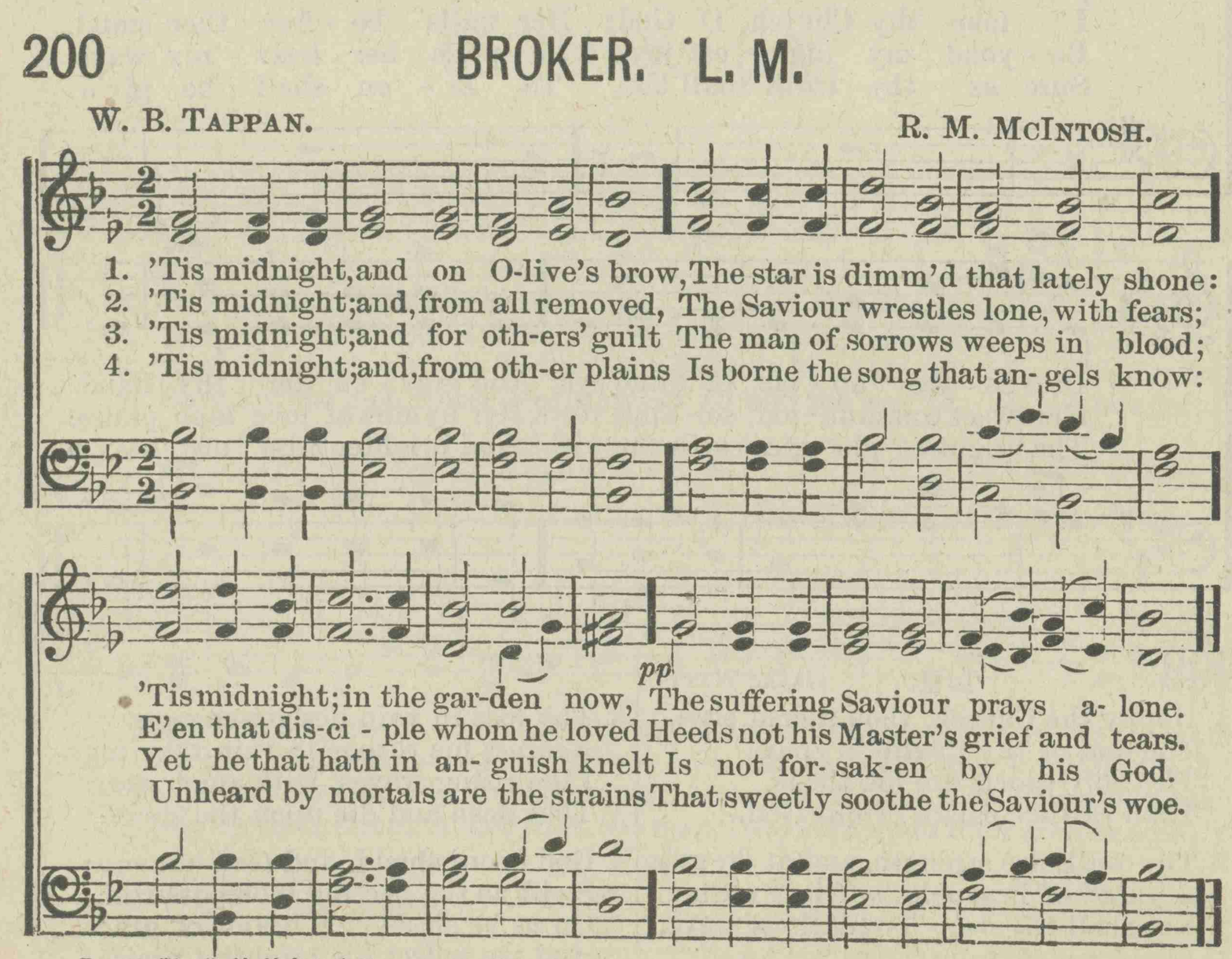
4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

199 WINDHAM. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.

200 BROKER. L. M.

W. B. TAPPAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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201 BOTTOMLEY. L. M. Double.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

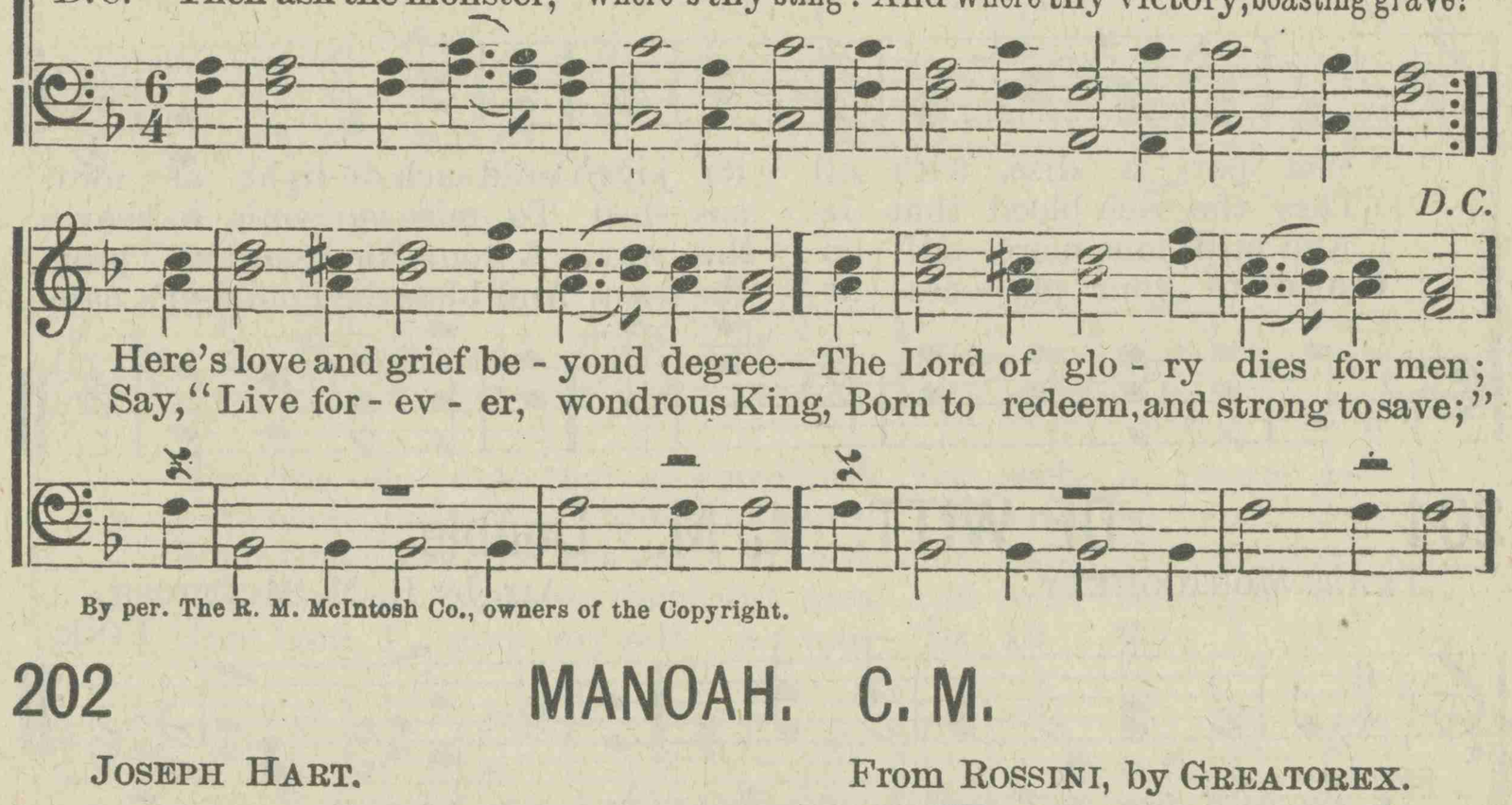
FINE.

1. { He dies, the Friend of sin-ners dies; Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
   { A sol - emn dark-ness vails the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

D.C.—But, lo! what sud - den joys we see—Je-sus, the dead, re-vives a- gain.

2. { Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high our great Deliverer reigns;
   { Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell, And led the monster Death in chains.

D.C.—Then ask the monster, "where's thy sting? And where thy victory, boasting grave?"



D.C.

Here's love and grief be - yond degree—The Lord of glo - ry dies for men;
Say, "Live for - ev - er, wondrous King, Born to redeem, and strong to save;"

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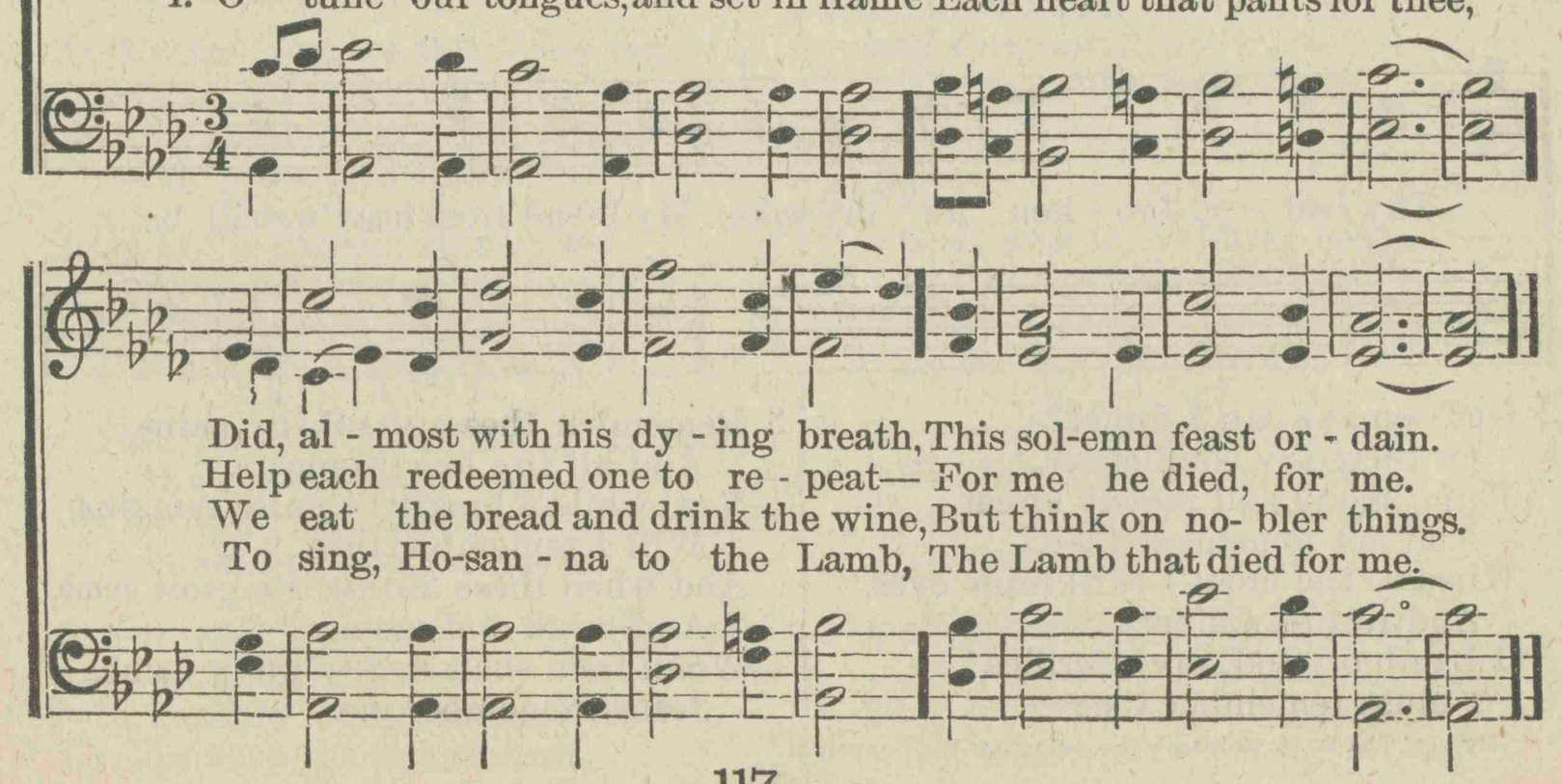
202 MANOAH. C. M.

JOSEPH HART. From ROSSINI, by GREATOREX.

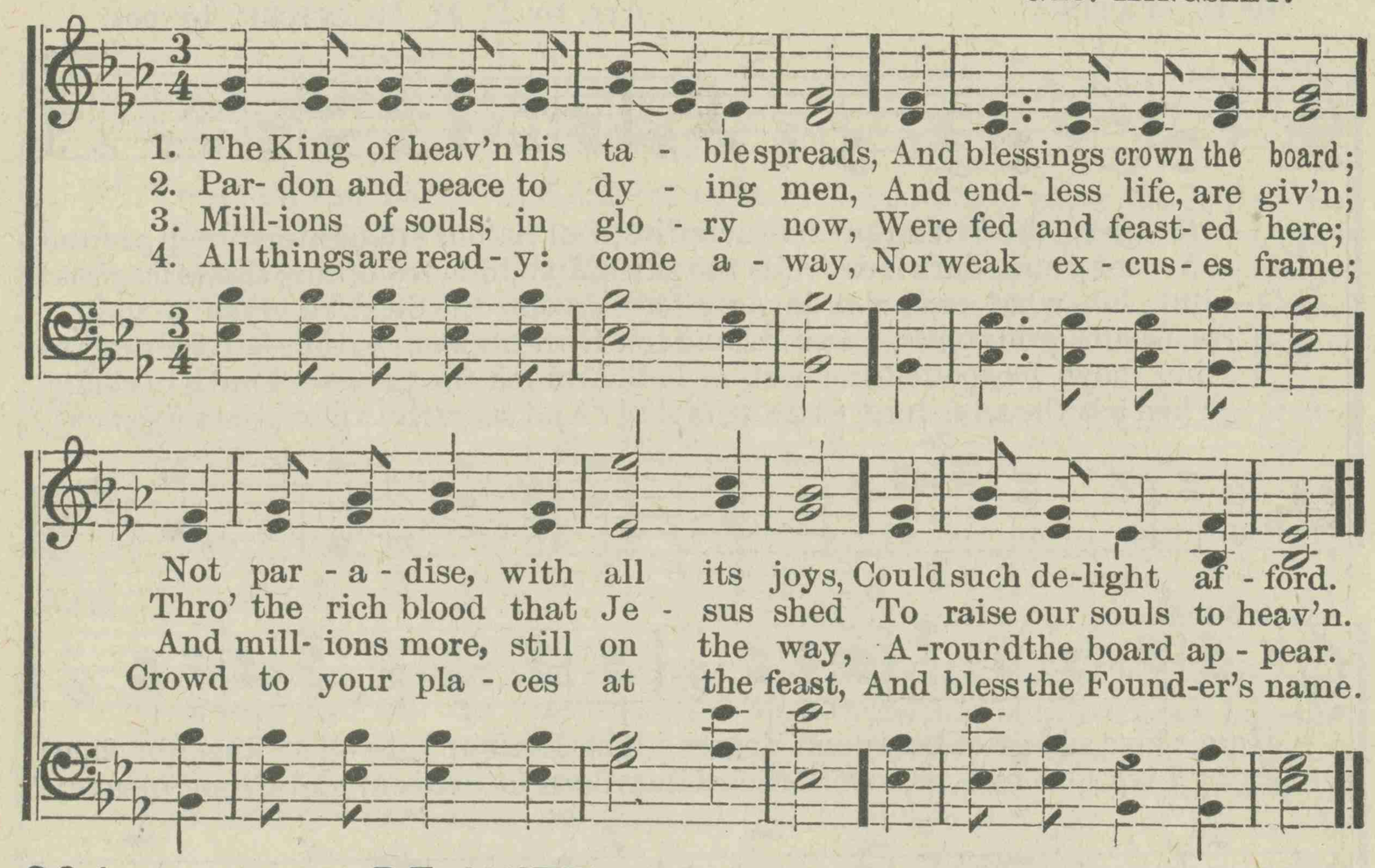
1. That dread-ful night be-fore his death, The Lamb for sin-ners slain,
2. To keep the feast, Lord, we have met, And to re-mem-ber thee;
3. Thy suff-'ring, Lord, each sa-cred sign To our re-mem-brance brings;
4. O tune our tongues, and set in frame Each heart that pants for thee,



Did, al - most with his dy - ing breath, This sol-emn feast or - dain.
Help each redeemed one to re - peat— For me he died, for me.
We eat the bread and drink the wine, But think on no- bler things.
To sing, Ho-san - na to the Lamb, The Lamb that died for me.

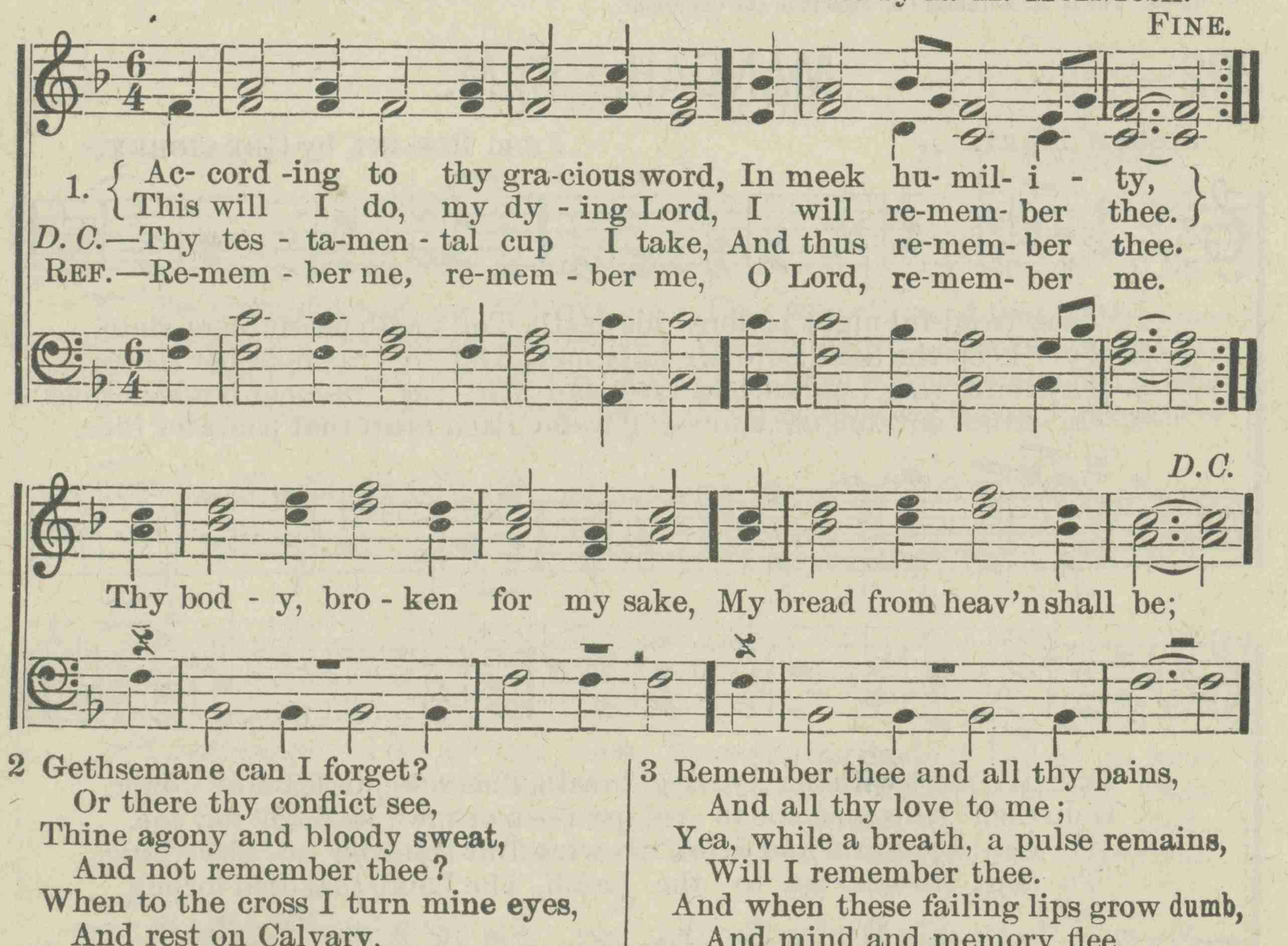
203 ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

P. DODDRIDGE. GEO. KINGSLEY.



204 DE WITT. C. M. Double.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



2 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember thee—

3 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy glory come,
Jesus, remember me.

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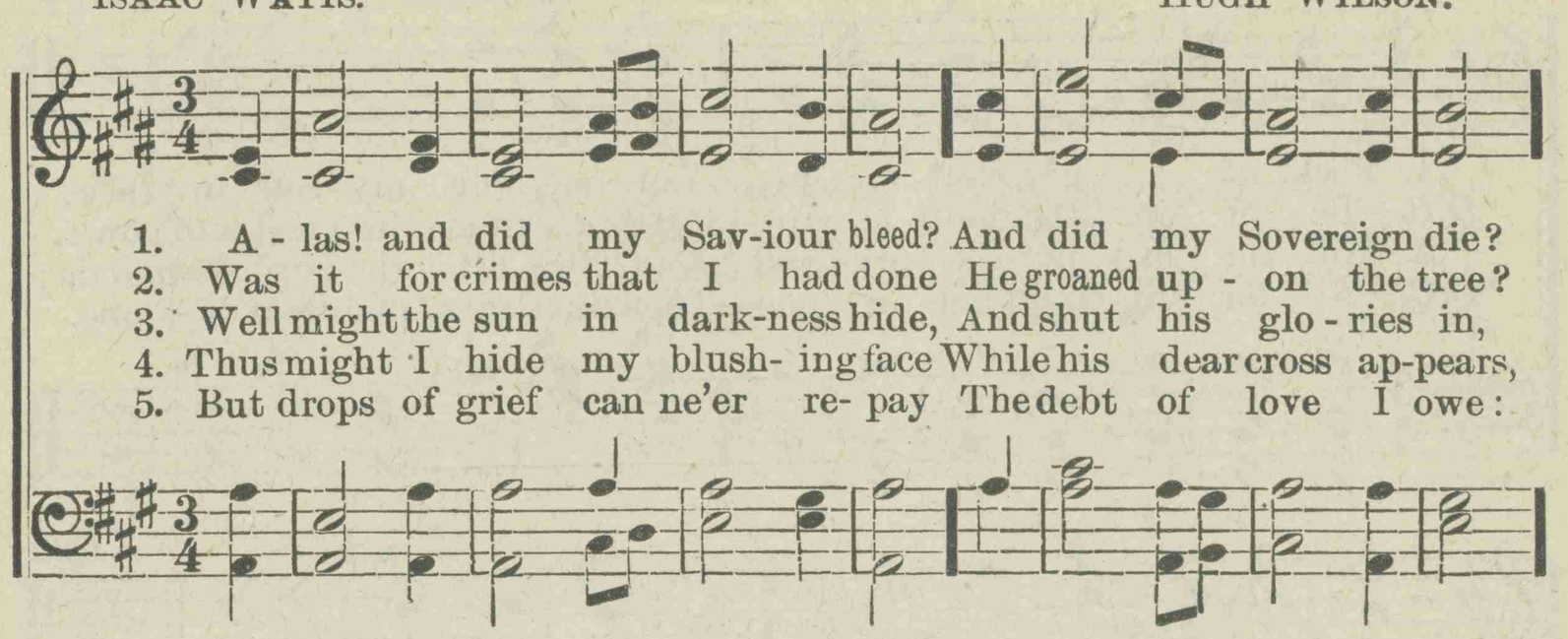
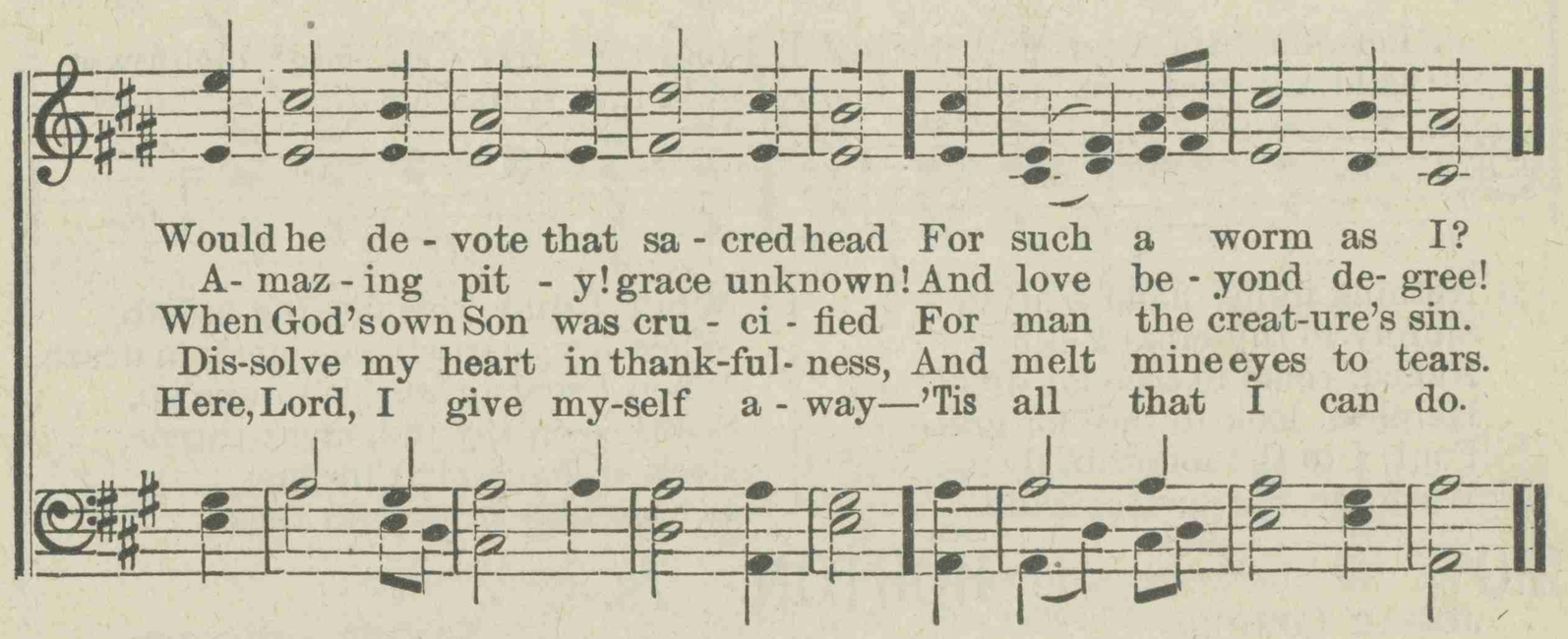
205 AVON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. HUGH WILSON.





206 C. M. THOMAS HAWEIS.

1 Dark was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down;
In agony he prayed:

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow,
The heavy load he bore for thee—
For thee he lies so low.

4 Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

207 C. M. Unknown.

1 In memory of the Saviour's love
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

208 C. M. Unknown.

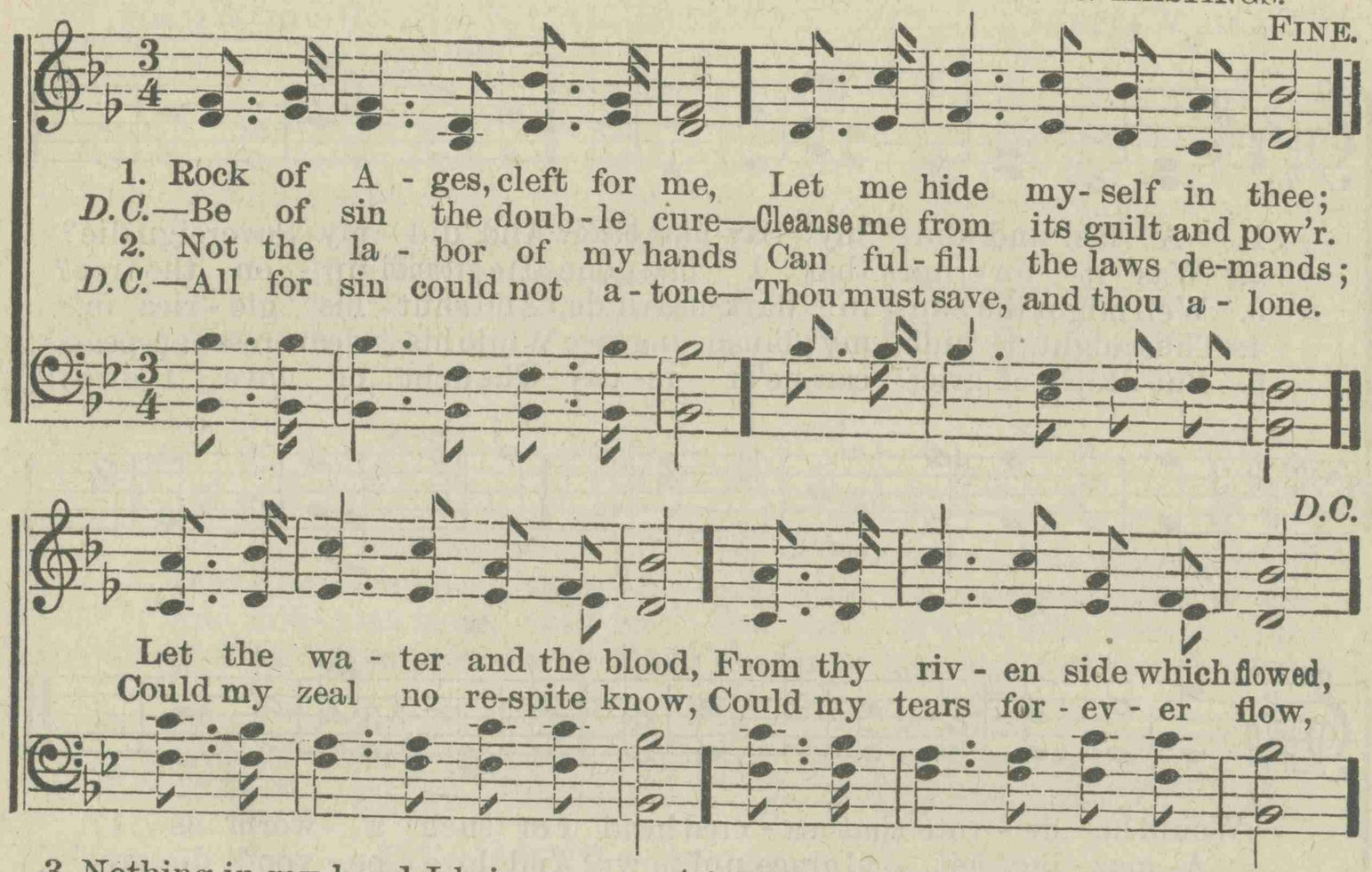
1 O God, unseen, yet ever near,
Reveal thy presence now,
While we, in love that hath no fear,
Before thy glory bow.

2 Here may obedient spirits find
The blessings of thy love—
The streams that through the desert wind,
The manna from above.

3 Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine;
Then go, rejoicing, on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

209 ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my- self in thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the laws de-mands;
D.C.—All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save, and thou a - lone.

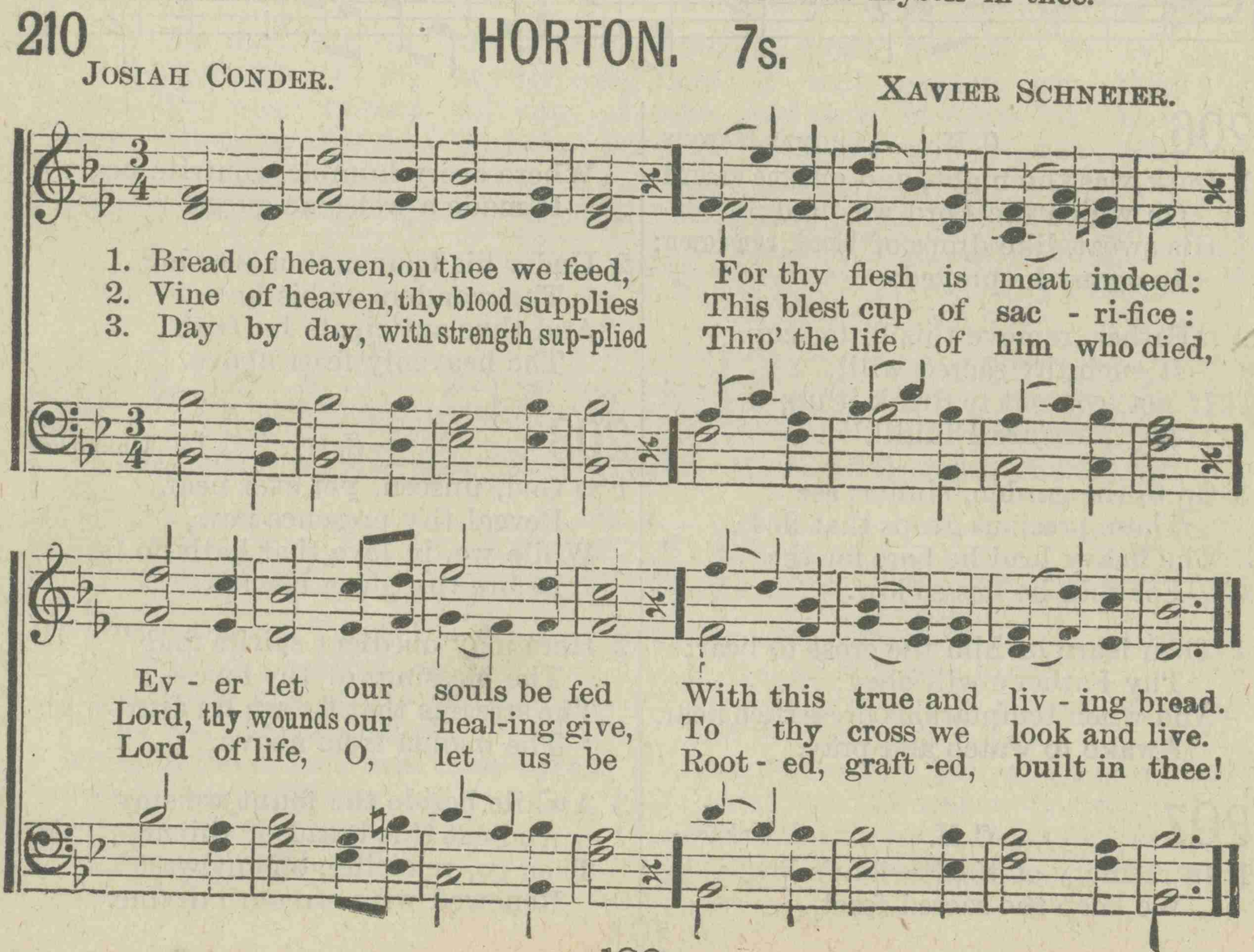
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

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

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

210 HORTON. 7s.

JOSIAH CONDER. XAVIER SCHNEIER.



1. Bread of heaven, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat indeed:
2. Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies This blest cup of sac - ri-fice:
3. Day by day, with strength sup-plied Thro' the life of him who died,

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.
Lord, thy wounds our heal-ing give, To thy cross we look and live.
Lord of life, O, let us be Root - ed, graft -ed, built in thee!

211 JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

H. SANDERS. *With great expression.* H. SANDERS.

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

212

7s. Anon.

1 Jesus, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

213

Tune—Rock of Ages. 7s. 6 Lines.
(Page 120.) E. H. BICKERSTETH.

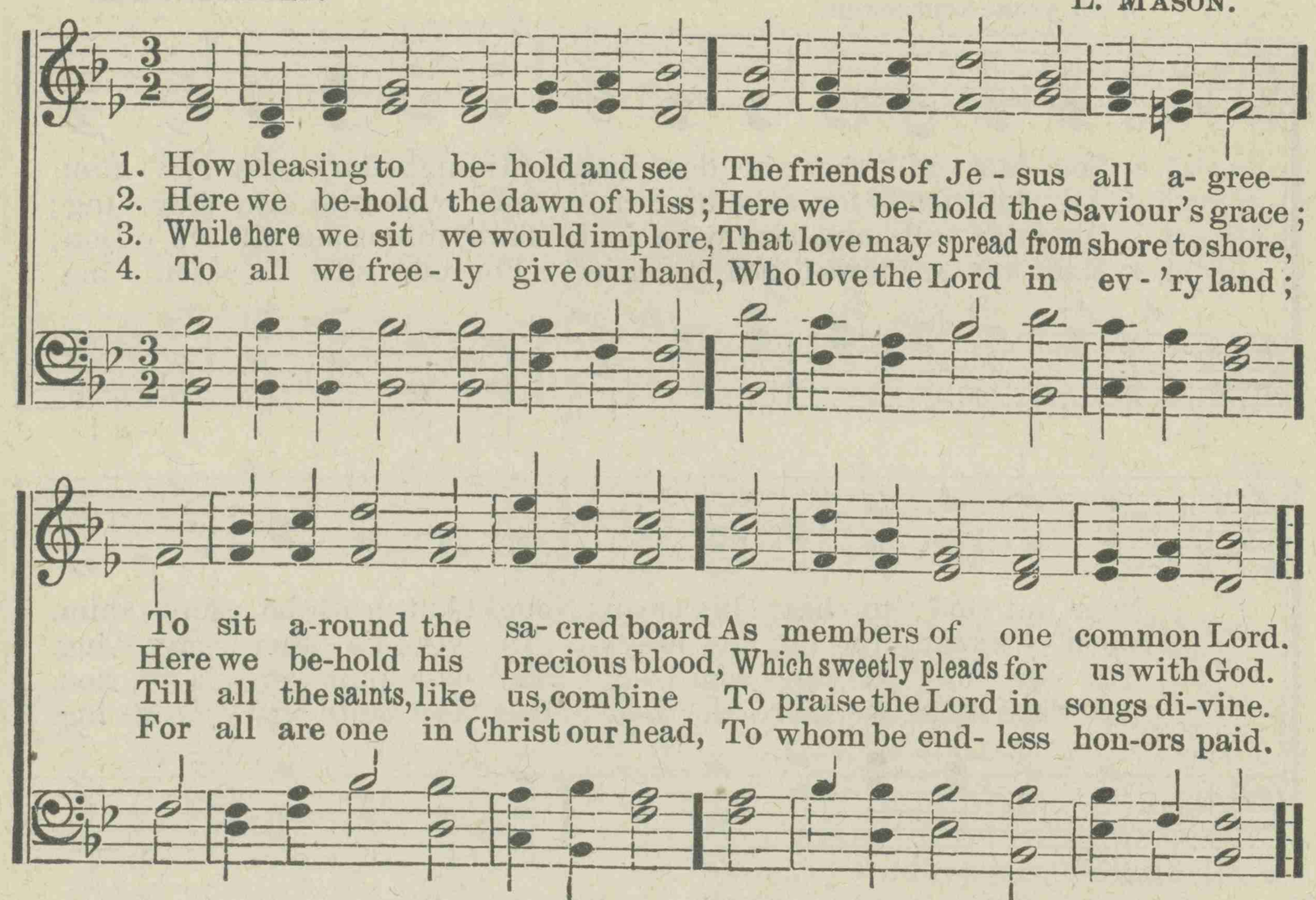
1 "Till he come:" O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb:
It is only—"Till he come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread:
Drink the wine, and break the bread
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board—
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till he come."

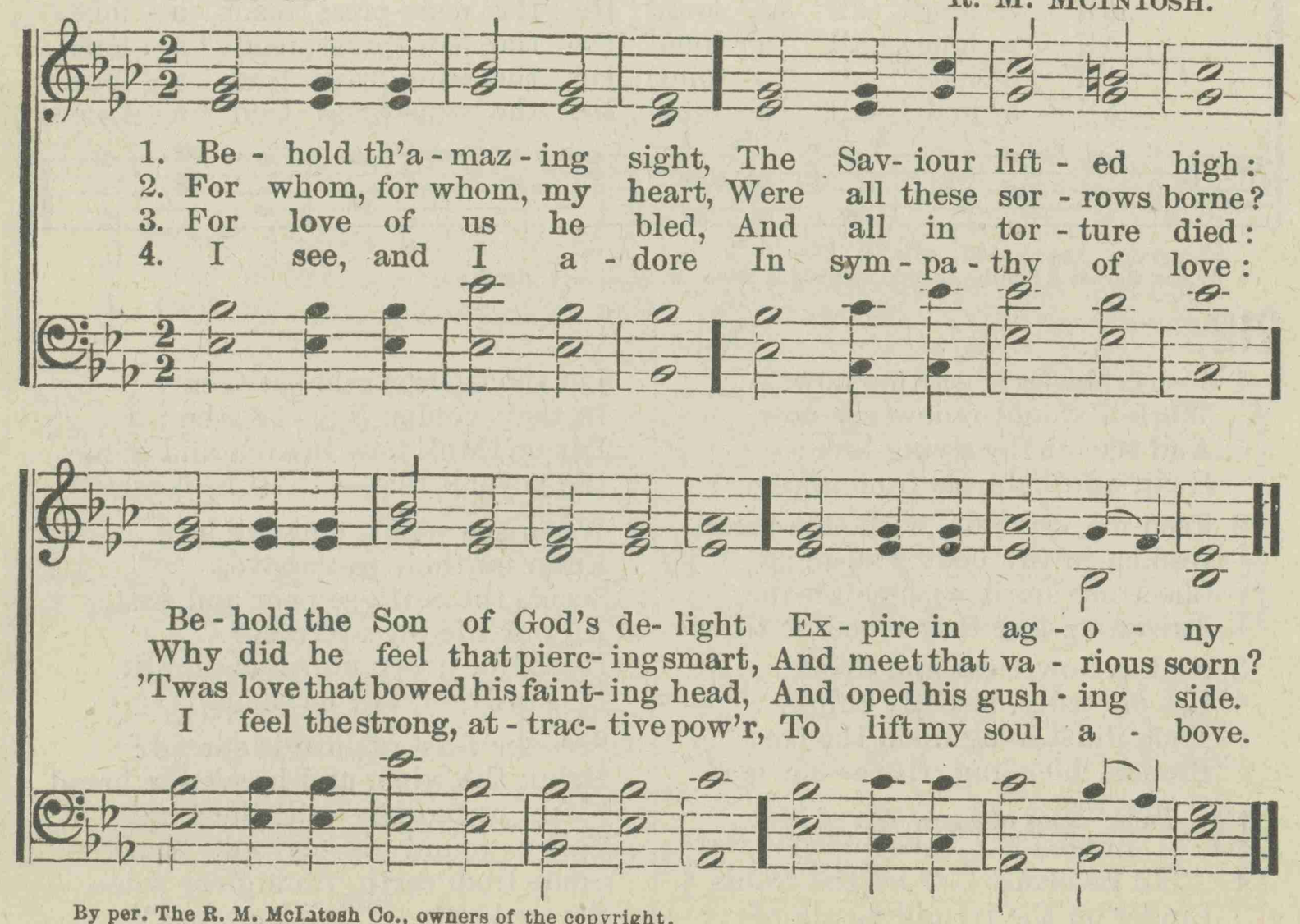
214 HEBRON. L. M.

JOHN DOBELL. L. MASON.



215 GEORGIA. S. M.

P. DODDRIDGE. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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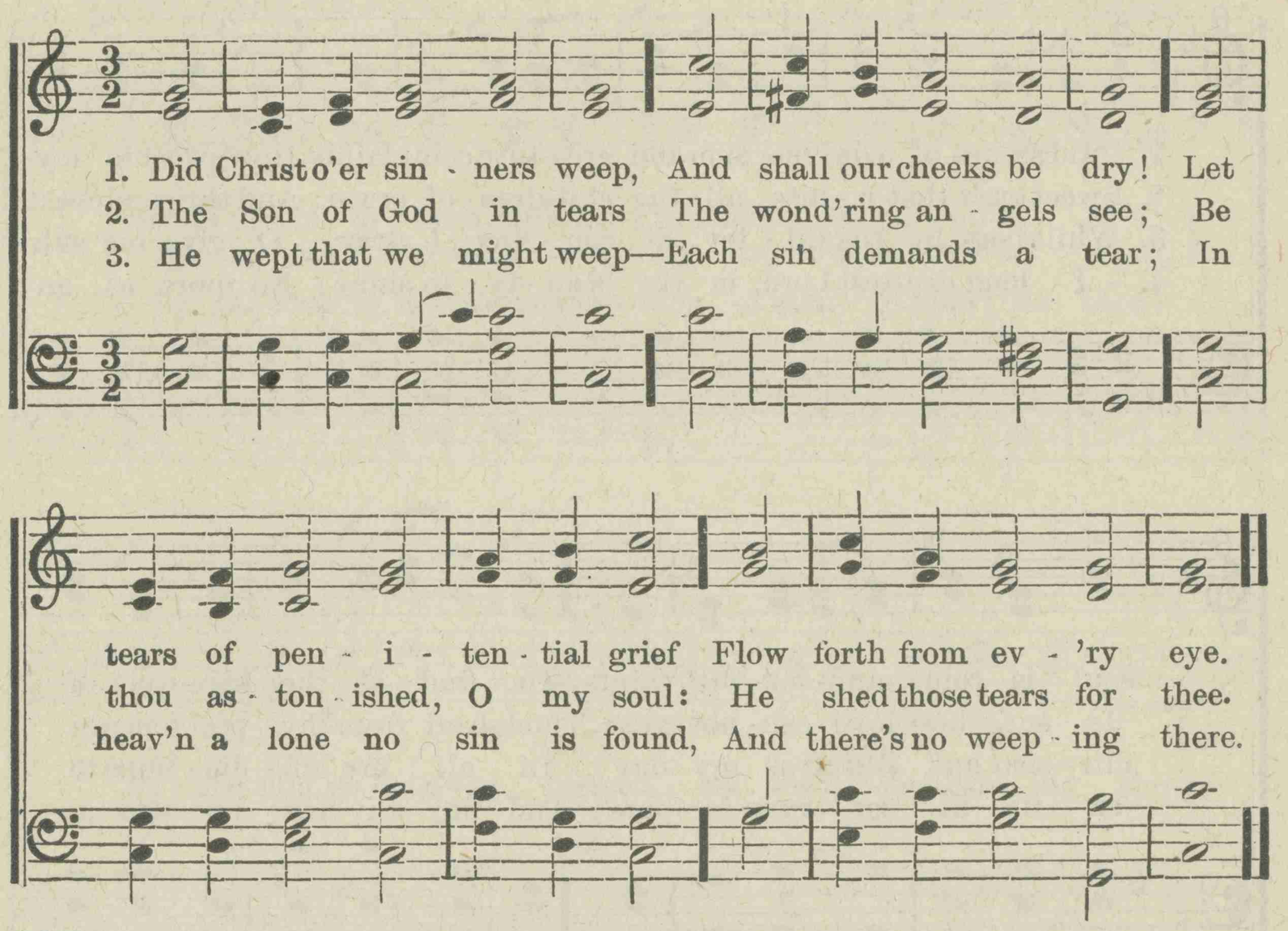
216 BOYLSTON. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME. LOWELL MASON.



217 S. M. EDWARD DENNY.

1 Blest feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2 That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see;
And feel the blessed pledge within,
That we are loved of thee.

3 O if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet!

4 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear;
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

218 S. M. G. Y. TICKLE.

1 Lord of our highest love,
Let now thy peace be given;
Fix all our thoughts on things above,
Our hearts on thee in heaven.

2 And when the loaf we break,
Thine own rich blessing give;
May all, with loving hearts, partake,
And all new strength receive.

3 Dear Lord, what memories crowd
Around the sacred cup:
The upper room—Gethsemane—
Thy foes—thy lifting up!

4 O scenes of suffering love,
Enough our souls to win;
Enough to melt our hearts, and prove
The antidote of sin!

219 L. M. Tune.—Hebron. (Page 122.)

C. F. ALEXANDER.

1 O Jesus! bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The Cup of our salvation sweet;—

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that, with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure;
O Flesh! once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure;—

4 Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails,
That pierced thy victim body through.

220 SWEET HOME. 11s.

DAVID DENHAM. H. R. BISHOP.

1. 'Mid scenes of con- fu - sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my
2. Sweet bonds, that u - nite all the chil-dren of peace; And thrice-blessed
3. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stray, O give me sub -
4. I long, dear-est Lord, in thy beau - ty to shine; No more as an

soul is com - mun- ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
Je - sus, whose love can- not cease; Though oft from thy pre- sence in
mis - sion and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to
ex - ile in sor - row to pine; And in thy dear im - age a -

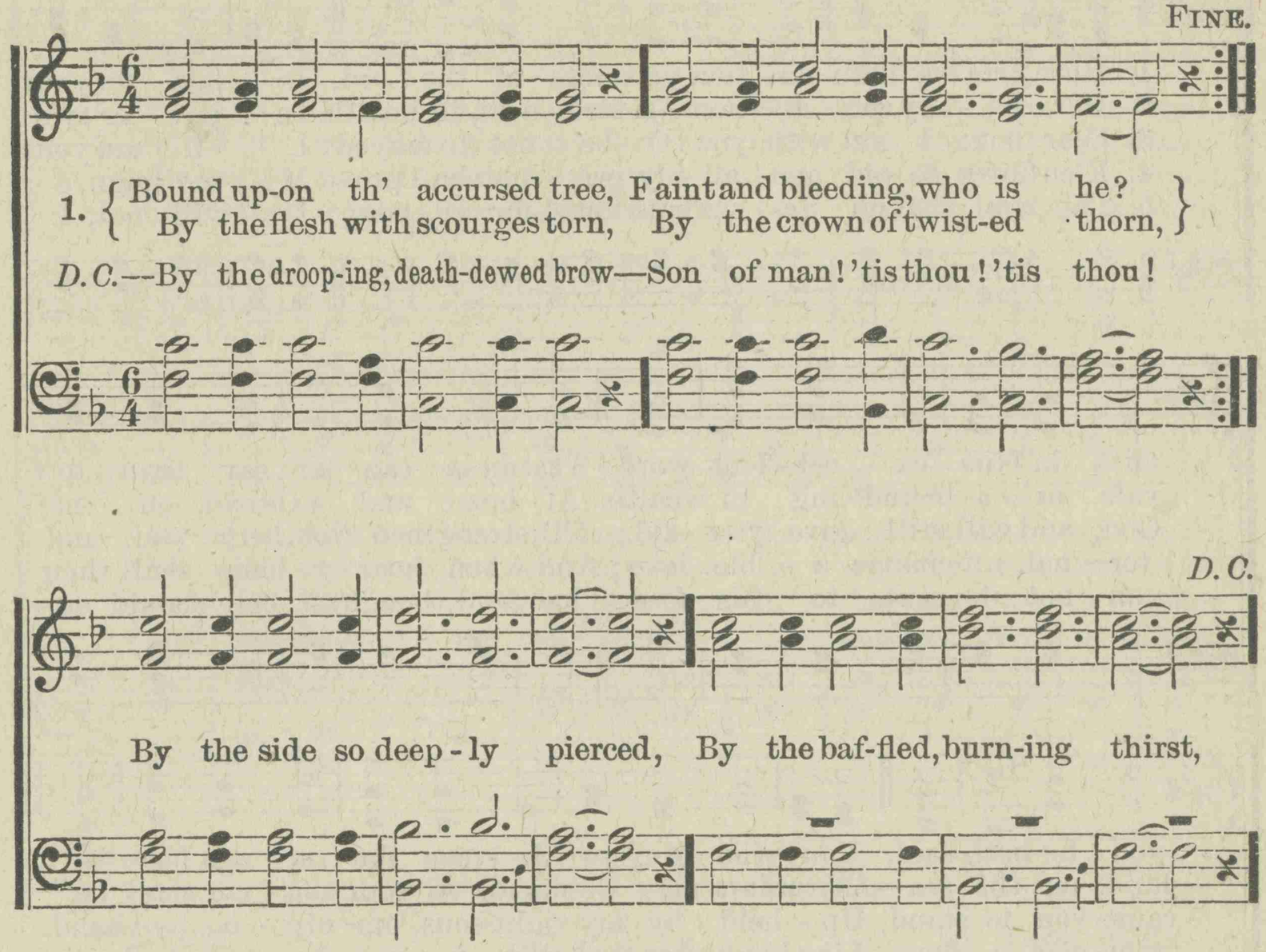
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pre-sence of Je - sus at home!
sad - ness I roam, I long to be-hold thee in glo - ry at home.
thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.
rise from the tomb, With glo - ri - fied mill- ions to praise thee at home.

CHORUS.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

221 MARTYN. 7s. Double.

HENRY HART MILMAN. SIMEON B. MARSH.



2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shiv'ring rock, and rending veil,
Eden promised, ere he died,
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow—
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
Ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead,
Crucified! we know thee now—
Son of man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursed tree
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save.
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow—
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

222 7s. Double. JOHN NEWTON.

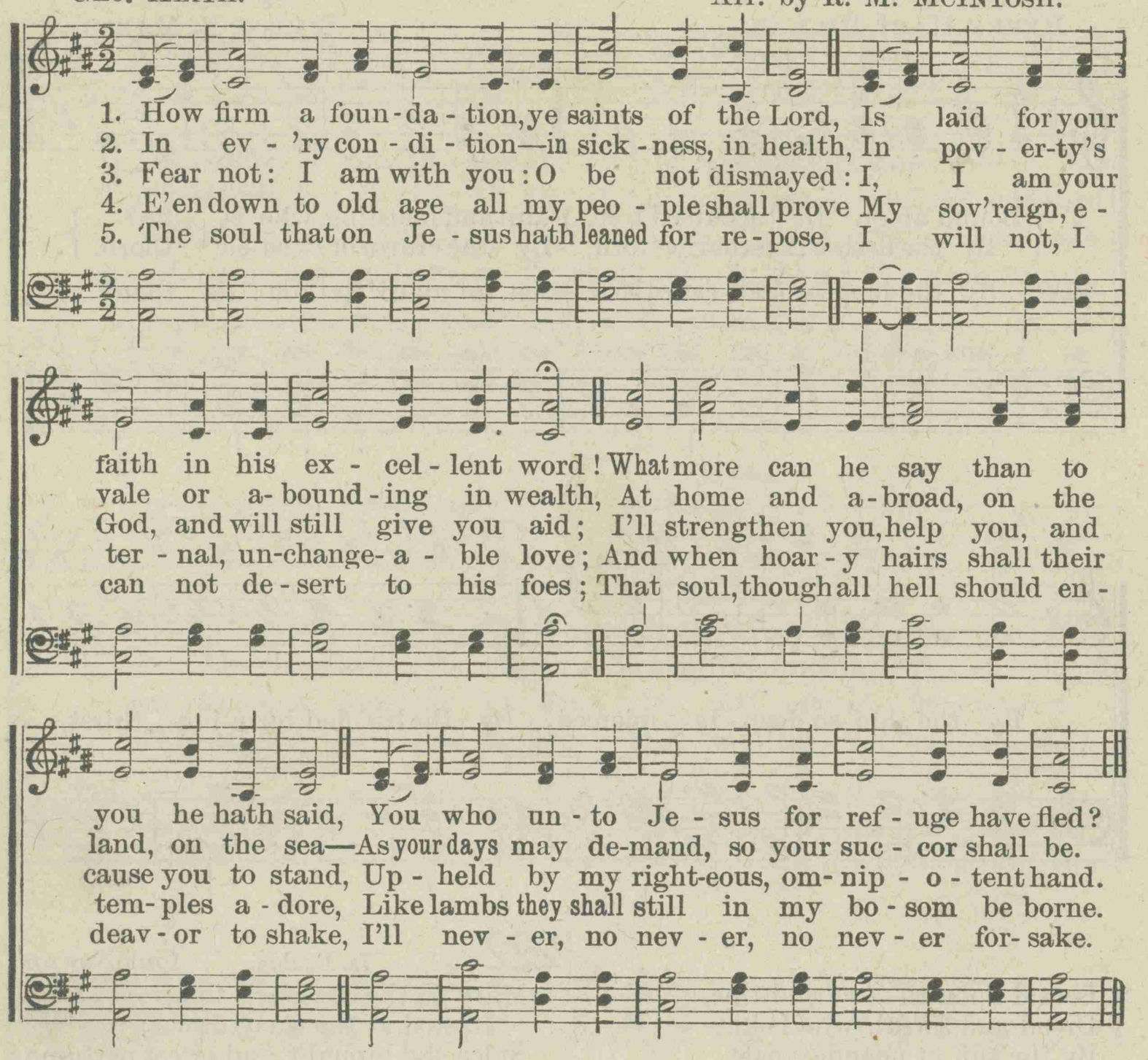
1 Mary to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came, her dropping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
She her heavy griefs forgot;
For she found him still the same.

3 And her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice—
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make—
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

223 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

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

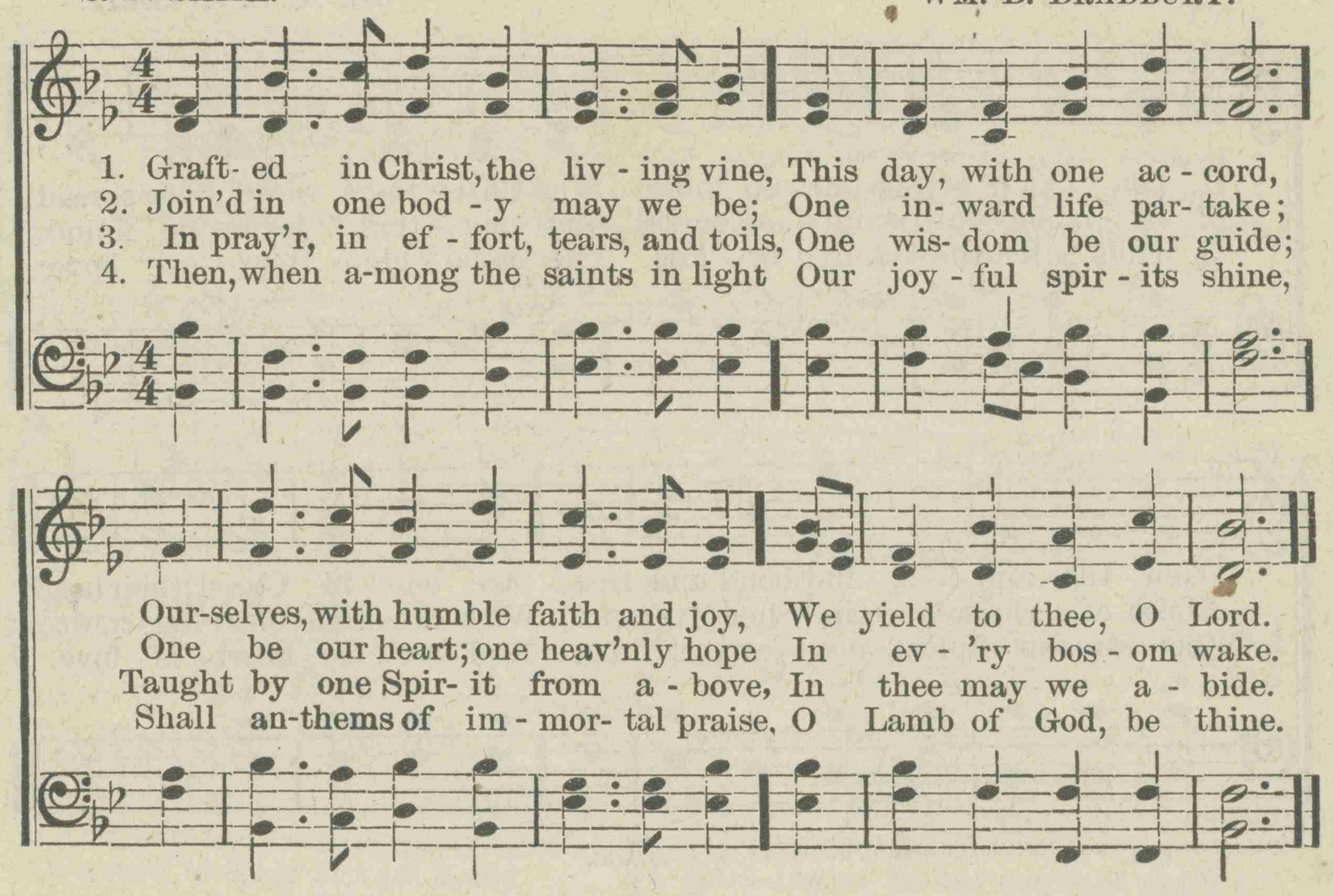


224 COOKHAM. 7s.

MARY MASTERS.

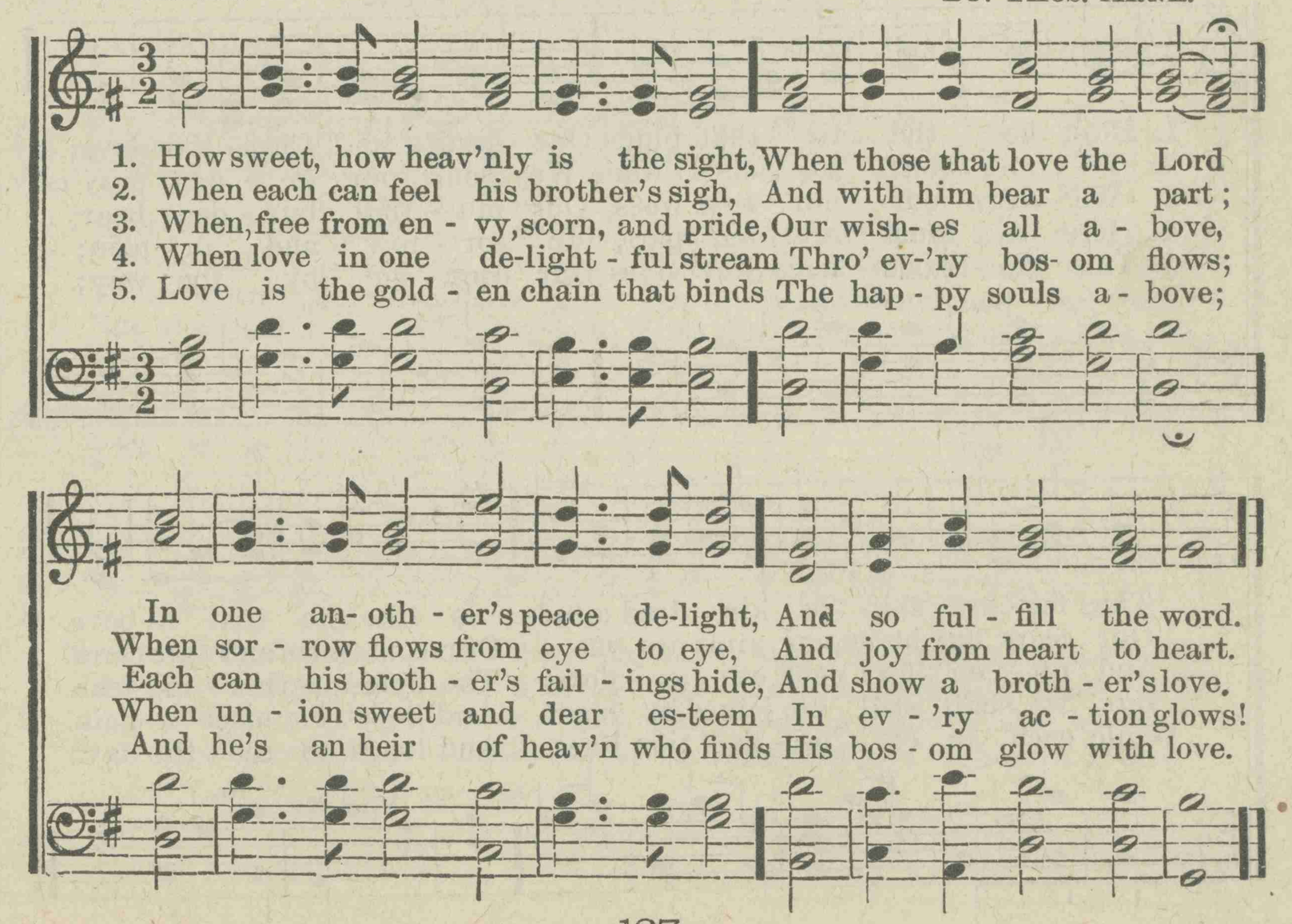
225 BROWN. C. M.

S. F. SMITH. WM. B. BRADBURY.



226 ARLINGTON. C. M.

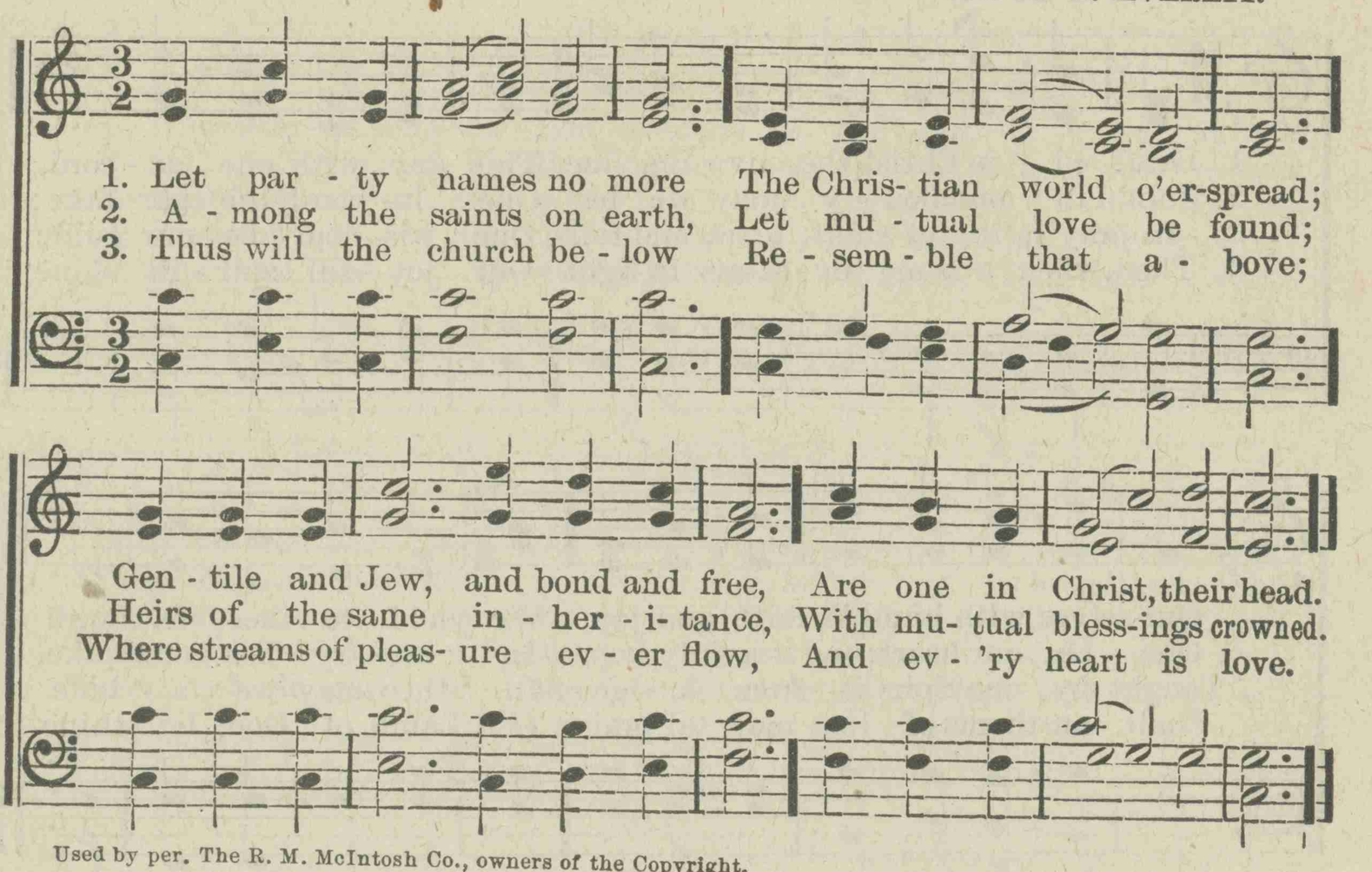
J. SWAIN. Dr. THOS. ARNE.



227

TURPIN. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



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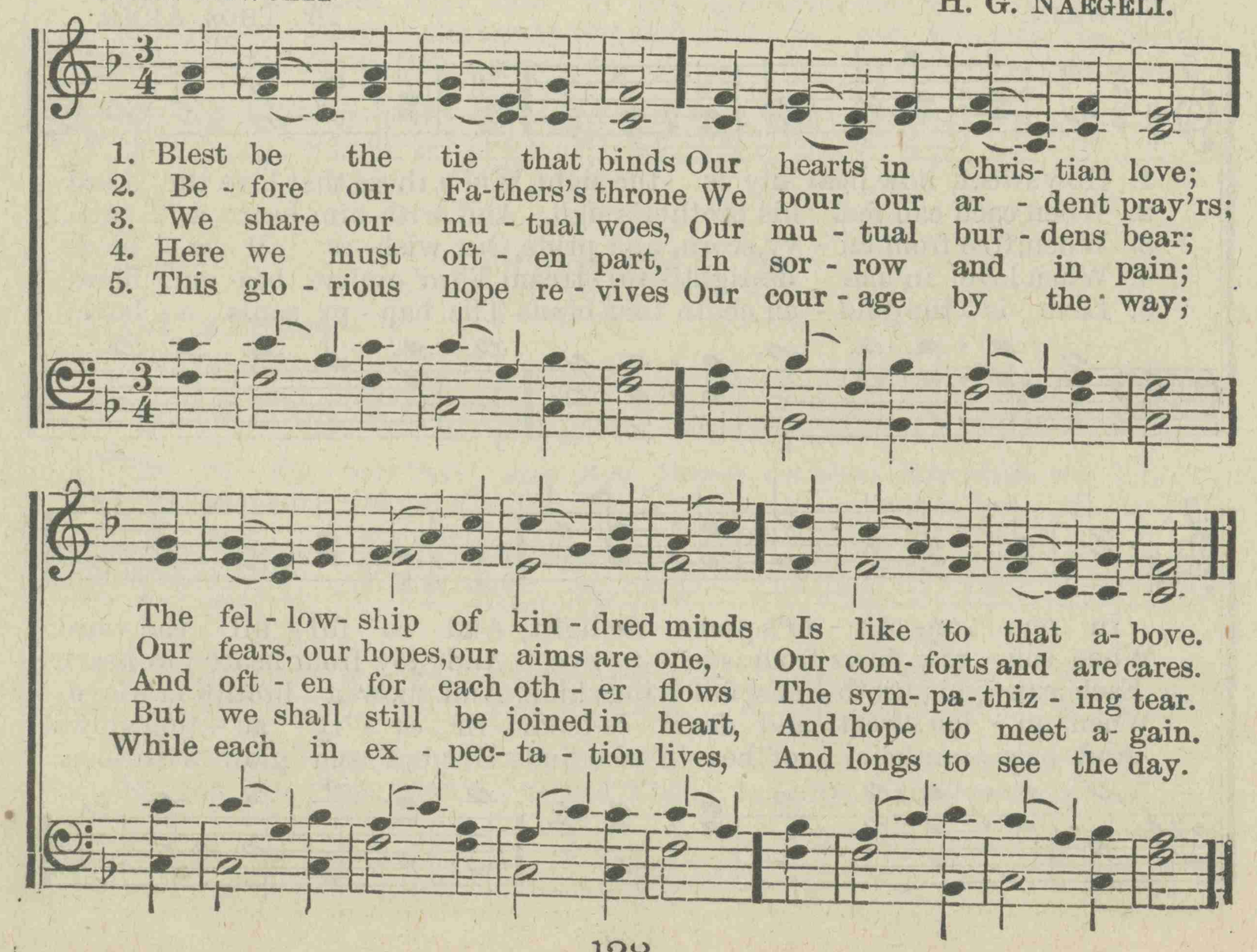
228

DENNIS. S. M.

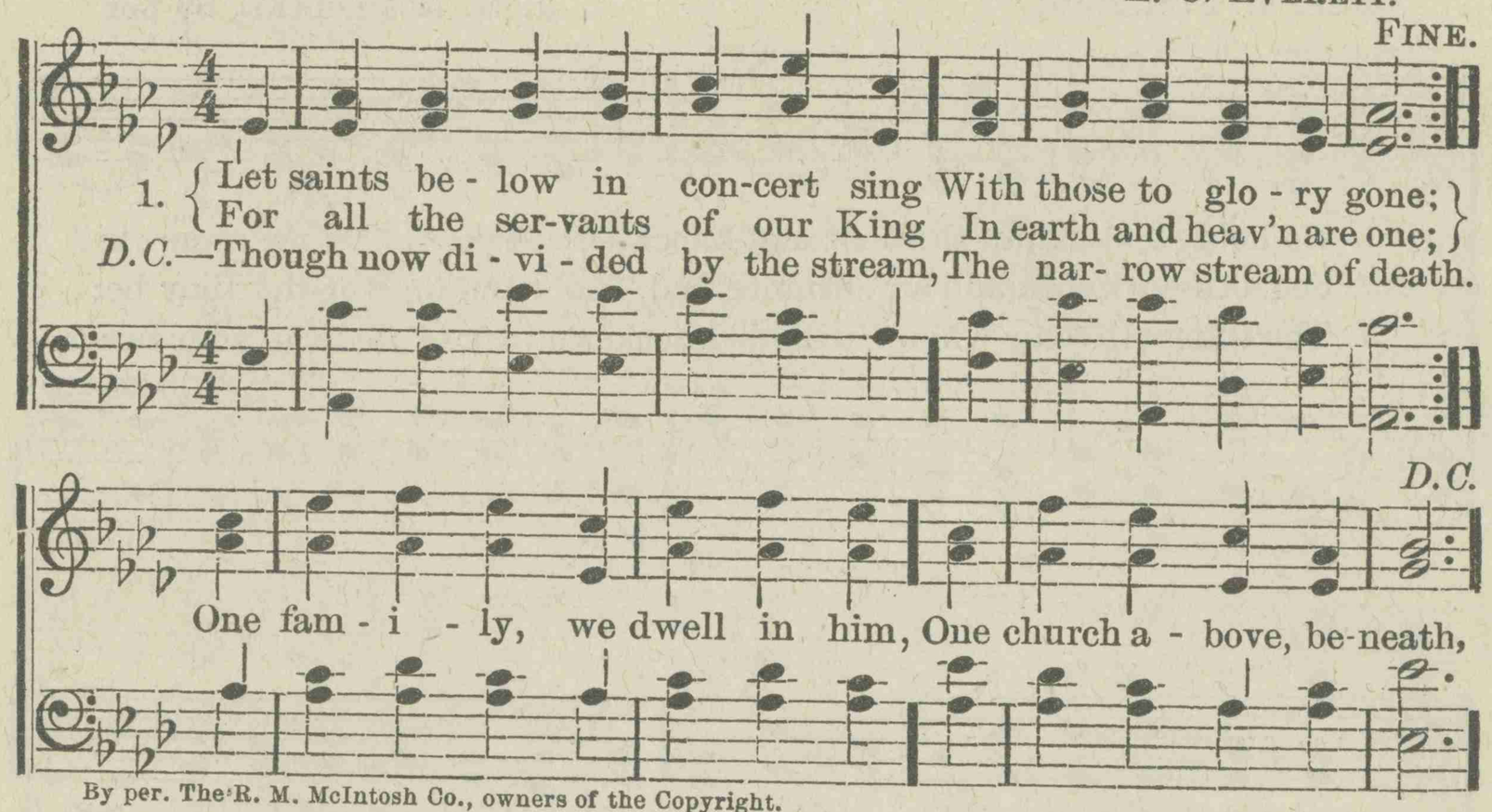
JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAEGELI.



229 WYANET. C. M. Double.

CHARLES WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT.

FINE.



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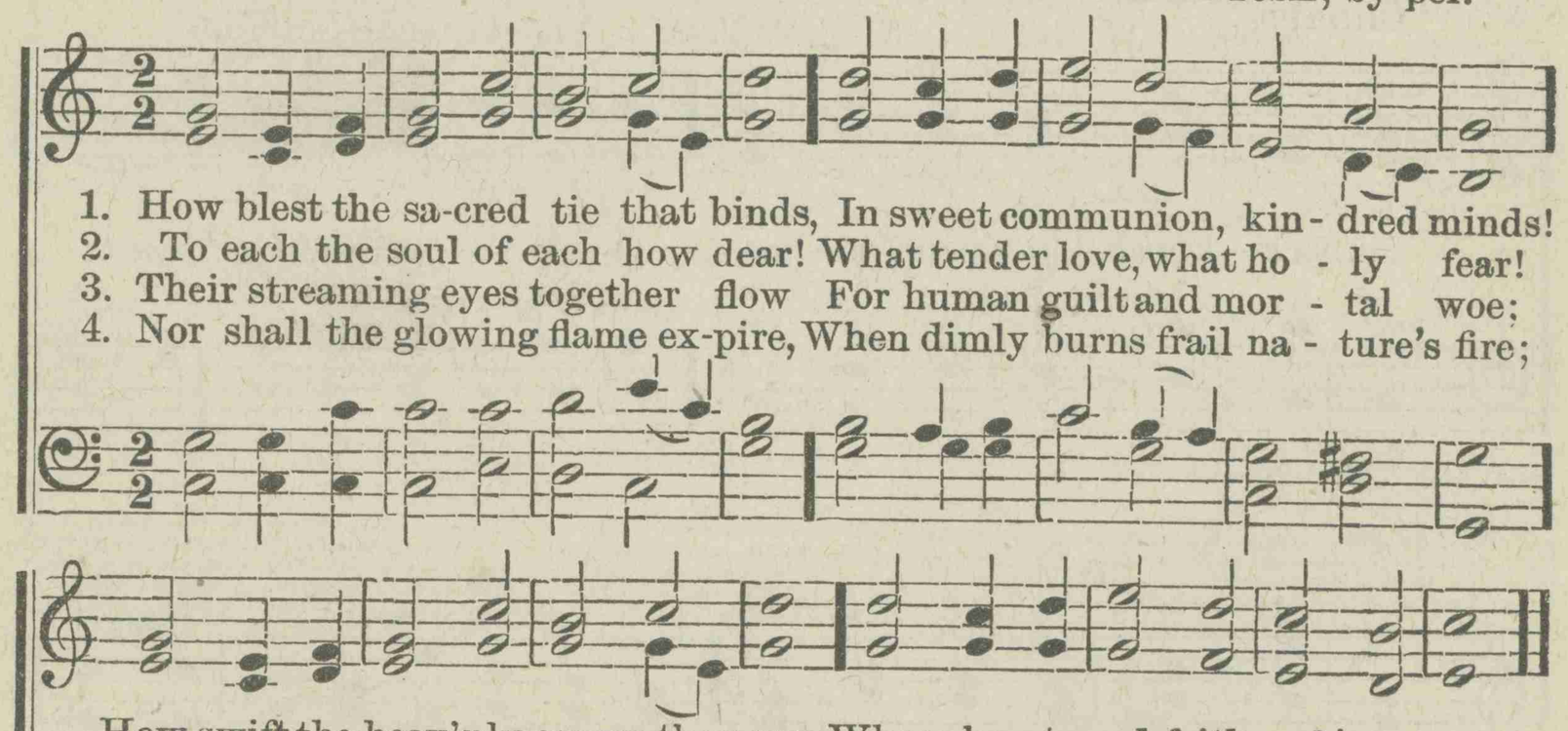
2 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
Ev'n now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

3 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed, blessed bands
Upon the eternal shore.
Lord Jesus! be our constant guide:
And, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

230 KAVANAUGH. L. M.

A. L. BARBAULD. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



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231 BEHOLD! I STAND AND KNOCK.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. Be-hold! I stand at the door and knock, O, will you not let me come in?
2. See! oth-ers knock and an entrance find, Tho' often un-wor-thy they be;
3. The time will come when I will not knock, And ask to abide in your heart,

With you in blessing I will a- bide, And cleanse you from all of your sin.
O, why ad-mis-sion to such al- low, Re - fus-ing to o- pen to me?
But leav - ing you to your i - dols join'd, For-ev-er from you I'll de - part.

CHORUS.

I knock—knock— o - pen to me, O-pen the door of thy heart;

I knock—knock—o - pen to me, O- pen—I soon may de - part.

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros.

232 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta- tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful- ly on-ward,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev -'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
3. To him that o'er com-eth God giv- eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav- iour,

Dark passions subdue, Look ev-er to Je- sus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je- sus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je- sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav- iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will- ing to aid you, He will car- ry you through.

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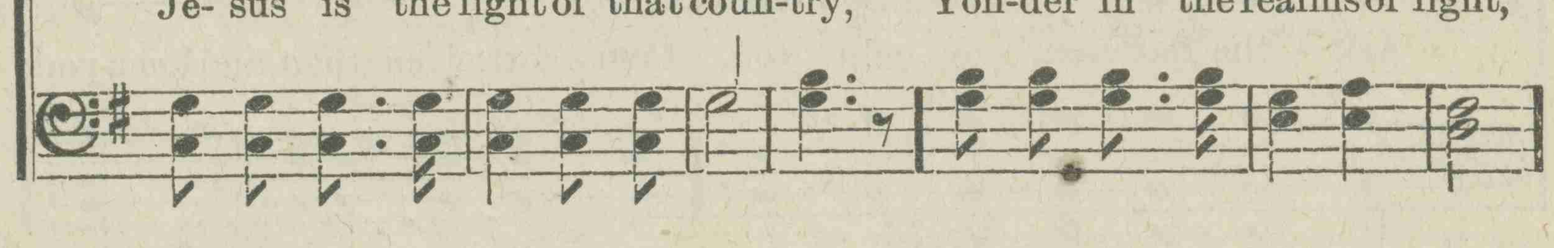
233 WHITHER DO YOU JOURNEY?

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

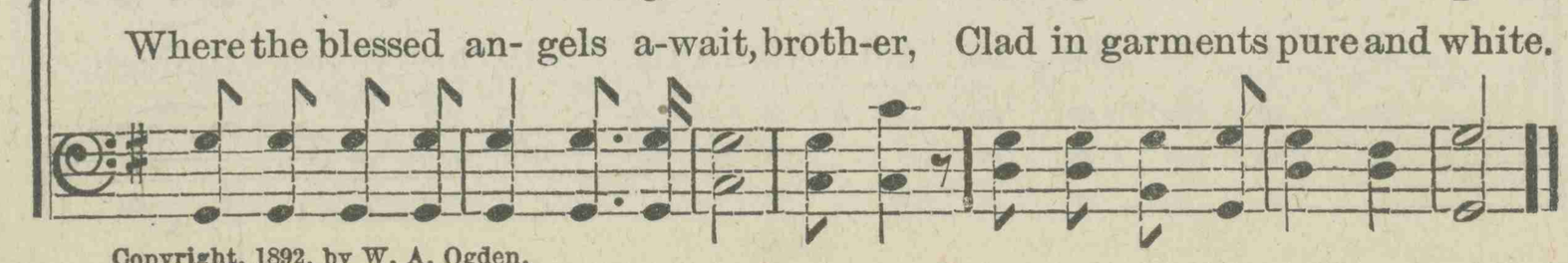
1. Whither do you journey a- long, brother? On the path of life now so fair?
2. Whither do you journey a- long, brother? Seek you worldly pleasures to try?
3. Whither do you journey a- long, brother, Is the "Rock of A - ges" thy stay?
4. E-ven thro' the valley of death, brother, Lo! thy Saviour pass'd on be-fore,

Are you go- ing home to that land, brother, Where the ma- ny mansions are?
Soon they all will van- ish a-way, broth-er, Like a summer cloud on high.
He will be thy rod and thy staff, brother, E -ven to the per- fect day.
He will not for- sake thee e'en there, brother, But will keep thee ev - er- more.

Do you jour-ney on to that coun-try, Yon-der in the realms of light?
Will you jour-ney on to that coun-try, Yon-der in the realms of light?
Come and journey on to that coun-try, Yon-der in the realms of light,
Je- sus is the light of that coun-try, Yon-der in the realms of light,



Where the blessed an- gels a-wait, broth-er, Clad in garments pure and white.



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234 I WILL GO TO JESUS.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. La - den with a heav- y bur - den, To my Saviour I will go,
2. Je - sus is the bur-den-bear- er; All my sins on him were laid;
3. At the feet of Je- sus fall - ing, Rent with anguish, pain and grief,
4. By his grace and mer-cy par-doned, All my sins and guilt forgiven,

Cast - ing all my care up- on him, He will bear my load, I know.
Dy - ing on the cross accurs - ed, He a full a- tonement made.
Of my crimes with tears repent-ing, He will give me sweet re- lief.
I will thank and bless and praise him, For the joy - ful hope of heav'n.

REFRAIN.

I will go with all my guilt to Je - sus, Wretched, poor and helpless tho' I be;

I will go and wash my spirit in the fount-ain, His blood shall set me fre

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235 CLEAVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Would you please and hon-or Je-sus? Fol-low him in all you do;
2. Would you have a friend in Je-sus, To sup-port you in your way?
3. Do you long to be with Je-sus, And a crown of life se-cure?

Would you win his love and fa-vor? Be his serv-ant, faithful, true.
Own him as your Lord and Mas-ter, Him receive, and love, o-bey.
Be thou pa-tient in his ser-vice, Meekly to the end en-dure.

REFRAIN.

Cleave to the Sav-iour day by day, Tempt-ed by sin, go seek him in pray'r; Du-ty per-form, and cour-age dis-play, Cleave to the Sav-iour ev-'ry-where.

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236 KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Who at my door is stand - ing,— Pa- tient - ly draw-ing near,
2. Lone - ly without he's stay - ing: Lone - ly with-in am I.
3. All through the dark hours drear - y, Knock- ing a- gain is he.
4. Door of my heart, I hast - en! Thee will I o - pen wide.

En-trance with-in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still de - lay - ing, Will he not pass me by?
Je - sus, art thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
Though he re-buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.

REFRAIN.

Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:— "O - pen the door for me!
If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a-bide with thee."

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237 WANDERER, COME, O COME TO ME.

J. S. LOWE. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. Far a - way from home I'm wand'ring, Far a-way from thee:
2. Canst thou, wilt thou, O my Fa - ther, Love me as thy child—
3. Canst thou turn my grief to glad - ness—Turn my sighs to praise?
4. With a brok - en, con-trite spir - it, Now to thee I flee;

Art thou, O my Fa- ther, watch-ing? Art thou call - ing me?
Love me in my sin and sor - row? Wretched and de - filed?
Canst thou grant me free for - giv - ness? Tell me—canst thou save?
Trust-ing not up - on my mer - it, Trust-ing on - ly thee.

REFRAIN.

Wand - 'rer, wand - 'rer, come, O come to me. In thy
Wand - 'rer, wand - 'rer, come, O come to me. In thy
Wand - 'rer, wand - 'rer, come, O come to me. All thy
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my fer - vent cry Help, O

Fa - ther's house there's wel- come, And a home for thee.
wand- 'rings I have loved thee: Haste, O haste to me.
bur - dens I will car - ry: Come, O come to me.
help me in this con - flict—Help me, or I die.

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238 THE WAGES OF SIN.

W. J. K. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. I have labored for thee, O sin, With en- er - gy, night and day,
2. But I've giv-en my youth and strength, My tal-ents and time to thee,
3. I have slighted the voice of God, And sti-fled my con-science too;
4. I have severed the ties of earth, And ruin- ed my hopes of heav'n,

Now what shall I have for my reward, And what is my utmost pay?
I have bartered away my words of truth, And nothing remains to me.
I have done despite to the Spir-it's pow'r, In striving thy work to do.
And on - ly for thee I've lived and toiled, And now, what reward is giv'n?

CHORUS.

"The wa-ges of sin is death," All that is promised, you know,—

ab lib. *rit.*

p *pp*

Nothing but death, e - ter - nal death, Bit-ter re-morse and woe.

239 NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

Words arr. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Not far, not far from the king- dom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the gate- way, Where voic-es whisper and wait;
3. They catch the strains of the mu - sic, That floats so sweet-ly a - long;
4. They're in the dark and the dan - ger; They're in the night and the cold,

How ma- ny are com-ing and go - ing! How few are en - ter-ing in!
But fear-ing to en- ter in bold - ly, They lin - ger still at the gate!
Tho' knowing the song they are sing-ing, Yet join - ing not in the song.
Tho' he is now long-ing to lead them So kind - ly in - to the fold.

REFRAIN.

Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet lin-ger- ing still at the gate;
O wait no long-er, dear broth- er, But en - ter ere 'tis too late.

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240 ONLY A TOUCH!

Mrs. CYNTHIE H. WILSON. P. BILHORN, by per.

Not too fast.

1. On - ly a touch of the trem - u - lous hand, As the
2. On - ly a touch! but the an - swer came swift, And tho'
3. On - ly a touch of the trem - u - lous soul, As she
4. On - ly a touch of his gar - ment's hem, With a

cu - ri - ous throng drew nigh; On - ly a touch! but how
all of her living was spent, On - ly a touch! what a
pressed is the surg - ing throng; On - ly a touch! yet it
hope in his heal - ing grace; On - ly a touch! with a

won-drous and grand! The Mas - ter was pass - ing by.
glo - ri - ous gift! The heal - ing to her was sent.
made her whole, And vir - tue had made her strong.
faith in him, He turned and be - held her face.

REFRAIN.

cres.

On - ly a touch! on - ly a touch! Touch him and you'll know why;

rit.

On - ly a touch of his garment's hem, O touch him ere he pass by!

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241 SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Think gent-ly of the err - ing one: O let us not for- get,
2. Heir of the same in- her - i - tance, Child of the self- same God,
3. Speak gent- ly to the err - ing ones: We yet may lead them back,
4. For - get not, broth-er, thou hast sinned, And sin - ful yet may be;

How- ev - er dark - ly stain'd by sin, He is our broth- er yet.
He hath but stum- bled in the path We have in weak-ness trod.
With ho - ly words and tones of love, From mis-'ry's thorn- y track.
Deal gent- ly with the err - ing heart, As God hath dealt with thee.

242 I BELIEVE. C. M.

J. R. WREFORD. Anon.

1. Lord, I be- lieve; thy pow'r I own; Thy word I would o - bey;
2. Lord, I be- lieve; but gloom-y fears Some-times be-dim my sight;
3. Lord, I be- lieve; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak:
4. Yes, I be- lieve; and on - ly thou Canst give my soul re - lief:

REF.—I do be- lieve, I do be- lieve, That Je-sus died for me;

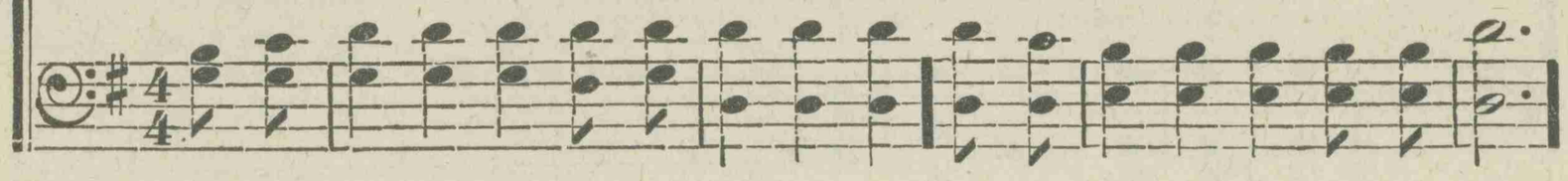
I wan-der com- fort - less and lone, When from thy truth I stray.
I look to thee with pray'rs and tears, And cry for strength and light.
My weakness strengthen, and bestow The con- fi-dence I seek.
Lord, to thy truth my spir - it bow; "Help thou mine un- be - lief."

And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

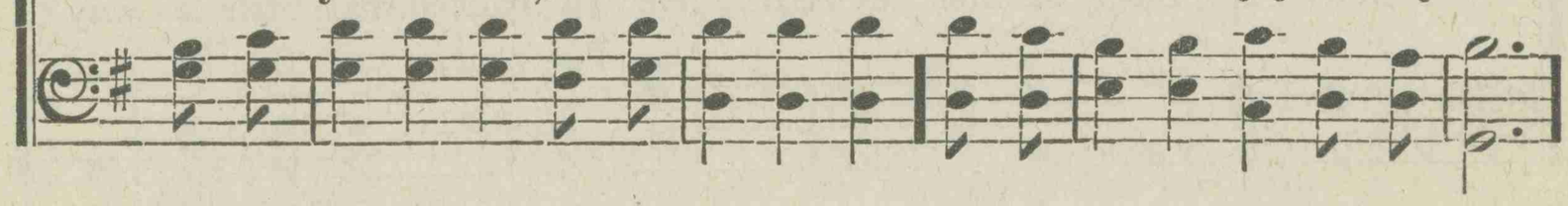
243 FREE WATERS.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. There's a fountain free, 'tis for you and me: Let us haste, O, haste to its brink;
2. There's a living stream, with a crystal gleam: From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a liv-ing well and its wa-ters swell, And e - ter-nal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure waters share;

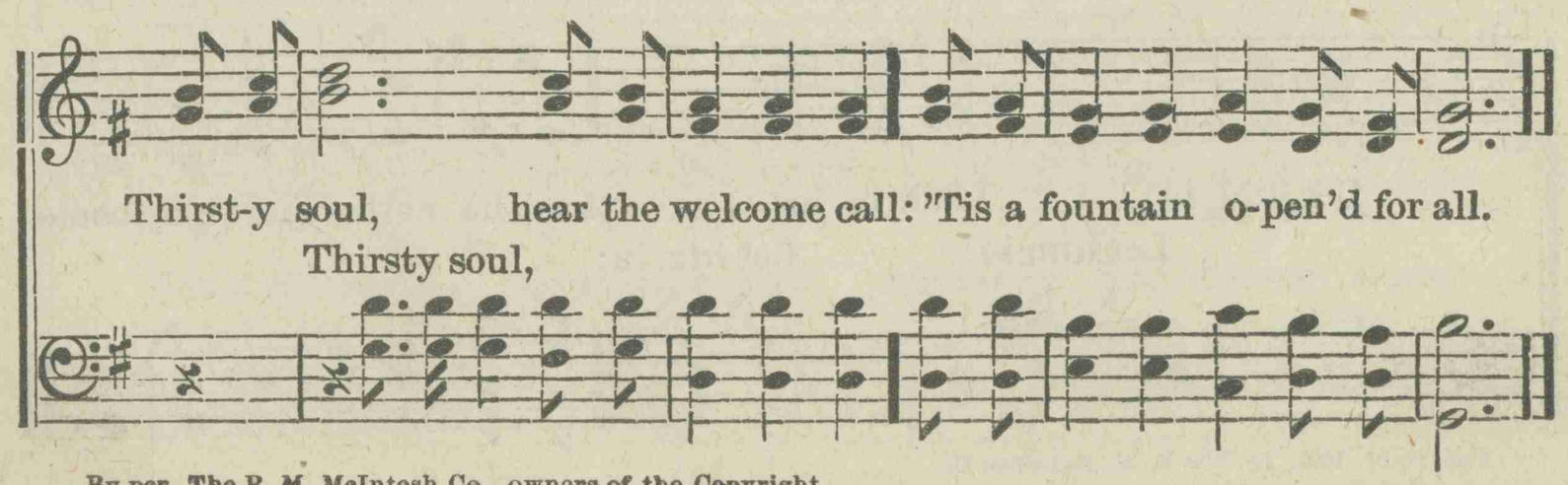


'Tis the fount of love from the Source above, And he bids us all free - ly drink.
While the wa-ters roll let the wea-ry soul Hear the call that forth freely goes.
And we joy- ful sing, ev-er spring, O, spring, As we haste to drink and to live.
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see: Let us has-ten joy-ful - ly there.



CHORUS.

Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;
Will you come, Will you come,



Thirst-y soul, hear the welcome call: 'Tis a fountain o-pen'd for all.
Thirsty soul,

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244 LET HIM COME IN.

C. W. RAY. H. R. CHRISTIE

1. To thy barred and bolt- ed door, Gent - ly as a woo - ing dove,
2. Haste and o - pen wide the door, Ban - ish ev - 'ry thought of sin;
3. He a roy - al feast will spread, He will bring a boundless store;
4. He is knock- ing, wait-ing still; Why in mad- ness yet de- lay?

Je - sus comes as oft be - fore, Plead-ing in his ten - der love.
Why re - fuse and grieve him more; Quickly rise and let him in.
Thou shalt taste "The Liv-ing Bread," And be blest for - ev - er- more.
Why re - fuse his mer - cy till He a-grieved shall turn a - way?

REFRAIN.

Let him in; Let him in; Sinner, why not make him room?
Let him in; Let him in;

Let him in; Let him in; Lest he nev-er more may come.
Let him in; Let him in;

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245 CALLING THEE AWAY.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Be - yond the cares of life and bit - ter pain, Be -
2. Be - yond the fad - ing van - i - ties of life, Be -
3. Be - yond is life and ev - er - last - ing joy, Be -

yond the thought of wealth or earthly gain, A voice is call - ing,
yond the realms of pass-ion and of strife, That voice is call - ing,
yond, where naught of e - vil can an-noy, The Lord now calls thee

call- ing thee to - day, From sin and death to quick- ly flee a - way.
call- ing thee to - day, From all un-right-eous-ness to turn a - way.
by his bless-ed word; O seek him while his lov- ing voice is heard.

CHORUS.

Call-ing, calling thee a - way, Call-ing, calling thee a - way,
a-way, a- way,

From all earth-ly care and sor - row, Sweet - ly call-ing thee a-way.

Copyrignt, 1892, by W. A. Ogden.

246 THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE.

C. E. LESLIE.

f

There is a cit - y made by God, Whose streets are paved with gold,

The glo - ry of that heav'n-ly place, By proph - ets has been told,

Then be pre - pared,
to meet thy God, To pass through the gold - en gate.

f

The King of kings,
is rul - er there, He guards the gold - en gate.

1. Man of the world why stand you i - dle all the day?
2. Then be prepared to meet thy God, and of the feast par - take;

Look up to Christ, he will forgive, Your sins he'll wash a - way.
The bread of life is free to all, Who will their sins for - sake.

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THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE.—Concluded.

Is there a - ny one here who is not prepared to en - ter that gold- en

gate? Be read- y, for soon the time will come to en - ter the gold- en gate.

DUET.

Don't let it be said too late, too late, to en - ter the gold- en gate; Be

read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.

FULL CHORUS.

That beau - ti- ful gold - en gate, That beau - ti - ful gold - en gate; Be

Repeat pp

read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.

247 COME, HE IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Je- sus is wait-ing so near; Come, he is call-ing to - day;
2. Hear the sweet message of love, Glad-ly the summons o - bey;
3. Cast on the Saviour thy care, Hear his glad word and o - bey;

Ban-ish your doubting and fear, Lin- ger no long-er a - way.
Seek ye the kingdom a - bove, Lin- ger no long-er a - way.
Trust him your burdens to bear, He is the life and the way.

REFRAIN.

Come, . . . come, . . Je - sus is call - ing to -
Come un-to me, come un-to me, Je - sus is call - ing, is

day; . . . . . Come, ... come, ...
call - ing to - day; Come un - to me, come un - to me,

Lin - ger no long - er a - way. . . . . .
Lin - ger no long - er, no long - er a - way.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

248 SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let him in?
2. Shall I send him the lov - ing word; Shall I let him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let him in;

Pa-tient-ly pleading with my sad heart; Oh, shall I let him in?
Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my gra-cious Lord; Oh, shall I let him in?
Glad-ly I'll wel-come him ev - er-more; Oh, yes, I'll let him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with-in;
He can in - fi- nite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
Bless - ed Sav- iour, a - bide with me; Cares and tri- als will light-er be;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un- to him, Oh, shall I let him in?
Shall I bid him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let him in?
I am safe if I'm on- ly with thee; O! bless- ed Lord, come in.

Used by per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of the Copyright.

249 THE SHELTERING ROCK.

W. E. PENN. W. E. PENN, by per.

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

1. There is a Rock in a wea - ry land, Its shad- ow falls on the burn- ing sand, In - vit - ing pil-grims as they pass To seek a shade in the
2. There is a Well in a des- ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en- treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev- 'ry thirst-ing sin-sick soul, Come freely drink, and thou
3. A great fold stands with its por- tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the mountain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching now for his
4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in a crim-son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to all who will

REFRAIN.

wil - der- ness.
shalt be whole."
wand'ring sheep.
en - ter in.
} Then why will ye die? O! why will ye die?

Slower.

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by? O! why will ye die?
When the liv - ing, Well is so near by? O! why will ye die?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by? O! why will ye die?
When the crim- son cross is so near by? O! why will ye die?

From "Harvest Bells." Used by per. W. E. Penn, owner of Copyright.

250 TO THAT CITY WILL YOU GO?

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Where the jas-per walls are beaming, Where the pearly por-tals are glow-ing;
2. O- pen are the shin-ing por- tals, Shut by night or day are they nev- er,
3. In that ma-ny mansioned dwelling, Je- sus, one for you is pre-par- ing;
4. There shall be no days de- clin- ing, Tho' no sun nor moon light the heaven;

Where the golden street is gleaming, Where the crystal wa- ters are flow- ing:—
With the glo- ri- fied im-mor- tals, Will you dwell within them for - ev - er?
Where ho- san-nas glad are swelling, Will you come their joy sweetly shar - ing?
From amidst the throne is shin - ing, Glo - ry from the Lord free-ly giv - en.

CHORUS.

Down be - side that wondrous riv - er, Where the trees of heal- ing grow,

Repeat pp.

We shall meet and live for- ev - er, To that Cit - y will you go?

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251 DELAY NOT.

THOS. HASTINGS. W. T. DALE, by per.

1. De - lay not, de- lay not, O sin- ner! draw near, The wa - ters of
2. De - lay not, de- lay not! why long-er a- buse The love and com-
3. De - lay not, de- lay not, O sin- ner, to come! For mer - cy still
4. De - lay not, de- lay not! the Spir- it of grace, Long griev'd and re-

life are now flow- ing for thee; No price is de- mand- ed, the
pass-ion of Je - sus our Lord? A fount-ain is o- pened—how
lin- gers, and calls thee to - day; Her voice is not heard in the
sist - ed, en-treats thee to come; Be- ware, lest in dark- ness thou

Sav- iour is here, Re- demption is purchased—sal-va- tion is free.
canst thou re- fuse To wash and be cleans'd in his par- don - ing blood?
vale of the tomb; Her mes-sage, un-heed- ed, will soon pass a - way.
fin - ish thy race, And sink to the vale of e - ter - ni - ty's gloom.

REFRAIN.

De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin-ner, to Je- sus draw near;

De- lay not, de- lay not, O sin-ner, the Saviour is here.

252

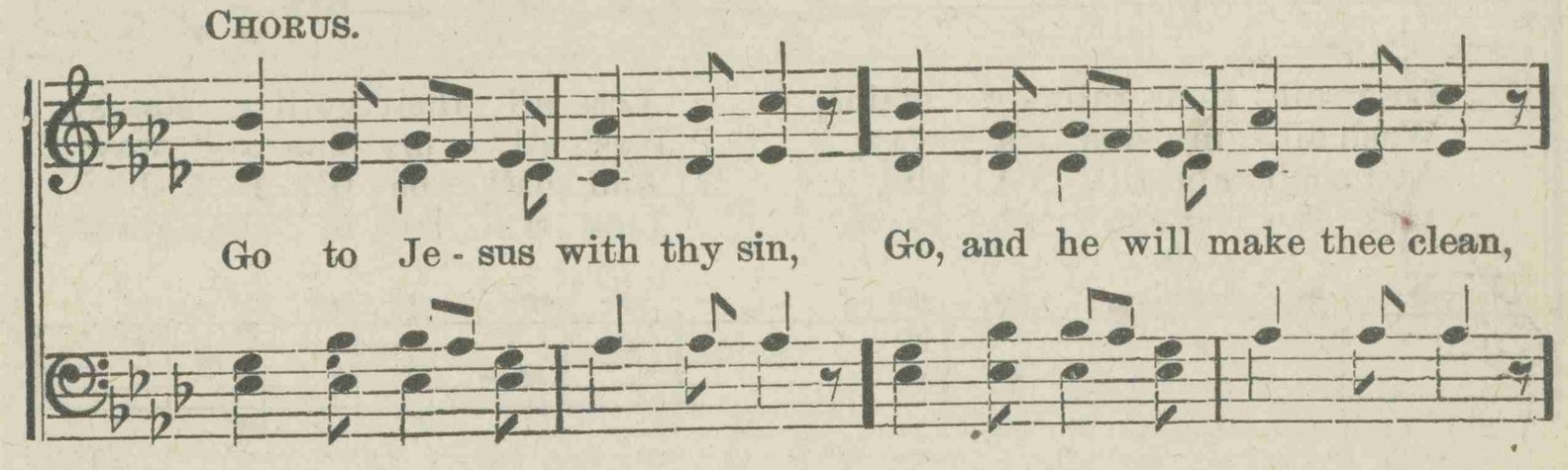
ENTER IN.

MARIAN E. OGDEN. MARIAN E. OGDEN.

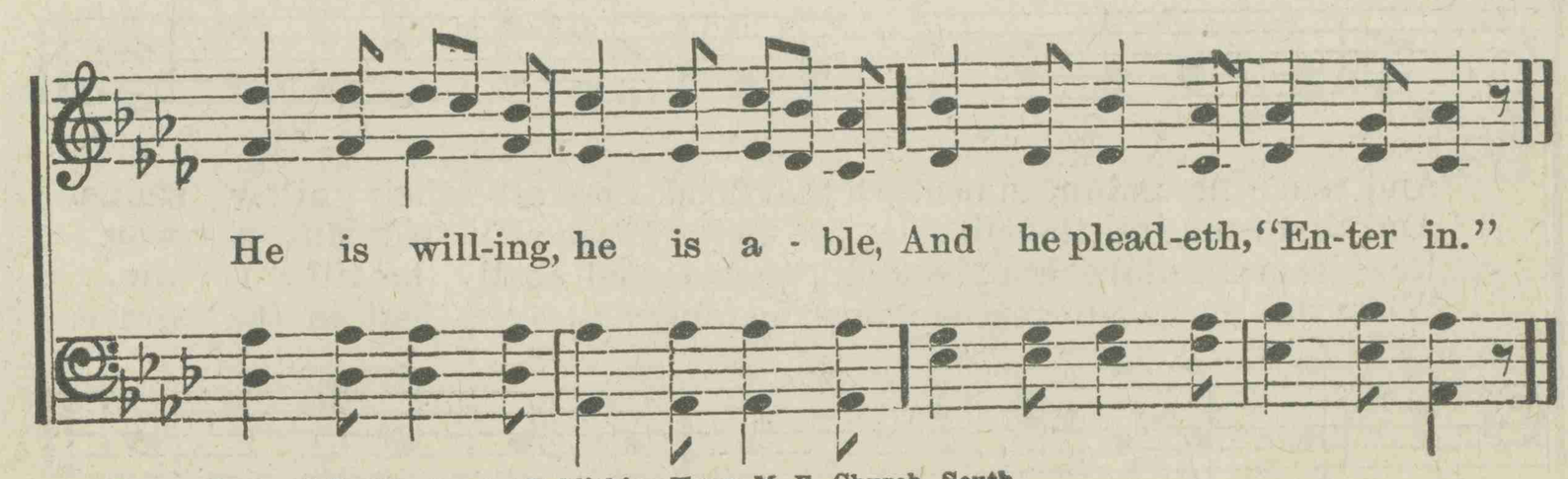
1. Hear ye not the voice of Je - sus, Plead- ing sin - ner, now with thee?
2. Why then long - er on the high-way Tar - ry, 'mid thy cares and fears?
3. There no hope thy heart can en - ter, There a - bid - eth on - ly sin,
4. Je - sus calls thee, calls so kindly, Will you long - er stay a- way,

Ev - er call-ing, thro' the darkness, Call - ing O, so pa - tient-ly.
There no lov- ing heart can shield thee, There no hand can stay thy tears.
There thy wea-ry feet will fal - ter, There no joys can en - ter in.
In his arms he will en - fold thee, Wait not till an - oth - er day.

CHORUS.



Go to Je - sus with thy sin, Go, and he will make thee clean,

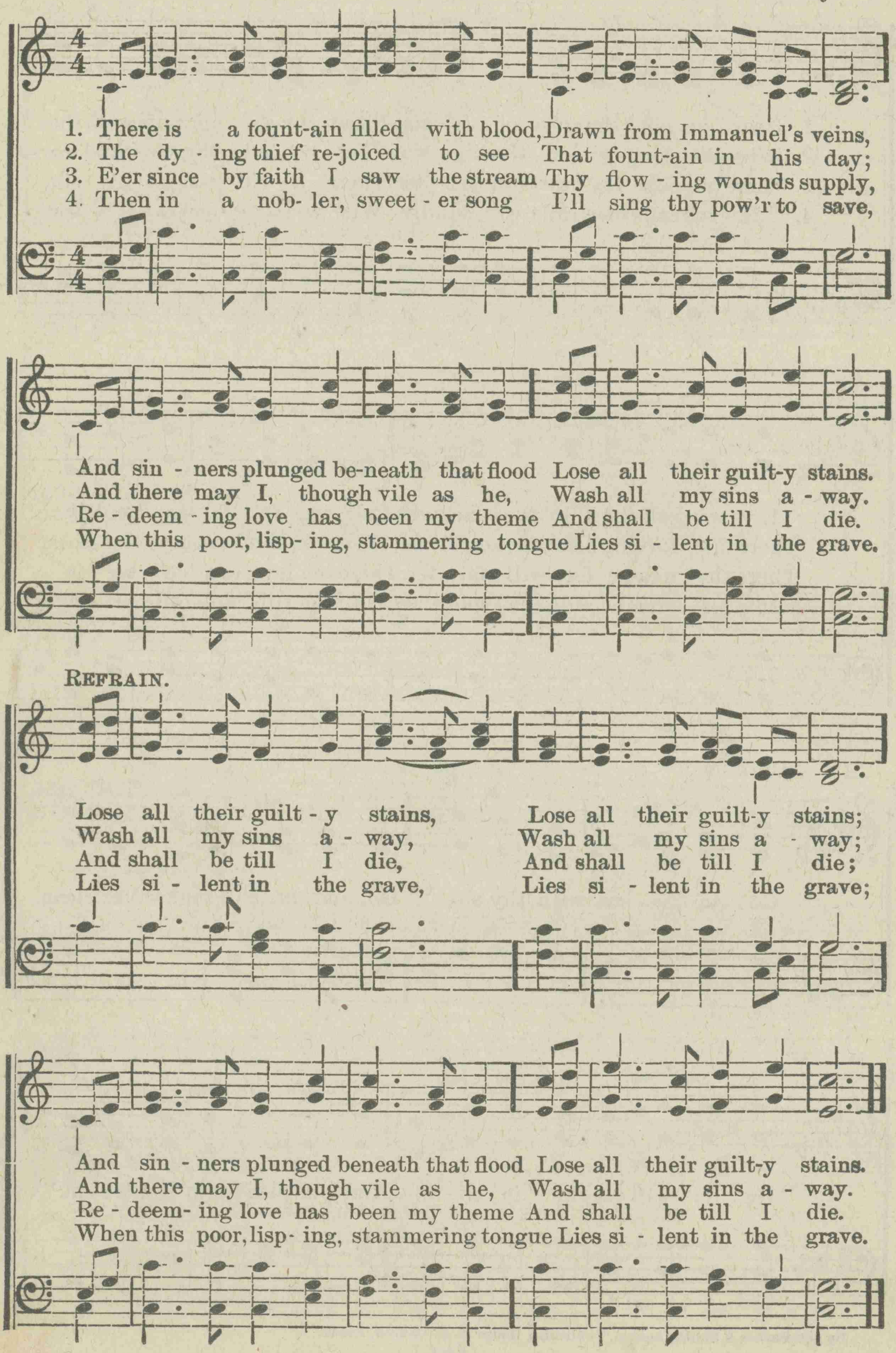


He is will-ing, he is a - ble, And he plead-eth, "En-ter in."

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

253 THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody.



254 LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That oth - ers may be- hold!
2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams a- broad;
3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see

Its glow-ing rays perchance may bring Some wand'rer to the fold.
'Twill show the world you're not ashamed Of Christ, the Lamb of God.
Your works of mer - cy and of love, That they may fol - low thee.

CHORUS.

Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light brightly

shine, O, let it shine . . . . It may prove a bea-con-light to some brightly shines;

trav'ler in the night, Let your light shine, brightly shine. . . .
Let your light shine, let your light brightly shine.

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255 COME TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Come to Je - sus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crim- son glow;
2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En- ter in at mer- cy's gate;
3. Come to Je - sus! dy- ing sin - ner! Oth - er Sav-iour there is none;

If you give your hearts to Je - sus, He will make them white as snow.
Oh, de- lay not till the mor - row, Lest thy com- ing be too late.
He will share with you his glo - ry, When your pil-grim-age is done.

CHORUS.

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

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

Repeat pp.

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

256 JOY IN HEAVEN.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.

1. There is joy in heav'n to-day! There is joy to-day O'er the
2. When a soul has gone a-stray From the nar - row way, And there
3. Sin - ner, bow with grat - i- tude, And, with heart subdued, Plead his

lamb that is found a- gain, Far a- way from pas-tures green, Wand'ring
seem- eth no joy nor rest, Je- sus still is ev - er near, Hear- ing
mer - cy and par- don free! He will see the fall - ing tear, Hear the

Refrain.

all a-lone On the des - o- late bar-ren plain!
night and day All the cries of the sin-oppress'd!
fervent pray'r, And will tenderly welcome thee!
} Glory to the Lord of Hosts,

Shout the morning stars on high, Praise him ever, ye angels of light! He has

heard the distant cry Of the lamb to-day, And he bears it re-joicing home!

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

257 JESUS IS PASSING BY.

Arr. by J. H. W. J. H. WEBER.

1. "Je - sus is pass - ing," the blind man was told, Who by the way - side was begg-ing of old, Wish - ing that Je - sus his
2. "Je - sus, my Sav - iour, have mer - cy on me! O - pen my eyes and from sin set me free; Help - less and need - y, I
3. Je - sus is pass - ing, if, feel - ing your need, Earn - est en - trea - ties he sure - ly will heed; If you but ask him, your

CHORUS.

sight would un - fold, Je - sus is pass-ing by.
come un - to thee, Je - sus is pass-ing by."
soul shall be freed, Je - sus is pass-ing by.

Je - sus is pass-ing, he's passing this way, Je - sus is pass-ing, by; Thou Son of Da - vid, Have mer - cy on me; Je - sus is pass - ing by.

By per. J. H. Weber.

258 I AM THAT I AM.

WM. APPEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. I am the light by which men see; I am the truth which makes men free;
2. I am the shepherd good and wise; I am the door to par - a - dise;
3. I am the prophet, priest and king; I am the song, redeemed men sing;
4. I am the Lamb of God for thee; I am the Saviour, come to me;

I am the poor - est sin - ner's friend, I am the life that has no end.
I am the gift of God to thee; I am the vine, a - bide in me.
I am the bread of life in - deed; I am e-nough for ev - 'ry need.
I am for- ev - er more the same; Je - ho- vah Je - sus is my name.

CHORUS.

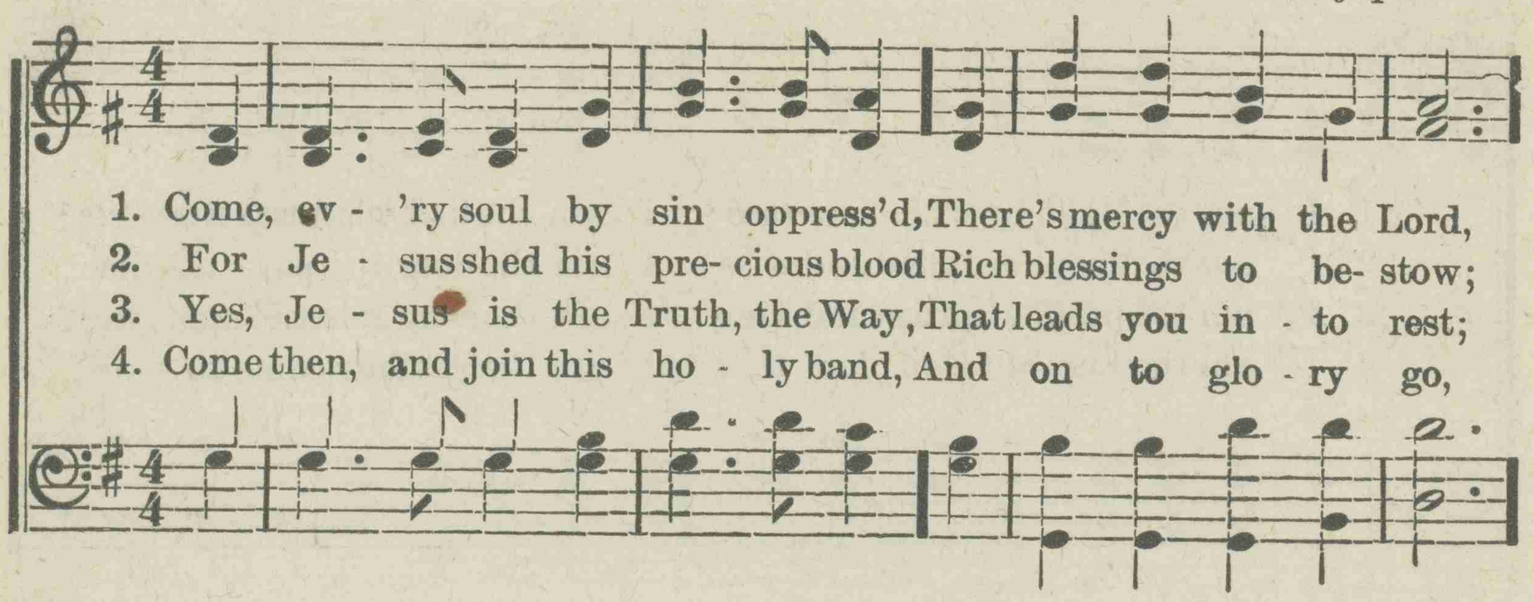
I am, I am I am the shepherd and the door;
I am the life, and I am the truth;

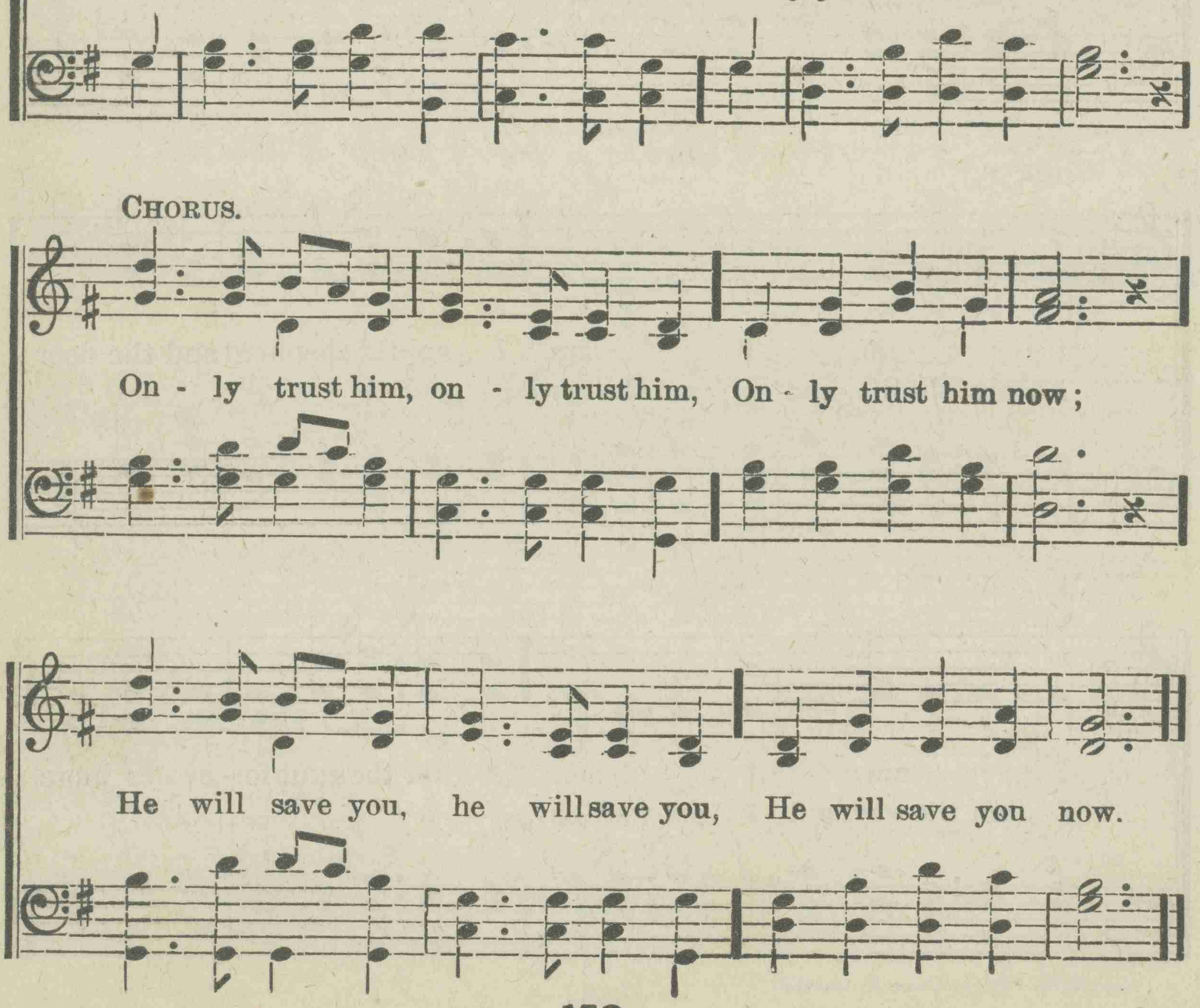
I am, I am, I am the same for- ev - er more.
I am the way, and I am the light,

Copyright, 1892, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

259 ONLY TRUST HIM.

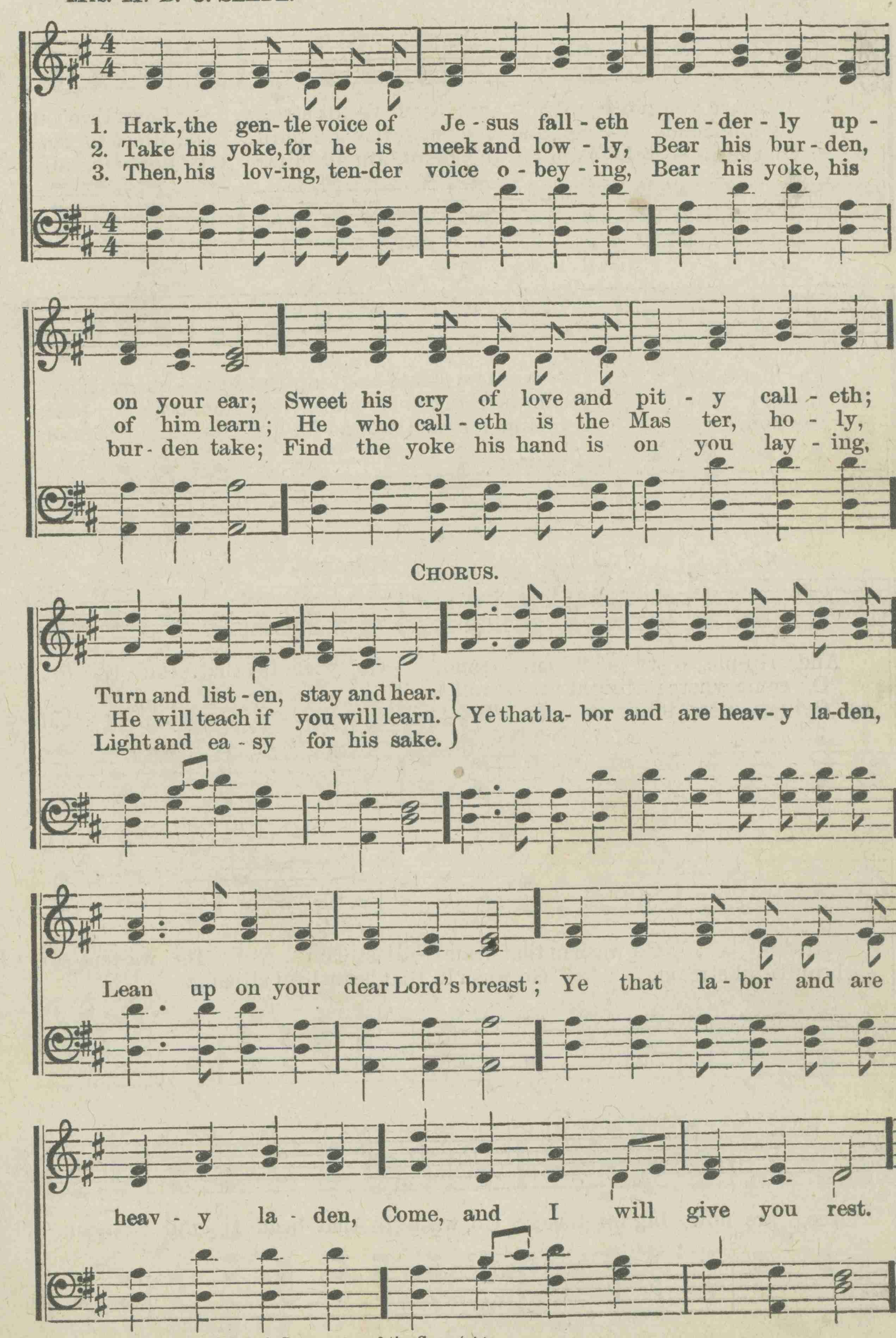
J. H. STOCKTON. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.





260 COME UNTO ME.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. A. B. Everett.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

261 GO WASH IN THE STREAM.

R. TORRY, JR. I. BALTZELL.

1. O, have you not heard of that beau- ti- ful stream, That flows thro' our Fa- ther's land?
2. Its fount-ains are deep, and its wa- ters are pure, And sweet to the wea- ry soul;
3. This beau- ti- ful stream is the fount- ain of life, It flows for all na- tions free;

Its wa- ters gleam bright in the heav - en- ly light,
It flows from the throne of Je - ho - vah a - lone,
A balm for each wound in its wa - ters is found,

CHORUS.

And rip-ple o'er gold - en sand.
O, come where its bright waters roll!
O, sin- ners, it flows for thee!

Go, wash in that beau - ti - ful stream, . . Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream, . . Its wa-ters so beau-ti-ful stream,

Go, wash in that beau - ti - ful stream, . . Go, wash in that beau-ti-ful stream, . . Its wa-ters so beau-ti-ful stream,

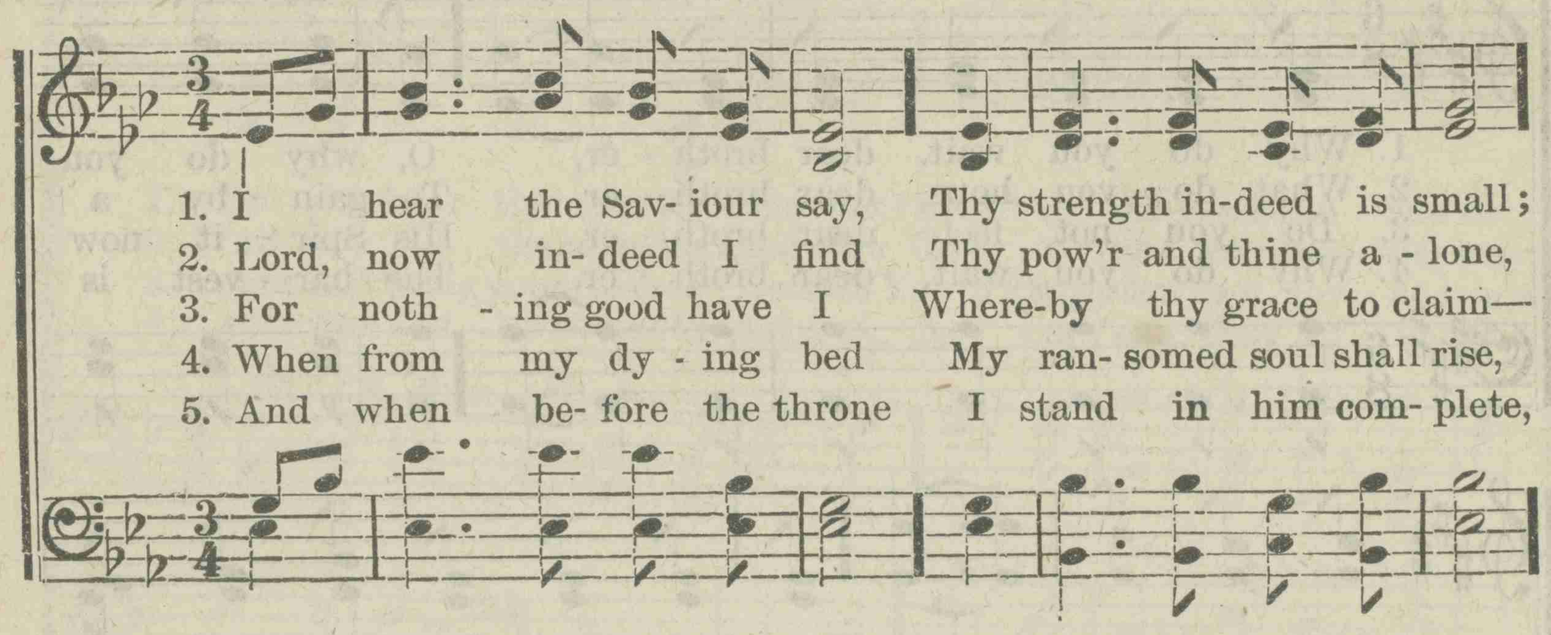
Go, wash in that

Go, wash in that beauti-ful stream,

free, are flow - ing for thee; Go, wash in that beau- ti - ful stream.

262 ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



263 WHY DO YOU WAIT?

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

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, O, why do you tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to give you A place in his sanc - ti - fied throng.
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but his way.
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in? O, why not ac - cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is pass - ing a - way. Your Sav - iour is long - ing to bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?

By per. The John Church Co., owners of Copyright.

264 THAT GENTLE WHISPER.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL, by per.

1. Do you hear that gen-tle whis- per? Sweet-er ac-cents can - not be;
2. Wait not till the even-ing shad-ows Close a round your dark -'ning way,
3. Come, and bring your fresh af - fections Youth's bright flow'rs of joy and love,
4. Leave these shal - low streams un -tast - ed, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy,

'Tis the Sav - iour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, O, come to me."
Come, while morn- ing dew-drops spark-le, Come, while ear - ly sunbeams play.
Come, to find e - ter- nal treas- ures, Find your tru - est Friend a - bove.
Come, to drink of liv - ing wa - ters, Free - ly flow - ing from on high.

CHORUS.

p

Come, O, come: . . . . . Come, O, come; . . . . . Sweet- ly come, O, come; come, O, come;

p

pp

breathes that gen- tle whis - per, "Come to me, O, come to- day," Breathes the Sav - iour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, O, come to - day.

Copyright, 1890, by John J. Hood.

265 FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

WILL. L. THOMPSON. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call- ing, Call - ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead- ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet- ing, the mo-ments are pass- ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the won- der - ful love he has pro-mised, Pro-mised for you and for me,

See on the por-tals he's waiting and watching,
Why should we ling- er and heed not his mer-cies,
Shad-ows are gath- er-ing, death beds are com-ing,
Tho' we have sinned he has mer-cy and par-don,

CHORUS.

Watch-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me. come home, come home,
Par - don for you and for me.

Ye who are wea- ry, come home, Earn - est- ly, ten- der - ly,
Je - sus is call ing, Call- ing, O sin- ner, come home.

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

266 I'LL GO.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. I've stray'd till late, the night is fall - ing, I long a - gain to find my home; A voice I hear, so kind - ly call - ing; "My
2. I'm lost up - on the lone - ly mount-ains, Where thorns be - set my wea- ry way; A - far I hear the tune - ful fount-ains, That
3. My soul is faint, my spir - it weep- ing, In want of food that once was free, My Fa- ther's house is sure - ly keep - ing, The

wand'ring child, come home! come home!" } I'll go, I'll go!
in his peace- ful pas- tures play.
Bread of Life, e - nough for me. } I'll go, I'll go!

REFRAIN.

With my tears of sor - row swell- ing, All my sin and weak-ness tell-ing, To my Fath-er's far - off dwelling, I'll go, . . . I'll go!
I'll go,

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the copyright.

267 I KNOW A HEALING FOUNTAIN NIGH.

H. SANDERS. H. SANDERS.

1. I know a heal- ing Fountain nigh, 'Tis free for you and me,
2. I know a gar - den sweet and fair, 'Tis full of choic - est flow'rs,
3. I know a stream, a crys tal stream, It nev - er fails or dries;
4. I know a home, far, far a - way, Not made by hu- man hands;

And tho' your sins be mountain high, All may be wash'd a - way.
It fills the breeze with o - dors rare, 'Tis fair as E- den's bow'rs.
Its wa - ters pure with sun-light gleam, In heav'n it takes its rise.
High up a - bove, where an- gels stay, And all the saint-ed bands.

That Fountain pure is Je - sus' blood! 'Twas shed for all man-kind;
That gar - den is "The word of God," Its prom - is - es those flow'rs,
"Wa - ter of Life" that stream is named, It flows on through all time,
That home is where my Sav - iour dwells, And God in glo - ry reigns,

O, come and bathe in that blest flood, And full sal - va - tion find.
It scat - ters bless- ings free and broad, Thro' all the pass- ing hours.
Its liv - ing vir - tues far are famed, O, drink this draught sublime.
No storm of sor - row ev - er swells A - cross those peaceful plains.

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church. South.

268 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 folds? 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
2. 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

REFRAIN.

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

By per. The E. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

269 "WHOSOEVER."

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. O'er the des - ert and drear - y way, And down the lone-ly
2. We are cov- ered with soil and stain, Un-wor - thy we for
3. We are need - y and we are poor, No price have we for
4. Hark, from o - ver the jas - per wall, And thro' the pearl-y

mount- ain, Our feet are hast - ing and can - not stay; We long to
go - ing; Thro' ways of sor - row and sin and pain, We long the
giv - ing; O, may we en - ter the O - pen Door, Nor faint nor
por - tals, Up - on our fal - ter - ing spir - its fall, The an - gel -

know if soon we may Draw nigh the flow - ing fount - ain.
cleansing fount to gain For us, O, is it flow - ing.
thirst for - ev - er- more, But drink the wa - ters liv - ing?
song, the wel - come call Of glo - ri - fied Im - mor - tals:—

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er that will may haste To the crys-tal riv - er,
Come, free- ly drink and free- ly taste, It flows for "who-so - ev - er."

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

270 GO WASH IN THE BLOOD.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Have you looked to Je - sus for his heal- ing grace? Have you
2. Have you fled to Je - sus from the wrath to come? Have you
3. Have you come to Je - sus for re - lief and rest? Do you

gone to the Lord for a cure? Are you long - ing, thirsting to be -
sought the for-give-ness of sin? Are you toil - ing, striv-ing for a
trust in his mer - cy and love? Are you hum - bly lean-ing on the

D.S.—In the cleans-ing fountain, in the

FINE.

hold his face? Do you want to be spot - less and pure?
heav'n - ly home? Do you wish life and glo - ry to win?
Sav - iour's breast? Are you seek - ing a king - dom a - bove?

heal - ing blood, That was shed by the cru - ci - fied One.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Go and wash in the blood That was shed by the cru-ci-fied One,
Go and wash in the blood

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

271 I Wonder if there's Room for Me.

W. L. THOMPSON. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

FIRST VOICE.

1. I have heard of a home far a - way a -bove the skies, Where the good and the true may hap-py be; I have look'd thro' the stars, And I've watch'd thro' lone - ly hours, And I've wondered if there's room there for me.
2. But they say that the right-eous shall scarce-ly en- ter there; How then shall a sin - ner like me? I am far, far a-way From the gen - tle Shepherd's care; O, I won-der if he'll make room for me.

SECOND VOICE.

Yes, there's room for you and for me, And there's room for the whole world be-
Yes, there's room, the call is for thee, 'Tis a grand in - vi- tation, full and

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

I Wonder if there's Room for Me.—Concluded.

side; The won - der - ful love of the Lord reaches all; It
free; There's room for us all, if we list to his call; Yes, he's

CHORUS.

gently calls us now to his side.
will-ing to make room there for me.
Room for you and me, And there's

Yes, there's room for you

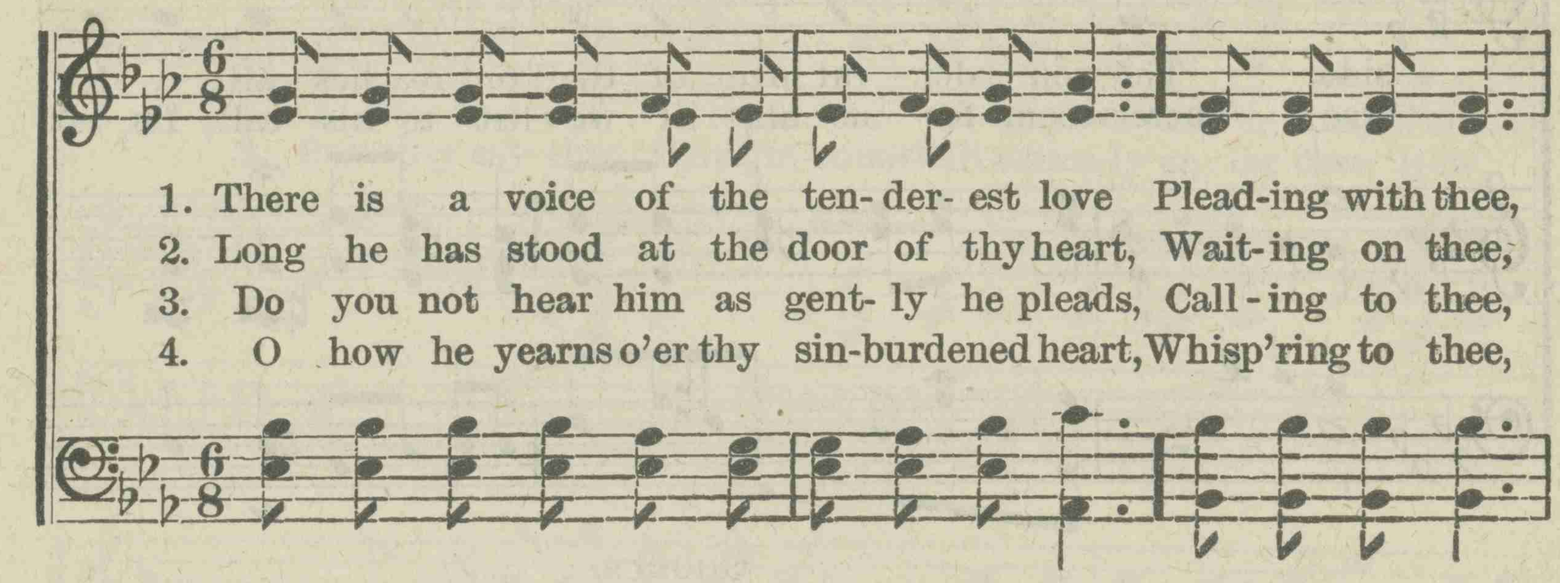
room for all; List-en, list-en, Hear his earnest ca. l, Who-so- ev- er will may

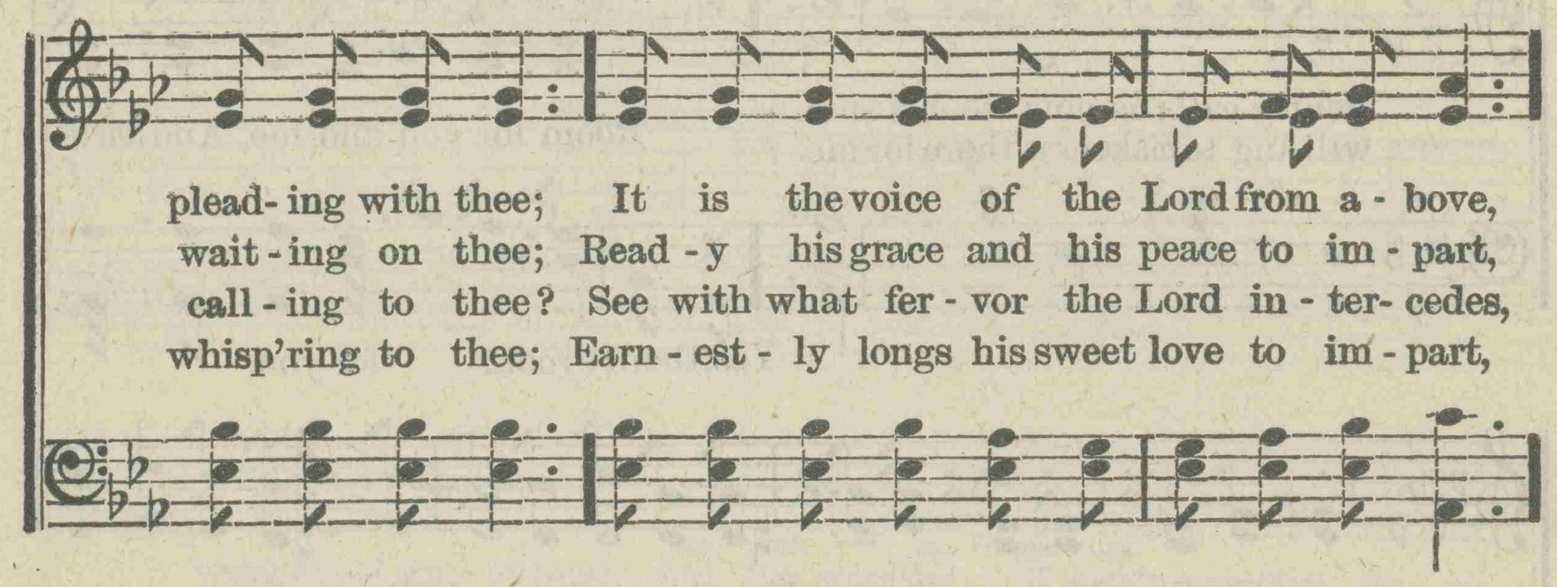
come, Who- so- ev- er will may come, Come ye that are wea - ry

And are heav -y la den, List-en; he's calling thee, There's room for all.

272 PLEADING WITH THEE.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.



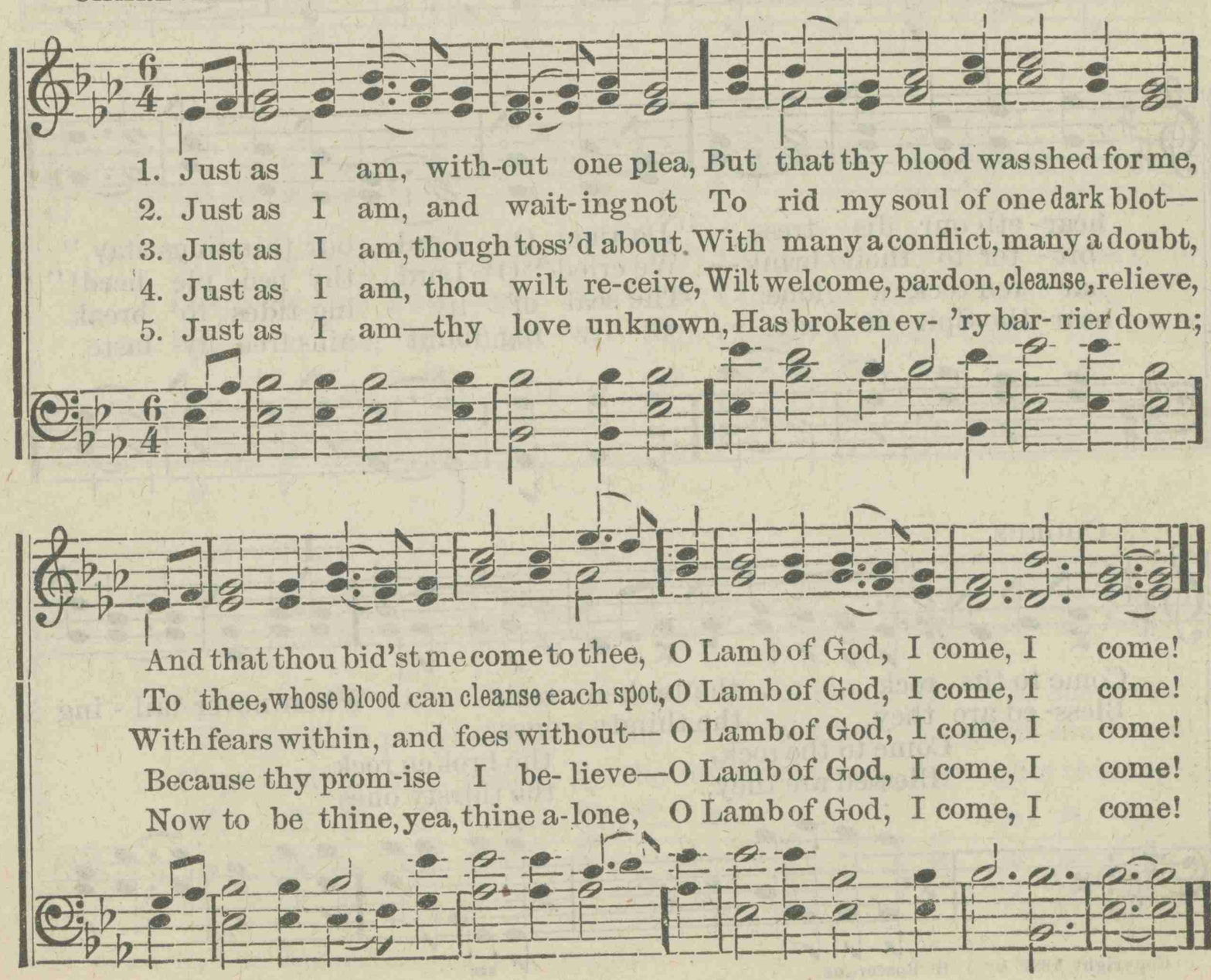


By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

PLEADING WITH THEE.—Concluded.

273 WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



274 COME TO THE ROCK.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. A - thirst up - on earth's wea ry wil der ness, We found no
2. A - thirst we tried of earth- ly joys to drink, But Ma- rah's
3. We came to Ho - reb's mount of fire and stone, And found no
4. Let him that hear - eth make no vain de - lay, Or lin - ger

fount be - side the way, We cried to him who
wa - ters mocked our need, For Ma - rah's wells are
streams our thirst to slake, Till Je - sus smote the
long on des - ert waste, Let him that thirst - eth

hear- eth our dis - tress, "Do thou, O, Lord, our thirstings stay."
bit - ter to their brink— We cried, "O Lord, thy peo - ple heed!"
bar - ren rock a - lone, The seal of liv - ing tides to break.
hear the Spir - it say, Of liv ing fount - ains free - ly taste.

CHORUS.

Come to the rock . . . the broken rock . . . Where never fail - ing
Bless- ed are they, . . . the thirsty ones, . . .
Come to the rock, the broken rock,
Blessed are they, the thirsty ones

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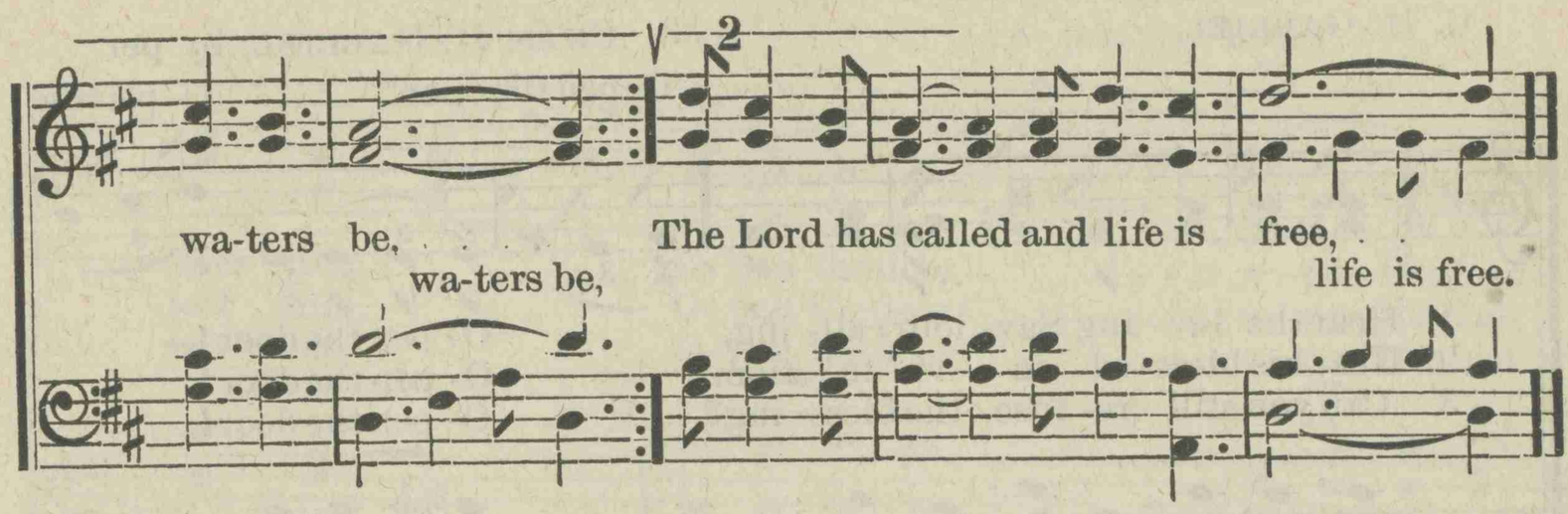
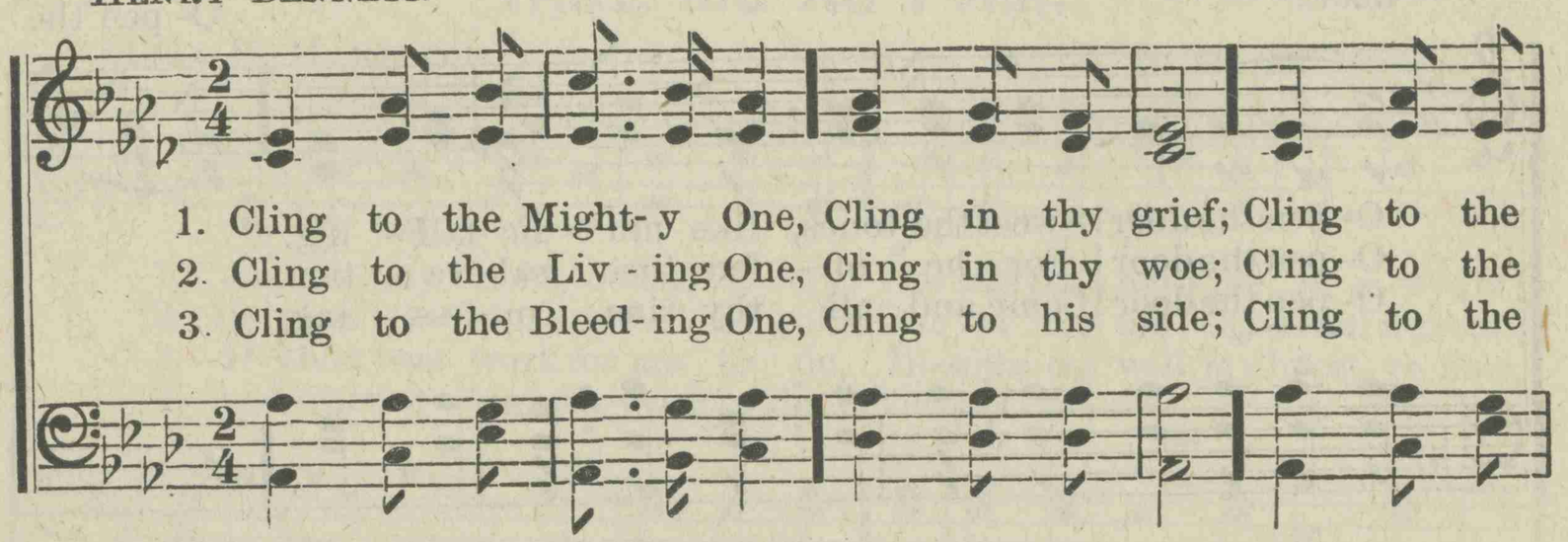
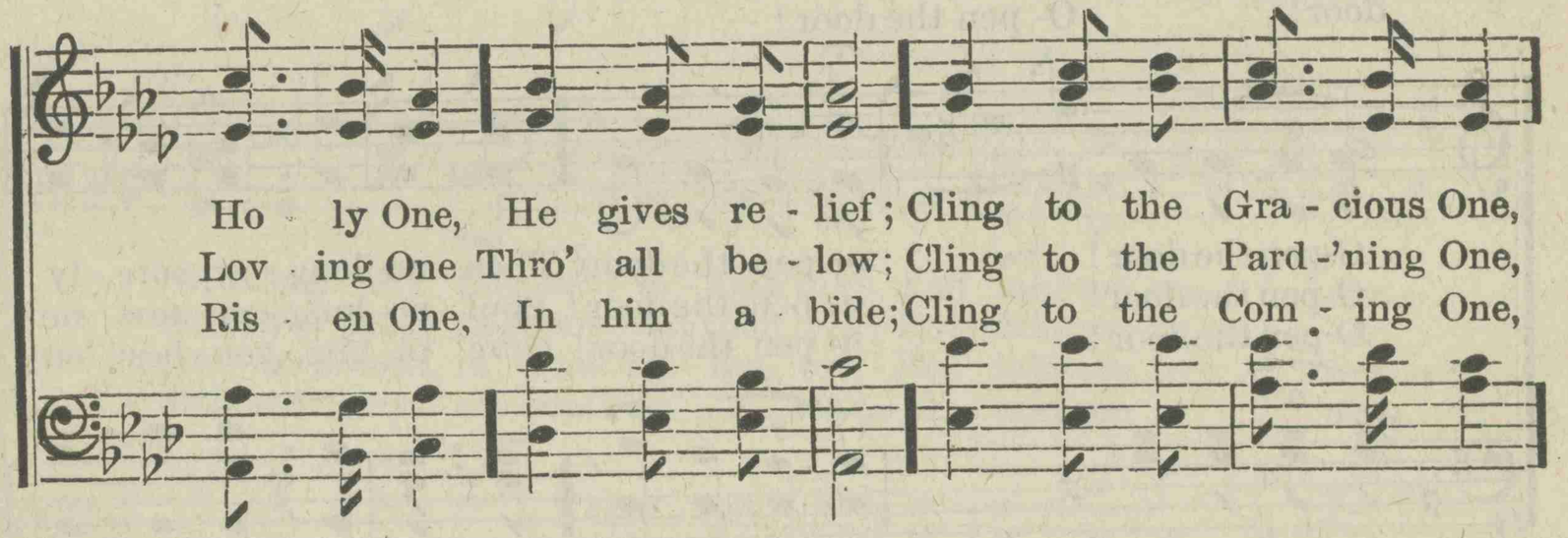
COME TO THE ROCK.—Concluded.



275 CLING TO CHRIST. 6s & 4s.

HENRY BENNETT. A. B. EVERETT.





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276 OPEN THE DOOR.

C. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

O- pen the door! O- pen the

1. Hear the lov - ing Sav- iour call- ing, O- pen the door!
2. Hear his bless- ed in - vi - ta - tion, O- pen the door!
3. Can you still re- fuse the bless- ing? O- pen the door!

door! O- pen the

O- pen the door! Sweet the tones, like mu - sic fall - ing,
O- pen the door! For he of - fers thee sal - va - tion,
O- pen the door! Come, and all thy sins con-fess - ing,

door! O- pen the door!

O-pen the door! o- pen the door! Then no long - er sore - ly
O-pen the door! o- pen the door! Soul, no long - er now ne -
O-pen the door! o- pen the door! Give to him your best en -

grieve him, Ev - en now ad- mit, be-lieve him; Ful - ly trust him, and re -
glect him, But in pen - i - tence ac- cept him; He is wait - ing—don't re -
deav - or; He will sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er; He'll for-sake thee, nev - er,

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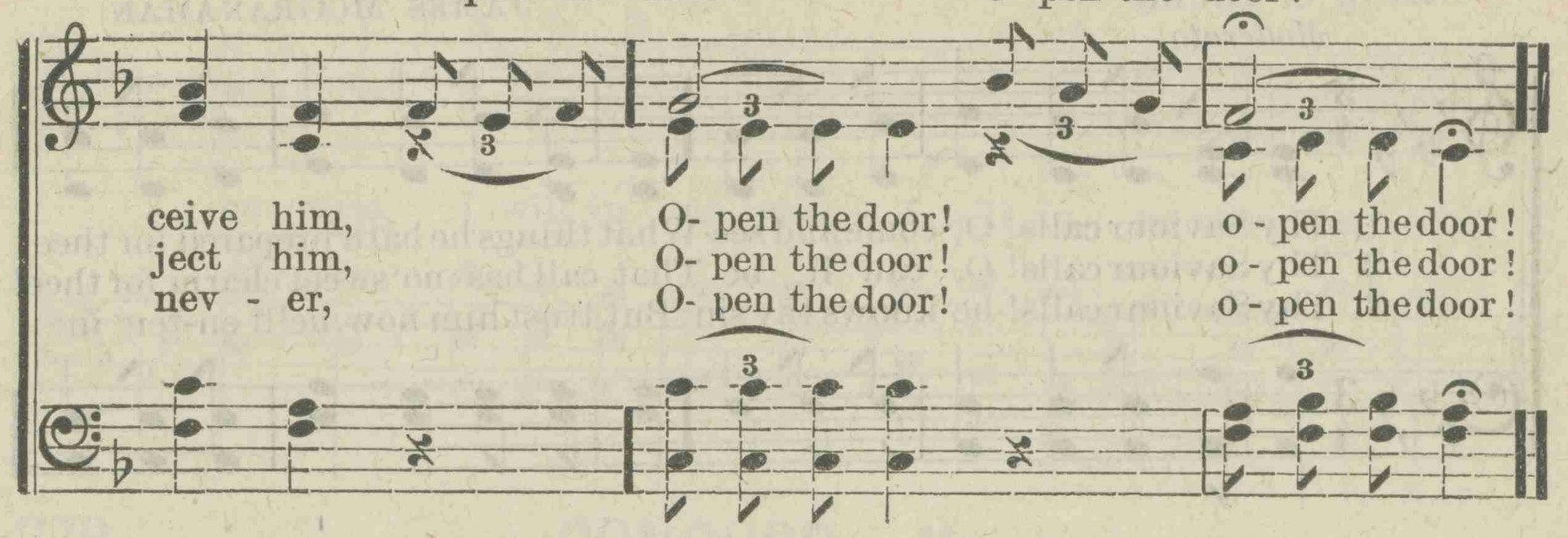
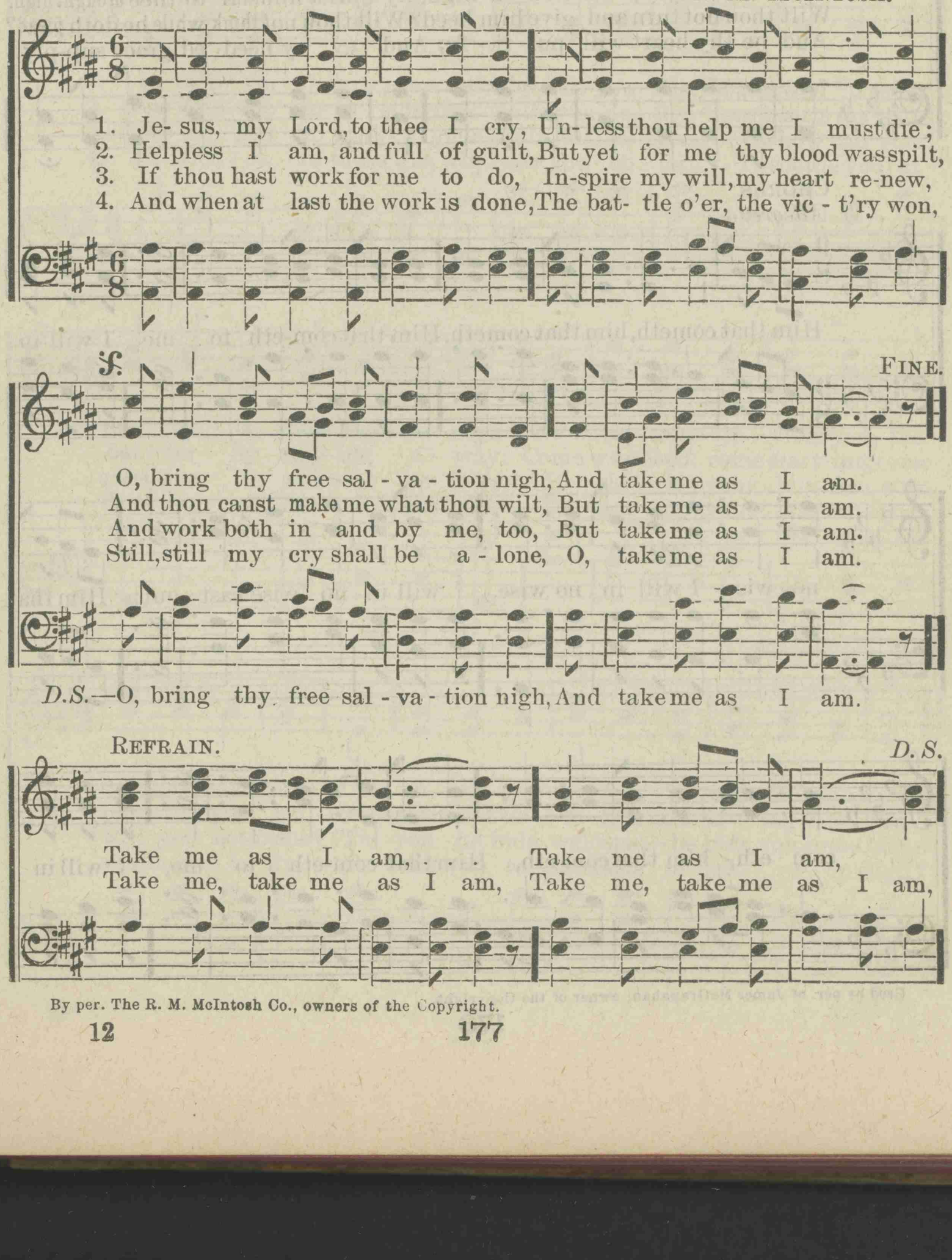
OPEN THE DOOR.—Concluded.



277 TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. R. M. MCINTOSH.



REFRAIN.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

278 HIM THAT COMETH!

JESSIE C. YOUNG

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. Thy Saviour calls! O, come and see What things he hath prepared for thee!
2. Thy Saviour calls! O, can it be That call has no sweet charm for thee!
3. Thy Saviour calls! he knows thy sin; But trust him now, he'll en-ter in:

Life, love, and joy, from God on high, By Christ himself to thee brought nigh.
Wilt thou not turn and give him heed? Wilt thou not think while he doth plead?
And he thy heart will pu - ri - fy, And ev - 'ry need- ed grace sup-ply.

CHORUS.

Allegretto.

" Him that cometh, him that cometh, Him that com-eth to me, I will in

no wise, I will in no wise, I will in no wise cast out; Him that

com - eth, him that com-eth, Him that com-eth to me, I will in

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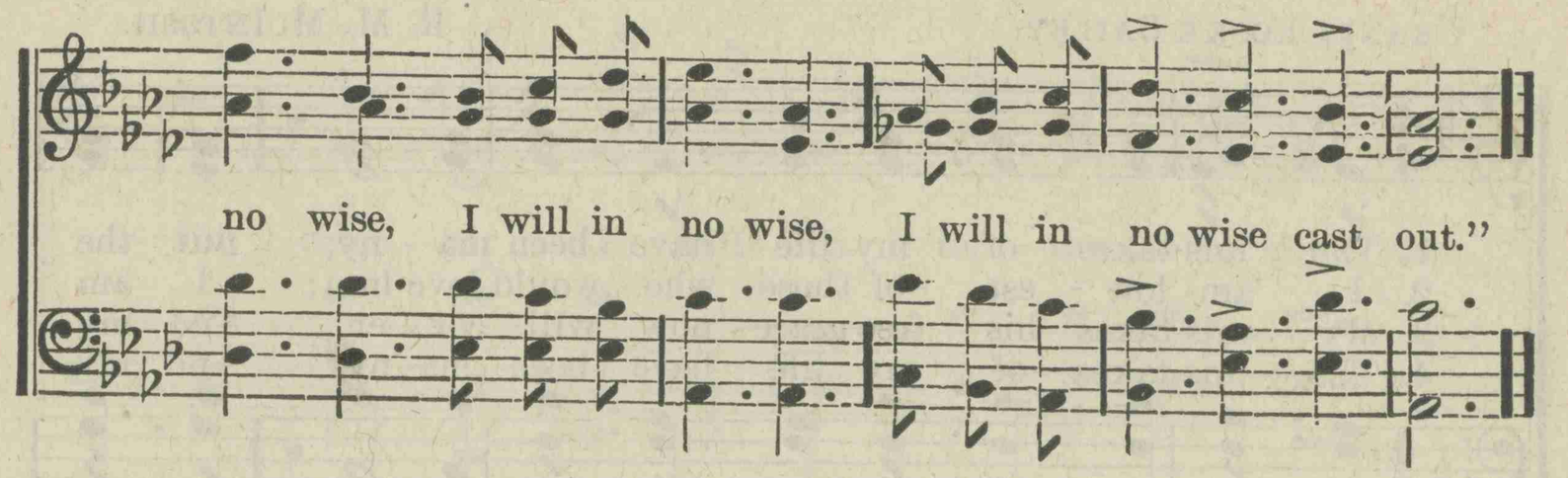
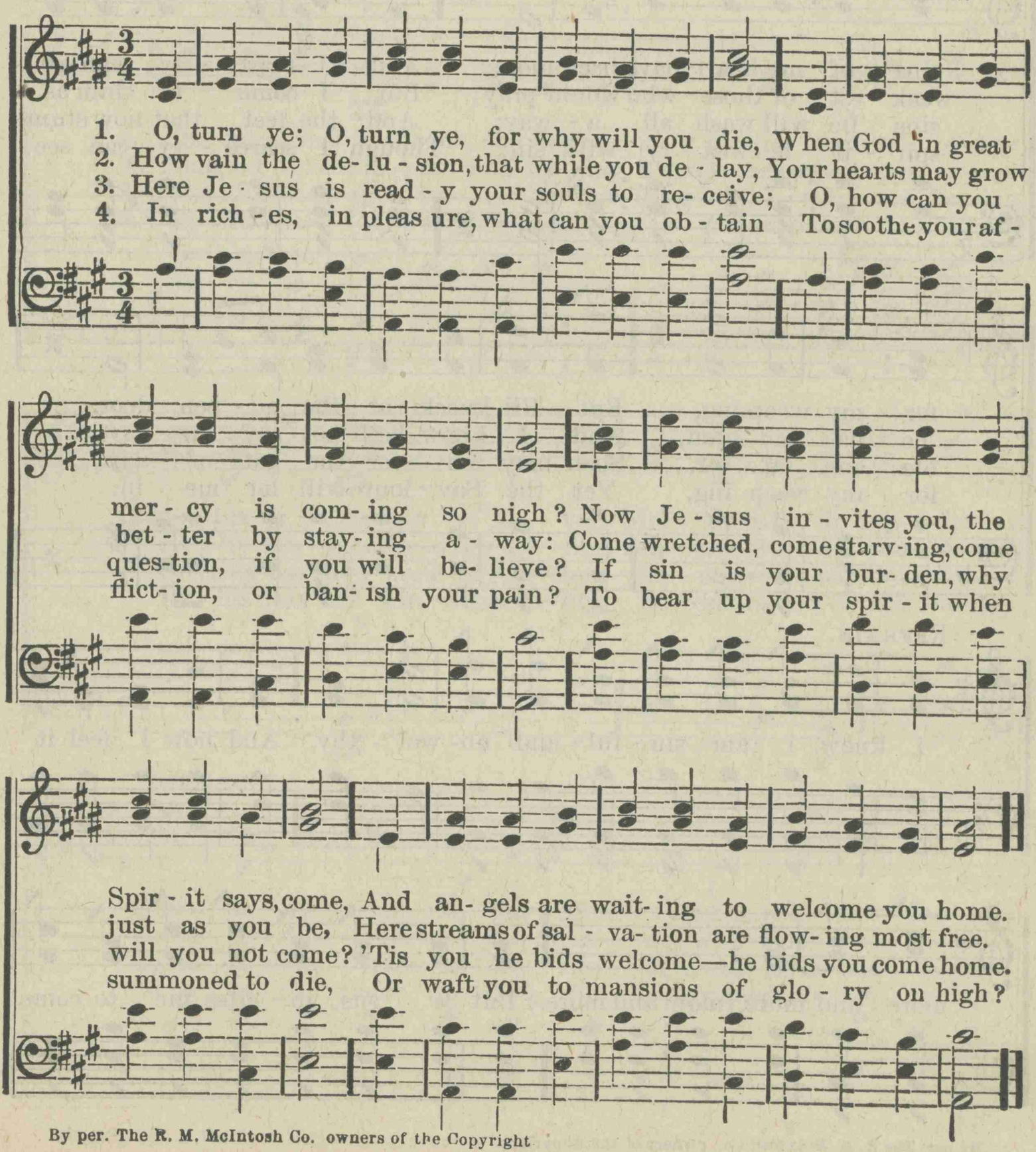
HIM THAT COMETH!—Concluded.



279 CONCORD. 11s.

JOSIAH HOPKINS. L. C. EVERETT.



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280 THE OPEN DOOR.

URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. The mis-takes of my life have been ma - ny, But the
2. I am low - est of those who would love him; I am
3. My mis-takes his free grace now will cov - er, And my
4. The mis-takes of my life have been ma- ny, And my

sins of my heart have been more; And I scarce - ly can see
weak - est of those who would pray; But I come to him as
sins he will wash all a - way; And the feet that now stum-
spir - it is wea - ry with sin; Though I scarce - ly can see

for my weep-ing, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.
he has bid - den, And I know he'll not say me nay.
ble and fal - ter, Soon may en - ter the gate of day.
for my weep- ing, Yet the Sav - iour will let me in.

REFRAIN.

I know I am sin - ful and un- wor - thy, And now I feel it

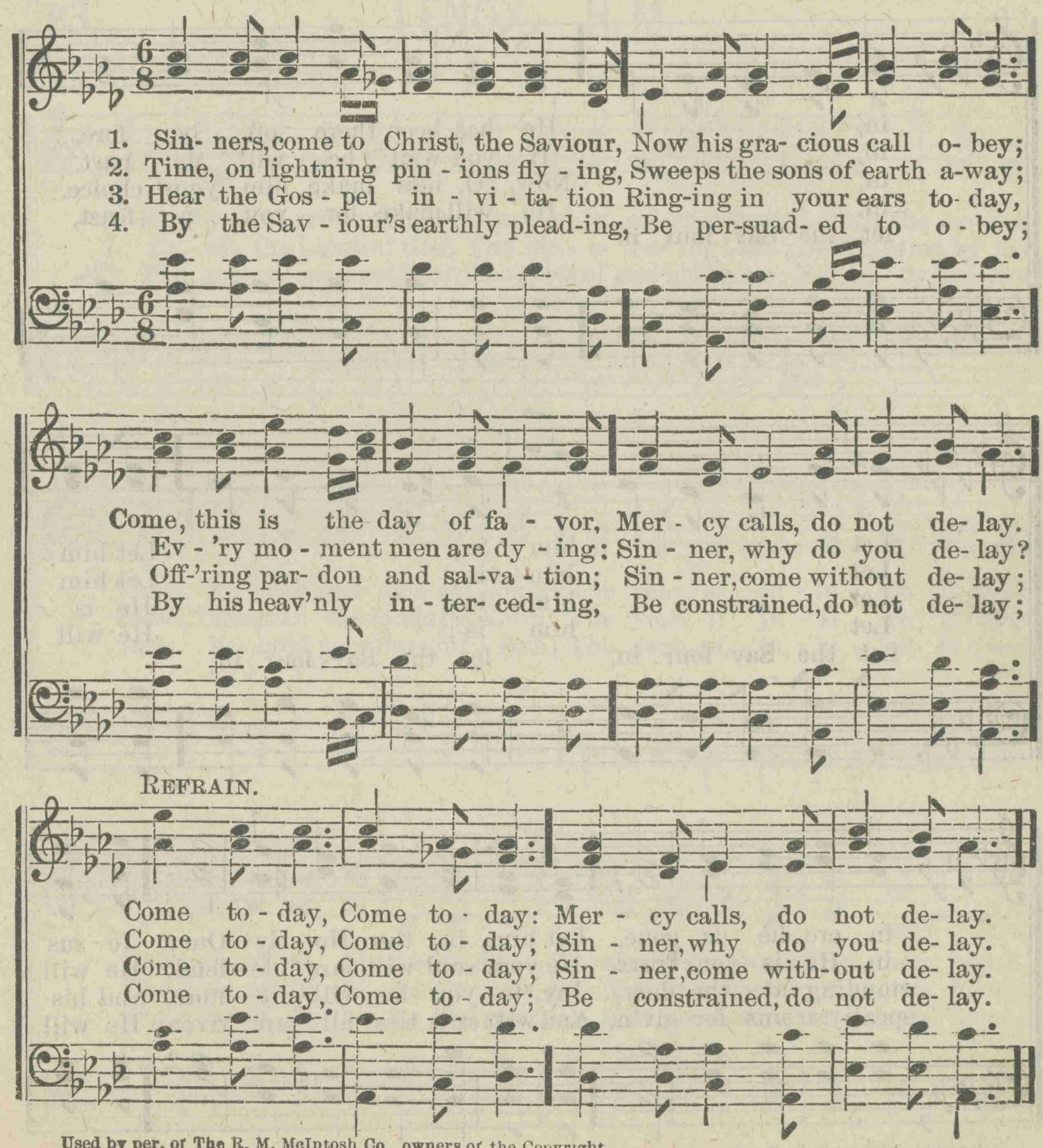
more and more, (more and more,) But Je - sus in - vites me to come

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

THE OPEN DOOR.—Concluded.

281 COME TO-DAY. 8s & 7s.

H. L. JAMESON. A. B. EVERETT.



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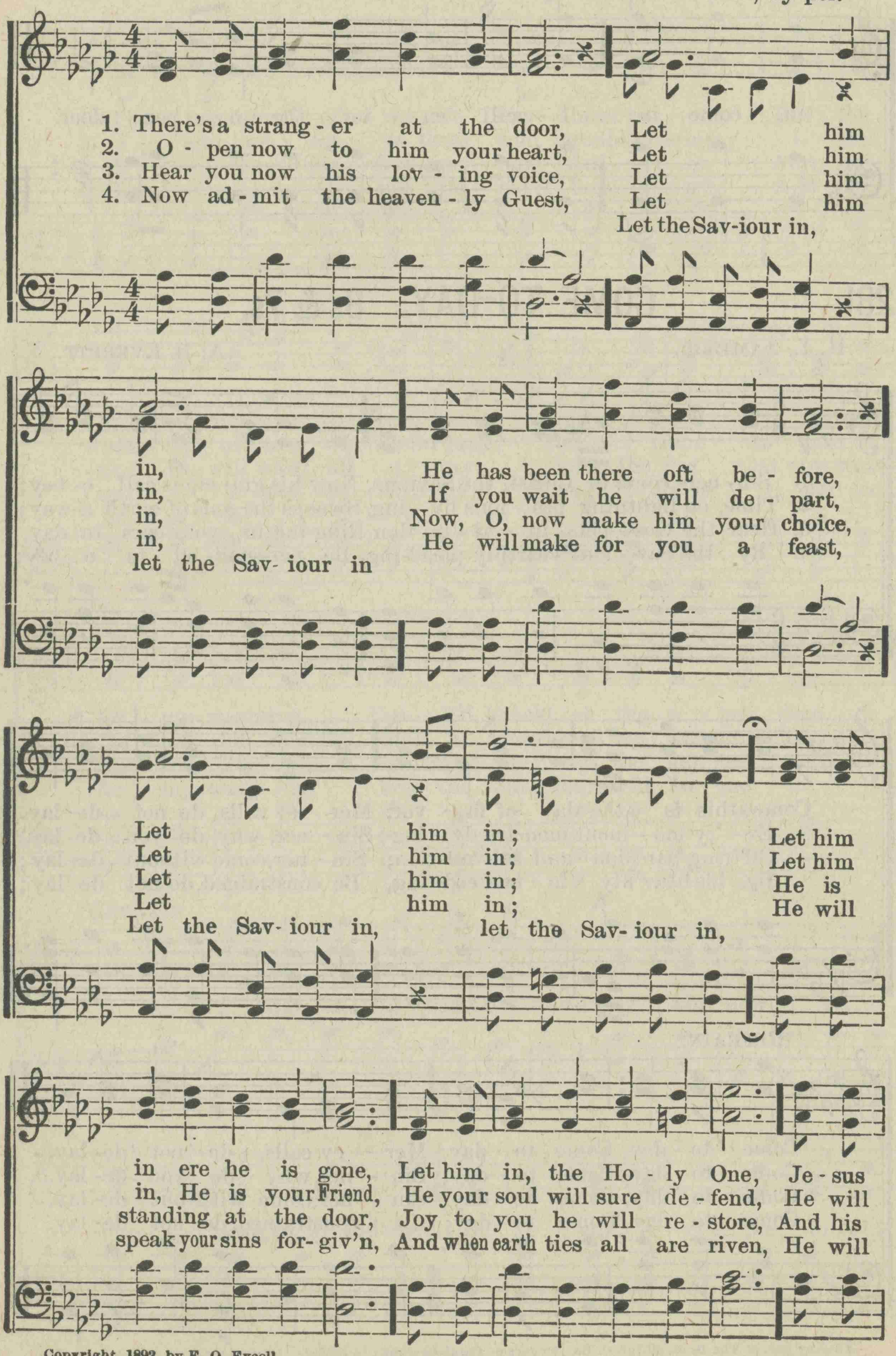
282 LET HIM IN.

J. B. ATCHISON. E. O. EXCELL, by per.



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LET HIM IN.—Concluded.

283

LENOX. H. M.

C. WESLEY. J. EDSON.

284 BLOOD OF THE LAMB!

KNOWLES SHAW. J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

1. I am sin - ful, and to thee, Lord, in an- guish I would flee,
2. Blind and lost, I call for aid: Let thy hand on me be laid—
3. Cleanse me in thy pre -cious blood, Love's pure, crim-son, stream-ing flood;

To the fount - ain let me go, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Thou a - lone canst, Lord, I know, Make me whit - er than the snow.
Robes of bright- ness, Lord, be-stow, Make me whit - er than the snow.

CHORUS.

Blood of the Lamb! . . . . in thy wonderful flow,
Blood of the Lamb! in thy wonderful flow, thy wonderful flow,

Cleanse me and make . . . . . me whit-er than snow . . . . . .
Cleanse me and make me whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,

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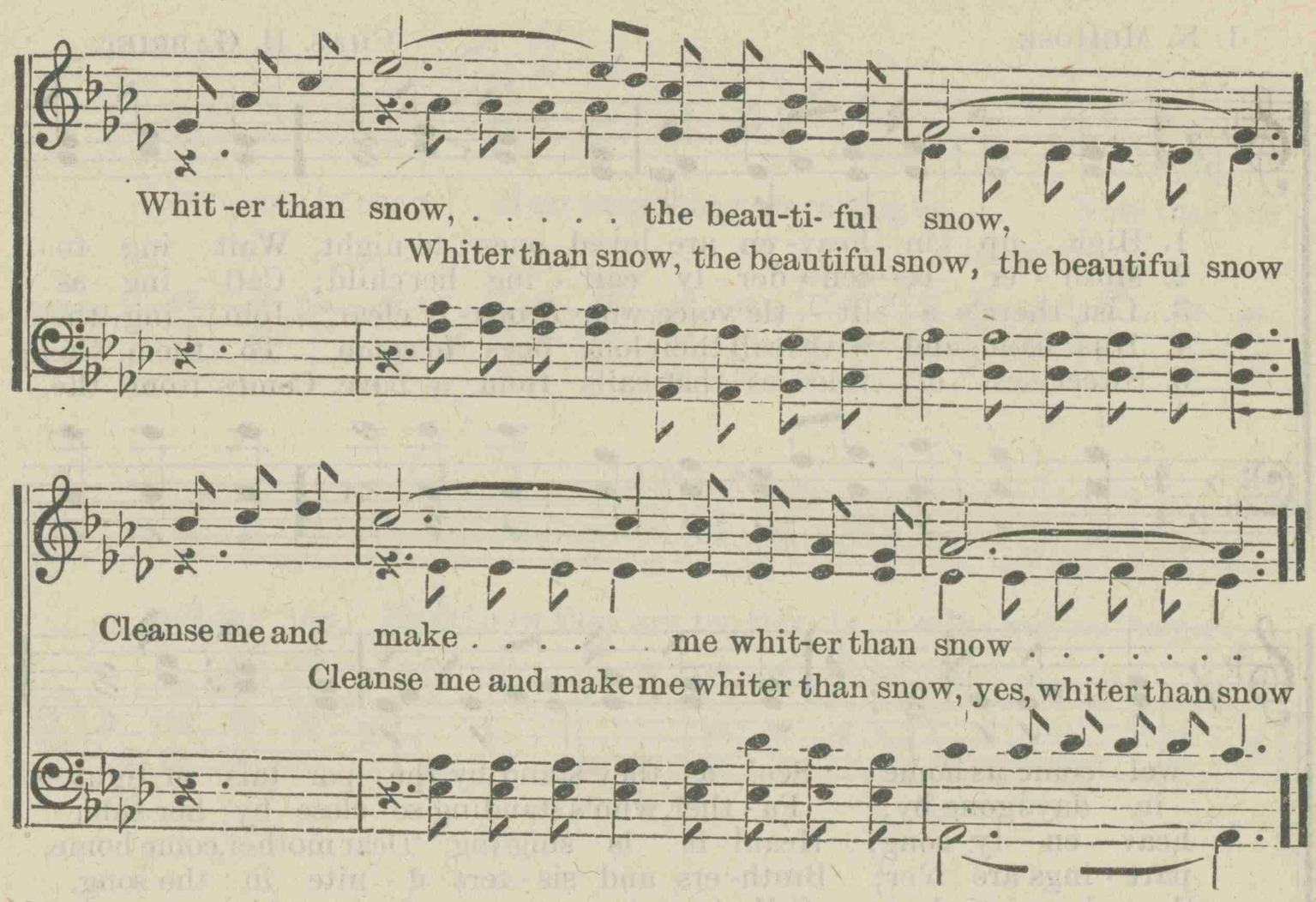
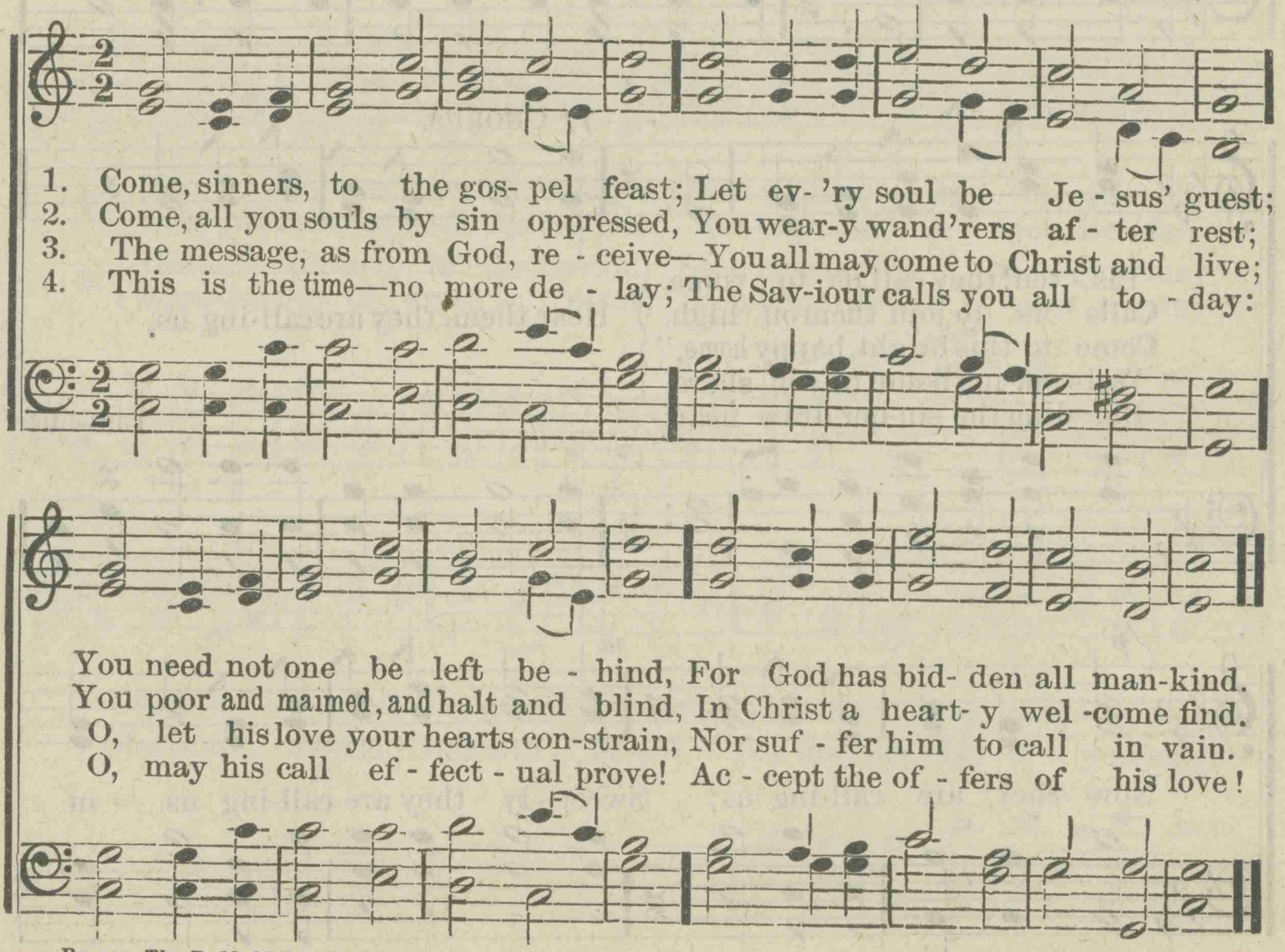
BLOOD OF THE LAMB!—Concluded.



285 KAVANAUGH. L. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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286 CALLING US.

I. N. McHOSE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. High up in heav- en are loved ones to-night, Wait - ing to wel - come us home ;
2. Moth - er is ten - der - ly call - ing her child; Call - ing as in days gone by;
3. List! there's a lit - tle voice, won- drous - ly clear, Join - ing the heav - en - ly song;
4. Hus- bands and wives call their lone ones to come To them, where part - ings are o'er;
5. Sweet - est of voic - es that calls from a- bove, Comes from the Sav - iour so dear;

See! as they stand by the por- tals of light—
Fa - ther, who's standing so close by her side,
Hear! it is sing-ing, ' 'Dear mother, come home,
Broth- ers and sis - ters u - nite in the song,
Call - ing in ac- cents of ten - der - est love,

ff CHORUS.

Lis - ten! they call us to come.
Calls us to join them on high.
Come to this bright, happy home."
Wel-com-ing home to yon shore.
Bid- ding the sin-ner draw near.

Hear them! they are call-ing us,

List-en!

p *m*

Now they are call-ing us; Sweet - ly they are call-ing us in

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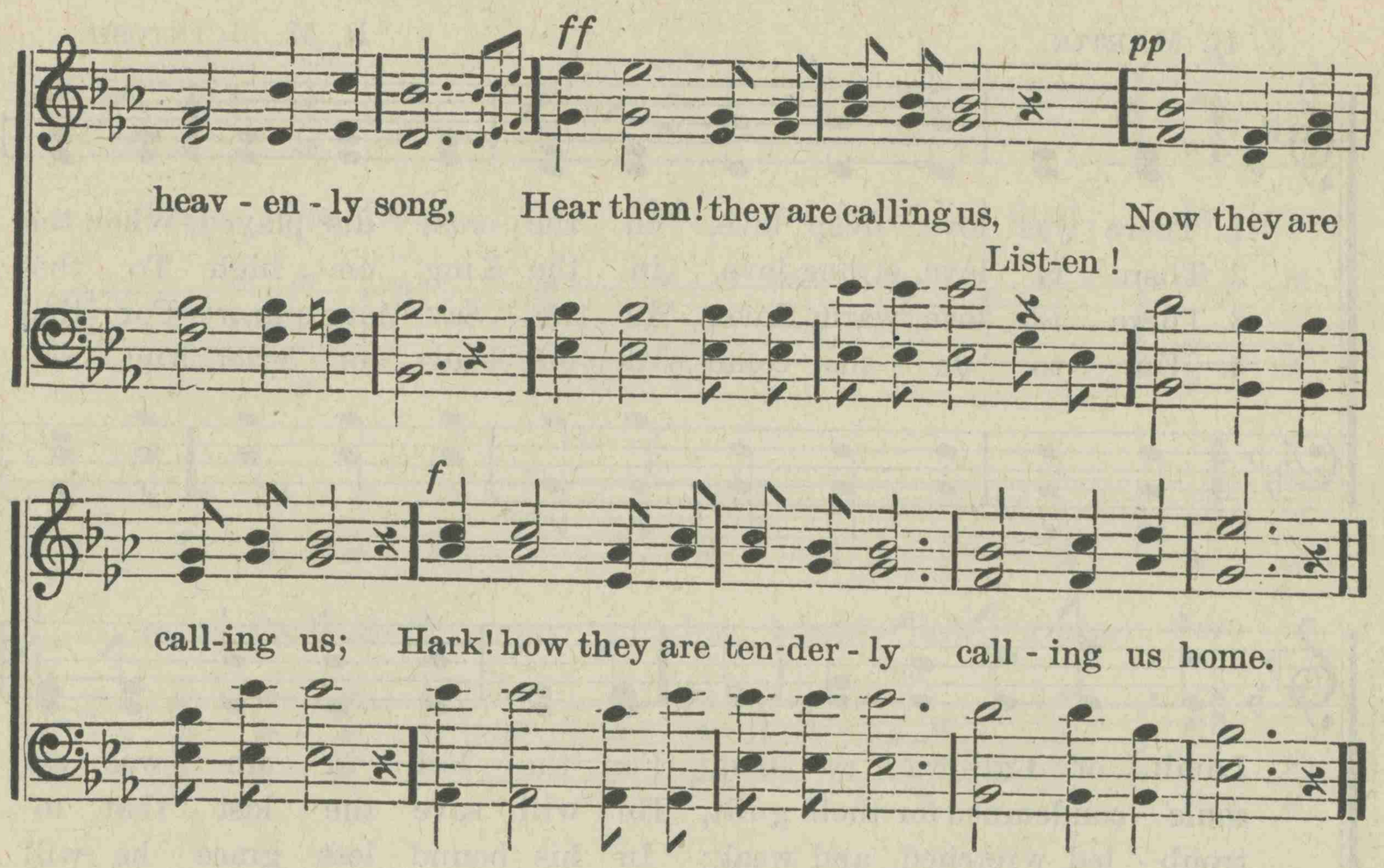
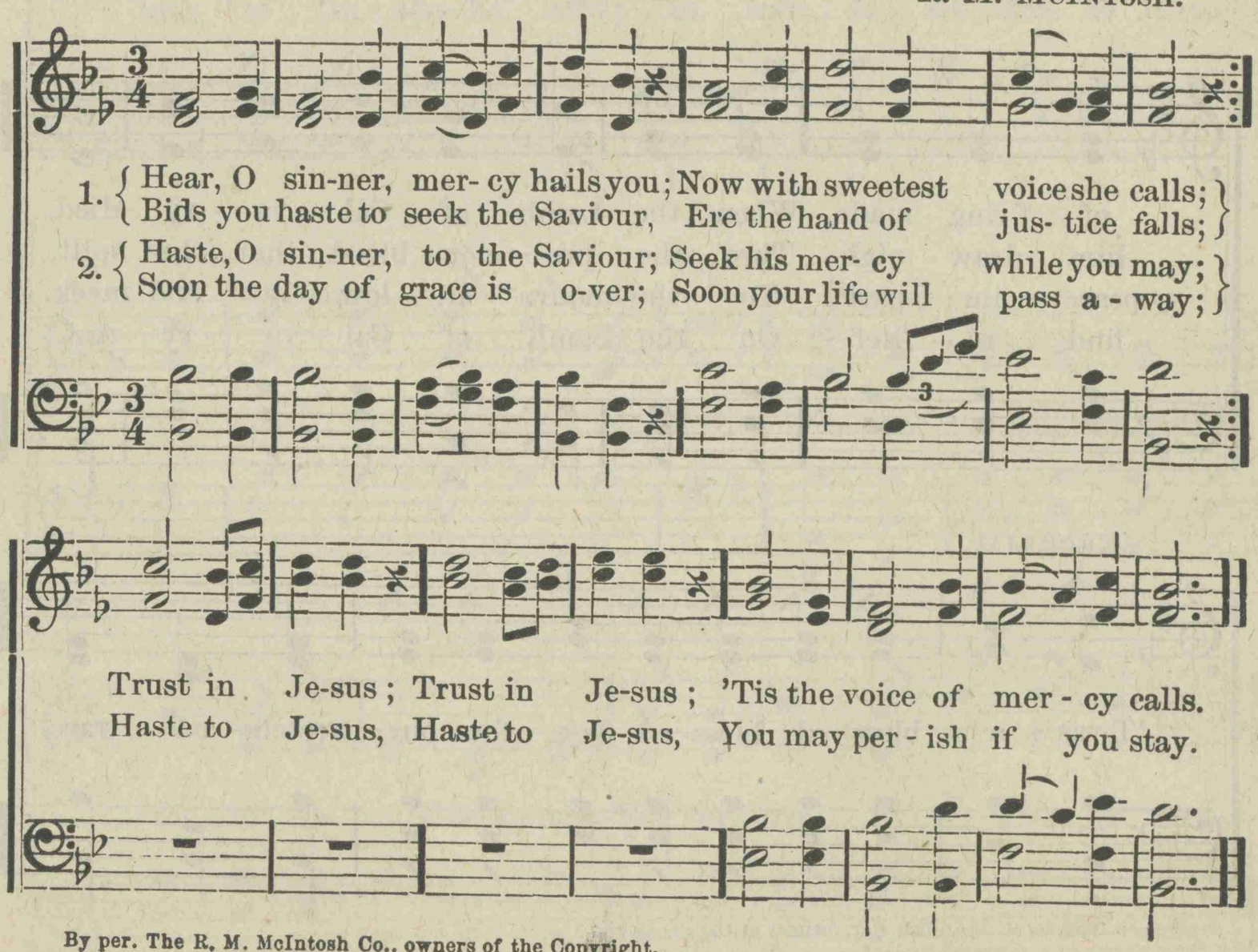
CALLING US.—Concluded.



287 CHAFFIN'S. 8s, 7s & 4s.

A. REED. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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288 THE LAMB OF CALVARY.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. There was love, deep love, in the cross dis- played, When the Lamb of Cal - va - ry died, For the lost in sin was an of - f'ring made, When the Lamb of Cal - va - ry died.
2. There is love, strong love, in the King on high To the souls condemned for their guilt, He will save the lost that to him draw nigh Thro' the pre - cious blood that he spilt.
3. There is love, warm love, in the Sav - iour's heart For the troub - led, wretched, and weak; In his bound - less grace he will peace im - part To the mourn - er, low - ly and meek.
4. Un - to Je - sus come with your load of grief, And re - pose by faith on his breast, There your burden - ed spir - it shall find re - lief— On the Lamb of Cal - va - ry rest.

REFRAIN.

'Twas a bless - ed, bless- ed day for our wretch - ed race

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THE LAMB OF CALVARY.—Concluded.

When the Lamb of Cal - va - ry died; Je - sus

saves the hum- ble now in his bound - less grace, For in

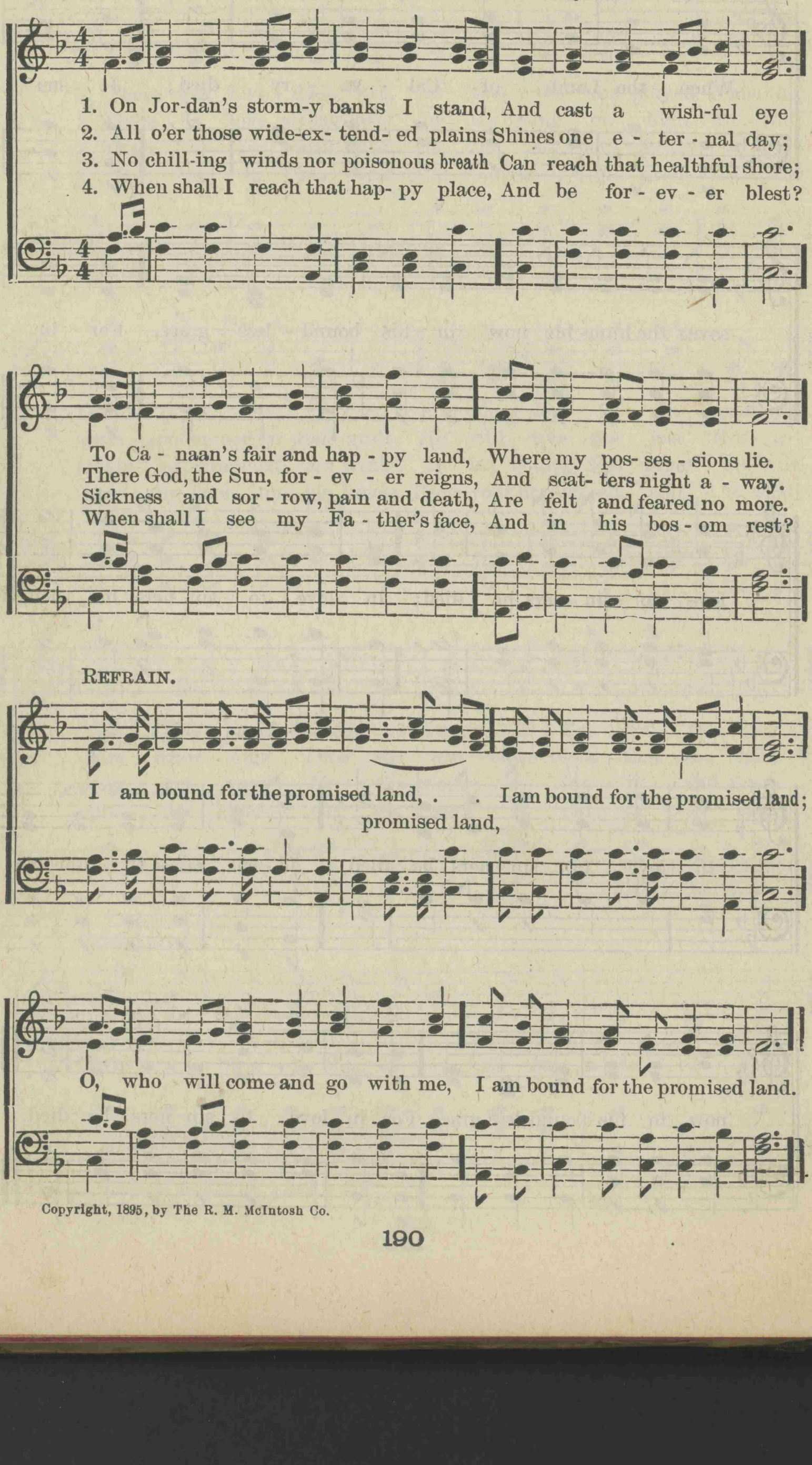
love to sin - ners he died; In love to sin- ners he died,

In love to sin - ners he died, Je - sus saves the hum- ble

now in his bound-less grace, For in love to sin- ners he died.

289 THE PROMISED LAND.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



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290 WON'T YOU COME?

MATTIE M. BOTELER. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How lit - tle he asks you to do? Just to come and con-fess and o - bey him,
2. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How he grieves o'er your hard - ness and sin, How long at your heart he's been knock-ing,
3. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, How he poured out his life - blood for you? O, sto - ry most won-drous and touch- ing,
4. Do you think when you turn from your Sav - iour, Let me ask, have you count - ed the cost? Tho' you gain all of earth's fleet-ing treas - ure,

REFRAIN.

Af - ter all he has giv - en to you. Won't you come? Won't you come? Won't you come and confess and o-bey? The time is so short for his serv - ice, And no time is yours but to - day!
And yet you will not let him in? Won't you come and o- bey?
And you know that the sto - ry is true!
If your soul in the end should be lost!

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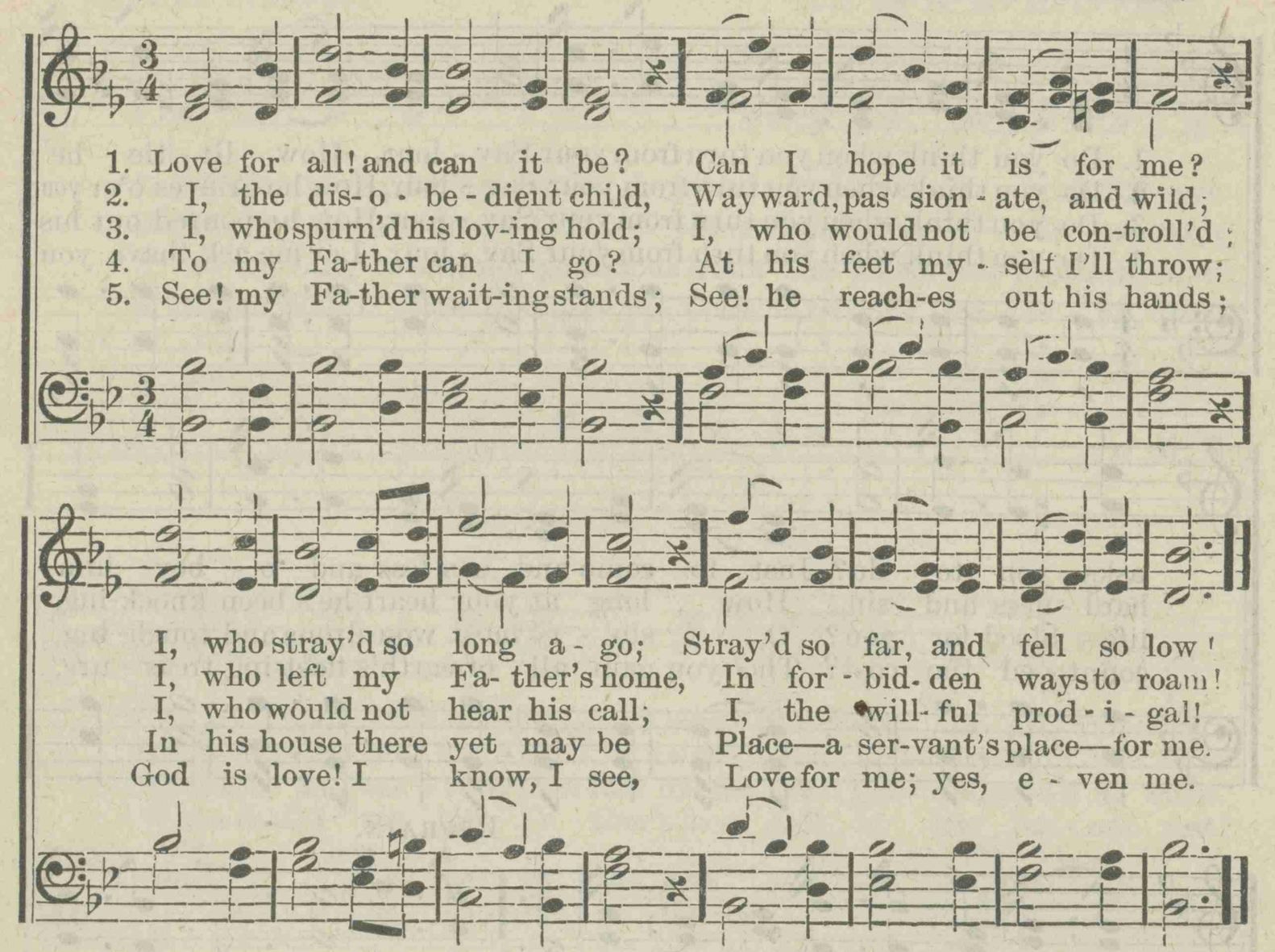
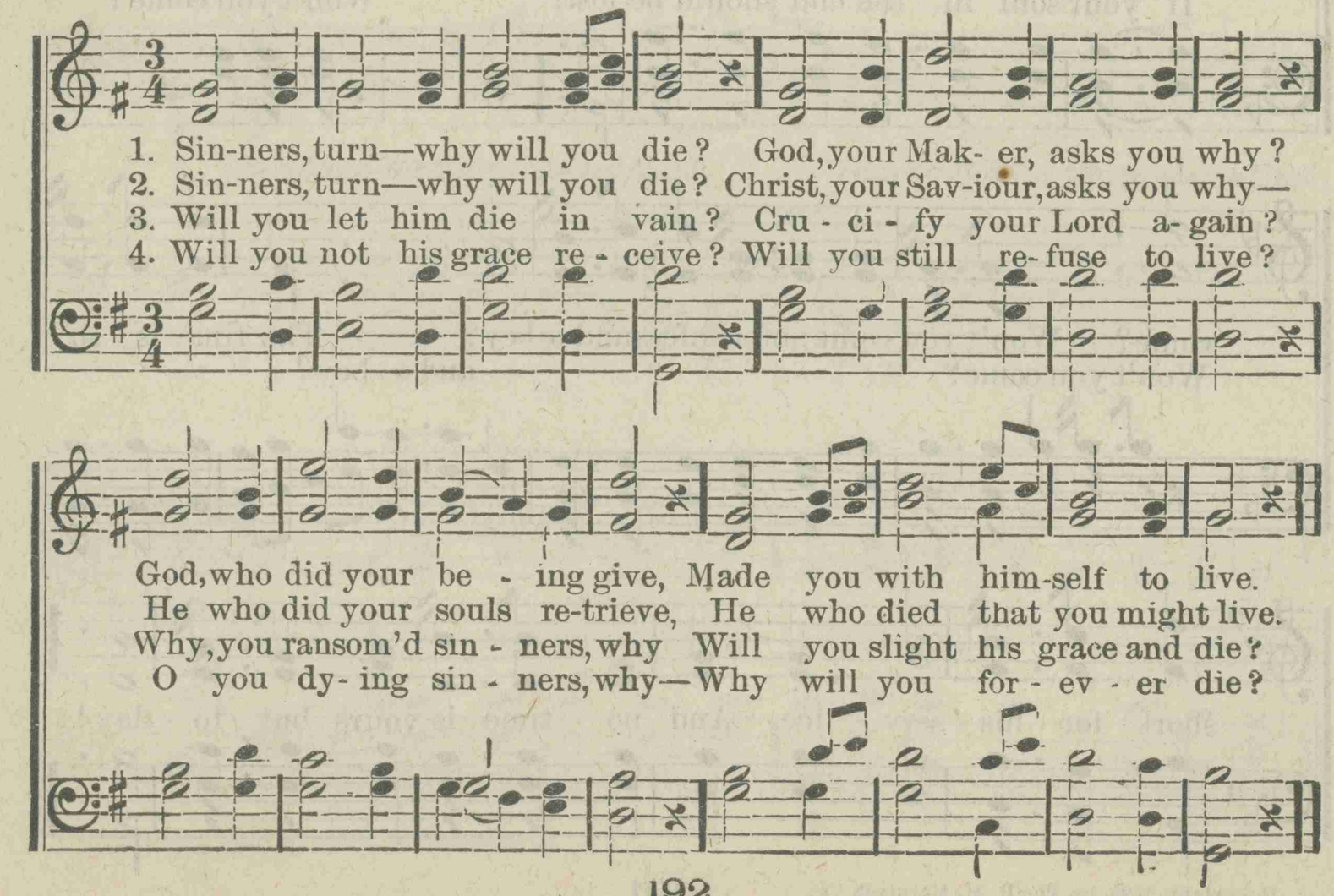
291 HORTON. 7s.

S. LONGFELLOW. XAVIER SCHNEIDER.



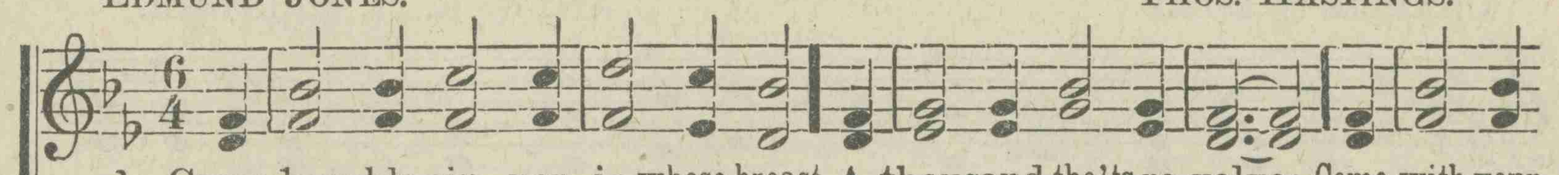
292 COOKHAM. 7s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

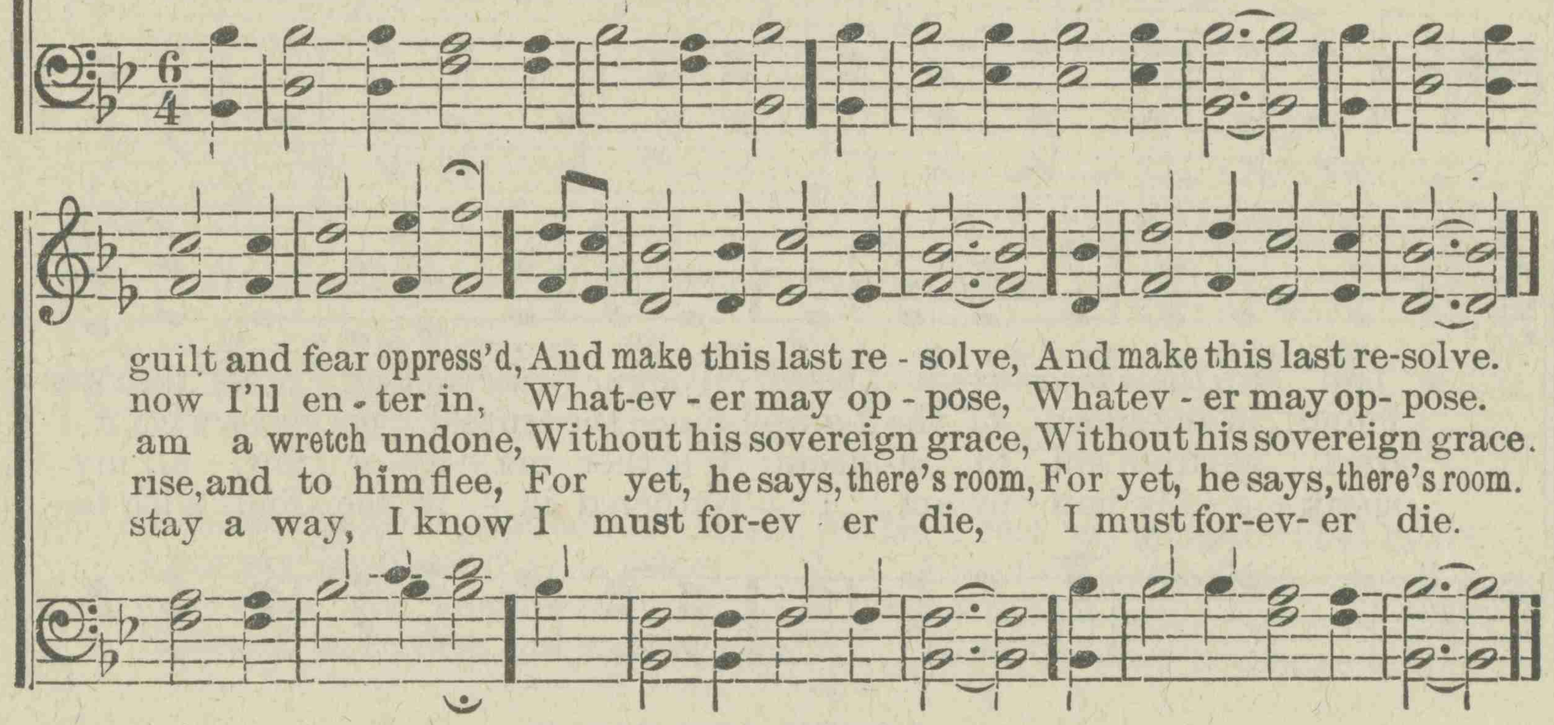


293 ORTONVILLE. C. M.

EDMUND JONES. THOS. HASTINGS.

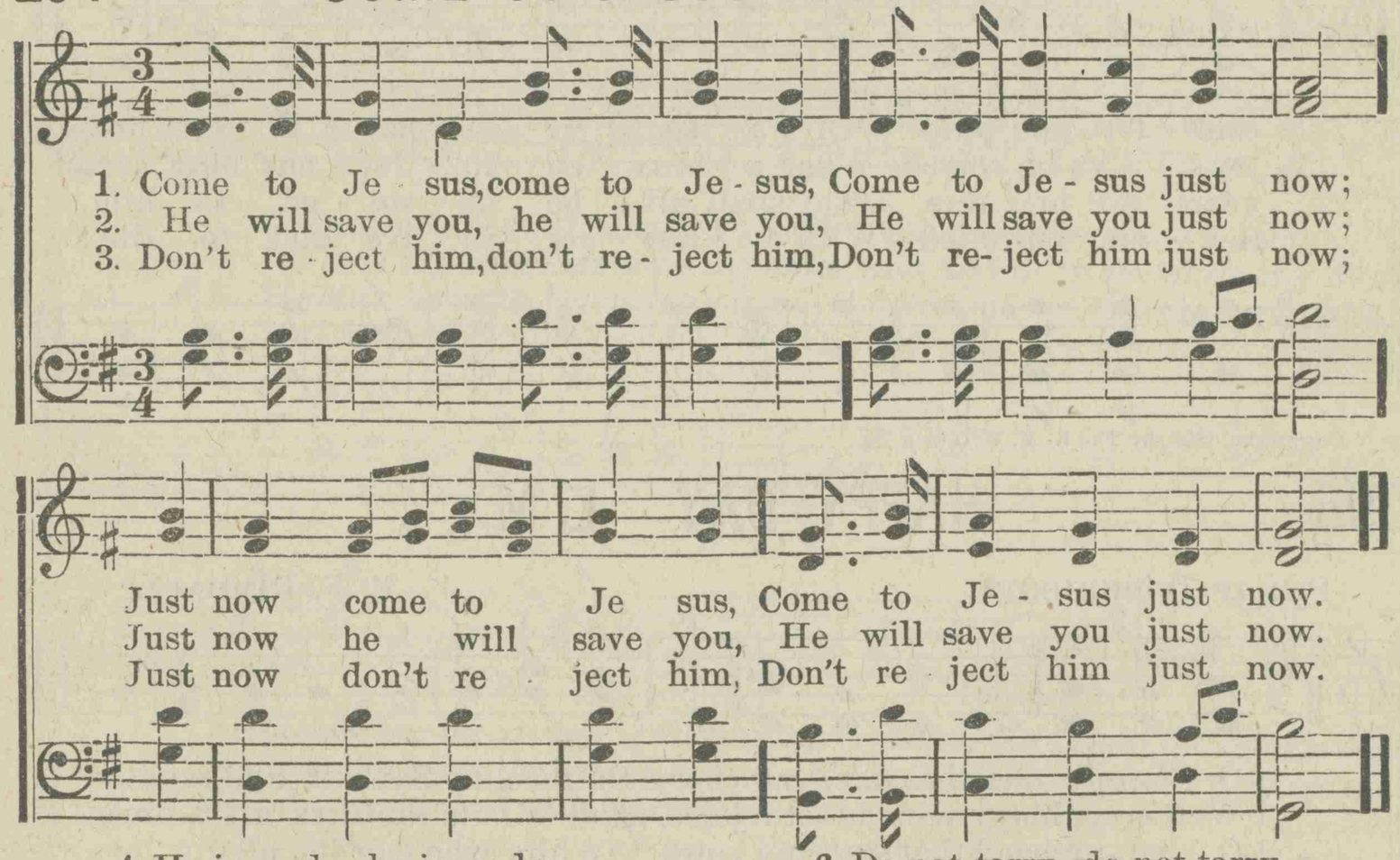


1. Come, humble sin- ner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts re-volve; Come, with your
2. I'll go to Je- sus, though my sin Has like a mountain rose; His kingdom
3. Hum-bly I'll bow at his command, And there my guilt confess; I'll own I
4. Sure- ly he will ac-cept my plea, For he has bid me come; Forthwith I'll
5. I can not per- ish if I go, I am resolved to try: For if I



guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re- solve, And make this last re-solve.
now I'll en- ter in, What-ev- er may op- pose, Whatev- er may op- pose.
am a wretch undone, Without his sovereign grace, Without his sovereign grace.
rise, and to him flee, For yet, he says, there's room, For yet, he says, there's room.
stay a way, I know I must for-ev er die, I must for-ev- er die.

294 COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.



1. Come to Je sus, come to Je- sus, Come to Je- sus just now;
2. He will save you, he will save you, He will save you just now;
3. Don't re- ject him, don't re- ject him, Don't re- ject him just now;

Just now come to Je sus, Come to Je- sus just now.
Just now he will save you, He will save you just now.
Just now don't re ject him, Don't re ject him just now.

4 He is ready, he is ready,
He is ready just now;
Just now he is ready, &c.

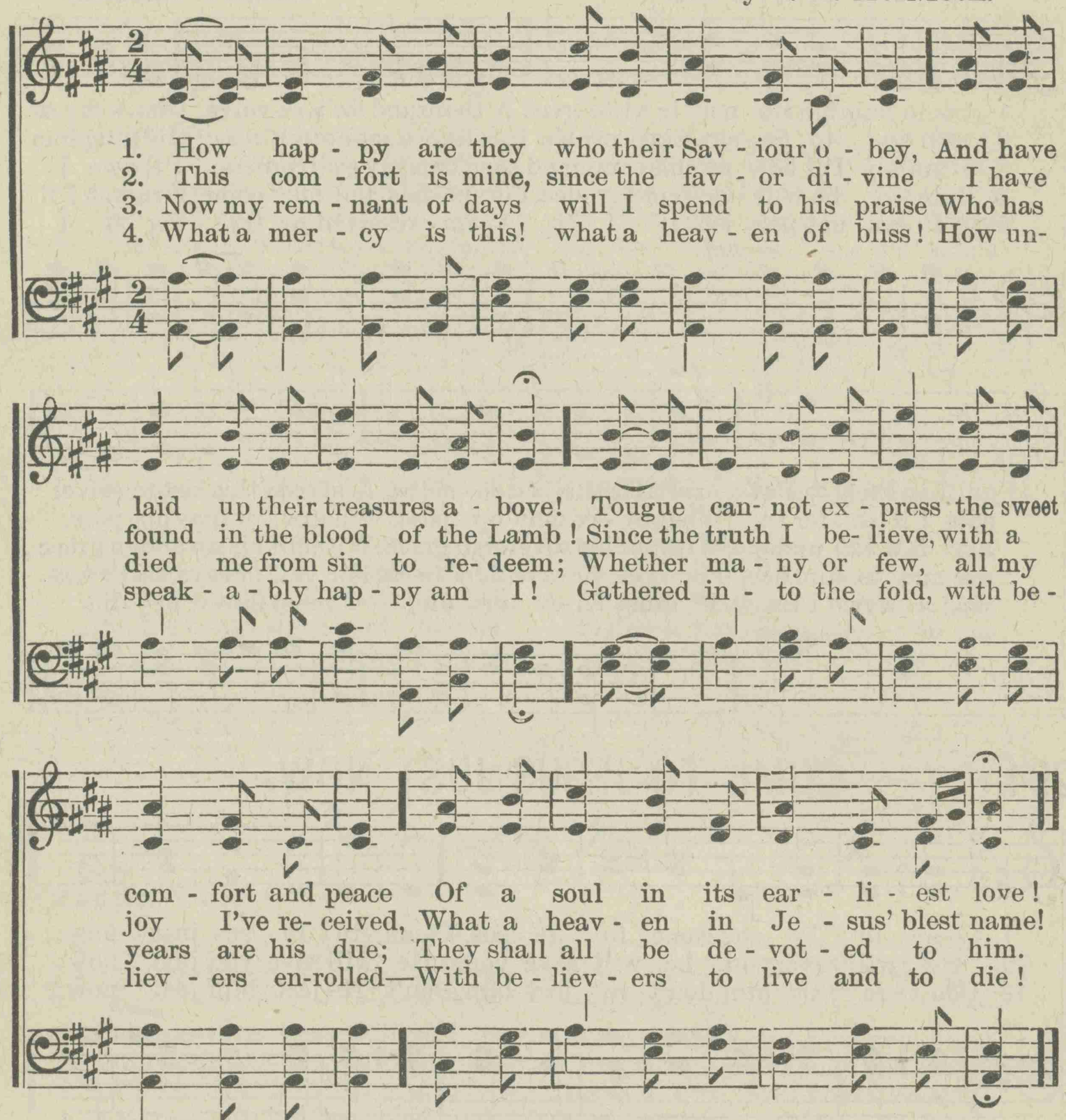
5 O, believe him, O, believe him,
O, believe him just now;
Just now O, believe him, &c.

6 Do not tarry, do not tarry,
Do not tarry just now;
Just now do not tarry, &c.

7 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen:
Amen, hallelujah, &c.

295 LONGDALE. 11s & 9s.

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



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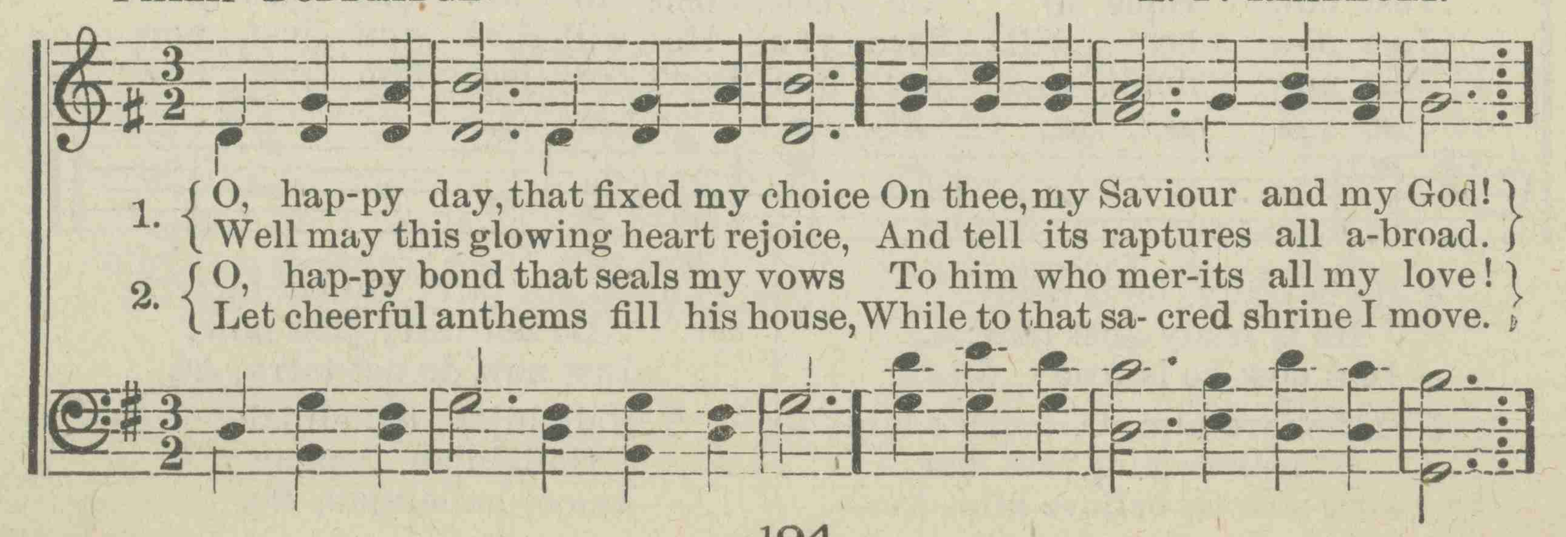
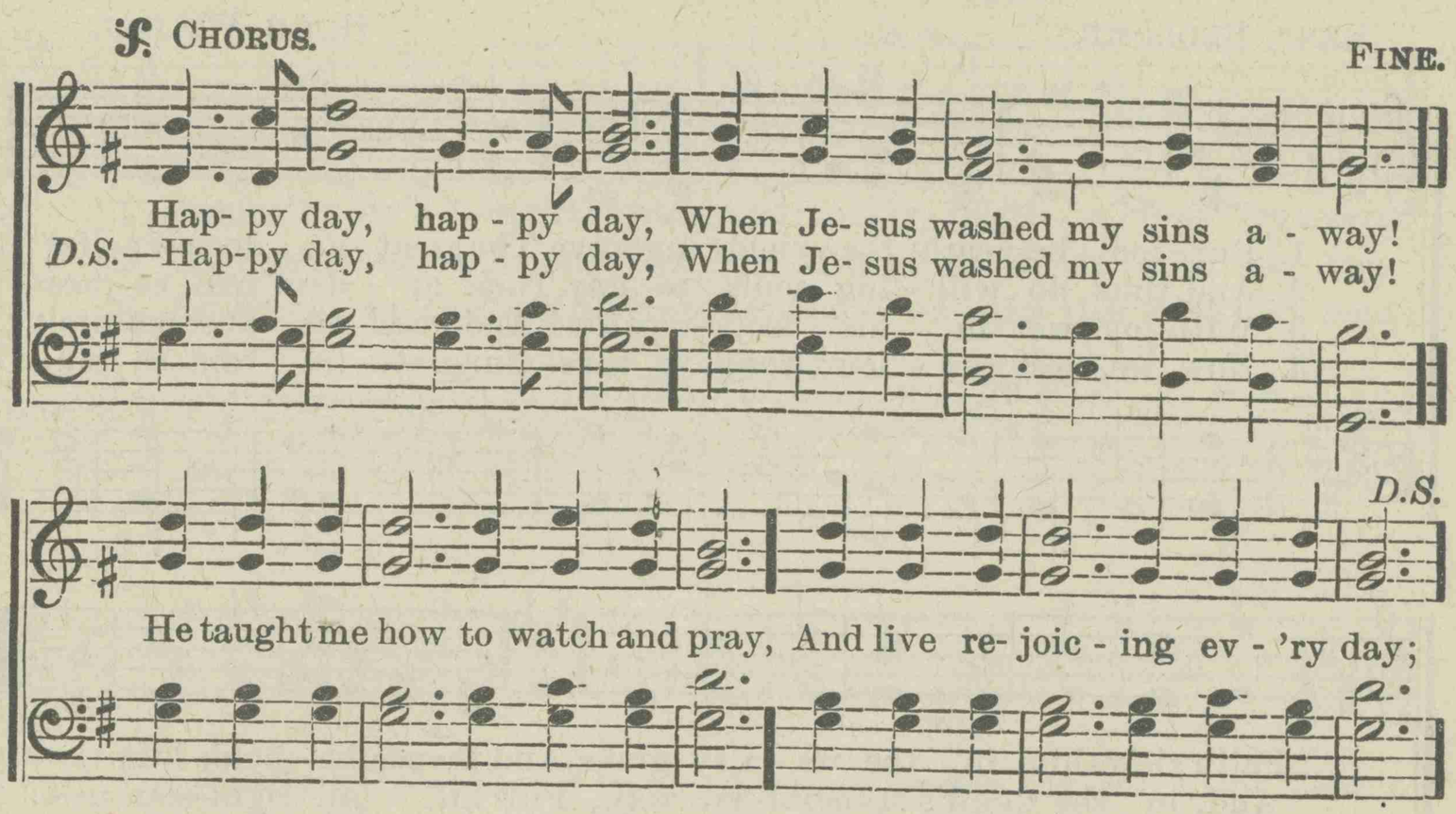
296 HAPPY DAY L. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



HAPPY DAY.—Concluded.

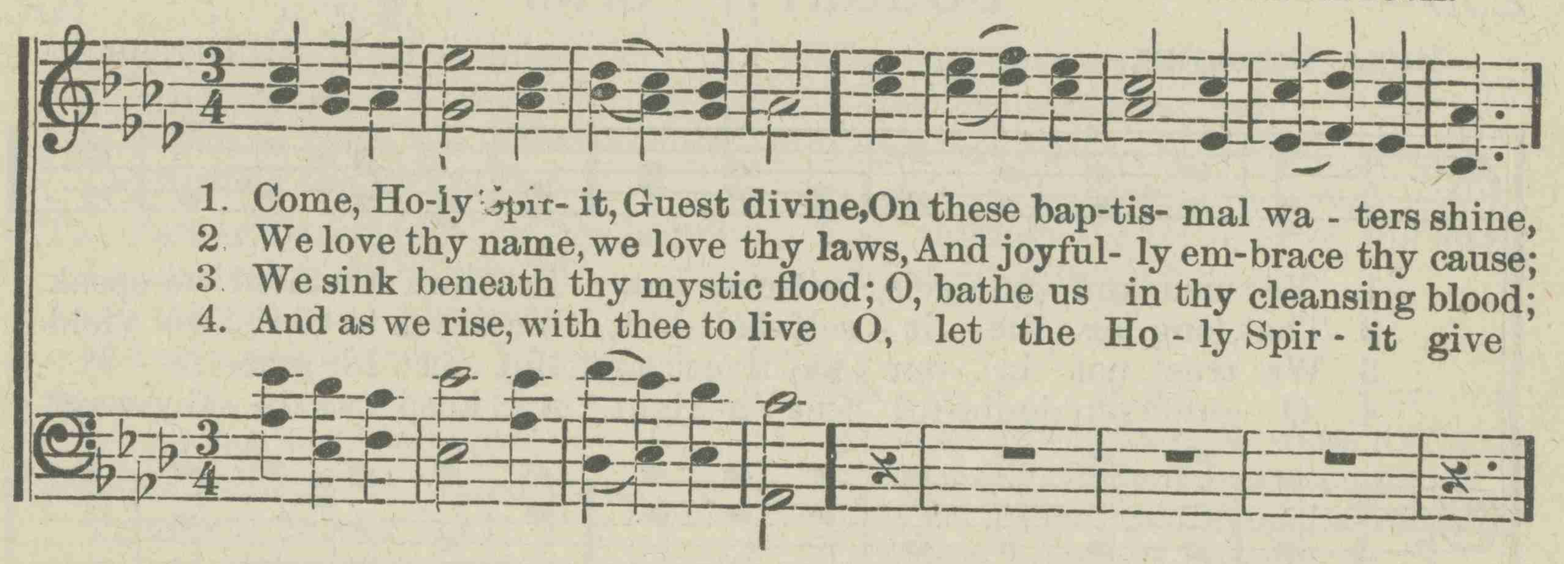


3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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

297 SHIBBOLETH. L. M.

ADONIRAM JUDSON. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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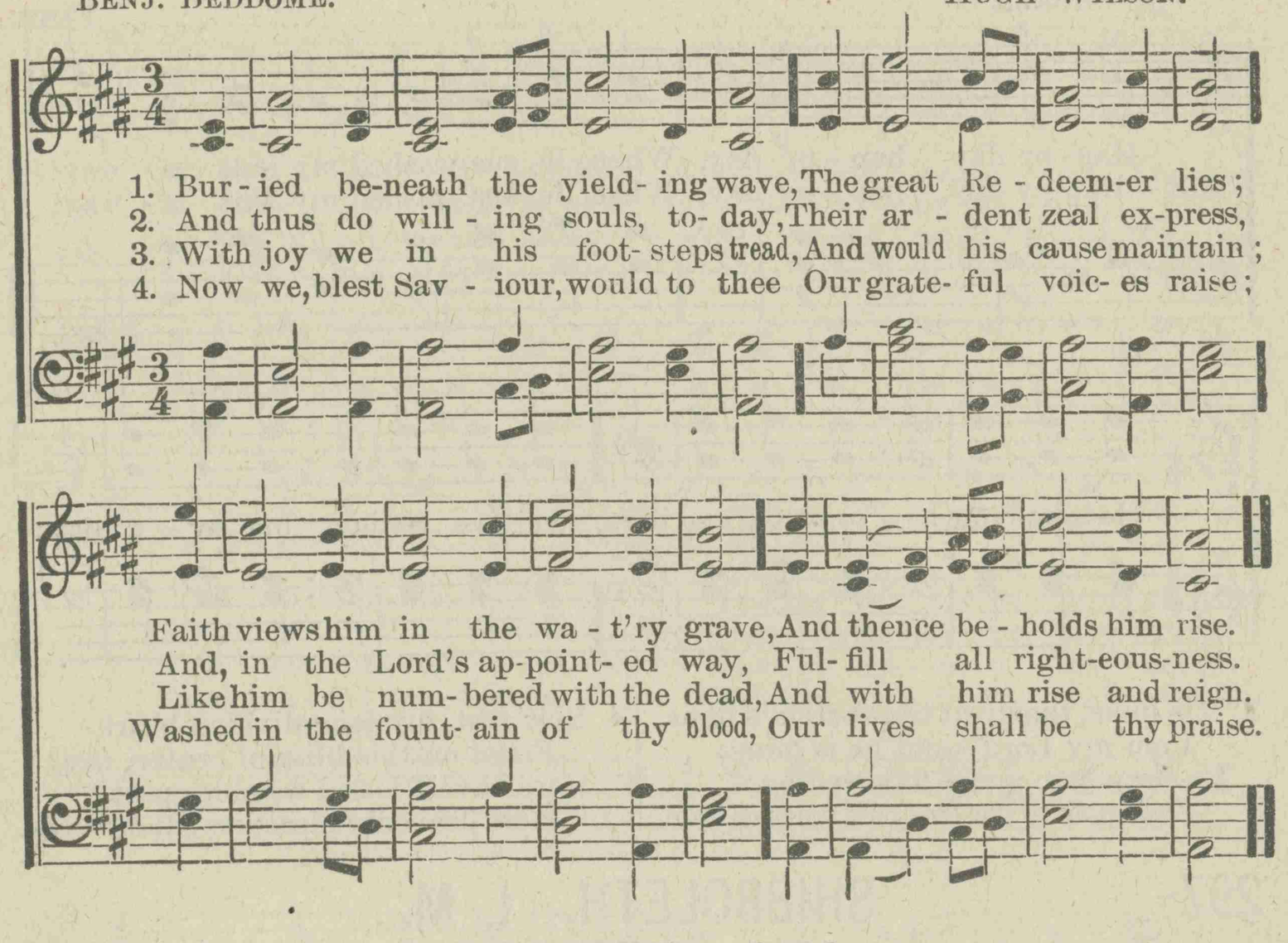
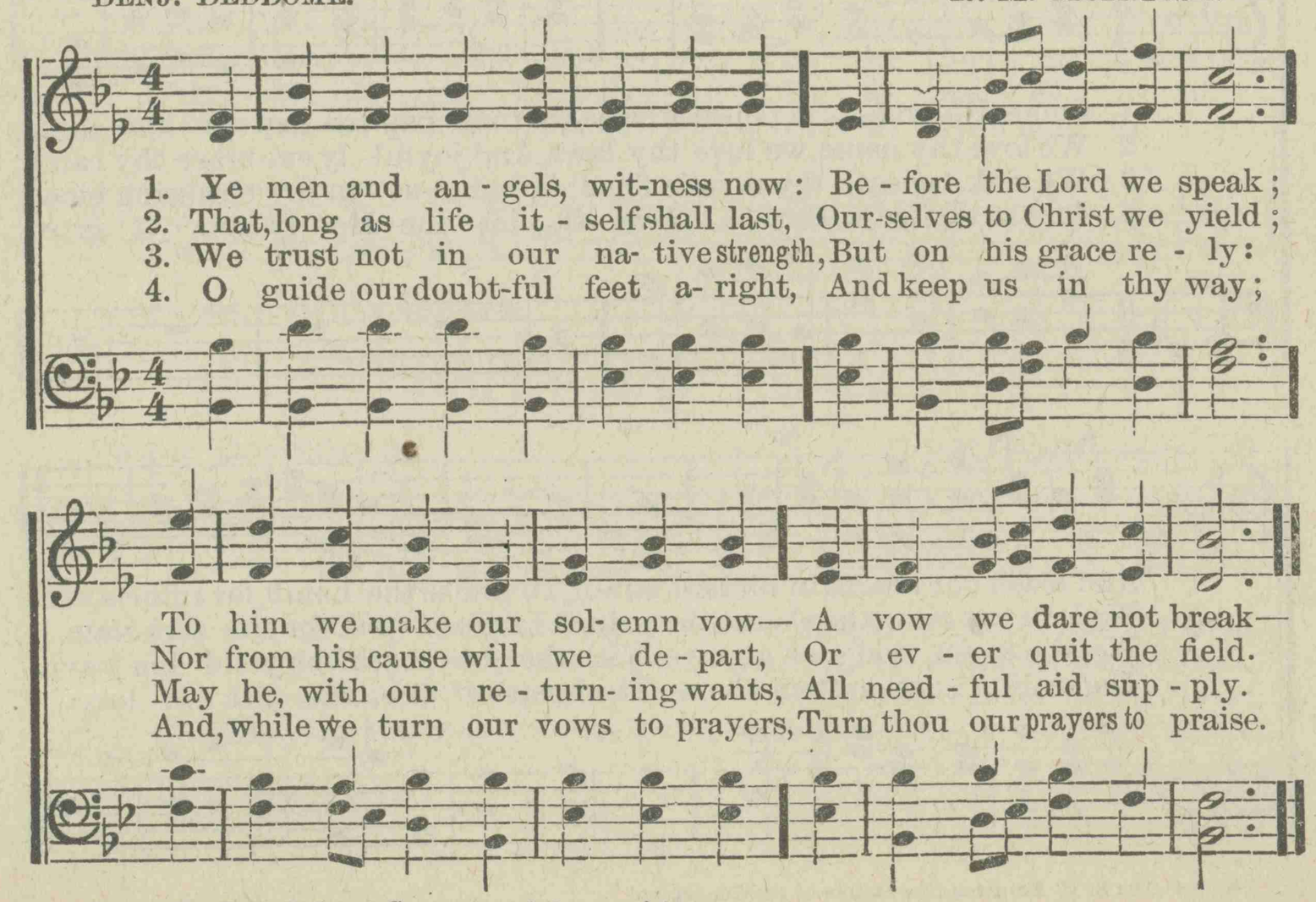
298 AVON. C.M.

BENJ. BEDDOME. HUGH WILSON.



299 DOGGETT. C.M.

BENJ. BEDDOME. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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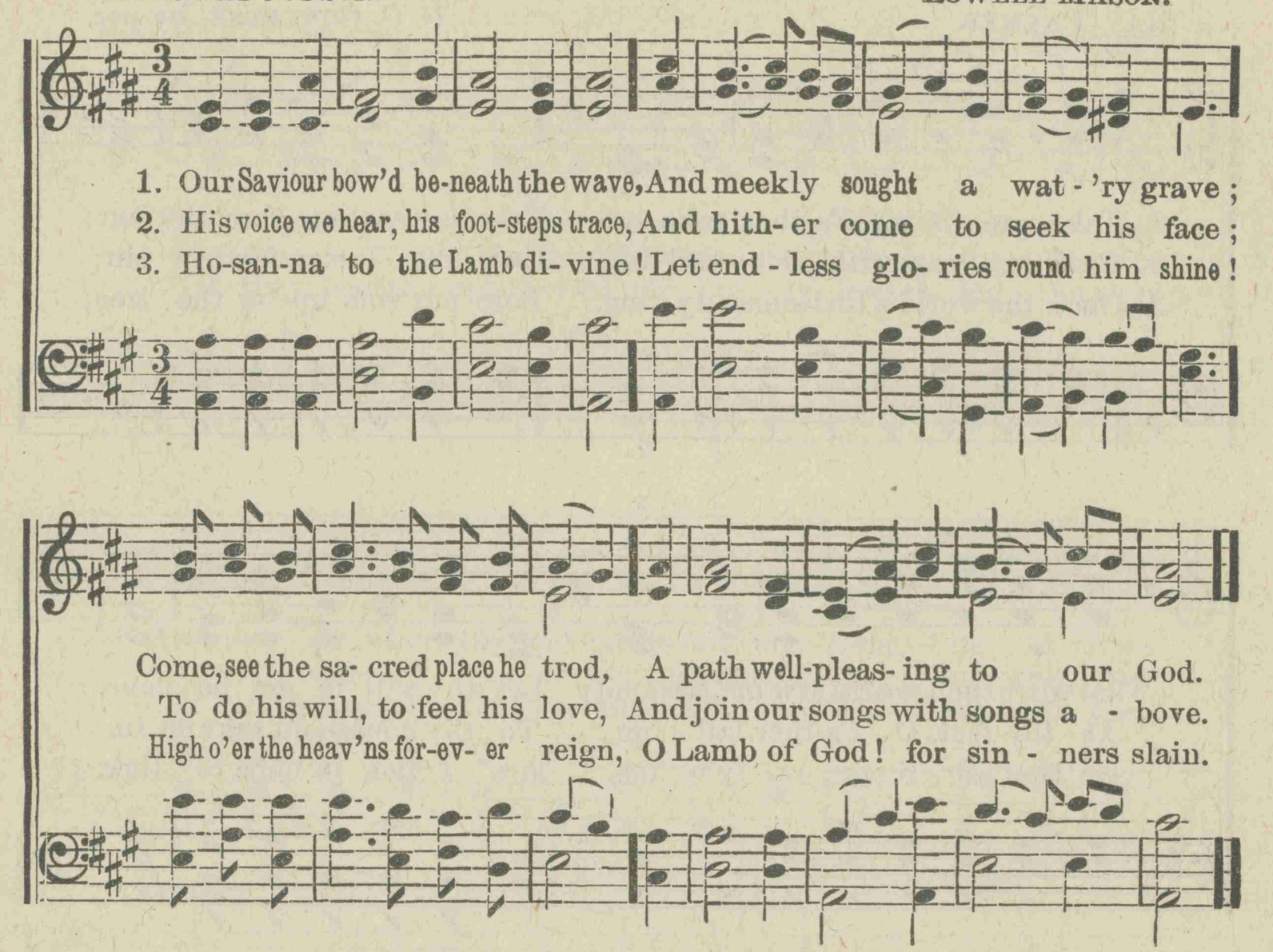
300 MIGDOL. L. M.

ADONIRAM JUDSON. LOWELL MASON.



301 C. M.

1 'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice, on Jordan's shore,
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2 The Father owned him; let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our heavenly Friend.

3 We see the consecrated grave
Along the path he trod;
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

4 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

302 C. M. JAS. NEWTON.

1 "Proclaim," said Christ, "my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

303 C. M. Unknown.

1 Ashamed of Christ! Our souls disdain
The mean, ungenerous thought:
Shall we disown that Friend whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.

3 To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of ours—
His love can ne'er repay.

4 To bear his name—his cross to bear—
Our highest honor this!
Who nobly suffers for him now,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

304 ERIE. 8s & 7s. Double.

RAY PALMER. C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. Take me, O my Fa-ther! take me— Take me, save me, thro' thy Son;
2. Fruit-less years with grief recall-ing, Hum-bly I con-fess my sin;
3. Once the world's Redeemer, dy-ing, Bore our sins up-on the tree;

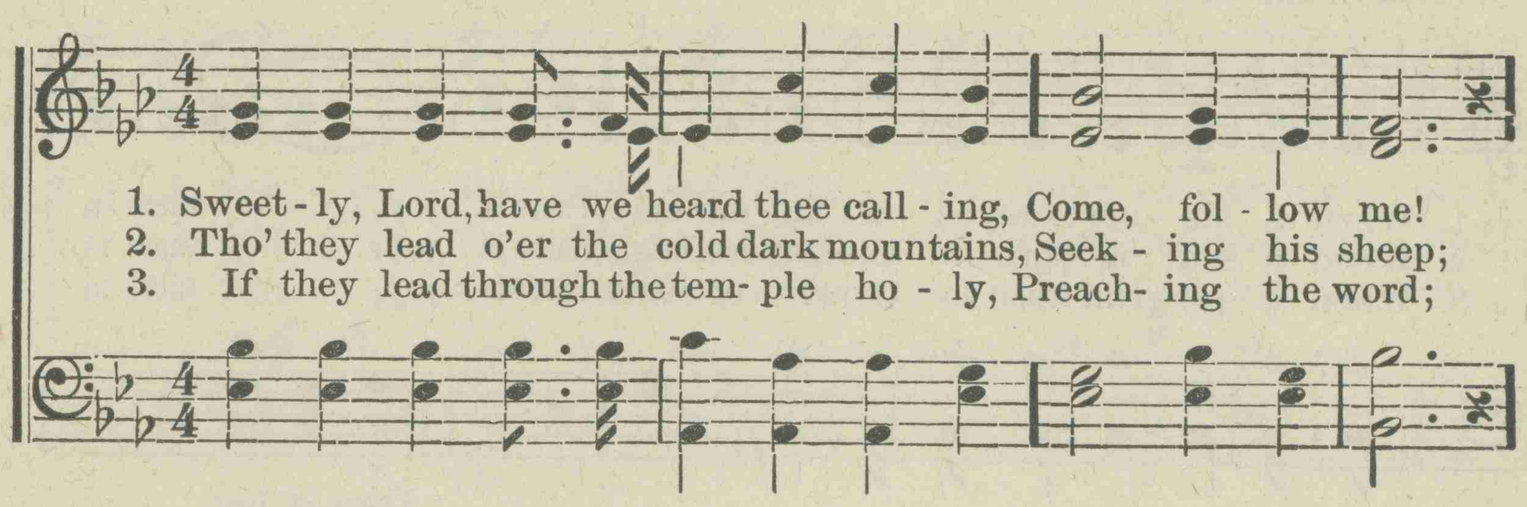
That which thou wouldst have me, make me; Let thy will in me be done.
At thy feet, O Fa-ther, fall-ing, To thy household take me in.
On that sac-ri-fice re-ly-ing, Now I look in hope to thee.

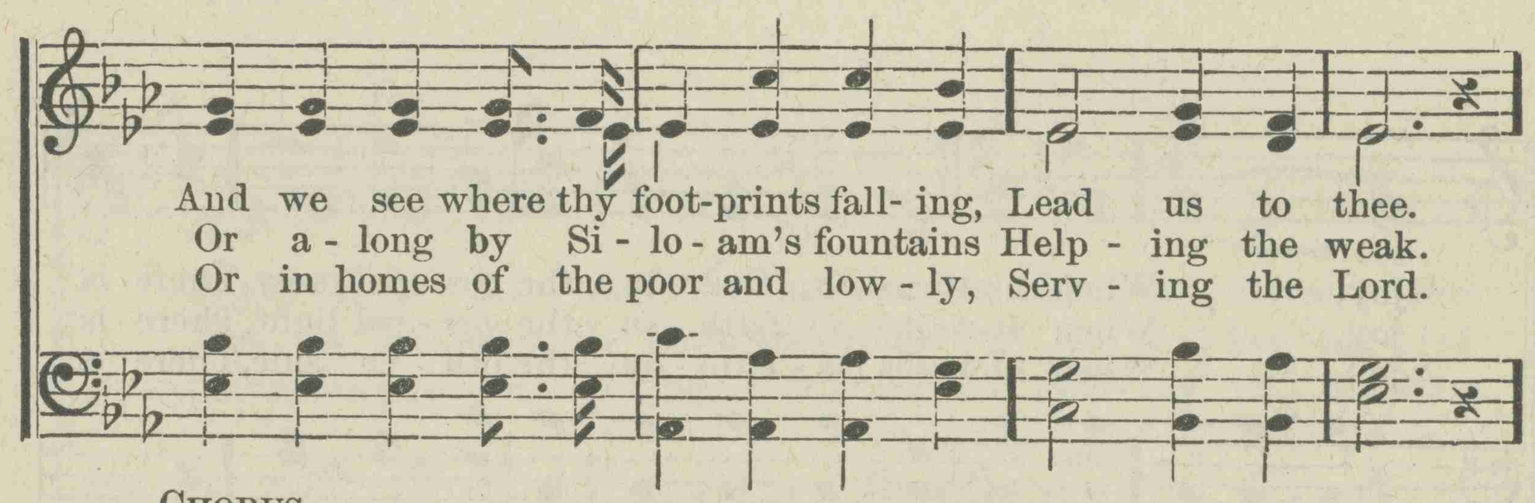
Long from thee my footsteps stray-ing, Thorn-y prov'd the way I trod;
Free-ly now to thee I prof-fer This re-lent-ing heart of mine;
Fa-ther, take me! all for-giv-ing, Fold me to thy lov-ing breast;

Wea-ry come I now, and pray-ing— Take me to thy love, my God!
Free-ly, life and soul I of-fer, Gift un-wor-thy love like thine.
In thy love for-ev-er liv-ing, I must be for-ev-er blest.

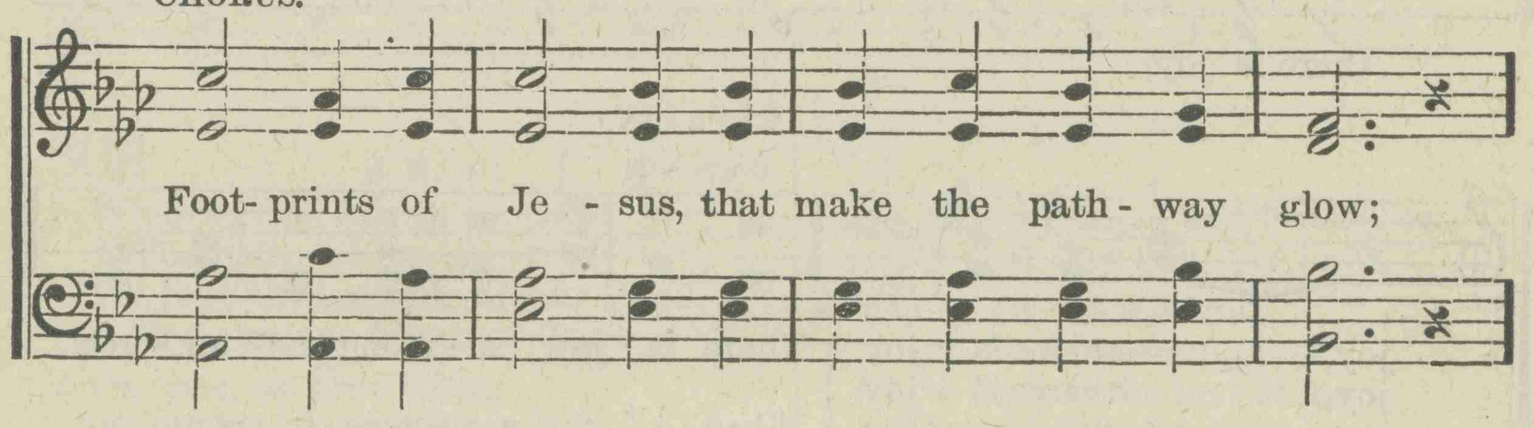
305 FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. E. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.





CHORUS.



4 Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway
We follow thee; [keeping,
Through the gloom of that place of
Gethsemane!—CHO. [weeping,

5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.—CHO.

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.—CHO.

7 Then at last when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.—CHO.

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306 THERE IS JOY.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin- ner may, There is joy, there is
2. When a soul is born in the king-dom bright, There is joy, there is
3. When a pil-grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy, there is

There is joy,

joy, ... When he turns to God in the gos - pel way, There is
joy, ... When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light, There is
joy, . . . When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side, There is

there is joy,

REFRAIN.

joy, ... there is joy. } There is joy a - mong the an - gels,
joy, ... there is joy.
joy, ... there is joy. } When a sin- ner comes re - pent - ing,

there is joy

1 2

And their harps with mu - sic ring; . .
(*Omit.* . . . . .) Bend-ing low be - fore our King.

mu- sic ring,

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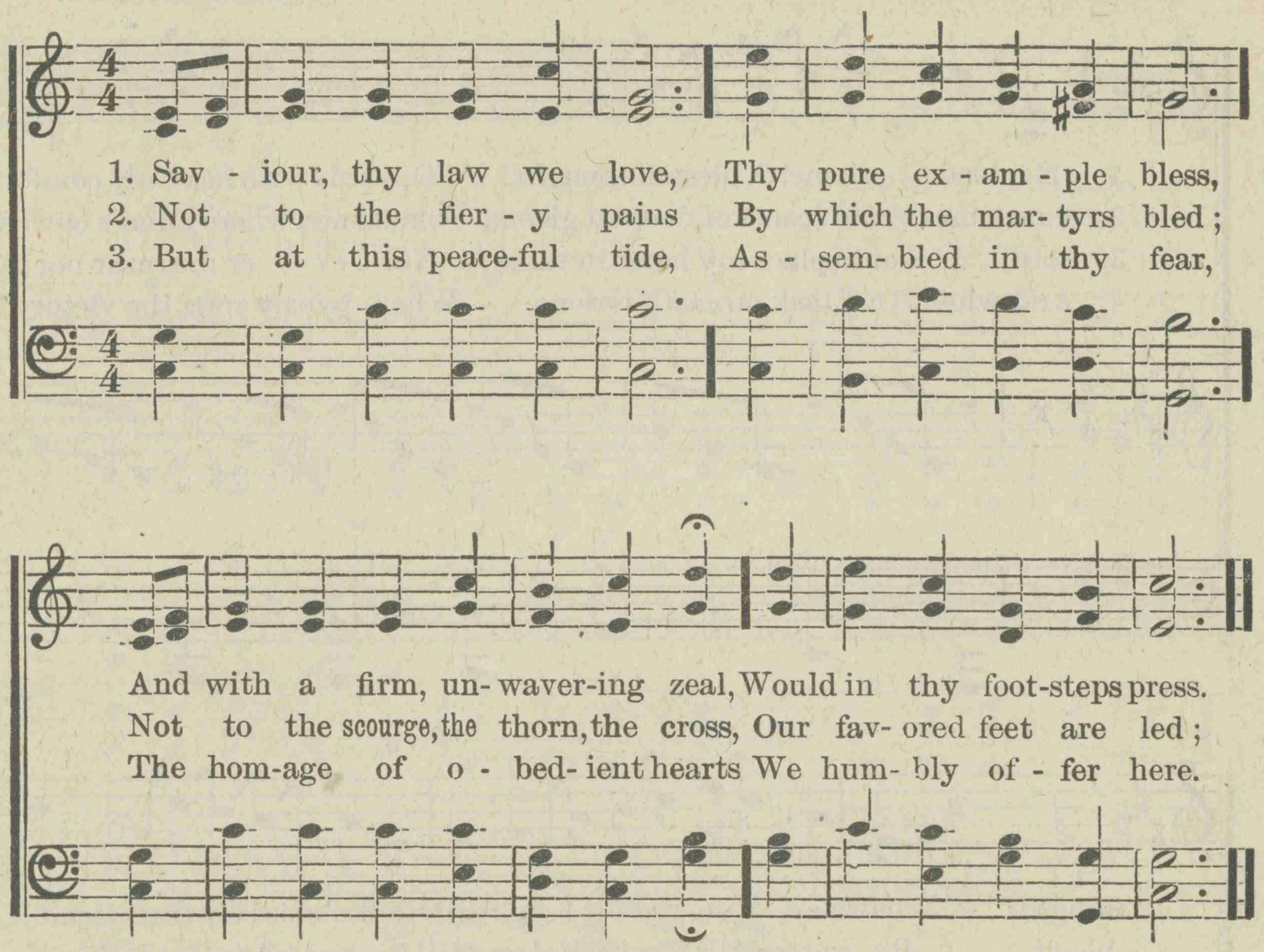
307 LABAN. S. M.

Unknown. L. MASON.



308 S. M. Unknown.

1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice,
To thy dear cross we flee;
O may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee!

309 H. BONAR.

1 I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives,
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.

310 S. M. GEO. HEATH.

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 victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy 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.

311 HE LEADETH ME.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE. Mrs. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. He lead - eth me! O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly comfort
2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, where Eden's bowers
3. Lord, I would place my hand in thine, Nor ev - er murmur nor re-
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's

fraught! What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
bloom, By waters still o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
pine: Con-tent whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!
won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!

CHORUS. *Repeat chorus pp.*

He leadeth me, leadeth me, He leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

312 BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.

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

glo- ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion. purchase of God,
burst on my sight. An- gels de - scend- ing bring from a - bove
hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood.
Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.
} This is my sto - ry,

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

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

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

313 COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.

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

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur - round the throne!
But ser - vants of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys a - broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

REFRAIN.

We're march-ing to Zi - on, Zi - on the cit - y of love,

We're march-ing to Zi - on, The heav-en - ly cit - y a - bove.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

314 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger- ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

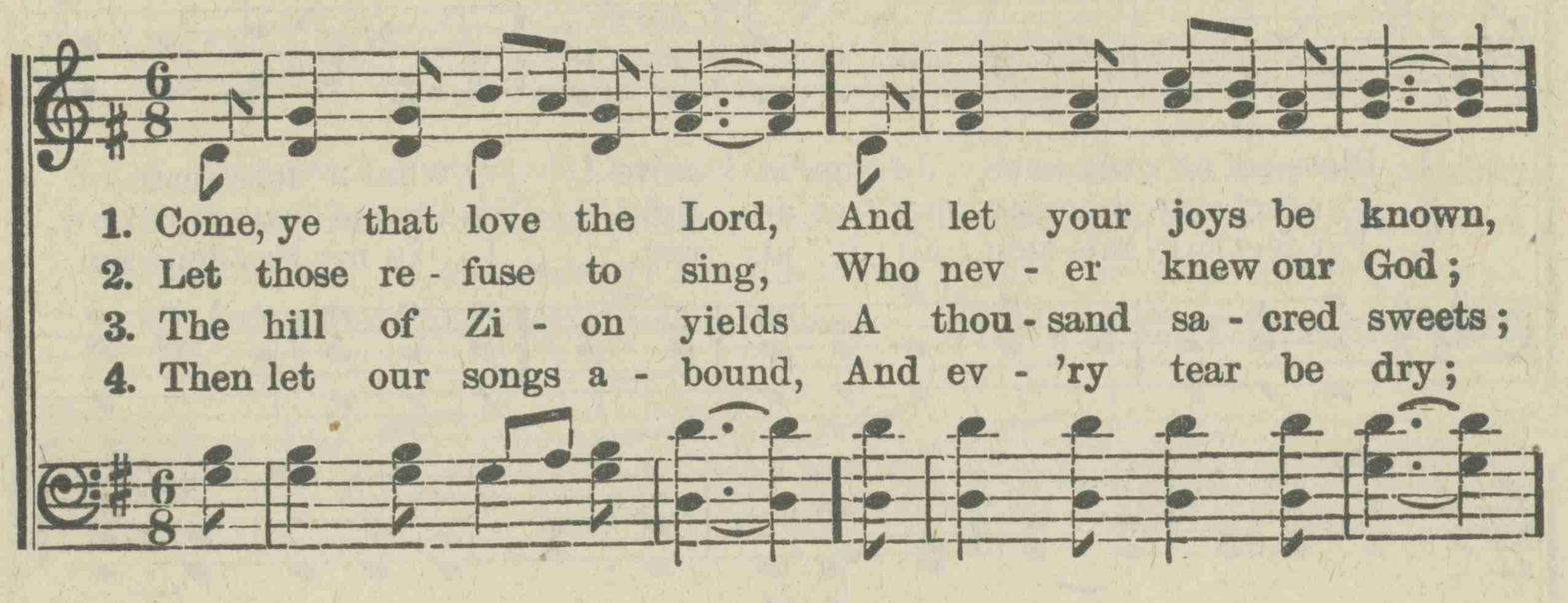
sto - ry Be-cause I know 'tis true: It sat - is - fies my longings As sto - ry It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard The message of sal - va-tion From glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto-ry That

CHORUS.

nothing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have loved so long.
} I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

313 COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. R. M. MCINTOSH, by per.



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CHORUS.

nothing else can do.
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have loved so long.

} I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto-ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

315 THE SWEET STORY.

J. B. ATCHINSON. PEARL J. SPRAGUE, by per.

1. Re-peat the sweet sto - ry of Je - sus to me, O, tell me the
2. O, tell me once more of his won-der - ful love, His goodness and
3. O, tell me a - gain of the land of the blest, Where sorrow and

sto - ry once more; Tho' oft - en I've heard it, each time it is told,
mer - cy to me; When hope-less- ly lost in the dark-ness of sin,
sin nev - er come; Where I with the Sav-iour shall ev - er- more dwell,

REFRAIN.

'Tis sweet - er than ev - er be - fore.
He found me and bade me go free.
O, tell me of heav - en my home.

'Tis sweet - - er, yes,
O, tell me the sto- ry of

sweet - - er each time . . . . than be - fore, ...
Je - sus once more, 'Tis sweet- er, yes, sweet- er each time than before;

Then tell . . . me the sto - - ry of Je - - sus once more.
Then tell me the story, the story so sweet, O, tell me the story of Je-sus once more.

316 WONDROUS GLORY.

SALLIE M. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

1. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith we stand,
2. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where so oft 'tis ours to be,
3. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where he bids me come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are hon - ored With such vis - ions of de- light,

While we drink the crys - tal wa - ters Flow-ing down from E- den's land.
In the brightness of his pres - ence, Christ, our Lord, re-vealed we see.
Je - sus, spreads a feast be - fore us, Mak-ing each a wel-come guest.
Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight!

CHORUS.

How the heart . . . . its toil for - gets, In the
How the heart its toil for-gets,

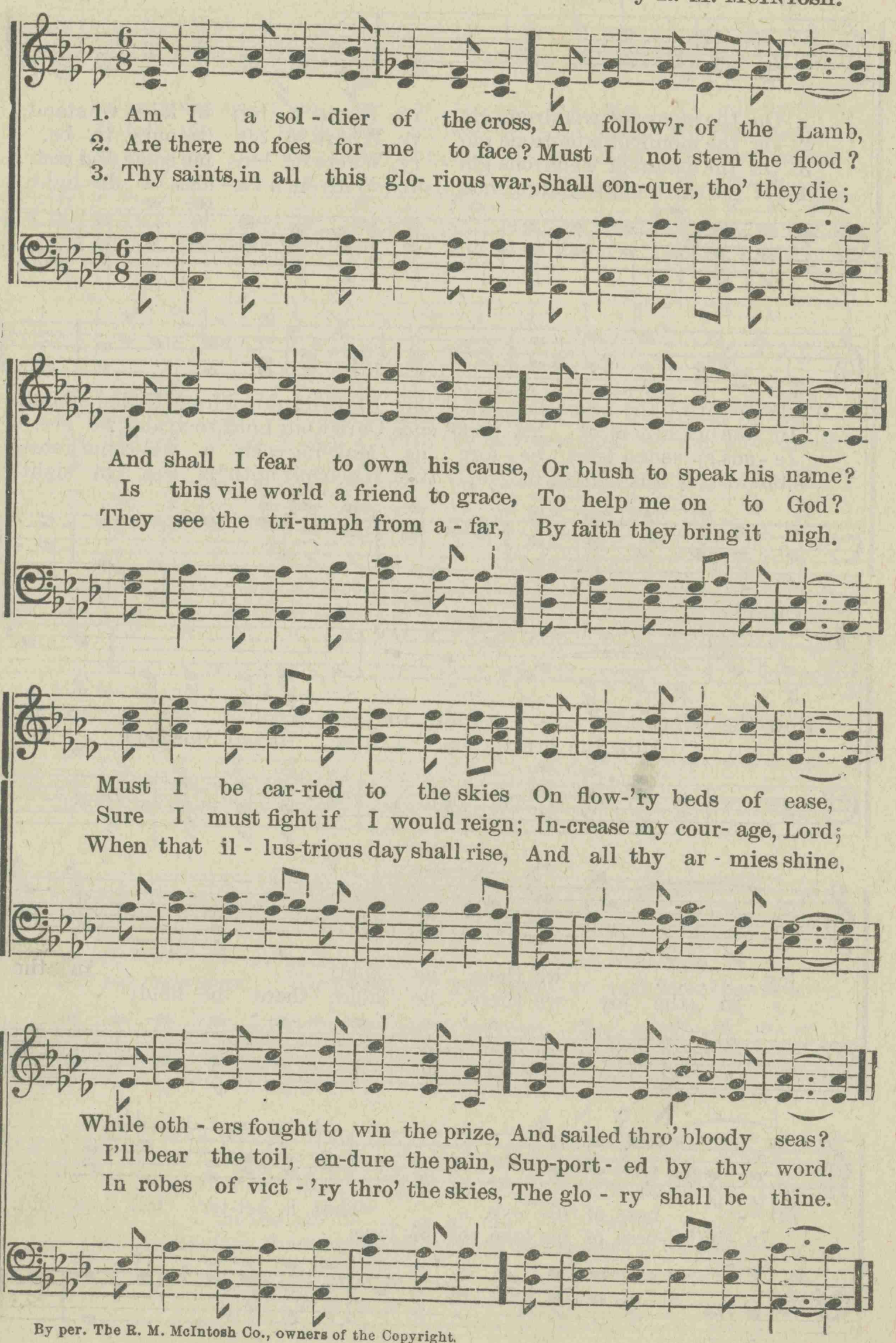
joy . . . . . we there be - hold;
in the joy we there be - hold; there be- hold;
In the

ful - - - ness of his love, That is bet-ter felt than told.
In the ful-ness of his love, of his love,

Copyrignt, 1885, by Jno. R. Sweney.

317 McANALLY. C. M. Double.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



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318 ARE YOU WALKING IN THE LIGHT?

J. H. W. J. H. WEBER, by per.

1. Are you walking in the light of the Sav - iour? Does the way seem bright and fair? Are you try - ing ev - 'ry day to o - bey him? Do you
2. Are you walking in the light of the Sav - iour? Does his blood cleanse you from sin? Are you liv - ing ev - 'ry day for his glo - ry? Is your
3. Are you walking in the light of the Sav - iour? Are you glad you have this light? Will you cast your all up- on him, be-liev - ing He will

CHORUS.

hope to meet him o - ver there?
spir - it pu - ri - fied with - in?
keep you spot-less, pure and white?
} Are you walking in the light? Are your garments clean and white? Are you trusting him in ev'ry care? Are you walking in the light?

Are your garments clean and white? Are you walking, walking in the light?

Copyright, 1891, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

319 AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

Who *are* these *that* fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?—Isa. 60: 8.

C. W. Ray. R. M. McIntosh.

1. As the doves to their win - dows when dark grows the sky,
2. As the doves to their win - dows when wild winds may blow,
3. As the doves to their win - dows from storms fierce and cold,
4. As the doves to their win - dows may sin - ners draw near,

For shel - ter to Je - sus I ev - er would fly:
The soul in its per - il to Je - sus may go.
The tempt - ed may haste to Im - man - u - el's fold.
If shel - tered in Je - sus there's noth - ing to fear;

When clouds dark and threat'n - ing a - bove me may roll,
Tho' tri - als are ma - ny and ter - rors ap - pall,
From dark gath'r - ing tem - pests of judg - ment di - vine,
His pow'r is al - might - y to shield and to save,

A re - fuge in him shall be found for the soul.
There's room, there is ref - uge and wel - come for all.
In Je - sus this shel - ter - ing fold shall be mine.
And ban - ish the dark - ness of death and the grave.

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AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

The win - - dows of mer - - - - - - cy are
The win - dows of mer - cy are

o - - - - - pen and wide, ... And safe in the
o - pen and wide, are o - pen and wide, And

bos - - - - - - - om of Je - - - - - - - sus we
safe in the bos - om of Je - sus we hide, in

hide; . . . . Tho' storm-clouds may gath - er and o - ver us
Je - sus we hide; Tho' storm-clouds may gath - er and o - ver us

roll, There's ref - uge, there's shel- ter and rest for the soul.
roll, There's ref - uge, there's shel- ter and rest for the soul.

320 HE KNOWS IT ALL.

H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wear - y way, The end - less striv - ing
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our
3. He knows, when, faint and worn, we sink, How deep the pain, how
4. He knows! O thought so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our

day by day, The souls that weep, the souls that pray—He
lives be-tween, The wounds the world has nev - er seen—He
near the brink Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink—He
joys we miss, We still can bear it, feel - ing this—He

knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all, The
knows t all, He knows it all, He knows it all, The
knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all, Of
knows it all, He knows it all, He knows it all, We

souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows it all.
wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows it all.
dark de- spair we pause and shrink, He knows it all.
still can bear it, feel - ing this, He knows it all.

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321 SAILOR ON THE OCEAN.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. Sail - or on the o - cean sail - ing, sail - ing, See the bea - con light a - far, Bless - ed ones thy craft are hail - ing, hail - ing,
2. Pil - grim on the high - way go - ing, go - ing, On thy jour - ney here be - low, There's a per - fect 'Guide' e'er show - ing, show - ing,
3. Shep - herd who thy flock art guid - ing, guid - ing, Lead them in - to pas - tures fair; By the bless - ed 'Rock' be hid - ing, hid - ing,

REFRAIN.

Yon - der from the har - bor bar. Sail - or, sail - or on life's o - cean,
Thee the 'way of life' to know. Pil-grim, pil-grim on life's jour-ney,
Where the cool - ing wa - ters are. Shepherd, Shepherd gent - ly guid - ing,

Look to the 'Light' that's shin - ing clear, In the way of beau - ty,
Look to thy 'Guide,' he's ev - er near, In the way of beau - ty,
Look to the 'Rock' it stand - eth near, In the way of beau - ty,

In the path of du - ty, Go thou and nev - er fear.

Copyright, 1890, by W. A. Ogden.

322 THOUGH IN DARKNESS.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

DUET.

1. Do not faint when trib- u - la - tion Darkens, like a cloud, thy
2. Should thy way be rough and drear-y With a gloom - y shade o'er-
3. Onward press, a - mid thy sad- ness, Till thy toils and cares are

sky,— When the storms of des - o - la - tion On thee
cast, Should thy feet be sore and wea - ry, Thou shalt
o'er: All thy grief shall turn to glad - ness, On the

CHORUS.

beat and o'er thee fly.
reach thy home at last.
fair ce - les - tial shore.

Though in dark- ness, God will nev - er Cease to love, or thee for - sake: In thy sor - row he will ev - er Be thy Stay for Je - sus' sake.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

323 I HAVE A SWEET HOPE.

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

1. I have a sweet hope that in heav-en a-bove The Sav-iour is wait-ing for me,—
2. In midst of the trou-bles and sor-rows I bear, By faith I re-pose on his breast:
3. He's gone to pre-pare for his peo-ple a place—A mansion of glo-ry on high;
4. I know when this bod-y of flesh shall de-cay, My Strength and my Por-tion he'll be;

That ran-somed and saved by his mer-cy and love, My Friend and my Por-tion he'll be.
I know he will make my af-flic-tions his care, And bring me at last to his rest.
And when I shall fin-ish my jour-ney and race, He'll give me a home in the sky.
In death he will be my sweet Com-fort and Stay: The Sav-iour is wait-ing for me.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, dear Je-sus will wel-come me, Wel-come me, Wel-come me;
Je-sus, dear Je-sus will wel-come me Home to the beau-ti-ful land.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

324 THE FOUNTAIN OF HIS BLOOD.

C. W. RAY. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In Je - sus I have found, A balm for ev - 'ry wound; Washed in the
2. In Je - sus I am blest, My wea - ry soul has rest, Washed in the
3. Be-neath the cleansing tide, From my Redeemer's side, Washed in the

fount-ain of his blood;
fount-ain of his blood;
fount-ain of his blood;

Once cru - ci-fied for me, I
Each stain it doth re-move, Its
The halt and lame, the blind, May

of his blood;

D.S.—I'm washed as white as snow, Be -

FINE.

now at rest shall be, Washed in the fount-ain of his blood.
cleansing pow'r I prove, Washed in the fount-ain of his blood.
heal - ing virt - ue find, Washed in the fount-ain of his blood.

neath the crim-son flow; Washed in the fountain of his blood.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Washed in the fountain of his blood, Washed in the precious cleansing flood;
of his blood, cleansing flood;

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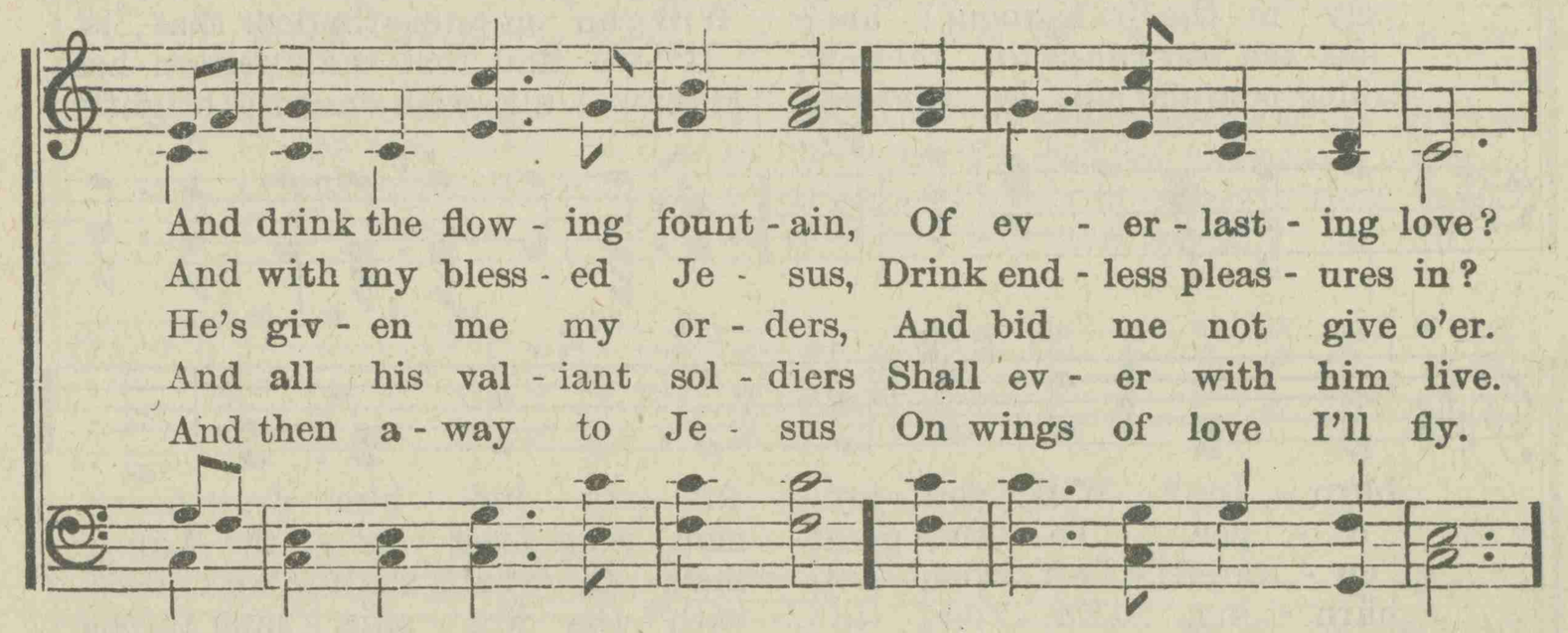
325 O WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS?

Arr. by M. W. LEFTWICH. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove;
2. When shall I be de - liv- ered From this vain world of sin,
3. But, now I am a sol - dier; My Cap- tain's gone be - fore;
4. And if I hold out faith- ful, A crown of life he'll give;
5. Thro' grace I am de - ter- mined To con - quer, though I die;



And drink the flow - ing fount - ain, Of ev - er - last - ing love?
And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleas - ures in?
He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bid me not give o'er.
And all his val - iant sol - diers Shall ev - er with him live.
And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly.

REFRAIN.

Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see;

And be- fore I'd leave my Sav iour, I'd lay me down and die.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

326 WATCH!

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When the cry shall be made at the mid - night, "Go ye out, for the Bridegroom is near!" Will you rise with your lamps trimm'd and burn - ing? Will you joy - ful - ly bid him draw near?
2. Till he comes now he bids us be read - y, Can you say to the Bridegroom I am? Will you en - ter the door that is o - pen, To the great mar - riage-feast of the Lamb?
3. O, how sad if our oil is all wast - ed, Though we has- ten our lamps to re- new, If we find that the Bridegroom has en - tered! Left with - out, then, O, what shall we do?
4. O, when ris - es the glo - ri - ous sum - mons, "Meet the Bridegroom and join in the song!" May we all, with our lamps brightly burn - ing, En - ter in with the wor - ship - ping throng!

REFRAIN.

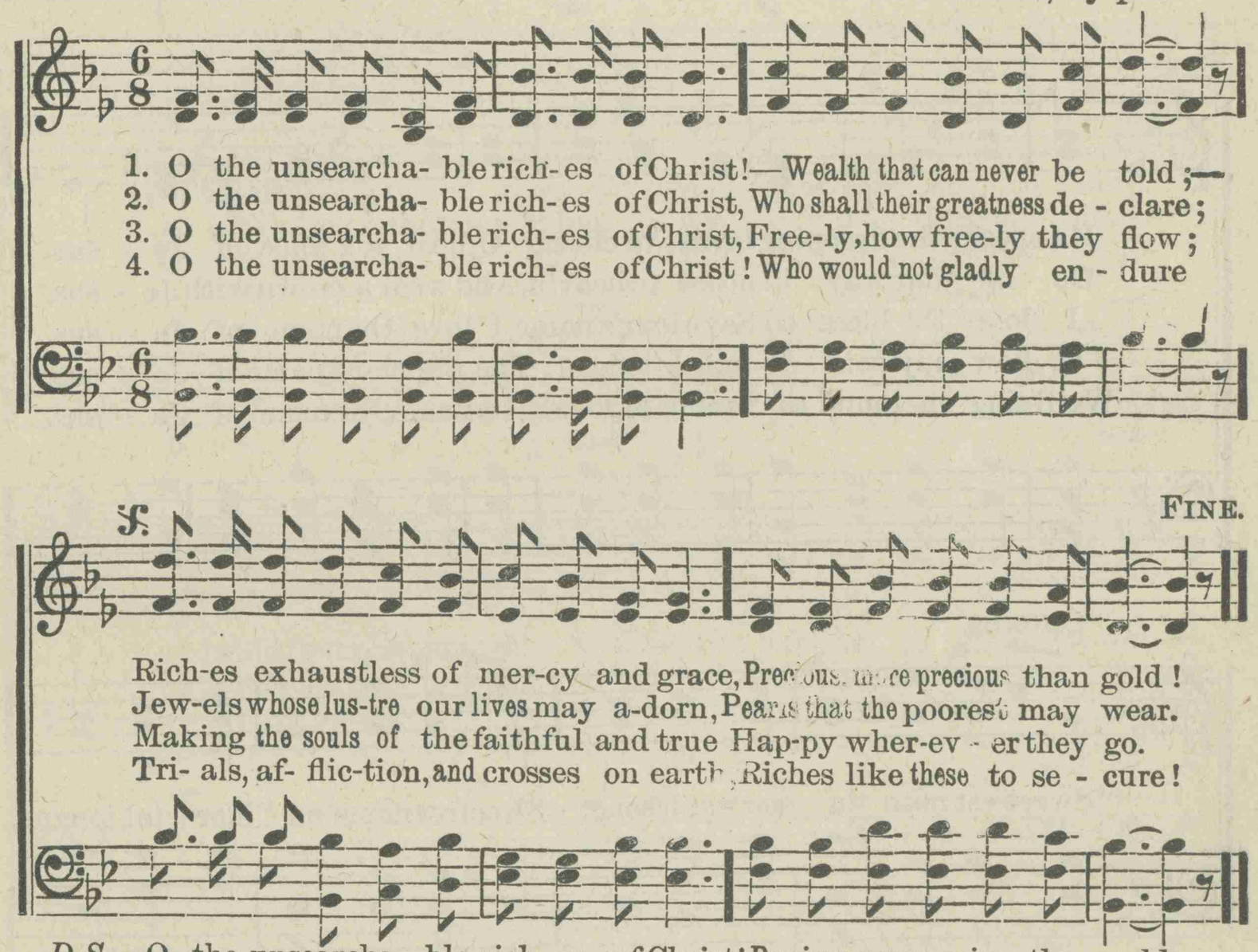
We will watch, ev - er watch! Till the Bridegroom shall come in his pow'r; We will watch, we will watch! Je - sus saith, we must Je - sus saith,

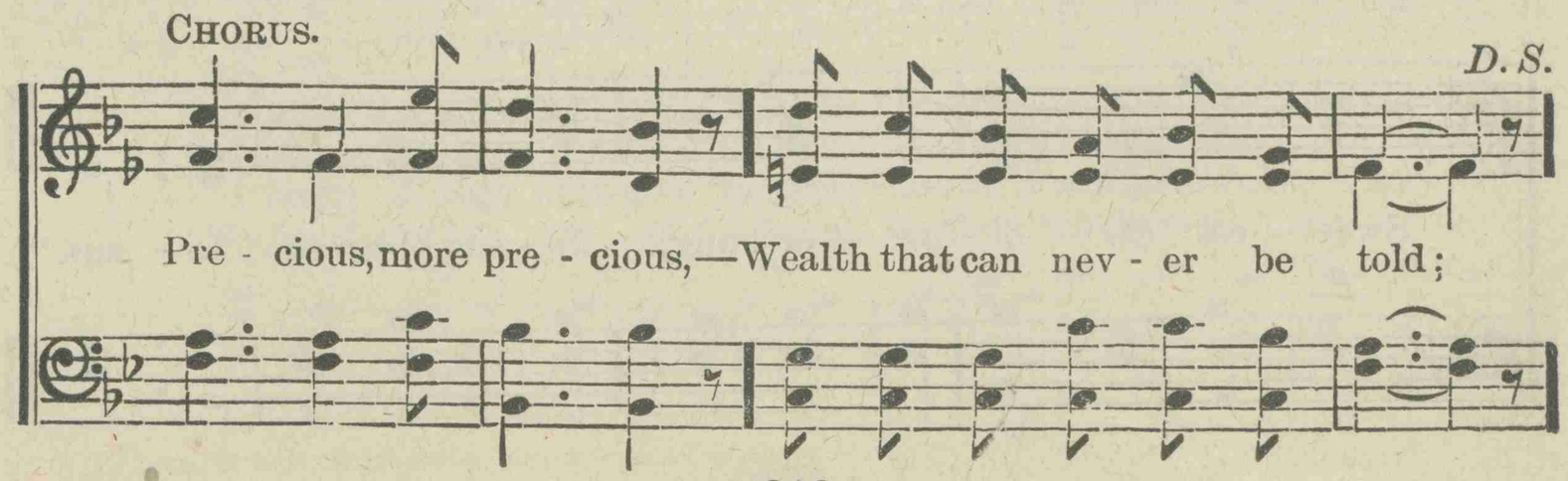
By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the copyright.

WATCH!—Concluded.

327 UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. R. SWENEY, by per.





328 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy- si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz- ing Je - sus:
2. Your ma - ny sins are all forgiv'n O, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear No oth - er name but Je - sus;
5. And when to that bright world a-bove, We rise to see our Je - sus;

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav- iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
O, how my soul de-lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je - sus.
We'll sing a-round the throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

"Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

rit.

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless- ed Je - sus."

329 I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. I bring my *sins* to thee, The sins I can - not count,
2. I bring my *grief* to thee, The grief I can - not tell;
3. My *heart* to thee I bring, The heart I can - not read,
4. My *life* I bring to thee, I would not be my own;

That all may cleansed be, In thy once o - pened fount.
No words shall need-ed be, Thou know- est all so well;
A faith-less, wand'ring thing, An e - vil heart in - deed.
O, Sav- iour, let me be Thine, ev - er thine, a - lone.

I bring them, Saviour, all to thee, The bur- den is too great for me,
I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suff'ring Sav- iour, all to thee,
I bring it, Sav- iour now to thee, That fix'd and faith-ful it may be,
My *heart*, my *life*, my *all*, I bring, To thee, my Sav- iour and my King,

I bring them, Saviour, all to thee, The bur- den is too great for me.
I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suff'ring Sav- iour, all to thee.
I bring it, Sav- iour, now to thee, That fix'd and faith-ful it may be.
My *heart*, my *life*, my *all*, I bring, To thee, my Sav- iour and my King.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

330 JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of his
Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the

2. Though I for - get him and wan - der a - way, Still he doth
Back to his dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re -

3. O, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in his
This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be: "O what a

CHORUS.

love in the book he has giv'n,
dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
love me where - ev - er I stray.
mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
beau - ty I see the Great King,
won - der that Je - sus loves me.

I am so glad that

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je- sus loves me, Je- sus loves e - ven me.

By per. The John Church Co., owners of the Copyright.

331 HOW ARE YOU LIVING?

E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. How, O, how are you liv- ing, my broth- er? Are you go - ing the pil-
2. Earth will of - fer you pleasures, my brother, Have you turn'd from these pleas-
3. Sin will sure- ly en-tice you, my broth- er, Quick - ly turn from tempta-
4. You may grow cold and careless, my broth-er, And from Christ and his fol-

grim- age way? Are you do - ing the will of your Mas - ter? Are you
ures a- way? Are you striv- ing to work for the Mas - ter? Are you
tion a- way; O then give all your life to the Mas - ter, And be
low - ing stray; Are you watching and pray- ing and trust- ing? Are you

REFRAIN.

liv - ing for Je - sus to- day? Are you liv - ing for Je - sus to -

day, to- day? Are you liv-ing for Je- sus to- day? O tell me, my friend

and my broth - er, Are you liv - ing for Je - sus to - day?

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

332 WHITER THAN SNOW.

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

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
2. Dear Je - sus, let noth - ing un - ho - ly re - main, Ap - ply thine own blood, and re - move ev - 'ry stain. To have this blest
3. Dear Je - sus, come down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice. I give up my -
4. Dear Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my
5. The bless - ing by faith, I re - ceive from a - bove; O glo - ry! my soul is made per - fect in love; My pray'r has pre -

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
cleansing I all things fore - go;
self, and what - ev - er I know—
cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
vailed, and this mo - ment I know

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

CHORUS.

333 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In man- sions of glo - ry and end - less de -light,

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

By per. of the Author.

334 THE NEW SONG.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. J. R. BRYANT.

1. I am the Lord's and he is mine, Praise, O, praise his name,
2. The Lord has wash'd my sins a-way, Praise, O, praise his name,
3. O mer - cy drops how sweet! how sweet! Praise, O, praise his name,

O sweet, O, sweet the love di-vine, Praise, O, praise his name!
And I am hap - py all the day, Praise, O, praise his name!
They came while at thy mer - cy seat, Praise, O, praise his name!

I've learn'd to sing the new, new song, 'Tis in my heart and
My name is writ-ten o - ver there, Where stand the ma - ny
And still they come to glad- den me From out the fount so

CHO.—O sweet new song! O won-drous song, 'Tis in my heart and

Repeat for Chorus.

on my tongue—All glo-ry to the matchless One! Praise, O, praise his name.
man-sions fair Our Saviour promis'd to prepare, Praise, O, praise his name.
full and free, And shall to all e - ter - ni - ty—Praise, O, praise his name.

on my tongue, Since Jesus wash'd my sins away, Praise, O, praise his name.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

335 "I WILL UPHOLD THEE."

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. O prom- ise sweet! he lead- eth me O'er wa - ters wild and deep;
2. Some-times he leads o'er mountain height, Or val - leys dark and drear;
3. Some-times he leads by wa - ters still, Where all is peace and love;
4. It mat- ters not if shad-ows lie Up- on my path-way here,
5. O glo-rious Light! I'll fol - low thee Wherev - er thou may'st shine;

I will not fear the rag - ing sea If he my soul doth keep.
Yet worn and wea - ry in the night, His bless-ed voice I hear!
And qui - et joys my bos - om fill Like that sweet rest a - bove.
A gold- en light il-lumes my sky, If on - ly God is near!
At home, a- broad, on land or sea No oth- er joy is mine.

REFRAIN.

I will trust in the prom-ise of my Sav - iour, I will

trust in the prom - ise of my Sav - iour, I will

trust in the promise of my Sav- iour, And he will lead me home.

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336 IN THEE I TRUST.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. In thee I trust, on thee I rest, O Sav - iour, dear! Re -
2. Thy pow'r, thy love, thy faith - ful-ness, With lips and life I
3. To thee I look, to thee I fly, For ref - uge when strong

deem - er blest! No earth - ly friend, no broth - er knows, My
long to bless; Thy faith - ful-ness shall be my tow'r, My
foes are nigh; In bat - tle's rage, in dark - est night, Thou

CHORUS.

wea - ri - ness, my wants and woes. } In thee I
sun, thy love, my shield, thy pow'r. }
art my com - fort and de - light. } In thee I trust, in

trust . . . . . My dear Re - deem - er blest, In
thee I trust, In

thee . . . . . I trust . . . . . On thee I rest.
thee I trust, in thee I trust.

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337 ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love, sur- pass- ing knowledge! O grace, so full and free!
2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free!
3. O blood of Christ so pre- cious, Pour'd out on Cal - va - ry!

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's enough for me!
I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And that's enough for me!
I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's enough for me!

REFRAIN.

And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me!

I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me!

338 SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY, by per.

1. Je - sus, my Sav- iour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a man- ger to
2. Je - sus, my Sav- iour, in mer - cy and love, Came from the mansions of
3. Je - sus, my Sav- iour, the same as of old, While I did wan-der a -
4. Je - sus, my Sav- iour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the prom-ise as

sorrow and shame, O, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for
heav- en a- bove, Ten-der-ly plead-ing for sinners like me, Pleading for me, for
far from the fold, Gently and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for
wea- ry years fly; O, I shall see him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

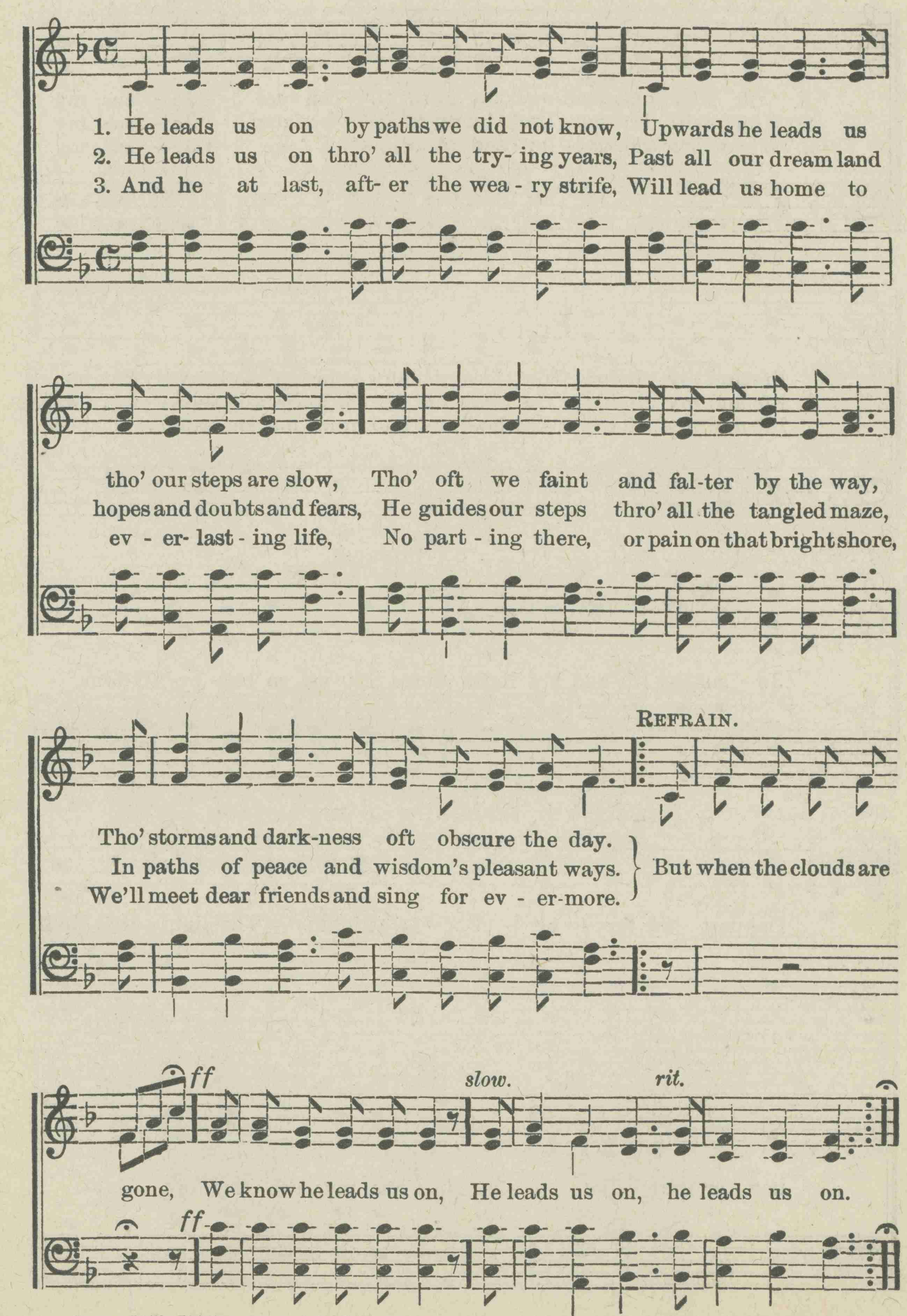
for me . . . . for me, . . .

me, Seeking for me, Seek-ing for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
me, Pleading for me, Pleading for me, Pleading for me, Pleading for me;
me, Calling for me, Call-ing for me, Calling for me, Call-ing for me;
me, Coming for me, Com-ing for me, Coming for me, Com-ing for me;

O, it was won- der- ful, blest be his name, Seeking for me, for me.
Ten- der-ly plead-ing for sin- ners like me, Pleading for me, for me.
Gen- tly and long he hath pled with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
O, I shall see him descend- ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

339 HE LEADS US ON.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. PHILIP PHILLIPS.



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340 JESUS, MY LIFE AND LIGHT.

D. R. LUCAS. H. A. EASTON, by per.

1. Far be-yond shad-ows, by faith I can see Je - sus, my
2. Him will I fol - low by night and by day, Je - sus, my
3. When thro' the val - ley and shad- ow I go, Je - sus, my

life and my light; His face is now shin-ing so brightly for me,
life and my light; He scat-ters the darkness, and shines on my way,
life and my light; Will hold me and guide me in safe-ty, I know,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my life and my light. Since I am so hap- py in him,

De- part - ed for - ev - er is night; The light that shall

nev - er grow dim, Is Je - sus, my life and my light.

Copyright, 1892, by J. H. Rosecrans.

341 I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

J. E. GOULD, by per.

1. I left it all with Je- sus, Long a- go, (long a - go,) All my guilt and sins I brought him, And my woe, (and my woe,) When by
2. I leave it all with Je- sus, For he knows,(for he knows) How to steal the sad, the bit - ter From life's woes, (from life's woes;) How to
3. I leave it all with Je- sus, Day by day, (day by day;) Faith can fair - ly trust my Sav-iour, Come what may,(come what may.) Hope has
4. O leave it all with Je- sus, Drooping soul, (drooping soul;) Tell not half, but all the sto - ry; Yes, the whole,(yes, the whole.) Worlds on

faith I saw him on the tree, Heard his small, still whisper, "'tis for thee."
gild the tear-drop with his smile, Make the des-ert gar - den Bloom awhile.
dropp'd her an-chor, found her rest In the calm sure hav-en of his breast;
worlds are hanging on his hand; Life and death are wait-ing his command;

From my heart the bur - den Roll'd a-way, Hap- py day, hap - py day.
When my weak-ness lean- eth On his might, It seems light, it seems light.
Love es-teems it heav- en To a-bide At his side, at his side.
Yet his ten- der bos - om Makes thee room; O come home, O, come home.

342 THE SAVIOUR IS MY ALL IN ALL.

P. B. P. BILHORN, by per.

1. The Sav - iour is my all in all, He is my con -stant theme!
2. His prom - ise gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part?
3. And what - so - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy his name,
4. O, praise the Lord, my soul, re -joice, Give thanks un-to thy God!

By ful - ly trust - ing in his word He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Sav-iour came.
Who took thee in thy sinful-ness, And cleansed thee by his blood!

tri.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! O, glo - ry! Je - sus hath re - deemed me;

rit.

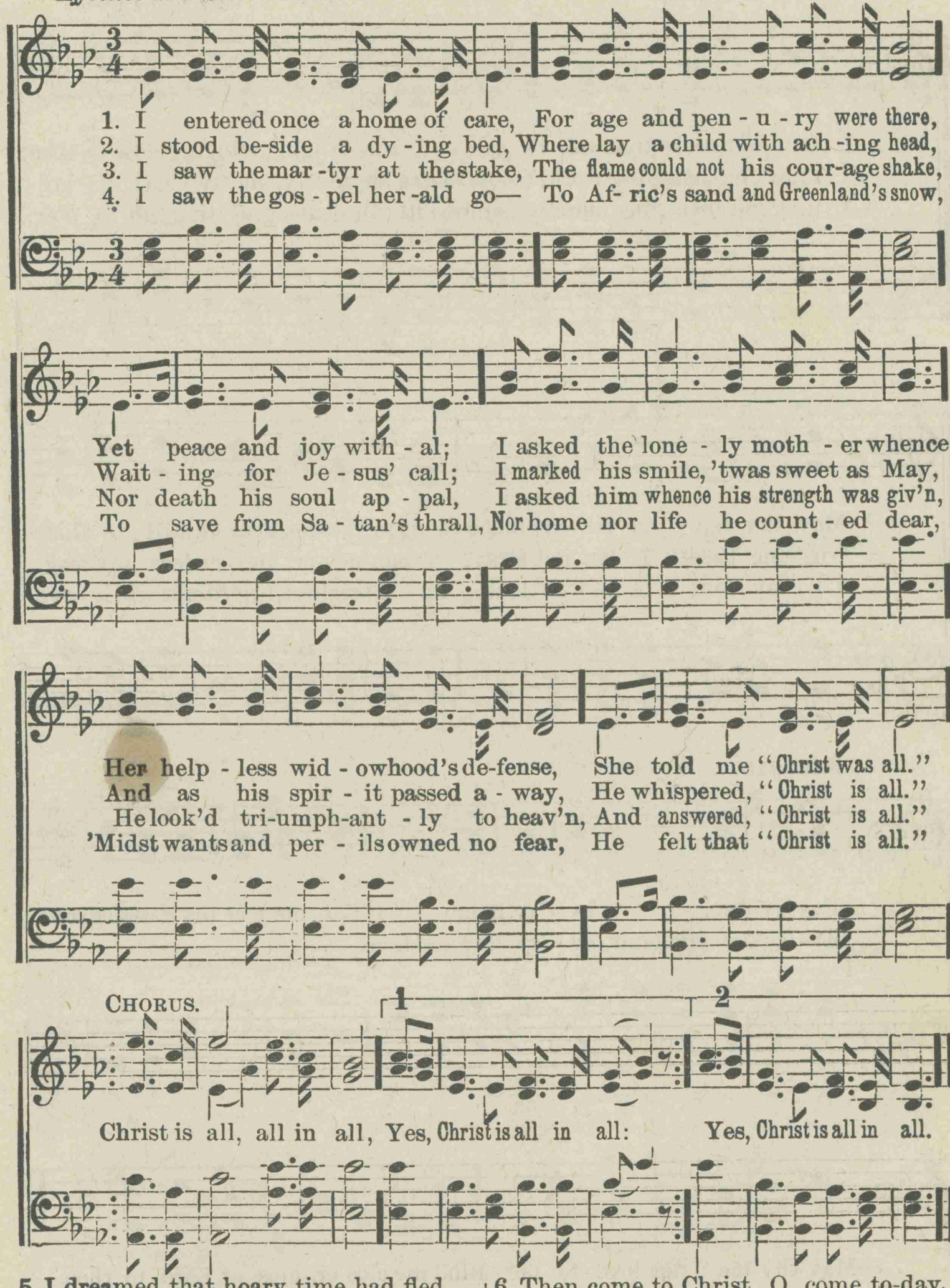
Glo - ry! O, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way, a-way!

Copyright, 1888, by P. Bilhorn.

343 CHRIST IS ALL.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

Effective as a Solo. Ad. lib.



5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, O, come to-day,
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call,
For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

By per. from "Silver Tones."

344 EVERY DAY.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' the chang-ing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

May thy rec - on- cil - ing blood Bring me nearer, near-er still to God.
Trust-ing thee, I can not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev- 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev- 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

May thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos- er, Lord, to thee.

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345 GLORY TO JESUS, HE SAVES.

P. BILHORN. P. BILHORN, by per.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Sav-iour him-
3. Come, then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav- iour, he

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwell-eth there, And from his pres- ence comes peace to my soul,
wait - eth for thee; Then with the ran- somed this song you can sing,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! he saves, he saves. Glo - ry! he saves, glo - ry! he saves,
Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves,
glo - ry! he saves, Saves a poor sin- ner like me, like me.

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346 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

FANNIE CHADWICK. R. M. McINTOSH.

SOLO.

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, a - way then with care, No
2. He nev - er for - sakes me, tho' oft - en I stray, But
3. I know I must pass thro' the val - ley of death, But

ACCOMP.

want shall I know while his mer - cy I share;
gent - ly re - claims me when tempt - ed a - way;
he will go with me, "Fear noth - ing," he saith;

DUET.

From pas - tures of plen - ty I'll gath - er my bread, And
Thro' dark - ness and dan - ger he guides me a - long, And
Thy rod and thy staff, pre-cious Sav - iour, shall be, Strong

by the still wa - ters, my feet shall be ed.
though I am fee - ble, my Shep - herd is strong.
help, and swift com - fort, for - ev - er, for me.

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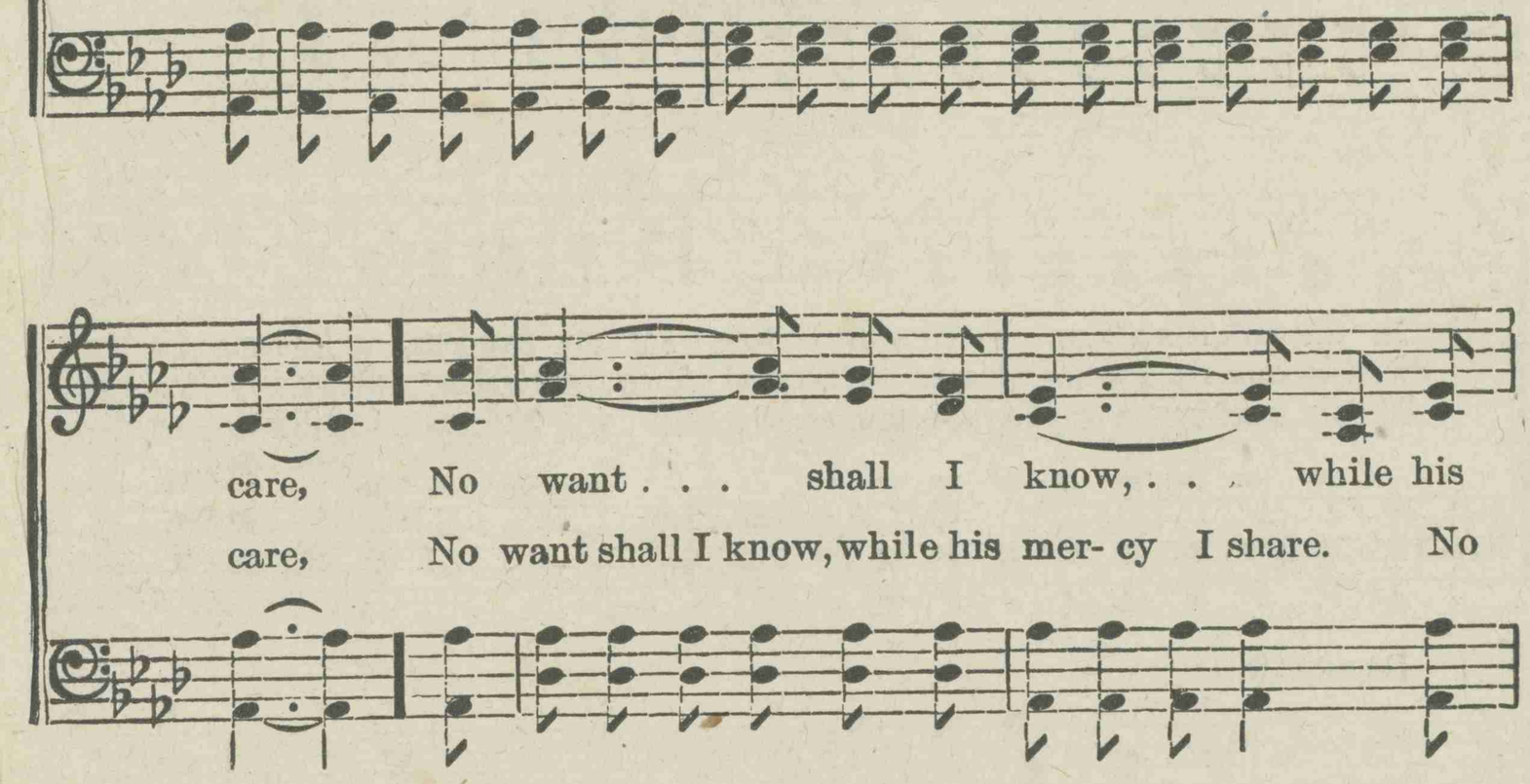
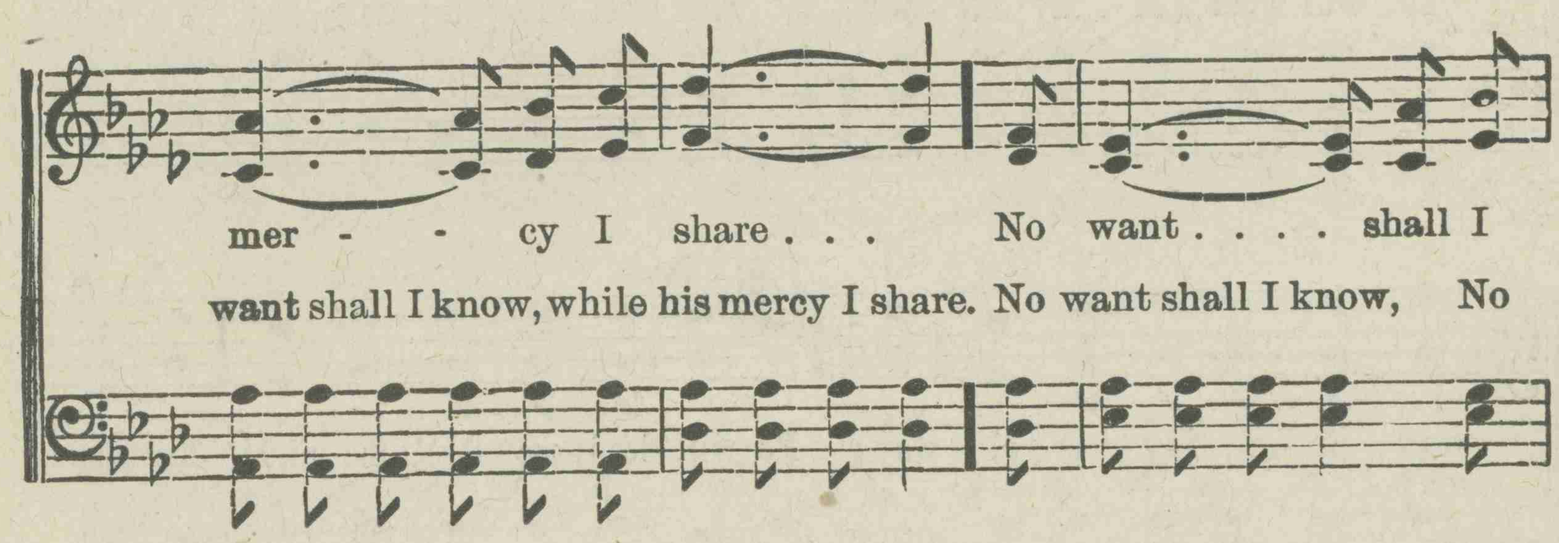
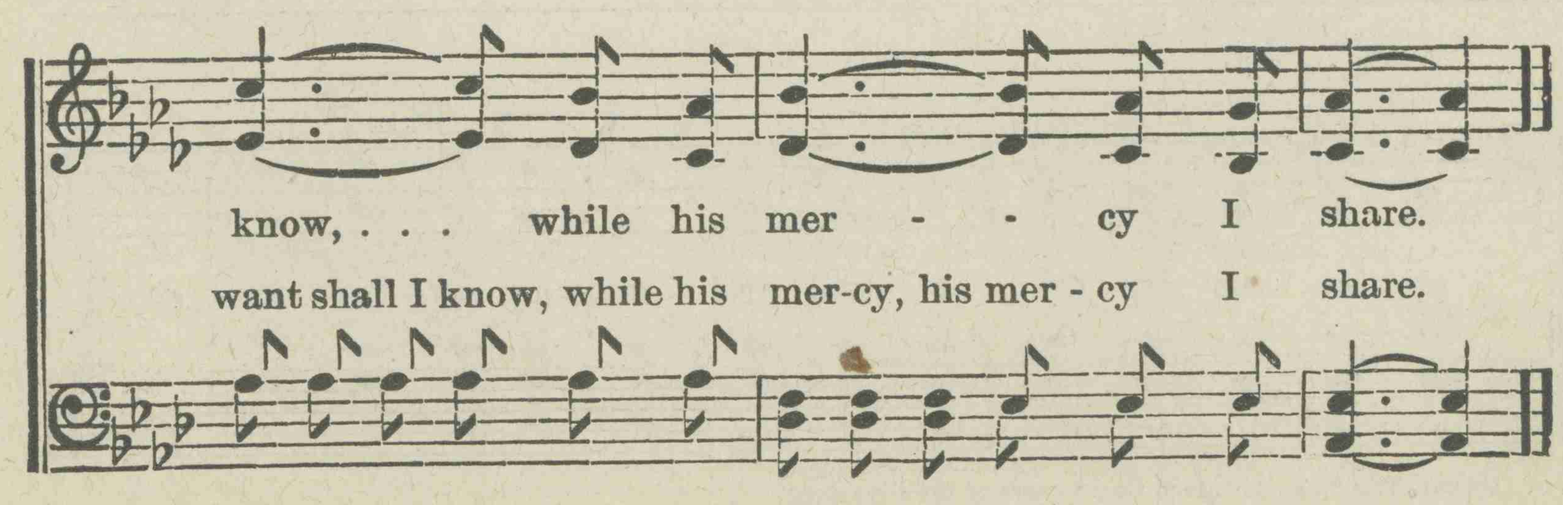
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.—Concluded.

CHORUS.







347 I WILL TRUST IN MY SAVIOUR.

MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Tho' the shadows gath-er o'er my pathway here, And no sun comes with joy-ous ray,
2. In the temp-est when the winds around me roll, And the thun-ders my heart af-fright,
3. When the chil-ling blight of death is on my brow, And the earth pass- es from my view,

In the darkness not an e - vil will I fear, For my Sav-iour is lead-ing the way.
Sweet-ly comes a lov- ing whisper to my soul, Then the world is all beau-ty and light.
Sim-ply trust-ing in my Sav-iour then, as now, He will lead me in paths ev - er new.

REFRAIN.

I will trust in my Sav - iour, I will trust in my Sav - iour, I will

trust in my Sav - iour al - way; He will lead me thro' the night, By his

ev - er shin - ing light, I will trust in my Sav - iour to - day.

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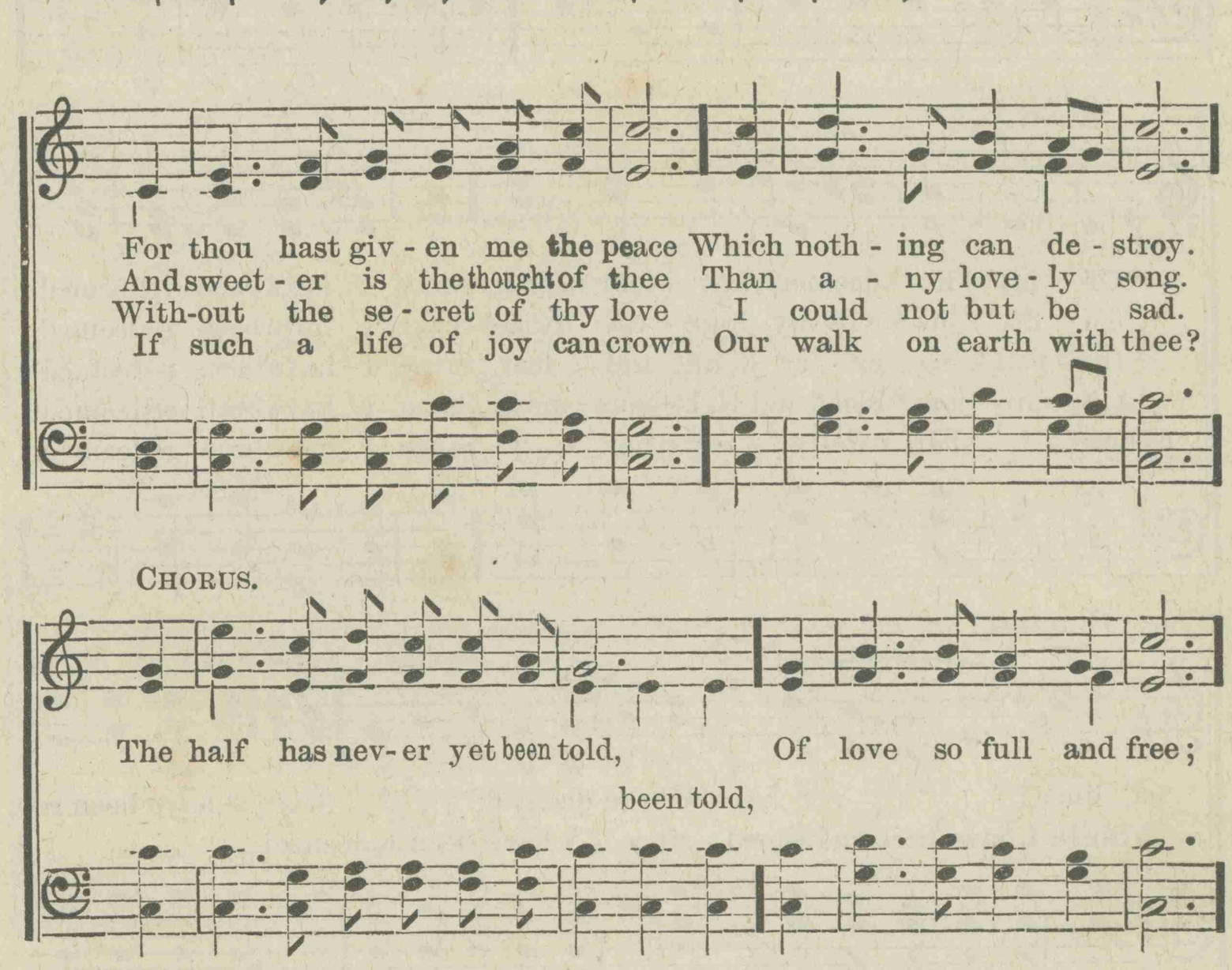
348 THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

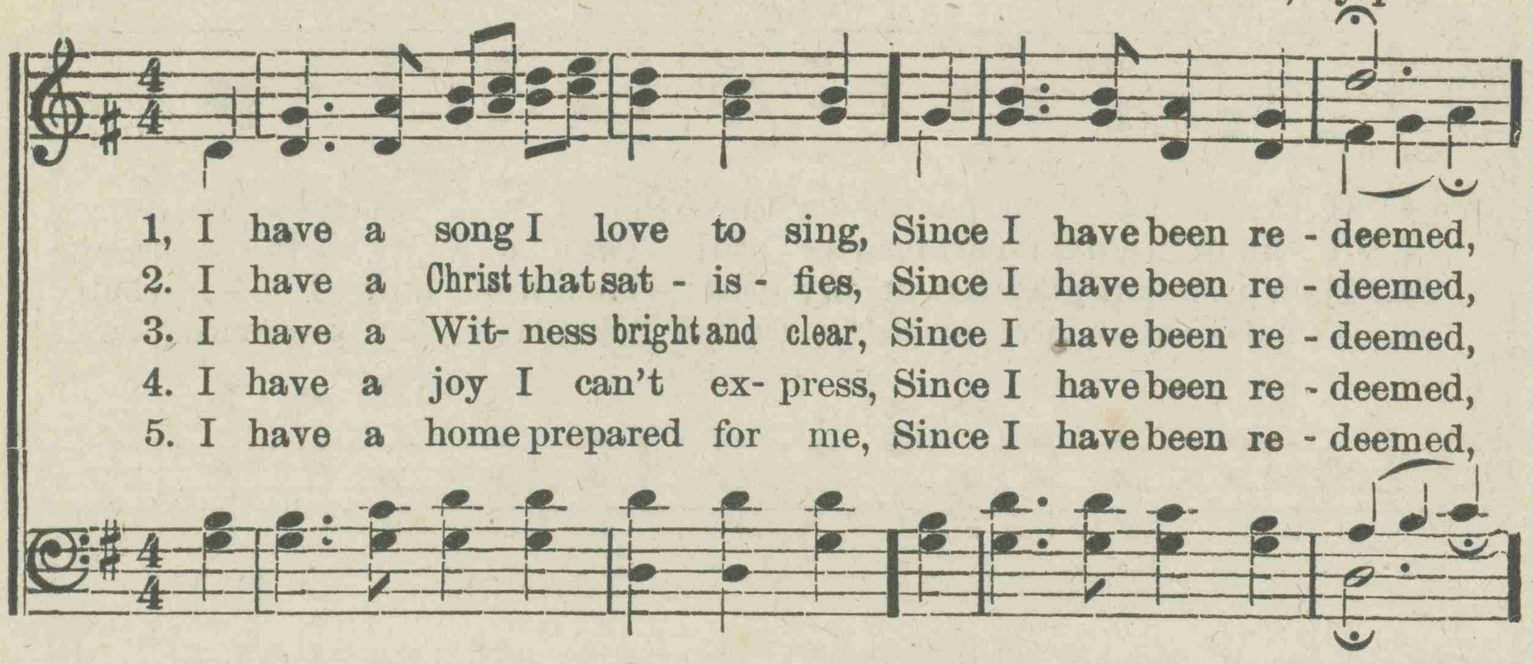
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON, by per.

CHORUS.



349 SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

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



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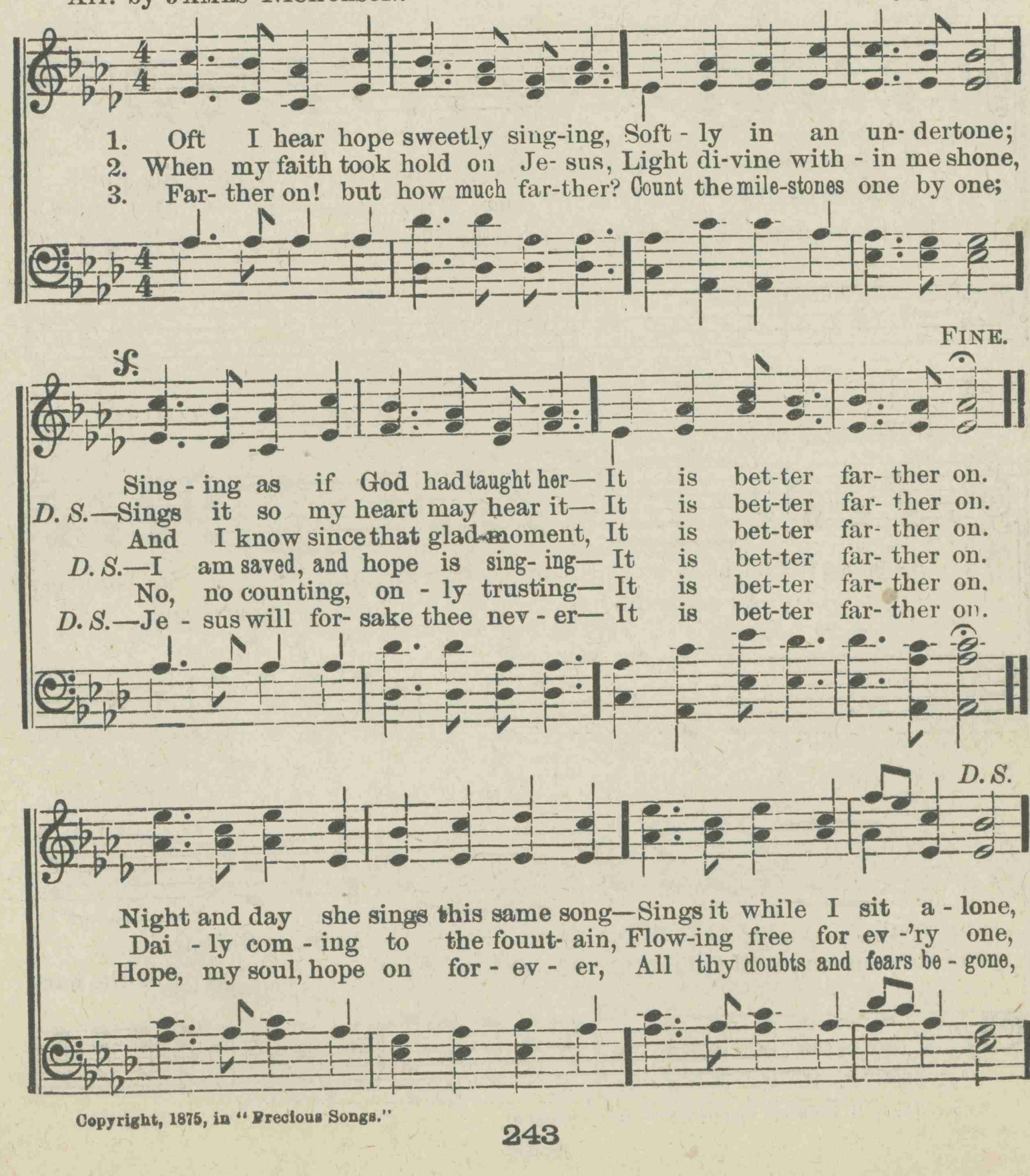
350 BETTER FARTHER ON

Arr. by JAMES NICHOLSON. W. L. THOMPSON, by per.



Copyright, 1875, in "Precious Songs."

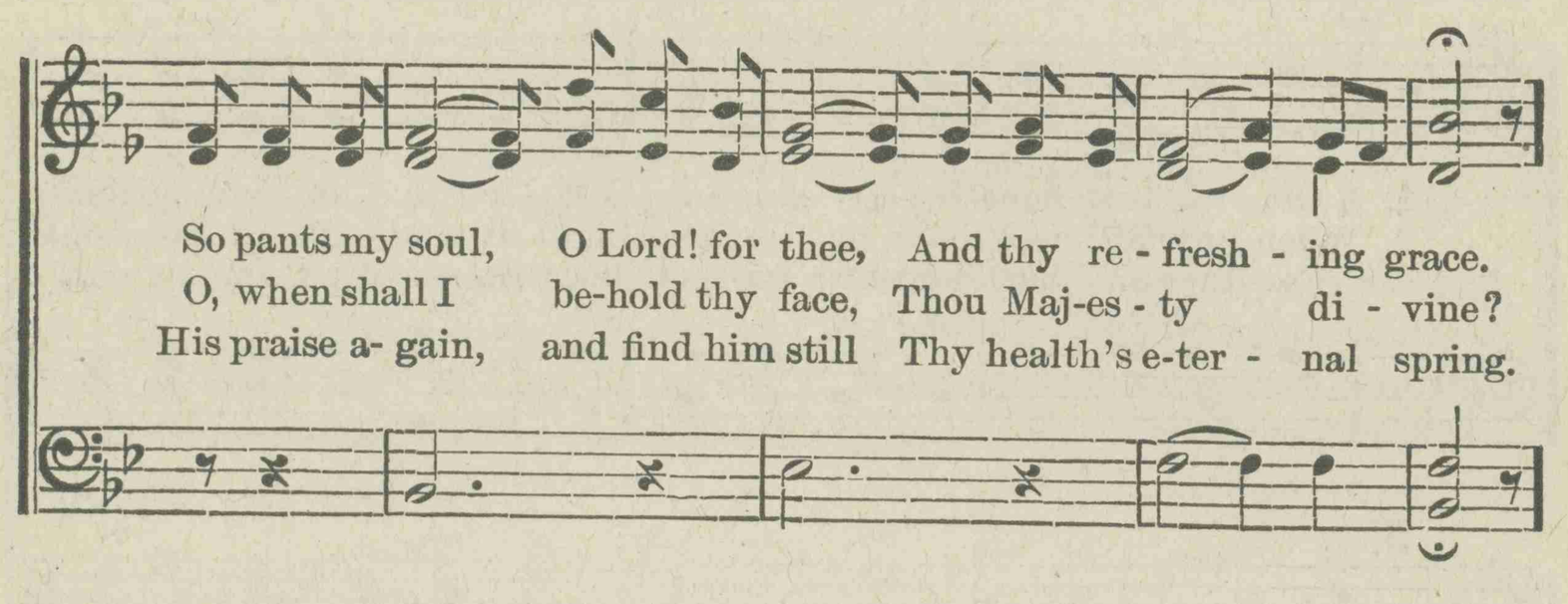
351 AS PANTS THE HART.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.
Altered by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

R. M. McINTOSH

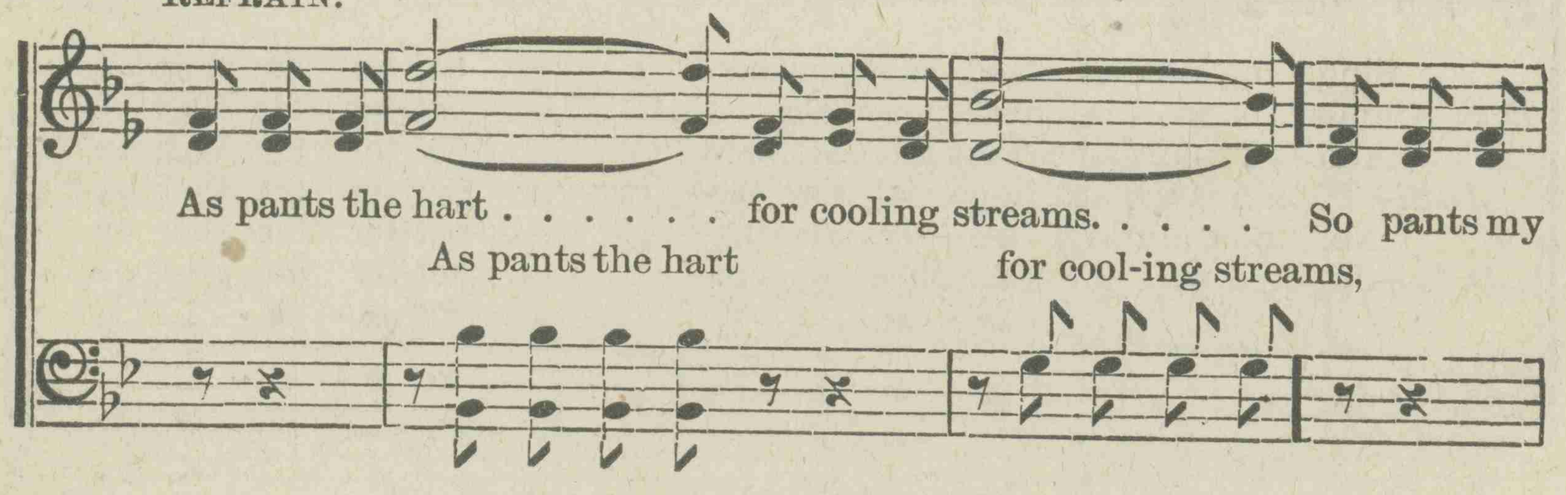
DUET.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heated in the chase,
2. For thee, my God, the liv- ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God and thou shalt sing



So pants my soul, O Lord! for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.
O, when shall I be-hold thy face, Thou Maj-es - ty di - vine?
His praise a- gain, and find him still Thy health's e-ter - nal spring.

REFRAIN.



As pants the hart . . . . . for cooling streams. . . . . So pants my
As pants the hart for cool-ing streams,

soul, ... O Lord, for thee; . . . . . As pants the hart . . . .
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee, O Lord, for thee, As pants the hart

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AS PANTS THE HART.—Concluded.

352 ELLESIDE. 8s & 7s. Double.

H. F. LYTE. MOZART.

S. FINE. D.S.

353 HE HAS RISEN FOR ME.

Mrs. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

DUET.

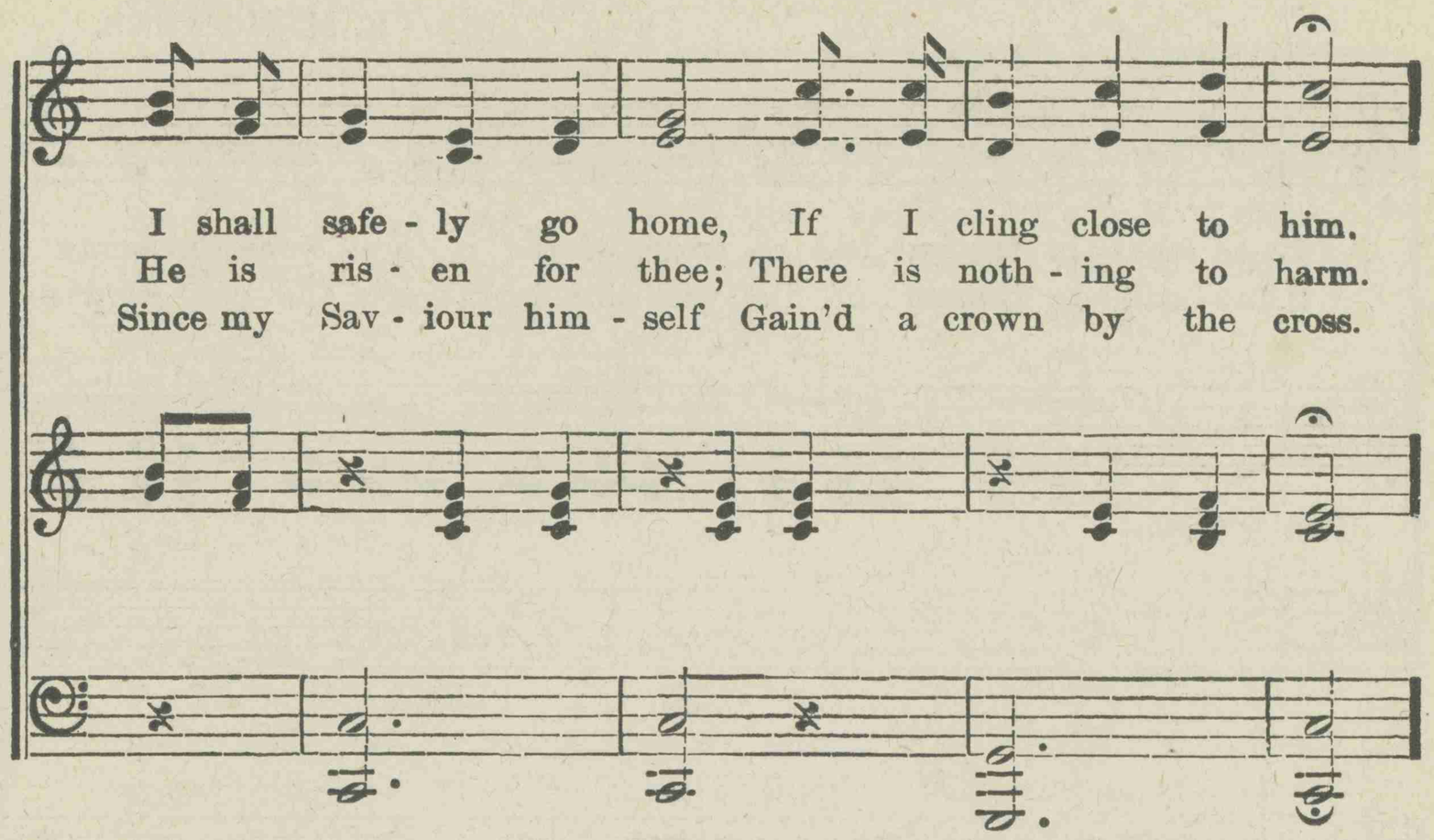
1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul,
2. There's a light in my sky, Since the break-ing of day,
3. There is joy in my heart All the long, wea-ry day,

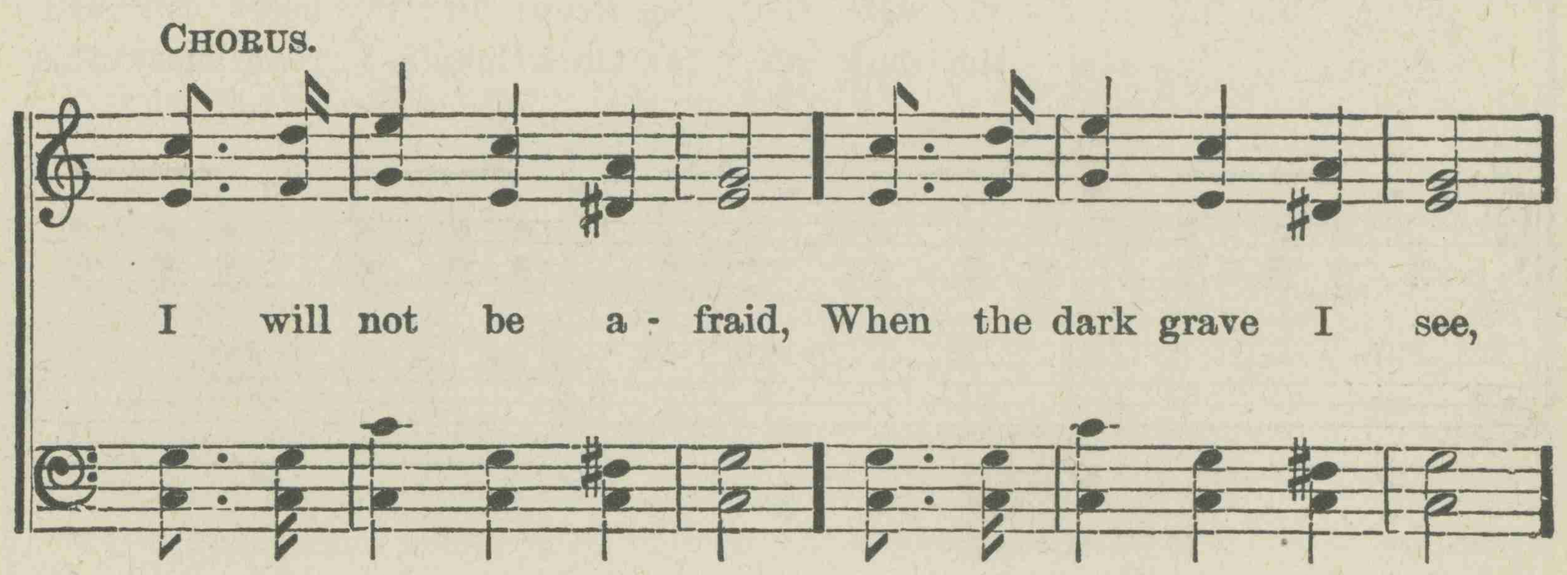
Tho' the waves of dis-tress Deep-ly round me may roll;
When the seal rent in twain And the stone rolled a-way;
For the storm ov-er-past, And the clouds rolled a-way;

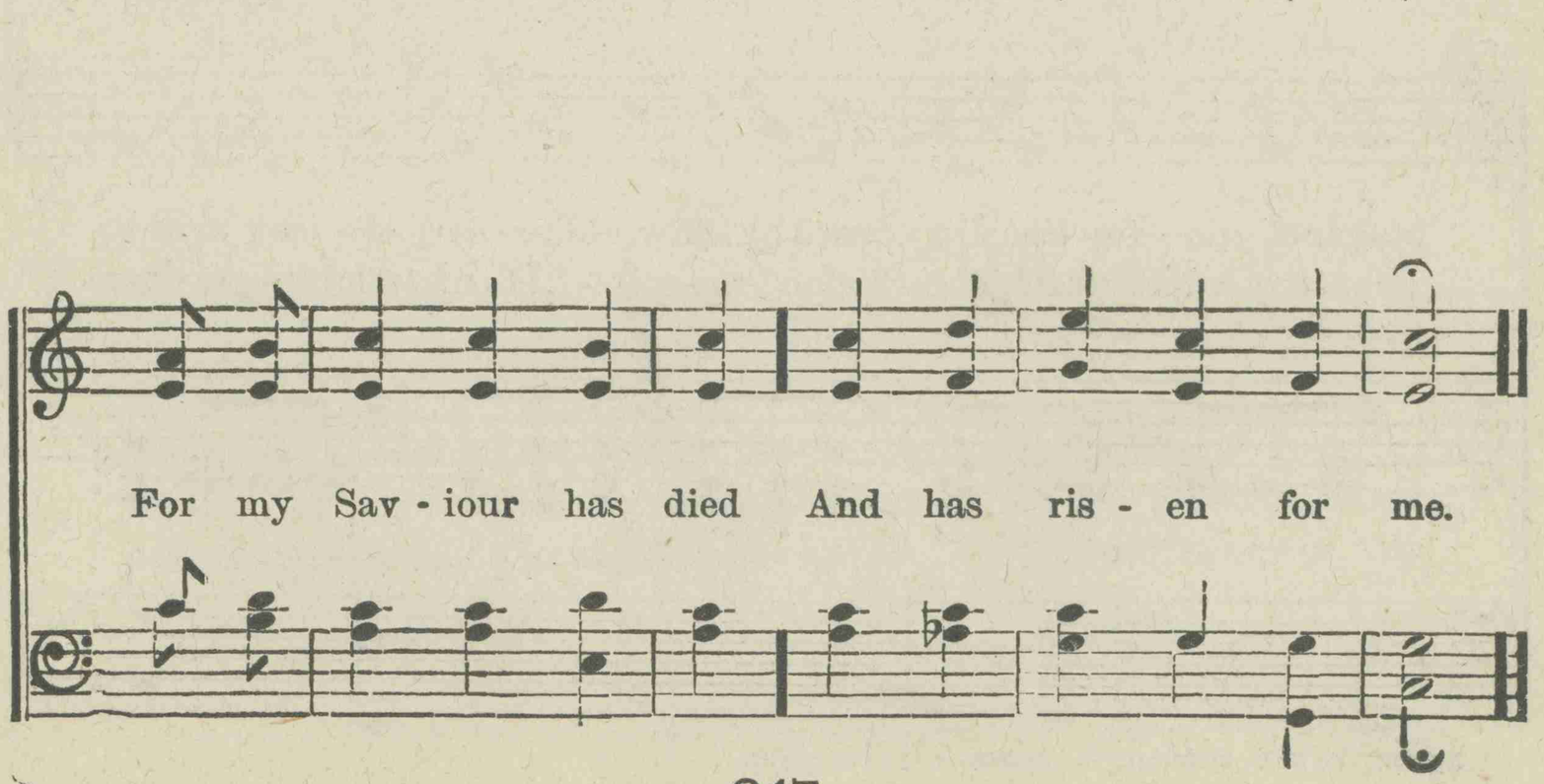
For I know whom I trust, Tho' the way may be dim,
For an an-gel spoke peace To my spir-it's a-larm:
There's a rose for each thorn, And a gain for each loss,

Copyright, 1891, by Fillmore Bros.

HE HAS RISEN FOR ME.—Concluded.







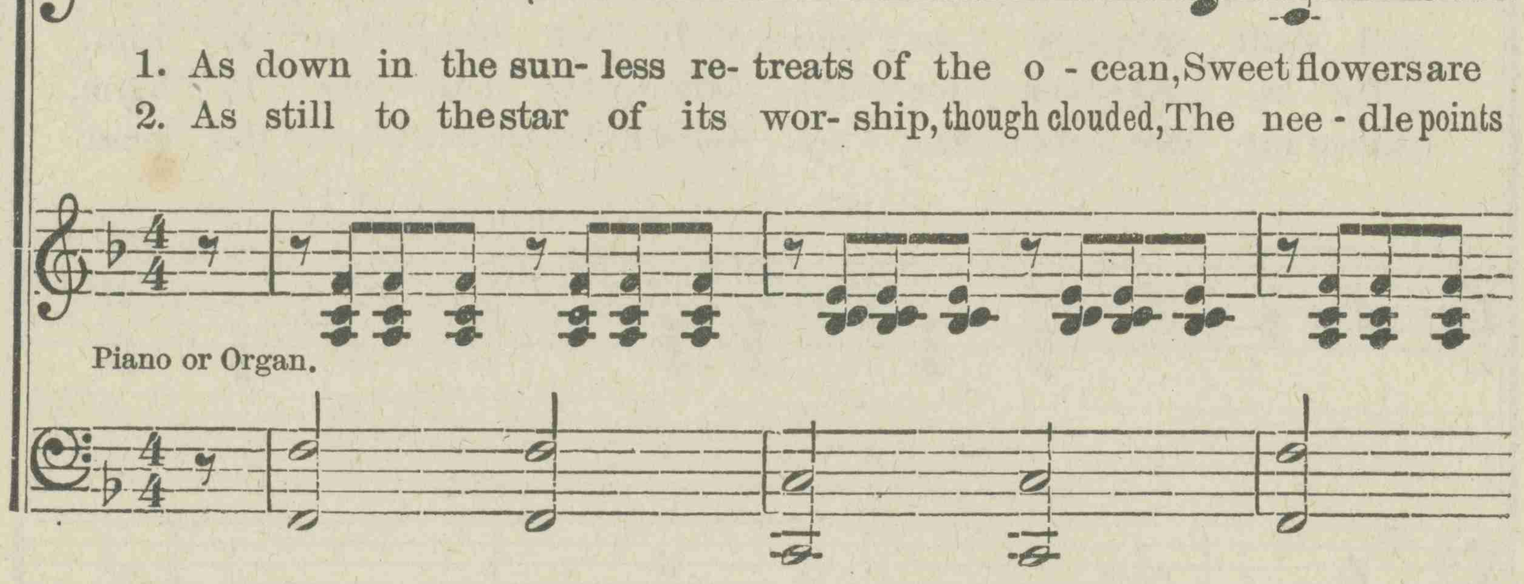
354 SILENT TO THEE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

MEZZO SOPRANO OR ALTO SOLO.

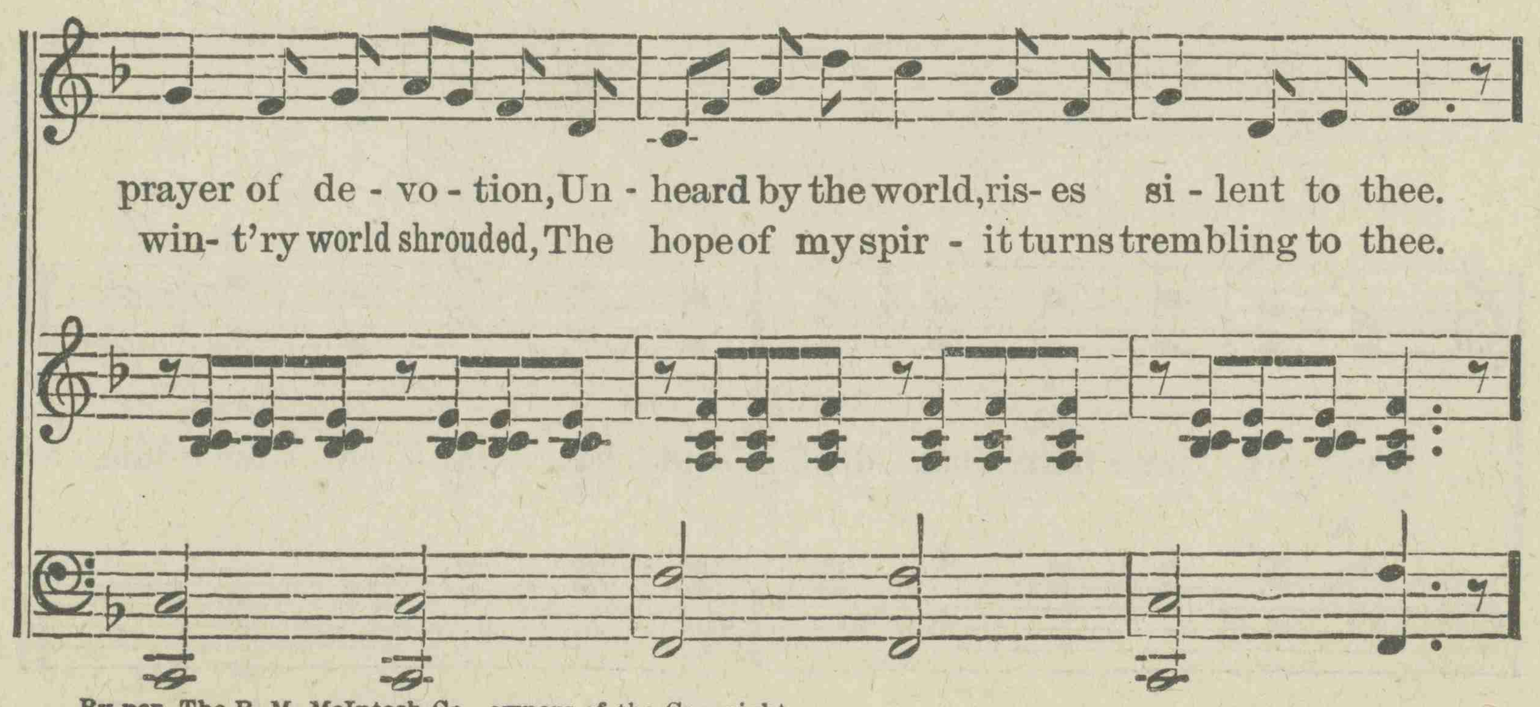
1. As down in the sun- less re- treats of the o - cean, Sweet flowers are
2. As still to the star of its wor- ship, though clouded, The nee - dle points

Piano or Organ.



spring - ing, no mor - tal can see, So, deep in my heart, the still
faith - ful - ly o'er the dark sea, So, dark though I roam through this

prayer of de - vo - tion, Un - heard by the world, ris- es si - lent to thee.
win- t'ry world shrouded, The hope of my spir - it turns trembling to thee.



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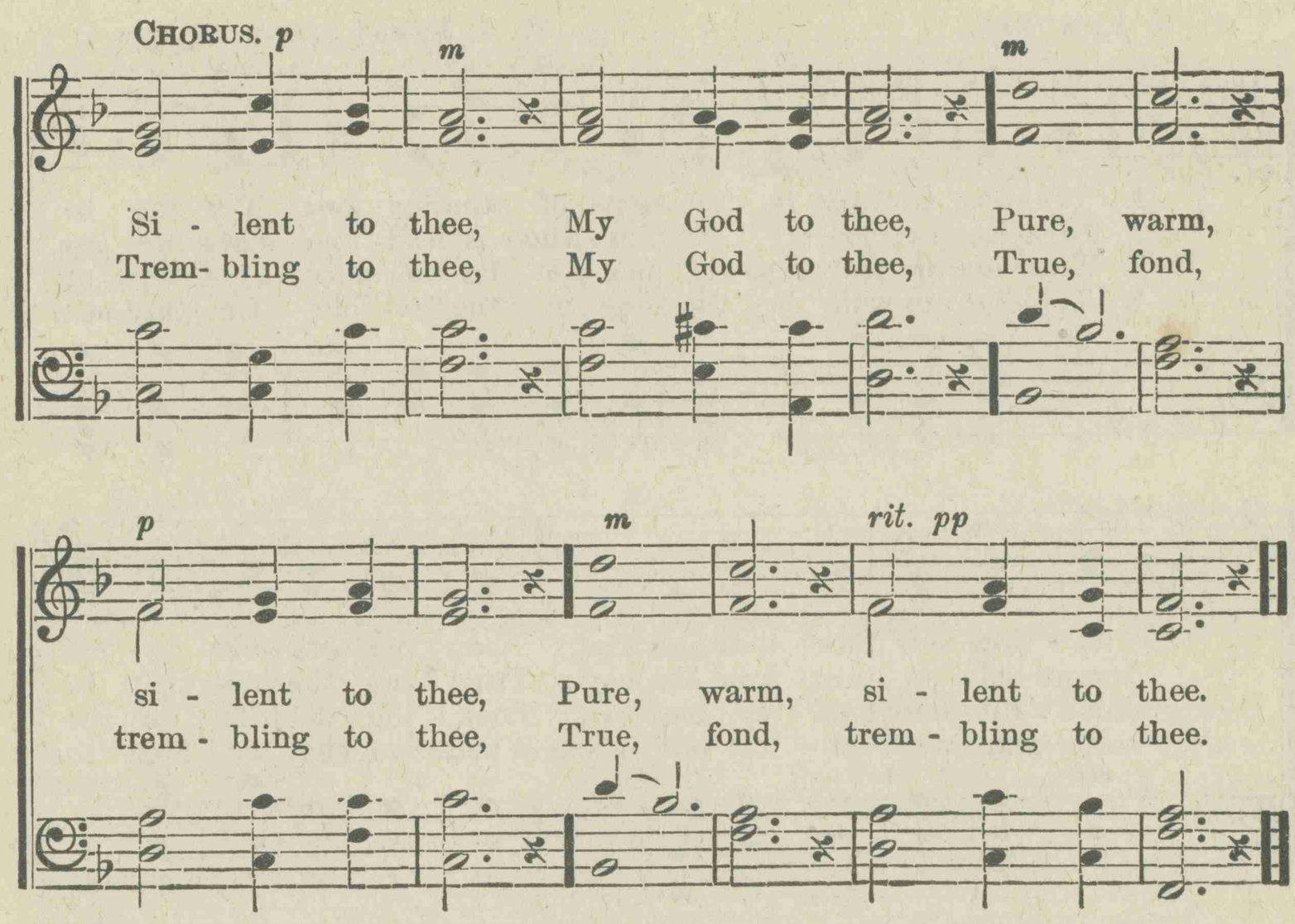
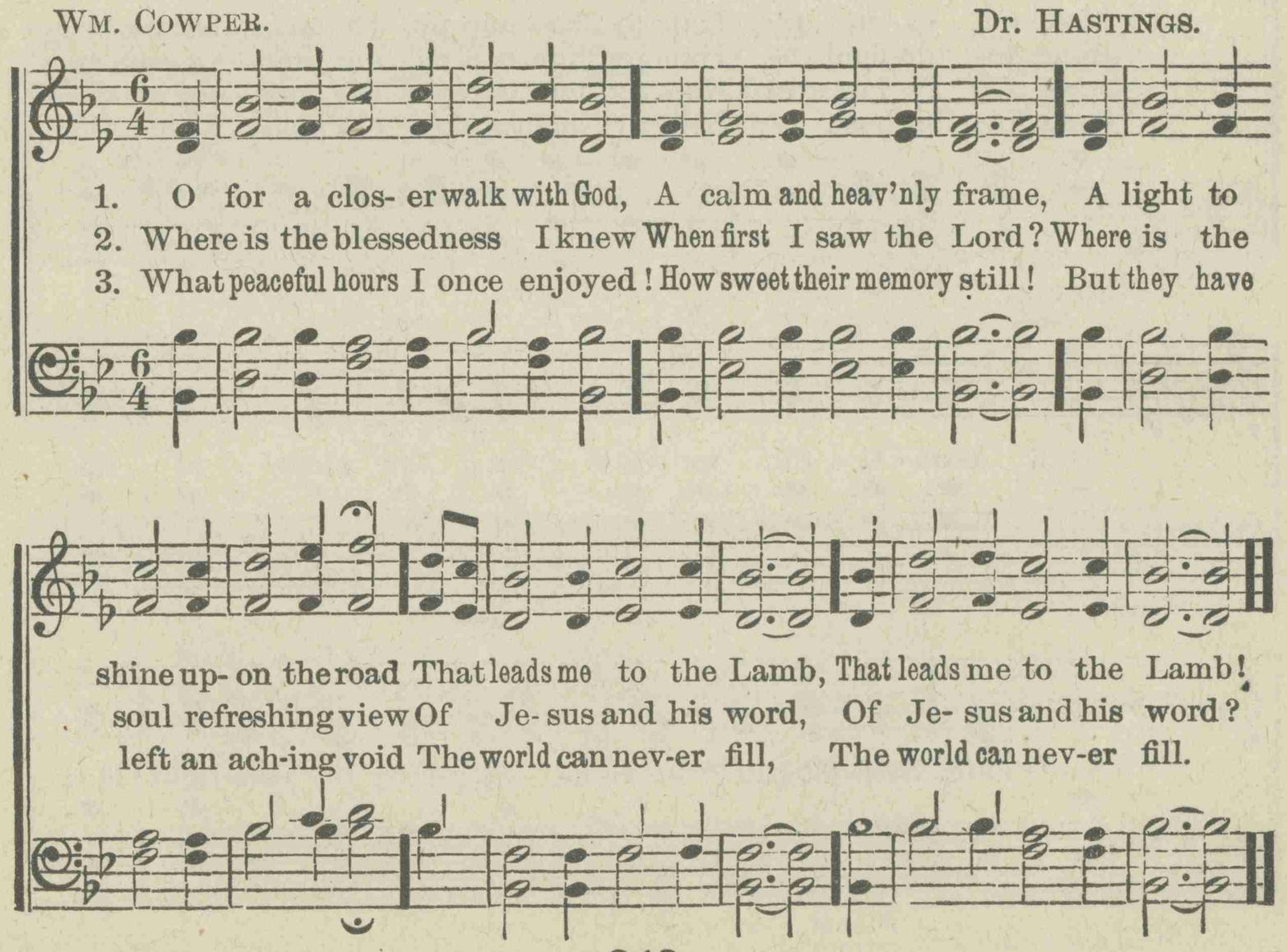


355 ORTONVILLE. C. M.



356 STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.

L. H. EDMUNDS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav- iour, Try - ing to
2. Press- ing more close- ly to him who is lead- ing, When we are
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Foot-steps of
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav- iour, Up- ward, still

fol - low our Sav - iour and King; Shap - ing our lives by his
tempt - ed to turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is
faith - ful - ness, mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to him for the
up - ward we'll fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the

bless- ed ex- am - ple, Hap- py, how hap-py, the songs that we bring.
strong to de-fend us, Hap- py, how hap-py, our prais - es each day.
grace free - ly pro-mised, Hap- py, how hap-py, our jour - ney a - bove.
King in his beau- ty," Hap- py, how hap-py, our place at his side.

CHORUS.

How beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the

Sav - iour, Step-ping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How

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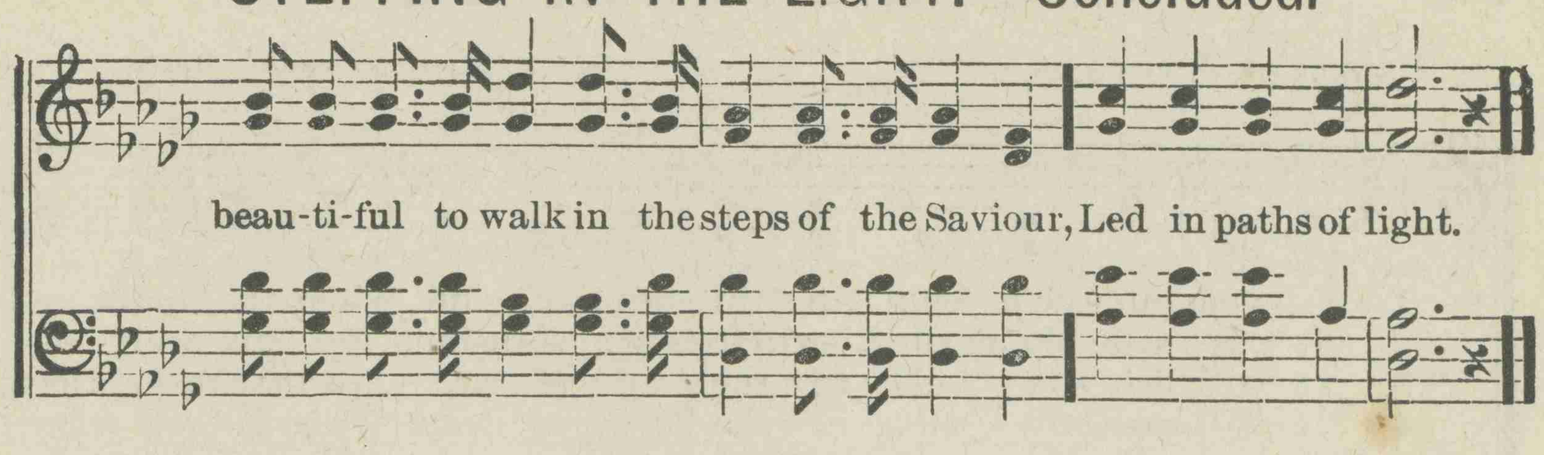
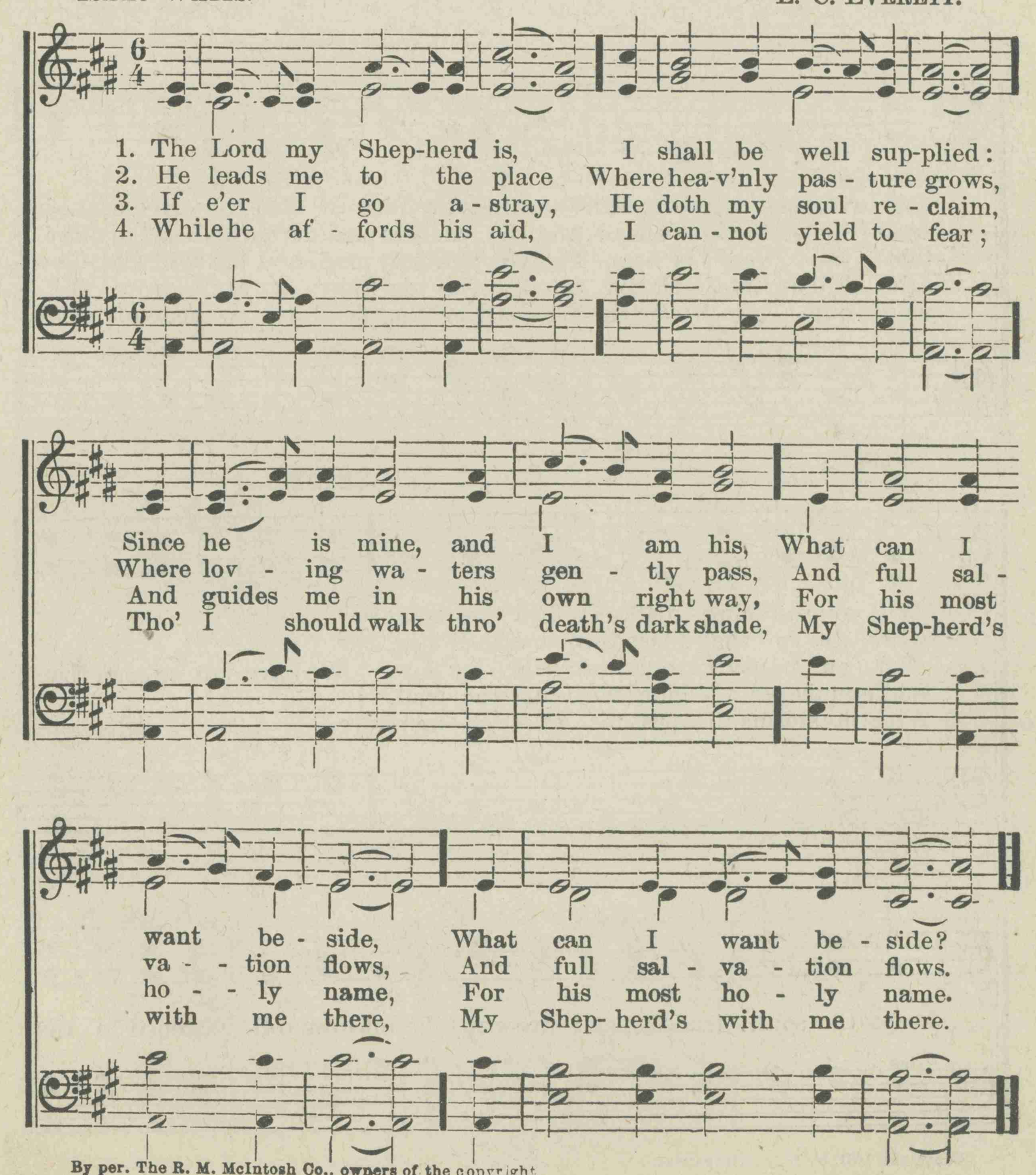
STEPPING IN THE LIGHT.—Concluded.



357 SCHUMANN. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. L. C. EVERETT.



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358 WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un -
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se -
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath-'ring night, The cit - y of

fold with their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift and the ca- bles strain,
cured by the Saviour's hand, And the ca- bles pass'd from his heart to mine,
told the reef is near, Tho' the tem-pest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev- er fail,
gold, our har- bor bright, We shall an- chor fast by the heav'nly shore,

REFRAIN.

Will your an- chor drift, or firm re- main?
Can de - fy the blast thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an-gry wave shall our bark o'er- flow.
While our hopes a - bide with-in the veil.
With the storms all past for ev - er - more.

We have an an-chor that keeps the soul, Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fastened to the

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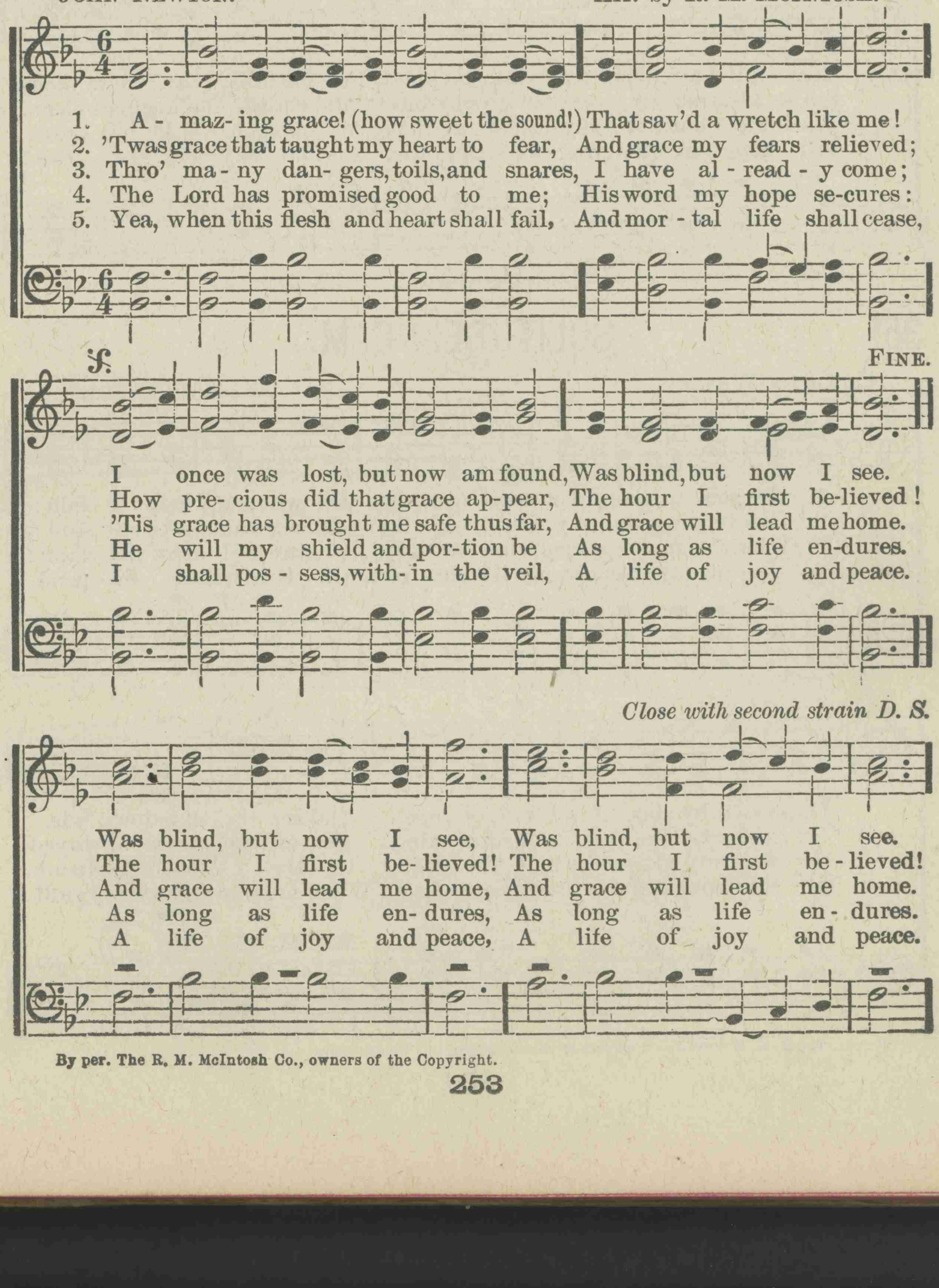
WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—Concluded.

359 HARP. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



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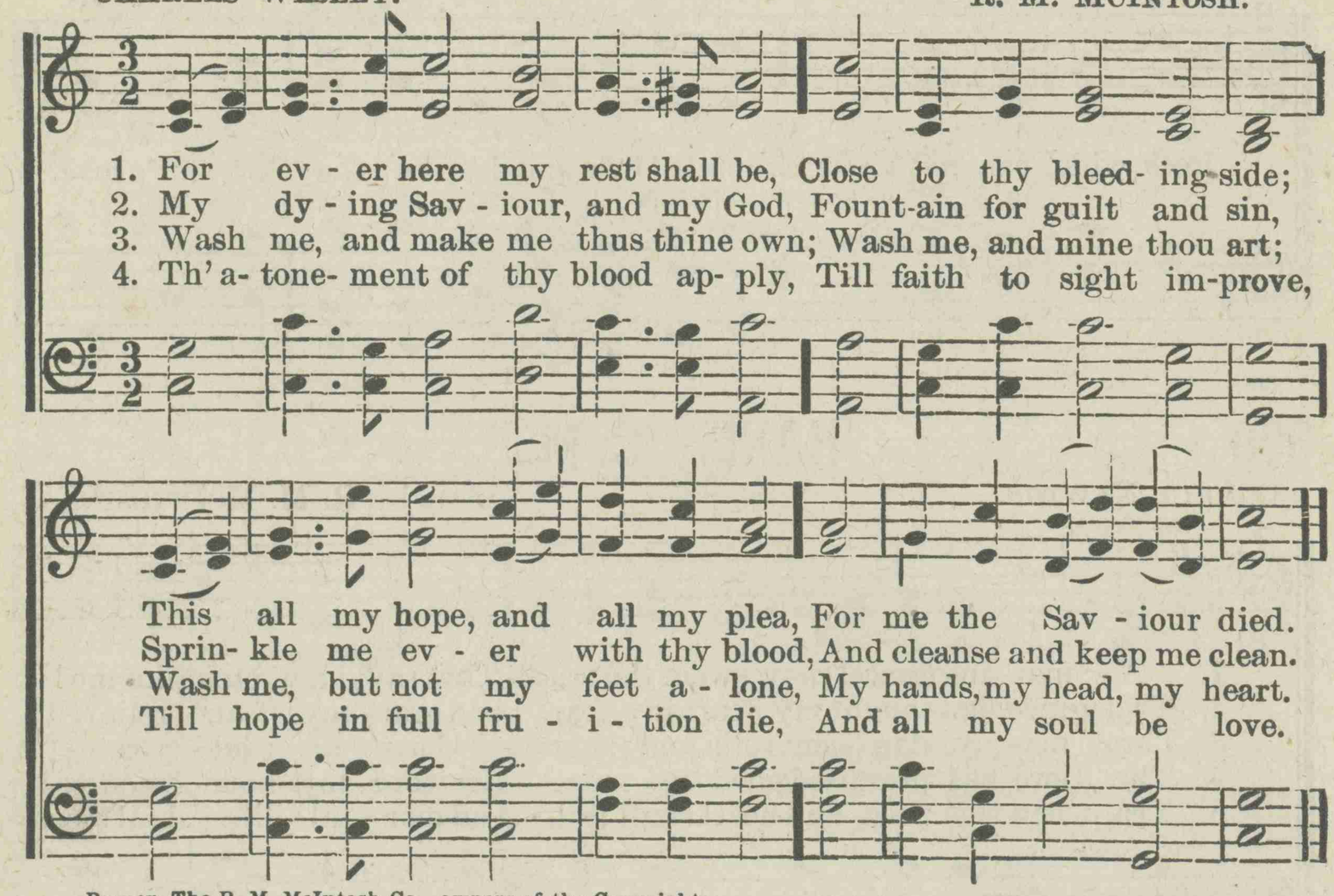
360 CAPERS. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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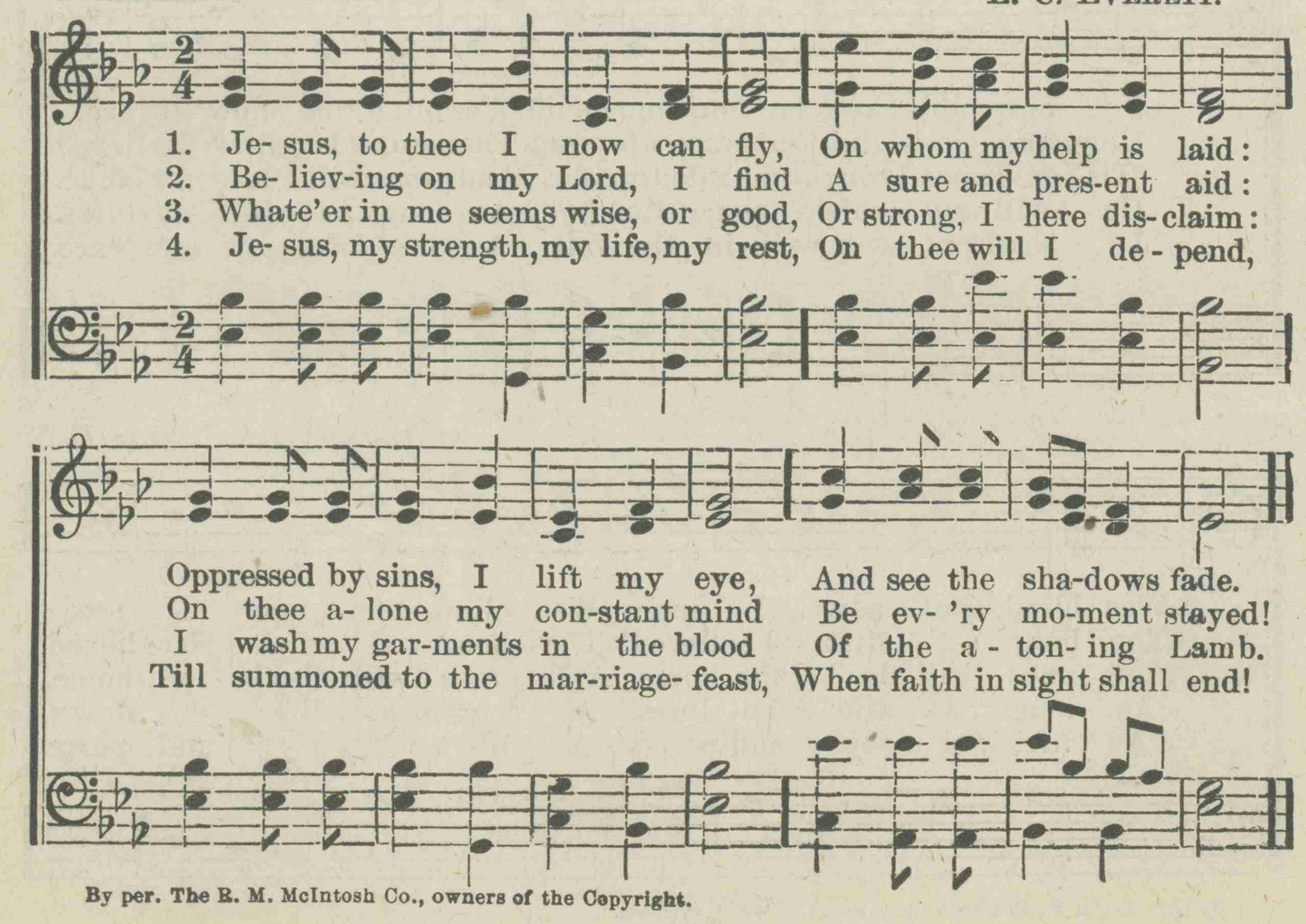
361 SOLITUDE. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. L. C. EVERETT.



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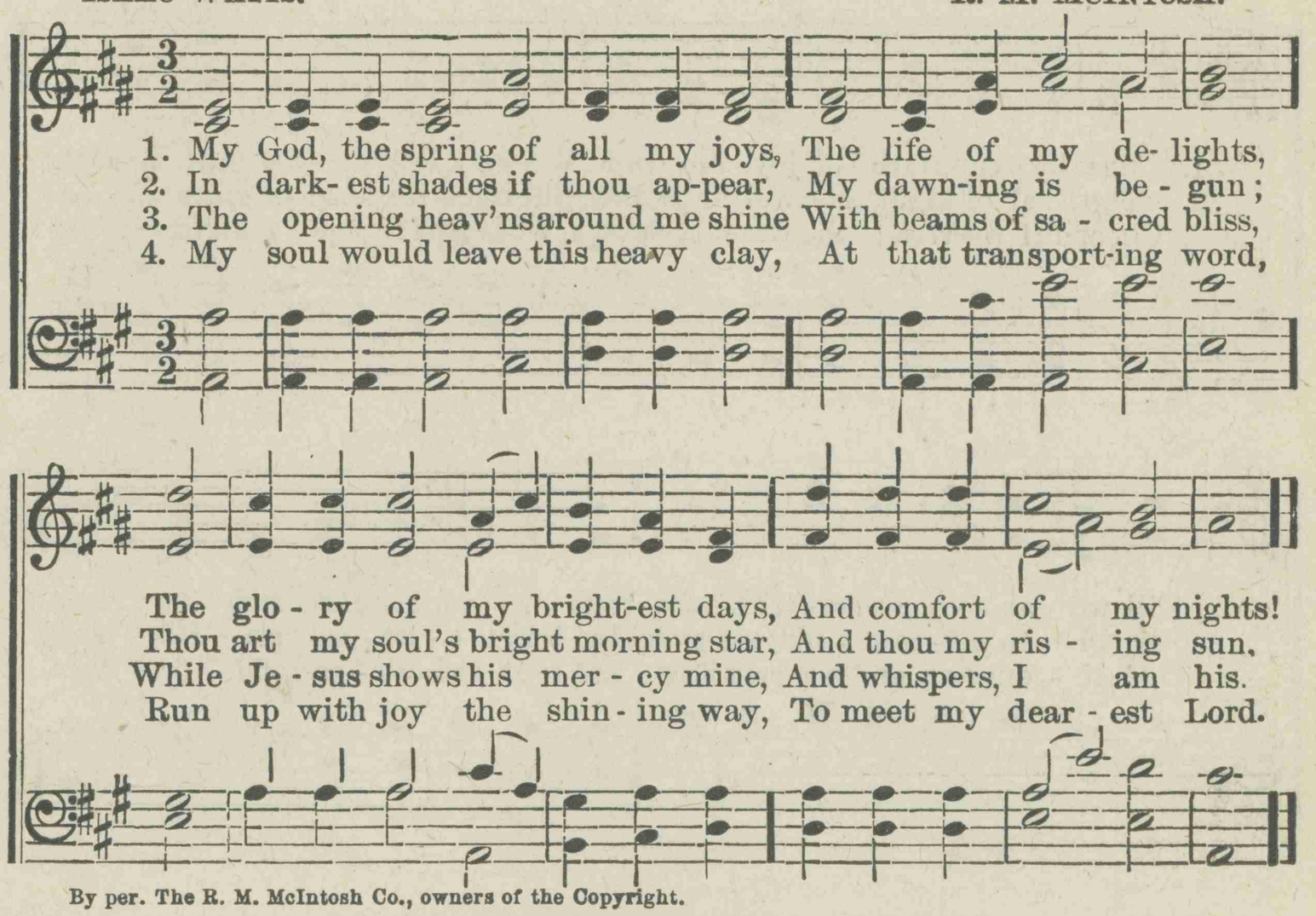
362 HELEN. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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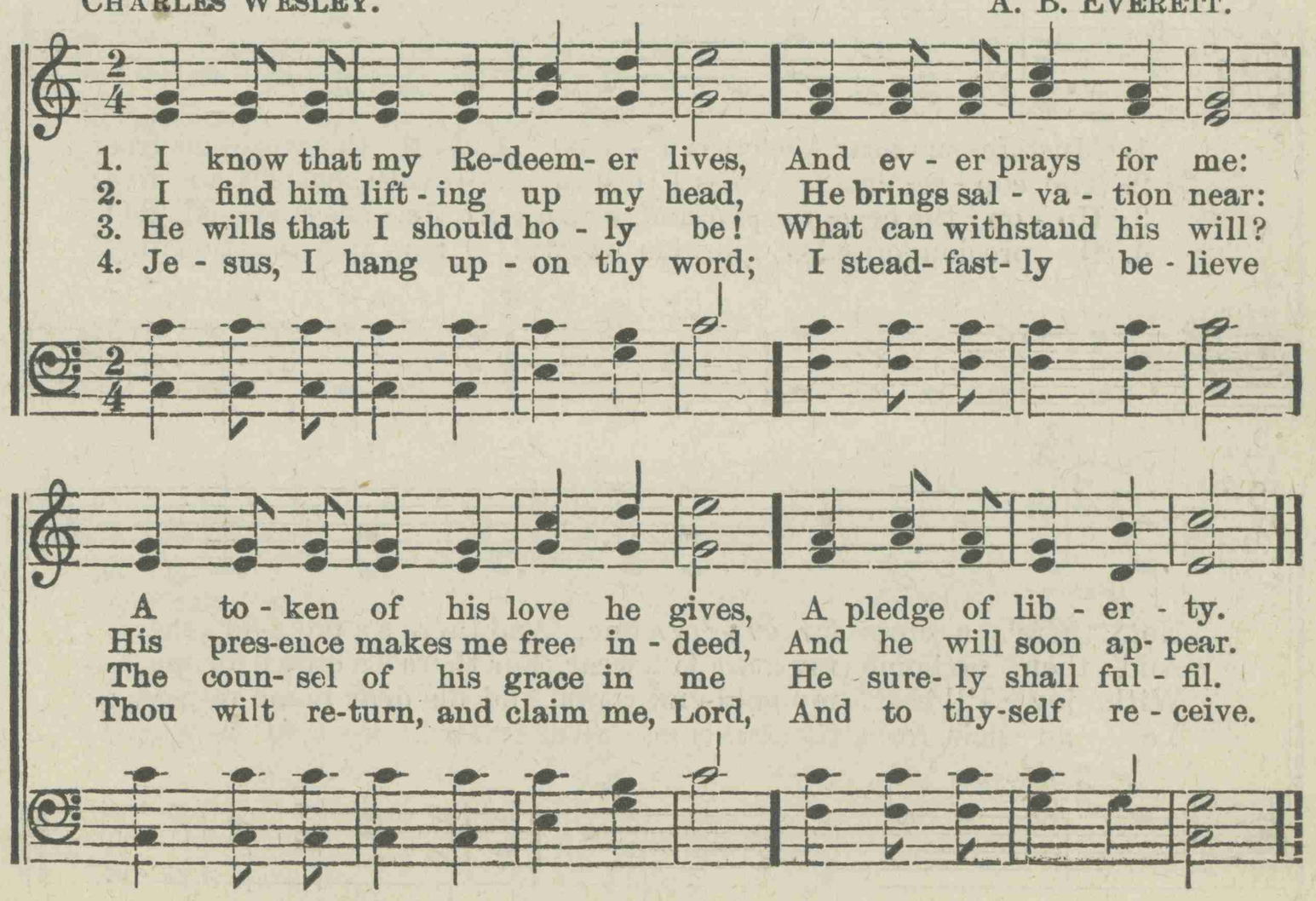
363 ASHVILLE. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. A. B. EVERETT.



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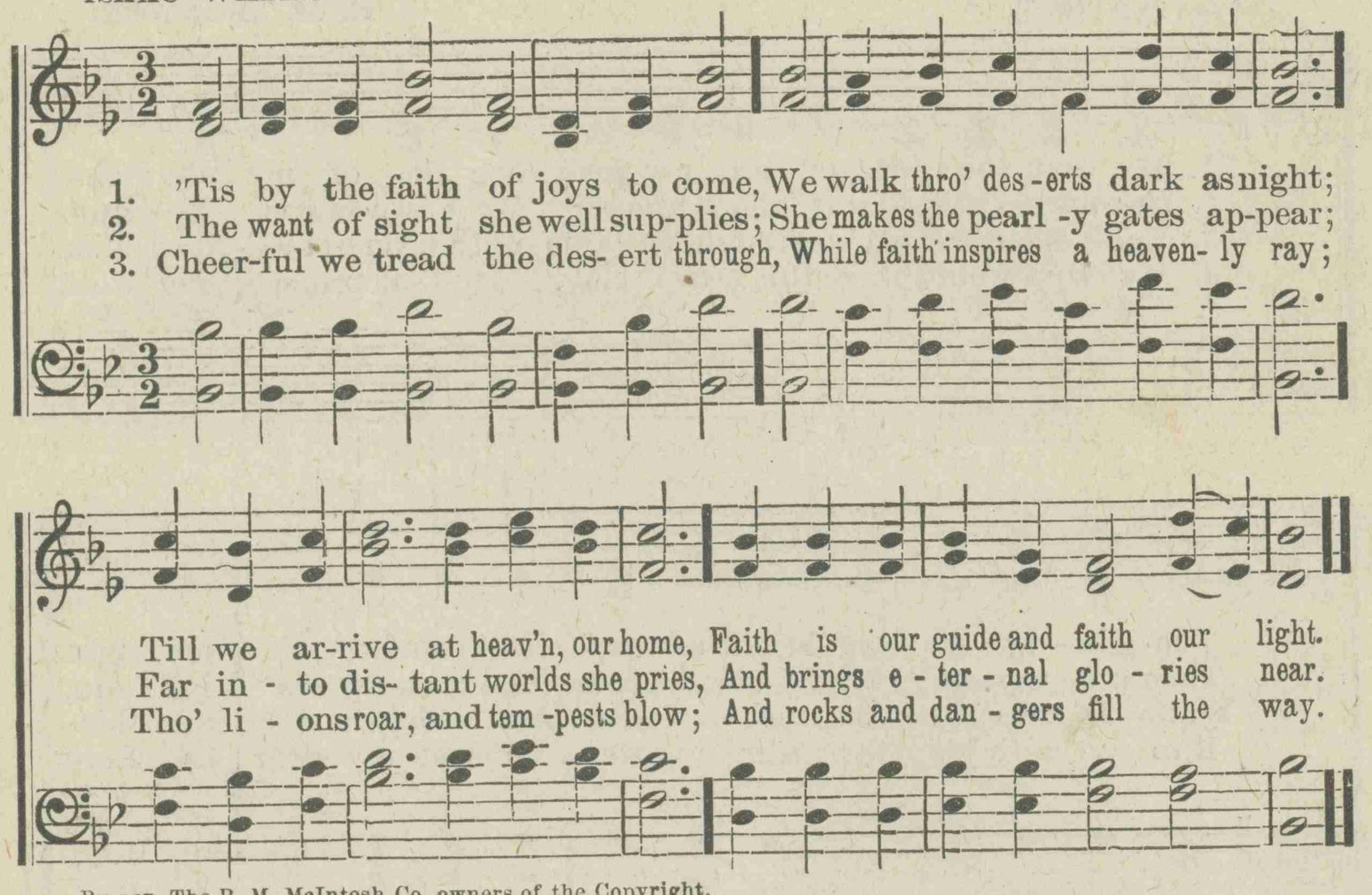
364 WITHERS. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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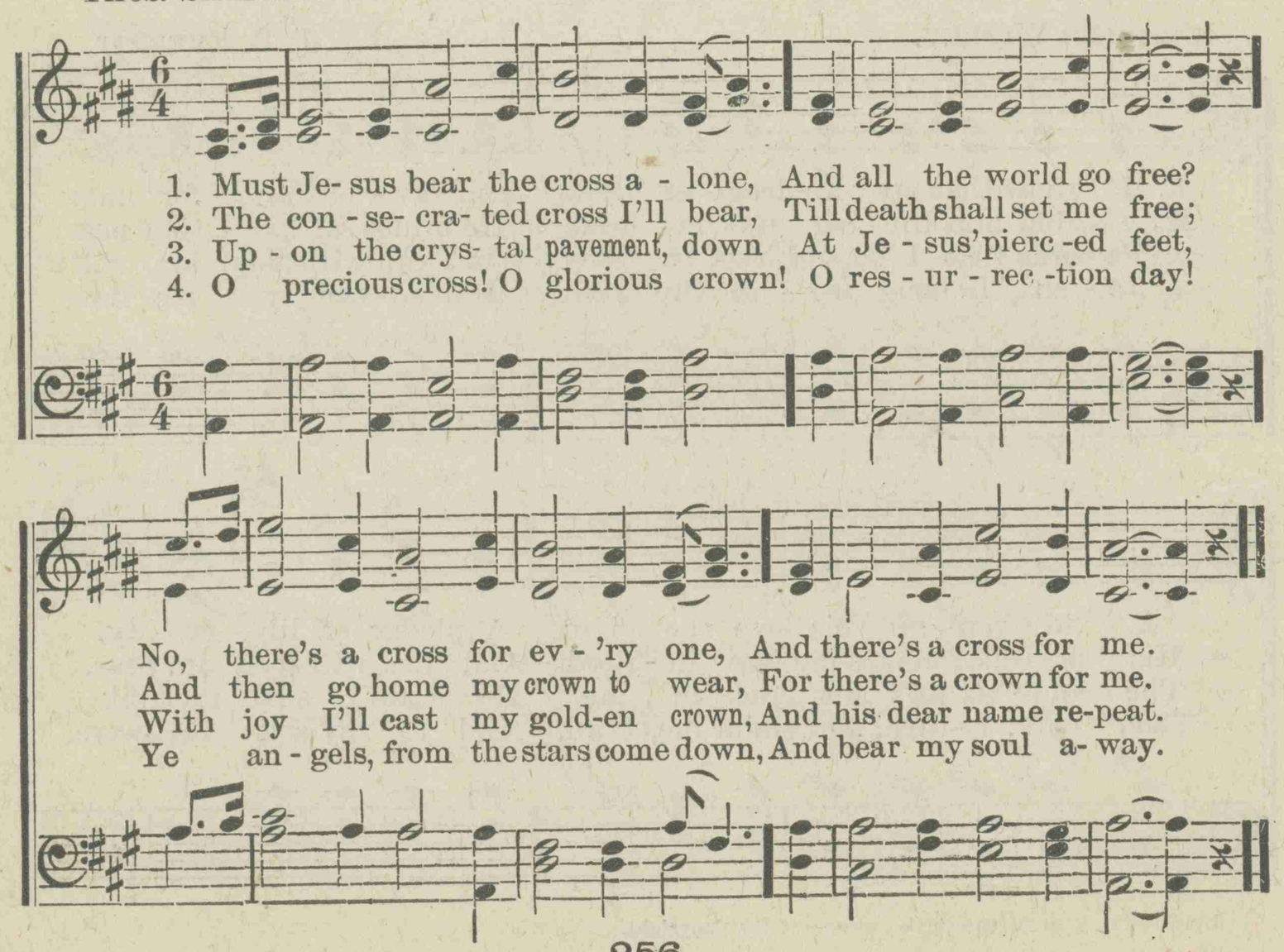
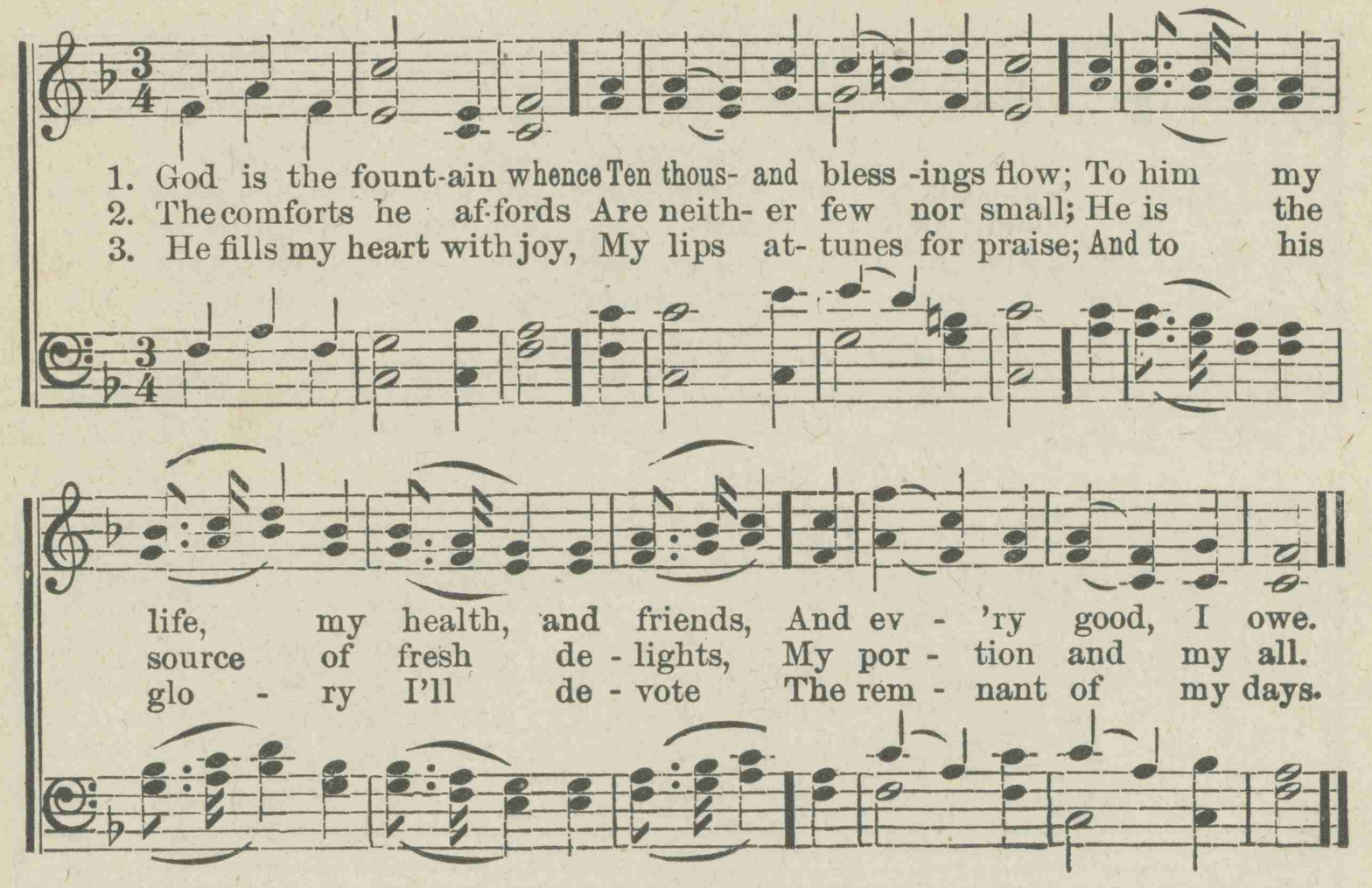
365 CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



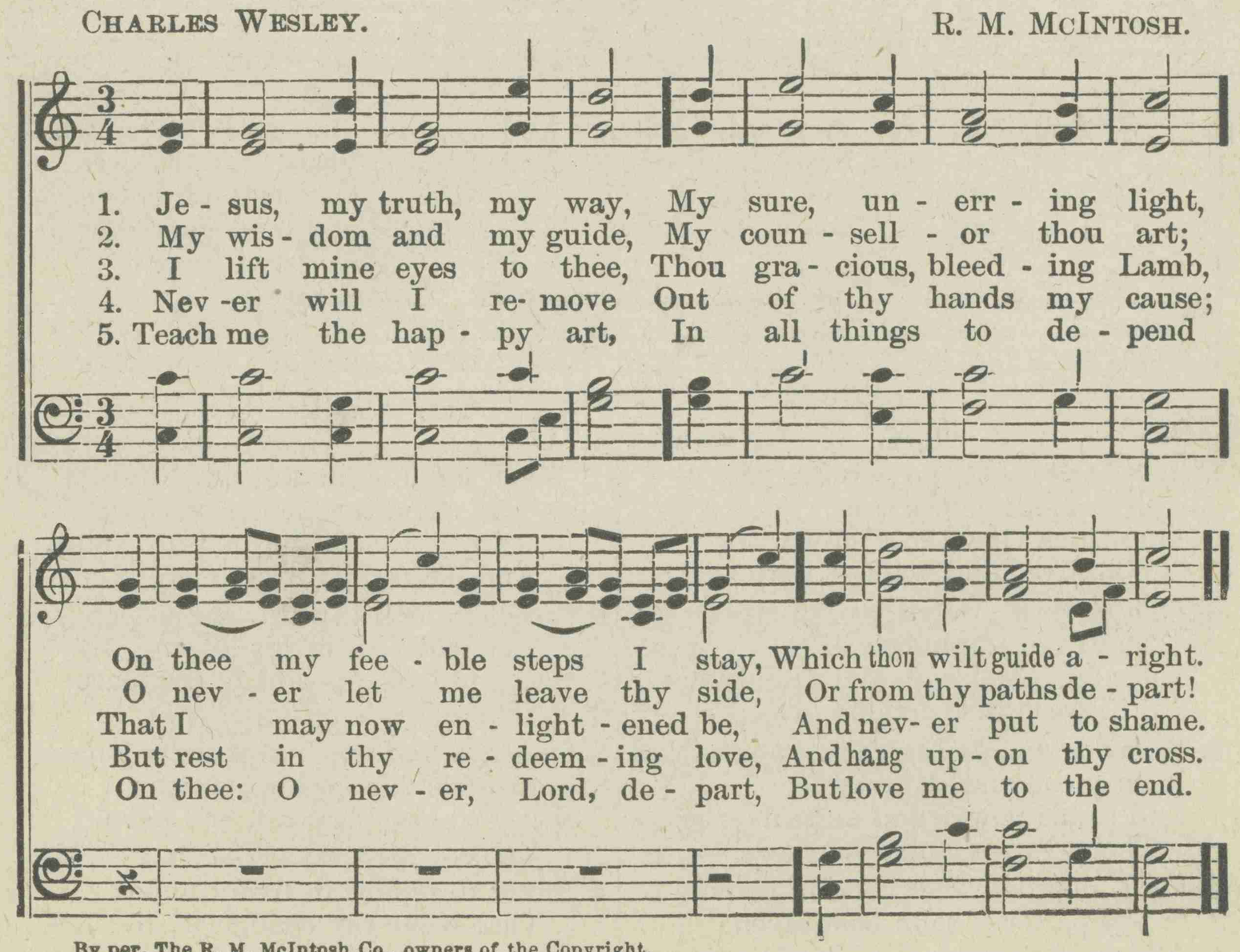
366 GERAR. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



367 HUNT. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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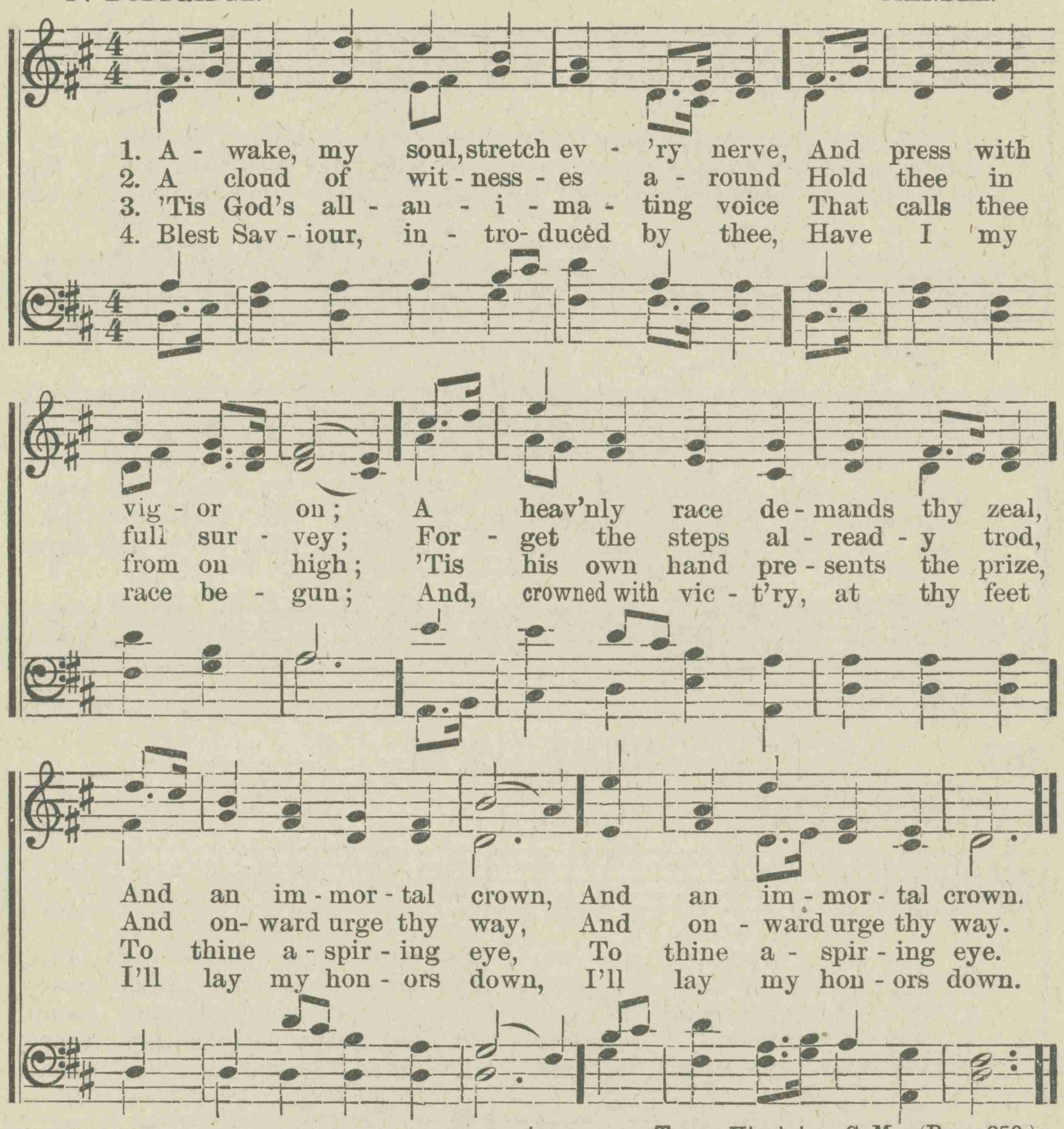
368 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

P. DODDRIDGE. HANDEL.



369 C. M. J. NEEDHAM.

1 Rise, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient heroes trod;
Ambitious view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith and hope and mighty deeds
Still fresh instructions give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honor owe.

4 Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessèd road
Which led them safe to heaven.

370 Tune—Virginia. C. M. (Page 259.) A. M. TOPLADY.

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;

3 Sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

371 VIRGINIA. C. M.

G. T. NOEL. N. E. EVERETT.

1. When musing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - ent pain,
2. 'Tis not that murm'r-ing thoughts a - rise, And dread a fa - ther's will;
3. It is that heav'n-born faith sur-veys The path that leads to light,
4. It is that hope with ar - dor glows, To see him face to face,
5. O let me wing my hal-low'd flight From earth-born woe and care,

'Tis sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain.
'Tis not that meek sub- mis- sion flies, And would not suf - fer still:
And longs her ea - gle plumes to raise, And lose her- self in sight:
Whose dy- ing love no language knows Suf - fi- cient art to trace.
And soar a - bove these clouds of night, My Saviour's bliss to share!

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

372 CRICHLOW. L. M.

JOS. GREGG. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of thee?
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star:
3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon, Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
4. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night- ed soul of mine.
'Tis mid-night with my soul, till he, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee?
No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re- vere his name.

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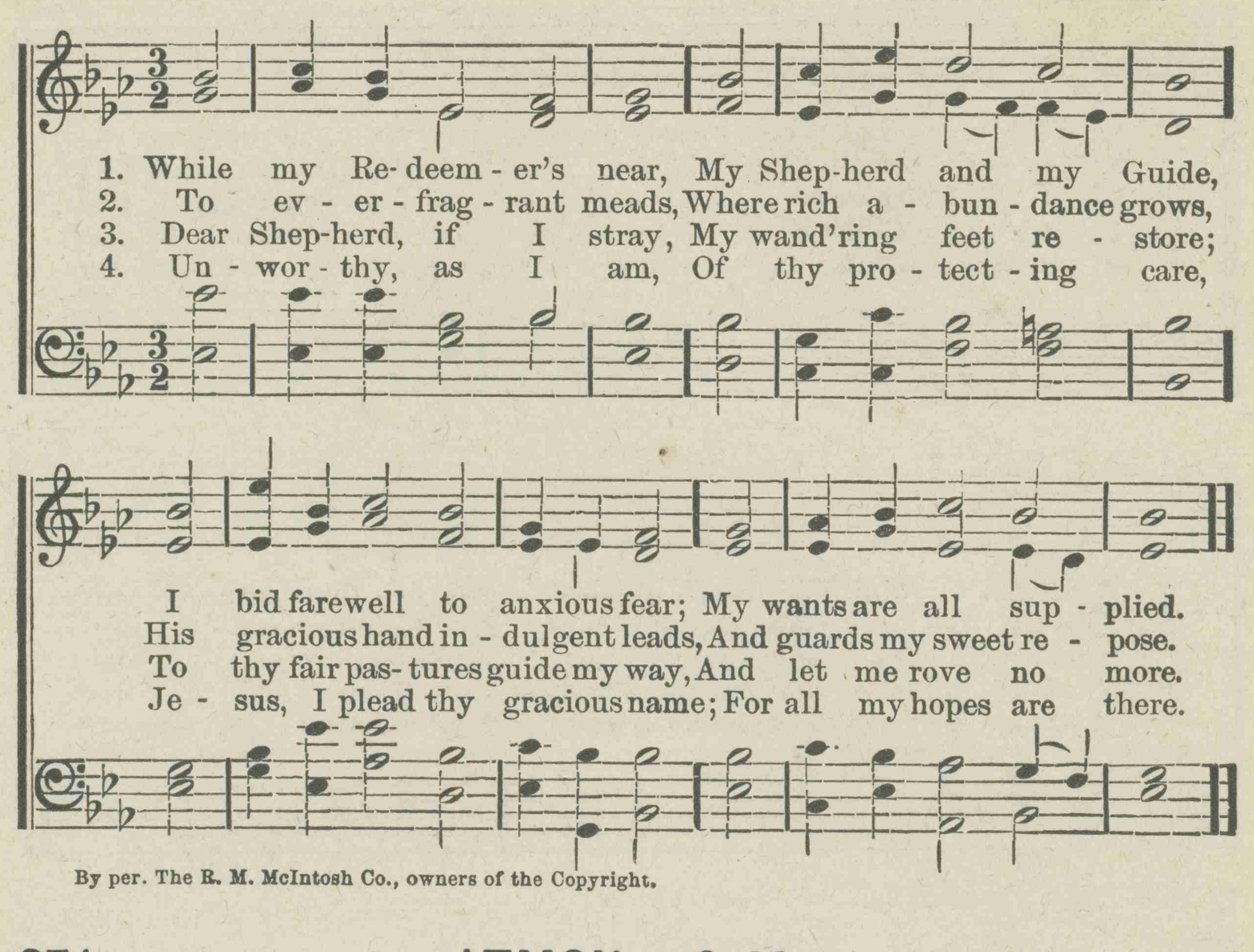
373 EVERETT. S. M.

ANNE STEELE. R. M. McINTOSH.



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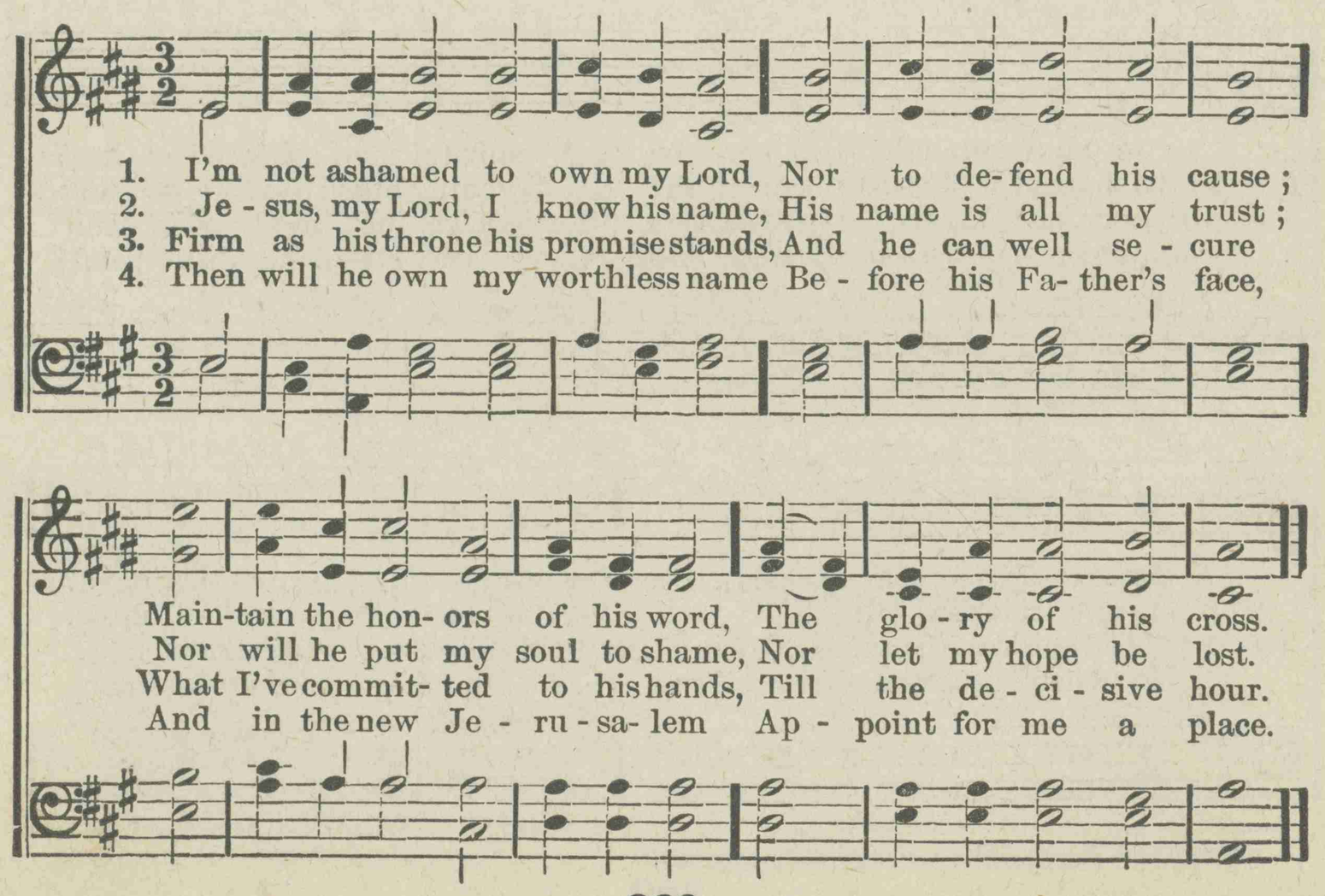
374 AZMON. C. M.

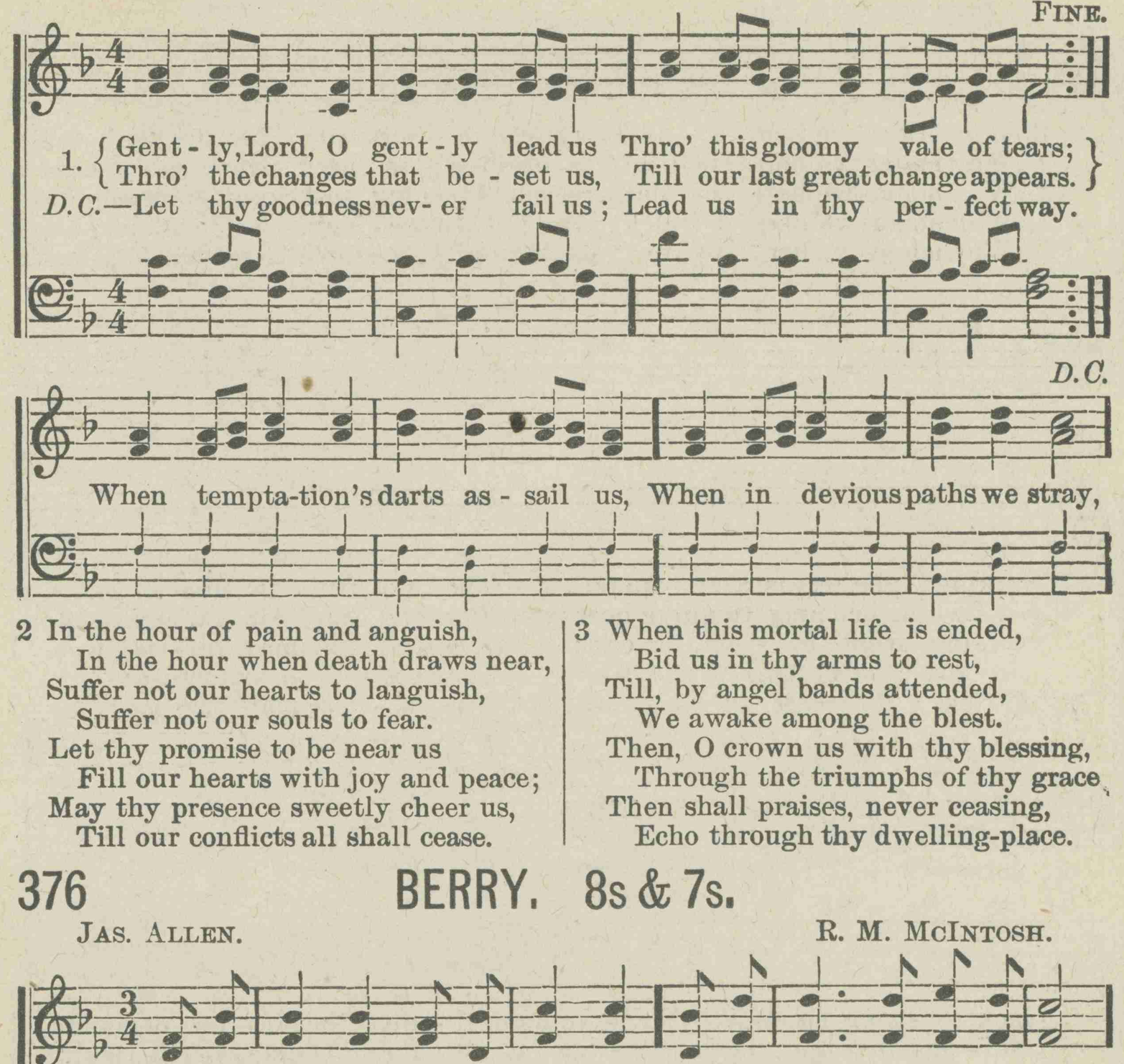
ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by L. MASON.



375 GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s.

THOMAS HASTINGS. J. J. ROUSSEAU.

FINE.

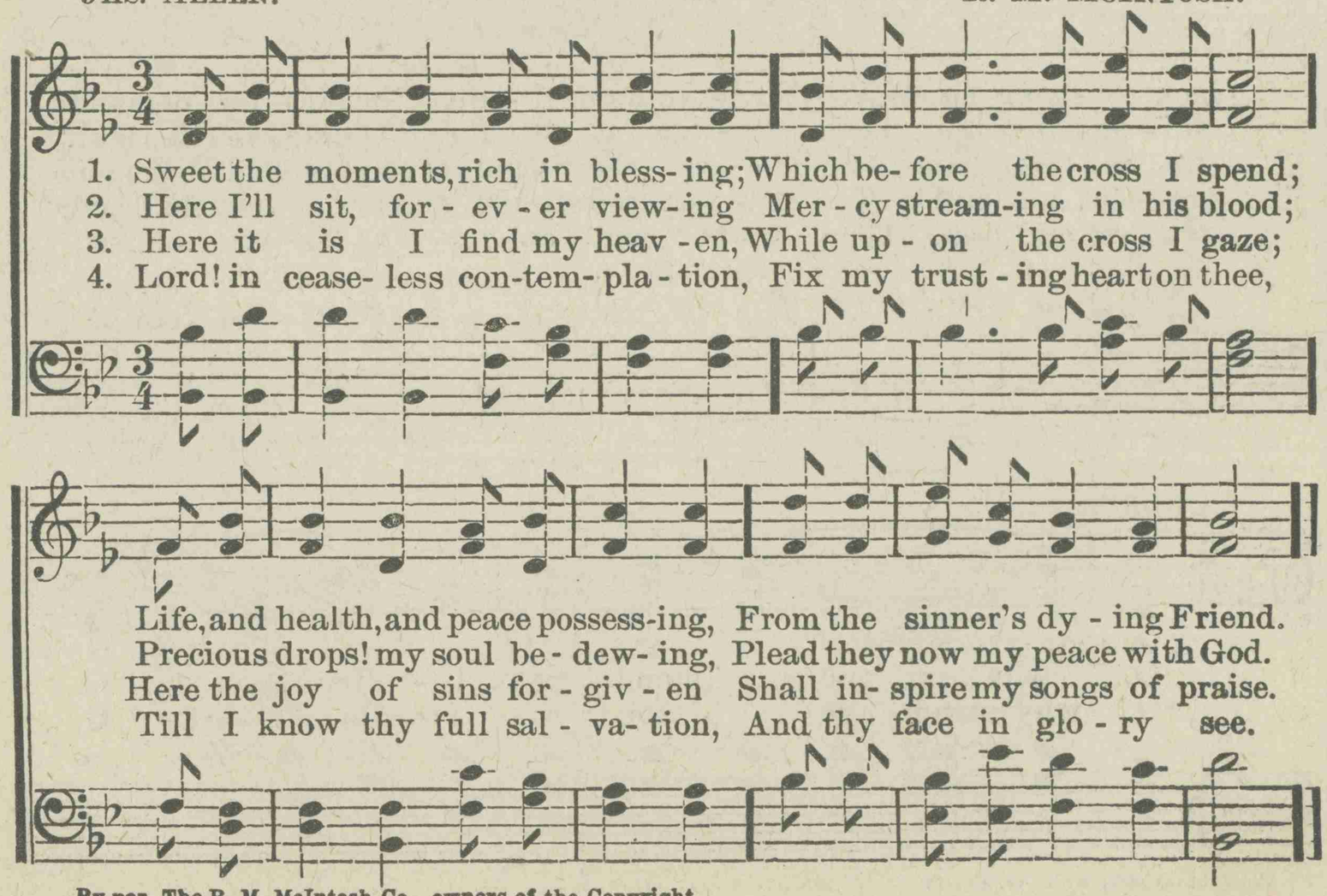


2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
Let thy promise to be near us
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
May thy presence sweetly cheer us,
Till our conflicts all shall cease.

3 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thy arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
Then, O crown us with thy blessing,
Through the triumphs of thy grace,
Then shall praises, never ceasing,
Echo through thy dwelling-place.

376 BERRY. 8s & 7s.

JAS. ALLEN. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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377 WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

J. L. McDONALD. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

DUET. SOPRANO & TENOR.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la- bor for all, The vine-yard needs
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth-er's in need, His cries as-cend
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to
5. Why stand ye here i - dle? a harp and a crown Are wait- ing in

INST.

workmen, the weeds are grown tall, The ripe fruit is wast-ing for
heav'nward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai-ment he
warn-ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has prom-ised its
glo - ry for sons of re- nown Who la - bor and suf - fer for

lack of strong hands, Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas- ter demands.
suf - fers to- night, Then ren - der as- sist- ance; O, dare to do right.
sin and from shame, And give to the Sav-iour to praise his dear name.
pres-ence to lend, To com- fort and strengthen, till la- bors shall end.
tru - est and best, Then la - bor and en - ter the ha- ven of rest.

CHORUS.

O, why . . . . . stand ye i - dle . . . . O,
O, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? O,

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WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?—Concluded.

why . . . . stand ye i - dle . . . O, why . . . . . stand ye
why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? O, why stand ye i - dle, so

i - dle . . . . . i - - - dle all day . . . . The
i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The

har - - - vest is pass - ing, ... The har - - -
har - vest is pass- ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is

- - vest is pass - ing, ... The har - - - vest is
pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass - ing, is

pass - ing . . . . . pass - - - ing a - way . . . . .
pass- ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

378 I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

Moderato.

1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - 'ry hand
2. I dare not i - dle stand, While on the shift- ing sand
3. I dare not i - dle stand, While o - ver all the land
4. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command,

The whiten - ing fields de - clare the har - vest near;
The o - cean casts bright treas - ures at my feet;
Poor wand - 'ring souls need hum - ble help like mine;
La - bor for him through - out my life's short day.

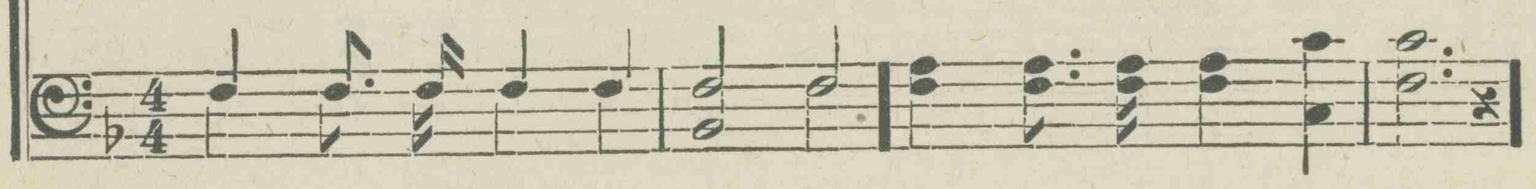
A glean - er I would be, And gath - er, Lord, for thee,
Be- neath some shell's rough side The tint - ed pearl may hide,
Bright- er than bright-est gem In mon-arch's di - a - dem,
Even -ing will come at last, Day's la - bor all be passed,

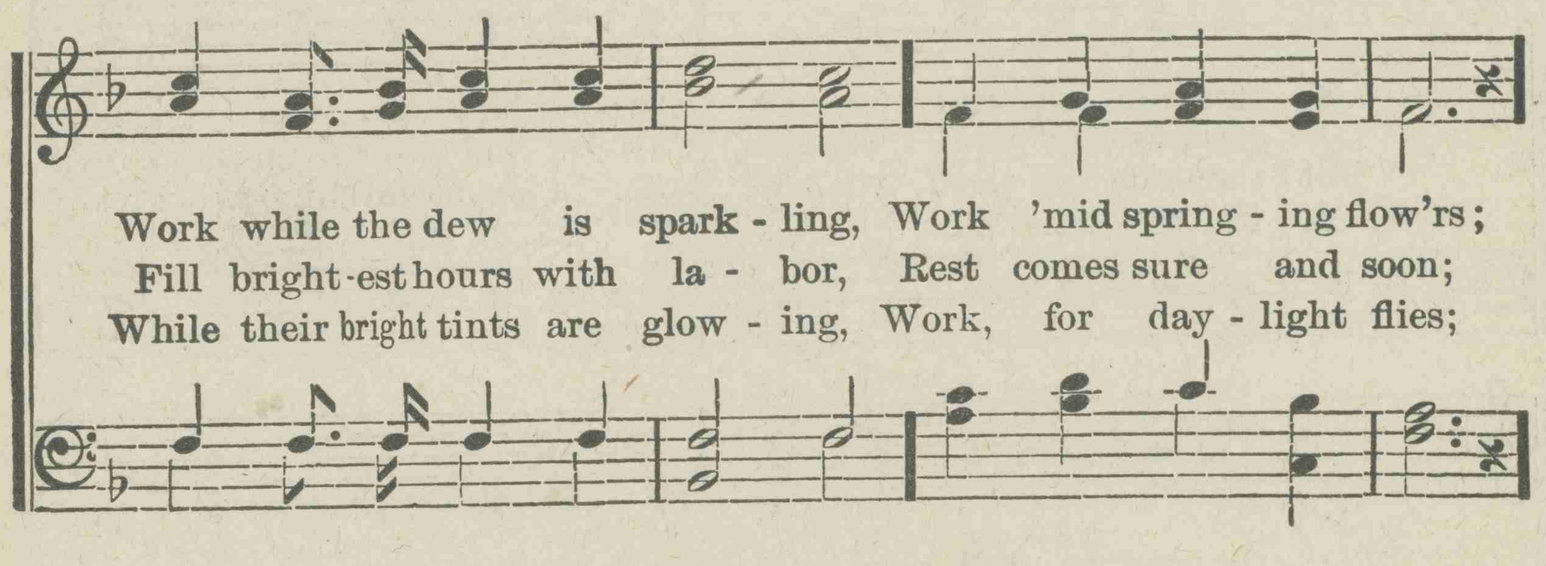
Lest I with emp - ty hands at last ap - pear.
And I with pre - cious gifts my Lord may meet.
Each soul, a star in Je - sus' crown may shine.
And rest e - ter - nal my brief toil re - pay.

379 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

L. A. WALKER. L. MASON, by per.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn -ing hours,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;





Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;

Work when the day grows bright- er, Work in the glow - ing sun,
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some- thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

380 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

GEORGE COOPER. H. R. CHRISTIE.

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

If a smile we can re- new, As our jour- ney we pur- sue,
O, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep- ing eyes;
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

O, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
Help your fall- en broth-er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

CHORUS.

Go - ing by go - ing by While the days are go - ing
Go- ing by go- ing by
by O, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.
go-ing by

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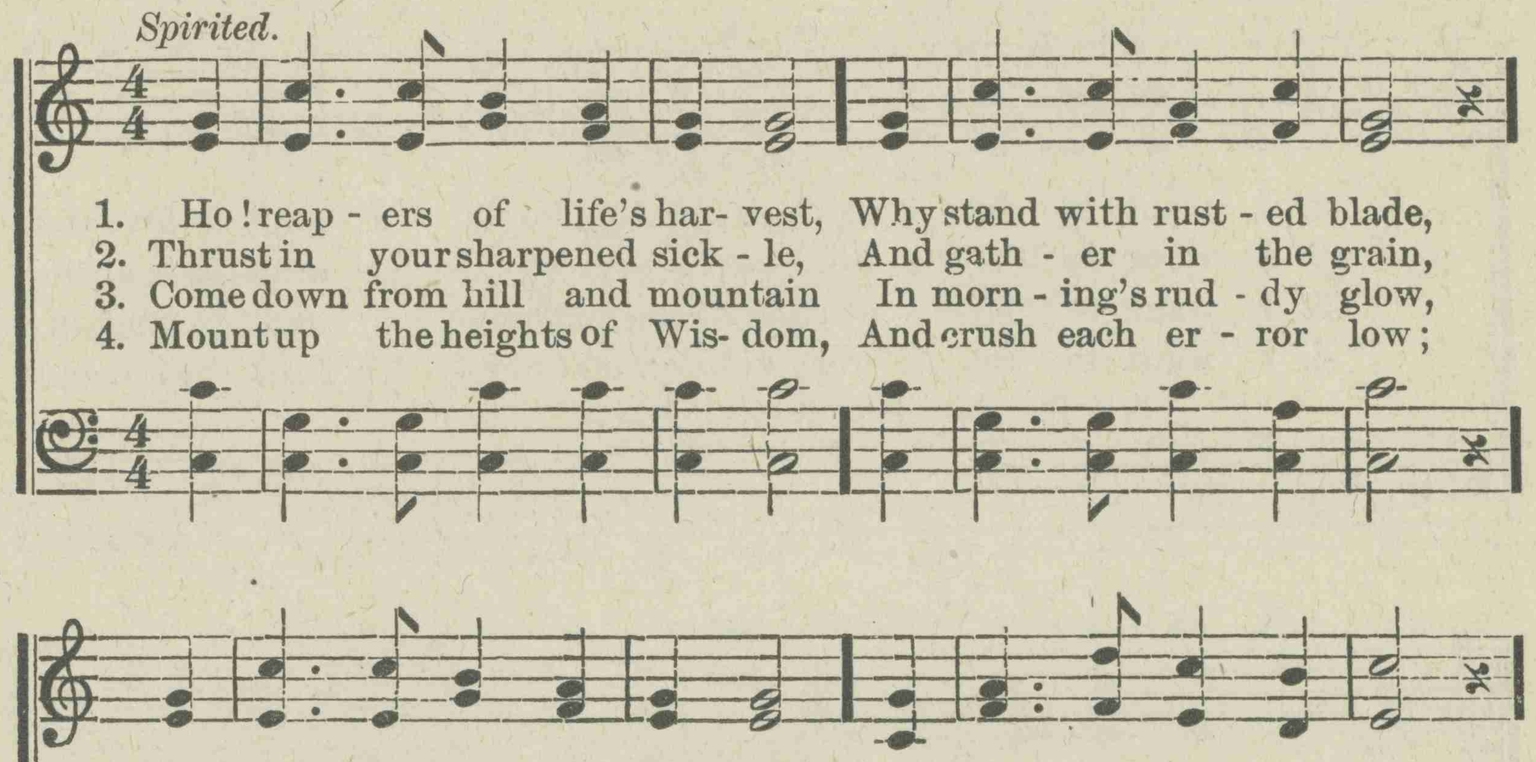
381 HO! REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

I. B. WOODBURY.

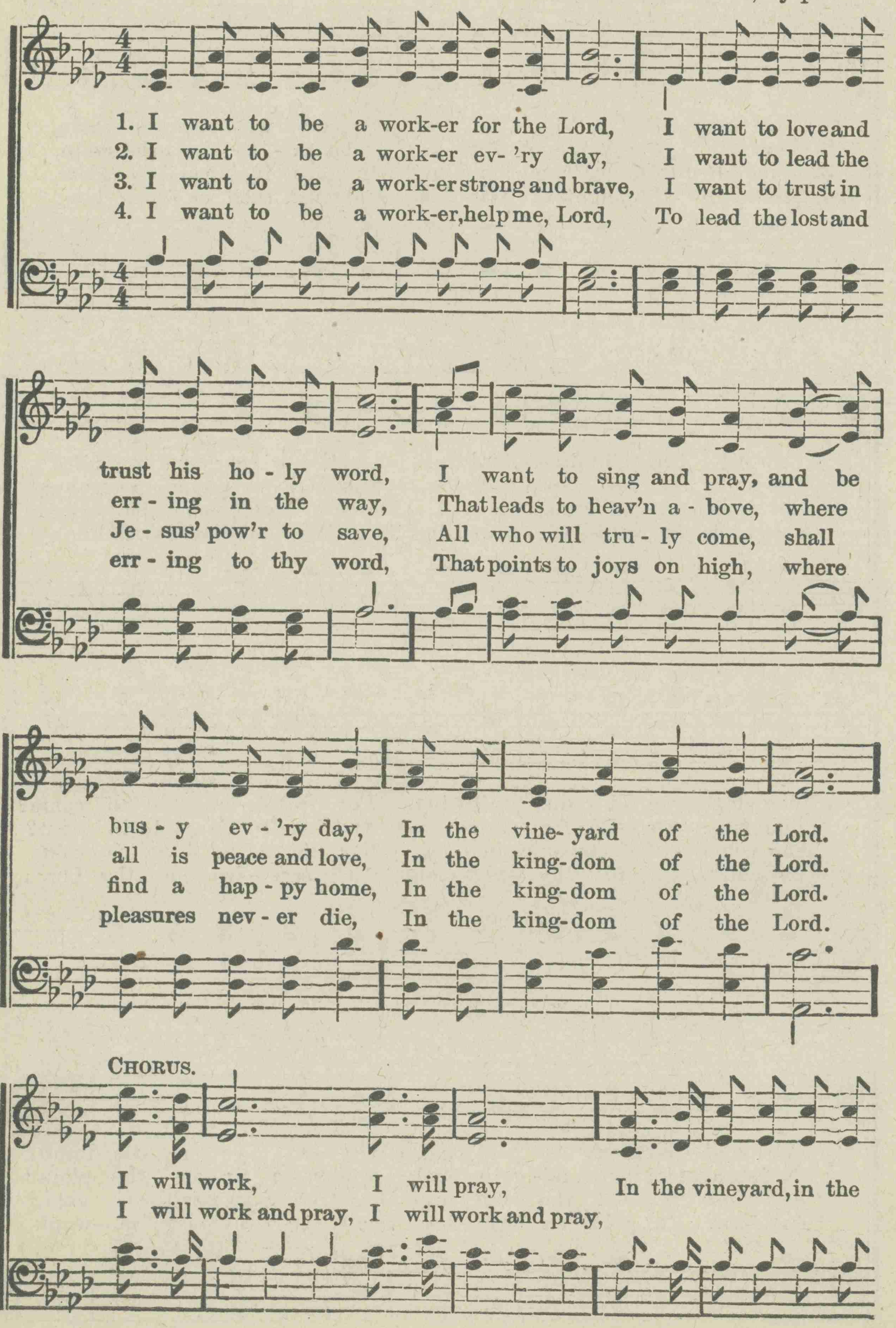
I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

Spirited.



382 I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

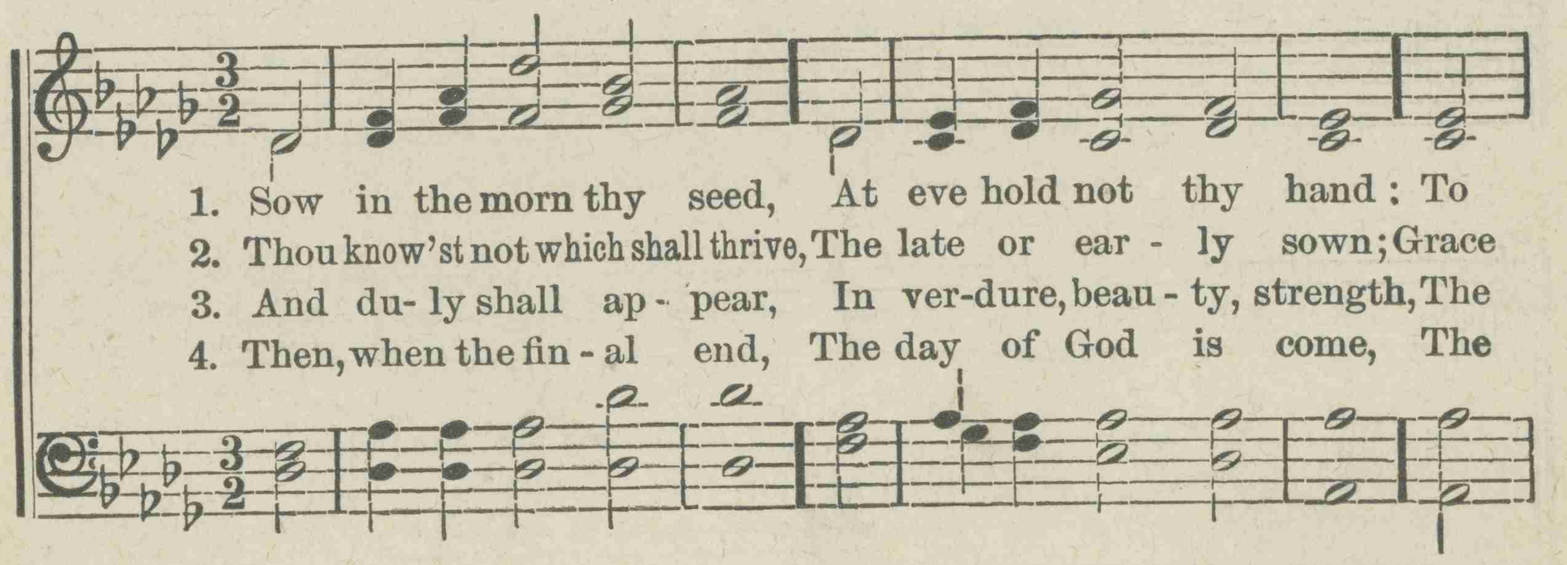
I. BALTZELL. ISAIAH BALTZELL, by per.

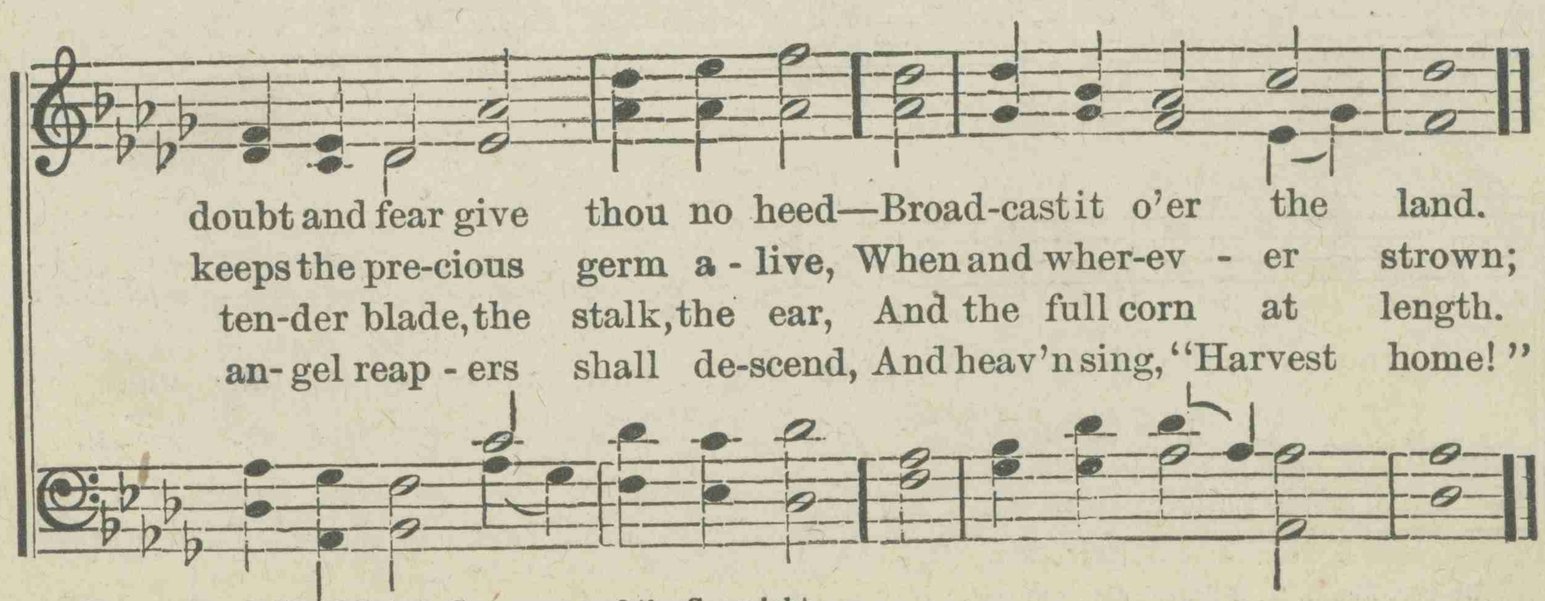


I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded.

383 DUNCAN. S. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. R. M. MCINTOSH.





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384 AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. I think I should mourn o'er my sor- row- ful fate, If sor - row in
   If no one should be at the beau- ti - ful gate, There wait-ing and
2. How sad - ly I'd feel in the heav-en - ly state, If sad- ness in
   If no one should be at the beau- ti - ful gate, Con-duct - ed to
3. O Lord, I beseech thee for wis-dom and grace, In winning lost
   That ma- ny may be in that beau- ti - ful place, A crown of re -

CHORUS.

hea - ven can be.
watch - ing for me.
heav - en can be.
glo - ry by me.
souls un- to thee.
joic - ing to me.

"Yes, wait . . . . . ing and watch-ing for

Yes, waiting and watching for me, for

me, Yes, wait . . . . . ing and watching for me; May ma- ny of
me, Yes, waiting and watching for me, for me;

those at the beau- ti - ful gate Be wait-ing and watching for me.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

385 WHAT WILL THE RECOMPENSE BE?

EBEN. E. REXFORD. S. W. STRAUB, by per.

1. Har- vest- er, har - vest- er, gath - er thy sheaves! The Mas - ter is
2. Har- vest- er, har - vest- er, work with a will, For soon will the
3. Har- vest- er, har - vest- er, dal - ly no more, And think what the

com-ing this way; My heart o'er its fol - ly and i - dleness grieves,
har-vest be done; While stand-ing in i - dle-ness soul, art thou still?
Mas-ter would say: "O gath - er the sheaves till the har- vest is o'er,

CHORUS.

And the hours it has squander'd a - way.
O what have thy fold - ed hands won?
Go work with the reap- ers to - day!"

Gath - er, gath - er,

gath - er the sheaves, Bound in the har-vest for thee; O soul, if thy

hand hath pluck'd noth - ing but leaves, What will the rec-om -pense be?

386 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEO. A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sow - ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness,
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows,
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter,

Sow - ing in the noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the
Fear - ing neith - er clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the
Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our spir - it of - ten grieves; When our weeping's

har - vest, and the time of reap - ing; We shall come, re - joic - ing,
har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, re - joic - ing,
o - ver, he will bid us wel - come, We shall come, re - joic - ing,

CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,

1. We shall come, re-joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves,
2. We shall come, re-joic - - (*Omit.*) - ing, Bringing in the sheaves.

387 WHEN THE HARVEST ALL IS IN.

E. R. LATTA. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Would you stand a-mong the toil- ers, When the har- vest all is in?
2. Would you join the song of gladness, When the har- vest all is in?
3. Would you have some sheaves to of - fer, When the har- vest all is in?
4. Would you have a crown e- ter- nal, When the har- vest all is in?

For the bless- ed Lord and Mas- ter, You must here the work be- gin.
You must be a faith- ful glean- er In the haunts of woe and sin.
From the husks of want and fol - ly, Strive the prod - i - gals to win.
Seek to swell the heav'nly gar - ner, Ere it be too late to glean.

CHORUS.

When the har - vest all is in, When the har - vest all is in,

What a meet - ing of the reap - ers, What a

shout - ing of ho - san - nas, When the har - vest all is in.

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388 CALLING FOR YOU.

MARY SPARKS WHEELER. LEONARD DAUGHERTY.

1. Broth-er, look out o'er the fields white and wav- ing, The har-vest is great and the la-borers are few, Come, thrust in your sick - le, the
2. "Work in my vineyard!" the Mas- ter is cry - ing; The har-vest is great and the la-borers are few; Go strengthen the fee - ble and
3. Heark-en the voice of the hun- gry and weep- ing; The har-vest is great and the la-borers are few; No long - er stand i - dle, but
4. Bold - ly, my broth-er, pro-claim the glad sto - ry— The har-vest is great and the la-borers are few— Till Christ shall il - lu - mine the

rip-ened grain sav- ing, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you!
com- fort the dy - ing, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.
en - ter the reap- ing, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.
earth with his glo - ry, The Lord of the har-vest is call-ing for you.

CHORUS.

Call - - ing for you, ... Call - - ing for you,
Call-ing, Call - ing for you Call-ing,

. . . . . The Lord of the har-vest is call - ing for you;
Call- ing for you,

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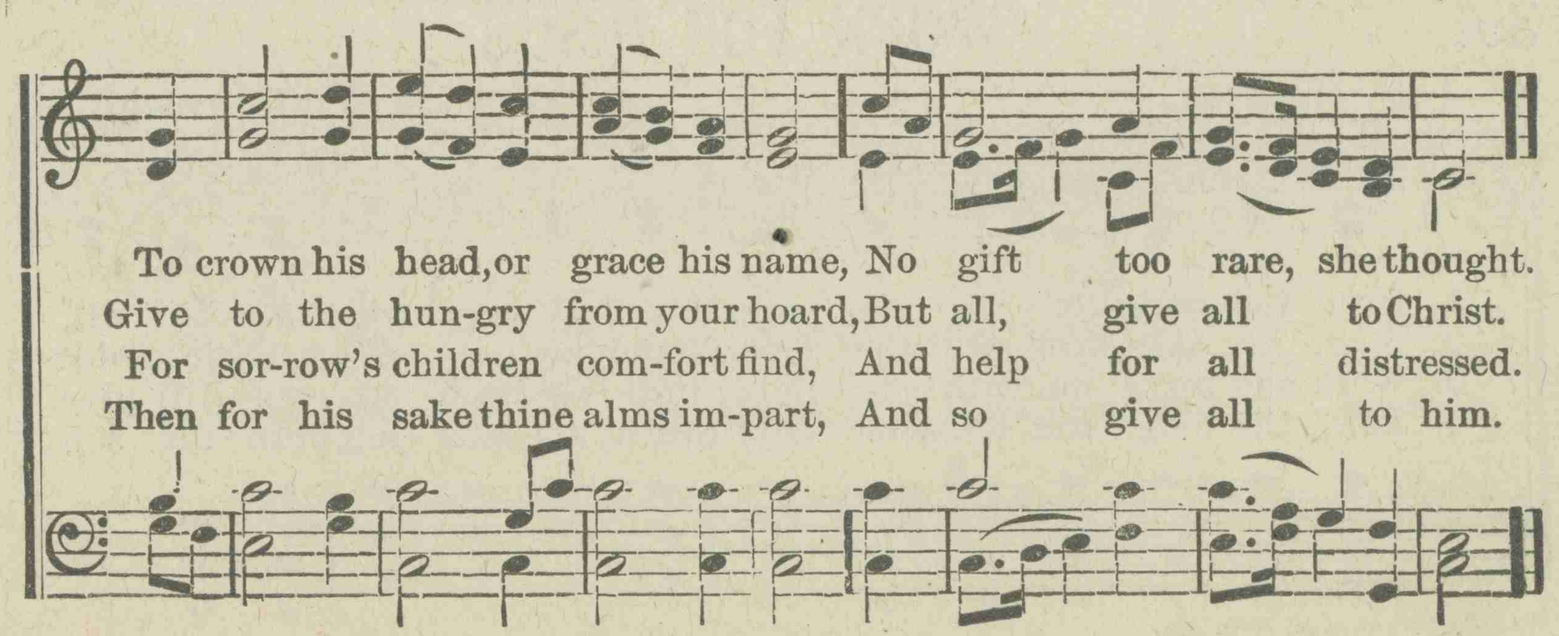
CALLING FOR YOU.—Concluded.

389 HOWARD. C. M.

W. CUTTER. Anon.



390 IF YE FAINT NOT.

A. B. EVERETT.

1. Ye who sow with anx-ious yearn-ing Till the ti-ny
2. Tho' the har-vest, long de-lay-ing, Cause you sor-row-
3. Ground now dead, and bar-ren seem-ing, Bloom-ing, shall a-
4. Seeds of truth a-round you fling-ing On fair mead and
5. Fear-less tread the path of du-ty, Joy shall cause your

leaf-lets peep, Wait-ing, watch-ing, pa-tience learn-ing,
ing, to weep, Still be-lieve this faith-ful say-ing,
wake from sleep, For the prom-ise ris-es beam-ing,
rug-ged steep, In your ears one truth be ring-ing,
hearts to leap, When from fields of gold-en beau-ty,

"If ye faint not, ye shall reap," "If ye faint not, ye shall reap."

rit. p

By per. of The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

391 WORK FOR JESUS.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. Hear the voice of Je-sus say, Loud-ly cry-ing un-to all,
2. Why, he asks, thro' all the day, Stand ye i-dle, noth-ing do?
3. Work and serve me with de-light; Full re-ward to you I'll give.
4. Thro' the long and toil-some day, 'Neath a blaz-ing, burn-ing sun,

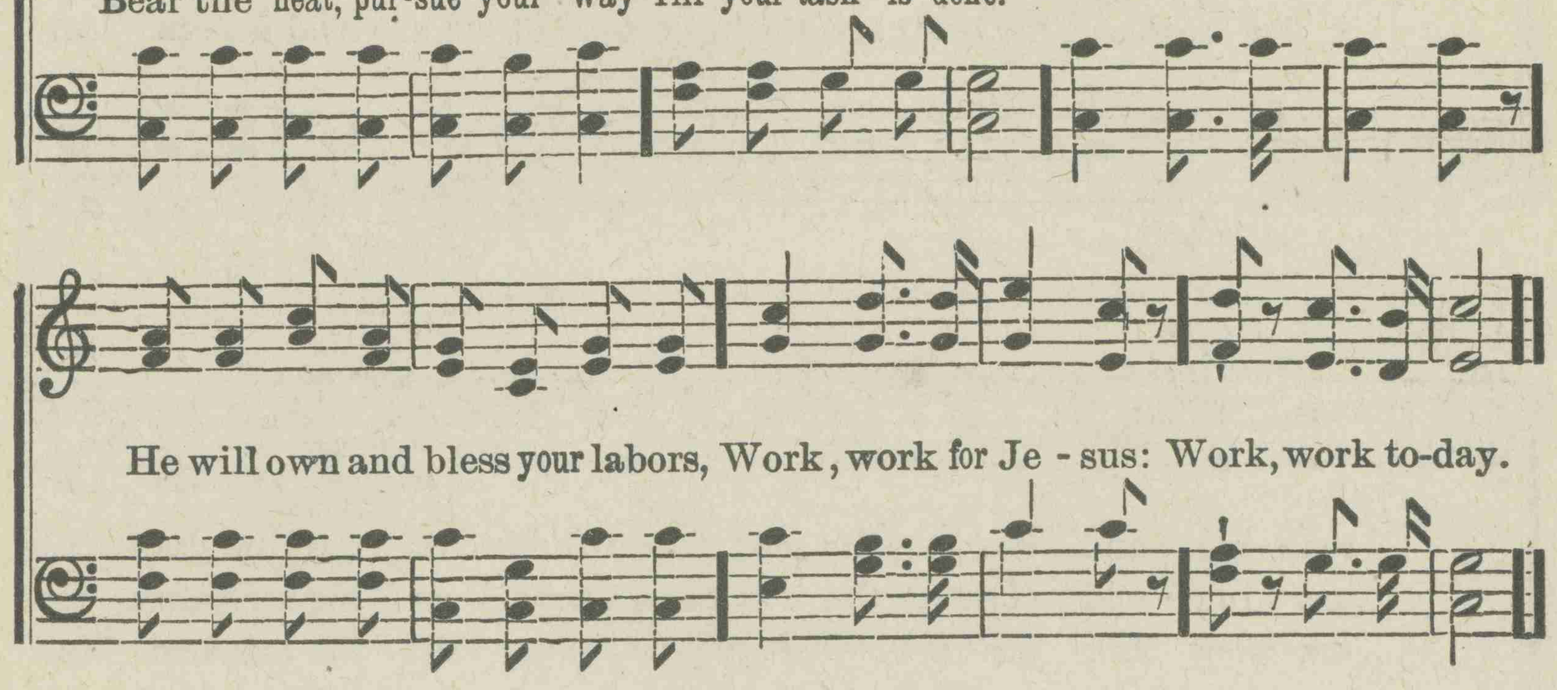
By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

WORK FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

In my vine-yard work to - day; Heark-en to his call.
En- ter in without de -lay; I have work for you.
At the gath'ring shades of night, Wa -ges you'll re-ceive.
Bear the heat, pur-sue your way Till your task is done.

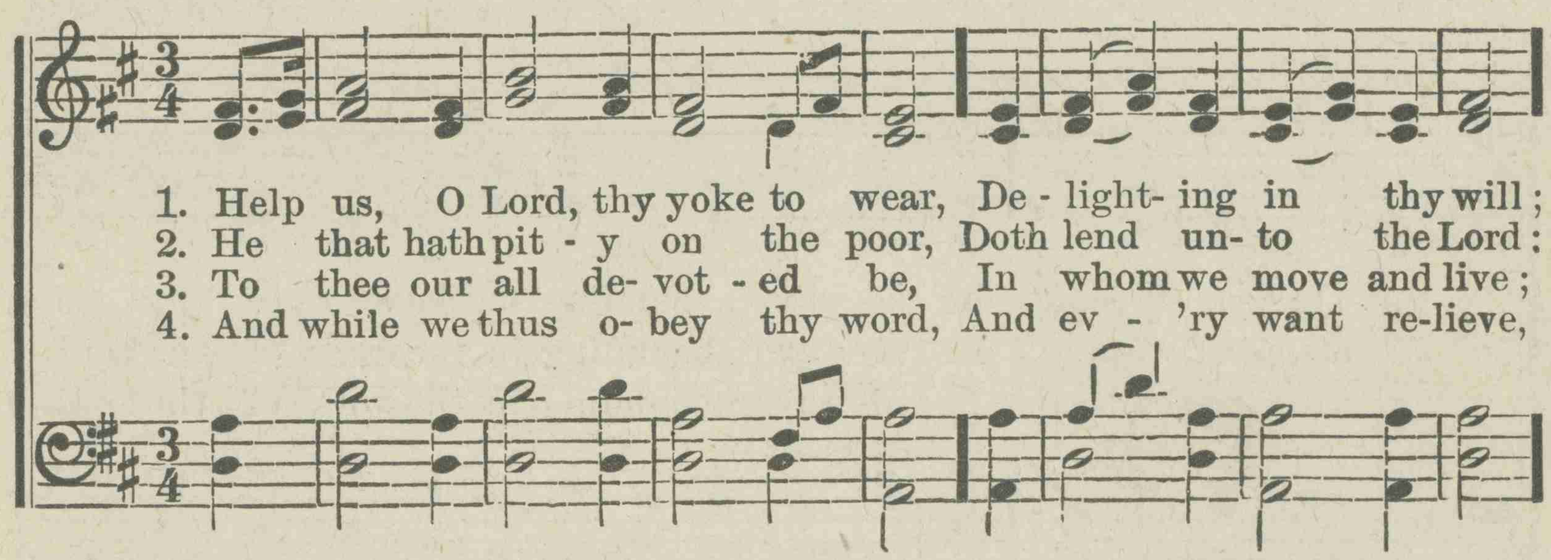
Work, then, for Je - sus:



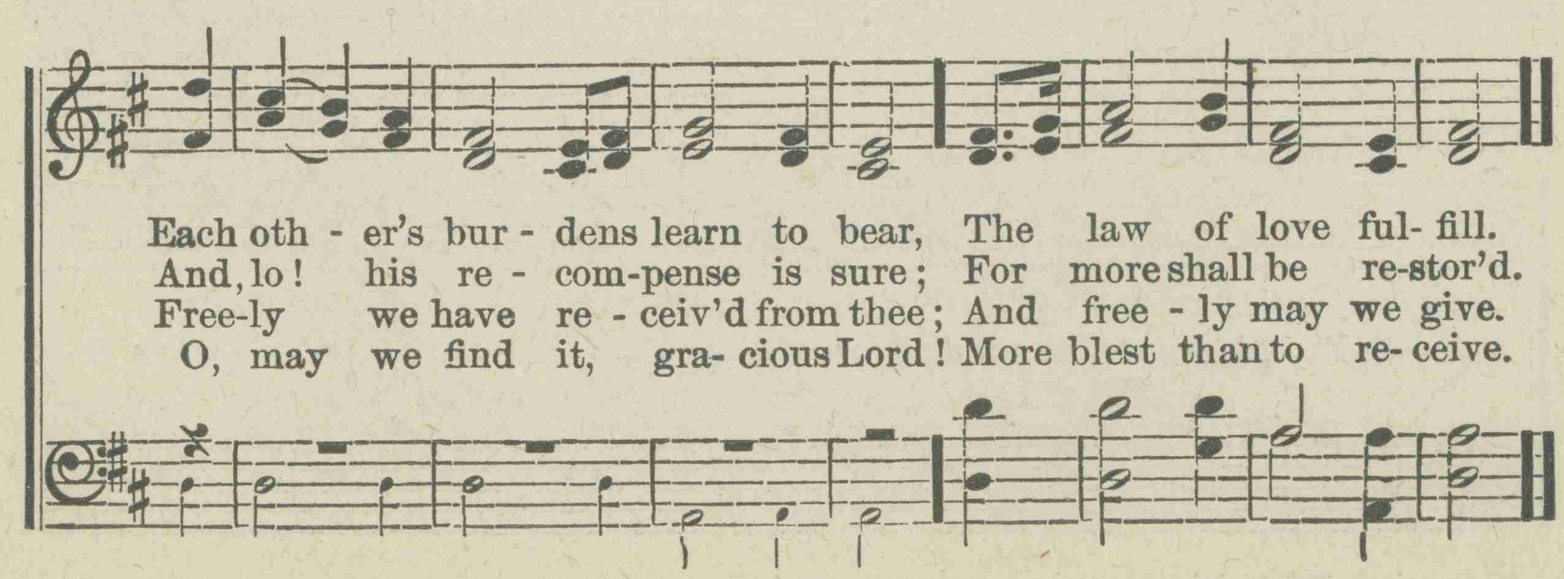
He will own and bless your labors, Work, work for Je - sus: Work, work to-day.

392 SILOAM. C. M.

T. COTTERILL. I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear, De - light- ing in thy will;
2. He that hath pit - y on the poor, Doth lend un- to the Lord:
3. To thee our all de- vot - ed be, In whom we move and live;
4. And while we thus o- bey thy word, And ev - 'ry want re-lieve,

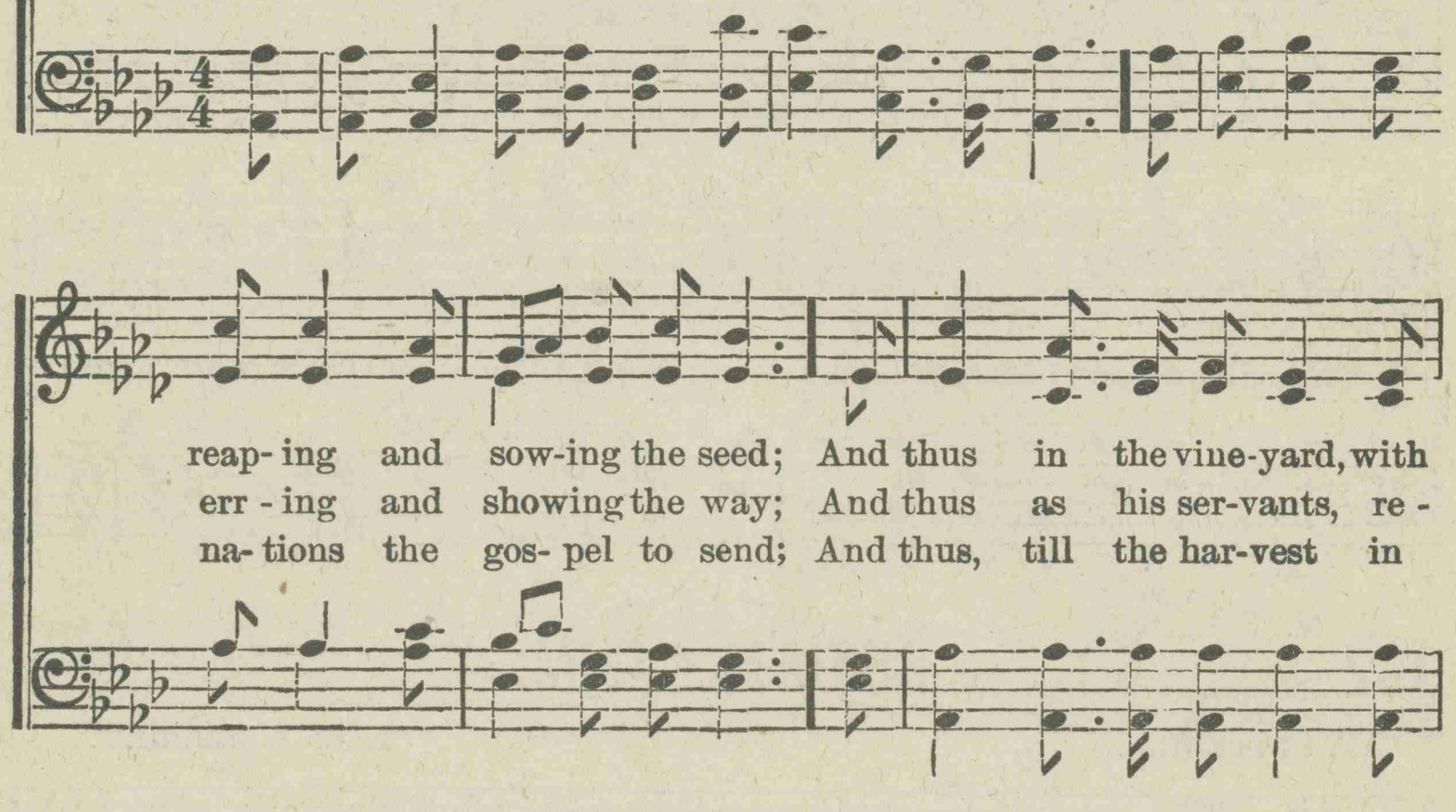


Each oth - er's bur - dens learn to bear, The law of love ful- fill.
And, lo! his re - com-pense is sure; For more shall be re-stor'd.
Free-ly we have re - ceiv'd from thee; And free - ly may we give.
O, may we find it, gra- cious Lord! More blest than to re- ceive.

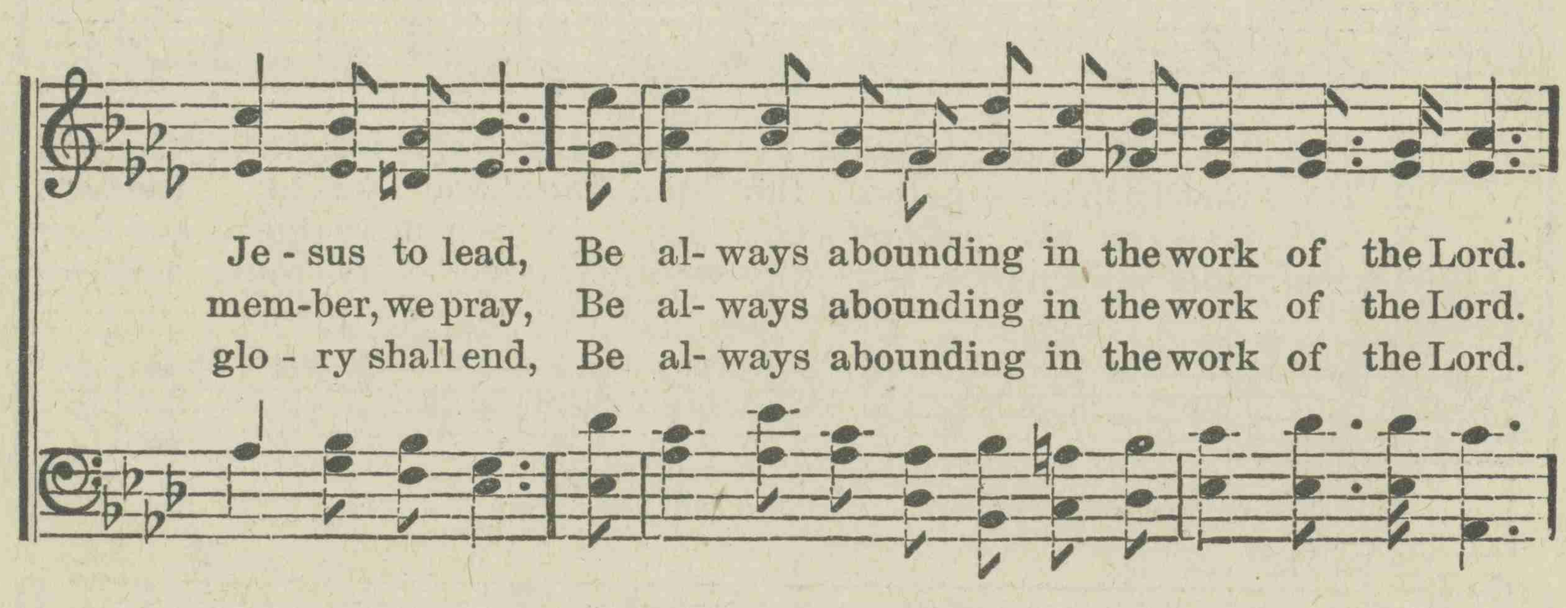
393 ALWAYS ABOUNDING.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be act-ive in reap-ing and sow-ing the seed; And thus in the vine-yard, with
2. Be read-y, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seek-ing the err-ing and show-ing the way; And thus as his ser-vants, re-
3. Be zeal-ous, my brothers, the light to ex-tend, And un-to all na-tions the gos-pel to send; And thus, till the har-vest in



Je-sus to lead, Be al-ways abounding in the work of the Lord.
mem-ber, we pray, Be al-ways abounding in the work of the Lord.
glo-ry shall end, Be al-ways abounding in the work of the Lord.



REFRAIN.

Be al-ways abounding in the work of the Lord, Be al-ways a-

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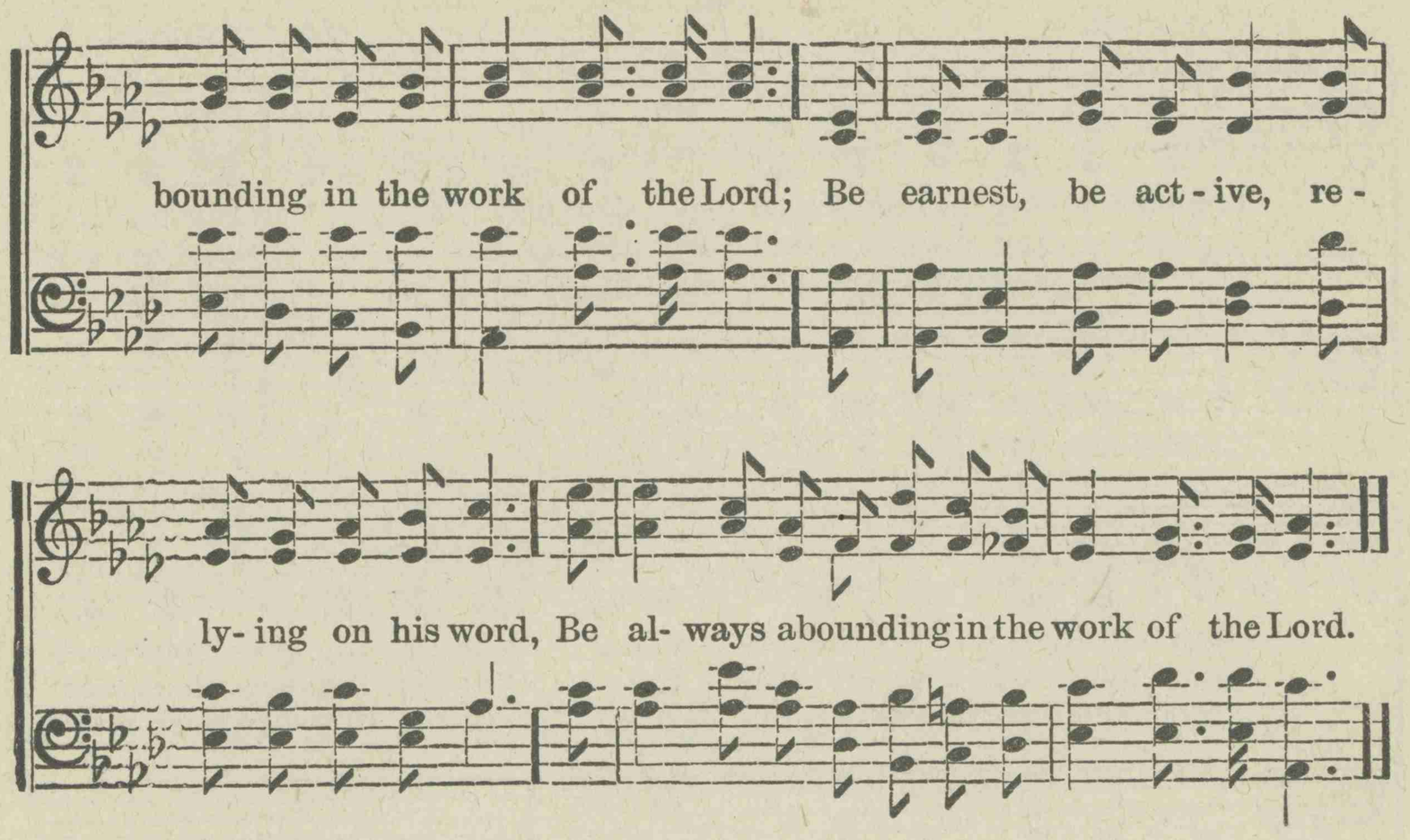
ALWAYS ABOUNDING.—Concluded.



394

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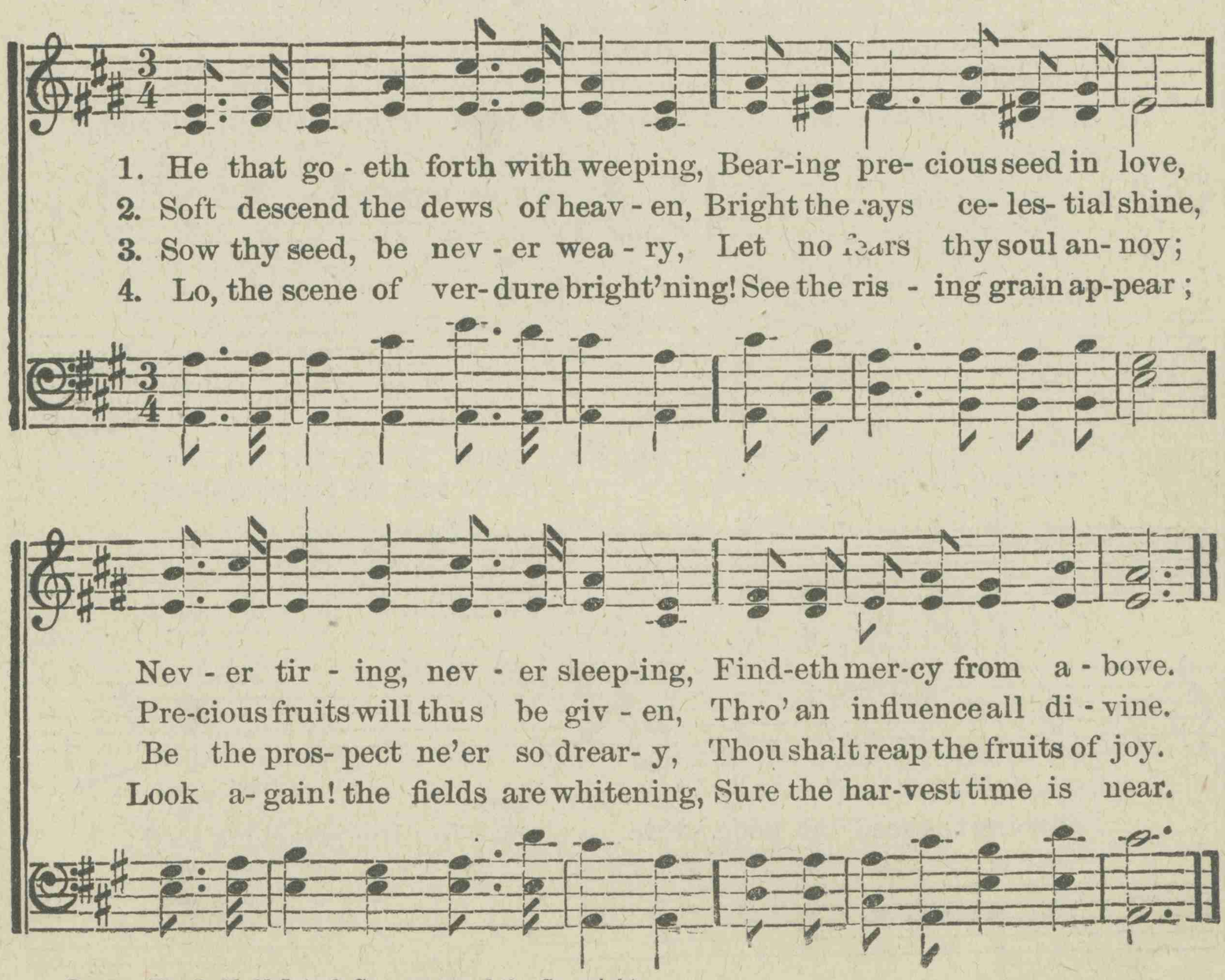
THOMAS HASTINGS. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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395 SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG.

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

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

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

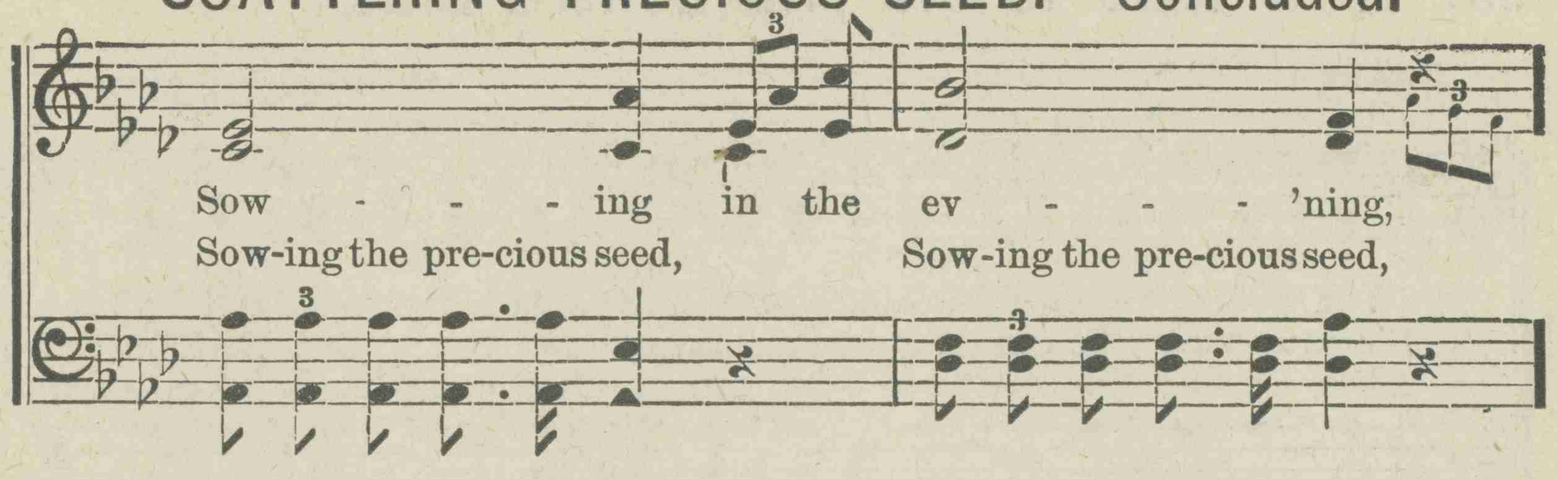
CHORUS.

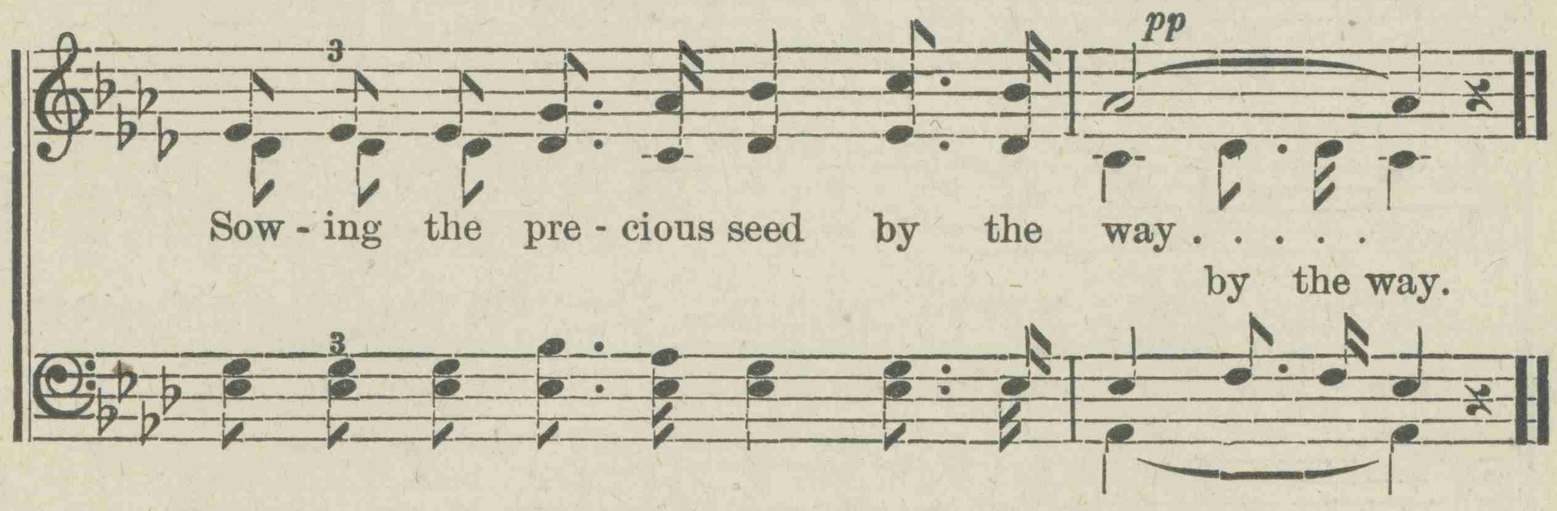
Sow - - - - ing in the morn - - - ing,
Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow- ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow - - - - ing at the noon - - - - tide;
Sow-ing the seed at noon - tide, Sow-ing the pre- cious seed;

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

SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.—Concluded.





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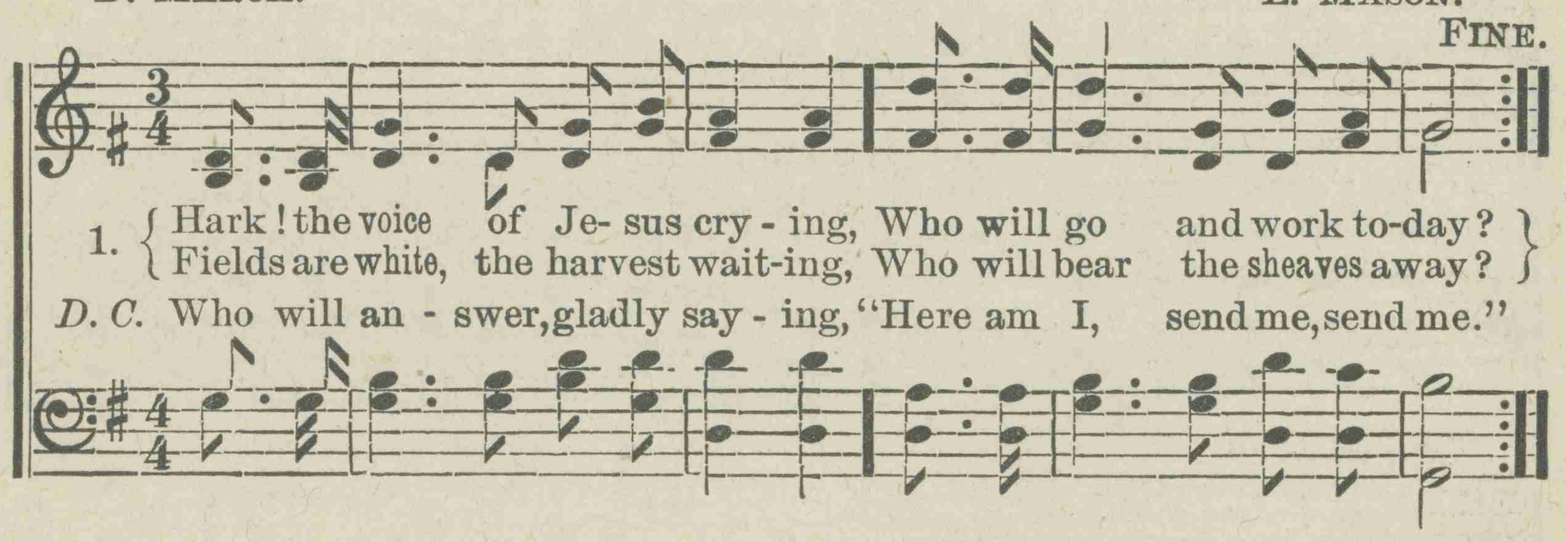
D. MARCH. L. MASON.

FINE.



2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

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

397 WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAS. H. RUEBUSH.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help - er, Oth - er souls to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
2. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe; But the King's own ar - my None can o - ver-throw; Round his stand- ard rang - ing,
3. Chos - en to be sol - diers In an a - lien land, Choos- en, called, and faith - ful, For our Cap- tain's band; In his ser - vice roy - al,

Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
Vic- t'ry is se-cure; For his truth unchanging Makes the tri-umph sure.
Let us not grow cold; Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true, and bold.

CHORUS.

Who . . . . is on the Lord's side? Sav - - - iour,
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? Sav-iour, who are thine?

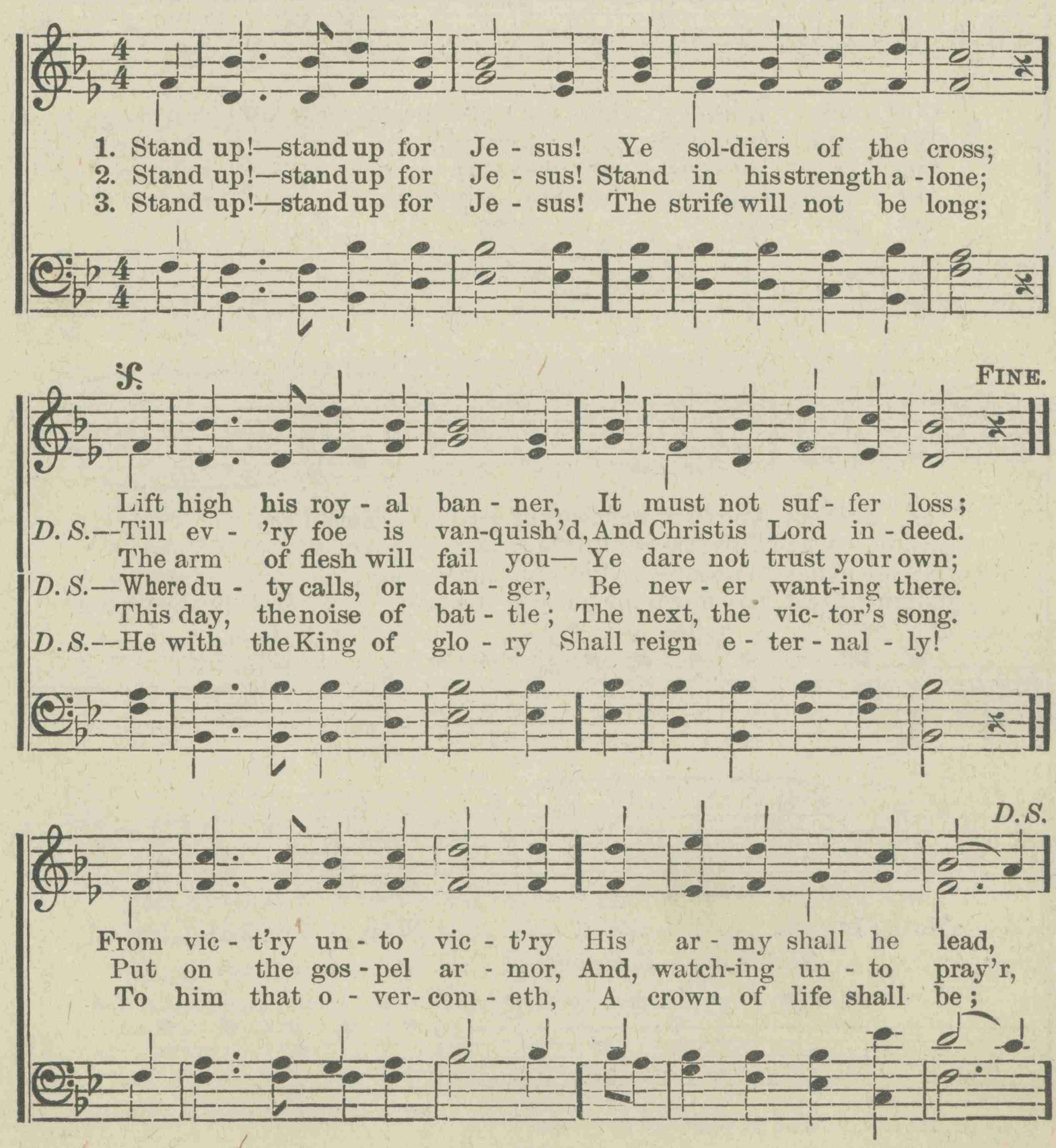
who are thine? . . . . . We . . . . . are on the
Blest Sav-iour, who are thine? We are on the Lord's side,

By per. Jas. H. Ruebush, owner of the Copyright.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?—Concluded.

398 WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.



Sf. FINE. *D. S.*

399 WASTED LIFE.

LUCY E. AKERMAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.

QUARTET.

1. Noth-ing but leaves! the Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life;
2. Noth-ing but leaves! no gath-ered sheaves Of life's fair rip-'ning grain:
3. Noth-ing but leaves! sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the past;
4. Ah! who shall thus the Mas - ter meet, And bring but with-ered leaves?

O'er sins in-dulged while con - science slept, O'er vows and prom- is -
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, Words, i - dle words, for
And as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and
Ah! who shall at the Sav - iour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful

CHORUS.

es un-kept, And reap from years of strife—
earn - est deeds, Then reap with toil and pain,
mis-spent day We sad-ly find at last—
judgment seat, Lay down for gold-en sheaves.

Noth-ing . . . . . .

Nothing but leaves!

Noth - ing . . . . . Noth - ing but leaves!
Noth - ing but leaves!

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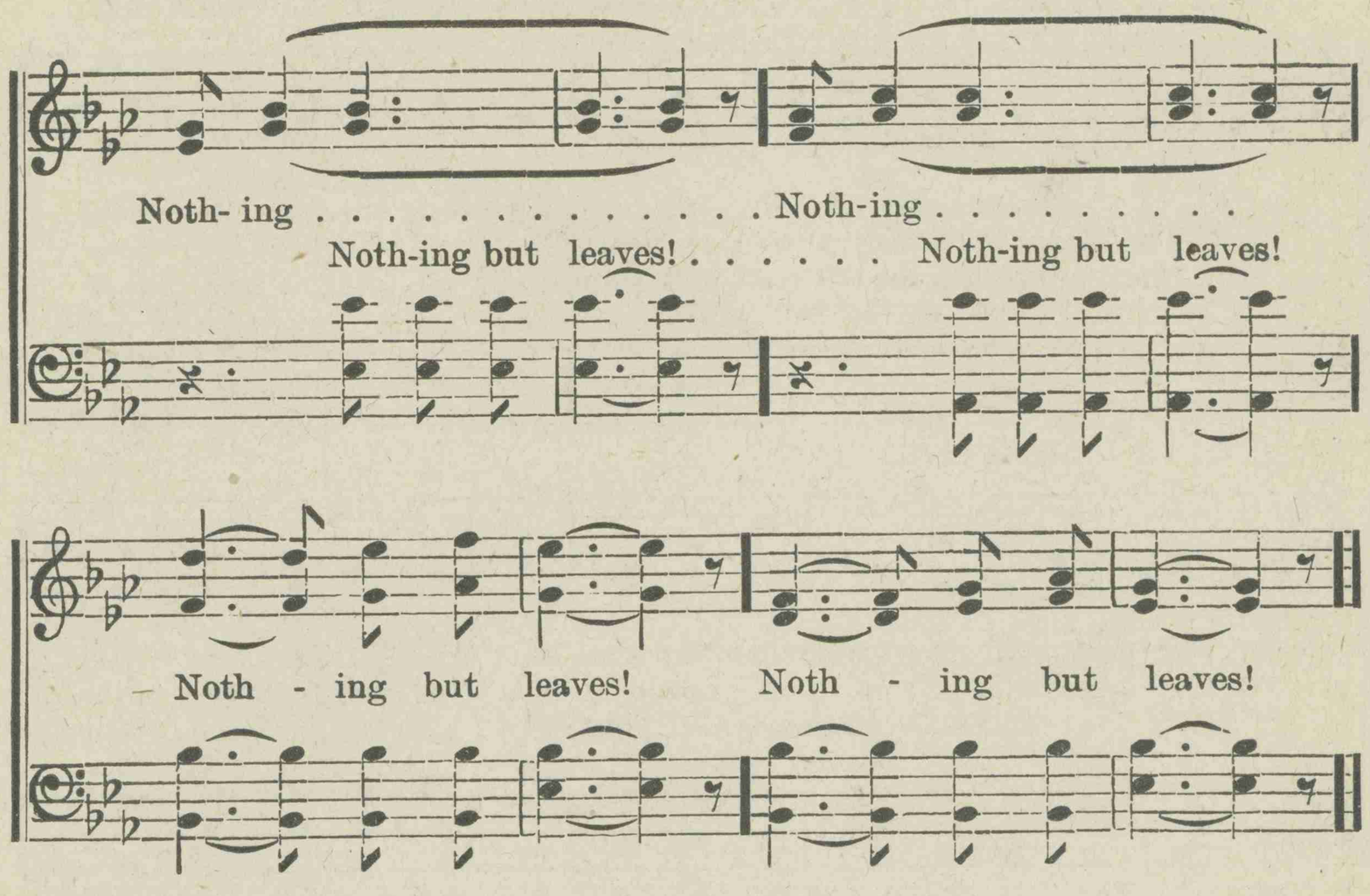
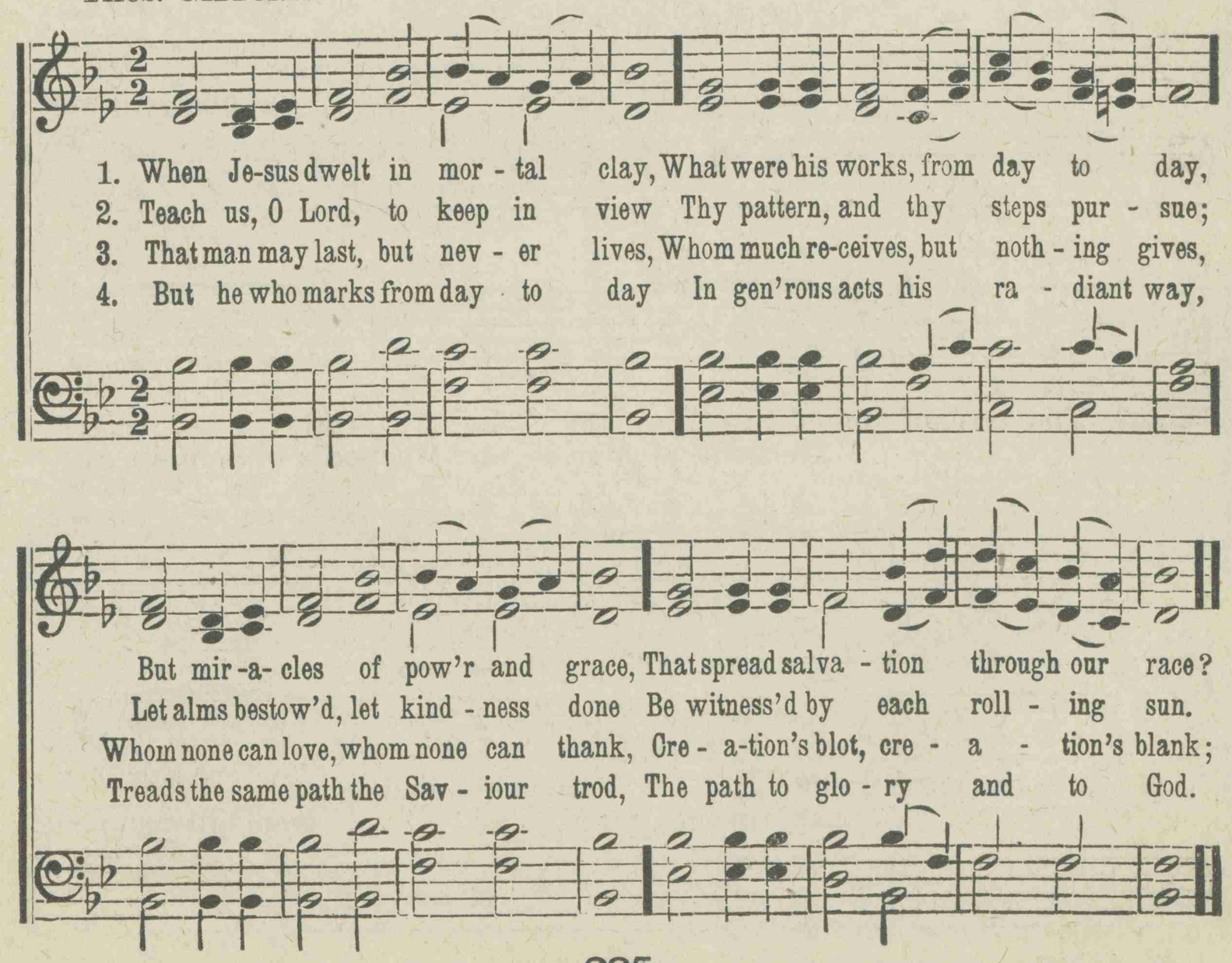
WASTED LIFE.—Concluded.



400 ERNAN. L. M.

THOS. GIBBONS. L. MASON.



401 SEEDS OF PROMISE.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. O, scatter seeds of lov- ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea- ry years, The seed will sure- ly live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit- ful har- vest yield.
Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruit-age give.
With joy un-told your sheaves of gold Will all be garnered there.

CHORUS.

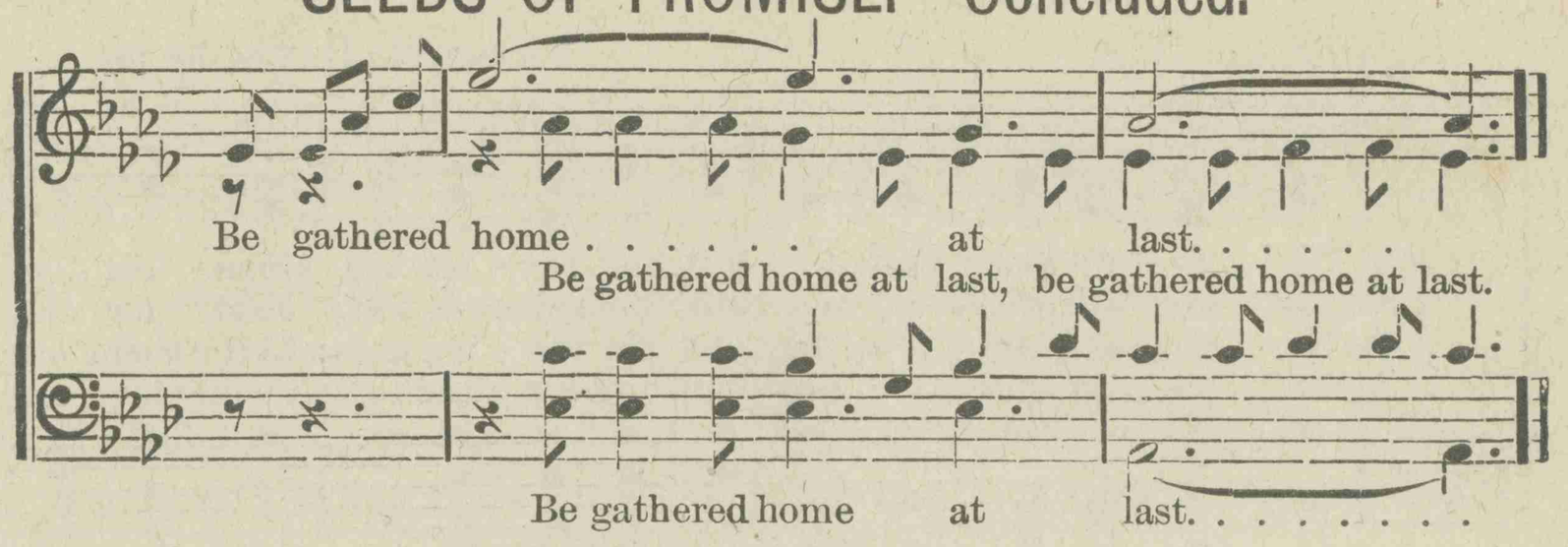
Then day by day . . . . . a- long your way, ...
Then day by day, a- long your way,

The seeds of prom - - - - ise cast, ...
The seeds of prom-ise cast, the seeds of prom-ise cast,

That rip- ened grain . . . . . from hill and plain, ...
That rip-ened grain from hill and plain,

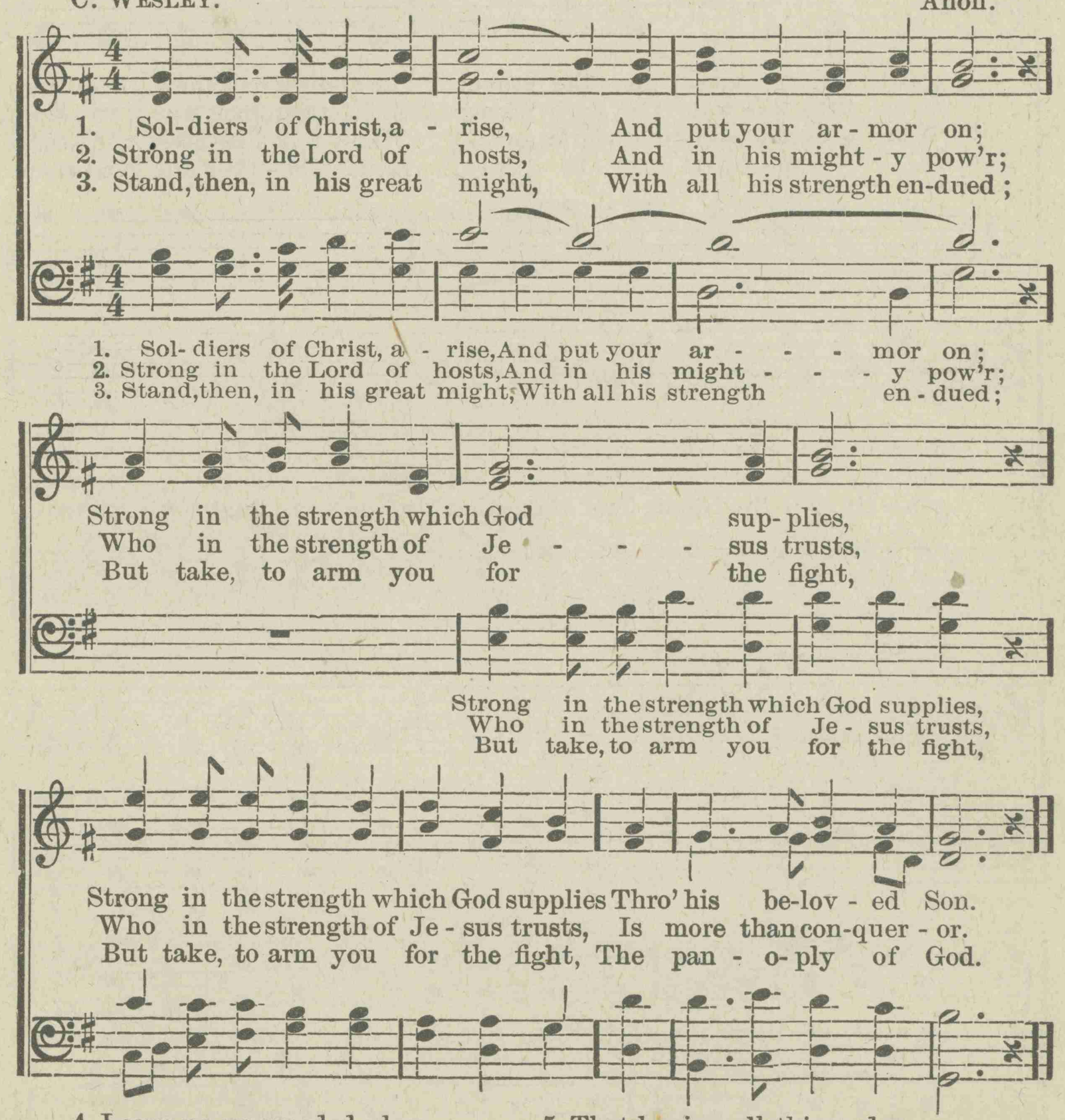
By permission.

SEEDS OF PROMISE.—Concluded.



402 KIRKWOOD. S. M.

C. WESLEY. Anon.



4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

403 JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

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

1. Go to the souls that are lost and per - ish-ing, Hope - less - ly sink - ing in sin and the grave; Lov - ing - ly show them the
2. Go to the wea - ry, and tell them there is rest; Rest for the faith - ful be - yond the dark wave; Bid them look up to the
3. Go to the sor - row- ing and the err - ing ones; Tell them of him who his pre - cious life gave, Who will for-give. if they
4. Go to the souls that are slight-ing his dear name, Count- ing un- ho - ly the blood that he gave; Blind tho' they are, lead them

er - ror of their way; Tell them that Je - sus is might- y to save.
cross of Cal - va - ry; Tell them that Je - sus is might- y to save.
on - ly will be-lieve; Tell them that Je - sus is might- y to save.
gen - tly to the Light; Tell them that Je - sus is might- y to save.

CHORUS.

Might - y to save, might- y to save; Lov - ing - ly show them the er - ror of their way; Tell them that Je - sns is might- y to save.

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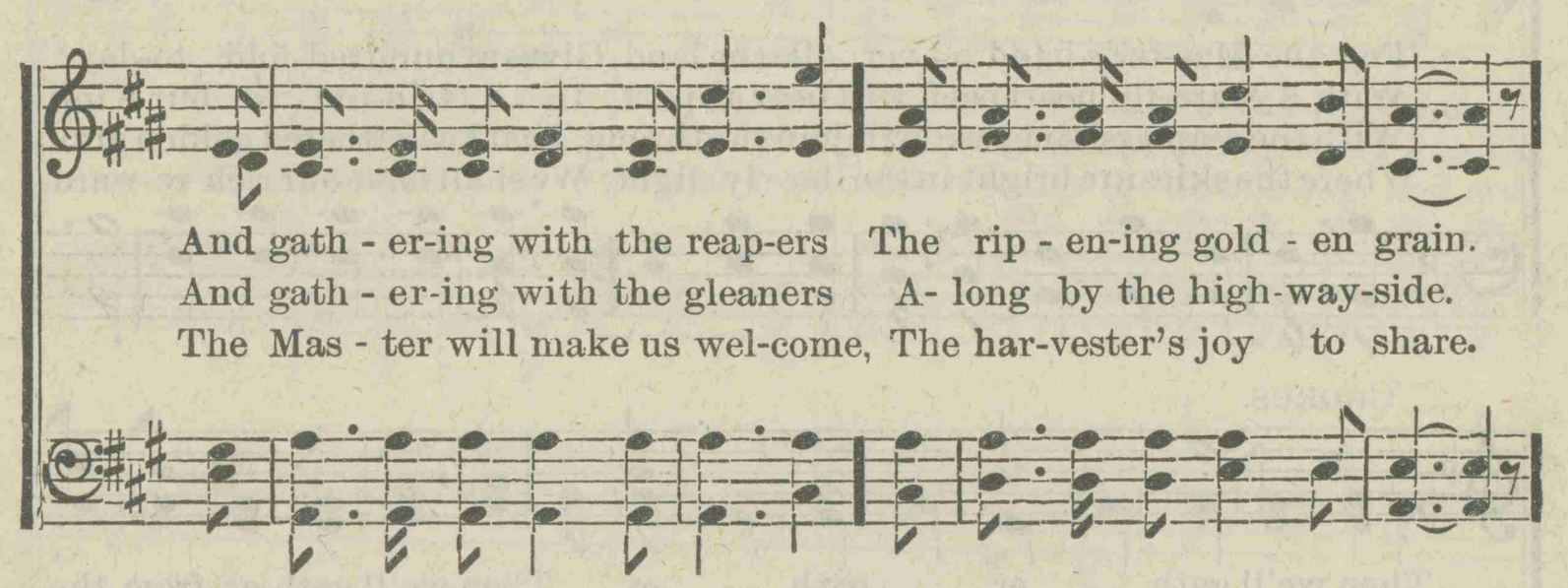
404 GATHER THE HARVEST.

C. W. RAY. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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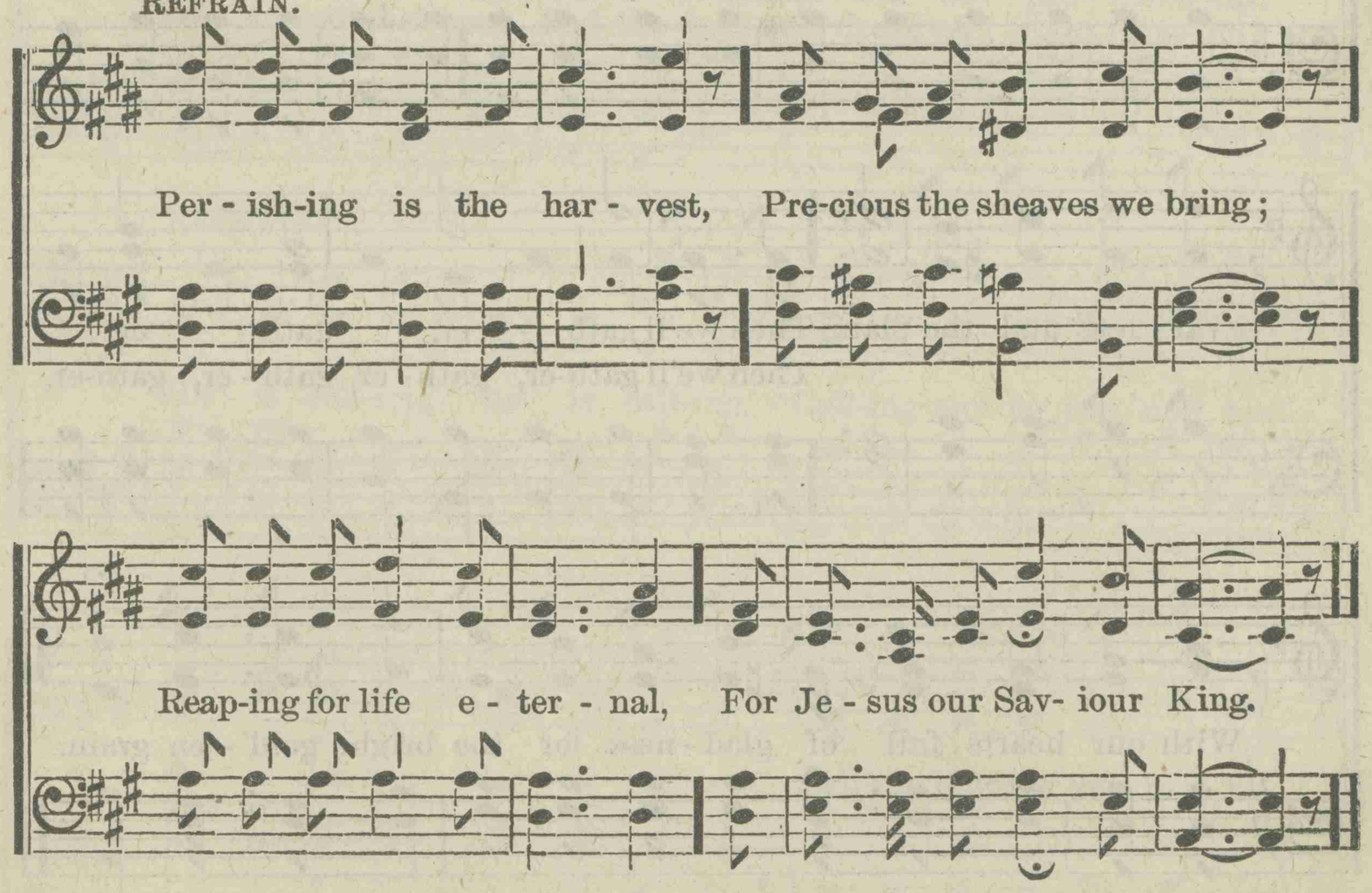

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405 GOLDEN GRAIN.

JOHN O. FOSTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. From the harvest field there's a blessed yield, Of a rich and ripe display;
2. Ev - 'ry want supplied, ev-'ry good applied, Naught but grati-tude we bring;
3. With our songs of joy in his glad employ, We will shout God's praise amain;
4. Af - ter toil is done, and the vic-t'ry's won, In the Canaan of our Lord,

For the Mas-ter's hand o - ver all the land, Gives a hundred-fold to-day.
With a grate-ful heart each will bear a part, In a trib-ute to our King.
With the reap-ers' song we will join the throng, That has gathered golden grain.
Where the skies are bright in the ho - ly light, We shall have our rich re-ward.

CHORUS.

Then we'll gath - er, gath - er, Then we'll gath-er from the
Then we'll gath-er, gath-er, gath - er, gath-er,
val - ley and the plain, Then we'll gath - er, gath - er,
Then we'll gath-er, gath - er, gath - er, gath-er,
With our hearts full of glad - ness for the bright gold - en grain.

Copyright, 1890, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

406 HEAR THE MASTER CALLING.

E. A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Hear the Mas - ter call-ing, for toil - ers call-ing, O! so loud - ly calling to you and me! En-ter now in the vine-yard and lon - ger i - dle be, But for Je - sus la - bor faith - ful - ly.
2. He has long been call-ing, for work - ers call-ing, O! so gen - tly calling and ten - der-ly! And the hours have been speeding, quickly has - ten-ing a - way, And we've wasted all the pre - cious day.
3. Je - sus still is call-ing, for serv - ants call-ing, In his love he's calling to you and me; Haste! the day is de-clin-ing, and ere long it will be gone, And the dark and dread-ed night come on!

REFRAIN.

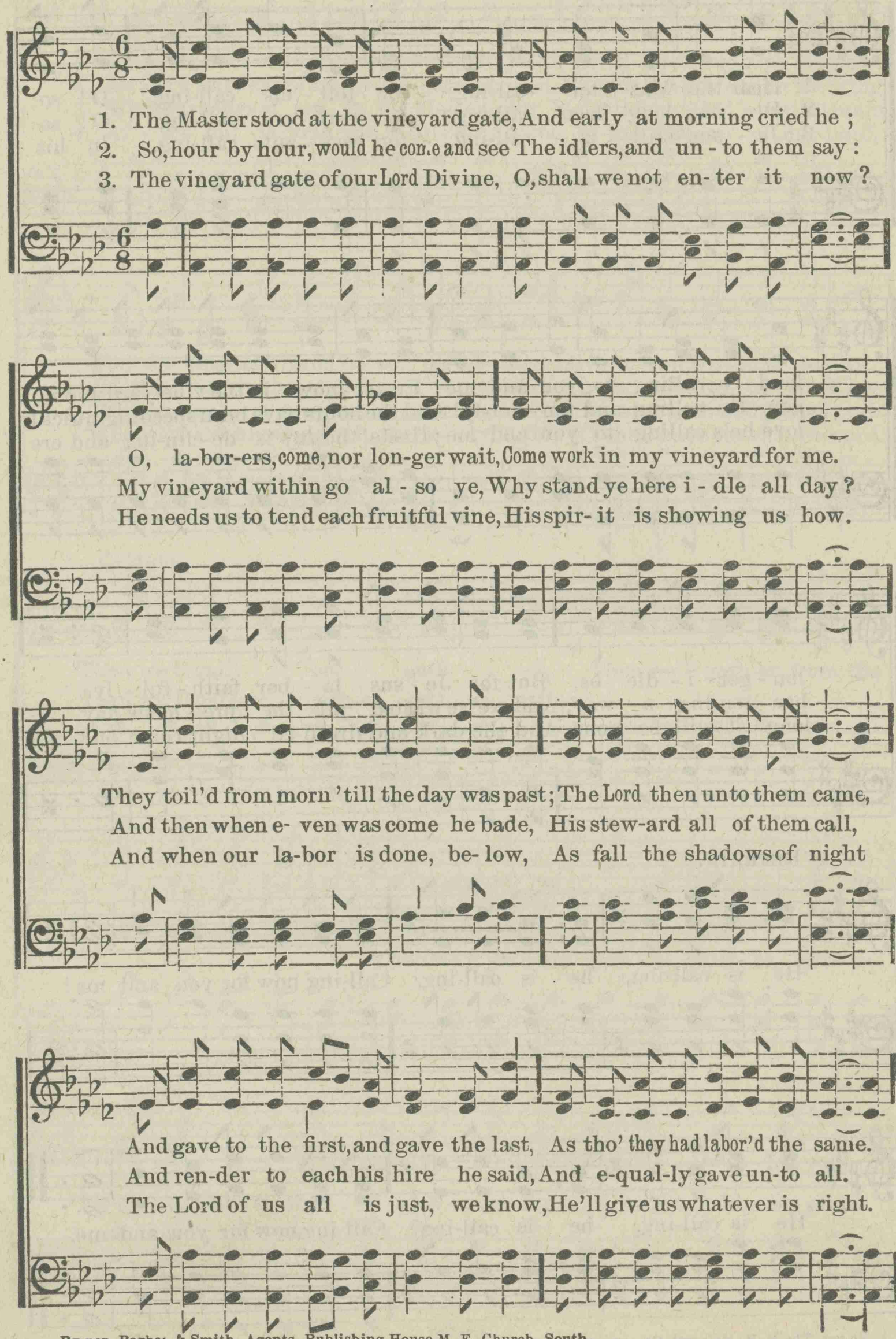
He is call-ing, he is call-ing, Call-ing now for you and me!

He is call-ing, he is call-ing! Call-ing now for you and me.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

407 THE VINEYARD GATE.

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



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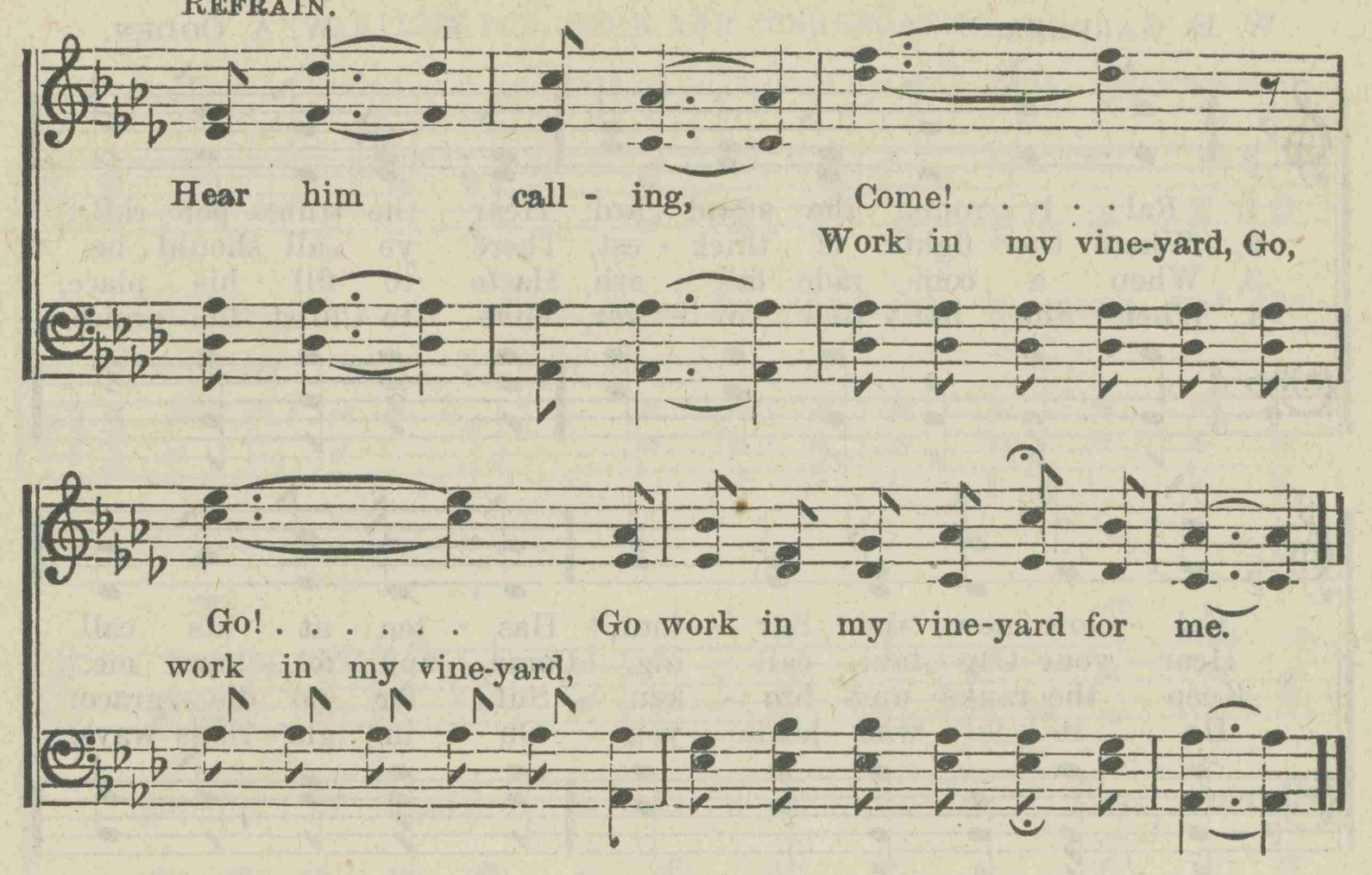
THE VINEYARD GATE.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



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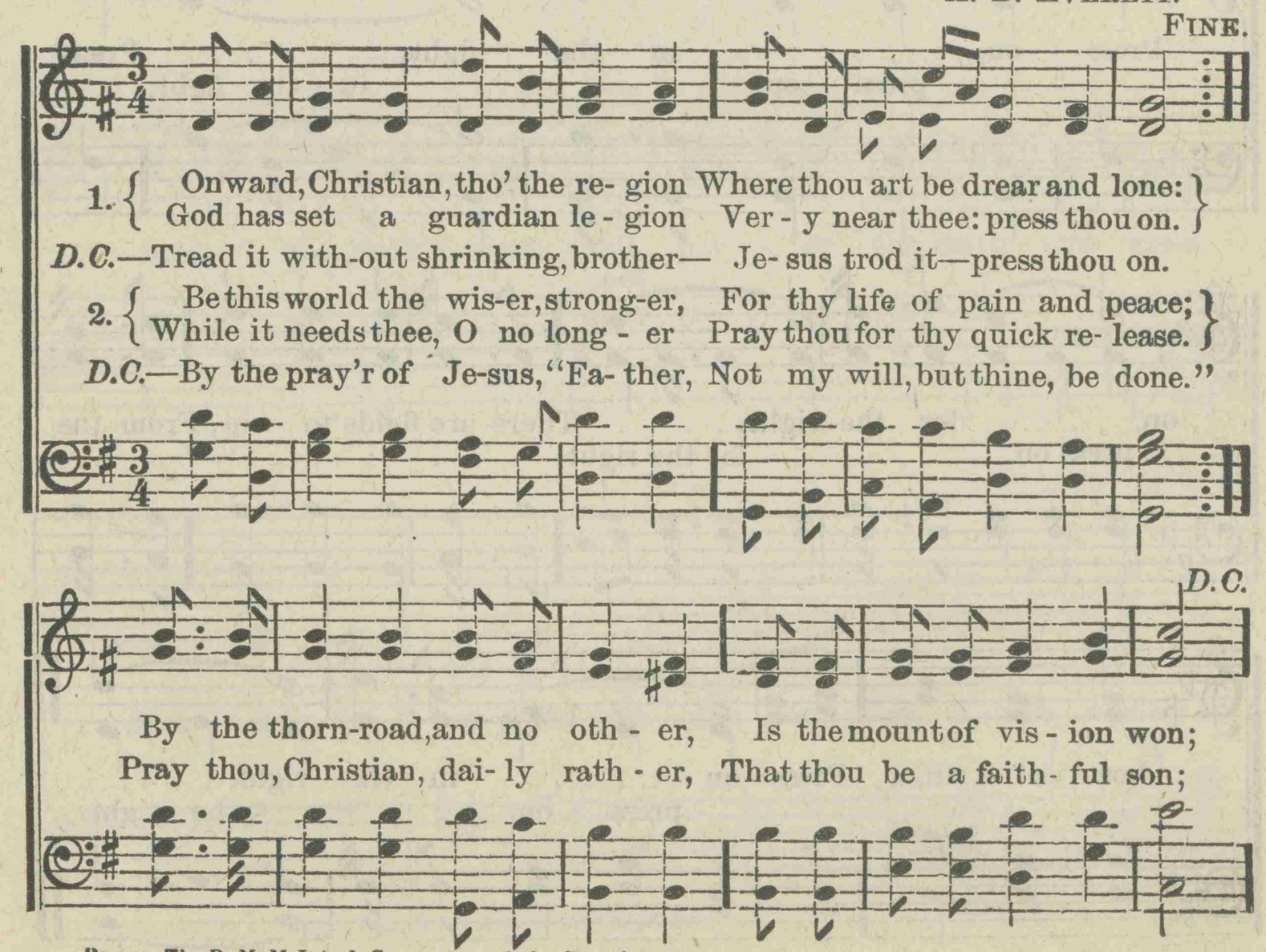
S. JOHNSON. A. B. EVERETT.

FINE.



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409 PRESS ON FOR THE RIGHT.

W. H. GARDNER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Ral - ly round the stand - ard, Hear the trum - pet call,
2. Where the fight is thick - est, There ye all should be,
3. When a com - rade fall - eth, Haste to fill his place,
4. When the bat - tle's o - ver, Give to Christ the praise,

Fol - low now the Sav - iour, Has - ten at his call.
Hear your Cap - tain call - ing, Come, and fol - low me.
Keep the ranks un - bro - ken, Suf - fer no dis - grace.
He it is who leads you On in glo - rious ways.

CHORUS.

Press on, ... in the fight; . . . . . Press
press on in the fight;
on, ... for the right; . . . . There are fields to win, From the
press on for the right;
hosts of sin, Press on . . . . . in the right. . . . .
press on the right.

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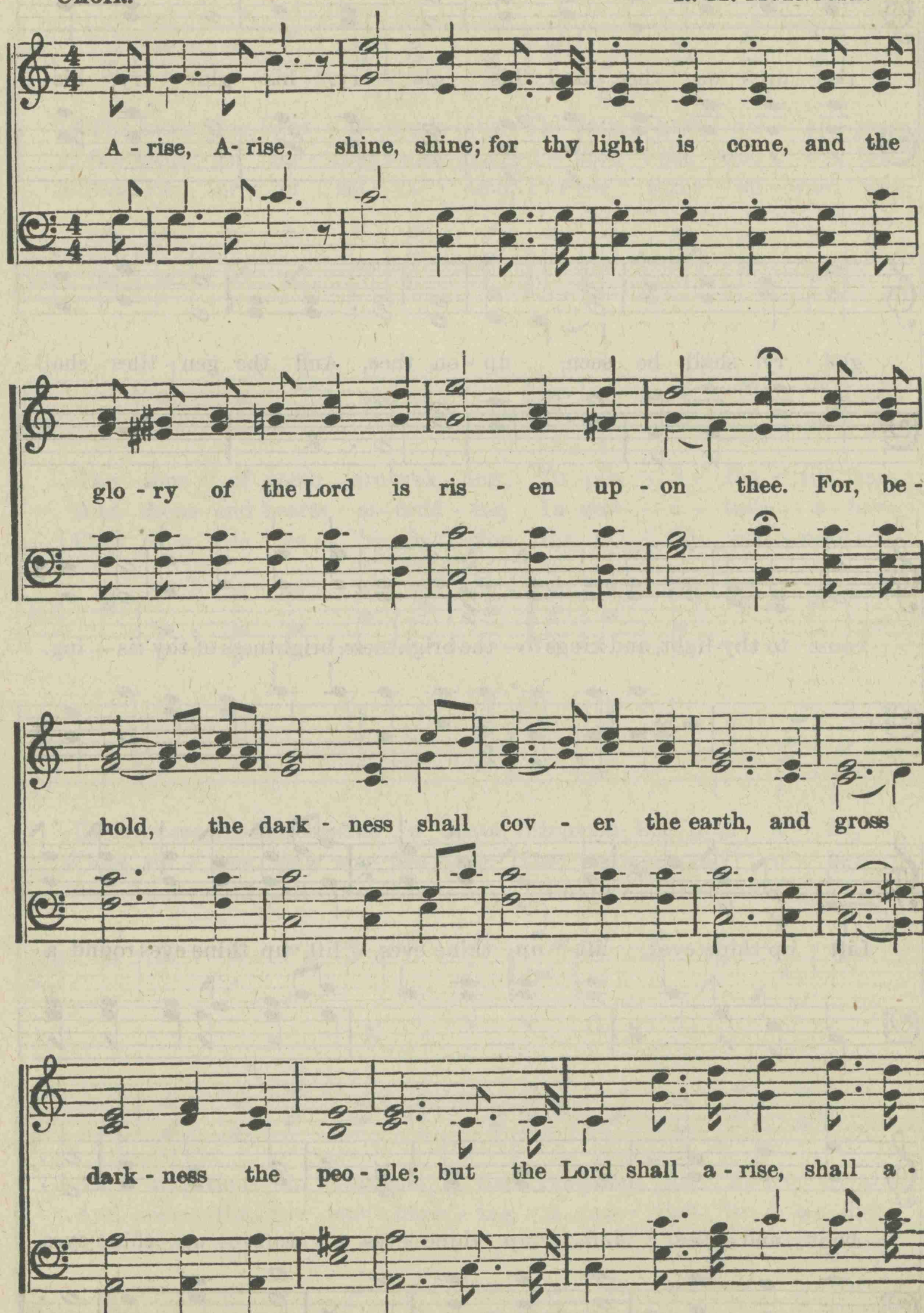
410 Arise, Shine; for thy Light is Come.

ANTHEM FOR CHOIR AND CONGREGATION.

CHOIR. R. M. McINTOSH.



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Arise, Shine; for thy Light is Come.—Continued.

rise up - on thee, and his glo - ry, his glo - ry, his

glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee, And the gen - tiles shall

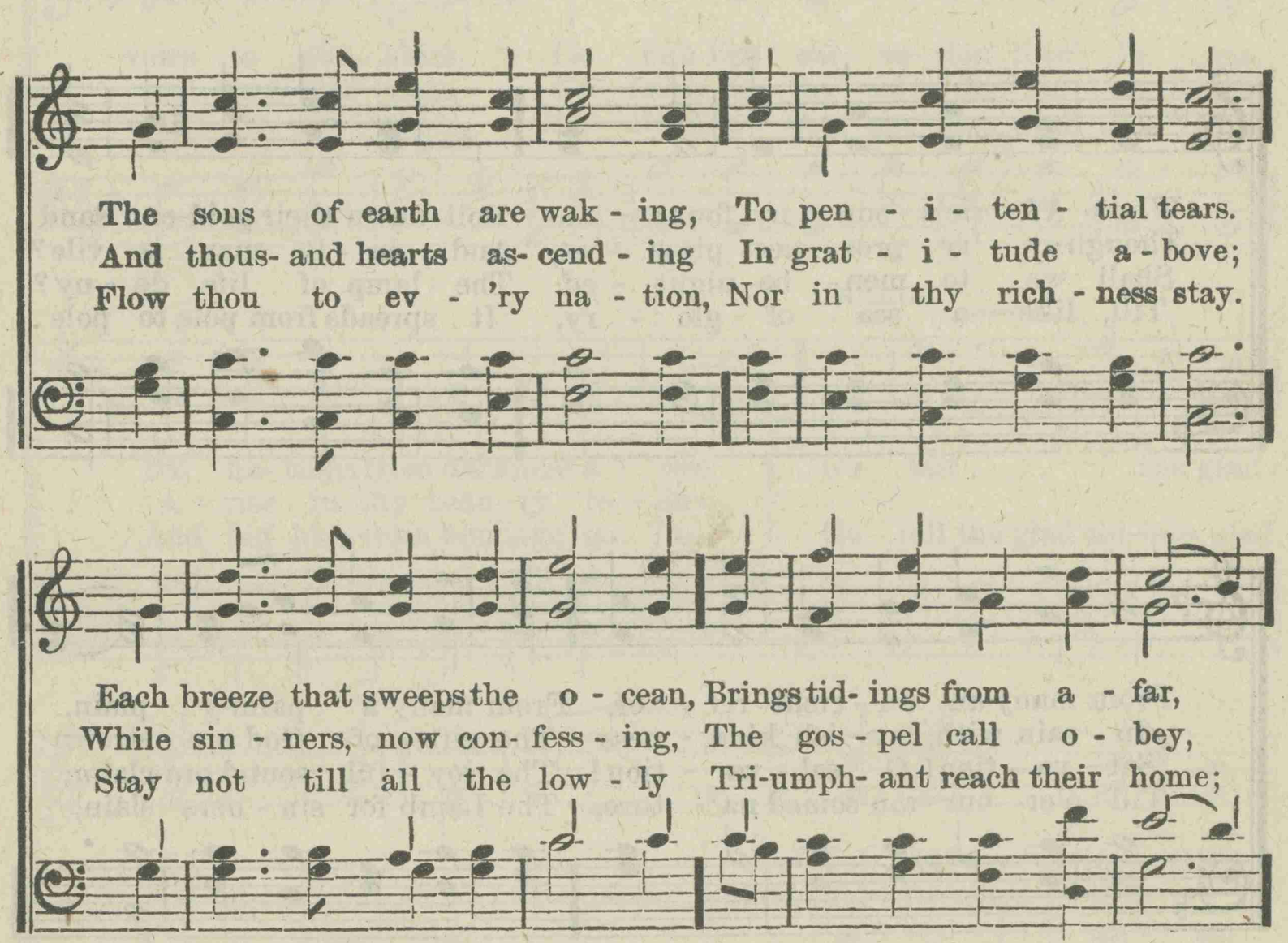
come to thy light, and kings to the brightness, brightness of thy ris - ing.

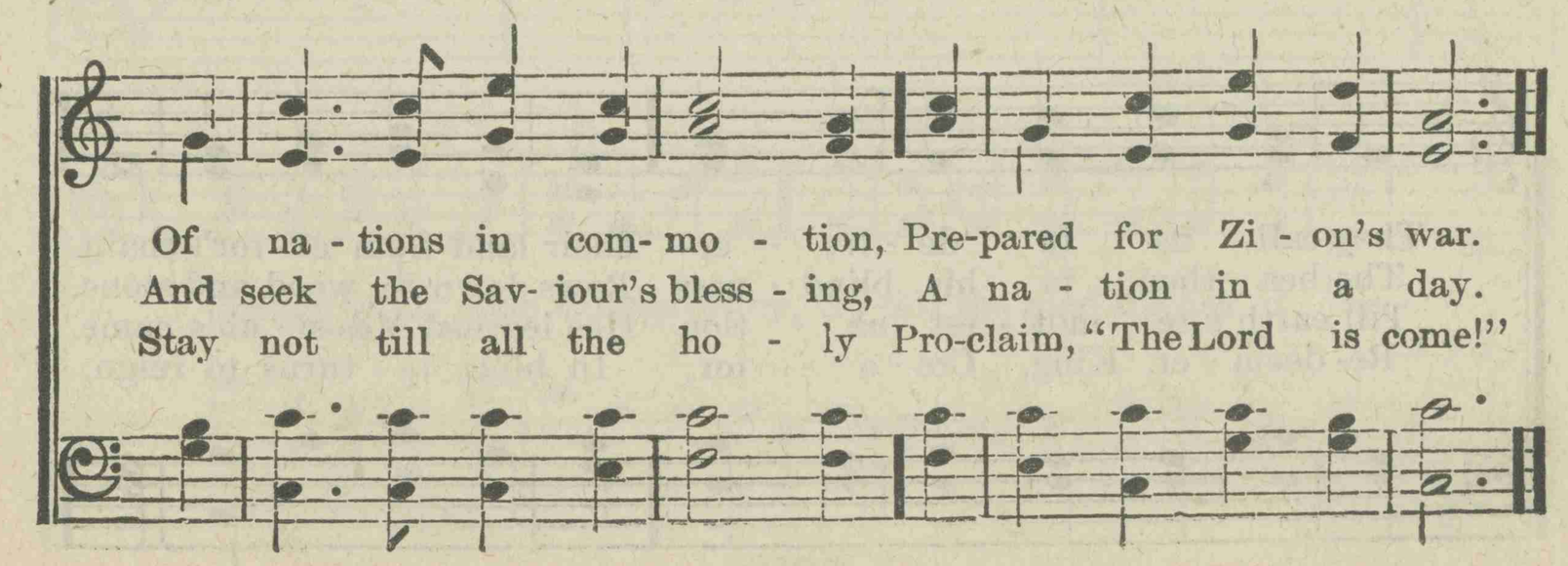
Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes, lift up thine eyes round a -

bout and see. Lift up thine eyes, Lift up thine eyes.

411 Arise, Shine; for thy Light is Come.—Concluded.

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION. (G. J. WEBB.)





412 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenlands's i - cy mountains, From In- dia's cor - al strand;
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,
3. Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold-en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be- night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strewn;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro-claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re- deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

413 GLAD TIDINGS OF JOY.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

1. O Zi - on that bring - est good tid - ings, Lift up your glad
2. O Zi - on that bring - est good tid - ings, The Bridegroom is
3. O Zi - on that bring - est good tid - ings, The hope of the

voice to the skies, Go pub-lish sal - va- tion thro' Je - sus,
com - ing this way, Go forth in thy splen-dor to meet him,
world is in thee, Pro - claim to the sin - ner sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

Bid na- tions from darkness a - rise.
A - rise in thy beau--ty to - day.
And bid him from bondage go free.

Go tell . . . . the glad
Go tell the glad tid-ings, glad

tid - - ings, The won - - der - ful tid - - ings, Glad
tid-ings of joy, The won-der-ful, wonder- ful tid-ings of joy,

tidings of joy, Glad tidings of joy, Go tell the glad tidings of joy. . . .
of joy.

414 SHIP OF ZION.

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

1. There's a wail from the is - lands of the sea, (of the sea,)
2. There's a moan from the des - ert, full of pain, (full of pain,)
3. There's a groan from the Gan - ges where they fall, (where they fall,)

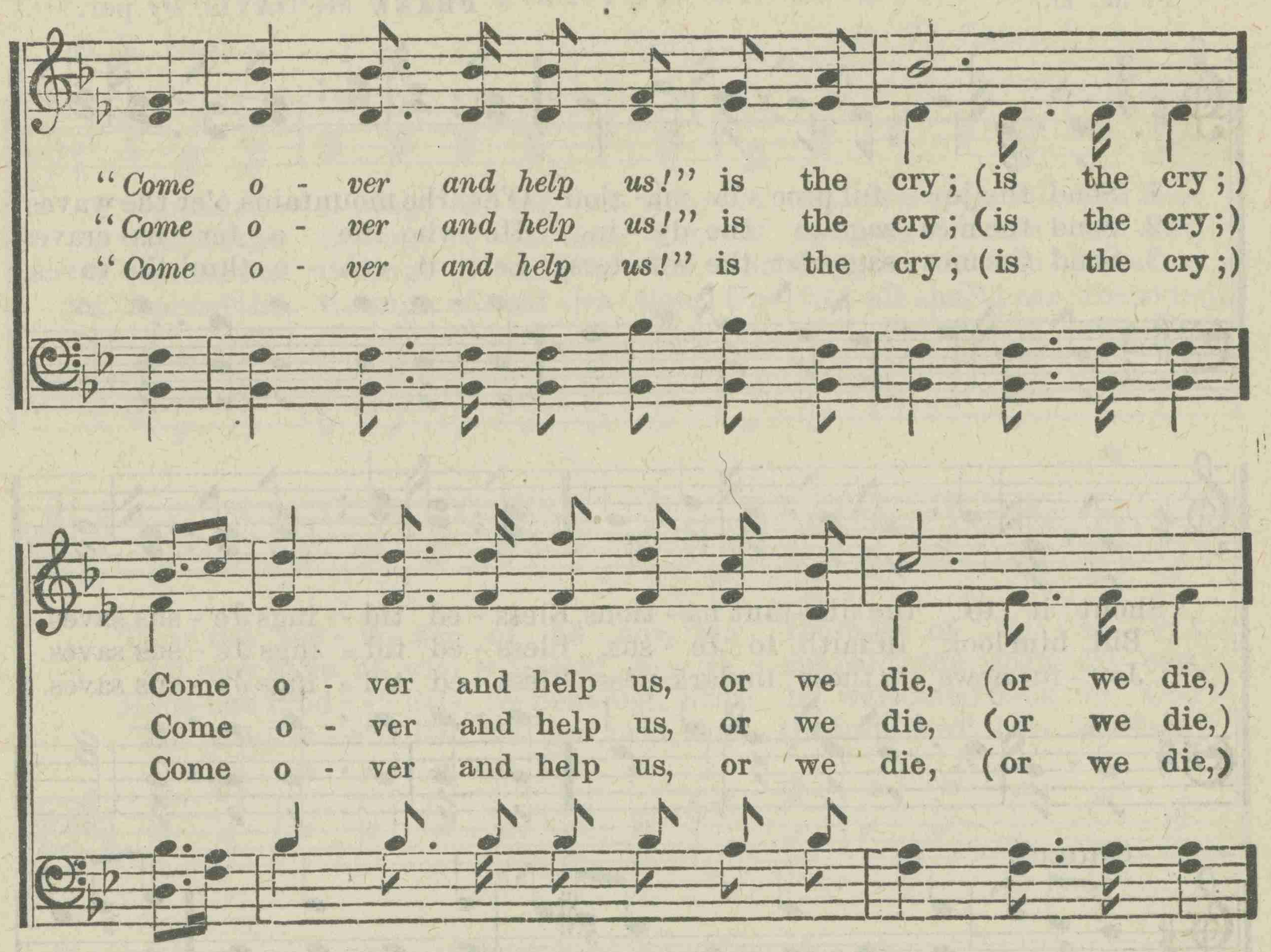
There's a voice that is call - ing you and me, (you and me,)
There's a sigh o - ver Af - ric's sun - ny plain, (sun - ny plain,)
At the feet of the i - dols, in their thrall, (in their thrall,)

In the old Ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,
In the old Ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,
In the old Ship of Zi - on, The strong help of Zi - on,

The good news of Zi - on, car - ry ye!
Bear good news of Zi - on, o'er the main.
The good news of Zi - on, bear them all!

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the copyright.

SHIP OF ZION.—Concluded.



415 THE JOYFUL PROCLAMATION.

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

1. Send the joy - ful proc - la- ma- tion O'er the mountains, o'er the waves;
2. Send the mes - sage to the dy - ing, He who life e - ter - nal craves,
3. Send the mes - sage o'er the wa - ters, Let it ech - o thro' the caves,

Shout it to the dis -tant na - tions, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.
Bid him look in faith to Je - sus, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.
Joy - ful news to those in dark-ness, Bless - ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.

CHORUS.

Bless- ed tid - ings, bless- ed tid - ings, Bless- ed
Bless- ed tid - ings, bless- ed tid- ings,

tid - - ings Je - sus saves; Blessed tid - ings bless-ed
Bless- ed tid- ings, Bless-ed tid- ings,

tid - - ings, Bless- ed tid - - ings Je - sus saves.
bless- ed tid- ings, Bless- ed tid - ings Je - sus saves.

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416 SPREAD THE TIDINGS OF SALVATION.

E. R. LATTA. D. W. CRIST, by per.

1. Spread the ti-dings of sal - va- tion, Of sal - va- tion full and free,
2. Spread the ti-dings of sal - va- tion, Of sal - va- tion for the lost,
3. Spread the ti-dings of sal - va- tion, Tho' they far in sin have trod,
4. Spread the ti-dings of sal - va- tion, Un - til all shall hear the sound,

Thro' the sac - ri - fice of Je - sus, On the cross of Cal - va - ry!
All may have it who will seek it— Je - sus paid the fear - ful cost!
Hope-less prod - i - gals, re- pent-ing, Shall be welcomed back to God!
Tell how Je - sus died for sin- ners, How the lost, thro' him are found!

CHORUS.

Spread . . . . . the ti - dings, ti - dings of the Cross,
Spread the glo- rious ti - dings,

Send . . . . . the mes- sage, mes - sage to the lost,
Send the glo- rious mes - sage,

Let the wind the message bear, Spread the ti - dings ev-'ry where.
message bear

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417 TELL IT OUT!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Tell it out a-mong the na - tions that the Lord is King!
2. Tell it out a-mong the na - tions that the Sav - iour reigns!
3. Tell it out a-mong the na - tions Je - sus reigns a - bove!

Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out! (Tell it out!)

Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, bid them shout and sing;
Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, bid them break their chains!
Tell it out a-mong the hea-then, that his reign is love!

Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out!

Tell it out with a - dor-
Tell it out a-mong the
Tell it out a-mong the

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TELL IT OUT!—Concluded.

a - tion that he shall in - crease, That the might-y King of
weep-ing ones that Je - sus lives! Tell it out a - mong the
high-ways and the lawns at home; Let it ring a - cross the

glo - ry is the King of peace;
wea - ry ones what rest he gives;
mountains and the o - cean's foam;
} Tell it out! (Tell it out!)

Tell it out! (Tell it out!)
{ Tell it out with ju - bi - la - tion, let the
Tell it out a-mong the sin - ners that he
Like the voice of ma - ny wa - ters let our

songs ne'er cease;
came to save;
glad shout be;
} Tell it out! (Tell it out!) Tell it out!

418 FREE GIVING.

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

1. In the des - ert, days of old, When they call'd for gems and gold,
2. Then the wom - en that were wise, Spun of blue and pur - ple dyes;
3. Might- y rul - ers came and gave Shin - ing gems whereon to grave
4. Thus the work of God's command, By his ho - ly prophet's hand,

For a sa - cred of - fer - ing, On - ly he whose spir - it stirr'd,
And the call was heard by them. But by *will - ing* hands, a-lone,
All the names of Is - ra - el; But their *will- ing* hands, a-lone,
Was in sa - cred ser - vice wrought. But the best and bless- ed part,

Will - ing heart- ed, at the word, Might a gift or treas - ure bring.
Might the broid-'ry work be done, Of the sa - cred ves - ture hem.
By the pre-cious o - nyx-stone, Might the need- ful treas - ure swell.
Was the glad and will-ing heart, That his lov - ing chil - dren brought.

REFRAIN.

Free - ly give, ... still he calls,
Free - ly give, still he calls, free - ly give, still he calls,

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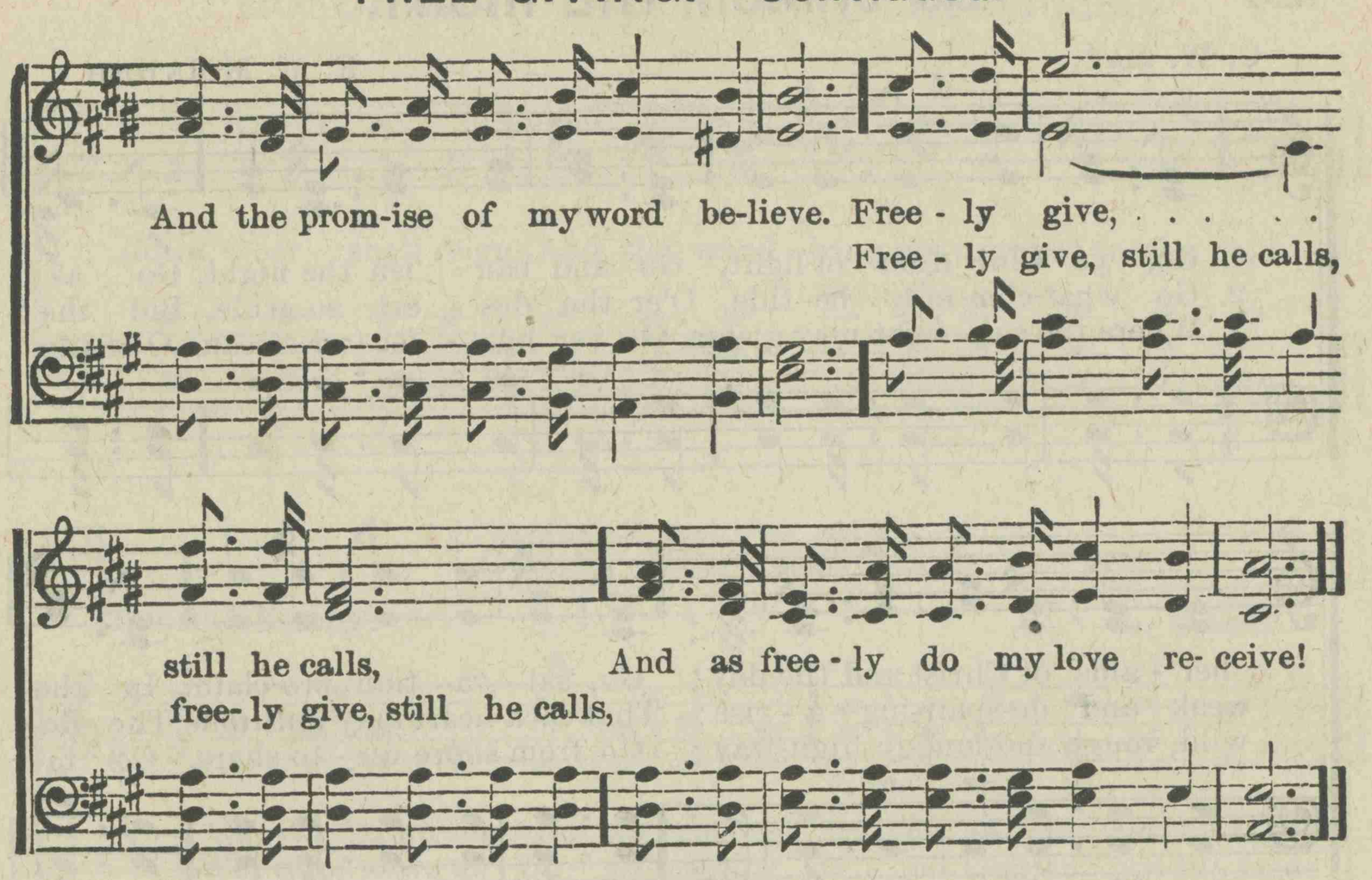
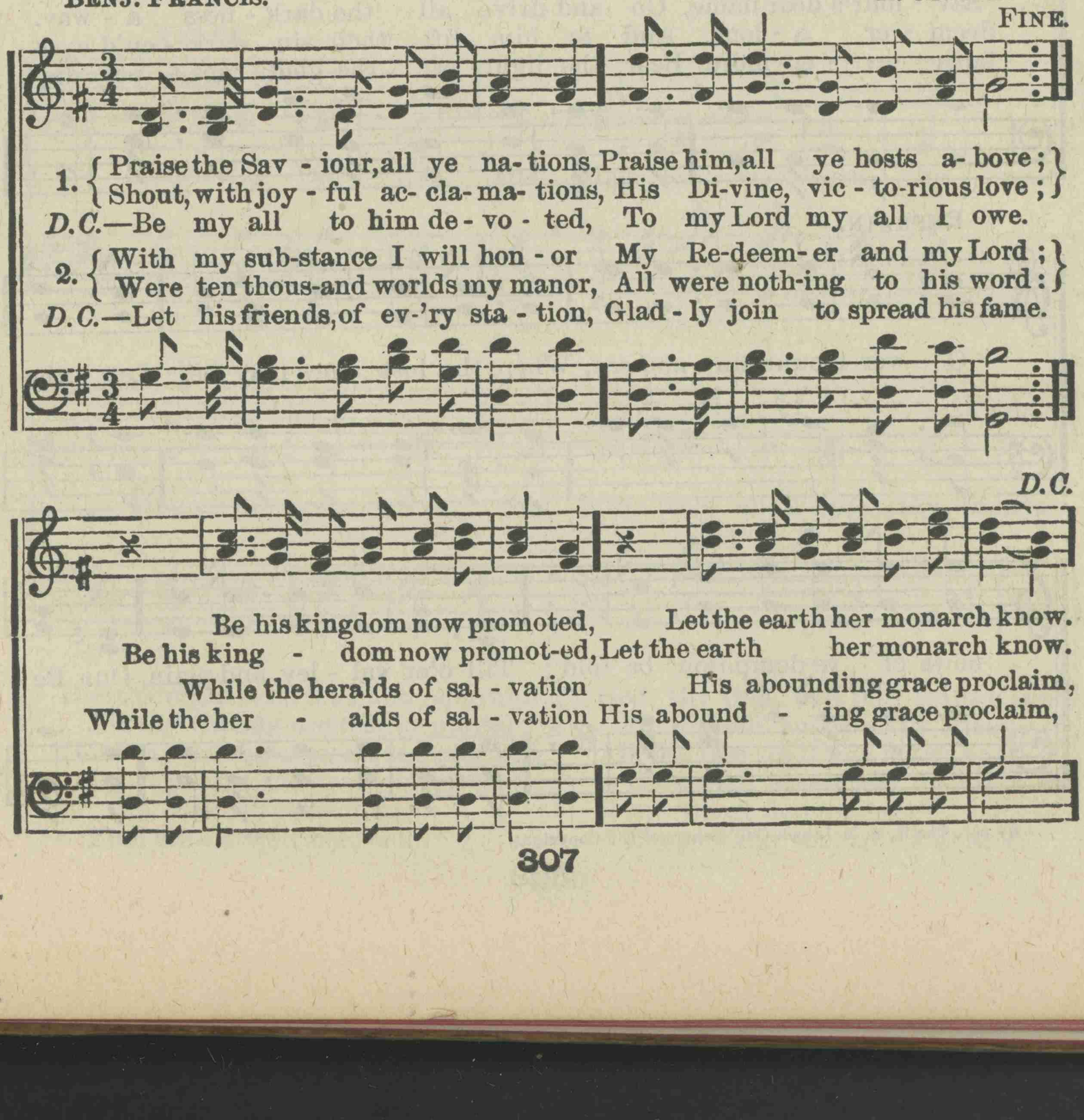
FREE GIVING.—Concluded.



419 HARWELL. 8s & 7s. Double.



420 GO BANISH THE NIGHT.

C. W. RAY. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Go, ye Chil- dren of light, Go and ban - ish the night, Go as
2. Go what-e'er may be- tide, O'er the des - ert so wide, Bid the
3. Where the sun- light may gleam, O - ver lake - let or stream, O'er the

her - alds of Christ and the day; Go, sal - va - tion pro-claim, In the
weak and de-spair-ing a - rise; That each heart may enthrone The Re -
wild, rough and lone-ly high-way; Go from shore un - to shore, Go in

Sav - iour's dear name, Go and drive all the dark - ness a - way.
deem - er a - lone, And to him lift their sin dark - en'd eyes.
faith ev - er- more, Bear the light of the glad gos - pel day.

REFRAIN.

O - ver mount-ain and sea, Where the lost ones may be, Let the

news of re-demp-tion be told; Till o'er val - ley and plain, Our Re -

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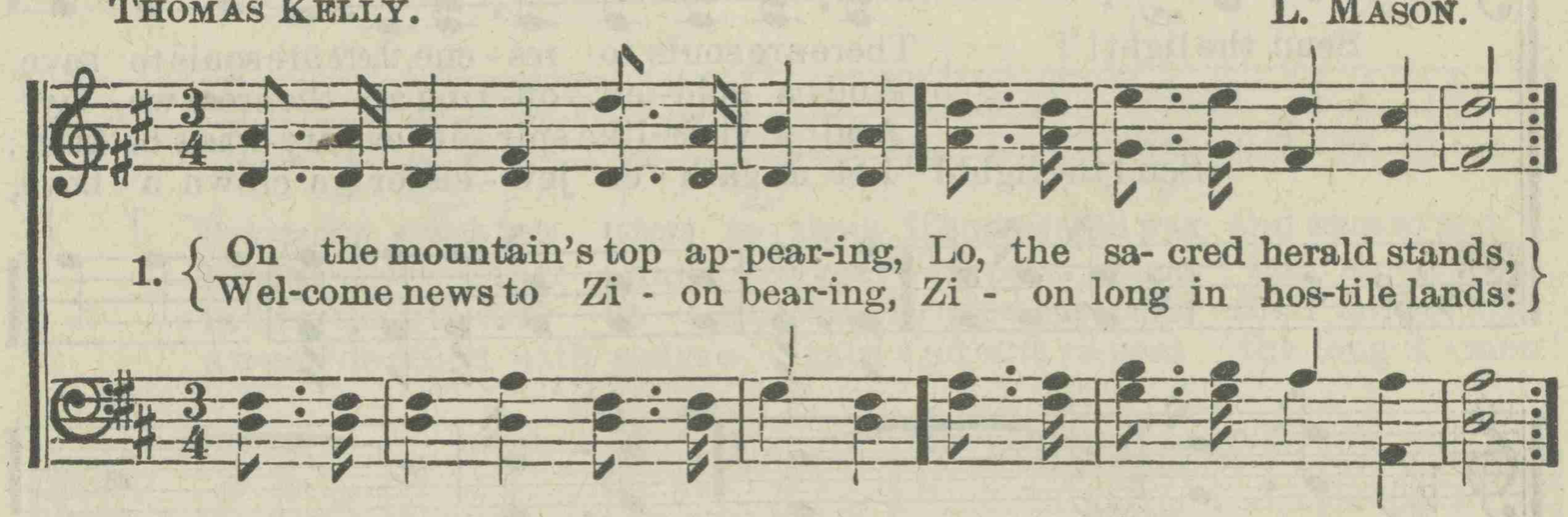
GO BANISH THE NIGHT.—Concluded.

421 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS KELLY. L. MASON.



2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

422 SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL, by per.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the rest- less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Ma - ce-do- nian call to - day,
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where a-bound,
4. Let us not grow wea- ry in the work of love, "Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res - cue, there are souls to save,
And a gold- en off-'ring at the cross we lay,
And a Christ-like spir - it ev - 'ry-where be found;
Send the light!" Let us gath - er jew - els for a crown a - bove,

Send the light! . . . . . Send the light! . . . . . .
Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.

{ Send the light, . . . the bless-ed gos - pel light, Let it
{ Send the light, . . . and let its ra - diant beams Light the

shine . . . from shore to shore! . . . . .
world . . . for - ev - er - - - - - more. (for-ev- er-more.)

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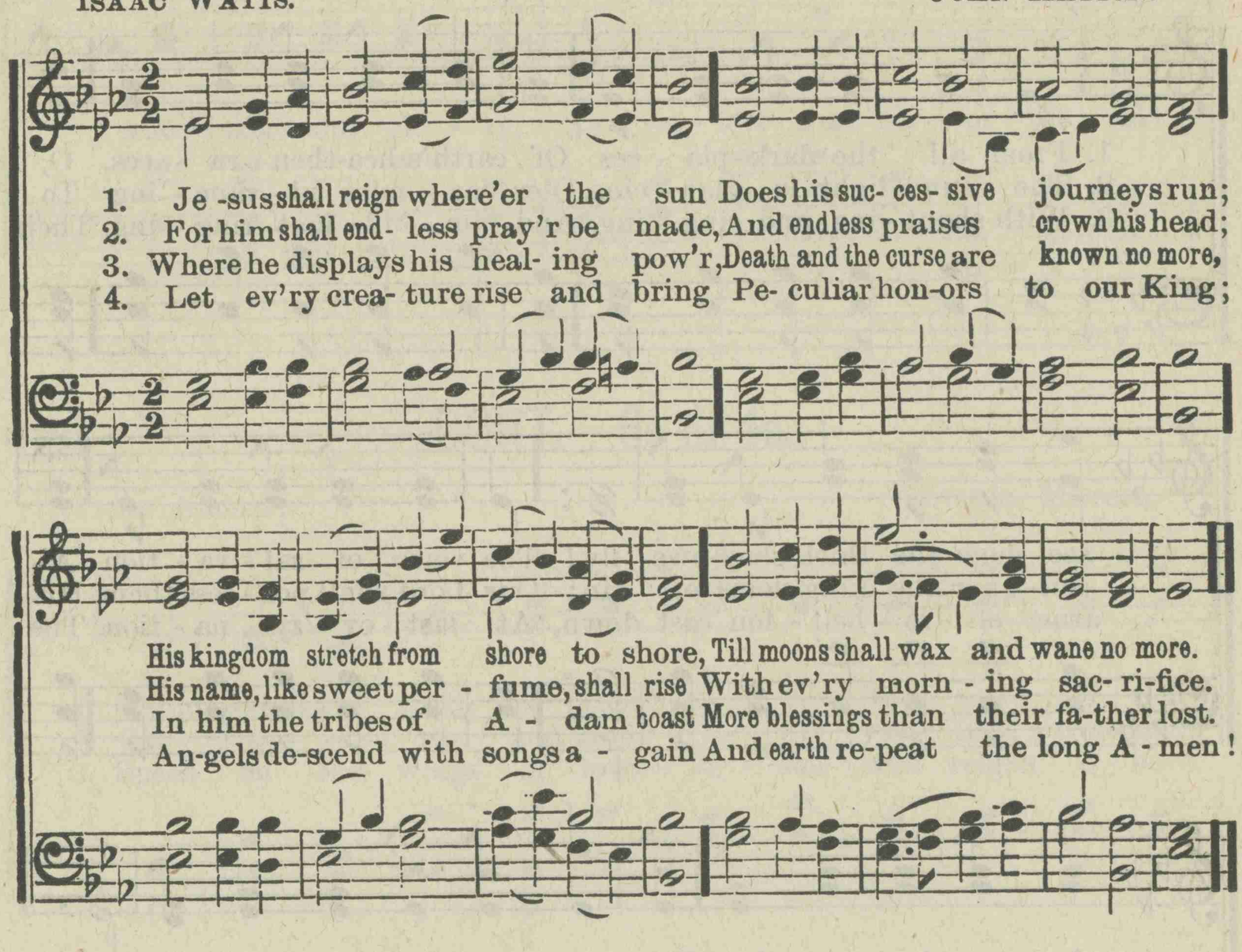
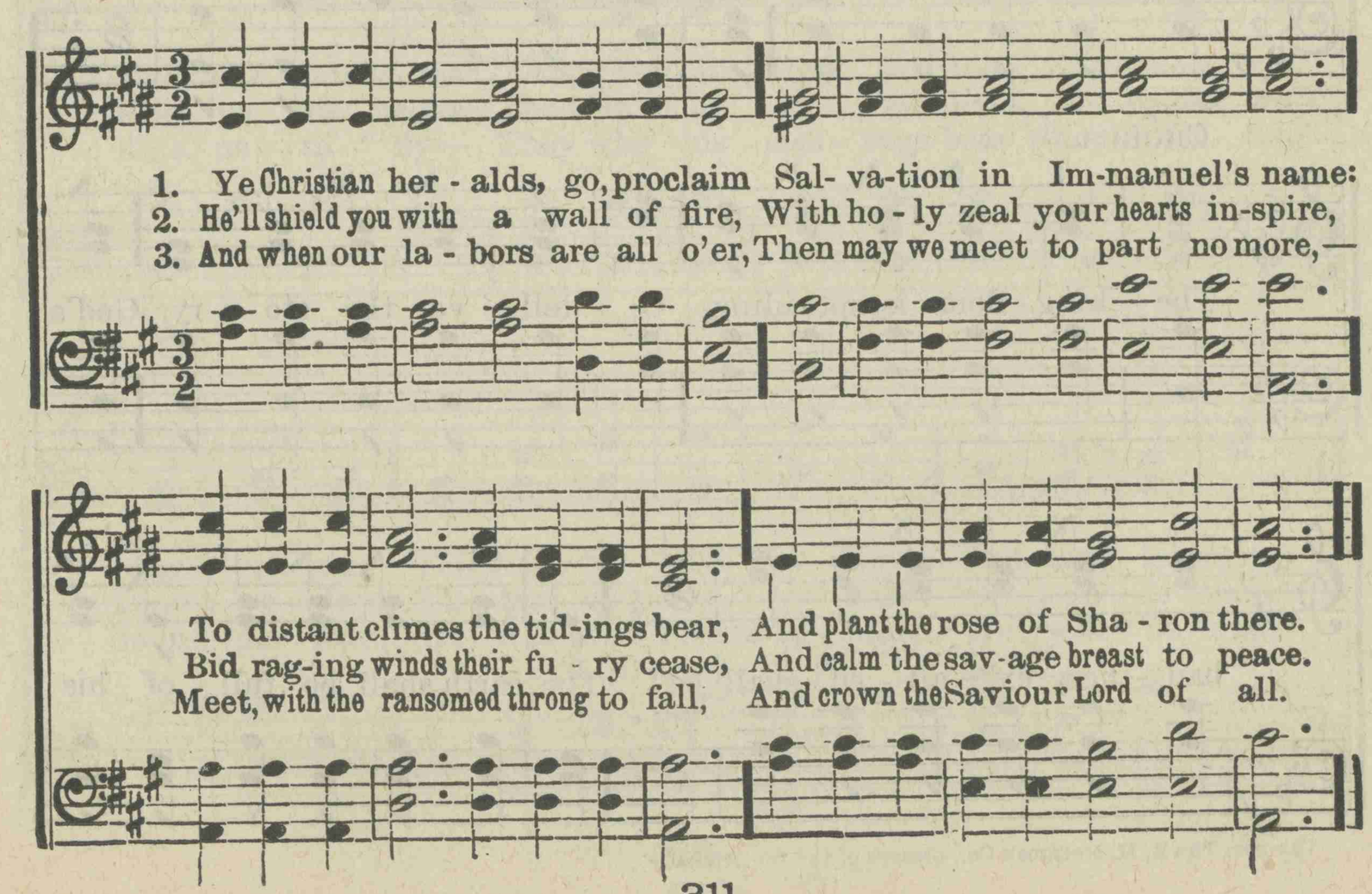
423 DUKE STREET. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



424 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CH. ZEUNER.



425 THE KINGDOM SPREADING.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, O,
2. The sun - light is glan - cing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing To
3. With shout - ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their

see how the thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
con - quer the king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His
arms of re - bell - ion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The

wakes ev - 'ry na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
pres - ence shall bless them, His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!

Chorus.

The king - dom is spreading, O, tell ye the sto - ry, God's
ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of his

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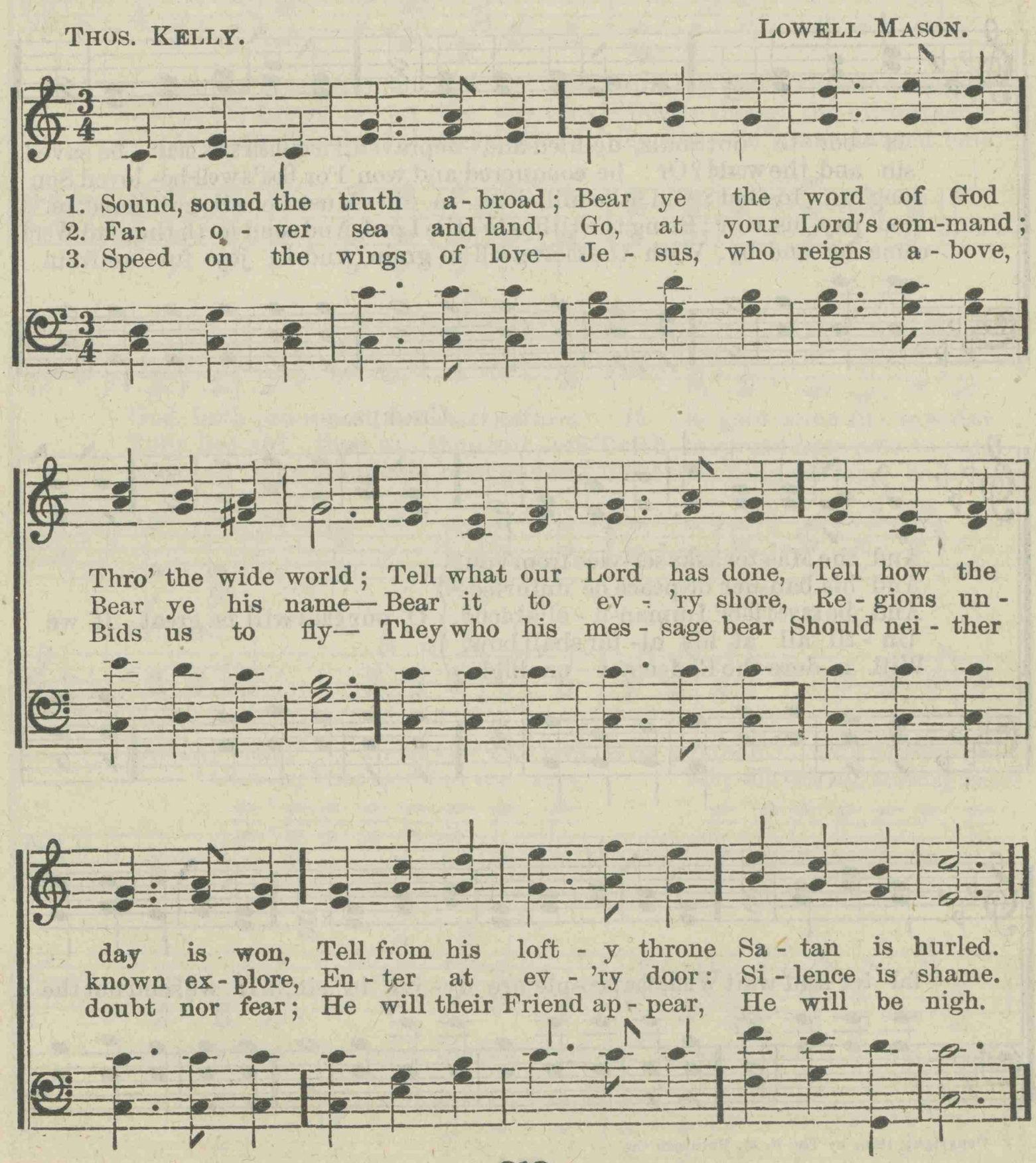
THE KINGDOM SPREADING.—Concluded.

426 DORT. 6s & 4s.

THOS. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.



427 IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. O ye children of God, Ye redeemed thro' the blood, There is work, there is
2. Shall the broad land we love, Glo-ry-crowned from a-bove, Be surrendered to
3. From At- lan-tic's white crest To the shores of the west Must this na-tion be -
4. Let our off'rings of gold Be increased man-i - fold And each Christian to
5. With God's blessing the field A rich harvest will yield, And the reapers will

la - bor to do! Souls, de-filed and depraved, From their sins must be saved,
sin and the world? Or be conquered and won For God's well-be- loved Son
long un - to God; And the mill-ions in sin Must be all gath-ered in,
God pay his vow; Bring the tithes to the Lord, And send forth the glad Word
come by and by, With the sheaves full of grain, And in joy- ful re-frain

CHORUS.

And the Mas-ter asks ser-vice from you.
And his ban-ner of peace be unfurled?
And be saved thro' Imman-u - el's blood.
Un - til all at his al- tar shall bow.
Will a- dore the Redeemer on high.

O, our guilt will be great If we

fal- ter and wait While the peo-ple are dy- ing in sin, If we send not the

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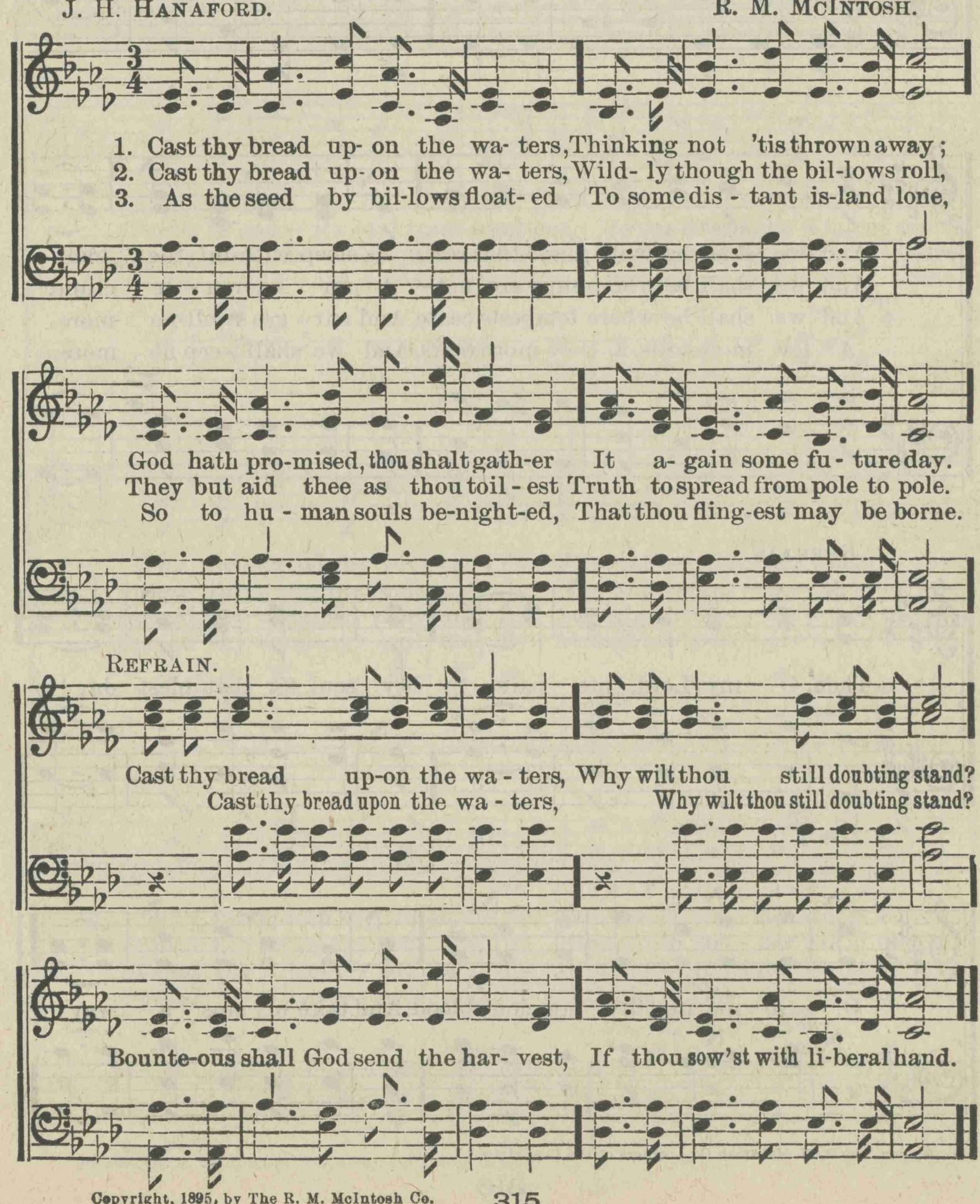
IF WE SEND NOT THE LIGHT.—Concluded.

428 CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

J. H. HANAFORD. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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429 TAKE MY SINS AWAY.

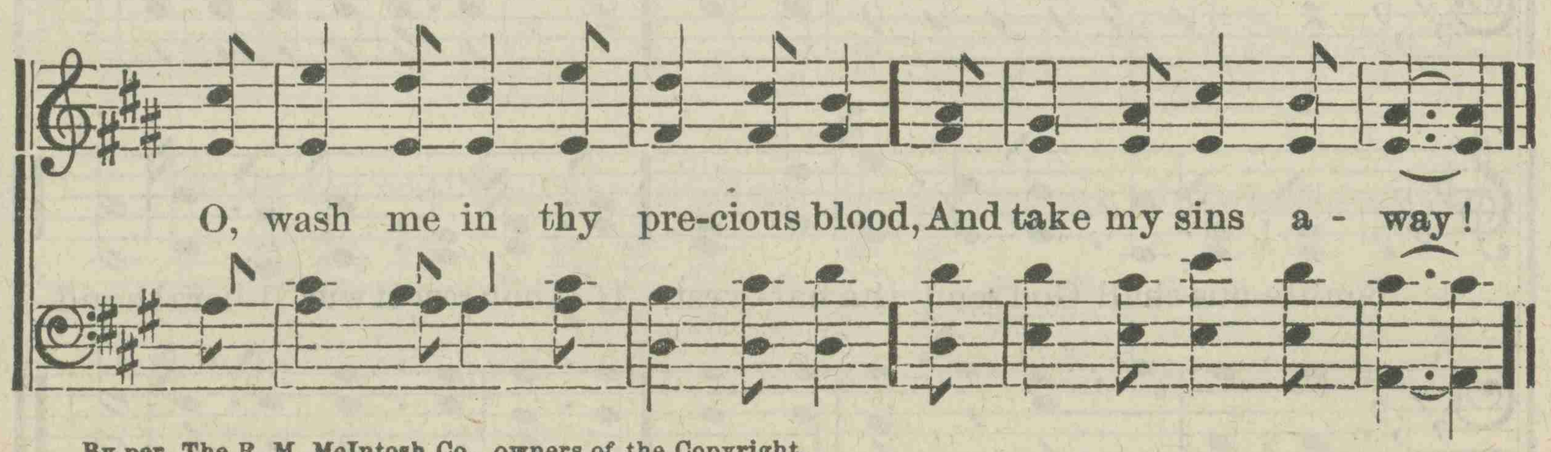
HORATIUS BONAR. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea- sons come,
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time,
3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore;
4. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er,

And we shall be with those that rest, A- sleep with-in the tomb;
And we shall be where suns are not— A far se- ren - er clime.
And we shall be where tempests cease, And sur - ges swell no more.
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.

REFRAIN.

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that blest day!



O, wash me in thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way!

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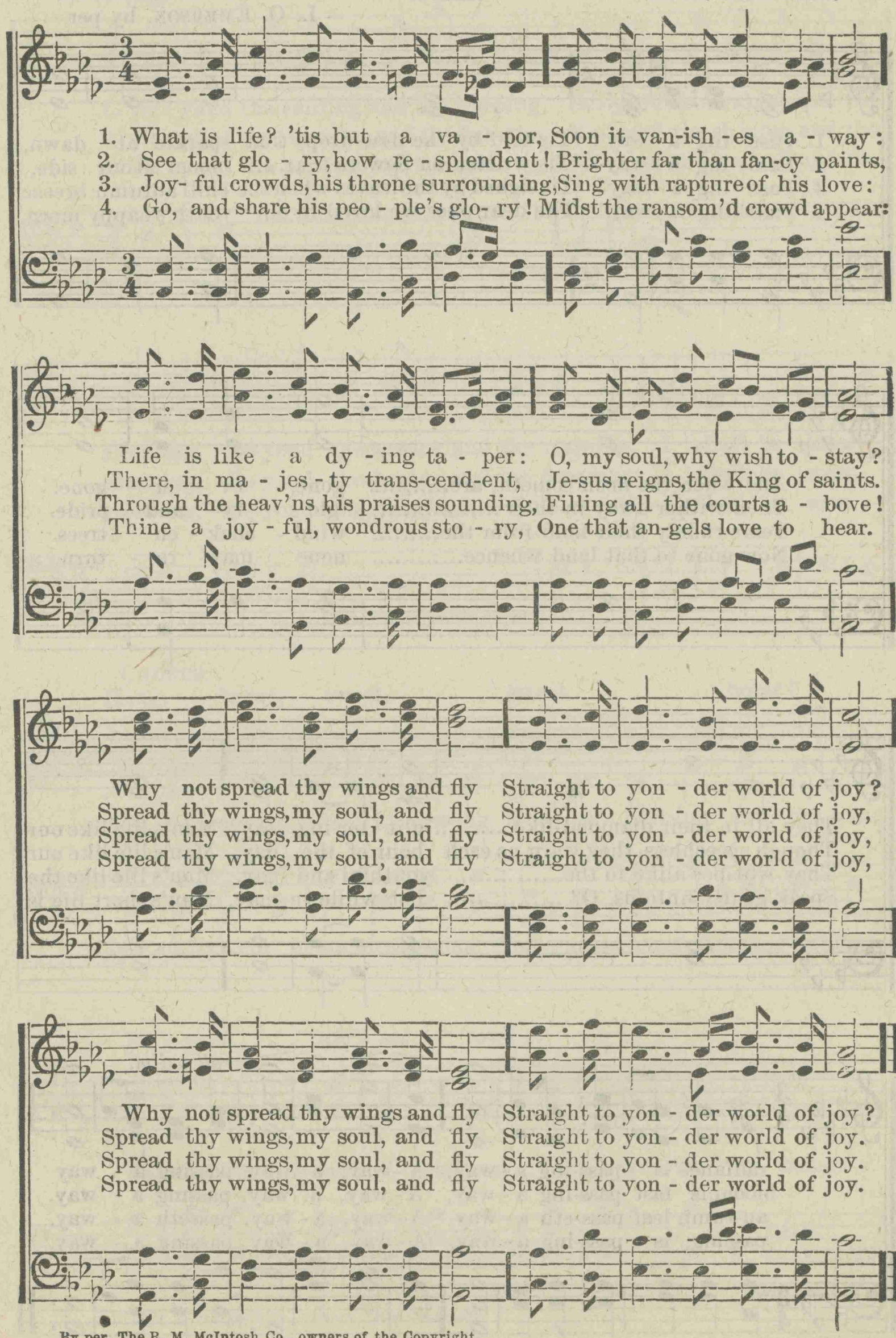
430 THE WORLD OF JOY.

THOMAS KELLY. R. M. McINTOSH.



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431

PASSING AWAY!

CHANT.

L. O. EMERSON, by per.

1. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis told by the dew-drops that sparkle at dawn,
2. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis written on flowers that..... bloom at our side,
3. Pass - ing a - way! 'Tis sighed by the leaves when the chill autumn breeze,
4. Pass - ing a - way! The dear ones we loved in our youth's happy morn,

And when the noon cometh, are..... gone, ev - er gone.
Then wither away in their ..... glo - ry and pride.
Tears rudely their hold from the..... wind shak - en trees.
Now gone to that land whence..... none may re - turn.

They all in their diamond-like, ... glit - ter-ing say, Man's life like our
Though speechless, they warn us each hour of the day, Man's life like our
They whisper alike to the..... youthful and gay, Man's life like the
Speak gently unto us, O! ..... list while ye may, Man's short life is

rall e dim.

radiance is pass-ing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way
bloom is fast pass-ing a - way, A - way, a way, passing a - way.
au-tumn leaf pass-eth a - way, A - way, a - way, passeth a - way.
passing, is pass-ing a - way, A - way, a - way, passing a - way.

432 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

H. BONAR. Arr. from BUSHEY, by R. M. MCINTOSH.

DUET.

1. Be - yond the smiling and the weeping, Be - yond the waking and the
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shining and the
3. Be - yond the parting and the meeting, Be - yond the farewell and the

sleep-ing, Be-yond the sowing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
shad - ing, Be-yond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.
greet-ing, Be-yond the pulse's fe-ver'd beat-ing, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
I'll be rest-ing, sweetly rest-ing, Where sad part-ing can - not come,
Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home,

Be - yond . . . life's sor - rows
Be-yond life's sor-rows I shall rest, In heav - en my home.
home, sweet home.

By per. The R M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

433

ONLY WAITING.

QUARTET.

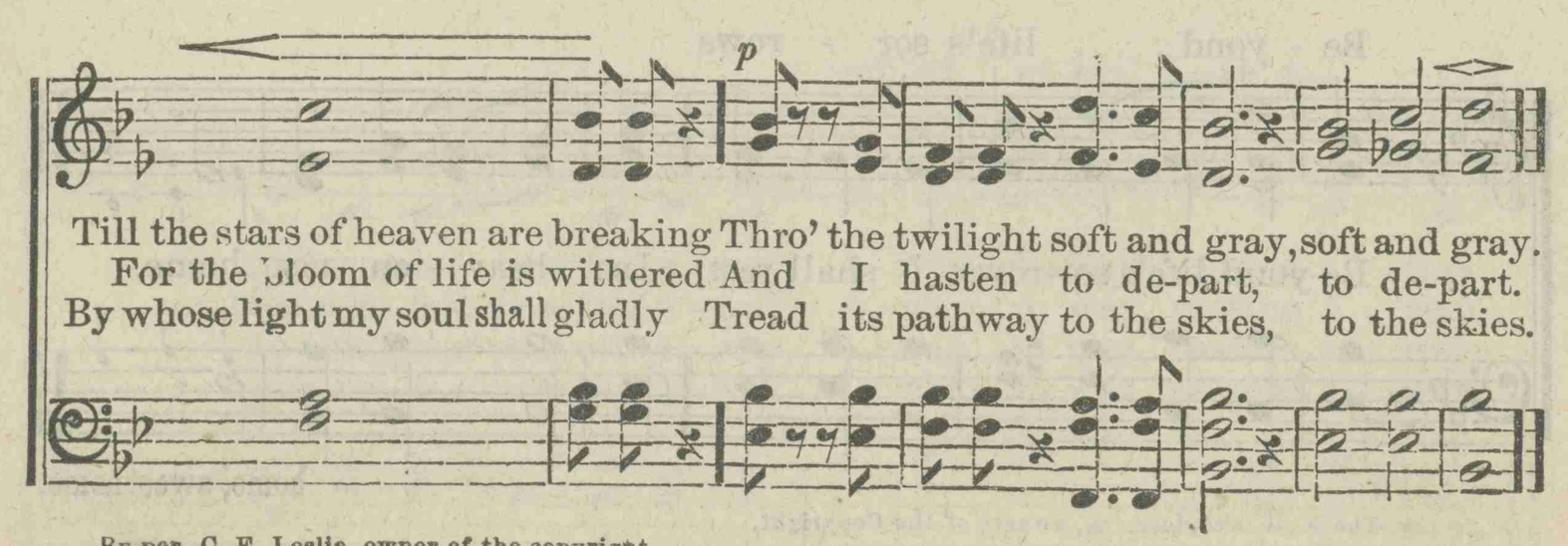
Mrs. F. L. MACE. C. E. LESLIE.

Sing without accompaniment.

1. On - ly wait-ing, till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;
2. On - ly wait-ing, till the reapers Have the last sheaf gathered home;
3. On - ly wait-ing, till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;

On - ly waiting, till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown.
For the summer - time is fad - ed, And the au - tumn winds have come.
On - ly waiting, till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown.

Till the light of earth is fad - ed From the hearts once full of day;
Quickly, reapers, gather quick - ly These last ripe hours of my heart,
Then, from out the gathered dark - ness Ho - ly, death-less stars shall rise,

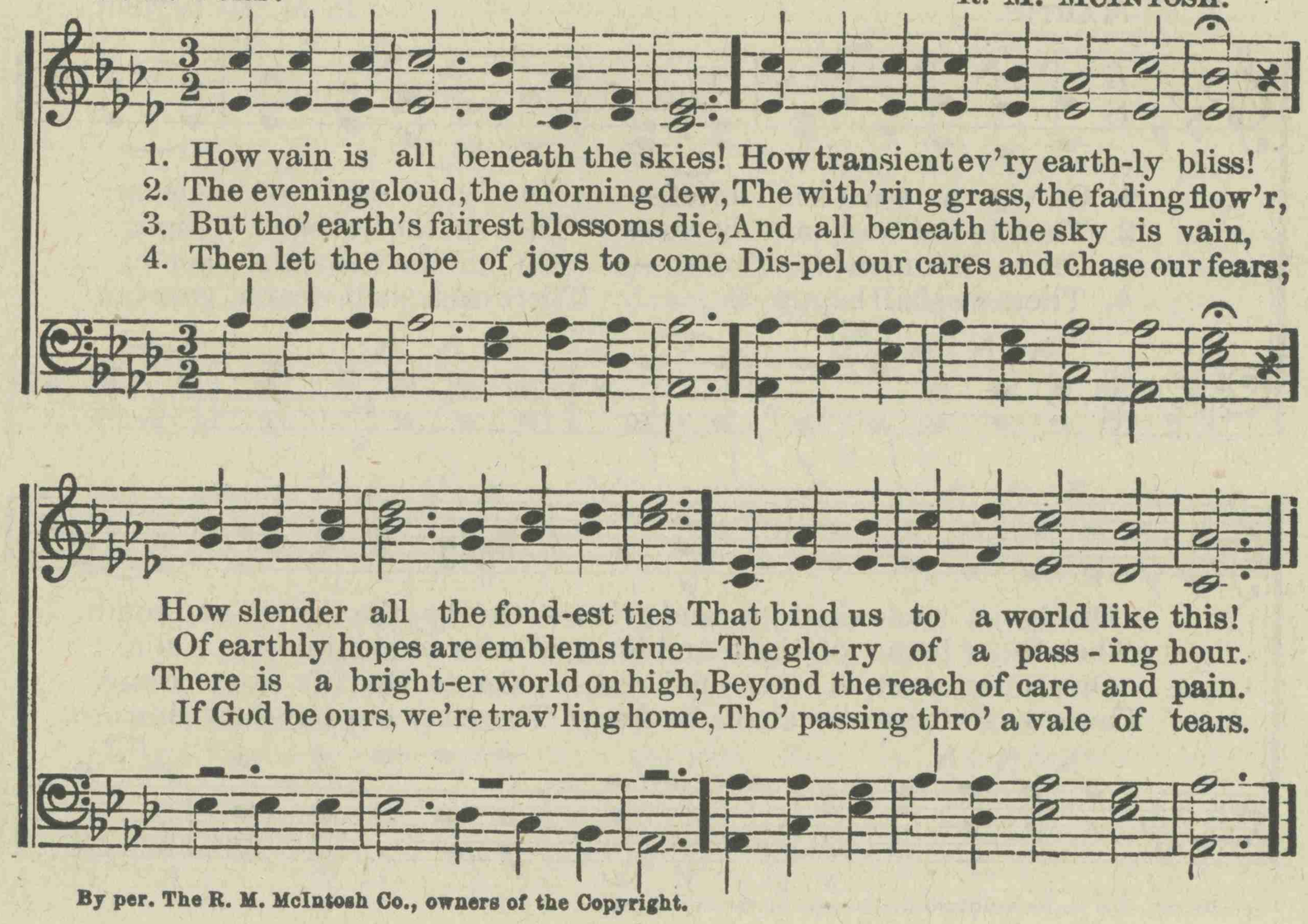


Till the stars of heaven are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray, soft and gray.
For the bloom of life is withered And I hasten to de-part, to de-part.
By whose light my soul shall gladly Tread its pathway to the skies, to the skies.

By per. C. E. Leslie, owner of the copyright.

434 HOGE. L. M.

D. E. FORD. R. M. McINTOSH.



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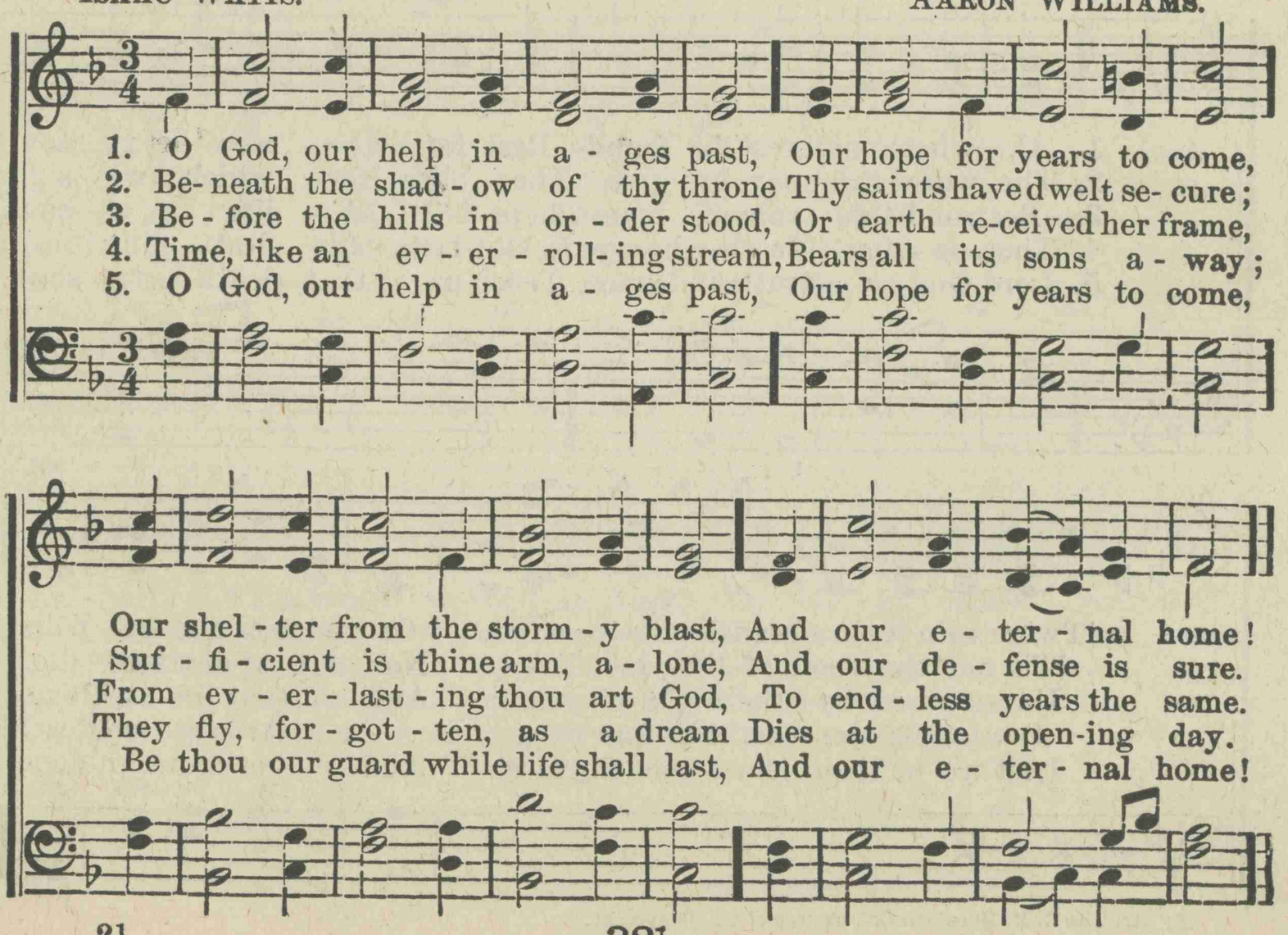
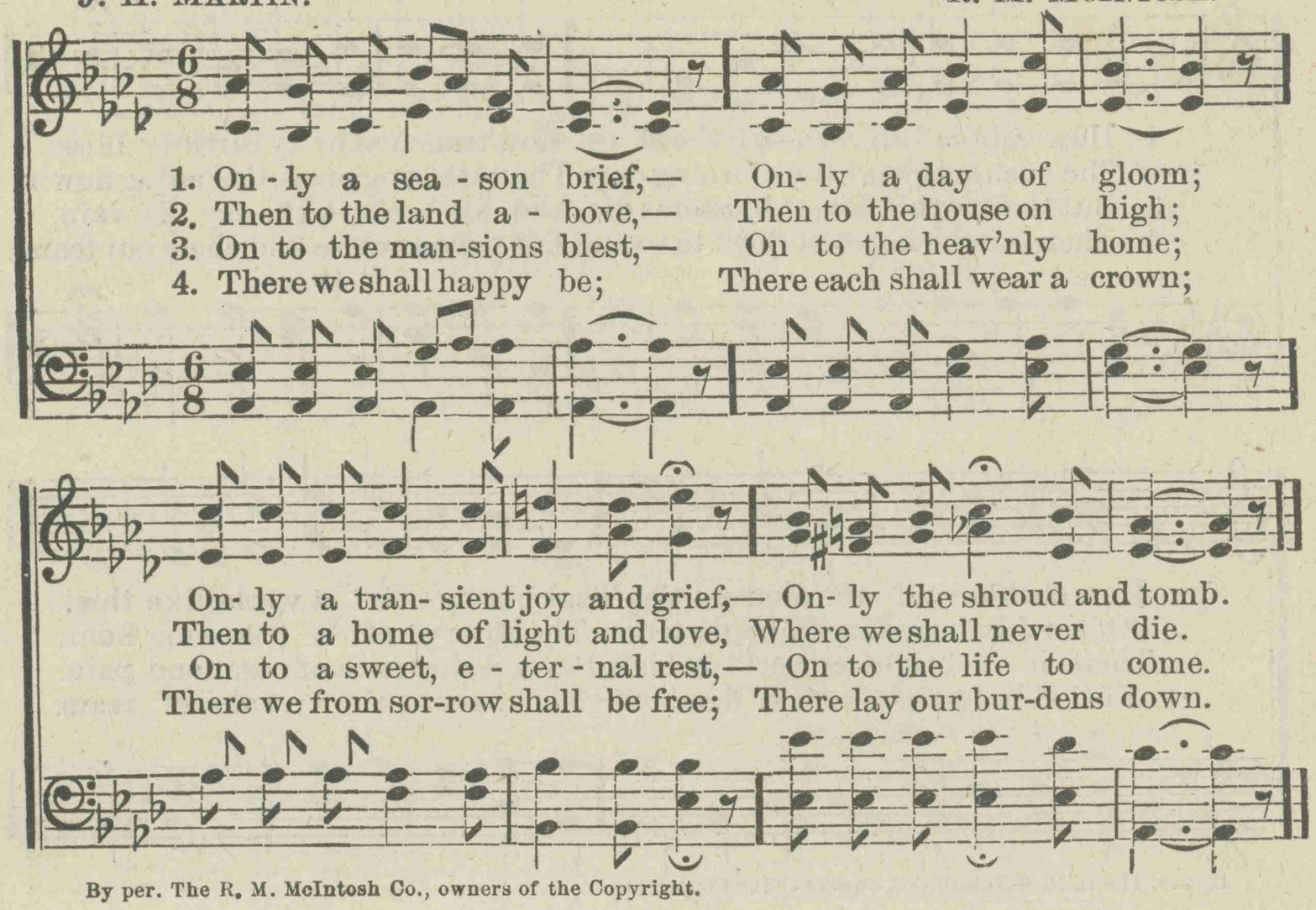
435 MEAR. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. AARON WILLIAMS.



436 PRESSING ON.

J. H. MARTIN. R. M. McINTOSH.



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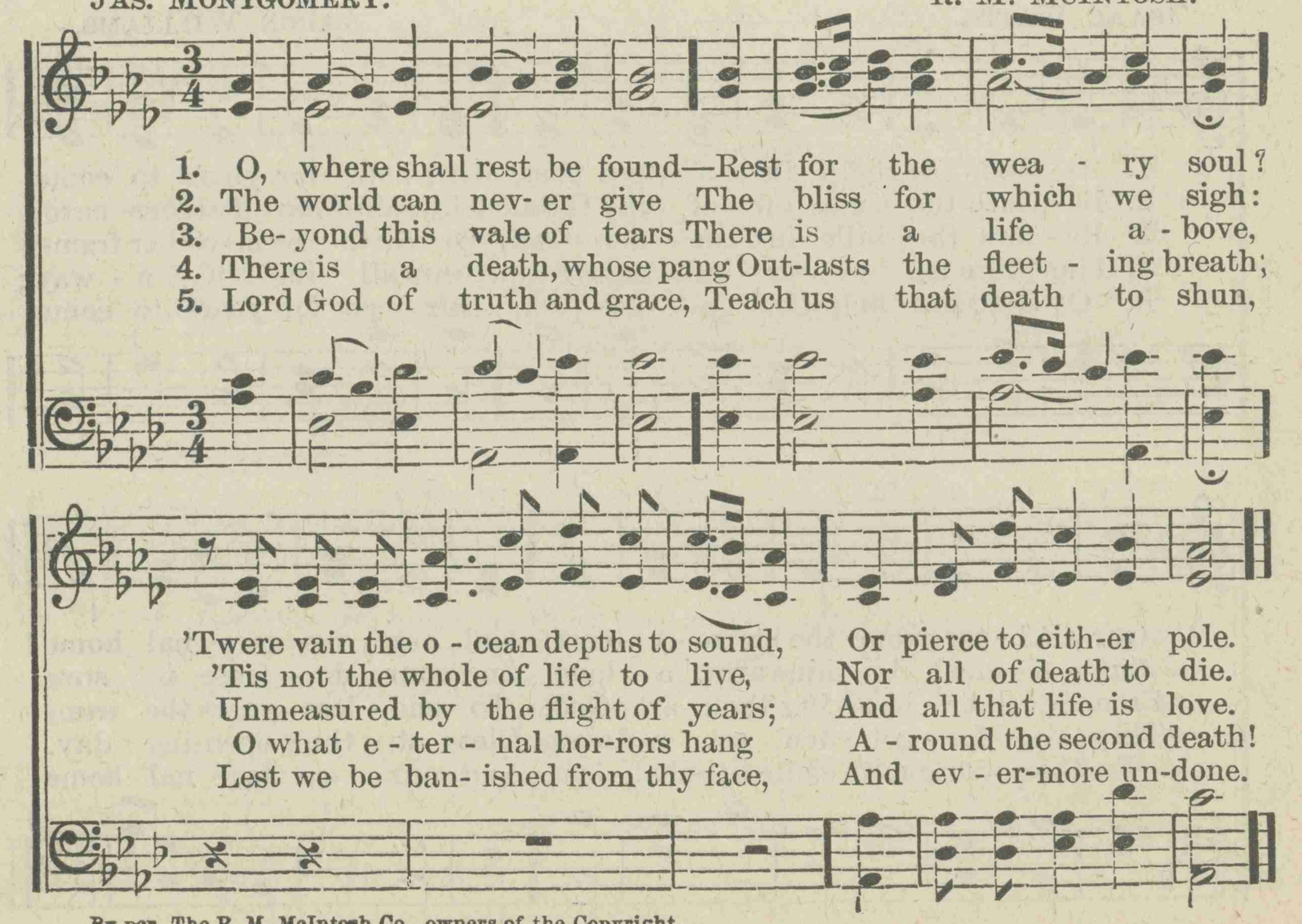
437 CLAIBORNE. S. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY. R. M. McINTOSH.



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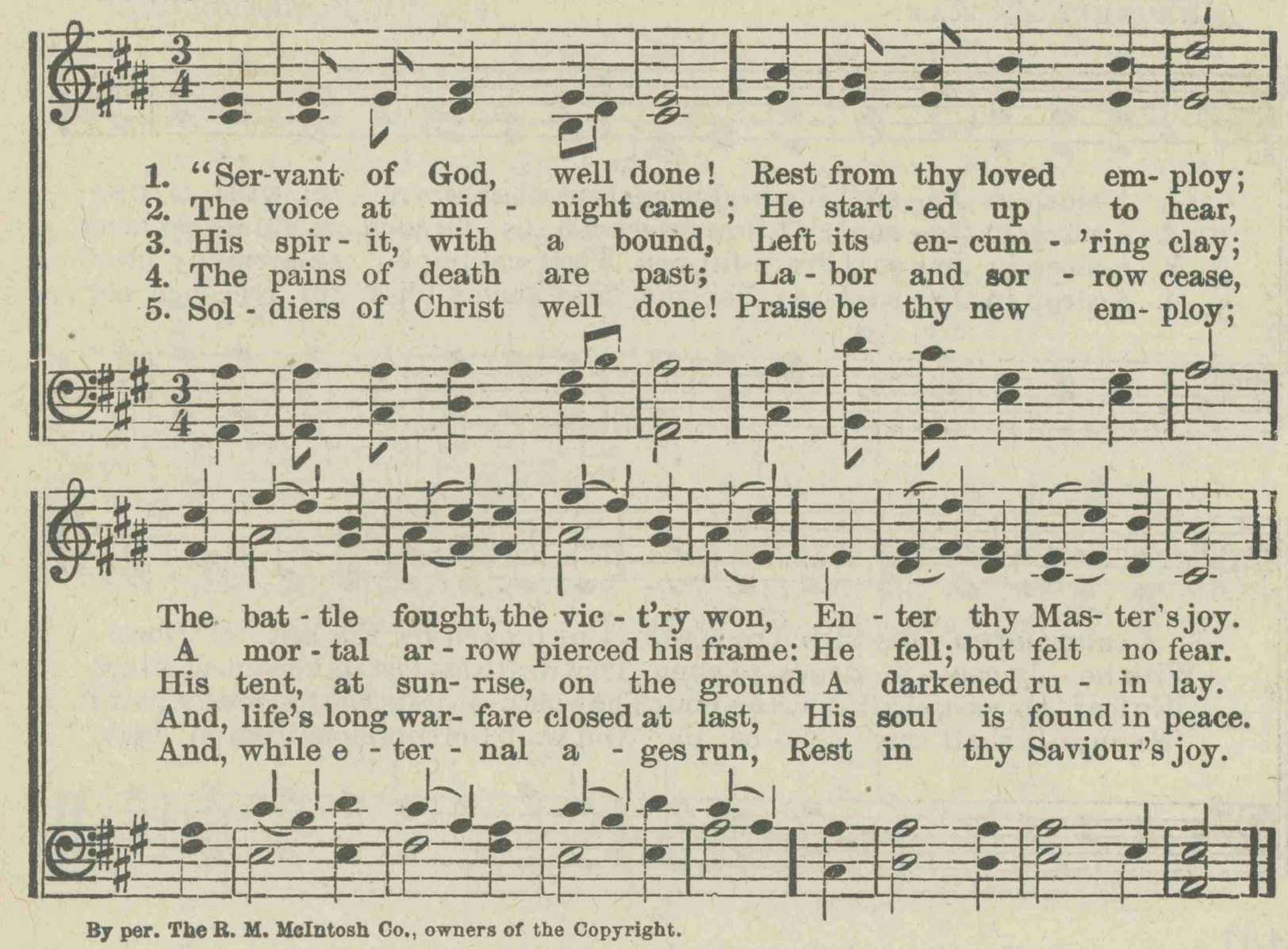
438 RANSOM. S. M.

BETHUNE. tr. from MALAN. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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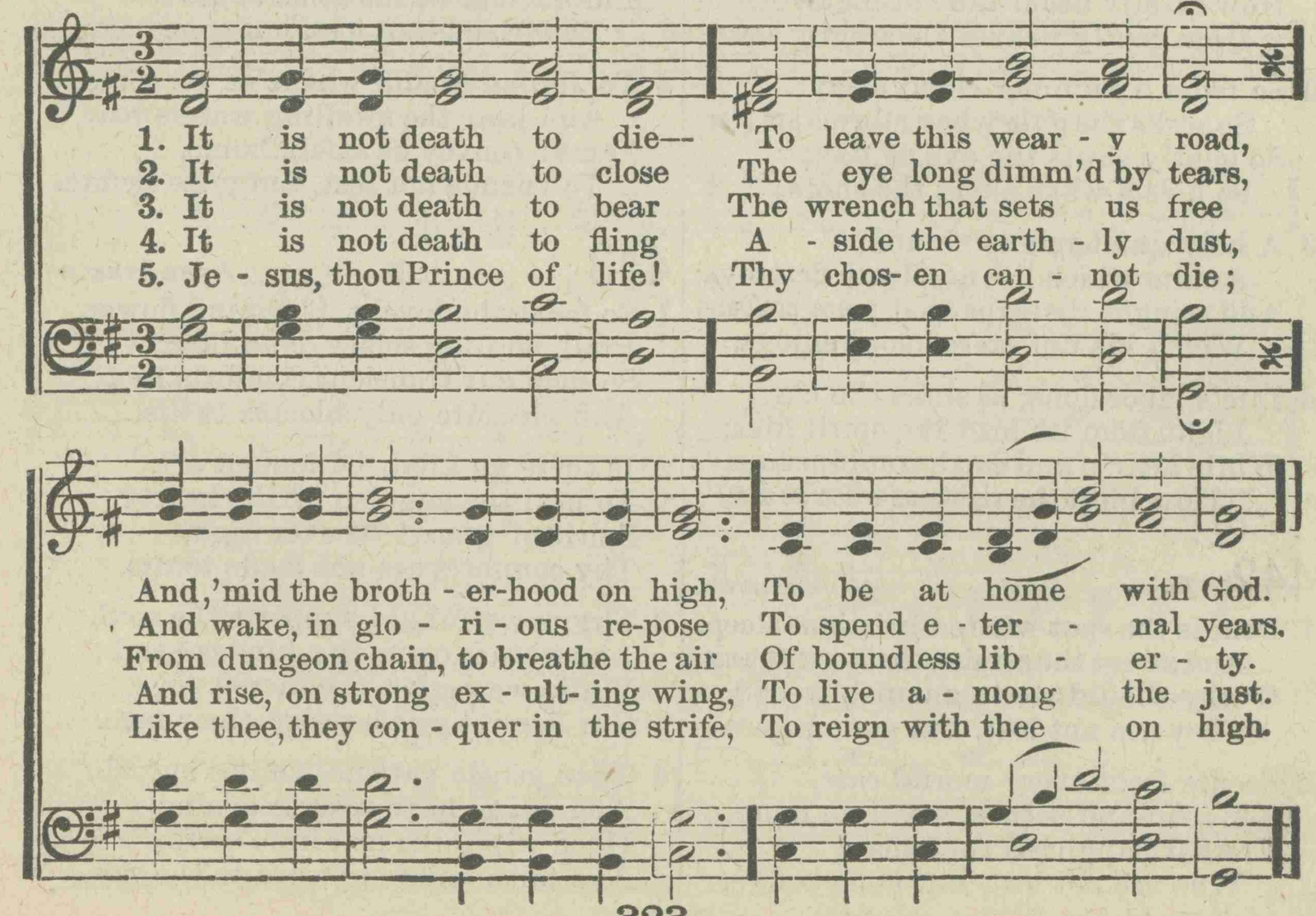
439 PARAH. S. M.

BETHUNE. tr. from MALAN. LOWELL MASON.



440 REST. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! Bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum- ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! Peace-ful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be!

A calm and un - dis-turb'd re-pose, Un- broken by the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its venomed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour That man- i -fests the Saviour's pow'r.
Se-cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

441 L. M. Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a Summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heav'n and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

442 L. M. Unknown.

1 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
O why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

443 L. M. ANNE STEELE.

1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower.
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace! be ever nigh,
Thy comforts are not made to die.

3 Thy powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns thy kind control;
While we peruse the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

444 GATHERING HOME.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

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

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

CHORUS.

Gath-er- ing home! Gath- er-ing home! Nev- er to
gath-er- ing home! gath-er - ing home Nev- er to

sor - row more, nev - er to roam, Gath -er- ing home! . . . . . .
sor - row more, nev - er to roam, gath- er - ing home!

Gath-er- ing home! . . . . . God's chil-dren are gath - er - ing home!
gath- er- ing home! God's chil-dren are gath - er - ing home!

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445

GONE TO HEAVEN.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Why la- ment the Chris-tian dy - ing? Why in- dulge in tears or gloom?
2. Scenes se-raph - ic, high and glo-rious, Now for - bid his long - er stay:
3. Hark! the gold - en harps are ring - ing! Sounds unearth- ly fill his ear:

Calm- ly on the Lord re - ly - ing He can greet the op-'ning tomb.
See him rise, o'er death vic - to- rious! An-gels beck - on him a - way.
Mill-ions now in heav - en sing - ing, Greet his joy - ful entrance there.

REFRAIN.

We'll meet a - gain, by and by! We'll meet a - gain, by and by!

In the realms of end- less glo - ry We shall meet, yes, by and by.

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446 GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS AWAY.

E. E. REXFORD. DANIEL E. LORENZ, by per.

1. God's word is full of prom- is- es To wea- ry souls of rest and peace;
2. Here we may bear a heav - y cross, Our hearts grow sore with pain and loss;
3. O, burdened heart, be brave to bear Thy cross a- while—the crown is there!

But O, most sweet of all to-day, That God shall wipe all tears a- way.
But there in God's e- ter - nal day, His hand shall wipe all tears a- way.
Thy hand within the Fa-ther's lay, Un - til he wipes all tears a- way.

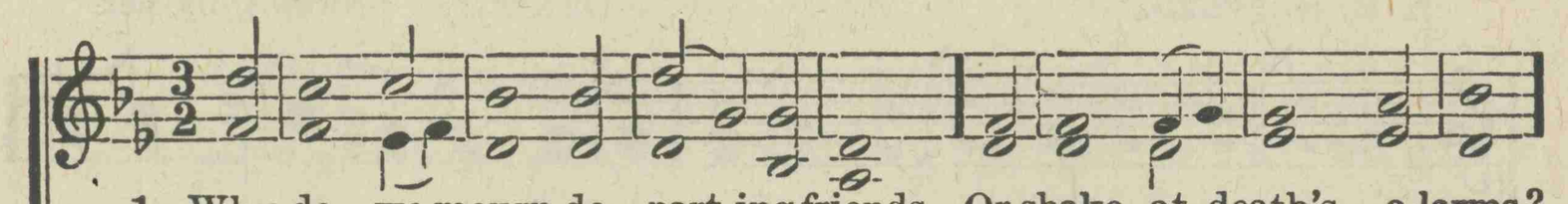
CHORUS.

All tears a - way, all tears a- way, For God shall wipe all tears a- way;

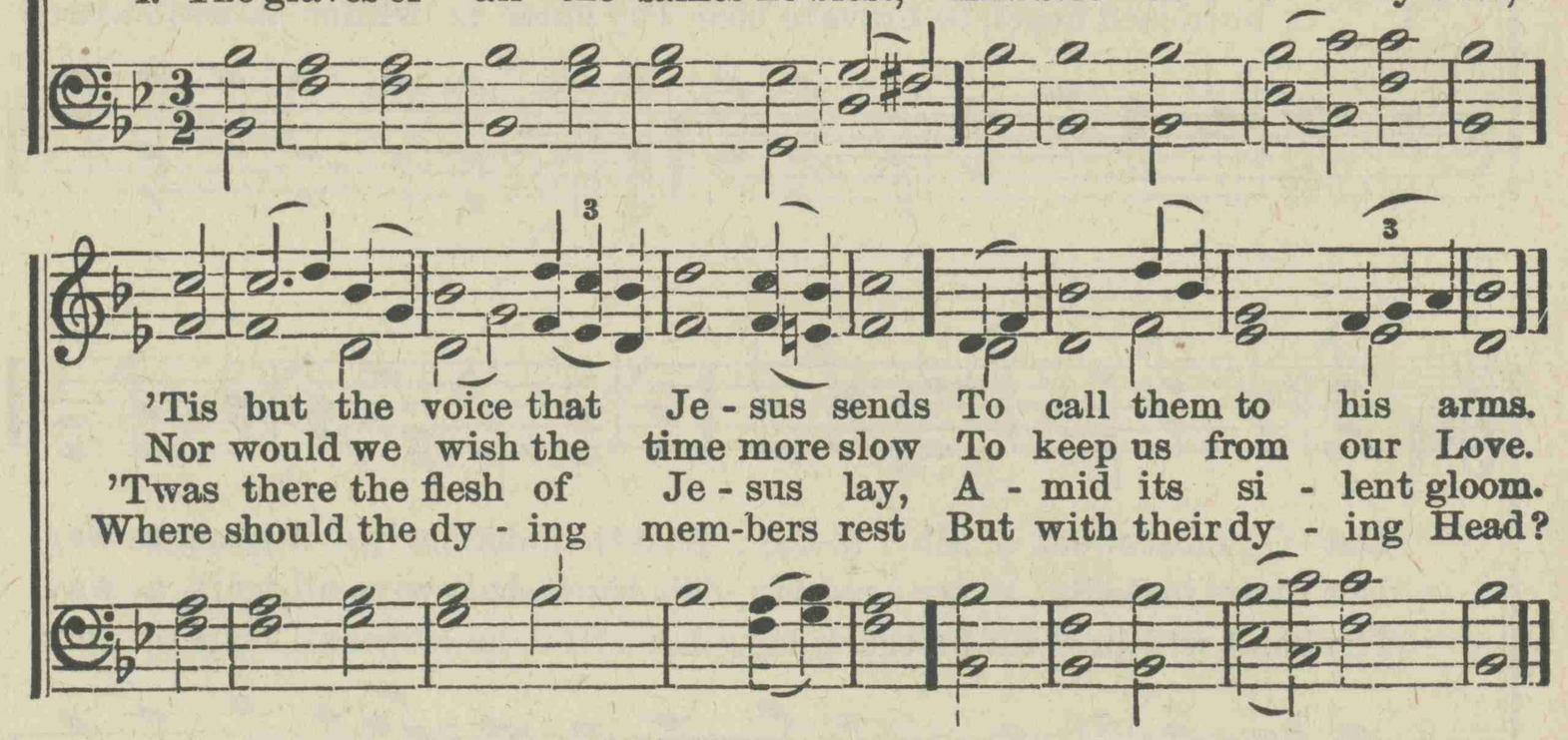
All tears a-way, all tears a-way, For God shall wipe all tears a-way.

447 CHINA. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. TIMOTHY SWAN.



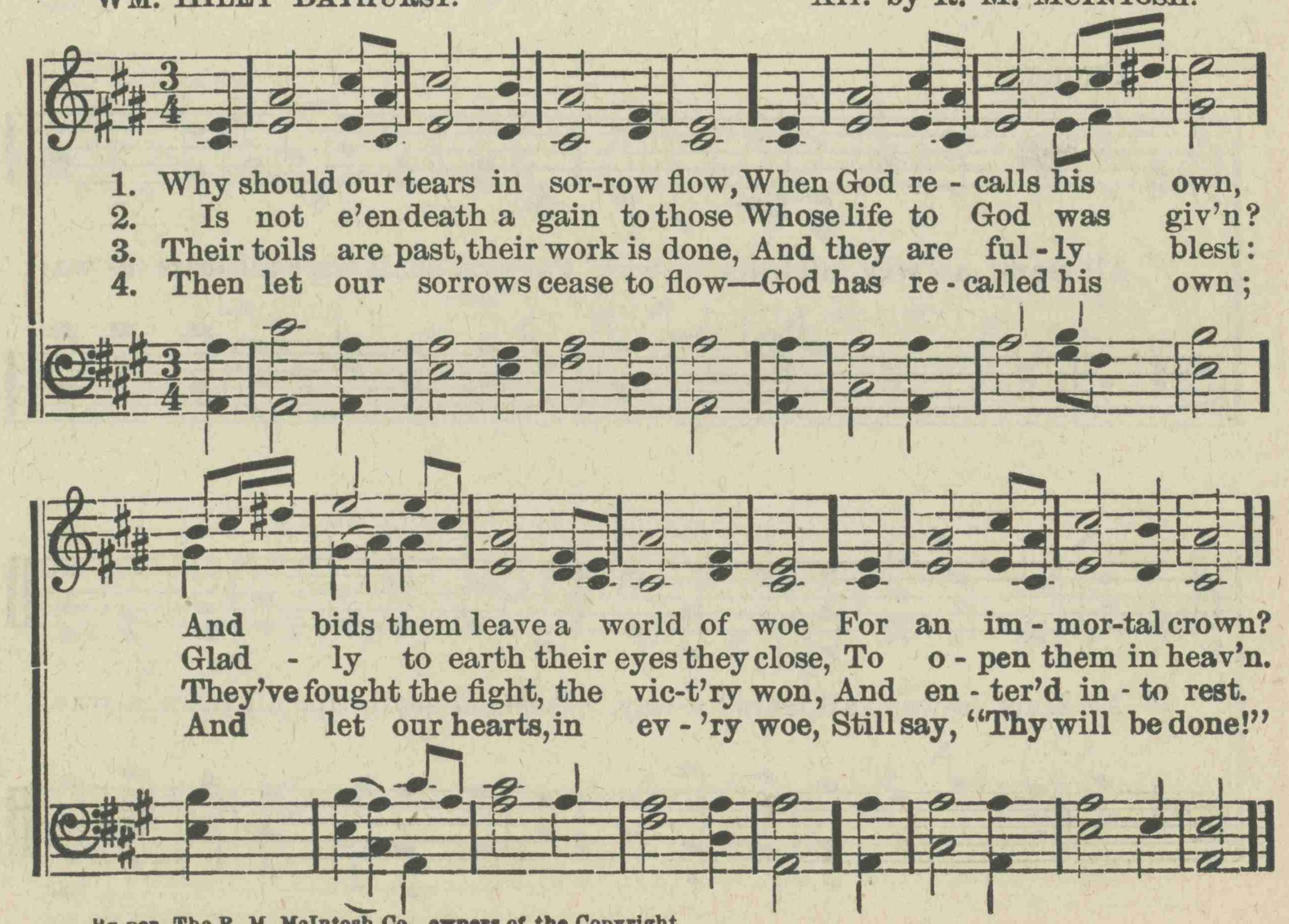
1. Why do we mourn de - part-ing friends, Or shake at death's a-larms?
2. Are we not tend-ing up- ward, too, As fast as time can move?
3. Why should we tremble to con-vey Their bod - ies to the tomb?
4. The graves of all the saints he blest, And soft - en'd ev - 'ry bed;



'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.
Nor would we wish the time more slow To keep us from our Love.
'Twas there the flesh of Je - sus lay, A - mid its si - lent gloom.
Where should the dy - ing mem-bers rest But with their dy - ing Head?

448 CARROLL. C. M.

WM. HILEY BATHURST. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. Why should our tears in sor-row flow, When God re - calls his own,
2. Is not e'en death a gain to those Whose life to God was giv'n?
3. Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest:
4. Then let our sorrows cease to flow—God has re - called his own;

And bids them leave a world of woe For an im - mor-tal crown?
Glad - ly to earth their eyes they close, To o - pen them in heav'n.
They've fought the fight, the vic-t'ry won, And en - ter'd in - to rest.
And let our hearts, in ev - 'ry woe, Still say, "Thy will be done!"

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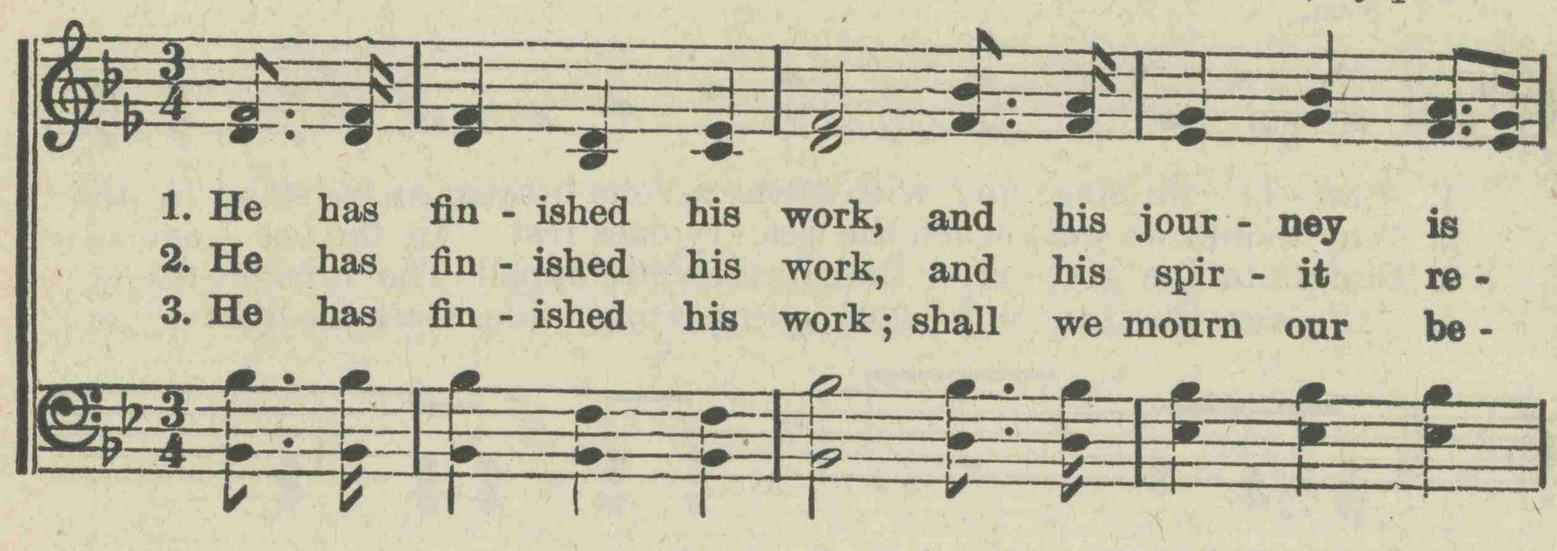
449 REST FROM LABOR.

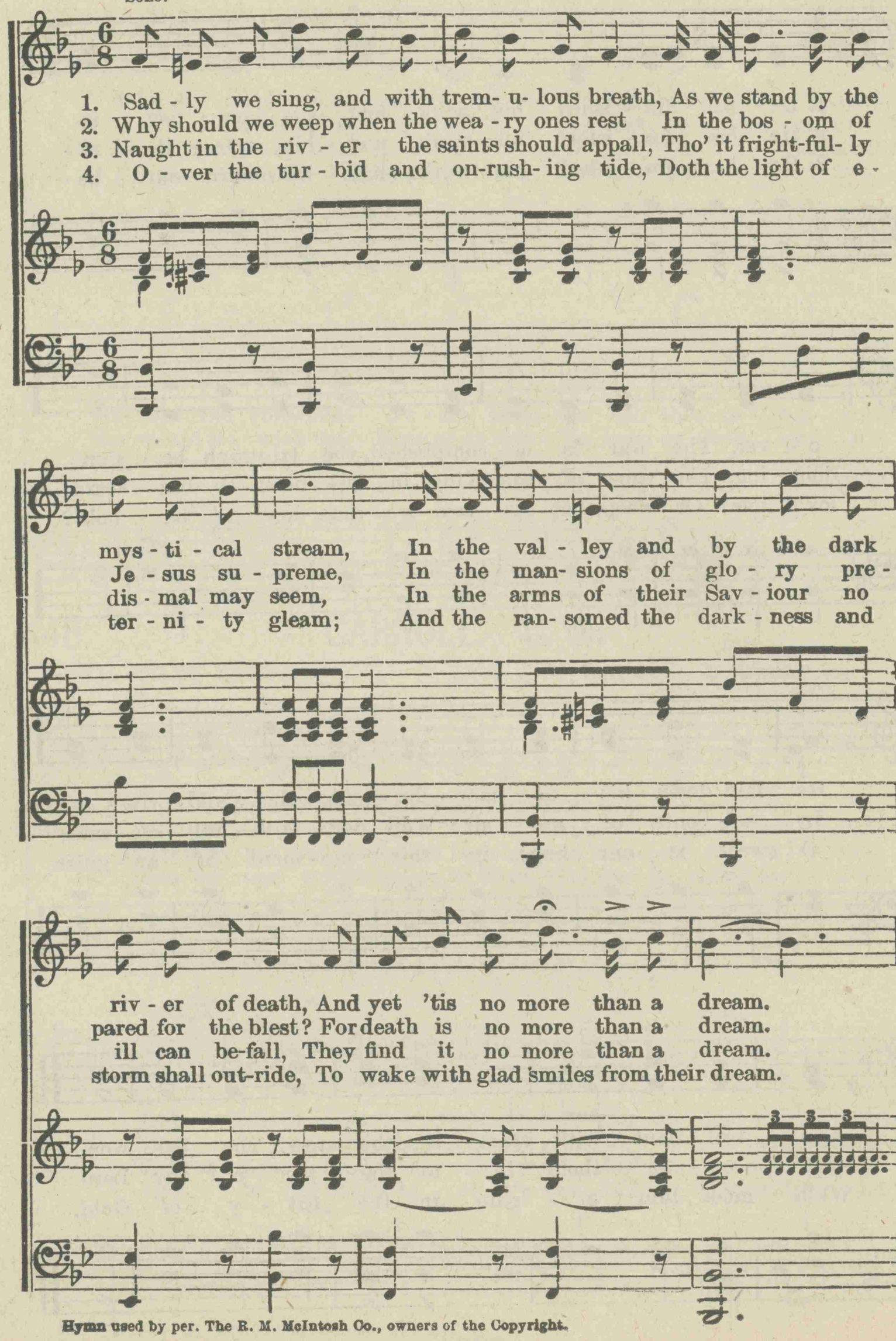
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. PETTIBONE, by per.



450 DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.

C. W. RAY.
SOLO.

A. J. BUCHANAN, by per.



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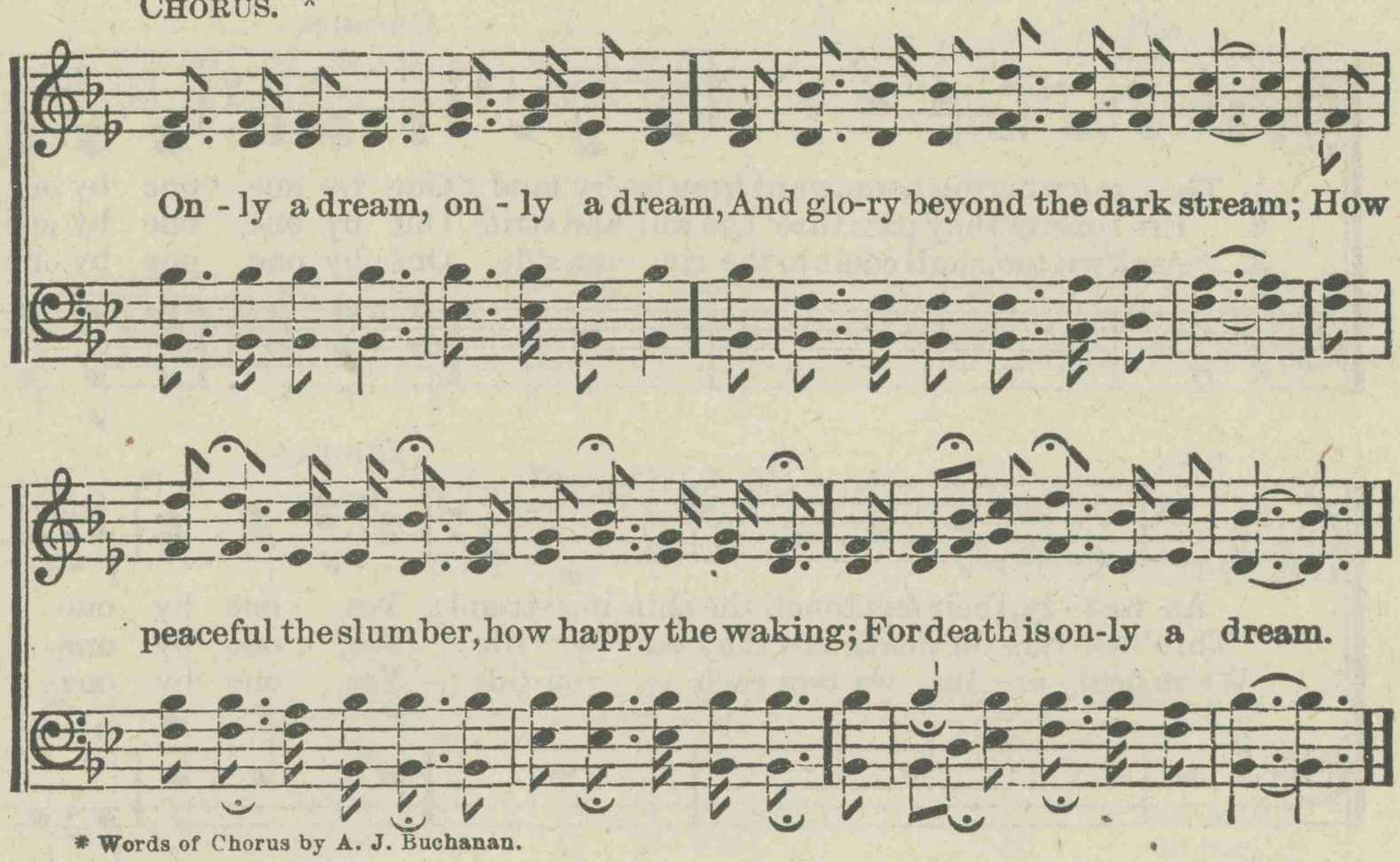
DEATH IS ONLY A DREAM.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *

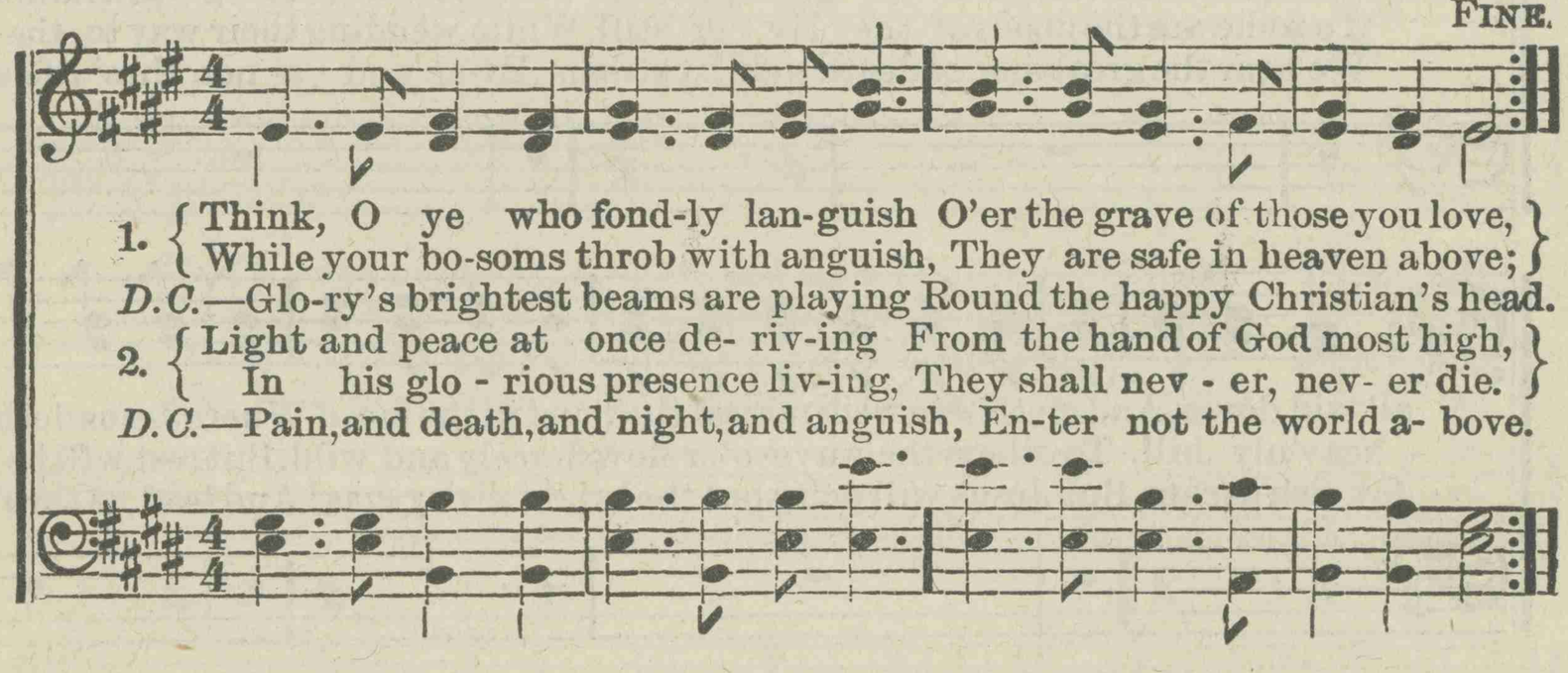


* Words of Chorus by A. J. Buchanan.

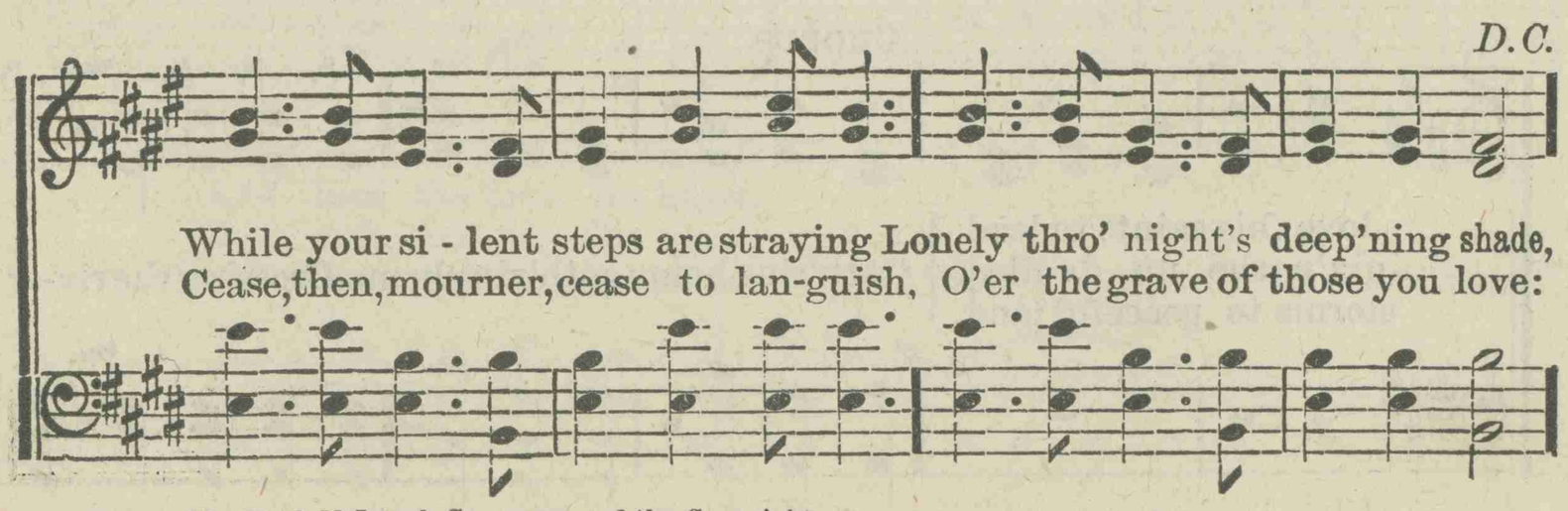
451 ENEE. 8s & 7s. Double.

W. B. COLLYER. L. C. EVERETT.

FINE.



D.C.



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452 ONE BY ONE.

Words arr. by Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. They're gathering homeward from ev-'ry land One by one, one by one;
2. Ere resting they pass thro' the toil and strife One by one, one by one;
3. And we, too, shall come to the riv - er-side One by one, one by one;

SOLO. CHORUS.

As wea - ry, their feet touch the shin-ing strand: Yes, one by one.
Thro' wa- ters of death ere they en - ter life: Yes, one by one.
We're near - er its wa-ters each e - ven-tide: Yes, one by one.

DUET.

Their brows are enclosed in a gold-en crown; Their travel-stain'd garments are
To some are the floods of the riv - er still, While wending their way to the
We hear the great roar of death's chilly stream, Ev-er and a- non thro' life's

all laid down, And cloth'd in white raiment, they rest in the mead Where Jesus doth
heav'nly hill, To others the waves o'er-flow fiercely and wild, But rest will be
fev'rish dream, But Jesus will point out the bright silv'ry strand And lead us thro'

CHORUS.

love his saints to lead.
giv'n the un - de-filed.
storms to peaceful land.
} Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Crossing the riv-er

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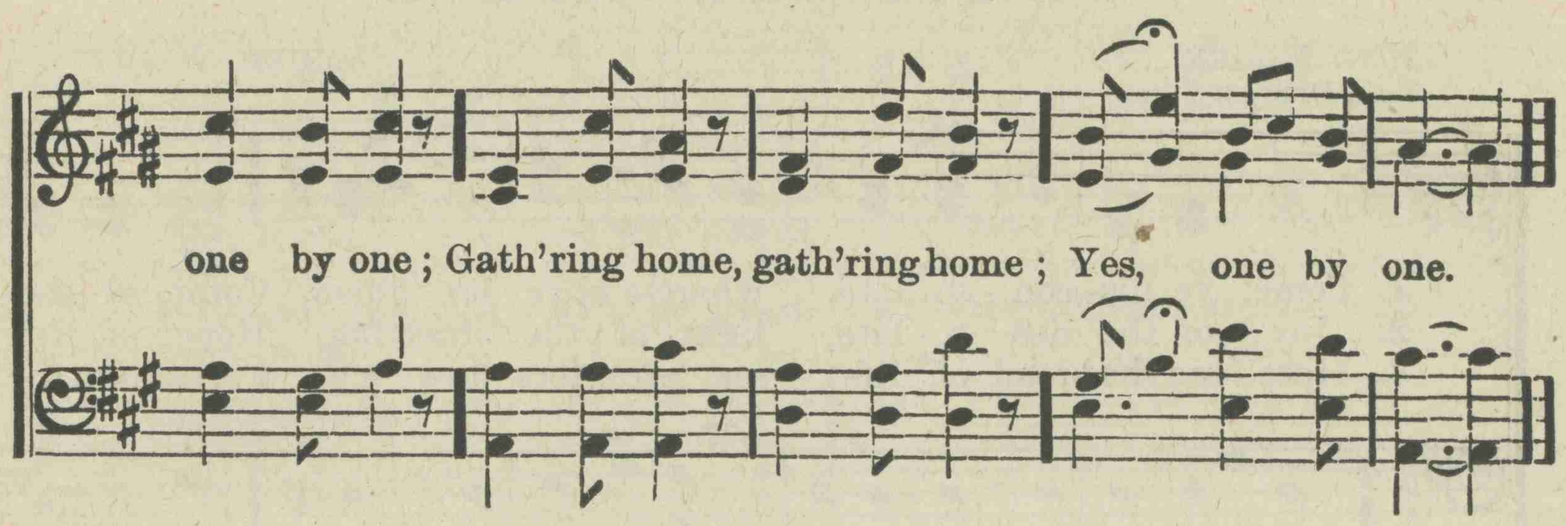
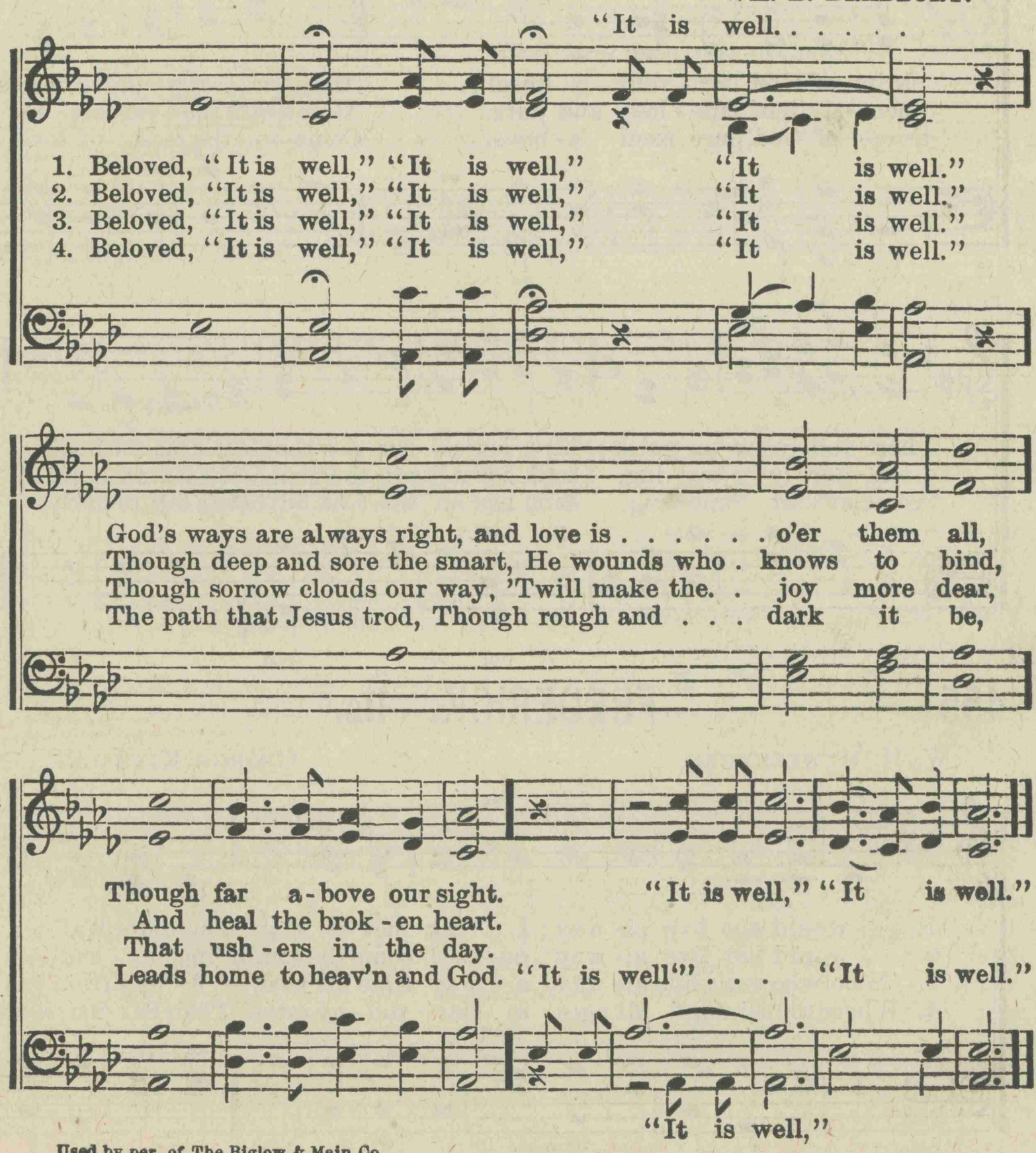
ONE BY ONE.—Concluded.



453 "IT IS WELL." (Chant.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.



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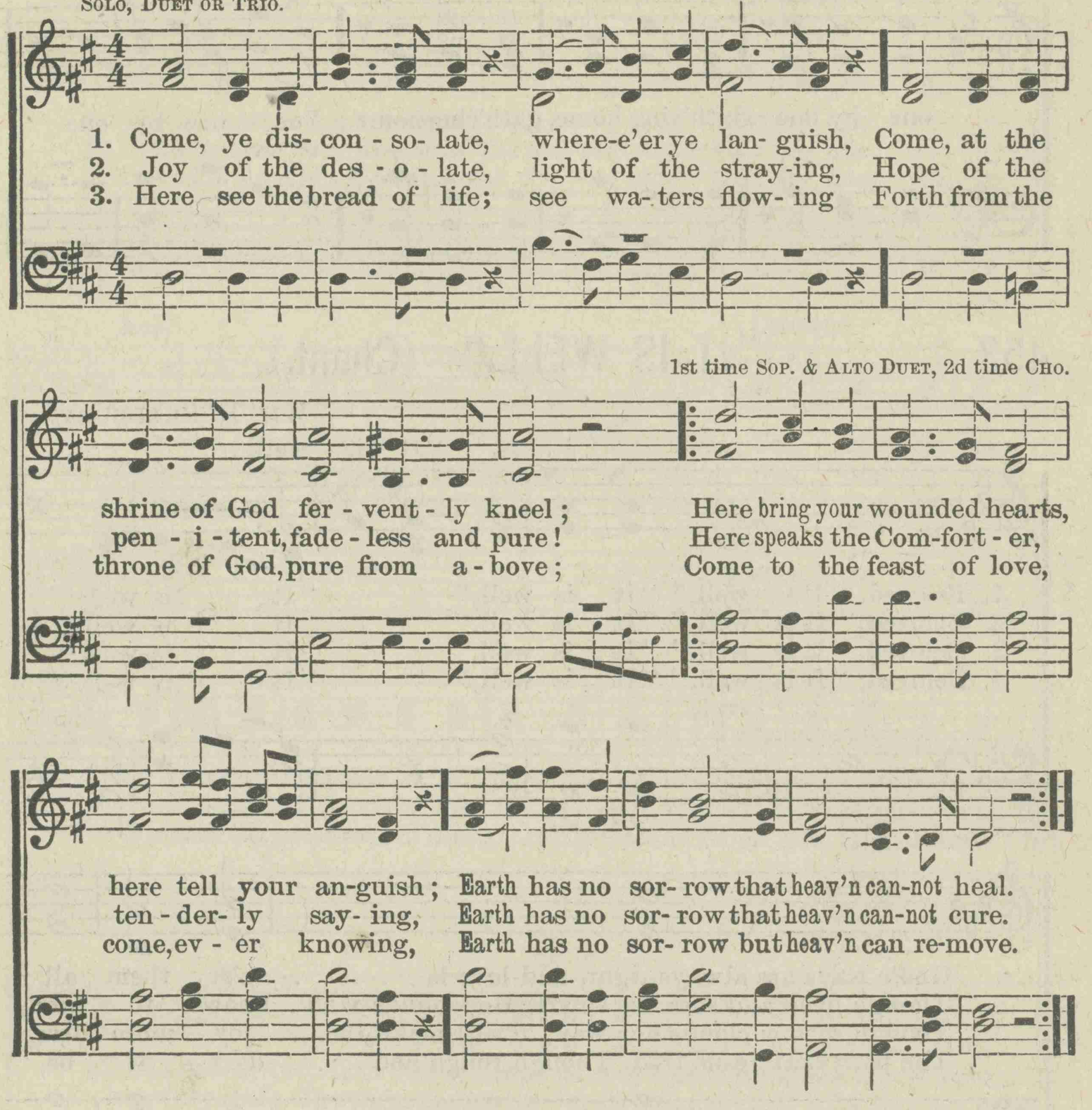
454 CONSOLATION. 10s & 11s.

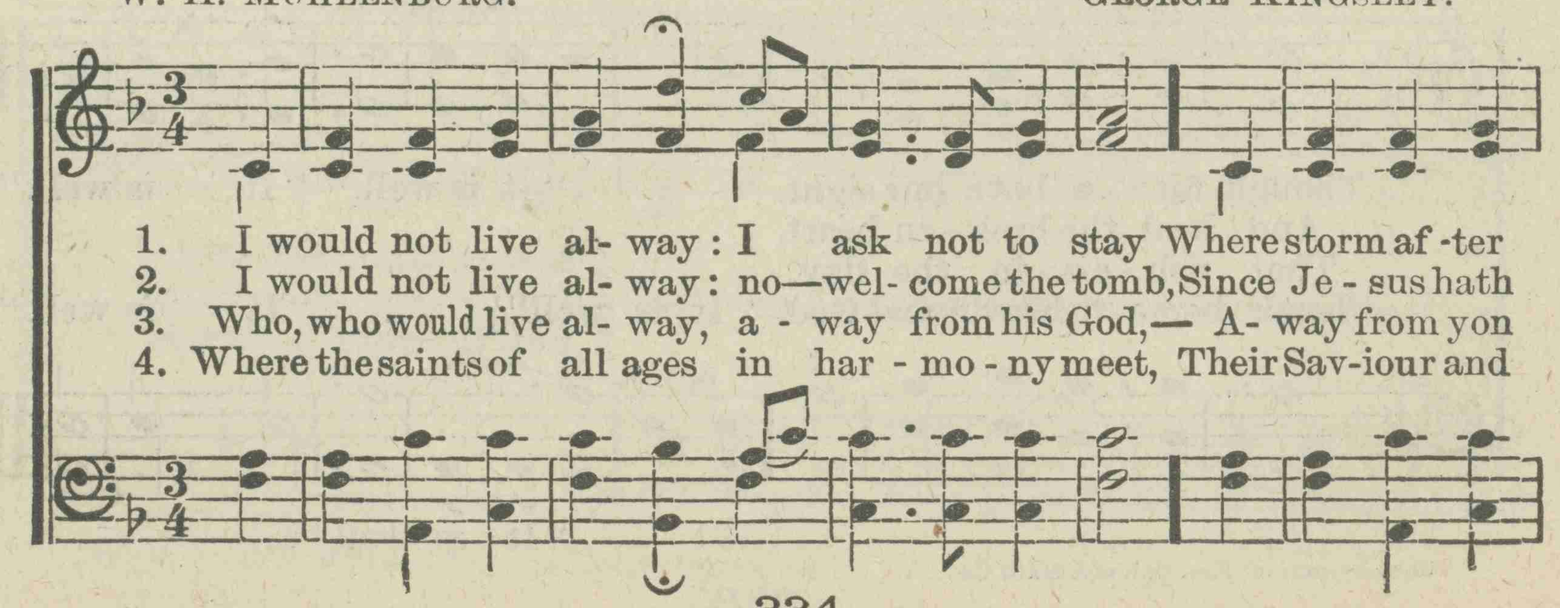
THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

SOLO, DUET OR TRIO.



455 FREDERICK. 11s.

W. H. MUHLENBURG. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



FREDERICK.—Concluded.

storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn- ings that
lain there, I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till he
heav- en, that bliss- ful a - bode, Where the riv- ers of pleas-ure flow
brethren, transport - ed to greet; While the anthems of rap -ture un -

dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.
bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri - umph de-scending the skies.
o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glo - ry e - ter - nal- ly reigns:
ceas-ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

456 MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

S. F. SMITH. LOWELL MASON.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen- tle as the summer breeze,
2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slumber—Peaceful in the grave so low.
3. Dear-est sis - ter, thou hast left us; Here thy loss we deep- ly feel;
4. Yet a- gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;

Pleas- ant as the air of even- ing, When it floats a - mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num- ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
But 'tis God that hath be - reft us; He can all our sor-rows heal.
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

457

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

Moderato.

1. "We'll meet a-gain"—how sweet the word! How soothing is its sound!
2. "We'll meet a - gain," the true heart speaks, When dearest ones de - part;
3. In heav'n's se-rene and end-less rest, Se- cure from care and pain,

Like strains of far - off mu-sic heard On some enchanted ground.
And in the pleas - ing prospect seeks Balm for the bleeding heart.
There, in the man - sions of the blest, We'll surely meet a - gain.

CHORUS.

We'll meet a - gain, We'll meet on "the ev - er - green
We'll meet a-gain, we'll meet a - gain,

Repeat softly.

shore," We'll meet a - gain, Yes, meet to part no more.
we'll meet, We'll meet, again,

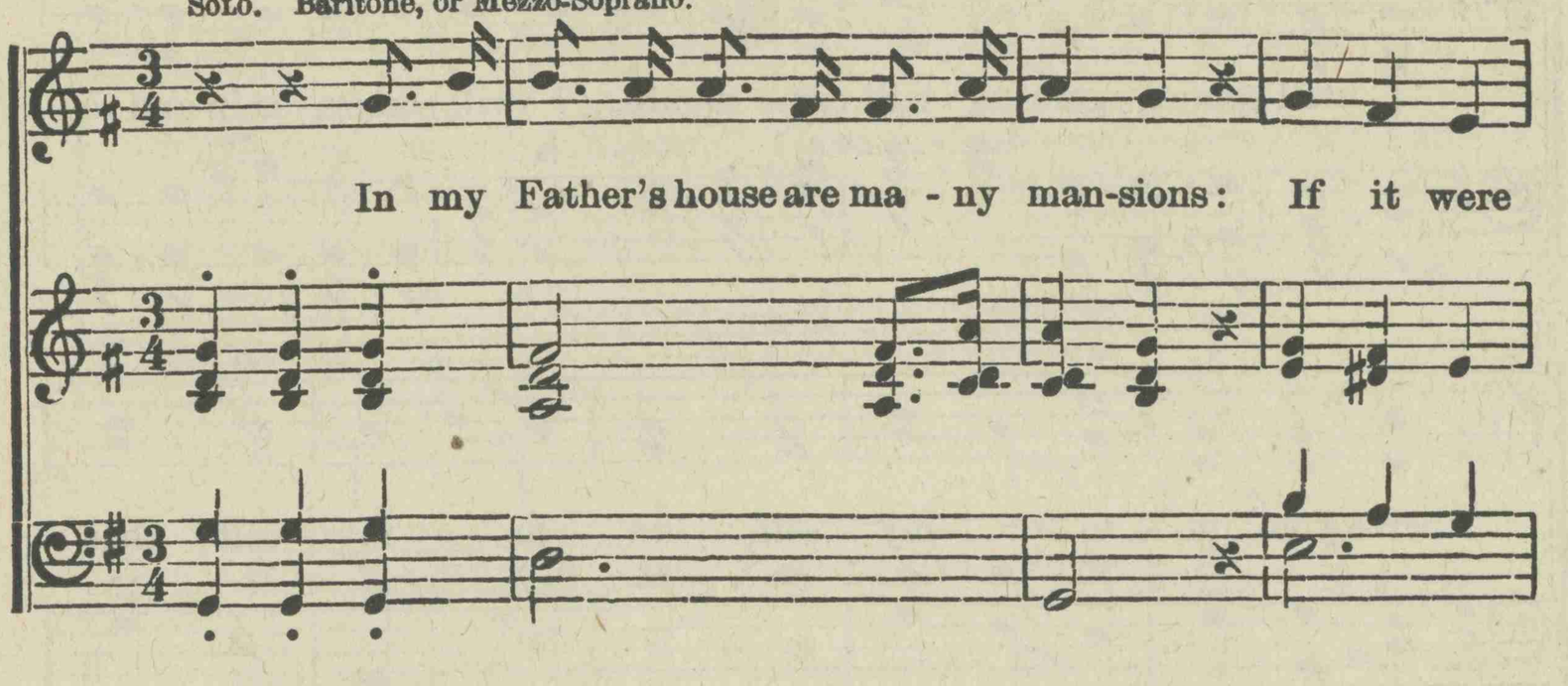
458

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

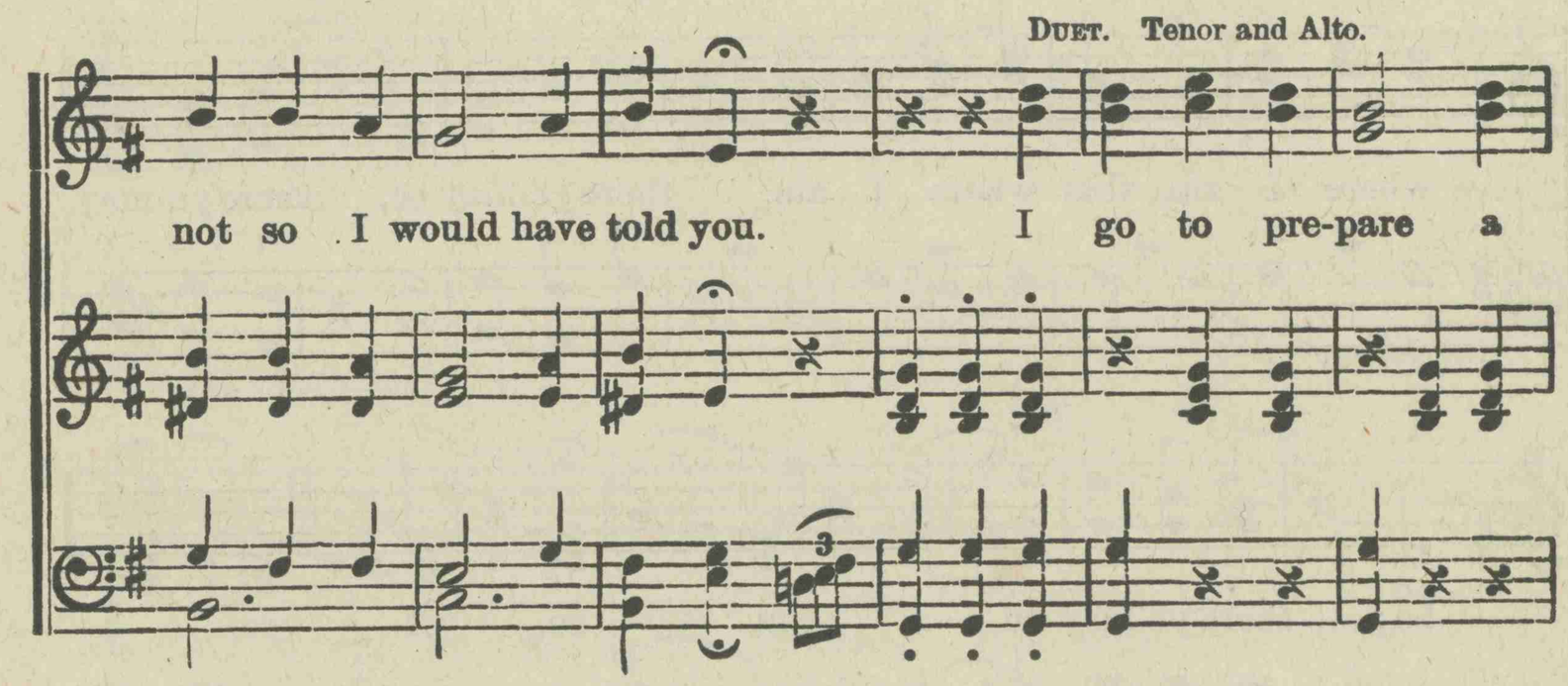
ANTHEM.

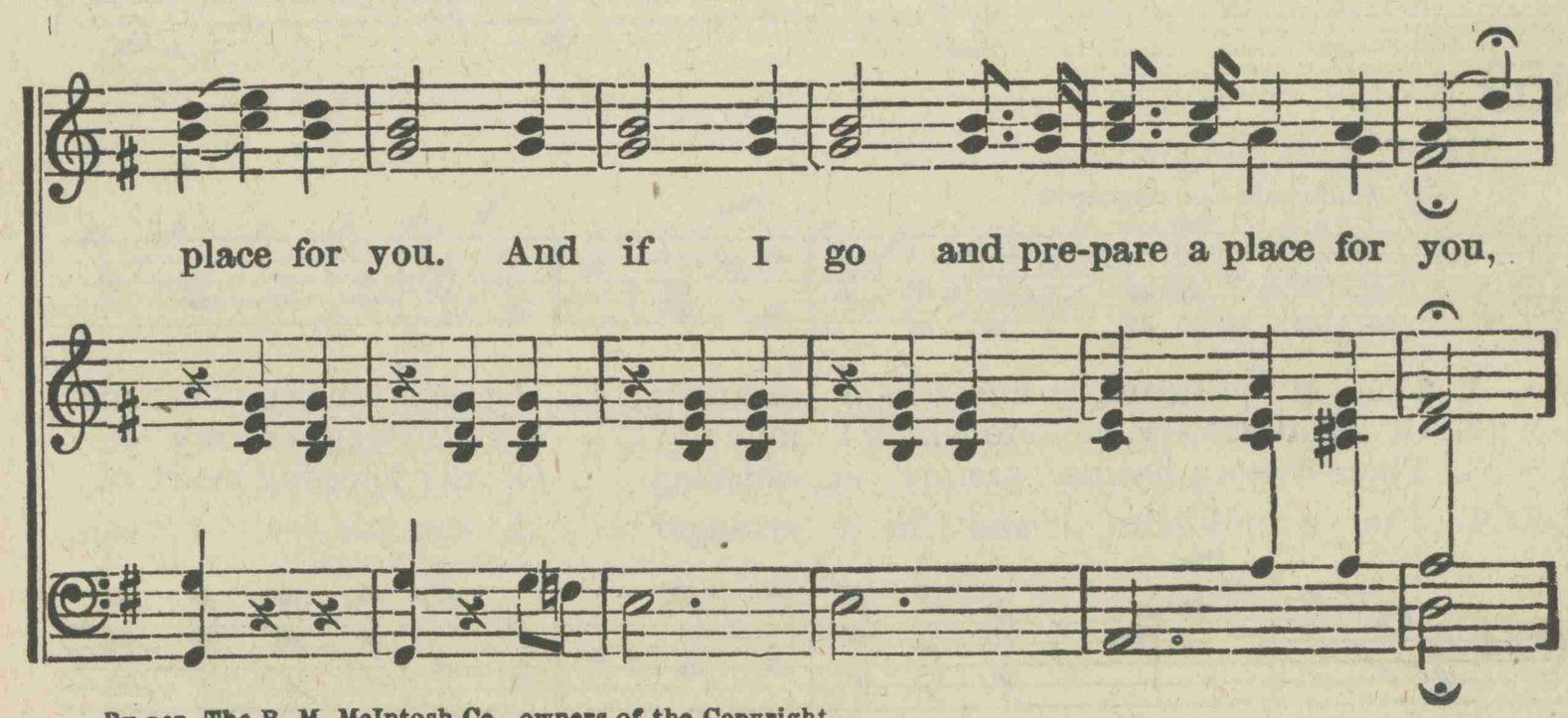
R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

SOLO. Baritone, or Mezzo-Soprano.



DUET. Tenor and Alto.





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IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.—Continued.

CHOIR.

I will come a - gain, I will come a-gain, I will come a - gain and re-

ceive you un - to my - self, un - to my - self; that

where I am, that where I am, there ye may be, there ye may

be; there ye may be al - - so, al - so.

459

MARY S. B. DANA.

f. Choir and Congregation.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar - ry, I can
2. Of that cit - y, to which I jour-ney; My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sun-beams are ev - er shining, O, my long-ing heart, my

D.S.—I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar - ry, I can

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.—Concluded.

FINE.

tar - ry but a night! Do not de - tain me, for I am
deem - er is the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y
long - ing heart is there; Here in this coun - try, so dark and
tar - ry but a night!

go - ing To where the fount - ains, are ev - er flow - ing.
sigh - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - ing.
drear - y, I long have wan - dered for - lorn and wea - ry,

D.S.

460

JUDD. S. M.

H. BENNETT. I. B. WOODBURY.

1. I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor - row free;
2. My Fa - ther's gra - cious hand Has built this sweet a - bode;
3. My Sav - iour's pre - cious blood Has made my ti - tle sure;
4. The Com - fort - er has come, The earn - est has been giv'n;

A man-sion which e - ter - nal love De-signed and formed for me.
From ev - er - last-ing it was planned—My dwelling-place with God.
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood To make my rest se - cure.
He leads me on - ward to the home Re - served for me in heav'n.

461 THE HEAVENLY CITY.

JOHN HARRIS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Far off a cit - y shin - eth, De-scribed by bards of old,
2. Up to its shin- ing por - tals, There goes a cease-less throng;
3. Here shines the Sav-iour's mansions, All ra - di - ant and fair;

Whose walls are ma - ny col - ored, Whose streets are soi - id gold;
The stu - dent from his stud - y, The harp - er with his song,
Where the re-deem'd a - dore him; O when shall I be there?

No sin with-in that cit - y, No weak- ness, woe or strife,
The rich man from his pal - ace, The poor man from his hut,
Here sad - ness nev - er en - ters, Nor frosts or fev - ers cut;

But those whose names are writ - ten With- in the book of life.
The in - fant, and its moth - er; Its gates are nev - er shut.
And beau- ty ev - er bright- ens; Its gates are nev - er shut.

REFRAIN.

Its gates are nev - er shut, ... Its gates
Its beau-ti-ful gates are nev- er shut,

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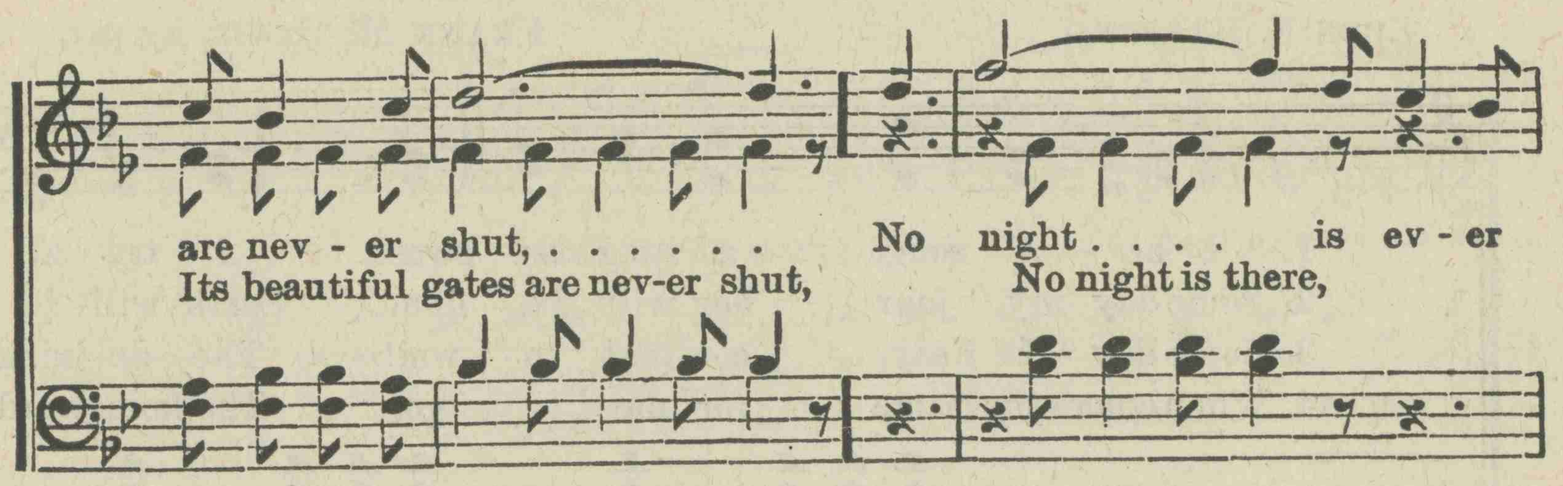
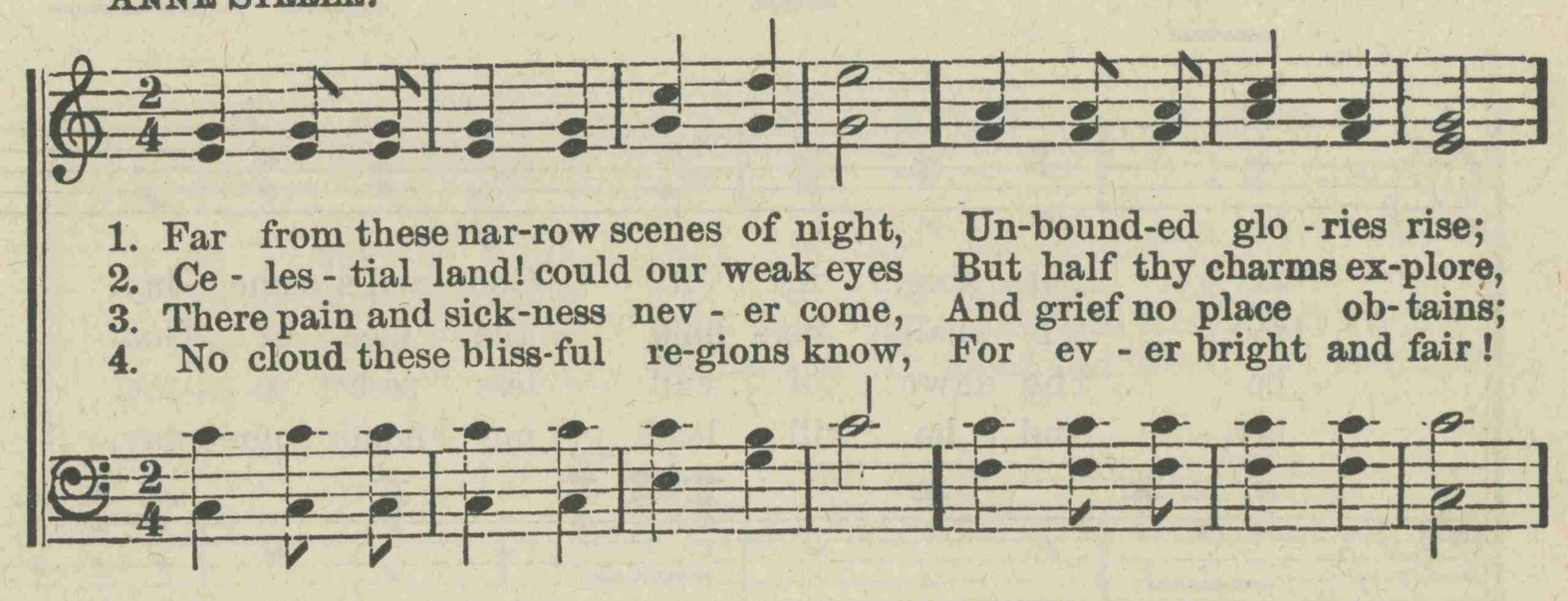
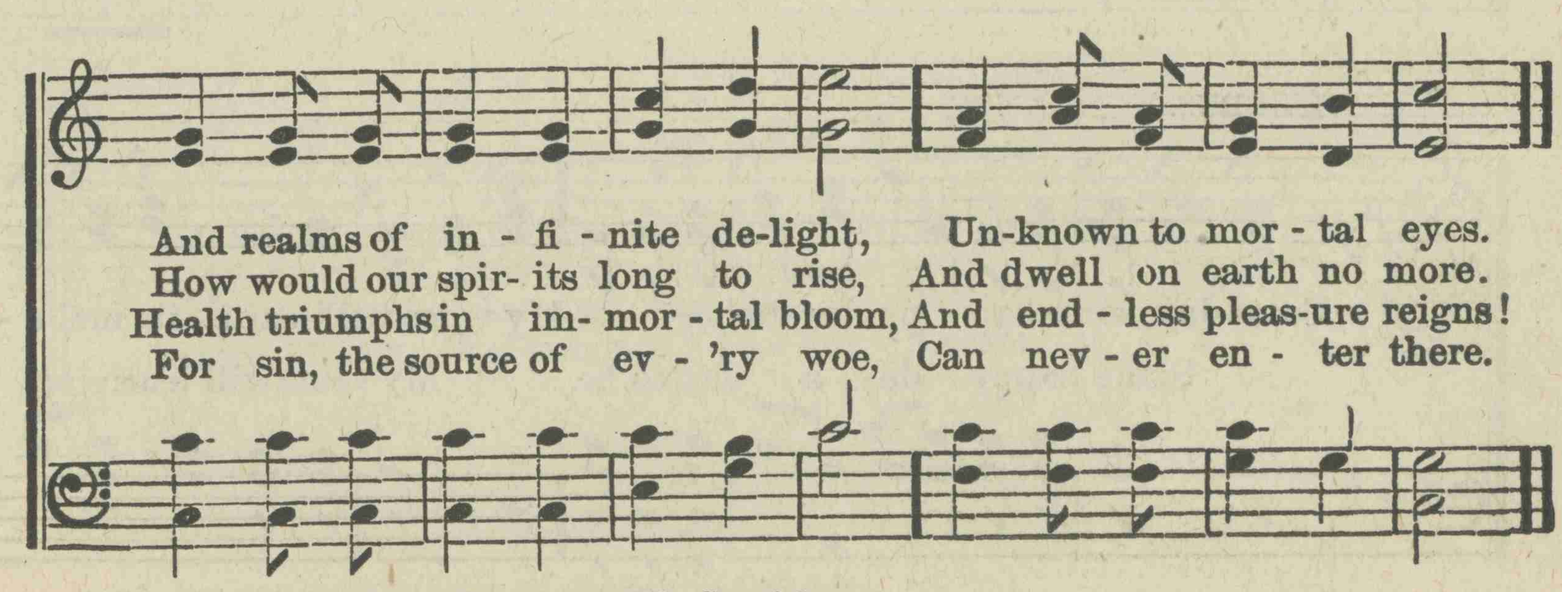
THE HEAVENLY CITY.—Concluded.



462 ASHVILLE. C. M.

ANNE STEELE. A. B. EVERETT.





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463 SOME DAY.

EBEN E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

DUET.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all
2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be
3. Some day I say, con-tent to wait, The op-'ning
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward

cres.

vain - ly to re - peat: Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing
lost and hea-ven won; And when the long rough way is
of the jas- per gate; Come soon or late, that day will
path I may not know, But in God's hand my own I'll

say, I'll sing it if God wills some day.
trod, I shall be - hold the face of God.
be The dawn of end - less rest to me.
lay, And he will lead me home some day.

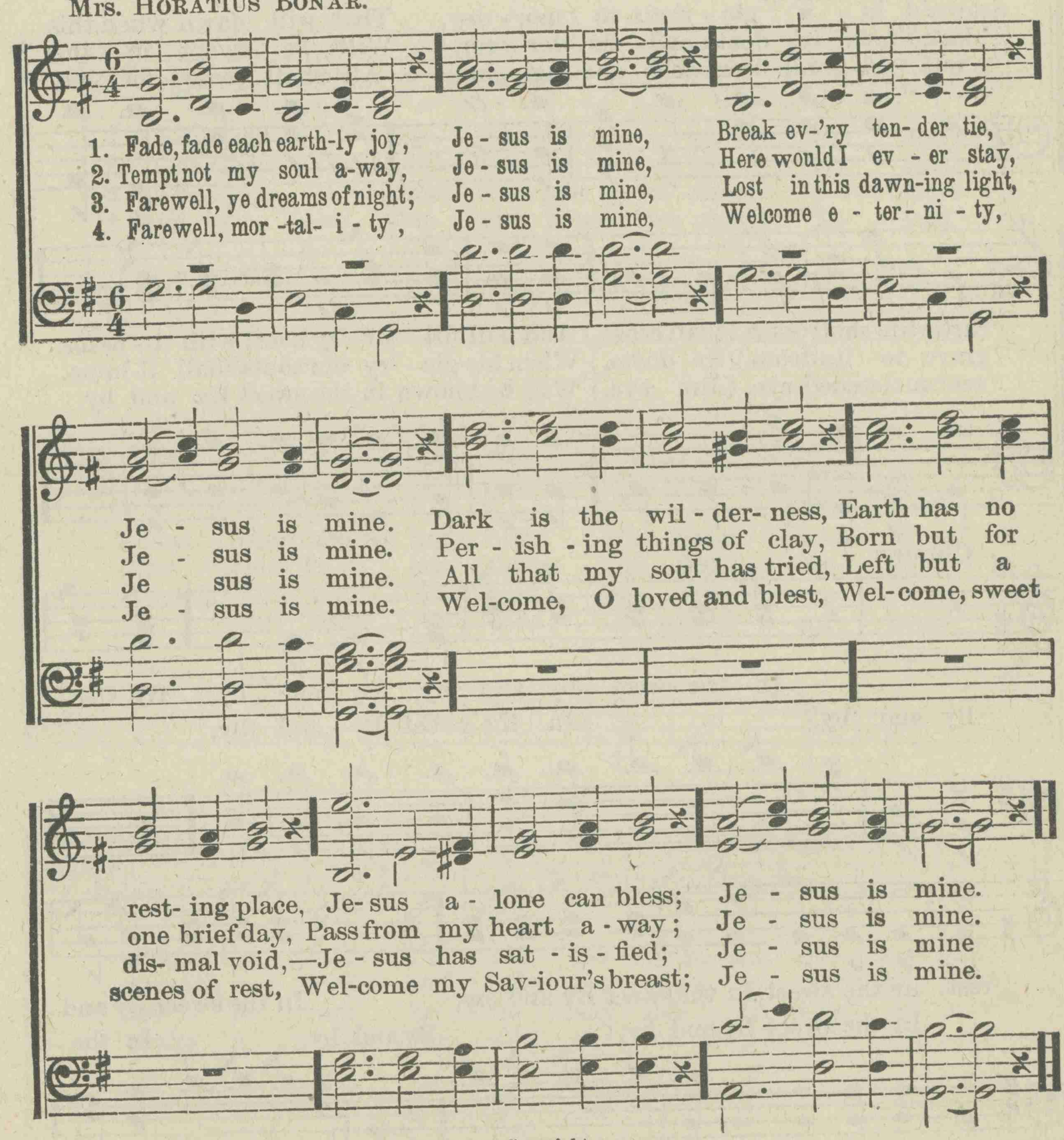
CHORUS.

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

SOME DAY.—Concluded.

464 JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s.

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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465 IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.

1. By and by all this weep-ing and this sor - row, Will be
2. By and by all this en - vy and this er - ror, All the
3. By and by all our an- guish and our cry - ing, With this

drown'd in a glo - rious to - mor - row, That will dawn when this
dark - ness of death and its ter - ror, Will be swept in the
wea - ri - some heart-ache and sigh - ing, All shall cease for no

earth-life shall cease, (shall cease,) And will fill ev- 'ry heart with its peace.
grave to its doom, (its doom,) When his glo - ry our souls shall il-lume.
tear-moistened eye, (dim eye,) Will be known in the sweet By and by.

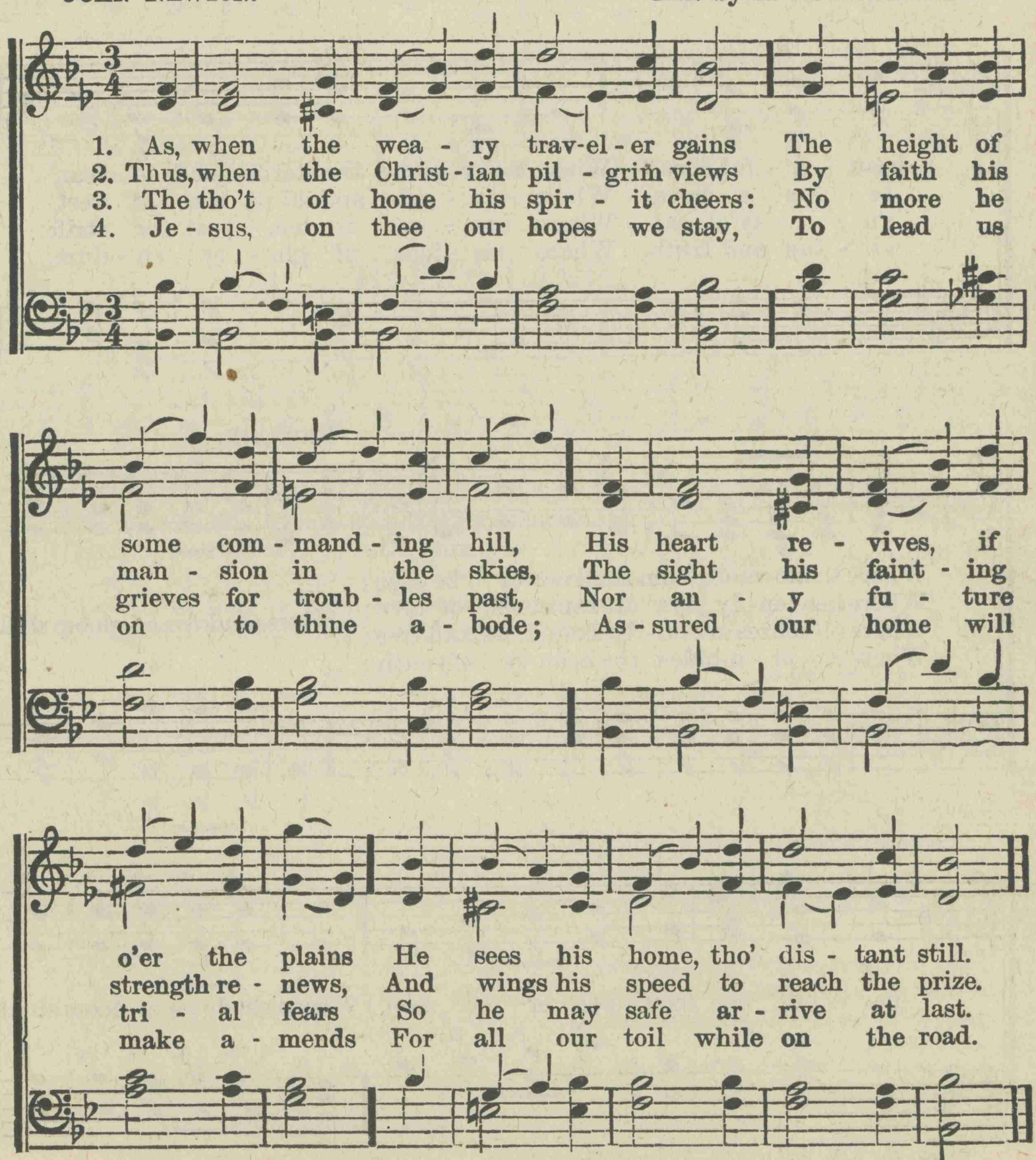
CHORUS.

In the sweet By and by, By and by, We shall
By and by, In the sweet By and by,
rest in the sweet, In the sweet By and by,
In the sweet By and by, By and by, In the sweet By and
By and by, In the

IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.—Concluded.

466 ALLEN. L. M.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



467 THE HOPE OF THE SOUL.

W. P. RIVERS. R. M. McINTOSH.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. The soul hath a hope ev - er dear Of life in a clime of
2. Sweet hope of the life ev - er blest With God in his home, with
3. Dear hope of the soul's bet - ter life— An o- cean of Peace—sweet
4. Oh, soul, keep thy hope ev - er pure, Of life in the clime of

beau - ti - ful sheen; Where ne'er come the storm-clouds of fear,
Je - sus a - bove; Where an - gels and saints are at rest,
Pu - ri - ty's sea! Where nev - er is tem - pest or strife,
vir - tue and truth, Where vis - ions of glo - ry en - dure,

REFRAIN.

Where shadows of gloom shall nev-er be seen;
Where heaven- ly joys are rapt-ures of love;
Where pleasures are ho - ly, boundless, and free;
Where ev - er a-bides the beau-ty of youth;
} Where shadows of gloom shall

nev - er be seen (ner - er be seen,) Where shadows of gloom shall

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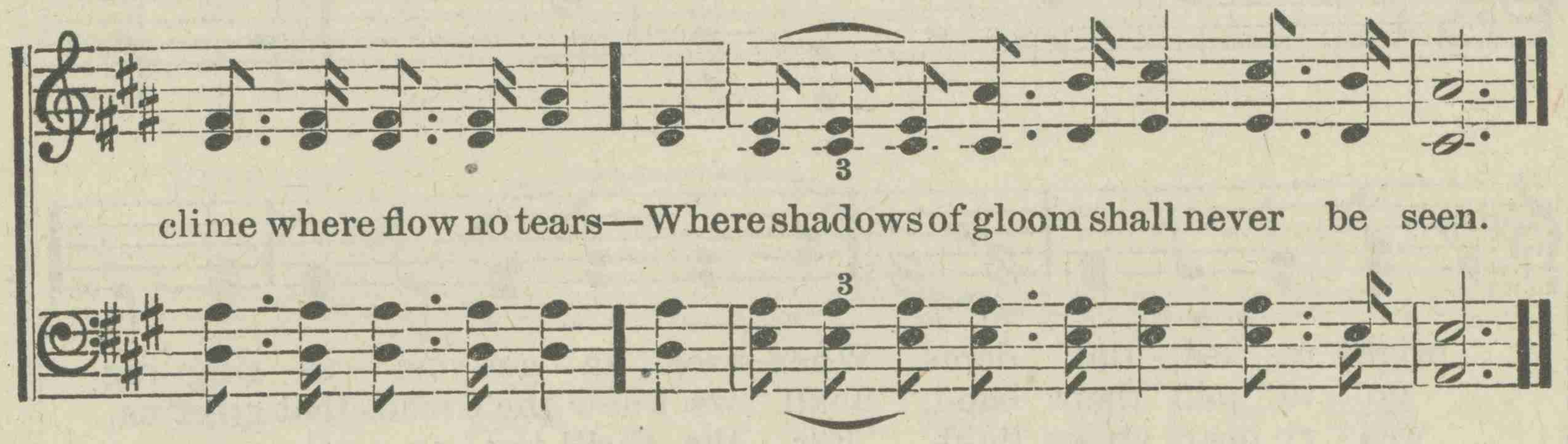
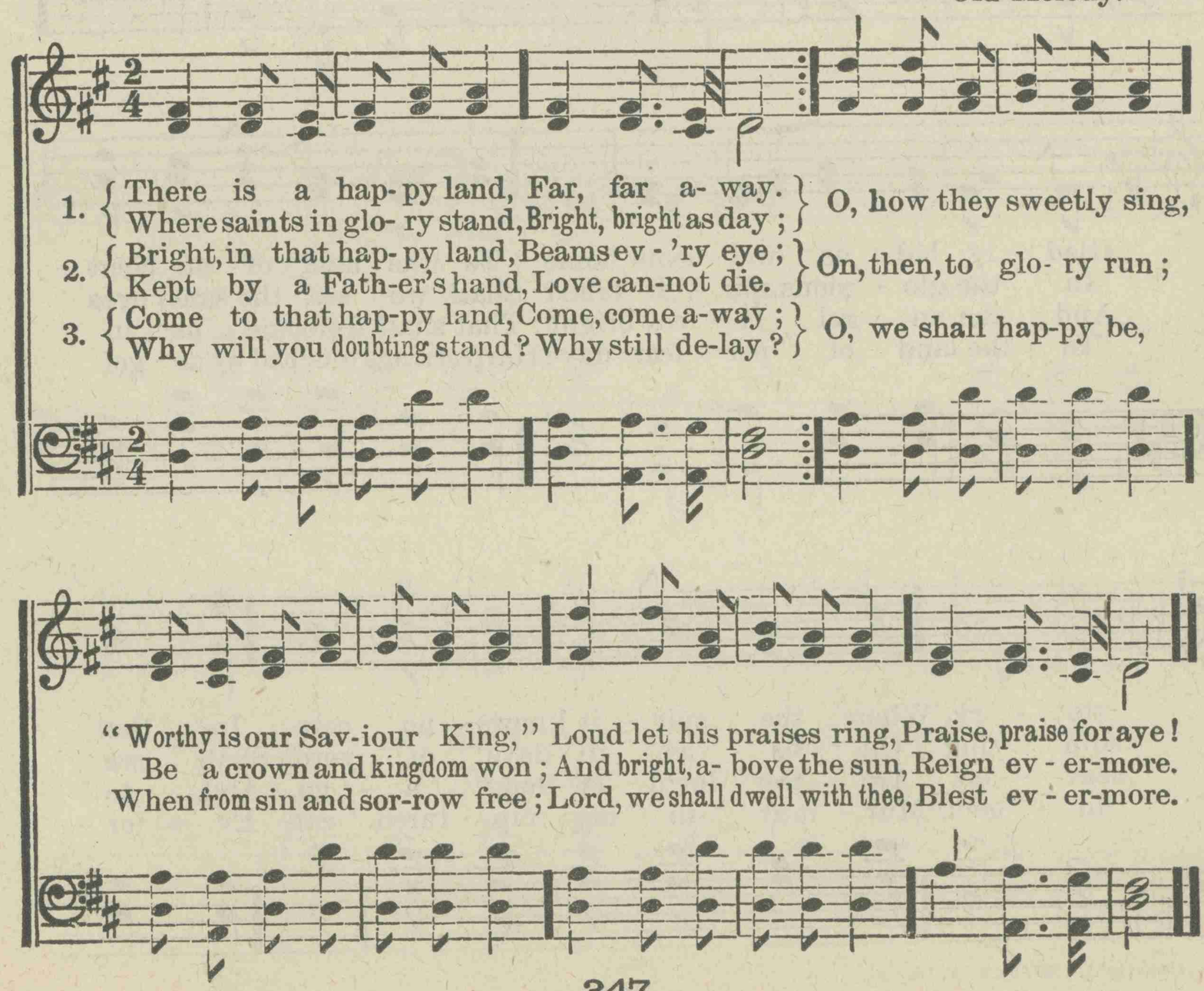
THE HOPE OF THE SOUL.—Concluded.



468 HAPPY LAND.

Old Melody.



469 Shall We Know Each Other There?

W. M. R. LOWRY, by per.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome, When sweet. an - gel voic - es sing- ing
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that greet us,
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re - joi - ces, And my wea - ry heart grows light, For the thrill-ing an - gel voi - ces,
4. O! ye wea - ry, sad, and toss'd ones, Droop not, faint not, by the way; Ye shall join the loved and just ones

Glad - ly bid us wel - come home To the land of an- cient
In the glo - rious spir - it land? Shall we see the same eyes
And the an - gel fa - ces bright: That shall welcome us in
In the land of per - fect day! Harp-strings touched by an - gel

sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care, In that
shin - ing On us, as in days of yore? Shall we
heav - en, Are the lov'd of long a - go, And to
fin - gers, Mur - mur in my rap - tured ear, Ev - er -

Copyright, 1863, by E. A. Dagget.

Shall We Know Each Other There?—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

470 When the Mists have Cleared Away.

ANNIE HERBERT. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the sum - mit of the
2. If we err in hu- man blindness, And for - get that we are
3. When the mists shall rise a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his

hills, And the sun - shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in
dust; If we miss the law of kind- ness, When we
own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall

beau - ty on the rills, We may read love's shin-ing
strug - gle to be just, Snow- y wings of love shall
know as we are known; Lo! be - yond the o-ri-ent

let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray; We shall
cov - er All the faults that cloud our day, When the
mead - ows Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

When the Mists have Cleared Away.—Concluded.

know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have clear'd a- way.
wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a- way.
heart, we bide the shad-ows Till the mists have clear'd a- way.

REFRAIN.

We shall know . . . as we are known, . . .
We shall know as we are known,

Nev - er more . . . . to walk a - lone; . . . .
Nev - er more to walk a - lone;

In the dawn - - ing of the morn- ing, When the
In the dawn- ing

mists . . . . . have clear'd a - way; have clear'd a - way.
have clear'd a-way,

471

THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

(MAY BE USED AS A SOLO.)

J. K. ALWOOD.
Moderato.

J. F. KINSEY.

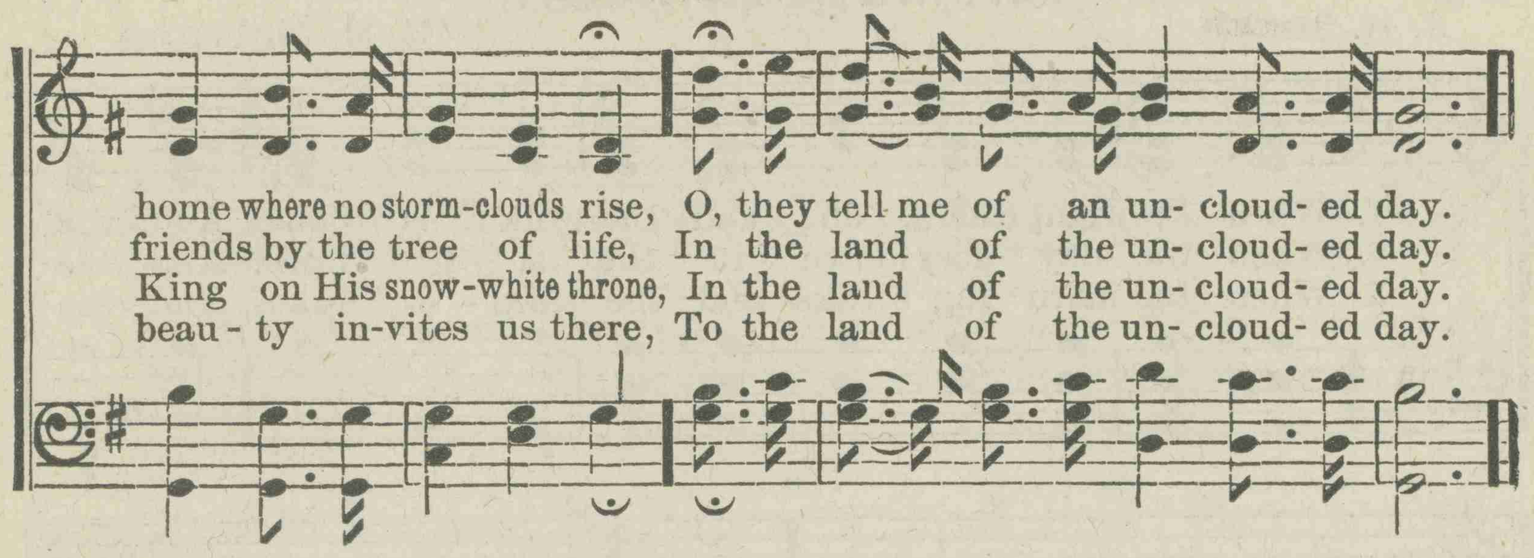
1. O, they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O, they tell me of a home far a- way; O, they tell me of a home where no storm-cloud rise,
2. O, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O, they tell me of that land far a- way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom
3. O, they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
4. O, they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His smile drives their sorrows all a- way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a - gain,

O, they tell me of an un-clouded day; O, the land of cloud-less day,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-clouded day; O, the land of cloud-less day,
In the cit- y that is made of gold; O, that land mine eyes shall see,
In that lovely land of un-clouded day; O, that land of love- ly smiles,

O, the land of an un- cloud- ed sky; O, they tell me of a
O, the land of an un- cloud- ed sky; O, they tell me of my
O, that land of an un- cloud- ed sky; O, they tell me of the
O, the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O, the King in His

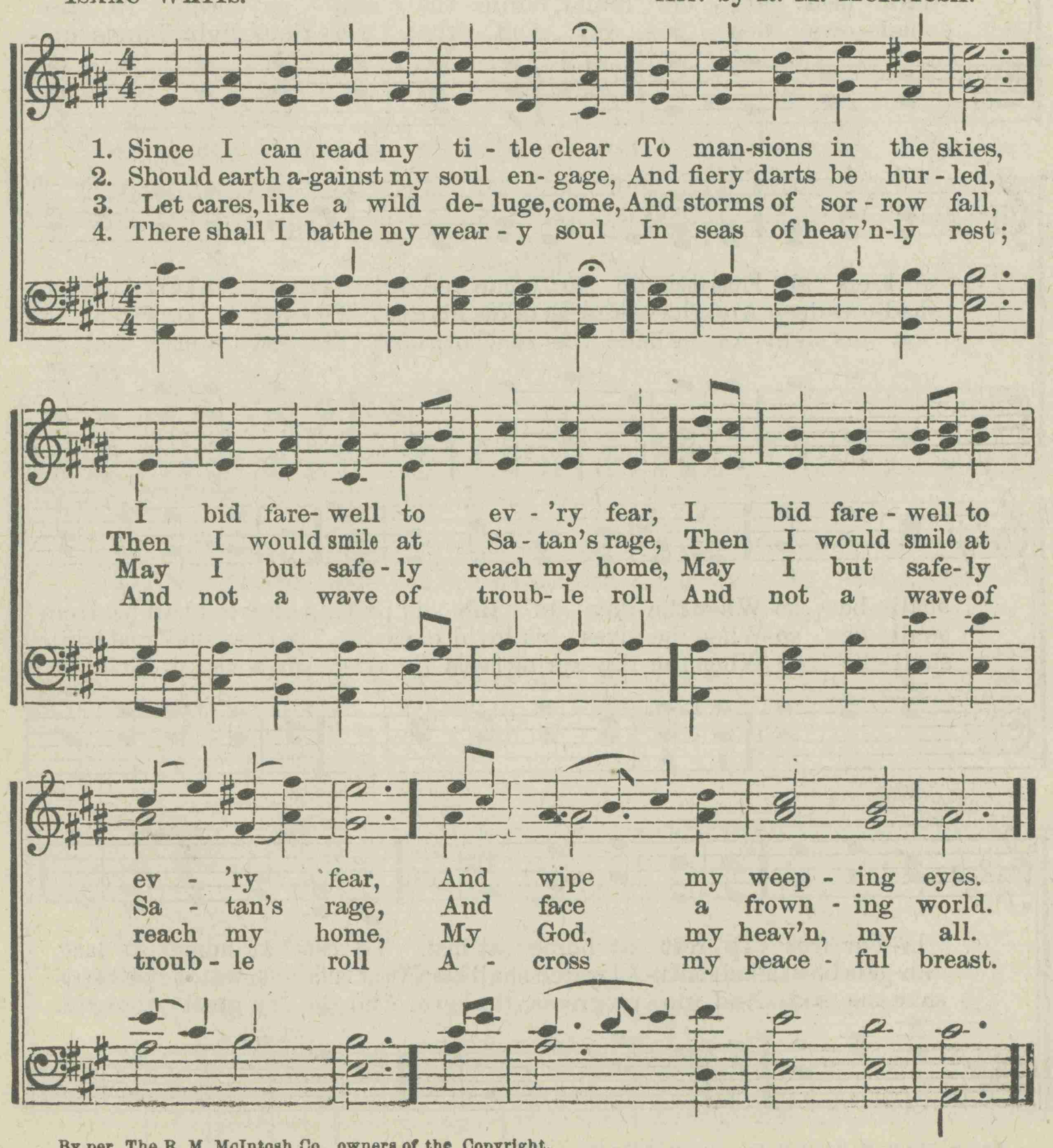
By per. The Echo Music Co.

THE UNCLOUDED DAY.—Concluded.



472 NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

473 HOME AND REST.

J. H. SIMMIS. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When the night comes on and the work is done, And the
2. When the day goes down in the si - lent town, And the
3. When the morn - ing breaks and the sleep - er wakes, And the

day dies in the west, And the wel - come call bids the
dark - ness gath - ers round, While the wea - ry sleep in the
shad - ows flee a - way, And the glo - rious light bursts up -

work-ers all From their toil to home and rest; 'Tis sweet to know that it
shad-ows deep, And the watch-man takes his round; 'Tis sweet to know that it
on his sight As he hails the newborn day; 'Tis sweet to know that it

shall be so When the day of life is past, And we shall be from
shall be so When he gives his lov'd ones sleep, That they shall rest while
shall be so When the day-spring floods the skies, And sons of God for -

la- bor free To rest at home at last, To rest at home at last.
an-gels blest Their faith - ful watch shall keep, Their faith - ful watch shall keep.
sake the sod, And glo - ry greets the eyes, And glo - ry greets the eyes.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

474 SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet
2. We shall pass in - side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet
3. We shall meet our lov'd and own, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet
day; Gath-'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet

day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be - fore our eyes un -
day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry to the lamb that's
day; Be the tree of life so fair, Joy and rap - ture ev - 'ry -

fold Heav-en's spen - dors, yet un- told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
slain, Christ was dead but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
where, O the bliss of o - ver there! Some sweet day, some sweet day.

By per. D. B. Towner, owner of Copyright.

475 WALKING THE GOLDEN STREETS.

A. S. DOUGHTY. GEO. C. HUGG, by per.

1. Who, who are these cloth'd in gar-ments pure and white, Walking the streets of that cit - y fair and bright, Dwelling in light where no
2. These, these are they who thro' trib- u - la - tion came, Bear - ing the cross—who en- dured reproach and shame; Hav- ing their robes wash'd in
3. There, with the an - gels, the Sav-iour they be-hold; Walk thro' the streets that are paved with pur - est gold; Freed from all sor - row, they

burn - ing rays are known, Standing near the great e - ter - nal throne.
blood of Calvary's Lamb, There-fore do they bear the conqueror's palm.
shout o'er con- flicts pass'd: Praise to Je - sus—vic- to - ry at last!

CHORUS.

Walk - - ing thro' the streets, ... Walk - - -
Walking thro' the streets, thro' the beautiful golden streets, Walking thro' the

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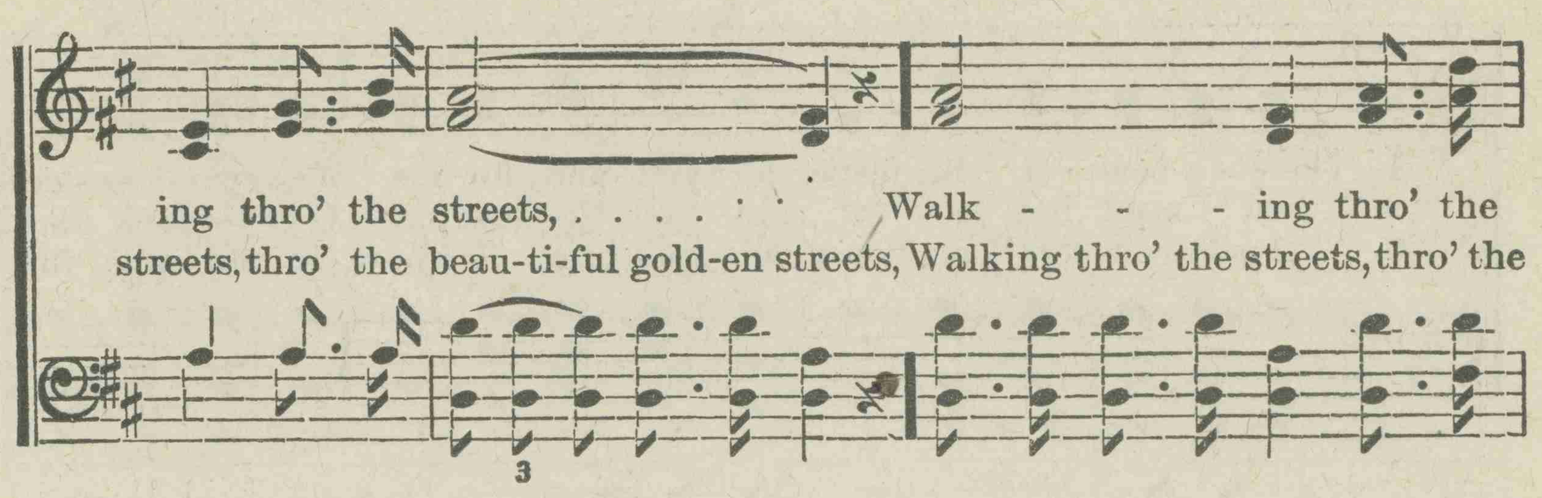
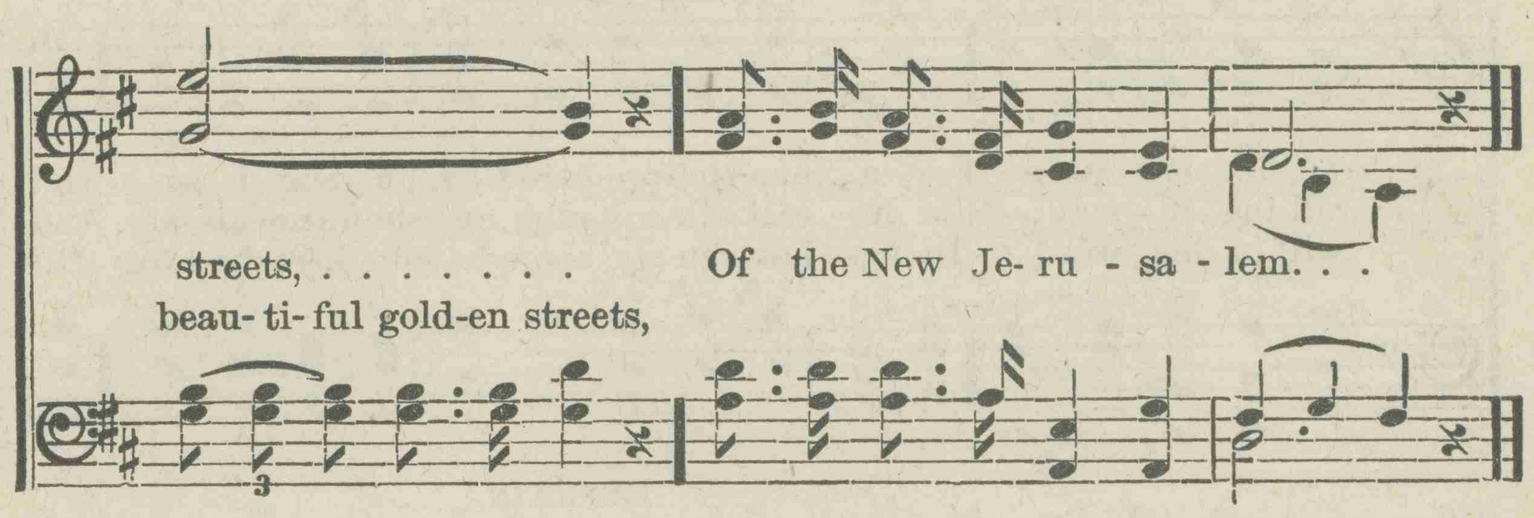
WALKING THE GOLDEN STREETS.—Concluded.





476 OAK. 6s & 4s.

T. R. TAYLOR. LOWELL MASON.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home:
   Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
   Dan-ger and sorrow stand
2. What tho' the tempest rage! Heav'n is my home;
   Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home.
   And time's wild Wintry blast
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home;
   I shall be glo - ri- fied; Heav'n is my home.
   There with the good and blest,

477 THE PLACE PREPARED.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful place, for you and for me, We home-less shall
2. And I need not look off, to find the dear place, O'er Jordans' dark
3. I shall en - ter his house, and find him I know, In do - ing the

be, nev -er - more; For a man-sion pre-pared by Je - sus I see, And
roll-ing a - way; For he call-eth me nigh, and shows me his face, And
will of his word, In my hea-ven -ly home be-gun here be-low, I'll

REFRAIN.

he is the Way and the Door.
bids me be wel-come to - day.
dwell ev - er-more with my Lord.

Beau - ti- ful home! . . . .
beau-ti- ful home!

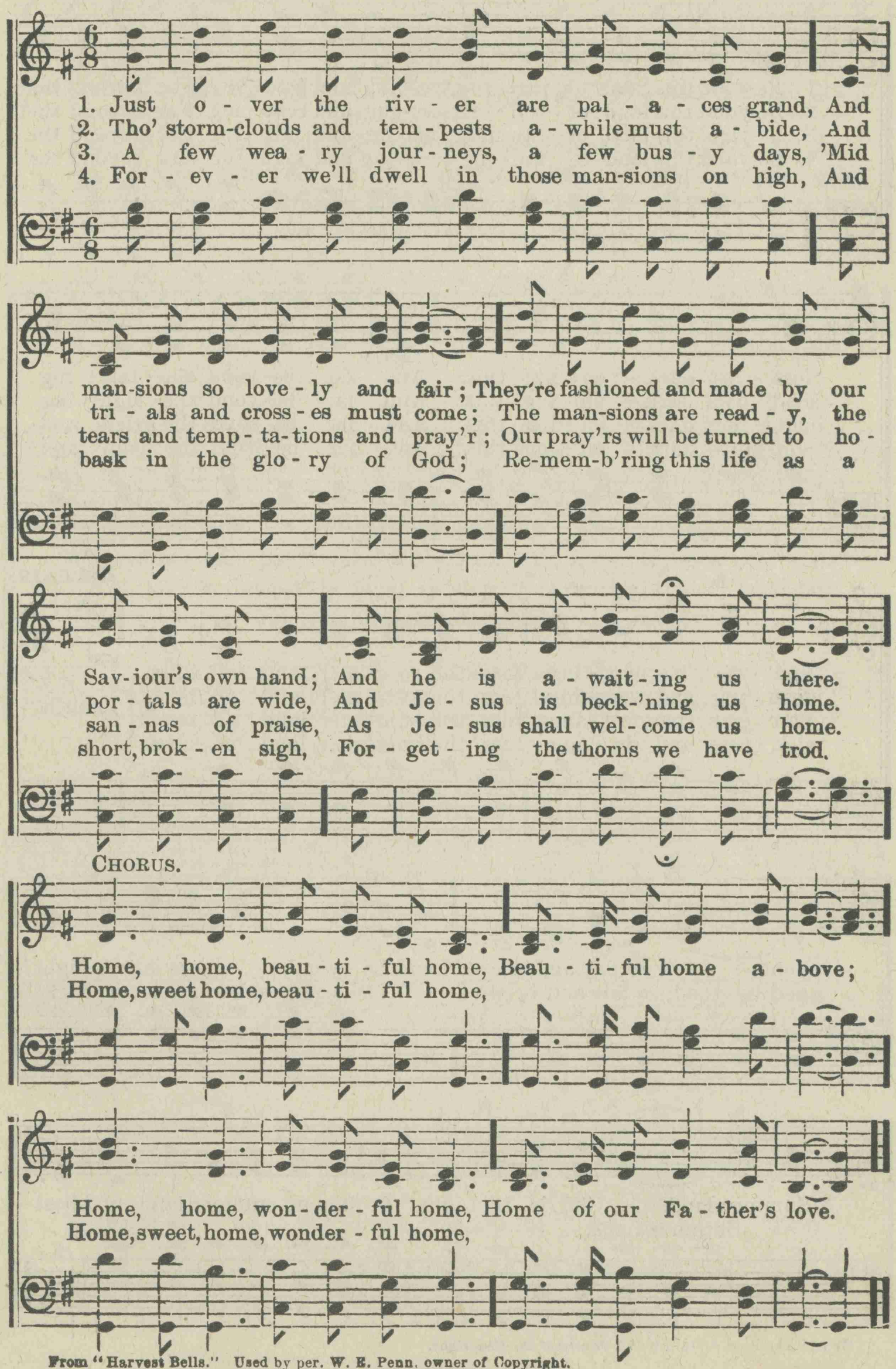
beau - ti - ful home!
beau-ti-ful home!
Sing-ing its sto - ry I tell, O,

en-ter, my soul, no long-er to roam, For- ev - er with Je - sus to dwell.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

478 HOME OF OUR FATHER'S LOVE.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN. W. E. PENN.



From "Harvest Bells." Used by per. W. E. Penn, owner of Copyright.

479 SUMMER LAND.

M. B. C. SLADE. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Be-yond this land of part- ing, los - ing and leav - ing, Far beyond the
2. Be-yond this land of toil - ing, sow- ing and reap - ing, Far beyond the
3. Be-yond this land of sin-ning, faint- ing and fall - ing, Far beyond the
4. Be-yond this land of wait-ing, seek- ing and sigh- ing, Far beyond the

loss - es, dark - en - ing this, And far be- yond the tak - ing
shad - ows dark - en - ing this, And far be- yond the sigh - ing,
doubt- ings dark - en - ing this, And far be- yond the griefs and
sor - rows, dark - en - ing this, And far be- yond the pain and

REFRAIN.

and the be- reav - ing Lies the sum- mer land of bliss.
moan - ing and weep- ing Lies the sum- mer land of bliss.
dan - gers be - fall - ing Lies the sum- mer land of bliss.
sick - ness and dy - ing Lies the sum- mer land of bliss.

} Land be -

yond, . . . so fair and bright! Land be - yond, . . where is no night!
Land be- yond, so fair and bright! Land beyond, where is no night!

Summer land, God is its Light, O, hap-py summer land of bliss!
Summer Land,

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

480 THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap -py home! Name ev - er dear to me!
2. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
3. Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death dis - may?
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee;

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?
Where con - gre - ga- tions ne'er break up, And pleasures have no end?
I've Ca-naan's good -ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.
Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I my joys shall see.

REFRAIN.

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

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

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co, owners of the Copyright.

481 IT WILL NEVER GROW OLD.

W. W. Baily. I. N. McHose, by per.

1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a- bove, The name of its
2. That won- der-ful land has a cit - y, of life Ne'er darken'd with
3. A man-sion of won- der-ful beau-ty is there, And Je - sus that
4. They tell me its friend-ships and love are so pure, Its joys nev- er

King, and his in - fi- nite love? His chil- dren are death- less and
an - guish, nor dy - ing, nor strife? Its tem - ples and streets all are
man - sion has gone to pre- pare; Its bright jas-per walls how I
die, and its treas- ures are sure; And loved ones, de- part - ed, so

hap - py, I'm told; O, will it a - bide, will it nev- er grow old?
flash- ing with gold, O, can it be true, it will nev- er grow old?
long to be- hold, And join in the song that will nev- er grow old.
si - lent and cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.

Chorus.

'Twill always be new, it will nev- er de-cay; No night ev-er comes, it will

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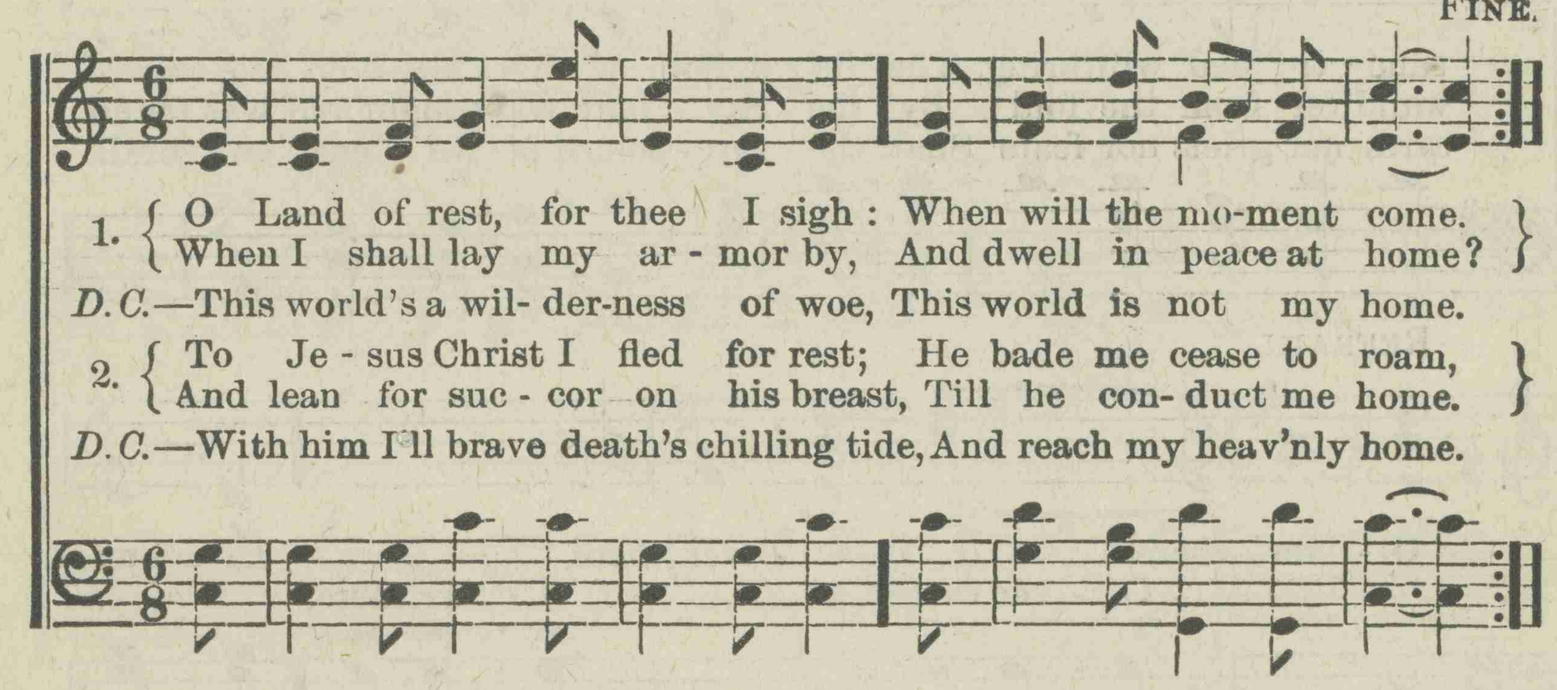
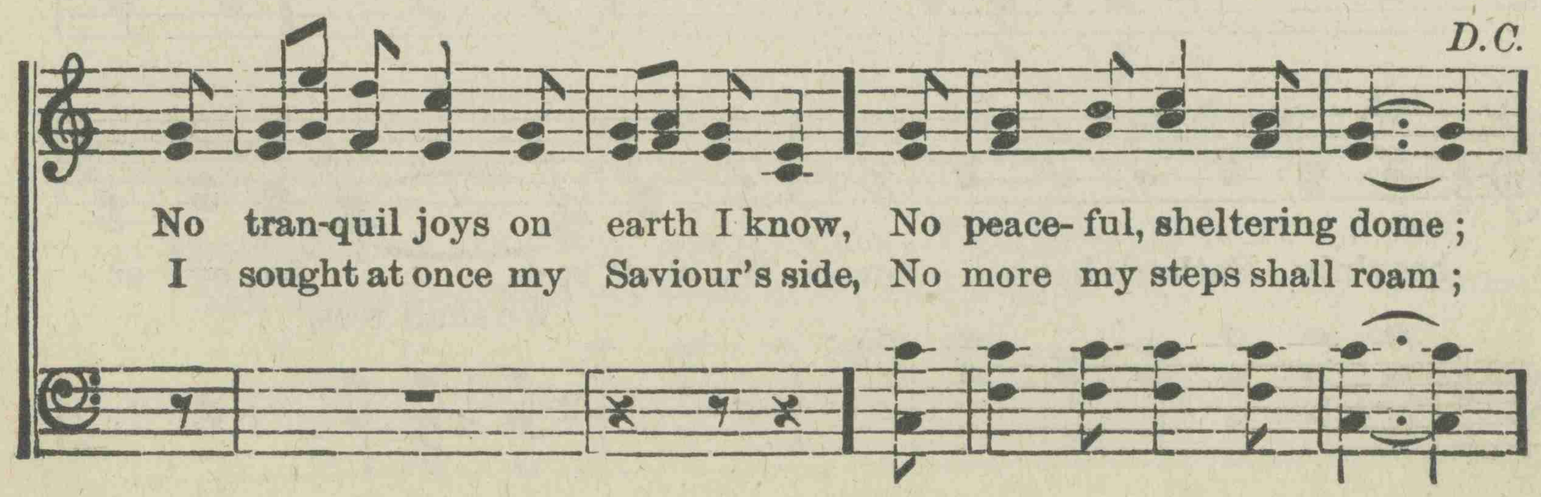
IT WILL NEVER GROW OLD.—Concluded.

482 HOME. C. M. Double.

ELIZABETH MILLS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

FINE.





By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

483 IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

C. W. RAY. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In our Fa-ther's house There are mansions bright and fair, And we'll
2. In our Fa-ther's house All the faith- ful shall be crown'd, While the
3. In our Fa-ther's house There's a her - i - tage for all, Where the

soon be at home o - ver there; With our Sav-iour King, Who his
an - thems of wel - come re - sound; We shall then be - hold How the
shad - ows of night nev - er fall; Where, thro' end-less years, Neith-er

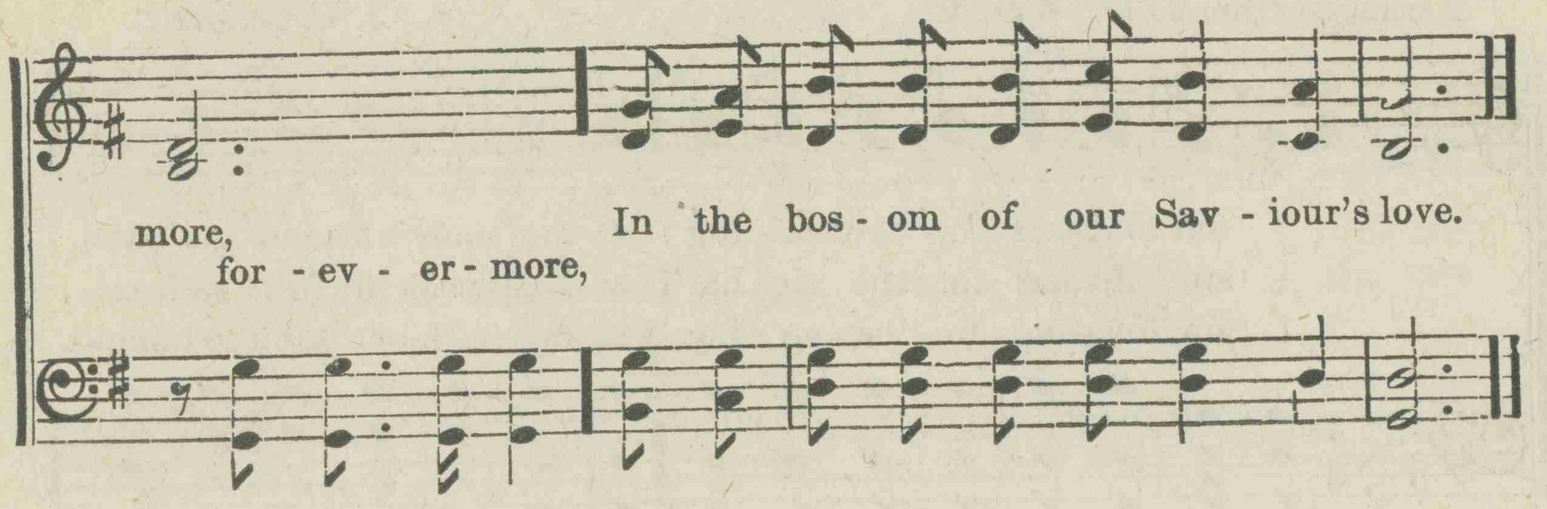
sanc - ti - fied will bring, The de - lights of his king- dom to share.
wand'rer from the fold By the Sav - iour was sought and was found.
cares nor griefs nor fears Shall the ran - somed of Je - sus en - thrall.

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, ... o - ver there, In our
O - ver there, O - ver there,
heav'nly Father's house a - bove; We shall rest, . . . for- ev - er -
We shall rest,

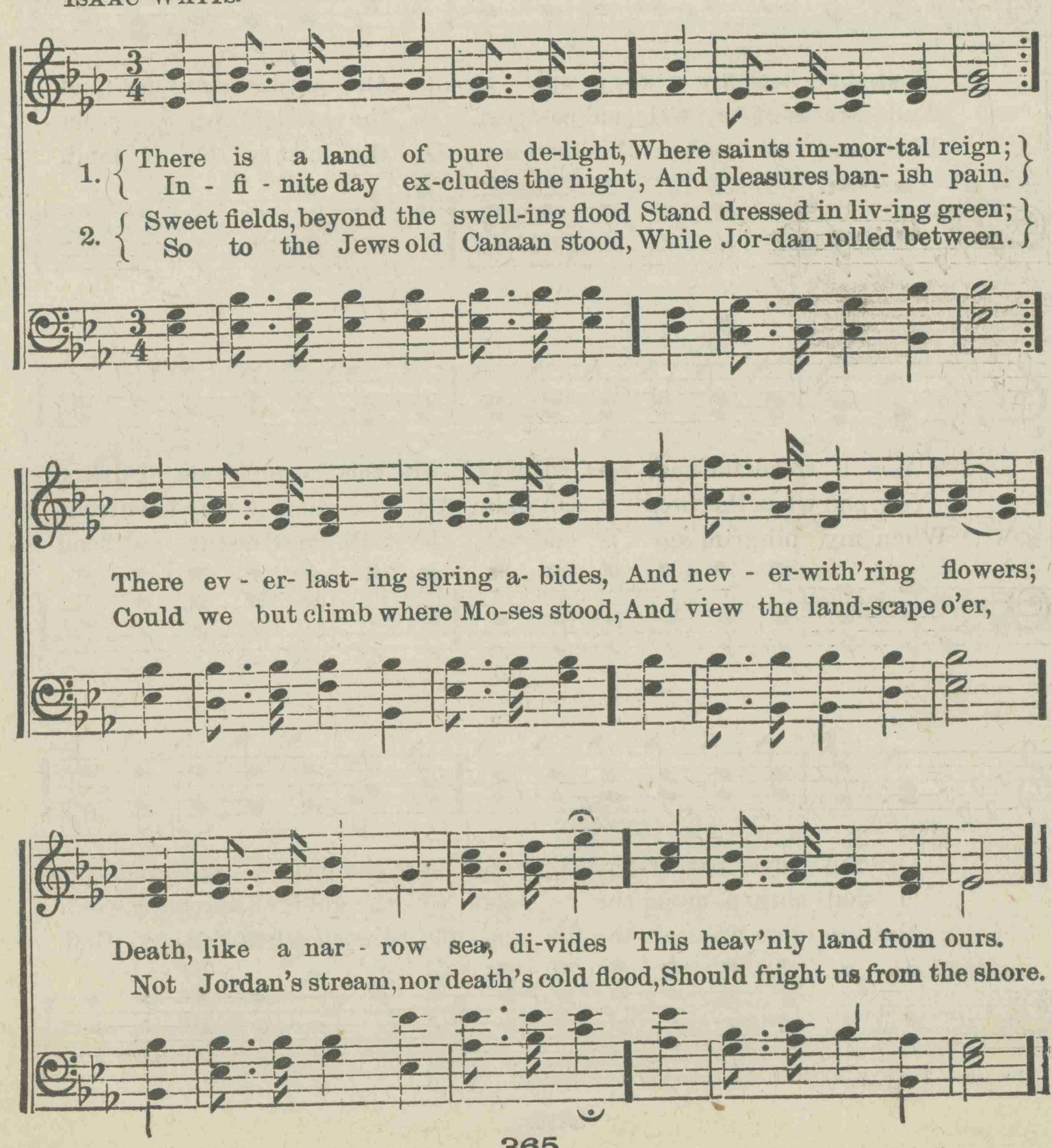
By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.—Concluded.



484 VARINA. C. M. Double.

ISAAC WATTS. G. F. ROOT.



485 THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH. J. C. BUSHEY.

1. I am long-ing for the com- ing Of the snow white an- gel band,
2. I am wait-ing for the sig- nal That shall speak my full re-lease,
3. I am long-ing to be go - ing, Yet my fath-er's kind command,

That shall bear my wea -ry spir - it, To the sin-less summer-land,
And pre- sent my welcome passport, To the realms of per-fect peace,
Bids me tar - ry 'mid the shad-ows Of the mist -y low- er -land,

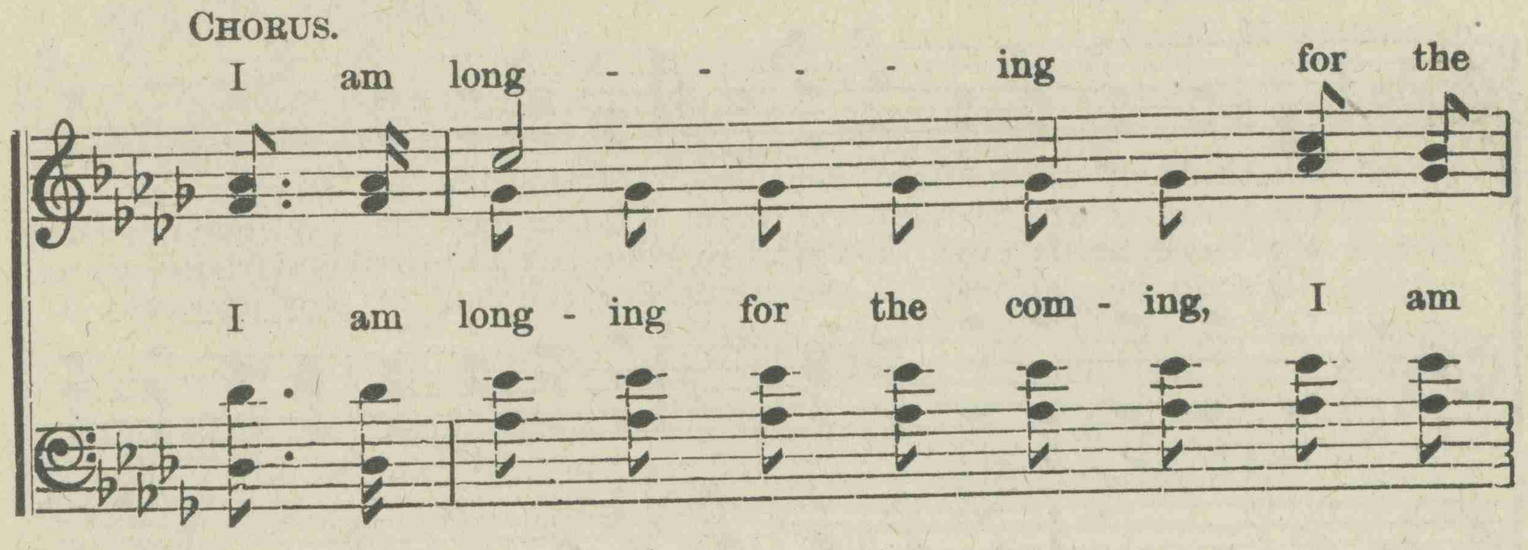
As I tread the nar- row pathway, Thro' this thorn-y vale I dream
Yes, and when the wea - ry san-dals All the dust -y way have trod,
When my pil-grim-age is end -ed, I shall stem the tur - bid flood,

Of the joys that ev- er bright-en, Where the pearl-y wa -ters gleam.
I shall sing a -mong the an -gels By the gold- en throne of God.
And re- cline up - on the bos- om, Of the spot-less Son of God.

By per. of The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



486 OVER THERE.

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON. TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

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

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

o - ver there,

REFRAIN.

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

O- ver there, o - ver

O- ver there,

there, Oh, think of the {home / friends} o-ver there, o - ver there; O- ver

o- ver there,

o - ver there,

there, o-ver there, o- ver there, o- ver there, Oh think of the {home / friends} over there.

o - ver there,

By per. Philip Phillips, owner of Copyright.

487 YON PORTALS FAIR.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When shall we stand at yon por-tals fair? By and by, by and by.
2. When will the la-bor of earth be o'er? By and by, by and by.
3. When will we see all our friends a-gain? By and by, by and by.
4. We have a prom-ise of bless-ed rest, By and by, by and by.

When shall we share in the glo-ry there? By and by, yes, by and by.
When will we sor-row and sigh no more? By and by, yes, by and by.
When shall we join them in sweet re-frain? By and by, yes, by and by.
Lean-ing in calmness on Je-sus' breast? By and by, yes, by and by.

'Twill not be long till the Lord shall come, Call me to en-ter my heav'nly home,
Not long on earth can the pilgrim stay; Soon God will sum-mon to heav'n a-way;
'Twill not be long till in joy we meet, And in af-fec-tion each oth-er greet;
Not here where wea-ry the heart and hand, But in the fair-er Immanuel's land,

There with the ho-ly and blest to roam, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
O! it is com-ing, that glad, glad day, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
O! the re-un-ion will be so sweet, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.
Crown'd with the host of the white rob'd band, Yes, by and by, yes, by and by.

By per. Barbee & Smith, Agents, Publishing House M. E. Church, South.

488

THE FATHER-LAND.

T. H. R. CHRISTIE, by per.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my
2. There is a place where the an - gels dwell, A pure and a
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suf - fered and
4. There is a place where I hope to live When life and its

treas-ure are there; Where ver- dure and blos - soms nev - er fade,
peace-ful a - bode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell;
worshipped with me; Ex - alt - ed with Christ, high on his throne,
la - bors are o'er, A place which the Lord to me will give,

CHORUS.

And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
For there is the pal - ace of God.
The King in his beau- ty they see.
And then I shall sor - row no more.
} That bliss- ful place is my

fa - ther-land; By faith its delights I ex - plore; Come, fa- vor my

flights, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to that shore.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

489 WE'LL REACH THE MANSIONS.

E. A. HOFFMAN. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. We'll reach the mansions of Par- a- dise, Far a - way, The glo-rious
2. We'll reach the portals of yon- der home, Far a - way, The wel- come
3. We'll reach the beauti-ful shin-ing shore, Far a - way, To weep and

DUET. *Slower.*

mansions of Par - a - dise, Some hap- py day; The shin-ing splendor we
por- tals of yon-der home, Some hap- py day; The crown of glo- ry we
sor-row on earth no more, Some hap- py day; We'll cross the riv- er with

shall behold, The throne of glory, the streets of gold, And share the pleasure and
then shall wear, And robes as white as the snow and fair, And breathe the pure and am-
Christ our guide, In no wise fearing the roll-ing tide, And reach in safe-ty the

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

joy un-told, Some hap-py day.
bro - sial air, Some hap-py day.
gold - en side, Some hap-py day.
} Some bright and happy day, All

sorrow pass'd a-way, We'll reach the mansions of Paradise, Far a - way.

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490 JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

J. M. NEALE, tr. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gol - den, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Dav - id; And there, from care re-leased,

Be- neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-pressed.
And bright with ma - ny an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
The song of them that tri - umph The shout of them that feast;

I know not, O I know not, What so - cial joys are there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se- rene;
And they who, with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com-pare.
The pas-tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

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491 THE CITY ABOVE.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.

1. There is a cit - y built a -bove, With mansions of de - light,
2. No chill-ing breath may find its way With - in those por - tals fair;
3. O, let us seek that joy- ful home! Why should we lin - ger here?
4. There, nev - er more shall part-ings be, And God shall wipe a - way

Its walls are jas - per and the streets Are paved with jew- els bright.
No sound of mourn-ing ev - er falls Up - on the fra -grant air.
I long to clasp in love's embrace My saint-ed ones so dear!
The scald - ing tears that o'er my cheek Un-bid- den fall to - day.

Refrain.

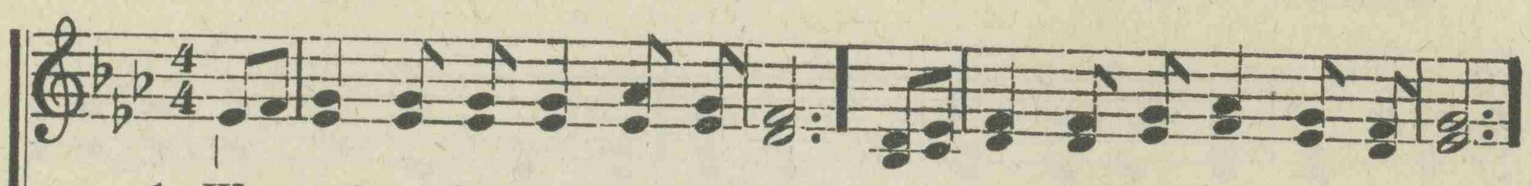
"A cit - y which hath foundations, Whose Builder and Maker is God!

Which shineth a- far, like a beau - ti -ful star, By saints and angels trod."

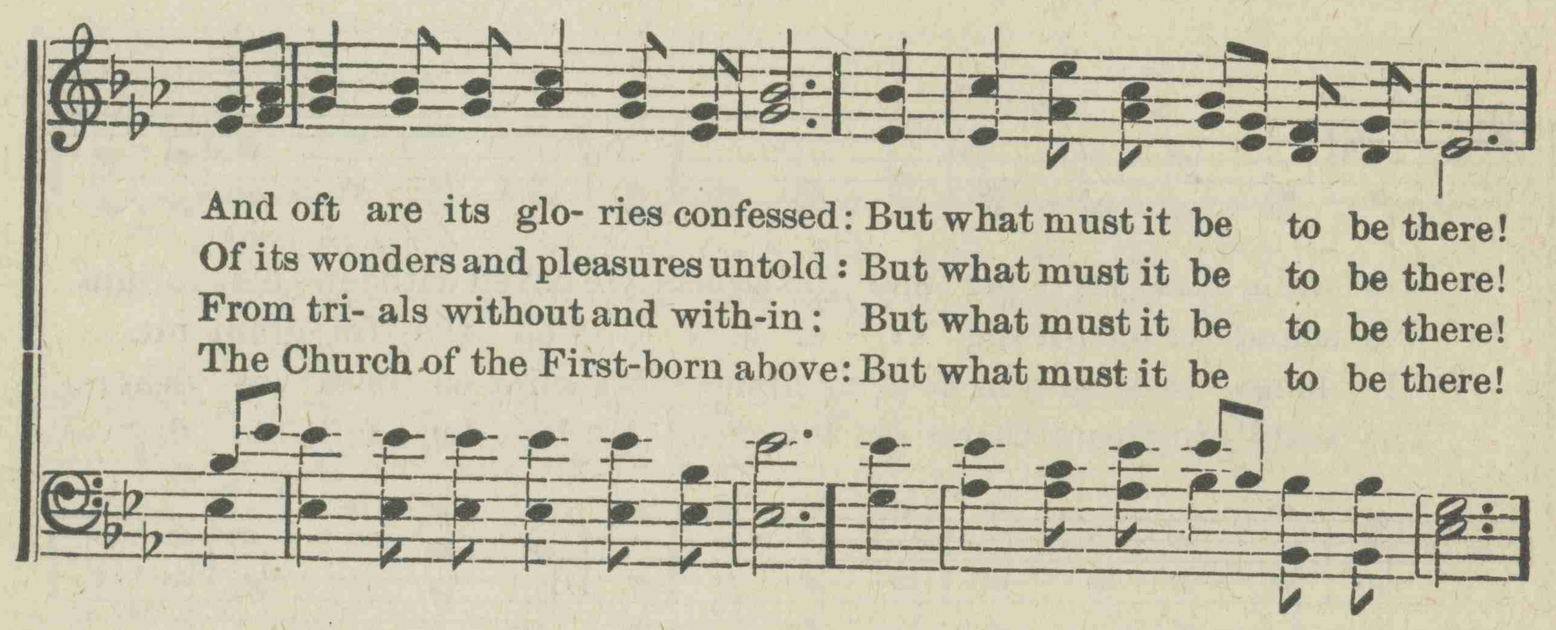
By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

492 REALMS OF THE BLEST.

ELIZABETH MILLS. Arr. from WOODBURY, by H. R. CHRISTIE.

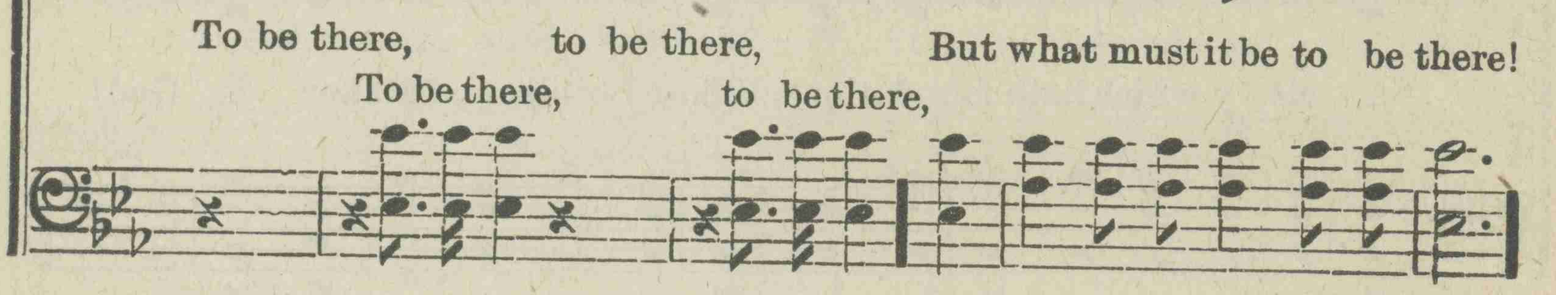


1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun-try so bright and so fair;
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,
3. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion and care,
4. We speak of its ser-vice of love, The robes which the glo-ri-fied wear,

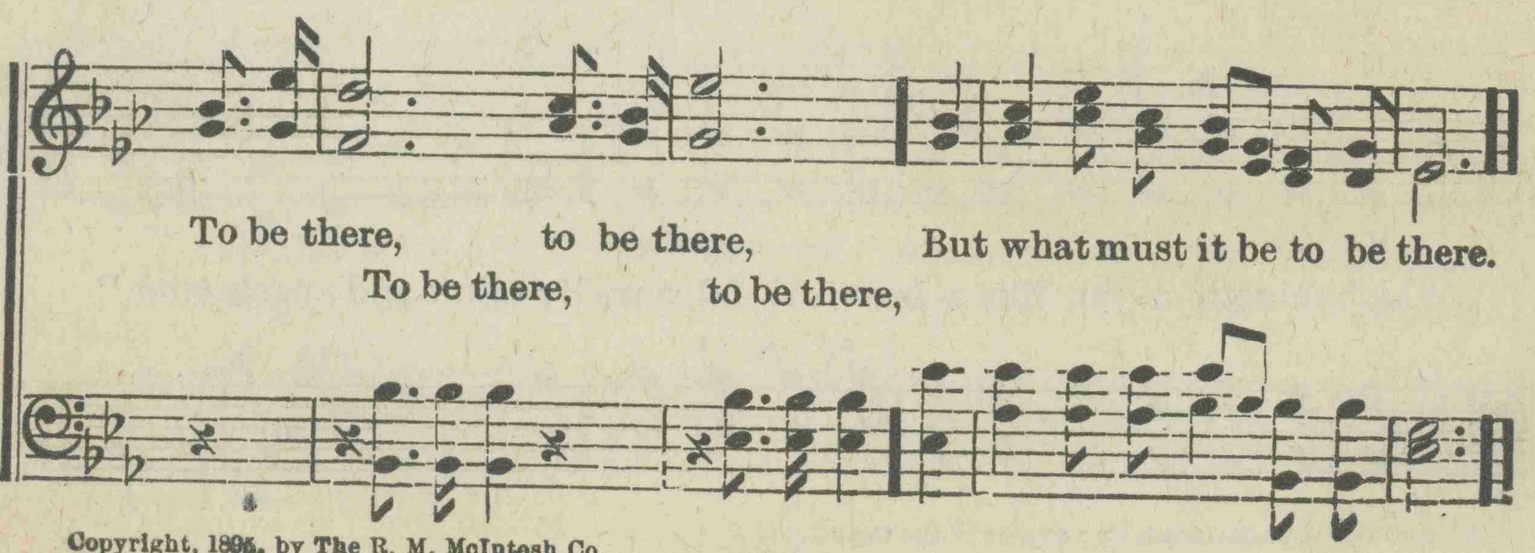


And oft are its glo- ries confessed: But what must it be to be there!
Of its wonders and pleasures untold: But what must it be to be there!
From tri- als without and with-in: But what must it be to be there!
The Church of the First-born above: But what must it be to be there!

REFRAIN.



To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there!
To be there, to be there,



To be there, to be there, But what must it be to be there.
To be there, to be there,

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493 BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

ROBERT LOWRY. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down,
4. Soon we'll reach the crys-tal riv - er, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease,

With its crys-tal tide for- ev - er Flowing by the throne of God.
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de-liv - er, And pro-vide, a robe and crown.
Soon our hap- py hearts will quiver, With the mel- o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

p

Yes we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beauti-ful riv - er—

Gath- er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

By per. Rev. Robt. Lowry, owner of the Copyright.

494 SWEET BY AND BY.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.
SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me -
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will

faith we may see it a - far, For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the
lo - di- ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor- row no
of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri- ous gift of his

way, To pre-pare us a dwell - ing-place there.
more— Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days!

REFRAIN.

In the sweet by and by, We shall
In the sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by,

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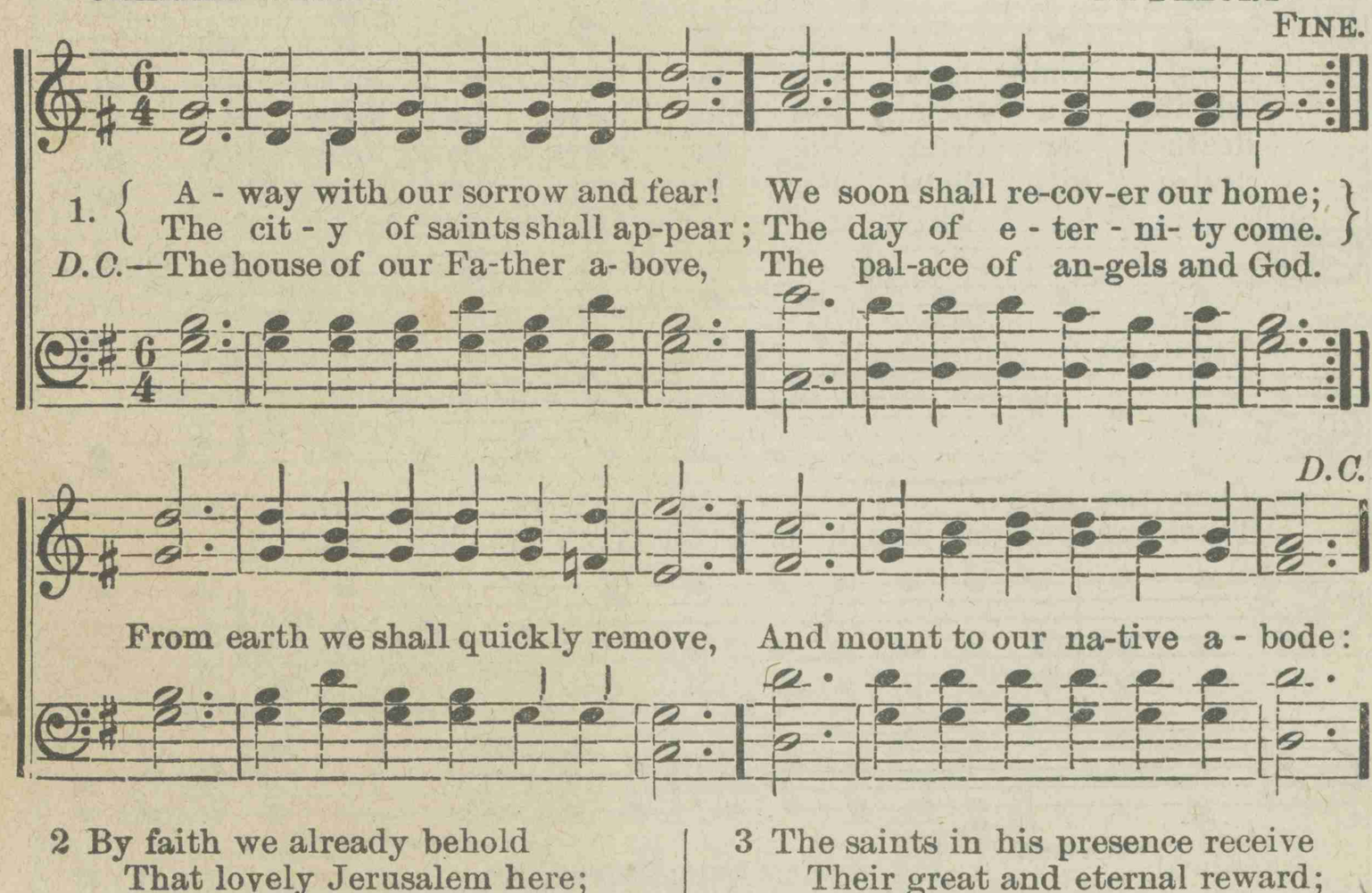
SWEET BY AND BY.—Concluded.

495 DE FLEURY. 8s.

CHARLES WESLEY. DE FLEURY.



2 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

3 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord:
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus' face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze!

496 HAPPY PILGRIMS.

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

1. To the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, They are sing - ing, as they go; And the King there - of shall wel - come them, For he loves, he loves them so.
2. In the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, No more night their souls shall know; There the Lord's dear face shall shine on them, For he loves, he loves them so.
3. In the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, All their tears shall cease to flow, No more sor - row, pain nor death for them, For he loves, he loves them so.
4. To the heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, With the pil - grims will you go? Sing - ing songs of end - less praise with them, For he loves, he loves them so.

REFRAIN.

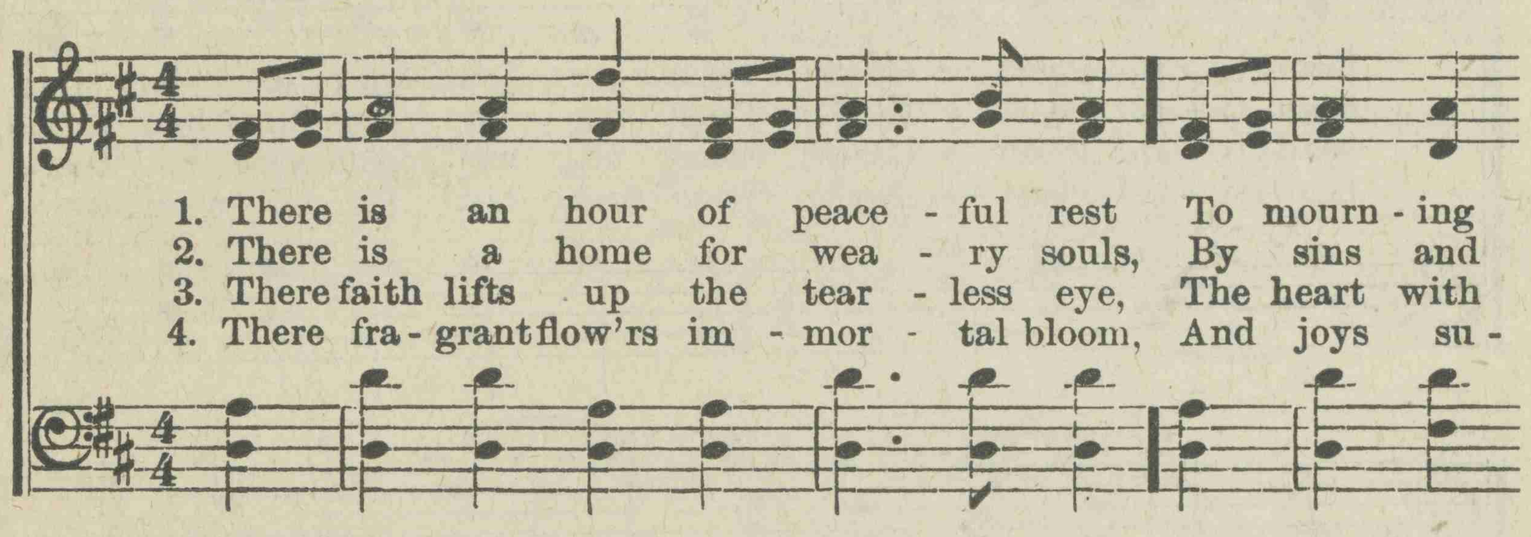
There the crys - - - tal riv - er flow - eth, There the heal - - - ing leaves are found; There no sor - - - row ev - er
There the crys-tal, there the crys- tal riv - er flow - eth, healing, there the healing leaves are found, There no sor- row, there no sor - row ev - er

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

HAPPY PILGRIMS.—Concluded.

497 SHALLENBERGER. 8s & 6s.

W. B. TAPPAN. A. B. EVERETT.



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498 PILGRIMS TO THE PEARLY GATES.

REV. 21 : 21.

C. W. RAY. T. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. Heirs of God with Christ our King, We are Pil-grims to the beau- ti - ful Pearl - y Gates;
2. Thro' the drear - y des - ert wide, We are Pil-grims to the beau- ti - ful Pearl - y Gates;
3. Heirs to "Ma - ny Man - sions" fair, We are Pil-grims to the beau- ti - ful Pearl - y Gates;
4. Soon we'll walk each gold -paved street, We are Pil-grims to the beau- ti - ful Pearl - y Gates;

As we jour - ney let us sing,
Trust - ing in our Sav - iour guide,
Songs of wel - come wait us there,
Soon find rest for toil- worn feet;

We are Pil- grims to the beau - ti - ful Pearl - y Gates.

REFRAIN.

We are Pil - - - - grims to the Gates,
Pil-grims to the Gates, Beau- ti - ful Pearl-y Gates,
To the won - - - - drous Pearl- y Gates;
Wondrous Pearl-y Gates, Beau- ti - ful Pearl- y Gates;

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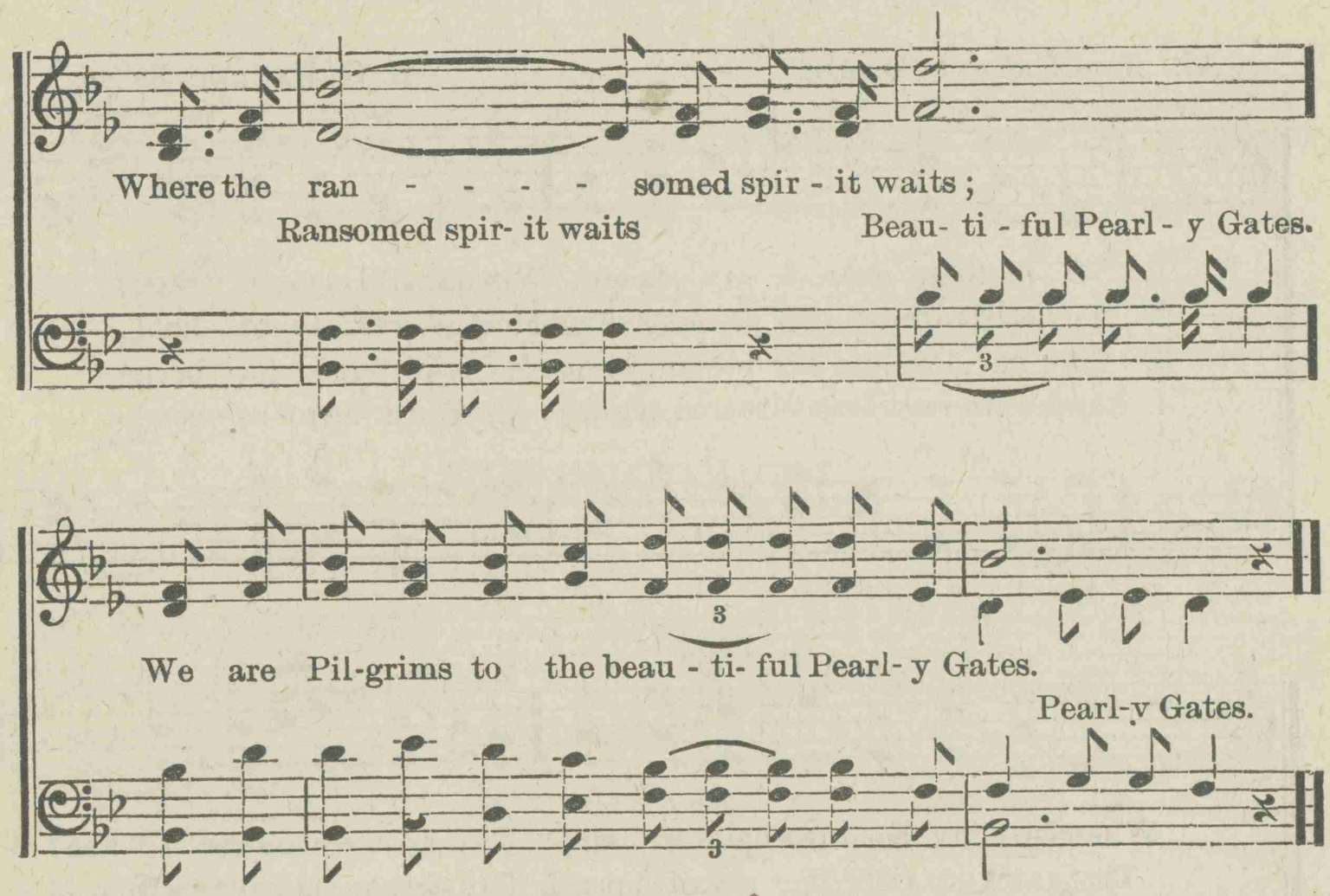
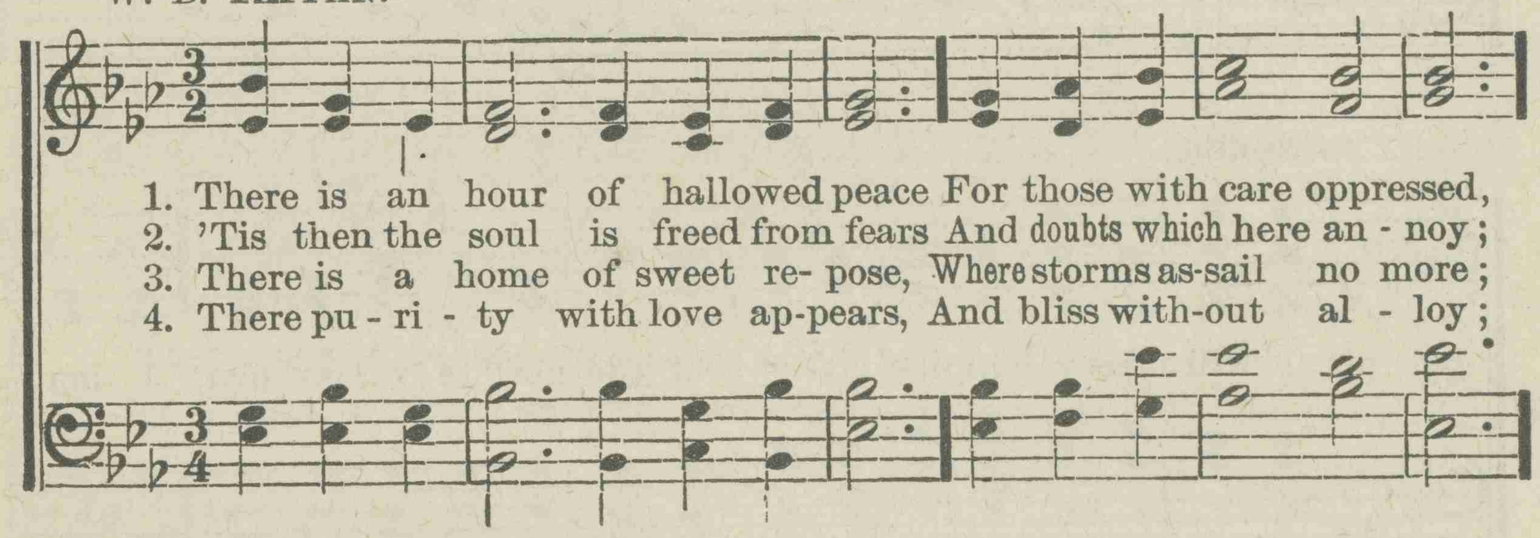
PILGRIMS TO THE PEARLY GATES.—Concluded.



499 VIRGINIA. C. M.

W. B. TAPPAN. N. E. EVERETT.



By per The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

500 MY HAPPY HOME.

Alt. from FRANCIS BAKER. E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem! When shall I come to thee?
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar-dens and thy plesant streams My stud-y long has been—
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

When will my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich- ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Where con- gre- ga-tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa- lem, I am
washed in the blood of the Lamb, . . . I will meet you in the
washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,

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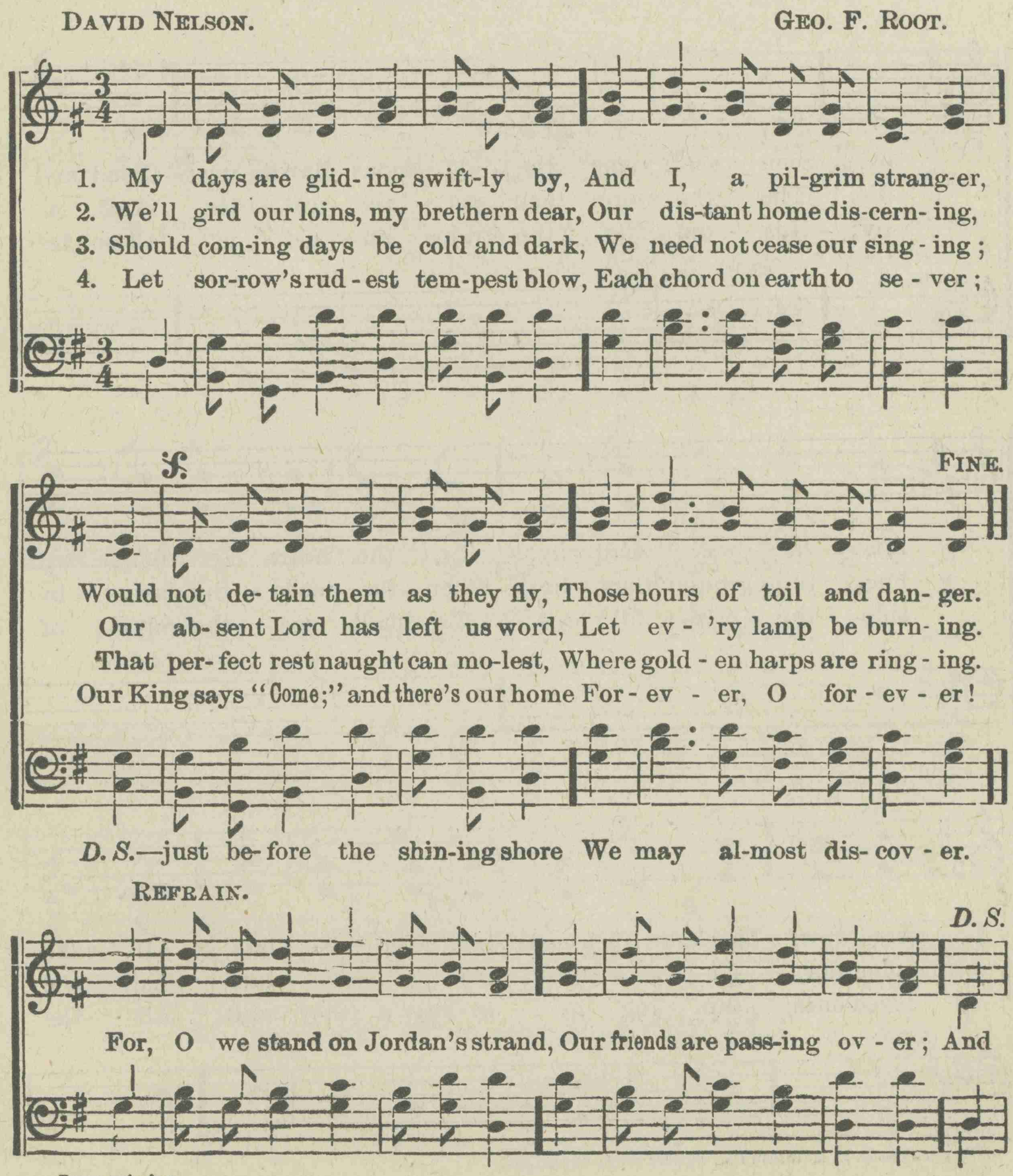
MY HAPPY HOME.—Concluded.

501 SHINING SHORE.

DAVID NELSON. GEO. F. ROOT.



By permission.

502 THE GOLDEN GATE.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. Frank M. Davis.

1. Wea - ry watch- ers for the morn-ing, Watching as the hours go by, Soon shall come the glo - rious dawn - ing; Cloud and
2. Tho' the flow'rs that we have plant-ed, All shall fade and wilt and die; Tho' the storm their pet - als scat - ter And a -
3. We shall hear the harps glad mu- sic, Pour- ing forth in sym-pho- ny; Lis - ten to the strains an - gel - ic, Close be -

mist a - way shall fly. To the heart o'er-whelmed with
long the ground they lie; When the morn - ing dawns in
side the crys - tal sea; We shall see the robes of

sor - row, Love's swift wheels shall ne'er be late; All shall
splen-dor, We with bliss and joy e - late, Shall the
loved ones, Shin - ing as in heav'n they wait; All the

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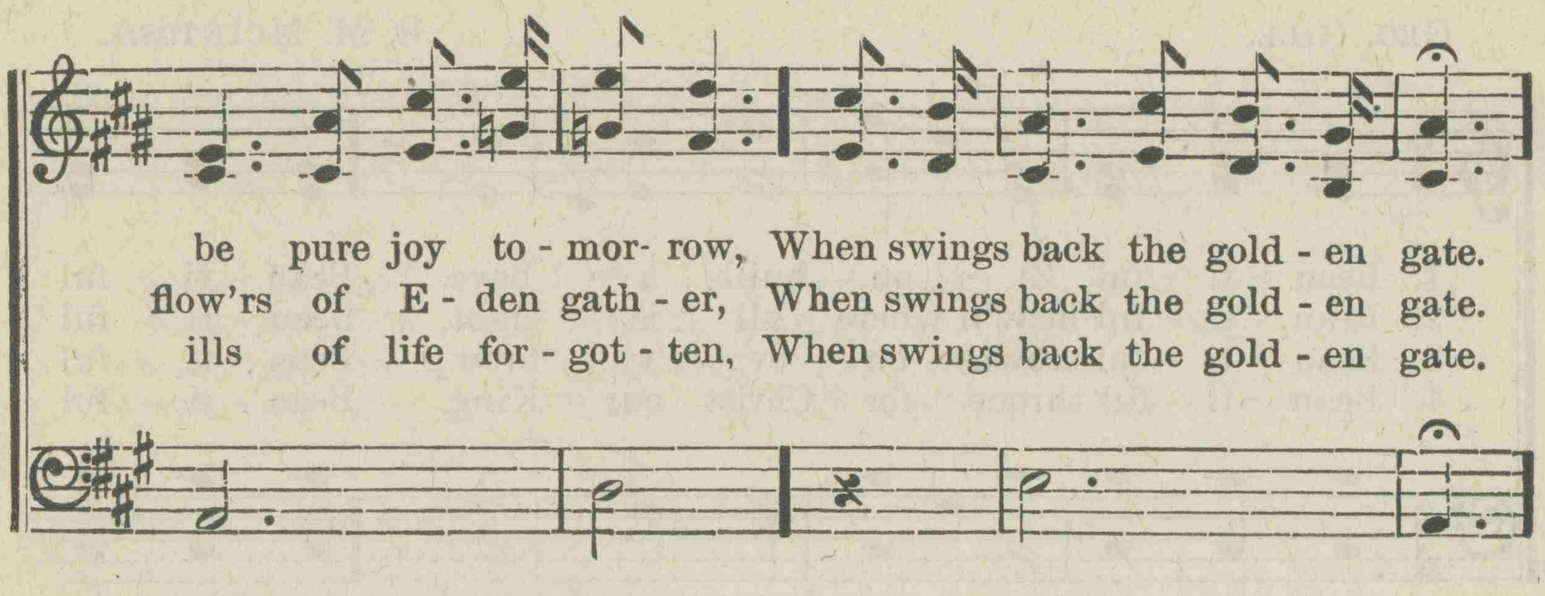
THE GOLDEN GATE.—Concluded.



CHORUS.

503 BEAUTIFUL ZION.

GEO. GILL. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y that I love! Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple—God its light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry,
2. Beau - ti - ful heav'n where all is light, Beau - ti - ful an - gels, cloth'd in white; Beau - ti - ful strains that nev - er tire, Beau - ti - ful harps thro' all the choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet,
3. Beau - ti - ful crowns on ev 'ry brow, Beau - ti - ful palms the conquer-ors show; Beau - ti - ful robes the ran- somed wear, Beau - ti - ful all who en - ter there; Thith- er I press with ea - ger feet,
4. Beau - ti - ful throne for Christ our King, Beau - ti - ful songs the an - gels sing; Beau - ti - ful rest— all wand -'rings cease, Beau - ti - ful home of per - fect peace; There shall my eyes the Sav - iour see,

O - pens those pearl - y
Wor - ship -ping at the
There shall my rest be
Haste to his heav'n - ly

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BEAUTIFUL ZION.—Concluded.

gates to me, O - pens those pearl - y gates to me.
Sav-iour's feet, Wor - ship- ping at the Sav - iour's feet.
long and sweet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
home with me, Haste to his heav'n -ly home with me.

REFRAIN.

Zi - on, Zi - on, Zi - on! Beau - ti - ful

Zi - on, built a-bove, Beau -ti - ful cit - y that I love! Beau -ti - ful

gates of pearl - y white, Beauti- ful tem- ple—God its light!

504 REST FOR THE WEARY.

SAMUEL Y. HARMER. Arr. by R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal-ly shall stand,
3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry—Shout your triumphs as ye go;

There my Sav-iour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But, in that cel - es - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
Zi- on's gates will o - pen for you, Ye shall find an en-trance thro'.

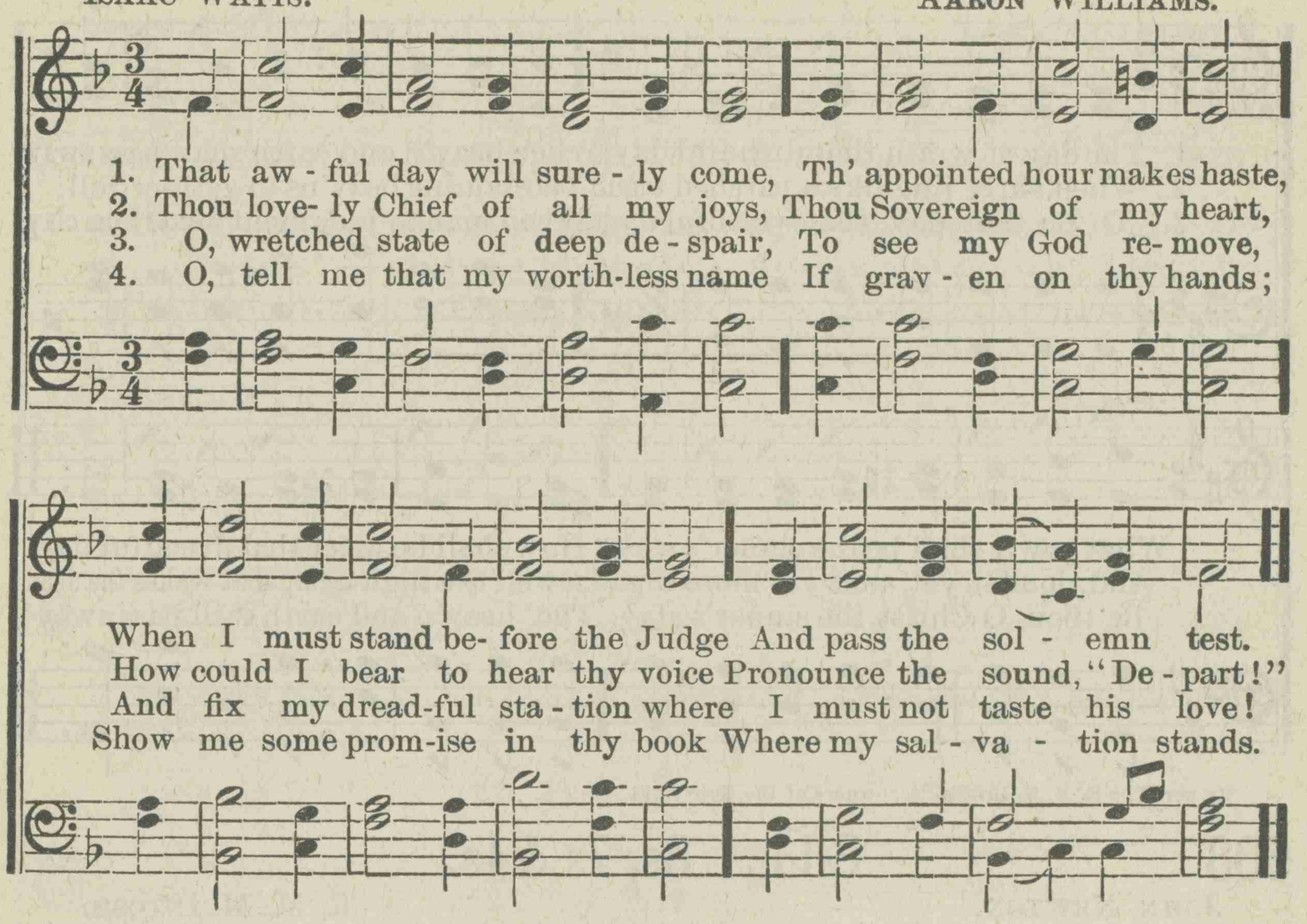
CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wea - ry— There is rest for the wea - ry—
On the oth - er side of Jor- dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry— There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing— There is rest for you. }

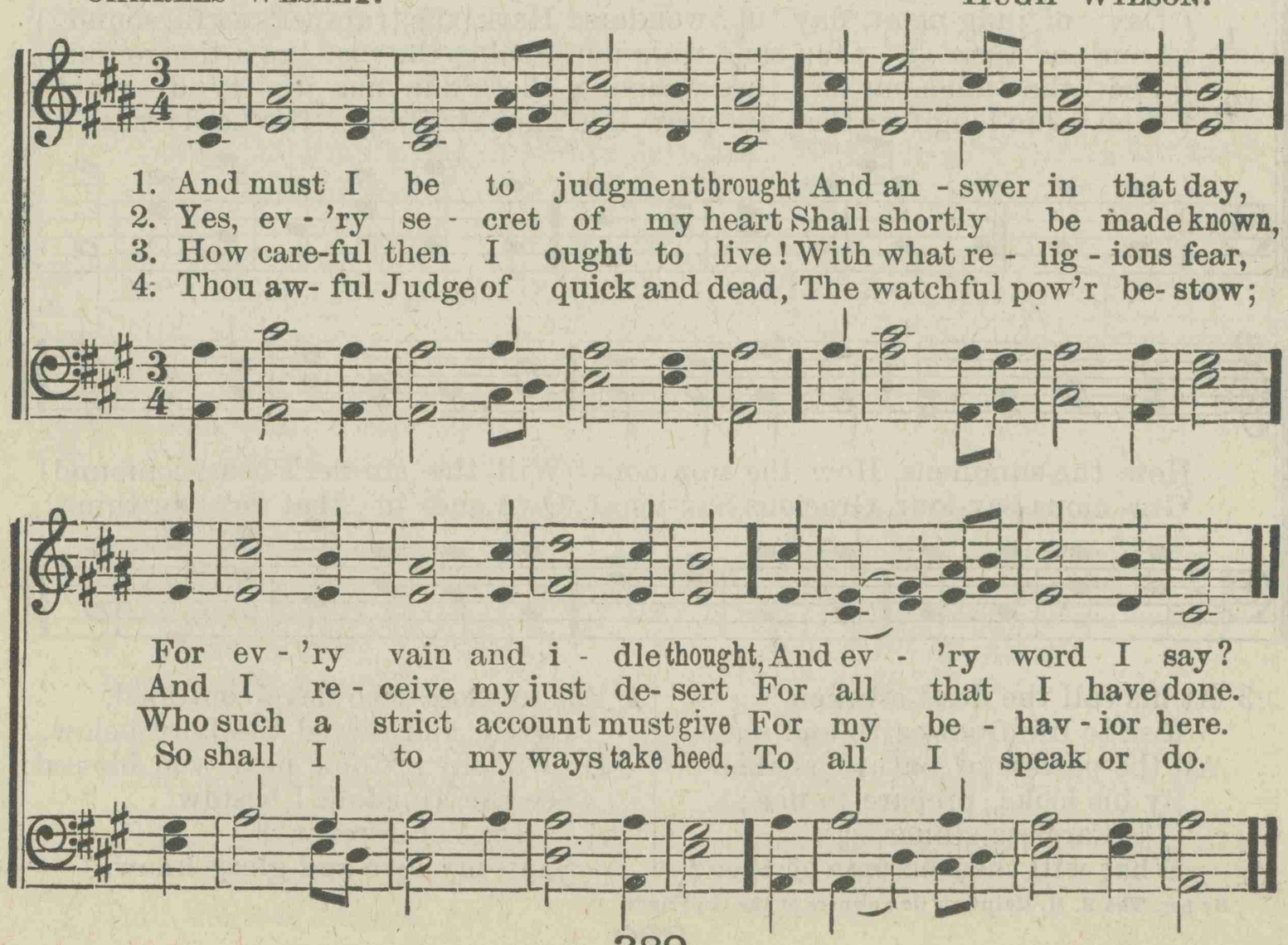
505 MEAR. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. AARON WILLIAMS.



506 AVON. C. M.

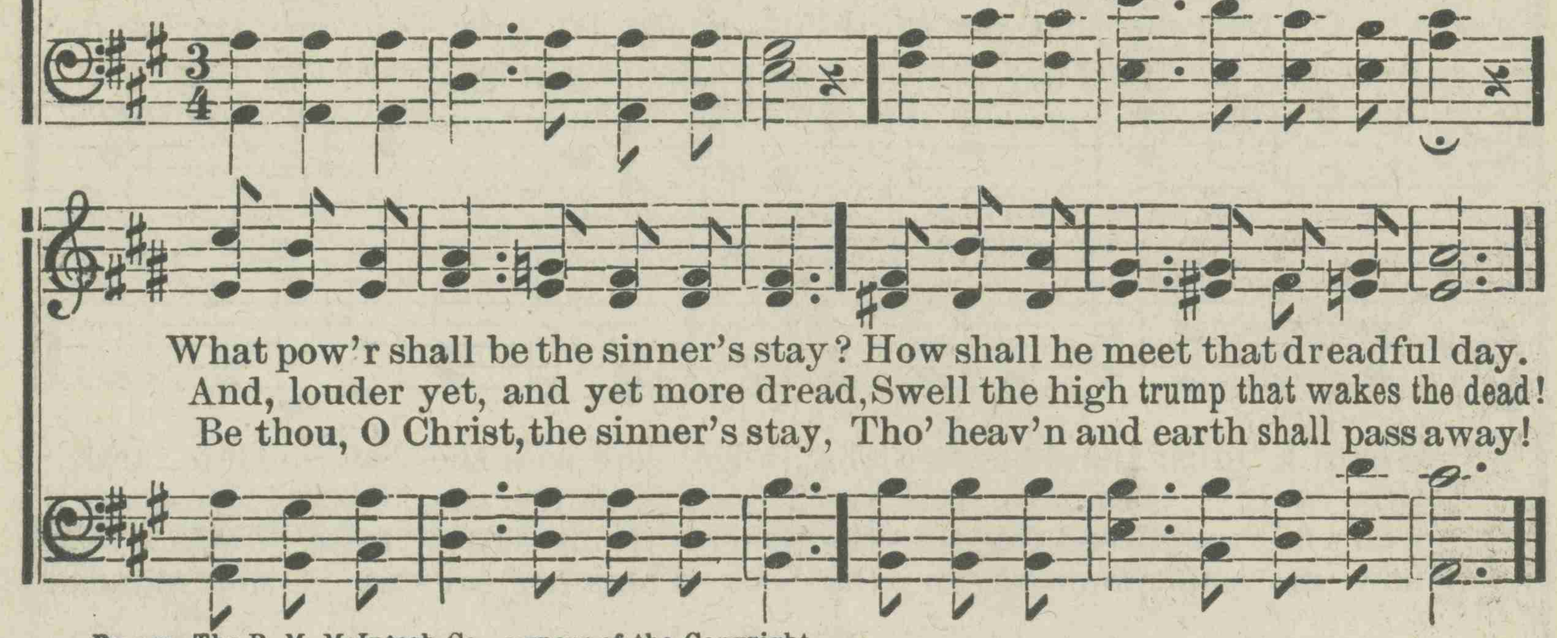
CHARLES WESLEY. HUGH WILSON.



507 KEENER. L. M.

W. SCOTT. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
2. When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll, The flaming heav'ns to-geth-er roll;
3. O on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,



What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day.
And, louder yet, and yet more dread, Swell the high trump that wakes the dead!
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay, Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away!

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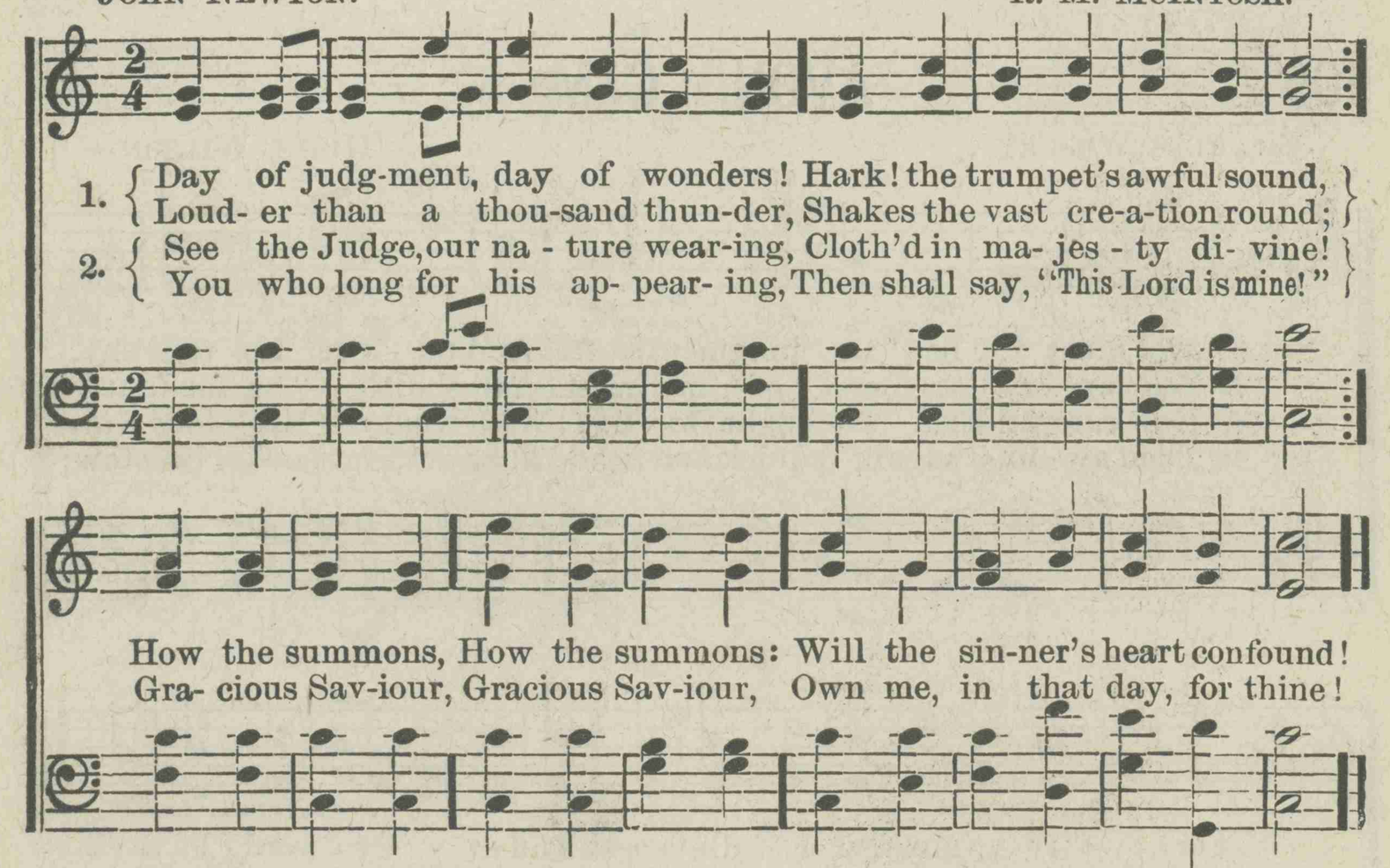
508 GILL. 8s, 7s &4s.

JOHN NEWTON. R. M. MCINTOSH.



1. { Day of judg-ment, day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
   { Loud- er than a thou-sand thun-der, Shakes the vast cre-a-tion round;
2. { See the Judge, our na - ture wear-ing, Cloth'd in ma- jes - ty di- vine!
   { You who long for his ap- pear- ing, Then shall say, "This Lord is mine!"

How the summons, How the summons: Will the sin-ner's heart confound!
Gra- cious Sav-iour, Gracious Sav-iour, Own me, in that day, for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee;
‖: Careless sinner, ;‖
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, you blessed;
See the kingdom I bestow;
‖: You forever :‖
Shall my love and glory know."

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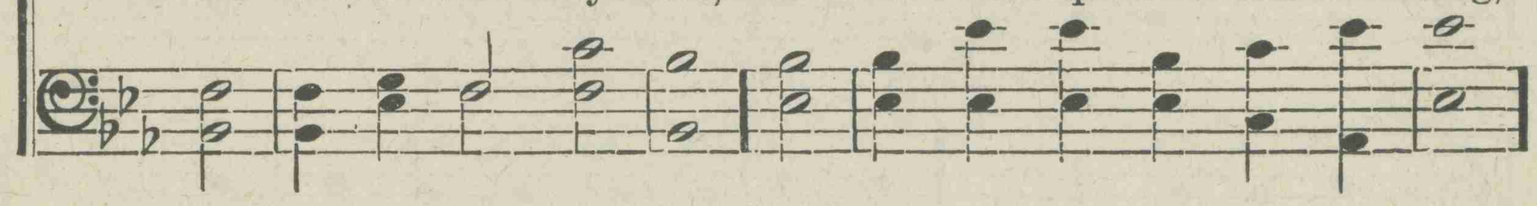
509 MERIBAH. C. P. M.

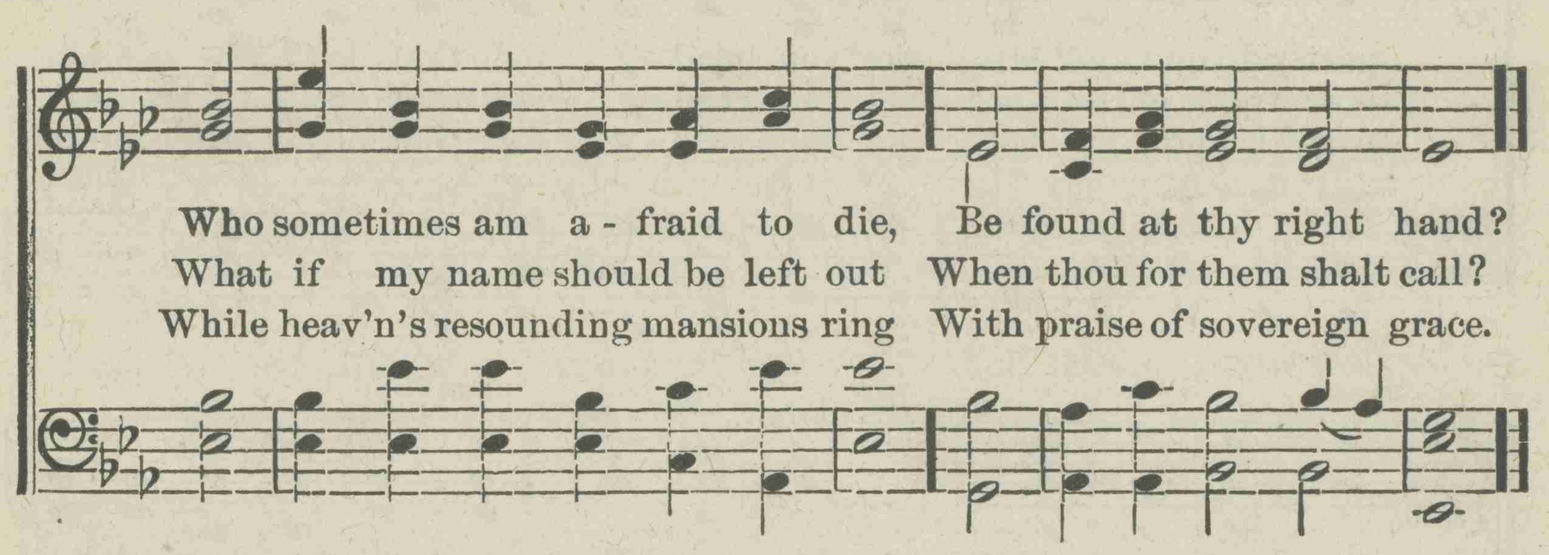
SELINA, Countess of Huntington. LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To take thy ransomed people home,
2. I love to meet thy people now, Be - fore thy feet with them to bow,
3. And when the fi-nal trump shall sound, Among the saints let me be found,

Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I,
Though vil- est of them all; But—can I bear the pierc - ing thought,
To bow be- fore thy face; Then in tri-umph- ant strains I'll sing,



Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out When thou for them shalt call?
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring With praise of sovereign grace.



510 Tune—Gill. (Page 390.)

8s, 7s & 4s. CHARLES WESLEY.

1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Lo! the last long separation,
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Men and angels
Kneel and bow to thee alone!

511 THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

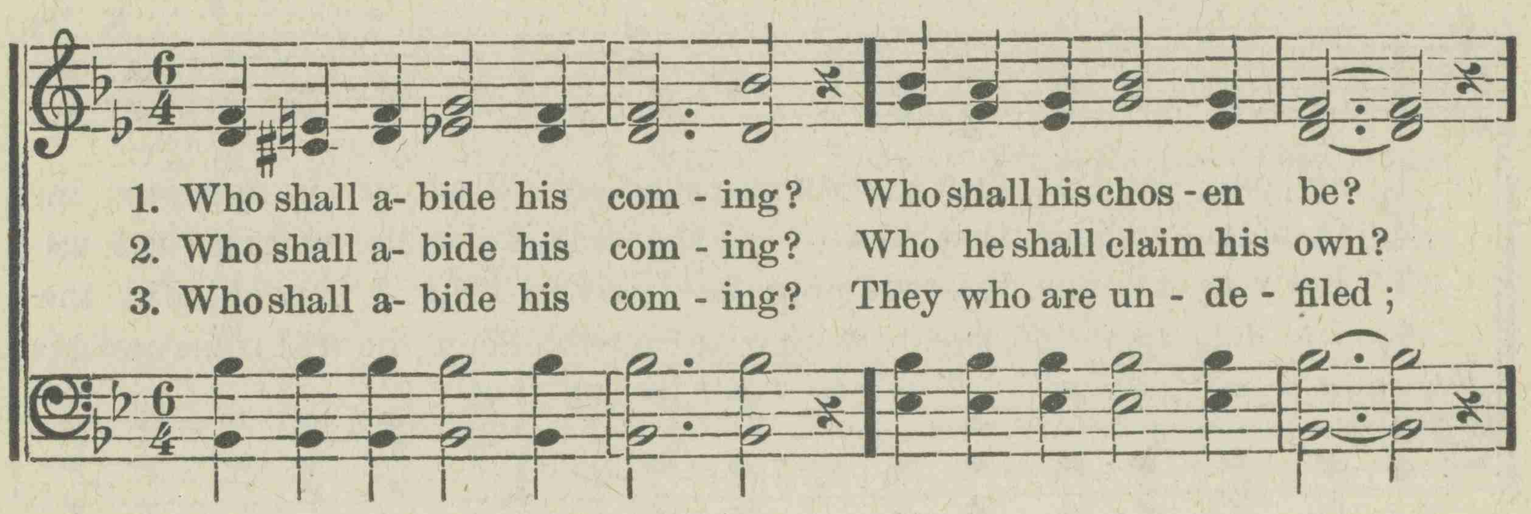
judgment day? Are you read-y, are you read-y, For the judgment day?

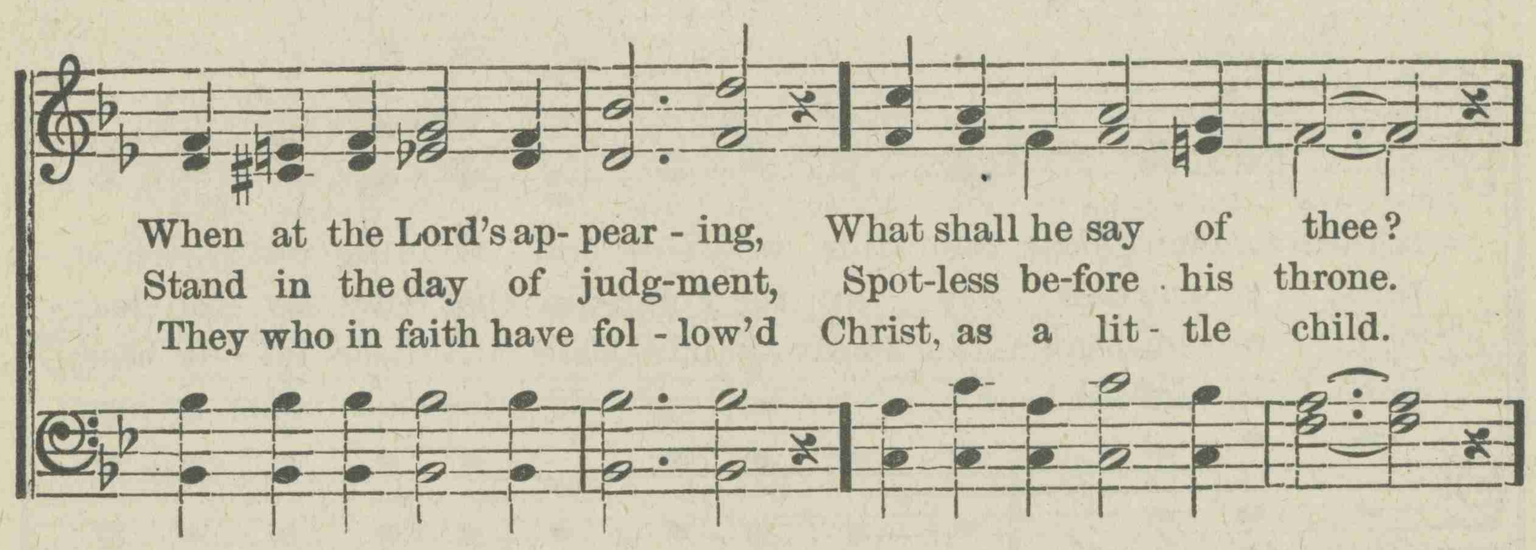
By per. Will. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

512

WHO SHALL ABIDE?

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN, by per.





REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Ogden.

513 WHEN HE SHALL APPEAR.

Mrs. LOULA K. ROGERS. R. M. MCINTOSH.

1. No one can tell when the Sav-iour shall come, Wheth - er in day, or in
2. O, bless - ed hope, that hath lift - ed the weak, And thrilled with rap - ture the
3. E - ven to me this sweet prom-ise is giv'n! That I may shine in the
4. O, let us strive, then, to work with a will, Soon he will come and his

night's sol-emn gloom; But this we know, and it bring- eth sweet cheer,—
thirst - y who seek Joy at the Fount-ain that flows ev - er clear;—
glo - ry of heav'n: Life's heav -y bur - dens I'll cheer- ful - ly bear;
prom - ise ful -fil, Ev - er be rea - dy his sum- mons to hear:

REFRAIN.

"We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
"We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
"We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
"We shall be like him," "when he shall ap-pear."
} When he shall ap-pear, when

he shall ap-pear, We shall be like him when he shall ap-pear!

By per. of The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

514 O, TO BE READY.

F. M. DAVIS. F. M. DAVIS.

1. O, to be robed and read- y, Read- y when the Lord shall come;
2. O, to be robed and read- y, Read- y for the call to go;
3. O, to be robed and read- y, Read- y for it may be near;
4. O, to be robed and read- y, Read- y for e - ter - nal rest,

O, to be wait - ing, watching, Watch-ing for the sum-mons home.
Washed in the crim - son fountain, Till ev'ry stain is white as snow.
When in a cloud of glo - ry Bless - ed Je - sus shall ap - pear.
Read - y to join the ransomed In the cit - y of the blest.

CHORUS.

O, to be read - y, O, to be wait- ing, Waiting for the

Lord to come; O, to be wait - ing,

come, for the Lord to come;

watch-ing, Watch - ing for the sum - mons home.

By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

515

THE CROWNING DAY.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned,
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splen- dor, But bright- er far than they
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,
4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day,

By the *ma - ny* still neg - lect - ed, And by the *few* en-throned,
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray,
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And naught but joy be - fore,
By earn- est con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar - row way.

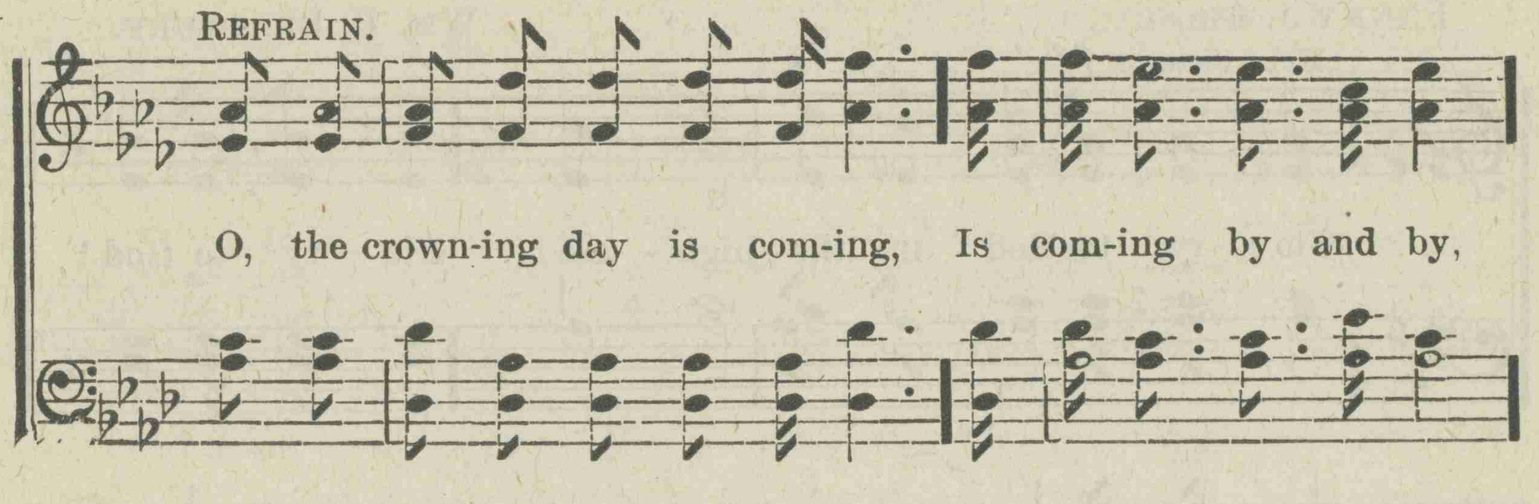
But soon he'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh,
The beau- ty of the Sav - iour, Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye,
A joy in our Re- deem - er, As we to him are nigh,
By gath'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,

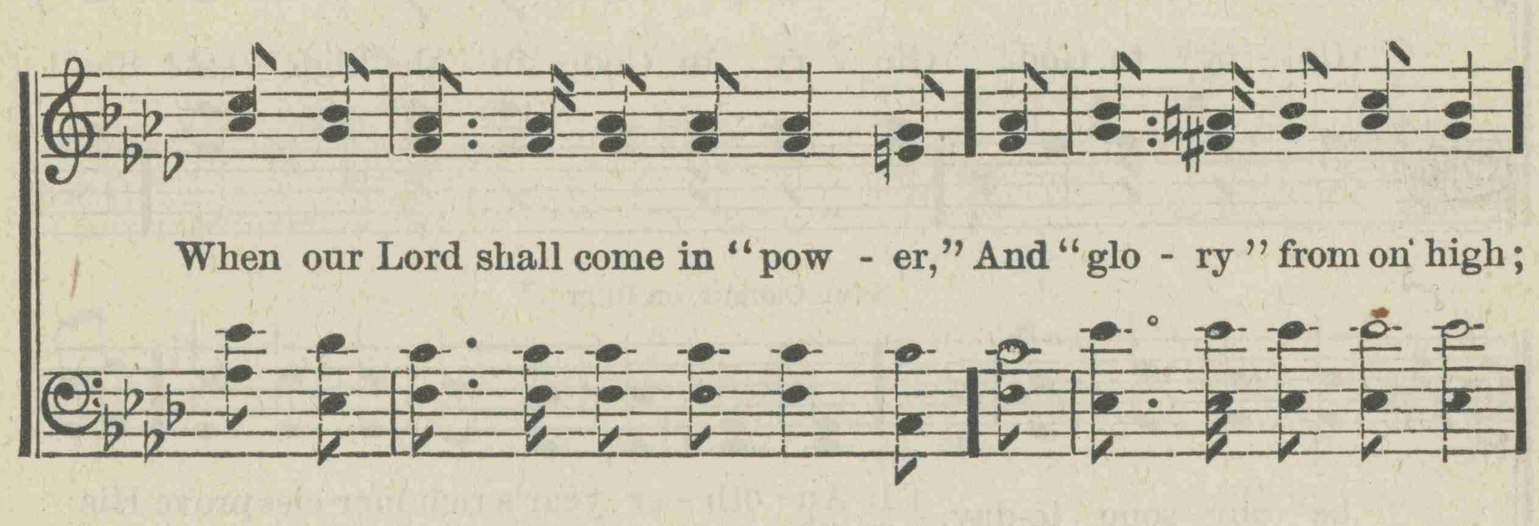
For the crown - ing day is com - ing by and by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.
For the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.

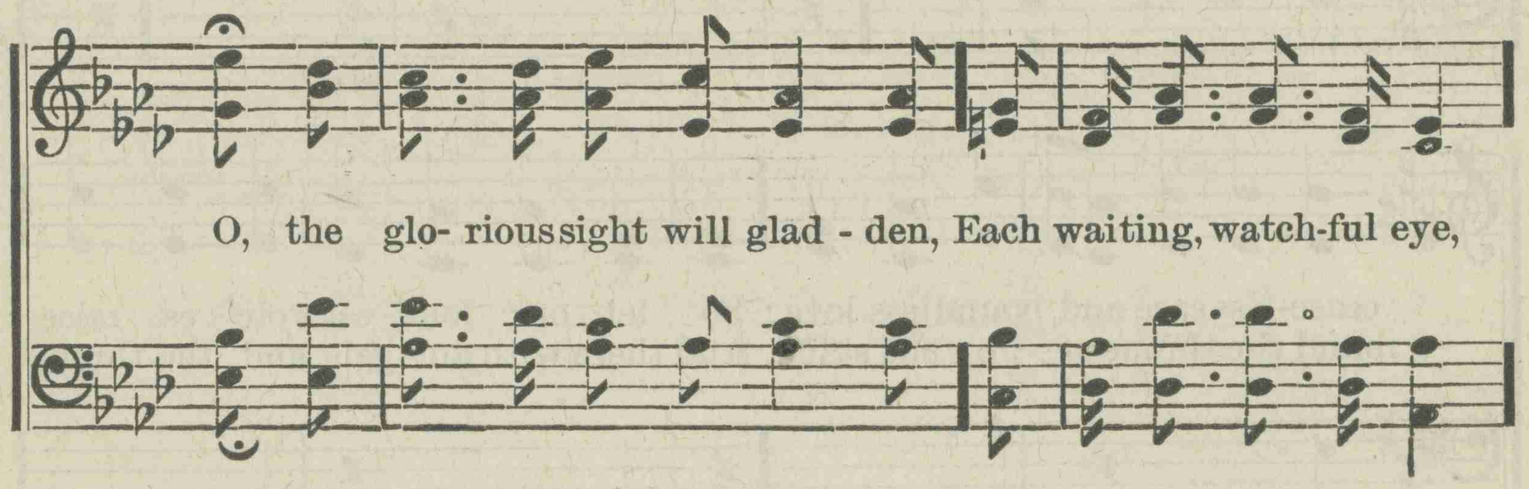
By per. James McGranahan, owner of Copyright.

THE CROWNING DAY.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.







516 GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. B. BRADBURY.

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God!

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET. *

be our song to-day. { 1. An - oth - er year's rich mer-cies prove His
2. O, may we an un- brok- en band, A -

cease-less care and boundless love; So let our loud- est voic - es raise
round the throne of Je - sus stand, And there with an - gels and the throng

FULL CHORUS.

Our glad and grate- ful song of praise.
Of his re-deemed ones join the song. } Glo- ry to God in the

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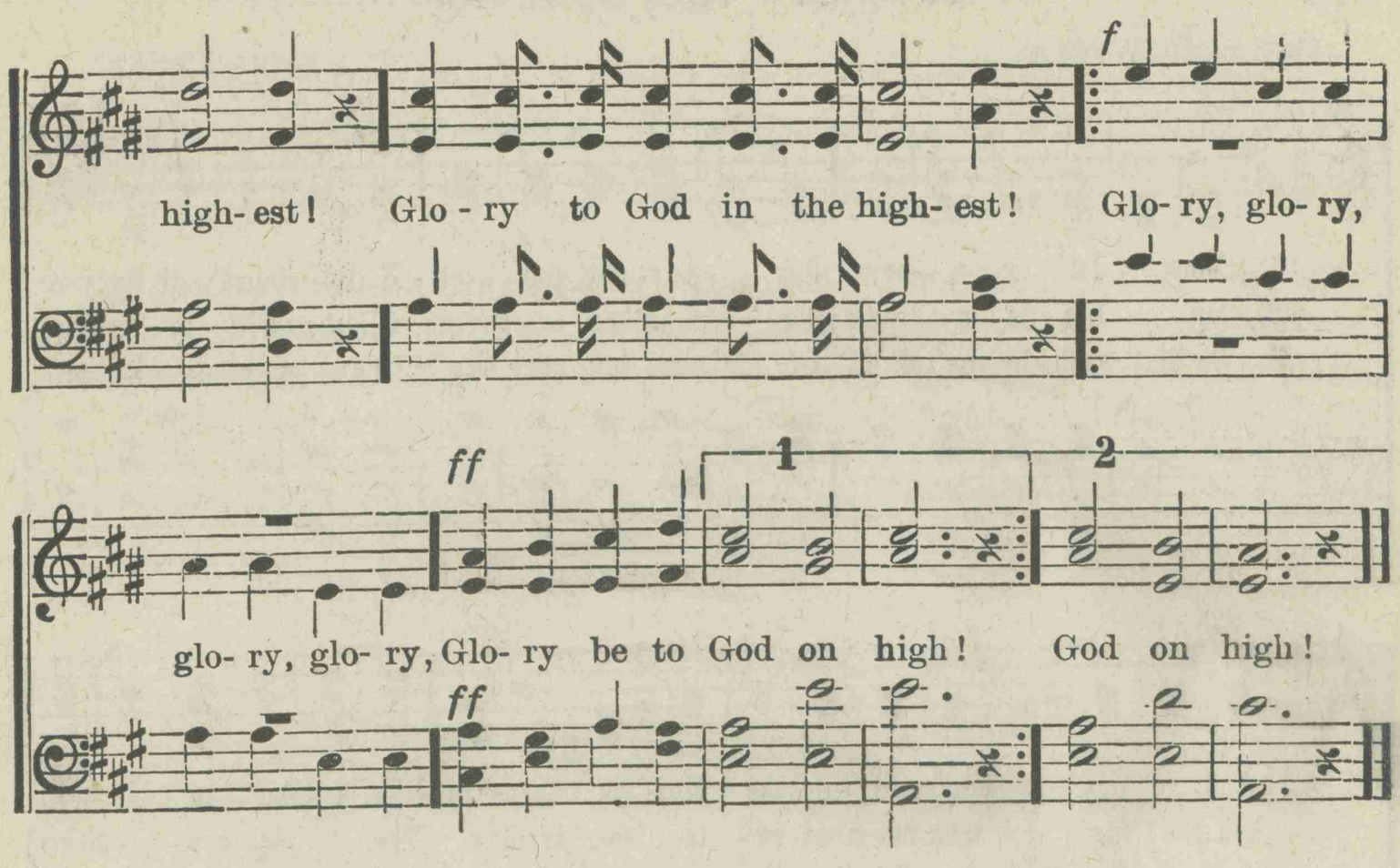
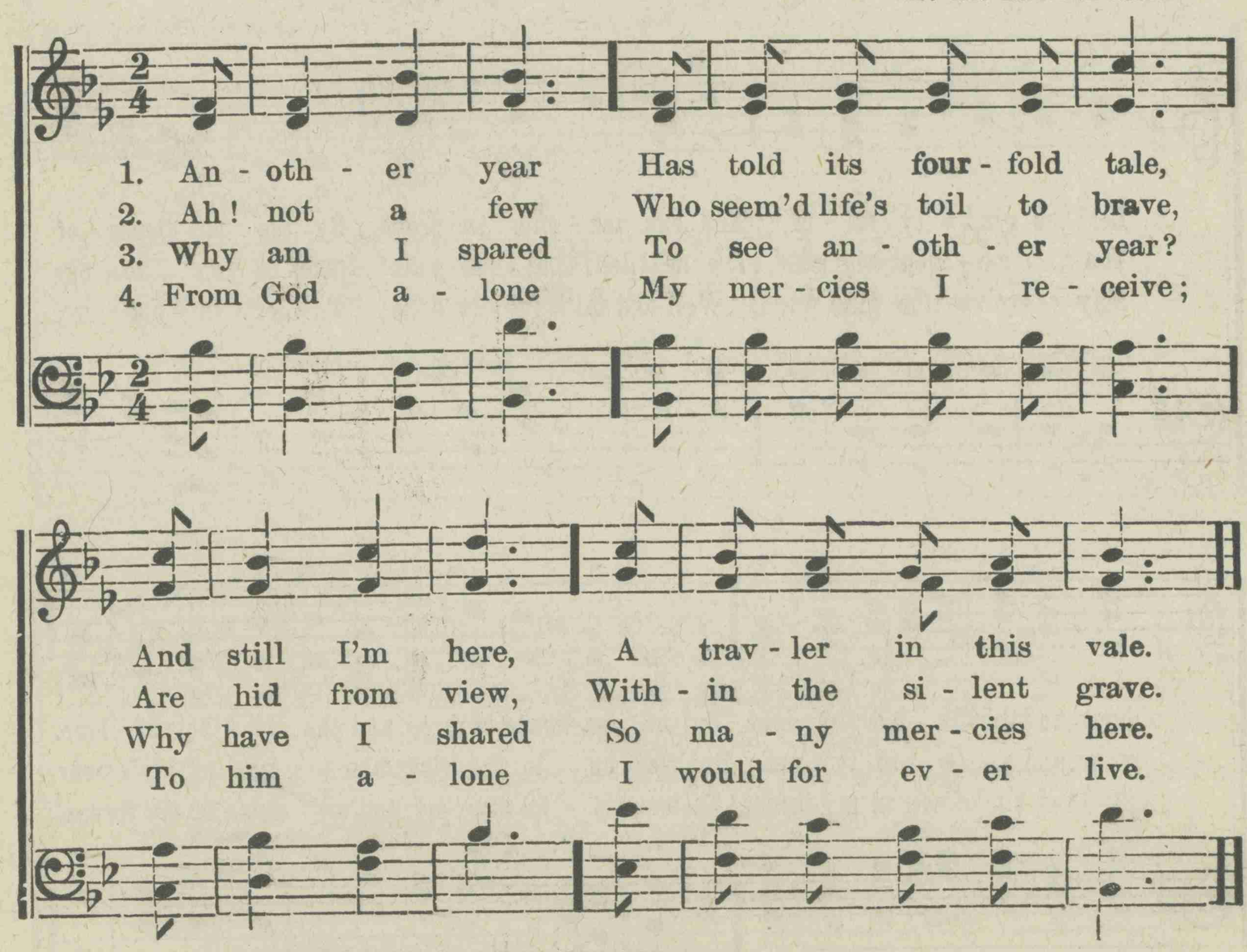
* Any L. M. doxology may be used here when desirable.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!—Concluded.



517 WAHONOWIN. 4s & 6s.

R. M. McINTOSH.



By per. The R. M. McIntosh Co., owners of the Copyright.

518 LUCAS. 10s, 5s & 11s.

CHARLES WESLEY. JAMES LUCAS.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour- ney pur- sue— Roll round with the year,
2. Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream, Glides swift - ly a-way,
3. O, that each, in the day Of his com- ing, may say, "I have fought my way thro';

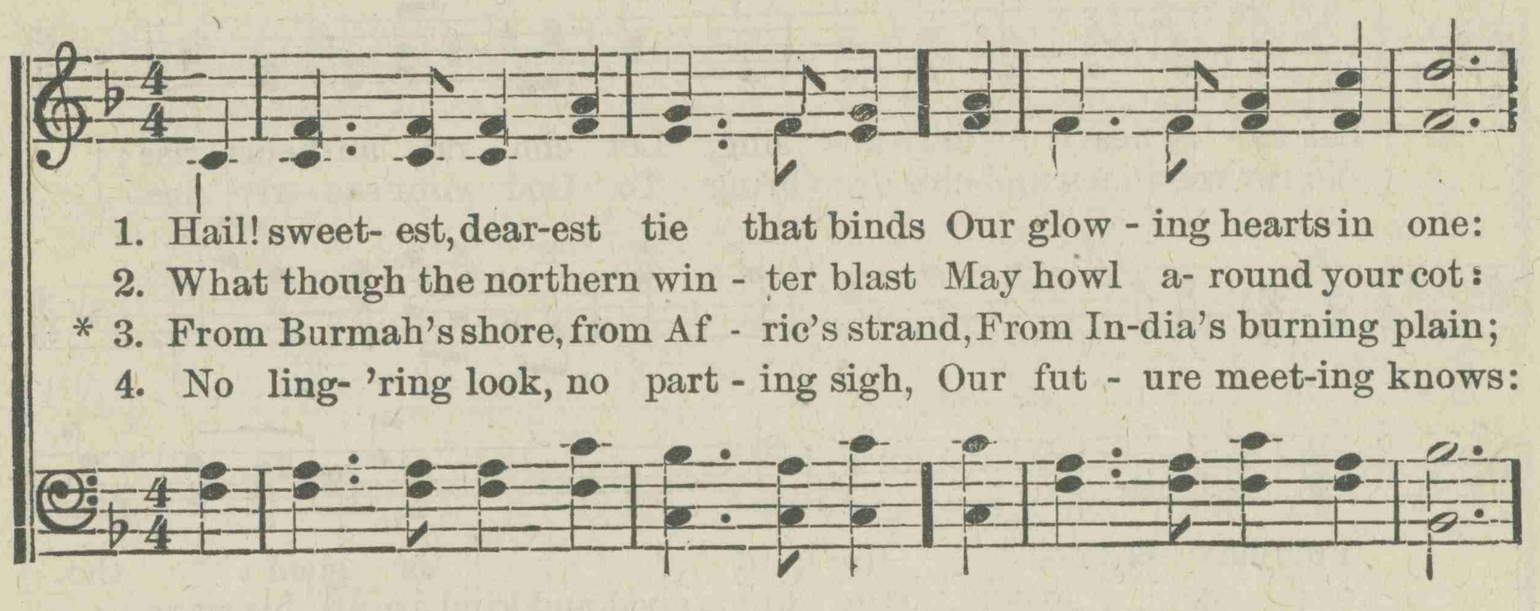
And nev - er stand still till the Mas- ter ap-pear; His a - dor - a - ble will
And the fug - i - tive mo-ment re - fu - ses to stay. The ar - row is flown;
I have fin - ished the work thou didst give me to do!" O, that each from his Lord

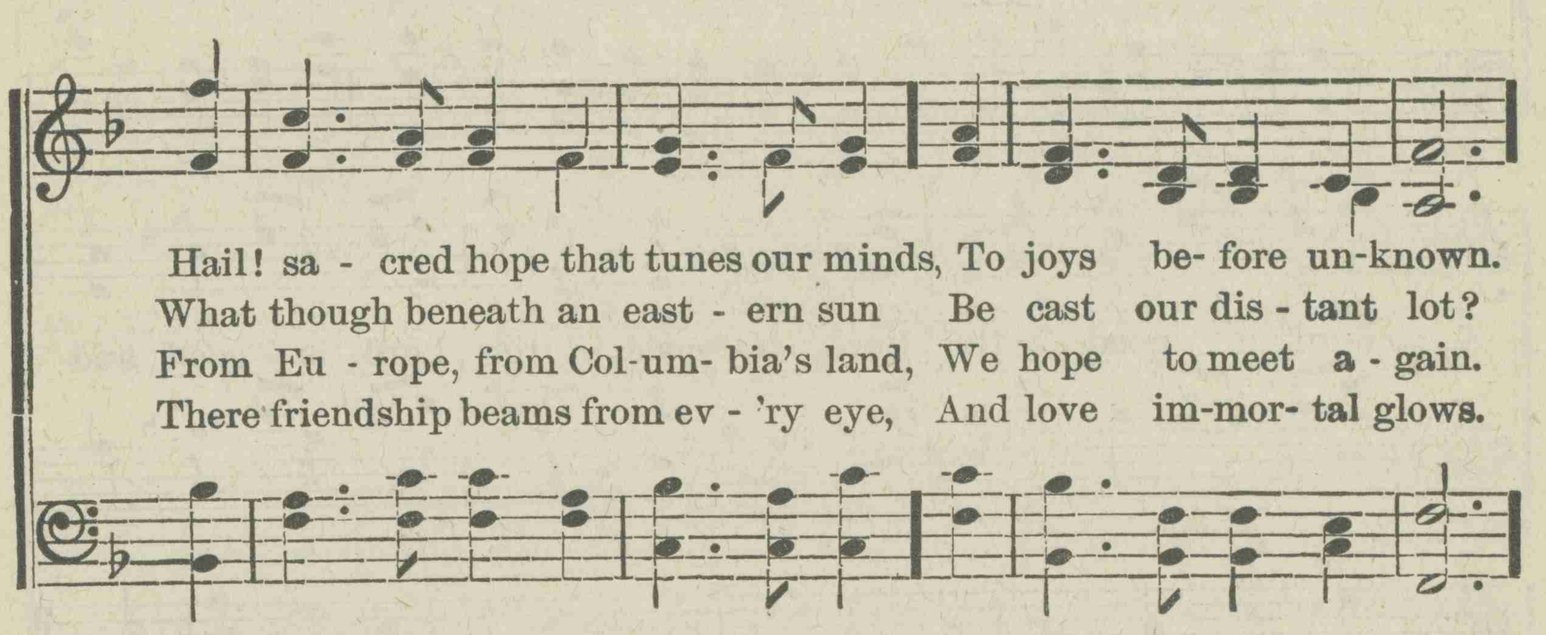
Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im-prove By the pa- tience of
The mo - ment is gone, The mil- len - ni - al year Rush- es on to our
May re- ceive the glad word, "Well and faith-ful - ly done; En - ter in - to my

hope, and the la - bor of love, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love.
view, and e - ter - ni- ty's near, Rush-es on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near.
joy and sit down on my throne! En-ter in - to my joy and sit down on my throne!"

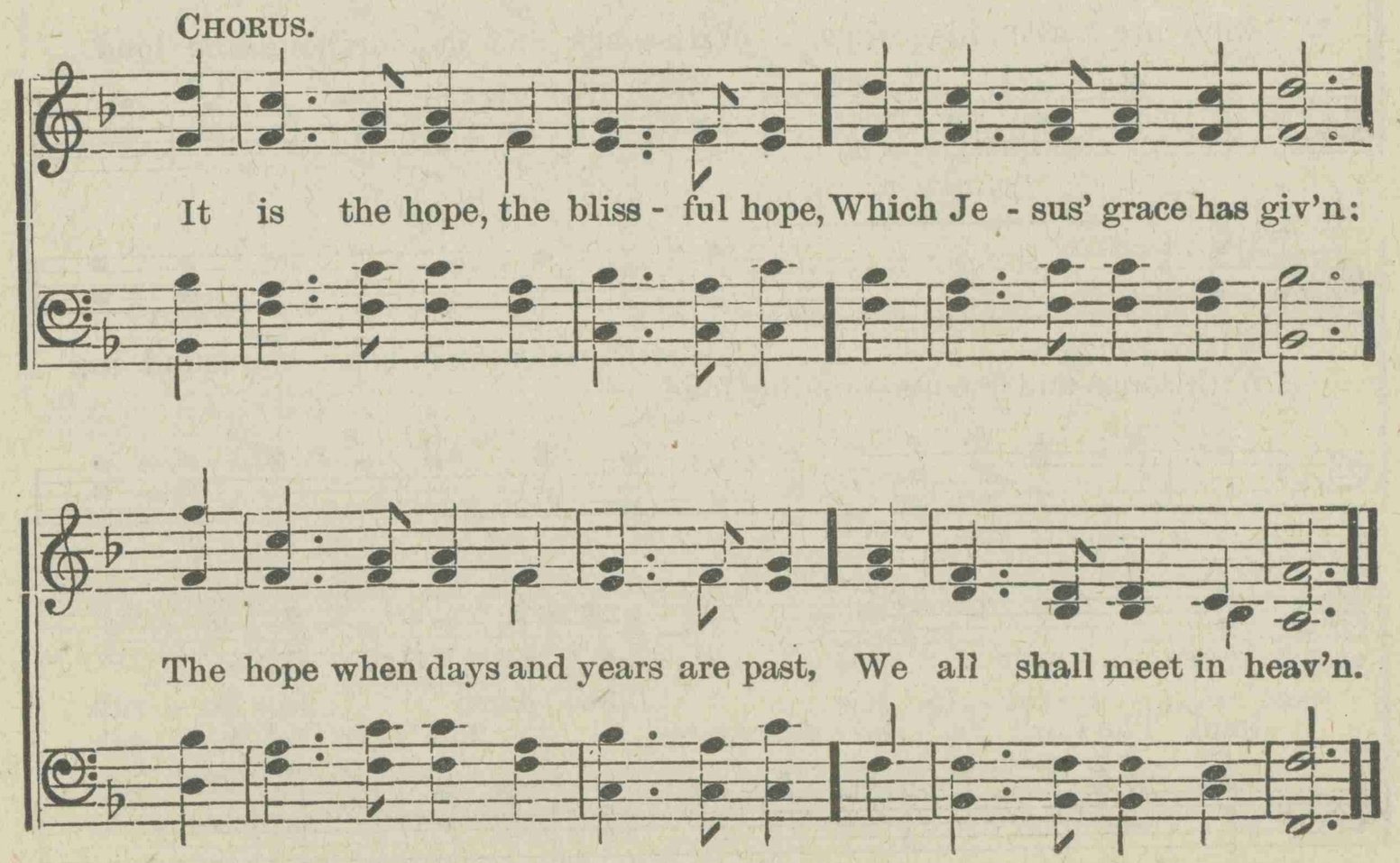
519 REMEMBRANCE. C. M. (with chorus.)

SUTTON. Arr. R. M. McINTOSH.





CHORUS.



* This stanza may be omitted except for international occasions.

520 LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Let ev - 'ry heart re-joice and sing, Let cho - ral anthems rise;
Ye rev'rend men and chil-dren bring To God your sac - ri - fice.

For he is good, the Lord is good . . the
good, . . the Lord is good and kind are all his ways,

Lord is good, the Lord is good, the Lord is good and

kind are all his ways, With songs and hon- ors sounding loud,

With songs, ... with songs and hon - ors sound- ing
With songs and hon-ors sounding loud,

loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise, The Lord Je - ho - vah
The Lord Je - ho - vah

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LET EVERY HEART REJOICE.—Concluded.

praise; While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A

glo - rious an - them raise; While the
raise; While the rocks and the rills,

vales and the hills, A glo - rious an - them raise. Let each pro -

long the grate - ful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise, While the

rocks and the rills While the vales and the hills A

glo- rious an - them raise, A glo - - rious an - them raise.
A glo-rious an - them raise.

* In this passage the vocal parts should not be played, but only the symphony.
At the second sign (†) the instruments should be resumed on the vocal parts.

521 HARVEST SONG.

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

1. Look a - broad o'er the fields of the na - tion, See the boun - ty that glad-dens the land, Raise your voice in the great con - vo - ca - tion; Praise the Lord for the work of his hand.
2. For the corn and the grain that we gath - er, For the fruit of the field and the vine, We will thank thee, O, boun - ti - ful Fa - ther, For the earth and its full - ness are thine.
3. With the boughs of the trees, in their glo - ry We will glad - den the house of the Lord, And re- mem - ber the beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Of the fes - ti - val days of his word.

REFRAIN.

Praise his name, with a song, For the gifts of his love, full and free; Praise his name, with a song, For the full and free; Praise his name,

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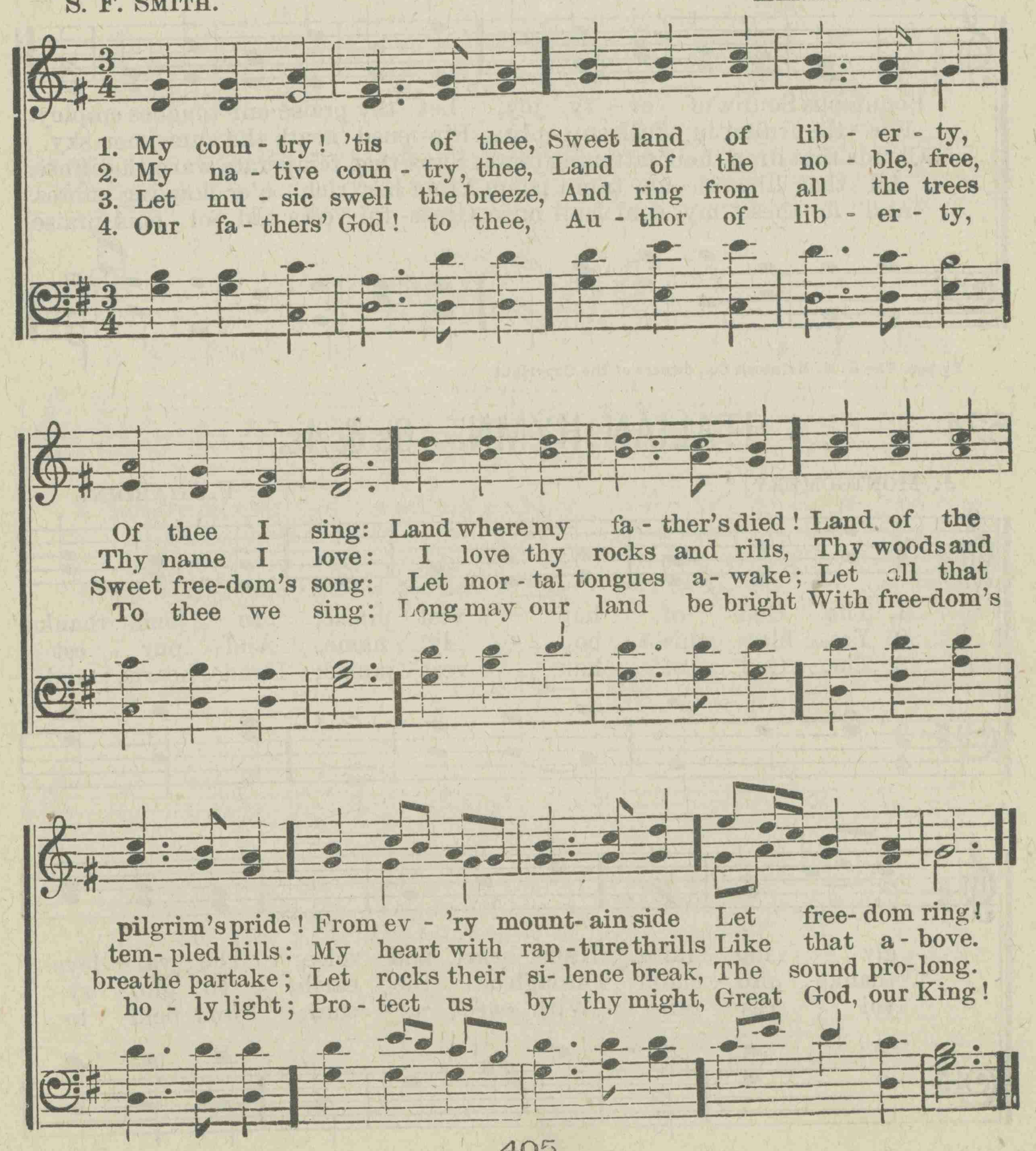
HARVEST SONG.—Concluded.

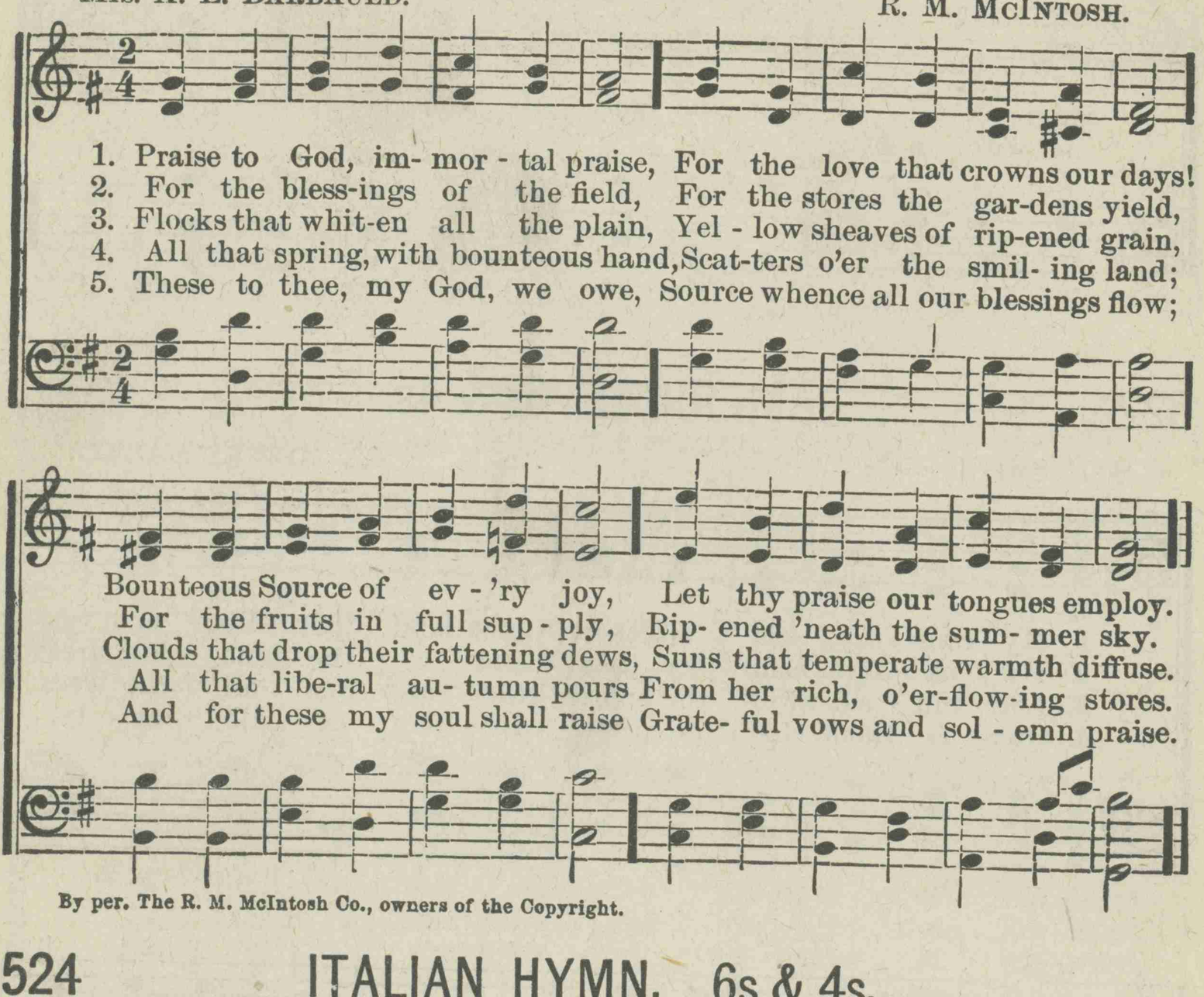
522 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.



523 BEEMER. 7s.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld. R. M. McIntosh.



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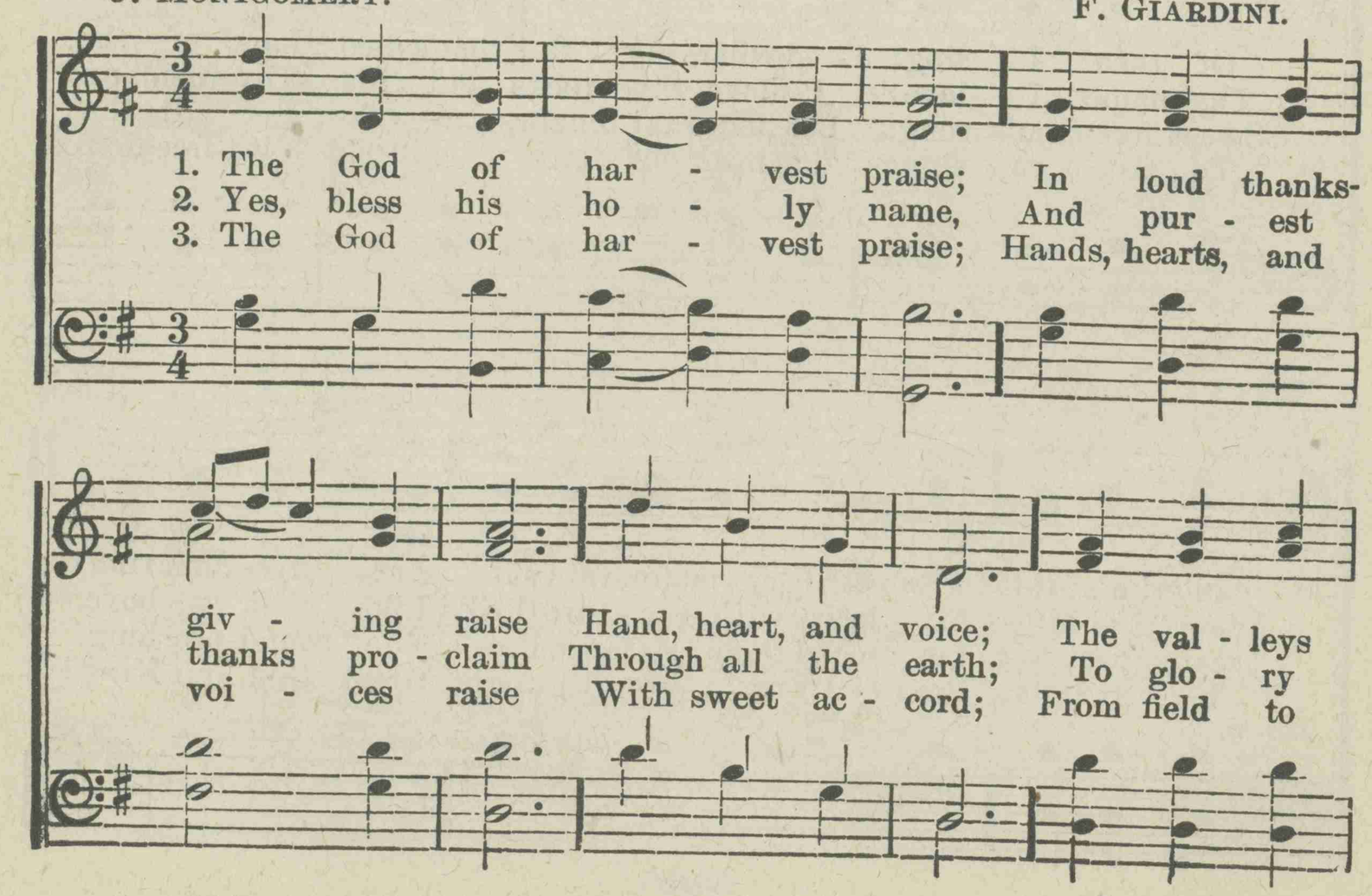
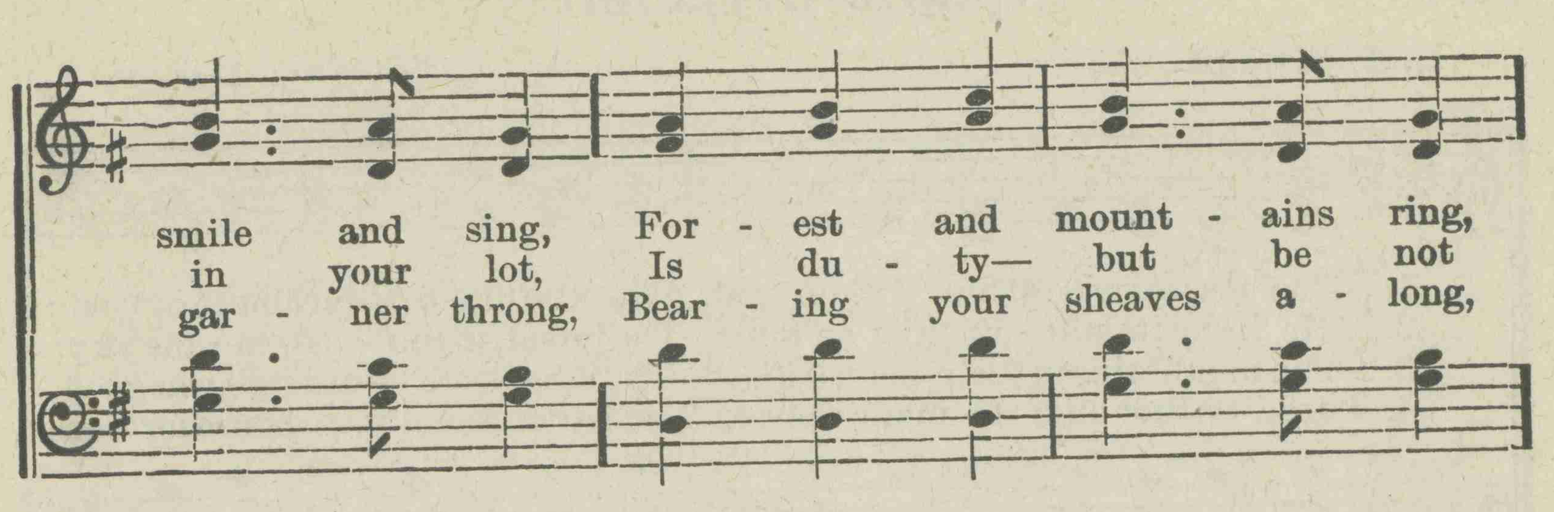
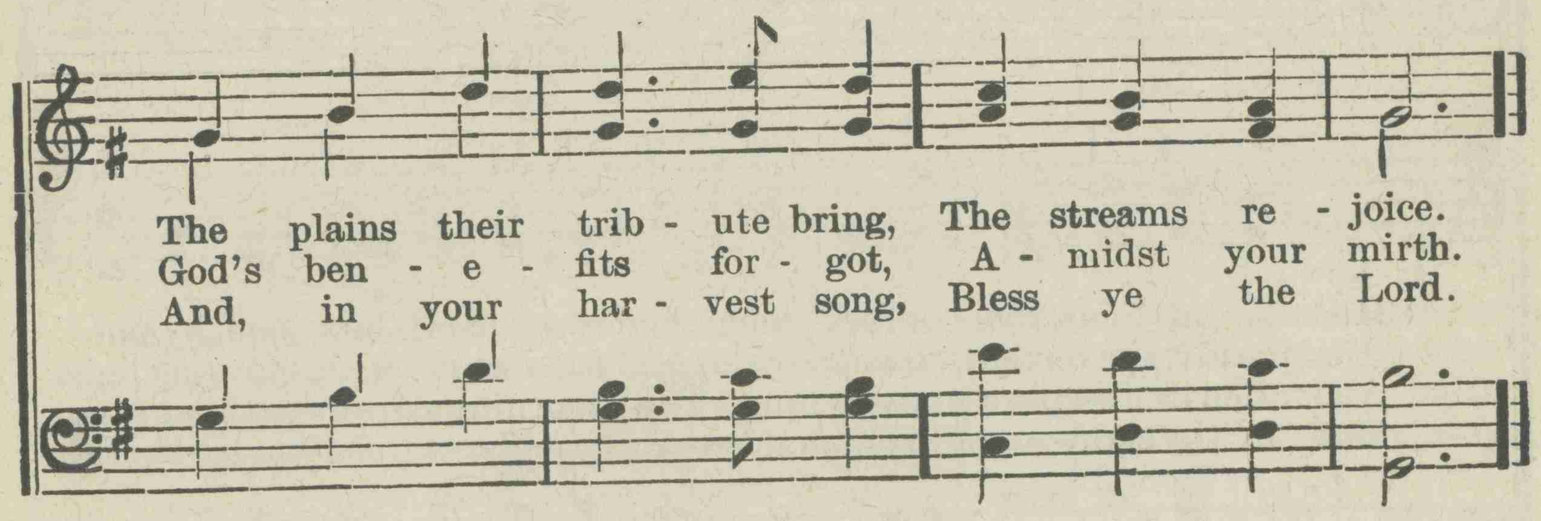
524 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

J. Montgomery. F. Giardini.



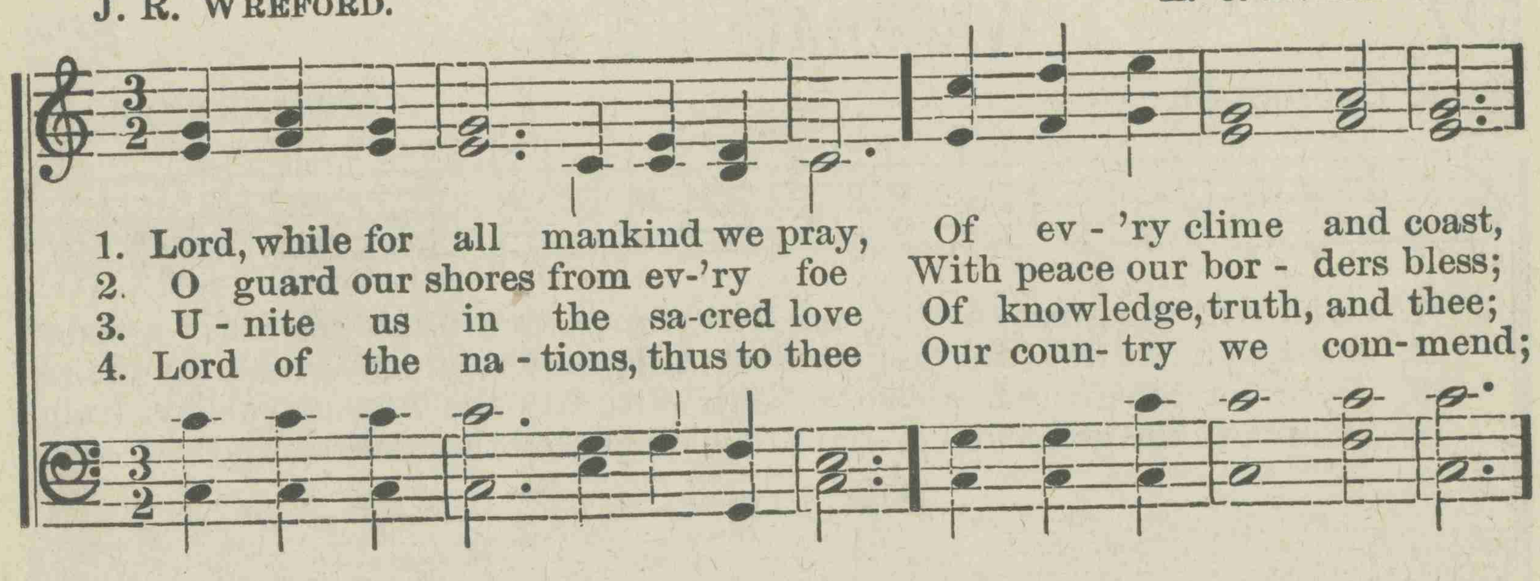
ITALIAN HYMN.—Concluded.





525 SPRING. C. M.

J. R. WREFORD. L. C. EVERETT.



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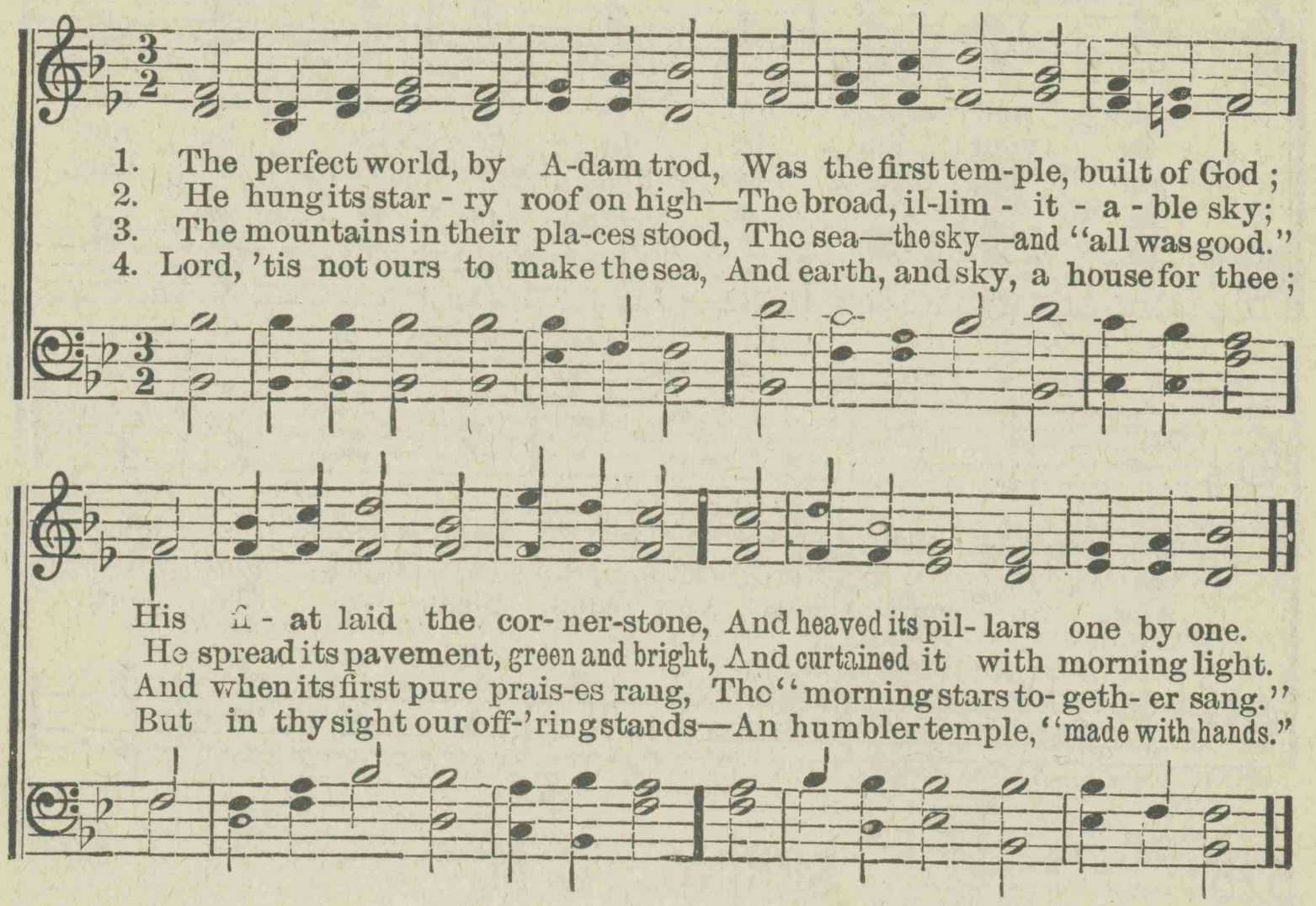
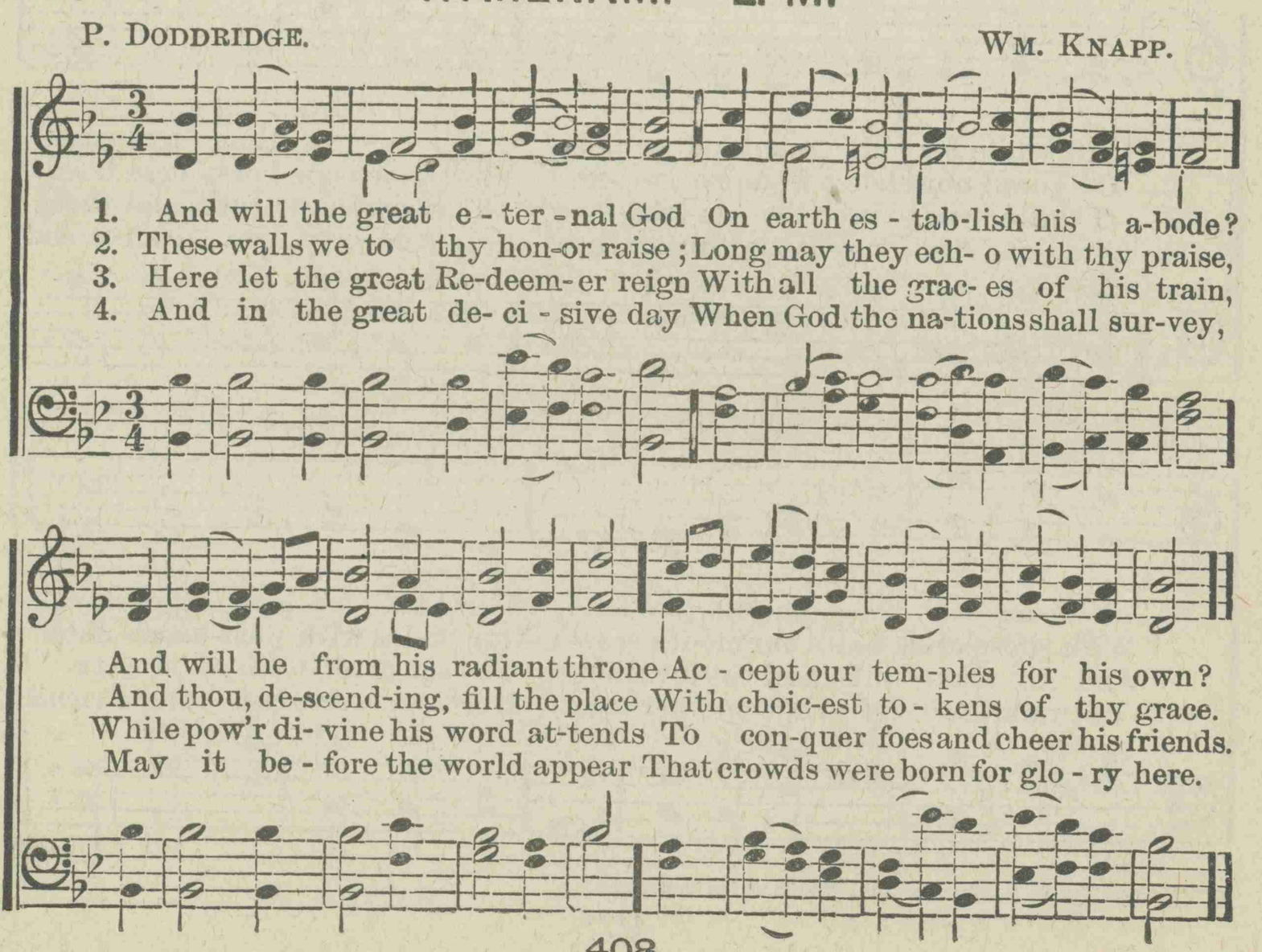
526 HEBRON. L. M.

N. P. WILLIS. LOWELL MASON.



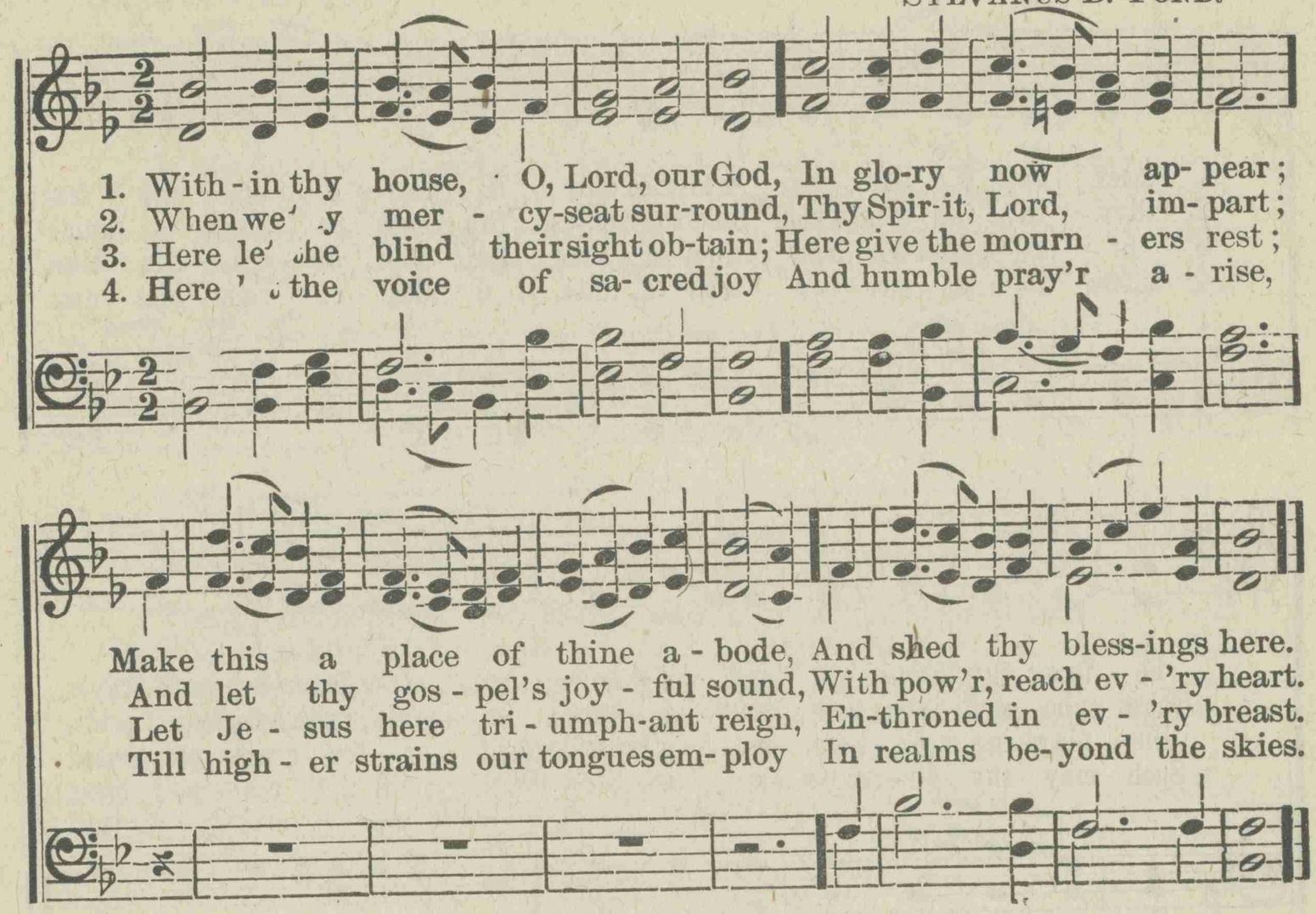
527 WAREHAM. L. M.

P. DODDRIDGE. WM. KNAPP.



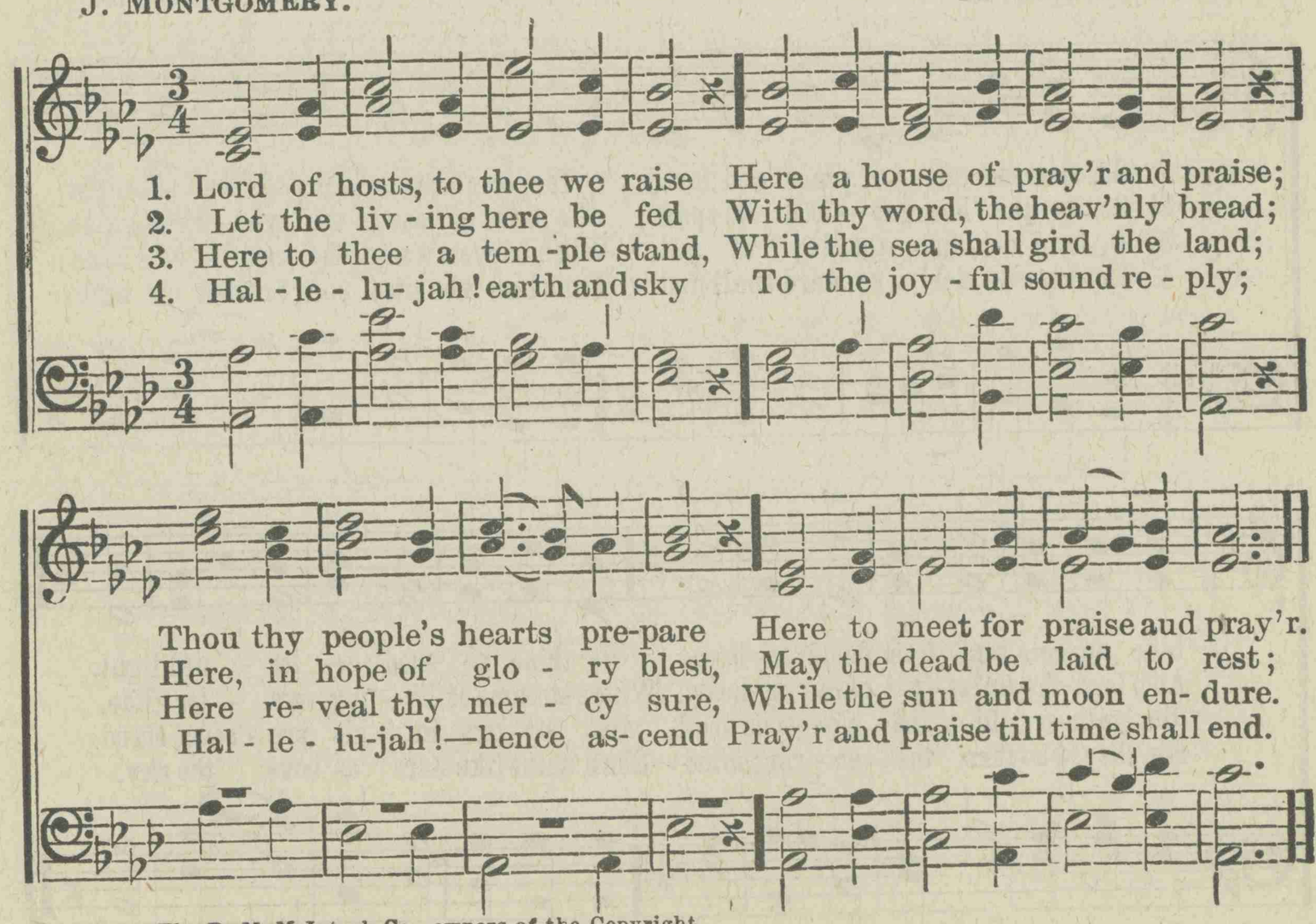
528 HENRY. C. M.

SYLVANUS B. POND.



529 GREGG. 7s.

J. MONTGOMERY. R. M. MCINTOSH.



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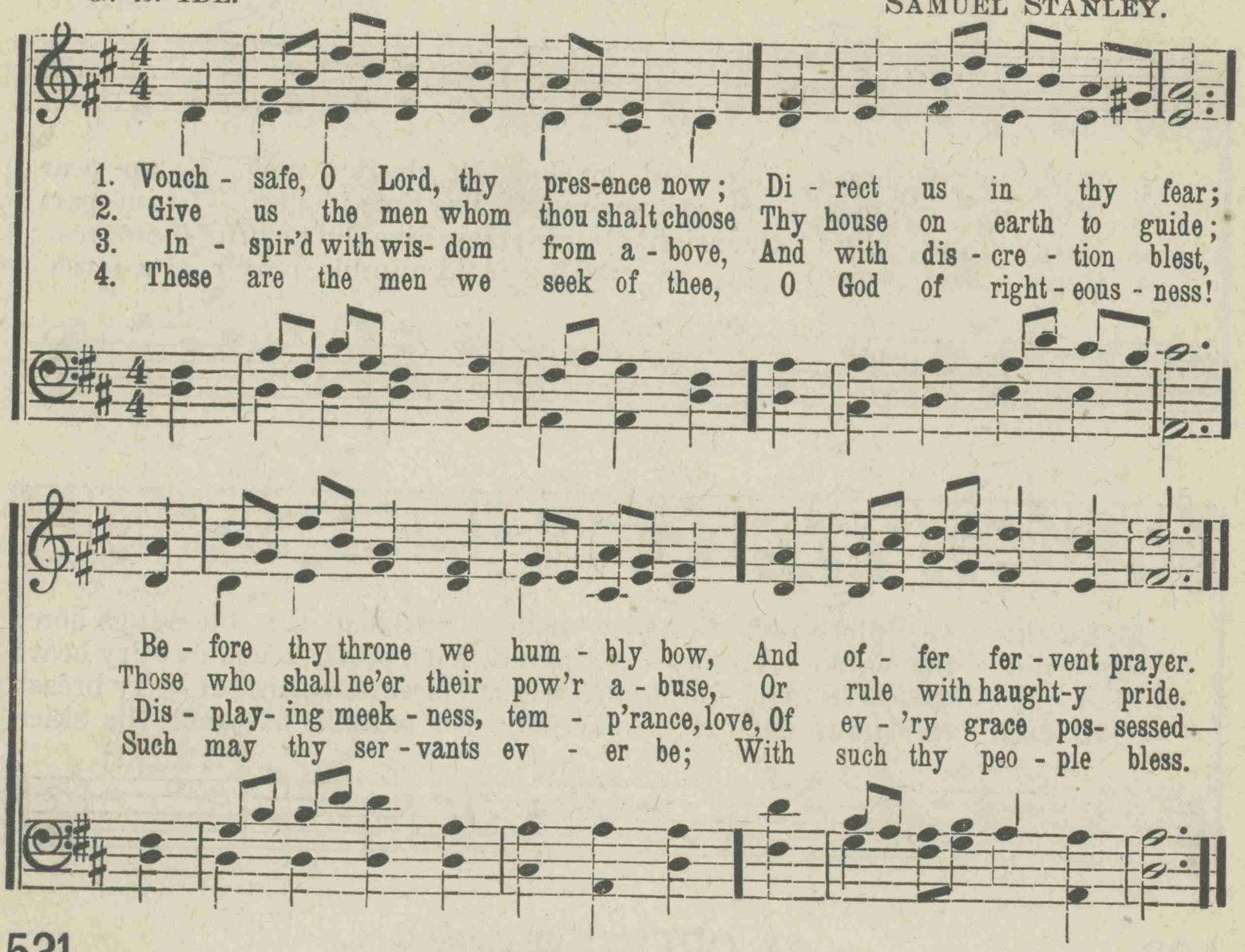
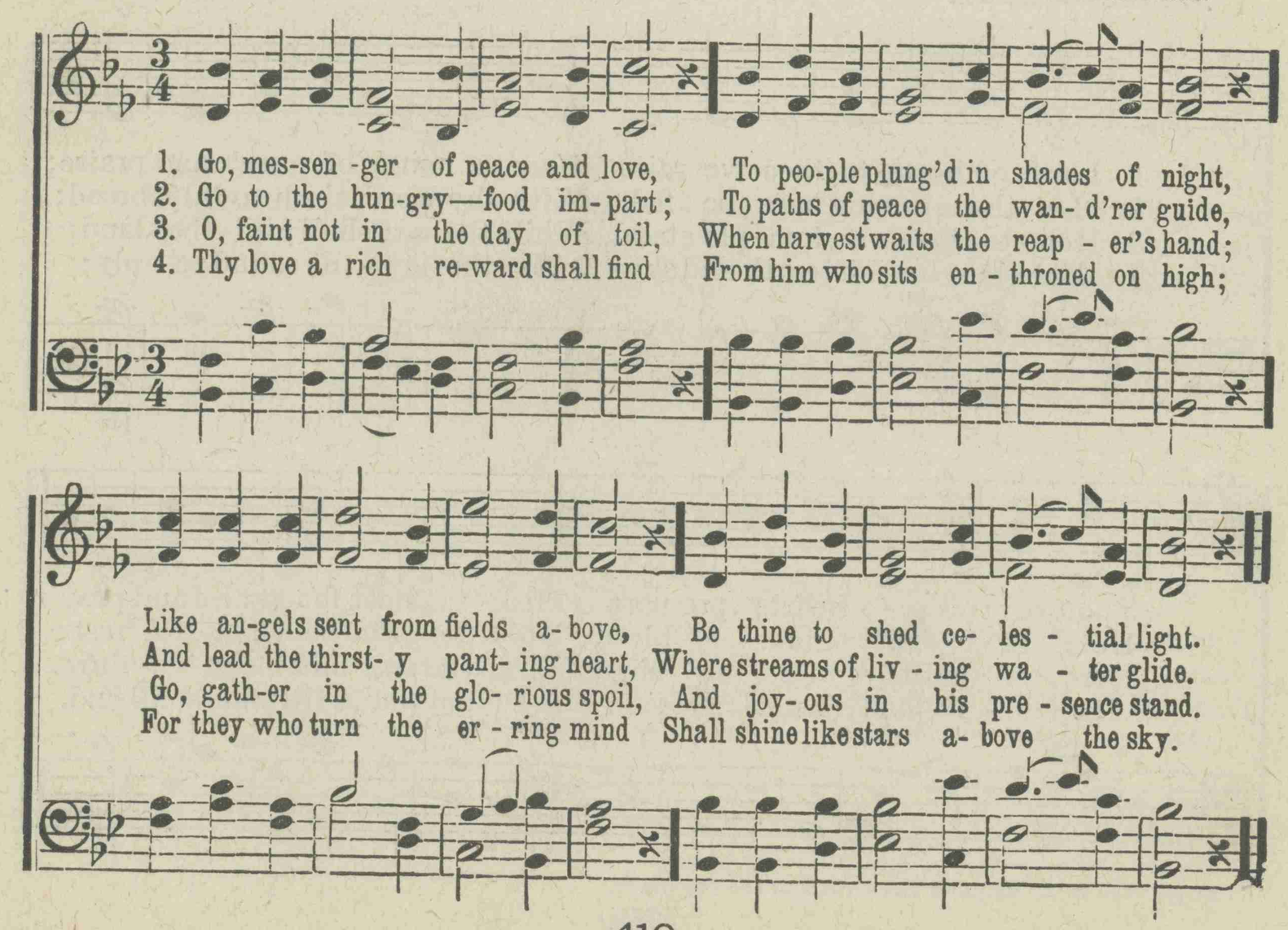
530 WARWICK. C. M.

G. B. IDE. SAMUEL STANLEY.



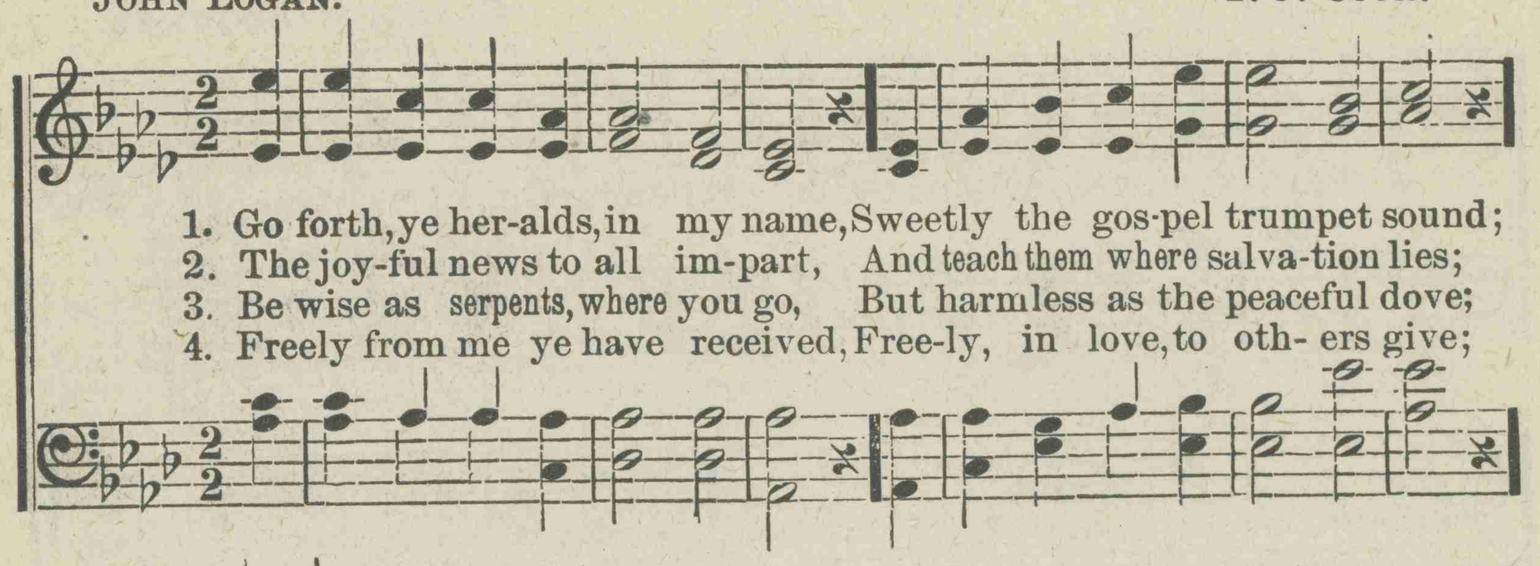
531 MENDON. L. M.

A. BALFOUR. German.

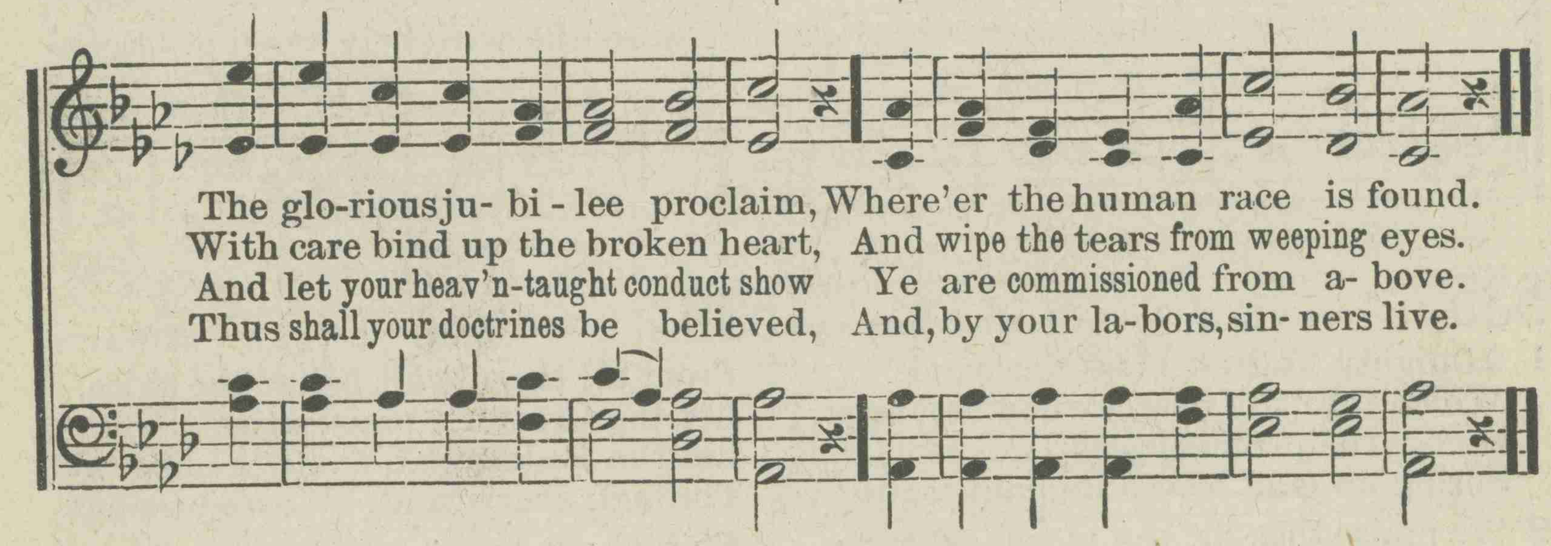


532 HERALD. L. M.

JOHN LOGAN. T. J. COOK.



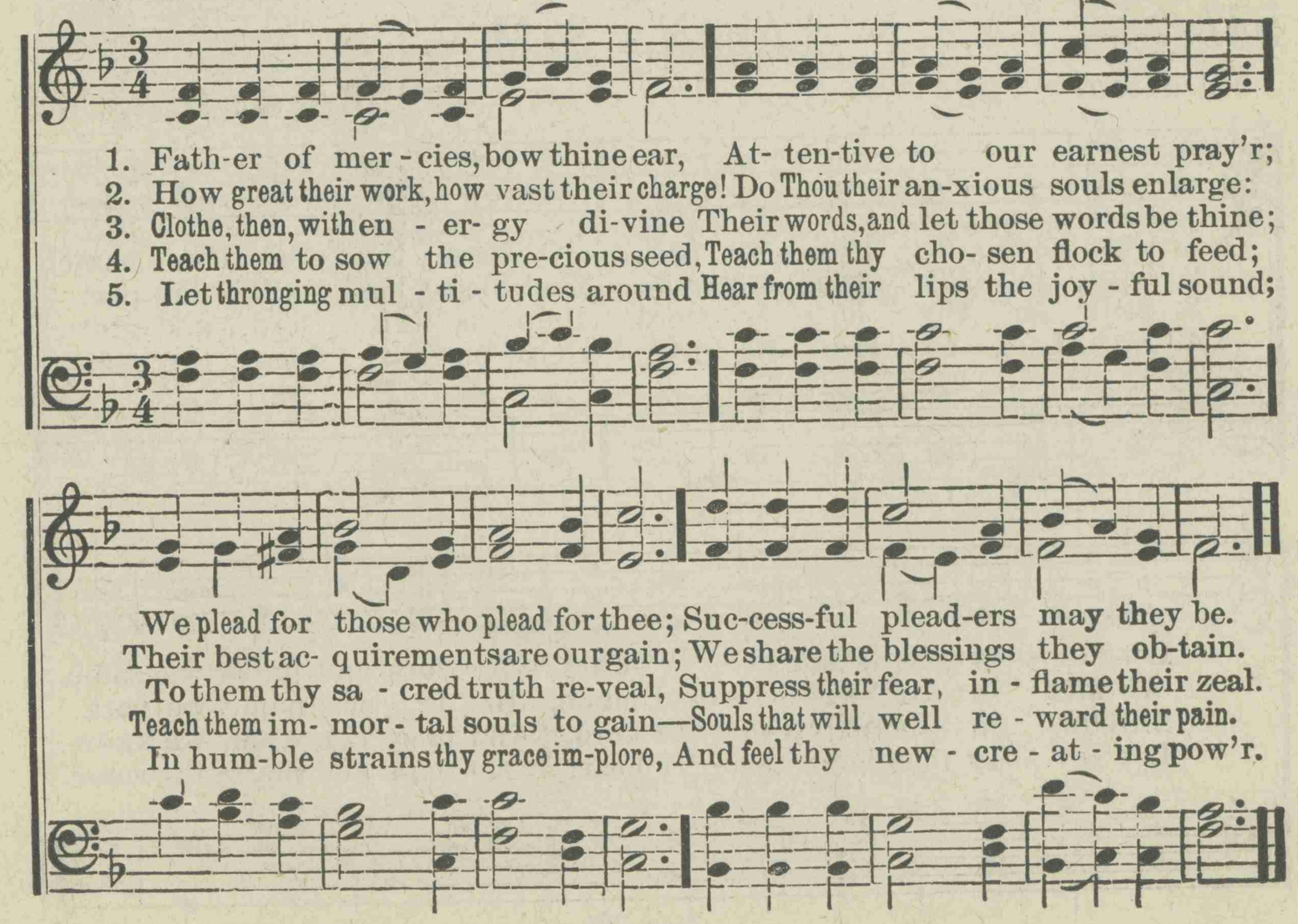
1. Go forth, ye her-alds, in my name, Sweetly the gos-pel trumpet sound;
2. The joy-ful news to all im-part, And teach them where salva-tion lies;
3. Be wise as serpents, where you go, But harmless as the peaceful dove;
4. Freely from me ye have received, Free-ly, in love, to oth- ers give;



The glo-rious ju- bi - lee proclaim, Where'er the human race is found.
With care bind up the broken heart, And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show Ye are commissioned from a- bove.
Thus shall your doctrines be believed, And, by your la-bors, sin- ners live.

533 HURSLEY. L. M.

B. BEDDOME. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

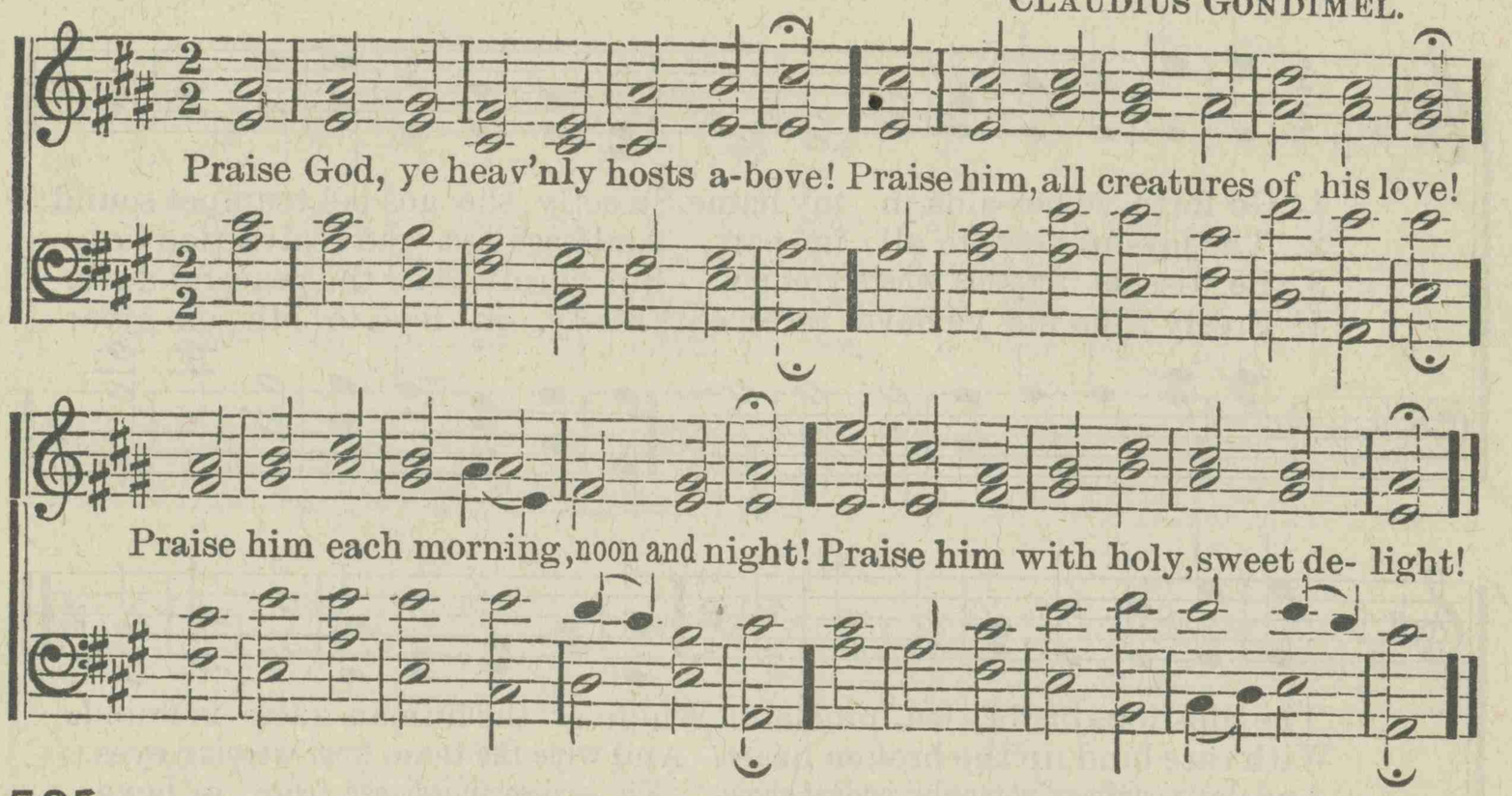


1. Fath-er of mer - cies, bow thine ear, At- ten-tive to our earnest pray'r;
2. How great their work, how vast their charge! Do Thou their an-xious souls enlarge:
3. Clothe, then, with en - er- gy di-vine Their words, and let those words be thine;
4. Teach them to sow the pre-cious seed, Teach them thy cho- sen flock to feed;
5. Let thronging mul - ti - tudes around Hear from their lips the joy - ful sound;

We plead for those who plead for thee; Suc-cess-ful plead-ers may they be.
Their best ac- quirements are our gain; We share the blessings they ob-tain.
To them thy sa - cred truth re-veal, Suppress their fear, in - flame their zeal.
Teach them im- mor - tal souls to gain—Souls that will well re - ward their pain.
In hum-ble strains thy grace im-plore, And feel thy new - cre - at - ing pow'r.

534 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

CLAUDIUS GONDIMEL.



535 L. M. J. MONTGOMERY.

1 Almighty Father, bless the word,
Which thro' thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear.

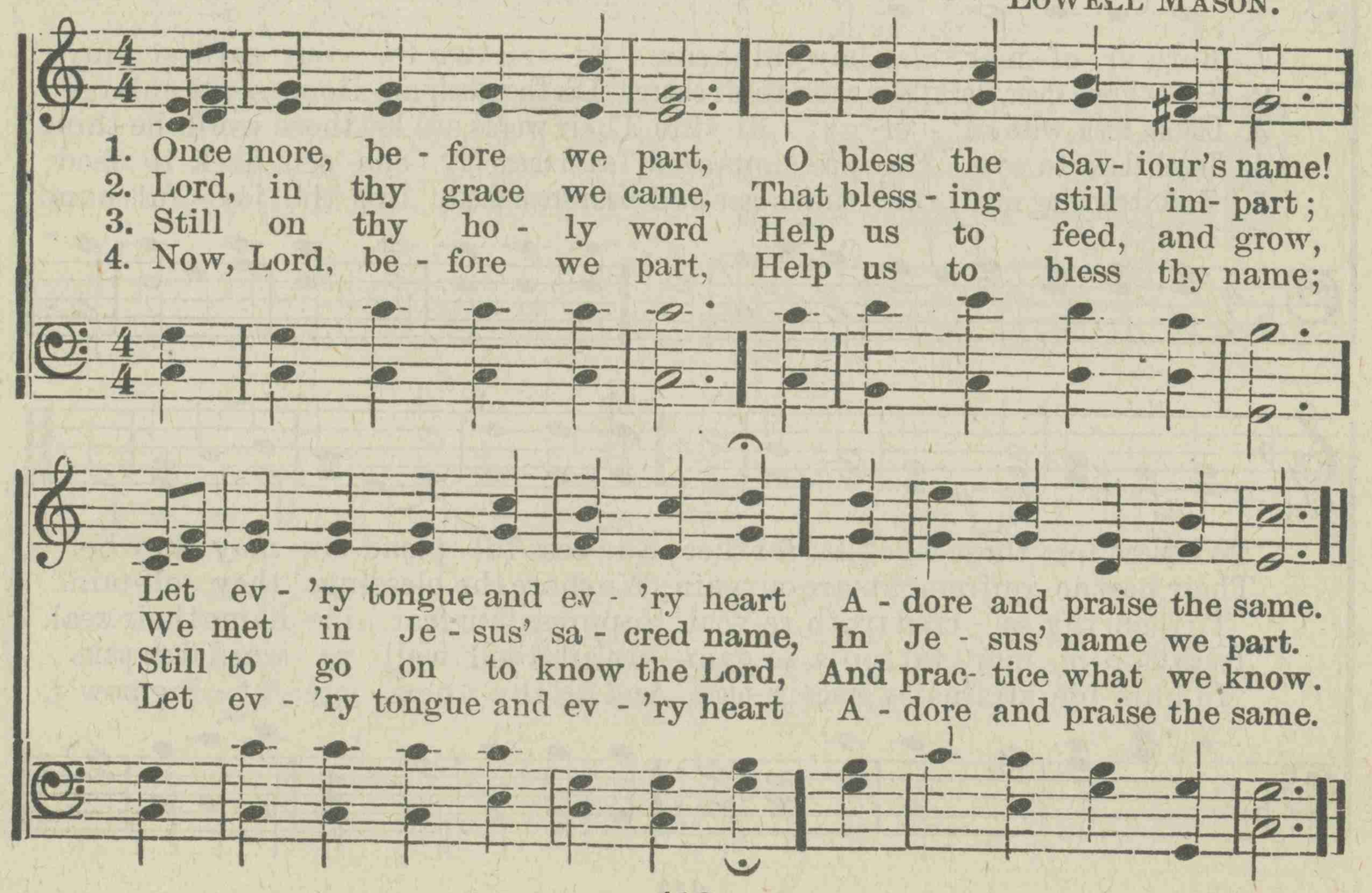
536 L. M. I. WATTS.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word; [shore,
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

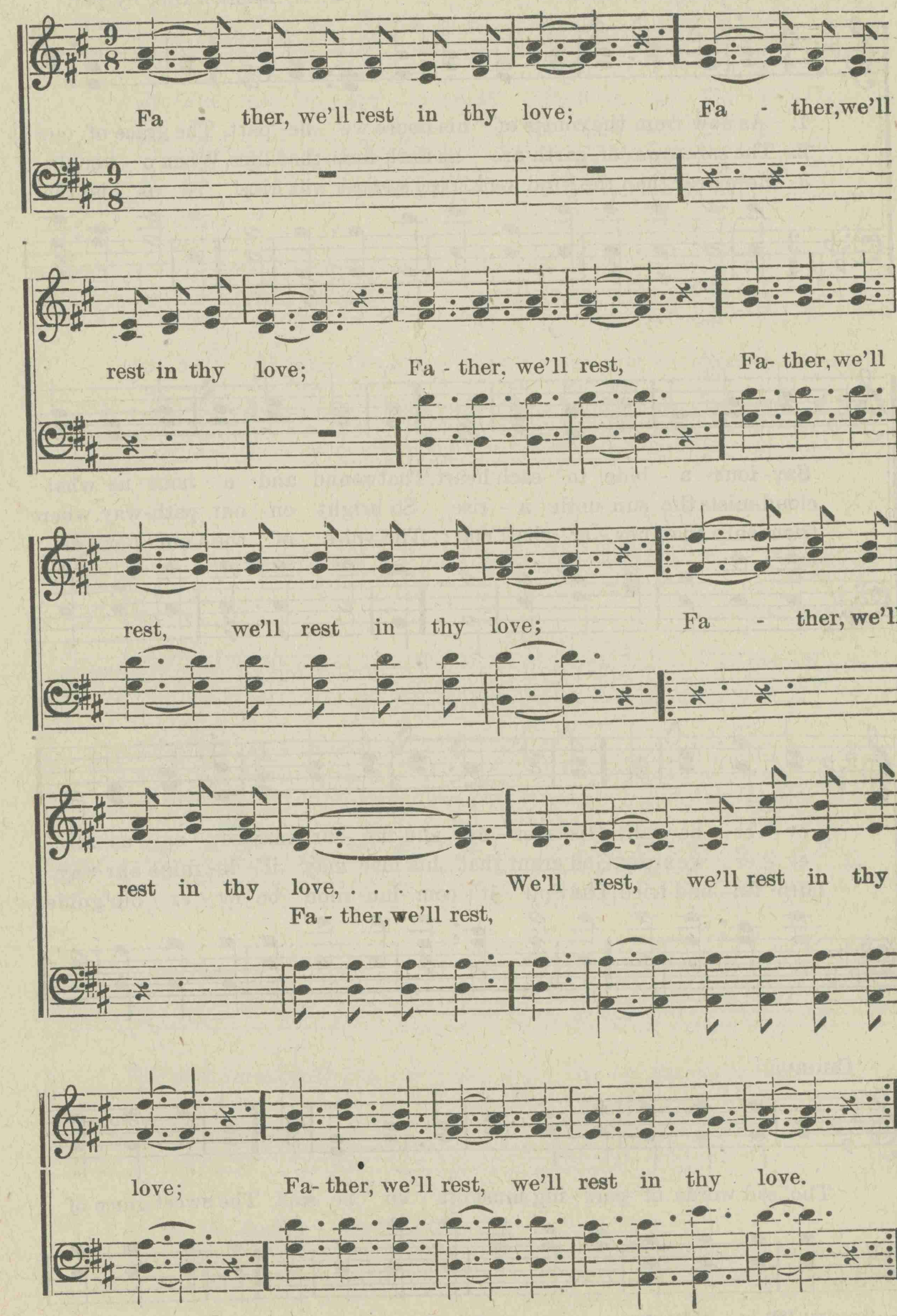
537 LABAN. S. M.

J. HART. LOWELL MASON.



538 FATHER, WE'LL REST IN THY LOVE.

R. M. McINTOSH.



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539 GRACE, LOVE, AND COMMUNION.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. J. H. Rosecrans, by per.

1. As now from the courts of his house we de- part, The grace of our
2. The sor- rows of earth are as dark-ness that flies, When o - ver the
3- More dear than the kind word friend speaketh with friend, To us is the

Sav- iour a - bide in each heart, That round and a - bout us what -
cloud-mists the sun doth a - rise, So bright on our path-way, where
friendship that nev - er shall end; The voice of the Com - fort - er

ev - er be - fall, His mer - cy and fav - or may cov - er us all.
ev - er we stray, God grant that his love may il - lu- mine our way.
faith- ful and tried, The Spir - it's com -mu- nion be ev - er our guide.

CHORUS.

Tho' sad words of part - ing must oft - en be said, The sweet grace of

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And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

542 LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.

Rather slow.

Let the words of my mouth, and the med - i -

Let the words of my mouth,

ta-tions of my heart, Let the words of my mouth, and the

Let the words of my mouth,

med - i - ta-tions of my heart be al - ways ac-cept - a - ble in thy

sight, be al - ways ac-cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and

my Re-deem- er O Lord, my strength and my Re-deem- er.

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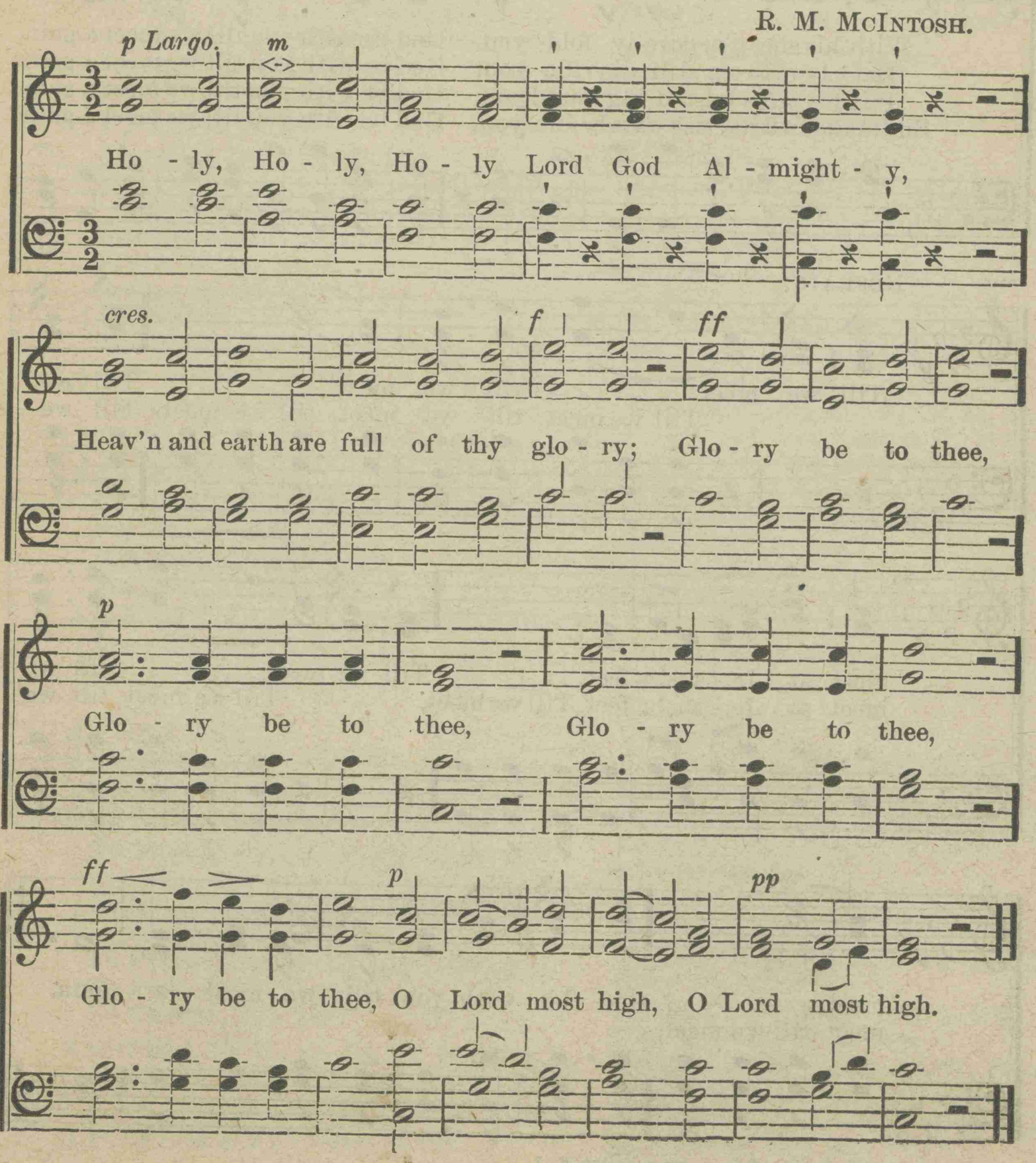
LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH—Concluded

543

SANCTUS.

R. M. McINTOSH.



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544 GOD BE WITH YOU.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, . . till we
meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

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

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